

MON PREMIER CERCLE

PAINTINGS BY ANOUK GRINBERG



1. © Xavier Pruvot

EXHIBITION FROM APRIL 8 TO JUNE 24 2017

OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION ON APRIL 7, 2017
FROM 6:30 PM TO 9:00 PM

TEMPT JOY

In the anouk's drawings – I don't resort to "the" to deify an actress as the French do, when she so wittingly effaces herself, overshadowed by the animals she draws; I omit her name's majuscule, so that she may better be seen as one of them; I write *the anouk* as one would say *the bear, the bird* – we come back to our senses, as beasts spring from frames, that were never enclosures. For we cannot picture their borders, since we abandon the bounds separating humans and animals. The anouk sees, traces, draws, paints, starting with her own species; then on to *all the living*. In her gaze, or that of a goat or a dog, one reads the melancholy or the bewilderment, often a combination of the two. I couldn't find another way to view this world and these times, if I tried.

These animals know; they know our excesses, our limits, our mistakes, our accidents, our defeats. They know who we are. They know they have been betrayed, they remain betrayed. Our caresses breed domination, they know it, know they are being patronized into our predators' nets. Silently, they interrogate us. Demanding no explanation. Incriminating no one. They have an elegance, a genius. But they know and we know. Each in their birthday suit, the animals drawn by the anouk recall an ancestral or nascent solidarity, when human beasts did (or will) speak on our behalf. Just as when we were

children, the wolves passed through the bedroom counselling us fearlessly not to grow up, when the nearest pasture's cows carried friendship in their horns, when the brotherly deer leapt out in the night to open a ladder to reality. Before our social identity ravaged our entire animal being, we moved among the beasts choosing the one we would make a totem, an assumed identity. Tenderness, we used to say. Esteem. Gratitude.

Hunting Lion with a Bow, the documentary by Jean Rouch, shot between 1958 and 1965, takes us on the Gurma bank of the Niger, in "nowhere land", in the bush further than far, where only the Fulani shepherds lived. The Fulani believed the lion vital to the herd; the herd could only survive with the lion. They could identify each lion by studying their tracks. If a lion ate too many cows, it was considered a killer and, reluctantly, hunted down. A hereditary cast, the Songhaï alone were authorised to track the feline. Preparing for the hunt, they observed an exacting protocol; killing the lion did not occur without some ceremony; the deed required precaution and solemnity. In the course of the film, as the Songhaï track the killer lion, we witness the death of a lion cub. Not the one being hunted. Tahiru, head of the hunters, then kneels asking the animal's pardon and praying to hasten its death. A ritual for the release of the soul. The soul of a lion..

.../...

The drawings of the anouk, where the heart of a horse neighing is shown, where the baby elephant is visible in the womb, don't submit to anthropomorphic myths; by a simple line, our condescendence or scorn recalls that animal sensibility. The triumphant childlike quality, in its complex chiaroscuro, sprouts at the root of elemental truths.

Touched by kind muzzles, pecked by smooth beaks, brought back to our childlike selves, we bow, we beg the pardon of the bird saving its egg or from the cat in the suitcase. For the benefit of the beasts in the world, we recompose a loving discourse, move beyond melancholy and beat bewilderment; take as an example this elephant juggling the sun or that giraffe mocking herself by sticking out her tongue. Hope for the lightness that is contagious, find the grace in the distance that restores. Tempt joy, while brutes and cynics turn joy into a dead viper..

Tempt joy.

The drawings of the anouk promise that a day will come, not far from a cemetery of threats, in this nowhere land, the only one left to live in, where animals will take human beings as totems, when we are finally worthy.

