

VÉRONIQUE ARNOLD

# L'éclat d'une luciole dans la nuit

**FONDAZIONE  
GHISLA  
ART COLLECTION  
LOCARNO**

L'éclat d'une luciole dans la nuit – Véronique Arnold  
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#### SOMMARIO



GHISLA **ART** COLLECTION

"Poetry" is the word that best sums up Véronique Arnold's artistic sentiment. Poetry from a past world - elegant and refined, delicately expressed with a subtlety that can only spring from the depths of the soul. A pure, uncontaminated soul, decanting verses from an enchanted dimension.

We met at our Foundation on an autumn afternoon in Locarno. It was an afternoon vivid with the warm colours of nature in autumn and so many leaves had fallen from the majestic Ginkgo overlooking the Rusca gardens opposite us, that it looked as though an enormous yellow carpet had been spread over them.

It was an afternoon filled with pleasant anecdotes and we spent it spellbound by Véronique's words and the work she presented to us. This was how we were able to tiptoe into her artistic world and were immediately won over by her search for the sort of poetic lyricism that is only to be found in a sincere relationship with nature.

Some time later, inspired by this meeting, we therefore decided to organize the present exhibition, which we are certain will win the hearts of its visitors thanks to the same compelling delicacy with which Véronique enchanted us.

*Martine and Pierino Ghisla*

Poesia è la parola che meglio riassume il sentimento artistico di Véronique Arnold. Una poesia d'altri tempi, elegante e raffinata, raccontata con delicatezza, quella delicatezza che solo dal profondo dell'anima può scaturire. Un'anima pura, incontaminata che decanta versi che par provengano da una dimensione incantata.

Ci siamo incontrati in un pomeriggio d'autunno a Locarno, nella nostra Fondazione. Era un pomeriggio acceso dai colori caldi della natura autunnale e sui giardini Rusca di fronte a noi pareva fosse stato steso un enorme tappeto giallo, tante erano le foglie cadute dal maestoso Ginkgo che vigile lo sovrasta.

Fu un pomeriggio di piacevoli racconti che trascorremmo incantati dalle parole e dalle opere che Veronique ci presentò. Entrammo così in punta di piedi nella sua dimensione artistica e da subito ci appassionammo al suo lavoro di ricerca di quella lirica poetica che solo nel sincero rapporto con la natura si può trovare.

Qualche tempo dopo, sull'onda di questo incontro, abbiamo così deciso di organizzare questa mostra che siamo sicuri entrerà nel cuore dei visitatori con la stessa prorompente delicatezza con la quale Véronique ha saputo affascinarci.

*Martine e Pierino Ghisla*

### THE INNER GARDEN

*"If you have a library and a garden,  
you lack nothing"*

(Cicerone)

### IL GIARDINO INTERIORE

*"Se hai una biblioteca e un giardino,  
nulla ti manca"*

(Cicerone)

Dalmazio Ambrosioni

**I**t all began with a request for poetry by Italian-Swiss authors. Not just by one, but by many; not only to get a feel for them, to get informed about them or to include them in the poetry archive that is one source of her work. But rather to capture in poetry the breath of this land that lies at the foothills of the Alps, a land that to a certain extent also belongs to Véronique. I thought that Giorgio Orelli – with the overall tone of his poetry, how he comes and goes between the sky and earth, between where the birds fly and where they forage for food, in the constant coming and going from inside to outside the human soul – might be the right poet for her. For Orelli has a way of maintaining something earthly within the celestial, cosmic sphere. Orelli and his “bother” of life, in the sense of the intricate little things that require our attention, for it is precisely in this circle of affections (and dispute is also inherent in affection). And then, of course, there are the other poets within the sphere of “*a trend we might define as running in a more or less metaphysical direction*”<sup>1</sup>.

The concept of metaphysics beyond physical things – and thus in an inner domain, of things that do not always fall lightly on the soul – is a constant in Véronique Arnold's work, and even more so in the reasoning that underpins it. It is a leitmotiv of sorts, and a concept that figures in *L'éclat d'une luciole dans la nuit*, the poetic and arcane title of this exhibition. *L'éclat*, she insists, not *la lumière*. Not the light, but the flash, the sparkle, the luminous and fleeting spark. When following the movements of fireflies on a spring evening, one has the impression of a mysterious game, as they constantly disappear only to reappear a little further down an unpredictable path. They are fantastical and illogical, just like poetry. Just like the state of things beyond the laws of physics, beyond the pressure to give rational, logical and sensible answers. Embracing this title, a famous article from this side of the Alps by Pier Paolo Pasolini concerning the disappearance of fireflies comes to mind<sup>2</sup>. It is a poetic metaphor for a highly rational argument in the political and philosophical vacuum of modernity. The few lines devoted to fireflies are just enough for them to remain engraved in memory and collective imagination alike, far more deeply than any dogged treatise would otherwise have achieved. With a poetic delicacy sustained by an unmistakable dialectic energy, Pasolini exposed genuine social turmoil and interpreted it in the glimmering éclats of the now vanished fireflies. Symbolic fireflies, sociological fireflies of profound change in the social fabric. The firefly as the overview, the metaphysical record of a socio-economic reality dominated by pressure, the inevitability of “physical things” and their voracious consumption.

1. From the introduction to the volume “Cento anni di poesia nella Svizzera Italiana”, Armando Dadò editore, 1997.

2. Corriere della Sera, 1 February 1975: Pier Paolo Pasolini “Il vuoto del potere” or “l'articolo delle lucciole”.

#### “Resistant diversity”

On the one hand, Véronique makes Pasolini's thesis her own (the distance from consumerism, from the rule of things, from the excess). On the other, she turns it upside down, unhesitatingly devoting the entirety of her work to metaphysics. To avoid any misunderstanding here, to fireflies. To those vague, intermittent sparks. To those flashes of poetry chasing one another. To the sensitive and

**T**utto è iniziato con la richiesta di poesie di autori svizzeroitaliani. Non una, tante. Non così, per farsene un'idea, e nemmeno per potersi informare e inserirle in quell'archivio poetico che è una delle fonti delle sue opere. Ma per cogliere attraverso la poesia il respiro di questa terra subalpina, che un po' è anche sua. Ho pensato che un poeta giusto per lei fosse Giorgio Orelli. Un po' per il tono generale della sua poesia, quel suo andare e tornare di continuo tra cielo e terra, tra dove gli uccelli volano e dove raspano per trovare il cibo, nell'andirivieni tra dentro e fuori dell'animo umano. Per quel suo mantenere qualcosa di terroso all'interno di una prospettiva celeste, cosmica. L'Orelli della “briga” della vita, nel senso di faccenda intricata di cui prendersi cura perché è esattamente quel cerchio di affetti (e nell'affetto c'è anche la contesa) nel quale ci troviamo a vivere. E poi altri poeti, naturalmente, all'interno di “una linea che grosso modo potremmo definire d'indirizzo metafisico”<sup>1</sup>.

Il concetto di metafisica, oltre le cose fisiche - quindi in una regione interiore, delle cose che ricadono non sempre lievemente sull'animo - è costante nel lavoro di Véronique Arnold e ancor più nelle ragioni che lo presiedono. È una sorta di leit-motiv. Questo concetto appare già nel titolo poetico ed arcano di questa sua mostra, *L'éclat d'une luciole dans la nuit*. *L'éclat*, precisa, non la *lumière*. Non la luce ma il bagliore, il brillio, la scheggia luminosa e imprendibile. Nell'inseguire nelle sere di primavera il tragitto delle lucciole si ha l'impressione di un gioco misterioso nel loro continuo sparire e riapparire un po' più in là, lungo una traccia imprevedibile. Fantasiosa, illogica come la poesia. Come lo stato delle cose al di là delle leggi fisiche, dell'urgenza di dare risposte razionali, logiche, di buon senso. Accogliendo questo titolo, da questa parte delle Alpi torna in mente un celebre articolo di Pasolini dedicato alla scomparsa delle lucciole<sup>2</sup>. È una metafora poetica per un discorso razionalissimo sul vuoto politico e filosofico della modernità. Poche le righe dedicate alle lucciole. Quanto basta perché rimanessero scolpite nella memoria e nell'immaginario collettivo molto più dell'accanito approfondimento. Con dolcezza poetica sostenuta dall'inequivocabile forza dialettica, Pier Paolo Pasolini denunciava un autentico sconvolgimento sociale. E lo interpretava alla flebile luce degli éclats delle lucciole ormai scomparse. Lucciole simboliche, lucciole sociologiche del cambiamento profondo del tessuto sociale. La lucciola come sguardo, ripresa metafisica di una realtà socio-economica dominata dall'urgenza, dall'ineluttabilità delle “cose fisiche” e dal loro vorace consumo.

#### “Diversità resistente”

Véronique da una parte fa sua la tesi pasoliniana (la distanza dal consumismo, dal dominio delle cose, dal troppo) e dall'altra la ribalta dedicando tutta ma proprio tutta la sua opera alla metafisica, senza nessuna esitazione. Alle lucciole, per intenderci. A quel brillio intermittente e vago. Al rincorrersi di bagliori di poesia. Alla delicatezza sensibile e imprendibile di quell'esserci e subito non esserci

1. Dall'introduzione al volume “Cento anni di poesia nella Svizzera Italiana”, Armando Dadò editore, 1997.

2. Corriere della Sera, 1 febbraio 1975: Pier Paolo Pasolini “Il vuoto del potere” ovvero “l'articolo delle lucciole”.

fleeting delicacy of that being there and no longer being there, only to recover and reappear unpredictably a little further on, continuing through the night. The intermittence of their unpredictable path distils an idea of magical beauty. Poetic sentiment and rhythm constitute the points of departure for Véronique's pathway through art beyond physical things, come from a perspective that we might define as meditative through poetry. Along this apparently fragile path, she brings us back to the reality of the here and now, immersing us in the flow of life, overcoming conditioning and limits. The *éclat*, the fleeting moment, is the way (the *Utopia*, to refer back to a splendid work by Véronique from 2014) to illuminating reality as we see it, inside of ourselves. Or in the words of Emanuele Severino, the philosopher who left this world in January, as we welcome it in the "grande anima"<sup>3</sup>.

When Véronique recovers *l'éclat d'une luciole dans la nuit* from a nineteenth-century native American (see Dominique Bannwarth's interview with Véronique Arnold in this catalogue), fireflies become the metaphor not only for poetry and metaphysics but also for life itself. "*A homage to the life we are given*", states the artist. It is akin to Giorgio Orelli's "bother" of life and the anxieties that he drapes in poetic beauty. Like the solitude of Emily Dickinson, woven day after day by a ceaseless introspective conversation with the small and big things in life. From the game of shadows to the cult of the written word, right up to big existential matters. Véronique shares the concept of "resistant diversity" with this wonderful American poetess. In other words, she detaches herself from the dominant mentality, using art to reclaim the possibility of connecting the world of thought and the spirit to the urgency of the here and now. A conciliatory path (a Utopia?) between being and existing, interweaving the inner reasons and conditions of living, particularly the quality of the ties between the dimension of the spirit and reality, from which she garners its most distinctive aspects. Nature of course, the world in which we are immersed, from which she scientifically gathers (following in the footsteps of Darwin, von Humboldt and others, including Plinius the Elder with his *Naturalis historia*) and poetically highlights almost imperceptible but absolutely significant (like the myth of Butade, love that generates art) aspects of fundamental themes, such as the reasons to live.

3. Emanuele Severino, (Brescia 1929-2020) philosopher, in an interview with Antonio Gnoli, states: "Goethe said: ah! two souls inhabit my breast. I could say the same for myself. There is the great soul, which is not subject to the trauma of language and comprehension, not a place or a time you can change at will; and there is the little soul, marked by errors, doubts, uncertainty ". La Repubblica, 21.6.2019.

#### **Between science and metaphysics**

The link between the physical dimension and metaphysics is present in all of Véronique's work. She starts out from the earth, from Nature, rising towards a sky that is at one and the same time a physical and inner space. The connection to science comes via Véronique's reference to Friedrich von Humboldt, the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century German naturalist, explorer, geographer and botanist, a prolific voyager whose aim was to use his travels in order to carry out scientific research. Humboldt's scientific interests lay somewhere between anatomy and astronomy, drawing analogies between the microcosm of the body and the macrocosm of infinite space. Véronique's work employs

più, per poi riprendersi e riapparire imprevedibilmente un po' più in là, e così via nella notte. Nell'intermittenza del loro indeterminabile tragitto si concentra un'idea di magica bellezza. E il percorso di Véronique oltre le cose fisiche attraverso l'arte, parte proprio da un sentimento e da un ritmo poetico, da una prospettiva che possiamo definire meditativa attraverso la poesia. Lungo questo apparentemente fragile percorso ci riporta alla realtà qui e adesso. Ad immergervi nello scorrere della vita superando condizionamenti e limiti. L'*éclat*, attimo fuggente, è il modo (*l'Utopia*, riprendendo una sua splendida opera del 2014) di illuminare la realtà come la percepiamo a livello interiore. Ossia, per dirla con Emanuele Severino, il filosofo scomparso in gennaio, come la accogliamo nella "grande anima"<sup>3</sup>. Nel momento in cui Véronique va a recuperare *l'éclat d'une luciole dans la nuit* da un amerindo, un indiano d'America del XIX secolo (cfr. in questo catalogo l'intervista di Dominique Bannwarth a Véronique Arnold), ecco che la luciola diventa metafora non solo di poesia e di metafisica, ma anche della vita. "*Un omaggio alla vita che ci è data*", precisa l'artista stessa. Un po', se vogliamo, come la "briga" della vita con i suoi affanni, che Giorgio Orelli veste di bellezza poetica. O come la solitudine di Emily Dickinson, ricamata giorno dopo giorno da un incessante colloquio introspettivo con le piccole e grandi cose della vita. Dal gioco della penombra al culto della parola scritta sino alle grandi domande esistenziali. Con la straordinaria poetessa americana Véronique condivide il concetto di "diversità resistente". Ossia che si discosta dalla mentalità dominante per riappropriarsi, attraverso l'arte, della possibilità di collegare il mondo del pensiero e dello spirito all'urgenza del qui e adesso. Un percorso (un'utopia?) di conciliazione tra l'essere e l'esistere, intrecciando le ragioni interiori e le condizioni del vivere, in particolare nella qualità del collegamento tra la dimensione dello spirito e la realtà di cui coglie gli aspetti più distintivi. La natura certo, il mondo nel quale siamo immersi di cui va a cogliere scientificamente (sulle tracce di Darwin, von Humboldt e altri, compreso Plinio il Vecchio con la sua *Naturalis historia*) e poeticamente rilevare risvolti quasi impercettibili ma assolutamente significativi (come il mito di Butade, l'amore che genera l'arte) di temi fondamentali come le ragioni per vivere.

#### **Tra scienza e metafisica**

Il raccordo tra dimensione fisica e metafisica percorre tutta l'opera di Véronique. Parte dalla terra, dalla natura per salire in un cielo, che è nello stesso tempo spazio fisico ed interiore. Si allaccia allo spazio per la scienza attraverso il riferimento a Friedrich von Humboldt, naturalista, esploratore, geografo e botanico tedesco tra Sette e Ottocento, grande viaggiatore proprio per riuscire, viaggiando, a condurre le sue ricerche scientifiche. Uno scienziato tra anatomia e astronomia, inseguendo analogie tra quel microcosmo che è il corpo e il macrocosmo dello spazio infinito. Questa dicotomia tra realtà così distanti eppure così vicine, nell'opera di Véronique si concilia attraverso la dimensione poetica. Il cielo è sì quello della scienza, come l'animo è quello della psicologia, ma l'uno e l'altro sono colti

3. Emanuele Severino, (Brescia 1929-2020) filosofo, nell'intervista ad Antonio Gnoli afferma: "Goethe diceva: ah! due anime abitano nel mio petto. Potrei dire la stessa cosa di me. C'è la grande anima, che non è soggetta al trauma della lingua e della comprensione, non è un luogo o un tempo che tu puoi cambiare a piacimento; e c'è la piccola anima, segnata dagli errori, dai dubbi, dalle incertezze". La Repubblica, 21.6.2019.

poetry to reconcile this dichotomy between such far-off yet close-by realities. The sky is indeed that of science, just as the soul is that of psychology, but both are intercepted by a perspective on art born from the relationship between the concrete and the abstract, the physical and the inner spaces. This concept is well expressed in Véronique Arnold's recent exhibition at Basel's Galleria Stampa<sup>4</sup> significantly entitled *We are the Universe. We are the universe, we are part of it, we have it within us.* Yet how did this connection come about and what does it entail?

In her own way, Véronique, like Dickinson, adopts a seemingly light-handed approach, using modes and materials that are the least heavy and physical possible, capable of delicately concentrating spaces of freedom and independent expression on themes that burst forth from the inner world towards reality. In the coming and going between the inside and the out, between the inner garden and the outer jungle, Véronique tackles the questions of life from a sensitive angle. She removes the wrappings of necessity, relieving them of those things that are a certain way, because that is how they must be. She points to their modest and discreet, almost volatile, sides, which are generally hidden but wholly true, vital and significant.

#### **Memory, poetry and desire**

4. "The exhibition *We are the Universe* at the Galerie Stampa, Basel," wrote Véronique Arnold on the occasion of this exhibition in May-August 2019, "deals with a theme that is close to my heart: the link between the observation of Nature and the universe and that of the human psyche. To what extent are we humans made of the same matter as the meteorites and the stars or plants that we marvel at, or living organisms of all orders? To what extent does our thought arise from what preceded us, from our origins? From all the matter surrounding us? Our bodies, and so our spirit, are made up in a similar way to all bodies in the universe. And to what extent is this expanding universe connected to our thoughts, our aspirations, our dreams, in the brief time of our earthly existence?"

da una prospettiva d'arte che nasce dal rapporto tra concreto e astratto, spazi fisici ed interiori. Un concetto ben espresso nella recente mostra di Véronique Arnold alla Galleria Stampa di Basilea<sup>4</sup> intitolata significativamente *We are the Universe*. Noi siamo l'universo, ne siamo parte, l'abbiamo dentro di noi. Ma come nasce questo collegamento e cosa comporta?

A modo suo, come la Dickinson anche Véronique procede in modo all'apparenza leggero, utilizzando modi e materiali meno pesanti, meno fisici possibile, capaci di delicatamente concentrare spazi di libertà e di espressione autonoma su temi che dal mondo interiore erompono verso la realtà. Nell'andirivieni tra dentro e fuori, tra il giardino interiore e la giungla del reale, avvicina le cose della vita da un'angolazione sensibile. Le toglie dall'involucro delle necessità, delle cose che così sono perché così devono essere. Va a rilevare il loro lato pudico e discreto, quasi volatile, per lo più nascosto ma assolutamente vero, vitale, significativo.

#### **Memoria, poesia e desiderio**

Nell'opera complessiva di Véronique Arnold procedono affiancati i concetti di poesia e di memoria. Dove la memoria è diversa dal ricordo. Non si riferisce al passato, a qualcosa di perduto. È il ridestarsi della coscienza d'un vissuto che è vivo e operante adesso. La memoria e la poesia sono le mani a conca con le quali l'artista raccoglie il reale senza poterlo trattenere tutto. Una parte scivola tra le dita, rimane quel tanto che basta alla sua espressività e alla nostra sete. Proprio come nell'intermittenza e nell'imprevedibilità del brillio delle lucciole nelle sere di maggio. La memoria nella poetica di Véronique è un'azione al presente, che si rinnova ogni volta. Per Dante Alighieri si usano le parole per dire quello che non si sa, le parole inseguono quel che devono dire: non sono le parole che hanno senso ma il senso che ha parole, e il senso è più grande delle parole che le recuperano, lo perdono e lo riprendono attraverso la memoria.

Lavorare con le parole comporta un viaggio in una duplice memoria: dentro se stessi e dentro la memoria delle parole. In questo doppio viaggio s'incontrano, s'intrecciano e al fine coincidono quanto l'artista ha dentro di sé e quanto viene da lontano e vive nelle parole, nella poesia.

Nell'opera di Véronique le parole ricorrono in forma poetica. S'intromettono nei suoi testi su carta quasi giocando e creando una relazione poetica con le forme e i materiali. Diventano parte sostanziale, incisa nelle opere di cui concorrono a precisare il senso. Così nelle *Boules* come nelle *Boîtes*, nelle *Broderies* come negli *Inchiostri*. Le parole di Véronique e dei suoi (nostri) poeti s'intrecciano con quelle della natura, erbe e foglie, petali e fiori, rami e legni, aghi di pino, muschi e piume... Raccolgono sensazioni ed emozioni, pensieri e meditazioni, slanci e sospensioni, prospettive, ansie e desideri. Si depositano su sete e lini, fili e nastri come una poesia, come i versi che eludono la rima e riacquistano tutta la loro libertà. Per poi delicatamente chiudersi entro composizioni chiare e luminose ove

4. "L'esposizione *We ware the Universe* alla Galerie Stampa, Basilea - ha scritto Véronique Arnold in occasione della mostra, maggio-agosto 2019 - tratta una tematica che mi sta a cuore: il legame tra l'osservazione della natura e dell'universo e quella della psiche umana. Fino a che punto noi umani siamo della stessa materia delle meteoriti e delle stelle o le piante che ci meravigliano o degli organismi viventi di ogni ordine? Fino a che punto il nostro pensiero nasce da ciò che ci precede, dalle nostre origini? Da tutta questa materia che ci circonda? I nostri corpi, dunque il nostro spirito sono d'una composizione analoga a tutti i corpi dell'universo. E in che misura questo universo in espansione è in collegamento con i nostri pensieri, le nostre aspirazioni, i nostri sogni, nel tempo così breve delle nostre esistenze terrestri"?

branches and woods, pine needles, moss and feathers... They pick up sensations and emotions, thoughts and meditations, *élan* and suspension, perspectives, anxieties and desires. They settle on silks and linens and on strings and ribbons, like a poem, like verses escaping rhyme, which regain their full freedom. They later fold delicately into soft and luminous compositions in which our world, Nature, the sky, thoughts and poems are kept alive, sealing materials that have found their stability, though appearing to be constantly on the point of changing. Poems of memory and desire.

#### Rhythm and music

A soggetto dolce / a sweet and gentle subject inhabits her compositions. It is to be found both in the rhythmic development of the images as well as in the mode: the technique and style, the sign, the colour, the light. In that diffused luminosity which spreads out like a mantle. The sweetness pervades the canvases, the silks, the linens, the grass collages, the papers, the porcelains and even the plexiglass. It defines the painting (pictographs), the sign, the engraving, the embroidery, the composition, the infusion of new life into mortal things, like dry leaf through its immersion in porcelain. The conceptual relies on materials and objects, projecting them into a new dimension, in which they assume new and stratified meanings. A sort of undulating expressive landscape where materials dialogue with words, bringing to the surface inner stories, the very ones that relate to the great soul. They have poetic allure, leaving a faint trace which becomes more consistent as the works follow on from one another, in their repeated declination of "soggetti dolci".

