VITAMIN

MAY CONTAIN TRACES OF VISUAL CULTURE

2006 free

Hi! My name is Takeshi Kaga!

EPISODE TEN
OCTOBER

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VITAMIN

EPISODE TEN - OCTOBER 2006

Bridget Currie
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The Vitamin Archive is assisted by Arts SA:
www.vitaminarchive.com

ISSN 1449-6429 (Print)

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South Australian School of Art

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Cover images by Akira Akira

Insert Art: by Bridget Currie

Published by Vitamin Publications, Welland, South Australia

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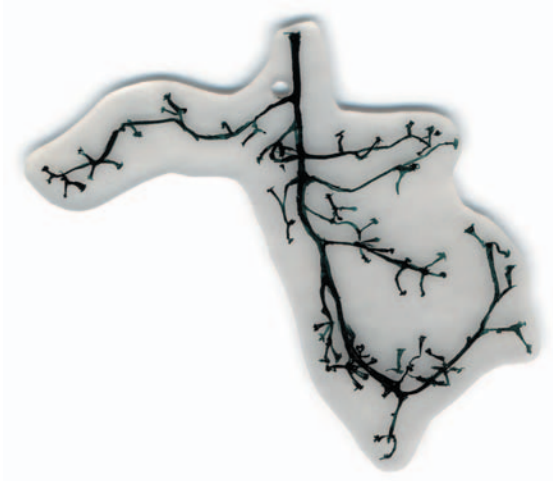
The frugal life

The thing I really like about *Vitamin,* is it's simplicity. Its just a photocopied booklet, black and white on A4 paper – simple! and sufficient. It has a humble spirit that is nice to encounter. It is the exact opposite of an international glossy magazine with high production values and expensive overheads, *Vitamin* has a warm ethos that attempts to include the whole of Adelaide's arts scene.



I enjoy *Vitamin's* frugal aesthetic, I like things that do a lot with very little – it seems clever to me. After all, a lot of the time when I make my own work I feel like an alchemist attempting to make gold out of dross. Artists have a knack of making mundane things marvellous through hard work, talent and careful consideration. In this context of little things meaning a lot, it seems right that Shaw has built up a new Adelaide institution out of photocopying and commitment.

And it's all done by giving; Shaw Hendry, Sera Waters and Di Longley giving their time and expertise to edit and layout the zine, to organise the launch and to distribute copies. Not to overlook the writers and artists who contribute their time and creativity to each issue, all on a volunteer basis and all with great generosity.

Frugality, as a virtue, seems a little out of fashion, at least in the artworld. There is so much super-slick, super-glossy and super-expensive (for the artist to produce) artwork in our galleries at

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the moment. Why do artists spend huge amounts on production techniques that iron out all wobbly sense of the individual hand? To seem more professional? Or to fit in with an increasingly corporate aesthetic? I think that humbly doing a lot with a little deserves more attention and praise than flashy art that loudly announces its importance.

In a world of competitive and conservative funding there is one solution – Do It Yourself. The generous spirit of DIY inhabits most artists, after all to not have this proclivity is to (probably) give up. *Vitamin* is made by artists for artists, it is an artist-run zine, and like most artist-run culture it has 'grass roots' relevance, and is a valuable place for local arts stories to happen.

I would like to thank Shaw for asking me to guest edit this issue of *Vitamin*, Di for patiently working on the layout, and all the wonderful people of quality that have submitted writing or artwork for this episode.

Bridget Currie

'Night is the time for confidences' series, wearable ink drawings on plastic, 6 cm sq approx, Bridget Currie, 2006

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Ah!!! Kang Tong!!!

I've read somewhere that during the process of dubbing, the Canadian production company behind the international distribution of *The Iron Chef* made an extra effort in making the program sound 'very camp'. Indeed, *The Iron Chef* that I remember watching as a young teenager in Japan had a far more serious tone than it now appears on Australian television. For better or worse, that's the power of translation and the program's widespread fame is a result of clever marketing of one of the most bizarre television programs ever to come out of Japan. (Yes, yes, there are countless others too.)

More recently, there has been a television advert that appropriates, rather crudely, *The Iron Chef*. The TV ad for Kang Tong Thai Green Curry features a number of actors mimicking the core characters from the original *The Iron Chef*. Alongside an utterly un-theatrical version of Chairman Kaga, there are 3 Iron Chefs simultaneously cooking Thai green curry. The aspect of this ad that disappoints me most of all though is the overly vocal female judge who screams in Japanese, "Ah!!! Kang Tong! I'm familiar with that one!"

Unsurprisingly, I am not personally familiar with that brand of Thai Green Curry paste. Although I could argue that the gross misrepresentation of Asia found in this ad further endorses the potency of such tendencies in the popular media, my refusal to use Kang Tong Thai Green curry is not necessarily based on moral or ethical grounds. It just looks utterly unattractive and probably tastes horrid. Having said that, the ad is still somewhat intriguing. I could almost go on to state rather ambitiously that it is indicative of the difficulty and perhaps the impossibility of adequately understanding 'Asia' as a concept.

