

# VITAMIN

MAY CONTAIN TRACES OF VISUAL CULTURE

2006/07

free



EPISODE ELEVEN  
NOVEMBER/DECEMBER/JANUARY



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NOVEMBER/DECEMBER/JANUARY 2006/07

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# Christmas (beetles) in the air



*A "sleeping"  
Christmas beetle*

Around this time of the year, when I worked at Underdale Student Association shop, Christmas beetles would clamber their way under the door to rest (well... mostly die) upon the worn carpet. Though their en masse appearance would at times frustrate me, they became a reliable and persistent marker of the change of seasons and a symbol of moving from one year to the next. Now, some time since the passing on of Underdale campus, I live near the river and Christmas beetles are back in my life. I am yet to figure out how they

bumble in, but when they do they clumsily buzz around the night lights and in the morning appear very still in buckets, the sink or camouflaged on the mat. Like the beetle is a sign of yearly transitions and good summer times to come, this eleventh edition of Vitamin (the last for 2006 and first for 2007) marks time marching on and the shift from one year to the next.

*Sera at Underdale Student  
Association shop amidst the lollies  
and surreptitious Christmas beetles*

*August 2004*

*Photo by Shaw Hendry*





From my life, I have developed a theory that years have themes that only in retrospect make themselves apparent. The last few years have been marked by topsy-turviness, a many-jobs-at-once year, night-and-day study, and a way back there was a hang-out-with-friends year. For you, 2006 might have been a year of struggles, a year of fun, or a year of rest, but for me it has been a year of the personal, discovering what is important in life and the inside story. This episode of Vitamin takes its lead from the year's overriding focus and has a loose theme too; of which many contributors were asked to respond.

### **The sort-of theme**

In Adelaidian visual culture, we are typically presented with end results; polished reviews, articles and exhibitions. But I often wonder under what circumstances local visual culturists pursue their art: How many part-time jobs is that artist working while spending nights in the studio? What drives their practice? What keeps it going financially/motivation-wise/personally? What challenges people about making art (in Adelaide)/ exhibiting/ writing about art? You get the idea.



The contributors to this Vitamin episode have met the challenge of writing to these questions in a wide variety of ways. I would like to thank them for laying bare some vulnerability, cynicism, hope, honesty and humour while sharing with us their take on what we do, and as Brigid Noone so fittingly puts, 'spilling their heart shaped guts'. That they do all of this





sans sickly sweet and unrealistic accounts that bear similarity to Aaron Spelling productions (though I shouldn't admit it - I am thinking Seventh Heaven) attests to their integrity in the arts.



*A ew-ingly and unrealistically happy 7th Heaven couple*

So while this edition of Vitamin could have some kind of soppy sub-heading about drive, inspiration or what keeps us going, there is no need. For what better name could there be for the sharing of these ideas, which has existed in every episode of this little zine, than Vitamin? As we are well aware, Vitamins make us healthy, supplement our usual diet (of Adelaide visual culture), and come in a handy pocket-sized dose. The zine form of Vitamin even comes with added benefits (the inserts). Taking your Vitamin is surely a good way to start the New Year.

Happy Holidays :o)

**Sera Waters**





Sebastien Calabretto

*Mechanics*

screenprint, edition 10, 22.5 x 33 cm, 2006

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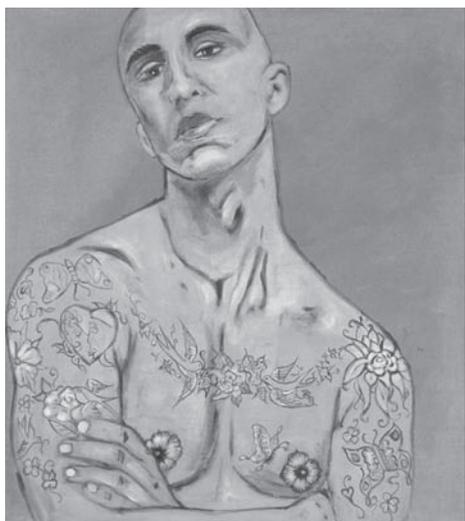




# SPILL MY HEART SHAPED GUTS

I love Adelaide. I love being an artist. My world is full up of sensibilities for noticing sights and experiences and making something of them. Oh don't get me wrong, the gig comes with plenty of challenges. I am giving up the idea of being a poor artist. It is just as well some of us are born with a low level of financial need; if material abundance meant happiness, there wouldn't be so many of us driven to make for the sake of it. Centrelink makes me stronger, (I tell myself)... yet there are parts of the world that recognize their artists.

