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Sophie Rambert was born in 1970 in Paris. She is a drawer and lives in Le Mans in France.

### *Main exhibitions*

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#### *2015*

**Luxembourg Art Prize**, Hervé Lancelin Gallery, Luxembourg, Luxembourg  
**Challenge Le Bonheur**, Egrégore Gallery, Marmande, France  
**MIAC Puls'Art**, Le Mans, France  
**Drawing here**, Schwab Beaubourg Gallery, Paris, France  
**4rd Zoom**, L'Arrivage Gallery, exhibition curator Christian Noorbergen, Troyes, France.

#### *2014*

**Macparis**, Paris, France  
**Les Quinconces**, Le Mans, France

#### *2013*

**Les Hivernales**, invited by Christian Noorbergen, Montreuil, France  
**Art on paper**, Graphem Gallery, Bruxelles, Belgique  
**Du chat de Steinlen à la force expressionniste de Sophie Rambert**, Roussard Gallery, Paris, France  
**D:Dessin**, Graphem Gallery, Atelier Richelieu, Paris, France

#### *2012*

**Macparis**, Paris, France  
**Artcité**, Fontenay-sous-Bois, France  
**MIAC Puls'Art**, Le Mans, France. *Acquired by Tessé Museum*

#### *2011*

**International Painting Festival**, La Ferté Bernard, France. *3rd Drawing Prize*  
**L'Atelier d'Icare Gallery**, Le Mans, France

#### *2010*

**Magie du dessin**, Anne Cros Gallery, Pézenas, France  
**Besnier Gallery**, Le Mans, France  
**Art Nîm**, Nîmes, France. *3rd Drawing Prize*

*Publications*

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*2014*

« **Hold your own** », Kate Tempest, Picador Editions

*2013*

« **Le Poteau rose** », Ivar Ch'Vavar and Stéphane Batsal, Le corridor bleu Editions

**Le Contre Annuaire Art/02**, 11-13 Editions

**Vivre l'Art Magazine**, Le livre d'art Editions

*Press*

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*2015*

Miroir de l'art n°62

*2014*

« **Le dessin nouveau est arrivé** », Artension n°124

« **Le dessin contemporain** », Miroir de l'art n°52

### **The drawing**

If, in other artists, I'm moved by the very matter of painting, I like the economy of means, the precarious, essential but also irreversible character of drawing and, above all, the naked stroke, the line, fragile and fluid or, on the contrary, curt and sharp. Hence, if at first I used to work with inks, I finally gave up on colours, distortions, drips, to reach thanks to the black stone a more analytical than expressive processing, a crude nudity and maybe even a more personal writing, less characterized by the heritage of the paintings and drawings which had left their mark on me, those of Marlène Dumas, Francis Bacon and Egon Schiele particularly.

### **The body, a dialectics of desire**

The body, the mere flesh and skin which we inhabit. More than meat, the body is skin, its story is inscribed in its folds.

The body, the most universal thing there is, as well as the most singular, the most familiar and intimate, yet at the same time always foreign.

The Other's body : naked yet impenetrable, experience of what is left, even in the most intimate, the barest, the most known one may believe, inexhaustible, elusive, unseizable.

The body which, in its vulnerability and strength, is the oxymoronic figure of shared ambivalences, the one of desire, the one of the sexes.

Playing with contrasts between a sharp line and the softness of surfaces, it is to this body, alive, rich of its oppositions that I want to bring the viewer back, as if he was facing his own ambivalence.

A disrupted body, off-center, reversed, standing out in the white eternity of a missing setting.

The body is naked, isolated on the bare surface of the paper, an emptiness from which the body emerges, defeating it temporarily. It is a body out of place and time, deprived of any clothing, context, narrative, reduced to its condition of body, naked and observed.

Because if the body is depicted alone, it is nonetheless always caught in the gaze of another, whose absence here calls for a viewer. Thus, it is not a body closed in on itself, but a body caught between inwardness and exteriority, under the gaze of an Other. A body that desires and is desired, offering and concealing itself, strained in its very surrender. A body that keeps resisting, proud and unruly.

No elation here from a suffering body, but the expression of a fierce vitality, both fragile and resolute.

To finish, there can be no question of the body in my work without mentioning my own.

My body is the first place of conception for the postures, a testing ground whose limits I can stretch. It is for my work an available material that I use, not in a quest for identity and self-representation – self-portrait not being the purpose of my work – but as a mould, a means to draw 'from the inside', to feel the posture in all its accuracy.

It is through my uniqueness – and not because I'm a Woman – that I understand the body, and particularly the feminine body. However this uniqueness is necessarily the one of a woman - whatever the term covers. Thus, I'm often told that my bodies are androgynous – it is only then, I believe, that they break up with the transparent and binary representations, still oddly expected, of the feminine gender (Passive and fragile body. Maternal body, sweet and full. Body of the lover, offered and exclusive object of sexual desire) and the masculine one (Body caught in gendered roles as well, or Body of the Human, that universal masculine gender).