

Notes on Bp Laval

There's a surface -- and then there's what breaks through it.

Bp Laval makes work from the threshold -- where structure falters, where light seeps in through fracture, where symbols unravel under heat.

At The Love Farm, above the mineral rings of Spotted Lake, Laval paints in collaboration with time, pigment, and weather. The land isn't just setting -- it seeps into the work. His surfaces bear the imprint of their own making: pours left to dry under the sun, traces of evaporation, tension, and chance. Sometimes they crack. The process, like the imagery, is unruly and alive.

In **Rodeo Dance Club** (2023), Laval staged a visual honky-tonk of ecstatic ruin -- paintings that hum with the energy of cowboy myths, devotional chaos, and off-kilter eroticism. Figures appear mid-transformation, like saints caught in the act of becoming. The absurd and the sacred ride side by side. "I like the erotic charge," Laval told **American Suburbx**. "I just go with what's in my head at the moment." The work doesn't explain itself. It just burns.

In **The Chaos, The Light, The Radiance**, the narrative collapses further. Figures fade out. What remains is energy: minimalist fields, broken structures, a kind of internal weather. These paintings feel like the aftermath of something cosmic -- or the calm before. They don't offer clarity. They shimmer with it.

Across these bodies of work, Laval conjures what **American Suburbx** once described as "a disturbing emotional wilderness... a bush of ghosts where anything could happen." The terrain is unstable, mythic, deeply felt. Archetypes don't pose; they wander, stumble, flicker into being and disappear again.

Laval's work doesn't resolve. It vibrates. It flickers between sincerity and satire, memory and myth, structure and entropy. You don't so much interpret it as get pulled into its orbit. His world is full of images that feel half-remembered: a vision glimpsed at speed, or something overheard in a dream.

The paintings don't try to be understood. They make space for things we feel before we can name them.

Not memory exactly -- but something familiar, waiting beneath the surface.