I love Rotterdam, which has been my other home over the past 5 years off and on. I chose to come home; my grandma died and I thought it was time to set up some structure for my life and be based here in Adelaide. Here there is a lot of love, space, good cheap studios and a kind of freedom. If I can be free as an artist here, I reckon I could do it anywhere. Conversations with artist friends make so much sense; a feeling of support in the sometimes-rough seas out there is truly a gift.



*'Tough Love', oil on linen, 2006*

There is nothing like your own playground, with its own special built-in insecurities; mine are all mine. I find it much easier to approach galleries in Rotterdam than here. Sometimes it's easier to be big in a place where you're not known. I am a contemporary artist who happens to paint. I love painting and I won't make any apologies for it. In Rotterdam painting-talk flows and swims a much wider stream. I'm in this for real and





I don't want to be an ironic artist, it means stuff to me and my heart is in it. Through the process of making art I attempt to make sense of my internal and external world. Within all that I have learnt, been, seen and heard about art I want to find and be my own voice as best as I can. In saying that, I never know how much to show. It seems the line between our public and private worlds gets fuzzier all the time.



*Brigid's Rotterdam studio*

I can't imagine being a cynical artist. Maybe we are born marked by things, old sensibilities passed down from old bones. I have a good dose of optimism and I'd like to think that I could make things for me and for Adelaide. I will appear gushy and I'm ok with that. The best thing about living as an artist in Rotterdam is that it's a real thing to have your community and structure of living support you. Art is an old idea in Europe. With all that we have brought to this land, and coming from so far away, we forgot to grow our support for our artists.





*'Little Lost', oil on linen, 2006*

I could be writing about sport, but that's why Vitamin is so important, it gives a voice to those who aren't seen or heard so much. So on with the show... I want to build a studio complex based on the model of Kunst & Complex in Rotterdam. It is a dream place, 23 artists living and working in an old paper factory in the industrial part of town. To be able to afford your lifestyle gives so much to the creative process.

And do you know what worries me? It is that we are so well informed these days, and so full up with greedy dreams, that to be political seems like a scam. I can so easily feel heart broken about the world and its woes and then think of what romantic comedy I feel like watching tonight, or whether it would be nice to go for a swim?

I think we must grow our voices. Art does stuff.

## **Brigid Noone**





## MENTOR MENTORED II

Mark Kimber/Aurelia Carbone

Nicholas Folland/Bianca Barling

Paul Hoban/Mark Siebert

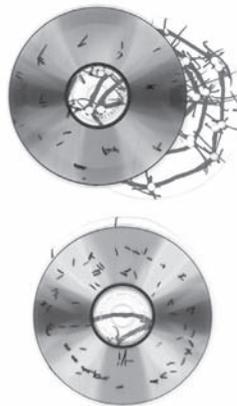
Curated by Alan Cruickshank

3 November - 10 December, 2006

A pale, dark haired boy lounges in an elegant chair, gazing at something or someone beyond the viewer. His expression, bare chest and unbuttoned jeans exude youthfulness, disaffection and sex; the latter exacerbated by his playful presentation of a peach. A telling quote plucked by Nicholas Folland from Joris-Karl Huysmans' masterpiece, *Against Nature*, lines the walls of the installation and draws the gaze back to Bianca Barling's De Esseinte-like character 'Snake Hips' ... and that peach. This collaboration is the pick of the bunch in the CACSA Mentor Mentored II exhibition.

The photographic offerings from Mark Kimber and Aurelia Carbone are also captivating. Kimber's delicate images examine the play of light and shadow over mysterious scenes reminiscent of Ansel Adams' *Moon and Half Dome* (1960). Similarly enchanting, Carbone's images of her carefully constructed models, present intricate views of delightful characters amongst lush paisley landscapes that often hint at a darker mythology.

Mark Siebert's drumming to Paul Hoban's stencilled CD fills the gallery space and the footage is projected onto a wall. Connecting through music, Hoban and Siebert collaborated to produce works that are light-hearted and combine painting, sketches and letters to musicians.



