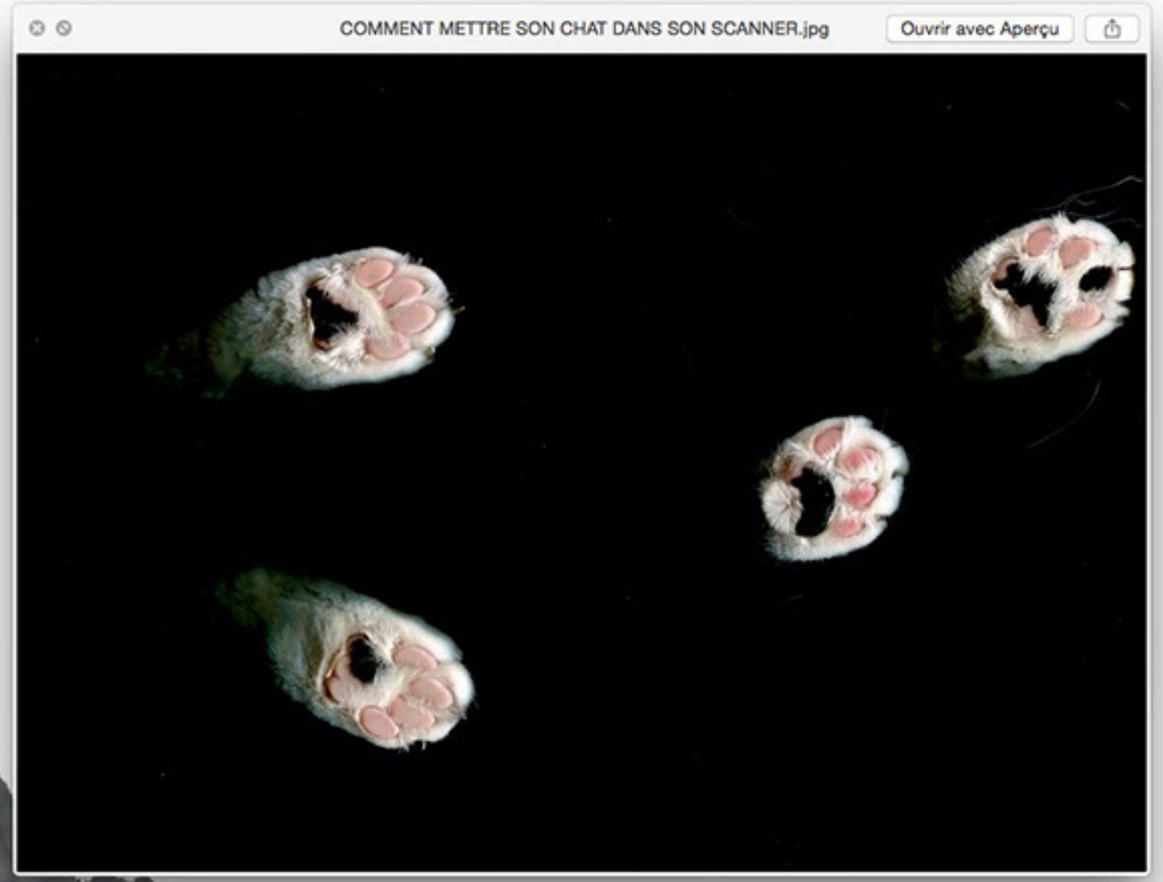
Finder Fichier Édition Présentation Aller Fenêtre Aide

Mar. 12:01





Clélia Barthelon

PORTFOLIO

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I've always wanted to produce funny works, but despite my best efforts,
the result is always fundamentally tragic.
Celebration brings to light disappearances, ghosts. Glitter attempts to highlight invisible elements or fading memories, but at the same time, it creeps into every possible nook and cranny. Glitter is beautiful, but it's annoying. So I create adventures that turn out to be banal, sad paintings, fake treats, tired swings, tales of foxes and mushrooms where everyone dies, Instagram filters that reproduce injuries, bakeries that bow out, monstrous or ghostly screen prints, or even piñatas of sacrificed mammoths.

I often seek to reproduce experiences I believe to be common, collective memories, generational habits, which translate into videos, performances, or accumulations of trinkets
that become sculptures close to installations.
Behind the exuberance of some pieces, others take place hidden from view, reserved
for spectators who peerespecially into nooks and crannies.

These works are the product of excavations carried out in my past. I create them in reaction to objects or images that have marked my personal history, surprisingly full of animals, whether my own or those I encounter. I document, sort, archive, scan, modify, repair, reproduce. I'm not sure these memories are always true. I think I often lie without meaning to, but I don't care. I try to convince myself that my childhood, marked by the 1990s, the rural proletariat, and a family history of Algerian immigration, was normal, despite the successive, far too early deaths of my parents and grandparents. In reality, for years I shied away from the autobiographical aspect for fear of self-pity, but I realized that this past transpired in my work and that it was this past that made the celebration melancholic. Working on one's memories means
wanting to prevent them from fading at all costs.

Above :
Jour des paillettes, 21 mars 2019
(glitter day, march 21, 2019)
mat, holographic rose gold loose glitter

Next page :
Une Rencontre fortuite mais historique, 2013-2018
(A Chance meeting but historical)
video, 0'31" (screen shot)
https://youtu.be/Bro85ulko5E

Previous page :
Comment mettre son chat dans son scanner ?, 2018
(How to put your cat in your scanner ?)
digital picture 1280 x 800 px
Modifier le fond d'écran... (change the wallpaper...) series









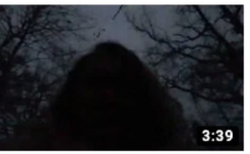
Almost twenty years ago, I encountered foxes in a forest while picking mushrooms with my father. We stood there, petrified by these animals. Until September 21, 2019, I had never told this story, except to my mother. This story was there, petrified in my memories.

