

# *MARIE HAZARD*

*ZOLO PRESS*



# *EXCHANGE*

Weaving fosters exchange using the same tools, practices, and gestures that have existed for decades, if not centuries, thereby allowing human beings to socialize differently. In the midst of a pandemic, Marie Hazard's exhibition at Galerie Mitterrand in 2021 gave the public a chance to gather around the work of an artist who has been keen to create new ways of being together. The invitation card served as an injunction to express what it meant to gather and share a moment in time. On the back of the card, a line of text asked, "What does *rendez-vous* mean to you?" Visitors were prompted to write their answers, bring them to the gallery, and place them in an urn at the entrance. Marie introduced her process to the public by setting up her loom in the gallery, where she produced monochromatic weaves—like the blank pages of a book—onto which responses to the question on the invitation were printed at the end of the exhibition.

Although in principle weaving is quite simplistic, there's a complex method to it. Before the advent of automation in the Industrial Revolution, weaving entailed intense manual labor. However, capitalism and modern technology did not spell the end of the craft of weaving. The idea of weaving in the traditional sense represents irrationality and anti-capitalism—something that is quite backward and in sharp contrast to productivity. From this point of view, the act of manual weaving is a testament to the failures of technological advancement. The craft is a simple act that manifests our creativity by stitching our gestures into space and time. Though the art of weaving can be traced back five-thousand years, the wooden tools used have evolved over the centuries. Originally a craft principally undertaken by women, weaving has since become industrialized and mechanized. Marie's approach reminds us that from the nineteenth-century onwards, the British Arts and Crafts movement advocated for developing techniques that were second-nature and adapted to our needs. Hazard uses simple materials: woven paper, polyester, and linen. She starts with coloured pastels and pencil sketches. An element of the unknown is crucial to her process; Marie leaves room for surprises, mishaps—for things to happen by chance. Her weaves are not only an extension of material in space. They also transform this space into something dynamic and alive. They blend and mix as they are dispersed and bursting with color—made up of threads that intertwine, neutralize one another, and clash. The results are tactile, fluid, textured, and reflections of the tools of weaving: light, dense, spontaneous, and geometric, or, on the contrary, chaotic and sensual.



