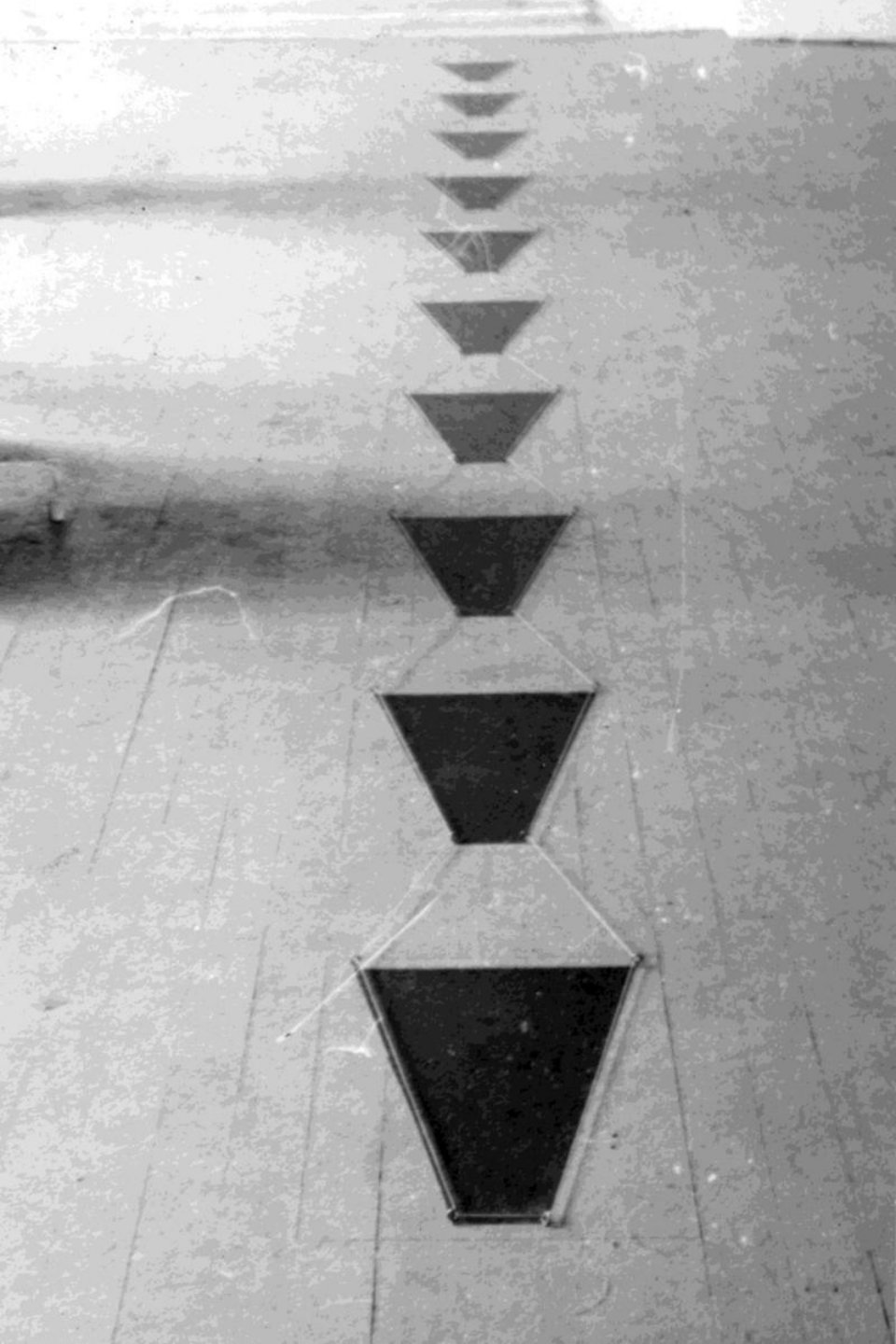


JONATHAN MILES

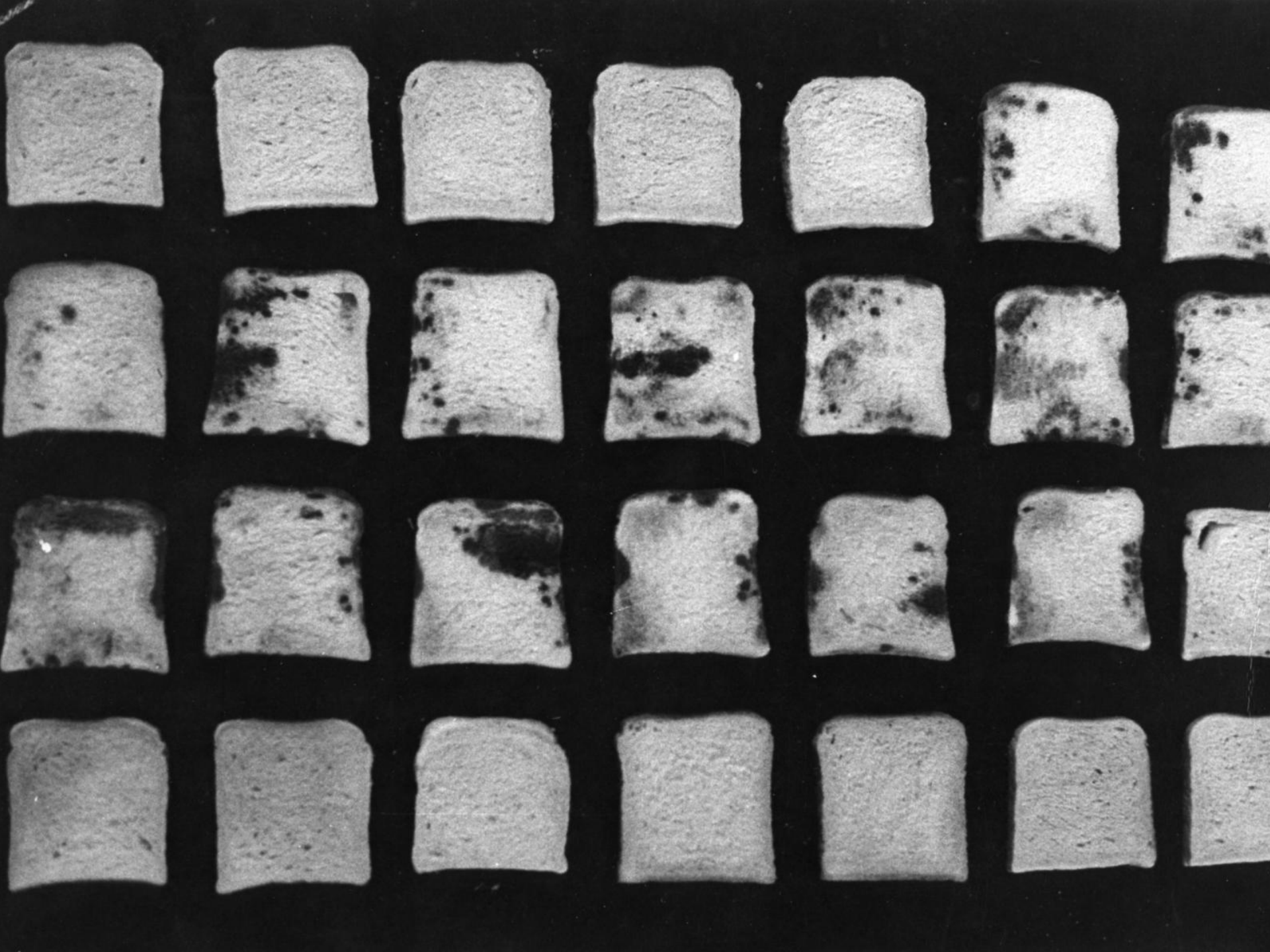


Every year my mother would go to see the headmaster to ask why I couldn't read or write. Each time the reply was the same. "He is just too thick. Nothing goes in and even less comes out."

