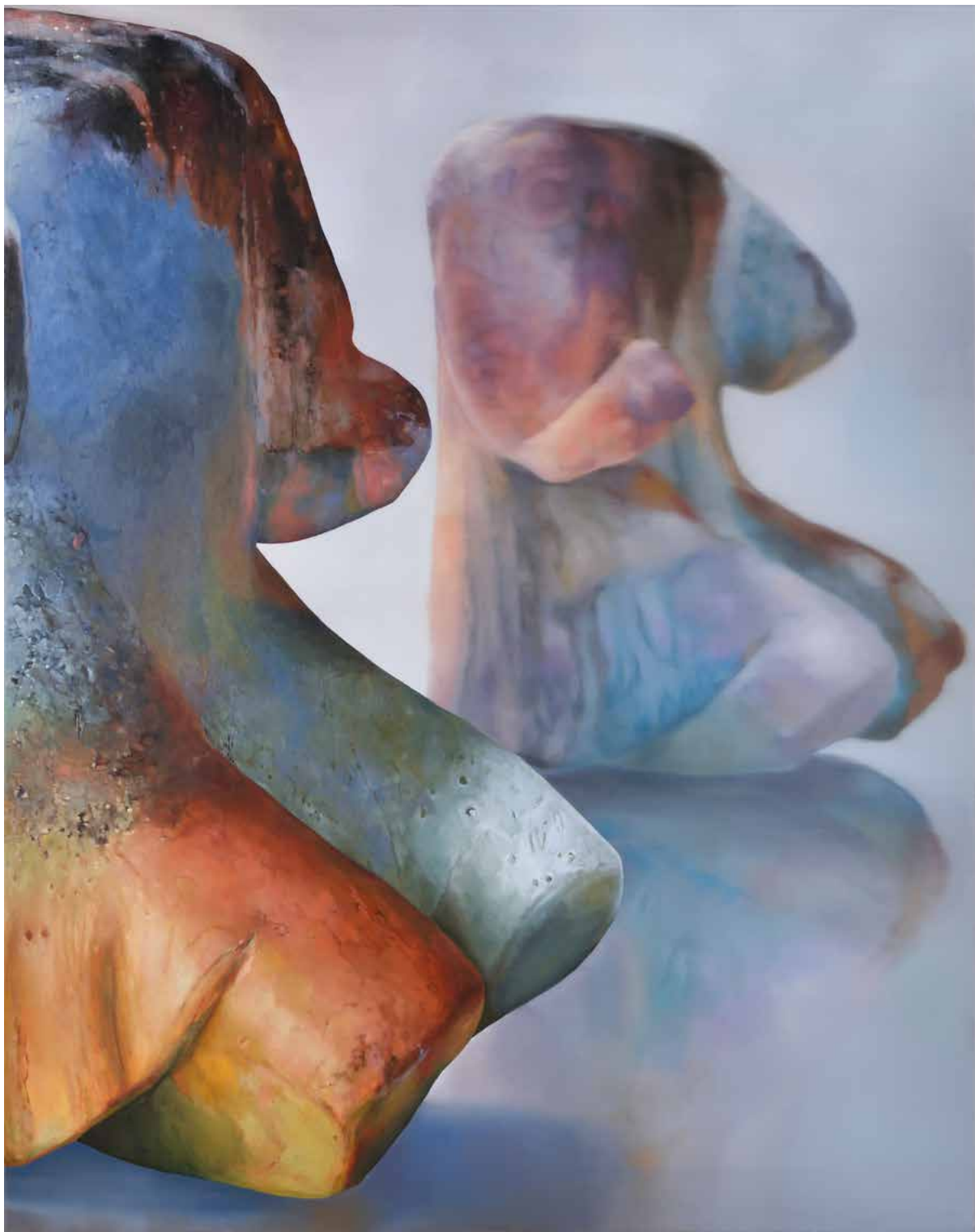




Maude Maris



Big Body, 2020, 190 x 150 cm, oil on canvas

Exhibition view : *Carnaire*, Les Ateliers Vortex, Dijon, 2020



Communautés, 2020, 300 x 180 cm, oil on canvas, *At the Window*, 60 x 50 cm, 2020, oil on canvas

