

Winter

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Non
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Art
Fair

18-22/01/2017



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21-29 JANUARY 2017
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18-22 / 01 / 2017

Brussels - Grand Sablon

Vernissage	• Opening
Mer-Woe-Wed	• 18 / 01 / 2017 • 14:00 - 20:00
Exposition	• Exhibition • Tentoonstelling
Jeu-Don-Thu	• 19 / 01 / 2017 • 11:00 - 19:00
Ven-Vrij-Fri	• 20 / 01 / 2017 • 11:00 - 19:00
Sam-Zat-Sat	• 21 / 01 / 2017 • 11:00 - 19:00
Dim-Zon-Sun	• 22 / 01 / 2017 • 11:00 - 17:00

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Les objets publiés dans ce catalogue ont été expertisés.
Les informations sur ces objets peuvent être obtenues auprès des galeries concernées.

Voorwerpen uit deze catalogus werden door experten gekeurd.
Bij alle betrokken galerijen kunnen inlichtingen ingewonnen worden.

The objects published in this catalogue were approved by experts.
Information about these objects can be obtained by calling
the relevant galleries.

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Imprimé par Crousse Graphic S.P.R.L. - Charleroi
+32 475 78 94 91 - www.stimanne.com

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Invitée d'honneur

Colette Ghysels

C'était un samedi matin, Place du Jeu de Balle, le marché aux puces de Bruxelles, en septembre 1969. Je venais de disposer sur un demi mètre carré de velours noir la collection de bijoux ethniques de ma compagne. Nous avions raté notre candi de médecine et elle n'avait d'autre choix ; sa bourse ne serait pas prolongée. Il y avait des bracelets en argent, des fibules kabyles émaillées, des pendentifs en coquillage et cuir, du corail, de l'ambre, des turquoises.

Vers 10h une femme s'arrêta, scanna cette collection de bijoux anciens cherchant d'un regard éperdu son mari, qui s'était arrêté, non loin de là, à un autre stand. Je venais de rencontrer Colette Ghysels, rejointe par son sculpteur de mari, Jean-Pierre. Cette rencontre définira de façon extraordinaire mon destin d'antiquaire et sera à l'origine d'une amitié qui résiste depuis près de 50 ans à l'usure du temps.

Le premier mot qui me vient à la plume est la passion. La passion, la vraie, celle qui brûle, dévore, consume, mais se régénère sans jamais s'arrêter au contraire. De la passion amoureuse, naîtront trois superbes fils qui deviendront chacun de grands noms dans

l'édition, les gastronomies célestes ou le déchiffrement des secrets des objets et de leur datation. De l'amour de l'art et de la création, naîtra la constitution d'une collection extraordinaire, et Jean-Pierre fera jaillir de la glaise ses formes rares, tendues, avant de les battre dans le métal ou de les faire couler dans le bronze aux patines multiples, tantôt brillantes comme un soleil, tantôt déclinant les bruns et les noirs comme autant de peaux métissées...

La collection des parures ethniques, véritable sacerdoce partagé par Colette et Jean-Pierre, s'est articulée d'une façon extraordinaire autour de la personnalité de l'une et l'autre.

La magie, c'est qu'il y a toujours eu un consensus sur la notion de la beauté, de

la ligne, de l'élégance, de la noblesse des matières et non de leur valeur vénale. Certes si l'exigence de perfection de Colette quant à l'état de l'objet, ne tolérant pas une cicatrice de vie, déterminait l'âme de la collection, le côté créateur de Jean-Pierre qui faisait parcourir ses doigts sur la matière, lui permettant de lire « l'objet », de ressentir les gestes et l'émotion du bijoutier créateur, cette autre approche, cette lecture différente, a permis l'acquisition de chefs d'œuvres qui n'y auraient pas eu leur place aujourd'hui.



