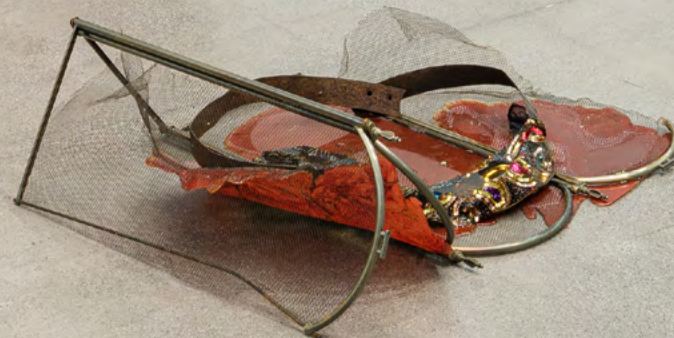


WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE CRY?



Galerie Derouillon,
Étienne Marcel
13 rue de Turbigo,
75002 Paris

MATHILDE ALBOUY
MIRIAM CAHN
JINA KHAYYER
KEUNMIN LEE
ARMINEH NEGAHDARI
BRI WILLIAMS

CURATED BY MARION COINDEAU



The exhibition brings together a group of contemporary artists from diverse backgrounds and scenes, all of whom focus their practice on the transformation of violence in political, spiritual and individual contexts. Before any projection of an anguished, fantasized or hoped-for future, the focus here is on capturing the moment when we cross/are crossed by violence and the emotions it carries.

At a time when it overflows our daily lives, when its relentless representation attempts to account for our cruelty - barbarism or indifference - we need to strip it bare: to move away from an explicit, figurative image, and to refuse a flashy or even seductive use of violence or suffering. We're not looking for an end in its encounter - a form - but a process of transformation - a force. The artists involved think of vulnerability as a collective reality and propose a repertoire of gestures preferring embodiment to representation, in order to approach what runs through us.

Our tears function as portals. When our eyes are misty, the boundaries between our inner and outer selves become porous, the rational self is dissolved by our emotions, and we are then more likely to relate to others and shift our point of view. The tears initially envisaged are those of the "constructive and salutary rage" that animates the theorist and activist of African-American feminism bell hooks, that we feel in our flesh and that transforms us. This rage, whose manifestations are examined in the exhibition, is rooted in a concrete post-colonial context of struggle against racism and misogyny. Violence passes through bodies, language and voice, and takes hold of our representations.

More intimately, what does the experience of this violence do to us? What does it open up?

Marion Coindeau

L'exposition réunit un ensemble d'artistes contemporain.e.s, de diverses scènes et origines, qui mettent tous.tes au cœur de leur pratique des phénomènes de transformation de la violence dans des contextes politiques, spirituels et individuels. Avant toute projection d'un futur angoissé, fantasmé ou espéré, il est ici question de saisir le moment où l'on traverse / est traversé par la violence et les émotions qu'elle charrie.

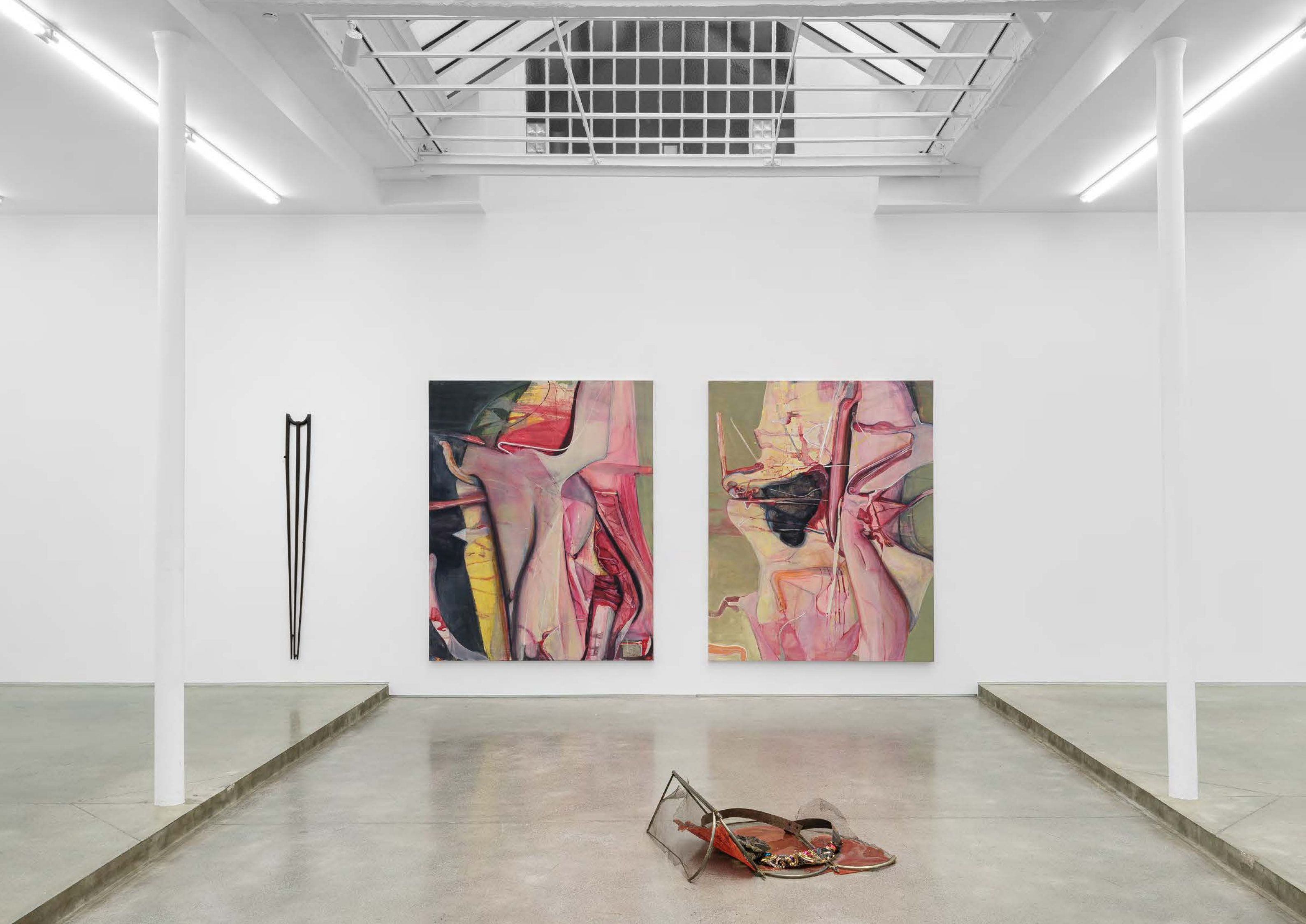
Alors qu'elle déborde aujourd'hui nos quotidiens, que sa représentation acharnée tente de rendre compte de notre cruauté - barbarie ou indifférence - il s'agit de la dénuder : de s'écarter d'une image explicite, figurative et de refuser une utilisation tapageuse voire séductrice de la violence ou de la souffrance. On ne cherche pas dans sa rencontre une finalité - une forme - mais un processus de transformation - une force. Les artistes réuni.es pensent la vulnérabilité comme une réalité collective et proposent un répertoire de gestes préférant l'incarnation à la représentation afin d'approcher ce qui nous traverse.

