VITAMIN

MAY CONTAIN TRACES OF VISUAL CULTURE

EPISODE EIGHT FEBRUARY/MARCH/APRIL 2006

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HONEY/MILK LAND: 1,527,000 people

It seems like aeons ago, when a wandering minstrel came upon a magnificent garden seemingly bursting with the fragrance of fruit and flowers - honey birds buzzed around the Lillipillies as if in sympathy for the honey bees that buzzed around the minstrel's heart. Soon, his attention was drawn from the joy engulfing him to a team of sullen gardeners who had also entered the garden. Their nails, clean and manicured, hadn't seen the earth since their manicured youth. Their negativity at once began tainting the flora that had previously seemed so prosperous. From where I was standing, I could hear them muttering to themselves over and over, through parched lips; "I'm leaving this wasteland just as soon as I can".

....

When reviewing the past 15 years of the local scene, one should acknowledge the parts played by the CAC, the GAG, and the EAF in keeping the visual arts alive. And let's not forget Anima, Hill Smith, Bonython-Meadmore, and Adelaide Central galleries. The many practitioners and administrators - too numerous to mention, even by *team* - throughout those difficult times, contributed enormously to the cultural heritage we all now enjoy. It seems premature to pick names for an Honours List, suffice to say, some of those contributors are still with us, and some have, sadly, gone to God (or was it Melbourne?). There have been some fine local publications as well and these have, at times, provided crucial forums for democratic discourse.

Recently, while enjoying a refreshing cocktail of hock, lemonade, and Bickford's Lime (none genuine without the signature!), I heard that the 1990s were the *Golden Age of Art* in our fair state. I almost fell out of my hammock because, at that very same moment, I had been thinking that the Golden Age was right *now*.

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As it turned out, the '90s were defined in South Australia by a single cataclysmic event. When the State Bank of South Australia revealed that it had 3.1 billion dollars of irredeemable debt and that you and I had already agreed to cover it, the future changed. It was, at the time, Australia's biggest-ever corporate collapse. Our local economy, fragile anyway, crumpled. In the *Golden Age* that followed, it became a truism that if you could leave the state, you did.

A vibrant arts community is dependant upon a healthy economy; in a weak economy the arts contract. A number of commercial galleries went to the wall during the '90s, and some simply went to the brink. Rental and artist-run spaces eventually disappeared (although now reappearing). Publicly assisted galleries, being relatively free from cost imperatives, continued largely as they had before - some even paid their friends to exhibit.

Understandably, as a result of these developments, a polarity formed in the minds of some Adelaide artists where by the public sector came to represent all that was holy in the world and the commercial sector came to represent the devil. You can still find traces of this polarity in the rhetoric of local writers.

Via the candy-coloured lens of memory, chaos gives way to the comforts of nostalgia, privations seem smaller than they were, insignificant skirmishes seem as if they were campaigns, and cliques are reinvented as glee clubs. This is the natural order of things I suppose, and the reason, if I can be kind, that us historians can never agree on anything.

Adelaide, September 1991.

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I was out in the outskirts recently - up in The Hills - I was searching for a metaphor. Adelaide was laid out far below, its streets as straight as ever. There, overlooking the city, I found an old tree growing in an area done over by a bushfire maybe 14 years earlier. The plant had since thrived, but you could still find charcoal on its fractured skin. I wondered whether the bushfire was merely a passing evil, or whether its devastation had served some beneficial purpose. It was a conundrum.

That minstrel story, here's what happened: The years passed and, due to increased greenhouse emissions, the sun grew sunnier and sunnier. The garden eventually overcame the sullen gardeners and produced new crops of fruits and flowers - some not previously catalogued. The sullen gardeners either moved to Melbourne, or Sydney, or got themselves fabulously well-paying jobs by joining a club called "Newstart". The minstrel, for his part, learned how to sing songs about a place called *The Land of Milk and Honey*. In the very end, everyone; the burnt tree, the wandering minstrel, the sullen gardeners, the acknowledged galleries, the sunnier sun, the fragrant fruit, the bountiful flowers, the disagreeing historians, and even the creative arts community; they all lived happily ever after - at least, there was no reason for them not to.

Shaw Hendry

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Chris Mulhearn
Australia: Bushfire
Architectural ruin, driftwood, 273 x 150 x 89 cm, 2005

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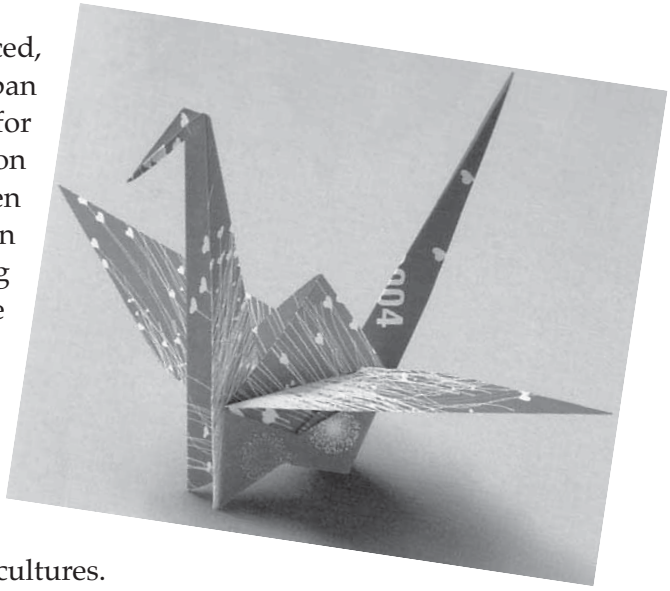
Is Japanese - Is Cool



If you have not noticed, things from Japan have been 'cool' for some time. In fact, on and off, this has been the case since Japan first began trading its wares with the world from the middle of the nineteenth century with European, American and eventually Australian cultures. While trading of imagery initially began with woodblock prints and volumes of illustrations, today, masses of Japanese pictures are transferred through imported manga, over the internet, through film, anime and television. If we examine our current visual culture, Japanese imagery is littered throughout. For example, the Adelaide Fringe's motif for 2006, an origami crane, is a strong representation of the appeal of things Japanese, while also functioning simultaneously a powerful symbol of peace or the creative art of paper folding. Other examples are *Memoirs of a Geisha,* which is proving a popular film, and merchandise which features characters such as Doraemon or Hello Kitty are just as sought after as ever.

