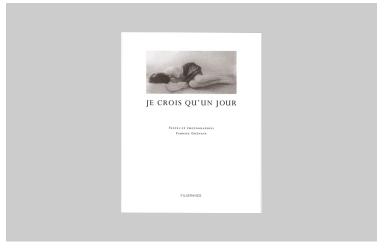


Je crois qu'un jour Fabrice Guénier









Pollen de poésie

"We know Fabrice Guenier: the sensual and poetic material, image. We know he professed the art of layout and the decal, the overlay and soft focus. He likes about the risk. It must have long followed and observed: suicidal, random, obscure. Obscure, yes, but very obvious clarity. It's in the moment he wants the finished product. It tests and approaches it, exploits, twists, knots, crumpled paper and bribe the printer.

Before, it was the cartoline, try the lab. The bathroom and the red light had to have him chills unknown in the problems of isolation and silence. It is a taciturn, launching its troops haphazardly.

Luxembourg had writers, summer advanced youth illuminated by subtle emotions that knotted iconoclastic adventures, but certainly more noble than the vague egalitarian sentiment summoned to happen today.

Sealed in this book came out long before at the author and sent only to a few, that pollen from a plastic poetry. Read by reversing the bottom, top, front and rear, and dotted mixture. Serials these sacred images, this missal of a religion that has desired century hottie obtained thrashing around, a citadel that was Athens that has been transformed. Nothing but compliments, false. Fabrice Guenier, Countdown, offers Conversely, we unearthed some rough edges become atypical or questionable or simply obsolete. "

G. Manset

L'idée d'un effacement inéluctable_ Texte de Gilou Le Gruiec lire ici >



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