

Nick Miller

Still Nature

A R T S P A C E G A L L E R Y

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Fig. 1
Painting Noreen: Family Blooms, 2021

Foreword

When Nick Miller's exhibition of still-lives of seasonal blossoms and fronds in an array of containers titled *Vessels : Nature Morte* opened at Art Space Gallery in 2016 Jackie Wullschlager wrote:

The vessels in this ravishing suite of paintings are metaphors for human clay, emptiness, absence and also individuality, with implications too of stores for memory, solid forms holding shifting recollections fluid as water. Exquisitely delineated, Miller's series of vases and pots – glass, ceramic, simple, ornate, opaque, reflective – denote those which, one by one, the artist removed to his studio from his mother's collection when he visited her during her last illness from 2014-2015.¹

If these pictures were Miller's way of processing the trauma of losing a parent, they would also have a profound effect on his art. Still-life and studio portraiture had been a part of his practice in the 90s but he had moved outdoors and developed a major reputation in Ireland as a landscape painter working *en plein air* from the back of a mobile truck. Now, back in the studio he developed those early beginnings with ever more ambitious and experimental pictorial challenges that has seen a trilogy of exhibitions spanning eight years in which he has re-energised the still-life genre on a monumental scale.

After the intimate *Vessels : Nature Morte* came *Rootless* in 2018: a series set in studio interiors that were epic in size and complexity and *...musings on impermanence, fragility, order, art and nature.*² And now in *Still Nature* the human form returns to find a place along with found and collected memorabilia, marine life from the shore close to his studio and Buddhist and Taoist deities that together take on a ritualistic and sacramental air that comment movingly on the human condition in adversity and on Man's ability to endure and remain creative even during the worst of times

My thanks go to Nick Miller for his commitment and enthusiasm throughout the twenty-three years of our working relationship. And to the critic Martin Herbert and philosopher Brian Treanor for their deeply considered and engaged contributions that together captures the essence of Miller's practice.

Michael Richardson, Art Space Gallery, 2022

Notes

1. Jackie Wullschlager, Financial Times. 3 September, 2016
2. Jackie Wullschlager, Financial Times. 16 February, 2019



Fig. 2
Branching and Fragmenting: Tikkun Olam, 2019-20





And Yet, But Still

Martin Herbert

A first appraisal of Nick Miller's *Circling and Returning: East* (2019-20) [fig. 3] might locate it in the still life tradition: specifically, that of the *memento mori*, in which wilting flowers are traditionally synonymous with the death that awaits us all, that we ought to be heedful of. Such a reading would, admittedly, be fair insofar as many things in this painting *are* fading or winking out, or ghosts of their former selves. See, for example, the dried-up olive branch and weakened thistle that Miller brought back from a trip to Crete; the cascade of seaweed that constitutes a souvenir from one of the artist's daily, bracing early-morning swims at Rosses Point in the northwest of Ireland; the various foraged and cut blooms Miller placed in vases and precariously on stepladders and small surfaces before starting to paint – effectively setting a clock ticking, if he wanted to catch their last glimmers of vivacity. Yet whether or not the flowers became compost and in turn fed other plants, they're not fully gone. They're part of a painting now.

And that painting, the careful viewer may recognise, is not wholly a still life painting after all. Still lives do not traditionally contain miniature seascapes, as this one does in its lower right quadrant. Their backgrounds may be minimal, but this one sits pointedly upon a swirling, half-murky abstraction; plus, on that note, the painting's scale veers more towards that of a mid-century modernist non-figurative painting than the traditionally compact dimensions of still life. In terms of categorisation, then, *Circling and Returning: East* gestures towards a genre only to place itself in distancing motion, repeatedly edging into an otherness as yet unnamed. Even the stepladders point to

Fig. 3
Circling and Returning: East, 2019-20

transitoriness. What's here, it's implied, is very much a temporary arrangement in the artist's studio. If you went there now, something else would be in its place.

Still Nature, the third in a series of exhibitions in which Miller has angled himself in the direction of still life if not committed to it, is something of a macrocosm to the microcosm outlined above. It interrupts the focus on expiring flora a handful of times, via portrait paintings that are generally larger than the paintings without people in them (and in one case a portrait of Miller's wife which is not exactly a portrait of her at all, more a portrait of someone failing to paint her). This purposefully raises the question of where the show's centre is, a reading complicated in turn by the traditional, still-breathing hierarchy of art history that places still life at the bottom and portraiture at the top. To vex matters further, the paintings of flowers, etc, in turn, are not generally free of 'people', though mostly, these tend to be chintzy Buddhist and Taoist figurines, not expensive totems but matter-of-fact pointers. They shortcut the viewer who knows anything about Eastern philosophy to what the paintings are saying in another language: that everything changes, and it might be useful for us to learn to accept that.

In *Hunting and Gathering: Still Nature* (2021) [fig. 4], a white ceramic Buddha sits in the right-hand corner; he's trying to meditate, to find calm, but there's a wasp sitting on his head. Can you relate? Finding anything like stillness feels, right now, both harder and more necessary than ever. Around the Buddha are artefacts that concisely establish a lengthy continuum of expiry, and of hunter and hunted – a stag skull, an artist's-studio postcard of Titian's *The Death of Actaeon* (c.1565) upon which sits a dead moth – and, prominently, vivid if newly



Fig. 4
Hunting and Gathering: Still Nature, 2021

drooping sunflowers. Their yellowness sits in a blue-edged vase, on a blue stepladder: sunflowers, the national flower of Ukraine. Miller, of course, made this painting the year before Russia's invasion. But, in the moment of reception it might feel present, not least since there are more active allusions, elsewhere, to that unfolding, formerly unimaginable tragedy; for example, in *Monumental: Seeds of change* (2016-22) [fig. 5], completed later, two sunflowers have collapsed to the ground, a ribbon-like fragment of yellow and blue beside them. (To their left, a Taoist figurine blows a flute.)