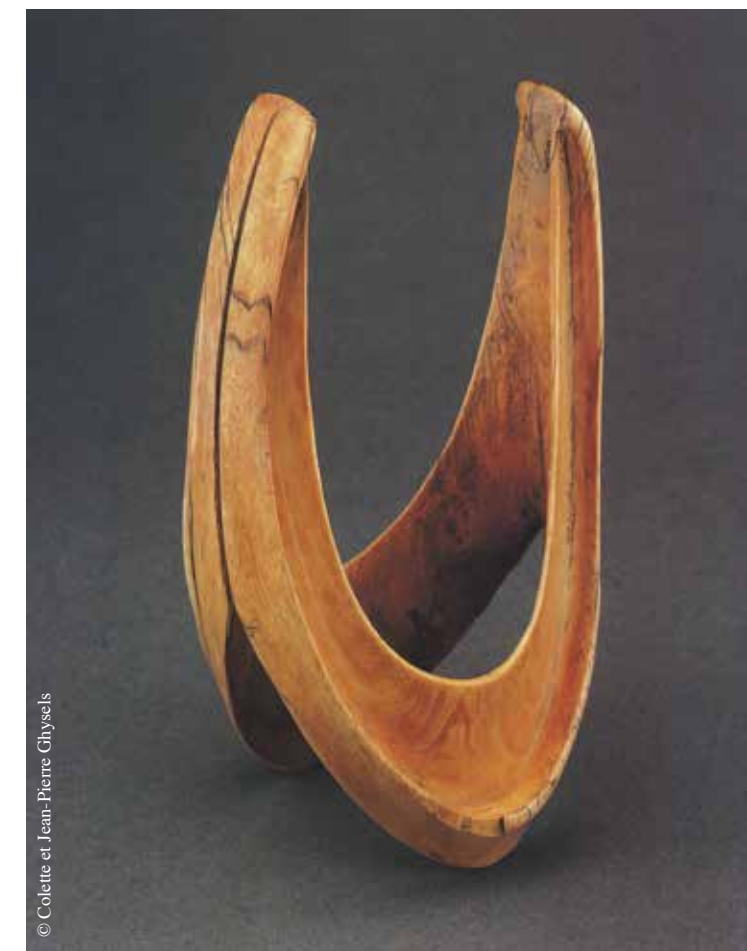
Cette passion ne peut se vivre en un seul lieu. Après s'être mariés au Népal en 1959, chacun âgé de 27 ans, ils y retourneront 50 ans plus tard avec enfants et petits enfants. Leur trois fils en bas âge limitèrent au début les déplacements à l'Europe, à la recherche, dans toutes les galeries de Paris, Londres et d'ailleurs, de la pièce rare souvent inconnue qui de jour en jour, de semaines en mois et années, et ce jusqu'à demain, allait rejoindre les perles déjà acquises pour constituer ce collier, qui plus tard au travers de voyages en Inde, en Indonésie, en Afrique, dans le monde entier... allait réunir tous les peuples primordiaux pour constituer à ce jour non seulement le plus beau témoignage de ces orfèvres lointains, mais aussi la plus importante collection au niveau mondial.

Afin de garder une trace de cette passion, mais surtout pérenniser la mémoire de ces civilisations qui disparaissent, de superbes livres ont été publiés avec des milliers de remarquables photos, organisant la parure autour du corps, regroupant les matières en suivant les continents.

Par ses nombreuses expositions bisannuelles pendant 30 ans, Colette nous a invité à partager cette passion dans le lieu mythique de la rue Marconi dont la cour accueillait les sculptures monumentales de Jean-Pierre, prêtes à s'embarquer pour leur destination finale que ce soit au pied d'une énorme tour, devant une banque ou pour la plus grande, dans l'atrium d'un grand hôtel de Chicago et, en montant le petit escalier, on découvrait dans une scénographie dont ils avaient le secret, les bijoux en résonance avec des objets inconnus que ce soit le grand crochet de suspension pour la cérémonie du thé ou l'alidade en ivoire du capitaine Cook ou la veste prestigieuse d'un haut dignitaire tibétain tissée avec les bardes irisées des plumes de paon. Chaque fois, on embarquait pour un court instant autour du « verre de l'amitié » dans un parcours initiatique, en emportant souvent en les quittant un témoignage pour le poser chez soi et continuer ou parfois commencer le voyage...

Aujourd'hui, dans leur grande maison du Brabant Wallon, au retour de chaque voyage la collection continue à grandir en attendant l'écrin qui, nous l'espérons tous, la recueillera pour la postérité.

