

# *runway*

an australian contemporary art magazine

ISSUE 22 SITE

GUEST EDITED BY JAI MCKENZIE

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Image: Paul Williams, *Confetti Solution*, 2011, courtesy of the artist  
Photo: Kim Walker



# THERE'S A HOLE IN THE SKY

**CURATED BY TOM POLO**  
**CAMPBELLTOWN ARTS CENTRE**  
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**FRIDAY 17 AUGUST 7PM**

Campbelltown Arts Centre is a cultural facility of Campbelltown City Council and is assisted by the New South Wales Government by ARTS NSW. Image: Ivan Argote, *Untitled (New York) (detail)* 2011, HD Video, 18 min 15 sec, Courtesy Galerie Perrotin, Paris, Hong Kong

# Editorial

JAI MCKENZIE

Between 4,000 and 5,000 years ago, a 840,000 kg cluster of iron meteorites known as Campo del Cielo (Field of the Sky) collided with Earth in north-central Argentina. This year, Buenos Aires-based artists, Guillermo Faivovich and Nicolás Goldberg attempted to move a large chunk of Campo del Cielo to Kassel for dOCUMENTA(13). After condemnation as a 'deeply colonialist attitude' by social anthropologist, Alejandro Martín López and protests by the Moqoit First Nation peoples, the meteorite remained where it had landed and discussion about respect for the traditional custodians, their land and their meteorite became a talking point throughout dOCUMENTA(13). Site specific engagement continued to play an important role in this edition of documenta. Spread across four cities (Kassel, Kabul, Cairo and Banff) and containing a profuse amount of works by artists, writers, performers and scientists the entire dOCUMENTA(13) program was impossible to experience, even if you had Brad Pitt's private jet to get from one site to the next.

SITE is also an important aspect of contemporary practice and discourse. Many artists work with it, discuss it or are affected by it, and so we made SITE the theme of this, our latest, edition of *runway*. Inside this issue Abby Cannane's feature discusses SITE in terms of distance and place for artists working abroad. Andrew Burrell, through a creative writing essay and photographic works, tells a psycho-sensorial story about the Australian bush. Rachel Fuller also narrates this important SITE for artistic activity through her journey from city to country-based artist. PageWorks by JD Reforma, Megan Garrett-Jones, Biljana Jancic and Jeremy Bakker provide a luscious journey through space and place. Now back to that Meteorite, or do I mean dOCUMENTA(13)? Amelia Groom discusses dOCUMENTA(13) through online chats with friends, which provides another fractured discourse on what was already a multifarious event.

In this issue we have explored SITE as a composition of multiple physical, psychological, historical and time based arrangements. As such SITE exists beyond a singular situation and commonly discussed issues of site specificity. We hope you enjoy this issue of *runway*, wherever you may be reading it.

Jai

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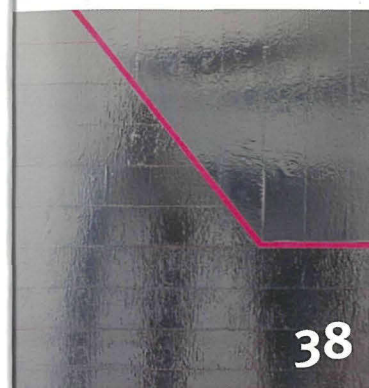
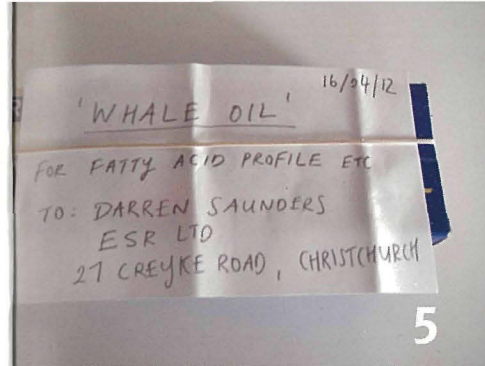
## CONTRIBUTORS

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## SPECIAL THANKS TO

Sydney Guild for hosting our launch party.





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## Distance is a place

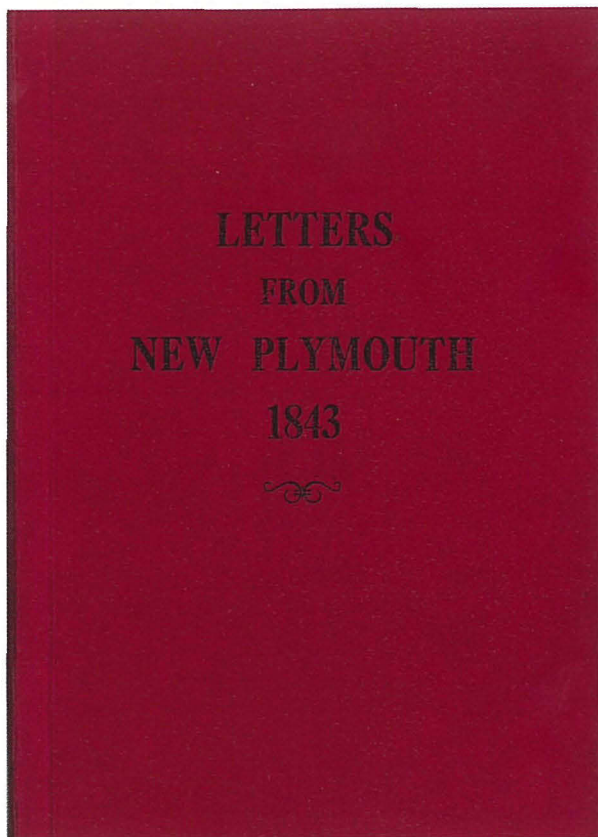
ABBY CUNNANE

Growing up at the bottom of the world teaches you that distance itself is a place. It convinces you that the glint of what is far off is something constant, not a site you can arrive at, but always a point of reference. It teaches you that a 'site' is something mobile; at once connected to local phenomena and events, and discursive; it is to be negotiated across boundaries of time and space.

In recent works by two New Zealand artists currently based away from home: Maddie Leach (usually Wellington based, presently on the Taranaki Artist in Residence programme with the Govett-Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth) and Raewyn Martyn (completing her Masters in Fine Arts at VCU Arts, Virginia, USA) distance may be considered as a shaping metaphor, as a site of performance, and as a condition that determines the production, formal character and distribution of their work. Distance is a site, crucial to their work's visibility, and made visible within their work.

The idea of distance as a site of performance is not new; it's a place a generation of artists have grown up with, and is addressed in key texts of the late 1990s such as Miwon Kwon's *One Place After Another: Notes on Site Specificity*.<sup>1</sup> Kwon writes, 'the site is now structured (inter)textually rather than spatially, and its model is not a map but an itinerary...' She suggests it is the artist's navigation of fields of research and exchange which construct the site, which is understood as narrative rather than physical location. This expanded definition of site could be read in parallel with technological developments: there is an obvious link to be made here with the navigation of virtual space, through which one travels transitively, site after site, and self-directed. Site is widely considered something more complex than where you put your tent up.<sup>2</sup>

What such an understanding doesn't change is that many New Zealand artists grow up with a sense of themselves as far away—



from markets and audiences which may or may not support them, from wider communities of interest, from the kind of visibility and access to cultural goings on that major cosmopolitan cities offer. And leaving home is still a big move—you fly for a day and a night to get to London, a day to get to LA; you *feel* that—and one for which you may not be easily forgiven. Going abroad is when 'New Zealand artist' becomes part of your bio; ironically, it doesn't take long before that label is contested by folk at home.

Fleet-footed, inter-textual, discursive or elusive as site may be, the artist can still be in only one place at a time. Adopting modes of working which engage distance itself as site is something New Zealand artists seem to do with alacrity, commonly exploring ideas around place, space, agency, dispersal, temporality and displacement. Accustomed to the idea of distance, it is acknowledged—often implicitly or reflexively rather than consciously—in ways of working that go beyond locational site, ways which, as Martyn expresses very well: '[address site] as a movable marker or hinge point. More like the idea of a web-site than a construction site.'<sup>3</sup>

\* \* \*

Leach is in New Plymouth, New Zealand's west coast, on a cliff top overlooking the Tasman not far from Fitzroy beach. Often working away from New Zealand—Leach's recent work includes *Evening Echo* (2011) which was made in Cork and *Let Us Keep Together* (2011), produced in Hobart<sup>4</sup>—in her current project the artist reaches out to distant audiences from a comparatively local site. She is working on a project titled *If you find the good oil let us know*. On her website, which functions as the physical project's outer edge, or the very beginning of the work's site, there is an image of a small box with a note on it which reads, 'Whale oil: for fatty acid profile etc.' It's a placeholder, not unlike a 'back in five minutes' sign on a shop door, but it's also a signpost to the site of physical activity and research which occurs off-line and on-site.

In April 2011 Leach came into the possession of 70 litres of what she was told was Whale oil, in common use until the 1960s for the cooling of hot metal. To authenticate the oil she undertook an extended course of correspondence with an environmental scientist in Christchurch and an ex-whaler in Northland. Disappointingly, her research revealed it to be used mineral oil. The terms of reference having now shifted, Leach's research into used mineral oil led to the discovery of a 'Used Oil Product Stewardship Scheme' operated by the Holcim cement plant in



Westport, which uses waste oil in the process of firing cement. Consistently interested by exchange, by equivalencies and transference, Leach proposes to calculate how much cement results from 70 litres of her oil (as fuel) and cast it as an object with the corresponding volume of cement. In February 2013 she will take it from Port Taranaki out to sea and drop it into the ocean at a specific depth and location. She writes: 'I have been unable to depart from the thought that this project needs to go to sea. That something should happen out on the horizon, where there are few witnesses and perhaps only hearsay that something has occurred. In the geography of the Taranaki Basin it might take up a position of proximity to the rising wells of "premium sweet light crude" that characterise New Zealand oil.'<sup>9</sup> This cement object will be deposited into the epicenter of a narrative as much as it is into the ocean. The moment, the event, is to be geographically specific, yet it's the research which precedes it, the subsequent verbal and written accounts, and the photo documentation that surrounds it that become the work's expanded site, defined by increasing distance from the event itself.

The work has recently been introduced to a limited audience at an early stage in the form of a letter of invitation. From 14 contributors Leach is seeking a letter in return. These will be published as a book, forming a speculative narrative for *If you find the good oil let us know*. This document may be 'the only tangible outcome for the project, given that much of the work will happen elsewhere, or at sea... The letters may also be published intermittently as Letters to the Editor in the *Taranaki Daily News*, as a precursor or a serial account before the work 'happens'.<sup>6</sup>

Following a 'research-based and interpretive way of working',<sup>7</sup> Leach's projects often expand laterally, cued through a system of exchanges and with a narrative's internal logic. Her project requires the resolution of a series of conceptual and practical problems, and as such site evolves through the network of contacts engaged and time taken. She writes: 'Idiosyncratic narratives are drawn between a tenacious sculptural logic of materials and actions, elusive hopes, fragile navigations of possibility, and a strict adherence to Conceptualism's refusal to be disappointed in result.'<sup>8</sup> Leach refers to Nicolas Bourriaud's idea of the artwork as a 'temporary terminal for a network of interconnected elements, like a narrative that extends and reinterprets preceding narratives.'<sup>9</sup> In her work, it's always happening in several sites at once; or, what happens doesn't define the extent of the site.

Leach's work can be seen in the context of a broad range of recent practice in which site is variously dematerialised. These practices often work to counter the ethos of productivity,

frustrate the market, and actively confuse an art/life distinction. Non-participant audiences may be rendered effectively irrelevant or limited to the inevitably distant who have access to documentation after the fact. New terms have come into play to respond to expanding ideas of site as a network of places and communities, of sociability or inter-subjectivity: social practice; context-specific; connective aesthetics; new genre public art and situated practice among others.<sup>10</sup>

None of this is to say that physical objects and acts of making, as well as the specifics of locality and community, are less a part of projects such as Leach's. Significantly, she still defines her work as sculptural; it is conceived first as a formal gesture. The artist writes: 'My practice is one that seeks viable ways of making artworks in order to interpret and respond to unique 'place-determined' content and enacts a process of establishing specific relationships between form, materials, locations, histories, events, environments, individuals and communities.'<sup>11</sup>

Viable ways include the long lines of email correspondence, the letters, phone conversations, time spent in archives and in shipping yards. They include time spent on the ground, and at a remove such as in a studio, library, meeting, and at a distance. 'I am familiar with a process of visiting, leaving and returning to a place as part of the course of a project. Often that means recalling a sense of that place from distance... I'm interested in how the conceptual terms and forms of each new work I make are established from a careful consideration of the place I am making the work in. In this I am reliant on various levels of observation, immersion, conversation, daily experience, modes of research and reflection', writes Leach. The site at which the work occurs, is developed and 'happens', is plural. It can perhaps only be defined as 'not here'; it is always distant from itself.

\* \* \*

Martyn has for the past year been based in Richmond, Virginia. Recent projects have dealt with site in a direct way—physical interventions, the creation of mobile furniture for public space, wall works.<sup>12</sup> Most of her work is temporary, where distance is always implicit: often it will only be seen as a photograph. A current project, *Building for an Empty Orchestra* (2012-ongoing), began with an email invitation, distributed to a network of peers, colleagues and friends across several countries. Distance is collapsed in such an exchange, yet the idea of the concrete site(s) is also at the project's centre. Recipients were asked to make a work of their own in response to a series of propositions, such as:

Facing page, left: Maddie Leach, *Let us keep together* (detail), Antill Ponds, Tasmania, 2011. Image: Millie Walker.

Facing page, right: Maddie Leach, *If you find the good oil let us know*, research image, 2012.

*Find a surface in proximity to an entryway that you use often. Make a painting that is the length of your body and the width of the entryway. Use two colours that make you think of somewhere else.*

*Choose a site and surface that you have touched. Use a colour you would touch to paint an image of the part of you that has touched the surface. Paint this at the scale, height and position where it touches. (You could be standing, bending, crouching.)*

*Select a space and choose a surface within this space. Make a painting that makes this part of the space feel more like another part of the same space. Use two colours.*

Responses, photo documentation of works, written or verbal accounts, or intentions to make works are invited by Martyn, who positions herself as archivist, researcher, and author of the project. The artist writes, 'in relation to *Building for an Empty Orchestra*, the physical site (if a painting is made) is transitive or transferable and becomes a way of working that is applied to a site that may change or repeat.'<sup>13</sup> Sometimes the site is more distant still; if a painting is not made then site exists only as something fictional, as potential or a plan. Martyn considers that the work still occupies a distant site, and that it has travelled without her. She's interested in site as the point of engagement, be that physical or something talked, thought or written about.

Martyn suggests an aspect of the project relates to her position in a new, away-from-home context. The connection of physical site and virtual space, the involvement of others near and far, may be considered partly as an orientating gesture. Less familiar with the history, physical and social spaces of her new situation, research plays a crucial role in the siting of her work. Acknowledging and asserting her own bodily presence, and choreographing participatory acts of making and site-marking, becomes a way of locating site or engaging with it on personal terms. Working in an expanded field may also involve efforts to contract that field, to make space comprehensible and human-scale again. A site defined by distance may, comfortably and usefully, incorporate a distant social network.

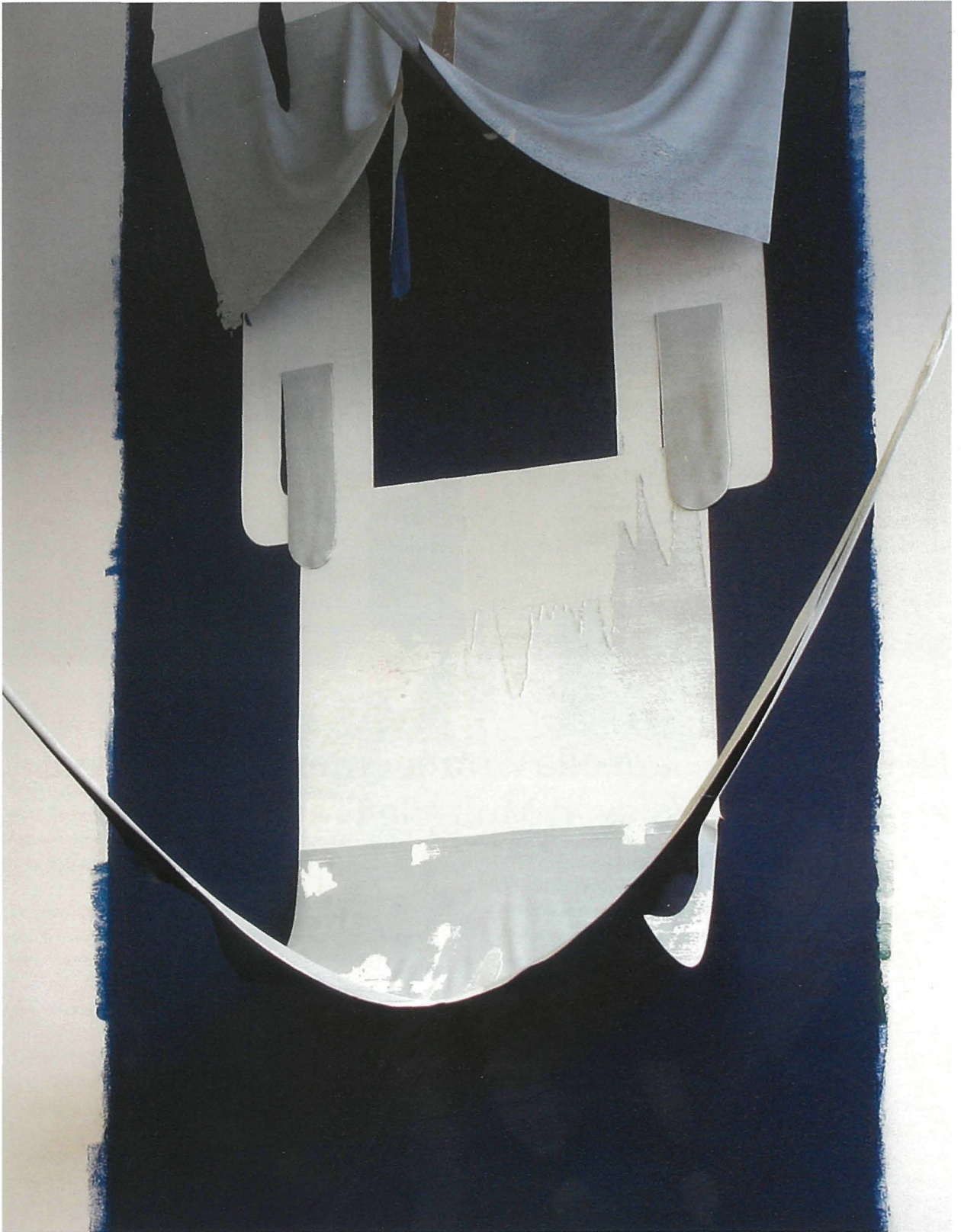
As well as looking outward, spanning physical distance and adapting form through contemporary communication technologies, Martyn's work addresses the past, and the possible future, as distant sites. Recent work has engaged with the history of painting, as phenomenological experience or physical activity, drawing on historical models in her investigations of surface and site. She considers past acts of making as a distant site, with which her current practice is connected: 'I have a sort of map that involves several forms of distance. Another way of saying this is

that I don't think the distance between Virginia and Wellington is the only distance that becomes a site for my thinking or making. My sense of being "far away" is in relation to more than just 'home'. But "home" is certainly one of those things.'<sup>14</sup>

*If You Find the good oil let us know* and *Building for an Empty Orchestra* are situated with an awareness of distance as something inevitable: distant audiences, distant participant partners and co-producers, distance from the physical sites they inhabit, and reference. Engaging with distance is part of their method, and becomes part of the work's content. Distance is adopted as a site for research, for the generation of material, and for the reception and digestion of the work. These works consciously and strategically occupy a gap between 'here' and 'there', and are built around an understanding that site-specificity is a concept made impossible by contemporary communication technology. Distance is where you are not. Nothing happens in just one place any more.

