



« Out of Frame & Landscapes »

in the agnès b. collection

September 26, 2020 – March 6th, 2021

Tuesday to Saturday, 11am to 7pm.

agnès b. opens « Out of Frame & Landscapes », the second exhibition from her collection, on September 26, 2020, at La Fab.

Following on from « The boldness », the inaugural exhibition from the agnès b. collection, agnès will show some of the out-of-frame gazes and landscapes in her collection. Unprecedented associations allow agnès to catalyze new connections between works, in the manner of a large collage suffused with freedom.

“A gaze out of frame is often a feature of works that move, impress and overwhelm me. I love the notion of the subject enjoying the freedom to look wherever they want. And the artist’s mark of respect for their subject.

“It’s the polar opposite of characters in commercials staring intensely at us with the sole aim of drawing us in despite ourselves. Sure, Mona Lisa looks straight at us, and that’s what people like. Her presence.

“But, in the Louvre, the mystery of a portrait of a young man gazing into the distance, Titian’s Man with the Glove, is what first captivated 11-year-old me. After falling in love with him, I went back several times as a teenager. Sometimes, I was just missing him. I think his not looking at me is what made me fall so deeply in love. The gaze out of frame opens up the possibility of another space, somewhere else.” agnès

In his foreword to the exhibition, Jean de Loisy comments :

“The agnès b. collection is free and powerful, like a cloud that flouts borders and aesthetic canons. A collection that is fortunately neither perfect, nor complete, yet a collection that we love.”¹

¹ Jean de Loisy’s entire text “A cloud which isn’t perfect” can be found at the end of this press release and is also accessible on La Fab’s website.

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The artists

Rita Ackermann	Charles Hugo
Anonvme	Peter Huiar
Dieter Appelt	Izis
Diane Arbus	Alain Jacquet
Gaston Bachelard	Cameron Jamie
Roger Ballen	Ségolène Haehnsen Kan
Martine Barrat	Sevdou Keïta
Robert Barrv	Harmonv Korine
Jean-Michel Basquiat	Germaine Krull
Olivia Bee	Helmar Lerski
Madeleine Berkhemer	Danielle Levitt
Jean-Pierre Bertrand	David Lvnych
Richard Billingham	Alen MacWeenev
Jean-Charles Blais	Bertien van Manen
Samuel Bollendorff	Didier Marcel
Primitif Bono	Ari Marcoboulos
Léonard Bourgeois-Beaulieu	Armando Mariño
Dalila Dalléas Bouzar	Simon Martin
Brassaï	Rvan McGinlev
Jared Buckhiester	Hans Van der Meer
Marie-Antoine Carême	Jonas Mekas
Enzo Certà	Max B. Miller
Claire Chesnier	Yan Morvan
Claude Closkv	Igor Moukhine
Mark Cohen	Jean-Luc Moulène
Denise Colomb	Wang Ningde
Sylvain Couzinet-Jacques	Claude Nori
Robert Crumb	Abe Odedina
Nicolas Dhervillers	Antoinette Ohannessian
Omar Victor Dion	Martin Parr
Bela Doka	Anders Petersen
Claudine Dourv	Bernard Plossu
Wang Du	Hervé Priou
William Eggleston	Man Rav
Georges Fèvre	Clare Richardson
Gerrit Petrus Fieret	Albert Rudomine
Gladys	Wolfram Adalbert Scheffler
Nat Finkelstein	Kura Shomali
Jacques Floret	Jock Sturges
Robert Frank	Claire Tabouret
Bruno Gadenne	Auguste Vacquerie
Ferran Garcia-Sevilla	Marcel Vertès
Piero Gilardi	Jacques Vilet
Paul Graham	Massimo Vitali
Bobby Grossman	Weegee
Harry Gruvaert	Tom Wood
Hervé Guibert	Pierre René Worms
Héloïse	Casimir Zagourski

Note to editors

About La Fab.

Stylist, philanthropist and art collector, agnès b. has promoted artistic creation under all its forms, the environment and solidarity for many years. La Fab. aims at bringing all these activities together under one single roof.

Launched on February 1st, 2020, La Fab. presented a first exhibition entitled “La hardiesse” (The boldness), which agnès, as a galerist since 1983, curated with the help of the historical team of galerie du jour.

La Fab. also includes “la galerie du jour”, which becomes a kind of house where everything is for sale: paintings, sculptures, photographs, some furniture ... agnès finds herself “ensemblière” as she likes to say.

“La librairie du jour” is a bookstore where publishers are invited to contribute to the selection and presentation of works on display. A program of signing, conferences and artist meetings is organized on a regular basis within the bookshop. Le point d’ironie is distributed here.

Finally, La Fab. spotlights the social and humanitarian actions supported by fonds de dotation agnès b., as well as agnès’s environmental activism, carried out among others by Fondation Tara Océan.

Practical information

La Fab., Place Jean-Michel Basquiat, 75013 Paris
Tues – Sat, 11 a.m. – 7 p.m. (last admission at 6 p.m.)

