



Kings Zine 

ISSUE NUMBER ONE: REDRAWING THE LINES

Edited by Brendan Lee

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Coming up at Kings

Cover: Brendan Lee *Bendigo 2007*

This page: Brendan Lee *West Footscray 2006*



Editorial

Here we are. It's 2007 and Kings is putting out a downloadable magazine promoting itself. You've got to ask yourself, why is there a Kings zine being put out into cyberspace? Is this just another advertisement in the artworld's equivalent of an infomercial? Why of course it is. It's what the Australia Council calls 'Vanity Publishing' (and it's nothing like what we applied for in our ARI grant either) We're not going to hide behind a faceless entity (or lion) for one second longer. As a collective we're going to expose ourselves in public and deconstruct what it means to be an ARI. From this issue onwards we're standing in front of the shop spruiking. The town criers have all come out ringing their bells and everyone who's anyone is gonna know about it. You'll be able to see and read about everything we stand for and bring on the comments and reviews. We'll add those to the next issue.

Kingzine is about all things Kings: the artists who exhibit, the artists on the board and the artists in the studios. Alumni are more than welcome to dip back into the fold and expand the pages, so if you've ever had a studio, a show or been on the board send us a page. There's three whole months to think about what you'll be putting in and fifteen minutes I've spared to put it all together.

On a serious note, the Kings zine will allow the greater community access to expanded notes and an insight into what goes on in an ARI. How-to guides and artist interviews, Q&A and installation shots will fill the pages. Catalogue essays by and about the Collective will be available in the zine for general consumption. We hope that it'll give the gallery and collective a wider audience and appreciation for all the hard work that goes into being an artist in contemporary Melbourne.

In a mirror universe, someone with loads of time on their hands and a penchant for hard labour would get the zine printed as an archived document (with all those funky funding logos we all take for granted), yet this is reality and it's free. So, print it out, correct all of my typos and fix the grammar.

Welcome to vanity publishing

Australian Art...remember that?



I remember my first visit to a national gallery do you? Having grown up in the cultural lower intestine of Melbourne's Western suburbs, placed me in a privileged position of not knowing what or who's work I was looking at, let alone why such places existed. I went there with my primary school and was old enough to know the difference between right and wrong by this stage (having unlearned that in older age). Now what stays in my mind to this day is surely incorrect and tainted with twenty or so years of conditioning, yet, seems to have formed the basis of what I know about contemporary Australian art.

The early 80s was a prime period in this country for a suicidal dose of Australian nationalism. We were riding high after a decade of fantastic cinema, we'd exported all of the good writers and we'd won the America's Cup (In my opinion an overly inflated victory). The Australian institutions were also riding high with the influx of tourists coming to see Downunder and filling our government coffers with enough loose change to restock the galleries and bring over once in a lifetime touring shows.

So what is it that I've been dwelling over for all these years? Well, I'll begin with a car show in the main hall

of the National Gallery of Victoria in 1989. Famous artists were invited to paint BMWs in their own trademarked style. From what I can remember, there were Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein, Frank Stella and Robert Rauschenberg (all whom I believe were dead at this time) and a Ken Done car. Being that I was drawn to bright colours from a young age I immediately recognised the Harbour bridge/Terra Australis artist's car first. It's been a while I admit, yet a few key elements of this exhibition namely what it says about Australian cultural icons have begun to shit me to no end.

It was the year after our Bicentennial and two years after Man of Colours by Icehouse. Ford and Holden had spent ten years roughing it out as to who could best epitomise the Australian spirit. The Falcon won over the Commodore (as the last real Commodore was the VK in 86) and Ford kept making Panel vans into the 90's. Which leads me to wonder why on earth there was a BMW exhibition on in our main gallery? I've come to think of it as the marker for leaving Australia behind. The larrikan was being buried. Dundee had gone to L.A and our great cars had been sold out to cheap Asian imports yet again. We were left with only a few remaining icons (taking into consideration that



Brendan Lee Dimboola 2006

Cold Chisel and ACDC were way past their used by date at this point in history).

I'd never been to Sydney (as my parents exercised their intense dislike for the sea every vacation) yet I knew that it was from there that the icons, which represented us internationally, were being spewed. However they weren't my icons. The Bridge, The Rock and The Reef were as out of place in my life as throwing another shrimp on the barbie (aren't they those little orange things in seafood flavoured two minute noodles?).

Growing up in Melbourne gave me a couple of different icons to what the tourist board put out. I had the Westgate Bridge. A true feat of human engineering marvel and classic example of if at first you don't succeed...well you know the story and feel free to go see the plaque to those who died building it on the way to Mad Max's Halls of Justice (Scienceworks). I didn't have a big rock, but there's a natural rock formation equally as impressive called the Organ Pipes. Now the Organ Pipes have been kept in pristine condition due to governmental error or a bit of cunning on behalf of the town planners and environmentalists; it is situated across from the entrance

to the Thunderdome on the Calder highway. Anybody who would potentially tear that place to all buggery is normally going too fast to take the turn or paying respects to their spiritual home (dissimilar to the Eastie hoons in Noble Park having a McDonalds to call theirs). And lastly who needs a reef when Victoria has Squeaky Beach...We love it. It squeaks when you walk on it, a fair dinkum Aussie beach that just makes you happy.

There's a heap of art that's been made about what it is to be Australian, which doesn't automatically refer to the tourist iconography. As Australia day 2007 approaches (does this break an art world rule of not dating work or marginalizing it within a timeframe?) I'm left idly thinking about what art best depicts the world I inhabit. There's that pretty craft based art that takes a while with nimble fingers and there's this other stuff done with a cock in one hand and a brush in the other. Neither of which jump out nor cry Aussie, Aussie, Aussie, Oi, Oi, Oi. As a disclaimer, I'm not one to suggest that Koalas and Ned Kelly masks should be mandatory in each work. Artists such as Aleks Danko certainly have what can be called a parochial style. Some of his pieces depict generic suburban houses. These make you go 'Yuk' when you see them due to their banality. Arkley painted them

Australian Art...remember that?

for their beauty, but Danko sees them as being the naff human boxes that they are. I remember a talk he gave at RMIT once where he played a video of himself and his partner dressed as Lawn Bowlers riding the London Tube. Once again it featured the mundane except with a nod towards the Country Women's Association and the anality of enforced whiteness on the green.