Nos larmes fonctionnent comme des portails. Lorsque nos yeux sont embués, les frontières entre notre intériorité et l'extérieur deviennent poreuses, le moi raisonné se trouve dissous par nos émotions et nous sommes alors plus enclins à entrer en relation avec les autres et à décaler notre point de vue. Les larmes envisagées initialement sont celles de la "rage constructive et salutaire" qui anime la théoricienne et militante du féminisme afro-américain bell hooks, qu'on éprouve dans sa chair et qui nous transforme. Celle-ci, dont l'exposition ausculte les manifestations, prend ses racines dans un contexte post-colonial concret, fait de luttes contre le racisme et la misogynie. La violence passe dans les corps, le langage, la voix et s'empare de nos représentations.

Plus intimement, qu'est-ce que l'expérience de cette violence nous fait ?
Sur quoi ouvre-t-elle ?

Marion Coindeau







KEUNMIN LEE

Born in Korea in 1982
Lives and works in Seoul.

Keunmin Lee's (b. 1982 in Yeongju, Korea) work, which comprises painting and drawing, delves into the meanders of the psyche. Drawing from his personal experiences with hallucinations and guided by instinctive gestures, Lee translates hallucinatory visions into visceral compositions characterized by rich red hues and meticulous brushwork. His paintings materialize enduring mental traces, as he engages in a cathartic process that turns the mind inside out. The forms he paints resemble magnified and abstracted fragments of flesh, muscle tissue, and veins, which seem to infuse each canvas with the heat, viscosity and pulsation of vital organs, thus eliciting a synesthetic experience.

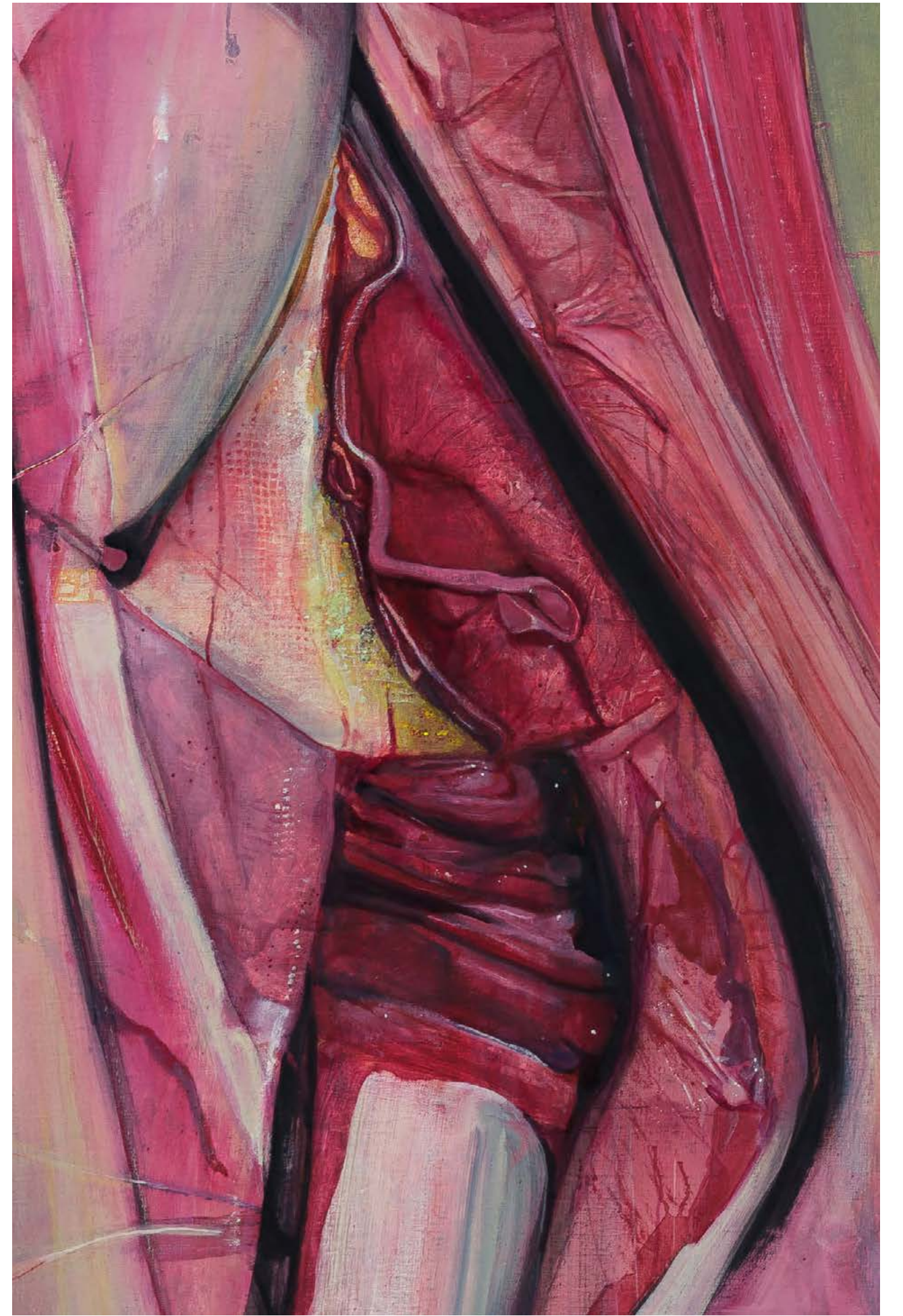
Keunmin Lee
Body construction (I), 2024
Huile sur toile
Oil on canvas
227,3 x 181,8 cm
89 1/2 x 71 9/13 inches





Keunmin Lee
Body construction (II), 2024
Huile sur toile
Oil on canvas
227,3 x 181,8 cm
89 1/2 x 71 9/13 inches







MATHILDE ALBOUY

Born in France in 1997
Lives and works in Paris.

She graduated from ENSAD in Paris in 2022 and HEAR in Starsbourg in 2020.

Playing on both formal and conceptual paradoxes, Mathilde Albouy's sculptural work invites the viewer to a game whose rules are not clearly defined. We don't know whether the encounter with her sculptures is an act of courtship or predation, confronting us with a dangerous seduction. Nourished by feminist science fiction, Mathilde uses the fictions generated by her pieces as political tools to question an established, binary reality. By hijacking scales and materials, the sometimes sharp or toxic objects become individuals in their own right, revealing how the beauty of objects, particularly feminine ones, conveys patterns of oppression.