The 1980s were another era when the appeal of things Japanese was apparent. My generation were virtually raised on Japanese imagery, although I wasn't aware of it at the time. Every morning, when my Mum would let my brother and I watch TV before school (this rule fluctuated),

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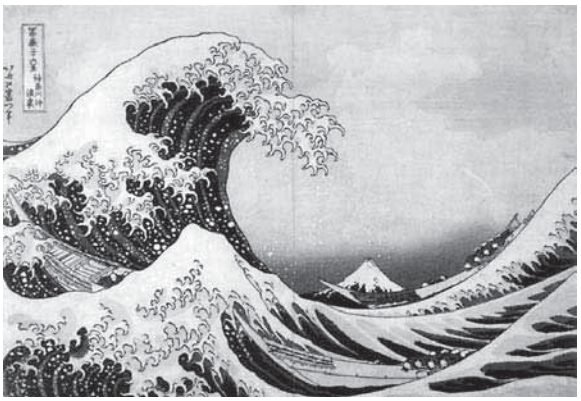
we would consume episodes of *Astro Boy* or *Kimba the White Lion* created by Osamu Tezuka, or on the weekend, the *Transformers.* Though they were badly dubbed to the point that the plot didn't always make much sense, the Japanese TV series' were typically our favourite cartoons.

Our fascination with Japanese imagery is part of a phenomenon known economically as 'Japan's Gross National Cool', described by Douglas McGray in an essay of the same name. The trading of cultural products has not only produced a lofty income for Japanese producers and those incorporating cool Japanese universal images, but has ultimately created global pop cultural shifts.

Perhaps the best example of how far back Japan's currency of cool stretches, is an image that seems to have always belonged to the world, but in fact derives from the Japanese Edo period (1603-1868). Katsushika Hokusai's image, commonly known as *The Great Wave* (c. 1831) can be found on hundreds of web pages, book covers, and has been appropriated and reproduced in every way imaginable, bizarrely including on a Ugandan postage stamp. Many galleries, such as the National Gallery of Victoria, produce a range of *The Great Wave* ware and numerous commercial companies and artists have appropriated this image due to its fame and immediate recognition.



Hokusai's The Great Wave

Although we may think this image has become too stereotyped to be considered cool, it holds a specially important and 'cool' place in Australian visual culture, particularly because of our passion for the surf. Quiksilver

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Fiona Hall

use a direct representation of this image on many of their t-shirts and a close look at their logo reveals a striking resemblance of Mount Fuji and a rolling wave. A few years ago, Coca-Cola used a wave very similar in formation to Hokusai's *The Great Wave* to advertise their product in this surf-oriented culture, though, when I contacted them they denied the influence of Japanese imagery. This surf link has been explored by many Australian artists who have incorporated Hokusai's *The Great Wave* into their artworks, just some artists are Gerry Wedd, Lin Onus, Fiona Hall and Martin Sharp of the Yellow House.

Lin Onus

Sera Waters

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James Parker
Time is Tight
clock and melted lead type,
10.5 x 11.5 x 6 cm, 2006

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"Show Me All the Rules [Guru], I Just Wanna Belong"

Mentor Mentored
Contemporary Art Centre of South Australia
11th November – 18th December

Showcasing the accomplishments of a select sample of Adelaide's established and emerging visual artists, *Mentor Mentored* inquires into the relationship between these practitioners, with a particular focus on the mutually supportive character of this interchange.

Those versed in South Australian visual culture may find the host of names in this exhibition commonplace: Anton Hart, Aldo Iacobelli, Michelle Nikou, Hossein Valamanesh, and Linda Marie Walker, coupled with a younger generation of high-flyers including Roy Ananda, Andrew Best, Bridget Currie, Akira Akira, and Gretchen Mercedes.

This amalgamation of artists with widely ranging concerns and practices generates a motley array of mediums: delicate and mannered **drawings** (Valamanesh); **paintings,** ranging from gestural abstracts with subdued palettes (Hart), to more entrancing and upbeat canvases (Iacobelli); **photographs** of deserted beaches (Mercedes) and figures plummeting to earth (Best); quirky transformations of everyday **objects** (Nikou, Currie); and an assortment of **installations**, from the slick and austere (Akira, Walker) to the slightly more hi-tech (Ananda).

Despite this diversity of material, it was the similarities or connections between certain artists that seemed to be visually accentuated. Some of the artworks were arranged alongside others on account of their shared visual affinities. Thus, Bridget Currie's glittering, twinkling textile *Cosmic Spade* (2005) hung adjacently to Michelle Nikou's serpentine *Draft Stopper* (2002) and her subtle, intricate *Untitled* (1998); a knife with a tiny, intricate tapestry woven from its punctured and nailed blade.

