

Like a punch to the guts

Désirée Nakouzi De Monte & Andrea Parenti
of Collezione Nancy Delroi
Keunmin Lee
Shahryar Nashat
Steve Reinke
James Richards
Sibylle Ruppert
Diane Severin Nguyen

Curated by Anya Harrison

Derouillon,

Etienne Marcel

13 rue de Turbigo,
75002 Paris

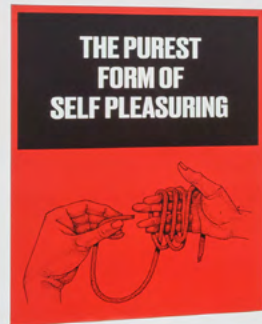


A heavy thud. A sharp sting. A flash of bright light. The momentary blindness that surely follows. Delivered hard enough, a simple punch can bring about an end, the full shutdown of a body, collapsing until soon enough, we've arrived at a permanent, final destination. If a deep, rippling shockwave is enough to disrupt the normal functioning of an organism, could the same be said of these works? The anxiety-riddled materiality of an image, with all its synthetic fleshiness interrupted by the occasional glitch, contaminates its surroundings. Provoking a radiating pain in bodies without borders, a haptic seeing that weighs down on the nervous system's pressure points, it frees form and images from the constrictions and stranglehold of meaning. Things in their right place. We should be so lucky.

In a feat of philosophical engineering, a social lab-rat experiment gone wrong (or perhaps, horrendously right), the Schizo-Culture conference held at Columbia University over a three-day period in 1975 proved just how explosive an IRL response towards a society of control could be. A combustive meeting in the flesh of hi and low, experimental, would-be sleazy lit with ivory-tower academia, punky intelligentsia, die-hard activism, the sick and the not-so-healthy, conversational madness and terrorist politics, shouting over each other and throwing punches. The bloody rupturing of international *politesse*, its spleen split open and oozing, was the best outcome anyone could have dreamed of. But if dreaming is believing, are we royally fucked? Should we be troubled by the fact that no one, least of all those who were present, actually remembers what happened? A crime scene reconstruction is what comes out of it. Forensic tinkering, however, has its limitations.

Just a few years before fisticuffs, both physical and metaphorical, would be thrown around inside Fortress Columbia, already in *La Mort de C.* (1972), Gabrielle Wittkop narrated *ad nauseam* and with a clinical precision the infinite possibilities of the suspected murder of the eponymous C., a man so self-important and already putrid-enough in life, that he does not even warrant a name. Time folds in on itself, trying on different versions of the same attire. No matter the sequence of events, the myriad causes, from a drunken row to a hustling pick-up gone wrong, nothing can change the course of the action: an agonizing death from a stab wound to the liver, which, page after page, reduces it to 'a black and brown mush'. The OG Russian Doll, hellbent on living, but dying before she's had her fill, and then doing it all over again. Adrenaline kicks in. Repetition breeds (dis)comfort. So many angles from which to bear witness to the same thing, a rough-cut diamond cuts before it ever succumbs to polish.

If we're talking about throwing punches, the works gathered here evade coercion, they skirt around the issue, waiting for *that* perfect, unobtrusive moment to deliver a blow. Not exactly lying in stealth but not playing nice, either. Transmission is deliberately interrupted, only to reappear full throttle, throttling. Descartes was wrong. I *feel* therefore I am, images and forms traversing the gut before they ever reach a retina; strong emotions require an anesthetic for the psyche, a slow but steady transformation into a dribbling pool of nothingness. Until lights out. Blackout. Crawling on all fours, gulping for meaning. Afterwards, standing around the detritus of a dissected body (i.e., right here, right now), a punching bag with its innards spilling out, looking deep into the abyss, trying to make sense of it all. Think back some more and, according to Aristotle, this is why we keep looking. Ungrounded, the ground shifts. A cathedral of shit, wounded but still standing, pinching oneself to make sure it's real.







Désirée Nakouzi De Monte & Andrea Parenti of Collezione Nancy Delroi

Désirée Nakouzi De Monte Born in 1994, Italy. Andrea Parenti Born in 1992, Italy.

Live and work in Milan.

Collezione Nancy Delroi is an apartment in Milan, but it is also a semi-fictional, semi-real entity, a collective made up of two people – Nakouzi and Parenti – but that can easily expand and shapeshift to accommodate other objects, things, forms and people.

Nakouzi and Parenti's practice articulates its language through the *détournement* of clichés and the tensions inherent to a performative community, built on the edges of rupture delineating contemporary society. Grimy collages made from dismantled sofas reconfigure the authority of Old Masters through the trauma and obsolescence of domestic residue. A *mise-en-scène* of furniture fragments, emptied middle-class symbols – assembled into pathetic yet deliberate compositions, aims to evoke a new cult-like imaginary by reshaping dominant narratives.

Collezione Nancy Delroi is also conceived as a House-Gallery and *Officina*, founded in 2024, located in Viale Bligny, Milan. The presentations aim to explore new formats through open-ended creation, formalization, friction, including a variety of exhibitions, events and situations, shaped through self-organised programmes, functioning as experimental frameworks.

Produced for the exhibition, the sculptural tableau ***Intervention n°1: Minor Acts of Violence*** (2026) is an amalgamation of images real, artificial, recently-real, not-so-dead, transformed, distorted, repeated, spliced open and exploded. Salvaged wood and sofa leather, ripped up and cobbled together anew, mannequins, vintage dolls, taxidermy birds, military berets, champagne glasses, sharpened nails waiting to snag on unsuspecting flesh, archival photos of Beirut... A tragicomic collage of happy-go-lucky domesticated existence, à la Ed and Nancy Kienholz with touches of Tinto Brass sexiness, catastrophe turned into viral content.

Soft Evidence, 2026

**Tirage chromogène sur papier Fujicolor Crystal Archive, vernis,
panneaux de bois de récupération, punaises de tapissier, clous**

Chromogenic print on Fujicolor Crystal Archive paper, varnish, found
wood panels, upholstery tacks, nails

75 x 210 cm

29 1/2 x 82 5/8 inches



Courtesy of the artists





Intervention n°1 : Minor Acts of Violence, 2026

Bois de récupération, affiche encadrée de récupération, peinture mate, cuir de canapé, mannequin des années 1990, bérêt militaire, poupées vintage, oiseau empaillé, verres en cristal, rabot à main vintage en bois, tirages photo jet d'encre

Found wood, found framed poster, petrifying matte paint, sofa leather, 1990s mannequin, military beret, vintage dolls, taxidermy bird, crystal glasses, vintage wooden hand plane, inkjet photo prints