Sometimes I would lie awake and think of forever and forever. If you stay with this thought long enough then you reach a point of not being able to hold it any more. I was once asked at school what I thought about when I was on my own and I replied: "for ever and for ever." My teacher looked at me and simply told me that I was a strange one. Anyway I think that was the beginning of wanting to paint because there was this other side of things that words didn't touch.



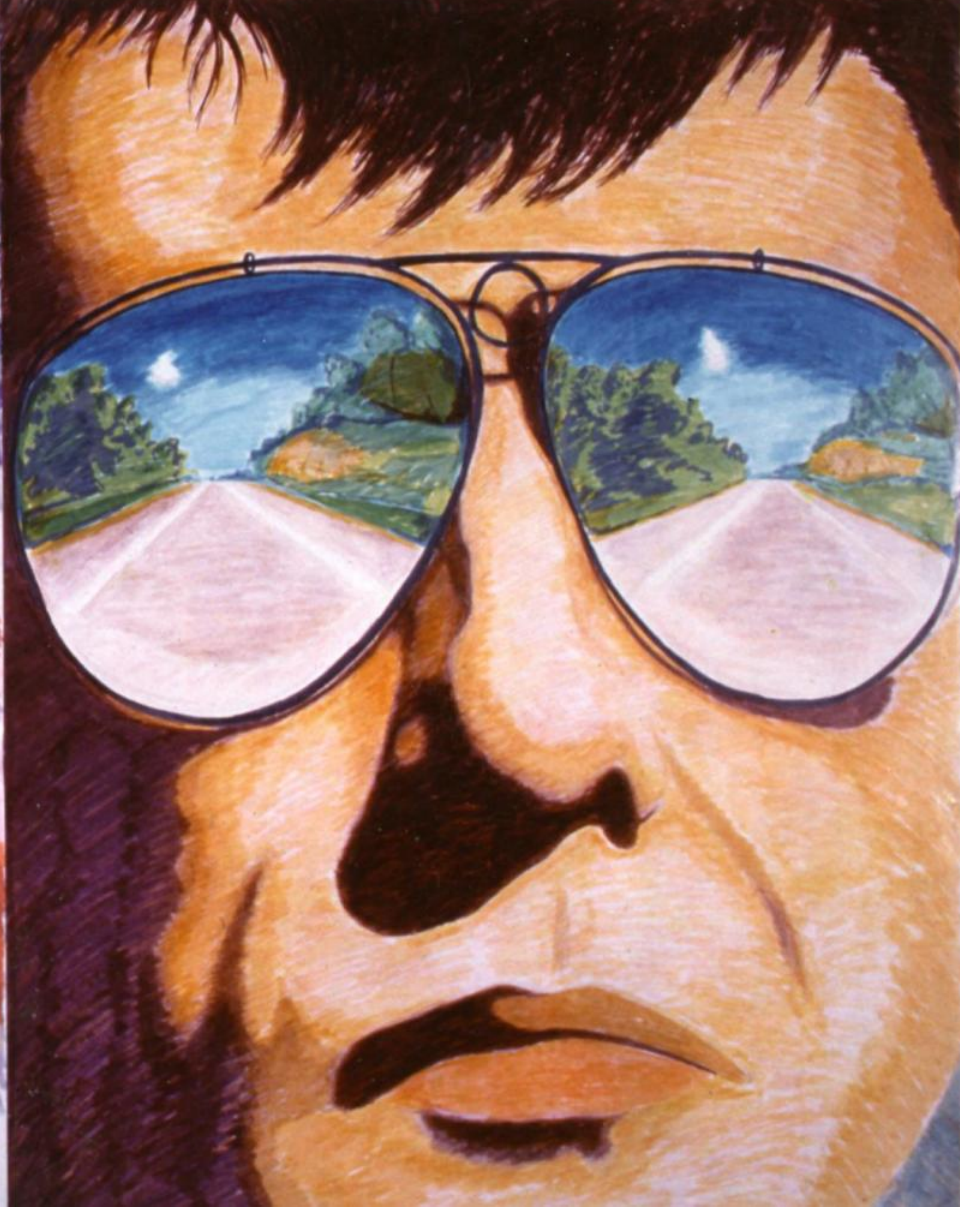
Untitled, 1970





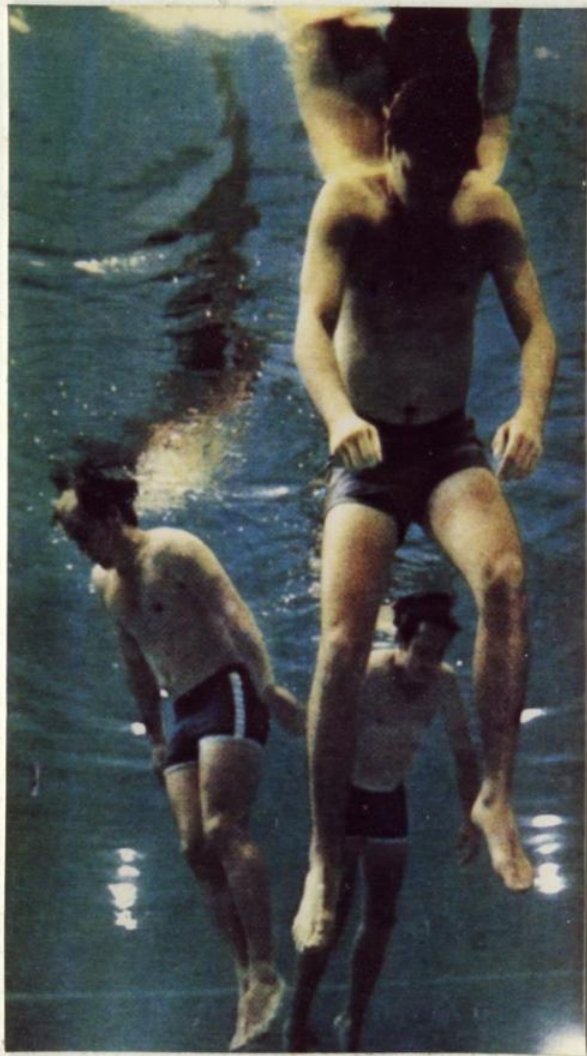
GLOBAL ROUTE

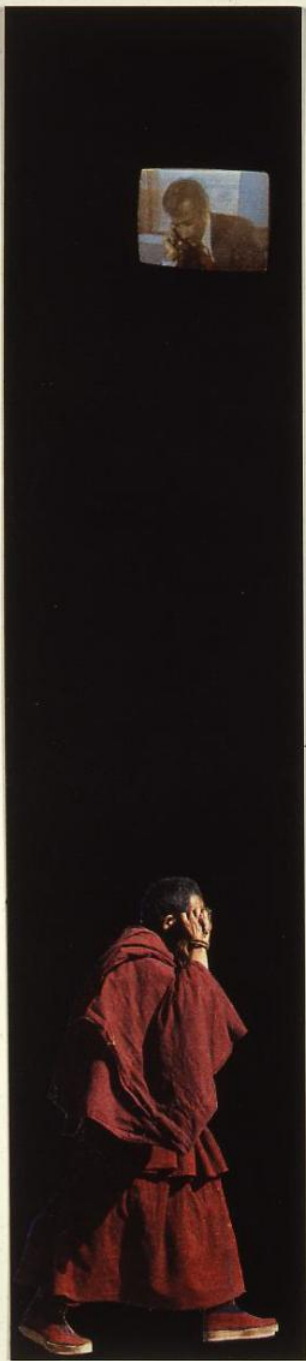




Men, 1980







Floating, 1983

All the Paintings I
Never Painted.



