

# runway

an australian contemporary art magazine

ISSUE 12 MAKE-BELIEVE



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# runway

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**Managing Editor** Jaki Middleton

**Assistant Editor** David Lawrey

**Proofreader** Daniel Mudie Cunningham

**Design** Caper Creative [www.capercreative.com.au](http://www.capercreative.com.au)

**Design Layout** Jaki Middleton

**Advertising** Holly Williams

**Founding Editors** Matina Bourmas and Jaki Middleton

**Publisher** The Invisible Inc.

**Contributors** Ron Adams, Robyn Backen, Fran Barrett, Monika Behrens, Monica Brooks, Tameka Carter, Matt Chaumont, Adam Costenoble, Daniel Mudie Cunningham, Bec Dean, Harriet Fesq, Ann Finegan, Marita Fraser, Blake Freele, Sarah Goffman, Paul Greedy, Daniel Green, Terry Hayes, Sarah Hetherington, Robin Hungerford, Jonothan James, Caleb K., Sari TM Kivinen, Joanna Langford, Wade Marynowsky, Kate Montgomery, Pete Newman, Sara Oscar, Abe Powell, Tessa Rapaport & Karl Logge, Kelly Robson, Megan Robson, Camille Serisier, Nicole Sergi, Daine Singer, Olivia Sophia, Jon Wah, Simon Yates.

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The Invisible Inc. PO Box 2041 Strawberry Hills NSW 2012 Australia

[www.runway.org.au](http://www.runway.org.au) [mail@runway.org.au](mailto:mail@runway.org.au)

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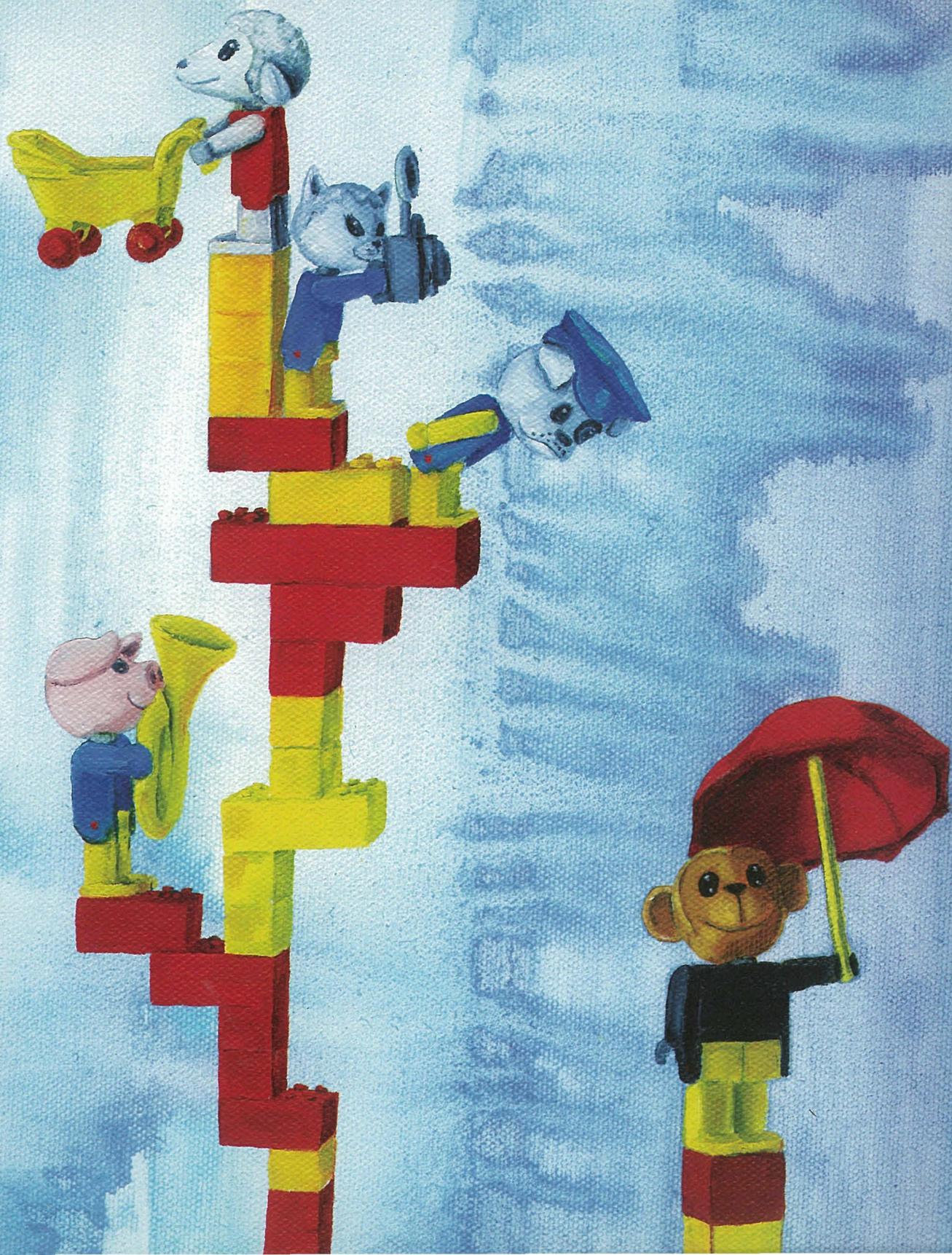
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Cover and facing page: Monika Behrens, *Fabuland*, 2008, watercolour and oil on canvas.



# Editorial

JAKI MIDDLETON

In an artist talk at Artspace in October, Sean Rafferty, when speaking about his work, *(the making of) a temporary 'home theatre' using the sun-beaching frame in an orchard* (2007), discussed the recent phenomenon in which new houses are commonly constructed with a room designated as an entertainment home theatre at their heart. Rafferty likened this room to a kind of portal: an escape pod at the centre of the home.

On reflection, I was struck by the idea that the traditional, 'old' centre of the home, the living room, is being replaced by a space in which fantasy is the focus. This shift from a focus on 'living', to the escapism inherent to the medium of the moving image has been co-opted as an analogy for the greater 'evils' of contemporary life.

The spaces within my own home are certainly focused around escaping; either into the fantasies enacted on my television, fictions played out in my sleep, or the imagined worlds constructing within the studio. However, rather than finding such diversions into the make-believe to be destructive or damaging, these activities enrich my life and balance out the tiresome and difficult aspects of the everyday.

The make-believe is undoubtedly familiar territory for artists, and this issue of *runway* focuses on the connection between art and artifice, fiction and fantasy. In Olivia Sophia's interview, Adam Costenoble discusses his endeavour to better understand his own reality by immersing himself in Romantic ideals. In contrast, Marita Fraser looks at the ways in which artists create realistic possibilities via resourcefulness and imagination. Elsewhere, artists such as Camille Serisier and Sari TM Kivinen take on imagined characters and personas; playfully investigating the multiplicity of self, and Sarah Goffman colourfully beautifies the grubby, 'masculine' innards of vintage motor vehicle engines, making them her own.

It is clear that the make-believe entertains and sustains our imaginations, but more importantly—as the explorations into the make-believe inside this issue illustrate—it helps us to understand our surroundings and invent better futures and possibilities for ourselves.



Above (from left to right): Sean Rafferty, *Brick Veneer II [XL]*, 2007, sun-bleached cardboard on board, timber frame; *(the making of) a temporary 'home theatre' using the sun-beaching frame in an orchard*, 2007, DVD projection. Installation view, Artspace, Sydney. Photo: Silversalt Photography.



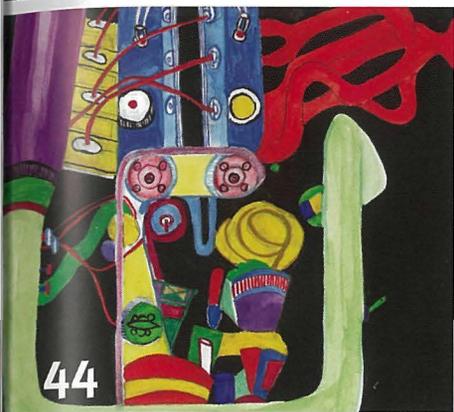
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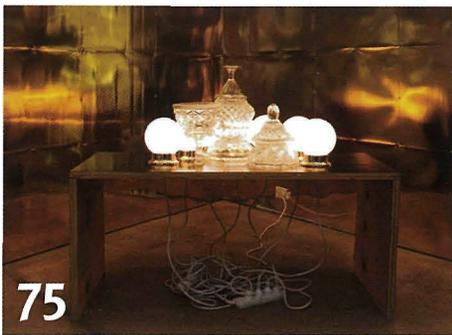
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FEATURES



## Existential Resistance Training

OLIVIA SOPHIA interviews ADAM COSTENOBLE

Adam Costenoble is an artist who likes making things that make us think. He's been exhibiting regularly since graduating from the University of Western Sydney in 2005, and recently caught my attention with his impressive installation *Bad Faith* at Locksmith, one of Sydney's newest artist run initiatives. Costenoble's unique artworks combine video, sculpture and installation, inviting viewers to negotiate the physical and psychological 'spaces' created within the gallery walls. When we caught up online, I asked Adam about his existentialist tendencies, the human condition, and the nature of 'the real'.

**Olivia Sophia: I have to admit that when I first came across your work, I boxed you as a 'video artist', when really your work hinges on installation. You have written that installation art has the potential to 'evoke the real', what do you mean by that?**

Adam Costenoble: When I wrote that statement I was at Uni, working towards my honors thesis. At that time there was a lot of video art being made at the University of Western Sydney and I was frustrated with seeing projection after projection on flat white walls. My research into phenomenology became a key influence. I was beginning to feel disinterested with the empty gallery space and felt a renewed desire for materiality and tangibility. Installation requires that the audience navigate the space, interact with its contents and experience the work through a multiplicity of senses. These elements are also common to sculpture, however I think that the key difference is that one can also 'enter into' an installation space.

The whole dialogue around the 'real' can make it a risky term to use and I have gotten into trouble on several occasions using it! However, for me the important factor is that the audience encounters the work. With installation this encounter is, at least

Above: Adam Costenoble, *Awaiting the Apocalypse*, 2007, performance still. Photo: Vincent OConnor.



momentarily, instinctive and natural. The space of the work is navigated like any other—like walking down the street, wandering in a park or browsing in a bookstore, and it is ‘real’ in the sense that all of these other situations are also real. The reality of the ‘real’ can be disputed endlessly and I don’t mean to get into any of that *The Matrix* blue-pill/red-pill sci-fi stuff. For me, it’s the nature of the physical encounter in an installation that can evoke the real; it’s an encounter that can offer a momentary suspension of the viewer’s tendency to *read* the work cognitively via metaphor, *concept* and all other learned modes of understanding art.

**OS: Can you describe any key points in your evolution from painter to installation artist? Have you had any ‘lightening bolt’ moments?**

AC: It was a gradual development. In my second year of art school I started to become more interested in art as a forum for ideas rather than as an aesthetic endeavor. I found that I was limiting myself by trying to stick to a specific medium and gradually shifted to a more conceptual practice. If I were to pin it down to one specific moment, I would say it was when I discovered that one of my classmates, Daniel Green, received a high-distinction for running into a wall.

**OS: You are often the main protagonist in your videos. To what extent are your pieces self-portraits?**

AC: I don’t really think of my works as self-portraits in the traditional sense. They’re not intended to provide insight into the world of me. Having said that, someone who has seen a lot of my work could end up with an inadvertent profiling of my psychological make-up. I often do things myself because it’s the most practical solution to the problem of producing the work. I don’t want to direct actors because I feel that it would dramatize the work and distract from the ideas. Actually, if I were to decide whether I was more of a ‘performance artist’ or ‘video artist’ I would choose performance. Logically, that situates me in front of the lens, yet the *identity* of the figure is generally not important to my work. My intention is for people to focus more on the human predicament at hand.

**OS: You are sometimes described as an existentialist. Do you like this?**

AC: The challenge when dealing with themes of existentialism is how to avoid cliché and how to keep things interesting, because these ideas are not new or easily resolved. I guess that’s part of the appeal. The other challenge is being able to make fun of the situation—if you take things too seriously the work can become

Above: Adam Costenoble, *Bad Faith*, 2008, digital video still (detail).

Facing page: Adam Costenoble, *Bad Faith*, 2008, video and installation (installation view). Photo: Silversalt.



depressing, and people just recoil from such things. It's like the charity fundraiser on the sidewalk that you cross the street to avoid—you care, but the issues are too complex to deal with. The label of 'existentialist' is problematic like any stereotype. I'm happy to be perceived as someone who interrogates the human condition but I don't intend to propagate the cliché of the suicidal and fatalistic character who is always angry and frustrated.

**OS: You are somewhat of a philosopher artist! You've referenced Popper, Merleau-Ponty and Sartre to name just a few. Who is your biggest influence at the moment?**

AC: I think I'm still pretty caught up on the French existentialists, particularly Albert Camus. I read a lot, not so much high theory of late, but more fiction and classical literature—lots of writers who were creatively inspired by existential and phenomenological philosophy. Writers like Aldous Huxley, Franz Kafka, Jack Kerouac and Henry David Thoreau.

**OS: I read *Fight Club* at Uni for a course on the History of Masculinity and was interested to see a copy in your recent installation, *Bad Faith*. All the Romantic extremists attempting to evade 'Bad Faith' in your catalogue essay were male. Did you think about gender when making the work?**

AC: I hadn't thought about gender in relation to that work until after I had produced it, and several female friends asked me similar questions. My limited research revealed only male characters that had gone to such extreme measures in their Romantic desire to escape civilization. However, I've since met a few women who have identified quite closely with these issues. The themes that I pursue are quite close to me and I guess that often makes them masculine by default, but gender isn't really an issue I pay a lot of attention to. I acknowledge that the material is there for those who want to read the work that way.

**OS: You often portray the human figure in geographic (or mental) isolation, reminding me of Casper David Friedrich's famous image of a man alone on the peak of a mountain. Would you agree that your work addresses the 'contemporary Sublime'?**

AC: Yes definitely. Schopenhauer describes the feeling of the Sublime as 'pleasure in seeing an overpowering or vast malignant object of great magnitude, one that could destroy the observer'. However for me, the Sublime is not only applicable to the physical world but also to ideas. For instance, I imagine the concept of total freedom or autonomy as a Sublime concept. While theoretically absolute and beautiful, in reality it would be a force of annihilation in a world that truly embraced it. To me the 'contemporary Sublime' implies a concession to this predicament. It could be defined as a reconciling of the melancholia evoked



by the contemplation of the innate failure of Romantic ideals. When I employ the allegorical tableau of the figure alone in the landscape it is often to reference this melancholic acceptance of the contradictory nature of desire and longing.

**OS: You were recently in Canada for a residency. How did the location/environment affect you?**

AC: I did a thematic residency called 'Figure in a Mountain Landscape' at The Banff Centre, which is situated in the Canadian Rocky Mountains. I spent most of my time venturing out into the pristine wilderness of Banff National Park and its surrounding areas. It was a great opportunity to immerse myself in the mountain landscape and to reflect on the reality of these Romantic spaces of longing. The experience imbued in me a profound sense of humility, which consequently also evoked a renewed appreciation for the comfortable civilized lifestyle we generally live. It helped put my own desire for wilderness and isolation into perspective.

**OS: Can you tell me about the work you did in Banff?**

AC: I did a lot of research! But the main work I actually completed there was a two-part, video-documented, performance piece.

Above: Adam Costenoble, *Sisyphus(Breath)*, 2008, digital video still (detail).  
Facing page: Adam Costenoble, *Sisyphus(Push)*, 2008, digital video still (detail).

In the first part I'm in the studio space inflating a seven-foot tall beach ball entirely with my own breath and in the second part I'm located in an exposed mountain amphitheatre pushing the beach ball up a steep slope.

**OS: There is a strong feeling of futility in some of the stills I have seen of this work: a kind of frustration with human endeavor. What were the literary inspirations behind the work?**

AC: For a long time I have been interested in the idea of labour—particularly the way in which it can be productive and futile at the same time. When I first started to look into this idea I came across Albert Camus' novel *The Myth of Sisyphus* in which he describes the famous Greek myth (a man is condemned to an eternity of hard labour in Hades where his task is to push a large boulder to the top of a mountain only to have it roll back down to the bottom, requiring him to repeat the task eternally). This was actually my entry point into existentialism and the 'absurd' several years ago. The steep, rocky and often barren landscape above the tree-line around Banff reminded me of this story and seemed like the ideal setting for me to revisit the myth.



**OS: The giant beach ball in your recent video was inflated entirely by your own breath! How long did that take you? The strenuous nature of the activity recalls the concerns of someone like Matthew Barney, who is interested in the physical challenges of making art. Is this something you intended to express?**

AC: It took over two hours to inflate. The act in itself was quite incomprehensible. I was compelled by the absurdity of the project and wanted to face a particular objective that appeared impossible. I was thinking about the threshold at which things become absurd and how we might be able to alter our understanding of futility. In relation to Barney I would say that his interest in muscular hypertrophy, articulated through his early *Drawing Restraint* works, relates quite closely to my effort here to condition our understanding of absurdity. You could view my 'facing off' against the absurd as an athletic kind of existential resistance training: a challenge and attempt to reclaim the absurd as possible. I find that I often gravitate toward physical articulation when considering ideas of resistance and opposition. In this case, despite the strenuous nature of the action involved the work maintains a humorous and optimistic bent echoing the essence of Camus' novel.

**OS: If you could collaborate with any artist, alive or dead, who would it be?**

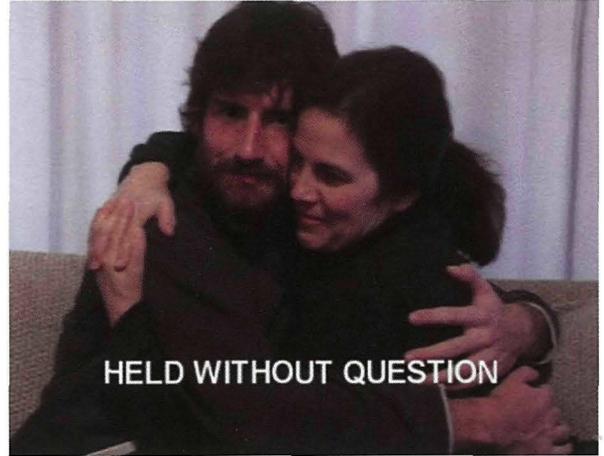
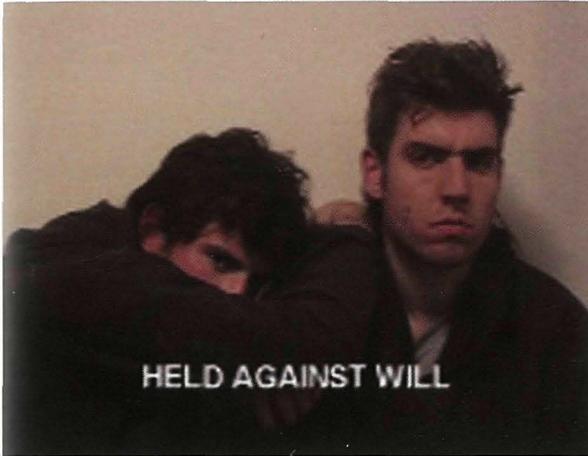
AC: That's a hard one. I'm not very good with collaboration in practice, but I would have liked to conceptualise with the likes of Camus or maybe Samuel Beckett.

**OS: What can we expect from your next exhibition?**

AC: I have no specific exhibition plans and I'm reveling in the freedom of developing projects independently of calendar pressures. While I was on the residency in Banff I imagined a whole set of performative and action driven works that I would like to develop back here in Sydney. Future work will likely be less object-based.



Jon Wah 1980–2008



Recollecting the first time Jonathan came to my attention is not difficult. It was the middle of the day and a The Bloodied Cunts performance was about to start. I didn't know what this meant but had heard the members of the band had stolen a goat as part of their act, so I went to see what all the fuss was all about. There was no goat (that I could recognise) but left of stage was a barbecue laden with an assortment of meats: kangaroo, crocodile, possibly goat. Who knows? The members emerged, one of them wearing a ripped red football sweater and underneath, his body smothered in yellow paint. This is what they called *Jon Wah*. The performance was the most remarkable thing I'd seen since moving from the country to study art. I was very moved by Jon Wah's words, "Yes I fisted your sister, and then I pissed on her", but it was more about the way he said it. He began gyrating and spitting everywhere, getting saliva all over his beard and I thought to myself at that very moment, "Now this is a *real* man. Please spit on me". After this I saw him around Z Block, at the University of Western Sydney, and my crush got harder and harder. I obsessed about his jaw line and the way he didn't seem to give a fuck. I became increasingly curious about Jonathan to the point where I asked a mutual lecturer of ours whether she thought he was a good sort and if I should hunt him down. I was very pleased with her response:

*I find his intensity interesting. The first time we met was when he was my student in first year; it was like he radiated white hot light ... I think the thing he is most interested in is exchange of energy between people, and when he makes work it is about this exchange and transformation ... He was really blown away by Marina Abramović and Ulay's work ... He is wonderful, very sexy (insert 5,000 word essay on this topic) and definitely worth exploring and loving.*

Later that year Jonathan pashed me at the UWS grad show and I didn't look back after that, I fell (knee deep) in love with him. We shared a connection that was very powerful and truly rare. I have never met anyone as wild and beautiful as him or as bloody sexy as him (insert 8 million word diary entry). That man turned me inside out and I will always be grateful for him opening my eyes to the world (the *real* man that made me a woman). When Jonathan was away I used to wear that ripped red football shirt from The Bloodied Cunts, probably because it forever smelt of his sweat. *I wish I had that shirt now but I can't really complain, because his precious mother let me keep the glass vial of toenails I had watched him carefully collect over the years.*

#### Tameka Carter

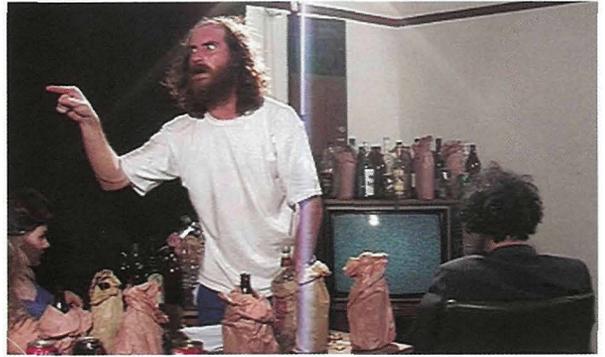
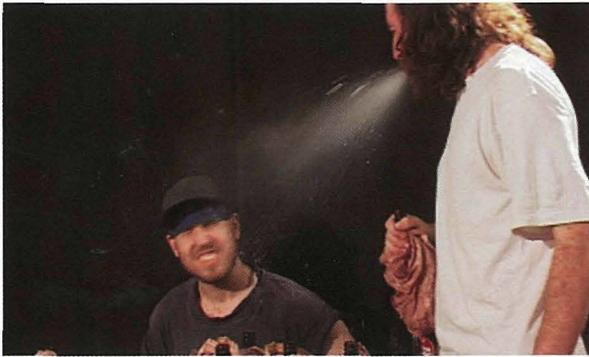
What a handsome devil. I hadn't met anyone like him: the blue CityRail shirt that fell gently off his shoulder blades. Shaggy hair framing fine features. A nonchalant cigarette on the steps of Blaxland station. Over the years he went through so many incarnations that charmed, bewildered and infuriated me. But that's how I prefer to remember Jonathan: me as a nineteen year old girl and him as the sparkly eyed guy that enraptured my best friend, Tameka. If I could speak to Jonathan one more time I would thank him. Thank him for showing Tameka true and open love. Thank him for teaching her about boundless passion. Thank him for caring for her as much as she cared for him. I loved him if only for that.

#### Nicole Sergi

Facing Page: Jon Wah, *King of the lounge room*, 2006, video still.

Above left: Jon Wah, *Held Against Will* from *Balaclava*, 2005, 3 channel video installation.

Above right: Jon Wah, *Held Against Will* from *Balaclava*, 2005, 3 channel video installation.



Ann Finegan: I loved The Bloodied Cunts, strictly as rumor. In Newcastle for Electrofringe I was too scared to see them live; Jon was going to vomit on the audience (but hadn't promised to drink only milk); the audience was kept waiting an hour (to build up anxiety and aggression), one song played, Jon nude and bright yellow on vocals with paint dripping out of his arse. Got his leg broken by the drummer.

Abe Powell: The wait was for two reasons: firstly Jon discovered that it is difficult to pour paint into your own anus. After a few attempts I had to make a paper funnel and have him bend over while I poured in half a litre or so of yellow paint. We were both totally drunk so this took about half an hour. Jon also used the excess weeping from his arse to style my hair into a shit cowlick. The main reason for the wait was simple nerves and shyness: Jon refused to go on and it was only after I started hitting him with an iron bar—the same I was to crack his leg with later—that he relented. We played about two bars before we just fell apart and went 'primal'. I can't really remember it but the video shows a woman yelling out 'Security' then someone else yelling out 'I know people!' Jon's reply: 'Oh! You know people do you? Then bring them to me!' Later in the gig Jon dived off stage and crash-tackled a heckler, reaching into his pants and pulling out handfuls of yellow paint mixed with shit—a weapon.

AF: Best Jon Wah lyrics: One One One One One, for the song's duration.

AP: This was in a group called The 3tards, made up of Jon Wah, Abe Powell and Ali Lowery.

