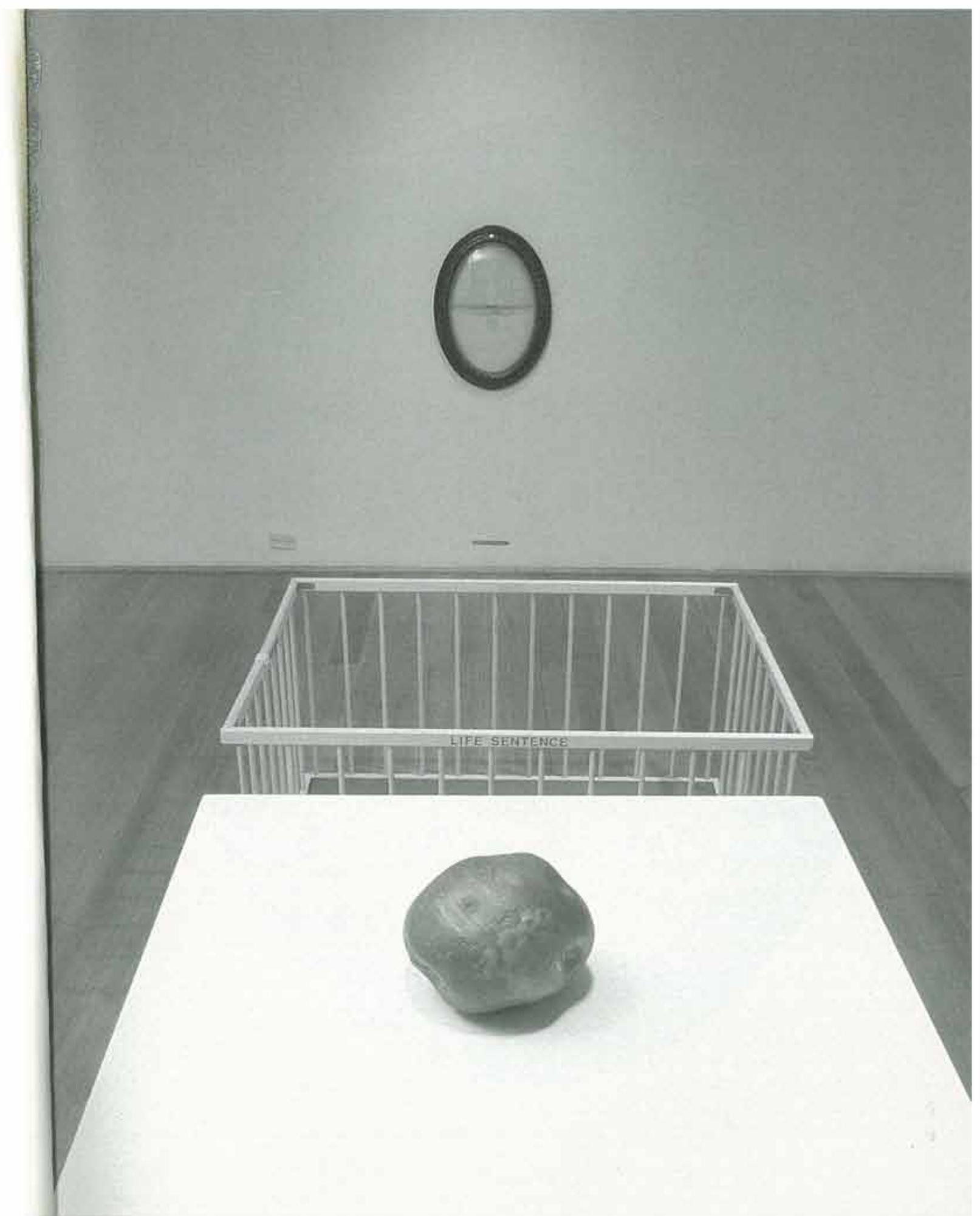


I N L A N D





GEORGE ALEXANDER
SUZANNAH BARTA
TERRI BIRD
JOAN BRASSIL
PAUL CARTER
TONY CLARK
ALEKS DANKO
NEIL EMMERSON
ROSALIE GASCOIGNE
JOAN D. GROUNDS
GRAEME HARE
TIM JOHNSON
PENELOPE LEE
JOHN LETHBRIDGE
GEOFF LOWE
ROBERT MACPHERSON
JOHN NIXON
ROBERT OWEN
MIKE PARR
STIEG PERSSON
MARIE SIERRA-HUGHES
JOHN DE SILENTIO
IMANTS TILLERS
JENNIFER TURPIN
WENDY WEBB

INLAND

C O R R E S P O N D I N G P L A C E S

AN EXHIBITION
SELECTED BY
ROBERT OWEN
AUSTRALIAN CENTRE
FOR CONTEMPORARY ART
1 NOVEMBER 1990 TO
2 DECEMBER 1990

CONTENTS

EXHIBITION

Curator: Robert Owen
 General coordination: Grazia Gunn, Rebecca Coates
 Installation assistance: Jeff Brumby, John Loane,
 Joe Markac and the artists

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 Marie Sierra-Hughes, Neale Kenny, and students from the
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 Text and environmental sound recording: Paul Carter
 Production: Andrew McLennan, for "The Listening Room"
 ABC FM Radio, assisted by Paul Carter
 Additional material from the journals of Ernest Giles and Edward J. Eyre; and
 from *Memory and Desire* (1986), *What Is Your Name* (1987) and
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 Yuill/Crowley, Sydney: Private collections, Melbourne;
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 John Nixon



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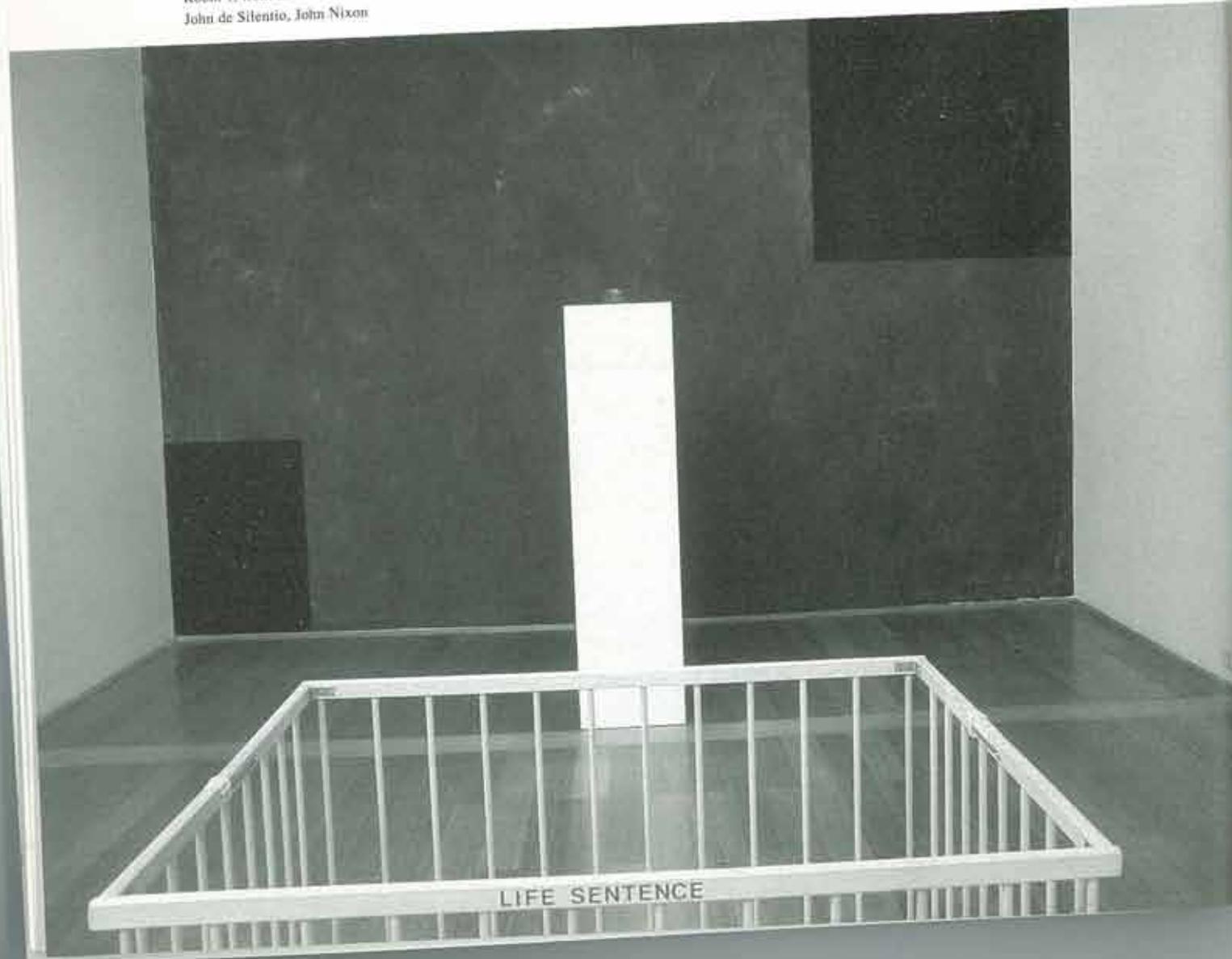


ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The Australian Centre for Contemporary Art would like to thank Robert Owen for his commitment to the realisation of this exhibition.

Thanks are also due to the artists who lent works and assisted in many other ways, not least by contributing to the discussions out of which the exhibition concept grew.

Room 1, front to back:
John de Sylvestro, John Nixon



FOREWORD

JOHN BARBOUR

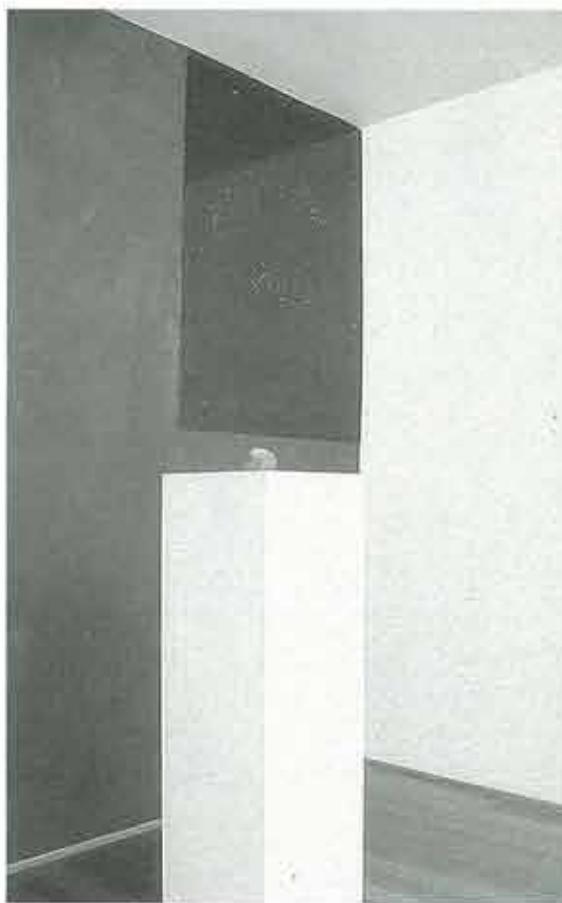
Inland, an exhibition conceived and curated by Robert Owen, is concerned with questions of cultural identity, framed against a backdrop of concern for the environment. Owen draws together works by 23 artists in an ambitious attempt to map the complexity and ambivalence of our relationship to the landscape we inhabit; a terrain charted within the problematics and constraints of language – by fear, doubt, scepticism, hope and commitment.

Inland explores the idea that the term "periphery" is one of the key figures in the construction of our identities as "Australians". Located as we are so far to the edge of the civilisations those among us of Anglo-Saxon descent until recently called "home", it is a condition given physical expression, as it were, by our habitation, for the most part, of the edges of the island continent itself – the centre is forever somewhere else.

Indeed, absence from the centre, in this exhibition, is as important as presence. In locating the artists' works so unconventionally at the edges of the walls, for example, Owen is proposing an analogy by reversal for the ego's relation to speech – do we not perceive ourselves as "naturally" at the centre of our speech? (And what is the relation between this perception and our continuing destruction of the environment?)

Language is a parallel text in this exhibition, as the catalogue writings by George Alexander and Paul Carter attest. George Alexander's text is both analysis and history, a fictive contrast between black and white perceptions of the land, and a gesture of hope for the future; while Paul Carter's *Watersheds from a Natural Cage* concerns itself with the history of naming in Australia – a land conceived of as "blank" at the time of its "discovery" by Europeans.

