

Somewhere Else

Perhaps because my palette is a surface composed on purely utilitarian lines, until lately I have bypassed its existence as an *object* in concentrating on its *use*. Yet habitually, I spend more time staring at it than at anything else including both my work and its models, expending more paint on it than I do on any painting. Recently I started to look at it more closely.

While a particular image represents something that may possess a range of further associations, paint as a substance can represent anything and so be potentially everything. Paint has been used to embody the entire gamut of things, thoughts and feelings: even itself. It is the stuff of the whole of representation; more than a language, more like a world. I decided that, rather than paint something else (which had nevertheless been chosen by me so could never be other) now I would find something other in my own, functional arrangement of paint on a surface, in transit towards its final destination.

The process has become a circular activity, the palette for the first painting becoming in turn the subject for the next source image. Each work is a double embarkation: one, purposeful and direct towards the paintings completion; the other contingent, to set out in search of a vista as yet unknown that might in turn become a subject. In doing so I have been surprised to find an object so familiar and routine as strange, vast, explorable, like glimpses into a foreign country; and like any new world, what I see is tinted with delight, fascination and fear. I have become convinced of the existence of this somewhere else; despite knowing the whole time I spend wandering there, that I am peering at areas no bigger than a postcard.

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