

We are not accustomed to reading writing.
We have been spoonfed with the printed
word.

One does not hear of the writer as
a typer or a printer. Words have not
been 'processed' so well that 'writer'
has gone out of use.

While art schools experimented with
painting departments abandoning painting,
from its having been 'exhausted',
the 'painter' prevails.

Paint is mostly liquid, or near liquid,
in its raw state. The 'painter's' task
is to spread it according to 'their'
design.

Just as the act of writing helps to
generate the substance of the text,

So it is that painting, that the
paint will speak, given the painter's
ease with the language.

Mitch Cairn's paintings speak
to the viewer accordingly. They invite
the viewer in. From having been
coaxed into the world, they willingly
give of themselves. As they are painted,
so does the eye of the viewer scoop
them up. They cannot look away.

The paintings give themselves up
to the capacity of the viewer to
find themselves reflected in them.

The paintings hold up a mirror to
our time. This 'written' piece cannot
account for how this has been achieved.
The act of writing sheds as much
darkness as light.

We are in cahoots, the writer and
the painter. Cahoots.

Mitch Cairns – Waylaid S T O O P
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