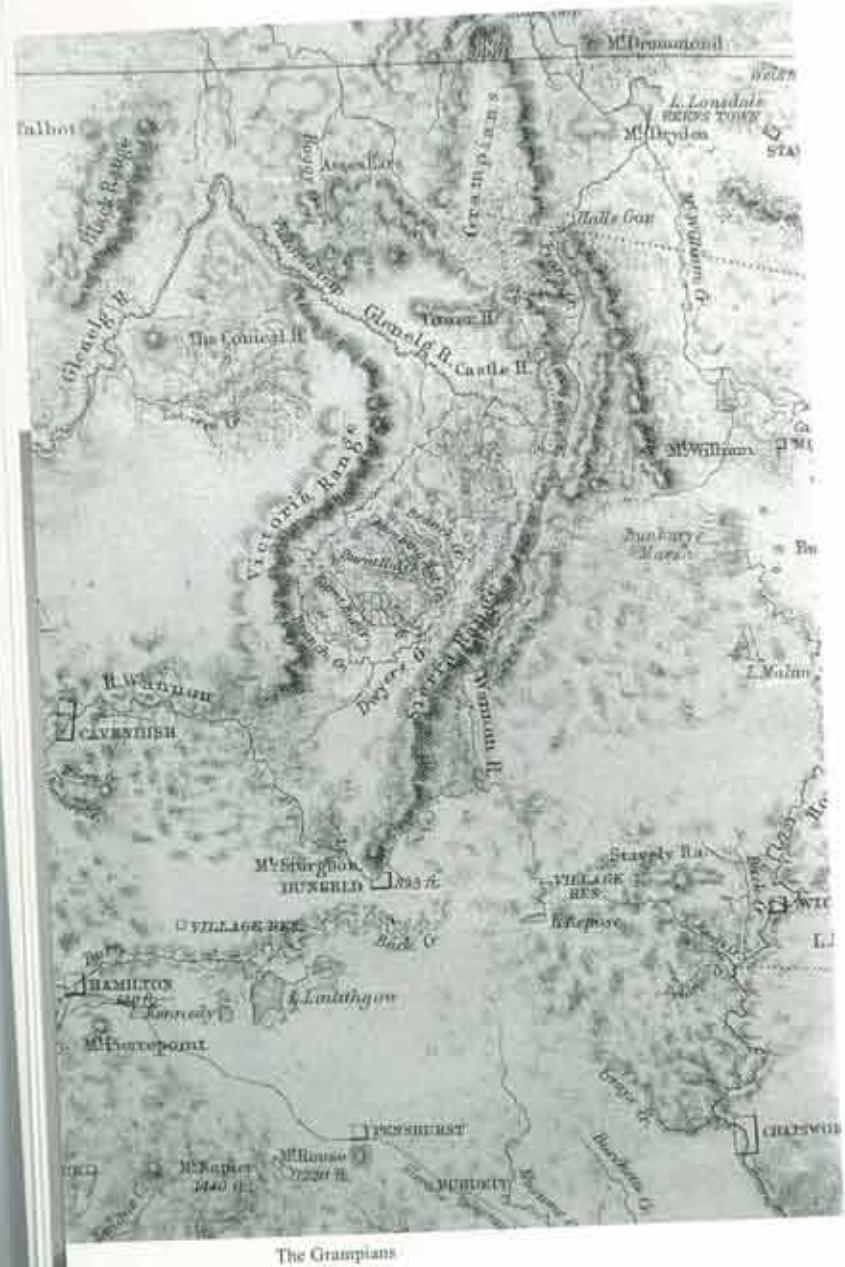
What *Inland* emphasises is that the work of both artists and writers alike is the result of prolonged and thoughtful engagement with the issues most relevant to the present – complex questions of place, time, power and responsibility. Indeed, one of the exhibition's strengths is it brings to the fore in several of the works what has, in other contexts (for many of the works have been shown elsewhere), been sometimes obscured by narrow critical attitudes – a level of deep and particular concern for what it means to be an artist "now", "here" – on the brink of a new decade.



Room 1;
John Nixon.

WATERSHEDS FROM A NATURAL CAGE

PAUL CARTER



Brim is an Aboriginal word meaning "Spring or well of water", and we can easily guess how its name was given. — *Brimful of Memories*, 1981

AT VOWEL CREEK I expect to record. Drawn there by the sonorous name, a bridgehead between speech and sound, language and nature ... but, although clearly enough marked on the map, flowing into Dwyer Creek between the Victoria and Serra (sic) Ranges, on the ground it is a different matter — unless this ribbon of boulders is the place; but then, where has the water gone ... ?

In the early days the colonists were struck by the musicality of Aboriginal speech. One picturesque writer reports, "The sound of their chattering in their camps was pleasing. Pretty were the vowel cadences and sweet was the effect of rude dirges and chants carried by the wind over hill and creek and scrub to a distant listener". Is it this experience the name alludes to? If so it does not describe the local language but the listener's distance from it. It was not that the tongue lacked consonants, only that these had been lost on the wind, leaving behind the liquid residue, the mingled vocalic tones. To hear only their vowel music, to harmonise them with birds and wind, to locate them remotely in their camps, was to place them in a natural cage.

Probably the name implies nothing of the kind. There were many Scots among the settlers. The name is quite as likely to be a corruption of "voe" which, in Shetland and Orkney dialect, means a bay or creek. All one can say with some certainty is that "vowel" is an in-between name, a name that looks both ways, punningly evoking a meeting of cultures. And, if the name is European, then it is more Aboriginal than most of the Aboriginal place names in the area: in the early wordlists Aboriginal place names never begin with the fricatives "f" and "v" — consonants so vocalic as to be frequently

confused or overheard. To coin such a name was to risk a sonorosity even the natives never essayed.

THEY ARE planning to rename The Grampians. Koori groups from Warrnambool, Horsham and elsewhere seek to replace Major Mitchell's names with ones of their own. They want to draw attention to a suppressed history, their own prior ownership of the land. Their politics are laudable, less so their history. Their argument incorporates a white myth, that names name places. Yet place names name histories — historical sites, meeting places where dialogues were opened up or prevented, sounds uttered and heard or not heard. To blank out English names — that bear witness to the rhetorical nature of European occupation — whitewashes their own history.

The politics of their proposal are utopian, European: who will inhabit these newly discovered inland islands except tourists? Their euphonious, foreign-sounding names do not repossess the past, except as the land of the exotic. They bear witness to the current phase of the Koori people's drawn-out struggle for historical recognition. But what value will this long-overdue victory have if it is achieved through the same rhetorical sleight of hand used in the historical campaign against them?

THE GURIWERD or (according to James Dawson) Tuuwuul, or (according to a Mr Spieseke) Naram-naram ... in any case, a geological watershed. The Glenelg and the Wannon, the rivers to the south-west, flow down to the sea. They travel European style, narrowly, brightly. Obeying self evident laws of motion, their progress is unintrospective. Like a record needle, the sound they make plays back a groove permanently incised in basalt.

Inland, to the north, water pools its resources differently. The Wimmera is a series of over-flows

Room 2:
John Lethbridge



meandering exploratively across the bed of an ancient sea. Perhaps once a century it reaches its ending in Wirringren Plain a hundred miles north-west in the Mallee — where, having traversed the bed of a dream sea, it does not flow into the deeper sleep of Ocean, but "loses itself", a wave left high and dry on a coast whose name, says Aldo Massola, means "noise".

BESIDES, WHAT authority will the new names have? In what will their Aboriginality consist? Will such names as Wimmera and Wannon for example be retained? Mitchell laid great stress on getting the "native names". He armed his Aboriginal off-sider, Piper, with a rifle and a pair of hand-cuffs, sending him out to hunt down and chain-gang any Aborigines he could find. Just for the names. Not that Piper (from Sydney) could understand what his prisoners were saying any better than his master. At best Mitchell's place names commemorate sites of mutual incomprehension; at worst they transcribe cries of pain, puzzlement, defiance.

These nominal histories need to be better known, but rewriting the map will not achieve this. The written words have to be sounded again, if the circumstances of their utterance and transmission are to be understood. One might start with a parallel — perhaps only a verbal coincidence: Mitchell not only chained the

Aborigines, he chained the ground. The exact measurement of the distance travelled by the expedition was a link in the chain of progress. As for the missing link of sounds, that would be supplied by subjecting the voices of the country to a comparable transcription and linearisation.

The parallel furrows the dray wheels traced in the soil graphically represented the character of the dialogue Mitchell held with the country: just as the interrogator puts words into the prisoner's mouth, going through the motions of question and answer, so a kind of amplitude existed in the width of the axle, the space between the tracks. But the space of exchange was purely rhetorical: the two lines traced out paralleled each other obsessively. The apparent latitude masked the deeper significance of the ruts as miniature ramparts, one-sided signs of progress, monologues brooking neither interruption nor transgression.

THERE IS A point on the 1836 descent of the Aboukir (Mitchell's original name for the river he later named the Bourke, later still renaming it the Glenelg) when Stapylton, his second-in-command, reports, "heard the roaring of old Neptune quite distinctly. The dividing range is consequently carrying us very close to the coast... 'The mountains that had periodically obstructed progress inland from the coast were, approached from the other side, transformed into a highway leading down to the familiar sea. They no longer divided, but connected.

Offering ocean views (and sounds), the southern slopes of the Dundas Highlands had suddenly grown eloquent. A government agent travelling in the opposite direction, visiting Lake Wonga south of Warrin-gren, described his track as passing through "a veritable howling wilderness of sand and scrub". Perhaps he referred to the north wind soughing through the Callitris and Yellow Mallee. It is more likely that his "howling" names the absence of human sounds that made sense, that conjugated, that answered back, echoing.

By contrast the "roaring" of Stapylton's ocean speaks to him in a tongue he understands. It provokes him to inner song: "Sing o be joyful all ye sinners", he exclaims on receiving Mitchell's report of the Glenelg's "embouchure" into the sea. And: would that he were once again in "a snug cottage... in the presence of my

little angel", for the sea, even at its remotest, brings him close to home. Even at their wildest, the waves suggest to him a domestic interior.

A place where water entering water turned to sound – Grove's Dictionary defines embouchure as "The disposition of the lips, tongue and other organs necessary for producing a musical tone". But in the other direction, inland, where water lacked the force to make a mouth, to purse the lips of the earth into narrow banks, there were only natural sounds, occasional, pointilliste, as unpredictable as handprints and as primitive.

HOW WOULD ONE write the history of the inland differently? What kind of travelling would track the interior less monologically, giving back names to it akin to its own? Two kinds of rivers, two aspects to the mountains, two species of name – two systems of classification that cannot accommodate each other except ironically, violently. What kind of writing would let us escape from this binary mode of thinking?

The Great Ocean Road keeps the sea in view: breaking waves keep up with the car, background and foreground gel to each other as in a film. Veering round headlands, bridging creeks, planing a wing's width above beaches, the road distils a fantasy of flight. On land it does not land: the bull-nosed hills are tidal fronts, their forelocks of water falling troughs of excited foam. Motorbikes ride the camber like shearwaters in the wave's slipstream...

The Ocean Road makes the coast a highway; it defers arrival. It tries to cancel out the signs of the inland – the genital valleys unclothed of their trees. It focuses on the glitter of sunlight trapped in the offing... it ignores the other way – which is not comprehended by turning the camera towards the shapely, uncovered hills, but unfolds when one closes one's eyes, starting to listen.

AT SHEOAK CREEK (there are no she oaks, the name commemorating the feminisation of nature preparatory to its rape...), upstream from the road, I recorded with two microphones, simultaneously foregrounding the hiss and trickle of water falling inland and the elastic, tongueless ramp of the surf breaking at the mouth of the valley.

Our usual perception of natural sound, if we notice it at all, is of a generalised background roar. Waterfalls, waves, the wind in trees, they merge into one another. We dismiss their eternal whisperings precisely because they refuse to disappear, to differentiate themselves internally, to behave like language. Even the songs of birds, whose calls most nearly ape music and language, are for most ears little more than a subliminal interference pattern on the aural screen. They need canaries in cages before they can hear them.

Being habitually deaf to sound, it is not enough to start to listen. Listening is not the therapeutic antithesis to our culture's neurotic dependence on the eye, a naive yielding to usually repressed sensations and pleasures. It does not offer us privileged access to a pre-semiotic realm, a Paradise where names are objects... and yet, to listen to our surroundings, to distinguish tones and pitch, is to see them differently.

BESIDES, THERE IS no easy translation of European names into Aboriginal ones. If Brough Smyth's admittedly white informants are to be believed, "The Grampians" had a variety of names, depending upon which tribal point of view they were seen from.

Even embracing the placist fallacy that names refer to places, Aboriginal and European names referred to different things. The Aboriginal identification of individual waterholes had no exact equivalent in English naming, where the practice was to chain ponds into "rivers" and, if a local name was available, to make it a metonymy of an idealised water system – as if a still sheet of water were really a current, a direction, in disguise and, by transporting its name to other ponds over the horizon, could be made to flow (and sound) again.

This attention to local details, this apparent lack of a hierarchical nomenclature, baffled the Europeans. They wanted names that functioned semiotically (rather than deictically, gesturally) to differentiate one part of the landscape from another, but the idea of naming everything, waterholes, clearings, even individual rocks and particular trees, struck them as the merest chaos. What they sought was not the language of the country but a tool of classification, a topographical syntax.