- 
1. Miwon Kwon, 'One Place after Another: Notes on Site Specificity', *October*, Vol. 80, Spring, 1997, 85-110.
  2. James Meyer's definition of site-oriented practice, in terms of a functional site may also be useful here: '[The functional site] is a process, an operation occurring between sites, a mapping of institutional and discursive filiations and the bodies that move between them (the artist's above all). It is an informational site, a locus of overlap of text, photographs and video recordings, physical places and things...' See Meyer, 'The Functional Site; or, The Transformation of Site-Specificity,' in *Space, Site, Intervention: Situating Installation Art*, ed. Erika Suderberg (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2000), pp. 23-37.
  3. Raewyn Martyn, email correspondence with the author, 10 July 2012.
  4. Visit the artist's website, <http://www.maddieleach.net/>, for more details on these projects.
  5. Maddie Leach, letter of invitation for *If you find the good oil let us know*, received 1 July 2012.
  6. *Ibid.*
  7. Leach, email correspondence with the author, 11 July 2012.
  8. Leach, excerpt from artist's statement in email correspondence with the author, 8 July 2012.
  9. Nicolas Bourriaud, *Relational Aesthetics* (Paris: Presses du réel, 2002)
  10. See Claire Bishop, 'The Social Turn: Collaboration and its Discontents' (*Artforum*, February 2006, 178-185) for further discussion on the site as socially construed, collectivity and collaboration.
  11. Leach, email correspondence with the author, 8 July 2012.
  12. Visit the artist's website, <http://walkerfalls.wordpress.com/> for more detail on these projects.
  13. Martyn, email correspondence with the author, 10 July 2012.
  14. *Ibid.*





Above: Raewyn Martyn, wall intervention made by peeling paint from the wall, April 2012.



# Nocturne : A Cappella Arrangement for Internal and External Voice in Multiple Fragments

WORDS: ANDREW BURRELL

IMAGES: KATHERINE OLSTON AND ANDREW BURRELL

All images: Katherine Olston and Andrew Burrell, *Nocturne : Sonata in 20 parts* (detail), (2012). Digital photograph, dimensions variable.





*'we speed ourselves up as much as we can—then struggle not to let it change us.' ... 'What's wrong with that? There's not much point to longevity if all you're going to do with your time is change into someone else entirely. Or decay into no one at all.'*

— Greg Egan, *Diaspora*, 1997

'Ya know...' says the voice in my head even though the voice with which I speak would never colloquialise in such a manner, 'Ya know, I think this may be it.'

And, you know, I think it might be right.

The mist hasn't risen in days, which in itself isn't odd, what is odd is that neither has the sun. At first I thought there must have been something awry with my sense of time, but how can it be possible that such an aberration could continue for so long? I have no way of being sure, nevertheless I am convinced that at least several weeks have passed; signified through bodily rhythm rather than a phenomena resulting from the rotation of a planet.

*'The night is full of stories. They float up like miasmas, as though the dead leave their dreams in the earth where you bury them, only to have them rise to meet you in sleep. Mostly the scenes are familiar, but sometimes everything is strange, the people unknown.'*

— Tim Winton, *In the Winter Dark* 1988

It is the silence more than anything that gets to him now. In the beginning it was the darkness, but now it's the silence. In the beginning he thought that the light would return, as it always had. But he was wrong. In the beginning he did not even notice the silence, he was too caught up in trying to find his way out of the dark. There was a time before, though it may seem it now, this is certainly not all that there ever was.

Pitch black amongst the trees, the only thing his eyes register is the almost indistinguishable differentiation of sky through the canopy of branches and dense leaves high above. Without an artificial light of any kind, even the short walk back to the house is impossible. He knows only too well that between here and there lay the traps he has set for foxes and a dry ravine where in the cooler months water runs its course—a ravine that requires



a careful and steady traversal even in the light of the day. He had been to this part of the bush many times before—he knows it very well—at least he thought that he did. Now it seems unfamiliar, as if its character had changed. This was not his place to be.

But that was the beginning. Back then he was still quite calm. He believed that time would pass and the light would return. He also knew that he had other senses, senses that worked well in the dark and above all a common sense honed in this very environment. He would be fine.

He had only to wait. And wait he did. He waited for the morning. He waited for first light. He waited for the drop in temperature that would tell him that soon he would have full use of his vision again. He waited for the smell of dawn. He waited. None of these things came. At one point he noticed a change. He could not be sure when, but at some point the light that there was, the almost imperceptible difference between the black of the sky and the black that was the forest, disappeared. There was only one black. It was then that he also noticed the silence.

The silence and the dark have remained. He wonders if—no, he knows that—he is not the person he was at the beginning. He really isn't sure who he is anymore.

*'The Nargun never moved. In this place of nothing—no light, no wind, no heat, no cold, no sound—it waited. It felt the old, slow pulse, deep and enduring, and remembered the earth swinging on its moth-flight round the sun. Its dark, vacant eyes waited: for the mountain to crumble; for the river to break through; for time to wear away.'*

— Patricia Writson, *The Nargun and the Stars*, 1973

I am here and I wait. How long I have waited I am unsure. The bush that had surrounded me is no longer here. The ground beneath me is smooth and soft. I can tap it with my knuckles, give it a good hard thump if I like, yet it makes no sound. I can feel it all right; once I punched it, I punched it so hard that I made my clenched fist bleed, but I heard no noise as a result. Even my cry of pain was muted, silenced by what ever keeps this place in order.





There is a place, I don't think it is far from here where I used to go as a child. I would take long walks into the bush, following paths of my own making though the undergrowth and invent stories about the landmarks I saw around me. Descending into the valleys this undergrowth would become moist and the tall Eucalypts would give way to dense growths of bracken fern. There was a special way things sounded under those ferns, soft and muted, as if the ferns around me reached out and wrapped the bird calls and tunes of trickling water in their fronds, delivering them to my ears only after they had held onto them for a short moment. I always felt completely safe under the canopy of the ferns; sharing the paths worn by the smaller animals of the bush who also used their cover as refuge from the more open expanse of the surrounding gum trees.

Once, an older child of a next-door neighbor had told me that there was a pixie living amongst those ferns. She knew this because she had seen it with her own eyes. I quickly pointed out to her that this could not be so as pixies only lived in the moorlands of England, and that I was certain that none would have made such a long journey to the Australian bush. And

besides, the creatures of the bush were much more ancient than any pixie could possibly be. She asked me what sort of creatures I was talking about, and what their name may be, which made me sad, as I knew quite well that their names had been forgotten a very long time ago.

There are of course many things forgotten. I have forgotten how I got here. I've forgotten how long I have been here. I do however know where I came from, and this is important to me, to anybody really. Surely where I came from brought me to where I am now. This is what I keep telling myself and I am grateful for the time that went before.

#

He was indeed grateful for the time that went before—involuntarily recalling it in fragments. He had spent most of his adult life in the Valley, a town with a handful of houses and an even smaller number of residents. He knew each of them by name, though he avoided situations where the need to use their name would arise. Of course there was also that time spent out of the



Valley—a year or two in the city when he was younger, a very bad time for him, boarding houses and the fathering of a child—this didn't end well. He had often wondered what had driven him, what the attraction of the city had been when it was only an idea—the idea of a place he had incorrectly presupposed would have room for him within it.

The Valley lay just over the horizon from his childhood home—a short journey via line of sight, though he would never have considered going that far on his many solo ventures into the bush behind his house. His family home was on the border between the suburbs and the bush. The asphalt of road that ran past the house finished at their driveway. The road continued on, but was dirt from there on in. There was only one more house that he knew of further on, he had never seen its occupant but knew the dog from there well. He knew others were terrified of that dog, he had made a truce with it and it would often accompany him on his long walks into the bush. As far as he can remember he had never patted it, never got close enough, it would just follow along behind and sit and watch when he took moments of rest.

*'She felt alone, cut off, and went to bed to hide in the dark. But when the light had gone, the tiny beetles and midges were drawn to white surfaces that loomed in the dark; they found her pillow and moved like thistledown over her face and crawled in her hair. Mrs. Tucker retreated head and shoulders under the sheet. She could hear, very close to her ear, the mosquito-hum of the midges—a sound so fine that it lay on the very edge of hearing.'*

— Patricia Wrightson, *A Little Fear*, 1983

Something begins to play on my mind. I realise there is, and has always been another site, another place. There is this place, and I am here in it. As I try to piece together my history here—the before, the now, the beginning, the imagined end—I begin to see another place, it is an immense and frightening place, and it has followed me throughout my life. A place where I should never look, where none of us should ever look. It is filled with the forgotten and the unremembered. Looking there I know there is now more forgotten than ever will be remembered. It is this thought that makes me want to run. That thought is filled with so much power it forces me to look the other way, to turn my back on it. I am filled with a longing to find out what happens next.





*'In the totally revealing light of the day there seemed nothing at all that the trees could be concealing. At this hour of the morning there was no mystery, no danger anywhere. The night with its confusion, fear and bafflement was gone - dissolved like the mist...'*

— Joan Phipson, *The Cats*, 1976

As the light returned he knows that whenever he had imagined himself from the outside looking in, this is the place where he has been. He looks at the ground below him; there is a small dark stain of blood in the soil, a stain echoed on his knuckles. He looks around himself and then down at his body. Somehow he feels inhabited by the child he was, inspired by the words he had read, the moments he had spent imagining all of the things that may be. This place holds so many of those possibilities, and he wonders how he had forgotten that.

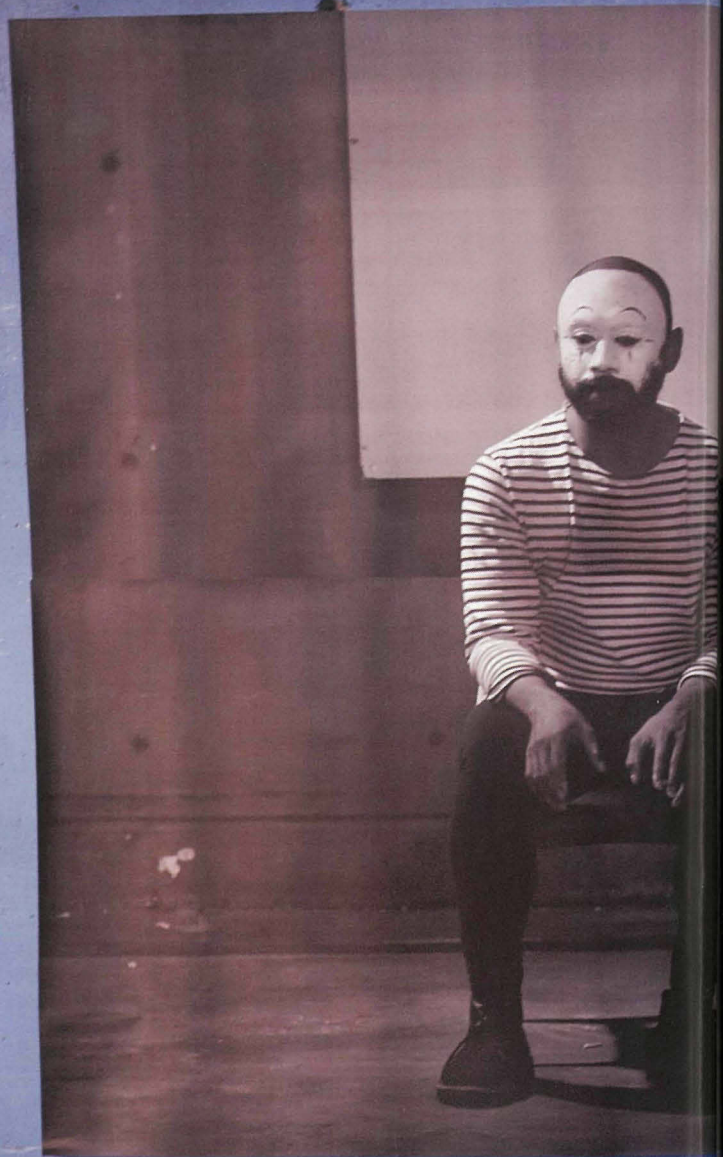
*'Everything begins and ends at the exactly right time and place.'*

— Miranda, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*, 1975

The preceding text is part of a larger ongoing project—Nocturne—a conceptual collaboration between Katherine Olston and Andrew Burrell in response to having both grown up on the fringe between the suburbs and the bush. They developed both individual and collaborative works during a residency in the near-ghost town of Glen Davis (population 27) in the Greater Blue Mountains. Katherine Olston and Andrew Burrell produced the accompanying images collaboratively during this residency. Elements of this text are inspired by nocturnal sojourns into the bush surrounding this small town.

# State of Alaska

JAI MCKENZIE







**Jai McKenzie: What is the significance of the name Alaska Projects?**

**Sebastian Goldspink:** It came from my love of the Velvet Underground song *Stephanie Says* (1968). In the song her friends describe the title character as 'Alaska' because she is so cold and distant. I liked that idea of the space being beautiful but cold and distant like some Warholian ice queen. Geography is interesting. The space sits in the basement of a car park in the most densely populated neighbourhood in the country, yet it feels removed from the neon strip of Kings Cross. It is simultaneously close but distant. We were also aware that we weren't opening a shop front and that in order for people to visit Alaska they had to seek us out and make a journey to come see us.

**JM: Less than a year ago Alaska Projects launched with *Lorem Ipsum*, what did you set out to do with that first show?**

**SG:** The first show was really about this idea of announcing the space and saying this is what the space will look and feel like, but not necessarily what it *is*. This is where the title of the show *Lorem Ipsum* came from, the idea of placeholder text. The first show was designed as a sketch. A sampler of a possible future. We were saying, in effect, that we hadn't made our minds up about the direction of the space and that we were open to possibility. We were also aware that this first show would form the basis for the first year's programming with most of the artist involved re-exhibiting or doing solo shows at Alaska over the following 12 months.

**JM: *Lorem Ipsum* was really surprising; it took the normal, everyday experience of parking a car and transformed it. By doing so it changed people's perceptions and expectations of that space. Does this element of surprise appeal to you?**

**SG:** When we opened it was very important. That sense of the unexpected. Having said that, we knew that you could only play that trick once. After that you can't really rely on saying, 'Yes... and it's in a car park!'. The solution is to keep evolving the space in interesting and transformative ways. Similarly with programming, keeping it fresh, interesting and diverse.

**JM: At Alaska I'm often drawn to the works that actively engage with the physical aspects of the gallery. Is this something you have in mind when selecting artists and work for each show?**

**SG:** Not specifically, we have always selected artists based on admiration of their work. I think a natural bi-product of showing at Alaska is that artists often tend to develop site specific or responsive work. I think this is because it's a really fascinating environment. A dingy dark car park in Kings Cross with a questionable history and an art space with a tiny 5x5 m room. Everything is going to be informed by the environment. In the same way, the project space is so small that all works within it are forced to 'talk'. Everything becomes an installation of sorts.

**JM: Why does Alaska Projects only use disused spaces and what do you think they allow the artist or exhibition to achieve?**

**SG:** I think disused space is all about access. It's accessible. We can't afford to rent beautiful warehouses with polished concrete floors so we improvise. For artists it is also about access. Alaska is a space where artists are free to experiment and deliver exhibitions without commercial or aesthetic expectations. Alaska is a project space. A place where experimentation is encouraged. There is also something amazing about creating a space where once there was nothing. Our space had been disused for years and when you think about how hard it is for artists in Sydney to access studio spaces or exhibition spaces it's incredibly satisfying to create one out of nothing.

**JM: What was your initial desire for repurposing disused spaces around Sydney for artistic activity? And what do feel this activity offers the broader community who might happen upon these exhibitions while, say, parking their car?**

**SG:** Given how hard it is for artists to access space, disused space is particularly frustrating. It sits there and is ripe for activation. In the case of our car park space, it is a really interesting interaction. We are open late on Thursday and Friday nights by design so that we catch people parking their cars for a big night out in Kings Cross. People park their cars and come over to the space and wonder what the hell we are doing and end up checking out the show and having a chat. We love being here on those nights.





**JM:** By bringing otherwise unused spaces to artists it allows them to work directly within the city space. Recently, safARI curated their biannual exhibition in this way. What was Alaska Projects involvement with safARI?

**SG:** We were approached by the curators of safARI to use the space, which we were very excited about. I think that the physical nature of the Alaska space reflected some of their curatorial interests around space. We were lucky enough to get to show the works of Dara Gill, Drew Pettifer and Chris Bennie. It was great to have a mix of local and interstate artists on show.

**JM:** Do you see these projects as small encounters confined to certain spaces, or perhaps part of a larger ethos that should continue throughout the city?

**SG:** We are up for anything, truly. Through the process of establishing Alaska we have had a lot of opportunities come our way. We are really interested in collaborating on interesting projects just helping other artists activate disused space. We've recently been the subject of a few case studies so we would be super proud if the Alaska model served as an inspiration to other people in Sydney or beyond.

**JM:** What plans do you have for the future of Alaska Projects?

**SG:** We have our first touring show in December at the Good Children gallery in New Orleans. Beyond that, looking forward to our second year of programming and developing tours to Berlin, Tokyo and Melbourne. We would also dearly love to open some more spaces with a focus on taking over disused retail spaces. We just love what we do and want to keep getting better at it.





# Going Solo

RACHEL FULLER









To start at the beginning. A trio of disclosures:

#### 2009

Three years ago I was offered a job in New York City. Shortly before my departure I happened to pick up the latest issue of *The Monthly*. The graphic cover was a colour still of Jack Thompson as the hedonistic hanger-on in the recently re-released inland horror film, *Wake in Fright* (1971). I flicked to the feature article by Kate Jennings, a piece that cleverly coupled a crisp reflection of her youth in regional NSW together with a musing on the standing relevance of the iconic, albeit largely forgotten, film. I was engrossed by her wonderful ability to speak so clearly of herself within a subject matter that did not necessitate such personal revelations. Who was this woman? I turned to her bio to discover the bold line, 'She lives in New York'. I tracked down her agent and shot off an email—it was the action of a little girl equipped with the balls of youth. I didn't really expect a responses—it was just a hunch that I should try—and less than two hours later an email in my inbox from the personal address of Kate Jennings, 'Rachel, here is my cell. Call me when you get in'.

Perhaps I'm paraphrasing a little but it was almost that simple. I landed in NYC, I called Kate and the rest, as they say, is history. As the weeks and months passed she finally revealed that there were two reasons that she replied to my email. One, it turns out her fairly



formidable reputation excused many from contacting her. Two, I was a country kid. And she liked that. She knew what I was made of.

Twelve months ago I emailed her again from afar, 'Kate, what do you think about me moving back to the country? I feel like I would be stepping off, letting go of my ambition'. Expecting her to reply with like sentiments, she instead answered with, 'Rachel, if anything, it would prove your ambition.'

#### 2010

In the summer of 2010 I was invited to take part in the FLAG residency at Bundanon Trust, two hours south of Sydney. The residency was loose in structure, the only contribution expected being that each artist should come equipped with an 'offering' such as a discussion, a performance, a game that the group could participate in as a whole. I asked the other FLAG artists to discuss their thoughts on regional Australia. Most of the other artists had little experience of the land outside of metropolitan areas and thus most were limited in their understanding of what it was like to live in the country. Most surprising though was the fact that many of the artists outwardly expressed their fear of the inland—it was a place where artists weren't welcome, let alone outsiders of any kind.

Don't you know, we are different. We've all seen *Wake in Fright*.



2011

In early 2011 I had a job interview with the Regional Arts NSW office in Walsh Bay. The interview was going swimmingly, until during question time, I naively asked whether Regional Arts NSW saw itself as a body to promote regional areas as a site for the relocation of urban artists. And with this question, bid for the role was promptly ended. I was met with defense and a reiteration of the fact that Regional Arts supports regional artists, not those living in the city. And, of course, so should it be the case. To my mind, though, I could see the huge potential in encouraging city artists to move to country—the arts community strengthens by virtue of numbers and diversity and *hey presto*, you've got yourself a burgeoning cultural landscape.

It didn't seem to me that this was such a far out proposal. And yet, in preparation for my meeting with the Minister of the Arts for this article, I sent through a list of questions to his media advisor. Within minutes I was knee-deep on the receiving end of, 'Now, why on earth would the department have a decentralisation policy for artists?' To be again met with such derision, I started to think I had it all wrong. But, how could this be such a crazy idea?

