



GROUND SURVEY

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THE 12TH ANNUAL GRADUATE EXHIBITION

Bachelor of Arts, Fine Arts



NEPEAN

THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN SYDNEY

1997

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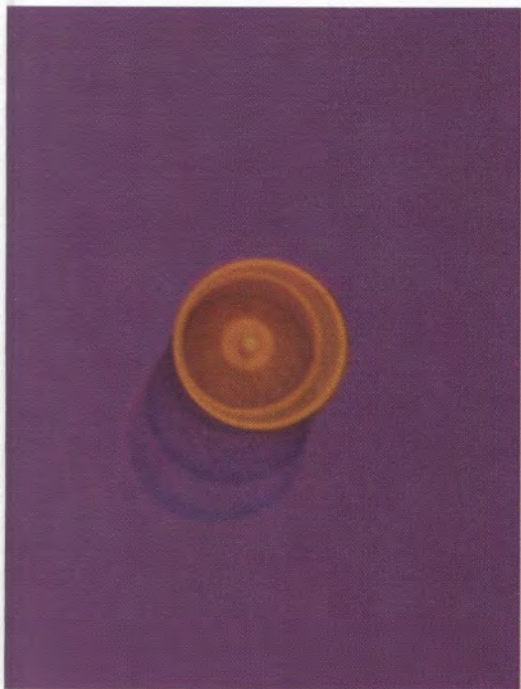
A BOMB HAS HIT
NATHAN
WATERS

1. THE GLOMESH HANDBAG INCIDENT; and now for a completely different set of circumstances !!!! the glomesh handbag incident which was a simple, bonding and mild exchange between a young man and his mother; she smiled and the corners of her mouth seemed to curve with a knowing warmth.

2. NOW'S MY BIG CHANCE; A bomb has hit, and it's probably a gay device going off at some Sunday lunch. I wonder what it would be like to make that big announcement....

Mum!... Dad!...I'm not having a baby!!!!...Can you imagine the confusion? Remember the glomesh handbag incident in mum's bedroom?






What it eventually leads to is a cycling down of events. A continuation of the same pattern, until at some point it stops or burns out. It does not die, it merely passes on to the next. The energy, it's life force, continues pressing itself into the next object. Realistically what happens is the object is replaced and the cycle begins once more, leaving an image of hundreds of circular forms, passing energy on from one to the next. (Images: Transition II, 1997. Motion, 1997).

BEDROOM
JONATHAN
WILSON

CONVERSATION
SHARON VELLA

The isolated phone booth stands awkwardly within the gallery context. Upon closer inspection one finds the phone connected and a voice penetrates the ear. Is it a conversation? An instruction? It is so cold, so impersonal, yet one feels the reason for the chill. A man has hurt a woman. This intensely personal piece explores the depths of emotion, of male to female relationships.

It began with a simple phone call. Sharon Vella's struggle with the let down, which she had refrained from doing herself led to the humiliation she experienced. In this fantasy phone box - Vella reconstructs her revenge.



Sorry this phone ruins relationships



I am abnormal I am restricted. Society treats me like a disease.

RESTRICTION
SAM VELLA

UNTITLED
CHRISTAL
TREWEEKE

My artwork is multimedia combining my exploration of sculpture, performance, video, sound, computer animation and photography. Using these media I have based my work on ideas about the ocean, rebirth, natural cycles, metamorphosis and the flow of memory and time. Emphasis is placed on organic and natural shapes, dream imagery, emotion and fluidity.





"Developing a sense of Fantasy within one's own mind is easily done, each and everyone of us has done it in our childhood days and perhaps even still. Developing it within someone else's mind is a rather more complex and arduous task. Will one see what you wish them to see even when you represent it with text and image, or do they still see something different?"

A NOVEL PERHAPS?
TINA TOLIC

**FASHION AND WHY
YOU SHOULD SAVE
YOUR OLD SHOE-
LACES**

TIMOTHY STEVENS

Badges are a culture all of their own. We all have worn a badge over the years whether they are for fun or to show support for a particular cause. My work does not support a cause, but a fashion and a gallery you can wear. It is the ultimate self portrait, the complex personality we all have but rarely wear on our sleeves.

Love Tim





"a prosperous society depends upon a minority of people being discarded"

Michael Landy 1996

"I want to live like you, but I don't understand how to play your game.

I watch you push me to the edge of your sight.

I always get it wrong, why does my despair embarrass you when my weakness makes you strong?"

There is something within us that needs acceptance. We need a space where our perceptions of ourselves and how others perceive us, will at least momentarily coincide.

This space is usually our home. When family relationships disintegrate, the results can be a spiritual and physical homelessness. My work is concerned with this process of marginalisation, and our desire for acceptance.

VORTEX
GAYE STEVENS

BOOBY TRAP
TALULAH
STEPHENSON

Booby Trap; "... kind of apparently harmless device concealing an explosive charge designed to go off when tampered with."

The Concise Oxford Dictionary

"Booby trap" is my inquiry into the notion of femininity, via the framework of form and function, or perhaps disform and dysfunction. Desire and object, fantasy, devotion and disguise, adaptation and accessorisation all lead me to wonder how we fit into things (garments?), if we fit at all.