Whilst it should be embraced, it's not cool or attractive to make artwork about Australia. Most art out there is easily confused with fashion. Hip kids out to make a buck, being cool and taking retro to the galleries again...and again. If you look hard enough there are a few gems amongst all the made in China artists around. Some people do it for the love of it. They are more than willing to stand in front of their work and sell cultural shares. Richard Bell certainly shovels out the dry white dog turds with his art. Me versus you. I'm big, I'm black and I'm a damn good artist is what I get from this master of Australian art. If I had the cash (or the balls to copy it for myself) I would have bought his painting depicting the Australian Art market of the 80's as a Koori dot painting cum graph (Rise + Rise of Aboriginal Art 2001) - a stroke of genius. What's the difference between the two? Bell has even painted his version of Lichtenstein's comics using Aboriginal themes (dude give this guy a BMW to paint PLEASE). What I really admire Bell for though is ability to criticise the city based indigenous community and how the BINTs (Been In the Northern Territory) make the journey to rediscover their Spiritual home and when they return immediately get cracking on dot paintings... This guy has balls.

If I were to go up north no doubt I'd be confronted with my spiritual home in the images that Bronwyn Wright captures. The sunburnt county, the long deep sunsets and the charred car wrecks from too much of a good time, sounds like the morning after in Noble Park. Wright is best known for portraying Darth Vader in Flannelette jumping into the air beside a car wreck. She captured the pics using her car headlights in the evening (or morning) light all going solo. She's the lone warrior in a blighted land. This is 'Up North'. The true barren wasteland or void in comparison to our cultured Eastern South side; so we kid ourselves into thinking. Wrights images of the North depict what the rest of Australia is trying to avoid. We've all seen Mad Max and have read into its prophetic vision of an oil depleted and rusted hulk of a world.

There are artists who depict their Australian environment in full tilt. Canberra artist Erica Hurrell captured the world from a genuine insider's point of view. She filmed her family for years getting up to no good and doing what would be convictible in most states. Her brothers set each other on fire and did burnouts driving Fords in open paddocks (yeah I know, Fords can't do real burnouts). In 2007 the culture of fear has finally permeated the bogan



Brendan Lee Cronulla Beach 2006

and hoon way of life yet Hurrell managed to lay it down for all time in it's pure, innocent form. The paranoia instilled by the anti-hoon legislation isn't present in her history. I guess when we all look back times were wild and free no matter what generation or demographic. It seems that what we take for granted as risky or adrenaline fuelled inevitably gets legislated into oblivion. My advice is do it while you can and make sure you get it on film as proof to show your grandchildren.

So this Australia Day and the next one don't bother with the national flag, think of the Eureka Flag and everything that it stands for. And after all that consider that in Ballarat they've (Kennett I assume) built the biggest fuck off of a flag you've ever seen. Seeing this gave me a bigger hit than when I first laid eyes on the Harbour Bridge. I've seen some whoppers of flags in the States, but this one is HUGE. Take that Australia, buy the key ring and put the sticker on ya Mitsubishi Magna. Just don't think that the Trade Union is gonna help you because you've stuck one on.

Brendan Lee was conceived on the Australia Day long weekend and so was his mother. Not that it adds any patriotic weight to his ranting.



Erica Hurrell Video Stills 2006



Brendan Lee Cronulla Beach 2006



Marc Alperstein

BL: With your piece Surface Study 1 & 2 there appears to be a deliberate incorporation of the positive space around the main imagery. What has lead you to develop this style of image making?

Marc Alperstein: The studies are focussed on mark-making in terms of depicting form & space, specifically dealing with contrasting surfaces treated in a similar manner. Details were left out of the main imagery because they weren't of particular interest and were not necessary in terms of establishing the subject matter. The positive space tends to create a tension which helps to imply a chunkier form within the overall piece. Essentially they are studies and the resulting focus, or point of interest is quite restricted.

Juan Ford

BL: The technical aspects of your work are slowly being incorporated more into the physical in recent years. How far could you go with your current works if money or execution wasn't a limitation?

Juan Ford: There appear to be two options - the first is to make bigger, institutional-sized utterly beguiling anamorphoses, requiring teams of assistants, engineers and scientists. While this seems wonderfully ambitious, it strikes me as being horribly self-important and egocentric, so I'd rather be more likely to go with the second option - to continue to make the work in it's current natural direction, but not be constrained by timelines. Time (and therefore money) always put a cap on what is possible. It would be great to not have to worry about that, and just make the best work I could possibly make, taking all the time each work required. One could make extraordinary things if given unlimited time and no pressure.



Royal Rumble 2



Warren Fithie

BL: There is a German term called Gestell, which means to enframe. Your work visually places frames within frames. What other forms of gestall resonate in your practice?

Warren Fithie: These images were originally found poetically dissolving themselves enframed on a wall in Tokyo's notorious pleasure district (Kabukicho). Remnants of 1980's Japan's economic bubble period sporting glory, taking on the minimalist abstract form of a sumi-e ink drawing as water, entropy and the elements had their merry way with them. Their continuing existence sustained by the technologies that architecturally spawned them in the first place.

I'm very interested in the relationships of osmosis between, technology, entropy and collective cultural memory. How is mediated meaning re-consumed into a body of culture over time, and what is arts role in facilitating that process and stimulating new growth. After all, one person's idea of decay is another person's idea of fresh fertilizer.

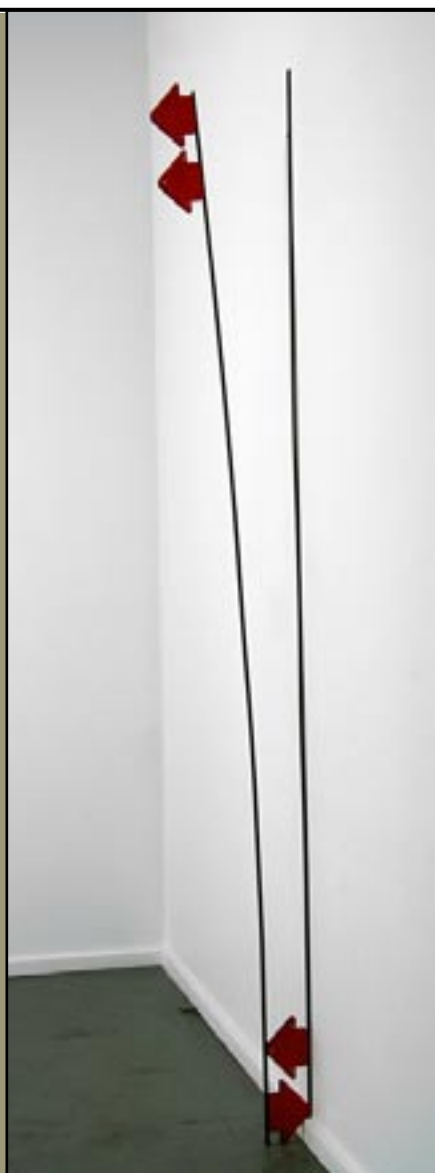
Hybrid collective memory often takes on life of its own, creating pop mythologies that spread organically through a cultures collective media organs, such as news bodies, sporting rituals, the reinterpretation of history

via dramatization of film etc. Quite often the original frame of reference becomes disfigured, mutated or deformed while undergoing this recycling of memory. The new growth becomes recognizable as bearing only an uncanny resemblance in form to the original, while context has grown into something else altogether.

