

DEEP DEEP SURFACE SURFACE

– JULIA LOMAS –

Blowhole opens a space where a mode of stylish roughness is deployed as a means of operation. This technique, which extends to gesture, form and colour also engages with moments of elegance; fragments held just so, forms not colliding but hanging together. This is probably also a perverted space, if you let your imagination run beyond the literal. But even taken literally, what's a blowhole if not the moment when something forces itself through an opening? This deliberate crudity in turn, generates a crudity of articulation. It asks for an erotics of reading, a place where pleasure chokes.

Donald Judd once proposed 'visible reasonableness' as a way of describing proportion: what makes a table a table is an internal logic made explicit.¹ Here, a calculated heaviness of touch causes a kind of somatics in the experience of viewing; an embarrassment of colour that is vivid, mucky and scorching, against the rough weave of hessian on a violent surface of forms. A visible unreason of the senses, a revolt of heaving sensibilities.

Imogen Taylor's paintings are deeply unreasonable, in the sense that this willful unreason is more about prioritizing sensory concerns over the protracted task of staying entirely rational. Her particular erotics of touch, often characterized by interruption, or ruptures on the surface, gives rise to sensations that are bodily and visceral. These experiences cast a slippery kind of difficulty on the project of summing up this collection. Certain codes recognizable from previous bodies of work repeat themselves, tubular forms and knots, pearl-like globules lit from within. Some of these forms just hover, forced into the weird configurations of an unknowable logic. Even the marks and signs that seem purely gestural are in orgiastic flirtation with each other.

In this manner, interior and exterior space gets confused; fragments that might be duvet patterns or impressions of the outdoors are rendered not with whimsical nostalgia, but with definite, glowing shapeliness. Some of these patterns are almost recognizable, a child's bed sheet circa 1990 is pushed into abstraction just beyond the point where it's easy to grasp; memory can be a sickly animal. Hot tones given a brutal fondling and set at a murky key, give way to cooler moments, a turquoise splash jostles with a waffle cone pattern.

These moments restlessly cooperate: peachy flesh tones sit with vivid bile green and deep, rusty settings allow softness to seep through. Surfaces operate on several different planes within one painting and form points of collision between textures; rough edges encounter the smooth mimicry of rumpled silk. A particular brand of twisted elegance is at work, the coarse weave of hessian allows for forms to glow out of the darkness. That's the work of tension, the logic of balance.

¹ Donald Judd, "It's Hard To Find A Good Lamp", 1993. <http://www.juddfoundation.org/>

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IMOGEN TAYLOR
BLOW HOLE
2nd - 28th March 2013
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KALIMAN RAWLINS
9 Ellis St, South Yarra
Melbourne
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BLOWHOLE

- RUPERT TAYLOR -

I'm the water shootin'
out the hole in the top of the
whale's dome I'm a geyser shootin' out a hole
in the rocks by the sea, blastin' crayfishies outta
the way, bustin' those exoskeletal bitches & shootin'
spiny orange fragments into the blue sky like a roid fountain
I'm lookin' down on the kids playing on the rocks, one of the kids
is a scraggly little blonde girl with wild hair and shit all round her
mouth, like food type shit but also actual mud type shit on the bottoms of
her white terry toweling shorts and the other kid is this tweedy lookin boy-
creature with a side part and a button up shirt, the buttons of which are those
snap-shut domes made from fake mother of pearl and the material of the shirt itself
is like a brown and white gingham type number, very snazzy, I wonder where the parents
be at, those kids on the rocks daring each other to eat the guts of the kina, the yellow
roe of the sea egg that tastes like salty shit but is a fucking delicacy up in Tokyo or
Asia or some place like that and they pretend to love it those kids they hate the taste but
think it's ballsy to suck the guts of the kina off the rocks like boom fool what you forgot
I'm a geyser bitch I'm Bill Clinton I'm a powerful jet of water way up in the air the kids are
looking up at me with yellow guts on their lips and I wonder if the kids know I smash the shells
of the crayfish I snap the spikes of the kina I wonder if they know I'm the water that comes up
outta the whale's head and takes out a bird jus chillin' up on the whale's head jus restin' its
eyes like I'll fly later sheesh they never see it or hear it like arc lights dumb fuck birds what
they doin' chillin' on a whale's head anyhow don't they know he be the king of the sea the legend
of the deep not even the giant squid can beat this beast okay maybe one of every four whale v
squid battles the squid will win but only if the fix is in did you know that squids can cry
they shed motherfuckin tears down in the ocean and the tears become the water that gets sucked
up into the rocks and shot out into the air like the foamy creamy champagne that shoots the
cork like a bullet from a green bottle gun it fires due north hits the red bougainvillea
flower behind the waitress's ear and pretty much pins the flower to the ceiling leaving
a red petal splodge the cleaners couldn't reach it'll be there for eternity like the
barnacles that chill in the whale's blowhole getting high off the harsh toke of the
water's blast when it comes past that's what you call second hand smoke that's what
you call sweet but back to the weeping squids the so called bad boys of the deep
the so called tough guys that cry underwater so no one knows of course it's a
secret their tentacles can take down a whaling ship they bring salty sailor
boys screaming down to the depths for some how's your father they gotta
a rep to uphold those squids for real they can't be tarnished they
ain't winos in the park or city goblins in suits weepin' oh
where my be life at send them fools my way I'll blast em up
the night sky like a saltwater firework show they'll
feel like their bone marrows is melting like
the beady eyes of the crayfish that
see me coming too late.

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