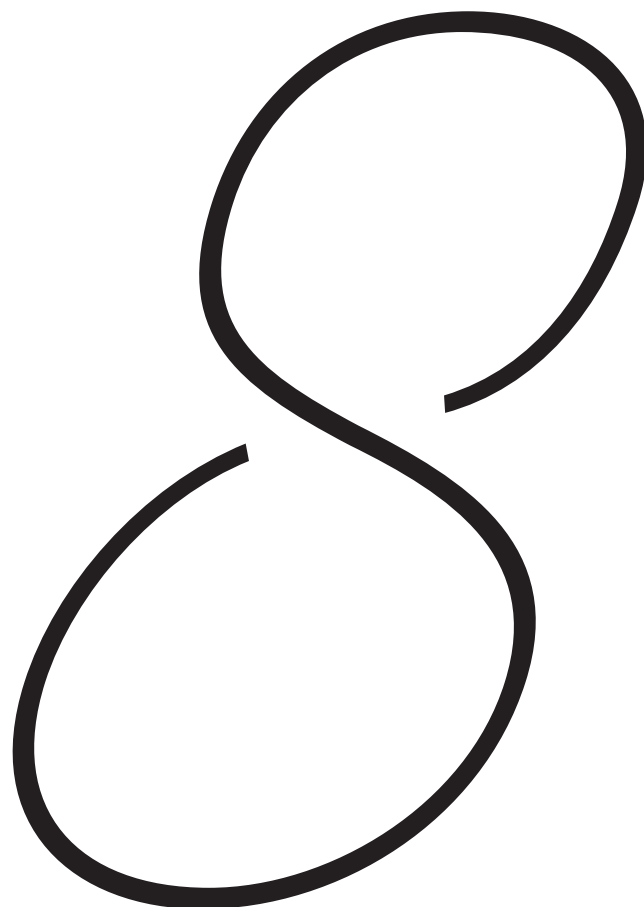




*Alice*

*Guittard*







*Exhibition*



**VANDA.** It is this aerial orchid discovered by the Portuguese Jesuit Alvaro Semedo in a declining and colonized Macau. It is this young heroin addict filmed a whole year by Pedro Costa in her room in Fontainhas, henceforth, razed shantytown in the suburbs of Lisbon.

It is this rare name (no Vanda has been born in Portugal for years), marked by occupation and destitution, or the beginning of this word, vandal, name of the German people who invaded the Iberian Peninsula in 5th century, as tautologizing the very act of mutilating an agave leaf, which Alice Guittard discovers in the Necessity Park during her residence at La Junqueira in Lisbon.





She then sets about recomposing, reweaving the unraveled wefts, where the abandonment on low fire in which the park slowly spreads and the stealth gesture, abrasive, which is stolen from authority and from time that passes by encrusting on the leaf the enigmatic mark — Vanda.

The exhibition follows a double path that of a phantasmal Vanda, reinvented in hollow, and that of an incarnated artist, Alice Guittard, setting her own path in Lisbon with an ephemeral stay that she generously sprinkles with random traces.