Or to put it more mildly, the ad at least points out the potency of what I might call Chinese Takeaway Font Syndrome. What might be described as the quintessential, if not traditional, Chinese takeaway in the West (at least in its media perception), bears a font resembling bamboo, chopsticks or the angular lines evident in Chinese characters. From my personal experience and daily

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observation, those fonts are still very much in use. In the Asian grocery section of my local supermarket, I can find those fonts on a number of products. Astonishingly, products ranging from Thai curry paste, Chinese rice vinegar to Japanese pickled ginger as well as anything with a hint of Asia in the broadest (or most warped) abstract sense possible bear the fonts in question. The significance of those fonts is its role as one of the most banal and widespread products of a much wider practice of cultural misrepresentation.

Or, is it even possible to say such thing as 'cultural misrepresentation' within the arena of visual culture in the age where everything and anything can be mishmashes? Are the fonts in question even symptomatic of anything socially or culturally significant? After all, the TV ad for Thai Green Curry paste appropriates a TV show that features battles between a challenger of different culinary traditions... and an iron chef with either Japanese, French, Chinese or Italian expertise... with an ingredient of cultural significance/ insignificance... hosted by an outrageously dressed chairman who used to be a Shakespearean actor... on a Japanese TV channel... made to sound camp by a Canadian production company... watched and enjoyed so much that there's been a book published in Australia...

Incidentally, Chairman Kaga has previously played Jesus in the Japanese theatre adaptation of *Jesus Christ Superstar*. Wish I'd seen that one...

Akira Akira

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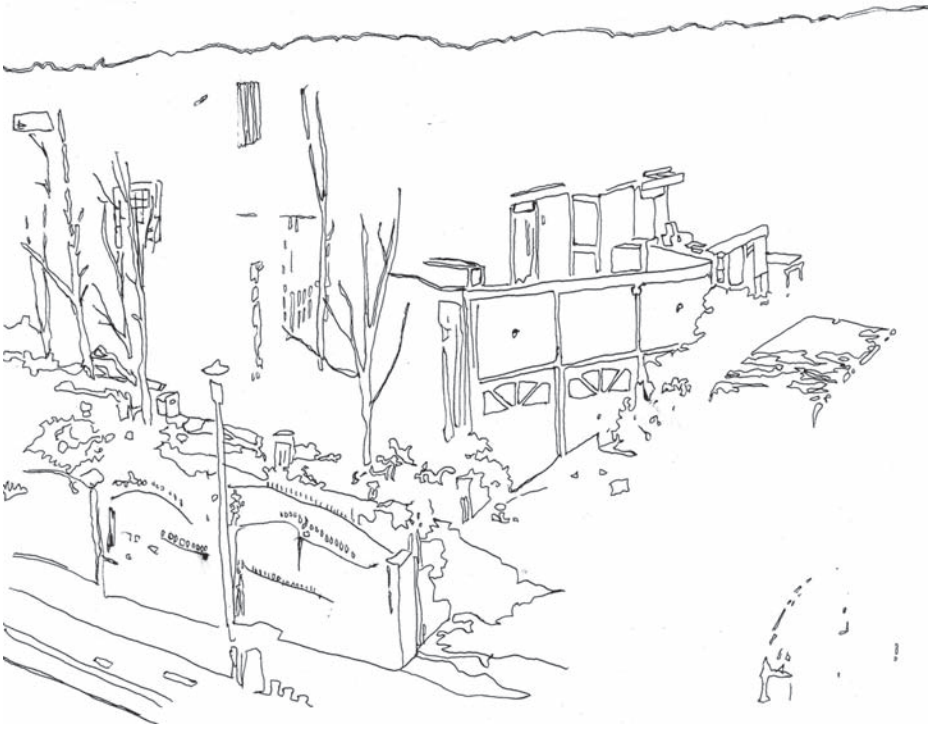

Stephanie Crase

the hills have eyes

ink drawing, 21 x 30 cm, 2006

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Clearness and Light

That look.
It's there, somewhere.
I have my camera ready and you
sit blank in its way.

I don't want you to smile
or think about how this will turn out.
Forget about the way you
with your genes for athletic ability
contour to fit the frame.

Do you get it?
I want you to sit there for a while
and look at me the way you look at me.
The people we love take the purest portraits.

In time you will see
through the glass on the mantle
clearness and light.

Bel Schenk

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Is the Port Happening?

Well it has been for me; not just because buildings have burnt down due to explosive amphetamine kitchens, or because I got chatted up by some unusual men who needed a woman (or a Princess) on Karaoke night. It has been the rousing response to Shopart that has been exciting, forget the sirens and the love interests, it's the art!

As the Shopart coordinator/voyeur/princess I found the most rewarding part of the project was watching people in the street stop and take their time to look in the windows at the art work and read the artist's statement. To me this was what Shopart was all about - a public arts project offering temporary art installations for a transitory public audience –and if the art attracted interest and if people paid attention to the art and stopped to think about it then it was 'happening'.

