



HIDDEN DARTS READER



If Josh weren't such a great artist he could have been a writer. You can sense it by listening to him speak, for he writes and speaks alike. He is so dark and funny, angry, in revolt, excited, sad; his demonstrative protesting and provoking goes into extremes of word-play and expansive rants like no one I know. Luckily, despite the anger, almost rage, he makes me laugh, and others, too. He can entertain small or large dinners for hours. Josh is also extremely generous. Always welcome to come by for a chat or a drink, I wonder "when does he make all this work?" Maybe it is because he habitually works on 10 or 100 pieces at once that he has amassed such a large oeuvre for an artist his age. He never stops working and has developed an open, flowing system into which everything seems to naturally fall, and this is a lightness, particular to him and his art. It is seductive; it puts me into a beautiful state of mind when I'm around him or his work. A few months ago, he painted – or, better, he began painting – a leaping fish. He has started to paint many of them, always arcing in a diagonal, from the upper left hand corner of the canvas to the lower right one. Somewhere in this curving fish a faint letter can still be deciphered, a leftover from his name paintings, maybe a hook to hold on to. This leaping fish might mark a current challenge as Josh tries to figure out what to do with figurative painting – a fish out of his element, but thrilled to be in mid-air. I can't wait to see a finished leaping fish painting; it may point to where Josh's work will go next.

Bettina Funcke