

The exhibition *Jiggly* is about an unsteady movement. Jiggling, between states of figuration. It's subjects organically merging and separating from the background. Permeable, fluid beings whose co-existence is determined by an entanglement with the natural world, making for an imaginary that is no less spiritual than nostalgic, an anxious reality where affect is indiscernible from sincerity.

The protagonists of *Jiggly* are men born during a temporary lull of turbulence, a less threatening time when the world's edges were softened, silent and white. They were indiscernible from the environment, surrounded by whiteness. Individuals unified under a cloak reflecting the vision of their maker.

These snowmen have a tragic dimension and often depict a cartoonish antiquated masculinity, dressed in top hat, suit and pipe. Invariably smiling, almost defiant in the face of his slow decay. Despite this he is not heroic, or strong, simply balls of snow. Naked pale bodies whose edges are realized as the weather warms and he loses connection with the changing environment. He becomes an isolated figure in dramatic contrast with his new soundings, whose myriad elements for the most part have nothing to do with him.

The abstract paintings in the show embody the round bulbous promise of the snowmen, looking toward the future that was once coursing through their veins.

These paintings are made of the same material as the snowmen but exist on another plane of reality. One where sharp edges are needed to survive their airless environment, a place where scale is invisible and the human mind is without a shell. They look out like the snowmen but are not burdened by a face, held down by inherited looks and a limited range of expressions. Together they make for a cyclical reality where the respective parties find new ways to feed on one another, invariably keeping the ball rolling toward their respective ends.

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