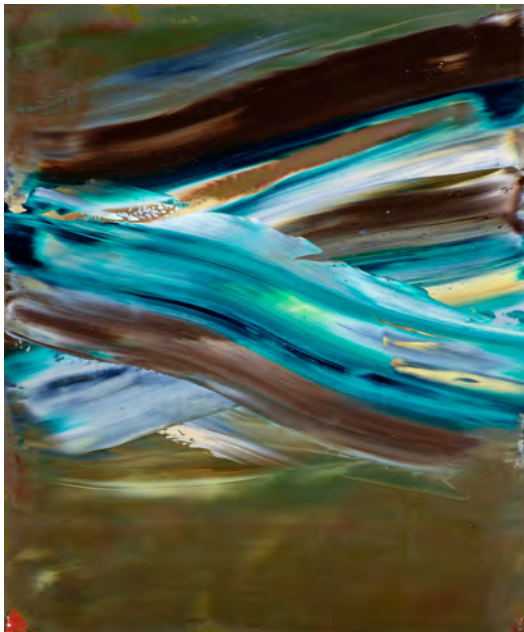


### Searing swathes of space

Damien Diaz-Diaz's art without frontiers embraces the burdensome secrets of warp and weft, of lines, of intimate depths, in a realm of calligraphy that is inventive, vivid, incandescent. Its muted, unfathomable opulence is rich in splinters of imaginary sun, bearing the vital signs of human energy. An active elementary power.

### Expanses aflame

Damien Diaz-Diaz's paintings speak to the imperious necessity of asceticism in art. He stands against the contagious proliferation of materials in abundance, distancing himself from the excesses of productivity and masterfully hollowing his works of their substance. His work, away from the mainstream of Western art, explores mysticism in painting. Each work captures a single, dazzling moment for all eternity, inscribing it in the eternal cycle of rebirth. The surface is swept clean, the whole of space breathes free: the wind of life is stirred, caught in the moment of its miraculous nascence. This is the fire of primeval births, where the air itself is ablaze, surfaces corrode, signs are purged in flame. A quasi-cosmic art arises by degrees of latent consciousness, by a process of implacable, ever-renewed emergence. And each painting creates a shock wave.



### An art of awakening and elevation

In the strata of the work, in its shadowy folds, there is extruded tension, dense as metal, even to its glints of colour – the clear traces of the convulsive moment of creation that welled up from ancient time, where the velvety flames of childhood huddle beneath the weightless scalpel of tranquil, infinite light.

A telluric force is at work here, omnipresent, fully mapped onto the painted surface as the tensions from within shake the fathomless space in the depths of the work. The dense, deep layers dematerialise the world, absorbing its contours. The extreme energy born of the mute fusion of primeval elements loses itself in contemplation. All matter sinks into the depths, only to be reborn as it rises up from the origins and spills across countless, limitless space. In the keen-edged mirrors of Damien Diaz-Diaz's painting, rationality no longer pierces the surface; the feverish, sovereign chromatic scale takes the whole expanse of space as its own.

There is no horizon; the horizon is all around us. All we see are shifting, mobile, contemplative plains, where the most secret of inner lives cleaves to the songs sung by the world.

Christian Noorbergen