

la vie est courte,
l'art est long,
l'action périlleuse.
Hippocrate



SUMMARY

4 Artistic approach

5 Artwoks

- 5 *Prendre le maquis*
- 7 *Applause*
- 9 *Point de vues prises de l'intérieur d'une fenêtre d'un appartement des Argoulets à Toulouse (Sténopé)*
- 11 *2081*
- 14 *Less is a bore (Red is Not a Color)*
- 17 *Miss*
- 24 *Fulfill*
- 32 *Repentir*
- 34 *Va chié*
- 36 *Art*
- 39 *Impression, soleil couchant*
- 41 *Peau de Pergame (Icône)*
- 43 *Je m'en tamponne le coquillard*
- 46 *Cache ta vie*
- 49 *Quand on touche le vide, on heurte le plein*
- 51 *Less is more*
- 53 *Unique trait de pinceau*
- 55 *Ego (Echo)*
- 57 *Ceci est un palimpseste*
- 59 *Décrocher la lune*
- 61 *Jean-Christophe*
- 63 *Giacometti*
- 66 *Mon emploi du temps*
- 69 *Je veux percer*
- 71 *Dieu est mort*
- 73 *Sisyphé à ma porte*
- 85 *avec le Vide... les pleins pouvoirs*

87 Curriculum arte

My practice questions the notion of traces and is inscribed in a "quotational" context. My work borrows, quotes, refers to authors as well as to idiomatic expressions or my own writings. The history of art, philosophy, politics or visual puns can be called upon, acting as pretexts, raw material for setting up meaningful plastic forms.

Language is therefore the other essential component of my research. I stage it at the heart of my creations, or right next to them (labels, induced references). It appears in an ostentatious way or as a filigree, in the hollow, by means of various processes.

Although I favour one-off pieces and installations (the notion of in situ being present in part of my work), I do not refrain from using other formal languages. For example, since 2016 I have been expanding my research into other media such as publishing. Its different potentialities allow me to work on its constituent elements: binding, paper, typography, textual and/or graphic composition.

Beyond the double problematic of my artistic approach which is articulated around traces and language, I try to practice an art of the lag, of the "side step". I conceive my practice as a research activity, a semantic and formal game with which I try to generate thought.



From July 16 to August 17, 2021, OliveOlivier retired from the world... digital world.

A few days before, he had sent an email to his closest friends and family so that they would not worry about this "silence" and had saved a certain amount of money in cash.

So he didn't go on a retreat in a monastery or an Amish community, nor did he build a cabin in the woods or lived as a hermit. No, he just left no digital record of what he did during that time, but it didn't interfere with his daily life. A social life just as rich as usual: working, meeting several of his friends, strolling around his city (Toulouse), walking around his surroundings, etc. And if he was no longer "reachable", whether by email, phone or other connected objects, he was still reachable by mail or if someone came to visit him, at the risk that he was not at home at that moment...

This long term performative act allows us to raise many societal questions that govern our lifestyles – and our associated digital data – from a political, economic, artistic or religious point of view.
So since Man knows himself to know.

On March 20, 1961 Marcel Duchamp concludes an intervention that he made to a conference where he was invited by :
"The great artist of tomorrow will go underground".

In 2021 OliveOlivier followed, for a determined time, this precept:
il a "pris le maquis".



Applause, 2021

vidéo (29'00")

Edition of 30 copies

<https://vimeo.com/790414475>

From May 1, 2021, OliveOlivier applauded every day (or almost) at 8:00 pm sharp for one minute on the doorstep, and this for a month.

All these filmed sequences were edited raw.

Only a two-second fade to black as a transition between each of them has been incorporated.

Put together, they form a 29-minute video that presents only one thing – or almost only one thing.

It is a simple movement, a universal gesture of recognition because it can be understood by everyone: applause.

But this gesture, repetitive and spread out over such a long time, seems to be vain.

Worse, when seen and heard, it becomes unbearable: how a gesture of pleasure, of thanks, of communion and sharing turns into a solitary nightmare.

As is often the case in OliveOlivier's work, it is by changing the point of view (in this case "with delay") that things can appear in a new light, whether it be words or other forms of language...

***Point de vues prises de l'intérieur d'une fenêtre d'un appartement des Argoulets à Toulouse (Sténopé)*, 2020**

vidéo (1'37")

Edition of 30 copies

<https://vimeo.com/485255912>

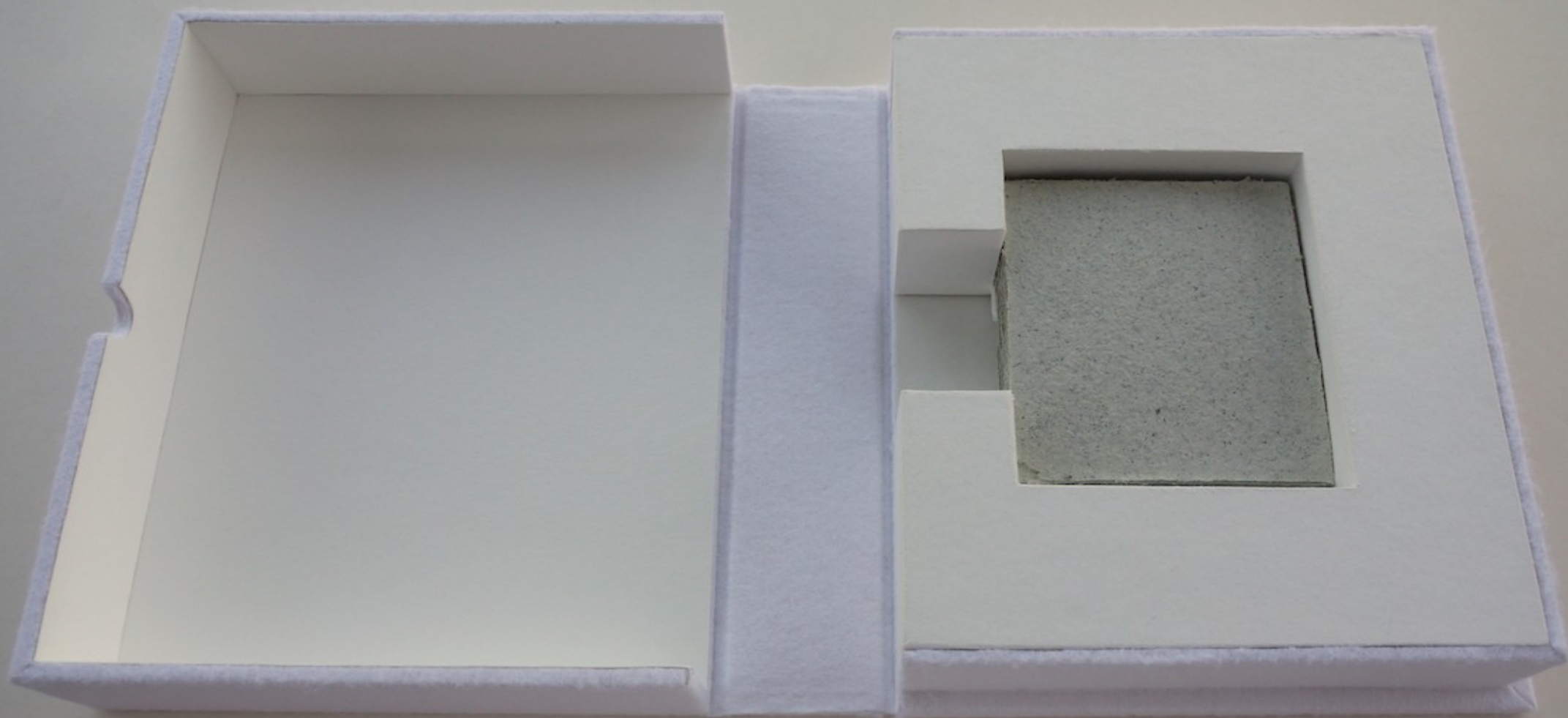
We can't see anything – or almost. Because if you look closely, there is something very light and tenuous that comes to life in this almost complete darkness.

