

VANDENDAELE Rudy, RUYTERS Marc, DEWULF Bernard en LAUREYNS Jeroen, 'de sublieme alleenheid / sublime solitude; Jan De Maesschalck' (2006).

sublime solitude  
la sublime solitude



de sublieme  
alleenheid

OOGACHTEND

JAN DE MAESSCHALCK

De sublieme alleenheid is iets anders dan barre eenzaamheid. Jan De Maesschalck schildert vaak afgezonderde meisjes en vrouwen, die aan het lezen zijn, verdiept in een parallelle wereld, verdrongen met behoud van adem. Zo gelukkig mogelijk, in een zelfgekozen eenzaamheid. Het boek en de handeling van het lezen zijn een vast thema in zijn werk maar als ik zijn schilderijen zie, denk ik nooit aan zijn opdrachtgevers: Jan De Maesschalck is, hoewel hij ook illustrator is, allang een autonome planeet. (RV)

Sublime solitude is something different from utter isolation. Jan De Maesschalck often paints secluded girls and women, reading on their own, steeped in a parallel world, submerged with bated breath.

As happy as possible in a self-imposed isolation. The book and the act of reading constitute a fixed topos in his work but when I look at his paintings, I never think of his patrons: although he is also an illustrator, Jan De Maesschalck has long been an autonomous planetoid.

La sublime solitude est autre chose qu'un terrible isolement. Jan De Maesschalck peint souvent des jeunes filles et femmes isolées, en train de lire, plongées dans un monde parallèle, noyées en retenant leur respiration. Le plus heureuses possible, dans un isolement choisi par elles. Le livre et le traitement de la lecture sont des thèmes récurrents de l'œuvre de l'artiste mais quand je regarde ses tableaux, je ne pense jamais à ses donateurs d'ordre: bien qu'illustrateur, Jan De Maesschalck est depuis longtemps un planétoïde autonome.



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Jeroen Laureyns p 123-128

## Sublime Solitude

Somewhere in the better world of Jan Maesschalck stands a bungalow. Piles of books lie on the flat roof, neatly all in a row. The light is coming from the south, and the air too comes into play – although it is still ever so early in the morning, a time of day when the local sky does not yet know for certain whether it will emerge in a foreseeable blue; or is wondering whether it is worth the effort still to threaten an endless summer with rain-water. I am well aware, of course, that the sky never asks itself such questions, but Jan De Maesschalck's paintings make me forget that I know it. That is what art is about, although in the best of cases, art is of no practical value.

There are no humans in sight, but you can be certain that the bungalow is inhabited. Otherwise, there would be no books on the roof. There is also a swimming pool, or better yet: a former swimming pool, because it would seem that nature has taken its course. Whoever lives in this summerhouse, is no holidaymaker, no temporary resident, because such a person would have gone to the rental office and demanded, in no uncertain term, a properly maintained swimming pool. But then, Jan De Maesschalck does not paint such people.

A ladder is resting against the cornice of the bungalow. Whoever's living here, then, climbs up on the roof to sit all by him- or herself and read, with a view of nature taking its course. I do not know whether it is a man or a woman, but I can sense that it is someone who understands the art of sublime solitude, someone whom others often take to be a peculiar character. If it is a man, than I would like to be in his place.

Sublime solitude is obviously something different from utter isolation. Jan De Maesschalck often paints secluded girls and women, reading on their own, steeped in a parallel world, submerged with bated breath. As happy as possible in a self-imposed isolation.

The book and the act of reading constitute a fixed topos in his work, for the simple reason that he provides an illustration for a book supplement every week, but when I look at his paintings, I never think of his patrons: although he is also an illustrator, Jan De Maesschalck has long been an autonomous planetoid, where you for instance can see a girl sitting in a post-modern, perhaps already old-fashioned by now, grand café; she has just looked over her book, as if there is still something in reality that can distract her. There are no clients, and peace and quiet reign in this café, in sharp contrast to the gigantic wall painting: a tank driving in a city centre.

The girls in women in Jan De Maesschalck's work are girls and women I would dream of, were I still fond of dreaming of girls and women: they often betray a pent-up sexuality, and by read-

ing, exude calm and refinement too in their sublime solitude. Sometimes, there is a man in their vicinity: a man who is not reading, but rather looking strategically ahead of him, hoping that the reading woman will engage in conversation with him, I think. Another man, one who is reading, can be seen standing alone before a breath-taking landscape: he is poring over a book, yet gives the impression that he is actually unable to choose between the prospect afforded by the type page, and the panorama served up by reality. That is taken out of my life.