Gretchen Mercedes' massive Lambda prints of tense, tequila–tinged seascapes *I can smell you coming no.1 & no.2* (2005), were showcased in the same space as Anton Hart's mammoth, monochromatic abstract *Local*

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Storm (2005); the choppy waves in Mercedes' prints resonating with the turbulent, vertiginous twister of brushstrokes in Hart's painting. In another part of the gallery, this duo's works were positioned side by side, bearing almost identical titles and colour schemes. For instance, Hart's compact canvas *The Whisky Sessions* (2005) with its burnt umber, ebony and smoky-mustard tones almost mirrored the tonal range and the morose ambience of Mercedes' *Whisky Sessions* (*Disappearing Islands no.2*) (2005), a photograph of a stark, sullen, sea partially sparkling under the soft, amber radiance of a setting sun.

Jena Woodburn's catalogue essay indirectly explicates the arrangement of the above-cited artworks according to their surface similarities. Written in the form of a conversation between a Mentor and their "*Mentoree*", Woodburn's essay makes no direct commentary on the artworks, but alternatively deploys the dialogue format to reflect on the notion, and implications, of the loaded term *mentor*.

Etymologically, the latter implies a teacher, advisor, guide and hence a specialist, an authority figure, or, in Woodburn's phrasing, "*a godparent responsible for [their] charge's artistic soul*". But a different conception of the relationship between mentor and 'mentoree' is advanced throughout Woodburn's essay, one that is mutual, fluid and "*more than mere dispense and receive*".

Roy Ananda (photograph : A. Cruickshank)

In contrast with the Renaissance understanding of the relationship which, according to Woodburn, "*would have students as apprentices to their mentors or masters*", today the alliance "*has been far more organic — hardly formalised at all, but rather something which naturally developed*". In

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practice, "*contact*" and "*influence*" is exchanged in both directions, "*just through living in the same city and seeing the same shows, seeing each other's work that way*". Some of the factors that motivate a person to choose a mentor, according to Woodburn, include admiration or respect for their artwork, its humility, gravity, or irreverence, and the personal qualities of the author which "*show up in it*".

There is, however, an unsavoury aspect to this seemingly rosy relationship. Woodburn acknowledges the "*self-perpetuating*" monotony that can ensue from this exchange, whereby "*artists with the same concerns keep being produced. A certain kind of work is celebrated*". I found punchy parodies of this insularity and cliquey uniformity in Roy Ananda's whirring, buzzing, rhythmically humming *Concussion Device* (2005), an electric train set whose carriages parade three massive golden stars on a dizzying, nauseating circular orbit, and Aldo Iacobelli's sumptuous, pulsating painting *Philip Wants To Be A Top Dog* (2005); a plush, purple plain populated by a polychromatic posse of posing pooches.

For me, these works humorously allude to the role that power, status and legitimacy play in the notion and position of a mentor. A point duly acknowledged in the catalogue essay, which sought to challenge this scenario by arguing that "*mentor mentored"* doesn't entail two exclusively defined positions but alternatively suggests that perhaps *"it's the mentor who's mentored…mentored as a verb, not a noun…"*

Although I don't refute the reciprocal relationship between mentors and mentored espoused in this exhibition, I am fascinated by artworks whose wit, audacity and eccentricity powerfully destabilise the notion of mentor, both as noun and verb. After the paradigm-shifting contributions of Duchamp, Warhol, and Kosuth — respectively *Fountain* (1917), *Brillo Box* (1964), *15 Locations* (1966-70) — which obliterate the boundaries between art and interpretation, how one can directly *discern* or *define* art, let alone instruct it? In the words of philosopher and art critic Arthur C. Danto, "*with the Brillo Box, and conceptual art, it became clear that one could no longer teach the meaning of art by example*".

Varga Hosseini

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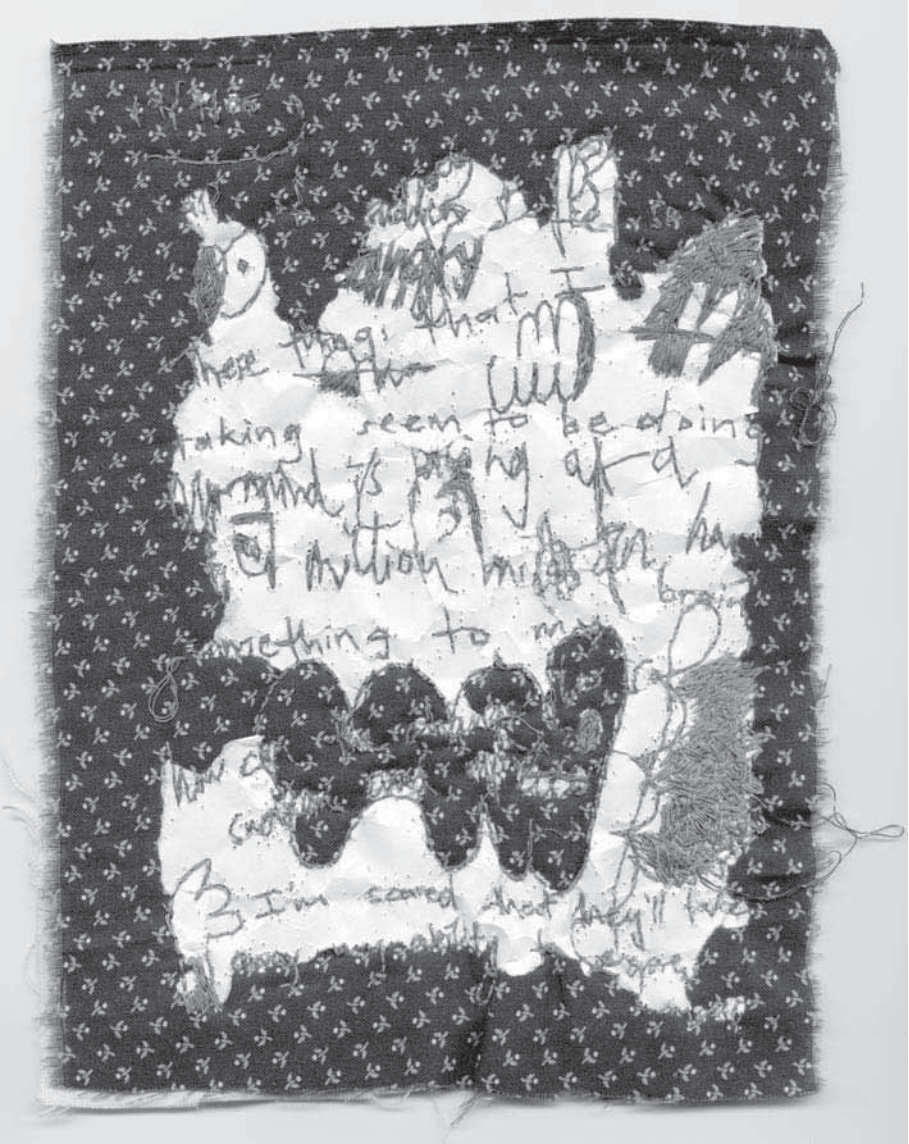

