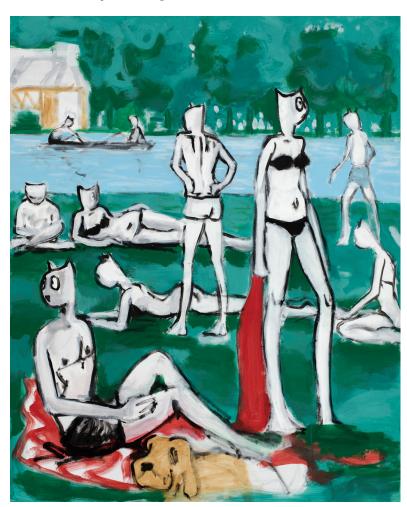
M A B A

Ô Saisons, ô Chats! Alain Séchas

From January 16 to April 5, 2020



Alain Séchas
Bords de Marne, 2019
Oil on canvas
64x51 inches
Courtesy of the artist and Laurent Godin Gallery

From January 16 to April 5, 2020, the MABA is happy to present an exclusive exhibition of Alain Séchas. For the occasion, the art center will present a selection of paintings and drawings never exhibited before around the late $19^{\rm th}$ century bourgeois imagery inspired by the place. Melancholy, idleness and a special attention paid to the passing of time span through the exhibited artworks and the emotional states of their protagonists.



Exhibition from January 16 to April 5, 2020

Wednesday, January 15, 2020 Press visit at 3pm (shuttle departing at 2:30pm from Place de la Nation) Opening from 6pm to 9:30pm (shuttle departing at 6pm from Place de la Nation)

MABA

16, rue Charles VII 94130 Nogent-sur-Marne, France maba@fondationdesartistes.fr

Access

RER A: Nogent-sur-Marne then bus 114 or 210, stop at Sous-préfecture RER E: Nogent-Le Perreux then direction Tribunal d'instance Metro line 1: Château de Vincennes then bus 114 or 210, stop at Sous-préfecture

Open to the public

On weekdays from 1pm to 6pm On Saturday and Sunday from 12pm to 6pm Closed on Tuesday and public holidays Free admission

The MARA is part of the Fondation des Artistes

Distorting Rimbaud's verse Ô Saisons, ô Châteaux ! (O Seasons, o Castles!) for his protagonists to fit in, Alain Séchas plays on the poem ambivalence: the sensuality and voluptuousness of bodies on one hand, and on the other, the melancholy that prefigures the depths of despair and loneliness of A Season in Hell published a year later. A range of emotional states his lone - sometime pairs of - cats can easily relate to...

Thanks to Alain Séchas, the Smith-Champion Castle - as it used to be called, with a bit of exaggeration given it was merely a 17th century *lustschloss* – is given its former designation, yet shortened to "Chats" (times have changed!).

The castle is taken over by cats. They get a sensitive or more audacious hold of it; decorating it; spending seasons loafing along its rivers and forests, full of the melancholy of the summer just gone, or simply of the inexorable passing of time. But suddenly... they disappear. Dropping out of our sight, they reappear in some other places to play a trick on us!

Sometimes, they also drink too much alcohol and smoke too much cigars or cigarettes, forgetting that they are (almost) forbidden goods; and they say or behave in politically incorrect or irreverent ways.

But nobody hold them responsible, because O Seasons, o Cats! What soul is without blame?

This exhibition is supported by Laurent Godin Gallery.

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