They wanted sounds that could be written down and read silently; words that, paradoxically, enabled



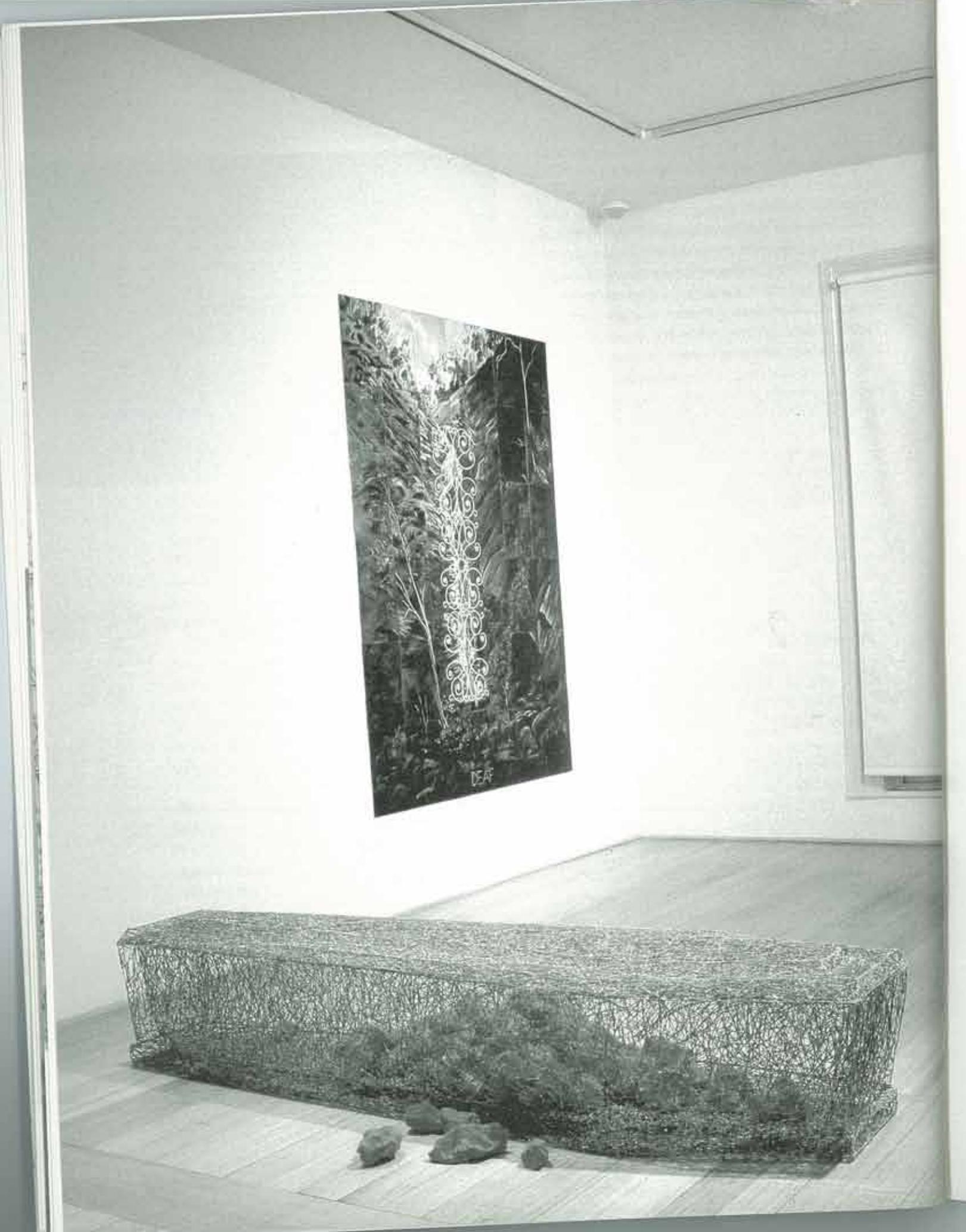
Room 2: Rosalie Gascoigne

them to possess the country by withdrawing from it and living with their maps and fences out of earshot. The names they asked for were a means of translating the audible into the visible and putting it behind glass.

One sees the sophistry of Mitchell's "The great convenience of using native names is obvious... so long as any of the Aborigines can be found in the neighbourhood... future travellers may verify my map... new names are of no use in this respect". For Mitchell's Aboriginal names were new names and, if they named anything, it was the widening fissure between sound and language and between speaking and writing ...

ANYONE INTERESTED in making sound works that incorporate natural sounds as well as human voices – whether for radio or site installation – has to engage with the view that speech sounds and non-speech-sounds are essentially different. Long ago the American ethnolinguist Edward Sapir commented on the profound difference between sounds which are "placed" in relation to other sounds and those which are "not spaced off from nor related to other sounds".

For instance, the "sh" sound made by channelling air between the tongue blade and the front of the hard palate can be an unplaced sound imitative of waves withdrawing from the beach; or it can be the fricative diphthong at the beginning of the word "shout", a



speech sound whose meaning resides in its grouping with other speech sounds. The articulation of the two sounds may be similar, but only the latter is a speech sound symbolically carrying "significant concepts". Sapir thought this distinction so important he even doubted whether the two, however alike they might sound, were "the same type of physiological fact".

So much then for the onomatopoeic theory that language evolved from the imitation of natural sounds; so much for a compositional method that treats vocal and environmental sound elements as comparable raw materials. Any connection between the sounds of language and the sounds of nature is purely coincidental. The wind and the water can be introduced into drama, but only as protolinguistic effects, as aural signs for concepts (wind, water). There can be no acoustic or structural intercourse between the speech of humankind and the voices of nature.

But isn't this the same as saying that there is no functional connection between vocalisation and speech, between making sounds and making sense?

AFTER THE logic of the coast, the logic of the inland. Against the arrow-like flight of the eye, with its obsessive focus on a vanishing point it can never reach – the cloudy environment of the ear, where there are no objects, only events constantly appearing and disappearing. How sweet to translate this antithesis into a geographical description, to assign the spectacular coast to the realm of the eye, to reserve the inland for the ear ... and so on, for this is only to perpetuate the binary logic (the logic of the coast?) by more seductive means. There are two kinds of mountains, two kinds of rivers, two races of names ... and now two types of country and modes of travelling.

This is the sentimentalism of digital logic, that it cannot imagine the world without its mirror. (The same illusion blinks an art that persists in representing nature, in caging it perspectively ...) Besides, to suppose that the character of the inland is somehow deducible from its sounds is only to embrace a variation of the placist fallacy. Sounds have no necessary connection with place, any more than they have fixed significances ... we need instead an aesthetic conception that is

Facing page: Room 2:
Wendy Webb, Imants Tillers

environmental, that incorporates phenomena rather than representing them.

It is not a question of pretending that the "pre-semiotic realm" escapes from the logic of signs, the necessity to construct knowledge differentially. But an environmental logic pays attention to the sensational textures that form the perceptual bedrock of signs. In the world of perceptions signifying systems are in a state of becoming – sounds, say, pass in and out of comprehension; and, straddling this border between sound and sense, between musical and linguistic futures (or mere disappearance and oblivion), they reveal the inadequacy of a theory of meaning that is merely oppositional, that detaches signs from their origins in the processes of perception.

ACCORDING TO a Mr Wilson, resident in the vicinity of Glenorchy, the real name of The Grampians was "Cowa", meaning "mountain" – i.e. not a name at all. Learmonth of the Wannon district told Brough Smyth that the name of the Wannon was "Boar-rang". These nominal anomalies do not undermine the Kooris' case – to suppose they do is to ask these people to return to a pre-Aboriginal past (a prelapsarian state before Europeans invented "the Aborigines") when the indigenous peoples spoke hundreds of tongues, trading names with neighbours, rather than jealously guarding them.

The value of these names now is that they bear witness to a history in-between, neither purely Aboriginal nor purely European. For reasons ranging from racial prejudice to the lack of satisfactory methods of transcribing spoken sounds, the lengthy Aboriginal wordlists scattered through the 19th century contact literature are not reliable guides to the languages spoken. But, whatever their ethnolinguistic merit, such writings accurately evoke a historical experience, that of cross-cultural contact.

In such situations, where there is no language in common, people do not speak as they would speak among themselves. They improvise pidginised forms; they fall back on pantomimic gestures; they exaggerate, they repeat themselves; they speak as if to a child; they seize on purely phonetic similarities in the hope they will reveal a common etymology, a common origin ... It is this pre-semiotic perceptual moment that the plethora of place names demonstrates.

Evoking an in-between state, the value of such names is precisely that they cannot be affiliated to a local grammar and syntax, whether European or Aboriginal. Their origins are neither oral nor literary. They arise directly from the double movement of dialogue where every speaker is also a listener, every listener a speaker, where speaking has not overtaken vocalisation as a mode of communication and sounds have not forfeited their sonorousness.

THAT GREAT PROONENT of binary oppositions, the linguistic theorist Roman Jakobson, considered that Sapir's distinction between speech sounds and non-speech sounds was confirmed by experiments showing that the right ear (or left hemisphere of the brain) is attuned to speech sounds while the left ear (or right hemisphere) specialises in recognising non-speech sounds – music and environmental noises.

Having bisected the brain, the next thing is to put it back together again – a task Jakobson undertakes in *The Spell of Speech Sounds* where he identifies speech's highest achievement with that form of human expression most akin to music: poetry. But largely missing from his analysis of sound symbolism is the unfolding of sounds over time and across space, the contingencies of speaking and hearing and the complex environmental interference patterns that characterise our auditory experience: the musical qualities of speech, preserved in the complementary cadences and periodicities of dialogue (as well as verse), the routine appearance and disappearance of voices, the dying fall, the echo, the endless misunderstandings of migrants ... not to mention those fricatives spoken by the sea that may, or may not be, an injunction to hush, be still and listen.

Which ear hears these in-between sounds? The question is methodological not physiological. It depends on the category to which sounds are assigned. Stapylton was like the Gippsland selector who, after days hacking a way through the bush, heard a cockerel crowing from a nearby farm, and exclaimed: "Thank God, an English voice at last!". For Stapylton the sea's "roar" belonged to the order of language, even though it was perhaps indistinguishable from the "howling" of the wilderness. It spoke to him but, asked to hear it with his right ear, he would have understood nothing.

THE PROPOSED name changes have been defended on the grounds of their superior euphony. But one begins to see that this is another rhetorical sleight of hand designed to blunt the Kooris' political purpose. It is implied that Aboriginal names are more poetic, truer to the spirit of the country. Then such words are not words at all but simply the record of environmental sounds. Thus place names like Werringren and Wimmera are pantomimic; they make the lower jaw quiver as the pendulous leaves of the Mallee quiver or the surface of windswept water ... but they do not mean anything.

If there is an oral tradition that these names commemorate it is not one learnedly recovered from mainly white literary sources: it has its origins in the space between speech and non-speech, in the places (textual and physical) where sounds straddled the line between noise and knowledge. And the significance of this tradition (as of any oral practice) does not lie in the silent past but in the performative present, in the contemporary effort to clear a space: it is an injunction to action, to a dialogue that takes account of what is not said (although it is clearly heard and understood).

AT KNOWLEDGE CREEK, overlooking a bay locally known as "The Deep Sea", I record the sea, again overlaying it with the trickle of inland water. An environmental aesthetic does not imply a rejection of coastal phenomena, only a desire to get inside them, to break down the structure of oppositions said to define them and to substitute a logic of gaps, transformational spaces, such as the wave outlines breaking on the water continuously falling.

The passage, say, from Knowledge Creek inland to Vowel Creek is not a linear journey from one place to another. Punningly at least it describes a change of attitude, a redefinition of the relationship between sound and language. Speech, the drama teachers remind us, is composed of two fundamental, and fundamentally opposed, elements: consonants and vowels. The whispered or resonant pitch of the vowels is totally individual and corresponds exactly to the physical character of the speaker's vocal equipment. But those vowels, so personal, mean nothing and are barely audible. With the introduction of the consonants, which engage the vocal chords, this natural sound disappears.

Intonation enters – and with it intelligibility.

The consonants are consecrated to knowledge, the vowels to tone; but what matters is the relationship between them. These are not merely theoretical remarks: they bear on the composition of sound works, whose logic will need to be physical and poetic, not locational and associational. Not poetic in the sense of imitating the birds, but poetic in recovering the consonantal, the structural (hence informational) content of sounds as diverse as the car tyre on tarmac, the surf on shingle, the "gutter" of water over rocks, whose consonantal regime of micro-percussives we habitually dismiss as mere vocalic hiss and roar.

NORTH OF LAKE HINDMARSH, where the Wimmera continues to flow (on the map at least) under another name, there is, the local tourist guide informs me, a "Bird Cage": "This unique area near Outlet Creek", it explains, "provides a natural cage where a great variety of birds can be observed". But what would a natural cage be, one that did not cage nature semiotically, through the grid of language?

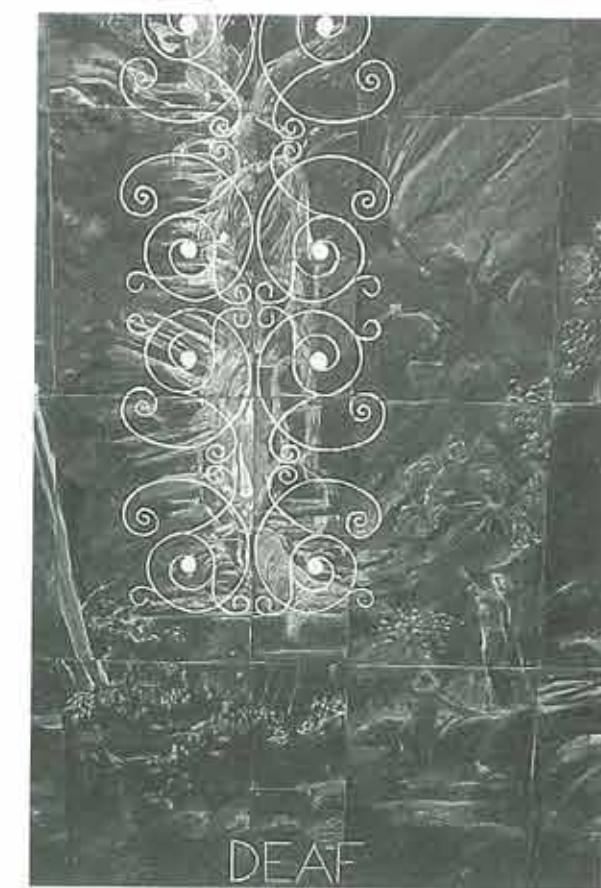
It will not be another museum or – its environmental equivalent – a wilderness area; not a place that depends for its integrity on the preservation of distances, whether aural or visual. Not perhaps a place at all: rather a space such as players inhabit when they wait on the ball to come back to them or people when they strive to understand one another, where the future is not a cold object to be seized and possessed but a dynamic, elastic structure surrounding their movements and giving them the kinetic structure of objective, historical events.

