Shoe fly, dragon fly, get back to your mother

Sumi watercolour on Hahnemühle paper, 120 x 150 cm
He flies the sky like an eagle in the eye of a hurricane that’s abandoned
Sumi watercolour and ink on Hahnemühle paper, 110 × 250 cm
Procession of the equinoxes
Sumi watercolour and ink on Hahnemühle paper, 110 × 110 cm
Creeping to his side, we looked over the rocks. The place into which we gazed was a pit, and may, in the early days, have been one of the smaller volcanic blow-holes of the plateau. It was bowl-shaped and at the bottom, some hundreds of yards from where we lay, were pools of green-scummed, stagnant water, fringed with bullrushes. It was a weird place in itself, but its occupants made it seem like a scene from the Seven Circles of Dante. The place was a rookery of pterodactyls. There were hundreds of them congregated within view. All the bottom area round the water-edge was alive with their young ones, and with hideous mothers brooding upon their leathery, yellowish eggs. From this crawling flapping mass of obscene reptilian life came the shocking clamor which filled the air and the mephitic, horrible, musty odor which turned us sick. But above, perched each upon its own stone, tall, gray, and withered, more like dead and dried specimens than actual living creatures, sat the horrible males, absolutely motionless save for the rolling of their red eyes or an occasional snap of their rat-trap beaks as a dragon-fly.

Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Lost World*, 1912

"'Cause I understand you've been running from the man that goes by the name of the Sandman
Sumi watercolour and ink on Hahnemühle paper, 110 × 250 cm
Long as I remember the rain
been comin’ down
Clouds of mystery pourin’
confusion on the ground.
Good men through the ages
tryin’ to find the sun.
And I wonder still I wonder
who’ll stop the rain.

Creedence Clearwater Revival,
Who’ll Stop the Rain, 1970
If I say it’s safe to surf this beach, Captain, it’s safe to surf this beach!
I mean, I’m not afraid to surf this place! I’ll surf this fucking place!

_Apocalypse Now, 1979_
Duke Kahanamoku.
Surfboards looked a little different in Duke’s time in comparison to what we are used to see carving the waves of today. At the turn of the 20th century traditional techniques were still in place, and surfboards were shaped out of trees, creating massive 16ft boards that could weigh anything from 100lbs and up. Duke learnt to surf on these huge long boards, riding waves with a grace and poise that is now only really seen in the longboarders today.

www.surfholidays.com
Hey gypsy boy
Where do you come from
From the land of the new rising sun
Hey gypsy boy
Where do you plan to go to
I’m gonna spread a lot of love
And my piece of my mind too
One day I’ll come along

Jimi Hendrix, Gypsy Boy, 1969
I had the same feeling go mystery and danger around us. In the gloom of the trees there seemed a constant menace and as we looked up into their shadowy foliage vague terrors crept into one’s heart. It is true that these monstrous creatures which we had seen were lumbering, inoffensive brutes which were unlikely to hurt anyone, but in this world of wonders what other survivals might there not be – what fierce, active horrors ready to pounce upon us from their lair among the rocks or brushwood?

Arthur Conan Doyle, The Lost World, 1912
People there have no interest in researching such things, they even make fun of me – that I am looking for anything in this country other than sugar! I’m certain however that one could find much more in this forest if it were passable.

Maria Sibylla Merian
Looks like we’re in for nasty weather
Sumi watercolour and ink on Hahnemühle paper, 110 × 150 cm
On March 20, 1967, the U.S. Department of Defense began a top secret rainmaking campaign over large parts of North Vietnam and Laos known as Operation Popeye. The operation used US C-130 aircraft from the Udorn Royal Thai Air Force Base to spray chemical mixtures designed to induce precipitation into cloud formations. In total, the U.S. flew 2,602 missions and expended 47,409 cloud seeding units over a period of five years. According to declassified Defense Department documents, the objective of Operation Popeye was to “increase rainfall sufficiently in carefully selected areas to deny the [Viet Cong] the use of roads by (1) softening road surfaces, (2) causing landslides along roadways, (3) washing out river crossings, and (4) maintaining saturated soil conditions beyond the normal time span.” The Defense Department estimated that Operation Popeye increased precipitation in the region by about 5%. In 1971, a newspaper reporter named Jack Andersen exposed the secret Operation Popeye effort when he reported on a leaked 1967 memo from the Joint Chiefs of Staff to President Johnson. The revelation resulted in a political controversy about the military’s use of environmental modification technologies. “Rainmaking as a weapon of war can only lead to the development of vastly more dangerous environmental techniques whose consequences may be unknown and may cause irreparable damage to our global environment,” said Senator Claiborne Pell, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee.

