

An abstract artwork featuring a vibrant orange background. Overlaid on this background are several large, irregular, yellowish-gold shapes. Each shape is outlined with a thick, dark brown or black line. The shapes vary in size and orientation, some resembling elongated ovals, others more angular or triangular. The overall composition is dynamic and non-representational.

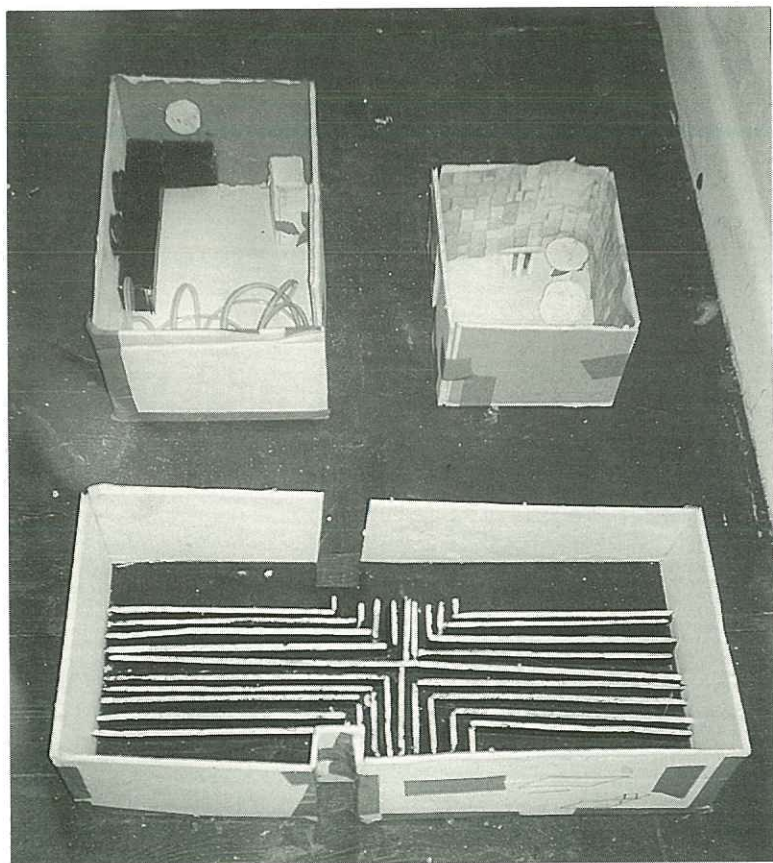
**kathy temin  
three indoor  
monuments**





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monuments**

**Australian Centre for Contemporary Art  
Melbourne  
1995**



Models for Three Indoor Monuments



## Found in the Light

### White

No darkness here. All is white, clean, pristine, the sparkling banner of modernity written over the surface of the work. Replacing traditional tonalities, dispelling darker ambiguities, white — which signals positivity but is after all only the negation of another force — is the colour *par excellence* of this waning twentieth century. Previously the absence of colour, white now enjoys a long lineage of positive affirmation. No longer merely a blank page, a *tabula rasa*, white now has value in itself. The key ideas of Modernism are summed up in white: clarity of conception, the Platonic ideal of pure beauty, hygiene (with all its horrors), and the banishment of the past.

Soft, furry, safe. Above all, safe. Reassuring, cosily embracing, soothing away the sharp little hurts of the day. Stroking. As children seek solace in cuddling toys, so we welcome this gentle ambiguity, all this fake fur.

No: I don't think so. This seems to me a fresh challenge, a floating uncertainty that is the obvious obverse of being lost in the dark. In the full light of day, in lightness and in brightness and in the presence of the text, we are patently being refused easy access to understanding. Thus we are enjoined to search for what will not prove blindingly obvious, for lost meanings that sit above the surface of the fabric.