I have received encouraging feedback, not just from the arts community (which is a vibrant one in the Port) but also from the public and business people in the local area and some city folk too. Not everyone has liked everything they have seen though, which is equally important to hear, the cleaner in the local mall made a disparaging critique (had a right whinge) about one work because the shop was too big for the installation or visa versa and it was not utilizing the space. And a man rang to tell me his kid could paint better than one of the artists, (maybe I should have challenged him, or his kid to this) at the end of his remark he said 'for what it's worth'. I have heard a lot more from Port Adelaide than from the Hindley Street Shopart project, which I think comes down to the community spirit of the Port and Port people saying what they think.

I coordinated (not necessarily curated) a diverse range of works in the Port - installations (some site specific), paintings, printmaking, photography, drawing and ceramics. Since December 2005 to August 2006, 40 artists have shown their work. One month was taken over by the SASA Printmaking department where Marea

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Shop Art by Gary Campbell at the Port

Atkinson chose some student works to show, accompanied by her own work and a work by Shaw Hendry. And for the recent SALA festival, Shopart bustled with works from 13 dazzling SA artists. At the opening 35-40 people went for an arts walk by night spot lit by torchlight, it was fun. Yes art needs to be fun sometimes! Not all of Shopart has been fun though; yes the artists and locals have been extremely supportive, the sun has always shone and the dolphins have been cute and cuddly, but there is the new development, and some of the people involved with it (who have supported Shopart financially) have ended up preferring posters that say "The Port its happening" to happening art.

Rachel McElwee

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The Joy of TV

Vitamin (Online) Gallery
www.vitaminarchive.com

In what has turned out to be a lucky coincidence, this exhibition celebrating the joy of television is occurring in 2006, the fiftieth anniversary of TV in Australia. It is difficult to believe that once upon a time we didn't have TV in our lives. For good or bad, in 2006, TV makes up a significant part of many of our days. Ironically, I have learnt from TV that it is healthy for children to watch only one hour of television a day. When I was growing up I watched more than one hour, but could never quite rival my friend, who, on top of going to school could have filled the hours of a full time job watching the box. The artists of this latest on-line Vitamin exhibition, *The Joy of TV*, have presented their own television memories, and what better medium to do them in than a self-designed version of Fuzzy Felt.

The world of TV seems bound by no limits. Inside our television, we can imagine, there exists a galaxy of possibilities that could unfold forever. But the world of TV viewing, however, is ordered by rules, censorship, budgets, time and other limitations. Perhaps the greatest hurdle to limitless TV watching are restrictions that are self-imposed or were set by our parents in our "best interests" and we can't help but still adhere to. Three artists in particular address these ideas in *The Joy of TV*; Louise Flaherty, Katrina Weber and Josh2000.

Josh2000

Sadly, as a child, Katrina was given only one hour a week to enjoy the mindless entertainment of TV. She used to use her allocated hour to keep up with *The Henderson Kids;* Brains in particular it seems. Josh2000 reveals that TV started him on the path to street art early, with sneaked

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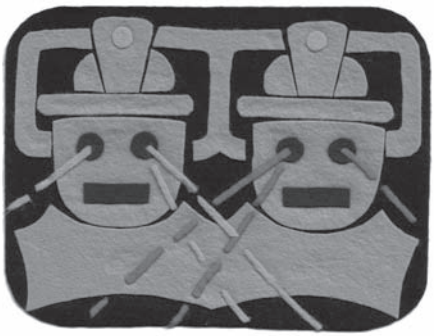
glimpses of *The Warriors* proving the most influential. Impressively, Josh2000 can attribute his interests today back to this film and to his love of TV. Like many of the Y-Generation, Louise grew up with the characters from *Degrassi Junior High* and *Degrassi High*. Louise and many others (including myself) watched Joey, Snake and Wheels, collectively known as *Zit Remedy,* performed their one and only song, 'everybody wants something...'. I can't remember if the song was a disaster or a success, but I can still remember the song to this day. *Degrassi* has become a collective memory for those who were teenagers in the early 90s and I am pleased to say that a revamped series is making new memories for today's teenagers.



Deidre But-Husaim

Mary-Jean Richardson and Deidre But-Husaim have revealed a certain sci-fi strain to their tele viewing. Mary-Jean, rather than representing the first real human moment in space, preferred the fictional reality of *Lost in Space.* Somehow, the emotional plots, the characters and soundtrack made the unreal space more attractive than the real (conspiracy theories aside). For her TV memory, Deidre gives the cybermen from *Dr. Who,* whom she found highly frightening, a twist with fuzzy felt. I wonder how Deidre feels

Katrina Weber

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today about the scary characters of the new series of *Dr. Who?*

John Coleman has drawn his memory from the greatest of Australian TV genres; the Soapie. He records his, and his mother's, great amusement at the sudden killing off of a character in *Bell Bird.* Much laughter can be gained from badly-acted serious soapie moments and if we think of *Home and Away, Neighbours, Days of Our Lives,* or best of all, *Passions*, we are overcome with dodgy scenarios.

Finally, Shaw Hendry has used his fuzzy felt piece to draw upon an influential strain of children's television; Japanese anime. *Prince Planet* is a particularly early example of Japanese-made anime that preceded such shows as *Astro Boy* and *Kimba the White Lion,* and was only ever produced in black and white. Shaw's homage to this superhero captures the simple and handmade styling of Japanese anime that continues to have a strong influence on animation the world over.

