VITAMIN

MAY CONTAIN TRACES OF VISUAL CULTURE

EPISODE FIVE MAY/JUNE/JULY 2005

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New Territories

When I was a child, I saw a TV show where some Aboriginal men bashed and chewed the end of a stick to make a brush. They then pounded up the inside of a kind of stone to make paint. I found this particularly interesting, and a favourite hobby of mine became smashing open various kinds of stones to see what paint was inside. I soon applied numerous designs to my dad's unpainted fibro shed. Me, my hammer, my chewed stick, my smashed rocks, and a little childhood spit.

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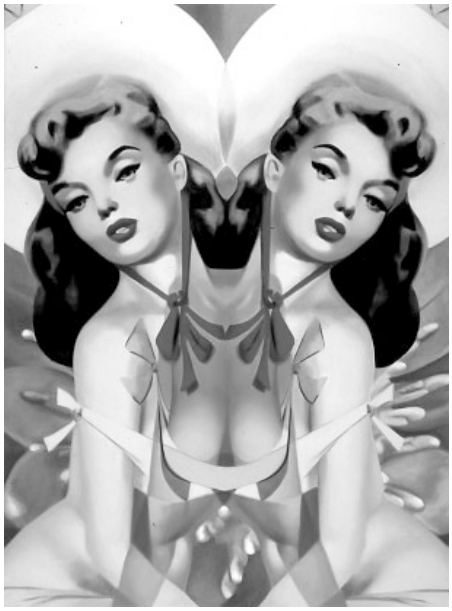

Passiona #2 (Pollymorph series) 2003

Painting is such a primal action, informed by language I suppose, but it exists outside the province of mere words. In our scientific age, it may seem a mystery that painting still holds out attention.

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As a child Deidre But-Husaim loved drawing and painting – perhaps most children do. When Deidre grew up, though, she didn't go to Art School, which was her dream – instead her parents steered her towards a less travelled path to creative fulfilment – hairdressing.

It is possible that High School followed by Art School is not the ideal road to self-actualisation. Experience builds the mind, and for experience of the world, working is a treat.

Despite the appeal of 'will', it more often seems that it is the impact of turns and roundabouts that most shape our lives. A significant roundabout for But-Husaim, or maybe it was a turn, was a car accident which, as sometimes happens, necessitated a change of career.

Easy Girl Variation
(Pollymorph series) 2002

Finding a job as a commercial photographer's assistant, setting up lights for photo shoots, learning as she went, But-Husaim developed an appreciation for the language of photography, and in particular the visual impact of commercial photography. She names as her favourite camera, the Polaroid SX70, but her tastes run from the humble Kodak Box Brownie all the way to her trusty Olympus OM1.

At the other end of the world from commercial photography, in the mid 1990s, was the photo subculture of "Lomography". Using cheap Russian-made Lomo cameras, artists in various countries used the Internet to show and trade their Lomo photographs. The low tech Lomo and the underground aspect of the Lomo community appealed to But-Husaim who showed her work under the name "pixelgurl".

Outside of work, apart from family, there was always learning. A course in Photoshop at Ngapartji Multimedia Centre was followed by drawing classes at Adelaide Central School of Art. In turn, this lead to painting classes at the same school.

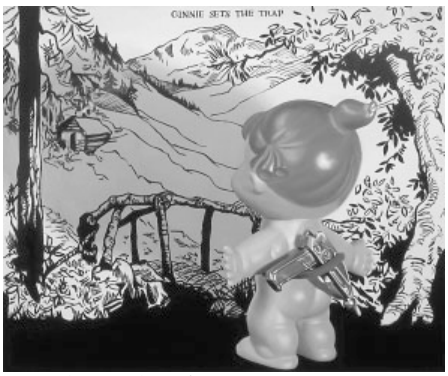
Paint has a mystique that photochemicals do not. There is also immediacy of paint, and the challenge of painting (a challenge which the artist says cannot be won). Most of all there is what the artist calls "the authority of painting".

Breathe #4 (Small Shots series) 2004

The most striking impression I am left with of Deidre But-Husaim's work is of psychological drama portrayed in brightly coloured graphics. There is a sense of the cinematic moment; the film still, saturated as it is in suggested movement and narrative.

But-Husaim's reinterpretation of 1950s pin up girls, the *Pollymorph* series, began with a set of girly cards once owned by her father. The painting series has its genesis in a folio of digital prints from 2001 which were later developed on a larger scale. In *Pollymorphs*, the pin-up entered new psychological territory.

Mirrored, Rorschach-like, and Photshoped with a new identity, the resulting hybrid girls still retain some of their pre-feminist coquettishness. The series is an intriguing critique of feminine beauty, but in doubling the images of the women, the artist must also be referring to her own reality – she, like her sister, is a twin.



