

Jill Trappler

Parallel Intersections

22 April to 13 May 2023

6 Spin Street



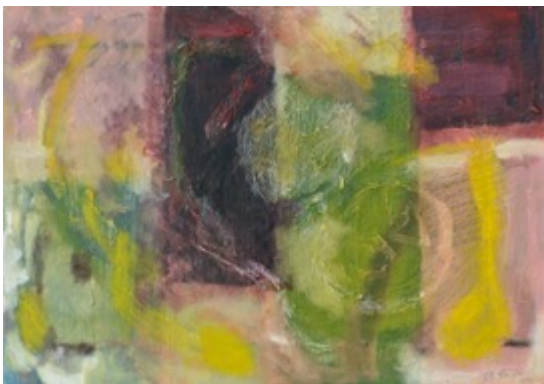
Embryo Series (Archive)

2020

oil on canvas

43 x 54 cm

R18,450



Walking up

2021

oil on canvas

32.5 x 45 cm

R15,990



Late Day Light

2022

oil on canvas

101 x 170 cm

R43,050



Half-Light

2022

oil on canvas

34 x 36 cm

R17,160



Sky Quakes
2022
acrylic on canvas
120 x 160 cm
R46,740



Shift
2022
oil on canvas
38 x 99 cm
R21,816



Apprehending Moon
2023
oil on canvas
60 x 40 cm
R24,600



Under Sight
2023
acrylic on canvas
82 x 53 cm
R28,290



Contemplative Moon
2023
acrylic on canvas
53 x 82 cm
R28,290



All Around the World

2023

acrylic on canvas

82 x 53 cm

R28,290



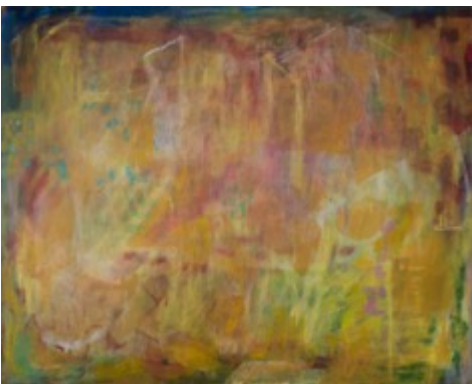
Bedrock

2023

acrylic on canvas

53 x 82 cm

R28,290



Petrichor

2022

acrylic on canvas

120 x 150 cm

R46,740



Red Night

2022

acrylic on canvas

84 x 119 cm

R43,050



Dust

2022

oil on canvas

32.5 x 45 cm

R15,990



Inner Weave 1

2022

oil on canvas

32 x 40 cm

R14,760



Inner Weave 2

2022

oil on canvas

32 x 40 cm

R14,760



Inner Weave 3

2022

oil on canvas

32 x 40 cm

R14,760

Notes from Jill

The canvases for this exhibition have been selected from studio work made over the last two years. They have been hanging around catching my eye on and off for months. My studio includes various other images made with wood, on paper, raffia and collage.

I have selected to show these 17 canvases as a “travel log”. A reference to: thoughts, moods, daily life and transformations. They were made in a wandering sort of way on a path that led to final completion. Ongoing studio work can be seen on my website. www.jilltrappler.co.za

The following notes have informed the work that will be on the exhibition at 6 Spin Street, Cape Town. Opening on 22 April and closing on 13 May 2023 with a walk about on Saturday 6 May, 11 am.

I live and function sharing long hours of studio time with fluid color moving across surfaces and canvases. These activities are informed by daily interactions, memory, teaching, reading, listening and landscapes (both internal and external). The canvases have illusions of space that become a place to stop. Time (especially slow time, relative deep time) during long sessions, guide my activity. Shadow informs the process too as time passes.

Doing what I feel good at is very motivating. I work at ease with myself. Revisiting in my mind's eye, paintings that I have looked at in museums, trees I have spent time with, various lights of day and night that surround me or play over and on surfaces reside and then reemerge.