AF: For a project in Jon's first year at art school, he arrived with guitar, did a line of speed, smoked a cigarette, strummed a horrible chord then burst into inconsolable Artaude-esque sobs. 'Are you okay man?' 'Acting man, just acting'. On another occasion Jon decided to make an olfactory work for Uni, though no project was due. He carried a bucket of fish guts back from the Sunday Sydney fish markets on the train and then stashed them in the drains around Z Block. The next day he didn't show for class but there was a terrible stink. No one found anything except traces of blood in the drains. The tech decided it had to be Jon. He confessed. Everyone concluded that birds had eaten the fish guts. The stink lasted a week.

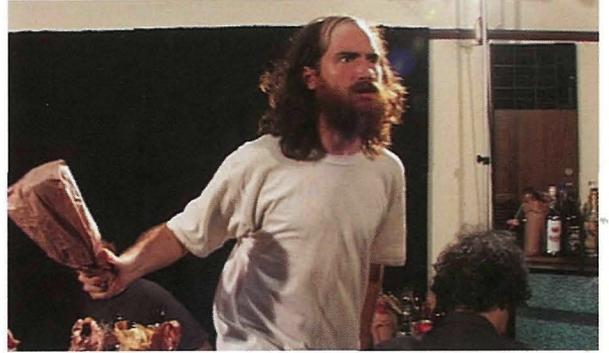
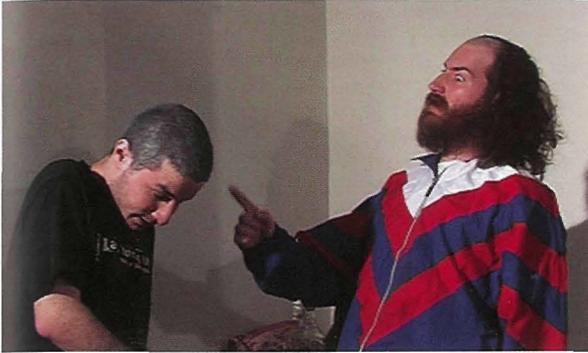
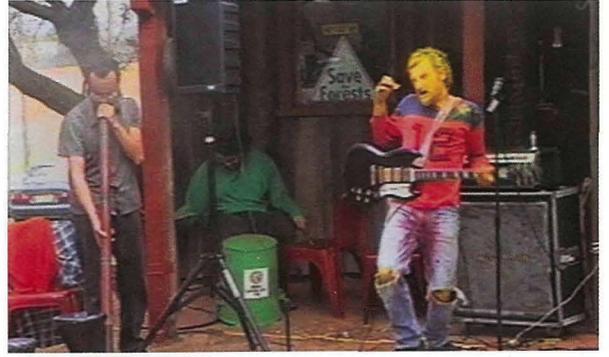
AP: After the 2004 UWS grad show Jon and I stole six bottles of wine each from the bar, went to the after party and then started to head back to the city. Given that it was about 2am I'm not sure how we were planning to do this. As luck would have it there was a Westline bus parked at the Kingswood bus stop. The driver was resting, listening to the radio. Somehow we managed to bribe him with two bottles of fine red and had a chauffer driven bus back to the city, radio blaring with Jon and I up the back cracking wine and smoking cigarettes out the window. We were dropped at my front door just as the sun was coming up.

AF: Jon's *King of the Loungeroom* was an hour-long video installation, with sofa and stinky lounge room littered with beer, wine bottles, cigarette ash, various mess. Rumour had it that he had released fleas onto the sofa. I believed it.

**Ann Finegan & Abe Powell**

Above left: The Bloodied Cunts, performing at the Lansdowne Hotel, 2005.

Below left, above right and below right: Jon Wah, *King of the loungeroom*, 2006, video stills.



The 2004 UWS grad show after-party was at my house in Kingswood. As a result of an unfortunate incident with a ukulele, I cut my head open and was told (by someone with no qualification to do so) that I had a concussion, and thus couldn't sleep for the next ten hours and had to stay sober. Subsequently I was the last man standing at around 4am when the party finally died and Jon and Abe were looking for somewhere to crash. I didn't know them well at this stage—I knew them only by reputation, so I wasn't keen to have them hang around. Even if I wanted, there was no space to put them, with people even sleeping on the floor in front of the laundry. With some gentle coaxing, and many cuddles, I convinced Jon and Abe to leave and they set off into the night. The story of them convincing a bus driver to take them straight home has been going around ever since. It makes me so very happy that it's true.

**Daniel Green**

During one of Michael Keighery's lectures at UWS, Jon Wah, fuelled with alcohol and possibly acid, and covered in permanent marker scribbling, went to the lectern, mounted it, took off his shirt, dropped his pants to reveal a 'man-gina', and yelled at the distraught/laughing audience to 'Fucking come to The Bloodied Cunts gig or I'll kill ya'. This went on for about ten minutes until everyone had left. He carried on for another five or so minutes afterwards.

**Blake Freele**

Above and below left: Jon Wah, *King of the loungeroom*, 2006, video stills.  
 Above right: *The Bloodied Cunts*, performing at the cottage, Werrington Campus, University of Western Sydney, 2004.  
 Below right: Jon Wah, *King of the loungeroom*, 2006, video still.

I must say that initially I was a bit intimidated by Jon; I didn't quite know how to take him. One of my first encounters: early in first year at UWS, while at the Swamp Bar, Jon charged up to me, shirtless, his hair and face painted red and only inches from mine, screaming 'come and see The Bloodied Cunts or I'll defecate on ya'. Later that afternoon he made similar threats to everyone during a lecture, standing on the lectern with pants around his ankles. Another encounter: at the end of Honours year, the morning after the grad show opened, Jon's *King of the Loungeroom* installation was covered in white powder. Apparently, security had attempted to shut the work down the previous night and someone retaliated with a fire extinguisher. That morning I saw Jon in the hall—he charged up to me, gave me a hug and said, 'we got through it mate; I'm proud of ya'.

**Paul Greedy**

I met Jon when I was seven or eight years old at the Penrith Regional Gallery, where we attended a school holiday workshop on the Pueblo Indians, but hung out all day making trouble. He lived close to the city and I in the Blue Mountains, so that was that. It was a good day of art and troublemaking and that was that. Then, after I got back from school holidays, there was this new kid in my class! It lead to a life of art and trouble.

**Matt Chaumont**

Jon used to play a game called 'knock and staunch'. The object of this game was to knock loudly on someone's front door and proceed to stand there indefinitely. Jon confided in me once that he originally wanted to be an actor, but had 'trouble' with directors. So he went to art school. Matt Chaumont and I did a sound performance at Blacktown Arts Centre a few years ago. Part of the performance involved vibrating a seven metre long piece of industrial tubing with sub-driven low frequencies. Jon was already off the rails by this point and proceeded to 'fuck' the tube for most of the twenty minute performance. We made sure not to let him know where our gigs were for the next year or so.

#### **Pete Newman**

Jon Wah was my art school anti-hero. Before I met Jon I would not have thought that it's a good idea to drink half a bladder of cask wine under the table ... in a licensed venue ... 15 minutes before a lecture. But Jon embarked on these ventures with such bravado and enthusiasm that any negative thoughts I might have had in his company seemed to turn and flee at the sight of the devious glint in his eye and his massive ear-to-ear grin. What I admired about Jon was that he seemed to me to be free in a way that I couldn't begin to imagine, I saw him as a man unrestrained by fashion, convention or decorum. He could whip through a room like a small localised tornado leaving in his wake damaged artworks, broken glass, bodily fluids, ruffled clothes and dismayed witnesses struggling to comprehend what had just taken place, 'Did that man just hump my leg?' To me Jon was a force of nature with this restless fucking energy that neither he nor anyone else could hope to control, like a comet on its first and final trajectory incapable of reversing the momentum it has steadily been gaining.

#### **Robin Hungerford**

We were reminiscing bits about UWS in Hunter's backyard the other day. Sam mentioned The Bloodied Cunts gig over at the cottage at Werrington. They were billed to play for Racial Harmony day, and coarse language to be avoided at the request of administration. 'Cunt' was the first word Jon muttered and the university chaplain removed himself from the scene as quickly as possible. A goat had been walked a few kilometres from Flynn's place in Kingswood for the gig and it too had been given a microphone. This was one of the few times Jon had a competitor in the attention stakes.

#### **Monica Brooks**

As a co-director of Electrofringe the year we did Plover Idol, I was totally blown away by the insanity and efforts people put in, especially The Bloodied Cunts. Even more interesting was when I met the mild mannered, articulate and relaxed Jon Wah back in Sydney weeks later. I got to film Jon in the studio for my work, just me and him. He took great pleasure and time painting every orifice of his body red. After the performance we had a beer; he didn't want any payment and said that when he got paid for a Cunts performance then it was useless, over, a waste.

#### **Wade Marynowsky**

My lasting memory of Jon Wah: it was an opening at Pelt and Jon was in fine form. I can't remember which opening as he came to many and caused trouble at most. On this occasion, the last we saw of him was as he jumped into the boot of a taxi, slammed shut by Tameka. It drove off, the driver unaware of his boot's occupant.

#### **Caleb K.**

In first year Creative Strategies at UWS, one of Jon's works, *Sound over Time*, was to walk across a flat oval to the swamp and wait for some time until he turned to face myself and a group of students as a speck in the distance. Then he screamed an inaudible scream. We continued to wait until he returned to the group. It was four years later in 2006 that I found myself waiting again for Jon. This time it was at his Honours examination. A very remorseful Jon explained that he was not ready. It was a few weeks later that we returned to view and examine Jon's *King of the Loungeroom*. In my examiner's report I wrote, '[Wah] has a wonderful energy and an infectious imagination. This unbridled energy has resulted in a project that is a very ambitious—the film. [Wah] has applied himself to positions of scriptwriter, producer, director, cameraman, actor, soundman and editor. This is a great feat for any student in one year and I congratulate him for completing this work. It is an entertaining and successful result ... the work explores ideas and involves close observation of the complexities of living in a society riddled with unfairness and inequalities.'

#### **Robyn Backen**

I first met Jon at UWS when Terry Hayes invited Robyn Backen and I to examine his Honours work *King of the Loungeroom*—an outrageously bad taste sit-com about depraved and boozing art school bogans. Jon installed the video in a mock lounge room piled high with detritus: beer bottles, cigarette butts, porn. He infested the sofas with fleas and pissed everywhere to make it authentic. Months later I asked Jon to participate in my art project *Funeral Songs*, where over 150 artists and curators nominated the music to be played at their imagined funeral. Jon told me in an email that he was 'having a lot of fun thinking about it' but was deliberating over which song to choose. Jon made his decision after three months of consideration: the MTV Unplugged version of *Down in a Hole* by Alice in Chains. It wasn't played at his funeral, but it plays in my head whenever I think about him now.

#### **Daniel Mudie Cunningham**

## Terence Hayes

---

**From:** kingoftheloungeroom@hotmail.com  
**Sent:** Monday, 21 August 2006 3:53 AM  
**To:** Terence Hayes  
**Subject:** CHARAC TERRRRRROS (oh yeah the shiz)  
**Attachments:** KING OF THE LOUNGEROOM.doc



KING OF THE  
UNGEROOM.doc (26  
PING,

sup,,

here is my potentionalllllllllllll list of cunts for the shit-com

we have a date in your digs tomorrow at 11. don't be A - date.

i won't, for all types of killwer.

big up to the hirutes.

sorry my nose is blokd. "no sence of shhpell."

got heaps of composite video for your plug hole (ad's for jebusk)

heaps to discuss - i'll bring the port - or maybe beer - as i'm about to apply for my second loan. (groan) (into a ..... ) (hecs sic-le) oh (please let me be) (gon.)))))

stressed to impress (ooooo it feels goot)

your known lover

jon bra

(find your own way in)

piassasssss ... i'm welting

---

Nothing but cars & over 100,000 of them at carsales.com.au  
[http://a.ninemsn.com.au/b.aspx?URL=http%3A%2F%2Fsecure%2Dau%2Eimrworldwide%2Ecom%2Fcgi%2Dbin%2Fa%2Fci%5F450304%2Fet%5F2%2Fcg%5F801577%2Fpi%5F1005244%2Fai%5F836752&t=12345&r=emailtagline\\_tig\\_over100k&m=EXT](http://a.ninemsn.com.au/b.aspx?URL=http%3A%2F%2Fsecure%2Dau%2Eimrworldwide%2Ecom%2Fcgi%2Dbin%2Fa%2Fci%5F450304%2Fet%5F2%2Fcg%5F801577%2Fpi%5F1005244%2Fai%5F836752&t=12345&r=emailtagline_tig_over100k&m=EXT)



## Spatial Interventions or how I learned to stop worrying and just love the space

MARITA FRASER

Much has been written about the relationship between artists, cities and real-estate. It is often said that great 'artist cities' like Berlin are born out of an profusion of cheap rental spaces, which provide opportunities for artists to have the space to live an 'artist's life'. Of particular interest to me, is the ways in which artist-run projects are created and continue to exist and function.

For the past two years I have been away from Sydney and its skyrocketing rents, living in Vienna, Austria, where there is an abundance of empty space and—compared to Sydney—rents are considerably lower. While Berlin has cheap space to rent, it is also burdened with high unemployment and low wages. Vienna's rent and food costs are slightly higher, but with lower unemployment and higher wages, young artists in Vienna seem to live a fairly comfortable life. Vienna has a large young international art scene for a population of just 2 million people. The Akademie der Bildenden Künste Wien, one of the city's two art academies, is a very established institution that has successfully shaken off its old parochial history with a new wave of well regarded international professors including Monica Bonvicini, Heimo Zobernig, Daniel Richter, Manfred Pernice, Dorit Margreiter and Harun Farocki.

Above: Bell Street Project Space, *CMYK* exhibition opening, 2008. Photo: Marita Fraser.



### Bell Street Project Space, Vienna

As part of the process of establishing a relationship to this new art scene and context, Alex Lawler and I set up an artist-run project (or 'off space' as they are referred to locally) in an old empty shopfront in the second district of Vienna. The space grew in an organic way: beginning first as a studio, we then put together a curated group show as part of the first Vienna Biennale, and finally established the space as an ongoing exhibition space, which we named 'Bell Street Project Space'. Over this time, in physical terms, the space hardly changed. A huge wall to ceiling mirror at one end of the space and a sixties era decorative plaster ceiling and shopfront fit out from its time as a clothing or fur store remain. However, through the network of the artists showing in the space, it has taken on a life of its own.

In Vienna, spaces that are run as artist projects do not characteristically look like white cube galleries. Rather, these spaces typically retain the evidence of the function of the space as it is or was: be it a hardware store, cellar, garage, bar or apartment. Spatially and logistically, these spaces do not attempt to mimic museums or commercial galleries. These projects are often temporary, perhaps only lasting one night or one week, but are considered credible by the art establishment as serious artist projects. So credible, in fact, that two of the biggest art dealers in town, Galerie Meyer Kainer and Galerie Krinzinger, have now opened their own 'project spaces', enlisting young curators to program the spaces to present an alternative to the galleries' main stable of artists. Mayer Kainer's project is housed in a disused fifties bar and storeroom of the engineering society of Vienna, while Krinzinger's is a warehouse building in the backhouse of an apartment block in the fifth district. Though these spaces don't look like commercial gallery projects, behind each of them sits the infrastructure and resources of one, just dressed in new clothing.

Above: (artworks from left to right) Lars Breuer, *untitled*, 2008, lacquer on mirror; Sebastian Freytag, *untitled*, 2008, black and white copies on painted glass; Guido Münch, *Ornamental Despair*, 2007. Bell Street Project Space, Vienna. Photo: Sebastian Freytag.



Presenting work outside the white cube has become a strong curatorial premise in contemporary art. The Berlin Biennale of 2006: *Of Mice and Men*, presented work in locations from 'everyday life'. These sites included a church, several apartments, a Jewish children's school and a cemetery—all located along Auguststrasse in Mitte, one of the biggest gallery districts of Berlin. In turning away from the traditional gallery space towards the archeology of everyday life, the curators used space in an extraordinary way to re-focus viewers' attention back onto the function and interpretation of art.

Adding to the current interest in 'off spaces' is a wave of 'off space' art fairs which are springing up across Europe. These events create a forum for international 'off spaces' to meet and network, providing opportunities for younger and emerging artists and art projects to engage with each other as well as more established art institutions and the wider art public. Bell Street Project Space has been invited to participate in a number of 'off space' art fairs and participated in the *Und#2* in Karlsruhe, Germany in 2007 and *ConArt Fair Vienna 2008*. *Und#2* was held in an old concrete opal dealership warehouse and *ConArt Fair* was held in an old Viennese style apartment. Bell Street has also undertaken a number of exchanges with other 'off space' projects including Cluster, Berlin; Immanence, Paris; and Konsortium, Düsseldorf.

Many young artists in Europe are now moving between 'off space' projects in different cities and countries in order to establish themselves. Whilst there is much to talk about the international mobility of the current generation of emerging artists; in the case of Bell Street, the project's success has for the most part stemmed from a focused engagement with the local context. Bell Street has given opportunities to emerging artists within Vienna to curate shows, present their own work and to work with artists from outside Vienna.

Above: Ulrike Mohr, *In Form eines langen Streifens*, 2008, Cluster, Berlin. Photo: Ulrike Mohr.

With no ambition to function as a commercial gallery or museum, Bell Street does not sell work. Though a little money is raised through selling beer, Alex and I mostly fund the space in conjunction with project funding from the Austrian Arts Ministry (BMUKK) on a quarterly basis. This model has allowed the project to stay artist-run and as un-bureaucratic as possible. It is flexible to the resources and time we have available to run the project and also allows us to continue with our own art practices.

### **Cluster, Berlin**

Cluster is a 75 square metre project space in Berlin's Wedding. Founded by five artists who studied fine arts in Kiel, a city in the North of Germany, it is currently run by nine artists and the art historian Barbara Buchmaier. The space, which is situated in a huge reused industrial site, is rented by the artists and supported by the German federal state. Each artist in the group programs one month: exhibiting their own work, curated shows, exchange projects or inviting guest curators. The artists share the rent collectively and as they are such a big group, it amounts to very little per person. Barbara Buchmaier is paid a part-time wage through their government funding, and she administers the project, writes articles and press releases, organises the mail-outs and, at times curates shows.

The project started with the founding group of five artists, who had finished their studies in Kiel in 2005/06 considering how to progress with their career. Most of them had already moved to Berlin, but did not have an existing artist network in the city to engage with. Within Berlin there were already similar groups from Leipzig and Dresden who had started their own spaces one or two years earlier. While not a central gallery district in Berlin, Galerie Max Hetzler and Galerie Guido Baudach had recently opened in Wedding as a result of the huge spaces they could occupy. Likewise, the Cluster group chose to take up in a space in this same area. Often holding their opening nights on the same night as the two big galleries sited in the same industrial complex, Cluster utilises the pulling power of the larger gallery spaces to bring traffic to their project.

Whereas Vienna has a few overlapping young artist scenes, Berlin has many. There are hundreds of young international and German artists living in Berlin, and artist scenes tend to be drawn along institutional (the academy studied at), home-town and international lines. Interestingly, Cluster began as an attempt to create a local context for a group of young German artists new to Berlin: and by establishing their own network they in turn created a successful and established context for themselves within the city.

### **Locksmith, Alexandria**

On my recent return to Sydney I have been excited to find new artists projects alive and flourishing. While rental costs can be prohibitive in Sydney, it seems that artists can still find creative ways to overcome this.

Locksmith is an artist-run project in a shopfront on Botany Road, Alexandria. The two directors, Kenzee Patterson and Sam Villalobos, started the project as a way of supporting and connecting to emerging artists within Sydney. Beginning with a fundraising auction and barbeque at the end of 2007, Locksmith has held exhibitions, music events and film screenings since the beginning of 2008. The project is entirely self-funded by the directors: being the shop-front of a building in which they also live and work. Locksmith does not charge rent to artists and does not take commission on work sold. The directors see the project as very much an extension of their artists lives, with the space being somewhere they can show and support emerging artists and build an artist network that is de-institutionalised and that grows organically with the space. The space has attracted a strong following, with artists, gallerists and collectors curious about the director's take on the Sydney art scene. Artists exhibiting at Locksmith have included Will French, Mitch Cairns, Anna Kristensen, Mary MacDougall, Aimee Crouch, Liron Gilmore and the directors themselves.

The directors see the future of Locksmith as not being specifically tied to the space, and are looking to expand the project in other ways. For instance, they are considering the idea of the project inhabiting other artist-run spaces as a guest and intend to launch a magazine in order to present artists work in another context. Funding is also being considered as a way of taking some of the financial pressure off the directors, however they are happy with the level that the project has developed thus far, with the energy and time given by all the artists involved in building up the project.

### **Institute of Contemporary Art Newtown (ICAN)**

ICAN has been up and running since November 2007. The Institute of Contemporary Art Newtown, is the ambitiously and rather tongue-in-cheek titled project of artists Alex Gawronski and Carla Cescon and independent curator and gallerist Scott Donovan. The project was established to address a perceived gap in the Sydney gallery scene. The directors felt that there were no spaces that offered somewhere for established and emerging artists to present work that addressed more critical and conceptual concerns beyond the institutional spaces, Artspace and The Performance Space. They were concerned with how business-orientated the Sydney art scene has become and how this has affected ARIs in Sydney over the past few years. While acknowledging that much of the push toward the commercialisation of artists' practices in Sydney has to do with increasing financial overheads for artists and galleries, they believed that another way was possible. In a relatively cheap, modestly sized shopfront in Wilson Street, Newtown, ICAN shows installation, conceptual and non-objective work from established and emerging artists, who the directors believe might be overlooked within the existing ARI and commercial gallery structures.



ICAN is self-funded by the directors and participating artists and the exhibition program is sourced both via direct invitations to artists to present work or curate shows, and proposals which can be submitted at any time. There is no structured application process and the organisational structure of the project is very loose. With an emphasis on conceptual ideas rather than product, ICAN encourages artists to work with the space. They do not court media attention, and the project is largely promoted via word of mouth through the extended network of artists involved with ICAN, the directors' existing networks and new networks developing as a result of the project.

Exhibitions at ICAN have included the work of Australian artists Lisa Kelly, Carla Cescon, Alex Gawronski, Shane Haseman, Ronnie van Hout, Paul Saint, Anne Kay, Robert Pulie, Debra Phillips and Philipa Veitch. Notable group shows have included *Green Screen*, an exhibition of contemporary video art from Ireland curated by Australian video-artist Kate Murphy and *The Most Meaningful Art of Our Time/What Goes Around Comes Around*, a local response to the Biennale of Sydney 2008, which included artists Simon Barney, Michelle Hanlin, Julian Dashper and Pipilotti Rist.

Above: Will French, *Wheel of Misfortune*, 2008, Steel, Wood, BMX cogs, Motorcycle gears and Acrylic paint (installation view), Locksmith, Alexandria. Photo: Lauren Brincat.  
Facing page: Alex Gawronski, *Marriage*, gallery installation, 2008, Institute for Contemporary Art Newtown. Photo: the artist.



The existence of ICAN and Locksmith is evidence that money and real-estate are not the only things that make artist-run projects flourish. In fact, it is artists' time and dedication that are artist-run projects' biggest resource. In towns like Sydney, Vienna and Berlin, artists are constantly finding creative ways to establish meaningful contexts for themselves. Being temporal in nature, artists' project spaces are places in which we, as artists, can flourish outside of commercial and institutional interests and live out our 'artist's life'.