Are these blooms memetic parasites blossoming on the corpse of culture? Or perhaps the signs of a healthy growth on a collective body more than just the sum of its parts. The frame almost becomes like a Petri dish of nonlinear time, and it's glass is more like a lens - through which to observe the latest quixotic cultural certainties fulfill their story arc, and then after to be bound socially by the 'fruits' of those conclusions.

**note*

Gestell is a German word used by Twentieth century German philosopher Martin Heidegger to describe a mode of enframing. This concept was applied to Heidegger's exposition of the essence of technology. The conclusion regarding the essence of technology was that technology is fundamentally enframing. As such, the essence of technology is Gestell. Indeed, "Gestell, literally 'framing', is an all-encompassing view of technology, not as a means to an end, but rather a mode of human existence.



Kel Glaister

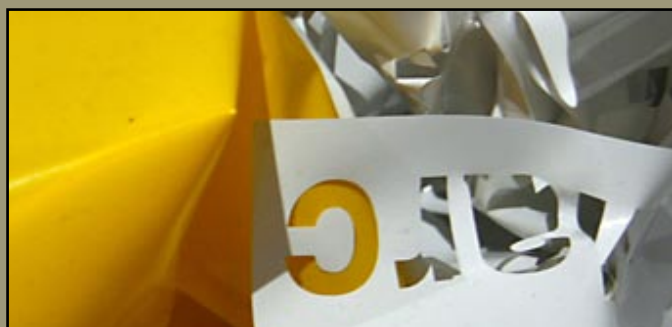
BL: The arrows you've used in Diagram act as guides in the space. What was the process behind their development and eventual positioning in the gallery?

Kel Glaister: I guess the process started when I was looking for magnets to use in a different work, and stumbled across welding clamps in a hardware shop. Found objects that happen to be magnets and happen to be shaped like arrows (be arrows?) I guess I couldn't really let that slide. The characteristics of welding clamps means the objects might just be able to signify the forces they exert (simultaneously.) Kind of like a drawing using metal for lines and magnetic arrows, and I guess, a bunch of stuff hanging from the wall at the same time. The work is a diagram of itself. I guess from there it was a matter of finding the simplest way out. The sign-post effect of the work's position was really a happy accident, and its pretty funny, I guess.

Frank Guarino

BL: Tumble Weed is quite a beautiful arrangement of seemingly discarded materials. Are these works comments on your other life in the vinyl trade and how do you see all the facets of your life intermixing?

Frank Guarino: There were a few different works that I considered putting in for the show, mainly photographs. As the deadline approached my life was taken over by work commitments as usual, and as anyone who has financial obligations - mortgage, children in secondary school and the rest, its difficult to justify taking time out to produce artwork that is somehow not relevant or doesn't reflect the urgency of what is happening at the moment. If making signs has priority over artwork at the moment then aspects of signmaking need to be included in my artwork. The process of removing unwanted vinyl when preparing vinyl signage is called weeding. The weeds in Tumble Weeds were from the most urgent jobs I was working on including all the artists names that were in the show.



Royal Rumble 2



Polia Giannoulidis

BL: Your video, String, projects yourself applying and removing white and black make-up. Could you discuss your work in relationship to roles of identity and whether the use of the black and white make-up is a comment on indigenous Australians.

Polia Giannoulidis: In regards to your question, when creating this piece I had no racial intent, I can now see how viewers may find a link between the black and white “face paint” and Indigenous Australians. This work is titled “Strings” because in this piece I see myself as a puppet, being pulled by the strings of my emotions. And the black and white paint represents these different emotions, broken down to “good” and “bad”.

Stephanie Hicks



James Hullick



Royal Rumble 2

James Hullick

BL: With the piece I Am My Own Grandpa, you've gone for a highly stylistic and visual approach for what is a strong sound work. What sorts of consideration - space wise and composition wise - did you have to sort out before installing it?

James Hullick: This installation is about the fact that things fall apart. So the visual and sonic elements have a tendency to back that idea up. I say "tendency" because philosophically I am not interested in neat arguments. There are so many neat ideas and arguments in contemporary art at the moment - and that's fine - but the shit that I really love is the stuff that resists definition. The way that can be named is not the way for me. We live in a society that is obsessed with explanation. When I was a young lad with my hand on my cock and my head up my arse, one of the few sensible decisions I made was not to pretend that I could define the world. Life is messy. My underpants are messy. The cat squats in the kitty litter with it's arse hanging over the edge and shits on the floor 4 hours before I get home. It's messy. No matter how I abuse or plead with said cat, the results are the same; 50% of the time the shit is in the tray; 40% of the time the shit is on the floor; 7% of the time it's half in/half on the floor; and 3% of the time the shit sticks to her arse and she drags it through the house. She's old so I have to give her a break I guess.

Anyway, the short answer to your question regarding planning the installation is that it just ended up that way. With earlier installations I found that all my planning would go out the window once I started installing the work. In a sense the space would begin to dictate how things should be placed. So in the end I changed my approach. Rather than planning every detail of the work before getting to the space, I decided that I should ask for longer set-up times in the galleries, and do some of the building on site. It can be a little nerve-racking if you have a deadline looming, but the results are a billion-times-the-sun better. Sometimes I fuck around with the exhibition after opening night. You'd think curators would hate that but I have found that they actually enjoy watching a fluid relationship between art and artists in the exhibition space. With 'Grandpa', I've been moving stuff around for the entire time it's been up.

You mention that the work has a lot of visual information for a sound installation. It's an interesting point. Unless you are clinically blind, any sonic experience comes with visual information - especially in live performance. People will often listen to music as much with their eyes as they do with their ears. There are purists who get frustrated that the sonic arts are constantly referenced in visual terms. I find this attitude idiotic. It's bullshit to tell people that they can listen but they can't look - or visa versa for that matter. We exist by sensory interconnection - we exist by dialogues between sight, hearing, touch, smell and taste, both internally and with each other. So when I bang a sound

"It's bullshit to tell people that they can listen but they can't look."

installation into the visual heavy domain of a gallery space, I'd be selling myself short if I refuse to accept that people will look at the objects that make the sound. A sound installation artist is going to find life tough if they don't sort out their relationship to the visual experience of their sonic work.