From *The Joy of TV* we can see that tele has meant different things to each generation, family and individual. It racks some of us with guilt (oh, all those wasted hours), but has also offered comfort, understanding, enlightenment and even inspiration. While this exhibition advises moderation (at your parents' lingering discretion), remember TV is a joy. May it live another 50 years.

Sera Waters

Mary-Jean Richardson

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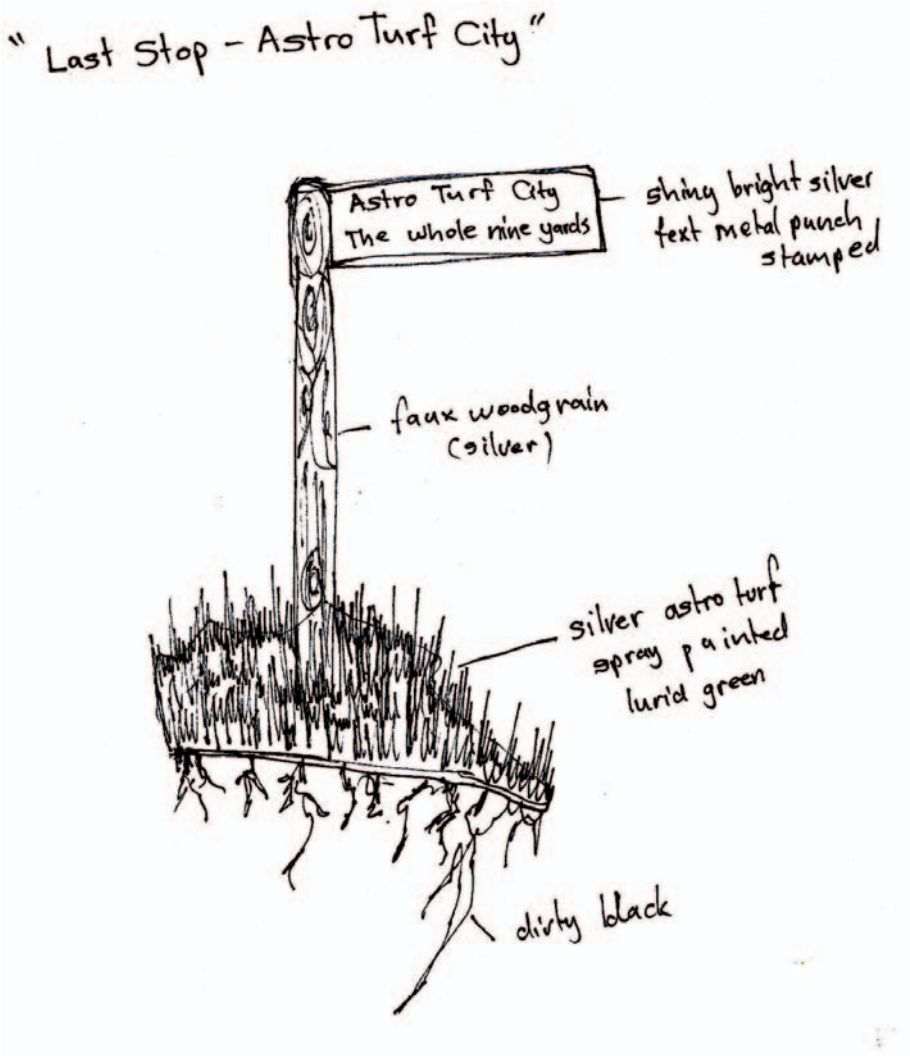

Anne Weckert

Sketch for Last Stop - Astro Turf City

Drawing for jewellery peice, 30 x 21 cm, 2006

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Spring

Spring is springing, but I've been using all my energy just living - which isn't really living. I've mostly just been getting through the days since I last saw you, trying not to get lost in the past or the future.

I thought I might write about flowers. Everyone loves flowers. But I can't write properly any more; the drugs I'm taking have dulled my thinking. I am too tired most of the time to do anything. Thinking is repetitive and meaningless anyway. I have to learn not to think. I have to learn to live 'in the moment'.

In Newcastle, in the spring, beautiful white and pinkish flowers proliferate among the three and four leaf clovers. As a child, I sat among the clover, and the flowers, and the girls making daisy chains. The chains could be turned into necklaces or bangles. A single flower could be turned into a ring. At other times, by myself, I got my Mattel bug catcher and trapped the bees that shared our love of nature.

I sit in the garden now, if it's not too cold, and look at the plants. We have a good crop of nasturtiums this year. You can eat them in salads - they taste 'radishy'. Sometimes I catch sight of a bee and follow it as it goes from flower to flower.

Some people can find God in a flower. Me? I can barely find myself.

The smartest person who ever lived - Sir Isaac Newton - thought that God was the space between things.

My dear cousin Renae sent me a small statue of the Buddha and some long life pills given to her by Lama Zopa Rinpoche. I kept

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the statue by my bed in the hospital. The pills? They're inside me giving me a long life. The Buddha, to continue with our floral talk, once gave a lecture in which he simply held up a flower and looked at it. Only one of his disciples understood the lecture, and smiled to himself. You'd have smiled too, I bet.