This performance took place under the natural bridge in the ancient petrifying fountains of Saint-Alyre in Clermont-Ferrand. Twenty years ago, sculptures could be admired in the surrounding garden, often stuffed animals that had been placed in the fountain, transformed into limestone statues.

So I told this story of an animal encounter and mushrooms, probably never before collected, under this petrifying bridge where nothing flows anymore, surrounded by foxes sculpted from memory. During the performance, the water started flowing again, and I tried to turn to stone, wearing a raincoat decorated with the motif of my father's knife, which he used for gathering.

Each spectator (190 over the four performances) passed through the fountain's former gift shop, now *Les Petits Débrouillards* office, where 200 clay foxes were more or less well hidden, allowing them to take them home.
Be careful, though: if the souvenir foxes go underwater, they disappear.

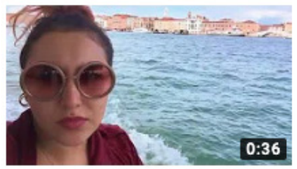
Nous étions là, pétrifiés, 21 septembre 2019 *(we were here, petrified, september 21, 2019)*
15 minutes performance played 4 times for d'Effervescences' secrets appointments le 21 septembre 2019 under the code «Renards et chanterelles» (Foxes and chanterelles).
3 polystyrene and mix sculptures, 21 clay chanterelles, clay shower haed, garden hose, charcoal drawing, 200 raw clay foxes, painted raincoat, lights, microphone, voice pedal, sonorisation system.
Sound landscape created by Sarah Vigier.
9 p.m. secret appointment (french) : https://youtu.be/RmRMKKhoHE8



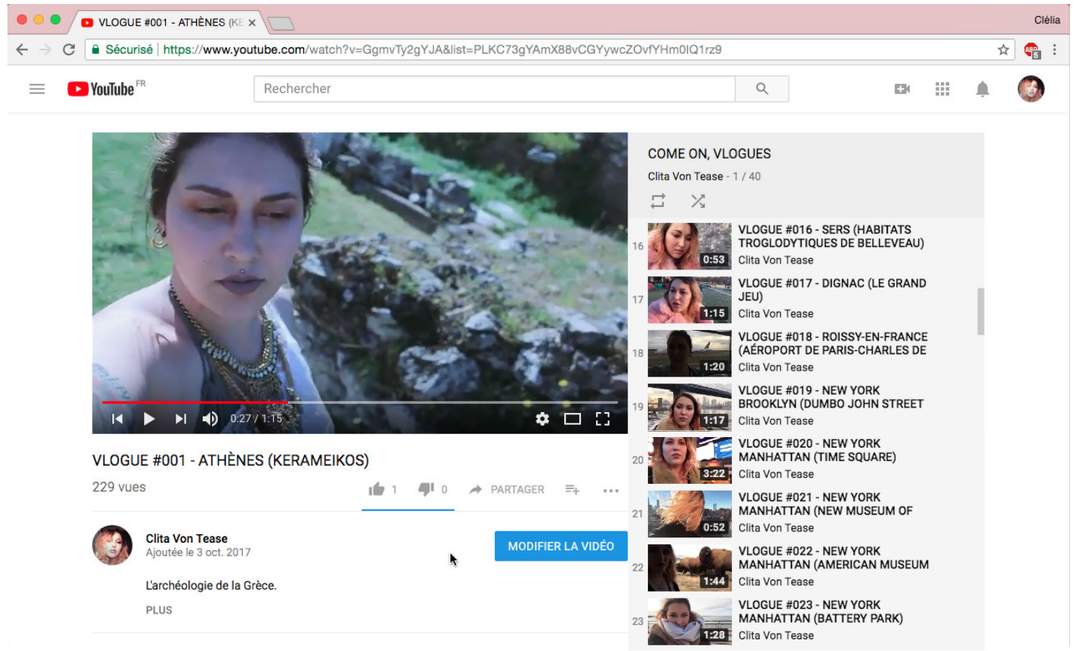
LOGUE #012 -
HANTELOUBE (FORÊT)

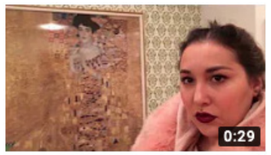


VLOGUE #096 - CLERMONT-
FERRAND (MURAILLE DE CHINE)



VLOGUE #006 - VENISE
(VAPORETTO)





VLOGUE #041 - NEW YORK
MANHATTAN (COPY OF...

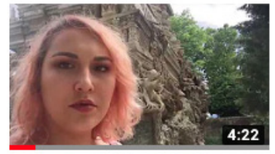


VLOGUE #015 - CLERMONT-
FERRAND (ESACM...

Come on, vlogue, 2016 - present day
video series on a YouTube channel (screen shot of april 25, 2018 playlist and mai 30, 2019 home page)
https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCe6KobzXtuJZnCp2qU9-_Dg



VLOGUE #003 - ASCONA
(MONTE VERITÀ)



VLOGUE #049 - HAUTERIVES
(PALAIS IDÉAL DU FACTEU...



VLOGUE #011 - FONT DE
GAUME (GROTTE)

Vlogs (or vlogues in French) is a type of video found primarily on YouTube.
Combining the words «blog» and «video,» it's about recounting your days or travels in video.

I'm particularly interested in the subcategory of travel vlogs. Those where the protagonists find themselves in previously unknown places and then film themselves in these landscapes, using a selfie-style view. Often, even if the environment is supposed to be the main subject of the video, the body obscures a third of it.

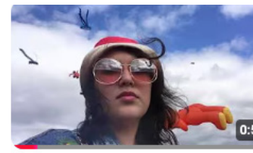
I love these videos, which are purely self-portraits of contemporary adventures.
Above all, they're proof of an expedition that becomes a collective memory because it's shared online. Like a mountaineer who, at the top of their mountain, takes a photo to prove the ascent.

