

## **Paul Hurley**

**Paul Hurley** brings a lightness to Arch 3 West with his studied delicacy. Down to his white vest and pants and perched in a pair of glittering silver stilettos, he stands with stick support and leg muscles taut. A metal bucket over his head, he blows ever so softly on a metal whistle, entirely engaged in a ritualistic **Untitled Actuation**.

Quiver, balance, and support as Hurley begins feeling his way slowly through the crowd; parting the earth with stick as sceptre, his low whistling transformed as bird call. He moves as if ploughing a field, the puncture of stiletto heel preparing ground for the sewing of seeds. One by one the audience spring up like shoots as he moves towards and past them until he comes full circle on a bed of felt support; stopping near a metal bucket full with brightly coloured tulips.

Vibrant tones kiss exposed flesh. Spring has arrived. Eggs and glitter crack and shimmer over Hurley's shaven head, he plants himself in a bucket of soil taking root, curling around the wooden frame for protection until it is time for harvest.

He reaches out now, vulnerability to strength as tulips are distributed and a difficult journey is made by a lone bird with buckets for wings. Days end, a landscape transformed as light combs through a field of tulips held tall in warm hands.