**Bell Street Project Space**

Glockengasse 22, 1020 Vienna  
[www.bellstreet.net](http://www.bellstreet.net)

**Cluster**

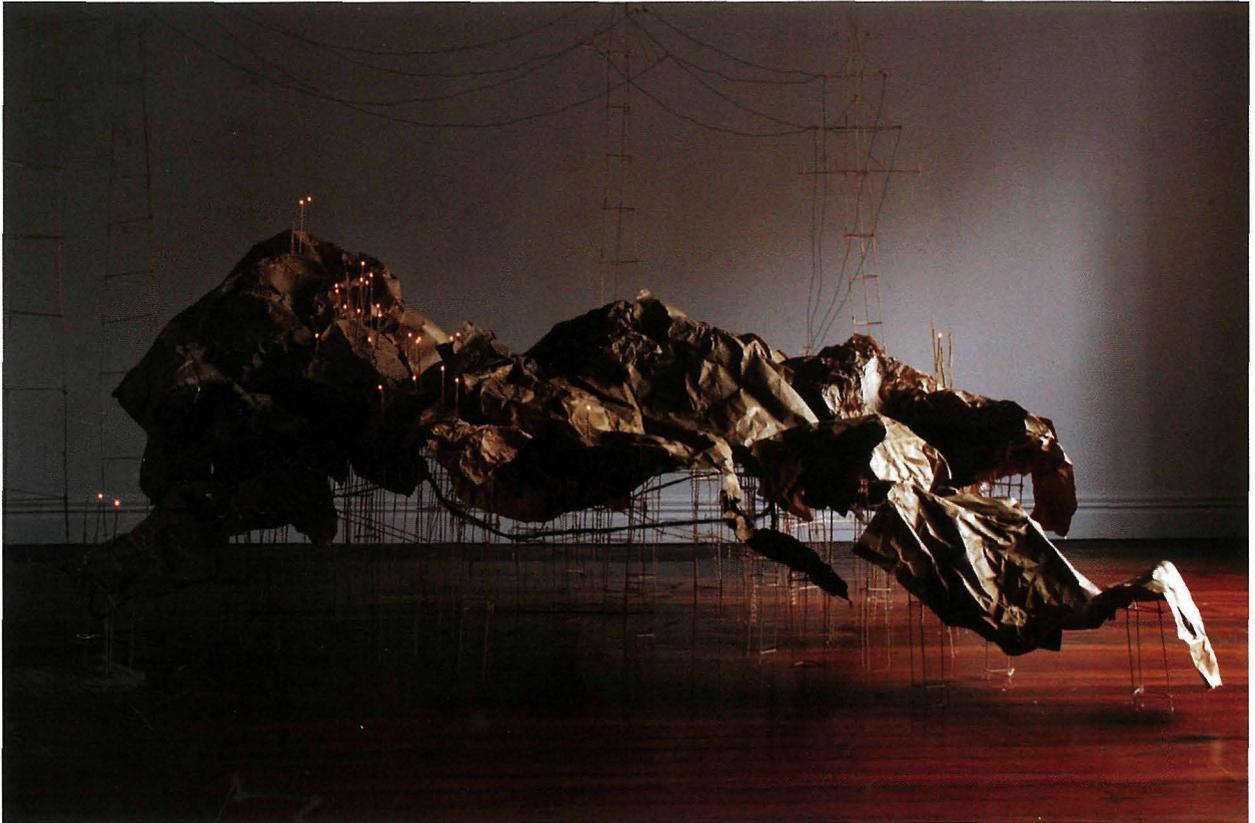
OsramHöfe, Oudenarder Straße 16-20, D-13347 Berlin  
[www.cluster-berlin.de](http://www.cluster-berlin.de)

**Locksmith**

6 Botany Rd, Alexandria 2015  
[www.locksmithprojectspace.com](http://www.locksmithprojectspace.com)

**Institute of Contemporary Art Newtown**

191 Wilson St, Newtown, 2042  
[www.icanart.wordpress.com](http://www.icanart.wordpress.com)



## Distant Relay

KATE MONTGOMERY interviews JOANNA LANGFORD

Kiwi artist Joanna Langford graduated from Wintec in Hamilton with a BFA, before basing herself in Christchurch for her MFA at the University of Canterbury's School of Fine Arts in 2005. Since graduating she has spent time in Christchurch, Wanaka, Wellington and Wanganui in New Zealand and in 2007 undertook a residency in Arbroath, Scotland in a centuries old castle on the Scottish coast. Enroute to another residency, this time in Iceland we caught up to discuss some of her recent shows and what may lie ahead in Iceland in the coming days.

**Kate Montgomery: Now that I've tracked you down, where are you staying while you're in London?**

Joanna Langford: Right now I'm staying at The Royal Overseas League's hotel in Picadilly. They're the organization that runs the residency that I went on last year. They're based in London but organise and fund the residency program at Hospitalfield House in Arbroath, Scotland.

**KM: And now you're back in London to present an exhibition of work that came out of that period?**

JL: Yeah, we had the opening last night at the OXO Tower Gallery on the South Bank which is in a great spot and is a really nice gallery.

**KM: So what's your work like for the show and how did it develop out of your time in Scotland?**

JL: When I was up there I was photographing the castle and the environment that we were living in. I then made a little animation out of the images of the staircase. The animation is of a staircase that's exaggerated, winding up, with little lights that go on and off, implying a sense of something's movement up the stairs.

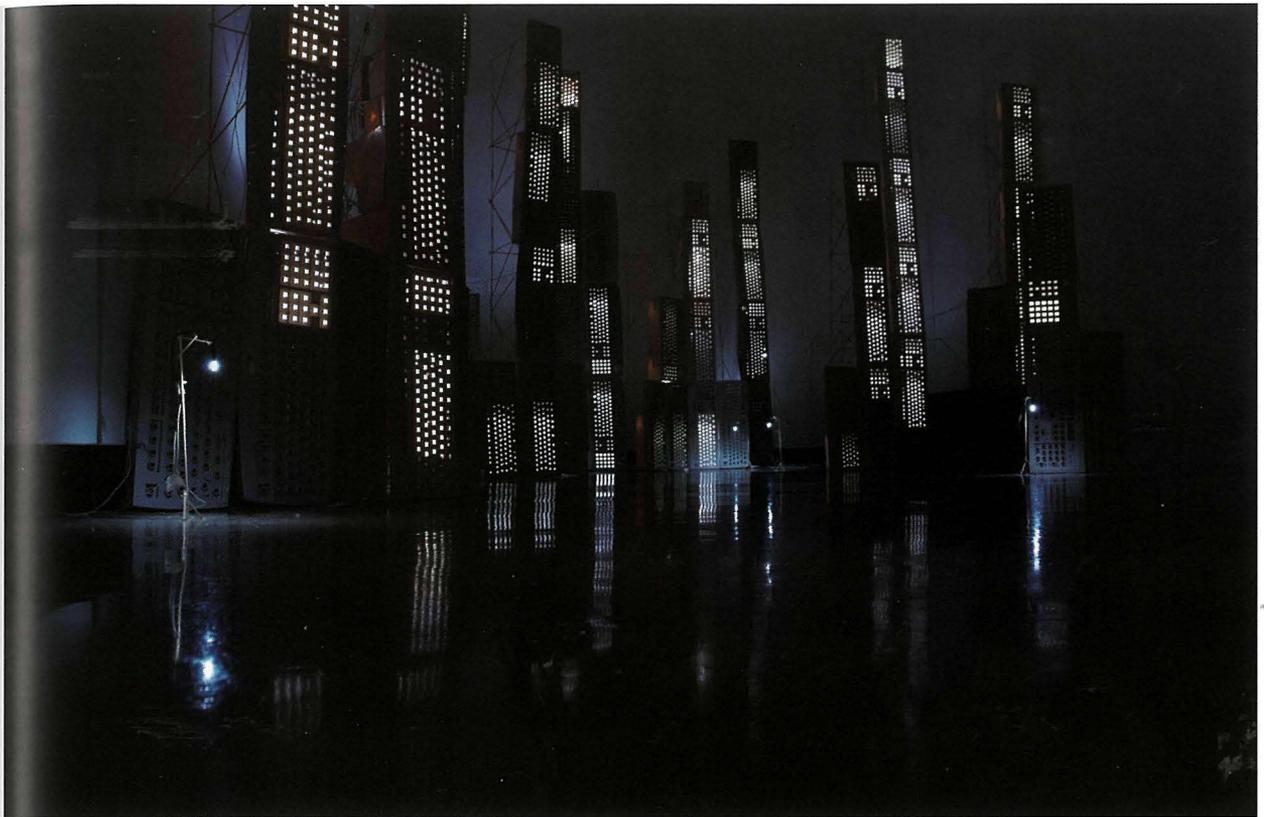
**KM: What spurred you on to begin working with animation and moving image?**

JL: I enjoy adapting my practice to the confines of the conditions that I'm living and working in. I usually make quite big immovable stuff but because we were at Hospitalfield for only one month I thought it would be practical to make a virtual installation through animation instead. This way I could collect imagery and explore ideas, yet have it compact and transportable on the computer.

For this exhibition, I then made a sculpture derived from the animation. The work is made from computer keys glued together to form stairs with red ribbon used as carpet runners, and the

Above: Joanna Langford, *Brave Days* (installation view), 2008, brown paper bags, bamboo skewers, 12volt lights, electrical component. Photo: Mia McDonald.

Facing page: Joanna Langford, *Beautiful and the Damned* (detail), 2008, Computer keyboards, bamboo skewers, 12volt LED's, electrical component. Photo: Mark Marriot



hanging chandelier lights are made out of the little plastic bits that ordinarily function as key returners. So there's hanging down, winding up and then a fanned formation on the ground with the little clocks that tick around with flowerish, foliage-like material attached, which are made out of the little key returners as well.

**KM: In terms of your approach to a residency, do you intentionally look for things that you can respond to in terms of location and place, or do you go in with some ideas that you're interested in stretching out to fit the occasion?**

JL: I think that with The Royal Overseas League and my time in Scotland I just wanted to go there and try not to have too many preconceived ideas. I just wanted to see what came out of it; so all the information came directly from the site.

**KM: It sounds like the physical environment strongly influenced the formal qualities of the work that you've now presented in London but has the specific history of the castle and its location also fed or influenced your process in working towards the show?**

JL: I think the research I do is quite superficial in that I'm not often interested in digging around and finding out solid factual histories. However, I love listening to stories people tell about a place, personal experiences or passed on urban legends. The gardeners at Hospitalfield certainly had some great tales of 'The Blue Lady' roaming the house and ghosts on the stairs, which definitely had an effect on the outcome of the work.

**KM: What's the set up for the residency in Iceland?**

JL: The residency is supported by an organisation called SÍM (which stands for The Association of Icelandic Visual Artists) and I'll be there for one month. I'm not really sure that I'm approaching things the same way as I did with Scotland. I guess I'm going there with the feeling that it's going to be interesting in terms of the landscape but obviously I'm not sure what's going to come out of it yet.

**KM: You've had a number of residencies now, which would you say has been the most fruitful?**

JL: I was really pleased with the outcome of the residency at The Sargeant Gallery, Wanganui, especially in terms of the time that I had to work on the project. I had a six month residency which was heaps of time to think about it and the residency cottage is right next door to the gallery which meant that I could spend lots of time popping into the space where I was going to install the work. As a result, the work became more site specific to that region as well, because I had that time. I made all the bits and pieces over the six months, and then worked to design and install everything in situ over the three week installation period which was awesome.

**KM: It's such an amazing architectural space to enter into and lots of artists wouldn't necessarily have a practice that could really tackle the space or deal so tactfully with the lightness of its amazing vaulted ceiling. But from the documentation I've**



**seen of the project, your work was beautifully weighted in its approach. Did the work drift out any further into the other spaces of the gallery?**

JL: No it didn't, the stairs started at the centre of the room and then the stairs went up and out around the dome.

**KM: So how did the region influence the work's site specificity?**

JL: Because I had that time, I went around taking photos of motifs in the landscape that interested me, like towers, stadium lights in the inner city, the stairs up to the gallery and the long ones that lead up Durey Hill. I then made a series of collages, and those motifs ended up in the work. The work is a real mixture of things I was already interested in and some of the things that were evident within the local environment there.

**KM: The collage technique that you're working with now must be really useful in terms of being able to connect the material you're documenting and manipulating with other places or ideas. When did you start working with these processes as an integral part of your practice?**

JL: When I made *Out of Erewhon* (2006) for the Christchurch Art Gallery exhibition, I made some little collaged dioramas out of photographs of a large sculptural work I had previously made

for a solo show at Jonathan Smart Gallery. That was the first time that I started to pull and combine motifs to help develop the work through flattening and repositioning elements of pre-existing works.

**KM: I guess it can give some of your constructions a second life and serve to build up more of the narrative potential of your works as they reappear, in other places, in another form or as the scale changes. I'm interested to hear a bit more about how you feel scale functions in your work, because so many of the beautiful, little elements that appear in your work seem to escalate into beautifully crafted, massive installations. Yet, you're still very dedicated to notions of the small, subtle and the delicate in amongst even the largest and most adventurous of your constructions.**

JL: In recent work there is a tension between the monumental expanse of the work and the fragile constructions. I think the twisting of scale helps to create illusions of spaces and scenarios that the viewer can enter into kinesthetically, as well as in their imagination. Often the scale is at once miniature and yet open-ended, and encourages a viewer to 'enter' and 'inhabit' the work like a 3D painting.

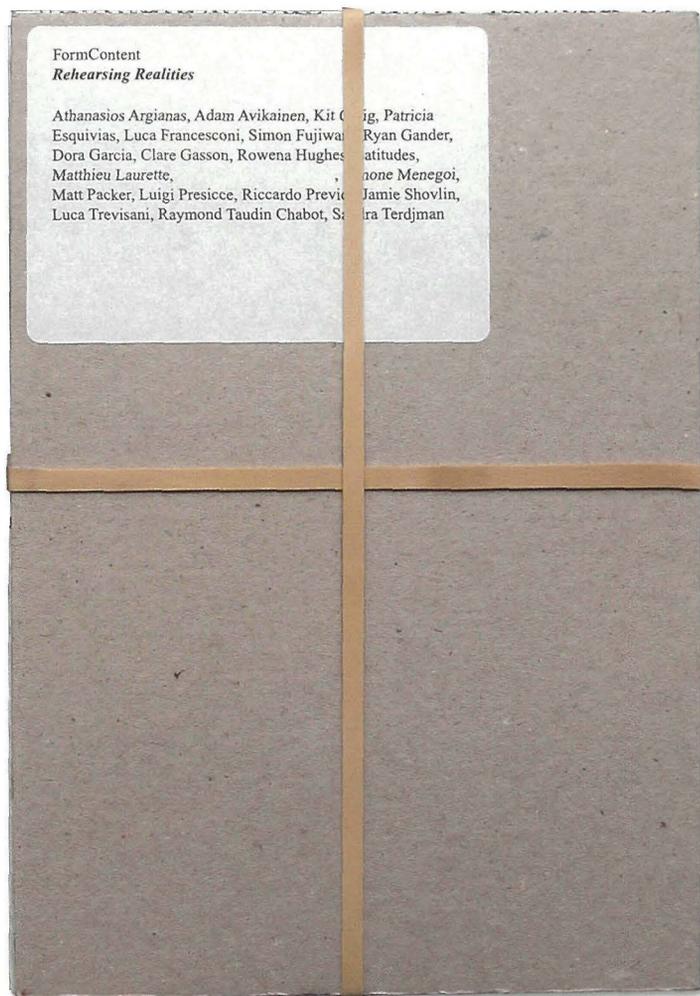
Above: Joanna Langford, *Passing night* (installation detail), 2008, computer keyboard keys and components, 12volt lights, clocks. Photo: the artist.

Facing Page: Joanna Langford, *Down from the nighlands* (installation detail), 2007, recycled plastic shopping bags, bamboo skewers, 12volt lights. Photo: Richard Wotton.



# Rehearsing Realities

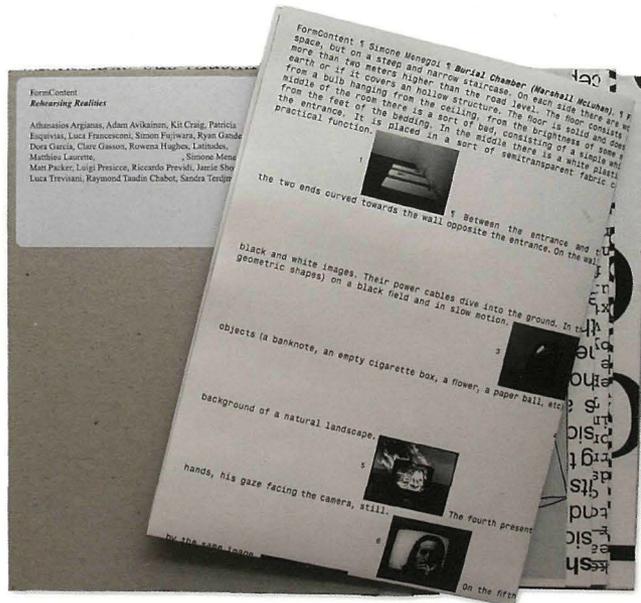
MEGAN ROBSON



FormContent  
*Rehearsing Realities*

Athanasios Argianas, Adam Avikainen, Kit O'Neil, Patricia Esquivias, Luca Francesconi, Simon Fujiwara, Ryan Gander, Dora Garcia, Clare Gasson, Rowena Hughes, Attitudes, Mathieu Laurette, Francesco Menegoi, Matt Packer, Luigi Presicce, Riccardo Prevedello, Jamie Shovlin, Luca Trevisani, Raymond Taudin Chabot, Sandra Terdjman





Superficially, *Rehearsing Realities* adheres to the established norms of any 'real' exhibition. In fact, it is the very precipices that surround the project that authenticate *Rehearsing Realities* as an exhibition in the same manner the viewer recognises a physically real exhibition. Such structures also convey to the audience the curatorial authorship of the project; the presentation of *Rehearsing Realities* is recognisable as being auspiced by FormContent. For example, while the gallery placed no restriction on the type of exhibition that could be proposed, the exhibition proposals in *Rehearsing Realities* are presented in the recognisable style of the gallery's press publications—a black and white print on A3 recycled paper in a format described as 'somewhere between a press release, a poster, a document and an invitation'.<sup>2</sup> The presentation of the proposal for a fictional exhibition within a structure that is indistinguishable from FormContent's communication of actual events blurs the boundary between what is real and what is imaginary. By using a language that is identified with the gallery, the proposals presented in *Rehearsing Realities* are perceived to be events taken from FormContent's authentic exhibition program. As such, while the proposed exhibitions will never be realised in a physical form, the circulation of the proposals as artefacts of the gallery's activities provide the fictitious exhibition proposals with the same influence as real exhibitions presented at the venue. As Vermoortel notes 'the question [of] whether [the exhibition proposals in *Rehearsing Realities*] are real or fictional is not important, what matters is that they translate minds onto paper'.<sup>3</sup> It is then inconsequential whether the proposals are actualised, because in publishing the exhibition proposals within a structure that treats the submissions with the same consideration as real exhibitions, the exhibition proposals in *Rehearsing Realities* serve the same purpose for the gallery as a 'real' exhibition would.

In presenting an exhibition within the framework of the fictional, the curator/s defines the project as existing outside the boundaries of the everyday. As such a project that is fictional is neither bound by the social conventions, political boundaries or financial necessities that exist in real life. The elements of make-believe in *Rehearsing Realities* provided FormContent with the ability to give the project's participants the opportunity to present the unimaginable and the impossible.

*Rehearsing Realities* was a concept that was attractive to FormContent in part because of the potential disruptive quality of the project. *Rehearsing Realities* presented an alternative to the traditional exhibition model bringing about a rethinking of the curatorial possibilities that exist outside such conventional representations of art. The project also gave license to the artists to present an exhibition proposal that was not bound by existing conventions. As Vermoortel relays, the gallery 'was particularly intrigued by the idea of an accumulation of imaginary gestures, of alternative histories and creative personal mythologies'.<sup>4</sup>

In *Rehearsing Realities* the make-believe not only offered the means through which ideas that were unable to be explored within a real construct could be publicised, but it also enabled the presentation of exhibitions that would in other (real) circumstances not be shown at the venue. *Rehearsing Realities* brought into question the curatorial aims of FormContent and its relationship to the exhibition model as a tool

Above and facing page: *Rehearsing Realities*, 2008. Edited by FormContent.



for the investigation of curatorial and artistic concepts. In being confronted with a range of exhibitions that re-imagined not only the physical structure of the gallery space but also the activities of the gallery itself, FormContent was forced to compare itself to the representations articulated in the fictitious proposals. The development and publication of *Rehearsing Realities* enabled FormContent to consider 'its own identity' against a multitude of alternative representations of the gallery, and as Vermoortel points out 'at the same time—explore new curatorial boundaries by expanding the project beyond the walls of its physical space'.<sup>5</sup>

*Rehearsing Realities* facilitated an exploration of unlimited possibilities precisely because it was removed from reality. *Rehearsing Realities* allowed FormContent the opportunity to stage an unrestricted project whilst simultaneously highlighting tangible curatorial concerns. In particular it is the representation of the project within structures that authenticated the project as a real event and enabled *Rehearsing Realities* to undertake a critical examination of the exhibition model and the gallery itself.

The employment of make-believe as a curatorial tool offers curators the possibility to work with a liberty that is not available to 'real' exhibitions. For projects that seek to investigate the process and structures enacted in exhibition making, the inclusion of imaginary elements within a project can create a situation through which the hidden can be revealed. In particular it is a construct that enables the curator to examine the exhibition model and its relationship to wider social structures. As such it is through the use of the imaginary that curators are given the freedom to explore the structure and role of the exhibition without restraint.

1. Email conversation with Pieter Vermoortel, Co-Director, FormContent 29/08/2008.

2. *ibid*

3. *ibid*

4. *ibid*

5. *ibid*

MAKE-BELIEVE

# First in Best Dressed

CAMILLE SERISIER











# Collected Fictions: Notes on Notes on the Art and Manner of (Dis)arranging One's Books

TESSA RAPAPORT & KARL LOGGE

1.  
1. 4. *Things which aren't books but are often met with in libraries*  
Photographs in gilded brass frames, small engravings, pen and ink drawings, dried flowers in stemmed glasses, matchbox-holders containing, or not, chemical matches (dangerous), lead soldiers, a photograph of Ernst Renan in his study at the Collège de France, postcards, dolls' eyes, tins, packets of salt, pepper and mustard from Lufthansa, letter-scales, picture hooks, marbles, pipe-cleaners, scale models of vintage cars, multicoloured pebbles and gravel, ex-votos, springs.
2.  
Over the last ten years rather surprising things have come to be called sculptures: narrow corridors with TV monitors at the end; large photographs documenting country hikes; mirrors placed at strange angles in ordinary rooms; temporary lines cut into the floor of the desert.
3.  
The vast foyer space housed a handful of large-scale works that could be called 'live' sculpture: an inflatable dome that is also a cinema; a curving 'whisper room'; a woman giving foot-baths to seated, spotlighted participants in a circle of hand-felted shoes of human hair.
4.  
The strange and beautiful building materials that lay in a tangled heap just near the loading dock.
5.  
What a wonderful building, moving in itself, held up by itself, forming figures, giant wings, canyons, and high mountains ... and suddenly, there: a door so far off that maybe only birds have ever felt that kind of distance.
6.  
Behind these, an altogether quieter construction, consisting (first) of a narrow wooden desk holding a flashing, half-open contraption, from which also emerges a tapping sound and a bundle of red wires strung over a high concrete wall.
7.  
The walls are high ... I go there often, searching for objects that can be found nowhere else: old fashioned, broken, useless, almost incomprehensible.
8.  
Someone is moving around in the next room, coughing, dragging his feet, moving furniture, opening drawers.

9. Racing up a staircase, we saw, from the gallery above, a crowd of grey-haired people with umbrellas examining a gigantic mock-up of the universe..

10. The artists present an ever-changing installation; a working studio environment that they inhabit intermittently throughout the exhibition period.

11. I took in the piece of plush that hid the one-legged table, the shiny upholstery of the only armchair, and the two little threadbare pancake-cushions of Algerian design on the other two chairs. The mantelpiece served as a bookshelf.

12. They sat perched at the edge of room: one intently operating a telegraphic device whilst peering over the wall, the other typing loudly onto a yellowed, uneven spool of paper that also spilt over this wall.

13. In his hand he held a book, which he was reading attentively.

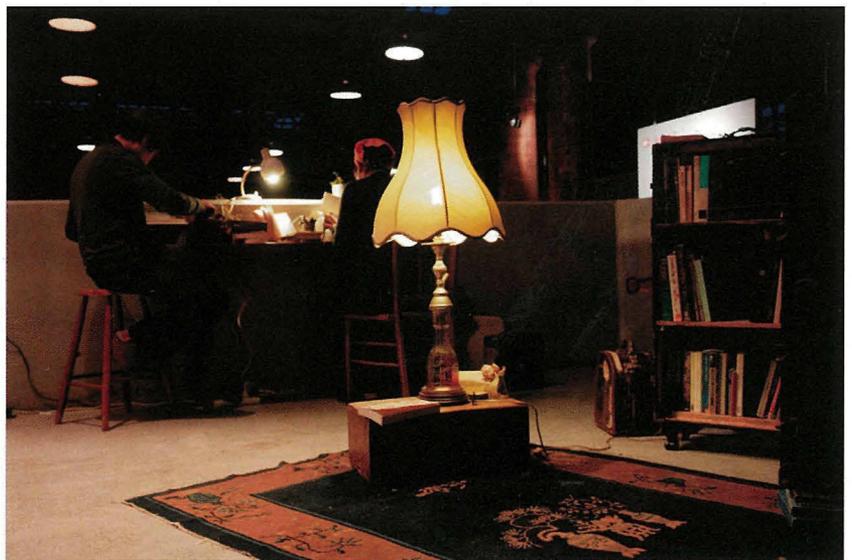
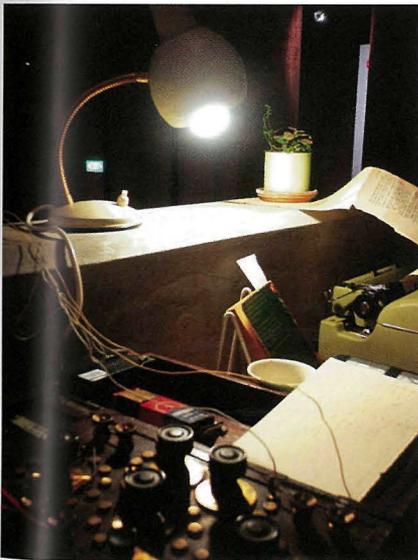
14. In fact, both looked to be transcribing from books held open in front of them. Text in faintly scrawled chalk also appeared on various surfaces both inside and outside the room.

15. The narratives are neat, often grafted from the metafiction or hypertexts of Borges and Calvino, as a kind of dazzling annotation of those writers.

16. Reading these disembodied passages, it becomes evident that the work is playing with (and off) site, engaging in stilted and appropriated conversation with both its immediate location and its broader contextual environment.

17. The narrator, realising that everything is collapsing, rushes from the house to watch it fall under the moat, the reflection eating the original.