Jan De Maesschalck moreover combines the erotic with the world of the book: some of girls reading are shown only from their derrière - ever worth seeing ! -, decked in finely woven panty on which the French text 'Le désir d'écrire' is interwoven. It could have been a record sleeve of the great French songwriter Serge Gainsbourg, who wrote the masterly 'Les dessous chics', in which Jane Birkin: 'Les dessous chics, c'est ne rien dévoiler du tout, se dire que lorsqu'on est à bout: c'est tabou.' Jan De Maesschalck paints in this vein. But now that I am on about French standards and values: most characters in his work are unknown to me, except for the young, brutally staring, incredibly attractive Sylvie Vartan, from the yé yé era (the French sixties). Her earrings are books. It was never that great during the yé yé era, but Jan De Maesschalck can make amends for it.

Although his pictorial world may suggest a better world from the aesthetic viewpoint, this is far from suggesting that there is no melancholy in it, or that his world is not threatened: in his winter landscapes, black birds are perched motionless in bare trees, awaiting for some impending calamity, in an America reminiscent of Hopper or Hitchcock. Or, to remain a poet at home, take a freestanding house in Flanders, along a provincial road. On the awning above the entrance you can read that for the superficial observer, this is a restaurant or a motel. But the deserted windows point to another sort of catering establishment. The name of this familiar house according to Jan De Maesschalck is ' 't Erfgoed' [Heritage]. What he paints is not paradise, it just looks very much like it.

You did well to buy this book, because it is nothing but a lasting delight for the eye.

(RV)



## Specific unspecific

A girl in a yellow swimsuit – or is it already a woman? – by the side of a swimming pool. The swimming pool is picture-perfect blue, the girl has a gorgeous figure. Too perfect for words! The girl attracts the attention at once, and only after we have looked at her, do we notice that she is sitting by that swimming pool in a book. Literally. Even more, she is framed in the first page of that book. The book has an ISBN number, which makes it “real.”

Behind the girl is a sheet of paper. Logical thought: perhaps, it is a paper from the book in which the girl is sitting. Logical question: What is that loose sheet of paper doing there? There is no writing material in the vicinity; the girl does not seem keen on writing; not keen on reading either.

She is just sitting by the swimming pool (in very typical way; notice her fingers on the edge, and her askance attitude to the water which is still cold). We do not see her face; it is concealed behind her graceful black hair.

Nothing suggests that she is aware of being in a book. But perhaps that sheet of paper is an indication, a finger pointed by the draughtsman of this scene.

The girl sits at the edge of the swimming pool in a frame in a book. She is framed thrice: in the swimming pool edge, in the frame in the book. And even at least a fourth time: in the entire drawing, which shows the book yet again on a table. And perhaps another frame will be added to the drawing for an exhibition.

This girl is really framed.

Many a drawing by Jan De Maesschalck is thus simply complex.

Someone wants to put one letter on a large, empty shelf. Someone is walking by a house; a little boat is sailing under the house in a stripe of light blue colour. Someone steps out of the water, opens a towel, and a book falls out of it. Someone is lying on his belly reading, with gigantic fingers from above that want to pierce the back with a gigantic pen. And so forth. Images ranging between the plain, the strange, and the impossible.

It is a game that aims at a slight disruption. A brow, a smile, an afterthought, sometimes a brief perplexity. A tendency to melancholy is lurking, not of the unbearable, abysmal sort; incurable yes, but not life-threatening. We at times also see a bit of irony, on one occasion with a light touch, but never nasty.

We also naturally see silence. An intense silence. It does not put you ill at ease, it is self-evident. The world in these drawings is played out in an even-tempered sound of silence, as if behind glass. It is played out in one's mind – you can almost hear it rustle. Naturally, it is the mind of the draughtsman, but clearly with a certain distance. The glass is not hazy, such as some artists like. It is clear, but it is there. And it subdues.

It is not a deliberate, but a natural distance. A deliberate, natural distance, in fact, where the draughtsman is in control. De Maesschalck has his say in strong frames and intelligent perspectives and compositions. He often keeps his figures somewhat further off; then zooms in now and then; mostly on a face.