Act Like Nothing's Wrong (Small Shots series) 2004

But-Husaim's more recent series, *Small Shots,* links the photographer to the painter in staged and photographed scenes featuring small plastic dolls (*girls' toys*). The resulting images were then edited and reworked as oil paintings on canvas.

"Small Shots" - Hotwheels for girls! - were a collectible series of toys by Mattel in the early 70s. The artist found one at a garage sale and was surprised as, over time, more turned up. Eventually she had the cast for a photo shoot. As actors in But-Husaim's passion plays, Small Shots seem devoid of cynicism, their awkward faces underlining the unfathomableness of life.

Deidre But-Husaim's painting invites the viewer into an alternate existence where beautiful things have twisted meanings and where objects from the real world play out a new life in the world of art.

Shaw Hendry

Deb Jones
Emotional Science
H 26.5 cm x W 26 cm x D 13cm,
cast glass, 2005

Infinitely Deferred:
For Jacques Derrida (1930 - 2004)

Dear Jacques,

What I have written here will never reach you, much like the letters and postcards in your own writings. This peripatetic text is - to adopt your own coinage - a "*sending*" with no destination or guarantee of arrival...even more so since your unfortunate submission to pancreatic cancer on October 8, 2004.

I encountered your name during my first year at University, and gradually approached your work through numerous commentaries. Reading them, I encountered some of your most audacious assertions: "*Pure perception does not exist*", "*No meaning can be determined out of context, but no context permits saturation*", and perhaps the most (in)famous and widely cited of all, "*There is nothing outside the text*". These propositions startled, stumped and seduced me - they motioned at the impossible, pushed logic to its limits, and subsequently amassed both praise and scorn.

Your name is often associated with deconstruction: a word that has spread, virulently, into almost every discipline of scholarship and realm of culture, from semiotics to soap operas. Many dubbed you the 'father of deconstruction', but you denied and declined this paternal authority, arguing that "*deconstruction was an orphan*". Contrary to the adoption and development of this "orphan" by your colleagues or acolytes as a textual strategy or analytical tool, you insisted that deconstruction was neither a method, a mode of analysis, nor a type of critique.

Instead, you invoked the figure of an earthquake or the biblical account of the dismantled tower of Babel in speaking of deconstruction, which signalled an event: the forces of difference, contradiction and uncertainty that

fractured totalising systems of knowledge and their attempts to posit a fixed, immutable, transcendental truth. Rather than determining the ground of Being you promoted *"differance"*, stressing the differential and deferred character of meaning.

You desired "*to write like a woman*", and the question of difference obsessed your thought, and with it, the relation to the Other and the responsibility due to the Other. Consequently, you drew attention to the marginal, peripheral, and incidental elements of philosophical and artistic works, showing them to be the sites where one discerned the disruptive forces of difference. "*Deconstruction*", you remarked, "*insisted on the heterogeneity, the difference, the disassociation, which is absolutely necessary for the relation to the other*".

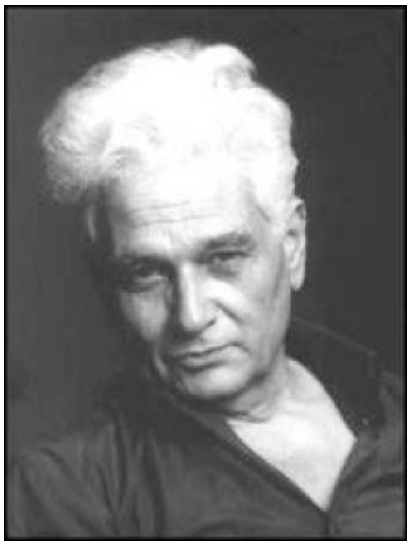
You aspired to be a professional football player, but your training was in philosophy. Yet your practice traversed the borders of many disciplines, embracing literature, anthropology, linguistics, law, cultural studies, architecture, and visual culture. Indeed, you scrutinised the experience of many of our senses: sight, sound, touch, taste and even smell. In your readings of key philosophers, you drew attention to the blind-spots or *aporias* that riddled their discourses. And you addressed the role that hearing and touch played in the writings of other thinkers, and even pondered philosophy's relation to our olfactory sense, mischievously inquiring "*How could ontology get hold of a fart*?"

Your insights on visual art particularly captivated me. The representation of blindness in art became the focus of *Memoires of the Blind: the Self-Portrait and Other Ruins* (1993), the exhibition you curated for the Louvre. In *The Truth in Painting* (1987), you observed that the question of framing (namely, what is integral (*erga*) and secondary (*parerga*) to the work of art), has historically characterised ideas about, and discussions surrounding, aesthetics and art.

In further musing on art, you stressed the dubiousness and impossibility of 'restitution' (the attribution of an artwork to a subject or fixed referent), by drawing attention to the politics of mastery and possession that underpinned Martin Heidegger and Meyer Shapiro's attempts to return the shoes in a Van Gogh painting to a specific subject.