By the time of Plato, knowledge through the senses was interwoven with reminiscence: it is the occasion for recalling the ideas that are already inside of us. Music is of great assistance bearing in mind the rhythms, at times harmonious, at times contrapuntal, on which Véronique's work is based. "Sensitive" in music is the note that reveals a sense of instability, a temporary nature, the search for a still point upon which to settle following the waiting period that is the prelude to clarifying significance. Véronique's pictographs are composed of a mainly matter-based draft with compositional and/or graphic additions in an exchange between painting, engraving, installation and sculpture. A good example of this is the impalpable spherical "sculpture" *Des branches poussent et d'autres tombent*: twigs of painted heather, nylon lines. An idea of beauty and lightness recuperated through memory; a world (the inner dimension, the globe, the planet, the universe moving and expanding...) manifesting itself and folding back into game and poetry.

#### Painted poems

"Amo i colori, tempi di un anelito inquieto, irrisolvibile, vitale, spiegazione umilissima e sovrana dei cosmici 'perché' del mio respiro" / "I love colours, moments of restless, unsatisfiable, vital yearning,

il nostro mondo, la natura, il cielo, i pensieri, le poesie si conservano vive, suggellando materie che hanno trovato una loro stabilità pur apparente sempre sul punto di cambiare. Poesie della memoria e del desiderio.

#### Il ritmo e la musica

Un soggetto dolce abita le sue composizioni. Si ritrova tanto nello sviluppo ritmico delle immagini quanto nel modo: nella tecnica e nello stile, quindi nel segno, nel colore, nella luce. Nella luminosità diffusa come un manto. La dolcezza percorre le tele, le sete, i lini, i nylon, i collages di erbe, le carte, le porcellane e persino i plexiglass. Qualifica la pittura (le pittografie), il segno, l'incisione, il ricamo, la composizione, l'infondere nuova vita in cose cadute come una foglia rinsecchita attraverso l'immersione nella porcellana. Il concettuale si appoggia su materie ed oggetti proiettandoli in una dimensione nuova, nella quale assumono significati diversi e stratificati. Una sorta di ondulato paesaggio espressivo dove i materiali dialogano con le parole portando all'evidenza storie interiori, appunto relative alla grande anima. Hanno un'allure poetica, lasciano un'impronta lieve, che prende consistenza nel succedersi delle opere con la reiterata declinazione di soggetti dolci.

Già per Platone la conoscenza sensibile s'intreccia con la reminiscenza: è l'occasione per richiamare alla coscienza le idee che già sono dentro di noi. Alla luce della ritmica, a volte armoniosa ed a volte contrappuntistica su cui si adagiano le opere di Véronique, molto aiuta la musica. "Sensibile" in musica è quella nota che rileva un senso di instabilità, di provvisorietà, di ricerca d'un punto fermo su cui assestarsi dopo quel tempo d'attesa che prelude al chiarirsi del significato.

Le pittografie di Véronique si compongono d'una stesura per lo più materica e di interventi compositivi e/o grafici in un interscambio tra pittura, incisione, installazione e scultura. Esemplare in questo senso l'impalpabile "scultura" sferica *Des branches poussent et d'autres tombent*: rametti di erica dipinti, fili di nylon. Un'idea di bellezza e leggerezza recuperata attraverso la memoria; un mondo (la dimensione interiore, il globo, il pianeta, l'universo che si muove espandendosi...) che si manifesta e si racchiude nel gioco e nella poesia.

#### Poesie dipinte

"Amo i colori, tempi di un anelito inquieto, irrisolvibile, vitale, spiegazione umilissima e sovrana dei cosmici 'perché' del mio respiro"<sup>5</sup>. Poesia chiama poesia e questi versi di Alda Merini si addicono al prendere consistenza dei colori di Véronique. Colori naturali, colori delle cose, presenze. Ma anche assenze con quel bianco così intenso delle sete e delle porcellane, che assorbe tutti i colori. "Il bianco ci colpisce come un grande silenzio" ha scritto Kandinsky. Il bianco è assenza di rumore nelle Boîtes di Véronique, ancor più il bianco della seta floccata. Con i suoi toni vellutati, dentro la protezio-

5. "La presenza di Orfeo" è la prima raccolta poetica della scrittrice Alda Merini (Milano 1931-2009), edita da Schwarz a Milano nel 1953 per la collana Campionario.

*the humble and sovereign explanation of the cosmic 'why' of my breath*<sup>5</sup>. Poetry attracts poetry, and these verses by Alda Merini fit the manner in which Véronique's colours gain consistency. Natural colours, the colours of things, presences. Yet also absence, in that intense white of the silk and porcelain that absorbs all colours. "White strikes us as a huge silence," Kandinsky wrote. White is the absence of sound in Véronique's *Boites*, even whiter than the flocked silk. With its velvety tones, beneath the protection of plexiglass, it hosts delicate and highly evocative small elements referring to the poetry of memory: embroidery, tiny garlands of flowers, pistils, birds' nests, strings and ribbons, balls of matted wool and pollen colour (Wolfgang Laib's unattainable pollen yellow), roses and "vintage" feathers, all with their own stories, grasses used for binding books, rhinestones, different types of leaves, consistency, colour...

and glass. Round, engraved, coloured pieces of glass. Kandinsky comes back to mind: "Colour is a means of directly influencing the soul. Colour is the key. The eye is the hammer. The soul is a piano with many strings. The artist is the hand that touches one key or the other and causes the soul to vibrate."<sup>6</sup>. Véronique's Boules are worlds that reflect thanks to their colour and whose spherical shapes enhance the capacity for introspection and metamorphosis (the sphere itself has an element of magic to it), giving back another poetically dissimilar reality. Yet above all, they speak to us by offering painted poems in which verses and stories interweave, activating the sensitive receptors of our memories. The metaphor of the universe represented by the sphere reconciles, in the words of Alda Merini, the "restless yearning" that ultimately finds its peace in harmony and beauty: the forms, the compositions, the materials that become the elements in a conversation.

#### **Landscapes of memory**

Véronique is also able to form a harmonious, patient and confident relationship with matter. Her inner gardens, enclosed within a finite space, recall lost times, ancient awareness and the intermittent sparkles of inner life. If these gentle little scenarios of hers are transformed into the landscapes of memory of reminiscence and poetry, it is because they recover an ancient knowledge of nature and expressive traditions, on the one hand, while on the other, they awaken meanings capable of speaking to our own times, increasingly divided between the well calibrated progress of science, accelerating our knowledge of the physical world, and the need for metaphysical answers to our inner unrest.

In Véronique's work, there is an opening up to "other" cultures other than our classical Greco-Roman own, latching onto, among others, Buddhist, Japanese and Zen ways of thought. These, too, come from afar, borne by great books and philosophies that have established extraordinary intellectual constructs. Véronique proposes them with an alternative rhythm in her work, as well as in expressive

5. "La presenza di Orfeo" is the first collection of poetry by the writer Alda Merini (Milan, 1931-2009), published by Schwarz, Milan, in 1953 for the *Campionario* series.

6. Wassily Kandinsky, "The Spiritual in Art", 1910.

ne del plexi accoglie piccoli, delicati elementi fortemente evocativi, riferiti alla poesia della memoria: ricami, minime ghirlande di fiori, pistilli, nidi d'uccelli, fili e nastri, gomitoli di lana infeltrita e color polline (il giallo imprendibile dei pollini di Wolfgang Laib), rose e piume "antiche", quindi con una loro storia, erbe che rilegano libri, strass, foglie di vario tipo, consistenza, colore...

E vetri. Vetri sferici, incisi, colorati. Torna alla mente Kandinsky: "Il colore è un mezzo per influenzare direttamente l'anima. Il colore è il tatto. L'occhio è il martelletto. L'anima è un pianoforte con molte corde. L'artista è la mano che toccando questo o quel tatto fa vibrare l'anima"<sup>6</sup>. Le Boules di Véronique sono mondi che riflettono nel colore e nella sfericità esaltano la capacità di introspezione e di metamorfosi (la sfera ha in sé qualcosa di magico), ridonando una realtà altra, poeticamente difforme. Ma soprattutto parlano rilanciando poesie dipinte nelle quali s'intrecciano versi e storie attivando poeticamente i ricettori sensibili della nostra memoria. In quella metafora dell'universo che è la sfera si concilia, per dirla con Alda Merini, l'"anelito inquieto" che alla fine trova pace nell'armonia e nella bellezza: delle forme, delle composizioni, dei materiali che diventano elementi di dialogo.

#### **Paesaggi della memoria**

Véronique sa stringere un rapporto armonioso, paziente e fiducioso con la materia. I suoi giardini interiori racchiusi entro uno spazio finito richiamano tempi perduti, antiche consapevolezze, chiarori intermittenti della vita interiore. E se questi suoi piccoli, soffusi scenari si trasformano in paesaggi della memoria, della reminiscenza e della poesia è perché da una parte recuperano una sapienza antica, della natura e delle tradizioni espressive. E, dall'altra, risvegliano significati capaci di parlare a questo nostro tempo sempre più diviso tra il procedere ben calibrato della scienza, che accelera nella conoscenza del mondo fisico, e il bisogno di risposte metafisiche ad inquietudini interiori.

Nell'opera di Véronique lo scenario si amplia a culture "altre" rispetto alla nostra classica, greco-romana, agganciando linee di pensiero come quella buddista, giapponese, zen. Anch'esse vengono da lontano sulla scorta di grandi libri e filosofie capaci di erigere straordinarie costruzioni intellettuali. Qui si propongono con cadenze alternative anche sul piano espressivo e dei simboli. A modo loro rispondono a quell'anelito inquieto che attraversa il mondo delle idee, come in attesa di nuove risposte a domande antiche.

Emblematica è l'opera *Le bruissement des feuilles / le miroitement de l'eau*, 2017, un kimono di seta flocata cosparso di foglie di porcellana bianca di Limoges: foglie secche, foglie "riarse" direbbe Montale. Hanno finito la loro stagione e vengono recuperate a nuovi significati dentro la bellezza dell'invetriamento in candida porcellana. Lo spazio del silenzio. Il kimono è allestito come una diafana croce (sensibile incontro tra Oriente e Occidente) dal fascino quasi mistico del bianco (porcellana) su bianco (seta), tra essenzialità e lievissime increspature.

6. Wassily Kandinsky, "Lo spirituale nell'arte", 1910.

and symbolic terms. In their own way, they respond to the restless yearning that runs through the world of ideas, as though they are waiting for new answers to old questions.

The work *Le bruissement des feuilles / le miroitement de l'eau*, 2017, is emblematic; a flocked silk kimono scattered with white Limoges porcelain leaves: dry leaves, "dried-again" Montale would say. Their season is over and they are won back to new significances in the beauty of their pure-white porcelain glazing. The space of silence. The kimono is arranged like a diaphanous cross (the tangible encounter of East and West) with the almost mystical charm of the white (porcelain) on white (silk), between essential and tiny creases.

#### **The meeting of cultures**

The embrace between the element of Nature, the earthly, and the inner celestial dimension is mainly achieved by using concrete materials and methods belonging to the expressive tradition. Special importance is given to embroidery, an art form which once belonged to painting. Véronique recovers this pictorial aspect and takes it up to the point of abstraction. This can be seen in *Galaxies*, 2019, in which coloured threads appear embroidered on fabric. Colour embroidery was widespread in the fifteenth century, involving gold and pearls combined with black thread on white backgrounds. In the twentieth century, there was a conscious return to the study of ancient techniques, leading to embroidery inspired by modern designs. Today, artists like Véronique turn to needle and thread to draw their own inspiration and visions on fabric, a live element. Fabric is what covers us and what we wear; it is a document of our souls, made with our own hands. According to the Polish artist Magdalena Abakanowicz (1930-2017), who used fabric to force the boundaries between expressive genres and to reinvent textiles as *objets d'art* in their own right, "*by working with fabric, we are working with mystery*." The same might be said of porcelain, an inimitable mixture that is unique in its performance and structure. Originating from the East, from China, the use of porcelain reminds us once again of the meeting of cultures achieved in Véronique's work. This most noble and enduring of ceramics is used to envelop elements of Nature in its glazed matter, while at the same time assuming its form, regaling these elements with a touch of beauty and nobility.

This very encounter, with its use of material elements, the combination of different materials, and of graphic elements, the sinuous arrangements and etchings, carries with it the idea of travelling into territories that escape perception by our senses. These are symbolic journeys, their steps are dance-like. The works themselves require very little in terms of materials, merely those able to evoke the original structures of language. What is more primordial than the symbol, which takes its shape from primary, primitive images? Véronique's journeys in art take us along a series of symbols that belong to us and are therefore able to dialogue with the inner, sensitive world.

#### **Incontro di culture**

L'abbraccio tra l'elemento di natura, la terrestrità, e la dimensione celeste-interiore avviene prevalentemente con materiali concreti e metodi che appartengono alla tradizione espressiva. Un rilievo particolare spetta al ricamo. L'arte del ricamo apparteneva alla pittura, e Véronique recupera questa valenza pittorica spingendola sin sulla soglia dell'astrazione, come in *Galaxies* del 2019, ricamo di fili di colore su tessuto. Nel Quattrocento il ricamo trovava larga applicazione a colori con oro e perle e in filo nero su fondo bianco. Nel Novecento si è tornati diligentemente allo studio della tecnica antica producendo ricami ispirati da disegni di gusto moderno. Oggi artisti come Véronique ricorrono all'ago e al filo per disegnare le proprie ispirazioni e visioni su tessuto, un elemento vivo. Il tessuto è il nostro rivestimento e il nostro abito; fatto con le nostre mani, è un documento delle nostre anime. Secondo Magdalena Abakanowicz, artista polacca (1930-2017) che proprio con i tessuti ha forzato i confini tra generi espressivi e reinventato il tessile come oggetto d'arte a se stante, "*maneggiando la fibra, maneggiamo il mistero*".

Lo stesso si può dire della porcellana, composto unico e inimitabile per resa e conformazione. Nasce in Oriente, in Cina, ed il suo utilizzo ribadisce l'incontro tra culture che si realizza nell'opera di Véronique. Proprio il più nobile e duraturo tra i prodotti ceramici viene utilizzato per racchiudere dentro di sé, nella sua pasta invetriata, elementi di natura di cui assume la forma recando un tratto di bellezza e nobiltà.

Proprio l'incontro e la collaborazione sia tra elementi materici, accorpamenti di materiali diversi, sia tra grafie, stesure ondulate ed anche graffi, reca in sé l'idea del viaggio in territori che sfuggono alla percezione sensoriale. Sono viaggi simbolici, hanno un passo come di danza ove le opere hanno bisogno di poco, solo materiali in grado di evocare le strutture originarie del linguaggio. Cosa di più originario del simbolo, che va a prendere fisionomia nelle immagini primarie, primitive? I viaggi di Véronique attraverso l'arte si compiono lungo una serie di simboli che ci appartengono e quindi sanno dialogare con il mondo interiore. Appunto il sensibile.

**VÉRONIQUE ARNOLD**

*in conversation with  
Dominique Bannwarth, journalist,  
president of Mulhouse Art Contemporain,  
in the artist's studio, Mulhouse,  
Wednesday, November 13, 2019.*

**VÉRONIQUE ARNOLD**

*Entretien avec Dominique Bannwarth,  
journaliste, président de Mulhouse  
Art Contemporain, dans l'atelier de l'artiste  
à Mulhouse, mercredi 13 novembre 2019.  
Transcription écrite d'un entretien oral.*

**F**rom the outset, the title of your exhibition — “the flash of fireflies in the night” — conveys a sensory dimension...

I borrowed this phrase from a nineteenth-century Indian chief. He asked, “What is life? It is the flash of a firefly in the night.”

For several months, I had been trying to find a title for my upcoming exhibition at the Ghisla Foundation, and this sentence perfectly encapsulated the way I wanted to show my work.

It evokes a faint, dancing glimmer that quickly vanishes in the dark.

I particularly appreciate the nuance brought by the word “flash,” in opposition to “light.”

We live in a time where nuances are increasingly hard to distinguish.

We seem to be constantly expecting bright, powerful lights commanding immediate attention.

To me, the word “flash” beautifully depicts this faint glimmer.

In my work, I always seem to try and restore their brightness to simple, inconspicuous things: the folds on dried ginkgo leaves, the calligraphic traces formed by heathers projected on a wall, the shadows of leaves, poetical phrases engraved on glass, embroidered words on a long strip of fabric, the rustle of leaves in the wind, the movement of water, the tenderness of an intonation...

**Does this return to the sensory world also mark a return to nature?**

Absolutely — it's both a return to the natural world and to my own nature.

I have probably always been connected to my deepest nature, this essential, free and archaic sense of self.

I've always found it quite artificial to ignore this nature and everything that makes us what we are — feelings, emotions, our myriad ways to apprehend the world.

An almost animal nature.

I've always seen that as a treasure to cherish forever.

I may have strayed away from it occasionally, but it has always been a painful experience, a tense discomfort, a feeling of incompleteness.

**This striking sensory dimension obviously refers to the living, animated world, as well to something that also allows us to grapple with the sense of emptiness, and even death...**

That's right. “Animated” as in *anima*, the soul.

To me, the soul is the main component that makes us feel alive within our complex existence.

It is comprised of a many emotions, perceptions of reality, transcriptions of experience; when we are severed from this savage, untamable force, we lose our energy and our vitality.

**The idea is to proclaim the power of the living world, its vibration.**

This is beautifully put. How can we vibrate? How can we stay attuned to the vibration of beings and of things?

It's when we stop being alive that we most acutely feel the moments we were.

But when we feel alive, we vibrate.

**D**'emblée, le titre de l'exposition *L'éclat d'une luciole dans la nuit*, renvoie à quelque chose de sensible?

Je reprends les propos d'un être humain amérindien du XIXe siècle qui essayait de définir la vie de cette manière: «Qu'est-ce la vie? C'est l'éclat d'une luciole dans la nuit».

Depuis quelques mois, j'étais à la recherche d'un titre pour mon exposition à la Fondation Ghisla à Locarno et quand j'ai lu cette phrase, je me suis dit que c'était ainsi que j'aimerais présenter mon travail.

J'ai l'idée de la lumière d'une luciole dans la nuit comme d'une lumière dansante, légère, qui apparaît puis s'estompe.

A ce titre, j'ai aimé l'expression «l'éclat» d'une luciole, et non pas «la lumière» d'une luciole.

Nous vivons à une époque où il est très difficile d'apercevoir les nuances.

C'est comme si nous nous attendions toujours à voir des lumières extrêmement fortes et puissantes qui s'imposent à notre regard.

Cette expression «d'éclat» pour désigner cette toute petite lumière de luciole dans la nuit est très belle.

Dans mon travail, il me semble que j'essaie en permanence de rendre leur éclat à des choses toutes simples, qui pourraient passer inaperçues: les pliures des feuilles sèches de ginkgo lorsque l'eau s'est retirée, les calligraphies que forment de petites branches de bruyère lorsqu'elles sont projetées sur un mur, les ombres des feuilles, la poésie de mots gravés sur du verre, d'interminables broderies de mots sur du textile, le bruissement des feuilles dans le vent, le mouvement de l'eau, la tendresse d'une intonation de voix...

**Ce retour vers le sensible te ramène aussi à la nature?**

Oui, nécessairement, la nature, c'est aussi ma propre nature.

Sans doute que je n'ai jamais quitté ce que je ressens comme ma nature profonde, ce sentiment d'exister, naturel, libre, archaïque.

Il m'a toujours semblé artificiel de vivre en ignorant cette nature et tout ce qui nous constitue, les sentiments, les émotions, notre manière d'appréhender le monde qui est si multiple.

Une nature presque animale.

J'ai toujours estimé que c'était là mon trésor pour la vie.

Il m'est arrivé d'en être éloignée, mais j'ai toujours vécu cet éloignement comme une souffrance, une tension désagréable, un sentiment d'inaccomplissement.

**Ce caractère très sensible renvoie évidemment à quelque chose de vivant, quelque chose d'animé, quelque chose aussi qui permet de lutter contre le sentiment de l'inexistence, voire de la mort?**

Oui, c'est ça, je pense à l'âme, à «l'anima»...

Il me semble que ce qui nous permet réellement de nous sentir vivants dans cette existence complexe, c'est ce que nous appelons l'âme.

A physical contact with a human being, a falling leaf, the wind suddenly lifting the clothes of a passer-by in front of you — this is what being alive is all about, a very profound perception of what is around us... This is what makes me feel alive.

It reminds me of Lucian Freud, grandson of Sigmund Freud, who said, "I want [paint] to work for me just as flesh does."

I see this as a reference to drives and impulses.

In my own relationship with human beings, I am interested in the living world, in drives, feelings, impulses, all the unsaid elements that determine our connections.

I try to see beyond the mask, beyond disguises.

There is the human world, but also our entire environment.

All of this constitutes alterity.

Of course, a contact with another human being implies a different form of perception than, say, a contact with a tree; but in every case, we are confronted to a sense of permanent otherness to which we, as human beings, have to respond.

**For that matter, as was the case with the cosmos in a previous exhibition, you seek to transcribe this empathy, this resonance that you feel when you're in contact with nature and the world, by the means of a structured language, despite the poetic dimension of your meditations.**

You have raised the question of language. I would say that above all, I operate like a membrane that responds to its environment.

Faced with the impossibility to translate what happens when I'm in contact with everything that surrounds me, I'm driven to create something and invent a language to respond to all of these affects.

This particular language I need to invent in order to be alive takes the form of artworks and writing.

However, I become increasingly aware that the structure of the language I use in my creative practice is strangely similar to the structure of the living world that surrounds me.

Images of the universe seen through a telescope, or of the inside of a tree through an electronic microscope, are themselves structures and languages.

I think through these structures, and these structures are also a part of me.

The feeling of being part of everything that surrounds us is wonderful.

**Drawing from the empathetic, intuitive and emotional realm, you create a structured language through forms, materials and discourse. Could you describe this second step, namely the way you turn these elements into a structured, verbal, artistic and formal result?**

This is a difficult question... Something is working inside of me. It's an unconscious process. I don't know exactly what's going on.

We are born in a world where language is already constituted.

Language precedes us.

The first time I felt the need to use an artistic language was after my father's unexpected passing. I was a teenager.

C'est une multitude d'émotions, de perceptions du réel, de transcriptions de ce qui nous arrive et si nous sommes coupés de cette force qui est une force sauvage, indomptable, nous perdons notre énergie et notre vitalité.

#### **Il s'agit d'affirmer la force du vivant, sa vibration...**

C'est très beau, ton évocation de la vibration: comment vibrer, comment ne pas cesser de vivre dans la vibration aux êtres et aux choses.

Nous ressentons très clairement les moments où nous sommes en vie lorsque nous cessons de l'être.

Mais lorsque nous nous sentons vivants, nous vibrons.

Au contact d'un être humain qui nous touche, au contact d'une feuille qui tombe, au contact du vent qui soulève tout à coup le tissu d'un passant devant nous: c'est tout cela le vivant, cette perception très fine de ce qui nous entoure...

C'est cela qui me fait sentir vivante.

Je pense aux propos du peintre Lucian Freud, petit-fils de Freud, qui disait «je veux que la peinture fonctionne comme la chair».

Pour moi, il parlait aussi des pulsions.

