

NEOTERICA

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1 March — 14 April 2024
North Eastern Concourse
Adelaide Railway Station

Neoterica acknowledges and pays respect to the Kaurna people, traditional owners of the unceded lands on which Neoterica was developed and held, in Tarntanya Adelaide.

Artist

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NEOTERICA

Neoterica: 20 mid-career artists, 20 writer responses, championing SA contemporary art.

Neoterica is an artist-led, artist-focused grass roots initiative working outside establishments, infrastructure, and security. This project is driven by blood, sweat and tears and a need, a commitment, a compulsion to create opportunities and see more major exhibitions in our state.

Neoterica is a major survey exhibition, in its second biennial iteration supporting 20 new artists, 20 new writers, and many more behind the scenes. It has firmly established its aim of artists supporting artists, creating opportunities, and adding a substantial exhibition to our visual arts landscape.

It is also the largest current survey exhibition in South Australia, and the largest exhibition showing all SA artists. This is important to us, not by the pure virtue of size but as an example, an inspiration, a call to action and actualisation, of what is possible and extremely needed here.

We have so many talented artists and writers, more than this project can include each time and we want to show our work. And so this major project has been driven by one artist with the help of a small team, grants and support.

In this year when the SA government is reviewing and declaring a new cultural policy, these are the actions we need. A city filled with art and supporting artists, housing studios, galleries, ARI's, the many unused spaces in our city facilitated to house exhibitions big and small.

Neoterica is housed in a unique unused semi- industrial space in the heart of the busy train station, thanks to the support of Renewal SA, the space is itself a feature and a great example that this is extremely possible, if only it were much more probable. Art everywhere!

The artists in Neoterica are mid-career which can be hard to define; moving up the "career ladder" determined purely by years of practice feels forced. We are considering it as artists beyond emerging who do not have an established level of major exhibition opportunities or representation. We have also looked to artists who may have become less seen in the exhibition circuit due to longer term family, work, study commitments and the lack of opportunities but have consistently sustained and developed their practice.

The works in Neoterica reflect each artist's own ideas and concepts across photography, painting, sculpture, printmaking, installation, sound, video, ceramics and mixed media.

They are ambitious, bold, experimental, personal, reflective, environmental — each artist pushing themselves in their chosen medium, exploring their current motivations with persistence, experimentation, scale, repetition, and deep investment. Each chosen for what they bring and the interplay between their works.

This catalogue also houses the valued responses of 20 South Australian arts writers. Pairing artists and writers who have not worked together in this capacity before, forging new relationships, perspectives, and engagement. Each writer has reflected on their artists through poetic, theoretical, conversational, thoughtful, mutual, amusing responses to their work and process. They compliment the work with their own perspective, understanding and generous crafting of words.

Putting artists at the forefront, paying them well, facilitating new responses to their work, providing photography and a publication as a lasting sharable record, presenting them at an opportune time in the Adelaide festival and alongside the esteemed Adelaide Biennial. Giving them space, support and encouragement to make what they want to make, what is exciting them, pushing them or they are processing at this time.

This is my aim in Neoterica and past iterations and projects, to uphold the principles to do what you would like yourself, to be the change and to support artists how I would like to be supported. Neoterica is for the artists, a testament of their voice, contribution, expression and importance. A platform to create and show work which needs to be seen and experienced. A place to create and see performance. It is for the writers, the arts community, the audiences. So we can all celebrate the depth and strength of talent and creativity we have in South Australia.

— Ray Harris

Ash Tower

Eleanor and I sit down in her studio—rain and distant thunder beats at the corrugated roof as we look out over the vast painting before us. It's laid out on the floor, like some liquid map whose features bleed into each other and fade into mist.

We talk of process, and of chaos and control, and of the beauty of holding two contradictions in tension. As we talk, I can't help but see this painting as a body of water—its surface seems impossible to divine for all the forms which tangle atop and beneath one another. We talk of painting but something strikes me—Eleanor doesn't talk about forms 'emerging' or 'receding'; she talks about them as 'floating' and 'sinking'. We speak on this; the language of 'wash' and 'bleed' and 'tide' and 'seethe'.

As I survey the painting, its composition seems to gently lap at the edge of the canvas. It isn't an ocean, or a sea, nor a river, nor a tidepool. The painting before us is exactly this—a painting. But it's also aqueous—not wet, but watery. It still bears the wetness of its making, with pigment deposits left in the wake of great floods and tides. Water, within this work, seems to fill the gaps between intents and actions. Its leaky, fluid, indeterminate motion seems to defy control, yet it remains the vessel by which paint moves and flows. Here, water can commingle the most joyous and harrowing of material encounters.

Our language overflows with aqueous metaphors, and Eleanor is no stranger to these nebulous zones and indeterminate conjunctions. This can be seen in the objects she lovingly refers to as 'rock props'—inciting the double meaning of 'prop' to be both an inferior stand-in and an indispensable support. They share a surface quality with the painting, with moments of soft dispersal punctuated by vibrant intensities, commingling their spatial form and pictorial depth. Like the painting, they remember cold, wet malleability, and in their accumulation they overwhelm the edges and boundaries of the work.

In Marine Lover of Friedrich Nietzsche Luce Irigaray offers water as a model of thought, unmoored from ordered, delineated (and for Irigaray, masculine) ways of knowing. So, when Irigaray asks us to '*remember the liquid ground*', she is asking us to acknowledge our waterlogged, fluid position in the world.¹ But there's also something here for Eleanor's painted grounds: surfaces of tidal traces which recall the processes which created them.

Dig deep, bury, find, discover and recover—in its indebtedness to process, substance, and chance—is both a record of a material conversation and a perpetually unfolding encounter. In the words of Irigaray: '*Everything is constantly moving and remains eternally in flux. Hence with a thawing wind, bad fortune arrives. As well as salvation.*'² The work before you invites its exploration, and a charting of its histories. Wade into its embrace and let it spill past the edges of your vision.



Eleanor Alice

Lilla Berry

In a society that values travel to experience new destinations and new landscapes, we neglect the natural wonder that surrounds us everyday. The urban concrete covered world steadily grows, whilst leaving remnants of the once naturally occurring landscape in pockets, ready to be found. At the top of a skyscraper; in manicured council controlled gardens; in nature strips on highways. Yet we take these pockets of nature for granted.

In so many ways we are constantly at odds with the things we project to be. Lovers of the natural, untouched. Whilst unable to see what is in front of us. That there is so much beauty readily available, but unappreciated. Photography as a medium is able to reveal to us what may otherwise be unseen. A tiny detail that is often missed. A place in the world that only few can see with their own eyes. It can peel back layers in the everyday to unveil something new.

Jenn Brazier's work examines our connections to place, to land, to Country. Her photographic methods transform landscapes into ethereal images, bringing to light the unseen magic and beauty hidden in the landscape. Devising photos that are timeless through the use of long exposure and unconventional lighting techniques to create an otherworldly scene. This work, which incorporates installation, presents itself as a gateway you could step through to reveal a whole new world, reclaimed by the environment. The proof of our existence is absorbed into this unique and new state of nature. Part us, part the Earth. A magical place where nature shields the viewer from industrial structures that exist just moments away.

Jenn questions our relationship to the world we inherit, inhabit and impart onto future generations. It defines the relationship we have with this planet as one that is equal in power, if we allow ourselves to look at our position through a different lens. As a society coming to terms with our use of the world's resources, through a process of appreciation for what we already have, we can find beauty in so much of what is available to us.

Considering this as a Yankunytjatjara woman, Jenn's work speaks to how First Nations communities have always lived in harmony with our environment. Being one with Country. Belonging to Country. Not Country belonging to us. Our human existence is so small and brief in the timeline of what has come before, and what will come to be. We can leave footprints and echoes of our habitation; a glass bottle, a metal seal, a pile of brick and rubble. But in the end, our reconstruction of the earth will be rightfully reclaimed by nature.

Jenn's work reminds us that we are inherently part of this world and must coexist with nature. But it is our responsibility to care for Country, so that Country can care for us.



Jenn Brazier

do not give in- but give- over

Everything is happening at once:
her artwork contains everything.

When Fran was a child, her father told her how the history of the earth is held
in those fragments of rock

and here, on this kitchen table,
her history is held in these drawings:
this then, is an archaeological dig.

As we speak, she writes the name directly onto the surface of the artwork,
but the letters are not static on this uneven

territory
made of hardened plastics and
gesso: they are dancing: the word is bleeding into a tea-cup imprint:
on which sits a fallen plaster-cast of a milk bottle: that is resting on a drawing
her little one did when they were entangled in the garden years ago: which
is caressed by the pigment: which is spilling onto broken eggshells

You need to recognize that the entire work is a drawing – actually, I take it back – you need to understand that for her, everything is
drawing: only then you are ready to begin picking up the fragments she has laid out in this work: and only then do you realise there is no
boundary: every part of her is in these lines:

To draw:	'to create a mark on a surface'	[here, the surface is being reconfigured]
and/or	'pull or drag so as to make another / object / mark., follow behind'	[to follow another too far]
and/or	'to draw another towards you'	[to be in love: to give your entire self]
To abrase:	'to wear down or rub off: smooth off'	[we do this to each other]

to draw/
to abrase/
is to begin again:
to build oneself again:

she is re-building a world here, in the space between: motherhood and oneself and all that comes with the most
intense love and the most intense loss: and in this space she is creating something embodied and vulnerable:

and then offering it to us
as a gift [that is saying]:

do not give in- to the grief but give- over to it:
allow it to form lines so as to mark the surfaces of our bodies:
so that from either side of us:
strength emerges:
popping and fizzing
in those bursts of yellow and
spaces in-between the artifacts. plaster. plastic.
packaging. pigments. graphite. gold leaf. glitter.
odd socks. eggshells. moulds. stains and Pikachu.