Which shows his favour subject: women.

Like Edward Hopper – a major influence for this draughtsman – who wanted to paint “sunlight on a wall,” De Maesschalck paints light on a woman's face and profile from up close. The woman is presumably reading; in any event, she is lost in thought, she wears a very white sweater, and although we see the shaded side of her face, she is bathing in light nonetheless. That light, especially under her neck, suffices to make her very illuminated. This is how Hopper could lighten an entire room with just a strip of light on the wall.

Many of De Maesschalck's women bathe in light. As if they are somewhat of a source of light in and of themselves. As if the light prefers to appear in, on and through them.

This draughtsman is naturally not the first to put the enigma that is woman on paper. But he dies so stubbornly. It is a friendly riddle. As De Maesschalck once said in a conversation, “I just want to produce something beautiful each time, come what may.” That “come what may” refers to his more sombre side, which can be seen in his drawings too. He expands on the beautiful as follows: “A woman is simply more beautiful to draw than a man. Women lend themselves more to mystery.”

De Maesschalck is the draughtsman of “something specific.” A specific melancholy, a specific loneliness, a specific emptiness. We say “specific”, but we mean unspecific. His women have both: something specific and something unspecific. Are they fixed – in their existence, the light, an indecisiveness – or are they free? It is difficult to say. But that is also the “beautiful” that De Maesschalck strives for: that which is difficult to say. The only word that is said in these drawings is the written word. This is how you create silence and the unsaid.

There is a great deal left unsaid here. It could have been awful and oppressive. A slight oppression can be traced regularly, a slight threat. But usually, it is unexpressed, bearably disquieting. There is not much needed to tumble in the abysmal, but it does not get that far. There is indeed a hole in the world, but it is not black. Unlike Hopper, De Maesschalck rarely takes the manifestly available light so far that things and people seem to dissolve. His light tends to confirm things and people in their state of slight incompleteness. And here we come to De Maesschalck's other favourite subject: light.

For me, light is the protagonist in all these drawings. It assumes countless guises, but seems to have one undertone nonetheless. It determines, in any event, the unexpressed, at all times. It is as compelling as it is instrumental. It is also, and above all, light, and its opposite, shadow, that creates the “emptiness” in these drawings. And at the same time, it inspires this emptiness, makes it very palpable, not as something unpleasant, but on the contrary, as a natural, even slightly sensual state of the world – or better yet, a somewhat dreamy world.

De Maesschalck is, evidently, a sensual draughtsman. Not because he approaches the feminine with so much pleasure, but especially because he lets the tactile dimension of reality come ever so visibly into its own right. Where a landscape, a bottom, a room, snow, an eye – there is a specific light, there is paint, and a special glance which sees to the undertaking with love, a mild irony, a pinch of a smirk, at times, and with a retained gratitude. With a specific, unspecific grace.

Bernard Dewulf

## What a time

When in the autumn of 1999, Jan De Maesschalck looked me up at the Antwerp editorial offices of the 'Financieel-Economische Tijd' (FET) at that time still a reasonably thriving, independent, and fast-grown so-called Flemish quality paper, I knew him by name only. I had seen his work in HUMO, for instance.

As it would become clear to me only later, Jan gave the (wrong) impression of a simple, rather taciturn lad from Waasland. He asked me whether I would be interested in his drawings – pardon, paintings (a mistake many make). I was then looking for a self-willed illustrator for 'Tijd-Cultuur,' the budding FET Wednesday supplement, of which I was the budding coordinator. And he seemed to fit the format and approach of 'Tijd-Cultuur' well.

What struck me was the ostensible facility, the distance and the ability to put things (and himself) into perspective in his drawings – pardon, paintings. And yet they were so to the point, sometimes even rather hard and unapproachable. Like the drawing he made for a Heritage Day: a picturesque looking scene of a bucolic catering establishment, where fervent strollers and cyclists like to disport themselves after their workout: Café 't Erfgoed [Heritage Café]. Nothing more was needed; everyone instantly recognised that it belonged to the world of Flanders.

If we had one thing in common, it was our no-nonsense attitude. And this is how Jan started in 'Tijd-Cultuur' not with one but with two drawings. On the cover, his interpretation of a Tarzan animation file (a black couple kissing in the cinema, while Johnny Weissmuller is dangling on the silver screen), and inside the drawn entitled "A joyous entry," where a man in an army uniform is seen entering the barracks, with a brimming art portfolio in hand. Not that Jan de Maesschalck can be accused of any militarism, but that is how, on 24 November 1999, he entered the short, but powerful Tijd-Cultuur era.

