



Fig.073 Screenshot of a randomly selected painting. It usually takes me one month to finish a painting. I work on it for a few days in a row, putting at least three layers of acrylic colors. Once I feel that the painting is done I wait for a good day light to photograph it. For the remaining weeks, during my morning updating of my project, I spend about five minutes retouching the image on an image editor program. This retouching has become more intense with time and the later paintings are much cleaner than the early ones. Once the cleaning is completed I run the resulting image through a filter that reduces the amount of colors. As each painting is a continuation of the previous one, I began to emphasize the left to right flow by adopting a blue shape going across as some sort of liquid. Later this liquid was however lost.

### **PAINTINGS 01**

Every month I execute a 50 by 50 centimeters abstract painting. For this purpose I use an illustration panel which I quickly sketch using a pencil. After using crayons to associate each of the resulting shapes with a color, I use a size 24 square cut brush to paint the panel using a palette of 24 acrylic colors. This palette comprises all the primary and secondary colors as well as a lighter and darker version of each of them. In addition to these 18 resulting colors, I use white, black, gray, silver, brown and gold thus resulting in a total of 24 colors. After being executed, each painting is photographed and the resulting image colorized using an image editor. The digital colorization was initially adopted with the intention of further simplifying the colors so as to later

embroider the resulting abstract pattern in tapestries. Each painting is, from left to right, the continuation of the former and the tapestries should have then been displayed in a horizontal fashion.

Conversely painting is not my forte. I can be quite good at drawing things straight out of my imagination but plainly speaking I don't have a developed technique for any of these more traditional arts. This is not because I am a sloppy person who doesn't wish to apply himself in following the academic tradition that tells me how paintings should be made and how the actual colors I am using should be applied and on what support. My point is not to excel in one technique but in being consistent in manifesting also this aspect of my humanity. Therefore it is a mistake to judge my paintings within an art context, comparing them with those of other contemporary artists. My intention has never been that; painting was a medium I also took in consideration along with all other mediums such as writing and photographing and drawing and filming, all media I am not a master of.

The idea with painting then is to also be able to show one aspect of me, an aspect of me that is far more abstract, not so readable but can still communicate to others at a more perceptual level elements that are otherwise not communicable. These elements could be my sense of proportions, my more aesthetic qualities although once again I am not a connoisseur, I don't have the finesse to make researched arrangements to impress the public. Most importantly I don't even make these paintings to be sold as other artists do. Painting is for me yet another language with which I write about reality, or better an aspect of reality. In these abstractions comes my inner universe, not in a spiritual sense; very nonchalantly I just scribble out and make some color arrangements which seem very monotonous from one painting to the other but in reality progresses quite much in the course of time.

I wouldn't dare to call these paintings a radiography of my inner self. They are little windows into my more inner reality and they perhaps mean nothing without all the other works to support it. These paintings become a mere choreographic work bringing colors to the scene but I perceive them not as a work of art visitors should lay their eyes on. They are something to be observed with the tale of one eye as much as the colors of the leaves and the flowers are perceived walking through an arboretum. I have this

idea of my project being nothing but a jungle. Well these paintings add up to this exoticism, they are exotics, they mean nothing but give a tone to the project along with all other works. Because of these other works playing alongside with my paintings, my paintings are not something to pick. The visitor is not walking in a pretty garden and can rest his or her attention on let's say a tulip. He or she is stormed with insects and birds and an ever changing weather and bombarded with text and sound.

Again the jungle is bought back out. Unlike the peaceful museum setting where a single painting can be contemplated for hours on, the jungle of my project brings visitors to a state in which they have to be fully active in order to survive and in order to survive they ought to attempt to make any plausible meaning and connection. The paintings put next to each other become this all-enveloping climbing plant which risks to also take over the visitors themselves. My paintings then become a sort of anti-painting. By not wanting to create a seductive and persuasive scene of contemplation combined with some up-to-date aesthetic, by being display far and high from any visitor they simply want to retain their primitive essence which does not want to come to term with any civilized and middle-class and cultivated public but on the contrary is there to traumatize it and bring it back to a state in which I find middle-class in general necessary to bring to, a state of discomfort, a third nature connecting back to the first nature the second nature of civilization has wiped out. Perhaps this wilderness is already the experience one gets in the midst of a big city other than my project is all humanly executed while more and more the modern city is the product of a machine thinking in utilitarian and commercial ways.

These paintings become the explosion of my own nature, a nature that is not kept repressed by any artificial environment, a nature that cracks out of the cement and reveals how a nature that is not dominated can in fact manifest itself in such an abnormal manner. I did manage to escape the usual guardians whose task is to immediately extinguish any attempt for nature to regrow in our gentrified environment. I never know how long this will last but I have gone rather far and in order to cut down the very exotic plant I have come to constitute with my project I will give these guards a hard time and hopefully by then some of the fruits I have matured will be either eaten and regenerated by others all will fall an end up in another crack.