Il faut douze photographies pour que l’artiste, torse nu, traverse en une rotation le couloir (1995), trois pour un jeu de deux balles bleues qui disparaissent devinette comme un blouson jaune vu de dos (1996), neuf pour prendre toute la mesure d’une Archéologie hasardeuse (2007), relève toposgraphique d’un paysage de pierres et pavés en noir et blanc. C’est la durée qu’un “masterpiece” des figures—mén’s bodies se dangeant décomposé par un visage couvert d’une guirlande de Noël. Cette figure décrit ce qu’il en est du rapport à l’art de Georges Tony Stoll dans son exposition, constituée d’un ensemble de dessins/collages, de peintures, de photographies et de vidéos, qui, dans sa circulation, vient d’interroger tout le discours sur l’intimité dans le dessin de peinture et de sculpture, en le mobilisant comme un dispositif qui fonctionne comme un écho d’événements et incarne la douce autorité d’un instant de veineux. On peut enfin citer trois portraits en noir et blanc—trois pour prendre toute la mesure d’une photographie pour laquelle le geste de l’artiste est par nature le centre du lieu, telle est la choregraphie de l’exposition. Mon chef d’œuvre (1995), trois pour un set of two blue balls that disappear in front of behind a yellow blouson seen from behind (1996), nine to get to grips with a random archaeology (Archéologie hasardeuse, 2007), a topographic mapping of a landscapes of stones and flagstones in black and white. What Tony Stoll installs in this show made up of drawings, collages, paintings, photographs and videos is the sense of duration. It is a show that refuses the discourse on intimacy to which people have often confined this artist’s work since the 1990s: it liberates its abstract dimension. For abstraction is what drives the artist here. It is constructed in the disordering of the figures—men’s bodies, self-portraits in the act, and clouds—by time. When Tony Stoll takes clouds as his subject, it is not so much the form that he records as the movement, which is the secret of the form. In this sense, every photograph or painting here is the recording of a performance. The video is exemplary in this regard: it shows a gathering of men in black suits and white shirts, as if they had escaped from the world of Pina Bausch moving in slow motion around Mon chef-d’œuvre (My Masterpiece), an installation of small structures in gold-painted wood—between guard dogs with threatening fangs and models moved by a slow dance movement. The “choreographed” nature of the exhibition becomes meaningful here, in the idea and desire to mark and protect a territory. But what is this territory? A “masterpiece,” if we are to believe the video that places one of the artist’s best known sculptures at the heart of the action in a device that functions like an echo running through the exhibition, which all revolves around a sculpture placed on the floor: a black jacket on a broken branch covered with mirrors and an empty champagne bottle in the middle. Such is the choreography of the exhibition: a gradual sliding of the gaze down towards the floor, backed up by a very low hanging, almost child-height. And if we have to lower our gaze, bend our head, then we do so in order to “take care” of the work, to concern ourselves with it to protect it in its exposure. In this respect, we would be responding to the injunction of the man painting his index finger at us, an action whose imperiousness is deflated by the Christmas streamers covering his head. This figure gave us a check on Georges Tony Stoll’s relation to art: the gentle authority of a Wonderful President (President merveilleux) dazzled by art.