Paul Hoban?, from  
the series 'DDR', 2006

## Jennifer Kalionis





# A Cup of Tea

If you are sad, then a cup of tea will make you less sad. If it is a hot day, then a cup of tea will cool you down. Tea is so much more than a drink – it is a cultural practice.

In at my Ma and Da's place, there was always the big pot of tea on the table, with its quirky insulation, the much-loved tea cosy. I loved the smell of the tea when the tin was opened. How many spoonfuls? Did you remember to warm the pot?

Some time in the late 70s Australia became a nation of coffee drinkers. Tea and its paraphernalia have ceased to occupy a significant place in our consciousness. It's a pity.

.....

Lisa Young's art has its intellectual lineage in the 17th century paintings of the Dutch masters of still life. Our glorious South Australian State Gallery has some excellent examples in their collection. The Dutch painters used the still life as a platform for metaphors about existence. It's amazing how much meaning can be packed into a bowl of fruit. Many contemporary still life artists spend too much time on the fruit though, and not enough on the content. Young's work strikes a more balanced approach.

I like that joke some artists make when someone asks them how long it takes to do a painting – they say, “it takes a lifetime”.



*'Billy Tea', oil on canvas, 52 x 46 cm, 2006*





Young wants you to see the objects she paints as she sees them; she wants you “to see an orange for the first time”. In this respect Young sees herself as a formalist. It is a conscious way of working, and translating that philosophy to paint on cloth is a long journey. It takes a lifetime.

The new series of paintings of teacups and cosies, shown recently at Adelaide Central Gallery, is an intriguing slice of social history. The set ups seem simple, but there is an active interplay between the formal aspects of the work and the light-hearted role played by the participating objects.

The tea cosies in the paintings are now artefacts rather than comfy jackets for a favourite brew. They aren’t used much anymore and were hard to locate. *Billy Tea’s* cosy was knitted by a friend’s grandmother. *Lady Grey* belongs to a 90 year old tea lover. Some of the cosies hark back to 1950s Women’s Weekly patterns. Most are

Australian – a spontaneous home craft, bizarre creations to keep the tea hot, now relegated to the realm of nostalgia.



*'Fruit Tea', oil on canvas, 52 x 46 cm, 2006*

The paintings are developed in layers, starting with a sketch and then darks and lights are blocked in. The first move is to get a sense of light. Next, is where colour is introduced. And then time is spent on the quality of the edges.

There is a knowing frugality in the application of paint,





*'Tea for Two', oil on canvas, 52 x 46 cm, 2006*

and an economical use of the brush that seems intuitive. Brush strokes aren't hidden and yet the paintings have a realist intent.

While the paintings are colourful, the palette is restrained – a range of greys lay a stage for flashes of red or blue. There is a high tonal range in the work, partly due to artificial lighting used for the still life. The effect is that the resulting image has a drama not in the original set up.

The artist always works from acute observation, never photographs. Photographs are too limited a view as she continually edits what she sees - there is no point in merely painting what is in front of her. Colours are changed, objects repositioned, tonal values altered. In a way, the truth of the object is revealed in the editing.

I have had the good fortune to have drunk tea from some of the cups in these paintings. As pictures, the cups have a presence I didn't notice when they were simply objects full of tea, honey, and milk. Young likes the idea that she is making something special out of the banal – a humble pot of tea and a teacup are raised to the level of art and, in transit, remind us that both painting and tea drinking are also about the art of contemplation.

## Shaw Hendry





Steven Carson

*Modest Seaford house with roller shutters and Xmas star - evening view*  
digital image, 2006





VITAMIN ON-LINE GALLERY

# ***HOLD FAST***

**Gus Clutterbuck, Stephanie Crase,  
Bridget Currie, Hugh Davies, Lisa Harms,  
Peter McKay, Christopher Orchard, Laura Wills**

*Hold Fast*, Vitamin on-line show number five, is all about problems and solutions. Specifically, it is about the myriad intangible and incorporeal problems faced by human beings – problems of memory, luck or the psyche - and the surprisingly physical solutions we devise for them.



unlucky  
rabbit

*'Unlucky Rabbit' by Stephanie Crase*

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*'Imaginary Friend' by Hugh Davies*

Whether tying pieces of string around our fingers, clutching security blankets or handling mirrors with care, we are constantly employing elements of the material world to safe-guard ourselves against 'immaterial' threats.

