

book cover *Il faudra trois saisons*, published by the *m é r i d i a n e s* Editions

Il faudra trois saisons 2011-2014

Il faudra trois saisons, I'm guarded by the beauty of our weapons 2013
(*Three seasons will be needed, I'm guarded by the beauty of our weapons*) 2013

photograph, music stand, drawing, silkscreen print

Il faudra trois saisons, Barques (Three seasons will be needed, Barques) 2014

photograph and showcase

Il faudra trois saisons (Three seasons will be needed) 2014

installation : photograph and text on music stand, audio

book published by the *m é r i d i a n e s* Editions

text, photography, drawing

«Le oniric landscape is an abounding material »

Gaston Bachelard, *Water and dreams*

Initially in a book form mingling photography and text, this project focuses on the encounter between landscape and narration : a landscape seen, experienced, imagined, fictive. It's about a trip into real and imaginative world, where image and writing are intimately linked : the pictures of the landscape (views from the Baltic Sea and the South of France - Cévennes, Sète, the Garrigue (bushland) and the narration texts are echoing in the depths of an abyss of senses and enigmas. The narration emerges in the loss of the suitcase of «she» and the dialogue between «she» and «he», interspersed with poetic passages ; it tells about the story of a person who stands into limits of reality and travelling into fantastic sceneries.



Il faudra trois saisons, I'm guarded by the beauty of our weapons, 2013

Work exhibited in the international cultural centre Künstlerhaus Bethanien in Berlin, 2013
Exhibition «Berlin Status 2»

drawing, text -silkscreen print (excerpts of the dialogue between «she» and «he») on music stand,
two photographs, analog print mounted on dibond, 70/110cm



He - Where were you all that time?

(silence)

She - I packed my suitcase in the street.

(long silence)

I fell asleep. I was sunk into this November ballad.

I was picking up two bird wings and the phone was ringing.

I heard the noises of the helicopters that were coming to take us away.

He - Tell me about this place.

She - No, I won't.

He - Why?

She - Danger, staring into the abyss. I've never been able to explain it to you, it's too hard to see trees fall down.

He - What about me?

She - You, I had invited you to follow me, you had a right to stay in those landscapes.

On the first night, we were walking down the marble stairs from the top of the cliffs towards the sea.

Behind the waterfall, I was living in the cave with that famous cauldron that we had seen together in the Arab World Institute. Before, you were in the kingdom of the shouting men, one thousand black stallions, one thousand black-eyed men.

He - Tell me about my past.

She - You had ended up in front of the glory that was waiting for you over there. On a Charles Mingus tune, you had never felt so much alone, you were only speaking about your Icarus testament. You were running along a desert, you were staying in your ruins like a lonely owl in a Persian miniature. I was patient. Wind.

He - ...You make me feel as if I had never been born...

She - Over there, you made your choice, you were about to discover new valleys, the ones people get into riding a butterfly.

(long silence)

I had the weapons to fight your arrival. I was the leaves you were walking on, the tree branch leaning to let you build your hammock, the orchids you were going to gather pollen from, all the perfume that would welcome your coming. I was running in that forest as if I had always known it. You would follow me to look for the great Simorgh. *(long silence)*

He - When I was a child, one evening I happened to see a golden eagle.... *(silence)*

I don't know why, but when I am with you, I speak about my childhood.

She - When I am with you, I think of the sea, I think of the forest, I think of chalk cliffs, of volcanic stones. I think of this state of emergency that you make me feel. We would have to forget all the walking between the house and the nocturnal sea, between the maternal garden and the child's room.

(long silence)

You were already crossing my landscapes before I met you. At that time I was dreaming of the midnight sun in Finnish Lapland, dreaming to be alone in Isola Bella, on the Lake Maggiore. The amphibians, the amphibians, the amphibians... The beautiful flowers of Alaska. In the distance, huge icebergs where I could get my bed back, in an igloo.

He - Did I come in?

She - I don't know. You were only allowed to three attempts to get down from the mountains. You were tracking me down when I was a huntress. Then, rows of peacocks were spreading their tails on the edge of the cliffs, with the Doors playing *Light My Fire*. The kingdom was on fire. All the trees were burning. I was forbidden to document the fire. Chimeras, Chimeras

He -Would you like to go on ?

(ten minutes of silence)

She - I don't know anything anymore.

(ten days of silence)

The black tide, I was under water. The phoenix doesn't exist any more. I am turning round and round with the chimeras in the drowning. You are not there. I don't want to see anybody. I am guarded by the beauty of our weapons. The kingdom has collapsed. I am asked to leave our world, that's all.

Dialogue between «she» and «he»

Book and audio.



Il faudra trois saisons, Barques (Three seasons will be needed, Barques) 2014

During an exhibition over love, Lise Chevalier explores the synchronization of the landscape and the imaginative world linked to desire, through an archive of drawings, notebooks and texts between 2010 and 2014 along with a photograph.

The work is made for this show in the «Chapelle du Quartier Haut» (the High Quarter Chapel) in Sète, a space which inspires the artist with a feeling of in situ installation.