Jennifer Eadie



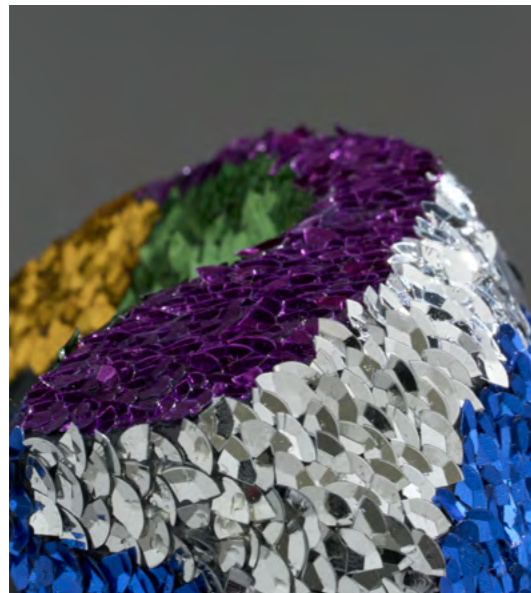
Fran Callen

The Secrets of the Soulpreneurs

It begins with the arrival of a warm knitted thing in the shape of a diamond, with a void at its centre. Unfurled on my kitchen table it is as wide as my open arms. It seems devotional and portal-like, or as though about to host a vivid birth. It is to be spread across a wall with a winged, sequined eye at its nave. I could stick my head through it, or wrap it around me as a poncho. Colourful slogans adorn its surface - *Are you tired of feeling average, normal, and sane?* it asks me.

We sip tea as Makeda Duong reads aloud to me from her work. I am told that beauty and terror will save me from mediocrity, and that I could harness love to become a 'manifesting generator' endlessly producing my dreams in the waking world. Such are the teachings of the *Bipolar Guru* (2024) whose messages are wrought in the resonance Duong observes between the slippery language used by spiritual life coaches, and her own bipolar manic delusions.

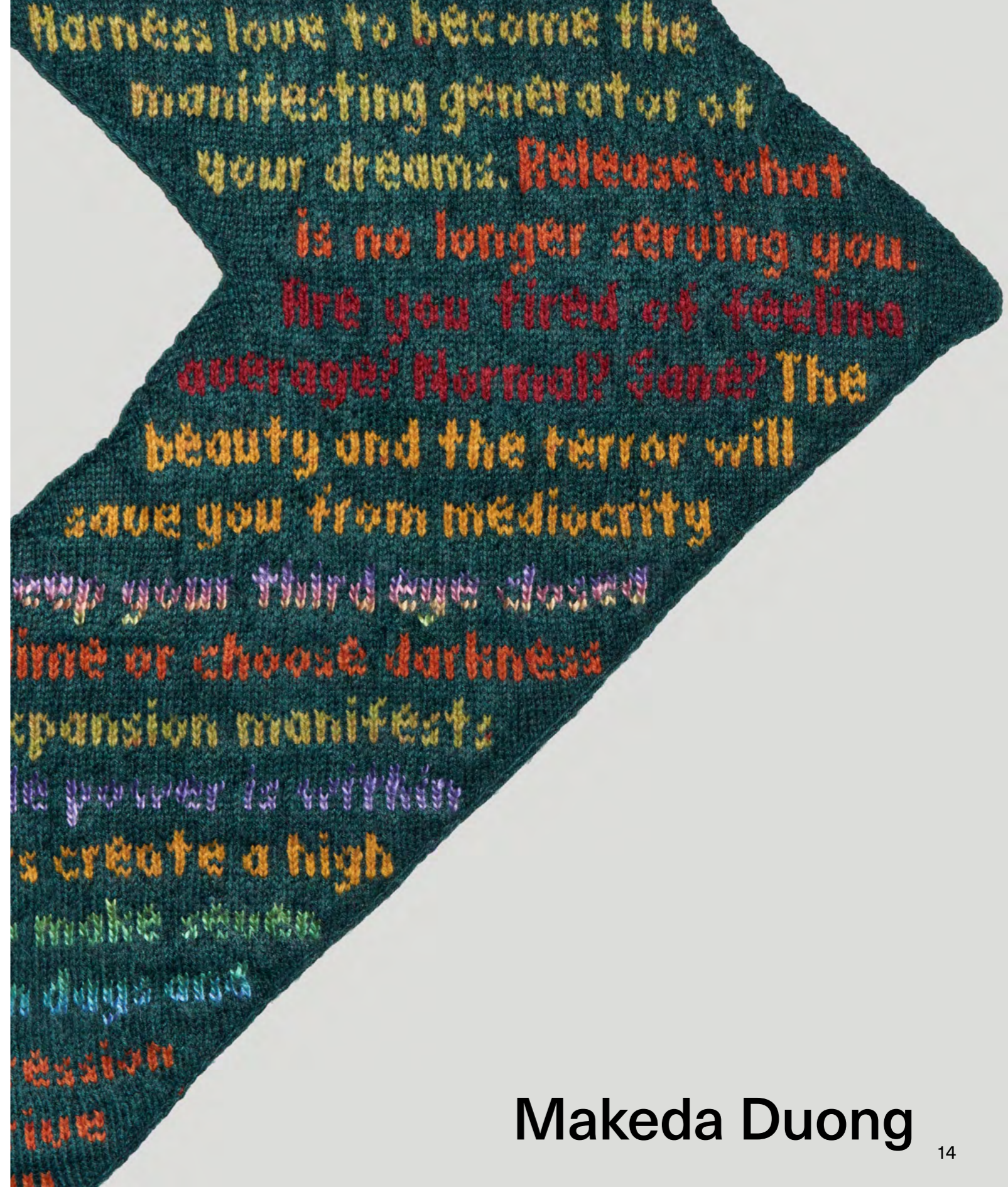
The work leads me into cavernous sinkholes of self-help, where my fragile finances and poor health are explained by lack of connection with my inner self. Duong takes me deeper still into the darklands of the soulpreneurs - and tells me to keep my third eye open. As grim as the going gets, I observe the spiritual life coaching phenomenon providing healing-rites that seem important to identity creation and meaning making. Many beliefs contain forms of discontent - perhaps reflecting their 'new age' counterculture roots - but the insistence that social ills must be resolved by expensive, quick-fix personal transformation turns any questioning of the status quo into fuel for neoliberalism.



Sasha Grbich

After Makeda leaves, the phrase '*Capitalism and Schizophrenia*' gets stuck running laps in my head. It is the title given to Deleuze and Guattari's philosophical tomes better known individually as *Anti-Oedipus* (1972) and *A Thousand Plateaus* (1980). I plunge in to find that *Anti-Oedipus* describes the way that abject fear of lacking things constantly produces capitalism within people' – or as Sylvia Wynter corrects – within people under the conditions of whiteness and empire.² I begin to think of *Anti-Oedipus* as a self-help book for unpicking traces of control internalised through exposure to bad politics. I find their description of people as interdependent multiplicities that flow together to be a peaceful antidote to the hyper-individualism Duong's work makes visible. I am less comfortable with their instrumentalisation of Schizophrenia, which seems disingenuous next to Duong's generous reflection on what it is to live with bipolar disorder amidst the madness of our world.

Duong makes clear that she supports and enjoys the benefits of mental health medication. Carefully planned stitches process her experiences into knitting that travels everywhere with her. This is not post-studio art, this is pre-studio art. Its ancestors are the many women through time, leaning over their textile work in moments gleaned from chores. Art historian Hanneke Grootenboer has made a study of still life paintings of such women, reframing their undertakings as pensive rebellion in plain sight, the language of their resistance the stitches that Duong's hands now carry into new territory.³



Makeda Duong

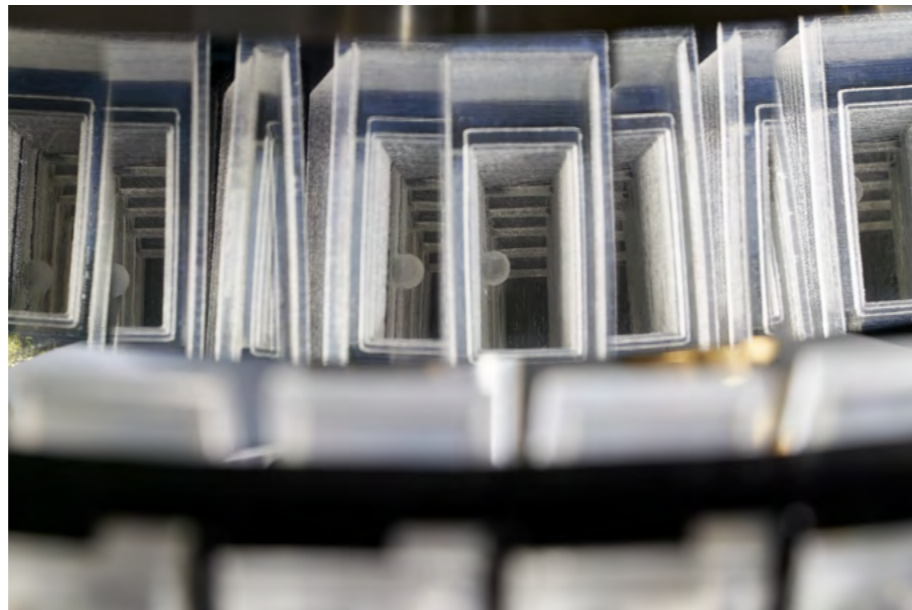
Deirdre Feeney and the Mysterious Apparatus

In a darkened space, a Victorian-looking device sits on a metal tripod around 1.5m high. At the peak of the tripod is a flat, 48-sided polygon fitted with pale resin objects. The apparatus is topped with a 19th century brass objective lens. It evokes telescopes in rooms of enlightenment, and a closer look at the resin objects shows many tiny, never ending rectangular hallways. This is Deirdre Feeney's *Hallway*, an apparatus which throws an array of moving images against the wall, illuminating a hallway with a receding staircase.

