Unglee
Le souvenir du temps

September 10 – October 17, 2026
Opening Reception: Thursday, September 10 | 6-8pm

The gallery is pleased to present *Le souvenir du temps,* a solo exhibition by the French artist Unglee—his first in the United States. This much is true:

Unglee makes photographs. Unglee makes films. Unglee first became known for his experimental films. Unglee's experimental films oftentimes took the tulip as subject. Unglee cultivated countless varieties of tulips. Unglee loves tulips.

According to an obituary, Unglee was born in 1918. Unglee must be currently 108 years old. In this obituary, Unglee is survived by his ex-wife Arleen and son. Unglee has published multiple obituaries. Unglee likes to do things more than once. Unglee has died at least four times. Unglee had two wives. Unglee had an affair. Unglee loves drama.

Unglee produced radio-dramas, broadcasted over France Culture radio. Unglee conducted interventions within the press. Some are advertisements. Unglee advertises his perfume. Unglee's perfume is called *Tulipe Bleue.* Unglee smells like tulips.

Unglee is from France. Unglee loves Hollywood. Unglee lived in Hollywood. Unglee sued the city of Santa Monica for refusing to rename the street of his residence as "Unglee Street". "Unglee Street" would have been on Tulbend Canyon Avenue. Unglee's neighbor on Tulbend Canyon was named Letitia. Unglee and Letitia were friends. Unglee had many friends then. Unglee has many friends now. Many of Unglee's friends smell like tulips. Unglee loves his friends.

One of Unglee's friends was named Alix. Alix Cléo Roubaud was an artist. Unglee took photographs of Alix. Those photographs are gone. Unglee made a film of Alix. Unglee made photographs from his film of Alix. Another of Unglee's friends is named Ghislain. Ghislain Mollet-Viéville is an *agent d'art* and collector of minimal and conceptual art. Ghislain let Unglee photograph him. In many of the photographs, Ghislain is in his home, amongst his collection. Unglee photographed Ghislain for fifteen years.

Unglee's exhibition at David Peter Francis focuses on two bodies of work. The right wall of Unglee's exhibition presents ten photographs of Ghislain Mollet-Viéville. The left wall of Unglee's exhibitions presents ten photographs of Alix Cléo Roubaud. A television plays *Alix* (1981-2024), the video portrait of Roubaud, and *Tulipes* (1987). The exhibition title translates into English as *The memory of the time*. There's always time for friends and tulips.

David Peter Francis

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Unglee (b. France) lives and works in Paris, France. He has presented solo exhibitions at Good or Trash, Paris; Galerie Duchamp, Yvetot; Centre des Livres d'Artistes, Saint-Yrieix-la-Perche; Galerie Christophe Gaillard, Paris; Galerie DIX9, Paris; La Chaufferie, Strasbourg; Centre d'art contemporain de Basse-Normandie, Hérouville Saint-Clair; Galerie Vrais Rêves, Lyon; Fonds régional d'art contemporain de Basse-Normandie, Caen; Centre d'art contemporain, Saint-Priest; Musée Nicéphore Niépce, Chalon-sur-Saône; Maison du livre, de l'image et du son, Villeurbanne; and Galerie le Réverbère, Lyon. Unglee's 1978 film *Cherie que veux-tu?* premiered at Cannes Film Festival in 1979. A retrospective of his films was presented at the Centre Pompidou in 1983, where his films are included in the permanent collection. Unglee's work has been included in group exhibitions at Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris; Fondation Beyeler, Basel; POUSH, Aubervilliers; among others.

This exhibition is presented in collaboration with Good or Trash, Paris.

David Peter Francis

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JUNE 1981

I met Alix Cléo Roubaud in June 1981 during a photography workshop I was leading at the Espace Canon in Paris, where we worked on a project focused on portraiture and experimental film.

After that, we became friends. We got into the habit of seeing each other. We often went to the Café des Deux Magots in Saint-Germain-des-Prés, where we had long conversations. We talked about our respective approaches to photography, offering each other advice. At that time, I was mainly taking Polaroids. My challenge was to achieve the colors I wanted using technology with automatic settings, which left me with limited room for maneuver. Alix developed her own prints and wrestled with the light from her enlarger and her magical techniques to achieve the results she desired—results she could never replicate exactly. Each of her prints was unique. Her work was experimental in nature. She regretted that her prints had developed the bad habit of warping as they dried. I gave her advice on how to remedy this problem, though unfortunately without much success. One question came up often: should the negative be destroyed after making the print? I no longer remember if she did that.