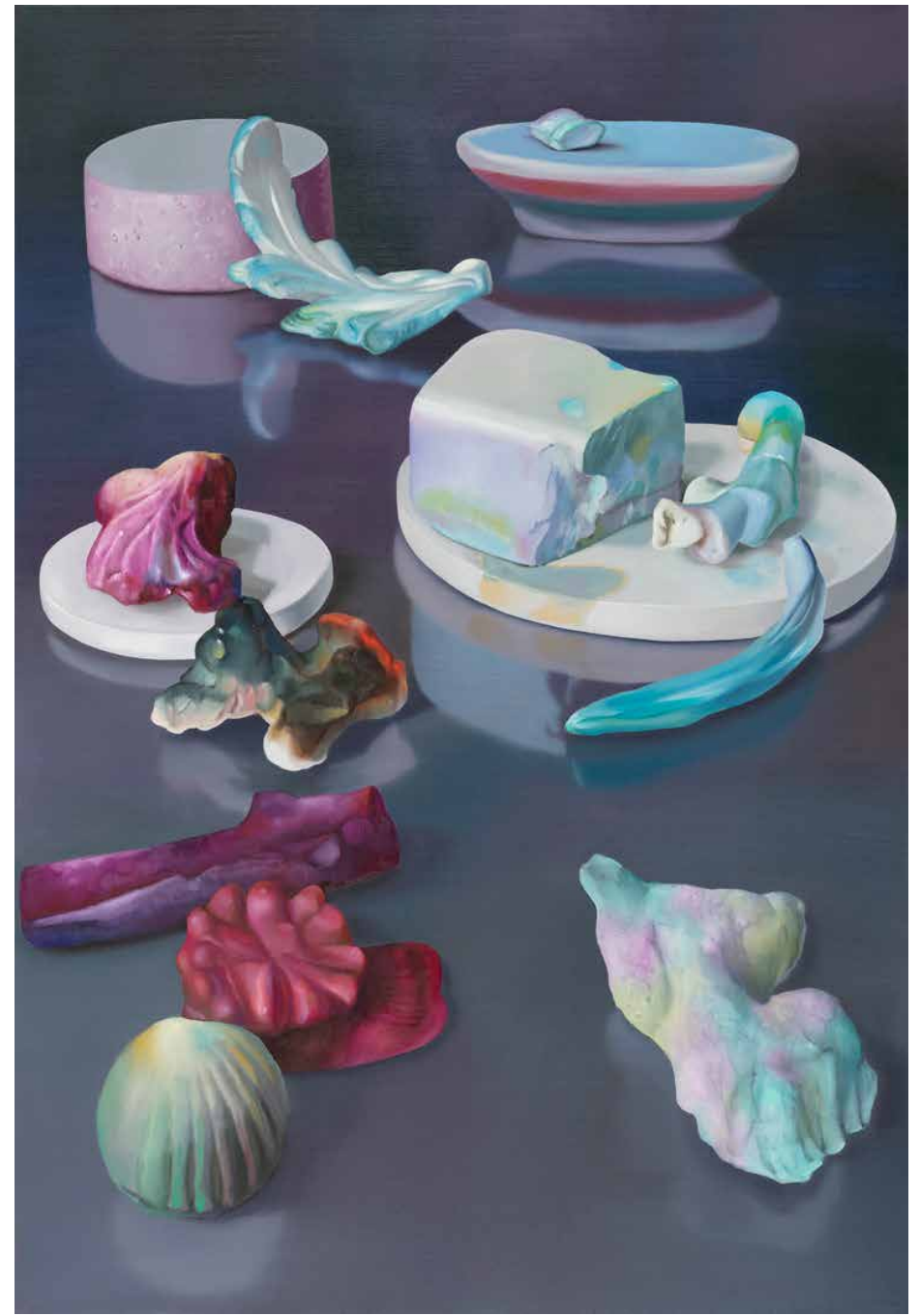
Exhibition view : *White Spirit*, Memento, Auch, 2020



Some Rules, 2019, 190 x 90 cm, oil on canvas
Sans-titre, 2019, 37 x 31 x 17 cm, plaster and ink



