

Elodie Seguin

It would be almost possible to define Elodie Seguin's work by the space surrounding it, as though deducing it. It so thoroughly inserts itself there, that it sometimes seems impossible to say if it inspires itself from this space, or if, instead, the space issues from within it, to a certain degree. The materials glide in, or brush past, settling there without imposing themselves, so as to be more suggestive. Rigour combined with fragility are the great strengths of this young French artist. Purely pictorial, though without ever becoming embodied on a framed canvas, her pieces act as multiple media, without ever quite denying their painterly nature.

Their often characteristic *Not Yet Titled* often contains their essence: they become fixed regretfully, preferring to keep in their midst other possible deployments. Unique in their places of display, without being *in situ*, Elodie Seguin's works confront and comfort one another, without ever conforming; they speak of scale dimensions when others would quite simply find their place.

Of the wall paintings she has produced since starting her career, *Wall Drawing* (2015) is doubtlessly the most radical, the most apparently neutral, but also the most meaningful: a rectangle traced on a wall, as though gathering in the vicissitudes, inequalities and imperfections of space: it is a breathing space, opened up by the perfection of the sanded surface, a temporary harmony, a white which it would be tempting to call pure. For this space could be opening out towards an abstract space, or the idea of a perfect space. At the heart of an exhibition made of levels of grey, in which not a single shade is repeated, even the white of the paper of the silkscreens (*not yet titled*, 2015) does not look the same twice, once illuminated by the daylight, or else by electricity. There is the matt, granular, "zero" whiteness of the wall, the extreme whiteness of the white paper, an almost cardboard whiteness, the whiteness of this paper through plastic, the whiteness of the wall through this same transparency, and there might even be a further white to be made out, encircled by the black lines on the paper. Levels, or horizons are formed on the borders of frail paper parallelepipeds (*peintures pliables*, 2015) whose inked surfaces seem to be about to buckle beneath the weight of the colour; or dismembered notepads, like white books being assembled, with pages of thick MDF plates, all coloured with different tones of off-white and cream (*not yet titled*, exhibition, 2015). Meanwhile do these *cased-paintings* contradict the virtual preciousness of their facture by being placed on the floor, by the very simplicity of this idea of monochromes in boxes, only half-revealed, so that it is necessary to kneel down to appreciate them, like relics from art history's past?

Elodie Seguin was born in 1984 in Paris. She studied at the Villa Arson, Nice, and the ENSBA, Paris. The titles of her solo shows affirm themselves more clearly than the plastic forms they introduce: *Rien est impossible*, at the Galerie Jocelyn Wolff, Paris, in 2010; *Debout, derrière*, at the French Institute, Milan, in 2011; *Gestes et mesures à l'horizon des surfaces*, at the Galerie Jocelyn Wolff in 2012; *Espace de projection*, Art Basel Statements, in 2012; *Plan d'interrogation* at the Hilary Crisp Gallery, London, in 2012 or *Grève* at the Galerie Jocelyn Wolff in 2015. Her works has also been noticed during group exhibitions at the MACRO in Rome and the Biennale de Belleville, Paris, in 2012; the Fondation d'Entreprise Ricard and the Fondation Lafayette in Paris in 2014, as well as the MUDAM, Luxembourg, in 2015.

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