LE GRAND VIDE

by Jules Julien

Le Grand Vide

Fascinated by images, they have always been a part of my life. From the illustrated bible on my bedside table to the fashion magazines I accumulated in my childhood bedroom, they were all doors through which I escaped from my isolation in the countryside where I lived. Each image brought elements from the outside world and fed my imagination and inner fantasies.

Then, from my years of study to my years as an artistic director and later an illustrator, I was led to research, analyze, and design images, each with a role to play, a message to deliver. Hours, days, and weeks were spent searching on Google, image banks, portfolios, all for that one image that would embody the message.

Social networks, Instagram in particular, have further multiplied the quantity of images, changing their role, value, and hierarchy. They mix, blend, and expel images of their own identity, all in an attempt to decipher our own.

On my Instagram feed, pizzas, works of art, enticing guys, kittens, landscapes, and family photos come together, forming an abstract universe of which I am the sole subject. It's a new world within the world. It's a new and intimate poetry, absurd and intrusive, a 'portrait chinois' where fantasy reveals reality, and vice versa.

Jules Julien

Le Grand Vide

A chaos of dispossessed images.
A disenchanted mirror.
A poetry of emptiness.
A great void.

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All images
will disappear

series no.1

All images will disappear

While reading Annie Ernaux's book *Les années,* I was struck by the first sentence that introduces the concept of her novel *'Toutes les images disparaîtront'*. All these recorded images—public or private—throughout our lives.

The transmitted, the forgotten. Beautiful, ugly, commercial, family, artistic, journalistic, political, erotic, failed, framed, manipulated, or certified, they constitute an intimate and shared culture simultaneously. They mark the beginning, the middle, and the end of a story.

