

JASON McLEAN'S PRESS RELEASE

Jason McLean was born in 1971. He graduated from the Emily Carr Institute of Art and Design in Vancouver BC in 1997.

Jason McLean works on almost anything he can lay his hands on: paper, toys, photographs, bottles, flippers, boxing gloves all get the same treatment, and undergoes a transformation or becomes something more. Old family photographs get defaced and transformed at the same time, just as objects will become characters in themselves once decorated by McLean. Some pieces are even made by McLean working on top of other people's artwork. It is easy to get the sense that McLean wishes someone to do the same to his work at some stage - giving the lost, forgotten and discarded items of our everyday lives a new lease on life. After all this is also a way of sparking old memories back into life and paying homage to those, or that, whom are no longer with us. In this way McLean's Aunt Jean comes back through being evoked by words and in drawings.

McLean says, "When I was a kid I would hang out at my Aunt Jean's place, she was a very eccentric woman and my brother and I would go to hang out there. She would always bake for us and one day I said 'Aunt Jean you have really amazing buns', not knowing what it really meant...It has always stuck with me and I put it in a work some years back...It's a good way of remembering her."

Ultimately, McLean's work almost overwhelms us with its richness of memories, imagery and text. There is something very immediate and familiar in the pieces, that demands us to try and make sense of the whole. However, this complete overview is never fully allowed and instead we are lead down paths determined by the unspoken interconnectivity that exists between the individual parts of the work.

The result is a rich and opaque language that is very much its own and functioning on its own terms. There is a very non-hierarchical sense to all the different parts and they all seemed connected and allows for a perfect rhizomatic reading of the work- a living map of memories and experiences.

In a sense it seems McLean has produced his own language, one that twists and turns, makes inside puns and jokes, fluctuates between the concise and the fluid. It opens up onto itself, creates new connections Its plethoras of avenues and beckons us to make new links between elements and so it becomes open and yet inaccessible at the same time.

