

TE UMU TI, TE UMU TI.

An exhibition of Elodie Lecat

OUI, 56-58 bd de l'Esplanade, 38000 Grenoble

From November 24 to December 22 in 2007

Opening Saturday November 24 at 6 PM

Elodie Lecat - TE UMU TI, TE UMU TI.

PRESS RELEASE

Te umu ti, Te umu ti. In the very beginning of XX century, Victor Segalen, a young doctor of French Marine who converted to ethnology, reports how much he was impressed when he saw the tahitians walking on fire, in the middle of summer, at the same time when a famine was approaching. The Umu ti had been produced, and they had to burn the roots «Ti» which also could be preserved during long months... To dominate the fire, to overcome the burns, to master the hunger: to cook the roots, then walk through the oven, walk on the braises and to go as close as possible to the one that should be eaten. Segalen is fascinated.

Te umu ti, Te umu ti. Elodie Lecat doesn't know if there will be a famine. She has never ate the Ti. She is not a tahitian. She doesn't know how to avoid to get burn. But her work talks since a long time about stones and fire. (Untitled, volcanic bombs, 2005); she shows beaches on which it is enough to run to be happy (Untitled, on the beach, 2006). She exhibits the borderline of the sea as well as the geology of the fear (Untitled, the beach, 2005); the islands on which to land means to dissappear, like in l'Avventura by Antonioni, etc. In her work we could read at a certain moment: «not too much flowers please». And we could also hear a voice coming from very long distance: «Acapulco, the Mayflower, there is one too much». And all of this is not made to be understood.

At OUI, she has decided to cut the space in two with a black, thin plate, which has a lot of air in it. She has also built massive blocks, untouched and white. And the space is full of structures that seem to avoid it, to scratch it like tanning a skin, or like cleaning the bones, leaving nothing but a skeleton.

A video shows a child talking alone while playing on a balcony. He puts on his capuchin. He lays down on the ground. He talks again and stands up. He starts all over. Another video shows a cheep that pushes his head against a rock. In loop. There are images, too. And once again, all this is not made to be understood. Maybe it is the real, simply «the desert of the real».

The work of Elodie Lecat, young artist who graduated from the art school in Toulouse, makes the public circulate in heterogeneous spaces, sometimes vast as landscapes, sometimes as breathtaking as unresolved memories, blocked in the almost imperceptible stories in our heads. She proposes acceleration zones, extremely rapid trajectories, and all of a sudden moments of pause, stops, as if it was impossible to pass from one scene to the next one.

Her works take the form of images (little and domestic, or immense, in the format of a town), they can also be objects, decorations, recordings, wallpaper, mobiles made of plexiglas, etc. And for each one of them, without exception, it goes on the same way- as if she had called together an excessive sophistication, and a brutality without a name: to navigate fluently in the chaos.

Stéphane Sauzedde, November 2007