Everyone admires the beauty in a cloud formation moving, or the grace of a diver, but the act of cutting up this fluidity and reassembling it as a man-made product enables a whole new perspective on the depicted movement. My interest lies in exploring what aspect of the movement within a given event conjures up an emotive or thought-provoking responses in the viewer. Essentially, if an event captured on film is reduced to an almost abstract form, would the response of the viewer be the same as when they recognised the event in reality? Is the movement a catalyst for the viewer's response or is it the originator? A colour photograph of storm clouds may not conjure the same fear and thrill as viewing storm clouds boiling and rushing towards the observer in a gale.

RECALLING ENTROPY
HAMISH STEAD

MIRRABOOKA
PATRICIA SHARP

Biame the Good Spirit guarded the tribes as they roamed throughout the earth, and he was much troubled. He knew he must have help to keep them from harm. Mirrabooka was much loved for his wisdom and the way in which he looked after the welfare of his people. Biame was well pleased with Mirrabooka, and when he grew old, Biame gave him a spirit form and placed him in the sky, and promised him eternal life. Biame gave Mirrabooka lights for his hands and feet and stretched him across the sky, so that he could watch forever over the tribes he loved. And the tribes could look up to him from the earth. When white invaders came from across the sea and stole the tribal lands, they did not know that these stars across the southern sky were Mirrabooka. They called them by the name of the Southern Cross. But it is really Mirrabooka there, stretched across the sky. He will be there forever, for Biame has made it so.

Kath Walker



Allowpie

PRIME

LARD



250g NET

Allowpie

PRIME

LARD



250g NET

(sin'o-shoor)n. centre of attraction

CYNOSURE
KATHY
SAUNDERS

HAHAAA!
ANDREW SALTER

Have you been to see the eagles at Denver Zoo?

When did you last sit under your dining room table that was covered with a very large sheet or blanket?

Live it!





My work is about colour, aesthetics and decoration. It is a celebration of femininity and what it is to feel and be seen as feminine. Is it purely biological or is it the artificial decoration and ornament that we add to our appearance? For me, the essence of femininity is a combination of both, the touch and look of soft fabrics and lace, the colour blue, intellect and the shapes, colours and textures present in the female body.

BLUE
CORRINE
ROBSON

UNTITLED
KELLIE RITCHIE

Thy seeking and yearning shall avail thee not unless thou knowest the mystery, that if that which thou seekest thou findest not within thee, thou wilt never find it without thee, for behold I have been with thee from beginning and I am that which is attained at the end of desire.





Man and woman struggle to understand their relationship.

Our sexual differences order the role one will play in the society that surrounds us.

As the battles are fought to show which sex is greater, one realises that the sexes cannot live without each other.

MAN WOMAN
RIFFAT JAMAL

**THE ODYSSEY OF
EXISTENCE**

CHRISTIANE
RAFFENOT

Why Tyres?

A symbolic representation
imprinted upon a surface
a trace of existence.

An object utilised
everyday
in western culture.
The tread on the tyre
differs according to
the existence it's had.

Mundane by their abundance
a raw beauty is found
in recreating a visual exploration
of a mundane object.





My work has developed from an intense exploration of drawing to long, black, vertical panels of stretched canvas, the approximate height and width of myself. In working with black I have become aware of its light absorbing qualities and its sensory inferences. The way I have used the black have allowed for both its transparent and opaque qualities to become apparent, whilst alluding to a figure indirectly.

TRACES
ALEX
RADMANOVIC

**IN THE
BEGINNING...**PAMELA
PICART

This altar piece has enabled me to appreciate even more what God has done. It has helped me realise how creative, great and wonderful He is. Indeed, God has given me so much!

So, with my talents, my troubles, my process, the finished product, my life, and all... a tribute to Him, our Lord and Saviour. With it's imperfections and it's beauty, with all I've got and all my effort, all for Him...

That all may respect and experience the goodness, grace, and the great Love of our Father... after all: *"He has sent His Only Begotten Son to die for you and me..."* (John 3:16)

God bless you.





I am looking at the psychological space of the kitchen for women who live within cultural structures that confine most of their day to the kitchen. I am interested in their recreation and redefinition of this space—a place that is entirely their own and cooking as a therapeutic process. I was inspired by the domestic rituals of my mother and aunts who find this role of nurturer extremely fulfilling. The beauty lies in their love for what they do. I am concerned with seducing the viewer with an intense olfactory and sensory experience.


The different spices have enchanting effects on the body when eaten or experienced aromatically. With minimal visual material, the viewer is left to indulge in their other senses and be captivated by their own responses to this stimulation.

CHATAK
ANGELINA
NAIDU

BLISTA
JANITA MURPHY

Often within my work I strive to confuse the viewer, to make them more aware of what they are looking at. Often people viewing art become lazy and listen to other people's opinions and take them. It is my hope that when someone looks at my work that they make a judgement for themselves, by themselves. I feel no need to hand feed the viewer and insert comfort that what they see is what it is.





This work looks at the human body in fragmented and manipulated forms. The obsession with the body is something that I have looked deeply into. There are so many ways to represent the body, and this is the way that I have chosen to look at it. Small crevices, indents, eyes, ears, feet and even the mouth. I have used all of them in my photographs. The photos are very close to the body and slightly out of focus, so the viewer is kept staring at them to try and work out what the image is. I wanted this work to make people think about what is actually going on in the photographs. I hope I have achieved this goal. I used black and white photography, as I feel it gives the body and my photographs a sensual look, which I also wanted in my work. I have used influences from many different areas to help me create this work.

HOME BODIES
KIM MORRISON

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

MICHELLE MORDOCCO and NANCY KASSISSIEH

I do not need what you cannot give,
shedding me down with the hammer of pain.
I will not hunger for the life you live,
for I am alone, as sinful as Cain.