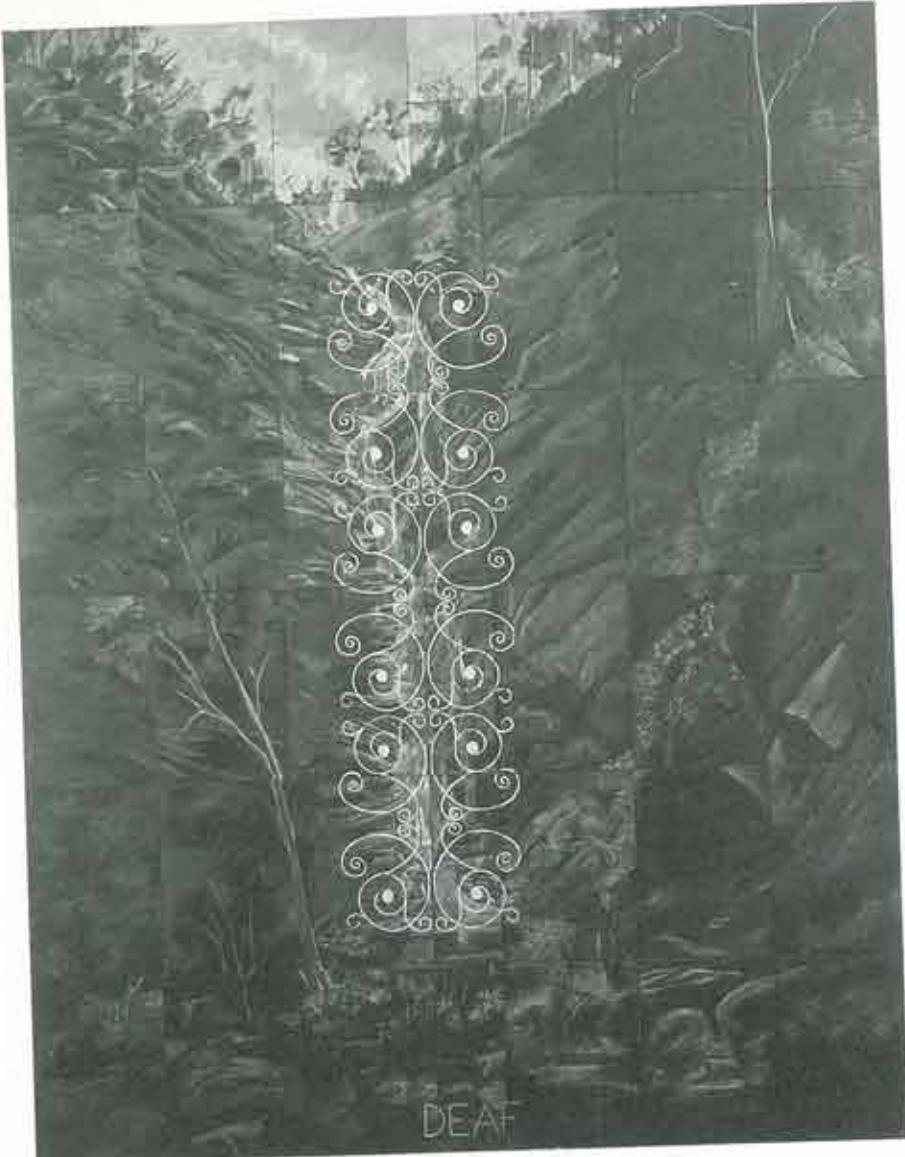
Listening, the analysis of hearing, is not a panacea for a culture sick with seeing; but the binaural possibility of hearing "in the round", of experiencing a perceptual reality that enlarges the subject even as it contains and confines him and her, that incorporates both meanings of nature (human and environmental) without subjecting one to the other, that accurately symbolises what the eye tends to forget: the embodiment of consciousness.

It is our physical and psychological resources that, properly managed, constitute a natural cage rather than a prisonhouse. Listening we may realise that the gilded grid is not simply a means of "squaring up" nature but,

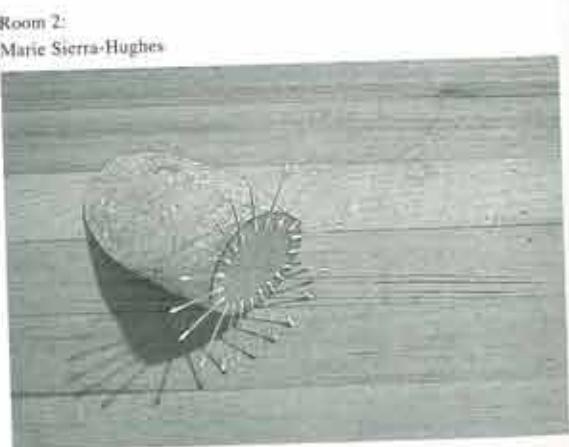
like the microphone grille, a filter modulating the passage of outside to inside, a subtly vibrating surface whose movements resemble those of whispering lips, tongues that have not yet wholly sided with language.

Room 2:
Imants Tillers (detail)

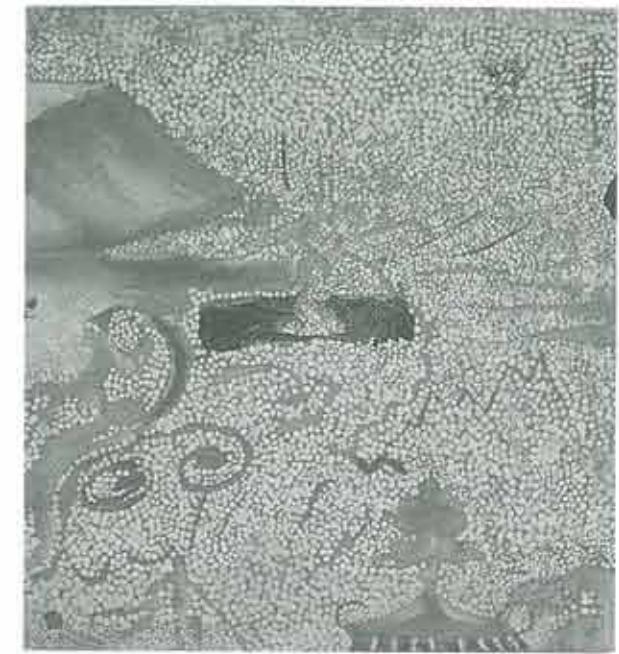
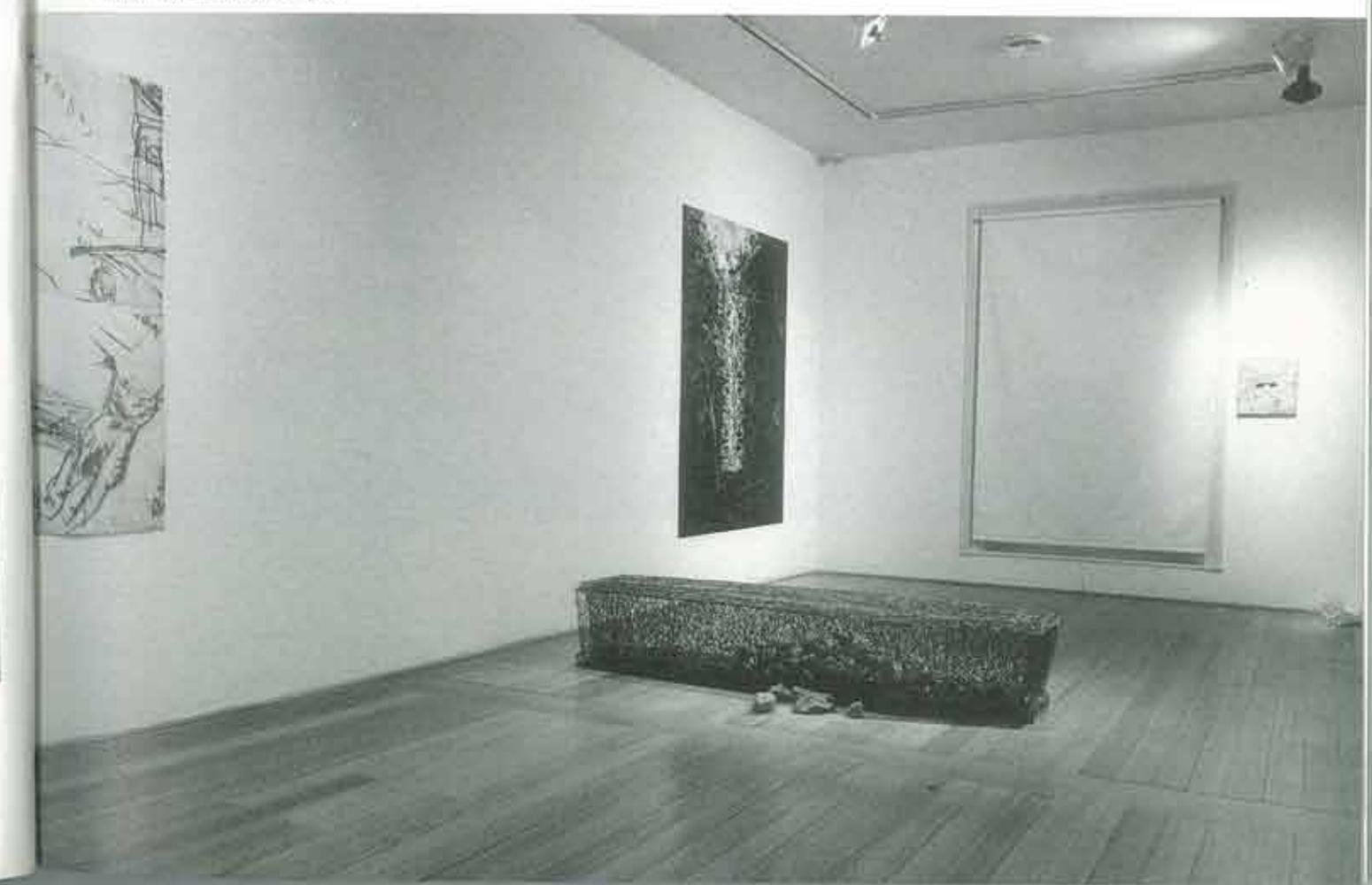




Room 2:
Imants Tillers

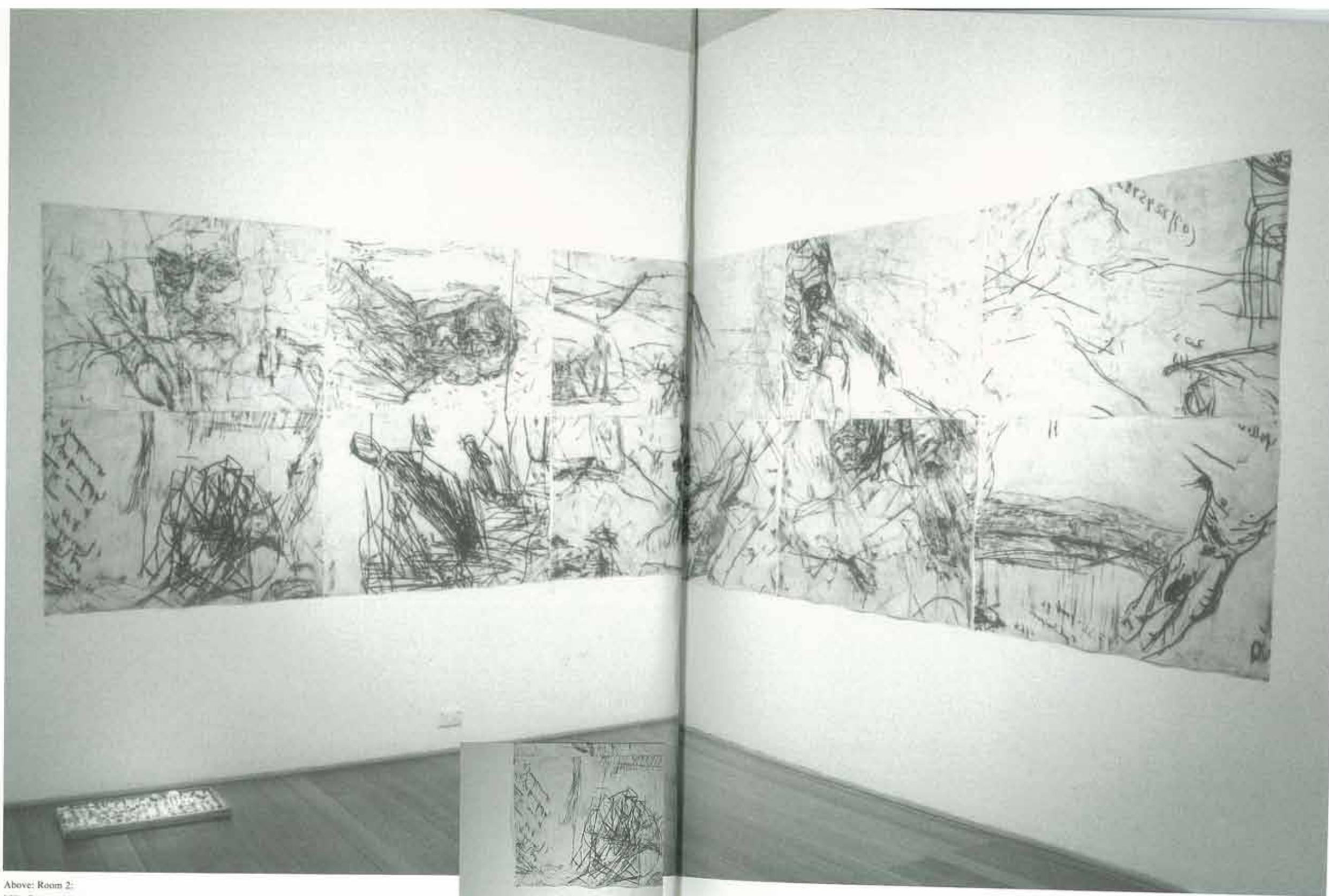


Room 2:
Marie Sierra-Hughes



Room 2:
Tim Johnson

Room 2: Left to right:
Mike Parr, Wendy Webb, Imants Tillers,
Tim Johnson, Marie Sierra-Hughes

