



Jade B. Marchandea
portfolio 2022

about

I realised the power of my untimely and brainless filming of everyday life the day I found a rush of the first meeting between my brother and the one who would soon become his lover. In this scene, which I will later call *the moment before*, she declares a little drunk *Love is gross.*

What interests me in this systematic archiving of the everyday, of the banal and the tiny, is that we sometimes record there, without knowing it, prescient moments. This approach is also close to a therapeutic process which makes it possible to extract one's affects from the experience and grants its protagonists the possibility to become the spectators of their own memories.

My work is filled with life and emptiness: I film people, I record them, I listen to them, I stand in front of them without ever being able to fully grasp their essence.

The other is always incomplete or unspoken and mysterious. Intimacy is always frustrated by the inability to fully incarnate and enter the other. By capturing as much as possible of everyday life, it is also myself that I try to tell: I pursue a vain attempt, that of penetrating the part of my identity which remains out of my reach. The other acts as a mirror: the viewed tell themselves through my camera just as I hopelessly try to find myself in them - none of us ever succeeding.

This irreducible emptiness stands out strongly in my sculptures. Focused on the absence, I fill their hollows with video, mechanical characterization and temporal perspective.

I am interested in the small story, the stories of individuals and what they tell, in subtext, of the big one. Through these stories, these snippets of everyday *irrelevances*, I want to relearn how to see the world.

I fantasize that these stories told, mine and those of those who share my daily life, sometimes signify the world with more depth than a philosophical essay.