Such works, such suggestions, turn the show both knotty and realist, looking at the sharp end of millennia of suffering and suggesting that our benighted age might constitute a difference of degree – consider the explosion of mental health crises – at least in terms of increased necessity for reparative measures. Not that it needs rehearsing, but there is a sense of chickens coming home to roost not only via this war but also the accelerated and compound geopolitical shocks of the last six years or so: Brexit, Trump, Covid, the tightening noose of environmental catastrophe. One wants, in the face of that, to achieve something like calm – a still nature, to read Miller's title one way – and of course there are ways of shutting the world out, retreating. But even so, at some point you'll remember that everything ends and that, outside your own mortal fretting, there are people being slaughtered right now. Miller has no magical panacea to offer, his art is not therapy; but, in its resolute and multivalent unfixity, it offers both an honest presentation of how it feels to be, day-to-day, in a world of continual and troubling instability, and a stilled – or still yet somehow still moving – space in which we might recognise the usefulness, the necessity, of finding some way of navigating temporariness and concomitant pain.

Fig. 5
Monumental: Seeds of Change, 2016-2022



Rinpoche sitting, studio,
Co Sligo, 2006



Fig. 6
Portrait of The Venerable Panchen Ötrul Rinpoche, 2006



What he is not is an advocate for a specific path. There are two large portraits in the exhibition: one, dating back to 2006, is *Portrait of the Venerable Panchen Ótrul Rinpoche* [fig. 6], in which a Tibetan Buddhist lama of high standing, and of Miller's acquaintance, sits for the artist while visibly turned inward. (Miller, naturally, has chosen to complicate this 'portrait' with flowers in vases.) The other portrait, *Wilderness: Painting Patrick Hall* (2016-22) [fig. 13] is an unabashed full-length nude of the eponymous, eighty-six-year-old Irish painter who Miller has worked alongside, on weekends, for some time. Hall, decorated with a dragon tattoo, has something of the saint-in-the-wilderness about him; also – the nudity points to it – a kind of fearless acceptance of what's to come; and the gravitas of someone who's devoted his life to something. Rinpoche, too, has the air of someone who, through a lifetime of meditation, is on a different vibrational plane. One cannot, of course, be these people – it's precisely the emphasised fact that one must find one's own patched-together method that ensures Miller's show is not, say, an advertisement for Taoism, or even for artistry – but that they suggest the possibility of day-to-day muddling through, aided by whatever mental hygiene. In a third 'portrait', *Closer Now: Seeding and Painting* (2022) [fig. 7], Miller himself appears, anti-oracular. He faces the viewer flatly, putting on no airs. He's holding a dandelion clock – with all its associations – and an orange-tipped paintbrush that resembles a candle burning down. His body cursorily limned, he's just there, somewhere along his allotted lifespan, like flowers, like anyone, turning inexorably and invisibly into something else.

Miller is primarily a fast, wet-in-wet or *alla prima* painter, one who has trained himself to apprehend and paint what's in front of him even when it's on the verge of expiry, to put himself in the midst of

