

FROM NOWHERE TO NOWHERE / DAVID MUTCH

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We climbed over the brick fence that surrounded the ruined ice cream factory and went inside. We were drawn to a light that came from somewhere further inside the building. We came upon a family who had pitched a tent and were seated around a gas lantern. They were eating and smoking. Neither group spoke a common language, so we climbed the stairs to the roof. We couldn't see many stars so we looked at the lights in the buildings across the canal.





From the train station, it was an hour's walk through a forest to get to the mountain. We'd been told it was made from WWII rubble. Arriving at the decommissioned military facility that was our destination, we found the remnants of a rave and everything was covered in graffiti. Large geodesic spheres atop the station were used to amplify Russian radio signals during the Cold War and a concrete staircase that wrapped a central elevator shaft allowed access. We sang and danced in the reverberation of the cavernous space.









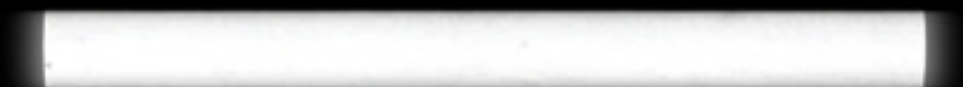


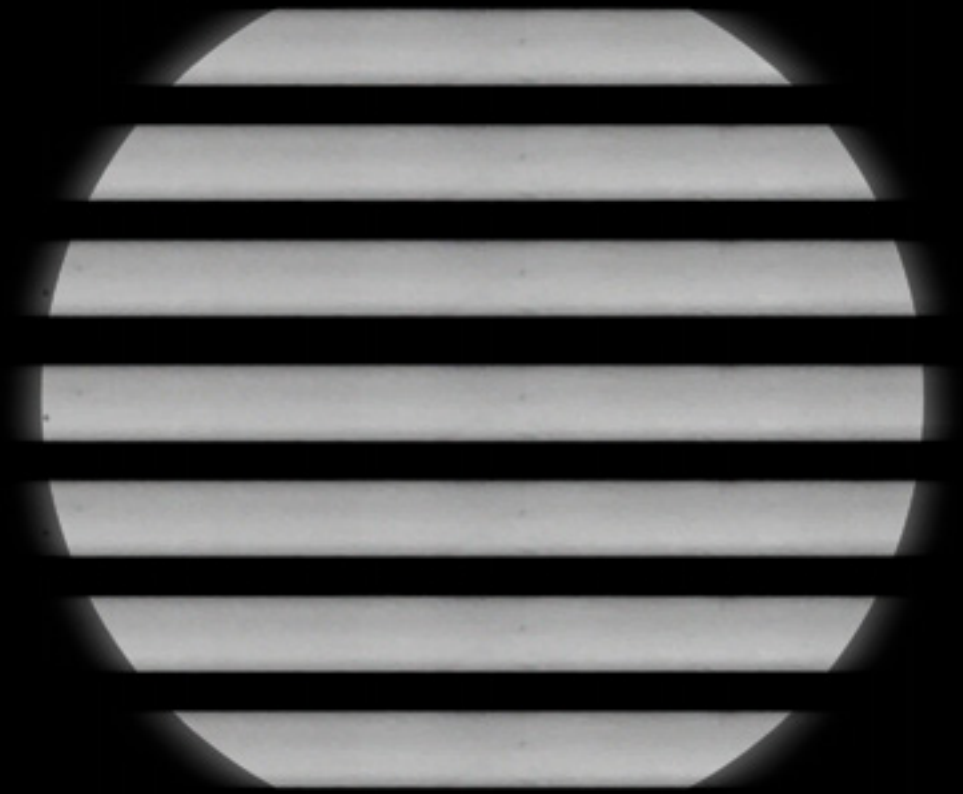


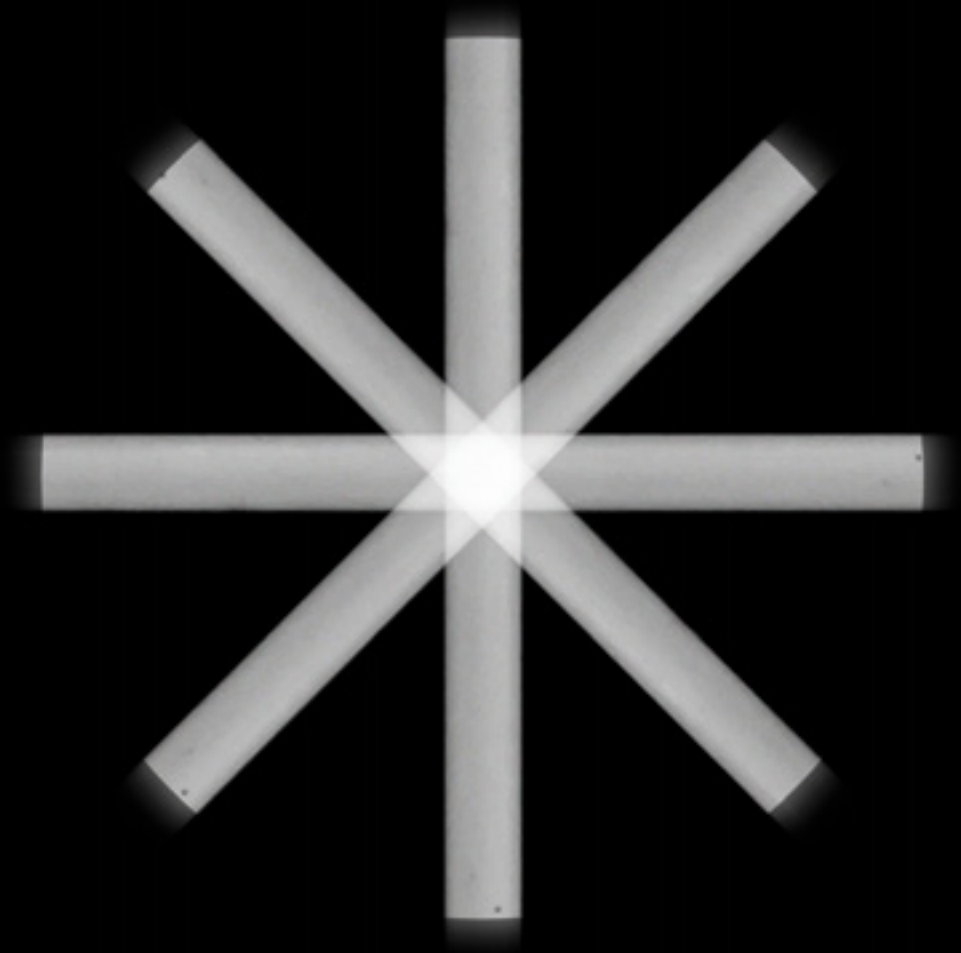














