

EXTRACT: SCOTT ROGERS

What exactly do the tattoos picture?

They are painted in detail and they seem to illustrate a series of images and scenes, perhaps connected, perhaps not. The woman moves closer, runs her eye over each image then begins again with the tattoo on the figure's stomach: the image of an animal: a dog or a wolf, looking into the corner of a room and we can see some sort of object in the room. The tattoo would then form miraculously into a real image.

We would see the animal's point of view?

Somehow, yes. The space we see would become real. The animal would still be watching the corner of the room.

That makes it sound more like a cat...

It is observant though it has no notion of what it is that it observes. Perhaps looking out for trouble, or a meal. Somehow it should be possible to inhabit the thoughts of this animal as well as see it, I am not sure how. To inhabit its centre, follow the passage of blood through its body; while all the while its cells are thickening, contracting, binding, coupling, uncoupling. It yawns, it pauses for a moment to lick a paw, its claws drawn; then it begins a circumspect circuiting of the space. Its thoughts or feelings, whatever you want to call them, whatever elements they contain, must be hard, as though they were cut with a sharp object. It stops in front of the object. Then waits and watches.

What of the object it is looking at?

The form of it defies easy description though its materials appear relatively ordinary.

It's on a plinth?

That is certain. The plinth is cubic, with white painted sides, while its top has been left as unfinished MDF. This disruption of display conventions feels mannered. Attractive, authorial, intentional. Curatorial perhaps. The hard-to-talk-about thing rests directly on the peculiar plinth. It has a vague quality of a body, with a thicker trunk and some branching elements coming off of it. “Trunk” and “branch” start to imply something arboreal, but it’s not like that. It feels much more alien. Alien in the sense of other – it has a totality that suggests inaccess.

As in, it can't be understood as a plinth?

The branching body of spare twists is fully, meticulously wrapped. The whole form is wound tightly with varied colours of yarn. Patterning and colour choice appear random. In some places the wool crosses through air, winding on to a neighbouring branch. Across the entire form the material has been pulled taut, round and round, over and over. In places the yarn is knotted. It’s a cocoon-like thing, this thing. There are layers under layers. But a search for order or revelation is deflected, like flies by a horse’s tail. The teeth of the animal are bared for an instant. There is something maddening about the object, its placement placid, imperturbable, it seems forever absent though something of its battle with gravity suggests it might be there for a little longer yet, emerging or merging indefinitely, as long as the tree or trunk remains. The animal’s eyes consider it, this, it, and does not wait for the answering signs inside itself. And yet perhaps it really does recognise something, deep inside the deepest aspect of its brain, a single rap, a death watch tap behind the wainscoting. The animal goes back the way it came, looks around the rooms at the other images waiting silently for nothing, petitioning nothing. For now, it turns slowly, pads back. Yawning again it stretches out against the foot of the plinth.