Release the cell, for I am caught and denied
with Envy and Lust crucified below.
Whom can I beg to cease my Pride,
to whom can I run, to where shall I go.

My God I'm in triumph, with bleeding nails,
bowed as I walked with a relished Sin.
My God I'm the trigger, shooting the hails
with Wrath or Sloth conquered within.

The Magdalen with the water, I'm the devil
with the voice.
Where Gluttony is I, I relish and heed
Ten with the lamps, but the five rejoice,
My God why me, for the Sin I Greed.

Revelation

the seven churches in Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia and Laodicea.

of untold rapture to see the voice that was speaking to me. And when I opened I saw seven golden lampstands, "each" among the lampstands was someone like a man of glass, dressed in a white reaching down to his feet, and his hair was white like wool, as white as snow, and his eyes were like blazing fire. His feet were like bronze glowing in fire, and his voice was like the sound of rushing waters. To his right a seventh star, a sharp double-edged sword. His face was like the sun shining for all to see. When I saw him, I fell at his feet and worshiped. Then he placed his right hand on me and said: "Do not be afraid. I am the First and the Last. Do not see the Living One who was dead, and behold I am alive for ever and ever! And I hold the keys of death and Hades."

John, therefore, who you have begun to read to now and what will take place later, with an imperious hand and the seven angels, the messengers of the seven churches, and the seven lampstands are the seven churches.

To the Church in Ephesus
2 "To the angel of the church in Ephesus
write:

These are the words of Jesus who holds the seven stars in his right hand and who walks among the seven churches. I know what you have done. You have not the usual work and have persevered. I have seen that you cannot tolerate wicked men that you have rejected those who claim to be apostles but are not, and have found them false. You have persevered and have not yielded to temptation for my name, and have not given up my name. I praise you. I would like to speak to you and strengthen you. But you have not kept my commandments. You have not loved the words of Jesus who holds the seven stars in his right hand and who walks among the seven churches.

Prologue
1 The revelation of Jesus Christ, which must soon take place. He made it known by sending his angel to his servant John. The word of God is with him and he will testify to all that he has seen and heard. Blessed is the one who reads the words of this prophecy, and blessed are those who hear it and take to heart what is written in it, because the time is near.
Greetings and Blessings
John.

To the seven churches in the province of Asia
And
Grace and peace to you from him who is and who was, and who is to come, and from the seven spirits before his throne, and from Jesus Christ, who is the bright morning star. The Spirit and the bride say, "Come." And he who hears let him come. And he who is thirsty let him take the free gift of the water of life.

To him who loves us and has freed us from our sins by his blood, and made us to be a kingdom and priests to serve his God and Father—to him be glory and power for ever and ever/Amen.

"I look, he is coming with the clouds, and every eye will see him, even those who pierced him; and all the people of the earth will mourn because of him."
So shall it be/Amen.
"I am the Alpha and the Omega," says the Lord God, who is and who was, and who is to come, the Almighty.

Our Life is One of Man
"I, John, your brother and companion in the suffering and kingdom and patient endurance that are ours in Jesus, was on the island of Patmos because of the word of God and because I had borne witness to what I saw. I say to all who hear the words of this prophecy, "Blessed is the one who obeys the commandments of this book. The curse be on him who does not do so."

The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which must soon take place. He made it known by sending his angel to his servant John. The word of God is with him and he will testify to all that he has seen and heard. Blessed is the one who reads the words of this prophecy, and blessed are those who hear it and take to heart what is written in it, because the time is near.
Greetings and Blessings
John.

integra



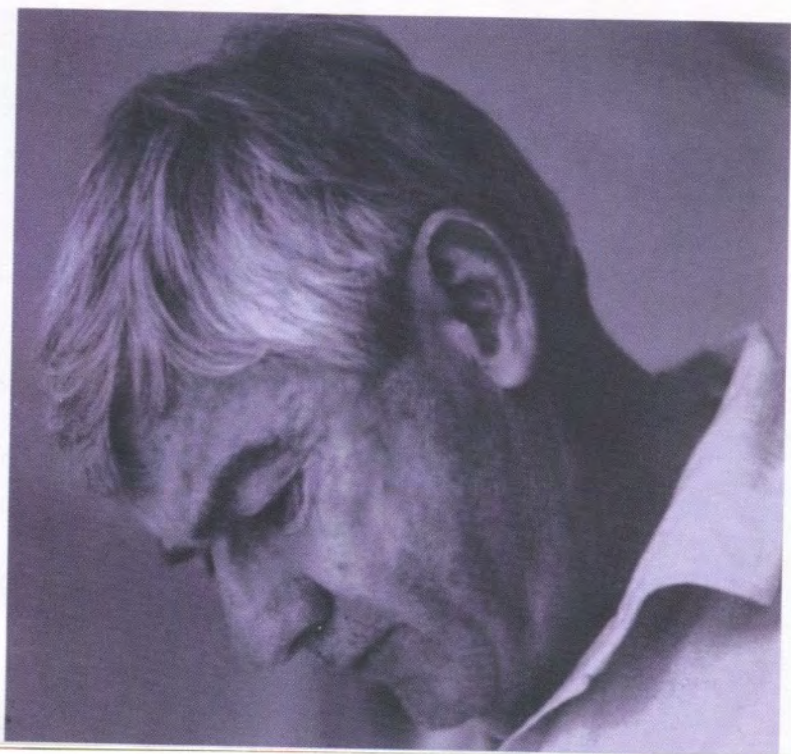
creata

"When parts are wrested from the whole, and seen as separate wholes within themselves, they become symbols standing for attack upon the whole."

