



# VITAMIN

MAY/JUNE 2007

free



EPISODE THIRTEEN





# VITAMIN

EPISODE THIRTEEN - MAY/JUNE 2007

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Layout

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# VITAMIN

MAY CONTAIN TRACES OF VISUAL CULTURE

EPISODE THE LAST MAY/JUNE 2007



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# Episode the Last

There was a bird sitting on a branch outside the window just now. It was so beautiful, I thought if only the camera was here I could photograph it. But finding the camera would have taken me away from the bird, and that wasn't a cost I was prepared to pay.

From April 2004, I organised Vitamin, publishing a hard copy version and an online version. I had friends with me of course. There was Sera Waters, Dianne Longley, Varga Hosseini, John Hewson, Bridget Currie, and many more. Literally hundreds of people have been involved with Vitamin; from writing the essays, to making the art, to helping with production, printing, launches, and so on. No one made a cent out of it, but we all benefited from the opportunity to participate.

The publication was going to be called "Cream", after a surfie magazine from my youth, but it turned out there was a current magazine with that name. Then I thought "May Contain Traces of Visual Culture" might be good, you know, to protect people with art allergies. As it was, I'd had an exhibition the previous year entitled "Joyful Vitamin", a name that, in turn, I had taken from an ad campaign for CC Lemon, a popular Japanese soft drink. Did I tell you everything is connected?

Contributors could write pretty much what they wanted, so long as it related somehow to South Australian visual culture. Party politics was banned though and, revolutionary at the time, footnotes were not allowed (referencing had to be done in the body of the text). The only writing advice I gave was "say what you mean, and speak in your own voice".





We were all very nervous about the first episode. I wrote to Varga saying that for the publication to succeed, it had to be a fete accompli. After the launch, he wrote back that he thought it was a coup d'etat.

All the episodes were launched, and all the launches were fun. The venues were mostly artists' studios but there were some art schools and galleries in there as well. In the world of art, ultra-collectibles are highly valued, and

so Vitamin provided as many as possible, such as insert artworks, rainbow pencils, badges, t-shirts, and the Official Vitamin Cup (which will improve any beverage).

There will be other Vitamin-related projects in the future. The Vitamin [Online] Gallery will continue (check out our current exhibition "Cake"). The Vitamin Archive will no doubt keep receiving hundreds of hits each week from people who are interested in actual South Australian art. It will become a better resource once the Vitamin Index is published later in the year. Stay tuned. The thirteen episodes of Vitamin chronicle an interesting period in the Adelaide Arts. What will the various participants do next? What will you do?



*Episode Six insert art: Paul Hoban*

## Shaw Hendry





# An Ode to Dale Frank

*Paler than Pale Custard Cream Moonlight Off White Old Ivory Irish Linen Cream Neutral Beeswax Cornsilk Falmouth Hawaiian Sunset Paloma Burnous (Pansy!) (1999), synthetic polymer paint and varnish on canvas, 220 X 360 cm, Art Gallery of South Australia.*

As if launched from the cord  
of an archer's bow  
the liquid projectiles  
to their targets go.

I watch transfixed  
as in a picture show  
your heavenly honey  
glisten and glow.

Lush, luscious varnish  
on the canvas stretched  
inscribes the memory  
like a tablet etched.

Slick, fluid beauty  
viscous and cool  
enslaved my gaze  
like a lustrous jewel.

Such flaccid folds  
of pellucid skin  
eclipse the enigma  
of La Gioconda's grin.

That serpentine title  
sprightly and verbose —  
evokes the manic music  
of Marinetti's prose.

Before your protean forms  
slacken and set  
they resplendently rephrase  
an old Sage's bet.

For mighty Heraclitus  
can now advise  
that one seldom encounters  
the same painting twice.



**Varga Hosseini**





Ian McFarland

*Red Star*

Mixed media, 80 x 80 cm, 2007

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# *Visual Culture*

Went to the Art Gallery today.

Watching a bird's eye view film of a busy traffic intersection. The little people buzzing around in their muddled tidal movements. To and fro, back and forth, round and round. Pushed across the road, off the road, into their cars, down the street. Pushed around by large pink fingers. Like matchbox cars and farmyards in the sandpit when we were kids. About the same time your fingers were pushing your sweet talent to waste in your veins.

Visual culture.

I'm driving home wondering what that is to me. Watching the centipede of orange lights marching ahead and up to the velvety darkness of the hills. Watching the clear hairs on my arm wrapped around the steering wheel. Tiny rows of hairs dancing in the wind waltzing to Bright-Eyes on the crackling car radio because this song gives me goose bumps. Wondering what the hairs on your arm are doing right now. What your arm is doing right now. Maybe you're painting. Painting tigers with their eyes golden like yours and their vibrant slashing stripes. Maybe you're sitting on your step watching the leaves move slowly against the same inky sky, pulling your treacled guitar strings to match the mood of the night. Pulling on your cigarette. Nah, you're probably having a beer and watching TV.

