

## SPIT AND POLISH (JUST ANOTHER WANKER)

There is this place behind my bedroom door where the carpet meets the wooden skirting board and doorframe. There is a little piece of carpet, slightly raised and ill fitted. There is a crack running between the skirting and doorframe. It is the point of joining which has tried to be concealed with wood filler and paint, but over time has revealed itself. A dark dust has settled on all these surfaces and obviously my Dyson vacuum has not rolled here for quite some time.

The doorframe sits off the wall a few centimetres. Just enough to cast a shadow down the length of the wall, highlighting the gap. I push my face hard up against the wall to peer inside. The wall is cold and rough or maybe the wall is just cold and my beard is rough. I find a crumbling hole hidden in the gap where the plaster is falling away and exposing wooden structure within. I gently push my little finger inside not really sure as to why I am doing it or even now writing about the act.

I think of Gregor Schneider's claustrophobic interiors and then the strange gothic vampire dream I had last night where I flew high into the dark night sky landing on a rooftop where the huge moon directly above seemed like a ceiling installation by James Turrell. I sat entranced. Upon waking from the dream I was hungry for bananas. I can't help but think of the Warhol cover on *The Velvet Underground* record when I see bananas. Actually I found out recently that *Led Zeppelin* were the first band to cover a song by *The Velvet Underground*. *I'm Waiting for the Man*.

There is this rock myth about *Led Zeppelin* guitarist Jimmy Page sitting motionless for days and nights on the floor in his room in Los Angeles' Continental Hyatt House Hotel, surrounded by Afghan wall hangings and burning candles, holding his guitar and, as he told a reporter, "waiting for something to come through."  
(Davis, 2007)

I feel this 'waiting for something' in the studio. I am always aware of this sense of something coming but not quite there yet. The process is one of continual anticipation. Expectation. A feeling of holding my breath.

In the end what I make is irrelevant. Well, maybe not irrelevant but pretty damn unimportant to the world. The world certainly doesn't need anymore shit in it. But I suppose I can't help it. It feels like the only real act that makes any sense or the only thing that feels like it isn't a waste of time. I just mean it feels like I am being productive and there is some *thinking through making* going on. Sure, maybe it is just pointless busy work to distract me from the inevitable end, but the feeling of making has this primitive immediacy and urgency to it. I can't stop it. I enjoy the sense of finishing a work, though as soon as the work is finished, I want to be making

again. There is a feeling during the making process that I can only explain as a timelessness or stillness. An escape from time itself yet the incomparable highlighting and realization of it. It is the act and process that feels the best, the climax is overrated and the end result is just a stain, a record that I was here and more often than not, a sore wrist.

David Turley, 2015