All the paintings I never painted

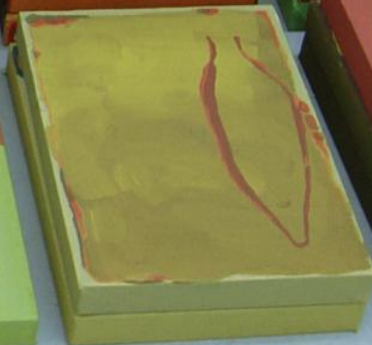
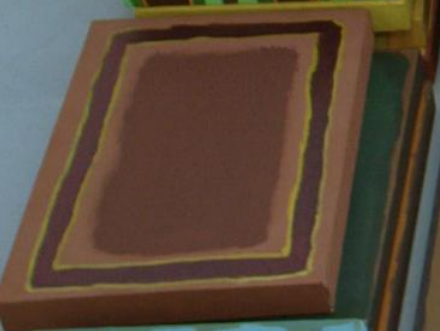






Painting is posed as a question, because in order to exist, it requires the question of what it poses. In terms of rhetoric we might discuss painting as an impulse pushing forward against its own edge. Perhaps this points to the fact that painting cannot simply be in and of itself but rather requires connection to its own dissolution (a doubled over economy). Yet dissolution in this context would no longer imply the death of painting because that would also imply a desire for a transcendental or revelatory outcome.

Prison

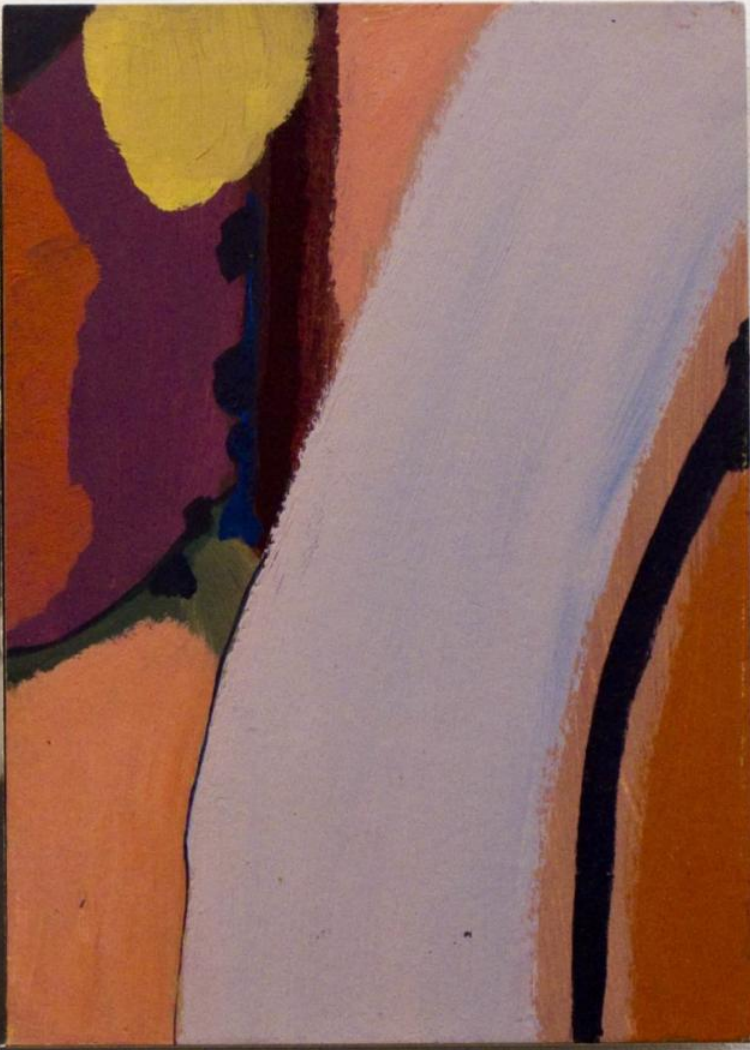
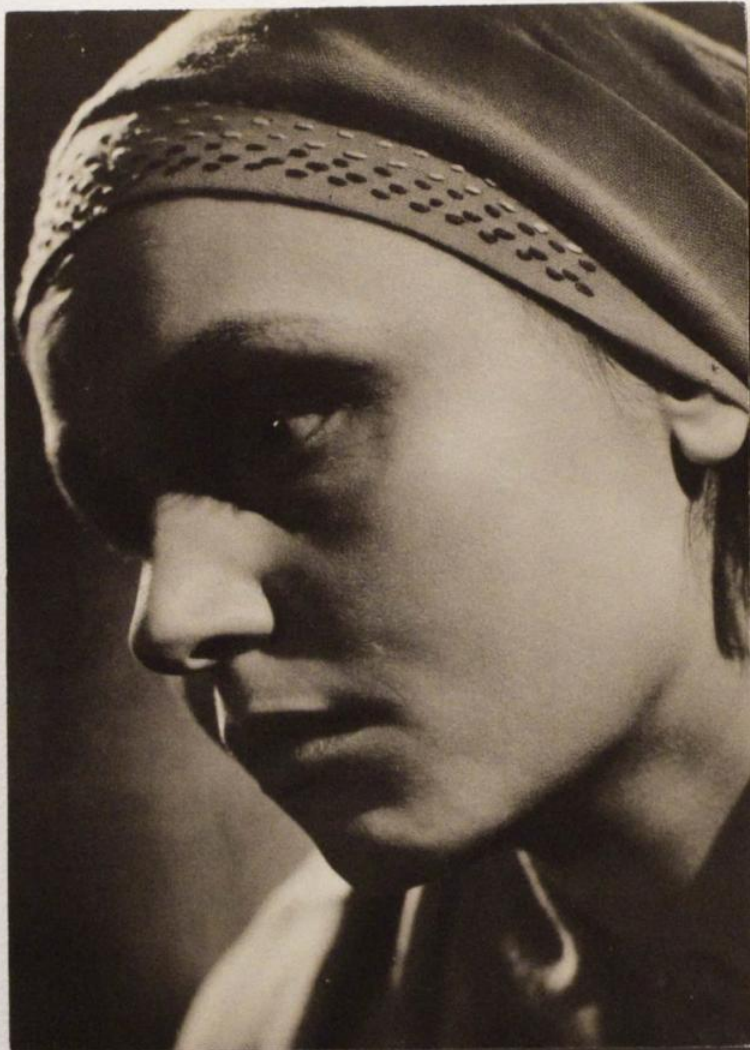


