

six dollars

issue two  
october 2003  
collection

r u n w a y

*r u n w a y*

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We are interested in hearing from people who wish to contribute to *runway*. Both written and visual material will be considered, although due to the self-funded nature of the publication we are unable to pay contributors. Email [write2runway@hotmail.com](mailto:write2runway@hotmail.com), or contact us care of Firstdraft.

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**Next Issue...**

**March 2004**

**chance**

In issue three, contributors are invited to consider the random, the arbitrary and the accidental, and respond to the theme of chance.

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# r u n w a y

i s s u e t w o

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## Editorial

Jaki Middleton and Emma White

Most collections begin by accident. Robert Opie started his with a 'Munchies' packet he bought at a railway station when he was sixteen. It was the unrecorded acquisition of a second item, however, that transformed his initial purchase into what became a collection of over half a million pieces at the Museum of Packaging and Advertising in Gloucester.

Opie's collection of bottles, tins, labels, signs and other packaging and promotional ephemera is potentially infinite in scope. The most interesting collections are the incomplete ones: open-ended, engaging, and constantly shifting. As pieces are added, the relationships between the parts change: the intonations of the whole are altered.

The second issue of *runway* includes contributions that offer illuminating and absorbing responses to the idea of collection. Criteria are necessary to give a collection focus: all the contributors to this issue (including its editors) are practicing artists. This doesn't mean that *runway* is a journal strictly limited to the subject of art: the preoccupations of artists are rarely so clear-cut. This is evidenced by the contributors' wildly divergent takes on the same subject.

However you start, it's how you continue that determines your direction. The publication of issue two demonstrates a sustained commitment to the *runway* series. We are determined that *runway* will continue publishing and promoting new work, and fulfilling its function as an alternative to the gallery space.



## Standstill

Jaki Middleton

## A sordid story of Poly-Chronological-Perversion

Reflux

*This is a factual account of an All American Girl who fell victim to the sordid underbelly of the American Dream. Due to legal restrictions, I shall refer to her here under the pseudonym "Missy", although I'm sure, after the intense press coverage of late, you will nonetheless recognise to whom I am referring.*

As the multi-billion dollar manager of Microsoftcock Monopoly, Missy's father was able to ensure she always had the very latest model consumer products. As far as impeccable taste was concerned, she wanted for nothing. Yet, a mere three years after graduating as president of her elite Ivy League college, Missy was discovered dead in a floral wallpapered suite in a Holiday Inn, in what appeared to be a sordid scene of auto-erotic asphyxiation.

At 9:38am on the morning of August 16, a Malaysian cleaner discovered Missy hanging from a Bedazzler studded belt attached to an exact replica of the door handle fixture Michael Hutchence had made infamous in 1997. Moreover, to add illegality to bad taste, her nostrils were plugged with earphones from a yellow 1983 Sony Sports Walkman which, it is alleged, had been blasting a third generation cassette copy of a Napster download of a mash remix of the Black Box single *Ride on Time*.

No doubt you are already familiar with the main circumstances of the national police case that followed, so I will not rehash those details here. Obviously, as a limited circulation magazine, we do not have the Weapons Of Mass Litigation necessary to defy the present ban on the publication of Missy's web blog. However, in the interests of community health we have nevertheless attempted to piece together a partial account of the factors leading to Missy's demise. For, despite what the government sanctioned view of events may be, a complex array of factors (including, but also beyond the blog itself) indicate that Missy accidentally caused her own death while under the influence

of a powerful consumer pathology. Furthermore, it could happen to you. Read on to alert yourself to the warning signs. While the extent of the depravity involved in Missy's tragic illness may at times be uncomfortable to acknowledge, remember: it may just save your life.

According to APPCI (American Psychiatry Pathology Classification Index), the particular cluster of symptoms exhibited by Missy would seem to indicate she was a long term sufferer of Retro Fetish Dissociative Disorder (RFDD). This disorder, believed to be caused by second trimester damage to dopamine receptors in the central hypothalamus region, manifests in the subject's experience in the form of Acute Episodes of Time Confusion. However, as memory is blocked to provide a psychic defence against the trauma of alter-chronological experience, these incidents are rarely recalled by RFDD sufferers.

Certainly, one of the clearest pathological indicators displayed by Missy was the frequent occurrence of memory blackouts. This has been confirmed by reliable university sources. "Yeah, sometimes after we'd been at frat parties, Missy'd get these blackouts, like, periods she couldn't remember, for, like, four hours of the night and stuff. I mean its no biggy, we all get those... but Missy was different, she was a major headcase. Instead of just getting tanked and giving some guy from the geeksquad a blowjob, she'd get onto e-Bay and order all these hideous retro collector items. And since daddy paid her Amex, she wouldn't even realise until the stuff arrived in the mail. Like, one time we were playing croquet at her place, and this courier rocked up with a poo-brown paisley 1973 shagpile she'd had sent over from Gloucester. It was ssooo embarrassing," revealed Heather, who co-captained the Torros cheer squad with Missy in 2002.

Dr Normarvin of the South Bronx Brain Scan Unit, is a specialist in the closely related

pathology Retro Fetish Utility Retardation (RFUR). In his bestselling book, *This is for that*, he describes the quintessential symptom of this disorder as the loss of the ability to decipher the correct function of everyday objects. Concerning his in-depth ethnological study of the urban Afro-American population, he writes "What is so tragic about the prevalence of DJ culture in white middle class youth today, is that they have merely appropriated a physiological aberration in the mental health of their Afro-American peers. The record player was not designed so vinyl could be scratched, but due to the prevalence of RFUR in the Bronx ghetto population, the black folk simply didn't know how to play records properly."

Although many here on the investigative team were initially dismissive of the connection between Missy and the condition RFUR, all now agree that the evidence on hand is incredibly compelling. In an e-mail to friend X, dated June 2002, Missy confided "when I went to put a tampon in it was uncomfortable, and then when I reached up further I found a second-hand Duran Duran cassette tape." This document, combined with the strange circumstances of Missy's death (the walkman headphones up her nostrils, the inappropriate usage of the doorhandle and belt) leave little room for doubt that Missy was indeed struggling under the influence of a utility related illness.

What remains unclear, however, is how to reconcile such consumer pathologies with someone as well bred and intelligent as Missy. Both RFUR and RFDD are presently believed to be exclusively contained within racial minorities, lower socio-economic groups and among mentally handicapped, sub-cultural scenes such as Punk Rock (for example, their incorrect use of dog collars as human neck adornments). Although the bourgeois practice of Antique Collection does itself involve a negation of an object's original "use-value", the chronological disruption implicit in this retro-active consumer behaviour is buttressed by the concept of historicism. Within this framework, antiques acquisition can function as a form of remembrance of the past as *it was*. Thus, when practiced in moderation by healthy individuals,

some forms of retro-consumerism can actually reinforce one's grip on temporal progress rather than retard it.

However, severe chronological disturbance is clearly evident in Missy's thinking. In an essay she submitted to a critical literature class on Walter Benjamin's concept of the commodity form, she wrote "Like Genet's Vaseline, I grease myself with discarded and disgraced commodities. With them I feel certain I shall be able to blast through the tyrannical myth of historical progress. Making a fetish of the outmoded, I shall fuck chronology until the future shudders through it." Tragically, this explicit cry for help not only went unnoticed by the course convener but moreover actually placed Missy within the highest grade bracket - a fact we hope will bring about a desperately needed nationwide review of the humanities syllabus.

Another area in which Missy's case has had dramatic ramifications is in overturning the assumed connections between consumer pathologies and prenatal brain damage. Most notably, Professor Fuchumk from the University of Minnesota has alternatively argued that an answer may instead be found in Deleuze's re-reading of Freud's "A Child is Being BETA-en." In this account, consumer aberrations in the bourgeois can occur as a result of repressed guilt stemming from a primal video-hire scene in which the child witnesses the father engaged in an act of VHS hire, contingent to an angry outburst from another customer about the phasing out of BETA technology. In the most startling development of the case so far, this theory led forensics to re-examine the hitherto unaccounted-for patterns of bruising on Missy's buttocks. While it is still a matter of speculation, a reliable source on the post-mortem team has disclosed to us that the markings were found to be consistent with the unique spool shape of a BETA format cassette. Needless to say, this could provide a crucial clue to the circumstances of Missy's tragic death. Anyone with information pertaining to cassette tape spanking services in escort agencies or elsewhere, is urged to contact the police immediately.



## Pictures

Izabela Pluta

Taken in the back yard.  
What do you think of  
my hair



1/8

Auntie Phoebe

With Love

from Cheri

8156

Introducing Julie Dawn  
age 12 months.

With love to her  
Grand Grandmother.

Julie

XXXXXX

55

Taken at Gulberg 1942

A Happy New Year

Just a couple of

Lines

1959  
with you  
Lined

Sept. 1953  
Sports Day.

9

The Darwin Director of Works  
& self at the farewell.