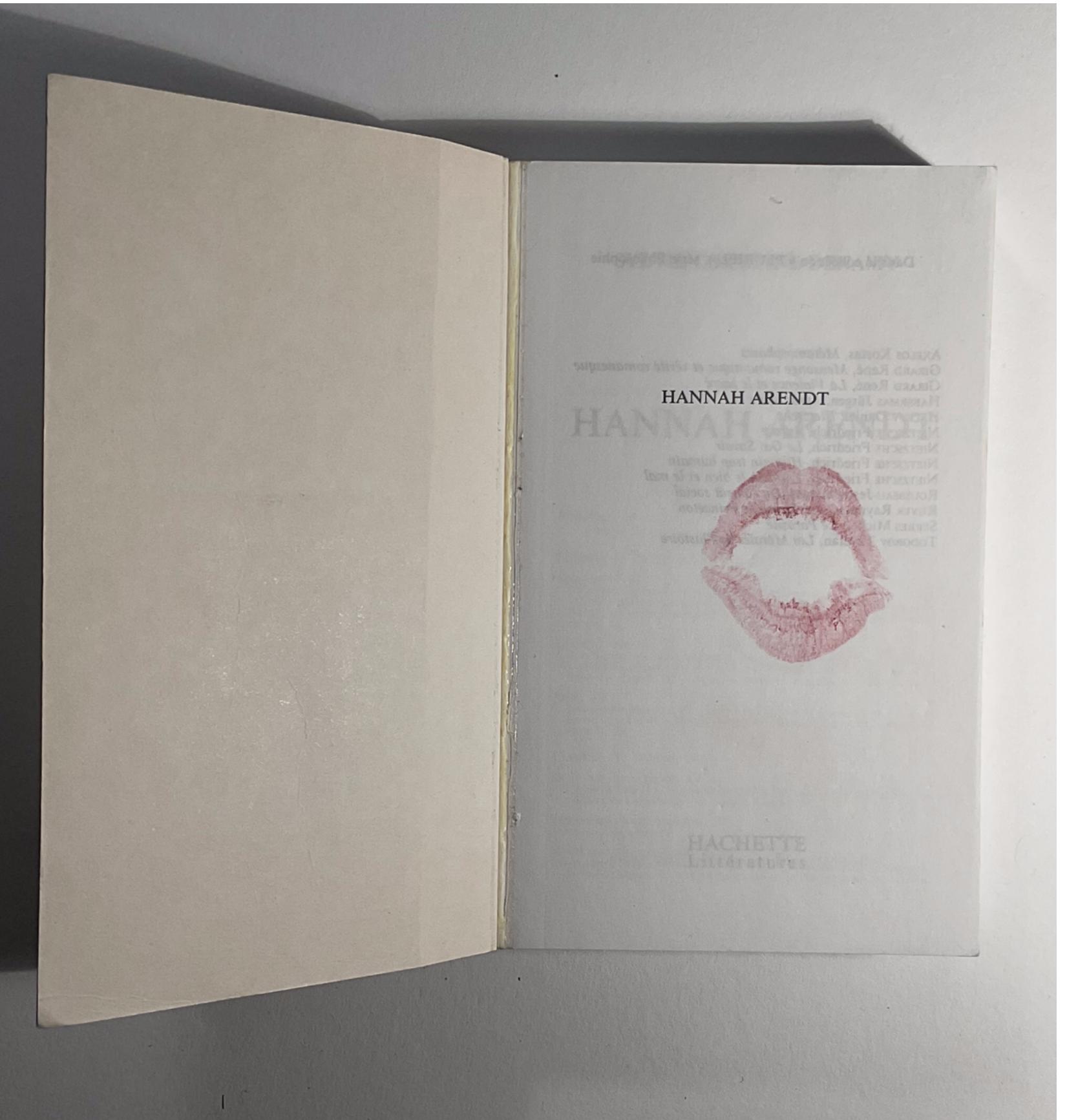


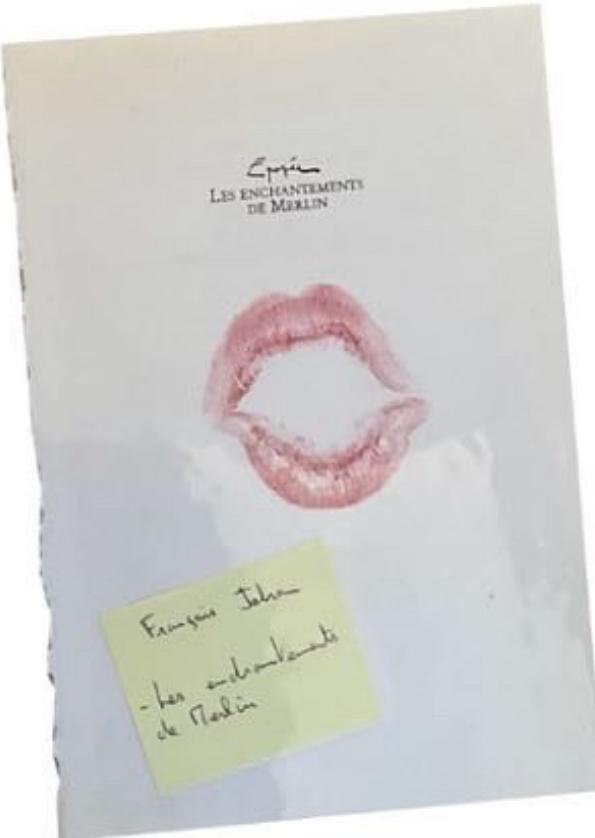
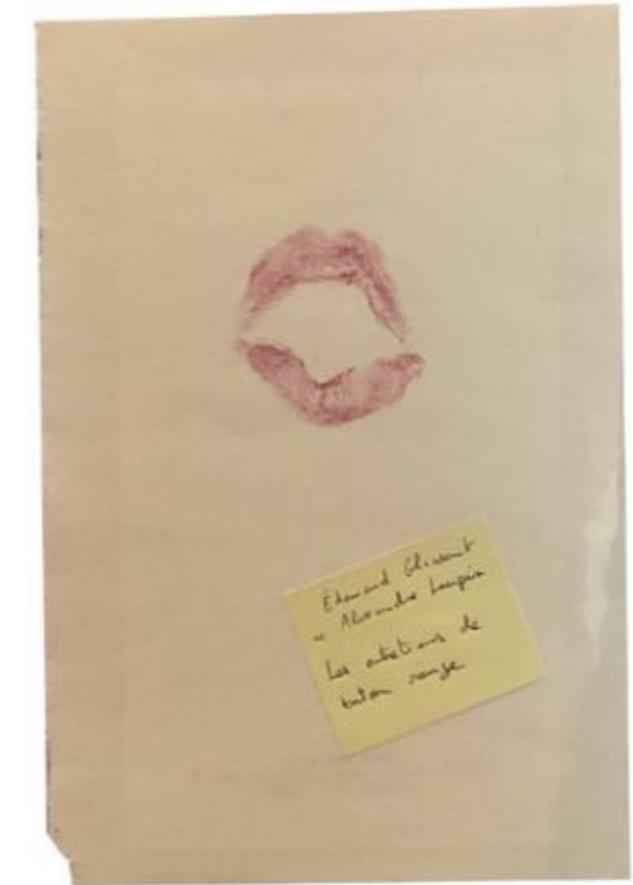
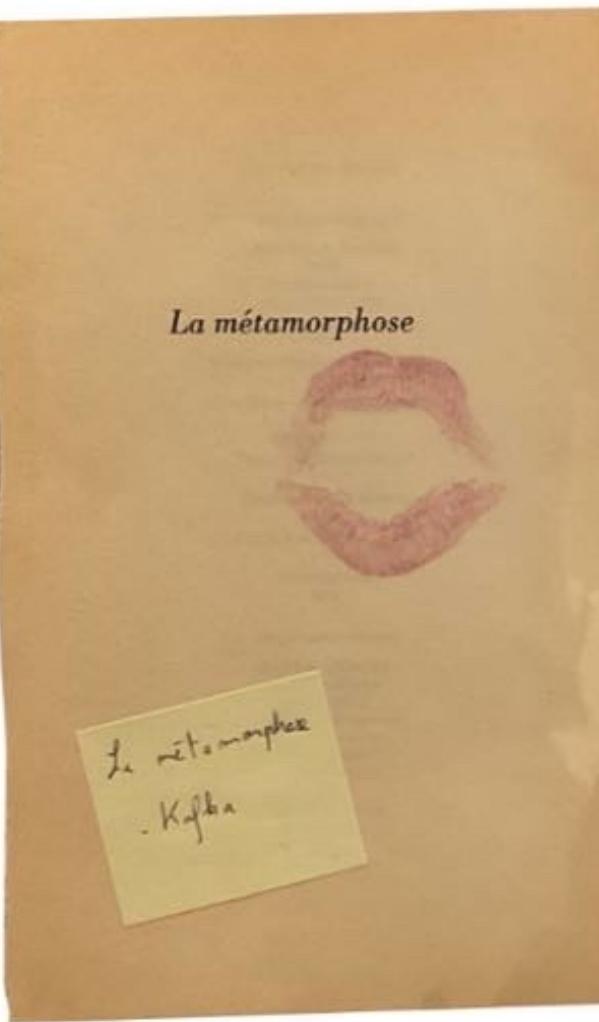
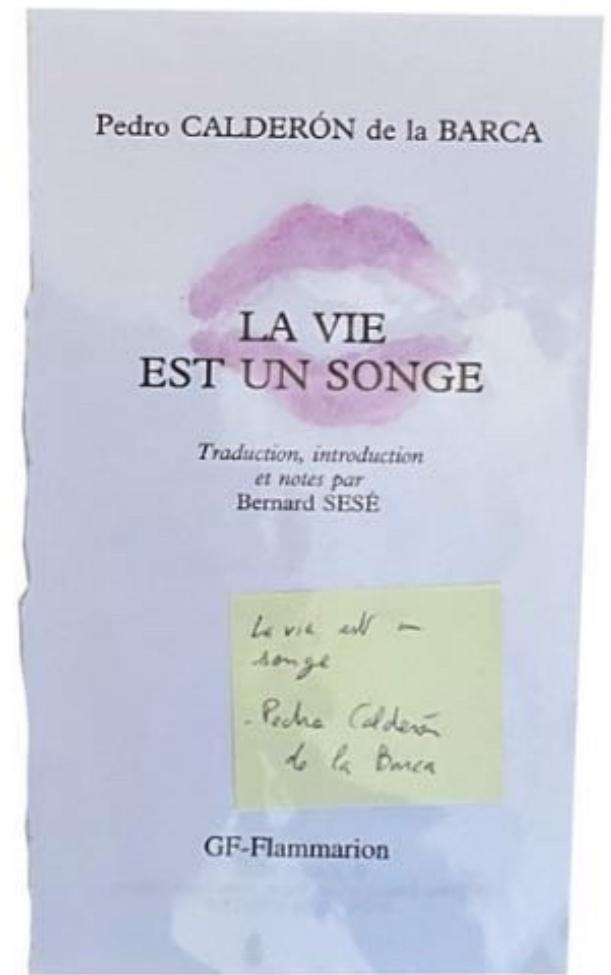
My mother's kisses *installation, work in progress*

"As far as I can remember, my mother always kissed the books she read. I couldn't open a novel without finding one of her kisses."