Mathilde Albouy

From mother to daughter to mother to daughter, 2024

Bois, cire, miroir sans tain, argent et laiton

Wood, wax, one-way mirror, silver and brass

203 x 45 x 25 cm

79 7/8 x 17 3/4 x 9 7/8 inches







Mathilde Albouy
***Les favorites (the haunters) (I)*, 2024**
Bois et cire
Wood and wax
200 x 20 cm
78 3/4 x 7 7/8 inches





Mathilde Albouy
Les favorites (the haunters) (III), 2024
Bois et cire
Wood and wax
203 x 20 cm
79 7/8 x 7 7/8 inches







Mathilde Albouy
***Les favorites (the haunters) (II)*, 2024**
Bois et cire
Wood and wax
200 x 20 cm
78 3/4 x 7 7/8 inches





JINA KHAYYER

Franco-Iranian-German writer and poet
Lives and works in Paris.

Khayyers' prose and poetry challenges the concepts of origin, identity, heritage and gender, and in doing so explores the question of How Not To Break?

Her first book, *ÄLTER ALS JESUS, Mein Leben Als Frau* (Older than Jesus, My Life as a Woman) was published in 2015. In November 2021 her first collection of poetry, *NOT DARK YET, but it's getting there* was published in France by Ofr.Paris, followed by *TEAR CATCHER* (Ofr.Paris, 2023).

THE GIRL WHO BORE MY NAME
JINA KHAYYER

«Bishara! Bishara! Bishara!
Unconscionable! Unconscionable! Unconscionable!»
They scream into the night, in my hand. They are many.
Children holding their mothers' hands,
girls with long, loose hair,
waving their headscarves in the air like flags,
women, arm in arm,
boys, men,
old people,
shoulder to shoulder.
They march on Vali-Asr,
under the plane trees,
between honking cars and rattling motorcycles,
illuminated by golden street lamps.
They are unarmed.
With every step their voices weave together into a braid.
They scream «Bishara! Bishara! Bishara!
Unconscionable! Unconscionable! Unconscionable!»
Suddenly a voice breaks out of the choir.
A woman shouts, «I am armed with nothing but my body.
It is my fate to fight for the future with my body.
A future in freedom.»
A stream of Farsi washes over me.
I didn't realise my body stores such intense emotion
that can be triggered solely by language.
My heart turns to water.
My tears overflow me.
I'm not prepared to hear Farsi on Instagram,
from strangers' mouths,
familiar just by the language.
Again the chorus rises in my hand,
like a wave.
I hold onto my phone,
as if the wave might carry it away.
A thousand mouths repeat one word, endlessly,
«Bishara! Bishara! Bishara!»
Unconscionable! Unconscionable! Unconscionable!»
A second voice breaks out of the choir,
a woman sings, «Jin Jiyān Azadi»,
the choir sings, «Jin Jiyān Azadi»,
the first two words I don't understand.
I only recognise Azadi,
freedom.
The choir sings, «Zan Zendegi Azadi,
Woman Life Freedom.»



Jina Khayer
The girl who bore my name, 2024
Installation
Installation
Dimensions variables
Variable dimensions

«Bisharaf! Bisharaf! Bisharaf!
Unconscionable! Unconscionable! Unconscionable!»
They scream into the night, in my hand. They are many.
Children holding their mothers' hands,
girls with long, loose hair,
waving their headscarves in the air like flags,
women, arm in arm,
boys, men,
old people,
shoulder to shoulder.
They march on Vali-Asr,
under the plane trees,
between honking cars and rattling motorcycles,
illuminated by golden street lamps.
They are unarmed.
With every step their voices weave together into a braid.
They scream «Bisharaf! Bisharaf! Bisharaf!
Unconscionable! Unconscionable! Unconscionable!»
Suddenly a voice breaks out of the choir.
A woman shouts, «I am armed with nothing but my body.
It is my fate to fight for the future with my body.
A future in freedom.»
A stream of Farsi washes over me.
I didn't realise my body stores such intense emotion
that can be triggered solely by language.
My heart turns to water.
My tears overflow me.
I'm not prepared to hear Farsi on Instagram,
from strangers' mouths,
familiar just by the language.
Again the chorus rises in my hand,
like a wave.
I hold onto my phone,
as if the wave might carry it away.
A thousand mouths repeat one word, endlessly,
«Bisharaf! Bisharaf! Bisharaf!
Unconscionable! Unconscionable! Unconscionable!»
A second voice breaks out of the choir,
a woman sings, «Jin Jiyan Azadi»,
the choir sings, «Jin Jiyan Azadi»,
the first two words I don't understand,
I only recognise Azadi,
freedom.
The choir sings, «Zan Zendegi Azadi,
Woman Life Freedom.»

THE GIRL WHO BORE MY NAME
JINA KHAYYER

«Bishara! Bishara! Bishara!
Unconscionable! Unconscionable! Unconscionable!»
They scream into the night, in my hand. They are many.
Children holding their mothers' hands,
girls with long, loose hair,
waving their headscarves in the air like flags,
women, arm in arm,
boys, men,
old people,
shoulder to shoulder.
They march on Vali-Ar,
under the plane trees,
between honking cars and rattling motorcycles,
illuminated by golden street lamps.
They are unarmed.
With every step their voices weave together into a braid.
They scream «Bishara! Bishara! Bishara!
Unconscionable! Unconscionable! Unconscionable!»
Suddenly a voice breaks out of the choir.
A woman shouts, «I am armed with nothing but my body.
It is my fate to fight for the future with my body.
A future in freedom.»
A stream of Farsi washes over me.
I didn't realise my body stores such intense emotion
that can be triggered solely by language.
My heart turns to water.
My tears overflow me.
I'm not prepared to hear Farsi on Instagram,
from strangers' mouths,
familiar just by the language.
Again the chorus rises in my hand,
like a wave.
I hold onto my phone,
as if the wave might carry it away.
A thousand mouths repeat one word, endlessly,
«Bishara! Bishara! Bishara!
Unconscionable! Unconscionable! Unconscionable!»
A second voice breaks out of the choir,
a woman sings, «Jin Jiyan Azadi»,
the choir sings, «Jin Jiyan Azadi»,
the first two words I don't understand,
I only recognise Azadi,
freedom.
The choir sings, «Zan Zendegi Azadi,
Woman Life Freedom.»





MIRIAM CAHN

Born in Switzerland in 1949
Lives and works in Stampa.

Miriam Cahn's artistic practice, consisting mainly of figurative painting, explores social topics related to her objection to all forms of oppression, and in reaction to current political issues including gender-based violence, migratory conflicts and armed conflicts. In dialogue with the European feminist movements of the 1970s, the body remains central in her works, both as a subject and as an artistic medium.