I talked about things being messy earlier, but I also like the idea of zooming in on the more interesting aspects of the mess. In 'Grandpa', the outcome has not been what you would call messy, though parts of it are definitely incongruous. In fact some aspects of the work are very focused and sharply defined. What has happened here is that the best bits of the mess - the bells, the tassels, the speaker/bowl form have been pulled out of the mess for the audience and myself to focus on and consider. "Pulled out of the mess" is a literal statement too. When I bought all the bits and pieces of the exhibition to the space, there was a big messy pile of odds and ends, plastic bags of all sorts of crap. In the end, a lot of stuff wasn't used. I also had to go and source stuff that I hadn't thought of using until I got going with the install process.

The space - under the stairs - is really important to this work. It saddens me a little that when I take this piece to another space, that it will really end up becoming a completely different work, being defined by a new set of spatial parameters. When the show's over something in this artwork dies. It becomes unrepeatable. It can recur in another space - but it must change in it's new surroundings. Maybe this is true of any artwork - but perhaps not to the same degree.

This gets right to the purpose of this work. Things fall apart. In this work the falling apart occurs through recursive relationships. Subsonic impulses looped on CDs gradually force corrosion - the bells attached to the speakers tear the speakers apart - wires vibrate and break. The system is not stable. The system is not stable. It's a disembodied system - supernatural like; sounds that typify the supernatural other; visuals that typify the supernatural other. Or a bit like dying.

Royal Rumble 2



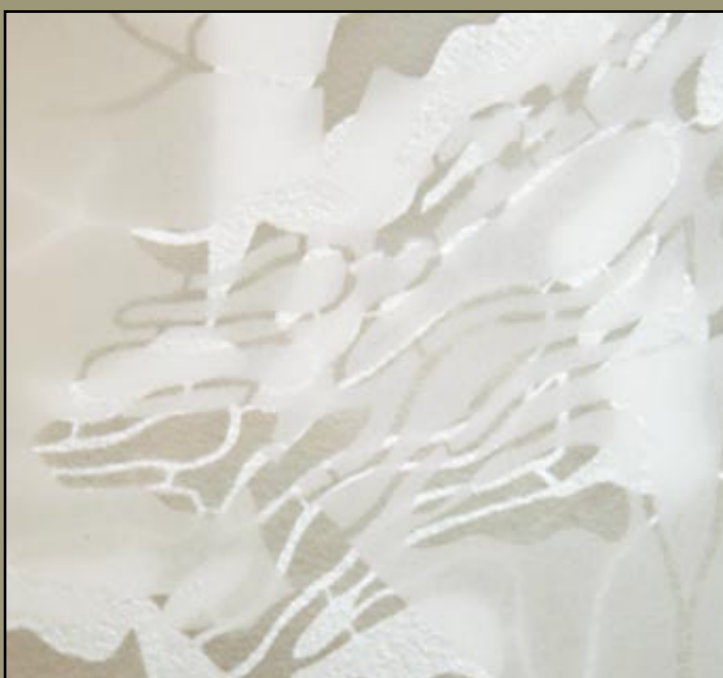
Sophie Knezic

BL: I look at Frieze Section Repeat and see an imprint reminiscent of a fingerprint. Am I wrong to suggest a scientific reading of your work? What is the significance of the installation in the corner to the viewing of your work?

Sophie Knezic: A scientific reading is a nicely oblique way into the work. Frieze Section Repeat does have a petri-dish like quality, come to think of it. A hazy form flattened beneath layers of perspex.

It continues my ongoing interest in the convergence of cartographic and architectural systems - ways that we might choose to describe and delineate space. The image derives from an aerial landscape architectural drawing, and the panels are a fragment from a frieze.

The corner installation was an experiment - to see what would happen to the work if it followed the direction of the wall as it turned the corner. The result: the architectural interest is both depicted and enacted.



Ka-Yin Kwok

BL: In News: October/November 2006 how are you portraying significant cultural differences in what is portrayed on evening television as compared to your home life? What have you discovered acting as an intermediary between generations and cultures with your mother?



Ka-Yin Kwok: My mother watches a lot of news programs. Watching news programs is how she learns about and understands Australian culture, and the world at large. In translating the news to my mother at the kitchen table, I fill in the gaps where her grasp of English fails her. As a translator, I act as a cultural host attempting to break down the grand new stories to simple "everyday dramas". Shane Warne not eating Indian food is rude. An Australian cop may lose his job in Fiji. A boy loses his pet.



Acting as an "intermediary" for my mother, I experienced the power you acquire as an information provider. I think people can be sceptical about what they see and read as news but generally, what is presented as news is often accepted as fact. My translation of the news to my mother shows how subjective the information provider can be. I select what to translate and present the information which supports my own subjective views. News: October/November 2006 is intended to present a transparent process of translation.



Emma van Leest

BL: In the from the late eighties to the early nineties there was a return to traditional or craft based art practice. In the past decade in Melbourne we've seen a number of artists using cut paper such as Kate Cotching and Sangeeta Sandgrassar. Can you detail for me the background to your medium, your influences and what makes it relevant to this day and age?

Emma van Leest: I know a lot of people consider my work in the context of some sort of craft revival, and there are echoes of craft in my technique, but probably one of the biggest influences on my work was Joseph Cornell. Like Cornell, I'm quite an obsessive collector and my paper cuts are arrangements of imagery which I have collected over years from libraries, magazines, comics, museums, photography, found bric a brac and more.

"My employment of papercutting technique came out of the necessity of finding a way of putting all these things together in a way which reflects both the theatrical quality of the imagery and my desire to make something beautiful and hand-made. I was actually unaware of the rich tradition of papercutting in Europe, Asia and America for some time after I started using this technique. Although I know quite a bit about it now, I'm still more likely to be influenced by other decorative and folk arts such as miniature painting, embroidery and carving and I generally don't consider myself a paper cutter in the strictest sense."

Mark Rose

BL: Mark, the imagery you select appears quite creepy. Who are the images of in your work? Your work seems fairly process driven. Could you describe for me what steps you go through in the creation of your works?

Mark Rose: The images are anonymous people selected from news paper clippings/ mass media. Recently this is changing with the subjects becoming more personal. I work by studying the figures in a monochrome tonal palette, which is arrived at in a series of studies. Lately I have been working digitally and color the images first as a basis for the studies/paintings. The paintings allow me to explore very subtle color relationships, light, form and editing.





Robert Mangion

BL: Could you decode some of the meaning suggested in your three panel work? You've worked with coded imagery before. What is it about this kind of art practice you find appealing?