Dans mon rapport aux êtres humains, c'est le vivant qui m'intéresse, les pulsions, les sentiments, les impulsions, ce qui ne se dit pas et qui détermine les relations.

J'essaie de voir au-delà du masque, des déguisements.

Il y a l'humain, mais il y a aussi tout notre environnement. Tout cela constitue l'altérité.

Il y a évidemment une différence de perception entre ce que je peux ressentir de l'autre humain quand je suis en relation avec lui et ce que je peux ressentir au contact d'un arbre par exemple, mais c'est l'idée d'une altérité permanente à laquelle nous sommes confrontés, et à laquelle nous avons à répondre, en tant qu'êtres humains.

**Justement, par rapport à cette empathie, cette résonance que tu vas ressentir au contact de la nature, du monde, comme cela aussi été le cas pour le cosmos lors d'une précédente exposition, il s'agit de transcrire cela à travers un langage, quelque chose de structuré, même si la pensée est poétique...**

Tu soulèves ici la question du langage; je dirais qu'avant tout, je suis comme une membrane qui répond à ce qui l'environne.

Face à mon sentiment d'impuissance à pouvoir traduire ce qui se passe au contact de tout ce qui m'environne, je suis amenée à créer quelque chose et à inventer un langage pour répondre à toutes ces sollicitations.

Ce langage particulier que je suis obligée d'inventer pour pouvoir vivre, c'est la création plastique, ce sont mes mots, c'est l'écriture.

Mais je me rends compte, au fur à mesure de mon travail, que la structure du langage que j'utilise dans mes créations est étrangement similaire à la structure du vivant tout autour de moi.

Facing the reality of death and the loss of a loved one, there was nothing left.  
With this symbolic collapse, I felt the need to build a personal language in order to face this unbearable situation.  
It was an initiatory experience.  
From then on, I have always functioned this way — through disruption, collapses, reaction, emotion, re-creation: I am overwhelmed by everything that happens to me.  
This overwhelming sensation is the starting point of my creative work.  
How do I work when I feel overwhelmed?  
It's probably a combination between the techniques and possibilities taught by society and something more archaic and chaotic.  
I'm always oscillating between a certain form of wildness and culture.

**You have your own culture, your own artistic, intellectual, poetic, and maybe psychoanalytical education... Does this pre-existing thought structure enter in conflict with what you feel, or, inversely, does it enable you to channel these feelings?**  
I would say my wild side often takes over the cultivated one.  
However, there is a productive dialogue between my feelings, my emotions and my sentiments, and the writing and artworks that surround me.  
I'm very interested in finding out how other human beings live, think and create.  
There are common points.  
The diversity of life forms and lines of thought inform my reflections as well as my way of being.

**So everything is mediated by the body, more so than by the mind?**

It's my feelings and my emotions that lead me to reflect about what happens to me, and not the opposite.  
But then the mind takes over.  
It keeps the feeling from vanishing.

**Some artists use their own body in a performative way. Have you ever experimented such an approach?**  
I have at some point.  
I worked with a musician on stage. I painted while he played pieces by Johann Sebastian Bach.  
I had raised a transparent wall between the audience and us, and I painted on the surface with India ink and large brushes.  
It was like a dance, a physical exercise.  
This question reminds me of Anna Mendieta, who has made wonderful works around the idea of the body.  
I would love to use a different approach to address the issue of the body.

Les images de l'univers au télescope ou les images des entrailles d'un arbre au microscope électronique sont structure, sont langage.  
Je pense ces structures. Je suis aussi ces structures.  
C'est un sentiment très beau d'être intégrée à ce point à tout ce qui nous environne.

**Partant de quelque chose qui est empathique, intuitif, émotionnel, comment dans la création cette notion de structuration du langage, à travers les formes, les matériaux, le discours éventuellement qui peut sous-tendre un travail artistique, s'opère cette étape suivante qui fait qu'au-delà de la perception, tu vas pouvoir restituer dans une forme structurée, langagière, artistique, formelle les choses?**

C'est une question difficile... c'est quelque chose qui est à l'œuvre en moi, à mon insu, je ne sais pas comment je procède exactement...

Nous naissions dans un monde où le langage est déjà constitué. Le langage nous précède.  
La première fois que la nécessité d'avoir recours à un langage artistique est apparue, c'est lorsque mon père est décédé brutalement. J'étais adolescente.

Face au réel de la mort et de la disparition d'un être aimé, il n'y avait plus rien.  
A partir de cet effondrement symbolique, j'ai ressenti la nécessité de construire un langage personnel pour faire face à cette situation intenable.  
C'était une expérience que je qualifierais d'initiatique.  
Par la suite, c'est toujours ainsi que j'ai fonctionné, par bouleversements, par effondrement, par réaction, par émotion, par re-création: je suis quelqu'un d'extrêmement bouleversée par tout ce qui m'arrive.

C'est ce bouleversement qui est à l'origine de la création.  
Comment je crée après le bouleversement?  
C'est sans doute un mélange entre ce que la société nous inculque de techniques, de possibilités et quelque chose de plus archaïque, de plus sauvage.  
C'est toujours un aller-retour entre une certaine forme de sauvagerie et la culture.

**Tu as ta propre culture, ta propre éducation artistique, intellectuelle, poétique, philosophique, peut-être psychanalytique... est-ce que toute cette armature de la pensée qui préexiste déjà peut entrer en conflit avec ce que tu ressens ou, au contraire, ne va-t-elle pas essayer de maîtriser ce que tu ressens?**

Je pense que je suis plus sauvage que cultivée.  
Mais il y existe un dialogue fructueux entre mes sensations, émotions, sentiments et les textes et œuvres d'art qui m'environnent.  
Cela m'intéresse beaucoup de découvrir comment d'autres humains vivent, pensent et créent. Il y a des points communs.  
La diversité des formes de vie et de pensée alimente ma pensée, mais aussi ma manière d'être sensible.

**There seems to be a form of danger in being a body animated by life, like an abyss that suddenly opens, and that you need to inhabit...**

It's a constant preoccupation...

I live in this world without protection, without skin, unable to keep my distances from reality. So I'm constantly within this form of danger.

My creative work can be seen as weaving a net above the abyss so that I don't fall down and I can keep dancing.

**Is your “apprehension” of the world linked to the connotation of fear carried by this term – as something that paralyzes the mind and the body – and to a way to surpass it through art?**

Surpassing it by breathing. You're talking about fear, but I would say it's closer to anxiety.

I was talking about this to a friend of mine, a writer. I was telling him how hard it was to experience anxiety, and he answered, "You should consider yourself lucky to know this feeling."

At the time, I thought it was a rather curious idea, but over time I started telling myself I was indeed lucky to have such an acute perception of the things that throw us in a state of incomprehension.

How to work against anxiety?

The question is rather how to work *with* it.

Breathing is speech, it's life; artistic work is all about breathing; it's a search for balance, a dance above the void...

**In this exhibition, you use various materials — embroidery, wood, ceramics... How do you choose them? How do they find their place in your creative work?**

My works always starts with a feeling, and in general, the most defining feeling is an ache, almost a breakdown; this is what leads me to choose the appropriate materials for my works.

In this exhibition, for instance, I am showing a flocked silk kimono. The fabric is almost transparent, sprinkled with thin porcelain leaves, almost translucent, delicate and fragile.

This work stems from a feeling of standing close to an abyss, which is a very tenuous place, as well as from a powerful poetic sentiment. For reasons I ignore, this is often the starting point of my works.

The moment I felt this sense of collapse, of failure, I realized I needed to touch a piece of silk, and I found that silk was extremely similar to the human skin, and that the skin is the translation of both our internal powers and of our external fragility...

When I feel such an overwhelming feeling of vulnerability, I often touch materials.

In this case, it's a piece of silk that is both very thin and very solid. It looks fragile, as if it was about to tear, but is nonetheless incredibly resistant.

This is where lie all its subtlety and sensitivity, as well as its considerable vital force.

I'm also reminded of spring flowers. I'm always surprised to see them appear in March, when the weather is still very cold. They are the thinnest, the most delicate flowers of the year... They seem extremely fragile, and yet they are the most robust of them all!

**Tout passe par le corps, plus que par l'esprit?**

Ce sont les sensations, les émotions qui m'amènent à la nécessité de penser ce qui m'arrive, pas l'inverse.

Mais l'esprit prend le relai.

Il ne laisse pas la sensation s'éteindre.

**Il y a des artistes qui utilisent leur propre corps de manière performative. Est-ce que c'est quelque chose que tu as expérimenté?**

J'ai connu une période où j'ai fait cela.

Je travaillais avec un musicien, j'étais sur scène, je peignais en résonance avec la musique de JS Bach qu'il jouait à ce moment-là.

J'avais dressé une paroi transparente entre le public et nous et je peignais sur cette paroi à l'encre de Chine avec de grands pinceaux.

C'était comme une danse, un travail sur le corps.

Cette question me fait penser à l'œuvre d'Anna Mendieta qui a fait un travail sublime sur le corps. J'aimerais beaucoup continuer à travailler sur le corps d'une autre manière.

**Il y a une forme de mise en danger dans ce fait d'être un corps animé par la vie, une sorte d'abîme qui s'ouvre tout-à-coup, qu'il faut habiter...**

Tout le temps oui...

Je suis au monde sans protection, sans peau, sans capacité d'éloigner le réel de moi, donc, je suis dans ce danger-là, dans ce risque.

Ma création, cela va être de broder un filet au-dessus de l'abîme, pour m'empêcher de tomber, pour pouvoir continuer de danser.

**Tu décris ce qui est finalement ton «appréhension» du monde, et dans cette expression il y a aussi quelque part la peur, qui peut être quelque chose qui fige, le pensée, le corps parce quand on est transis de peur, on est souvent paralysé... Tu transgressez cette peur à travers le geste artistique?**

A travers le souffle. Tu parles de la peur, mais je dirais même l'angoisse.

Un jour, j'en parlais avec un ami écrivain, je disais à quel point c'était difficile de vivre l'angoisse; il me disait «tu as beaucoup de chance de connaître ça».

A l'époque ça me paraissait étrange comme idée, mais avec le temps, je me dis que c'est une chance de ressentir avec une telle intensité ce qui peut nous saisir d'incompréhensible de l'existence.

Comment lutter contre l'angoisse par le travail? La question est plutôt de travailler avec l'angoisse.

Le souffle, c'est la parole, c'est la vie; le travail artistique, c'est un travail de respiration, une recherche d'équilibre, une danse au-dessus du vide...

**For this exhibition, you seem to have been particularly inspired by wood. And this time, you worked in an extremely rational way, in collaboration with a scientist — as was the case for your work on the cosmos in your exhibition in Basel. How does this relationship come into being, and how do you use this scientific research?**

I'm showing two wood-based works in this exhibition.

One piece is a briarwood sphere made in collaboration with Edmondo Wörner, and another consists of mineralogical fiber embroideries made with an electronic microscope, produced in collaboration with a Warsaw-based researcher.

As for scientific collaboration, it stems from a friend, a botanist, who told me about the work of a Polish colleague. Our relationship is based on unexpected and wonderful affinities.

I feel grateful for all these supportive, precious friendships.

When I saw these images in the electronic microscope, I was amazed by the incredible beauty and complexity of the inner universe of trees.

**There is a form of perfection in this aesthetic, isn't it?**

Absolutely. Nature produces perfect forms.

**This raises the question of reproducing the perfection of nature.**

My work is not about copying reality, but rather paying tribute to the infinite beauty of all the aspects of reality.

I like to embrace the real world, by touching it and loving it.

It's an act of love.

It's about acknowledging the beauty of what surrounds me.

All I have is my little sewing machine and my sensibility...

**Embroidery implies a certain relationship with time... There is no immediacy.**

Embroidery takes time and is often a disheartening exercise.

When I started embroidering these tree fibers, I told myself, "You are working against nature. The real thing is much more beautiful. What are you doing?"

But when I continue this work, I feel that I am making a sculpture out of a pre-existing material. It's a very nice feeling.

**Another aspect of the works shown in this exhibition is related to shadows, which could be seen as a reference to Plato's cave. Shadows cannot exist without light... Is the shadow a way to come out of the darkness?**

It's above all a form of nostalgia; it's the backward glance you're referring to when speaking about Plato's cave, in relation to something unknown that predates me.

Starlight is the light of long-defunct celestial bodies that miraculously reaches us.

A firefly produces light to seduce the female within a sort of amorous, dancing nostalgia.

**Dans cette exposition, tu utilises de multiples matériaux. Comment se détermine le choix de ces matériaux, la broderie, le bois, la céramique... comment s'arbrent les choses dans le choix du geste artistique, de la création de l'objet artistique?**

Ce qui est toujours à l'origine d'une œuvre, c'est un sentiment, et en général le sentiment le plus déterminant, c'est un sentiment de déchirement proche d'un effondrement; c'est ce qui va m'appeler à créer quelque chose avec un matériau approprié.

Par exemple dans cette exposition, je vais montrer un kimono en soie floquée, presque transparente, saupoudrée de feuilles en porcelaine légère, presque translucide, toute fine, toute fragile.

A l'origine de ce travail, c'est vraiment un sentiment de bord d'abîme et en même temps à cet endroit-là, tout fin, tout tenu, il y a le sentiment de la plus grande poésie, et je ne sais pas pourquoi c'est à cet endroit-là, mais c'est souvent le cas.

A l'instant où j'ai ressenti ce sentiment de chute et de déréliction, j'ai senti que j'avais besoin de toucher de la soie, que la soie était la chose la plus proche de la peau, que la peau était la traduction à la fois de notre force interne et de notre fragilité extérieure...

Quand je me sens envahie d'un sentiment d'une très grande fragilité comme celui-là, je touche de la matière.

Dans ce cas, c'est de la soie, une soie fine, mais si solide; elle a l'air fragile, on a l'impression qu'elle va se déchirer tout de suite, mais elle est d'une résistance incroyable.

C'est là où c'est subtil, sensible, qu'il y a une énorme force de vie.

Je pense aussi aux fleurs de printemps. Quelle surprise de découvrir, au mois de mars, alors qu'il fait encore si froid, les fleurs les plus fines, les plus raffinées, les plus belles de l'année... elles ont l'air extrêmement fragiles mais ce sont elles les plus robustes!

**Il y a une matière qui t'a particulièrement inspiré pour cette exposition, c'est le bois.**

**Et là, tu as travaillé d'une manière d'abord très rationnelle avec un scientifique — comme cela avait été le cas pour le cosmos lors de ton exposition à Bâle. Comment s'établit cette relation et comment utilises-tu ensuite cette connaissance maîtrisée, ce corpus scientifique?**

Il y a deux œuvres qui sont en relation avec le bois qui sont présentées dans l'exposition.

La sphère en bois de bruyère que j'ai réalisée avec Edmondo Wörner, mon collaborateur et les broderies d'images de fibres ligneuses au microscope électronique, réalisées en collaboration avec un chercheur de Varsovie.

En ce qui concerne le travail de collaboration scientifique, c'est un ami botaniste qui m'a rendu attentive au travail de son collègue polonais. La relation qui s'est établie est due à des affinités inattendues et merveilleuses.

Je ressens avec gratitude toutes ces amitiés qui me soutiennent et me touchent.

Lorsque j'ai vu ces images au microscope électronique, j'ai été émerveillée par la beauté et la complexité incroyables du monde intérieur du bois d'arbre.

I'm searching for a kind of light akin to that of Japanese interiors, devoid of any aggressive sparkle. In Western societies, we favor a kind of absolute whiteness that strongly highlights color. In Japan, I lived in homes where everything was in halftone, grey, beige, and my eyes got accustomed to this very gentle light.

I was touched by Japanese culture because it left room for the unsaid.

I appreciate understatements, because it retains a sense of the unsaid and does not seek to seduce.

Sparkling assertiveness is confrontational.

I appreciate in diffuse, subdued lights because they call to mind something that isn't there.

This slow diffusion is the kind of light I love and look for.

**One also finds this idea of a “counter-time” — as opposed to a frozen, suspended temporality — in our increasingly fast-moving world...**

It has become very difficult to save time for thinking, and save space for creating, because we are constantly distracted: emails we need to answer, supposedly urgent text messages, calls, and more messages... This is so oppressive!

I try to take time for thinking, for silence, for dreams, for love...

**You frequently refer to the idea of love. To what extent an artistic gesture is also an act of love?**

I tell myself, "What is creation, if not an act of love?"

It's a passionate way of being-in-the-world.

When I see something in the outside world, when I meet someone, if feel a flow of emotions — this is what art is to me.

It doesn't necessarily have to be translated into an artwork.

I see it as a question of survival.

I don't see any other way to be in the world outside of this kind of intensity.

And the small objects we produce as artists are like messengers sent through this fast-moving world, where you need to earn a lot of money in order to feel alive, and who say, "Look, there is this other light between us."

It's a connection.

I think about the small objects humans have always exchanged among each other through the ages, in different cultures — exchanges of feelings.

This is what the artist has to offer to the world.

Unfortunately, nowadays, the world has forgotten the notion of gift, because everything has been turned into a commodity. When I am asked about the price of a work, I answer it cost me my blood, my dreams, my life — this is what I give!

**Il y a une forme de perfection dans cette esthétique, non?**

Oui, la nature nous offre des formes parfaites.

**Cela pose la question de la reproduction de cette perfection de la nature?**

Quand je crée, je ne copie pas le réel, je rends hommage à la beauté infinie du réel sous toutes ses formes.

J'aime épouser le réel, le caresser, l'aimer. C'est un acte amoureux.

C'est reconnaître la beauté de ce qui m'environne.

Moi, tout ce que j'ai, c'est ma petite machine à coudre et ma sensibilité...

**La broderie a une relation au temps... Il n'y a pas d'immédiateté:**

Broder, c'est très long, très décourageant souvent.

Quand j'ai commencé ces broderies de fibre d'arbre, je me suis dit: -tu dénatures, c'est beaucoup plus beau en vrai, qu'est-ce que tu fais?

Mais lorsque je poursuis ce travail, j'ai l'impression de sculpter à partir de l'existant. Et c'est une très belle sensation.

**Un autre aspect des œuvres présentées dans cette exposition s'articule autour des ombres qui d'une certaine manière nous renvoient à la grotte platonicienne, ces ombres que la nature crée avec la lumière, l'ombre n'existe que quand il y a de la lumière... c'est sortir de l'obscurité, l'ombre?**

C'est d'abord une nostalgie, c'est ce regard en arrière que tu évoques avec la grotte de Platon, par rapport à quelque chose qui me précède et que j'ignore...

La lumière des étoiles, c'est la lumière de corps qui ont disparu depuis longtemps et qui nous parviennent de manière miraculeuse.

La luciole c'est une lumière dansante pour éblouir la femelle dans une nostalgie d'amour dansée.

Ma recherche de lumière est la recherche d'une lumière proche de celle que l'on peut observer dans les intérieurs japonais, sans éclat agressif.

En Occident, nous aimons le blanc absolu qui fait ressortir d'une manière très vive la couleur. Au Japon, j'ai fait l'expérience de vivre dans des intérieurs où tout était en mi-teinte, grisé, beige, et mes yeux se sont habitués à voir cette lumière très douce.

Si j'ai été si touchée par la culture japonaise, c'est qu'il y avait quelque chose qui ne se disait pas. J'aime ce qui est diffus, parce qu'il y a quelque chose qui ne se dit pas tout à fait. Qui ne cherche pas à séduire.

Quand on affirme quelque chose avec éclat, on est dans la confrontation.

Ce que j'aime dans les lumières diffuses, tamisées, c'est qu'elles évoquent quelque chose qui n'est pas là.

C'est cette lumière que j'aime et que je recherche, cette diffusion lente.

**This gift is also a way to initiate a relation with other people...**

It's a way to offer a small window into the world, to make them see what's behind a tree, to invite them to take a falling leave in their hands in Autumn; it's an invitation to learn about your future and your love life in a glass ball, like you did when you were a child; it's wishing to be able to laugh with other people, to embrace them, to invite them to love life...

This is my driving force.

**On retrouve cette idée, non pas de temps arrêté, suspendu, mais presque de «contre-temps» par rapport à la vitesse du monde...**

Il est devenu devenu très difficile de garder du temps pour notre pensée et un espace pour créer, parce que nous sommes sans cesse dérangés: des mails auxquels il faut répondre, des SMS soi-disant urgents, mille tâches en retard, des appels, des messages, des messages, des messages...Quelle tyrannie!

J'essaie de préserver un temps consacré à la pensée, au silence, au rêve, à l'amour...

Tu évoques volontiers la notion d'amour. Dans quel sens un acte artistique est aussi un acte d'amour?

Je me dis: «Si la création n'est pas un acte d'amour, qu'est-elle?» C'est une manière amoureuse d'être au monde.

Quand je vois quelque chose dans le monde extérieur, quand je rencontre quelqu'un, je suis touchée, bouleversée, c'est cela, l'art pour moi.

Cela n'a pas besoin d'être traduit en œuvre d'art forcément. C'est pour moi que c'est une question de survie.

Je ne vois aucune manière d'être au monde en-dehors de cette intensité-là.

Et les petits objets que nous façonnons en tant qu'artistes, ce sont comme de petits messagers de notre âme qui disent, dans ce monde où tout va vite, où il faut gagner beaucoup d'argent pour avoir le sentiment d'exister:

«Regarde, il y a cette autre lumière possible entre nous». C'est un lien.

Je pense à ces petits objets que les humains se sont toujours échangés tout au long de l'histoire de l'humanité dans les différentes cultures, ces échanges de sentiments.