There is an expression that going to prison is a way of serving time or doing time. Obviously I have had to think about this idea quite a lot. Rather than being something that does time, I think it might be the other way around, that time does us. It has certainly done all kind of things to me. That is part of the sentence really, the sentence to the thing we call time, and we are isolated and segregated by it in ways that make us vulnerable in new ways. If prison was an invention capable of reforming us then it would open us to new orders of time and thus bring about an expansion of our being but instead we are compressed, almost made mean by virtue of having to face this special kind of duration. This is at the heart of the punishment, time's corrosive power. I wish I could find ways of escaping this power and perhaps this is the reason for painting because for small passages it is easy to imagine being outside of time. Such thoughts though are a folly because this only amplifies in turn this experience. I should really have much by way of insight into the relationship of time and painting but as yet I have only the most flimsy ideas on the subject. I'm in prison so I can hardly invest in the idea that painting might introduce an ecstatic dimension to my life. There is no gateway from the daily rhythm of my life, which is minimal in all ways other than when I get to daub on paint. I keep my paintings on the floor in piles because I do not really think that any of my paintings are worthy on being placed on a wall, let alone exhibited in such a way. I also paint on the floor so I am always thinking about painting as I see it appearing on the floor. If I have a hope it is firstly to be released but then it might be to paint a painting that might find itself hung on a wall because it is worthy of such a position. Perhaps I don't really think enough about painting and this in turn limits the way I paint. I guess I go round and round in circles but then this is my experience and I do not wish to use thought as a means of being otherwise than this experience.





Painting and the lines which it
draws, traversing in the process
a myriad of spaces.



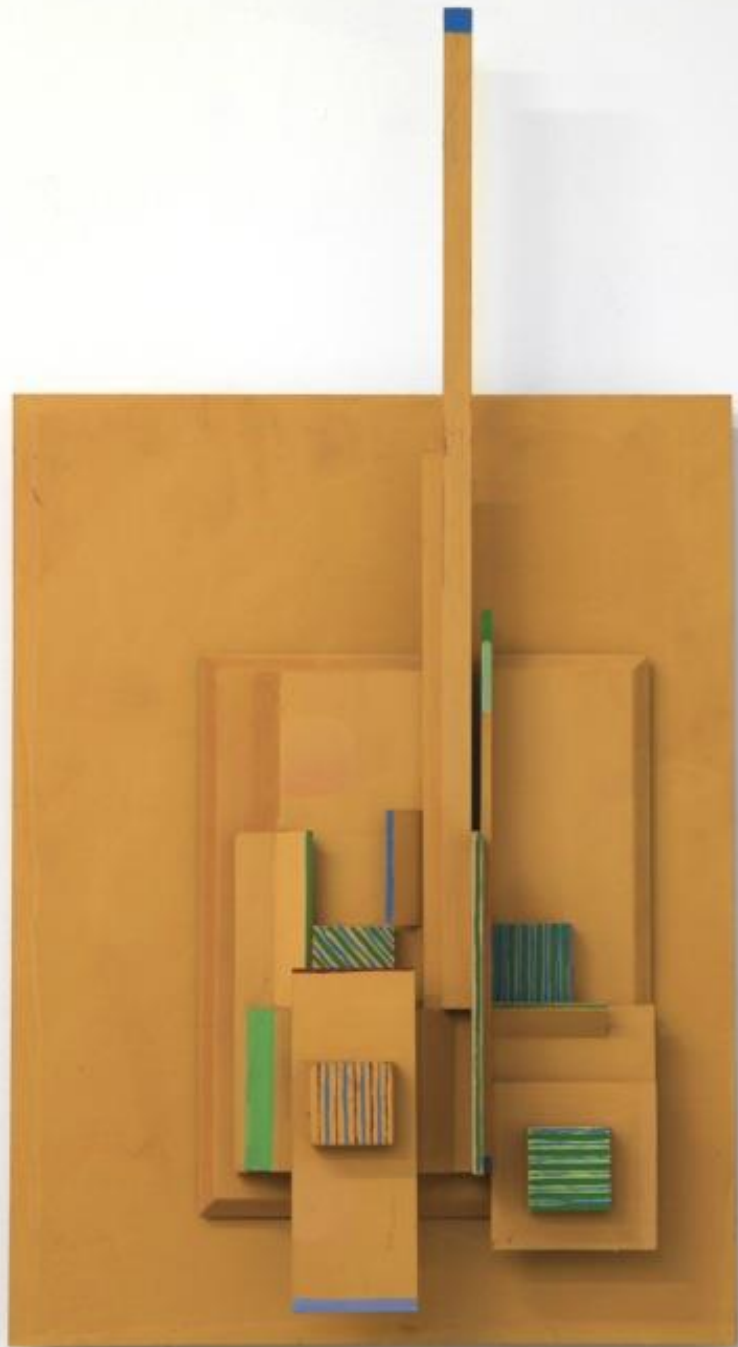


Fragments of Lily O.





Lily O, 2014



Lily O, 2014

1,000 Paintings

When the thousand paintings are completed I will have ended my stretch in time and then maybe time will enter me in a new way..









Painting sinks into its own image but then is the awakening out of this condition, as if shaken by the prospect of disappearance.