Meghann Wilson
Untitled
needlepoint on fabric,
16 x 22.5 cm, 2005

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Invincible Ink

The current trend toward block-buster comic-book-to-film adaptations shows no signs of letting up with new Superman, Spiderman and X-Men films all imminent. I eagerly await each new release, not only out of nerdy comic book fandom but also out of visual curiosity.

With varying degrees of success, all comic book adaptations attempt to achieve a filmic analogue of the style and conventions of their source material. At one end of the spectrum is *Sin City* (2005), with its commendably faithful rendering of artist Frank Miller's remarkable graphic style. At the other end is *Hulk* (2003), with its superficial use of split screens which flimsily link the film's visual style to its comic book origins.

by Frank Miller

All of these films face the problem of giving the two-dimensional world of the comic a convincing existence in the three-dimensional world of the live-action film. The problem is more complex than it first seems. Perhaps actors cast in key roles could bring a meticulous method acting sensibility to their parts, eschewing their three-dimensional protrusions and existing purely as drawings for a time. It's a nice idea…if only it were possible to temporarily shed a dimension. You can lose weight, but can you lose depth?

Likewise, in my own work I'm facing a similar set of problems. My current investigation is based around literal, sculptural representations of the fanciful conceits of the cartoon world and the project has drawn me into a fertile world of improvisation and making do. For example, in a perfect world I would train a flock of birds to circle my head after a nasty knock. In reality, my stop-gap solution is to construct a contraption which ferries stars around my concussed cranium in an endless loop.

In fact, the more I look into it, the more I find that reconciling the cartoon world with the one we inhabit has long been a favourite pastime of artists and fans alike. In 1986 the superhero genre was given a thorough seeing to in Alan Moore's seminal comic *Watchmen*, which analytically examined the phenomenon of costumed vigilantism, lending it rigorous

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by Herge

plausibility. Since Mark O'Donnell laid down his ten laws of cartoon physics in a 1980 edition of Esquire magazine (containing such indubitable gems as "any body suspended in space will remain suspended in space until made aware of its situation"), dozens of websites have sprung up, republishing and expanding on them. In a similar vein was Wile E. Coyote's lawsuit against the Acme Corporation (Ian Frazier, The New Yorker, 1990) as well as Robert Zemeckis's 1988 film *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*. Eighteen years later this wildly imaginative film still looks great and wrings out every ounce of potential in the collision of our reality with a drawn, constructed counterpart.

by Uderzo

As with any idea worth investigating, others have got there first and done it better, but I shan't be deterred, particularly with so many unanswered questions. As ingenious as *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* is, it is still fraught with paradoxes. For one thing, the Toons of that world exist quite happily in three-dimensions, interacting with the objects and entities therein, yet still make explicit reference to their existence as drawings ("I'm not bad…I'm just drawn that way," laments Jessica Rabbit). How are we to explain this? The mathematical phenomenon of non-orientable surfaces might help to make sense of a cartoon character astray in our three-dimensional world. Perhaps Toons are physical anomalies of the same ilk as the Moebius strip or Klein bottle: three-dimensional surfaces consisting of only one side.

Further answers to these 2D-3D conundrums might lie in current superstring theory, which hinges on the possibility of there being at least 10 spatial dimensions and speculates on various dimensions 'curled up' in every point of three-dimensional space. Does this perhaps support the existence of that well-loved Acme invention, The Portable Hole? I like to think so.

Roy Ananda

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Localism – Art in Public Spaces – The Waite Arboretum

The local rather than the global alone, provide the unique spices, flavouring which can create a different, significant vision which can reach out to the global. Greg Johns

This isn't the article I had intended to write: I had intended to review a large retrospective of a very famous international artist that I had recently seen in London. However, Our Esteemed Editor graciously declined, saying it didn't fit with Vitamin's South Australian focus. This had me thinking about art that is a regular part of our lives, that is so familiar that we often aren't even conscious of its impact – *art in public spaces*. Unlike the special trips to the galleries, the art that we come into contact in an everyday sense has a very strong resonance with the way we relate to our city. Maybe it is because it impacts on everyone not just those that have an interest in art. It is the subtle way it sneaks into our lives, 'meet you by the Rundle Street balls'. Unlike the art works that are located in the galleries or on the walls of private houses, public art helps shape our sense of our city.

