

# runway

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## runway

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A lot  
to get going  
you sink into the  
ground when you  
lose out of breath  
like you're going to  
die.



# Editorial

JAKI MIDDLETON

Marty: Wait a minute, Doc. If I drive straight towards the screen, I'll crash into those Indians.

Doc: Marty. You're not thinking fourth dimensionally! You'll instantly be transported to 1885, and those Indians won't even be there.

Marty: Right.

Doc: Well, good luck, for both of our sakes. See you in the future.

Marty: You mean the past.

Doc: Exactly!

*Back to the Future III*, 1990, directed by Robert Zemeckis.

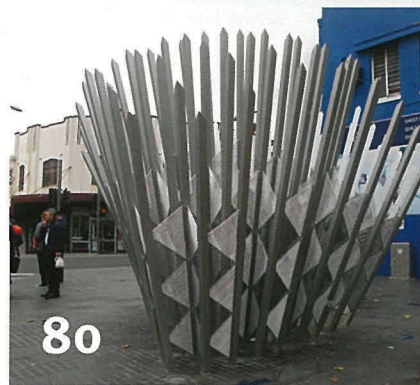
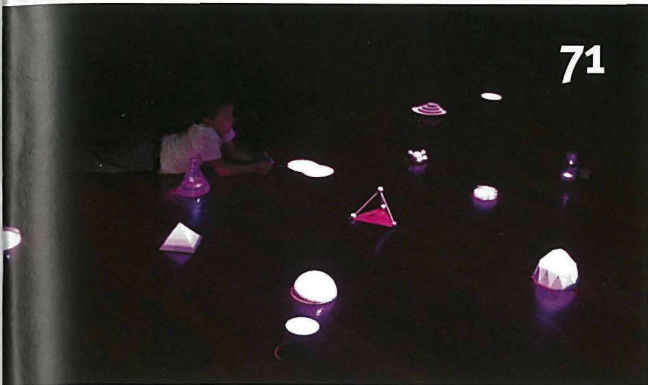
When initially thinking about the theme of this issue, my thoughts were immediately drawn to my own work and its relationship with cinematic and tele-visual representations of futures and time-travel. As the submissions flooded in for our first issue in some time to be curated by the editorial board exclusively from an open call out, a pattern began to emerge. Whether considering Futures from a spiritual, practical, supernatural, optimistic or analytical position, an ongoing thread of self-reference and personal narrative runs throughout the contributions to this issue.

Perhaps there is something inherent to our cultural understanding of the future that draws us to consider it in close relationship to ourselves? In this issue, Rachel Fuller uses her own experience as an anchor point for discussing the work of Sydney artist Kate Mitchell; Naomi Gall investigates her and others' motivations behind starting an Artist-Run Initiative in Birmingham; John Alexander Borley conducts a personal experiment in a thrift store in New Zealand and Darren Jorgensen considers the self-consciousness arising from institutionalised art practice.

Inevitably, the theme Futures also triggers several references to the 'Global Financial Crisis' (GFC). Rather than creating an uncertain future, the GFC highlights the truth that our futures are always uncertain. This uncertainty should be welcome: it keeps things interesting, and opens up exciting possibilities for change and growth.



Above: David Lawrey & Jaki Middleton, *You're not thinking fourth dimensionally*, 2009, kinetic sculpture. Photo: the artists.



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FEATURES



## Stuart Bailey: An Exercise in Imminent Doom

AMITA KIRPALANI

In bricolage—the simultaneous jarring and cross-infection of images—objects and text convey the clamor of ideas. All frantic correlation, the hunt and the scavenge reveal just enough to point to a cultural moment or locality. Here, subjectivity flips in and out of focus.

Let's begin with a sense of imminent doom. Flaubert, in describing his experience of the creative process, noted that for him an intense creative period was presaged by a sense of doom. This was also apparently coupled with a feeling that the boundaries of the self were dissolving. Flaubert wrote of being overcome by 'a whirlpool of ideas and images in my poor brain, during which it seemed that my consciousness, that my me, sank like a vessel in a storm'.<sup>1</sup> The violence of this image and the description of this kind of disassociative state, points to the bricolage process.

In Stuart Bailey's recent sculptural practice a similar restlessness is conveyed via sculptural props and collage. But this isn't foraging for the mystical or in search of some kind of spiritual transcendence. Instead, Bailey's practice leans towards a disregard of the various and vague promises of ideologies and redemptive belief systems. In fact, in Bailey's installations we are stumbling around for a definitive subjectivity.

In the works *The Nimbin Victims* and *These filthy dreamers defile the flesh* (both 2009), viewers are coerced into navigation within Bailey's rocky outcrops. Elements and images of the Californian desert are represented in concrete-clad polystyrene forms. It is arid and dehydrated, its features a little comic and a little Surrealist. Where navigation usually implies logic and reasoning, in the midst of these installations feelings of isolation, escapism, trauma and disorientation are foregrounded. Bailey deploys entropic symbols within this panorama and in this way, seems to map out the desert of the mind.

Two organisations, both amorphous and aspiring utopia-deliverers are represented in Bailey's collages and installations: naturalists and the military. Through mapping loose representations of these ideologies and pitting them against each other via signs and symbols, Bailey interrogates and dismantles them. These stripped-back symbols are the apparatus through which Bailey critiques ideology. Props such as abandoned flags, empty bottles and discarded clothing are suggestive of a landscape recently deserted by its inhabitants. In this environment, the abandoned infrastructure, the empty system, becomes metaphor. Like Dogma's stage set, symbols become scattered sound bites: evidence of hokey and fractured generalising logic. This project is Meta, but Bailey breaks up the grandeur of each ideology's method and symbols for belonging.

Above: Stuart Bailey, *These filthy dreamers defile the flesh*, 2009, mixed media, dimensions variable. Photo: Mark Ashkanasy.



\$4.2 million

May : 126 The Kraal Drive,  
12 Blair Athol

\$1.2 million

May : 46 The Kraal Drive,  
14 Blair Athol





In 1807 the United States was described as a Logocracy, a government comprising and being a composite of language, or 'a pseudo-reality created by mere words'.<sup>2</sup> Both horrific and poetic, this notion feels current again as we manage our 'Yes We Can' hangover. As participants in this system we are faced with politics in the form of advertising slogans. The Global Financial Crisis, Global Warming and Terrorism are sclerotic, run-down terms each unpecific, hyperbolic and inflammatory. So it would seem that the threat to the governmental structure is editorial not physical, therein displaying its brittleness.

Similarly Bailey's installations appear previously masticated or maybe embryonic in their misshapen-ness. Each cluster of boulders are chanced upon dystopic oases. The Naturalists (an actualisation of naked ambition?) appear deluded and naive. These images are paired with quick props—bongs and empty booze bottles—evidence of mind-altering substances, embarrassed into focus. These remnants suggest trauma, intoxication and the how-to-cope of blind faith. Slowly abandoning ourselves to seek enlightenment or refuge in ideology, to further lose ourselves. The solace of unquestioning belief and the comfort of indoctrination.

The camouflaged figure also haunts Bailey's collages. Heavy with metaphorical implication, the soldier hovers as harbinger of false identity and control. In *Soundtrack to War* (2005), the documentary made by Australian filmmaker George Gittoes, American soldiers in Iraq were asked about the music they listen to in order to psyche-up and chill-out. Several points in the film bear witness to the use of internal sound systems to pipe death metal or hip hop into tanks and humvees. The film also includes footage of moving musical tributes made to fallen troops. This nexus between music and war scripts kid soldiers as participants in real-life computer games. The lineage seems clear: for Vietnam soldiers it was drugs, for soldiers in Iraq its anaesthetisation and emotional outlet via music. Employing sub-cultural badges of belonging and misplaced bravado, Bailey pulls apart their reasons for being.

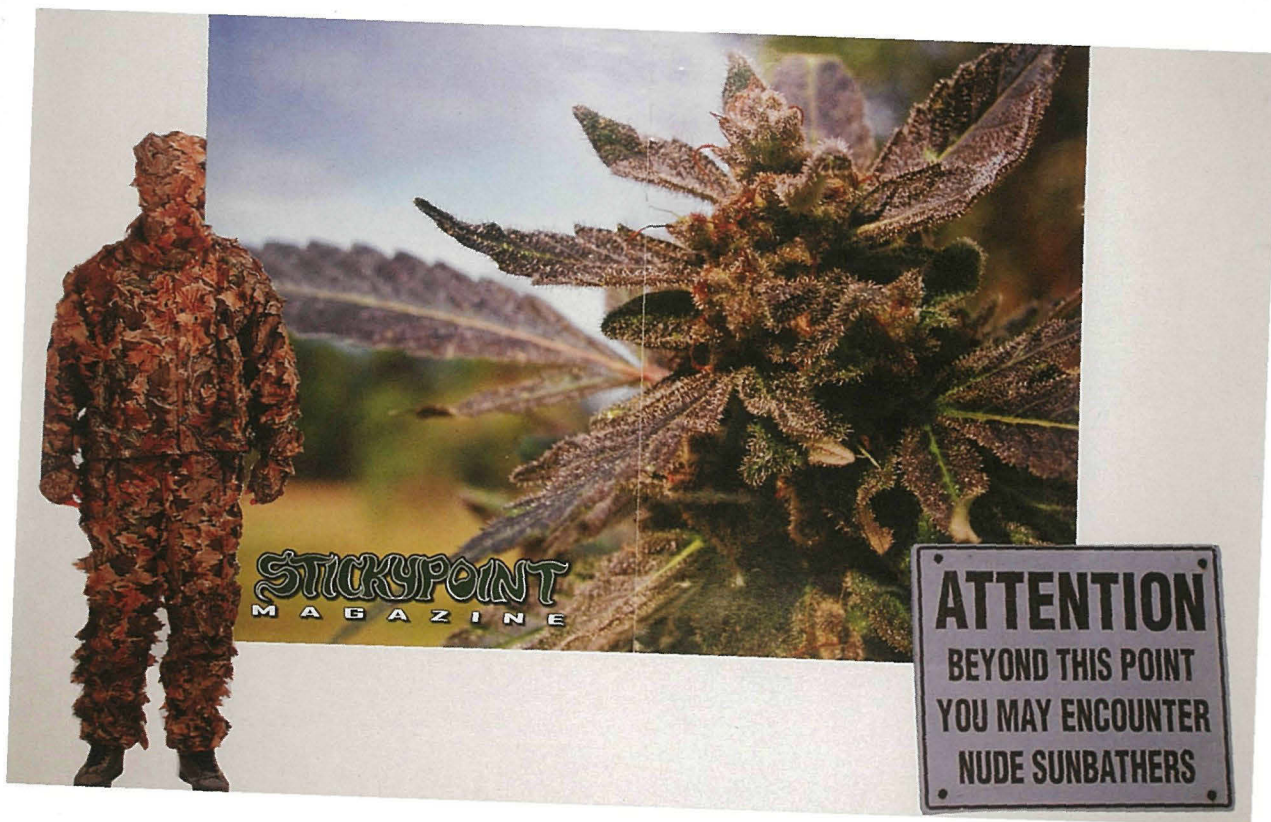
In Bailey's work, it's okay to feel a little lost. These non-sequiturs are set in unsteady terrains. In the video work *Desert Mouth* (2009) Bailey himself is stoned and lost in the desert. He stumbles around in only a t-shirt adorned with a marijuana leaf and sneakers: ruder than nude. Lost and confused. The work could be construed as a portrait of a resident of post-heroic society. He is intoxicated by the reiteration of slogans, mottos, headlines, mantras, buzz words, jingoistic catch phrases and epithets. He hides in a haze of escape and intemperance. In Bailey's work we swim adrift and, (like Bailey in his self-portrait) are helpless within our very own *Jamais vu*.

1. Alice W Flaherty, *The Midnight Disease* (2004), 240.

2. Christine D Tomei, *Russian Women Writers* (1999), 1310.



Stuart Bailey, *Untitled*, 2009, collage on paper.



Above: (top) Stuart Bailey, *Untitled*, 2009, collage on paper; (below) Stuart Bailey, *Untitled*, 2009, collage on paper.



# Skeptics vs. Mystics

MELISSA LOUGHNAN in conversation with SEAN PEOPLES, NATHAN GRAY & MICHAEL ATAVAR

American artist Michael Atavar explores temporality and spirituality in his art, operating within and beyond gallery walls through literature, performance and the internet. Nathan Gray uses aggregation as a metaphor from which to build his installation work: both psychedelic and optimistic, his organic assemblages often incorporate sound and movement. Sean Peoples explores telepathy through various media including video art and poetry. *Skeptics vs. Mystics*, a forthcoming curatorial project of Nathan Gray and Pedro Caetano will bring these artists together for the first time.

**Melissa Loughnan: I've brought the four of us together in cyber-conversation to discuss your upcoming exhibition at Galeria Polinesia, Brazil, which is planned to travel to Melbourne in 2010. I'd like to focus this discussion on your shared exploration of the hyper-real with a focus on time travel, the supernatural and spirituality. Nathan, as co-curator of the exhibition (together with Galeria Polinesia Director Pedro Caetano) could you elaborate on the title of the upcoming project, *Skeptics vs. mystics*? From a surface evaluation I would say that the four of you are clearly mystics, where does the skepticism come to fore?**

Nathan Gray: Well, I consider myself an atheist and skeptic. But I am certainly interested in ritual and offerings. I began to come up with the idea of the show when I was exposed to some unusual magical practices when in Bahia in Brazil, particularly the various forms of Egun and Candomble rituals. I witnessed and documented trance and possession several times and certainly did not feel immune to the atmosphere. There is a very powerful sense of theatre in these rituals; their length, intensity and repetition threaten to take you away. The most intense one I saw was an Egun ceremony, which, while still practised in Africa, in Brazil is unique to just one small town. The ritual involved being locked in a house with the congregation. There was the sense that the house was under siege by dangerous multicoloured ghosts. I had to rub corn soup (I think it was corn soup) on my eyelids in order to see these ghosts. Shortly after I did, they appeared.

The exhibition, *Skeptics vs. mystics* is primarily about new ways of looking at spiritual experience and supernatural phenomena outside of mainstream religion and secular humanism. It focuses on Brazil because the country seems to harbour a wide range of small religious practices, and this is for me where the idea emerged. But it is also about making, about the objects that small-scale religious practices throw out: shrines and offerings. Theirs is a palpable reason for making things, and the aesthetic purpose is also a practical one. In our culture of craft dilatants and aimless, nihilistic artists, this reason is something I for one am envious of.

I'm not entirely sure that all the artists involved in the project are mystics. They are Fortean: open minded with regard to the

supernatural. I can see an attraction between skeptics and mystics. After all, why would someone take the time to debunk anything they're not interested in? There is a lot of very passionate debunking out there, but there are still grey areas, where we are not sure of what is actually happening. Science is often invoked here either as a debunking tool or as evidence for a practice's truthfulness, and I see this as completely appropriate, our inability to comprehend much of science makes belief in it almost a Belief, an act of faith. I think what these artists have in common is an openness and willingness to court the unconventional.

As for my own work for the show, I plan to make a series of dream machines from garbage bins and washing baskets. In these dream machines, the flash rates are dictated by the arbitrary holes in the baskets. I intend to test their efficacy on the public with a brain wave monitor. The viewer will be invited to use these in the space and what will occur is unknown. The actual dream machines are designed to induce an alpha state and do actually work—but in question is the worth of this state—as it seems to be present whenever the brain is deprived of visual stimulus.

**Melissa Loughnan: Your proposed dream machine work appears to be a step away from your usual installation practice, or a step forward, in terms of its scientific investigation and perhaps a rejection of your current aesthetic. Could you explain how you have got to this point in your practice, and how it relates to your recent works?**

Nathan Gray: Well, first of all I have no problem with tangents and diversions in my practice; time has shown me that nothing is completely irrelevant. But the dream machine works relate to my other works in that they are all about the way objects interact and how this becomes something larger than what they are when considered separately. In this case, it is a variation on the Moire effect that generates a pulsating light. The Moire effect is a great example of two objects combining to produce a third phenomenon. That shimmer encountered on netting curtains, wire baskets and grids of all kinds when layered takes me by surprise every time. Even though I am aware of exactly what is happening, it always seems intangible and unexpected.

I have found that experimenting on myself with flashing lights at various frequencies (viewed with my eyes closed) is a valuable aid. It shocks you with a regularity that seems to prohibit conscious thought and promote lucid non-linear visualisations, leaving you feeling different: though I am unsure whether I have reached an alpha state or not. You can download a computer application called flash-o-matic which will make your monitor flash at any rate you choose if you want to try this yourself. And so my idea is just to share this phenomenon. In a way I see this as related to my drawing machine works. Unleashing a set of processes that create pictures rather than creating pictures myself, except that this is an opportunity to draw on the viewer's mind.



The idea of the alpha state is something that fits the idea of the show; it is an unknown. There have been all sorts of extravagant claims made for alpha states and their healing power. There has also been vocal scepticism—though the alpha state's existence is not in question, only its significance. It seems to be present whenever the viewer is deprived of visual stimuli. Good, bad or neutral it is almost totally subjective and close to unknowable.

**Melissa Loughnan: Sean, your artistic exploration of the hyper-real encompasses themes of telepathy through the performance of telepathic exchange with fellow artist and collaborator Veronica Kent. Could you describe the work that you are intending to produce for *Skeptics vs. mystics*, and will this be a solo or collaborative work?**

Sean Peoples: Because we can never be fully conscious and perfectly understand our mind at any one time, anything that arises within a telepathic exchange must be treated as real and meaningful and should be addressed. The only way I could see otherwise would be if both participants within the exchange were fully conscious and understood every aspect of their minds. From our investigations it is often possible for an unconscious or latent message to be sent during an exchange without the sender's or receiver's consent. It can also be very difficult to distinguish what is telepathically entering a mind and what is simply another

thought arising. Our emphasis is on interpretation and the meaning that arises from this. As Freud pointed out, from the point of view of the unconscious, everything is real. Even thoughts about future events can cause great physical anxiety in a subject although nothing is actually happening here and now.

As far as work for the show is concerned, I am considering involving several people in a work. My hope is that telepathy will be involved and I will make parallels from telepathy to the way our mind constructs reality as a whole. This will be investigated with my main interest for the show; the life and work of INRI CRISTO from Brazil who is Christ incarnate. I have been friends with him for almost two years now and have worked with his disciples creating a full-length movie that details aspects of INRI's life. This includes playing pool, exercising, riding his motorbike, brushing his teeth, etc.

**Melissa Loughnan: How do you work towards your performances? Do you regularly engage in telepathic exchange at home or in the studio? To what extent does your exploration of telepathy encompass your artistic work as a whole? What other investigations do you make into the human mind as part of your practice, and how do you intend this to translate in your investigation into INRI CRISTO?**

Above and facing page: Sean Peoples and INRI CHRISTO, *Scenes of INRI CRISTO's Daily Life*, 2008.



Sean Peoples: I try to work towards any performances in an organic and intuitive manner. David Lynch's *Twin Peaks* character Dale Cooper is a huge influence on the way I like to approach my work. The mixing of Eastern and Western philosophy is unique and his quirky ways really appeal to me. I like how intuition, pseudoscience and fate can be packaged for Western audiences.

My exploration of Telepathy encompasses a percentage of my artistic work and does not constitute my work as a whole.

My other investigations into the human mind have predominately originated from my fascination with gurus, especially those from Indian and Buddhist traditions. My favourite is American Adi Da, who I am intensely interested in. He exhibited a few years back in the Venice Biennale but sadly passed away from our world a few months back. He has a great sense of humour and makes spiritual matters very accessible to the West.

I am interested in the way Gurus have the power to transform our minds. It makes sense to me that one should seek a guru to understand themselves and their mind, for if one wants to be good at golf one should seek a golf instructor; the same goes for archery, driving a car, etc. So to understand the mind one should seek a teacher who already understands the workings of the mind, and learn from them.

INRI CRISTO can be seen as a guru of sorts. I am fascinated by his unique teachings that reinterpret Christianity without the dogma of the Church. My interest for the show is to discuss spiritual matters and promote the work of INRI CRISTO. Both myself and INRI welcome disagreements people may have about particular teachings, as argument is an opportunity for understanding.

So for *Skeptics vs. mystics* I am thinking of including video clip covers performed by INRI's disciples, and possibly either a live webcam feed or telepathic feed on the opening night for INRI to bless the audience. These video clips would cover popular western songs but would contain secret revelations about the universe and life in general.

**Melissa Loughnan: Michael, your latest performative and installation work, and the work intended for *Skeptics vs. mystics*, focuses on time travel. How would you describe this aspect of your work? How does your exploration of time travel tie in with your 'cyber art' projects?**

Michael Atavar: I am an artist who works with the unconscious, using methodologies of chance and process to make events both in real time and in the online environment. My practice is with energy; I'm a process worker. My work is post-industrial, connecting audiences with unconscious spaces that go beyond the material.







In this immaterial, liminal space I experiment on myself, allowing my unconscious to take itself where it wants to go. This journey is across boundaries and one of the barriers that could be stepped through is time. In essence my work is a kind of 'tuning in': building an interior Ethernet, created by me for use by the audience.

**Melissa Loughnan: How do your immaterial experimentations materialise in the gallery space? Could you describe some of the physical manifestations of your unconscious explorations? Are these manifestations analogous to the type of work you are intending to produce for *Skeptics vs. mystics*?**

Michael Atavar: It might be useful to describe one of my recent performances. *Dusk* (2006) takes place at the hour of dusk. Start times are variable, depending on the season. The performance is for a maximum of forty people. The piece is usually exhibited in a gallery space and this environment must have a large window. The spectators watch dusk as it happens, in front of their eyes, whilst I enact a series of liminal experiments, using my own unconscious.

During this show I tune into the space, I build a threshold (using the most basic of domestic materials), I throw the I-Ching and I deposit an image inside the audience members. With all these

activities I'm essentially using my own creative imagination to delineate unexplored spatial dimensions simultaneously present in the room. At dusk I believe that these liminal spaces can be more easily seen. I've made no photographic documentation of *Dusk*. This is quite a deliberate policy. I'm inviting people to take part in a live event that they are unable to preview in any other medium. It only exists with me in the room.

I'm not sure which piece I will bring to *Skeptics vs. mystics*. My latest show *Black Magic* (2009) uses similar techniques to the ones I used in *Dusk*. In this performance I build a time machine live on stage.

**Melissa Loughnan: Are you able to elaborate on *Black Magic*? What materials are employed in building the time machine, and how does the performance transpire?**

Michael Atavar: I'm very circumspect about talking about the specifics of the shows. After all if you understand the trick why would you attend the magic show?

Above: Michael Atavar, Photo: Joe Vel.

Facing page: *Woman possessed by an Orixá, Candomble House, Itaparica*. Photo: Nathan Gray.