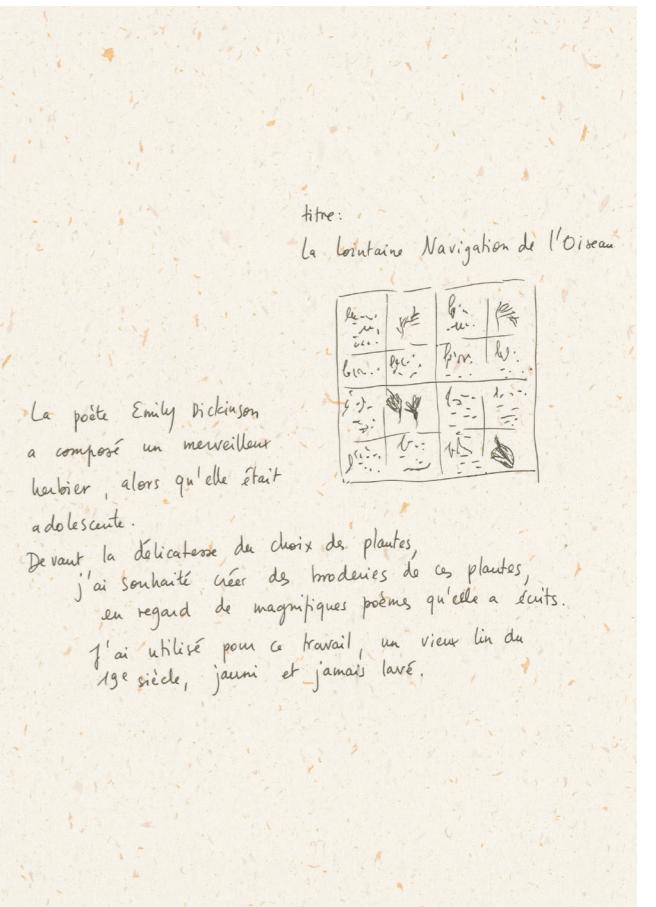
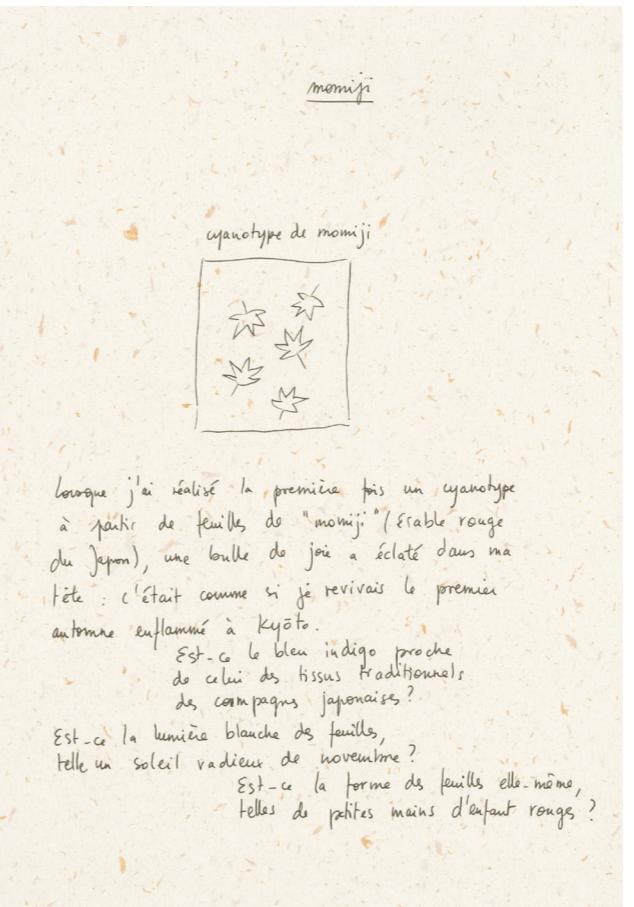
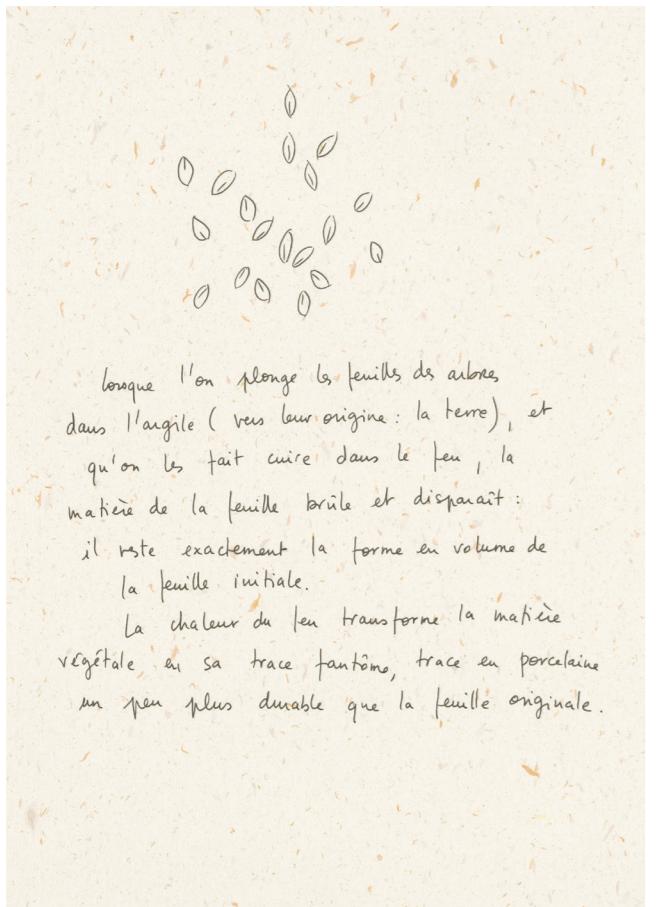
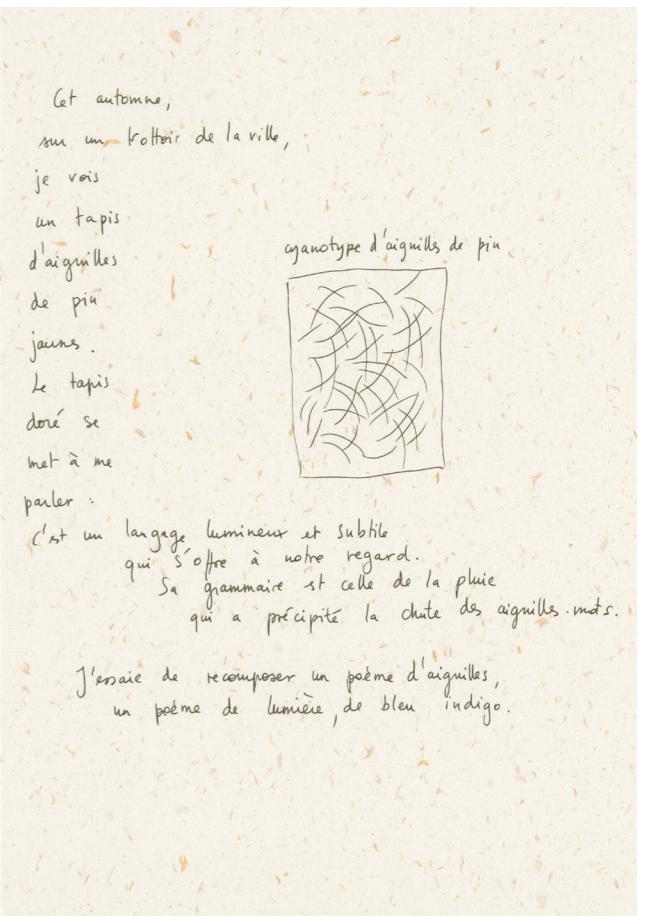
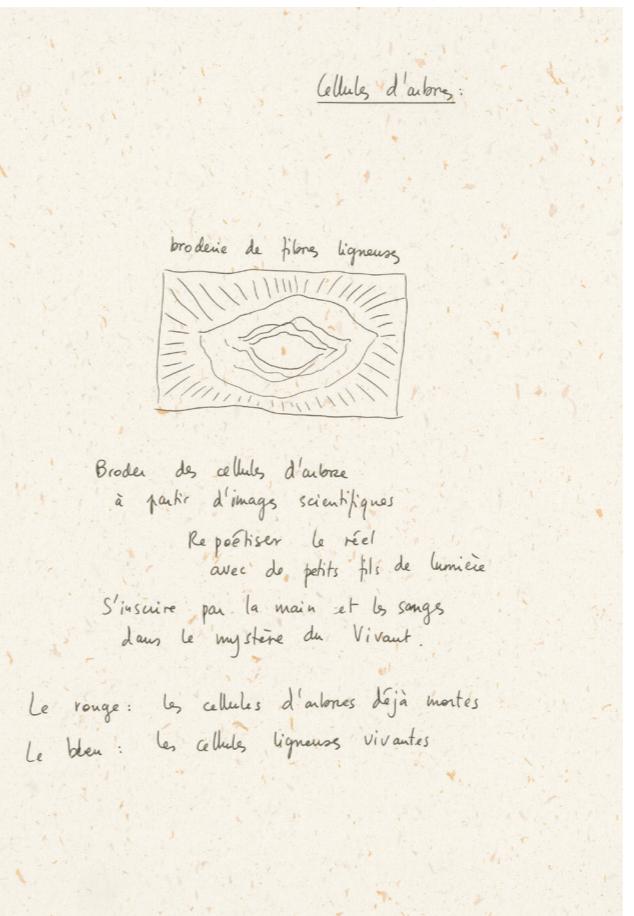
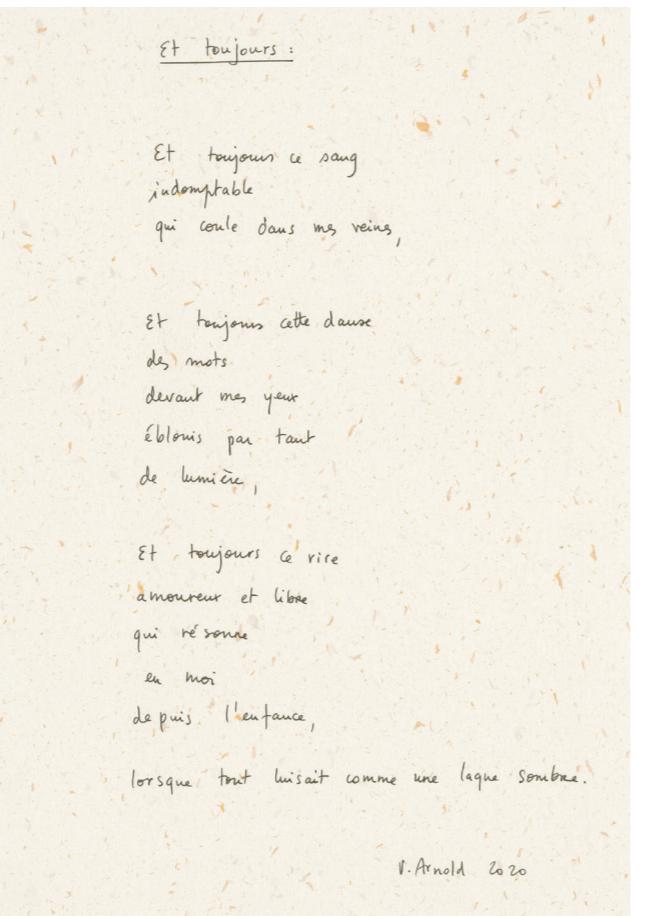
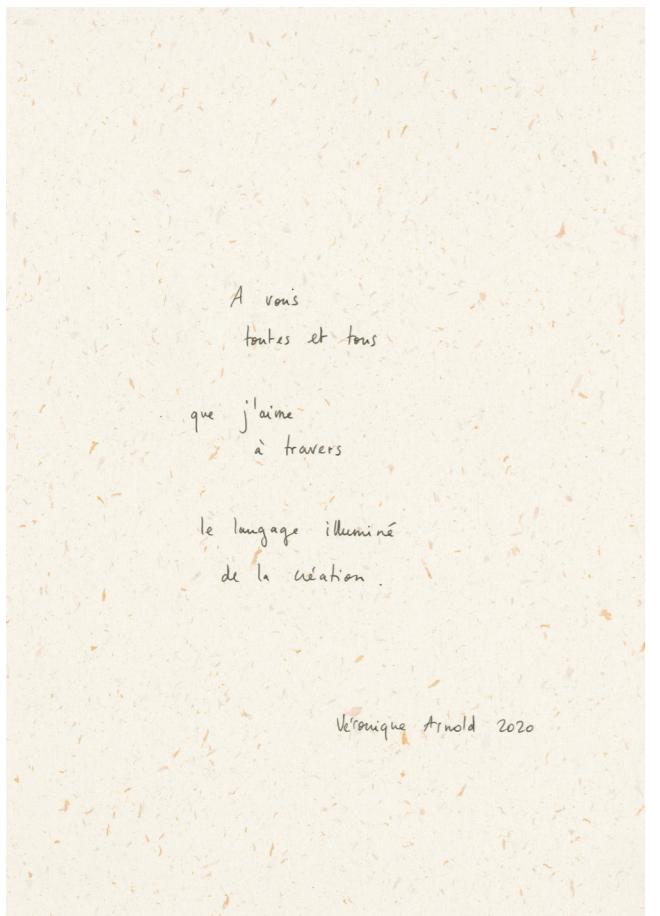
L'artiste offre cela au monde.

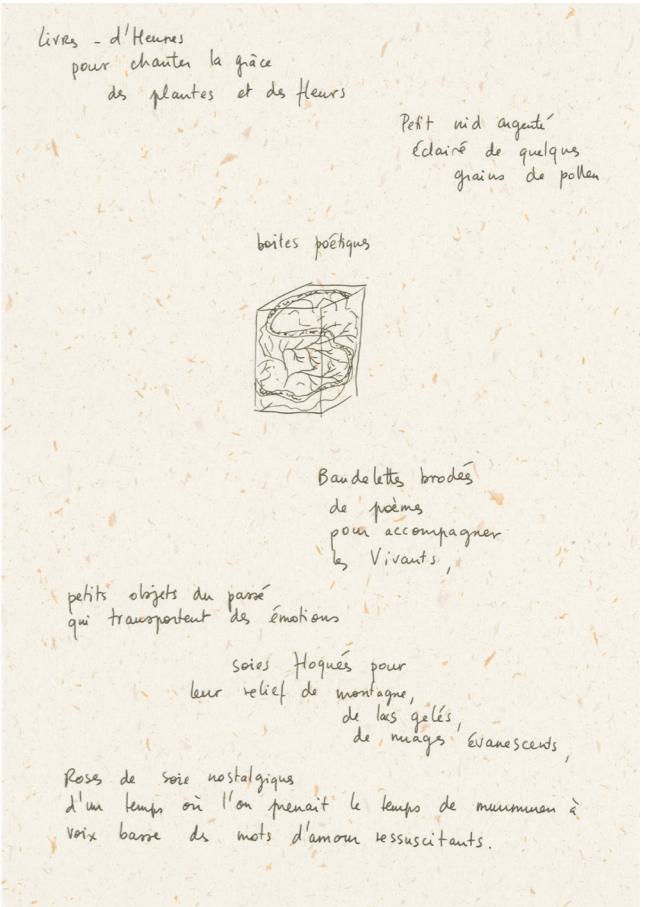
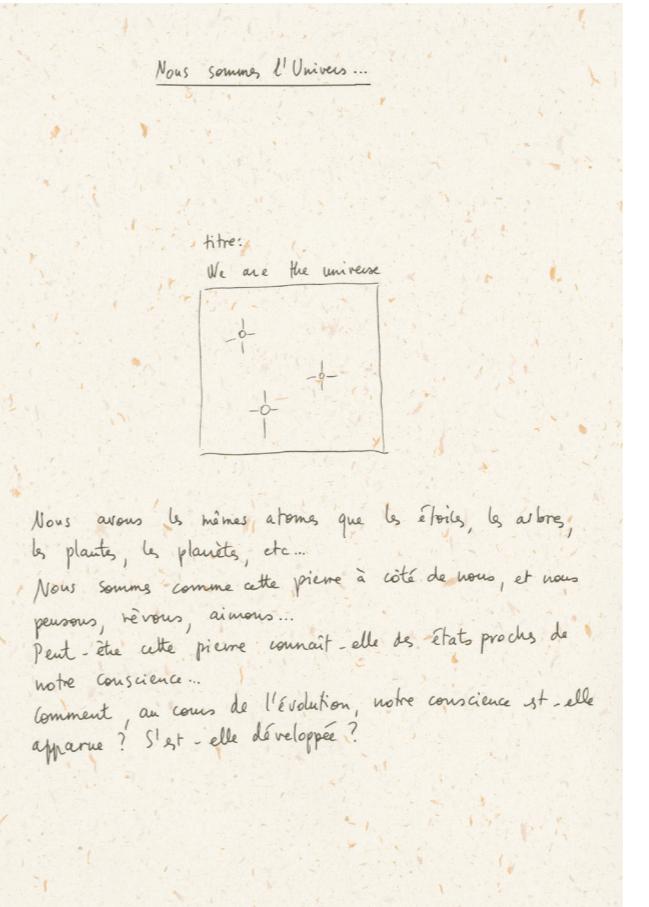
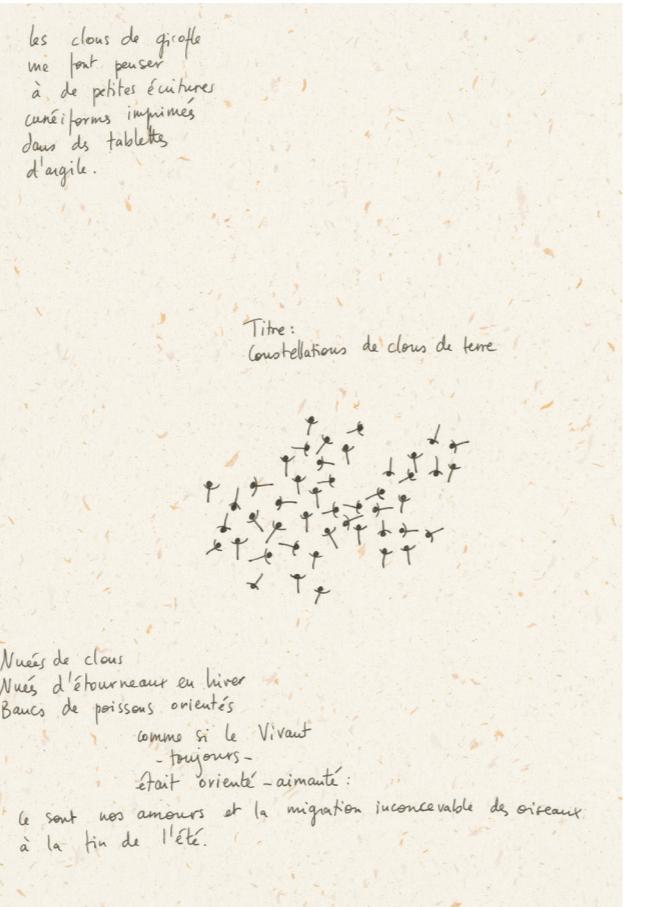
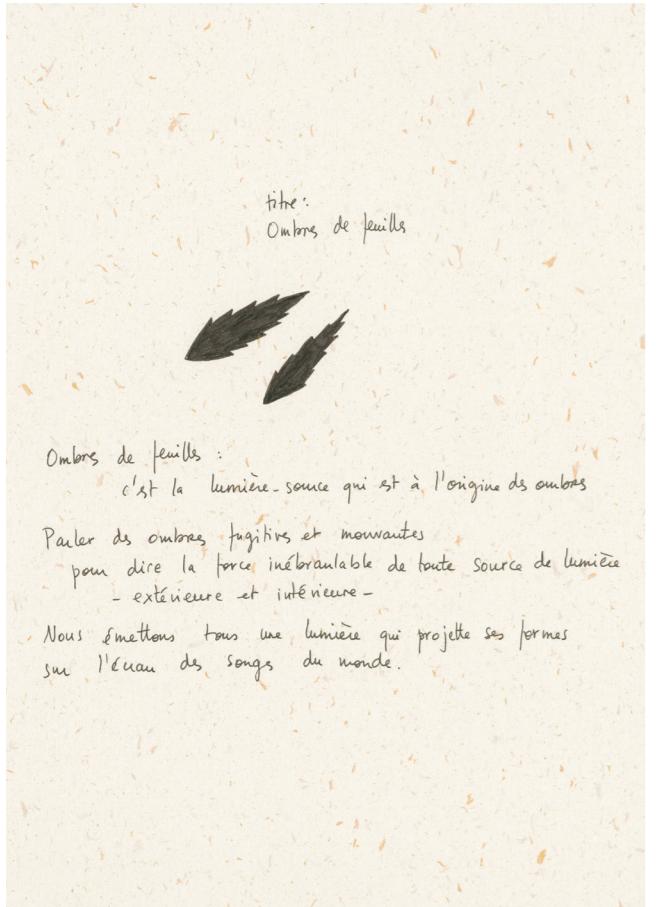
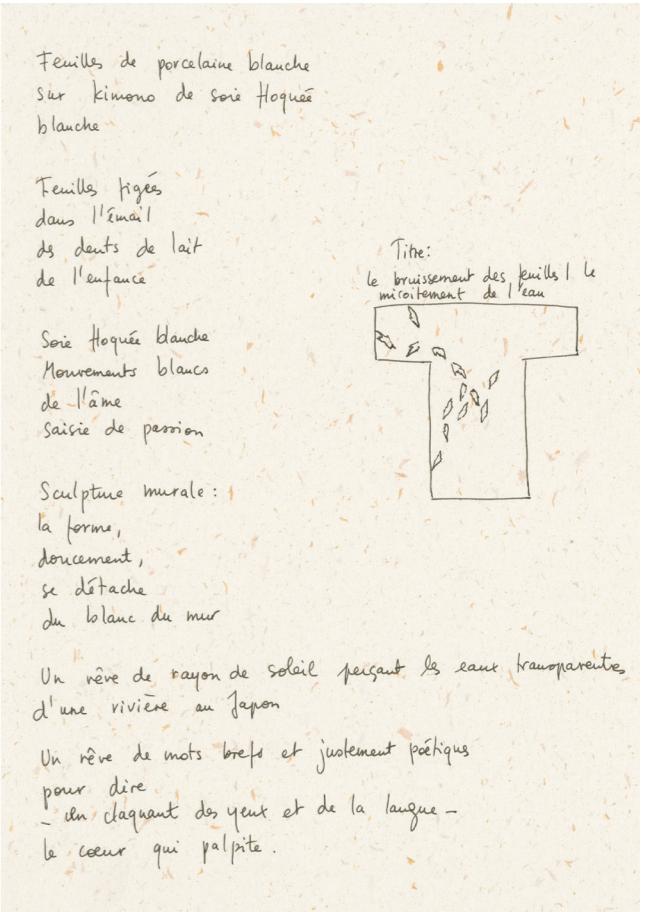
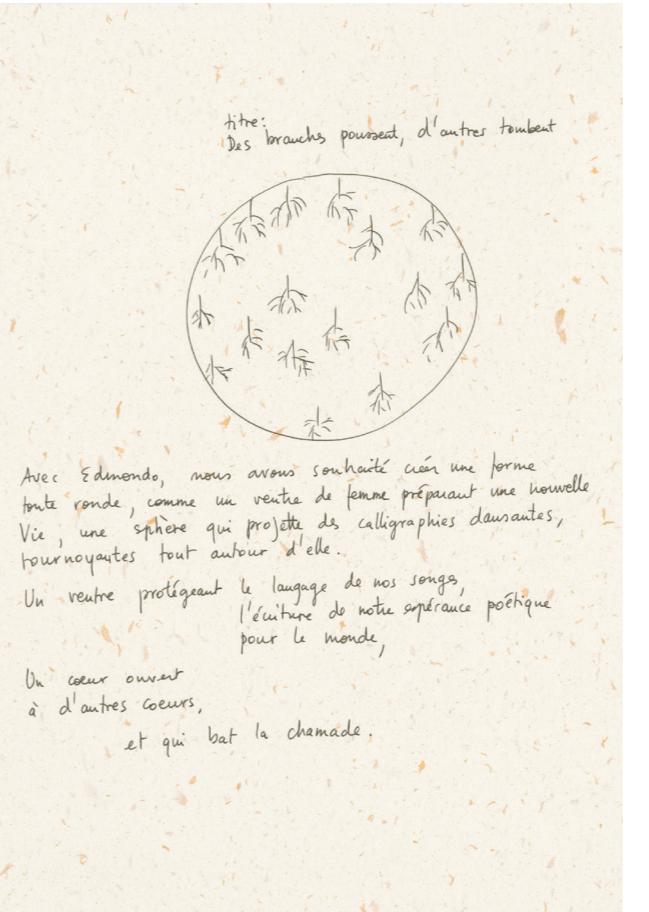
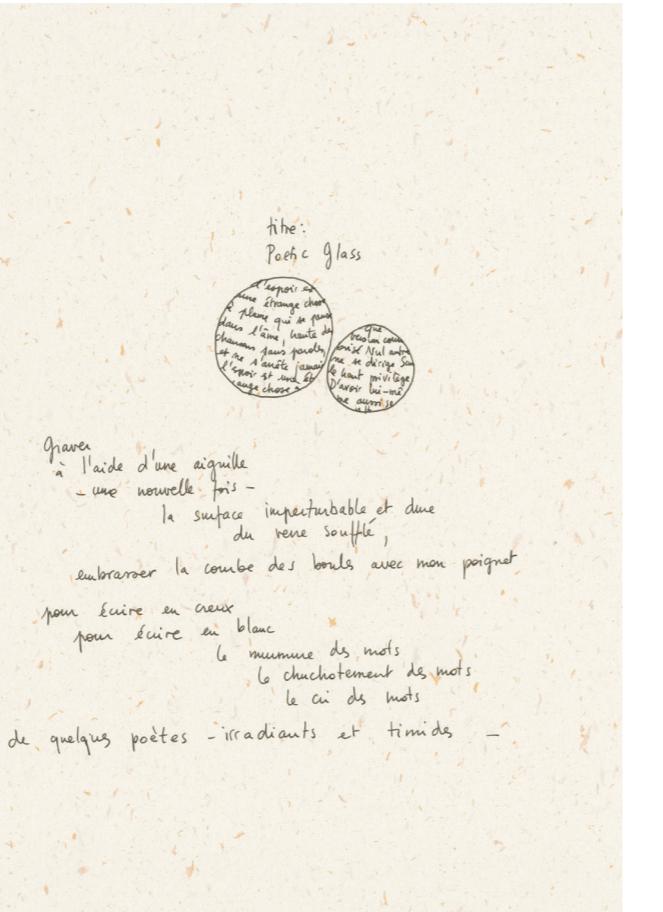
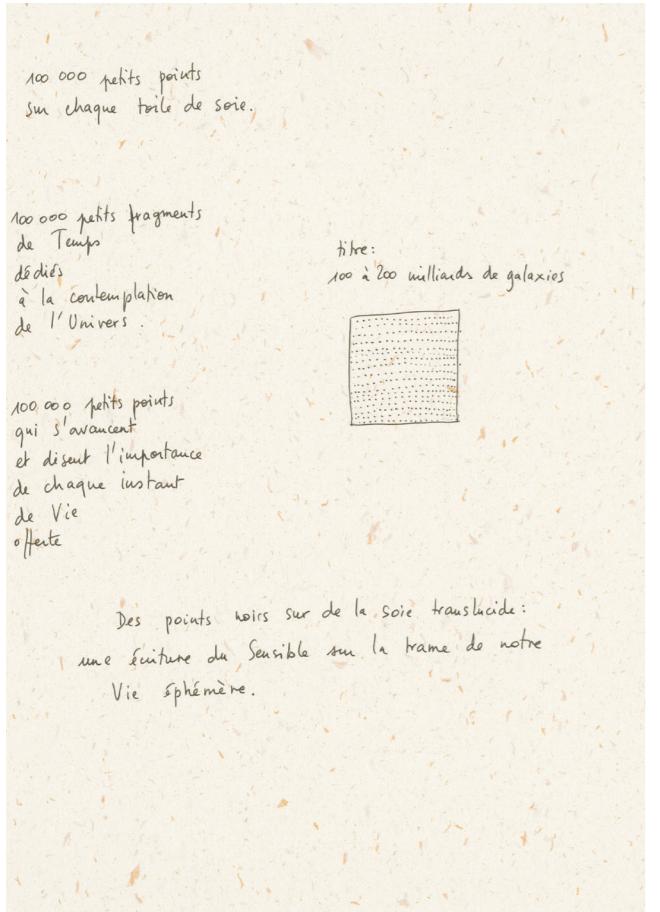
Malheureusement, actuellement, le monde ne le comprend plus comme un cadeau, parce que tout est devenu marchand: moi, on me demande combien ça coûte et moi ça me coûte mon sang, ça me coûte mes rêves, ça me coûte ma vie, c'est cela que je donne!