Robert Mangion: Revenge Culture as seen in Royal Rumble 2 continues my investigation into textual practice, which combines lens based practice with text, drawing, montage and painting. My work focuses on the paradox of mediating notions of self and subjectivity in a media-saturated reality. The work presents us with images from a contemporary culture whose representation of lives lost, found, destroyed and resurrected consumes the navigation of our place in the world. I develop images and text that exist in parallel worlds of news headlines, rock paraphernalia and everyday suburban life. My work explores the margins of history, asking: at what point does an event become central in the collective conscious? In his work, present occurrences are depicted as events with the potential to become history. Lodged somewhere between fact and fiction: snippets of a narrative, created both in the minefield of political mediation and in the recesses of Mangion, s own reconstructed memory. Reveng culture is used as a metaphor for

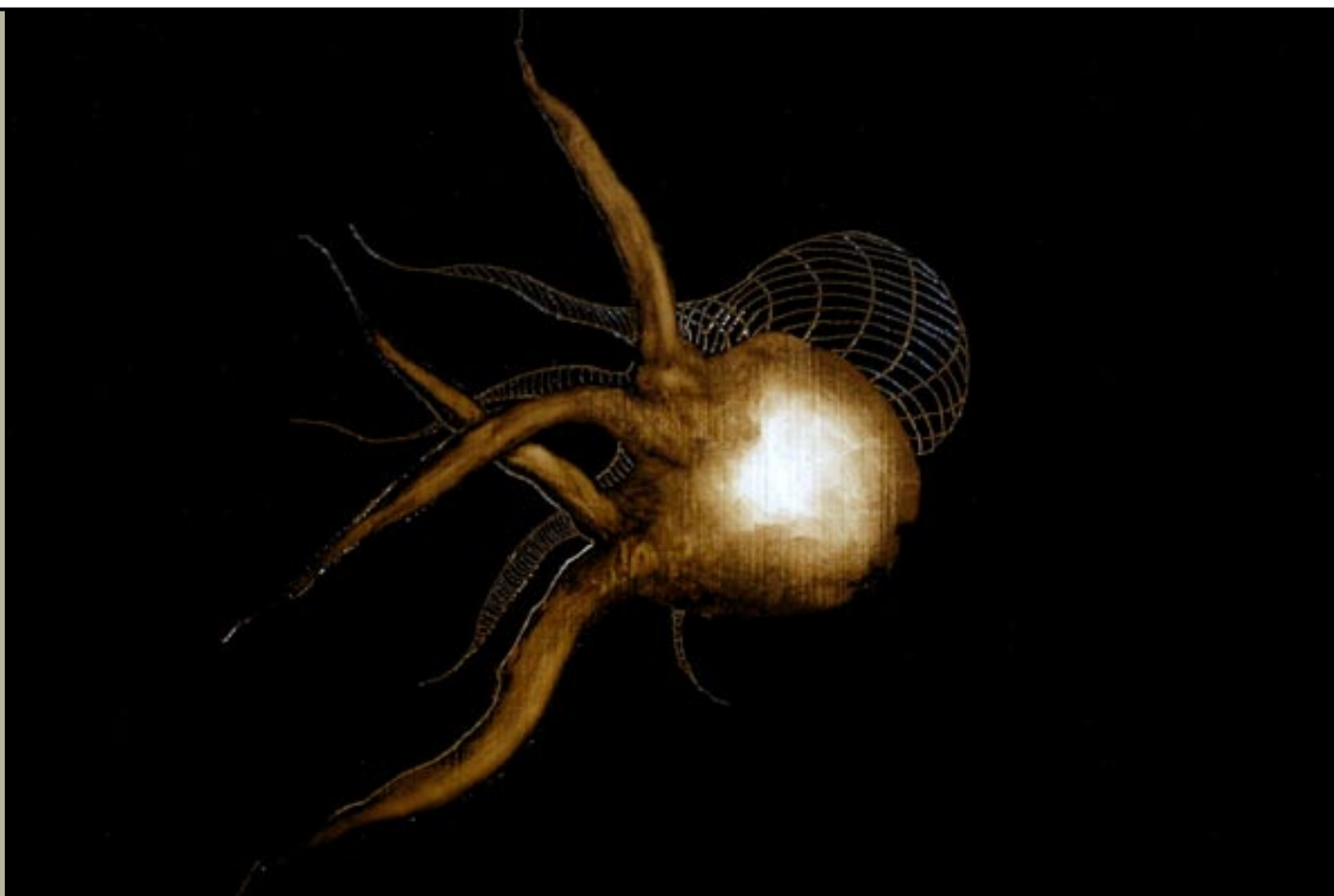
indelibility. History will be remade. Utilising the tools of contemporary media, my work adopts digitally enhanced drawing, photography and film animation to develop my final paintings. My current practice continues the investigation into inter-textual practice. Previous works combined painting with text, sound art and lens-based imagery to form new configurations that aim to elicit deeper perceptual connections for the viewer. Through this work, I have explored ideas about what lies beneath the surface of visual cognition and the way it is subject to double meaning and impermanence.



Clare Rae

Clare Rae is attempting to derive some knowledge of experience through this filtering of reality a vain attempt? Quite possibly. But nonetheless I persist, peering into and through an object that by its very nature removes me from the truth I seek. Illuminating a common emotional life feels important. Baudrillard is banging on about simulation, and Barthes is in my ear whispering something about spectacle. I am poised to capture the intangible.

Royal Rumble 2



Inger Morrissey

BL: The way you've positioned the three panels of the series is interesting in counterpoint to Marc Alperstein's beside them. His works open up to the space around where as yours are dark and constricting in their viewing, much like a museum exhibit. Could you explain the origins of your subject matter and how they embody your anthropological approach to art making?

Inger Morrissey: The positioning of the works could be described as a cluster, a deliberate action to create circular and cross reference to the individual pieces. The works are dark in surrounding colour whilst the objects or corpus themselves are illuminated, the surrounding dark can appear constricting but also as a moving, elastic, floating space defining the central being. The work originates from the basic idea of form in space; this has developed from small paintings of simplistic and/or complex organic structures which have evolved to incorporate the unknown or alien. This can be translated through many forums one of which I find of interest, that of science pursuing the absolute and art pursuing the inclusive. The foundation of the work derives from the use of curiosities in scientific viewing houses; 17th century museum culture.



Gavyn Smith

BL: What drew you to the subject matter in your video work? Were there any difficulties you had to overcome in order to create the desired effect?

Gavyn Smith: Everyday life, capturing moments in time. Domestic cameras now make it possible to capture, with little fuss, these fleeting moments. Chance occurrence allowed me to edit a desired sequence out of the footage I shot.

Royal Rumble 2



Sanja Pahoki

BL: Why have you chosen to place an image seemingly depicting a poor village woman on what appears to be a very slick advertising light box? Are you commenting on consumerism or cultural consumption? Who is this woman?