## Kate Mitchell: Self Help for the Super Hero

RACHEL FULLER

Last year I was in New York City. An Australian locked in an American summer. I spent my days on somewhat of a pool seeking tour: divining a swimmable body of water. I found myself in Central Park at Lasker Pool and, as tended to happen I was waiting. Waiting for the pool to reopen after a baby rumble of thunder. So I sat by the lake, under some trees, by a small path, saw some mini turtles and wrote in my notebook. Probably something of not much consequence, just a time passing scribble. And then excitement plus: up opened the pool. So I stood, left my notebook behind and walked away for a swim. So silly. And I didn't realise until I got back home, about a good hour away on the train. It wasn't the notebook that I was upset about. It was what was inside. A letter from my grandfather, which I knew knew knew was important. Important that it stayed around longer than I knew he would, or could. When we were young my grandmother always wrote letters and postcards from far away: the pictures of famous paintings, the scenes of mountains and beaches so distant from my middle of New South Wales. In my twenties, I had been overseas many times and never had my grandfather written to me—we talked every now and then—but mostly it was postcards sent from me, and no reply because I would be home soon. New York was different. I wrote. He wrote back. Signed with love (and I miss you!), in his old age, post politician, he opened up. And these already keepsakes I kept in the back of that notebook.

When my schoolboy error dawned, my first thought was *why did nobody tell me?* Somebody (God by any other name) knew that I left that notebook behind. A gentle, figurative light bulb would have been nice. But no, left to my own devices it was gone. I hurried back the next morning before work and trawled the area, scavenged the garbage bins, talked to groundsmen but to no avail. And what did I really expect in a city of twenty million people? Quite frankly, I expected to find it and in desperation I even put an ad in the Village Voice lost section thinking somebody must have it. Somebody must have seen it. Purely *because* it is a city of twenty million people. *Because* it is an island, contained. And because everything in New York City is so visible and mapped. In fact, if the history of the world was told through novels, television and film then we could safely say that Central Park was the only park that had ever existed. How could anything *ever* disappear? It was all so *there* and stuck on the island.

Needless to say I never found the notebook nor the letters inside. I wrote to my grandfather and told him about the loss and luckily for me he wrote back, so one last letter remains after his death. But the incident itself kept me thinking about New York as an entity, an object in and of itself. And I wasn't alone in my musing. I discovered that in the history of the comic book—so many of which were set in New York—Manhattan had been flooded by tidal waves, confined to giant bubbles, lassoed and levitated. <sup>1</sup> In Spiderman and the Fantastic Four, New York City was in fact a solid mass; a place able to be captured but also kept for safekeeping once the enemies arrived. And of course, as a uniquely, mythological, global city New York is the perfect land for the world of superheroes as it is the home of endless opportunity, of projected possibility. It is a location of finite proportions in the present but in the future the city can be anything and most importantly, you can be anyone. By placing superheroes like Peter Parker, Reed Richards and Susan Storm within the all too real city of New York—where they must simultaneously face everyday love-life dramas and dwindling job prospects alongside world enemies at large—these comic book idols are able to cast the spell of belief that within all of us is the potential for the exceptional.

And here we stumble upon Kate Mitchell. A woman practicing the art of alchemy: a girl converting the ordinary into the extraordinary. Mitchell delves into her well of childhood books, comics and television series and acts out so-called fictional tasks in a characteristic, stoic manner. She takes on the confidence of New York City, but she doesn't just dream. Like her superhero cast, she presently picks herself up and gets down to business, indifferent to the pleasure or the pain. Mitchell performs various challenging tasks, like in *I am not a joke* (2008) where she saws a circular hole in the floor surrounding her body, not to escape an invisible foe but to simply prove that she is capable. It is no joke; there are no rehearsals and no fantasy realm setting. She works hard (to the bone) and on this alone she succeeds.

Mitchell's box set of video tasks reminds me of Betsy Byar's children's book, *The 18<sup>th</sup> Emergency*. <sup>2</sup> The main character, Mouse, is struggling to deliver a solution to a very big problem, a bully called Marv Hammerman. As a way of trying to deconstruct his issue, Mouse summons a set of seventeen predicaments that one might face in the jungle. Such as, being faced by a lion or perhaps, quicksand. Novel and credible ways out include sticking your arm all the way down the lion's throat so as to choke him and render him helpless, or when confronted with quicksand to just lie down, don't struggle and no one will sink. Simple. Mouse attempts to use these urban-reality-removed incidents to solve his everyday dilemma and yet he fails, resolving to just face his oppressor, get time waiting over with and get the shit beaten out of him. It would seem that Mitchell too attempts her mythological missions in order to grasp some greater truth. Perhaps, like Mouse, Mitchell is learning that life is purely an endurance test and the invisible enemies are not the lions, bears or tigers but rather, time itself.

I feel, though, that Mitchell's work has taken a turn. It is a new, perennially positive season. No longer is she producing frank, video documentation of bodily acts of superhero superiority. In her recent solo show at Chalk Horse, *Don't Touch My Rocks*, Mitchell seemed to be redeploying her focus away from video and exploring other mediums as a way of archiving her feats. There are other differences too; the performance is now not always in the past, but may also be a future act, or perhaps the present: one counting the very minutes we sit and watch.

*Don't Touch My Rocks* consisted of seven bodies of work: all presented in varied mediums, from installation and video to drawing and sculpture. At first, I found this a little disturbing. Like most people I like my patterns of observation and when works aren't presented in the same manner it throws me right out into a world of awkwardness. Yet, as we are discussing the notion of time and endurance, it is the act of time spent which allows the viewer to absorb and discover the work of Kate Mitchell.

A major point of divergence is the fact that the works presented in *Don't Touch My Rocks* are no longer purely physical feats. The works are mental exercises. In *Magic Minute* (2009) the artist promises the buyer of the work one minute of consumer-directed positive thought at a pre-designated time, 11.11am, everyday for the duration of one year. Importantly, Mitchell displays her name within the work in the typewriter font of a name added at a later date. Although the object itself is beautifully crafted, this subtle, 'insert name here' tool allows the everyman access to the powers of positive thought. *Magic Minute* is almost a certificate of appreciation, and you too could have your name inserted here.

Funnily enough, I used to have a boyfriend who was Australian Rules football obsessed. He was a superstitious boy, perhaps formed during years of sporting rituals, and if he happened, by chance, to look upon his watch at 11.11am on any given day it was a sign to him that it was going to be a good day. A good day because 11.11 visually mirrors the symmetry of Aussie Rules goal posts, the ultimate end for the footballer. Like *Magic Minute* the superstition of my ex-boyfriend relies heavily on the assumption that life is out of our hands and it is here that Mitchell steps in to play super-spiritual-life-sculptor to the happy customer now reaping the benefits.

Mitchell has graduated to a new level of superhero status. She has passed her physical challenges and now she must concentrate on certain psychological trials in order to test her powers and strengths. And yet as a viewer, I have already seen her complete and succeed in her various video experiments and thus naturally believe in her ability to carry out her next bout of rounds. *Healing the Healer* (2009) is a prime example, as Mitchell presents a large quartz crystal wrapped in a bandage. At first sight, yes, it is a funny and simple gag. Mitchell though, could have represented this idea as a video, a locked-off shot of the artist unravelling cotton in a bid to lovingly nurse the crystal back to health. Yet, the object post-performance sans artist is so much more poignant. It is not just a witty one-liner: the presence of the object mid-health begs the question, can Mitchell actually heal the healer? The artefact prompts us to imagine its varying states of sickness in relation to its alleged current growing glow. It is the state of flux exuding from the all too static crystal, which reveals the strength behind Mitchell's new dawn of thinking.

Mitchell has moved beyond the New York City dreaming of 'I can be anything'. She has become the anything. *Don't Touch My Rocks* is almost a lesson in letting go. In 9-5 (2009) Mitchell locates herself within an ambiguous space within the dry, hot inner landscape of Australia. In a pseudo-religious manner she heads off to work an eight-hour day, similar to that of the suit pilgrims of the city. She stands

# MAGIC MINUTE

At **11:11** am

This card entitles the owner to receive and reap the benefits from directed & concentrated positive thought. For the next 365 days, Kate Mitchell will think positively about the owner for one minute starting at 11:11am and ending at 11:12am.

*Owner* .....

*Date Start* ..... *Date End* .....

*Sign* ..... *Sign* .....



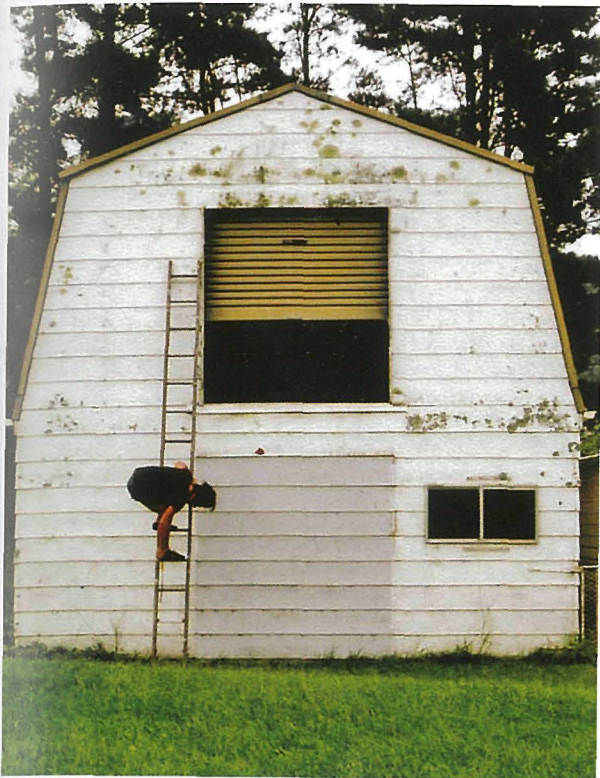
centre to the camera like a human sundial, mapping the movement of that day and every other day the sun rises. Akin to a monk during a vow of silence she appears to do nothing. Unlike in her previous videos, here she is not herself active but rather the activity is played out via the time passing over her. Mitchell presents us with her body clock in a bid to belittle her mental achievements to date, to let us know that in the end the ultimate rulers are the seconds, minutes, hours and days. *My life in nuts (so far)* (2009) further strengthens this point as Mitchell builds a desert campfire of peanuts, one peanut for every day of her life up until the opening of *Don't Touch My Rocks*. Mitchell reiterates that in all her learning, throughout all of her physical and mental challenges, the thing to know is, that we are not superheroes. We are the mortal beings who will not live forever. We are here for but a speck. But as Mouse tells us, Superman might be faster than a speeding bullet and able to leap tall buildings within a single bound, but even he can't help himself from being tuned down to a small white dot.

1. Peter Sanderson, *The Marvel Comics Guide to New York City* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 2007).
2. Betsy Byars, *The 18th Emergency* (London: The Bodley Head, 1974).

Facing page: Kate Mitchell, *Magic Minute*, 2009, German etched watercolour paper.

Above: Kate Mitchell, *Anger Management II (Good Luck to Ya)*, 2009, digital still, DVD, 2 minutes 20 seconds. Photo: Silversalt.





Above left: Kate Mitchell, *LifeAfterLife*, 2008, video still, DVD, 27 minutes 18 seconds.

Above right: Kate Mitchell, *Anger Management I (Piece of Effort)*, 2008, video still, DVD, 8 minutes.

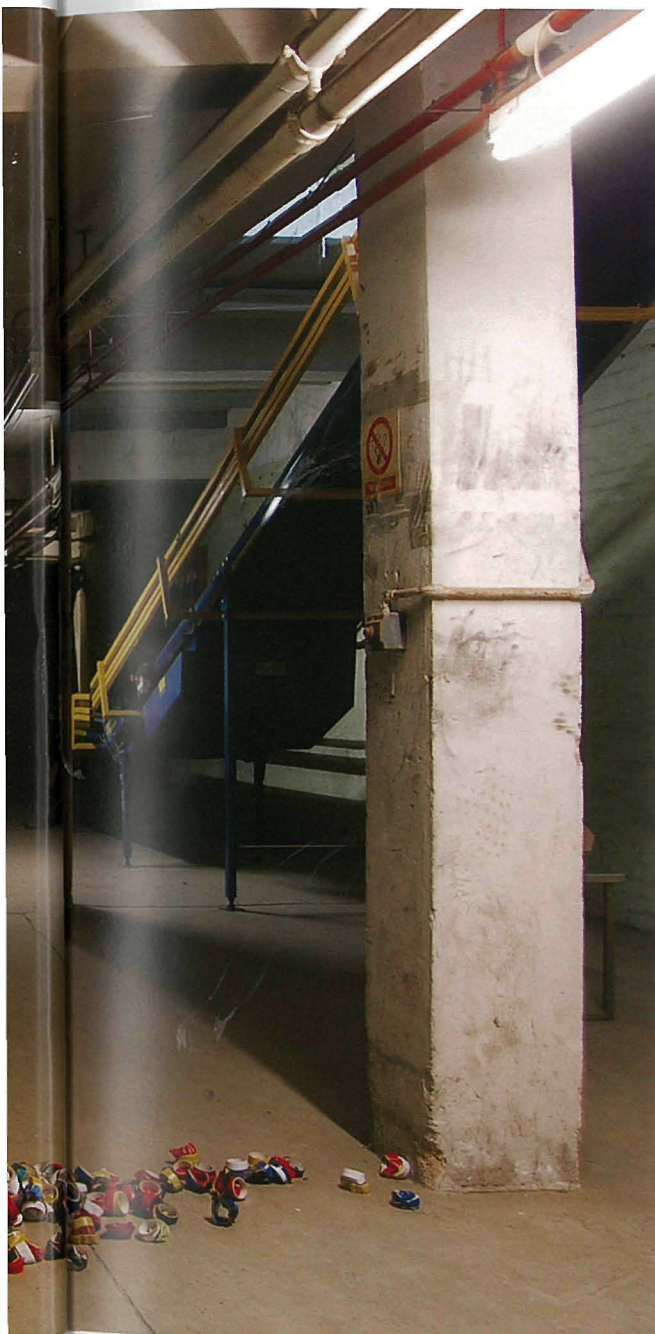
Below: Kate Mitchell, *9-5*, 2009, video still, DVD, 8 hours.

Facing page: Kate Mitchell, *I am not a joke* (detail), 2008, production still, DVD, 5 minutes 30 seconds. Photo: Craig Bender.



*GOODS In* (Installation shot) 2008, Smart factory. Photo: Charlie Levine.





## The Future, Conveyed

NAOMI GALL interviews CHARLIE LEVINE

Birmingham—once referred to as the Industrial Heartland of Britain—is undergoing a major cultural renovation. The abundance of disused factories throughout the city, a tribute to its history, are being transformed into Artist-Run Initiatives (ARIs), effectively attempting to shed the cloak of industrialisation and bring Birmingham into a more artistically aware future. While it could be said that Birmingham boasts an underground but established art scene, the general population appear almost fearful of the arts and there is a real sense in Birmingham of apprehension and a reluctance to embrace it which isn't as apparent in such places as London, or even Sydney. Perhaps that's why I ended up here.

However, my timing couldn't have been more unfortunate. As a Sydney-born, UK-based freelance art writer, the recent economic downturn has made my future all the more uncertain. Art, its every variable facet, is such a temperamental and turbulent beast under the best of circumstances. And so I have joined with Birmingham based freelance curator Charlie Levine and artists Harminder Singh Judge and David Miller, to defy the recession and take the future into our own hands by establishing a new artist-run initiative: Conveyor. Having presented an exhibition in 2008 titled *GOODS /n* within a section of an old furniture-making factory outside the city centre, co-founders Levine and Singh Judge concluded that it would be the perfect home for a new collective. And thus, Conveyor joined the ongoing tradition of ARIs in Birmingham.

Unlike Sydney, where unused spaces are limited and often expensive, Birmingham is ripe with empty factories and warehouses as a result of its industrial past. While many of these spaces are monopolised by the rental market, numerous such buildings have been left abandoned. In many cases it is simply a matter of knowing the right arm to twist and the right concept to pitch to acquire space for 'one-off' exhibitions.

Preparing for its first show, Conveyor is primarily about process and collaboration between artists, curators, writers and arts organisations and the development and continual realisation of one-day art events and exhibitions. It is this focus on the one-day event structure of the space that sets it apart from other ARIs in Birmingham. With an exhibition program that is set to include Sydney-based video artists Sam Smith and Kate Mitchell, along with a number of exciting artists from across the UK, Conveyor is undoubtedly bringing something fresh and innovative to the constantly evolving and slowly emerging art industry in Birmingham. While Levine, Singh Judge, Miller and I each joined this initiative with separate agendas, we are all united by one



common goal—to promote exceptional national and international art and attempt to transform Birmingham into a more culturally aware city for the future.

Sitting down with Levine we discussed the recent economic downturn, Conveyor and why she's determined to make her future—and the future of the city she calls home—a little more certain.

**Naomi Gall: Firstly can you give a brief background to how you became involved in the arts?**

Charlie Levine: I began my career in art through my study of photography at the Surrey Institute of Art and Design (SIAD). It was this experience and the influence of my lecturer David Company that really led me to engage critically with not only photographs, but also art in general. I became very preoccupied in my final year with the display of work and how one encounters art, and from this interest and my research it made sense to move into curating and critical writing.

**NG: Do you think there is a trend emerging where curators are turning their backs on the established galleries and going freelance?**

CL: Birmingham is a really interesting city when it comes to artist-led, curatorial-led, freelance-style practices. Don't get me wrong, there are some amazing institutions that give funding and there are some fantastic artist-run practices that receive funding so it's not all negative. There has always been a real culture of artist-run initiatives in Birmingham and there has always been a want, a desire and a need for it. As a result of its solid history I think artist-led spaces are really welcomed by the arts audience. The main problem is sustainability and within the current climate this has become an even greater issue.

**NG: Tell me about the new collective, Conveyor.**

CL: I would like to think that Conveyor is emerging out of the long history of artist-run spaces in Birmingham and will become a part of that history. In 2008 I curated a show with artist Harminder Singh Judge, who is also the Co-founder of Conveyor, called *GOODS In*. It was in an old furniture-making factory in Moseley, just outside Birmingham's city centre, called G. S. Smart and Co. Factory. It was a one-day event incorporating work from fifteen international and UK-based artists responding to the space. This was my introduction to the space. Conveyor will inhabit about one eighth of the entire space—it's a huge building—and it will be sectioned off from the rest of the factory. It's totally dishevelled, no one's been in the space for years and while the furniture is obviously no longer being produced, it still lives in the space and will be used by the first two site-specific artists who are scheduled to exhibit.

Basically we are trying to set up and realise a new artist-run space that shows national and international artists. To an extent we want to continue the tradition of promoting Birmingham artists while reaching beyond the city. Birmingham is still growing—artistically speaking—and if Conveyor can assist in opening people's eyes to what's out there then we will have achieved something.

**NG: What is the plan for the first show?**

CL: The first show will be a site-specific response to the space. We've invited a duo from Halifax in the UK, called Milk, Two Sugars, to utilise whatever materials they are able to find within the space to make sculptural pieces that, in a sense, archive and critically comment on the history of the building. Milk, Two Sugars will bring a sense of comedy and unpredictability to the space as they are known for their illustrative work, which always contains a satirical edge. There will also be a take-away aspect to the show, which will remain secret until the exhibition day.

**NG: How is Conveyor different to other artist-run initiatives in Birmingham?**

CL: For starters, we are completely untouched by any type of formal ties or bonds. We are not affiliated with anybody, we receive no funding and therefore we have no agendas to adhere to except our own, and the artists we choose to exhibit. Also, by promoting ourselves as an 'events' space there is more freedom to have a higher rotation of artists and we are capitalising on the buzz and excitement that generally accompanies the openings of exhibitions. If we can sustain a sense of intrigue around the space then it opens Conveyor up to innovative collaborative projects where there are basically no boundaries or limitations to the creative process. In this sense Conveyor is functioning on an entirely different level to other artist-run initiatives in Birmingham.

**NG: How is a gallery like Conveyor an asset to the Birmingham art scene?**

CL: It's a tremendously valuable asset, absolutely. Birmingham's history has always relied on the artist-run space so there's no reason to stop now when there's a proven formula that it works: it's just a matter of keeping it sustainable. The thing with Birmingham is that you don't want people to come to the city just to go shopping in the Bull Ring or to have a coffee at one of the four Starbucks. If that's all they come here for, they will leave poor and over-caffeinated! When you offer people in Birmingham something they do respond to it and want it but, like I said, it's just a question of sustainability. There is an audience out there for this type of initiative; we just have to find it.

**NG: Do you think Conveyor has a long term future, given that at present it is entirely self-funded?**

CL: Given that we are entirely self-funded it is difficult to think beyond one year at a time. We have an amazing line up of artists scheduled for this year, and if Conveyor is well received by the people of Birmingham I don't see why it wouldn't continue for a second year. The trap for us would be to think too far in advance. While we are presently entirely unaffiliated, we would not be completely opposed to joining forces with other arts organisations in the future or attempting to acquire funding—but only so long as the integrity of the space was maintained—otherwise what's the point?