In the beginning, as it will be in the end, there was nothing, then, in less than a fraction of a second, a great invention and expansion of matter occurred creating the entire universe. That's what they say. Previous to that, space, and even time, did not exist. You and me, the stars and the planets, even the little drawing I did of a daisy chain, are all essentially made of the same thing, which is energy and nothing. Out at UniSA's Mawson Lake's Planetarium, Michael O'Leary used to stop every now and then, and say "Can you see now how everything is connected?"

When I was in hospital in May for the operation, some of my friends gave me flowers. The surgeon, Michael, same name as my brother, gave me a neat scar from my hip and down the inside of my leg. Michael said we would know the operation was successful if I didn't die. The cancer had spread to the lymph nodes. That's how it went. Seeing that I haven't died yet, I would say the operation was a complete success.

Di and I went to an 8-day meditation retreat for people with cancer, at Claire. It was a special time, made more special by the fact that my friends had raised money to help us get there.

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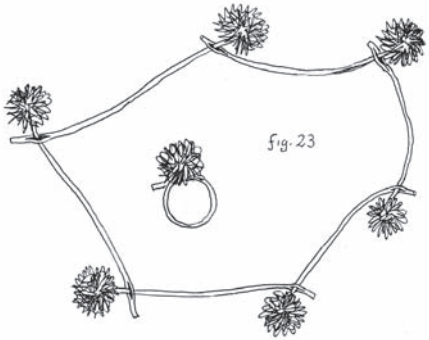
I spent most of July in hospital, falling in love with the nurses and having a chemical therapy (36 million units a day, five days a week, of interferon) - I didn't really want visitors that time, and so I didn't get many flowers. Both hospitals had abstract flower prints on the curtains. As I lay in my hospital bed, I would spend hours looking at those curtains.

The dose is lower now. It's September. I had been injecting myself three times a week with 18 million units a time, but now I'm down to 9 million after it damaged my liver. The needle is so fine I hardly feel it enter the skin. Interferon is my friend, although it induces a fatigue I can't adequately describe. It is a hard treatment, but as I press the plunger of the syringe, I say, "Welcome".

If you ever find yourself reincarnated as a child - and you might if you're lucky - you will probably need to know how to make a simple daisy chain. Clover flowers are my favourite. I've drawn a picture below to illustrate the mechanics. You will find your little child teeth useful for making the cuts in the stems, or you can use your fingernails. The last cut will need to be longer in order to pop the final flower through. Refreshed by your flower jewellery, you will become lighter than air.

Shaw Hendry



Photographs and drawing by the author.

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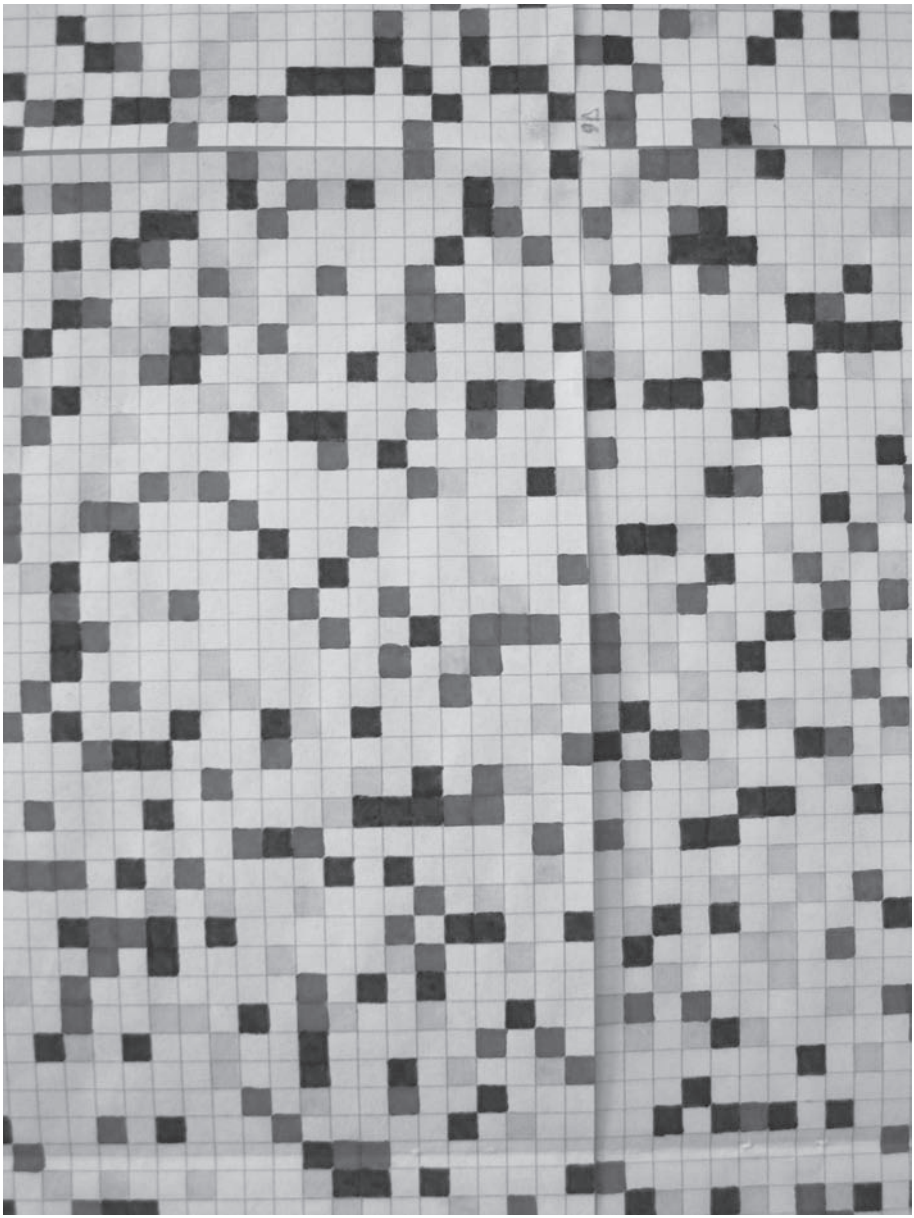

