

A FULCRUM FOR THE WHOLE SCENE

As I enter the train station after work, a young kid is standing handing out local newspapers. To be honest, I have no interest in the local news. It's always community based announcements to do with folk complaining to the council about traffic issues, or real estate write ups claiming the local industrial area redevelopment as the next big place to invest in - urging young couples to buy now, start a family and grow the perfect community of the future. I never really read the paper but I always take one because it seems to make the kid happy. He always looks sad and seems to get shunned by the commuters, who probably like me, couldn't give a fuck about local politics or the opening of the new Tesco.

I can't help but have a flick through the paper to pass the time and I must admit I love the ridiculous section where people are trying to find *that* someone. I don't know if it's just made up bullshit or that some deranged people actually do write in. 'I saw you on the District line on Tuesday at 4.15pm. We smiled at each other. You got off at Whitechapel. Let's have a drink'. Or the dirty personals are equally super. Married woman, 55, seeks playmate during working hours while hubby is at the office. Up for anything. Call me.

When I get off the train five miles away, more often than not I just drop the paper in the bin as I leave the station amongst the giant pile of commuter papers. I was thinking about this transfer and movement of information. The fragments of knowledge we collect and what we retain. We are all interested in different things.

I like Mudlarking. The pastime of wandering along the Thames and collecting historical trash. Bits of ceramic, buttons, tiles, clay pipes. Leftovers and traces of people from other times.

I like fishing. I think fishing has this parallel to an artist in the studio. It is a removal from everything. An act of isolation. It is a self-enforced loneliness where there is a return to some kind of inner primitive longing.

I love mushrooming. I read this great essay titled 'Cy Twombly and the Art of Hunting Mushrooms' by Alissa Walls Mazow which breaks down the artistic process in relation to nature, knowledge and the unknown. Mushrooming in relation to art making, a mix of both active searching and contemplation. Of skill, knowledge and chance. A connection to nature and the ability to decipher visual taxonomies. The difficulties of art representing nature and information being translated and lost. The limits of words and images and the problems with visual perception alone.

I like reading art books. I enjoy reviews and discussions of art. The fragments of critical analysis and descriptions are wonderful.

A considered composition.

One of his best known and perhaps least popular works.

I imagine these fragments as titles for existentialist plays or noir films. The words seem to isolate themselves. As I read they fall out and beg to be used again for something.

Perhaps raunchy art porn –

Miraculous handling

Stiffly rendered

Or maybe crime thriller -

Quality control

A bad bargain

These works float as ambiguous fragments, marks, gestures, actions, more records of my time. Just more stuff, which might live on for five miles briefly influencing someone's thoughts and be thrown into a railway station bin somewhere.

Maybe one day they will live on in another time in someone's home or head and maybe they might act as a fulcrum for the whole scene.

David Turley, 2015