



Victoria Colmegna
Riders in the Storm

March 29 - May 2, 2018

In this house we're born
Into this world we're thrown
Like a dog without a bone
An actor out on loan

In "Riders in the Storm", Victoria Colmegna invites us to an absent body ritual; an ode to mutation and detachment. Jupiterian farewell, festival of empty margins, luxury utensils that float in a scenario of global upheaval. With the departure of Bárbara LaVogue, a golden age of artists, clubbers and fashionistas has passed to immortality. Signed in Sagittarius, Barbara had no limits to find beauty even in the darkest and most marginal moments. Colmegna insists on worshipping her as one who worships the goddess Yemanjá, mother of all the abundances of the sea. Lana del Rey names Jim Morrison in the song "Gods and Monsters" as if she wanted to stop the curse of who sells his soul for worldly luxuries. Colmegna, on the other hand, appeals to the transmutant energy of LaVogue in the city of Paris (as one who, in an empty banquet, asks for a bowl of M&M's without the brown ones.) Two attempts to conjure the end of beauty. In every rite there are certain rules, conditions ... whims to follow. "The riders of some musicians look like safety measures in a hospital: flowers, soap, antibacterial and ambient humidifier," says Colmegna, who was a witness (and a follower) of an extreme Sagittarian dandyism, pure archetype of the bon vivant Tropille of centaurs knowing how to gallop in the city of fury! The fag always manages to decorate life; A faithful example is the crossdresser told by Pedro Lemebel in the novel Tengo miedo Torero, who covered with crochete the weapons that the Anti-Pinochetistas hid in her "palace." In that fantasy setting and between lighted candles, she received her chongo type Che Guevara with exquisite delicacies served at these impromptu tables. LaVogue used to embellish every space she inhabited with her drawings and other gadgets. Someone once said that Barbara Daria Bianca LaVogue had a plan. One of her plans, perhaps, was to be honored in Paris. Colmegna, just in case, does it. Aureate treasures of abundance will receive, who knows how to remember, this dear daughter of Yemanja! Omio!

-Juan Tauil, 2018

Accompanying the exhibition will be an interview transcript between journalist Juan Tauil and Barbara LaVogue (1970-2018), newly translated into English by Victoria Colmegna.

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