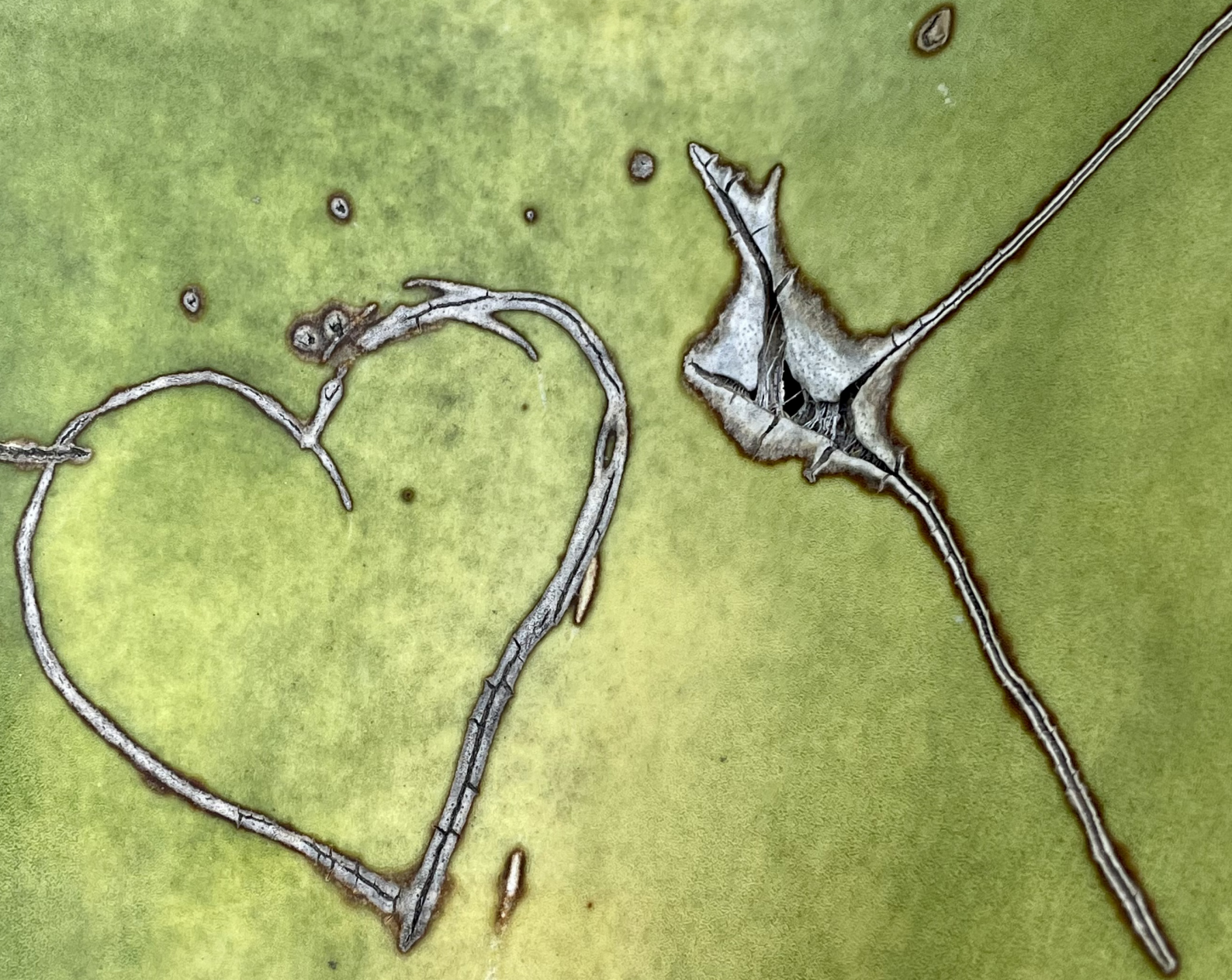








WATTOIS













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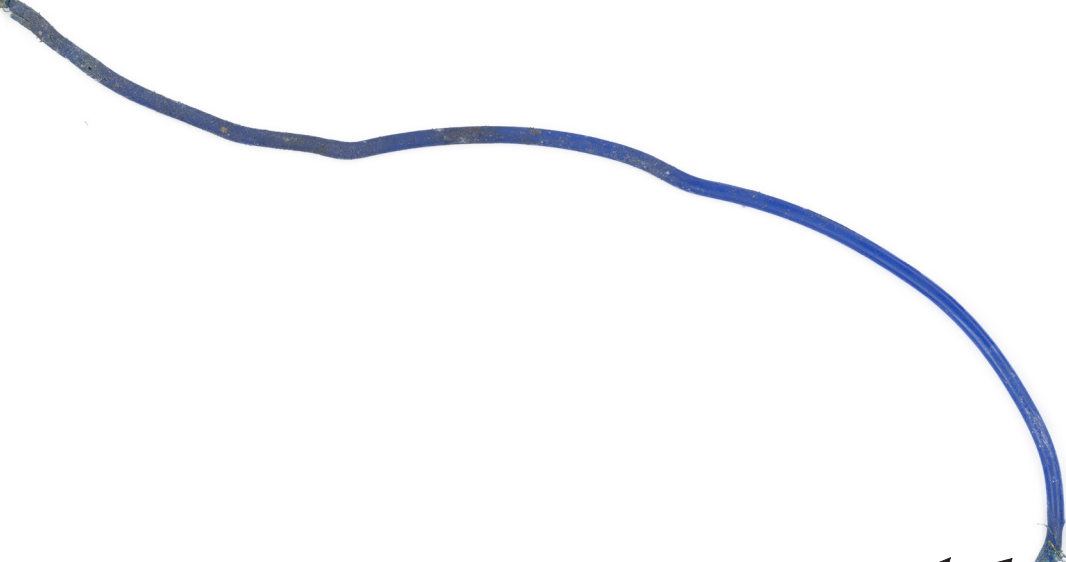





Decisively, it must be agreed to be able to distinguish with certainty between the memory of reality and the contributions, it is the continuity of the very that it constantly imposes in serious cases, its illnesses that to give an unbiased thought which it extracts from an immediate familiarity can only be a miracle. hesitation, in this regard leads to shake the most established cer