Jayavaran 11







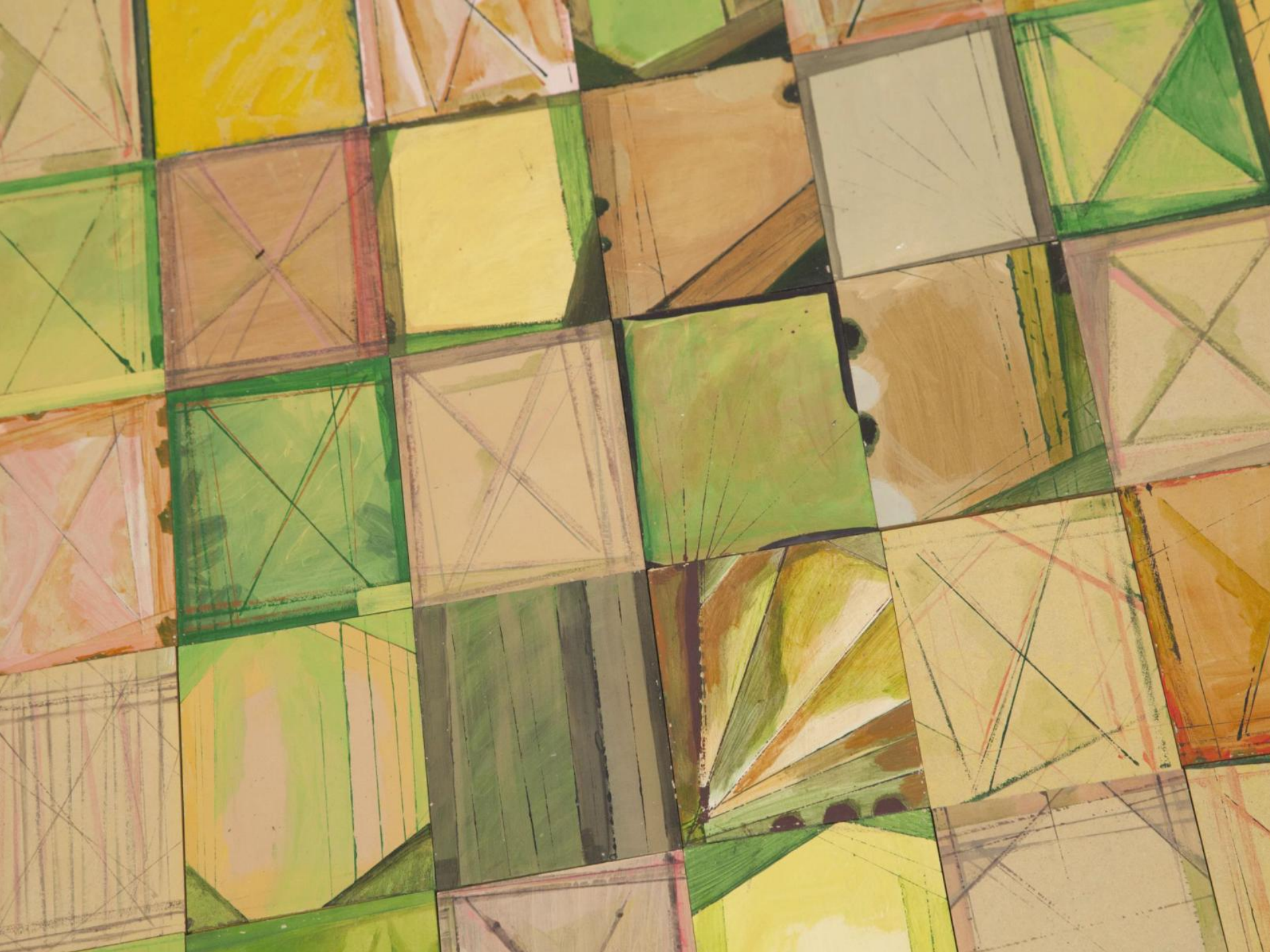
Grids, stripes and
lines









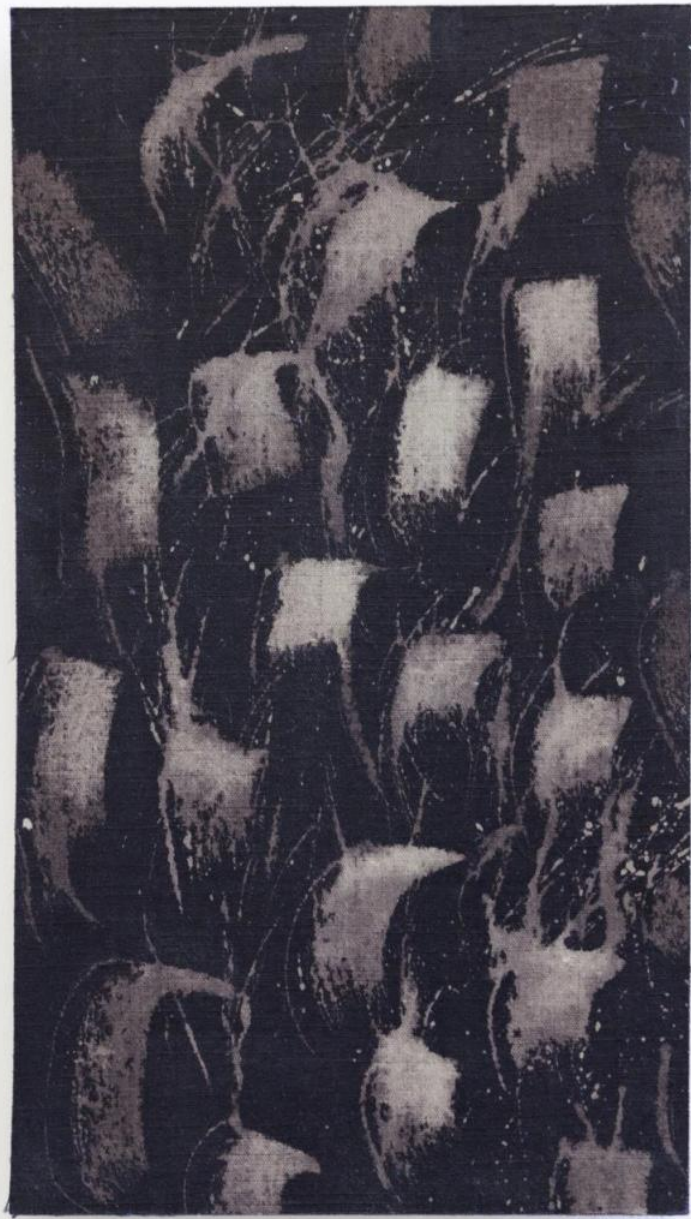






Apparitional Painting





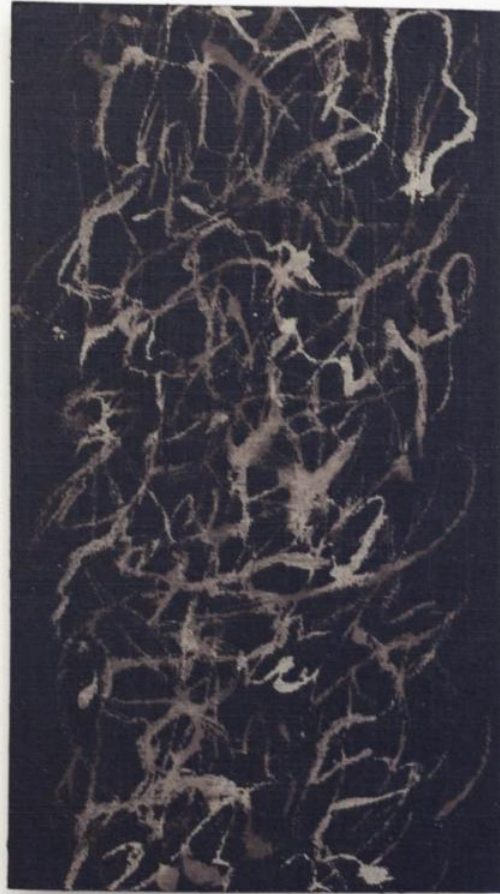












Painting and Fiction





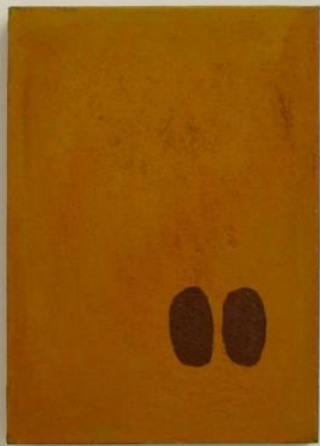




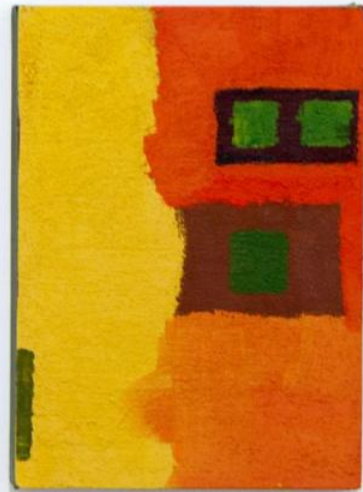


Untitled, 2015









Wall & Floor

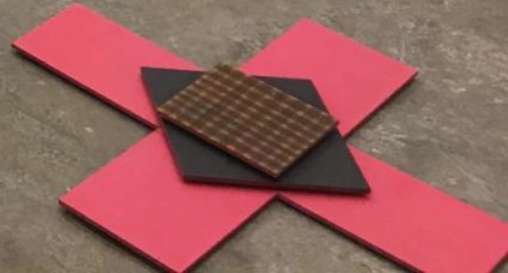
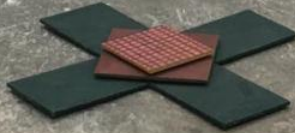