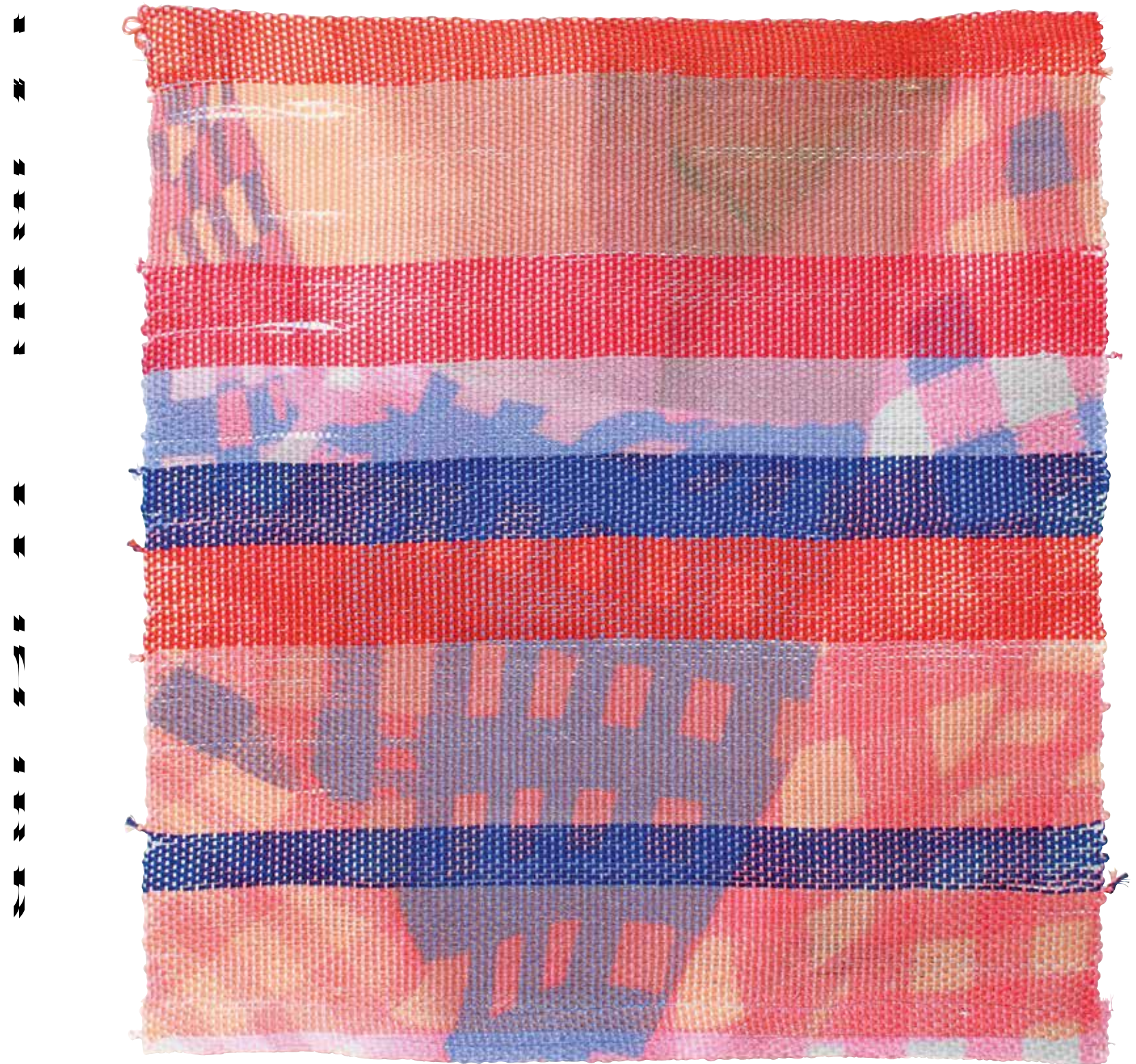
# *ORGANIC/FLUID*



Threading: being enmeshed, finding connections, coming apart. The weave discloses multiple incarnations, formats, densities, and textures. Marie Hazard plays with these alternatives, juxtaposing the smooth and rough, tight and loose, unified and singular, artisanal and machine-made. At times, even if the weave looks dense, almost unyielding, the threads are clearly visible and they remain open-ended at the edges. The beholder is left with a sense that the weave is fragmented as it is caught somewhere between becoming and being fully realized, intimating various future configurations in which the threads could be further extended. Alternatively, the weave can also look like fragments such as the pieces of a puzzle. One could even imagine the threads migrating from one work to another, the beholder finding echoes and affinities between them. Though Hazard has chosen to leave each piece in a particular state of completion, the viewers may readily modify them in their minds. Such a temporary status for the work of art, despite its concrete and stable material presence, hints at a certain dose of fluidity, something unstable also in the sense that the threads should be seen to be moving and fluid. Furthermore, looking at the work over long periods of time makes its surface shimmer as it discloses new aspects, revealing threads like a constellation of blue, new fields of color, or rather, with threads making it possible to imagine new paths.

Therefore, it comes as no surprise that recently Marie has created a number of works in which threads come together loosely and haphazardly: weaves that are blueprints for other ones, works in their infancy, loose and sketchy, imbued with potentialities and the promise of movement and fluidity.

On the surface, Marie Hazard's weaves are made up of stable entities. Yet it is also worth seeing them as extended objects that unfold and metamorphosize in time and space. Their fluidity is produced by the beholder's gaze, which reflects their mood, circumstances, and closeness to the work, among other conditions. The image contains the seeds of movement by offering perceptual ambiguities and the possibility that other, more implicit works exist simultaneously within it.



