

dose



JEREMY ANKERS

ROSA CHAN

PAUL GIFFORD

MARIAN HANLY

TIM HILTON

CHRISTEEN HULL

LUCAS INLEIN

SEBASTIAN LAW

ERNA LILJE

FEDERICO MENDOZA

MICHAEL NICCOL

WILHELMINA NICCOL

DORIS RAINSFORD

MICHELLE SEAMONS

REBECCA VERFOORTEN

JOSELYN VERZOLA

SUZANN VICTOR



dose

Graduate Exhibition



Bachelor of Arts (Honours) Visual Arts
University of Western Sydney, Nepean
Kingswood Campus, 1 Block
November 25 - December 9
1 9 9 6

CATALOGUE

PRODUCED BY CADRE
(Centre for Applied Design,
Research and Education)
UWS Nepean

DESIGNER Robyn Macready

EDITOR Michelle Seamons


CATALOGUE CONCEPT/EDITORIAL COMMITTEE
Paul Gifford
Tim Hilton
Lucas Ihlein
Michelle Seamons

CURATORIAL COMMITTEE

Christeen Hull
(Co-ordinator)
Marian Hanly
Sebastian Law
Doris Rainsford
Joselyn Vezzola

PUBLICITY Lucas Ihlein

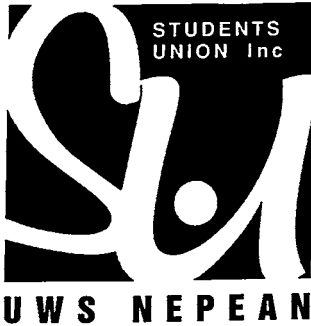
PRINTER Penrith Art Printing Works Pty. Ltd.

PUBLISHED BY Faculty of Performance, Fine Art and Design
 University of Western Sydney - Nepean
Second Avenue, Kingswood

© University of Western Sydney, Nepean, 1996

isbn #: dose 1 86341 298 0

SPECIAL THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING
ORGANISATIONS FOR THEIR SPONSORSHIP
OF THIS CATALOGUE:



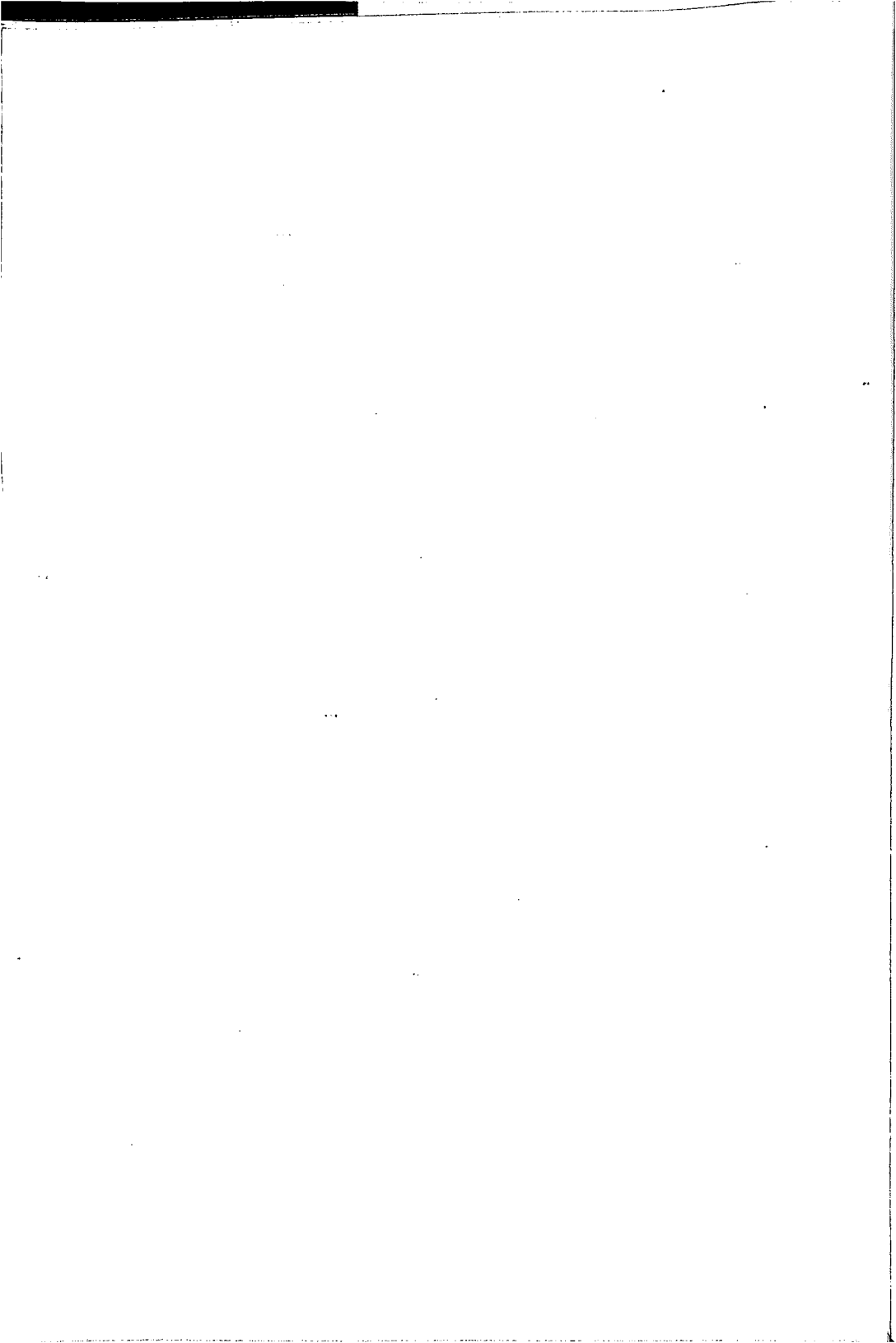
SPICERS
PAPER



Special thanks to

Associate Professor David Hull, Associate Professor Anne Graham, Joe Ernten, technical officers: Vian Cunico, Jules Gull, Nick Dorrer, Simon Quaass, Charles Mifsud, Janet Smith, James Maidment; Susan Smith-Clarke, Dianne Holley, Sue Evans, Claire Armstrong, Sonia Derderyen; Mike Barnwell; Scanlens; all the staff at Audio Visual Services at Kingswood & Werrington South.

Visual Arts Honours students would like to thank Michelle Seamons and Lucas Ihlein for their contribution to this catalogue.



Prescription

A spoonfull of sugar

- 8 **ROUGH FIBRES AGAINST THE SKIN**
Campbell Gray ...

First Dose

- 14 Jeremy Ankers
16 Rosa Chan
18 Paul Gifford
20 Marian Hanly
22 Tim Hilton
24 Christeen Hull
26 Lucas Ihlein
28 Sebastian Law
30 Erna Lilje
32 Federico Mendoza
34 Michael Niccol
36 Wilhelmina Niccol
38 Doris Rainsford
40 Michelle Seamons
42 Rebecca Verpoorten
44 Joselyn Vezzola
46 Suzann Victor

- 49 **FULL COLOUR SPREAD**

Second Dose

- 57 **A SHORT SENTENCE WITH A LOT OF
FOOTNOTES IS ALWAYS A LOT LONGER
THAN YOU THINK**
Erna Lilje
- 58 **CONSENT**
Paul Gifford and Joe Ernsten
- 60 **SCATTERED AND NOTHING**
Michelle Seamons
- 64 **TIM HILTON'S POEM-THINGIES**
Tim Hilton
- 68 **ONE THOUSAND WORDS ON FAILURE**
Lucas Ihlein
- 71 **NOT THE SAME GIRL WANTING
TO BLOW OUT THE CANDLE**
Rebecca Verpoorten

Overdose

- 72 biographies

The question of whether or not art schools and tertiary art education fit comfortably within the Australian university system remains a subject of considerable debate among visual arts writers and practitioners as well as non-visual arts academics and tertiary administrators.

ROUGH FIBRES AGAINST THE SKIN

Campbell Gray

Over the past year or so, *Art Monthly Australia* has published a number of articles and subsequent correspondence on the subject, and in one form or another it has been the focus of recent conferences. The result of all of this interchange is that the situation remains as it was, the ideological lines remain drawn and still there is a sense of an uncomfortable fit.

On the surface, substantial changes have come to art school training in the university. The number of subjects, the amount of time engaged in lecturer contact and the emphasis on a specialised material skill base have decreased significantly. The rhetoric is that students are required to be more self-directed and self-determined, and not a little pressure is applied within the system to meet their demands. Underlying these superficial changes in structure and style is the desire to have the new university regime appear to have had some significant effect upon art education, and at the same time, to demonstrate that the visual arts can be approached in the same manner as other disciplines represented within the university.

But these structural and stylistic effects only exacerbate the uncomfortable feeling that is experienced by some. To these people, simply spending less time with lecturers in fewer subjects with a weaker material skills base can only produce more poorly educated artists. So how can it be argued that the university system has brought greater opportunities, increased value and more substantial outcomes to tertiary art education?

Recent art theory reaches and engages potentially limitless numbers of disciplines and subjects apparently external to those which focus on the procedural and material aspects of art-making. Given the diversity of disciplines represented by and characteristic of universities, the potential for a synthetic and interdisciplinary experience notionally is possible. However, the experience of visual arts degree courses in universities is that interdisciplinarity is rare and the structure of the courses and systems mitigates it happening. To add to the condition, art schools and colleges are often located on discrete sites away from the host university with equally discrete infrastructures and authorities.

However, one significant effect that has come by virtue of the place of art education within the university in Australia, is the structure that encourages students to proceed beyond the basic three year undergraduate degree courses into the context of postgraduate research degree courses - even the doctorate. Substantially, this pathway begins at the point of the Bachelor of Arts (Honours) degree,

although often there are subjects and methodologies essential to this context that are taught within the three year bachelor's degree.

While there have been strong debates around the relevance (or lack thereof) of the doctoral degree to the visual arts education, the underlying but more difficult question revolves around the nature of research in the visual arts. If one proceeds from the undergraduate context into the postgraduate research context, what changes or is more privileged in the research context? Alternatively, is the continuing practice of making art sufficient to satisfy the demands of research definitions and requirements? It is important to determine the essential characteristics of research and to identify its specific application to the visual arts.¹

The UWS Nepean *Postgraduate Student Handbook* summarises the Masters (Honours) and Doctoral (PhD) degrees as follows:

Masters (Honours) degrees have the general objective of training students in research methods and techniques appropriate to the field of study, and in the critical evaluation of information through the conducting of a specified program of research under appropriate supervision.

Doctor of Philosophy (PhD) degrees provide "training" and education with the objective of producing graduates with the capacity to conduct research independently at a high level of originality and quality. The PhD candidate should uncover new knowledge either by the discovery of new facts, the formulation of theories or the innovative re-interpretation of known data and established ideas.²

It appears from these statements that critical analysis and evaluation is fundamental to both degrees. However, originality and new knowledge are the privileged domain of the PhD. But while the statements above are summary, the MA (Hons) and PhD rules both state:

The thesis must form a distinct contribution to the knowledge of the subject and offer evidence of originality shown either by the discovery of new facts or by the exercise of independent critical power.³

Thus originality, new knowledge and criticality is demanded by both degrees. There is no question that the procedure of making the kind of critical reflectionist art that one would expect to come from postgraduate research contexts appears to a large extent as one that might qualify as "research". Indeed, gathering information from primary and secondary sources, analysing the interrelationships and seeking significance among them, synthesising the emerging analyses and making substantial material conclusions that can be observed by others - a procedure that demands criticism and evaluation - is a sophisticated and complex procedure, and its "researchness" is starkly noticeable. Indeed, the results are boldly new and one could argue that, substantially, they contribute to the knowledge of the field

in new and innovative ways. One could also argue that these are the fundamental procedures and outcomes that are the objectives of the undergraduate degree system. Are we left therefore, with the conclusion that the nature of art-making qualifies essentially for progression into the postgraduate research context without modification or specific emphasis? And if it does, why is there a sense among some of an uncomfortable fit?

ROUGH FIBRES AGAINST THE SKIN

Most procedures for making art of a critical reflective kind incorporate, at least in a significant part, sensitive and intuitive responses to a wide variety of influential factors occurring at any given moment. The character of these responses is anything but naive and immature. Indeed, they represent perhaps the most sophisticated cognitive process of analysis and synthesis that the mature artist brings to the practice - a process which matures with experience and criticality. It is this procedure that allows the production of personal meaningfulness for the artist and at the same time, social meaningfulness for the audience. The significance of this often almost unconscious approach usually is not apprehended until some time after the event of production. The resonances for both artist and audience continue in time.

Unlike many research methodologies, this intuitive responsive approach, along with many of the other processes of art-making, is not reductive in its progression. Indeed it is a procedure of inclusion and expansion - one which combines and complicates various significances in an allegorical way. While the material outcome of artmaking can be seen and described as conclusive, the cognitive procedure associated with viewing it often is the opposite - raising questions, complicating meanings and proposing inconclusive speculations. Thus, for the viewer, the meaning of art is not conclusive and often it is difficult to fix. These dimensions of art seem to oppose the rhetoric of "research" as described above - a rhetoric that calls for a confirmed and defensible articulation of context and outcome. Indeed the "thesis" is what contributes new knowledge and describes originality. In these terms, the "thesis" does not refer to a specific material form, such as a bound text but of a conceptual form which incorporates the confirmation and articulation of context and outcome. Again, thinking conceptually, the suggestion is that in a thesis, much more of the procedures and outcomes of artmaking are required to be apprehended and defended. In this form, the artist takes responsibility for the work's significance (not only significance). It is difficult to conceive of a research thesis in the visual arts, thus conceived, not having a textual element.