170 x 220 x 140 cm

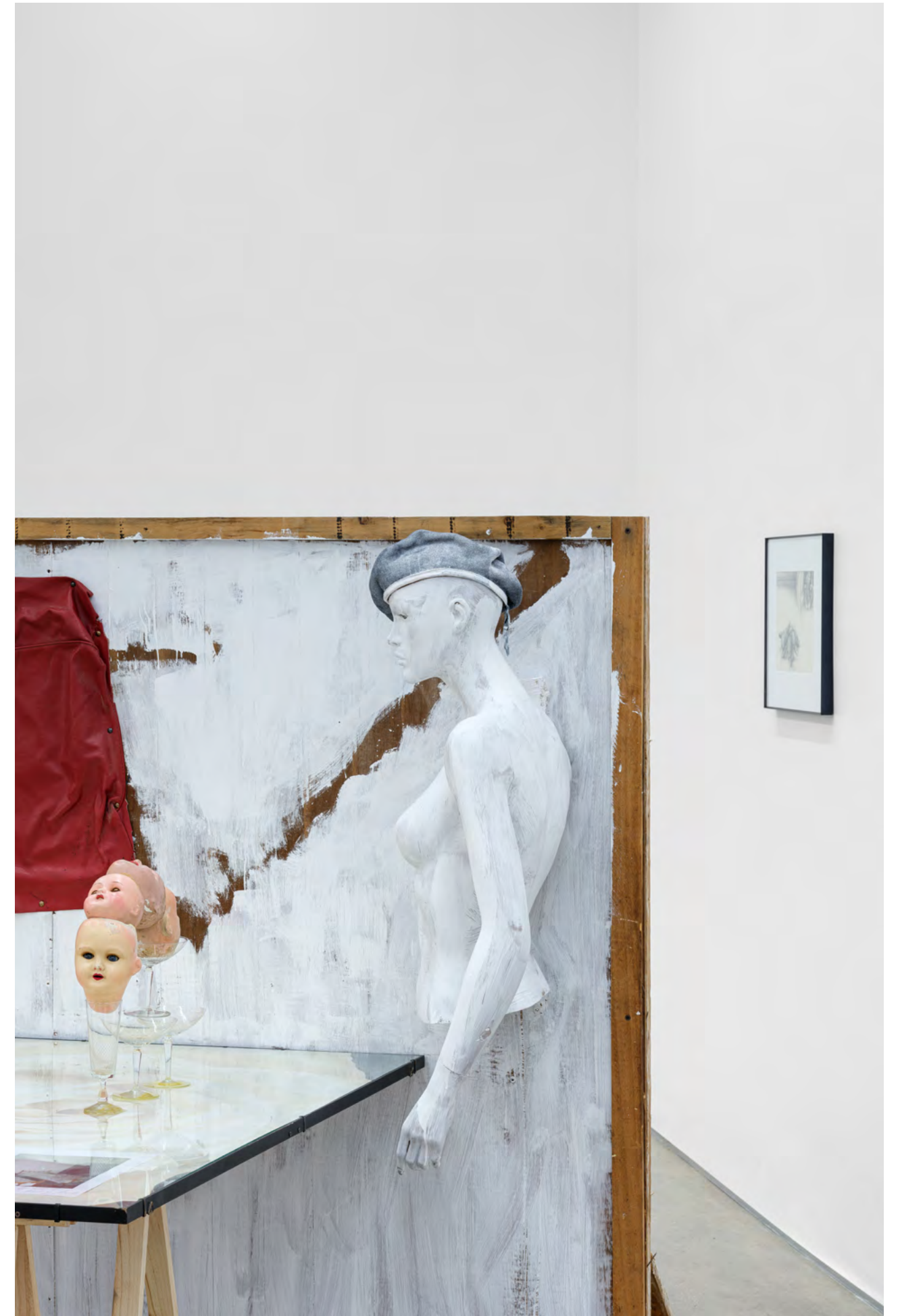
66 7/8 x 86 5/8 x 55 1/8 inches



Courtesy of the artists



An abandoned limousine,
parked by the roadside
100 Jewish-bomb-2015



THE PUREST
FORM OF
SELF PLEASURING





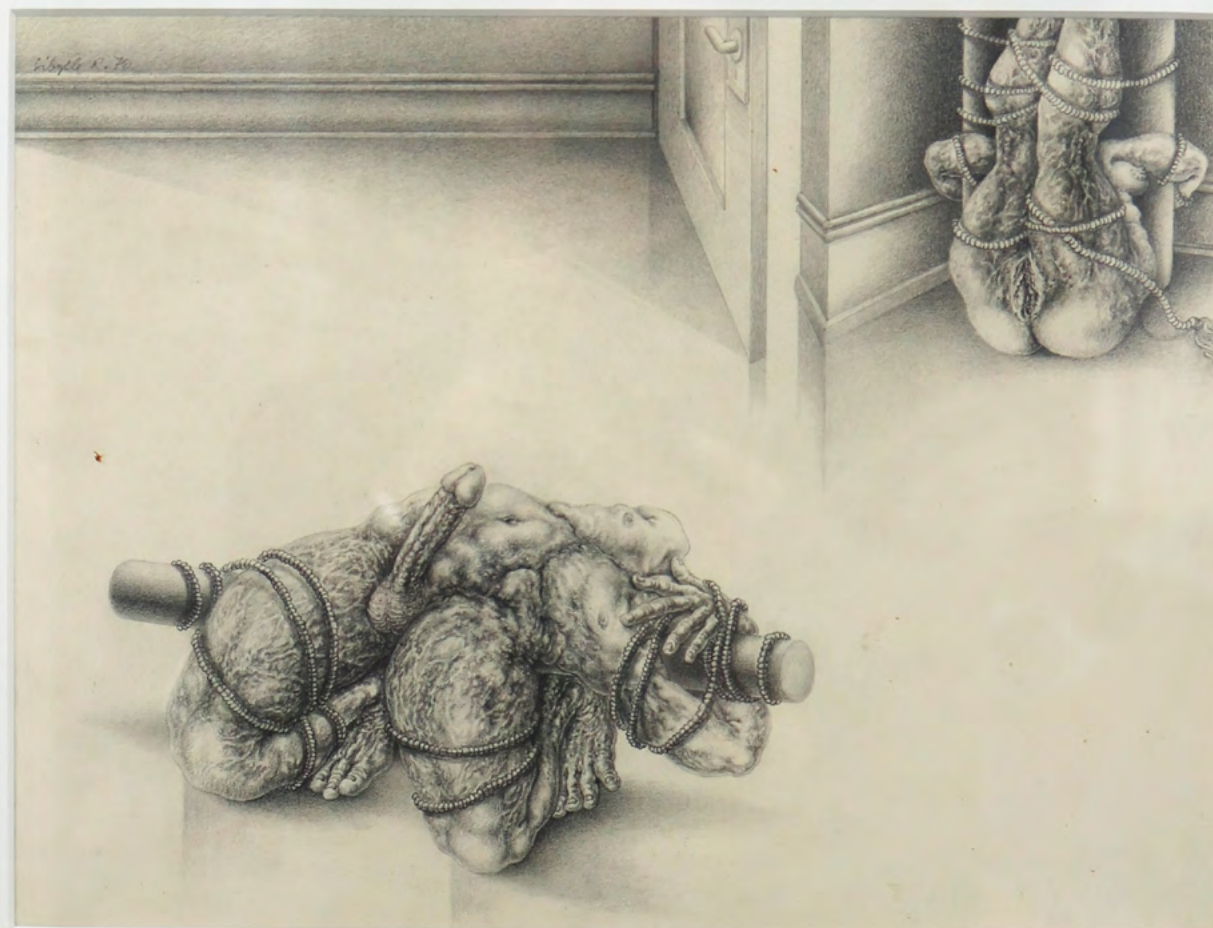
Sibylle Ruppert

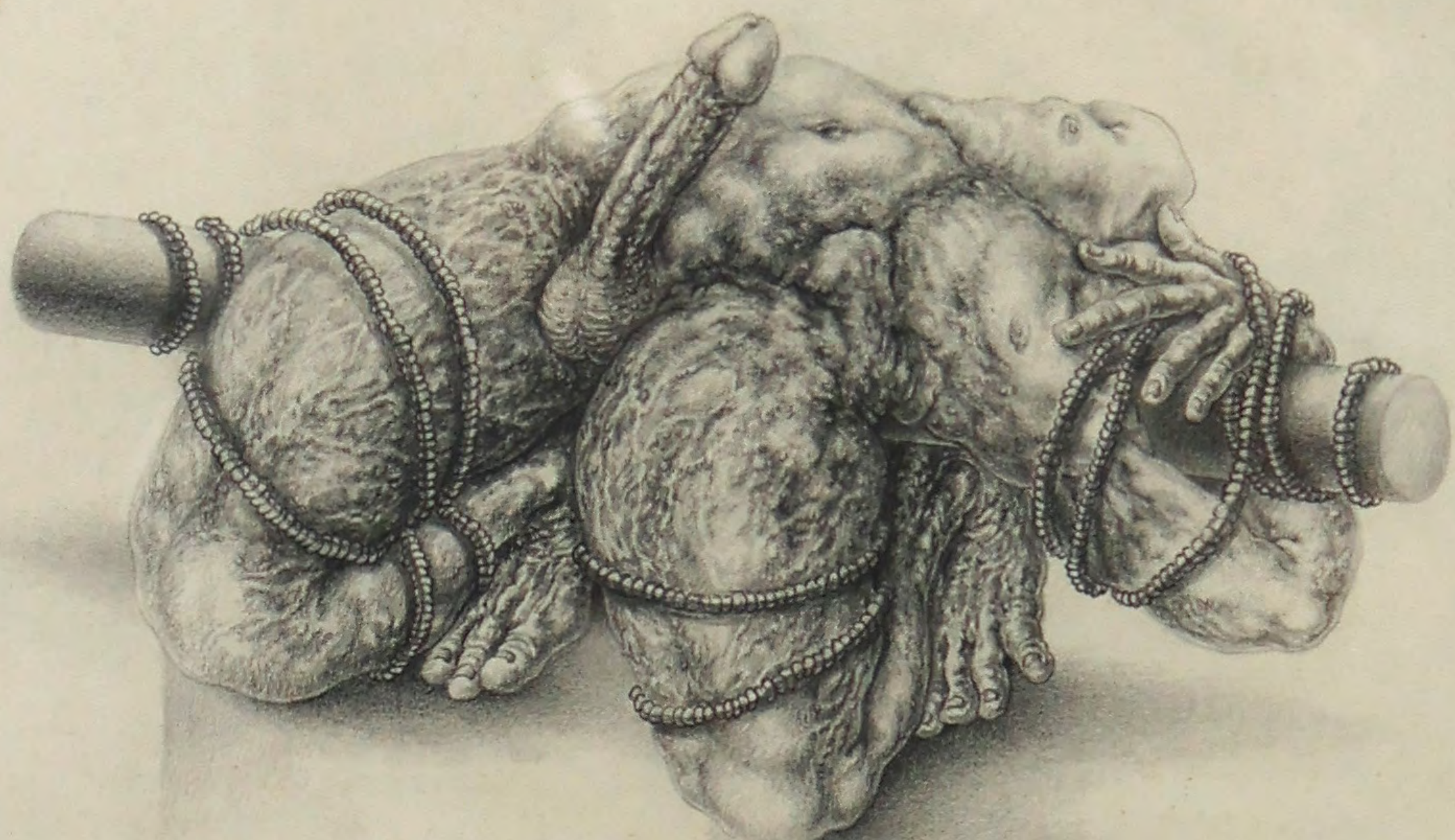
Born in 1942, Frankfurt – Died in 2011, Paris

Between the 1960s and 1980s, **Sibylle Ruppert** created a radical body of work encompassing drawing, painting and collage, made in a brutal aesthetic that blends touches of dark surrealism, eroticism, and an intimate yet fierce exploration of her own traumas. Born during an air raid on the night of the first major bombing of Frankfurt during World War II, she was admitted to Frankfurt's Städelschule at the age of seventeen. Shortly afterward, she moved to Paris, where she enrolled in a classical ballet school. During a visit to New York, she decided to abandon her dance career and devote herself to art. From the 1980s onwards, she taught art in prisons, psychiatric hospitals and drug rehabilitation centres.

Her works are characterized by an extremely detailed and elaborate depiction of bodies in various degrees of pain, intense pleasure and a permanent state of (un)becoming, deeply inspired by the morbid and obscene writings of the Marquis de Sade, Comte de Lautréamont and Georges Bataille – the unholy trinity who nourished Ruppert's dark fantasies. In addition to these literary influences, Ruppert's work reveals traces and visual echoes of Hieronymus Bosch, H.R. Giger, Henry Fuseli, Hans Bellmer, William Blake, and Francis Bacon, although this exclusively male hall of fame in no way alters her singularly visceral imagination. In her works, bodily depictions are always in motion: bodies twist, stretch, collapse and seem to undergo a monstrous transformation of human anatomies into distorted masses of abstract forms. In later works, such as ***Untitled*** (1978), forms that mutate into sexual organs engaged in acts of penetration and ingestion fuse with biker motifs and a distinctly BDSM aesthetic.