Pierre Loos
Janvier 2017





ABORIGINAL SIGNATURE

Estrangin Fine Art

winter

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1081 Brussels - Belgium

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Mobile: +32 475 550 854
info@aboriginalsignature.com
www.aboriginalsignature.com



Artiste: Maringka Baker
Titre: Ngura Kamanti (ancestral Aboriginal stories
from the Dreaming Time)
200 x 200 cm

© Photo: Aboriginal Signature • Estrangin gallery
with the courtesy of the artist and Tjungu Palya art

Watarru Collaborative
Titre: Ilpili (ancestral Aboriginal Dreaming
time stories)
180 x 200 cm

© Photo: Aboriginal Signature • Estrangin gallery
with the courtesy of the artists and Tjungu Palya Art





AMBRE CONGO
Pierre Loos et Thomas Bayet



winter

1 et 17 Impasse Saint-Jacques
1000 Brussels - Belgium

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ambrecongo@bruneaf.com



◀
Masque Pende «*giphogo*»
R.D. Congo
H: 27 cm
déb. XX^e siècle

Photo Paul Louis, Brussels

▶
Cruche anthropomorphe Bena-Kanioka
R.D. Congo
Fin XIX^e - déb. XX^e siècle
Terre cuite, H: 20 cm

Photo Paul Louis, Brussels



Exposition thématique

Galerie Futur antérieur, 19 Place du Grand Sablon

Les rêves du devin

et les oeuvres récentes de **Boris Loos** aux cimaises
jusqu'au 29 janvier



Roger BOURAHIMOU

Tribal Art

winter

4 Rue Van Moer
1000 Brussels - Belgium

Mobile: +32 473 329 479
rogermachaka@yahoo.fr



◀▶
Statue Baoulé
Côte d'Ivoire
H: 40 cm

Ex collection USA

Photo Studio Philippe de Formanoir - Paso Doble





Olivier CASTELLANO

Art tribal

winter

34 Rue Mazarine
75006 Paris - France

Tel: +33 1 73 75 19 24
Mobile: +33 6 11 21 25 22
info@oliviercastellano.com
www.oliviercastellano.com

►
Statue Mossi
Burkina Faso
H: 30,5 cm

Photo Hughes Dubois





didier CLAES

Arts classiques africains

winter

7 Rue Van Moer
1000 Brussels - Belgium

Tel & Fax: +32 2 414 19 29
Mobile: + 32 477 660 206
contact@didierclaes.com
www.didierclaes.com



►
Baule Statue
Ivory Coast
Wood, H: 57 cm

Provenance:
Ernest Roethlingshoefer collection, Basel (Switzerland), circa 1960

Photo Studio Philippe de Formanoir - Paso Doble



Exhibiting at the above mentioned address

Exhibiting also at **BRAFA 17**



CLASSIC PRIMITIVES

Renaud Riley

winter

2 Rue Van Moer
1000 Brussels - Belgium

Mobile: +32 479 504 390
renaud.riley@gmail.com
www.2r-ritualgallery.com



►
Statue Bena Lulua
R.D. Congo
H: 31 cm

Ex Julius Carlsbach, NY

Elle proviendrait du village de Bumba, sud Kasaï,
de la main connue du sculpteur Luboyi Wandibu

Photo Bernard De Keyzer





CONGO GALLERY

Joëlle Fiess & Felix

winter

2 Impasse Saint-Jacques
1000 Brussels - Belgium

Tel: +32 2 511 47 67
congogallery@skynet.be
www.congogallery.com

Opening hours :
Friday 2.30 to 6.30 PM
Saturday 10.30 AM to 5.45 PM



Thematic Exhibition
Congolese power emblems

►
Chief's stool
D.R. Congo, Central Luba
1/4 19th Century
Wood, sacrificial crust
H: 45 cm

Photo Paul Louis, Brussels





DALTON • SOMARÉ
Fine African Art

winter

5, Via Borgonuovo
20121 Milan - Italy

Tel & Fax: +39 02 89 09 61 73
Mobile: +39 335 808 8149
info@daltonsomare.com
www.daltonsomare.com

►
Yombe magical-religious figure
D.R. Congo
Wood, H: 28 cm

Ex Didier Claes, Bruxelles
Ex coll. Dr P. Pastiels, Bruxelles

Photo Dalton Somaré





Jo DE BUCK

winter

43 Rue des Minimes
1000 Brussels - Belgium

Tel: +32 2 512 55 16
Mobile: +32 475 841 729
jdbtribalarts@gmail.com
www.jodebuck.com

By Appointment

Thematic Exhibition
Sacred masks

►
Mask Nyata a Masheke
Bushoong, D.R. Congo
Wood and feathers, H: 62 cm

For a similar example: «*Art and life in Africa, Selections from the Stanley collection, Exhibitions of 1985 and 1992*»
Christopher D. Roy, The University of Iowa Museum of Art, p. 228-229, Fig. 24.