Rather than starting in the city centre I'd like to take you on a trip to the fringe of the city. One of the great things about art in public spaces, is it gets you out of the gallery space and it can be incorporated into your normal activities. It's just a matter of being aware of the objects that occupy the spaces you are moving through. One of the most appealing places for the exhibition of works of art is the sculpture park. The combination of an intrinsically beautiful landscape and sculptures seems to be a successful combination. Maybe it is just that the space that large open areas provide for the increased appreciation of sculptures

I'm now going to share with you one of the great secrets of Adelaide. I'll whisper it very quietly; I know I can trust you to keep this to yourself dear reader. This magical place is known only to a few and we don't want it

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taken over by crowds do we? It is the Waite Arboretum just off Fullerton Road. It is a wonderful oasis even though it is so close to the city centre, it has to be one of the great undiscovered treasurers of Adelaide. It is a place that has provided me with great solace at difficult times providing a meditative environment but also joyous pleasure when birthdays have been celebrated with friends under the spreading branches of the Morton Bay Fig.

Greg Johns

The grounds are a beautiful setting for resting, picnics and walks through the magnificent collection of trees, especially a stroll down the elm avenue. The highlight for me is the area that contains a small but significant collection of sculptures. The pieces seem so appropriate to the area and after many years of regular visits, they are now so familiar that I couldn't imagine a trip to the park without visiting each one of them.

The sculptures are located near a small stream that runs through the upper part of the arboretum. Welcoming you is a series of sculptures called 'Towards the Land' and described as 'a sculptural narrative by Greg Johns' This series of three sculptures seem so appropriate to the space a natural appearance being made of weathered iron, wood and stones that suggests they had been there for millennia. The key sculptures are Floating Figure by Greg Johns, Owl Pole by Wil Kuiper and Waterbirds by Melissa Judge. Greg Johns is one of the great Adelaide artists whose art relates so strongly to the surroundings and reflect his great commitment to creating a local art. His floating figure seems to echo my own feelings in the arboretum. A figure that although constructed of iron seems to have a gentle appearance of a ghost like figure drifting in and out of the trees. The Owl Pole has a solidity about it that creates

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Melissa Judge

a sense of timelessness about the surroundings. A visit to the park is not complete without going up to the owl to renew our acquaintance by touching its solid body and acknowledging its guardianship of the grounds. When you need to rest and soak in the atmosphere or read a book, sit down by the pool where Melissa Judge's waterbirds are forever about to take flight.

As much as I appreciate these sculptures the finest piece of sculpture in the arboretum is the Chinese Dragon Tree. I still marvel at how it looks as though it has been constructed rather than grown naturally. The Friends of the Arboretum have taken its stylised shape and used it as their logo.

Before the cool winter days arrive and the desire to leave the warmth of our houses disappears, do yourself a favour pack a picnic and visit my friend the Owl at the Waite Arboretum. I will be surprised if you don't come away feeling that your soul has been invigorated. In this age of post-modern cynicism, believe me, the Wait Arboretum is the perfect antidote.

John Hewson

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Christine McCormack
Sentinels
Oil pastel on Canson paper,
56 x 76 cm, 2005

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Walk tall even though you're small

I am sitting here, 11pm at night and I have just designed the invites for upcoming exhibitions in March and April (I have to make a print deadline to make the mail out deadline... and so on). Last weekend I gallery sat for 4hrs with only a handful of people coming in. I will sit again soon. Am I whinging? Of course I am. Do I lament it? Not too much. You may have gathered by now that I am one of the many people around Australia (and the world for that matter) who, in their spare time, volunteer in loosely managing an Artist Run Initiative (ARI). Note the word 'Artist' here. It presupposes that one makes art (in the hours one is not involved in organisational tasks) whilst running the initiative. Add to this casual employment and (for many) study, and you have a brief idea of what it is like to involve yourself with one.

The space I am involved with is Downtown Art Space. Many readers of Vitamin are probably well aware of Downtown – it is probable that it may have already have been written about – apologies if so. But I am writing because it is my first venture in helping to co-operatively manage an organization (or to be more accurate, a non-for-profit incorporation) of this type. And it is with the intention that I might interest others in encouraging others to involve themselves in some way with the artist run cultures that flourish here in Australia and the world.

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Many South Australian artists have initiated ARI's. SA's history of ARI's include Shop 70 located at Henley Beach established by James Dodd and Josh 2K had a brief, but exciting existence. 220 Hindley St (SASA) existed for a brief period and provided two levels for artists to do their thing. Rachel McElwee and Jill Newman re-opened and re-activated disused spaces (throughout Hindley St and elsewhere in the cities west end) with Shop Art, providing multiple spaces to show art to a completely diverse and new audience. The list could go on.

Downtown continue to operate in this mode by providing an exhibition space for emerging practitioners, and to work towards creating and forging strong networks between ARI's across Australia (and with an eye toward international ARI's). This happens through exhibition swaps, website links, and other profiling opportunities affording artists real and tangible connections, support and criticality.

ARI's are provisional, contemporary, experimental, risky, edgy places prone to failure and/or successes. They provide artists a testing ground for work that has potential for development, something that does not happen with more established second tier organizations or commercial galleries. And this is evident with the change of mission statements and programming that has occurred at some South Australian galleries. Another important reason for ARI's to offer artist's opportunities to experiment and view work in a gallery context.

ARI's can be a hard slog for those managing them, but they are not without there good times. Particularly important is the benefits gained by peer interaction in the form of dialogue, criticism, support, collaborations and the sharing of knowledge, tacit and intellectual, not to mention advice on issues pertaining to self-management and administration.

Although much hard work is put into keeping them afloat, much enjoyment and self-realisation can be gained from them so being involved with one will only benefit individuals and more importantly the quality of culture those individuals will lend to.

Clint Woodger

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Pasta and penance

I am not a religious artist nor am I an artist who is religious. I create works that reflect the abundance, excess and extravagance of the ritual and mysticism embedded in my memory of growing up Catholic in an Italian family in Australia.