Lying contrariwise against this amorphous texture reflecting all the light is another mode of structuring: the precise geometry of the grid. This is the grid of reason, of Modernist confidence, the grid of commemorative plaques in tradi-

tional European cemeteries, for that matter. Grids are both containers and regulators of knowledge, incipient information banks mapping the territories of previous confusion. Here some parts of the grid will register texts, clues to the parts of this conceptual framework currently inhabited. But a fluffy grid? A positivist's nightmare. This contradiction in terms is a mischievous sleight-of-hand, a bare-faced strategy to play both ends against the middle. Hard and soft; certain and imprecise; white and yet formed into a reiterated structure visible to the naked eye. In deliberately holding open these impossible antinomies, Kathy Temin signals her refusal to settle for a final resolution.

## Place

This is compulsive. It may not be resisted nor refuted. It is not enough to look on from outside, as a spectator. You must go in. You must go through it. Oh, you may refuse to enter, but that is the only way to evade the strange brightness of the white, the claustrophobic fluff in the nostrils, the obligation to sit on the stools to find out their meaning. You are in a place of ritual. There is no option other than to take part. To resist, to refuse the transformative power of ritual, is to put oneself beyond the reach of society, indeed of civilisation. To be not-human.

In all the religions of the world, rituals governing every season of life are prescribed. But rules are the least important part of ritual, merely the signal to commence. In **Natural Symbols** the anthropologist Mary Douglas argued that "Ritual is pre-eminently a form of communication" \* What interested her then was applying speech codes to social behaviour, seeing ritual as a form of code. What interests me now is that these codes are written in the body and read on it. For ritual may be understood only through action, through participation. Not so much planned as rehearsed, rituals are often walked through exactly as an actor

will pace out a script, asking if this is the correct place to stand or that the right line to utter. Because it is essential to 'get it right', to perform the correct actions in the approved sequence, if the power of the ritual is to be effected. This is so even if the ritual's full significance is not completely grasped. For ritual is the embodiment of experience, a codification of social necessity which despite its precise requirements is understood only after the event.

Thus performing the ritual is only the prerequisite for understanding. All its complex paraphernalia — actions, speech, the required movements and necessary accessories — obliges participants to record this sequence with their bodies. To perform a ritual is to become it. That is its real power. Ritual is a form of somatic learning. The body learns by heart. The voice speaks. Its timbre takes up the text. The actor moves about, often clumsily, occasionally with the grace of complete acquiescence in her part. The body takes on the shape of the prescribed gesture. It is impossible to forget what one's mouth has spoken, one's ears have heard, one's hands have done, when all the senses are heightened. The body is now that body which has done these things. The performer is now that person who has walked through those movements. That is who we are. The ritual has remade its actors in its own image. It is now part of very fabric of the body, written in the nerves, muscles and flesh, ineradicable, the embodiment of that exchange, that history. Ever after, that moment — birth, initiation, marriage, departure, celebration, death — is stamped as an indelible mark. A lifetime of observance will make you what you are, the sum of your own complicities, whether freely chosen or the dubious gifts of historical contingency. That is what you have become.

But why is it so crucial to the efficacy of the ritual that the body itself be stamped



by ceremony — if not by actual scarring or tattoos, then certainly by a sensory barrage of sound, scent, action, colour, by significant sensual complexity? Because the subject of ritual is always the body itself and the purpose the social effort to control its bewildering vicissitudes. By requiring the body to perform certain actions, the frightful unpredictability of its processes may be pacified, cajoled not to be savage, persuaded into compliance with the civilizing desire. In the performance of ritual we claim to control knowledge of the full horrors of the body and the irrefutable fact of its relentless decay. With appropriate ceremony the horrid chaos of the natural is re-ordered, transformed into a narrative sufficiently dignified to be acceptable. If only for the short season of a lifetime.

### **Sorrow**

How else to take hold of the twin terrors of existence and mortality? Of all social rituals, mourning ceremonies have been the most neglected in modern societies. Yet they survive with great tenacity. What collective wisdom! Grief is hideous because it is unpredictable. Its forms mutate like monsters. Loss is a thief in the night, taking under cover of darkness. It is impossible to see what is happening, one cannot judge, cannot understand. Whatever the expected impact of death or loss, be sure that will not be your lot. Some other affliction will be visited upon you.

