

## Brooms, the sky from below

Every day I join the communal pond near my workshop. I prolong my walk with a path leading deep into the Orléans forest. I sometimes *drag* with me a small drawing kit, in case I got the idea to stop somewhere.

Thus, early last spring —in the month of April—, I cross some sort of “plantation” of flowering brooms, an exposed space due to a relatively recent “cut”...

I notice the intense greens on the long stems of the broom sage; I notice the bright yellows on the flowers. On the ground, coppery dead leaves. In the sky, passing clouds. In between, an old, wrinkly white trunk to mark the time.

I discover a multitude of reservoirs, more or less vast, more or less deep (some the size of a puddle), reflecting the cotton mountains of passing clouds, but also old lichen-covered branches, and at the bottom, (the bed), half-buried in the muddy sand, twigs, rocks, moss, algae, tiny furrows, chimaera. Landscapes in the landscape, this landscape-patchwork made of land-materials challenges my idea of motif.

A stalk, a path, a flowering broom sage plant, three flowering broom sage plants, a carpet of oxidised leaves, remnants of grass, sandy rocks... they are all embedded in my mind as possible subjects. And they are all reconstructed in the workshop. Sedimentations find their graphic shapes. Unbeknownst to me, they sometimes become celestial.

Bent over these “window wells” in the form of puddles, I peer into the sky from below, where the immateriality of light seems to be coming from a star shining on Earth from underneath. What lives there, what dies there —is not just up to biocenosis, but also to aesthetics. The unstable matter of the different biotopes already contains a plastic manifestation.

The workshop allows to restore this sensation through memory. Thus, painting becomes directly linked to the conception of the world through reconstructions.

By alluding to what is visible (rocks, leaves, various traces), I am grounded with reality, whilst distancing myself from my experience in this forest (as a place).

And the motif, then?

It is taking a walk in my mind, just as I take a walk in the forest...

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Translated from French by Maïté Lombard