## Buff n Seeks Pleasure

## Matlok Griffiths

## Buffoon Seeks Pleasure

20 FEBRUARY – 24 MARCH 2016 Darren Knight Gallery Sydney, Australia

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T WASN'T THE THRILL OF SATURDAY NIGHT THAT BROUGHT you here, it was the unexpected nudge of Monday. For everyone knows Saturday offers nothing new. Well it did once, which is why she is The Dancing Queen. But that crown is just a prop for the uninitiated. A cue, the same way the bouncer will check your I.D. at the door right before you cloak your jacket.

After Monday reveals you to a new unimagined dance step, Tuesday offers you an exotic mixer complete with a piece of glace fruit, colours neither real nor imagined.

Without request Wednesday takes us down the street, only 100 or so meters past the bong shop, oozing heady wafts of patchouli and Iron Maiden shirts. Next to the beer soaked bodega, filled with lop-sided clowns from another time, you are summoned down a lane of old vandalised walls that both cry blue yet sit happily slumped with overfull ashtrays and piss stains at their feet. Up the stairs, a new dance floor illuminates itself ... another night lost in the brilliant colours.

The morning's offerings are persistent and many ... and futile. Out of bed at half past one, and left to his own devices, there is nothing of importance. The souvlaki grease is rubbed into the cotton sheets. He tries to talk to old friends about his new moves. Awkward, grubby situations that turn to smiles due to the repetition and rhythm. Especially the repetition. The untold freedom of it all. It falls on deaf ears like a phone call to an insurance agent's loss assessor. The night is calling...

He slinks into a new room and onto a new dance floor resuming that now familiar stance. Looking through the hazy fumes of haloed hair lines he is surrounded by people, far more important people; he knows he is alone. A trailblazer. The strobing beams of lights.

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The imaginary chain that turns them on. And off. Giggles and whispers from the powder room. Falling out of the club that morning, Pleasure has well and truly met Reality. Their first true love affair. There's that glace fruit again.

Like the perfectly circular lenses on your favourite pair of sunglasses Thursday rolls around the rim into Friday. Payday. Time to show all those working saps what untold commitment brings. Those occasionalists.

All the usual fools are here: the second-generation soul singer who doesn't understand her resuscitation, but loves it no less; the progressive playboy who looks over his shoulder only to see Nostalgia's shadow dripping down his angular, baggy blue suit jacket, complete with satin lining; the girls' night out in all its glitter; and in the mirror's reflection: The Buffoon.

The smoke has turned bitter. The colours unnecessarily acidic. What's gotten into you? This wasn't meant to be hard work. Standing in a puddle of sweat, he knows he's gone too far. Kick back and take a puff ... and another ... He floats above it all. There's that bass line. That's more like it. Colours right on the borderline.











I STILL REMEMBER THE BASICS	Oil and Acrylic on Canvas.	154.4x123.8cm (2015)
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I STILL REMEMBER COUNTRY MUSIC ...... Oil and Acrylic on Canvas, 154.4x123.8cm (2015/16)









UNTITLED (NERVOUS AGAIN) ..... Charcoal and Acrylic on Paper, 28x21.5cm (2015/16)















