

MAUDE
MARIS



Groove Rocaille, 2023, 120 x 90 cm, oil on canvas



Exhibition view: *Veines d'Opale*, cur. Paulo Iverno, Espace Voltaire, Paris, 2022

For Intérieur, 2022, 60 x 130 cm, oil on canvas

Arum et Masse, 2022, 60 x 130 cm, oil on canvas



Ovis, 2021, 22 x 16 cm, oil on canvas



Agreste, 2021, 22 x 16 cm, oil on canvas



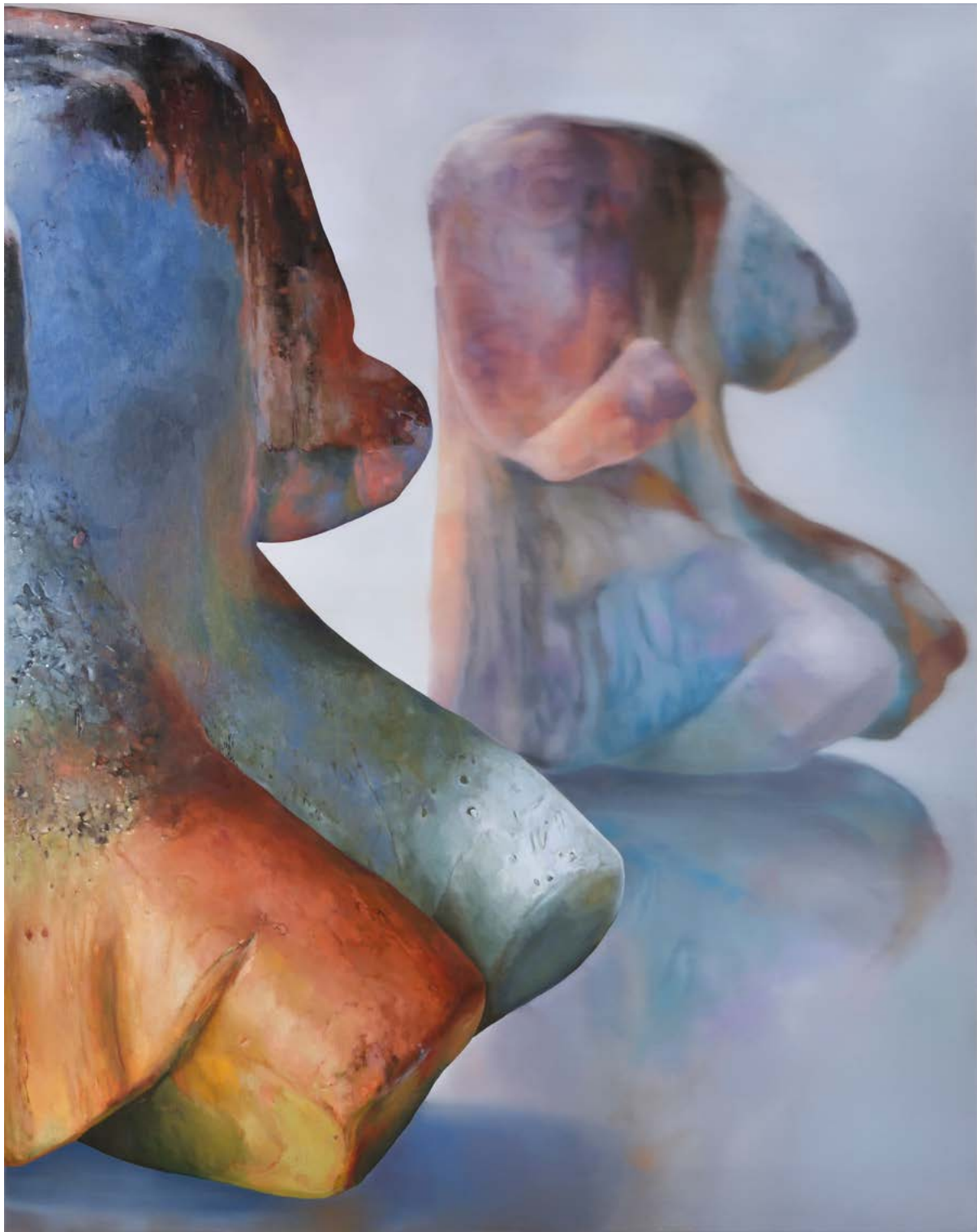
Exhibition view: *Blue Milk*, Pi Artworks, Istanbul, 2021