People try to put their hand into the generated images, bumping into the solid wall. The ghostly projections pulsate back and forth, unaffected by the viewers' experiments to engage with them.

Deirdre Feeney is a deeply thoughtful, experimental artist working in an area where the definitions of art and science become irrelevant in the face of human technological experimentation. Feeney has previously worked with glass, and this work brings the materiality of glass to use in printed resin and the optical lens; both glass artists and photographers could be said to be light artists, which this work plays with. The historical efforts she draws on did not fit into a clear category either, as they pushed new technologies and ways of seeing.

In the late 1900s, Émile Reynaud was experimenting and creating various animation techniques, culminating in his *Théâtre Optique*.¹ Much like the circle of resin objects in Feeney's *Hallway*, this large device involved a circle of slides, a light and mirror, and a projection onto a screen. In the *Théâtre Optique*, the audience was on the other side of the screen, marveling at the magical new moving images, a precursor to modern cinema.² The device that produced these images was a secret behind a sheet of fabric.



Meg Riley

In *Hallway* however, we see the apparatus, an essential element of the experience of this artwork. As Feeney says, the apparatus is 'decloaked'.³ An inverse of Reynaud's *Théâtre Optique*, where the audience could only see a magical moving image on a screen, the entire apparatus of *Hallway* sits exposed. And then, in another flip, the exposure without explanation is a complete mystery. We as viewers are unsure of the optical mechanisms at work and lured in by the dynamic generated images.

The piece draws on historical elements to push the moving image into a new framework. The artwork exists in the gently pulsating lights on the wall, in people's gazes on them, in the individually-crafted resin objects within the apparatus, and in the display of the apparatus. And in the creation of it. Feeney has also coined the term 'time-light'⁴ as an expression of the form of optically generated time of movement and light present within the artwork.

While there are several ways to understand *Hallway*, possibly the best way to experience it would be in the making of it; it is a part of the historical line of experiments in light and image-making. When we make something through experimentation, we can discover what it will do; until that point, we are not sure how things come together. It is an experiment on Feeney's side and an experience on our side, one which requires at both ends time, deliberation, and experimentation.



Deirdre Feeney

Soft Bodies

Looking at Keith Giles' work reminds me of returning to my childhood home after it's been overgrown by another family. The scaffolding is familiar – the low-hanging beam where my brother cracked his skull open, height marked in pencil lines peering through new coats of paint, the light fixtures my parents argued about for months. But what lies within the construction is warped almost beyond recognition, right down to the silverware rattling inside the third kitchen drawer instead of the second, where it should be.

Keith has created dozens of images based around an old school photograph taken when he was eight years old and not long after his family emigrated from England. It is the first photo taken of Keith on Kaurna soil. He remembers 1960's Australia as insular, sports dominated, and toxically masculine. The impact this had on Keith's development and identity is literalised in each rework of the original photo. His face is always obscured in some way, with just enough anatomy left for us to recognise the human in what we're seeing. In this triptych, Keith uses images of *immortelles* to eclipse his face. *Immortelles* are flower arrangements primarily created from plaster, tin, and porcelain and encased in a glass dome. They are placed on graves as an everlasting tribute to the love that tethers the living to the dead, and the past to the present.

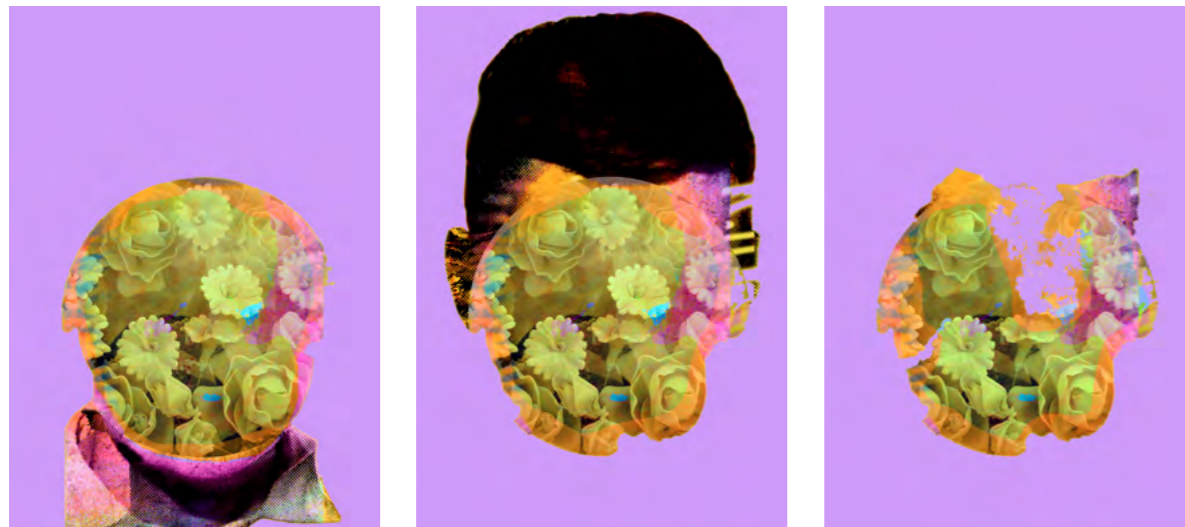
Quentin Brown

'I've always had a curious obsession with graveyards and funerary adornments,' Keith says.

In his studio, a small cottage at the base of his garden, he talks me through his process. He tells me how he takes these images and lays them out on his computer where they are sliced and stacked. It's all very experimental, with the colours and cuts largely made at random until a new picture, and a new story, emerges. It reminds me of playing with the building blocks at school when I was little. I would hoard these many shapes in their bright primaries, and I found out which ones can balance where, which colours looked best together, and how tall my fortress could be before it collapsed on itself.

As Keith talks, I notice a body of flowers beginning to craft itself at the desk in the corner of the room. It sits with a goldenrod spine bent over an unfinished collage, tulip fingers tapping thoughtfully on the table. It has bracelets of larkspur, sprigs of wise lavender between its ears, stems of gladiolus crossing its cheeks, and aster blooming in place of a patient heart. When we fall into silence, it opens its forget-me-not eyes and blinks at me. The rose-blush curve of its lips part, and with a rattle the buds that form its chest begin to open and close in rhythm. A bitter sunlight begins to pool in my stomach and I decide to leave it there, breathing and blinking inside the metal arms of Keith's studio.

*Grief drips like hot wax
Craft a metal cradle for
What the flesh can't hold*



Keith Giles

Let the paint speak for itself

Though considered a painter, it may be more appropriate to understand Sam Howie as a conduit, or catalyst who sets up the conditions for his works, before stepping back to let the paint speak for itself.

Begun in 2018, this work forms a part of Howie's ongoing series *Landscape with Figures*. It is comprised of smaller panels, installed on the gallery wall in a grid, stretching floor to ceiling, and expanding out horizontally. The painting/s are abstract; lines, slashes, some solid, others speckled in appearance. Howie has chosen earthy colours; yellows, reds, greys, blacks, greens. It is both larger than human scale, reaching far up the wall and towering over the viewer, while also containing elements that are of a smaller-than-human scale and placed down by our feet. Each panel can be read as a human figure – in their simplest form, a line – in sweeping landscapes or as abstract images.

The movement between two contradictory spaces is embedded within each material, process, and action. Howie makes a choice; how many panels to paint, how to hang them, the colours and materials to use. He then steps back and forfeits control; paint curls the paper, the panels are hung in the order they are picked from a pile. Each work is contained, but the grid also gives a sense that it could expand out and continue forever. Standing before it, I am at once reminded of the ever-expanding universe, mirrored in the grid, and my head hurts trying to think about what the universe is *expanded into*.¹



Eleanor Scicchitano

While at the same time it brings me comfort, the colours speaking to a childhood in a red brick house, surrounded by a lush garden of green foliage, yellow, white, and pink flowers. This ongoing investigation of the push/pull between the eternal and ephemeral, controlled and free are central to Howie's experimental art practice.

Like the work, the time that Sam and I spend in his studio also flows between states of serious art talk and casual conversation. We touch on topics as broad as the material qualities of paint, philosophy, Taylor Swift, Christmas plans, university days, growing families, and Sam's upcoming exhibitions. I am given homework and I relish it.

Creating a space for contemplation presents a rare opportunity to think deeply, in a time and space in history where we are all connected, and our attention is pulled constantly every which way. Howie's work is a subtle invitation to stop, consider both our daily troubles, our joys, and those bigger questions. But be warned, he will not give you answers. Just the spaces in which to seek them.

As a viewer, I feel like I am watching a game of Pong being played out across the wall. As soon as my mind settles to one idea, to one moment, it recognises the mirror thought, is rebounded and flung in the opposite direction, before hitting another wall and springing back again.



