

René Heyvaert

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RENE HEYVAERT

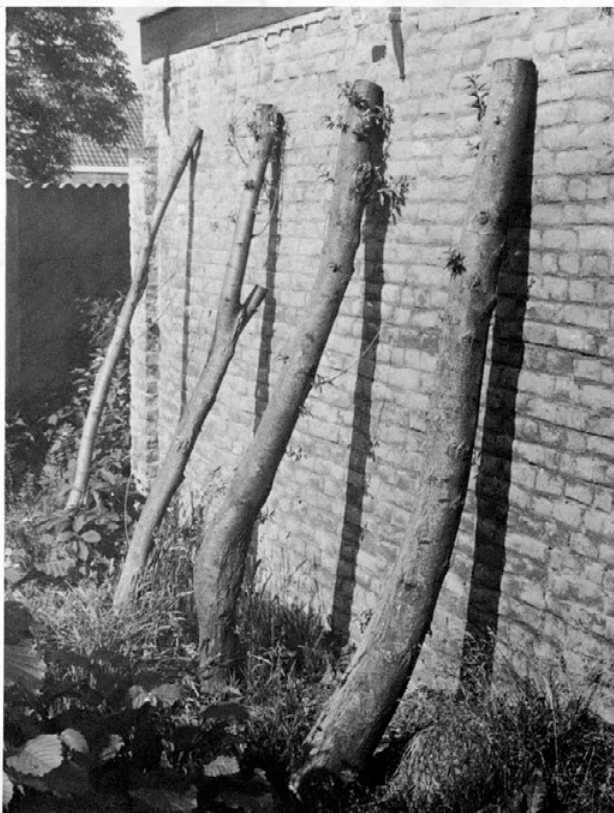
I jump high up in the air : hurrah ! The world is mine ! Later on fearful moment await me however. What kind of fate awaits my new born ?

"Art concerns society. It does not make me any richer or poorer. My neighbour does not understand a damn of it ? That is just the proof.

The personal possession of a work of art is a rape. No work of art is made for one person. You can not say, thank you Master, you 've made this for me. The way you can for a pastry.

Art is what can be seen in Art Gallerys, and in Museums. Ti is things with a frame around. It is then good or bad art. It is Art.

It is put on a base, is made out of iron, brass or stone. Then it is Sculpture.



If there is no frame around, it gets more difficult. If it is still canvas, but there is no paint on it, is it still Art ? If nevertheless it hangs in a Museum, we reckon it must be Art. Good or bad.

As well, if it is but a non painted-on, or drawn on sheet of paper, a brunch of rags, some rope, a few nails or screws, a barrel or an animal, something eatable, audible, or something just light or dark, heavy or light, moving or stil, just some letters, an indication, a short message, a sigh, a wind. If it is visible or touchable in a Gallery, a Museum, at an Artist's place or at an Art Collector's it is Art. But if something of this is sort that can not directly be recognised as a

One day I have painted in the, middle of a white sheet of paper, with black waterpaint a plain square surface. It gave me such an intense experience as I never knew before. Untill then I had always been painting or drawing more. For the first time I did experience that out of the most simple act as much - or more ? - experience could be drawn as out of the most intricate and complicate act.

This was also my first invention : the invention of a square does it seem silly to state that I invented a square ? I did not invent THE square. The square I invented was a black surface painted with waterpaint of approximately 20 cm x 20 cm, limited off on a white sheet of paper 54 cm x 74 cm. I invented it because at that very moment I was in an urgent need to do so. The way someone who is deadhungry gets an urgent mind for an omelet.

Would it be of so great an importance to experience such a square ? Anyone knows since his childhood what a square looks like. So, if I say : a square such and so, you can readily imagine such a square, can't you ? do you then still have to see it ?

Can you be contented with knowing that the hand of your beloved measures 37°C ?

But perhaps you have no need to experience such a square ? Then that would be a pity for you. You don't have to hang yourself for it though. This square was an experience in two dimensions. For as much as paint has no thickness. This square is the basis of all what can be measured and experienced in space in two dimensions, also through its colour. It is a basic instrument. This square is the symbol of anything that is ever humanly put to order.

To unite oneself in a lovedeed with this square, it is no small business.

From then on any of my (best) works has been an invention. Never have I dedicated myself at striving to make simple things. At the first place because I have never instructed myself to make something. So I have not tried to make inventions. Through definition one does not search for them, but finds them. The proper of inventions is that one searches for something but finds something else.

Art is a knife that cuts on two sides. At its origin it gives the artist power over things. Ones it has taken shape it gives him power over people. The artist is a medicineman, a magician, a priest. I am a powermaniac.

Since many weeks these 8 m. long willow-branches lay in my garden. Strange objects they are. What do they mean to me ? I have already made some artobjects with branches. But the love-act must always be done over again. For weeks now, I have felt helpless, powerless. In these big branches sits an unusual force. I know out of experience it's there.

What keeps silence
in a trunk
is now loose
and stacked up
among fairly even
sawed woodblocks
divided
in what
is indivisible : to the smallest
little woodblock
silence seems to be
just as great.

Roland Jooris.

I did not know this poem yet. I stroll somehow in my garden. My eyes catching by chance these damned branches (there were 6 of them) the thick lower end that grows thinner towards the upper end. Along even undulations.

Where do I find it ? I don't know. Out of my loneliness, my hopelessness, my love, my faith, my hope ? A work of Art is a deed : to divide the branch in two equal parts ! A saw quick. Can I explain ? The experience is tremendous. Unusely intense is the urge to saw the branch. A voluptuousness it is to separate the much heavier lower part, from the upper part. In two equal parts. 1/2 half. $2 \times 1/2 = \text{dubble 2}$ two equal and yet heavier and lighter, thicker and thinner - en \neq interrupted undulations. To measure. Interrupted weight. To measure I have invented a new instrument.

I could not measure myself at this 8 m branch. After the operation I have become his master.

the man who cuts the tree
does not master the tree
the peasant who ploughs the field
does not master the field
the bricklayer who builds the tower
does not master the tower.

My newest work : a mathematical equation. My power of things over people.

I fornicate three times in a row. An other branch gets killed. This time in three parts of equal length. The undulations get divided shorter than with the first operation. The rythm of the thinning gets one measure more. The parts become smaller, lighter. Then an other branch goes. In four equally long parts. The whole gets neatly stacked by groups of 2, 3, 4 upright against the wall.

