

Egg-shaped Variations

(at the GM Galerie, 8 rue du Cheval Vert, Montpellier)

Let's first consider the egg: cosmic matrix, universal, from which we are born. At Easter, eggs are ready to hatch, sometimes children too, or «balloons». It's light, Lili launches into the air. Air again, and perhaps even more lightness than in her previous work. For, displayed as they are, at the GM Gallery, all these pieces are lightened, brightened and less kitsch than before, flavoursome and light, like beaten egg whites...To illustrate the precariousness of the edifice : just try walking on eggs, you get a strange sensation, and you could fall.

These eggs made of resin, which featured in a previous performance, are back and suggesting various forms and times of tension, for free, for fun. They are the expression, along with the balloons, of fantasies that have reached maturity. The installation of the works in the gallery is surprising and carefully positioned, like a stage set. Immediately, in the window, this body, lasciviously curled up, her long hair crowned with a long pointy hat from the tip of which strands hang down (from a fried egg ?) and, between her breasts and thighs, a great balloon atop of which a nice little clown is juggling eggs. The tension of the feet, the raised knees, the hand held to part of the face indicating under the apparent malice, that these clown-like games, tragicomic circus figures, are the peril of the body and the cosmos. The « Yours » extends beyond this plane of « amusement », directly addressing our involvement in being more or less destined for a precarious existence. Where, forming a concatenation, the works presented le act as figures of destiny ; a wreath of shards, peelings of morals, juggling and amusements. The rest of this perilous experimenting with materials – the Madonna of confetti, the winged horse, the cloud, the angel with her legs open- in reference to the departure of the body. If we were to plagiarise the Eucharist, we might think in terms of « This is my body » but the similarity ends there. It is not a matter of ingesting body and soul, divine attributes though they may be, but more simply to take in the shapes of colour, or the suites of painted sculpture – et cetera – as bodies of substance of varying density ; light and airy volumes to more compact ones, juggling with eggs to get the essence, to recount where we start and where we are going. The absence of weight implicitly represents a gain at the expense of time. Here, time has stopped and given way to tangible volumes, poetic and subtle journeys, alchemy of angels, freedom no longer represented by the famous statue, but freed from its symbol, restored to the generating matrix of the void towards which the artist ventures.

Counterpoint to a birth with an angelism that is not, the Egg, the decorated Virgins, and the Game ; do they answer a wish for lightness (for want of chastity), a nonchalance that is nevertheless well-thought out whenever Lili Fantozzi works.

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