

PARIS, October 26, 2002

This carpet + lino layed under my easel for over twenty years. They have witnessed in total silence my paintings grow from inception to birth. Sometimes brushes, tube or colours fell on them unintentionally. Yet end of the day, I used the acrylic paint left on the palette to clean the brushes, cloth + fingers so that the paint is not wasted.

With time the painted space on the carpet grew. The unintended dripping + dabbling started looking interesting. I got involved in this pleasant playful game. It was a feeling of release, freedom after hours of concentrated work on canvas, where the rigor of geometry + construction prevailed. I enjoyed using colours + forms which seemed to emerge on the tapestry most naturally.

Recently, one day, I decided to cut the three relevant pieces + put them on a canvas. They looked well, but some work was necessary to bring a certain order dear to me in painting. It's a different experience, but the fact remains, this is a silent witness to my paintings done between 198 + 2002.

R-H-H