Something that delimits the nothingness of the almost nothing, and therefore that would be of the order of the "inframince".

It is a question of scrutinizing it to seize it, if only furtively. Because it is well there that all is played – there is only that – and not elsewhere.

The title is indeed misleading: it does not inform on what is given to see, as it was often the case until the end of modernity. It only deals with the other side of the picture, i.e. how and where these shots were taken.

We see nothing – or almost nothing – because there is everything to see.





2081, 2018-2020 (overview and detail)

Handmade recycled paper in a box (neutral cardboard, felt and blotting paper) /
28 X 22 X 5 cm

2081 is a book. It is a re-creation:

The text 1984 of G. Orwell of a banal copy in collection Folio was destroyed in its entirety to be recycled in paper.

This one was realized according to the traditional paper-making method: by hand, sheet by sheet.

These new pages, less numerous and not bound, constitute a new book: an incunabulum, in its etymological meaning.

Unique copy, *2081* presents the result of an action, that of the erasure of the words – and thus of the language – until their disappearance.





Less is a bore (Red is Not a Color), 2019 (détails)

In situ artwork

Views from the group exhibition *L'aimantation des Prunelles* with Michèle Atchadé, Laurie Karp et Julie Navarro

Curator : êtrecontemporain?

Folie N5, Parc de La Villette, Paris, 2019

Chalk, translucent glue and soundtrack /

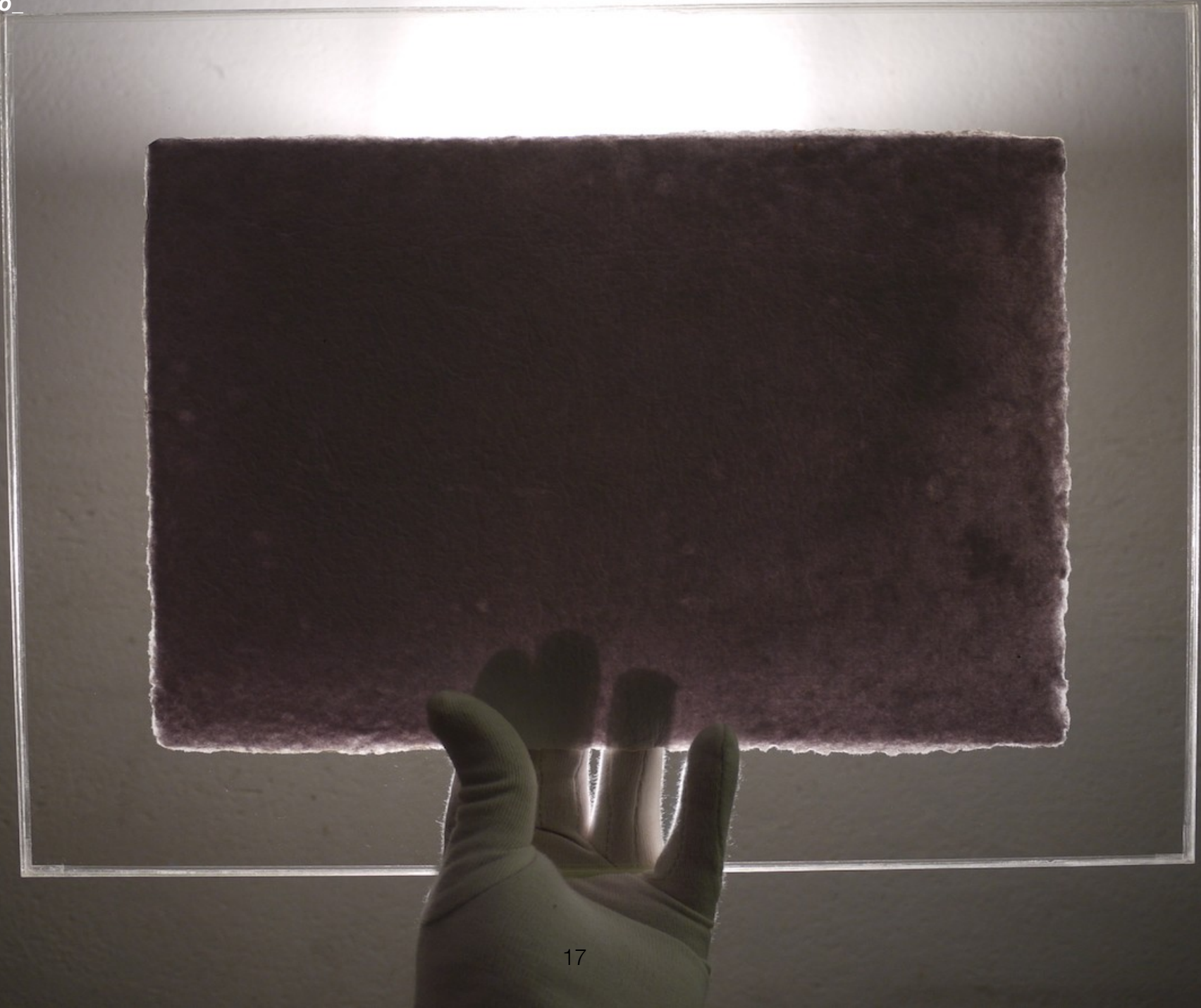
© photos Michèle Atchadé

An ephemeral work in situ, this installation takes the form of a challenge: to attempt a possible illustration of what deconstructivism is.

Visual, sound and involving an active participation of the spectator, *Less is a bore (Red is Not a Color)* is a creation that aims to reveal rather than to hide.

In this sense, it has a tautological aspect just like *Less is more*, a minimalist work presented in a minimalist architecture (the Blockhaus DY10 in Nantes) a few years before. It is in a way its counterpart.