April 1972

J825

## The Private Collection: The sticky underbelly of vernacular digital technology and the bloke with the camera

Holly Williams and Sara Oscar

You may know what a strange experience it is to see yourself through the eyes of another. It prompts us to reconsider the validity of an image, especially when viewed in the constructed context of a private collection. In a torrid moment of surprise, I realised that I had been given my own special file in a folder named *Porn*, a file that I had had no hand (or other body part) in creating, but that was constructed by my potential lover from internet images. It was me, but it wasn't me.

The current accessibility of digital technology and its ancillary modes for storage create a candy house for the private collector. Gone are the days of old, tattered magazines under the bed. The folder systems on the computer encourage the urge to collect and categorise. Now it can be customised: you find it, save it and file it, and in the process develop Serial Taking Disorder.

Digital technology supports the extreme personality by allowing the taker of the image to capture as many images as desired. When it comes to net porn, images are freely available and easily stored: *young, blonde, virtual girlfriend online!* It is widely known that trawling the net can prove to be addictive. When real and virtual worlds collide on the home computer, the boundary between what is real and what is simulated is blurred. The scary thing is that digital technology makes it easy to attain fantasies through vernacular accessibility, so easy it can become a part of the Everyday.

John<sup>1</sup> has long known of the computer's capabilities, both it's filing potential and image enriching screen. His collection consists of peculiarly collated desktop files featuring the names of different women and other categorisations, such as *10 Inches, Weird, Work Related*. He includes documentation of

experiences he has actually engaged in and simulated substitute images. There are folders of girls he's fucked; girls that look like girls he's fucked; girls he hasn't fucked but wants to; girls he fucked but didn't get their photo and so found a replacement. When part of the collection is missing, he goes online and finds a resembling figure. The bottom line is, there is no distinction between real life and virtual experience, until the collection draws you into borderline obsession.

Perhaps it's the quantities in his collection that cause John to forget whether the silicon in the image of his ex-girlfriend is really hers or if it belongs to his virtual girlfriend. The actual process of creating and naming a file could make John's images more 'real', adding substance to his imagination. What is of importance is not the image representing the experience, but the acts of *taking from* and *naming* that imply possession.

At this point, one might question what happens to content within a collection: is the individual less valued as a part of a porn file? I felt like 'one of the rest' because I was put into a folder with every other chick, yet at the same time I did not. Because I fitted into the category of *unconsummated*, I realised the effort involved in the search for the resembling image: it was "me" he was looking for. John's aim and eye for finding a suitable picture requires extensive expertise in net porn and his urge to discover the 'right' woman supersedes a less sophisticated urge to simply 'get off'.

Filed under my name I found an image of "me" with his "ex-girlfriend" which was of neither me nor his ex-girlfriend. The chances of finding an image resembling both *ex-girlfriend* and *unconsummated* are so low that to find two doppelgangers in the one image is mind-

boggling. However, the gratification of finding the virtual thing is synonymous with the sexual experience, a build up of hours of searching on the net. John's climactic moment occurs in the attainment of the girl's image, regardless of the status 'fucked' or 'not-fucked'.

Even the women John has been with are replicated in his collection. When one desire (to have sex with them) has been sated, does a new desire emerge? By filing images of actual women he has had sex with and 'resembling' images under the same name, John dissolves the boundary between the 'actual Jane' and the 'replica Jane'. One can also wonder when his mania will dictate the action of previously spontaneous acts: when does the collecting dominate over the act of sex itself?

John's collection is undoubtedly the most proliferous thing I've ever seen. It grows in volume because pleasure can be gained from the content of the images; yet, in some perverse twist, his collection now controls him. Just as the gambler compulsively presses buttons on a pokie machine, so the technologically aided access to sex photos becomes an endless addiction: new photo, new experience.

Some may suggest it is a fear of incompleteness that binds him to the task of collecting. His collection will never be complete because the addiction to the idea of *having* is a compulsive one. For John, the action of taking the photo to add to the collection is ritualistic and pleasurable, and holding onto the collection becomes a gratification, a symbol of duration, attendance and self worth.

---

<sup>1</sup> Real name withheld.







## Robert Dessaix (and the unstrung harp): Inclusion and exclusion in language

Nathan Dunne

Australian novelist, journalist and critic Robert Dessaix, in his essay *Showing your Colours*, published in the collection (*and so forth*)<sup>1</sup> contrasts two excerpts of writing he finds to be representative of inclusive and non-inclusive writing. The first, which Dessaix cites as inclusive, is from an article in *Literary Review* by Kate Kellaway:

*Not far from where I'm writing this, in Islington, North London, David Mamet, in some unspecified year, was walking along in search of a cup of tea. He found one in a café opposite Islington Library. At this point, reading his account and knowing the area, anxiety overtook me. Which café? Was he well advised? Was there a café outside Islington Library? None that I could remember. But I need not have worried. He was ecstatic.*

The second example, by way of contrast, which Dessaix cites as exclusive, is an excerpt from an article in *Art + Text* by Kim Paice:

*Hannah Wilke's S.O.S. Starification Object Series (1974-82) marks an important, and her best known, feminist intervention in the practice of self representation. Poised precariously at the juncture of essentialism and femininity's now popularly discussed anti-center, masquerade, this matrix of photographs acts as a stage where the artist assumes various persuasive fictions – of seduction, withdrawal, invitation, and self-possession. In teasing the still receptive camera, serially posing and baring herself, Wilke taps the elaborate economy of desire surrounding the ever-contested, ever-elusive terrain of the female body.*

Dessaix suggests in *Showing your Colours* that the two excerpts are essentially polar opposites and it is from this discussion that he builds his argument. The title of his essay

suggests his point of view, and throughout the essay, he makes a heady attack on the Paice excerpt in favour of the Kellaway excerpt.

We may first ask the question: does not that which comes first, the final first, make and prepare the way for all that comes after? For what is being denied in *Showing your Colours* is that of the 'new', the 'something more' – the persuasive precursors to original insight, namely the avant-garde. One refers to the avant-garde as a generalised splintering of zeitgeist thresholds, rather than an avant-gardism in relation to a specific framework. The avant-garde is denied as a result of language being denied, for one cannot argue about tone or authority (both one and the same in relation to language) without a discussion of aesthetics. Thus, the 'new', the 'something more', is denied via the denial of the aesthetics of language.

Dessaix says, "Not for a moment am I suggesting that Paice's is a 'bad' article while Kellaway's is 'good'...'good' and 'bad' don't come into it." Here Dessaix contradicts himself, as seen in his reference to the 'including' voice (Kellaway) as making him avid for more, therefore keeping his attention (a positive, including thing) and the 'excluding' voice (Paice), which first makes him irritated, then bored (a negative, excluding thing). Therefore, how can Dessaix suggest that 'good' and 'bad' don't come into it when that is precisely the means by which they are categorised?

The words 'including' and 'excluding' themselves imply, if not in totality then at least in part, a joining in, a cooperation or helping out (including) versus an implied absence, periphery and non-cooperation (excluding). Further evidence that a discussion of comparative texts cannot involve the

separation of language and aesthetics is that at its most basic, text as line, as drawing, *is* aesthetic. Text as design, as picture, as constituents of landscape and thus the world, cannot exist without both the aesthetic of the text as well as its function in a body of text or texts, as is the case here.

The irony of a rudimentary discussion of 'including' and 'excluding' is that in the mere categorical organisation of the dichotomy there appears to be an exclusion of the 'excluding' point of view. One may ask, how can 'including' be a power sharing voice (as Dessaix suggests) when a given reader – and I admit, not every reader – is reading for a certain intangibility; an openness unlike the misused 'including' openness to which Dessaix refers, but an intangible expansion of text via private lexicon or technical language specific to a subject's discourse. If the given lexicon is denied, along with the Latin based language's 'possession of authority' (as per Dessaix) in illustrating its relevance, how is power shared? How can there be any power if that which is essential in illustrating power is denied?

Dessaix is suggesting, 'Yes! Destabilise! Let *everyone* in!' or at least *more* people in, yet is he to write the new rhyming dictionaries for those lexica which he wishes to destabilise? To repudiate traditionalist capacities integral to the 'meaning' of language – again, the Latin based language's "natural position of control" – is to fundamentally suggest that we erase history; that history which has allowed history to continue (I mention 'history' here in relation to 'history' of original expression which channels foresight for new expression).

Even if Dessaix were bold enough to suggest that history be erased, at least a specified 'type' or 'kind' of history (private lexicons), he says nothing in the way of where to go after the

gates have been burned. He does, however, seem to indicate that writers and critics become apologists (converted 'serious' writers and thinkers) who adopt his "let's go shopping" approach and resort to a restrained dialogue of 'feeling' in which to present given concerns.

Are we really to believe that the reader (audience) would find an aperture to given subjects through recognition of "the speaker's real presence"? If a writer/critic's 'real presence', via overtly connotative language, is 'felt', amid discussion of complex thematic and subjective concerns, does it not further remove the reader from the subjects at hand? For example, if the choice (as Dessaix suggests) is to 'go shopping' or to take the reader with the writer/critic via an active 'let's go now', it is in place of the necessary lexicon relevant to the given discussion.

