

Françoise Vanneraud. The limit where all possibility is shaken.

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“To create is to generate a state of availability, where the first thing created is a void, an empty space”

José Ángel Valente in a conversation with Antoni Tàpies.
Communication on the wall

At first glance, it is curious to see how the works of Françoise Vanneraud tend towards interiorization, as if they were trying to look inwards, although at the same time, a certain tension towards the exterior, towards the horizon, is apparent. The equation is not simple. But it is acceptable if we use a paradoxical premise as a starting point: the image of the world reaches its peak in small fragments.

In her work, knowledge –historical, statistical- and the emotional -personal, day-to-day, psychological- are actively built upon. Because the notion itself of culture is not given to us, it is formed, and therefore has a random dimension. In Dadaism, photographs are cut up and put back together turning art into a medium favourable to recomposing political order. With Françoise Vanneraud, this is extrapolated to the emotional and empirical order, because the dynamics of collage are inherent to contemporary art. Here, this kind of assemblage of fragmentary experiences, oscillates between the tangible and the uncertain like a kind of question or questioning, but also drifting, on a journey.

Françoise Vanneraud's work contains a latent energy that is released from the collision, slight contact or productive connection of materials, shapes and different artistic disciplines., as well as from diverse registers of time. This is something that Arthur C. Danto senses with respect to Dadaist assemblage, because the idea is not to represent the world but to recompose it. In other words, it is a question of proposing metaphors of what we remember and recognise as a reality based on a work which is able to decline like an occurrence while still functioning as a surface of transition. In this way, the elements that make up the work of Françoise Vanneraud slip and slide, breaking up into an image of the atomised world, intimate and at the same time exteriorized, perceptible but hidden.

It is evident that contemporary art is a science of behaviour, now more than ever, and does not obey the simple aesthetics of contemplation. The acceptance of art in modern times is based on going beyond the dominant unalterable point of view from the Renaissance perspective, and works such as those of Françoise Vanneraud emphasise this interest in wandering and the time that has been lived. We can deduce from all this, that in Françoise Vanneraud's work and in her attraction for interstitial space, there is a curious adhesion to void. I understand that all this is inscribed in her interest in reflecting on memory as well as, on the contrary, what is forgotten. Her work is constructed like this, out of the precariousness of that void, within its margins, letting the shape enclose it, like in poetry. Because nothing comes closer to poetry than

drawing, which is, above everything, the remains, the vestiges of a time. In this way, a kind of evocation of alienation leads us directly to the artist's life experience. Hence the interruption of sense, because the most interesting art always creates places of its own. And for this very reason, the suggestion of the enigma is always maintained, regardless of the many interpretations that may recreate it, because part of the reality will always remain folded, like the papers of Françoise Vanneraud.

Indeed, the process of interiorization apparent in these works remains encrypted and concealed until it is unfolded and becomes a map with which one can lose oneself. As observers we are compelled to embark on this uncertain journey between frontiers. We have no choice but to walk, to map the territory proposed by the artist, capable of uniting the artificial and the natural, creating an open narrative from geological maps, drawings of mountains, small pieces of plaster or the characteristic elements of resin to be climbed. A curious archive that coils upon itself and which, as observers we must also archive, changing the perspective to deconstruct its content with Derridean logic.

In this sense, if we take a minute to consider the line of thought of Jacques Derrida, we see that a ruin is an open memory for him, revealing things to us but not showing *everything/anything at all*. These works also reveal and conceal at the same time. It is a way of jogging one's memory, which is evidently a performative act, capable of establishing the emotional and the historical, the statistical and the physical. As observers we can only understand this kind of archive from the perspective that Foucault takes from Blanchot when he says that the library no longer exists and that from now on each person will read in whichever way it pleases them. Foucault reminds us that this seclusion no longer exists and that there are as many possible itineraries or libraries as people who question history or tradition.

Formally speaking, it is intriguing how the fragment, all that is fragile, is a perfect shape here in its categorical conciseness. It is also important to stress that the time of acceptance is intentionally fragmentary, opening out into different hypotheses, temporalizing the space. There is a certain provisional arrangement that causes tension, doubt. Because what is apparently incomplete prompts exploration, discovery, an invitation to climb. It all responds to a very contemporary intention of breaking the discourse and shapes to transform the apprehended into a drift where there is an absence of time. It is our way of alienation. Uncertainty is prolonged, tension established. Wandering is imposed and reality is organised until it is concretised in an abstract essence.

It is understandable that Françoise Vanneraud's drawings –either on paper or using structures that form shapes in space- embrace Rosalind Krauss' notion of the expanded field, changing the context –the architecture, space- into content. The act of drawing, that kind of sculptural *décollage*, is shaped then as a possible itinerary, as a physical and uneven landscape. Because what is drawn is the sensation, the resonance, a certain vibration that goes from one level to another. Limits are surpassed, exceeded, they are extended.

This interpretation of open field, atonal and without hierarchies, is the guide used by the artist to reveal her reflections, conjuring up the paradoxical. And nothing does this better than drawing, since it is a medium capable of suggesting intimacy and alienation at the same time as being the ideal medium for expression and separation. Drawing is physical and the most personal way to create an image. The poet María Zambrano

pointed this out with special clarity: drawing is the solitude of the image, lines that leave life in their path.