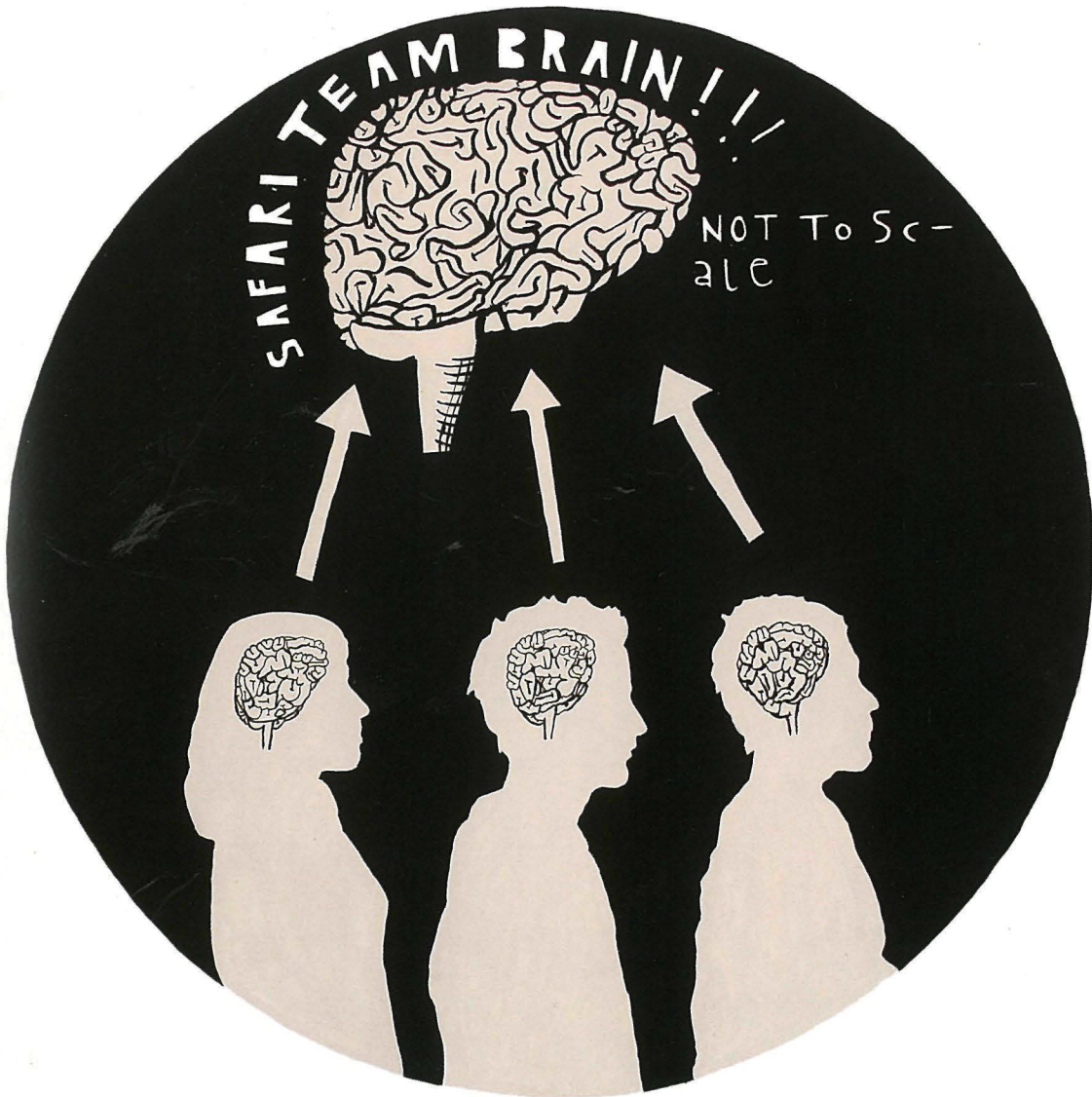
Conveyor held its opening exhibition on 6 June 2009 with UK artists Milk, Two Sugars. Information on Conveyor's activities can be found at [www.conveyor-arts.com](http://www.conveyor-arts.com).

Facing page above: (artworks from left to right) Gabo, *I need a study with a lot of balls*, 2008, paint on photograph; Cathy Wade, *Memoirs of an Architect's Son*, 2008, wood, paint, gold leaf. *GOODS In*, 2008, Smart factory. Photo: Charlie Levine. Facing page below: Jack Welsh, *Man's Best Friend*, 2008, matching bedroom furniture, wood, nails, gloss paint, glue, battery light. *GOODS In*, 2008, Smart factory. Photo: Charlie Levine.

FUTURES

# Dig to China - Part II (Tondo Series)

SAFARI TEAM













# You Are Your Own Screen, You Own Your Own Screen

## Disparate Lamentations on Soda\_Jerk's *Astro Black*

ELLA BARCLAY



Above: Soda\_Jerk, *Astro Black: A History of Hip-Hop [Episode 2]*, 2007-8, (digital video still). Includes samples from *V*, 1984-85 and *Ronald Reagan: The Great Speeches*, 2004. Post production with Sam Smith.

*Let us assume that every 'thing' is interconnected, interactive, interfaced and intercultural. Sampling is always experimental, in that the potential results are not a given. We are splintering consensual realities to test their substance, utilizing the tools of collision collage, composition, decomposition, progression systems, 'random' chance, juxtaposition, cut-ups, hyperdelic vision and any other method available that melts linear conceptions and reveals holographic webs and fresh spaces.*

Genesis P. Orridge, 'Thee Splinter Test', *The Book of Lies*, (New York: Disinformation Publishing, 2003)

As some women have done so, in the form of letter-writing, for at least the last three centuries, I construct and receive lengthy emails to and from friends on topics mostly concerning romantic misadventures and life dramas, with some attention also dedicated to less self-involved observations and analysis of 'the bigger ideas'. More frequently, these emails focus on the inclusion of clips from video hosting sites: somehow, a byte from a film is a better host for a complex keyset of emotions than a paragraph of melodramatic auto-constructed text. This is because these clips tap into the receiver's whole emotional memory of that film or piece of music and all the personal histories they have imbued in it. A rich respite from and product of our general new-tab, most-read, send-to-friend, un-tag, NSFW, highlight, export, save-as, fail-blog working existences.

Genesis P. Orridge, front man of Throbbing Gristle and author of *Painful but Fabulous*, writes an essay in *The Book of Lies* entitled 'Thee Splinter Test'. The short, mystic text postulates that when we take a sample of something and place it in something else, we are placing a splinter of the original text into something new. This splinter not only retains the whole memory of the tree from which it came, but also the memories of everyone who has ever seen that tree. Therefore the process of assemblage is a powerful and dynamic alchemy. Splinter was also the wise rat in *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*, who, in 1990, was my segue-way to the figureheads of the Italian Renaissance, leading me to Vasari and a desire to study art history.

*As we travel in every direction simultaneously along the digital highways of our Futures, thee 'splinter test' is both a highly creative contemporary channel of conscious and creative 'substance' abuse and a protection against the restrictive depletion of our archaic, algebraic analogue manifestations.*

Genesis P. Orridge

I find watching films by Soda\_Jerk an emotionally enthralling, almost nauseating experience. Each time a sample I recognise pops up, memory lilts to the time I first encountered that sample and I end up in my own quiet internal me-fest. An example of 'splinter' could be

Soda\_Jerk's employment of modern archetypes-as-protagonists: Sun Ra in *Astro Black: A History of Hip-Hop [Episodes 0-2]*, (2007-8) and Elvis Presley in *Pixel Pirate II: Attack of the Astro Elvis Video Clone*, (2002-6). These two icons are transported through various contexts to explore complex ideas. We as an audience cling to them as one would an anchor or Tardis, and leap to different places in time and space.

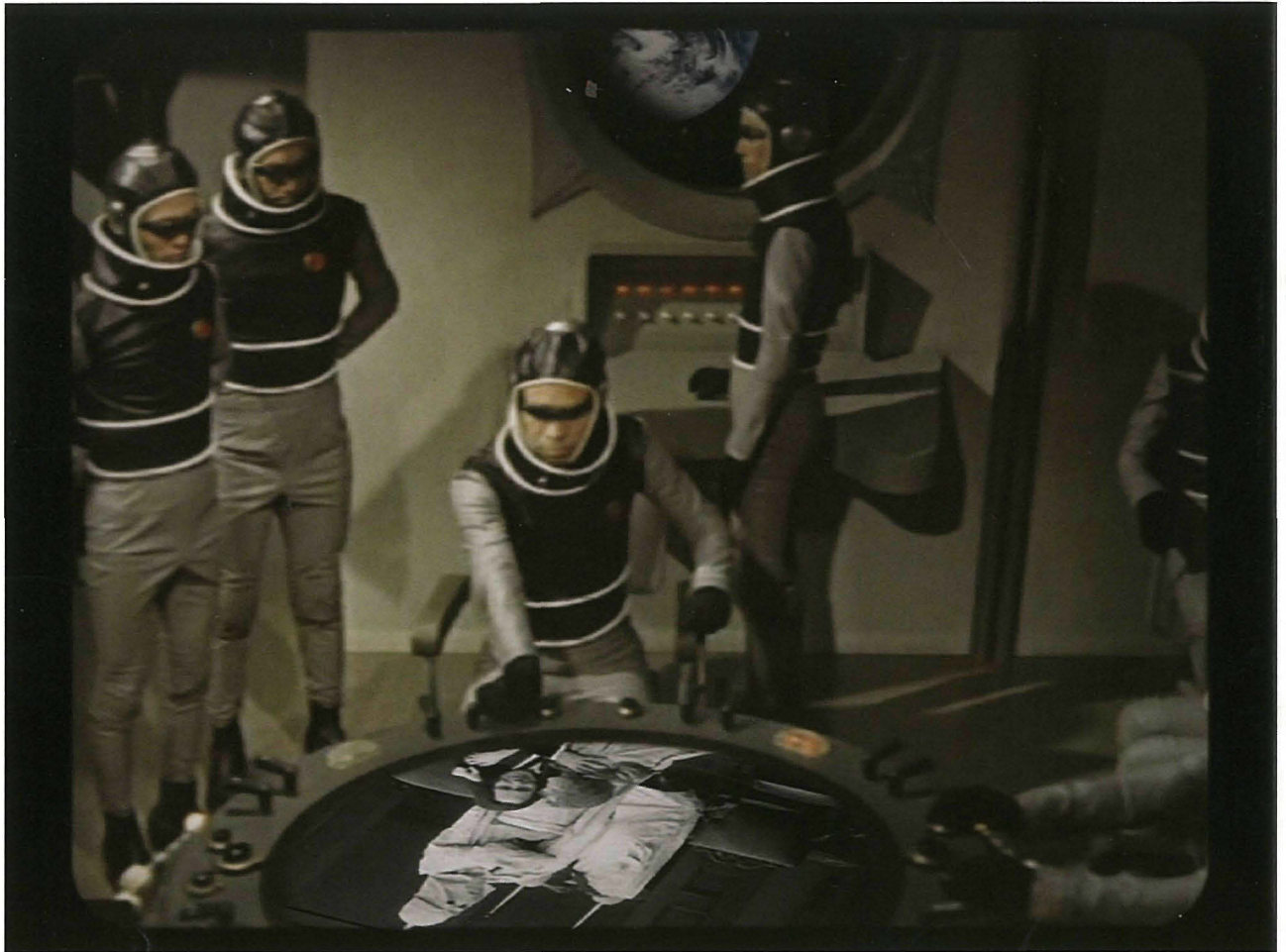
In praising the video cut-up work of Tracey Moffatt, critic Jacqueline Millner describes Soda\_Jerk's works as lacking critical depth, being more akin to a 'fan's tribute' or a 'game of celebrity spotting' and odd that they have chosen the contemporary art world as the realm to explore these issues. (*Video Logic* exhibition catalogue, Museum of Contemporary Art, 2008.) Such statements beckon unpacking and I would argue that these Jerks act decisively and with the full weight of streaming, steaming, conscious, heaving histories upon their compact, vintage-clothing-clad shoulders. The Art World is an awkward place for such practises only because it is I fear, and I feel comfortable making this generalisation, manned by MS Word-grappling, all technological development out-sourced, cottage-industry-production-valued techno-philistines who are told things like *Second Life* are cool.

*We now have available to us as a species, really for the first time in history, infinite freedom to choose and assemble, and everything we assemble is a portrait of what we are now and what we visualise being ... Anything, in any medium imaginable, from any culture, which is in any way recorded and can in any possible way be played back is now accessible and infinitely malleable and usable to any artist. Everything is available, everything is free and everything is permitted, it's a firestorm in a shop sale where everything must go.*

Genesis P. Orridge

The thrift-store is a good metaphor here for how we can pillage and re-use information. It is a mode of archival creative production that invites us to recall and reinterpret seminal moments in film, video, music and gaming history, moments that might otherwise slip into obscurity. In current times, even pulling up a newsreel from two months ago is so irksome that politicians and spokeswhores can double back on their words with little criticism from journalists for fear of complexity.

Revisionism and, what I might squeamishly coin as 'video sustainability', come into play. We already have at our disposal an infinity of material to engage with, along with the potential to build new histories and reinvestigate old ones. In some cases in *Astro Black*—such as the sampling of films like *Star Gate* or *Independence Day*—Soda\_Jerk are adding value to the original text, by incorporating new, and arguably more important stories.



*This music is all a part of another tomorrow, another kind of language, speaking things of blackness, about the void, the endless void, the bottomless pit surrounding you.*

Sun Ra via *Astro Black: A History of Hip-Hop*, 2008

In April 2009, Pirate Bay founders Peter Sunde, Fredrik Neij, Gottfrid Svartholm and Carl Lundström were found guilty of assistance to copyright infringement and sentenced to one year in prison and payment of a multi-million euro fine. The United Kingdom is also looking at criminalising the act of acquiring and republishing unauthorised material. In 2006, Attorney General Philip Ruddock spoke of ambitions to introduce checks on laptops at Australian customs for video and film files lacking proof of purchase. In June 2009, a US court forbid the publishing of a novel by a Swedish-American author whose protagonist resembles a speculative 76 year old version of the character Holden Caulfield from J.D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*.

*You look at this and think 'this is insane'—and if it's only Hollywood that has to deal with this, okay that's fine, let them be insane. The problem is, their insane rules are now being applied to the whole world.*

Lawrence Lessig, *Free Culture*, 2002

Taking all this into account, Soda\_Jerk's 'fan's tributes' become highly politicised. Ideas, whether they be imbued in words, songs, films or art, are now measured kilobytes and we are all rendered mute if we have to pay for every exchange.

Above: Soda\_Jerk, *Astro Black: A History of Hip-Hop [Episode 1]*, 2007-8, (digital video still). Includes samples from Ishiro Honda's *Invasion of the Astro Monster*, 1965, D.W Griffith's *Birth of a Nation*, 1915 and Byron Haskin's *War of the Worlds*, 1953. Post production with Sam Smith.



I love the space section in Part 1 of *Astro Black*, a respite from the complex reconstructed histories so densely conveyed. It summarises another interesting element of the remix—the milieu. Just being able to sit back and let the countless samples we recognise or don't (The Knife? Dopplereffekt? Aphex Twin?) whiz past. We have no choice but to enjoy the flow.

*Sometimes I feel like I'm seeing it all at once, and it's too much, my heart fills up like a balloon that's about to burst ... And then I remember to relax, and stop trying to hold on to it, and then it flows through me like rain and I can't feel anything but gratitude.*

*American Beauty*, Dream Works, 1999

There's still a handful of VHS tapes I ruined in 1984. As a three year old I liked to hit record on the video player whenever I saw something good on TV. My parents would discover this as they sat down to watch carefully pre-recorded episodes of *Brideshead Revisited* or *Yes Minister* only to find it imbued with snippets of *Play School*, *Rainbow* or (and I'm quite proud of this one) *The Young Ones*. I also apparently poured orange juice into not only my parent's video player but many of their friends'—an early citation of my own creative practice of dodging electrocution and breaking things. I still have some of these videos and enjoy watching them.

*Video is thee electronic Molotov cocktail of thee TV generation. Cause the cathode ray tubes to resonate and explode. You are your own screen. You own your own screen.*

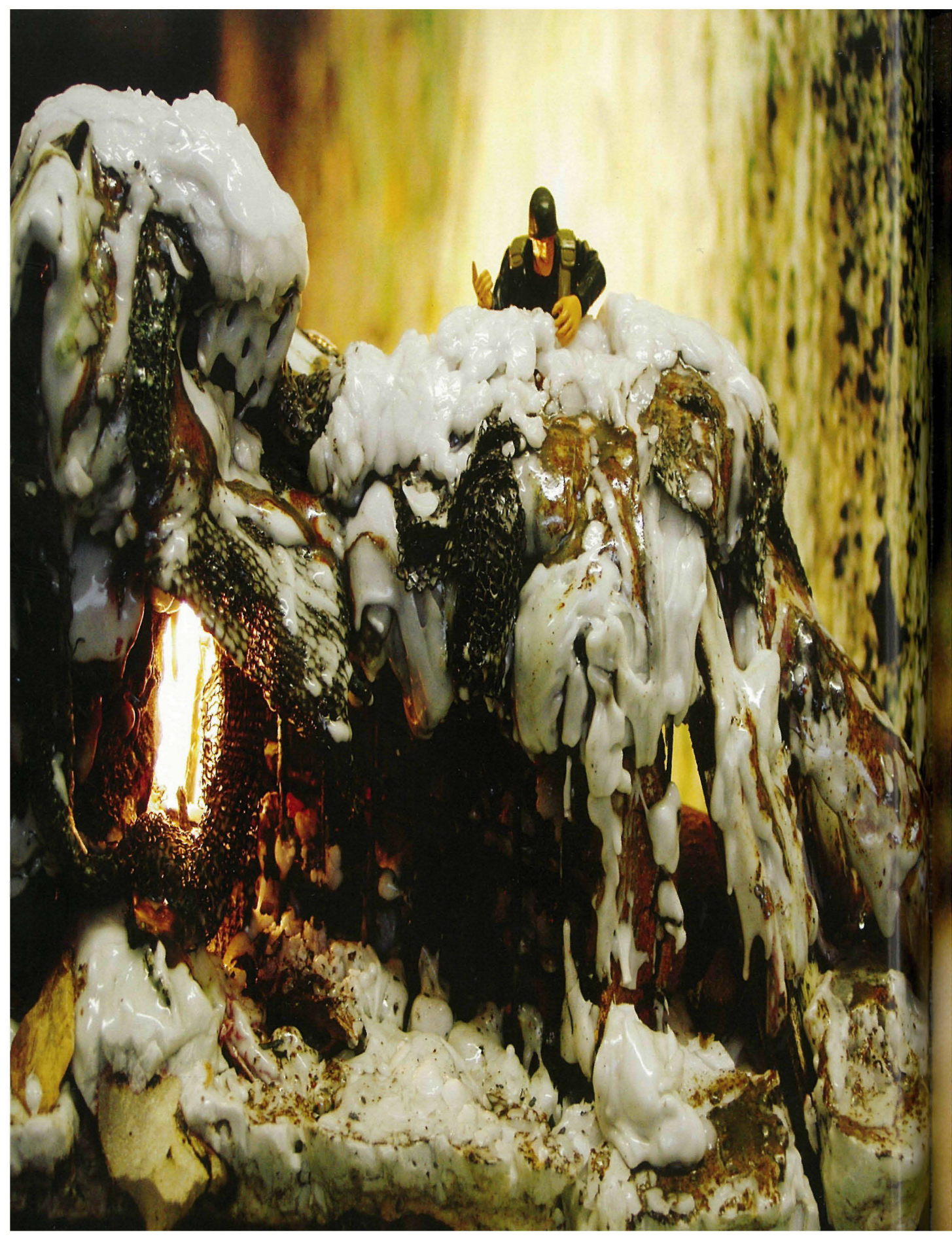
Genesis P. Orridge



# 100 Months to Act

JUSTIN COOPER













# Metamorphapportioning

GEORGE EGERTON-WARBURTON

Simon Starling's *Metamorphapportioning* marked the artist's first venture to the Great Western abyss of Kojonup, South Western Australia. Having met briefly with Starling upon arrival, he made it clear that it was going to take him a few days to come to terms with the heat, flies, and West Australian accents. He was also unsure about what work he would be making in response to Kojonup's new residency program.

The residency, provided by the local RSL, meant that upon completion of Starling's non-academic research-based work, he would be rewarded with three to five Chiko Rolls—according to what merit the local RSL judged the work to be. They had briefed him with some key elements to the community's identity, such as the ample natural wildflowers, new tourist centre, and the fact that Kojonup was the first town in the world with one million sheep. They were anticipating a work that the town could showcase to visiting tourists.

Starling however, had different ideas. 'What really intrigued me, was the roadhouses on the drive from Perth to Kojonup. The people that inhabited them were sullied with marks of weakness and woe. The plants that surrounded them were an introduced species of palm trees, interrupting the hundreds of kilometres of natural fauna. These small colonial outposts, with all their petrol fumes and cold expensive beer, plotted along the highway by the biggest oil companies in the world; like little grunts of determination in a long haul ... There was a beauty in that desperate hesitation, something wonderful about the ugliness of it all, I found myself spending days lurking around outside the BP station, thirty kilometres out of Kojonup'.

Starling ended up buying three cars from patrons of the service station, for twice their asking price. The patrons were subsequently more than happy to assist him with his project. They spliced the three cars into one sustainable people mover, powered by minimal effort from the people that it moved; through the use of numerous pulleys and chains, Starling constructed the bus so as each passenger would only have to 'cycle' the equivalent of one kilometre, for the entire 256 kilometre journey from Perth to Kojonup. The only emission from the vehicle: sweat, was combined with the produce from the introduced species of palm trees that grew on the roof and made into Chiko Rolls by a chef on board the bus—a gesture that made the local RSL's reward redundant. The people mover was hand painted with an amalgamation of all the roadhouses company logos (Shell, BP, Liberty, Caltex), by one of the previous owners of one of the cars, Lionel Gullibus, a sign painter by trade. The people mover can now effectively be utilised for financially troubled passengers from Perth to Kojonup and back. Starling was chuffed with the piece 'I'm really happy ... The locals were more than helpful, and the work can continue into the future without me, I'm like a footnote in *Metamorphapportioning*.

I really enjoyed Starling's project for its combination of concern for sustainability—an ongoing theme in his work, and his disdain for the notion of 'residency' by way of making it redundant through his own production of Chiko Rolls. Starling is making a point of the trouble with doing residencies, that of the benefactor's desire for acknowledgement, which obscures the artist's ability to make art for art's sake.

