

ELIZABETH GOURLAY: ECLECTIC THREADS

**Paintings and Poems to accompany the exhibition at the
NEW BRITAIN MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART**

Paintings by Elizabeth Gourlay
Poems by Matthew Griffiths

Exhibition runs OCTOBER 07, 2022 - JANUARY 29, 2023

There A, 2021
colored pencil, tape, paint on paper collage
9" x 6", frame size approx. 19" x 18"



Bold dynamic instability

It talks to me of stone and sea.

Do you see the sea?
Don't look!
Don't think like that!
Do you, ... see the sea?

Sun's warm gold, both column and path,
Blocks my eye and makes me laugh.

To its side, a silver moon skin,
Calms me down, and brings me in.

Silver and Gold, moon and sun,
Their curved join cuts the piece in half.

I love the day warmth, color volume,
But breathe deep into that evening.

To the side, a short stud of sea,
Speaks to me of infinity.

Ever onwards an ocean horizon,
Imagine that blue forever rising.

I sense a coast, carefree foreigners with boats,
and painter gods who dance.

Beneath it all is Buddha's pink,
Throwing happiness on all we think.

Achiote 5, 2011

ink and acrylic on paper mounted on canvas
48" x 50"



Lines and dies and blocks

A square of squares, presented, to view,
Lifting, playing, looms at you.

Four by four, sixteen grid array,
Math-perspective, infinities at play.

Each one pops and in you fall,
Diving for life inside them all.

Soul more, than interaction,
Trigger piece portals of attention.

Sense delight and thought restraint,
Background a tender hesitant.

Homage to a Kente cloth,
Color words, music lost.

Surface surround, striped in bands,
Dyed papers, dipped by hand.

Bleeding edges, home spun's blotch,
Lines of rhythm, built in cloth.

Vertical joins, appear and vanish,
Op Art gentle, in a muted palette.

Pantheon squares, painted plinths,
Settle within nature's gentle hints.

These squares start, adamantine,
Then fade in front of tan, and sand, and grain, and time.

Kantele, 2016
colored pencil and acrylic on linen
40" x 40"



Three phases of night

Early evening, throughout the quarter light, heat stays and color-plays, delight. Sound hauls the air, with long and hollow calls. A latency, where thought takes, a slow and languid stroll. And mind dust sedimentation, settles down, our day of lived duration.

Mid dusk ocean, views thicken, reflections still, and hues, mute. Perceived atmospheric colors fade. Moods, now from memories are made, in a process, of becoming shade.

Dark sky over water, night crown, a depth so safe, you let your presence drown. Dreams come, as myths and plays, to hold your delight, full fruits of mood.

B209B, 2019
acrylic on canvas
40" x 40"



Monumental buttes, massive volumes epic stuff

Rock sheers from flat fronts, dangerous, invigorating:
Islands, cliffs, and bluffs.

Verticals bring vertigo from below, my mind,
Felled by massive walls with falling heights.

Planes, with sides straight and slant,
Loom like hot and rusted iron hulks.

I feel familiar families of rock,
Calcite, (marble, chalk), granite and basalt.

Yet it's delicate paint, that holds and makes,
Atmospheric-depth, and massive weight.

Enormous bulks are colored forms,
Cornered by un-right-angle turns.

Amusement added, in kicks and kinks,
Edges, misaligned, and tipped.

The whole composure's gorgeous,
Makes the picture-space enormous.

Flat surfaces delight along the wall,

While inside islands rise
And blunted winds drive
Seagulls soar and cry
Nests left on the stable ledge.

Caws echo distant, in slowed down time
Caves and gorges, only quietly resound
To calls of children, playing on the sand
Would-be booming waves, by scale, made small
While we follow the duration
Slowly in our massive sublimation.

For all that these, monuments and moments swamp us,
The mood is "happy" that engulfs us.