It is important to add at this point another important factor in the rhetoric of research and the role of the university. The university stands as an archive that is accessible and influential in the continuing development of knowledge. This principle alone demands outcome

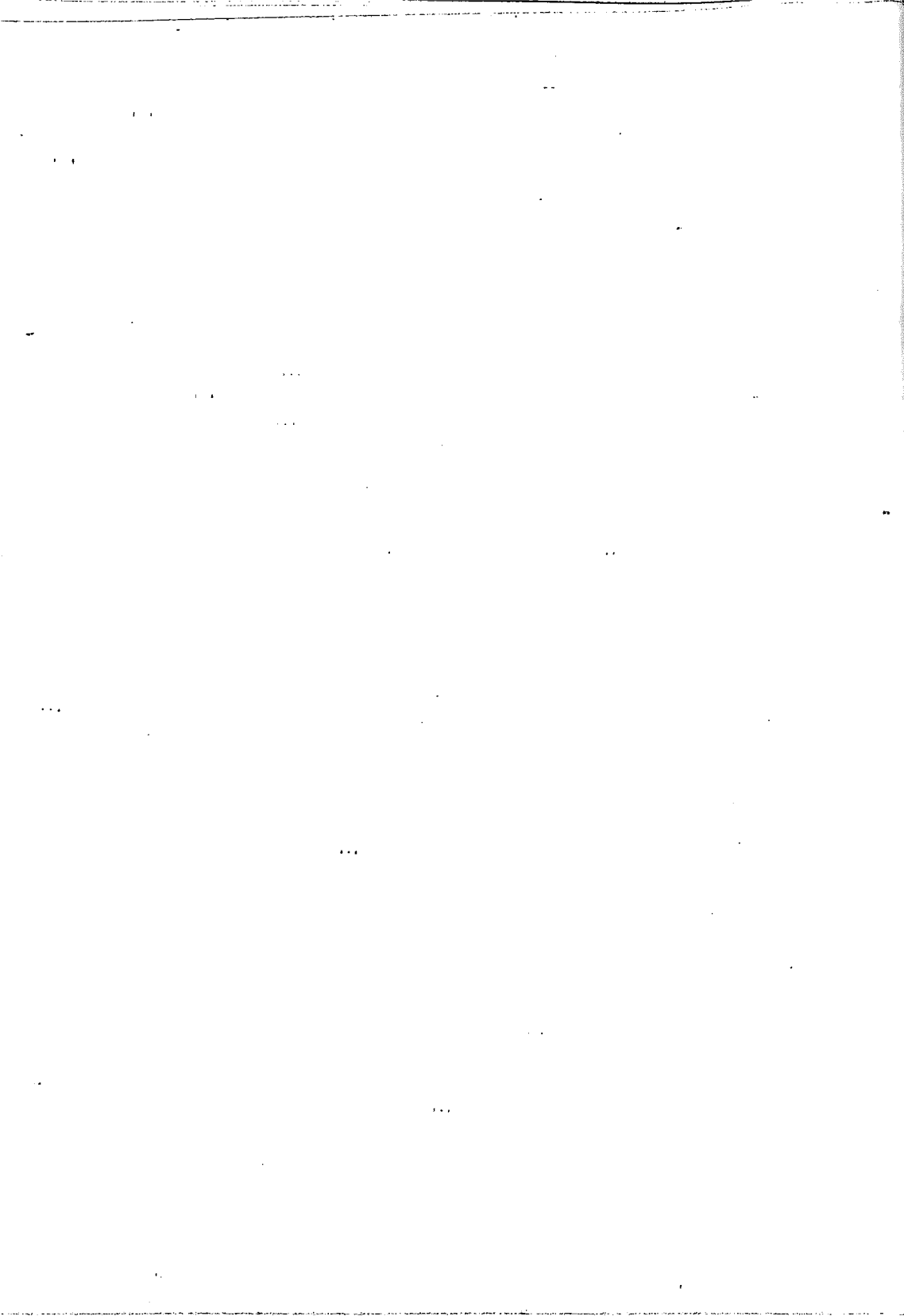
of research that can remain relatively constant and available to continuing analysis. Indeed, the requirement that a thesis contributes new knowledge demands that the researcher can articulate and defend the relevant knowledge that already exists. Works of art and their collective forms often are temporal - a principle that is complicated in the notion that meaning is influenced by the context of presentation and time. Something of substance and significance must remain accessible in the archive in order that the work can contribute to knowledge. A research thesis, therefore, must be conceived to respond to this requirement.

The problem for the university and for art educators is to determine a thesis form that can respond to these requirements. It is wholly unsatisfying to consider two discrete forms - an exhibition and a paper - which direct their analyses to discrete projects. Unless one dimension is subservient to the others, all of the dimensions of postgraduate research should be synergistically and dialectically connected. It is this problem that remains largely unresolved and is the root of the uncomfortable feeling about the relationship between tertiary art education and the university. It is the problem still plaguing research and the visual arts. And it is also the site for the most fulfilling opportunity that the university context can provide for artists, tertiary art education and the profession.

1 Also it is important to attempt to qualify the kind of art that is being discussed in this context. I would characterise the kind of art that one would expect to emerge from the tertiary art institution, as that which is critical and reflective of contemporary contexts, theoretical and historical complexities and trajectories, and relevant disciplinary systems. It is that which attempts to contribute to the discourse of contemporary art practice and theory.

2 University of Western Sydney Nepean, *Postgraduate Student Handbook*, UWS Nepean, 1996, p. 1.

3 Ibid, pp.68 and 74.



first dose....

**OSCAR THE GROUCH AND HIS
NUCLEAR COLLECTION**

Jeremy Ankers

Jeremy Ankers, through his work and sense for materials, addresses environmental issues such as the storage of technological waste (expended nuclear fuel) and its resultant impact on the environment. Ankers sorts through industrial garbage to construct an argument for a global change of consciousness. He uses consumer wastage (polystyrene packaging, leftover concrete, plastic containers etc.) to synthesise new objects that simulate threatening scenarios. Dull black plastic is entombed in concrete, and sinister canisters that protrude are encoded with a trans-historical ambiguity which plays on notions of archeological authority. These objects wittfully flaunt this authority through their inherent artificiality. Although Ankers' work is principally about containment, the portrayal of seemingly durable casings for the "dead" energy is farcical due to its inadequacy. Yet, these objects retain permanence through their unbiodegradability.

Perhaps, Ankers' ultimate tribute to first world "inadequacy" might be to construct an "impotent rocket" from, say, garbage cans and aim at polluting the periphery.

HUGO ROJAS



Nuclear Archeology (detail)
Concrete, plaster & mixed materials
Dimensions variable
1996

R o s a

C h a n

The relationship between cultural identity and Australian contemporary ceramics has been the current pursuance of Rosa Chan in her candidacy for the BA (Honours) program. The intertwining of two dominant cultures which have affected Rosa's personal and artistic life have given her a diverse background from which to draw images and inspiration for her works. These two cultures have had an important role to play in the deliberation and interpretation of what cultural identity means to someone born into the somewhat rigid and constricted society of British Hong Kong, with its conflicting social attitudes and obligations. Traditional Chinese culture in its languages and education, as well as the built environment, had been underpinned by the residue of British Colonial rule, and Rosa discovered a less constrained, less restricted way of life when moving to Australia.

The duality of "cultural identity" and "Australian contemporary ceramics" is the point of focus in Rosa's work. Cultural identity has been examined by the study of the Sung dynasty (960-1279). Making, glazing and decorating of jade-like celadon glazes which were highly praised for their beauty and purity, were commissioned by court. Celadon was held in high esteem and revered as an art form. It became the embodiment of Taoism and carried symbols and images of Chinese doctrine and philosophy. The colour of these blue/green celadon glazes were seen as a reflection of sea and sky, soul and spirit - the ethereal. Copper red glazes, again a legacy of the Sung dynasty, have names such as *sang de beouf* (ox blood), in opposition to the temporal celadon, giving a sense of the corporeal - the body.

A relationship has developed within Rosa's work whereby a metaphoric reference to the body becomes apparent in that the material has become encultured during the process of making. The carvings of symbols and images such as bamboo, 'male' and plum blossom, 'female' may be seen as a text over which the glaze, like skin, flows, bringing with it the characteristics of shadow and space, texture and line, drawing the viewer deeper into their language.

Rosa Chan brings to the viewer a body of work that explores notions of cultural identity as well as raising questions about the embodiment of cultural diversity within Australian contemporary ceramics.

MARIAN MARCATILI

Identity 1&2
ceramic
150x70cm, 150x50cm
1996



I'm watching the credits (a little George Brechtian word thing) roll, Paul Gifford and Marcelo Severo collaborate. And I watch them roll again. Perhaps it's a reference to Joan Jonas video spiked with Baldessari's "I won't make any more boring art", a videogrammatic pun leaning into the body of documented collaborative work.

**CLYTEMNESTRA (TV DINNER)
DREAMING**

Paul Gifford

These two men perform something on the down-side, the flip-side, of PERFORMING MEN AT WORK - PLEASE TAKE THEM SERIOUSLY NOW. I call it absurd machismo and I'll tell you why. Gifford works the tall pudgy "Gentle Ben" almost invisible man against Severo's unreconstructed Kaprowesque aggression. It's half a Kipper Kid on Valium versus the lean hungry, exotic pugilist who thinks performance is everything. Together, they're lovers, fighters, army hairdressers, two boys on a train, one too tired (or pissed), the other too pissed off, to get off anywhere. Performance history as a run away train loaded with 'useless', 'stupid' boys.

Yet this pair of men is divided in its will to simply repeat the original (unknowingly comic) tragedy that was body art and the happening 'impromptu'. These are nineties 'snags' flipped on (yet suspicious of) performance history - with a touch of original Tarantino. Remember the ear-cutting scene from Reservoir Dogs. You empathised with the cop - right? These 'boys' do it live on the smell of an oily rag.

Gifford attempts to appease and police Severo's hair-triggered aggravation and will go 'all out' to make him happy - even dress up and become a frowsy suburban housewife. He's the play all parts chorus line in two bit musical starring Severo as a pathetic Latino Agamemnon.

We figure - we hope - Severo's 'boy's own boy' will be in for the chop very soon. Yet Gifford's excesses of affection and 'commitment' makes us wonder who really is in control of this frenzied family romance. Remember the early celebration of Christian love as pouring on the patience, the food and the washing feet thing. This is agape man:

Whatever it costs, it is anyhow a clear gain that is incurred on the side of piety, seeing that we succour the poorest by such entertainments.

As with 'still to come' permutations (and comic aggravations) played out between George and Jerry, Ned and Stacey, Fox and Dana - I can't wait till their future episodes hit the boards.

COLIN HOOD

There will be no Future Episodes. We got a Divorce. Like all separations it was acrimonious. From being Two with an object in the middle to One with a whole lot of baggage and too much time to reflect. So the little screen became my self-contained box, my arena in which to reflect and forget. After the papers came through and it was all legal and final I set about editing him out of my work. Like Stalin or Mao I made my rivals invisible and ceased to speak their names. But like all histories they reinvoked their presence through their absence. They come back to haunt us. Yes to Kaprow, Yes to the Kipper Twins, Yes to Aggression and Submission. It's all there. The body art, the reinterpretation of 70's performance through 90's eyes. Yet always aggression in the face of that all-powerful gaze. Cooler heads have prevailed, no more of acting upon the audience. Let them Take or Leave it Now.

PAUL GIFFORD

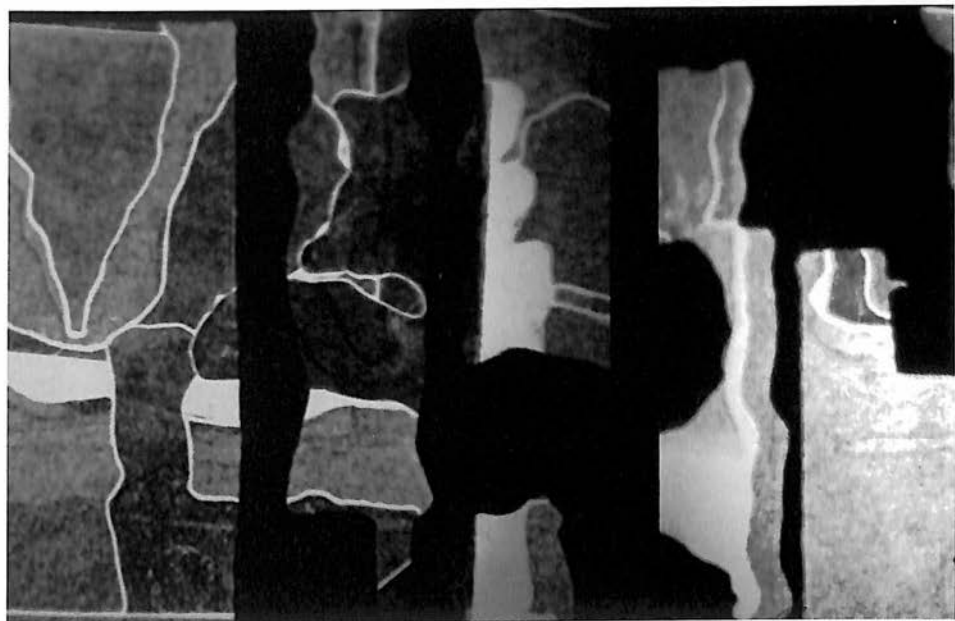


Use Me
Video stills
1996

Marian Hanly Accumulation is fun but after a while it stops being additive and additively, forever accumulating more grot on the already grotty associations. Whatever comes next. Black blob there means grey begins negating, negating white space until such time as they disappear and the pigments crumble, dust to dust, ashes to edition, proceeding not forward but inward, not progressively but in reverse, converse, volleying back and forth until the papers in circles, circling the everblacker terrain, mining site, mine ink, then off again! The universe contracts, ever whiter, time it till all the metal is gone, what's left is the accumulated originally were invented to serve, that is to dirt.

Please insert rigid typeface SCROLLING ENDLESSLY IN A LIMITED PRINTS WILL HAVE TO BEGIN TO BE ENCRUSTED IN WHITE, NOT BLACK SPLOTCH THERE AND BECAUSE ORGANIC SHAPE BEGINS TO DOMINATE, SURFACE. SPLOT, GROT, INKBLOT, TROT, TROTT TROTT TROTting AROUND TEN MINUTES WORTH OF WRITING ABOUT MARIAN textuality and back again, words return to the muck they tire-tracks of a thousand trucktrips: child's sand-pit game, Words as Words. Meaning lost in the crud. Noise. Word

LUCAS IHLEIN



Shadows in the dark (detail)
print on paper scroll
dimensions variable
1996

By the time I was around five I knew I was going to have a special life.