My grandfather was the first Minister for Decentralisation in New South Wales. I have long been interested in ways in which regional areas can be promoted as rich and accommodating places. I am proud of where I came from. I can see the enormous potential, but the practicalities leave me in a wake of fright.

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It is hardly a new idea to talk about Australian artists spending time in rural areas, with the tradition of landscape painting firmly mythologised. Yet, what does it mean for a young, contemporary visual artist to uproot from the city—and more importantly, from a community of like-minded critical thinkers—to a perceived culturally barren land? With living in Sydney fast becoming a financial strangle, artists are slowly starting to look for alternative locations. But how does one start to decide where to from here?

For young Sydney artists Alex Pye and Yasmin Smith, their decision to move to Larras Lee, a tiny village near Cummock in the state's Central West was somewhat circumstantial. Alex's parents were living on a property in the area, and after spending the last year camping by the creek with friends on long weekends, the couple decided to give the country a go. Full-time jobs in Sydney left little time for art making and a residential lease swiftly running out gave the two the opportunity to seize a new challenge.

Both artists had been active in the Sydney ARI scene, with Yasmin having been a director of Locksmith Project Space and Alex having been involved in the running of Peloton. Both had completed degrees at Sydney College of the Arts and, in addition, Alex had spent three years in the midst of a promising radio career as host of FBI's morning program, 'Up for it'. Yasmin, now represented by The Commercial, tells, 'It wasn't an easy decision. I was worried about homophobia and I also really didn't think we were going to be able to find an arts community similar to the one we were a part of in Sydney. At the same time, though, even before we moved I had already begun incorporating some of my experiences in the country into my art practice so I could clearly see the potential of the place to inform my work.'<sup>1</sup>

Working within an object-based practice, it is perhaps not so surprising that it is not the trees of the natural landscape which stir Yasmin but rather the ability of the land to isolate man-made objects. Years ago Yasmin had come across Murray Bail's description of the way in which the gate within a paddock is similar to the indent of a paragraph on a page, with both the gate and indent acting as entry points. Now living in a rural area she can see the way in which objects become much more visible surrounded by a minimal natural landscape. 'It is almost as if the natural falls away and just becomes a blank page or white cube and then these objects become sculptures and really pop. Even on the outskirts of town there is an old tennis court with the orange clay floor, caged in wire with old hanging lights and it suddenly becomes very easy to see this in a gallery.'<sup>2</sup>

For Sydney performance artist, Brian Fuata, who moved to Newcastle 18 months ago, isolation has operated in a somewhat different role. 'I felt incredibly lonely and I realised how much I had relied on the social dialogue and interaction I was involved with in the Sydney arts community.'<sup>3</sup> And yet, this very separation pushed Brian to find new avenues for his work. 'I started doing these SMS pieces where I texted stories to my friends',<sup>4</sup> which, as Brian says, was a way of reaching out but also receiving an immediate response. Brian also initiated an email exchange whereby he invited different writers to engage in a one-month conversation—a type of call and response activity similar to a language-based game of Exquisite Corpse.

And similarly to Yasmin, Brian found himself taking refuge in the built environment, spending hours at a time at the monumental Newcastle City Library, a modular, concrete, purpose-built institution from the 1970s, much like the architecture of the interior of the Sydney Opera House. As Brian says, 'It is beautiful and of course, it is free and easy to spend time in by yourself.'<sup>5</sup> He says as a performer he started to observe all the goings-on

Previous spread: View of the town of Cummock, NSW (2012). Image: Yasmin Smith and Alex Pye.

Facing page, both images: The author's view from her current home, Sydney (2012). Image: Rachel Fuller.



in the library, specifically the daily children's reading class which became a trigger for his commissioned performance *The Sarraute Conduit* (after Fraser Studios) (2012) recently presented as part of *Time Machine* at Serial Space.

As a concept, isolation has obvious benefit to those working in the visual arts, or, in fact, any creative field. And MCA curator, Glenn Barkley agrees, having spent 11 years studying and working in Wollongong before moving to Sydney in his thirties. 'It allowed me to develop my own ideas, outside of the status quo and without being part of any one camp.'<sup>6</sup> At the same time though, Glenn feels conflicted about the time he spent outside of Sydney and not for the reasons one might readily expect, but rather he sees the enormous potential for art in sites outside of the centre. 'I guess when I was living there I often thought about how invisible we were to Sydney when actually that disadvantage is something so easily turned into a positive. If nobody is looking then you can actually do whatever you want.'<sup>7</sup> And Glenn sees this in direct relation to regional institutions. 'There is a real opportunity there for radical programming and as we've seen with the case of Western Sydney over the past ten years it does

actually happen where the centre starts to look to the periphery for new ideas.'<sup>8</sup> Another great case in point is curator, Tom McCullough, who moved to Mildura in northwestern Victoria to work as an art teacher in 1961. In 1966 he became director of the Mildura Sculpture Triennial, a lauded reign that continued until his resignation in 1978, not before his innovative stewardship was recognised with his appointment as Artistic Director of the second Sydney Biennale in 1976.

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In 2005 I created a work with my dad called *Thinking like you (so you'll think like me)*. It was an exchange whereby over a six-week period my farmer father and I emailed each other lessons with subsequent assignments. I taught him about the major theories behind contemporary art and he provided me with more practical life tutorials such as how to best look after my car or balance a budget. I asked my dad to produce an art work on time. He cut out a number of photographs of my grandmother and chronologically

Above: Interior view of *The Dark Tea Time of the Soul*, Cumnock, NSW (2012). Photo: Yasmin Smith and Alex Pye.  
Facing page: View of "Kallateenee", the author's childhood home (2009). Photo: Rachel Fuller.





ordered them on an A4 piece of paper. The work resembled floating heads and I thought, 'Really Dad, have you learnt nothing from me!'

But now I see. Sometimes we set out to teach, to show and what we really figure out is that this is so much more about me. Not you. I thought I was setting out to write an article on the practical concerns involved in a move from the city to the country in a bid to show you how it is done. So you will move. And then I can move too.

But now I see that this is much more an exploration of isolation. Of where we find ourselves when our circumstances see us move. Or move on. Away from the pack.

Yasmin Smith and Alex Pye have started a project space and residency program, 'The Dark Tea Time of the Soul' in Cumnock, NSW. For more information please visit [www.darkteatime.blogspot.com.au](http://www.darkteatime.blogspot.com.au)

For more information on decentralisation grants available for anyone wishing to relocate to a regional area please visit the NSW Trade & Investment website at [www.trade.nsw.gov.au](http://www.trade.nsw.gov.au)

For information on arts events and resources in central NSW together with interviews and lengthy articles please visit [www.wheretheheart.com.au](http://www.wheretheheart.com.au)

For a list of regional institutions located in NSW please visit [www.mgns.org.au](http://www.mgns.org.au)

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<sup>1</sup> Yasmin Smith, conversation with the author, June 22, 2012.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid

<sup>3</sup> Brian Fuata, conversation with the author, June 25, 2012.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid.

<sup>5</sup> Ibid.

<sup>6</sup> Glenn Barkley, conversation with the author, January 13, 2012.

<sup>7</sup> Ibid.

<sup>8</sup> Ibid.





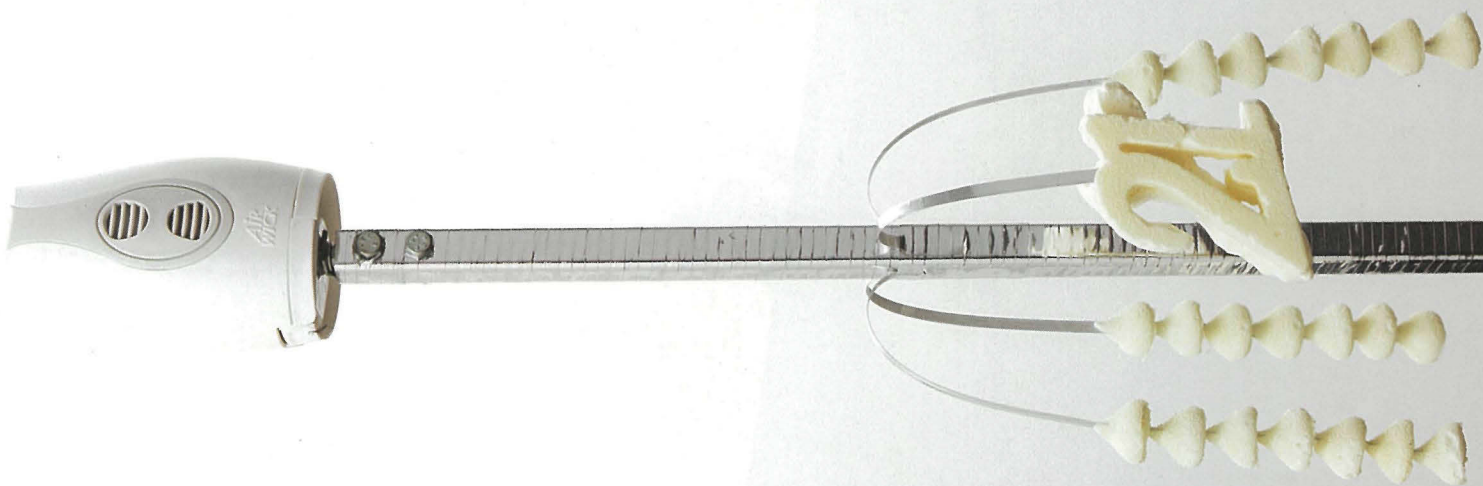
# The Foundation Centre

JD REFORMA















# Advice to Park Users

MEGAN GARRETT-JONES







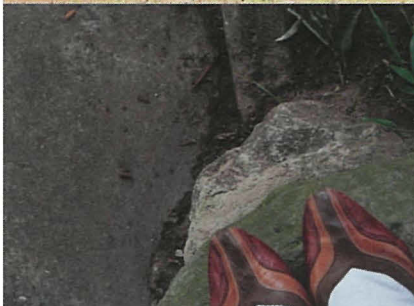




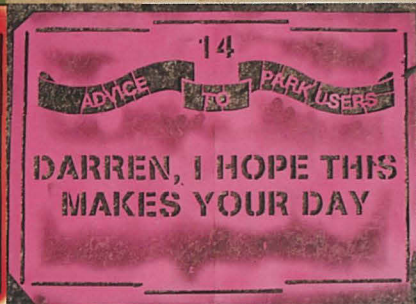
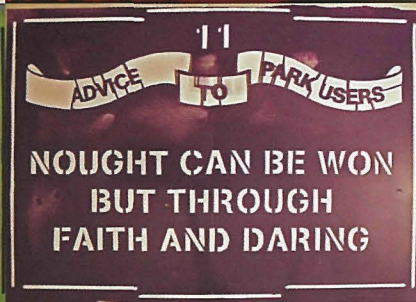
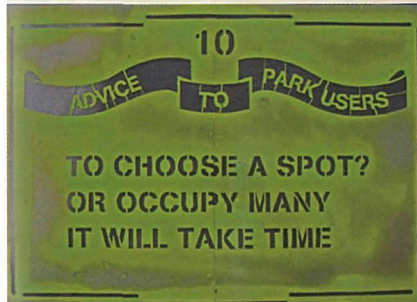
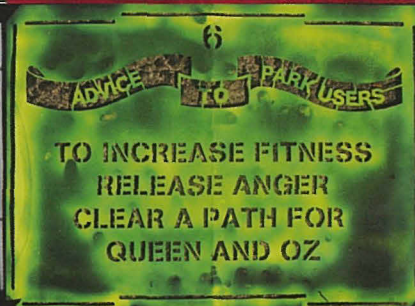
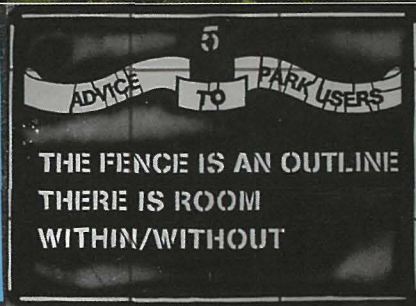
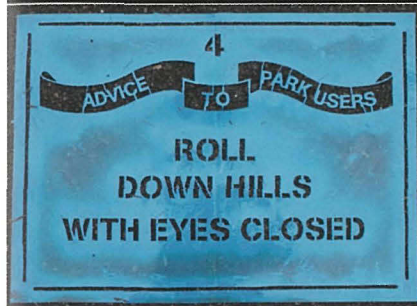