My mountains are tourist spots, remarkable or insignificant landscapes, sometimes even works of art, or simply places that are important to me. My vlogs are silent. I don't speak, but I explore these new landscapes. I'm always moving. There's no beginning, no end, not even a twist.
This attitude sometimes irritates viewers, who comment on the videos with their dissatisfaction. This is normal; usually, an influencer's blog allows them to give advice on how to plan their own trip, but here, no information is given.

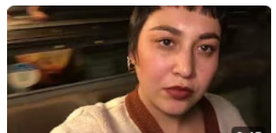
I try to blend into my surroundings, with specific makeup or clothing. A goddess dress in Greece, gray makeup in Le Corbusier buildings, a fur dress in a forest, or sunset-effect eyeshadow during a sunset.
The expressions are falsely hieratic, the face closed but mysterious, like a successful selfie. We use social media to show a pretty version of our incredible, adventurous lives, but in my vlogs, I offer you the ordinary and the unspectacular alongside landscapes I don't tell you about. You can create your own stories and project yourself into your social media use and what you want to leave as a trace. Maybe you'll even leave a comment suggesting a new place I should visit, linked to your memories.



VLOGUE #050 - LA SAÔNE
(UTOPIA HOUSE)

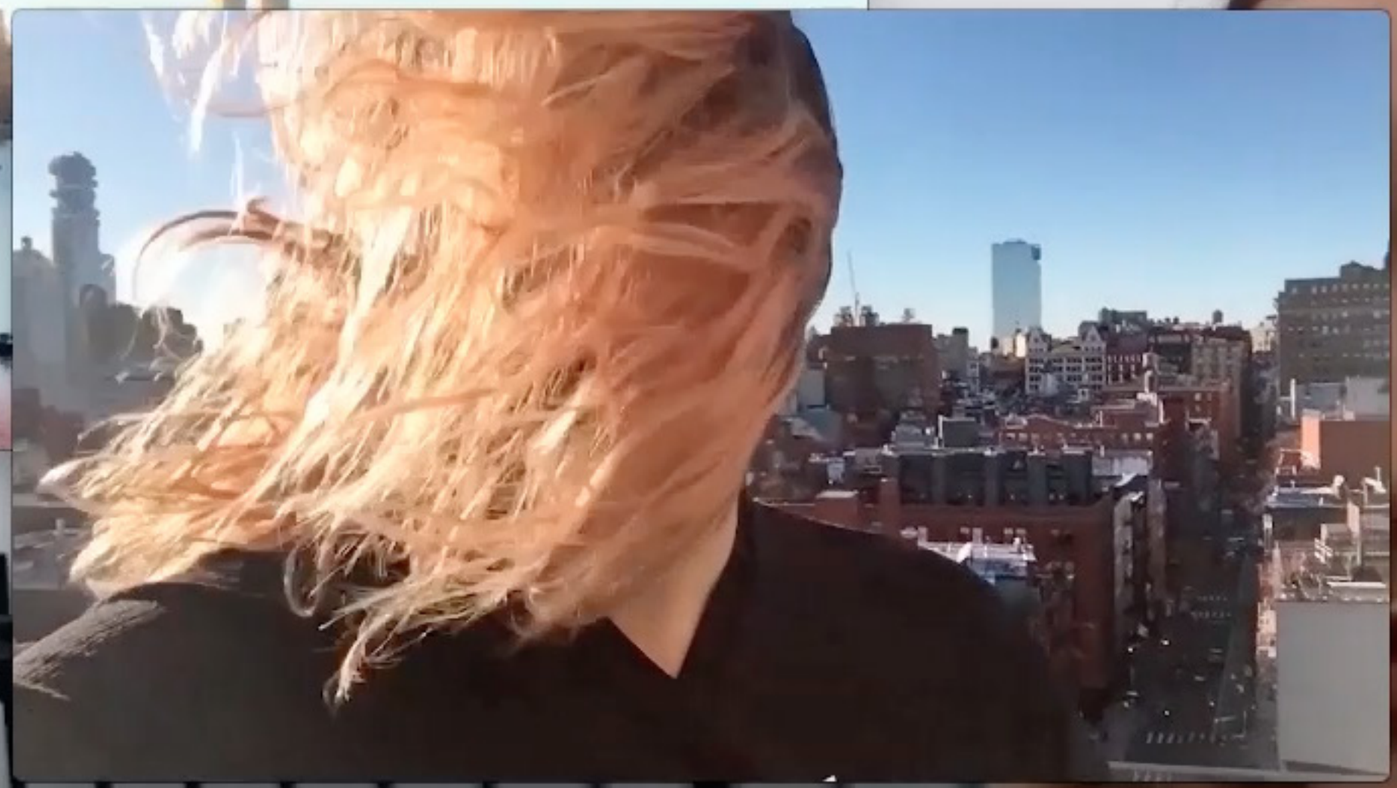


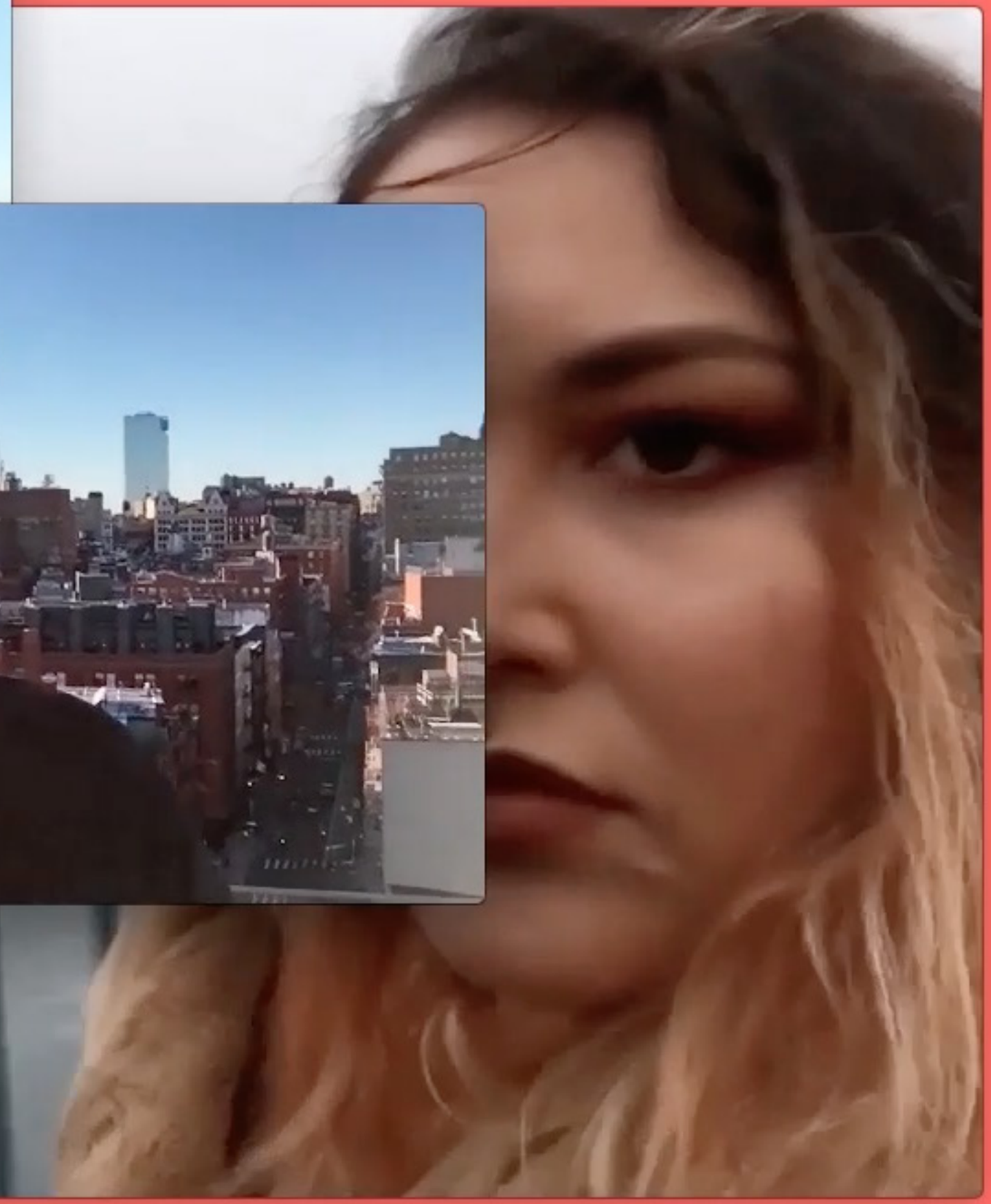
VLOGUE #072 - MARCOLLIN
(CHAMPS DE CERF-VOLANTS)

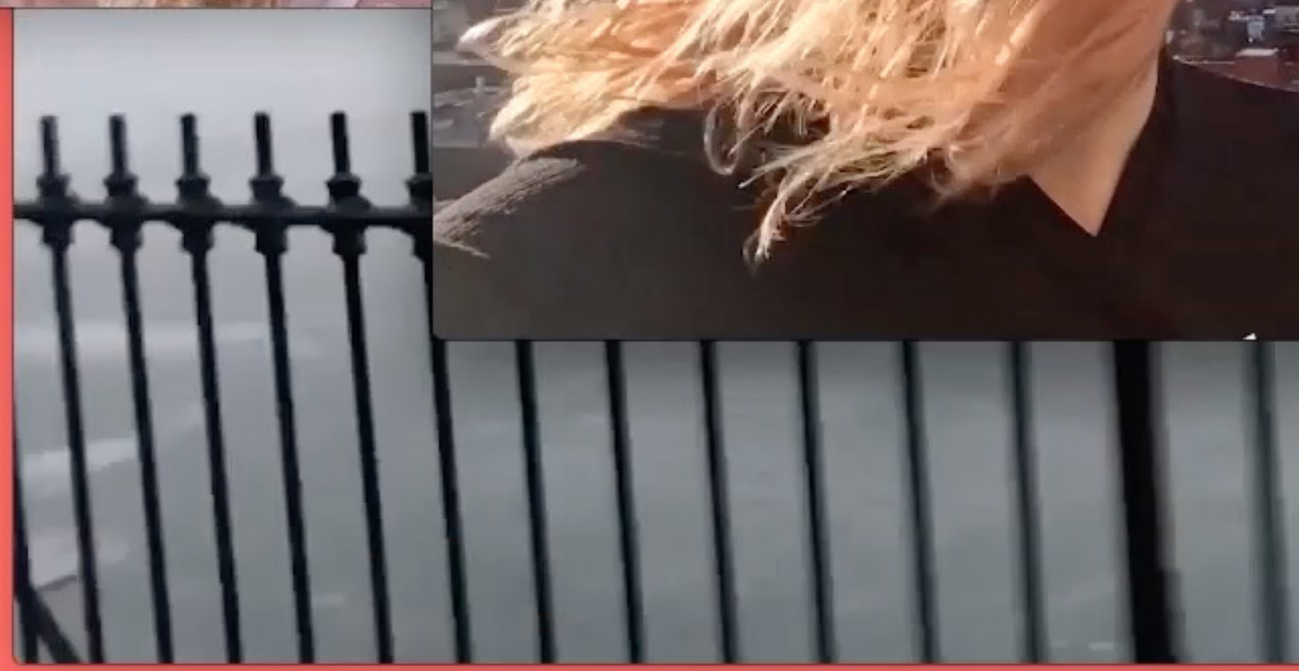


Next page :
Come on, Vlogue : Spring compilation, 2018
projected video, 13'15" (screen shot)

