Exhibitions 25 Mai—21 July 2013 Wednesday—Sunday 11:00 am—6:00 pm

Guided visits

Reservation advisable

"Une heure au musée" > Thursdays at 12:30 pm

"Visite Thé" Saturdays at 3:30 pm

Sunday visits >Sundays at 3:00 pm

Family visits >Sundays at 3:30 pm

<u>Groups</u>

Customised group visits to one or more exhibitions *Reservations: Service des Publics*

Next exhibition

MEANWHILE...

12th Biennale

from 12 September 2013 to 05 January 2014 biennaledelyon.com

de Lyon

Meeting with Philippe Droguet

A tour with the artist in *Blow up* • wednesday 5 june at 6:30 pm On booking/with an exhibition ticket

Catalogue Blow up

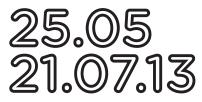
Bilingual catalogue (French/English) with in situ illustrations; texts by Anne Bertrand (art critic and exhibition curator) and Hervé Percebois; preface by Thierry Raspail (director of mac^{LYON}).

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Information and reservations

Service des publics + 33 (0)4 72 69 17 19 publics@mac-lyon.com PHILIPPE DROGUET BLOW UP







mač LYON



Musée d'art contemporain Cité internationale 81 quai Charles de Gaulle

www.mac-lyon.com

69006 LYON

T 0472691717 info@mac-lyon.com

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PHILIPPE DROGUET

Philippe Droguet (b. 1967) lives and works in Feillens, France



Battes, 2012 Socks, plaster Variable dimensions Courtesy galerie Pietro Spartà © Philippe Droquet

> Tombé, 2003-2005 Fabric, paraffin, metal basin 20 × 50 × 42 cm Courtesy galerie Pietro Spartà © Photo Blaise Adilon





Entretien, 2000-2001 Various materials Variable dimensions Collection mac^{LYON} © Photo Blaise Adilon

CREATED BETWEEN 2000 AND THE PRESENT DAY, THE WORKS IN THIS EXHIBITION REFLECT ALL THE DIFFERENT FACETS OF PHILIPPE DROGUET'S WORK, THOUGH WITHOUT EQUATING TO A RETROSPECTIVE. TWO OF THEM HAD ALREADY BEEN ACQUIRED BY THE MUSEUM; AND COUVRE-FEU ("CURFEW") WAS PRODUCED IN 2013.

On a first encounter with Droguet's work, what irresistibly attracts the eye, to the point of immobilising it, is the surfaces. Whether bulletproof, as in Rit (the reverse of "tir" - French for "shot"), brilliant, as in Big Bang, velvety, as in Cadeau ("Gift"), slinky, as in Méduse, immaculate, as in Ça ("That"), marmoreal, as in Aurore, Vénus and the Tombés ("Fallen") series, multicoloured, as in Battes, or curiously patinated, as in Entretien ("Interview"), it is always the surface that «produces an effect», as might be said about the drape of a robe in a Renaissance painting. or a jewel... Many of the works are instantly seductive, and sometimes self-evidently so, like certain masterpieces.

But venturing beyond the surface, and realising the true nature of the smooth exterior, or the alabaster breast, the sense of fascination becomes blurred and gives way to multiple questionings; firstly because, in comparison to marble or fur, reality seems trivial, made of paraffin wax, toothpicks and tacks; and then because the result unfailingly disconcerts, both in its strangeness and

in its prolongations and silences. Works like -Y-s-z-o-k-a-r and Marine are unsettling, like creatures born of unnatural grafts or fortuitous encounters with aliens (hostile, naturally). Hung on the walls as improbable trophies. Sirènes and Dard (Virgule) ("Sting (comma)") vie with one another in obscenity. The cow bladders that give a thick cover to *Entretien* lead the imagination into the darkest corners of the collective memory. And in Tombé, the juxtaposition of a rusty pail with cloth whose folds are frozen by several lavers of wax echoes both the universe of classical statuary and that of abattoirs and offal. In *Battes*, stockings are filled with plaster, which stretches them to the maximum extent, turning them into strange prostheses. In the exhibition space, it is their bodies that are missing.

When discussing his works, Droguet often uses the word «tegument», which points to their organic, or even carnal, dimension, and seems highly appropriate, given that its possible acceptations correspond to different works, as with the envelope that protects the seed, or the animal skin, whether covered with scales or fur, or again human, and finer. More generally, it signifies a membrane that covers living organisms; and by extension it suggests a thin wall between the inner and the outer, which simultaneously reveals and conceals... The notion of a tegument is central to Droguet's works, and it gives them a distinctive poetic aura.

Some works do stand outside this paradigm, while continuing to explore the visibility and latency of things. This is the case, in particular, for those that draw on the register of painting, like *Vectan*, or *Antalya* (*1-2-3*), whose titles are the brand names of the materials that constitute their surfaces, respectively rifle powder and paint used for road signs. These materials thus enter the already rich history of the monochrome, while alluding, in passing, to certain important moments in formal modernity.

And then there is *Couvre-feu*, consisting of around a hundred nesting boxes arranged in two lines, inevitably reminiscent of the kind of urban alignment whose monotony ends up by extinguishing life. A slate bears a tally of their former occupants, in a daily record of the numbers, the living and the dead...

Like Antonioni's film, whose title the exhibition borrows, Droguet's work gravitates round the certainty that, beyond verisimilitude, there is a reality begging to be unveiled. This certainty concerns not only what society does with the appearance and substance of bodies, but also our intimate awareness of inhabiting a space that cannot be escaped from. There is a constant oscillation between seduction and tragedy that presents the viewer with contradictory impressions, between perception and consciousness. Droguet's work contains both the beauty and the horror of the world, each masking the other, and separated from the other by a diaphanous veil.