



valérie barkowski
the shop

Femmes Artisanales



From where we stand, Women’s Day isn’t just an occasion, it’s thought put into action. Across the board, our team embodies the strength and labor of women who manage and make the Valerie Barkowski brand run. They sprint, in fact. Everyday we prioritize the empowerment of the fairer sex. And we take “fair” to heart. In a world that pays plenty of lip service to equality, let’s work together in truly balancing the scales of economic and domestic labor.

Our atelier in Marrakech teems with talented women who bring our designs to life, from A to Z, without skipping a beat of quality. From seamstresses to embroiderers, it’s demanding work that requires expertise and creativity. So next time you hear about craftsmanship, think of "women’s work" and why we still aren’t valuing it enough in the 21st century.

valérie barkowski
twist the world

SAMPLE



valeriebarkowski What's in a wink?
Well, it certainly might signal some form of affection which carries a hint of curiosity, wonder, and mystery. However we choose to communicate, the delivery is essential. Warmth and kindness go a long way, especially when we are not able to physically embrace the ones we love. In the age of 54 + 1 Portraits, it's perfectly acceptable to cuddle them with your eyes especially with a GIF that keeps on giving (or shall we say GIFING?).

Book and Prints from 54 + 1 Portraits are available online [#linkinbio](#)



1,122 views

5 DAYS AGO



valeriebarkowski It's the weekend, and that means sleeping in and dreaming on. Wherever those fantastical wanderings lead, the journey is all about letting go... Our little friend here, Mr OZU, decided to take it one step further and make himself feel right at home in the world. Wishing you a lovely Sunday !

If you want to meet Mr OZU and his friends, check the link on bio.

Sleeping location [@darkawa_riad](#)
Photo [@taniapanova](#)

[#54+1Portraits](#)[#creativelockdown](#)
[#lockdownproject](#)
[#creativequarantine](#)



Liked by [c.line.a](#) and 154 others

2 DAYS AGO



SAMPLE

LEBON

Instagram Social Media for LeBon, 2020



 **lebon.oralcare** 🌿🌿 Green is more than a dream of the imagination. Immersion is the best kind of diversion. And rule number one of climate Fight Club: Nature Knows Best. -----🌿
Variations sur un même ton... Le Vert ! Du plus tendre au plus dense. L'immersion est la meilleure des diversions. Que c'est beau quand la nature reprend ses droits ! 🍃🍃🍃
#greenlife #naturelovers #nature #natureperfection #greenery

4 sem


   

175 J'aime



 **lebon.oralcare** Wednesday Tropical Crush 🍍 Pineapples in the sky and bottoms planted on the beach. It's the cozy sensation of warm rays doling out vitamin D while decked out in a summery LEBON tube dress. Styling and profiling, with a flavor of flair

Décor de rêve, ananas fraîchement découpés, scénario d'un jour idéal... Comme ce matin, il me manque les ananas... et la plage...Je vais decapsuler mon Tropical Crush et à moi la saveur fruitée d'une journée d'été multi-vitaminée 🍍🍍🍍
#tropicalvibes #naturalfavors #flavorcare



 **lebon.oralcare** To good friends, good health, and good hygiene 🍌
Donning our caps and dipping our feet in little puddles of sunshine or moonshine – anything goes with a good LEBON. Minding our mindfulness and counting our Sunday blessings is essential and easy as one two three. -----
Pas toujours simple de choisir la saveur du dimanche matin... Peu importe, c'est si simple de bien s'entourer et d'opter pour une bonne hygiène. Avec LEBON votre promenade matinale ou au clair de lune s'annonce haute en couleur et subtilement parfumée... #healthy #tasty #flavorcare



SAMPLE

LEBON


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Instagram Social Media for LeBon brand, 2020



From Brazilian roots came our beloved Tropical Crush, a celebration-in-a-tube of all the good vibes emanating from Ilha Grande, an untainted island just an hour from Rio de Janeiro. This Friday kicks off the bacchanalia in Brazil that is Carnival. The party gets started with the Samba parade, as millions of people take to the streets to join in the rousing festivities filled with sensational floats, costumes, music, dancing, glitz and debauchery. An irresistible cocktail of beauty, movement and energy ensues. We can't claim that Tropical Crush contains every bit of that! BUT after all that partying, what Tropical Crush does contain is: a little Rooibos to sooth those free radical dancing legs (and perhaps a pounding headache) with its antioxidant and calming properties; a dash of mint to clear that morning / afternoon / twilight breath (who is keeping track of time during Carnival?); and a wink of pineapple to keep at bay all that post-Carnival pining (is that right?). Oh Tropicalia, take us away.



