



Untitled, 2005, 100 x 100 x 100 cm, Paraphin
Courtesy La Maison de Marijke Schreurs, Brussels

Frédéric Gaillard sets in motion some kind of “poetry of mechanics” where the noise of an engine becomes a magical purring, where the smoke dissimulates a probably wonderful landscape, where the soap foam merges with Santa’s beard, where plants grow in wool hats. His world is tinged with ingenuousness, but this ingenuousness remains very lucid, in short: adult. He avoids moralising ruts and latent ideological orientations (his “childlike” world is not the insidiously totalitarian universe of Disney) and the kind of romantic nostalgia that makes of

childhood a golden age. Behind his restless machines, shaken up by the electrical discharges that inevitably run out, like when the soap tank is empty, stings a form of existential questioning on the absurdity of life. It is some kind of *vanitas* that corroborates the recurrence of this concern about the “duration of life” of each one of his works. However, Frédéric Gaillard responds to this anxiety with an irony and humour that show through in all his installations: if life is a joke, then it’s more amusing to believe in it!