Think about it… I'm thirteen, snug and safe in bed, and longing to stay there when my mother puts on her favourite Dean Martin record - FULL BLAST! It was like a foghorn blowing through my bedroom door. Again those dreaded words *…when the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie.* This was my mother's very effective way of getting me out of bed. Reality strikes. It's Sunday… and Sundays were like no other day. In half an hour, I'll be sitting in church, my mother and grandmother on one side, and the Virgin Mary and Saint Francis on the other. There would be no escape. At least not until after the ritual of receiving communion, the symbolic act of eating and drinking of the body and blood of Christ.

Sunday lunch was just as ritualistic. My mother - Mary - would disappear into her kitchen only to reappear with her own loaves and fishes miracle. A glorious abundance of food and wine would almost mysteriously replace the schoolbooks, newspapers, pens and other signs of home life that normally cluttered the kitchen table. As a child the line between the pomp and ceremony of Sunday mass, and the ritual of a large Italian lunch, became blurred. One faded into the other. My mother's humble kitchen table and the sacred church alter appeared at times to be one and the same.

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This was how I spent most of my Sundays for, what seemed like, an eternity. This is also the basis for my growing (un?) healthy obsession with pasta and the Virgin Mary.

In 2000, during my honours year at the SA school of Art, I began exploring childhood notions of Catholicism through my work. American theorist, Eleanor Heartney, in her article *Postmodern Heretics,* acknowledges that artists such as Kiki Smith, Andres Serrano, Robert Mapplethorpe and Joel Peter Witkin, have been influenced by their Catholic upbringing, regardless of whether they had lapsed or not. But, while these artists deal directly with the corporeal, my work draws on memories of ceremony, the ritual of consuming and the indulgence in excess.

My art practice to date has been dominated by an exploration of the union between the domestic and the divine… and pasta. Pasta is the main medium and ingredient, which I apply, layer and manipulate, like other artists would use paint. I use pasta instead of paint to project colour and movement. The result contradicts the plainness of the material. Plain pasta becomes a tapestry depicting abundance, ornateness and emotion.

One of my first bodies of work, *Catholic Kitchenware,* also influenced by my background, pays homage to the sights and sounds of that bustling household kitchen. Found domestic glassware, perhaps

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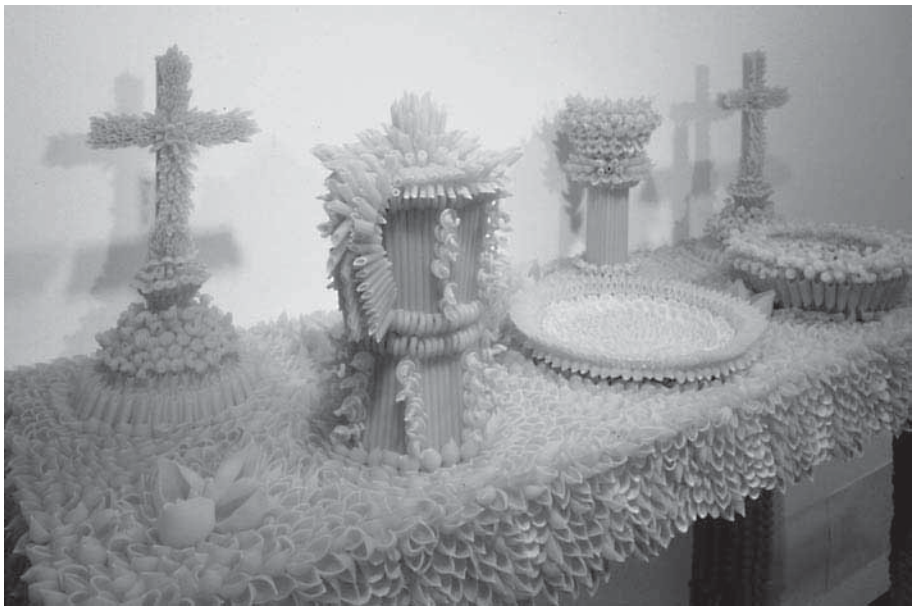

once taking pride of place in the home, are reinvented to create new family heirlooms. By cutting, sandblasting, engraving and reassembling, then adding a generous layering of religious paraphernalia, I restore status to the old and obsolete.

More recently my use of pasta as a medium has taken me in new directions. One of these directions was expressed in the work *palAte*, commenting on the divide between the haves and have-nots. Pasta revealed itself as the perfect medium to comment on the divide between the overindulged and the undernourished. Pasta, spelling the word palate, with an emphasis on the word *Ate*, suggests how the palate has forgotten whether large parts of the world's people have eaten.

Whether meticulously and laboriously gluing pieces of pasta over a large expansive 'altar' or fashioning a 'bleeding heart' with minute glass beads into an old preloved glove, my art reflects, revisits and reworks over imaginative childhood memories of the 'mystical powers of faith' that surrounded me within a very Catholic Italian family.

Julia Moretti

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HOPELAND - JUNGLE PHILLIPS
Vitamin Archive Online Gallery
www.vitaminarchive.com

There is an amazing and wonderful world out there - of art and practitioners - that sometimes falls through the cracks of the accepted highways and byways of our cultural lives. A world full of people compelled, for whatever reason, to make sense of their lives visually. Jungle Phillips is a fabulous South Australian example.

