

*Written by Luc de Heusch (film director, writer, anthropologist)*

To rediscover Bernadette Prédair in the full strength of maturity is to find again the path of painting. The joy of playing with the colors and shapes. The emotion of the tension between them. Between them and the figures that exist out of this very tension. The joy to witness the scrambling of the figures, different depending on whether one works with the right hand or left hand. An approach of an hidden truth, unveiled by approximation. A concussion.

To establish again a direct contact between the hand and a canvas or a blank sheet of paper, without sinking into pure abstraction nor into laborious narrative, demonstrative or explanatory detours - unnecessary accessories for who wants to go straight to the point. Without ceasing to be attentive to the outside world, B. Prédair established relationships with many poets and critics like Bernard Noël, Michel Deguy, Sojcher, Dominique Grandmont.

To still believe in the painting as an emergence and a reflection. To make a dent in a constant whirlwind. The inebriant quality of the swirling colors. To shut yourself up in the solitude of painting. To hang the chaos of the outside world to the brush or pencil, to make a dance from this chaos. Some times letting dance the blue wrapped in red and brown, or gray and blue among the reds, some times leaving the gray and black take over. To watch the shadow, to surprise it as a black hole in the sky. Frantic run of a windswept blue spot. To scratch the void.

To be vigilant while freely letting herself go to the vertigo, that's the attitude of Bernadette Prédair. A demanding and obstinate painter beyond all the trends and the watchwords of our time. An exemplary painter.