



*an
end
seems
very
finite*



Shadow Panther Grandfather Clock
Black wooden hands whittling angels feet
In Kathmandu slips
Monday, Great Alexander Mountain
One toe at a time
A muddy stoney slope
A steady lonely step
The brown oaken toenail never seen the Light
It tripped and it banged neverever gavin' up the fight
Until it did
A churchbell Rang and it Rung and it Ringed once more
And rolled right down Alexander's hairy calf
His more scary half
Drinking Donaldson's Dairy-milk, he laughed and he laughed
A bit too much
Tick Tac Tock
Toots the Shadow Panther Grandfather Clock
The day we smoked a Duhrie on the Murray Darling
The weather was boring nothing
Two finger's stained that yellow tar smeg
Trees speaked tongues to the wind
Tongues speaked words to ears
Ankle after heavy ankle
I think I can
Chirped the little engine with that could've-attitude
Tuesday, Mac's Pack is half way up old Alex
Glass half full kinda
One small step for an Angel's toe
One giant blister for a childhood

Sipping from the memory jug
Photography Not Permitted
An itchy trigger finger on a bushman's hands
Snapping a wild portrait
Palms are sweaty
But knees are strong
A pair of rock hard calves
And an expression that will rock your explorer socks right off
Identical holes for big toe twins
Ten meters from the top
'E stops and flops
Through a scope, 'e eyeballs the sea
Seven Hundred and Thirty Four Metres below
And before that
Three-Hundred and Thirty Metres below
Far Court
And 'e keeps on remembering
The rocky expression on the clockard's face
A stone cold story of thirty odd years
Permeating a permanence
One boulder at a time
The House Jack Kerouac Built
On digger's rest
After a golden day
And a golden Angel
And the worker with soot for hands
Fletching the final splinter
Lays a lasting golden breath





*They want to be an artist.
And nothing I say will help.*

This pen makes me want to write. I got it for free at a Japanese garden viewing. I read Caspar's text tonight. It doesn't say anything about the work in the exhibition. Did I expect it to? Yes.

How much of my life is built upon useless expectations.

I expect to be a mid-career artist by the time I'm 50, at least. That is, if I keep up my work life balance, and maintain the right level of irony.

What does it mean to be an artist who can't draw? Some would say it means you are destined to be a photographer. Well I do that on the side. But I also fiddle around with found things. I arrange them in certain ways that make my stomach turn. That's the feeling I'm looking for, ultimately.

An anxious feeling, an emptiness, loss.

It's something about the turning. The turning of a door handle, turning around a chair. Turning your head to look at someone you love. The moment the turn happens, it's already gone.

That turn could never happen again, even when you expect it to.

Nothing in this universe is permanent. That's why I like it when you walk passed a shop window with plastic on it and you know something is happening inside. Renovations, a face-lift, new tenants, change.

The big reveal of what lies behind the plastic could be like the opening of an art exhibition. People scatter from near and far to support you. It's beautiful. They expect to see progress in your work, perhaps more of what you did last time - but a little different. Better, even.

People expect you to become more like you.





If life comes, this is life.
If death comes, this is death.
There is no reason for your
being under their control.



an end seems very finite

An Exhibition by Lucy Foster (@lu_spent)

Curated by Caspar Connelly (@caspar_connolly)

Cathedral Cabinet, 7 Aug - 5 Sept, 2019

First Poem by Caspar, response and images by Lucy

Quote by Zenji Dogen from *Shoji* (life-death), trans. Prof. Masunaga Reiho

(Layman Buddhist Society Press, 1958), 44.