-Madonna

TIM HILTON'S ELECTRIC DREAMS

T i m H i l t o n Tim Hilton secretly yearns for superstardom. He and artist friend John South have set about making their dreams come true. The pair collaborated on a little music video called *Dream Come True*, which forms a part of Hilton's bigger project. Because of its *Flashdance* roots, it is known, affectionately as the *Maniac* video. If you haven't yet experienced the *Maniac* video then pay attention.

The escapades begin with some quick shots of Hilton and South running down a very suburban hallway that acts as an amazing time-tunnel back into the eighties. By the time these nancyboys get to the end of the hallway they have been transformed into two hot chicks that really know how to pump it. It's better than Mel and Kim, or at least as good as a really *bad* Madonna clip.

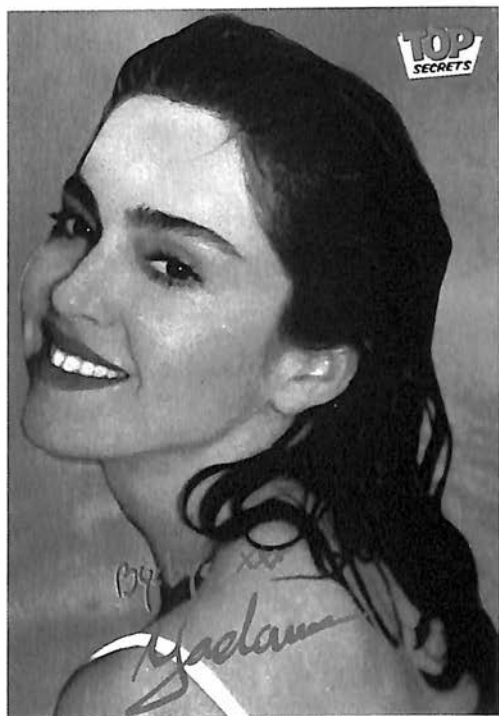
The two stars are dolled up in cheap French heels, rollerskates with fluoro laces, lightning bolt flashes of eye-pencil, sexy legs and lashings of red and blue fake nails. They dance the hardcore 80's soundtrack into their own personal danger-zone. I'm not kidding, these two young hopefuls definitely sizzle.

I've seen the *Maniac* video a million times. Hell, I even own a copy. But the first time I saw the video was at its Mardi Gras debut for *CLUB BENT* at The Performance Space. It was screened larger than life, for a very receptive crowd of queer drunks and their friends. A very cool crowd indeed. Hilton and South appeared onstage only briefly, at the beginning and the end. The crowd was insatiable. They took their bows and revelled in the riotous adulation. This was it!...And the crowd was hungry for more. Hilton describes this experience as a momentous one, where he was overcome by a thrill so great that he is still talking about it. He says, "It was nearly as exciting as when Madonna looked at me during *Like A Virgin* at her first Sydney concert." (I sense that the artist has strong and obvious ties with his favourite pop star!) "...but the idea behind the *Maniac* video started out with John and I talking about how we used to do shows for our parents. We'd put our sister's tights on our heads and lip-synch to songs by girls...singing about boys. So it's less about drag or whatever. We just wanted to recapture that excitement and naivete of doing little lounge-room performances."

This work is only part of a bigger project that involves work centred around the time that the artist describes "as the time when I put away the Barbie Dolls and started wanking. That period when the balls start to drop and the voice begins to waver. From nancyboy into a faggy man."

SHE'S GORGEOUS! SHE'S GUTSY! SHE'S GREAT! SHE'S A TOUGH, TALENTED, SEXY NEW SUPERSTAR!

ROY BIV



"She's Gorgeous! She's Gutsy!
She's Great! She's a tough,
talented, sexy new superstar!"

Type C photograph
and found image
10x15cm, 11x16cm
1996

The realm of the psyche has no barrier, though when boxed and framed there appears to be an effervescent quality to randomness, tangents and parallels freely interact gently persuading movements in contrary directions.

BOCCE BALLS AND OTHER THINGS The days of our lives are layered with differing levels of consciousness. From

Christeen Hull the internal to the external there is a blurring of realities, an omni present fluxus between space and relationships, associations...

To play God with oneself, to play marbles, after the excitement of the first clash and when remaining energies have been dispensed, only tracks remain in the dirt.

Spheres of anticipation waiting for another to collide with, an interplay by chance meeting.

Rolling effortlessly on by, sitting, waiting or rolling.

Red, yellow, green and blue, the bocce ball with courage can count and keep a score, but for what purpose, is of little matter for an impression motivated for the cause.

Endlessly we battle, spinning fearlessly to make a strike and cause a cause because of cause and fade inside to the room with a bright white light. Phased and muted by a blurring of the senses, but, then a shine so sharp and present, the proportion is lost in the field of the balls...

Hands, hands what causes you to alter, to manipulate and stir?

Feet, feet what makes you run so fast that you could not call a halt?

Rolling in, rolling out, what comes this way and that, what was that that went before?

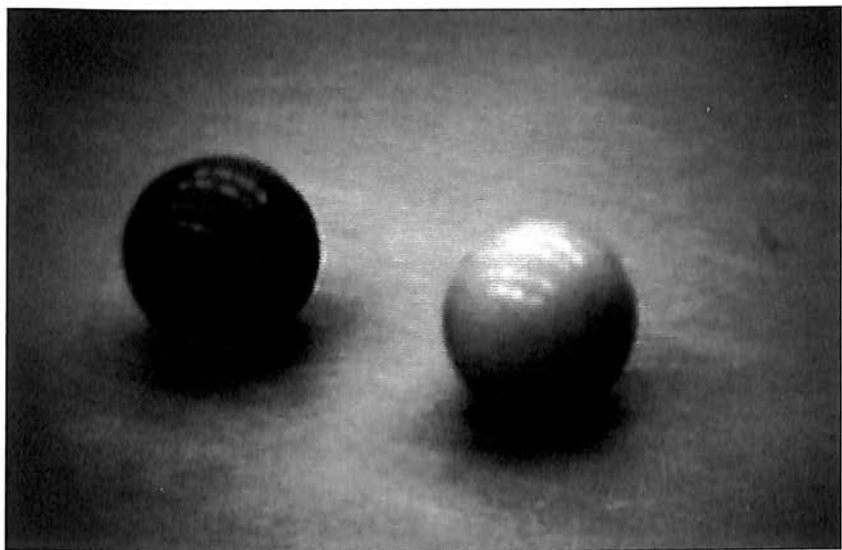
That, is what is left in the dirt after one runs to meet and cause a stir.

Bocce balls that align with the chakras, in harmony they meet and fall.

One film placed on another, the psyche revolves around and on the floor.

There is an inner being who quietly conserves, who sees and brings some order to the revolving out of doors.

SHARON I MARKUT



**Bocce Balls and
Other Things**
Video still
1996

~~"Stop trying to not be definitive..."~~

~~Um...this is not exactly pacing along, is it?~~

THE FAT CONTROLLER Beginning with a 'STOP' does tend to make one catch one's breath...and, to put it musically -

Lucas Ihlein

-4 7 7 7 7 OR rather,

⊙ PAUSE INDEFINITELY... Well at least for a few days anyway...I don't know if this fits, but "Freedom is the freedom to say that two plus two make four. If that is granted, all else follows."¹ There's safety in rules and guidelines, in predetermining other's reactions, or of being able to somehow have them scripted - part of the script - beforehand (see Lucas' PICA Installation/Performance)...While trying not to be limited by the conventions of the catalogue essay, we still have the tyranny of the blank page and the deadline! Note, however, that I'm avoiding being too definitive by writing with a pencil...the monitoring of bodies. The definition of definitive then being unerasability ~ erasure being an absent presence ~ bodies = here being monitored invisibly ~ We are "a captive audience"....²

Ways in which the writer's writing will (must) operate according to Lucas Ihlein :

1. Explanatory
2. Revelatory
3. Critical
4. Promotional
5. Evocative
6. Tangential
7. Et Cetera.



1. Explanatory

"When you assemble a mechanism you have to establish as precisely as possible a diagram of it, its complete geometrical plan, end elevation and front elevation.... descriptive geometry on millimeter-squared paper."

~ Lyotard on Duchamp

2. Revelatory

Magnification - the key to understanding/mapping the minute intuitions/deceptions of the eye/mind - perception. All art is illusion, all illusion is speed. All rules become reasons. Magic is a bag of tricks.

3. Critical

Perhaps it is a fear of open spaces, arbitrary bodies and freely thinking/unthinking minds. There is the need to make space/response logical, orderly, "anticipatable". A projection of this fear of space and 'freedom' falls gridlike on the 'audience'. Bet you'd like to play - but the die is cast. Or loaded.

4. Promotional

No idea how/why/when/what to think? Let Ihlein design you a response - pick a response, any response!

5. Evocative

Square by square by square, line by line by line, you are struck by your mappability. You are moved by this thought and that move is mapped too.

6. Tangential

Tangentiality would derive from the geometry of the work. You are still held/described by the logic of the grid. Snapped back like a rubber

band. But while on that high point of elasticity, let's think - quickly - how do you like being described? Would you rather describe yourself? In describing someone, are you not describing yourself? Isn't that like being both target, arrow and the distance between? Isn't that like masturbation? Time out!

7. Et Cetera

This will (must) include any other mode the writing might operate by. Everything being taken into account, and knowing that according to the law, you can break the rules, there is no need to feel you have been manipulated. This is not manipulation. It is too open, too magnified, too honest, too vulnerable - to be manipulative. Nothing in fine print - and you were willing. A game's a game.

Fade in to...

Stop trying to not be definitive. The double negative circumscribes Lucas Ihlein's work with the detached denial of association, setting himself up as not responsible for the work, yet setting up this very condition. A closely defined circuit, the viewer/performer enters and exits the performative space easily, leaving nothing to question but the question itself. His work is often delineated by a set of instructions for this viewer/performer, the ordinary text that comes before the work.

The notion of the textual narrative is very much present in Ihlein's work, unauthorised and able to be filled by any(body) at the performance stage. Ihlein distances himself from his work in this way. However, Ihlein is very much in the authorial position, dictating to the viewer through the comprehensive instructions that precede any work. These instructions can take written or spoken form and are all-inclusive from the point of view of the performer, who enacts the controlling impetus of the work. In the guise of the author, Ihlein "cannot choose to write *what will not be read*"³ and it is this uncertainty that allows the interactive entry of the subject into the work's deferred authorship.

The viewer is thus only allowed a displaced entry via the performer, and interpretation is narrowed down to a scaled field of understanding. Within this field however, subjectivity is verified where the viewer is at once the subject of the work and subjected to the work's presuppositions. Ihlein's work is defined by its closure where a saturation of instructed meaning results in a non-meaning, a stasis in which the work is suspended, leading you to question your role as a viewer. Are you viewer and/or performer? or do you simply finish the work, close it, and give it what it wants?

Fade out.

CLAIRE ARMSTRONG, SUSIE LINGHAM, ISABELLA REICH,
with Tim Bruniges and Lucas Ihlein.

Lucas Ihlein wishes to acknowledge Tim Bruniges and Mick Hender as collaborators for some works completed during 1996, and Joshua Ihlein for his ongoing and generous financial support.

Image: *Probing Questions*, General Learning, Stanford University: 1968.

1 George Orwell, *1984*, Longman, Great Britain: 1983.

2 Barbara Kruger.

3 Barthes, R, *The Pleasure of the Text*, (trans. Richard Miller), Hill & Wang, NY: 1994, p.11.

One particular Chinese character, *Ngo*, was explained in a dictionary as: "Two...weapons in conflict, two rights that oppose one another, my right, and, by extension, my Ego, my own person: personal pronoun, I, me. "¹. This

S e b a s t i o n L a w character is one of the first few words I learnt as a child growing up in a Chinese family. Like many others in my society I did not know the etymology of that character and other Chinese characters. I simply memorized the form, and its given signifier.

Quite like the character *Ngo*, my identity remains complex; as if all the different layers of my identity continue to be in conflict with each other. I was born in the South-Eastern seas of Asia, not in the North-East, where my family ancestors are situated. I am Han Chinese by race. Yet I have the blood of four different Chinese ethnic groups: Hakka; Teochew; Cantonese and Hainanese. Like many others, all information I have of Chinese culture is secondary, varied and cannot claim even to be vaguely accurate. Like many others in my country, I am the product of a multi-cultural society, where the next person is like and yet unlike me. I am Singaporean.

As a Singaporean, I have been told that my nation's official tongue is Malay, my first language is English, and my second language, which is also my supposed mother tongue, Mandarin. My cultural identity and heritage as a Chinese is mixed, a hybrid of four different kinds, while my identity as a Singaporean is one that is equally mixed - equally a hybrid. I have grown up in a society where national identity is continuously being revised, ever changing. It could be said that this is simply an evolving process, yet each generation finds a different definition of what it is to be Singaporean. Each generation finds itself either further from or closer to the last.

The line is blurring for me. The question still remains for me: who or what am I? Who should I be or not be? I am split yet together all at once. Much like the definitions given to a singular Chinese character by the English language. In this translation process there are many explanations, or even contradictions, yet it still remains the same character, holding the same form. By the same process I am all of my different identities, but I am also only one body.

¹ Weiger, L.S.J., *Chinese Characters, Their Origins, Etymology, History, Classification and Signification*, Dover: 1965, p. 181

我
我
我

It may be said of me that I have lost my sense of scale, but never that I have lost my sense of proportion. (Will Self, *Scale*, Penguin 60s: 1995, p. 51).

BUGS IN LILLIPUT

Erna Lilje

Scale is an ambiguous word. It can refer at will to a plethora of things: the body's skin can be plagued by scales, like a reptile or a bug. Along with its musical and astrological connotations, scale also refers to perception and the way we view ourselves and the things or people that exist around us. A scale also measures weight. If a scale refers to how things are perceived and how things are weighed, the sense of vision is privileged as the 'instrument' that both perceives and measures scale.