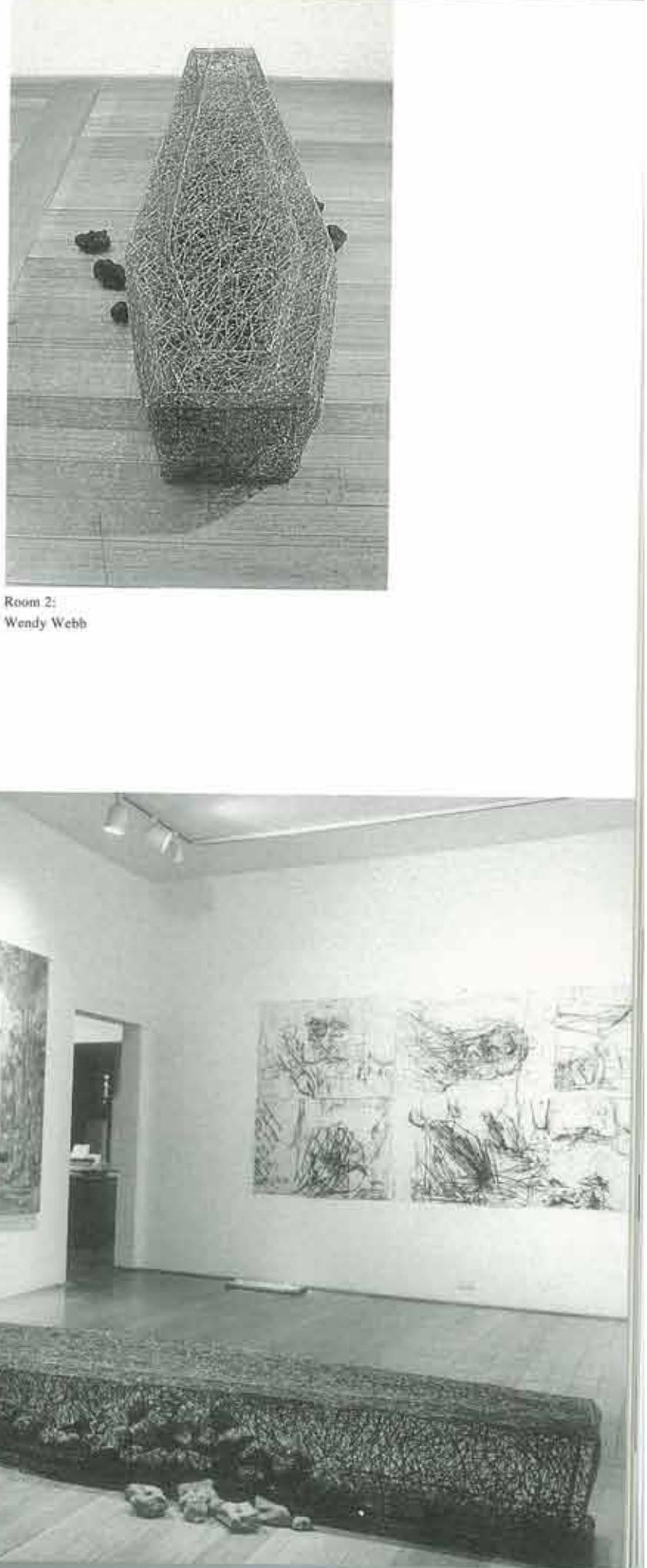


Above: Room 2:
Mike Parr (wall), Rosalie Gascoigne (floor)
Right: Rosalie Gascoigne, Mike Parr

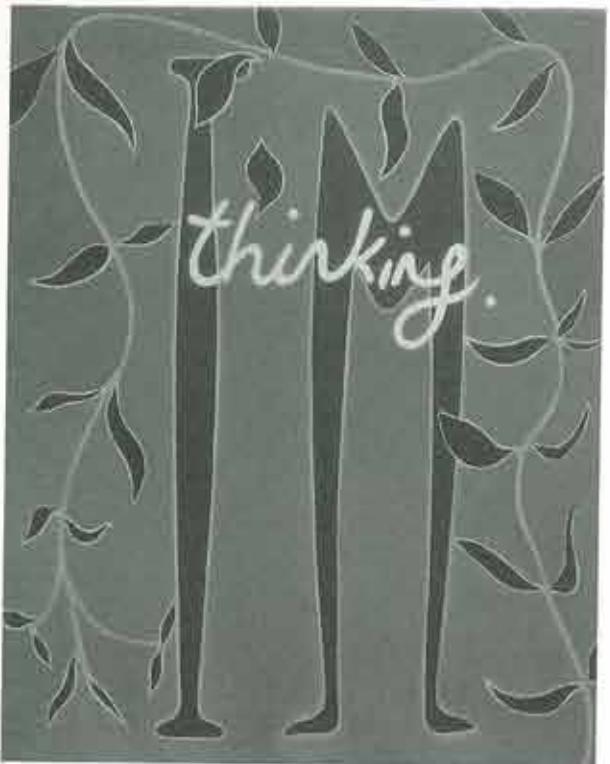


Room 2:
Geoff Lowe

Room 2: Left to right:
John Leibbridge, Geoff Lowe, Wendy Webb,
Rosalie Gascoigne, Mike Parr



Room 2:
Wendy Webb



Room 3:
John de Silentio

Room 3: Left to right:
John de Silentio (above door), Suzannah Barta,
Robert Owen, Aleks Danko, Tony Clark, Penelope Lee



THE LAST
MUSEUM
[1982]

THE LAST MUSEUM

GEORGE ALEXANDER

Gondwanaland, ancient primal continent, unity of desire and production. Where you sit your buttocks make a spiral, creeks are possum-tail prints. Latecomers, our imaginations are shadowed by others standing off in the distance: soldiers, administrators, the technicians of colonialism; expatriate etchers, photographers, linguists and anthropologists.

The whitefella tries to rationalise the magic of the land by supplying himself with an ego's point of view. The whitefella has eyes too steady and smile too unfamiliar. Charles Sturt began to glimpse in the Dead Heart non-existent seas "deep blue, in it a conical island of great height".

The unity of the Earth was replaced by the unity of the Empire. Everything was linked to Capital (flax and lime). Governor-Designate Captain Arthur Phillip RN was to take charge of the fertility of the soil and the rain from the sky. Black man writes in naked flesh signs of filiation, long mourning scars cut into bodies to show sorrow. Furrowed skin and scarified earth are one and the same.

As latecomers our awareness of what we have done is growing like a black bruise. We begin to feel pain and become conscious of our lacerations, our self-inflicted wounds. But given an imagination that includes cherubs, pastoralism, adventure and high art was it any wonder? Now some seek to heal their own damaged spiritual life by jetaway flights to Alice. But uncertainties will never be reduced, only multiplied by such visits.

Today multinationals are provoking new relationships between body and earth, radium and bones, yellowcake dust and lungs.

There is no reliable procedure. Between earth and us, there is no way, only a wavering.

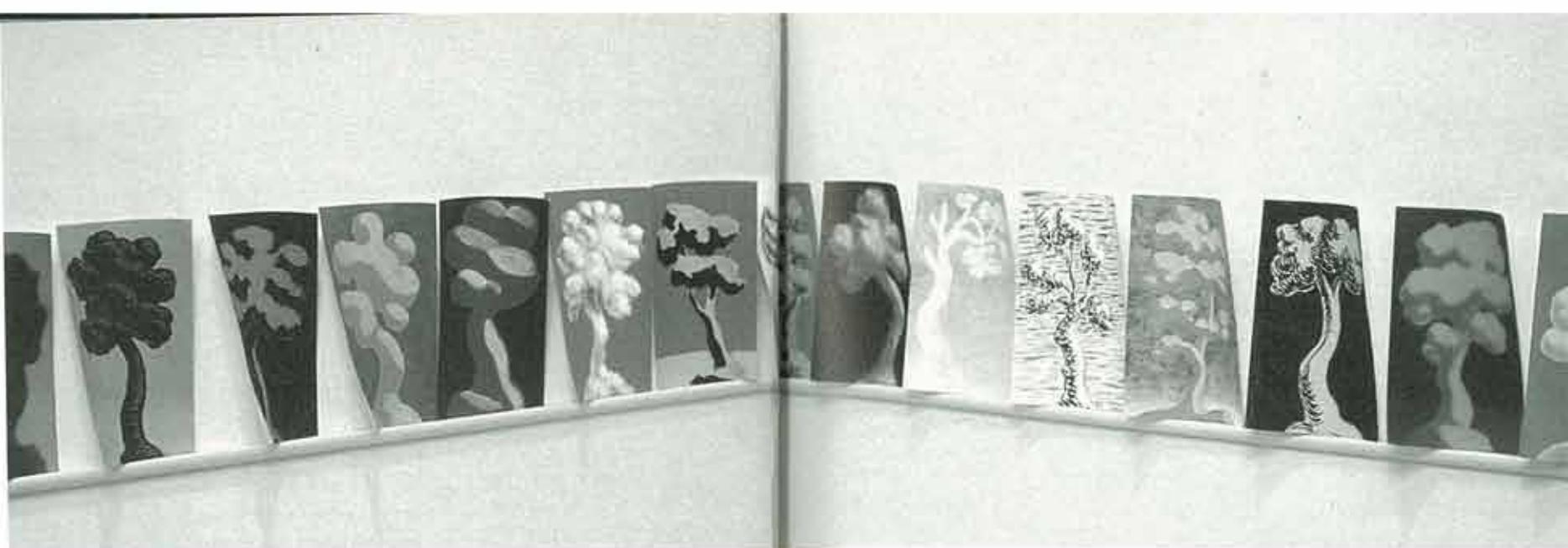
WRITING
BEFORE
WRITING
[1979]

*I am writing. That's to say, I am walking with Death.
We are walking over this plot of land, watching the share plough it.
The passage of its blade leaves traces of furrows, horizontal lines for seeds to
be thrown. What will come up? A thorn-tree for my nourishing dainty?*

*The blade is sharp and menacing. It works to essay revenge.
Are you with me?*

*Of course, she says. I'm bandaging your hand, aren't I?
She talks with the milky gratification of a dreaming animal.*

*We survey the lie.
We move around the plot as it unfolds, rotating prospects.
We hold hands and breathing on the air I ask, What can I do?*



Room 3:
Tony Clark

Say "I am", she says again. Begin with "I", she says, and continue to "am".
At "I", I trip. I fall down the aphasic hole.

ABCDEFGHI – at I, ninth step, I trip.

Say "am", says Death. It is terra firma of the verb "to be".
Fatten to it now.

The blade continues to multiply the plot's surface. To say "I" is to be
buried six feet under. To say "I" is to be forced inside to watch the
progressive remoteness of things at the bright periphery of the hole.
Like a mouth stammering.

The passage is treacherous between the two parents of speech, "am" and "I".
We have to go through some milkblue door. Halfway between black and white,
blue vibrates at 600,000,000,000 times per second. What is she doing behind
it, dancing?

The passage looks simple, like the page from a perspective book, with a
diminishing line of telegraph posts, and I go on the way that has already been
cleared, to find that there is no way.
Only a wavering. Shall I go on or not? Go on, says Death.

In a corner of the plot there is a clearing.

In the clearing I kneel over a grave.

In the grave I feel the body underneath the gravity of the earth.

It has been worn smooth by time and the liquefaction of my hopeless caresses.

This is my body. This is organless featureless death.