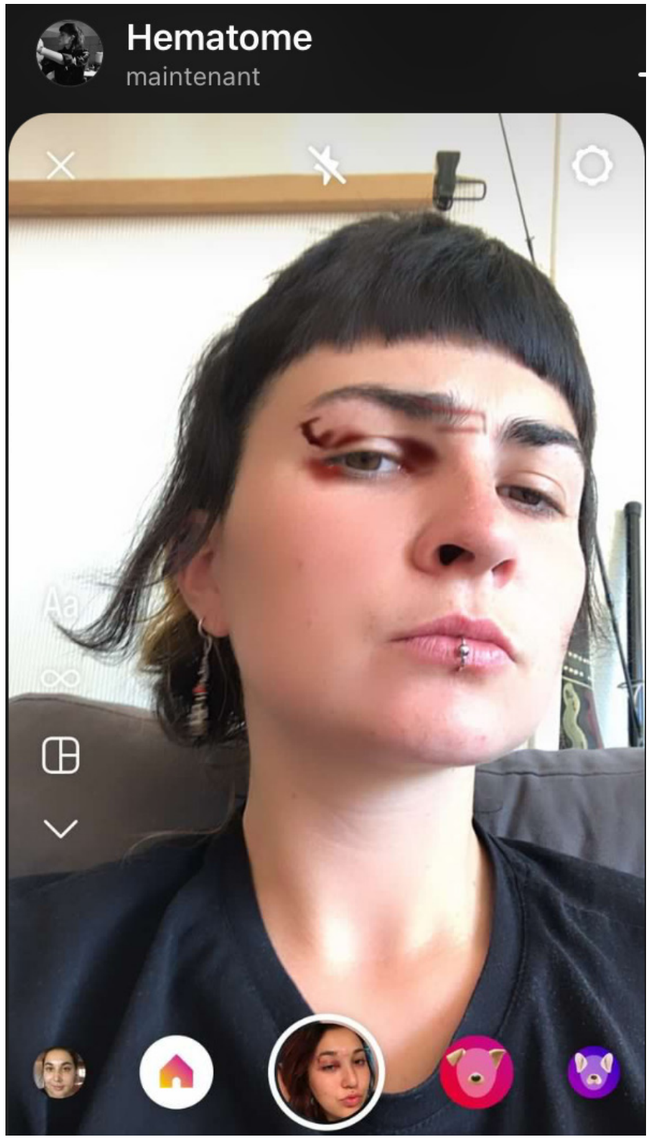


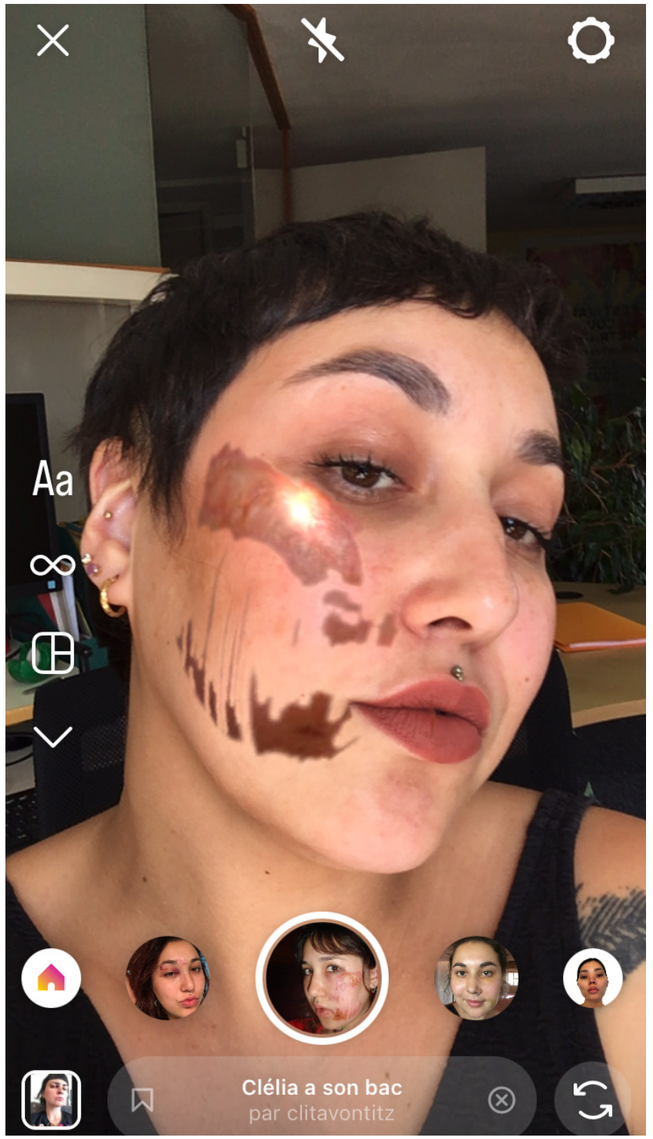












On my 30th birthday, I injured my face falling down the stairs of a basement (*somme toute* one, those who know it know how dangerous it is). Once my friends were reassured that I was okay, one thing was clear: I injure my face, often spectacularly, at almost every important moment in my life.

The injury I sustained when I was 30 was by far the most severe; after a brief stay in the emergency room, I was confined to my bed for a week, unable to move due to muscle spasms all over my body. I decided to use this recovery time to create Instagram filters of all my facial injuries to allow everyone to relive these moments in my life that literally left their mark on me, always on the same side, by the way.

Three filters have been created, some completely distorting the face, others adding black eyes or oozing wounds. For these three filters, the thumbnail illustrating the filter for users is a photo of my actual injuries, not someone using the filter.

