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Everything I put into painting, has to come from a genuine place.

It can't be faked or tried.

If it does it wouldn't feel real, tangible. The work would deflate like a balloon popped by a pin.

It has to be genuine. The thought that begins the process has to be real. Or I wouldn't even start.

I need to know the first step, the first colour needs to be in my mind, ready to be used. Even if that colour doesn't make it to the final work, it needs to be genuine.

To walk up to a canvas, pick up a brush and paint the first layer without a festered thought, would be an imitation. It would be deceit. A lie.

Sometimes it takes weeks for that first step to occur, but that has to be the worthwhile sacrifice. A writer has to have a story present, a poem that can flow, a script that can be read. So why should I be any different?

My typewriter is a brush,
my words, colours.

It all pays off in the end.

When I step back and know that the painting finally exists. That I have achieved something, a relation between colours or a story or just my need to fulfil my obsession with art and the work it takes to get it to the right place. I need to be able to step back and have the work tug at my heart and soul, that perfect place.