Photography also fascinated you. "*The spectral is the essence of photography*", you wrote in *Right of Inspection* (1989), and claimed that in photographs one observed the "*return of the departed*". A double bind, you further observed, characterised photographs, whereby they both permitted, and denied, the right to be scrutinised, inspected, theorised. Coincidently, you also initially denied (but later granted) others the right to photograph you, in an attempt to prevent them from referring to your face - with its olive-tinged skin, dark eyebrows and shock of wavy, silver hair – as the focal point of interpreting your work.

Death preoccupied your writing as did the issue of mourning. Death, you observed, was a pivotal condition of representation, whilst mourning the loss of the deceased was an infinite and impossible act. More significantly, mourning – in your own writings - was also a way whereby you acknowledged your debt to your colleagues and predecessors. And with your own departure Jacques, many – myself included - have confronted the impossible task of lamenting your absence and honouring your prolific, powerful output.



In *Derrida*, the 2002 film devoted to your life and work - shown here during the 2003 Adelaide International Film Festival - you were asked by an interviewer if you had read all the books in your library. "*No, only four of them*", you replied. "*But I read those very, very carefully*". Likewise, Jacques. I, and undoubtedly many others, will continue to revisit your texts vigilantly, passionately, incessantly both to mourn your departure and pledge our own debt to your demanding, rigorous, provocative and precious thought.

Varga Hosseini

Kaylie Weir
Listening to You
Oil on canvas, 52 x 68 cm, 2005

easy art

There is such a thing as 'easy art'. In fact there are probably a multitude of art related things you could umbrella under the term 'easy art', but the way I see it, it's art you don't have to work for. It's art that is easy-going on the viewer, art that is easily come by, art that is easy to install and hang on a nice feature wall. It is art presented in little easy to swallow mouthfuls on DIY TV shows, easy on the eye in furniture catalogues and art that is easy to follow. Ever more increasingly, you can buy this type of 'easy art' from furniture and home-ware retail outlets, florists and designer shops. And you can get the know-how on how-to DIY 'easy art' from renovation shows, web sites and art and craft stores. 'Easy art' is easily found.

You could say there is currently an 'easy art' revolution. This has no doubt been perpetuated by DIY magazines and television shows featuring buff blokes, nifty sheilas and token over the top designers whose taste no-one else seems to share. It seems they have everyone stretching interesting fabrics to bring life to otherwise lifeless walls, painting stripes on cheap square pre-primed canvases to hang above mantles or using backyards to splatter paint onto long thin canvases to hang in that perfect spot. The cult of DIY has well and truly reached art. But the truth is, it probably reached art a long time ago.

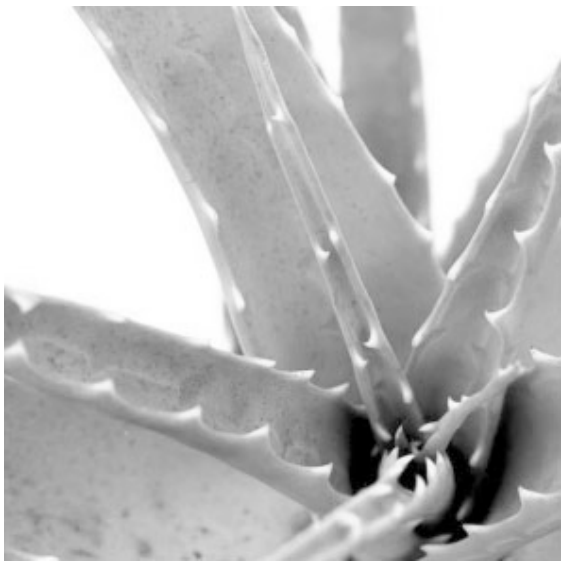
Two buff blokes and one nifty sheila

Perhaps this DIY mode has stemmed from Minimalism and the thousands of utterances of 'I could have done that myself'. Or a Modernist revelation brought about by *Japonisme* and Art Nouveau, that painting doesn't have to equate realism, but can be true to its nature of paint on a flat surface and appreciated decoratively. Either

way, 'easy art' is art at its decorative best. It is purely for the home, business or lived in space, to brighten, enliven, stimulate, fit with a theme or just sit there. It certainly serves a purpose, but does it deserve the name 'art'?

There seem to be numerous ways that companies proliferating 'easy art' get around the sticky business of their produce being kinda in the category of art, yet sorta detached simultaneously. Last month the Freedom catalogue appeared amongst my masses of junk mail. Available in the limited colour of your choice, there were some printed canvases with botanic silhouettes and abstract designs, under the name of 'wallart' (one word). 'Wallart' is a clever name, and is matched by other equally as clever names such as 'DIY art-kit' or 'homeart'. They all use the word 'art' to infer that the products should be considered art, yet are different – given away by prefixes, suffixes or both. And they are different, despite art's challenges to itself since Pop Art, or even Duchamp, to blur the lines and challenge notions of 'what is art?'