*Suis-moi, j't'fuis
et rond et rond
petit pataco*



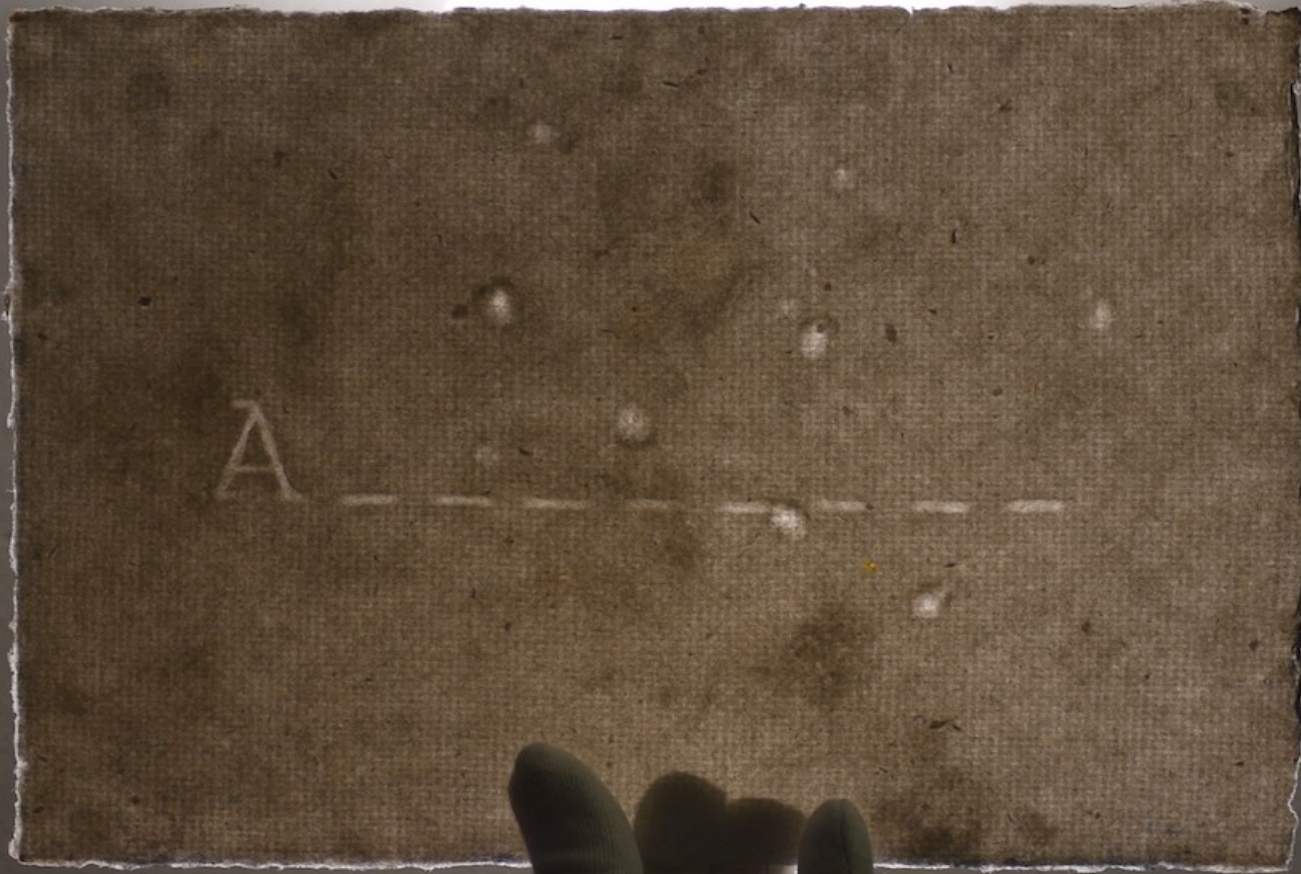
*Petite pinède musquée
voyage
à l'arrière des taxis_guya_ais.*



Quizás, quizás, quizás.
Des pat !
Waiti_g for the sun



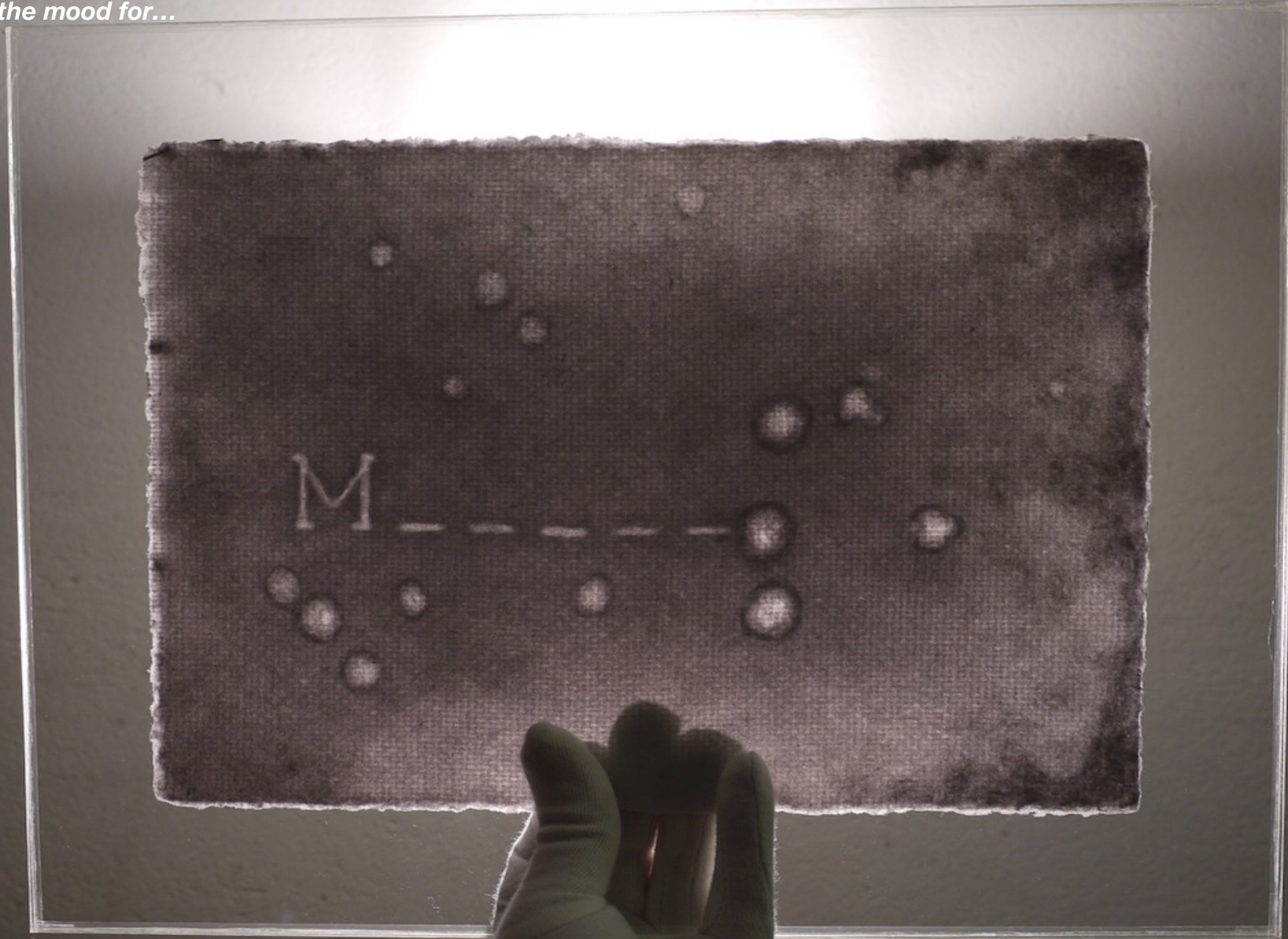
Aristo' féline
qui o_delline sous des cerisiers opaline
orgie divine



*Une place libre –
élégant(e) fil(le) d'Orient
d'u_métro nommé désir*



Silk hair half-moon
Thousand chinese leaves' dreams' shores –
in the mood for...



Miss, 2016-2019

Recycled handmade paper (personal letter writing) framed between two museum glasses /
29.7 x 38.4 x 0.4 cm each

Miss is a serial work. It is composed of six almost identical parts; same format, same materials.

But they are all different and unique. Its six parts correspond to six different people.

The artist recycled the entirety of the epistolary correspondence he had with each of them (in a separate way) to make paper in an artisanal way.

After selection, only one sheet was kept and framed each time.