Photo Anne Deknock





Bruce FRANK

Primitive Art

winter

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New York, NY 10024 - USA

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Fax: +1 212 873 6069
bfrank212@aol.com
www.brucefrankprimitiveart.com

►
Dap-Dap Mortar, Murik Lakes
Papua New Guinea
19th Century
H: 7.5 inches

Previous Collection Leo Fortess, Hawaii

Photo Hughes Dubois





Bruno FREY

Winter

5 Rue Carnot
21230 Arnay le Duc - France

Tel: +33 3 80 90 06 92
Mobile: +33 6 20 70 10 01
galerieh@free.fr
www.galerieh.free.fr

► Masque Guro
Masque «gu», région de Gohitafla, Côte d'Ivoire
XIX^e siècle. H: 42 cm
Bois à patine laquée noire, petits accidents à l'arrière, piqûres d'insectes
Collection coloniale France
Photo Studio Asselberghs - F. Dehaen





Galerie KITSUNE

Arie Vos

winter

55 Rue des Minimes
1000 Brussels - Belgium

Mobile: +32 476 878 569
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www.kitsune.be

►
Mizusashi (pot à eau pour la cérémonie du thé)
Four de Tamba, Japon
Période Edo Shoki, Circa 1620-1650

Photo Galerie Kitsune





Philippe LAEREMANS

Tribal Art Sprl

winter

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www.philippelaeremans.be



◀▶
Arme de prestige Azande
R.D. Congo
Bois et fer, H: 55,5 cm

Photo Alain Speltdoorn

Map
7





Olivier LARROQUE

Winter

1 Plan d'Orléans
30000 Nîmes - France

Mobile: +33 6 800 800 93
o.larroque1@gmail.com

►
Cimier Idoma, Nigéria
Fin XIX^e / début XX^e s.
Bois, métal

Provenance:
Ex collection particulière (Paris)
Collection Yves et Ewa Develon (Paris)

Photo Hughes Dubois





Patrick & Ondine MESTDAGH



29 Rue des Minimes
1000 Brussels - Belgium

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www.patrickmestdagh.be

Winter

►
Rare shield made of basketry with wooden handle
Ethnic groups of Middle Cross River area, Mfumte ?
Nigeria / Cameroon
Dim: 50 x 25 cm

Photo Paul Louis, Brussels





Winter

Galería Guilhem MONTAGUT

Boulevard de los Anticuarios
55-57 Paseo de Gracia, tiendas 11 y 22
08007 Barcelona - Spain

Tel & Fax: +34 93 215 90 24
Mobile: +34 678 027 692
guilhem@galeriamontagut.com
www.galeriamontagut.com

►
Superbe et rare sceptre Tshokwe
Peuple Tschokwe, Angola
Fin du XIX^e siècle, H: 66 cm

Provenance: Collection privée, Paris
Galerie Olivier Castellano, Paris

Photo Carles Insenser





Alain NAOUM

Primitive Studio

30 Rue Sainte-Anne
1000 Brussels - Belgium

Mobile: +32 474 401 543
alain.naoum@gmail.com
www.antiqueafricanart.com

Only by appointment

winter

►
Bakongo dog fetish
D.R. Congo
H: 36 cm

Ex coll. P. Gilman
Ex coll. M.L. Felix
Ex coll. P. Darteville
Ex Sotheby's

Photo Studio Philippe de Formanoir - Paso Doble





Sanne NIES

"Salon" / Tribal Art

Prins Hendrikstraat 43
5611 HJ Eindhoven - Netherlands

Mobile: +31 612 033 634
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www.salonsalon.nl