# TACTILE



FRAGMENT III

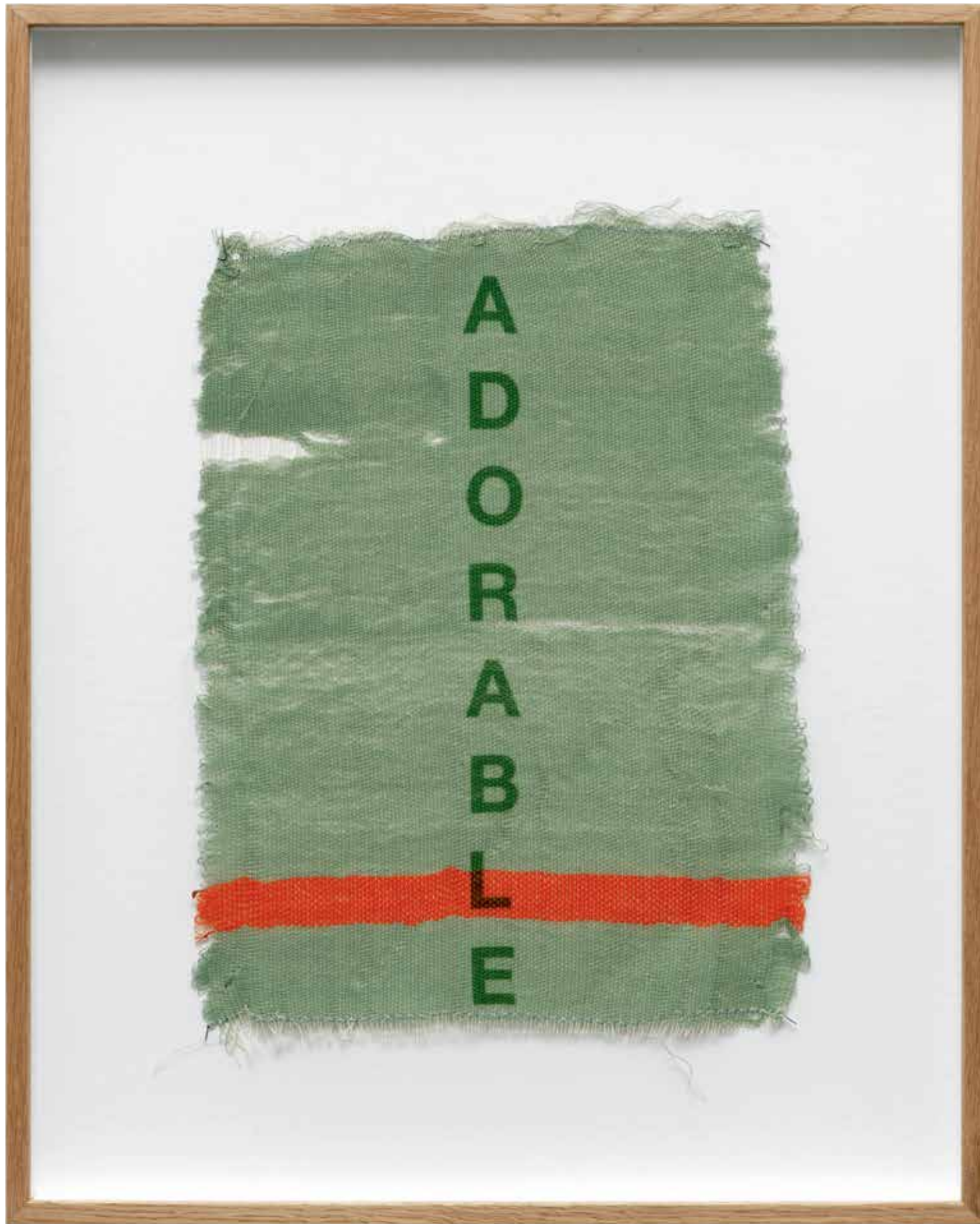
Marie Hazard's woven *tableaux* involve a variety of schemes and patterns. Many of these are geometric while others are much looser and open-ended, as one might expect from a weaver. In some of these works, the surface of the canvas, so to speak, takes on a more uniform, homogeneous appearance. But at the same time, the surface feels evanescent, much like wall tapestry. Often patterns cover the entire surface of any given picture, with strands and threads allowing us to distinguish individual planes. Once these are interwoven, a crystalline structure takes over the picture's surface.

The weave's shimmer is somewhat fluid and it also evokes material density and emotional resonance. Not only does this draw us in to look closer, but if we consider the richly tessellated, abstract surfaces made out of cardboard and textiles, it also triggers our physical and emotional reactions. It is this plasticity of the picture surface that gives rise to such distinct multi-sensory reactions; what appears to be afloat between the second and (implicit) third dimensions triggers feelings of spatial reorientation—of disorientation.

If we understand artworks as events, as fluid configurations that evolve in time and space under the vicissitudes of our gaze, we can restore human experience to its constitutive role and, thanks to the power of our imagination, enliven seemingly inanimate objects. Hazard's works challenge the linear nature of time, transfiguring ordinary materials into textured visual puzzles.