If 'serious' writers and critics interjected unexpected collocation amid discussion of theories, which they utilise in their given argument (that which is not ultimately their own), would it not be a decisively 'untrue' representation of the given theories/subjects?

The necessary way of communicating concerns such as 'feminist intervention in the practice of self-representation' (as in Paice's piece on Hannah Wilke) is by way of removal of the author, at least in some measure. The 'serious' writer and critic cannot assume that they themselves and their voice are ultimate signalers for the given subjects (unlike Dessaix) but, instead, must channel their own voice via material (theories, attitudes) which is not their own. Through combining anterior voices with their own, the 'serious' writer/critic legitimises (or seeks to legitimise) their argument through utilising language and expression specific to the given subject.

The argument for making material 'easier' for the reader to understand is a worthy pursuit,

one which should be advocated more, and here I agree with Dessaix, but one may ask: what is the intention of making the reader understand if that which they are understanding is not the 'real' subject – the 'real' subject being that which contains all necessary lexica and constituent expression. Real disempowerment would be if the reader, after interaction with a text, is left 'feeling' that they have understood the confused and personified collocation superfluous to the given subject.

A framework, wherein categories such as these may truly be 'including', is the theory of critical discourse analysis as per N. Fairclough in his study of language. Fairclough suggests a motion toward adaptations of interpretation of text, despite perceived stylistic or tonal notions of expression in relation to given audiences (unlike Dessaix), whereby the reader, in a given social and political context, is able to interact with wider variables of interpretation, thus applying a personified emphasis to the text and allowing for a wider 'including' interpretation.<sup>2</sup> This enables the reader movement through doors more expansive and holistic in considering the totality of the given text, allowing for the bridging of interpretations, thus utilising any number of interpretations to achieve a personified 'totality' of the text.

Simply, it is a case of any number of tonal or authoritarian variables of language being inclusive of the reader. Fairclough is saying everything, or almost everything, in relation to interpretation, includes; yet we must widen interpretation further by allowing for the adaptation of interpretation, making for multiple adaptations of interpretations.

Unlike Dessaix, who suggests 'including' via 'let's go shopping' and words with a Germanic root, Fairclough suggests that divisions between authoritarian and non-authoritarian linguistic origin, thus tonal authority, is superfluous to 'true' inclusion of the reader,

which may allow for the bridging of interpretations of both Germanic and Latin roots, as well as within each division respectively.<sup>3</sup>

Much of the problematic nature of *Showing your Colours* is that Dessaix deals with subjects such as 'language' and 'feeling' only so much as they interest him, deferring discussion like a game left unfinished at the end of the summer – the author, tired, after such pleasure-seeking in the sun, must go home to bed and think nothing of his exertions other than what they were.

Pervading this attitude is the audacity and naivete of one who believes the world begins with their conception of it, without reference to systems of knowledge acquired well before they began thinking in the given subjects. This admittedly is acceptable if one keeps such conceptions to oneself, but not while parading oneself as a 'serious' writer or critic. A 'serious' writer or critic would know their song well before they started to sing, and in this case Dessaix is not only non-inclusive of conceptions anterior to his interest, which are in fact integral to discussion of his chosen subjects, he is also contemptuous of them.

Therefore, one may say in Dessaix's confused attempts at 'including', both in the essence of his argument as well as his own tone, that he himself is authoritarian – not an authority which one looks to for guidance of the 'new', but a bogus and reductive authority, which only perpetuates stereotypes and reduces possibilities of interpretation. Dessaix says in relation to Paice, "What makes us feel tense and alienated is our almost instant recognition that this is authoritarian writing – language which totally disempowers us, the readers."

Here Dessaix again contradicts himself. Earlier in his essay he says, "Every time we write as critics or reviewers, we send signals about... ourselves", meaning that all writing is essentially authoritarian. From this we may ask:

is it not true that real disempowerment comes from a deliberate 'excluding' of essential lexica and tonal authority by an authoritarian voice, which is abruptly gagging a vast orbit of knowledge? Dessaix is suggesting, ironically, that readers feel tense and alienated by authoritarian writing when in fact his own is authoritarian (and of a spurious nature).

Dessaix says, in relation to accessibility of language to a given reader, that Paice's language with "the gills of Latin roots... conceals the speaker's real feelings." Elsewhere in *Showing your Colours* Dessaix describes the antithesis of this concealment being that which reveals 'real presence' via more 'physical' language that emphasises vulnerability. While readers across the board may identify with vulnerability, it is not vulnerability which gives the reader the necessary competence to fully comprehend given subjects. An 'easier' place of entry to given subjects may give the illusion of comprehension, yet initial accessibility can only take the reader so far. The crux of the given text's power to communicate is entirely outside that 'easier' place of entry, therefore making Dessaix's advocacy for honesty and 'real presence' nothing but extraneous dressing. And while this skirting may aid the reader into an easy chair of sorts, again, it can only go so far along the way to comprehension.

Of course, tonal authority of language can often be inappropriate to a reader's current mood or environment. A bad day, or lack of attention span for whatever reason, are real deterrents to the maintenance of interest and thus 'true' comprehension in the reader. However, to suggest that the lexicon and expression of given subjects, outside of a reader's personified interest, are mere flag waving and attempts at belonging to a "club of important signalers", is to attempt reductions to the 'true' openness in language in the name of populist ideological consensus. This is itself farcically pinned by bogus

(Dessaix's) projections of 'consensus' and 'populist'. In fact, Dessaix is anti-'consensus' and 'populist' in that he is confusedly advocating denial in the face of the reader.

Therefore, upon considering Dessaix's misapprehensive swoonings, should 'serious' artists, writers and critics not seek to add and establish variables of complexity in readers (audiences) via 'true' and concrete roads, rather than enjoying our time at the discourse table while the sun is out and withdrawing to the shade when the winds of labour announce themselves in the sky? Because, if we deny, retire, cut-off – the cost is to truth ('real truth') and imagination and thus, ultimately, to everything else.

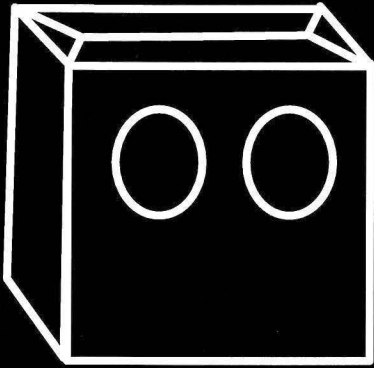
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<sup>1</sup> Dessaix, R., "Showing your Colours" in (*and so forth*), Pan Macmillan, 1998, pp.132

<sup>2</sup> Fairclough, N., *Critical Discourse Analysis: the Critical Study of Language*, Longman, London, 1995, pp.32

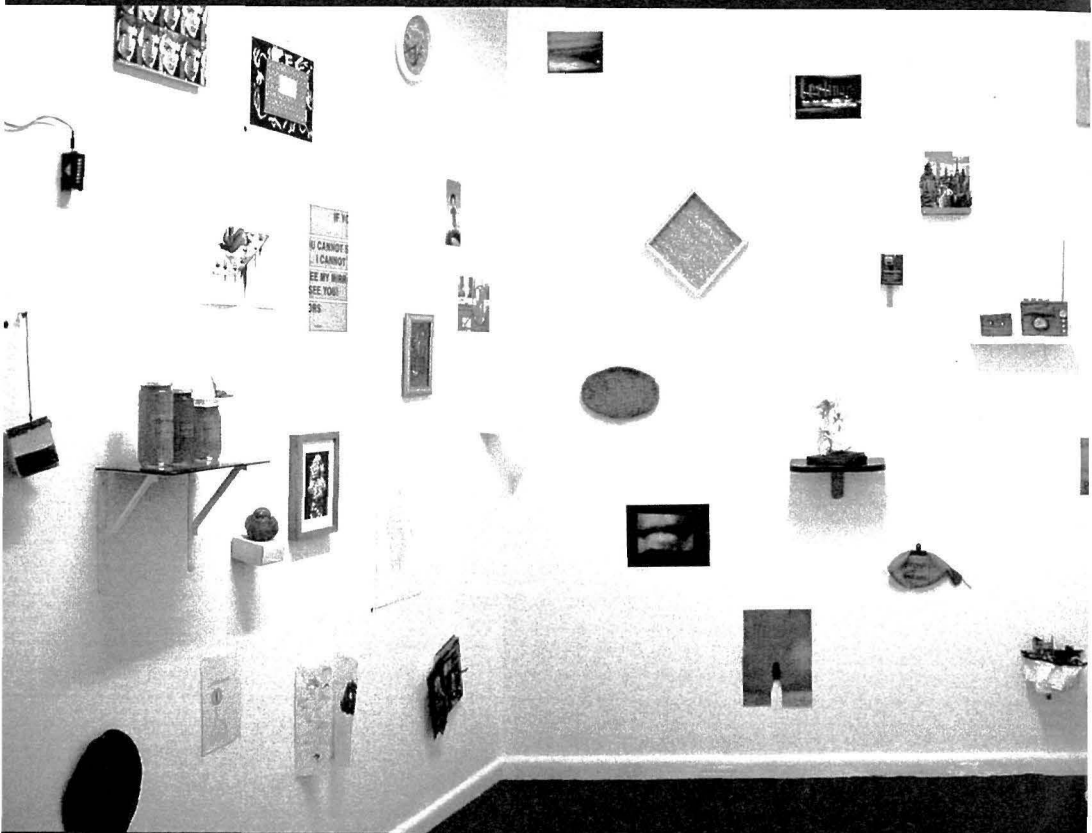
<sup>3</sup> *ibid*, pp.34-38

This is a collection of works contributed by our dear friends under the title 'Avoiding the eye area'. The phrase comes from instructions commonly found on cosmetic products. We thought that it was a good, funny starting point for a bunch of 'visual artists'. We loved every single piece. The beautiful constellation of the works we received made us delightfully optimistic about the extremely rich realm in between visibility and tactility.



