

schmick contemporary

e:schmickcontemporary@gmail.com

CATARRH! CATARRH!

LEWISDOHERTY

Scaffold/Painters Plate

2024

Cast bronze in two pieces,
mould remnants

\$3,300.00

Untitled

2024

Cast and welded bronze in two
pieces, 2k paint

\$3,800.00

Catarrh

2024

Cast bronze, mould remnants

\$2,800.00

A catarrh is a buildup of mucus/ irritation to the throat familiar with hay fever sufferers. It was funny to me to imagine this sensation - and the clearing of throats - as the basis for a war cry or libretto. This idea has served as a subtle through line for this body of work.

Special thanks to Consuelo Cavaniglia for the generous loan of her plinths.
Thanks to Anthea Duffy for her prose and her patience and poise in convening this show.

Catarrh!
Catarrh!

A cold night doesn't matter much for the dress rehearsal. Without a proper warm up, trombones jam mid-slide and so the nervous flautist can be heard for once. Fleas from her old dog swarm over and syncopate the sheet music, crotchets hopping into rests. The conductor, fond of her, allows it. He relents to the involuntary spasm of his wrist seeing as the orchestra is used to it by now and can accommodate his tic. The palms of trapeze artists overhead are bone-dry and their snatches of gossip bound like rubber through the air. A restless spotlight greets untucked shirts and flyaways as technicians test where it should settle.

The stalls are not lit, of course. And the teeming crowd that fills them is absolutely still. They were told not to come if they felt a cough coming on or couldn't bite their tongue for ninety minutes, plus no-one's had a drop to drink for fear of standing up. They are trespassers to the cacophony on stage, not the unwitnessed dress rehearsal that its players believe it to be, but the inadvertent first and final showing. An idiot in his box raises a set of opera glasses so that he might better catch the leading lady change her clothes in the wings. The spotlight glints off the rim of his glasses and the music halts, all heads turned.

In the silence that follows, a fountain in the foyer lets out a whine and freezes over. Spouts of ice panic in public, begging a return to the gaping mouth of the fish, the triumphant spurt of the jets.

- *Anthea Duffy*