

Arthur Grosbois

Fugacious Shadows

November 10th 2018 – January 12th 2019

“Mon verre est plein d`un vin trembleur comme une flamme”
Nuit Rhénane, Guillaume Apollinaire

(My glass is filled with wine trembling like a flame)

Arthur Grosbois is a 25 year old painter who recently graduated from the Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Beaux-Arts de Paris. Despite his young age, his paintings already possess a prodigious pictorial force. It is a primordial and creative force which Arthur Grosbois is able to embrace. Not to be confused with the strained ambition of a painter who unquestionably wants to create something beautiful, unique or sublime. Arthur Grosbois is poised. In effect Arthur Grosbois is a Structuralist. Akin to the theory of linguistic analysis, he understands his paintings as a system of signs in which the connection between the word itself and its sense is prevailing (F. de Saussure).

“I see my paintings like words that I construct and use in order to create poems (exhibitions). Each painting is like a word. All of my paintings can be seen as words which come together and interact with each other”, says Grosbois.

Every element of a painting forms a rhythmic answer to the next pictorial sign. The results are like fugacious shadows which create different atmospheres and fields of meaning. The painting “GoldenKennedy” for example, depicts the former president of the United States of America. His silhouette is insinuating and his body is enfolded in yellow. He is seated on an animal or a kind of wall and gazes to his right side. Kennedy’s roaming gaze leads us to the next painting “Vincent’sDream”. On the young man’s back one recognizes the yellow colour which covers the figure like a shadow. It’s not only colours like this which work as a sign and which point to something beyond their primordial essence. Forms and gazes of the various figures are promises of a free space that reveals mental, emotional and irrational associations. Arthur Grosbois’ paintings become a kind of cadence, broken with static rhythms. Things that at first glance were clearly visible, suddenly turn into shadows which float from one painting to the next and which also turn into something quite mysterious.

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