

# Paintings 03/2013

Yves Berger

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I don't start with a blank canvas. On the easel in front of me there's a trace, the imprint of a body or a part of a body, something slight, left behind on the grain of the canvas. You need a door to enter by. Then you can throw yourself in. Slow deep plunges, again and again. How many dives, how many returns to the surface? Sometimes my eyes get lost in the depth of the canvas, sometimes they emerge and take a distance. Confirmations and disappointments.

The seasons pass, maybe years. Each painting needs its own time. The time to follow its course, the time to allow what's already in it to appear fully, the time, using colours mixed with oil or casein, to bring into the light of the world a presence, which has gone, which is no longer there.

When is a canvas finished? A question repeatedly asked. The passing time either justifies or denies one's hopes. Meanwhile the painter's hands insist that he doesn't slacken his shoulders or lower his arms.

I search for something like a home for the human form. A place.



"Miror", 92x65, caséine on canvas, 2012





Untitled, 40x30, oil on canvas, 2013





"Small figure", 46x38, oil on canvas, 2012



"Torso", 100x75, oil on canvas, 2007-2013





"Meeting", 50x50, oil on canvas, 2010-2012



"Torso and head", 50x40, oil on canvas, 2012





"Clown", 65x50, oil on canvas, 2008-2012



"Into my arms", 71x55, caséine and oil on canvas,  
2010-2013





"Three figures", 60x60, caséine on canvas,  
2012-2013





"Ancient portrait", 50x40, oil on canvas, 2012-2013



"Legs", 80x80, oil on canvas, 2011-2013



"Head", 71x55, caséine on canvas, 2012





"Figure with hands raised", 195x130, caséine and oil  
on canvas, 2009-2013