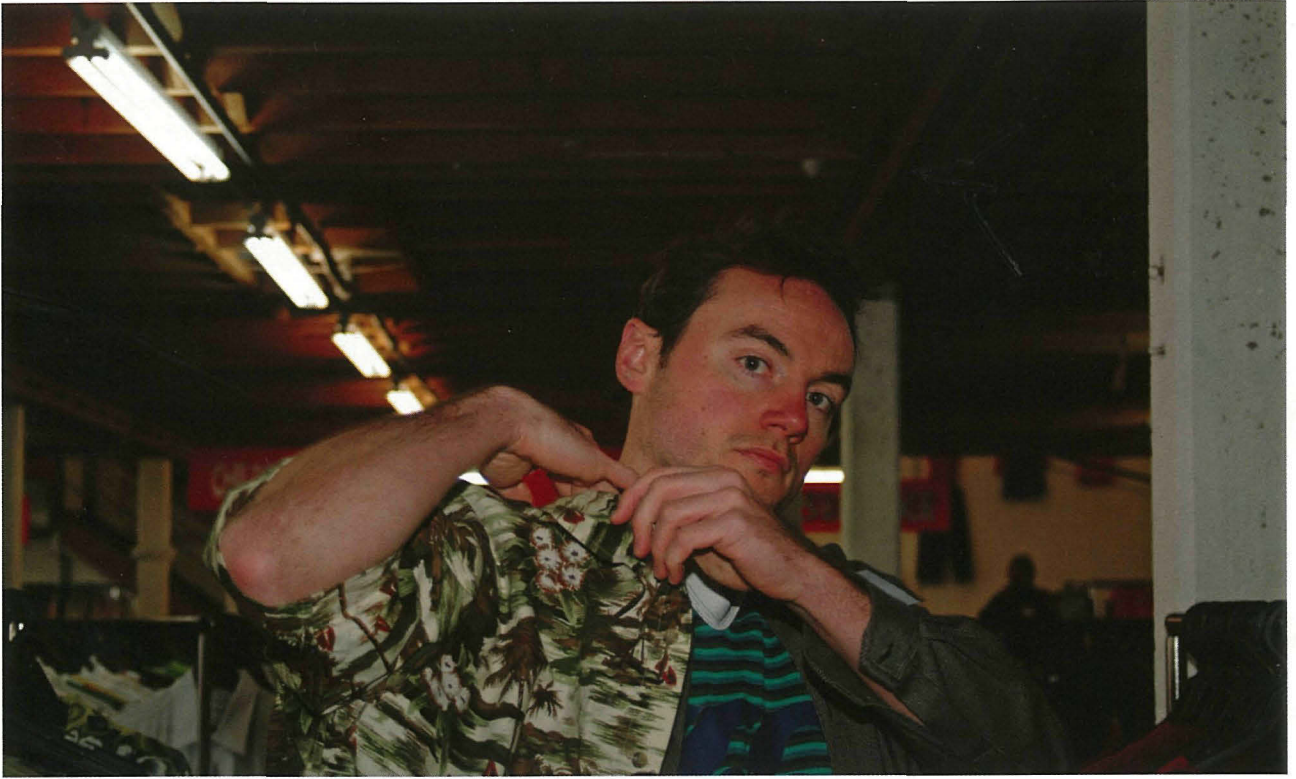


# Savemart Dunedin

JOHN ALEXANDER BORLEY
















# The Universal Translator

EMILY HUNT




BABEL  FISH



CHROMA  AGLOW



MYOID  DANCE



BOLUS  CLOGS





# Through Good Times and Bad

LINDA BRESCIA





# Through Good Times and Bad

LINDA BRESCIA







# 35 ANEF

ARJUNA NEUMAN

The predicted statistics for the year 2023 state that Sydney Airport (SYD) will transport over 68 million passengers and over a million tonnes of freight that year alone. This means that roughly 186,300 people will pass through the airport every single day. In preparation for this massive growth, SYD is currently in its first phase of a 20 year master plan to radically develop the airport—where the construction of various multi-storey car parks and a revamping of the traffic flow system are already underway. As Australia's largest airport, its owner, Macquarie Bank Investments sees it as their national duty to transform this rented patch of Commonwealth Land into a glorious 21<sup>st</sup> Century Air Hub that competes with other international star-airports like LHR, ATL and DBX.

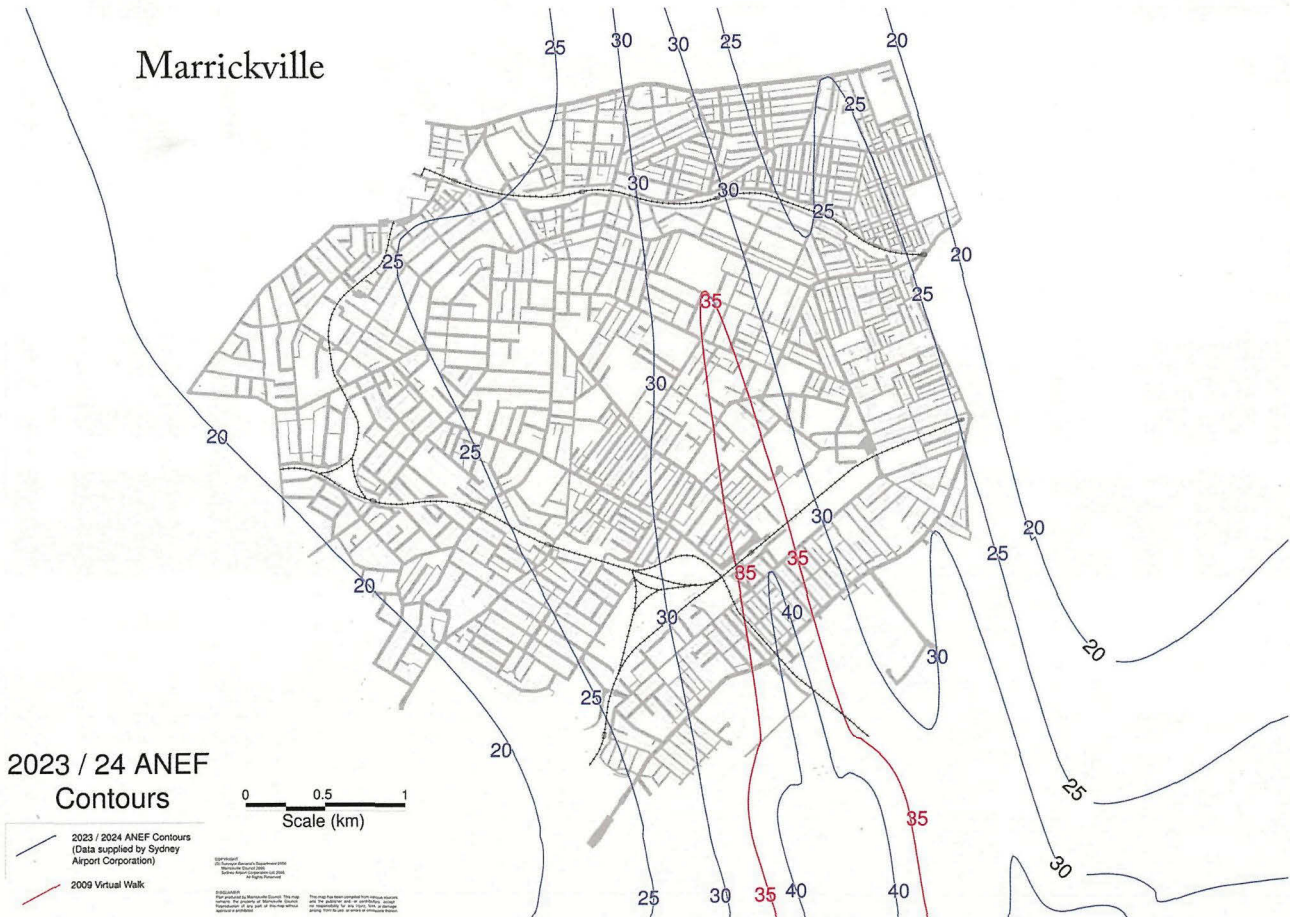
While Australia's primary gate to the rest of the world is increasingly widened, the physical borders of the airport are colonising the local suburbs that surround it. Already thousands of families have been forced to move from their homes as the airport buys up the properties that lie directly underneath the immediate flight path. These areas are unable to then gain zoning for any form of re-development other than for industrial purposes. Which is clearly not suitable for these small Federation style terraces—these properties are now falling into disrepair, and are fast forming a wasteland that extends outwards from the tips of each runway—like a strange urban plague.

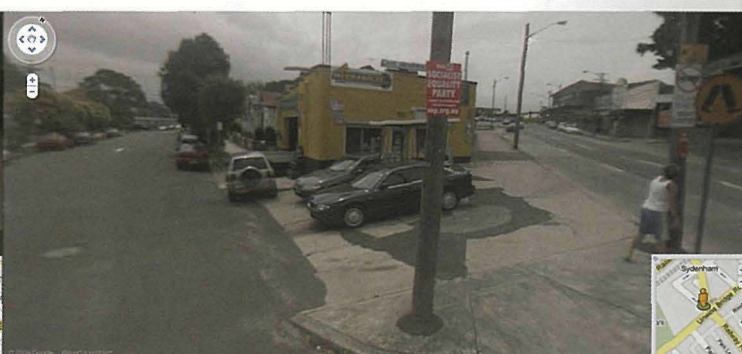
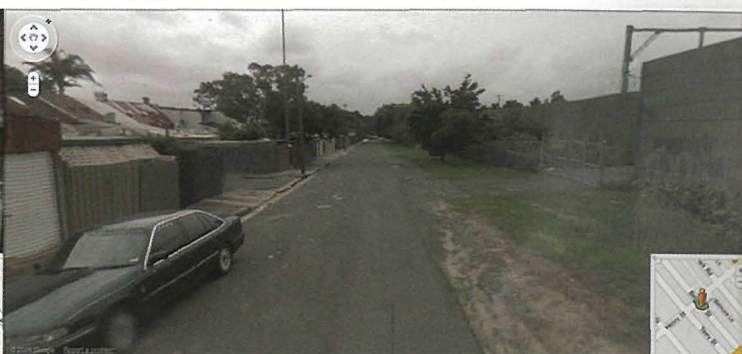
The map shows the predicted Australian Noise Exposure Forecast (ANEF) contours for the year 2023 around the Marrickville Council suburbs that lie directly North of the primary runway (34L). To be granted residential zoning for the construction or development of homes requires that the land be located outside of the **20 ANEF Zone**. This is to say that the government mandates the areas found in this zone have 'unacceptable' living conditions.

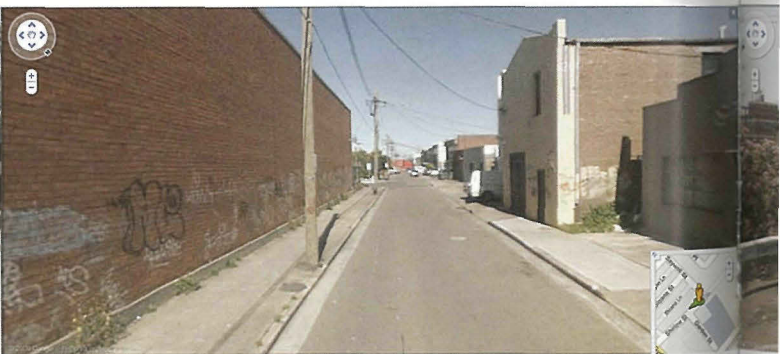
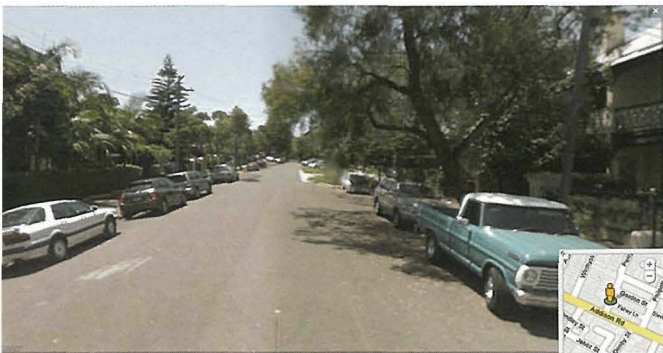
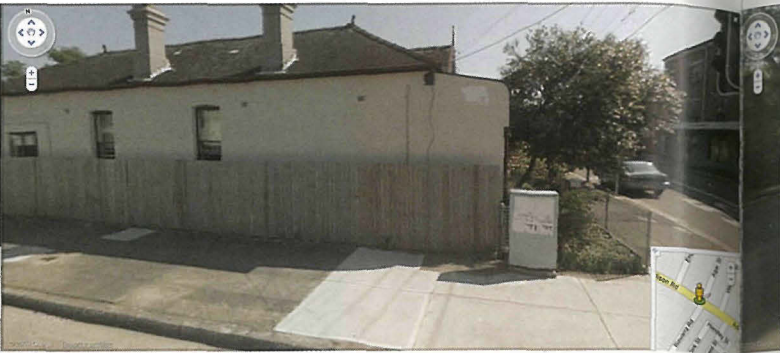
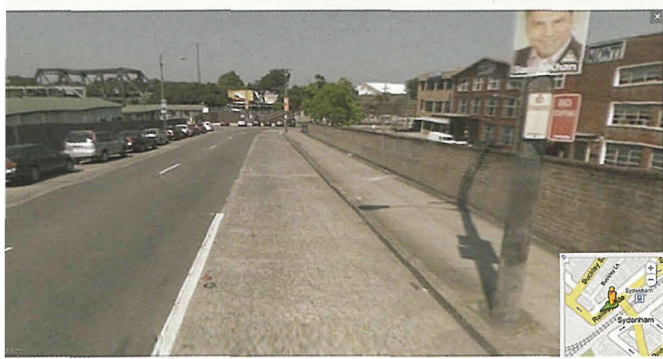
None of greater Marrickville falls into this 'acceptable' zone.

The implications of this forecast seem almost unbelievable considering the 75,000 local residents that live in 'unacceptable' conditions. These images record a virtual and deliberately silent walk around the 35 ANEF or 'light-industrial' zone.

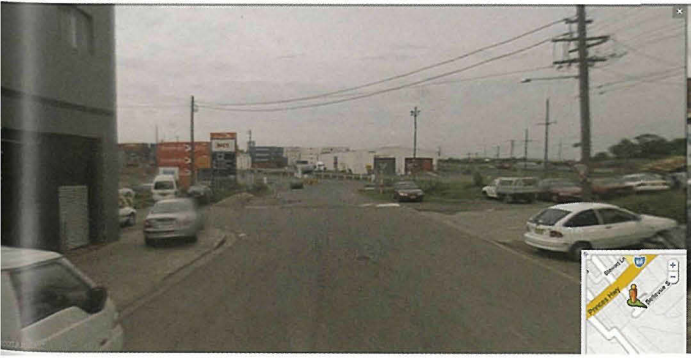
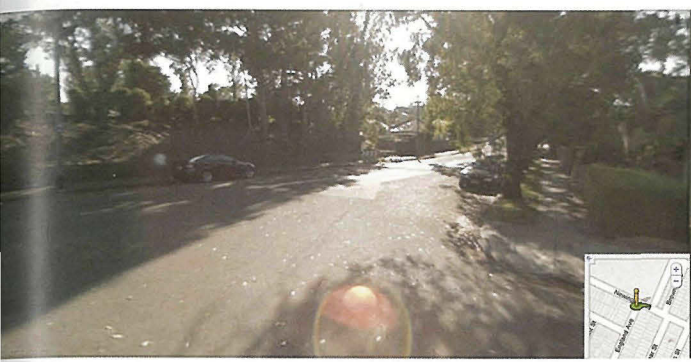
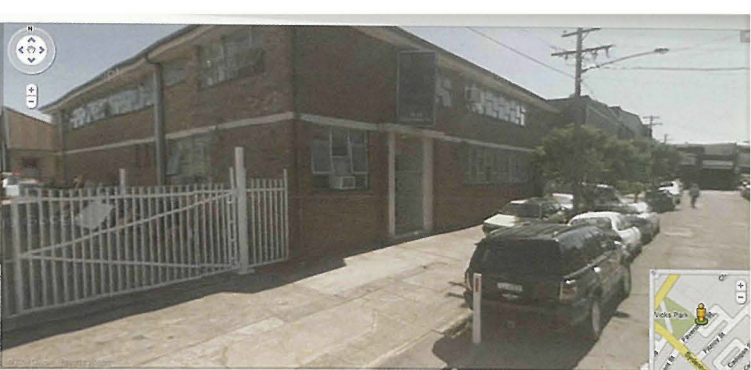
## Marrickville