Visual culture.

Went to an exhibition opening recently and in my head there's wine dripped pink down my pale top. I refuse to be embarrassed. There's glinting glass, reflecting off shiny heads, off sweaty brows. There's rough stubble shadowed on faces; it's shaved close but I know it feels like sandpaper because I remember. There's flashing eyes catching glances, ignoring them, dropping them, seeking them, finding them and - I'm pleased to remember - holding them sometimes too. There's milk-coffee cleavages bulging or peeping discreetly from chic tops in fabrics of cobalt, alizarin crimson, rhodamine mixed with white, and a hint of thalo blue... Hmmm... I should try that. It would look good pushed up against green...





scumbled over orange... on a firm canvas with a sweet bristle brush. Mmm... I can smell the oil paint now.

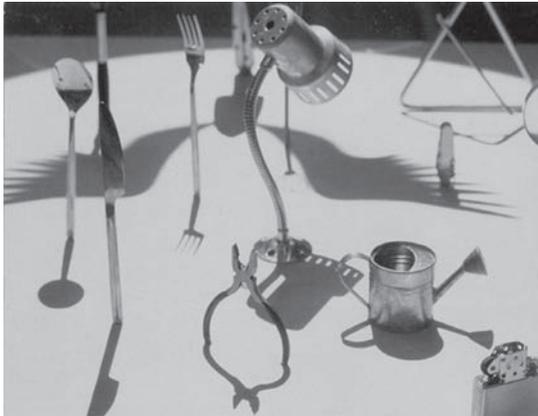
Oil paintings.

I just walked past a whole lot in the art gallery on my way to 'Experimenta, Vanishing Point'. Sometimes I try to get up close and sniff them, when no ones around, to see if they still smell of oil paint. Stuff it, sometimes I don't wait till there's no one around.

Visual culture.

The last exhibition opening I went to, one artist had a pink top on. He liked to call it watermelon. Good idea. I love watermelon and it reminded me of slurping massive dark pink wedges of it on the beach with my Grandma, of spitting pips at each other in the gritty yellow sand. Shiny little black pips. Grandma's tuft of fluffy white hair dancing in the breeze, like my hairs are doing now. Only they are much much smaller, and I'm nearly home to my dark little pocket of tree-lined velvet in the hills.

And you're down there smoking into the same darkness that touches me, your head going a hundred miles an hour like the traffic past your door. I'm thinking of us throwing marshmallows from your doorstep at the trucks. Pof pof pof. Marshmallows painting pale sticky spots all over the road.



*Tool's Life, Minim++, (Experimenta - Vanishing Point)*

Now I'm home. From the latest Vitamin launch and I'm getting pushed down the driveway and poked into my front door by a large pink fingertip before it reaches down the hill to your house, and pushes you inside too.

Goodnight, visual culture.

**Fran Callen**





# CAKE

## Vitamin [Online] Gallery

 <http://www.vitaminarchive.com>



*Sarah CrowEST*

As a child, I was lucky to be spoiled every day - with tasty food! Thanks to a mother who believed in after-school treats, like orange cake, Anzac biscuits, and delicious evening meals, the smell and taste of food haunt my very existence. Mum even remembered, how each of us liked our toast cooked in the morning. I had mine like my Dad's; almost cold and generously buttered (so that you could see your teeth marks in the butter when you bit into it).



*Josh 2000*

Good cooking is like good art: It has quality ingredients, quality ideas, and is made with a certain intensity of focus. The end result captures the attention of those who eat it, while the sensations of the food linger in the memory, to



*Julia Moretti*

be retrieved and savoured over and over again. When cooking, things can go awry. It is the ingenious cook who can work through problem situations and create an even more impressive





meal because of imagination and previous knowledge. It is the same with artwork.

The 'Cake' artists have created edible artworks that cross media and conceptual boundaries. Ingredients range from toast and pat , to alphabet soup, wafers, marshmallows, marzipan, and melon.

Toast is an integral part of many people's breakfast, and this ingredient featured in two works. Roy Ananda discovered a mythical apparition of the wise Yoda on his breakfast slice. Beth Evans produced a four-page artist book, perhaps a pre-dinner artwork, of toast and pat . Steven Carson has made a formal composition of coloured slices of marzipan, pressed into columns creating a work reminiscent of his 'Woodwork' series.

