

A rectangular box with a black border, containing five horizontal lines for text entry. The lines are evenly spaced and extend across most of the width of the box.

# **Six of Six**

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A tribute

Intoduction



# Six of Six

for  
David Troostwyk and  
Jane Graves  
*two friends who have died*



# Six of Six

## *Introduction*



Here's a view of four, from the six on show at Matt's Gallery

David Troostwyk was a visual artist whose paintings were concerned with loss; with the emptiness we feel when some objects disappear from our lives. Exposed to light objects cast shadows; these umbra spaces can be hard to see. David's work reflected a way of looking at our world of object and shadow, by making the shadow fuse with the depicted object and then leaving both as blank space. In his depictions he forced a recognition that we might not have been looking at the object at all. Many of David's paintings had no shadow however and yet I always seemed to look for one, this helped me find the object. Later works sometimes included a second image clearly not a cast shadow but another version of the first; here I saw the second image not as a twin but as the shadow cut off from its object. There are times in all our lives when, like Peter Pan, we have searched for our own shadows. David chose objects with a reverence that was touching, profound and at times classical ... the missing tie of a dead child ... a deck of the Titanic ... a goddess ... stones from Culloden moor ... 'Adam's shorts' (from a dead child found in the Thames) and Halucigen a word made up by David for whom titles gave destination as well as reference. Trot, as I called him, frequently destroyed his work; there could almost be one of his own paintings in one of his own paintings if that makes sense but there I would only find his own illusive shadow.

One of my favorite Trot paintings is/was a first world war soldier and 'his girl'; I was lucky to have seen it before 'destruction' ... but he did leave intact 'Six Letters' this work shows six 'missing' letters from the First World War; the last time I saw them was at his wake held at Matts Gallery. He gave me the templates for these works and as I have no access to the actual paintings have used these for this work 'Six of Six'.

# Six of Six

## *Introduction*



Jane Graves (another friend who died) recently published A book of her essays 'The Secret Lives of Objects' in which, among other things, she describes the parallel paths we sometimes wander. This parallel nature of journey may mean we are never truly lost but often do not know where we are; like being close to another person but not really with them. Most of the time I shared with Jane was in 'serious' conversation; she steered me through 'a difficult time' perceptively knowing it would never entirely leave. Jane was one of the people who work in art schools but have not been to one ... they are different from the rest of us who have. The opening paragraph of her essay 'What is an Object' haunted me for a while but then as I learned to read her tantalizing thoughts joined in the conversation. She rated my notions and so listened to some of the secret ones ... didn't sneer when I showed her a stone, told her where I had picked it up and said it had been my closest friend when I was in my darkest place.

In my 'fused tribute' to both of my friends I play with the last words they said to me, a notion of time, 'Dyslectic Dada' and the visual world we see invented by our brains. When I recently looked at 'Lace maker' a painting by Vermeer, I was transfixed not only by the image but also the adjectives flouting in the crowd around both it and me. Through my years of learning to look at art I had grasped 'inclusion' as part of the looking process firstly the space in front of the image as well as the image itself, I often flick between the two, but now hearing ... "Such concentration". "What light" "Astonishing ... beautiful" ... as part of my/our response.

Six of Six are sets of letters that hopefully travel and keep still simultaneously ... when I began this David had recently died and Jane was about to ... they helped me to look and value my own thoughts ... I loved them both. The last words I heard them say were “The Big Sleep” him and “I’ve got to go now’ her ... both float around me still.

*Andrew Wallace 2013*

for David Troostwyk and Jane Graves.



My sincere thanks to Richard Sercombe who is a wonder of the computer age and controls “the Adobe’ rather than, as with myself it seems, the other way round. This work which I have loved making in memory of my two friends would not be here without him. There are other people to thank, some are in the work I have spoken to; others who are also in there will never know they have been included but I’d still like to say thank them.