It is necessary to investigate proportion in our consideration of scale. The way scale is perceived has a lot to do with how proportion is organised. The distinction between scale and proportion is crucial because proportion refers to symmetry and the careful consideration of spatial relations. Scale can rupture proportion because if scale is askew—like in *Gulliver's Travels*, where Lilliput is small and Gulliver is a monster in comparison—proportion has to do with space, while scale has to do with the ways things operate (or oscillate) in space.

Erna Lilje's work is preoccupied with scale and proportion. Her installations are miniature displays that are easy to miss. Only when a viewer engages with these tiny spaces can the tensions that Lilje produces between scale and proportion be understood or questioned. The scale between the objects is distorted to the point that tiny sheep graze alongside huge and imposing bugs. These objects remain still, pinned-down and encased as if they are objectified by the authoritative concerns of biology or chemistry exhibits. Lilje presents her work with a scrupulous and anal concern for detail. She has admitted that her recent exhibit at Sarah Cottier gallery (*Road to Love*, 1996) took six hours to construct. It was a tiny work that could easily be missed because of its visual insignificance.

I do not mean to say that her work is insignificant. Quite the contrary, Lilje's careful artisanship sets up a very clear sense of boundary between 'us' and 'them'. In other words, Lilje's installations are not interactive, they are too precious and fragile to be touched by a viewer. Her work is objectified like a museum exhibit and only Lilje can 'play God' with her work. Lilje provides her own idiosyncratic narratives that both critique and parody the didactic voice of the museum display. Lilje's work is subtle and unobtrusive. The scale is intentionally incoherent, while all proportion is carefully considered so that a clearly constructed relationship between her objects can emerge.

DANIEL MUDIE CUNNINGHAM

V I S I B I L E I N
I S I D L E I N V
S I D L E I N V I
I B L E I N V I S
D L E I N V I S I
L E I R V I S I D
E I N V I S I D L
I N V I S I B L E
N V I S I D L E I

Federico Mendoza

In contemporary learning institutions, there
are electives.

Electives? Holidays forever! ..

So this winter / i went on holidays bringing sand / anonymous
sand / salvaged / near by the road / commercial sand /
to mix with cement / for the systematic expansion of the city /
warm sand of golden beach's dreams / carried away by the wind /
the sand of everyday / from the past to the future / without
forgetting the present / dust of our goals / the sand which is
swept everyday / the one i use trying to draw / the never ending
poems of my feeling in motion through endless labyrinths /
When i came back / i brought other anonymous sand /
reflection of any probable future.



Untitled
Mixed media
dimensions variable
1996

Q. What are the themes and subjects of your paintings?

INTERVIEW WITH THE ARTIST

Michael Niccolò

A. I am concerned with sexuality or the discovery of one's sexuality, in the context of leisure. I am dealing with emotions such as lust, envy and our insecurities which I feel stem from our experiences and exploration of sexuality. I am also focusing on the issue of our own sexuality and mortality and how they both interrelate to one another. Each figure is important to me as each represents my own insecurities and anxieties. I try to give each figure a sense of personal space and dignity. I am not necessarily interested in depicting reality, as such, but trying to tap into the sub-conscious.

Q. So the use of the narrative, is that important to you?

A. Yes! it is.

Q. In what way?

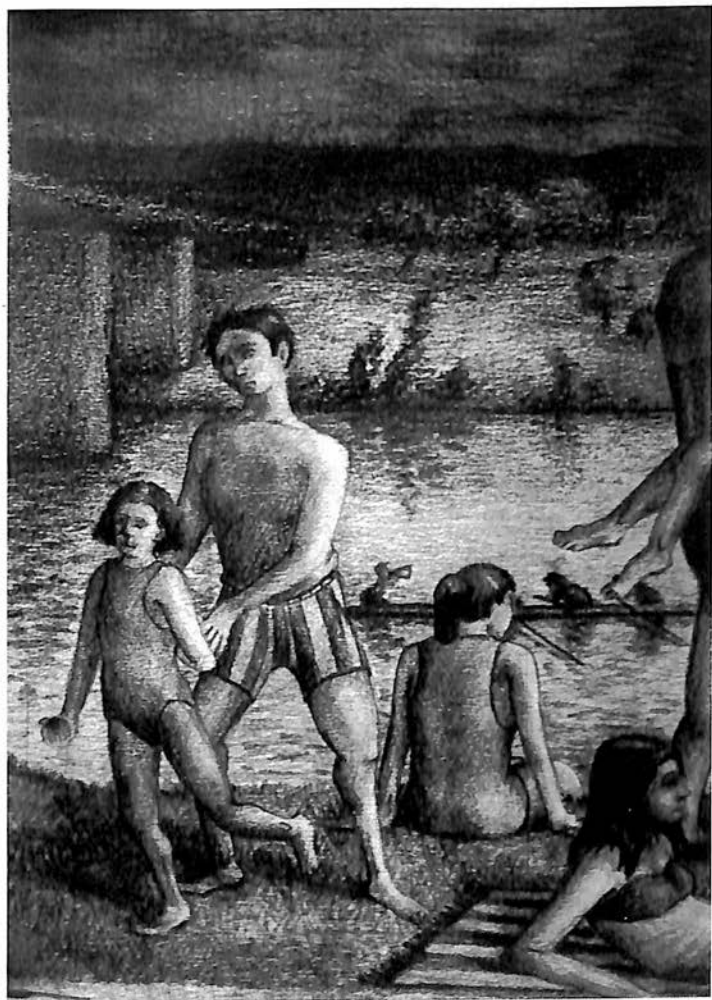
A. I feel the narrative allows me the luxury to bring the figures together. They might be physiologically isolated but as a collective whole each figure has a role to play when it comes to forming the big picture.

Q. Have there been any key influences throughout your early years?

A. Yes! I have to say my environment naturally had a lot to do with the scenes I depict. I spent almost twenty years of my twenty six years sub-consciously gathering images from in and around the Nepean River. So I guess you could say that the river represents to me somewhat of a backdrop to my own sexual exploration.

Q. Why did you use painting as a medium?

A. I see painting as an 'honest' medium. What I mean by 'honest' is that you cannot afford the luxury of surprise. The viewer is in a sense conditioned or experienced in dealing with two-dimensional imageries. In order to connect with the viewer, the painting must contain 'soul'.



Suburban Romance No.4 (detail)
drawing
15x25cm
1996

Wilhelmina Niccol

Since the fears of the past were connected with the functions of the body, they reappear through the body. For me, sculpture is the body. My body is my sculpture.

~Louise Bourgeois

Passion may be understood as an emotional state of compelling force - the emotions of periphery; fear, ecstasy, anxiety, love. Passion takes possession of the body, operating faculties from the heart rather than the head. Passion makes good reading. Passion disrupts the body from normalcy; pulse accelerates, cheeks flush, brow perspires, stomach turns. Passion is like falling with no ground below. Passion is when the body says to the head, 'Pull over, it's my turn to drive'. Passion is the subject of Wilhelmina Niccol's work.

Traversal of this fervent terrain is a traversal of the body itself. Of skin surfaces, folds, curves, bends and malleability. The hand, almost by will of its own, saunters over skin rising and falling with breath. Turning circles or cycles with fingertips. The body is her body transferred into clay. Dirt between the toes, dug up and shaped between the fingers into giant torsos. The absence of a head - the container of cognition - toys with the mind/body split of civil society. And a woman's body (nurturing/devouring). They almost become big containers where the civilised assume passion ought to be kept. Or their enormity may invite visions of "the terrible devouring mother", matriarchal monsters of clay. The size and proportion of these bodies takes the clay to the very edge of its tolerance. Mammothly unstable, they frighten onlookers, such as a large tower of teetering crockery would. And if these giant torsos lose balance or become unstuck, as those possessed by passion so often do, a word of advice - move out of the way!

WILHELMINA BARRATT
MICHELLE SEAMONS



Untitled
Ceramic
height 165cm
1996

As a survivor of domestic violence and having achieved an Associate Diploma of Fine Arts, I commend Rainsford's work for its insightful interpretation of the domestic violence cycle and its impact on the victim/survivor.

Doris Rainsford My viewing of Rainsford's work brings to the surface painful memories for me but also describes for me the incredible power of women who survive domestic violence, and how they can pick up the pieces and go on with their lives. It is a testimony to their and Rainsford's strength, considering the prevalence and often lethal nature of domestic violence in our society.

Domestic violence has no social boundaries, either financial or cultural. It is endemic, and Rainsford's treatment of the female form and domestic objects gives a lasting impression of the impact of the dynamics involved in domestic violence. It is extremely brave of her to broach this subject due to its hidden and often accepted nature.

Rainsford's treatment of domestic objects gives them a sinister aspect and takes them from the context of the mundane to instruments of torture. The scarring and piercing of the female form in Rainsford's work and the domestic objects she represents are tactile and also confronting.

Rainsford does not rely specifically on feminist philosophy in her approach to her work but on her own physical and emotional experiences and the experiences of women close to her. Her female forms are inscribed with the words and expressions of anger of herself and these women, towards the perpetrators, but they are obscured, becoming a personal message to the inner self. They are invisible to the viewer on a legible level and are part of the layers which describe the cycle of abuse.

The piercings of the female forms refer to the more extreme aspects of domestic violence, such as being subjected to violence with guns and knives, but also to the entrance and exit of light from the body - i.e. the spiritual and physical subjugation of the victim. They show the light of spiritual strength that the victim manifests to survive.

The piercings also allude to draining, as in colanders, drains and sieves, the draining of time wasted, better spent on themselves.

Many women's experiences of domestic violence are life-threatening. The fine line between life and death is there when a woman gives birth, but also when she is being assaulted by a partner she has loved, trusted and allowed into her life and home. The domestic objects which are usually considered mundane tools for household living suddenly become murderous implements to the victim. They can range from baths and cans of cat food through to cigarette lighters or kitchen tongs and locks.

Rainsford's locks may be seen as attractive to the non-abused viewer, but to the survivor or victim, they are symbols of being locked out or locked in; in a relationship, a home, or else as a refugee.

SIOBHAN O'BEIRNE



Forceps
Ceramic
30x20cm
1996

...It's my job.

To move dead things

Sort of like a professional mourner really...

Michelle Seamons

In viewing Michelle's work I'm left with that confused experience where you don't know what you're feeling but there is a vague and definite unease that lets you know that something uncomfortable in you has been disturbed. Something is searching for a language but I don't feel hopeful. I suspect there aren't words for this realm I'm lost in. That, combined with the other very real possibility, that it would be conceivable to follow but that I don't want to go there. That maybe words could be found, but I'm not sure I want to know.

Her work speaks to me of horror. Of something so bad happening to someone, that that person might not want to be here anymore. Of attempts at wrapping to protect, packaging so it looks nice and clean. But still being seen through, able to be got at, so leaving altogether. A line from Neruda comes: "I do not live in this house" and words like 'untenanted', 'vacant occupancy'. And all this happening too young. Unable to be digested. Enormous decisions being made by the body alone.

But that's not what is so disturbing. What causes such intense unease. It's the fact that I can't tell if there are any ghosts left behind inhabiting spaces. I'm frightened there aren't. The suit has been so carefully hung up that one could think someone plans to return. A cool careful plan of departure. All cleaned up. Who would alert the police of a missing person under these circumstances?

Who would investigate with a serious heart? The clues confuse. I'm told of absence, of violation, of wordless terror and flight. But the cartoon splashes of blood undercut the impact. The signs are all there but empty of feeling. It's then I get really scared.

SUZANNE BARTOS



The opening and closing of the word
Video still
1996

The work of Rebecca Verpoorten poses questions about our emotional growth during the transitional periods between child and adulthood. Here the act of play functions as a type of mediation between the real and fantasy, a conversation with and a fortification of the spirit. Our attention is drawn not only

towards the joyful memories of play, but also to what it may disguise. Verpoorten introduces the role of the doll to a process the cognitive psychologist Piaget called "liquidating compensations"¹, where children often recreate a painful scene in play as a mechanism for coping with physical pain or trauma they have previously experienced. In her work the doll appears as a toy, a personal metaphor, and a vehicle for exploring the issues of psychological metamorphosis we undergo as we learn to mimic the idealised world of adulthood. Robust figures gesture persuasively, giving way on closer inspection to delicate detail, an apparent contrast alluding to protected passage in the narrative. A descriptive mix of fantasy and reality reveals a brooding ambiguity that undermines the first glance. Reflecting on the way a doll assumes a fetishised image of the soul of its particular owner, or user, the figures may engage the comfort of the domestic home environment, the terror of the occult or a subconscious effluvium.

Verpoorten's narrative exists within the domestic space, where the viewer is asked to negotiate a seemingly innocent dialogue between characters in their world of play that reflects the risks and pleasures of our own. The comparative scale, the proximity of works to each other and the use of consenting gestures and accessories provokes potential conflict. A engaging dualism emerges between ownership of the doll and our own security.

RODRICK BAMFORD

¹ Cohen, D., *Development and Play*, Routledge Press: 1984.

Rebecca Verpoorten wishes to thank Scanlens Pty Ltd, 30 George Street, Leichardt.



No.21 Large Dolly
Ceramic
100x30x30cm
1996

Joselyn Vezzola I could tell you how many steps make up the streets rising like stairways, and the degree of arcades, curves, and what kind of zinc scales cover the rooves; but I already know this would be the same as telling you nothing. The city does not consist of this, but the relationships between the measurements of its space and the events of its past: the height of a lamppost and the distance of the ground of a hanged usurper's swaying feet; the line strung from the lamppost to the railing opposite and the festoons that decorate the course of the Queen's nuptial procession; the height of that railing and the leap of the adulterer, who climbed over it at dawn; the tilt of a guttering and a cat's progress along it as he slips into the same window; the firing range of a gunboat which has suddenly appeared beyond the cape and the bomb that destroys the guttering; the rips in the fish net and the three old men seated on the dock mending nets and telling each other for the hundredth time the story of the gun boat of the usurper, who some say was the Queen's illegitimate son, abandoned in his swaddling clothes there on the dock.

Calvino, Italo, *Invisible Cities*: 1972, pp. 10-11.



