



STUDIO CHRONICLES

LINÉATRANSHUMANCE NOTEBOOKS
SYLVIE GESBERT DE LÍNEA

October 9, 2025

Woman Behind the Line

Dear lovers of painting,

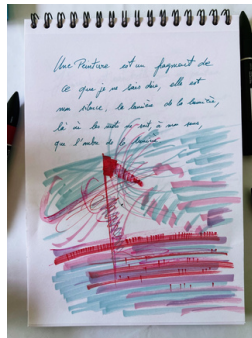
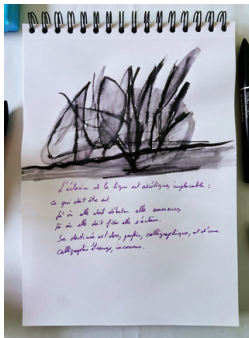
There are lines that are not drawn only on the canvas.
They begin long before—in childhood, in colors, in quiet.
In this seventh Chronicle, I open a more intimate door: the path that made me a painter.
I share the origin of my gesture, the founding colors, the first jolt before a work of art, and that inner thread which, from canvas to canvas, became a script—a signature.
A way of inhabiting the world, pictorially.



Détail du Jardin des Délices
de Jérôme Bosch



Concentration extrême !



Carnets Transhumances, 2 extraits

A destiny sealed at age nine

A single work can upend a life.

Everything changed one childhood day, in the halls of the Prado Museum in Madrid. I was nine years old. Among the Goyas, the official portraits, and the dark-toned religious scenes, my child's gaze wandered, a little weary. And then suddenly, one painting changed everything.

Facing The Garden of Earthly Delights by Hieronymus Bosch, I thought I was discovering a modern painter, so much did the work overflow with invention, color, and freedom. To my eyes it stood out. It opened a breach in that world of rigid frames.

That aesthetic, visceral shock planted a seed that has never left me. I did not merely see a painting: I was crossed by a call—the call of image, creation, mystery. It was there, before that fresco brimming with life and symbols, that I understood painting would be my language. My space of freedom. My place of commitment. I left the museum with a certainty rooted in my soul: I would be a painter.



CONTENTS

A destiny sealed at age nine

Today's inspiration

The momentum of the gesture, the birth of the line

A refuge, a vibration, a presence

Fragments of Life

- Blue is narration, red is passion
- The calligraphic gesture: a universal language?

Go Deeper

Feel free to share what moved you

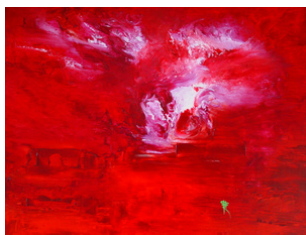
Today's inspiration

Carnets transhumances: an inner line.

I have always written. Between two canvases, in the silence of the studio or during my wanderings, they gather what painting does not yet say: bursts, words that accompany the gesture. There I note my intuitions, my doubts, my wonder—a memory of the gaze in becoming. It is there that one day this sentence was born, which still guides me:

My painting is, first and foremost, a dense, free, definitive line, always sensual, born from an instinctive inner vision.

These notebooks are the written side of my painting. Fragments of a soul on the move.



Love Storm — Oil on canvas, 50 × 61 cm.
Private collection.



Warrior — Oil on paper, 30 × 45 cm.

The momentum of the gesture, the birth of the line

The line precedes the word.

Even before I understood what I was doing, I traced—lines, shapes, presences. The stroke precedes speech—it is a respiration. In me, it was born spontaneously, as a prolongation of the body.

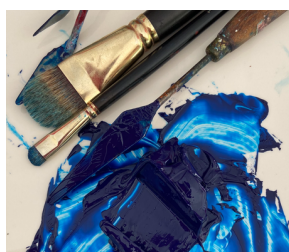
Very early, I was initiated into pictorial techniques by my uncle, a painter trained at the Fine Arts in Madrid. In the heart of his studio, I learned to grind pigments, to stretch canvases, to listen to the silence of colors. But it was not imitation that attracted me—it was the gesture. The breath. The shiver of the unexpected.

Over time I understood that the line is never neutral. It is living; it throbs. It is at once boundary and passage. Thus was born my inner calligraphy, that pictorial writing I trace in a single breath, in search of a universal language. The line became my axis, my path, my identity.

Until the culmination of the signature-monogram, which becomes the seal: a concentrated, living line, both landmark and resonance.



In-studio preparation.



Blue palette, knives and brushes.



Picto A21.
India ink on paper, mounted (marouflage)
50 × 65 cm.

A refuge, a vibration, a presence

Every canvas is a threshold between two worlds.

To paint is to inhabit a place that no one sees. A suspended space, both interior and immense. From my first gestures I knew the studio would be my refuge: a silent, vibrating territory, traversed by lines, materials, and possibilities.

When I paint, I do not seek to represent. I seek to feel—to capture a presence, to make an emotion vibrate, a rhythm, a trace of humanity. Painting is not for me a fixed object; it is a movement, an intimate respiration that connects.

Each canvas then becomes a threshold—a passage between the invisible and the visible, between me and the world.

Blue is narration, red is passion

Two colors, two pulses: soul and heart.

In my childhood memories, blue prevails. It is the color of storytelling—of tales murmured by women whose quiet presence vibrated with inner strength. They passed on a silent energy, a pulse of the soul. That deep, sensitive blue shaped me; it taught me to listen, to dwell in depth, to trust the unseen.

But there was also my Spanish side, feeding me with passion: an incandescent red—the color of popular festivals, of music that ignites, of the heart's surges and fire in the veins. A carnal, joyful, generous energy, rooted and in motion.

Since then, these two colors have kept a dialogue within me. Blue soothes me; red lifts me. Together they give body to my gesture. Between quiet and exaltation, between interiority and impulse, my painting finds its rhythm.

The calligraphic gesture: a universal language?

At one moment, the line ceased to be a simple mark.

It became rhythm, momentum, language. I understood that what I was tracing no longer belonged to an alphabet or a school, but to an inner pulsation—a way of saying the unsayable.

Inspired by calligraphy, fed by ancient writings and ritual music, my gesture freed itself from signs to become a plastic breath. It does not try to write words; it expresses presences. It translates emotion, silence, memory.

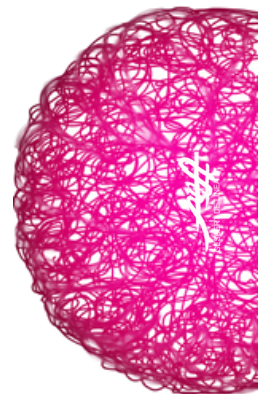
I experienced this gesture on the island of La Réunion, in contact with mingled cultures, ancestral rhythms, oral traditions. There, between volcanoes and warm winds, I felt that a line could connect worlds—that it could become a universal language, at the crossroads of bodies, lands, and times.

Since then, I paint as one breathes a chant: a mute score the eye can hear.



Mariposa. The Butterfly's Flight
— Acrylic and India ink on paper,
52 × 150 cm.

As if a Reproach to This Savage Century?
— Acrylic and India ink on paper, 53 × 160 cm.



Go Deeper

Subscribe to my monthly **Studio Chronicle**



Instagram :@sylvie.gesbertdelinea

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

Feel free to share what moved you

What if a future Chronicle answered one of your questions?

Whisper to me your curiosities, your desires.

Thank you for taking the time to share this journey

Each response, each echo, makes this line between us resonate a little more deeply. I look forward to meeting you again at the next stop along the way.

With all my gratitude,

© GESBERT DE LÍNEA, all texts and photographs

SGL