Not only does a whole cosmos exist in his colourful and detailed paintings, but these paintings join and mount together to form another universe in which the painter himself lives. Jungle's house is one of the great local art attractions: The gallery tree outside hung with delightfully weathered examples of the artist's work, the signage on the front door explaining to the casual visitor the fare on offer, the initial opening into the darkened hallway, and the amazing rooms that open from it; all reveal the prodigious array of Jungle's talent. There's also the friendly and attentive presence of our host. This is a good art moment: I've had a few over the years, but this always gives me a genuine thrill. Trust me, and go and visit my friend Jungle - Particularly as he has to move soon. Some regrets here, but not the end of the world. Good people are making sure Jungle has a new canvas in which to live and work. Pay a visit and enjoy the results of Jungle's labour, and maybe make a small purchase. The money will help with the move and it will be one less masterpiece to ship.

Garth Pye

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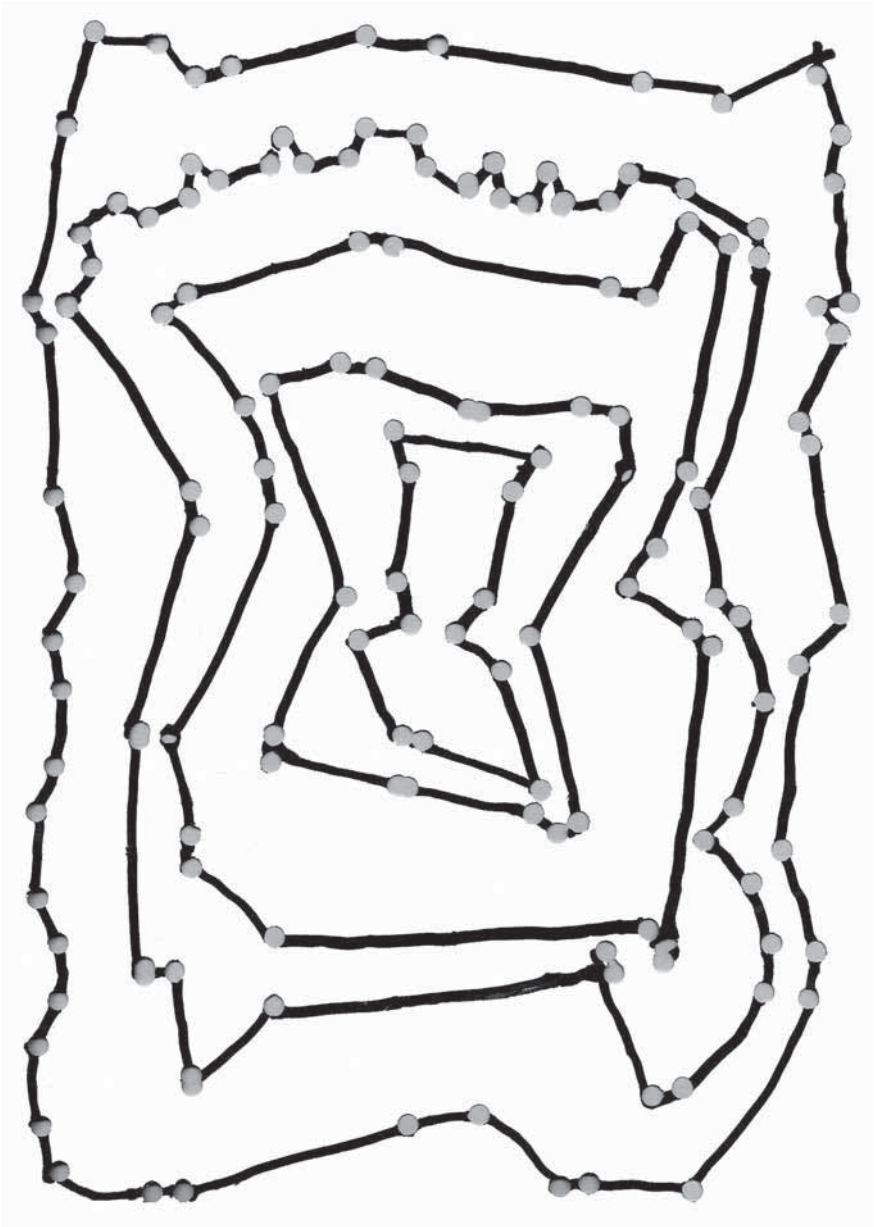

Paul Hoban

from the "Rounder" series

Specially designed for colouring in with vitaminarchive.com Rainbow Pencil

2006

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Spiritual Militancy

Bridget Currie
Downtown Art Space
December 1 - 17, 2005

If you have ever wondered if everyday objects can become art, then *Spiritual Militancy*, a brainstorm of familiar objects and unfamiliar ideas, creates a convincing argument in the affirmative: The world around us can be transformed by artistic sensibilities prone to juxtaposition.

Solid Joys, a clever foray into the immaterial, non-physical world, incorporates a collection of beautiful, diverse pieces, including an ink drawing, glow in the dark Fimo, and digital photographs. The fuzzy photography and the inclusion of a confusing flow chart in the exhibition catalogue may or may not assist in the construction or deconstruction of the artist's intent. Another work, *Universal rock* raises the viewer's curiosity: Consisting of a shopping trolley covered in with fabric - What was inside the trolley? And more importantly; why has this trolley strayed into a gallery?!

In the ironically titled *Thanks*, Currie combines a wheelie bin (or should I call it a 'Sulo vase'?) and Gladioli, which seem to grow from the bin in an attempt to prove they are more than weeds, and won't be so readily discarded. Gladioli, a reminder of Dame Edna's sense of the theatrical, were now a central part of the Currie Show - some even appeared to be bowing.

Spiritual Militancy was an eclectic enigmatic exhibition. In using found and banal objects in an art context, Bridget Currie engages her audience's sense of wit and understanding while, at the same time, allowing the viewer room for their own conclusions. The artist's hand cannot be removed from the works, as her personal poetic expression runs through each object.