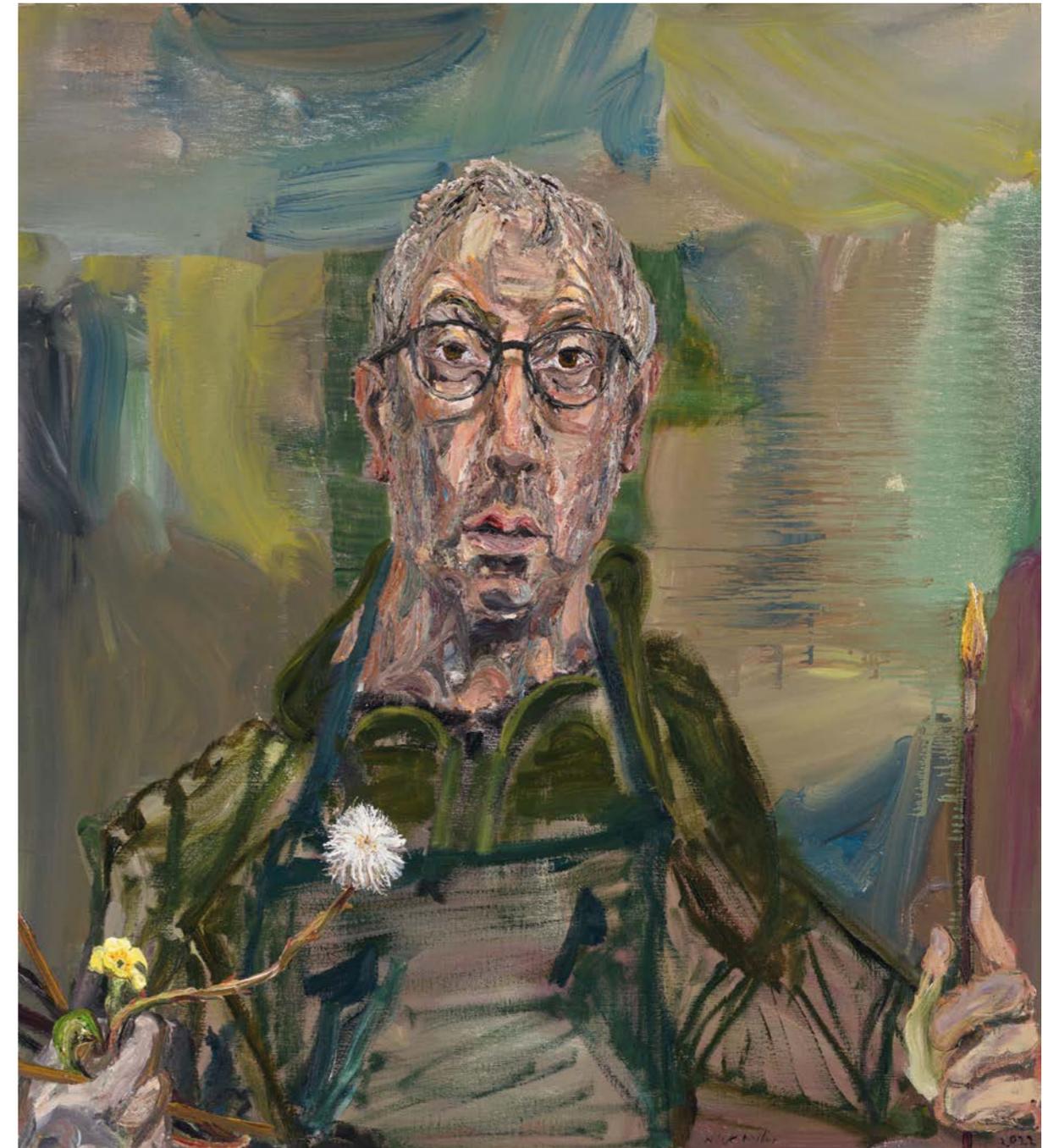


Fig. 7
Closer Now: Seeding and Painting, 2022

the flow. And if you're going to paint a rotting shark that washed up on the beach, as he did for *Over Now: Baby Blue* (2020-21) [fig. 8], with its wryly Dylanesque title, you'd better be fast, or hold your nose. Not to mention that when he is painting something, it's in improvisatory conversation with something made even faster: an abstract background that, by Miller's own account, will have been worked up, and stacked up, while he's using up paint left on his palette from painting something else, ensuring – like the use of flowers in their final hours and days – that nothing is wasted. This conversion tactic, though, goes further in Miller's case. Look again at *Circling and Returning: East*. Consider, especially, the scale, which ensures that the painter must work at least sometimes with his full body. The swoop of the stepladders' contours, particularly, feels like someone moving their whole arm, their whole self, rhythmically in front of the canvas. More delicately, but equally with a sense of mobility and rotation, consider the swirl of the near-central aquamarine vase. This, like the seascape and seaweed in the same painting, point to the artist's body in motion.

Miller has for some years been a student of Tai Chi and Chi Gong, disciplines aimed at harnessing and directing energy via flowing movements. Knowing that, you have to imagine that this has informed his painting practice; what is he doing here, but taking energy – the last breaths of a flower, say – and redirecting it, investing it in a new energetic, prismatic structure that is a painting, and that in turn conveys itself to the viewer? The fact that he's lately learned – by his own admission, from *Circling and Returning* onward – to allow his extracurricular physical life to infuse his art (his swims, his martial art) speaks, furthermore, to the experiential undercurrent of these paintings, that everything is morphing, and allows for the possibility

