Loris Gréaud constitutes the third part of a trilogy begun ten years ago now with Cellar Door and continued with The Unplayed Notes in 2012. While this new cycle starts in a minor mode in the relatively confined spaces of the Max Hetzler gallery, it will be followed by a second phase in April at the same gallery’s Berlin space. That makes it easier to understand why Loris Gréaud considers or presents this Parisian introduction as a “sketch” that will soon develop over its subsequent phases. Conceived as a canvas but made, as usual, with sophisticated technology, the exhibition traces lines of force from which there emerges a scientifically-fictional landscape with nocturnal happenings. We may imagine that it is transient like the sketch of a territory or, as the artist himself calls it, an “incubator in which multiple propositions interact.” Luminous, nebulous, they lead the visitor into short-lived back-and-forth movements on the ground of a planet that, we can sense, has undergone various seismic alterations. Hence this series of seven stoneware pieces made with a chemical binder. C-4. When fired, the matter literally explodes, thus self-sculpting in a matter of seconds. What remain are the petrified forms of Study for a Solipsism. Lined up in classic manner on bases, the ceramics introduced the main space, where Spores was set out. These are five resin and glass sculptures suspended in the middle of the room. Luminous, emitting sound, they send out the frequencies from so-called “dead” stars. They can be detected by their light pulsations, which reach us despite the fact that they died long ago. Gréaud conceived these sculptures so as to evoke a kind of levitating rocky mass, its composition as enigmatic as that of the ceramics. Light and sound pulsations are also at work in the adjacent room, which houses the “Machine.” This arborescent, post-atomic-looking structure comprises oxidized metal tubes, some of them transparent, then neon, cables and branches in resin. Here, we are in effect on another planet, with a “living” object that vibrates, winks, smokes and ends up drowning the ensemble in its puffs colored by the lighting. The ensemble can be seen as the sketch of a spectacular environment, the codes of which are unknown to us, although it seems clear that nothing is left to chance, so as to make this machine vibrate. We may end up believing that it really is driven by its own intrinsic force. This is, in other words, quite a spectacle, and yet it is based on genuine scientific research.

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