

## TO TALK ABOUT PAINTING

It is complicated for me to talk about painting and moreover about my own painting. I can just say that I was lucky enough to meet it. I waited with patience and discretion, unaware of what would emerge. You can't plan painting. You encounter it.

I expect and desire it. I work.

I have always called myself a painter. My painting bears this conviction. I have always thought that I could make this miracle happen by working.

Painting is not something to be reasoned about. It does not depend on an idea. Without any self-consciousness, I now look back and realise that I just wanted to make painting escape its confines : to be absolute, sublime and impossible to define. To obtain this result I realised that I should paint without the usual painting gestures and without imagination. I have denied composition : which is indefinable is not to be composed. I have neutralised rhythms by applying a slack colour layer. I have replaced style with systematic non-intervention; this is the scheme and spirit of my method. I encountered painting thanks to this voluntary withdrawal.

While I wait for painting to come, I carefully avoid doing anything that could be remarkable. To meet painting I have to be patient and as discreet as possible. Painting cannot be summoned. It happens suddenly. The most I can do is to be ready and work every day, all day. My main painterly oriented activity consists in choosing my materials carefully.

To get rid of the usual limitations, I first painted on very large expanses of canvas without stretchers or on pages of books without beginning or end. To withdraw and be absent from my work I had to eliminate gesture. I set my brushes aside and worked with very liquid paint, which I merely directed on the surface. I was still too dependent on materials, their reaction and the time they required and I wanted all that to disappear as well. My computer gave me this opportunity. I reduced the numbers of layers (one hundred) and time I needed to one passage of the printer. Computer printing has replaced process.

Yet technology is only of interest when devoted to an idea. Technology must be absorbed by idea. My technical research simply serves to formulate the notion that a colour exists when it includes all colours. First I multiply layers, then I let the inkjet printer spray a bit of "pointillist" green and orange in the red, along with some red in the blue.... In that way, I let the printer make colours that breathe, those live.

I do not exercise painting. Picasso would have said "I do not search I find». I would rather say I do not search but happen upon things to be found. Beyond my control, a miracle happens when there is nothing more to do or find. How could you anticipate or direct what does not yet exist. An image can be anticipated but painting is beyond picture.

I manipulate pigment without premeditation, carefully avoiding imposing a gesture. Painting is subtle. Trying to intervene as little as possible, I work intuitively, so as not to prejudice the result. Uncertainty informs my attitude. When I begin working I do not want anything in particular, I only respect the recomposed, physical, organic state of pigment laid on the surface.

Observing nature and organic cohesion helps me grasp painting. From material to light, from light to shadow, from darkness to dazzle, perception is quite real. My work is as firmly rooted in the visible as it is in the abstract. Like many others, I am searching for light. My colour should be luminous. What I found is that when light appears, it produces shadow, a shadow made by the light of the painting itself. I had the intuition that under this shadow, there might be something more luminous than the initial light. Later on, this intuition was to become reality with the lenticulars. The first time I saw colours that disappeared the more I looked at them, I was astounded. I remain surprised with this ongoing phenomenal. Painting is always a first time. Although my work is serial, each painting is unique. Each painting astonishes me. Without the marvel, I would stop painting.

As with love and body, painting is about sensation.

It requires the painter to sublime himself. It is as much an encounter as it is a relation to others. My relation to painting helps me to define my relation to the world and clarifies how I understand it. It opens my eyes. As a painter I transmit painting.

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