



Evi Staikos. studio

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My work derives from feeling, and at the same time it feeds my imagination. There are special moments in my work when I make a major commitment, for instance when a line or a shape first finds its form. These moments are always accompanied by physical motion and it's this movement, from reality, that helps the flowing quality of the work.

It seems that these movements in themselves help to create a language that can be seen throughout most of the pieces.

Transparency, and the quality of the perishable, is what I am trying to approach. It's a long way from the rectangle and the fixed frame.

Lines are very important. Formed by movement they seem to write their own story.

I'm interested in the shared qualities between painting and writing. Lines, points, the dash—form their own syntax. But this is not an abstraction, for the rules still seem very much connected to myself.

Repetition for me extends and measures time. The surface of each drawing is a place—almost a geographical place—a defined spot in the world.

I attempt to entice the reverie of the viewer, yet I've found I cannot do this with concrete form. As Mallarmé wrote, "To name an object is largely to destroy poetic enjoyment which comes from gradual divination." A dream is not known in its final state.

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For me colors are coming from the subconscious, but they "attach" themselves to certain shapes as I am working.

Mythistorimata, the title of a recent show at the OR gallery, means the story of myths. For that I wrote the following lines in an attempt to explain how I work, and they still fit.

Pieces of thoughts, put together... I have a thought and it takes shape as I'm working... there is no logic.

Working with the paper it expands itself... it is slow and tactile—the material gets touched and shaped...

The vertical lines become as a language... each line is a repetition in time—a lamination of time... the repetition leads to an extension... edges no edges.

White seems to lead to luminosity... light comes from within

None of these works have traditional physical frames, and yet something is happening within the work that seems to accomplish the same thing...

As I work, the pieces and the drawings become individuals—with stories of their own... myth—time—history.
mythistorimata

I have usually worked with textiles and paper. Making, cutting, and forming a leaf of paper was important in my work several years ago. Recently I have returned again to exploring oil and pastel, but this time on a translucent field.

I have always been intrigued with making a work tangible, and I mean this literally—like wanting to touch it and be involved. However the delicacy and fragility of it usually makes this impossible. I think this contradiction is appropriate.

Some years ago I came to Vancouver from Athens. I live in a small house near the water. I always loved the water, the water edges. I spent a lot of time in my childhood in places close to the sea.

My home has been very central

to my work. I work between periods of my frequent visits to Greece.

Place or locale; the love of place becomes a relationship. A relationship explored between form and idea, and the struggle with the conflict between identity and inner self.

I divide my life by being a mother, a wife, an artist, a friend... those different selves competing for attention... all my interconnected loves.

Therefore the work develops a secret quality. It remains personal longer, less dialogue with the outside world, more complete in itself, yet more difficult to bring it forward.

Perhaps, self-assertive roles are not so easy for women.

And yet the need to create a vis-

ible language on a surface is a search for my identity where timidity and vulnerability develop... all as part of my life and art, towards an integration. □

How long
Do works endure? As long
As they are not completed.
Since as long as they demand effort
They do not decay.

—Bertolt Brecht

House, 26" x 28", mixed media on hand-made paper, plaster and cloth