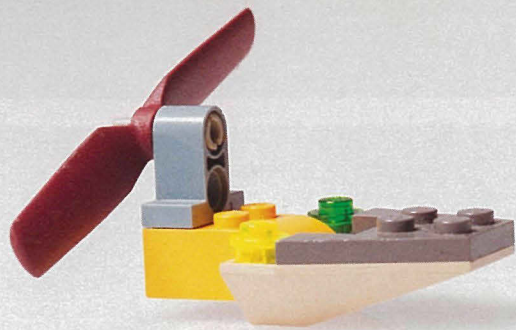


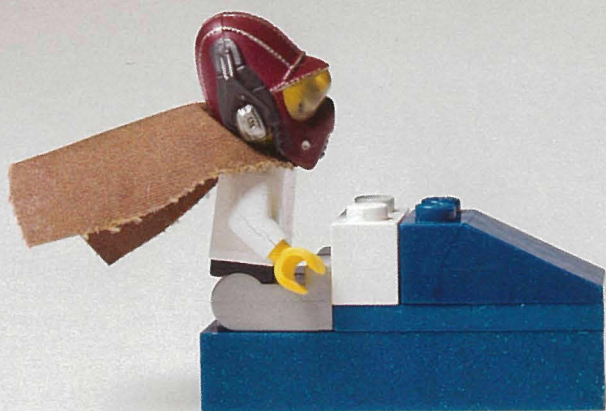






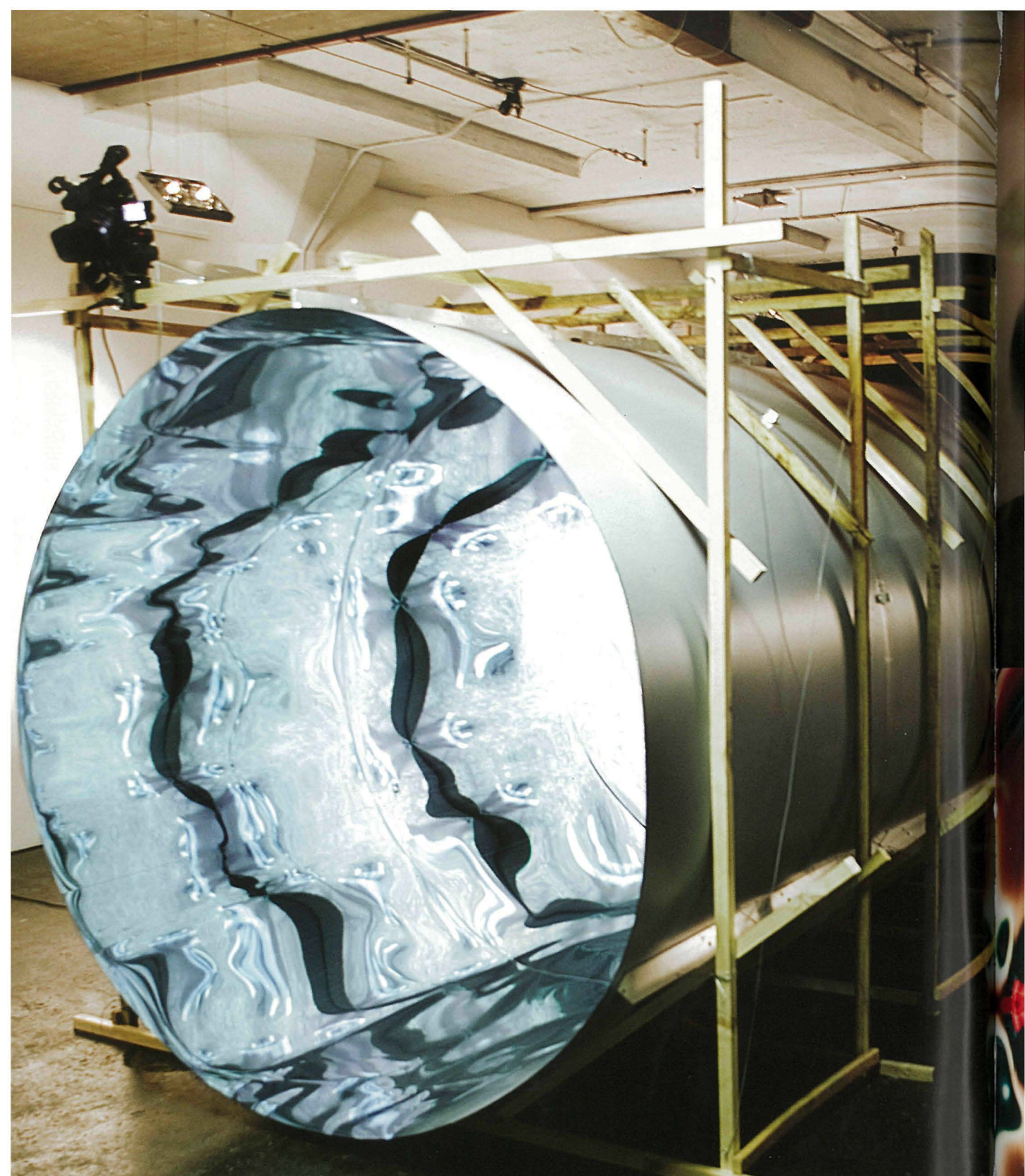






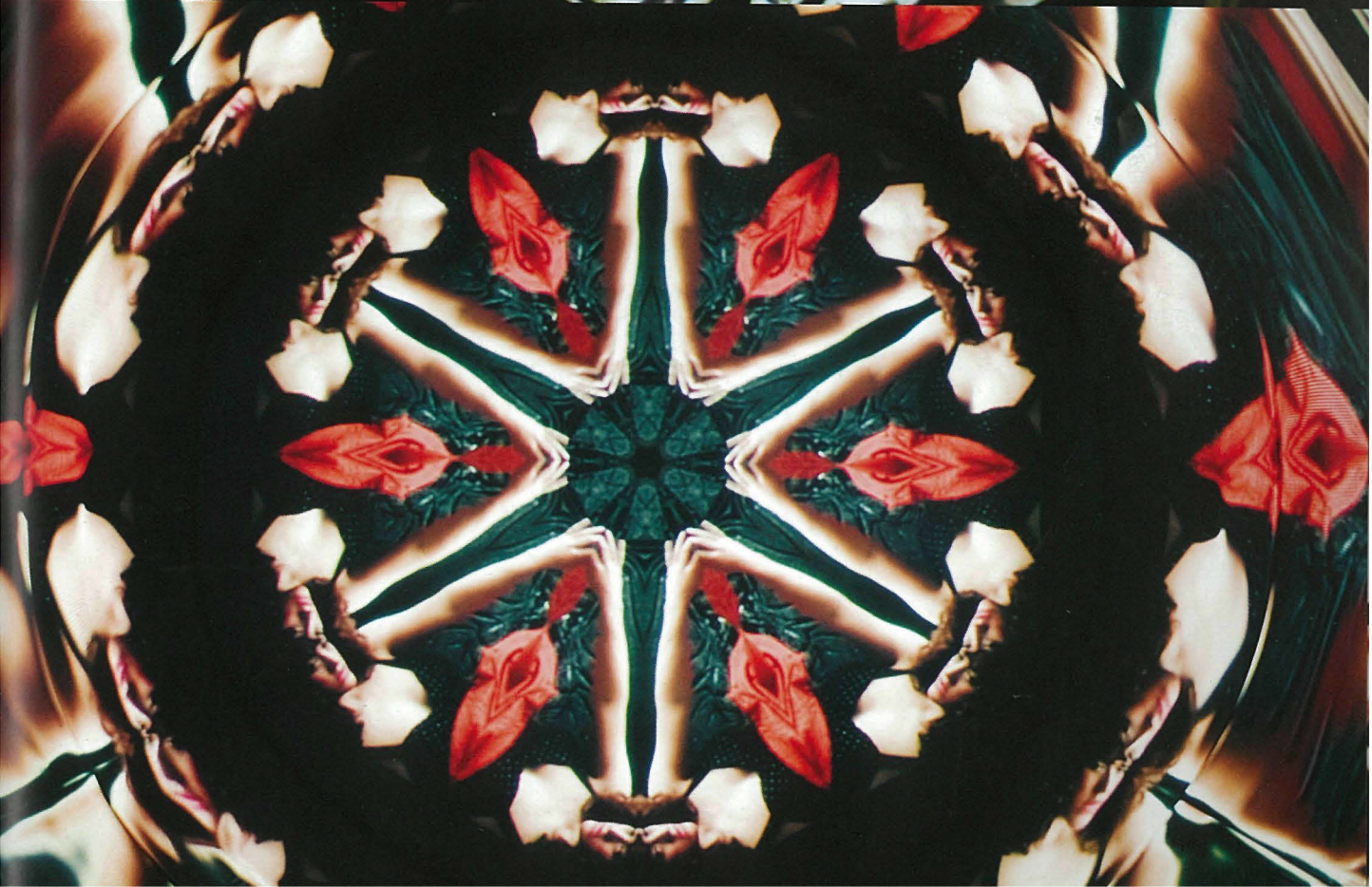
## Future Forms

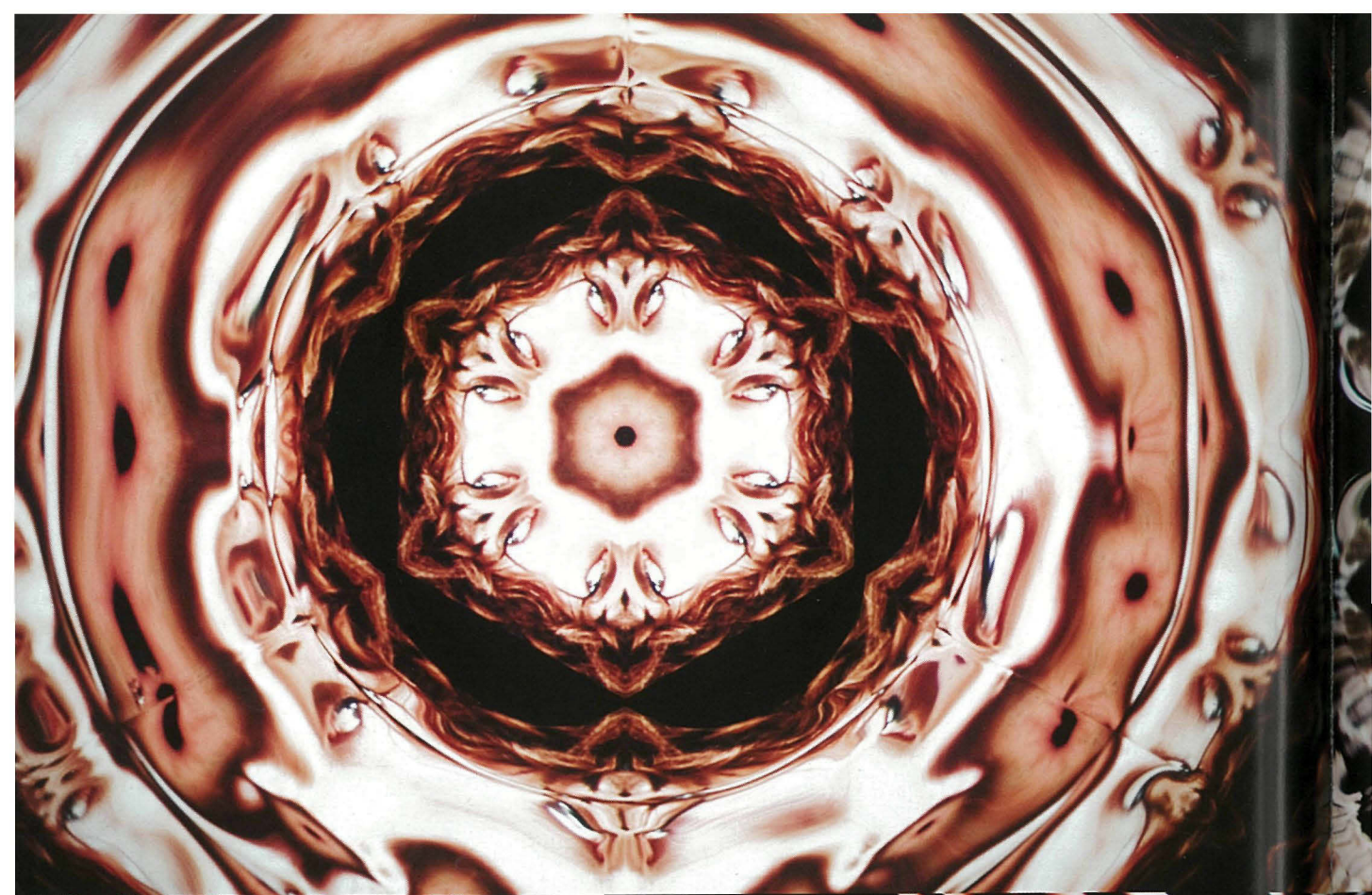
PRUDENCE MURPHY



# The Real Thing

JORDANA MAISIE













REVIEWS



## Chronox and the Contemporary

DARREN JORGENSEN

Contemporary art relies on art schools to recreate its contemporaneity. Enrolled in courses saturated with art history and theory, artists are trained to be self-conscious about their practice and its place in the artworld. Well-studied graduates play games with the history and theory of art so as to exhibit the place of their practice in the present historical moment. Thus the genre of contemporary art comes to have recognisable features, as it exhibits the regress of the artworld into the educational conditions that brought it into being.

*Hatched*, judged by artworld professionals to be the best art from art schools around the country, annually enacts the regression of art into informatics, the self-consciousness of artists as they exhibit a relationship to their own education. Belle Brooks's *Typing 'Giraffe Sex' into Google Yields Ungodly Results* literalises the actualisation of such information, rendering a pair of mating giraffes in three dimensions and a kaleidoscope of colours. Laura Hindmarsh's *Screen Projection* projects a line drawing on paper on string, confusing the dimensions with a regression of media. Contemporary art relies on these kinds of tricks, the explication of which places the work into the greater work of history and theory.

Out of this folding of information into art and art into information—in a repetition of the conceptualism of the art school—one of the more successful strategies of contemporary artists continues to be installation. This is because installation simulates an environment for the production of ideas rather than standing in for the idea itself. The installation displaces the gallery with a simulation of the art school, a context for art rather than the art object itself. Lachlan Conn and Michael Prior's *Chronox* is a series of small geometric sculptures placed on the simple floor of the gallery, each pulsating with its own purple light projected from above. A triangle of alternating sound loops play on toy record players, and viewers are invited to shift the 45s from locked groove to locked groove. The combination of light and sound creates a psychedelic atmosphere, but one that is also neatly minimal, as shapes and sounds remain constant, meditative.

It is worth pausing on *Chronox*, for its achievement is to simply capture the attention, to keep its visitor as spellbound as a child before the television screen. The artists confess that they are trying to build a time machine, a means of traveling into and beyond the contemporary moment. Points of light flash, shimmer

Above: Installation view of Belle Brooks, *Typing 'Giraffe Sex' into Google Yields Ungodly Results*, 2008 and Jacob Leary, *Study X: growth of the technological organism*, 2008. Photo: Eva Fernandez.

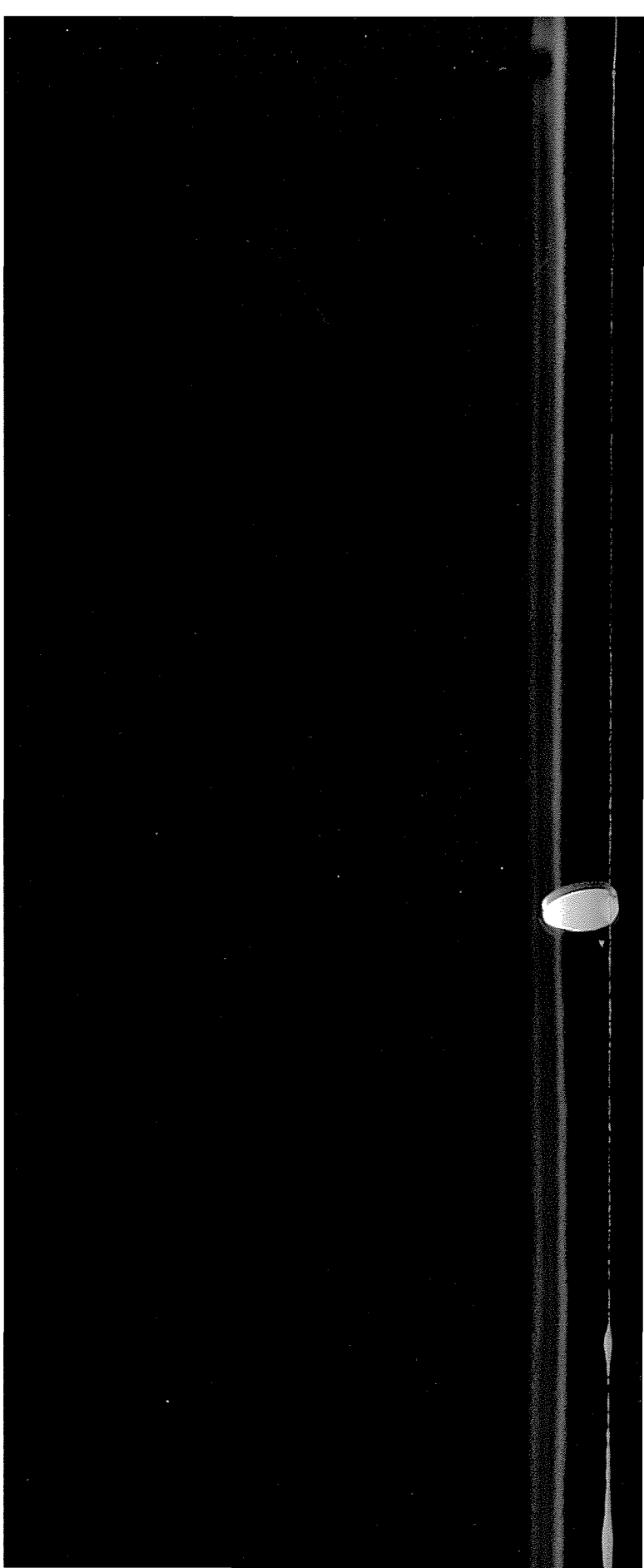
and rotate over a beaker, a contour map, pyramids, a petri dish, atomic models and other reflective shapes. Their rhythms resonate with each other and with the undulating loops, cadences of light and sound tumbling over each other. Here the differential synchronicities of looped sounds, flashing and cycling shapes, effects an eerie resonance that turn the room into more than a room, in which these strange devices add up to a larger, esoteric machine.

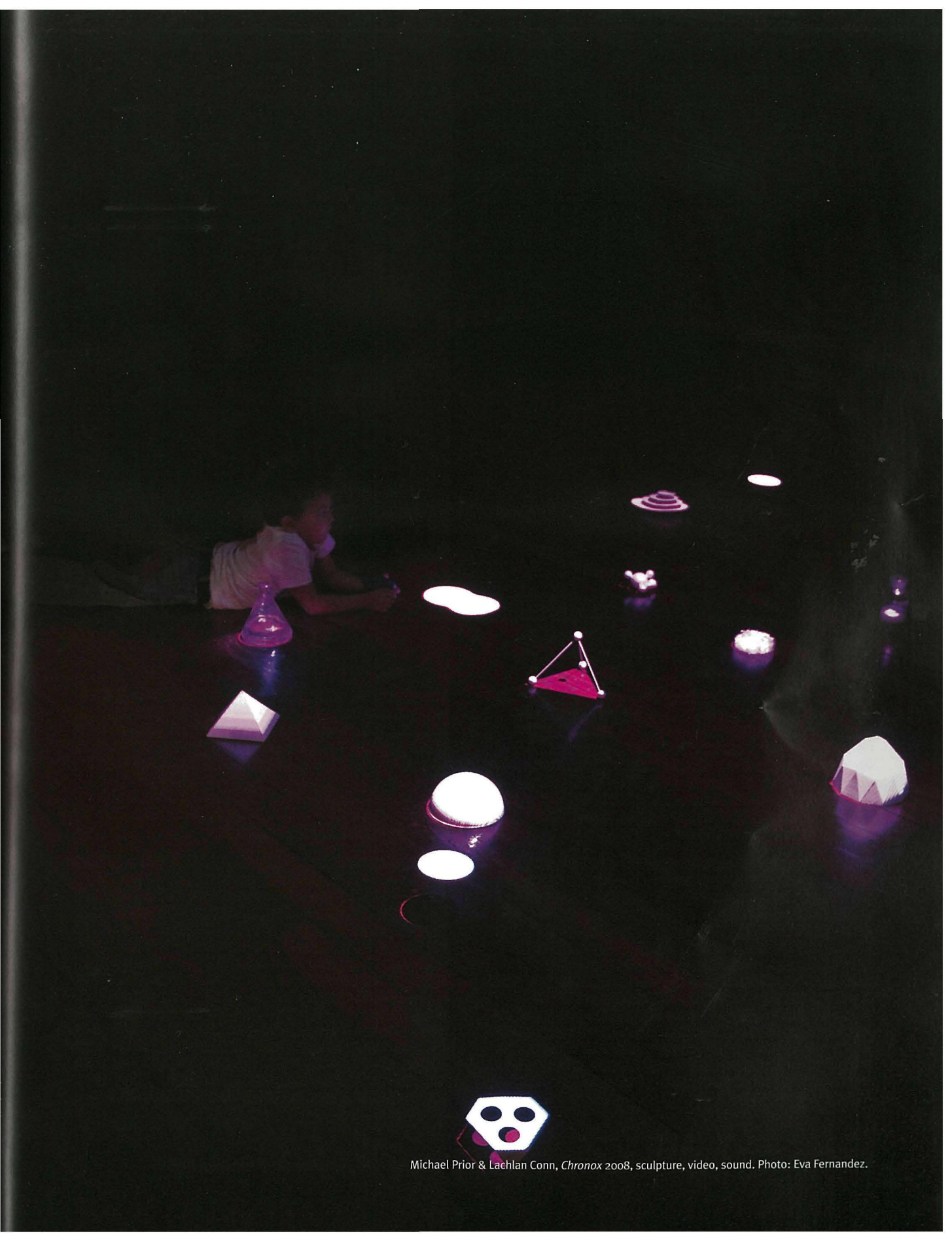
There are precedents for this kind of technological operation, in which flashings and repetitions add up to a sensation of transport. Recall Ian Sommerville and Brion Gysin's *Dreamachine* (1961), in which flashing lights appear from atop a spinning record player. There are also stories of places haunted by technological fallout, neglected factories and restaurants the architectures of which have been awkwardly displaced, lean at an oblong angle to the rest of the cosmos. Yet *Chronox* is humbler than these, as it plays with simple geometries and familiar objects. It has an eccentric rather than grandiose sensibility, the product of tinkering more than an architectonic vision.

It is through *Chronox* that we are able to envisage the self-conscious contemporaneity of contemporary art as symptomatic of something else. Conn and Prior are simply attempting to keep their visitor interested, to keep them in the moment of the piece. The form of the loop catches the desire for the contemporary, its aural and visual multiplicities creating resonances with the informatics that inform contemporary art. Artists struggling for presence in an information-saturated artworld would do well to regard the present as itself a contemporary subject. *Chronox* suggests that duration is itself the subject of the contemporary, as artists simulate the place of their own actual place in historical time. By making the time of art itself the subject of an installation, Conn and Prior appear to double the contemporaneity of contemporary art with the contemporary itself. Ironically, *Chronox* thus appears to have arrived from outside the artworld that sanctions its very logic. The regress here appears as progress, as we are caught in an endless combination of moments, of cycles and flashes, sounds and lights, that creates the illusion of the uniquely recurring moment.

Yet *Chronox* also stands as a kind of warning beacon, as its seductions that double the seductions of the contemporary, replicating the geometries of the art school factory and fantasy. For these pulsating and cycling shapes are nothing less than the materials of a laboratory: an atomic model here, a topographical model there. Rather than trying to teach us something, it reproduces the tools of learning. Rather than being information, it simulates the principles of information diffusion itself. Thus *Chronox* reproduces the modality of a certain version of the contemporary, its trap of light and sound wanting to monopolise not only the pleasures of the look, but to mobilise our desire to know. Its abstract spectacle of geometries alludes to the presence that is the illusion of the contemporary, and implicitly, to the illusion of contemporary art. In artworld terms, however, this contemporaneity should be self-conscious of this present, rather than the present itself, leaving *Chronox* in a paradoxical relationship with the show that surrounds it.

*Hatched 09: National Graduate Show* was held at PICA from 17 April to 7 June. The exhibition featured a selection of graduate work from art schools across Australia.





Michael Prior & Lachlan Conn, *Chronox* 2008, sculpture, video, sound. Photo: Eva Fernandez.



## Things Fall Down: Sometimes We Look Up

KELLY FLIEDNER

Understanding or forecasting the future is an aim that unites many spiritual beliefs and scientific practices, and more broadly, this aspiration is an underlying trait of humanity. Sanné Mestrom's recent exhibition at Chalk Horse titled *Things Fall Down: Sometimes We Look Up*, presented several installations that strove to understand how the presence of the desire to predict future outcomes affects our emotional state. Her work is an expression and detailed exploration of these emotions, manifesting in the dynamics of our present existence.

For some time Mestrom's practice has been defined by optical experimentations of text based works. *Will judgment hurt when it falls on me?* (2009), an orthographic wall painting depicting its title slogan, encompassed a large mass of wall in one corner of the gallery—consuming the viewer's gaze within a semi-immersive environment. The receding fonts that created pictorial and spatial illusion, challenged behaviours of perception and questioned the natural order of looking and pictorial depth—while the slogan itself aroused feelings of anticipation, imminence, impending actions, waiting, human expectations; and questioned future's indeterminacy with spiritual undertones. By questioning the act of perception and the physical and psychological position of the viewer, the artwork becomes performative and temporal, and evokes elements of uncertainty and unpredictably in the conscience of the viewer.

The exhibition as a whole witnessed a recent shift in Mestrom's work, which is increasingly concerned with the material properties of sculptural form. Through schematic spatial regimes, the three-dimensional objects that made up this series continue to generate the same questions related to surface flatness and materiality of her wall-based paintings. However the objects introduced a determined physicality to the themes of subtle variance or pending movements. The objects expressed what in physical terms the orthographic projections could not.

Mestrom's object and sculptural-based work appears deceptively simple, even benign, but it compels the audience to question themselves in relation to the work as they wait for some minute displacement to occur. In *Shelf With Masking Tape* (2009), a ball of masking tape's precariously hung at the precipice of a sloping acrylic shelf, suspended from a wall in the gallery space. Aware that human behaviour encompasses anticipation of the future, Mestrom manipulates the inconspicuous nature of the object to leave the viewer awaiting change, thinking of that future moment of difference or pending alteration. This anticipatory behaviour is the result of an innate psychological outlook toward the future and presents two alternate positions: optimism or pessimism, hope or despair, will it fall or will it stay? Hope, or the belief in a positive outcome also implies a certain amount of despair: the future action could go either way. However the belief that a better or

Above left: Sanné Mestrom, *Brick*, 2009, bronze cast lead, paint. Photo: the artist.

Above right: Sanné Mestrom, *Shelf With Masking Tape*, 2009, materials. Photo: the artist.

Facing page: Sanné Mestrom, *Glass*, 2009, plastic, paint (foreground); *Will judgment hurt when it falls on me?*, 2008, wall work. Photo: Dougal Phillips.



positive outcome is possible, even when there is some evidence to the contrary, is the only conclusion of consequence as the object is destined to remain suspended upon the precipice.

Many of the objects within the exhibition offered a strange dichotomy between physical and future pluralities. At first they are what they seem—a brick, a black plastic rubbish bag, a shelf, a ball of masking tape, a wooden panel—but at the last possible moment they become something entirely different. With *Brick* (2009), (a bronze cast was taken of an average brick and filled with lead—to become exactly its weight in gold—and then painted to replicate a brick's regular appearance), Mestrom creates an ongoing paradox where the appearance of the object belies what it is while alluding the viewer to the same thing: hence becoming several things at once.

*Glass* (2009), a large piece of black industrial plastic sprawled on the floor of the gallery space with the word 'glass' scrawled across it with spray paint, questioned both the current reality of its own materiality, but also its future and/or past manifestation. We try to define the objects that surround us, anchor them and compartmentalise them, but just as *Glass* may move and shift with a single gust of wind, our future may move, shift and renegotiate itself with every present action we take. Here, Mestrom stresses alternate or plural futures, rather than a monolithic progression, sighting the limitations of prediction and human judgment versus the creation of possibilities and paradoxes; and seeking to understand what is likely to continue and what is likely to change. However, the search for a systematic and pattern-based understanding of past and present via the objects around us—in order to determine the likelihood of future trends—inevitably fails. We are always left with the present construction of (in this instance) that plastic tarp.

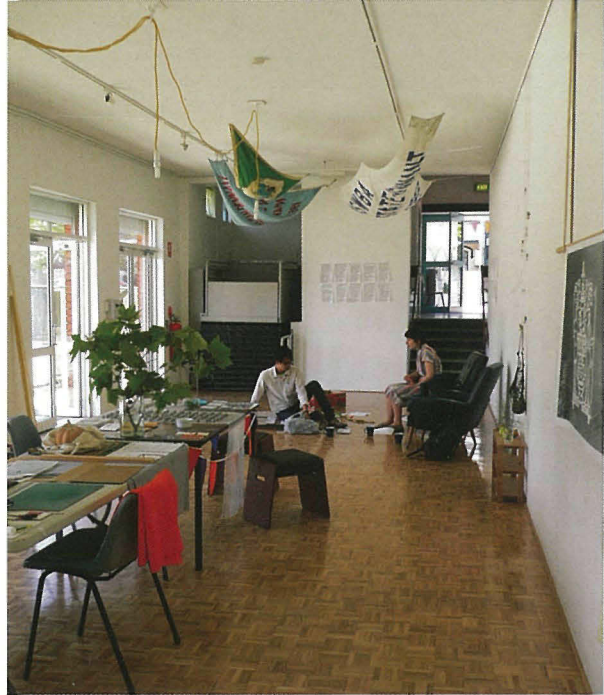
Mestrom's conceptual art practice addresses liminal spaces, transposing and transforming materials to explore themes of uncertainty and crisis. *Constellation of Kings Cross* (2009), an un-doctored photograph inverted and presented upside-down, depicts thousands of pieces of gum spat out and built up over a presumable period of many years on a footpath in Kings Cross. Depicting an array of cosmologically beautiful colours, reflecting the neon streetlights above, the image bizarrely appears like a retrieved photograph of dying stars, long dead, from an outgoing space telescope. As in *Brick* and *Shelf With Masking Tape*, here Mestrom offers the crux between Presentism, the belief that only the present exists and the future and the past are logical constructs or fictions, and Eternalism, that things in the past and things yet to come exist eternally. This philosophical knives edge lays dormant, idly, adjourned: her objects extending that liminal moment in time.