Blurring the lines even more so, is an Adelaide based company, curvySTARdesigns, producing original alternatives to 'easy art' with their affordable photographic canvases. Referring to their works as 'designer digital canvas art', Chris and Denise, the founders of curvySTARdesigns, fill a niche in the market they discovered after selling forty-five canvases



One example of the thirty-five images from curvySTARdesigns

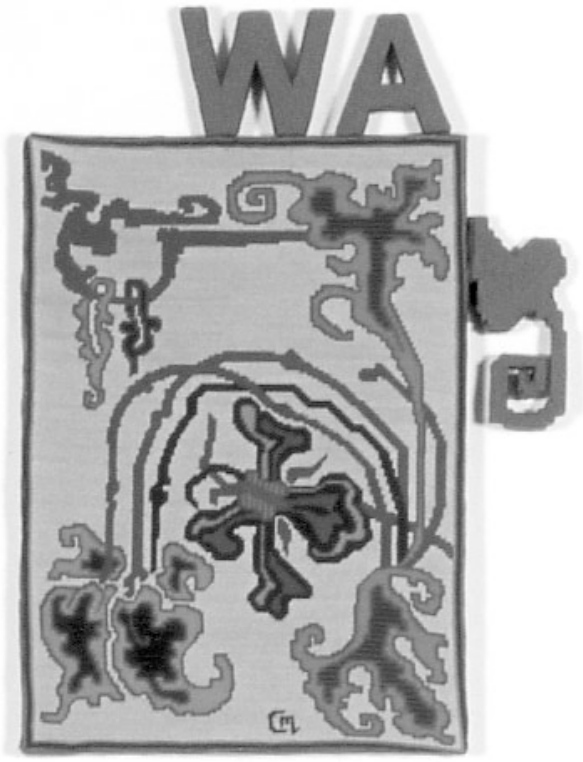
during their first exhibition at Zest Café Gallery in Glenelg. Now their business has developed and they have around thirty-five standard contemporary images, which can be viewed in Captain Snooze (Mile End), IVE Room (Glenelg) or ISIS Flowers (Norwood), or they can personalise images for clients. This isn't 'easy art', Chris and Denise shoot and manipulate their own photographic images, but it is art for decorative and corporate purposes. Sitting somewhere in between, curvySTARdesigns' canvases are what 'easy art' could aim to become; more original, more personal and made with the human touch.

image from curvySTARdesign

'Art' and what is considered 'art' is a mutable thing. Does painting patterns and matching colours from an 'art kit' equate to art? I don't think so, but then I am a practicing artist. Lately I have been watching 'John Safran vs God', so imagine this next sentence in a nasal and sarcastic tone; Where do they get off calling this art? ('they' being the market masterminds behind DIY TV shows and 'easy art' produce) Hey, maybe Safran should do a new show 'John Safran vs Art'. He could approach uptight and precious artists and make fun of the fact that people painting stripes and calling it 'art' irks them. Would that be funny?

Remember: 'Art' and 'what is art' is a fickle thing; it is all in the prefix or suffix, or both.

Sera Waters



Louise Haselton
Untitled
tapestry and felt, 2005

New Millennium Pop

Graffiti, Sweat Mags, and White Trash (the saga continues)

Last instalment I looked at some of the things that might float your boat when surfing on the zeitgeist in the new millennium ...

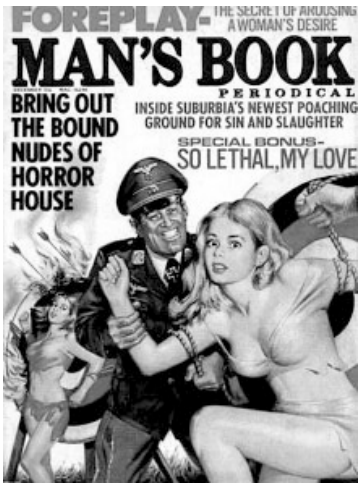
Part 3: Animae, Japanese Porn and the Otaku panic

A recent study into America's increasing interest in Japanese porn and erotic animae revealed the reason these culture forms have been so popular in the U.S.A. Most respondents said simply "it's different from the usual stuff". This is pretty much why other Asian nations are interested in Animae, it is not Hollywood. The other easier explanation is that this kind of material is also incredibly easy to obtain on the internet. Anime is probably, after porn, the most common unintended search result you'll find on the net. More than a few culture critics have stated that Japanese youth culture will become one of the next biggest things in global pop.

