

# My galaxy

Words imagined by Michel Gaudet

*My galaxy confirmed itself little by little. Out of its nebulas loomed up a course of stars, planets, brightnesses, glittering openings, music, also detected in the tonal resonance, the semibreve rests, the percussion.*

*My main planet is movement. It mobilises the graphical instances, the rhythms of the canvasses, the sculptures, the flight of the colours. It makes my whole work dynamic, vast or intimate. It animates important sizes and vitalises small pictures and rapid sketches ...*

*My star of brightness can be explained by the contrast, by the white backgrounds, immaculate as snow, through which run tremblingly fantastic brushes with dark and mate strokes ...*

*My inventive star is not the least loved. It incites me to search and find something : the integration of the relief, the dragon coming out of the canvas, the scallop, blue as in Compostella, which is sprinkled with a golden dust ... For gold is my friend that sometimes underlines my drawing and offers preciousness of complementarity to it..*

*But my galaxy can be rough, crushing the colours, projecting them, mixing them, breaking them voluntarily with sound oppositions out of which suddenly appear hallucinated masks of brilliant polychromy or mysterious and threatening in their shade bath ; they can be accompanied by relief, accentuating their fascination.*

*Against these stormy winds, my planets of humour, lightness and spontaneity set intelligence of the controlled elegance, of the emancipated detail, of the caricatural silhouette, of the nervous graph of spiders, of the punctual vivacity. They often compose magical columns, the serial reading of which discovers the unitary verticality.*

*There still exist « medieval canvasses with high colour density where the balance and composition exercises are fundamental. Just like illuminated palimpsests or psalters, they are covered with inscriptions, signs, repeats, incisions, though they are tonic and strong in the contrast of their layout, in their potential corbelling : real « pieces of painting ».*

*And asteroids also burn slowly. They are not insignificant when decorated with earthly virtues. From the evening dress to the tubular table, from the carpet to the gastronomical recipe, they are messengers of life, of polymorphism and are, as a matter of fact, dear to my heart.*

*The star of my doubt, however, is present. It is even indispensable. Interrogative, it discovers my displeasure of the finished work, my refusal of repetition and my desire for innovation. It arouses my anguish, but in this moving galaxy it tortures and propulses me : imperative and demanding life goes on.*

