



JACK LANAGAN DUNBAR

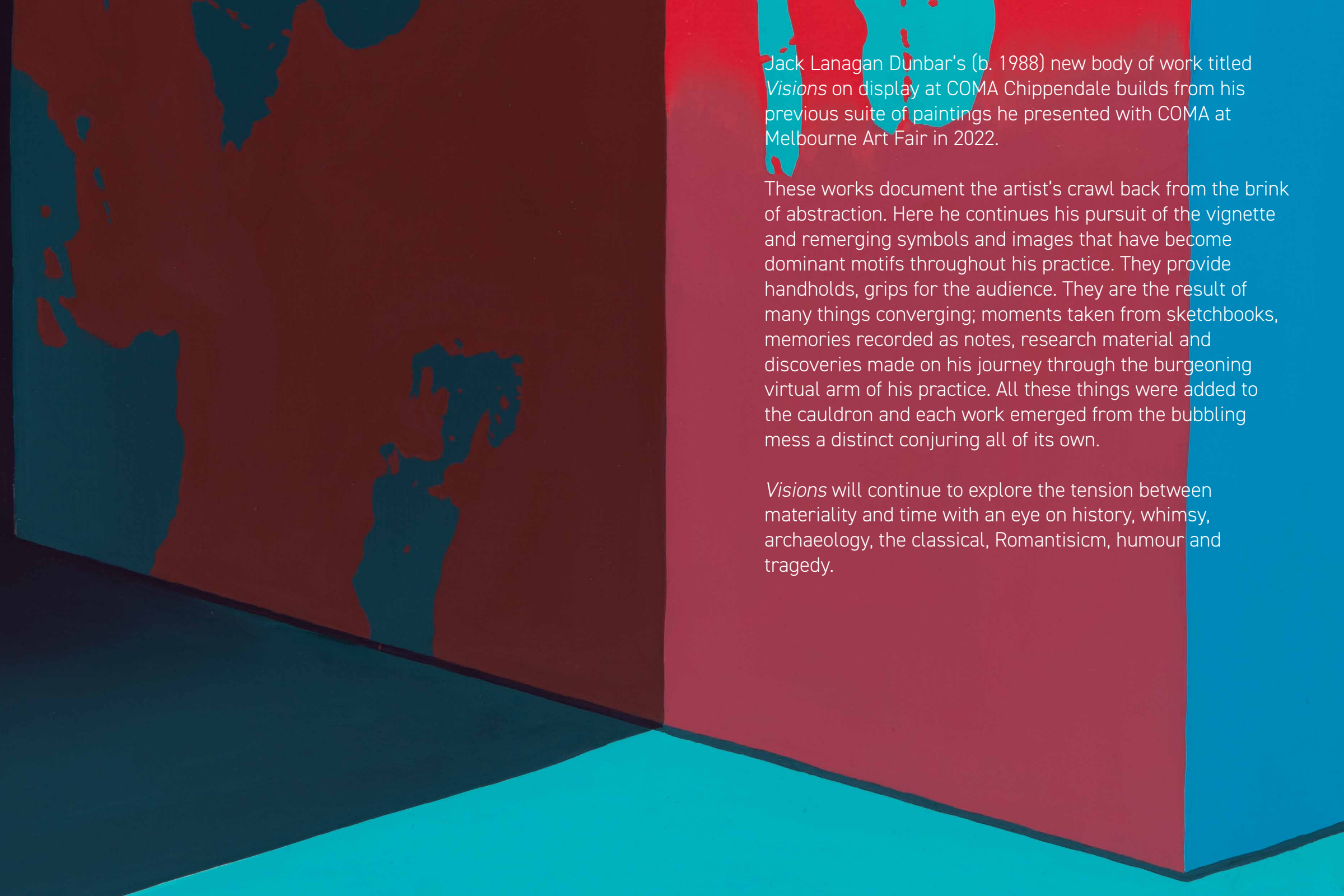
Visions

COMA - Chippendale

2 June - 1 July, 2023

COMA





Jack Lanagan Dunbar's (b. 1988) new body of work titled *Visions* on display at COMA Chippendale builds from his previous suite of paintings he presented with COMA at Melbourne Art Fair in 2022.

These works document the artist's crawl back from the brink of abstraction. Here he continues his pursuit of the vignette and reemerging symbols and images that have become dominant motifs throughout his practice. They provide handholds, grips for the audience. They are the result of many things converging; moments taken from sketchbooks, memories recorded as notes, research material and discoveries made on his journey through the burgeoning virtual arm of his practice. All these things were added to the cauldron and each work emerged from the bubbling mess a distinct conjuring all of its own.

Visions will continue to explore the tension between materiality and time with an eye on history, whimsy, archaeology, the classical, Romanticism, humour and tragedy.



Jack Lanagan Dunbar's (b. 1988) work explores the tension between materiality and time with an eye on history, whimsy, archaeology, the classical, Romanticism, humour and tragedy.

