

qUEER sPIRITUAL mONTAGE (yES jESUS hAD a dICK)

An event in the Proud 2010 festival



*Just like the pair of shorts above, you know it was hanging about there
but no one ever mentions it – and ESPECIALLY not in Church!*

Photo: Fergus Collinson

About the art works...

1) **Fergus! You look like the angel Gabriel. 2009**

Sylvia Bagnall

watercolour on paper, 340 x 250mm

gift - not for sale



Fergus – You look like the angel Gabriel!

I must have just roasted my head in Garnier
Leninist Red, a colour they don't make any more.
Sigh. It is so hard for contemporary d.i.y. middle
aged
men to look... ripped!

Sylvia and Judith, I love it that your
instant enthuse
didn't get stuck in
St Andrew's dreary barrier old pews

Your Annunciation talks to me through the door
from my computer den - initially smart urban
rap

"Hey big glamour boy - who are you? My Mum
warned me about smarmy men like you - but
I like what I see!"

"Yes I know I'm pious and attractive, but hey -
I'm not giving it away."

She's street wise. Ask any Palestinian held up
for hours every day trying to get to work

Gabriel has lovely reaching out to touch Mary
body language - as soon as he can un-tangle
himself from his gold explosion. One lots of
us have been engulfed with at peak or painful
key times. Mary's crossed arms are playful.
She's wowwed to be in God's core of promise,
she's heard about at the synagogue.

Relaxedly, playfully Sylvia's Annunciation knee-
caps another bad bastion of Christ centred
spirituality I grew with. That you have to be
emptily passive to be barely okay in the eyes
of God. A selfish approach I found boring, and
understand better now



Unaffirmed damaged people do hate really well.

- Fergus Collinson

2) **Saint Gerards. 1983.**

Fergus Collinson

acrylic on hardboard, 600 x 600mm

Estate of my dealer, the late Kay Roberts.

Present location unknown



Saint Gerard's

I miss Nick trudging into work with his muddy boots and smile bringing me flowers. I want a swim on my way home, No. 14 bus.

I look up. And stop
The angle I'm at —
light bounce St. Gerard front
Gold blaze. Brick dissolve
Yellow exclamation marks.
Cloud

To draw. To marvel. I wade back in. Foreground? If I leave out the glass and tin apartment blocks mirror writing a

green shape flies upward. Zings

Colossal choir. An organ blaze stratosphere soar and roar. Its

'For All The Saints Who From Their Labours Rest'

the old Presbyterian and Anglican hymn they do at funerals with all stops out. My interior update is bleaker, darker -

You are our rock, our fortress and our might,

You in the damnedest our true light

I needed this. I'm definitely bereaved.

I should have jumped on the Northerner with him, and whizzed off for epic

adventure in India. Instead my isolated cell job at the Turnbull Library keeps getting slimmed down. I'm not ever supposed to meet people.

The heavy Presbyterian disapproval that surrounds my Mum is, frustrating, and its bloody stale. None of the men I work with or meet

have Nick's relaxed resonance.

Is it an ultra special Aussie rogue gene?

Anne Bogun's Saint Gerard's reflection

Your St Gerard's is very eye catching. You talk about the light that evening.

I see a message in this picture - did you paint it for this reason?

I see it as homosexuality vs. Christianity.

I see a little man at the front corner of the church. He is short with a beard.

The front side of the hill is painted as a circumcised penis.

So, have you painted it so that the preacher man is out facing the penis? God is the cloud. What gets you is that you can't decide what God is going to do...

Is God going to watch the two factions fight it out when the answer is in front of us all along? That God loves everyone, lets us all live in harmony as intended.

Or is it the moment when Christian people will accept that God has created homosexuals and we must all live together?

The coming together of the two factions under God's watchful eye.

3) **McGregor and Mahalia. 2002.**

Fergus Collinson

Script - front of door

Tractor Tip Down Up

inside of door

After McGregor's coma on Tuesday.

So soft I thought

"Someone hasn't quite turned his

CD off, " is when I heard it first

tanalised fence post

After you died. On Saturday.

Growly, shrieky, screamy -

It's Mahalia. Big band caress me.

Engulf -

A City Called Heaven.

Acrylic on hardboard and fence post

overall size 1100 x 710 x 250mm

Assembled sculpture from variety of

found objects - cupboard? window frame? resurrection flame, walnut
\$1,800





4) **I Tell You None of You Will Be Lost. 2009**

Fergus Collinson

Acrylic on found rock 180 x 170 x 160mm

\$500

My title? It's from a divinely cheeky relayed front comment at a recent St. Andrew's symposium. I thoroughly agree!



Fergus Collinson

About me:

About me: I am a self-styled Jazz painter, I write poetry and create photo essays. Sixty of my art works appear in my book "Bouncing with Billie ..." and each is introduced with a poem. I also have several galleries of paintings for sale on my website. More recently I am particularly enjoying documentary photography.

Email: fergus.collinson@paradise.net.nz

Website: www.fergus-art.com

Phone: 389-4660



Wellington Artist; Fergus Collinson – Jazz Painter

(There's something not quite right about this photo but I just can't quite put my finger on what it is – Petrus)