Sam Howie

Denise Nolasco

in movement, formless, nameless,
at glacial pace, evolving.
numbness – softens, thaws, into
a gentle cascade, submerged.

in your depth, sacred design,
in your stillness, temper. yet -
still tender is your embrace,
to love and seek no return.

beneath the expanse, spaciousness.
Hininga' as spirit,
ancient wisdom locked in ice.
is to thaw, merciful? Remorseless?

we crave Mother's offerings,
yet scarcity seeks to hold.
What was once a gift, transforms -
shared abundance to clutched heirloom.

to partake is to traverse,
outstretched, misshapen, weary.
in haste, we grasp, eyes closed to the cost,
unmoored to soul's reservoir.

beauty bound by pain, yet
we deplete, unheedingly.
if life's wellspring is boundless,
pain's cry, lacks the force to stir.

urgent beauty, dormant power
yearning for more than symbols.
change awaits, is it enough?
when is the measure of plenty? ✧



Gail Hocking



Money for Paintings I-III

I. Forest Dreams & Chlorophyll Greens

He dreams of a rainforest.
Hot flushes of damp heat. A song of birds, of insects.
The thick soup of sounds and dripping light,
sky blotted out by a canopy of smooth brown limbs and
chlorophyll greens.

Somewhere in that rainforest:
A small brick house in a clearing soaked with sun.

Inside, a kitchen. The tiles are cool slate. Orange morning-glow
light tumbles in like circus acts. It warms the side of his face as
he sits (in his dreams) and sips (in his dreams) steaming black
coffee
as he waits for the world to wake.
The tsst tsst of house music
on the radio above the sink.

In his studio at the back of the house,
there is a view of the clearing with the forest at its edge. The
thick mass teems with heat and life.
He sits (in his dreams) at a table and he paints.

II. Art-Holes

What is an art-hole?

A space between.
An outside to an inside. Or an inside to an outside.
An opening
for words as vib(e)rations
for language made liquid
to travel through
out and out
and into the world.

An inter
dimensional
link.

A here to a there.

So then.
Step through.
Into this dream.
This vib(e)ration.

Or...

Piri Eddy

III. Maximize Your Life

DREAMING OF A BETTER LIFE?
WANT MORE OUT OF YOUR EVERY DAY?
THEN GET
MONEY FOR PAINTINGS.
MAXIMIZE YOUR LIFE
AND STEP TOWARDS THE REAL YOU!
CALL MATT AND QUOTE
"MONEY FOR PAINTINGS"
TO START YOUR JOURNEY
TODAY!

MONEY FOR PAINTINGS OF CHAIN-SMOKING DOGS.

EXCITING OPPORTUNITY ARISING
GET MONEY FOR PAINTINGS.
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WHATSAPP @ +54 789 456 222.

MONEY FOR PAINTINGS:
AND OTHER MALADIES.

A PAINTING OF A GIBBON PLAYING BACKGAMMON
UNDER DURESS.

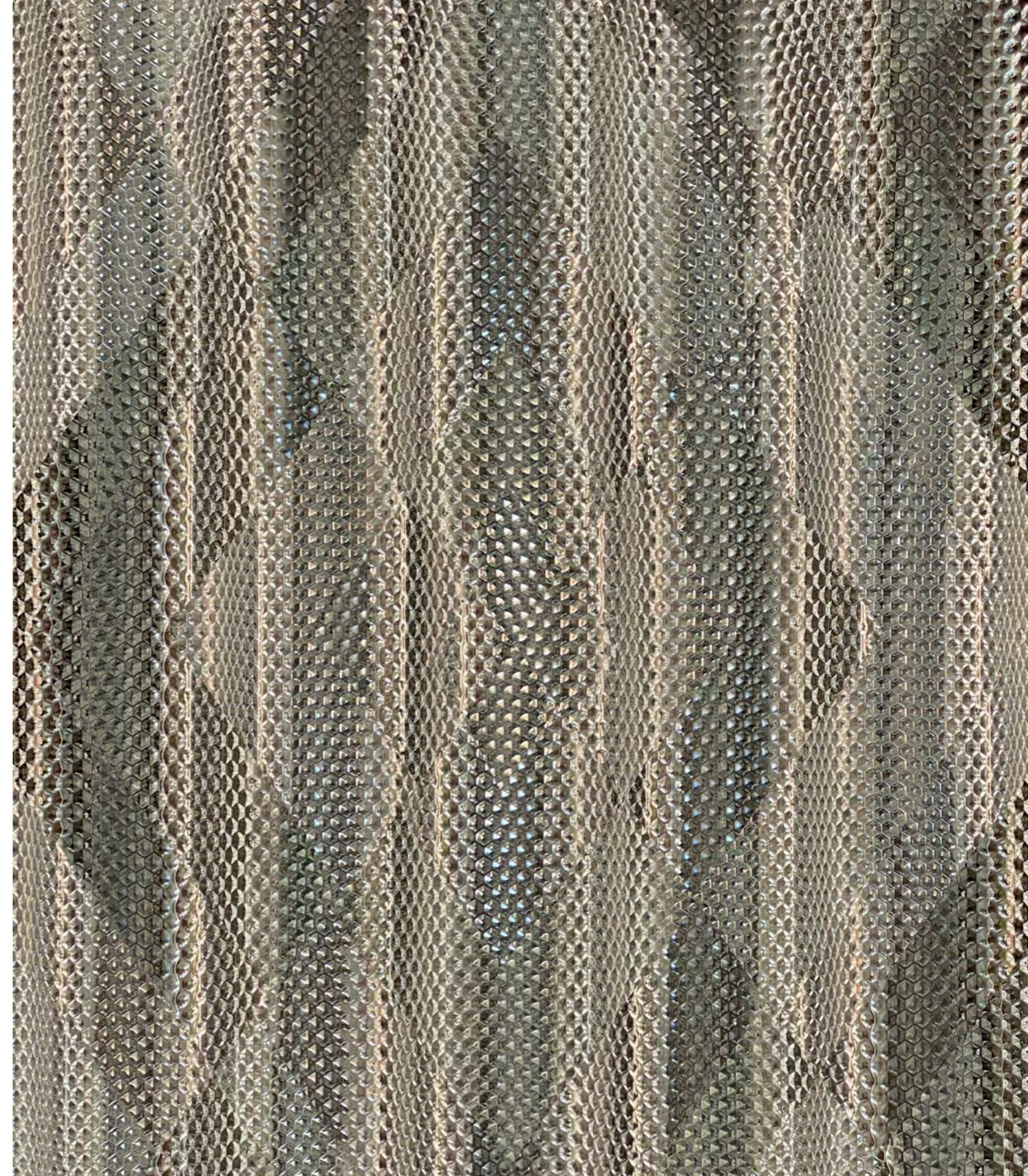
MONEY FOR PAINTINGS.
CLEAN.
ONLY ONE OWNER.
FEMALE.
NON-SMOKER.
\$500 ONO

MONEY FOR PAINTINGS
OF BEAGLES EATING FASCIST
PIGS.

AVAILABLE NOW AT AFFORDABLE PRICES HIGH QUALITY
PAINTINGS FOR THE DISCERNING COLLECTOR.
NO TWO THE SAME.
FURNISH YOUR HOME WORKPLACE AND INVESTMENT
PROPERTY AND
INCREASE YOUR HAPPINESS AND VALUE!
100% AUSTRALIAN MADE!
QUALITY PRODUCTS.
ONCE THEY'RE GONE
THEY'RE
GONE.

PAINTINGS OF MONEY.

MONEY FOR PAINTINGS.



Matt Huppatz

Anisha Pillarisetty

1/ a fly on the wall, gone/before i can catch/a closer look at its wings – a bit like a/heartbeat. the things that help us fly, are often the things /that can destroy us.¹

i google attachment styles,² after we talk/& i know what i am/ before i /do the quiz. it tells me i have a disorganised/attachment/ avoiding / my childhood, but remembering/a glimpse of something/in the corner of my eye.

2/ we talk about memory/in sections, any body/ a vertebrae-ic/ story /that can break if you leave out a part/ the body is a branch covered in/ the foil of conversation, holding up/ our skin. our histories are different/ but they both bleed when they fall/ & break.

3/ we walk through the garden, but the grass is/ carpet. even on the other side apple seeds weigh down the orchids/ what does the brain hold down/ what can we brush under.

4/ i imagine red leather arm rests are both comfortable &/ominous. i imagine the Tube even though I've never been. i remember/ taking the train with my mother. dreams covering the day's/ mistakes in a pale, worn/blue/i bridge the gaps by thinking of the smell of rivers if they dried up underground/i look at the maps³/they've never made sense to me. they are just coloured lines. you say, everything is a bit more on the surface there. not like other cities. home blooms differently, and disappears when you try and pluck it.

5/The bench is filled with habits some more close to the/bone. colours bleed into the fleshiness of memory, a decadent monster/ eating time, like stone fruit swelling into hazy summers in the opposite hemisphere to– home is shadows at midday, a giant ear hiding in plain/sight,⁴ for listening to whispers that are no longer/there.

1/ at night time when a fly/starts to shake the silence/it seems like it'll never/end. an infinity in the brain. a drone/that keeps zooming out until you can see the silver/in the moon.

6 /wrap around/and round the details/until the weightlessness of forgetting/is a feeling to hold until it changes colour/like wool that changes texture & becomes/unfamiliar⁵/ the more you touch it/if only/bright, transparent pipes/ could capture/the tick-tock of everything before it leaves/like the sound of domesticated birds/with clipped wings, birds/that can't fly away⁶

7/ there are feelings that burn and burn/& the shops turn them into souvenirs/there is something eternally comforting about fake fur/the way it strokes against the skin/& threatens/to leave⁷/i meet people in their thirties/who are not troubled by life/& i wonder how many days they've spent/reliving the gaudy smell of magazines/in corner shops and waiting rooms/when everything turns to ashes/in the bright of eyes.



Simone Kennedy

Steadfast

This artwork is the story of one and it is the story of many.