Floating, 2019, 40 x 30 cm, oil on canvas

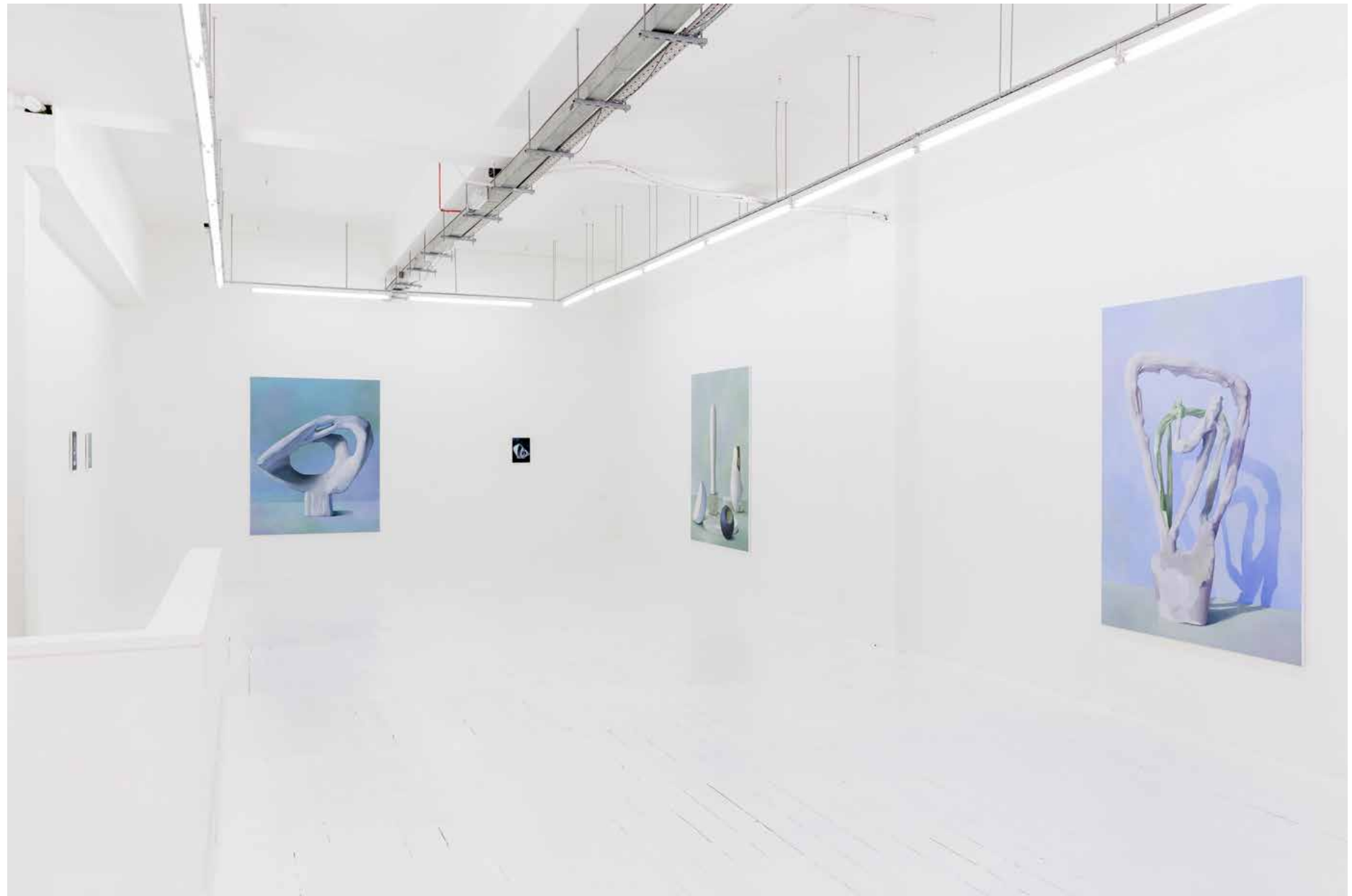


After them, for them, 2018, 130 x 89 cm, oil on canvas



When Memory is full (a homage to Emily Dickinson), 2018, 220 x 160 cm, oil on canvas

Exhibition view : *Who Wants to Look at Somebody's Face*, Pi Artworks, London, 2018





Monument, 2017, 190 x 150 cm, oil on canvas

Exhibition view : *Etat des lieux*, LaVallée, Brussels, 2018



Dino, 2018, 220 x 160 cm, oil on canvas

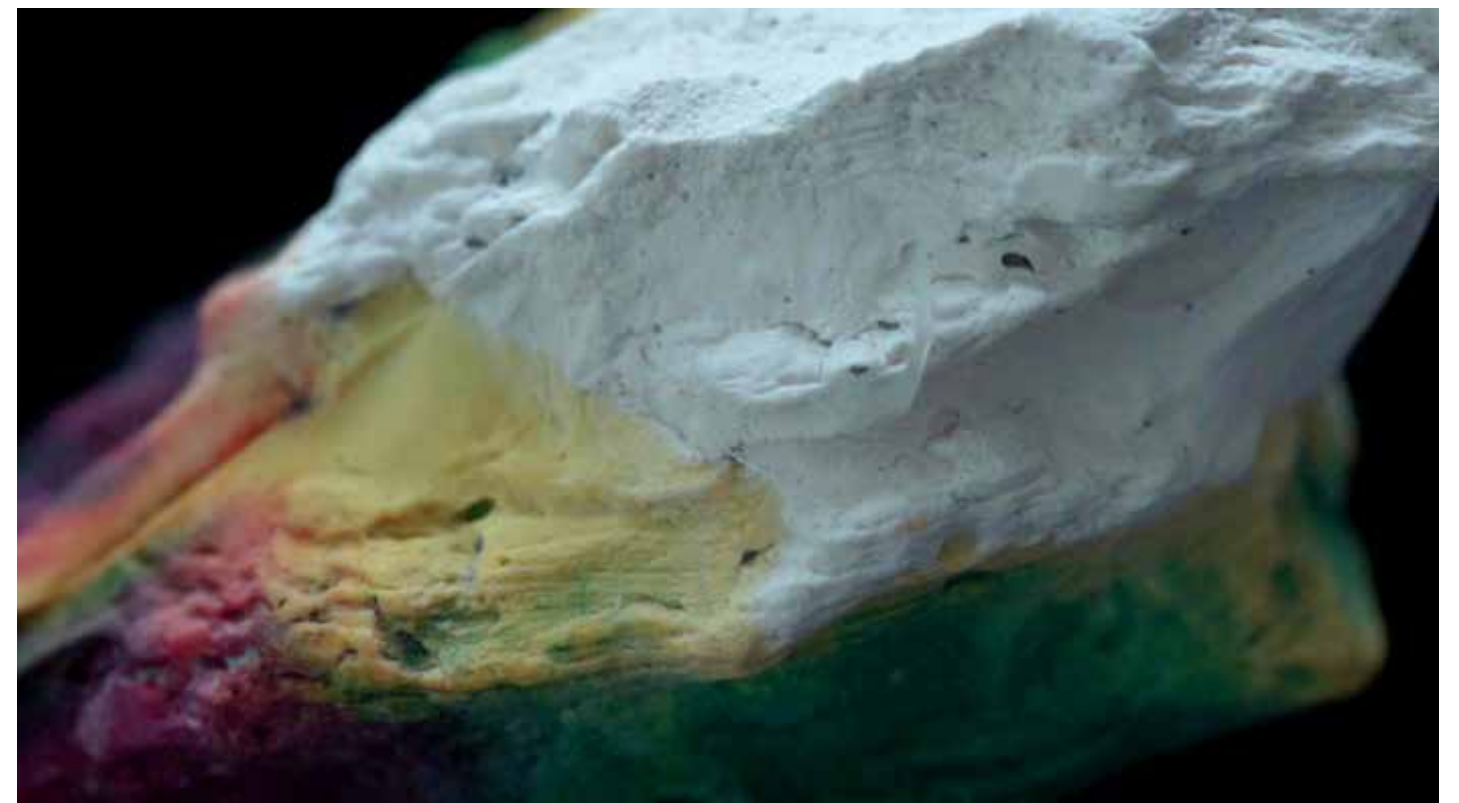
Exhibition view : *Souvenirs de Téthys* Chapelle Jeanne d’Arc, Thouars, 2018
installation 280 x 500 x 900 cm