True excavation work through the boxes and the shelves of the various places of her childhood, Jade B. Marchandea sets out in the footsteps of her mother, in search of the heritage specific to a class defector.

"So far I've found 32 kisses and collected 28 pages. I still have over 200 books to go through."







Parallelism,
or how to live next to others
[video \(password: 2021\), 11 minutes, 2021](#)

Through an eclectic collage of private footage, recorded conversations, and snippets of poetic prose, “Parallelism or how to live next to others” explores the temporal and spatial connections between past memories and our ability to continue to exist.

Between France and Israel, love and loss, silence and words, this film offers a touching insight into the sensation of a life lived in between.

Diptych video installation, 2020

Screening of "Kill the father" and
"Divided times", two short movies
made in 2019.



"The private moments captured by the camera are rips in the fabric of time. Chasms into which a thousand possibilities disappear whilst a thousand others are created."

The installation explores the themes dear to the artist: filiation, the search for a place and above all, the banality of everyday life.

Kill the father video, 6 minutes, 2019

"2015, after 13 years of radio silence, my brother and I decide to spontaneously visit our father, filming every step of the way.

For four years these shots remained intact in my hard drive.

In 2019, as I achieved the editing of this video, the redemption process was finally complete."

Divided times video, 3 minutes, 2019

Faithful to the artist's work process, the archiving of everyday life, Divided time invites us to discover the modest research of a woman who films to define herself.

*"Je vis au fond de lui comme
une épave heureuse. A son insu,
ma solitude est son trésor.
Dans le grand méridien où
s'inscrit son essor, ma liberté
le creuse." – René Char*



Hollow diagonal
sound, video installation, sculpture, 2018-2020
Triptych made of "Paresse", "Je muse" and "7 years of my life"



Paresse
foam sculpture, 90x200 cm, 2018
sound installation

Reading of the artist's poem

"J'ai oublié de dire tout ce que je ne pense pas,
Que tous les soir après minuit,
les vagues s'emmêlent dans mon mât,
que je me retrouve immobile, débile.

Que tandis que mon corps s'enfonce dans une mer de coussin,
Je rêve d'un voyage, loin, bien plus loin.
Loin du manques de tes bras,
de tes beaux bras là,
qui ne sont pas assez près de moi.
Que chaque heure nous rapproche,
mais que je veux demain,
Aujourd'hui, hier, ça aurait été bien."

"Les flux de tissu ne me contente plus,
je veux cracher au ciel et à la mer,
immobile, qu'il faut se réveiller,
qu'il nous faut y aller !

Tu ne vois pas comme on s'ennuie dans l'étaux de son lit ?
Va, chaque jours un peu moins,
je creuse dans le matelas la trace de mes pauvres doigts, là,
qui jouent à s'enfuirent mais qui ne peuvent pas.

Là.

Mais au moins il fait chaud,
je n'ai pas un orteil dehors pour me rappeler le vent,
le tintement du mât je ne l'entend plus,
juste toi, qui respire, juste moi, qui soupire.

Là.

Seule et avec tous les mondes que j'ai construit,
mais seulement dans ma tête, car mes doigts ont trop
froid,
car dehors il fait froid, trop froid pour moi,
mes phalanges rouillées ont oublié de bâtir.

Rien qu'un tombeau de draps"

Je muse
[video, 9 minutes, 2019](#)

A quasi-documentary work or a video diary approaching self-fiction, "Je muse" is an attempt to capture the situation of a country, its culture and its way of life through the intimacy of a relationship.

"I wish to share the personal and sensitive experience of my encounter with Israel, the conflicting position in which I find myself and the impact that this union has had in my life."

7 years of my life
[video, 3 minutes, 2019](#)

Showcased as part of an installation mixing sound and stop motion, "7 years of my life" brings together the memory of seven different people in a fictional individual.



Subjective intimacy
installation, 2017





Islands of existence
installation, 2019

Populating space in search of one's
own cartography

Jade B. Marchandeau

Born in 1995

+33 6 60 61 92 73

jade.marchandeauB@gmail.com

@jade.marchandeau