

**K**iti, man of fire and water, of flashes and caresses, of ire and laughter, of frenzy and absence, close to the first being and that of the third millennium whose memory becomes a library and who lets the cultures of time and space flow through himself, absorbing them without being dominated by them.

Kiti, man also arisen from the great epopee of the European baroque, torn between the pagan and religious cultures : contradictory currents where the most spiritual idea germinates in a body of blood, desires and passions. Man of serenity and existential fears, of words and silence, of the vivifying companionship and the solitude.

At the moment of the creating gesture, when the brush, the hammer, the pliers are manipulated, his cultural roots and his fecund contradictions are really present in a meditation that has to burst and translate itself in fast and apparently invisible gestures though inspired by a part of irrationality, at times called « the sacred », surviving inside of us.

These at times flashing gestures or undulations of breezes take position on a by a frame delimited canvas, or become sculptures. But here too, the forms escape from their spatial obligations by leaving the format of the canvas or, for sculptures, their residence, and arrive in a more spacious environment where they take position to escape again, joining a space which is cosmic as well as communicative between our unconscious, which has merely partly been explored by Freud, and the endlessness of Pascal's Space.

This demeanour of Kiti, however, engaged in the adventure of all of us, remains as joyful as with Miró, ludic and pervaded by the wink of the devil Lucifer but also by the smile of the angel of Reims that strengthens us and gives us confidence and hope in life.

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Brussels, 1995