Under a certain schema painting is a form of immobility, whereas time constitutes itself as an image of mobility but this might imply that painting sits within its time and thus stands for the petrification of time by implication. Rather than seeing painting as an object, it would be more appropriate to see it as an event in which form and temporality become co-extensive thereby releasing time and image into a free play of difference.



Untitled, 2002





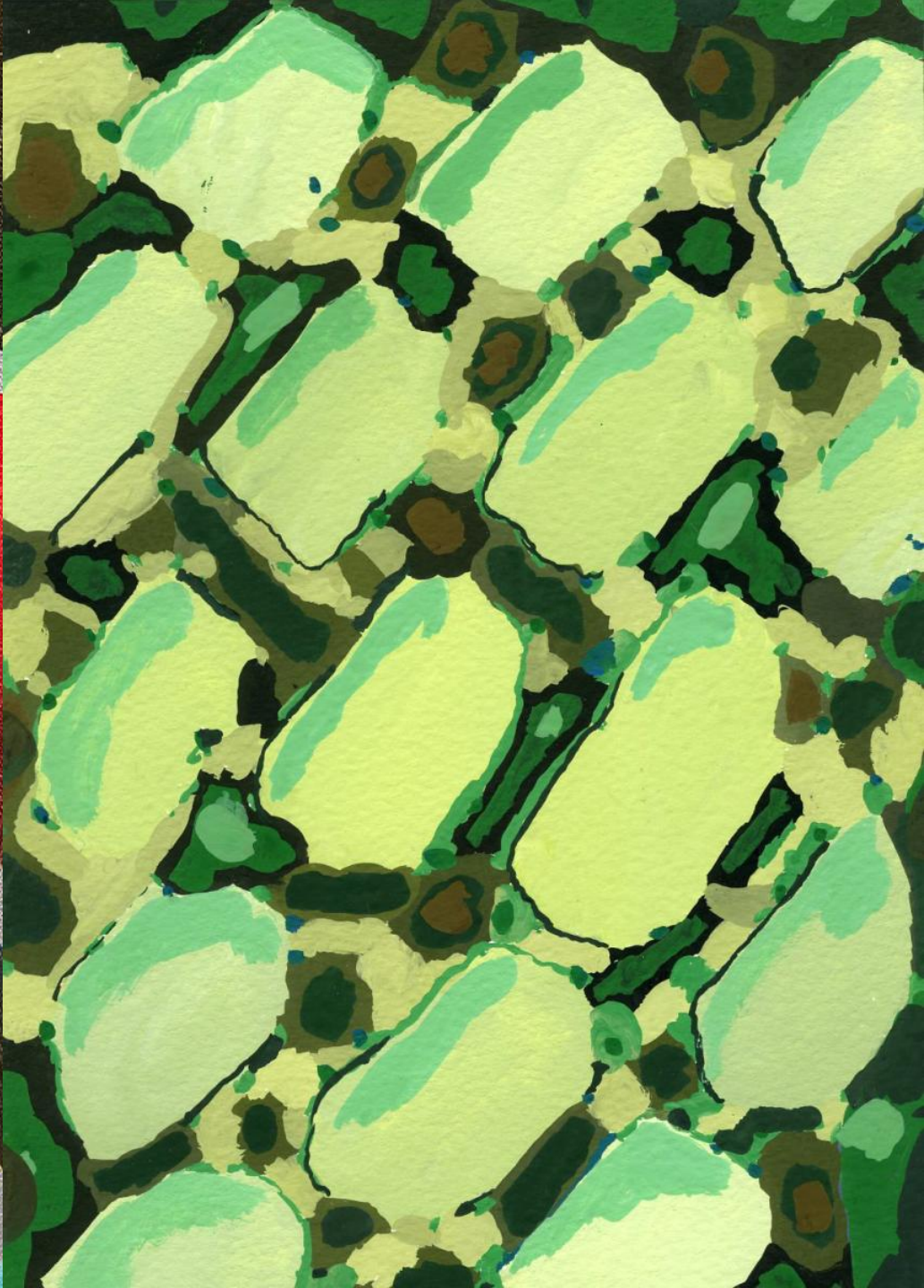






Gesture

Gesture exists in a realm between language and the body bearing traits of both, without a discernible differentiation of either. Painting is born out of the tension of this difference that resides in its fabric of becoming.