Winter

►
Male figure, Attie, Ivory Coast
Wood brown patina
H: 54 cm

Ex coll. Maria Wyss, Basel, 1975
Ex coll. Anita and Jan Lundberg, Malmö
Ex coll. Anita Schroder, Munchen

Published in *Afrikanskt, African Art*,
Malmö Konsthall, 1986, nr 69 page 68
Exhibited in Malmö Konsthall, 1986, "*Afrikanskt*"

Photo Ferry Herrebrugh





Joaquin PECCI

Tribal Art

winter

38 Rue des Minimes
1000 Brussels - Belgium

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Mobile: +32 477 439 412
joaquin.pecci@skynet.be
www.joaquinpecci.net



Dogon figure, Mali
H: 38 cm

Provenance: Jacques Kerchache, Paris

Photo Hughes Dubois



Exhibiting at the above mentioned address
and
at «Ancienne Nonciature», 7 Rue des Sablons



Galerie et Atelier PUNCHINELLO

Jacques Lebrat



winter

16 Rue du Parc Royal
75003 Paris - France

Tel: +33 1 42 72 00 60
Mobile: +33 6 03 01 66 01
punchinello@wanadoo.fr
www.punchinello.fr

►
Korwar, Iles Raja Ampat

Provenance:
collecté par Todd Barlin en 1988-89
Ex collection John A. Friede, Rye

Photo Michel Gurfinkel





Adrian SCHLAG

Tribal Art Classics

winter

31 Rue des Minimes
1000 Brussels - Belgium

Mobile: +34 617 666 098
adrian@schlag.net
www.tribalartclassics.com

►
Dogon, Mali
18th Century or earlier
Wood, H: 48 cm

Provenance:
Ader-Picard Tajan, Paris, April 91, Lot 67
Published: Musée de Brest, 1968

Photo Studio Asselberghs - F. Dehaen





Galerie Frank VAN CRAEN

African Art - Japanese Furniture

winter

49 Rue des Minimes
1000 Brussels - Belgium

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www.frankvancraen.be



◀
Fétiche Teke, R.D. Congo
H: 36 cm

Ex collection privée Antonio Segui, Argentine

Photo Bart Van Bussel

▶
Sculpture Montol, Nigéria
H: 38 cm

Ex collection privée Bruxelles, Belgique

Photo Bart Van Bussel





Yannik VAN RUYSEVELT

winter

By appointment
Brussels - Belgium

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yannikvr@yahoo.com

►
Rare and exceptional figure Okvik
Old Bering Sea II - Alaska
Date: 300 BC – 100 AD
H: 17 cm

Provenance: Private collection

Photo Yannik Van Ruysevelt



◀
Kongo crucifix, D.R. Congo
18th /19th C. or before
Wood and brass, H cross: 40 cm, H Christ:13 cm

Colonial collection
Private collection

Ref: *KONGO Power and majesty*, p. 102,
Metropolitan Museum of art

Photo Yannik Van Ruysevelt





Galerie Renaud VANUXEM

Winter

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rvanuxem@yahoo.fr
www.renaudvanuxem.com

►
Figure de reliquaire Lumbo, Gabon
Bois, verre, pigments, kaolin, plumes
H: 39 cm