Since their launch in early September 2022, they have been opened on phones more than 330,000 times. Unfortunately, Instagram removed creator filters in January 2025, and I am slowly migrating to TikTok.

Clélia fait des filtres (Clélia makes filters), 2022-present day
instagram filters (soon on Tiktok)
left to right : *Clélia has 30 years old, Clélia has her Master, Clélia has her Bac*



After emptying several houses, my parents', my paternal grandmother's, and my maternal grandfather's, I'm left with photos and their frames. Lots of photos, and lots of frames, as I herself had already had to empty houses and retrieve the photos and frames.

We want to keep photos; we see people who are no longer there and their loved ones, who are sometimes unknown to us, but we try to piece together the puzzle, matching familiar faces with the dates written on the back of the prints.
On the other hand, what do we do with frames when we don't like them?

I couldn't throw them away, especially the ones at my parents' house.
I removed all the photos inside to put them in my albums or my own frames, but I had to face the facts: I had seen the family home decorated with certain photos in certain frames all my life; the two were definitely linked. When I look at these empty frames, I see the photo that was meant for him.
So I began a series of paintings in which I reproduce family photos directly onto these frames, including the glass.

These photos are of my family, of which there are only a few members left today, so I immortalize them. When I rummaged through my albums to find either the photos I've always seen and particularly loved, or new images that particularly caught my eye, I quickly realized that all these images had one thing in common: the presence of the family's pets.
I grew up in the countryside with my dog and cats. My parents had similar childhoods, and so images of them with their own pets also exist. As for my grandparents, they are all children of farmers, sometimes having retained a taste for the presence of farm animals in their homes, like my grandfather, who began his life as a shepherd in Algeria and ended it with a small flock of sheep in his garden, guarded by donkeys.

I never paint the entire photograph, allowing myself to compose a new image and change details. The void left also allows the viewer to see themselves reflected in it, as if they were part of my family.

The first painting in this ongoing series that I created depicts my great-grandmother, Victorine, whom I only knew for a year, bedridden during her last days and accompanied by her cat, who never left her side.

Il me reste les cadres (I had some frames left), 2025-present day
series of acrylic paintings on second-hand frames
here: *june 24, 1994: Victorine and her cat at La Table in Savoie*, 2025







I was invited to participate in the “7320” exhibition at the Roger-Quilliot Art Museum where all artists had to follow a common rule : all works had to weigh the same as a Gallo-Roman terracotta brick exits from the museum’s reserves, namely 7320g.

So I made a 7320g crate of enamelled ceramic figs, between the false fruit trinket, the merchant’s game that we all experienced as kids and my memories of picking in the garden, where wasps were as fond of figs than me.
Today, the 7320g sell for €732, or €100 per kilo.

Madame la marchande : un peu de figues ? (Madam the merchant : some figs ?), 2020
enamelled ceramic, golden leaf, crate (exposition view in Musée d’art Roger-Quilliot)









In 1994, my father took a wooden plank and turned it into a swing. It sat enthroned in a weeping willow in the center of my garden for another 21 years. One day, a storm knocked over the willow tree on my car, with the swing still firmly attached to one of its branches, the tree even growing all around the rope as if it wanted to absorb it.

I recovered what was left of it, a badly damaged board, full of cracks and missing angles from which chilly green ropes dangled. I decided to restore this swing, like a broken Japanese teapot, DIY kintsugi technique.

Aujourd'hui, mes fesses ne passent plus (Today, my butt doesn't fit anymore), 2020
golden leaf and glitter glue, my childhood swing (exposition view in Basculeur)



right here :
A ramasser avant la pluie (To pic up before rain), 2020
raw red clay (exposition view in Basculeur)

Contrary to habits, it is very important not to wait for the rain to go picking these mushrooms.
These are raw, if they catch the rain, they risk disappearing.



My pets are omnipresent in my life; they're around me when I work, so I really wanted to work with them.
They're a source of calm and serenity.
Having them with me, in an exhibition space, was a way to reassure myself.
Unable to bring them back to a space for as long as necessary, also because they hate being moved, I started by scanning them.

There are three of them: Gat, Kickass, and Couine.

3D scanning them and then printing them using a digital milling machine on insulating foam sheets allowed me to have them with me, exactly as they were.
These aren't random cats; they're mine.
The milling machine's lines create contour lines, and the cat slowly transforms into a landscape.
Having scanned them while they slept (at least when they were motionless), they take on the dimension of recumbent figures, immortalizing them already almost dead, their breathing creating waves in their bodies.
Reminiscent of both taxidermy, the emotional kind where you stuff your pet after its death, but also of the cat trinket that adorned our grandmothers' sideboards.

Since then, Gat has died. I'm left with Couine, Kickass, and the image of Gat, perfect, asleep.
I cry when I put Gat together, to be honest.





Les belles endormies (sleeping beauties), 2018
Up left : *Couine,* extruded Polystyrene, 42 x 28 x 8 cm
Down left : *Kickass,* extruded Polystyrene, 41 x 36 x 8 cm
Down right : *Gat,* extruded Polystyrene, 96 x 40 x 14 cm



Estacado <3, 2018
video, 4’00” (screen shot)
https://youtu.be/M99TuB5an8E (english version)

One day, I’ve met a meteorite at the musuem of natural history in New York.
Her name was Estacado and a sign was saying that her black dots dated from the Big Bang.
You could caress her, so I did it.
The caress has kickly become romantic, sensual.

The result is a four-minutes video, telling that story.
Cartels of white text on black background intermingle with the caresse.
A short love story, the time of this caress.
An ASMR touch, where the surrounding noise disappear thanks to the friction of my fingers on the meteorite.

