

Press Release

« Longtemps, je me suis couché de bonne heure »
December 13th 2017 - January 24th 2018

Opening on Wednesday, December 13th, 6 - 8 pm



Longtemps, je me suis couché de bonne heure
(For a long time I went to bed early)
--Marcel Proust, *Swann's Way*

In our current, antiseptic moment, we are nostalgic for a more genial time, an era of human connection. Enter the salon : the haven of a sumptuous room, plush furniture, and smoke-drenched air. Spirited conversations, beguiling entanglements, and dark corners for covert lust. A resting spot for drifting flâneurs, who come and go to partake of witty repartee, intellectual intrigue, and political scandal, as a grande dame holds court over it all. With its roots in 17th century French intelligentsia, the concept of “the salon” evolved through the centuries, but at its essence has always remained a refuge for passion, a refuge for the heart.

Drawing inspiration from Proust’s famous epithet, Galerie Carole Decombe will take a step back in time to the heyday of the salon to present “Longtemps, je me suis couché de bonne heure” . From December 13, 2017 – January 24th, 2018, Decombe will journey to a glorious bygone epoch, transforming her West Hollywood space into a salon of dreams. Jettisoning her usual presentation of the strictly modern, the gallery will display an irreverent mélange. Furniture, objets, paintings and photographs will be on display, conjuring up the elegant atmosphere that defined the salon at the height of its popularity.

Boldly mixing genres that span centuries, audiences will delight in envisioning themselves lounging on a regal Swedish sofa from the 1950s, while resting their drinks on a chic ebony credenza. An Ivar Johnsson-designed cast iron urn (1919), depicting the myth of Diana the Huntress provides a lineage of formidable women from ancient times through those fierce doyennes who once so expertly coddled, supported, and manipulated the crowds that passed through their parlours. Rounding out this chimerical exhibition is a selection of images by photographer LiliRoze. Her luscious photographs reveal a penchant for capturing the fine-bone detail of beautiful women who artfully expose a leg, cup a breast, or swirl in the haze of a red taffeta ball gown. In her work she captures impressions, sensations—much as Proust once did with his iconic words—and fluidly embodies the dream world quintessence of the salon.

Harpist Naomi Greene will inaugurate the exhibition, creating a truly immersive experience with her music. As we contemporary souls search for lost time, we are reminded that the opportunity to reinvent ourselves is ever-present in a sanctuary of art.



Swedish sofa, circa 1930



Park bench by Folke Bensow, circa 1925



Cast-iron urn by Ivar Johnsson, 1919



Swedish sideboard, circa 1980



Deià mirror by Isabelle Sicart and Nicolas & Sébastien Reese, 2017



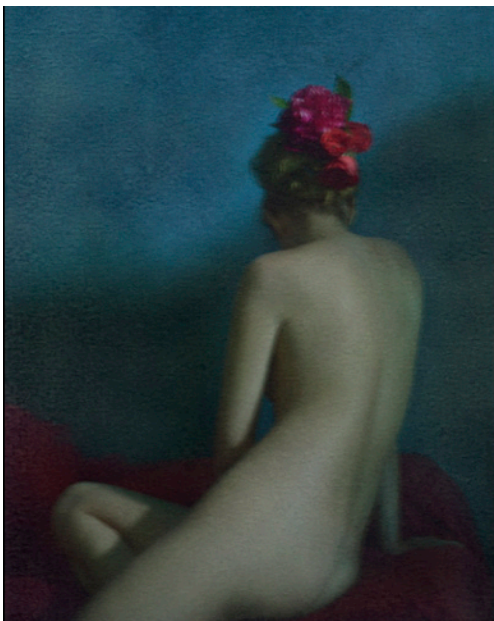
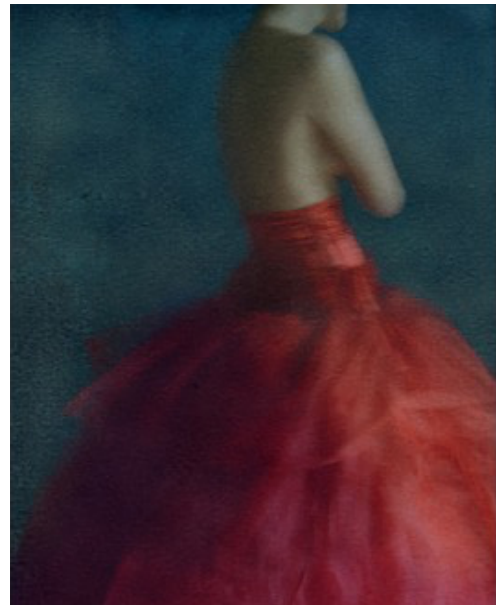
Volta side table by Isabelle Sicart and Emmanuel Levet Stenne, 2016



Face wall lamp by Isabelle Sicart, 2016



Pavane console by Isabelle Sicart and Emmanuel Levet Stenne, 2016



Photographs from the Divine series by LiliRoze

Concert by harpist Naomi Greene at 7pm



Naomi Greene, a Paris native, quickly established herself as a musical force in the flourishing indie rock scene of Los Angeles. She writes to harp or guitar and sings poetic lyrics, unaffected and personal, with disarming directness.

Naomi Greene is a guest vocalist on La Femme's latest album "Mystère" and sings with the Coromandelles, led by Daniel Michicoff (of Tijuana Panthers) with Matt Maust (of Cold War Kids) and Joe Plummer (of The Shins).

"When hearing Naomi Greene sing, you find yourself immersed in another time. Whether on harp or guitar, Naomi bewitches her audience." – **Time Out Paris**

"Naomi has a captivating presence both on and off stage. She plays her harp with a lot of passion." – **The Huffington Post**

"Paris-born, L.A.-based enchantress Naomi Greene seems to float between worlds as deftly as she switches between harp and electric guitar. Her mystical indie-pop at once acknowledges the constraints of the corporeal while celebrating other possibilities, some of which might defy explanation." – **Buzzbands LA**