

Sound

Struan Teague

Annex14, Zurich

03 June - 08 July 2023







































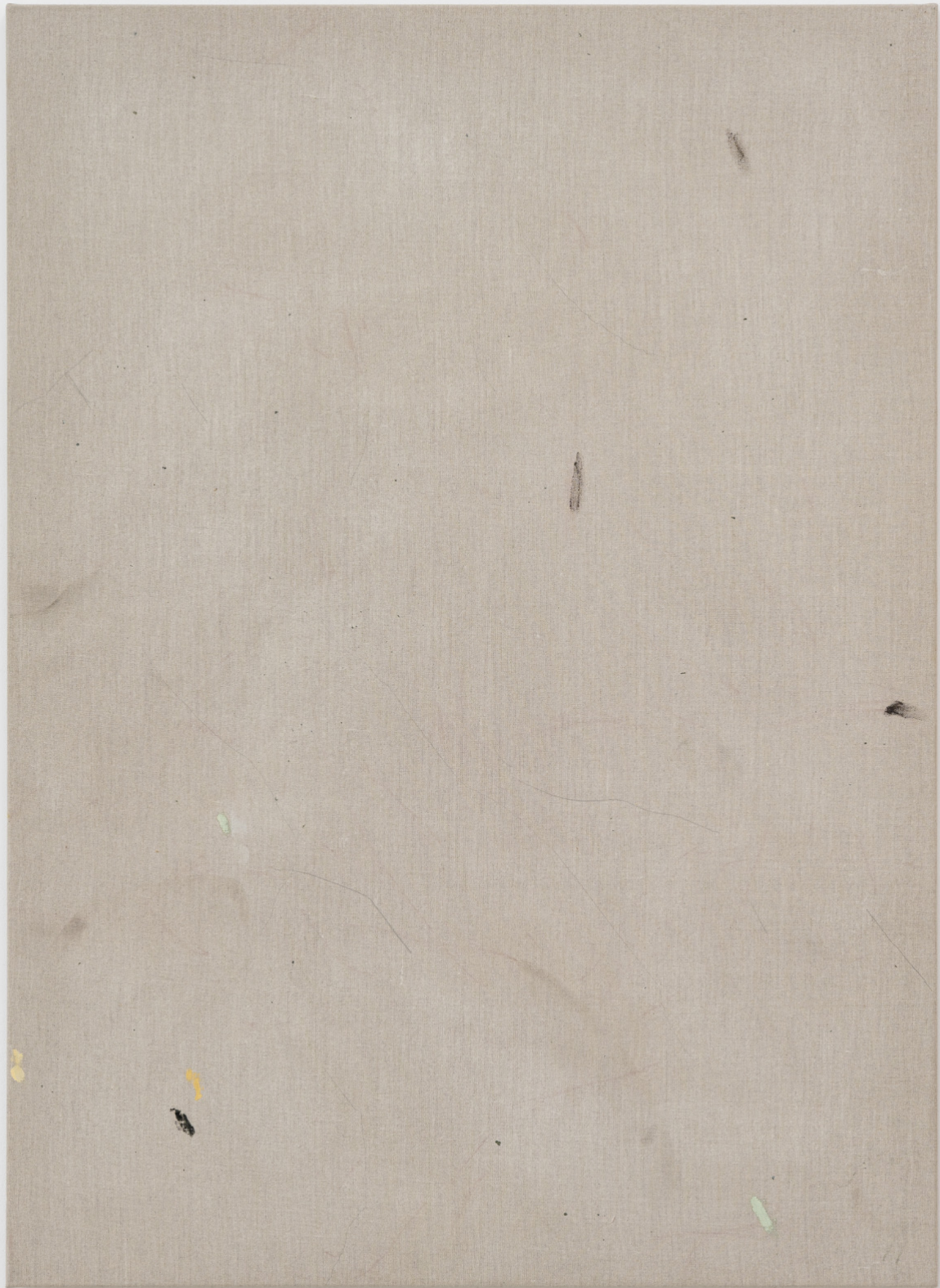








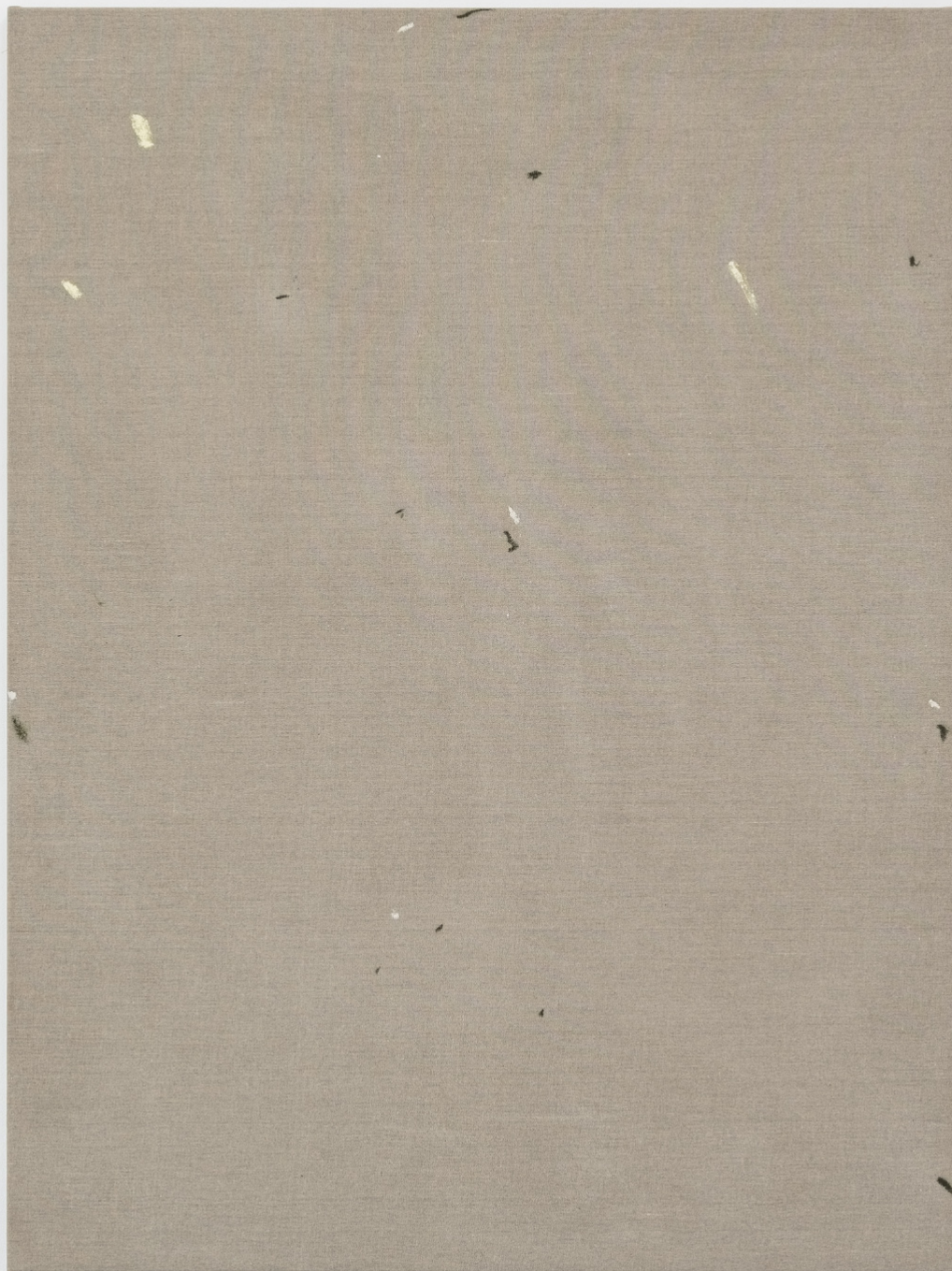