Part 4: Sweat mags and the new Harsh

Vitriol and bile are all the rage when writing for youth right now. The ever popular *Vice* magazine does it with relative restraint when abusing the homeless or making wisecracks about racial stereotypes. Many others copy the style more crudely, though, and fail to split the whisker when it comes to the fine line between slightly nasty bad taste and wholesale mean spirited hatred. Cruelty is becoming funnier every day... Increasingly, the poor and troubled peoples of the world are getting blamed for their own conditions.

Post War USA had a thriving genre of magazines known as “Sweat Mags”. These featured apparently tales of masculine adventure. Actually, they were tabloid trash of the highest order, featuring tales of sadism and cruelty. Many covers featured Nazis torturing women or even female Nazis torturing men. All this S&M was acceptable because it was manly and patriotic in content - all the acts of evil conveniently performed by unforgivable Nazis. The genre died as the sixties dinosaur machismo faded in the face of feminism. Simultaneously, in Japan, the desire to be liberated sexually and to develop new commodities at any cost took them elsewhere. Japanese mainstream adult films and pop culture (including animae) as a result contained comparatively more sexual violence.



Part 5: Putting It All Together – New Millennium Pop

In the first instalment of this article, I talked about graffiti, the retro sleaze revival, skater punks and white trash. All of these things can overlap at times. In lots of ways it is exciting to see new culture emerging. At the same time, it is kind of scary to see how increasingly being mean is becoming part of the new cool. Every day the mass media gives another blow to the head of humanism. I guess compassion for others requires too much mental effort and self restraint.

Chris Tamm

Pragmatism:

Or Keep the Detergent Away from your Fragile Artistic Development.

Some things don't mix very well. Oil and water are really hard to mix - in fact they're impossible to mix. Put some water and oil in a jar and shake it. It's not too long before they find themselves again. How nice that oil and water can share the same jar, interacting yet remaining distinct.

However, if you bring something new into the equation, like detergent, the relationship between oil and water changes significantly: they start mixing like crazy into a useless and unappetising concoction. Of course your dishes are cleaner which is nice, but in some cases the sovereignty of the oil and the water seems more valuable.

Obviously I haven't turned my computer on to wax lyrical about the dishes - what I am really writing about is pragmatism and its relationship to artistic development. For anyone needing a refresher, pragmatism is a philosophy that promotes a practical, matter-of-fact way of assessing situations or of solving problems as a successful approach to life.

A little pragmatism isn't a bad thing. A little pragmatism keeps everyone focused and working together for practical purpose with the promise of some sort of reward at the end. It can mean saving a bit of time or energy, or producing a better product - and if you're lucky maybe all three. A good example might be working for a couple of hours and using your pay to buy commercially produced acrylic paint instead of going into the wilderness to find your own pigments, growing your own linseed and constructing a press, and grinding and mixing and making a paste...

Nonetheless, too much pragmatism can be hazardous, particularly for people in creative disciplines like art. This is because pragmatists measure success by the pay off. This can lead people to focus on quick returns, instead of taking a wider view. That's right, looking for the quick return can have a detergent effect that will wash you right out of your art!

van Gogh: good artist, lousy pragmatist

I still equate creativity with innovation and originality. The act of creating new perceptions of, or challenges to the world (or maybe making old ones new again), and realising them so solidly, or vibrantly or delicately, that it seizes the mind through the eye.

Now think of pragmatism again in all its practicality and matter-of-factness. Letting the question of 'How practical is art?' slide, let's ask the question 'What's a practical approach to art then?' Answer: Making the art that has the highest returns for your energy. But how much pay-off did van Gogh receive? Not very much. Bad pragmatist, but a damn good artist.

How about Picasso? He was ridiculously successful, a billionaire in fact, who managed to maintain a largely experimental and innovative practice. But remember great numbers of people that were supposedly in the know ridiculed him for the best part of his career. He had the skills to paint better than academic painters that tutored him - meaning he could have painted exactly what the people who ridiculed him wanted - but he didn't and that was his ultimate success. Instead of painting like everyone else he learnt to paint like himself.

Let's bring this closer to home. Pragmatism at art school might take the form of changing your work to match your tutor's taste to get a higher grade, instead of continuing to refine your own direction at the expense of your grades. Granted not all tutors would demand this of you. Indeed some tutors do prize experimentation, but too many seem to prize experimentation in the manner of *so and so* on the cover of *Artforum* or in the latest *Cream*. Try to do