The eight contributing artists were asked to consider such objects and acts and respond with a work. Some artists have responded to existing rituals and talismans; others propose new ones. Desire, misfortune, loneliness, anxiety, fear are but some of the phenomena ingeniously circumvented by these fine metaphysicists.

So cross fingers, wish dandelion wishes and make your way to [www.vitaminarchive.com](http://www.vitaminarchive.com)

**Roy Ananda**

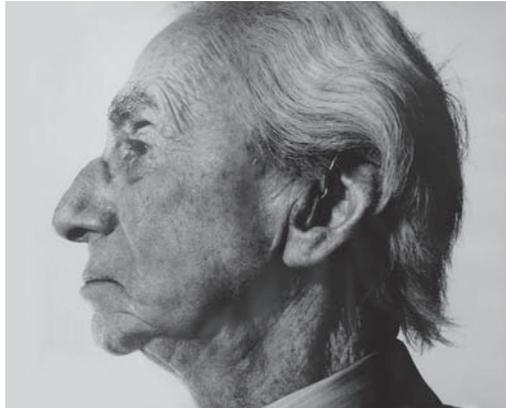




# ***The time you enjoy wasting is not wasted time***

From the beginning I would like to make clear that spending time with art is something that I enjoy, something that I'd pay money to do, and something that I think is valuable for anyone. I want to emphasize this belief in art upfront because what I want to look at here is, how much time we should give an art work that hasn't offered us very much, that has left us unsatisfied?

British philosopher Bertrand Russell wrote "the time you enjoy wasting is not wasted time". My basic interpretation of Russell's statement is that there is immense value in doing things or seeing things that make you smile. However insignificant or unimportant they may seem to others, it's ok if you find happiness in: flipping through popular magazines; updating your Myspace page; watching reality television; or staring aimlessly out the window.



*The very wise Bertrand Russell*

What I like about this sentiment is that it reminds us that we have a choice in how we spend our time. Outside expectations should not overly influence our ability to make decisions about what we think is worthwhile. So how does this relate to visual culture? I venture





*WilkinsHill enjoy everyday things  
'Sportsday (kids are food)', 2006*

that there is often an expectation to adequately appreciate art that is presented to us in a serious commercial gallery, government funded space, art museum or art magazine. There is a suggested significance placed on works presented in these contexts.

This suggestion of significance should not scare people from saying what they really think, nor should it make them feel obliged to spend time with work that offers them little or nothing. I don't think there is much point in pretending to appreciate something that you don't find any enjoyment in self-deception or the deception of others by feigning appreciation doesn't benefit anyone.

What is it then that makes us enjoy something, enables us to find or feel happiness? It appears that the things that make people happy are very diverse, so perhaps we can work backwards and look at what it is that makes people unhappy. In his book 'The Conquest of Happiness' Bertrand Russell identifies the following as causes





of unhappiness: anxiety; lack of interest in anything but struggle; incapacity for play; boredom; and a desire for excitement.

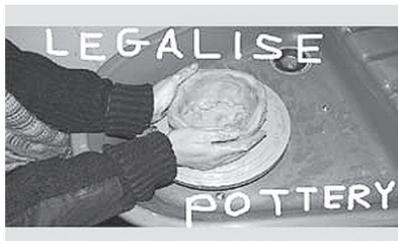
These factors are frequently present in art works that I don't find enjoyable. If a work is full of anxiety, concerned only with struggle, and has no sense of playfulness I don't usually feel like spending a lot of time with it.

On the flip side playful works that are interested in parts of existence that aren't a bleak struggle tend to make me smile; make me feel that there is more to life; make me remember that there is value in everyday things.

When I take the time to consider an artwork I want to get something from it, I want to feel that the artist has considered their audience rather than taking a purely inward



*Jeff Koons' easy fun makes me smile*



*David Shrigley; tackling art's big issues*

looking approach to making their art. On encountering a work full of the causes of unhappiness I think we should consider whether or not we want to give it our time, no matter where we find it. Time is a valuable resource and before we invest we should remember that the time we enjoy wasting is not wasted time.

## Tamzin Buchan





By viewing the following piece, you are obliged to respond:

Sometimes I don't know why I bother trying to be an artist.  
Why shouldn't I give up and become a housewife instead?