Untitled, oil, distemper and pigment on hemp silk, 60 x 35 cm, 2023 [st11.2023]



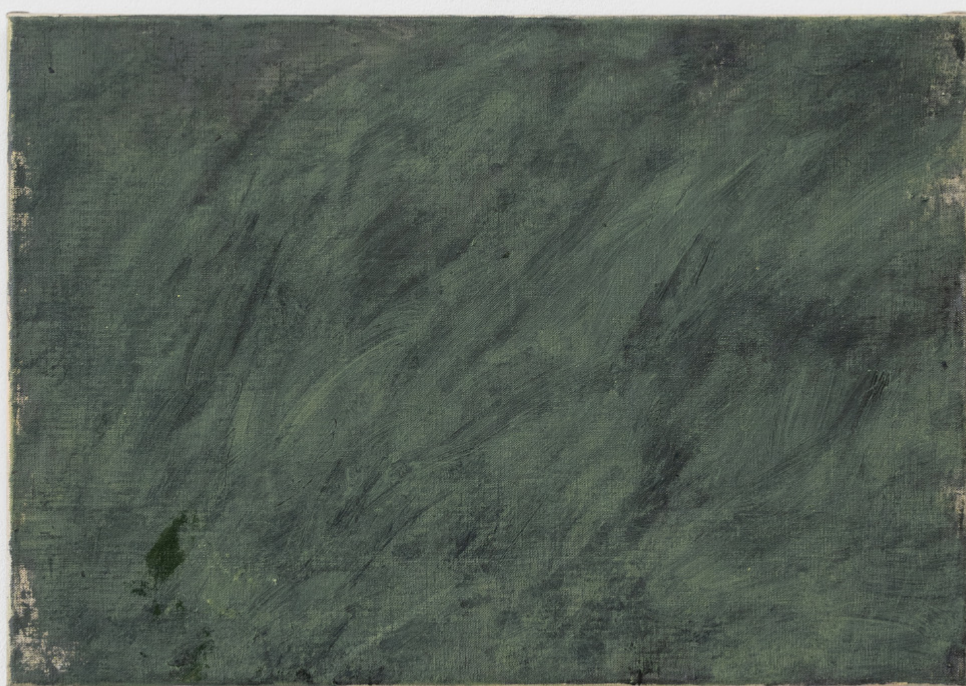
Untitled, oil, pencil, pigment and glue on linen, 110 x 80 cm, 2022 [st24.2022]