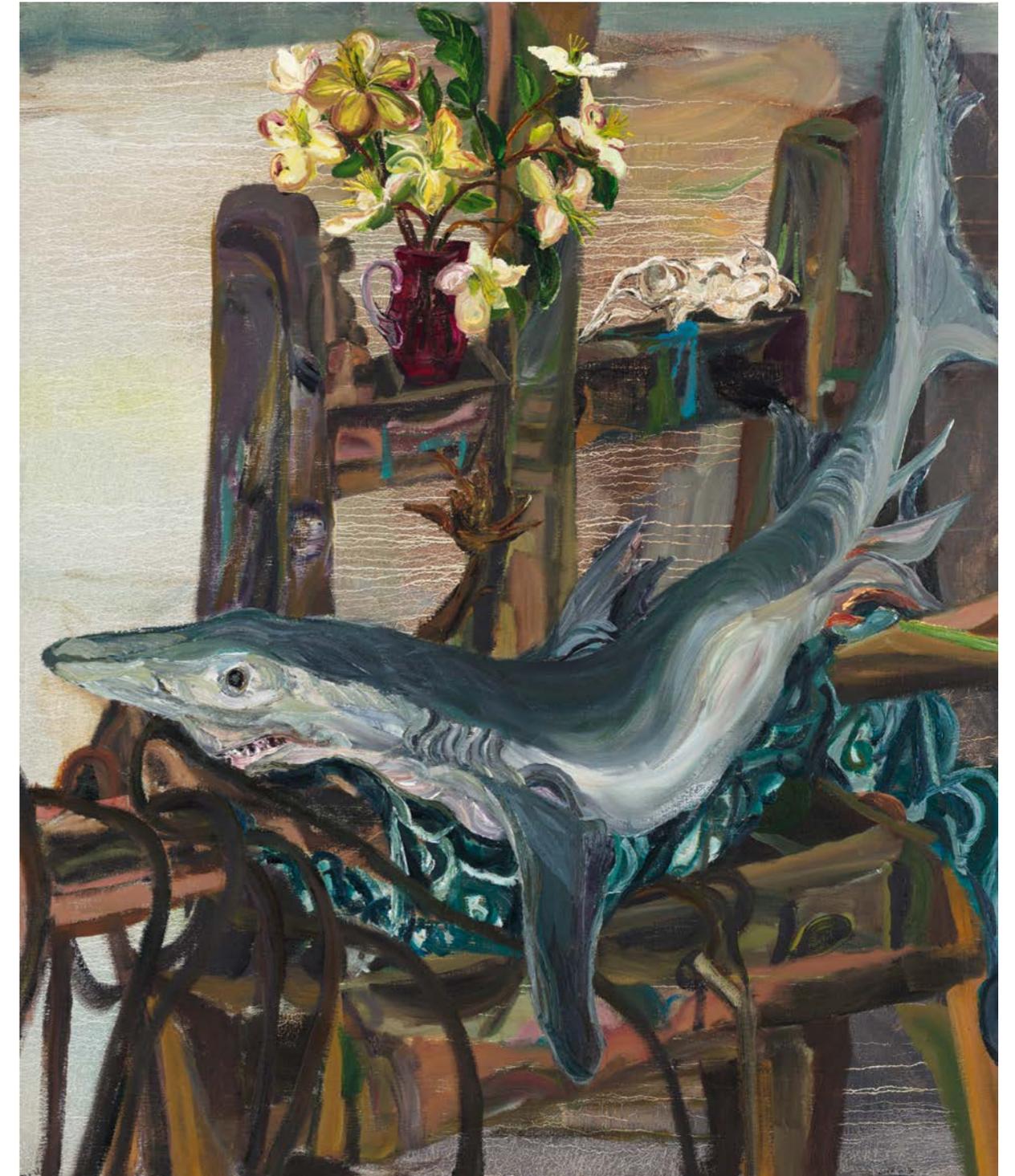


Fig. 8
Over Now: Baby Blue, 2020-21



that change, even if there's no point of arrival, can be *good*. Another case in point: having long been a 'one-shot' painter, he has of late allowed himself to work back into canvases. (As well as, evidently, to exhibit older paintings alongside new ones.) In the portrait of Patrick Hall, for instance, the inset image of a hand in the right corner – which speaks to Miller watching Hall paint, is much more recent than the main portrait. This may seem like a detail, an anecdote, but it foregrounds something important in the work. To the extent that it's a vouchsafing of change, it captures the artist in mid-transform, able to do something he couldn't. Such, like Hall's accepting mien, is an upside of growing older.

Time is at issue here, obviously. It matters that these are entangling paintings, works that catch the viewer up in their branching, brambly compositions to hold one there awhile, working through them as experiences. The very phrase 'still nature' revises itself as you look. Yes, these flowers have gotten to the end of their useful lives but then, in their final flush, get plucked from oblivion to live on as art. Such is what art itself does, at best, in relation to the mortal artist – art is, it has repeatedly been argued, a shot at immortality on the artist's part. And these paintings *are* still, in a materialist sense, but as objects of interaction they're not. They don't sit still, visually, and as such they're processual just like making sense of the wider world is. Miller's paintings must be navigated. Their colour schemes are at once overcast and beautiful, every pleasure of nature in them is evenly counterweighted by extinction, they exhilaratingly refuse the easy pleasure of categorisation. At best, traversing their wrongfooting pleasures and pains feels, to paraphrase Clarice Lispector, close to the wild heart of life, but in the safe space of the gallery. And if you see these paintings again, somewhere down the line when you're older, you'll be different and so will they. That's just how it is.