The deliciousness of our natural ingredients can throw your head (and hair) for a loop. Here in Paris, Adeline shows us that mindful living goes hand in hand with a preservative-free "Joie de Vivre". What tingles the tongue and glistens the gums means only one thing - all those plant-based nutrients are doing their dirty good deeds from your tippy toes to the ends of those luscious follicles.



**THE YEAR IN
blah blah blah**

We worked. We laughed. We traveled.
We cried. We lived. We loved.
We spread our gospel of a green smile far and wide across the netted globe, BUT it always leads us to that soulful spot of the here and now. One has to feel planted. One has to have a base - Home. It is not just a place though. It is that familiar, subtle scent wafting down the hall. That ray of sunshine which catches a lover's strand of hair just so.....

↓

The year in blah blah blah... We worked. We laughed. We traveled. We cried. We lived. We loved. We spread our gospel of a green smile far and wide across the netted globe, BUT it always leads us to that soulful spot of the here and now. One has to feel planted. One has to have a base - Home. It is not just a place though. It is that familiar, subtle scent wafting down the hall. That ray of sunshine which catches a lover's strand of hair just so. That 2019 who wasn't just any ol' forgettable year. To those memorable times we bid a fond adieu. And to the everyday futurists, with a twist of the lip and a tip of the cap, Lebon wishes you a vibrant, sparkling mouthful of goodness as the newest year ferries in!

BRUSSELS MAG



COMIC CONTINUUM

Brussels Exclusive Labels Magazine, March 2020

SAMPLE

Over the last one hundred years, Belgium established its place in the pantheon of popular culture with its rich history of comic arts. Classic masters like Hergé (*The Adventures of Tintin*), Peyo (*The Smurfs*), Morris (*Lucky Luke*), and Philippe Geluck (*Le Chat*) exported Belgian wit and consciousness to a global audience. The *claire ligne* pioneered by Hergé ushered in an illustrative style that influenced generations of cartoonists. In the digital age, traditional readership has scattered and declined due to lower subscription and daily routines that no longer involve sitting down at breakfast and reading paper newspapers, with their strips and Sunday ‘funnies.’ Despite this, the oldies are still formidable cash cows, as evident by Hollywood productions in the last decade of several Smurf films and a 3d-animated feature of Tintin directed by Steven Spielberg.

If history is what you’re after, what better way then spending an afternoon at the Belgian Comic Strip Center. The museum dedicated to masters of the medium opened in 1989, and is housed in an exceptional Art Nouveau building designed by Victor Horta. What began in modest has grown into a major Brussels attraction. Bring on the tourists!

With over 700 comic creators and illustrators living in the country, Belgium still maintains the highest density of graphic artists in the world. Students continue flocking to renowned programs in fine art, typography, graphic and visual communication at institutions such as Sint-Lucas School of Art in Ghent and Brussels’ National School of Visual Arts (ENSAV) at The Cambre. Founded in 1927 by the architect and designer Henry van de Velde, the old abbey that is now *La Cambre* speaks to the reverence of *bande dessinées*. ‘The Ninth Art,’ as the locals call it, has necessarily evolved in the 21st century.

Regardless if they ever attain the fame of their precursors, a new crop of Belgian cartoonists has emerged. There are young award-winning storytellers like Shamisa Debroey and Brecht Evens, who negate tradition while employing Jeckyll Hyde modes of illustration. And while editorial comics still have a say, the most cutting edge work being produced by graphic artists has migrated from print and publication to temporal, experiential street art.

