

Born the 25th January 1954 in Perpignan in the South of France, very early in my life I began to draw and paint. Fascinated by the experience and the unique feeling I provided me, I already dreamt of being an artist.

At 13 years old I left school and my family to pursue an apprenticeship of cooking and pastry that would last almost four years - even though my ambitions, and my heart, were elsewhere. The painting, the travels and adventures were already calling me.

Barely 17 years old, I arrived in Australia along with my family. Now really began the adventure I so longed for. The next 10 years are a broken succession of travels throughout the Australian continent and Asia Pacific - going as far as Indonesia and New Zealand. It is during these unforgettable years, a lonely autodidact, I really began to paint.

With this new life, my inspiration takes off. Together with a tremendous admiration for the English artist Beardsley, and the Australian artist Lindsay (both Masters of pen and ink work that I loved and admires so much), my first real artworks are born.

Some of these, because of their complexity and attention to detail, will take up to one year each, as I am driven by an obsession to find the perfection in each line or paint stroke...and so begins, as a gallery owner would call it, my Perfectionist period, offering me my first one-man exposition in his gallery located in Brisbane, Australia. It was an unforgettable experience.

From it, came an invitation to my next exposition in Japan - Nagoya in particular. Tokyo, and Japan overall, turned out to be marvellous experiences. The friendly peoples and the magnificent culture - fine and elegant - all lead to intensive travels within the country and two expositions.

At that time, I became aware of the progression of my style, which became better technically, and simpler, finer and more intense. The themes also transform into more romantic concepts...and thus began my Romantic period.

While all this arrives, another invitation to exhibit my newer work in Canada landed me next on the American continent. From Toronto and Quebec all the way to Los Angeles, I spend the next three years living and enjoying my nomadic existence. A succession of voyages punctuated by expositions followed - painting new works along the way at every opportunity, growing as an artist as well as a man - inspired by my lovely but intensely lived existence.

Los Angeles, San Francisco, Las Vegas, Chicago and all the way to, among others, New York for an exhibit at the World Trade Center, where I am offered another invitation to show my work in Mexico. Faithful to my now, lifelong way of life, I jump blindly into this promising new adventure...and so begins a unique experience.

The colours, the very friendly peoples, the history of this wonderful country overwhelmed me. A new wave of inspiration washed over me and thus began my "Mexican experience" - as a reporter would later call it.

And so it will last for more than 25 years. This time in my life encounters an endless source of inspiration and a very productive part of my existence as an artist. Even so my style, technique, and themes took a very different road to what I had taken up to then.

And now...it has been more than 45 years since I left behind the place of my birth, land of my roots. Nostalgia has caught up with me and so, finally, to close the circle of life, I decided to return to my home, to my sweet France and start again as a new page of my existence - to live and pursue my career in a magnificent Medieval town that is my new home.

It is a cultural shock to me that will lead me, I am sure, toward exciting, and again different styles of works.

I can't wait to discover what my new artwork will be, just like I used to feel so long ago as that little boy, full of dreams...