Julia Robinson continues her explorations into Dante's 'Inferno' with a quote spelled out in alphabet soup. Julia Moretti, an experienced food artist, has created comfortable-looking chairs from wafers and



*Romi Graham*



*Shaw Hendry*



*Roy Ananda*





*Julia Robinson*



*Beth Evans*



*Steven Carson*

marshmallows. Shaw Hendry indulges in some melon-magic, carving wave patterns into the surface of a honeydew melon.

Sarah CrowEST's falling down cake seeps glossy and sticky sweet goodness, whilst Josh 2000's cake is equally fascinating with its wildly colourful and artfully inspired icing. To finish the edible art parade, Romi Graham has cleverly produced an ice-cream snow-trooper, detailing the features in chocolate sauce.

A good day is one in which delicious food has been eaten, or good art enjoyed. Very good days are ones where art and food and friends are intertwined. 'Cake', where food is art - or art is food - permanently fresh and feisty: Log on and enjoy the most nutritious online show yet.

**Dianne Longley**





## Michael Kutschbach

*elf farm rattle (no.1-5)*, silkscreen on drafting film, 42x30cm each, 2007

*otto made ned a motto*, adhesive vinyl on wall, scale variable, 2007

Photo: Mick Bradley

[Image courtesy the artist and Greenaway Art Gallery]



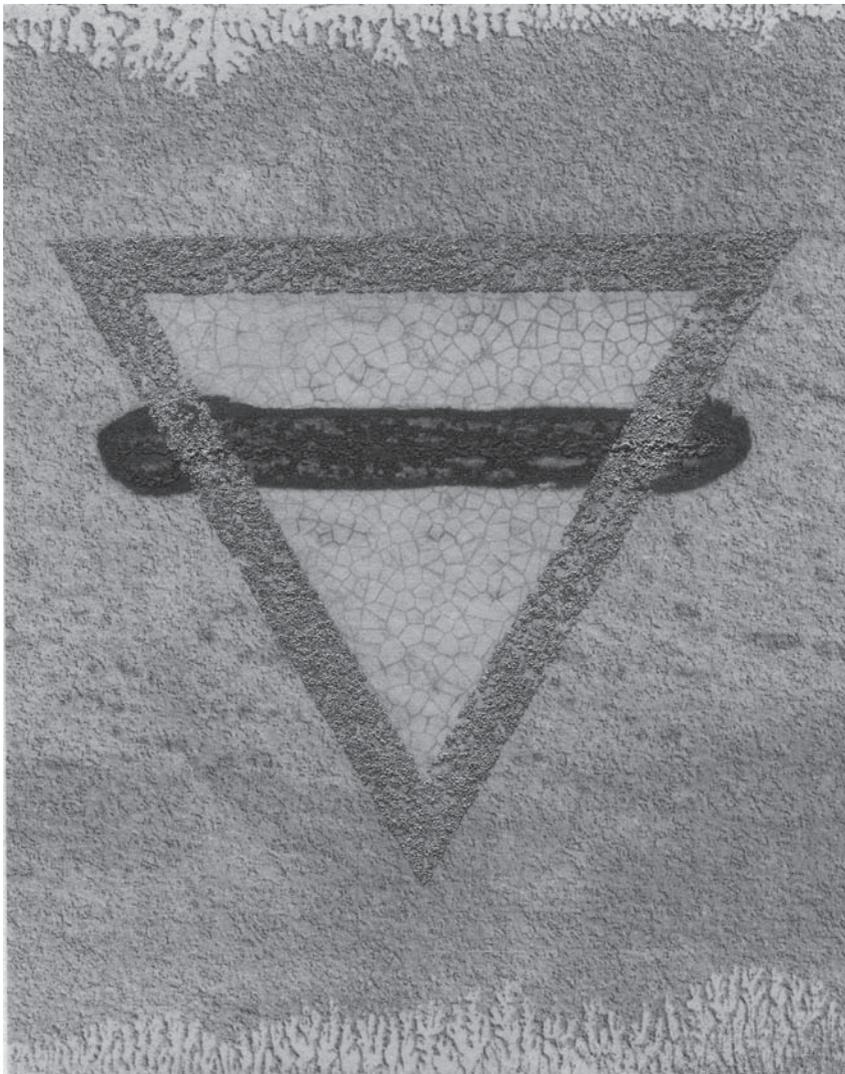


Deborah Prior

*Gravid Uteri Mandala*

Unknown Lady's doily and stains, inkjet transfers, embroidery thread,  
faux pearls, carved soap, 17.5 cm x 17.5 cm, 2007





Craig Marsden

*Terra*

Intaglio print with chine collé & gilding, 9 x 12 cm, 2007





# Someone Who Cares

*Power and the money, money and the power.*

*Minute after minute, hour after hour.*

**Coolio** 'Gangsta's Paradise'

Birds singing in trees, lovers running across a grassy plain, a melancholy man staring into the distance ... this is a video. There's also text running along the bottom of the screen. Maybe it's your favourite Beatles' song, or Creedence Clearwater, or Beyonce.