Miriam Cahn
Gebet, 2003
Huile sur toile
Oil on canvas
55,5 x 120 cm
21 7/8 x 47 1/4 inches



Private collection, Paris





BRI WILLIAMS

Born in USA in 1993
Lives and works in Oakland.

Their work often includes found objects and materials that are repurposed and reworked. In some cases, the objects are moulded in soap, a material which is used metaphorically. Connecting personal associations with these objects and their history, Williams' work addresses collective memories and trauma, identity structures and power roles.

Bri Williams
***Sword in Stone*, 2018**
Savon, tesson de miroir et fil de daim
Soap, mirror shard and suede thread
63,5 x 25,4 x 25,4 cm
25 x 10 x 10 inches







Bri Williams
Thick Skin, 2023
Silicone, métal et veste en sequins
Silicone, metal and sequin jacket
32 x 80,5 x 90 cm
12 5/8 x 31 3/4 x 35 3/8 inches





Bri Williams

Untitled, Target, 2023

Roses, résine, lettre d'enseigne de magasin, savon et bois

Roses, resin, store sign letter, soap and wood

73 x 34,5 x 10,5 cm

28 3/4 x 13 5/8 x 4 1/8 inches





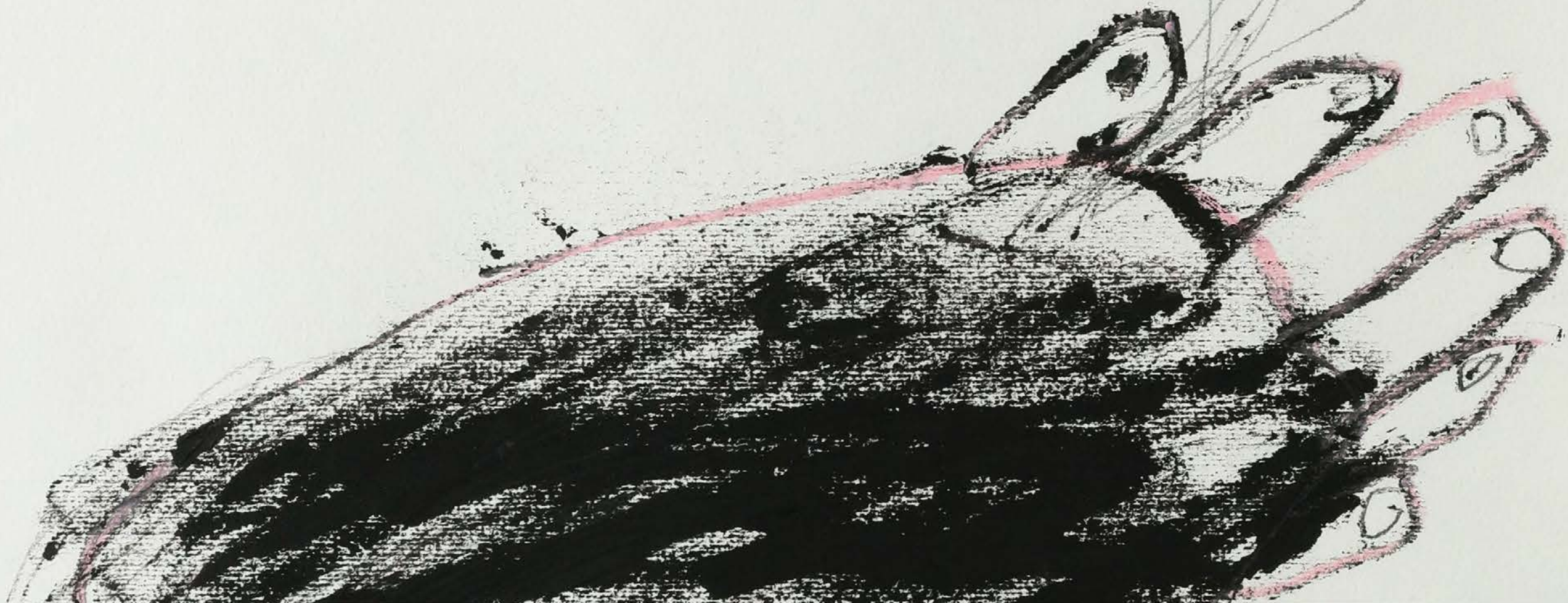


ARMINEH NEGAHDARI

Born in Iran in 1994

Lives and works in Clermont-Ferrand.

Armineh Negahdari's desire to deeply connect with life and her surroundings reflects in her intense studio production, primarily focused on drawing, which she often practices on recycled materials such as papers or reclaimed canvases. Her work exudes a sense of urgency, an imperative impulse reflected in the rapid, almost fierce strokes of her pencil, as well as the absence of colors, occasionally punctuated by highlighted lines. Armineh expresses what drives her internally in a very direct manner. By focusing on subjectively creating multiple interpretations of the chaotic and violent world around her, she finds a way to keep fear at bay and the will to believe despite everything.



Armineh Negahdari
***Eloquence muette*, 2023**
Pastel gras et fusain sur papier
Oil pastel and charcoal on paper
120 x 80 cm
47 1/4 x 31 1/2 inches





