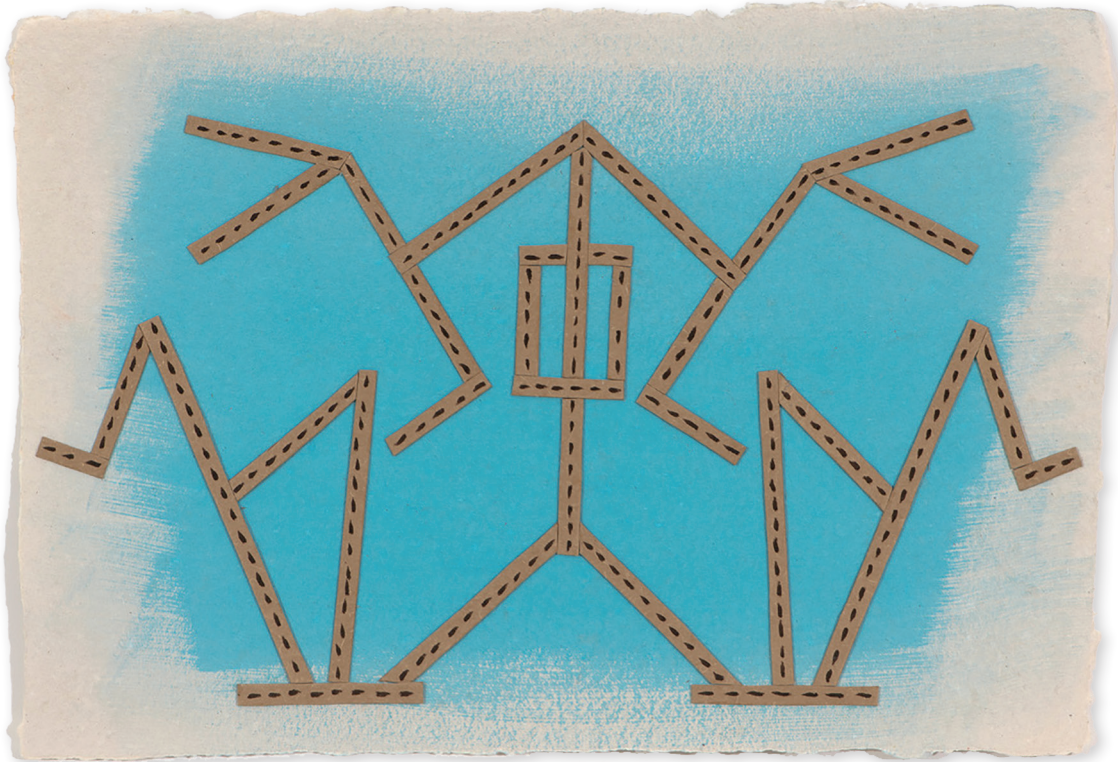


# Straight up, no clouds

an improvisatory response to **Enigmagnetic**

EMILY STEWART writes on JACQUELINE ROSE



Articulated, 2022

Jacqueline Rose's sunny and musical new works are improvisatory collages and sketches that capture the hum and shake-out of thinking. In **Articulated**, a collage splashes from the page, animating a feeling of exuberant excess. In **Ink Play 1 and 2**, pacy mark-making chases a melody or beat. And **Intervals 4** provides a clearing of sorts, where two linked, equanimous objects are calmly held by negative space. There are moods to be traced here, certainly; these images are by turns jocular, harried and serene. Yet Jacqueline is attentive to the scaffold rather than its contents. **Enigmagnetic** proposes shapes for thoughts in motion.

