

She does not sign her paintings, or she signs with name gradually fading into the final brushstrokes of the painting. At a young age, her drawing teacher said that, beyond her disorder, he saw something in her papers... maybe a ray of light.

She does not paint. She has the impression that painting passes through her. It started on impulse, like a slight desire that intensified to the point of becoming an uncomfortable necessity.

The goal of her painting is not decoration or enchantment, but what remains, all colors combined: an iridescent light close to air and water.

However, where she thinks she has painted the foliage appears to be, at the threshold of perception, fences. Her first series is modeled from a multitude of traces: face after face, figure after figure. She keeps adding, born of the suffering memory that haunts her, the first facets of an endless painting which would gather on a single canvas all the faces of humankind.

Subsequently, she thinks she has started a new journey, towards an outlet of the suffering memory that haunts her. Sunflowers, poppies, roses that first arose under her brushes have been erased, removed, withdrawn, because rest in a consoling nature is not yet possible.

Barbara Wahl