She would talk to me about Jean Eustache, whom she admired greatly and with whom she had made Les photos d'Alix. She often referred to Ludwig Wittgenstein and Jacques Lacan. We loved talking about psychoanalysis. She often alluded to her series *Quinze minutes la nuit au rythme de la respiration* (*Fifteen Minutes a Night to the Rhythm of Breathing*), which she had created by placing her camera on her chest and leaving the shutter open for a quarter of an hour so that it would record the rhythm of her breathing and capture on film the shadows of the trees in front of her.

Then we'd stroll along Boulevard Saint-Germain toward Mabillon or Place de l'Odéon. Our conversations were lighter and more laughter-filled then, because Alix could be just as serious as she was funny. Some evenings we'd have long phone conversations. Those were the days when the cost of a call was the same no matter how long it lasted. Back then, everyone would talk on the phone for hours. Whenever she went for a spa cure in La Bourboule, she would send me a postcard. That's what she did on August 25, 1982, when she transcribed a conversation she'd overheard at the table at the Hôtel des Iles Britanniques, where she was staying: "… but light cream, on the other hand, can't do any harm." I was surprised to discover that this remark had amused her enough to mention it in her diary entry dated August 17, with a slightly optimistic twist: "But, on the other hand, light cream can only do you good."

Over time, at parties - often at the home of her painter friend Bertrand Bordon, of whom she made a superb portrait - I met her friends, writers and psychoanalysts, who were serious and funny, always cheerful. There was wine and whisky. After Alix's death, I continued to see Bertrand, who, unfortunately, had planned to take his own life at the age of 40, which he did.

We saw each other less often in late 1982. Alix was having health problems. In early 1983, she had postponed an appointment that never occurred. On January 27, we spoke on the phone in the early evening. I had to cut our conversation short, promising to call her back a little later, which I was unable to do. The line was busy, or there was no answer. When she wanted some peace and quiet, Alix would unplug her phone. The next day, late in the afternoon, I dialed her number again. Jacques Roubaud answered. "Can I speak to Alix?" "No, Alix is dead. She passed away in her sleep. She had gone to bed around two in the morning." I went to see her on January 29 in the early afternoon. She was lying in her room at 51 Rue des Francs-Bourgeois. She was 31 years old. I was devastated. Our interrupted conversation would never resume. A little later, I saw Jacques Roubaud again; he wanted my opinion on how to organize Alix's photographic archives.

Unglee - July 7, 2026

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It was on February 15 or 17, 1983 that Didier Lestrade told me about Ghislain Mollet-Viéville, who had turned his apartment into a gallery[1] near the Centre Pompidou in Paris. He had just interviewed him for *MAGAZINE*. He was charmed by Ghislain's glamorous personality, his beauty, and his way of showing art, essentially by appointment. He told me: "You absolutely must go see him, make an appointment with him." On April 15, I called him at 278 72 31.

I met Ghislain Mollet-Viéville on April 19, after stopping by Mille Editions to show them a selection of photographs. It was 6 p.m. when I knocked[2] on the third floor of 26 rue Beaubourg, where GMV, dressed in a white tracksuit, welcomed me with great courtesy. At that time, he always wore a white tracksuit when I visited him. He wanted to know who I was, what I did in life. By then I already had a certain reputation in the experimental cinema world.

His "Haussmannian-industrial" style apartment, all white, was furnished with the strict minimum: a long white table, two long white benches, a low white table, a long sofa, a few low shelves containing documents, and a Hi-Fi system. Apart from the light gray carpet, everything was white.

He told me about his collection.

In the entrance, on the floor, there was a row of steel plates by Carl Andre, a canvas by Daniel Buren, and a stainless steel parallelepiped by Donald Judd jutting out from the wall.

To the right of the entrance there was a three-part living room.

In the first part, to the right of the entrance, there was a large white table and two white benches, on the wall a work by Lawrence Weiner, *From Wood to Stone*.

In the central part, there were two *Incomplete Open Cubes* by Sol LeWitt.

In the third part of the living room there was a small coffee table in front of gray sofas. On the wall hung *Water*, an enlarged dictionary definition (blow-up) by Joseph Kosuth. On the small coffee table rested a work by Walter De Maria.

