



NEW WORK

MORGAN BULKELEY

Morgan Bulkeley

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2012

Often, when I start a painting, I am fog-bound. The canvas just sits there, as unremarkable as grey air over the ocean. Nothing surfaces that feels worth struggling for in this blank world. But then a slight stirring is felt, a gull-glimmer, a sprout of an idea wafts into the void.

Outlines, minimally scribbled, begin to glom onto this bare germ, then gradually, by accretion, gather into relatively empty or dense topographies. In the former, one's eye travels easily, in the latter one might be tangled in a jungle of flora and cultural detritus. But now the locomotive of narrative has arrived with a life of its own, a story that carries me in its current, and the paint itself seems a reason to make a picture.

I try to think of a sky different than the ones I've been doing, colors I haven't used recently, a time of day that will set the tone. As a rule I work from bottom to top, or from top to bottom, but in the end, the painting is an attempt to discover a place somewhere between laughter and despair, between joy and anxiety, a place that will be habitable, even restorative, once entered.

— Morgan Bulkeley

New Work, printed on the occasion of a solo show at Howard Yezerski Gallery,
Boston, Massachusetts, May 25 – July 10, 2012
All paintings oil on canvas

Front cover: *Darwin's Dream*, 2011, 36 x 48
Back cover: *Cultural Exchange*, 2008, 60 x 66



Summer Hayfield, 2011, 36 x 40



Faces in Breeze, 2010, 40 x 48



Who Am I Today? 2010, 40 x 48





Blimp, Hogan, Airplane, Teepee Crash, 2012, 36 x 48

GET ON YOUR PONY AND RIDE

You are under the impression that my poems
Inspect the baroque business
Of being in the world (dawn light, texture
Of clothes, bare feet on stairs, hand

Skimming a railing), that they assay
What it feels like to be awake, to have sex
On the brain, to be sobered by memory, inspired
By chance, all the while feeding gossip to birds and love

To friends, etc., etc., but if you must know the truth
Inside each word (like pigeons cooing in belfries)
There is a perplexing acceptance
Of the fact that we are never free

That even this hand, this eye, this right
To die, must vanish in the end.

—Geoffrey Young



Chasing Big Bucks, 2012, 36 x 48



Implausible Eve, 2012, 36 x 48



Cile's Journey, 2011, 36 x 48



Where Late the Sweet Birds, 2011, 36 x 48



After Sleeping Gypsy, 2011, 36 x 48