***Double Bondage*, 1970**
Crayon sur papier
Pencil on paper
40,5 x 47,5 cm (encadré)
16 x 18 3/4 inches (framed)



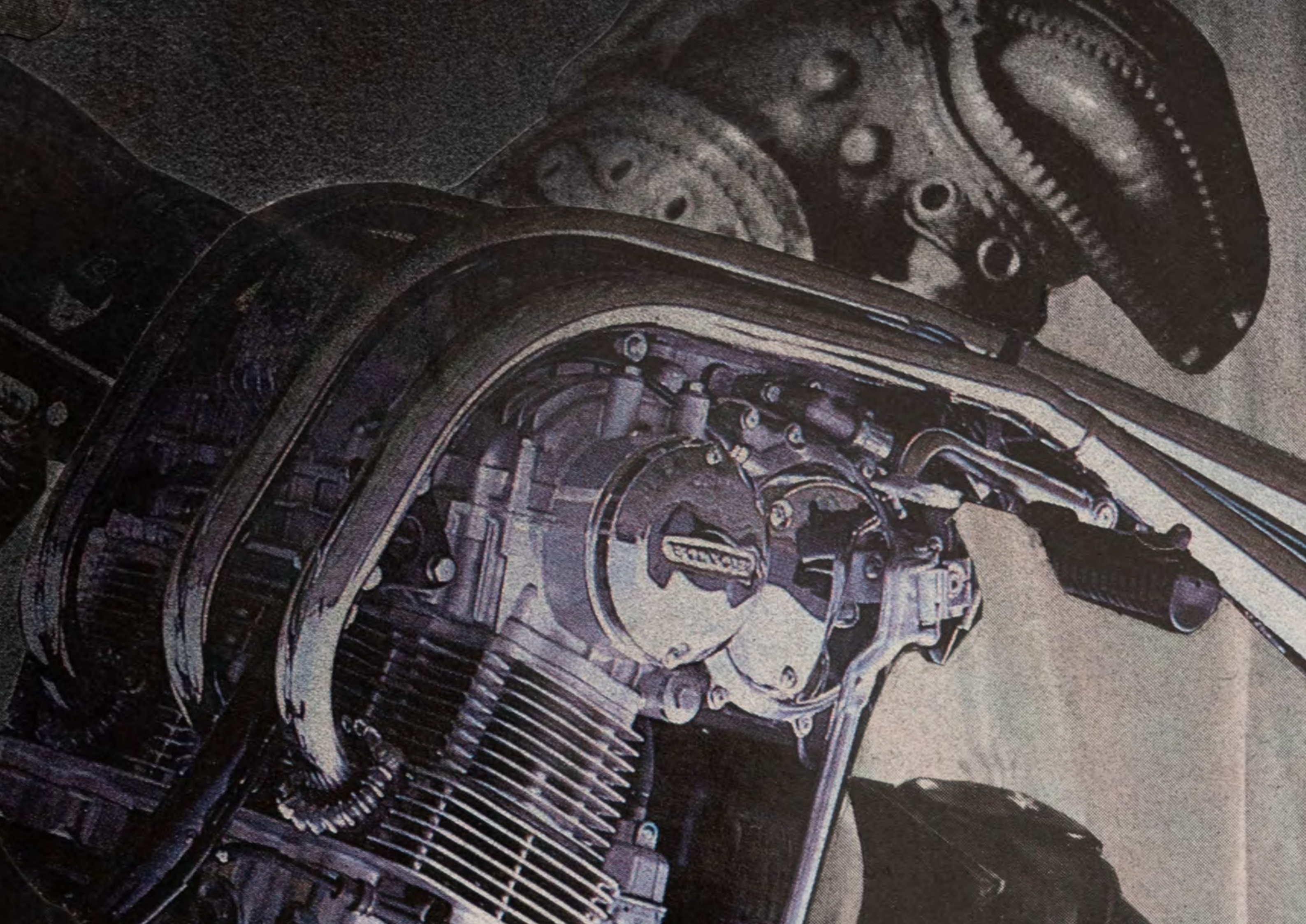






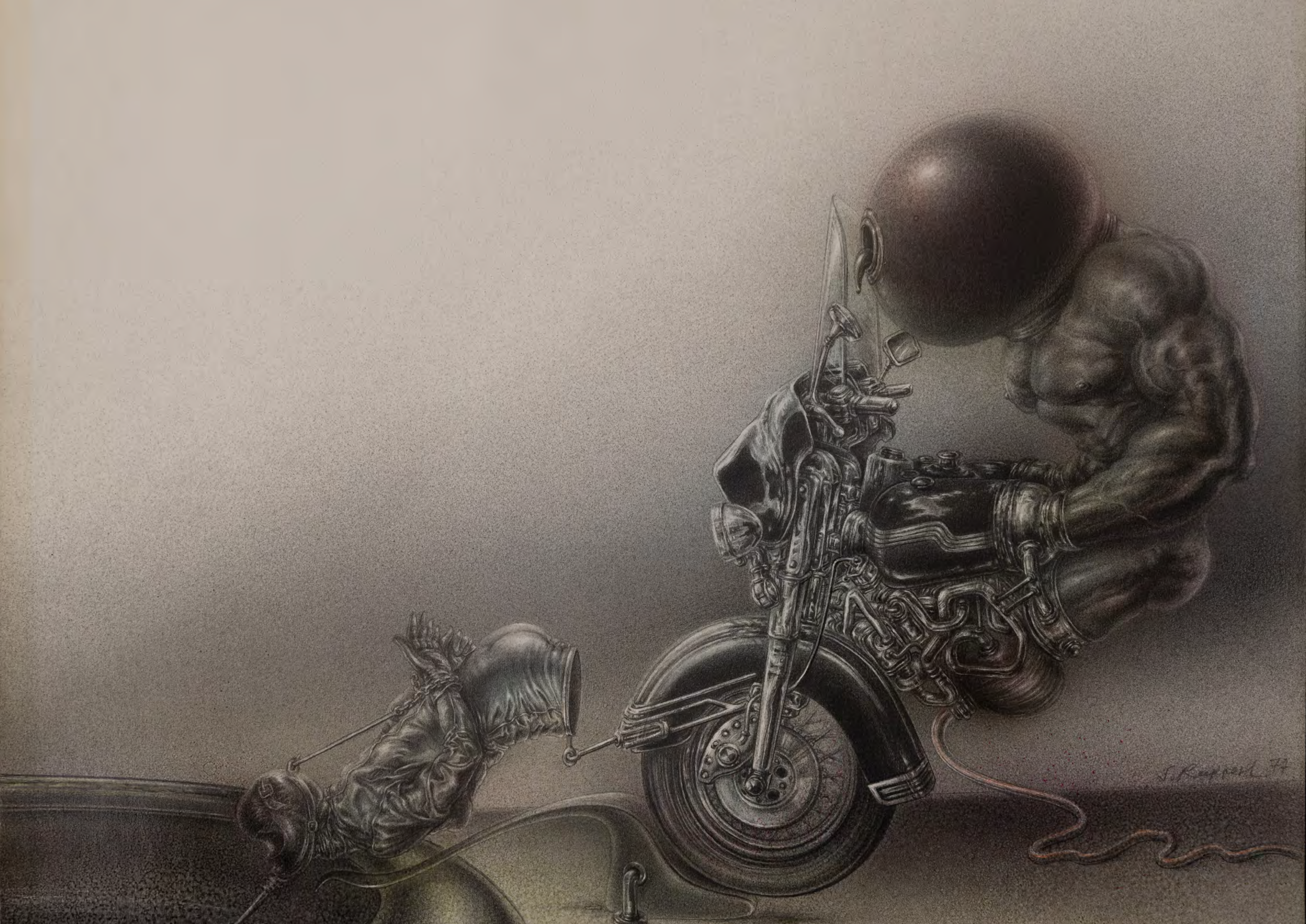
Untitled, 1978
Collage
Collage
52 x 45 cm (encadré)
20 1/2 x 17 3/4 inches (framed)





Hardtimes on a Farm, 1977
Fusain sur papier
Charcoal on paper
42,5 x 51 cm (encadré)
16 3/4 x 20 1/8 inches (framed)





J. Ruppert 74





Diane Severin Nguyen

Born in 1990, US

Lives and works in New York

Diane Severin Nguyen's photographs and videos focus on subject matter in states of transformation, probing the division between the intimate and alienating. To produce her work, she often makes amalgam sculptures from found materials, both natural and synthetic. She captures these ephemeral constructions at close range, enlarging minute tensions. Nguyen uses transient prosthetic light sources – the glow of sunset, an iPhone flash, battery-powered LEDs, fire – so that the camera intervenes just before these temporary arrangements, as well as their lighting, change. The results pinpoint an ineffable moment in time, when subject and matter linger in a state of transformation, growth, or decay, suggesting a body rendered unstable.

