

IN DREAMS IT'S HARD TO MEASURE TIME

The other night Hugh Grant visited me in a dream. I don't mean like a holy apparition. Not really. He just appeared on a rocky landscape at the edge of the sea, next to me. I wasn't familiar with the location. It was an island. It felt Mediterranean.

We walked together along the rocks. They were giant smooth boulders rounded by the movement of the sea. I had no shoes on and enjoyed the cool sensation of the wet rocks on my feet. He talked of making movies and I talked of making art. We really got along.

We stopped at a small café perched high on the rocks. Paparazzi were taking photos of us through the windows. One man put his huge lens right through the open window next to our table. It didn't seem to bother Hugh and I was just caught up in the conversation and amazed to be dining with him. We really got along.

I can't remember what we were eating but I remember it was summery and Hugh was wearing a white button up shirt. We didn't stay at the café long as Hugh had some filming commitments. We said goodbye and he walked away across the rocks following the edge of the sea. I watched as he disappeared into the distant landscape and wondered if we would ever meet again.

A little later in the same dream he appeared again. I don't know how much time had passed. In dreams it's hard to measure time. I knew it was another day.

This time Hugh walked into a cycle shop I was in. I don't even own a bike in my awake life, but we coincidentally were both getting our bikes fixed and entering a charity cycle race around the island. We were happy to see each other again and planned to ride together. It didn't take long for the cycles to be fixed and we headed off.

As we rode along the smooth back-roads through picturesque little mountain villages he talked of making movies and I talked of making art. We really got along.

The dream ended rather abruptly being awoken by a mailman forcing a letter through my front door. I was sad that I never got to say goodbye to Hugh. I think we could be friends. We already are. Hugh if you ever read this, let's grab a beer sometime. Or even just give me the chance to say goodbye. I need closure.

The paintings in this exhibition are dedicated to my friend Hugh Grant.

I make these *things*. Things that hover in some strange space where invisible forces act upon visible forms. A point of confusion between imagination and reality, between materiality and meaning. I like that these things exist because of me. I have given them a life and they can live on beyond now. Beyond me.

These records of my time and life consider the absurdity of existence and a struggle and ongoing longing to leave a mark behind. Conscious thought, intuitive actions, just some kind of thing needed to help with the inadequacy of language. If nothing more, they show I spent a lot of time alone, thinking way too much.

David Turley, 2015