

2021 — L'œuvre de la semaine : Dans les bleus traversés

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The Work of the Week: Dans les bleus traversés

Breaking, rebuilding. Building, breaking. Such could be the lesson of Picasso's work. The one that fed the creation of Willem de Kooning, Karel Appel and, of course, Francis Bacon, who was Marc Renard's reference when he entered painting in the early 1980s. Since then, the Brussels painter has never ceased to use this lesson in life (or survival?) to push the limits of painting ever further, in order to express at once his presence in the world and the world in motion.

Forever destroyed as much as nourished by this urgency, facing the studio wall and with music screaming in order to create silence, he overturns space, chromatic harmonies, rhythms, forms and procedures. Always on the edge of the void, seized by vertigo, he cries out the desire for a gentleness that keeps escaping farther away, unattainable. He has seen everything others have done, observed everything in the advances of modernism and in those of today's heroes who never cease to occupy the empty spaces of language.

He has always aimed for the unique, avoided proximity, and, as Picasso wrote, "do not search but find", in order to be as close as possible to the present moment. Thus, by producing new fluorescent-type colours that evoke urbanity, by using unexpected materials such as particular fabrics selected for their shine, their dye and their textures, as sensual as they are artificial, or by searching for new supports.

Thus, this time, the choice of Dibond aluminium plates, on which he first orchestrates a rhythm and then returns to the empty background with a particular tool that allows him to remove layers of material cleanly and with a metallic effect. Once again, this cutting operation constructs as much as it deconstructs and confuses expectations and spaces like a torn-apart cartography. Thus, facing himself, facing threatening current events, the painter always remains standing... and, in flights of blue crossed by violence and caresses, he twists the neck of the beauty he calls for.

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