Neptune, 2018, 220 x 160 cm, oil on canvas



Red Heart, 2018, 220 x 160 cm, oil on canvas



Souvenirs de Téthys, 2018
video HD, 12 mn

Production Centre d'art La Chapelle Jeanne d'Arc, Thouars



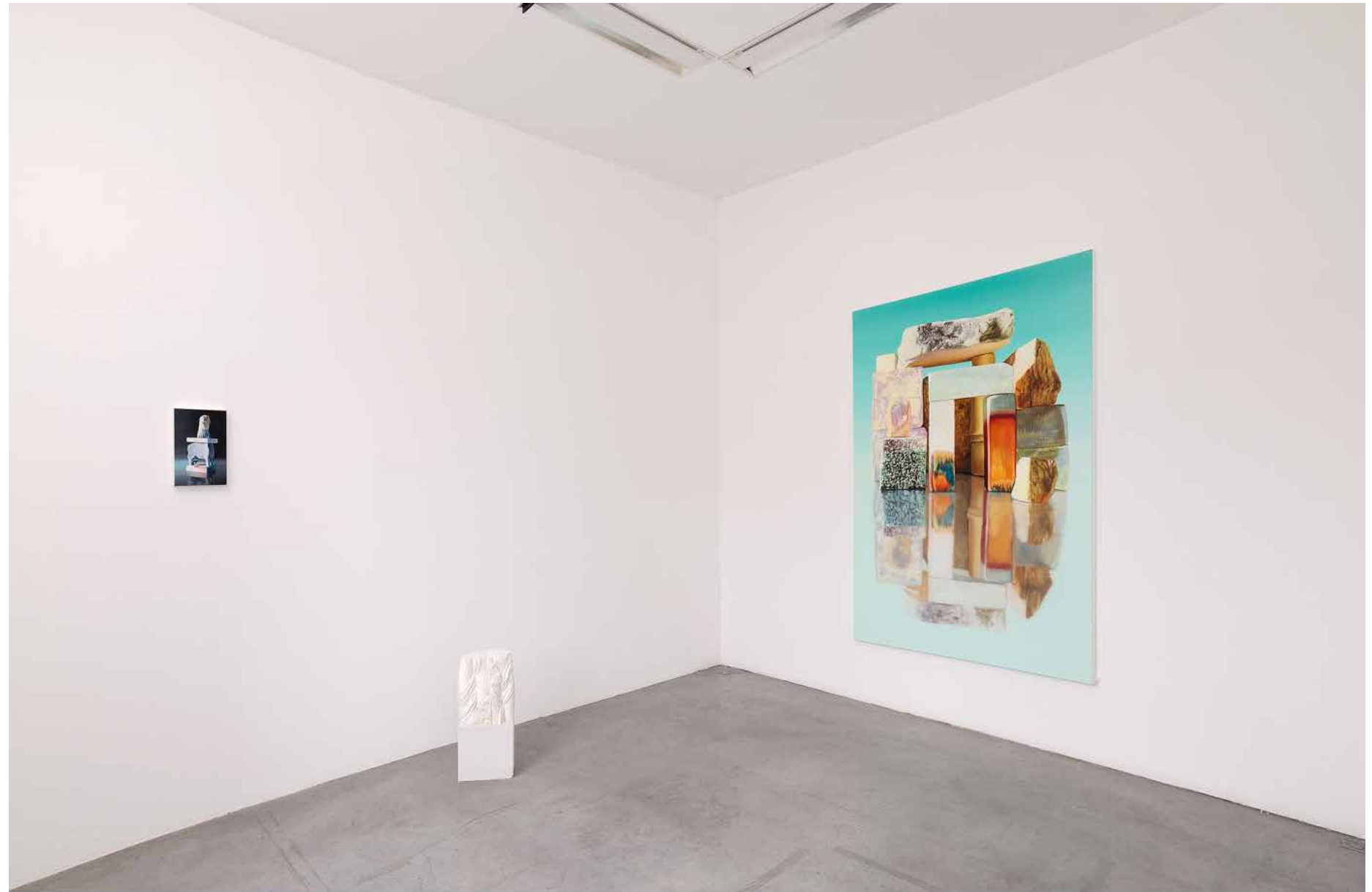
Exhibition view : *Anatolian Studies*,
 EMBAC Châteauroux, 2017
Pardalis, 2017, 220 x 160 cm , oil on canvas
Les Souffleurs, 2017, 206 x 40 x 116 cm, plaster, paper, ink

Parèdre, 2017, 220 x 160 cm, oil on canvas



Sceptre, 2016, 45 x 9 cm, plaster and ink
Big Io, 2016, 190 x 130 cm, oil on canvas

Exhibition view : *Antique romance*
 Pi Artworks, Istanbul, 2016



Farwest, 2015, 160 x 130 cm, oil on canvas
 Exhibition view : *Votive*, VOG, Fontaine,
 Résidence Saint-Ange (Grenoble), 2016



Exhibition view : *Votive*, VOG, Fontaine,
2016, Résidence Saint-Ange (Grenoble)
Voltes, 2015, 190 x 270 cm, oil on canvas



Monologue, 2015, 120 x 90 cm, oil on canvas
Exhibition view : *Votive*, VOG, Fontaine, 2016



Vestales, 2015, 150 x 250 cm, oil on canvas



Exhibition view :
Nemeton, Musée des Beaux-arts de Rennes,
 Programmation Outsite de 40mcube, 2015