series no.1

All images will disappear

Castel Of Sand

All images will disappear

Rainbaow Biker

All images will disappear

Frozen Borderline

All images will disappear

Pour Toujours

All images will disappear

Marble City

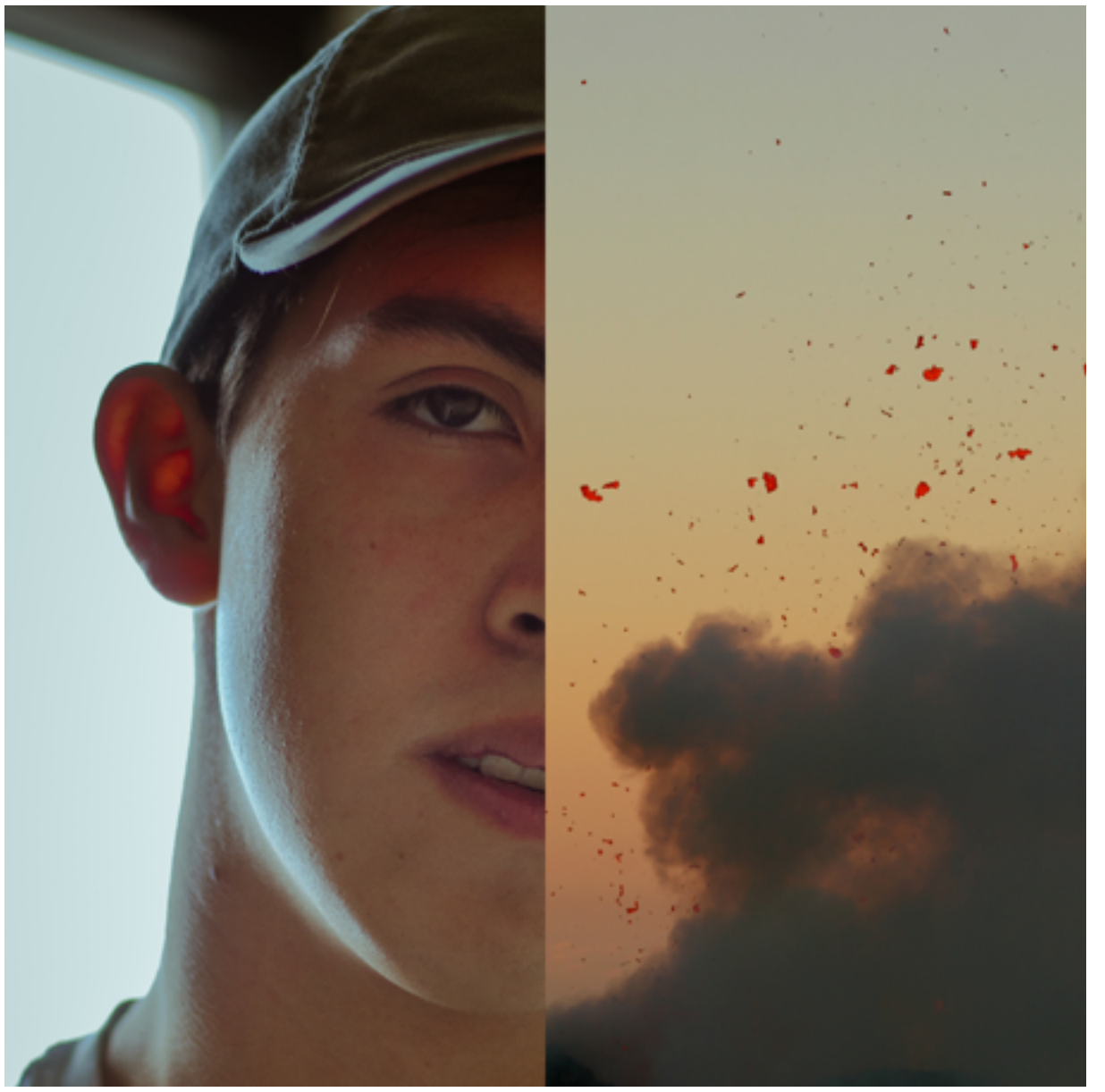
All images will disappear

Terre Neuve

All images will disappear

Last Fling

All images will disappear



Age of Solastalgia

All images will disappear

Frozen Woman

Le Grand Vide

I believe
it's a door

series no.2

I believe it's a door

Each image is a story in itself. And when two images are brought together, do they form two separate stories or the birth of a new narrative? They open a door between two universes and allow them to interact. It's not an entrance, not an exit, but a passage—a place of friction. It's the coexistence of two images that, together, become something entirely new.

series no.2

I believe it's a door

Sodome & Gomorrhe

I believe it's a door

Chanson Grise

I believe it's a door

Rires Mordants

I believe it's a door

Full Moon

I believe it's a door

Self Worship

I believe it's a door

Penelope's Night

I believe it's a door

Désir Plaisir

I believe it's a door

Masculin Assassin

I believe it's a door

Saturnian Poem

Le Grand Vide

Se Meurt of Love

series no.3

Se meurt of love

Dying of love sounds like a romantic thought. It is a popular theme in all cultures of all eras. For my part, I met Eros & Thanatos as a duo during my teens. Discovering my homosexuality in the 90s meant discovering gay love, but also its new dark shadow: AIDS.

I learned, among the contemporaries of that time, now dead from loving, that love could also be poison. The autobiographical novels of Hervé Guibert revealed to me what it was to be gay at the same time as what it was to be sick. Les nuits fauves by Cyril Collard taught me that a fiery kiss could bite. Reading these books at that time made me discover love as much as our own finitude. A double-edged feeling.

