

Previously, I often used to paint and draw my companion David. He was usually seen from the back, standing, putting his clothes on or taking them off, you couldn't really tell.

Then we went to live in New York, and I found I could no longer work. Every time that I began a drawing or a painting I destroyed it. When I tried to depict David, I mistreated and deformed him so much that I decided to work on another subject. Progressively a little woman settled in, trying to find an equilibrium in the space of the sheet of paper.

Over the years, little by little, her self-confidence grew. She became a mother, a jellyfish, a spider, a monster, a lover, a nest, a ball...

One day, in the belief that I was looking for places that I didn't know, I saw David's head appear in the drawing. Just the nape of his neck and the curl of his hair. He was there, in the same movement that I had left him in ten years before. It gave me great pleasure to feel that he was still inside me.

*Mâkhi Xenakis, catalogue Galerie Municipale E Manet, Gennevilliers, 1999.*