In the bedroom, on a curved wall facing the bed with its gray bedspread, one could read three *Statements* by Lawrence Weiner.

The box I had with me intrigued him. He asked me to show him the photographs inside. Portraits. After seeing them, he told me that if I wanted to make his portrait, he would agree to pose for me.

And so, on Tuesday, May 10, 1983 at 11 a.m., I showed up for the second time at 26 rue Beaubourg with my tungsten lamps. This photo session was totally improvised, with total freedom both in lighting and in poses. GMV was my model, and I could take photos wherever and however I wanted. We took them in every room, even in the immaculate white bathroom.

Ghislain liked these photographs very much; he used them for advertisements in *MAGAZINE*, in *ARTISTES* (no. 16, summer 1983), and elsewhere.

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[1] Ghislain Mollet-Viéville had not turned his apartment into a gallery in the sense of a "white cube" like all the others. He considered that his gallery should *be* his apartment—with its comfort and conviviality. Visitors could sit on his sofas to talk or at his big table to have a drink. Many asked to use the toilet, which wasn't possible in galleries. One could lie on the bed to flirt and then fix their hair in the bathroom, etc. This lived experience was what interested him.

[2] Ghislain Mollet-Viéville had removed his doorbell because he found it too "aggressive." People had to knock on his door.

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Since Ghislain was satisfied with the first session, we did others. Generally, he was the one who called me when he needed a new portrait. He said I was his official photographer. He knew the light in his apartment very well—the best time was late morning. We chose photo dates depending on the weather. So I arrived at 11 a.m. with my lights. Ghislain was already ready, and we began immediately. I mixed his natural light with my artificial light, using flash only rarely. Sometimes we planned to take only one photograph, one pose. In that case, I would try several framings and we'd do two versions of the same shot: a serious one, and a smiling one. All the photos were taken onIlford Pan F, 50 ISO film. Digital photography didn't exist back then; we only saw the results a day or two later.

The last session took place on Sunday, July 12, 1998—not at rue Beaubourg, but at 52 rue Crozatier[3] in the 12th arrondissement of Paris, where he had moved in 1992. We didn't know then that it would be the final session.

With Ghislain Mollet-Viéville, there was great availability; the photo shoots were serious but always good-humored. He seemed to live in a kind of leisure, his only schedule being his training sessions at Vit'Halles Beaubourg, the gym near his home, at the corner of rue Beaubourg and rue Rambuteau. There he did aerobics, as was the custom in the 80s, and some light weight training, without excess, to keep a natural build. Once, he even took me there, but I wasn't interested in weight training.

His life seemed to be made up of exhibition openings and events at his apartment, where one would meet the most beautiful and intelligent people of the time. At these events, Ghislain was a perfect host. He showed interest in everyone. Sometimes he would unsettle a new visitor by asking who they were, why they were there, and what they had decided to do with their life.

In the months following our meeting, a certain friendship grew between us. We visited the Centre Pompidou. He introduced me to minimal and conceptual art, recommended readings, gave me advice—and reproached me for not following it. He thought I didn't listen to him. Yet his advice sank in quietly and influenced my artistic work, and perhaps my life. We began to share mutual friends.

Thanks to him I became friends with Claude Rutault, I photographed the artists of the association INFORMATION FICTION PUBLICITÉ. He introduced me to Françoise Darmon, collector and agent of designers such as Martin Szekely, Sylvain Dubuisson, Marc Audibet, Jean Nouvel, and many others I also photographed.

Unglee
Paris, September 15, 2025

[3] In this new apartment near Bastille, Ghislain Mollet-Viéville had no art objects at all.

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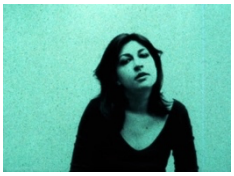
Checklist:
(clockwise from left to right)

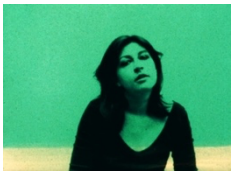
Left wall:

Unglee
Alix Cléo Roubaud n°1, 1981-2024
silver gelatin print on Fujiflex Super Brilliant paper
9 1/2 x 11 3/4 inches (24 x 30 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U110)

Unglee
Alix Cléo Roubaud n°2, 1981-2024
silver gelatin print on Fujiflex Super Brilliant paper
9 1/2 x 11 3/4 inches (24 x 30 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U111)