Provenance: Hélène Kamer 1971
Collection privée, Paris

Photo Hughes Dubois





VASCO & CO

Emília da Paz

48 Rue des Minimes
1000 Brussels - Belgium

www.vascobooks.net

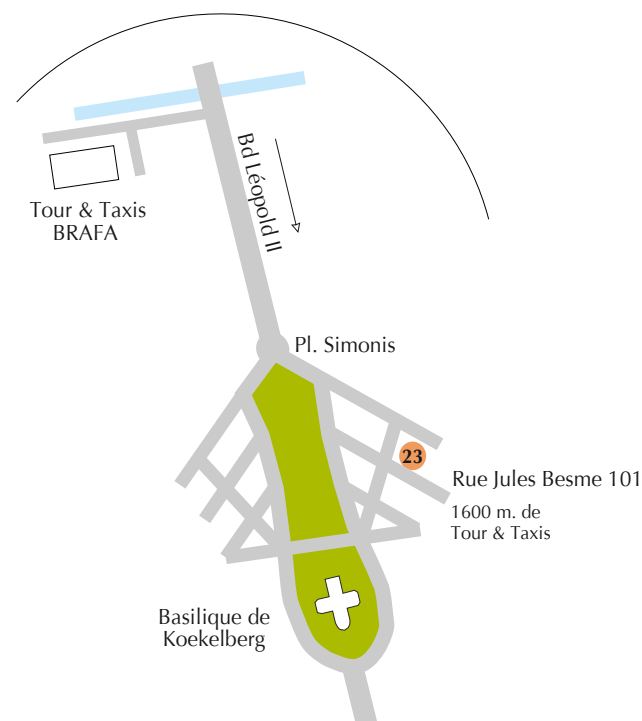
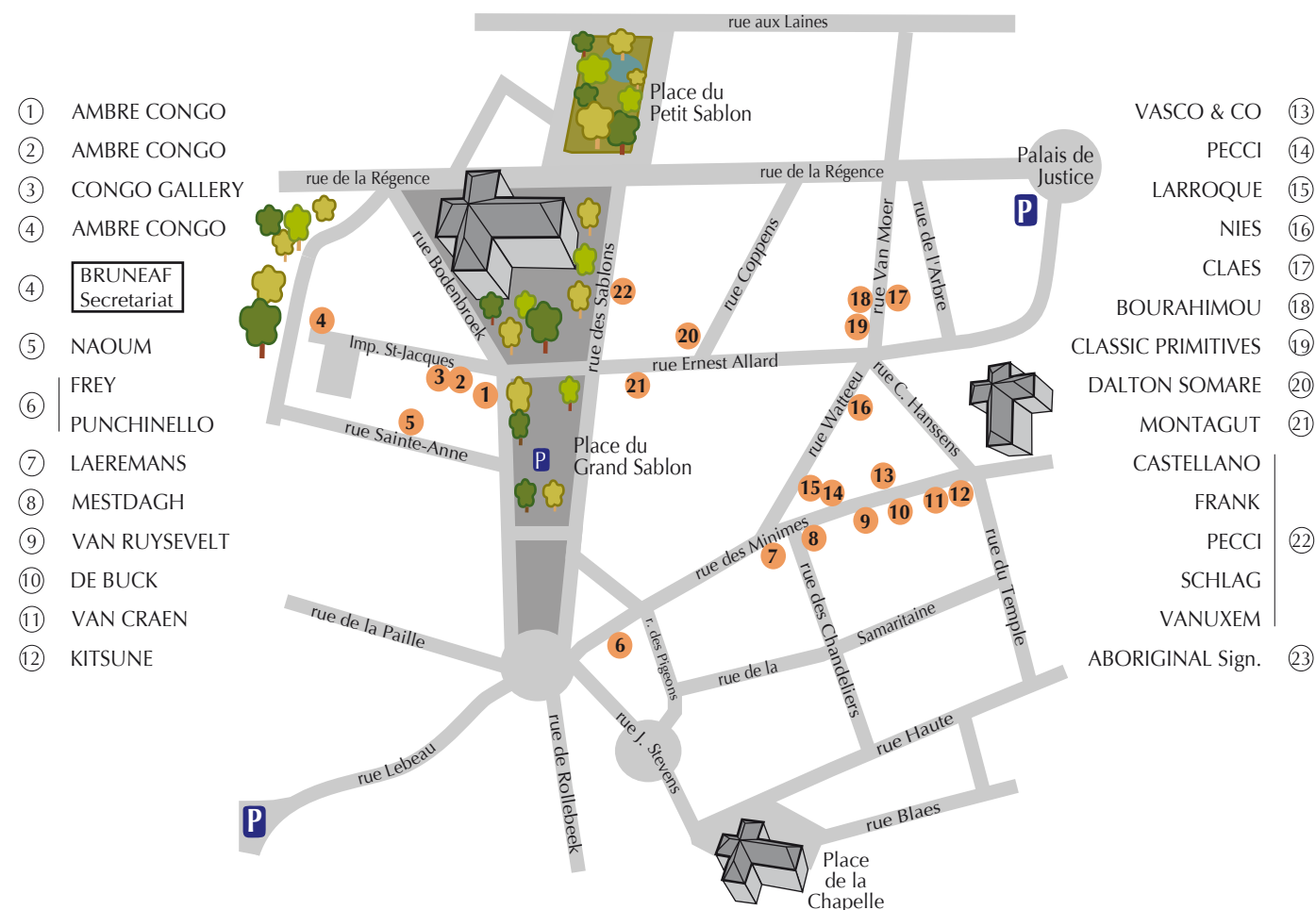
Winter

