



CerCles Confondus Chapitre II (Crossing CirCles, Chapter II)
Érosion (Erosion)

Gallery Spirale, Sète

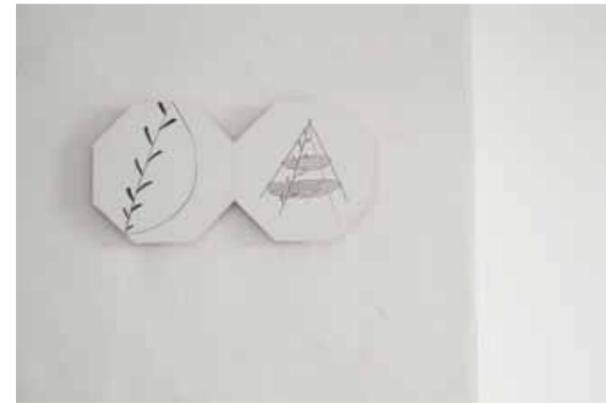
Stones into clouds

What we see is a pool of fragments, symbols and messages, a precipitate, or an elixir of readings, discoveries or real or surreal visions. In the beginning there is that profound hallucinating loneliness in an austere house that faces the huge landscape, near forests and unspoiled stones. Twenty-four hours, twenty-four short phrases or names of things that flow through the very heart of the hourglass of eternal sensations. To receive and to perceive these impressions, you need to be in gaseous phase, after having shed your solid form. In their respective times Goethe or Hugo played with this transportation within a moral register of sublimation by asking themselves the question: what happens to a being that has crossed over from its solid state to a gaseous one? Lise is everywhere. She feels the lava that once flowed, hears the patience of shale, observes the circles of chestnut trees or speaks lost languages. Only a calm solitude can sometimes create this sublimate perception.

Lise uses what she finds and brings back during those 24 hours where the solid phase becomes a gaseous one. The words of Roger Caillois, among others, tell of the unfathomable depth of things. Dear Caillois, wrote Marguerite Yourcenar, I will think of you when I try to listen to stones. Perhaps also in the background, between the lines, we can make out the ancestral dismay of the feeling of love, but perhaps not. What matters are lines, words, colours, images, stone abysses of landscape, and even more the form of Psyche's shouts or The Young Fate who says "I saw me seeing myself, sinuous, and/ From gaze to gaze gilded my innermost forests."

As in a chemical sublimation that fills up a recipient Lise Chevalier gives us three combined circles, in the centre of each are hybrid fragments that relate with and to each other. And so, through our very own travels they connect to each other, a little like those nomadic seeds that develop their own mysterious strategies of movement. And, we, as visitors, are used by them so they can find their solid state of being.

Philippe Saulle, director of the Ecole des Beaux Arts of Sète





Imagine it like a lost house in the high Cévennes (mountains in south of France), surrounded by the wilderness. She writes 24 short sentences, 24 haïkus as she calls them. From that day, she will bring back only one stone.

« Deep down in the *I Ngan* valley stones rise up and some of their forms recall the overhanging rocks of the mountains. Local people slightly straighten them and put them at the entrance of temples. They are naturally remarkable, extraordinary.»

Roger Caillois *Stones*, Chapter I Mythology «stones from China», 1966

Erosion is a balad. The stone stand side by side with the texts; the installations and drawings interpenetrate themselves around the 24 poetic sentences imagined in the landscape immersion.