Bernadette Klavins has made her mark in the art world with physical, earthy, strong sculptures that interrogate the human relationship with the planet we live on. *Unearthed*, in 2018, referenced her grandfather and his physical labours of building the family home in suburban Adelaide. Now, Bernadette is placing him in the light.

Juris Klavins was just 19 when his life was overturned.

Juris worked on his family's farm in Jēkabpils, Latvia, a farm boy in a changing world. Soviet and German occupation deeply impacted political, cultural and family life in Latvia. By the end of the war, Latvia had 25% fewer people.¹ In 1943, Juris was conscripted into the Latvian Legion, fighting Russia for Latvian territory on behalf of Germany. At the end of the war he could not return to a Latvia that was now part of the USSR. After time spent in a POW camp, Juris Klavins arrived at Camp Bonegilla, Victoria, in 1949.² Juris was a worker. He quickly found allowed manual labour jobs and worked his way to South Australia.

In front of his Adelaide house, Juris planted two trees familiar from home, oaks (ozols in Latvian). One of two national trees of Latvia, the European Oak is a male figure in Latvian folklore, a symbol of masculinity and steadfastness.³

Kathie Stove

Central to the installation, the warm light of memory glows through luminous resin oak leaves. In my reading of Bernadette's practice, sparse placements within her installations add a power and a fragility to her message. As I imagine it, the placement of the objects and memoirs will embrace the steadfast oak at the centre.

The suitcase connects a life lived in and between two worlds, both home. Wallpaper from the grandparents' home lines the lid over soil to represent the soil brought from Latvia to be buried with Juris. A letter (translated) to Juris from his sister in Latvia casts more light onto a resin cast oak trunk. I suspect the labour-intensive physical nature of Bernadette's art also reflects her grandfather's life of labour.

At this time of vast migrations of people across the planet, many prompted by conflict, this story feels like success. And yet, like all migrant stories, it has many deep sadnesses.

In Latvia, ancient ozols still stand today, designated and protected by law as 'Great Oaks'.⁴

*'After the passing of my grandparents, Clare and Juris Klavins, and the selling of their house, my sister collected acorns and oak leaves from the yard. Once the house changed ownership, the trees were removed a short time later.'*⁵



Bernadette Klavins

The Losers in You and I

'I want you to meet my losers,' Kurucz told me as I entered her art studio. She pointed towards paintings of three figures from Ancient Greek mythology: Arachne, the Minotaur and Icarus – three mythical 'losers' whose stories are both extreme and absurd.

The first one, Arachne, was a great weaver who boasted her skill was greater than the goddess Athena's and challenged her to a weaving contest. Arachne won, but at a steep cost: she enraged Athena, and the goddess beat the girl with her shuttle. Arachne then hanged herself out of shame, and Athena transformed her into a spider.

In her painting, Kurucz depicted Arachne's form mid-metamorphosis. In this transitory state between human and spider, Kurucz captured the physicality and horror of bodily transformation that Arachne experienced.

Next is the Minotaur, a mythical creature described as being '*part man and part bull*.' The creature dwelt at the centre of Daedalus' Labyrinth, which was constructed for the specific purpose of incarcerating him, under the command of King Minos of Crete. His miserable life was eventually ended by Theseus, the Athenian hero.



Aushaf Widisto

Kurucz painted the Minotaur sitting down, resting his head on the decapitated head of one of his victims. The creature looks as if pondering his fate – stuck in confinement, with nothing to do but prey on whatever lost soul he can find in his intricate cage.

And then there's Icarus, son of the Labyrinth's architect Daedalus, who along with his father was imprisoned by King Minos after Theseus killed the Minotaur. To escape, Daedalus fashioned two pairs of artificial wings held together by beeswax, and warned his son to not fly too low lest the sea's moisture clogs his wings, nor too high lest the sun's heat melts them. Icarus ignored his father's latter instructions, and died.

Kurucz painted Icarus as multiple humanoid figures in varying degrees of descent – illustrating the 'gradual process' instead of a 'fixed moment' of the fall. Behind the red silhouettes of the falling Icarus, we see the bright yellow sun, burning indifferently.

These three tragedies are mythical, not historical – but that doesn't mean they never happened. If anything, not only have these stories happened, they are still happening, and will continue to happen 'til the end of time. These stories are archetypal, providing templates for universal human experiences that you and I undergo ourselves.

We're all losers, aren't we? There are Arachnes, Minotaurs, and Icaruses in all of us. Haven't we all, at some point in our lives, enraged powers beyond our ken? Found ourselves trapped in a wretched, inescapable maze? Or flew too close to the sun?

The archetypal tragedies of Arachne, the Minotaur and Icarus incite a catharsis so profound it reverberates through the ages. Kurucz loved the idea that thousands of years ago, someone else was comforted by the same stories we read today. Indeed, is there anything more human than our fondness for good stories, both happy and sad?



Kate Kurucz

Field Notes

Tristan Louth-Robin's sound installation *Self Noise* intentionally isolates gathered field recordings from their associated environments, creating a soundscape rich with ambiguity. This ambiguity heightens the listener's sense-making biological processes as they adjust (receiver-like) to the aural textures. By choosing recordings that slip between familiar and unfamiliar, Tristan allows the viewer to hear the sounds 'clean', but of course they will also inevitably layer their own subjective associations on top.¹ In this way, this work is akin to systems that intentionally leave room for as yet unknown discoveries, such as the periodic table or the Dewey decimal system. This 'room' is future-oriented and hopeful.

These sound recordings emanate from a central planar sculpture, which similarly shifts in associative states in relation to the different sounds played from within. Dislocating the sounds further is an algorithm that plays two sound files at once, creating an uncanny soundscape of uncertain origin and spatial scale. In Tristan's work we are at once hearing the micro-bubbles of native Snapping Shrimp (*Alpheus edwardsii*) and the rushing liquid notes of a creek. Over time, the planar assemblage flickers between natural and abstract states, as the soundscape dictates its associative form – at once a seagrass meadow and an electromagnetic field. In turns, the central sculpture assumes the form of shale, a termite mound, tectonic plates, a tree canopy and futuristic architecture among many others.

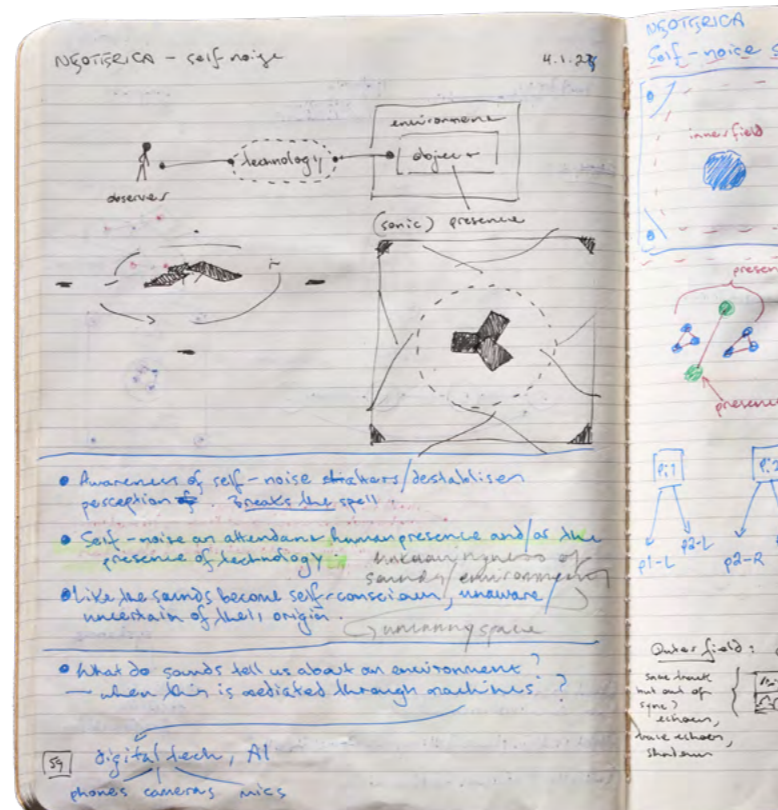
This constant shifting and collapsing of associative states render this work akin to a heterotopia: a threshold defined by its otherness and liminality. *Self Noise* is specifically acting under philosopher Michel Foucault's Third Principle of heterotopias, as a space 'capable of juxtaposing in a single real space, several sites that are in themselves incompatible'.² Foucault's examples of such sites include theatres, cinemas and gardens- somehow an apt Venn diagram of *Self Noise* itself. Foucault's Fourth Principle is also at work here, with this heterotopia clearly 'linked to slices of time'.³ *Self Noise* acts a sensory refuge within the surrounding Neoterica exhibition, the larger structure of the Adelaide Railway Station and even broader- within the disjointed patchwork of experiences comprising our day.

Nicole Clift

Tristan's interest in recording these sounds extends beyond the discipline of archiving- he is curious about how the recording device itself interacts with the environment. The title *Self Noise* refers to the audio created by the recording device coming into contact with surrounding ephemera and atmospheric phenomenon such as wind and rain. These irregular burring and hissing sounds are the auditory trace of technology in situ and underline the post-human and anthropocenic implications of this work.

The promise of technology's ability to solve humanity's vast environmental and social problems is arguably the primary issue of our lifetimes – and *Self Noise* contemplates this predicament as a process of reaching a state of equilibrium. This work subtly suggests the process of stabilising (environmentally, politically, socially) that we are collectively heading towards will render our previous understandings uncanny and unfamiliar.

It may sound something like this...



Tristan Louth-Robins

We repeat ourselves. There is no cure.