The exhibition becomes a series of experiments and questions about meaning and belief, evoking the uncertainty of loss and sorrow and the longing for something that cannot be attained, or will never be fulfilled. The future is presented not as a theme of human foresight, but of uncertainty, tackling the human preparation of this uncertainty and anticipation of the unknown. In so doing, Mestrom conceives an elegant and intelligible form to examine the underlying behaviours of humanity, challenging the assumptions behind dominant and contending views of the future: which is thus (either way) not empty, but fraught with hidden assumptions.

Sanné Mestrom's solo exhibition *Things Fall Down: Sometimes We Look Up* was held at Chalk Horse Gallery, Sydney from the February 5 to 21, 2009.

# Field Work as Sustainment: The Futur(ing) of Art Practice

TESSA ZETTEL



*Seen at a glance, this rice straw may appear light and insignificant. Hardly anyone would think that it could start a revolution.<sup>1</sup>*

I'm eyeing off another piece of crumbly, caramelised cake laced with public mulberries, still warm from being baked in the oven at the back of this former community hall-turned council-run gallery. Tennis balls thud lazily just outside open glass doors that let in the afternoon sun and a steady stream of more would-be cake-eaters. It is the final day of Lisa Kelly and Dennis Tan's second collaborative endeavour in the expanded neighbourhood of Newtown-Camperdown, and both mulberries and conversation are in plentiful supply. 2. *Field Work* is a continuation of their first exhibition project,<sup>2</sup> and again the objects they present—homely armchairs, a table covered with official-looking papers and mulberry branches, team flags hung from the ceiling, a line of lemons that include a stray tennis ball—have arrived via a process of curious enquiry into what lies just outside.

Kelly and Tan have recast the gallery as an evolving space that generates (and documents) an ongoing dialogue between the artists and the community. Rather than a static receptacle for finished works, it is a platform for contemplation and sometimes tense negotiation of what it means to live within a particular neighbourhood at a particular time. Relational modes of practice are at play in the sharing of food and the productive role given to conversation, with the exhibition unfolding as a series of small gestures, quiet moments and busy experiments.

A more intriguing reading can be found by turning to the project of 'Sustainment',<sup>3</sup> at present the domain of design philosophers including Tony Fry, Anne-Marie Willis and Ezio Manzini. Such theorists have recognised emergent creative practices that do not fit within existing delimitations of art and design, and are 'sustain-able' in that they enable behaviours and ways of living which are locally specific, less resource-intensive and regenerative of environments and the communities they support. Most recently, in *Design Futuring: Sustainability, Ethics and New Practice*, Fry argues for the development of a widespread 'design intelligence'<sup>4</sup> that would deliver 'the ability to read the qualities of the form and content of the designed environment in which one exists' as well as 'the means to make crucial judgements about actions that could increase or decrease futuring potential'.<sup>5</sup>

Visual artists, especially those who work in an investigative mode like Tan and Kelly, seem peculiarly well-positioned in this regard. In *Field Work*, the artists unpack their surrounding (designed) world in a variety of rigorous and insightful ways, in conversation with one another, and with reference to their differing positions as local and visitor. For Kelly, whose work often discloses institutional frameworks, this means interrogating the building—its retrofitted hanging hooks abandoned as *The Gallery System* (2008) in favour of dowel on jute straps,

Above left: Lisa Kelly, *The\_Hall*, 2008, correspondence and media release, exhibition invitations, flyers, paper clay, fabric, cloth, tape, thread, hardware. Photo: Tessa Zettel.  
Above right: Lisa Kelly & Dennis Tan, 2. *Field Work*, 2008, exhibition view. Photo: Tessa Zettel.



*Hanging System* (2008)—and the bureaucracy of the local council, printed correspondence with whom constitutes *The\_Hall* (2008). As in previous projects, Kelly's interventions mirror the (past) functional identity of this site—its flags, paperwork and emphasis on food and sports—considering how the space works, what its parameters are and how it could be stretched, made more elastic and dynamic.

Singapore-based Tan sets about inquiring into his temporary home: meeting the neighbours, talking, collecting, assembling, borrowing. He dismembers the art journal *Broadsheet* to make expandable paper screens following the pattern of the tennis court fence; upends an oversized council broom with a fluorescent light, which later sprouts a head of branches. Objects appear and change and in the final days collapse into specially-made cardboard boxes. In response, the room sheet taped to one wall becomes covered in scrawled revisions that track changes in the naming and reorganisation of the space. This ongoing remaking has resonance with Heidegger's analysis of *phüsis*—that all things exist within complex ecologies of exchange and are in a continuous process of becoming—an understanding crucial to sustaining and sustain-able artefacts.<sup>6</sup>

There are nods to a lineage of conceptual/minimalist sculpture, many objects being material traces of an action or social exchange. Pennants suspended from the ceiling, Tan's *The journey is the object* (2008), were lent by the older men from the bowling club next door, the result of Tan's efforts to build lines of communication between the gallery's disparate neighbouring communities, as are the hand-copied lawn bowls rules pinned to one wall—*Theory and Practice (The front ditch is the ditch at the end of the green which is directly in front of the player when they stand on the mat)* (2008). Tan promises a local tennis coach he'll leave behind *Working title: court ribbon* (2008), a fading pink ribbon woven through the court nets.

These dialogues are given shape through the artists' own presence as active and ongoing interlocutors. Working on alternate days, Tan and Kelly intended to 'shift the space from one of presentation to continuous production'. On my earlier visit, Tan happily became a live catalogue text/tea-pourer, his makeshift cutting mat turned into seating for an afternoon of meandering conversation. In this way transmuted objects facilitate the creation of a space for what Manzini calls contemplative time—'doing something (walking, eating, talking with people ...) at a slower pace'.<sup>7</sup>

Manzini writes of the need to envision future 'scenarios of wellbeing', locally-specific and regenerative of physical and social common goods. In 2. *Field Work*, Kelly carries out a tactile exploration of the neighbourhood, researching 'public fruit' online and by foot and sharing her findings with visitors.<sup>8</sup> Plane tree seeds gathered from nearby Camperdown Park, *Planting Planes*, are raised in jiffy pots in preparation for future projects,<sup>9</sup> recalling the grown tree at the centre of Kelly and Tan's earlier exhibition, 1. *The Lively Plane*. The recurrence of these slow-moving living components suggest a conception of time at odds with the usual two-week exhibition, the kind of time-frame evoked by Joseph Beuys' planting of 7000 Oaks decades earlier at Documenta 7. Both Tan and Kelly play with the relationality of things over time and space, the dynamic complexity of interconnected causal relations not yet accounted for in Western rationalist thought, but central to design intelligence and to forming more sustain-able practices and the future scenarios that bring them into being.

Kelly's work intersects most with the act of creative futuring in *Potential\_\_\_* (2008), a neat grid of hand-rolled, unfired clay balls that contain a mix of compost and grain, herb and flower seeds suited to dry conditions ... millet, nasturtium, thyme, dill, sunflower. Devised by Japanese farmer and scientist Masanobu Fukuoka (whose tattered manifesto *The One-Straw Revolution* also appears in the gallery) as a form of non-invasive farming, they suggest ways of engaging with our landscape other than the rationalist planning dominating council planting and modern agriculture. Their reappropriation also illustrates the ability of the artist to find and extract 'design and sustainment principles' from historical material and then 'transpose them into appropriate futuring forms'.<sup>10</sup>

In the fading light, Kelly takes a small girl who likes gardening and a few other stragglers across the road into a fenced-off area of council land, overgrown with weeds and due to be sold off. Together we fling the seedballs into the wilderness and hammer in a bright yellow stake bearing a photocopied chapter from *The One Straw Revolution*. This participatory gesture brings into being new ways we might live in our cities, grounded and enacted in the everyday. As my crumbling seedball flies off to places unseen, *Field Work* invades 'our conversations and dreams',<sup>11</sup> envisioning a future where vacant lots are shared micro-farms and (re)valued commons include cooking and eating cake made with mulberries gleaned from neighbourhood streets.

Lisa Kelly & Dennis Tan's 2. *Field Work* was held at Chrissie Cotter Gallery, Sydney from 4 to 18 October 2008.

1. Masanobu Fukuoka, *The One-Straw Revolution* (Emmaus: Rodale, 1978), 1.

2. 1. *The Lively Plane*, 15 February – 1 March, 2008, ICAN, Sydney.

3. The Sustainment and sustain-ability are used in place of the overused and ambiguous term sustainability. See Tony Fry, *Design Futuring: Sustainability, Ethics and New Practice* (Sydney: UNSW Press, 2009)

4. In increasingly more unsustainable worlds design intelligence must be 'a mode of literacy acquired by every educated person'. Ibid. 12.

5. The condition of unsustainability 'acts to take futures away from ourselves and other living species'. Ibid. 1.

6. This is linked to what Fry terms 'design ontology', an awareness that designed things go on designing and reshaping the world which, in turn, shapes how we design.

7. Ezio Manzini, 'Scenarios of Sustainable Wellbeing' in Anne-Marie Willis (ed.) *Design Philosophy Papers Collection One* (Ravensbourne: Team D/E/S, 2004), 15.

8. The practice of mapping and relieving your neighbours' trees of anything ripe and uneaten: see [www.fallenfruit.org](http://www.fallenfruit.org)

9. The seedlings, 'big kids now' she says months later, feature in *The Lively Plane (continued)*—*Planting Planes*, part of *There Goes The Neighbourhood* an exhibition, book and forum held at Performance Space and Locksmith Project Space, Sydney, from 22 May to 22 June, 2009.

10. Tony Fry *Design Futuring: Sustainability, Ethics and New Practice* (Sydney: UNSW Press, 2009), 157.

11. Tony Fry, 'The Sustainment and its Dialectic' in Anne-Marie Willis (ed.) *Design Philosophy Papers Collection One* (Ravensbourne: Team D/E/S, 2004), 37.



# Habseligkeiten

CAROLINE HAMILTON

The bleak future offered by the economic crisis has many tightening their belts. The canned soup once beloved of Andy Warhol has a new set of admirers as people search for ways to save money. Until very recently those dented cans were new gold for the recycling industry but the economic crisis has taken the glint off household rubbish. In this climate Lena Obergfell's work, brought together for her show *Habseligkeiten* at Sydney gallery Horus & Deloris, is more than fitting. Obergfell collects items left on the street or in garbage dumps, incorporating them into sculpture, video and photo works. In these uncertain economic times this impulse to recycle, reuse and recreate using the rejected elements of outdated consumer culture is a handy reminder for audiences of the art of making-do whilst making art.

Influenced by her experience as a German living in what she describes as 'self-imposed exile', Obergfell offers viewers an alternative perspective on their own lives and habits. Germany, for instance, has such a well regulated recycling and waste management system that there is rarely any opportunity to pick through the neighbours discarded bits of 'hard rubbish' as is common practice on council collection days in Australian cities. This unusual, local habit has been revelatory for the artist's practice and work. Obergfell aims to find new value in the debris. Found objects—suitcases, chairs, vacuum cleaners—are precious. In the case of her sculpture *Hoover* (2008), literally so: the Hoover in question is an 1960s vacuum cleaner that the artist recovered from the street corner and then 'recovered' a second time by encrusting it with gold leaf. With this transformation, trash is turned to gold. The labour saving devices of the past become the (static) status symbols of our future. There's an essential humour at work, the Hoover provokes the possibility of an *Antiques Roadshow* for the kinds of objects we normally ignore and devalue. To put a vacuum cleaner on a pedestal is to joke about the value of such objects in everyday life, but also asks us to question our investment in commodity objects—it seems significant, for instance that the bright red Hoover logo remains intact and identifiable even as Obergfell reclassifies the object from trash to treasure.

The title of the show, *Habseligkeiten*, refers to the measly possessions of the impoverished. The show documents just the kinds of items which, when there's very little else left, take on an altogether new significance. Obergfell's digital photographs capture the haunting aura that surrounds personal possessions and daily life. A black crow sits almost inconspicuous on a telephone pole surrounded by spindly wires reaching out of the frame. A stainless steel garbage bin takes on a haunted aspect when photographed with sunlight reflecting from its surface. A cockroach lies, belly up, at the bottom of an aluminium can. A rusting gas hotplate casts uneven shadows across the stark white of the cook top. These images capture another side to domestic life; a paltry side, moth-eaten, dog-eared—a place where coins are closely



counted, where there is no spare change. These shots are juxtaposed with images of wide, open spaces in central NSW: red dust, blue skies, dry green bush. The suggestion is that both locations hold secrets that can't be fathomed.

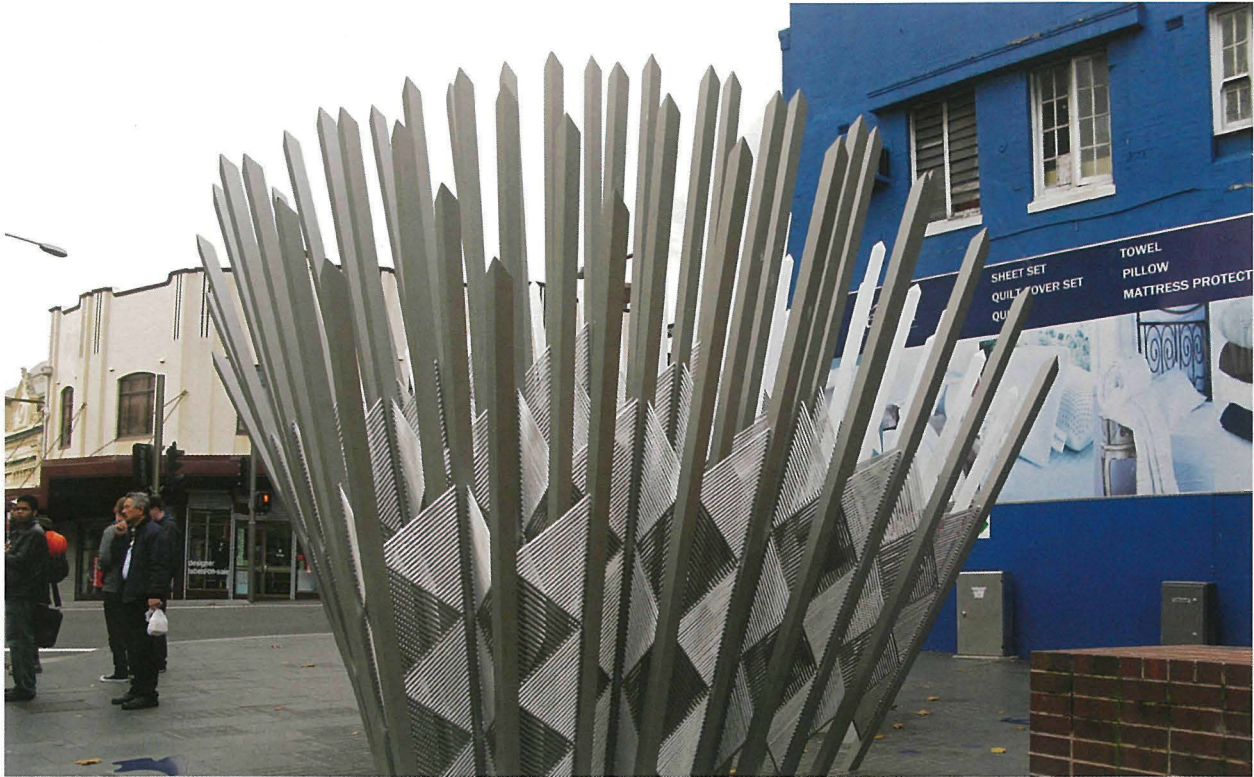
In this respect, Obergfell recalls, in mood if not subject matter, the work of David Lynch. Things are strangely off-kilter; the built and natural environments are juxtaposed with the domestic; moments of surrealism surprise the viewer but seem, in many respects, attuned to the moment. This is especially true of the video works included in the show. All three feature the artist in open, deserted space. In the first, *SchwimmwestenLaufen (Life Vest Walking)*, (2007), Obergfell wanders among the rocks and red dirt of Broken Hill, wearing a bright yellow life preserver. A ghostly figure, she fades from view at certain points and reappears. A tourist gone astray in an alien landscape, too far inland for the yellow vest to be of any use—and yet the notion of the 'life preserver' resonates in a desert landscape where signs of life are few. The footage is presented with a sound recording of the locals at the Broken Hill pub. Amid the bar room banter of broad Australian accents we hear a voice interrogating the artist: 'Do you talk English?' In combination, the video and its soundtrack suggest a *Mad Max*-esque Australian future: rough, tough men and women sustained by desert dirt and drink.

In another piece Obergfell runs in scattershot directions across a garbage dump dressed in a plastic yellow raincoat. The effect combines urgency, perhaps even panic, with a strange certainty of purpose. The only sound is the artist's footfall, rushing towards and away from us. Like the pub at closing time, or the Broken Hill landscape, the garbage dump is another of these mysterious, half-magic locations. On one level, all seems perfectly normal, on another, completely alien. There is something familiar and reassuring about the habits and routines of the rubbish and recycling centre (glass in one corner, plastics in another) which points to the security of control and the inevitable productivity of the human race; and yet, surrounded by piles of waste it's overwhelming to contemplate the origins. Obergfell embodies these contradictions, dressed in a prophylactic raincoat with bare legs vulnerable to whatever lurks between the nooks and crannies of the garbage piles over which she scuttles. It appears that the artist here attempts to overcome the alienated relationship between consumers and the stuff that constitute their lives; getting back in touch with (man-made) nature. Knowing Obergfell's interest in recycling and collecting rubbish left on the side of the city streets, it's hard to escape the notion that she rushes wildly in all directions with the excitement that busy shoppers might otherwise apply to the stocktake sales.

Lena Obergfell's *Habseligkeiten* was held at Horus & Deloris, Sydney from 15 to 29 April, 2009.

Above: Lena Obergfell, *Melonenmarmelade - Trapped*, 2009, c-type photograph.

Facing page: Lena Obergfell, *Hoover*, 2008, discarded vacuum cleaner guilded with gold leaf. Photo: Silversalt Photography.



## There Goes The Neighbourhood

AMELIA GROOM

While the city was being force fed *Vivid Sydney*—a cluster of festivals designed by committees fat with funding and spin, and comprising so many different arms that nobody ever quite worked out what, exactly, the whole thing was—a quieter project about the future of Sydney was taking place in and around the hotly contested suburb of Redfern.

A waterhole for thousands of years for the Gadigal people; the first Aboriginal land rights claim in the country; home to an aging migrant community; a place of pride and autonomy for Aboriginal people; a place to hang out; a dangerous hub of state housing, drugs and crime; the controversial battle ground of the 2004 ‘race riots’; an eyesore waiting to be tidied up; a real estate opportunity.

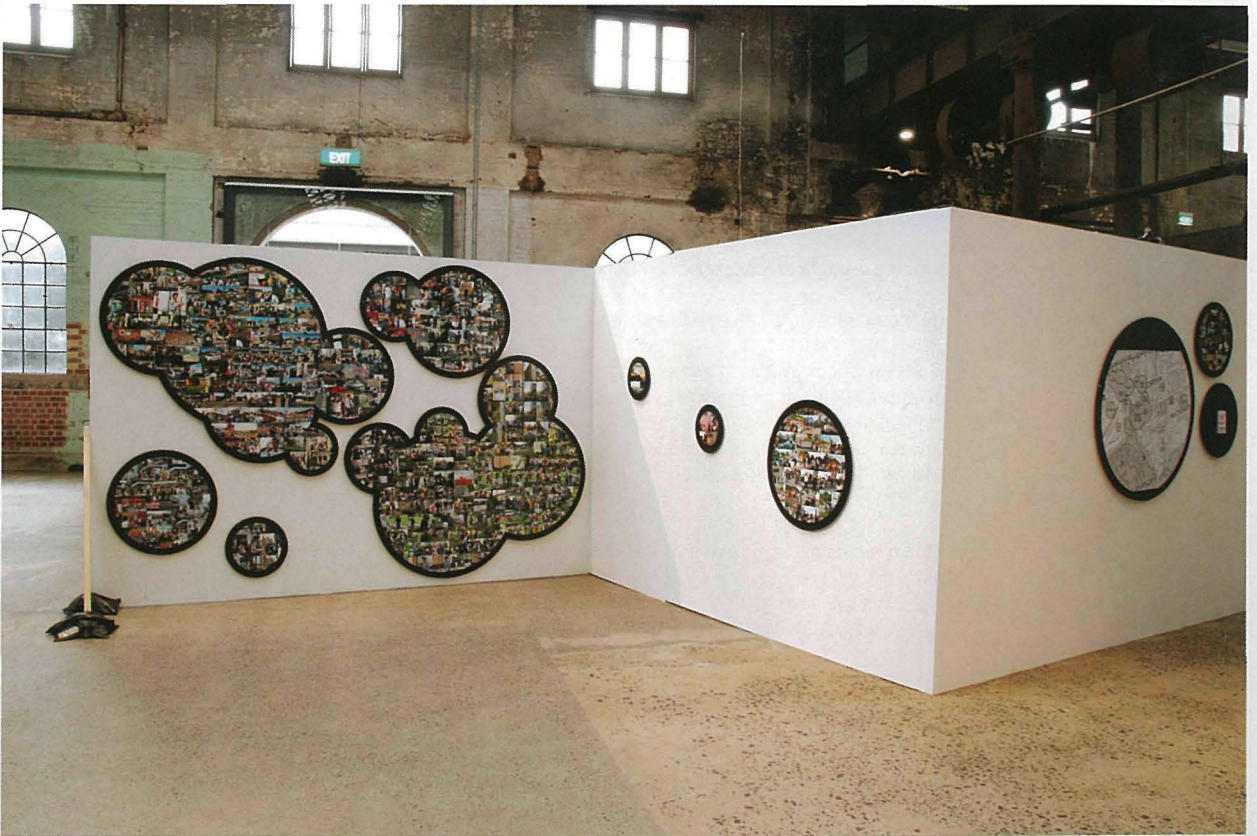
Clearly, the identity of Redfern depends on whom you’re asking, and that’s something the curators Zanny Begg and Keg de Souza were well aware of in compiling the exhibition, publication and program of events that made *There Goes The Neighbourhood*. Focusing on Redfern, the politics of urban space and the global phenomena of gentrification, one of the risks they faced was to reduce current lived experiences to fixed cultural artefacts and they overcame this hurdle in a number of ways. It would have been inappropriate to present an exhibition of artistic representations of the themes with a one-way flow of information, and so a spirit of participation, discussion and self-examination ran throughout.

