

Aurore Scotet stages a range of actions using materials which imply a change in state as they take over a particular space - a cloud of feathers, the use of explosives that blacken the whiteness of an exhibition hall when the pigment is released, the use of beeswax melting in the heat of infrared lamps and permeating the atmosphere with its fragrance. So many propositions that submerge us in the universe of childhood where as we know little is required to create unforgettable catastrophes, provoke chaos. And even when these accidents may seem minor, about to go wrong, danger is ever present: it only takes a match to set fire to a forest or a museum. Aurore Scotet knows this but eludes any willful inclination towards violent destruction. She certainly prefers the world of comic strips or cartoons that no drama could blacken. We can easily imagine her as the perfect assistant, a sensible young lady in a Chanel suit, staging some discreet productions. We would even help her light the wick, it can all look so harmless and charming. But when you know the potential force of a butterfly flapping its wings, creating a real shockwave several thousand kilometers away, you are entitled to view these games differently than from an ingenious angle. Aurore Scotet evokes the mortifying character of art in her museal space, just as she recalls, not without gravity, the inexorable passage of time, without insisting, without interfering, as one says, sketching another step forward until the next time.

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