On each one of them some "tears of paper-maker" as well as watermark appears, in a more or less prominent way according to the memory of the lack, in the light.

They are all composed in the same way: the initial of the person, followed by a number of dashes.

There are as many dashes as there are letters in each person's name.

This work is therefore as much the story of women as it is the story of missing women; women who have missed him. "Misses".

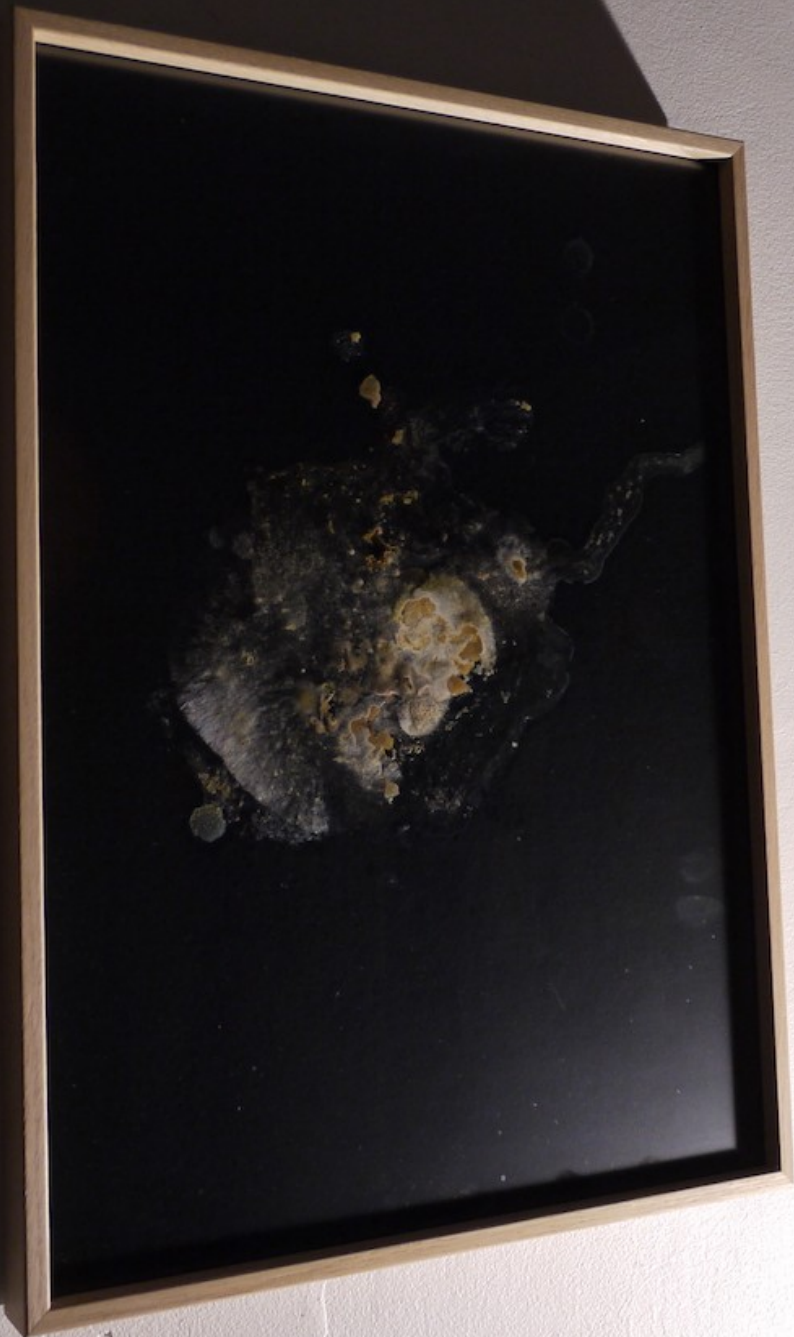
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Fulfill, 2018-2019 (overviews and details)

Body fluids on black-tinted bed sheet and non-reflecting Plexiglas /
42 x 29,7 x 2,5 cm each

Fulfill is a serial work consisting of seven parts, all of the same size but made of different materials.

Like artwork *Miss*, its seven parts correspond to seven different women.

But here it is not a question of aborted romantic relationships, but rather of consummated – consumed.

Fulfill is therefore the story of 'full' and not 'empty': stories of women with whom, for an evening, a few months or several years, the artist has been 'filled' with feelings, sometimes mixed.

He materialized them through its own bodily secretions:

sweat, blood, tears, sperm, sebum, but also mucus, faeces or urine were used as raw material to represent in a symbolic but frontal way, his experience with each of them.



NAISSANCE

N° 1024

Le quinze décembre mil neuf cent soixante dix sept, à six heures vingt minutes, est né 40 rue Rhodéais [REDACTED] du sexe masculin, de [REDACTED] né à Mons (Fuy-de-Dôme) le vingt et un mai mil neuf cent quarante cinq, éducateur spécialisé, et de [REDACTED] née à Postiers (Vienne) le quatorze février mil neuf cent quarante quatre, éducatrice spécialisée, son épouse, domiciliés à Fontenay-le-Comte (Vendée) 133 rue de la République.

Dressé le quinze décembre mil neuf cent soixante dix sept, à seize heures, sur la déclaration de Marc LANGEVIN, quarante deux ans, Directeur, domicilié à Fontenay-le-Comte qui, lecture faite et invité à lire l'acte, a signé avec Nous, Robert LAURENT, Adjoint au Maire de Fontenay-le-Comte, Officier de l'Etat-Civil par délégation.



Photocopie certifiée
conforme à l'acte original
à FONTENAY-LE-COMTE

12 SEP. 2018

Pour le Maire

[Signature]

Repentir, 2018

India ink, scalpel and eraser pencil on paper in a folder with a strap /
29,7 x 21 x 1 cm

It's an ordinary black folder with strap , which looks like new but has obviously already had some experience: it is wrinkled as are those that have, for a time, carried many papers. There is only one left, a birth certificate.

Is it real, or is it a sham? At first sight, it is difficult to know.

