



ON: *CONFUSION* | 2019 WHITNEY LAURENT

Confusion is relative.

At first glance we're met with a multitude of layers—unsure of whether to focus most on the loud smudges in the background where Laurent herself touched hand to canvas... the deliberate finger strokes surrounding each center, where passion starts so strongly and weakens as it works its way out—or on the splattered foreground where light penetrates the dark and closely resembles the path of a thought justifying a sin.

We are suddenly sitting in our psychologist's chair, dissecting an inkblot imagine and praying we say the right thing.

Butterfly—no,
Christmas tree—or, no, of course,
Man with two heads and one leg holding a fish. Final answer.

Ultimately what we are looking at is the perfect mix of deliberate action and disorder; the contradiction of the human mind.

Confusion is a mirror—the black ink reflecting what is unmistakably 'us,' the greys and whites reflecting how we try to distract from that. How we rewrite all our wrong answers.

In *Confusion* what we really have is clarity. A decisiveness. The heavy but familiar promise that although you don't know how to heal your bruises, you know exactly where to find them.