18. Like some kind of unhinged research machine, it spits out a recreated textual narrative in response to everything within sight—the contested suburb it finds itself in ('It was from Redfern that so many political marches, for citizenship, for land rights, set out to rallying points in the city'), Sydney's urban history, the industrial relics of this former railyard, the performance events happening nearby, the pneumatic form at the other end of the foyer, and especially that which comprises the installation itself—books, cases, writing, telegraphic communication, sculpture.



## Prologue

in practice, books are most often arranged one beside the other, along a wall or division, on rectilinear supports, parallel with one another, neither too

deep nor too far apart. Books are arranged - usually - standing on end and in such a way that the title printed on the spine of the work can be seen (sometimes) as in bookshop windows, the cover of the book is displayed, but it is unusual, proscribed and nearly always considered shocking to have only the edge of the book on show). PEREC p. 150

He started off going down to Paddy's Markets and the fish markets in the sixties in Sydney, to get fresh fruit and vegies and fish for the families of Eveleigh Street, Redfern. LANGFORD GINIBI p. 158

Her father had more than one suit, and in his work he didn't get covered with oil and coal on his blueys, nor did he carry a leather workbag with his lunch (salmon sandwiches or onion sandwiches), bringing home lumps of coal railway coal to feed the kitchen fire and railway notebooks to feed our craze for writing. FRAME p. 103

It was by this railway, then, that I was employed, living in a wooden shed left standing from the time of the railway's construction, and now serving at the same time as a station. There was only one room, in which a bunk had been set up for me - and a desk for any writing I might have to do. Above it was installed the telegraphic apparatus. KAFKA p. 305

Few people came to the Lost and Found at any time. Sometimes in the mornings they would have a businessman looking for his umbrella or a schoolgirl looking for a lost coat. But few came to collect the great library of treasure that was stacked in its high dusty canyons. Sometimes in the mornings she would simply wander through the great alleyways between the metal shelves and then she would visit her favourite objects: the cases of butterflies that were stacked in the high shelves above the railway goods yards, the old gardening books on top of the ancient gramophone, the strange and beautiful building materials that lay in a tangled heap just near the loading dock. CAREY p. 206

## To MY FATHER

The universe (which others call the Library) is composed of an indefinite and perhaps infinite number of hexagonal galleries, with vast air shafts between, surrounded by very low railings. ... Twenty shelves, five long shelves per side, cover all the sides except two; their height, which is the distance from floor to ceiling, scarcely exceeds that of a normal bookcase. One - of the - ... Also through here passes a spiral stairway, which sinks abysmally and soars upwards to remote distances. In the hallway there is a mirror which faithfully duplicates all appearances. Men usually infer from this mirror that the Library is not infinite (if it really were, why this illusory duplication?); I prefer to dream that its polished surfaces represent and promise the infinite.... Light is provided by some spherical fruit which bear the same of lamps. There are two, transversally placed, in each hexagon. The light they emit is ~~insu~~ insufficient, incessant. BORGES p. 78

working out of a certain set of false assumptions, conceptual confusions and distortions of reality. What is out there is just another average day.

ARMAJANI p. 68

The building of spaces in the city has already been assigned to established disciplines: the vertical is allotted to architecture, the horizontal to landscape architecture, and the network of lines between and through them to engineering. The city has all the design it needs for another category - "public art" - to have a function in the design of city spaces, "art" has to be brought back to one of its root meanings: "cunning". Public art has to squeeze in and fit under and fall over what already exists in the city. Its mode of operation behaviour is to perform operations

- what appear to be unnecessary operations
- upon the built environment: it adds to the vertical, subtracts from the horizontal, multiplies and divides the network on in-between lines. These operations are superfluous, they replicate what's already there and make it proliferate like a disease. The function of public art is to de-design.

ACCONCI p. 30

mute as a turnip from fourth of july to all fools day ...

PLATH p. ?

The buildings of any community are the repository of the life which has taken place there, and its accumulated meanings.

...

The final selection of specific aspects of any given work, as well as the quantity of elements in a work, as well as the is established by the material gathered by the research for that site along with the physical configuration of the architecture - with that in itself having social and cultural implications, not simply formal ones.

...

My use of their words, their thoughts, is to honour the man as I also build something of my own. But, you ask, what are these works which I have built, and why? In fact, how is it even your work, since the words are the words of others?

KOSUTH p. 193

A birthday present

What is this behind this veil, is it ugly, is it beautiful?

When I am quiet at my cooking I am thinking

Measuring the flour, cutting off the surplus, adhering to rules to rules.

I would not mind if it was bones, or a pearl button

...

There would be a birthday ... and the universe slide from my side  
PLATH p. 48

The grasses hush together a greenness. This stolen city means so little. I will write it flawed and beautiful.

LEWIS p. 301

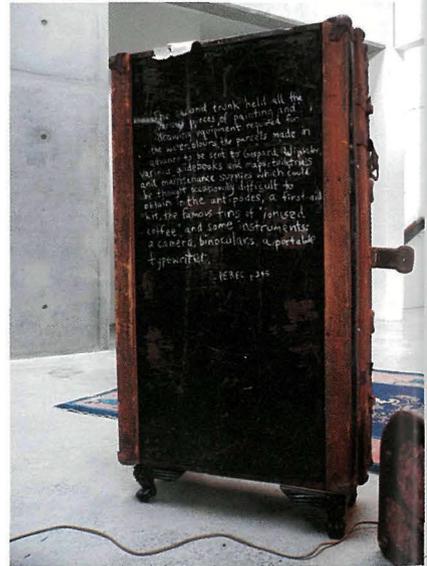
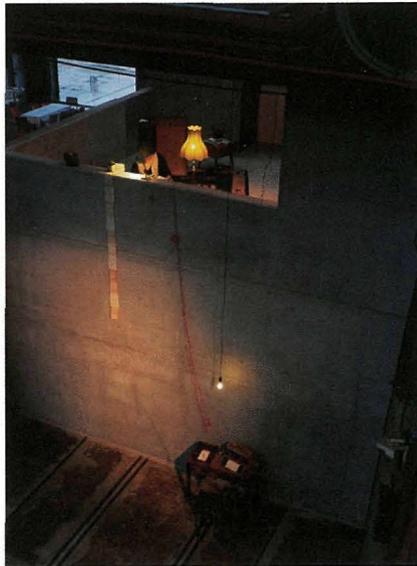
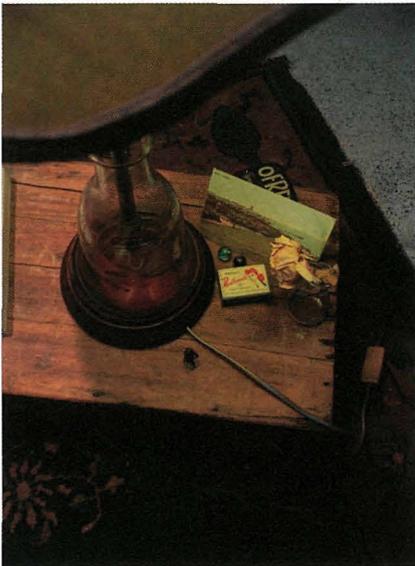
Perhaps it was the Word. Needing no breath of syntax it reached out, imposing domination on the first half of my ordinary Sunday.

...

Celestial timber, silent journey, the universe had been fitted out with shelves on my behalf.

WALLACE-CRABBE p. 82

19. These operations are superfluous, they replicate what's already there and make it proliferate like a disease.
20. The source of these often-fictive fragments is a temporary public reading room housed in a battered traveller's trunk
21. Twenty shelves, five long shelves per side, cover all the sides except two; their height, which is the distance from floor to ceiling, scarcely exceeds that of a normal bookcase. ... Also through here passes a spiral staircase that sinks abysmally and soars upwards to remote distances.
22. A portable library with books left sprawled open mid-chapter; just-finished cups of tea.
23. The questioning of public art needs poetic language.
24. What is public and what is private is not entirely clear in this lichen-like space stretched over and around its smooth concrete wall. Of those that actually discover the reading room, some stop at the top of the staircase and peer in, as though watching a live, silent performance; others settle in on the rug to read their favourite lines aloud.
25. Sometimes in the mornings they would have a businessman looking for his umbrella or a schoolgirl looking for a lost coat.
26. More and more spidery text collects around the walls of the building and on these makeshift introduced objects.
27. It is certainly not an elegiac mood but, rather, one of anticipation.
28. The spool of paper looping down over the wall grows slowly but steadily longer, finally pooling in a heap on the ground beside the desk. I realise they are endpapers and title pages of weathered paperbacks, sliced out and sutured together with masking tape.

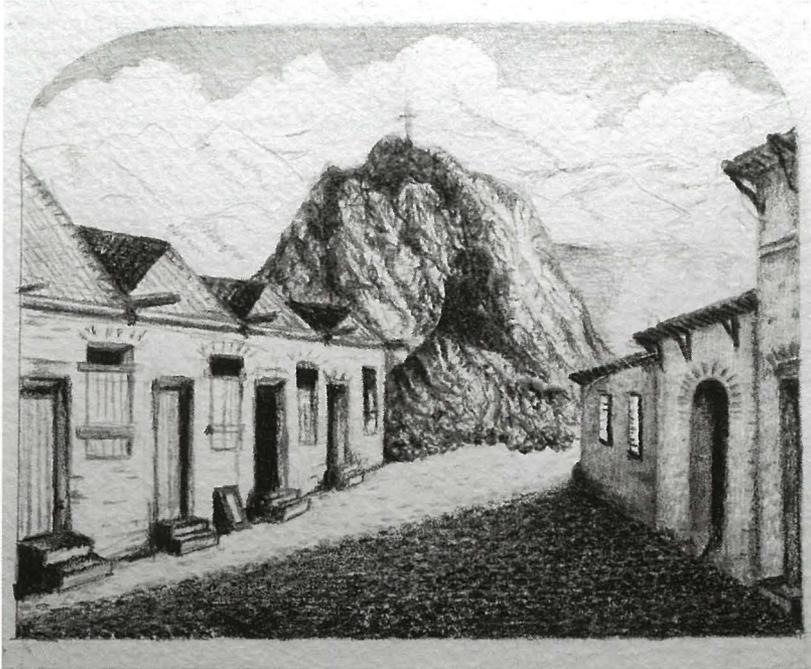


*Notes on the Art and Manner of (Dis)arranging One's Books* was presented by Makeshift as part of the 2008 LiveWorks festival, and is the most recent outcome of the artists' ongoing *Book Case* project. The notes in this text were drawn directly from the installation, which may or may not have included a photograph of Ernst Renan in his study at the Collège de France.

29. To perpetrate acts of violence upon the venerable printed word is regarded by many still today as 'disturbing', even when committed as a means of reinvention.
30. Australians have so little of the built past to remind them of their history. If they go, the opportunity will be lost forever to see and feel a greatness as it existed. History will exist only in books.
31. The book is interrogated as an everyday object and as a repository of authorised knowledge and shared history. If literature is recast back onto real space, dismembered and exploded outwards, will its scattered debris tell us anything new about location, about memory, about the poetics of a place which is real and messy and very much at stake?
32. Collage is like a grid, a promise and a condition of discovery ... It is the will to place oneself in a lineage that takes all of past writing into account. In that way, you bring your personal library to life, you reactivate your literary reserves.
33. And then the masquerade draws to a close. The bald little prompter shuts his book, as the light fades gently. The end, the end.

#### Notes

1. see 'Brief Notes on the Art and Manner of Arranging One's Books' by Georges Perec, in *Species of Spaces and Other Pieces*, pp. 151-152
2. see photocopy of 'Sculpture in the Expanded Field' by Rosalind Krauss, taken from *The Anti-Aesthetic*, p. 32
3. see 'While I was waiting ...' by Gert Khue, in *Live Art*, No. 4, p. 84
4. see 'The Uses of Williamson Wood' by Peter Carey, in *Collected Stories*, p. 206
5. see passages by Rainer Maria Rilke, in 'Public Art and the City' by Siah Armajani, in *Public Art: A Reader*, p. 67
6. see 'Book Case in Flight' by Kate Zettel, in *Metafictions*, p. 29
7. see *Nadja*, by André Breton, p. 46-52
8. see 'A Man Asleep' by Georges Perec, in *Things: A Story of the Sixties with A Man Asleep*, p. 137
9. see 'The Visit to the Museum' by Vladimir Nabakov, in *Collected Stories*, p. 283
10. see 'En Plein Air' by Michaela Gleave, in *Drop down: NSW Artists in the 2008 Next Wave Festival*, p. 2
11. see 'The Kepi' by Colette, in *The Rainy Moon and Other Stories*, p. 186
12. see Zettel, op. cit., p. 31
13. see 'Zadig' by Voltaire, in *Zadig / L'Ingenue*, p. 92
14. see *Art in Unlikely Places* by Gert Khue, p. 60
15. see 'An essay, some quotes, occasional rhizomatic pieces, sideways glances, and a small amount of useful information on Domenico De Clario's *The Universe As Mirror* by George Alexander, in *Artspace Projects 2005*, p. 26
16. see 'Imagining site: a brief exchange' by Kate Zettel, in *Off the Rails*, p. 13
17. see 'Books of Things: Architectural Fictions' by Robert Harbison, in *Eccentric Spaces*, p. 92
18. see Khue, op. cit., p. 88; see also 'Remembering: Aboriginality, public art and urban design' by Catherine De Lorenzo, in *Australian and New Zealand Journal of Art*, Vol 1, No. 2, 'public/non-public', p. 143
19. see 'Leaving Home: Notes on Insertions into the Public' by Vito Acconci, in *Public Art: A Reader*, p. 30
20. see Zettel, op. cit., p. 31
21. see 'The Library of Babel' in *Labyrinths* by Jorge Luis Borges, p. 78
22. see Gleave, op. cit., p. 3
23. see Armajani, op. cit., p. 68
24. see 'The Reading Place' by Gert Khue in *Metafictions*, p. 25
25. see 'The Uses of Williamson Wood' by Peter Carey, in *Collected Stories*, p. 206
26. see 'Under the pavement' by Kate Zettel, in *Works in Progress*, p. 106
27. see 'Unpacking My Library: A Talk about Book Collecting' by Walter Benjamin, in *Illuminations*, p. 59
28. see Zettel, op. cit., p. 30
29. see 'Part 4: Artefacts or Artworks?' by Simon Gregg, in *Artefact: A Melbourne Keepsake*, p. 16
30. see *Australian Outrage* by Donald Gazzard, p. 29
31. see Khue, op. cit., p. 80
32. see *Georges Perec: A Life in Words* by David Bellos, p. 347
33. see *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* by Vladimir Nabakov, p. 173



## A small volcanic mountain at the end of a street at Teneriffe, 1864

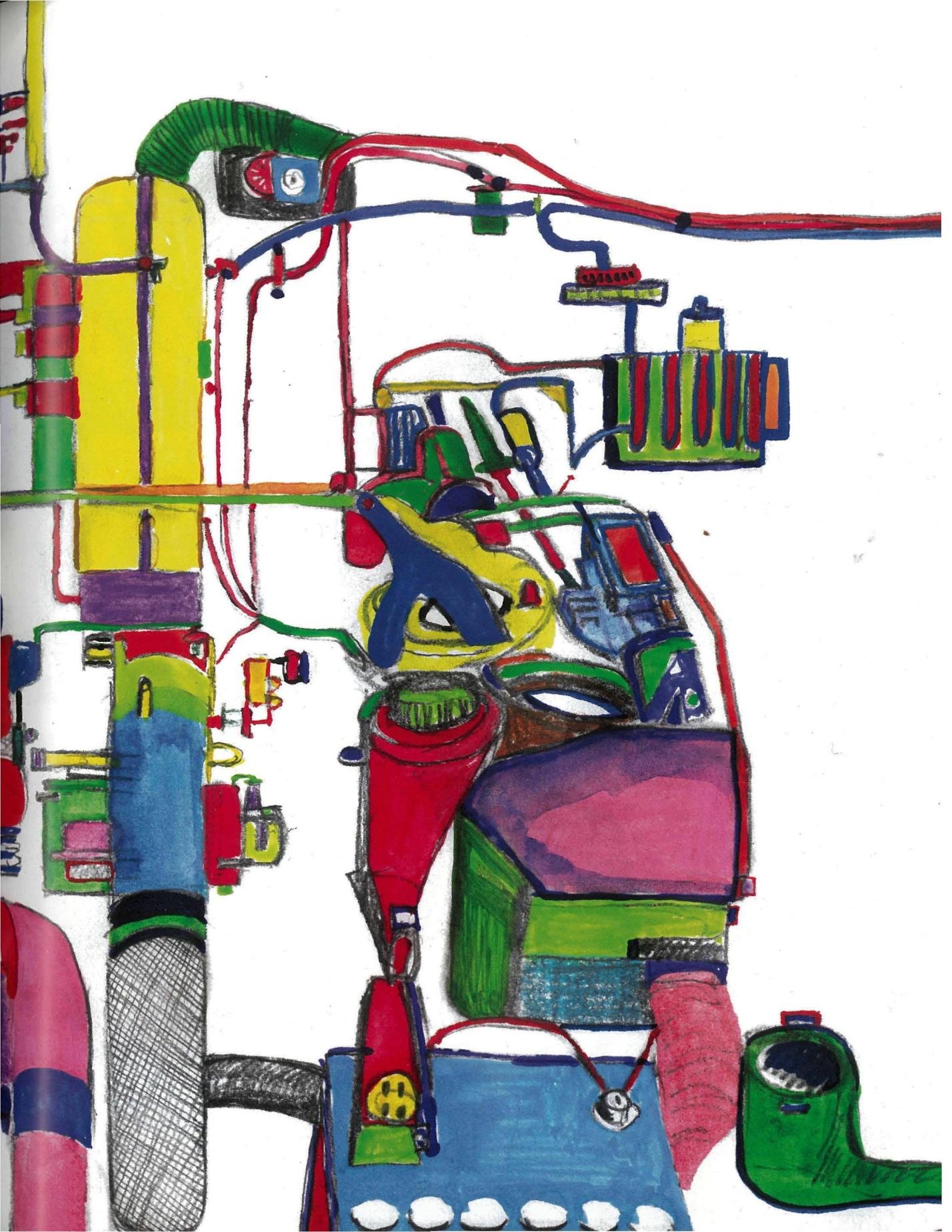
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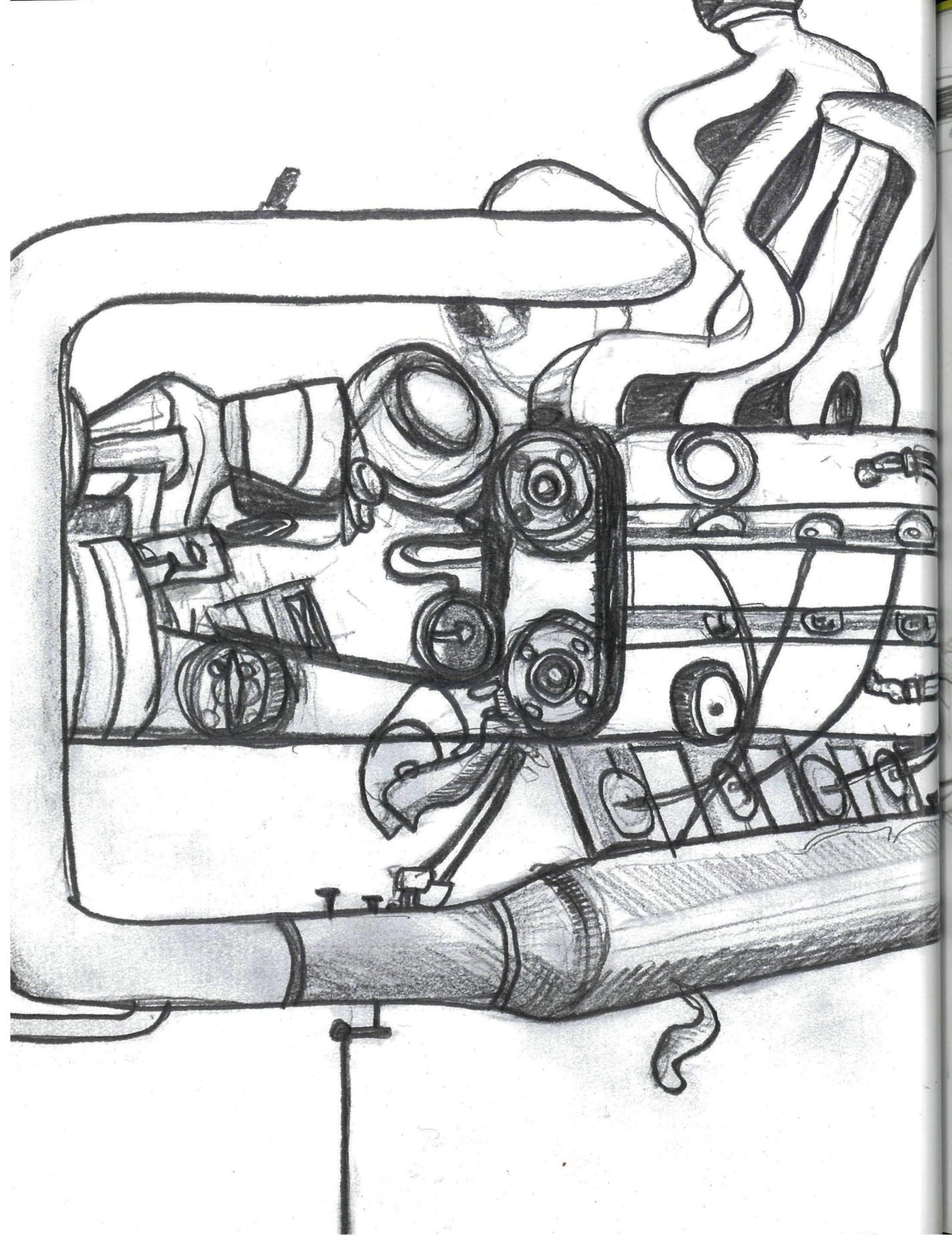


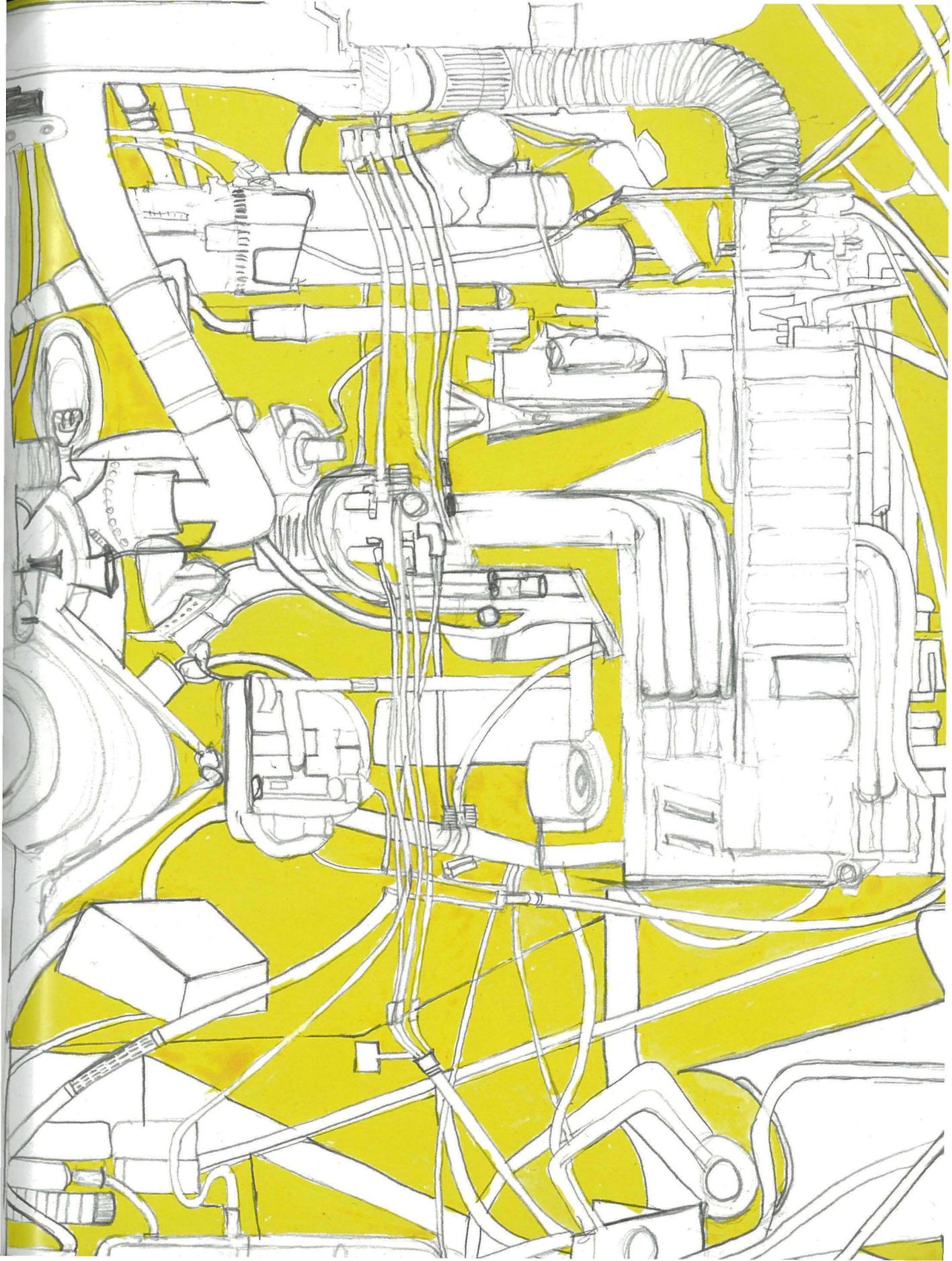
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SARAH GOFFMAN