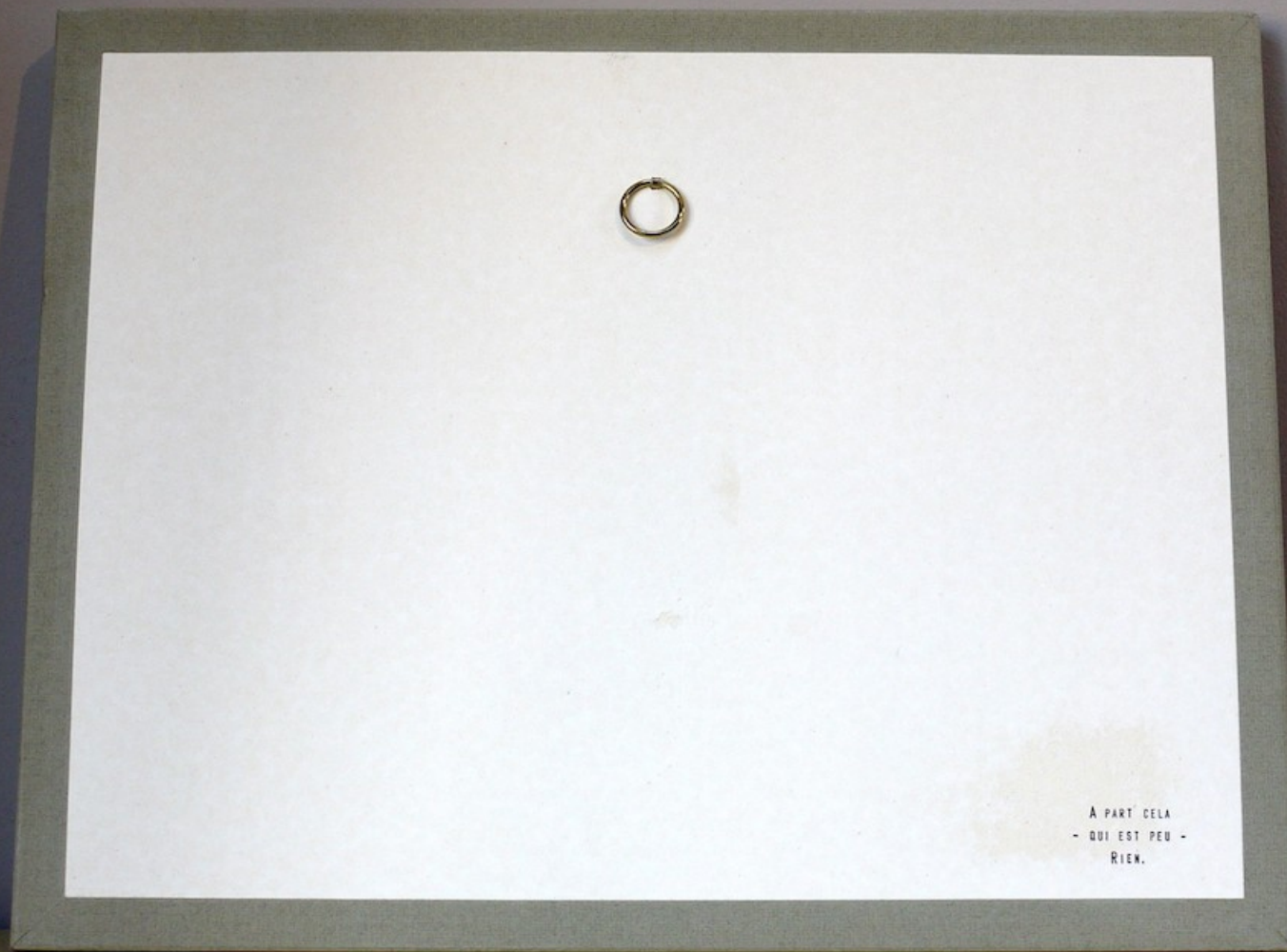
What is certain is that it has been modified: cut, redacted and erased.

It is thus partly erased, truncated, with information that remains missing.

Perhaps the title could tell us more about this work.

The term "repentir" is, as is often the case in the French language, polysemous:

its religious etymology may indeed hide other meanings – and therefore uses – than the one that originally prevailed.



Va chié, 2018

Stamp on handmade frame /

30 x 38 x 1,5 cm

On a frame shown from behind and placed on a common furniture, an enigmatic phrase has been stamped as a signature:

"À part cela – qui est peu – Rien."

Is this frame, which is not functional because it cannot be hung like this, hiding something?

Or is it simply hollow, that is, blank: a frame that would frame nothing?

For three years, from 2015 to 2018, OliveOlivier produced nothing.





Art, 2015 (overview and detail)
Scalpel on canvas and ayous /
120 x 120 x 20 cm

Supported by two pieces of wood on the floor, three vertical canvases are arranged to form a 120 x 120 cm square.

This square appears to be completely untouched by any intervention.

Yet, almost imperceptibly, a very slight and fine furrow runs along the middle canvas so that it seems to have no beginning and no end.

For it is by touch – and not by eye – that one must detect this "inframince".

So there is almost nothing in this triptych; but there is not nothing.



Impression, soleil couchant, 2014

Black fabric stretched on frame and solar print /
48 x 63 cm

On a simple black canvas of modest size, an inscription appears little by little: "Impression, soleil couchant".

A conceptual copy of C. Monet's masterpiece which gave its name to Impressionism, it takes up both its exact dimensions and its subject (light).

However, it is a sunset and not a sunrise and the technique used is somewhat original.

Indeed, it is the rays of this star that make the written mention appear on the support of the work by making the black color of the canvas gradually disappear in places.

There is thus here a play between language and technique, a confusion of the genres between content and form and consequently a tautological aspect: the work presents only what it is (the impression of a canvas exposed for several months to the South-West, i.e. to the setting sun).



***Peau de Pergame (icône)*, 2014**

Parchment stretched on frame /

20 x 20 x 4 cm

Framed in a floater frame, *Peau de Pergame* is like an abstract painting, with its shapes, colours and composition.

But a painting that is not a painting at all: after closer observation, it is a parchment that is stretched on a frame – not a canvas.

It is therefore a writing surface, but on which nothing is written – unless everything has already been erased.

Perfectly shaped (a square of 20 x 20 cm), it is exposed at such a height that it is beyond our reach, except for our eyes.

Perhaps this work is as much a pagan icon as a literary monochrome.





Je m'en tamponne le coquillard, 2014

Stainless steel and ink on recycled toilet paper /

14 x 14 x 15 cm

Edition of 8 copies

Through this "disposable sculpture" and the use of an old French idiomatic expression as its title, the artist invites us to not care
But of what? About artists, or even about art itself?

Beyond indirect scatological references, OliveOlivier uses two processes that are often at work in his art:
humour and tautology.

It is thanks to them that we better understand that the question of what to make fun of matters little.
Above all, the artist seems to be inviting us to bring our words into line with our actions, even in our most trivial everyday life.



CACHELLA

Cache ta vie, 2014 (overview and detail)

Lacquer on canvas /

40 x 120 cm

It is a canvas that is a priori white, blank, and therefore empty of signs, forms and meaning.

But when viewed from a certain point of view, and helped by the light, an inscription appears.

This work can therefore be understood as a possible visual metaphor for a philosophical concept.

Epicurus' recommendation to "hide one's life", which invites one to cultivate and protect one's secret garden, takes on its full meaning here because this « carte blanche command » was made by private individuals.

It can therefore only be opened to curious guests with whom the owners have established trust beforehand.



7-1000

Quand on touche le vide, on heurte le plein, 2014 (overview and detail)

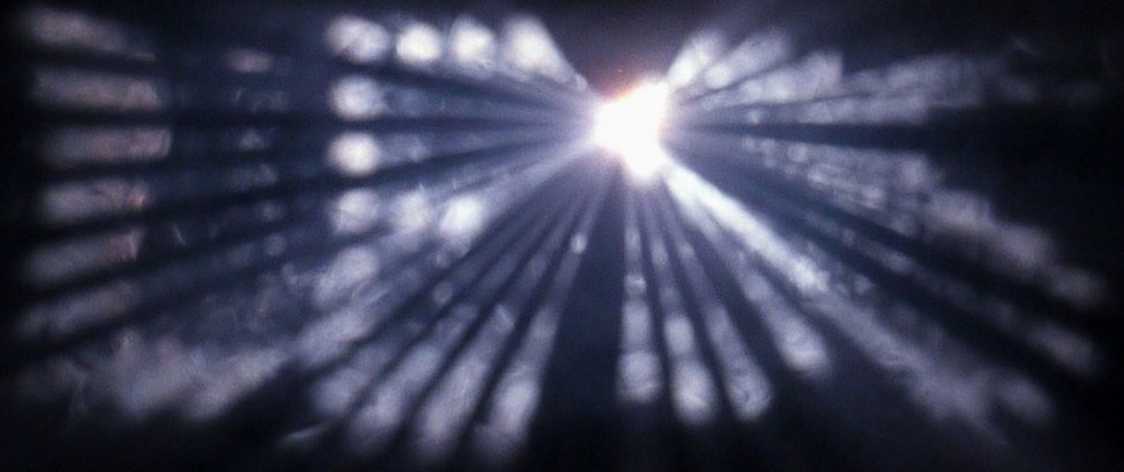
Embossing on paper /

29,7 x 21 cm

Sentence borrowed from the artist Jean-Pierre Bertrand, *Quand on touche le vide, on heurte le plein* (which could be translated by : "When you touch the void, you hit the full") plays on the obvious void/fullness dichotomy: the simple blank page is here confronted with writing in relief.

