

Zoumboulakis Galleries

Solo exhibition Georgia Fambris "All I miss. Since forever."

November 14 – December 7 2019

Halaoua

Domestic, mini dramas.

A woman wakes up indolently and gets up from her bed. Her husband has long before left for work· she doesn't remember saying goodbye. She does not even remember his name. She places the filter and the coffee at the coffee maker with difficulty. Before adding the coffee she realizes she has to open a new coffee bag and the procedure seems mountainous. On the contrary the blender next to the coffee maker appears as a solution. She pulls the blender with both hands and makes sure that it functions. The noise produced is unbearable and agitates her. She opens the lid of the blender and places her head inside. With one movement she pushes the button boxing in her elbow among the coffee maker, the wall and the blender to assure that her hand will keep on pressing the blender button for a long time. Until it becomes a uniformed pink smoothie.

The domestic dramas presented by the artist frequently take place at the greatest danger locus of every house, at the counter top of the kitchen. Some also occur in the living room, with only witness, the tv screen. The terrifying [event] as well as the intimate, mix up creating a conceptional pink smoothie. The saturated color and the clusters of human shapes in disgrace create an iconography as exciting as atrocious. The eye stares the domestic dramas unfolded in front of it, uncovered and astonished, yet full of curiosity and voyeuristic, hunter's like disposition. The building's courtyard resonates whatever the colors used by Fambris cry out: we are the only eye-witnesses.

Fambris finds her emotional outlet in painting and this becomes apparent through her gestures as she "attacks" the canvas. Her painting is simultaneously an action-performance and a narration. Abstract and at the same time descriptive. She narrates common stories, originating from an unbearable, existential, domestic boredom. At the same moment everything is boiling under the superficial indolence. The artist is present within her works, dramatically involved in the clusters of the painted bodies, struggling like Laocoön to break free, only to find herself more balled-up, strangulated. We find ourselves wondering about her sentimental state while she paints. In excitement? In hypomania? Fambris flails like Virginia Woolf fighting the

inevitable monster flowing from within. Tender and bruised loosens up the monster's tentacles when she quits resisting them.

Someone may meet R. B. Kitaj behind Fambris's works. Stains of clear color maintain the same plastic value with a spread out, spilled human figure. The human body is subjected to the same painting rules and tenses up and is dilated, malleable and curvaceous like a green blob, this disgusting, undefined mass made of something like latex used by children. With a similar way Fambris's women are brewed and splayed, compressed and out of scale, with limbs pouring out towards the viewer hedonically, within their own flabbiness. Only one common point holds them nailed to the viewer while their limbs swirl. The face. With a naïf-indifferent and provocative expression, we don't know what Fambris's women seek to do. With an intense make-up they originate from the women "stickers", drawn by little girls. With a permanent smile on their enormous mouth and with over painted eyes, they look in the viewer's eyes but also far inside and away from him. Lubricious. Divas? They are self-satisfied with the view of their naked body exposed in public view as the bather Bathsheba, ignorant of the attraction exercised in the viewer's eye? Fond of showing off? Are we watching them milling around naked lounging leisurely in the carpets and the couches of their homes during the night? Indolent, maybe bored, as if they delay a painful and insufferable domestic ritual, as the halaoua or the defrosting of the meet, postponing forever the dinner.

Poka-Yio