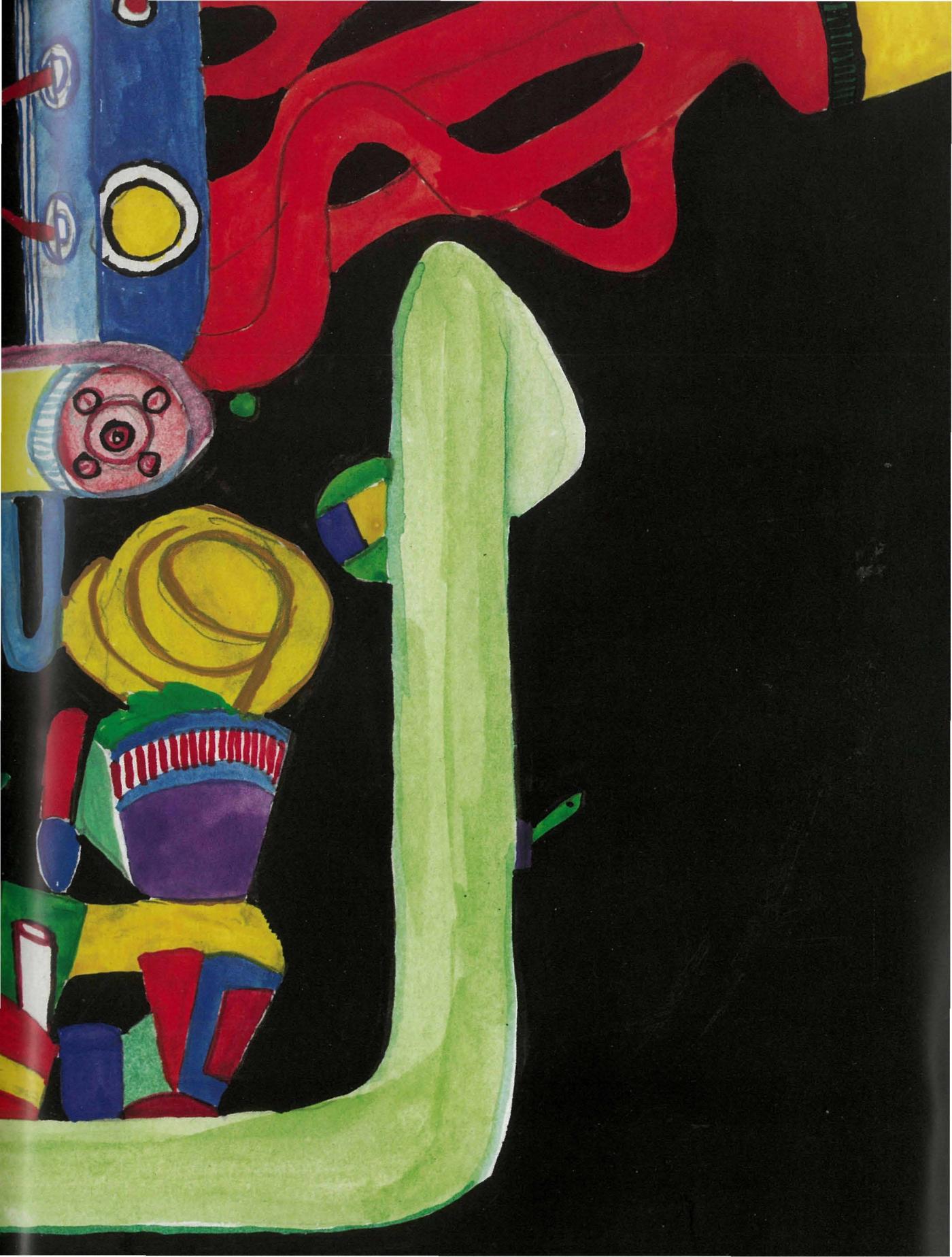










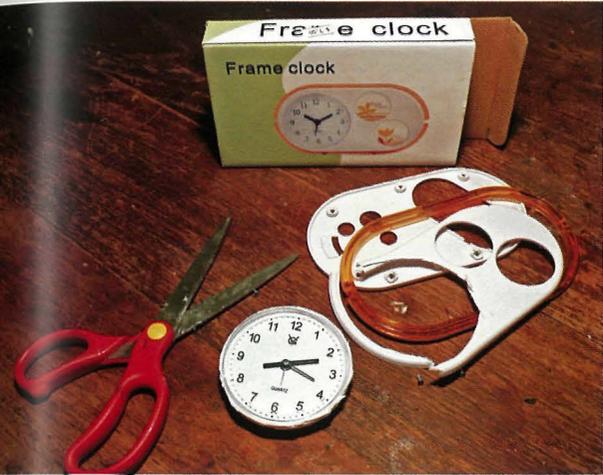


# Fob Watch

SIMON YATES



This is how I made a big pocket watch out of items I bought at a 2 dollar shop. Here is a picture of all the things I bought to make the watch.



I had to cut out the clock face from a battery powered alarm clock.



To make the silver case for the watch, I took the knobs off these silver lids and used wire to attach them with a small hinge. I also beat the lids with a hammer to make them more curved.



The finished project. I used a bike lock chain as the watch chain.



The only time piece for rabbits in a hurry.

# Free-range farmed: Item 00032

KELLY ROBSON





**48 Inch Handle**



**36 Inch Handle**



**24 Inch Handle**



# Yentl; Barbra Streisand I – VI

JONATHAN JAMES



“I’ve been a bit nauseous all day and now I’m sitting here like some new age Los Angeles granny drinking pommegranate soda and ‘California flatbread’ crackers and watching Soviet bloc music videos on youtube.”

Tom, mar ‘08



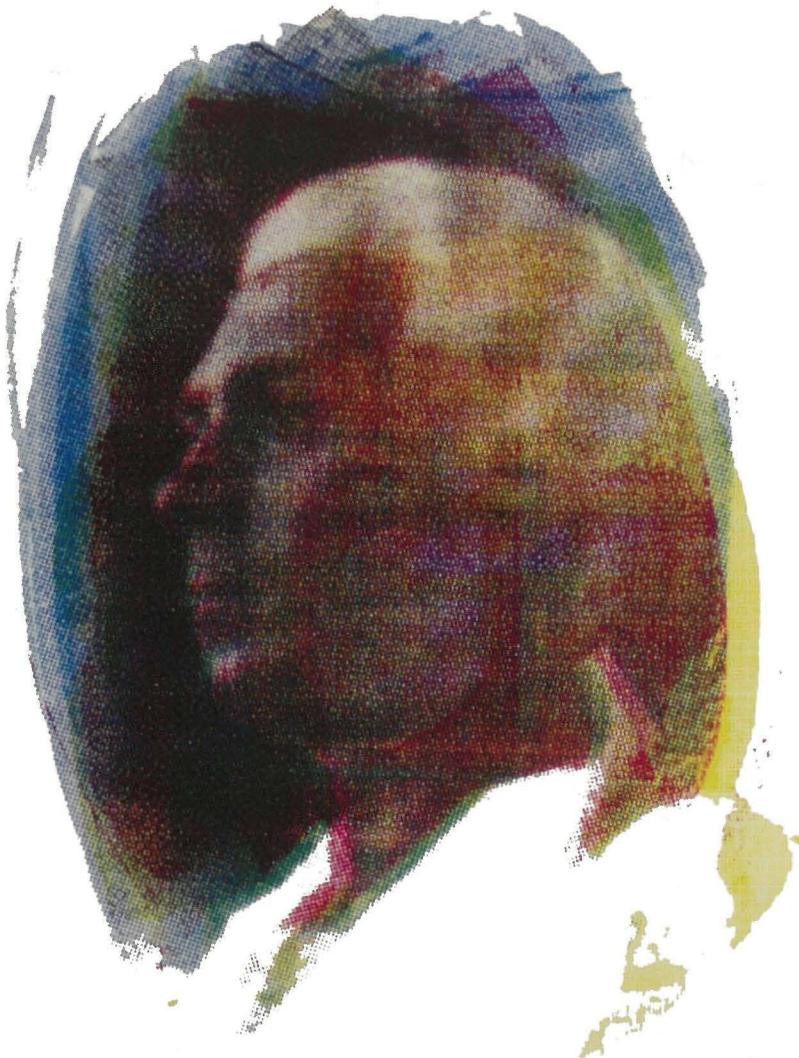
“You’re so very sweet, and I absolutely agree with you about dreams; they’re sort of the mind’s way of defecating, I think. Last nights was me in prison with a pet camel. The safari motif is recurring. Consistency makes stability!”

David, apr ‘08



“I dreamt the other night that I was buying a scarf in Sydney; I don’t know what it means, but it seems like a good sign.”

Adam, Nov ‘06



“I still have the scarf and the necktie you wore to that gender bender party; it’s gotten dramatically chilly here, so perhaps I’ll fling on that scarf tomorrow..”

Sam, Nov ‘06



“I’m thrilled to hear your novel method of getting your kicks, I love that you can mention parents, fruit and semen all in one sentence and make me sexually jealous. Thats quite a knack.”

Toby, Dec ‘07

2



“I have also included my favourite photo of myself for now, fake moustaches being a good balm for the soul I discovered, try it out at home.”

Jack, Dec '07

## *There once were three sisters*

by Sari TM Kivinen

*The eldest sister Jesse-Liina was the family princess with long blonde locks she ruled the roost. Multi-talented she was elevated quickly in the world to pop stardom with her impressive singing career, which she later complimented with her very own clothing label before furthering her popularity as the host of the made for DVD series 'Jesse-Liina's Investigations'. Jesse-Liina always exuded confidence and sophistication and was voted: most likely to succeed; the prettiest; and the most popular.*

*The middle sister Caroliina could never keep up with the magnificent Jesse-Liina, whose extreme popularity caused her to feel immensely insecure. By the age of twenty-five Caroliina developed extreme neurosis, obsessive-compulsive disorder and agoraphobia. She did however keep the household running smoothly, effectively the silver was always spotless.*

*The youngest sister Starella inherited all family dysfunction but little else. She began drinking at the age of twelve after observing the secret habits of Caroliina (hiding in the cupboard with her sherry stash). Starella had no hand to hold and promptly fell through the cracks of every imaginable system in her adult life.*

Jessee-Liina

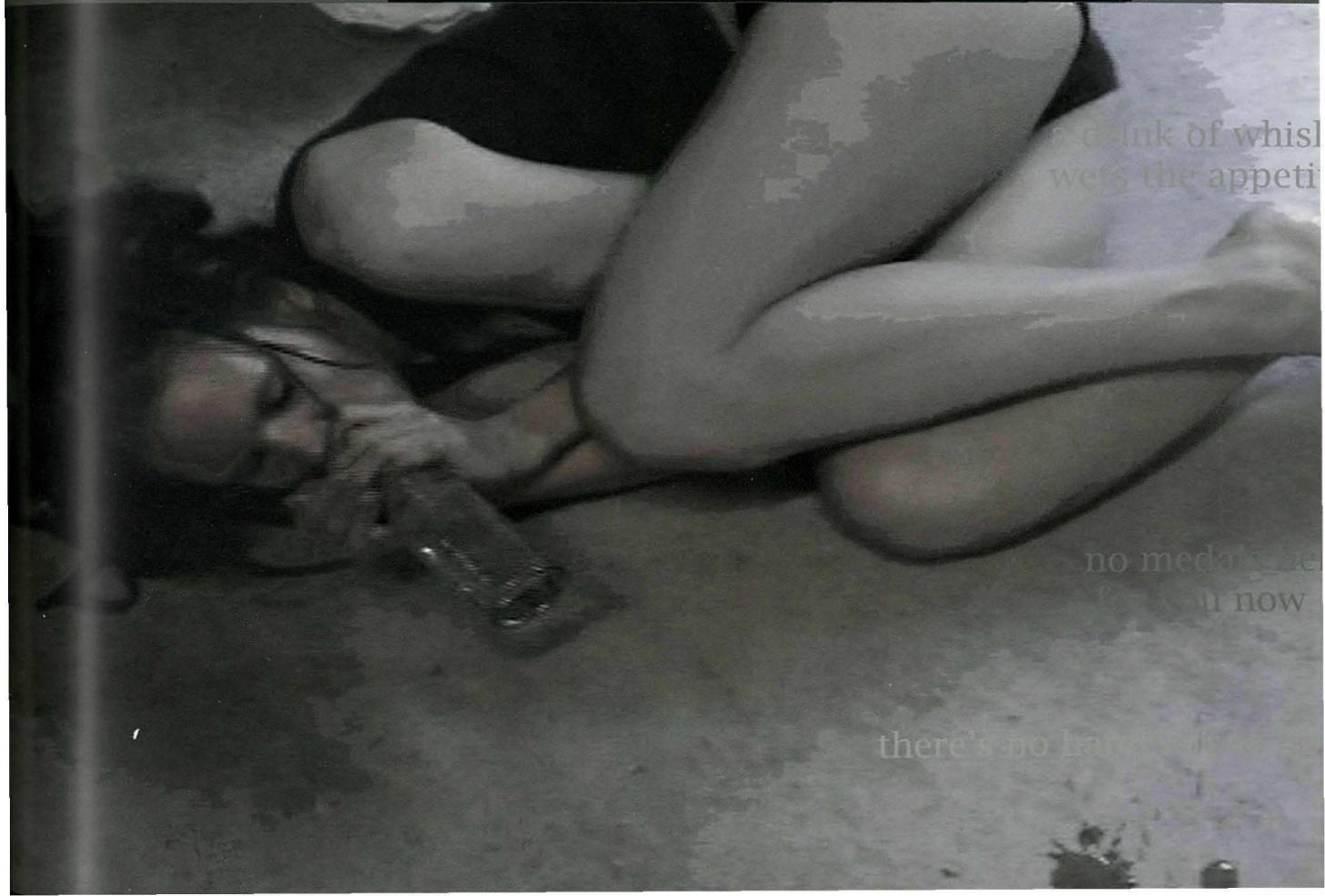


Caroliina



starella

[REDACTED]



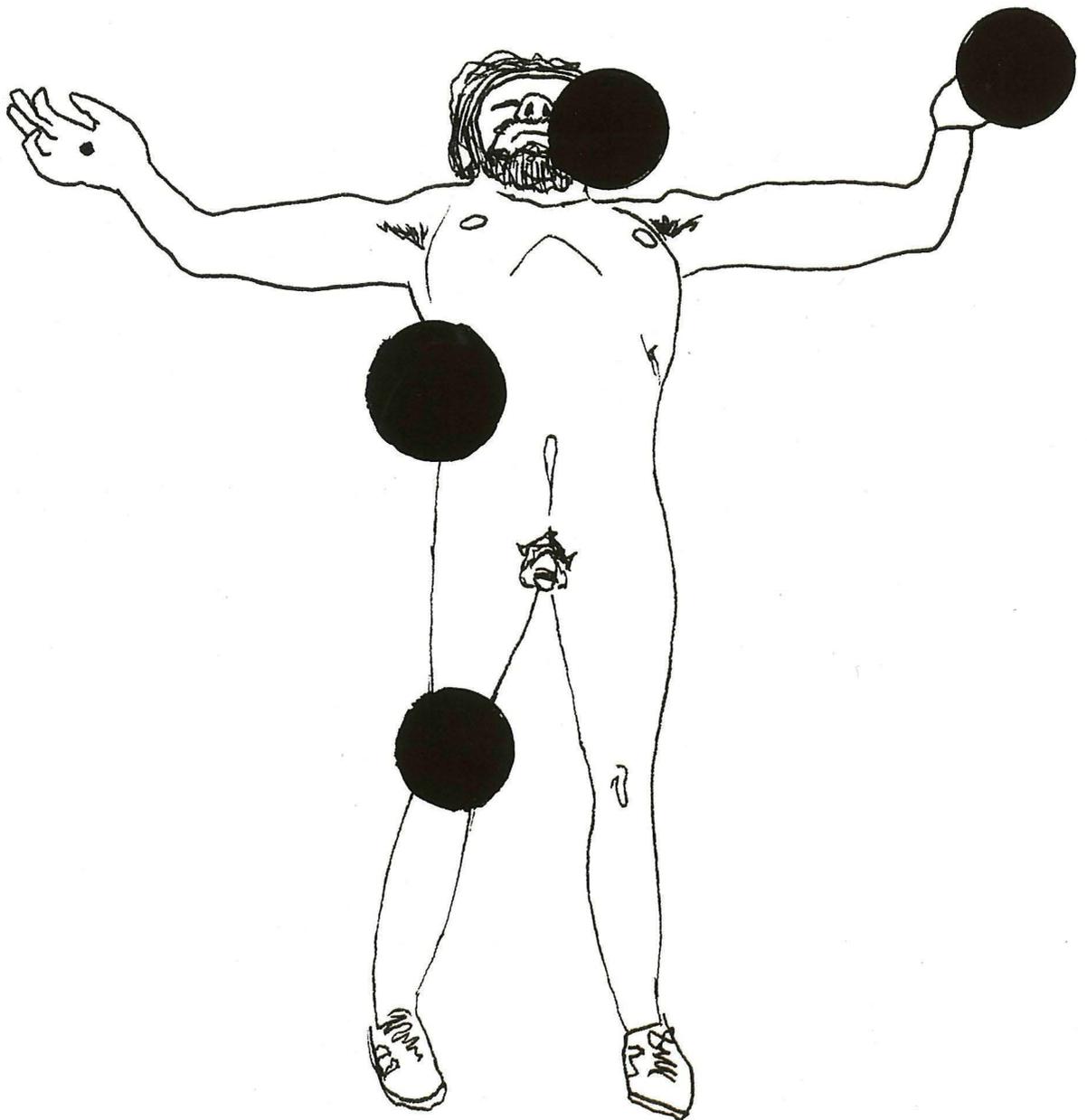
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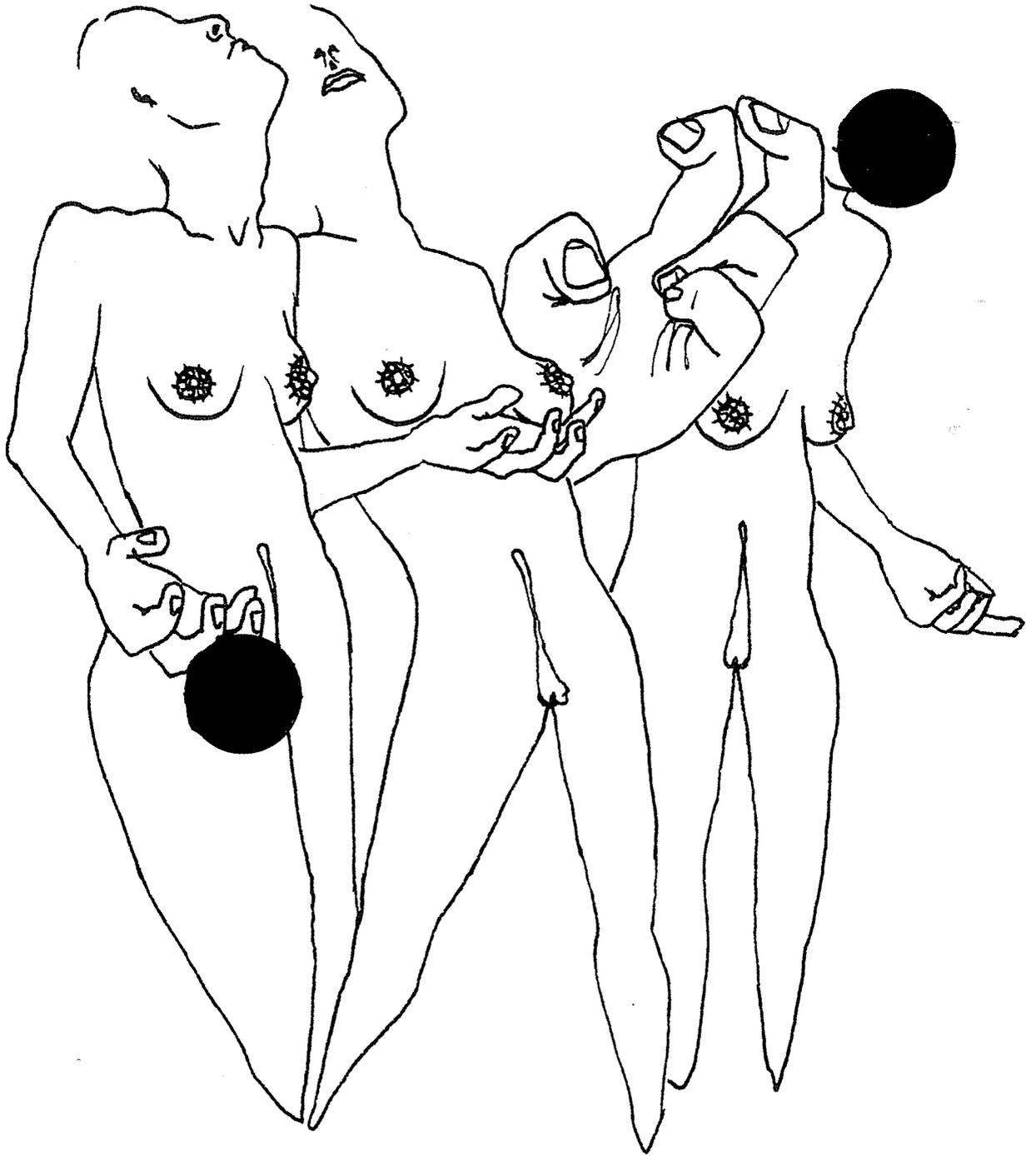
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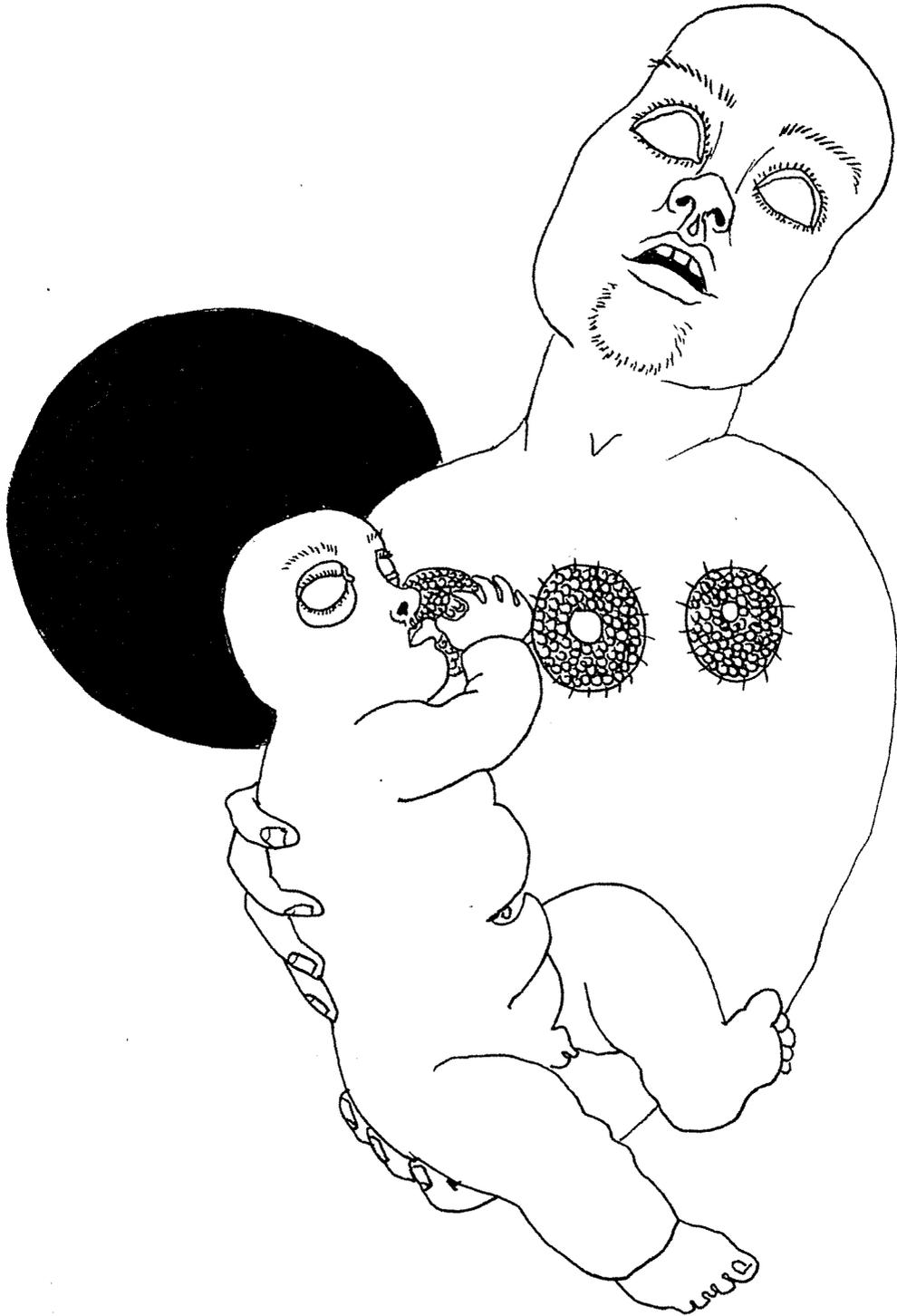
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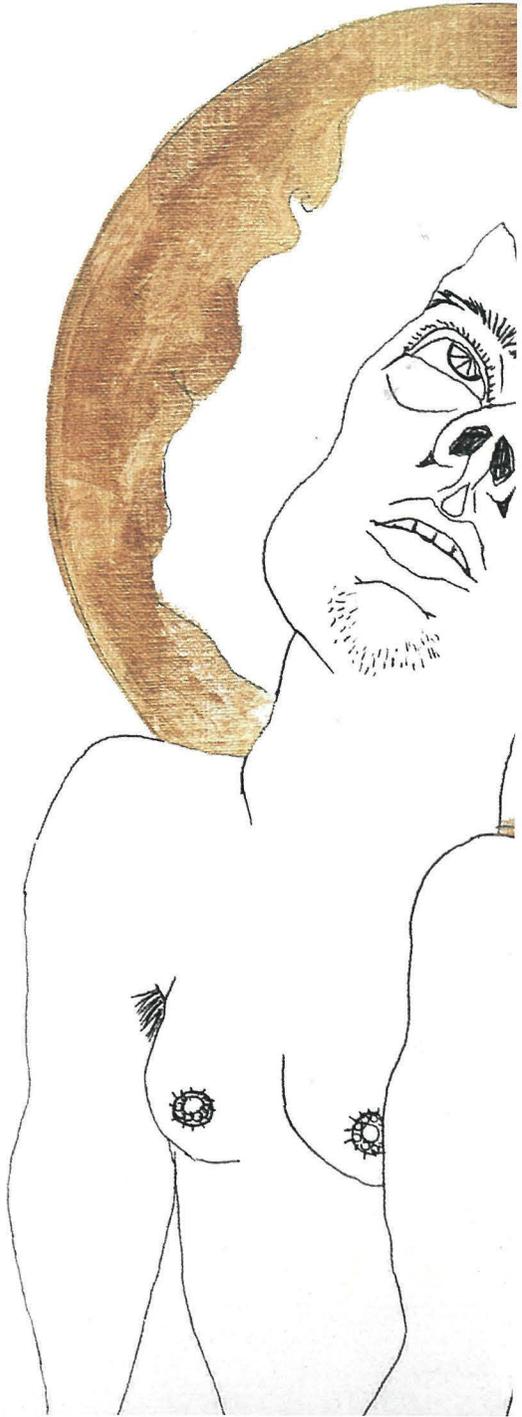
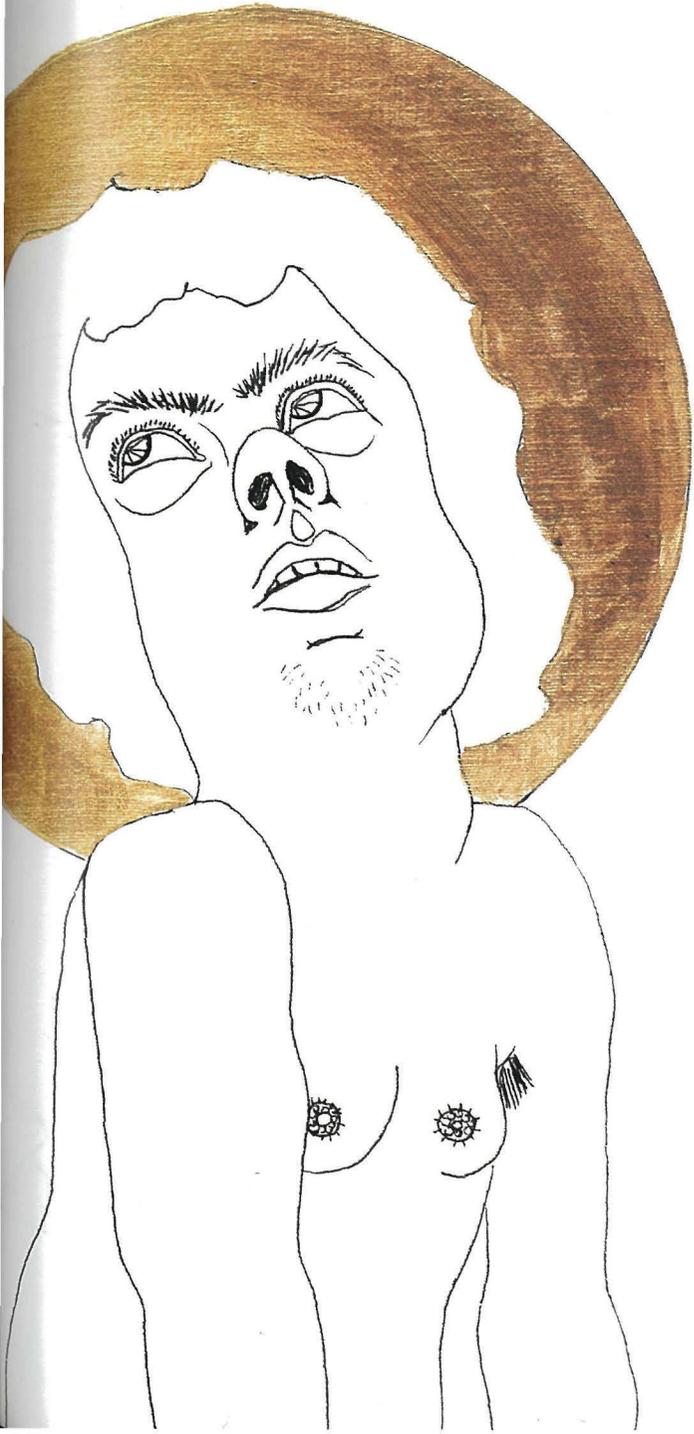
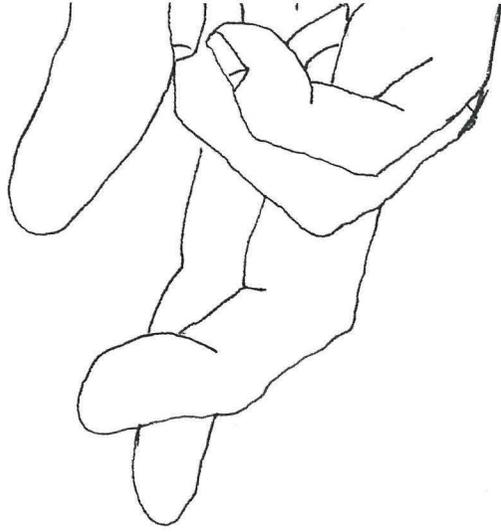
# Doodles

