

Galerie Marian Goodman is delighted to present *Pure Fiction*, an exhibition featuring selected works by Ed Atkins, Marcel Broodthaers, Michael Dean, Robert Filliou, Pierre Klossowski, Henri Michaux, Win McCarthy, Giuseppe Penone, Bunny Rogers, Lili Reynaud-Dewar and Josef Strau. These artists, born between 1899 and 1990, express themselves through both visual and written means. If one doesn't always presuppose the other, both practices do sometimes overlap.

“There are pure fictions that do not necessarily derive from words or stories, but strike with the power of their visual language instead: one thinks of Michael Dean’s sculptures, Lili Reynaud-Dewar’s performances, Ed Atkins’s videos. In one essay, Josef Strau has been described as “an artist who writes and a writer who makes art.” Within Strau’s œuvre, text is often filtered through his installations, or appears as a complement to *Icons*, the metallic canvases on view here. One also bears in mind *Book and Muscle*, a work by Michael Dean, which intertwines the body of the sculpture with the body of the text. *A body as public as a book can be*, the subtitle of *My Epidemic* (2015) by Lili Reynaud-Dewar, would in fact perfectly describe the artist’s own corpus. Her long curtains, stained with vermillion ink, evoke a manuscript uncoiling. Bunny Rogers exhibits a dolls tied to a stump of a ceramic tree on which rests one limited edition of her *Cunny Poems*. Warning: no work in this exhibition is required reading. The brain has two very distinct hemispheres; the artists presented here each lead a double life. Henri Michaux “changes marshalling yards” when he switches from poetry to painting. For Marcel Broodthaers and Pierre Klossowski, words seem to come before images—but who can say? The murals by Ed Atkins maintain the deaf violence of his videos and the acuity of his poems, while making this indictment: “Life is utterly miserable because of you personally.” *The, A Novel*, Robert Filliou (ca 1976) is a mise en abîme of what loving literature means, according to the artist. In addition to the exhibited works, books written by all the artists are available for consultation. Collections of poems by Giuseppe Penone are positioned close to *Cocci* (1979), his works in terra cotta and plaster. It’s pure fiction for the imagination, such as when one gazes upon *Always these few raindrops and/never the storm/always a partial view* (2015), a piece by Win McCarthy, which represent the artist’s self-portrait.”

Julie Boukobza

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