Sanja Pahoki: Well Brendan, I'm glad you asked. The woman is my grandmother, I call her Baka (also the title of the work). 'Baka' I think means Granny in Croatian where this image was taken when I went to visit her in 2006. I took the photo with a point and shoot camera - the Olympus Mju. I was in the process of setting-up the camera

in self-timer mode so that I could take some photos of her and myself against the wooden background (I liked the textures and lines in it) when this photo of her was taken - I have no memory of taking the photo so don't know if it was deliberate or accidental. She was rubbing her eyes but it looks like she may have been crying. For this show, I had the idea of scanning the photograph and placing it in one of the lightboxes I own and it being like 'instant art' - the light draws people to the work and they are a little confused about what it is cos it is smallish and references a monitor.

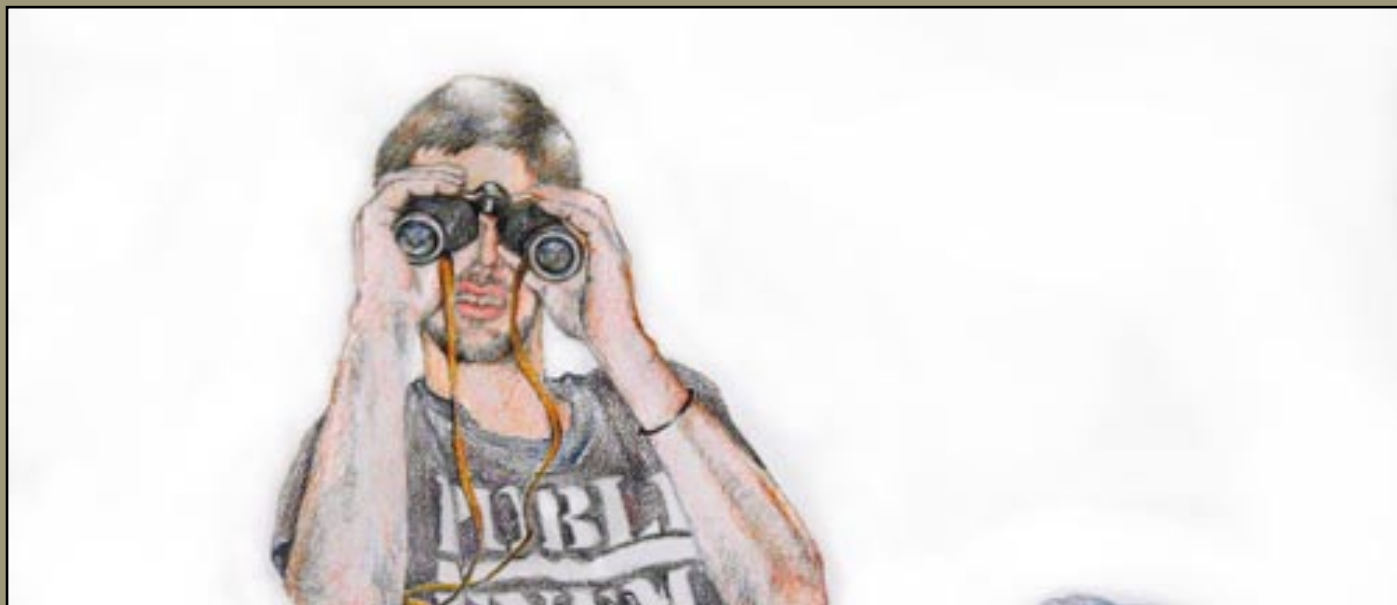
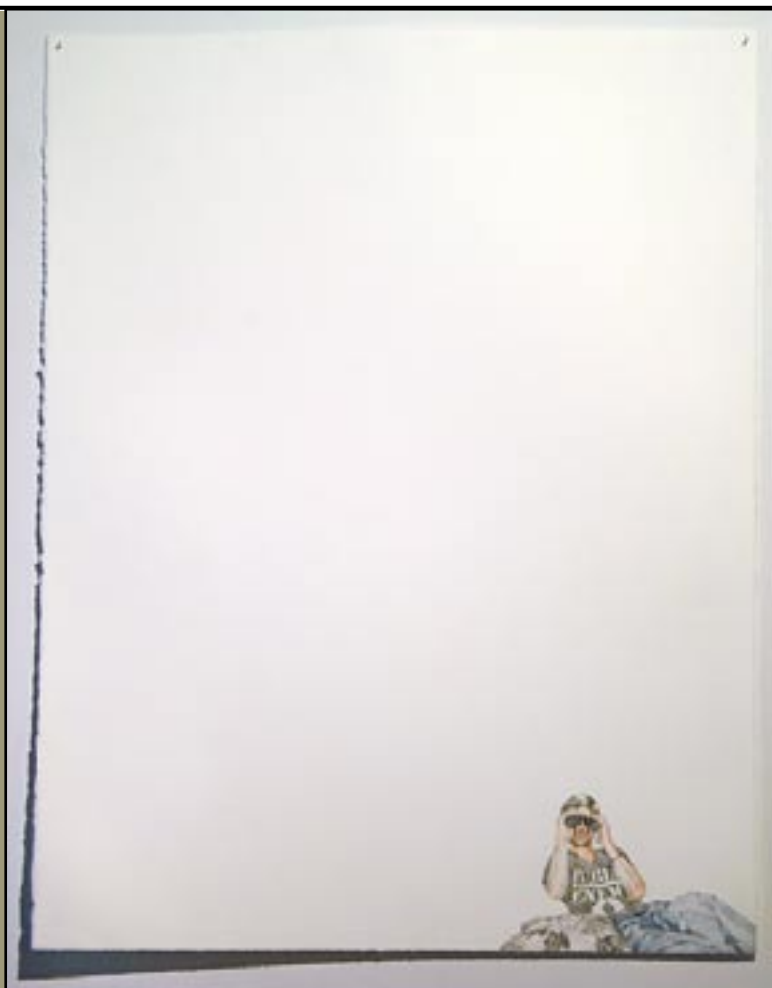
Anne Wilson



Amélie Scalercio

BL: You have two works in the exhibition, a video and a drawing. Are there any comparisons or a dialogue between the two? Do you think that the positioning of Chewing gum hot pink tee next to Mark Roses' surveillance green portrait echos the subject matter? Could you discuss what is illustrated in your piece?

Amélie Scalercio: Whilst the video and drawing are not directly related, I am incorporating both the idea of fixation and of compulsion. Both subjects are somewhat perverted by/with the nature of their activity. The subject in the drawing constantly stares through the binoculars; and will do forever do so. The subject in the video runs over and over his spiel with relentless attempts to perfect and make precise a mock news report. Both are transfixed by their own compulsions and it becomes simultaneously absurd and comical. With regards to Chewing gum, hot pink tee sitting next to Mark Rose's Surveillance Green Portrait, there does appear to be an eerie mirroring effect. Just by the nature of the subject in my drawing, it suggests something of the 'other', that which exists outside of the work. There is a darkness that is evoked in Mark's piece almost engulfing the girl whilst my drawing seems light, clear and uninterrupted in its world of white space. Perhaps the little girl is an all-consuming fixation, or maybe too so is the viewer. I may be getting carried away with ideas of paedophilia occurring between a painting and a drawing (!), my subject seems friendly enough. he's got a band's t-shirt on, he sits next to a floral pillow case. It's in coloured pencil. What could be sinister about that?



