



# KING'S LEAP

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**Noémie Degen/Simon Jatón**

***Iris***

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*If there is now nothing but images, there is nothing other than the image. And if there is nothing other than the image, the very notion of the image becomes devoid of content. There is a doubling of the image, which refers to an other, and the visual which refers to nothing but itself.*

- Rancière

aphorisms and abrasions  
a thing peeled back to its constituents  
slits of light beckon through its fabric  
revealing the archaic plasma  
screen that sits behind the wooden frame  
striped of itself  
and taken outside for a walk

like a filtered artefact  
every part of me is a motif; a singularity that resembles a whole

In a field of eight constituents, I see myself reflected through small puddles of water that collect between battered twigs. I am not the eye, but the hand that regenerates meaning. What should I call it, forensics? If I am merely recounting the places I've seen, collecting fragments unknowing of their capture. Like a pastiche of recollections, of signifiers that recall other realities, and even if not my own, they are unified by mass. In Rancière's eyes, there are no more images, but only a reality that incessantly represents itself, to itself. A double-bind.

The still, held captive by its own self-referentiality, becomes the property of new multitudes through the augmentation of itself. If an image is scanned into oblivion, it is not abstracted, but aged like an apparition of its own source. Holding onto its own mnemonic memory. It learns how to become itself.

Camera rolls on personal phones are no longer filled with simple memories of loved ones and the environment, but are instead amassed by fragmented screenshots of other pre-existing media. An Other data, infinitely stored into the memory of their personal devices.

Vertov's kino-eye necessitates each shot as dedicated to revealing more than what the naked eye can see alone. Considering the restrictive parameters of the frame, and how its operative appears to do just that. As through the restriction of desire or subject is exactly how the machine proliferates. But now my eyes are not where they are meant to be, bearing witness to a sight that was not pre-destined to them, but designated. A screenshot is a retroactive attempt to attain kino-eye, substituting a human absence with a graft from a skilled machine, where few things have been left uncaptured.

*She lies down on the floor and takes photos with her phone of the things going on around her. She doesn't think about it too much, she is just trying to hold onto the feeling. Preserving herself in the static gleams of her own reflection. Reification.*

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If the hand of artistic labour can be likened to a neural network, the image becomes reflected through its own hypothesis, destroying and amending its meaning into the field of flux. It is not so much what the image is, as it is what the image has endured. A procedural preservation. When I look at a painting, do I so often think about the camera?

A photograph's virtue is in its ability to split itself into dual realities, a double-poetic of the world in which it documents, a *testimony*, and then its resemblance to a world, a *hyperreality* of which its existence is not totally known, one of which we are credulous to.

Jean Eustache's 1982 film *Alix's Pictures* features two shots that intermittently switch. It centers on a photographer showing Eustache's son her photographs while she seductively narrates the contents of each image. As the interaction continues, Alix's explanations of the images' procedure, their subject, and circumstance become more fragmented and ambiguous, rendering the accuracy of her narration incongruent with what the photographs reveal. Although the photographer admits to certain alchemic modifications in the development of the photographs, we become increasingly aware that what we are looking at does not necessitate what we are being told of the image, thereby augmenting the operativity of presentation and knowledge, the disposition of an image and its dialogue.

I can never quite distinguish if my attachment to an image is due to my own memory of the experience of the image, or if it alone bears a universal value. And I wonder at which stage in the image's development it departs from being one thing to the other. Or if an image should not depend on its memory to communicate, but rather it should explain itself through a detachment from its memory.

– Carmen-Sibha Keiso

**Noémie Degen** (b. 1996, France) and **Simon Jatton** (b. 1994, Switzerland), live and work in Paris and Lausanne. Recent solo and two-person exhibitions include Forde (Geneva, CH), Rinde am Rhein (Düsseldorf, DE), Édouard Montassut (Paris, FR), and Diez Gallery (Amsterdam, NL). Their work has been included in group exhibitions at Princesse (Paris, FR), Charim Galerie (Vienna, AT), High Art (Paris, FR), Kunstforum Baloise Park (Basel, CH), King's Leap (New York, NY), Lovay Fine Arts (Geneva, CH), Die Angewandte (Vienna, AT), and Treize, (Paris, FR).