

"Ex-execs"
Helen Johnson

10 May – 21 June, 2014
Opening: 10 May, 4-7 PM

Press Release:

Foggy Shields Are Breathing

Leaning on shallow hills I search for any hand whilst placing my own in the carefully quilted sands. These solidifying, official, memory peaks stop halted. They sleep still. Covered in cloth, a combed clown links his own chin. Hooking two feet, the gates 'a swing.

I listen. Quietly he sings, "there is a cliff, looking down and behind, people and animals, boots and memories lean on the cliff, we take in the scenery, people and animals lean on the cliff..."

Below are puddles. Officers fence in fields to accommodate a foggy toll way. When at the cliff we hold face with august command, waiting in pairs. Showing tidy self-explanations, catching occasionally, pulling the blue hem. Look up look up! Where we land will unearth a gleaned memory. It's an offering. What is an opening? Here to act forever in a freeze.

A settled body wades at the seams of subterranean coves that are like clockwork, large and oiled.

Buoying, salted welcoming, you revitalise. I'm ravished by a handpicked offering. The salted are ravished still. We talk-talk. Within breathing, catalogues are kept of the teams within which we stick to.

Pockets of bodies in dunes, coupling in cars, invisibly scuff marked. Questions sleep with answers.

When afterwards they awaken brushed-off, dressed in chalk. Feeble falling on the counter, names are restored.

Knots and lengths swap, elbows pinch. Languid stances get folded and the minutes sealed in blankets.

-Adelle Mills

Minerva, 4/111 Macleay Street
Potts Point, Sydney, NSW 2011
Australia +61 (2) 9357 3697
gallery@minervasydney.com
minervasydney.com