Jack Lanagan Dunbar has shown extensively in Australia and abroad, held positions at the University of Technology, Sydney, and University of New South Wales, was the recipient of the 2019 Brett Whiteley Travelling Art Scholarship and the 2016 Redlands Art Prize (emerging artist) and continues to exhibit both locally and internationally. He recently completed a residency with the Cité d'Arts, Paris.



Jack Lanagan Dunbar

Archipelago, 2023

acrylic on canvas

210 x 180 cm

82 43/64 x 70 55 x 64 inches

COMA



Archipelago, 2023

The mother returned from a journey. She brought back with her 11 stones. They were for her daughter. A stone from each of the beaches she had crossed. The stones were all different colours yet worn to the same matte surface by constant movement of water and wind. 'These will make for a nice painting' thought the mother.

The daughter, when she received the stones chastised her mother 'don't you know that if everyone who crossed those beaches took a stone like you did there would be no more beaches to cross!' The mother was upset, she couldn't explain her feelings to the daughter and so she left.

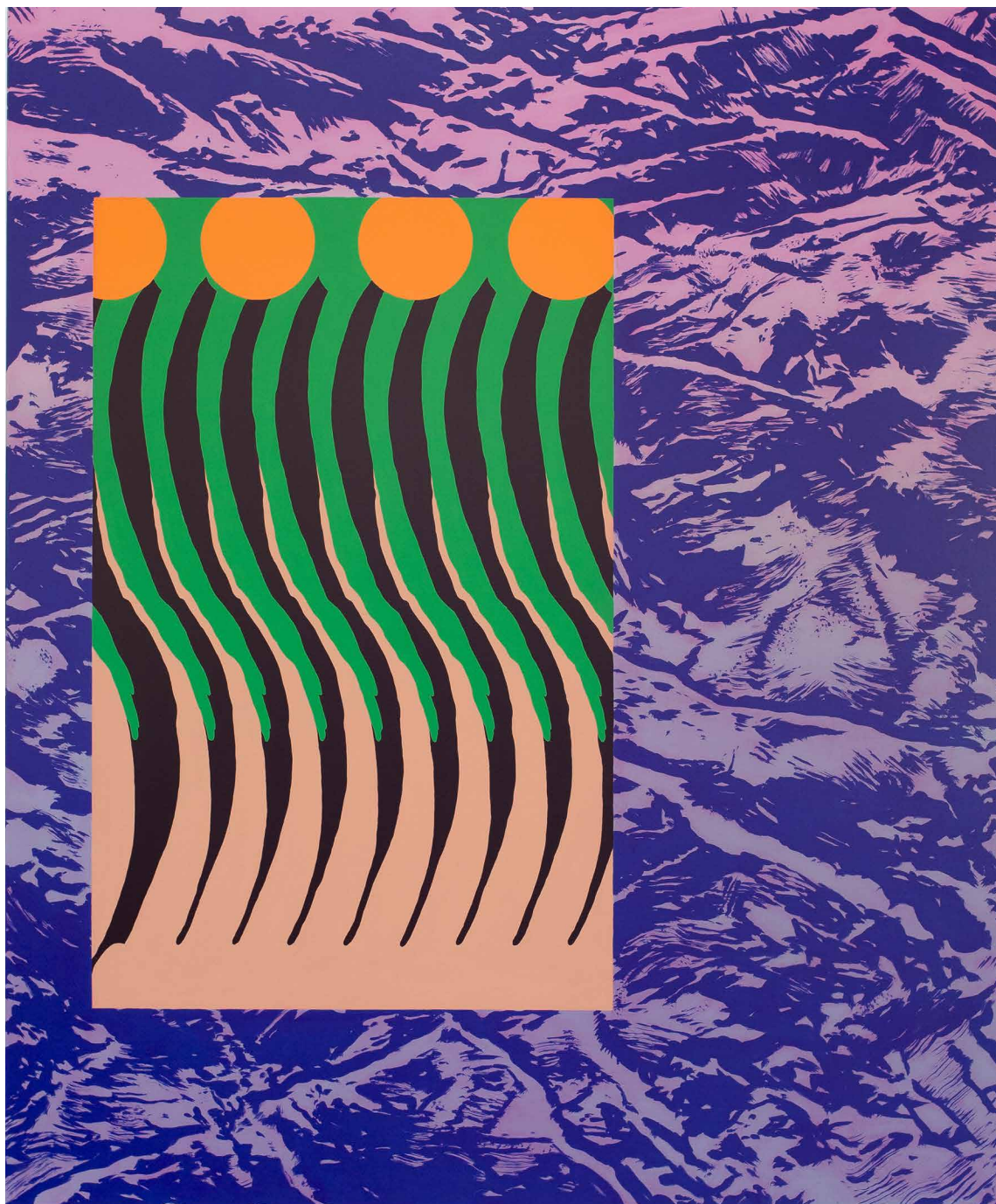
The stones sat alone on the kitchen counter.