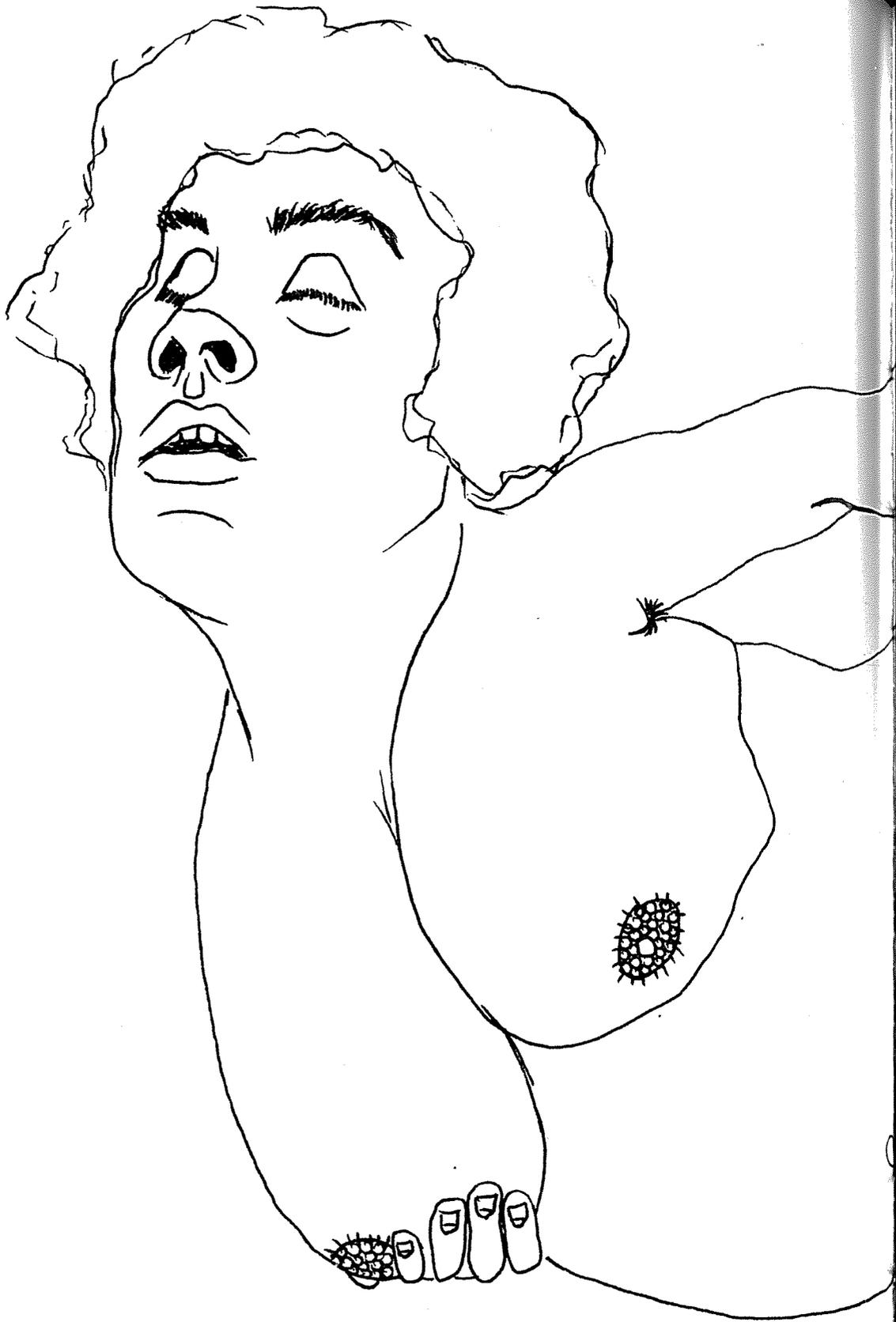
FRAN BARRETT

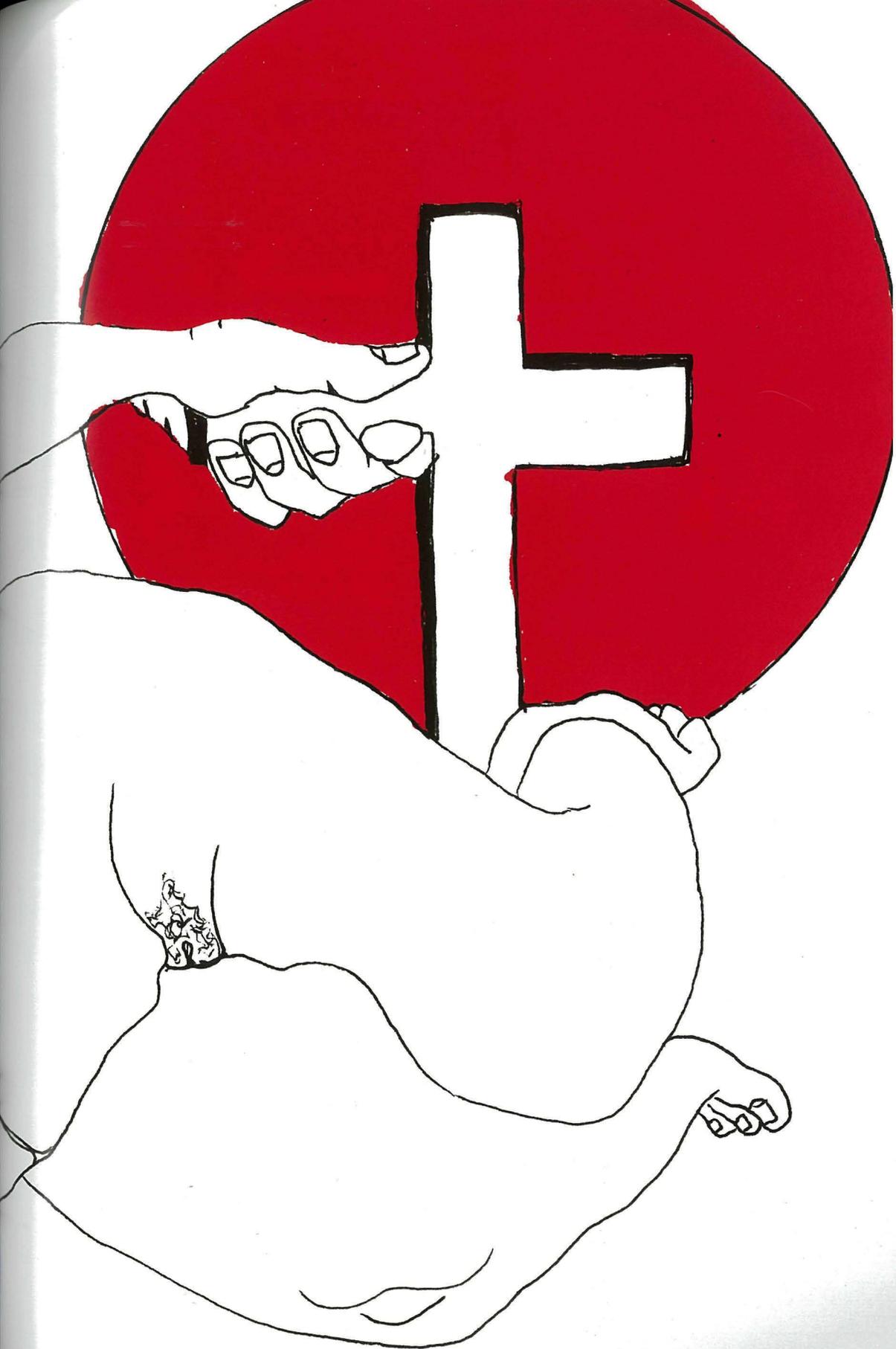




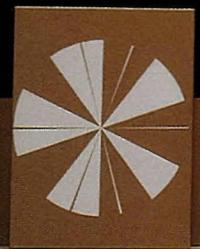








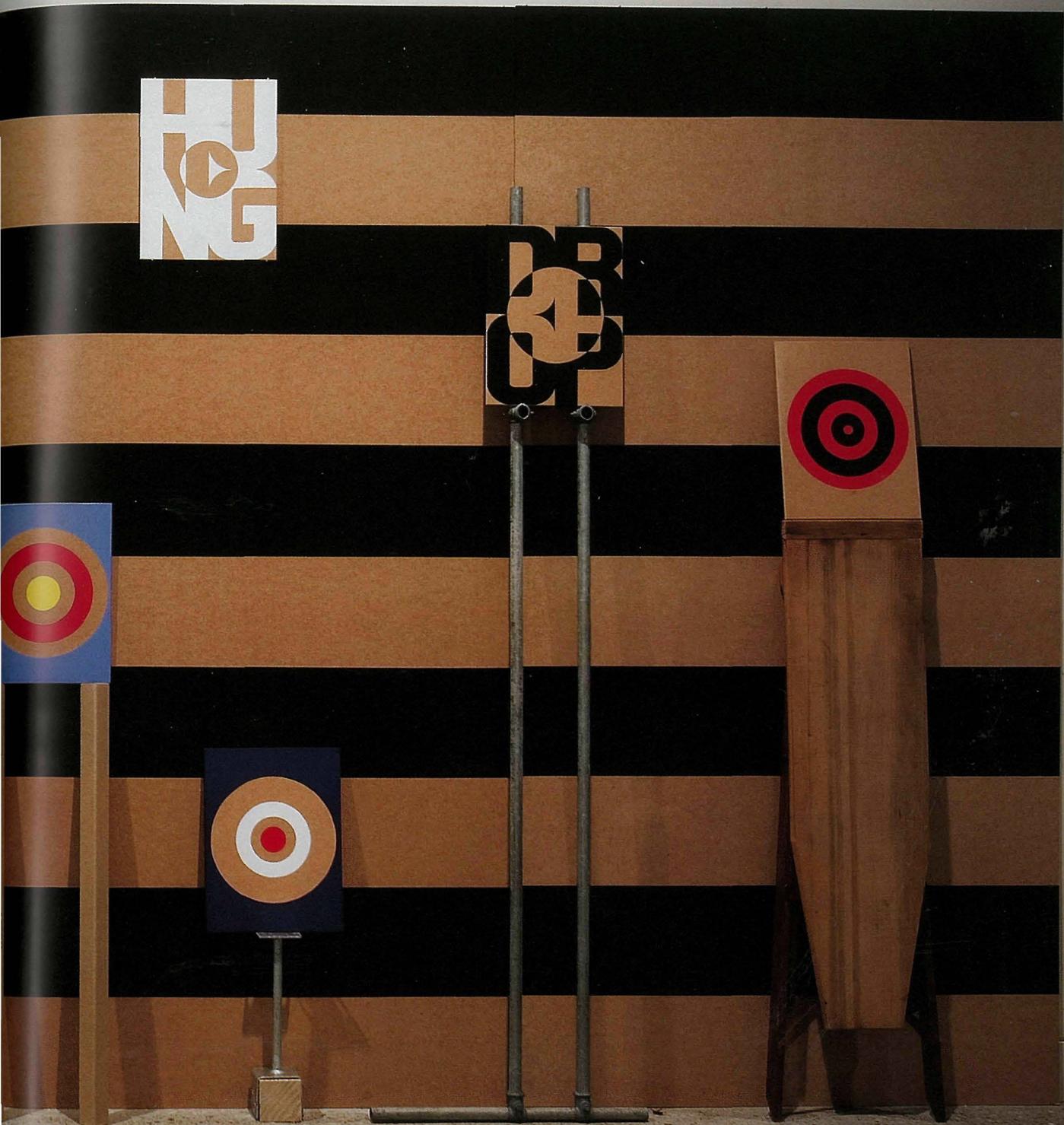
TAM THE SONIA  
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Five Choices of Death

RON ADAMS

REVIEWS



## The Table of Knowledge

SARAH HETHERINGTON

'The table of knowledge doesn't really exist', said the group of powerbrokers who met regularly at 6.30am to talk shop over a coffee at the North Beach kebab shop in Wollongong. Under investigation from the Independent Commission Against Corruption (ICAC), this group of Labor Party councillors: including the town planner, property developers and local businessmen, were asked to step down in early 2008 following public revelations of a sex scandal, the solicitation of cash bribes, trails of political donations from corrupt local key stakeholders, and an inappropriate 'jobs for mates' attitude. The owner of the North Beach kebab shop claims to have been surprised that covert knowledge table meetings were going on at his establishment—for over ten years. 'It's just a table', he said, feigning ignorance.

Using this as a starting point, the Sydney-based artist Christopher Hanrahan explored this idea of knowledge, artifice, reality, emptiness, deceit and disbelief in his solo exhibition, *The Table of Knowledge* at Sarah Cottier Gallery. The table of knowledge is a reflection of ideas, issues and concepts that arise through discussion and the sharing and understanding of information. In the artist's statement, Hanrahan references windows, endowments, holes, displacements, history, time, social conscience and justice.

Hanrahan is known for his installation, sculpture, photographic and material-based practice that explores ideas of self through portraiture, the construction of identity, metaphor and representation. He has recently featured in several exhibitions examining concepts of masculinity, self and anti-heroics, including *ECR* at Performance Space, where he and fellow artist Marley Dawson constructed a small-scale dirt raceway in which to ride dirt-bikes; *Living on Luck* with Nigel Milsom at NAS Gallery; *MAN* at Penrith Regional Gallery; *I am a good boy* at Firstdraft Gallery; and *Looking Out* at Macquarie University Art Gallery.

Usually one sees Hanrahan as the subject in his own work: unshaven, clad in black, adorned with a healthy head of red hair staring intensely at the viewer with bulging, piercing eyes. But not in this instance. Instead, Hanrahan arranged objects, plugged in some extension cords, punctured Perspex, made some collages, and hand-stapled sheets of shiny gold card to the walls of the gallery; all with a classic de-skilled aesthetic, which at the same time demonstrated great panache and self-deprecating humour.

In *The Table of Knowledge*, the gallery was transformed into a kitsch shimmering gold cube: the inside of a chocolate box, or a real still-life tableau where golden, sparkling and seductive light filled the space. The installation comprised low-lying tables upon which were placed

Above: Christopher Hanrahan *The Table of Knowledge (if ever down for MP)* 2008, installation detail.



sparkling glass vases, urns, stacked decanters and jugs, as well as black and gold painted cups, beer and wine bottles and other empty objects illuminated and accentuated by bulbous dim lights. Electrical cords hung down from the back of the tables, clustering together in a jumbled mess on the floor.

Reminiscent of antiquities, Hanrahan's objects took on an anthropological function, appearing as historically significant in a museological context. These faux-crystal objects, clearly lacking in any real value, were cleverly transformed, painted and raised to the status of art by Hanrahan, continuing a process of interrogation by transforming materials and objects which can also be seen in the work of Hany Armanious and Mikala Dwyer. And just like Armanious and Dwyer, Hanrahan's approach is fresh, humorous and dynamic, and the narrative structures within the constructed and seductive environment are open to interpretation.

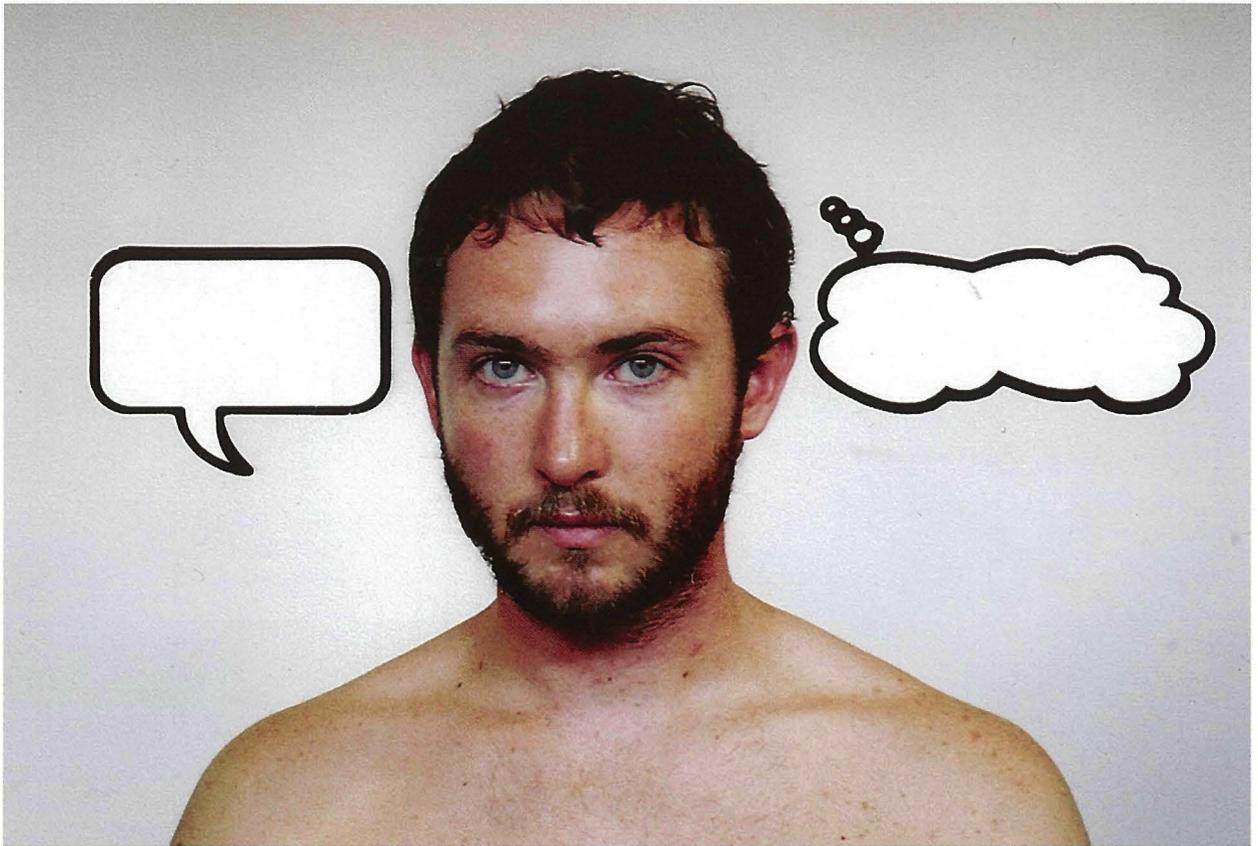
Hung salon-style along a wall of the gallery were fifteen works on paper titled *Irreducible Complexity* and *Our Still Lives* (2007-2008) which explored language, abstract forms and images of dirt mounds, holes, circles and splotches of black ink and graphite. Along the adjacent gallery wall leaned a group of three sheets of black reflective Perspex. These slick black fields, standing over one metre high—titled *New Labour* (*our still lives*), (*you're not so old*) and (*I shall save myself*) (2008)—have been punctured with circular holes, that when read closely form scrawled, back-lit letters that morph into words and phrases such as 'you are not so old as all that' and 'I shall save myself from misfortunes': poignant and witty statements on life, culture and society from great writers such as Thomas Bernhard and Samuel Beckett. As well as references to literature, Hanrahan also pays homage to art history in his still life works on paper and tableau table-top sculptures; collages of floating objects in dark voids are reminiscent of the paintings of Giorgio Morandi or Kevin Lincoln, the unkempt presentation of electrical wiring and use of found objects evokes the de-skilling in art since the readymade, and towering glass forms resemble Constantin Brancusi's *Bird in Space*.

