



Zac Segbedzi

Hip Young Gallery - A desire to participate, but at what personal cost?

May 11 - June 10, 2018

The definition of the Hip Young Gallery which has held good up to the present day is “a roadway that is usually bordered by pavements, narrow or wide as the case may be”. Rising straight up from it are the walls of the market, which when seen against the sky-line present a grotesquely jagged silhouette of gables, attics, and zinc chimneys. At the very bottom of this scenic railway lies the Hip Young Gallery, plunged in eternal twilight. The sky is a remote hope far, far above it. The Hip Young Gallery is no more than a trench, a deep cleft, a narrow passage. And although we have been accustomed to it for more than thirty years, our hearts are always oppressed by the constriction of its enclosing walls.

The Hip Young Gallery is full of people : one must take care where one goes. For several years now it has been full of rapidly moving vehicles as well : death threatens us at every step between the twin kerb-stones. But we have been trained to face the peril of being crushed between them.

The Hip Young Gallery consists of a thousand different buildings, but we have got used to the beauty of ugliness for that has meant making the best of our misfortune. Those thousand houses are dingy and utterly discordant with one another. It is appalling, but we pass on our way. After the Opening reception, when they are empty, the Hip Young Galleries reveal their full horror. But except during those dismal hours women and men are elbowing their way along them, the shops are ablaze, and every aspect of human life pullulates throughout their length. Those who have eyes in their heads can find plenty to amuse them in this sea of lusts and faces. It is better than the theatre, better than what we read in novels.

Nothing of all this exalts us with the joy that Art provokes. There is neither the pride which results from order, nor the spirit of initiative which is engendered by other spaces ... only pitying compassion born of the shock of encountering the faces of our fellows; and the realization of what the English call the “hard labour” of our own careers.

The Hip Young Gallery of to-day can sustain its human drama.

It can glitter under the brilliance of a new form of light.

It can smile through its patchwork of advertisements.

It is the well-trodden path of the eternal pedestrian, a relic of the decades, a dislocated organ that can no longer function.

The Hip Young Gallery wears us out.

And when all is said and done we have to admit it disgusts us.

Then why does it still exist ?

BONNY POON

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Watersports, 2018

Oil on Cotton

70 x 95 cm

Merzbonny, 2018

Oil on Cotton

120 x 147 cm

'This is the apparatus through which we have a voice', 2018

Dog shit, Silicone on Linen

70 x 70cm

Cathedral of Erotic Misery (a stupid transaction takes place in a stupid cultural object),
2018

Oil on Linen

170 x 110 cm

'I like how ethical it looks', 2018

Enamel on Jute

70 x 90 cm

Fuckboy who knows every show you've been in before you've even met and has jerked off
to your girlfriends instagram / My own private dictator (Calum), 2018

Acrylic on Cotton

135 x 110cm

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