The titles come from something I have read or words that come to mind while I am working. As the images change, I find new words and phrases. The words and phrases change as the image unfolds.

Metaphor is ever present. Words that may refer to the world around me also apply to the world within.

Words are so messy. Paint too I suppose. Drawing is where the messy meets the real seeing. Drawing seems to find the rhythms for the color and/or sound to hold onto.

I inhabit the real world and the world of dream easily but uncomfortably. This keeps me moving. There is always something bewitching, new and quite complicated that I need to see again through color, in paint, on canvas. Ideas and sensations of "Beauty" are guides which are always debatable and changeable. Sometimes I have to stop walking backwards and sideways and forwards again so that I can greet the color from one angle. I move. The image remains still. When I am still the color seems to move.

This restlessness finds peace when I stop working on a canvas. It is complete, reciprocal, set aside, taken downstairs. Paintings move around the space as part of an ongoing studio practice. There are always a few images in the making. My days are slowing down and I have time to wait. A lower internal frequency assists with focus. Painting keeps the waiting activated. We are alive and busy in this activity although it appears meaningless and perhaps to some, even unproductive. Painting for me is not a craft; it has no reason or resolution. Life is diminished without painting, music, word, creativity.

Poetry brings me through the bewildering interior of images as I journey on my way with colour. Poems are like memory maps. The poems become paintings I see in my mind and become paintings on canvas eventually leaving the poem behind.

"Kindness begins where necessity ends" (Amor Towles.) An image that can express that, which may be on the cusp of consciousness, can assist me to make sense of the world in general. The leap from a visual or aural stimuli into the imaginary is also helpful. It is kind.

I like to hovering curiously while observing an image, with the awareness of a viewer (or listener) and I like to be with the actual reading of paint and surface. Both places at once. This implies that the whole of me is active and aware in an unselfconscious manner, referencing something new and making sense of what the painting has to say both viscerally and intellectually.

I found a white bird hovering in one of the paintings after living with it downstairs for a few months. There is so much hope in awareness and renewal. That is why we walk these paths.

("I am in the forest", said the child in the forest orientating himself and me.) A painting needs to be very present, like a tree. They both move with internal life and external light.

A painting, once it is autonomous, is aware of itself and aware of being seen; we become aware of its gifts. Color seems to trigger us both viscerally and intellectually. Revelations occur as they do when taking a walk.

"I knead my brain like bread; the skin around my skull shifts. My heart wriggles free and slides through my ribs to visit the wound in my flank. This is a nurturing checkup and nudge of encouragement to healing. This heart of mine returns to basecamp and resumes its slow pondering rhythm, a gong vibrating, reverberating to call my feet, my hands into this body. Gathered, I close my eyes to sleep; my feet greet one another in a rolling rub, elbows bend, hands open to receive dream material. My spirit hovers then dissolve to join the blood streams feeding wholeness. When I wake, I paint."

(Written post op while painting in my mind's eye. See painting, "Sky quakes.")

Fifty years on I continue to try to let go of inner critics and follow those voices, ("muse-ics") that really have something to add.

These paintings are located at an Intersection between the suggestive vagueness (decorativeness) and the didactic provocation I find in images which hold little interest for me. Images made in the service of something, such as an issue or a philosophy, are a distraction. I prefer the freedom of interacting with unconscious processes using ideas and skills that emerge and which I can engage with openly.

The intersection with the work has as its purpose to be sacred and magical. A transformation of materials and images where the viewer and the painting interact continuously. These images don't refer to aesthetics or expression; (or perhaps they do?)

A paragraph in a book by Lindsay Clarke called "the chemical wedding" (which I read forty years ago) describes a creative process, a transformative/alchemical process during firing ceramics.

I find Howard works within this wonderful way. Anthony paints with these possibilities in mind.

There is an interweaving of ways in this exhibition. I invite you to walk, see and talk with us.