

Press release

Philippe Favier

Exhibition from 6th November 2004 to 22nd January 2005

After a One Man Show of the latest works by French artist Philippe Favier at FIAC 04, the Guy Bärtschi gallery will present in its "Gallery" area an exhibition of this French artist during the AGGAM open house weekend of the 6 and 7 November 2004 until 22 January 2005.

Philippe Favier was born in 1957 in Saint-Etienne, France. He lives and works in Saint-Etienne.

As usual, Philippe Favier allows us to enter his world of the infinitely small, which evokes to us the immensity of the world and our place in it.

This new exhibition entitled "D 22" and subtitled "Ether d'Ambonil" is no exception to the rule and will be composed solely of recent works -acrylics on wood- that oscillate "... between the colourful, precious refinement of a dreamlike universe and the humorous representations of our human relationships".

"D 22" is the name of a Renault tractor dating from 1957, the same year of birth as the artist, which he bought to clear his garden. Ambonil is the name of the small village next door.

An exhibition catalogue (the third one published by the gallery) will come out on this occasion, the preface of which was written by Eric Chevillard "Authorized commentary on the state of the skeleton" of which here is an extract:

"How light I am suddenly! So it was all this flesh that weighed. I suspected it: my muscles were the burden they pretended to relieve me of. I wasn't so fat, mind you, but everything that accumulated was a heavy load. The pockets of the organs were always full to bursting, deformed by the reliefs and angles of their very mysterious contents. One wonders if the blood and lymphatic flows are not also carrying trunks or pebbles. I held myself with difficulty on the surface of these torrents, at the price of a struggle of every moment, often trying to give up this vain swim and let myself sink. I had in mind that my body, left to itself, would become even heavier. But it seemed to me that I was rather flying away. Did I dream? In any case, there are no more birds on the perches of my rib cage... ».