Send responses by SMS to: 0401 465 656.

amira.h.  
*validation by survey*  
instruction card, 2006





## ***Back to the Future:*** **Writing, Art, the Self and the Other(s)**

As a writer, I am always fascinated by the forces that motivate others in my profession. And in coming to reflect on one of the primary themes of *Episode 11* — namely, one's perception of, and relationship with, South Australian visual culture — I am reminded of the astute insights of George Orwell (1903-1950).

In his pithy and punchy polemic 'Why I Write' (1946), Orwell identifies "four great motives for writing", apart from the basic necessity of earning a living. According to the author of the dystopian '1984' (1949) and the anthropomorphic 'Animal Farm' (1945), these four motives exist "in varying degrees in every writer, and in any one writer the proportions will vary from time to time, according to the atmosphere in which he is living".

These motives are, respectively: **sheer egoism** or the desire to appear intelligent, attract publicity, be remembered after death, or exact vengeance; **aesthetic enthusiasm** or the perception of beauty in the world and, with that, the need to convey an experience which one believes is invaluable and worthy of attention; **historical impulse**, namely, the inclination to know one's world, its facts, and to document them for posterity; and **political purpose**, meaning the aspiration to steer the world in a certain direction and "to alter other people's idea of the kind of society that they should strive after".

I must admit that I concur with big brother George. For some time now, my own practice has been sparked, at varying lengths, by these rousing impulses. The desire for recognition, the appreciation of beauty, the longing to understand aspects of one's environment, the urge to offer an alternative perspective: these have all been undeniably potent catalysts for my own writing.

However, I believe that there is another drive which Orwell did not entertain, but which is nonetheless related to those of self-interest, beauty, history, and personal politics. In my own case, the will to write has often come from *without*, from sources and subject matter which has been singular and unfamiliar to me: most notably, Indigenous Australian art.





It was the latter which marked the seismic shift in my practice from producing and exhibiting art to writing about it. Accordingly, I want to reflect on two exhibitions which were particularly influential: 'Beyond the Pale' curated by Brenda L. Croft, and 'From Appreciation to Appropriation' curated by Christine Nicholls. These shows were launched, rather prophetically, at the dawn of the new millennium (the year of my Honours studies), and the type of art they showcased ultimately set the course of my subsequent academic writing.

Both exhibitions were exemplary for me in that they furnished a point of entry into Aboriginal art, but also motioned at new avenues of inquiry. It was the depiction of Christian symbols in the work of Indigenous artists featured in both 'Beyond the Pale' and 'From Appreciation to Appropriation', which shaped the focus of my postgraduate research. The cold, ominous and imposing crucifixes in Riley's *Flyblown* (1998) series of photographs, coupled with the scrumptious and scintillating rendition of Holy Communion in Napaltjarri's painting *Eucharist* (1998), steered me towards a novel and largely uncharted area of Aboriginal art.

As I write this, I am rapidly approaching the deadline of a PhD dissertation which attempts to interpret the representation of Christianity in the work of a broad range of contemporary Indigenous artists, among them Riley and Napaltjarri. Superficially,



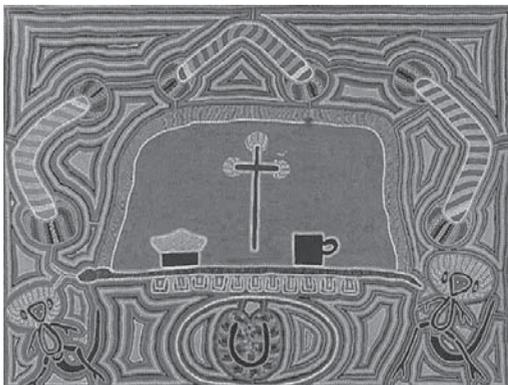
Michael Riley, 'Untitled (cross)', from the series 'Flyblown', 1998





this topic (to which I have been yoked for the past five years) is oriented around visual traditions that are, at one level, foreign to me. In fact, I come to my field of inquiry as an outsider. Neither a Christian nor an Indigenous Australian, I find myself in an ambiguous and ambivalent place.

However, in embarking on a topic that appears to have no overt personal bearing, it has become increasingly clear to me, over time, that the journey into the art of the Other is also a journey into oneself. The issues that I have been compelled to write about, namely history, memory, colonialism, displacement,



*Linda Syddick Napaltjarri, 'Eucharist', 1998*

and cross-cultural exchange, undeniably resonate, at a visceral level, with my own borderline speaking position.