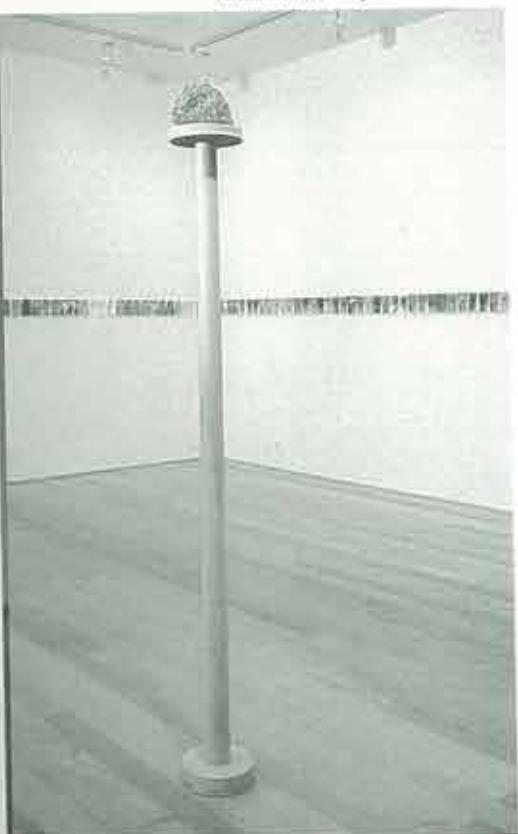
From behind the milkblue door, the wavering, long-distance voice says

"I am" for me.

I disguise her as me, as my he, and step into her open mouth.

Or does she mine? Naturally we kiss, two facing profiles.

But I cannot find her hands, and wake up alone, writing.



Room 3:
Aleks Danko, Tony Clark

CHIASMUS
119841

Chiasmus: from the Greek letter X (chi), a crossing or diagonal; a figure of speech in which the order of parallel words in phrases is inverted. A:B::B:A.
"Between you and me, between me and you."

Optic Chiasm: that intersection within the physical mind, where our two eyes compare notes, before writing home to their respective parents, the twin hemispheres of the brain.

I

Room 3:
Suzannah Barta



She would leave with the night.
The ship leaves the mouth of the river.
Between the two heads.

She leaves with the night.
Between the two heads.

With its reflected ripples carries them off.
Waving.
Waving their handkerchiefs.

Carries them off waving.
Waving their handkerchiefs.

She looks at you.
And then she doesn't look at you.
She says:
I have now come with you
I have taken you.

You have now come with me,
Across the water.
You have taken me.

ACROSS THE WATER

Which is no water.

I have now come with you to
that place
which should have fire but
has not.



Facing page:
Room 3: Robert Owen

III

She looks at you and then she doesn't
look at you.

*Stand against me then and stare well
through me then.
The last always
And the next.*

To the next depth.

The crossing lies between two points.

It is not a crossing, it is not across,
The crossing lies.

LIKE A FIGURE OF SPEECH

*Step not across, for then into my mouth,
into my eyes you fall.
My eyes my mouth my waving hands
my hovering handkerchief.*

THE SHIP FLOATS BACK TO THEM

While still receding
The moon crippled by refraction
The flicks rippling the other way.
Time tricks them.
Whizzes back an inch or two on its reel.
Makes one ask a remembered question.
Makes the other give a forgotten answer.

Reflection

*A remembered question.
A forgotten answer.*

OUR SHORT PROGRESS HAS BEEN CANCELLED

You have now crossed with me.
You have crossed the wall.

*The surface of my imagination slips like
a tape recording of things passed.
I have now crossed with you.
That is no wall.*

You are the fire

That is no fire.

INDEX CARD 1980

"All Jigalong aborigines", I read in an ethnographic book, back in 1979, "share an unquestioning belief in the reality of dream-spirits, badunjari, which are said to leave the body during dreams and travel about, flying from place to place [...] you can get taken on dream-spirit trips by native doctors (called maban) who sit you astride boards or 'vehicles' that native doctors can create by blowing on their maban stones [...] The dream-spirit is usually described as resembling an eagle-hawk, except that a man's legs become its wings, his testicles its eyes and his anus its mouth. Thus it travels back to front, they say as a protective device when it descends into the sometimes dangerous interiors of increase centres and other spirit-filled sites".



Room 3:
Penelope Lee

EARTH
1990.1

Sunup on the great trackless land asleep in the Southern seas. Girigen, the sorcerer, under a whisky sky, puts white pipe clay over the yellow ochre on his face. The birthmark there is the hardscrabble sandridge of his birthplace. The zigzag of the sandridge is the body of an ancestor lying down. The Overland Telegraph system has set up its totems across that impossible topology now.

Girigen scratches his iron-grey beard, watches green ants crawl over his feet. You take a picture of him with your camera and write notes on a card. Slowly he sinks his fighting-stick in the bone-grey dust to steady himself, and comes toward you.

"That one", he says pointing to the photograph, "is just the same as me. And so is the eagle-hawk". He looks into your eyes. Takes a maban-stone in his left hand and puffs on it, looks up high, high at a small silver insect that grows bigger and bigger.

Drowsily he looks down again.

A glass of whisky in his right hand.

It is sundown as he drowses 15,000 feet up over another sky. Unbuttoning his reversible yellow waistcoat, he puffs on his white clay pipe that has gone out. Steadying himself on his walking-stick, the anthropologist turns towards you at the end of the corridor.

Naked you smile. Girigen, as you watch him mistake the exit-door at the back of the plane for the steward's cabin at the front, and watch him drop, whistling a complaint about a strange insect in his drink.

Sunup, sundown, you feel here at Jigalong, turned inside out like a snakeskin. Kick aside shelves of books in the bone-grey dust, our ancestors lie in their teeth. The picture the black man takes of you, makes your mouth an anus, your legs wings, your eyes testicles. With their fighting-sticks they descend towards you in the sometimes dangerous interior, as your words stretch hopelessly like the Overland Telegraph across the trackless index-card from the land asleep in the Southern seas.

Andrew Japaljarti,
Satellite Dreaming.
Reproduced from: Eric Michaelis,
For a Coloured Future, Art & Criticism,
Monograph Series, Vol. 3.



ground antennae like peppermint sticks like *waninga*. Spectres are released in explosions of archaic reminiscence.

*I bin go I bin go I bin go - orright! Ah!
I bin sneaka I bin sneaka I bin sneaka
I bin get spear
slow close up slowpella I bin sneaka - MISSED 'IM!
Him bin raceaway.
Orright! I bin move again I bin tracka I bin go
I bin follerim I bin follerim I bin follerim I bin follerim
I bin follerim I bin follerim I bin follerim I bin follerim
I bin sneaka
CAPPED 'IM, by Chrise, proper good one, no more gammon.*

The TV remote on scan, images flip by, defined by their flight, their trans-appearance. Makes experience one big retinal ride, a TV rush, all overload and implosion.

400 people in red bathing caps and suits swim out and reach a desert. Like a kiss-shaped army of red ants. On a city street people in blue compose a huge face. Eyes, lips and nose meet in a Picasso-esque jumble. A black man hugs a blonde cheerleader, a matron kisses a Chinese toddler.

Earth Art courtesy of Saatchi & Saatchi. \$2 million production. Reaches 600 million people in 38 countries.

The 2000-person large face smiles, winks and at last becomes a globe. This British Airways ad was the decade-opener. In the Nineties the environment is a marketing tool. Everyone's favourite planet in its classic outer-space pose. "We Are the World" or "Hands Across Your Wallet".

I bin follerim.

END NOTES

This suite of texts has been rewritten for ACCA's exhibition INLAND. The title, *The Last Museum*, is drawn from Brion Gysin's last novel, "a guidebook for the period between Death and Rebirth" (William Burroughs)

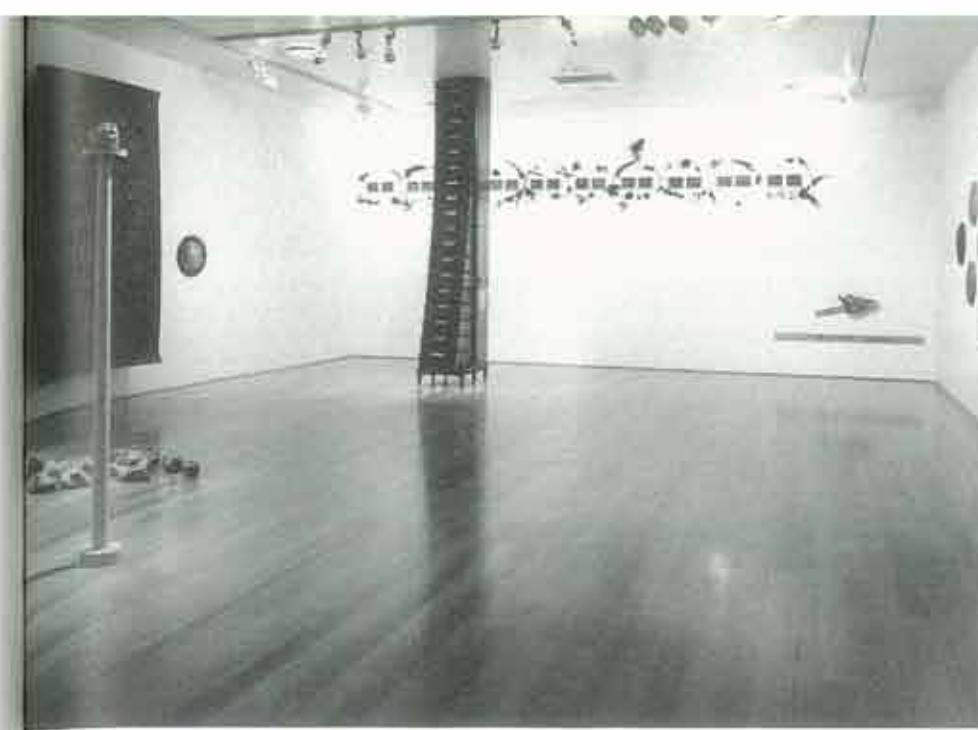
My first text has been reworked from a 1982 text for Judo Gemes' exhibition of photographs, *We Wait No More*, Hogarth Gallery and APMIRA.

Writing Before Writing was first published in *Merri Creek*, Melbourne, by Kris Hemensley, as was *Index-Card*, in 1980.

Chiasmus was a two-track tape loop that was part of an installation with Julie Brown, at Tasmanian School of Art Gallery, 1984.



Room 3: Left to right:
Neil Emmerson, Graeme Hare,
Jennifer Turpin, Stieg Persson



Room 3: Left to right:
Aleks Danko, Penelope Lee,
Neil Emmerson, Graeme Hare,
Jennifer Turpin, Stieg Persson,
Robert MacPherson, Terri Bird.



Room 3:
Graham Hare



Room 3:
Neil Emmerson



Room 3:
Terri Bird

LIST OF WORKS

ROOM 1

Joan D. Grounds
1. *Say a Prayer for a Cowgirl*
1990, glass, wood and water,
61 x 46 x 5 cm
Lent by the artist

John Nixon
2. *Potato*
1989, bronze

3. *Self-portrait (Non-objective composition) (Night)*
1986, eggshell and enamel on masonite,
167.5 x 122 cm

4. *Self-portrait (Non-objective composition) (Night)*
1989, eggshell and enamel on masonite,
89 x 62.5 cm
Courtesy City Gallery, Melbourne

John de Silentio
5. *Life Sentence*
1989, playpen, oil on canvas
63 x 90 x 124 cm
Courtesy Yuill/Crowley, Sydney

ROOM 2

Rosalie Gascoigne
6. *Interior Decoration*
1975, bones on wood
35 x 56 cm
Lent by the artist

Tim Johnson
7. *Inland Sea*
1986, mixed media on canvas
38 x 35.5 cm
Private collection

John Lethbridge
8. *An Error on the Path of Perfectionability (detail)*
1986, black and white photograph
35 x 35 cm (59 x 59 cm framed)
Courtesy Yuill/Crowley, Sydney

Geoff Lowe

9. *There Is a Hole in the Ozone Layer*
1988, acrylic on linen
174 x 127 cm
Courtesy Roslyn Oxley9 Gallery, Sydney

Mike Parr

10. *Great Distances Between Small Towns*
1990, drypoint on 350 gsm
Hahnemuhle paper,
set of 12, each 78 x 108 cm
(installation 156 x 648 cm)
Co-published by the artist and
Viridian Press, Melbourne
Lent by the artist

Marie Sierra-Hughes

11. *Chinook (Big Wind)*
1989, wire, paper and cotton hank
25.5 x 25.5 x 35.5 cm
Lent by the artist

Imants Tillers

12. *Untitled (Deaf)*
1989, synthetic polymer paint,
gouache and oilstick on 48 canvas
boards, Nos. 20074 - 20121
213.4 x 165.1 cm
Courtesy Sussan Corporation
Collection, Melbourne

Wendy Webb

13. *Chamber of Dreams*
1990, twigs, limestone fossils
and pigment,
43 x 213 x 63.5 cm
Lent by the artist

ROOM 3 LOTI SMORGON GALLERY

Suzannah Barta

14. *The Crimes of Men and The Gods*
1989, silver and copper electro
plate over wax, blood, marble and
painted wood,
91 x 310 x 32 cm
Lent by the artist

Terri Bird

15. *Devices for the Interpretation of Nature*
1987/90, 16 various materials
40 cm each (installation 271 x 510 cm)
Lent by the artist

Joan Brassil

16. *Living Space Probe*
1990, steel, potatoes and soil
45 cm diameter
Lent by the artist

Paul Carter

Towards a Sound Photography
Text and environmental sound recording
50 minute cassette tape (Room 3)
Lent by the artist

Tony Clark

17. *Landscape*
1990, mixed media on postcard
blanks and wood, 16 x 493 cm
Courtesy City Gallery, Melbourne

Aleks Danko

18. *Incidental - Help I'm a Rock*
1990, stone, galvanised iron and
enamel, 203 x 22 cm diameter
Courtesy Deutscher Brunswick Street