His drawings, that he would continue producing up to the last issue of Tijd-Cultuur at the end of October, were a tongue-in-cheek commentary on the ins and outs of cultural life, in Flanders and abroad. His drawing round the work of Luc Tuymans, with a view on the entrance gate of the Auschwitz concentration camp is legendary. He turned the cynical slogan above the gate, 'Arbeit macht frei,' in to 'Luc Tuymans Art School'. A typical De Maesschalck sneer at the many Flemish artists who were then doing their utmost to follow relentlessly in the Master's footsteps.

Equally legendary for the undersigned, but unknown to others, is his drawing of Tintin and Snowy in a Bruegel landscape. There were Bruegel and Tintin exhibitions in Brussels at the time, and Jan made a smashing combination of the two. But Hergé's ever rapacious heirs forbade the publication.

And yet, it was a masterpiece. Because, with his acrylic technique, De Maesschalck succeeded in giving that landscape phenomenally efficient depth and resonance. Combined with the

innocent mug of Tintin, this was a positively ingenious composition of what can be called Belgian art: surrealistic, but with measure.

Jan de Maesschalck has looked and still looks upon the artistic landscape with the observer's eye. For the world of books, which he essentially follows for De Morgen, he is rather mild: he often casts a melancholy artistic glance on adolescent girls with a book in, by or behind their hand. For the other arts, which he observed essentially in Tijd-Cultuur, he was sharper, somewhere between the ironic and the cynical (yet strangely enough, never sarcastic). A painter is busy in front of his easel, but is sits completely isolated in a snowball. A cultural centre bears the name of 'CC De Schutkring' [Idiots' Circle]. We have already mentioned the Auschwitz take. And there is the image of a festival tent in a Van Eyck landscape: the many Flemish summer festivals as a post-modern version of the Bruegel kermises.

But the essence of his work is, and here I am using a dirty word I he current digital media mentality: the tactile. For nearly five years, Jan handed me his drawings – pardon, paintings – each week. What he did not know is that I felt and smelled them each time in the lift from the reception area to the editorial offices. These were precious miniatures, small paintings full of living, accommodating and giving materials, from paper to ink to collage glue and acrylic paint (and sometimes also oil). They gave me a feeling, in another way, that with Tijd-Cultuur, I was dealing with Art in one way or the other.

The Tijd-Cultuur chapter came to a close some time ago, and Jan is now producing paintings for the new magazine for contemporary art <H>ART, that the undersigned started in the beginning of 2006. In it, he elaborated a new phase: less attention for the environment and current events, more and more for the Jan de Maesschalck universe itself. A development where the observer remains, but the artists grows.

Marc Ruyters



## Reading, travelling, places, remembrances

Our annual family summer holiday meant heading for France. The new year had not yet begun, when my oldest brother would take the lead in choosing a destination in a part of France where we had not been yet. He would sit impatiently, with a ballpoint pen in his mouth and a guide of the 'gîtes de France,' and prod my parents to book a 'gîte' as rapidly as possible. The anxiety that invaded us all when we did not manage to book on the first go created an atmosphere of reproaches and self-pity, since "once again," we had not managed to "book well enough in advance." So every year, my father had to repeat his open sentence, in a slow, enervating manner: "Bonjour madameeuh, je vous téléphone de la Belgique à propos du gîte...". Until someone was found who was prepared to tolerate us for a fortnight in their gîte, and the family ritual of seeking a destination and accommodation had overcome its first, difficult step.

Long before the time when monovolume cars made travelling with the family more comfortable, we made our annual cram in our Peugeot 309. In addition to the usual excessive luggage, two parents, and three increasingly bigger sons, the vehicle had to drag along a case full of books every year. We liked nothing more than read for a whole afternoon, alone from a carefully selected spot by a river or lake. The reading alternated with a refreshing dip for a swim. Our body had been looking forward to this refreshing dip, because nowhere else does it feel so right to swim than in the water of a French river, lake or sea. And the deepest remembrances of places while travelling are from reading by the water. For you perceive your environment better when you are distracted by a book.