The fact that this expression is taken visually at face value does not detract from the depth of its meaning. On the contrary, the humorous effect induces a shift that allows the viewer to enter another dimension that is no longer literal.

Paradoxically, it is through the absurd that a richer reflection on the importance of the concept of emptiness, by placing it here at the heart of the work and with no other way out, is possible.



Less is more, 2012-2014

(with the participation of Serge Koutchinsky)

In situ artwork

View from the opening/performance/exhibition *Less is more*, Blockhaus DY10, Nantes, 22/11/2014.

Slide projector, slides and smoke machine /

Words appear, move surreptitiously through the space towards the viewers, distort and eventually disappear as quickly as they appeared from the void.

By questioning the notions of appearance/disappearance, *Less is more* can only be apprehended in an ephemeral way.

A minimalist sensory work that borrows this aphorism from L. Mies van der Rohe, it plays with our perception by borrowing a language of the immaterial (light beams and smoke projection).

By seeking to make the invisible visible with the precision of a clock, this installation/performance illustrates the sentence of J.F. Lyotard: « Maintenant fait charnière entre pas encore et déjà plus » (which could be translated by : "The now is the hinge between the not yet and the already more").



Unique Trait de Pinceau (一画), 2013

India ink on plywood glued to canvas /
40 x 120 cm

Like a musician who tirelessly practises his scales, every day for a month OliveOlivier engaged in a repetitive exercise in graphic dexterity : in a methodical and ritualistic way, he tried, as perfectly as possible, to write the words "Unique Trait de Pinceau" (single brushstroke) in a single stroke on traditional Chinese paper used in calligraphy.

But instead of presenting all of these attempts, or the one that seemed the most successful, he preferred to show (and keep) only the blotter that he had installed under the countless sheets used : a plywood board that he then fixed on a unprimed canvas.

This work is above all the result of an action : the multiple attempts to take the Chinese painter Shitao at his word with this literal plastic retranscription of the founding principle of his thought.



EGO

Ego (Echo), 2013

Engraving on mirror polished brass plate /
20 x 30 cm

This work uses the materials, forms and dimensions that serve to indicate – and thereby establish – a professional function considered to be noble and the social status that goes with it.

Whether they are lawyers, doctors, notaries or other specialists, all the professions with a high status traditionally use this signage to identify their offices.

Based on this observation, OliveOlivier imagines that an artist could also be "streetwise" and make this known.

But rather than indicating his professional activity, he prefers to use irony by advising to go straight to the point: to write only, in very large letters, what seems to him to be a constant among many of us.

Ceci, est

un

palimpseste

Ceci est un palimpseste, 2013

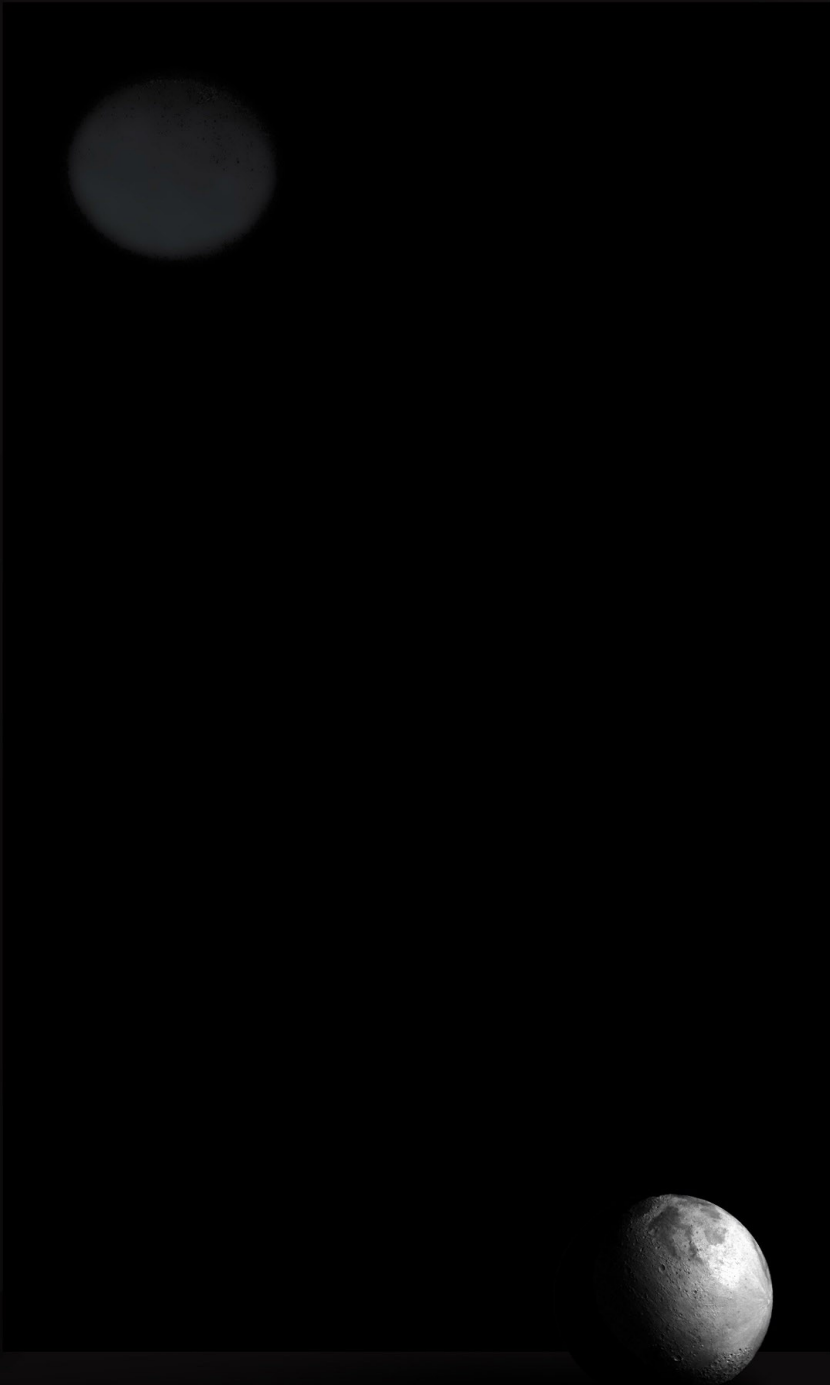
In situ artwork

View from the exhibition *Palimpseste/trace(s)*, Atelier Alain Le Bras, Nantes, 2013

Permanent glue and footprints on concrete floor /

A place such as an exhibition hall is a space, even an empty one, full of physical traces (left in particular by the previous assemblies/disassemblies) but also of mental traces: so many memories, emotions, concepts still present and which can resurface.