Sugar Mountain, 2021, 190 x 150 cm, oil on canvas





Sauria, 2021, 120 x 130 cm, oil on canvas
Exhibition view: *Hiéromancie*, Praz Delavallade, 2021



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

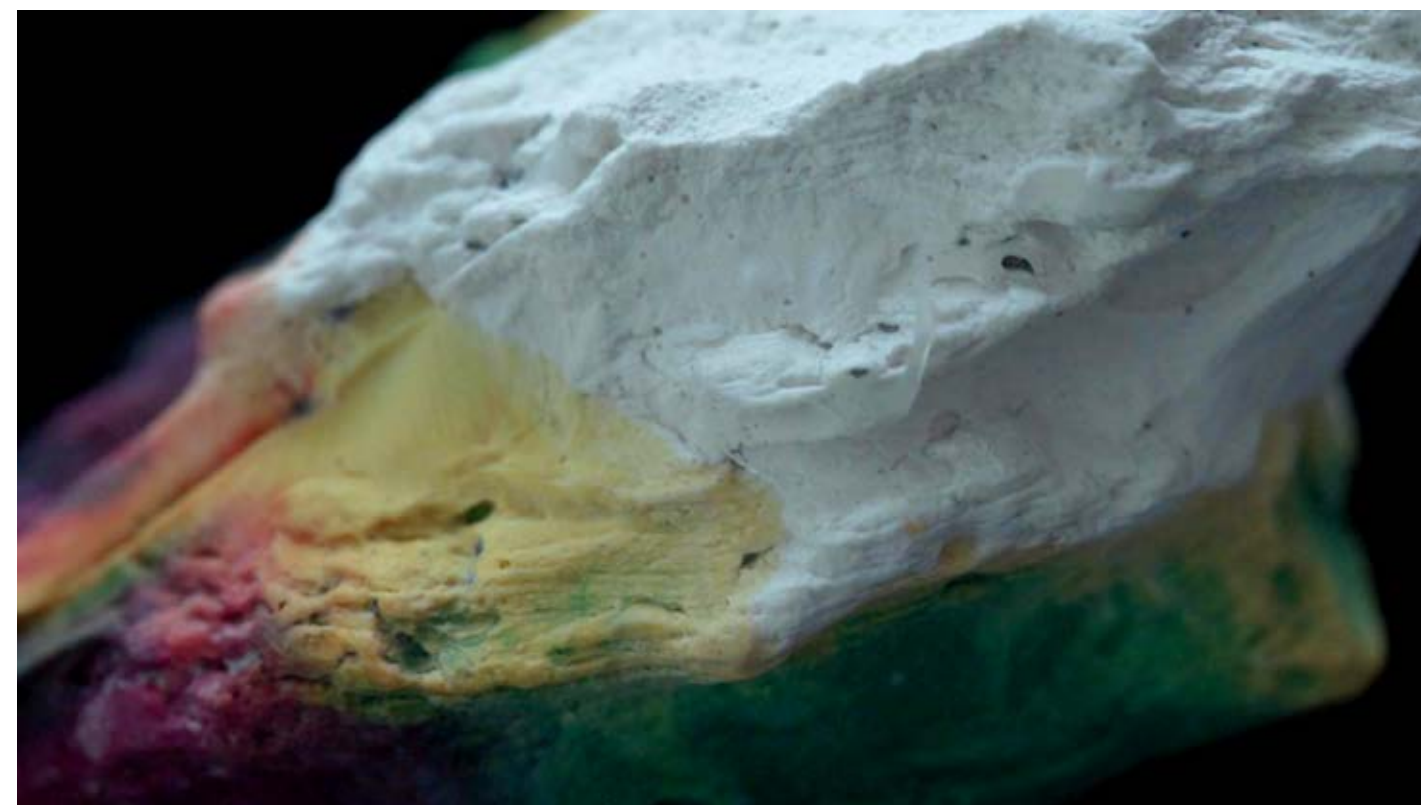
Exhibition view : *Souvenirs de Téthys* Chapelle Jeanne d'Arc, Thouars, 2018
installation 280 x 500 x 900 cm



