

Peut Être





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**What “may be” emerges when “what is” resonates with the moment.**

The works of Richard Zinon presented in this exhibition embody inner states, much like “maybes” shape any form of affirmation.

In this series, each piece seems to belong to the moment of its creation. Their power flows from the painter's gesture to the markings on the canvas, to the viewer's present gaze, to the movement they provoke—like a shockwave carrying, revealing, or erasing something forever. Each work closes and opens an infinite series of possibilities. It brings an end to the entire cycle of creation that was essential until that moment—assembly, preparation, colour, composition. Yet it begins the cycle of reactions—emotions, light, and exhibition.

All life bears within it both the void and the significance of its passage. These works seek to preserve its trace. They are the only tangible witnesses to these singular existences. Through them, the shaped, ordered, and composed material endures. Each one offers a glimpse of a being who perhaps grasped the essential—who, in a single moment, bridged the gap between the energy that wills and the energy that acts.

In the contrast of colours, the depth of planes, the instant of creation, the nuance of traces, the fading of tones, and the emergence of shadows, Zinon roots his existence in this “may be.” His work is an endless journey across this threshold, moving from doubt to certainty.

There is, in this “may be,” a part that belongs to the painter and a part that belongs to others. Zinon's “may be” is an inner force, a raw emotion offered to the world. The “may be” of others is interpretive, emotional, spiritual.

It is not about succeeding but creating.

It is not about finding but seeking.

It is not about balancing but harmonising.

For succeeding, finding, and balancing are acts of closure.

Whereas creating, seeking, and harmonising open up infinite and fragile possibilities.



## Idiorythmy

Like the cenobites of certain monastic communities, bound to the rhythm of the collective, Zinon adheres to daily rituals with frugality and perseverance: rising at dawn, meditating, working, walking. Yet unlike them, Zinon lives alone. In September 2024, he settled in Kerégal (Brittany, France), a hamlet perched on cliffs at the edge of the world. His rhythm is dictated by no one.

Every morning at dawn, the man in the black coat walks to the chapel of Notre-Dame de Kerégal. He has made it his studio. On sunny days, when the sky is high, he lets the light flood the paint-stained floor. He says his mind is sharper and clearer in the morning. His horizon is still unmarked or barely outlined by a few ancient landmarks, such as the nearby beach and port of Gwin Zegal, where fifth-century wooden stakes stand to moor boats.

In the afternoons, the scent of oil paint drifts down the path to the few passers-by. For several days, Zinon constructs his wooden frames. For several weeks, he paints the canvases, working to achieve vibrant and profound planes of colour in shades of reddish-brown, dark brown, golden brown, and linen white. His alert mind wanders across the canvas, leaving marks that disappear as they appear, returning as often as necessary. Then begins the period of waiting. Zinon knows the colours will rise, the pigments will reveal themselves, the drying oil will reorganise the composition, disrupting its order.

The more rigorous the preparation, the more penetrating the tension, and the more the final touches become epiphanies. So many movements, precise gestures, and sensations culminate in the moment when nothing remains but to immerse oneself in the heart of the movement itself and experience the fluidity of the instant.

Zinon's work celebrates idiorythmy—the possibility of a personal rhythm that is both free and creative, existing on the margins of the world yet deeply connected to it. He understands that his power lies in this synchronisation between his inner and outer worlds, enabling him to achieve a form of harmony.

This pure joy then dissolves the boundaries between what lives within and what unfolds outside.



## Tecknê

The Pursuit of Excellence in All Things. It begins with the choice of materials. The wood Zinon works with comes from the finest species, such as English oak or walnut. The stretched canvases are sourced from the oldest manufacturing mill in Flanders. Once assembled, wood and canvas do not touch. A slight gap, always the same, creates a connection through emptiness. This breathing space seems to be offered to the viewer, the painter, and the living work itself. This barely perceptible suspension invites a shift in perspective, allowing one to appreciate the interstice. For Zinon, art pays homage to technique. Before it becomes a space of expression, the work is an object—in the etymological sense, “something placed upright before us.”

The next phase is to find, through the mixing of pigments, a colour strong enough to give the work its initial character, yet tolerant enough to allow contrasts to emerge from its depths. If the requisite level of maturity is reached, the artist begins to envision forms on this foundation. Sometimes, he seeks sharp and radical contrasts. At other times, he works with shadows, creating subtle and discreet contrasts. All this requires patience, for only time reveals the effects of contrasts.

Throughout the preparation of the support, tension builds. It fuels an acute, ever-postponed desire, until the day arrives when the tubes are emptied, the oils intermingled, the brushes coated with paint. Some attempts yield nothing, and then, suddenly, the two anointed surfaces meet. The paint-laden brush and the primed canvas understand each other. Zinon ensures the faithful translation of the white space of his mind onto the canvas. At that moment, fluidity transcends the boundaries of the canvas itself.



## Excess

Zinon's works are never directly inspired by his surroundings. And yet, the choice to establish his studio in Brittany is far from accidental. Perched atop windswept cliffs, within a centuries-old chapel, Zinon finds himself immersed in an environment that mirrors his nature: wild landscapes, hidden and sometimes steep paths overlooking the sea, vivid light, and the luminous sand jealously concealed by the pebble beach at high tide. The stars scatter chaotically across the clear skies of Kerégat. Zinon knows that this tranquillity does not slow the passage of time but instead offers a vast expanse of freedom.

For an artist who claims to need his whole body to paint, Zinon is committed to painting on a larger scale, pushing beyond his own limits. This excess is not about the size of the work, no matter how grand it may be, but rather the pursuit of an infinite path—a journey that draws him closer to himself.





## Balance vs. Harmony



Zinon does not seek balance alone in his works, for balance, in itself, is disconnected from the world. While the presented works certainly embody a form of balance, they transcend it to resonate with the world around them. Their creation unfolds through multiple transformations.

The first transformation concerns the external environment. It involves the appropriation of materials: wood shaped into a frame, pigment transformed into paint, and natural canvas stretched as the foundation for creation.

The second transformation is more holistic. It encompasses the universe, the sensation of its presence within oneself. It reflects the artist's inner metamorphosis, transitioning from a state of meticulous application to one of deep concentration. Zinon draws upon the wellspring within him—a vital, necessary, and compelling energy. The mark he leaves is that of a living being, connected to the thread of his vibrant humanity.

In this ritual, danced around the canvas, something else emerges: the sum of “maybes” distilled into a trace, a tremor, a sign, or the shadow of colour.





## **Fluidity, Fulgurance, Rapture**

Entering Zinon's universe feels akin to stepping into a Japanese tearoom; the entrance is both familiar and intimate, as though a forest of signs is unfolding just for you. The repeated meandering through his works becomes a deliberate journey punctuated by reassuring markers. Zinon often immerses himself in a quiet contemplation of his work. He searches, hand raised, arm concealing part of the canvas. This demands absolute concentration for wonder to emerge.

Soon, the work seems to absorb him, and one can hear the drops falling onto the canvas. A beam of light bursts through, shadows shift, and the heartbeat quickens. It storms. This sudden brilliance—or its absence—depends on the permeability of body and soul, the relinquishment of familiar landmarks, total openness, and attentiveness to the moment of eruption. It offers the rare chance to strip everything away, returning to a primal emotion.

Once the possibility of rapture arises, suspended between space and emptiness, how can one not long to perpetually rediscover that bare gaze from which beauty is born?



"Perhaps He is no more in our hands  
than a small flame that depends on us to feed and not let extinguish.  
Perhaps we are the furthest point He has reached."  
Marguerite Yourcenar, *L'œuvre au noir*