Josie, Alice and I were at Max's Karaoke on Hindley Street on a Saturday night. There were five other people there. It was dark, dingy, and practically empty, but we went because once, when excessively drunk, we had had an amazing time there. On that occasion, Josie had performed a touching rendition of *Coco Jumbo*, Celeste brought *Sexy Back*, and the boys were in the middle of *Wannabe* by the Spice Girls when the place flooded with people dressed as smurfs. But on this fateful Saturday night, there would be no smurfs and little fun.

Josie and I had just dedicated *Livin' Next Door to Alice* to, well, Alice, and were about to force her to sing *London Bridge* (Fergie). We were heartily cheering on the other customers and giving them props when they were embarrassed. In short, we were improving the ambience of the venue.

Have you seen *Duets*? In America, they get paid if they do an amazing song. I was cranking this solid gold for free. Sure, I don't have good pitch, tone, or a sense of melody, but it's about performance. It's not an audio experience; it's an audio-visual experience. Once I sang *I Will Always Love You* and people who didn't even know me were taking photos. A girl came up to me afterwards and said how cool I was (and she wasn't even taking the piss).

Anyway, on this particular night Josie bought a Coke - an incredibly over-priced one. Maybe I would have bought a beer, but when I went to the bar for a glass of water, I was rudely told that there was no free water, but I could buy a bottle. Dude, it's illegal not to give





free tap water in a venue where alcohol is served. I had to drink from the tap in the bathroom, whose water tasted as though it had been channelled from the nearby toilet bowl! After that, there was no way I was going to give my money to the tight-arse owner of the establishment. Even at the Crown & Anchor you can help yourself to a jug on the bar. At the Exeter, you get ice and a slice of lemon.

But the water saga is only half the story. Josie had gone to the bar to request a song. She returned to our table almost shaking with anger: “Do you know what he said? He said he could only play one of our songs for every three of the other people’s because we’re ‘not paying customers -



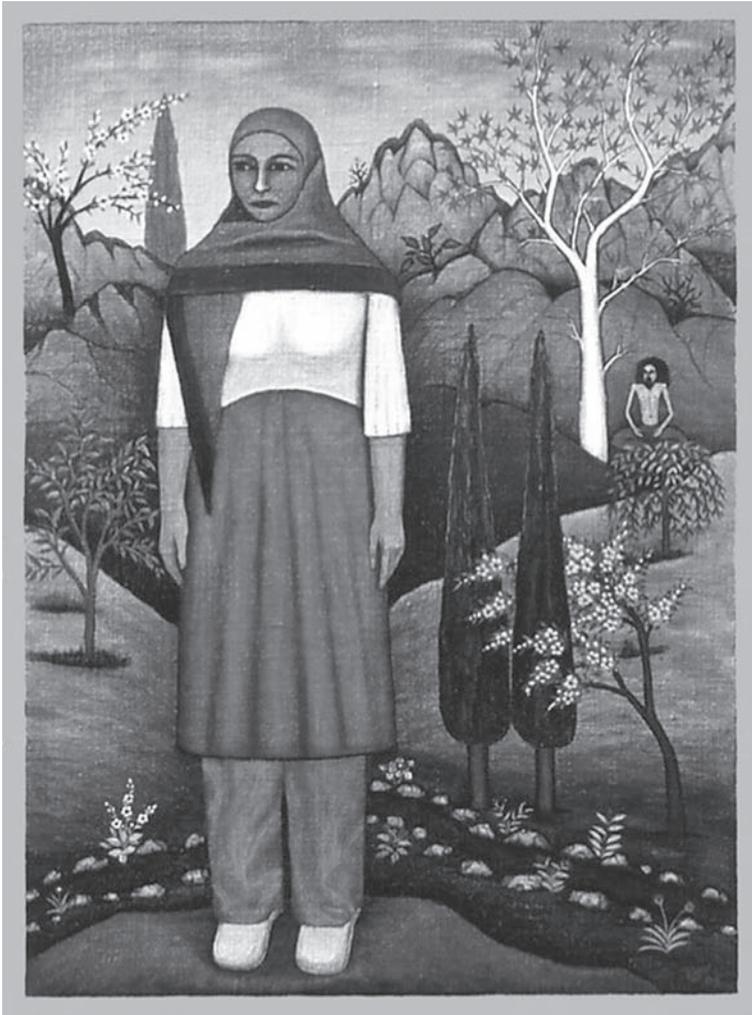
one glass of Coke doesn’t cut it!’” We all agreed he was complete scum and that we should leave. I thought we should sing another song first though (I was really looking forward to doing a bit of Justin Timberlake - it’s just not the same in one’s bedroom). But someone had to confront Max. I felt guilty for saying we should stay, so offered myself up:

“Hi Max, I’m just letting you know that we’re leaving now because you were rude to Josie and we’re never coming back. Did you ever consider that if we had had a good time tonight, we would have come back with all our friends and spent lots of money? Enjoy your empty bar.”

After I turned away he gave Josie twenty cents and said, “Call someone who cares”. She thanked him and took the twenty cents. (Earth to Max; a phone call from a pay phone is fifty cents.)

**Romi Graham**





Abbas Mehran

*Laili Va Majnoon*

Acrylic on jute on canvas, 102 x 84 cm, 2006

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# Ed Tweddell Studio at Central Studios



In 2006, with funding from Arts SA, Central Studios established the Ed Tweddell Studio in memory of the late Dr Ed Tweddell.

Dr Tweddell was formerly CEO of FH Faulding pharmaceuticals and in both that role, and personally, he was an active and generous patron of the visual arts in South Australia. He maintained a particular

interest in Central Studios to which he was a regular visitor.

The inaugural artist to occupy the Ed Tweddell Studio was Lucy Turnbull. Lucy used the space productively and during her residency achieved interstate opportunities to show her work. The current artist in the studio, Tony Giles, has similarly used the studio to prepare for his forthcoming exhibition in Sydney.

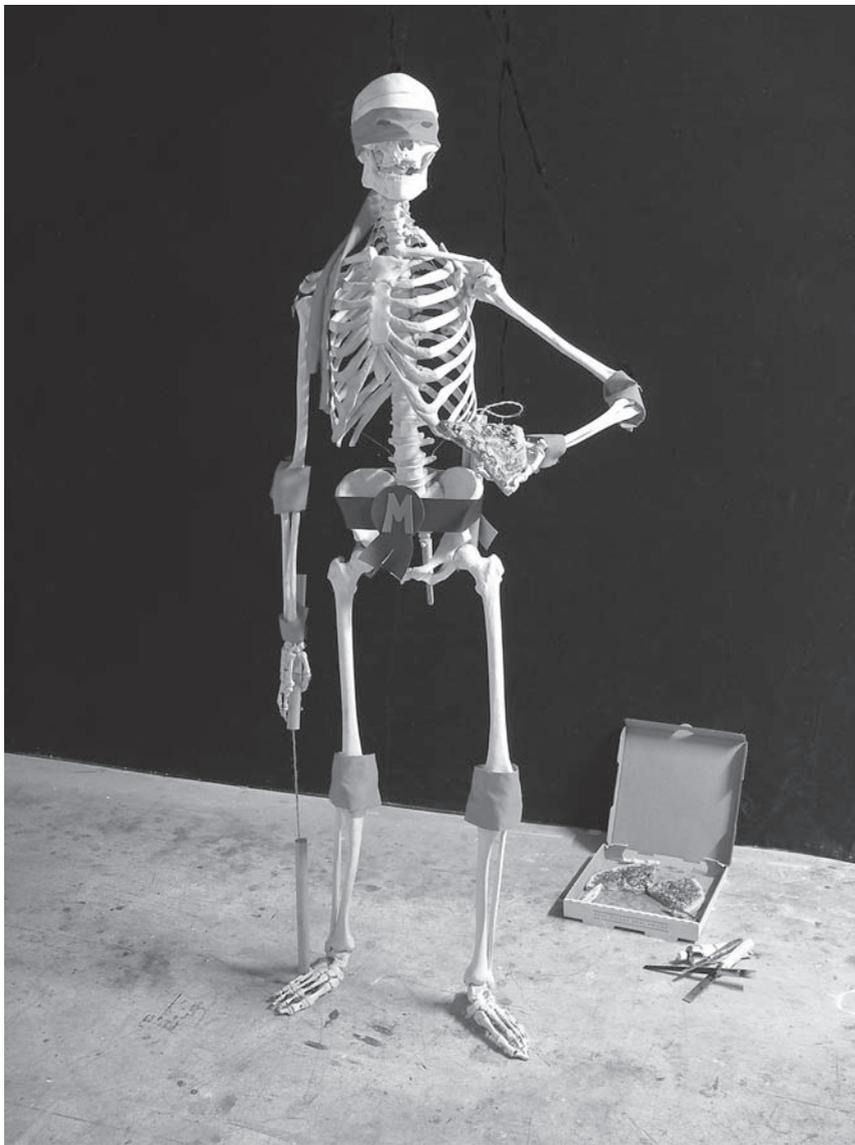
The studio has been funded for five years and provides a space for a selected artist free of rental for 3 or 6 months. Artists seeking to develop new work for exhibition are invited to submit proposals for the use of the studio.