Berlin, May, 2022



Fig. 9
Though Doubtless Plum or Cherry-Branch II, 2017-22



Fig. 10
Persistence: Turning and Gathering, 2016-22

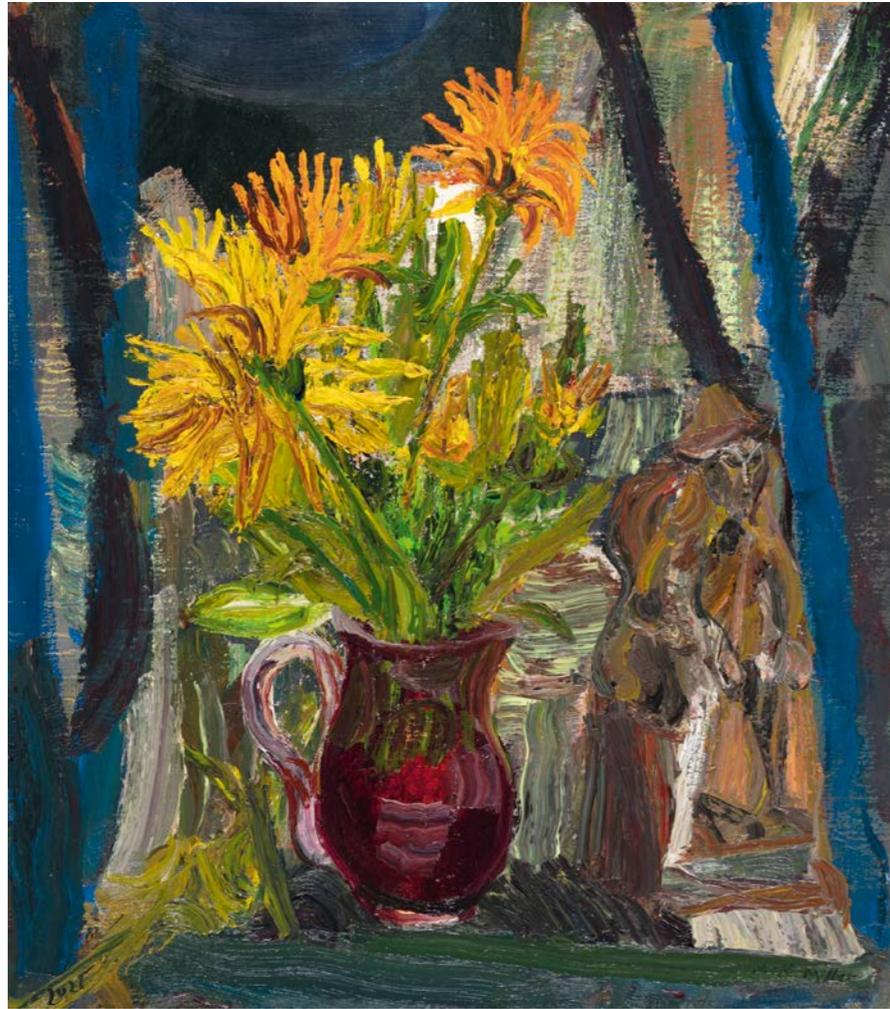


Fig. 11
Marigolds with Sage, 2021

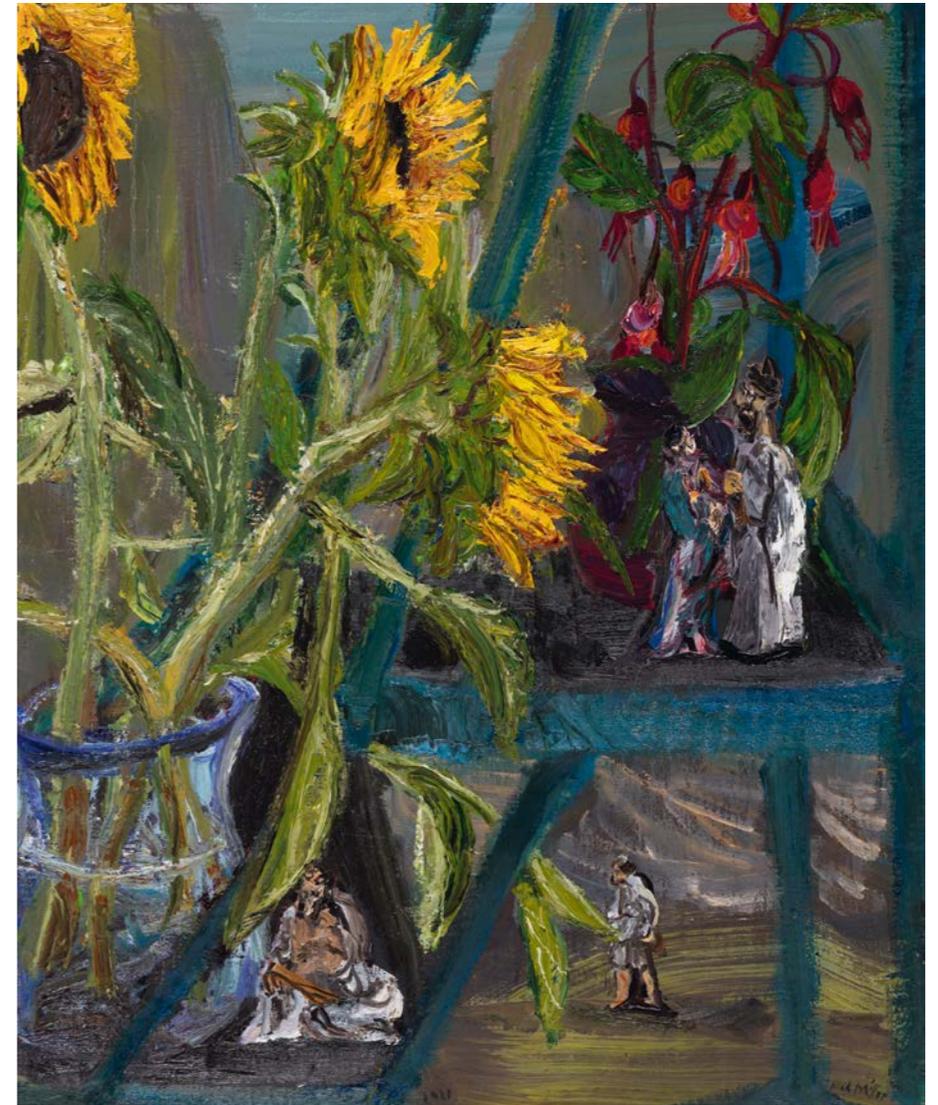


Fig. 12
Gathering II, 2021



Wilderness, (Fig. 13)
studio, Co. Sligo, 2022

Fig. 13
Wilderness: Painting Patrick Hall, 2016-22





Art in War Time

Brian Treanor

Recently, I found myself contemplating Vincent van Gogh's *The Mulberry Tree* (1889), which is housed in the Norton Simon Museum of Art in Pasadena, California. It was one of Van Gogh's favourites, though it was painted during a notably troubled time in a life characterised by trouble. Van Gogh had recently committed himself to the asylum at Saint-Rémy-de-Provence, struggling to recover from periods of delirium following the infamous incident in which he severed his own ear. It was while undergoing treatment that he painted *The Mulberry Tree*, along with other celebrated works including *Starry Night* and *Irises*. Less than a year later, he would be dead by his own hand, three weeks after having written to his brother Theo to assure him, "I still love art and life very much." He shot himself in a field where he had been painting; however, the wound was not immediately fatal and he was able to walk back to his room at the Auberge Ravoux. Van Gogh died the following evening. Theo, who had rushed to be at his side, reported that his last words were, *la tristesse durera toujours* ("the sadness will last forever").

However, on this particular midwinter day, I found myself disturbed and distracted. Two weeks earlier, Russian military forces had poured into Ukraine. Given the long build-up of troops on the border, it wasn't shock or surprise that distracted me that midwinter day, but rather my heightened awareness of suffering consuming people very like myself while I strolled the halls of the museum, idly reflecting on post-impressionist painting. A landscape being razed. A culture under

siege. Civilians being executed. Women assaulted. Children orphaned and displaced. Meanwhile, my fellow museum-goers drifted across the cool shadows of the gallery to contemplate Cézanne's Tulips in a Vase.

In the face of the horror unfolding in Eastern Europe, how can one have the impudence to spend the afternoon contemplating Cézanne's tulips? Or, here, many of the flowers in *Still Nature*, particularly the sunflowers—more directly evocative of Ukraine—blooming in *Hunting and Gathering* (2021) [fig. 4], and then desiccated in *Monumental: Seeds of Change* (2016-22) [fig. 5]? It all seems unjustifiable, monstrous even. I found myself scandalised by the thought of returning to the university to spend the evening talking with my students about narrative identity in James Joyce's *The Dead*. Our shared world is burdened with serious challenges. Who has time for Van Gogh or Joyce?

In October 1939 C.S. Lewis gave a sermon at St. Mary the Virgin church in Oxford, which he called "Learning in War Time." In early September of that year, the United Kingdom had declared war, and many of the students present that day were intending to volunteer or expecting to be drafted into service. The full horror of what was to come—the London Blitz, the *abattoir* on the beaches of Normandy, the Holocaust, the camps—could not, at the time of Lewis's sermon, have been known. Nevertheless, the enormity of what was coming was surely present in the minds of each and every person in church that day. This was a country that had, just twenty years earlier, poured out the blood of a generation in a "war to end war." Lewis himself was a veteran of the Somme. Now he



Fig. 14
Monumental: Flowering, 2019-22

and his fellow parishioners found themselves facing, again, a doom that remained worryingly unpredictable, but which was increasingly recognised as inescapable.