Untitled
Oil and plaster on canvas
20x50cm
1996

Beguiled, some Thought, some Movement, some Thing in empathy/love/envy desire/need jumped in Her skin and spilt Her parts into "circular memory"¹ and she is left Absence. The instant of displacement barely past, She spins, like the still-shocked universe.

SPILT BLISS Decentered, as the redripe placental beds of Suzann Victor tomatoes, She, all skin, fragments - shattering, scattering multiple viewpoints. Witnesses, - circumferential spawnings - eyes peeled and kaleidoscopic.

*"From the viewpoint of the centre all phenomena or things are falsely imagined; from the viewpoint of the circumference they are real."*²

Imagined, She, gazed upon and gazing, real-izes imagination in performance - always embedded and dis-covered rising, always from the upper room, always nude, always descending staircases, always descending - held only for an instant by Her own performance - a pause in the mirror - watching you watching Her.

All skin, She vanishes, appears, vanishes, appears, spinning into "loss, into the zero degree of the signified"..... a "staging of appearance-as-disappearance."³ Swinging past between the openings of a zootrope, an allusion to absence through illusive presence.

Where is Her self, this being Her absence?

She lies - between two fictions -

1. "Fiction of a world from which the self is absent."
2. Fiction of the "self as centre, without environment, ...a fixed, nondisseminated presence."⁴

The third interstitial fiction.

Spilt and ever rising - even edges have their innerness and outerness - tidal bodily fluids ebb and flow in syncopation, wrought between three 'realities' :

1. Hair - deculturalized scarlet.
2. Words - written with hair - deculturalized scarlet
3. Bodily secretions - signified by words written with hair - deculturalized scarlet.

A tide of conflations always deferred. Let it scar.

Dispersed beyond two fictions and three realities are the shatterings, which, at "temperatures...that stir her inner theatre into a seizure of crimson speed"⁵, crystallize, - by the forces of equivocal and discordant desires - pieced meanings forever whispering between the gaps, a towering babel of tongues, a chorus of harelip lips, a rumour raging sluiced slipperings.

Encased explosions, coalesced in bloodspace, pillowed without respite on bloodvelvet.

Beating. Bleeding. Peeping. Feeding. Laying. Licking.

Glimpse - through a "perspective of bliss"⁶, not pleasure - through the refractory lenses of brokenglass organs - glimpse -
a "Brittle Heaven"⁷

as " it granulates, it crackles, it caresses, it grates, it cuts, it comes :
that is bliss."⁸

Spilt. And still She seduces, seeing red -

Take Me as I am, - in pieces.

*"Everything returns to the void, including our words and gestures. But before disappearing, certain words and gestures by anticipating their demise, are able to exercise a seduction.... Seduction's secret lies in this evocation and revocation of the other, with a slowness and suspense that are poetic, like the slow motion film of a fall or an explosion, because something had the time, prior to its completion, to make its absence felt."*⁹

SUSIE LINGHAM



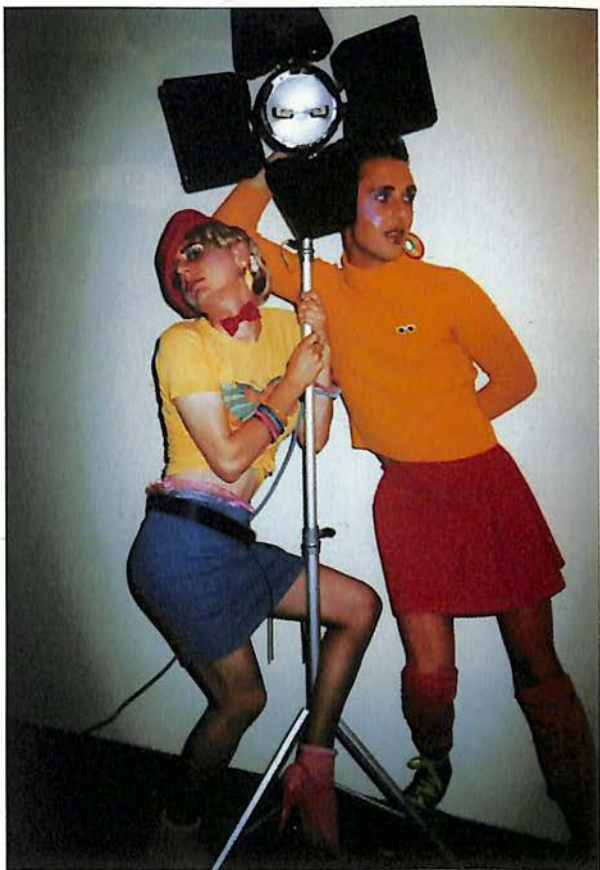
Photograph courtesy of Queensland Art Gallery

Tintoretto's Risen Christ, Arresting Lazy Susan
(installation detail)
1996

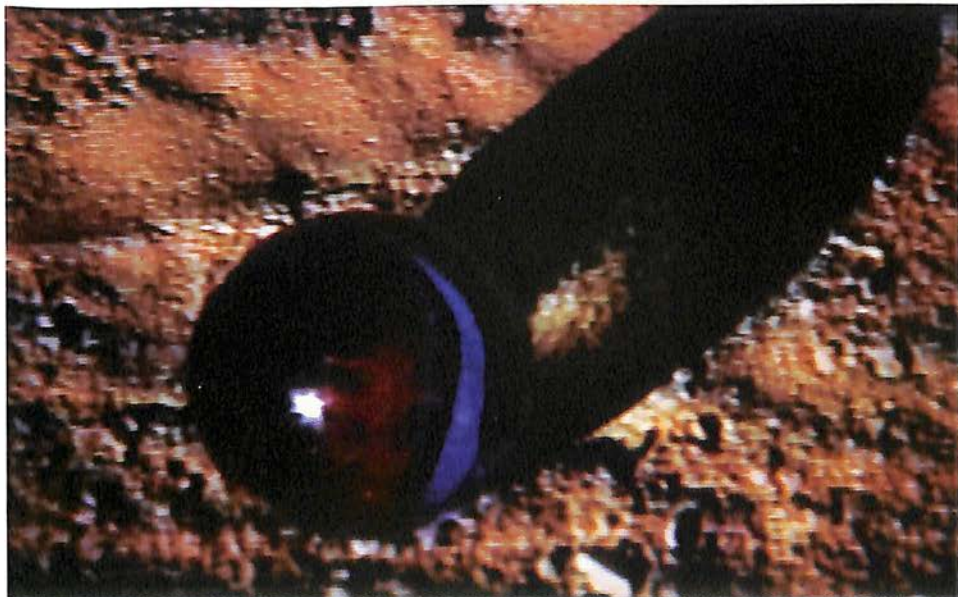
- 1 Barthes, Roland, *The Pleasure of the Text*, tr. Richard Miller, Hill and Wang, New York: 1975.
- 2 Humphries, Christmas, *Buddhism*, Pelican Books: 1987.
- 3 Barthes, op.cit. "...to repeat excessively is to enter into loss.....the signified."
- 4 Bersani, Leo, *A Future for Astyanax*, Columbia University Press, New York: 1984.
- 5 Victor, Suzann, *Word is Saving Dirt*, unpublished thesis, UWS Nepean: 1996.
- 6 Barthes, op.cit.
- 7 Dickinson, Emily, *Final Harvest*, Little, Brown & Company.
- 8 Barthes, op.cit.
- 9 Baudrillard, Jean, *Seduction*, Macmillan, Canada: 1990.

full colour spread
.... and then second dose

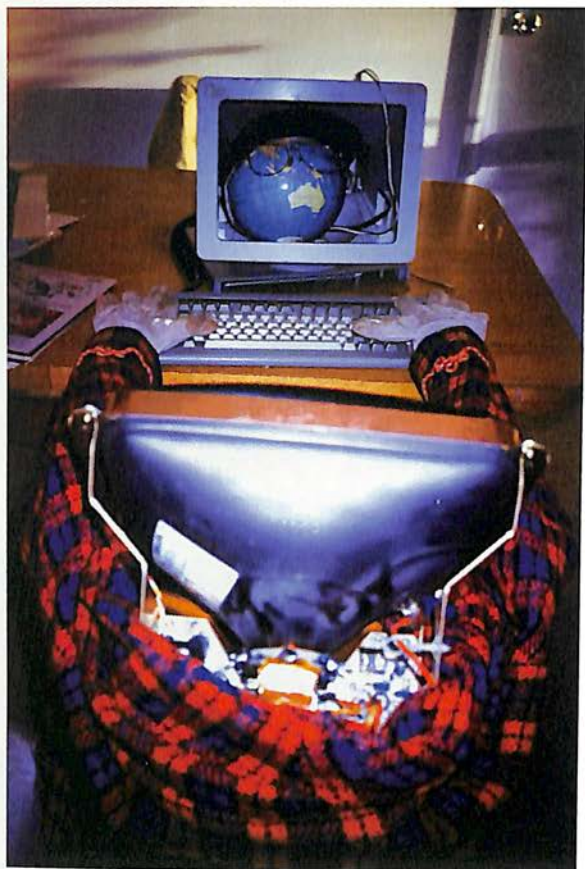
TIM HILTON
Taking a Break
Backstage
Video still from
Dream Come True
in collaboration
with John South
1996



CHRISTINE HULL
Other Things
Video still
1996



FEDERICO MENDOZA
Untitled
Mixed media
Dimensions variable
1996



DORIS RAINSFORD
Found Objects
Colour transparency
35mm
1996





JOSELYN VEZZOLA
Untitled
Oil on plaster/canvas
Dimensions variable
1996



REBECCA VERPOORTEN
Girl (detail)
Ceramic
120 x 60 x 60cm
1996

LUCAS IHLEIN
AND TIM BRUNIGES
...pot-ate-oh,
pot-art-oh,
tom-ate-oh,
tom-art-oh...
Performance
1996

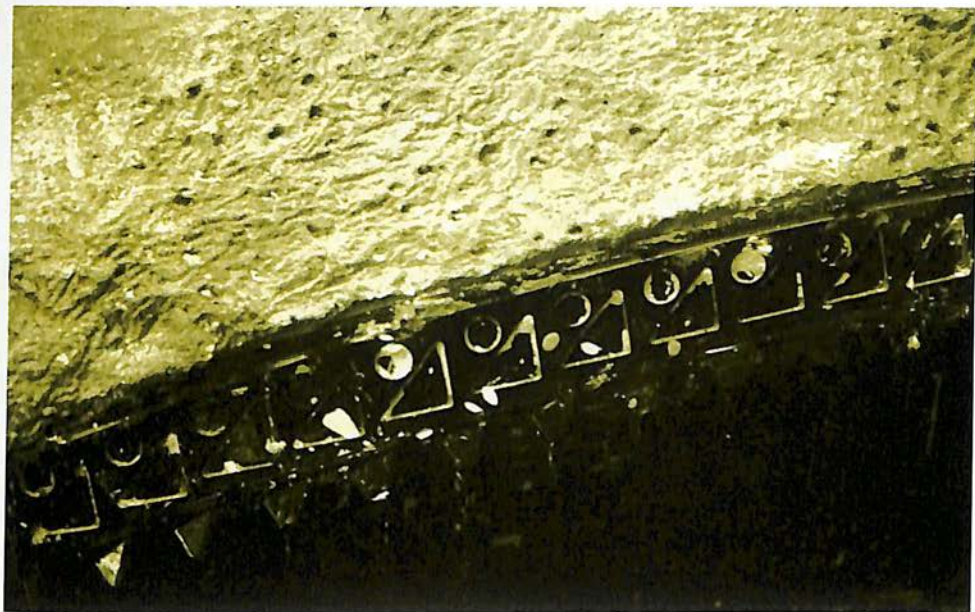


ERNA LILJE
Untitled
Colour transparency
35mm
1996

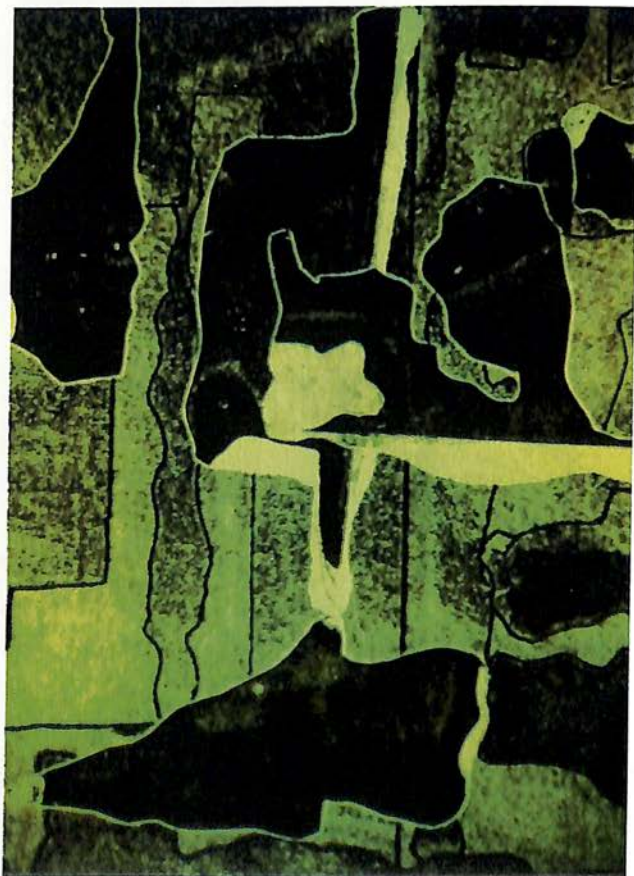


MICHELLE
SEAMONS
**Sharon's Dream
of Chastity**
Video still
1996

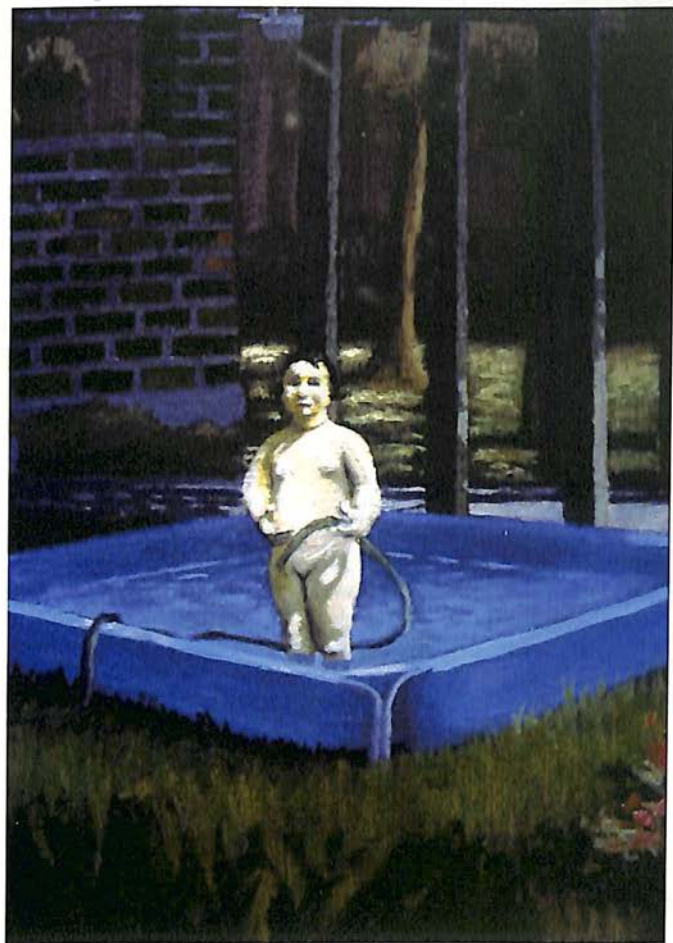




JEREMY ANKERS
**Nuclear
Archaeology** (Detail)
Concrete, plaster &
mixed materials
Dimensions variable
1996