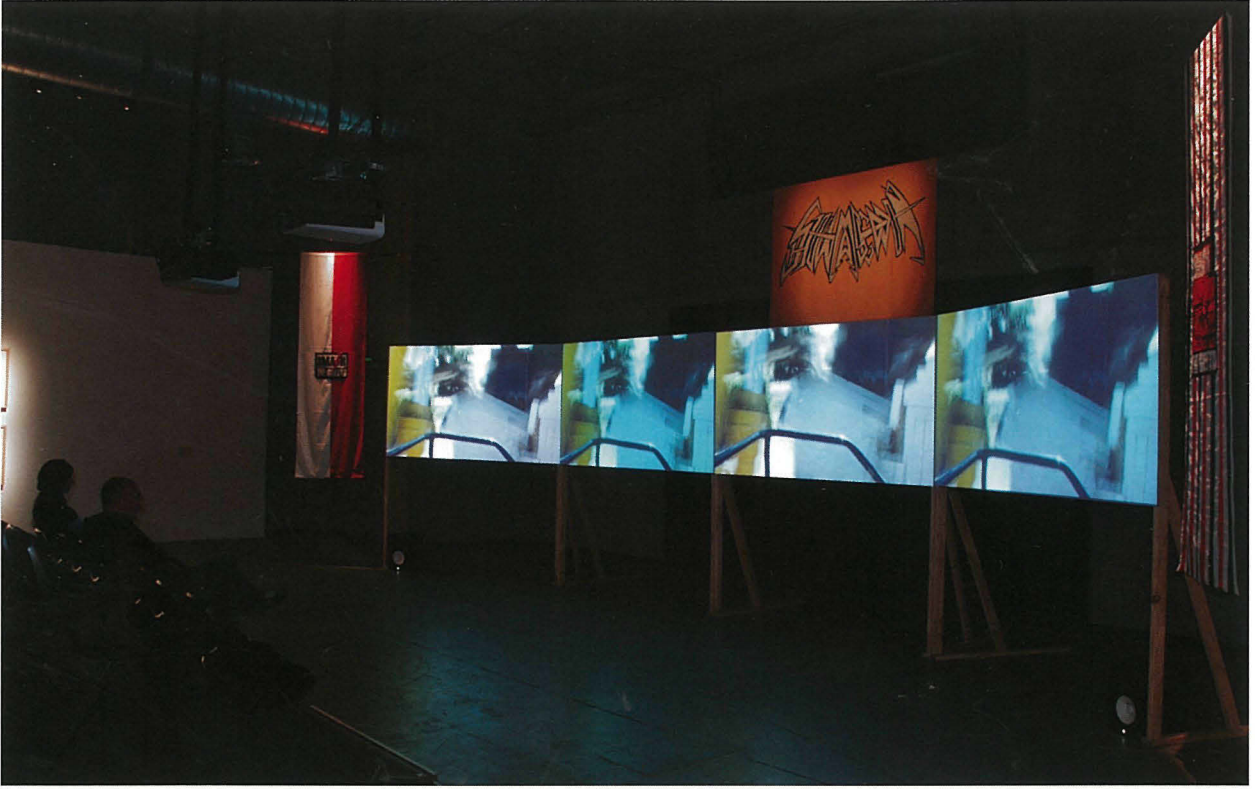
In Gary Foley’s opening speech (on the quasi-apocalyptic evening of 22 May in which it rained through the roof into the CarriageWorks foyer), he remarked that those who disown the brutality of Australia’s history—saying, for example, ‘we didn’t do it: it was the generations before us’—should realise they themselves will have to answer to what is going on right here, right now. The community of Redfern has almost disappeared in the last thirty years, he said, and we will have to answer to that.

Above: Susan Milne & Greg Stonehouse, *Bower*, 2007-2008, corner of Regent and Redfern streets, Redfern. Commissioned by the City of Sydney through its development company, Landcom. Photo: Amelia Groom.

Facing page above: Temporary Services, *Public Sculpture Opinion Poll*, Redfern, 2009, public response project. Photo: Garth Knight.

Facing page below: SquatSpace, *A Thousand Pictures Speak One Word: Redfern (an inadequate representation of the Redfern-Waterloo Tour Of Beauty or, and elaborate ad for the next tour)*, 2005-2009. Photo: Garth Knight.





Parts of the exhibition succeeded in putting visitors in a position of culpability, if only symbolically. Madrid collective Democracia's video installation *Welfare State (Smash the Ghetto)* comprised spectator seating and the screening of footage of the 2007 destruction of El Salobral, which at the time was Europe's largest slum. During the demolition itself, Democracia set up seating and arranged transport for people to watch the large-scale smashing of homes. The footage they took shows the crowds taking photos and cheering. By putting viewers in the same position they provided an uncomfortable reminder of our own tendency to be passive spectators.

In a similar move to highlight our inevitable implication in the ordering of the city space, Locksmith Project Space hosted an interpretation of Allan Kaprow's 1963 participatory installation, *Push and Pull: A Furniture Comedy for Hans Hofmann*. Any visitors who came over the duration of the program were invited to build, plan, arrange and rearrange the area, which was filled with an ever evolving collection of furniture, domestic objects, images and fragments of text. As participants co-operated or competed with each other to define the space, they formed a microcosm of spatial negotiation and neighbourhood politics. In the same spirit of assemblage and re-assemblage, puzzles and collages were included for participants to contribute to, and the rearrangement of vintage children's picture books into pornographic stories playfully highlighted how the individual can position themselves as creator of meaning through the process of reorganising (though, of course it helps when there's a character in the book called Dick).

Taking a more literal approach, the US collective Temporary Services also sought to draw attention to our involvement in urban planning—or rather, the lack thereof. Continuing from their past *Public Sculpture Opinion Polls* where they've surveyed people about their responses to public artworks in Chicago, this project focused on the cluster of huge metal spikes which were recently installed at the corner of Regent and Redfern streets.

The artists set up clipboards around the area and encouraged people to contribute their thoughts on the sculpture. These responses were then displayed in the exhibition. Opinions varied from admiration to indifference to disgust, and many remarked on the aggressive and imposing look of the monument, as well as the inappropriate nature of it being there, given that it was at the bottom of this same street that local Aboriginal teenager T.J. Hickey was fatally wounded: impaled on fence posts during a police chase. The project provided a platform for the sort of public commentary and community consultation that is usually lacking in urban planning, and it highlighted the way large-scale corporate artworks are used as part of the planned process of gentrification.

The inclusion of international artists in the program served to highlight parallels between the spatial struggles of Redfern and those of other parts of the world, but also confirmed how unique Redfern is. Providing a highly localised perspective, Sydney collective SquatSpace conducted one of their *Tour of Beauty* excursions through Redfern and Waterloo, inviting people to join the tour and hear from local residents and community leaders about how the changes in Redfern are affecting their lives. Walking tours were also conducted by several of the visiting artists in the exhibition (including Danish urban activist Jakob Jakobsen and the New York collective 16beaver) as a way to form experiential engagement with lived city spaces, and position people as agents of their own realities.

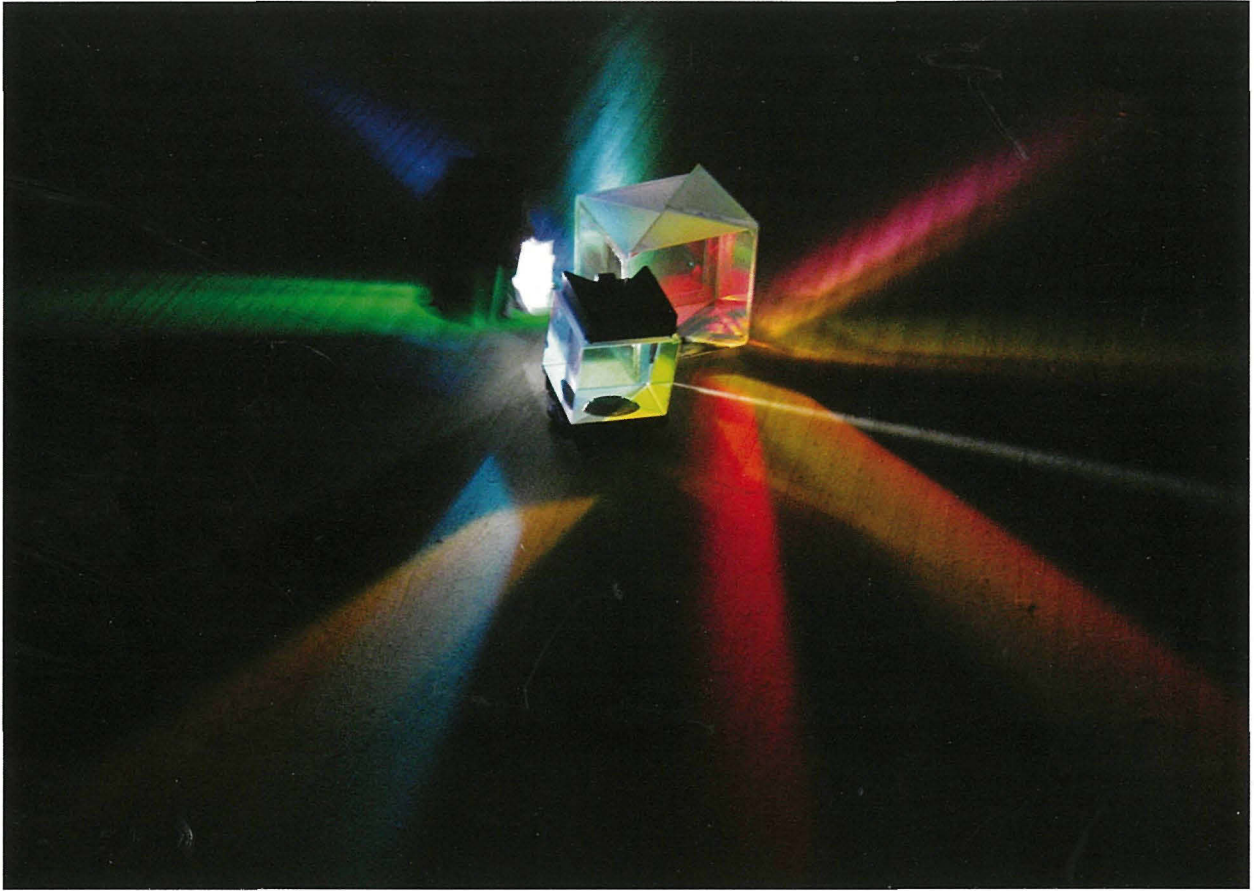
Curators Begg and de Souza were both residents of Redfern when they started 2016: *Archive Project* a creative investigation of the changes they were observing in the area (2016 is Redfern's postcode and the planned date of completion). By the end of the first year, both found themselves driven out of Redfern to cheaper suburbs, making evident the speed at which these changes are taking place. Despite this, throughout *There Goes The Neighbourhood* Begg and de Souza were always eager to clarify that the gentrification process in Redfern is far from complete. Redfern is transforming quickly, but not entirely according to government plans. More than nostalgia for what is lost, the exhibition and publication reveals that it is hard to erase the history of a place, especially when there's a community as resilient as that of Redfern. Importantly, the final chapter of the publication, *Smashing Down the Furniture*, embodies anticipation for what might be just around the corner with examples of triumph, optimism and successful artistic disruptions to the system.

In their introduction to the book, Begg and de Souza identify one of the main challenges with seeking to 'bridge art, social issues and community activism' as ending up somewhere in between 'overly aestheticised activism and under aestheticised art.' But whether we were moving furniture around a room, sitting in spectator seats watching the demolition of a slum, going on a walking tour or responding to the public sculpture opinion poll, *There Goes The Neighbourhood* was more than a stroll through a static exhibition space as distanced, inactive viewers. Rather than being self-congratulatory art that allowed viewers to stand back and disconnect from the politics, *There Goes The Neighbourhood* was a successful project that compelled us to ask questions about the way things are, and what part we will choose to play in the future of our urban existence.

*There Goes The Neighbourhood* was an exhibition, book and forum held at Performance Space, Sydney and Locksmith Project Space, Sydney from the 22 May to 27 June. Artists included Daniel Boyd, Brenda L. Croft, Lisa Kelly, SquatSpace, You Are Here, 16beaver, Temporary Services, Michael Rakowitz, Claire Healy and Sean Cordeiro, Evil Brothers, Miklos Erhardt and Little Warsaw, Jakob Jakobsen, Democracia, BijaRi, and a re-enactment of Allan Kaprow's *Push and Pull: A Furniture Comedy for Hans Hofmann*, coordinated by Lucas Ihlein.

Facing page below: Democracia, *Welfare State*, 2007, 4 channel video projection, sound, banners and seating. Photo: Garth Knight.

Facing page above: Installation detail from the re-enactment of Allan Kaprow's *Push and Pull: A Furniture Comedy for Hans Hofmann*, coordinated by Lucas Ihlein at Locksmith Project Space. Photo: Amelia Groom.



# A New Truth to Materials

CAMILLE SERISIER



After climbing the four flights of stairs to reach Boxcopy I am hoping for something good. As with other ARIs where the very act of arriving can feel like a triumph, I am keen to have my hard work repaid. At the top of the stairs is a little blackboard. It confirms my successful ascent to the group exhibition, *A New Truth to Materials*. I take a step forward and survey my surroundings.

Boxcopy is an ARI run out of a small room on the top story of Metro Arts in Brisbane as part of its Artist Run Initiative Program. Metro Arts invites applications for a one-year residency, after which the ARI in residence is booted out to make room for a new group of enthusiastic folk. This is Boxcopy's last show at Metro Arts before they leave this umbrella.

When I arrive, not all of the show is working. Greeting me with a somewhat harried demeanor is a young gentleman hurriedly trying to fix some projection screens and a slide projector that sounds pretty sick. I feel for him, my own time in ARIs was punctuated by days of running around trying to get things to work. Believing in the beauty that is the art community, I try to give him a hand. Unfortunately, we agree the work cannot be fixed at this time. In a stupid attempt to cheer him up, I reveal I am visiting to review the show. The groan of despair I receive makes me think perhaps I should just check out the work.

There are three other works in this part of the gallery, the first of which is by Miles Hall. I smell it before I locate it visually. Next to the entrance are two vertical sheets of ply about two metres high and twenty centimetres wide leaning against the wall. The smell is emanating from thick layers of impasto oil paint positively smeared over the surface of each sheet in variously coloured bands. A similar piece by the same artist is tucked around the corner. The smell is very satisfying and makes me think happily of good times in studios that probably should have had extraction fans.

The third work, by Chris Handran, is in two parts. The first is a skinny raw pine plinth with a stack of photographs on it and the second a small shelf, raw pine again, with pegs holding up a section of film reel. The images feel almost irrelevant—these are humble objects of somewhat antiquated origins that make me wonder when I last saw a physical photograph. As I consider the effects of the digital revolution, I am distracted by someone coming out of the second gallery space. Moving in that direction I sweep aside a dubiously hung black curtain and enter.

What greets me is intriguing. Titled *Sad Magick* (2009) by artist Ross Manning, the room is dark except for a small table in the centre that is radiating coloured light. As I ease closer I identify a small LED torch hanging just above a roughly cut piece of circular timber. The torch is gently bumping into two rectangular prisms that are blu-tacked to the centre of the wood. The light travels through the prisms, shooting out and fragmenting into different colours that waver over the gallery walls. The effect is immediately calming, but it is only when my eyes adjust to the darkness that I realise it is also deceptively clever.

I begin to take in the whole rickety adventure. High above the table is a crossbeam of curious structural integrity. A crusty old paint roller handle is gaffer taped to this 'beam' so that its rotating cylinder hangs perpendicular to the ground. The light is attached somewhere below. But what makes the light move? Between the LED at the bottom and the roller at the top is a vertical length of dowel with four pieces of raggedly torn cardboard attached to it. These rectangular sections act as a weather vane to catch air being pumped by a fan sitting on a plinth about a metre away. This, in turn, makes the light at the centre of this marvellous contraption waver from side to side, echoing the movement of the fan and creating the impressive light display.

Wow, says I. This guy needs to go on that young inventors show. As I stand there, marvelling at the impressive engineering, the cheeky references to painting, and the pretty light, I ponder further. We live in a society that has used technology to distance itself from the natural world. Now we seem to be scraping our way back toward the environmental cycles that this technology was developed to bypass. The work before me is made of processed pieces of material and equipment, but somehow they have been broken up and reconfigured to produce a cycle. It's plugged in, I'll admit that, but it is ironically natural nonetheless.

The light created by this rickety mish-mash of technological off-cuts is as calming as a campfire. I find myself mesmerised and held by this principle: light dancing in the wind and how it has come to be. This work forces me to fill the darkness with my thoughts. The wind rustles through the trees—I mean the fan whistles round its protective mesh—and I enter a contemplative space that allows me to question. How on earth did a couple of ripped bits of cardboard and a crappy little LED carry me so far?

*A New Truth to Materials* was held at Boxcopy, Brisbane from 8 to 30 May, 2009. The exhibition featured the work of Chloe Cogle, Miles Hall, Chris Handran and Ross Manning.

Above: Ross Manning, *Sad Magick*, 2009, installation. Photo: Camille Serisier.

PREVIEWS



## Forthcoming Exhibitions

### NSW

**THE ARMORY EXHIBITION 2009** | CASH BROWN, DANIEL MUDIE CUNNINGHAM, GARY DEIRMENDJIAN, CATHERINE FOGARTY, KLAUS FRUCHTNIIS, MADHULIKA GHOSH, ALLAN GIDDY, SZLIVIA GYORGY, SEAN CORDEIRO & CLAIRE HEALY, JULIA HECHTMAN, DAVID HOWELL, YENNY HUBER, MICHAEL KEIGHERY, WADE MARYNOWSKY, KEIKO MATSUI, ANDREW MAY, MILEN MILCHEV, LARA O'REILLY, D.V. ROGERS and MARYANNE WICK  
curated by MIMI KELLY

27 June – 27 September

Armory Gallery, Newington Armory, Homebush

[www.sydneyolympicpark.com.au/Visiting/arts\\_and\\_culture](http://www.sydneyolympicpark.com.au/Visiting/arts_and_culture)

**UNTO THE BREACH (DEAR FRIENDS)** | AGATHA GOTHE-SNAPE, CAMILLE SERISIER, MICHAELA GLEAVE, SEAN RAFFERTY and PENELOPE BENTON

1 July – 18 July

Firstdraft

116-118 Chalmers Street, Surry Hills

[www.firstdraftgallery.com](http://www.firstdraftgallery.com)

**LIGHT IN A BOX** | MARIUS JASTKOWIAK & MARK BROWN

1 July – 1 August

Arterreal Gallery

747 Darling Street, Rozelle 2039

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

Above: Daniel Mudie Cunningham, *Oh Industry*, 2009, HDV video transferred to SD, 16:9, 4 minutes 11 second. Production still: Pete Volich.

**I HATE YOUR GUTS! | RAQUEL WELCH**

3 – 18 July  
Black & Blue Gallery  
302/267-271 Cleveland Street, Redfern  
www.blackandbluegallery.com.au

**SANAA: AN ARCHITECTURAL INTERVENTION | KAZUYO SEJIMA  
AND RYUE NISHIZAWA**

3 July – 26 September  
Sherman Contemporary Art Foundation  
16–20 Goodhope Street, Paddington  
www.sherman-scaf.org.au

**OH INDUSTRY | DANIEL MUDIE CUNNINGHAM**

23 July – 9 August  
MOP  
2/27-39 Abercrombie Street, Chippendale  
www.mop.org.au

**LE FIL (THE THREAD) | HANNAH BERTRAM, KATH FRIES, MICHELLE  
HELDON, CHRISIE IANSEN, JADE PEGLER, MELINDA YOUNG,  
SAHAR HOSSEINABADI, MICHELE MORCOS, LINDEN BRAYE,  
MEGAN YEO, SHANNON JOHNSON and SOPHIA EGARCHOS**

curated by KATH FRIES  
30 July – 11 August  
Gaffa Gallery  
1/7 Randle Street, Surry Hills  
www.gaffa.com.au

**ELLA BARCLAY**

30 July – 22 August  
Grantpirrie Window  
86 George Street, Redfern  
www.grantpirrie.com

**THE HOSTS: A MASQUERADE OF IMPROVISING AUTOMATONS**

WADE MARYNOWSKY, with Jeremy Apthorp, Sally Jackson, Aras  
Vaichas and Mirabelle Wouters.  
14 August – 12 September  
Performance Space @ CarriageWorks  
245 Wilson Street, Eveleigh  
www.performancespace.com.au

**MARLEY DAWSON**

20 August – 12 September  
Roslyn Oxley9 Gallery  
8 Soudan Lane (off Hampden Street), Paddington  
www.roslynoxley9.com.au

**TIM SILVER**

28 August – 26 September  
Breenspace  
289 Young Street, Waterloo  
www.breenspace.com



Above: Wade Marynowsky *The Discreet Charm Of The Bourgeoisie Robot*, 2008, Institute of Contemporary Art Newtown. Photo: Craig Bender.

03.07 – 01.08.2009

# Imprint

**Kathryn Gray, Bianca Hester, Anne Kay**  
**Teaching and Learning Cinema**

Curator: Anneke Jaspers

# ARTSPACE

43-51 Cowper Wharf Road  
Woolloomooloo NSW 2011  
Sydney Australia  
T +61 2 9356 0555  
F +61 2 9368 1705  
artspace@artspace.org.au  
www.artspace.org.au  
Office 10am-6pm, Mon-Fri  
Gallery 11am-5pm, Tues-Sun

ARTSPACE is supported by the Visual Arts and Craft Strategy, an initiative of the Australian, State and Territory Governments.

ARTSPACE is assisted by the New South Wales Government through Arts NSW and by the Australian Government through the Australia Council, its arts funding and advisory body.

ARTSPACE is a member of CAOs (Contemporary Art Organisations Australia)

ARTSPACE is a member of Res Artis (International Association of Residential Art Centres) [www.resartis.org](http://www.resartis.org)

Imprint is supported by the Arts NSW Emerging Curator Initiative. The Artspace Residential Studio Program is supported by the Keir Foundation.