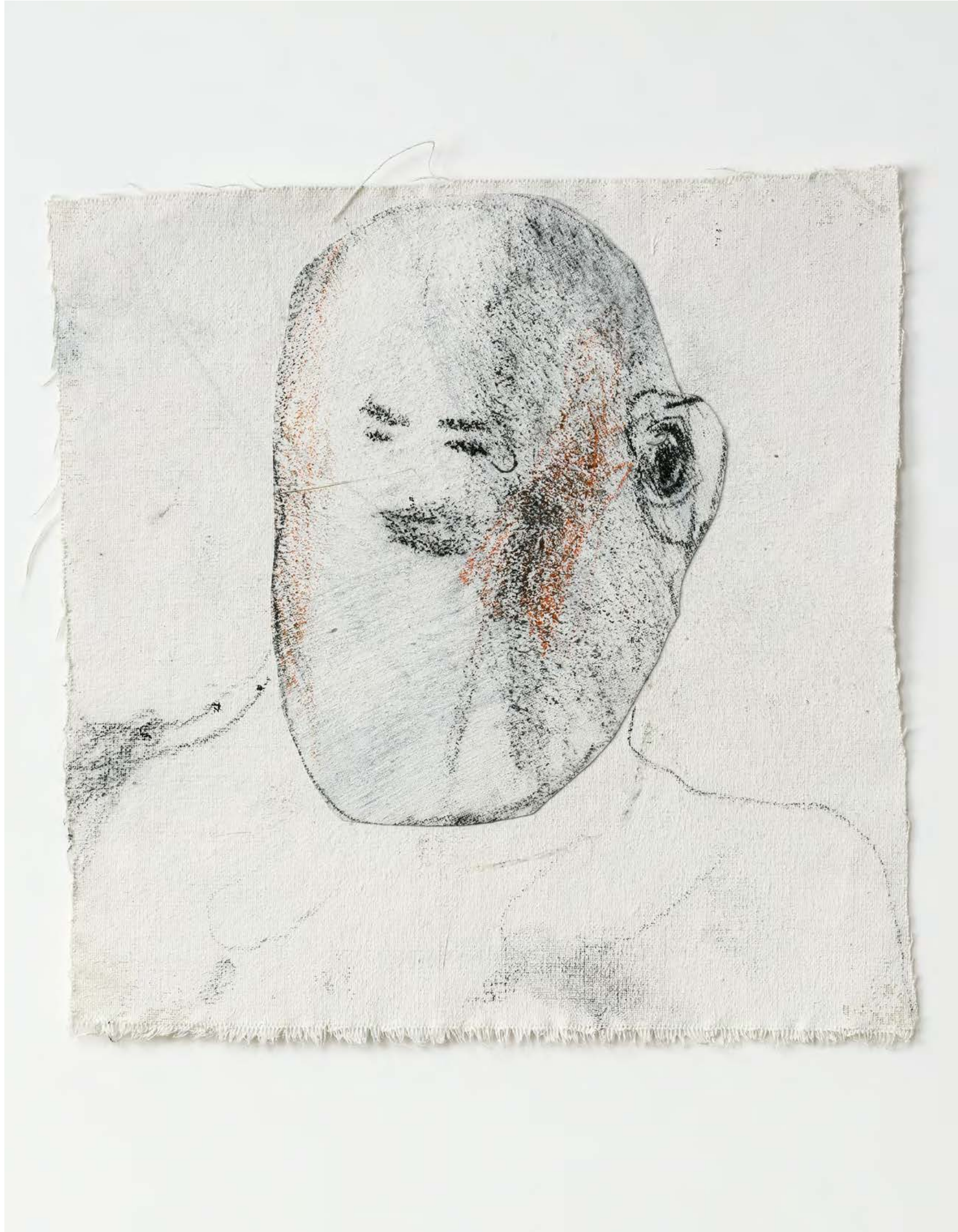
Armineh Negahdari
Jamais l'une sans l'autre, 2023
Pastel gras et fusain sur papier
Oil pastel and charcoal on paper
120 x 80 cm
47 1/4 x 31 1/2 inches

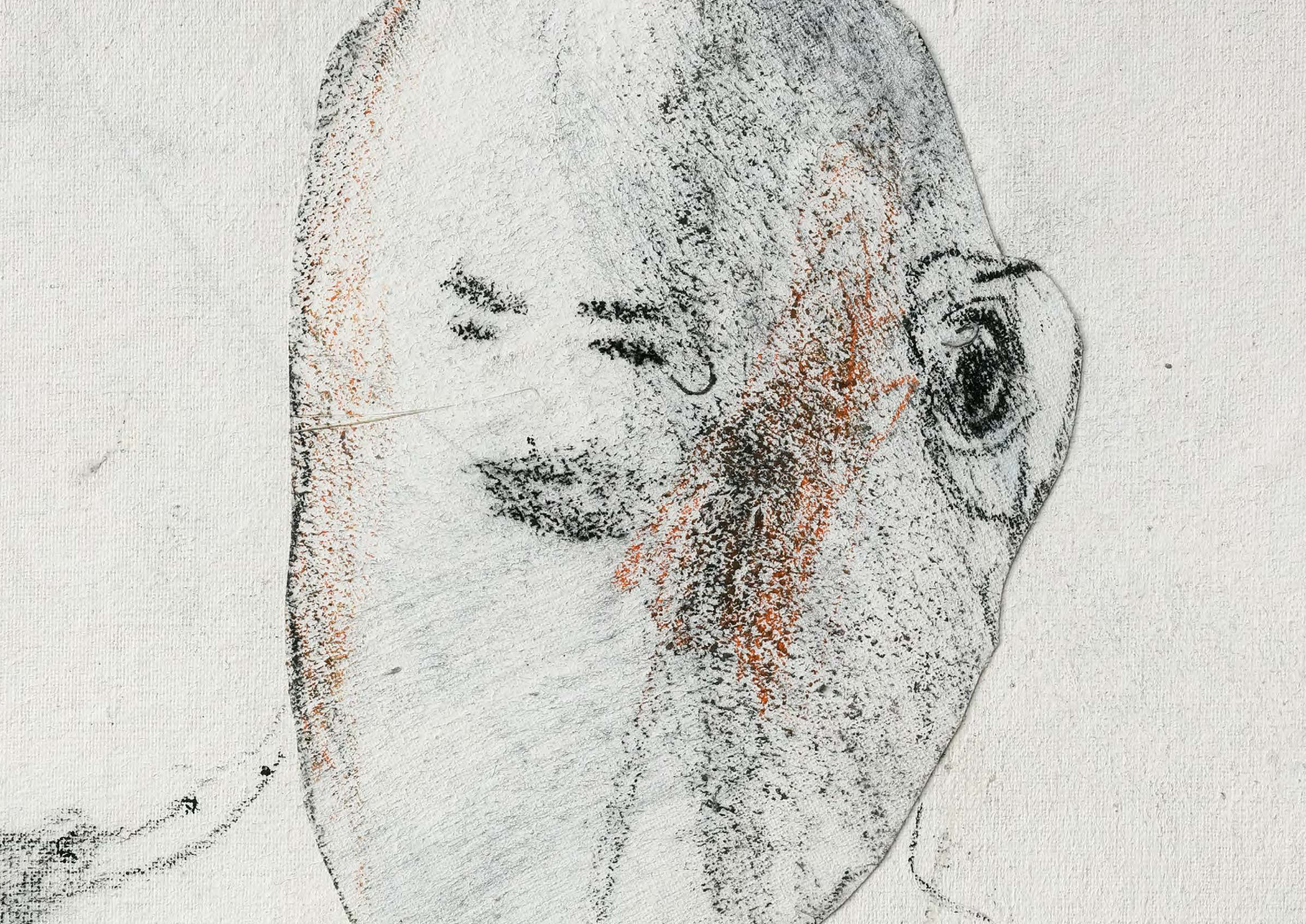






Armineh Negahdari
Grande émotion, 2022
Graphite et crayon de couleur sur toile
Graphite and coloured pencil on canvas
16,5 x 16 cm
6 1/2 x 6 1/4 inches