MARIAN HANLY
**Shadows in the
Dark** (Detail)
Print on paper scroll
Dimensions variable
1996



MICHAEL NICCOL
**Suburban
Romance No. 3**
(of Girl in Pool)
Oil on canvas
150 x 100cm
1996

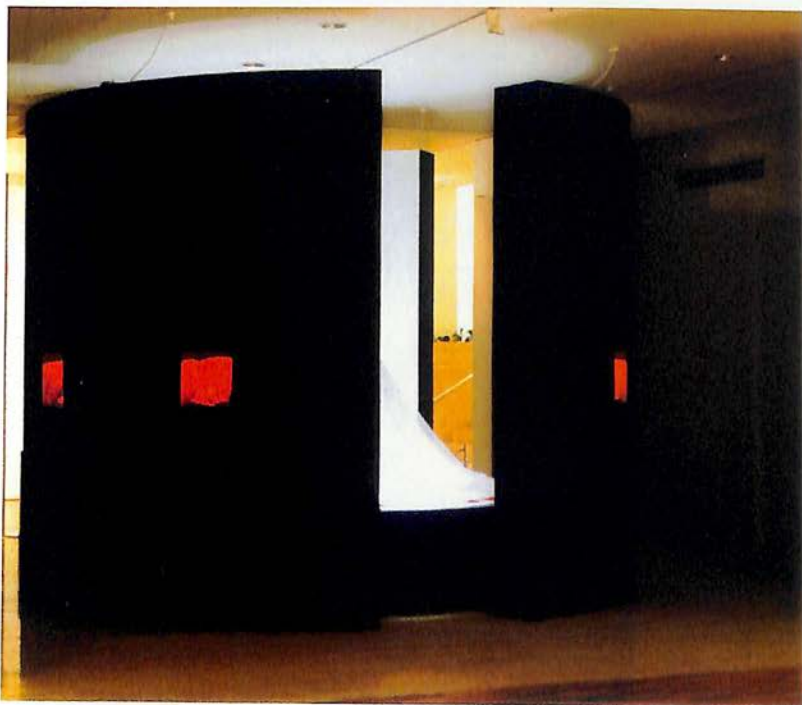
ROSA CHAN
Suggestion
Ceramic Installation
30 x 50 x 100cm
1996





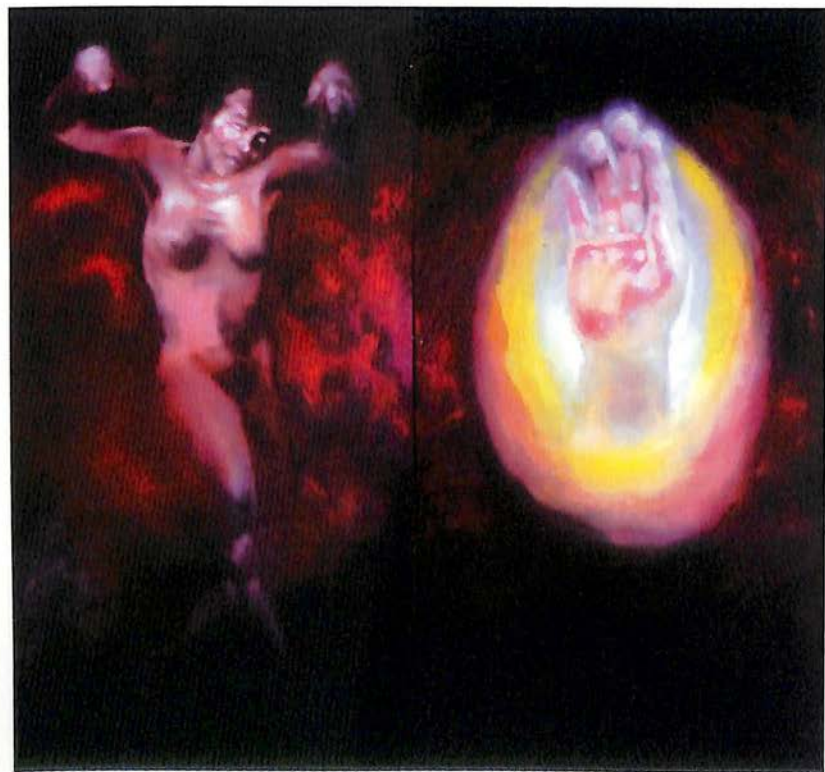
SUZANN VICTOR
Tintoretto's Risen Christ,
Arresting Lazy Susan
(installation detail)
1996

PAUL GIFFORD
Use Me 3
Video still
1996



Photograph courtesy of Queensland Art Gallery

WILHELMINA NICCOL
Untitled
Drawing
80 x 60cm
1996



SEBASTIAN LAW
Slave (diptych)
Oil on canvas
180 x 170cm
1996

A short¹ sentence with² a lot³ of footnotes⁴ is always⁵ a lot longer⁶ than you⁷ think⁸.

The cycle of abuse.

The child who has been abused then goes on to repeat the abuse patterns throughout his or her life. Abusing the self (eating disorders, substance abuse or forming abusive relationships) or abusing one's children physically, sexually or emotionally...

C O N S E N T

Joe Ernsten & Paul Gifford *I began my work into this topic by appropriating images of children from various sources ... the problem was that I began to see this as a form of abuse in itself...*

I wanted to recreate an imagined scene of Ian Brady (the moors murderer) and one of his victims, Keith Bennett. Brady gained Bennett's trust through various promises and thus managed to coerce the child into heading off up the moors with him. My intention was to create a snapshot of the two as they headed off and before the act. What happens when you construct the scene before 'the crime' takes place. The moment where Brady and the viewer both are aware of what comes next whilst the child remains oblivious... I took my partner and my son down to the local park and set about composing the scene with the view to superimposing Brady and Bennett faces on later. However I found I couldn't wait to get the image of the 'others' superimposed on the bodies of 'my' son and partner, and I was incredibly disturbed by the violence I was subjecting them to in the act of taking the shots. I felt absolute dis-ease and complicity in what was a knowingly horrific scenario ...

The only 'positive' way for me to use images of a child was to use my own image, especially in terms of abuse. I felt that if I'm critiquing abuse I should face up to and question my own moral standards on blame, responsibility, consent, choices, complicity, complacency etc...

At the moment I'm trying to confront these ideas about cycles directly, by having an image of my son and I repeating the same text - a seventies soul song by Bill Whithers called 'Use Me'. There is a huge problem, where an adult can say 'use me' and it implies a consenting masochism, a child saying the same thing can be read as abuse and manipulation on the part of the adult...I feel like I've entered a minefield...

The conflict is that he is an individual and my work is about me and about my relationships, but I'm using his image. Have I the right to consent for my child. As an artist can I make decisions for him in the same way that I make decisions as a father? Or will I censor his image out of my work even though the questions that I'm asking myself are about trying not to separate my work as an artist from my role as a father...

Another problematic is the issue of manufacturing consent... Where the child doesn't understand the ramifications of his or her 'consent'. It's the playing of 'games' where the 'knower' sets the guidelines, knows the rules, how to get around them and how to break them...

Current art practise around this dilemma of consent is to obscure the image, to make the image ambiguous, to make the subject anonymous and to facilitate multiple readings. Is this good enough or is it just safer? I recently saw the Bill Henson show and I felt uncomfortable in the role of voyeur on the bodies of pubescent boys and girls involved in some kind of act alluding to sex and violence. The same dynamic of the power of the artist to set up the game was involved and my complicity was required to engage with that work. Was there any power for the participants both as subject of the work and receiver of the work?...

I started this work a year ago by looking at serial killers. At the time I was interested in notions of good and evil and where we situate ourselves in relation to 'them'. How the serial killer becomes a fetish almost in our society. One of the issues that came up was the notion of blame. How almost inevitably the killer's mother was blamed for creating these monsters. In effect creating the alternate monster, bogeywoman if you like, the domineering mother, the cruel mother, the one that didn't give the child enough attention, the one that gave him too much etc - in essence taking the blame away from the culprit and away from society, and putting the onus of corruptibility squarely in the mother's lap so to speak...

I don't claim to speak for all fathers, especially separated fathers, but I know that the experience of short bursts of parenting followed by absence is common. This lack of continuity has its own problems, however this dynamic allows for many openings and questions that are not asked in a nuclear family. Like how do you do this parenting thing when it's compacted into a couple of days, when there's no breathing space and no one to bounce off? How do you realise the ideal of being a loving father or loving being a father...?

A document for addressing a specific audience, a dialogue between a parent and a child that can only be realised later on. A decision not to deny the personal, the autobiographical. Being the ideal mother, being the ideal father. There's this guilt going on all the time isn't there? If I let you play with guns will you kill later? Can I smack you when you're bad? Can I be angry, frustrated, bored? Can I be ambivalent?...

Can I use you?

It was the smell. The smell of two weeks decomposition, my body forcing me to turn away and retch until almost inside out, coughing up blood, bones, my heart, everything. All that is left is a suit of skin.

SCATTERED AND NOTHING Stagnant, musty, cold (dark), a dead body is an empty apartment. Death arranges its vacancy, preparing the expired tenant for transportation to the underbelly of longevity. Subjectivity moves out - furniture, trash, personal effects - leaves its host behind; empty but full... of nothing. The nothing is object. Physical matter in varying degrees of state - untouched slight malfunction or extended mutilation ... a dirty object, dirty architecture put in the ground. The common earthworm (*Oligochaeta*) empties out this object, when burial is complete, and transforms it into something else; into energy to sustain its own living form and then into shit.

Michelle Seamons

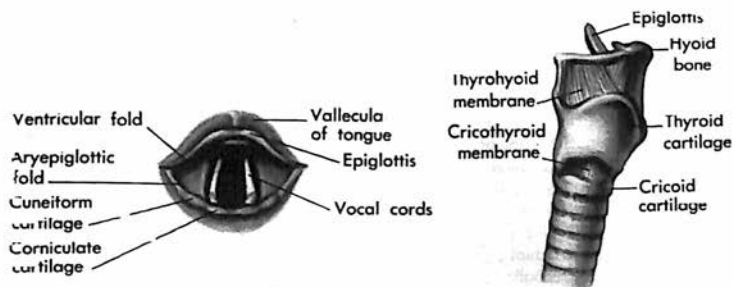
Walking across a green grass field, she thinks constantly of what is underfoot. Thinking about this process (the walking), becomes almost too immense, too much for her head. The left and then right foot, forward leg, falling. Each step reminds her of her death. Of sinking into mud, underneath. Disappear here.

And she asks herself, 'What is it that keeps me afloat?' (buoyancy). She sees the ground as a watermark (horizon), a visible line between the living and the dead. Hands push up, instead of daisies grabbing at her feet, pulling her down. Tries to empty thoughts from her aching skull...

*I am not thinking about anything
I am thinking about nothing*

These words cluster themselves into a sentence, fall into line, from typewriter to page over and over again. And then from page to paper pulp. The pulp is pushed into the soil, food for the worms. The paper speaks of its own death - no thought, no subject. A (dead) body of text. By-passing the mouth (my spoken word), travelling from synapses to fingertips, out of the body, through the typewriter on to the paper, mixed in soil and taken by the mouth of the worm. Just as speech is a form of eating text, the worm wrestles with the words fed. Their process replaces a (human) voice or the function of the mouth and body (lungs, diaphragm, larynx):

The opening and closing of the word. Attack cleanly (teeth, lips, muscled mouth) and finish cleanly (cut off the air). Stop cleanly. Chew and eat the text. A blind spectator should be able to hear it crunched and swallowed, to ask himself what is being eaten over there...What are they eating? They're eating themselves? Chewing or swallowing. Pieces of the text must be bitten off...other pieces must be quickly gulped down, swallowed, gobbled up, breathed in, guzzled. Eat, gulp, eat, chew, dry-lung, chew, masticate, cannibal! !



The carriage slowly passed alongside and the wind lifted the top corner closest to her view. She saw a head, or what might have been a head. It was just blood and other fluid, matter, rubbish.

EMPTY SKINS AND BODY HOLES

The skin of a living person seals over and keeps tight and neatly packed blood, veins and vital organs. We adorn this skin with other skins. All this stuff is hidden from our eyes. But its not just about the tangible matter or the biological. It's also about the inside containing the spiritual, mental and behavioral make-up of that person - their subjectivity. When the skin is ruptured, the innards leak out, blood appears and all of what one does not see is no longer imagined. A wound becomes a window to see in....