Email [artists@centralstudios.org.au](mailto:artists@centralstudios.org.au) for more information.



## Christopher Orchard





Mark Siebert  
*Old Masters, (Michelangelo)*  
C-type digital print, 70 x 50 cm







# THE RIVER

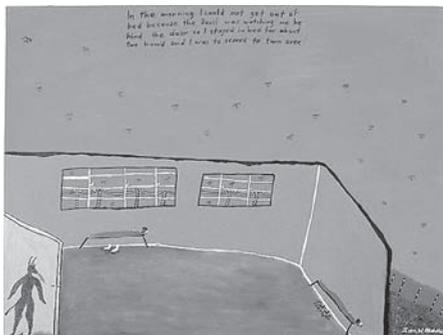
## *Memory, Forgetting and the Art of Ian Abdulla*

In coming to write on the art of Ian Abdulla, I am unable to recall my first encounter with his paintings — the precise date always eludes me. There's something infuriating and ironic about that: I cannot remember my acquaintance with artworks that take memory as their point of departure.

For Abdulla's art has been, since the inception of his career in 1990, incessantly concerned with the question of memory and its recollection and representation. As a Ngarrindjeri artist based in South Australia's Riverland, Abdulla has fashioned a prolific and versatile practice that comprises painting, printmaking, and installation and draws primarily upon his own rich and eventful history.

Many of Abdulla's works convey his childhood in towns and reserves along the Murray River during the 1950s, and the various activities he and his family maintained prior to the dispossession of their land by the government and the Parks and Wildlife. His paintings and prints visualise his memories of this difficult era through a distinctive idiom: cool, crisp colours, lavish textures, acrobatic shifts in perspective, and snappy, instructive narratives.

Through this skilful suturing of image and inscription, Abdulla portrays the intimate relationship between Ngarrindjeri peoples and their environment in paintings like *Trapping Rabbits for Money and Food* (1999) and *Catching fish in the backwaters with a gillnet* (1990). The captions that accompany the hunting and fishing scenes in *Feeling Like Men* (1995) and *Shame on the White Man* (1998) reinforce the political dimension of Abdulla's seemingly simple and illustrative



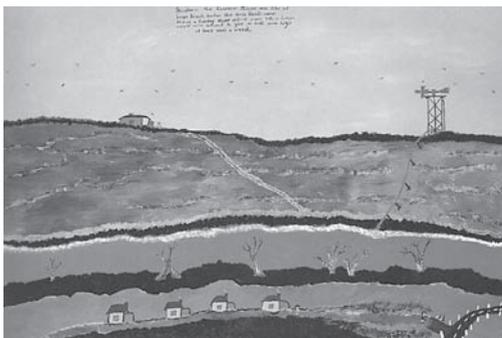
*Drinking (day)*





works. These engaging visual memoirs poignantly convey the restrictions on Ngarrindjeri peoples' access to their lands and the subsequent loss of their customs and practices.

But it's not all doom and gloom. With Abdulla's images, there is always room for fun, mischief, music, adventure and encounters with the supernatural. From witnessing the Lord and his angels in *Thinking of my children... Seeing God Speak to One of his Converts* (1997), to impersonating the Fab Four in *Beatles Talent Quest* (1993), and even frolicking with forbidden fruit in *Me and the Minister's Daughter* (1990), Abdulla's cogent, punchy pictures conjure fragments of a kaleidoscopic memory spiked by equal doses of hardship and humour.



Swan Reach 1956

The apparent visual simplicity of Abdulla's paintings — coupled with the fact that he has not been formally trained as an artist — has earned his work the label 'naive art'. Cynics and purists are quick to dismiss Abdulla's style as folksy or child-like and they may be right — in another era. Abdulla's images would be naive, if we were living in 1955 and grouchy modernists were driving the Great Kantian Art Train towards a splendid Hegelian sunset. But I'd like to think that visual culture is no longer determined by the protocols (nor confined to the concrete walls) of art schools.