I had to cross a freeway to get to the vacant lot that I'd seen from the train. Hundreds of seagulls were roosting in the concrete rubble and everything was covered in bird shit. I threw a rock at the birds and they took to the air and began circling me in an anti-clockwise direction. As I was leaving, I saw a nest holding three eggs, hidden in a pile of rubbish and broken pieces of concrete.



5	<i>Ice Cream Factory</i> , 2012	17 - 21	<i>Cairn Studies #1-4</i> , 2013, archival inkjet prints
7-9	<i>From Nowhere to Nowhere</i> , 2013, disposable plastic ponchos, wood	23	<i>Always / 'It's Bubbly'</i> , 2013, concrete, 13 x 6.5 x 6.5 cm
10	<i>Teufelsberg</i> , 2013	24-29	<i>Fluorescent Composition #3</i> , 2013, looped HD digital video
11-15	<i>From Nowhere to Nowhere II</i> , 2013, 3 channel looped hd digital video	30	<i>Vacant Lot</i> , 2013
16	<i>Denim Cleric / 'In the World I See'</i> , 2013, denim poncho (with James Mathieu)	31	<i>Rubble / Bird Nest</i> , 2012, archival inkjet print, 50 x 50 cm edition 5 + 1 ap

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BEAM CONTEMPORARY

LVL 1, 30 GUILDFORD LANE, MELBOURNE 3000

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Without James Mathieu's outstanding craftsmanship, *Denim Cleric* / *'In the World I See,'* could not have been created.