Reconstitution, 2015, 195 x 130 cm, oil on canvas
 (Collection Musée des Beaux-arts de Rennes)



Douceurs, 2013, 130 x 195 cm, oil on canvas

Exhibition view : *Un rêve habité*, Maison des Arts, Grand-Quevilly, 2013



Podium, 2013, 195 x 130 cm, oil on canvas

Exhibition view :
À demi, en équilibre, 2011, 219 x 235 x 360 cm, Ateliers Höherweg, Düsseldorf, 2018



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and PI Artworks Londres/Istanbul

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www.piartworks.com

EDUCATION

2010 Post-Diplôme Kunstakademie Düsseldorf, classe prof. Hubert Kiecol, intégration art et architecture.
2003 DIPLOME NATIONAL SUPERIEUR D’EXPRESSION PLASTIQUE
(Mention pour la démarche) Ecole des beaux-arts de Caen.

SOLO EXHIBITIONS

2020 *Carnaire*, Ateliers Vortex, Dijon
Blackbox du Manoir, curated by Frédéric Houvert, Manoir de Mouthier-Haute-Pierre
2019 *Equinoxes*, Camille Fournet, Paris
2018 *Souvenirs de Téthys*, Centre d’Art Chapelle Jeanne d’Arc, Thouars
Solo show, Pi Artworks, Londres
Recast, Espace à Vendre, Nice
2017 *Les grands profils*, Galerie Isabelle Gounod, Paris
Anatolian studies, Galerie de l’EMBAC, Châteauroux
2016 *Antique Romance*, Pi Artworks, Istanbul
A claire-voie, Galerie de l’Etrave, Thonon-les-bains
Votive, Résidence Saint-Ange, VOG, Fontaine
2015 *Foyer*, Galerie Isabelle Gounod, Paris
Nemeton, Musée des beaux-arts de Rennes, programmation Outsite de 40mcube
Les Noctambules, Théâtre de Caen
2013 *Réserve lapidaire*, Galerie Isabelle Gounod, Paris
Table des matières, Galerie Duchamp, Yvetot
Élévation, L’art dans les chapelles, Pontivy (56)
Exposition des lauréats du prix de Novembre à Vitry, Galerie municipale de Vitry-sur-Seine
Deux temps, un mouvement, Chez Robert
2012 *Rêver d’abîme, élever le doute*, Artothèque, Conseil régional and Hypertopie, Caen
Entre cour et jardin, Maison des Arts, Malakoff
2011 *A demi, en équilibre*, ateliers Höherweg, Düsseldorf
2010 *Vues intérieures* Galerie du CAUE, Limoges (87)
Deux horizons, Chapelle des Calvairiennes, Mayenne (53)
2009 *Archétypes*, Carré Noir / Le Safran, Amiens (80)
2008 *Points de vue*, Château de la Louvière, Montluçon (03)

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

2020 *La Vie Silencieuse*, CAPA, Aubervilliers
White Spirit, Memento, Auch
Picturalité(s), Maison des Arts de Malakoff
Les fleurs de l’été sont les rêves de l’hiver racontés (...), Galerie Praz-Delavallade, Paris
5 ans de la Résidence Saint-Ange, 24 rue Beaubourg, Paris
Sleep Disorders, l’anniversaire, épisode 21, L’ahah, Paris
2019 *In constant use*, Grandine, London
Some of us, Büdelsdorf, Germany
Artissima, with PiArtworks, Torino
Paris Peinture Plus, MR14 Gallery, Paris
Paris Peinture Plus, Galerie Slika, Lyon
Etat des Lieux, LaVallée, Bruxelles
Festin, curated by La Source, Esplanade de La Défense, Paris
Novembre à Vitry/50, Galerie Jean-Collet, Vitry/Seine, France
2018 *Art Basel Hong-Kong*, Pi Artworks, Hong-Kong
Azur et Bermudes, curated by Joël Riff at ART-O-RAMA, Marseille
Double jeu, FRAC Auvergne’s collection, Musée d’Art et d’Archéologie d’Aurillac
La Malle, Sleep disorders, Kosmetiksalon Babette, Berlin
La Malle, Sleep disorders, Under Construction Gallery, Paris
La Malle, Sleep disorders, Greylight Projects, Brussels
2017 *Art Basel Hong-Kong*, Pi Artworks, Hong-Kong
O! Watt up, de Watteau et du Théâtre, MABA, Nogent-sur-Marne
Peindre, dit-elle [Chap.2], curated by Julie Crenn, Musée des Beaux-arts de Dole
Objets à réaction, Galerie Isabelle Gounod, Paris
Drawing now, Galerie Isabelle Gounod, Carré du Temple, Paris
Monts et merveilles, curated by La Maison, Le Bel Ordinaire, Pau
2016 *5 ans du Prix Jean-François Prat*, Palais de Tokyo, Paris
WW com Julie Crenn, Maison des Arts Rosa Bonheur, Chevilly Larue
Intrigantes incertitudes, Musée d’Art Moderne et Contemporain de Saint-Etienne
De leur temps 5, collections de l’ADIAF, IAC de Villeurbanne
Drawing now, Galerie Isabelle Gounod, Carré du Temple, Paris
True Mirror, Espace Communes, Paris
3 collectionneurs autrement #3, Été 78, Bruxelles
A quoi tient la beauté des étreintes, FRAC Auvergne, Clermont-Ferrand
YIA Art Fair #06, Galerie Isabelle Gounod, le Louise 186, Bruxelles
Histoires de formes, Les tanneries, Amilly
2015 *CI, Contemporary Istanbul*, Pi Artworks, Istanbul
Salon Zürcher, Galerie Isabelle Gounod, New-York
Postscript : Correspondent Works, curated by Ashlee Conery, artQ13, Rome
L’Heure du loup : sommeil profond, curated by Sleep Disorders, La Box, Bourges
Drawing now, Galerie Isabelle Gounod, Carré du Temple, Paris
Rétrospective Chez Robert, Frac Franche-Comté, Besançon
Outrage, com. Matthieu Buard, G8, cité des arts, Paris
Raffineries, with Samara Scott and Octave Rimbert-Rivière, Moly Sabata
Heaven is a place where nothing ever happens, curated by Ashlee Conery, Pi Artworks, Londres
Sculptures, curated by Loïc Blairon, with Marion Verboom, La Permanence, Clermont-Ferrand
Ligne aveugle, curated by H. Pernet and H. Schüwer-Boss ISBA, Besançon
Nominés pour le Prix Jean-François Prat, with Raphaëlle Ricol and Philippe Decrauzat, Paris
Peindre dit-elle, com. Julie Crenn, Musée d’art contemporain de Rochechouart
La chapelle Fifteen, 15 ans de la Chapelle des calvairiennes, Mayenne
Kalos Kagathos, curated by Elsa Delage and Anaïs Lepage, Chezkit, Pantin
Recto/verso , Amac, Fondation Louis Vuitton, Paris