Loic's Saturday morning high colonic now complete, he flung open the satin embroidered double doors of Scab's Adult Emporium and Therapy Center with renewed vigor. Now lighter, he hit maximum stride on the beer and cigarette garnished street marking the path of his weekly search for art and indelible characters in Europe's polestar metropolis. Within minutes the fragrance of bile, urine, and train oil changed to Gaufres, Quick Burger, then the scent of expensive camera plastic, Leica leather, wafts of Asian breath, and the dribble of a small humdrum bronze boy. Loic's flight from the Bukowskian Gare du Nord to the chic Sablon was one from the forbidden to that of the unaffordable. He detested broadcast culture. Anything worth knowing was always within his reach: overheard in a café, on the metro, or a newspaper headline spotted from afar, neo-classical flaneur style. Even dealer email adverts slew his enthusiasm about the possibility of weekly discovery. A lone perch in the mayhem was the locus of Loic's serendipitous interventions—a welcomed escape from the awe-inspiring cubicle walls of his Belgacom call centre office. He took his regular Saturday table outside Café des Dupes, and as usual, fought to balance his chair on the cobbles at the bottom of the Sablon slope. Here, encircled by familiar art dealers and clients who gorged coffee and billowed white cones of tobacco into blue January Belgian air, Loic found solitude and entertainment. These were his characters for the taking. The café's haughty server, Marie, wears a mohair coat the color of weed killer. A small dagger tattoo on the inside of her wrinkly elbow and stingray skin boots were edgy signals of her former stunning self. The ex-wife of an astronaut, Marie returned to Belgium in 1971 after a church bus hit her husband. Months after the accident he joined the church she did not. She'd worked in Cape Canaveral as a hair stylist for NASA's Apollo program where she learned more than state-of-the-art hair styling. There were rumors that she'd spike Café des Dupes' coffee with Lysergic acid Diethylamide. Reports out of Liege say that she'd overheard NASA spooks describe it as "truth serum" while fashioning their inconspicuous G-Men coifs in Kennedy Space Center's covert bunker-salon. As a result of secret cafe serums she could pin clientele's economic and romantic status, among other personal details, in a flash. Loic learned Marie's backstory from a peculiar man months earlier in the café. "Mr. Pink Leather," as Loic coined him, sat at the table adjacent to his for consecutive weekends wearing the same outfit: pink crocodile cowboy boots, pink leather trousers and jacket, and usually a pink cowboy hat topping off his white ponytail. The first time they met, Loic spotted a partially folded copy of Transvestite Belge magazine jutting from his pink leather coat pocket. Only part of the title was visible but he recognized its sleazy font from a copy he found in a convent back when his age dictated respect for nuns in the classroom and dormitory. "Sir, your magazine is visible to everyone and that outfit of yours, without a doubt, challenges heteronormative gender expectations. What's your deal anyway?" Mr. Pink Leather placed his One-Balled Dictator and cherry-flavored cigar on the table, swiveled his chair, and grinned at Loic, "An old dealer friend posed in this magazine back in the 80s. I finally found the issue with him in it. He wore a wig and bikini while riding a pony in Parc Royal. You wouldn't even recognize him." Loic sat patiently not knowing how to respond. Should he ask which dealer it was? Or was it Mr. Pink Leather himself? "You wouldn't believe some of the craziness that has gone on right in this neighborhood. If you could have seen the areas' evolution like I have over the last 60 years, you'd be amazed. I've been around my man. Hell! I've seen history in the making. I was even at Manchester's Lesser Free Trade Hall on the 4th of June 1976. Who do you know who can top that?" Loic bowed his head for a second, "Uhhh.... Well, I don't know him personally but.....Morrissey!" Mr. Pink Leather threw his arm up and spouted "Yes he was there too! There were only about forty of us, but you don't know him so he doesn't count. Try again." Loic wisely fell silent sipping his coffee. "What's the matter? You seem to be a bright guy up for a challenge with your multi-syllabic words and jargon. Are you one of those new-school academics full of theory and nothing else? Because right now that head of yours is looking pretty vacant," charged Mr. Pink Leather with a huff and chuckle. Loic wisely