

In front of your works (and their titles) it seems as if we could play that game we used to play when we were little: “joining up the dots”. In your case, the dots are on the one hand elements of nature, selected out of millions of possibilities. On the other, feelings and visual sensations, also selected out of millions of other possibilities.

How do you look at the natural world? Do you feel a bit like a “scientist” who is refashioning the world in a laboratory?

Leopold Infeld, a physicist who worked for a long time with Einstein, wrote: “ideas clash, are modified and are selected until all the facts, even the most insignificant, fit in”. I like this rigor and think that it is part of both scientific and creative action, a tending towards an inexhaustible question leaving only what is necessary to reveal it. In some way this process pertains to me. A bit of a scientist, but one with no answers!

How do you see the multiplicity of visual possibilities? What does it mean to be an artist?

Being an artist means having the great opportunity to stop and look at things. Letting yourself be surprised by the large eyespots on the wings of a butterfly and being able to transfer those eyes onto a new surface and turn them into something else; glimpsing the light of a wood in the glint of billions of fragments of glass in a garbage dump.

Probing territories not necessarily linked to art, but which have a great force, with a gaze that is ready to “feel”.

Being an artist means the possibility of finding parallels between elements that are not always contiguous, hidden affiliations, illuminating precious particles concealed in shadow. But above all it is being able to produce a work that generates thoughts, poetry, that can open little windows.

If I say to you atoms, spores, mushrooms, shells, spirals, what do you show to us?

Geographies, architecture, logarithms, the Bernoulli effect, wonder.

I feel that in your artistic research you have the capacity to reveal the microscopic and the immense, the personal and the objective, emotion and rationality. The opposites always seem to be in balance, in dialogue, both present at once. What do you think?

The immense and the microscopic, what is revealed while concealing something else, a dialogue, a silent correspondence in which we are immersed: I like to think I am able to disclose this equilibrium and this silence.

I’m reminded of something the mathematician Mikhail Gromov said: “When you do something new, you don’t realize it is something new. You believe everybody knows it”. Is that a defeat for you or a reason to go on looking?

Neither a defeat nor a motivation, but a flow, a wave: you have to find your own question and to be concentrated on this thing that you are continually

investigating, trying to find the glimmer of an answer, and if you grasp one part of it another will always be missing. And so you start searching again!
I don't know whether the "new" exists, but there are certainly endless little shifts out of which the pattern is woven.

Could it be said that in front of your works we get the impression you want to tell us about a personal natural history? Your own natural history?

Inevitably...