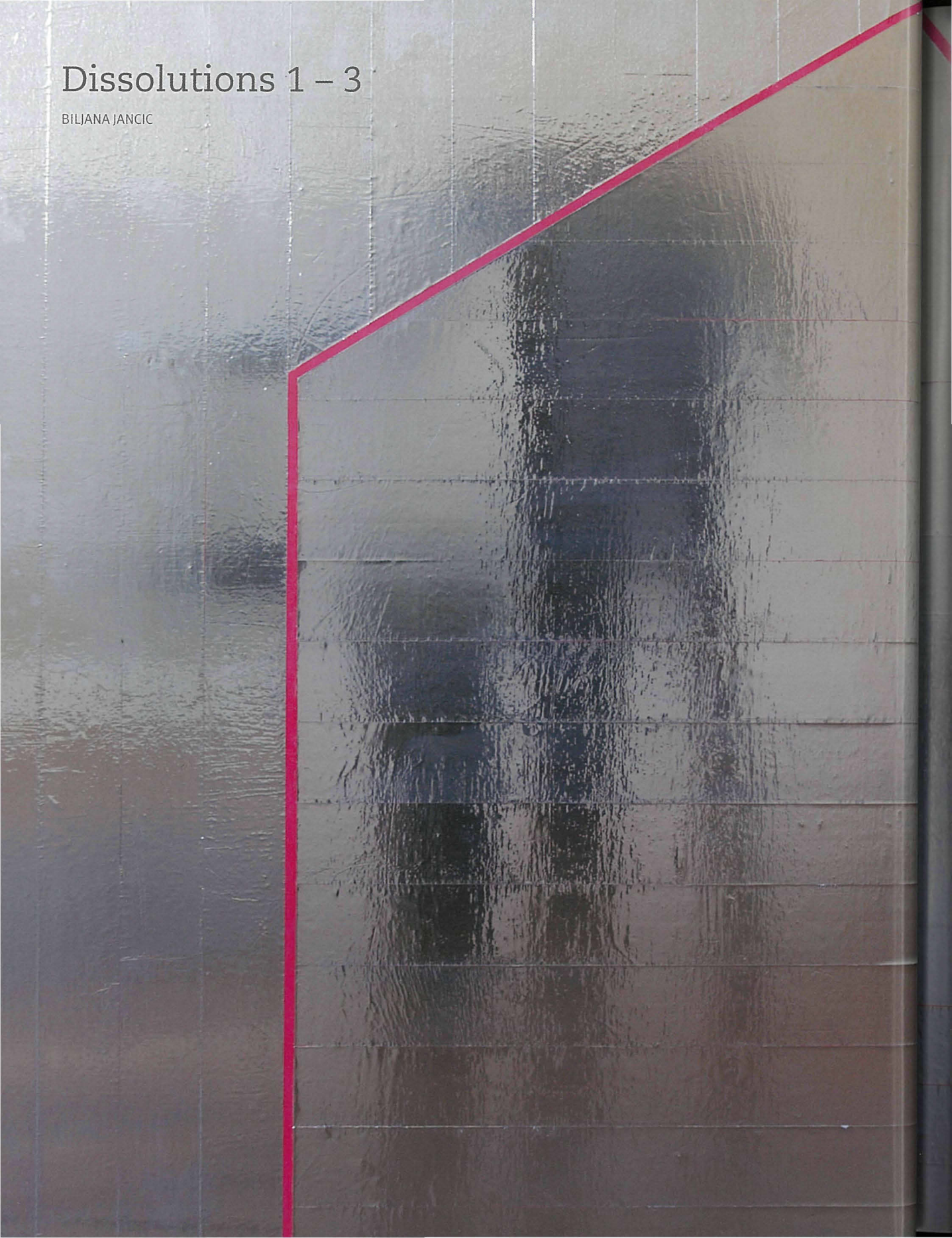






# Dissolutions 1 – 3

BILJANA JANCIC



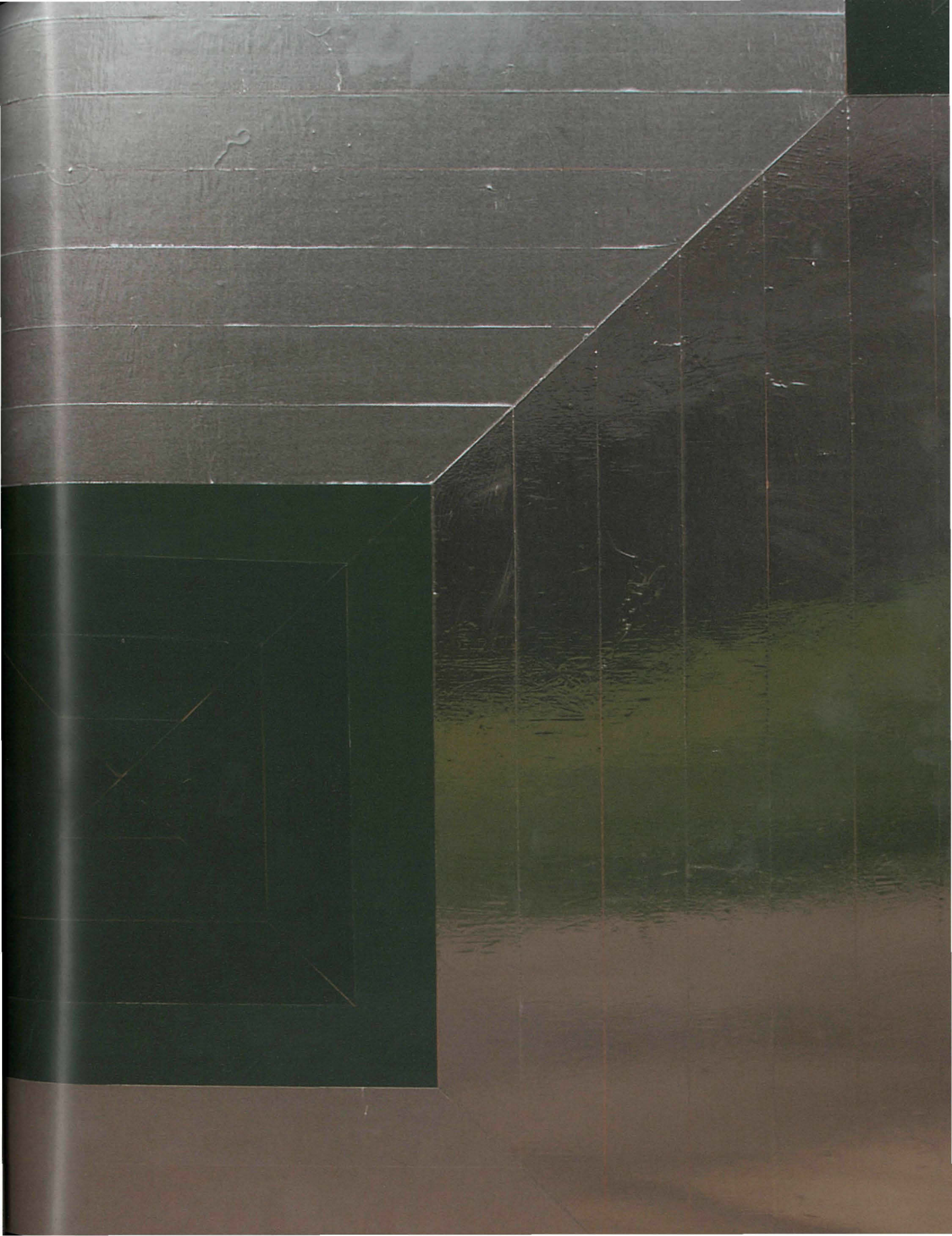




















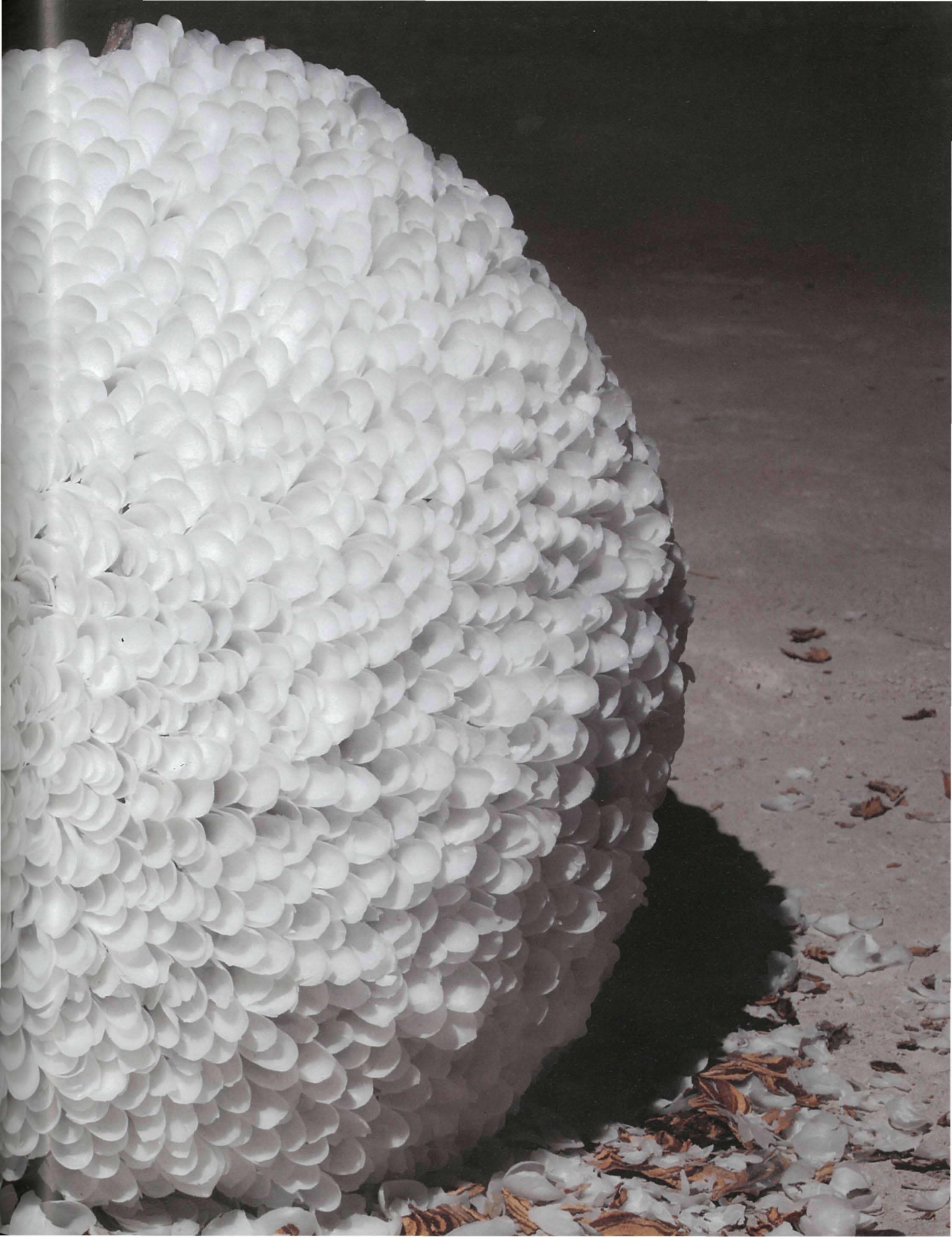


# Here With You

JEREMY BAKKER



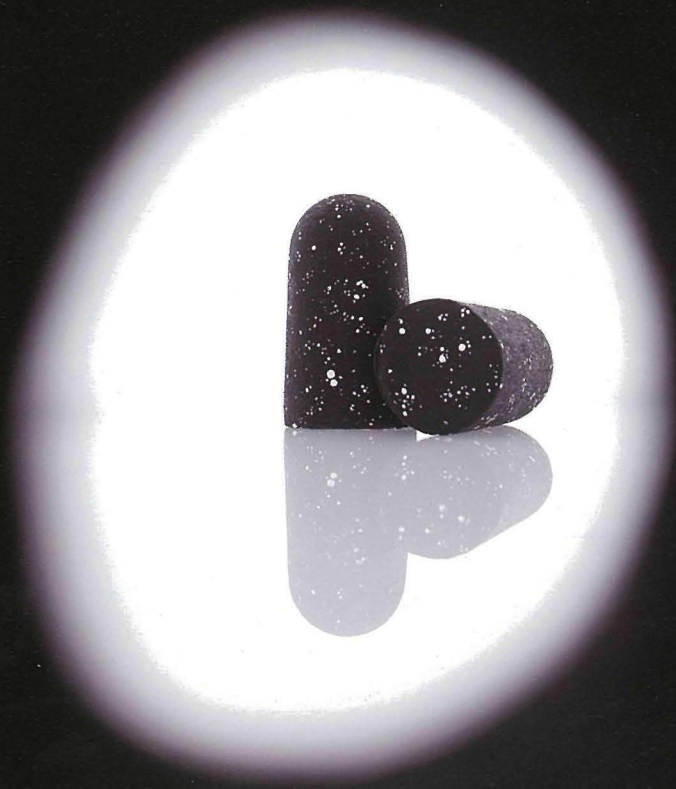






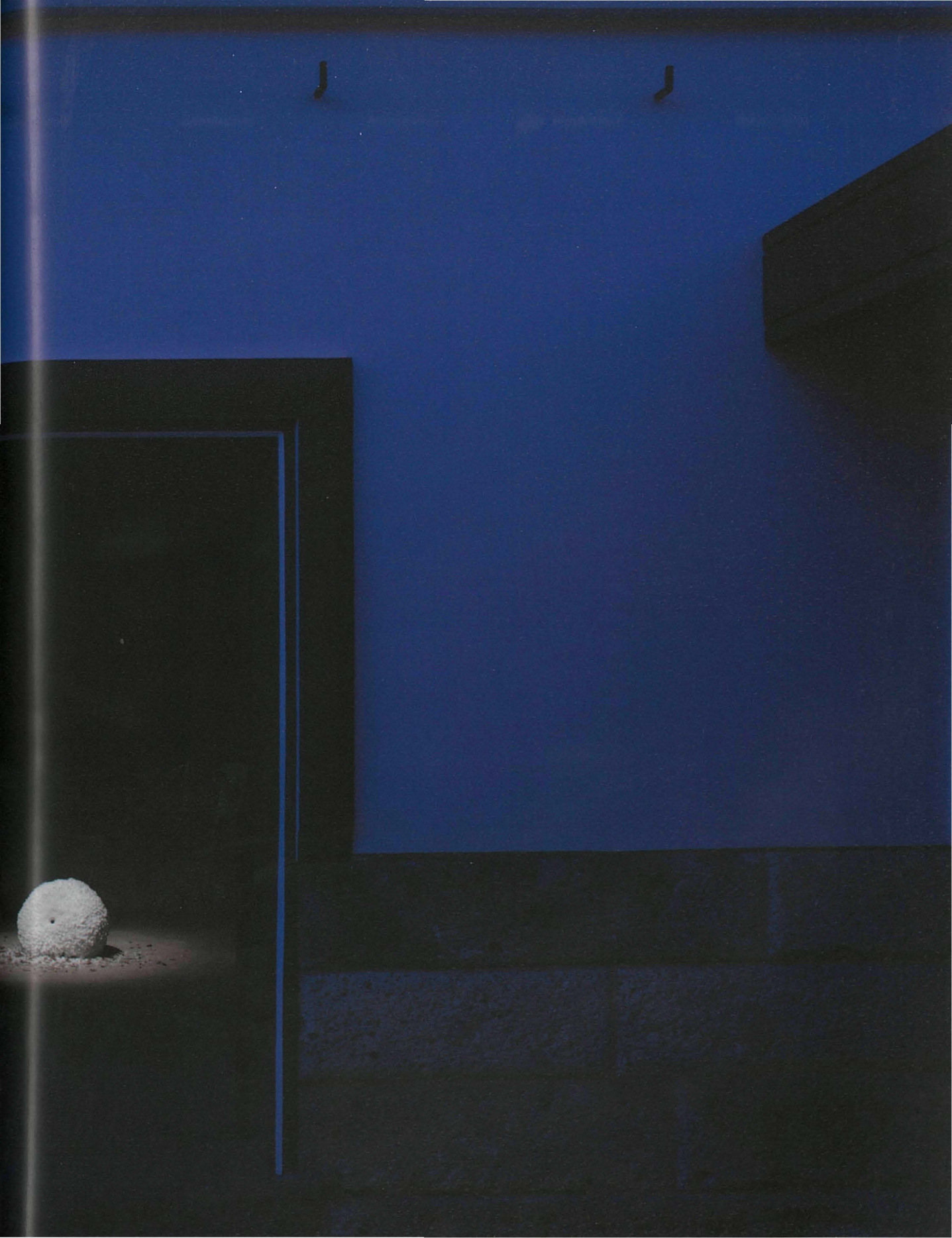












REVIEWS



# Chatting about dOCUMENTA(13), instead of reviewing it

AMELIA GROOM

Subject: dOCUMENTA(13) review

Date: 21 June 2012 4:08:53 PM

To: Stella McDonald, Sumugan Sivanesan, Michaela Gleave, Sarah Mosca

Hi S, S, M and S,

I agreed to review Documenta for *runway* magazine, but then I realised I don't want to. I was there for the opening week, when opinions were frantically being formed and sent flying around. An exhausting amount of opining. Once I was on train tracks leading me back out of Kassel I jotted down some opinions (half-formed, borrowed, irrelevant and otherwise), and the more I wrote the more inadequate it felt. It seems to me that this Documenta has really managed to emerge as a cluster of conversations rather than as a monologue, and that its greatest strength is its embrace of complexity and contradiction. So I've decided I want to make the text a series of Skype chat transcripts with some of the Sydney artists I know who are visiting Kassel (you). This will hopefully help keep things more discursive. What do you say? Chat with me? (I'll split *runway*'s writer's fee between us.)

x A

**Sumugan:** Hit me

**Amelia:** Hey, great to bump into you at Kassel!

**S:** Yes, it was a surprise!

**A:** Just saw today that Occupy is there now

**S:** ha ha... 'officially'?

**A:** Not part of the program, but sanctioned, apparently

**A:** It would be interesting to compare it with the stuff at the Berlin Biennale now, no? (Occupy as art?)—I haven't seen BB but I keep being told it is an unmitigated disaster

**S:** Yeah... I had a quick look around BB. The main critique seems to be about how it has ensnared/contained that kind of political work

**A:** Political aspects of d13 seem to have a relevant and direct presence though

**S:** Yes... can you be more specific?

**A:** Groups like Critical Art Ensemble seemed to have been given appropriate space to operate autonomously within Documenta rather than perform on its terms...

**A:** Within my first few hours in Kassel I was sitting in the tent with the women from the West Sahara Polisario hearing about their struggles for independence

**S:** Ah, yes, they were an interesting inclusion/intervention

**A:** Did you eat any of their couscous?

**S:** Yes. And mint tea. Didn't get a henna tattoo though, you?

**A:** I did, lasted forever

**S:** ha ha ... you'll make a good wife ;-)

**A:** doubt it

**S:** ... I think the Tino Seghal work is the most 'affective'

**A:** Oh I loved that work so much

**S:** Who didn't?

**A:** Especially because I stumbled into it, I had no idea what was going on, I was looking for a toilet

**S:** Even better!

**A:** (Blacked out room with dozens of moving bodies making music and stories, really disorienting choreography)

**A:** ... a definite highlight of d13, and so hard to tell anyone about it, because it's intensely corporeal

**S:** Yeah totally immersive

**A:** Do you want to talk about Etel Adnan? You loved her

**S:** Yes the Super 8 films were amazing! And I

LOVED the conversation with CCB. How did you put it—the way she was still able to express such wonder in the world

**A:** Yeah pure awe, right?

**S:** Those things she said about the activity in stillness, the vibration of the world

**A:** ... no objects, only energy

**S:** which is something that comes up in the Otolith Group film—did you see?

**A:** the Fukushima documentary?

**S:** Yes, *The Radiant*

**A:** Oh you're right, when he talks about a Japanese word for 'landscape', fuukei, but it means literally 'pictures of wind', so 'landscape' is a poor translation as it suggests something static, but these images show transition—fog, mist, dusk, dawn, seasonal change, always flux

**S:** Oh great, I was trying to remember the word!

**S:** ...It's a tough topic to not say the obvious about.

**A:** Post-disaster Japan? Absolutely

**A:** It's amazing how we revert to cliché in catastrophe (and in love)... I really struggle describing my experience of Tohoku

**S:** Tohoku? Tell me more?

**A:** I went to the tsunami devastated towns last September

**A:** But yeah cliché is really all I've got, for something so intense

**S:** Yes... you could be right...

**A:** Thoughts on Christov-Bakargiev's curating?

**S:** I think she sets a benchmark for things, in anybody else's direction it could have slipped into a total mess

**A:** Yes

**S:** Documenta is so influential in shaping the discourse around post war art—and this one is playing with that, asking how the past speaks to the present and vice versa

**A:** Yeah. Like the Picasso in Palestine work we saw?

**S:** Hang on, I'm going to get the book...

**A:** OK while you're gone I'll briefly describe the project: the Van Abbe Museum in The Netherlands sent a Picasso painting to Ramallah last year for a temporary exhibition, it took two years to get it there—all sorts of obstacles with insuring it, sending it to a place that legally does not exist, that has no art institutions, no bureaucracy in place for

accepting museum loans—they had to build humidity controlled rooms, get the work through Israeli check points etc etc

**S:** I think it's a contemporary classic

**S:** Did you read Michael Baers' piece?

**A:** Oh not yet, you told me about it, I shall

**S:** <http://www.e-flux.com/journal/no-good-time-for-an-exhibition-reflections-on-the-picasso-in-palestine-project-part-i/>

**A:** Thanks!

**A:** It raises so many questions. Does Palestine need a Picasso? Probably not. But why shouldn't Picasso go there?

**S:** Well every modern state has a contemporary art museum

**A:** It's an attempted dislocation of the time and place of modernity... the painting was done in Paris in 1944, when that city was under occupation, but in becoming a twentieth century masterpiece its political potency was diluted—remember Žižek in the film making the gaze of the Picasso woman the gaze of the 'occupied' state, looking both inwards and outwards?

**S:** Yes... What about the Paul Chan talk we went to?

**A:** ...'objects do not think'

**S:** Well they don't think like we do

**A:** This was very important to him, personifying objects was too close to objectifying people

**S:** Of course the... ahem... current discourse is around our relationship with 'things'

**A:** and there's so much at the moment on the agency of 'things'

**A:** oh jinx

**S:** snap

**S:** I have no problem with objectifying people

**A:** But if humans are objects, what is a corpse?

**S:** Meat

**S:** ...was there a corpse?

**A:** No corpses in dOCUMENTA(13)! It didn't cover everything after all.

**S:** I'm not so sure... There were pieces of the Bamiyan Buddhas... I reckon there's a corpse in there somewhere

**A:** It was definitely fleshy...



**Michaela:** Hi Amelia, ready to tackle the beast when you are

**Amelia:** Hi! So you did the whole Euro summer art tour? *Manifesta*, *Track*, *Berlin Biennale*, *Documenta*?

**M:** I certainly did. It was quite a whirlwind. You?

**A:** Yes...

**A:** This was the first Documenta I've been to, and I think I expected a lot more nonsense—there was none of the glitz and sycophancy of a Venice Biennale opening, for instance, no Disneyland-esque queues or corporate-sponsored VIP sections...

**M:** Yes the lack of glitz is refreshing

**M:** ...It's really exciting seeing art on this scale. The scale is so impossible, I guess that's part of the plan. Also one of the weird things—how many people would have been able to travel to all those venues?! I'm not sure how I feel about that aspect but wowee, I really enjoyed my time there.

**A:** Yeah it's really unthinkable huge and dispersed ... and it's feeling even less graspable to me now: the closer you look, the more it expands. I think it is actually physically impossible to see it in entirety (Cairo, Banff, Kabul)—Hence the quantum physics stuff, being in more than one place at the same time?

**M:** Yes :) The show obviously takes itself very seriously but the nice thing is it feels no need to bombard the audience—rather building these layers of experiences to create a giant, amorphous mass

**A:** Yes it's extremely well researched without being dogmatic—rigour isn't confused with rigidity. But you have reservations about the immensity of it?

**M:** I love the immensity of it. I also find it a little problematic. On one hand it is beautiful, this feeling of ungraspability as one navigates their own path through, forming links. On the other hand it could be read as art for the super elite, a prize for the 0.01%... I don't know. I think the web she created was really powerful and magical, but at some point this might spill into decadence?

**A:** Speaking of decadence, did you see the Omer Fast video work in the park, with the looped incestuousness of the bourgeois German couple and their 'son' returning from war in Afghanistan?

**M:** Oh yes! That was super amazing, and strange and challenging

**A:** Really got to me, so beautifully acted and shot, and so deeply horrifying. The title is *Continuity*—I also find that disturbing: the cinematic reel, and trauma's insistence on repetition.

**M:** The fetishisation of war, the confusion of motivations driving political acts, the distance between these concurrent events in time, space and experience.

**A:** I am told they are supposed to be hiring male escorts in each chapter, getting them to dress up as the son they have lost in Afghanistan, with sex standing in for loss.

**M:** Yes, I didn't realise that until I referred back to the book. These very intense emotions colliding with one another. I imagine that's what happens during war, the mind and body get pushed so far that these basic human responses, sex and violence, collide...

**A:** What did you think about all those separate huts in the park?

**M:** I spent the whole of my first day in the park, with a bicycle, so saw almost everything... It is odd to have created so many little 'galleries', but the nature of most of the work fitted conceptually well, if not physically so well.

**A:** Did you get therapy at Pedro Reyes's *Sanatorium*, or hypnosis in Raimundas Malauskas and Marcos Lutyens's *Reflection Room*?

**M:** I missed my reflection room booking but had a group therapy session in the Sanatorium.

**A:** I missed both. How was therapy?

**M:** It was relaxing and fun but ultimately seemed vacant to me... I thought relational work didn't stand up very well in Documenta... I don't think this means relational forms are over, I just think good art needs to be engaging with such trends in a more sincere way. And after the Berlin Biennale, the Occupy movement is definitely not art!

**M:** A poetic imagination is a requirement of art, and I appreciate that there were very few didactic political works in d13.

**A:** The resistance to didacticism is a real achievement, and yet there are political voices that feel alive and urgent, and that are given their own space to operate in

**M:** Indeed. Sincerity. I didn't ever feel like I or the subject of the work was being exploited.

**A:** But that was the feeling you had at the Berlin Biennale?

**M:** Gosh, Berlin. It was incredibly arrogant of the curators, exclusive of the viewer, artificial, and it would have been nice to see some art in there! All of these shows really were a tour de force of the curators, for better or worse. And, Berlin just crashed spectacularly.

**A:** People are still talking a lot about the rise of the curator's power (and the concomitant fall of the critic's power), and this concern about curators overshadowing artists—but a positive thing about making the curator a more present force is that it means they have to be accountable, you know? Because artists are made accountable all the time...

**M:** I agree, I'm enjoying the position of curators in these settings.

**A:** and of course there are all sorts of egomaniac curators but I don't think it would be possible for them to block access to the artists they are showing ... I say curators can lap up the glory if they want for the time being, as long as they are producing generous, intelligent and imaginative presentations of art.

Stella: Where you at babe?

Amelia: Hello I'm in a waffle cafe in Berlin

A: Where you at?

S: Safely ensconced in apartment on Chateau d'eau in Paris. Africans are spruiking cornrows outside

A: Are you seeking safety from cornrow danger?

S: So tempted

A: So. Documenta. You were impressed.

S: Yes. I kept encountering things and thinking 'oh, I like this, I actually like it'—and being surprised by that... one work that really affected me and also kind of sums up the premise of d13: Korbinian Aigners' apple paintings, did you see them?

