

## **OBJECTS ARE FUNNY THINGS**

I found a broken drumstick in the street yesterday. Today a wooden chair leg. Every day I find things. I don't ever look for them. Actually, I do in some instances. I go mudlarking on the Thames quite often. Searching for treasure and remains of past lives. I like all that history and stories nonsense. I collect water-worn shards of ceramic and pieces of broken things that have been washed around for hundreds of years. I like to think of the connection through time. That the thing I have found hasn't been seen or touched by anyone else for hundreds of years.

Everyone collects or acquires things in all manner of ways with all manner of intention and desires. There is no real pattern or theme to the things I find every day. I like an object/thing for various reasons. Maybe its form is just appealing to look at. Maybe it has a lovely wear or sheen as a sign of an oft-used thing. As odd as this may sound, maybe it just seems like a thing is trying to tell me something. Pointing to something beyond its physicality and location in now. Maybe it is trying to lead me to discover something else. Researching things I find always leads me to some new knowledge. Today I couldn't stop myself from researching drumsticks and wooden chair leg designs throughout the ages. Drumsticks are traditionally made from hickory wood because of its particular combination of hardness and strength. Other uses include tool handles, bows, skis, paddles, as a wood for smoking meats and barbecuing and for the construction of early aircraft. The particular chair leg design I found is a screw-in Danish mid century. Teak I believe, but I am no wood expert.

These fragments are pieces of something else, some other narrative but are indeed whole things in their own right. In their new form they are no longer pieces or fragments because there is not necessarily the context for what has gone before. Where they have come from. A broken drumstick, a wooden chair leg, a scrap paper note which reads 'Please take me'.

I compile these things and hold on to them, not able to let them go again. They live with me and continue their lives alongside mine. I am not a hoarder or a mad relic collector. I just find things sometimes that hold a certain energy or presence. Not in a hippy way. A strength in their being. I like how the smallest of objects can fill and command a space. It can push the volume of space it rests in aside with force and you can feel that movement. Repelling. It hits you sometimes like a punch in the face. The simplest of things can hold such weight. Likewise the simplest of marks on a surface can shift time and push the boundaries of existence. Force, movement, time, recorded and rendered still, yet set free to move through eternity.

David Turley, 2019