**Ce don, c'est aussi une manière de provoquer une relation avec les autres?**

C'est leur offrir peut-être une autre petite fenêtre sur le monde, c'est leur permettre de voir ce qu'il y a derrière un arbre, de les inviter à prendre dans la main une feuille lorsque les feuilles tombent, c'est une invitation à lire dans des boules de verre son avenir ou ses amours comme quand on était enfant, c'est le rêve de vouloir rire avec l'autre, de le prendre dans les bras, de l'inviter à aimer la vie... C'est cela qui m'anime.

**L'ÉCLAT D'UNE LUCIOLE  
DANS LA NUIT**









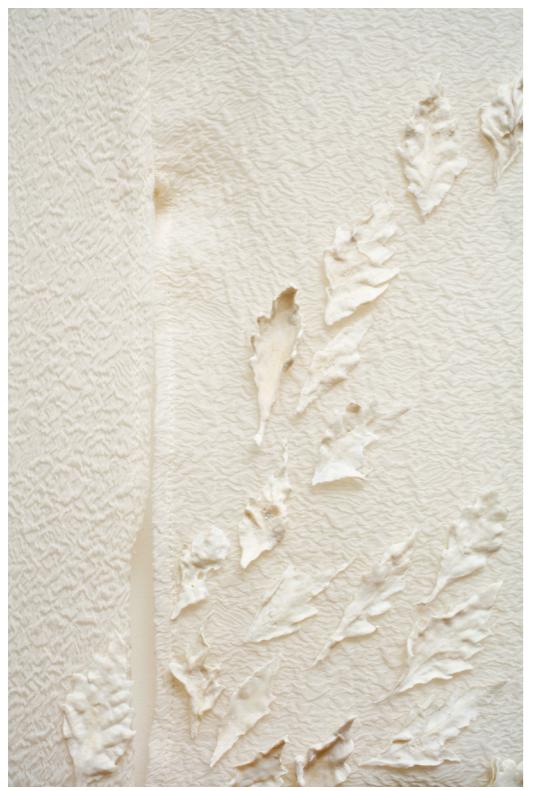


Dettagli  
[Details](#)



**Chute légère!** – 2018  
Graffite su tela  
Opera composta da 8 elementi:  
90 x 60 cm ciascuno  
Collezione dell'artista  
Courtesy Buchmann Galerie, Agra  
Graphite on canvas  
Artwork composed of 8 elements:  
90 x 60 cm each  
Artist Collection  
Courtesy Buchmann Galerie, Agra





Dettagli  
Details

**Le bruissement des feuilles / le miroitement de l'eau – 2017**

Foglie di porcellana bianca di Limoges su kimono in georgette di seta flocata

160 x 122 x 9 cm

Collezione dell'artista

Courtesy Buchmann Galerie, Agra

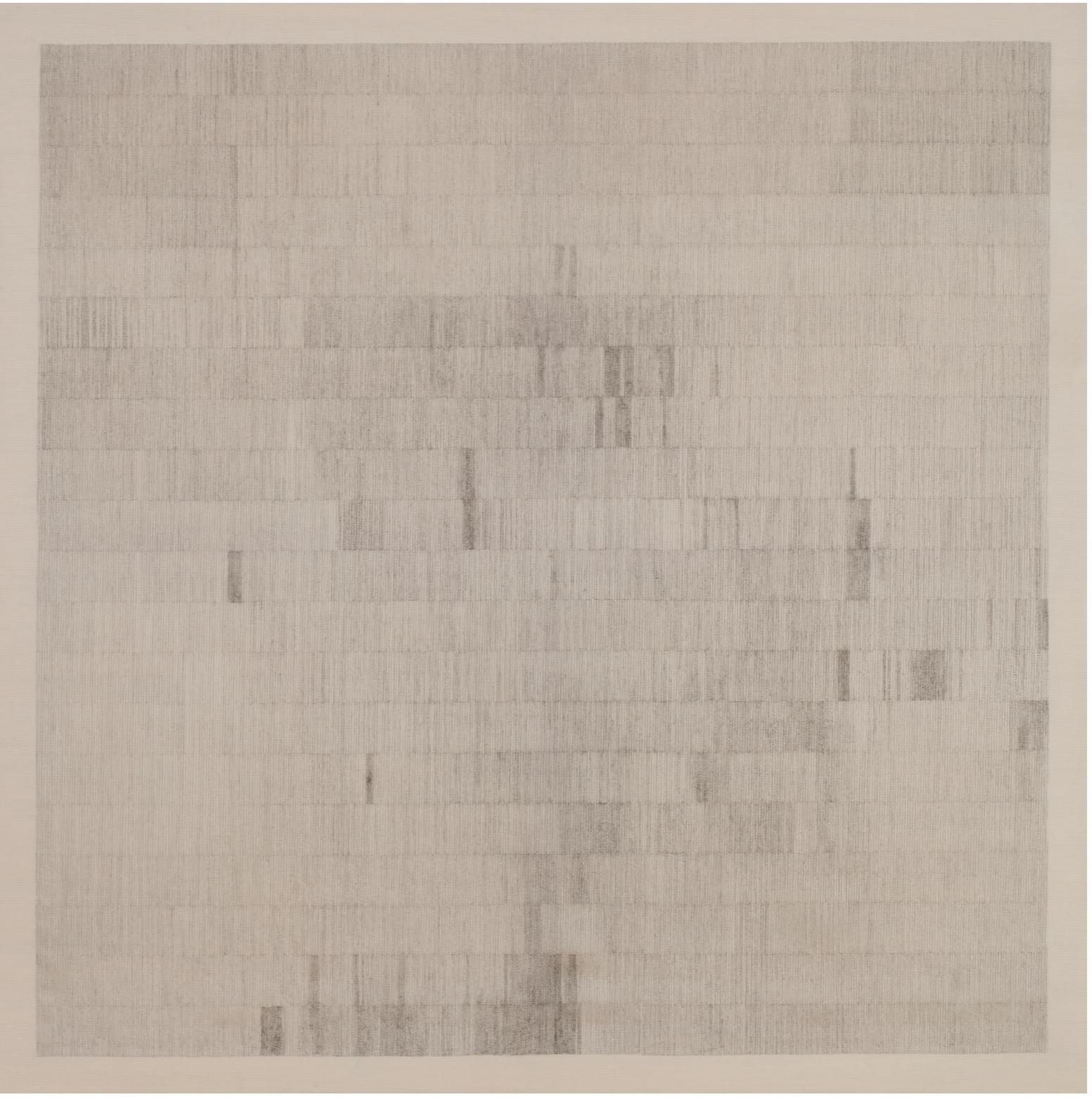
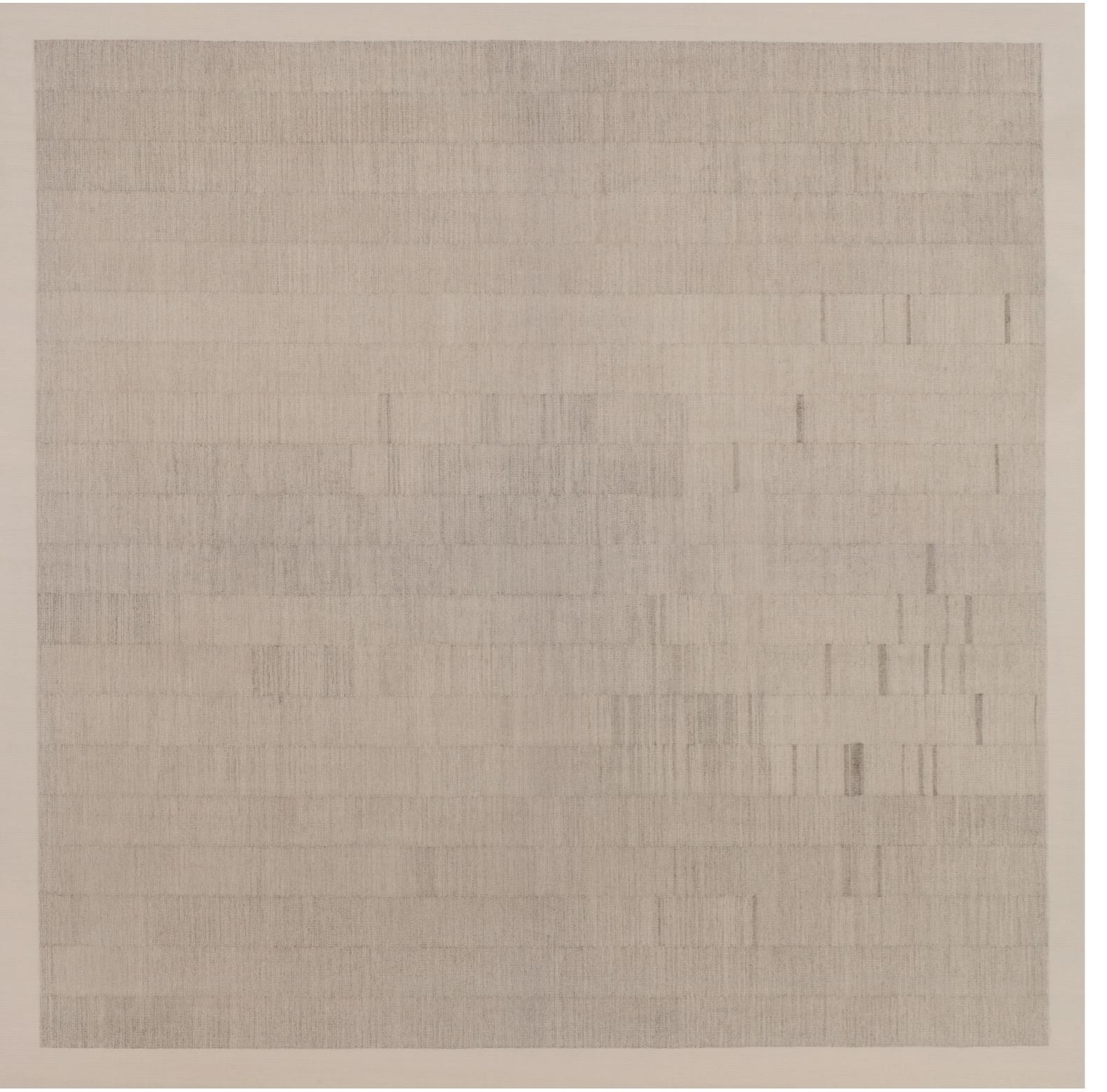
Limoges white porcelain leaves on flocked silk georgette kimono

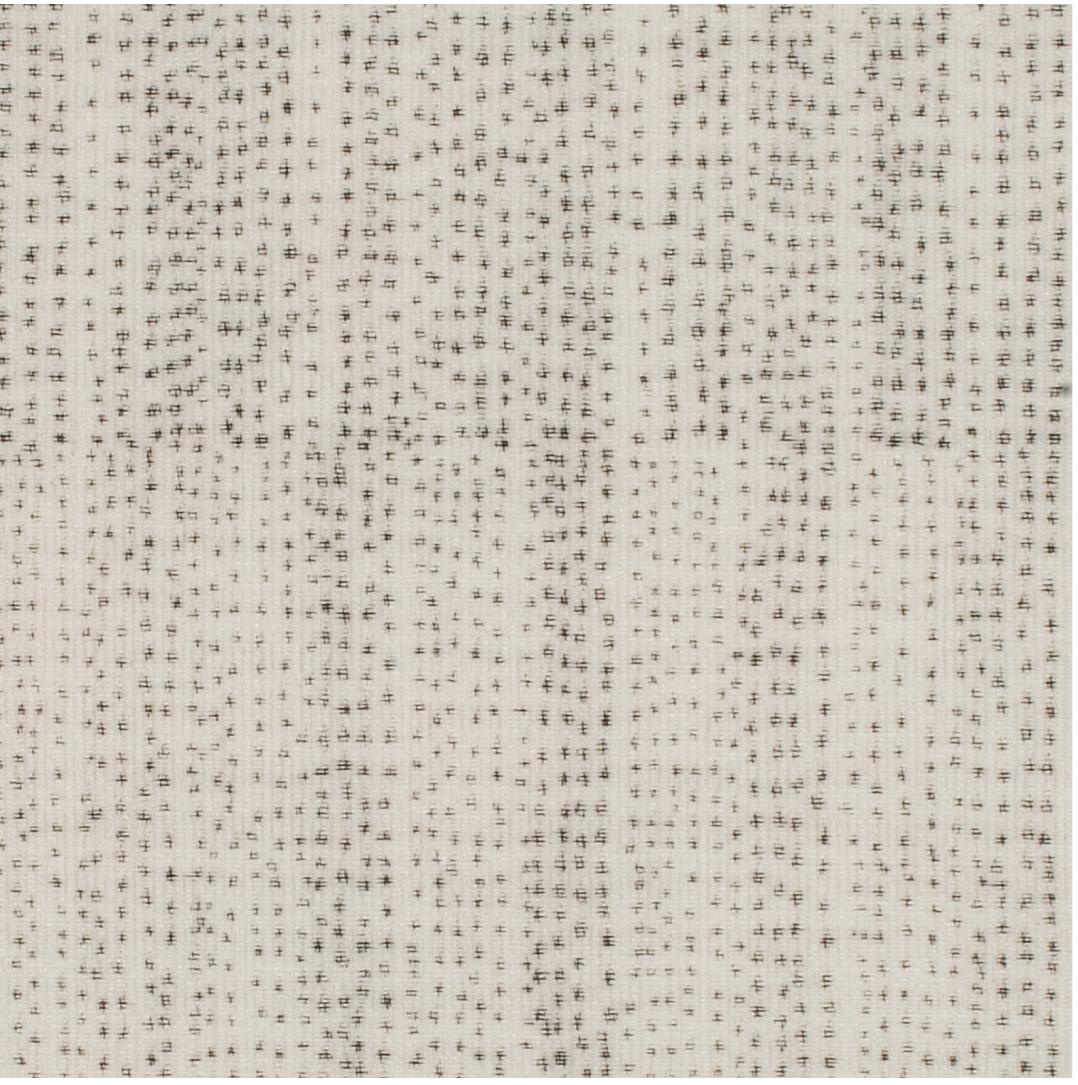
160 x 122 x 9 cm

Artist Collection

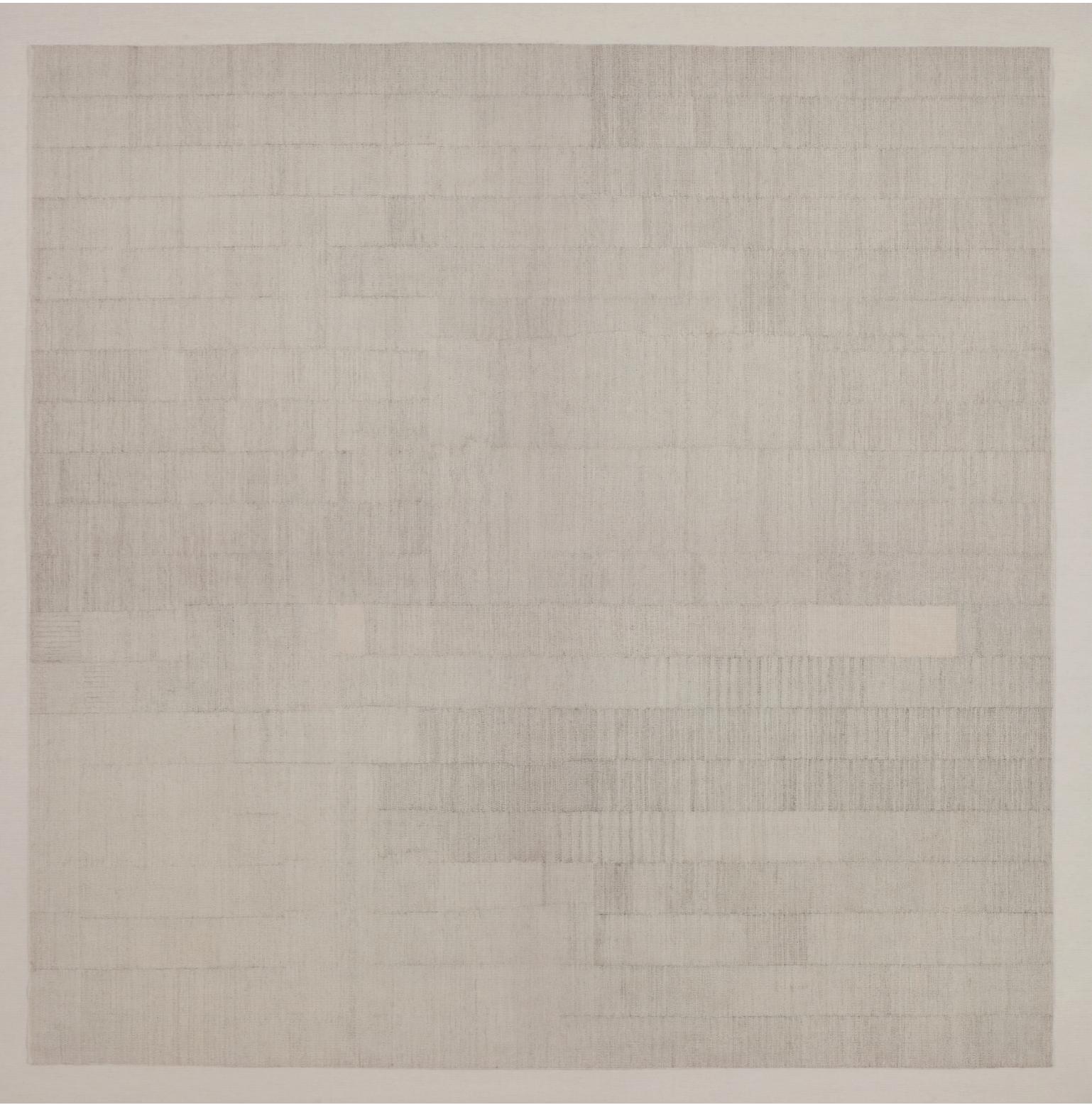
Courtesy Buchmann Galerie, Agra







Dettaglio  
Detail



**100 à 200 milliards de galaxies dans l'univers – 2018/19**

Inchiostro indiano su seta

3 opere, 110 x 110 cm ciascuna

Collezione dell'artista

Courtesy Galerie STAMPA, Basilea (solo l'opera al centro)

Indian ink on silk

3 works, 110 x 110 cm each

Artist Collection

Courtesy Galerie STAMPA, Basel (only for the central piece)