In the face of what was coming—the threat looming over the horizon, the sacrifice that would be required to meet it, the real possibility that despite that sacrifice all was lost—how could a person justify studying maths, composing music, peering through a telescope at distant galaxies, or reading verse? We have derisive proverbs for describing such activities. Fiddling while Rome burns. Polishing the brass on the Titanic.

It is natural to question the virtue of the occupations of peacetime in the midst of war, plague, or other calamities. The world is different now, we say. A line has been crossed. We must act. George Floyd murdered by police in broad daylight! Mass graves being filled with innocents outside of Mariupol! COVID-19 continues to mutate! The Anthropocene is upon us!

All true, of course. However, Lewis observes, rightly, that a crisis like the war “creates no absolutely new situation; it simply aggravates the permanent human situation so that we can no longer ignore it. Human life has always been lived on the edge of a precipice.”¹ If this is true for war, the same can be said for injustice, economic hardship, pandemic, and most other crises. How many of the challenges that keep us awake at night are truly novel? Anyone who thinks the conflict in Ukraine or the COVID-19 pandemic is unprecedented is suffering from a severe case of historical myopia. Were young people any less anxious in 1916, waiting to be shipped to Flanders? Or as they were struck down in the hundreds of thousands by the “Spanish” Flu? Were parents more

Fig. 15
Still Nature: Growing and Falling, 2021



sanguine in October 1962, as global nuclear war was imminent? The ubiquity and certainty of suffering are central aspects of the human problem, whether we frame that in terms of the Christian “problem of evil” or Buddhist teachings regarding *dukkha* (suffering) and *anitya* (impermanence). The latter are evoked, perhaps, in the Buddhist, Taoist imagery of *Still Nature*, particularly the inclusion of the two large-scale portraits of *The Venerable Panchen Ötrul Rinpoche* (2006) [fig. 6] and its’ existential companion *Wilderness: Painting Patrick Hall* (2016-22) [fig. 13].

But, if every generation dines under Damocles’ sword, perhaps the point is not that “wartime” is the wrong time for art, but rather that there is no time, at any time, for art. Perhaps we need to focus on more pressing matters. Perhaps it is only when we have addressed these concrete, existential challenges that earn the right and the time for art and literature. In 1780, in the midst of the Revolutionary War, John Adams wrote to his wife Abigail:

I must study Politicks and War that my sons may have liberty to study Mathematicks and Philosophy. My sons ought to study Mathematicks and Philosophy, Geography, natural History, Naval Architecture, navigation, Commerce and Agriculture, in order to give their Children a right to study Painting, Poetry, Musick, Architecture, Statuary, Tapestry and Porcelaine.²

There is no denying that this view has a certain logic to it. When the house is on fire, there’s no time to sit at the piano and practice one’s scales. Well, Earth, our home, is on fire. Quite literally in my native California, but just as surely, if less obviously, across the globe. Perhaps people should put off things like painting, literature,



Fig. 16
Headless Nature, 2020



music, and philosophy until we have earned the peace, health, and stability that makes those things practical, or at least makes their impracticality harmless. Now, the argument goes, it is time to roll up our sleeves and wage war against injustice, against poverty, against disease, and against climate change.

But I'm afraid if our standard is to wait until the crisis is over before turning to art, poetry, literature, or philosophy, we will never find time for them at all. While it would be foolish to deny the difference between the life of a Roman citizen during the *pax Romana* and the life of one during the sack of Rome, every generation and every individual lives under stresses and threats that seem to trivialise "the humanities." Lewis's contemporary, T.S. Eliot, observed that the conditions are always unpropitious for tasks like searching for truth or finding meaning in our lives.³ There is, and will always be, some pressing concern to turn us from the pursuit of truth or the appreciation of beauty. There will always be something else to worry about, some other threat or crisis looming over the horizon. That's not, as Adams implies, a consequence of our particular point in history or the failure of our current state of moral and social development; that is the condition of being human.

So, if we want truth, if we want beauty, if we want art, poetry, literature, and philosophy, we are going to have to resolve to seek them while conditions are unpropitious. If we wait for the right time, we will never begin, because there is no absolutely safe harbour, no utopian stronghold, from which we might pursue these goods untroubled by want and unthreatened by loss.

Fig. 17
Other War: 24-2-22, 2017-2022



This is not, of course, license to ignore the crises that threaten to overwhelm us. Working for peace, sheltering the displaced, healing the sick, and building security are all essential tasks that help to preserve, or at least prolong, life. Many of the world's wisdom traditions remind us that we *ought* to pursue these goods, and work hard to achieve them. But while these practical endeavours, which are the focus of politics, economics, and science, make life possible, truth, beauty, and goodness—as well as the “impractical” endeavours like art, poetry, literature, and philosophy that take them as their subject matter—are what make life valuable in the first place. A world in which there is no time for beauty, or imagination, or reverie, or reflection would be an *inhuman* world, which is to say a world not worth living in. To give up truth and beauty out of commitment to fighting for security is to admit defeat before the battle is joined; it is to give up our humanity in a futile quest to secure it and preserve it forever.

And humans, at least some of us, are unwilling to do this. They refuse the false choice between utility and beauty, between progress and art.

[These people] propound mathematical theorems in beleaguered cities, conduct metaphysical arguments in condemned cells, make jokes on scaffolds, discuss the last new poem while advancing to the walls of Quebec, and comb their hair at Thermopylae. This is not panache; it is our nature.⁴

The issue is not whether crises—injustice, suffering, death, hopelessness—demand our attention. They clearly do. The issue, rather, is whether or not these crises demand *all* of our attention.