In this installation/interactive performance, it is the spectators who symbolically, and without being aware of it, reactivate them: their footprints serve as a revelation by revealing, by walking on them and leaving the dirt from the soles of their shoes, an inscription that was previously invisible.



Décrocher la lune, 2012-2013

(with the participation of Vincent Leone)

Black fabric stretched on frame, solar print, painted polystyrene sphere and projector /

Variable dimensions

By creating the most literal possible plastic form of a French idiomatic expression, this work plays with it to make it self-deprecating and counter-meaning.

The moon is therefore really unhooked, it has fallen to the ground.

The moon has been unhooked.



Jean-Christophe, 2012-2013 (overview and detail)

Views from the exhibition *Palimpseste/trace(s)*, Atelier Alain Le Bras, Nantes, 2013

White marble sand, ginkgo biloba and permanent adhesive on wall /

200 x 130 x 210 cm

A work on the notions of absence and memory, *Jean-Christophe* is a symbolic representation of a vanished presence.

To fully grasp it, one must literally step aside and let the light reveal what is at work at the heart of this artwork.

Through a refined installation in which marble sand and ginkgo biloba are articulated, the invisible glue reveals the absence of a loved one.

Giacometti ce n'est ni la forme ni la couleur, ni même la forme et la couleur comme Matisse a su si bien le faire à la fin de sa vie avec ses gouaches découpées ; Giacometti c'est l'écriture plastique. Et grâce à son œuvre gravé, qui reprend à la fois sa sculpture et sa peinture, on le comprend très bien ; on va à l'essentiel, c'est-à-dire au trait en tant que trace et geste plastique (en cela la gravure est un formidable médium).

Et il y a indiscutablement un trait chez Giacometti, une force du trait même. Pas un gribouillis un trait timide une esquisse à peine osée. La main

créatrice sait se montrer douce, appuyée ou même violente, virevoltante ou raisonnable, voire raisonnée. Mais Giacometti ne dessine pas ; il ne peint rien ; il ne sculpte pas, il écrit.

Giacometti c'est l'écriture plastique de l'angoisse existentielle de l'Homme. Sartre l'avait bien compris d'ailleurs. Le philosophe existentialiste a su très tôt voir en lui un futur Grand du XX^e siècle. Il avait tout simplement compris que c'était sa pensée, ou du moins une partie de celle-ci, mise en forme. Ainsi, pour résumer en une phrase l'œuvre de Giacometti – en reprenant par là même ce que la plupart des spécialistes s'accorde à dire à son sujet – on

pourrait dire : Giacometti ou l'angoisse existentielle de l'Homme mise en forme.

Mais comment y arrive-t-il ? Comment traduit-il plastiquement ce que Sartre ou Kierkegaard avant lui ont essayé de mettre en pensée ? Et comment le faire autrement qu'à la manière expressionniste, « honteux », d'un Munch ou pousse entre de puissants et sinistres sourds cernes de couleur un orf assourdissant ?

Qu'est-ce que Giacometti « nous donne à voir » comme le veut une expression chère aux critiques d'art ? Des portraits, des paysages, des intérieurs de son atelier. Rien de bien intéressant à priori.

Mais Van Gogh, comme beaucoup d'autres, ne peignait-il pas des choses tout aussi banales ?

Que est l'intérêt à priori, de peindre des tomes ou des iris par exemple ? Très souvent en art, l'intérêt ne réside pas dans le choix du sujet mais dans la façon de le traiter. Et comme Cézanne a notamment peint « lassablement » la montagne Sainte-Victoire, près d'Avignon-Provence, Giacometti a représenté, essentiellement, non pas « des », mais la figure humaine.

Giacometti ou l'angoisse existentielle de l'Homme mise en forme qui représente la figure humaine, il y a jusque-là une

certaine logique. Mais il faut gratter encore plus sous ce que l'on a sous les yeux. A quel ressemblent ses personnages ? Tout comme en sculpture l'artiste utilise des petits morceaux de plâtre qu'il assemble petit à petit pour former un corps qu'il finit et allongeait au fur et à mesure qu'il s'attachait sur son travail – parvenant par là même à une certaine quintessence – sculpture ou en gravure, il griffonnait, hochurait, rayait, en un mot écrivait une anthropomorphie plus ou moins prononcée.

Corps de plain-pied, buste ou simple tête, de profil ou de face, simple ombre qui semblent surgir de la page blanche – et

donc du néant – ou à l'inverse présence qui s'escrime à se manifester avec force – et donc avec moult traits.

Giacometti écrit physiquement la présence de l'Homme sur le papier. Il y a inscrite l'écriture de Tête d'homme datée de 1954-60, au centre de la page, une empreinte d'homme aux yeux globuleux et au visage barbouillé de plus ou moins fines griffures, apparaît grâce au jeu plastique des traits en un certain ordre assemblés qui la composent, tel un clown sortant de la boîte de Pandore, encore tout secoué de son arrivée, ne tenant que par trois fils de mine de plomb et, l'air halluciné, se présentant tel un suaire pâle à la fois anonyme et universel.

Mais il y a également cette Homme qui marche, lithographie de 1957, simple silhouette que l'on devine plus qu'on ne voit, en bas à droite de la page blanche, les avant-bras tendus, elle semble avancer à tâtons. Le trait, là encore, nerveux, appuyé ou esquissé, prend toute sa dimension. Ce n'est pas un dessin ; ce ne sont que des traits en un certain ordre, fébrilement, assemblés.

Rapetisé par la vue, on pourrait parler de quintessence, ou encore trouver un autre terme ; l'essentiel, justement, n'est pas là. Il est devant nos yeux, l'œuvre.

Il est dans ces œuvres qui nous permettent d'appréhender

une idée par la vue (et par conséquent de façon plus concrète), celle de la quête sans fin de la représentation de l'essence de l'Homme – notamment de son angoisse existentielle – à laquelle Giacometti s'est livré.

Il y a enfin par exemple ce Nu de profil, eau forte de 1955 où une femme décharnée se tient debout comme pour répondre à un exercice de mesures anthropologiques, qui se retrouve littéralement coincée, enfermée dans une surface n'équivalant à peine qu'à un tiers de la surface totale de l'œuvre.

Car si Giacometti écrit la figure humaine, en deux ou trois dimensions, il pose également le problème de l'espace et de sa délimitation mettant en évidence formellement par les contours déchiquetés de ses silhouettes la difficulté que celles-ci éprouvent à nouer des relations avec l'Autre (personnes et/ou objets).

Par conséquent, que la figure soit prisonnière, ou qu'elle semble « flotter » dans l'espace (au centre de la composition, en bas, à gauche, à droite), elle n'en demeure pas moins seule, perdue, comme traquée par l'angoisse existentielle que lui procure sa condition d'être humain.