The sport of surf-riding possessed a grand fascination, and for a time it seemed as if it had the vitality of its own as a national pastime. There are those living... who remember the time when almost the entire population of a village would at certain hours resort to the sea-side to indulge in, or to witness, this magnificent accomplishment. We cannot but mourn its decline. But this too has felt the touch of civilization, and today it is hard to find a surfboard outside of our museums and private collections.

Nathaniel Emerson, 1892

So tomorrow we disappear into the unknown
Sumi watercolour and ink on Hahnemühle paper, 110 × 150 cm
Charlie don’t surf and we think he should
Charlie don’t surf and you know that it ain’t no good
Charlie don’t surf for his hamburger Momma
Charlie’s gonna be a napalm star

The Clash, Charlie Don’t Surf, 1980
Up at Cody’s camp I spent my days, oh,
With flat car riders and cross-tie walkers.
Old Cody, Junior took me over,
Said, you’re gonna find the world is smouldrin’
And if you get lost come on home to Green River.

Creedence Clearwater Revival, Green River, 1969
Every plant, even the smaller ones, curls and writhes to the green surface, twining itself round its stronger and taller brethren in the effort. Climbing plants are monstrous and luxuriant, but others which have never been known to climb elsewhere learn the art as an escape from that somber shadow, so that the common nettle, the jasmine, and even the jacitara palm tree can be seen circling the stems of the cedars and striving to reach their crowns.

Arthur Conan Doyle, The Lost World, 1912
Said, you’re gonna find the world is smouldrin’

Sumi watercolour and ink on Hahnemühle paper, 110 × 150 cm
Art and nature shall always be wrestling until they eventually conquer one another so that the victory is the same strike and line: that which is conquered, conquers at the same time.

Maria Sibylla Merian
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Waiting for the axe to fall  
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Good men through the ages trying to find the sun  
Sumi watercolour and ink on Hahnemühle paper, 110 × 250 cm

From the land of the new rising sun  
Sumi watercolour and ink on Hahnemühle paper, 110 × 150 cm

The first sign of critical transition  
Sumi watercolour and ink on Hahnemühle paper, 110 × 150 cm

Waiting for the axe to fall  
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Looks like we’re in for nasty weather  
Sumi watercolour and ink on Hahnemühle paper, 110 × 150 cm

So tomorrow we disappear in to the unknown  
Sumi watercolour and ink on Hahnemühle paper, 110 × 150 cm

There’s a bad moon on the rise  
Sumi watercolour and ink on Hahnemühle paper, 110 × 150 cm

Cloud banks in a merciless deluge  
Sumi watercolour and ink on Hahnemühle paper, 110 × 110 cm

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List of works - all 2015
Johnson, 2015
UV Print on found body board, 29 × 119 × 1 cm
Pamela Golden

Born
1959, Chicago, Illinois

Lives and works
in London, England

Education
1984  School of the Art Institute of Chicago, M.F.A. in Painting, Art History Certificate Programme
1981  Northern Illinois University, DeKalb

Selected Solo Shows
2015  Charlie Don’t Surf, Marlborough Contemporary, London
2013  Auction Paintings, World Legend, Lisbon
2007-08  Love and Hysteria, Fondacion Elektra, Paris
2004  Nothing Personal, Fundação Calouste Gulbenkian, Lisbon
2002  Even the Car is Dead, Graystone, San Francisco
2001  Even the Car is Dead, Gimpel Fils, London
1999  Fassbender Gallery, Chicago
1998  You Know I’ve Been at Sea Before, Gimpel Fils, London
1997  From the corner of it all, Book Works Library Relocations, RIBA, London
1993  Advice for the Injured, Gimpel Fils, London
1992  Galerie Froment & Putman, Paris
1991  Interim Art, London
1990  Galerie 5-65, Aalst, Belgium
1989  Robbin Lockett Gallery, Chicago
1988  Robbin Lockett Gallery, Chicago
1986  Saint Xavier College, Chicago
1985  Dart Gallery, Chicago
1981  Northern Illinois University, DeKalb