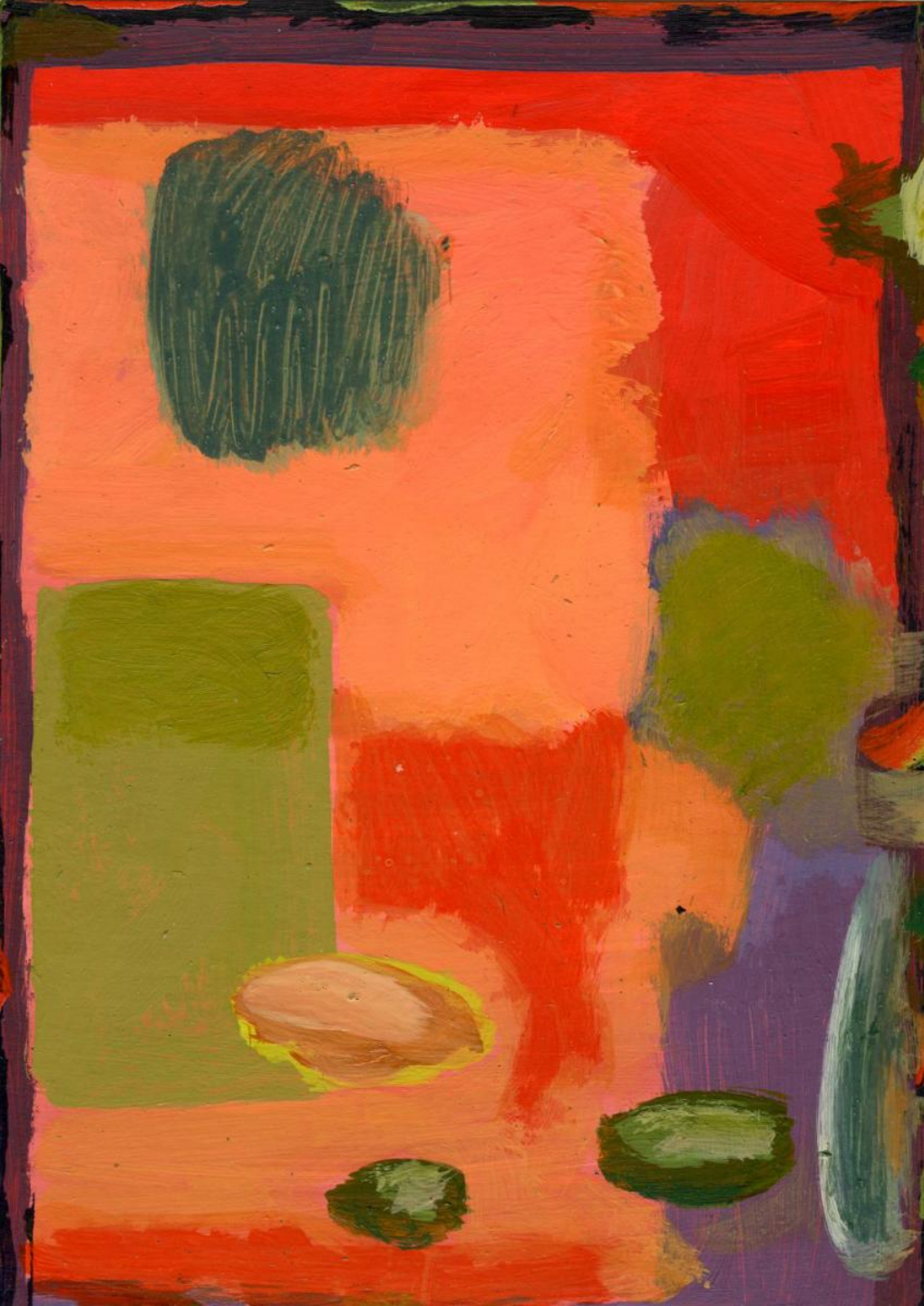




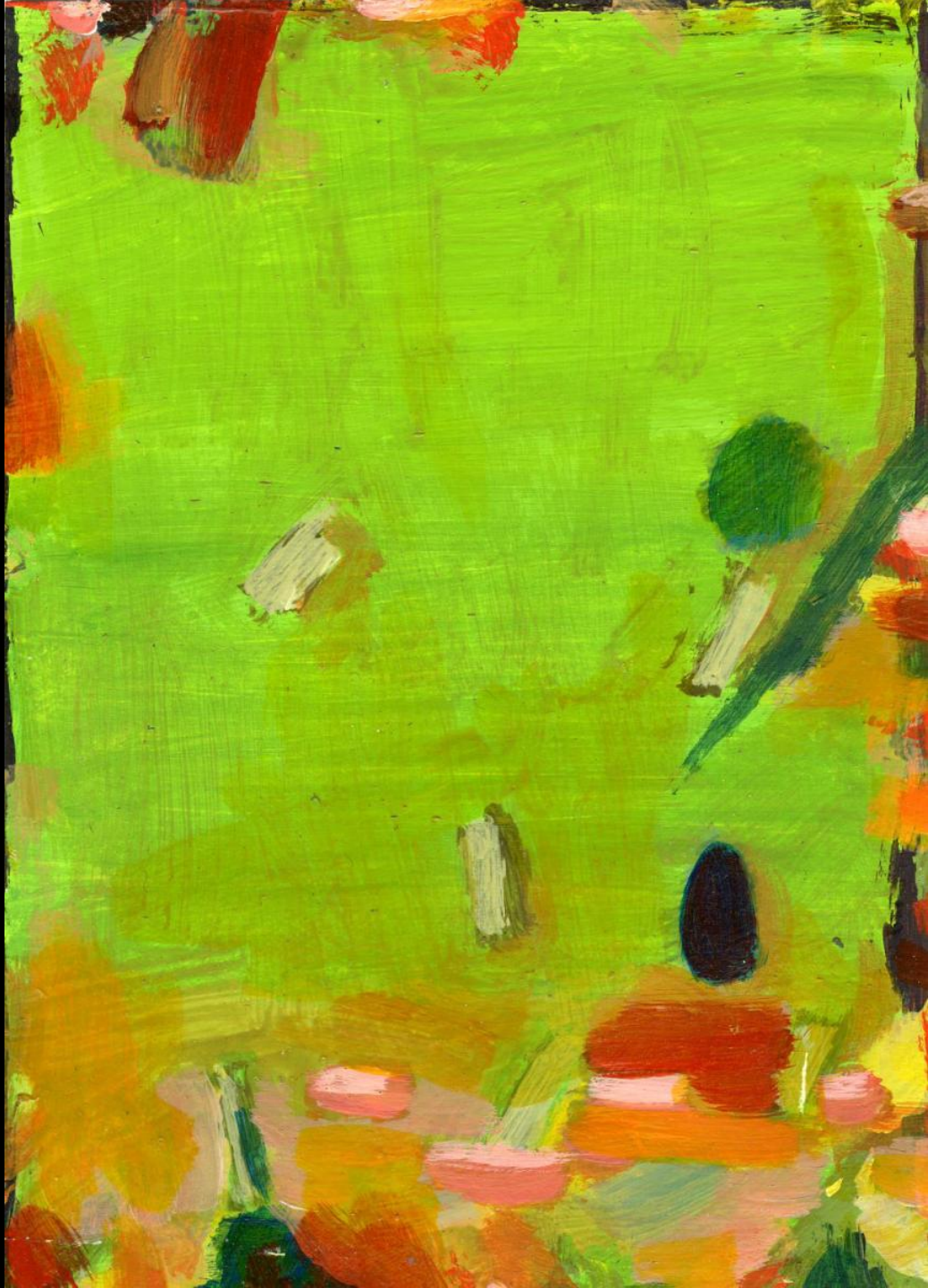
Untitled, 2010

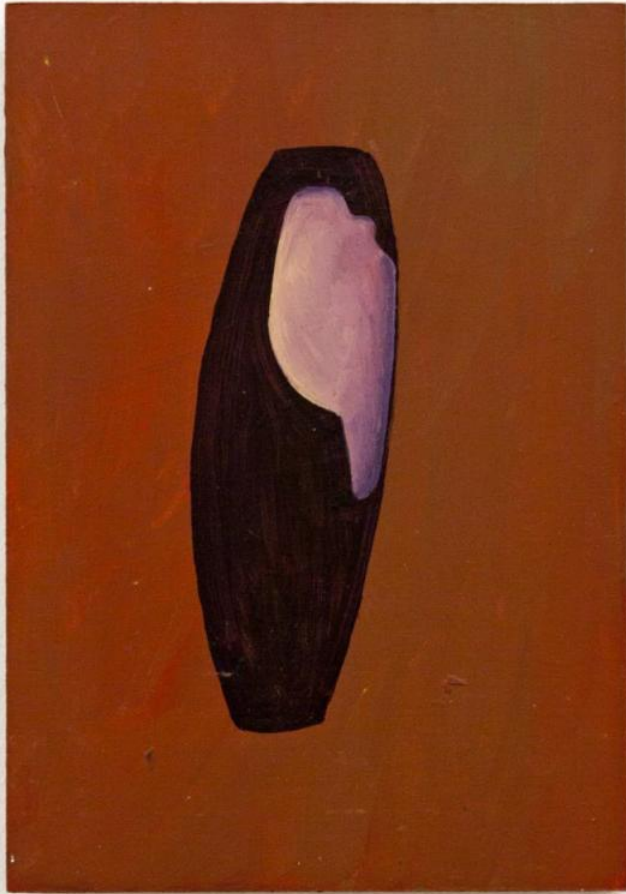


Untitled, 2011



Untitled, 2012





Untitled, 2015



Untitled, 2015

Painting is the intersection of what can be seen and shown, with what evades pure visibility. It is an economy of passing into and out of things. This economy is born out of the play of signifying and a-signifying elements. More than meaning something, painting does something because it is invariably in excess of signification. This is in turn connected to the relationship of temporality and painting because painting exhibits itself as the excess of time because its needs to touch a sense of time outside of itself, even if it knows nothing of this time that it might be touching. This dimension can be understood as either a secret of time yet to come or a mode of non-knowledge. Without this dimension painting slips back into a condition of dull materiality.