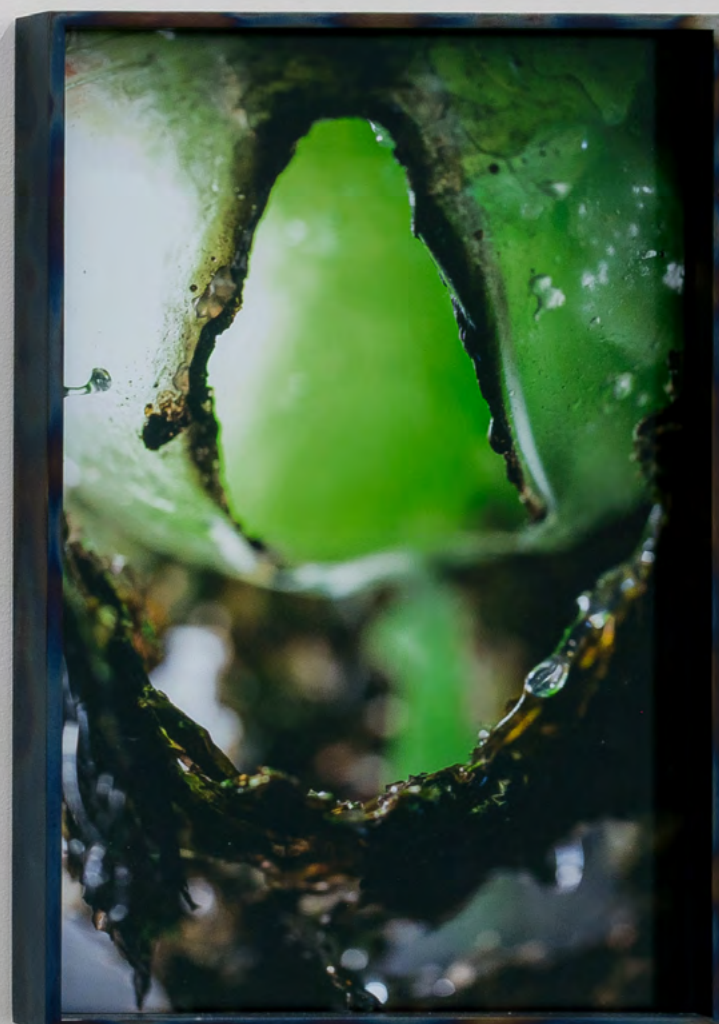
Story Control (2019) is notable for its site-specificity, made as it was during a residency in Hong Kong during the 2019 protests. Conjuring the particular intensity of light there, and employing found objects collected from public spaces, it is an image that refracts moments that were witnessed during a period of significant political upheaval and formation. The burned, calcified body of a phone, or camera, or some other such communication device, its usually straight angles become wobbly, although not frail. In ***Raindrop Bodywork*** (2019), a dewy, green orifice crystallizes in and out of focus, whereas ***Victory*** (2025) is suspiciously rosy-hued, as if a light dusting of icing sugar has been scattered, although this reading could just be an ill-born attempt to assuage the unease that these compositions instil.



Victory, 2025
Impression LightJet C-print,
cadre en velours sur mesure
LightJet C-print, custom
velvet frame
60,9 x 81,3 cm (encadré)
24 x 32 inches (framed)
1/3 + 2AP





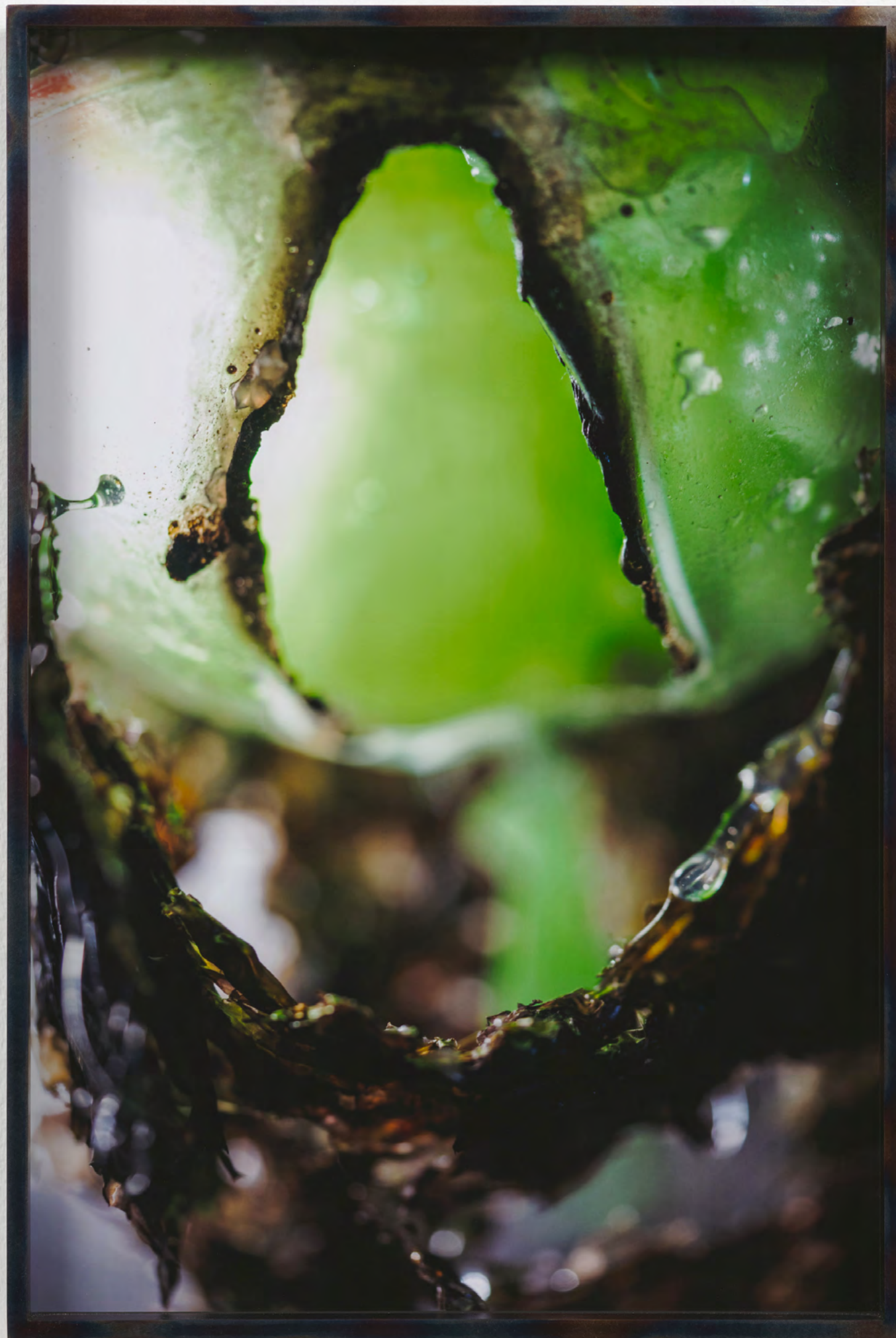


***Story Control*, 2019**
Impression C-print LightJet, cadre
d'artiste en acier
LightJet C-print, steel artist's frame
38,1 x 25,4 cm (encadré)
15 x 10 inches (framed)
2/3 + 1AP





Raindrop Bodywork, 2019
Impression C-print LightJet, cadre
en acier
LightJet C-print, steel frame
38,1 x 25,4 cm (encadré)
15 x 10 inches (framed)
3/3 + 2AP



Courtesy the artist and Galerie Molitor Berlin









Keunmin Lee

Born in 1982, South Korea

Lives and works in Seoul

Painting and drawing become visceral matter in **Keunmin Lee's** practice, an attempt to distance himself from the clinical and cold experience of hospitalization that he underwent about twenty years ago, and which led to a diagnosis of borderline personality disorder, a term that is as broad in the nuances that it covers as it is specific in the social stigma and rigid codes that it delivers. His motifs convey the sensations experienced during episodes of altered states of consciousness that followed.