Language is a cage (Wittgenstein). It confines us to the illusion of separateness, polarity. The concept of Unity is one that we cannot properly express within our linguistic structure. I am concerned with language and forms of visual language, creating ways of addressing the non-rational, intuitive and feeling functions that are still capable of perceiving in wholes. This language incorporates polarities, male and female, contemporary and ancient, natural and synthetic. It attempts to grow beyond self and other into wholeness. It is paradoxical.

ONE
KEIRA MINTER

FAMILY PORTRAIT
DEBRA MC
FADZEAN





1st row plain, purl, curl, cord, hold, tie, cut
2nd row stretch, flesh, weave, wool, woman,
3rd row slip, stitch, catch, attach, repeat
4th row plain, purl, plain, rib, rib, cast off.

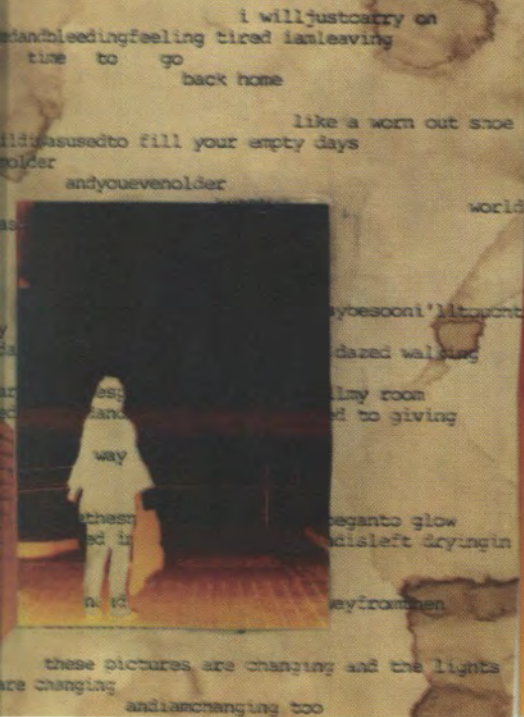
IN STITCHES
REBECCA
McCANN

SADAKO'S WISHANITA
MALONEY

And a great white bird flew over the sea, Its
wings spanned the horizon, like a large blanket
covering the land.

Each silent memory came slowly to the soul of
those who saw the angels' flight..





My work retells a series of events in my life. I write what I remember and I make art to forget.

LEAVING
HEATHER
MAJUREY

PROFESSIONAL HUMAN Let's attempt to baffle others with our gibber
MICHAEL
LINDEMAN



「是不這線條」 「是不這不是」 「條線這不是」 「條

THISISNOTALINETHISISNOTALINETHISISNOTALINE
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THIS IS NOT A LINE
MARK LEUNG

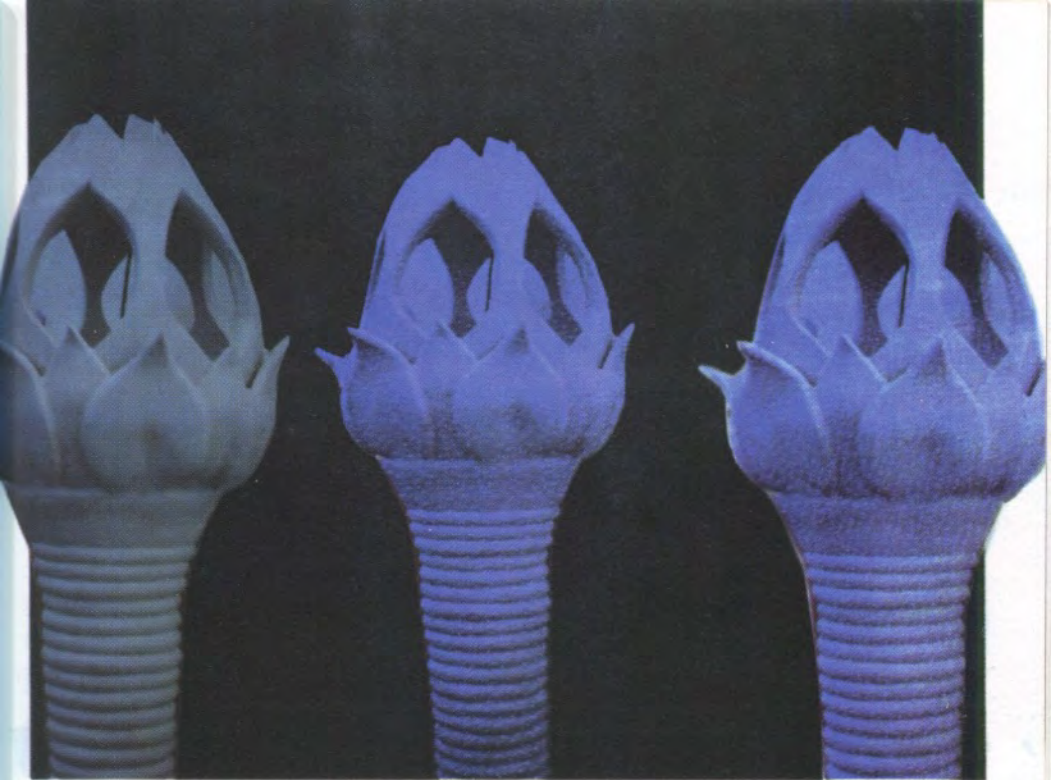
REMINISCENCE
LAURA LEE

Yesterday
is but today's memory
and
Tomorrow
is today's dream

Kahlil Gibran
The Prophet

"Reminiscence" an exploration of your conscious and subconscious thoughts and how we bring back to life that which is gone





From the water to the Buddhist altar the lotus represents the faithfulness and respectfulness of our culture.