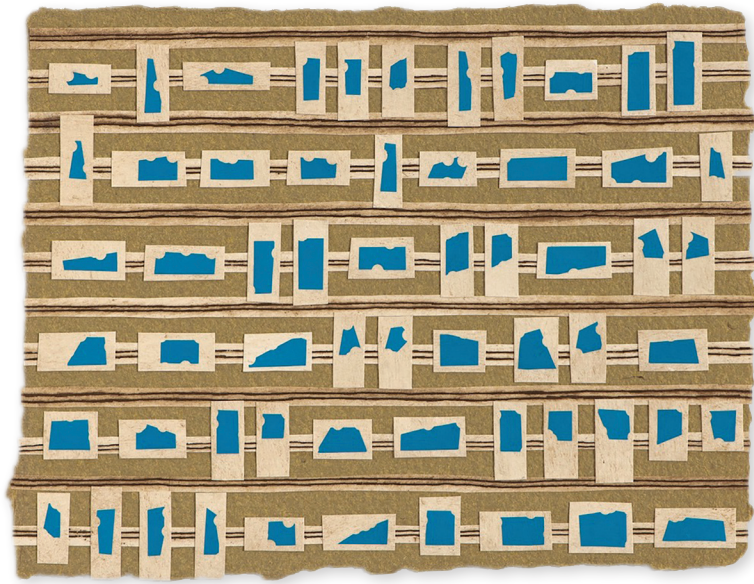


Enigmagnetic #4, 2020

I'm currently travelling, which means that for the past few weeks I've been living with Jacqueline's images as thumbnails on my phone. I like the easy swish of my screen and have been patiently gathering my notes. On the Eurostar I can take a glimpse at **Notations 2 and 3** and their promenade of transportive objects, before returning to the window's flashing view, lucerne, blue, and wind power!

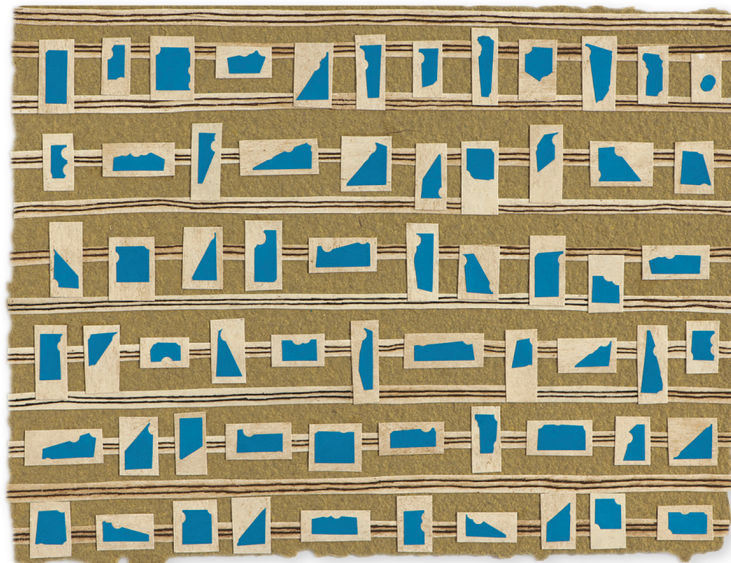
Blue is a new addition to Jacqueline's palette and appears in three distinctive shades – as a numinous cobalt blue in **Notations 2 and 3**, a jazzy aqua backdrop in **Articulated** and deep navy collaged strips in **Enigmagnetic 4** and **Text-ile 1 and 2**. Blue speaks to me as the most impermanent colour, a drenched moment before the day's black-and-white end. Colour being both light and sky I doubly have no basis for this idea, yet I place my faith in it.





Notations #2, 2021

Thoughts and images arrive like this, don't they, one then another – like in **Notations 2 and 3** I mean, which conjure the exhibition's layout view, an impression of Jacqueline's varied, performative artworks were they to be lined up all together.

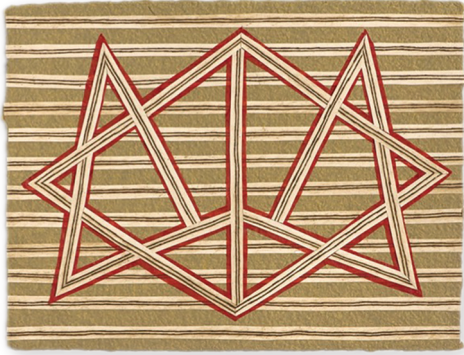


Notations #3, 2021

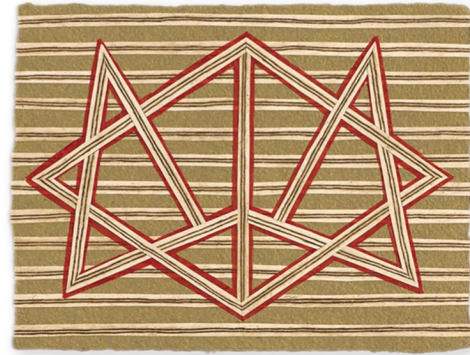
The charismatic objects sequenced in **Notations** are given equal weight and treatment. Their odd shapes – inverted curves and cutlass angles – are balanced by regular spacing and the constancy of the etched lines beneath. I'm interested in this balance throughout the works, achieved in the mix of etching and collage techniques. Etching insists and leaves its message, while collage is provisional – and it can paper over or obscure, too. The potency of Jacqueline's works is in how they capture this push-and-pull of competing impulses. The collaged, apparitional thought as it appears and the unconscious stream that pulses underneath.