"Perhaps we have lived no days of our childhood so fully, as those that we had thought had passed by, those we had spent them with a favourite book." This is the opening sentence of Marcel Proust's essay "On Reading" which he wrote in 1905 as a foreword to his translation of two lectures by the famous English art historian and critic John Ruskin. Before he disclosed his own vision of the advantages and disadvantages of reading in this text, he took the "delightful reading of protected childhood" through a sensitive and moving evocation of his personal learning experience in his childhood, describing in detail all obstacles that would cause an unwelcome interruption to his reading pleasure.

The young Proust would seek a safe place in the dining room, where he thought he could continue reading until lunch. "Alas, the cook would come along way in advance to set the table." This should in theory not have hindered his reading, "had she done so without speaking!" Then, along came those who had cut their walk short, prancing into the dining room. "They may have said, 'I do not want to disturb you,' but came closer and closer by the fire, looked at the time, and explained that they would not say no to lunch."

While to his great irritation, his attention was distracted from his book time and again, such interruptions and distractions constitute the very subject of his introduction. Proust does not write about the content of the book that he was reading, but about the "spell of that reading" where "what stays with us from reading is the image of the places and the days on which we read." In his introduction, he therefore invariably dwelt on places where he liked to hid so that he could read in peace: "I would not mind if the others would eat the last cookies next the swans in the park; I ran up into the maze, up to that hornbeam wood, where I would go and sit without a trace, with pruned haze on my back, with a view on the asparagus field, on rows of strawberry bushes, on the water reservoir, where on certain days, horses would make the water rise by turning round and round, on the white gate, on top, where the "end of the park" was, and beyond, the fields with cornflowers and poppies."

The bond of books with the places where they are read is so strong that, in the end, the remembrance of where the book was read takes precedence over the book itself. The indirect glimpse from reading is more capable of gauging the environment than attentive looking and observing. And yet, the book that first demands the reader's attention plays no subordinate role, since it is the enchantment of reading that enhances the sensitivity for the place where one reads.

In a number of Jan De Maesschalck's paintings, produced to illustrate the book supplement of 'De Morgen', books or reading figures emerge in unexpected settings. A barefoot young man stripped to the waist is reading a book, resting on a concrete pillar of a fence, with a panoramic view of a valley in a mountain landscape stretches in front of him. In another work, a pile of books lies on the flat roof of an idyllic country house with a beautiful pond; next to it, a ladder waiting for the reader who has withdrawn to this romantic spot to climb up.

Jan De Maesschalck paints the "picture of the places where," but also "the days on which we read," by choosing a setting in his works where no books or readers can normally be expected, and where the strong summer light of holidays casts its warm glow, so that people can remember vividly, not only the place where they read, but also the weather conditions and the prevailing mood.

It is a fundamental characteristic of the aesthetic experience that the concentration cannot be limited only to the artwork, but extends to the environment that surrounds it. In his essay on the 1981 performance of the 'Goldberg Variations'

by the Canadian cult pianist Glenn Gould, Peter de Bolla writes about the "phenomenology of attention and non-attention" during the aesthetic experience. He describes an anecdote from the life of the pianist who told him that in 1946 he was practicing a fugue by Mozart, when suddenly the maid plugged the vacuum cleaner. Instead of being disturbed by it, Gould discovered a new way of listening to his piano playing, which in the end brought him quicker to the essence of music: "What I learnt through the chance concurrence of Mozart and the vacuum cleaner was that the inner ear of imagination is far more powerful than any other capacity of observation from the outside." Just as in Proust, what at first appeared to be a nuisance, subsequently turned out to be the missing component of a complementary experience.

Two of Jan De Maesschalck's works depict a woman reading alone at a table in public place. Compared with a nice armchair at home, the reading comfort seems rather limited here. Yet, once again, the environment away from home, far from disturbing, stimulates the reading experience. Just as the young Proust, these women, ended up in a strange place, and in essence as much engrossed therein as he: "I feel that I live and think only in a room where everything is creation and the language speaks of lives that differ profoundly from mine, of a taste at odds with mine, where I encounter nothing of my conscious thinking, where my power of imagination is enthralled, as it feels going under in the womb of non-being."