She makes a shallow incision on the right thigh. Each twenty centimetres she turns the scalpel 90 degrees to make a perfect square of skin that peels off whole. She pulls apart the fleshy curtain to look in.

Sewing up holes that hurt for their openness, the suture (final procedure) is a medical, physical mend. Anesthesia makes a sleepy subjectivity, no more hurting. Cutting into skin, a scalpel cold and smooth, guided by knowing hand. Red soaked swab, enables eyes to see past the blood, a visible inside. Probe, tweezers, latex fingers poke around organs to find the damage. Damage can only be found through damage or opening the inside up to the world. Something (a problem, the mutable, the monstrous) is isolated and rectified. Open flaps of skin are then sewn back together, closing the window - boarding it up. In time the window becomes almost invisible - transparency, unopenable, dysfunctional scar.

Disappear here

What is it that makes someone fear the sight of their own blood? The looking (first glance) registers pain and fear of body pain through the eye, almost always turns knees to water. Could it also be a fear of the intangible leaking out? A spiritual trap-door. Or maybe just another hole to secrete from...

SCATTERED AND NOTHING

She imagines a secret openable compartment installed by men in surgical clothes. A funnel is fitted into the scar, with tubes running out of its end and spilling onto the floor. They huddle over and smile, silent. She says nothing also and the procedure begins.

Drain her.

Who empties out the physical bodies? Who makes that body nobody? Or were they nobody before their death? Murderers, scientists, parasites, decay or the common garden worm...

For the murderer, say Jeffrey, like the parasite or the worm, it is about devouring; eating the insides out. But for love rather than nourishment. An empty body for attention. Jeffrey Dahmer drugged and then killed his victims so as to have someone around; someone who had no capacity to leave him. Sometimes cutting the corpse up into a smaller, more manageable size, to keep close and even ingest, it may have been that he desired a little piece of someone inside of him. Jeffrey's meticulously formulated strategy of seduction and mastication is a twisted perversion of *Hansel and Gretel*. A wicked fairy tale of the Brothers Grimm, where the edible architecture (a means of seduction, pleasure), disguises an architecture of the cannibal (anxiety).

"This wish fulfillment, this extreme oral gratification, temporarily assuaging the terror of being abandoned, in fact veils an ever greater and more primal fear: that of being devoured. The architectural heimlich (homey) conceals its unheimlich (uncanny) mystery, its arcanum arcanorum, where the ultimate secret of life is revealed: death".²

For the scientist, it is dissection. Dissection of the inside as a specimen, an anatomical example. Organs are removed and placed in jars of formalin. They become objects of education. The autopsy is the origin of the pathological. The dead body is opened up, examined in hope of extracting some kind of departure from normality - a cause of death. And organs are put to use in some other place, providing the cadaver or the family have given consent. Sometimes skins may be removed.

She leans over and up to his ear and speaks, "A skin without its former body becomes something quite strange don't you think? A boundary that now has neither an inside or outside - they are both empty space. And the skin is no longer a

membrane which retains something (an inside) from spilling out into the world. It no longer has a centre or internal essence. Its form is now only a relic of that subterranean skeletal and muscular shape it used to be".

"Mmmm", he smiles.

Most often, though, the corpse is put in the ground. Plot packed with dirt, body tucked in tightly, preventing movement. Buried under the earth's surface, worms and other friends of the insect phylum, perform eating rituals to give back weightlessness. Ingested by small creatures, we are nutrient, energy, waste product (castings) soil(ed). Particles of fleshy decay travel from one end of the worm to the other. If death is an empty apartment - a body being a building, an architectural matrix, worms devour cannibal walls, floors, ceilings, guts, entrails, fingernails. This passage through another body marks the inevitable metamorphosis from dirty object (cadaver) to dirt.

Disappear here

1 Novarina, Valere, "Chaos", *Le Theatre de paroles*, P.O.L., Paris: 1989, p. 154.

2 Weiss, Alan S., *Shattered Forms: Art Brut, Phantasms, Modernism*, State University of New York Press, Albany: 1992, p. 127.

DANCING SUITE

Beatpoem

Beat
me,
Daddy
(eight to a bar)
lyric
and
title
of
a
big-band
song

*

Lambada

Lambada Germans greeted Mikhail October
workers lambada

Lambada Zealand.

started, drawing. lambada *barrios*. (vehicle writers)
singers, dancers, 'Lambada'. history. rushing. *Lambada-Lambada..*
maximum contact, dancers. sprints - because stomach.
lambada...

2
to
tango

Me
But
I
Can't
Even
Do
The
Merengue

Nobody
Puts
Baby
In
The
Corner

CATPOETRYPAGE

GORGEOUS TAILS WITH
CATS ON THEIR ENDS

cat

zac, spat, crap, fat, mat

12:01 catpoemtime

catdream
on a bluebird quilt
for cats

Jones
my cat
was at

Performancespace.
Turns out these
2girls broke into my flat
with a bit of 2x4 metal bracket.

stole my cat.
I spat in the blonde's
face.
Brown gob from Coca-Cola

piss
cat
o smell
l i n g e r s

She's kind of like a mother to me.

(she says it fulfils a need in her to be mothered).

1987: August - Madonna played at Roundhay Park, Leeds. She wowed the crowd with her high cut basque and raunchy dancing.

(asnipet)

"Madonna's so overrated - but people need Madonna. Men need that kind of thing like they need Pat Benatar."

- Katrina of the Waves, 15/7/85.

1. Salut Madonna, comment vas-tu?



Naked moments with Madonna.

At school, my friends and I would talk about who we would like to fuck. The only girl I could think of was Madonna. I've always had a close affinity with Madonna. You see, we are both Leos...which means we are both obsessed with our hair.

Once I had a dream that Madonna was coming over to my house. Later that night we were going out dancing. When she arrived she was wearing a powder-blue chiffon dress. Her hair was swept on top of her head in a very conservative style, only it was dyed electric blue to match her dress.

"I am pretty tough now, but it wasn't always that way. The first couple of years in New York were torture for me...I didn't know anyone. I had no money. I'd go to Lincoln Center and just cry...I was kind of off to myself in a little corner...I was a nobody."

"I hate to waste money and food, and I don't see the point in having more than one car."

- M., on why she sees herself as a working-class girl.

Alarm Clock

Okay, Im
about
f rteen.
u

Discover hand
on cock

in shaky
waterbed

hair ngrit
down by plastic

bladder.

Julie calls Dianescript

Julie: Hello Diane? It's me, Julie. I just made the biggest fool of myself.

Toby: No, it's Toby. Diane isn't home.

J: Toby? I'm sorry. I thought -

T: Julie, you sound terrible. What's the matter?

J: It's nothing. Really. It's about a boy.

T: Well, I'm a boy.

J: Toby I know you're a boy.

T: So maybe I can help.

J: Don't be ridiculous.

T: Well thanks for the vote of confidence Julie.

J: Where's Diane?

T: I don't know. Out having her ears glued down.

J: Toby! Stop that! You know how sensitive Diane is about her big ears. You're just being a pig.

T: Oink-Oink.

J: Goodbye. I'm going to hang up now. Oh Toby?

T: Yeah?

J: Do you have your notes for Miller's chemistry exam?

T: Of course.

J: Can I borrow them?

T: Of course, don't you always?

J: Yes. I guess I do. Thanks Toby. See you.

T: See you Julie.

This is one of those hexed topics, like how you can't access the thirteenth floor in skyscrapers. Failure is a black hole, it can't be written on, except by educators who view it as the groundpoint, ground zero, zero marks, ten percent

ONE THOUSAND WORDS ON FAILURE

L u c a s I h i e i n

off for each-day-late, the opposite of success. Its a topic that sucks in all who look at it, it sucks in words, mass so extreme that the text can't bounce off it, only disappear, crushed to the size of a photon, the spy co-opted for the resistance.

It's a generous-thing, really. For, how can I address the Failure-Medusa without looking her in the face? So this is what it's like, I thought I wouldn't have to get my hands dirty, would maybe just read a few things, books and articles you know, apply a bit of logic and whizzo! No more problem, dust off the chalk, next please, wait while I wipe the board, now what seems to be the problem, Mr...?

Well Doc, actually its more serious than that; you see, I don't really have a problem. It's all in my mind.

In your mind, you say? Extraordinary! Well, lets see if we can't extract it, ext-er-nal-ize, as we say in the profession, what seems to be the problem?

Excuse me, have I been here before?

Don't stop to think, "word-associate", that's an imperative, everybody's doing it now GO!

Stop!

Run!

Dig!

Jump!

Bundle!

Trundle!

Kindle!

Fondle!

Jungle!

Sunday!

Monday!

Gerund!

Fairgo!

Faraday!

Lazy Dog!

Fog!

Knob!

Lob Lob Lob!

Chop gob bob!

Stob!

Stop!

The pen slows the brain and the brain runs ahead, censoring and fine-tuning responses.

Constant flow of words, constant flow of words, affected by the run-up, trajectory provided by the hop-step-jump-leap to the page, but say it out loud, say it to a video, there would be the same problem, gaps, wordlessness, stuttering, aaah, um, ooh, er, well, ack! At least all that garbage would be recorded - DOCUMENT! Don't let it escape! It'll never return! Record and Revise, and Re-evaluate and Re-run, and Reverse and Retract, and Retrench and Regress, and one, and two, and left, and right, and right, and left, now together, and one, and two, now shake it out.

The Pen Slows the Brain,
The Pen Slows the Brain,
Hey-Ho the Dairy-Oh,
The Pen Slows the Brain.

The Brain Runs A-head,
The Brain Runs A-head,
Hey-Ho the Dairy-Oh,
The Brain Runs A-Head.



The Head Runs-A-Red,
The Head Runs-A-Red,
Hey-Ho the Dairy-Oh,
The Head Runs-A-Red.

Well now, wasn't that fun! Next week ya ya ya yabba dabba doo scooby where are you? You pesky kids, foil my masterplan, always get in the way, if it weren't for you meddlers I would have finished and been living it up in the Bahamas years ago, what's happening to me, I've been hijacked by some text, help! I can't escape, its making me write, can't stop can't think only write write write who cares what it is I'll edit it later edit edit edit tide tide tide will turn, come back in again, high tide and low tide, it's all affected by the moon, gravity, mass, massiveness, two heavenly bodies in endless oscillation, someday to collide and become but one, thousand, trillion fragments, orbiting each other in space, never touching, never meeting, but always oscillating, round and round, hello, I've been here before, yes, but it was different last time, wasn't it? The question Mark, The Mark of the question, the Triple-?-?-? The Mark-of-the-Question, avoid it if you can, did you know pretty soon we'll all have the Mark-of-the-Question branded on our foreheads and wrists, it'll look rather like a barcode, it might be an implant, cut it out, cut it off, amputate the android and cast it away, live in bliss, bliss, bliss, sslib, sslib, sslip free of the Mark of the Question.

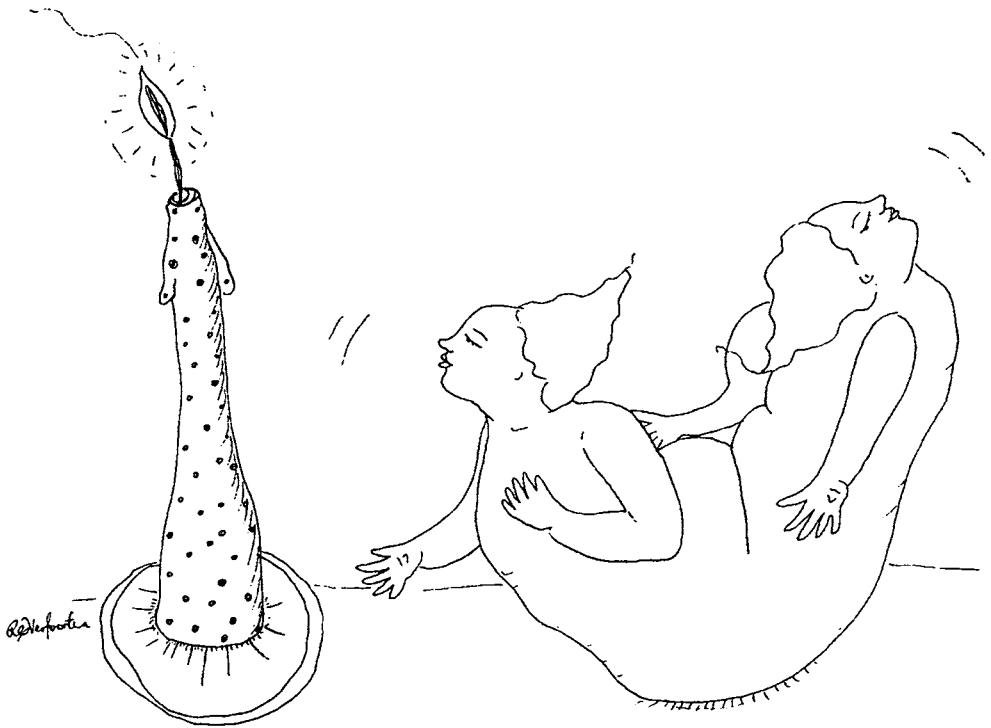
Well how have we gone today, I think we've covered some important territory in this session, how do you feel? Well I'm not sure better book another appointment just to be on the safe side you never can tell with bees, peas, have them with honey, facilitate their consumption even if it does make the very experi-

ONE THOUSAND WORDS ON FAILURE

ence sickly-sweet, disguise those greens, down before you know it, or tckch tckch, the knife has a double bind, slice, slice, grinning from year to year, ruby red lips, smile away as my head tips backward, backward, ever backwards until my neck is exposed to the sky, mucus glistening in the sunlight, open to the elements, cosmic dust perhaps heavenly intervention, a heavenly invention would be a device to record The Lot, nothing would escape, not even God's Thoughts, not even the possible-thoughts of a possibly-existing-god, and me in the control room, twiddling the knobs, knowing that all is well in the universe, my bank of TV screens flickering comfortingly, my friends, telling me everything, nothing escapes me, not even my own subconscious perceptions of these images, yes, these too feed back via live-video-link-up and all is well.



