

ARTISTIC ENDEAVOR

The gesture is guided from within. Deep, swift, imbued with experiences and singular searches...

No sketch. As inks and pigments blend with water, mastery and randomness meet. A genuine choreography materializes erupting in emotions, uncensored; creative exhilaration emerges! Lively imprint of an instant, yearning to become more, thus the skeleton is born.

The groundwork being set, the labor of elaboration ensues notwithstanding the essence of my artistic quest.

A long embrace of flesh and soul begins, of passion and sensuality, giving life to a work of art as I wrestle for months at a time when my work dissatisfies me. In these somber moments, only my obstination is able to overcome. I persist until the work is done, that is until it lives a life of its own.

I learned a number of techniques that I blend and overlay. Such combinations allow me to feel in control of the effects I expect to obtain from my work. In general, I structure my paintings using walnut oil and Chinese ink; they remind me of roots. They are earthly colors. Analogous to the human condition: blackness and ashes, decay and death, while the walnut oil is also reminiscent of the beauty and frailty of our earth.

Each of my paintings should be distinguishably unique: I always immerse myself into a matchless universe in which I venture to build, to construct. I create according to what I am, here and now, what I live, what I think in the neverending effervescence of my being.

Worry, doubt or confusion leaning toward chaos often spreads its wings to torment us. In this fragile universe, almost drifting, a force is at work that raises up, uplifts and structures.

It is only after I complete a piece that I perceive its resonance with my soul. Then, I might give it a name, but rarely. My work speaks for itself as a melody does.

I spontaneously chose abstract painting because I needed to leave behind figurative art. Abstraction is a difficult and demanding choice. Indeed, the frontier between sanity and madness is sometimes narrow. I need rigor to avoid getting lost in a pointless endeavor. Yet, occasionally, I allude to realistic forms when it makes sense overall. With such a lyrical freedom, I almost attain transcendence. I breach the wall separating reality and immateriality simply by remaining inquisitive. I am at the heart of what I am pursuing: depicting our innermost selves, with both its darkness and its light.

Laure Daviron