Se meurt of love

Thanatos Bogosse

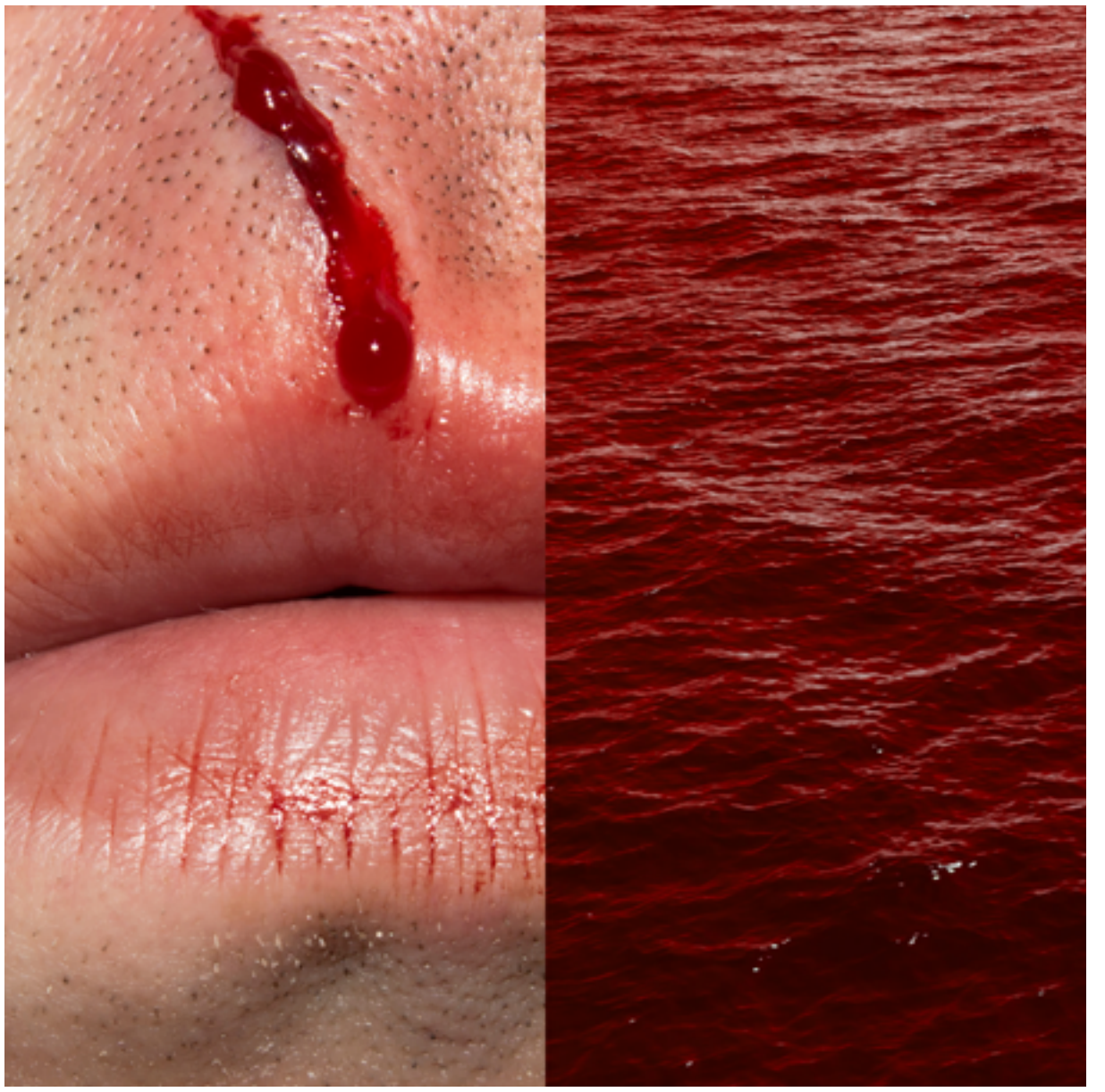
Se meurt of love

Cupidon Tête de Con

Se meurt of love

Cœur Lourd

Se meurt of love



Sea Sex & Seum

Se meurt of love

Gray Gay

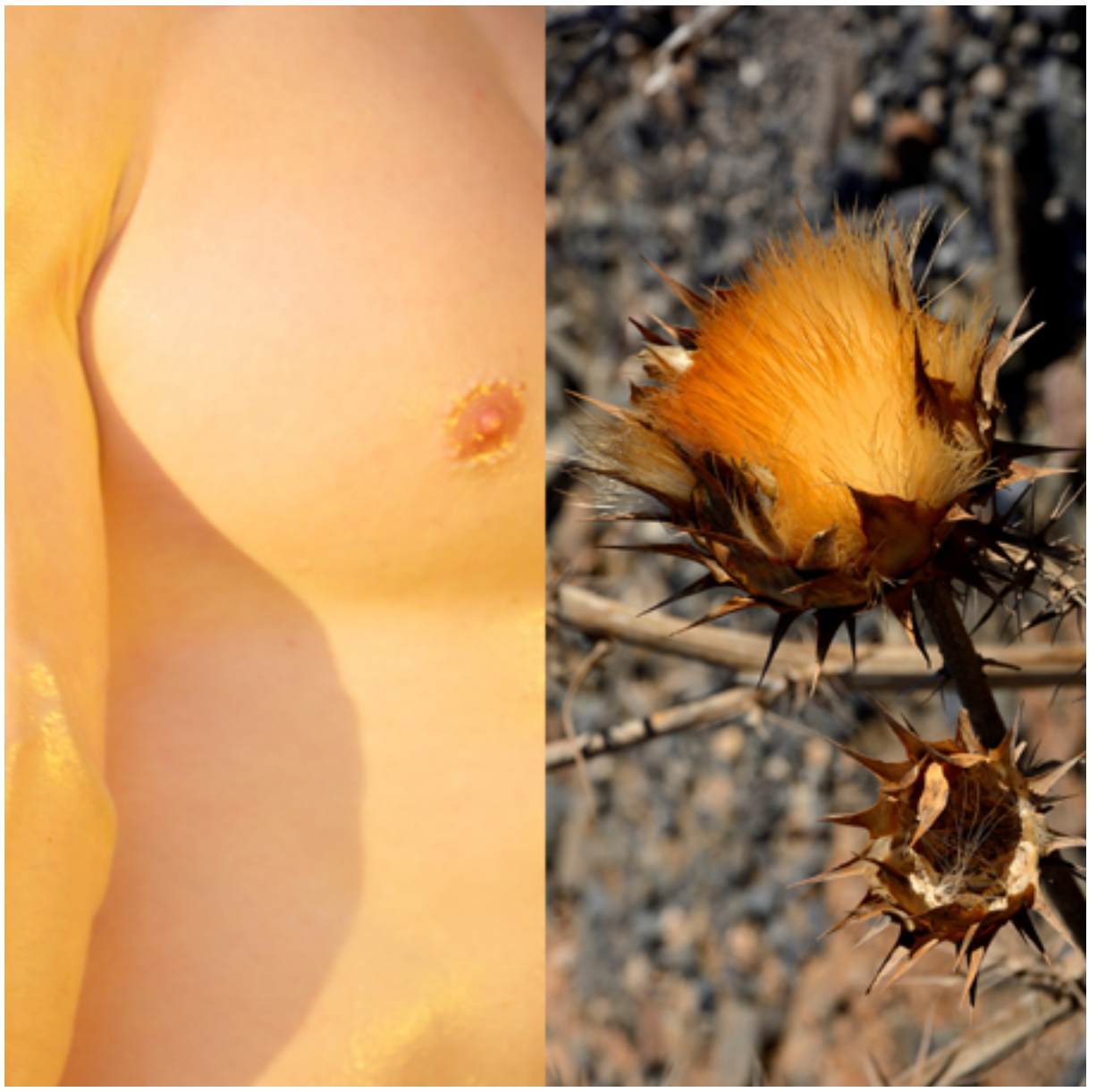
Se meurt of love

Go Commando

Se meurt of love

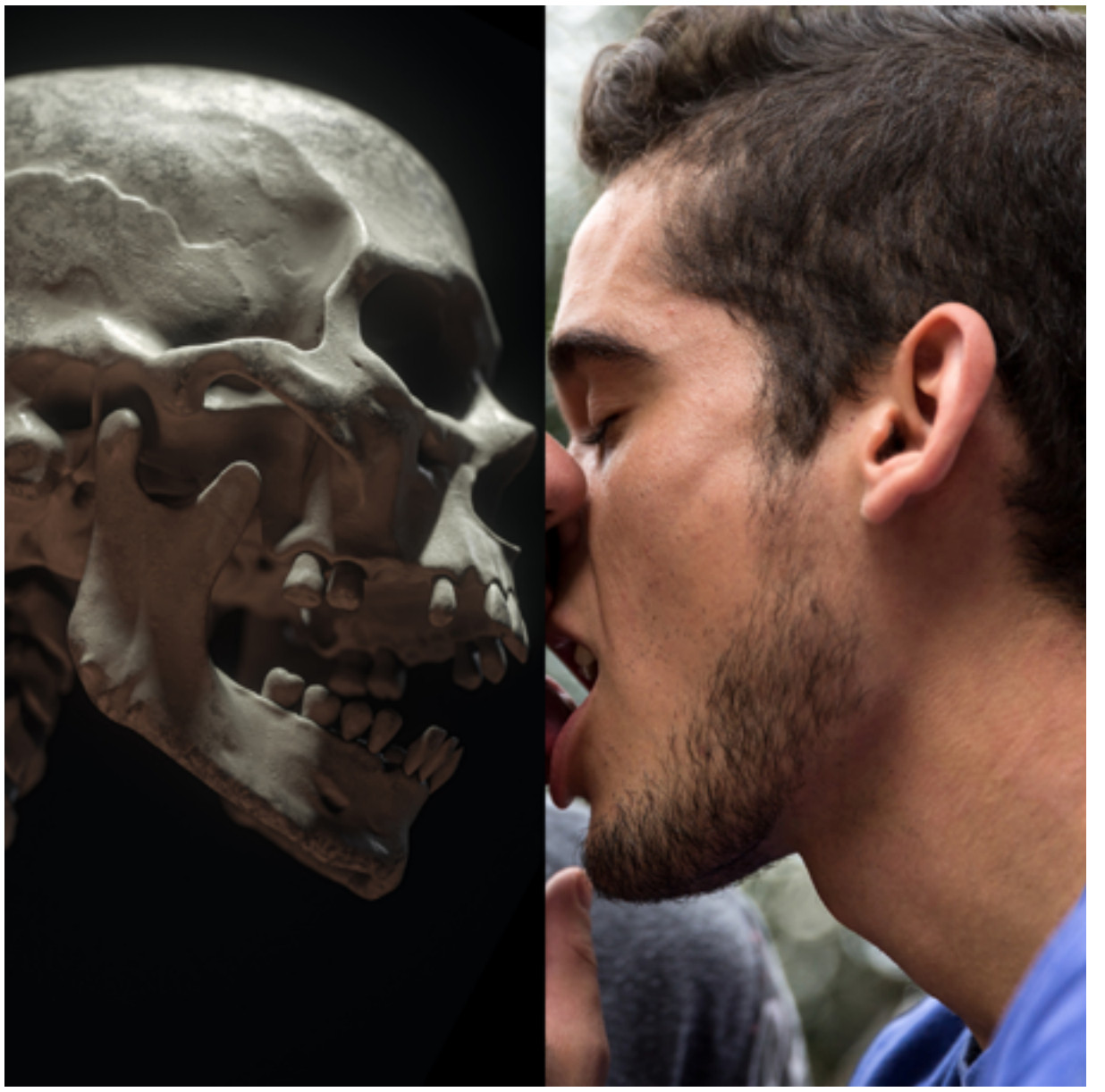