Images: *Teacher/Student Interactions*,
Tertiary Education Research Centre,
University of New South Wales: 1972.



not the same girl wanting to blow out the candle.

JEREMY ANKERS

born Melbourne, 1972

Education

1993-95 BA Visual Arts, UWS Nepean

Exhibitions:

- 1996 *Mary Alice-Evatt Award*, Casula Powerhouse
1995 *Graduate Exhibition*, Z Block, UWS Nepean
Kinesis Gallery, Leichardt
Lewers Bequest & Penrith Regional Art Gallery
Space, Space YZ, UWS Nepean
1991 *Final Year Exhibition*, Canberra Theatre Centre
1990 *Final Year Exhibition*, Canberra Theatre Centre

Professional Experience:

- 1996: Assistant to Anne Graham, Adelaide Fringe Festival, "Off the Rails"
1995: Assistant to Anne Graham, 1st Annual Sculpture Forum, Canberra
1994 Assistant to Noelene Lucas, Art Gallery of New South Wales
1993: Assistant to Anne Graham, Street Light, Various Melbourne Sites,
Fifth Sculpture Triennial

ROSA CHAN

born Hong Kong, 1951

Education:

- 1993-95 BA Visual Arts, UWS Nepean
1987-92 Marrickville TAFE, part-time certificate courses
1992 Stained Glass 1
Furnishing Decor Skills
1991 Painting
1989 Ceramic Foundation

Selected Exhibitions:

- 1996 *Degree of Excellence - Hawkesbury Community Arts Workshop Exhibition*, UWS Hawkesbury
UWS Nepean Campus Art Prize
1995 *Graduate Exhibition*, Z-block, UWS Nepean
The Beginning of the End, Space YZ, UWS Nepean
UWS Nepean Campus Art Prize
Multiformity, Royal Arcade, Hilton Hotel, Sydney
Origins, Nepean Arthouse, Penrith
1994 *The Reckoning*, Nepean Arthouse
Bringing It Back Home, Nepean Arthouse
Three-dimensional Exhibition, Space YZ
1993 *Someone Might Notice a Thick Puff of Smoke*, UWS Nepean

PAUL GIFFORD

born New Zealand, 1964

Education & Experience:

- 1993-95 BA Visual Arts, UWS Nepean
- 1988-89 Drama Action Diploma
- 1985-86 Video & Animation course, Christchurch Polytech
- 1984-85 Assistant Wellington Print Workshop

Exhibitions:

- 1996 *Mary Alice-Evatt Award*, Casula Powerhouse
Vertical Hole - The Hits Series, a night of Australian videos,
curated by Mikala Dwyer, Test Strip, Auckland NZ
Violation, Artspace
- 1995 *I Don't Know About You But I Hate Cleaning Up*
(with Tim Hilton), Space YZ, UWS Nepean
We All Fall Down, Nepean Arthouse, Penrith
Mixed Nuts at Particle, Particle Space
Strange Bedfellows, QUT Exchange, H-Block
Canadaustralia Exchange, York University, Ontario, Canada
Graduate Exhibition, Z Block, UWS Nepean
- 1994 *Remark*, StreetLevel Gallery, Blacktown
Honey - Video presentation, AFI Cinema
- 1993 *Someone Might Notice a Thick Puff of Smoke*, UWS Nepean

Performance:

- 1995 *The Pope's Visit*, Scram performance group, The Domain Sydney
Collaborator (with Marcelo Severo), Engendered Species,
The Performance Space, Redfern
- 1994 *Serious, Tango-Tango* (with Marcelo Severo) Absolutely No IDEa, Space YZ
Leak (with Marcelo Severo), UWS Nepean
Denial (with Marcelo Severo), Aquatic Club Sydney
- 1993 *Virus*, UWS Nepean
- 1990 De-cent theatre street performance, Darling Harbour
- 1989 *Lord of Misrule*, Rozelle Festival
- 1988 *Innana*, Drama Action Centre, Rozelle Festival

MARIAN HANLY

Education:

- 1993-95 BA Visual Arts, UWS Nepean

Exhibitions:

- 1996 *Mary Alice-Evatt Award* (Highly Commended), Casula Powerhouse
Canadaustralia Exchange, York University, Ontario Canada
- 1995 *Graduate Exhibition*, UWS Nepean
Let's Play Ball, Nepean Arthouse, Penrith
- 1994 *Idiosyncratic - Absolutely No IDEa*, Space YZ, UWS Nepean
Bringing it Back Home, Nepean Arthouse
- 1993 *Someone Might Notice a Thick Puff of Smoke*, UWS Nepean
- 1989 *Women Painters of the Hawkesbury*, Windsor Attic Gallery, Windsor

Collections:

- Public Relations, (Werrington North Campus), UWS Nepean

TIM HILTON

born Sydney, 1974

Education:

1993-95 BA Visual Arts, UWS Nepean

Solo Exhibitions:

- 1996 *Pussyfoot*, Pendulum
john and tim go to wollongong (with John South),
Project Space, Wollongong
- 1995 *Greg's Den*, Avago-West, UWS Nepean
- 1994 *Boogie Woogie I*, Avago-West
Furry Objects, Avago-West

Selected Exhibitions:

- 1996 *Popcorn*, 151 Regent Street Gallery, Chippendale
Raw Nerve, The Sydney Gay & Lesbian Mardi Gras Gallery, Erskineville
My Form, 151 Regent Street Gallery
Vertical Hole - The Hits Series, a night of Australian video,
curated by Mikala Dwyer, Test Strip, Auckland, NZ
cLUB bENT (with John South), The Performance Space
Mary Alice-Evatt Award, Casula Powerhouse
- 1995 *smallworks*, Maling Gallery, Casula Powerhouse
Men Under the Microscope, Watt Space, Newcastle; Scape Gallery, Redfern;
Project Space, Wollongong
Oasis (with John South), Lewers Bequest & Penrith Regional Art Gallery
Sussssss, Space YZ, UWS Nepean
Mixed Nuts at Particle, Particle Space
I don't know about you but I hate cleaning up (with Paul Gifford), Space YZ
Strange Bedfellows (curator and speaker), H-Block Gallery,
QUT exchange, Brisbane
And We All Fall Down, Nepean Arthouse, Penrith
Gay & Lesbian Mardi Gras Photographic Award, TAP Gallery, Darlinghurst
Drag Races, Nepean Arthouse
- 1994 *Spectre* (with Erna Lilje and Michelle Seamons), Space YZ
Idiosyncratic - Absolutely No IDEa, Space YZ
Knit I-Rap I-Pearl I (curator), Lewers Bequest
Thwack!, Airspace, Redfern

CHRISTEEN HULL

Education:

- 1993-95 BA Visual Arts, UWS Nepean
- pre. 1993 Studied at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music
Roger Ludlow High School, Fairfield, Ct. USA

Selected Exhibitions:

- 1995 *Graduate Exhibition*, Z Block, UWS Nepean
Look, See, Here it is, Casula Powerhouse
- 1994 *Conglomerate*, Space YZ, UWS Nepean
- 1993 Group project for the Asian Education Foundation,
Museum of Contemporary Art, Sydney
Someone Might Notice a Thick Puff of Smoke, UWS Nepean

LUCAS IHLEIN

born Sydney, 1975

Education:

1993-95 BFA, University of Western Australia

Selected Exhibitions:

- 1996 *Hatched: Healthway National Graduate Show*, PICA, Perth
Vertical Hole - the Hits Series, a night of Australian video, curated by Mikala Dwyer, Test Strip, Auckland NZ
Sculpture Survey, Gomboc Gallery, Perth
- 1995 *Crocodile to Crocodile*, Australia Centre Manila & Mindanao Philippines
Cut Write Sticker Color, Cullity Gallery, UWA
Parallels (Touring), Geraldton & various WA regional centres
Something Wrong About the Mouth, Ted's Cafe, Perth
Missing the Link, Artshouse, Perth
9th WA Film and Video Festival, FTI, Fremantle
Sculpture Survey, Gomboc Gallery
- 1994 *Broken Promises: Cultural Value is Not Negotiable*, Centro Cultural de la Raza, San Diego
Jacksons Rottnest Art Award, Central Park Building Perth

Performance:

- 1996 *Putting on an Act*, PICA
Pluralities, Music Performance Space, UWS Nepean
Performers I and II on the Road Again, Forecourt, Perth Cultural Centre
- 1995 *Cat Flap*, Cullity Gallery
Putting on an Act, PICA
- 1993 *The Public Hanging of Lucas Ihlein*, Winthrop Hall Tower, UWA

Awards:

- 1996 *East Kimberley Art Awards* - Winner, Drawing Prize
Graduate Drawing Prize, CSA Gallery Perth - Highly Commended
- 1994 *Wanneroo Art Award* - Student Award
Albany Art Prize - Gallery 500 Print Prize

SEBASTIAN LAW

born Singapore

Education:

- 1994-95 BA Visual Arts, UWS Nepean
1988-91 Diploma of Visual Arts (painting)
La-Salle College of the Arts, Singapore

Exhibitions:

- 1995 *Graduate Exhibition*, Z Block, UWS Nepean

ERNA LILJE

born Papua New Guinea, 1973

Education:

- 1993-95 BA Visual Arts, UWS Nepean
- 1994 Creative Jewellery course, Enmore Design Centre
- 1992 Continuing Education West - Graphic Design
Tattooing course completed

Exhibitions:

- 1996 *Dissonants - UNSW & UWS*, College of Fine Arts Student Gallery
Road to Love - curated by Mikala Dwyer, Sarah Cottier Gallery
Mary Alice-Evatt Award, Casula Powerhouse
- 1995 *Graduate Exhibition*, Z Block, UWS Nepean
Strange Bedfellows (curator and speaker), H-Block Gallery, QUT exchange, Brisbane
Supertools, Airspace, Redfern
Drag Races, Nepean Arthouse
Airfloat, Airspace
- 1994 *Thwack!*, Airspace
Spectre (with Tim Hilton and Michelle Seamons), Space YZ, UWS Nepean
By Women - 1994 Dissonance Conference & Exhibition, Long Gallery, University of Wollongong

FEDERICO MENDOZA

born Spain, 24/2/1957

Tel : (02) 98 32 31 96

The latin etymology of the word curriculum is "race" or "course to be run" (J. Bowen & P. Hobson).

I am seriously thinking that for creative matter at some point it is interesting to forget about being competitive for a while, so my curriculum vitae is just made of fragmentary notes .

Me and art

How did my relation with art start?

Well, it started very early: my mother told me about my infancy, with the following characteristic anecdote:

"She could leave me for hours in the patio, i could stay quietly observing the ants; She said "I counted them"; the relation with art is evident; as still i have not finished counting them.

My artistic references are:

A poet that somebody knows
one many don't know
one who sleeps in anyone's soul.
A bird in the sky
a moving shadow in the pathway
a nervous butterfly;
beautiful, ephemerical,
permanently outside time.

The shortest poem i have ever seen is:

" En Sirius "In Sirius
hay niños " are children " F.G. Lorca

Another poem from my memory of sand:

Faith empirical. We are not, nor will we be
all our living is borrowed
we brought nothing with us,
we will carry nothing away.
A. Machado (translated by J.A. Balbontin)

MICHAEL NICCOL

born Sydney, 1970

Education:

1989-91 BA Visual Arts, UWS Nepean

Exhibitions:

1993 *Survey of Drawings*, Woolloomooloo Gallery

1991 *Graduate Exhibition*, UWS Nepean

WILHELMINA NICCOL

born Amsterdam, 1946

Education:

1990-92 BA Visual Arts, UWS Nepean

1986-89 Associate Diploma Visual Arts (Ceramics), UWS Nepean

Exhibitions:

1993 *National Student Exhibition*, Adelaide

1992 *Connection Exhibition*, Lewers Bequest & Penrith Regional Art Gallery

Graduate Exhibition, Z Block, UWS Nepean

1991 *Hills Grammar Art Show*

1989 *Walkers Award*, Westpac Gallery, Melbourne

Graduate Exhibition (Associate Diploma) UWS Nepean

1987 Lewers Bequest

Publication:

1989 *Pottery in Australia*, Dec 1989

Collections:

1989 UWS Nepean

DORIS RAINSFORD

born Sydney, 1956

Education:

1996 Workshop Assistant For Prue Venables, 8th International Ceramics Conference, Canberra National School Of Arts

1993-95 BA Visual Arts, UWS Nepean

1992 Certificate In Surface Treatment and Design (Post Trade), Penrith TAFE

1991 Ceramics (Post Technician), Statement Of Attainment

1990 Certificate in Ceramics (Studio), Penrith TAFE

Certificate In Painting (Post Technician), Penrith TAFE

1989 Associate Diploma In Fine Arts, Penrith TAFE

1988 Certificate In Ceramics (Foundation), Penrith TAFE

1984 Certificate In Fine Arts, Penrith TAFE

Exhibitions:

1996 *Mary Alice-Evatt Art Award*, Casula Powerhouse

Dissonants - UNSW & UWS, College Of Fine Arts Student Gallery

Degree Of Excellence - Hawkesbury Art Workshop, UWS Hawkesbury

1995 *Graduate Exhibition*, Z Block, UWS Nepean

Origins, Nepean Arthouse, Penrith

Multiformity, Royal Arcade, Hilton Hotel, Sydney

The Beginning Of The End, Space YZ, UWS Nepean

1994 *Reckoning*, Nepean Arthouse

1993 *Someone Might Notice A Thick Puff Of Smoke*, UWS Nepean

1991 Commissioned mural, Penrith Railway Station Bus Shelters

Commissioned mural, Penrith Sports Field



HONOURS CO-ORDINATOR:

DENNIS DEL FAVERO

POSTGRAD. CO-ORDINATOR:

CAMPBELL GRAY

SUPERVISORS:

ROD BANFORD

PETER CHARUK

CHAI CHEO

JACQUELINE CLAYTON

CHRIS FORTESCUE

MICHAEL GOLDBERG

JOAN GROUNDS

TERRY HAYES

NOLENE LUCAS

GRAHAM MARCHANT

DEBRA PORCH



isbn: dose 1 86341 298 0