Sean Ruiz

Untitled (detail)

Coloured markers on graph paper, 100 x 70 cm, 2006

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SPACE VOYAGERS AND NEONATAL NIGHTMARES: AN ODYSSEY INTO THE ART OF PETER HENNESSEY

> "All the impulses of all the media were fed into the circuitry of my dreams. One thinks of echoes. One thinks of an image made in the image and likeness of images". Don DeLillo

For the past two years, the art of Peter Hennessey has powerfully examined the media-saturated events and phenomena that have inscribed themselves upon his (and our) memories and dreams. Deploying the most commonplace of materials (plywood, galvanised steel hinge, canvas), Hennessey has produced bold, arresting and intricate sculptures based on subject matter which is familiar, even infamous, but physically inaccessible.

In exhibitions such as *Repercussions* (2004) in Adelaide, *Proof* (2004 –2005) and *My Moon Landing* (2005) in Melbourne, and *My Voyager* (2005) in Perth, Hennessey has showcased stunning, life-size reproductions of military and aeronautic artefacts which are imbued with symbolic, historical and political resonance. Hennessey's *My Ikara* (2004), for example, is a four-meter high plywood and steel rendition of an Ikara missile manufactured by the Australian military and tested at Woomera. The imposing, pistol-shaped sculpture is symbolic of both Woomera's troubled history, and the broader anxieties surrounding national security. Conversely, the sprawling, satellite-dish-like structure *My Voyager* (2004) is modelled on NASA's *Voyager 2* space probe, which was launched in 1977 to contact extra-terrestrial life. Here, Hennessy adopts the theme of communicating with aliens in order to interrogate the treatment of foreigners in our own communities.

The motivating force behind these and other works is Hennessey's ongoing fascination with what he calls "The 'physicalisation' of things that are only virtually accessible to us". Hence, his preference for objects which "have a large presence in the world: they exist as

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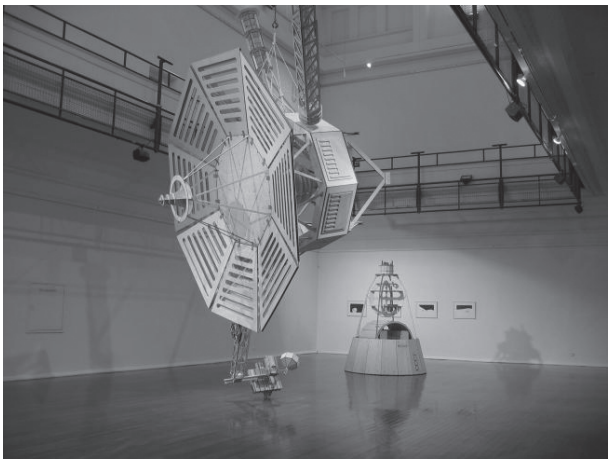
memories of televised images or via a multitude of representations like the echoes of a clear, sharp sound". Accordingly, his structures are conceived with the purpose of enabling the viewer "to have a physical experience of the object while still being able to experience the absence of the thing".



My Voyager 2004 and My Sputnik 2 2005

Visually, these concerns are realised through a rigorous, labour-intensive aesthetic: the use of computer-design software, three-dimensional models, and laser cutting technology to painstakingly design, assort and assemble a 1:1 scale re-enactment (and transformation) of objects that initially exist as images sourced from the internet.

Hennessey's austere aesthetic is elegantly honed and refined in muscular, mixed-media works such as *My Mission Control (the act of observation changes the object observed)* (2005); a sharp, clinical re-staging of the NASA control desk that monitored the flight and lunar activity of the Apollo 11 astronauts. However, rather than broadcasting the footage of that historic mission, the bulky, blocky buttons, stationary dials, corky controls and slim screens on Hennessey's control desk transmit footage of his own, studio-based, make-shift lunar-stroll, *My Moonwalk (Fourteen Kilograms)* (2005).