Alysha Herrmann

We are different, Riza and I. Obvious ways: our skin colours, our ages, our practices, our lived histories. Riza has made a life in cities. In places of much and many. Riza is practical and makes things with her hands. She grew up with artist parents. With art always all around her. Riza knows her cultural ancestry (Filipino and French descent). She went to a progressive school and was born in an artist commune. She recently moved to South Australia.

Unknown

adjective

1. Not known or familiar.

noun

2. Something that requires discovery, identification, or clarification.

We meet in a café in the regional town of Mannum. The two of us unknown to each other. Riza finds herself here in Mannum post-COVID lockdowns in Melbourne. A different world now around her and inside her. We meet and she explains to me some of the last few years. I ask questions and she answers. I scribble down half-formed sentences.

water carries away

leaving peacocks behind

with this I don't know

loud but not loud

I will not remember what these fragments meant when I read them back later.

Riza waits patiently while I listen to audio of a Turkish asylum seeker divining her fortune in a coffee cup. I am wearing Riza's headphones, I am watching Riza's screen. I watch and I listen as the water rises and the horizon disappears. I watch and listen. Watch and listen. Watch and listen.

Riza tells me that her name means acceptance in Turkish. Riza tells me that she is not the subject. Riza tells me about a boat. *The boat, this boat.* Built by a man who died and then sold to Riza over the internet. Riza goes to collect the boat and sees the remnants of this dead man's life sitting outside of someone else's shed. I see it too, as she describes it to me.

The unknown is a lesson that hangs between us. The unknown is the left behind question mark. The unknown is the curve of a river that hangs behind my collarbone.

What is the medium? Unknown/s.

131 kilometres south-west of my Riverland birthplace is Riza's present home of Mannum.

153 kilometres south-east (ish) is the Coorong. The Murray River flows out to the sea through the Coorong, connecting Riza and I, and this unnamed boatbuilder. His dream was to take the finished boat out onto the Coorong. He never made it.

Homage

noun

1. Special honour or respect shown publicly.

We are not so different, Riza and I. We are good at saying no. We finish the unfinished (and unfinish the finished). We cast questions in the studios of our minds. We are loud but not loud. Still but not still. We grieve. We wait. We make. We love. We hope (still). We sit in the unknowing. We honour the mundane. We rewrite the fine print. We chase the horizon. We see the boat.

'Art and life is a mutual affair, you can't separate it' – Riza Manalo.



Riza Manalo

Nic Brown

(OCEAN)

I'm in the middle of it all.
A tiny, linear mark
Along its vast surface.
On the horizon line,
My body floats as
I propel through the waves,
Above those dark, gliding shapes that
Move silently between the water-strata.

I'm halfway nowhere,
In this murky deep,
Gesturing towards an edge –
That vanishing point I never find.
Until, I meet the headland,
Where phthalo-blue washes into white froth –
And I turn around, again.

(SKY)

I roll towards the sky
To get things in perspective.
But it's flat; that great cerulean swathe,
With blobs of grey, drifting, like me.
I look too close to the sun.
My vision becomes a blur of cadmium orange,
And fluro-pink specks are
Stencilled across my eyes.

(SPACE)

So, I inhale.
And, like always, the world tilts,
Hurling me to the other side –
Into space and its forever-inky stillness,
With infinite glowing constellations
And cosmic clouds of dust.
I'm weightless, again.

My paintings live here,
In this emptiness.
Invisible, they orbit my body
So that I feel their presence.
And, eventually,
When brush meets medium meets paper,
I finally see them jostling on the surface.

But then he leaves, unexpectedly.
And I'm displaced.
Spinning –
Too disoriented this time.
I fall hard like a meteoroid;
The gravity of it pulling me back.
Past the planets, the stars,
Burning through dark matter
Until I hit the middle, again.

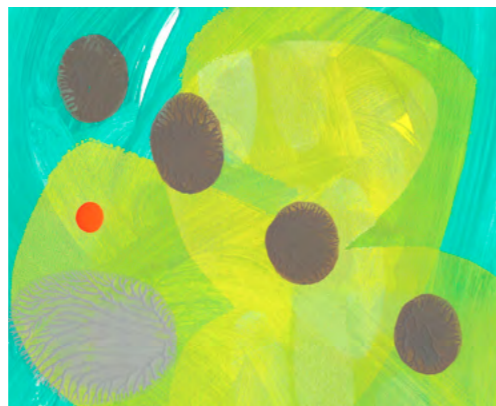
(SEAFLOOR)

I inhale saltwater and sink.
From warmth to freezing cold,
My limbs scrape rock and slippery bits.
I descend from twilight to midnight,
The aphotic pressure pushing me into this strangeness –
Forced to rest; to sleep,
My soft body makes an in-human impression
On the sandpaper bed.

(ICE-LAND)

I wake to titanium-whiteness
And no horizon.
The pain feels like ice-needles in my skin,
Disappearing him.
It's a blizzard,
And I'm float-walking to the studio,
Both carried and pummeled
By wind and snow.

Inside, I can still smell the salty sea.
And as the storm dissolves
Into this endless daylight,
Decrepit, black beings emerge.
Birthed by volcano – from the underspace.
They comfort me,
As I don my apron and stand at the table.
I hover over the blank sheet
And wait –
They choose neon green today.



Sue Ninham

Marie Falcinella

No Italians

No children

No dogs.

We learn language by repetition. As infants, words are spoken to us over and over and, eventually, we repeat them. Words spoken are immaterial, yet we can carry them for a lifetime. Porcaro's father saw this sign on the front door of rental properties as a young child newly arrived to Australia. He had already heard the words enough times for them to have weight.

Load-bearing arches have been used in architecture across ancient civilisations, their significance being structural, aesthetic and symbolic. Arches and keystone technology allowed the buildings and monuments of Ancient Rome to span great distances as symbols of power and triumph and as a threshold between realms of the mortal and the divine. In many cultures, arches in places of worship offer an experience of transcendence; passing through an arch does not move a person from one place to another place, but from one time to another time, a portal dividing history from eternity.¹

Porcaro offers us her arch. Curving lightly, the structure of large, fine steel mesh is supported by thin, knotted legs of raw pine. The materials speak to the labour of her parents and grandparents who migrated to Australia from the South of Italy in the early 1950s. The crate-sized 'bricks' are a homage to their days running the family fruit and vegetable stores, the wooden support structure evoking the stakes and trellises of their abundant vegetable gardens. The wood also speaks to Porcaro's father, a clever woodworker who made toys and other household items for the family. The mesh bricks are supported by spools of coloured cotton thread. These speak of Porcaro's mother, whose maiden name, Arcobelli, was the genesis for this artwork and roughly translated means 'beautiful arch'. A skilled seamstress, she would make clothing for the family and occasionally for others as a second income. More broadly, the vintage cotton spools sourced from secondhand stores speak to the quiet, unrecognised domestic labour and resourcefulness of migrant women, the mortar holding families and communities together. While this arch may seem precarious, it is built on a solid foundation of (un)skilled labour and ingenuity essential for those building a new life in a distant country.

There is a signature lightness to Porcaro's work, a drawing in space that harks back to her earliest memories of creative play, where, at the feet of her mother, she would create drawings on the floor with discarded cotton threads. It is unsurprising that, years later at art school, she would form an affinity for Minimalism, for paring back to what is essential to focus on the occupation of space, a dance of inclusion and exclusion.

Boundaries are visible and invisible, solid and permeable. Passage across them is offered to some and denied to others. In this sense, Porcaro's arch becomes a security screening, a surveillance mechanism, a *who are you and what do you carry?*

A beautiful arch

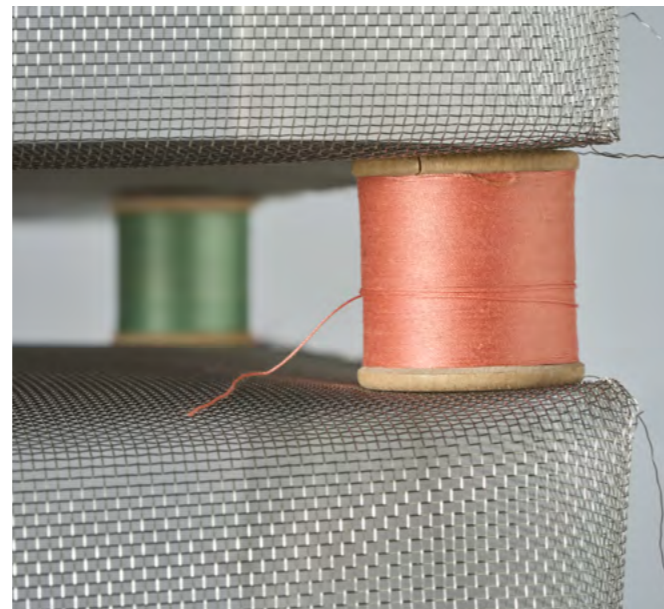
A pig herder.

A saddle

A sickle.²

We are shaped by our histories, received to us in fragments, glimmering and elusive. If we are lucky, the pieces can be stitched together to form something solid to hold on to, something that feels like truth. For Porcaro, the mutability of identity and, in the tradition of Derrida, the deconstruction of that which has been constructed- truth, language, systems of power- warrant interrogation.³

The words on the sign change, their weight borne by a new wave of hopeful migrants looking to build a new life. Like learning a language, history is repeated, over and over. The only difference is we are slow to learn.



Sonja Porcaro

Caitlin Eyre

Primarily focusing on digital methods of artistic expression, artist Jess Taylor utilises her multidisciplinary practice to explore fictional horror and utilise it as a vehicle for interrogating social norms. Driven by her interest in monsters, voyeurism and depictions of female brutality, sadism and masochism, Taylor's sculptural works explore the aesthetics and narratives of the horror genre through a distinctly empowered feminist gaze. While Taylor has always used her own body as a site for exploration of broader themes related to women, it is only in recent years that she has presented narratives of her own lived experience in her work, focusing on experiences of pregnancy, child rearing and mothering, the expectations they demand and how she herself fits within them.