PORNPRASERT
KHANTHAWICHAI
**FROM THE WATER
TO THE ALTAR**

**THE CARNIVAL
BARKER****ANTONIE
JAMIESON**

The maintenance of reality was disempowered by a distinct fear of the future. The fear embodied irrational movement and bold decision making which would soon deliver the new.

These times called for something, but the language was alien and managed to avoid being deciphered. Action has been taken. Any movement seemed to further define the right direction. The wrong direction was the only one recently explored and was in essence definite.

We must tolerate our script and be God's tools. Disseminate through relative views "real"ising our word and continue the scene. Enhance our characters capabilities and deactivate the insecurities. Embark on micro-surgical conversation probing mass manipulation. Good must be rewritten for every station, by every occupant.





In the German/English dictionary 'Enthauten' means 'to skin'. In relation to the Jewish Holocaust this word is used "to skin" the flesh of a human.

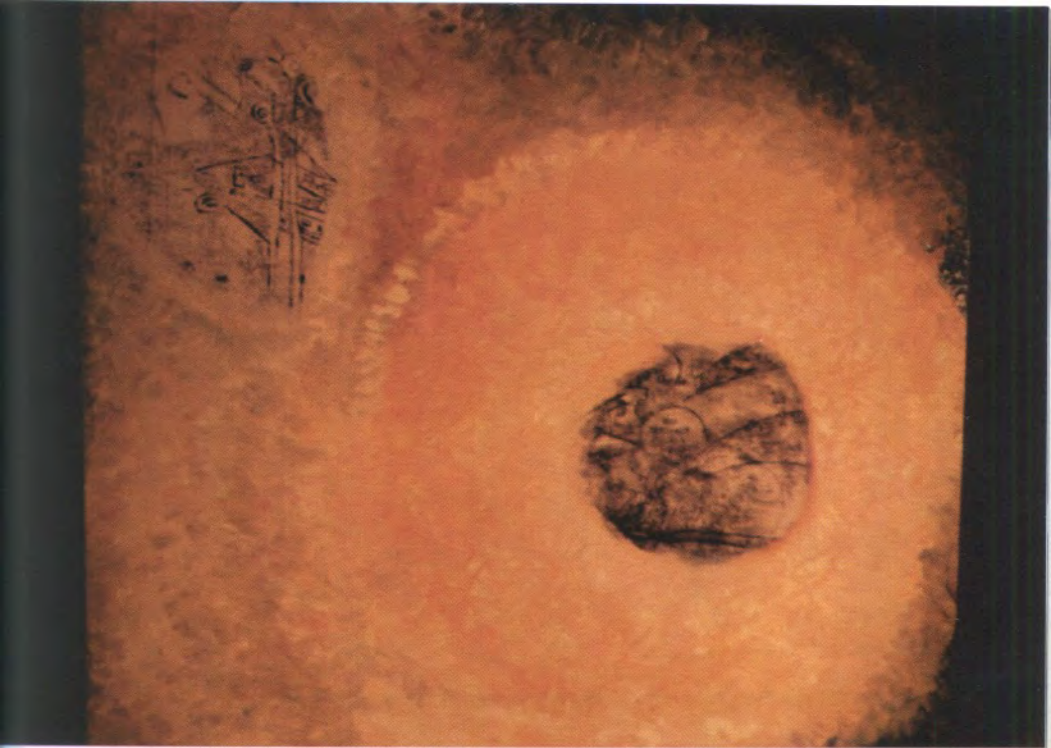
ENTHAUTEN
LOUISE JACKSON

CLAIRE ISAACS

The sun, sky, earth, and moon are round. The sky is deep like a bowl. Everything that breathes is round like the body of a human being, things that grow from the ground like the stem of a plant are round. The sky, the night and the moon go in a circle above the sky, therefore the circle is a symbol of these illusions of time. It is the symbol of all times throughout creation.

Native counselling services of Alberta.





Jazz is an inspiration to different people as an expressive means of communication. It has the power to move as well as to soothe.

HEATHER IM
**THE ESSENCE
OF JAZZ**

**IMAGINATION
EXPERIENCE
INTUITION**

JANET HOLMICK

Drawing entails exploration, risk, discipline, and the ability to feel ridiculously inadequate without losing the will to soar. It has elements of the absurd and whimsical which ought not to be underrated: neither should intuition.

Robert Kaupelis, Experimental Drawing





The texts written millennia ago, which have been passed down to us, contain a wealth of idiocy: they are a teeming melting pot of fantasy—part myth, part legend—some of which, also, are considered to be holy books. Many of these far-fetched stories lay claim to absolute truth. What do we actually have? Copies which, without exception, were made between the 4th and 10th centuries after Christ. And these are taken from earlier copies: and not one copy is exactly the same as another. More than 80,000 discrepancies have been counted. It is this lack of truth that my work is based on. Having been raised as a devout Catholic, I have since explored religion on a more objective level. Two books by Erich Von Daniken "Chariots of the Gods?" and "The Return of the Gods" make many different interpretations of holy texts, claiming that extraterrestrials are behind the mask we see as God. I decided to base my work upon this astral-angle to religion not only to spread the ideas of "Palaeo-Seti" but as a personal revolt against forced religious teaching of which I was a victim.