Was the exhibition—like the gold walls—all shiny surface and artifice acting as a distraction? Or is there really something conceptually deeper at play? *The Table of Knowledge* interrogated the pursuit of perfection and emptiness through voids and stillness in a surreal installation of kitsch, luxury and artifice. In the exhibition, language and objects were absurdly, yet appropriately arranged according to form, space and material as a reflection of the artist's interest in aesthetics and process. In Hanrahan's exhibition—just like the Wollongong 'table of knowledge that doesn't exist'—what is real is fake and vice versa, just as what is beautiful is most likely corrupt, and the lines between desire, deceit and dignity are blurred.

Christopher Hanrahan's *The Table of Knowledge* was held at Sarah Cottier Gallery, Sydney from 19 September to 18 October 2008.

Above: Christopher Hanrahan *Irreducible Complexity* (*museum suite*), 2007 enamel, glass, Das, wood, ceramic, plastic, acrylic.  
Facing page: Christopher Hanrahan *New Labour* (*you are not so old*), 2008, acrylic.

YOU ARE  
NOT SO OLD  
AS ALL  
THAT



## SafARI

HARRIET FESQ

The success of *SafARI* relied, in large part, upon its audience: if the event aimed to shine a spotlight on unsigned artists and Artist-Run Initiatives (ARIs), then the visitors needed to be uninitiated—and many were. As a volunteer manning the MOP and China Heights spaces, I witnessed numerous wide-eyed individuals who lurched from work to work, squinting, crouching, and in the case of Luke Thurgate's *Rub One Out* (2008) series, furtively erasing charcoal.

*SafARI* not only refers to the adventure there is to be had throughout ARI-dominated inner Sydney, but also to the journey of these underground, unsung spaces and the art they accommodate. As an unofficial Biennale of Sydney fringe event, *SafARI* exhibits the work of emerging, unrepresented Australian artists across multiple Artist-Run Initiative venues in Sydney during the crucial opening weeks of the Biennale of Sydney.<sup>1</sup> Curator (and co-founder) Lisa Corsi chose artists from a national submission call. This year in its second run, Ron Adams, Liam Benson, Mark Brown, David Capra, Justin Cooper, Timothy Kendall Edser, Jessica Geron, Lucas Grogan, Chris Jones, Saskia Pandji Sakti, and Luke Thurgate were invited to participate.

The sites were selected to 'demonstrate the range and feel of ARIs in Sydney, particularly to newcomers'.<sup>2</sup> The mix certainly covered the more established and curatorially-inclined breed of ARI in the form of MOP, as well as the newer design-fashion-event-art venues of Gaffa and China Heights. China Heights' warehouse space was perhaps the ultimate adventure for the inexperienced. Ron Adams' acrylic on MDF *Little Red Robin Hood Hits the Road (one more revolution)* (2008) and Chris Jones' *Book: not there yet* (2008) series were an antipodean pair; one shouting out from the wall, the other melting into it.

Visitors spent most of their time admiring Cooper's beautiful ceramic chimeras, *Scanning all sides of Heaven (Dinner Conversations)* (2007), but bristled at their placement upon a photographic cyclorama in need of a new coat of paint, and struggled with the low lighting. There was something satisfying about one visitor reluctantly getting down on his knees to examine the glaze more effectively.

Criticisms arising from display practices within an event like *SafARI* are, in fact, part of the appeal. Cooper's pieces may have gleamed a little more in a flashier site but that may have defeated

Above: Liam Benson, *Speechless*, 2008, postcard, assistant: Steven Cook.



the point of the project. As Corsi explains, 'dimensions of both the space and the works, lighting and physical construction provides parameters that are either worked with or against.'<sup>3</sup> The slightly desultory feel of the space effectively conjures up what *SafARI* is about: exposing the less-salubrious, make-do realm of emerging art and emerging art spaces. The residual evidence of China Heights' alternative guise as a photographic studio serves to highlight this further.

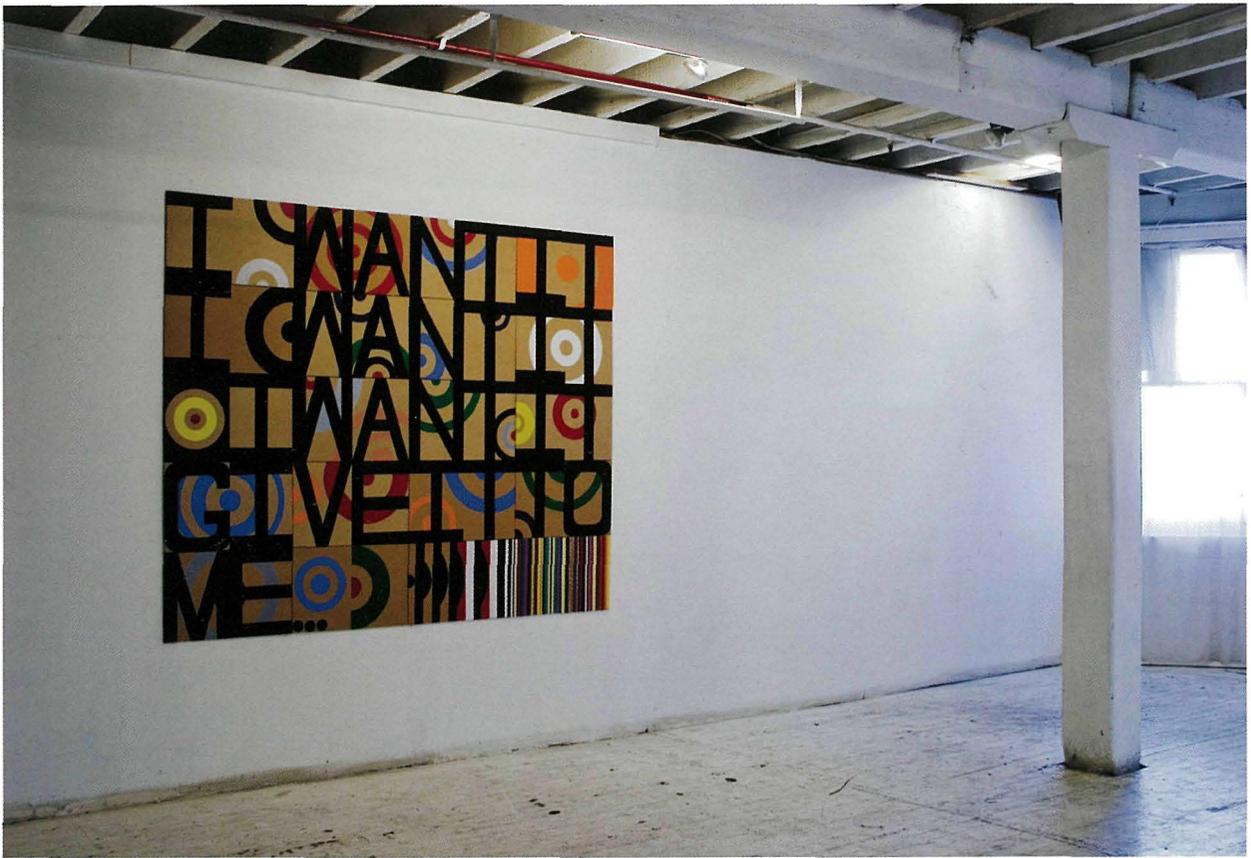
Gaffa, an initiative dedicated to Australian object art and design, displayed the work of Jessica Geron, Liam Benson, Saskia Pandji Sakti and David Capra: a cogent show of photographic, oil on canvas, DVD and installation work. Yet it was MOP and Lucas Grogan's *Tell 'im he's Dreamin'* (2008) series that best held up the *SafARI* edict: new, innerving work broaching untried territory. Grogan uses Indigenous iconography from various sources (Lofty Baradayal Nadjamerrek, John Mawurndjul as well as souvenirs) to construct a universal/personal narrative. As a non-Indigenous artist from the NSW Central Coast, Grogan's appropriation of Aboriginal styles and motifs has caused a great deal of debate and controversy. The series of ink on matt boards illustrate Grogan's life within broader tropes of Australiana and Aboriginalia. Spirit figures with exaggerated physiques, elongated fingers and prominent genitalia clasp beer bottles and each other. This isn't an assault upon Indigenous culture; it is an investigation into the prominence of Indigenous visual languages within Australian contemporary art.

As Grogan explains, 'Fusing Indigenous design with my own content does recontextualise traditional information. But for me it also demonstrates the huge impact of Indigenous cultural artistic design on non-Indigenous artists. The visual information is inescapable; and as the evolving nature of Indigenous work continues to grow exponentially, so does its influence over non-Indigenous artists.'<sup>4</sup> Titles such as *Genevieve Showed Me Hers* and *Liam and I in Koala Suits on My Carpet* are familiar and intimate, recalling vague excerpts from a diary, and yet the imagery is otherly. This Arnhem Land language usually tells us an ancient, secret and sacred story, rather than one of an emerging white male artist from Newcastle.

Luke Thurgate's *Rub One Out* (2008) series similarly attracted attention. The large-scale ink drawings of gay sexual acts were cloaked in a thick, velvety layer of charcoal. Over the course of *SafARI*, visitors were invited to erase the layer, allowing the drawings to appear, (naughty) bit by bit, like a calligraphic strip tease. The audience was made implicit in the explicit. The interaction proved a perfect foil to the cool geometry of Mark Brown's *Auto Rotation* (2008) installation and Timothy Kendall Edser's silent performance paraphernalia.

*SafARI*'s curatorial premise was based purely on the physicality of the individual artwork: 'I find themes too restricting. *SafARI* is about a zeitgeist, which can often be a Medusa, the artists' investigations and concerns are organically presented as a

Above: Timothy Kendall Edser, *Tension 14*, 2008, live performance still. Photo: Marcus Van Driel.



collective. I like the fact that people are simply asked to engage with the individual works and then it's up to them as to how it is married. Thematic shows offer a platform which *SafARI* doesn't offer because it prefers its artists to be experimental and unrestrained.<sup>5</sup>

The collective was evident—it was a strong microcosm of emerging contemporary art practice in Australia—however the other *SafARI* brief, to profile the 'spaces that support (emerging artists)<sup>6</sup> could have been further explored to give new audiences an idea of the philosophical motivation and operational realities of these initiatives. Perhaps the floor talks by artists, curators and consultants could have incorporated ARI directors, Australia Council for the Arts representatives, editors of emerging art publications or curators of exhibitions such as *Pitch your own tent*, the 2005 survey of the history of three Melbourne ARIs within academic scholarship.

In his review of *Pitch your own tent* for *Un Magazine*, Brett Jones argued that these initiatives 'demonstrate the potency of networks and shared experience amongst artists in achieving certain levels of recognition.'<sup>7</sup> Audiences should leave *SafARI* with a sense of how these networks are built, as well as the temporal flux of creating and presenting new art before it becomes a fixture. All

of which was particularly relevant this year due to the Biennale of Sydney's investment in historicism for *Revolutions: forms that turn*. These eleven artists and three spaces provided a much-needed preview of things to come; the nearly-now.

*SafARI* curated by Lisa Corsi was held at MOP Projects, China Heights and Gaffa from 13 to 28 June 2008. The artists involved were on Adams, Liam Benson, Mark Brown, David Capra, Justin Cooper, Timothy Kendall Edser, Jessica Geron, Lucas Grogan, Chris Jones, Saskia Pandji Sakti, and Luke Thurgate.

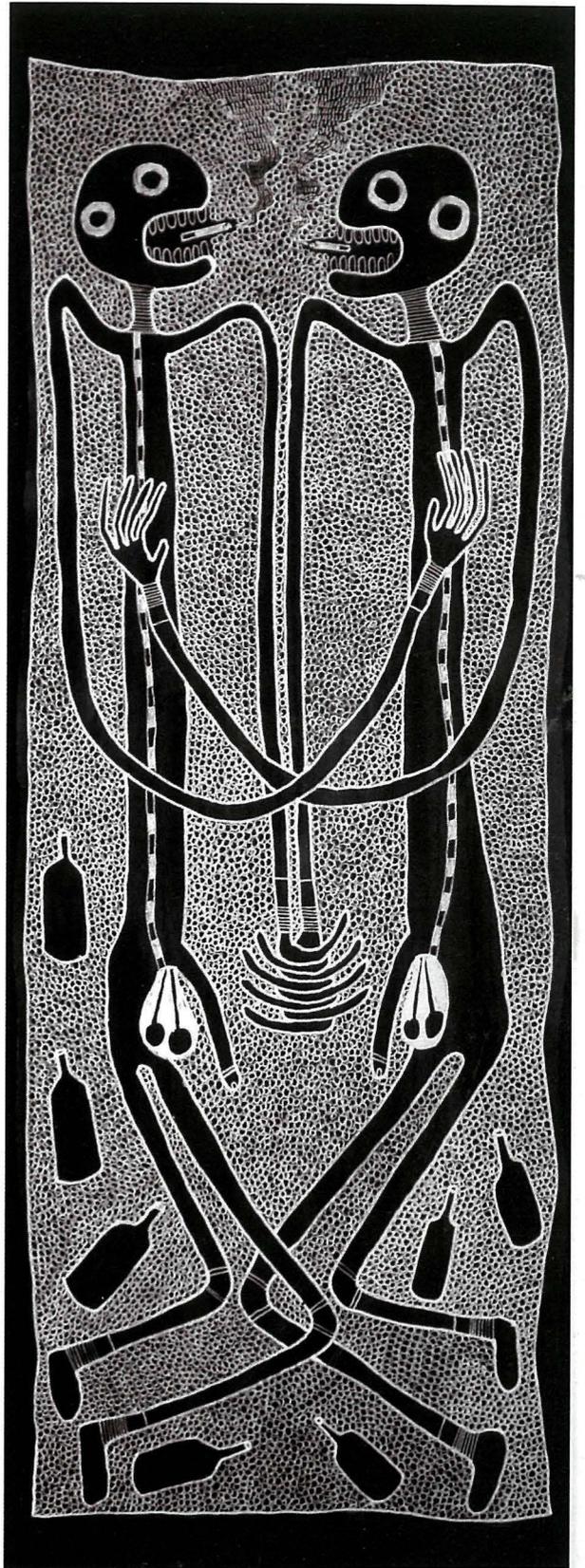
1. *SafARI* media release
2. Lisa Corsi, email interview, 9 August 2008
3. Lisa Corsi, email interview, 9 August 2008
4. Lucas Grogan, email interview, 5 August 2008
5. Lisa Corsi, email interview, 9 August, 2008
6. *SafARI* media release
7. Brett Jones, *Pitch your own tent*, *Un Magazine* 5, Spring 2005. 9.

Above: Ron Adams, *Little Red Robin Hood Hits The Road (one more revolution)*, 2008, acrylic & gesso on MDF (installation view). Photo: Silversalt Photography.

Facing page (above left): Justin Cooper, *Scanning South of Heaven*, 2007, ceramic and mixed media. Photo: the artist.

Facing page (below left): Luke Thurgate, *Rub One Out*, 2008, ink on charcoal on board (detail). Photo: Marcus Van Driel.

Facing page (right): Lucas Grogan, *Valentine's Day*, 2008 (from the series *Tell 'im he's Dreamin'*), Ink on paper.



# Walking Towards Weatherman UFOlogy

DAINE SINGER

The approach of Jacque Drinkall's exhibition *Walking Towards Weatherman UFOlogy*, is signalled by the title: a collection of signs or clues is assembled for the viewer to decipher, much like an UFOlogist.

Drinkall's interests are in the 'unusual forms of belief and cult-like legacy of art, society and contemporary culture and counter-culture'. Here, this is applied to the Weather Underground (also known as the Weather Bureau or the Weathermen), the far-left activist/terrorist group that emerged out of the American Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) in 1969. The group advocated militancy in the service of revolution and carried out protests and then bombings in support of a number of revolutionary causes and groups. At times the group acted in support of the Black Panthers, protested the Vietnam War and undertook guerrilla bombings against the US government. It advocated social change, with members engaging in sexual and drug experimentation—famously breaking Timothy Leary out of jail on behalf of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. Pursued by the FBI, key members went into hiding in 1970, after a planned bombing backfired and killed three members of the group. The group had disintegrated by 1976, with members either reintegrating with society or joining other radical movements.

Installed across the main wall of the space was *Weatherman UFOlogy*, the title piece of the exhibition. The wall had a small flying saucer popping through it, comic book style, and clear acrylic moulded sheets stacked against it. These eight sheets are part of a larger project Drinkall has been undertaking in an Artspace residency to build a UFO (the entire UFO comprises 49 pieces). Each piece displayed alone embodies transformation as the transparent sheets become sculptural and structural. The transparency of the sheets also symbolises exchange across a barrier: telepathy and the communicative aims of communing extraterrestrially.

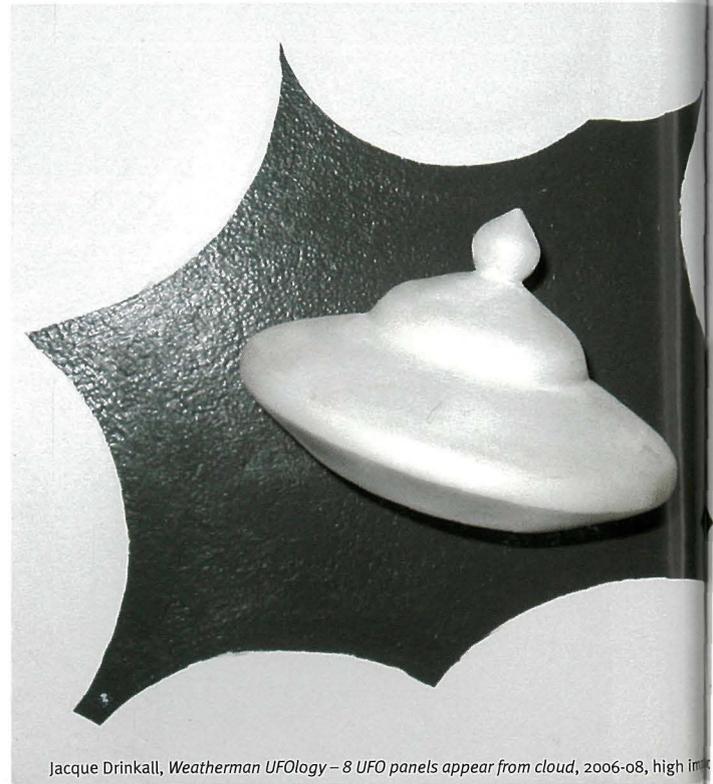
In this exhibition, *Weatherman UFOlogy* was placed opposite *Dresses for Weatherman UFOlogy Cult Members*, a series of dresses sewn from ties, interspersed with woven baskets dropping from letters reading *GRREENED*. The display of the cult members' dresses taps into the obsessive preparation and faith of all of those believers out there, prepared and waiting for alien visitation. Both the UFO pieces and the dresses are intended as props to performances, in which Drinkall imagines Weatherman UFOlogy cult members wearing the costumes and performing with and inside the UFO. As with the acrylic used for the UFO, the telecommunications wire of *GRREENED* is a considered choice of material. The wire embodies communicative possibility and alludes to the wires used in the fatal Weatherman bomb incident. The men's ties are redolent with power and patriarchy, but Drinkall treats the power invested in them as something fluid. Their power is passed from the male world to the female through the form of the dresses, and from symbols of conservatism and conformity they become cloaks of power for a counter-culture cult.

This collection of props, clothing and the transparent UFO as stage, are created for imagined players: aliens and non-existent Weatherman cult members, who are expected to perform a series

of rituals and revolutionary actions around the props. Drinkall plans to have performances enacted in and around the UFO and props in the future, but their current lack does not detract from the project because, like the unproven telepathy and extraterrestrials, and the unrealised revolution—the performing cult member are just another absence of believed-in presence.

In *UFO's Are Communists* Drinkall's investigation of UFOlogy and the Weathermen comes through filtered sources. The video is a manipulated version of a scene from Raymond Pettibon's 1989 video *Weatherman '69*. In the Pettibon work the band members from Sonic Youth act the characters involved with the Weatherman Group. At one point a character slurs 'UFOs man ... they are communists all the way'. Drinkall doctors this segment of the video to become a swirl of colour and shape with the key figure barely discernable, and plays the quote backwards so the sound becomes unintelligible. The effect is spooky and psychedelic and references the supposedly satanic messages heard in certain music played backwards.

While the actual Weather Underground group was known for challenging many social conventions and belief systems and engaging in sexual and drug experimentation, Drinkall's interpretation of them as a UFO worshipping cult is fabricated. Former members have spoken about how the organisation



Jacque Drinkall, *Weatherman UFOlogy* – 8 UFO panels appear from cloud, 2006-08, high im

sometimes felt like a cult as it became more and more radicalised and Drinkall uses this as one of the jumping off points for the exhibition's fantasy of 'Weatherman UFOlogy', together with the quote linking the Weathermen with belief in UFOs taken from Pettibon's fictionalised re-enactment. Drinkall's connections go deeper though: linking art, UFOlogy, the Weathermen and telepathy through their shared foundation in blind faith and the way in which revolutionary zeal can tip over into mysticism and cult-like behaviour.

Part of Drinkall's interest in telepathy can be interpreted as a drive to find connection, authenticity and spirituality. *Face Off (the artist and her mother)* is a video of Drinkall and her mother interacting. It can be hard to describe the acute emotional connection between a mother and child, and telepathic may well be most fitting. The video has the expectations of a horror movie: it is set in a pine forest, with a soundtrack of spaceship noises and bird song, and the two players use horror masks as props. The video shows the two struggling with each other in a slowed ritualistic choreography described by Drinkall as a 'loving combat'. Though the movements are drawn from sacred and mystic dance, when slowed the women are shown pawing at each other's masks, and the relationship between the two reveals animal, menacing possibilities.

Drinkall's interest in the supernatural and new-age mysticism connects to an emerging trend in local contemporary art practices. In Melbourne, Veronica Kent and Sean Peoples have been carrying out telepathic performances; Dylan Martorell has been sampling primitivism, ritual, ethnography and psychedelia; Sean Bailey has explored the supernatural and DIY; Belle Bassin and Alasdair McLuckie have individually and collaboratively been exploring the

supernatural; and New Zealander Francis Upritchard (whose work has recently been exhibited at Gertrude Contemporary Art Spaces and Artspace) has been working with sculpture and installations inspired by counterculture, fantasy and ethnography. Similarly in Sydney, both Adam Norton and collaborative duo Joyce Hinterding and David Haines have demonstrated an ongoing interest in UFOlogy and telepathy.

This process of dabbling in folk, craft and the new-age, is filtered through the artists' contemporary Western experience, artistic irreverence and childhood nostalgia for the kitsch of world cultures as one might experience them in the suburban lounge room. Born in the 1970s and early 1980s at the tail end of counter culture, folk and hippy movements – and having lived through the excesses and decline of the eighties, nineties introspection, and the technological advances of our brave new century – these artists are now looking back to an idealised time when immense social and political change seemed possible. Though these artists weren't there the first time around, their bricolage of sixties and seventies counter-culture, new-ageism and the supernatural is not simply cynical or stylistic. Instead, the dabbling in these aesthetics, signals a desire to return to a group of attitudes that embodied genuine hope and belief in change. Can we believe that these 21<sup>st</sup> century artists believe in UFOs, telepathy or that the Revolution is achievable? Probably not, but we can trust that they *want* to believe.

Jacque Drinkall's exhibition, *Walking Towards Weatherman UFOlogy* was exhibited at Kings ARI, Melbourne from September 5 to 27, 2008.



rylic, paint, (detail). Photo: the artist.

Jacque Drinkall, *Face Off (the artist and her mother)*, 2006, 43 minutes, colour, audio, (DVD still).

# The Fall of the Great Pink Wienie and other attractions

BEC DEAN

If ever an artistic endeavour could be described as being 'hung by its own petard', it is Perth-based artist Marcus Canning's *Pink Wienie* (2008), installed in the ground-floor gallery of the MCA for this year's *Primavera* exhibition of young and emerging contemporary artists. That it managed to fail at such an opportune moment: collapsing under its own weight on the eve of global market annihilation, might have taken the edge off a sense of disaster for those involved in commissioning the work.<sup>1</sup> What should have dominated the space as a hot-pink, six-metre inflatable amalgam of Walt Disney's fairytale castle turrets, is realised instead as an utterly synthetic expression of a patriarchal system fucking itself to (near) death. Surrounded by a kind of orgasmic ectoplasm that dribbles across the floor, two flaccid towers lie on their sides, propelled to semi-inflation by internal fans. When I think of our leaders promising to do 'whatever it takes' for the economy in these hard times, I think of these, limp soft-ons.