A: Yes! Astounding... what a find! Hundreds of postcard-sized paintings of different varieties of apples by a Bavarian pastor who ended up in the nearby Dachau concentration camp for his anti-Nazi sermons, and who cultivated a new strand of apple every year of his imprisonment... Did you try the apple juice they did in Kassel?

S: I did not, I can't even remember eating in Kassel actually... don't you think the 'apple priest' room expresses perfectly the mix of biography, history and artistry that was there?

A: Yeah, and it's not just an amazing forgotten story, the paintings themselves are exceptional

S: You can taste the crunch

A: Yum. The whole approach to history throughout d13 is really smart ... I got to Kassel after visiting Manifesta in Belgium, where there is a very heavy linear historicising approach to 'the history of coal mining', told through art in an excessively fixed and literal way: taking place in an old coal mine, and including art that happens to be executed in charcoal

S: Yep, completely unoriginal and politically pushy, whereas d13 I wouldn't really want to term as an historical investigation or challenge to historical representation. The feeling was that d13 is a curious being that wants to disseminate every corner of the world... did you see the Hannah Ryggen tapestries?

A: They blew my mind to pieces! Swedish woman stitching anti-fascist tapestries in the lead up to WWII...

S: They're incredible and violent, and she must have been so alone in not only her work but also her political position and activism... she was a carpet activist!

A: There was anger and terror in the images, but such dedication to careful, delicate labour

S: Yeah

S: But do you sense something of the ethnographer's zoo in certain works at this Documenta? Like the West Sahara tent, or Anibal Lopez bringing a Guatemalan hit man to stand behind a screen and speak about 'the social and political circumstances in Central America and armed conflicts everywhere' to an audience via simultaneous translators?

A: I didn't see the Anibal Lopez, but the Sahrawi tent, on the day I was there, felt like a genuine space for conversation—nothing token or performative...

S: Just an opportunity to voice their struggle? But why there I wonder?

A: Yeah this is a general criticism that is surfacing. Like with the Documenta seminars in Cairo: \*why\* are we planting this quinquennial German art show in these sites of current political struggle? What can d13 possibly do for Cairo? I think the curating starts to look a bit ADHD in these areas.

S: Yeah the 'four positions' that were meant to connect to the four curatorial conditions—Banff, Cairo, Kabul, Kassel. I guess an attempt to decentralise d13? But the 'conditions' did not mean much to me, the works and venues and museums said it all without having to read 'on stage' 'under siege' 'in a state of hope' 'on retreat'

A: Decentralising d13 = international holidays for Team Documenta?

S: haha, wonder if they got to 'retreat' in Kabul, or be 'under siege' in Banff

A: ha

S: I did feel like I gained an insight into Kabul though, warzones can seem hopeless places, already disappeared, but the connection to it at d13 gave it life

A: Yes I also felt that with the Picasso in Palestine project—such a dramatic contrast from the media representation of the place and situation.

A: Umm... Janet Cardiff & George Bures Miller?

S: Only did the sound work in the park... was totally fooled by it—trying to 'find' the work, while the whole time I was experiencing it. When connections were made to Kassel, the concentration camps and the painting in the

Orangerie collection, the ground moved, you know? There was suddenly a split in the fabric where you moved closer to the people who carried on their lives next to these torture chambers, or who lived through bombing and destruction.

A: Yes, a similar thing with their *Alter Bahnhof Video Walk* at the train station—the threshold between passive spectatorship and confrontation with the other is crossed very quickly, as historic catastrophe becomes present... that work is also a meditation on the distance between people/lovers, between pasts and presents, the impossibility of reaching outside the self, 'connecting'

A: ...are you there?

A: ...we've lost our Skype connection

A: ...hilarious



Sarah: Are you there?

Amelia: Hey. I was just looking up the Daniel Gustav Cramer and Haris Epaminonda installation

S: ...swoon

A: Yeah so damn great huh?

S: Just so great

A: Took me a while to give in to that work. It creates a cosmos... that subtle manipulation of the architecture, the use of negative space, incredibly carefully placed objects, always partially obscured, and those big bronze balls in the attic—those balls knew something...

S: Ha. It all felt so beautifully considered and choreographed

A: Elegant but unsettling

S: Elegant is a good word

A: Also tense, which I loved

A: What were other highlights for you there?

S: Ceal Floyer

S: Tino Seghal

A: yes!

S: Ryan Gander

A: yes yes

S: Gerard Byrne

S: Tacita Dean

A: OK here's a question

S: ready

A: Can you say anything more critical about this Documenta? Because when I met you for coffee yesterday we were pretty emphatically approving, and I may have even said it was the best thing I have ever seen, and it can't ALL be good, right?

S: It is a good question

S: OK thinking thinking

S: ...Biennales etc are often about the spectacle—this Documenta I felt resisted the spectacle

A: Mmm, and there's an unusual earnestness/ and lack of cynicism

S: It makes me want to make big statements

A: Hang on just grabbing some juice...

A: ...yeah! It's intelligent and curious without shying away from immensity. Cheers!

S: OK still looking for a negative...

A: The website is completely shit

S: hmmm Kassel needs to be more bike friendly

A: Bam! Take that Kassel

A: ...ok ok

A: You mentioned Ryan Gander

S: yes

A: Could you please describe his work, *I Need Some Meaning I Can Memorise (The Invisible Pull)* for the readers?

S: A gentle breeze moving through the front rooms of the Fridericianum, otherwise empty, with no art object to be seen

A: When I was there the floors were pretty dirty and clumps of dust were blowing in the breeze: Object?

S: Wow

A: Made it seem like something had been removed, something heavy that had been there for a long time

S: That is a great way to look at it

S: These shows are so heavy, the history, the responsibility, the discourse and criticism... the Julio Gonzalez statues in this space were also beautiful—a restaging of his work from the 1959 Documenta

A: Yeah that was great, there's a real thread of playing with the weight and potential malleability of history

S: Exactly

*Documenta was held 9th June–16 September*



## Pump Up The Volume

PEDRO DE ALMEIDA

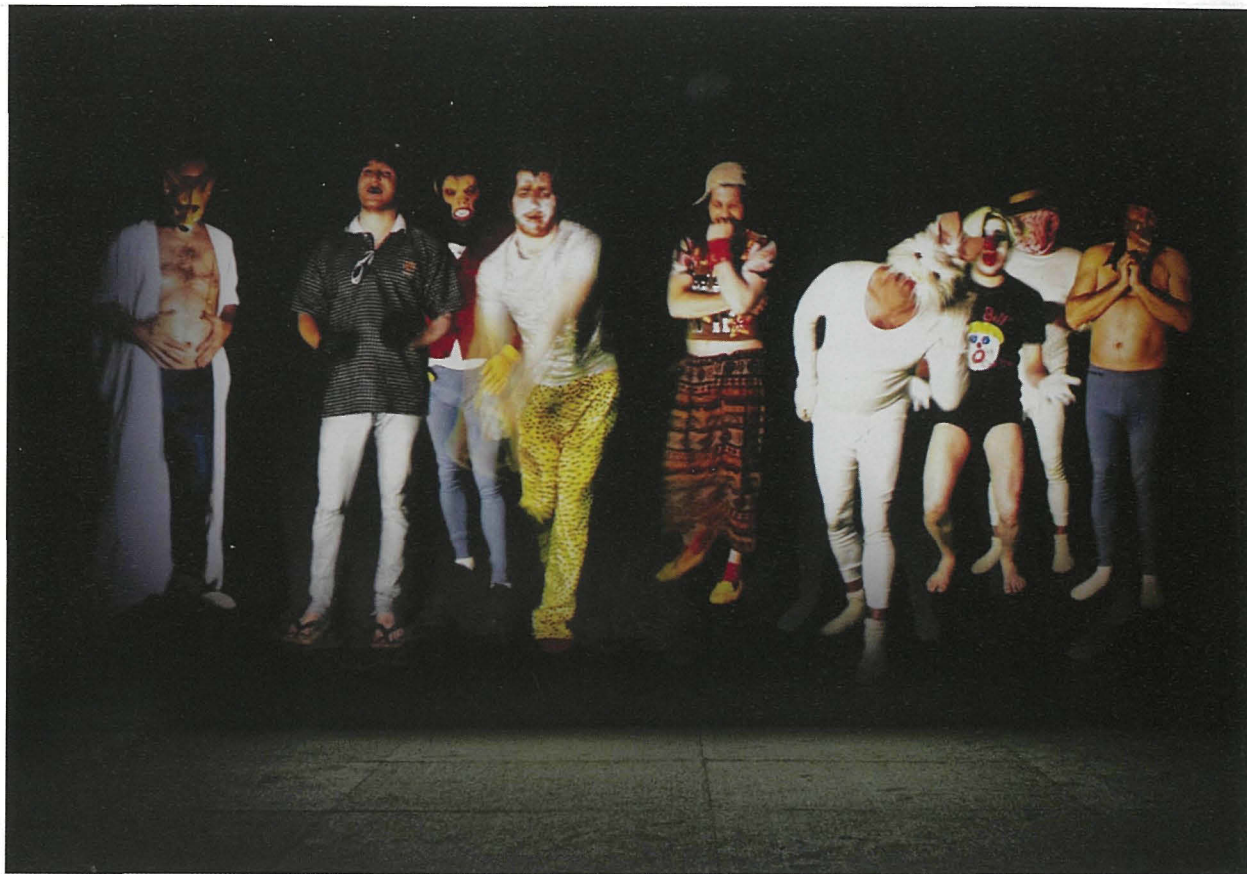
Pair artists with musicians and ask them to create new work. This is the premise of Campbelltown Arts Centre's recent project *Transmission*. It's a challenge necessarily complicated by the limits of two languages—one aural, one visual—each with its own syntax and inherent push/pull dynamics between the eyes and ears, two sensory theatres that run on separate mainlines to the heart. The charge becomes how to artistically approach the question of a harmonious marriage between the two so that its component parts are obscured while retaining the freedom to break free of its structure. Like a well-crafted pop song, the magic is often found in the ad-lib no matter how catchy the chorus.

This conceptual premise is reflected in the curatorial team of independent curator and writer Carrie Miller partnered with composer Dr Matthew Hindson, who also acts as Campbelltown

Arts Centre's Guest Music Curator. Working collaboratively the pair certainly assembled a delicious bill of 13 Australian artists paired with a genuinely eclectic mix of musicians, composers, performers, producers and DJs. With a launch night that threatened to lift the lid off the place, filled as it was with a heady mix of punters primed to be beguiled by live performances and patently not disappointed, *Transmission's* opening set rocked. Returning to the gallery some weeks later, with the eerie feeling of sneaking onto a stage with the band departed, one had to work harder to find the lyricism in each artistic collaboration—one is less inclined to dance alone.

Beginning with works that explore the question of performance in art and music Justene Williams and Tina Havelock Stevens' *Let's Groovy Maurice All Larry* (2012) is in scale, positioning and





intensity, a centrepiece of the show. In the half-dozen or so works I've seen of Williams' over recent years I must confess I've struggled to understand their panoply of signs and gestures, which is not the same thing as disliking the work. Indeed, there's always much to be stimulated by in Williams' dancing-paper-video-sculptures (for want of a descriptive). But despite the loose visual references to Modernism's movements and tropes, I've found myself a baffled witness to a conjuring alien to my reasoning based on visual cues alone. So to witness the duo perform at launch night, trashing a 'set' of colourful cardboard assemblages as a marker of that displaced energy, was a treat that helped expand my understanding of Williams' concern for the dynamics between rehearsal and spontaneity; Williams' works may be 'about' the alchemy of the artist's studio. The whole thing was somehow raised to absurd significance when Sydney's artists' artist (you'd know if you were there) ran an impromptu streak across the set, arse hanging in the wind as Stevens' drumming took charge.

The one-off opening night rendition of Whitney Houston's ballad *Didn't We Almost Have It All* (2012) by the professionally irrepressible Renny Kodgers with Campbelltown's Sweet Tonic Choir, whilst certainly entertaining in its jocular sweetness in the flesh, loses much of its sizzle when presented as footage on a LED screen. Kodgers, more than anyone, must surely know that the lion's share of seduction is in a gaze returned. Similarly, Archie Moore's collaboration with Stiff Gins presents a perplexing 'racial cockatrice' that transforms the mythic two-legged creature said to have a dragon's body and rooster's head into another kind of bastard. With its (his? her?) back turned to us one can sneak up to a standing mannequin under a mirror ball, outfitted in accoutrements signalling various cultural backgrounds sourced from Campbelltown's discount stores of trash, that remains endearingly self-absorbed in its dubious rejection of an audience. Heath Franco and Andy Rantzen's *Tunnel Vision* (2012), a makeshift house of horror comprising screens and projections of Franco in various guises—a wolf-man, deranged clown, assorted

Previous page: Daniel Mudie Cunningham & Stephen Allkins, *Boytown* (2012). HD single channel video, colour, 16:9, 5:20 minutes. Commissioned by Campbelltown Arts Centre for *Transmission*, courtesy the artists. Photo: Susannah Wimberley.

Above: Heath Franco & Andy Rantzen, *Tunnel Vision* (2012). Multi-channel, HD colour, 16:9 video & sound installation, durations variable. Heath Franco is courtesy Galerie Pompom. Commissioned by Campbelltown Arts Centre for *Transmission*, courtesy the artist. Photo: Susannah Wimberley.



sideshow freaks—relies too heavily on a bravado veiled by the safety distance of screen media to be truly perverted, though the comedic does eventually fall off as uncanniness starts to niggle. Jess Olivieri and Hayley Forward's engagement with the Sydney Chamber Choir is staid by comparison as they present a sequence of fixed-frame views of the Choir vocalising an interpretation of an imagined rugby match from the stands of the Campbelltown Showground. Quietly meditative in its sharp focus on the almost infinite manipulation of the human voice the work disappointingly comes across as a filmed performance that underutilises the broader potential of the partnership.

Conversely, there are a number of works that bend the visual to the will of the aural in their more dedicated experimentation with the formal qualities of sound. Vicky Browne and Darren Seltmann's *Synchronic Lines* (2012) comprises a number of pods with faceted facades like cardboard diamonds that are suspended from the ceiling. To emerge in their cocooning space to fiddle with analogue switches that modulate low and high frequency hums and squeals is to inhabit an archipelago connected by missives to foreign sanctuaries of solitude. Carla Cescon and Kusum Normoyle's *Venereal Sound Edition #1* (2012), in which dangling semi-molten

rubber humanoid bats act as phonic devices that when held to one's ear spew an array of frequencies, is underwhelming in scale and baffling in content. By dazzling contrast, *Gold Metal* (2012), what and Julian Day's tribute to Mondrian's obsession with swing-era jazz is satisfyingly sexy in its reflective silver and gold sculptural and painted elements that are in synch with the sound of trumpets. There's a geometric logic that is at once playful and ascetic, like the Dutch master himself.

Not surprisingly the works that perhaps most successfully tackle the curatorial challenge rely most heavily on the seductive pairing of moving image with music (as opposed to sound). In *Mountain Study* (2012) a Hanimex overhead projector throws slow-moving diorama-like landscapes of mountain peaks and valleys upon the wall like Plato's cave, allowing Todd McMillan to achieve a subtle beauty with Peter McNamara's original composition of xylophone that channels a Bernard Herrmann score of intrigue. Rachel Scott and Mick Harvey's *Atomic Telephone* (2012) is similarly enigmatic in its rolling rhythmic guitar, deep bass line and cello that is in pitch-perfect tune with a dreamlike video sequence. *Boytown* (2012), Daniel Mudie Cunningham's collaboration with legendary Australian dance music pioneer Stephen Allkins





impressively stands in contrast to the work of their colleagues in that it unashamedly wears its heart on its sleeve and is all the more affecting for doing so. We watch a fragment of a teenage boy's travail in growing up gay in the suburbs paired with a mix of classic '80s pop songs about personal and physical escape. Young performer Fabian McCallum's angelic face and searching eyes do so much to engender a beautifully sad prelude of desire for unexplored horizons when the safety net of familial security fails us.

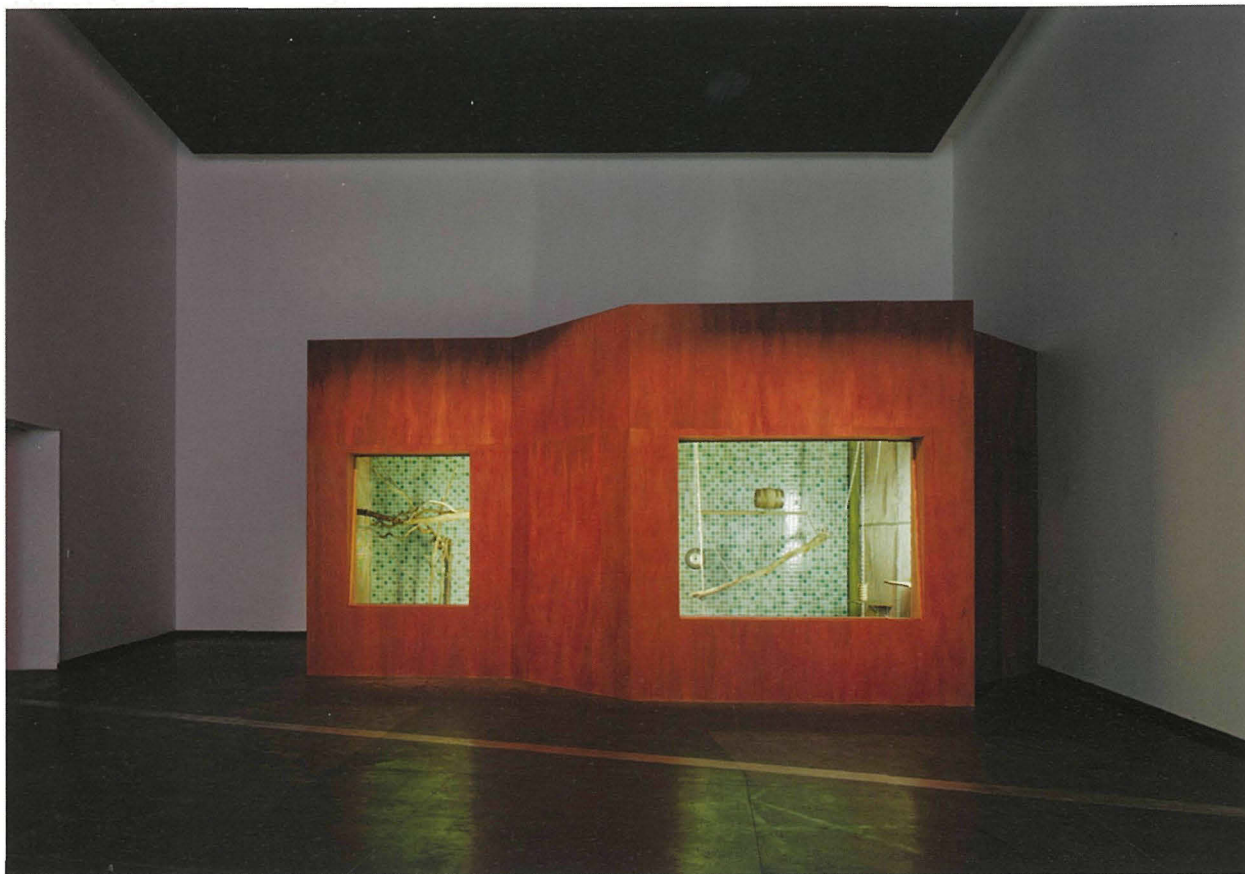
In a final measure of things for this viewer, at least, by far the simplest collaborative effort in the show and the most intriguing is that of Nell and Wollongong-based rocker Bec Machine. In *Quiet/Loud* (2012) they perfectly compliment each other in an exercise in the fundamental oppositional force of mutually exhaustive dichotomies. As Bec, clad in heavy metal t-shirt, Doc Martens and aviator sunglasses pummels us with waves of feedback and jet blasts of riffs from her electric guitar, Nell,

dressed in black Kimono, sits in meditative repose atop an amplifier. So disorientating is the collision between sound and gesture that I couldn't quite make out if the soundtrack is actually running in reverse to the moving image or not. It hardly matters. With eyes closed and Mona Lisa smile, Nell allows us to witness just how music can beat a path to realms beyond the visual.