Craig Bunker

Vitamin8.indd 27 20/2/06 10:43:42 PM

Big Wheel of Happiness: November 18th, 2005

Vitamin is a South Australian do-it-yourself visual culture zine. It is the only example of its type left on Planet Earth. It takes up to 20 people to get each Episode out and about, all donating their time and efforts in the Spirit of Participation. The South Australian School of Art pays for the photocopying, with no strings attached. The South Australian Government, through Arts SA, pays for our website, again with no strings attached.

Every Episode has a launch - these are mostly advertised by algorithms hidden in the sub-text of *The Sunday Mail*, but also by word of (coded) mouth, and via carrier pigeon (coded).

If you are in need of a hard copy Vitamin - and I believe you are - there is no better place to be. You and all your friends (even the ones who are enemy agents) are invited. A Vitamin launch is the only place, incidentally, where you can acquire the ultra-rare and collectible *Vitamin Launch Badge* (while stocks last) - no art collection is complete without one.

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Launch photos by John Hewson

It has been difficult for The Authorities to prevent Vitamin launches as we tend to move around a bit. Vitamin Episodes have been launched at Downtown Art Space (Waymouth St., City), Adelaide Central Gallery (Norwood), UniSA Painting Courtyard (Ye Olde Underdale Campus), First Street Artist Studios (Brompton), Hedgemaze Studios (Port Adelaide), Blue Pony Glass Studios (Stepney), The Centre for Creative Photography (Marleston), and This Very Episode - what you are now enjoying - at Synagogue Studios (City).

Episode Seven was launched the evening of Friday, November 18th, 2005, at Gavin Blake's *Centre for Creative Photography*. Everyone agreed that Episode Seven was the Best Episode Yet. Wine and lemonade flowed, and the big wheel of happiness rolled on and on.

Shaw Hendry

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VITAMIN

EPISODE EIGHT - FEBRUARY/MARCH/APRIL 2006

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Cover image by Blotchwoman

Insert object: vitaminarchive.com Rainbow Pencil

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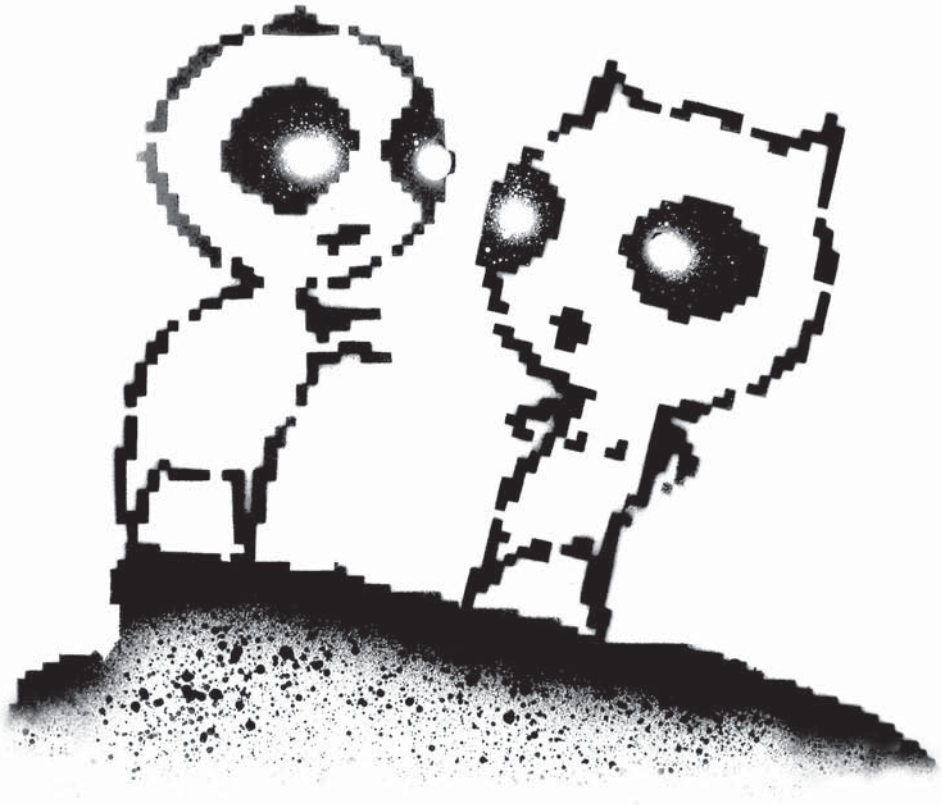
VITAMIN

MAY CONTAIN TRACES OF VISUAL CULTURE

2006

free



EPISODE EIGHT
FEBRUARY/MARCH/APRIL

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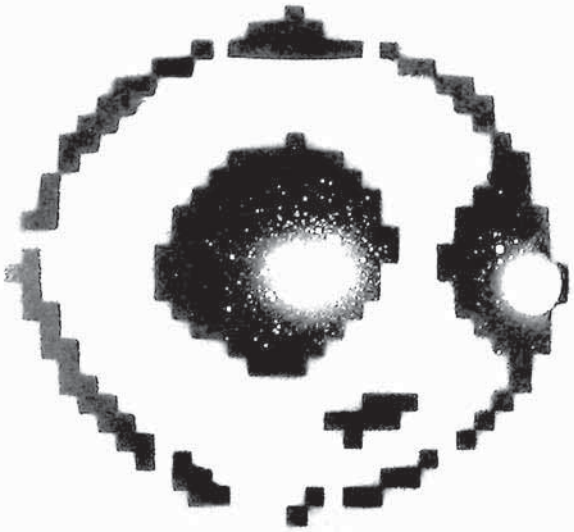

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