Fabrice Melquiot, 2016

Translation by Ilsa Carter and Pierre Guglielmina



2. © Xavier Pruvot

Other artworks by Anouk Grinberg
will be shown at Galerie GNG, Paris
from May 23 to June 24, 2017

ME AND MY DRAWINGS

I began working in theatre and cinema at age 13, but have always secretly made drawings, in dressing rooms, backstage, to relieve the empty chatter, and chiefly for children, with whom I felt I best belonged. For a long time, I have drawn animals, landscapes and miniatures, a harbinger of happy illuminations, a manner of recomposing a world of my own. The far-fetched frailty of what is good and true pressed me to do so. And also a strong appetite for joy. I drew without taking myself too seriously, a little bit the way women make pies, for their inherent warmth. However with time, it has worsened. The drawings have seriously infringed upon my life, my mind, and become quite fierce, less civilized. Shooting up like geysers, rolling on like parades. Deaf to trends, I only busily transcribe literally what I perceive of the world. So I am honored that Robert Delpire (photography publisher, ex-director of Le Centre National de la Photographie in Paris), Louis Deledicq (curator of exhibitions by Giacometti, Michaux, most notably Dubuffet), and Germain Viatte (ex-director of Beaubourg) took an interest in what I do. Their exacting eye tirelessly contributed to unfetter my work. Then, Gilles Naudin appeared and with him commences a history of demanding dedication.

Isabelle Wisniak now delights me in uniting both sides of my vision in her lovely ludic gallery, the austere no longer opposed to the innocent. And I do indeed believe it to be me ...

2009 : Louis Deledicq arranges my first exhibition of pastels at Galerie Berggruen in Paris.

2012 : Exhibition at Fine Art Studio (Brussels) and at Galerie Gilles Naudin (GNG Paris) begins his dedication to my drawings.

2013 : Art Paper in Brussels (Gilles Naudin)

2014 : Exhibition at Galerie Gilles Naudin (GNG Paris)

2014 : Group show at Chapelle Saint-Anne (Tours)

2014 : Exhibition of pastels and embroideries at Galerie Storme (Lille)

2014 : Group show at Espace Communes (Paris)

2017 : Upcoming exhibitions at FLAIR Galerie (Arles) and at Galerie GNG (Paris).

Anouk Grinberg, 2016

Translation by Ilsa Carter and Pierre Guglielmina

VISUALS FREE OF RIGHTS

1. *Untitled*, 2015
Painting by Anouk Grinberg
Indian ink on Tibetan paper
76 x 51 cm
© Xavier Pruvot

2. *Untitled*, 2014
Painting by Anouk Grinberg
Pastel on paper
65 x 47 cm
© Xavier Pruvot

3. *Untitled*, 2016
Painting by Anouk Grinberg
Pastel on cotton paper
49 x 64 cm
© Xavier Pruvot

4. *Untitled*, 2012
Painting by Anouk Grinberg
Acrylic on tensed paper
56 x 66 cm
© Xavier Pruvot

5. *Untitled*, 2014
Painting by Anouk Grinberg
Pastel on cotton paper
40 x 31 cm
© Xavier Pruvot



3. © Xavier Pruvot



4. © Xavier Pruvot



5. © Xavier Pruvot

THE GALLERY

FLAIR Galerie, Art Gallery dedicated to animals, situated in the historic heart of the city of Arles, offers exhibitions of artists, a collection of contemporary art objects specially designed for the gallery, and a selection of art books and reviews.

FLAIR Galerie has opened in 2016 an online store enabling to acquire a selection of artworks from the exhibitions at the gallery since the opening.

FLAIR Galerie is a member of the Arles Contemporain network.



FLAIR GALERIE'S EXHIBITIONS

2016

L'homme animal, sculptures and paintings by Roland Roure

Jeux, inks and watercolors by Lucio fanti

Zoom, photographs by Dolorès Marat

Dogland, illustrations by Lucy Marshall

Impatience, photographs by Jean-François Spricigo

2015

A special breed, paintings by Jenifer Corker, sculptures by Holy Smoke

All Friends, drawings and paintings by Baltasar Dürnbach

Tout Bêtement, photographs by Nicolas Guilbert, sculptures by Marie Christophe

Le loup et les sept chevreaux, illustrations by Christian Roux

Eden, photographs by Salvatore Puglia



© Claire Bertolino

Opening hours: Wednesday to Saturday, from 11am to 1pm and 3 pm to 7 pm, and by appointment.