Armineh Negahdari

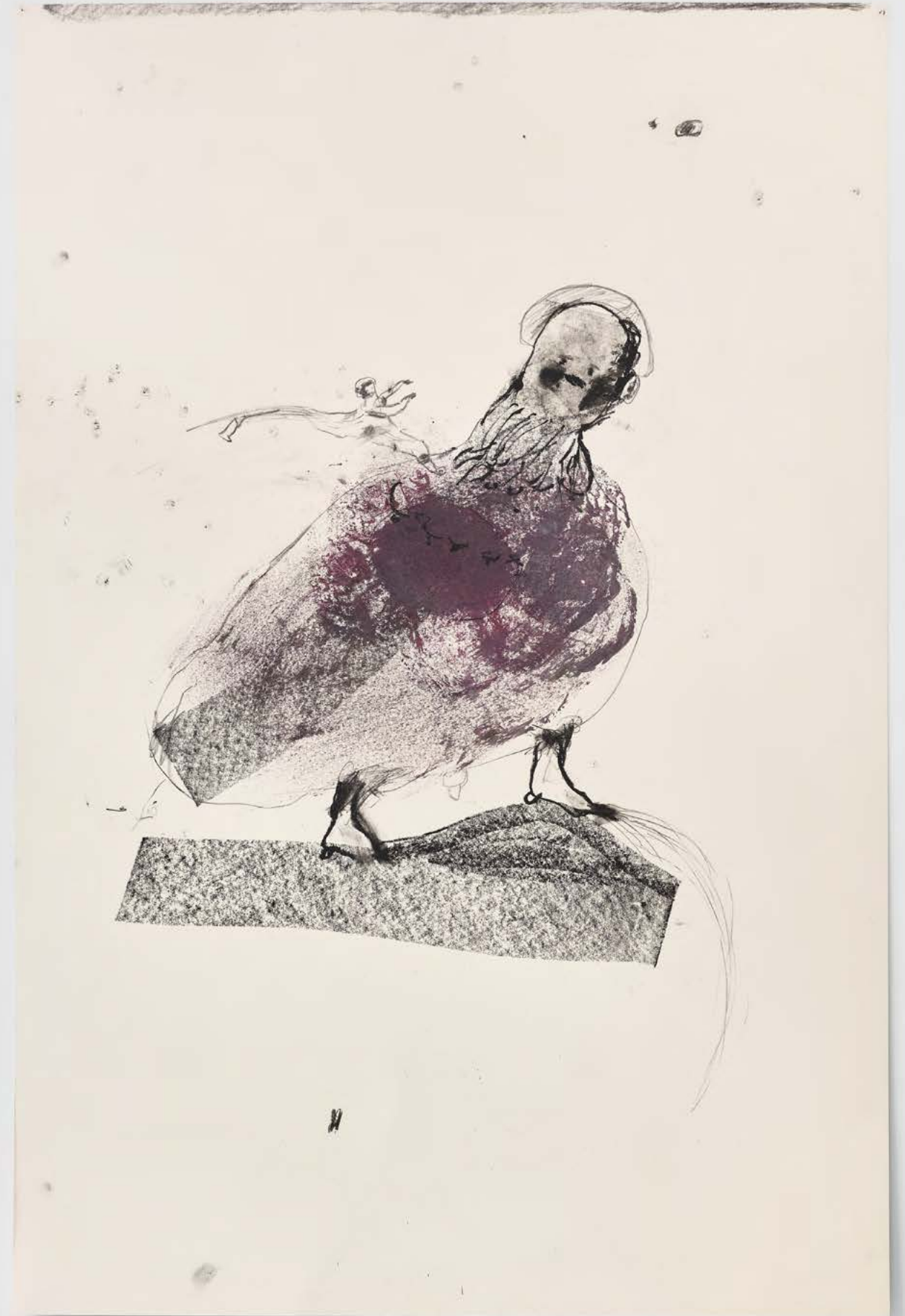
***Démesure*, 2023**

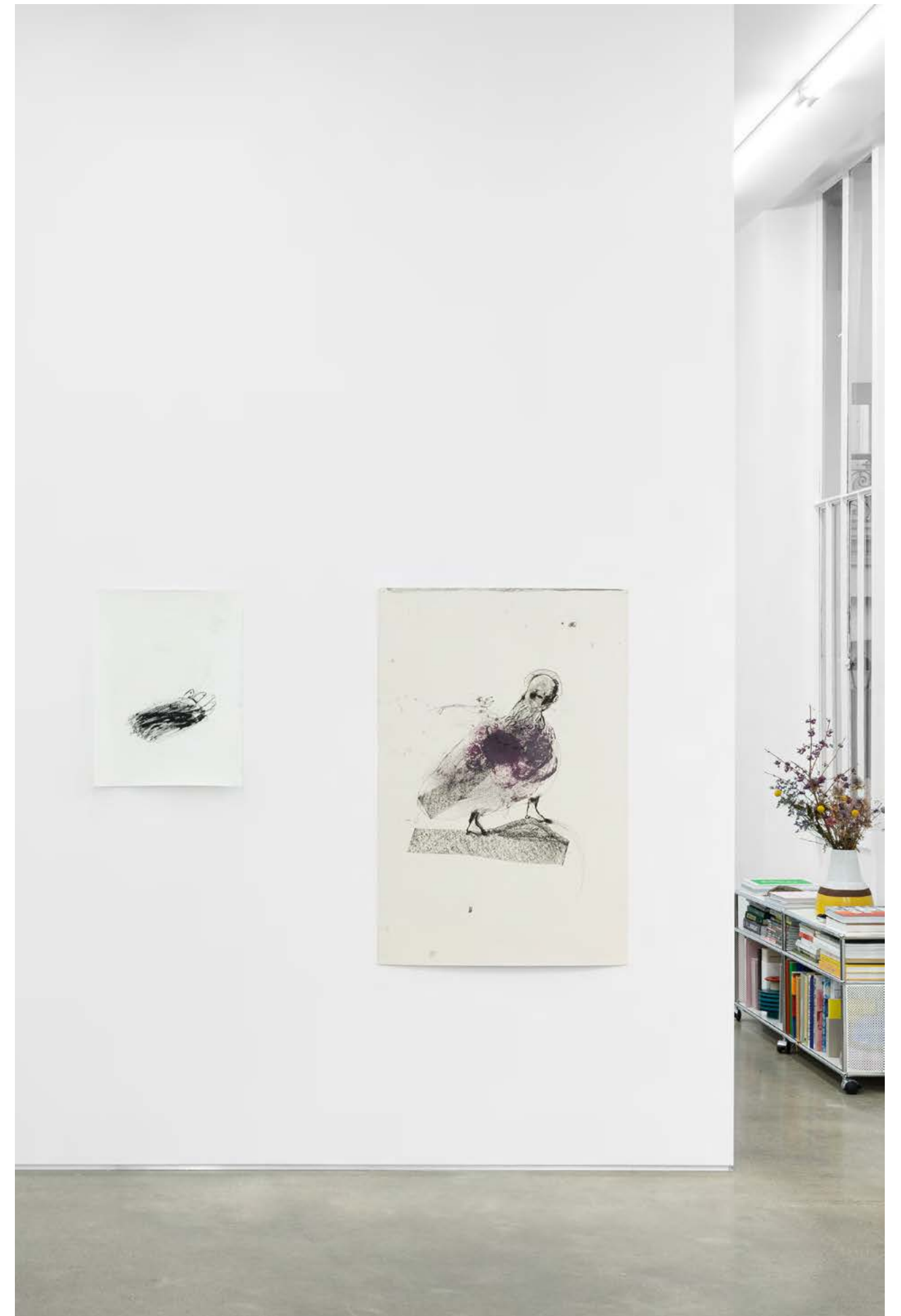