that memory is not invariably  
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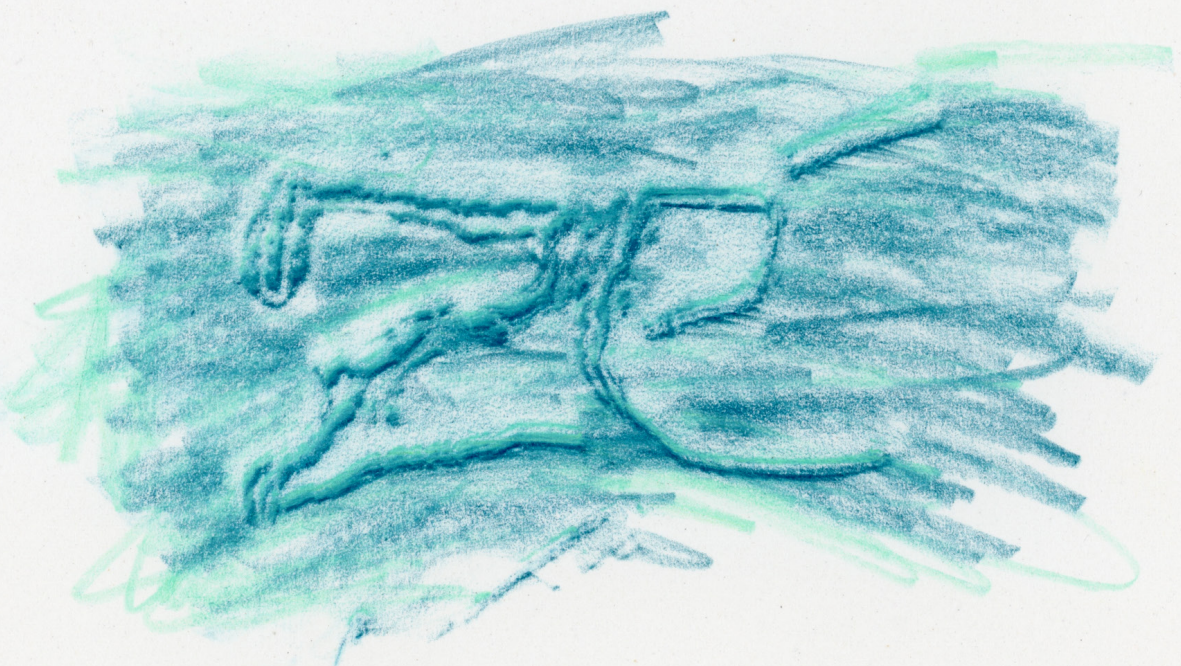
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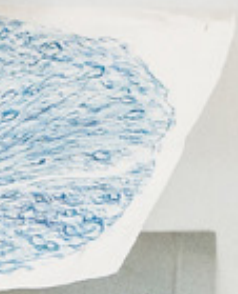
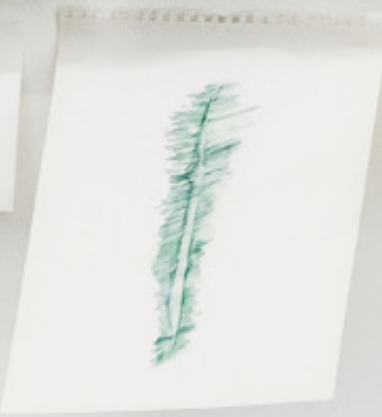




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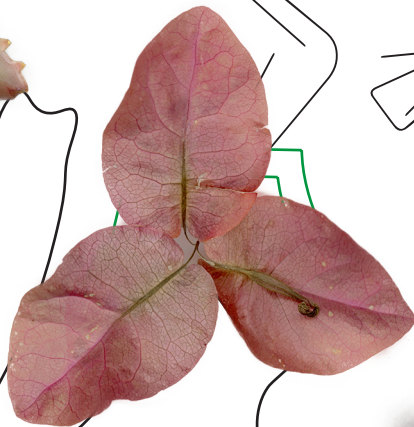