wandered into silence. Mr. Pink Leather's victorious eyes skirted the crowd then returned to his cigar. Loic slid back into his coffee focusing on a single sidewalk cobble; his ears watching the innards of the Tribal Art machine turn round him. A purse-sized dog on a golden leash wandered into his field of view. It stopped, sniffed the cement, then squatted and pinched its daily soft-serve. Before he could snap at the owner for allowing the animal to log-pile in the café, a hand shrouded in plastic reached down, removed the warm mongrel mound, and tossed it in a nearby rubbish bin. The dog's owner, a middle aged woman in Panda fur, clasped a large stack of documents under her arm. Without comment she handed sheets to everyone in the café. Loic ignored her but she planted a copy on his table anyway. The document's title, 'BRUNEAF DANCE 2017,' didn't evade anyone. He snatched her black and white fur coat asking 'A dance? What? Whose idea is this? Is it a joke?' The woman saw in Loic that undeniable gaze of a collector, someone with a void to fill; she could relate. 'It's the BRUNEAF committee broadening the big June event. Things are changing in the world and so must BRUNEAF,' she said with a sardonic grin. 'Do you work for the fair?' asked Loic. 'My husband was sent to Pakistan and I'm trying to keep busy now that I'm alone. I'm renting a gallery just off the Sablon but to get the space I promised the higher-ups that I'd help with promotion. I collect 19th century Merkins. I think there'll be a boom in that market soon. Do you have one? If not then come to my new Merkin gallery." Loic chuckled, "No I don't. I prefer 1970s hair pie, the real deal, like in the pioneering skin flicks of the era, no fakes, and nothing 19th century is allowed behind my green door." Just then the radio behind the cafe bar blurted, "Parisian African Art dealers have admitted to participating in a unicorn cult." Panda BRUNEAF woman zapped Loic with a look of confusion then scrambled away with her leashed rat. He honed in to the radio over the whine of the cafe. "Residents on Rue de Seine contacted fire department officials early yesterday evening after having seen small hooded people hauling large canisters into neighborhood galleries. Frightened by the Ewok look-alikes, children hurled bonbons and one dead cat at them from window ledges. Initial reactions were to cordon the street off with water cannons, pepper foggers, and catapults loaded with raw sewage. Police investigation discovered that an elite group of Parisian galleries created a cult of unicorns and were busy initiating members last night when all hell broke loose. The small hooded people were Lithuanian eunuch midgets delivering Nitrous Oxide bottles for initiatory purposes. Police were powerless to learn initiation details due to its secretive nature. Thus the initiatory roles of midgets and Nitrous Oxide are unclear and will surely remain so to the uninitiated. Such activity in any branch of the art world is heretofore unheard of. Interviewees assured police that there is nothing of concern. The cult unifies the dealer community, ensures fecundity, and improves sales." Loic leaned back in his chair delighted that surrealism still lived in Paris. "Nice to hear they're doing more than wine and cheese. I'm sure Paris is laughing, they need some comedy," he thought. Glancing back at the BRUNEAF advert with a large photo of a Kifwebe at it's center, the fine print reads, "Opening Night BRUNEAF June 2017, Dance in Sablon church. Booze, wine, live death metal, merriment, steak tartar, and wife-swapping." Loic's sinister laugh didn't go unnoticed. "Well, this ought to toss the competition into total confusion," he said to an elegant slender kept-wife seated near him. Her thick-rimmed dark diet sunglasses made her face look thinner than it actually was. She threw Loic a vomity glance and nothing more. Her elderly poodle lay underneath her chair licking its nuts. Marie appeared with Loic's third coffee. He paid the bill, slugged down Tanzania's best in one gulp, stood up and noticed Rue des Minimes' cobbles gently rising and falling in unison with Riders On The Storm blaring from a nearby Volkswagen. Waves of pavers rollicking toward him.... "Hmmm, I need to find a mellow place. I think Marie got me with one of her old tricks. Better run buy that catalogue illustrating my mask before this gets any better. Yeah, I need that book."

Text H. Kellim Brown and Photo Yannik Van Ruysvelt



WINTER BRUNEAF map / plan



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JUNE 2017

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