2014 (OFF)ICIELLE, FIAC, les docs, Galerie Isabelle Gounod, Paris
Art is hope, Piasa, Paris
Les esthétiques d’un monde désenchanté, CAC de Meymac
Nouvelles acquisitions, Fondation Colas, Boulogne-Billancourt
Outresol 2, curated by Mathieu Buard & Joël Riff, Hospitalité Johan Fleury de Witte, Paris
Acquisitions récentes / Collection L’Artothèque, Palais Ducal, Caen

2013 Drawing now, Galerie Isabelle Gounod, Carrousel du Louvre, Paris
Un rêve habité, Maison des Arts de Grand-Quevilly(76)

2003 Le jour de la sirène, by Christophe Cuzin à Paris 2012 Salon de Montrouge
Drawing now, Salon du dessin, Galerie Isabelle Gounod, Carrousel du Louvre, Paris
T’as de beaux angles..., curated by 2Angles, POCTB, Orléans

2011 Espèces de scènes, curated by Philippe Piguet, ateliers Plessix-Madeuc, CREC, Dinan(22)
Dépeindre, Kurt forever/Chamalot, 6B, Paris
Nuit blanche, Chapelle des Calvairiennes, Mayenne (57)
Diep, le modernisme, Frac Haute-Normandie, Dieppe (76)

2010 Die Beschreibung der Welt, die Wg in Malkasten, Düsseldorf
Rundgang, Kunstakademie Düsseldorf

2008 Les Transitives 2 Angles à Flers (61)

2006 3ème biennale d’art contemporain de Bourges

2005 L’Art et la ville, Orangerie du Sénat à Paris

2004 Mulhouse 004. (création contemporaine issue des écoles d’art)
Jeune Création, à la grande halle de la Villette à Paris

COLLECTIONS

Musée des Beaux-arts de Rennes
FRAC Auvergne, FRAC Basse-Normandie, FRAC Haute-Normandie
Fonds Emerige
Fonds de dotation Bredin Prat pour l’Art Contemporain
Soho House
Fondation Bel
Artothèque de Caen
Fondation Colas
Fonds Shakers
Soho House, Paris

GRANT, RESIDENCIES, AWARDS

2019 SJ150 Residency, com Asli Seven, Istanbul

2018 Equinoxes, residency program, Camille Fournet, Paris

2016 Cité internationale des arts, Paris

2015 Finalist, Prix Jean-François Prat, France
Résidence saint-Ange, arch. Odile Decq, Grenoble

2014 Nominated for le Prix Canson

2013 Nominated for le prix Antoine Marin 2013, Arcueil

2012 Awarded for Prix de Novembre à Vitry

2011 Résidence aux ateliers Höherweg, Düsseldorf
Résidence le Plessix-Madeuc

2010 Chamalot-Résidence d’artistes. (19)
DAAD Grant, Kunstakademie Düsseldorf, prof. Hubert Kiecol, art and architecture

2008 Shakers Residency, Montluçon, France

2006 Grant, DRAC Basse-Normandie

PUBLICATIONS, PRESS

2020 L’Atelier A, Arte
Merci pour la visite, podcast, by Anne Bourassé
Borderless, Anatolian Studies, by Huo Rf & Melek Gençer

2019 Beaux-Arts Magazine, Novembre 2019, by Maïlis Celeux-Lanval
Artnmag, by Elora Weill-Engerer

2018 Le Quotidien de l’art, by François Salmeron

2017 Horst und Edeltraut, interview by Johanna Moers and Cosima Bucarelli
Elefant, by Emily Steers
Point contemporain, by Laurence Gossart
Slash magazine, by Guillaume Benoît
Connaissance des arts, by Marie Maertens

2016 Initiales n°8 about Nathalie du Pasquier
Les Inrocks, (web), Drawing Now, by Mathilde Urfalino
Beaux Arts Magazine, dossier peinture, by Judicaël Lavrador
Art absolument, à claire-voie, by Marie-Astrid Vandesande
Point contemporain (revue), interview with Valérie Toubas and Daniel Guionnet

