

Robin Reynolds - statement

November 1, 2016

"A bit nippy. I've got my orange hunting hat and my boots on. Fingers still cold though. Thank goodness the red dahlia is still there."

I paint outside in my garden. The unstructured flora, reminiscent of an English cottage garden, draws me in as it is constantly in a state of flux, leaving the reins of control up to me. There is a tension that exists between seeing what's in front of me and responding to it. This order/chaos of the garden seduces me as I get to pick and choose how I compose my painting. How the painting begins and ends are never predetermined.

A quick charcoal drawing delineating shapes and space begins the journey. I shift my eye, as well as move potted plants around to initiate the excitement I find in varying textures, colors and shapes. As Joan Mitchell once stated about her *La Grand Vallee Series*, "What excites me when I'm painting is what one color does to another in terms of space and interaction." It is the small details of ripening orange euonymus berries against red geraniums, pink dahlia floating amongst a sea of white alyssum and purple lavender feathering between ice blue dusty miller. These images provide me the information needed to transform nature and weave a relationship between abstraction and representation.

Beauty, the waning environment and its' political nature are all at the forefront of these untraditional landscape paintings. Not interested in creating a trivial prettiness, but beauty exudes and I attack forcefully. Layers of paint slide onto the smooth surface, although always looking, an imaginative editing ensues wiping away and layering with more energetic brushwork. A lyrical energy – a kind of wholeness develops. Form and structure emerge. Returning to the same site, a poetic mediation occurs. The dynamic nature of my garden allows me to find a holiness in the landscape as well as the ability to constantly surprise myself in every painting.