Dettagli  
Details

**Ou elles volent, ou elles tombent** – 2018/9

Installazione di foglie di porcellana bianca

246 x 175 cm

Collezione dell'artista

Courtesy Buchmann Galerie, Agra

White porcelain leaves installation

246 x 175 cm

Artist Collection

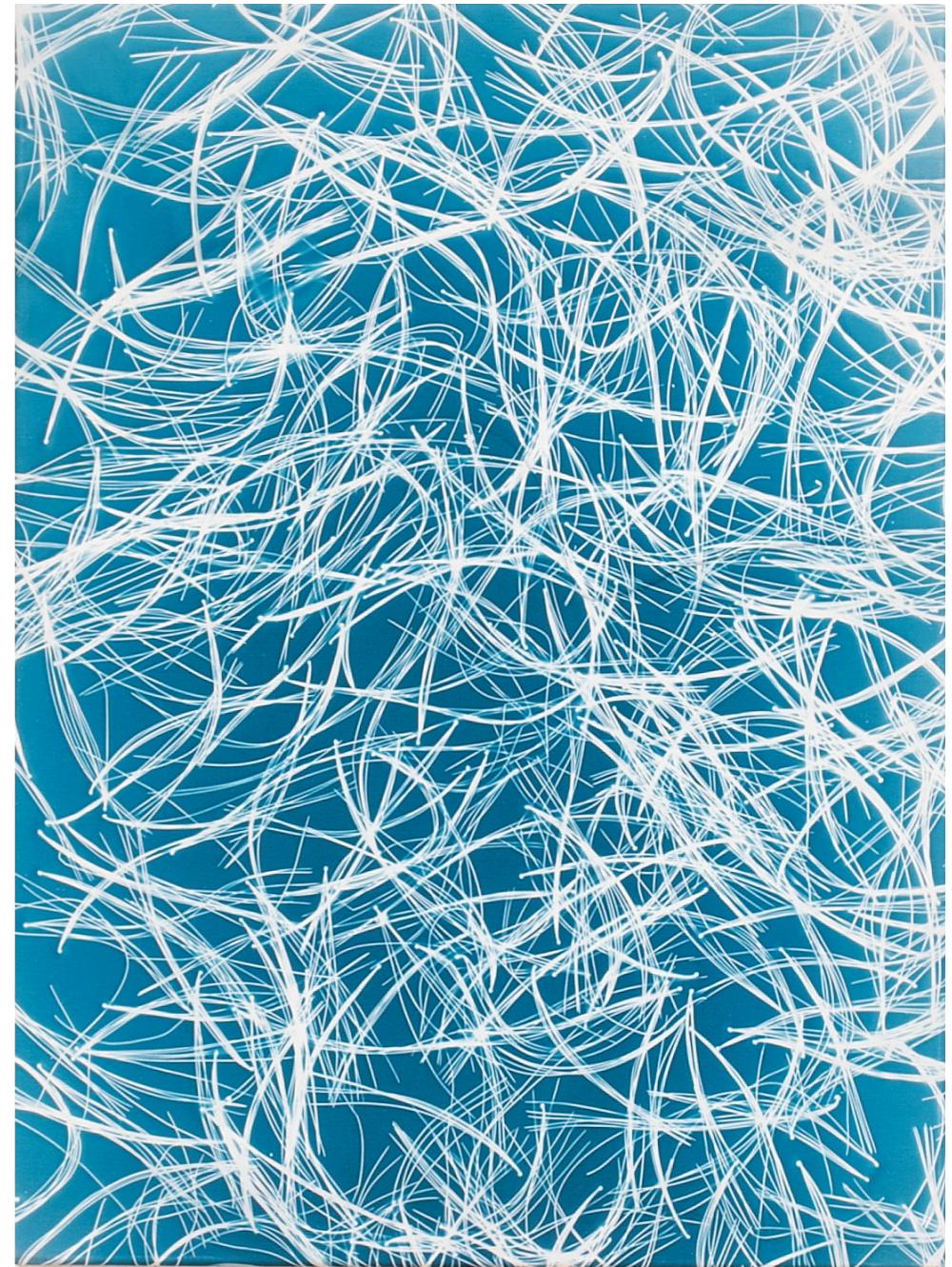
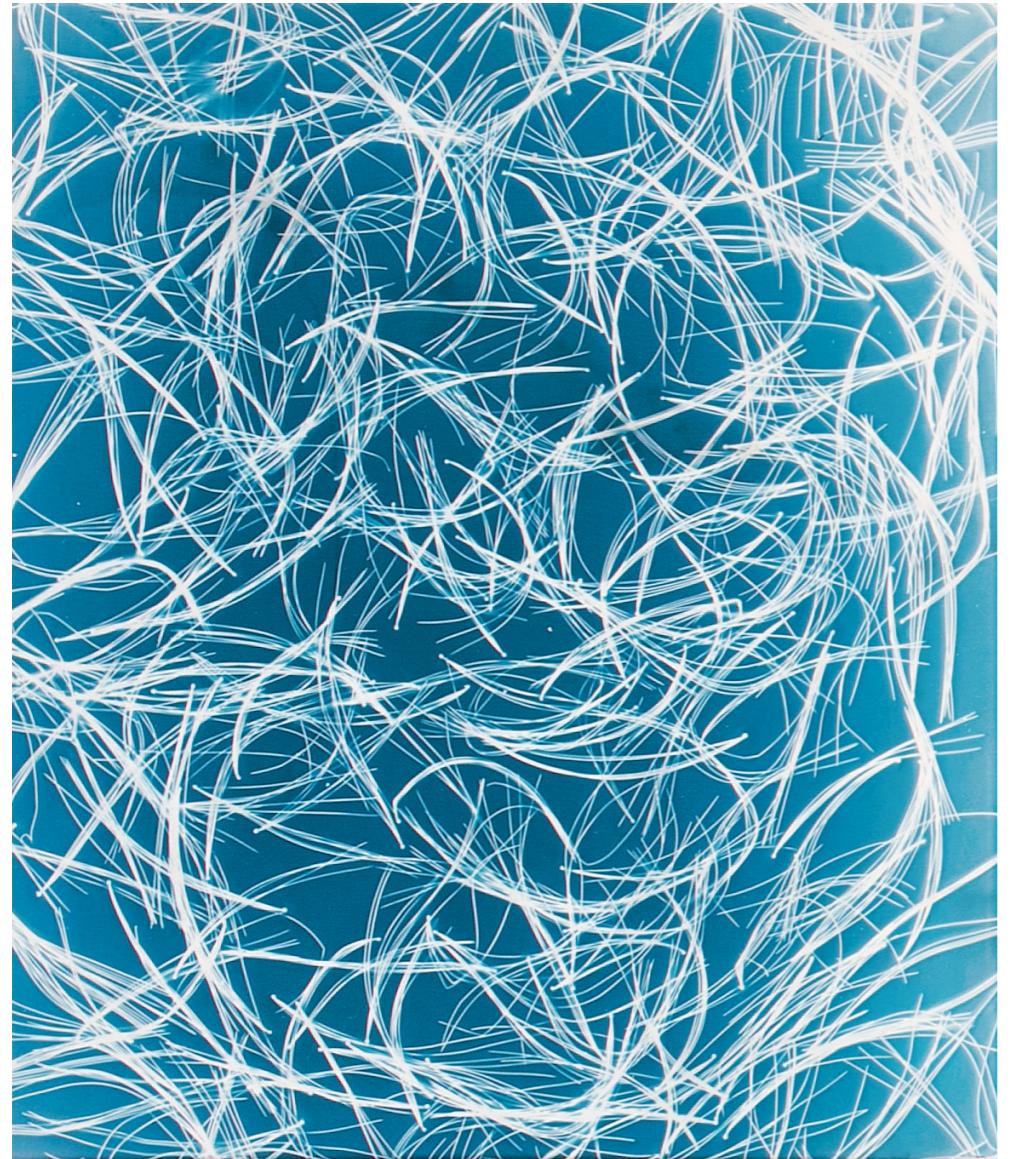
Courtesy Buchmann Galerie, Agra





**Mansuétude** – 2013  
Ricamo su lino antico  
70 x 100 cm  
Collezione dell'artista  
[Embroidery on antique linen](#)  
70 x 100 cm  
Artist Collection





**Écriture lumineuse** – 2019

Cianotipia su tessuto

3 opere

70 x 80 cm / 76 x 56 cm / 60 x 60 cm

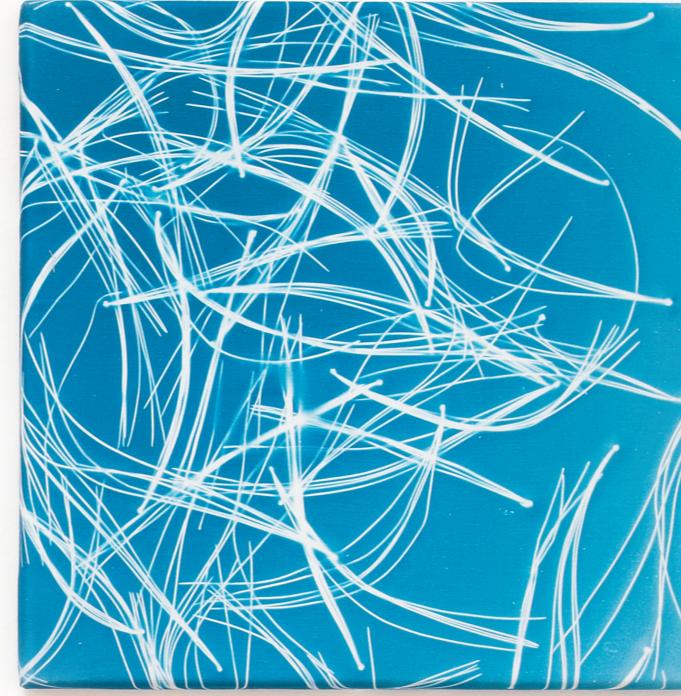
Collezione dell'artista

Cyanotype on fabric

3 artworks

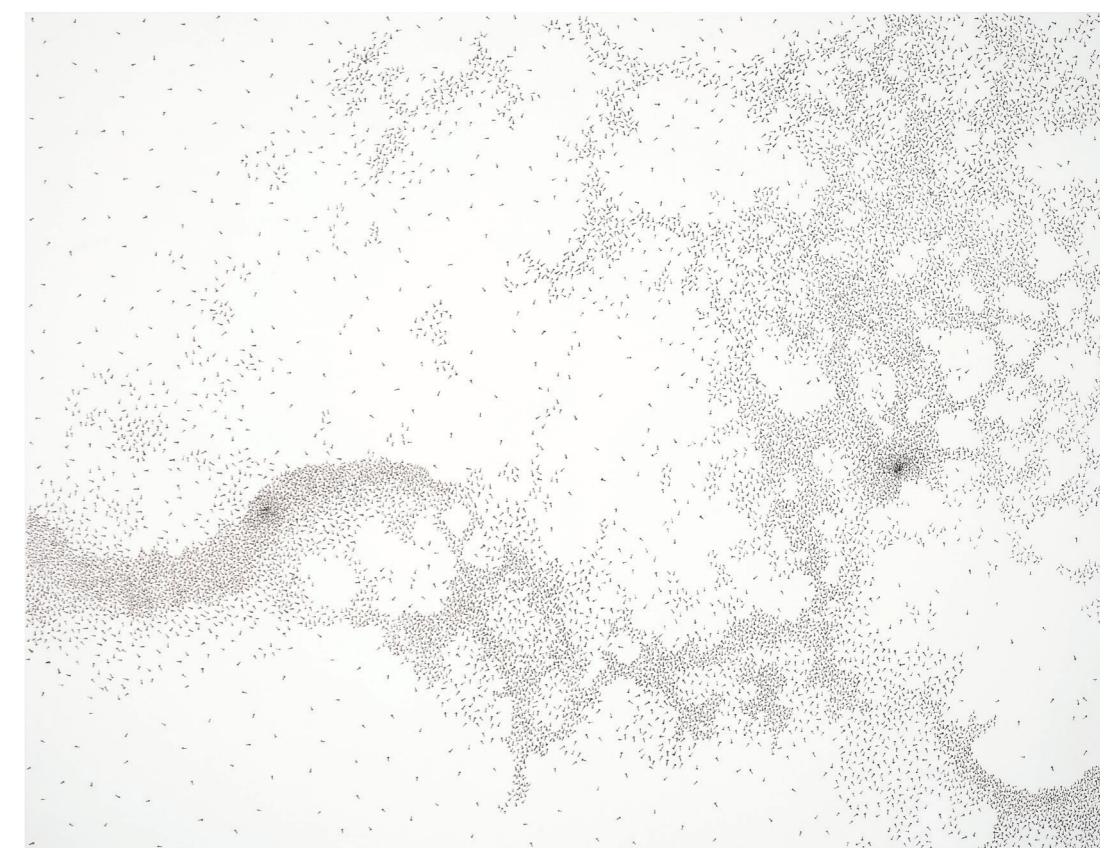
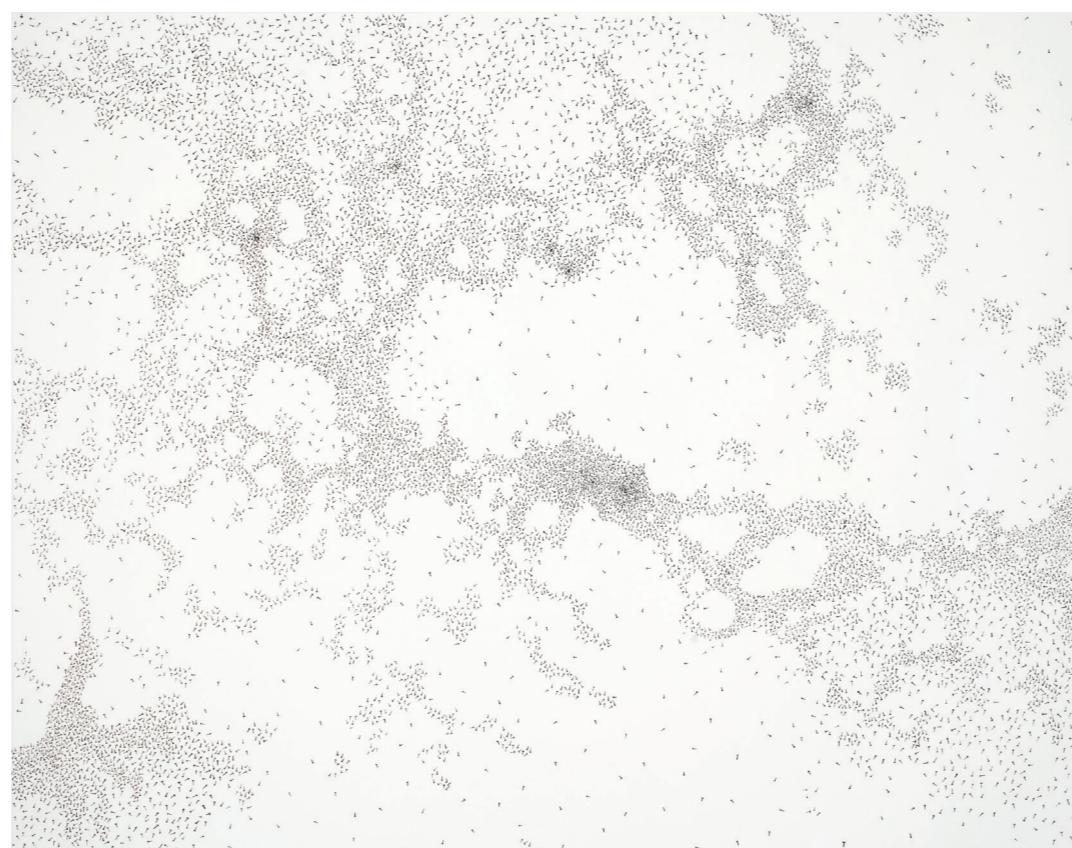
70 x 80 cm / 76 x 56 cm / 60 x 60 cm

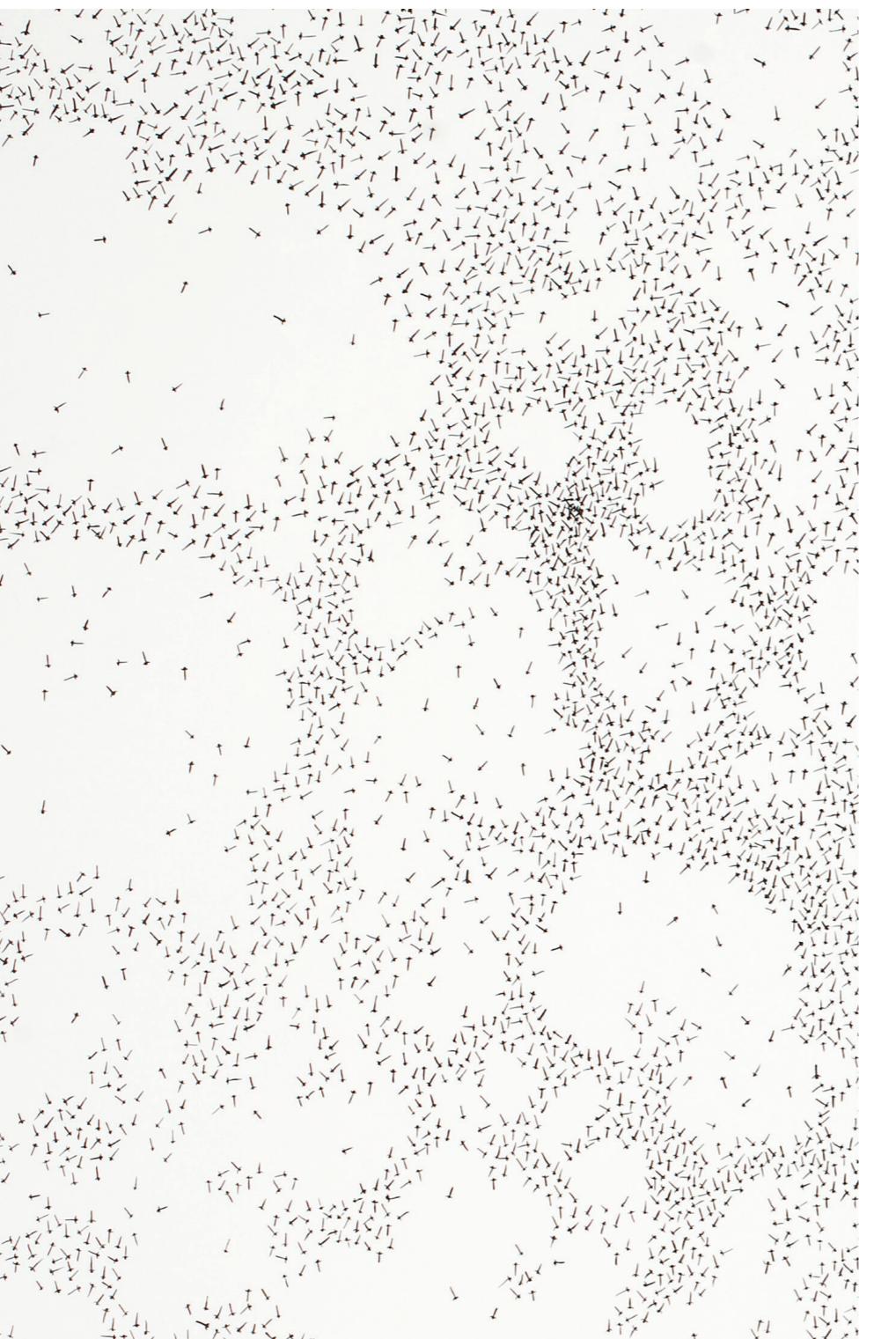
Artist Collection



**Le bleu absorbe les feuilles** – 2019

Cianotipia su tessuto  
Opera composta da 6 elementi: 42 x 42 cm ciascuno  
Collezione dell'artista  
[Cyanotype on fabric](#)  
Artwork composed of 6 elements: 42x42 cm each  
Artist Collection

