

a new generation of artists at paris internationale

by FELIX PETTY
OCT 25 2016, 4:55AM

One of the pleasures of art season in Paris is that you aren't reduced to spending your time in an environmentally controlled tent, with no natural light, for hours on end. Of course the pleasure of most art seasons aren't the fairs themselves, but the wealth of extra curricular activities that happen around them; the people, the parties, institutions who roll out their best shows.

But in Paris, you're treated to FIAC at the Grand Palais, with its spectacular glass dome and wrought iron roof, and massive stone facades; and, at Paris Internationale, FIAC's young sister fair you can stroll through the winding corridors, grand staircases, panelled saloons and tiled servant's quarters of a 19th century hôtel particulier, which used to house the collection (and home) of collector Calouste Gulbenkian. FIAC might do its best to obliterate its beautiful architecture, by necessity really, neutering its space into avenues of identical white cubes, but Paris Internationale played up to it.

The fair, which launched last year, is the initiative of four youthful Parisian galleries; High Art, Sultana, Crèvecœur, and Antoine Levi; and Zurich's Gregor Staiger. Conceived as a response to the sterility and boredom of the traditional art fair format, and a new model more tailored to an emerging generation of gallerists and the artists they represent; consequently it feels free and slightly untamed, full of charming rough edges, and is a joy of discovery and surprise.



Jenny's from Los Angeles had the work of Julien Ceccaldi on display, who creates manga inspired images imbued with a surreal sense of humour. They resemble animation cells pulled from sites of grander meaning, stripping characters of narrative that might existentially define them. His characters feel just as lost as David Rappeneau's, but whereas David's vision is bleak and desaturate, Jenny's is overloaded with colour and force to drive the surreal home.