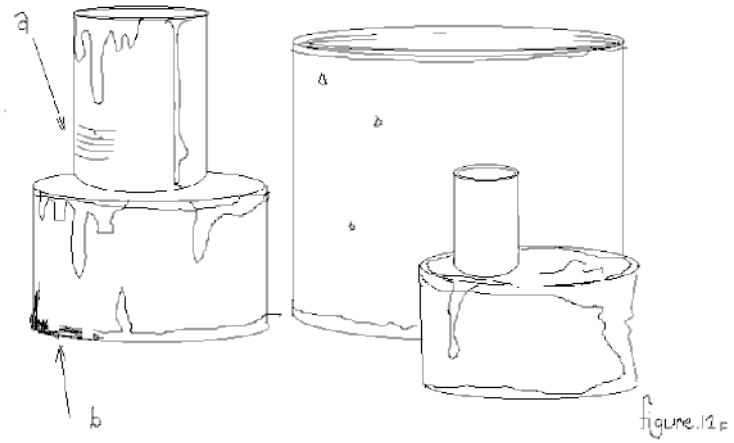
William Sherman 'Drain'

experimentation your own way and you might not do as well. A good dose of pragmatism might get you some nice grades and awards, but *your* search for *your* original insight might start dissolving faster than you realise.

Out of school and in the studio, getting too pragmatic might see you making work that you think will sell - long after it became monotonous for you and near everyone else. Or maybe you decide that you need to make some video despite not having an interest in it or aptitude for it, simply because that's where you find the funding, or the fashionable people. You might even start to think you should kiss some really arrogant and wilfully ignorant curator's arse because they control an exhibition space long forgotten by everyone but its psychopathic board members, just because having a show there would fill a 'hole' in your CV.

I'm not going to pretend that an ambivalence toward advancing your career (as opposed to your art) is not going to cause some suffering. Nor do I suggest isolation is the solution, though I suspect a degree of alienation may result from lack of pragmatism. I simply mean to emphasise that making art worthy of the term art is a very difficult and complex task in our society. The point to remember is, if you find yourself doing things against your better judgement or if praise is beginning to come your way all too easily, you might want to stretch your neck above the bubbles and check that you're not circling the drain.

Peter McKay



Visit a salvage yard and look for old paints. Paint is a liquid material, that when applied to a substrate in a thin film, dries to form a cohesive, solid film that changes the properties of the substrate. Paints also act to waterproof, provide corrosion protection by a variety of methods, protect against fire, protect against mould, and make surfaces cleanable in hygiene areas. Only purchase enamel paint. A paint that dries to an especially hard, usually glossy, finish. First read labels (a). Then shake to estimate the quantity of paint in the can. Do not buy cans with too much rust on the bottom (b). Bright colours and wood varnishes are favoured. Bargain with the salesman. Laugh at the paint names eg. Banana split, caramel. Transport the paint to the studio. Mark each can with a pen so that they do not get mixed up with the good paints you may have.

Claire Thompson-Richards
Definition of Paint
text work, 2005

Cosmetic Cults

Beauty. It used to be in olden times that beauty was a natural thing, something to be enhanced if that was possible. Every culture has its cult of beauty; there is the Aphrodite, the Salome, and of course the Cleopatra.

In ancient times, make-up was a noble thing, a tool used to enhance the features, to draw attention to the most beautiful part of the body: Kohl around the eyes of Indian Women: Crushed berries to enhance the lips: Mendhi for the hands and feet, and body paint of ochre and ash.

Modern Beauty is something else altogether. Somehow the idea of the divine fecundity, the creative and nurturing power of the female body, had been taken away and sold back to us in the form of so called 'beauty products'. Cosmetics companies have hijacked Beauty and made her their slave.

Modern woman is told that her beauty is much more of a constructed matter. Instead of enhancing her most gorgeous features she is told to hide, hide, and hide from her imperfections. She is told over and over again that it is these perceived imperfections that hold the power over her beauty - the crows' feet, the blemishes, and don't forget the *seven signs of ageing*.

Modern woman must attack her face as if she is waging a war in the hope of covering up the fact that she is not perfect. She must hide behind a mask of chemical gunk that poses as 'flawless skin'. Remove that body hair. Smooth those unsightly wrinkles. Botox the years away. Plump everything up until your face looks like an overfed chicken. Look, here's a fake scientific diagram that proves what we are saying.

Fruit acids... chemical peels... waxing... plucking... liposuction... depilatation... exfoliation... solariums... rhinoplasty... lasers... chemicals... and collagen...

STOP!