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

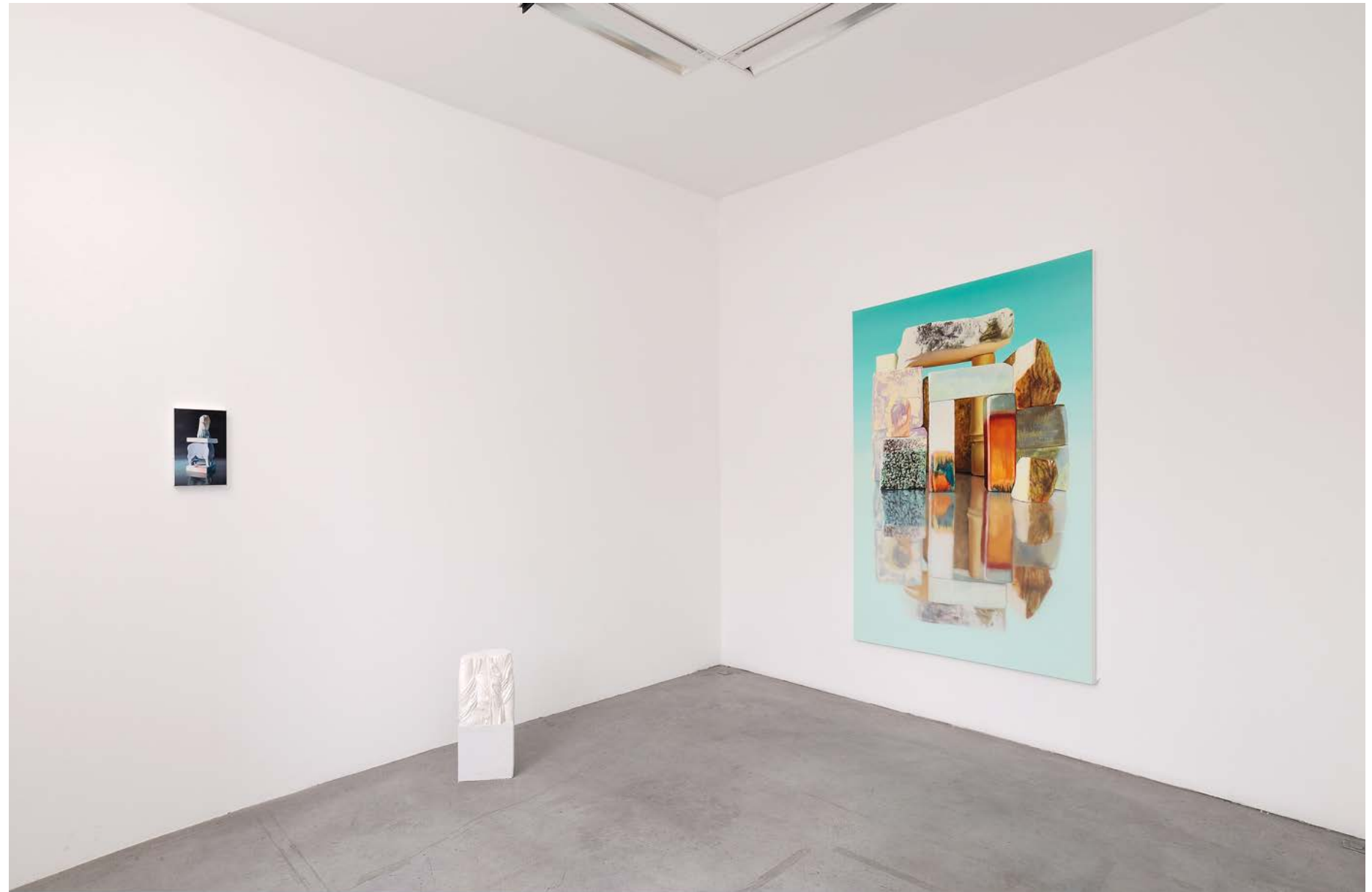
Parèdre, 2017, 220 x 160 cm, oil on canvas



