

PROPER STUFF

These four works sum up the mood I've been in for the past few months. I've been reminiscing about my family when I was growing up, the trips we made cross-country skiing on glowing slopes in the Norwegian pitch-black winter, I remember we were thirsty with no water in the mountains and being told: 'if you are thirsty, drink your spit' but in a loving way. Then camping in moist green plastic tents in the forest in summer and trips abroad - five kids melted onto brown vinyl seats in a mustard yellow Volkswagen mini bus on the motorways from Oslo town to Venice, Italy and discovering on arrival this small shop filled with Murano glass objects, its trippy vases burning themselves into my child-brain, now literally burned by my heaters onto my canvas or linen, making surely sure I won't forget. My sister and I bought a small glass object each; colourful glass candy and a fish, proper tourists.

'Never let you see me down'. I've been thinking about what our various flats looked like growing up, the pine furniture, the record players, black vinyl 45's with dust dancing on them in the sun and the sound they made when the record was over. I've been looking at my drawings my Dad kept for me and at slides of us, my sister, him, me, which he handed over to me recently. I guess these works are rich with references which mostly only make sense to me. There's the 'TUFF' part of a CRY TUFF record in a painting which doesn't actually reveal the name of the song I've been listening to, 'Gimmie' by Errol Holt. Another painting sort of holds parts of the graphics from a Sussex Records by The Decisions just because I like those shapes and colours and nonetheless their song 'You look like an angel' is real beautiful too.

These new works sure are richer than rich with material, yes so heavy with industrial bucket loads of Plastisol and expanding medium weighing them down so I cannot carry them much longer. This final mixture of my so-called chunky 'Puffy-paint', is applied with any kind of abused brushes or moulded, squeezed, smudged, clubbed and harassed onto the canvas with my hands. 'Poesy snuffed by decor?' Decor snuffed by Poesy! The battle is on, and at the slightest resistance, the first «word» of complaint, they are squelched, fined, vilified, muffled, harassed, hunted down, disarmed, bound, choked, imprisoned, judged, condemned, blown, deported, sacrificed, betrayed, sold. Finally these works have been through some decent heating and baking in my studio by means of industrial heaters as the plastic won't harden otherwise. I like watching the plastic grow like mushrooms when it's heated, baking and boiling like heroin in a spoon.

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