

Arranged in 90-degree angles in the gallery, CHRIS CLEMENTS' paintings reveal the performative in a different way altogether. Interested in notions of the liminal, thresholds and isolation, this installation parallels the abstract definition of the word limen [the threshold of consciousness] with a physical exploration of space.

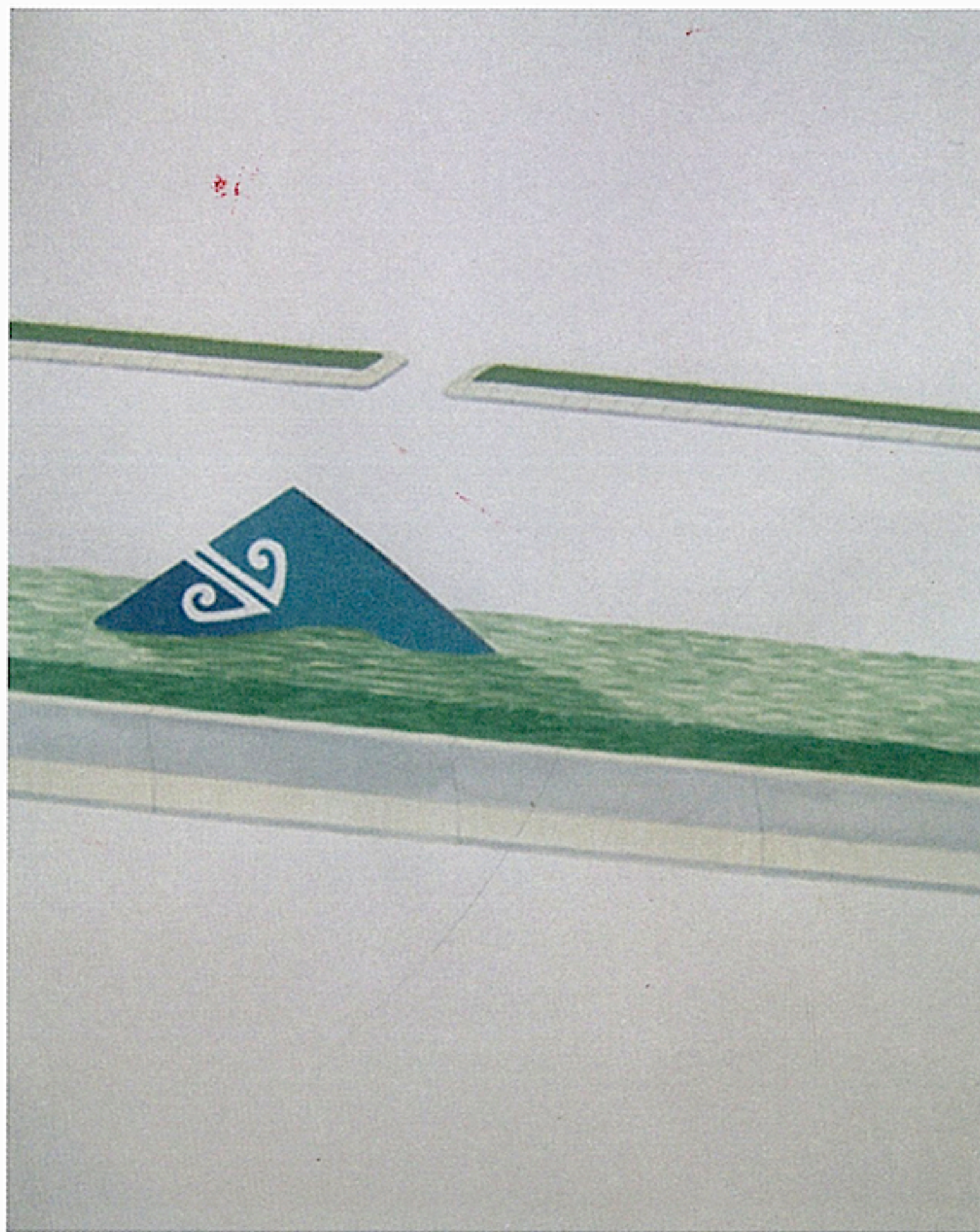
Clements has constructed ten MDF panels all interconnected with various devices such as bic pens, small bones and hot glue. Previously his gouache paintings depicted traffic islands as a symbol of in-between-ness, the space of the island becoming a site for ambivalence: "This is its function... it's a middle ground for contradictions

to swing from – it is the doubt upon which assertions are presented." [Chris Clements, artist statement 2005]

Clements was fascinated by what these traffic islands could signify: a no-go peripheral zone or dumping ground where defunct public monuments often end up? Out of the contradictory and absurd nature of the islands Clements composed a leitmotif for a wider interpretation of being in limbo.

Clements' working process sees him more often than not painting at home rather than at the 'studio' per se. He has chosen to remain largely outside of the University system in his post-graduate studies, preferring to explore in a predetermined way the ultimate outcome of an idea in relative isolation. He describes this as being more akin to office work, a "physically dispassionate" way of production whereby the central meridian strip motif is drawn in a composed, clean way each morning and night creating a diaristic residue of his studies of the limen.

In this new series however, he has allowed for an element of play, as a threshold state is a space in which anything could happen. The ten panels narrate examples of liminal space that are interspersed with wooden sticks, pointing out phrases that relate, conflict and contradict each other. Architectural devices that suggest gaps, edges and doorways meld with two biological portraits of a section through the human ear that act as gates at each end of the frieze. So between the filtering ears lie a myriad of chambers, rooms and doorways of possibility, doubt and streams of consciousness that are inevitable aspects of living within the edges of potentiality.



Chris Clements **Untitled**, 2004 (Gouache on paper, 594 x 841mm)