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Drawing on the Particular

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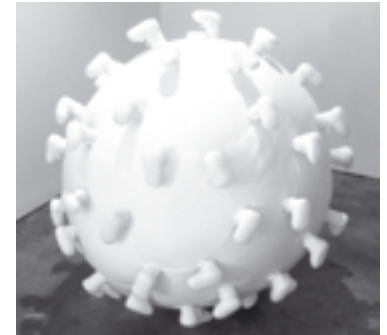
Drawing on the Particular

In the suite of works that comprises Drawing on the Particular - works executed over a period of some six years - a loop of sorts is performed, a landscape (virtually) traversed. It is a landscape of desire that is drawn out over and over, circled again and again within and across these works: that is both inscribed in their making and evoked in their viewing.

Desire, altogether ubiquitous and absolutely impossible: aching, desperate and delicious, is spoken silently, irrevocably in and through each of these works. By association, by suggestion... materially, symptomatically: desire appears as a pattern permeating the fabric of each piece, a known topography, an undergrowth of traumatic pleasure. Each piece triggers the memory of simple, often urgent and just as often unattainable wishes...each both performs and enables a return to familiar yet shifting, unstable ground. Each, in its autonomous, authoritative singularity, its exaggerated reference to human scale, its meticulous attention to detail: materialises the flavour and tone, the insistent specificity of desire. And yet across the suite, its apparent promiscuity is also evident: its agile, energetic mobility...the desire for aesthetic, sensual, spiritual transcendence, for ecstatic transport echoing, escalating, revolving (re)turning into and out of other, often conflicting desires...for stability, fecundity, productivity, peace, satisfaction.

Desire is figured by turns as ambiguous/unstable and compelling/disturbing: a certain fundamental violence is thus insistently inscribed, mechanically enacted. A veiled nagging threat surfaces again and again despite the often tender, tended shapes. An oblique, oscillating (e)motion ruffles the patient, thoughtful precision of each piece. The knitted skin of a pure white sphere reminiscent of a ludicrously enlarged soccer ball is covered with tiny hand-knitted baby booties - playful and oddly sweet it nevertheless feels uncomfortably like a discarded landmine (loaded, explosive, unpredictable). A machine stands endlessly twirling, straps cutting the air, flailing, flapping, empty...a skirt sized to fit a (whirling?) woman's body, sized to fit the twirling mechanism, lies flattened, fallen, (dis)played beside it...in respite, failure, or collapse?

Across the works, a void is suggested - the impossibility of gratification, the dread of closure, coupled with the sure knowledge of temporality, of impending loss - and yet simultaneously, by suggestion, in the presence of such loss is, nevertheless, an equally persistent and palpable satisfaction, a slow steady pleasure: in the labour of making, the openly over-determined, elegantly hinged (sanded, polished, buffed and balanced) staging of inner necessity.



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