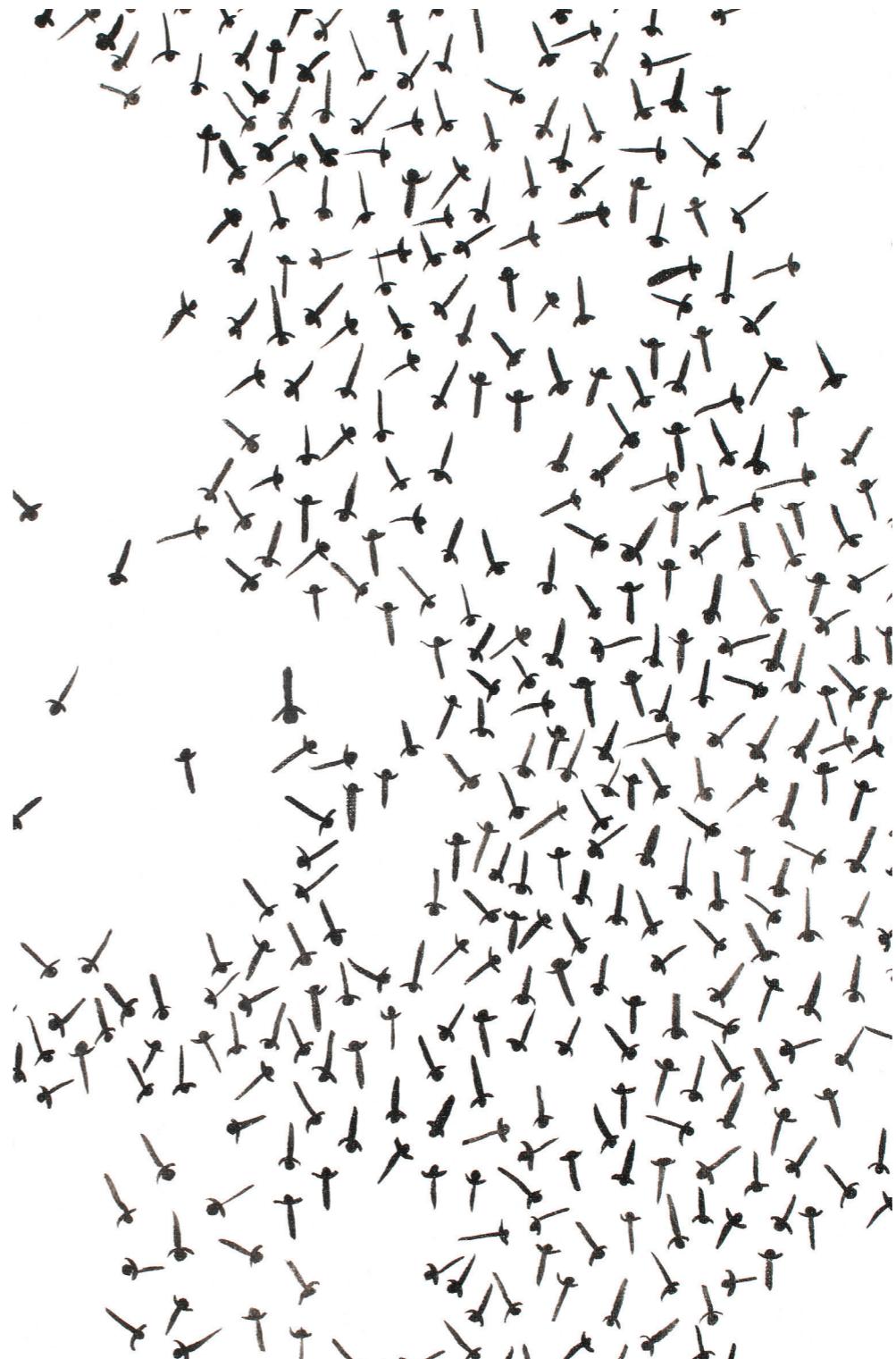




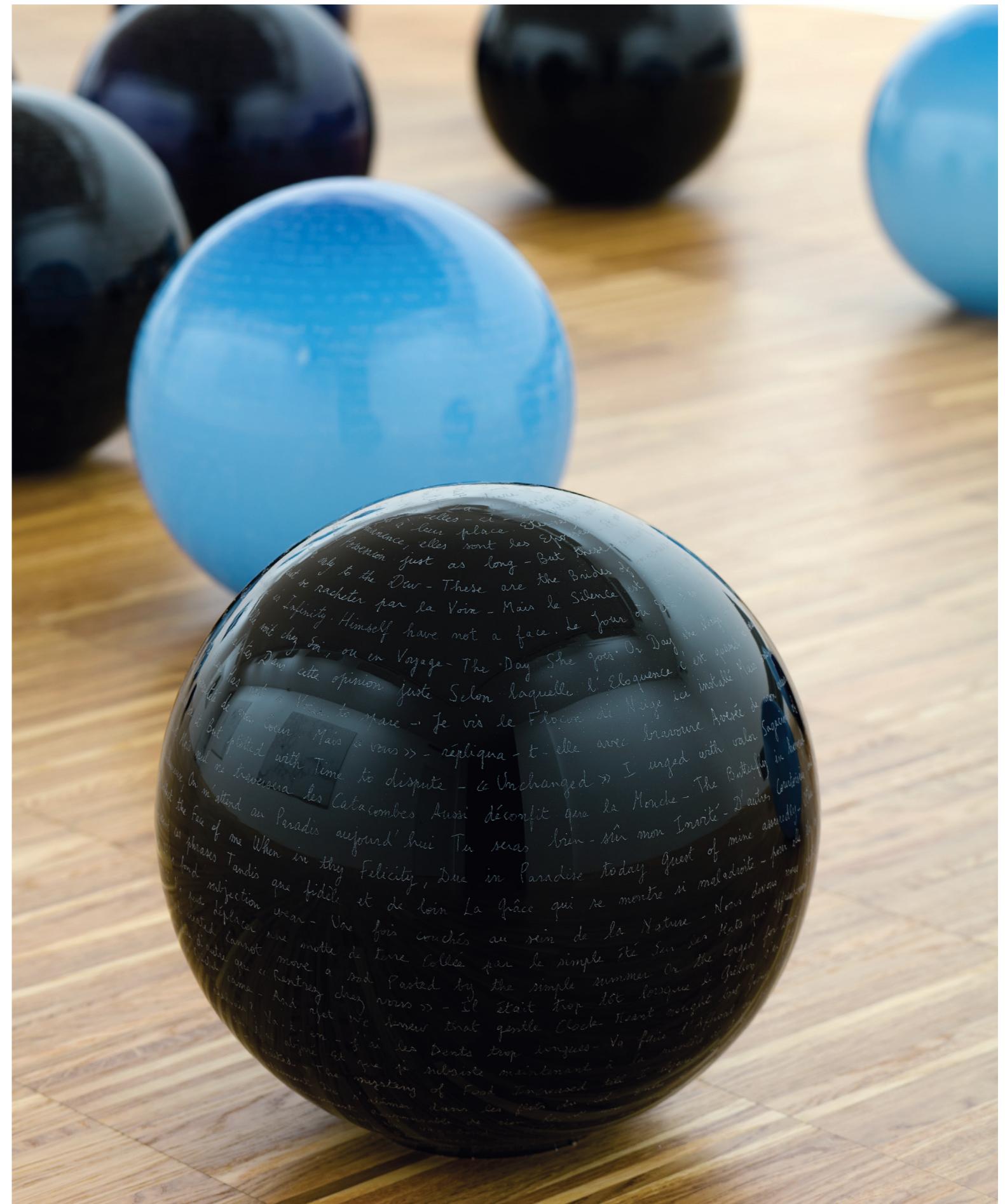
Dettagli  
Details

**Constellations de clous de terre – 2015**

Inchiostro indiano su tela  
1 opera composta da 3 elementi,  
140 x 180 cm ciascuno  
Collezione dell'artista  
Indian ink on canvas  
Artwork composed of 3 elements:  
140 x 180 cm each  
Artist Collection



**Poétiques Sphériques** – 2018/19  
22 palline di vetro soffiato  
diametro 20 e 30 cm  
**Blown glass balls**  
diameter 20 and 30 cm







**Broderie ligneuse** – 2019

Ricamo su tessuto

32 x 52 cm

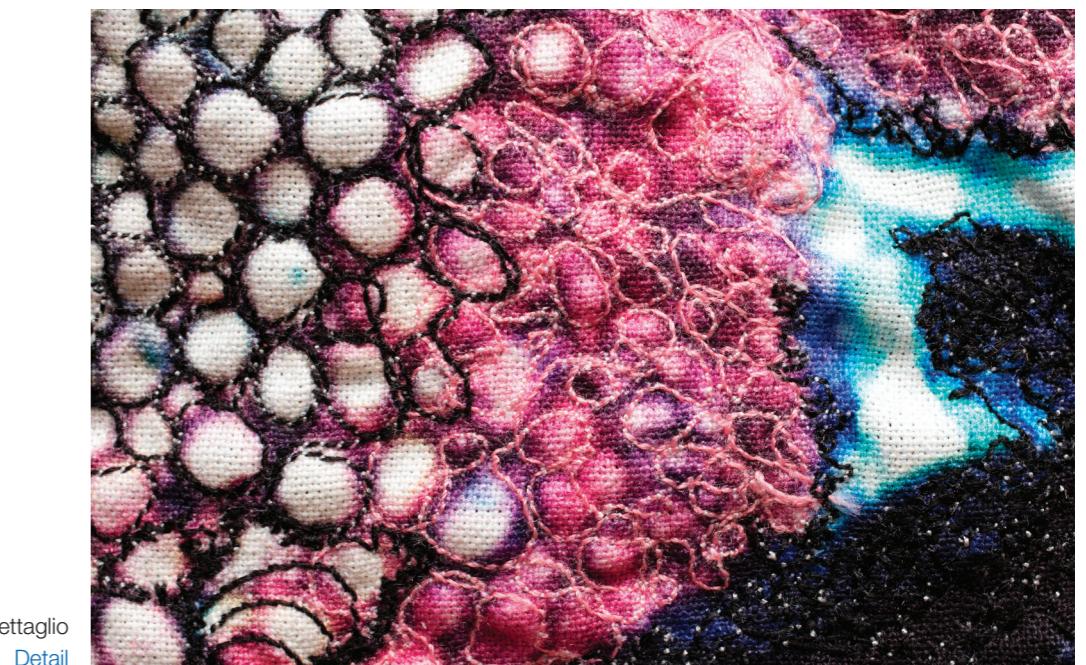
Immagini gentilmente cedute da Kamil Frankiewicz, anatomista del legno,  
Department of Molecular Phylogenetics and Evolution Institute  
of Botany Faculty of Biology University of Warsaw

Collezione dell'artista

*Textile embroidery*

32 x 52 cm

Images donated by Kamil Frankiewicz, wood anatomist,  
Department of Molecular Phylogenetics and Evolution Institute  
of Botany Faculty of Biology University of Warsaw  
Artist Collection



Dettaglio  
Detail



**Broderie ligneuse** – 2019

Ricamo su tessuto

76 x 55 cm

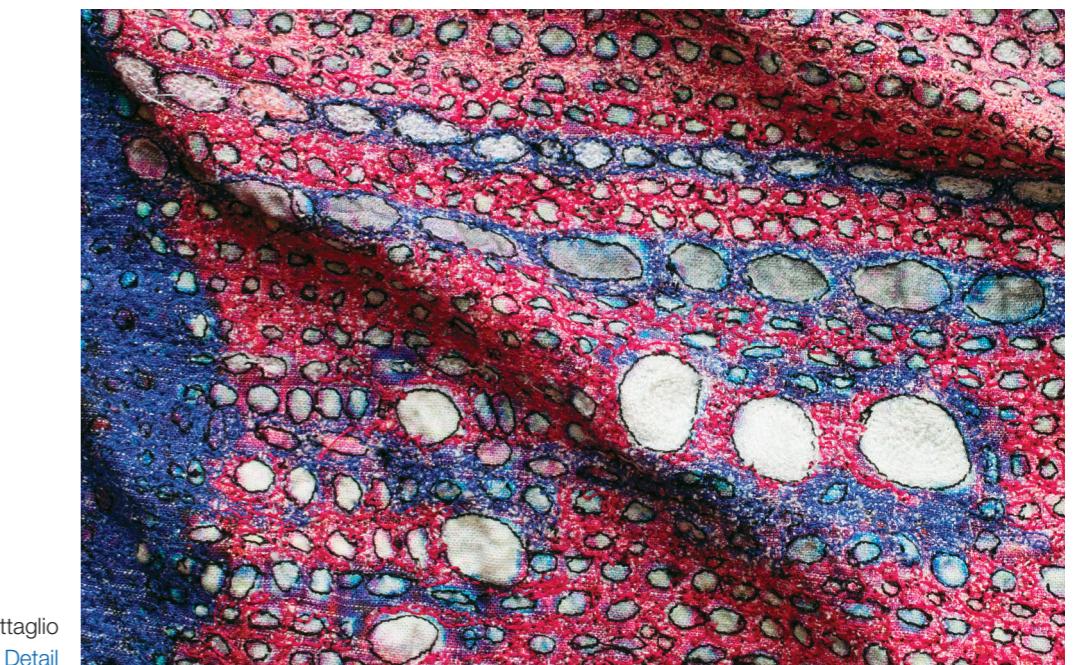
Immagini gentilmente cedute da Kamil Frankiewicz, anatomista del legno,  
Department of Molecular Phylogenetics and Evolution Institute  
of Botany Faculty of Biology University of Warsaw

Collezione dell'artista

*Textile embroidery*

76 x 55 cm

Images donated by Kamil Frankiewicz, wood anatomist,  
Department of Molecular Phylogenetics and Evolution Institute  
of Botany Faculty of Biology University of Warsaw  
Artist Collection



Dettaglio  
Detail



**Broderie ligneuse** – 2019

Ricamo su tessuto

34 x 54 cm

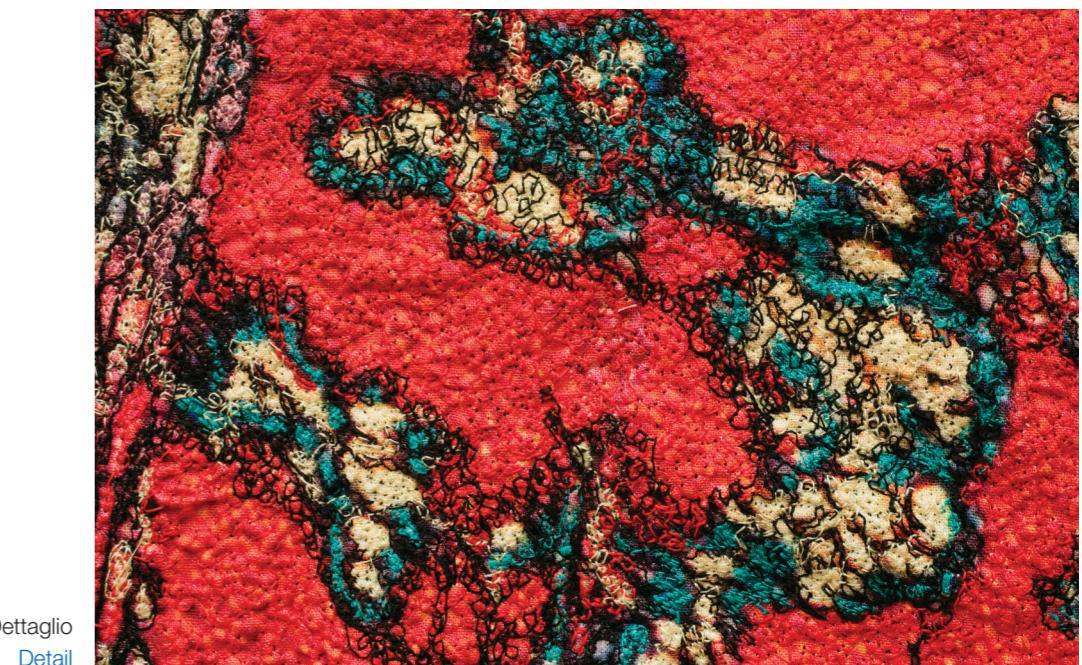
Immagini gentilmente cedute da Kamil Frankiewicz, anatomista del legno,  
Department of Molecular Phylogenetics and Evolution Institute  
of Botany Faculty of Biology University of Warsaw

Collezione dell'artista

*Textile embroidery*

34 x 54 cm

Images donated by Kamil Frankiewicz, wood anatomist,  
Department of Molecular Phylogenetics and Evolution Institute  
of Botany Faculty of Biology University of Warsaw  
Artist Collection



Dettaglio  
[Detail](#)