Collage is always the work of a moment,  
and the trick of it is learning when to trust one's instincts, which can  
mislead as much as illuminate. Jacqueline of course knows this trick and  
works decisively – she tells me she does the minimum possible in order for  
something to happen!

I relate to this–



Sputnik 1, 2021



Sputnik 2, 2021

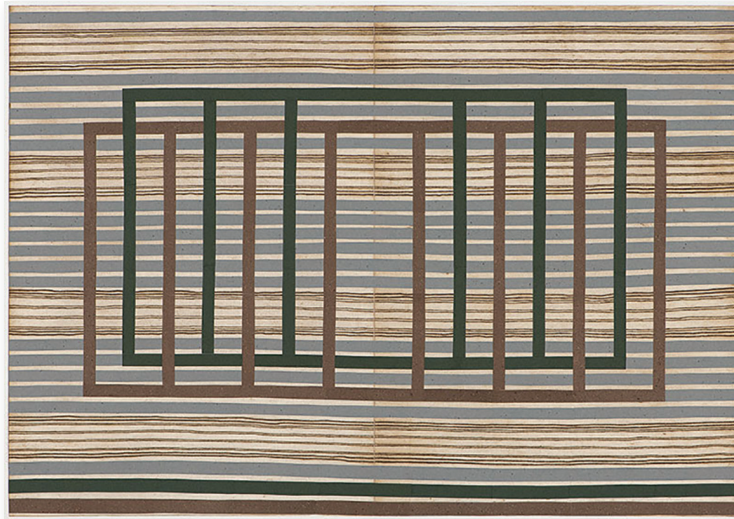
In Paris the café I'm working in broadcasts soul music hits and tins of CBD-infused soda.  
Here in this space, there's not a single glimpse of blue possible, but there is thin papery light  
bouncing off whitewashed stone. I'm sitting in the basement room, which used to be a cellar,  
a place that traps alluring things.

Happily alone for some time,  
first I hear footfalls then someone appears  
at the bottom of the stairs. Faded blue jeans  
and a mottled navy jumper. They take the seat  
adjacent to me. Nothing in me had changed;  
I simply had to wait.



Monumental #3, 2021

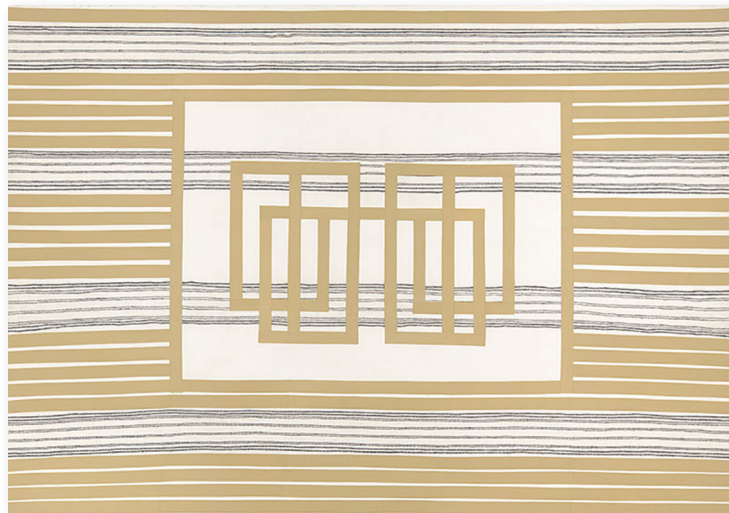




Intervals #3, 2020

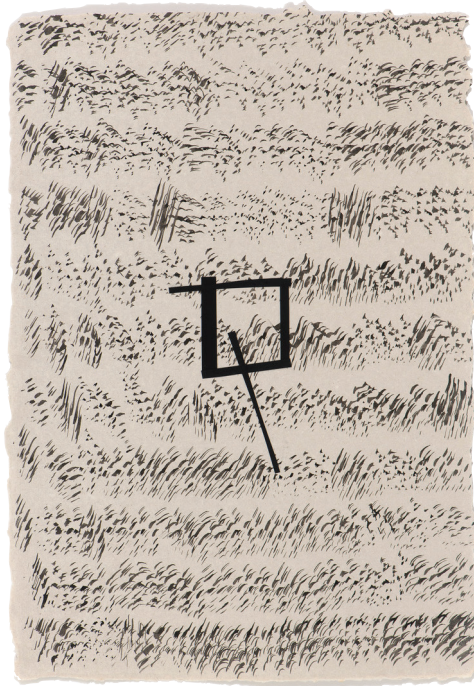
Most of the objects collaged by Jacqueline have obvious symmetries. Each side is close but not quite a mirror image. She makes her best approximation, working by hand. The subtleties of how she places her paper strips gives the works their live charge.

