

SCRAPS OF TIME

It's amazing how different the carpet looks when you vacuum it.

I suppose it's similar to when you mow the lawn. Or get a haircut. I hate the new look of a fresh haircut. It makes me look ridiculous. It's like some in-between space where I am not really my true self. I even walk differently and hold my head up weirdly with a fresh haircut. It needs about five days to settle. The same as a clean shave. My fresh face looks awkward, shocked, vulnerable and exposed. Too clean and oddly white. The smooth clean appearance, even though order has returned, has a sanitized, clinical harshness to its perfection. The lawn and carpet take on a similar awkward cleanliness, which seems uncharacteristic and smooth. It takes a few days for everything to settle again to seem real.

I have trouble with manicured, clean edges. I don't mind rough and raw things. Not necessarily clumsy, country kitchen style rustic, but things that just show an honesty or trace of being. A glimpse of seeing how they actually exist in the world. I don't mind seeing fabrication joins or messy paintwork. I don't mind a bit of rough canvas on the edge of my paintings or a fingerprint here and there. I'm certainly not that fussed by minimalist perfection. Sure, it can be pleasant and slick and flow ever so sweetly into eternal perfection but I'm not sure I agree with tightly painted images that are so exacting and spotless that they seem immaculately staged and they only speak of fabrication technique, design skill and intensity of labour or some divine immaculate conception.

I enjoy a simplicity in paintings. A simple act of transformation through a simple treatment of surface. These new works of mine aren't huge labours of love but rather more quick, repetitive annoyances and struggles. Nothing recognizable but rather fields or landscapes of marks or forms. Honest little wrestles with wrinkly material and dirty liquid. Haphazard and awkward these scraps hold some moment, clean and pure in their impurity. Nothing remarkable here. Just time passing.

David Turley, 2017