

Double Entendre (Group show)

8.IO-7.II.26

Press release

Andreas Amble

Razvan Boar

Pamela Brandt

María Fragoso Jara

Laila Majid & Louis Blue Newby

Simon Mielke

David Muenzer

Leon Philipp

Luke Rogers

Mathieu Santori

Mara Wimberger

Desolate landscapes merging into still territories, still lives turning into abandoned landscapes.
The glistening graphite core hissing its way through the damaged paper.

Sharp granite greys. Glimpses into exoskeletons.
Memories extending themselves as patterns beyond the absence of space they once inhabited.
Existential voyeurism of intimate scenes brought into the public eye.

The loneliness of a drawing. Its vastness contrived by its own means of existence.
Something private. Something unique. Something shared.

The first moment, the first movement.
Pencil stains being the very first physical rendering of any given idea.
Something imagined, something dreamed, something remembered, something observed.
Before an image becomes a drawing, before a thought becomes an object, there is its shadow.
The very first bone, the very first sketch.

An intrinsic relation within the paper and the pencil.
Soft yet rugged.
The paper being some kind of halo to the construct itself.
The paper as martyr, allowing its subject to see the light through its own deterioration and erosion.
It's about silence and the echo it leaves behind.

Melancholic imprints.
The feel of the lead crushing against the grain of the paper.
Loosely writing, drawing, inscribing without aim.
It's about the journey, and where it takes you.
Moments of promiscuity, of intimacy.
An embrace.

The smoke of a cigarette merging within the walls and the characters. The glistening cold metal rendered burning hot. The lingering traces left on a leather Chesterfield carry stories, history.
A bed, left unmade, still warm, humid, carries traces of love or tears.

It loses itself as we lose ourselves slowly, ever consuming us in display. It's all about memories and a look shed over the idea of loss. The remains of an instant, a fleeting moment in time made eternal as it is set on its paper.

What the eye sees, in regards to what the page whispers.
Voices murmuring through pages, drifting from a dream.
Hazy scenes made of ashes. Granites turned red and the entire world in between.
The soul lies where the pencil shatters the grain of the white page.

The heart of the night walking in on a dream, a voyeuristic relation to it.
A dream turned to reality once set onto paper.
A shared relation, an intimate breath made public.

The sun coming through the blinds on a rainy autumn day.
Shimmering its way through the mind.
A soft pressure, a tender tension and its fascination for light.

Paul Hameline

Paul Hameline (b. 1996, Paris) is a curator and art advisor. Hameline lives and works in Paris.