Photograph, 200/140cm

Showcase : *Archeology 2010-2014 / Excerpts : Emergency - Prémices d'une ère télépathique (first signs of a telepathic era)- Kreidefelsen / mer baltique - The blue book- Métamorphose (Metamorphosis) / Danse extatique (Extatic danse) / Extase (Ecstasy)*

wood, glass, drawing, notebook, text, mosaic



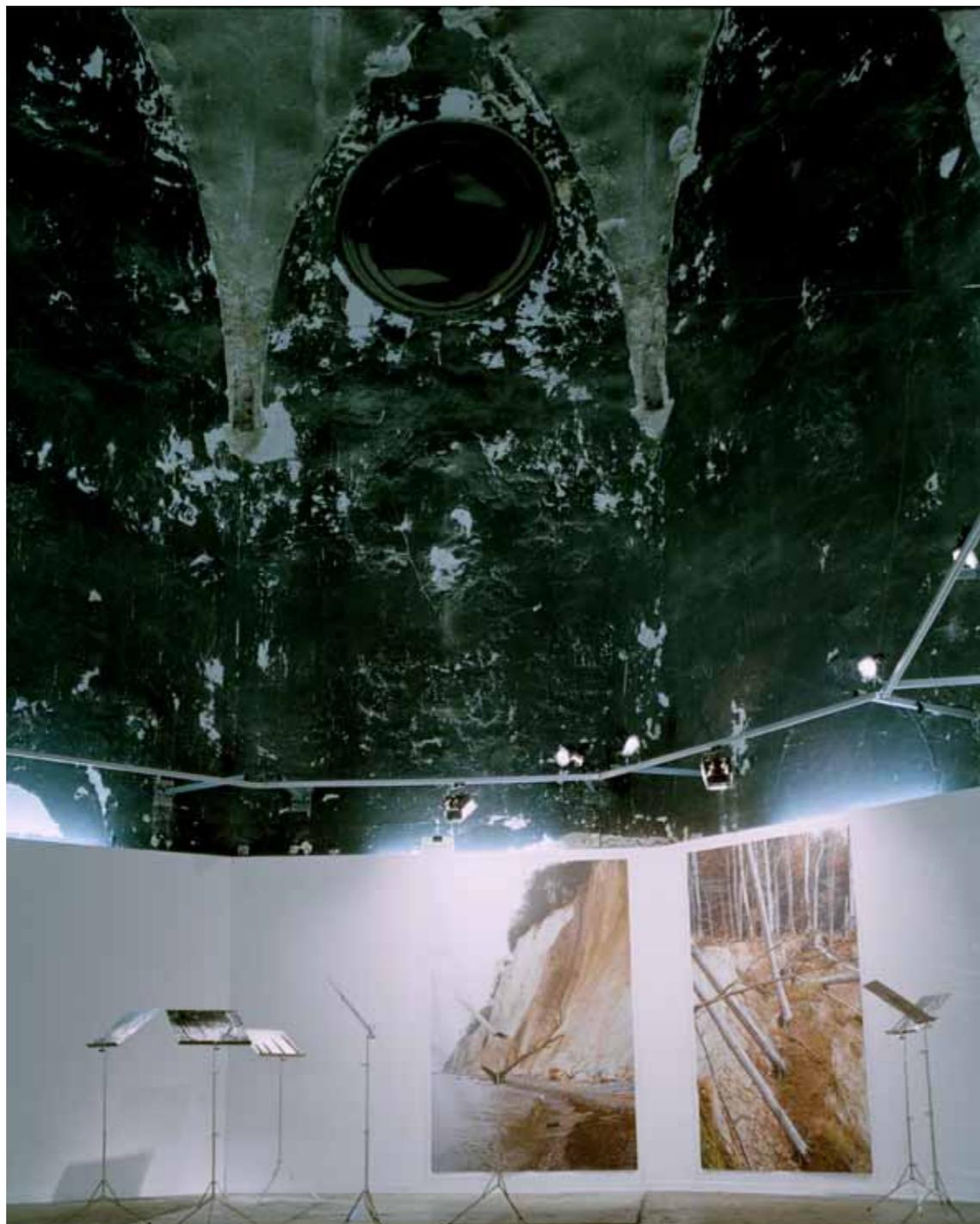


Showcase / details



She - When I am with you, I think of the sea, I think of the forest, I think of chalk cliffs, of volcanic stones. I think of this state of emergency that you make me feel. We would have to forget all the walking between the house and the nocturnal sea, between the maternal garden and the child's room.
long silence





Il faudra trois saisons, installation, 2014
(Three seasons will be needed, installation)

Work exhibited in the show *Les décennies pourpres (the purple decades)* in the Chapelle du Quartier Haut (the High Quarter Chapel) in Sète, 2014



For this work, the stake is to create a presentation from a previous work in a book form, and the device becomes an installation in which the spectator takes part into the work and the narration. The process invites to take a walk through music stands on which are set black and white photographs and silk screen prints of texts on metal, altogether with large photographs of the shots made in the Baltic Sea.

A recording of the dialogue between the two characters, «she» and «he» goes along with the other works and creates a round trip between the mental images and the images of the exhibition.

This «invitation au voyage» evokes the balad of the book narration, the music stands refer to the trees of the photographies forest and the whole gives birth to a dreamlike space. The tensions between image and text contribute to plunge this story into a suspended time in order to make it fragmented, with lots of correspondances.



two colour photograph, inkjet on paper 240/170cm
five black and white photographs, analog print mounted on aluminium, 44/33cm
three silk screen prints 44/33cm
seven metallic music stands