Whilst I have always admired Abdulla's zesty, spritely aesthetic it has taken me some time to appreciate



Thinking of my Children





the complexity of his paintings and their broader ramifications. I opened this profile with the admission that I could not recall my first encounter with Abdulla's images. Recently, I have been fascinated by the way in which his approach to aesthetics highlights this relationship between memory and forgetting. In an interview with Philip Jones in 1990, the artist remarked: "No one would ever listen to me when I told them about my past, so the only way of telling them was to do painting. To me, it's a big thing, because it's nearly dragged me out because I'm going back and back and back. Through my paintings, I'm finding a lot that I'd forgotten."



*Beatles Talent Quest*

Abdulla's pithy statement motions at both the intersubjective character of memory and the way in which it is perpetually haunted by its Other. This is a sentiment shared by cultural critics such as W.J.T. Mitchell and Umberto Eco who conceptualise memory as a process that involves remembering for both oneself and for others, and, more importantly, a process conditioned by a selective and strategic amnesia. If this is so, then Abdulla's paintings warrant something more than analysis and commentary.





Abdulla's work provokes a paean to the chaos of recollection:

I profess to recall:  
effortlessly, it seems  
but through electric impulses  
nourished by technicolour dreams.

Scenarios witnessed  
faces indubitably seen  
simulate the spectral  
scenography of the screen.

Each gossamer profile  
spun by the mind  
enlists images filtered  
through the eyes of the blind.

Moments that mark us —  
scarlet scars from a crime,  
are clinically sanitised  
by the abrasive sands of time.

In their soft, grey enigma  
my neurons flicker and quiver  
shuffling my past:  
the Self is but a river.

**Varga Hosseini**





# Working for Peace through the Arts

I would like to highlight a small but committed group that has put much energy into the visual arts of South Australia and also into linking the arts to a vision of a better society - without the usual bombast of such an ambitious goal.

The Graham F Smith Peace Trust was established in 1989 to provide an opportunity to continue Smith's work. He had spent his life working for peace, justice and for the dignity of labour. The vision of the Peace Trust is captured in the statement 'Working for Peace through the Arts'.

The Trust has been involved in too many projects to list, but their



most significant contribution to Adelaide's art in public spaces is the reconciliation artwork located near the entrance to the Festival Theatre. This monumental artwork was created and installed by Tony Rosella, Darren Siwes and Eileen Karpany, and sculpted by Donato Rosella, following

a lengthy consultative process with Aboriginal people and organisations. In acknowledgment of reconciliation and peace, the artwork explores some of the Kaurna history in the context of events, experiences, cultural heritage and spiritual meanings. The sculptures communicate this story visually, powerfully and sensitively.

The installed artwork is a seven-metre piece composed of simple sculptural forms. It consists of a centrally placed sculptured shield in moving water surrounded by four bold minimalist rock formations. The shield is a symbol for *Kaurna meyunna*, representing the past, present and future.





The seven discs around the edge of the central sculpture represent:

- Tradition
- Language
- Land and Family Structure
- Marriage
- Piltawodli (Name given to the 'native location' for Kurna meyunna) and the dispossession of land
- Seasons (According to the Kurna meyunna calendar)
- Mullawirraburka (King John) and Ivaritji (Princess Amelia) (Contributors to reconciliation in colonial SA and Kurna meyunna history respectively)



The four surrounding sculptures represent:

- Tarnda Kanya (Red Kangaroo Rock) - a natural rock formation relating to the principal Red Kangaroo Dreaming of the Adelaide area.
- Ngangkiparringga (Onkaparinga - Women's River) - highlights the cultural and spiritual role of Kurna women.
- Tjilbruke, (The Ibis Man) - symbolises the journey of Tjilbruke, a Kurna creator ancestor. The story of Tjilbruke is a story of hope and peace.
- Yurridla, (Place of Ears) - symbolises the dreaming story of the Mount Lofty Ranges.

The making and installation of this sculpture demonstrates the commitment of the Trust and its volunteers, not simply to the visual arts but to the process of reconciliation. The full story is well worth reading on the Trust's website.





*Photographs by the author*

The Trust has an annual dinner and art auction (this year to be held 30 June 2007 at the Italian Function Centre, Carrington Street, City) for which it accepts artworks on consignment. This is its major fundraiser. For information, email [info@artspeacetrust.org](mailto:info@artspeacetrust.org) Each year, the Trust seeks submissions for art projects that have a relationship to peace, human rights and reconciliation. The invited speaker is one of Australia's leading Human Rights lawyers; Julian Burnside.

Details of the requirements can be found from the Trust's web site: [www.artspeacetrust.org](http://www.artspeacetrust.org)

The Peace Trust supports projects that are in accord with human rights and ecologically sustainable development. The Trust is a grassroots organisation, totally staffed by volunteers.