Thus no rehearsal is ever adequate for mourning and its pain is a guest for whom one is never quite ready. Accordingly, it is all the more important that very precise courtesies should be enacted. The forms will take over “what must be done”. In the Jewish ritual of minyon the mourners must sit shiva on these low stools for seven days to exorcise their grief, wailing, renting their clothes, saying prayers every evening, receiving into the house those who come to join in the

ceremony of their loss. Only the chief mourners sit; everyone else must stand. Make no mistake: this room is for grief and mourning. Around are the indications of commemoration, plaques testifying if not to names and dates then to other reasons for prompting memory.

I am not Jewish, though some of my ancestors were. I was brought up in another powerful ritual code, one I refuse to this day lest it lay its spell on me again. Will I ever be free of it? I imagine not. This is who I am. We are all the sum of our experiences and struggle both to acknowledge and be free of them. By dreaming, by writing, through the work of the art. This is a rite of remembrance. But it is a rite that remembers in order to be able to forget. It is a rite that will eventually put away sorrow, while remembering that it was necessary. It is a monument to remembering.

### **Company**

One last thing: this room is not empty. It is full of the past and the future. Empty seats always suggest absent friends, presences who have been or who might be yet. Here they all are, then. A company which includes all of us.

Julie Ewington

Sydney

July, 1995



[NAMES OR THINGS SET ASIDE]

I

"The problem is..." she says, "I remember that place only too well, but I have since had to piece together my memories, such as they are.

"I thought I had forgotten everything, but I had taken notes. I carry some with me still. In time I chose not to remember, but at the time I could not help myself. I took notes but hardly recognise my own writing."

(Scant memory of those times or that place, save the evidence carried upon her person as residue or witness.)

An interim period, or silence.

"Yes," she says, "I am beginning to remember. To some extent.

II

... Because she would not have been able to prescribe the place without having been in attendance at some time or other.

(Gazing from a distance those things she has set aside appear clearer, but only because she cannot forget her lost place.)

She wishes to speak of separation, for she has always had to move away. From where she once was and from herself.

The problem is... Separation comes harder these days. There is a history with which to contend. There are histories with which...

She stands in ritual observation, if not observance. There is always something before her eyes, for contemplation. And if the thing itself cannot show itself, it at least signs for its whereabouts.

These days, when the definition of separation and thereby place is more than necessary, the discrepancy between what she remembers and that blurred mass that remains with her is the sole separation available to her. She stands before an object or its signed absence and repeats it. Repeatedly.

She comes to know the thing as she reconstitutes it from the vagueness of memory. From such a distance.

She will come to know the thing. She will come to have a memory of the thing.

### III

Sometimes, out of exhaustion or saturation, she will no longer be able to stand or move along, and she will have to settle down wherever she finds herself.



It is her way to make a home for herself and her things, for all those gone before her, say 'Fathers', wherever she comes to a stop.

But there is no stop, as such, and she has had to leave so many things behind. (One or two renditions or keepsakes are with her, otherwise all is marked as absent. Nevertheless, *marked*.)

And all those gone before her? Of which or whom can she yet speak? It is always too soon to speak of given names. So she makes a separation of sorts. She must look away.

She must look away. She half-holds a hand before her face so that her vision is impeded and the distant object looks ablur. And still she knows what is before her, if only by sense of mass.

She establishes a room or home for her keepsakes, furnished only with a viewing chair in the name of all those gone before.

(Even as it is unoccupied, the chair is not hers for the sitting. For she adheres to ancient regimes of respect.)

IV

The problem is... There are fewer places than journeys in-between. Sites are marked by exchange upon arrival rather than territorial claims, since those claims do not mean very much without the process of translation from one culture to another.

Here we are speaking of a work so thoroughly *placed*. It is hard to say so, it is barely acceptable to say so. But it must be spoken of as being of one particular place or another, even though it is never (to be) sited in that place. Place, the name of the place — any place — is that metaphor of journeying and of exchange. It is less of a defined range of borders than a *detrterritorialised mental space which we inhabit in part*. We do not inhabit it to the exclusion of all other places, but we cannot help but think of that place as our constant point of reference.

So where is this place? And what is the problem?

