

# parisart

## Mickael Krebber et Sean Paul

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The association of Michael Krebber and Sean Paul, a surprising cordial alliance between Germany and the United States, goes beyond their taste for abstraction and shaded colors to invent one of the most ambitious exhibitions of the year. There is, perhaps, only a suspicion of emotion.

In fine weather, the canopy reveals the azure and illuminates the Hussenot gallery with golden rays. They strike the walls, awaken the canvases before diffusing into a brilliant and vaporous reverberation. Suddenly taken in this cathedral of light, the exposed works gain an additional soul that only the diaphanous seems to reveal. It is this miracle, both aesthetic transmutation and atmospheric movement, that makes the magic of the exhibition of Mickael Krebber and Sean Paul. The supreme intellect of the two plasticians, this sublimation governs the arrangement of works in the setting of a clear chamber.

For if "I Never Said Yes ..." seizes the photographic process, it is to reverse it. Unlike rotogravure - was it not the so significant denomination of Niepce? - nothing is done in the secret of the darkroom. The shadow and the light come out of their Pandora's box to take possession of the room. In the center, a table - two grenadine plexiglas trestles surmounted by a thick glass support - presents a strange geometric composition: two white cubes with a black face are on each side of a Minolta. At a good distance, his objective pointed at the opposite wall, he tracks down the blinding whiteness that vibrates under the rays of light.

On the wall, three large black formats and another blue Klein catch the eye immediately while the staccato of a facility Krebber, *Projection* (2006) - a device passing loop slides of his works - beats. Between what one hears and what one sees then a new dialogue is formed. The canvases are as many notes on a score, the insertion of white posters to fill the voids (silences?) Inciting to read the work of the two artists like a musical phrasing.

Black and even blue are no longer colors but states of mind, aesthetic intensities prefiguring any representation. Abyssal black, whose nose on the board, once again, is plastered with white. Night blue, twilight suspended by the miracle of the plastic arts. Between awakening and death, light dances before the silent lens of the Minolta.