Plastic Eros

Se meurt of love



Fleur d'Épine

Se meurt of love



Dust Kiss

Le Grand Vide

He Hides Under His Shadow

series no.4

He Hides Under His Shadow

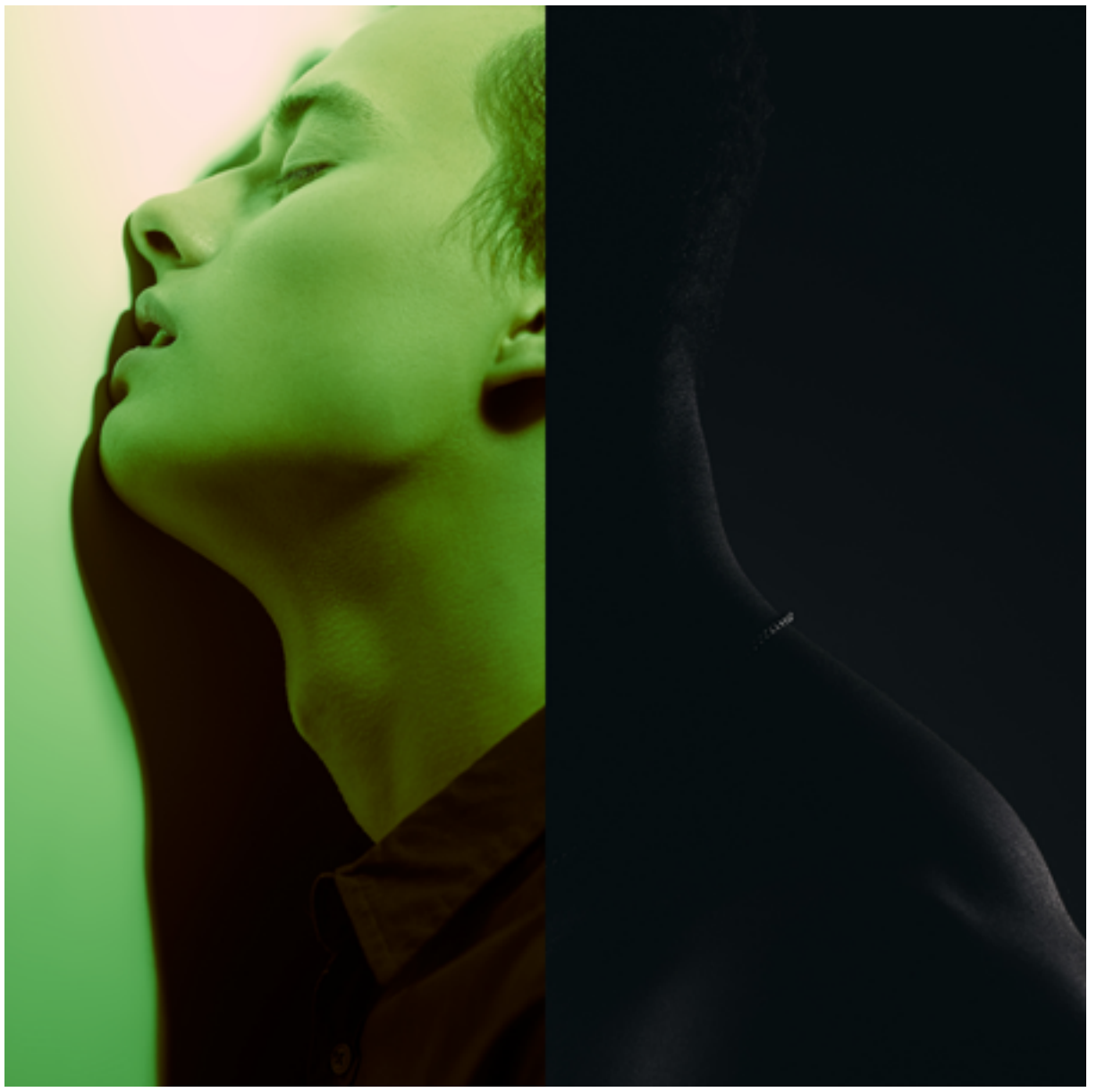
I came across the sentence *'il se cache sous son ombre'* in Eric Chevillard's latest novel, *La Chambre à Brouillard*.
I'm drawn to the poetic weight of these words; they transport me back to my own universe.
In my perception, shadow isn't so much about darkness in a negative sense. It's more about the concept of mystery, of what lies hidden within it. The shadow veils certain parts of the Whole, becoming a catalyst for imagination.
It also shelters us from prying eyes, safeguarding our intimacy. It envelops our bodies, blurring the contours like a shroud of black fog.
The world then turns ethereal and uncertain.

This act of seeking refuge in shadows is a means to combat the harshness of day and all its conventions. It's a plunge into a realm of subtle forms, allowing our minds to unfurl their own subversive nature.