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)



Le Domaine, 2013, 130 x 195 cm, oil on canvas

Exhibition view : *Table des matières*, Galerie Duchamp, Yvetôt, 2013



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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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

2021 *Hiéromancie*, Praz-Delavallade, Paris
Vertebrate, Solo Show, Vortic, Pi Artworks
Blue Milk Solo Show, Pi Artworks Istanbul
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
Who wants to look at Somebody’s Face?, 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

2023 *Chryséléphantine*, solo M. Verboom + group show, cur. by Joël Riff, La Verrière, Hermès, Bruxelles
Un salon d’hiver II, cur. by Robin Buchholz, Bubenberg, Saint-Moritz, Switzerland
Le Toucher du monde, collection Frac Auvergne, Musée Paul-Dini, Villefranche-sur-Saône
Studiolo Lounge, cur. by Antonio Di Mino, Studiolo, Milano
2022 *Veines d’Opale*, cur. by Paulo Iverno, Espace Voltaire, Paris
Passages 2, cur. by mathieu Cherkit, Galerie Albada Jergelsma, Amsterdam
20 ans de résidence, Shakers, Château des Ducs de Bourbon, Montluçon
La peinture, une bonne résolution, cur. by Emmanuelle Potier, Le Mètre Carré, G. Vis-à-Vis, Metz
Le retour de l’été, cur. by René-Julien Praz, Galerie Praz-Delavallade, Paris
Everywhere was nowhere, and nowhere everywhere, cur. by Mustafa Hulusi, Pi Artworks, London
Enivrez-vous, cur. by René-Julien Praz, Galerie Praz-Delavallade, Paris
2021 *Machine fabuleuse*, Battements radieux, cur.Asli Seven, Saint-Joseph, Istanbul
Passages, cur. by Mathieu Cherkit, Galerie Jean Brolly, Paris
Ils ont dit oui, cur. by Marc Molk for Palazzo Amalteo, chez Marguerite Milin, Paris
Splash, cur. by Romuald Jandolo, Comédie de Caen
L’appel du Large, cur. by Sylvia Varagne, Deauville
Les Apparences, cur. by Thomas Lévy-lasne, A 100m du centre du monde, Perpignan
Dancing in the Chains, cur. HYam, Hydra, Greece
April showers bring may flowers, Atelier Michael Woolworth, Paris
I believe I can fly, com Léo Fourdrinier, Le port des créateurs, Toulon
Paradis artificiels, galerie Bacqueville, Lille
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 Commynes, 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)

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

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 / Fondation Bel Artothèque de Caen / Fondation Colas / Fonds Shakers / Soho House, Paris / Saniza Othman and Michael Yong-Haron Collection

PUBLICATIONS, PRESS

- 2022 Les Apparences, by Thomas Lévy-Lasne
2021 Art Unlimited, Blue Milk
Artful Living, Blue Milk
Citizen K, by Thomas-Lévy-Lasne
Common Language by Justin Morin
Esse, by Nathalie Desmet
The Steidz, by Pauline Lisowski
The Art Newspaper, Hiéromancie, by Anaïs Hammoud
Zerodeux, Hiéromancie, par Patrice Joly
- 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 Mailis 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 Absolutement 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

Laetitia Chauvin
Hiéromancie / Galerie Praz-Delavallade, Paris
2021

For the title of her first solo show at Praz-Delavallade, Maude Maris has chosen Hieromancy, a reference to the ancient practice of divination using offerings to the gods, in particular studying the entrails of sacrificed animals. The exhibition that bears this rare, contextualised term is comprised of around one dozen paintings of figures suffering from rosacea, their abnormally flushed complexions shot through with pink, red and burgundy. Each blends, more often than not, into a cool, blurry blue background. Right from the start of her career some fifteen years ago, Maris implemented a precise ritual involving painted objects – one to which she has always remained true – and yet this series marks a departure. It is as if the images have established a mysteriously connection to the occult world, one which unsettles notions of scale, disturbs perception and disrupts dominion.

