



MITCHELL CHEESMAN

SOLITUDE IN BERLIN



CURATORIAL+CO.

9-19 NOVEMBER 2022

# SOLITUDE IN BERLIN

A solo exhibition by Mitchell Cheesman at Curatorial+Co.

As I lay here in the silence of one's jet-lagged, owl-eyed self, the only thing that comes to mind to describe this new presentation of works is Bacchus, the Roman god of wine & giver of ecstasy, found in marble pieces in search of each other for the reuniting & rejoining in the year of 1797. The pieces found that belong to each other with unknown trace, much like the pieces of the map-less maze that I set off for in solitude to discover.

How a certain place can make you feel as if you had slumbered many past-life nights away behind the peachy coats of tinned paint to the exterior buildings of utter quaint & I still whistle when I walk.

These paintings contain the mystery in search of no literary closure, more so looked at to the precise resemblance & example of 'two birds on a wire', one bird being the painting, the other, the lover, the poem.

Painting a subject based on the feeling of your future reminiscent self, as if you had already visited a place, smelt a smell, or tasted a sound, a pure guess or instinct as such, a desire towards Berlin. The words about to be written on this empty page are only a footstep & a scented memory of the painting itself, away.

These paintings are a visceral reaction to the knowings of my upcoming solitary in a place that I have found of great interest, the paint & the poems can link or they can take obscure turns down cobblestone paths in directions ever so exciting to oneself. Either way, I've always found the two to compliment each other in a significance that is treasured in a humble lonesomeness.

Nothing can really justify the way it makes you feel. Feel as if you're in the painted memory of the narrative.

'Solitude in Berlin' was a time in my life where I had never felt so alone, but that was okay, because I felt alive.

**Mitchell Cheesman**

October, 2022



**House of Moss Garden**

Oil on canvas  
190cm x 150cm  
\$7700

**House of Moss Garden**

Four foreign courtyard walls  
Watch on to each other  
As the haze of Sunday winks at my skull  
From the beak of a passing dove above.

Damp window frames weep onto the paint of the old  
mirrors.

Confined in a room for many hours, I open the window  
Only to observe the bold mixture take place  
In front of my hopeful eyes.

The aging of these walls,  
The leaves whispering &  
Leaving their marks on it all.

Perhaps the blue will come out today  
& the outfits of structure will admire placidly,  
As I wave at the intermission of my stay.

Prenzauer Berg, Berlin.

(25.09.2022)



**Red Park, Walk Home (cobblestone path)**

Oil on canvas  
60cm x 50 cm  
\$1500

**Red Park, Walk Home (cobblestone path)**

It's like I've been here in a previous life  
Maybe with a wife  
To walk down cobblestone roads to cafes  
To then dine in or take-away, keep the change  
Actually I need it  
For the free-fall fountain &  
I still ate croissants or danishes in the midday  
breezes of a brisk appetite  
With an attempt to people watch until the night fall  
freeze.

Have my shoes seen more than me?  
I know the Ukrainian accordion playing cyclist  
moustached ponytail  
Vest man has,  
But I've done my Monday miles alright &  
I'll be coming around the corner  
In the dull of the sunlight.

P.s- My birthday was three months ago today.

Pappelplatz (bench seat), Berlin.

(26.09.2022) 12:03 p.m



**Ikebana of Mauerpark (Camille & Dani)**

Oil, graphite & collage on canvas

120cm x 100cm

\$2800

**Ikebana of Mauerpark (Camille & Dani)**

Corner of a schnitzel restaurant, coming up to one  
hundred years I believe

The waiter remembers my face & he orders Friday's meal  
for me again.

Just like I recall those Ikebanas from the walking run  
on Kollwitzkiez

& the small man crosses the street & I'm imaginary in  
September or always.

I write yesterday in dulling overcast

but watch piano tonight.

I think of Camille's green beanie pulled down to her  
sharply shaped & plucked

Brows of an eye model.

Just thirty metres from the first Ikebana,

The moral of the afternoon, the lullaby.

Anthony Bourdain ate here once, maybe more, he sat in  
that chair.

