

MARTYN CROSS FRESH HELL

19 September to 11 October 2019 The Garage, Vyvyan Road, Clifton, Bristol

Viewing by appointment:

@martyncross
Layout:

Hung, Drawn and Bothered

Thoughts and fragments towards a reflection on the studio practice of $\longrightarrow X \implies \bigcirc$ $\implies X \implies \bigcirc \bigcirc$ $\implies X \implies ??$, painter, by Jodie Marks

Beyond the binary, in the gaps of the unsaid, lies infinite ways forward.

Perhaps, a fleeting glimpse towards the revelation of an overgrown path leading to ... who knows dares?

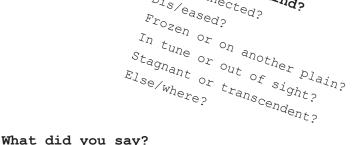
A den? A retreat? A hideaway? A crook towards the mind of an artist, harbouring the ponderances and perplexities of a commune with the unspoken and the unspeakable.

What's the matter?

What is the matter?

Searching or stumbling across ...? Intentful or absentminded...? Marking or scratching ...? Creating or shaping? Excavation or erosion? Solid or liquid? Where is my mind? Object or abject? Dis/connected?

dust and sand pigment and clay ebb and flow wear and tear present and absent dog-eared drawn creased stained worn bothered



Dis/eased?

utterances mutterings echoes emojis silence effigies hieroglyphics marks totems cryptograms scratches sighs Of dust and sand, eroded by the breeze, moved by the undercurrent. Into stillness.

The solidity, fragility and grubbiness of being keeps on keeping on.

> What is revealed, not at first, but slowly after lingering contemplation, is absence of edges. While figures may appear to exist on the fringes, separate and apart, and often 'elsewhere', they are connected. The lines so prominent across the paintings - false markers of separation are, on closer inspection, not there. Not unlike the minds of many of those painted. At the heart of it, there is no separation between things. Everything is one.

They say that when we dream, everyone and everything in the dream is a representation of the dreamer.

Its not much of stretch to expand this analogy to the artist and their practice, where every character, object and walking stick represents a part of them.

What do we see across the spectrum of arrangements? A mutable self, traversing time, space and antiquity? A channeller not only of this time, but of all times?

A body in time attempting to making sense of no time, no place and no thing while dealing in the matter of factness of being? The stickiness of sticks.