

2020

In the studio the music is blaring...

In the studio the music is blaring. It is also blaring in Marc Renard's muscles, his head and his hands. The battle commences. His only opponent is the large, naked canvas horizontally attached to the wall. The first movement is then followed by a continuous back and forth, to and fro, on both sides of the canvas, until the very end, the final caress. Each composition bores in without any hesitation, with a mixture of euphoria, dizziness, exaltation and delight, the strong pictorial field born out of sighs and sobs, screams and tender murmurs. The fierce singularity of the work naturally evokes the history of not only Western art, the past, modern art and the latest trends but also the inextinguishable thirst for possible unknowns. Be it the colours, the strokes or the actual space, in the end it is all a question of resolution arising from the battle of opposites that are in themselves opposed.

Starting with the white spaces, obtained not by imprint but by removal of the adhesive tapes the artist employs, these spaces could be windows - long, thin embrasures - that he often uses in opposing pairs or cascading; sometimes, he scratches the edges, tearing them until he achieves a denial of the glacial impliability. The concerto of the three primary colours commences, following the same logic, in large, calligraphic gestures, in delicate writing, even in linear traces, softening to emerging music in which the solar sounds unite, attaining the heights or plunging the nocturnal depths. The combat at the heart of the rectangular support decides the paradox of the works: to stay or to leave, break the resistance of the frame or maintain the tensions within it.

One has to mention here the exercise of preparatory drawings in the grand tradition of classical art that Marc Renard executes. Does this make him a "classic", he whose violent and frankly expressionist ways would possibly be considered baroque? If the keystone of his work can be stated in one word, mastery (classic art teaches us this), his ideal is in the moment of balance between all the opposites. To remove one detail, one single fold, one finger, one strand of hair from a sculpture by Phidias or Praxiteles would result in everything changing. But as it stands, everything is infinite and balanced: the Parthenon is a rectangle but more, never-ending columns but more, grooves that create shade but more.

In Marc Renard's most recent works, the ellipse or to be precise the ovoid confirms this desire for a dynamic centre, conquering not only his anxiety but also the explosion, the noise that one hears, one sees and one feels until achieving ecstasy, beauty, that absolute which is always temporary and to which this artist yields, as others do to mysticism.

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