Admission & reservations

Full fare – 4 €

Free admission: visitors aged 13 and under, visitors with disabilities and their companions, job seekers and benefits claimants, basic pension recipients, employees of the CMC brand, Friends of agnès b., ICOM card holders, press, upon presentation of a receipt.

Reservations strongly recommended: <https://boutique.la-fab.com/en/>

Public Access Covid19

Following the guidelines issued by the national government, La Fab. is taking every possible step to ensure the safety of its visitors and teams:

- Face masks are mandatory;
- Visitors are encouraged to maintain a distance of at least 1 meter from each other in exhibition spaces;
- Before your visit, online booking is strongly recommended in order to avoid unnecessary contact with box-office staff;
- Numbers in exhibition spaces are limited to 70 visitors;
- Sanitizing stations will be widely available;
- For everyone's safety, the building is regularly disinfected.

For further information

Website :

<https://lafab.com/>

Facebook :

@ La Fab.

@ Galerie du jour

Instagram :

@ la_fab_officiel

@ galeriedujour

Twitter :

@ lafab_officiel

@ GalerieduJour

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A cloud that is not perfect²

A text by **Jean de Loisy** for « Out of Frame & Landscapes » in the agnès b. collection, September 2020

Look at a work. Listen to the murmur that emanates from it. Love to be drawn to the side, to access the reverie in the margins, to become absorbed in contemplation, while distracted by the associations it engenders.

The images chosen by agnès b. for this exhibition expose the activity of the viewer and bring us closer to the usage she makes of it. Yes, usage. These works demand to be visited and explored, so that the imaginations they condense without confining open up to the meanderings of the mind. There is nothing theoretical in this proposition, nor in what unites these works, and definitely no demonstrative intention, but a surge, a sense exhaled without insistence from the whole, which once perceived does not evaporate.

The bodies, landscapes, faces, sculptures, drawings or photographs gathered here have in common that they are thoughtful works, meaning they give a feeling of a thought emerging, maturing, and gradually modifying not the appearance but the evocative power of the image. A breach in it opens the frame and takes the viewer's mind away with it. In fact, two breakaways are taking place: that of the depicted subject, whose attention is turned beyond the image, has been signified by the artist; and that of the viewer, whose musings are allowed to drift, associate and evoke beyond the object. And out of frame.

Looking at the portrait of the resistance fighter by Izis, for example, viewer, photographer and model alike are absorbed by the situation's power of suggestion: while framing that face, Izis might think back to his capture by the Nazis a year earlier, and the risks taken by resistance fighters who released him from the clutches of his torturers; the maquisard in the portrait, jolted by the framing, his left eye red from the day before, gazing forlornly to the bottom of the photo, perhaps recalls ambushes, fear, and comrades; and we viewers imagine the smell of the forest hideout, perilous nights, the group, camaraderie, or simply life, family and this underground fighter's possibly imminent death. Yes, three conjugated reveries that bring to the image a crowd of thoughts that surround us.

The charm – in the sense of a magic spell – cast by this conjugation is a characteristic of several works selected by agnès b. And why not look at Godlis' punk kid to prove it?

Who were you, young teen, so lonely and dreamy in the damp Bowery night, with your miraculous features underscored by the street lights? A Rimbaudian image snapped outside the crucible of US punk, CBGB. A graceful gyrovague's head buzzing with the sound of the Ramones, Blondie or the Sex Pistols. You are Chris Parker and you don't know yet that Jarmusch will cast you as yourself, your own *dérive*, in his first movie in 1980. You don't know yet that, when he saw you in that film noir pool of light, Godlis thought of Brassai's nighttime images. You're just there, a fragile dreamer, with no school, no job, no crib. You're not looking at the camera and you are grace incarnate. When Godlis photographed the angelic silhouette of Chris Parker, the raucous, angry contorted expressions of punk in its infancy were supplanting the drooping features of aging rock. agnès likes to support or

²Title of Claude Closky's eponymous 1995 work shown in the exhibition

celebrate stories at their outset – the beginning of a movement that she notices and whose potential she grasps, or of a young life at that perilous moment when audacity, impetuosity, liberty, chance, and vulnerability mingle. When no one knows the state of the swell that must be faced, nor if the hull will be strong enough to break the waves, as demonstrated by the anonymous collage from 2011, which expresses it so directly. A cropped child's head whose two sides are separated by a ship's bow, photographed from above as it cleaves the marble sea. Who might have made this beautiful, unsophisticated collage, which might resemble the votive offering that a mother manufactures to protect her son from Musil's terrifying phrase in *The Man Without Qualities*?

*"There is no finer example of the inevitable than that offered by a gifted young man shrinking himself to fit the skin of an ordinary old man; with no intervention from fate, but by the simple shriveling to which he was doomed!"*³

These young lives confront an existence that they approach with genius, boldness, recklessness, burning or sowing it. Their faces are brought together in this exhibition. The face of Gide, the seducer, the dandy convinced of his talent who strikes a casual pose to give the camera the come-on, or Léonard Bourgois- Beaulieu's young man *On The Wall* (*Sur le muret*), with his devilish quiff, eyes askance, ready for excitement, prepared to follow in Kerouac's footsteps, jumping aboard a truck or passing limousine on a never-ending road pitted with adventures and music, misfortunes and fortunes. What will be the lives of the preteen bathers photographed in Moscow by Claudine Doury, leaning joylessly on the dock rail? What will life give to the sullen Sarcelles kid shot by Denis Dailleux, with his chest bare, hands in pockets and laces undone? Or to the boy in Cuernavaca, strangely elegant and falsely nonchalant, surprised by the flash of the camera held at arm's length by Marc Cohen, who pilfers a shot of him while he, the kid dressed as a man, gives the photographer a sidelong glance, as if to say he's nobody's fool and it will take more than that to intimidate him?