MARK
HODGSON
**UNEARTHLY
DESCENT
TOWER OF BABEL**

**WHAT
ARE YOU
LOOKING AT?**

ANGELA
HERNANDEZ

I was looking at something the other day that took my interest. At a glance it looked quite average, although I wasn't actually sure what I was looking at. I soon found myself in the same spot for longer than I expected. My eyes held a vigil shifting left to right repeatedly. The difference was there: it was just a case of finding it. The more I searched for something, the more I actually saw too much. It's all an illusion and it causes way too much confusion if you think about it too long. Ah, so that's why many eyes are only watching a picture and not bothering to look at what they are viewing. Is the audience always right, like a customer? Sometimes I'd swear I saw Roy Lichtenstien wander past, but I wasn't quite certain. Oh well. I wondered if I could acquire a copy of this intrigue. I'm sure it is possible, if only I knew how I wanted it reproduced. Just ask.

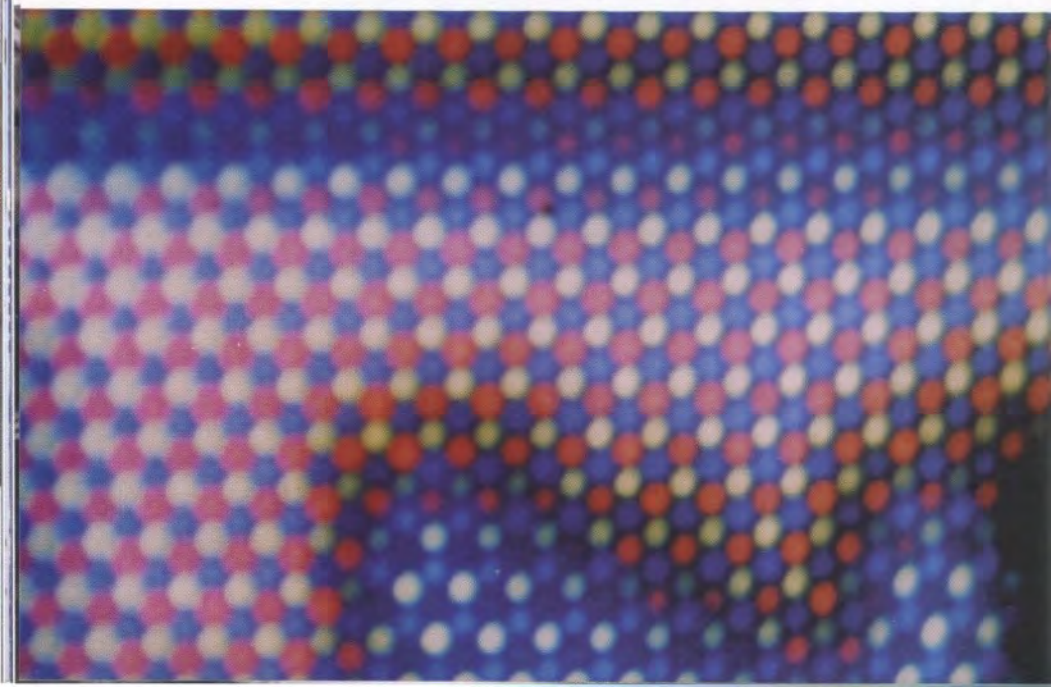
What am I actually looking at? Does it really matter?

Are you pondering what I'm pondering? Not likely.

What are you looking at? What are you looking at?

What are you looking at?

Can you see what I see?





Dance is the way man speaks in movement. It is his inner urges given outward release. The spoken languages of the world have chosen certain sounds and rules of grammar to ensure intelligent communication. Without this chosen order, speech would only be a garbled noise. Dance styles are the result of just such choices of movement grammar, each more race, or region, evolving a dance communication that immediately classifies the style as belonging to that race or region.

Beth Dean

HETTY
(HYUN JU)
GIL

**METAPHOR-
BUK-DANCE**

**TRICHOTOMY
OF LIFE,
THAT AND
ETERNITY**

BONNY
BOKYUNG
GIL

*No life moves smoothly.
Few can live without pain and frustration.
Life fluctuates between good days of fulfillment
and difficult days of sadness.*

(Robert A. Raab)





Claustrophobia, a term that can be classified as an abnormal fear of closed in, narrow spaces, began to fascinate me. My concerns took the form in a recurring notion of "what if" scenarios, where if what if you were trapped or restrained in a situation that would be inescapable, "what then?" Which is where my determination in exploring confined spaces, such as elevators, underground tunnels, trains and even my own household shed began. My household shed, a room with airtight corners, dark confined and even unsafe, was to be my ultimate and main focal point of my work I wanted to create an atmosphere that, by using objects found cramped and squeezed would express confinement and restriction, metaphorically in one's life, where the slightest movement would cause disturbance and chaos.

