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Juvenescence

Juvenescence - the state of THE youth or of growing young
the state of being youthful or of growing young

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Growing and not knowing
what I am doing,
but being aware the whole time.
I am focused on
the not knowing,
trying to yoke the rawness
of feeling and life
as I know it to
now.
The material is allowed
to be the material
and to have the idea
float
on
top,
the feeling
and
intuitiveness is
the (sour)
cream.
I cannot fight the
feeling of creating
by *pinning*
concept
onto the
unforeseen. I can say
one thing
It is beer [here],
a woman
there,
a lot of learning and
equal
b e
d
l
am.

Wanton. ...
...
I lay
it
down
every day like a baby that hates me.
The paint
the plaster
the wood
the wire the fire
what is around me
that which is around me is
directly
reflected
into my work.
Abstractions of the formula that
makes up growing up and old...
The wheels will not and do not
stop turning and turning and if your
lucky the bucket can contain a lot
more than
water or air
or dirt or garbage.
It is hard to find it, what exactly *it* is.
And I wonder what will become of the
age of #suicidegirls
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
second videos picture after picture
and text after text after text, oh my
good lord what a feeling to be this 21st
century boy man.
It is to let the paint hit canvas and try
to figure out
what in the
world
will come of the world with all Molly
Sodas when I dream of touching and

cowboys and wash and Billie the
 rescued.
 The 8 Bit
 and the hindering projection
 is here to stay it makes my brain
 weary and fuzzy wuzzy but the great

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Once
 Said:
 "...I put my trust
 in the materials that
 confront me, because
 they put me in touch with the
 unknown.
 It is then that I begin to work..
 ..when I don't have the comfort
 of sureness and certainty. Sometimes
Jack Daniels
 helps too.
 Another good trick is fatigue.
 I like to start working when it's almost
 too late..."¹

The unknown is not groundless.

For Freud:
 The institution has been
 my superego. My ego is a result of my
 guilt. My art is a result of the latter.
 I may not inform
 myself naturally and instantly of the
 should or should not.

The time comes in
 everyone's life where basic instinct is
 frowned upon and

Social norms Trump all. Spend
 my young American life learning how
 to be old and make the good stuff.

The unknown, the intuitive, is ever
 informed

I do not recall a time of pure comfort,
 pure sureness, and the deliberate is a
 result of the id.

• ¹ *Robert Rauschenberg: An Audience of One*, John Gruen, *Art News*, 29, February 1977, p. 48

There is a lot of time spent in the studio. Most of it, not working. Most of the time, I am sitting with the work waiting for my body to take me to make another mark, make another cut. It is like sitting across from a person and you know there should be conversation happening, but it's not. Eventually, you just say something to get it rolling, for better or for worse. The canvas, or whatever may be the canvas, is that awkward person. I can relate to what Eddie Martinez said in an interview with David Coggins, "It comes later. I just start drawing with a brush, making marks. I build something up and then react to it. If it starts feeling like something, then I'll go off in that direction."² This way of working makes sense to me. Martinez is inspired by the landscape of the city, graffiti, and even more traditional still lifes, yes it is premeditated in some sense, but he always allows his intuition to guide the painting.

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There are times as I walk in to the studio I just start moving shit around and watch it inadvertently become something I can work with. Always music playing, I get much inspiration by the music I listen to. It goes anywhere from Johnny Thunders to Blaze Foley to Funkadelic. That is some real art. But, I digress. When I am making my mind needs to be away from me. Music for me while working is the bridge between the unconscious and conscious, I can get lost in that. In the days where I'm for hours, that's how I find my groove, and the Evan Williams. In the

² Coggins, David. "Eddie Martinez." *Interview Magazine*. N.p., n.d. Web. 21 Apr. 2015.

words of Luther Allison, "You got to roll like a turkey." Music is pure expression, and allows to feel and not at the same time. It is the strangest sensation when you hear everything and nothing all at once. Its like when I am riding my motorcycle, it is the loudest silence you ever heard, and allows my mind to go for a walk. With the work.

