

James Whittington

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Intelligent Animal

27.05 - 23.06.2024

**intelligent animal and the Darlington Installation Project (DIP) present
Intelligent Animal by James Whittington.**

intelligent animal acknowledges First Nations peoples from Gadigal country as the sovereign custodians of Country, and pay respect to Elders of past, present and future generations. We acknowledge and value the culture, customs and practices present in the diverse tribal nations across NSW.

James Whittington

ARTIST STATEMENT

INCARCERATION: Most people who enjoy life find meaning subjectively through the active rhythm of mental and physical work. They have the freedom to occupy themselves with the tools and environment where they can create and share their contribution with others. Incarceration is the greatest punishment because it eliminates all possibilities of a good life.

The social organisation and coherence of democracy depends on freedom of speech and information. The contribution of a responsible individual to a society is damaged by censorship and authoritarianism. Incarceration is an offence to democracy.

Such, also, is the condition of incarcerated refugees. Those who escape authoritarian regimes to seek asylum, who seek sympathy from democracies only to find they are punished as an example to dissuade others who wish to do the same.

ARTIST SUPPORT

All proceeds to contribute to volunteer work at THE HUB for refugees on the Greek island of Kos.

ART

8 verso monotype drawings on art paper are \$400 each.

Sales enquiries can be made via email: art@intelligentanimal.com.au | phone: 0434 898 578
intelligentanimal.com.au

Intelligent Animal

I had been abruptly pulling down my fences,
blurring the line between pasture and wildness,
flora and possession.
And walked close to the Wallaby's, or small Kangaroos.
One or the other, because the two don't mix.
I was a hop, step and jump away in the grassed paddock
tinged green after rain.
'Don't worry it's just him,' they seemed to think.

I wanted them to like me for taking down the fences.
That was unlikely.
I wanted them to fear me less.
That was possible.
There will be no praise for my biodiversity.
But I can be pleased with myself.

I Imagine another walk in the grassed paddock
tinged green after rain.
One hops up with grass in mouth, stares into my brown eyes.
Says: 'Am I *Macropus rufus* or *Notamacropus*?'
I scratch my head.
Another one flicks an ear - 'Which of us are playing against
England?'

Kangaroo or Wallaby

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