Thanks: Simone Hine & Kyle Weise at Beam Contemporary, Pip Wallis, Amita Kirpalani, Dan Price, Nick at Alpha Wrought Iron, Shauna Mutch, Victoria Bennett & Clare Rae from Rae & Bennett.



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## DOUBLE RAINBOW

Lying in bed one night, a 60-year-old woman began hearing music playing. When she woke it was still playing, and after some searching, she realised it wasn't coming from any kind of device or machine left inadvertently running in her home. The music got louder at certain times, and more complex, with multi-part harmonies and full orchestral consonance. So she consulted doctors and told them it sounded like a radio playing in the back of her head. She didn't know these songs; some of them were on repeat, sometimes up to a dozen times a day. The woman, it turned out was hearing-impaired and suffered from tinnitus. Doctors diagnosed this experience as simply forgotten musical memories, inadvertently recalled, otherwise known as aural hallucinations.

This medical report available online didn't suggest whether this woman felt trapped in the tunes or whether they freed her from the unremarkable diegetic noise of everyday life and facilitated permanent reverie. The report also didn't suggest if she could control this music in any way, or if these songs interrupted her sleep or distracted her in her work, or made

things like reading or watching a film really difficult. I wonder if she listened to other music on a real radio and if her head-music worked with it in harmony or against it in dissonance. She sounds like something straight out of Sacks of course, but this example of phantom song seems analogous to particular art-making states.

Naturally, if it doesn't find you or you can't summon it, swallow it. Assisted or not, the desire is to get lost, in a slightly unfamiliar place, where familiar or partially recalled objects, sounds and images are reshuffled, collaged, reconfigured and scrambled. Hands are making meaning via the subconscious' unstructured observation, absorption and chaotic curiosity for comparison. It's risky freedom. Constructing complex patterns is evidence of the search for possession, for connection with something that is just beyond. However, non-specific psychedelic and tribal-esque aesthetics seem to state: this is inaccessible meaning.

I like the privacy of hallucination. It's not a window of perception but a cordoned-off room that is only your own and can only be accessed by you. The trip-ee leaves no trace, except perhaps a story. In contrast, speaking in tongues is unusual in its outwardness, its performance. It finds voice or voices to reach beyond the body. Speaking in tongues symbolises a double-reality: the person possessed employs speech that is both familiar and strange. It is language, but reconfigured. Eliza Doolittle is a good illustration of a simultaneous occupation of two states, requiring her to use a double voice. Schooled Tongue and Street Tongue. The complication here is how to locate the marker of authenticity.

An "abstruser musing" is another method of loose hallucination, or occupying one state and reaching for another. Coleridge, the LSD-loving Romantic describes this as he ponders the stuff of stuffness, via the thin blue flame in the dying fire, in front of which he sits. This is not a sleep of reason producing monsters however; this is a waking meditation. Coleridge arouses abstractions and employs words and images to escape into the zone of rumination, seeking fresh eyes for the precious familiar, his sleeping son for example. A vision or hallucination is always a hinge to the known and seen that is collaged, warped or fractured. Intuitive play with materials and language act out the journey of hallucination. Being lost in thought is the work of the subconscious, piecing together image and language for sense-making. So could perhaps this be a kind of sub-hallucination? And what about vivid daydreams? Mutch seems equally interested in lost-ness and the markers of wandering, particularly via the shape of a rocky cairn or small totems of stones. Still and stable objects as reminders of being 'on track', finding things whilst lost. Is a thought-cairn a sculpture? Incidentally a cairn can't be a text, so this pile of stones is completely wonky. And other things that move, such as cinema and theatre, are more akin to hallucinations, since they employ multiple surfaces of reality. Mutch employs the certainty of the site (or gallery) to make an aperture for uncertainty and potentiality. But it's private and you can only partially come in.

Amita Kirpalani, 2013