As far as dimensions are concerned, Maris usually sees things on a very big or a very small scale and only rarely in the intermediate formats on show here. Each size offers a different chromatic experience, from the fluid palette of the largest paintings in which the colours are so diluted that the canvas seems like a fine, quivering skin, to the smallest formats that concentrate the subject in an intense palette of colours that forges a captivating relationship with the viewer.

It's a fact that we can only see what we have learned to see, a fact that highlights the role of pareidolia as we try to decode the painting, imagining the slightest detail we perceive to be something familiar. A soothsayer wouldn't do it any differently. The titles also have a part to play and contribute to this feeling of familiarity by adding the notion of families – Ursidae, Caprinae and Leporidae, etc. – making the viewer guess at their prototypical forms. As Maris makes no secret of the question, let's lift the veil on their origins: they are figurines, small toys, or decorative objects just several centimetres high, either stylised animals or human representations. As a result, we should probably be looking at a much earlier stage to find the original model for these paintings, the actual living creatures on which these objects were based. But let's pass over these beginnings and how industry idealises the animal form, because it is the operations carried out further down the line by the artist in her studio that are of interest.

The original object undergoes a series of transformations – 3, 4 or 5 – that challenge its very essence. It is cast in plaster and painted, reflected in mirrors and photographed, before finally making its way onto the artist's canvas. Each successive manipulation is like a ricochet that modifies the model, changing its material, surface, or quantity using tried and tested special effects. Horizontal and vertical mirrors show the object from every angle, whilst simultaneously trapping it within an eternal loop; photography captures the object in an indexical relationship and any resemblance is deliberately distorted.

Finally, the painter enters the fray. Oh, the sweet sensations to which these illusory appearances give rise, as they put our senses in a swirl! Oh, how heady the sensation of being confronted with this machine that deforms reality! Shapes multiple, planes give in to anarchy and perception falters as we are carried away to some funfair hall of mirrors or strapped into the centrifuge like apprentice astronauts. Losing any point of reference, the gaze looks this way and that, searching for balance and leaning with the weight of paint on the vertical edges, the reverse of what we are used to. The tight framing impedes our understanding of the image, in particular in the large formats that seem to have been painted with a dolly zoom. As we get closer, a disturbing effect of perspective makes the image seem to recede, like sand slipping through our fingers. The truncated composition shows an object that is always incomplete, its extremities amputated the time it takes for our eye and mind to reconstitute phantom limbs.

What happens to this projection once painted? Compared to its reference, is it enhanced or corrupted? Is it that little bit more than the original, or on the contrary that much less? Considering the process by which the image is manufactured from start to finish, it could have become a perfectly synthetic rendering controlled by the artist down to the very last whisker and yet, we feel that portrayal does indeed rhyme with betrayal. The successive interpretations engender a loss of fidelity, desynchronising and incorporating impurities and random occurrences. Each mould, reflection, photo and copy has left its mark in the form of chimera, memories and mirages. And yet, as one deformation follows another and the subject is seen through yet another filter, a miracle occurs! The image of the object resists, here a muzzle, there an eye, and its manifest qualities subsist.

Embedding these successive transformations provides Maris with endless opportunities to experiment with perception. Although based on reality, the image is separated from the original model and takes on an almost fantastical air. The fixity of a very small number of original elements – no more than ten or so – which the artist has been tirelessly dissecting for several years, is confounding. Constantly returning to the same forms, Maris always manages to create something new. When, in the past, her subjects stood aloof in the centre of the image, their outline sharp and distinct with space all around, the titles referenced the idols of Antiquity (Bastet, Io, Tethys, etc.). In this recent series, the same subjects lie prostrate, knocked over, brought down, their bellies offered in sacrifice. When once before they were venerated as gods, today they are excoriated; yesterday they were admired for their form and today for their material.