His work restores a central role to vulnerability and individuality, far away from standard classifications so dear to the mechanized gaze of the psychiatric institution, although it extends to society at large, bodies and personalities reduced to graphs, percentages, pathologies, glitches. Lee draws an analogy between social and physiological systems (blood, digestive, organic), each one digesting, grouping individuals to obtain what they need to function, parasiting in order to exist. Faced with these processes, his paintings resist normative systems of naming, and make visible the folds, creases, ducts and fragile membranes that govern the labyrinth of our being and appeal to our deepest interiority.

Body Construction (II) (2024) has previously been presented in the gallery, but it's shifted gears, jumped walls. Dark reds and purples, the hue of a bruise in bloom, the site of impact, spread across the canvas.





Body Construction (II), 2024

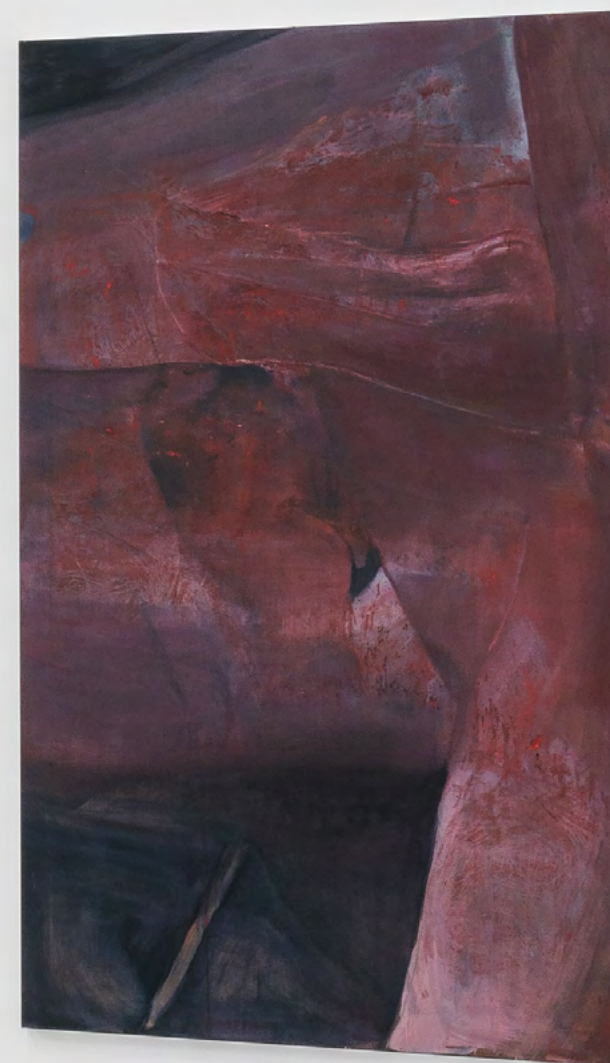
Huile sur toile

Oil on canvas

218,2 x 291,2 cm

85 7/8 x 114 5/8 inches







Shahryar Nashat

Shahryar Nashat's work examines the shifting relationship between the human body and contemporary technologies, probing how perception, desire and identity are continually reshaped at the intersection of the digital and physical. Working across sculpture, video and installation, his exhibitions often form immersive environments that act as meditations on embodiment and mortality. His vision is surreal, sharp and deeply material. Digital at birth, hardened into resin, fiber, or cardboard, his works question what it means to have a body today. He is especially interested in bodily fluids, desire, human fragility and the way technologies transform our perception of the body and intimacy, bolstering fragmentation and distancing.

The new sculpture series ***Mothers*** (2026) are draped in cellulose skin, applied layer by layer, soft, opaque and seamless, two identical sides meeting at the centre, pushing through the material to come together and touch. Although who's to say that they're not pulling apart. The maternal matrix does almost always become stifling. It remains to be seen as to what will become of them, but ***Hustler_27.JPEG*** (2025) could be a hint, translucent layers of acrylic gel encasing a lump of raw meat, tender pink mutating into the putrid, stale yellow of an oncoming decomposition.



