

Joan Ayrton, Katinka Bock, Léa Bouton,  
Hanako Murakami, Amanda Rizzo  
*When in doubt #2*

Galerie Florence Loewy  
15.03 — 19.04.2025

Seichi-san, Ikeda Hiroshi's adoptive father, poses with his dog Kacha, in the glow of a winter sun, one day in the post-war years, in a park in Tokyo's Shinagawa district. This photograph has been placed on the family altar for several decades, along with other deceased humans and dogs. Every morning, Hiroshi bows to the image, looks at it, lights a stick of incense, talks to it and meditates. When his son-in-law Yoann Moreau, a French physicist and anthropologist, saw it for the first time, his gaze fell on the silhouette in the top right-hand corner of the background, slightly against the light, suspended in mid-air. Who was it? What had happened there? Hiroshi and his daughter looked at the image; neither he nor she, nor anyone else in the family had ever seen the figure in the sky.

Yoann Moreau showed me this photograph during my short visit to Izu in 2023, in the café that he and Natsuko, his partner, run part of the time. Yoann had gone to Japan to carry out a study commissioned by the École des Mines on the after-effects of Fukushima, but was forced to change his plans when Covid appeared, he stayed behind, settled on the peninsula. I had showed Yoann a photograph taken in 2019 during a first visit to Japan. A woman dressed in a kimono, walking in ahead of me in a small street in Tokyo, cut in two by my iPhone: a glitch, a crack, an image accident. The photograph haunted me. I put into it all the weight of an intimate catastrophe. But also the collective catastrophe of a world more and more out of control. Yoann responded to one image with another, and I was stunned by the strangeness of the suspended figure, invisible to the family. Was it the emotional part operating from within, as emotions can't occur in two places of an image? But the silhouette once seen, Yoann tells me, raised few questions. The grandfather and Kacha were what had to be seen.

We carry within us the visions, the fragments of lives lived by others before us. My mother recently told me that on August 6th 1945 there was a strange white glow on the horizon over Japan, visible from Shanghai, where she grew up during the war. This vision is not hers, she had it from someone else's eyes; it is even less mine, but images travel within us, most often without us knowing, and sometimes surface, like silt from the bottom of a lake, giving meaning to our often unexplained obsessions. But can we see 'what's happening'? Do we really? Yoann tells me about a survivor of Fukushima who, in the short time between the earthquake and the tsunami, had the terrifying vision, from the cliff where she lived, of the ocean receding and disappearing completely. We wondered, in our conversation, how to see

what has never been seen before, how to grasp an unprecedented vision.

It's a strange and fabulous adventure, the one of the modern eye, of technologies that have been pushing back the frontiers of invisibility since the first chemistries of silver photography. The world, even in its extreme dimensions - phenomenally small or phenomenally large - is now available to the eye, and can be captured at will (Harold Edgerton's mind-blowing photo of the splitting of an atom in 1952 springs to mind). And the whole system of images was turned on its head the day that, thanks to (or in spite of) radioactivity, the X-ray was invented. Seeing through matter opened people's minds and imaginations to a reality more complex than that which the eyes perceived, to an inner space become a place of dreams, occult explorations and hallucinated visions.

The world now so visible scrolls furiously by - the same images seen everywhere once, 3 times, 10 times, a thousand times, a thousand fine white glows in the palm of our hands; our lexicons are enriched by our exhausted states of consciousness - information fatigue, doom scrolling... More than ever, and even these days when a new world gone mad is taking shape before our eyes, I think of the psyches (mine at least) trapped, num, stuck despite the stupor and anguish. And then there is the encounter with an image that stops me in my tracks, one spring day in Japan. Its mystery, its force, its story. What was not seen, what Yoann revealed. I'm left with the astonishment of our selective visions, of what - out of love or fear, or some other affect - we fail to see. There is something important in these glitches, these failures, in doubt. A demand for attention, for a slower pace. I believe it is in these cracks that communities of vision are quietly formed.

Many thanks to Hiroshi, Yoann and Natsuko for lending me their photograph - and to Léa, Katinka, Hanako and Amanda for playing along with the exhibition, crossing images, visions and chemical fixations.

Joan Ayrton

Léa Bouton  
sans titre, 2024  
fine black felt-tip pen, promarker,  
colored pencil  
21 x 29,7 cm

*Intérieur Noir*, 2021  
fine black felt-tip pen, promarker  
18,2 x 25,5 cm

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Amanda Rizzo  
*Retina III*, 2023-2025  
reflective material, aluminum  
variable dimensions

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Katinka Bock  
*Il et elle*, 2022  
silver print on Baryté Bergger  
Warmtone glossy pape  
24,5 x 37 cm

Courtesy galerie Jocelyn Wolff.

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Joan Ayrton  
*Shadow #3*, 2025  
painting, japanese glass, black  
medium / Production: Camille Martenot  
42 x 21 cm

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Hanako Murakami  
Untitled (Iso Wellington #1), 2025  
Untitled (Guilleminot grapho-brom #1), 2025  
Untitled (Lumière ultra-panchro #1), 2020  
Untitled (Guilleminot grapho-brom #2), 2025  
Untitled (Iso Wellington #2), 2025  
Untitled (Guilleminot grapho-brom #3), 2025  
Untitled (Ilford special lantern #1), 2025  
Untitled (Guilleminot grapho-brom #4), 2025  
Untitled (Lumière #1), 2020

*Imaginary Landscape*  
vintage photographic glass plate

Courtesy of the artist &  
Jean-Kenta Gauthier, Paris.

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Léa Bouton  
*écotone*, 2022  
fine black felt-tip pen, promarker,  
colored pencil  
18,2 x 25,5 cm

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Katinka Bock  
*Constellation (a), (b), (c)*, 2018  
silver print on Baryté Bergger  
Warmtone glossy pape  
25,5 x 37 cm (chaque)

Courtesy galerie Jocelyn Wolff.