Priscilla Bracks



Episode 2: Baghdad Barbie in the Cradle of Civilisation

Exhibition at Kings Artist Run Initiative (ARI)

Dates: 16 February 2007 – 10 March 2007

By David Broker

There is little doubt that news and current affairs broadcasters claiming to bring us the truth, are aware that the trouble with truth is: it is open to interpretation and manipulation. While audiences are increasingly more sophisticated, I continue to be surprised (and use myself as a text book case study) at just how gullible they are. I know from the most basic of history lessons for example, that propaganda is rife in times of war: that it is designed to make us feel heroic military efforts are going well, and that the job is almost done. Movies depicting brave feats in the face of an often-faceless dehumanised enemy, complement news and current affairs broadcasts, in a complete propaganda package. Of course I am being simplistic here, and for all my gullibility I find little to be positive about where the progress in Iraq, for instance, is concerned. Truth must be some where

Years ago media theorists noted that television (and media generally) comprised something of a continuum where the boundaries between news, soap, sitcom and drama blur. Ask Princess Dianna and family. The characters in daily news

impinge upon our lives in a way that tends to render them as soap stars and ultimately like comic book characters. To begin with, the conflict between good and evil forms the foundation of many a good story. Unfortunate terms like the "Coalition of the Willing" sound as if they have been lifted straight from the pages of a cheap comic (the more sophisticated version would show greater imagination), and the characters involved in this group are represented as the light in a dark world. Just when we think that John Howard, Tony Blair and George Bush have lost ground, another attack by the evil opposition strengthens their positions. Looking at global politics in this way it is almost a struggle not to have some, albeit limited, admiration for the ultimate escape artist Osama Bin Laden, the wicked dictator Saddam Hussein, or a host of lesser characters that provide seemingly endless diversion. Meanwhile, the rantings and ravings of the Coalition of the Willing ensure that it is difficult to take serious issues, seriously. So while I am well aware of which team to barrack for, I am also aware that "it's only a movie" or in this case, like a movie.

Priscilla Bracks' *Making the Empire Cross* abounds with comic book convention in an attempt to reveal the "truth" behind news and how this connects with entertainment. Using lenticular photography, lush, glossy and colourful, Bracks exploits our fascination with the faux third dimension and perhaps childhood memories of playing with lenticular rulers and kitsch religious post cards. She then presents her work on a simulated movie website with all the trappings including the making of, characters, a narrative, behind the scenes, stars and gossip. Based on current news footage the characters are recognisable and audiences are instantly familiar with both them and their story, be it truth or fiction.

When Bracks started out on this epic production she notes:

"After the commencement of the Afghanistan war, I was not sure whether I should be more disturbed by the war itself, or the abundance of cheap war toys which seemed to flood the market at that time. My response was to collect them over a period now spanning four years. Gradually they formed the basis for this work, the darker side of which ponders popular culture and the media, and the way in which these phenomena can be used to make the case for a conflict which is relatively unsupported outside fundamentally conservative communities (of all religious persuasions)."

If political points can be scored with humour then Bracks is on the money. In a work that relies heavily on a background narrative her story is witty, (somewhat) amusing and insightful on many levels.

Making the Empire Cross. Episode 1: Unleashed, begins with that Crucifixion and brings us up to date on its ongoing consequences. Bracks' black humour elegantly brings together religious mythologies, politics, documentary, literature and entertainment. With "A long, long time ago, in a land far, far away..." she sets the scene for an unfamiliar view of a familiar story in a language that exploits the patronising tone of "infotainment".

"... the peace of the New World is shattered by the evil Jihad Joe who storms the Capital, destroying everything in his path. It seems clear that this dealer of death is merely a foot soldier in a war between two fundamentalist groups, each fighting for the supremacy of their own self-styled hegemony. ..."

So familiar is her territory, and this is the point, that even where

the names have been changed no one is actually protected. On the contrary, this work is accusatory and the artist is not afraid to point the finger. One feels, however, that faithful to documentary style Bracks is attempting to generate a distance from



the issues she is dealing with. Whilst she clearly has a view and her audience is well aware of this, part of her satire can be found in this scarcely disguised distancing from the issues she is dealing with. In other words her story attempts, and needs to fail at fair reportage as she implicates all of the characters, "good" and "evil", without fear or favour.

David Broker is a writer, curator and Director of Canberra Contemporary Art Space