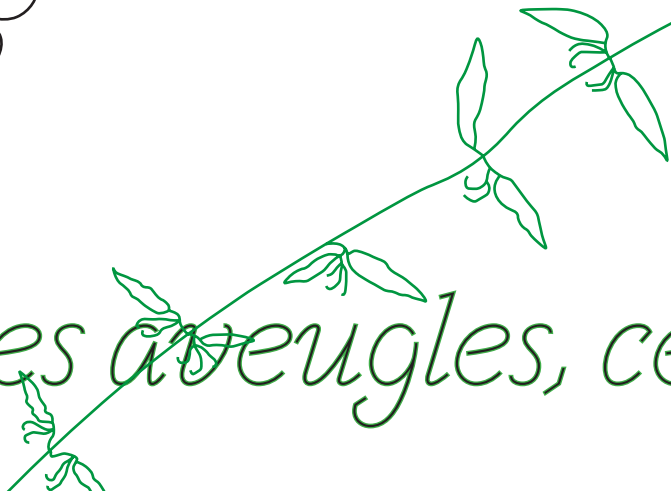




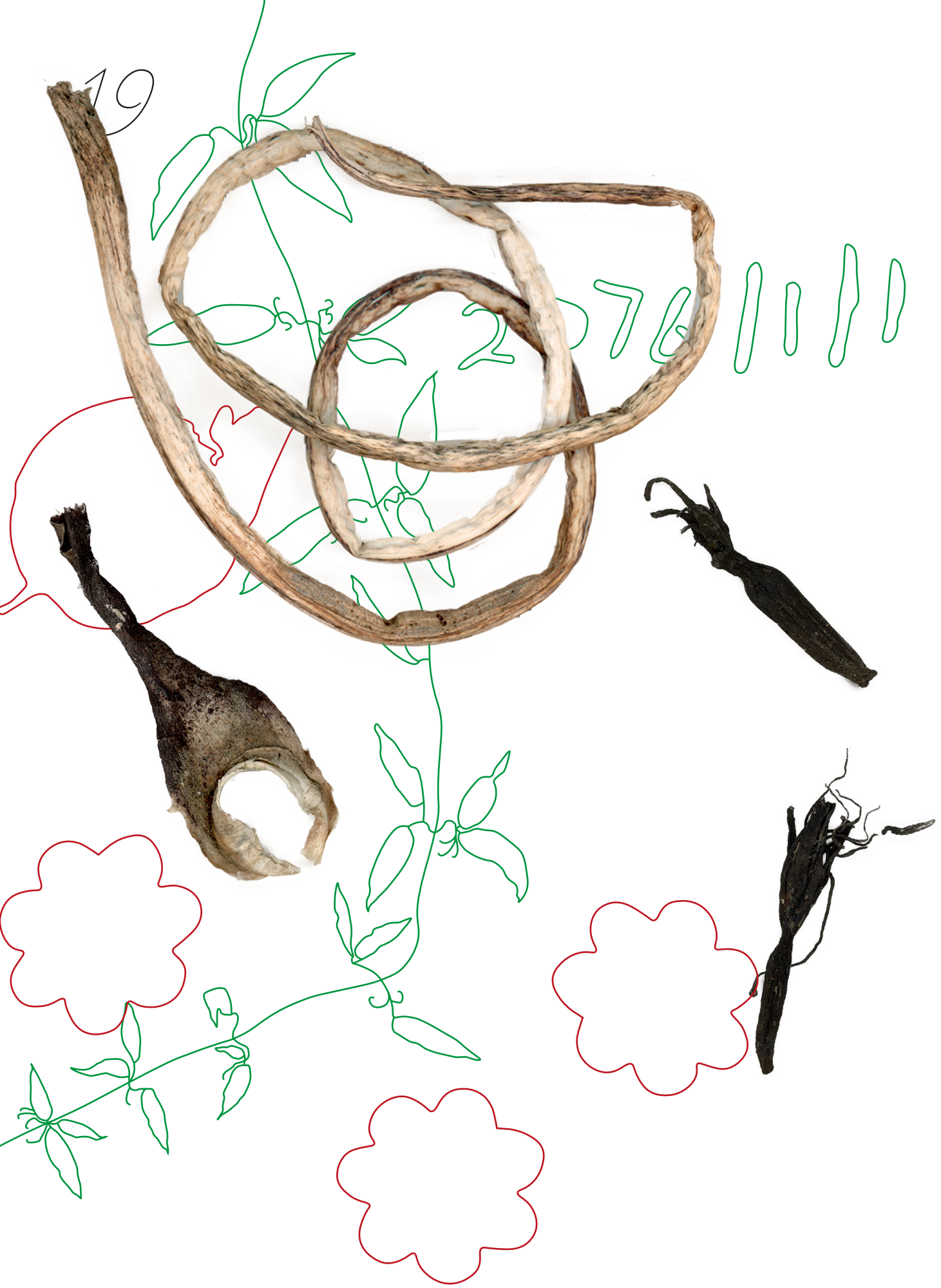
WANDA



"Au Royaume des aveugles, ce

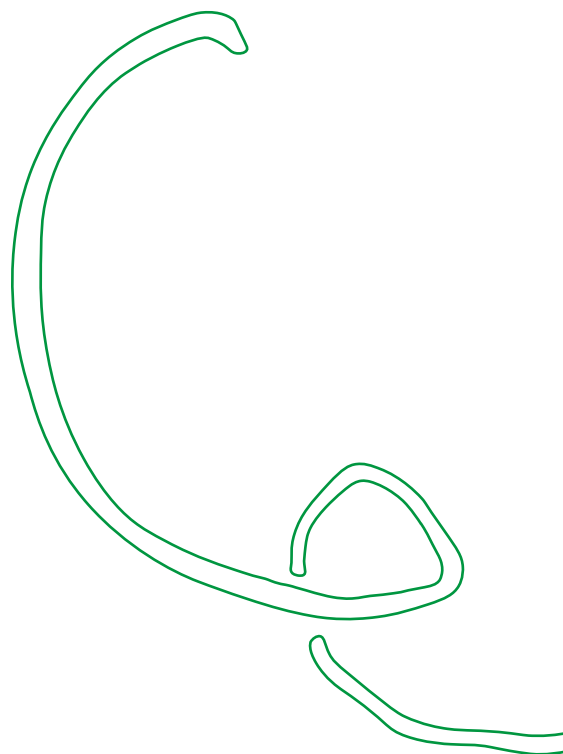






*celui qui n'a qu'un œil est roi."*





Everything comes to a point.

