

## Paint Your Vertigo

*Guy Gilsoul, AICA, February 1999 — excerpt from "Marc Renard, Paintings 1989–1999"*

One day, Marc Renard's doctor advised him to paint his vertigo. He set to work. But is it really him? Painting takes no heed of advice. The vertigo became a space of beating wings, aborted encounters, tearings-away and accumulated signs gathered around a central axis broken from within itself. Exploded. Yet precisely through this scattering of chromatic and informal elements, a nagging oscillation was born, sustained by a renewed working of textures. Smooth or grainy, thick or ghostly, light or heavy, the surfaces of the grounds, like so many "figurae," created a harmony, even a joy.

Painting rejected both the theme and the painter's own ego alike. It took the place of the master and of fear. It affirmed life. Little wonder, then, that in the following canvases, more colourful still, the ground became a powerful force, projecting the signs toward the foreground.

The impression of an underwater universe gave way to the reign of the aerial, where everything became nothing but flight and soaring. The textures, as we said, brought in turn a will toward simplification, expressed first through a limitation in the number of signs, but also, more fundamentally, through a structuring of the various elements according to a rhythm of responses and openings.

One even seemed to be approaching a first peace, but, in a sky suddenly darkened, beaks mingled with outstretched wings, with eye sockets and with depths all confounded. Red, black, yellow, white. Death penetrated life. And life wounded death. The painter struck hard, went over it again, crushed, blended, underscored, while the painting, each day a little more vegetal, swooned.