



# MARTYN CROSS FRESH HELL

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

Viewing by appointment: @martyncross

Layout: @jodiemarksdesign

# Hung, Drawn and Bothered

Thoughts and fragments towards a reflection on the studio practice of 🏠✓✕🏠⊖●🏠✕🏠??, 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?

Searching or stumbling across...?  
Intentful or absentminded...?  
Marking or scratching...?  
Creating or shaping?  
Excavation or erosion?  
Solid or liquid?  
Object or abject?

## What is the matter?

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

## Where is my mind?

Dis/connected?  
Dis/eased?  
Frozen or on another plain?  
In tune or out of sight?  
Stagnant or transcendent?  
Else/where?

## What did you say?

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.