

Necessity

As a painter there is only one question from which all questions come, “What is painting to me”? Only after intense observation of the paintings themselves do I find the answer, and not even then do I fully understand even the meaning.

I don't paint *about* anything and ideas worry me. I try not to concern myself with themes about painting. No longer do I consider the illusionistic representation, illustration or metaphorical reflection of external conditions; at least, no more than the metaphorical is pervasive to my mind during making and viewing. This is a matter of my most direct self-confrontation and intent, not avoidance, denial or escape from the obligations of the world. Declaratively, I want the paintings to exist as a stage void of acting and free from hiding for all viewers to project their own true feeling and perception of self.

My perfection and happiness only exists in my mind, not in the world, so I move inward to find it and feel it in all of its elusiveness but cannot represent it. I am closest to it when I paint, so I continue, attempting to prevent unnecessary distractions that may come between my physical and mental bond with time. Unfulfilled and restless at mind I move deeper into self-awareness, into freedom. To me, art and painting have always approximated more or less the same thing: all artists have perfected, abstract and representational.

I hope for significance in my painting.

Between painting and belief, I find no gap.

Compassion for people and all things seen and unseen may be the most important human quality. It is the commitment to one's own ideal shared indirectly without need for action. I would like for the paintings to express my deepest compassion.

Every piece is an inconclusive result to my experience of living and painting, one not separate from the other.

The work is born out of being and exists how it exists, without me. For the paintings to propose something and to tell nothing, not even with a whisper, is my most sincere hope.

Shape, shape is important to me. It is always changing but the form stays the same. The shape and composition happens at the same time, nothing is planned and the shapes are not placed.

A specific abstract feeling comes over me mentally and physically. Within calmness the feeling is clear and I understand what to paint. Rarely do I see the image before I start. I only know the first point of the first side of the first shape. From that point I make the painting without thinking, responding only to how it is I feel and to what I see before me. If my thoughts drift to metaphor or onto intellectual tangents, more often than not, the feeling is blocked and the painting ends in a series of faults.

Color, as well as all things seen and unseen, touched and untouched, heard and unheard, smelled and not smelled can be expressed with black, white and grey.

The drawings and paintings inspire each other without instructing, diagramming or planning. They sometimes appear similar, but are never preliminary.

2005-2020

-Damon Freed