



Galerie SEE

presents Mahut

84 Rue du Temple - 75003 Paris

Galerie SEE

French artist

Born in 1947, lives and works in Paris

First, redefine a frame, within the frame itself. A space is there.

It could be a room opening onto a dark void.

And so the waiting begins — many days.

The frame is empty. So, flee from ideas.

Everything is just narrative, rumination a block from childhood.

It simply needs as if it were a sky, a horizon—to grow dark.

Then, the entire surface of the canvas will be covered, then erased, then covered again...

The outlines of the walls and the floor, redrawn in charcoal, in countless ways.

As the hours pass, as the days pass, sometimes weeks, months, even years.

Over time, then, it grows darker.

Figures can emerge only from the darkness.

Because that is what we await for the figure, the presence, to emerge.

For a long time, it was body parts that imposed themselves as answers to pleas.

To retain only the pleasure felt in representing them.

Something appears. It might be a chair, a crumpled sheet, a cube, a floating shape but it takes on the form of a face a landscape.

As if these vanished bodies were caught within the contours of these present forms.

Covered in moss, caught in the folds, submerged in the grass.

And once again, treated as face landscape, as portraits, even though they are cubes, chairs, fabrics.

There comes a moment when this becomes insistent.

And all the work to come will consist of affirming what has emerged.

This chosen figure will often be central.

The space all around it may shift.

Perspectives shift.

As if the undefined space, too, must assert itself.

And there will always be this desire to sense a distance, an opening, a breach, a shift.

Each canvas becomes a place to return to.

Thus: Ceaseless returns to the scene.

Piles of second thoughts.

Fragments of bodies emerging, vanishing into the material.

But once the chosen figure is present, it will be treated as an idol, a totem.

Seeking the radiance, the magnificence of the object.

Therefore : Waiting (waiting for its arrival).

Solitude. Silence.

There is a sense of loss in no longer working on a canvas, in finishing it.

It remains forever an enigma.

Mahut

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MAHUT
The room
2025, oil on canvas
210 × 140 cm

12 000 €



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MAHUT
The Tilting Garden
2015, charcoal on paper
146 × 114 cm

7 000 €



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PRACTICAL INFORMATION - CONTACTS

SEE GALLERY – 84 RUE DU TEMPLE, 75003 PARIS

OPENING HOURS : TUESDAY THROUGH SATURDAY FROM 2PM TO 7PM AND BY APPOINTMENT

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