

Press Release

Sylvie Fleury Performance Promise

12 June - 17 July 2021

Opening Friday 11 June, 2 - 7 pm

As Sylvie Fleury always says, life is what you make of it. In the former kitchen shop on the corner of Weststrasse in Zurich, which has become the emblematic extension of Karma International, the artist explodes. Without promising anything, she offers us the crazy energy of confidence and astonishment.

On the back wall of the ground floor, a large colored neon reflects palm trees onto the windows. It takes us elsewhere, far away in the desert, to Las Vegas. After all, we may soon find ourselves there again. We will be able to experience places without any sincere attachment to reality, some longed-for distant hotels. It will surely not be long before this feeling is lost again, but now, perhaps more than ever, we would like to be able to project ourselves into these places and relearn how to escape from them. The tone of the exhibition is set.

Sylvie Fleury is not fooled, there are only a few ways out that allow us to grasp the world. Such moments are rare, and she knows it. The fact that they seem vain and banal is the reason why they are so precious. These shoe-shine machines are also there to remind us of this. The soul is something to be polished, with a little derision but a lot of attention.

Creativity is certainly a huge potential energy, a wave, a rhythm, that can be seen in the installations at the top of the staircase. Sylvie Fleury knows how to play it perfectly. This potential energy gives us the impression of being able to overturn everything. She lets us guess familiar shadows emerging from the walls. She makes us perceive forces, colors, tensions. The visitor is caught in a suspended turmoil. Art becomes a fragile dividing line between chaos and order. Contrasts are sharp, materials overlap, but everything is in place. Because, almost paradoxically, behind each of her sculptures and installations, one can read an attention, a choice and a precision of which Sylvie Fleury has made her vocabulary for several years. If she allows us everything, she stays with us and always accompanies us.

In fact, when we return to the ground floor, it is she who we meet again. If it is indeed a Polaroid self-portrait from her archives that is reproduced and enlarged, we also believe we can identify her or her ghost in this mannequin that we see from the back, as if punished in a corner of the space. Sylvie Fleury, the committed female artist, has parked her motorbike, grown glittery mushrooms, put down her powder case and abandoned her oversized charms. She invades the space, blows up the walls and, above all, tells us that for us, too, everything is surely possible.

Samuel Gross