T orange 2, 2018
acrylic on linen
40" x 40



Mood attached to color in an enormous space

Breathe in, great lungs, of air,
Oranges blazing, eyes wide,
Volumes growing, side by side.

Again again, it comes towards me,
Hanging glory, glowing strength,
Slowly seeing, open fields.

Time passes, and power recedes,
We see first golden brightness, yield.

Now, wide space, sideways to sound,
Feel slide pipes go up and down,
Across the top and bottom,
Blocks, push right and left to stops.

Whispering, mute and quiet tones,
Begin to spiral, behind the grand,
Creating space of enormous depth.

And that light line, between the central panels,
Supposes that I too, could wander through.

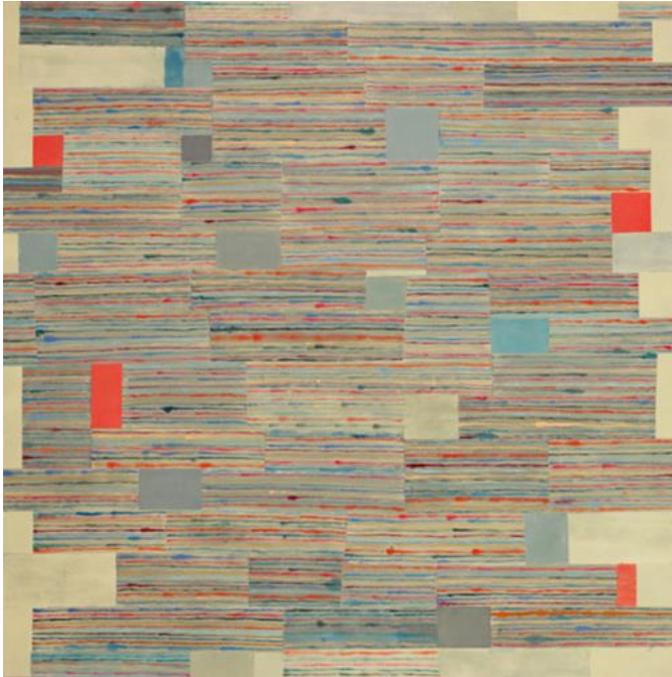
Unknowns, keep presenting to my searching mind,
Great flowing moves, a dynamic set,
Wander beneath that placid center.

Mind of color stays centered,
So listening mind, may enter.

Comfort too, the glow is warm,
Movement action, has settled, into form.

Attendant conscious, with free attachment,
Opens a mood space, made by eye enactment.

blue weave, 2020
acrylic on canvas
40" x 40"



Color abounds in Modern culture

Blocks float flat tones, as Bauhaus walls, while rivulets of paint sing side lines of woven melody. Strength seen in threads of red, and bolder bulbs of blue. Sputter color makes a chorus of absolving chatter, a soft backdrop to hold the bold square, punctuated beats.

Background lines weave, some mute, some strong, all is calm, enough to hold-out noted hard-edge tones. Distractions, signs long enough to draw, attention guided gentle, to the forms of solid squares.

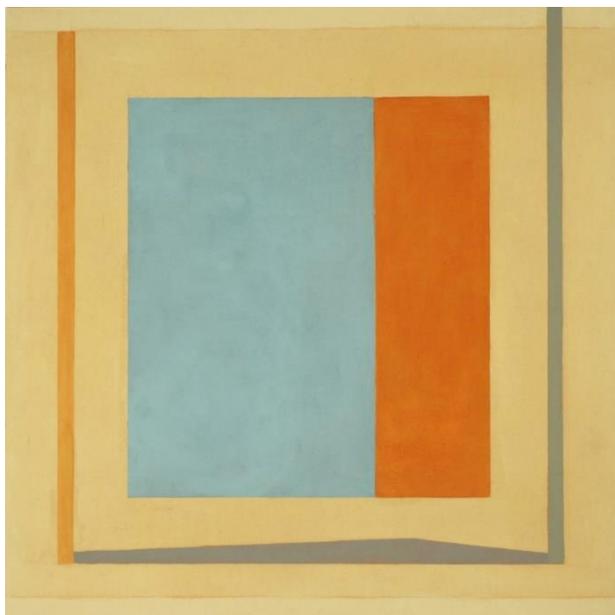
The whole, one consciousness settles, together muted, edgy states, folding blue to grey and red to brick.