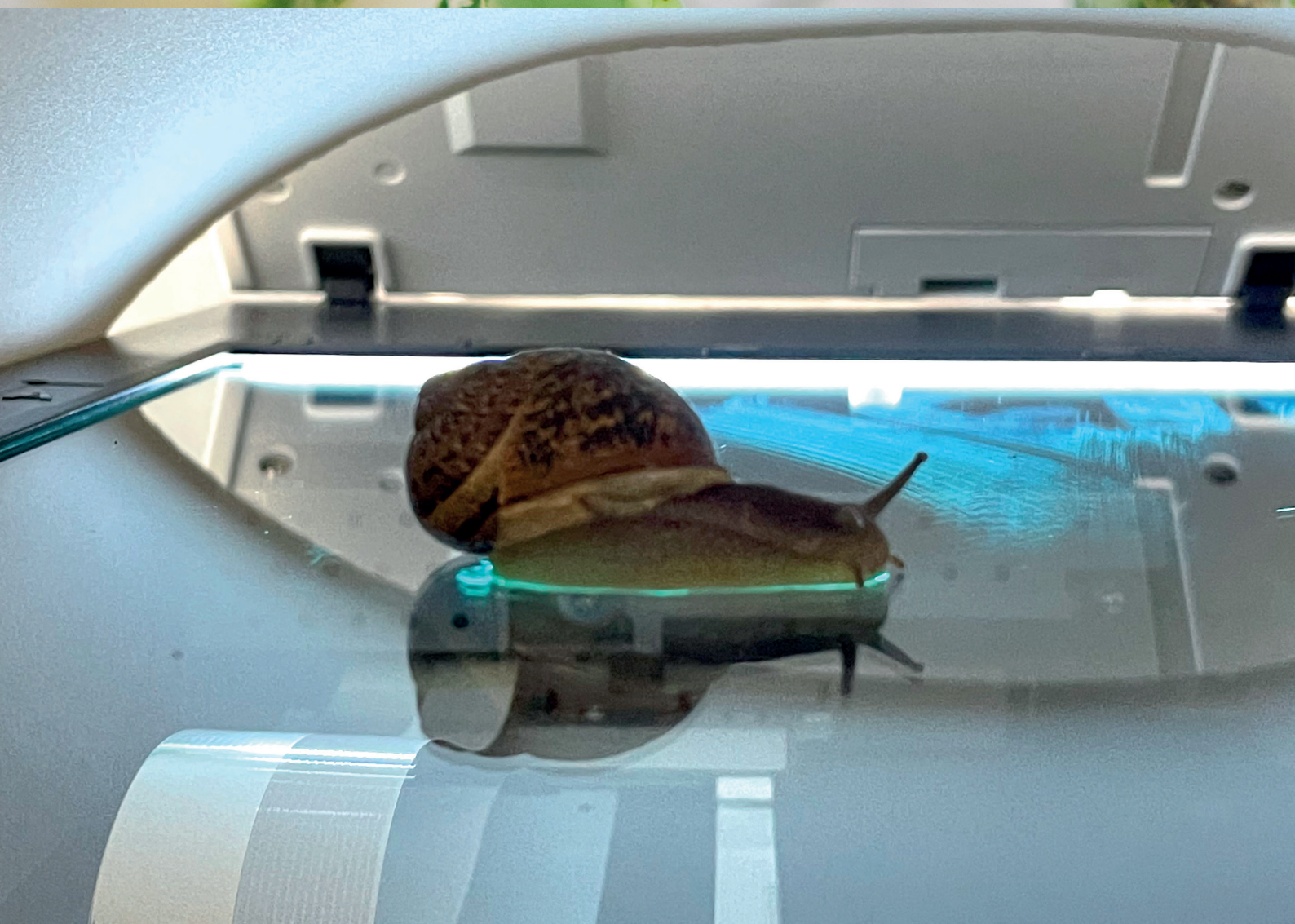
At 1.300 °C, the sand becomes glass. A grain of gypsum mixed with calcium gives birth to a rose in the desert. An earthquake ruins the kingdoms. The two blades of the scissors cross once, then twice, and what was united separates.

The inevitability of this point, the Greeks call it Ananke: consort of Time, Fatality gave him three daughters, Clotho the spinner, Lachesis the apportioner and Atropos the inflexible.

Faced with these undaunted weavers seems to appear the inconstant Tyche, fortune or chance that everyone wishes to have for oneself, as if life were only a part of a game, in which luck counts more than the skill of the players.

In the mysterious and capricious world that is theirs, Ananke Tyche, Chronos and the Moirai pull strings invisible to our eyes: what we can decide is what we can see – WYSIWYG.











The Necessity Park in Lisbon still surrounds itself today with a high wall hiding the flowerbeds and grass, the embraces of the Brazilian pepper trees and the agave of Mexico, the decayed pavilions that adorn the garden of these factories whose aristocracy hoped they could hold the world into such small countries of illusion, as named by Jurgis Baltrušaitis.