There was *Remember Souvenir* in 2017, the unforgettable Solvay building intervention by Denis Meyers, in which the artist filled the soon-to-be-demolished building – all eight levels and 50,000m² of it, wall-to-wall, ceiling-to-floor – with portraiture and text taken from his notebooks. Like most street art, there is an element of catharsis in the subversive act, which has found a way to the mainstream as well. Major outdoor festivals catering to the form have sprouted in the last five years all over Belgium, including *Wall of Boho* in Antwerp, *Sorry Not Sorry* in Ghent, and *The Crystal Ship* in the coastal town of Ostend. The works of local bombing legends like ROA, Iota, and PSO man can be found in these cities and beyond. Subsequently, nothing says you’ve made it like brand collaborations, such as Dzia with fashion label CKS and Joachim with Italian shoe company Moaconcept.

Not to be left out, Belgium’s classic comic book tradition has also been honored on outdoor building murals. One can pick up a map and take the ‘BD parcours’ to see our heroes Boule & Bill or Billy the Cat animated on hidden corners and major intersections. By moving from the intimacy of paper to the exposed streets, where most of the new graphic art will inevitably get painted over or removed, this ‘neo-BD’ work eschews the hard recognition its predecessors had secured over a long period of time. The new generation opts instead for a brief, ambitious moment of shared self-reflection that may very well live on eternally in the annals of social media. Or at the very least, a future coffee table book.



OLU OGUIBE AND THE VALUE OF CANDOR

CoBo Social, March 2020



SAMPLE

*My pictures are the colour of dust
And I sing only of rust
I have swum in the flood
And I know better
For I am bound to this land
By blood.*

In this haunting final stanza from Olu Oguibe's poem *I Am Bound to This Land by Blood*, the artist elegizes a modern Nigeria enmeshed in sociopolitical decay under the blight of corruption. In equal parts brutal and beautiful, the artist's complex range of works lay bare the tragic effects of conflict and violence, deprivation, fragmentation, removal, prejudice, and the starvation of dreams.

Olu Oguibe was one of my mentors in graduate school at the University of South Florida in the mid 1990s. Much more than artist or poet, he is an exile and survivor of war, an equally accomplished curator, theorist, activist, and always, a formidable intellectual. Like all great teachers, I found him demanding and critical, but constructive, engaged, and caring. As someone who likewise never felt the allure of being lassoed to one medium or another, it was through his example that I began curating while still in school—the juggling of “indulgences” which he advises emerging artists against.

Despite numerous artistic achievements, one gets the sense that Olu Oguibe is still sinfully under-recognized when it comes to representation in important public and private collections. But perhaps, to quote one of his favorites, “the times they are a-changin’.” His most talked about project recently was the controversial 15-meter tall obelisk produced in 2017 for *Documenta 14*. Titled *Das Fremdlinge und Flüchtlinge Monument* (Monument for Strangers and Refugees), the towering work stood in Kassel's Königplatz square, inscribed with a quote from the Book of Matthew that read in four languages (Turkish, Arabic, German, and English), “I was a stranger and you took me in.” In times of inflating nationalism and border restriction, the humble but provocative text affirms compassion while championing those both brave and desperate, who seek safety from flight and persecution. After receiving Kassel's Arnold Bold Prize, and in spite of sabotage and wrangling from Germany's conservatives, the monument was worthily purchased by the city and permanently installed. It found a home.

For some, and especially the displaced, everything can feel like a street fight and struggle. Olu lived through the Nigerian Civil War in the late 1960s that forced his family to leave their Igbo home and way of life. It was an indelible experience whose ashes still smolder and give rise to the conceptual framework that buttresses much of Olu's work. Having survived upheaval and going on to excel in academia, graduating first in class at college in Nigeria and then earning a PhD at the University of London, the outspoken young activist was exiled a second time and for many years could not return home for fear of arrest and political persecution.

Many of those tribulations find preoccupation in one of my favorite works, *Game* (2003), a large ceramic installation presenting a table, two chairs, and a gridded, chess-like board that is crowded with 101 varying, terracotta pawns. These figurines are molded to clash against each other in an absurdist theater, ...



TechNoPhobe

Press Release, March 2016

SAMPLE

The Factory Contemporary Arts Centre (FCAC) is a new 1010 sqm creative hub that will incorporate significant exhibition spaces, an educational arts library, workshop, a co-working space, and concept restaurant and bar. FCAC's aim is to support the development of contemporary art in Vietnam, and at the same time provide an opportunity for a cultural enthusiastic community to explore, work, and socialize.