Friends  
avoiding  
the eye  
area



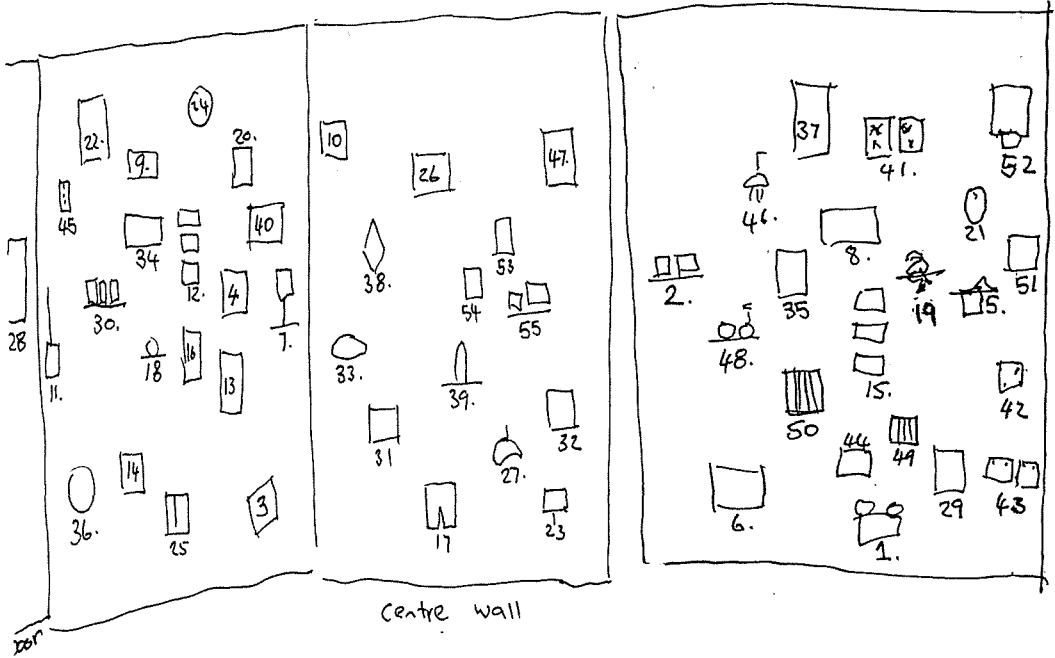




# MOP

1, Mary Teague	Stsitraehtfosevil	Pigment, pencil, paper	P.O.A.
2, Hany Armanious	Untitled	Polaroid	P.O.A.
3, Nicholas Collerson	Untitled	Mixed media	\$150
4, Koji Ryui Thank You Australia	N.F.S		
5, Jessica Maurer	1,2,1,2	Mixed media	\$200
6, Sophie Coombs	Veljko & Juke	Collaged drawing	P.O.A.
7, Louise Parmer	waterfall	Broken wine glass	P.O.A
8, Michelle Hanlin	The Dim Bulb	mixed media	\$80
9, Tim Kleindienst		Military Mixed media	\$60
10, Sam Hughes	Untitled	Photographic print	P.O.A.
11, Simon Yates	Special Powers	Mixed media	\$80
12, Beth Pickworth	Untitled	Safety sticker	\$100
13, Jake Walker	Untitled	1982 Ink on paper	P.O.A.
14, Juke Wyatt	Dick Eye	Ink on paper	P.O.A.
15, Joyce Hinterding	Museum Station	Stargate	\$100
16, David Haines	Untitled	Framed photographic print	N.F.S.
17, Jay Balbi	Barbar	Metal sheet	P.O.A.
18, Clare Conroy	precious little time	tomato on shelf	P.O.A
19, Rebecca Griggs	No Delivery-Nesting	acrylic fleece	P.O.A
20, Matthew Tumbers	Dolly	Mixed media on paper	N.F.S.
21, Amber McCulloch	Ryan	Mixed media on canvas	P.O.A.
22, Alex Gereg	Untitled	Digital print on canvas,	\$100
23, Claire Healy	Raiders of the Lost Ark	Mixed media	P.O.A.
24, Sean Cordeiro	Bitches + Hos	Mixed media	\$100
25, Rizili Sisters	Pen on paper		P.O.A.
26, Ryszard Dabek	Untitled	Inkjet print	P.O.A.
27, Simon Cavanough	The Future is Emotional	Rubber balloon, ink, clip	\$150
28, Justin Cox	Avoiding the Area	Print	P.O.A.
29, Stephen Creswell	Hollow Drop	Mixed media on paper	\$60
30, Yuri Frusin & Sara Shera	Untitled	Mixed media	\$300
31, Eugenia Raskopoulos	Melbourne 2001	Photographic print	\$75
32, Tim Barber	No Eye Deer	Inkjet print	\$100
33, Natsuho Takita	Milk of Paradise	Mixed media	P.O.A.
34, Jodie Maurer	That Sinking Feeling	Gouache on paper	\$95
35, Elizabeth Pulie	forkloric dancer colour pencil	on paper	p.o.a
36, Brenda MacDuff	The Pink & Black Fuck	Wax	\$200
37, John Spiteri	Spring Snow	Mixed media	P.O.A.
38, Andrew Hurlie	Untitled	Lenticular Composition	Mixed media (contact Darren Knight)
39, Robert Pulie	Unique Form of Continuity in Space	Used loofa on rose mahogany stand	P.O.A.
40, Kris Moyes	It's Breakable, It's Lovely	Print on canvas	\$150
41, Christopher Hanrahan	Concrete, You Treat Me Like a Whore	Blu-tac, paper	P.O.A.
42, Lauren Dyt	Untitled	Water colour	P.O.A.
43, Jess MacNeil	British Museum	Reconstruction	Gouache on paper \$100
44, Emma White	Dental Surgery	Mixed media	\$180
45, Daniel Stocks	The Emperors New Clothes	Mixed media	\$200
46, Sarah Goffman	Plastic Reality	Mixed media	\$200,
47, Jason Markou	Small children	Gardening	Mixed media N.F.S.
48, Karen Kinder	Project Homes	Wood	\$225
49, Lionel Bawden	Warmless	Ink, pencil, paper collage	P.O.A.
50, Anna Mikkelsen	Animal Test	Wood, ceramic monkey	P.O.A.
51, Shane Haseman	Mary	Paper collage	P.O.A.
52, Ann Morrison	Blink	Mixed media	\$300
53, Amie Turnbull	With the assistance of his shrink	Ray Clarice believed world domination was the only way to redeem himself from being christened with a girls name	Mixed media P.O.A.
54, Vicky Browne, Koji Ryui and Natsuho Takita	Avoiding Aye Area	Mixed media	P.O.A.
55, Vicky Browne	Dead wood	wood glue	\$200

# Avoiding the eye area



# Buff and stuff

David Lawrey

**Cordelia** - Uhhh! Behold, the weirdness!

**Buffy** - (*looks up*) You're probably wondering what I'm doing with this stuff, huh?

**Cordelia** - Wow, I'm not!

**Buffy** - Uh, for history class. Mr. Giles has this, like, hobby of collecting stuff. . .which he lent me. . .for show and tell. D-did I mention it's for history class?

'Stuff', like 'crap', 'shit', and 'garbage', does not reveal its contents, as shown by the above dialogue. Without more information, it is impossible to know what Buffy's stuff is. Stuff is a word that may contain an infinite number of objects taken from the infinite range in existence. When used as a straight noun, stuff can include any quantifiable thing, and when combined with a qualifying adjective (teenage stuff) it may hold any associated qualitative attribute. Stuff lends itself to the idea that it is beyond meaning, and is a word like fuck that is really just punctuation. While there is no doubt that it is an easy word to use, it plays an invaluable linguistic role, allowing the sentence to include that which is potentially limitless. With this one word, Buffy has the freedom to name and collect her things without the need to specify each individual item. Via its inclusiveness, stuff as collection is connected to the conscious or emotive collections that exist in glass cases.