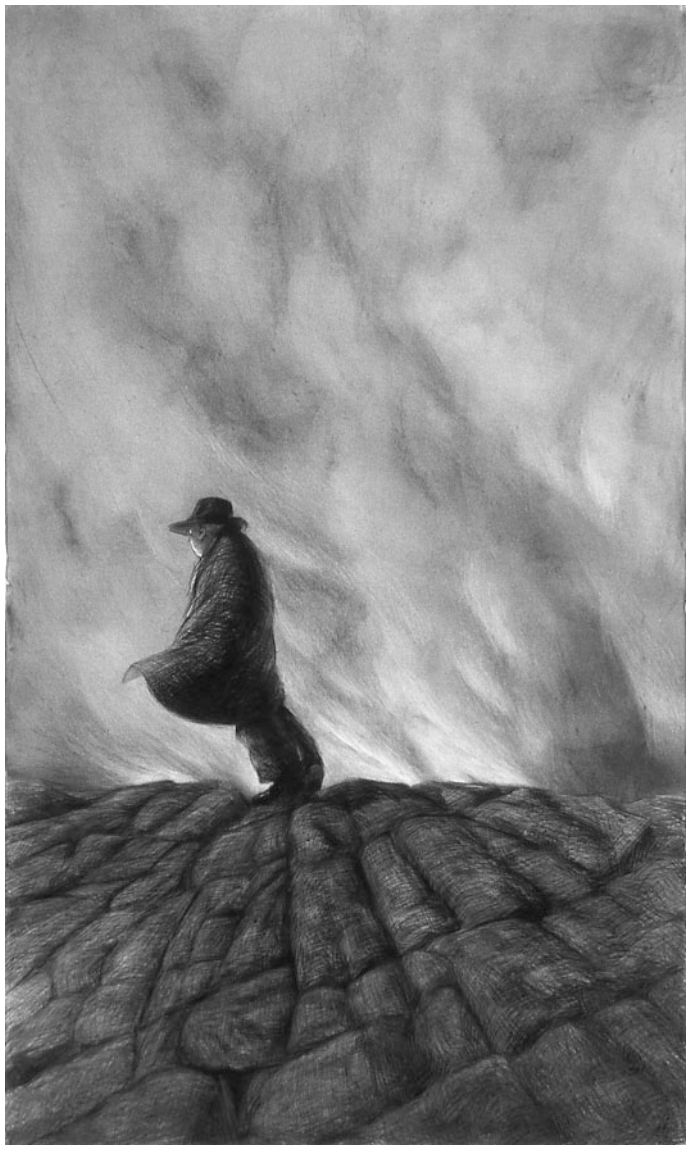
Just think about it for a moment.

Do you think Aphrodite ever waxed her legs? Do you think that Salome entranced all who saw her dance by having liposuction? Did Cleopatra get up each morning and plaster herself with cleanser, toner, moisturiser, eye cream, day cream, night cream, facial scrub, hair dye, lip gloss, foundation, powder, eye shadow, eyeliner, mascara, concealer, lipstick, hairspray, and perfume? And all this before Antony could get out of bed and see her without her 'face' on?

These women managed to entrance not only their own generation, but also all of history since with the tales of their beauty, their perfection, and their luminescence. They did this with nothing but their natural selves, albeit with a smudge of kohl or a bit of henna.

Enhance something beautiful and 'ugliness' fades in comparison. Enhance your beautiful eyes and that is all people will see. Hide behind a face full of ineffectual cosmetic *shit* and you not only hide from yourself, but from those around you who perhaps might have wished they knew what you really looked like under all that gunk.

Leah Chapman

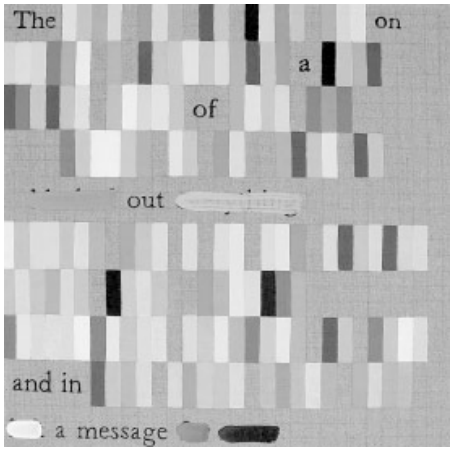


Christopher Orchard
Fire
Charcoal on Rives BFK
180 x 107.6 cm, 2004

Dianne Longley
Natural Selection series
Cast bronze, dimensions variable
(approx) 12.5 x 5 cm each, 2005

Exodus? Adl v Mlb

Last week I was wandering across the Morphett St bridge in the direction of Hindley St, looking on to the Festival Centre, Entertainment Centre, Elder Park, the Torrens and etc. It was a clear, sunny day and even though the Torrens is the worse for wear, you could imagine that behind me images for postcards were being taken. At that exact moment, I had a bizarre cornball patriotic fondness for little old Adelaide – my city...



Claire Mooney

Later, I found myself at the opening of *New Painting Heroes* at Downtown Art Space. Curated by ex-Adelaide artist Viv Miller, this exhibition features works by six artists from Adelaide and Melbourne.

Viv Miller (detail)

The works are all small, with a definition for painting seeming to be something that relates to the wall.

I enjoyed trying to unravel Mooney's colour code, the complexity of the multi-layered imagery of Miller's work, Best's discovered paradise within the gallery walls, the play between two dimensions and the

Matthew Bradley

suggestion of a third in Takasaka's typographies and objects, the casual formality of Sprague's installation and the interplay between each painting in Bradley's multi-panelled work.