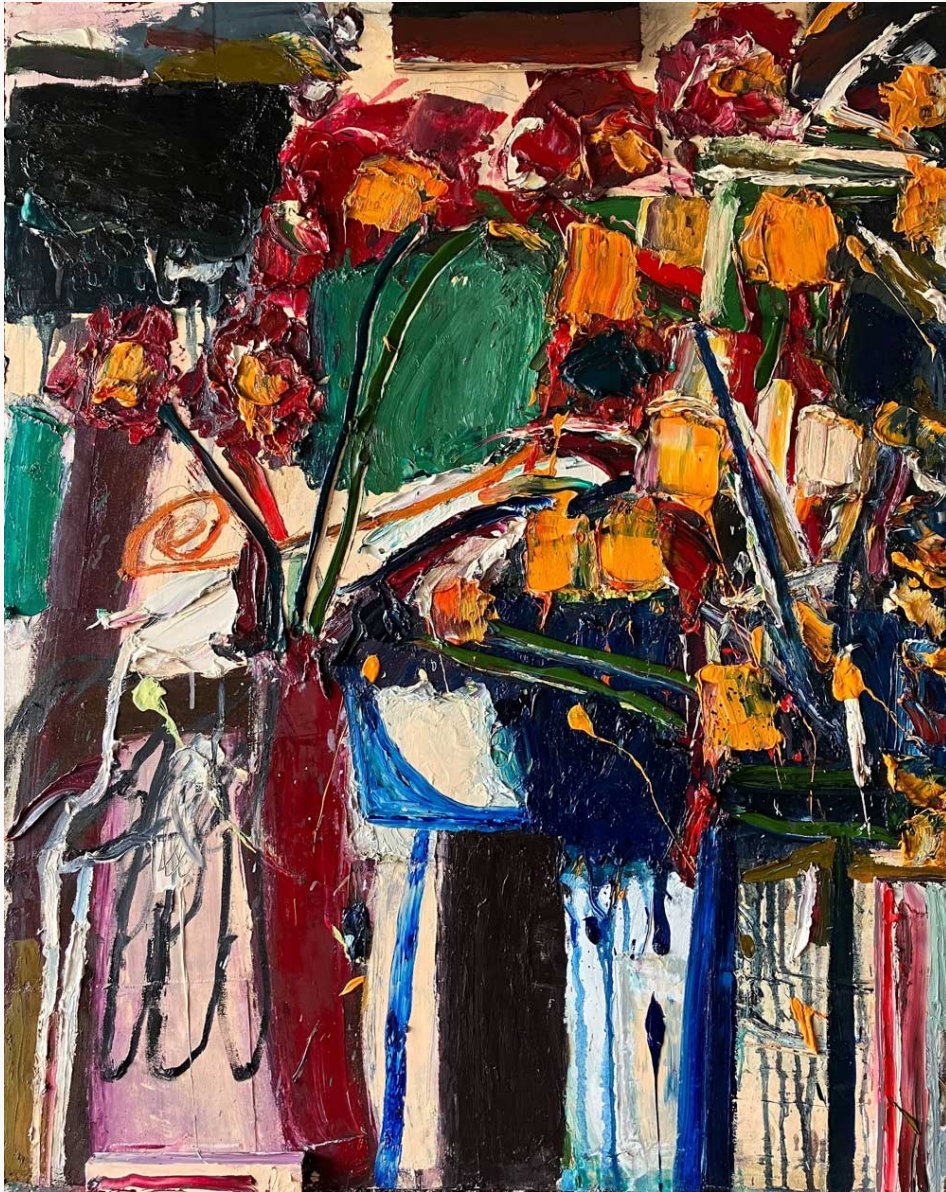
It's getting cold, the frill end of my shirt, more  
frilled than usual.

It's almost midnight at home, maybe I'll sleep walk  
back to my flat.

Zum Schusterjungen, Berlin.

(25.09.2022).

3:30p.m



**Whisker**

Oil, canvas & wood collage on canvas  
100cm x 80 cm  
\$2600

**Whisker**

Scented by the peach outline  
For each pine tree  
That makes my fingers numb enough  
To not open my apartment door.

Elegant silhouette  
Of an uncertain  
Yellow or orange  
To mark its  
Lunch eyes &  
Whisker ties  
I long for  
On this windowsill  
Just wide enough  
For the pinstripes  
I really should wash.

Heinrich Roller-Strasse, Berlin.  
(23.09.2022).



