



STUDIO CHRONICLES

LINÉATRANSHUMANCE NOTEBOOKS
SYLVIE GESBERT DE LÍNEA

May 31, 2025

Linéatranshumance : my Style, my Breath

Dear lovers of painting,

Today I'd like to tell you about a word I invented to express the unspeakable. A word that, on its own, carries the entire movement of my painting—mystyle : linéatranshumance.



A word was missing...so I created it !

Linéatranshumance is a word I invented to express both the transformation of the line and its silent migration, breathed into my painting. To me, the line is not a contour. It is a trace of passage, a calligraphy of life, a path of the soul.

It is a line that crosses through. It migrates from one emotion to another, without describing a world or a subject. It tells a memory.

In my notebooks—titled Transhumance Notebooks—I often wrote:

"Between emptiness and fullness, there is the line. And in that line, there is the human."

Linéatranshumance is my way of translating what I feel.

When I let the gesture precede the thought.

When I feel the ink settle like a breath.

When I discover afterward that something was said without my knowing.

It is a mode of expression, a philosophy of movement, a fidelity to the living. A commitment to art as a sensitive crossing, between figuration and abstraction, between silence and music.

And today, this word becomes the name of my monogram: my signature.

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so I created it !

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Self-portrait. Blue Shadow
Oil on canvas, 41x27 cm

L'inspiration du jour

I name the living heart of what I paint: linéatranshumance.

An odyssey of the line, in perpetual motion.

A pictorial journey, between abstraction and figuration, where the line becomes breath, migration, metamorphosis.

▲ Discover more works on my website :
www.gesbertdelinea.art

Abstract ? Figurative ? Just alive

Receiving the Abstract Art Prize for a series I consider among my most figurative was one of the most surprising and sincere moments in my journey as a painter.

It was at the 25th International Autumn Salon at the Sorèze Abbey-School in October 2024.

I had presented a blue collection spontaneously, with no particular expectation, simply to offer bubbles of silence and peace to visitors—then quietly step away.

But the work follows its own path, regardless of who painted it. After the ceremony, over a shared drink, I confided to the jury what now seems obvious to me: the boundary between figuration and abstraction is porous. Shifting. Illusory.

Draw the palm of a hand: for someone who knows the shape, it's figurative.

Without the knowledge of the model, it's a tangle of mysterious lines. Almost abstract.

And this blur, this transition, this breath—that is the space where I paint, precisely.

And what if it weren't a matter of style, but of intention ?

I'm not trying to name, classify, enclose.

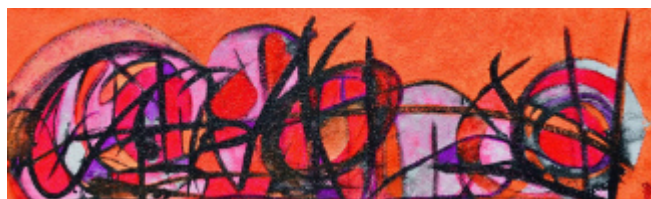
I'm trying to make an emotion vibrate, to express the unspeakable through matter and light.

That's where linéatranshumance begins.



Autumn Salon Exhibition

Formica leo —Ant
Acrylic and Chinese ink on paper,
52x150 cm



The Gaze as a Journey

I love those suspended moments in exhibitions.

Those seconds when a visitor pauses, tilts their head, falls silent... and steps into a painting.

One day, in front of a blue canvas, two people crossed paths without knowing each other. The first, dreamily, said: "It looks like a ship caught in the ice."

The second, almost echoing: "I see souls dancing under the northern lights." I said nothing. Because it was all true.

Because I don't paint objects, I paint resonances.

That moment stayed with me.

It reminded me that the gaze is a journey.

That each work is an inner land to be explored.

That there is not just one interpretation, but mirrors of emotion, movements of the soul.

What I'm Looking For

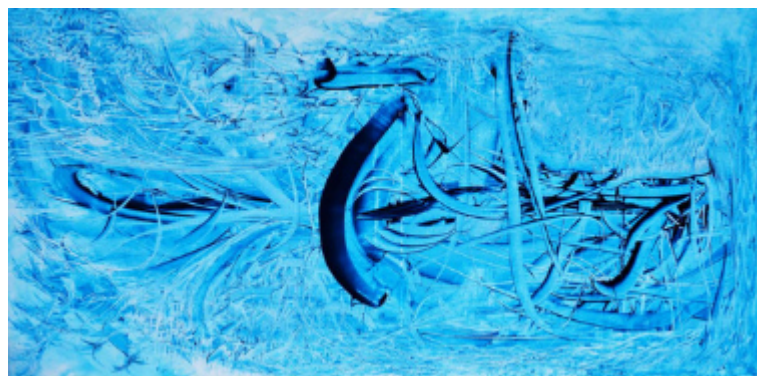
I do not seek to illustrate, nor to confine the image within a subject.

My gesture is exploration, crossing, controlled wandering. It unfolds in a free space, on the edge of emptiness and fullness, where instinctive calligraphy structures the silence, where light suspends itself, where color breathes its own rhythm.

Each stroke I place is a passage, each line a memory.

It is a painting that walks, that breathes, that migrates from one territory to another, like an ancient breath one senses without naming.

I paint in itinerancy. My painting seeks balance, awakening, an echo between the inner and the outer.



El niño

Oil on canvas, 60x120 cm

Suggesting

Linéatranshumance is also a posture: letting things emerge, not saying everything—just suggesting, reaching toward what is in motion, away from what is fixed.

It is an art of passage, an inhabited impermanence, where gesture becomes language.

And you—what do you see in these moving lines ?

A silhouette ? A breath ? A trace ?

Above all, I invite you to feel, then understand. To let yourself be crossed by the painting, gently.

Because here, everything evokes, everything stirs emotion : colors, materials, lines, light.

Art is a journey. The line, a transhumance of the soul.

To Go Further :

- Videos of my creative process
- Dialogues around my constellations

Subscribe to my [Chronique d'Atelier](#) to receive a monthly breath of painting.

Instagram : [@sylvie.gesbertdelinea](#)

Facebook : [Gesbertde Linea](#)

: <http://www.gesbertdelinea.art>

Share Your Impressions

Do you want to enter this breath ?

invite you to extend this journey:

What does this chronicle inspire in you ?

I'll read your messages with care.

Thank you for your continued presence, for your gaze that prolongs the line. See you very soon for another stopover in the linéatranshumance.

SGL