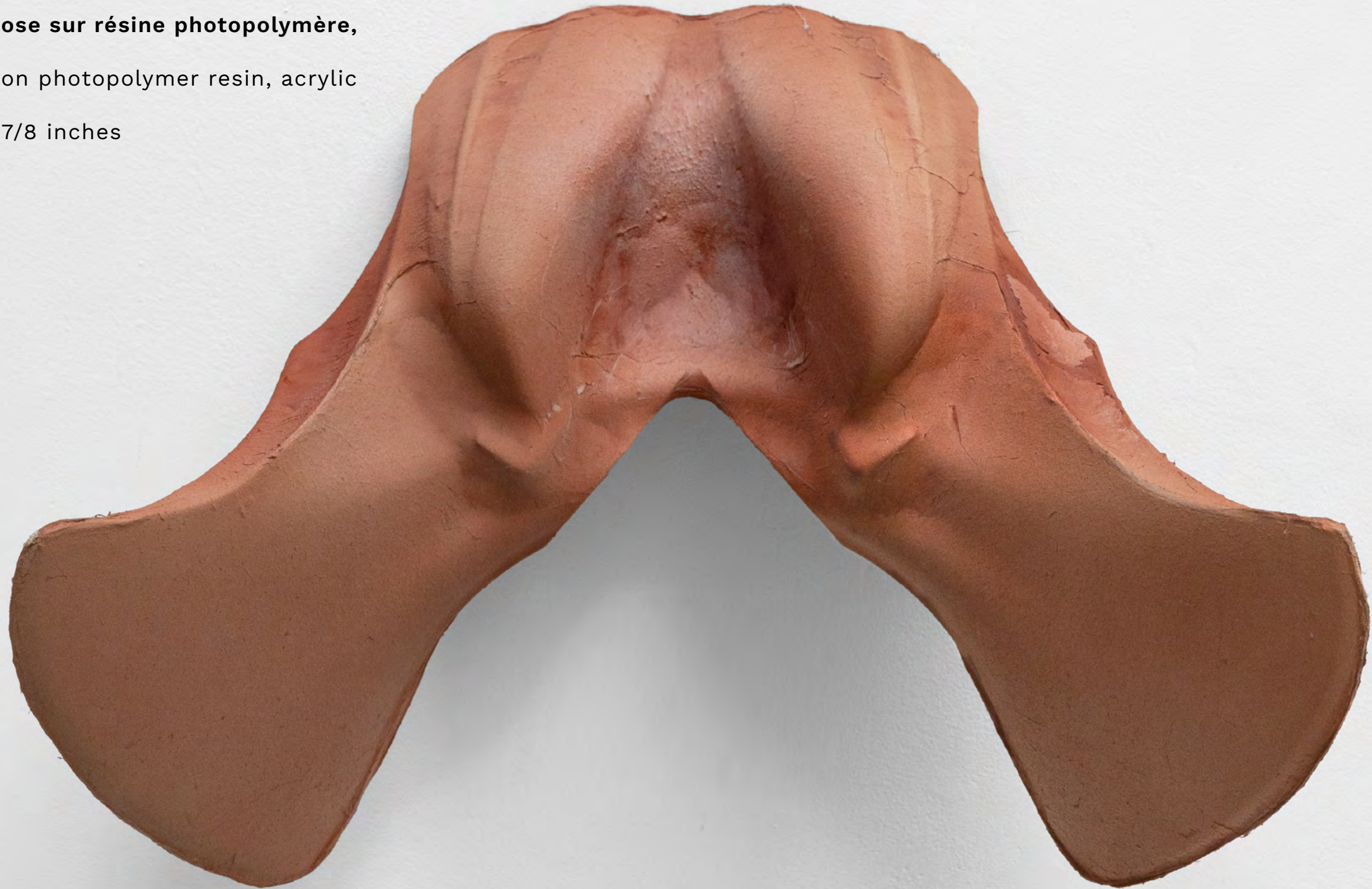
Mothers, 2026

**Polymère de cellulose sur résine photopolymère,
acrylique**

Cellulose polymer on photopolymer resin, acrylic

32 x 45 x 22,5 cm

12 5/8 x 17 3/4 x 8 7/8 inches





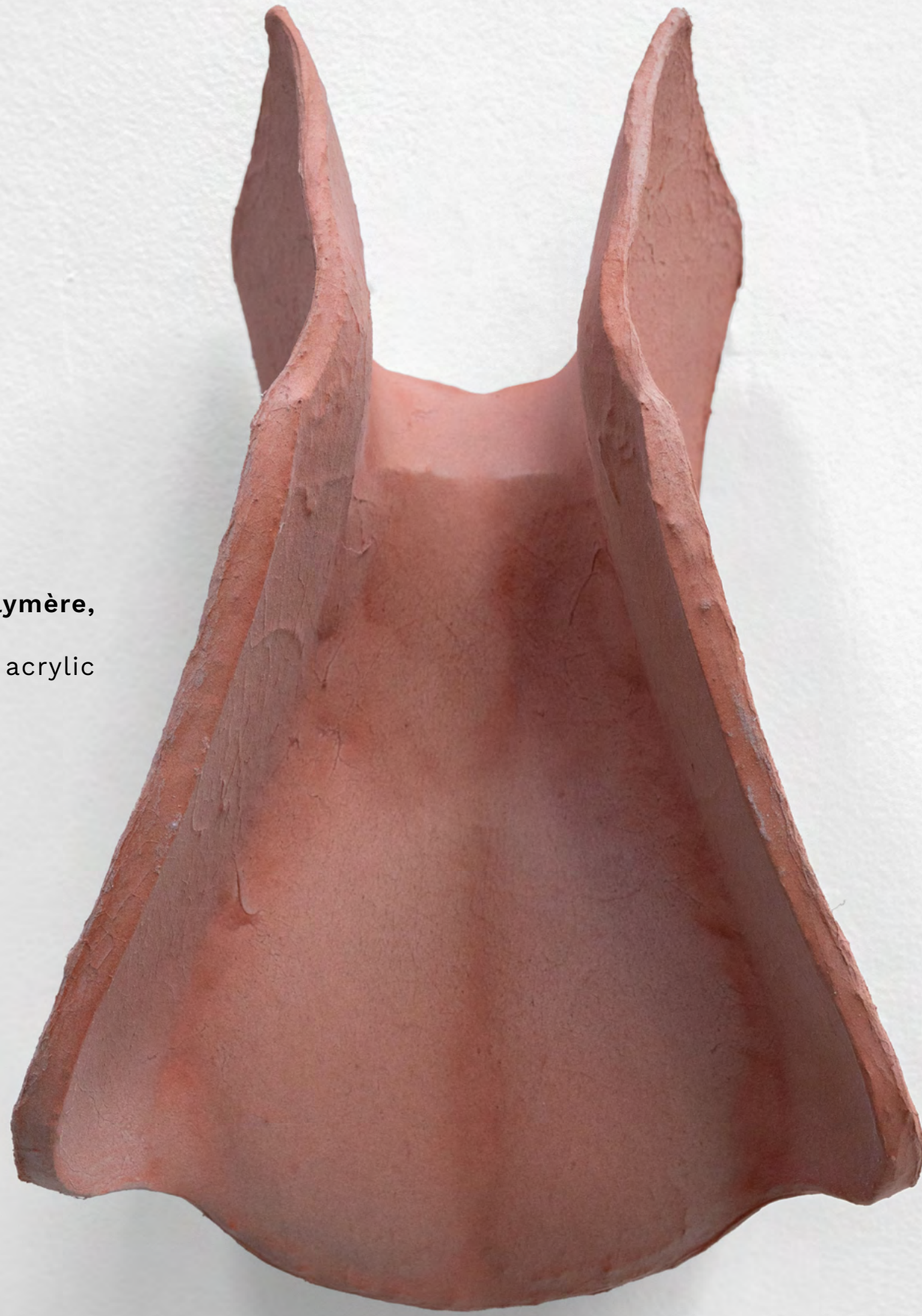
Mothers, 2026

**Polymère de cellulose sur résine photopolymère,
acrylique**

Cellulose polymer on photopolymer resin, acrylic

32 x 21 x 19 cm

12 5/8 x 8 1/4 x 7 1/2 inches







Are erections
important?



THE BUILDABLE SELF



We are conditioned beings

who salivate

when the bell rings

James Richards

In empathies
absence

fresh hells are
born

I HAVE BEEN TO
PARADISE
and I have not been grateful

James Richards



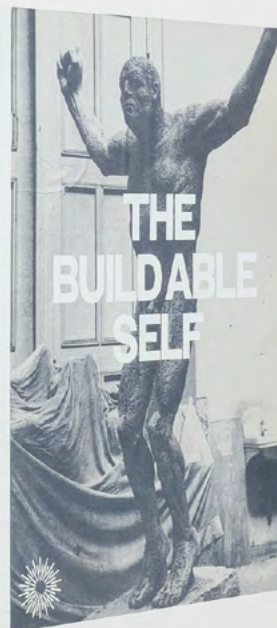
***Hustler_27.JPEG*, 2025**
Gel acrylique, encre sur papier,
contreplaqué
Acrylic gel, ink on paper, plywood
37,5 x 32 x 5 cm (encadré)
14 3/4 x 12 5/8 x 2 inches (framed)







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James Richards, Steve Reinke

Born in 1983, Wales – Lives and works in Berlin

Born in 1963, Canada – Lives and works in Chicago

An artist and writer, **Steve Reinke** is best known for his video essays, in which he explores the countless permutations of identity, sexuality and art. In an alternately gloomy, mocking and clinical tone, he comments on, analyses and parodies anything that comes his way, luring us into a world of pluriform fictions. The Toronto International Film Festival named *The Hundred Videos* (1989-1996) one of the 150 essential works in Canadian cinematic history. Attuned to the conceits of the art world, Reinke's (ironic?) aim was to complete a hundred videos before the year 2000, his thirty-sixth birthday, a sum of his work as a young artist. They are short, witty subversions of lore passed on to us – the 'knowledge' available as social history in the memory bank of our culture, preserved in the found footage of old films and television.