The historical definition of a collection is a group of objects that are removed entirely from their original functions and privileged as a whole. The figure of the collector stems from the historical cliché of the prosperous man with so much leisure time he becomes obsessed with collecting, and the desire to continually expand his collection. This may still be true of the adult who collects toy cars, but what of the child that does the same? What of the vinyl collector who takes great care of the records but still plays them? Since the collection itself was born out of wealth,

there has always been a hierarchy dictating which collectors are legitimate and which are scoffed at as simply indulging in amateurish play. This learned value system leads the observer of a collection to view it in terms of monetary value or a significant personal expression, and so negate the dispassionate and half-interested collections that are performed as a kind of cultural habit.

Collecting now exists as an important feature of consumer culture, most pervasively as the sales gimmick of 'collect all three' but also in the seriality of production, branding, and consumer renewal. This democratisation of the collection positions it as a common, wide-ranging practice that is now deeply ingrained in society's relation to production. Collecting occurs even in the absence of the conscious desire to collect; in personal video collections, magazines bought every month, chip packet cards and selections of food that are purchased on a regular basis. Whilst there may be specific ideas of what constitutes a collection, the notion of what defines a collection is seen more through the process than anything, since any object is collectible. The defining quality of the collection is that it is created through a serial procedure that brings chosen objects together for the sole purpose of creating a collection, thus differentiating the process from mere accumulation. 'There is a seriality to all the objects you acquire, bought or found one after another each bearing some relationship to its former and expectant object.' So, what differentiates your shopping from collection, is simply the manner in which you consider it. Should you choose to think about your consumption as collecting, then it is difficult to deny it that status, except on the grounds that it may lack the sustained passion of those who pursue their chosen collected objects throughout their lives.

On her way down the school corridor, Buffy dropped a selection of weapons she had

concealed. As she was retrieving them she was confronted with the derision of Cordelia, the 'popular girl'. In the subsequent exchange she was prompted to name her objects as 'stuff'. Though not seriously considered by Buffy, this labelling is significant because the scenario demonstrates that a collection can be created by the use of the word 'stuff'. By grouping disparate items into the singular, she is then able to consider them as a new and manageable entity. 'Collection replaces origin with classification, thereby making temporality a spatial and material phenomenon'. By removing an object from its context and placing it in the collection, it allows the collector to erase its history. The collector replaces the narrative of production with the narrative of collection and in doing so is able to claim sole possession. By naming the objects 'stuff' Buffy regains a sense of ownership and control over the things that have escaped her. The collector can then go as far as generating the illusion of being the producer of the objects, since his or her particular appreciation of the objects and their subsequent inclusion in the collection legitimates its existence.

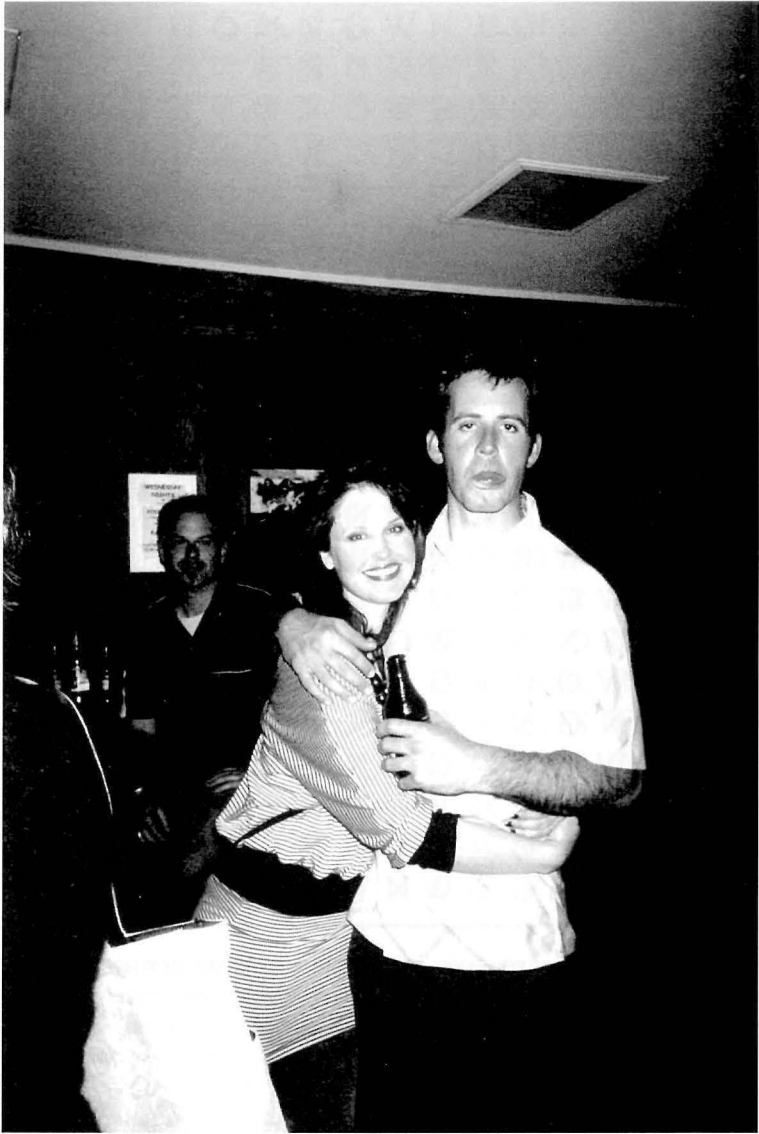
Stuff does not generate the same collection as one that is made through a series of considered acquisitions. Buffy makes an interesting distinction between the way that she and Mr. Giles collect the same group of objects when she says 'Mr. Giles has this, like, hobby of collecting stuff'. While Mr. Giles has accumulated and categorised these objects over time, and thereby created a collection, in this instance Buffy collects by naming them 'stuff'. She does this first of all as a matter of convenience and expediency and secondly to demonstrate to Cordelia a general detachment from the collection. Stuff is a collection that utilises the conceptual capacities of the collection for the collector's immediate needs, and as such its existence does not persist beyond its fulfillment. Collection through stuff offers a way to recon-

ceptualise the proliferation of objects in consumer culture. It can turn the infinite into the singular and erase its history, all as a means of offering relief from the object anxiety that is too great to deal with.



