

COLUCCIAN FABLES by Claudio Colucci...

It's the story of a guy who's a designer. To begin with, he's Swiss. Colucci. In Französisch: Coluche. Name already taken. Franchised. So, after the guy who dressed up in striped overalls and a red clown-nose and who succeeded in turning his pseudonym into a household name, Claudio Colucci simply invented his own language; a full blast, whizz-bang kind. From provocateur stand-up comic... to provocative designer. Both shattered social rules to smithereens. Maybe it's because of the name. Nonetheless, Colucci Claudio, Austrian *vater*, Italian *mamma*, his Geneva and Paris diplomas fresh in hand, departs for Japan and invents kawai design. From his Tokyo base, with an office in Paris via Shanghai and Beijing, he pilots a world peopled with Moph, Tatami, Gondola, Sputnik, Dada, and other assorted UFOs. He catapults his multicellular universe (devoid of sharp angles) into a heroic-fantasy with a comic-strip dimension and a chromatic cheerfulness, not to mention a unique sense of humour. Designed for human consumption. Hotels, packaging, design, shops, furniture, booths, luminaires: his imprimatur covers the whole gamut and juggles (a form of clown-nose syndrome?) with shapes and forms to better redirect their use. And vice versa.

Off-road designer in essence, visual artist with an eye for bold strokes, Claudio coluccizes the world through manifesto-exhibitions birthed in a crucible of a pure, coluccistic syntax. His *Three Coluccian Fabulations* are an ideal trio for visionary fictions. Starting point: a mutant Parisian café plunged into striking colours: yellow, blue, red... with foam poofs mounted on pregnant furniture, and vessel-trays. Thônets chairs and bubbly-shaped pedestal tables made of cast-iron. Paris-Tokyo, a roaring round trip dotted with black markers as if to indicate an eerie level of contamination. Second reading: *Suspended Time*. Literally and figuratively. A multitude of mural clocks - lacquered bento-boxes - provide an opportunity to reflect on our eating timetables, and on the impeccable work of Japanese lacquer craftsmen and their techniques, colours, nuances and subtleties. *Bento Clocks*. And the whole works wrapped up with a series of clothes hangers designed by Colucci and executed by five eminent craftsmen. Yes: the eternal touch of man in the face of time that flies.

Who says fables also says morals. Those of the Third Era, christened *We Do Not Let Children Play With Matches*, confront centralized power with the atom, with energy; a highly radioactive topic since Fukushima. Colucci's hand-blown glass Atomic Vases simulate mushroom clouds set off by a Dr Strangelove sitting on a red button, somewhere inside the huge chandelier-shaped Pentagon. Bronze-hued anodized aluminium versus borosilicate glass or full colour. An artificial landscape that illustrates the dark side of the angels' share - nuclear version - in accordance with Hubert Reeves who was the inspirer-incubus of the fable. In three exercises, Claudio Colucci gives us another baffling vision of his universe. It really is the story of a guy who...



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