# RITUAL





In the last century, artists have created works that are not necessarily tangible in the traditional sense of the art object. For instance, in the 1950s, Yves Klein saw gesture and ritual to be just as fundamental as execution and finish. Not only was his pursuit of ritual deeply tied to a certain conception of art but it also offered a way of breaking from artistic conventions—with an emphasis on the subversive, transformational dimension of ritual activity, which would go on to permeate every aspect of his life and work. Rather than being confined to the aesthetic realm, Klein suggested, art could encompass a whole practice, offering us new ways of negotiating time, labor, and contemplation. Weaving constantly reenacts processes, rhythms, repetitions, and gestures—with a certain dexterity.

Marie Hazard believes in the therapeutic value of art: that art should first and foremost be a sensory experience. She aspires to uncover the ability of certain objects and procedures to engender creativity and self-awareness. Her art asks us to relive the unfolding of our consciousness, be it from within or outside ourselves. The viewer re-assembles the moments leading up to the creation of each work. What is crucial is the artist's ability to create something that is capable of recreating itself in addition to being recreated within us, making a lasting impression and captivating our consciousness. In addition, the quality of its realization is essential, as the work is the material repository of an inner—but by no means private—gesture or movement. Such art is not only aesthetic but therapeutic. Through imagination and skill, the rhythms of daily life are recreated, offering an eloquent image of the endless cycle of becoming. There is joy in this activity, steeped as it is in ancient knowledge as well as being imbued with new and unexpected twists and turns, so to speak.