He Hides Under His Shadow

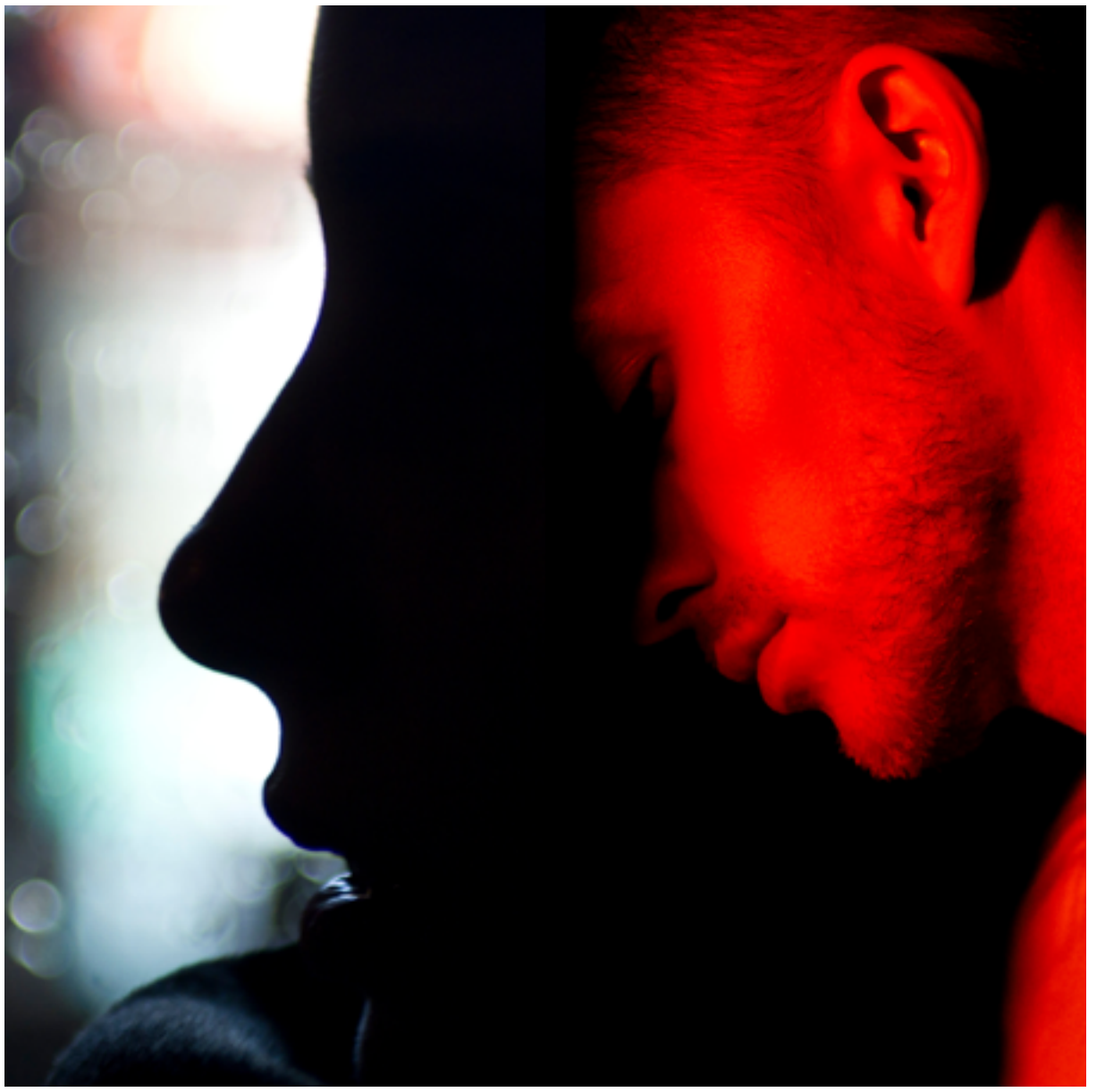
Color of Darkness

He Hides Under His Shadow



At Night, He Is the Dream and the Ghost

He Hides Under His Shadow



À l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs

He Hides Under His Shadow

Wagahai Wa Neko De Aru