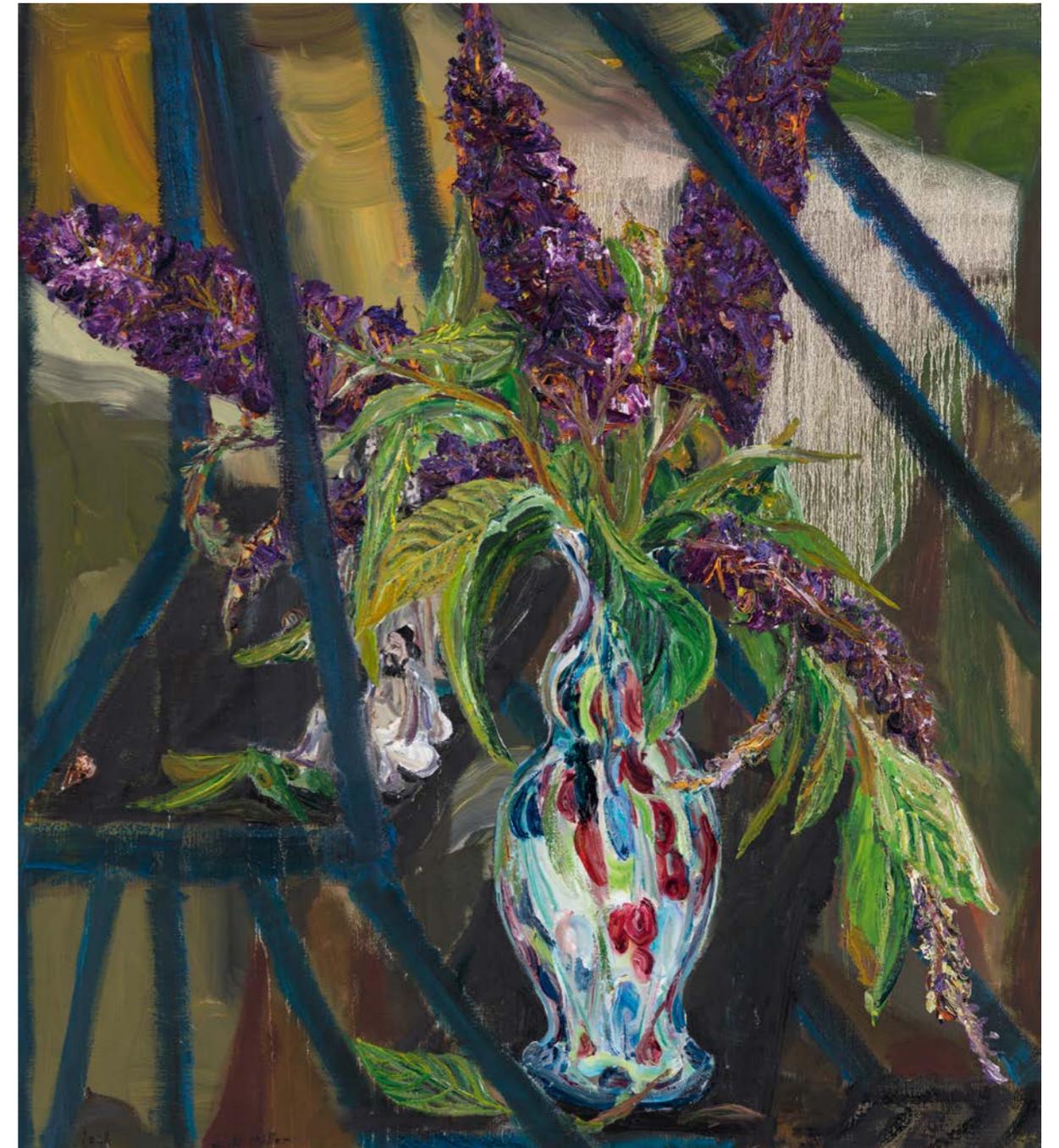


Fig. 18
New Vessel: Gathering, 2021

Poetry and art do not exempt us from striving to improve the world; but neither does the need to save or improve the world excuse us from—and I realise this is a strong claim—our *duty* to bear witness the beauty and goodness that are in it. E.B. White wrote, “If the world were merely seductive, that would be easy. If it were merely challenging, that would be no problem. But I arise in the morning torn between a desire to improve (or save) the world and a desire to enjoy (or savor) the world. This makes it hard to plan the day.”⁵ That seems appropriate. And if planning the day is difficult, planning a life is harder still.

We are called both to save the world and to savour the world; but it seems to me that by savouring the world we are bearing witness to, and helping to remind others of, why it is worth saving at all, and perhaps in so doing we are making some small contribution to the saving of it after all.

Notes

1. C.S. Lewis, “Learning in War Time” in *The Weight of Glory* (New York: Harper Collins, 2001), 49.
2. John Adams, Letter to Abigail Adams (12 May 1780). U.S. National Archives. Archives.gov. <<https://founders.archives.gov/documents/Adams/04-03-02-0258>> Accessed 27 April 2022.
3. T.S. Eliot, “East Coker” in *Four Quartets* (New York: Harvest, 1971), 31. Lines 187-188.
4. C.S. Lewis, “Learning in War Time” in *The Weight of Glory* (New York: Harper Collins, 2001), 50.
5. This was a written comment made by E.B. White in response to a questionnaire by *New York Times* reporter Israel Shenker, following after an in-person interview that was less productive than hoped for, from Shenker’s perspective. White himself was no fan of interviews. See “E.B. White: Notes and Comments by Author,” *The New York Times* (11 July 1969).