Unglee
Alix Cléo Roubaud n°3, 1981-2024
silver gelatin print on Fujiflex Super Brilliant paper
9 1/2 x 11 3/4 inches (24 x 30 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U112)



Unglee
Alix Cléo Roubaud n°4, 1981-2024
silver gelatin print on Fujiflex Super Brilliant paper
9 1/2 x 11 3/4 inches (24 x 30 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U113)

Unglee
Alix Cléo Roubaud n°5, 1981-2024
silver gelatin print on Fujiflex Super Brilliant paper
9 1/2 x 11 3/4 inches (24 x 30 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U114)

Unglee
Alix Cléo Roubaud n°6, 1981-2024
silver gelatin print on Fujiflex Super Brilliant paper
9 1/2 x 11 3/4 inches (24 x 30 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U115)

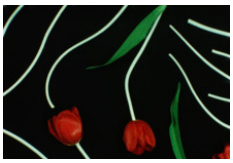
Unglee
Alix Cléo Roubaud n° 7, 1981-2024
silver gelatin print on Fujiflex Super Brilliant paper
9 1/2 x 11 3/4 inches (24 x 30 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U116)

Unglee
Alix Cléo Roubaud n° 8, 1981-2024
silver gelatin print on Fujiflex Super Brilliant paper
9 1/2 x 11 3/4 inches (24 x 30 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U117)

Unglee
Alix Cléo Roubaud n° 9, 1981-2024
silver gelatin print on Fujiflex Super Brilliant paper
9 1/2 x 11 3/4 inches (24 x 30 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U118)

Unglee
Alix Cléo Roubaud n° 10, 1981-2024
silver gelatin print on Fujiflex Super Brilliant paper
9 1/2 x 11 3/4 inches (24 x 30 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U119)

Monitor:



Unglee
Tulipes, 1987
single channel video from Super-8 footage
duration: 10 min
Edition of 3 + 1 AP
Music: Sylvain Boughida
(U124)

Unglee
Alix, 1981-2024
single channel video from Super-8 footage on black and white Tura U17 film,
duration: 9 min
Music: Guillaume Esvelin
Edition of 3 + 1 AP
(U120)

Right wall:

Unglee
Ghislain Mollet-Viéville in his bathroom, 1983
silver gelatin print on 255g/m² baryta paper
11 3/4 x 9 1/2 inches (30 x 24 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U100)

Unglee
Ghislain Mollet-Viéville, patterned shirt, 1985
silver gelatin print on 255g/m² baryta paper
11 3/4 x 9 1/2 inches (30 x 24 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U108)

Unglee
Ghislain Mollet-Viéville, 1983
silver gelatin print on 255g/m² baryta paper
11 3/4 x 9 1/2 inches (30 x 24 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U106)

Unglee
Ghislain Mollet-Viéville seated, 1986
silver gelatin print on 255g/m² baryta paper
11 3/4 x 9 1/2 inches (30 x 24 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U104)

Unglee
Ghislain Mollet-Viéville at phone, 1985
silver gelatin print on 255g/m² baryta paper
11 3/4 x 9 1/2 inches (30 x 24 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U105)

Unglee
Ghislain Mollet-Viéville playing with Sol Lewitt sculpture, 1983
silver gelatin print on 255g/m² baryta paper
11 3/4 x 9 1/2 inches (30 x 24 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U123)

Unglee
Ghislain Mollet-Viéville (side), 1983
silver gelatin print on 255g/m² baryta paper
11 3/4 x 9 1/2 inches (30 x 24 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U102)

Unglee
Ghislain Mollet-Viéville in his office, 1985
silver gelatin print on 255g/m² baryta paper
11 3/4 x 9 1/2 inches (30 x 24 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U103)

Unglee
Ghislain Mollet-Viéville with sunglasses, 1986
silver gelatin print on 255g/m² baryta paper
11 3/4 x 9 1/2 inches (30 x 24 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U107)

Unglee
Ghislain Mollet-Viéville smiling, polo shirt, 1985
silver gelatin print on 255g/m² baryta paper
11 3/4 x 9 1/2 inches (30 x 24 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U101)

Behind desk:

Unglee
Unglee in Ghislain Mollet Viéville's living room, 1983
silver gelatin print on 255g/m² baryta paper
11 3/4 x 9 1/2 inches (30 x 24 cm)
Edition of 5 + 1 AP
(U109)

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