The daughter's anger slowly subsided and she began to miss her mother. She took the stones to her room. They had a simple and honest beauty about them. Without her mother the house was too empty. The daughter also decided to leave.

During her journey the daughter crossed many beaches. At one, as she was watching the water wash around her feet, she spotted a stone. Smooth, with rounded corners, it was exactly half black and half white. She picked it up and put it in her pocket.

After a while the two women got tired of life on the road and both returned home. At the kitchen counter the daughter took the half black and half white stone out of her pocket and gave it to her mother "I'm sorry I chastised you, Mother. Look here at this stone I found on a beach during my journey. It's half black and half white. It's like you and me, we're different but we are also the same."





Jack Lanagan Dunbar
Lavender II, 2023
acrylic on canvas
180 x 150 cm
70 55/64 x 59 1/16 inches



Lavender II, 2023

A row of orange spheres positioned over wobbly, electric green and salmon snakes. A vision that came to me during a hot shower. Startlingly vivid. Those shapes, arranged just so.

Where do these images come from? And why? Why do they appear and so quickly dissipate?

They're different from imagining something. They come to me when my mind is not directed at anything. Unfocused. A difficult state to achieve. Very relaxed. Then wham! Like a whale breaching in a lake high in the mountains. Only a moment to acknowledge an image like that before it dissipates in a mess of foam and bubbles. That's a vision.

The orange, green and pinkish device sits on top of an ultramarine texture, itself superimposed on a fade of colours reminiscent of the early evening sky.



Jack Lanagan Dunbar

Entrance, 2023

acrylic on canvas

210 x 180 cm

82 43/64 x 70 55 x 64 inches



COMA



Entrance, 2023

A secret door in a wall in a city in turmoil on an evening with a bright full moon.

I rewatched Kurosawa's *Ran* while making this painting and the hyper-exaggerated, paint-red blood in the battle scenes seems to have made its way in. Though in *Entrance* I don't see the splatter as blood, I think it's actually paint, tossed by vandals or rioters.

The piece marks the start of me bringing perspectival space into my work. How do I get my marks to appear in an actual space? I imagined the canvas as a wall and then cut a doorway in that wall. With the door ajar, all of a sudden space became apparent. The floating sphere—in the lower left quadrant of the piece—and its shadow push the wall plane back, adding further depth.

What the hell is that sphere?

I can't really say. It seems to me that it might reference the full moon that is lighting the scene from outside the canvas. The orb and the circular highlighting of the epicentre of the splatter—upper left quadrant—seem to form a relationship to. This is also potentially astronomical in nature. A depiction of the relationship between two cosmic bodies?

Many possibilities.

One thing is for certain; the piece is mysterious. It creates more questions than it answers.



Jack Lanagan Dunbar
Mort, 2023
acrylic on canvas
180 x 150 cm
70 55/64 x 59 1/16 inches



COMA



Mort, 2023

Mort is the note blown on a hunting horn when the quarry is killed. Dead. Laid out.

This painting nods to Holbein and his anamorphic skull. It too depicts a skull when viewed from the right position. You must lie down, head toward the gallery wall and look up at the piece from its bottom right corner. From here the skull and a butterfly emerge. You are in the position of the quarry. You are laid out. An unusual position to be viewing art in. A prime position in which to contemplate your own mortality.



Jack Lanagan Dunbar
Zara's Sun, 2023
acrylic on canvas
165 x 140 cm
64 x 61/64 x 59 1/16 inches



COMA



Zara's Sun, 2023

Zara gave me a painting when we started seeing each other. Titled Blue Hour, it hangs on a wall illuminated by the lamp on my bedside table. A small piece on plywood, dusty lilac and indigo. It's beautiful. It's of that brief window a little while after the sun has set but before it gets too dark to see. Zara's Sun imagines the sun so recently departed from Blue Hour. A glowing red disk floating in a gradation of colours. Superimposed over this scene is a gnarled texture with 'VIVA!' scratched into it.

Long live!

Long live what?

Long live the sunset!

Long live the sunset?

A dichotomy.

Or is it?

The sun is always setting somewhere, the blue hour is always ensuing somewhere. Sunset and the blue hour are constantly occurring and have been since the celestial relationship between earth and sun began. Ancient and robust.

Long live the sunset indeed. Long live the blue hour indeed. And long may we live, Zara, and frequently be awash in both.





COMA

info@comagallery.com

+61 2 8316 3592

www.comagallery.com

CHIPPENDALE, SYDNEY
2/27-39 Abercrombie St
Chippendale NSW 2008
Australia

DARLINGHURST, SYDNEY
First Floor, 71-73 Stanley Street
Darlinghurst, NSW 2010
Australia