

Le pré, la chambre et la culture des PRESENCES

L'art n'a pas de secret, parce qu'il est le lieu manifeste et déclaré de tous les secrets. De même qu'il est difficile d'apprendre à un vieux singe à faire des grimaces, de même il est difficile avec l'art de mentir, puisqu'il n'est pas, en l'espèce de domaine plus mensonger que lui.

—Bernard Marcadé, *Éloge du mauvais esprit*

Le monde a ses intrigues et ses contradictions. L'art aurait le pouvoir de les recréer, non de les résoudre. La pratique de la sculpture est selon moi une histoire de curiosité, de mise en forme des aspects énigmatiques et ambivalents de notre comportement vis-à-vis des êtres et des choses qui nous entourent. Mon activité s'applique à organiser une diversité de signes, à faire concorder différentes temporalités pour recréer un climat à la fois proche et lointain où les figures du paysage et de l'univers domestique s'entrecroisent pour révéler un contenu fuyant, un contenu au plus près des affections du voir. C'est une manière d'amorcer des récits qui (re)bondissent comme autant de questions sur les résistances du savoir. Je ne construis donc pas des objets pour illustrer le réel dans ses dimensions logiques et objectives, mais plutôt pour le pénétrer dans ses défaillances.

Chaque fois que j'invente une nouvelle sculpture, c'est comme si je retrouvais la poupée russe de mon enfance. Ouvrir une après l'autre les petites figures me rassurait. J'essayais de nouvelles combinaisons, oubliant le plus souvent les motifs peints en surface pour mieux imaginer des petits bols lisses, courbes et réguliers... jusqu'à ce que je bute sur le plus petit rejeton. La figure la plus incomplète

The Meadow, the Room and the Culture of PRESENCES

Art has no secrets because it is the avowed dwelling place for all secrets. Just as it is difficult to teach an old dog

new tricks, so is it difficult for art to lie, since it could not be in a more deceitful domain than it already is.

—Bernard Marcadé, *Éloge du mauvais esprit (Praise of the Troublemaker)*

The world has its intrigues and its contradictions. Art should have the ability to recreate, but not resolve them. The practice of sculpture is, in my opinion, a story about curiosity, about putting into form those enigmatic, ambivalent aspects of our behavior towards beings and things around us. My work involves organizing a diversity of signs in order to make different temporalities agree; to recreate a climate at once near and distant where the figures of both landscape and the domestic environment intersect and reveal a fleeting, evasive content—a content very near to an affliction of one's sight. This is a way to begin an account which brings up (again) all of those questions about the "limits of knowledge". So, allow me to assert that I do not construct objects to illustrate reality in its logical and objective dimensions, but rather to penetrate it by exploiting its weaknesses.

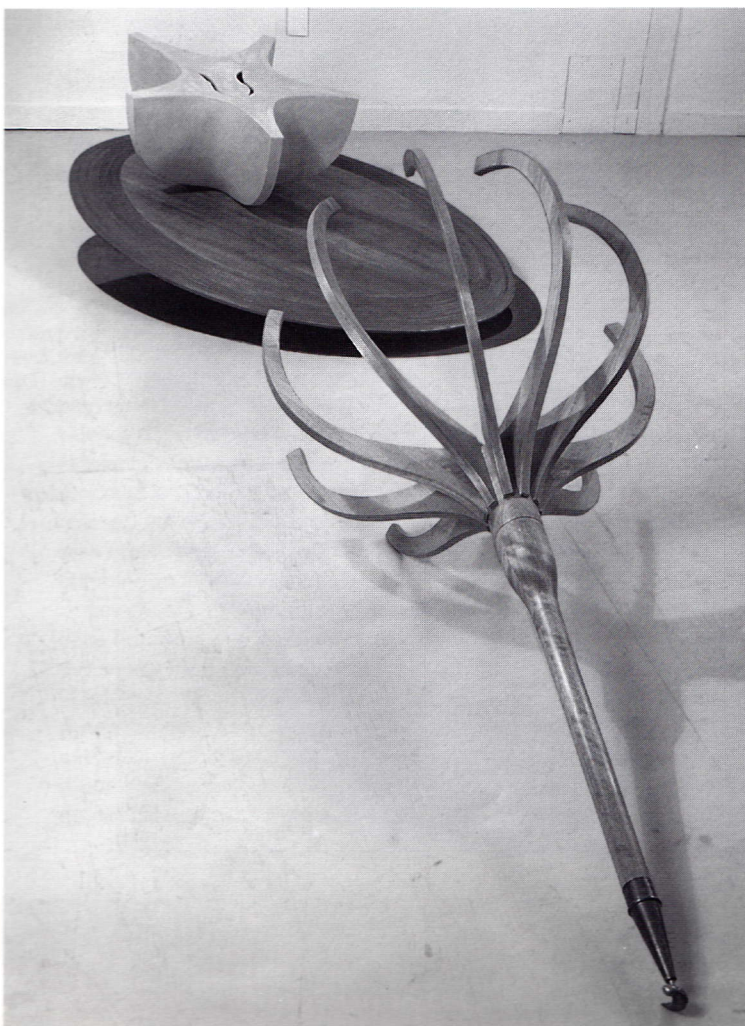
Each time that I invent a new sculpture it is as if I am rediscovering my childhood Russian Dolls. Opening the little figurines one after another used to put my mind at ease. I would try different combinations, more often than not forgetting about the designs painted on the surface to more clearly imagine the smooth, curved, consistent little bowls... until I would come to the smallest doll. The most incomplete and yet most accomplished of the figures was finished from a little body made out of coloured wood... Reassembled and back on the shelf, the mother of the dolls showed the wear and tear of all these games... while I retained the unsettled feelings aroused during the course of play.

I always spend a good deal of time manipulating elements before establishing the true point-of-departure for a work. I pay particular attention to those objects I come upon amidst my daily routines, those items which contain an anterior signification of my presence. The work of creating, much like dreaming, refutes our understanding of reality. It presupposes a glitch within the vast domain of the possible, an identification with the object latched on to in order to revive said object in a different way via, in this instance, the tangible means of sculpture. The moment in time which I am describing is that brief instant of a glance which anticipates the coincidences between the imaginary and material resistance, between the psychological world and the physical world. And since each new beginning feeds itself from a primordial desire for change, delight comes in catching oneself in the midst of "doing" while the spirit seems to be yet absorbed in "the doing". The practice nourishes itself upon the confidence gained through establishing the first link in a long chain of actions. One's awareness is heightened in preparation to receive new images. A network of signification is then on the verge of becoming apparent.

The Memory-Site

At this stage in the process, iconic references and also the techniques which are to take them in hand begin to

Danielle Sauv 



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Plage, silons,
1992-1993. Bois,
acier, laiton,
huile et pigments
Wood, earthen-
ware, brass, oil
and pigments. 47
x 100 x 135 cm /
172 x 72 x 200 cm.
Photo: Danielle
Hebert