Warren Fithie



Sebastian Moody

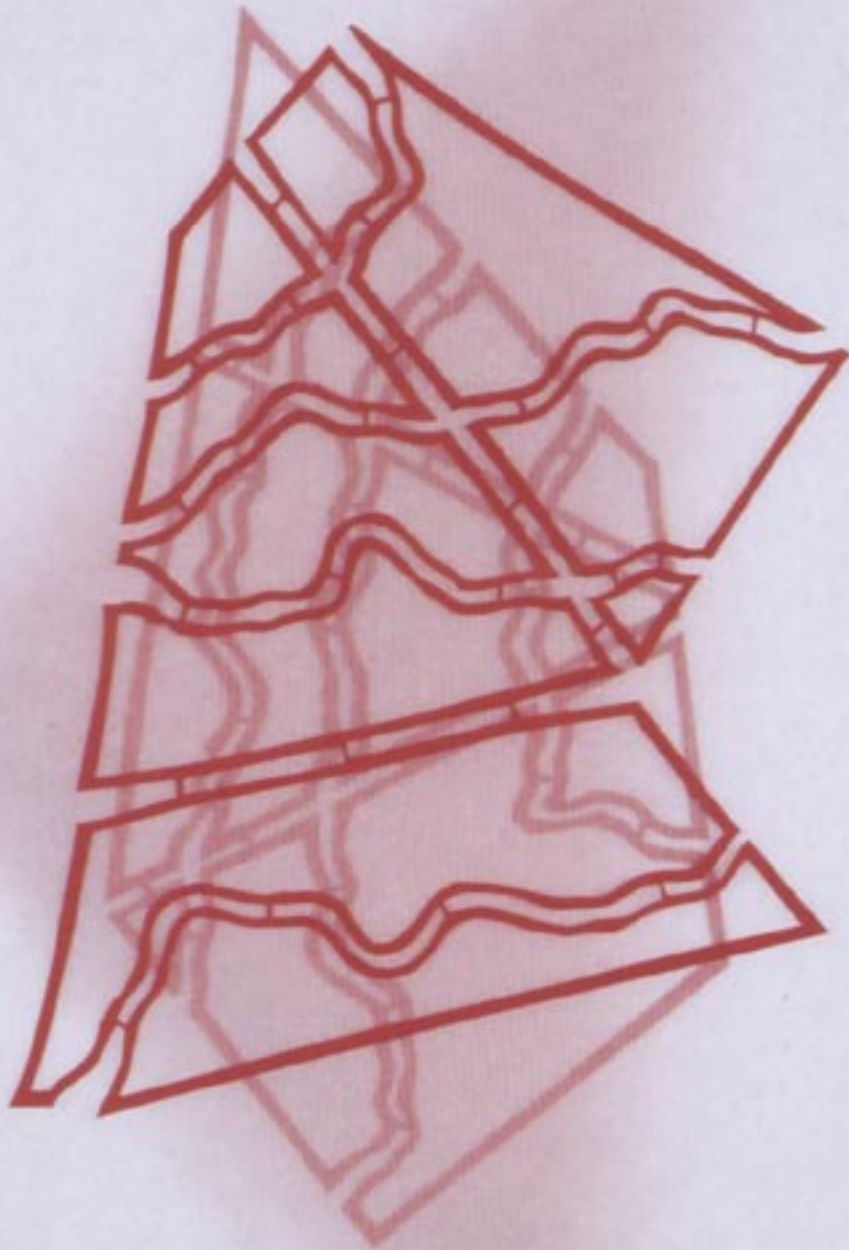


Sebastian Moody Lightbody Installation

Natasha Cantwell



Sophie Knezic



Victoria Bennett



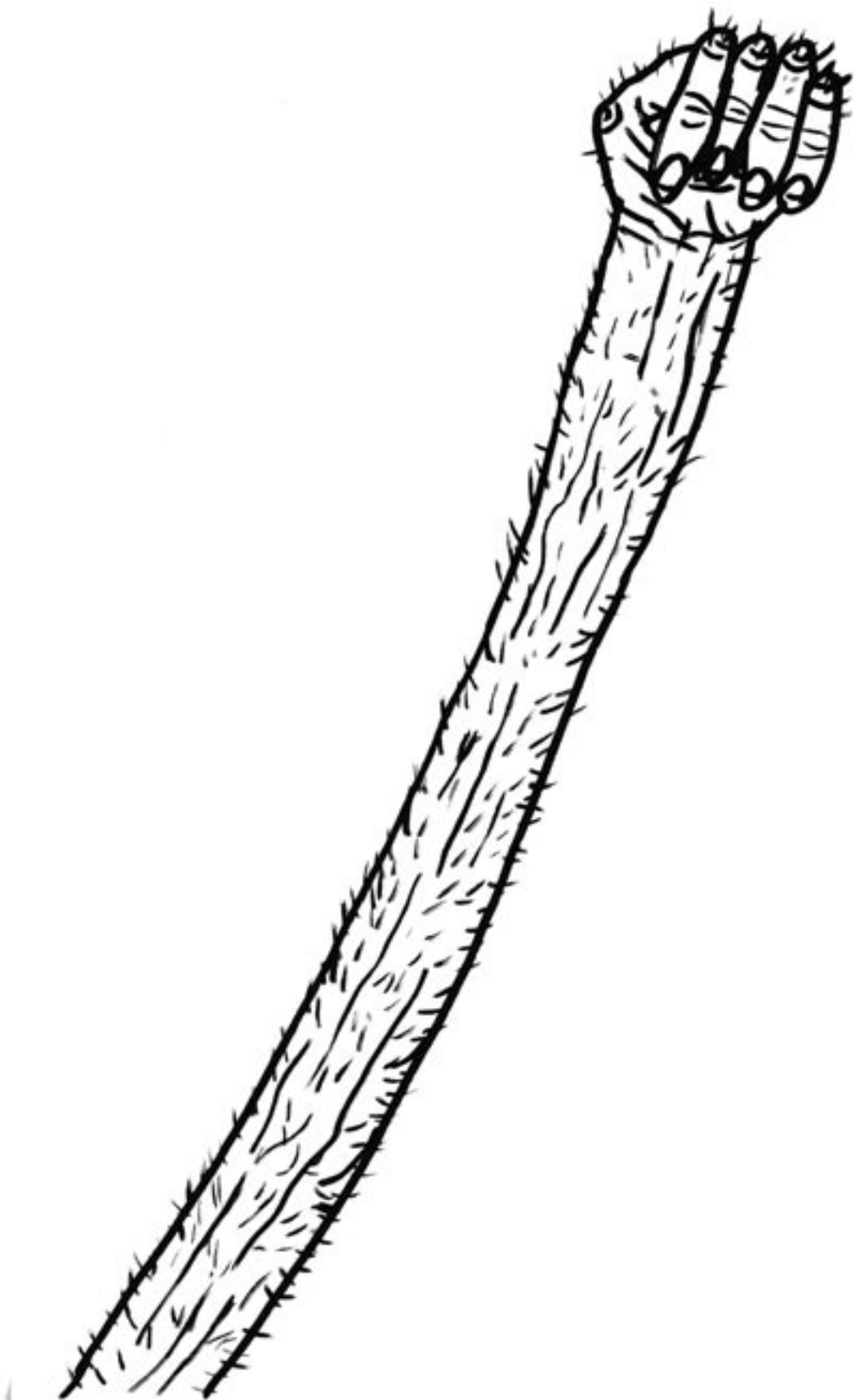
This series of photographs depicts all female groups made up of mostly young women. Despite being documentary in origin this work questions contemporary stereotypes of women, in particular challenging the assumption that we are in a 'post-feminist' world and that young women aren't actively involved with feminist ideas. My process is as preoccupied with the idea of making feminist art as it is about addressing current 'feminisms'. By moving away from the traditional subjects that dominate feminist art, ideas of personal expression and artist as subject, I wish to create work that is connected to the social and the political, that is suggestive rather than prescriptive and where I exist as producer and creator, with a heightened level of responsibility.

Sanja Pahoki

'I think every little girl
dreams about her wedding.
I used to think I was going
to marry David Shrigley.'



David Shrigley



Coming up at Kings

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18 May 2007 – 9 June 2007

GALLERY 1
Artist: David Waters

GALLERY 2
Artist: Ulf Langheinrich

A/V GALLERY
Artist: Hilde Aagaard

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15 June 2007 – 7 July 2007

GALLERY 1
Artist: Geoff Newman

GALLERY 2 & A/V GALLERY
Artist: David Rosetzky

.....

13 July 2007 – 4 August 2007

GALLERY 1
Artist: Jelena Telecki

GALLERY 2
Artist: Linda Tegg

A/V GALLERY
Artist: Jessica Raschke

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