**TRAPPED WITHIN
THE SHED**

**CAROLEEN
GABRA**

**ORGANIC
MORTAR**
CAROLINE FOX

we sailed
through
waters infested
with sharks
and crocodiles
though
the hazards
that concerned
the crew
were
of a less
obvious nature

I'm puzzled
I'm certain
I've seen
the mountains
unusual
rocky
hump
before
but I can't
place it
I may be lost





Fire, Water, Ice, Steam,
Frozen, Temperature, Fog, Gas,
Fog, Reaction, Mist, Smoke,
Chemicals, Air, Wind,
Elements, Fumes, Breath,
Hover, Blown, Escaping.

Blowing Smoke. Escaping from the lips. Tubes of fumes. Hovering around, the mouth forming images, tracing patterns. Clouds of misty forms, taking shape. Finally seeing forms of images. A small breath. Slowly gases emanate from the lips. Smokey fumes still linger swirling and swivelling eventually dissolving into thin air. Then it begins again. Continuously. Repeatedly. People looking but not seeing.

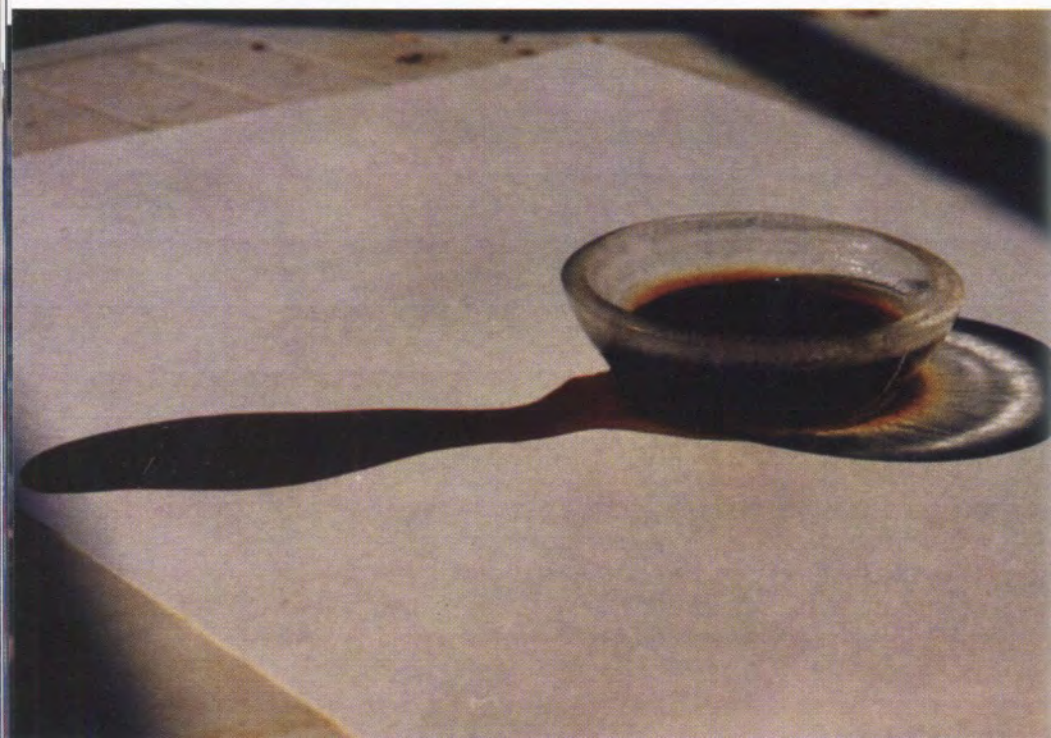
**WHAT WE
LOOK AT,
BUT DON'T SEE**

DEBORAH
FORDER

THE EVIL EYE
VOULA
FACAS

They brought her a glass of water and she put a drop of oil in it. It sank straight to the bottom in one drop and rose again. "There" she said, "The Eye" It was green and gold, shining in the water. Otherwise the oil would have scattered.

Beverly Farmer, *The House in the Light*.





Through my recent work I intend to explore the mysterious relationship between the theory of chaos and the order of fractures left by change.

I also intend to connect the unpredictable nature of fractals and chaos to the "realignment" of the heart in an arrest.

REALIGNMENT
ANNE
EDMONDS

UNTITLED
PEITA DUGGAN

In our time of dressing for comfort, it would be hard for anyone to imagine wearing the costumes of the Middle Ages.

From the impracticalities of trailing gowns and sleeves and long pointed shoes, to the painful, such as steel and whalebone corsetry.

In my work, I have researched the many peculiarities of early fashions and combined them to create outfits of discomfort and strangeness, with the hope of causing pain and eventual disfigurement.

The outfits are dysfunctional, they cause the wearer great frustration through their restrictiveness and excessiveness, although they appear very attractive.





He knew now that it must be the boundary between the living and the dead that he had to deal with next, and that his visit into his own hinterland, into his tomb, where he had gone on his supernatural horse, making visible to himself a truth that was not to be discovered in the objective facts of his history, his forward patrol, his simple little fiction, had been but a necessary preparation, a hardening of his resolve, for this journey into the vast shadowy province where his mother had been lured by his spellbound grandfather, the place where gods, ghosts, ancestors and innumerable other forms of phantoms and uncategorised demons met the living face to face.

Alex Miller *The Ancestor Game*

**MATHEW
DOLLISON**
**CHINAMAN'S
CROSSING**

**THE
EXPERIENCE
OF LOOKING**

**NATHAN
de VOS**

Chinese painting is an art of time as well as space... A scroll painting must be experienced in time like music or literature... The western tradition restricted space to a single vista as seen through an open door.