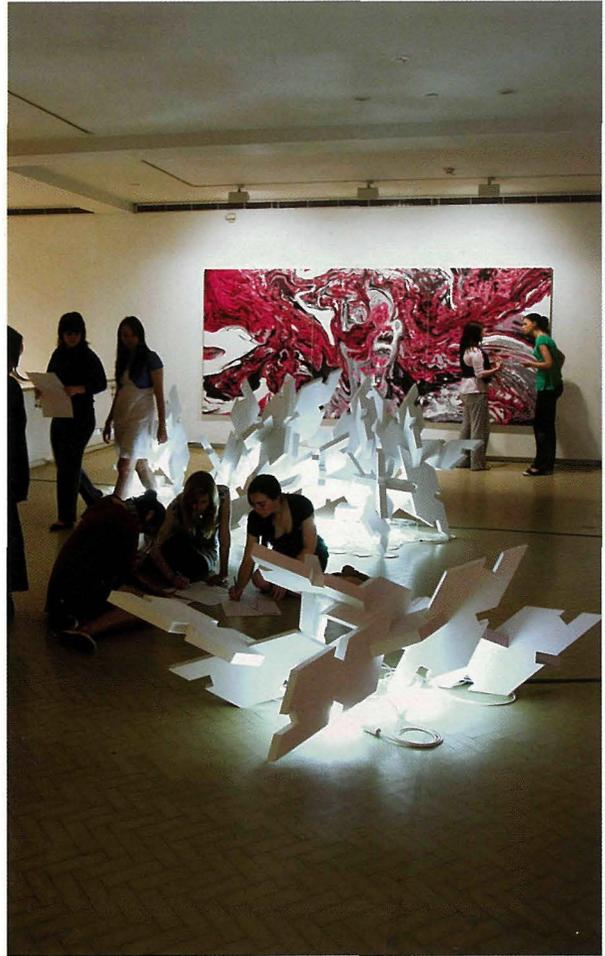
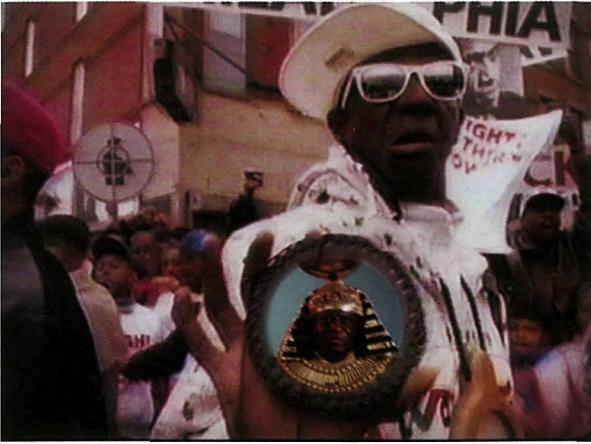
It is interesting to speculate on the success of Canning's endeavour had it not failed. The idea of a Big Pink Inflatable Castle with its inherent, bombastic marketability has the distinct petroleum-based whiff of ironic postmodern mastery. And if there's anything that one could say resolutely about all of the artists (Canning included) in this exhibition, is that their work is seeded from a place of rigorous questioning and uncertainty that is opposed to such grandiose and monumental statements. The artists represented in this year's *Primavera*, from Sydney, Perth, Melbourne, Brisbane and Adelaide have been selected by Hannah Mathews, an independently driven curator whose abiding interest in remix practice and retroactive cultural expression is evident in her choices. Although the exhibition is billed as non-thematic, even the paintings of Moya McKenna—whose still-lives in a brown and yellow palette I struggled with aesthetically—are executed through an internally reflexive practice whereby a limited array

of objects are continually rearranged in relation to one another and in response to paintings that have been made before. While intimate in nature, these works connect to the processes of revision, reinterpretation, rearrangement and retelling that assert themselves throughout the exhibition, particularly in the small, precise and materially rigorous work of fellow painter Gemma Smith, whose abstractions of geometry and colour on calcium carbonate and three-dimensional, manipulable paintings speak of a continual and obsessive enquiry into the minutiae of perception.

In dialogue with Canning's *Wienie* and the black, void silhouette of the fairytale castle that looms over it is Danielle Freakley's *The Quote Generator* (2006-present), featuring a video of the artist engaged in conversational gridlock with a series of Disney character impersonators: Snow White, The Sleeping Beauty and an unconvincing Captain Jack Sparrow among them. Freakley's project, which runs with André Gide's proposition that anything written or spoken that is of significant cultural value has already been recorded, reveals our reliance on the thoughts of others in order to account for ourselves in the present. By publicly uttering only famous quotations, the artist creates a vertiginous displacement of the self that is occasionally humorous as she regurgitates a coherent discourse from such fragmented sources as *The Bible*, Red Symonds, Gough Whitlam, *The Epic of Gilgamesh* and Run DMC and is also uncomfortable to watch—particularly in potentially dangerous situations where the artist has chosen to remove her own voice. In Soda\_Jerk's three-channel video installation *Astro Black: The Future of Hip Hop* (2008), a project that also constructs a single narrative from hundreds of extant samples, the notion of Hip Hop as an emancipatory movement is fictionally expanded and historically revised to include the alien abduction of future turntablists. The 'voice' of this work, while situated in 1970s Afro-Futurism, is constructed by two white

Facing page: Marcus Canning, *Pink Wienie* (installation view), 2008, installation. Photo: Jenni Carter.





women from present-day Sydney looking into the history of the music from which their work as remix artists has sprung. As with Freakley's ongoing project, Soda\_Jerk's celebratory work has a serious flipside that grapples with societal—and in this case, racial—alienation. In one memorable scene, Cosmic Jazz musician Sun Ra materialises in a South Bronx youth centre, dressed in a pharaoh costume. He addresses the incredulous young people saying, 'I am just like you. You don't exist in this society'.

In an exhibition context where it would seem that all cultural product is freely available (in terms of the appropriative powers of the artist), the installation of Mark Hilton's illuminated illustrations create a transgressive tension. Hilton makes highly detailed, large-scale drawings by copying traditional, narrative forms of visual art including Persian miniature painting, Vietnamese carving and European Christian manuscripts to tell stories of crimes that are perceived, and represented by the media as cultural in nature. Including the incendiary cases of gang rape by the Skaf brothers in Sydney 2000 as told in *Champion returns* (2006), Hilton reveals an ingrained tendency towards cultural stereotyping in our

supposedly multi-cultural society. From the idea of verisimilitude and truth to complete fantasy, Perth-based collaborative duo Pilar Mata Dupont and Tarryn Gill re-purpose forms of communist performance propaganda to tell an imaginary story of Australian civil war fought by only white, female combatants. *The Heart of Gold Project 4* (2007) is a ballet video set in the West-Australian wheatbelt some time in the early twentieth century. Revelling in the cheesy notion of revolutionary spirit being communicable through dance, Gill and Dupont emphasise the use of landscape, youth and the female body in constructing ideas of nationhood.

*Primavera 2008* expands and contracts in terms of its representation of artists that engage with a broader cultural dialogue through their practice, to those who focus on intimacy. The work of Ms & Mr is based around their marriage, and like the photographic work of Paul Knight whose starkly unflinching images are also included in the exhibition, they conduct a lover's discourse—often dismissed as merely sentimental in terms of a theoretical validity. While Knight considers language and difference in relation to the physical act of intimacy in his

Above left: Soda\_Jerk, *Astro Black: The Future of Hip Hop (Episodes 0-2)*, 2007-08 (digital video still). Post production with Sam Smith.

Below left: Gemma Smith, selection of works from *Untitled #1 - #17*, 2008, acrylic on board. Photo: Jenni Carter.

Above right: Ariel Hassan, *The Last Love Scene* (detail), 2007-08, installation. Photo: Jenni Carter



photographs of naked couples engaged in actual sex acts, Ms & Mr use the video camera and the computer as devices through which to construct a shared history and identity. By finding moments in their personal archives: home movies and childhood drawings where they are alone, the two insert one another's likenesses retroactively in order to extend their presence in each other's lives. In one video, the shadow of Ms repeatedly tries unsuccessfully to reach Mr as he wades waist-deep through a snowdrift. As well as invoking nostalgia for the recently obsolete media of VHS, the work of Ms & Mr creates a melancholic and futuristic environment where the promise of technology fails to transform physical love and sentiment into data.

Hannah Mathews' selection of young and emerging practice reflects on some of the pertinent issues and concerns of her own generation. It expands upon a moment in Australian contemporary art practice that is temporally destabilised—actively looking back while it moves forward. Many of the works ruminate on a past in recent memory, or consider the contingencies and slippages of histories and processes as we view and reconstruct them in the present. The exhibition and the research modalities

of each artist's practice is framed by a symbolic collapse in the context of a real one, and punctuated by the work of Ariel Hassan whose constructions of enlarged haemoglobin modules and a self-portrait that emerges from randomly poured paint, cites the presence of chaos and opportunity inherent within all of our organisational systems.

*Primavera 2008* curated by Hannah Mathews was held at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Sydney from 19 September to 30 November, 2008. The exhibition featured Marcus Canning, Danielle Freakley, Tarryn Gill & Pilar Mata Dupont, Ariel Hassan, Mark Hilton, Paul Knight, Moya McKenna, Ms & Mr, Gemma Smith and Soda\_Jerk.

1. Marcus Canning generously provides a postscript to the *Pink Wienie*, explaining the context of its collapse and his decision to reinterpret the work for the exhibition. The moment of its collapse in relation to the global market crisis has also been publicly cited by the artist and the *Primavera* curator, Hannah Mathews.

Above: Ms & Mr, *Study For Retrograde Motion* (installation view), 1988 / 2008, Dual Channel video (rotoscoped VHS video composited with original HDV and animation), vinyl, wood. Photo: the artists.

PREVIEWS



## Forthcoming Exhibitions

### NSW

**DREAM MERCHANT** | LIAM BENSON, SARI TM KIVINEN, VICTORIA LAWSON and NAOMI OLIVER  
7 November – 31 January  
Blacktown Arts Centre  
78 Flushcombe Road, Blacktown  
[www.artscentre.blacktown.nsw.gov.au](http://www.artscentre.blacktown.nsw.gov.au)

**PRICELESS** | CASH BROWN  
19 November – 20 December  
GRANTPIRRIE  
86 George Street, Redfern  
[www.grantpirrie.com](http://www.grantpirrie.com)

**THE LANDING** | PETER ALWAST  
27 November – 20 December  
Gallery Barry Keldoulis  
285 Young Street, Waterloo  
[www.gbk.com.au](http://www.gbk.com.au)

**MATTHEW HOPKINS**  
3–20 December  
Gallery 9  
9 Darley Street, Darlinghurst  
[www.gallery9.com.au](http://www.gallery9.com.au)

**MEDIUM SHIFT** | ALI NOBLE, CYBELE COX, GEORGE DANN and NINA STROMQVIST  
28 November – 9 December  
Gaffa Gallery  
1/7 Randle Street, Surry Hills  
[www.gaffa.com.au](http://www.gaffa.com.au)

**BÜDCHEN** | NICOLA HARDY and PHIL SCHÖDE  
10 – 27 December  
Firstdraft  
116-118 Chalmers Street, Surry Hills  
[www.firstdraftgallery.com](http://www.firstdraftgallery.com)

**GHOST MOUNTAIN** | SEAN RAFFERTY  
15 January – 1 February  
MOP  
2/27-39 Abercrombie Street, Chippendale  
[www.mop.org.au](http://www.mop.org.au)

**GROUP SHOW** | MONIKA BEHRENS, SARAH GOFFMAN, DEBRA PHILLIPS and ANTHEA BEHM.  
29 January – 21 February 2009  
Breenspace  
289 Young Street, Waterloo  
[www.breenspace.com](http://www.breenspace.com)

**LAND INCORPORATED** | ROCHELLE HALEY  
30 January – 21 February  
Tin Sheds  
148 City Road, The University of Sydney NSW  
[www.faculty.arch.usyd.edu.au/art\\_workshop/](http://www.faculty.arch.usyd.edu.au/art_workshop/)

**BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED** | BEN BARETTO, MARTIN BELL, THE CHANGES, MARLEY DAWSON, ROSS MANNING, SPAT + LOOGIE, JONATHAN ZAWADA and PAUL WINKLER  
curated by JOSEPH ALLEN and MALCOLM SMITH  
30 January – 7 March  
Australian Centre for Photography  
257 Oxford Street, Paddington  
[www.acp.org.au](http://www.acp.org.au)

**RUNAWAY** | BROWN COUNCIL (KATE BLACKMORE, FRAN BARRETT, KELLY DOLEY AND DI SMITH)  
5 – 28 February  
Chalk Horse  
56 Cooper Street, Surry Hills  
[www.chalkhorse.com.au](http://www.chalkhorse.com.au)

Above left: Scott Miles, *Hoodhead No. 5*, 2008, oil on board. Above right: Sean Rafferty, *Ghost Mountain*, video still, 2008

**SALAD DAYS 2009** | MONIKA BEHRENS and MELODY WILLIS

National Art School Artists in Residence

18 February – 5 April

National Art School Gallery

Forbes Street, Darlinghurst

[www.nas.edu.au/nas\\_gallery.htm](http://www.nas.edu.au/nas_gallery.htm)

**TRACE ELEMENTS: SPIRIT AND MEMORY IN JAPANESE AND AUSTRALIAN PHOTOMEDIA** | PHILIP BROPHY, JANE BURTON, ALEX DAVIES, DUMB TYPE, SEIICHI FURUYA, GENEVIEVE GRIEVES, SOPHIE KAHN, CHIE MATSUI, KAZUNA TAGUCHI and LIEKO SHIGA

A partnership between Tokyo Opera City Art Gallery and Performance Space curated by BEC DEAN and SHIHOKO IIDA

19 February – 3 March

Performance Space @ CarriageWorks

245 Wilson Street, Eveleigh

[www.performancespace.com.au](http://www.performancespace.com.au)

**SA**

**ALISON ALDER, LOUISE FLAHERTY, CHRISTINE JAMES, HERMANNsburg POTTERS, KYLIE WATERS and LAURA WILLS**

3 – 13 December

Artroom5

5 Kent Street, Henley Beach

[www.artroom5.com.au](http://www.artroom5.com.au)

**SOCIALLY DISORGANISED** | HALIL ALTINDERE, AHMET OGÜT and YU CHENG-TA

curated by VASIF KORTUN

19 February – 21 March

Experimental Art Foundation

The Lion Arts Centre, North Terrace (West End) Adelaide

[www.eaf.asn.au](http://www.eaf.asn.au)

**QUEENSLAND**

**SHADOW BOXING** | SIMON DEGROOT

10 November – 12 December

RAW Space Galleries

99 Melbourne St South Brisbane

[www.rawspace.org](http://www.rawspace.org)

**CULTURE VULTURES** | BRANDON BIRD, NICHOLAS COTTER, DANIELLE CLEJ & ALEX FEUÏU, LOUISE BENNETT and MALLORY GREEN

28 November – 20 December

Boxcopy Contemporary Art Space

Studio 3.10, Level 3, Metro Arts, 109 Edward Street, Brisbane

[www.boxcopy.org](http://www.boxcopy.org)

**TASMANIA**

**MY POP LIFE** | MICHAEL BRADY

29 November – 20 December

Inflight Art

237 Elizabeth Street, Hobart

[www.inflightart.com.au](http://www.inflightart.com.au)

**ACT**

**BLAZE 2008** | OWEN LEWIS, ROSALIND LEMOH, SONJA BARFOED, FIONA LITTLE, ANNA RAUPACH and KRESS BEECHER

6 – 16 December

Canberra Contemporary Art Space

Gorman House Arts Centre, Ainslie Avenue, Braddon

[www.ccas.com.au](http://www.ccas.com.au)



Above: Stuart Bailey, *Untitled*, 2007 Polystyrene, plaster acrylic, bottles. Photo: the artist.



crawl.net.au

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## VICTORIA

**FRAMING CONFLICT – IRAQ AND AFGHANISTAN** | LYNDELL BROWN AND CHARLES GREEN

5 November – 1 February  
The Ian Potter Museum of Art  
The University of Melbourne, Victoria  
[www.art-museum.unimelb.edu.au](http://www.art-museum.unimelb.edu.au)

**INNOVATORS 4 – LINDEN1968**

curated by HANNAH MATHEWS and BEN RIDING  
8 November – 14 December  
Linden  
26 Acland Street, St Kilda  
[www.lindenarts.org](http://www.lindenarts.org)

**THE HOARDERS** | MATT MORROW

21 November – 13 December  
Hell Gallery  
5a Railway Place, Richmond  
[www.hellgallery.blogspot.com](http://www.hellgallery.blogspot.com)

**B-SIDE** | DANIEL DORALL, RUTH FLEISHMAN, CECILIA FOGELBERG and TIM SILVER

curated by ANDREW TETZLAFF  
27 November – 13 December  
Blindside  
Nicholas Building, Room 14, 37 Swanston Street, Melbourne  
[www.blindside.org.au](http://www.blindside.org.au)

**HYPER-REALITIES** | ALYSHIA BODDENBERG, BETH CONWAY, LILY FENG and REBECCA DELANGE

2 December – 12 December  
Seventh  
155 Gertrude Street, Fitzroy  
[www.seventhgallery.org](http://www.seventhgallery.org)

**CRYPTOPHILINISM** | STUART BAILEY, SCOTT MORRISON,

SARAH GOFFMAN and more  
curated by AMITA KIRPALANI  
6 February – 28 February  
Gertrude Contemporary Art Spaces  
200 Gertrude Street, Fitzroy  
[www.gertrude.org.au](http://www.gertrude.org.au)



## WA

**BETTER PLACES** | BEN ARMSTRONG, CLARE DAVIES, EMILY FLOYD, SASKIA LEEK, RICHARD LEWER, FIONA LOWRY, RAQUEL ORMELLA, RUTH WATSON and JUREK WYBRANIEC  
curated by MELISSA KEYS

3 December – 1 February  
Perth Institute of Contemporary Arts  
Perth Cultural Centre, James Street, Northbridge  
[www.pica.org.au](http://www.pica.org.au)

**HOW WORKS** | GIAN MANIK and JACOB OGDEN SMITH

18 February – 4 March  
Perth Town Hall  
Corner of Hay and Barrack streets, Perth

## New Zealand

**BASIS** | EMMA FITTS

3 – 20 December  
The Physics Room  
Second Floor, Old Central Post Office Building  
209 Tuam Street, Christchurch  
[www.physicsroom.org.nz](http://www.physicsroom.org.nz)

**THE NATIONAL DRAWING AWARD 2008**

29 November – 20 December  
ARTSPACE  
Level 1, 300 Karangahape Road, Newton, Auckland  
[www.artspace.org.nz](http://www.artspace.org.nz)

21 February – 14 March  
Enjoy Public Art Gallery  
147 Cuba Street, Wellington  
[www.enjoy.org.nz](http://www.enjoy.org.nz)

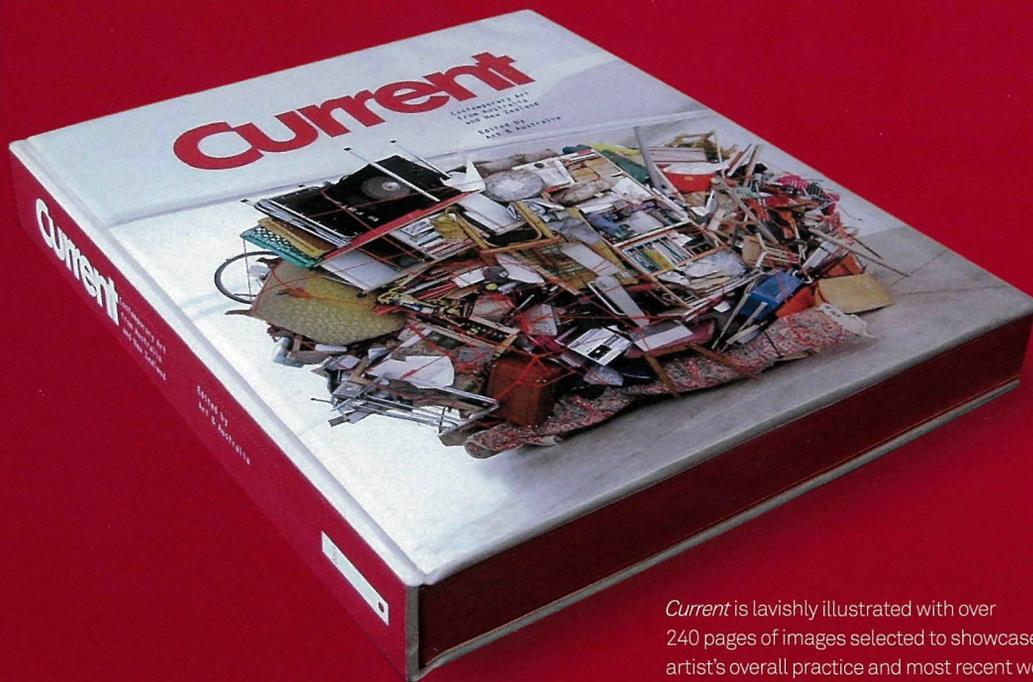
The Physics Room  
21 January – 7 February  
Second Floor, Old Central Post Office Building  
209 Tuam Street, Christchurch  
[www.physicsroom.org.nz](http://www.physicsroom.org.nz)

Above left: Kate Murphy, *Rehearsal (for Saint Vitus)*, 2007, 3 channel digital video installation (video still). Above right: Brown Council, *Runaway*, 2008, performance still.

.....  
Contemporary Art  
from Australia and  
New Zealand  
.....

Edited by  
Art & Australia

# Current



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# Mitch Cairns

Written and recorded by Ringo Starr  
27 November – 20 December 2008

## group show

29 January – 21 February 2009

# Simryn Gill

26 February – 28 March 2009

**BREENSPACE**

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**TRACE ELEMENTS:  
SPIRIT AND MEMORY  
IN JAPANESE AND  
AUSTRALIAN PHOTOMEDIA**

**A PARTNERSHIP BETWEEN  
TOKYO OPERA CITY ART GALLERY  
AND PERFORMANCE SPACE**

**20 FEB – 21 MAR 2009**

**CURATED BY** Bec Dean and Shihoko Iida

**ARTISTS** Philip Brophy, Jane Burton,  
Alex Davies, Dumb Type, Seiichi Furuya,  
Genevieve Grieves, Sophie Kahn,  
Chie Matsui, Kazuna Taguchi and Lieko Shiga

**PERFORMANCE SPACE  
AT CARRIAGEWORKS  
245 WILSON STREET, EVELEIGH  
PERFORMANCESPACE.COM.AU**

Image: Jane Burton *Wormwood #4* 2006–2007,  
type C photograph, Courtesy of Karen Woodbury  
Gallery, Melbourne.



**ARTGALLERY**  
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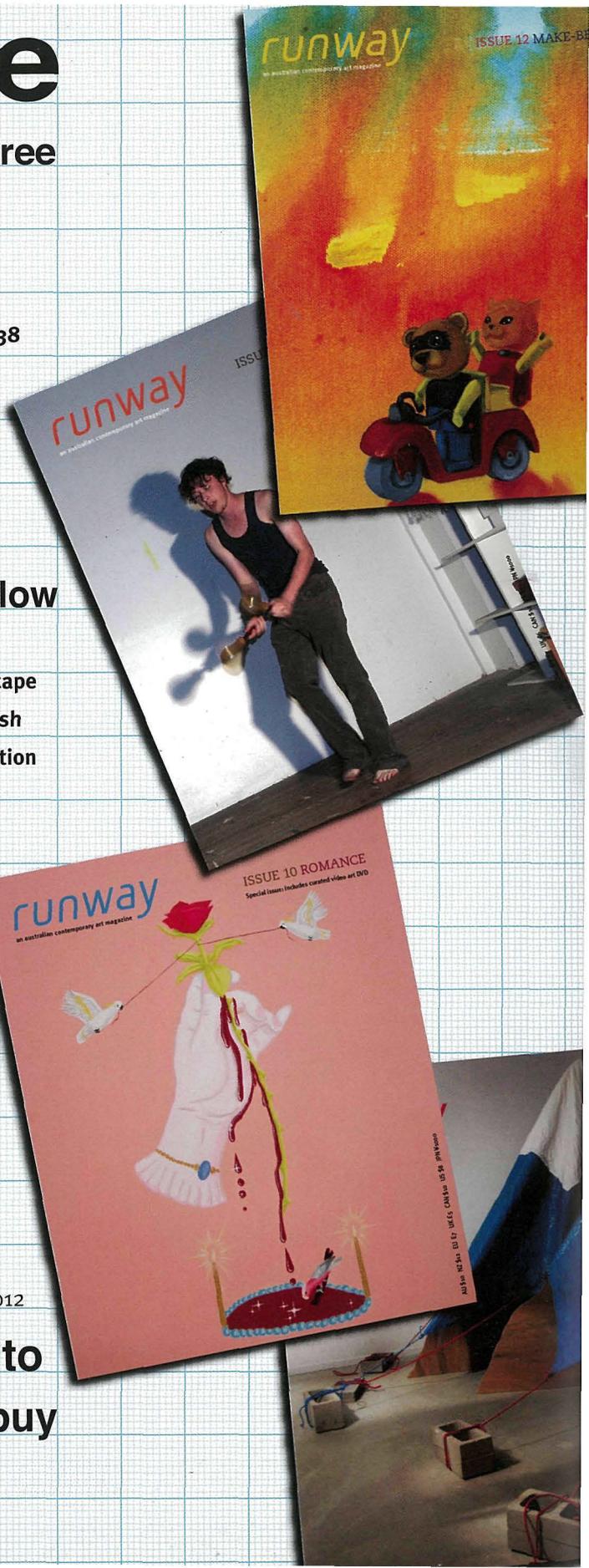
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*... coming Autumn 2009*



Daniel Mudie Cunningham, *Digging Graves with Dad*, 2008, photograph.



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