In conclusion, and returning to the title of the exhibition, we have to ask: Have the gods given us a sign? In fact, they always do, if that is we know how to interpret their message. The entrails of these paintings have certainly delivered theirs: continue painting and never stop for it is a token of humanity.

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 co-operation. 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 chirurgical 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.

For her second exhibition at Isabelle Gounod Gallery, Maude Maris presents her new project “Foyer”. In this new works , painting, sculpture and architecture are even more closely aligned. Her ideas in this respect are definitely not restricted to the canvas but will extend here in a scenography staged specifically for the gallery space.

Maude Maris makes a name for herself with her tranquil paintings halfway between landscape and still life.

Small objects found on flea markets or on the street are cast in plaster. By doing so the artist can manipulate the object, give room to the unexpected by allowing little ‘accidents’ to happen, and preserve the texture. Children’s figurines, the arm of a doll or statuettes of the Holy Virgin or the head of a dog, anything can offer an interesting shape. Maris is interested in the transformation of the object. Formal analogies are key: if the head of a dog is turned ninety degrees, it suddenly seems a molar; if a figurine is decapitated, it resembles a landscape; a dolls arm corresponds to a branch; Virgin Mary’s pleated dress to a rock. Very recently, the artist also casts natural elements that she gathers from her direct surroundings like small branches or stones. To complete it, she sometimes uses rocks or fossils directly, without casting them. In the paintings all these objects come into play: casted natural and artificial objects and real, natural objects.

Each painting is the result of an elaborate process: collecting objects, casting them, create a composition, photograph it and finally paint the photograph. Each step adds a new layer of distance and flattens the objects. This detachment is enhanced by the painting technique. The brushstroke is discreet and the objects are translated into artificial pastel colours. However, the palette is changing: black and greys have recently made their entrance. On the whole, the use of three-dimensional software in her early work has left its mark on her current work. It has caused this artificiality and a smooth and plain aesthetics. Maris applies the stroke, the shadow much used in computer programmes to suggest depth, to pin down the object in the undefined space.

At first the objects were depicted in a neutral, white room hinting to both the museum space and the living room, and thus to the sculptural or utilitarian function of the depicted objects. The space has opened up now that these three walls have disappeared. The (faint) horizon is the only suggestion of space. As a result the depiction floats between a landscape and a still life.

Clearly sculpture is very present in Maris’ work. Not only in the working method (the casting of objects) but in her subject matter too: the focus on shape. As said before, in her paintings the objects hover to and fro an autonomous, sculptural position and utilitarian use. Since 2010 the painted shapes have stepped out of the canvas and have materialised in real space. The recent solo show ‘Nemeton’ in Musée des Beaux-Arts in Rennes (2015) for example presents an installation(paintings and sculpture). Like her paintings, sculptures are made with an economy of means. The works in ‘Nemeton’ and in ‘Foyer’, Maris’ current solo show here at Isabelle Gounod Gallery, explore both the early beginnings of architecture.

The source material that inspired this new body of work are drawings from the Middle Ages to the eighteenth century that depict how nature lies at the basis of the Greek temples, for example tree-trunks became pillars by simply cutting off the branches; in the same vein abbot Laugier promoted in his ‘Essay on Architecture’ (1753) to renew architecture by returning to its origins, the publication contained an illustration of a primitive hut; and Mario Merz’s stone slab igloos underline the relation between architecture and sculpture. Maris mixes in her current work her interests in antiquity, prehistory, primitivism and even fantasy. Stones, rocks, branches, fossils and other shapes that are part of Maris’ vocabulary are stacked, piled and arranged in a simple and straightforward manner. The compositions evoke associations with Stonehenge, Greek temples, pyramids, primitive huts and fireplaces. Thus, with all these constructions Maude Maris shares with us the universal and primitive gesture of stacking.