Arguably, the most interesting outcome of my undertaking to date has been the recognition that the question of visual art is interwoven with a plethora of concerns (including perception, representation, power, interpretation), and thus warrants an engagement with a range of other disciplines (in my case, philosophy, theology, cultural studies, anthropology, art history). This relationship between visual art and its Others is perhaps what is meant by the fractured and protean label Visual Culture.

In my view, a stirring and salient aspect of our own South Australian visual culture has been the inauguration of exhibitions (such as 'Beyond the Pale' and 'From Appreciation to Appropriation') which not only comment on the past and survey the contemporary scene, but illuminate directions for the future and compel us to confront the many Others of our chosen discipline (and ourselves).

## Varga Hosseini



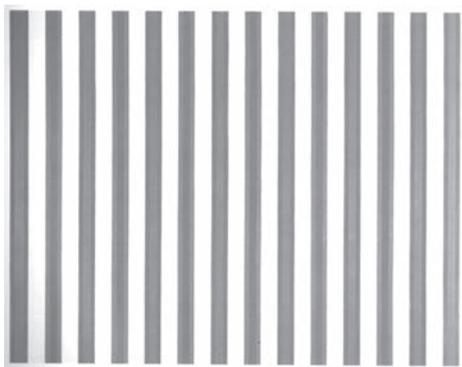


# Persistence is Futile?

I work best when given a brief. So when I was told this edition was loosely focused on why people ‘keep at it’, or persevere in the face of adversity, I thought, ‘right, here’s something I know something about’. It seems one theme persistently running through my life is the lack of opportunities in the arts for young Adelaidians. I thought about this situation and whether persisting with something, repeating it over and over again when success is doubtful, is a good thing, or just futile.

While brainstorming (passé, but I love it) ideas about perseverance I noticed there is a connotative divide in how persistence is perceived. Determination, diligence, resilience, tenacity: all beneficial traits. But check out the dysphemisms; stubborn, inflexible, obstinate, pig-headed and unyielding. And how do you know which one/s you are? Is persistence through repetition a worthwhile pursuit when it comes to the arts?

What about visual repetition? I like how Bridget Riley and Debra Dawes’ recurring stripes have a soothing quality. I also like how beaded, knitted and embroidered works such as those of Fiona Hall,



*Debra Dawes, ‘clock wise September 2004’, 2004*

Louise Weaver, and Sera Waters conjure the meditative practice of sewing stitch after stitch, or threading bead after bead, over and over. There is something reassuring about measured and precise perfection. But there is also something unsettling in repetition. Stephanie Crase’s recurring images of suburban homes disturb through their replication of the image. Seeing

the same vision repeated feels manufactured and therefore unnatural, like those hideous new housing estates which have rows of identical properties with prescribed ‘flair’. Crase’s paintings



cleverly serve in troubling the viewer by diluting the significance of the original image, conveying meaninglessness and monotony.

So what did that visual/word association prove? Is persistence a good thing? Along with brainstorming, another thing I enjoy very much is writing lists. So spurred on by the theme of persistence, and inspired by a friend's little sister who made a list of pros and cons of staying with her boyfriend (the cons far exceeded the pros), I made my own 'list for adversity':

Pros and Cons of being jobless and looking for opportunities in the arts industry

Pros:

- Applying for jobs or writing submissions allow one to get reacquainted with Microsoft's formatting idiosyncrasies on a weekly basis
- Can effortlessly share a bond with other jobless post-graduates
- I now have a lot of time to be 'creative', I keep telling myself.
- The house has never been so clean.

Cons:

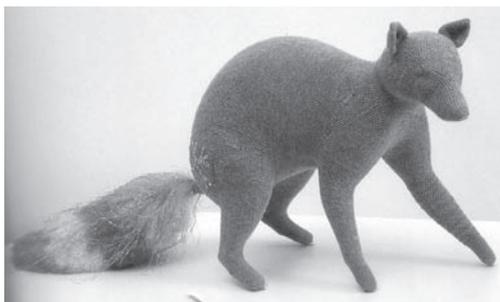
- Overwhelming sense of gloom/failure
- I can't actually survive on creativity alone - money is needed.
- Pure Maths is against me (the ratio of jobs)

The list so far is reasonably equal, so that hasn't helped me decide if persistence in this gig is futile or not.