Various marks, fast and fused, symphonic strings, a wall, which can absorb, the brass.

Paths and marks, drawn, shuttled, shot, scraped, or picked, are assembled in this nimble mix. The resulting complex, is strata, casting collective histories into art.

Solids emerge over those woven sublimations, where squares sound the present tense, amid a swell of past events. Strung in concert, singing similar but distinctive hues. Thick time running in inked invitation, languid language, grows like duration. A holistic view, delivered in livery reds and prudent blues.

blu, 2013
colored pencil and acrylic on linen
40" x 40"



Italian Stone Stenciled in Monterchi

Hanging dangling, pending, secured and serene, the three-sided frame presents, as jaw, and as edges of an open cube. In both, held inside, is square cube, of twice lit die.

Attending, waiting, drawn down, turned aside. Focused, in acute concentration, ... on that pinch, that rise which, holds in space, as in a beam, a block of colors, balanced, on its just proportions.

Then again, the frame, is seen, as edge of perspective tunnel, where within our ochre blue, presenting us with a window. There calm delights of color sky, blunts burnt earth. Each push each other over, fighting over ownership of the horizon.

Gestalt back, to orange block, which, with blue block, balances, just perfect poise, waiting with color weight, hung right, just over, the kink of the gun grey pivot.

But between the blocks, the give and take, is orange blunting onto blue, and blue pulling lite, receding, enjoying a smooth sort of judo throw.

The main paint event, is there, where the solid colors mingle, dynamic fight between left and right. A one sided blunt clash, welcomed static, dynamic, and rash. Enlivened magic, the eye forming, from two-dimensional areas, the active, lived-line of joining.

The mind sees, the math, the dimension jumping act. Invention, projection of the crease, the fold, the line. Two great blocks of color, bold within a frame, butt, to form a line, a line not drawn, but born.

It came to be, from painted parts, a novel-new incisive line, alive, two-sided and divine.

No. 1 blue, 2016
colored pencil and ink on linen
40" x 40"



Togetherness sewn in moonlight

There is a moon, which casts no shadows,
But gives a light tone, for all to live by.

Clear blue silver light,
From monochrome,
Mild, gentle hues.

Tranquil over desert landscape,
Weave, greys, in Kente language.

Leaving stories of harmony, and cleaning,
Warnings led, with red, brown-lines of healing.

Ash filters down,
Hinting, of a desert chill.

Dust, dry, and slightly gleaming,
Linen expanse of nature sleeping.

Strong spirits, put desert prophesy in play,
But moon-weavers, quiet by night, use other gifts, to sew delights.

Under milky skies, the young, drink freshness in with nighttime light,
While the old, settle schools in moons of endless space.

Woven patches, strips pooled, offer peace,
Oriented, North, South, and West.