On 31st of March 2016, The Factory will launch its first exhibition *TechNoPhobe*, a group show of internationally acclaimed and emerging artists based in Saigon who are employing technologies in their practice, such as 3D printing and video holograms, audience-activated sound installations, smartphone apps, motion sensing video, animation, and social media. Artists include **Udam Tran Nguyen, Truc-Anh, Le Thanh Tung, Cao Hoang Long, Ngoc Nau, and Thierry Bernard-Gotteland.**

In a country driven by constant progress, Vietnam's drive to the future goes hand in hand with the digital advancement and technologies that fuel it. Though still in its nascent stages, the fast flow of information and access to new communication tools allow artists to experiment with new ways to create thought-provoking work while expanding the lexicon of traditional media.

Cao Hoang Long's installation *The Infinite in the Finite* is inspired by poetic reflections of the moon. It comprises a "water well" that uses Kinect motion sensors to digitally generate images "deep below" inside the well. Le Thanh Tung's *Ownership. Zero* plots the closing divide between virtual and physical objects. Also using Kinect tools and various programs, Tung's collaboration with Ngoc Nau - *HAU DONG SONG* – is a video hologram creating a short-circuited image of Nau dancing to a séance, where the divining medium goes digital. Thierry Bernard-Gotteland's contributes an interactive sound installation that mixes Beckett stage sounds, weather data, mined audio, and room acoustics generated by Factory visitors. Udam Tran Nguyen's *License 2 Draw* is a smartphone application that crowd sources collaborators from all over the world to create artwork. The app lets users guide a mechanical drawing device that makes colorful marks and drawings on a giant floor canvas.

In addition, The Factory invites one artist who has never worked with 3D technologies before to create sculpture using 3D printers. In collaboration with **Loga3D**, Truc-Anh will produce a collection of masks that invoke the ritualistic and shamanic power of figuration, as filtered through personal histories.

FRIEZE WEEK DISPATCH

Harper's Bazaar Arabia, May 2012

The Frieze Art Fair in New York opened with a *Scream*, literally. As Mark Ronson rocked MoMA PS1 for the fair's official launch party in Queens, Edvard Munch's howling masterpiece beat the gavel for a cool \$120 million at Sotheby's, two subway stops away. For their part, Middle East galleries played to crowds nicely in the big English tent act of yet another art fair week.

Beginning at the satellite fair Pulse, the ever-closing divide between East and West is no more manifest than inside the booth of Dubai's Lawrie Shabibi. All five of the fledgling gallery's exhibiting artists were born in the Middle East. Of these, four currently reside in the West. The solid selection included King Kong drawings by Adeel uz Zafar, a wall installation by Nadia Kaabi-Linke, and Shahpour Pouyan's knobby drawings. Iraqi-born artist Sama Alshaibi contributed the most memorable work, a single-channel video split into a grid of ninety-nine frames, each depicting the same mother rocking her child. Referencing the ninety-nine all-male names for God in Islam, vs. *The Son's* (2011) hypnotic rhythm of the simple maternal action asserts the mantra that it is indeed Woman who gives life and nurturance to all that is sacred and profane. This was Lawrie Shabibi's first dip into the art fair waters, and by all accounts, they came out dripping wet happy. Gallery director Aasma Al-Shabibi remarked that all sales went to newfound, impressive New York collectors "who are not necessarily connected with the region and may not have any Middle Eastern art in their collection. This is excellent for our artists as we don't believe that they should be pigeon-holed."

Also at Pulse, Tel Aviv's Zemack Contemporary Art exhibited Eran Shakine's Giacometti knock-offs and Philippe Pasqua's large expressionist paintings. Like most at the fair, neither packed a knockout punch. The strongest work in the booth belonged to photographer Yuval Yairi's subtle, digitally stitched images of intimate spaces that allude to a detailed account of the present, while refusing to forgo the past. *Morning at the Savoy* shows a reclining nude in a Tel Aviv hotel room, flanked above by Botticelli's *Birth of Venus* and to the right by a waiting housekeeper. The scene is staged in the same seedy Savoy Hotel where Yairi's father was tragically killed, when the artist was only twelve. Mitigated through a feminine framework, the image forms an apt analogy to the winding white tent of the Frieze Art Fair, snaking its way across the lawn of immediate history and flashing the goods for all to see. Is it rapture, rebirth, or merely the same ol' repressive male-gazing? The ample red dots in the booth tell another story.