We could, in certain circumstances, in a tentative, hesitant mode, call it 'Europe'. We might use the name as an example, although many other names might serve equally well. But Europe is a useful term insofar as it resists territorial definitions. It is not land mass. In all the talk of Europe, it can hardly be determined on a map.

We are speaking of a problem we never knew we had. The problem has always already existed, and it is not simply a new correctness which renders it visible; the problem is...

The problem is, in part, the question of how to look, how to look and see one thing, turn away and, with the same eyes, look again, and see something else again.

We might call this process *unresemblance*: the unseeing (and

undoing) of an object or cultural attribute in favour of something else. As we stand in a strange, unfamiliar place, it becomes our 'Europe' again, our old home again. It is metaphoricised into what and where we once were.

The problem is... That we all know the objects so well. We all possess them, share them, have a stake in what they mean. We have a collective purchase on these objects; they mean nothing at all without accumulation, perceptions and positions. There are no objects except those with positions taken in relation to them. Dry, unencumbered objects, should they be conceivable, exist in a virtual stasis, seeking perspective.

So they are always translated objects or, more interestingly, mistranslated objects. From one place to another, the object could hardly be said to stay the same. But become what? It somehow goes wrong on the way, loses functionality. At its point of arrival, the viewer looks for a sign of liability or guarantee that it may be returned to sender in case of damage or dysfunction.

But it will always be dysfunctional — doubly so if returned to sender. So it must be stopped for a while, contemplated, and eased back into its surroundings.

Out of sorts. The object is always out of sorts with its point of origin. Out of sorts and indebted. That indebtedness may give our place a name but it does not specify site. It speaks of a thread which connects the object to somewhere else. For an object does not come out of nowhere.

In this belated isolation, there is no absolute vacuum. In an absolute vacuum, not only does the object have no meaning, there is no object. It is a figment.

Of the imagination?

Imagination is sufficient in the hypothesised impoverishment of context, but there is never an absence of context.

It is not simply that things look like something else, look like they belong elsewhere, but that they also do not want to be placed, or stilled. Objects are condensed into perpetual motion.

Indeed, there is little to be gained by making specific correlations. The connecting threads are too complex, too knotted for a true reading.

The problem is... From one angle the object has value imposed upon it, and from another a whole series of new values. Not such a problem, perhaps. After all, the multi-faceted nature of the work is what retains its obligation to continuance. The work of art is defined in terms of continuity, rather than instantaneous solution. It is linked to a form of desire repeatedly deferred. We would wish to stabilise, to possess the image before us, but our very desire for possession is generated by the object's inability to be possessed.

Perhaps it is an artist who does the displacing, because she is displaced herself. Tentatively, we might attempt a name for her. 'Jew', or

some such... If we name that imaginary place, for the sake of convenience, Europe, we could name her, in equally hesitant, tentative mode, 'Jew'.

v

...Because she, too, in whatever name or guise she chooses, is out of sorts. She is always out of sorts with her point of origin. Out of sorts and indebted. That indebtedness yields the name, but it appears to specify in the negative. It speaks of a thread which connects her to somewhere else. For she does not come from nowhere, but return is always held off/deferred.

Speak in the *name* of... .

Imperative or interrogative? How to speak in the name of something? How to make in the name of something? *What* to make, if it will always come to leave her/you?

The problem is... How to *admit* to the name and the place?

vi

*(You rarely travel light these days. Such is the problem... Your hands are never free whilst you must focus all thought on the heavy volumes you carry with you wherever you go.*

*While you are not at some stop or other you cannot lose sight of the treasured renditions or keepsakes. But close of day or days, you set them*



*aside, out of sight, until the next dusk.*

*... And after some time you look up from the ground, in which your eyes have been engrossed all this time.*

*You raise your eyes from the ground and look down anew as if it were your own.*

*You stretch lines between markers to mark the ground and to mark the ways through it as if it were your own.)*

VII

...Because she does not announce herself in so many words. She cannot. She speaks neither literally nor metaphorically. The metaphor, the naming, comes from outside of her.

And she has not been able to speak this way for some time; since the last catastrophe or disaster. Always after the voice is lost for words. Rendered speechless.