Neil Emmerson

19. *That Sinking Feeling*
1989, lithography, watercolour,
pigment and ink on paper
278 x 200 cm
Lent by the artist

Graeme Hare

20. *Untitled, from the Background Series*
1986, C type colour photograph
48 x 63 cm
Private Collection

Penelope Lee

21. *Hard Core*
1990, stone and zippers
(installation 125 x 134 x 25 cm)
Lent by the artist

Robert MacPherson

22. *Litoria Phyllochroa*
(from 20 *Frog Poems*)
1983/88, mett-stik on wood and
chainsaw,
63 x 71 x 25 cms
Courtesy Yuill/Crowley, Sydney

Robert Owen

23. *Inland*
1981/90, acrylic on canvas, glass
and photographs
305 x 213 x 120 cm approx
Courtesy City Gallery, Melbourne

Stieg Persson

24. *After Colour - The Garden*
1984, pencils on paper and
enamelled plastic flowers
20 units, 22 x 17 cm each
Lent by the artist

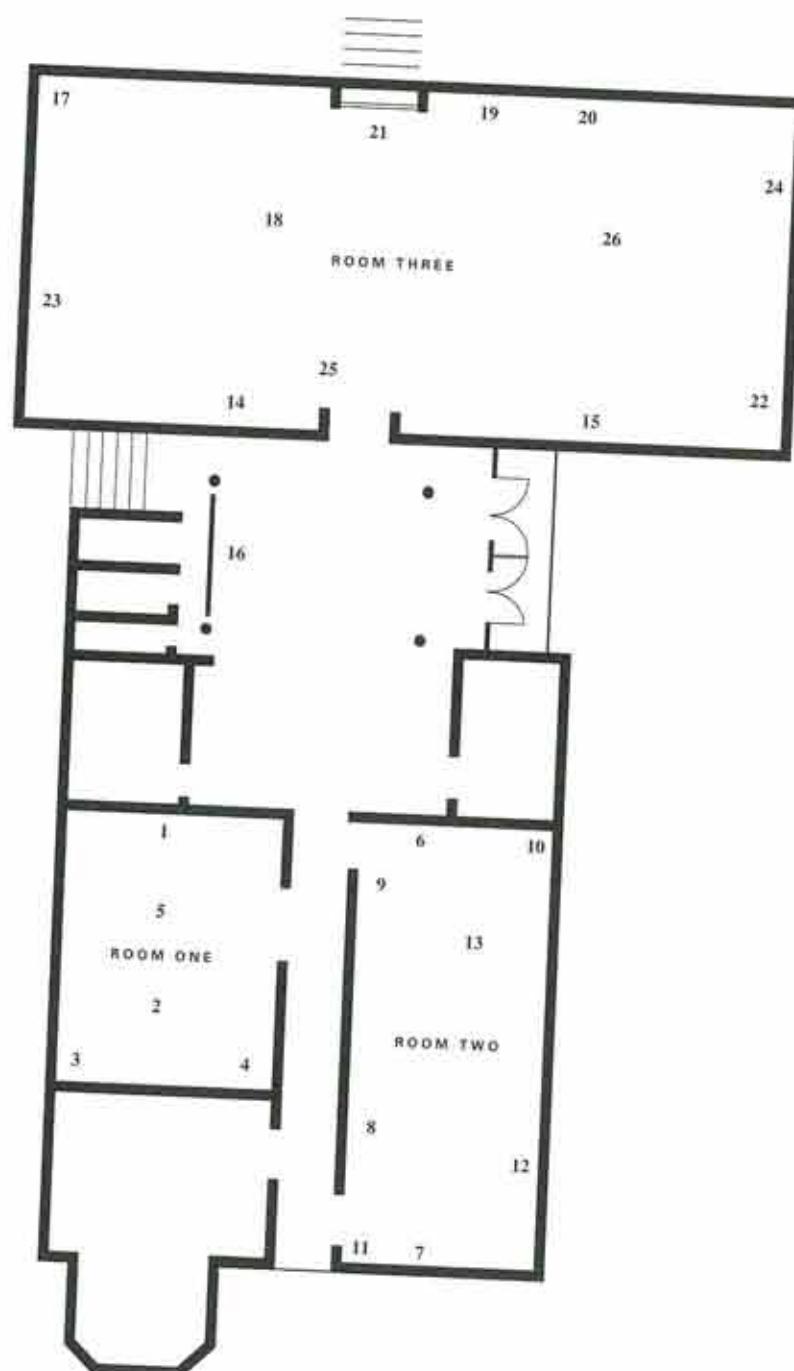
John de Silentio

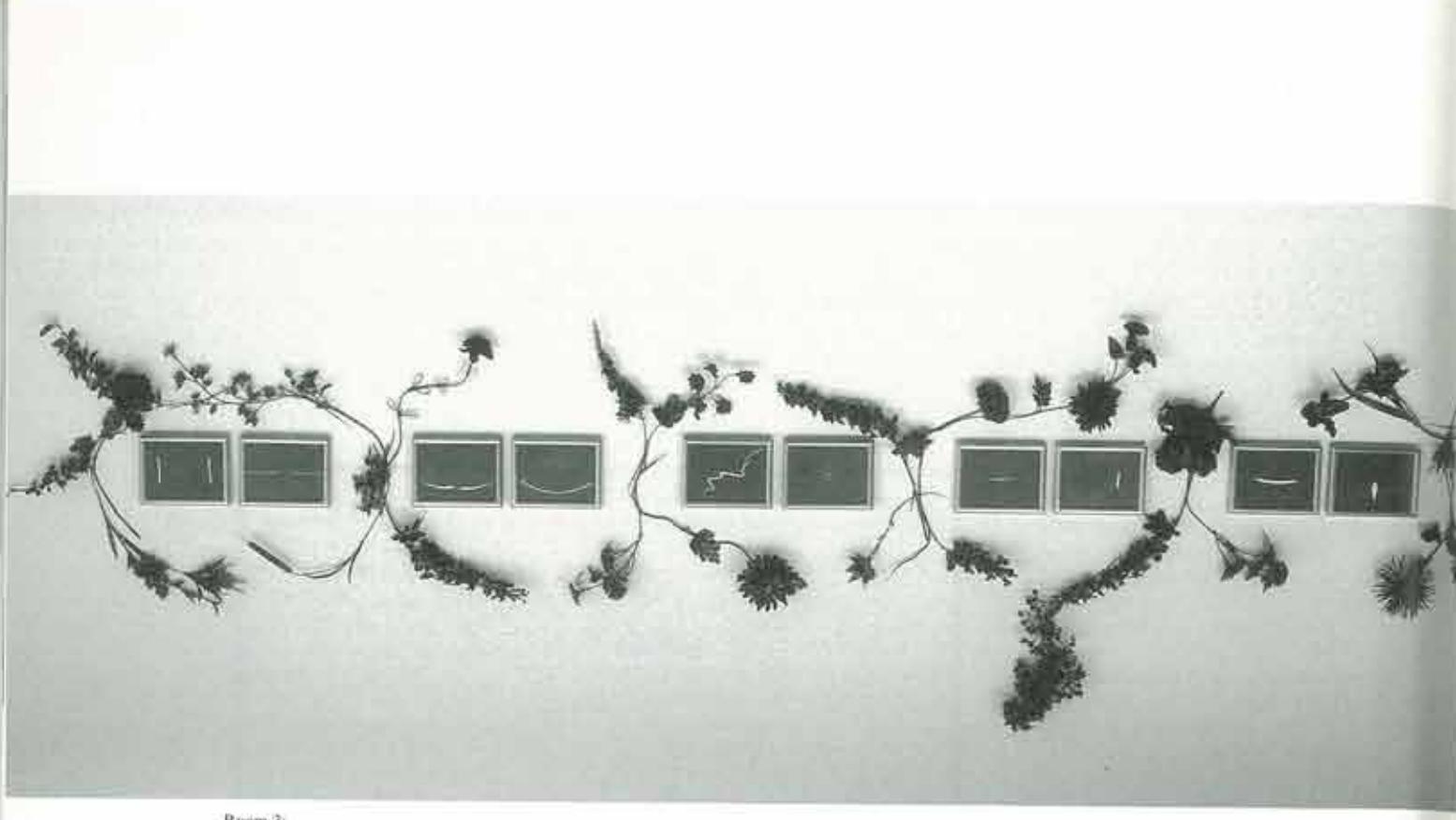
25. *I'm Thinking*
1989, oil and enamel on canvas
46 x 30.5 cm
Lent by the artist

Jennifer Turpin

26. *Drawers of Water*
1990, wood, metal and water
361 x 58 x 118 cm

Right: Gallery floorplan showing locations of the works





Room 3:
Stieg Persson

Room 3:
Robert MacPherson



LITORIA PHYLLOCHROA

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

George Alexander

Is a writer and critic whose work appears regularly in Australian art journals. His work has also been published in New York, Berlin and Brussels. In the late seventies he was a contributing editor of Feral Press with Paul Foss, Meaghan Morris and Liz Gross. In the early eighties he was on the editorial board of *Seniortext(e)*, New York. His last book, *Sparagmos*, (E.A.F.) was shortlisted for the Victorian Premier's Literary Awards.

Suzannah Barta

Born in the United Kingdom, 1968. Lives in Melbourne. Exhibitions include *Some Lure*, Sculpture Graduates, Victorian College of the Arts (Melbourne 1988); *Vasari Revisited, A Kunstkammer in Melbourne*, 200 Gertrude Street (Melbourne 1988/89); *Suzy Barta, Sandra Bridle, Gail Hastings*, Store 5 (Melbourne 1989).

Terri Bird

Born in Perth, 1957. Lives in Melbourne. Exhibitions include *12 Artists*, Melbourne University Gallery (1988); *Configurations*, George Paton Gallery (Melbourne 1989); Artspace (Sydney 1990).

Joan Brassil

Born in Sydney, 1919. Lives in Sydney. Exhibitions include Zona Gallery, Florence (Italy 1983); Adelaide Festival of the Arts (1984); *Scanlight*, Australian Centre for Photography (Sydney 1985); Sound Factory (Tokyo 1986); *Origins, Originality and Beyond*, 6th Biennale of Sydney, Art Gallery of NSW (Sydney 1986); *The Australian Video Festival*, Power House Museum (Sydney 1988); *Ars Electronica*, (Linz, Austria 1989); *Joan Brassil Retrospective, The Resonant Image*, Australian Centre for Contemporary Art (Melbourne 1990).

Paul Carter

Paul Carter is the author of *The Road To Botany Bay* (Faber, 1987). His installation scripts include *Memory and Desire* (1985); *What Is Your Name* (1986); *Scarlatti* (1987); *Mirror States* (1988); *On The Stilt Air* (1990). The full text of *Towards a Sound Photography* is printed in *Scripti* Volume 6 No. 2, 1990.

Tony Clark

Born in Canberra, 1954. Lives in Melbourne.

Aleks Danko

Born in Adelaide, 1950. Lives in Daylesford, Victoria. Q. 'What are you doing boy?' A. 'Help, I'm a rock.'

Neil Emmerson

Born in Melbourne, 1956. Lives in Melbourne. Neil Emmerson was guest editor of *Imprint*, Volume 25, No. 3 (1990). Exhibitions include Newcastle Regional Art Gallery (1987); *Neil Emmerson*, Roslyn Oxley9 Gallery (Sydney 1989); *De Engelenval*, 200 Gertrude Street (Melbourne 1989); *Cul de Sac*, with Brenda Ludeman and Kate Lohse, George Paton Gallery (Melbourne 1990); Chameleon Contemporary Art Space and St David's Cathedral (Hobart 1990).

Joan D. Grounds

Born in Atlanta, Georgia, 1939. Has lived in Sydney since 1968. Exhibitions include *Quiver*, Australian Perspecta, Art Gallery of NSW (Sydney 1989); *Watermark*, Silpaliorn University (Bangkok 1990); *Portraits, Phantoms, Fountains and Covers*, Artspace (Sydney 1990); *Bridge*, 200 Gertrude Street (Melbourne 1990).

Rosalie Gascoigne

Born in Auckland, New Zealand, 1917. Lives in Canberra. Exhibitions include *Visual Arts '82*, 40th Venice Biennale, Australian Pavilion (Venice 1982); *Continuum '83*, Gallery Yamaguchi (Tokyo 1983); *A New Romance*, Australian National Gallery, Drill Hall (Canberra 1987); *From the Southern Cross*, 7th Biennale of Sydney, Art Gallery of NSW (Sydney 1988); National Gallery of Victoria (Melbourne 1988); *What Is Contemporary Art?*, Rooseum (Malmo, Sweden 1989); *Adelaide Biennale of Australian Art*, Art Gallery of South Australia (Adelaide 1990).

Graeme Hare

Lives in Melbourne. Exhibitions include *Elsewhere*, Australian Centre for Photography (Sydney 1986); *Fotoforum*, (Bremen, West Germany 1988); *Twenty Contemporary Australian Photographers*, National Gallery of Victoria (Melbourne 1988) and Australian tour; *The ACCA Wallpapers: Graeme Hare: Photographs 1985-90*, Australian Centre for Contemporary Art (Melbourne 1990).