George Rowley, *The Principles Of Chinese Painting*

When we experience an event or even a scene such as a landscape, we can not possibly see it all at once like in a postcard, given that the eye has a very limited visual field, We must instead continually glance at the various features of what is in front of us, in some cases moving our head and body to gradually build up our knowledge of the scene. This is the "experience" of looking that I am interested in. The glance, or rather a series of glances stemmed together, and that some aspects of an experience may be looked at longer or more often than others, some parts maybe not at all.





14. Now, verily I say unto you, that through the redemption which is made for you is brought to pass the resurrection of the dead.

15. And the spirit and the body are the soul of men.

16. And the resurrection from the dead is the redemption of the soul.

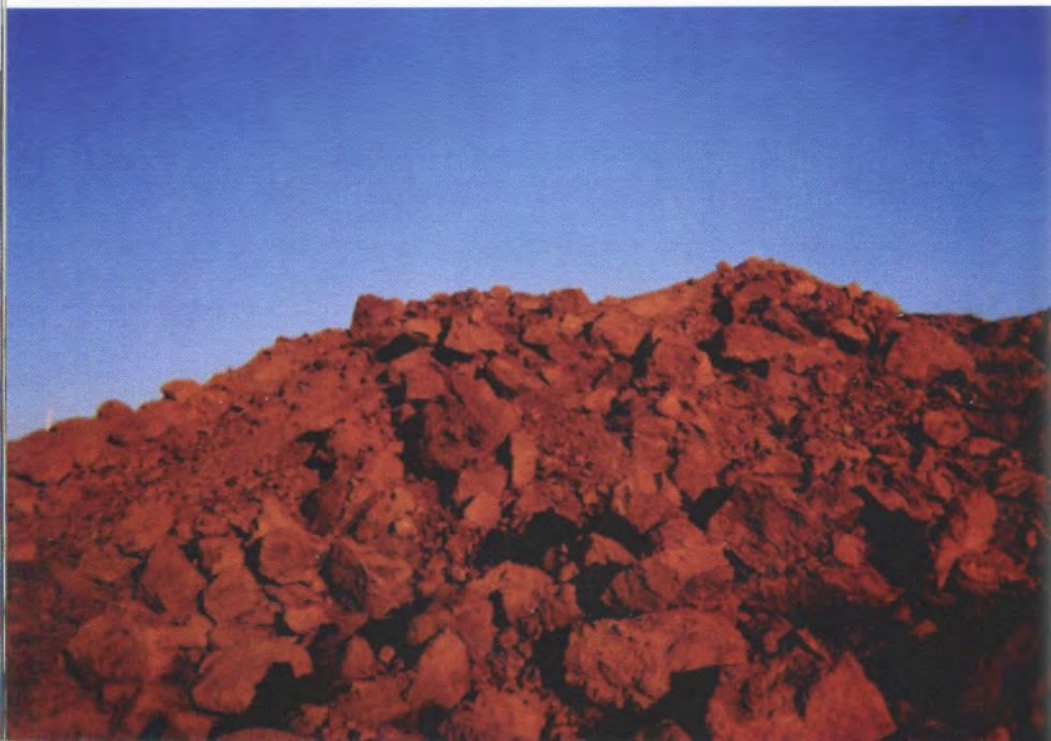
Doctrine and Covenants 88: 14-16

THE GATHERING
LARA DAVIES

**TRANSITIONAL
LANDSCAPES****ANDREW
DARLINGTON**

These paintings are impressions of the land. They are not necessarily landscapes, but abstractions of the land. With these works I have explored form through the use of light and shadow.

I have chosen desolate, upturned building construction sites as my subject. These paintings focus not only on the land, but the moment in time between what naturally stood until man's constructional impact, that short moment in time when the land is upturned and interesting forms appear. Also with these works all my studies have been drawn *en plein air*. Between sunset and sundown are my magical hours.





After many years of separation a friend sent me a letter. She discovered that a friendship is like a valley, always more distinct when observed from a mountain.

This work is not about friendship. It is about discovering. This work praises *unveiling*; an act, extraordinary because of the mixture of the excitement about what one expects and what one gets to see.

Unveiling *someone* is a complex process that considers unveiling the spaces around him. These spaces are more apparent from a greater distance. The further you go the more you see.

To get closer to someone does not mean to jump directly to his doorstep. You better allow some time and start from a distance. Unveil his country first. Then his city. Then the neighborhood. And then come to his house, and his room. Then have a look at him. You might see, then, a real him standing in front of you.

**UNVEILING
MARIJANA
CURIC**

UNTITLED
BELLINDA
BOYD

Intrusion is the essence of inhumanity.





*I ran forward like a child, tore off my clothes and
threw myself into the water. It lasted only a few
moments but it was heaven.*

Swinburne

EUPHORIA
MATHEW
BENTHAM

**PRELUDE TO
INSANITY**

JOANNA ANTONIOU





The weekend just past, I spent at the Hotel Intercontinental. I actually live near Redfern, so travelling was no hassle.

Patrick's sister had won a free night at The Intercontinental, and had passed it on to the two of us for my birthday.

Clutching the door handle of the car, I almost shit myself when the door opened of it's own accord. A little unnerved, I then noticed the doorman of the hotel, holding the door ajar with a huge welcoming grin.

I can't explain how bizarre it felt to have the doorman open and close the door for me weird. I felt even worse when he ran past me to open the front doors before I got to them.

Patrick and I arrived in day old clothes, probably dirty, ripped and definitely not something this hotel was used to seeing.

SHARN ASTON

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