... de 1964 où, au centre
... une empreinte d'ho
... yeux globuleux et
... barbouillé

Giacometti, 2002-2012 (overview and detail)

Views from the exhibition *Palimpseste/trace(s)*, Atelier Alain Le Bras, Nantes, 2013

Graphite and eraser ink burnt on canvas /

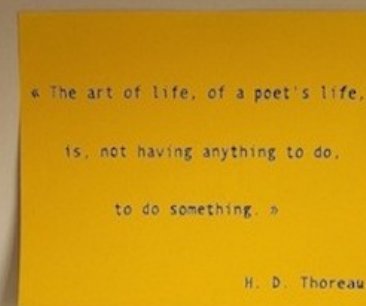
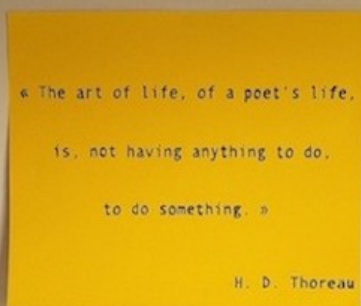
Triptych (3 panels of 81 x 116 cm each)

This triptych bears witness to numerous experiments using the "sympathetic ink" technique.

It reveals a text that OliveOlivier had written and published on the engraved work of Alberto Giacometti on the occasion of an exhibition devoted to this artist in 2002.

The slow and steady technical work that led to the revelation of these words was done on a razor's edge:

The fire made it possible for them to appear at the risk, at any moment, of either destroying them or making the imprint barely perceptible.



« The art of life, of a poet's life,
is, not having anything to do,
to do something. »

H. D. Thoreau

Mon emploi du temps, 2012 (overview and detail)

Conductor's desk, diary and black marker on coloured paper /
200 x 75 x 75 cm

An installation with a very ironic orchestration, the aim of *Mon emploi du temps* is to develop a questioning of the all too common pitfall about the social status of the artist and the organisation of his days.

How does he use his time?

To this question, which is recurrent in the collective unconscious, this work seeks to answer it through a reflection on the thought of H. D. Thoreau, than by justifying the agenda of an artist today.



Je veux percer, 2011-2012

View from the exhibition *Palimpseste/trace(s)*, Atelier Alain Le Bras, Nantes, 2013

Openwork pine boards, trestles /

73 x 144,5 x 80 cm

Synonymous with reflection and work, the office is par excellence the place of all possibilities.

Consisting here of a board and trestles, it is staged through this installation where every day for three months the artist has made "little holes".

This "tableau-piège" in negative is then presented as a metaphor of a constant and determined work.

With this artwork there is not only a programmatic scope, an intention expressed in a very frontal and unambiguous way.

There is as much a humorous aim which invites to relativize what could be perceived only as a simple displayed ambition, thus allowing to open towards new possibilities of reading.



Dieu est mort, 2010-2012

In situ artwork

Slate paint, permanent glue, dust generated over time, works of philosophy on a bench, furniture, vase and Virginia creeper/

242 x 244 x 68 cm

Private house, Narbonne (France)

Although the quotations from the history of modern Western art are explicit here (Malevich, Rodin), they do not have an end in themselves; on the contrary, they act as pretexts for philosophical reflection, particularly on the invisible, the immaterial and the "unpresentable".

Le Penseur by Rodin is a visual metaphor for what this exercise in cogito can be, and is thus invisible at first.

Presented in the form of a work in progress, it only appears to the viewer over time; the time it takes for the dust, generated naturally by the comings and goings in the living room that hosts this creation, to settle on the glued part of the wall.

This commission for a school teacher who is a philosopher by training can thus be read as a possible mise en images of the vision of a Nietzschean: God is dead.



Soft me blue
Luz,
Sax & me



*Dais
Penséez
Vos loop thé
Sang con tait*



*Petite femme ô ciel
Oui, oh ouies tes hanches
D'un blanc jouissant du bleu
De chair m'émervaille
Couleur soleil.*



Midnight oil spreads on our dreams shores



*Les lignes fines de son visage
M'invitent vers d'envoûtants voyages
Via de songes rivages
Aux mille feuilles chinoises*



*Bise de lumière
Un cormoran pêche
Sur un bateau kakémono*



*Mousse sur gazon
Prémisse d'une bulle céleste
Qui ondelline sur les cerisiers odaline ?*



*Songe d'une nuit d'été
- pluie d'orage –
Oh camélia sur mousse !...*







Sisyphe à ma porte, 2005–2009

Mixed media /

Private house, Fontenay-le-Comte (France)

A conceptual cousin of Jean-Pierre Raynaud's house in La Celle-Saint-Cloud, exhausting and ruinous, this "Marchoux crève" was for OliveOlivier his rock.

Sisyphus by force of circumstance, this forever unfinished work, this eternal and cyclical construction site was the privileged place of meetings, sharing, exchanges and co-habitation.

A veritable receptacle conducive to experimentation, the imprint of lives crossed during four autumns, four winters, four springs and four summers, the artist deposited it one humid morning in July 2009.



***avec le Vide... les pleins pouvoirs*, 2006**

(Video et performances in three parts)

Following Yves Klein's exhibition "La spécialisation de la sensibilité à l'état matière première en sensibilité picturale stabilisée" (the so-called "Vide" exhibition), Albert Camus sent him a note on a Nrf headed paper on which he just wrote :
"Avec le vide, les pleins pouvoirs".

Speaking of his participation in a group exhibition in Antwerp, Yves Klein declared during a conference he gave in 1959 at the Sorbonne: "I wanted to reduce my pictorial action to the most extreme limits for this exhibition. I could have made symbolic gestures, like sweeping the space reserved for me in this room, I could even have painted the walls with a dry brush, without color. No! Those few words I said were already too much. I shouldn't have come at all and even my name shouldn't have been in the catalog."

After improvising a provocative speech in a bar, projecting a video borrowing the *Symphonie Monoton-Silence* in a theater, during this third part of the performance *avec le Vide... les pleins pouvoirs*, OliveOlivier introduced himself to the audience by limiting his artistic expression as much as possible: dressed in white, smoking white cigarettes, drinking water, he did not say a word. Yet he managed to communicate with the people (including friends) he met at the party where he was programmed.

At no time did they realize that he hadn't say a single word the entire evening, or even that he was performing.

Lives and works in France

Artistic career

Exhibitions

- 2019 : **L'aimantation des prunelles**, *Folie N5, Parc de la Villette*, Paris
with Michèle Atchadé, Laurie Karp and Julie Navarro
- 2016 : **Garden Party II**, *Moon Safari*, Bordeaux
with Thierry Lecoq and Mac Néma
- 2014 : **Less is more**, *Blockhaus DY 10*, Nantes
- 2013 : **Palimpseste/trace(s)**, *Atelier Alain Le Bras*, Nantes

Artistic residencies and contests

- 2021 : **Les Terrasses de Marie**, Narbonne
- 2019 : **Creative Summer #1**, *Folie N5, Parc de la Villette*, Paris
with Michèle Atchadé et Nikolas Fouré
- 2019 : **Pre-selection**, 64^{ème} Salon de Montrouge, Montrouge
- 2015 : **Pre-selection**, 60^{ème} Salon de Montrouge, Montrouge

Artistic commands

- 2014 : **Cache ta vie**, private house, Angers
- 2013 : **Teaser vidéo** (with Mac Néma) of the album "Hidden tensions" of *Von Pariahs* music band
- 2012 : **Dieu est mort**, private house, Narbonne
- 2011 : **J'avoue J'adore K1000 feux jaillissent une gaillardise !**, private house, Nantes

Press

- 2015 : **En filigrane**, interview, Collectif R, Léo Bioret
- 2013 : **Palimpseste/trace(s)**, exhibition catalog, collective
2ème service, Jet FM, Henri Landré
- 2009 : **Les Cahiers d'Adèle**, n°2 (le faux), collective

Education

- 2002 : **ICART** (Institut Supérieur des Carrières Artistiques)
with congratulations, Paris