"It is astounding to see how many people read in Hopper's paintings," wrote Brian O'Doherty. "They read in hotel rooms, lobbies, offices, shops, trains, with their bodies left behind, and the setting temporarily mislaid." The apparently -- with respect to the direct environment -- detached attitude of an isolated reading figure is an iconographic theme that Jan De Maesschalck has borrowed from the work of the American painter Edward Hopper. De Maesschalck takes the solitary figures, places them in a room or at the side of a house, lost in their own thoughts, from Hopper; as he does a building, isolated in a rural environment, a bright coloration, the strong, melancholy light of autumn or that of an electric light at night, which draws a spot of light in the dark.

Hopper's paintings are often interpreted as a critic of the individual's alienation in a large city, by using recurrent solitary figures in an urban setting. These solitary, reading figures in De Maesschalck's work could easily be suspected of a certain indifference to the world in which they live, through their deliberate choice to withdraw with their book, as a sign of non-involvement. A sign of their asocial, other-worldly character. In the eyes of Margaret Iversen, "the isolation and stillness of Hopper's figures are not the result of a dehumanisation by living in a big city. His characters are not represented as joyless victims or lifeless zombies. In my view, their situation is rather temporary: their withdrawal from life is at least partially voluntary; their loneliness self imposed." The attitude of the figures to their environment is less lethargic that O'Doherty contends. In Jan De Maesschalck's work too, the reason for being alone lies elsewhere. The pictures make no statement about the asocial life of the figures, but on the development of their intellectual life.

In his essay 'On reading,' Proust crosses swords with John Ruskin by taking issue with the latter's statement that reading "is precisely the same as a discussion with much wiser and more interesting people that those we have had the opportunity to come across." For Proust, reading is no discussion, but an intellectual activity, where you "continue to avail yourself of the intellectual capacity that you have when alone, and that is lost immediately in a discussion." The fact that we withdraw in order to read, that we deliberately seek isolation, is of fundamental importance, so as to be able to copy with "a law that perhaps means that we cannot receive truth from anyone, and that we must create it ourselves."

To give meaning to one's life and hone one's intellectual capacity, a temporary form of withdrawal is necessary. A book can prove a useful tool to that end, but for Proust it is no replacement for a thriving intellectual life. He therefore comes out against an "unhealthy fetishistic veneration of books," were the "reading for reading's sake" by scholars "is not a principle of life but of death." "An original mind, on the other hand, "knows how to make reading subordinate to his personal activity." He uses the conclusions that an author has related in a good book to gain insight into his own life. "We feel very good about the fact that our wisdom begins where that of the writer ends." The glow of the isolated, reading figure, in both Hopper and De Maesschalck, is no sign of isolation. It is a flight of fancy of intellectual, solitary enjoyment. The most beautiful thing is learning to understand the world by yourself.

Jeroen Laureyns

Sources consulted, cited and paraphrased:

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Jan De Maesschalck (Sint-Gillis-Waas, 1958), joined the weekly HUMO as a draughtsman in 1988, and subsequently worked for De Standaard (DSM) and De TIJD. For more than 9 years he has published on a weekly basis in De Morgen's book supplement. He also draws for <H>art.

This book features his personal selection of works that have appeared in De Morgen (book supplement, 2002-2006) and from the former 'TIJD-cultuur' (supplement to De TIJD from 1999-2003).

'Jan De Maesschalck,' by the same author, was published by Oogachtend in 2002 (isbn 90 8061 224 3). [www.oogachtend.be](http://www.oogachtend.be)

Jan De Maesschalck is represented by Zeno X Gallery in Antwerp. [www.zeno-x.com](http://www.zeno-x.com)

Jan De Maesschalck (né à Sint-Gillis-Waas en 1958) a débuté en 1988 comme dessinateur auprès de l'hebdomadaire HUMO. Plus tard, il a travaillé pour De Standaard (DSM) et De TIJD. Cela fait plus de 9 ans qu'il publie chaque semaine dans le supplément livres du journal De Morgen. Par ailleurs, il dessine également pour <H>art.

Dans ce livre, vous découvrirez sa sélection personnelle de dessins parus dans le journal De Morgen (supplément livres 2002-2006) ainsi que dans le défunt TIJD-cultuur (supplément du journal De TIJD 1999-2003).

L'ouvrage 'Jan De Maesschalck' (isbn 90 8061 224 3) du même auteur est paru chez Oogachtend en 2002. [www.oogachtend.be](http://www.oogachtend.be)

Jan De Maesschalck est représenté par Zeno X Gallery à Anvers. [www.zeno-x.com](http://www.zeno-x.com)