

EXHIBITION STATEMENT ENGLISH VERSION:

In our busy lives today we pigeon hole and tag for identity. A system devised by us for easy usage, easy access, easy easy. This can't help but lead to assumptions and generalisations being made. When something doesn't fit into that predetermined category; we do everything in our power to make it fit. Mould it, change it, reform it. Even educate it. We want so desperately to hold onto the security of uniform characteristics. Recognisable? If not it's ousted out.

Institutions that run like this are often structured on very old systems; full of bureaucratic nonsense. Blatant inequalities arise when new rules spring up and are adapted to old conditions; catch 22 situations that often exclude you from conventional rights. These places reflect a set of laws designed to itemise and depict what you need to do, in order to survive within their custom-built environment. And furthermore, if they fail to recognise you, you are immediately a problem case.

The installation "Bush" is a series of portable objects that form a natural and balanced environment. The ironic use of form, from an office bureau to an attaché case, all familiar items in the bureaucratic world, is simply another way of looking at order. Mobility allows the objects to reveal their identity in almost any place. It suggests a desire and an ability to naturally adapt.

Each object, constructed from sticks and branches collected from different forests in Europe, looks almost identical in origin and yet they all have their own individual characteristics. The beauty of the object lies within the design. This is depicted purely from the natural form of each piece and is not pre-determined by pattern. Each curve and bend in the wood is taken into account and naturally incorporated in the final object. A collection of individuality.

By interacting with the installation the onlooker is given to opportunity to touch what is normally untouchable. Not only literally translated from the 'museum situation' but also in the bureaucratic world. Our files and documents are normally controlled by those behind office doors, glass screens and front desks. We get little chance to decide what happens with our credentials. In this installation that is entirely up to the individual. Each piece has a particular purpose with an idea or story behind it. It is openly available for those who want to participate. The whole project works on a trust and donation system.

ORIGINAL PROPOSAL MIA 2005



What moves me?

Oodles of space, natural resourcefulness, inspirational conversation, being who I am or at least being allowed to be who I am. But that is literally translated and I don't think you meant that.

What makes me do what I do?

All of the above naturally and my drive to identify with identity. Be that cultural, personal, typical, passed down from forefathers or learnt during adaptation in a strange place.

My attitude and interpretation of it all?

I investigate what it is to be who you are. Who you are without any influences from outside. Think about it. We are all battered everyday with *buy me, you need me* and *be like me* that there is little time over for the stimulus to enhance the real individual. And we continue grouping ourselves. We just can't help it. Like the familiar scenario of the *Have* and the *Have Nots*. We make this invisible barrier. It really doesn't have to be like this. It's not that I want to break it down. That's for individuals to decide for themselves. I just want to give the opportunity for everyone to think about something else for a change. That something else is their identity. Their *own* identity and irrespective of the noise around them. It's a freedom that everyone deserves.

Freedom

This is what it all boils down to
Freedom to be who you are
Freedom to move where you want
Migration, movement, adaption.

What do I breathe in?

That all depends whether it's before, during or after. Mostly '*before*' it's my own sweat mixed with the aromas of wood and printing ink, metal and polish or paint. As that slowly subsides I realise that I've then reached the '*during*' stage. Then I breathe in the words I've written. I gasp at the completeness of my work and often feel so dissatisfied. But the precision and deliberatness bring everything back under control. Breath and heartbeat work simultaneously while taking in the comments of those around me. Their interaction excites me. It all influences the next stage. So when I finally reach the '*after*' point, and mostly exhausted, I've quite often have already got another plan. I only ever want to move forward. Mobility and adaption. Then you've always got to be breathing.