**Axis of evil: Greeting cards, snapshots and lovesong dedications**

Rachel Scott





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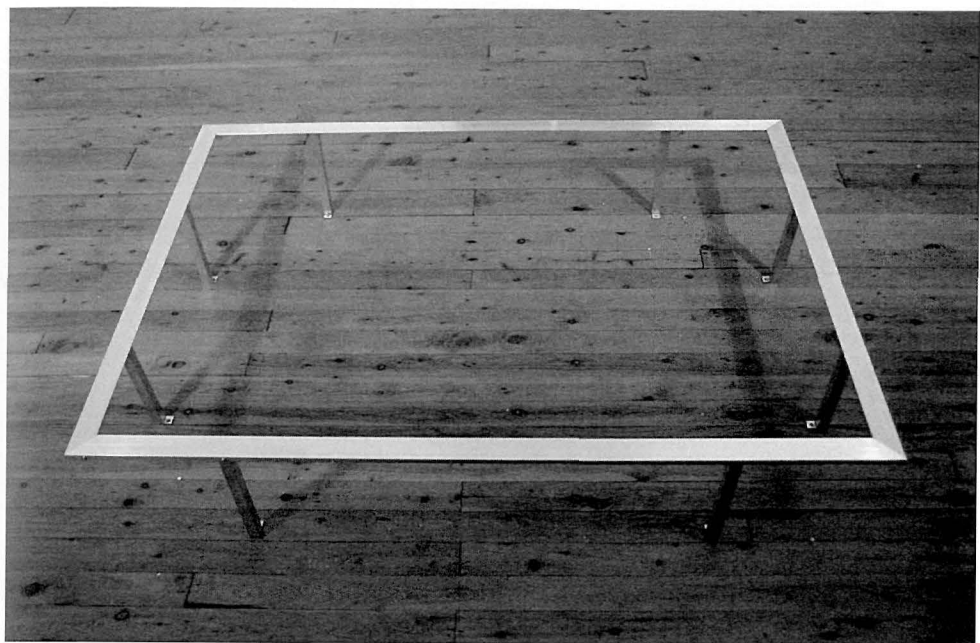
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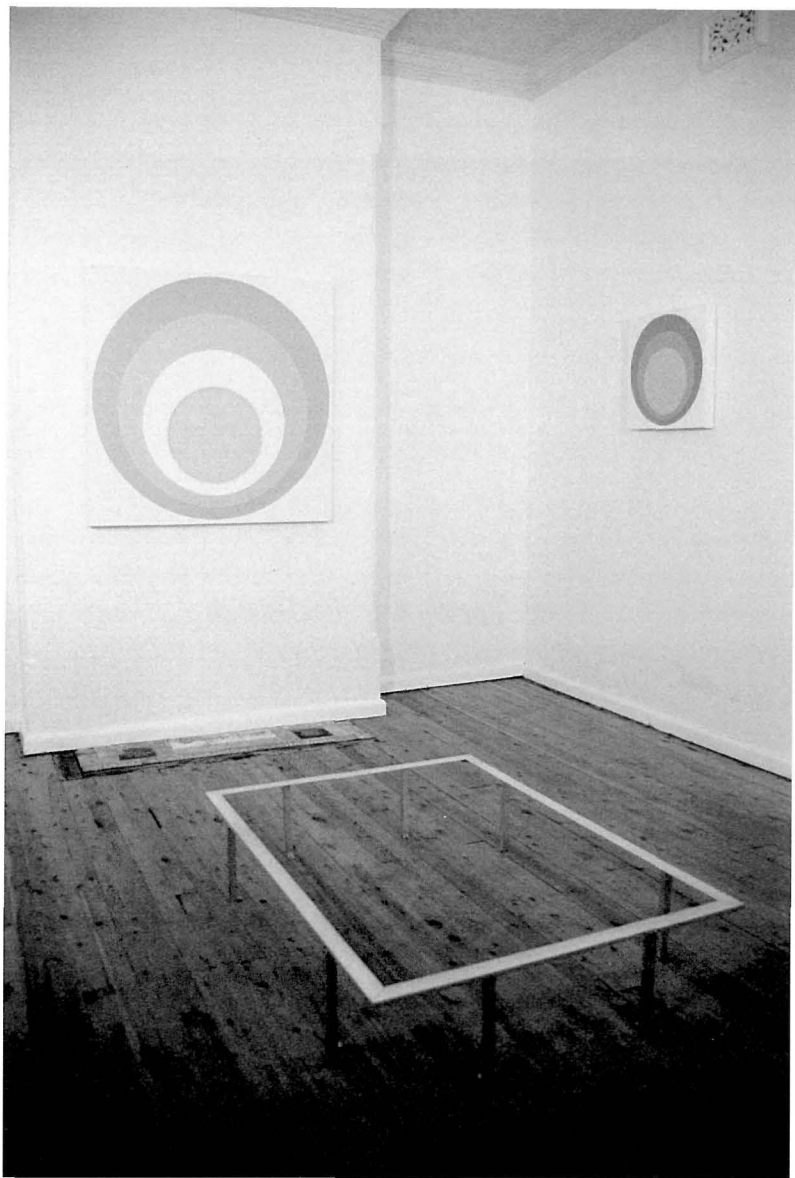
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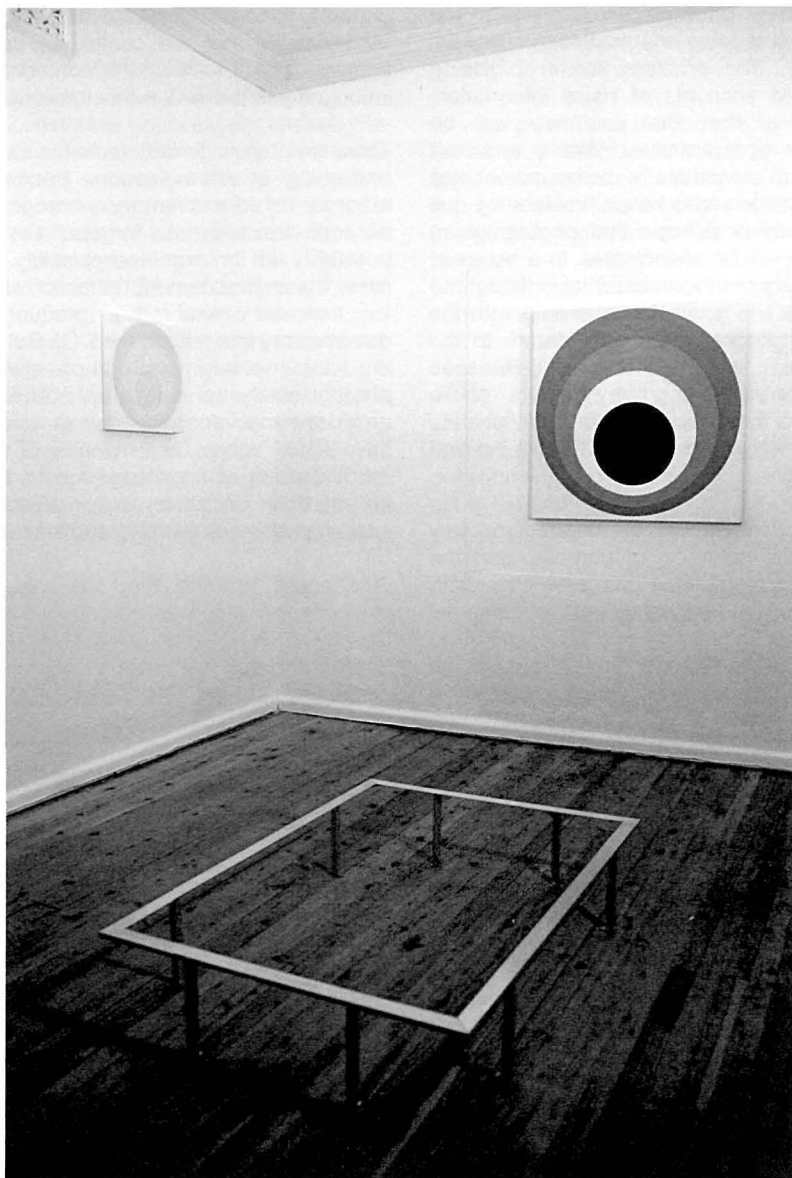
# The Aureolin Collection

Stephen Sullivan









## Ample sufficiency:

### The problem with recording in documentary photography

Sara Oscar

Documentary photography highlights the inadequacy of using an example to represent the whole. The problem lies in providing summarised accounts of visual information, and hoping that the summary will be sufficiently representative. What is and isn't sufficient to constitute a series sometimes means that the series keeps proliferating due to specificity or a hope that photographing everything will be all-inclusive. In a series of documentary photographs, what is thought to be *enough* has a direct relationship with the act of photographing, considered to be purposeful yet limitless. Because documentary photography sticks to a methodical formula, it has the potential to then be seen as an action that has no end point in sight.

Curious to the nature of the documentary genre is the definition of purpose, and the consequent restrictions that arise by setting parameters that limit selection. Documentary photography highlights the compulsion to record and define surroundings as a means of reference to places, events and societies. This is based on an assumption that the photographer has an agenda to formally define and categorise an environment of choice, by selecting one thing that best represents a place, event or society. By framing the photographs in a series in the same manner, usually frontally, centred and keeping everything in the frame in focus, documentary photography claims an objective stance that recontextualises its object. By representing an example of something in the frame, the frame is the defining structure that marks this classification.

A series of photographs requires selection on the basis of similarity in order for them to be cohesive as a group. This method adheres to a formula that is realised by producing images of formal resemblance in order to fit into a category. Because the parameters are contained within a formula that observes

patterns, the selection of like images is limited by variations that are contingent upon the homogeneity of form and/or content and the incongruity of the links within the series.

There are obvious limitations to the method of patterning in classification. Because the rationale of documentary photography is purpose-oriented, it forgets about the possibility of its own interminability. In this case, the endlessness of the action asks one to consider what the production of documentary images achieves. On first glance, the documentary photograph gives the photographer an educatory device that provides visual information that is assumed to have a *truth* value. The privileging of vision in the accessing of knowledge means that the photograph becomes an implement for exchange between learning and teaching.

One could assume that the role of the photographer as teacher or student is in flux. A reason for this could be due to the methodical approach used for taking and selecting photographs and the consequences of collating in the face of repetition. The shifting role of the photographer is caused by the repercussions of photographing with the purpose of documenting and classifying. The desire to focus on one thing in the world and repeatedly recontextualise it degrades the ability to quantify a series because there is no end in sight.

A series is deemed excessive when the viewer is blinded by an overload of grouped images. This blindness is caused by the same thing that constitutes a series and is the ramification of having too much of the one thing. This problem arises when photographs are compiled as a group and is the effect that repetition has on vision. It reminds us that our status as finite beings provides us with limited perspectives of time and space, so that we cannot see a whole (assuming there is one), and consequently must rely on memory to

infer previous images onto the next.