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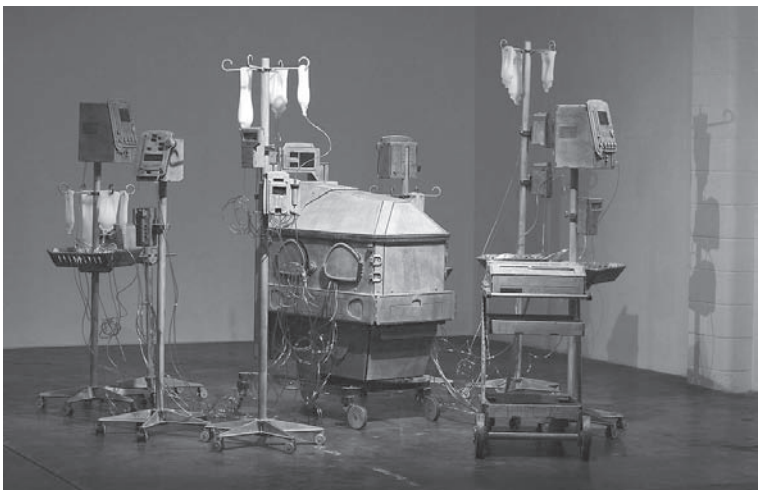
Watching this DVD recording of the artist as a gangly, gallivanting Spaceman, my mind reverberates with sound bites and ballads affiliated with the Apollo 11 mission. I recall a legendary astronaut's crackled, metallic, lunar greeting, followed by the lachrymose lyrics of a certain star-dusted Space Oddity: "Houston, Tranquillity Base here, The Eagle has landed" (Armstrong); "Take your protein pills and put your helmet on/Ground Control to Major Tom" (Bowie).

Hennessey's slick, skilful synthesis of sculpture and simulation in *My Mission Control…* (2005) reinforces the ghostly, televisual character of the moon landing, and its political import as a globally-broadcast spectacle. If the majority of Hennessey's works to date have been concerned with furnishing physical re-enactments of virtual phenomena, then the artist's most recent offering at Greenway Art Gallery entitled *My NICU (I am always amazed how something so small can be so big)* (2006), marks a subtle shift in perspective.

My NICU… (2006) — the latter term being an acronym for Neonatal Intensive Care Unit — is Hennessey's answer to an environment which, he remarks, "one could possibly access but in truth would rather not". Indeed, from a distance, Hennessey's eerie, intimidating installation appears to have been prised from the grimy ward of a forsaken, contaminated clinic. In the centre of a confined gallery



My NICU (I am always amazed how something so small can be so big)

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space, under a dim, dingy light, a *Draeger* incubator is flanked by, and affixed to, a plethora of infusion pumps, drips, ventilators and monitoring systems.

Conventionally, a Neonatal Intensive Care Unit is a considerably humid and highly controlled space, specifically calibrated to maintain the requisite skin and body temperature of prematurely-born infants, and to sustain their breathing and nutrition through the intravenous administration of oxygen, fluids and nutrients.

My Moonwalk (Performance) 2005

In stark contrast, Hennessey's version of this synthetic, life-sustaining space — constructed from plywood, steel, graphite and silicone, then coated in wax — is cold, ominous and unsettling. The bleak lighting, the cool, tomb-like setting, and the scumbled and scrawled surfaces of the installation evoke a formidable scene of abandonment, infirmity and trepidation: harsh, corroded, sinister. As a new father, *My NICU…* is Hennessey's haunting and disquieting interpretation of a profoundly emotive space which he believes "crystallises the anxiety and even fear that comes with anything precious".

Although considerably more intimate and poignant in tone and character, Hennessey's latest work is in keeping with his previous accomplishments in its ongoing commentary on the ironic character of contemporary existence: our unfounded faith in, and apprehensive reliance upon, the media, science and technology.

Varga Hosseini

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Marcin Kobylecki

hot chips

pen drawing, 14 x 21 cm, 2006

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The Etiquette of Snacks

Do's and Don'ts for gallerists and artists attempting their own hospitality for exhibition openings

Dear Reader...

We have had so many letters, asking 'How can one negotiate the quagmire of catering for openings?' It is not up to the starving artist to throw a lavish party for all of their friends and business associates; equally, large institutions should thank their patrons and friends by providing a little to tide over the hoards of workers hungry for culture before dinner and the rumbling bellies of those ever-giving artists. But in between these two extremes is slippery ground. Well, in answer to this vexed question we have prepared a quick list of Do's and Don'ts. Never again will the mysteries of opening snacks elude you, our erudite reader.

Don't expect to be fed to the tune of a 3 course meal at an opening, especially if the artist slaving over the dips fridge is the same artist slaving over the artwork.

Do remember that artists/art lovers are human beings and will get hideously drunk without canapés and weary without a little liquid refreshment. Especially if they have just trudged their way up North Terrace in the blinding sun, and then expected to listen to an hours worth of speeches on their feet! Don't allow your art audience to become dehydrated. If you are disinclined to allow artists and their admirers to get drunk at your expense at least keep the water or juice flowing in the very hot weather.

Don't leave your dips in the tacky plastic containers.

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Do get obscure sponsorship from your local supermarket. Some acquaintances of ours, once were given several packets of chocolate digestives for their opening by an eccentric Foodland employee.

Do remember, if you were there, the mounds of ripe figs and strawberries on the groaning trestle tables at the opening of the Art Gallery of South Australia's Frida Kahlo exhibition. Impressive!