**DUM DUM** | BEN TERAKES

3 – 19 September  
 Locksmith Project Space  
 6 Botany Road, Alexandria  
[www.locksmithprojectspace.com](http://www.locksmithprojectspace.com)

**MATT CALVERT**

3 – 20 September  
 sullivan+strumpf Fine Art  
 44 Gurner Street, Paddington  
[www.ssfa.com.au](http://www.ssfa.com.au)

**MAKING IT NEW: FOCUS ON CONTEMPORARY AUSTRALIAN ART**

| Participating artists include JON CAMPBELL, KHALED SABSAI, MARRNYULA MUNUNGGURR and LOU HUBBARD  
 curated by GLENN BARKLEY  
 10 September – 11 November  
 Museum of Contemporary Art  
 140 George Street, The Rocks  
[www.mca.com.au](http://www.mca.com.au)

**THIS IS NOT ART** | ELECTROFRINGE, SOUND SUMMIT, NATIONAL YOUNG WRITERS FESTIVAL, CRITICAL ANIMALS and CRACK THEATRE

1 – 5 October  
 Various locations around Newcastle, NSW  
[www.thisisnotart.org](http://www.thisisnotart.org)

**REALITY CHECK: WATCHING SYLVANIA WATERS** | MITCH CAIRNS, CARLA CESCONE, JOHN A DOUGLAS, THE KINGPINS, DAVID LAWREY & JAKI MIDDLETON, LUIS MARTINEZ, ARCHIE MOORE, MS & MR,

ELVIS RICHARDSON and HOLLY WILLIAMS  
 curated by DANIEL MUDIE CUNNINGHAM  
 10 October – 29 November  
 Hazelhurst Regional Gallery & Arts Centre  
 782 Kingsway, Gympie  
[www.hazelhurst.com.au](http://www.hazelhurst.com.au)

**SHE WENT THAT WAY** | RAQUEL ORMELLA

16 October – 14 November  
 Artspace  
 43-51 Cowper Wharf Road Woolloomooloo NSW 2011  
[www.artspace.org.au](http://www.artspace.org.au)

**ACT****ROAD KINGS** | DANIEL WALLWORK

3 July – 15 August  
 Canberra Contemporary Art Space  
 Gorman House Arts Centre, Ainslie Avenue, Braddon  
[www.ccas.com.au](http://www.ccas.com.au)

**VICTORIA****JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH** | CLINTON NAIN, BINDI COLE and

DUNCAN ROBINSON  
 curated by BEN MCKEOWN  
 27 June – 2 August  
 Linden  
 26 Acland Street, St Kilda  
[www.lindenarts.org](http://www.lindenarts.org)

**KATE JUST** | A NEW DAY IN A STRANGE LAND

4 – 25 July  
 Nellie Castan Gallery  
 12 River Street, South Yarra  
[www.nelliecastangallery.com](http://www.nelliecastangallery.com)

**DANE LOVETT**

21 July – 8 August  
 Seventh  
 155 Gertrude Street, Fitzroy  
[www.seventhgallery.org](http://www.seventhgallery.org)

**SHORTHAND EXPOSURE** | TAMZIN KNIGHT, ELIZABETH ROMANIN, CHANAWIN CHAOKITTOSPHAN, HEATH AARONS, CLAIRE VIRGONA and VINEFAR TOM

curated by ANNA DALY  
 23 July – 8 August  
 Blindside  
 Nicholas Building, Room 14, 37 Swanston Street, Melbourne  
[www.blindside.org.au](http://www.blindside.org.au)

**KATHY TEMIN**

1 August – 8 November  
 Heide Museum of Modern Art  
 7 Templestowe Road, Bulleen  
[www.heide.com.au](http://www.heide.com.au)

**REPEAT REPEAT** | DELL STEWART, RACHAEL HOOPER, NATASHA FRISCH, CARLY FISCHER, ANNIKA KOOPS and ADAM CRUICKSHANK

3 – 28 August  
 Platform  
 Degraes Street Subway, Melbourne  
[www.platform.org.au](http://www.platform.org.au)

**JORDANA MAISIE**

7 – 29 August  
 Kings ARI  
 Level 1 1/171 King Street, Melbourne  
[www.kingsartistrun.com.au](http://www.kingsartistrun.com.au)

**A WELL DESIGNED OUIJA BOARD** | STEVEN RENDALL & BRYAN SPIER

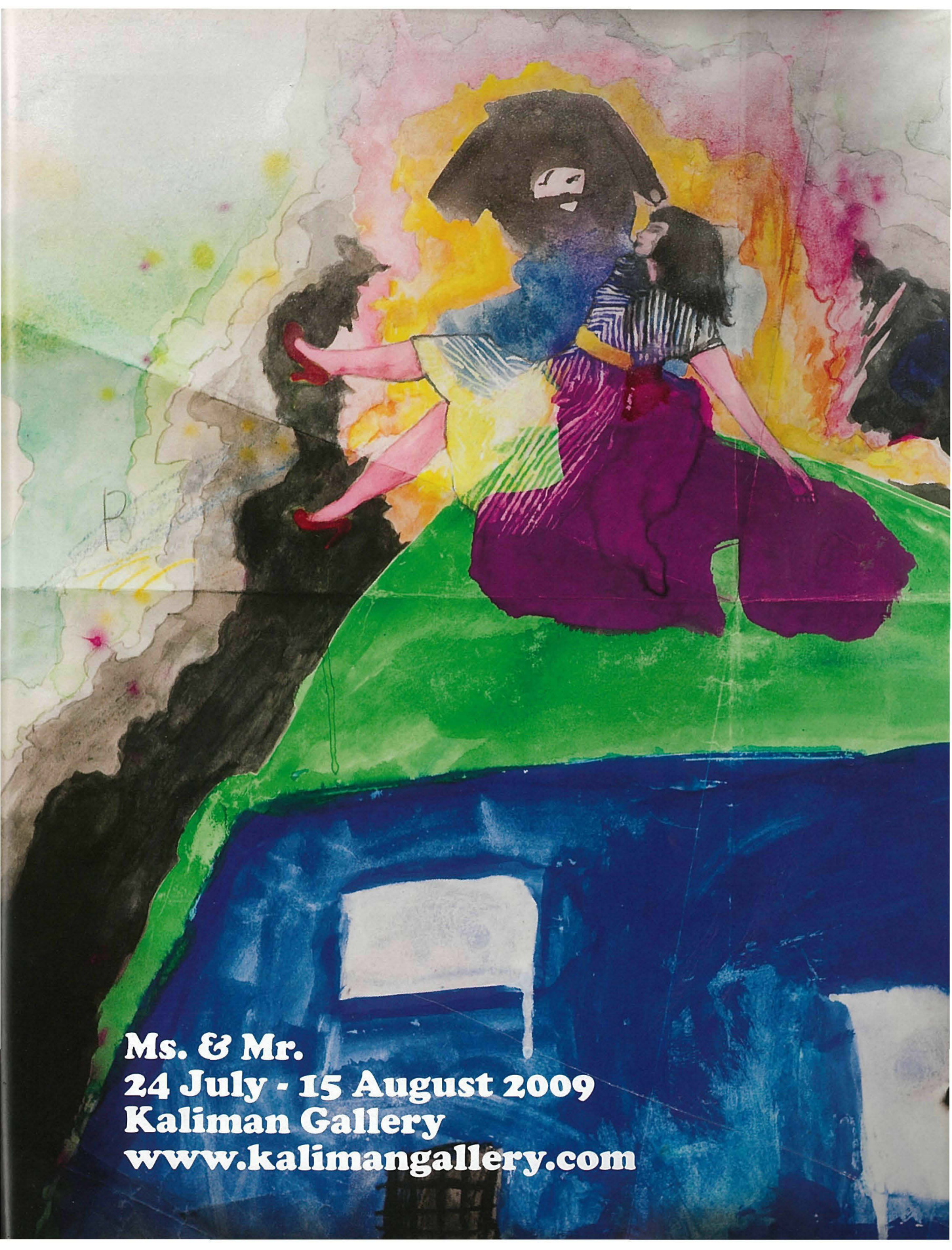
5 – 26 September  
 Conical Inc.  
 Upstairs, 3 Rochester Street, Fitzroy  
[www.conical.org.au](http://www.conical.org.au)

**ANIMALS** | BEVERLEY VEASEY

15 September – 25 October  
 Monash Gallery of Art  
 860 Ferntree Gully Road  
 Wheelers Hill  
[www.mga.org.au](http://www.mga.org.au)

**SA****COLLIDING WORLDS** | PIA BORG, NICHOLAS FOLLAND, HAYDEN FOWLER, SHAUN KIRBY, PATRICIA PICCININI and ANNA PLATTEN

15 May – 24 July  
 Anne & Gordon Samstag Museum of Art  
 55 North Terrace, Hawke Building,  
 City West Campus, University of South Australia  
[www.unisa.edu.au/samstagmuseum](http://www.unisa.edu.au/samstagmuseum)



**Ms. & Mr.**  
**24 July - 15 August 2009**  
**Kaliman Gallery**  
**[www.kalimangallery.com](http://www.kalimangallery.com)**



**TENSIONS** | TRISTAN LOUTH-ROBINS & SHOOT COLLECTIVE

26 June – 25 July  
 Experimental Art Foundation  
 The Lion Arts Centre, North Terrace (West End) Adelaide  
[www.eaf.asn.au](http://www.eaf.asn.au)

**PAUL HOBAN**

31 July – 6 September  
 CACSA  
 14 Porter Street, Parkside  
[www.cacsa.org.au](http://www.cacsa.org.au)

**NT**

**A WORK IN PROGRESS** | LEONARDO ORTEGA, WIRIYA SATI

21 August – 11 September  
 Watch this Space  
 4/9 George Crescent  
 Alice Springs  
[www.wts.org.au](http://www.wts.org.au)

**WHITE SOUND** | SARAH TRACTON

11 September – 17 October  
 24HR Art: Northern Territory Centre for Contemporary Art  
 Vimy Lane, Parap Shopping Village, Darwin  
[www.24hrart.org.au](http://www.24hrart.org.au)

**QUEENSLAND**

**BRISBANE AIRPORT FRESH CUT 2009** | AARON BURTON, SARAH

BYRNE, TIM KERR, AND HIROMI TANGO  
 4 July – 22 August  
 Institute of Modern Art  
 420 Brunswick Street, Fortitude Valley  
[www.ima.org.au](http://www.ima.org.au)

**CAMILLE SERISIER**

16 September – 3 October  
 Metro Arts Galleries  
 Level 1, 109 Edward Street, Brisbane  
[www.metroarts.com.au](http://www.metroarts.com.au)

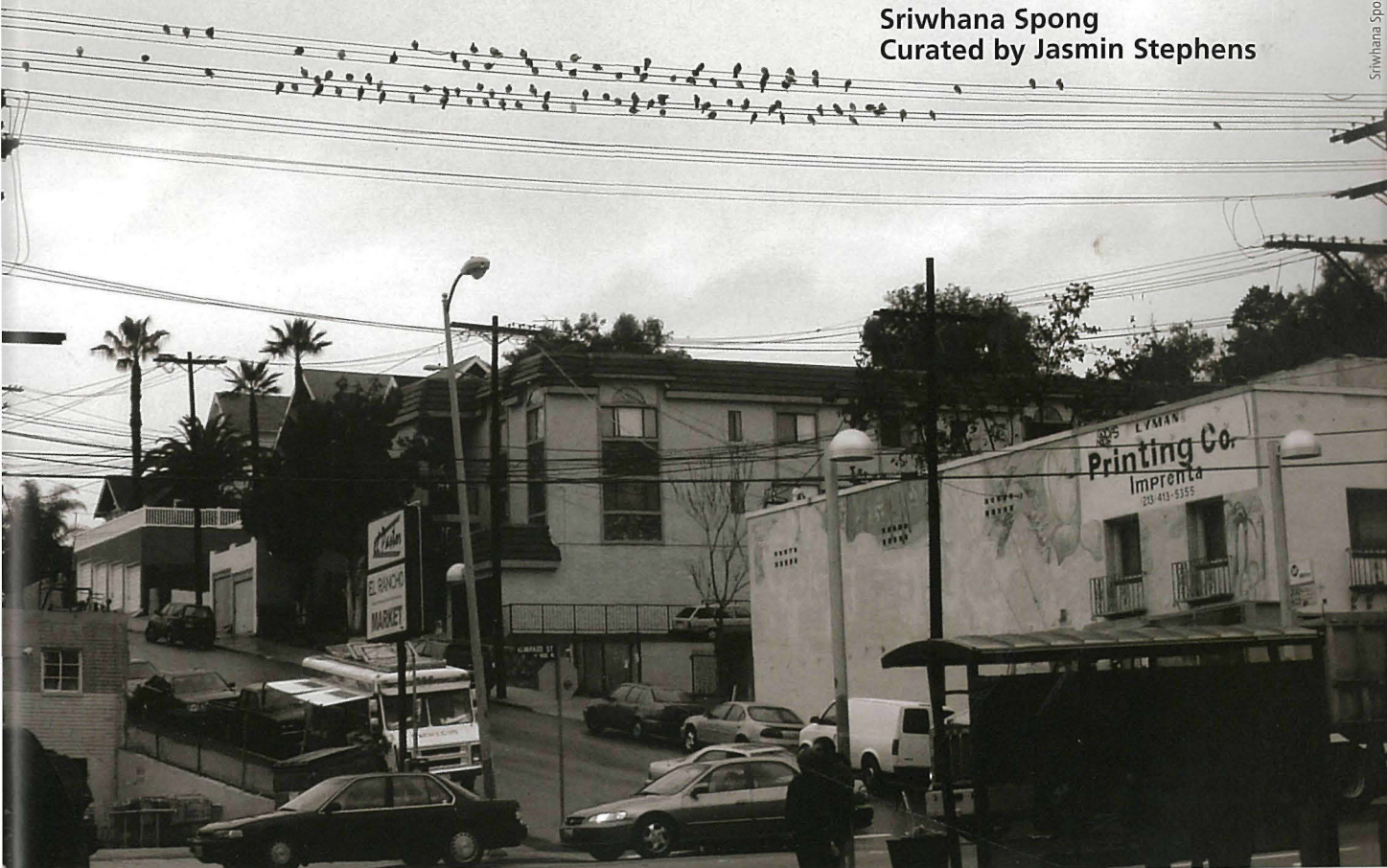
Above: Raquel Ormella, *Varied, noisy*, (detail) 2008, Woven badges: edition of 300. Photo: Christian Carpurro.



# COME H I T H E R NOISE

Fremantle Arts Centre  
1 August – 20 September

Mark Brown  
John Conomos  
Richard Crow  
Ross Manning  
Thomas Meadowcroft  
Elvis Richardson  
Sam Smith  
Sriwhana Spong  
Curated by Jasmin Stephens



Presented as part of the 9th Totally Huge New Music Festival in association with Tura New Music, 10-20 September 2009

Opening Night co-produced with Love is My Velocity



**Fremantle  
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1 Finnerty St  
Fremantle WA  
9432 9555

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free admission  
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the Arts



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## WA

### WIENIE COLLAPSES | MARCUS CANNING

7 – 28 August  
Goddard de fiddes  
31 Malcolm Street, West Perth  
[www.goddarddefiddes.com.au](http://www.goddarddefiddes.com.au)

**WHY WE DO THE THINGS WE DO** | ALEKS DANKO, EMILY FLOYD,  
ANASTASIA KLOSE, ANDREW MCQUALTER, ROSE NOLAN, MARK  
PARFITT, TOM POLO, RACHEL SCOTT  
curated by JACQUELINE DOUGHTY  
19 August – 4 October  
Perth Institute of Contemporary Arts  
Perth Cultural Centre, James Street, Northbridge  
[www.pica.org.au](http://www.pica.org.au)

## TASMANIA

**37 PROOFS THE EARTH IS NOT A GLOBE** | LEE ANANTAWAT,  
EUGENIA LIM, TANJA MILBOURNE, MICHAEL PRIOR, ZOE SCOGLIO,  
JESSIE SCOTT, NIC WHYTE  
presented by TAPE PROJECTS  
11 July - 2 August  
6a ARI  
6a Newdegate St, Hobart, Tasmania  
[www.myspace.com/six\\_a](http://www.myspace.com/six_a)  
[100.tapeprojects.org/](http://100.tapeprojects.org/)

**\*some text missing\*** | LORA PATTERSON, FIONA LEE, CATH  
ROBINSON, CALLAN MORGAN and GRANT STEVENS  
curated by SARAH JONES  
18 July – 9 August  
CAST  
27 Tasma Street, North Hobart  
[www.castgallery.org](http://www.castgallery.org)

## NEW ZEALAND

**CAO FEI** | UTOPIA  
10 July – 22 August  
ARTSPACE  
Level 1, 300 Karangahape Road  
Newton, Auckland  
[www.artspace.org.nz](http://www.artspace.org.nz)

**THE WELLINGTON COLLABORATORIUM** | GREGORY SHOLETTE  
22 July – 22 August  
Enjoy Public Art Gallery  
147 Cuba Street, Wellington  
[www.enjoy.org.nz](http://www.enjoy.org.nz)

**MS & MR**  
16 September – 11 October  
The Physics Room  
Second Floor, Old Central Post Office Building  
209 Tuam Street, Christchurch  
[www.physicsroom.org.nz](http://www.physicsroom.org.nz)

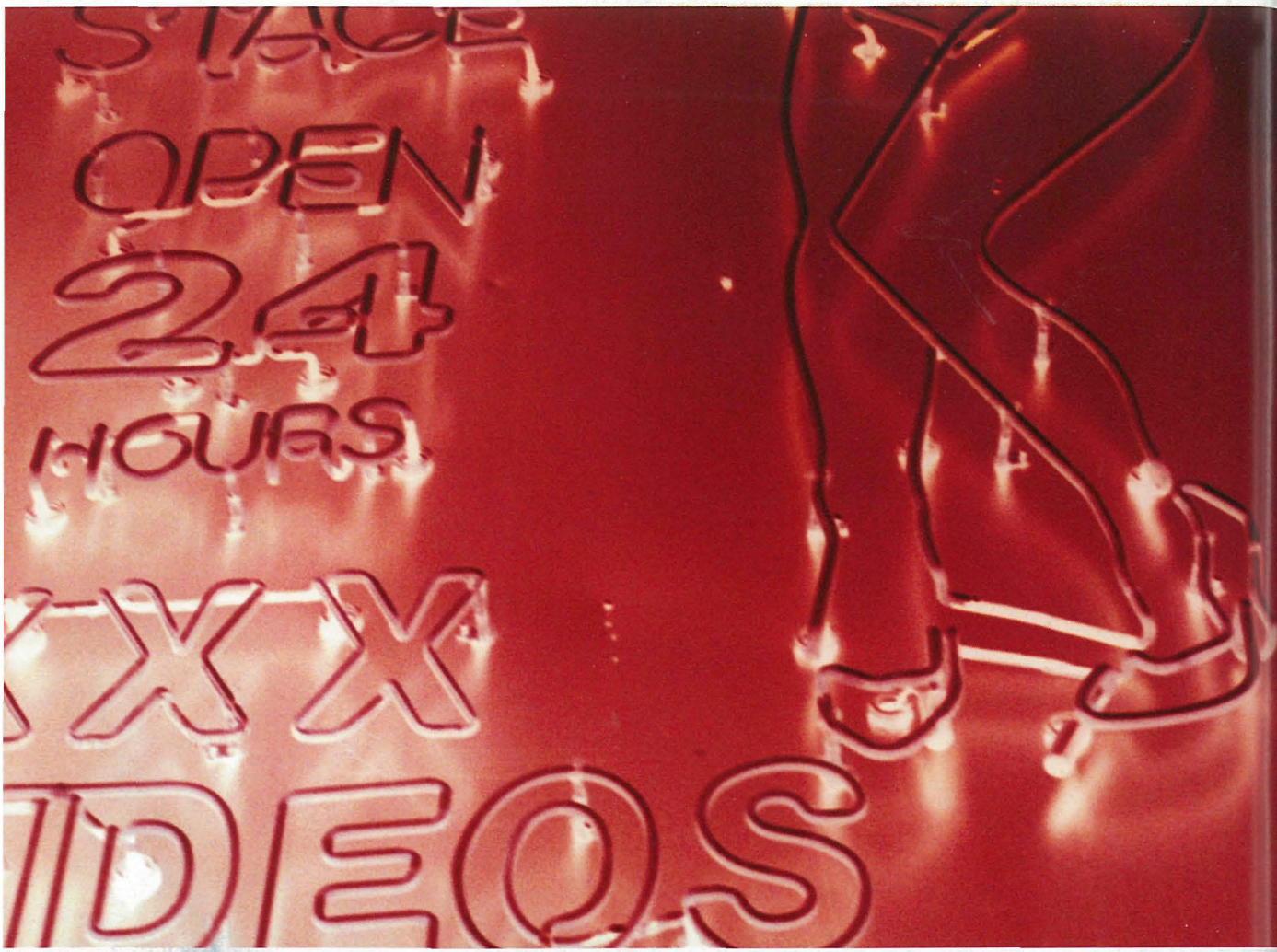
NZ listings courtesy of NZ Artists Alliance [www.artistsalliance.org.nz](http://www.artistsalliance.org.nz)



**BY GEORGE!**  
HIDDEN NETWORKS



Coming Soon ...Eight installations in the City's laneways... [www.lanewaysbygeorge.com.au](http://www.lanewaysbygeorge.com.au)



maria  
kozic

## Collide-O-Rama

Billboard Project at Hazelhurst Regional Gallery & Arts Centre

Curated by Daniel Mudie Cunningham

27 June - 4 October 2009

arts|nsw 

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# 2009 William and Winifred Bowness Photography Prize

Monash Gallery of Art  
\$20 000 non-acquisitive prize

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Closing date: Friday 07 August 2009  
Entry forms available at [www.mga.org.au](http://www.mga.org.au)

Judges  
Helen Ennis – Senior Lecturer in Art Theory, ANU  
Anne Ferran – artist  
Shaune Lakin – Director, MGA

MGA Foundation

**mga**  
monash gallery of art

australian centre for  
photography

257 Oxford Street  
Paddington NSW 2021

info@acp.org.au

tel: 02 9332 1455

www.acp.org.au

acp



# INTERIOR DISASTER

FRANCESCA ROSA

GALLERY 4  
**17 JULY TO 22 AUGUST**  
TUESDAY TO FRIDAY  
12.00–7.00PM  
SATURDAY TO SUNDAY  
10.00AM–6.00PM

*Interior Disaster* is a record of a decomposing household approximately eleven months after Cyclone Larry destroyed it. With the studious intent of a forensic photographer, Francesca Rosa takes inventory of the peeling veneers and mouldy carpets as residual evidence of a crime by a powerful and mysterious perpetrator.

Crawl 1 presents

*Soft Glue – Charlie Sofo &  
Mary MacDougall*

Curated by Joel Mu

25th. Sept. – 10th. Oct.  
Black & Blue Gallery, Sydney

16th. Oct. – 31st. Oct.  
Rear View Gallery, Melbourne

**extended selection includes**

*Sounds*

25th. Sept. 8pm.  
Black & Blue Gallery  
16th. Oct. 8pm. Rear View Gallery  
opening night performance  
(artists to be announced)

*Blue Screen*

2nd. Jun. 7–8pm.  
Black & Blue Gallery  
23rd. Oct. 8pm. Rear View Gallery  
video screenings  
(artists to be announced)



# **THREE OF A PERFECT PAIR**

**13.8 - 30.8.09**

**MS & MR**

**SODA\_JERK**

**JAKI MIDDLETON &**

**DAVID LAWREY**

**JAMES AVERY &**

**ELEANOR AVERY**

**CURATED BY**

**RON ADAMS &**

**GEORGE ADAMS**

**MOP PROJECTS**

**[WWW.MOP.ORG.AU](http://WWW.MOP.ORG.AU)**



ISSUE 15 LIES

... coming Summer 2009



Penelope Cain, *Survival Technique #2*, 2008, video still.



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stay with  
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