Untitled, pencil, pigment and glue on canvas, 120 x 90 cm, 2022 [st36.2023]



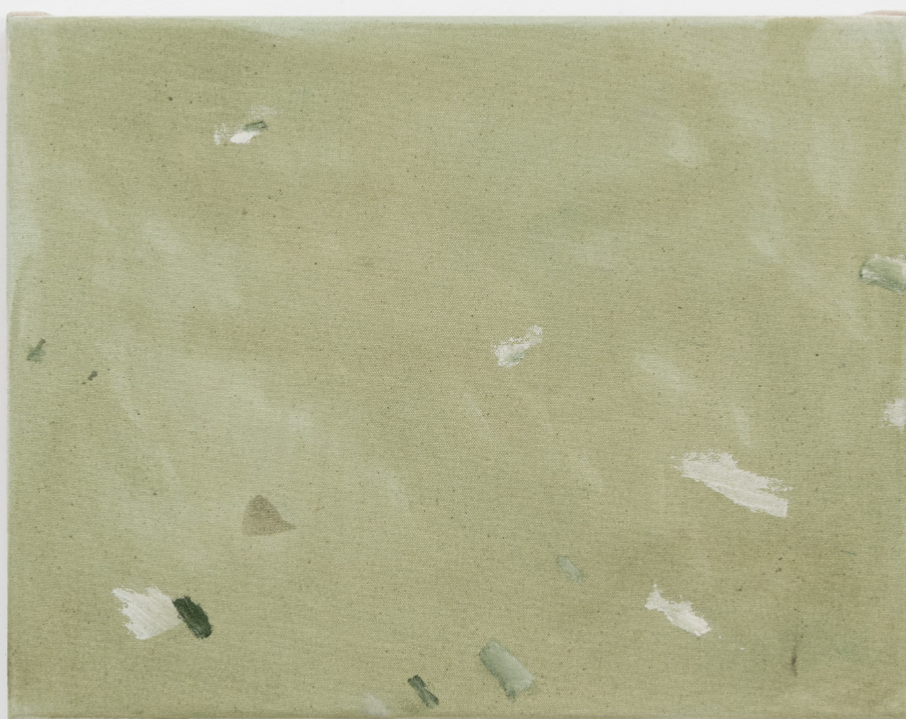
Highlight, oil, pigment and glue on linen, 120 x 90 cm, 2022 [st31.2022]



Untitled, oil, pencil, pigment and glue on linen, 50 x 35 cm, 2023 [st06.2023]



Untitled, oil, acrylic and distemper on canvas, 45 x 35 cm, 2023 [st02.2023]