Offering in the promiscuity of the majestic residence all the landscapes to see, the Edicules of the Necessity Park have a circular greenhouse that evokes, although the previous one more than 60 years old, Bruno Taut's Glass Pavilion, whose architect rightly imagined he would be the prelude to an architecture of transparency, itself a sign that Paradise on earth revokes all opacity. In contrast, several *casas* sow the Necessity Park of Impressionist pink patches. In the one named *Casa do Regalo*, Amélie, queen consort of the last king of Portugal, was busy painting the time left by her good offices.

In 1908, it was with a bouquet of flowers, from those she sketched in her sketchbooks, that she waved at the attackers that killed her husband and their first son, thus succeeding in saving her second son, the last king of Portugal.

If fate is blind, we must make it visible, palpable, tangible, seize stealthily what we see and engrave the code to ward off bad luck.

Undoubtedly lovers seek to fix the transience of happiness on stones, padlocks, tree trunks: at least there will be a memory.









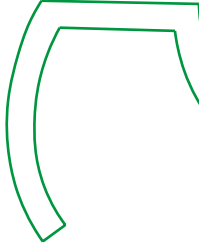
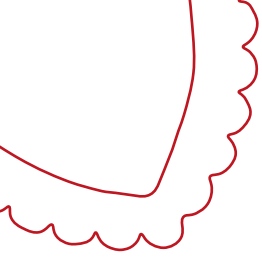












The survey borders on taxonomy.  
A systematic survey, first, of letters, snippets, dates written on the plants. Rubbed with pencil on sheets of paper, like archaeologists, they compose on the walls a panel of connections still to be established, floating, perhaps referring to one another — something probably brings them together.

Collecting debris from abandoned objects in the park: a medallion, paper clips, a broken elastic, so much fetishized waste as imprinted with a life, a history, past: each entrusted to the park and, in the park, to the artist who preserves their memory.

An herbarium, composed of fragments and debris, dead leaves and watered cut flowers at the time of the exhibition, slipping on the same plane as objects and bristling marble slabs of an untamed life though already buried: the park also wants its posterity, since it too will not really last.

