

At about six years old, I discovered an undeniable desire to draw images of objects and events that filled my youth. Face down, tongue out, eyes focusing closely where the pencil met the paper, the process was tangibly fulfilling; profoundly liberating. While contour lines defined the moment on paper, I reached out to the emotional pull and drew the experience that stayed persistent in thought. Looking back now, I was actually feeling the objects again, touching them, standing in the event, revisiting my recent past—an innocent and honest activity. But was it art? I hadn't connected my drawing with any notion of art. I had only a child's concept of what art was or should be. I knew simply that drawing was a satisfying way of continuing the experience and spending more time with the fun events of my youth.

Then something changed. A deceptively simple question posed in a freshman art class set into motion the erosion of my artistic innocence: "What is art?" The simplicity and carefree drawing of my youth became confused and stifled as I matured. Now, the issues surrounding the idea of the formalized-artist-concept complicated my thoughts. No longer could I simply draw for the fun of it. No more simple lines and shadings providing the illusion of form and mass. Now I'm required to reconcile the simple pleasures of innocent renderings with the obligation to the esoteric and philosophical.

Or maybe I'm over-thinking it.

So now I explore the questions surrounding the meaning of art, its purpose, its use, its abuse, and the boundaries where art can be misconstrued.	I struggle to keep my endeavors intellectually honest and free from gimmicks or clichés. I'm diligent to always question my motive.
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I regularly revisit the techniques and try to capture the romance of the masters of centuries past. I linger with the realists for awhile, exploring the way oil transcends the canvas into rich textures and palpable structure. I imagine a life where the accuracy of rendering served to memorialize as much as it was considered art.

The vernacular for realism, however, is non-existent.

So, I throw away the same, seeing the masters as stifling and tedious. I require refuge from the burdensome expectation and painful tedium of realism.

There is, after all, profound liberation in the abolition of subject matter. Realism takes on an expressive nature when interpreted through the artist's memory. Proportion is replaced with a spacial relationship of form that is ever changing. Each change occurring at the artist's whim. It becomes a process of finding the objects and letting their relationship develop and emerge throughout the process. The artist may deliberately abandon the real palette and replace it with one that steers the viewers' emotion, and more importantly, the artist's own.

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