

"Vous êtes ici... Chez vous !!" *exhibition in DOMI NOSTRAE gallery, Lyon, France, 1989.

The invitation card is already a reference mark and not only superficial one, which points out to the direction Jean-Lucien Guillaume is working. Then as soon as "**Vous êtes ici...**" (You are here), in the entrance hall, two pieces set the tone: "En avant la musique", and the mesure: "Niveau sur deux modules". ("On with the music" & "Level on two modules")

The artist is currently building up his works out of modular system: MODUL'ART...

These modules/models are usually made of industrial materials which are mainly provided by firms. Today, the Taraflex company supplies him with entire boxes of the pre-stamped modules, he has conceived, made with special templates in different flooring surfaces for his work.

Nearly ten years have elapsed since he asked himself: "Can one find a different way of painting"; J-L G brings some answers with the pieces shown in this exhibition and some other pieces as well.

Industrial materials, laminated and flooring surfaces are used in a rather similar way, as one uses the mason's level in building, where one also joins and interlocks -thes being all construction techniques-

In the living room, "Main roads" title found in the corner of a Michelin map, is a series in progress uniting in one pattern a dense network where sinuous roads and straw fibers interconnect. This image -after being stratificated, cut, joined up and hung on the wall- acts like a commonly framed painting, contem- porary intertwinings.

With the flooring surfaces, in opposition to the laminated straw A.S.P44, it is no longer the pattern conceived by the artist which is transformed and industrialized: the Taraflex of its palette pre-exists; people tread on it daily.

The artist has thus only to send an order to his "marchand de couleur" (paint dealer) who is also his patron. The material is selected from catalogues and samples out of a wide range that is annually renewed. When it is delivered, it is already colour, form and shape: "Empilement n°1" (stack n°1), for instance. This work is nearly a ready made; it is a sculpture... And on the wall, as a painting, it develops into four "clubs": *Orange, Amazonie, Jonquille, Tango*.

This material is also, sometimes the subject matter itself. The flooring surface *Myosotis (forget me not)* is already itself an all-over. There remains to set it up, in a field, under the horizon of a ready made jet-black night (*Noir jais*) whose incrustated silicon-carbide particles are like so many stars. The piece is untitled "A Field/The Beyond".

If the surface *Sable* is a plain monochrome space entitled "Desert", the surface *Danube* (or Paysage I) includes the work and its title: this lanscape/sky is descibed/written.

Tautologie/ambiguity of the relationship between painting and writing, if one may call J-L G a painter/sculptor: are tittle necessary? Aren't images sufficient? Isn't the Word sufficient?

Thus the work itself is suggestion more than description, it is the will of the artist, people project on his work their own image...

With *Fard*, "Nu" takes flash and plumpness, becomes hieroglyphic. Together with "Paysage" and "Nature Morte", it belongs to a series in which the Word is both visible shape and subject matter.

Rather than being a creator of shapes, the artist prefers to be a stage director, borrowing objects from our reality, giving a new image under a new light. "**Chez vous !!**" (at your place), in the dining room, the mirror is used as a means to reflect the image out of it. Its function has been altered as the artist keep just the frame. The plastic material imitates fine wood grain in the same way as fake stratificated wood does. And to insist on its being there, the frame is repeated three times in *Beige, Moca, Bermudes*. These three empty frames whose "absolute limpidity returns to us the whitness of the wall: an image to be painted".

Paradoxically, it is after having turned way from a number of so called artistic marks, that J-L G finds himself in the very heart of art. His will is to extract both materially and spiritually Art from Life. An "art de vivre", as it were, that would build itself day after day in a never ending rebirth.

by J Rosier, J.L. Guillaume translated by
Tanya Rudkin