Along with brainstorming and writing lists, another thing I enjoy very much is using Wikipedia. After typing in 'persistence' and hitting 'search', I was interested to find the term relates to all manner of things from Computer Science, to Environmental Engineering.



Surprisingly none of the hits related directly to looking for opportunities in the Adelaide arts industry or contemporary art in general, but I certainly identified some association with the arts. For example, ‘persistence’ is the term used when the phosphorous glow of old computer screens lingers longer than the actual image, producing the visual effect known as ‘ghosting’. Darren Siwes immediately springs to mind and his time-lapse photography leaving transparent figures lingering outside colonial settings. I also discovered that *persistence of memory* is not merely an iconic surrealist work, but also refers to the way memories are stored and accessed in neurological research. That sort of persistence is undoubtedly important.



*Louise Weaver, 'Racoon', 2002*

So one thousand cups of tea later, I'm yet to decide on the benefits of persistence. Even after using all my favourite decision-making tools. While my rudimentary research suggests a refusal to cease repeating oneself is stubborn, monotonous and possibly fruitless, there is something else which operates above these rational thoughts. If I remember rightly it's known as ‘hope’. I suppose that is our primary motivation to continue doing whatever it is we do as artists, writers, designers, thinkers etc. The hope that all this perseverance will pay off someday. Here's hoping.

## **Kate Moskwa**



# 10 things (and more) you always wanted to know about Andrew Best as asked by Katrina Simmons.

- Vans or Chucks? *Currently Vans.*
- Solo show or group show? *Group (March).*
- Minimalism or Pop? *Both (together).*
- Wine or beer? *Pop-minimalist-beer-wine-vans-sculpture.*
- One-liner or ‘layers of meaning’? *Altogether, again.*
- Australian Idol or Teen Fat Camp Australia? (it’s true, it’s screening next year) *Unfortunately I’ll be away.*
- Relational aesthetics or aesthetic relations? *Aesthetic personal relationships.*
- Primavera or Pasta Primavera? *Both can be problematic.*
- Arctic Monkeys or The Streets? *Keep going...*
- Narrative or beauty? *A combo deal.*

You are heading off soon as the recipient of a 2005 Samstag Scholarship, where will you be going and what will you be doing? (and why?)

*I will be going to London. I’ve made work there before, and know it’s a good place to work. I’m doing a MA at Chelsea, which has thrown up some interesting graduates in the past (Mike Nelson, Peter Doig). It also has a good UK/ International mix, which is important. London will also be close to a few shows I want to see in Europe in ‘07.*

Some people are compulsive makers and have to be in the studio everyday. How important is the studio to you as the site of your practice?

*I tend to think better on my feet, walking and bumping into culture more accidentally. In that sense the studio can be the enemy, as you decide what you bring in. But at the same time, a studio is handy.*

Mike Kelly has talked about how much he can’t stand art that is ‘romantic’. What sort of work can’t you stand and why? Is it important to know what you want your work to not be?

*I guess I react against work that is half-baked, in that you can see where the artist is going but doesn’t get to. Or work that hides behind certain safety nets (beauty, fashion, theory, process, politics, etc.). I guess I try to keep those things in mind when making.*



There seems to be a current preoccupation for childlike imagery in art (and fashion and design). Is art making now all about being young?

*I don't think so. There's any number of strains you could pick out of contemporary practice.*

In a recent review the writer commented on your excellent 'Photoshop skills'. What was the story behind the creation of the 'falling' series, which has probably become the most well known of your works?

*Actually, other people have decided the photos are a separate series. They are actually part of a body of work called 'Knox', made to be shown alongside a jungle/ cocaine/ hamburger restaurant installation at Gertrude Contemporary Art Spaces. Figures were always somehow absent from my works, so these photos were perhaps a way of looking at the employees. The work came out of various things I was thinking about while making 'Pauline' (an oversized Donkey Kong work) in 2004. I think, in the same way, they are about computer games or Hollywood, screen - versus lived, reality - and death as fiction.*

Adelaide Contemporary Art Space, should it happen and why? (In 10 words or less.)

*I think we need contemporary art on North Terrace. Or else maybe just a note telling people where it's gone?*



Andrew Best, 'The Barn', water soluble oil on canvas, 2006





# Episode Ten Picnic Launch

Sunday afternoon October 8th 2006, Bonython Park, Thebarton



*Photographs by Shaw Hendry,  
Bridget Currie and Dianne Longley*