Questions arise within documentary photographic practice that surmise accounts of what constitutes visual excess and whether or not documentary photography contributes to a body of knowledge that is redundant. Repetition, sameness and overload are seen to be the causes of excessiveness, and the act of photographing in this manner represents a futile attempt to engage in an exchange process that neither teaches, nor permits study. The link between redundancy and excess is unavoidable. What is problematic is the photographer's limitation in accessing and providing information of a specific type that has a use value. The purpose of documenting then defeats itself because its context indicates that the document has a *utility*. The line between utility

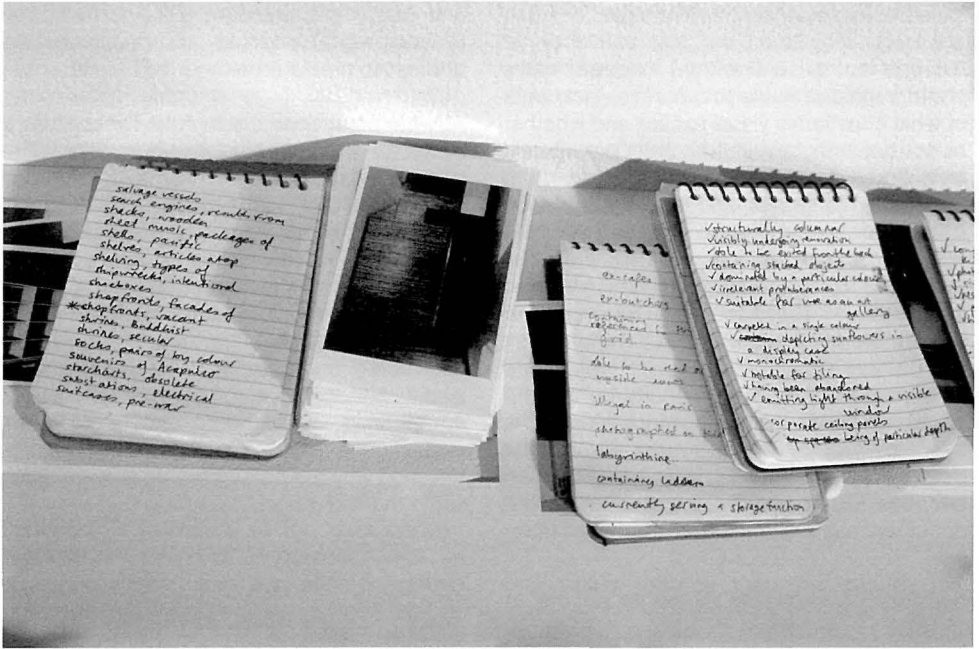
and futility is determined by a formula that utilises repetition and sameness in the attempt to create order.

At what point does the formula for collating a series of photographs cause the series to become excessive? What is considered *enough* - a sufficient body of information to imply that the series has fulfilled its set purpose - when the parameters for completeness have not been set? The photographic medium allows one representation contained within the photograph to be considered an example of all the rest, the whole. Although the parameters of purpose are defined, what constitutes a sufficient realisation of the whole is not. One might question why the parameters of *enough* aren't set in the first place.



Emma White *Belonging to the Emperor* (2002) installation detail





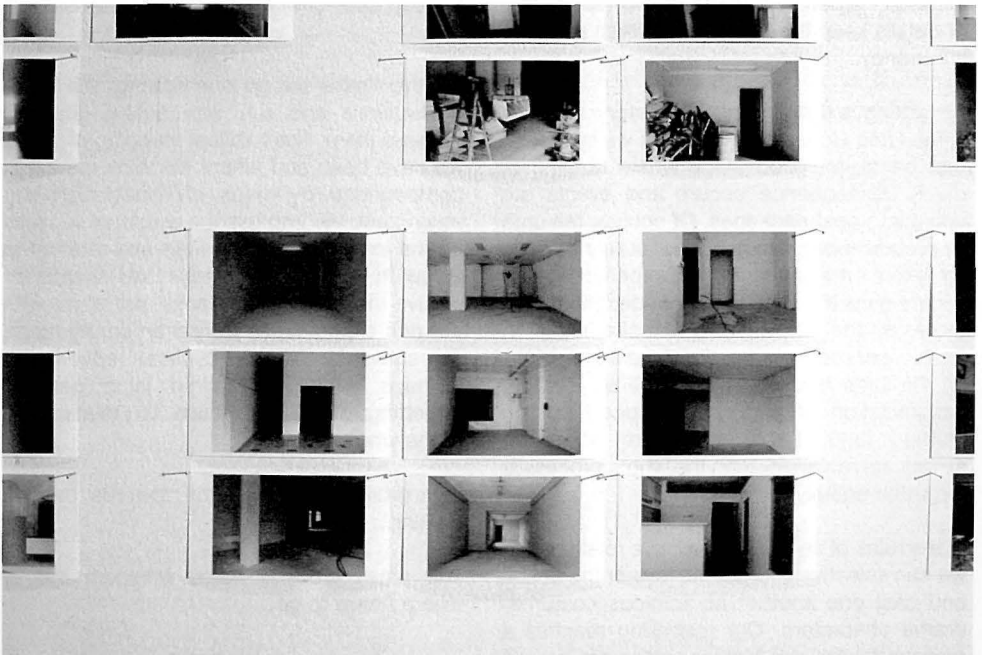
Emma White *Belonging to the Emperor* (2002) installation detail

Emma White's *Belonging to the Emperor* exemplifies the insufficiency of purpose-oriented documentary practice. *Belonging to the Emperor* features some six hundred photographs of vacant shopfronts installed in a grid-like configuration of ninety different groupings. These groups have no connection to one another except that they repeat certain images. The photographs are pinned on a wall over a long white shelf supporting more of the images in stacks and notepads bearing lists. Critical to the reading of the work is this stack of 'unclassified' images and lists of categories that sit on the shelf below the grid. The incomplete stack serves to illustrate the experience of excess, not in viewing the photographs on the wall, but in the realisation that the task is never-ending.

The work applies formulas for classification through extrinsic links to the photographs in the form of absurd descriptions that serve to highlight the futility and limits of documentary photography by arbitrarily combining groups of repeated images. Categories such as "illegal in Paris"; "containing sunflowers in a display case"; "composed along a horizontal axis" appear to have no relationship to one another, however, their selection is understood through the recognition of similarities in all of the images. What is 'illegal in Paris' can also be reconfigured in another category to be 'composed along a horizontal axis'. By recombining the images into other configurations, *Belonging to the Emperor* continually multiplies its categories. White's work recording banal and lifeless spaces actually becomes a tool for the recognition of living systems.

*Belonging to the Emperor* illustrates that randomness is implicit to the frame of the photograph, and randomness is what gives it the ability to constantly shift in reading and recontextualisation. White's purpose when photographing was to document vacant retail shopfronts, and from the resulting series she drew out a myriad of sub-categories. The listed categories in *Belonging to the Emperor* approximate ninety, but as the viewer analyses the images, the possibilities for further classification emerge and the conglomerate becomes less defined. Thus, the fine line between order and excess is

constantly shifting. If anything, visual excess highlights inadequacies within documentary photography, not in the photographic image itself. The search for order and definition becomes one of endless speculation and possibility.



Emma White *Belonging to the Emperor* (2002) installation detail

## Mapping the trivial/ How do I get to the Art Gallery of New South Wales?

Holly Williams

I have been a collector all my life. The 'my' I refer to is nothing but the tightly moulded coalescence of memories, wants, contradictions and dreams. Experiences (real and surreal) are collected, catalogued and forgotten in the endless process of ego construction. 'Understanding' and 'self' intertwine and flounder on the rocks of selective reasoning, shrieking *I need to find myself!*

*Where am I going?* and *Where have I been?* form the territory of 'me' - a strange landscape mapped out on strict gridlines of preferences. With the longitude of desire and the latitude of aversion, I locate myself.

To collect is to hold onto something from the past, a dead thing. Collected memories become fluid storylines at the mercy of forgetfulness. Perpetual forgetting and reinvention of details keep the 'dead thing' fresh and give it currency.

Forgetting is the dictator of memory. Memory is the *Little House on the Prairie* we call 'self', that banal, feelgood place where nothing of much consequence occurs and events are tidied into neat packages. Of course, the urge to protest this analogy arises: surely there is more to it - real suffering, real experience - but scrape back the veneer of wounded times and there is the compulsive sacchariniser at work... *Let me feel safe, the sun always shines on the Little House.* We become an arbitrary accumulation of memories mapped out on shifting land. Experiences are collected, events are rewritten, then the whole process is forgotten entirely.