In *Year Zero* (2024), Taylor presents three sculptural installations that speak to how recent significant personal events have resulted in a 'year zero': the complete collapse and destruction of the past and the awakening of a brand new way of thinking, living and being. '*Year Zero is a time outside of time, a time which does not exist, a time that comes at the death of one type of order, before the birth of another,*' Taylor says. '*It is a time of potential, a precipice to stand on before taking the plunge into the new.*'¹

In the titular *Year Zero*, Taylor's impassive golden mask-like face splits open to reveal the ravenous creature buried deep within. With its fierce, fanged jaws gnashing widely, this internal figure speaks to the hunger and desire that has always lurked within and that Taylor felt she must repress in order to be perceived as a good woman, partner and mother. Once imprisoned under the chains of societal expectations of womanhood and motherhood, the monster serves as a powerful warning of what can happen when these inner desires and the hunger for more are repeatedly repressed and denied.

The sinister veiled figure in *On the Square, On the Level* clutches a set of scales in each of its three arms, which seem poised in readiness to take measure of our deeds and judge us accordingly. The multitude of scale-bearing arms speaks to the never-ending weight of judgement that is cast upon us and which we cast on each other, almost to the point of absurdity. While there is indeed a menacing air to this work, for Taylor it is a display of empowerment that allows her to reclaim some of the power that was once wielded against her and instead judge on her own terms. In depicting the demon of judgement it is, in the proud tradition of the horror genre, exorcised and rendered harmless.

Call Me Little Sunshine is a powerfully personal work that explores Taylor's feelings of grief and sorrow that she will not be able to bring into being the third child she had always hoped for. Prepared from composite images of the artist's son and daughter, this work is a lovingly rendered portrait of an imagined child framed within a golden celestial circle. A poignant symbol of infinity, the circle also has a bountiful plethora of other associations: wombs, eggs, human cells, spaces, cavities, emptiness. The child's perfectly formed youthful face is juxtaposed with adult hands that end in broken fingernails; the work is a beautiful monument to this child, the idea of whom will always be cherished.

The *Year Zero* series depicts key moments from Taylor's own journey that, though personal, offer narratives which are profoundly shared human experiences: the revealing of a hidden internal hunger for more, the impossible weight of judgement and the deep feeling of loss for an unrealised dream. Through creating these works, Taylor leans into a certain truth: that by casting our darkness into the light it is exorcised and loses its hold over us, granting us the empowerment we need to begin anew.



Jess Taylor

Tegan Hale

the sea is a mirror, not only to the clouds, the sun, the moon & the stars, but to all one's dreams & speculations. the sea tells us that everything is changing & that nothing ever changes, that tides go out & return, that all existence is a rhythm.

Arthur Symons, 1918

In late 2023 I visit Floating Goose studio to meet Cassie Thring and discuss her work in progress for Neoterica. During the visit Thring shares two pieces of source material that beautifully crystallise the ideas and themes at play within the artwork that will evolve to be the delightfully quirky ceramic assemblage you now see before you.

The first is a piece of writing drawn from *The Symbolist Movement in Literature*, a book first published in 1899 by Arthur Symons. Thring confides she can't get enough of the passage, returning to it repeatedly throughout the making process. The second is a tiny reproduction, pinned to the studio wall, of a painting by American Landscape painter Frederic Edwin Church. The artwork, titled *The Iceberg*, c. 1875, typifies the representation of the sublime in art with one distinct note. The sea is not tumultuous in this rendition, it is calm. The mind, rather than the eye, is drawn to consider the awesome nature of the unseen, the depths of the unknown. What is beneath this tiny boat floating past a vast iceberg in the golden glow of late afternoon?

Rather than the overwhelming power of the natural world, Thring's work explores the psychological and interpersonal. There are, in our daily lives, unseen forces at play on every one of us. Trauma, adversity, support, love, care, neglect. The ebb and flow of existence. The omnipresent duality of life plays out through the equal and opposing forces of change and continuity. Calm above the surface, Thring asks the question – what lies beneath?

Psychological suspense is skilfully created by the artist's choice of subject and symbolic reference, while the use of materials, ceramic and sculptural installation, is whimsical, disarming even. The tension arising from these choices lies at the core of Thring's success as a compelling visual storyteller and creative provocateur. Cassie Thring emerges as a thoughtful creator whose fascination with humans and human nature shines through the work.

While Thring's approach, by her own admission, is primarily philosophical and personal, audiences are likely to discern political subtext in the work. In this era of environmental insecurity, the human figure, inflated with self-importance, stumbles awkwardly through the unknowable expanse of nature.

The sharks are circling; are we already dead in the water?

Physically and philosophically, the delicate equilibrium between human life and the powerful, ever-changing forces of the natural world is explored. The glassy surface of Thring's work reflects the physical world, celestial bodies above, the looming faces of the art audience, and simultaneously our dreams and musings, the individual and the collective.

The sea of Symon's opening poetry is a powerful and ever-changing entity, embodying the dynamism and unpredictability of existence. The inseparable interconnectedness of nature and human experience. Stillness, Thring reminds us, is inevitably an illusion.

What lesson does the sea have to offer you?



Cassie Thring

Paul Gazzola

Empowerment and value

The insightful mashup video and installation practice of artist and self-described cinephile Sarah Tickle exposes the viewer to the language of cinema as an artistic medium and the politics of what for many can be overlooked in the grandeur of the screen. Working in the league of innovative Australian artists Tracey Moffatt and siblings Dan and Dominique Angeloro, aka Soda Jerk, Tickle sets herself distinctly apart through the sole use of moving images of women to create powerful responses to female gender non-conformity and the prevailing patriarchal systems via a distinctly feminist lens.

What follows is a short extract from a longer interview about her latest 2 screen video installation *STORM CENTER*.

P: Tell me about this new work and the underlying concepts?

S: In all my projects, I aim to highlight certain characters, as a way to get the audience to see and connect with them like I do. *STORM CENTER* presents two distinctive tropes that involve woman in a cinematic space. 'Final Girls', a term coined by Professor Carol J. Clover that references the strength and resilience of the last woman standing in horror movies. And 'fridging' a literary trope by writer Gail Simone, that was inspired by a green lantern comic where the male protagonist finds his girlfriend killed and stuffed into the refrigerator. Utilized now as a basic plot device in cinematic narratives, 'fridging' justifies the males rampage at the expense of the female's death. The montage of these two screen-based works, placed in a wide v, aims to expose the relation between woman as the most valued and the most disposable.

P: I understand that 'fridging' is endemic in cinema?

S: Oh yes. *The Vanishing, Memento, Dark Knight, Sherlock Holmes, The Prestige, Spiderman 2, Harry Potter, On His Majesty's Secret Service...* to name some of the more than 50 films I know of. *Deadpool 2* exposed 'fridging' as a concept outside of the cinema world. The director said he didn't even think about it. I was left wondering, have we not come any further than this?

P: Can you speak about the notion of empowerment that drives your work?

S: Film is a universal language, and the public is highly literate. It's a very recognisable medium. We all have cameras. We all in some way edit images. Movies allow us to understand life from another's perspective. And as it was for me, to find myself and be ok with who I was.

P: Are you always working with dual concepts?

S: My strategy of connecting two visuals in counterpoint is something that I work with constantly. It motivates the choices I make through an evolving process.

P: Are you locked in by any rules?

S: What I do is transformative which allows me to freely choose examples. The only issue is that the work will get flagged on YouTube. Previously I used anything. But now my interest is in using high-grade material from blue-ray or HD sources, limiting my accessibility.

P: Do you think we are drowned in cinema?

S: God, I hope not.



Sarah Tickle

Melanie Cooper

Myth making has been at the heart of colonisation for centuries. The written word and visual representations have served as a key strategy in the dissemination of ideas embedded in systems of western thought and (mis)perceptions of the world outside urban centres. Illustrated maps chartered vast expanses of ocean and remote continents of the familiar and strange, idyllic, and perilous. Travel journals and manuscripts of both naturalist and amateur cobbled together descriptions of distant lands and the peoples who inhabited them, their observations seeking to define and categorise. Both widely distributed publications and the private musings of diary keepers and letter writers shared their findings with readers who learned of the hierarchies of human and non-human worlds within their pages, confirming and reinforcing the teachings of church and crown to underscore the imperatives of empirical expansion and the so-called progresses of civilisation. We have inherited this way of ordering things, and much of our erroneous thinking and infliction of harm can be attributed to this construction of western knowledge and the 'spoils' of empire.

While textual and visual culture played a key role in reinforcing western claims of discovery and justifications for the 'good' or 'need' for territorial conquest, text and image appeared to fill the gaps in recorded knowledge while the proliferation of new words simultaneously obscured it. Until recently, the world's oldest living culture was seen to be in a state of perpetual decline, and the richness of indigenous culture and deep spiritual connection to Country was shamefully ignored. Violence is not always visible, and we cannot gauge the loss that comes with displacement and separation, nor can we measure the consequences of erasure and suppression.

Self-taught multimedia artist Raymond Zada has recognised the power of words to reclaim and resist. As a Barkandji man living and working on Kurna country, Zada works with a range of digital tools and processes to use the familiar letter forms of text in telling his own stories, turning again and again to assertions of identity and deep connection in direct opposition to authoritarian systems of division. In his acknowledgement of place and ancestry, Zada insists it is important to recognise and respect differences between all people but also reminds us of our interconnectedness and belonging within something bigger than our individual selves. The vast expanses of time and history stretch far beyond what we think we know and recognise. In Zada's work, the immediacy of the written word is put to service as a provocation for more considered thought and is reflective of his curious mind, seeking to understand the workings of the world to help heal and move forward, to decolonise and bring people together in recognition of universal humanity.



