

Kate Walters

I saw the waking field

2 May–25 May, 2024
6 Percy Street, London

Holy femininity
Holy masculinity
Womb envy
Womb theft
Inner child knowing

Guided from her dreams and following the mystery of an innate rhythm, Kate Walters has brought her shamanic persona into these paintings. *I saw the waking field* is about the appreciation that all things are alive and all things are connected. It draws on C. Jung's concept of giving a space for the unconscious to speak about the unexpressed erotic, messy and visceral parts of ourselves.

Central to Kate's work is the exploration of the *fields of awareness* that we encounter in states of dreaming, trance and arousal. Flowers, roots and animals embody the ecological stream of consciousness that we are a part of: A spirit bomb is planted in a womb and wild tulips grow from it. In these images Kate Walters creates contradictions on the basis of the goddess *Inanna*¹ and her descent to the underworld. Her characters appear as a contradictory:

feminine/masculine
heavenly/infernal

She is a ruler, a holder of knowledge, an active warrior and lover who cannot be defeated, nor can she be put in her place by a partner. The characters in Walters' paintings look into both, heaven and the abyss.

Excerpt from 'Inanna, Queen of Heaven and Earth':

*'As for me, Inanna,
Who will plough my vulva?
Who will plough my high field?
Who will plough my wet ground?
'Great Lady, the king will plough your vulva.
I, Dumuzi the King, will plough your vulva.'*²

Excerpt from 'Winged Stallions and Wicked Mares':

*'Horses are liminal creatures who lead humans from the world of the tame into the world of the wild up to heaven, or down to the artery hell of the cobra people.'*³

With this writing in her mind, Kate created her own plough, drawing it out of herself onto paper, with her fluids, her pen nibs, her blood and her colours.

My paintings know things. They know things about me. They know what to do before I do.

You are the rhizome. You with your fingers, your tongue and your phallus buried deep, I came to know you through the drawing first, and you told me how it felt for you when I rose from your holy sacrum, Heaven's Gate. I paint us over and over, your face and fingers down, and I rise up flowering.

I think about creating a garden of paradise with my painting. How beauty, memory, also trauma are tacked into us, a needle goes through all our layers of being, connects it all. We are sewn.

When I paint I plough with my heart.