The out-of-frame has the effect of creating a psychic void in the image. This vacancy, this available space given over to the viewer, is such through the apparent insouciance of the subject, taking no interest in us, and thus enabling us to observe while he or she casually shrugs off our gaze. And so, Vincent is a simple image captured without apparent forethought by Hervé Guibert, whose tragic love inspired his 1982 novel, *Fou de Vincent* (*Crazy for Vincent*). The subject sparks our attention by his indifference. Vincent is barely there. His mind is drifting far away, and if he glides across the image through the impact of photons crashing onto it, it is not of his own volition, nor of any desire to appear, but by trusting abandonment to the photographer's lens.

This detachment has a name, which became an important word in the history of painting and behavior during the Renaissance: *sprezzatura*, outward nonchalance, a quality that, as Baldassare Castiglione noted in his 1528 tome, *Il Libro del Cortegiano*, must not seem calculated, but rather defined la *bella negligenza* of the courtier. It is *sprezzatura*, which characterizes the distant attitude of Titian's enigmatic, yet casual, inattentive and melancholy Man with a Glove. Vincent died leaping from a third- floor balcony with a bathrobe for a parachute. Too much speed and alcohol. In turn, Hervé Guibert succumbed to illness aged only 36.

³ Robert Musil, *L'Homme sans qualités*, Tome 1, 1930

One by one, these images, which we should continue to enumerate, make a film about the capriciousness of life, chance, grace – the flare of dazzling or dark meteor lives. The photos contemplate these wavering destinies and hand us the tab. Instead of hanging them on a picture rail, we can take them and press them to our cheeks with the compassion of Laurence Olivier's 1948 Hamlet. These images are indeed like Yorick's skull, and we could say of each one that *“it is a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: Where be your gibes now, Yorick? Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning?”*⁴

But in the pantheon of the exhibition, always in upheaval, alive beyond the uncertainties of fate, like angels standing out amid the other characters – watchful figures, essential companions – there are the artists: Gide, the dandy author posing like Oscar Wilde; Antonin Artaud, his face hewn by his nerves, photographed the very year of the crucial recording of *To Have Done with the Judgment of God*; Picabia, depressive seducer at Juan-les-Pins; Marcel Duchamp, reaching out toward the photographer as if to impose distance, and the image embellished by a chance accident with the negative, which must have delighted him; César, bare-chested in the studio; or the splendid, self-destructive couple, Romain Gary and Jean Seberg; and more besides. Passion, creation, calcination, elegance.

This exhibition is a film. Each image is mobilized by the psychic movement it engenders, each face or landscape is a story. Bolex on his shoulder, Jonas Mekas would have made these lives crackle, thanks to the six eyes of the self-portrait, from 1996, overlaid in the frame to define himself. He is no longer here, so let's entrust the project to the inspired liberty of Harmony Korine who, when he was prepping *Gummo* in 1997, dreamed of *“images that fell from the sky in all directions, like photos that were never taken and could produce a sense of awkwardness or confusion or transcendence, or even perplexity, excitement or humor, all without respite, in a rapid-fire series hurtling toward nonsense or incoherence, yet embraced with pleasure”*.⁵

This exhibition is a paysage, a landscape. Barely three centuries old, the word paysage comes from the Latin *pagus*, meaning the portion of land one loves and embraces with one's eyes. Standing out are the actions of humans one has known, or would have liked to know, or will never know, but who are discernible through the traces they left behind. One's relationship to a familiar paysage is tinged with affectivity, just like Agnès b.'s collection. Beyond the roots of the word, it is the suffix that encapsulates the exhibition: the same -age that is to be found in leafage, foliage and plumage, designating a group of elements brought together to form a whole. This exhibition is one such thing, precise because it is organized around these issues of the gaze, but also hazy because it maintains its thermodynamic energy, disorderly movements with potential for growth, modifications of forms, such as steam or a cloud, like that cloud which Closky photographed in 1995 against a simple blue backdrop, and on which he wrote with his delicious, absurd poetry: *“A cloud that is not perfect”*. A free and powerful collection like a cloud that flouts borders and aesthetic canons. A collection that is neither perfect, nor complete, fortunately, yet a collection that we love, just as Baudelaire wrote: *“I love clouds...cloudspassingby:...overthere...overthere...wonderfulclouds!”*⁶

⁴ William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, 1603

⁵ Harmony Korine, entretien à l'occasion de sa rétrospective au Centre Pompidou en octobre 2017

⁶ Charles Baudelaire, *Petits poèmes en prose*, 1869