

I AND THE “WHAT”

I'm a 1m72 centimetres high creature, weighing 50 kilos, and born in the year of the pig, but the “What” isn't as simple as I am: it's nothing at all, while it's also everything in my life. The “What” obsesses and breaks its way into my nerve, my muscle-fibre, my artery, it causes me to be actually confused, to be unable to stand up, to bop up and down, and at times, it carries me along the whirlwind of the present modern life; I flounder desperately about, looking for a held out hand to catch, but it would be hopeless if my youth could not provide answers to obsessions such as: “I sniff at what? I breathe out what? What do I say? What do I laugh at? What do I eat, drink, think, and what I'm on the look-out for? What do I praise, what do I denigrate? What do I dream of? What do I pray for, wait for, hope for? ...” And everybody can notice from my paintings with the eyes, nose, mouth, foot, hand, hair... that're all mine, so as to perceive how all such things are actually wrestling when facing the harassment of the simple word “what?”.