

With each line

Like a canvas or a sheet of paper, a wall is a surface to be covered. It has neither the fragility and transparency of Japanese paper, nor the opacity and texture of wood, which are the usual materials Anne-Laure Sacriste likes to paint or draw on. The wall becomes a sort of continuation of the two of them, a virgin space which recently entered the formal action field of the artist.

To this day, Anne-Laure Sacriste produced three wall drawings which can be read like the furthering of her paper drawings that one calls the “first thoughts”, which in her case are rather accomplished. Both wall and paper share the same physical line and the same subjects. They include the same motives, such as the tree with the thorny branches which intertwine in a hostile and impenetrable representation of nature. In them, one also finds the same fragile, interrupted line, attenuated in certain places, thicker in others, which generates violent contrasts on paper.

There are paintings with both day- and night-time landscapes. Some are constructed with vast surfaces of white, while others are all black, almost hermetic and dotted with always returning ghostly shapes. It is hard not to sense palpable fear behind the apparent peace prevailing in these. In them, nature is immense, crushing, sublime. The wall drawings generate the same feeling, but they seem more like a cocoon, a thin chrysalis, as if crafted to hold the bodies of the onlooker. The drawings run over all the length of the wall, attempting to go beyond it even, without ever entirely filling it up, thus illustrating that for the artist, the vegetal motive is a haphazard form, of which one can only see fragments, and not a linear one. The drawing appears like an intrusion. Anne-Laure Sacriste leaves large surfaces empty and white. These surfaces play as crucial a role in the composition, as the charcoal line, in a spirit similar to that of Cézanne. She leaves a part of the space untouched and produces a floating representation in which crooked branches, sometimes graced with loose foliage, draw crowns or vegetal vaults. If drawing is, according to Matisse, the purest and most direct translation of emotion, the work of Anne-Laure Sacriste is to be read in that context. Realised as ephemeral creations, her wall drawings keep the traces of a trembling hand, of repent and hesitation. They are the expression of the meiosis of form, whose elaboration can be closely followed, since drawing on a wall involves a total implication of the body, which, symbolically, leaves a trace: a translation of pleasure echoed by the eye of the visitor.

Playing with anachronisms, the artist, quite like Jean-Luc Verna - another drawing virtuoso, confronts her pictorial universe, filled with symbolist and post-romantic references, with that

of music. Like the prints of her *Disco-graphie* series, each of these in situ works is named after a pop-rock song title by the likes of Nick Cave (*Do you love me like I did*) or PJ Harvey (*I lost my heart*). With this, Anne-Laure Sacriste manages to make a breach in which she tames temporality and prepares for a transcendence of reality, handing out an invitation to another place. A drawing like a dream.

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