2015 Les carnets de la création, France Culture, Aude Lavigne
Code Magazine n°10, les nominés du Prix J.F Prat
Art Absolument n°64, dossier l’expérience du dessin, text by Eric Suchère
Kunstbeeld.nl, by Nanda Janssen
Kaltblut-magazine.com, by Fleur Helluin
Alter Zeitgeist, Marielle Chabal, édition Sextant et Plus

2014 Art Press n°407, janvier 2014, Introducing by Julie Crenn
Slash paris, Outresol, text by Léa Chauvel-Lévy
Le quotidien de l’art, Nominated for Jean-François Prat Award 2015

2013 Table des matières, éd. galerie Duchamp, éditorial conception : documentation céline duval
Catalogue de l’exposition des lauréats du prix de Novembre à Vitry, text by Eva Prouteau
Catalogue L’art dans les chapelles, text by Alice Laguarda
Télérama/sortir, Réserve lapidaire, Galerie Isabelle Gounod, text by Laurent Boudier

2012 Artothèque, Région et Galerie Hypertopie à Caen, text by Eric Suchère
Salon de Montrouge, text by Dominique Païni

2011 En l’image le monde, Jérémy Liron, Editions la Termitière
Semaine n°287, les Ateliers du Plessix-Madeuc, text by Philippe Piguet. éd. analogues

2010 Revue Laura, n°9, avril-juin 2010, text by Yann Ricordel
Entwürfe zur Umgestaltung der Kirche St.Aloysius, Kuntakademie Düsseldorf

2009 Traits pour traits, collection de dessins du Frac Haute-Normandie

2008 Catalogue Shakers, text by Frédéric Bouglé

2007 Peinture et photographie, Jean-Luc Chalumeau, éditions du Chêne

TEXTS

Amélie Lucas-Gary (Translation Jeffrey Zuckerman)
Carnaire / Les Ateliers Vortex, Dijon
2020

On Friday, March 13, I had plans with Maude to see her latest paintings; I got to Malakoff in the early afternoon. I'd already been and what I remembered of the building was the odd lack of windows on one side. I buzzed Maris before going up the elevator, my hands behind my back until I was in front of her door.

As I entered, I had no mask on; we didn't kiss each other's cheeks. I washed my hands in the kitchen while Maude made coffee. Her workspace hadn't changed since my last visit, three years earlier; it was stark, I might say rather spartan, and the painting studio's immense proportions caught me by surprise after such a cramped hallway: the ceilings were still high, and the bay window overlooked the empty terrace, its sky. On the shelves were tiny painted figurines and, on the walls, radiant that day, the huge flesh-eating paintings. We started by drinking coffee and talking about the virus, the way things were going in the world, and our projects soon to be put on hold: Maude wondered whether she would be able to leave the next day for Istanbul where her residency at a school was supposed to begin; as for me, I was trying to figure out everything that might change in my precarious life—border closings, curfews, lockdowns, deaths. At that time I was drifting through the various apartments of my friends.

Sitting on a stool, in the middle of the rather empty room, I wasn't sure where to look, but we talked about archaeology and Çatal Höyük, an Anatolian site excavated in 1951. Maude explained that in this sprawling Neolithic village, for lack of streets, people entered homes by roofs; the dead were buried beneath the floorboards, hearths, platforms in larger rooms, the bodies of newborns were placed under doorsteps. She also told me about how, every eighty years or so, the houses were torn down and rebuilt exactly as they had been, on the foundations of the previous ones.

We talked about that, and about Alice. Maude showed me the provisional title of her forthcoming exhibition, "Flamingo Croquet," which immediately reminded me of those terrifying images from the Disney film: the queen and her cut-off heads, the red on the paintbrushes splattering onto the playing cards. We looked at her paintings. If I could have, I would have walked around them. If I could have held them in my hand, I would have turned them over. I don't know whether Maude was looking at them that way, but I had an inexplicable feeling that she wasn't telling me everything.

We talked about patterns, colors, and technique, and then what she sought out in painting, which I found touching. Maude was set on painting what could not be seen in reality: the part, the whole. I wondered as I listened to her whether this meant her paintings didn't draw on reality. She wrote in her email: "I also see painting as a way to be in the world, to be both deep within it and properly far away from it. To experience an event emotionally and at a distance, to be inside it and outside it, a constant feeling of being on the interior while being exterior to it."

I wasn't sure if these lines were articulating theoretical considerations, or if Maude was talking about her own experience of existing, and this uncertainty didn't displease me. We talked about this vision she was creating; we were talking about it when her phone rang. She looked at who it was; even before she picked up, she seemed worried. Then I heard the voice on the other end of the line: it was her gallery's owner, I imagine, talking very loudly and hurriedly, with a slight accent. I understood that Maude had to take a plane early this evening, because the next day all international flights would be canceled. She finally hung up, a bit shaken, uncertain. I was still thinking about her email: "Painting itself is what allowed me to figure out the part and whole, to get a grip on both the material and the immaterial."

I don't remember how we settled on it, but everything seemed to come together very organically: we decided that I would stay at her place until she came back. Maude packed her bags, throwing together a few clothes, carefully stowing her supplies and a few books. She was anxious; I could see her hands trembling as she zipped her suitcases shut. We agreed that I'd watch the cat she didn't have time to take to her friend as originally planned. I had a few things in my car and I figured that, to write this text, it would be perfect to live with these artworks.

At 6 pm Maude rushed out of the art studio for the airport; it was still daylight out. The sky through the bay window was a striking pink. We had no way to know that things and people would stay where they were for nearly two months. I started by doing the shopping, far too much for a single person, then I changed the sheets and cleaned the place. My chronic asthma meant I would be paranoid not just about the virus, but also about dust and pollen, and so I ended up not leaving the place again for the next two weeks.