Situated across from Harlem and the Bronx, Frieze pitched their humongous big top on Randall's Island. The well-designed, light-filled space made for an unexpectedly pleasant art outing. Ferried to the isle, the cosmopolitan brethren brought with them, for our viewing delight, multiple versions of the usual suspects: enveloping installations, minimal statements, performances, gimmicky painting, neon, textiles, stuffed animals, and obscure conceptualism—all brandishing muscular art market price tags. From booth to booth, *Everything* is the trend, and context is everything.

Beirut gallery Sfeir-Semler presented an array of art-lite, polished, museum-friendly works that included a column of flip flops by Hassan Sharif, a wall of graphic prints by Walid Raad, and a group of colorful drawings by Mounira Al Solh. The latter's backroom scribbles were recently seen in *The Ungovernables* triennial at the downtown New Museum.

More engaging was the thoughtful exhibition at The Third Line (Dubai). All pieces in their booth cohered to the theme of gender-identity politics as refracted through the prism of masculinity. Farhad Moshiri's...



INTERVIEW WITH RICHARD HÖGLUND

Artslant, 2 September 2012

SAMPLE

Richard Höglund is one those young artists you meet, have a beer with, chat about all things impertinent and precious, and leave saying to yourself, "You know what? The art world will be okay." The Paris-based American works diligently on his trade, is charismatic and articulate, yet doesn't always take things too seriously, and definitely will not hesitate to throw a punch if you are behaving like a complete a-hole. If Die Antwoord was leading a 21st century reformation, I would want him on my team.

Richard Höglund grew up in New York and was educated at Northeastern University, Univerzita Karlova in Prague, The School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the École Supérieure des Arts Décoratifs de Strasbourg. Awarded the Prix Jeune Création Paris 2006 and several grants from the French government, Richard has been invited as Artist-in-Residence at diverse institutions in France, Iceland, Switzerland, Germany, Bulgaria and the United States. Recently his work has been exhibited at the Mamco in Geneva and La Spirale in Lyon.

I met Richard in January at LegalArt Miami, where we were both visiting residents. Upon my return to New York, we Skyped about his current solo exhibition *Hysterical. Sublime.* at Gallery Diet, and all things crooked and level.

TRONG GIA NGUYEN: How did you make your way to Paris, and where are you officially based now?

RICHARD HÖGLUND: Paris was the result of Prague. After studying in Prague, I stopped over in Paris. I hated it, but like all the best things it grew on me over time, and I never stopped going back there. I loved coming home to it, and I loved leaving it. Over the last ten years I have lived in Prague, London, Strasbourg, Sofia, Sion, Geneva, Brittany, Reykjavík... Paris was always the place where I somehow landed in between. And eventually it became home. I earned both of my degrees in France and built my life there. In July of 2011, I was politely refused the right to remain in the country after a long battle over immigration status, specifically concerning their policy regarding artists and employment statutes. I went to Spain for awhile, and Lisbon. I am in Miami now, and have been for almost six months already. I will leave at the end of the month. Now, I suppose as much as ever, I am based in my gray pair of ever-faithful suitcases. It is going to be another interesting year.

TGN: How do the hysterical and sublime go together?

RH: Both terms describe emotional excess. While at times they may be epiphenomena, the Hysterical and the Sublime are different forces with opposed sources: Hysteria exploding out from within, as the Sublime compacts and crushes from without. "Hysterical Sublime" is a compound that was dished up early on in Frederic Jameson's gargantuan Postmodernism. He uses the term to englobe the idea that Nature is no longer the dominant opposing pole to urban life. The ruined decadence of the modern, both in the city itself and in the mind of those living there has become powerful enough to create the sublime experience. The beauty and the death, the euphoria and the terror, these sentiments are somehow produced within ourselves, within our urban spaces, within our constructed lives. The correct punctuation for the show title was *Hysterical! Sublime..*, however this punctuation took on every possible permutation at the time of its diffusion. When reading Jameson's text, the juxtaposed terms made me think of an absurd book or film review, and I thought that I would like to see this film. I had been working on different notions of the