## **John Hewson**





Gabriella Bisetto

*The Ocean Within*

40 blown and hot-cast glass bowls x 500mls,  
70 x 200 cm, 2007





# The Excellent Adventure

Late in the afternoon, Sunday 11th March, I made my way by bicycle along the Torrens from Welland, heading towards Botanic Park. My destination was the world famous free-love and musical festival; “Womadelaide - Sounds of the Planet”.

Closer to the event horizon, I passed lots of people heading in the same direction. But there were also lots not heading anywhere, such as a band of Emo Punks sunning themselves by the river. You don’t often see them in the daylight hours.

Womad has an unusual ticketing system: First you buy your ticket somewhere else (I bought mine at the Thebarton Theatre) and later, when you get to the park, you exchange your ticket for a plastic wristband, which is the real ticket. What it all means I know not, but I did read on the wristband, the cryptic phrase; “void if removed”.





Music is a construction - maybe it is a ‘construct’. At any rate, it doesn’t really exist, although we like to think it does. You need a memory of the recent past and the ability to anticipate the near future in order to experience sound as music. If that isn’t enough, you also need to have heard something like it before. It is quite a mystery.

The sound of the angle grinder next door isn’t music, but if Eminem yelled at me over the top of it, it would be (and a number one hit probably). There are lots of theories about music, but no laws.

I quite liked the fact that Womad had a bike park, and they let me park for free. Two girls were employed to make sure no one messed with my chariot. This influenced my risky decision not to remove the lights.

Once inside the gate, I made my way to “The Holy Cow”, a Bedouin tent where hopped up hippies sold refreshments. It was here that I would meet my companions for the evening, my cousin Renae, visiting from Brisbane, and her friend Gavin, from parts unknown. The Holy Cow served a concoction they claimed was ‘chai’.



*My Bedouin friends*

After sampling some, I needed a lime, mint, and ginger cordial to neutralise the LD50 dose of cinnamon.

I had looked forward to Kronos Quartet. I was surprised to discover that they had zero stage presence, but their music was still brilliant. What saved their performance was Asha Bhosle, a Bollywood singer who joined them on stage and thereafter held the audience in the palm of her hand.

French performers riding pretend horses moved through the crowds. They were hilarious. As night fell, many of the trees were





lit by lanterns. I missed the guys making art from rice grains, but I enjoyed the colourful ensigns by Angus Watt. Our bellies soon indicated a need for Buddhist-made food and more chai. Do you remember, all those years ago, we had the perfect chai?

Back on the main stage, Salif Keita rocked. Those Malis know how to have fun. They played overtime. At 72 years of age, Keita



*Photographs by the author*

was the most energetic performer of the night, his backing band not far behind. So much of 'traditional' music is simulated today - reinacted more for cultural tourists than as an expression of ordinary existence; Huun-Huur Tu, the last scheduled performers, seemed like the real deal.

By 1am, my carriage was no longer being guarded, but amazingly the lights were still attached. As I rode home, I replayed the music of the evening in my mind. I wondered what the sounds of the planet might truly be - industry and war perhaps? I thought about the Emos too, no doubt tucked-up in bed by then, enjoying their gothic nightmares. I'd be dreaming my own dreams soon enough. Morningtown was a world away.

## Shaw Hendry





Linda Lou Murphy

*drawing threads 2004-06*

Performance installation, Object Gallery, Sydney, NSW.  
(Sydney Design Week 2006) Photograph by Grace Deleo

Vitamin Episode Thirteen - 31



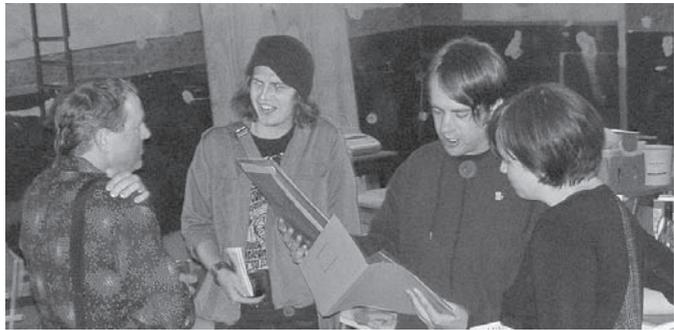


# *Episode Twelve Launch – Sunday afternoon, 4th March, 2007, Gate 8 Studio, Phillips St., Thebarton*

*Launch photos by John Hewson, Dianne Longley, & Penny Kazimierczak*



*Shaw played 'Shine on Harrest Moon', on the ukulele*



Vitamin Episode Thirteen - 32





Vitamin Episode Thirteen - 33





have you had  
your art today?