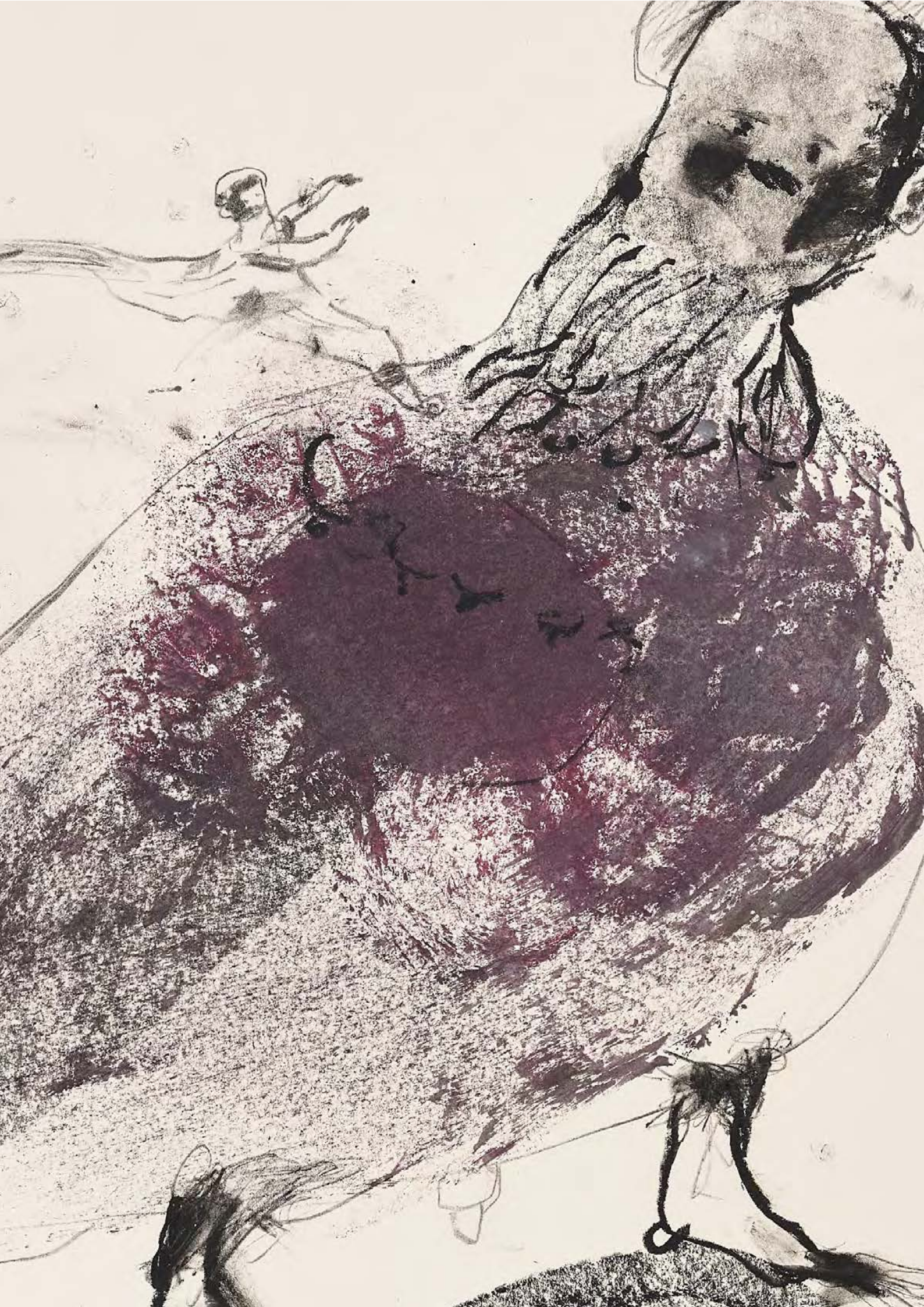
Pastel gras, fusain et crayon de couleur sur papier

