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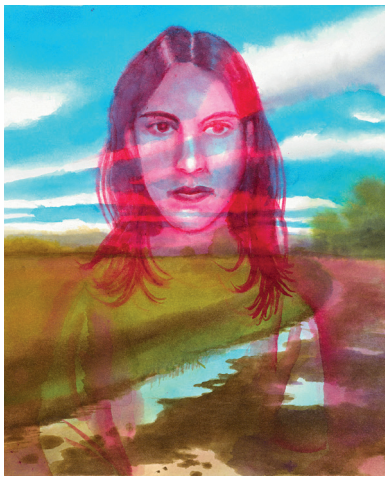
MAÏTÉ GRANDJOUAN



TOUT CE QUE JE NE T'AI JAMAIS DIT
Éditions FRÉMOK

November 6th – December 13th 2025
17 rue Martel | 75010 Paris

Opening reception
Thursday, November 6th from 6pm

Signin session
Saturday, November 8th from 3pm

Galerie Martel Paris is pleased to present *Tout ce que je ne t'ai jamais dit*, the first solo exhibition dedicated to Maïté Grandjouan, on the occasion of the release of the eponymous book published by Éditions Frémok.

There are fragments of sentences that collide with the scene.
Fragments of images cut away at the edges of stories.

Maïté Grandjouan breaks into reality. At the threshold, she decides the season and the color, she turns off the light and brings the shadows to life, she chooses whether to favor anchorage or mirage. For the eye that lingers on these gleaming paintings — full pages or broken strips — there is no point in trying to break free or to trace a path through the gaps: everything is there; none escapes an absolute.
That absolute, Maïté Grandjouan unspools it from a reel that winds freely between the literal and the mythological, between reality and dream, between an original form and its reflection, between the abyss and mise en abyme. Holes, caves, fences, hollow houses, blind roads, and tunnels mirror vast dawn and twilight skies. The walls — sometimes bays, sometimes slits — are transparent. Rain and blaze overlap. Every edge, every center is exposed to fire, to strangeness, and to the violence of doubt.

Rare, the body traced by Maïté Grandjouan is its own unfaithful echo: it offers itself preferably from behind, in halves or in profile; it is masked, blurred, or veiled. And it gets lost, even in a sparse forest. When the brush truncates it — reduces it to a fragment or a portrait — the body ceases, on the contrary, to vanish. It stops obstructing the world that unfolds within and before it.
The ear hears and echoes.
The hand touches and creates.
The iris sees and returns.
The visible is no longer merely what stands there unquestioned. Its field expands to the sovereign, matrix-like realm of the mind — the mind that can form what no longer is, what is not yet, what seems real, and what exists only in illusion.

For the artist's image is one that endures and captivates. *Fantasma* (her first book, published by Éditions Magnani in 2016) thus unfolds less as a hallucinatory dream than as the anxious, uncertain wandering of characters — a woman and an indiscreet lover — haunted by apparitions. It is less a story of fantasy than of haunting. The curtain with which Maïté Grandjouan veils her specters is vaporous but not transparent. White and milky, primal it heralds a line that will undoubtedly continue beyond mourning, beyond words, beyond images.

What the artist reaches lies somewhere between the familiar — those reproductions of distant landscapes — and the unsettling — a lingering aftertaste of strangeness. Motifs, palette, and landscapes evoke conscious and unconscious places that resurface suddenly, born of coincidences. If they return incessantly, it is because they have been swallowed and digested within a circle of references. Thus *Lena la-très-seule*, the title character of her second graphic novel (Éditions Magnani, 2023), could be seen as an inverted echo of the blonde Olga, captive of the world of the dead in *Fantasma*.
If, through Olga, Maïté Grandjouan invokes purity, Eurydice, the supernatural, the mystery of dreams and the wounds of the mind, the tales of katabasis, Jodorowsky's psychomagic, and multiplies spaces of confinement — reminiscent of Lynch's *Black Lodge* — Lena, with her aptly qualified name, enters more directly into dread and replays Ariadne's tragedy. Withdrawn and grieving, unable to cut the thread that binds her to her deceased mother, Lena encloses herself in a network of threatening electric cables. Lunar, the ideal prey of necrophagous or fossilized crustaceans, she summons the storm.

Surreal collisions (a set of dentures on a plain, the remains of a fireplace on a bed, a face drawn on a fallen tree), hypnotic porosity between nature and being, appearances of chthonic horses, fragments borrowed from Magritte's *Empire of Light*, stratifications of images from which melancholy is born, twin or multiple deserted paths leading nowhere... The outer landscapes of Maïté Grandjouan, in truth, reveal the shape and the mood of the inner clouds of her characters — whether visible or invisible. Each artwork of *Tout ce que je ne t'ai jamais dit* (forthcoming from Éditions Frémok) is a new variation on absence and permanence.
There is always a breath behind the image, a drama or a comedy slumbering behind everyday objects, a memory behind a word, a disturbance seeping into the scene.
Time itself is left outside.
The boxes remain marked with the seal of mystery.

Cathia Engelbach

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Maïté Grandjouan, *Tout ce que je ne t'ai jamais dit*, 2025, 41 x 34 cm, ink and gouache on paper © Frémok / Courtesy Galerie Martel

Maïté Grandjouan, *Tout ce que je ne t'ai jamais dit*, 2025, 48 x 34 cm, ink and gouache on paper © Frémok / Courtesy Galerie Martel

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Maïté Grandjouan, *Lena La-Très-Seule*, 2023, 21 x 28 cm, ink and gouache on paper
© Magnani / Courtesy Galerie Martel

Maïté Grandjouan, *Lena La-Très-Seule*, 2023, 40 x 27 cm, ink and gouache on paper © Magnani / Courtesy Galerie Martel