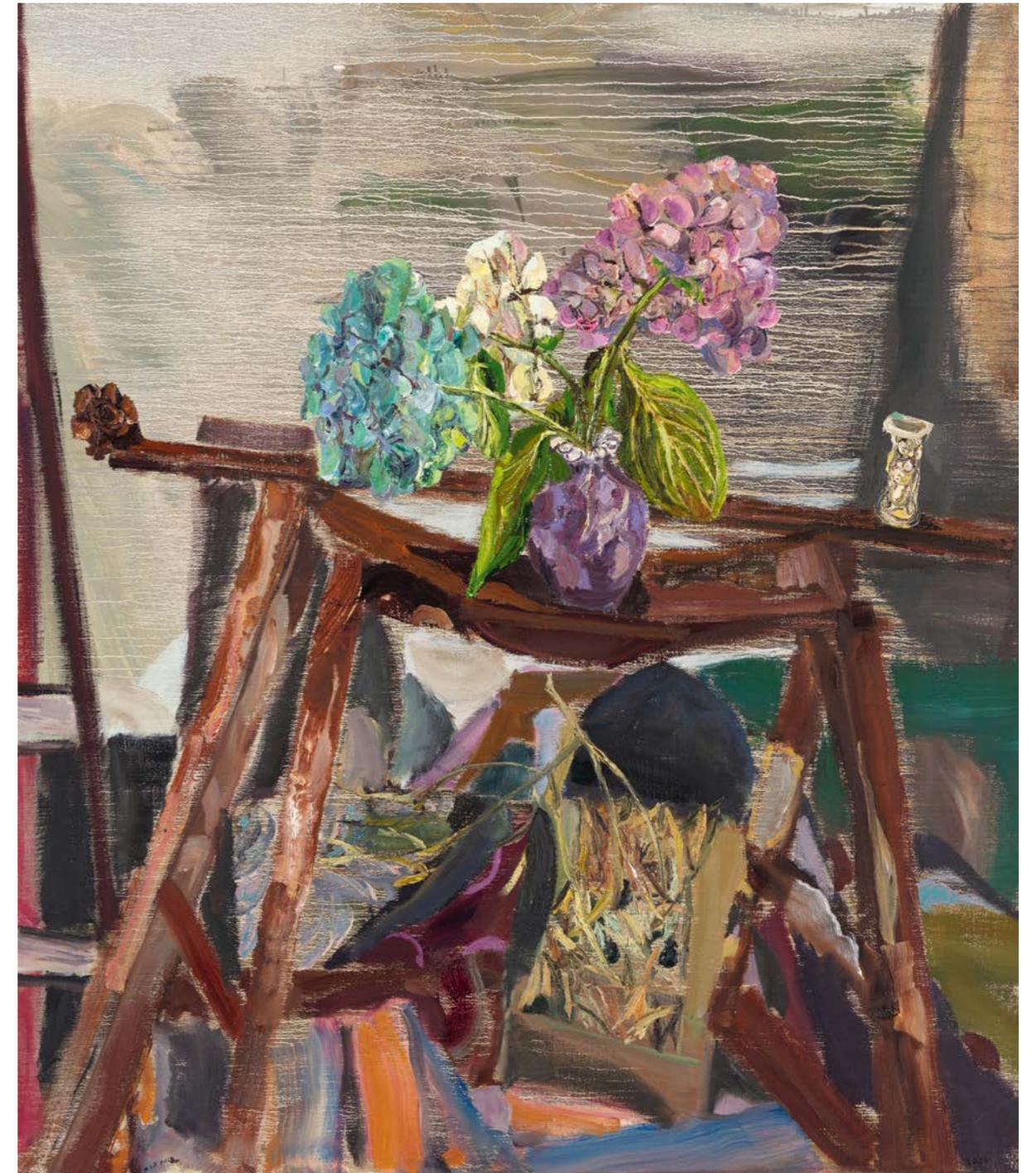


Fig. 19
Peace Above: Olive Remains, 2020



Afterword

Preparing this show, I had a sudden urge to exhibit, or more accurately, to release the *Portrait of The Venerable Panchen Ötrul Rinpoche*. It is an unexhibited painting that I have held in the studio for over 16 years, since the sittings with Rinpoche in 2006. The decision to show it now opened doors for a return to the human form, both symbolically and literally, in these genre-blending paintings. It upended time and allowed for change in other works to be resolved in unplanned ways.

I am grateful to the sitters including Patrick Hall, a remarkable Irish painter with whom I have sometimes collaborated, learnt from, and often painted over many decades; Noreen my wife - who turned into a cherry blossom in what became a family lockdown piece; and The Venerable Panchen Ötrul Rinpoche who generously agreed to sit all those years ago without judgement or expectation.

Attempting to quell my own urge to write, but clearly failing, the Gallery commissioned the writer and critic Martin Herbert to take a look at the paintings. I connect with his writing about art, and the world of art, in books such as *Tell them I said No* and his columns as an editor of *Art Review* so I am very grateful for his studio visit to a stranger, and his generous understanding of my work.

About a year ago I came across a new book – *Melancholic Joy: On life worth living* by the Los Angeles based philosopher, Brian Treanor, and found much I could relate to in his interdisciplinary take on philosophy and facing the world. It opens with a passage about a film, set in Sligo, where coincidentally his ancestors are from, and I now live. We corresponded over time, and I asked him if he could contribute any kind of text for this show. *Art In War Time* is an adaptation of a broader essay and teaching underway in Zagreb during the spring of 2022.

Finally, I would like to sincerely thank Michael and Oya Richardson for their support and collaboration over many years – and for having presented five solo exhibitions in London, my birthplace, irrespective of good sense or viability for the Gallery.

Nick Miller, June, 2022

Biographical note

Born in London (1962). After graduating in *Development Studies* from the University of East Anglia, Miller moved to Ireland in 1984 to pursue painting. He now lives and works in Co Sligo on the North West coast of Ireland. One of Ireland's leading contemporary painters he is highly regarded for reinvigorating the traditional genres of landscape, portrait and still-life with a highly engaged personal approach. Nick Miller was elected as a member of Aosdána in 2001 in recognition of his contribution to Arts in Ireland and is the recipient of the inaugural 2014 Hennessy Portrait Award at the National Gallery of Ireland. He has exhibited widely including solo shows at The Irish Museum of Modern Art, the RHA, the New York Studio School and the Centre Culturel Irlandais, Paris with numerous works held in public collections including the Irish Museum of Modern Art and National Gallery of Ireland.



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|---|---|
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