

Ross Taylor | The Ruinette

14 February - 22 March 2025

Brooke Benington is pleased to present *The Ruinette*, an exhibition of paintings by Ross Taylor. Set within the strange spoil of botched national infrastructure projects and the ruinous gateposts of great houses, Taylor appears to subject his most recent works to an advancing state of irreverent progress. A type of foreshadowing, that sees a cast of characters fending off the usual tide of shit flats, foaming earthworks and the never-ending transfer of land and lease.

The exhibition's title, *The Ruinette*, serves as a counter point. A device in which to probe the condition of our surroundings and the effect they have on the architecture of our physical and social selves. Convinced of its validity, the artist locates the presence of something stirring in our streets, a type of suburban Demiurge which haunts and garbles the great and endless theatre of where people live.

Our setting, it seems, is a small piece of a much larger road. The first instance of the sprawling ruin, penned-in by the interlocking back alleys of unnamed parades of shops. Historically, places of disappearance, and of removal. Grids bolted together by council and private initiatives, built on either the grounds of demolished manor houses or the lands of medieval monks, squeezed into shape by the endless iterations of super modernity. Behind the alleyways and over the fence, there are small brutal rockeries. And, in front of these plots are a world of children's parties in unfinished extensions and the spatters of illegal building. You're on a threshold for which you cannot quite see. A heterotopia, of some sorts, where forms of the DIY and the vernacular synthesise, where gatherings get outlandish and a culture starts to coalesce.

The patch grows and morphs, and people are seen moving through gardens to erect a new lean-to, in something extravagant or ornamental. The zone Taylor is trying to describe is a place of extension and add-ons, monstrous personal projects of unsullied intention and grotesque outcomes. Amongst the residents, there is a loathing for the secular materialism that beats at its limits. As Robert Aickman concluded, we as a species took a wrong turn at the industrial revolution. We are now too reliant on the rational hemisphere. Instead, its population draw on a hopscotch of references exhumed from its deepest lines of memory. Jewellery parties and psychic fairs cultivate at the core of its aesthetic, enactments of something chimeric leads the community to aligning its chants and ecstatic states in tandem with such journeys as within the Purgatoria or Heikhalot literature. Measuring the divine, needing the relevant passwords and true names to continue. Finding a cadence, not too hard, not too soft, to whisper themselves into rhyming and echoing tableau form.

Ross Taylor was born in 1982 in Harrow, London, where he continues to live and work. Since graduating from the Royal College of Art with an MA in Painting, he was awarded the Abbey Scholarship at the British School at Rome and was artist in residence at the Edward James Foundation. Alongside his brother, Taylor runs a small publishing press called Mrs Paterson's. Recent exhibitions include, *Fortnight*, Brooke Benington, 2024; *Hoodie Toe*, Andys, Stockholm, 2024; *Bye Bye Confidence*, Ivan Gallery, Bucharest, 2024; *Poison*, OHS, London, 2023 and *The rumbling tum*, Russi Klenner, Berlin, 2022.