*Transmission, Campbelltown Arts Centre, 9 June–5 August 2012*

Previous page: Vicky Browne & Darren Seltmann, *Synchronic Lines* (2012). Mixed media, size variable. Vicky Browne is courtesy of Galerie Pompom commissioned by Campbelltown Arts Centre for *Transmission*, courtesy the artists. Photo: Susannah Wimberley.

Above: Nell and Bec Machine from Babymachine, *Quiet/Loud* (2012). Single-channel digital video, 16:9, colour, looped commissioned by Campbelltown Arts Centre for *Transmission*. Nell courtesy Roselyn Oxley, courtesy the artists. Photo: Susannah Wimberley.



## The Space of NEW12

AMELIA WALLIN

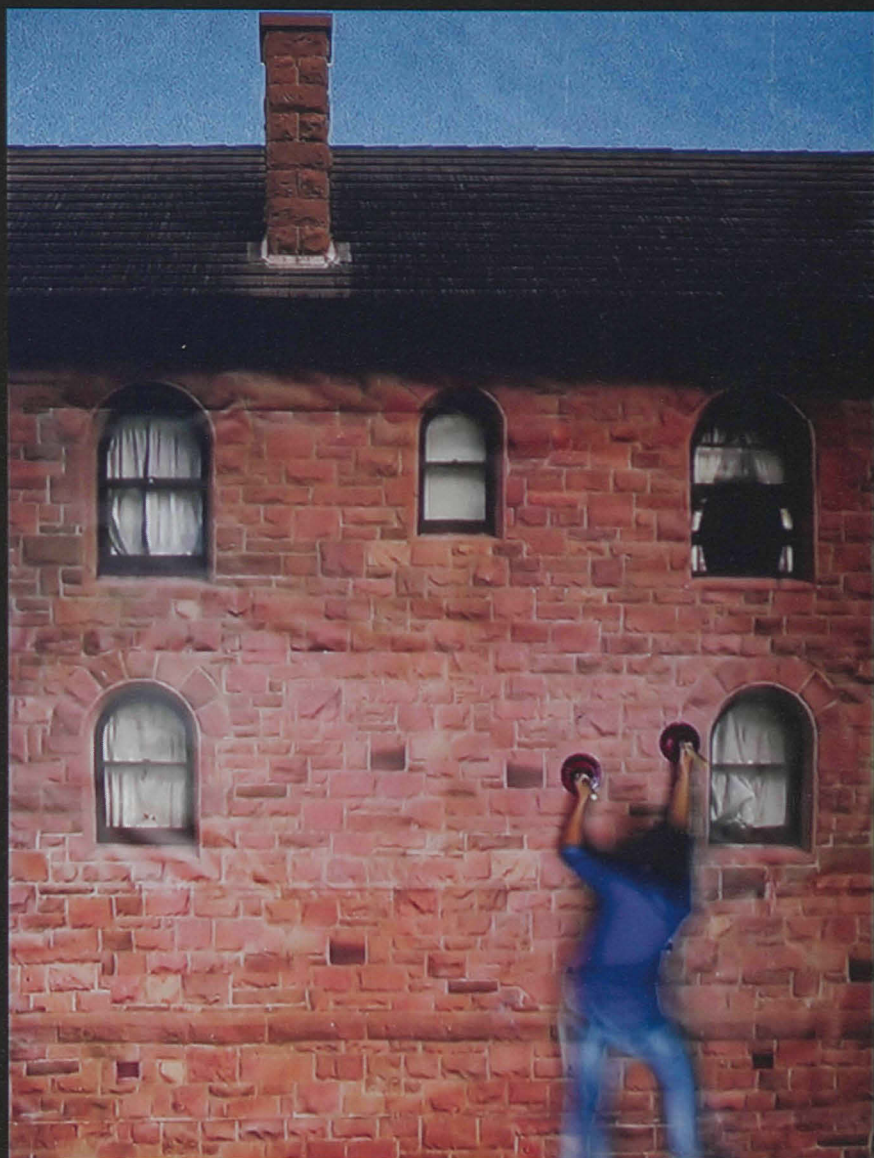
The works in *NEW12* vary in terms of subject matter and thematic qualities but when exhibited side by side, in the cavernous Australian Centre for Contemporary Art (ACCA), the gallery is transformed into a series of immersive sites of spatial mediation. *NEW* began in 2002, and is an annual commissioned exhibition which aims to showcase the work of early-career artists. For the 2012 exhibition, curator Jeff Khan commissioned six artists—a deliberately smaller group from previous years—to create large-scale works for exhibition throughout the entire gallery. The works present human interaction and intervention with buildings, cities, objects, and bodies through diverse mediums and methods, enabling the viewer to meditate on their relation to space

For *NEW12*, Ross Manning has created two electrical mobiles of gently glowing fluorescent lights; *Spectra* and *Spectra II* (2012). In perpetual orbit, Manning's kinetic sculptures cut through the vast space of ACCA. They cast shards of coloured light through the front space of the gallery as they whirl gracefully overhead.

Manning's *Spectras* reference the clean lines of classic Minimalism. Yet on closer inspection their sleek forms are revealed as cluttered by the protrusion of power adapters and trailing electrical cords. Their movement is powered by a small commercial fan, which gives *Spectra* a tottering and unbalanced quality. Manning has deliberately compromised the starkness of his sculptural forms in favour of something that retains a sense of human touch and an element of DIY.

Above: Bennet Miller, *Behavioural Ecology* (2012). Dimensions variable. Photo: Andrew Curtis.  
Facing page: Kate Mitchell, *Get Into It*, (2012). Dimensions variable. Photo: Andrew Curtis.





This trace of human construction and intervention is more explicitly considered in Bennet Miller's *Behavioural Ecology* (2012), in which Miller has replicated the architecture and furnishings of the primate enclosures of the Berlin Zoo. While Manning draws attention to his humble materials and the trace of the artist, Miller relies on the authenticity of his replica and its absence of an individual imprint. Uprooted from context and void of animal inhabitants, the reproduction turns its focus in on itself. The verisimilitude of these structures, and their displacement in the gallery, causes us to reflect on how far removed they are from any sense of nature. Referencing Le Corbusier's notion of the house as 'machines for living', Khan's curatorial essay refers to *Behavioural Ecology* as 'machines for apprehending, for maintaining a certain status'.<sup>1</sup> In this same vein, the modernist zoo operates as a machine of display and control, and so too the modernist gallery.

Kate Mitchell is similarly interested in the tensions between the real and the simulated. Her two video works for *NEW12*, *Venetian Blind Morse Code* (2012) and *Get Into It* (2012), employ a visual language of exaggeration and artificiality to evoke a familiar, cartoon like alter-reality. In *Venetian Blind Morse Code* Mitchell painstakingly carries out a conversation in Morse code, using the manual adjustment of Venetian blinds in two facing buildings. Slow, labour intensive, and impossible to translate, Mitchell's Morse code is redundant as a communication device, but her toil, exertion and dedication to the impossible task at hand stirs in the viewer a sense of wonderment. We are captivated by Mitchell's childlike determination to perform the impossible just because.

In *Get Into It*, Mitchell, armed with a toilet plunger in each hand scales the façade of an unconvincing 'building' (read: a photograph of a building plastered on to a four-metre backdrop). Revelling in its own fakery, the set is in direct contrast to the physically demanding nature of the task undertaken. Both of Mitchell's videos combine obviously artificial sets with slapstick humour to distance the viewer from the strenuous labour of her actions. Mitchell occupies a space between illusion and reality, the impossible and the banal. In the final moments of *Get Into It*, Mitchell reaches the top of the building and disappears through a window on the top floor. The flatness of the space momentarily opens up and envelopes her, and there is a hint of a world beyond.

Charlie Sofo's *How I Learned To Stop Worrying And Love Sculpture* (2012) continues these themes of self-awareness through similar tools of exaggeration and humour. For *NEW12* Sofo presents the debris of life in all its mundane detail. Through exaggerated method of display in both film and sculpture, Sofo draws attention to just how much space we, and all our trappings, inhabit.

*How I Learned...* offers inconvenient storage solutions for content that would normally be thrown away. Aspirin packets and soiled tissues are presented by an organised army of nifty memo clips which zig-zag through the space at exaggerated angles. Towering CD racks and panes of glass become plinths for Tic-Tacs and 50-Cent coins. Sofo's work reflects on the processes of construction, selection, and disposal that we fervently pursue. This is reinforced in the accompanying video work, where Sofo, in a series of short sequences, gives life and action to various objects (blows a balloon, crumples a chip packet). This is extended as people enter the shot, one by one, and lift the artist in their arms. Sofo presents himself as simply another lifeless object waiting to be activated.

Central to Katie Lee's practice is the potential for interaction between space and its inhabitants. Her site-specific contribution to *NEW12: It's not me, it's you* (2012), is a series of subtle architectural investigations through sculptures and dance. Lee's sculptures serve as obstructions and interjections to the ACCA space and take various forms such as handrails, single-rung ladders and topless tables. Referencing functional objects, her sculptures are skewed, distorted or ineffectual versions of everyday items. Lee invited dancer Kyle Kremerskothen to interact with the empty space of the gallery. Moments of his dance are projected on small screens in the space at irregular intervals. These small gestures of intervention interrupt our own interactions as we navigate through the physical space.

The predominant work of *NEW12* has to be Mesiti's exquisite four channel video installation, *Citizens Band* (2012). In a darkened room, interfacing screens present one part of a four-piece ensemble. Each film is set in a distinctly urban and public space—we see Mohammad Lamourie busking on a Parisian train, Bukhchuluun Ganburg, a Mongolian throat singer, performing on a street corner in Newtown, Geraldine Zongo drumming a rhythm in the water at a public pool in Paris, and a Sudanese taxi driver, Asim Goreshi, whistling inside his Brisbane cab.<sup>2</sup> Mesiti emphasises the dislocation and displacement of migrant 'citizens' through the Westernised urban spaces they inhabit.





Mesiti paints complex portraits; with each film she magnifies the virtuosity of each musician's reinterpretation of music from their homeland, and simultaneously reinforces their dislocation. Lamourie's hauntingly beautiful song goes largely ignored by his fellow Metro passengers, and Mesiti expertly draws our attention to what is often overlooked. Through each piece of music, the cultural traces of the musician's homeland are imprinted on the Western world. *Citizen's Band* re-imagines and reinterprets cultural memory in new spaces.

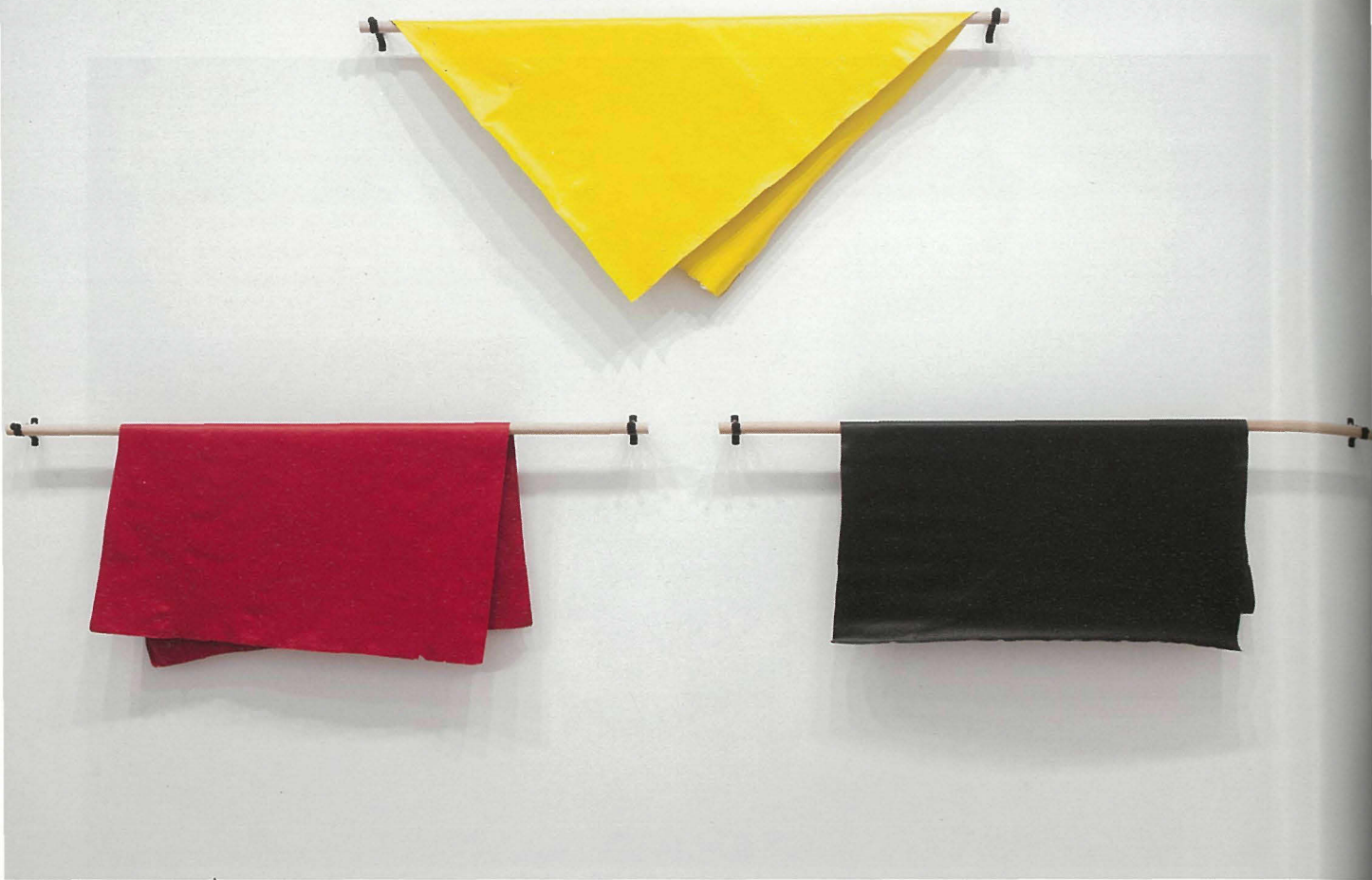
Central to many of the works in this year's *NEW12* was a tension between action and inaction. As the viewer moved through the space of ACCA, they traversed cinematic, kinetic, and musical states. The collection of works was connected by an inherent or interpreted performativity, to the effect that the experience

of *NEW12* was one of active engagement. The viewer became participant, moving through immersive works that reconsidered our relationship to architectural, cultural, and social space.

*NEW12*, Australian Centre for Contemporary Art (ACCA), 17 March–20 May 2012

Above: Angelica Mesiti, *Citizens Band*, (2012). Dimensions variable.  
Photo: Andrew Curtis.

1. Jeff Khan, 'NEW12', *NEW12* (Melbourne, Australian Centre for Contemporary Arts, 2012), 4
2. Juliana Engberg, 'Rapture and Rupture: Angelia Mesiti's *Citizens Band*', *NEW12*, (Melbourne, Australian Centre for Contemporary Arts, 2012), 26.



## Money and other events before the form

MARIAN TUBBS

On a given night, walking down a particular avenue on a particular block after six in New York City you will see a gathering, swishing glasses to one particular kind of art, on another floor of the building or across the street there will be another group just as populated with congratulatory bottles flowing for a distinctly different kind of art. So too, in many European cities, or in Melbourne even, a minute's bike ride will take you from one large opening to the next. Differently, if a bomb dropped on the 22nd of June sometime between six and nine this year at 148 Abercrombie Street, that would have been endgame for the majority of the Sydney art scene. Instead, the overflowing opening, full of good will for this beautiful gallery, was another significant sign of the times. The Commercial is just a roll down the hill from the current private development of Redfern's most historic residential site, The Block. The redevelopment is set to realise an unrecognisable face of the long-time spiritual home and pied-à-terre of Aboriginal

Australians in Sydney. Luckily this is not an issue gallery director Amanda Rowell is turning her back on, transparency is a driver of the way she works as a director. This is meant to come across explicitly in the much talked about name of her gallery and its inaugural exhibition *One/Three* as well.

With *Dermis* (2012), Archie Moore asserts three dried acrylic paint pieces as minimal hanging sculptures. The work's title signifies the black, red and yellow colours of the Aboriginal flag as both the sensitive skin of the artwork and the geopolitical ground on which the gallery stands. Each piece made by laying the paint down differently, renders subtle differences in form and works well as an introduction to the works in the show that while conceptually diverse, display sensitivity to materials and employ overlapping palettes.











Melbourne artist Andrew Liversidge has been impressing many over the last few years with his self-reflexive conceptual work. From data analysis of the syllables used in text messages exchanged during the end of a relationship in *Nothing For Nothing* (2009) to melted puddles of money in the exhibited, *For the Avoidance of Doubt (Quid Pro Quo and the Golden Torpor)* (2011). Liversidge's solipsistic and casually philosophic titles give viewers pathways into what he is on about. The artist selects elements of life and executes formal, if not arbitrary, processes of abstraction. On the floor the viewers see reproducibility of the work of art struck by its absolute singularity in two versions of a planned series of ten; the artist has melted 1000 one dollar coins into a golden funk and 2000 one dollar coins into something the same but different. An indexical movement exists through the series whereby the pricing of the works derives from the dollars used to make the work, the foundry melting labour costs, and The Commercial's gallery commission. The sale of each coin puddle covers the cost of production plus the cost of funding the next puddle which increases in value by \$1000 dollars.

Also, dealing with golden discs Agatha Gothe-Snape's contributions *Inverted Solar Eclipse for Two Parts*, and *Limited Lunar Coalescence* (2012) are collaborations by correspondence with artist Daniel Hollier. The delicately installed, painted and sculptural works of cosmic figurations and found images change for the viewer upon inspection of the very long dossier of correspondence shared between Gothe-Snape, Hollier, Rowell, and Sydney curator Susan Gibb. There's the rub, however, only a buyer who chooses to commit to this work is permitted to read this both generous and heated discussion centered on artistic credit, remuneration, and ego. To contrast, nothing is hidden in the mirror work exhibited by Robert Pulie, where a balance continues to teeter between conceptual and material sensuality, *W (version 3)* (2012) joins two full-length oval mirrors into one sculptural piece whereby the viewer sees a true image (not the usual reversed semblance) of themselves in the mirrors set at a ninety-degree angle of incidence to one another. A succinct and pleasurable pun, the artist allows his materials to determine the formal fate of the work. In another piece *Backward in coming forward* (2012), the artist has painted a portrait on Australian antique skirting boards and allowed the knots in the wood to decide certain figurations.

Clearly titled as such this inaugural exhibition acts as the first of the three exhibitions showcasing the new gallery's stable of artists. Without a curatorial premise the show does not pretend to be anything other than this. Works that are incongruous conceptually, share similarities by way of a pared back install and colour grouping but that is about as far as the relations go. It would have been a failing to attempt otherwise, rather than being muffled by some token 'stock show' theme the works are able to stand alone, their harmony comes from not trying to be critically salient in unison.

It is a funny lottery—who gets commercial representation and who doesn't and what this visible stamp of approval means to any one practice—and such issues play part in the circus of the big celebratory opening events. Rowell admits off the bat that maybe she's made some bad business decisions, only one of her artists was already represented but what is the point of opening a gallery that is simply a retail outlet? Rowell, never having worked for an institution except selling books at the Art Gallery of New South Wales shop, prefers the Wild West aspect of the gallery that she lives above, a space where she can pretty much do whatever she likes. Many of the artists Rowell has personally worked with during her previous position as manager of Roslyn Oxley9 Gallery. The director has picked a strong idiosyncratic group, many of whose work rewards those who take time with it. Some have simply slipped through the cracks of commercial or institutional recognition for too long. Over the past ten years Queensland's Archie Moore has taken part in an extensive number of major national and international exhibitions and yet maintains a changeable interdisciplinary practice also showing at independent artist run spaces.

It is certain that times are changing on Abercrombie Street, but maybe there is solace to be observed. While the housing market becomes more economically exclusive and many residents are forced to retreat further out, the subject of this review is the second commercial gallery to open here in the last few months. Forgive me if I speak too soon but maybe such events suggest that our micro art market is becoming more diverse rather than traveling in tandem down a similarly conservative street.

