

*Aesthetically speaking, the miracle is that there is a world. That what is should be.* **Ludwig Wittgenstein**

*Ours is essentially an era of excitement, and precisely for this reason, it is not a era of passion; it constantly heats up because it feels that it is cold - at bottom, it freezes.* **Friedrich Nietzsche**

*Try again. Fail again. Fail better.* **Samuel Beckett**

## **Something.**

Apart from being crushed and disappointed by everyday life, from talking and gesticulating in all directions like everyone else, a painter is a person who stops and keeps quiet. He often looks stupid, exhilarated on his own, mad against contingency.

I was terribly upset when I understood that all the clichés about the work I wanted to pursue were true. My disappointment at discovering that things were as they were was great: some canvas and brushes, paint, wood, various stinking liquids, your own carcass and that's it.

It was no longer a matter of desire and choice.

Of course, as soon as you start wanting something, obstacles emerge ; paintings are the traces of a struggle between initial intentions and their result, matter and its image. It is the paintings' work to move from pictorial mud to incarnated image.

It is within this tension that lies its difference from all other images.

While imagery is used as a referent, a sign or a symbol, in a close relationship to language, painting, on the other hand, plays with presence.

This is also why a photograph of a painting is just a ghost and that not seeing it *for real* is not to see it at all. Beyond words, the concreteness, physicality of painting echoes the immediate, transient feeling of existence. It is there.

To me, it is in that presence that lies a sensuous and restless homage to appearances, to the finiteness of shapes, to this silent world of ours (to paraphrase Francis Ponge).

While negating this unique and cruel world for delusive or fictitious worlds "elsewhere" is a commonly shared human reflex, endeavoring to capture the obviousness of reality is not anecdotal.

I paint commonplace subjects trying to make their presence exist.

So many events are inexpressible : the tint of a skin, an odor, the density of a wall, the air between two objects, worry, wonder... Painting enables you to gaze at fresh fixity, and whether you stand up close, far away or very close, it does not tell the same story. It also enables you to keep quiet, to restrain from the protection of words. The Mona Lisa is just a smiling girl. The pleasure lies in seeing what is there, without ever being able to absorb it, to accept it as it is. You don't even have to look.

Paintings are present, if ever.

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