



My practise
strives to
highlight
the extent of

tribalness
in our social structure.



This is work painted attending the Cyprus College of Art for a post grad for 8 months.





It has become a subtle hint at division caused by human tribalness.

The automatons wear their sashes proclaiming their tribe by colour. They go about their business, falling, fighting, staring, sleeping, sashed up in their divided landscapes.





The smaller gangs who sit and knock the others, the larger clan and creed to which you belong. We all wear our sashes, our mark, and our colour proclaiming whom and to which we belong.

Tribalness without which we would not function, tribalness without which there would be no division.

-Maurice Caplice