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Tomi Ungerer ^{FR}
Jacques Villeglé ^{FR}
William Wegman ^{US}
Winshluss ^{FR}
Virginie Yassef ^{FR}

Opening

Thursday the 6th
of March

18:00 - 21:00

07.03.25

26.04.25

Julien Berthier

Passion potelet

Ever since I spoke with Julien Berthier, I haven't been able to stop looking at the bollards scattered throughout every city. Until now, I hadn't found much interest in these rather bland vertical elements. Much like anyone else, I'd skirted around them. I'd had a bit of a grudge against them, aware that parking on sidewalks should never be an option, although... I remember I'd often tried to tie my bike to them when I was younger. I know that my son and I used to play with the idea of straddling them without fear. But I confess I never really looked at them.

So, for the past few days, I've been unable to keep my eyes off them. They all look the same, but there are many variations. And none of their shapes are simple. Each bollard must have been carefully designed (...)

The elegant silhouettes of steel bollards, for which Julien Berthier has an unsettling passion, are like punctuation marks in urban spaces. A bollard rarely stands alone. They are often part of a suite or series. Together, they trace lines along sidewalks, park edges and sports facilities. They temporize possibilities and accentuate levels.

If the city were a chessboard, they'd be its pawns, which we poor chess players only regret as the game progresses. They have nothing going for them, except their group cohesion. Their space is that which links them to others or to an architectural element, a wall, a fence, a palisade or even a tree. In itself, a bollard seems such a small thing that it's never really discussed. In the shared location that is public space, there are few inclusions that are not the subject of discussion. Even if I don't pay much attention to municipal debates, I don't seem to have heard of any exciting exchanges for or against the installation of bollards. The bollard is a quasi-furtive object, the solution to all urban planning failures.



Black Metal, 2022-2023

After all, why put up bollards if not to correct errors in thinking about the sharing of common space? They are like the meshes of a net. They keep the different flows at a distance from each other. They are the virtuous correctors of theoretical thinking about shared spaces, dear to architects and urban planners. They are like the stitches of a small seam, distinguishing the paths of some from the daydreams of others. The public space is theirs, and they brighten it by their mere presence. Their value in usage is open to interpretation, but there is little room for misappropriation. They exist to enable us to be together.

I really hadn't thought about it until I spoke with Julien Berthier. But since then, I've grown so fond of these little pawns that I wonder whether they might not be the exact metaphor for what can still make artistic work relevant in the public space. We no longer expect towers to rise, monumental queens to freeze, equestrian statues to trample our flowerbeds, or a few bishops to zigzag through the rosebushes, but rather for weak elements to weave links between themselves to keep our spaces porous yet supportive of others. I don't know if I have a passion for them, but now I look at them and might even envy them for being what they are: poetic elements of a city capable of understanding without signposts or bans.

Samuel Gross

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Home Pod, 2025

33

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Sconces *Delisle*, 2024

Come in, come in. Welcome to Marion Mailaender's home. Or, more precisely, welcome among her furniture, which she made in between commissions for a hotel or an apartment. An interior designer based in Marseille, the former student of the École Boulle has developed, alongside her design projects, a practice as a designer, which led her to present her work at Villa Noailles last summer – there, she showed an apartment *décor* made entirely of experimental objects. These are the same objects you'll find here, alongside a selection of works by artists from Galerie GP & N Vallois.

You'll soon notice: the designer enjoys engaging in dialogue with Art history – some of its great names are even her neighbors. This is reflected in the fantastical doorbell of her building, which indicates that among her neighbors are Carl Andre, Andrée Putman, Agnès b... but also Valérie Lemerrier, Francis Cabrel, and Beyoncé. Ring the bell, and you'll find that someone answers. With songs, movie excerpts, and sound recordings.

This doorbell sets the tone for Marion Mailaender's relationship with domestic space – playful, humorous, ironic, full of references, both scholarly and popular. Look at the entrance: a rug imitates a real estate ad, using the classic linguistic quirks of real estate agents and suggesting a typically southern French apartment. You begin to dream, and then, already, the designer projects you into the works that you could do to make it feel like home, with her *Architectures to Take Away* lamps, which borrow their materials from the aesthetic of an ongoing construction site. The object thus forever retains an unfinished (infinite) aspect, as if there were still something left to do, as if the house remained in perpetual motion.

Life is not absent from these objects, far from it.



Stool *Chouchou*, 2023

280M2 vue mer. Rare sur le secteur. Grand séjour, belle hauteur sous plafond. Cuisine équipée. Une grande chambre avec dressing complète ce bien. L'environnement est résidentiel sans souffrir de vis-à-vis. Accès privé à la plage. Refait à neuf par architecte. Calme absolu. À découvrir rapidement.

Rug *VUE MER*, 2024

The screen testifies to this, with its mirrors reflecting the surroundings and its resin embedded with fragments of life, jewelry, photographs, and a pair of sunglasses. Marion made it with her husband, Thomas Mailaender. She knows it well, from designing ultra-photogenic interiors for her clients: beyond everything we can plan, anticipate, and perfect in every detail, there is always life.

That family piece of furniture we carry with us, whose weight is mostly sentimental, those subtle signs of bad taste that we can find so precious, like a poster of a singer in a teenager's room. Her *Pimp My Gio* seating thus takes the shape of a chair by the infinitely respected Italian architect and designer Gio Ponti (1891–1979), and challenges it with the image of a boys band singer – 2Be3. "To martyr the icons," she says. And it's not just a gesture of humor but also a resistance to established tastes, which paralyze interiors and intimidate personal preferences. She uses the same approach with *Delisle* sconces, which she aligns and repaints to create a gradient of colors and evoke a sunset.

The south, again, always, obsessively, filled with desire. It's also that piece of Marseille soapstone balustrade she made in partnership with the artisans of Fer à Cheval. In doing this, the designer asserts that all materials are possible. Especially if they already exist and are reused, like these *chouchous* that form the base of a stool, or this windshield turned into a mirror. Here, one senses a love for life, the life that shapes things and always reappears.

Maily's Celeux-Lanval