Tim Johnson

Born in Sydney, 1947. Lives in Sydney. Exhibitions include *The Life of Energies*, Artspace (Sydney 1983); *The Politics of Picturing*, Tasmanian School of Art Gallery (Hobart 1984), Institute of Modern Art (Brisbane 1985); *Two Worlds Collide*, Artspace (Sydney 1985); *Contemporary Australian Art to China 1988-89* (Beijing, China tour 1988); *Paraculture*, Artists Space (New York 1990); *Art Frankfurt*, Kunstmesse (Frankfurt, Germany 1990); *Architecture of Light*, Mori Gallery (Sydney 1990).



Left: Room 3:
Joan Brassil

Funfien, Daadgalerie (Berlin 1985); *The Readymade Boomerang*, 8th Biennale of Sydney, Bond Store 3/4 (Sydney 1990).

Robert MacPherson

Born in Brisbane, 1937. Lives in Brisbane. Exhibitions include *Recession Art and Other Strategies*, Institute of Modern Art (Brisbane 1985); *Artists' Books*, Power Gallery of Contemporary Art (Sydney 1987); *Australian Drawing 1983-88*, Australian National Gallery (Canberra 1988); *17 Frog Poems (for G.N. & A.W. Who by Example Taught the Kinder Way)* 1987-1989, Yuill/Crowley (Sydney 1989); *The Readymade Boomerang*, 8th Biennale of Sydney, Art Gallery of NSW (Sydney 1990).

Penelope Lee

Born in Melbourne, 1961. Lives in Melbourne. Exhibitions include *Yellow Exhibition*, Roar Gallery (Melbourne 1988); York Street Gallery (1989); *On-Sight*, Faculty Gallery RMIT (Melbourne 1990).

Geoff Lowe

Born in Melbourne, 1952. Lives in Melbourne. Exhibitions include *Australian Perspecta*, Art Gallery of NSW (Sydney 1985); *Ten Famous Feelings for Men and Tower Hill Drawings*, Institute of Modern Art (Brisbane 1986); *How Much Beauty Can I Stand?*, Australian Centre for Contemporary Art (Melbourne 1986); *Stories of Australian Art*, Commonwealth Institute (London 1988); *Out of Asia*, Heide Park and Art Gallery (Melbourne 1990); *Defective Models*, Australian Portraiture 19th and 20th Centuries, Monash University Gallery (Melbourne 1990).

John Lethbridge

Born in Wellington, New Zealand, 1948. Lives in Sydney. Exhibitions include *EXPO '70* (Tokyo 1970); *Eureka! Artists from Australia*, Institute of Contemporary Art (London), *XII Biennale of Paris*, Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris (1982); *Hunt the Moon*, Queensland Art Gallery (Brisbane 1985); *An Error on the Path of Perfectibility*, Kunstlerhaus Bethanien, *5/5, Funf vom*

d'art Moderne de la Ville de Paris (1983); *Biennale des Friedens*, Kunsthause Hamburg (1985); *Trace of a Silent Bell*, Palais du Rhin, (Strasbourg, France 1988), and City Gallery (Melbourne 1989); *Out of Asia*, Heide Park and Art Gallery (Melbourne 1990).

Mike Parr

Born in Sydney, 1945. Lives in Sydney. *39th Venice Biennale*, Giardini (Venice, 1980); *An International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture*, The Museum of Modern Art (New York, 1984); *5/5, Fun vom Funfien*, Daadgalerie (Berlin 1985); *Jahres Gaben*, International Drawing, Frankfurter Kunstverein (Frankfurt, 1986); *ROSC' 88*, Museum of Modern Art (Dublin, 1988); *Prints and Australia, Pre-settlement to Present*, Australian National Gallery (Canberra 1989); *Edge '90*, Biennale of New Art, (Newcastle-on-Tyne, Glasgow, London, Rotterdam, 1990); *Drawings from the Self Portrait Project*, 1983-1990, City Gallery (Melbourne 1990).

John Nixon

Born in Sydney, 1949. Lives in Melbourne and Sydney. Exhibitions include *Documenta 7* (Kassel, West Germany 1982); *Australian Visions*, Exxon International, Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum (New York 1984); *The Australian Exhibition*, Frankfurter Kunstverein (Frankfurt), Wurtembergische Kunstverein Stuttgart (Stuttgart 1988); *John Nixon*, Villa Arson (Nice, France 1988); *Sets and Series*, National Gallery of Victoria (Melbourne 1989); *The Readymade Boomerang*, 8th Biennale of Sydney, Bond Store 3/4 (Sydney 1990); *Construction in Progress*, International Exhibition (Lodz, Poland 1990).

Robert Owen

Born in Sydney, 1937. Lives in Melbourne. He curated *Art and Sound*, NSW Conservatorium of Music, 4th Biennale of Sydney (1982); *Dis-Location*, RMIT Gallery (Melbourne 1990). Exhibitions include *From Nature to Art/From Art to Nature*, 38 Venice Biennale (1978); *D'un autre continent: L'Australie le révèle réel*, ARC/Musée

Marie Sierra-Hughes

Born in Chicago, 1961. Has lived in Australia since 1984, currently in Melbourne. Exhibitions include *Obra: A Volume of Work*, University of Tasmania Fine Arts Gallery (Hobart 1985); *Common Ground*, Irving Sculpture Gallery (Sydney 1988); *Sink or Swim*, Galerie Cannibal Pierce (Paris 1989); *Seer and Seen*, Womens Trust (Melbourne 1990); *Dis-location*, RMIT Gallery (Melbourne 1990).

John de Silentio

Born in The Hague, Holland, 1954. Currently lives in Adelaide. Exhibitions include *Six Independents*, Linden Gallery (Melbourne 1986); *IMMURED IN PACE*, 200 Gertrude Street (Melbourne 1988); *The Look of Love*, Ewing and George Paton Galleries (Melbourne, 1988); *Bear Witness*, Yuill/Crowley (Sydney 1989); *Untitled*, Contemporary Art Centre (Adelaide 1990).

Imants Tillers

Born in Sydney, 1950. Lives in Sydney. Imants Tillers worked with Christo on *Wrapped Coast*, Little Bay (Sydney 1969) and co-designed the *Dome of the Federation Pavilion* (Centennial Park, Sydney 1988). Exhibitions include *Documenta 7* (Kassel, Germany 1982); *An Australian Accent*, PS1 (New York 1984); *42nd Venice Biennale*, Australian Pavilion, Corderie at the Arsenale (Venice 1986); *Edge to Edge: Australian Contemporary Art to Japan*, Museum of Art (Osaka, 1988) and Japanese tour; *After McCahon*, Auckland City Art Gallery (1989); *Poem of Ecstasy*, Deutscher Brunswick Street (Melbourne 1990).

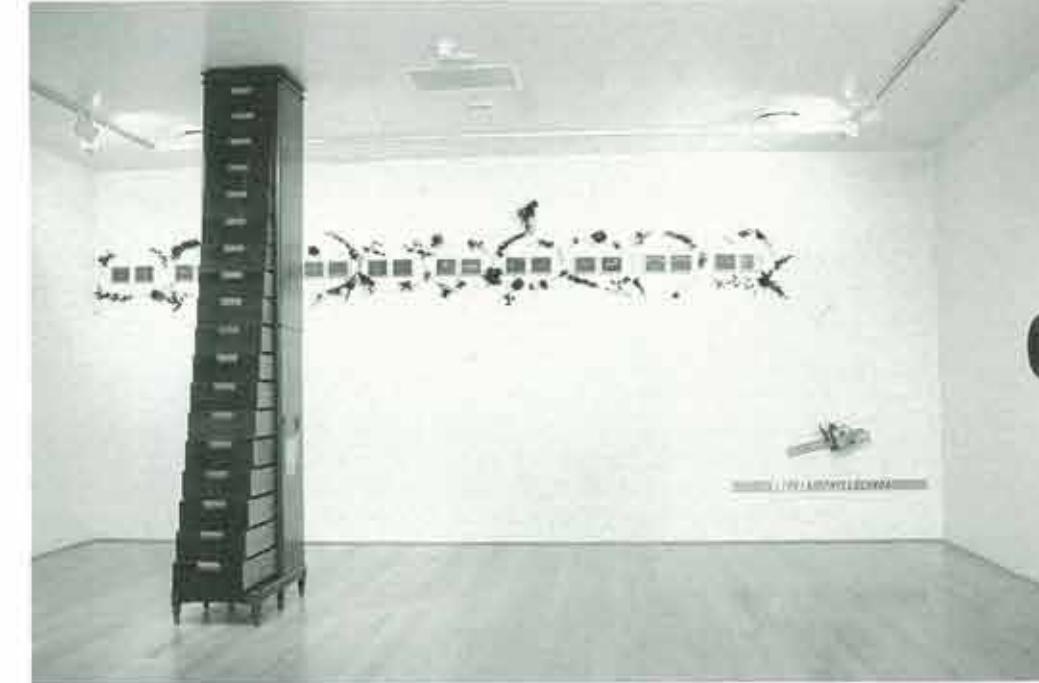
Jennifer Turpin

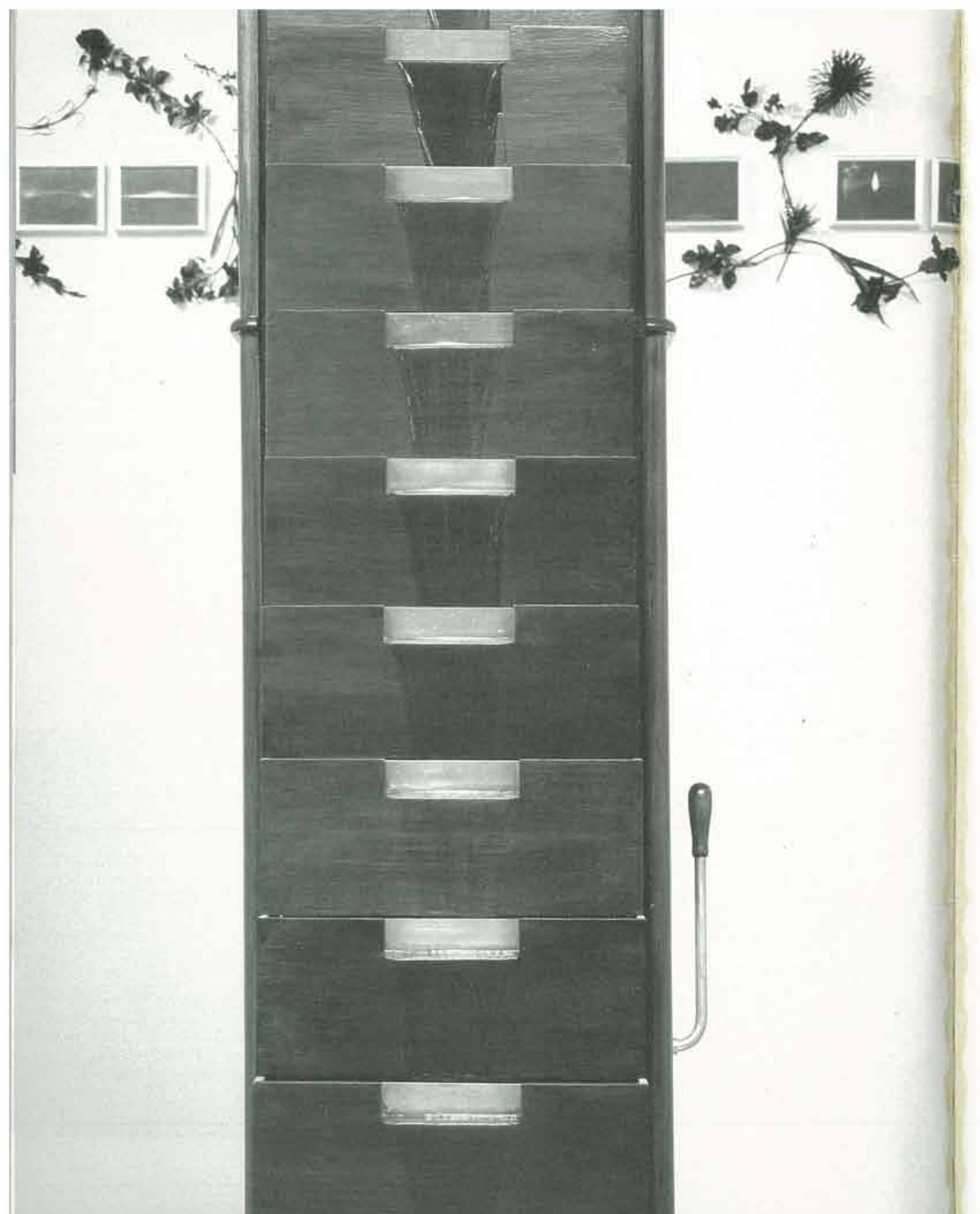
Born in Perth, Western Australia, 1958. Lives in Sydney. Jennifer Turpin was a puppet-maker for the film *Labyrinth*, and researcher for Geoffrey Dutton's *The Innovators* (London 1985). Exhibitions and performances include *A Split Second in Paradise*, with Station House Opera (London 1985); *98 Degrees on the Water*, installation Pier 2.3 (Sydney 1988); *Golden Staircase (Steel Ladders)*, The Performance Space (Sydney 1990).

Wendy Webb

Born in Ballarat, 1940. Lives in Melbourne. Exhibitions include *Sculptural Positions*, Studio 30A (Ballarat 1987); *The Underpass Show*, Flinders Street Station, and *Sculpture*, Linden Gallery (Melbourne 1990).

Room 3: Left to right:
Jennifer Turpin; Stieg Persson,
Robert MacPherson, Terri Bird





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