I decided to live and sleep in the huge painting studio where I'd dragged Maude's mattress. Changing rooms worried me: I felt like something was happening behind my back. Staying in the same space staved off this disagreeable impression—my paranoia. I never managed to pull down the roller shade, and so I rose with the sun every morning. I kept up with the world news. I read Maude's books, especially those complicated philosophical essays I wasn't in the habit of poring through. I didn't really see her work on the walls anymore, but I distinctly felt it watching me.

It was during the day, the fifth one, that everything started to tremble visibly. I started seeing the world the way the paintings invited me to; it might have gone a bit beyond what Maude was hoping to have accomplished. The paintings' subjects, my belongings, the furniture, and the materials began expanding in the room: their outlines faded but did not quite disappear—my fleeting glances had given them free rein. It was a bit like the inside and the outside of things and beings—myself, the cat—were dissociating and becoming prehensible as a whole and even distinctly. There was no mirror anymore: it had melted, vanished, no reflected gleam stretched across the floor beneath my feet anymore. The thing was its image, its image its equal.

Over the course of my days in lockdown, under the skeletal, primed, painted, and magnified forms, I saw the inside: that is, the time of the dead, jars, shards, forefathers' veined feet, trick dogs, owls, children, their weapons, and dildos. I saw a tufted owl take flight, bones rise up, mute busts grow animated, and the sheets of ghosts' beds billow. I saw the world grow, without any need for any distinction between what was odd or familiar for me. I now lived in this immense, bright space that had once been divided by a huge, unsilvered mirror.

After the second week, my supplies had run out and I wasn't even thinking about eating anymore, just about my new existence, freed from factions and distances. What finally pulled me out of this dangerous rapture was the cat: I saw how thin and weak it was and feeding it was why I decided to venture out. But no sooner had I gotten outside, past the doorstep, on the sidewalk, than I collapsed. At first I think nobody dared to get close given how unnerving my body was.

But someone still called emergency services and I was taken to the hospital where I spent several days. A friend took care of the cat after that. Even though I have no idea what could have possibly happened, I still have a very distinct, precise image of those days that I still think back on with nostalgia. I didn't tell Maude this story before writing this text for her exhibition.

Maude Maris' paintings delicately convey sculpture to images. She is acting upon the curiosities that began last year in Paris, of which led her to examine four pioneers of modern sculpture, by observing their use of photography and as a result, is inspired by the revolution of the modelled contours, which has translated into her painting bringing forth the use of new textures. In order to sharpen her attention even more, today the painter focuses on a British muse.

Barbara Hepworth suddenly appeared in the twentieth century, as maternal and radical. That's a woman who strives for the anonymity of the genre in terms of its creation. For her, art is neither masculine, nor feminine; it's either good or bad. Let us celebrate the oeuvre, as well as the figure that she represents for all the generations, regardless of their gender. Her humanity is successfully embodied in this free and optimistic abstraction.

Maude Maris thus, finds in Barbara's work the energy to cross waters, grasping to ground this light which is so gently caressed by the Cornish coastal breeze; the kind of which enveloped this determined icon to work. These natural conditions shape the mineral epidermis of these pieces as much as the chisel does. Objects within this landscape, offered to the sun and to the wind. Every other element wanting to add its mark is invited to do so.

Barbara Hepworth frequently worked outdoors. The garden served as her studio, and the fluctuating weather of Cornwall contributed to the modelling of her statues. Her production is intentionally tactile, provoking the desire to touch. The hand is omnipresent, and it is in some case explicit as the motive, whereas on the other hand evoked by the reserve of curbs. Thus, the voluptuousness implants itself in our hands.

Maude Maris stimulates through her compositions, the prehensile capacities of the eye. New elements appear on the back-ground of the paintings this time, far less calculated but always matter-oriented. Sometimes even fiery and re-calibrated in comparison to their more discreet predecessors. Their superficiality is confined by the framings, which let us guess the existence of the backstage of the shooting, through respecting the luminosity of the outdoors in these miniatures.

Barbara Hepworth never made a model for her sculptures unless she was commissioned. Because even if this one proved to be a success, it was the risk that it would be a failure once enlarged. Here, no hierarchy divides the elements of a production by their size indeed worked with great diversity. On the contrary, every sculpture is relative to the other by their size. A small sculpture appears charming, whereas the large, tragic.

Maude Maris now relaxes her processes and carefully selects picks among the photographic archives of the Lady more freely. Simultaneously, her definition of the space of work is expanding and gently lowering the horizon, and a greater surface is dedicated to the backgrounds, endowing the paintings with a larger physical appearance with larger foreheads. Unedited typology of objects, especially the soft and flat ones, detaches itself in order to better present glaring filiation.

Barbara Hepworth drew from the operating theatre block. It is in hospitals, where the reality of life manifests itself in its most concrete and abstract form. The instruments of a practitioner are fiddling with the flesh at the core of some harmonious cooperation. Fascinating synergy exists between the gesture and the instrument, brought by the restorative function of such labour. To transform rather than create. As legend says, it was an artist, who first probed The 'hole' in modernism.

Maude Maris claims allegiance to this surgical cleanliness. She slices the world in order to rearrange a new version of it on the canvas. Within these new paintings, with varying sizes she affirms that attraction towards the subject matter. To walk around the objects, to observe them from different perspectives, immortalizing within a sequence of several pauses. If the ideal is born out of balance and unity, through their mobility, the viewer must be capable of grabbing that constant vitality, not simply a profile or a face.