Don't let your catering go rapidly downhill. Biennially, the Art Gallery of South Australia opens its doors to a large national and international contingent of the art interested. It makes them wait, parched, for up to one hour before they can sip a refreshing drink. This is torture at the height of summer during a festival. Once known for their wonderfully generous openings (eg. 2002), they now shame Adelaide by offering, if my memory serves me right, cheap dips and corn chips in 2004 and prawn crackers or were they pappadums in 2006! (note: A pappadum is an adjunct to a sumptuous Indian banquet – not a stand alone dish.) No wonder the Melbourne and Sydney contingent of exhibiting artists and curators high tailed as quickly as possible out of there.

Do remember that people around town will notice when high powered arts organisations hold shoddy openings and they will discuss it.

Do remember such things as mini Blintzes with smoked salmon, goats cheese tartlets with caramelised onion, little strips of filet mignon, caviar, sushi, luscious prawns and miniature pavlovas.

Don't act rudely, or pigishly at the refreshments table. Some openings become bunfights, as well heeled 'patron' types stampede

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in a sea of elbows for some free booze (yes at Adelaide Central Gallery) – disgusting. Try to remember the poor staff and what you came for – the art!

Do ask for wine donations if you cannot afford it.

Don't set up a wine apartheid; all punters should be served the same wine and in the same quantities.

Do employ ex chefs turned artists to cater your openings (thank you Bianca Barling at the EAF).

Do comment on the food and praise your hosts highly, remember you are being treated to their hospitality – for free!

The spread at the Vitamin Episode 9 launch kindly provided by TwinBee Studios. Photo by Kveta Deans

Sushi Chandon and Brianna Crakari

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Louise Haselton

Nagaland #1

Black pen drawing, 16 x 14 cm, 2006

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… has now left the building!

Early this year, the Uni SA student gallery was found dead. Some say it was slumped on the toilet, hamburger in its mouth. Others say it was on the ground. Some say it was found still alive, unconscious; others say rigor mortis had already set in. The exact date and time of death is also uncertain. No autopsy was performed, no death certificate issued. Fans of the gallery were distraught. Mourners lined the streets. I, like everyone else, was shocked, at first not believing.

I sat at my computer. Trying to write a story, an article, a poem. Something to say goodbye. And then, as though possessed, my fingers started typing beyond my control. I was writing a story. It was based on a modern day Jesus. A gallery who gives and gives to the people, but eventually becomes run down, tired. So famous that the only way to escape is to fake its own death.

This was purely fiction. I had no intention of selling this as a conspiracy theory. But after the story was published I started getting calls. How did I know so many details about the gallery's life? Things only those very close to it knew. I couldn't answer them. Sure, I liked the gallery but I wasn't a die-hard fan. It was as though I had psychically tapped into something.

And then other exhibitions started occurring at the art school. At first I thought nothing of it. But then I got more calls. Had I noticed how much the Dorrit Black shows looked like the student gallery? What were they trying to say? That the student gallery had faked its own death to get out of the limelight and was now holding exhibitions incognito? Impossible! And yet, there was this niggling feeling in the back of my mind. Could it be possible?

I began my investigation. I started by looking for records of the gallery. Personal items such as invites, catalogues - nothing. I looked into the health of the gallery at the time of death. It appeared to have been going strong. Still showing students' work, even taking part in a drawing conference. And I kept getting these

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calls, insisting my fictional story was actually true; the galley had *faked* it's own death. Were these just obsessive fans, unwilling to let go? Or were they onto something?

The gallery is believed to have died on the 31st of June, 2006. In numerology, this date becomes the number 9. The same number in that system as Jesus, and Elvis. Coincidence?

One of Uni SA's selling points for to moving SASA to city west was that there would be more opportunity for students to exhibit and that these exhibitions would be better attended. Location! Location! Location! After only a year and a half of the school of art living in the city, the student gallery on Fenn place, has been replaced by a café (admittedly one that has always been planned for that site). The SASA gallery doesn't show undergraduate work and neither will the new Uni SA Art Museum currently under construction.

So, what to do?

Since the death of the student lounge there have been three group shows in the Dorrit Black building of student work: 'Rock, Paper Scissors', 'Bye Bye Baby Bye Bye' (a farewell to the student lounge) and 'In Site On Site' (as part of the 2006 SALA festival). There needs to be more opportunities for students to show their work, and just as importantly, students need to actively claim exhibition spaces. If Uni SA can't give us a gallery we should just make our own.

Installation view of 'Bye Bye Baby...' showing works by Anita McCann, Michelle Rodgers, Amira Hajar, foyer, Dorrit Black building 2006

Romi Graham

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Episode Nine Launch

Sunday afternoon July 2nd 2006, TwinBee Studios, Payneham

Photographs by Kveta Deans and Dianne Longley

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You may remember me as the chairman from 'the Iron Chef'. I used to be a theatre actor in Japan too. Once upon a time, I featured in 'Les Miserables'. I also played Jesus in the Japanese theatre adaptation of 'Jesus Christ Superstar'.

And I love biting a capsicum.

kindest regards,
Takeshi Kaga

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