

CHARLOTTE WATSON

Disquiet

June 29 – July 16, 2016

To have the rug pulled out from under you. It's an aphorism we use to describe a mental feeling. That physical feeling of being pushed off balance, and that's important here, the being *moved* by something out of your control and also unexpected. An almost random shock to the system – at least until some time afterwards when you can process and analyse the event, and ascribe reason or theory. But the moment itself - that moment is shock.

To have the rug pulled out from under you. In order to know the mental equivalent of that feeling you have to have some concept of a shift in centre-of-balance, whether through historical reconstruction of similar events (such as a car accident, slipping on a banana peel, or of reaching for a glass you accidentally bumped with your elbow while concentrating on something else) or through literally having had the ground below you moved..

In many places the earth itself is that rug. The weave is bedrock and the force is tectonic. It's not hard to imagine that undergoing an event like that might trigger the exact mental discomfort that the aphorism 'having the rug pulled out from under you' describes. It's not hard to imagine that with the shockwaves that follow would make difficult your ability to return to a relaxed and rested state of physical balance. Another shock. No wait, another shock.

The earth under our feet is our birth place and our home. It is the dust from which we rise and the dust to which we will return. It is mother. In many mythologies the moon and the sun are the parents. They precede us petty humans, as we come and go and scurry across the surface of our world. They rise on regulated rhythms that reassure us of something far larger than our individual selves. They oversee us and they care for us. We can almost always take their presence for granted for it is basically unrequited.

Until it wobbles off course. An orbit out of sync. A month that lasts 34 days. A sunset that comes 3 hours late. Now the rug is the sky and we are discombobulated. It's our internal centre-of-balance that is shocked. Our sense of self is in disarray. Our sense of what is real and what is normal, is shocked. We might stagger, we might shake. We might feel ourselves a-blur.

FIVE WALLS PROJECTS

level 1/119 Hopkins Street Footscray 3011 | flivewalls.com.au | wed-sat 12-5pm

Memory makes markers then of our history. We record the data, store it away and draw it back out when we need it. We turn it over in our minds. We re-ascribe it with every new review. When we dwell, we bore it into our being. We mark it hard and frantic and loop it and the blur never fades it just sends more shockwaves. And our marker-points over time become uncertainty and shock, rather than rhythmical orbits and sunrises and gentle sweeping planes.

Our artists share with us their memories and they share with us our own realities. Through their generous gift they remind us that we are not alone. That our connection is our stability. That our fracture from normality is our actual normality. A fleeting glimpse of our time through the side window of our travels. Our artists remind us that we share our shaken rugs and the blur around us is our home. If we share our frequencies and allow them to sync in chaotic harmony, we will vibrate as one in a symphony of agitation.

Kent Wilson, 2016

FIVE WALLS PROJECTS

level 1/119 Hopkins Street Footscray 3011 | flvewalls.com.au | wed-sat 12-5pm