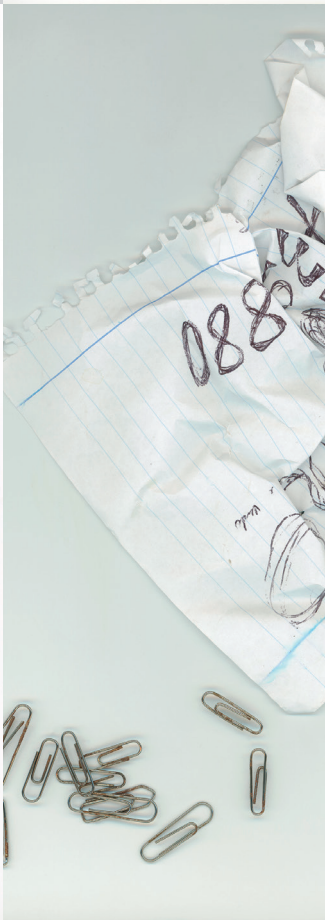




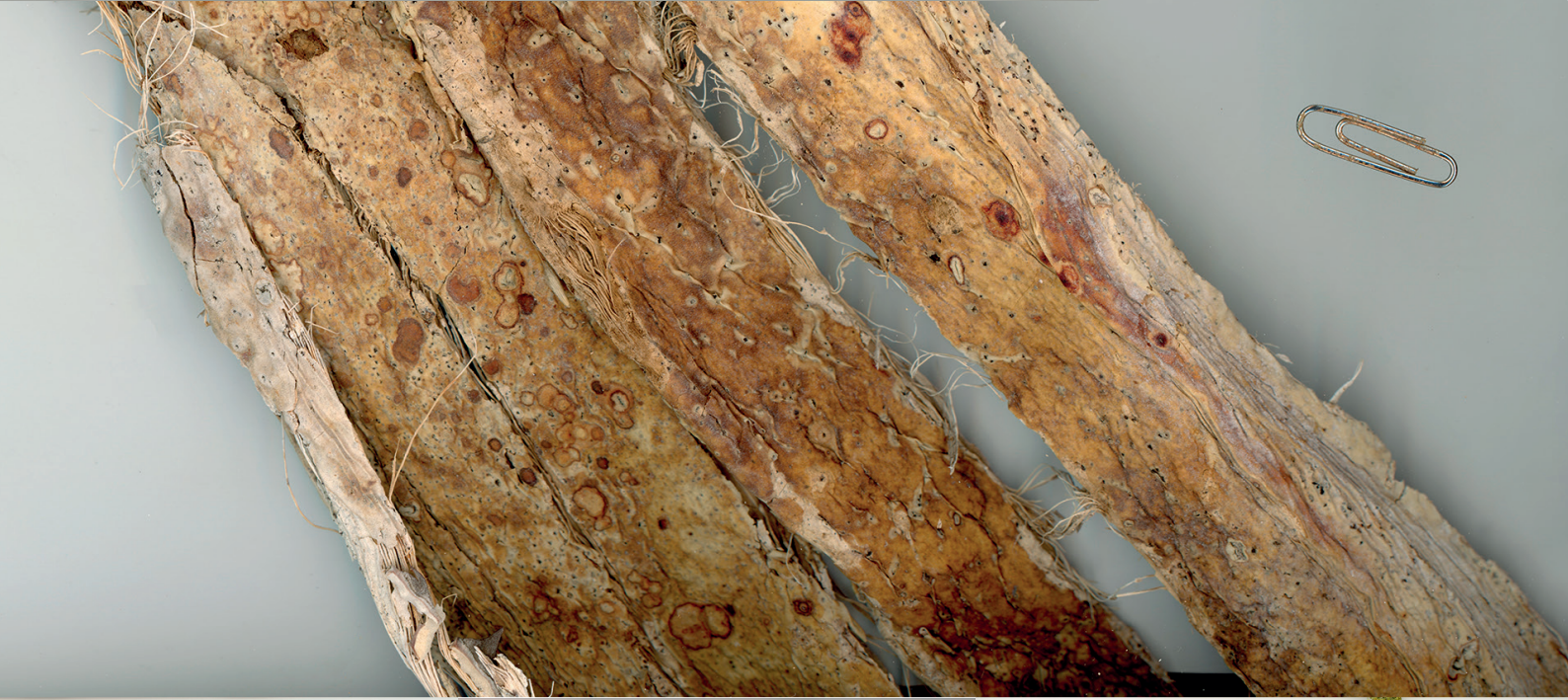




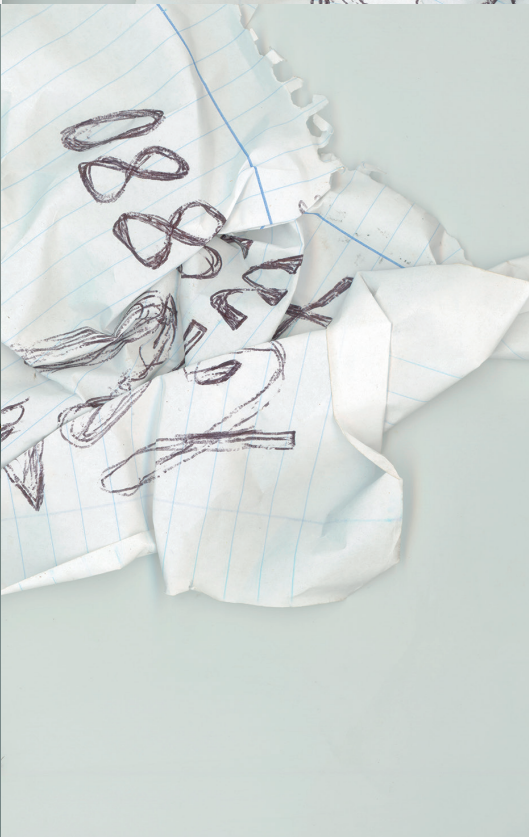
















































To each his place, well-organized, in the memorial atlas which must keep alive for as long as possible, or fossilize for eternity, a collection of inessential clues referring to an unknown once loved enough that her first name still remains ostensibly knitted to the half-dead sisal of a neglected agave, in the garden of fallen kings.



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[www.aliceguittard.com](http://www.aliceguittard.com)

In 2005, Alice Guittard first undertook a bachelor's degree in geography and archaeology at the Faculty of Nice Sophia-Antipolis before realizing that the maps interested her for their ambulatory appearance and the minerals in their poetic density... That same year, thanks to a condemned love, she discovered *Héros-Limite* (1953) of Ghérasim Luca, a book that will be the starting point of a work on writing with the will of a post-mortem collaboration with the author, who disappeared ten years earlier, since there is "no more room for poets in this world"<sup>1</sup>. It is ten years after Luca's death that Alice Guittard begins an infinite series of synonymic re-writings of the book *Sept Slogans Ontophoniques* (1963).

In 2009, she conducts research with Tom Bulbex, a literary alter-ego born of a language error. It sets out to conquer Mount Nodal, which will give rise to the symbolically authentic non-Euclidian transalpine quest, which grants several techniques such as editing, sculpture, photography, sound and drawing. It was in 2012 that Alice experienced the performance during a stay in Iceland by rallying the exploration of the language to that of hostile landscapes, "preferring the tangible results of imaginary solutions and roads all traced their pathways"<sup>2</sup>.

From this journey, hitchhiked with a sign "Alveg sama", literally "It does not matter", it drifts in the Icelandic hostile landscape and finds its base in Arnarstapi on the Snæfellsnes peninsula, starting point for *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* by Jules Verne.