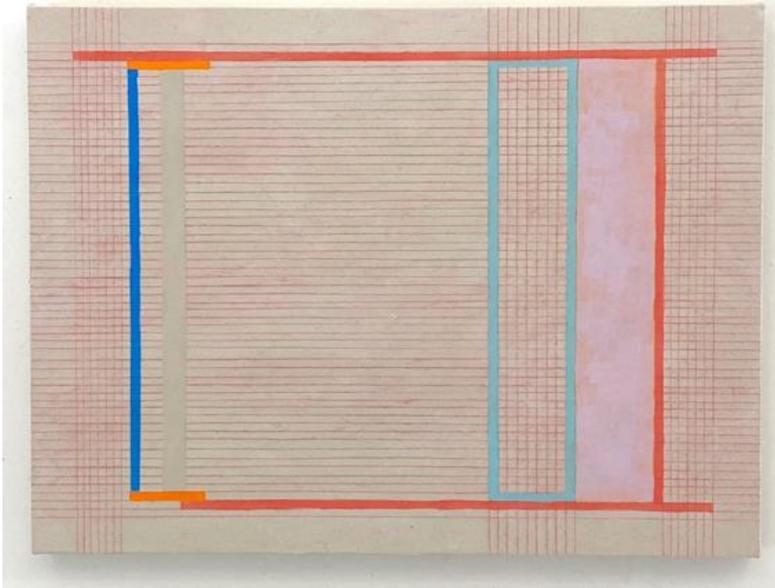
A church of friends comprise,
A collective cloth, from common dyes.

Rust and ash, grey-linen lightly stained,
As blood thick ink, in fabric sinks.

Wisdom given by collected weavers,
These colors carry, night's insight.

Looking, a thousand, eyes perceive,
The starlit lives of Eve.

C64, 2022
colored pencil and acrylic on canvas
18" x 24"



**Distinctly Modern:
New colors in simultaneous after-image**

Construction concept, in pure color thinking,
Interior living, mental intention in pink.

Mind's design, projected picture in grid,
Floating clean, fresh rigid and weave.

Framing stays, cry engaged extension,
Warp and weft, ply gentle mute tension.

Hard onto soft, bold braced over cloth,
Distinct colors dance, as ghosts.

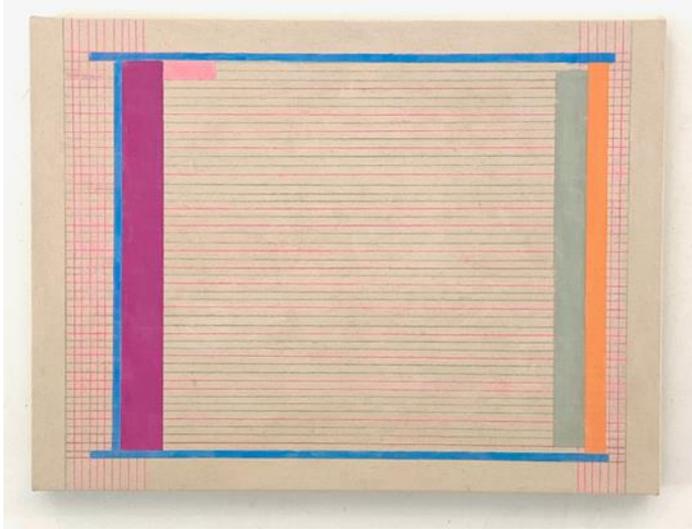
Our jumping eyes act, letting us sip,
A chalice of non-existent.

Strange colors flicker, safe in red spice,
Discovery in looking, in new house design.

Comfort a home for foreign guests,
Transients created, our newly projected,
After-image blend in extra-spectra.

A stepped-up intent, of tensile, positive belief,
Color spaces, created, trouble encased,
Details settle this miniature, complete,
Open tones go,
Dynamic, Modern, and rogue.

C65, 2022
colored pencil and acrylic on canvas
18" x 24"



**Another space, an invitation,
Modern colors we can live in**

Growing space from inside out,
And slow gyroscopic turn about.

Motion maintains a right-hand turn,
It's somehow stable yet somehow grows.

Statuesque purple, holds its own,
Evoking an echo in the opposite wall.

Regal and bold, static with grit,
It holds the ceiling and squeezes the width.

The floor plays out with low velvet weft,
Full and soft, neutral, with depth.

Bauhaus space flat and clean,
Concrete outline, chic, civic design.

Volume projected, stark, and static,
Which makes continuous growth, enigmatic.

Complete in its form,
A chamber of color, moving and staying.

Rectangular, turning, motif,
Energetic in color, delighting complete.