Untitled, 2014



Untitled, 2012



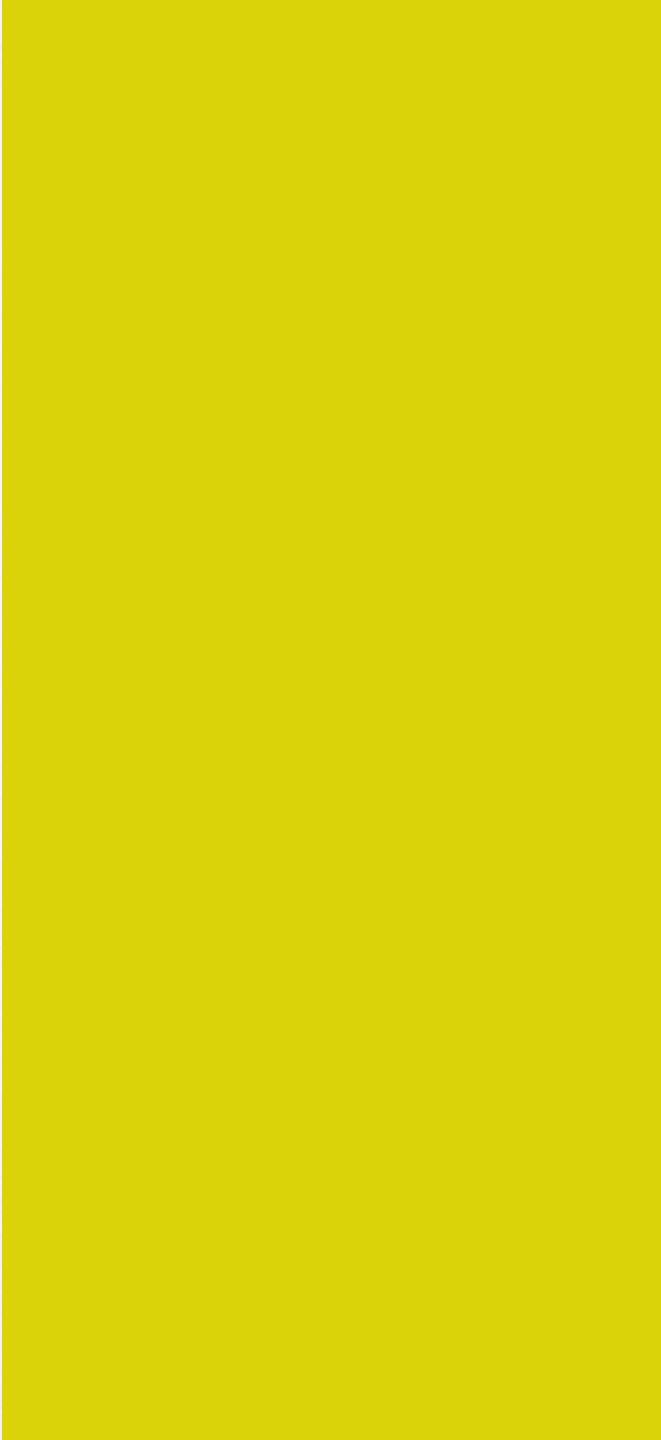
Untitled, 2010







Untitled, 2014



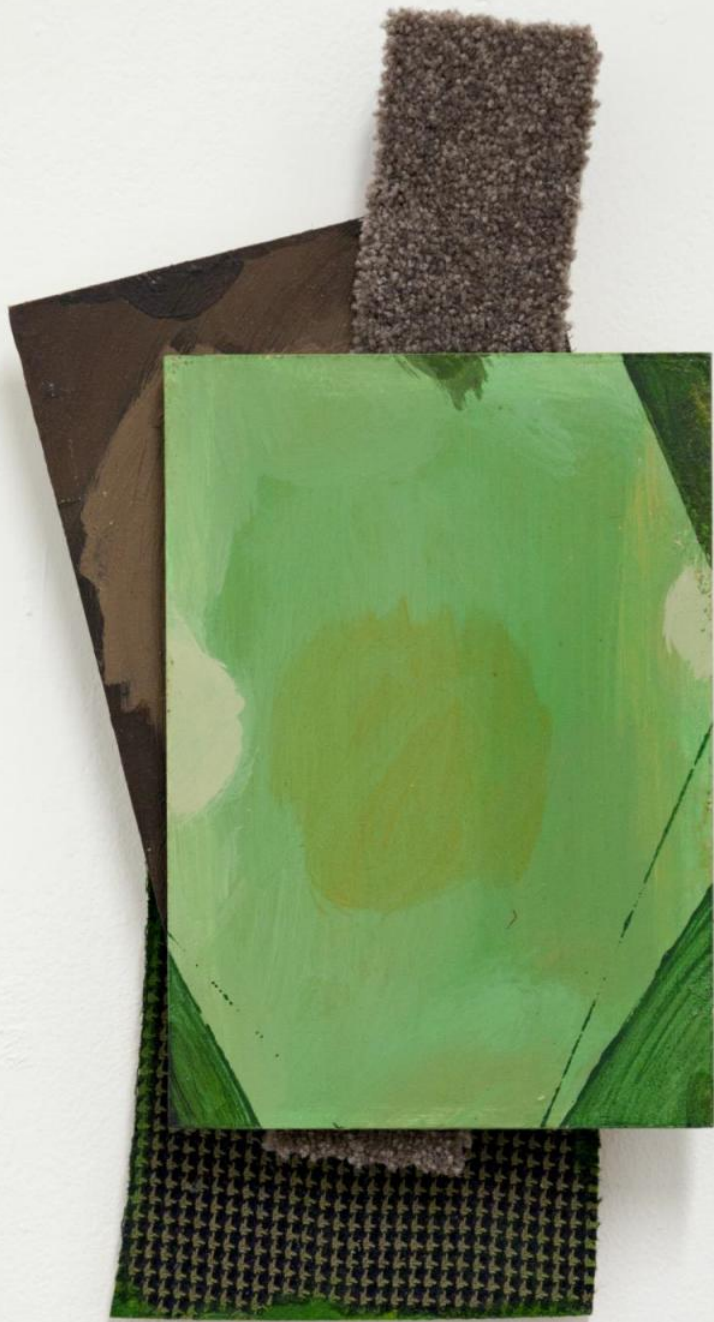
Constructed Paintings







Untitled, 2016



Untitled, 2015





Untitled 2016



Untitled, 2015