In the ruins of an abandoned love relationship, we can selectively forget the joys or the abuse and cast one another as fictitious costume-drama characters. Our surmising reaches a crescendo: the cliff-hanger ending of Episode One is resolved in Episode Two as *"I have this*

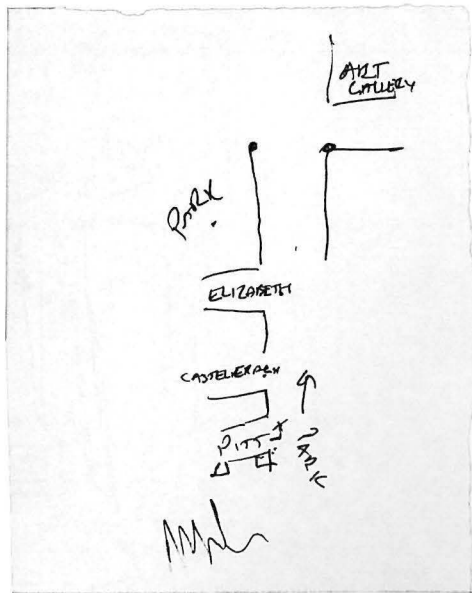
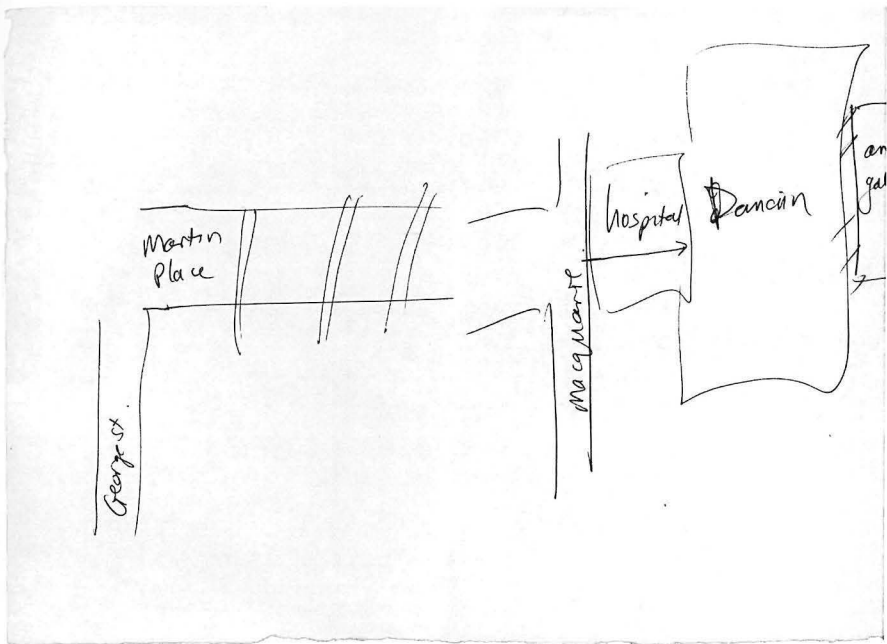
*pattern with men."* Thus, our narrative topography is established and endlessly retold over coffee with friends. The very use of the word 'pattern' in this instance implies a model to be followed, therefore when discussing the components of identity we drift into a psycho-visual landscape of map construction. Do we feel safer and more solid when unique emotionally charged events are gathered and re-imagined into identifiable structures? Are we the map we make of ourselves? Are we so afraid of being lost?

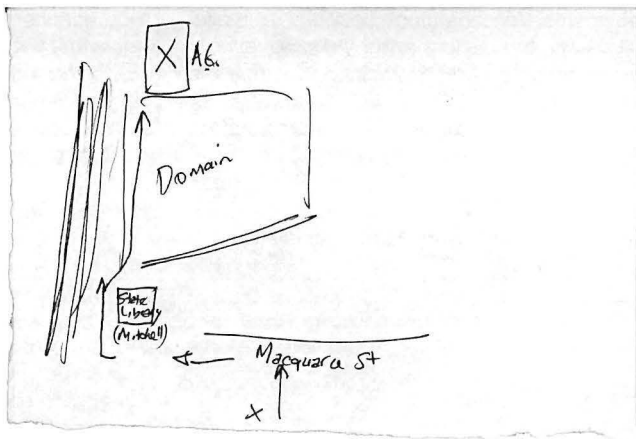
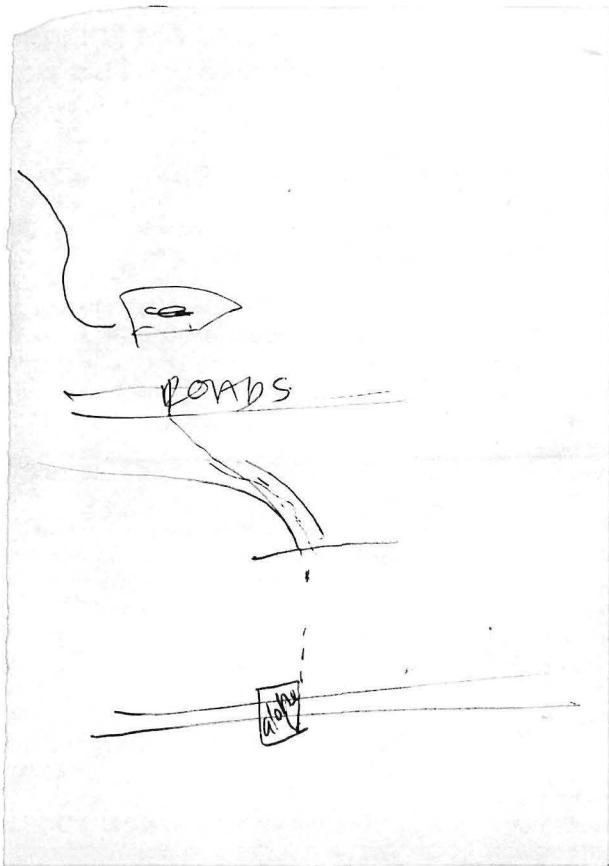
The search for definition and location is central to language and understanding. Even theories of the Unconscious rely on a notional geography; such is the attraction to form maps. Entering the conversation is the countering voice of Zen, where aim is aimlessness, there is no map, no 'self' to find, to keep safe, or draw up in flattery: where this is it.

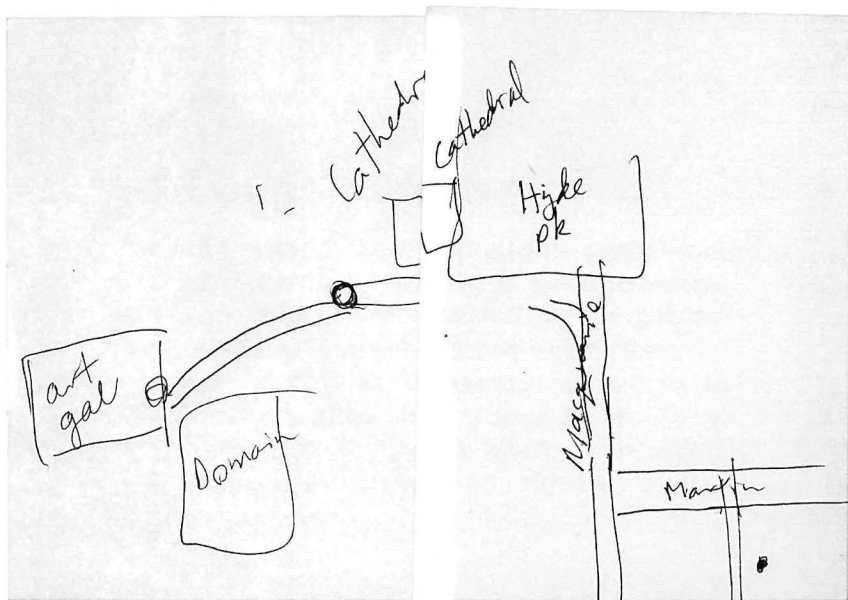
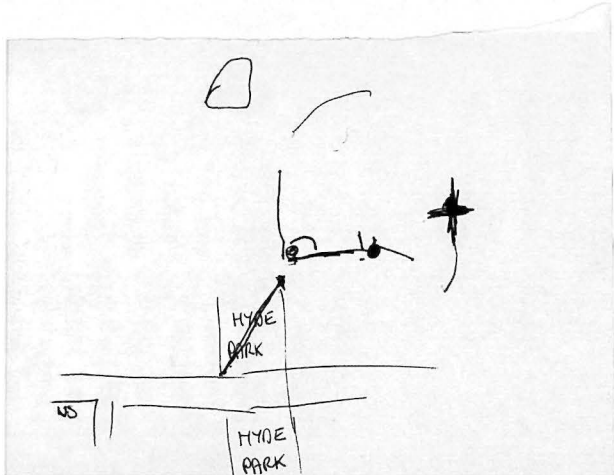
On the *Prairie* we go orienteering. We name destinations and run with aching muscles towards them. The habitual mapping of where we have been and where we think we are is compounded by maps of expectation and attainment. We impress the weight of success on the institutions of our lives and attempt to follow in idealised footsteps. We search for elusive (possibly futile) places and arrive with our rich expectations to find an empty room. To surrender these cyclical adventures perhaps what is required is a genuine forgetting; of the little house, the destination, of the whole collection.

Meanwhile, an artist aims towards the Art Gallery...

The small growing voice whispers *this is where I have to go...*







GO

GO

GO

# PROMOTE YOURSELF TO A BETTER JOB

by PHILIP PARRISH

Nowadays nobody need wait for promotion — promote yourself by moving on to better jobs. Learn how to make the most of your qualities, to plan your career to suit them and then how to handle your colleagues and employers. Read this book and there will be no limits to your future success.

9

office junior

junior assistant

middle manager

chief executive officer

minister for

prime minister

president of the world

king of the universe and space

emperor of the undiscovered