*One/Three The Commercial was held June 22 - July 14, 2012*

Previous spread, left: Archie Moore, *Dermis*, (2012). Acrylic paint, wooden dowel, steel brackets, three parts. Photo: Jamie North.

Previous spread, right: Andrew Liversidge, *For the Avoidance of Doubt (Quid Pro Quo and the Golden Torpor)*, (2011). 92% copper, 6% aluminium, 2% nickel, the first in a series of ten unique works. Photo: Jamie North.

Facing page: Robert Pulie, *W (version 3)* (2012). Mirror, copper, brass bolts, cedar. Photo: Jamie North.



## Next Wave Festival 2012: The space between us wants to sing

SUSAN GIBB

Next Wave is an ambitious festival. Like most small art organisations it thinks big while running on a lean hard-working team, the generosity of volunteers and the drive of artists who want to get their work out there. Since its inception in 1984, Next Wave has assumed an important place within Australia's cultural landscape, providing a critical platform for emerging artists from across disciplines and Australia-wide to develop and present new work. For many artists it is their first opportunity for long-term supported development, with the Kickstart program providing an unprecedented two-year development period. Indeed the best thing about Next Wave is that it is not afraid to take risks. The 2012 festival was no exception through fresh programs, strategic initiatives and well over 30 works by artists under its new Artistic Director, Emily Sexton.

For this iteration of the festival the idea of context and participation formed key premises of the theme 'The space between us wants to sing'. Unfolding in multiple locations around the Melbourne CBD and its outlying suburbs, the festival offered the audience a unique experience to enact the city's tourism campaign ('Play Melbourne') as they traversed from one location to the next. Stops included Melbourne City Library, which hosted Sarah Jane Noman's haunting *Bone Library* (2012), in which she furthered her engagement with Aboriginal history by engraving a dictionary of 'extinct' Indigenous Australian languages onto sheep and cattle bones. These bones were placed into the custodianship of willing attendees on the final day. At the Melbourne Museum, Zoe Meagher's *Goodbye, CSIRAC* (2012) similarly considered how histories are remembered by offering an alternative audio tour through the museum that told the story of Australia's first





computer. A highlight of the Festival, Laura Delaney and Danae Valenza's *Hull* (2012), similarly saw the artists collaborate with the Mission to Seafarers in Docklands, creating evocative site-specific installations that touchingly traced aspects of Melbourne's maritime history.

Another success of this year's Kickstart program was Team Mess' *BINGO Unit* (2012), which transformed the Arts House Meat Market into a back-lot tour of a television crime drama. Punctuated by doughnuts, coffee, a cameo appearance from Australian acting legend John Wood and the opportunity for audience members to participate as extras, *BINGO Unit* was a no-holds-barred good time. As stated in its opening credit, 'This is not a parody', *BINGO Unit* was all the better for being honest and clear in its intentions; well-produced, live entertainment.

One of the important strategies under the festival's new direction was the continued support of previously affiliated artists, with George Egerton-Warburton providing one such example. Having overrun a suburban street with a flock of chickens in 2010, in *Living with Living* (2012) at Sutton Project Space, Egerton-

Warburton presented a body of sculptural work and a video that was created from the perspective of a dairy farmer who had 'at an earlier unidentified point in his life got "social" culture confused with "yoghurt" cultures.' The exhibition displayed both a refinement in concept and material resolve that clearly articulated the benefits of time and continuity for developing work, generating an enthusiasm for what may come from the artists that the festival follows through with in the years to come.

For the 2012 festival's keynote program, *Wake Up And Wait For The Sun To Rise*, the provocation implied in its title supplied by American artist Harrell Fletcher, was firstly given to 100 young thinkers with the request for them to reply with five responses. These 500 responses were then subsequently given to five emerging artist collaborations—Tully Arnot and Charles Dennington, Claire Finneran and Hossein Ghaemi, Applespeil, Tape Projects and Lucky PDF—for them to use as the basis for developing new work at West Space. The convoluted framework of the project saw some good, young artists produce some of their least interesting work. I had the feeling that they were constrained by the pressures of the project's construct, its timeframe, the







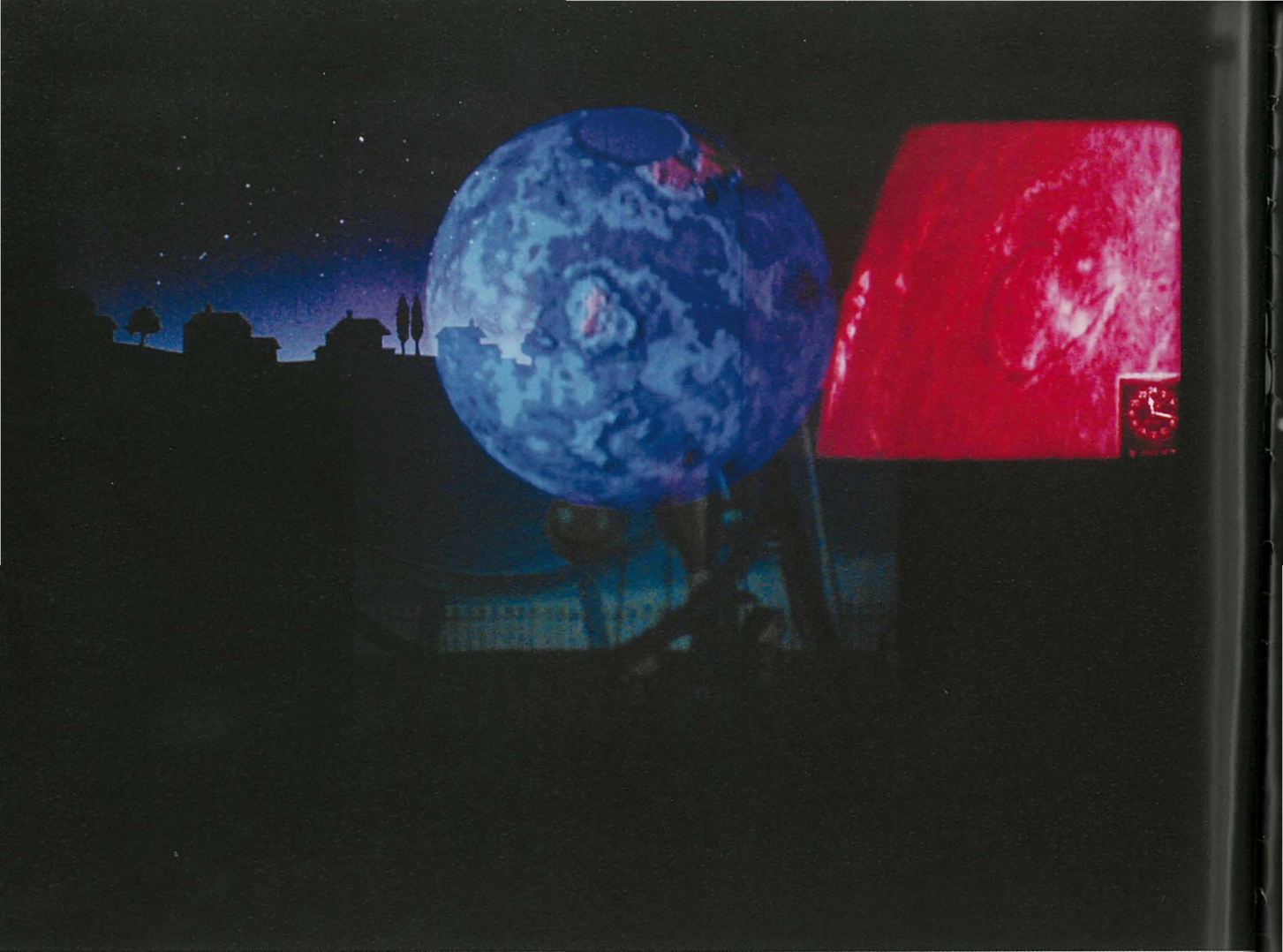
emphasis on collaborative and participatory models and how this was all communicated to viewer. I left asking questions about the distinction between participating and performing. When does participation become a mere representation, a performance of the fact, rather than an engagement that maintains the agency of the artists and the audience alike?

A remedy to this above question and a welcome addition to the festival was the *Breakfast Club*. Staged at the Wheeler Centre each morning of the festival, the Breakfast Club provided a simple and effective platform for considering art in context and how it interacts with the wider world. Here people of all ages were invited to pull up a chair and to share stories, ideas and food with those they meet at their table. Daily provocations, informed by key ideas of the 2012 festival and stimulated by guest speakers, helped the conversation bubble along.

For the closing event, the self-described 'art party' *Fresh Produce*, was held at the iconic Queen Victoria Markets. The event brought together projects by artists who use food in their practice alongside DJs, video projections and general food stalls. A standout was Next Wave alumni Lara Thoms' *The Wake* (2012), a considered project that uncovered the little known history of the site as Melbourne's first cemetery. Offering a piece of white or black food for each body buried beneath, the delicacy and sensitivity of her project was lost to the din of the party, an issue that affected many of the other artists' work on show. This was symptomatic of the overall ambition of the 2012 festival's size and rhetoric, which was quite often overwhelming. Sometimes a party should just be a party. As the festival's thematic suggests the spaces between things have a voice, and the maintenance of these distances provide the clarity required for these to be heard. It is important to remember that it is ok not to be everything all at once.

*Next Wave Festival was held at various sites around Melbourne, May 19–May 27 2012.*

Previous spread, left: Sarah-Jane Norman, *Bone Library*, (2012). Photo: Pia Johnson.  
 Previous spread, right: Zoe-Meagher, *Goodbye-CSIRAC*, (2012). Photo: Sonia Mangiapane.  
 Facing page: Team MESS, *BINGO Unit*, (2012). Photo: Sarah Walker.  
 Above: Lara Thoms, *The Wake*, (2012). Photo: Pia Johnson.



## Artist-run and artist-led. London and non-London initiatives in the UK

SEAN RAFFERTY

Above left & right: Roger Beebe, *Last Light of a Dying Star*, expanded film performance at Cafe Oto as part of Other Film and no.w.here's event *Unconscious Archives*.





Not surprisingly the arts in the United Kingdom are well serviced by excellent galleries and museums on a bigger scale and variety compared to what can be experienced in Australia. Commercial galleries in London such as the new White Cube in Bermondsey or Hauser and Wirth's spaces in London's West End have grown towards institutional sizes. It seems while the rest of the economy is flat these top-end galleries are pushing into new territory, demonstrating that it is clearly getting better for some. This could be true for London in the context of the UK where evidence of the economic downturn is more apparent in regional cities. Birmingham is Great Britain's second most populous city with just over 1 million people. By comparison, London's population is over 8 million, representing a huge difference in scale, and giving some indication of the lure of the capital. This is perhaps one of the reasons that the linkages between non-London artist-run initiatives (ARIs) is strong, and one of the reasons that ARIs in places like Birmingham feel they have an important role to play in fostering local art production, discussion and exhibition.

Eastside Projects is located on the Eastern fringe of Birmingham's city centre. The area is a former industrial estate that has been only partially gentrified, which is surprising given it is ten minutes on foot to the city centre. Like most artist-run initiatives in the UK, Eastside Projects is not a neutral space in which to present a project. Rather it plays an active role in the formation of projects, many of which are curated by the directors. There is a 'user manual' available in print or on the Eastside Projects website (in its fifth edition) that spells out what the project's agenda is, and also explains the gallery's other strategies including why there is residual work from previous shows existing in current shows. The gallery is housed in a warehouse building and is comprised of two spaces, one large frontal space and, adjacent to this, a smaller gallery space. Showing, when I visited, was a three-person exhibition in the main gallery space (Caroline Achaintre, Sara Barker, Alice Channer), and a group exhibition curated by London artist-run organisation FormContent. Having closed their bricks-and-mortar operation in 2011, FormContent are now a 'nomadic'

artist-run organisation conducting a 15-month project in different spaces under the title *It's moving from I to It*. Their inhabitation of Eastside Projects represents scene three, titled: *Not surprisingly, he is wearing gloves*, an exhibition of video, painting, objects and documents, presented as a series of 'facts' or pieces of evidence from which narrative threads are built towards varying degrees of completion. The New Zealand duo Fitts & Holderness presented their 2-channel video work *The Disappearance of Garth Mayhew*, previously shown at Artspace, Sydney in 2011. Douglas Gordon's presence in the show is, from what I have noticed a not uncommon occurrence at UK ARIs, whereby established artists are shown alongside emerging artists. Interestingly, non-local artists make up much of the exhibition program, which is limited to 4-5 shows a year, and most of these push beyond the emerging category with previous exhibitors including Liam Gillick and Dan Graham.

Where Eastside is playing the role of bringing accomplished practitioners and organisations to the city, there are other artist-run spaces such as Grand Union and The Lombard Method that are acting as platforms for local artists. These and other artist-run and non-profit organisations have come together to form a network in Birmingham called We Are Eastside.<sup>1</sup> The network is an example of the connectedness between ARIs in the UK. This is particularly the case for non-London ARIs, where the sharing of spaces for projects, seminars and exhibitions happens regularly. This connectedness is made easier by good roads and rail networks and relatively short distances between big centres. In cities such as Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds and Bristol there are artist-run organisations playing important roles for the art and non-art communities on a number of levels. Grizedale Arts, a former collaborator with Eastside Projects, is an organisation in Conistone in the Lake District which has worked extensively with its local community, and is gaining attention beyond the UK for projects that are part of a broader shift in art practices to socially 'useful' ends.<sup>2</sup>

In London I attended *Unconscious Archives* at Café Oto in Dalston, an event co-curated by James Holcombe (no.w.here, London) and Sally Golding (Other Film, Brisbane). no.w.here is an organisation based out of Tower Hamlets in London's east that, rather than having permanent exhibition spaces, has an office, studios, a screening space, and a lab for filmmakers to hire equipment and process 16mm film. Founded by Brad Butler and Karen Mirza, no.w.here has operated since 2004 as an artist-run organisation that is very active in hosting events—seminars, workshops, curated projects, performances, screenings, exhibitions, residencies and publications—in other sites locally and internationally with individuals, communities and institutions. At the time of writing no.w.here were in the middle of their summer school, called *A Lecture from Behind the Screen*, being held at Guest Projects, a space loaned by artist Yinka Shonibare on Regents

Canal for projects and workshops. Lecturers in the school's program are notable artists and groups including Thomas Hirschhorn, The Otolith Group, and Chto Delat? (What is to be done?).

At *Unconscious Archives* it was standing room only for much of the audience in Café Oto's large space. Oto operates as a café during the day, but its central function is as a venue 'with the aim of providing a home for creative new music that exists outside of the mainstream'.<sup>3</sup> Many of the presentations and performances on the evening were light and/or sound-based using old and new modified equipment. Joel Stern, a Brisbane-based artist, created a complex sound piece using circuit boards fitted with photo-electric cells that responded to a range of light sources including LEDs, torches and bike lights. Similarly, Roger Beebe's 'expanded film performance' used a series of light sources (four 16mm projectors operated simultaneously) to show a series of looped film sequences about the grandest cycle of them all—the earth's movement around the sun. Set to a recorded musical work, the sound and images built to an impressive crescendo before returning to the quiet and abstract beginnings of the piece.

Within walking distance from no.w.here is Transition Gallery at Regent Studios. Balconies on each floor of this large tower block guide you past some of the many creative workspaces in the building. The window at the front of Transition allows a view of a small space dedicated to publications, and gives some indication of the emphasis the gallery puts on magazines and zines. Publications by the gallery include *Garageland* (available from Mag Nation Sydney, Melbourne and Auckland), *Arty*, and *The Critical Friend*. Transition's exhibitions tend to have a focus on painting and drawing, and directors Cathy Lomax, Alex Michon and Alli Sharma ask exhibitors to think about describing their work in a printed format in addition to its gallery presentation. Transition accepts proposals but organises most of the exhibitions in the space itself, which run for 2-3 weeks. This model is a common one in the UK. Unlike many Australian ARIs that receive public funding and usually have one or two rounds of annual proposal submissions, many UK ARIs determine their own programs and rarely accept or show proposed work. There are fewer apparent or rigid structures in this regard, as is often the case in Australia. As programs are often determined by the initiative's directors, it is probably more accurate to refer to the UK organisations as Artist-Led Initiatives (a term that is already widely used), as opposed to Artist-Run Initiatives, the distinction being that artist-run implies that the space acts primarily as an enabler in the presentation of a project, rather than as a catalyst, curator or active participant. Agency in programming of ARIs in Australia is limited by the number and scale of submissions, which is perhaps a result of the terms by which funding is received.



It would be valuable to look in depth at the circumstances in which UK ARIs operate and what the prevailing aims and modus operandi of organisations are. In my brief time in London I have only scratched the surface of artist-led networks. In addition to the many organisations in England that I am yet to visit, there is a network of projects operating in mainland Europe and Ireland that are about an hour's flight from London (similar to the distance artists regularly travel between Sydney and Melbourne, for instance). The interaction of ARIs in this context occurs regularly.<sup>4</sup>

The most recognisable differences I have found between the ARIs that I have looked at in the UK and the predominant models that exist in Australia lies partly in the differences between 'artist-run' and 'artist-led' initiatives that I have outlined, and also in the activity of non-London ARIs to foster ties with local artist communities and with regional ARIs in similar predicaments. Organisations like Eastside Projects and FormContent operate as a kind of ongoing curatorial project, and tend to place an emphasis on linkages—be they conceptual, professional, or educational—rather than on being platforms from which anyone can apply to exhibit. This approach privileges developing and fostering an audience over the provision of exhibition opportunities for emerging artists.<sup>5</sup> As the attraction of London for creative industries of any type is huge not only for producers but for audiences as well, the role of artist-led initiatives outside the capital is crucial. It also makes these places well worth a visit.

#### FormContent

*It's moving from I to It*

*Scene 3: Not surprisingly, he is wearing gloves.*

With Fitts & Holderness, Goldin + Senneby, Douglas Gordon, Martin Gustavsson, Marine Hugonnier

26 May - 7 July

Eastside Projects

86 Heath Mill Lane, Birmingham B9 4AR

#### Unconscious Archives #5

Sculpture, Joel Stern, Roger Beebe, Stephen Cornford, Simon Payne.

Co-curated by James Holcombe (no.w.here, London) and Sally Golding (Other Film, Brisbane).

Tuesday 3rd July, £6/7

#### Cafe Oto

18 - 22 Ashwin Street,  
Dalston, London, E8 3DL

#### *If On A Lonely Night A Traveller*

Darren Marshall, Helen Maurer, Dafna Talmor, Mimei Thompson

6-15 July 2012

Transition Gallery

Unit 25a Regent Studios

8 Andrews Road, London E8 4QN

## Garageland

Art, Culture and Ideas  
Issue thirteen £4.50



Paint

1. For more information visit: [weareeastside.org](http://weareeastside.org)

2. Byrne, John, Grizedale Arts: Use Value and the Little Society, *Afterall*, issue 30, 101.

3. As quoted on their website: <http://www.cafeoto.co.uk/about.shtm>

4. In Europe, FormContent have been invited to participate in Kunstlvaai — Festival of Independents in Amsterdam in November. They also have projects in Romania and Belgium, which are incarnations of their nomadic project *It's travelling from I to It*. In September the Birmingham network *We Are Eastside* will be part of the Liverpool Biennial, in a collateral event called *City States*, which is a series of exhibitions on cities including Birmingham, Copenhagen, Gdansk, Hong Kong, Lisbon, Reykjavik and Wellington. Not only is the UK's proximity to Europe an advantage. Flights between the US and UK are as little as 6 hours. Founding members of no.where, Karen Mirza and Brad Butler have been invited to Canada to speak at Institutions By Artists, a convention being held in Vancouver on artist-run centres (as they are often referred to in Canada). The event involves a large contingent of international and North American presenters, and runs from October 12-14.

5. As an alternative to gallery exhibitions the studio is often used as a means of showing work by emerging artists in the UK. ACME Studios, for example, are a network of studio complexes in London that offer residencies, temporary project spaces and subsidised workspaces for artists.

