

Patricia Low Contemporary is pleased to announce a solo exhibition of Sylvie Fleury. Fleury's work is patently synonymous with glamour: from her glam-rock missiles to her defacto presentations of shopping bags, hot rod cars, or new age crystals, her fetishised assemblages reconfigure consumer desire as the apex of cultural and feminist politics.

The new show of Sylvie Fleury features various bodies of work, ranging from painting to sculpture, neons, installations and videos. Taking their cues from the worlds of fashion, advertising, art history and the esoteric, her abstract and text-based canvases are as much about the exclusive macho codes of painting as the fixating allure of surface. Her lush splatter compositions, reminiscent of Pollock's drizzles, explode in a barrage of Maybelline colours: set against black backgrounds, bursts of concealer and eye shadows decimate the boundaries between seduction and violence. Exhibited alongside text paintings from her *Miniskirts Are Back* series – with their fashionista logo typeset in horror movie script, emblazoned in cosmetic gloss sheen – Fleury restages pop's frivolous pose; un-ironically, uncannily leveling the symbolic brand values of beauty, the synthetic, and abjection pointing to the absurdity of cosmetic and hemline rules!

In her Xmas videos, *Here comes Santa*, *Bells*, *Strange Fire* and *Santa Baby*, Fleury relentlessly smashes Xmas balls. The spiky heels explode hundreds of mirrored spheres reflecting everything that's around and revealing their desperately empty center.

With her spiral neon in the window she reminds us that with a sculptured nail, one can scratch the shiny surfaces or her work and might find out that below all that glitters, raw energy remains. After all, the first artwork she ever did was titled "C'est la Vie !"...

Working with marble for the first time, Fleury picked an over-iconized item from this Fall Winter season: *Chanel's Yeti Boots*, playing her favorite game of yin and yang, fetishism, longing, while humorously referencing her own cuddly paintings, Koon's *Puppy*, and testing antagonistic materials like fur and stone. Fleury distills the essence of contemporary zeitgeist, consumerism's imperative drive and philosophical meaning, with deliciously duplicitous affectation. Hers is a brand that's couture, decadent, irresistibly indulgent and subversively physical and tawdry: a perfect mirror of pop culture and our devotional collusion in its tantalizing consumption and neuroses.

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