**Ode to Solitary I & II**  
Indian ink, oil & graphite on paper  
45cm x 32.5cm  
Framed  
\$950 each



**Red Park to Write (new skin)**

Oil on canvas  
60cm x 50 cm  
\$1500

**Red Park to Write (new skin)**

Red poles stand nine feet  
Above me  
Whilst I sit & write &  
Wet morning grass,  
Maybe the softest woman or man  
Has ever sat on.

Thirty years ago I would be that photograph  
Of the androgynous on the apartment building  
Linked arms with police guards  
Getting dragged back to West Berlin.

I sit in the division of once, two worlds.  
Now just a fruitless memory &

The rust of the red poles, a guideline

Of where to go next.

Berlin Wall  
(26.09.2022).





### **The Bones of Still Life**

Nothing much motionless  
About the passer-by  
But as I sit in line  
With this green park fountain  
Staring at the fallen maple leaves  
Thinking about  
Yesterday's clouds  
That have already left  
I wonder  
For the stem arches &  
Future clouds of optimism  
That can bring me  
To all sorts  
And  
Even  
Surrounding  
Churches.

(Unknown park fountain bench seat), Berlin.  
(22.09.2022).

### **The Bones of Still Life**

Oil, charcoal & collage on canvas  
125.5 x 75.5 cm  
\$3000



**For Olivia Newton-John (1948-2022)**  
Oil, graphite, canvas & wood collage on Italian cotton  
100cm x 74cm  
\$2600



**Dear Voice of Smoke**  
Oil, graphite, canvas & wood collage on Italian cotton  
100cm x 80cm  
\$2600



**Blackout In One's Studio**

Oil on canvas  
60cm x 50cm  
\$1500

**Blackout in One's Studio**

I feel like I'm in Holland  
With concrete river dividers &  
No worry in the unseen array  
Of grass patch cross-legger yellow wildflower  
An overcast dome over me.

I feel like fleeting across this very Mauerpark &  
Up those stairs & up that wall &  
Up all those beautiful parallel homes  
To the rooftops &  
Up those trees