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The materials in my work are still mostly found. I use mostly house paint that I take from student housing around town, and paint on doors and drop cloths. I find 98% of the materials in my sculptural work. I use found materials because it speaks to my process in a way that would never get through if I figure them out and then purchased all it. Found materials relate to the juvenescent hope, imagination, naiveté. The material is always the material in this wa, there is no plasticity about it. It's the same way for a kid when a stick becomes a sword. Or in my case growing up, having rock fights pretending we were shooting each other. Those were the best of times, and the worst of times. But, this type of freedom in the material relates to the type of play that comes through in my work and in the openness of "Juvenescence." I create for this sense of freeness, and the materials should always be carrying this sense of freedom as well. The forms from the found objects reoccur through different mediums. Some of these symbols include but are not limited to, doors, windows, buckets, wheels. The themes of my work are carried through these symbols and objects, which all relating back to the innocence, and restricted

freedom of adolescence. In my case, what and where is home, the American landscape, themes of Americana, love, whiskey, etc. This can be shown my hanging buckets (Figure 1), influenced in part by a Theodore Roethke poem titled *I Knew A Woman*. I have included an excerpt:

I knew a woman, lovely in her bones,
When small birds sighed, she would sigh back at them;
Ah, when she moved, she moved more ways than one:
The shapes a bright container can contain!
Of her choice virtues only gods should speak,
Or English poets who grew up on Greek
(I'd have them sing in chorus, cheek to cheek).

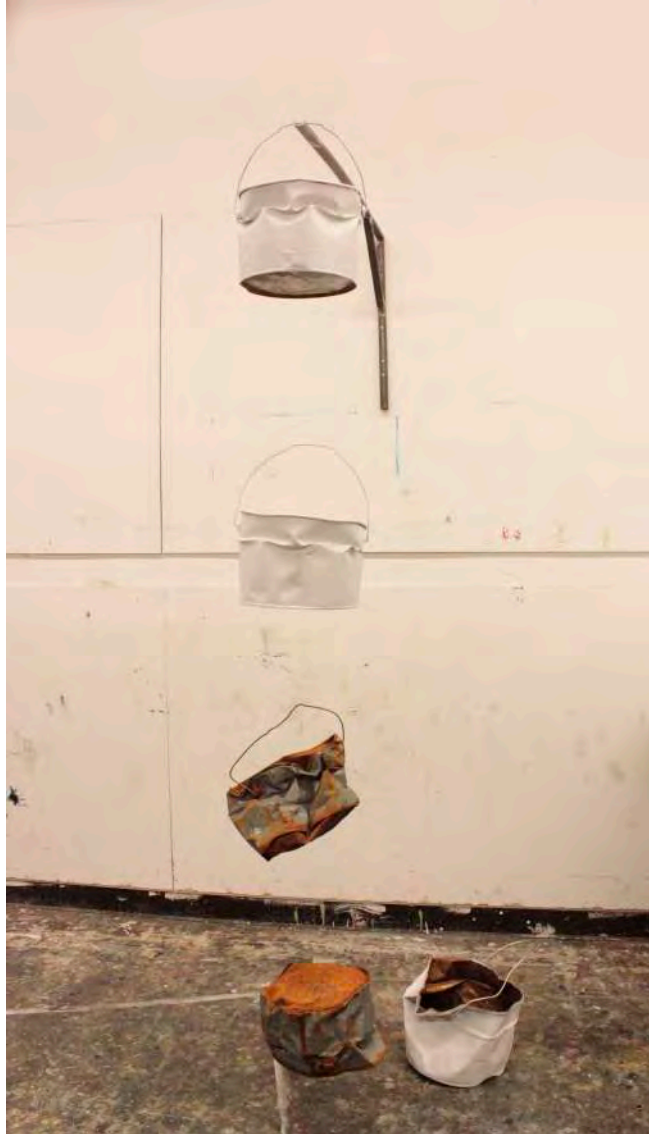
How well her wishes went! She stroked my chin,
She taught me Turn, and Counter-turn, and Stand;
She taught me Touch, that undulant white skin;
I nibbled meekly from her proffered hand;
She was the sickle; I, poor I, the rake,
Coming behind her for her pretty sake
(But what prodigious mowing we did make).

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Upon reflecting on my IP show, I feel like the process really affected my work in a negative way. IP ended with me having four main paintings (three in Performance Network, and one in Slusser) and were not true to me, they were plastic (Figure 2) I left feeling embarrassed, but knowing it was a good learning experience, because instead of doing what I think the institution wants, I now I know I need to stick to my guns. I felt the pressure to try to make very refined work, and paint pictures on canvas in a more traditional manner, and it really took away from process and my sense of self. That is why I paint. To reflect, and meditate. The most successful piece I could hope to make it is when one were it finds me to make itself (Figure 3).

Goodbye

Figure 1



The Shapes a Bright Container Can Contain!
Thodore Roethke
Found railroad buckets, fishing line, steel

Figure 2



From Left to Right:

How Do You Like Your Eggs?

I Wouldn't Risk Another

Flowers

Acrylic, oil, pastel, collage, spray paint, found materials on drop cloth.

Figure 3



I Could Look at You Forever
Latex paint on paper bag