

unfolding the story of *unfolding...[the artist]*

20 October – 6 November 2011

Gallery 4.5, At The Vanishing Point, 565 King St, Newtown

When it all goes pear-shaped and you run into a brick wall and have no idea how to proceed, who do turn to?

Little chickens, apparently.

Who knew?

They did, apparently.

They knew what I needed to make that all-important jump across that seemingly impenetrable patch of infinity I encountered about eight years ago. It took me a while to see it, and see through it, and realise, [finally!] that I didn't need to understand it, but they were right.

It's all about the chickens.

At times we think it's anything but (whatever "it" is, but let's not get there, at least not this time, ok?).

We think it's all about trees and keys and sea shells and enormous quantities of acrylic and mediums and parents and dreams and imaginings and mythologies and psychopomps and little boats and great journeys across ineffable slabs of infinity and the ontological nature of time and cubic zirconias and Schrödinger's cat and the dual nature of light and twin-slit experiments and the fall of Icarus and cosmology and creation myths and what lies beyond the limits of thought or reason and that irresistible urge to not throw away a broken windscreen wiper and make art out of it instead and even more compelling urge to buy some little chickens in a two dollar shop and have no idea why it seems so right and ploughing through the mire with whatever comes to hand and catching your self [sic] on the barbed wire that prevents access to what you think you want and the fake gold paint because you're not game to buy real gold leaf and the fire that doesn't stop burning which transforms things in surprisingly acausal directions until you can no longer tell which way the story is supposed to flow and all of a sudden the world is full of gold you cannot touch and smoke that writes inexplicably coruscating stories on currents of air and moments when you drop your favourite wine glass and leap like quantum particles across impossible barriers and discover it's that old wound that helps you find the song line that guides you across the next patch of infinity you have to cross and then you try and grasp at it and you just cannot because the very intent to hold it transmutes its ever changing substance and denies you access and leaves you abandoned on a virtual desert island until you remember to tread lightly and carry a large feather and look at things beyond their mere objective positivism and see the dragons and castles and magic trees and the pain and angst and the dark, chthonic ineffable beauty of it...

a beauty that takes you beyond the banal and obvious search for identity into what you really are and that moment you discover it's your unique nature that unlocks the secrets to how to see the world and its old stories and new ones that turn and turn and turn together and spin the yarn that makes that moment special when you drop the last of your precious wine glasses you'd looked after so carefully because you bought them to set up your first flat after you finished university and were ready you take on the world and now the whole bloody lot is nothing but shards and sharps and broken dreams and there amidst the spilled shiraz sits...

a chicken...

real or imagined.

And suddenly you get the joke.

That wound that never heals,
that wound that aches when you're alone,
that wound you thought enslaved you is in fact the agent of your manumission.

It's been your guide all along.

It finds the song lines when none seem discernable.

It takes you back to your art country when you're lost and fear no finding.

It is, of course, your most precious ally...

where the gold is made...

and where to look to find... your...

but not without the help of the little chickens...

without them you'll try to own it and enslave it and understand it and exploit it and control it and fix it and analyse it and drug it and cure it and blame everyone else for it and hate it and deny it and pretend it's not there... and miss the whole fucking point of... it.

But the chickens won't let that happen.

It's all about the little chickens...

whomever they are...

whatever they mean or symbolise or evoke...

you gotta just love em for who they are: little chickens



And let yourself LOL 😊