In 2013, his great work called *Cheetahs*, Impotent gathering scenographic elements of a forgotten play by Elias Davidsson in 1973. Intimately mixed with her writings, sculptures and photographs, Alice Guittard reactivated this “decadent monstrosity”<sup>3</sup> forty years later.

Since then, Alice Guittard met a stone engraver which naturally led her to make the stones speak but, with images instead of words, she will collaborate intimately with Roger Caillois, the disappeared poet-alpinist, cross paths with Albert Camus thanks to whom will erect the *Anatomy of wandering*, where Lou’s face will for the first time marry the surface of the marble and Alice’s unconscious. Lou, this young androgynous woman that no era can claim, met accidentally in a Chinese restaurant or at the Louvre Museum, embodies both *The Adulterous woman* (Albert Camus, 1957), as well as the detective of the Gondola spinning in an investigation around Marco Polo, and more recently the enigmatic character of Marie-Antoinette in the exhibition *Noli me tangere*.

In 2018, during a stay in Istanbul for a residence, her photosensitive chemistry gets stuck in customs. It doesn’t matter! Free oneself from constraint, that is Alice’s motto. Wandering through the Ottoman palaces of the city it is at this precise moment that she decides to continue talking about images in minerals, she will then train herself in the technique of marble marquetry, which she continues today, leaving behind photography to go further towards still life....

And since nothing really lasts, Alice’s work and her intimate life will therefore no longer be separated from any door; and this melancholic and shy air, which was hers, will finally find its place thanks to its honesty and simplicity because it lives, and because life comes from unexpected pain and incredible joy.

“It is in this parenthesis, drawn from the whaterverist saying, that Alice Guittard invites us to make the effort to enter, as in a temple where the faded relics still shed light on lost love, past conditionals and hopeful projections.

Love, always.

Memories and regrets as well.”<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Farewell Letter from Ghérasim Luca to his companion Micheline Catti, 1994

<sup>2</sup> Mathilde Villeneuve about Alice Guittard, *Fables travesties*, Catalogue of the 59th Salon de Montrouge, 2014

<sup>3</sup> Term used by the author during an email exchange in 2016

<sup>4</sup> Jean-Christophe Arcos about Alice Guittard, *Memento Mori*, 2018



SOLO SHOW

2021

Vanda — La Junqueira Residency — Lisbon, Portugal  
échec—plaisir — Double V Gallery — Marseille, France

2019

Noli me tangere — Museum of Decorative Arts — Havana, Cuba  
Looking for Marco Polo — National Cultural Institute — Venice, Italy  
Comme je suis solaire, l'hiver est dangereux pour moi — Perpignan, France

2018

Atrocement réel — Cité Internationale des Arts — Paris, France

2017

J'aurais pu être à Düsseldorf ce soir — Villa Belleville — Paris, France

2014

Au Pays des Enchantements — Galerie de La Marine — Nice, France



## COLLECTIVE EXHIBITIONS (Selection)

- 2021 Le bonheur du jour — cur. Thomas Havet & Joris Thomas — Poush — Paris, France
- 2020 Le Vaisseau d'or — Galerie Vallois — Paris, France
- 2019 Nous qui désirons sans fin — Fondation Fiminco — Romainville, France  
Bad Girls do it well — Cité Internationale des Arts — Paris, France
- 2018 Portrait de l'artiste en jeune femme — La Halle — Pont-en-Royans, France  
Espaces Témoins — Galerie Praz-Delavallade — Paris, France  
Objet de tendresse — Galerie Michel Journiac — Paris, France
- 2017 En forme de Vertiges — Bourse Révélation Emerige — Paris, France  
L'Institut d'Esthétique — Palais de Tokyo — Paris, France  
Inventeurs d'aventures — cur. Gaël Charbau — Marseille, France
- 2016 Impressions d'ateliers — CIAC — Carros, France  
Photographic Study — Jogging — Marseille, France
- 2015 O.V.N.I. — Musée Masséna — Nice, France  
Meet me on the beach — La Couleuvre — Saint-Ouen, France  
Blam Baoum Ballade — MDAC — Cagnes s/mer, France  
Xochimilco — Oaxaca, Mexico  
À une année lumière — Galerie Eva Vautier — Nice, France
- 2014 Minimenta — Galerie Bertand Baraudou — Paris, France  
En Suspens — Galerie Eva Vautier — Nice, France
- 2013 Des corps compétents — Galerie Carrée, Villa Arson — Nice, France  
Le sens de la vague — Galerie de la Marine — Nice, France
- 2012 Dialogue — Reykjavik, Island  
Banana spleen — Hemmi og Valdi — Reykjavik, Island  
Útrýmingarsala — Kaffistofan — Reykjavik, Island  
Komumaður spyr hvort eg vaki — Utúrdúr — Reykjavik, Island  
Halarófa Gjørningar — Reykjavik, Island



# Colophon

**VANDA** is dedicated to Thomas Arfi and all the adventurers

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