*clair de Lune*

# *ARTS & CRAFTS*



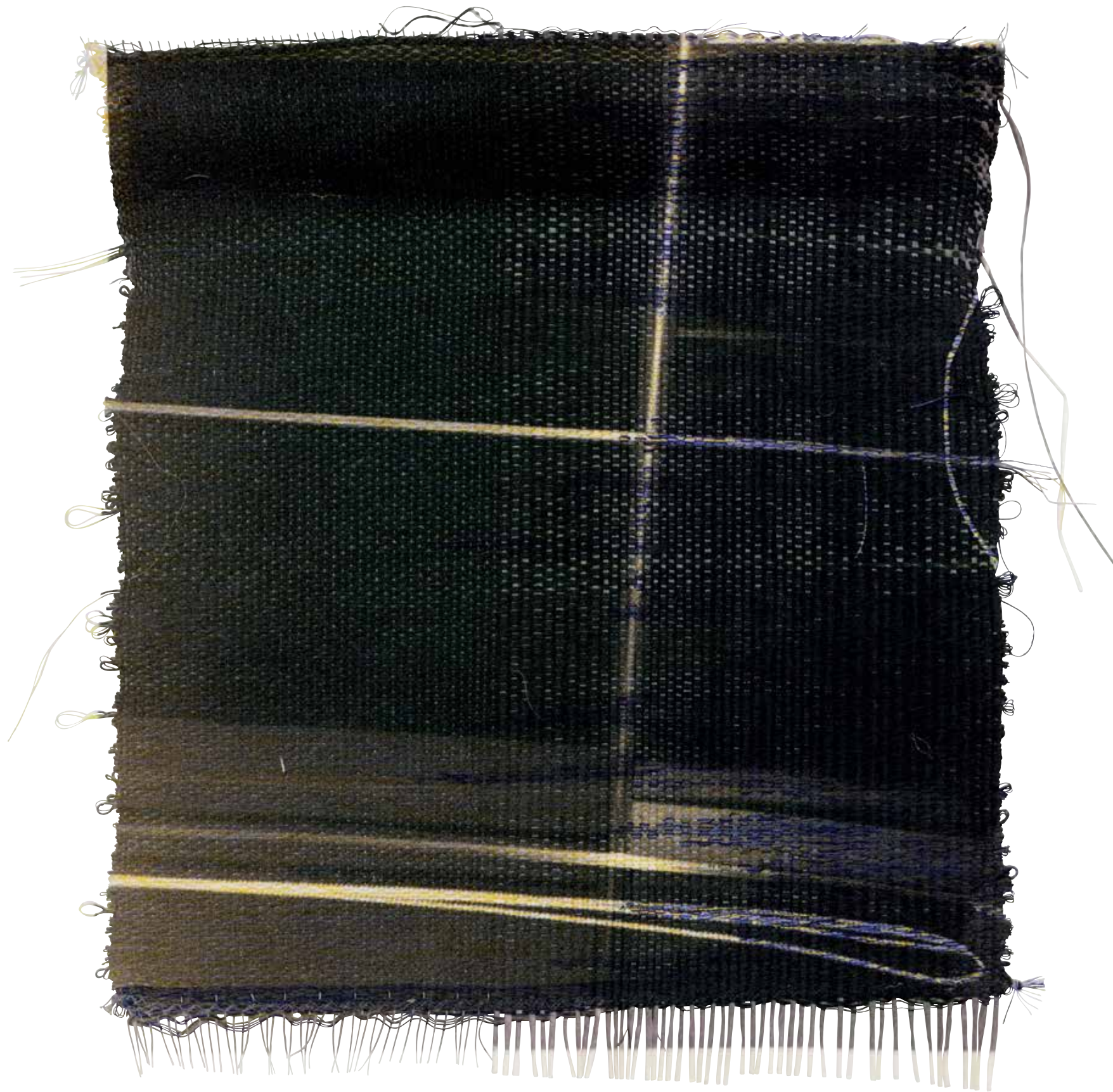
*FRAGMENT V OLIVIER BERGGRUEN*

The Romantics celebrated inspiration, creativity, imagination, and expression, preferring the freedom of individuality over the weighty restraints of tradition. At the end of the eighteenth-century, Jacques-Louis David held the conventions of artistic education responsible for the decline of the arts, while Joshua Reynolds proclaimed that it was necessary to relearn the craft of painting without stifling rules. For his part, Philipp-Otto Runge declared that in order to succeed we had to become like children again. Could the artist reach a state of innocence and purity so as to give an unmediated image of the world by turning their back on academic rules?

You could also make the opposite argument, positing that a thorough knowledge of the rules can help the artist; by learning a craft through repeated and sustained effort (weaving, in Marie's case), one gains a new sense of freedom—the means to outgrow tradition precisely because one is familiar with their *métier* or craft. Humility, reverence in the face of craft: it is easy to see how know-how can be considered the opposite of inspiration and originality.

A mastery of one's craft precludes the right to make mistakes, the pain of being accused of doing one's job badly. Artisanal work implies the observance and interpretation of certain rules; its success is partly linked to the correctness of the work, without having to be accurate or to conform to a pre-existing model. Thanks to know-how, the craftsman finds the strength to transgress, gaining greater freedom from conventional rules through the act of mastery.

Under what circumstances does craft become art? What are the boundaries between these two realms? And how fluid are they? Instead of this age-old question, perhaps we should ask how the notion of craft, with its own rules, can lead to openness and freedom, to deliberate yet unexpected gestures and configurations. If these rules are open-ended and lead to new experiments, then we can imagine how a discipline as storied and codified as weaving can outgrow its traditional definitions and functions, stretching, reinventing, and taking itself apart—as when the weave becomes a “canvas”—or how it can be superimposed with other techniques, such as the printing fragments of verse or poetry, which Marie does from time to time. All in all, the weave serves as a beginning, an anchor, the thread to a multiplicity of forms, expressions, languages, textures, and densities.



# *FRAGMENTS*



Some of Hazard's weaves, such as those exhibited at Galerie Mitterrand under the title *Rendez-vous*, were spun during the pandemic, which allowed her the time to read, among other books, *Fragments d'un discours amoureux* [A Lover's Discourse: Fragments] by Roland Barthes. Working intuitively with words, "deciphering" the fragments, Marie says she "tried to weave feelings." She adds: "It is intuitive work because the weaves are printed in sublimation with paintings, words, fragments of poems." The words waver between semantics and the essentially abstract visual material of the weave.

Most of the works presented in the exhibition are of a format close to that of an artbook. But it remains an open book, for the works are in the process of becoming, their degrees of accomplishment and finitude left in suspense.

Here the common thread is that of the fragment: the idea of being able to "find oneself" in these fragments, particularly when a pandemic makes it difficult to meet in person. According to Hazard, "What I like is that there is no duration. That is to say you can experience a fragment for an indeterminate period of time—we do not know when this period will end—before moving on to the next one. Each fragment is for me a particular period."