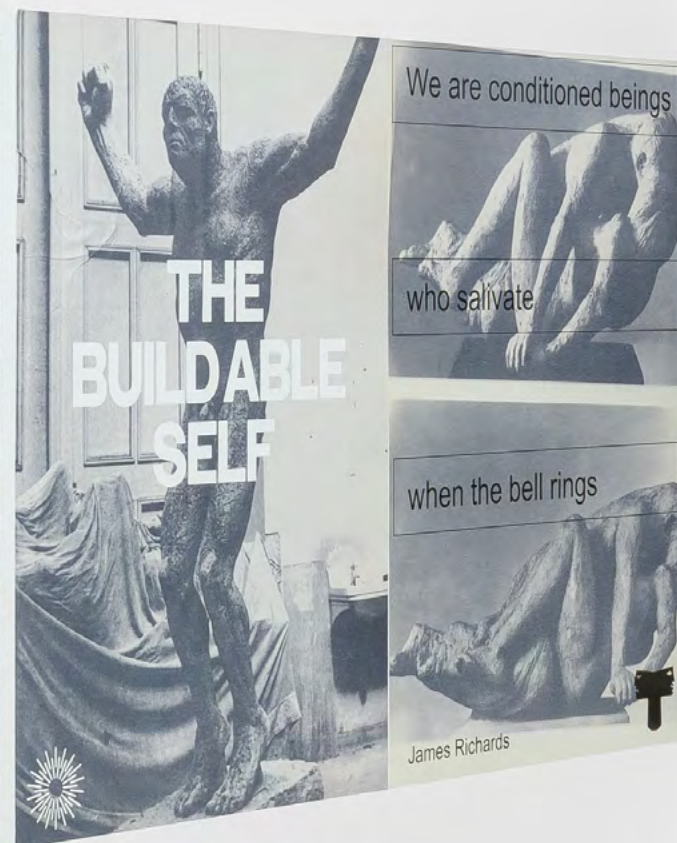
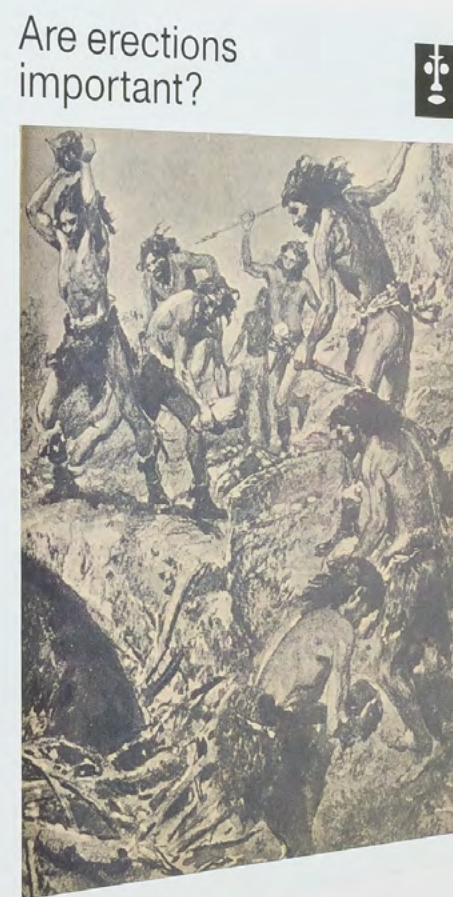
Over the past twenty years, **James Richards** has developed a practice shaped by the collection and transformation of existing material. His video, sound, and curatorial projects explore themes of obsession, desire, and technology through archival research, found materials, literary fragments, and extensive artistic collaboration. Addressing the relentless flow of imagery in the twenty-first century, Richards's work carves out a space where personal politics and digital materiality meet, exploring how meaning is transmitted and transformed through editing and recombination.

Working intermittently since 2008, Reinke and Richards have been exchanging material across the Atlantic between their respective studios in Chicago and Berlin. Drawing upon a loose shared archive of found and self-shot footage, music and found texts culled from essays and poetry, these dismembered fragments slowly assemble into an exquisite corpse.

The starting point for ***When We Were Monsters*** (2020) was a videotape of projection footage made by the artist Gretchen Bender. Originally edited as a series of video projections for Bill T. Jones's dance piece *Still/Here*, for New York's Whitney Museum in 1994, Bender drew upon a large cache of forensic images given by a plastic surgeon. Clinical images of infections, deformities and morbid injuries are turned by Bender into an abject flicker-film. Full of molecular porosity and existential vastness, the film expands Bender's medical gaze to include a broader scientific gaze, often collapsing into an abstract of erotics: we become privy to glimpses of Ivan Pavlov's ghost dogs, fungi and fovea, wounds, flowers, dust and stains, fire ceremonies, organic flickering, hallucinations and intoxicated language.

Untitled, Posters (2026) by Richards snake their way across the walls, composed of fragments of texts and sentences, as well as images, gleaned from books or the artist's own personal stash of photos. The text analogy of an image bank, Richards visualizes what it might feel like to be a reader, the process of never-ending combination, picking apart and sewing together that any act of reading entails. Neither fully-fledged artworks nor slapdash notes, they could be memes, slightly unnerving in their familiarity. Being slapped in the face by existential angst at 6am, repeating the same slapdash self-styled mantras just to keep oneself from falling apart. If a phrase rolls off the tongue, is it because it's being evasive?

James Richards
Untitled, Posters, 2026
Affiches
 Posters
119 x 84 cm (chacune)
 46 7/8 x 33 1/8 inches (each)



THE PUREST FORM OF SELF PLEASURING



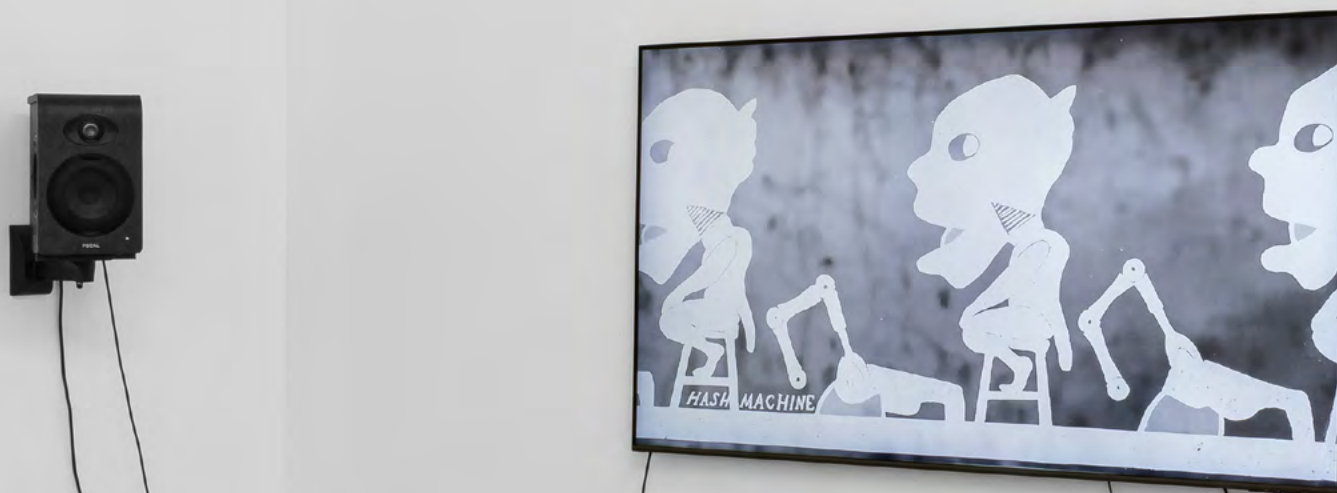
We are conditioned beings

who salivate

when the bell rings

James Richards

Steve Reinke, James Richards
***When We Were Monsters*, 2020**
Vidéo digitale avec son
Digital video with sound
21:16 min
Edition of 6 + 2AP







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