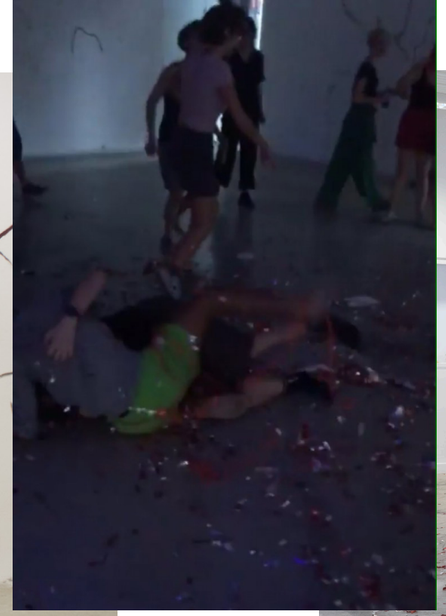
You can read, for exemple :
«Her name was Estacado, she cames from Texas»
«I caressed her Big Bang»
«The people around no longer existed, everything was between her, me, and our 3,999,999,975 years of difference»
...



Right here :
Jour des paillettes, 21 décembre 2018 *(glitter day, december 21, 2018)*
loose glitter, glue, door handle

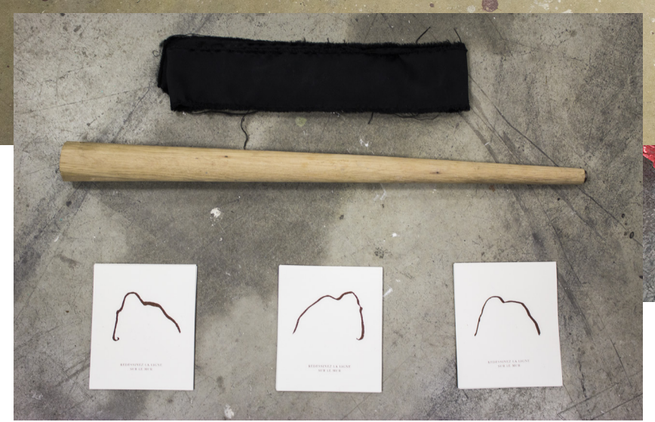














Parietal Art as the first trace of desire of narrative by humanity.
First images, first narrations we still have access to.
After having surveyed the Grotto of Rouffignac and the Font de Gaume, I was captivated by theses mammoths lines. From the tip of the trunk to tail.

I wanted to share this experiment by invinting the visitor to draw these lines on the wall, using only their fingers. Transform the room into a cave.
Then, go hunting. A hunt whose end is already known since a mammoth-shaped piñata is waiting for us, suspended in the center of the room.
Once the sacrifice done, the mammoth turns out to be filled with confetti and glitter, inviting us to party.

Everything will be left as is.
The next day, we will be able to move in a post-celebration area. The walls have became cave, the glitter and mammoth pieces will be all over the place, invading the hallways, wine stains on the floor and plastic cups left there.

Archéologie très expérimentale (very experimental archeology), 2017 - 2018
3 hours performance in three acts : the representation, the hunt, the party.
The representation : three giltter silkscreens notes on paper 160g 15 x 12,5 cm, liquid highlighter, sound.
The hunt : cardboard pinata, crepe papier, tape, wooden table leg to hit, blindfold.
The party : glitter, music, light, wine.





There are objects that we pick up, some are given to us, some we find beautiful.
There are pictures that we take, some we harvest, some found at the bottom of our drawers.

Memories that find their place on the fireplace.
A personal altar built over the years, in perpetual evolution.
Objects move constantly, disappear, trasform.

Right (details) :
Dessus de cheminée (on the top of the fireplace), 27 octobre 2018
Plaster on polystyrene 135 x 120 x 15 cm, concorde Steel-Guitar n°7 made by Raymond, Élise blue wing, peanut bag, a bunch of carrots, a palo santo stick, Hindu statuette, Emma'a comma printed on machine paper, Emma's raw mud brick, Canadian penny pile of a little boy, Barbie's Toilettes, popcorn machine and toolbox, Benjamin's androgynous fossil, 2 losing Astro, Sarah's golden vase, Sarah's postcard, neighbors note, a candle, an armed band, Louis's spoons

Left :
Dessus de cheminée (on the top of the fireplace), 28 juin 2018
Plaster on polystyrene 135 x 120 x 15 cm, two Ice Man's silkscreens 40 x 40 cm, 3 Loch Ness's silkscreens 10 x 20 cm, golden ink silkscreen under a plexiglass frame 10 x 15 cm, statues's pictures on curious metal gold paper 130g, polaroïds found in an old cassette of 1971, bogs of silver photographs found in Detroit, galaxy drawing on glitter paper, 30 ceramic trinkets (owl, mammoth, sperm whale, triceratops, bee), dry slime, luminous soft dinosaur, miniature cat covered in highlighter, broken hammer, copper coins, memory coins, holographic paper edition 8,5 x 14 cm, ceramic bowl filled with individual bubble wrap

Chrome Fichier Modifier Afficher Historique Favoris Personnes Fenêtre Aide — Lun. 11:53

STATUTS en cours d'écriture a

https://docs.google.com/document/d/14yJZvwRaiSUycBbl7ec0uckcweA8-bNrv5CQbgRuLjo/edit

STATUTS en cours d'écriture asso.doc

Fichier Édition Afficher Insertion Format Outils Modules complémentaires Aide Toutes les modifications ont été enregistrées dans Dr...

PARTAGER

100% Normal

Plan

ARTICLE 3

ARTICLE 5

ARTICLE 7

ARTICLE 9

ARTICLE 11

ARTICLE 12

ARTICLE 13 REUNION DU CONSEIL

ARTICLE 14 ADMINISTRATION

ARTICLE 15 SYSTÈME DE VOTE

ARTICLE 16

leur choix.