Above: *Garageland*. Image courtesy of Transition Gallery.

# New York Art Scene

HANNAH TATTERSALL



In New York, art is not dissimilar to pizza. There's the good stuff, the bad stuff, the stuff that costs next to nothing, and the stuff you pay a high premium for. But it's all pizza and it's everywhere: on street corners, in fancy institutions, in pop-up shops and private homes. And because New York's population is vast — and its inhabitants eclectic — there's a good chance that no matter what you're selling, somebody's keen for a bite.

The Museum of Modern Art's (MoMA) non-profit, hip younger sister, MoMA PS1 in Long Island City, boasts a collection of contemporary works by American and international artists. But just around the corner from the museum lies a superb enclave of spray-painted brick walls known as 5Pointz, where beat boxers often converge on weekends to rap in front of large-scale graffiti works. Included among them are works by The Yok, who hails from Perth, Australia.

The Yok, who works with silkscreen, paint, spray paint and latex, moved to New York two years ago to immerse himself in a larger artistic community. While rents are higher in Manhattan and he was forced to forge new relationships with suppliers, The Yok and

and his girlfriend gained some notoriety three months in, when they painted about 15 walls in three months. Recognition followed and galleries began inviting them to do group shows.

'It took a lot of work, motivation and money and it's still pretty tough,' says the artist of living here. 'And we haven't even scratched the surface.'

New York's diverse boroughs and transient nature have attracted artists for decades, who, like The Yok, are drawn to the vibrant energy of the city and its encouraging arts community.

Chelsea in Manhattan is home to the most commercial galleries, housing established moneymakers such as Gagosian Gallery and David Zwirner. According to gallery owner Sundaram Tagore, at one point there were 360 galleries in Chelsea alone. On a balmy Friday night suited-up men and women in stilettos sip beer from iced-cold bins, spilling out onto the streets between West 19th and West 27th. At the opening of an exhibition of works by Australian photographer Russell James at CATM Chelsea Gallery late last year, Victoria's Secret model Adriana Lima showed up.





Tagore, whose eponymous gallery represents a spate of international artists including Australian painter Denise Green, says New York is filled with galleries representing a unique group of artists, such as those from Russia or China. His aim was to create a space that allowed a point of intersection between cultures.

With Chelsea chock full, many new gallery owners are setting up shop in the Lower East Side (LES). There, rents can range from \$US2 000 to \$US10 000 a month, compared with \$US25 000 or more for a gallery in Chelsea, according to *The New York Times*.

Some are artist-run initiatives, others are the size of a small bedroom, but the LES is filled with galleries peddling weird and wonderful creations. You can walk past Rachel Uffner Gallery on Orchard Street, or Eleven Rivington on the corner of Rivington and Chrystie, see something through the window that catches your eye and minutes later find yourself sipping a glass of Malbec from a plastic cup as you mingle with a cool, young crowd.

Of course, young artists are also flocking to New York's hipster haven, Brooklyn, in particular, Bushwick, where galleries such as English Kills, Centotto, Regina Rex and Famous Accountants have opened in recent years. Most of the gallery owners are in their thirties and the scene is one of experimentation and support. But it's that 'anything goes, can-do' attitude which continues to lure emerging artists to the Big Apple. As The Yok puts it: 'New York has its own energy. That sounds weird, but it's true. You can just plug in and feed off it.'<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Yok, conversation with the author, July 9, 2012.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid

PREVIEWS





## Forthcoming Exhibitions

### NSW

**EVERYTHING FALLS APART, PART II** | VERNON AH KEE, ZANNY BEGG & OLIVER RESSLER, JEM COHEN, TONY GARIFALAKIS, MERATA MITA

Curated by Mark Feary & Blair French

10 August – 16 September

ARTSPACE

43–51 Cowper Wharf Road, Woolloomooloo

[www.artspace.org.au](http://www.artspace.org.au)

**GAP YEAR** | PETER BLAMEY, MITCHEL CUMMING, FRANCESCA HEINZ, JESSE HOGAN, KUSUM NORMOYLE, BADEN PALINTHORPE, ZOE ROBERTSON, MARILYN SCHNEIDER, PAUL WILLIAMS

28 September – 14 October

ARTSPACE

43–51 Cowper Wharf Road, Woolloomooloo

[www.artspace.org.au](http://www.artspace.org.au)

### WINNER!

Curated by Mish Grigor

24 – 27 October

FIRSTDRAFT

116–118 Chalmers St, Surry Hills

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

Above: Claire Healy and Sean Cordeiro, *Deceased Estate* (2004). Photo: Christian Schnur

**REIGN OF ERROR** | EMILY O'BRIEN, MATTHEW LINDE, HAMISH MACDONALD, LOUISE DIBBEN, ANGELA GARRICK, JOEL STERN/ SARAH BYRNE, OLLE HOLMBERG, SALLY PITTMAN, TIM DWYER AND ANDREA BLAKE  
Curated by Sophie Kitson  
26 – 30 September  
FIRSTDRAFT  
116–118 Chalmers St, Surry Hills  
[www.firstdraftgallery.com](http://www.firstdraftgallery.com)

**PHOTO-SCULPTURE PICTURES, OBJECTS AND PARADOX**  
| CRIENA COURT, MICHAELA GLEAVE, GEMMA MESSIH, SUPERKALEIDOSCOPE (KIM FASHER & SARAH MOSCA) AND MARIAN TUBBS  
13 – 30 September  
MOP  
2/39 Abercrombie Street Chippendale  
[www.mop.org.au](http://www.mop.org.au)

**PAINTING AS PRESENCE** | MARIA GORTON, MARISA PURCELL & MATTHEW ALLEN  
4 – 21 October  
MOP  
2/39 Abercrombie Street Chippendale  
[www.mop.org.au](http://www.mop.org.au)

**MS & MR**  
5 – 23 September  
ALASKA PROJECTS  
Kings Cross Car Park, Level 2, 9A Elizabeth Bay Rd, Elizabeth Bay  
[www.alaskaprojects.com](http://www.alaskaprojects.com)

**ALEX GAWRONSKI**  
3 – 21 October  
ALASKA PROJECTS  
Kings Cross Car Park, Level 2, 9A Elizabeth Bay Rd, Elizabeth Bay  
[www.alaskaprojects.com](http://www.alaskaprojects.com)

**SEXES** | CIGDEM AYDEMIR, ERIC BRIDGEMAN, PHILIP BROPHY, MARLEY DAWSON, TREVOR FRY, TARRYN GILL & PILAR MATA DUPONT, THE KINGPINS, NATALYA HUGHES, PAUL KNIGHT, LEVEL, JOHN MEADE, PARACHUTES FOR LADIES, LUKE PARKER & SANGEETA SANDRASEGAR, JULIE RRAP, CHRISTIAN THOMPSON, TRACEY MOFFATT & GARY HILLBERG  
Curated by Bec Dean, Jeff Khan and Deborah Kelly  
26 October – 2 December  
PERFORMANCE SPACE  
245 Wilson St, Eveleigh  
[www.performancespace.com.au](http://www.performancespace.com.au)

**DIMINUTIVE** | LYNN COOK, JOY LAI, KATE T DEACOCK, SUSANNAH WILLIAMS, GAIL KENNING, PETA MORRIS, SYLVIA GUENTHER, VERITAS QUISQUAE, THERESE KENYON, WAYNE HUTCHINS, SUE NETTLEFOLD, ANIE NHEUN, CAROLYN BRADY, ADAM LAERKESEN, STEPH LAERKESEN, JENNY LEVITUS, JANE EAGGER, BARBARA LICHA, SUE PEDLEY  
Curated by Gail Kenning  
15 – 16 September, 22 – 23 September  
UP SPACE GALLERY  
Buildings 15 & 24, Addison Rd Complex, Addison Rd, Marrickville  
[www.upspace.com.au](http://www.upspace.com.au)

**CLAIRE HEALY AND SEAN CORDEIRO**  
CURATED BY ANNA DAVIS  
4 OCTOBER – 2 DECEMBER  
Museum of Contemporary Art Australia  
Level 1 North Gallery, 140 George Street, The Rocks  
[www.mca.com.au](http://www.mca.com.au)

**PRIMAVERA** | TEHO ROPEYARN, DION BEASLEY, JUSTINE VARGA, TODD MCMILLAN, KATE MITCHELL, ANASTASIA KLOSE, BENJAMIN FORSTER  
Curated by Anna Davis  
4 October – 2 December  
MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART AUSTRALIA  
Level 1 South Gallery, 140 George Street, The Rocks  
[www.mca.com.au](http://www.mca.com.au)

**DEATH 3, I DON'T THINK WE'RE IN KANSAS ANYMORE** | MARIAN ABBODD, ROOHI S. AHMED, DAVID CAPRA, FIONA DAVIES, SPRING HURLBUT, ABDULLAH M.I. SYED  
Curated by Fiona Davies  
9 July – 9 September 2012  
PARRAMATTA ARTISTS STUDIOS  
45 Hunter Street, Parramatta NSW  
[www.parramattastudios.com.au](http://www.parramattastudios.com.au)

**TIM SHULTZ**  
14 – 29 September 2012  
THE COMMERCIAL  
148 Abercrombie St, Redfern NSW  
[www.thecommercialgallery.com](http://www.thecommercialgallery.com)  
**ROBERT PULIE**  
5 – 20 October 2012  
THE COMMERCIAL  
148 Abercrombie St, Redfern  
[www.thecommercialgallery.com](http://www.thecommercialgallery.com)

**ANNA CAREY**  
5 – 29 September  
ARTERIAL GALLERY  
747 Darling Street, Rozelle  
[www.artereal.com.au](http://www.artereal.com.au)

**BEYOND THE LAST SKY: CONTEMPORARY PALESTINIAN PHOTOGRAPHY AND VIDEO** | TAYSIR BATNIJI, KHALED HOURANI, LARISSA SANSOUR, SHARIF WAKED, YAZAN KHALILI, KHALIL RABAH, JACKIE SALLOUM AND OTHERS  
Curated by: Chrisoula Lionis  
1 September – 18 November  
AUSTRALIAN CENTRE FOR PHOTOGRAPHY  
257 Oxford Street, Paddington  
[www.acp.org.au](http://www.acp.org.au)

**SUB DUB** | GARY CARSLY  
16 August – 15 September  
BRENSPACE  
Level 3, 17–19 Alberta Street, Sydney  
[www.breospace.com](http://www.breospace.com)

**GO FIGURE! CONTEMPORARY CHINESE PORTRAITURE**  
15 September – 1 December  
SHERMAN CONTEMPORARY ART FOUNDATION  
16–20 Goodhope Street, Paddington  
[sherman-scaf.org.au](http://sherman-scaf.org.au)

**JUSTINE VARGA**  
10 October – 10 November  
STILLS GALLERY  
36 Gosbell St, Paddington  
[www.stillsgallery.com.au](http://www.stillsgallery.com.au)





## VIC

### IN THE TELLING | IAN BURNS

Curated by Ulanda Blair & Sarah Tutton

24 July 2012 – 20 January 2013

THE AUSTRALIAN CENTRE FOR THE MOVING IMAGE (ACMI)

Federation Square, Melbourne

[www.acmi.net.au](http://www.acmi.net.au)

### UNFAMILIAR | JACK ROWLAND

23 August – 29 September

ANNA PAPPAS GALLERY

2–4 Carlton Street, Prahran

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

### WALKING TO WORK | JAMES YUNCKEN

11 – 22 September

FORTYFIVEDOWNSTAIRS

45 Flinders Lane, Melbourne

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

### VACANCY | ANDREA JENKINS

23 October – 3 November

FORTYFIVEDOWNSTAIRS

45 Flinders Lane, Melbourne

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

### MANUAL TRACKING CONTROL | EMILE ZILE

31 August – 23 September

GABRIEL GALLERY @ FOOTSCRAY COMMUNITY ARTS CENTRE

45 Moreland Street, Footscray

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

### START | BOE-LIN BASTION, JESSIE BULLIVANT, CRAIG BURGESS, CJ CONWAY, DARREN MUNCE, MAKIKO YAMAMOTO

Curated by Julia Powles

5 – 22 September

BLINDSIDE

Level 7, Room 14, Nicholas Building, 37 Swanston St, Melbourne

[www.blindside.org.au](http://www.blindside.org.au)

## ACT

### ELLIS HUTCH, MONA OREN AND HELEN MICHAELSEN, ROSALIND LEMOH AND JOEL GAILER

August 24 – September 28

CCAS GORMAN HOUSE

55 Ainslie Avenue, Braddon

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

### OVER THE ROOFTOPS | ANNABEL BUTLER

12 – 23 September

ANCA GALLERY

1 Rosevear Place, Dickson

[www.anca.net.au](http://www.anca.net.au)

Above, left: Ian Burns, *anywhere and here* (2012). Image courtesy the artist and Anna Schwartz Gallery

Above, right: Sun Yuan and Peng Yu, *Old Persons' Home* (2007). Mixed media, dimensions variable. Courtesy M+ Sigg Collection.



## SA

### HOMEOPATHIC FICTION | NINA ROSS, MADISON BYCROFT, LAUREN PLAYFAIR, SHAY TAYLOR

6 – 22 September

FELTSPACE

12 Compton Street, Adelaide, South Australia  
feltspace.org

### BEYOND THE SELF: CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITURE FROM ASIA

3 August – 30 September

ANNE & GORDON SAMSTAG MUSEUM OF ART

55 North Terrace, Adelaide

[www.unisa.edu.au/samstagmuseum](http://www.unisa.edu.au/samstagmuseum)

### IRRATIONAL AND IDIOSYNCRATIC | KHAÏ LIEW AND BRUCE NUSKE

ANNE & GORDON SAMSTAG MUSEUM OF ART

55 North Terrace, Adelaide

[www.unisa.edu.au/samstagmuseum](http://www.unisa.edu.au/samstagmuseum)

### MASTER OF STILLNESS: JEFFREY SMART PAINTINGS 1940–2011

12 October – 14 December

ANNE & GORDON SAMSTAG MUSEUM OF ART

55 North Terrace, Adelaide

[www.unisa.edu.au/samstagmuseum](http://www.unisa.edu.au/samstagmuseum)

### OTHER VOICES | LEE SALMONE

20 September – 20 October 2012

AUSTRALIAN EXPERIMENTAL ART FOUNDATION

Lion Arts Centre, corner of North Tce & Morphett St, Adelaide

## WA

### BIG WINNERS FROM THE CITY OF FREMANTLE COLLECTION

| REBECCA BEARDMORE, HEATHER HESTERMAN, MICHELLE HYLAND, MARION MANIFOLD

Curated by Andre Lipscombe

22 September – 8 November 2012

FREMANTLE ARTS CENTRE

1 Finnerty St, Fremantle

[www.fac.org.au](http://www.fac.org.au)

### THE ANCESTORS | THEA COSTANTINO

26 August – 23 September

GALERIE DÜSSELDORF

9 Glyde Street Mosman Park

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

## NORTHERN TERRITORY

### 2012 TOGART CONTEMPORARY ART AWARD

6 September – 13 October

CHAN CONTEMPORARY ART SPACE

State Square (Crn of Mitchell & Bennett St), Darwin

[www.chancontemporaryartspace.org.au](http://www.chancontemporaryartspace.org.au)

Above: Khaï LIEW & Bruce NUSKE, *Bruce Cabinet* (2010). American white oak, oxidation fired porcellaneous stoneware, slip, stain, sgraffito decoration.  
Photo: Grant Hancock, courtesy the artists.



## QLD

### NEAR | KATRIN KOENNING

26 September – 15 October

BRISBANE POWERHOUSE

119 Lamington St, New Farm

<http://www.brisbanepowerhouse.org>

### EVEN OUR DREAMS ARE FAKE | AMY CARKEEK

25 September – 7 October

BRISBANE POWERHOUSE

119 Lamington St New Farm

<http://www.brisbanepowerhouse.org>

### JAMES & ELEANOR AVERY AND VIV MILLER

12 September – 6 October

RYAN RENSHAW GALLERY

137 Warry Street, Fortitude Valley

[ryanrenshaw.com.au](http://ryanrenshaw.com.au)

### VERONICA KENT AND EMILY FERRETTI

10 October – 10 November

RYAN RENSHAW GALLERY

137 Warry Street, Fortitude Valley

[ryanrenshaw.com.au](http://ryanrenshaw.com.au)

## TAS

### APPEARING AS PROCESS | LAUREN BROWN, BONI CAIRNCROSS, DARREN COOK, LAURA HINDMARSH

Curated by Laura Hindmarsh

7 – 29 September

SAWTOOTH ARI

Level 2, 160 Cimitiere St, Launceston

[www.sawtooth.org.au](http://www.sawtooth.org.au)

### QUEENSTOWN HERITAGE AND ARTS FESTIVAL | DARREN COOK & MATT WARREN, ANDREW REWALD, PETER WALLER, CLAIRE KROUZECKY & RAEF SAWFORD, MICHELLE SAKARIS

Curated by Inflight ARI

12 – 14 October

Various sites throughout Queenstown

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

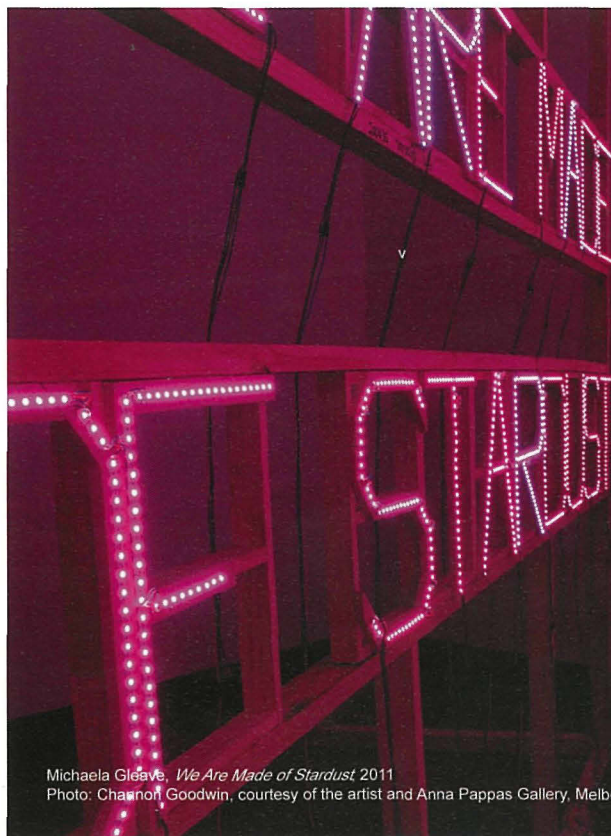
### CATCHING A MIRAGE | FERNANDO DO CAMPO

Opening Friday 24 August

THE NEW LITTLE GALLERY

Devonport Regional Gallery

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



Michaela Gleave, *We Are Made of Stardust* 2011

Photo: Channon Goodwin, courtesy of the artist and Anna Pappas Gallery, Melbourne

## MOP Projects

13th Sep - 30th Sep Sarah Mosca, Michaela Gleave, Gemma Messih, Marian Tubbs, Crena Court and SuperKaleidoscope

4th Oct - 21st Oct (G 1) Marisa Purcell, Matthew Allen and Maria Gorton (G 2) Tiffany Shafran

25th Oct - 11th Nov (G 1) Agnieszka Golda and Martin Johnson (G 2) Linda Brescia

15th Nov - 2nd Dec (G 1) Pintura Fresca organised by Pam Atkins Factory 49 (G 2) Gary Carsley

6th Dec - 21 Dec (G 1) Sarah Contos and in the Entrance Harriet Body



MOP Projects

Thursday - Sunday 1 - 6 pm

Ph: 02 9699 3955 Email: [mop@mop.org.au](mailto:mop@mop.org.au) [www.mop.org.au](http://www.mop.org.au)  
2 / 39 Abercrombie Street Chippendale Sydney NSW 2008

MOP Projects is assisted by the NSW Government through Arts NSW

# runway

Spring 2012

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## runway

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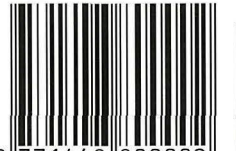
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