

I'M JUST A SPECTATOR

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*"Is it five o'clock on the sun?"*¹

I'm just a spectator is a tender offer to gaze; an open invitation to an individual yet collective contemplation. Hannah Ireland's practice moves through a space of looking, observing, (dis)associating. They allow us in for a momentary collapse of the opposition between maker and spectator, making room for those who like to look too.

In a casual throwing away of hats, Ireland is *just* a spectator. The *just* in this case does not speak to Ireland occupying an isolated role of the spectator, alluding instead to an ability to exist as multiple things at once; to put away the balancing of the hats, making a small case that speaks to the multiplicity of what it means to be in this world.

Moving past the spectator as a passive onlooker, one who is allowed to peer into the image but remains distinctively outside of it, Ireland invites others to think, observe and contribute. A deep consideration of the way in which people come to assemble and reassemble the works with their own language, practice, knowledge and contexts. An intimate arrangement of the spectator and the work that encompasses the complex engagement of what we might hold in common and the importance of difference in the way in which we perceive.

Ireland works on glass, painting *with* the sensitive faces and figures that emerge and inhabit the watercolour. Ireland works on windows too, rehoming them and creating a new context for them to exist in. Blurring the boundary between representation and abstraction, Ireland builds upon layers of thick paint to pull the figures out of two-dimension. With no ability to stare out the window, Ireland instead considers the way in which we might investigate the window and what emotive figure springs forth for the spectator to observe.

For Ireland, to make something and to create representations is to spectate, an act that occurs within small pocketed moments; from the glow of the tv show you spent four hours watching to the conversation you forgot to listen to. Ireland offers a vocabulary for introspection, a space of permanent impermanence and a small look into the potential that comes out of looking and listening.

¹ Ludwig Wittgenstein