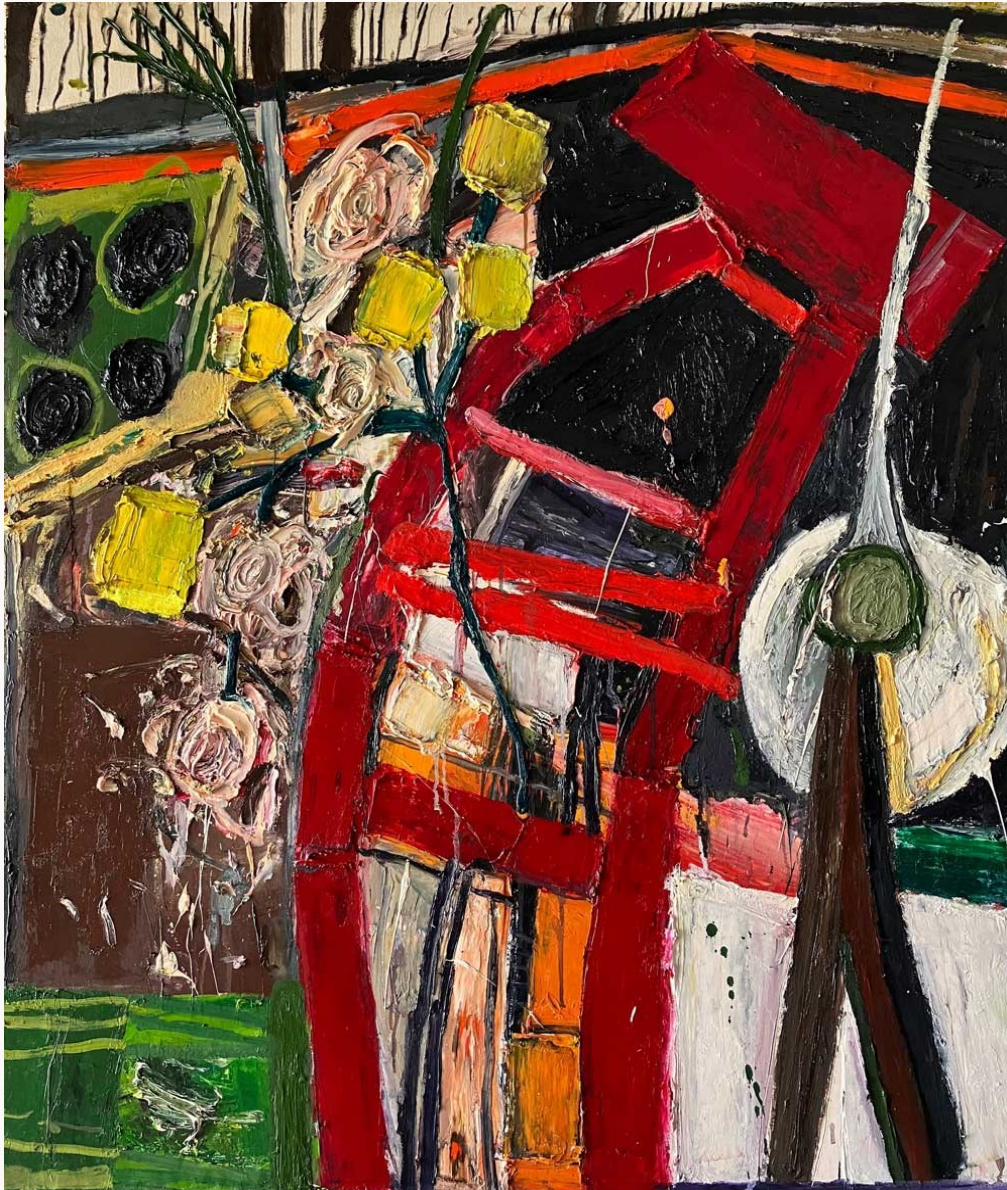
To at the end of it all

Be seen to what is really in front of me.

P.S - These pages begin to feel raindrops  
Mauerpark, Berlin.

Saturday (24.09.2022).

10:44 a.m



**Red Ladder, T.V Tower (Berlin)**  
Oil, charcoal, graphite & collage on canvas  
120cm x 100cm  
\$2800

**Red Ladder, T.V Tower (Berlin)**

My feet  
Never this numb  
But all I want to do  
Is walk  
With weathered eye sight  
In the many shades  
Of night time river bridge &  
Climb the tram horn  
Echo of red  
To the top  
Of the drum beat  
Of that T.V Tower.

You were the first I saw on air-plane flying in &  
You own this city in your undercurrent of heightened  
power.

P.s - Yellow jacket man at fountain looks like the  
shade of sun  
is unappealing to his costume in theatre.

(Unknown park fountain bench seat), Berlin.

(22.09.2022)



**Ode to Solitary II & III**  
Indian ink, oil & graphite on paper  
45cm x 32.5cm  
Framed  
\$950 each



**Grey Sunflower (for Allen & Jack)**

Oil on canvas  
80 x 70cm  
\$2000

**Grey Sunflower (for Allen & Jack)**

The mind glowing beauty of some corn that I miss the smile of.

Briefly seen on that yesterday lawn of bug swarm around bag matter,

You stand behind the brick of metal sphere watching Allen & Jack

As Allen & Jack watch on through two abstruse species of spectacles.

Berlin wall butterfly or should I say "schmetterling" & One of us makes the possibility certain to stay dry on my last day.

Walking around the strasses of P. Berg

Is it a hinch or a hunch that it rains on my last full day here?

Is Berlin crying?

I doubt it

I doubt it'll miss me as high as the weeping jar fills tomorrow

On my dawn air-planes away from you.

P. Berg Apartment, Berlin.

(27.09.2022).

9:26 a.m



**Leise-Park**  
Oil on canvas  
60cm x 50cm  
\$1500

### **Leise Park**

Is that even your real name?  
You're the only decoration I like.

Church bells sound,  
I want to sit in my solitude free with the shortest  
stroll home.  
You're the neighbour I greet & divide me from the  
front table restaurants  
Of unknown pretension &  
Your headband, a magnet to my lens.

You watch me leave in the morning & return different  
in the evening  
Picking my broken keys from my knapsack,  
Knowing in a short while  
The chords of my absence will bring me back to these  
very strasse's  
So mark your rough's & continue to welcome your visi-  
tors  
& I'll be back in the many merry masses.

Prenzauer Berg, Berlin.

Sunday (25.09.2022).

9:02 a.m



CURATORIAL+CO.

ART GALLERY + ART CONSULTANCY

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**Curatorial+Co. acknowledges the Traditional Custodians of the country on which the gallery stands, the Gadigal People of the Eora Nation, and recognises their continuing connection to land, waters and cultures. We pay our respects to their Elders past, present and emerging.**