ARTICLE 16
MEMBRES – COTISATIONS

Sont membres actifs ceux qui ont pris l'engagement de participer financièrement à la gestion des espaces supervisés par l'association (loyer, internet, charges diverses).
Sont membres honoraires ceux qui ont rendu des services signalés à l'association : ils sont dispensés de cotisations.
Sont membres adhérents, les personnes qui versent un droit d'entrée sous forme de don, et ce de quelque forme qu'il soit à titre de cotisation (objet, livre, oeuvre, nourriture).

ARTICLE 17
JOUR DES PAILLETTES

Tous les 21 de chaque mois sera célébré le jour des paillettes, et ce sous toutes ses formes.

« Fait à....., le.... 20.. »

Le Jour des paillettes (The Glitter day), 2018 - present day
White on white article inside the association *somme toute* statutes (screen shot)
«ARTICLE 17 : THE GLITTER DAY
Every 21st of each month will be celebrated the glitter day, in all the ways.»



just there :
Jour des paillettes, 21 janvier 2019
(glitter day, january 21, 2019)
old mirror, loose glitter, glue

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My full CV is available on my website
under «CV et Contact»

Clélia Barthelon lives and works in Clermont-Ferrand. After studying at the École Supérieure d'Art de Clermont Métropole, she founded the association *somme toute* in 2018 with her former classmates, opening a space that serves as a studio and a venue for exhibitions, residencies, conferences, and other indefinable activities in Clermont-Ferrand. She is now a visual artist and also works regularly as a cultural project coordinator and graphic designer to pay her bills.



Jour des paillettes, 21 avril 2019
(glitter day, april 21, 2019)
duochrom loose glitter, glue, sugar box

EDUCATION

2018 Diplôme National Supérieur d'Expression Plastique (Master's Degree)
École Supérieure d'Art de Clermont Métropole (fine art), Clermont-Ferrand, France

2015 Diplôme National d'Art Plastique (Bachelor's Degree)
École Supérieure d'Art de Clermont Métropole (fine art), Clermont-Ferrand, France

2012 Diplôme des Métiers d'Art Cinéma d'Animation (diploma of animated cinema)
Lycée René Descartes, Cournon d'Auvergne, France

COLLECTIVE EXHIBITIONS & PERFORMANCES

2023 *Manifestin*, L'Étonnant Festin, Clermont-Ferrand, France

2023 *gouv.sommetoute.cf,* somme toute, Clermont-Ferrand, France

2023 Film projection *« poum poum zoui »*, Maison de la Culture, Clermont-Ferrand, France

2022 *Bingo : 20 ans d'In extenso (20 years of In extenso),* La Diode, Clermont-Ferrand, France

2021 *Beyond the cave,* Galerija Ars et Mundus, Kaunas, Lithuania
Dual exhibition CreArt, curator Prof. Dr. Remigijus Venckus

2021 *Les Griffes de CC (CC claws),* Olivier Bardot's IKRIA for *Altitude 2028*, Clermont-Fd, France

2021 *Comme un lundi (Like a monday),* La comédie - Scène Nationale, Clermont-Ferrand, France
exposition following the national occupation movement in theaters while Covid crisis

2021 *7320,* La Rotonde, musée d'art Roger-Quilliot, Clermont-Ferrand, France

2020 *There's a hole in the ground,* Carbone 20, W, Saint-Etienne, France

2020 *Pomme toute (Whole apple),* Le Basculeur, Résidence puis exposition, Revel-Tourdan, France

2019 *Nous étions là, pétrifiés (we were here, petrified),* performance for Effervescences's secret appointments with Sarah Vigier, Natural bridge of petrifying fountains, Clermont-Fd, France

2019 *Attrape-son (noise-catcher),* Mille formes and Jardin Lecoq, Clermont-Ferrand, France

2019 *Workshop en lycée pro (technical high-school workshop),* Le Grand Atelier, ESACM, Clermont-Fd, France
Unifying project, FRAC Auvergne and ESACM

2019 *Le Petit train de la pleine lune (full moon's small train),* somme toute, Clermont-Ferrand, France
European Day of Artistic Creativity (CreArt network)

2018 *Intérieur jour et chaussettes bleues (Day interior & blue socks),* ESACM et l'atelier de somme toute, Clermont-Ferrand, France, currated by Marie Bechetoille

2018 *Leviathan*, Les Ateliers, Clermont-Ferrand, France

2017 Film projection *« Barques et brouettes »*, Le Tarmac, Palais de Tokyo, Paris, France

2014 *Brest*, Contemporary Art Center La Passerelle, Brest, France

RESIDENCES, RESEARCH TRIPS & SEMINARS

2019 CreArt Seminar « The Art galleries and their work with local artists »
Daut Pasha Hamam, Skopje, North Macedonia

2018 Residence (6 weeks)
Triangle Art Association, New York, USA

2017 Research trip, research program *Leviathan*
Detroit, USA

PUBLICATIONS

2024 Interview « Why feminist art schools ? », magazine *L'art même n°93*

2023 Exhibition catalog and interview, *Carbone 20*, Idoine Édition

2022 10 pages in situ with somme toute, *La Belle revue n°12*

2018 Collective exhibition catalog, *Intérieur jour et chaussettes bleues,*
Dir. Marie Bechetoille and Alles Gut, 1000 copies

AND PART THE REST

since 2024 Mediator at Lieu-Dit at the Culture Department of the city of Clermont-Ferrand, France
Space for cultural, social and civic experimentation

since 2018 Tresurer for *somme toute* association, Clermont-Ferrand, France
Workshop for emerging artists, exhibition and conference organization

2020 - 2024 Joint president of *In extenso* association, Clermont-Ferrand, France
Artist-run space and editor of « La Belle revue »

2018 - 2022 Coordinator for *Les arts en Balade - La Manifestation* association, Clermont-Fd, France
Organization of exhibitions, residencies and studios openings