Raymond Zada

Footnotes

Ash Tower, p.6

¹ Luce Irigaray, *Marine Lover of Friedrich Nietzsche*, trans. Gillian C. Gill (New York: Columbia University Press, 1991), 37.

² Irigaray, *Marine Lover of Friedrich Nietzsche*, 37.

Sasha Grbich, p.12

¹ Deleuze and Guattari, *Anti-Oedipus* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press,1983). First printed by Viking in 1972.

²While Sylvia Wynter does not provide direct critique of this text she details conditions of whiteness in many essays, including Sylvia Wynter, “Sambos and Minstrels”, *Social Text*, No. 1 (Winter, 1979), p. 149-156.

³See Hanneke Grootenboer, *The Pensive Image: Art as a Form of Thinking*, (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2021).

Meg Riley, p.14

¹Stephen Herbert, “Charles-Émile Reynaud,] Who’s Who of Victorian Cinema, accessed January 12, 2024. https://www.victorian-cinema.net/sources#mannoni

²Australian Centre for the Moving Image. “Théâtre Optique,” ACMI, accessed January 10, 2024. https://www.acmi.net.au/works/100579--theatre-optique/

³Feeney, Deirdre. “Achronologies, Materiality and Mechanics of Time in Optical Moving Image Systems,” *Animation*, Volume 18, Issue 1. https://journals.sagepub.com/doi/10.1177/17468477231155801

Eleanor Scicchitano, p.18

¹This is a question that has bothered me for years. It regularly gives me a headache.

Denise Nolasco, p.20

¹*The concept of shared humanity is inherent in Filipino language. KA, the syllable that precedes many relational words such as kapatid (sibling) and kaibigan (friend), is represented in the ancient Tagalog script as two wavy lines connected by a line. A wavy line is HA, which can be interpreted as hangin (wind) or hininga (breath, spirit)'* Carl Lorenz Cervantes, *The psychology of community and revolution* https://sikodiwa.substack.com/p/the-psychology-of-community-and-revolution

✧ This poem is a Tanaga, a poetic form indigenous to the Philippines. As I am an Australian-born Filipino person, responding to Gail’s work in this way created the conditions to connect with the land and my own ancestral wisdom, in a way that I understood Gail’s approach in her work and her relationship with the environment.

Anisha Pillarisetty, p.24

¹Written while reflecting on the end of Simone Kennedy, *Maureen*. Unpublished.

² M. D. S Ainsworth, & J Bowlby, “An ethological approach to personality development” *American Psychologist* 46 (1991) 331-341.

³See map of London Underground

⁴Simone Kennedy, *Psychosocial Assets*, 2014.

⁵Simone Kennedy, *The Incomplete Hand of Love*, 2017.

⁶Simone Kennedy, *Soft tissue memory*, 2004.

⁷Simone Kennedy, *Rabbit/Duck*, 2018.

Kathie Stove, p.26

¹Embassy of the Republic of Latvia to the United States of America, www.mfa.gov.lv/en

²Bonegilla Migrant Experience, www.bonegilla.org.au/

³Latvia’s State Forests, www.lvm.lv/en/

⁴Quora, www.quora.com/What-is-the-national-tree-of-Latvia

⁵Bernadette Klavins

Nicole Clift, p.30

¹ This stripping of familiarity reminds me of composer Olivier Messiaen’s meticulous transcriptions of bird song into human time-scales – which in turn sound haunting, suspenseful and even mournful. https://www.oliviermessiaen.org/birdsong

² Michel Foucault, “Of Other Spaces”, translated from French by Jay Miskoweic, *Architecture /Mouvement/ Continuité*, October, 1984

³ Ibid

Marie Falcinella, p.36

¹ C Demetrescu, ‘Symbols in Sacred Architecture and Iconography’ in *Journal of the Institute of Sacred Architecture*, Vol.3, (2000)

² This stanza refers to the translations and historic occupations implied in the paternal and maternal Italian surnames of both the artist and the writer.

³ Jaques Derrida, *Of Grammatology*, (The John Hopkins University Press, 1974)

Caitlin Eyre, p.38

¹ Artist notes on *Year Zero*, December 2023

Image Captions

Eleanor Alice, p.6-7

Dig deep, bury, find, discover and recover, 2024, paint on canvas and ceramic, 210 x 450 cm (painting) dimensions variable (ceramics and plinths)

Jenn Brazier, p.8-9

Reverence, 2024, Giclée print on fine art paper, velvet & recycled polyester, powder-coated zinc alloy. Print: 250 x 83.33 cm, installation dimensions variable

Fran Callen, p.11

Overburden, (detail from *Heave*), 2024, graphite, gesso, colour pencil, biro, tea, coffee, wine, eucalyptus sap, ash, turmeric, dirt, charcoal, graphite dust, watercolour, acrylic, oils, glitter, gold leaf, burnt marshmallow and eggshells on cast plaster recycling on table top, 106.5 x 121 x 71 cm. Includes drawings by Acacia Hayat (11) and Zakir Hayat (9)

Makeda Duong, p.12-13

Bipolar Guru, 2024, handknitted wool, paper mache, sequins, epoxy, 119 cm x 110 cm

Deirdre Feeney, p.14-15

Hallway, 2024, glass, brass, mirror, 3D printed resin, aluminium, geared DC motor, LED and driver, 3D printed PLA, heat sink, dimensions variable

Keith Giles, p.16-17

Immortelle, 1967-2024, triptych Giclee print on German etching paper, chromogenic inks, 71 x 100 cm each, image: courtesy of the artist

Sam Howie, p.18-19

Landscape with Figures 16, 2023, acrylic on paper, 448 x 420 cm

Gail Hocking, p.20-21

Through a Looking Glass Darkly, 2024, video still, duration 3:02. *An uncomfortable Ache*, 2024, polyester resin, corded rope, 90 x 32 cm

Matt Huppatz, p.23

Money for Painting (Interior of Artist’s Head), 2024, digital photo-collage, dimensions unknown, image: courtesy artist

Simone Kennedy, p.24-25

Seed (a natural brain), 2024, Red Cedar, new and recycled soft sculpture materials, mixed beads, found branch, dimensions variable

Bernadette Klavins, p.26-27

Study of a memory, 2024, resin, synthetic polymer paint, thread, letter, plaster, light, fixings, installation dimensions variable

Kate Kurucz , p.28-29

T.G.I.F., 2023, oil on linen, 170 x 120 cm.

Constructive Criticism, 2023, oil on linen, 170 x 120 cm

Tristan Louth-Robins, p.30-31

Artist notebook, 2024

Self Noise, 2024, acrylic paint on plywood, loudspeakers, six-channel sound, Raspberry Pi, algorithms and code, iPods, amplifiers, installation dimensions variable

Riza Manalo, p.33

Homage to the Unknown (work in progress detail), 2024, 15 ft. cedar wood canoe, soy blend wax, unbleached cotton calico, dimensions variable, image: courtesy artist

Sue Ninham, p.34-35

Icy needles will strike your face, press on (detail), #12, 2023, polymer paint and ink on Fabriano, 29.7 x 42 cm

An ominous firmament hung over us, #1, 2023, polymer paint and ink on Fabriano, 29.7 x 42 cm

An ominous firmament hung over us, #3, 2023, polymer paint and ink on Fabriano, 29.7 x 42 cm

An ominous firmament hung over us, #8, 2023, polymer paint and ink on Fabriano, 29.7 x 42 cm

Icy needles will strike your face, press on, #1, 2023, polymer paint and ink on Fabriano, 29.7 x 42 cm

Icy needles will strike your face, press on, #10, 2023, polymer paint and ink on Fabriano, 29.7 x 42 cm

Icy needles will strike your face, press on, #23, 2023, polymer paint and ink on Fabriano, 29.7 x 42 cm

There is no such thing as bad weather, only bad clothing, #13, 2023, polymer paint and ink on Fabriano, 29.7 x 42 cm

There is no such thing as bad weather, only bad clothing, #15, 2023, polymer paint and ink on Fabriano, 29.7 x 42 cm

There is no such thing as bad weather, only bad clothing, #23, 2023, polymer paint and ink on Fabriano, 29.7 x 42 cm

Sonja Porcaro, p.36-37

Il Passaggio/Passage (detail), 2023-2024, untreated pine, stainless steel mesh, found (wood/plastic) vintage cotton spools, dimensions variable

Jess Taylor, p.38-39

Year Zero, 2024, 3D printed resin, dye, paint metallic gold leaf and gold plated chain, dimensions variable

Year Zero (On the square, on the level), 2024, 3D printed resin, dye, paint metallic gold leaf and gold plated chain, dimensions variable

Cassie Thring, p.40-41

Untitled (detail), 2024, 230 x 120 x 155 cm, steel, water, ceramic

Sarah Tickle, p.43

Storm Center, 2024, video installation, dimensions variable, duration 1.11, image: courtesy artist

Ramond Zada, p.44-45

Gone, 2024, single-channel video, painted MDF, plastic switch, dimensions variable, Duration 18:00, image: courtesy artist

All images by Sam Roberts unless otherwise stated.

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WILDLY

**Eleanor Alice, Jenn Brazier,
Fran Callen, Makeda Duong,
Deirdre Feeney, Keith Giles,
Gail Hocking, Sam Howie,
Matt Huppertz, Simone Kennedy,
Bernadette Klavins, Kate Kurucz,
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