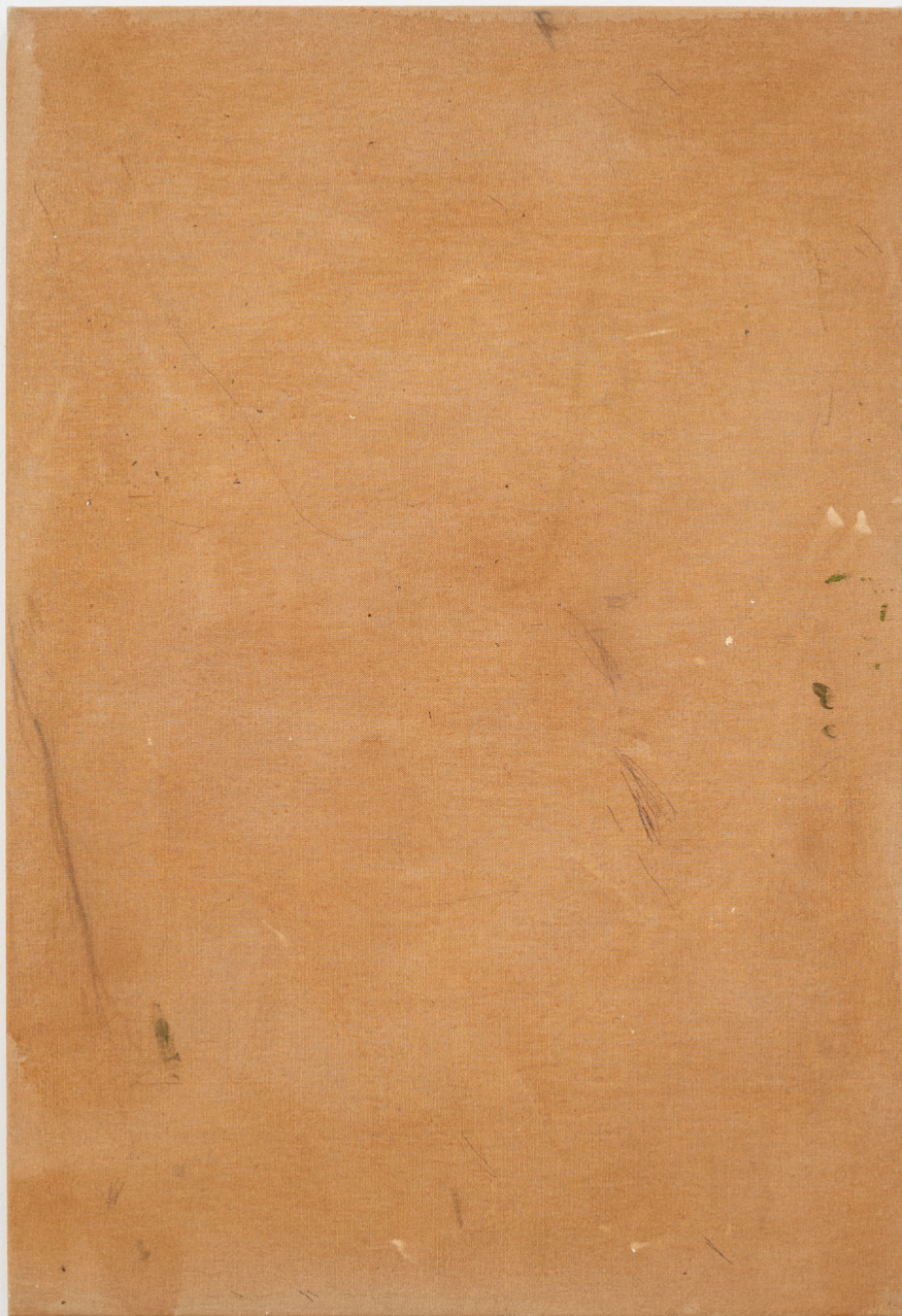
Untitled, oil, acrylic and distemper on canvas, 45 x 35 cm, 2023 [st03.2023]



Notes on rhythm, pen on paper and inkjet pigment print on paper, framed, 51 x 41 cm, 2023 [st13.2023]



Untitled, oil, pencil, pigment and gesso on linen, 45 x 35 cm, 2023 [st15.2023]



Untitled, pigment, acrylic, pencil and glue on linen, 80 x 55 cm, 2022 [st15.2022]



Slant, oil, pencil, pigment, dispersion and glue on canvas, 210 x 150 cm, 2022 [st32.2022]



Untitled, oil, acrylic, pigment and glue on canvas, 160 x 110 cm, 2023 [st09.2023]

On the train, I looked out of the window and the mud blots on the thick glass with the grey skies behind them made me think of Struan's paintings. The marks were tiny and only a few fit into my focus, others were peripheral and blurry. I was sitting still and travelling together with the blots, but the train ride wasn't smooth, and with some bumps and shakes my vision of the singular points would blur. My view got re-framed. It was an overcast day when clouds appear tremendous like mountains. In the sky, there was almost no contrast, although it was not a single hue of grey either. The clouds weren't moving with the train, together with the blots I travelled past them.

This memory does not sit with the critical events of the year. It is just something that took place one day. I distinguished layers, observed different speeds of movement, I thought of my friend's paintings. We learn to notice because someone else has seen, noticed, taken note, and captured.

Since then, I am back in Estonia. It is very light here around this time of the year. I know from the weather app on my phone that the sun sets at 10.17 PM, but when I go to bed past 11 PM, the sky is still un-dark. The light reflects from somewhere and fractures and breaks in. If you really want to see it, you notice yellow and pink and blue. When I lay here, I think of Struan's paintings again, but this time, it is because of the cheeping and chirping birds. Rather than the image, I recognise the rhythm, the sound.

Do you know the slight yellow pine pollen dust on tarmac in late spring? Often it is the background for coupled needles or broken branches. How to capture what pine needles create? With a pine needle? Maybe a telescopic pencil?

Laura Linsi
Tallinn 2023