Oil pastel, charcoal and coloured pencil on paper

120 x 80 cm

47 1/4 x 31 1/2 inches





Armineh Negahdari

La patte, 2023

Peinture à l'huile, craie grasse et crayon sur papier

Oil paint, chalk and pencil on paper

62,5 x 48,5 cm

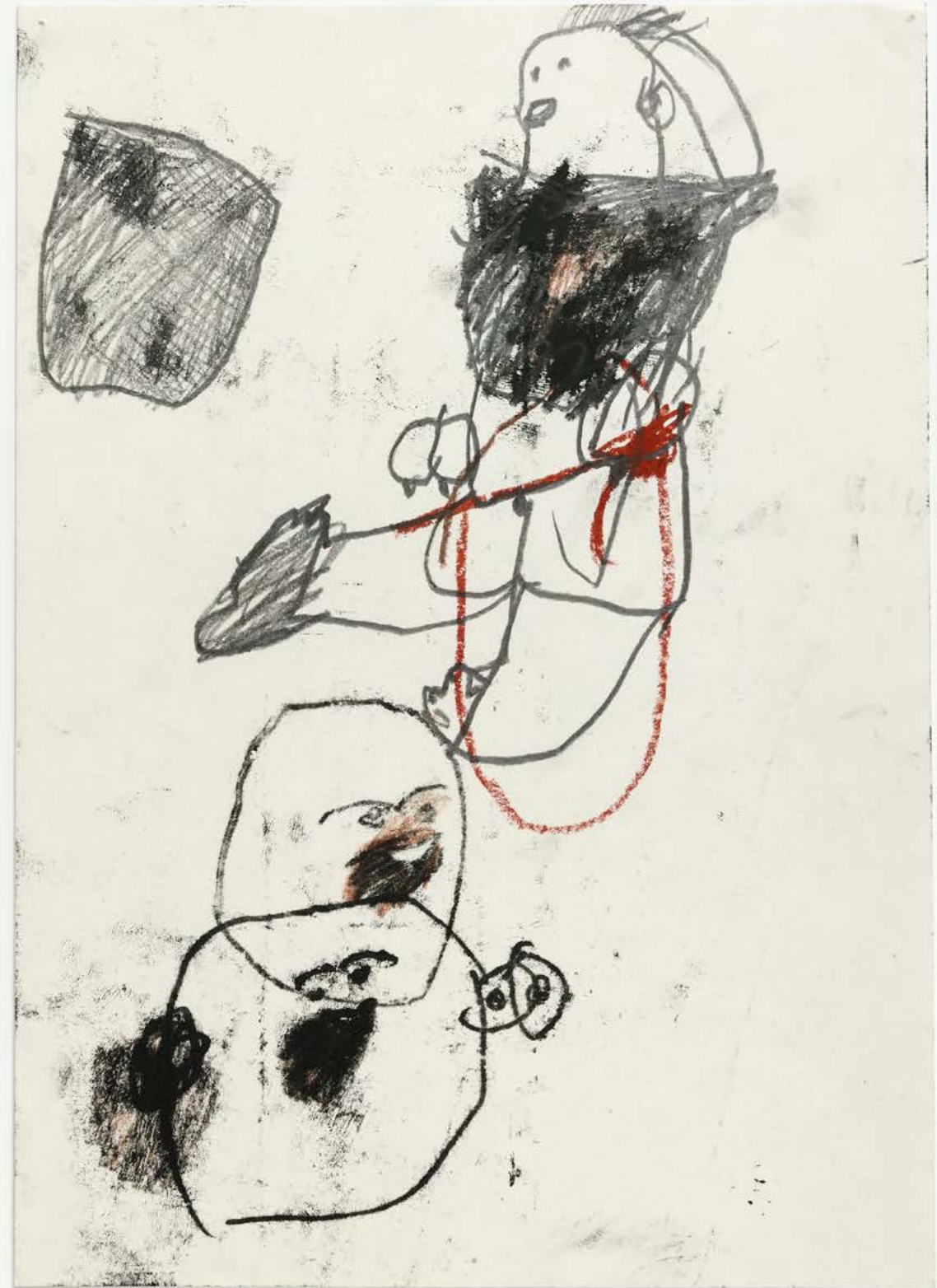
24 5/8 x 19 1/8 inches

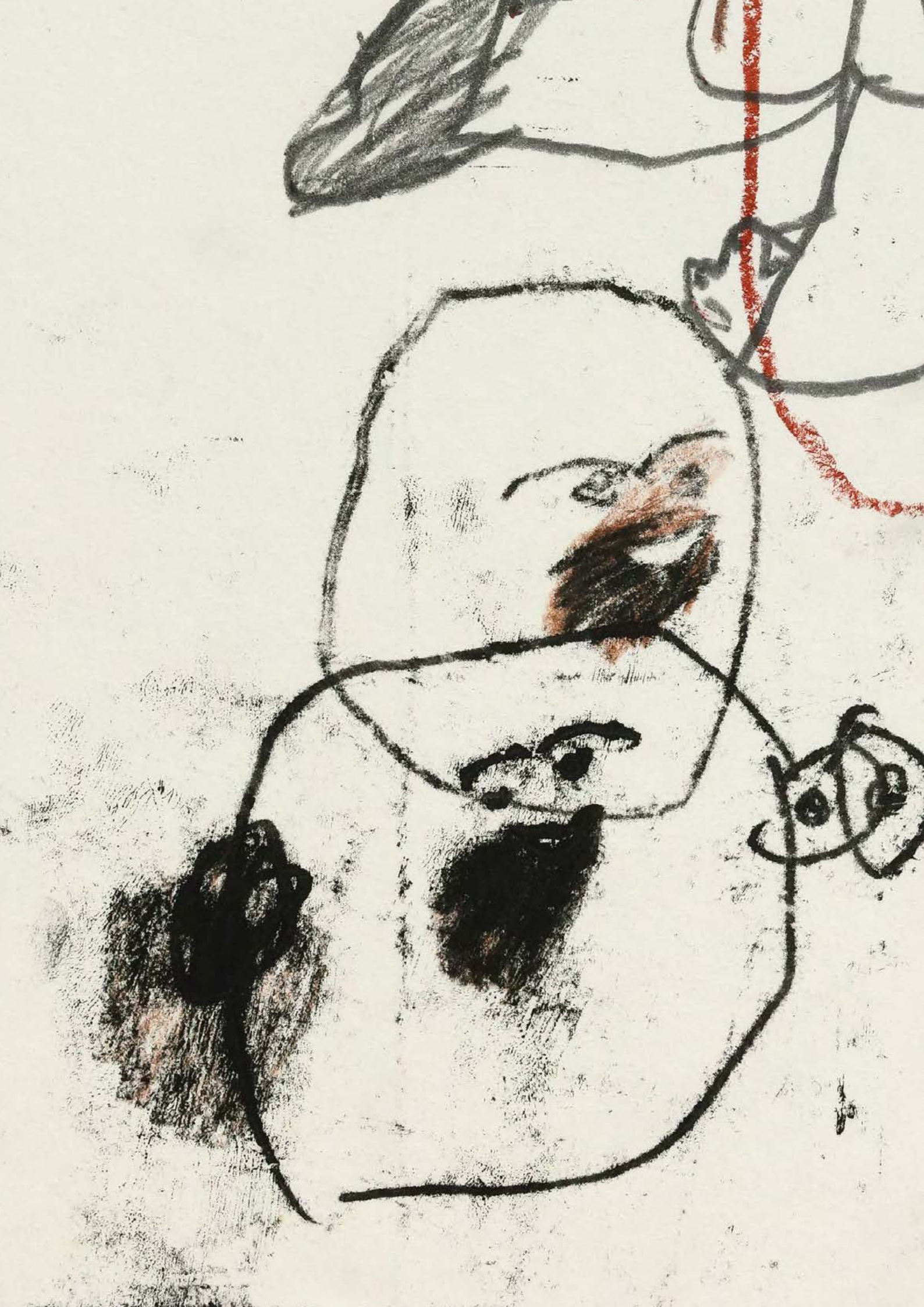


THE GIRL WHO BORE MY
JINA KHAYYER



Armineh Negahdari
***Reliés*, 2021**
Peinture à l'huile et crayon sur papier
Oil paint and pencil on paper
29,5 x 21 cm
11 5/8 x 8 1/4 inches







Galerie Derouillon,

founder Benjamin Derouillon

director Marion Coindeau
marion@galeriederouillon.com

Galerie Derouillon, Étienne Marcel
13 rue de Turbigo, 75002 Paris

Galerie Derouillon, Haut Marais
38 rue Notre Dame de Nazareth, 75003 Paris

Galerie Derouillon, Cadet
Hôtel Cromot du Bourg, 75009 Paris

www.derouillon.com