And the formal, venerable distinction between the artist and the writer is frequently blurred. A seam runs vertically through **Intervals 3**. Are we looking at a sheet of paper or a page? This work encourages a readerly gaze and attitude; we're asked to remember paper's lexical history, the training of our Western eye that scans and parses left to right, as well as the notion of the gallery as a kind of library, as indeed the exhibition room once was.



Intervals #4, 2020

The patina of this work, its organic tones, makes me feel as if I am among the stacks. So do the columns – studiously underlined by two collaged strips running across the bottom of the page.



Ink Play #1, 2022

With my readerly gaze writing of **Ink Play 1** library and into the field, and pollinates. Music is throughlines and these like seeds along the tangle here. The task such – it's to assume the

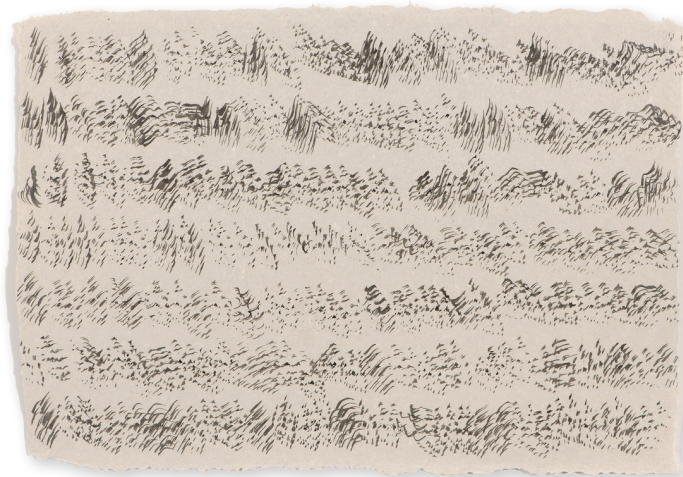
of reading. Our eyes trace and catch the rhythm of the marks, which is more than most of what interpretation is. The lines here are a little trippy, then an object appears from the haze (or disappears, depending on which of the works you encounter first).

I consider the asemic **and 2**. Away from the where language buzzes another of Jacqueline's pieces scatter language stave. Just accept the isn't interpretation as postures and gestures

An archway ledge palladium or window–

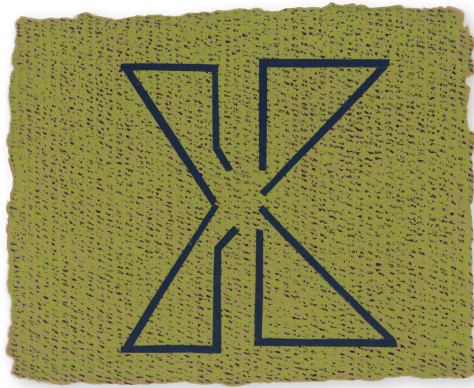
Contrast this to **Articulated's** libidinous object. Where many of Jacqueline's works slant towards the architectural, this one is most emphatically characterful. I, at least, wish to give it a name and a story. Perhaps this character feels the itch of those inked dashes. It has fallen from some blue realm – no seam here. You can look and look uninterrupted, so I think of the borderless properties of the sky, straight up, no clouds.

I think of any margin of peace that can be achieved before being interrupted.  
(As soon as you worry about being interrupted, there goes your life.)



Ink Play #2, 2022





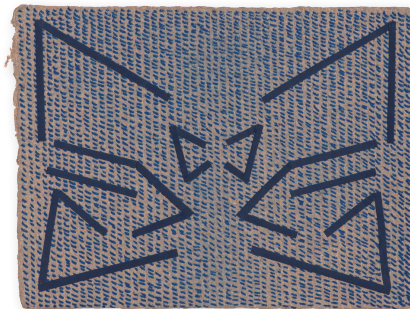
Text-ile #2, 2021

There's a dimensional component to Jacqueline's images I realise I've missed. I stop reading the images now and return to looking. In the opening paragraph I described **Intervals 4** as a clearing, and swiping open the thumbnail again, I hold to this notion. Pale light late summer wheat. Scorched day fading. This work is quieter than the rest. But also, I observe now, it brings us right in close—

well, we lean towards the glass—

and float into air

*Emily Stewart*  
Sept-Oct 2022



Text-ile #1, 2021

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