He Hides Under His Shadow

La Face Cachée

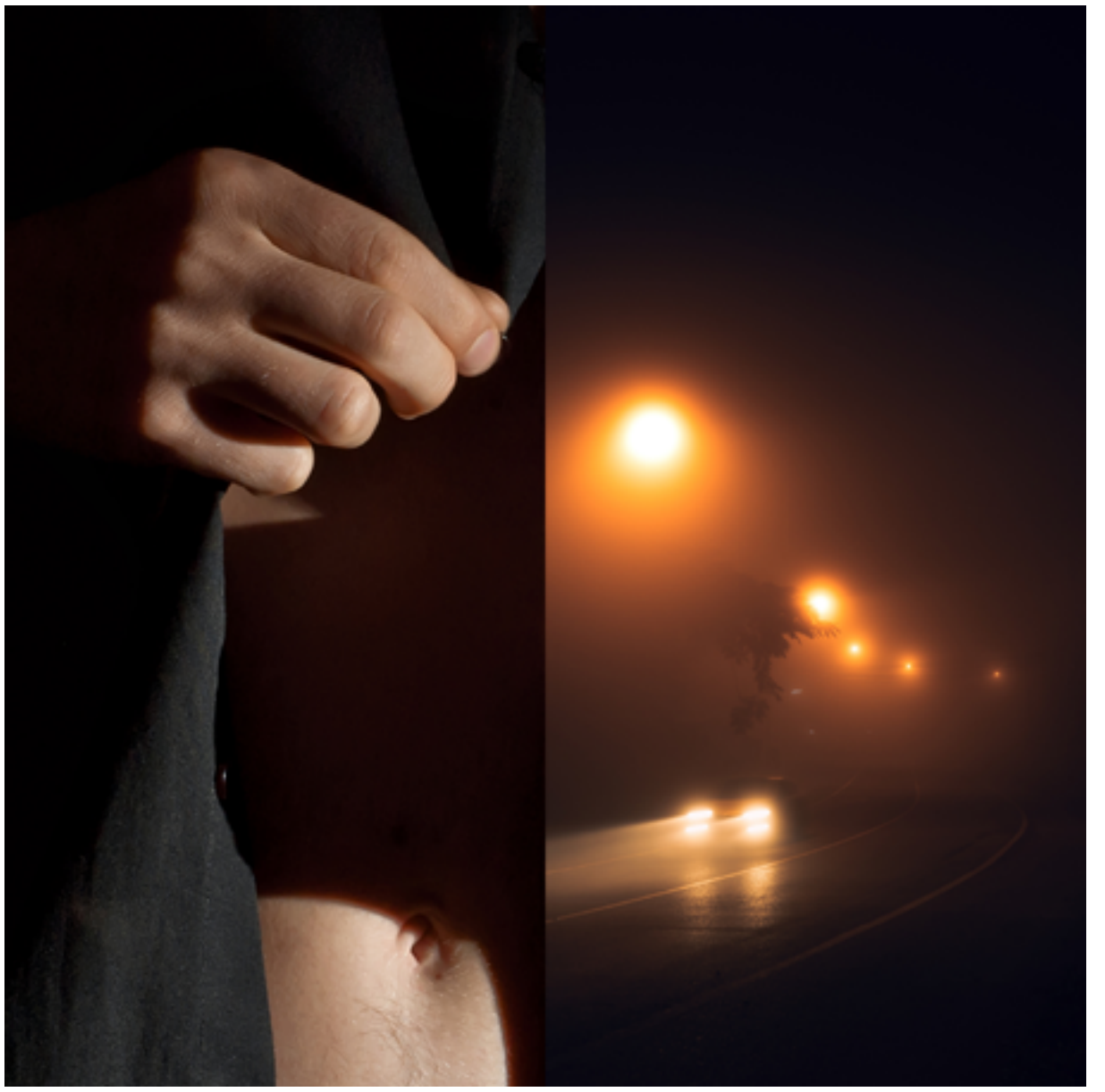
He Hides Under His Shadow

Cache-Cœur

He Hides Under His Shadow

Moonlight Serenade

He Hides Under His Shadow



Nightbird

He Hides Under His Shadow

Blackout

Le Grand Vide

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