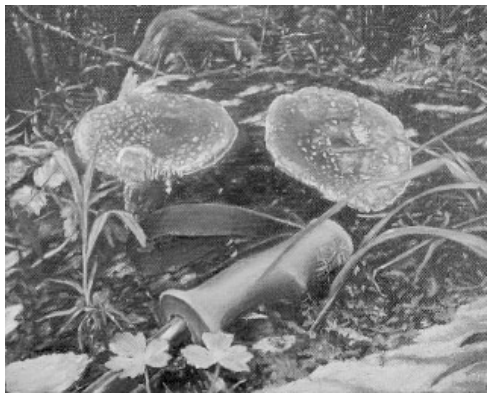
These works don't attempt to play the 'match-the-theory-to-the-image' game. To the University trained, this may seem like a travesty, yet here we see that it does not take tired postmodern or poststructuralist theories to construct interesting artworks.

Painting does tend to be metaphoric – even when it's being formal. Here we find each artist giving us tips to personal or invented narratives, states of being, dimensions or codes.

Here are our new heroes. Australia's latest generation of painters – but also, a group of people trying to disturb Adelaide's aversion to painting through a title that lends self-proclaimed authority not only to the exhibiting artists but to the status of painting. Is Adelaide really that averse to painting?

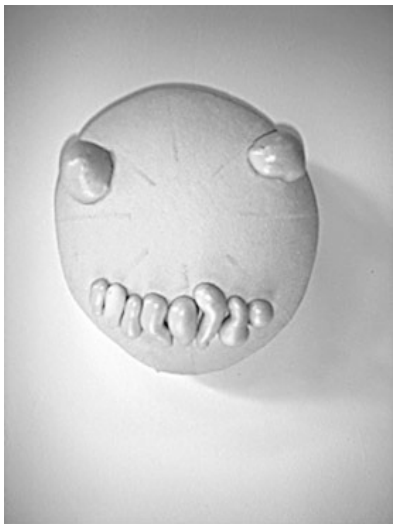
Downtown have it right: We need a new painting hero (or six)

Mark Siebert



Andrew Best

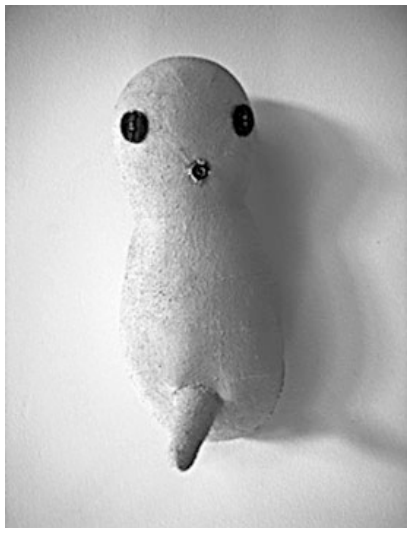
Christian Lock
The Empire Strikes Back
Acrylic on Board, 160 x 160 cm



SHE ANTICIPATED THAT THE "FREE" TEETH BLEACH SAMPLE WOULD MAKE HER TEETH SHINE IN THE DARK.

THE SHAMPOO MADE HER HAIR MORE PLENTIFUL BUT NOT NECESSARILY ON HER HEAD.

HE GOT IN A SCRIGGLE AND MANAGED TO EXHAUST HIMSELF CLEANING UP PET HAIR.



HE WAS TEMPTED BY THE LURE OF SAFE SEX WITH A BORED HOUSEWIFE.

Sarah crowEST
mixed media, variable dimensions

episode four launch

February 13 2005, First Street Artists' Studios, Brompton

There is nothing like a collectible hot-off-the-photocopier hard copy of Vitamin. Sure you can download the pdf, and many people do, but it's not the same as actually *being* there.

Vitamin - Episode Four was launched with much cheer and frolic at First Street Artists' Studios, Brompton, between the hours of 2 and 4pm on Sunday 13th February this year. A cool breeze fluttered gentle leaves, some

Launch photos by Craigh Marsden

health-giving Vitamins (and a little wine) were imbibed, and the sun shone benevolently upon our happy gathering.

As with previous Vitamin launches, all my friends were there, but you know, my enemies would have been welcome too.

I was worried Sera was going to give me another medal, but when that didn't happen I had to give a speech. I don't know if I like speeches all that much - in the future I might just play a song on my harmonica and declare the ship launched.

Episode Four was the best Vitamin yet, just like Episode Three was. The contributors excelled themselves.

Shaw Hendry

VITAMIN

Episode Five – May/June/July - 2005

Shaw Hendry
Publisher/Designer

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Insert sticker art; *Polymorph 7* **Deidre But-Husaim 2005**

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VITAMIN

MAY CONTAIN TRACES OF VISUAL CULTURE

2005

free

EPISODE FIVE - MAY/JUNE/JULY