Dettagli  
Details



**Galaxies** – 2019  
Ricamo di fili colorati su tessuto  
120 x 92 cm

Image Hubble/NASA

Collezione dell'artista

Courtesy Galerie STAMPA, Basilea

Textile embroidery

120 x 92 cm

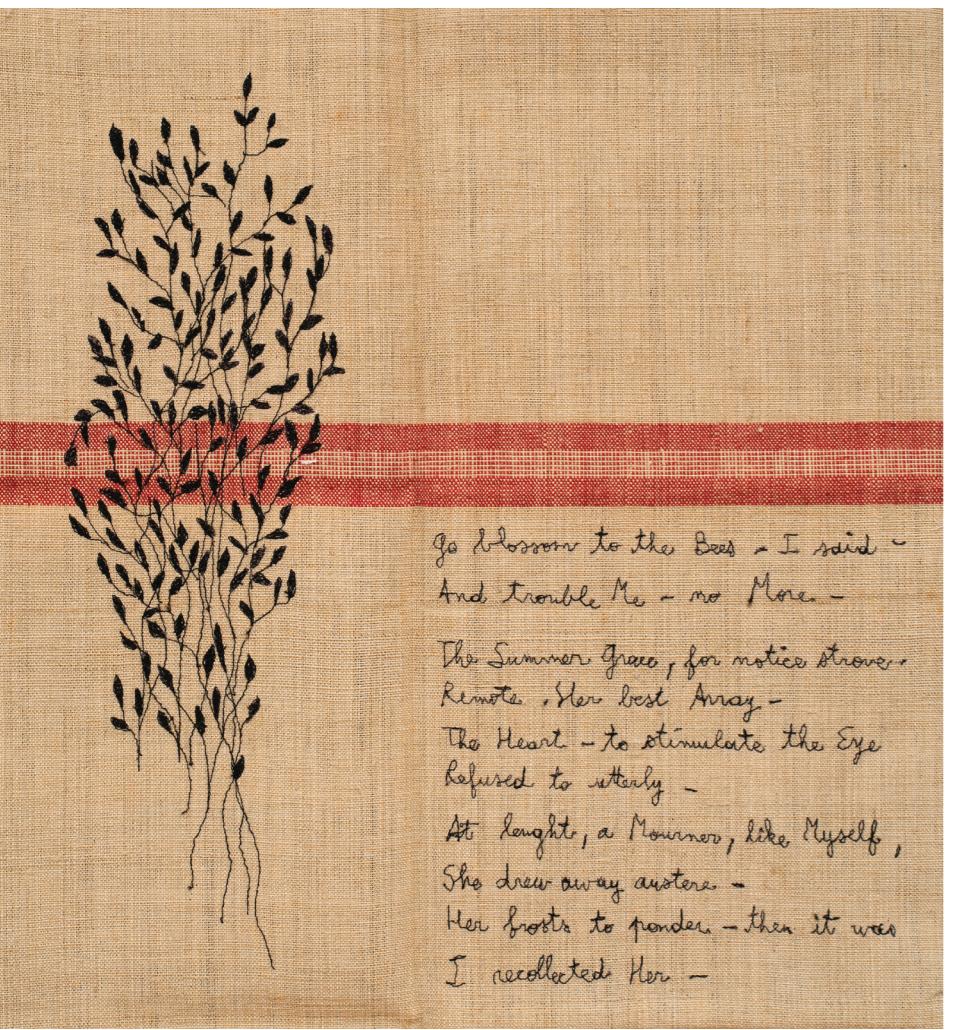
Image Hubble/NASA

Artist Collection

Courtesy Galerie STAMPA, Basel







Dettaglio  
Detail

#### La lontaine Navigation de l'Oiseau – 2015

Ricamo a filo su lino antico

150 x 145 cm

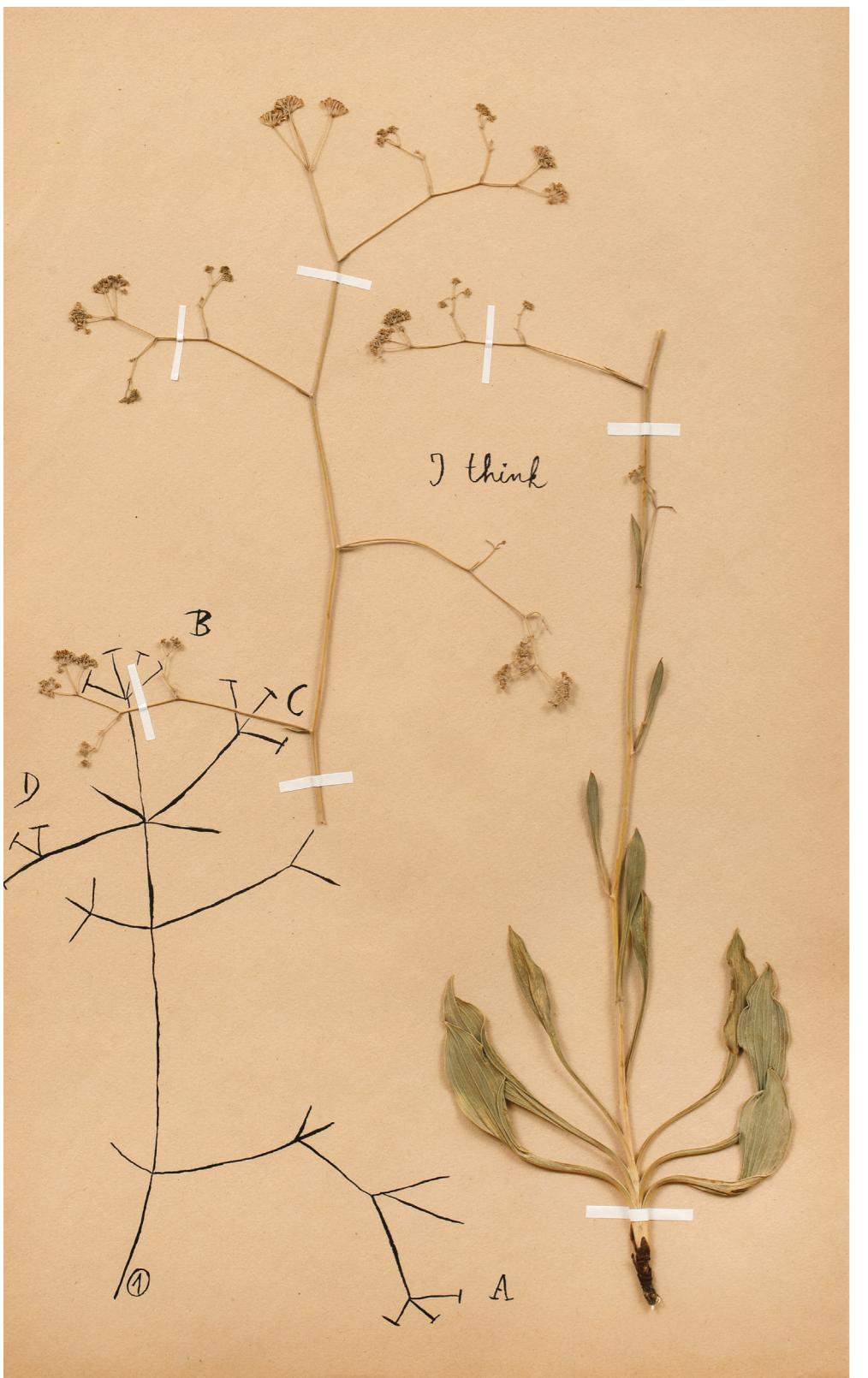
Collezione dell'artista

Antique linen thread embroidery

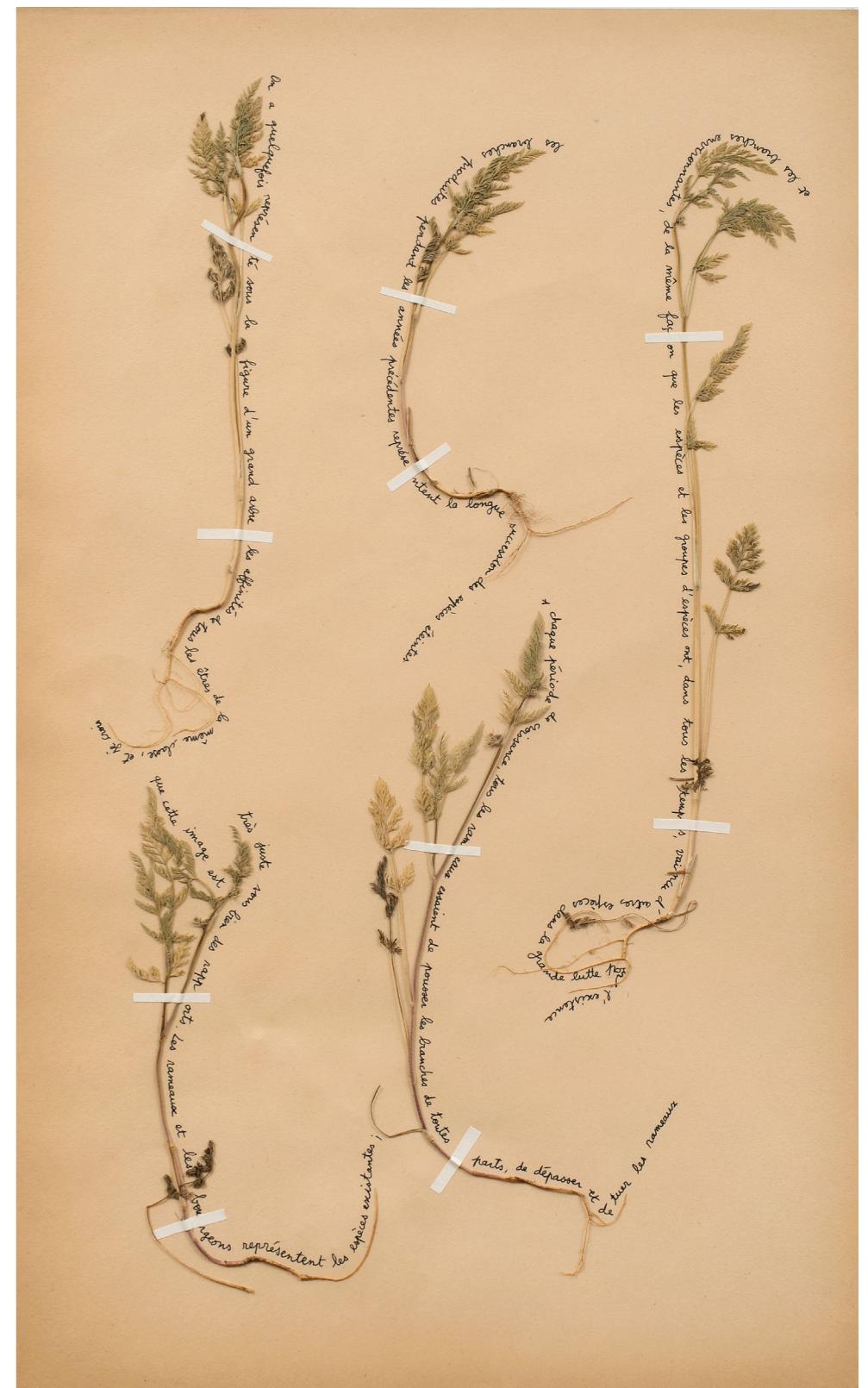
150 x 145 cm

Artist Collection

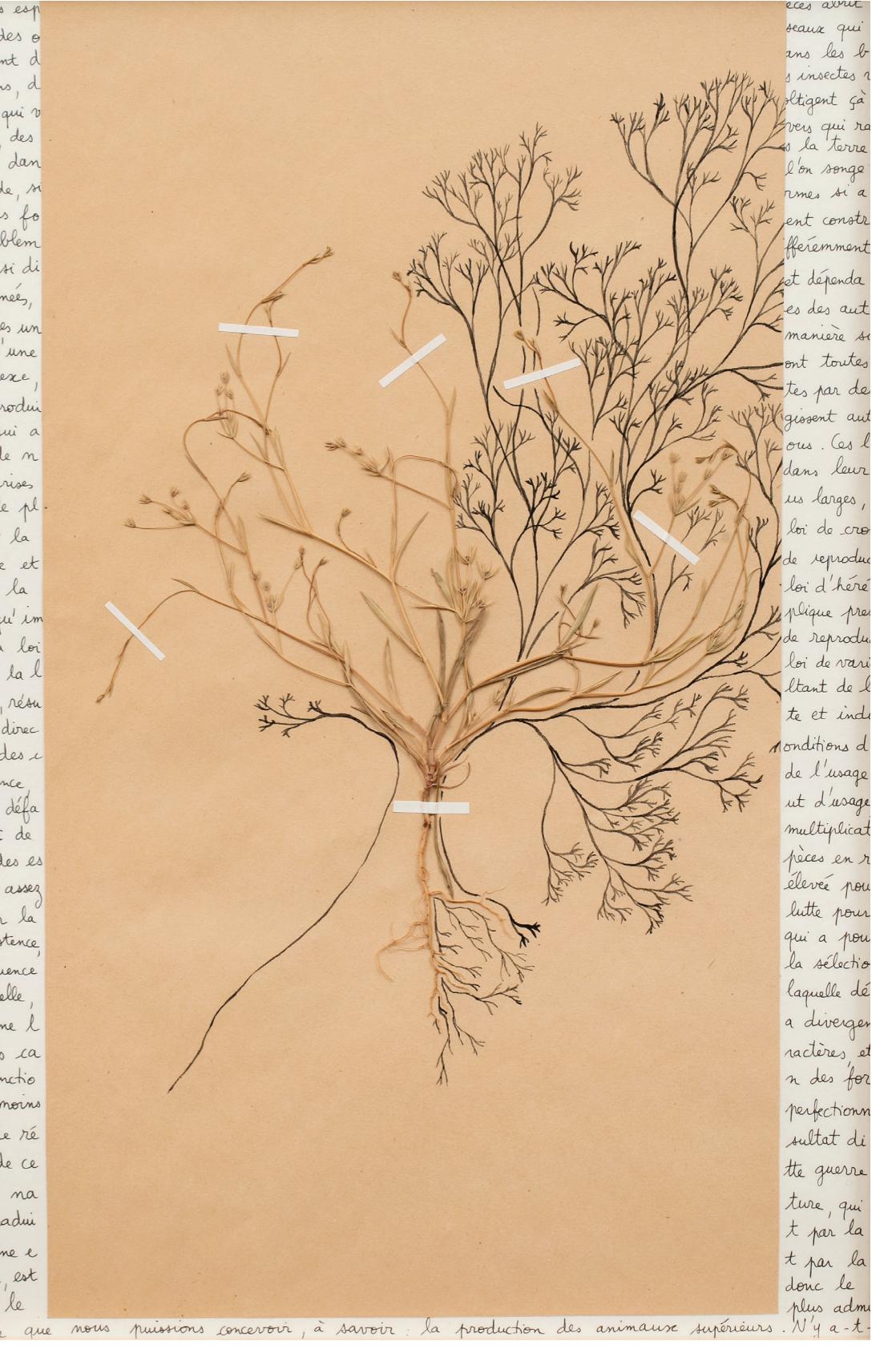




**I think** – 2015  
Collage di erbe e inchiostro su carta  
52 x 42 cm  
Collection via Appia - Jean-Pierre Reduron  
[Collage of herbs and ink on paper](#)  
52 x 42 cm  
Collection via Appia - Jean-Pierre Reduron



**La grande lutte pour l'existence** – 2015  
Collage di erbe e inchiostro su carta  
52 x 42 cm  
Collection via Appia - Jean-Pierre Reduron  
[Collage of herbs and ink on paper](#)  
52 x 42 cm  
Collection via Appia - Jean-Pierre Reduron



Rivage luxuriante – 2015

Collage di erbe e inchiostro su carta

47 x 32 cm

Collection via Appia - Jean-Pierre Reduron

## Collage of herbs and ink on paper

47 x 32 cm

Collection via Appia - Jean-Pierre Reduron



**Des branches poussent et d'autres tombent**

(in collaboration with Edmondo Wörner) – 2015

Rami di erica dipinti, filo di nylon

Diametro 200 cm

Collezione dell'artista

Painted heather branches, nylon thread

Diameter 200 cm

Artist Collection





**Les feuilles de porcelaine blanche tombent de l'arbre – 2017**

Scatola in plexiglass, ramo di erica intagliato, ricamo con filo nero su georgette in seta flocata

25 x 20 x 20 cm

Collezione privata, Lugano

Courtesy Buchmann Galerie, Agra

Plexiglass box, carved heather branch, embroidery with black thread on flocked silk georgette

25 x 20 x 20 cm

Private Collection, Lugano

Courtesy Buchmann Galerie, Agra



**Pluie silencieuse** – 2018  
Scatola in plexiglass, erica dei Vosgi, georgette di seta flocata,  
ricamo di filo nero su nastro di raso rosa  
25 x 20 x 20 cm  
De Pietri Arphilein Foundation  
Courtesy Buchmann Galerie, Agra  
Da una poesia di Etsujin:  
*Une pluie silencieuse  
s'est mise à tomber*

**Pluie silencieuse** – 2018  
Plexiglass box, heather of the Vosges, flocked silk georgette,  
black thread embroidery on pink satin ribbon  
25 x 20 x 20 cm  
De Pietri Arphilein Foundation  
Courtesy Buchmann Galerie, Agra  
From a poem by Etsujin:  
*Une pluie silencieuse  
s'est mise à tomber*

**Disparition de Feuilles / Apparition de Fruits** – 2018  
Scatola in plexiglass, foglie di seta antica, pistilli rossi di seta,  
ricamo di filo nero su tessuto, colomba bianca, georgette di seta flocata  
25 x 20 x 20 cm  
Collezione dell'artista  
Courtesy Buchmann Galerie, Agra  
Da una poesia giapponese di Kasei:  
*Tes dernières feuilles  
laisse-les tomber toutes  
umémodoki*

**Disparition de Feuilles / Apparition de Fruits** – 2018  
Plexiglass box, ancient silk leaves, red silk slippers,  
black thread embroidery on fabric, white dove, flocked silk georgette  
25 x 20 x 20 cm  
Artist Collection  
Courtesy Buchmann Galerie, Agra  
From a Japanese poem by Kasei:  
*Tes dernières feuilles  
laisse-les tomber toutes  
umémodoki*





**La Pompadour** – 2020

Scatola in plexiglass, seta flocata di color crema, piume antiche bianche e nere, ricamo di filo nero su nastro bianco.

20 x 20 x 25 cm

Collezione dell'artista

Da una poesia di Emily Dickinson:

*Me faut-il m'appréter*

*Comment -dites-moi-*

*Un petit Bijou*

*pour me faire belle*

*Des Tissus de Cachemire*

*-Jamais plus de gris souris-*

*Mais des Atours*

*-de Pompadour-*

*que Moi -mon âme-*

*je porterai*

98

**La Pompadour** – 2020

Plexiglass box, cream-colored flocked silk, antique black and white feathers, black thread embroidery on white ribbon.

20 x 20 x 25 cm

Artist Collection

From a poem of Emily Dickinson:

*Me faut-il m'appréter*

*Comment -dites-moi-*

*Un petit Bijou*

*pour me faire belle*

*Des Tissus de Cachemire*

*-Jamais plus de gris souris-*

*Mais des Atours*

*-de Pompadour-*

*que Moi -mon âme-*

*je porterai*



**Regret de n'être pas une abeille** – 2020

Scatola di plexiglass, tessuto goffrato bianco, nido d'uccello, gomitoli di lana infeltrita color polline, due rose di seta antica color fucsia, ricamo filo nero su nastro bianco

20 x 20 x 25 cm

Collezione dell'artista

Da una poesia di Emily Dickinson:

*Ces ravissantes fleurs m'embarrassent,*

*Elles me font regretter de n'être pas une abeille*

**Regret de n'être pas une abeille** – 2020

Plexiglass box, white embossed fabric, bird's nest, balls of felted wool in pollen color, two antique silk roses in fuchsia color, black thread embroidery on white ribbon

20 x 20 x 25 cm

Artist Collection

From a poem by Emily Dickinson:

*Ces ravissantes fleurs m'embarrassent,*

*Elles me font regretter de n'être pas une abeille*



**Lucciole** – 2018

Scatola in plexiglas, pistilli di seta antica, ricamo in filo nero su lino, foglie in porcellana di Limoges, colomba bianca, georgette di seta flocata

25 x 20 x 20 cm

Collezione dell'artista

Courtesy Buchmann Galerie, Agra

Da una poesia di P. P. Pasolini:

*Au début des années soixante, à cause de la pollution atmosphérique et, surtout, à la campagne, à cause de la pollution de l'eau (fleuves d'azur et canaux limpides), les lucioles ont commencé à disparaître. Cela a été un phénomène foudroyant et fulgurant. Après quelques années, il n'y avait plus de lucioles. Aujourd'hui, c'est un souvenir quelque peu poignant du passé*

**Lucciole** – 2018

Plexiglas box, antique silk pistils, black thread embroidery on linen, Limoges porcelain leaves, white dove, flocked silk georgette

20 x 20 x 25 cm

Artist Collection

Courtesy Buchmann Galerie, Agra

From a poem by P. P. Pasolini:

*Au début des années soixante, à cause de la pollution atmosphérique et, surtout, à la campagne, à cause de la pollution de l'eau (fleuves d'azur et canaux limpides), les lucioles ont commencé à disparaître. Cela a été un phénomène foudroyant et fulgurant. Après quelques années, il n'y avait plus de lucioles. Aujourd'hui, c'est un souvenir quelque peu poignant du passé*

**Flowers** – 2018

Scatola in plexiglas, fiori in seta antica, ricamo di filo nero su lino, foglie in porcellana di Limoges, georgette di seta fiocata

25 x 20 x 20 cm

Collezione dell'artista

Courtesy Buchmann Galerie, Agra

Da una poesia di Emily Dickinson:

*Between My Country  
and the Others  
There is a Sea  
But Flowers — negotiate  
between us  
As Ministry*

**Flowers** – 2018

Plexiglas box, antique silk flowers, black thread embroidery on linen, Limoges porcelain leaves, flocked silk georgette

20 x 20 x 25 cm

Artist Collection

Courtesy Buchmann Galerie, Agra

From a poem by Emily Dickinson:

*Between My Country  
and the Others  
There is a Sea  
But Flowers — negotiate  
between us  
As Ministry*



**We can follow to the Sun** – 2020

Scatola in plexiglass, tessuto goffrato bianco, cianotipo di momiji e pino giapponese che rilegano un libro, ricamo di filo nero su nastro bianco  
20 x 20 x 25 cm

Collezione dell'artista

Plexiglass box, white embossed fabric, momiji cyanotype and Japanese pine that bind a book, black thread embroidery on white ribbon  
20 x 20 x 25 cm  
Artist Collection



**Il y a longtemps que je t'aime / jamais je ne t'oublierai** – 2020

Scatola in plexiglass, seta floccata color crema, foglia di momiji, aghi di pino giapponesi, corsetto di seta antico rosa, ricamo di filo nero su nastro bianco  
20 x 20 x 25 cm

Collezione dell'artista

Dalla bella e ben conosciuta canzone francese  
Plexiglass box, cream-colored flocked silk, momiji leaf, Japanese pine needles, antique pink silk corset, black thread embroidery on white ribbon  
20 x 20 x 25 cm  
Artist Collection

From the famous and well-known French song



**Je marche sur un tapis de feuilles – 2018**

Scatola in plexiglass, forma per scarpa in legno antico (XIX secolo),  
georgette di seta floccata, foglie in porcellana di Limoges  
25 x 20 x 20 cm

Collezione privata, S. Pietro di Stabio  
Courtesy Buchmann Galerie, Agra

Plexiglass box, ancient wooden shoe shape (19th century),  
flocked silk georgette, Limoges porcelain leaves  
25 x 20 x 20 cm

Private Collection, S. Pietro di Stabio  
Courtesy Buchmann Galerie, Agra

## VÉRONIQUE ARNOLD

Born in 1973 in Strasbourg, France.

Studies of French and German literature.

Lives and works in France (Alsace) and Switzerland (Ticino).

### GRANTS AND AWARDS

**2018** Prix de la Culture de la Ville de Mulhouse

### SELECTED SOLO EXHIBITIONS

**2021** *L'éclat des lucioles dans la nuit*, Fondazione Ghisla, Locarno

**2020** *We are the Universe*, Galerie Stampa, Basel

**2019** *Ou elles volent, ou elles tombent*, Buchmann Lugano

**2018** *Notre Héritage n'est précédé d'aucun testament*, Stampa Galerie, Basel

**2017** *Dessins d'ombre*, Musée des Beaux-Arts de Mulhouse

**2015** *Seguire il filo del discorso, «Et ces moutons, si doux, dévorent les humains»*, Buchmann Lugano

**2014** *Rainer Rilke in Sils Maria and Soglio*, Palazzo Salis, Soglio – Biblioteca Engiadinaisa, Sils Maria

**2012** *The fragility of life: Fukushima*, collaboration with Christine Ferber and Jean-Paul Hévin, Salon du Chocolat of Isetan, Tokyo

**2010** *Japanese haikus*, Gallery Jean Cocteau, Kyoto

*Poetry*, Covent of St Urban

**2008** *Black dreams*, Konzerthall, Miyazu and Kyoto

**2007** *The music of JS Bach*, collaboration with Japanese musician Mayumi Ibata, Corps de Garde, Colmar

*Spring*, French-German cultural Center, Karlsruhe

**2006** *The poetry of tasting*, collaboration with Christine Ferber, Salon du chocolat of Isetan, Tokyo – Salon du chocolat, Paris

**2005** *Japanese Poetry*, Museum of Régence, Ensisheim

### SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS OR PERFORMANCES

**2019** Wopart, Lugano

START Strasbourg

**2017** *Mit Natur zu tun / To Do With Nature*, STAMPA Galerie, Basilea

*Ceramica / Céramique / Keramik*, with Tony Cragg, Alberto Garutti, Martin Disler, Bettina Pousttchi, Alex Dorici, Thomas Virnich, Buchmann Galerie, Agra

**2015** Kunst 15 Zürich

*Métamorphoses. Véronique Arnold, Gabriele Chiari, Frédérique Lucien*, Fondation Fernet-Branca, Saint-Louis

*Flowers for you*, Buchmann Galerie Agra/Lugano

**2014** Kunst 14 Zurich

*Véronique Arnold Bilder* (with Claudine Leroy Skulpturen), Galerie Lilian Andree, Riehen

**2012** *Performance about the music of JS Bach*, with musician Hansruedi Zeder and performer Edmondo Woerner, Hochdorf – Beromünster – Samedan – Sils Maria (Switzerland) etc...

**2010** *Utopies et innovations – architectures transfrontalières*, Espace d'art contemporain Fernet Branca, St. Louis

## VÉRONIQUE ARNOLD

Nata nel 1973 a Strasburgo, Francia.

Ha studiato letteratura francese e tedesca.

Vive e lavora in Francia (Alsazia) e in Svizzera (Ticino).

### CONCORSI E PREMI

**2018** Prix de la Culture de la Ville de Mulhouse

### MOSTRE PERSONALI SELEZIONATE

**2020** *L'éclat des lucioles dans la nuit*, Fondazione Ghisla, Locarno

**2019** *We are the universe*, Stampa, Basilea

**2018** *je rentre*

**2017** *Ou elles volent, ou elles tombent*, Buchmann Lugano

**2015** *Notre Héritage n'est précédé d'aucun testament*, Stampa Galeire, Basilea

**2014** *Dessins d'ombre*, Musée des Beaux-Arts de Mulhouse

**2012** *Seguire il filo del discorso, «Et ces moutons, si doux, dévorent les humains»*, Buchmann Galerie Lugano

*Rainer Rilke in Sils Maria and Soglio*, Palazzo Salis, Soglio – Biblioteca Engiadinaisa, Sils Maria

**2010** *The fragility of life: Fukushima*, collaborazione con Christine Ferber e Jean-Paul Hévin, Salon du Chocolat of Isetan, Tokyo

*Japanese haikus*, Gallery Jean Cocteau, Kyoto

**2008** *Poetry*, Convento di St Urban

**2007** *Black dreams*, Konzerthall, Miyazu e Kyoto

*The music of JS Bach*, in collaborazione con il musicista giapponese Mayumi Ibata, Corps de Garde, Colmar

**2006** *Spring*, Centro culturale franco-tedesco, Karlsruhe

**2005** *The poetry of tasting*, in collaborazione con Christine Ferber, Salon du chocolat of Isetan, Tokyo – Salon du chocolat, Parigi

*Japanese Poetry*, Museo di Régence, Ensisheim

### MOSTRE COLLETTIVE E PERFORMANCE SELEZIONATE

**2019** Wopart 2019, Lugano

START Strasbourg

**2017** *Mit Natur zu tun / To Do With Nature*, STAMPA Galerie, Basilea

*Ceramica / Céramique / Keramik*, con Tony Cragg, Alberto Garutti, Martin Disler, Bettina Pousttchi, Alex Dorici, Thomas Virnich, Buchmann Galerie, Agra

**2015** Kunst 15 Zürich

*Métamorphoses. Véronique Arnold, Gabriele Chiari, Frédérique Lucien*, Fondation Fernet-Branca, Saint-Louis

*Flowers for you*, Buchmann Galerie Agra/Lugano

**2014** Kunst 14 Zurigo

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**2010** *Utopies et innovations – architectures transfrontalières*, Espace d'art contemporain Fernet Branca, St. Louis



## VÉRONIQUE ARNOLD, BIBLIOGRAFIA

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(Lugano, Buchmann Galerie, 8 settembre 2018 – 31 gennaio 2019), 2018.

Véronique Arnold: *Notre héritage n'est précédé d'aucun testament*, catalogo della mostra

(Basilea, Galerie Stampa, 1 settembre – 21 ottobre 2017), Mulhouse, Médiapop Éditions, 2017.

Véronique Arnold, Gabriele Chiari, Frédérique Lucien: *Métamorphoses*, catalogo della mostra

(Saint-Louis, Alsace, Fondation Fernet-Branca, 15 novembre 2015 – 27 marzo 2016), 2015.

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"Regard: petite revue d'art", no. 125, Giugno 2014. Numero consacrato all'artista Véronique Arnold.

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Véronique Arnold: *We are the universe*, exhibition catalogue

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Véronique Arnold en collaboration avec Edmondo Woerner: *Dessins d'ombre, installation et écritures brodées*, exhibition catalogue

(Mulhouse, Musée des Beaux-Arts, 10 April – 31 May 2015), Bernardswiller, I.D. L'Edition, 2015.

"Regard : petite revue d'art", n. 125, June 2014. Issue dedicated to the artist Véronique Arnold.

*Utopies et innovations - architectures transfrontalières*, collective exhibition catalogue

(Saint-Louis, Alsace, Fondation Fernet-Branca, 1 October – 31 December 2010), 2010.

## RINGRAZIAMENTI VERONIQUE ARNOLD

– la force de Vie qui anime nos existences

– sa famille, ses amis qui l'entourent de leur amour

– Martine et Pierino Ghisla qui l'ont généreusement invitée à exposer à la Fondation GHISLA, Locarno, ainsi que Boris pour toutes les questions d'organisation

– la galerie BUCHMANN, Lugano pour son soutien à la publication du catalogue de l'exposition et tout le travail d'accompagnement et de soutien

– les collectionneur-ses/rs qui rendent possible l'aventure artistique

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– Dominique Bannwarth, Mulhouse Art Contemporain pour l'interview réalisée pour le catalogue de l'exposition

– le Centre Verrier de Meisenthal pour la réalisation des boules de verre de l'exposition

– Jean-Pierre Reduron, botaniste, Mulhouse et Kamil Frankiewicz, wood anatomist of Department of Molecular Phylogenetics and Evolution Institute of Botany Faculty of Biology University of Warsaw

– Anne-Catherine Klarer et ses parents de la CabAnne des Créateurs pour les nombreuses cuissous céramique

– la société DMC pour ses fils de broderie

– Fabrice Wittner pour son accompagnement technique pour la réalisation des cyanotypes

– Antonio Maniscalco pour son beau travail photographique

– Denise et Eugen Waldvogel pour leur aide précieuse à l'installation de l'exposition

– Céline, Emeline, Julie, Jean-Luc pour leur aide joyeuse à l'atelier

## Desideriamo ringraziare per i gentili prestiti / We would like to thank for the kind loans

– De Pietri Artphilein Foundation

– Collezione Privata, Lugano

– Collezione Privata, S. Pietro di Stabio

**FONDAZIONE  
GHISLA  
ART COLLECTION  
LOCARNO**

Presidente / President

Pierino Ghisla

Vice-presidente / Vice-president

Martine Ghisla-Jacquemin

Direzione esecutiva / Executive Direction

Boris Croce

Mostra organizzata in collaborazione con / Exhibition organized in collaboration with

Buchmann Galerie Agra/Lugano

Sostenitori



Consulenza. Competenza. Personalità.