Rendered or restricted. Restricted into speechlessness. She holds her silence dear. But through other conduits the unsaid insists. And through inversion.

"No poetry after [*some place*]," some other would say.

And the *ease* of her inversion:

"No [*some place*] after poetry."

How *could* she?

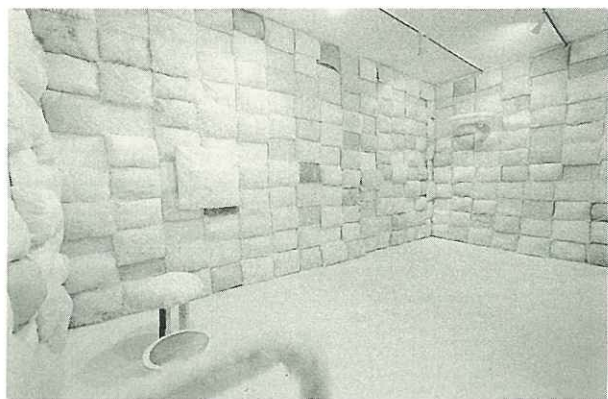
And yet the critique gently dislodges a monumental lack as  
immovable as the memory with which it is burdened.

Her memory will undoubtedly fail her again, and when it does, she  
will begin to speak, as if she has never spoken. The problem is... How not to  
remember? How not to resemble? To some extent. How not to remember or  
resemble to some extent?

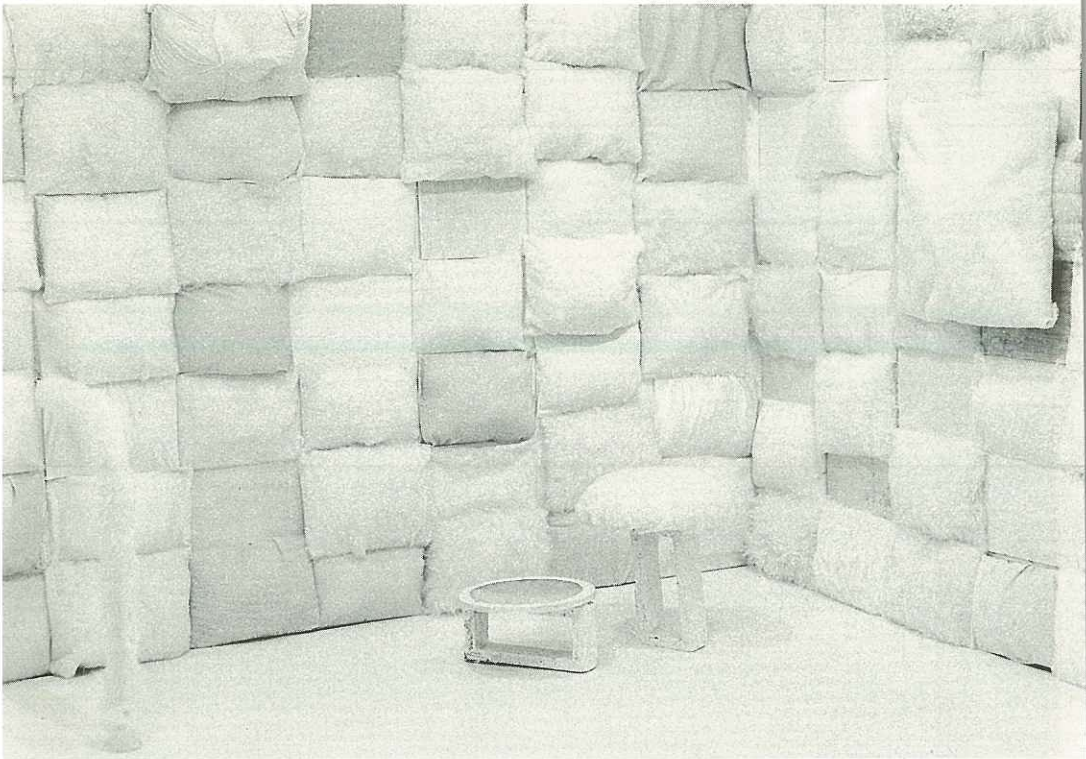
ANDREW RENTON

London

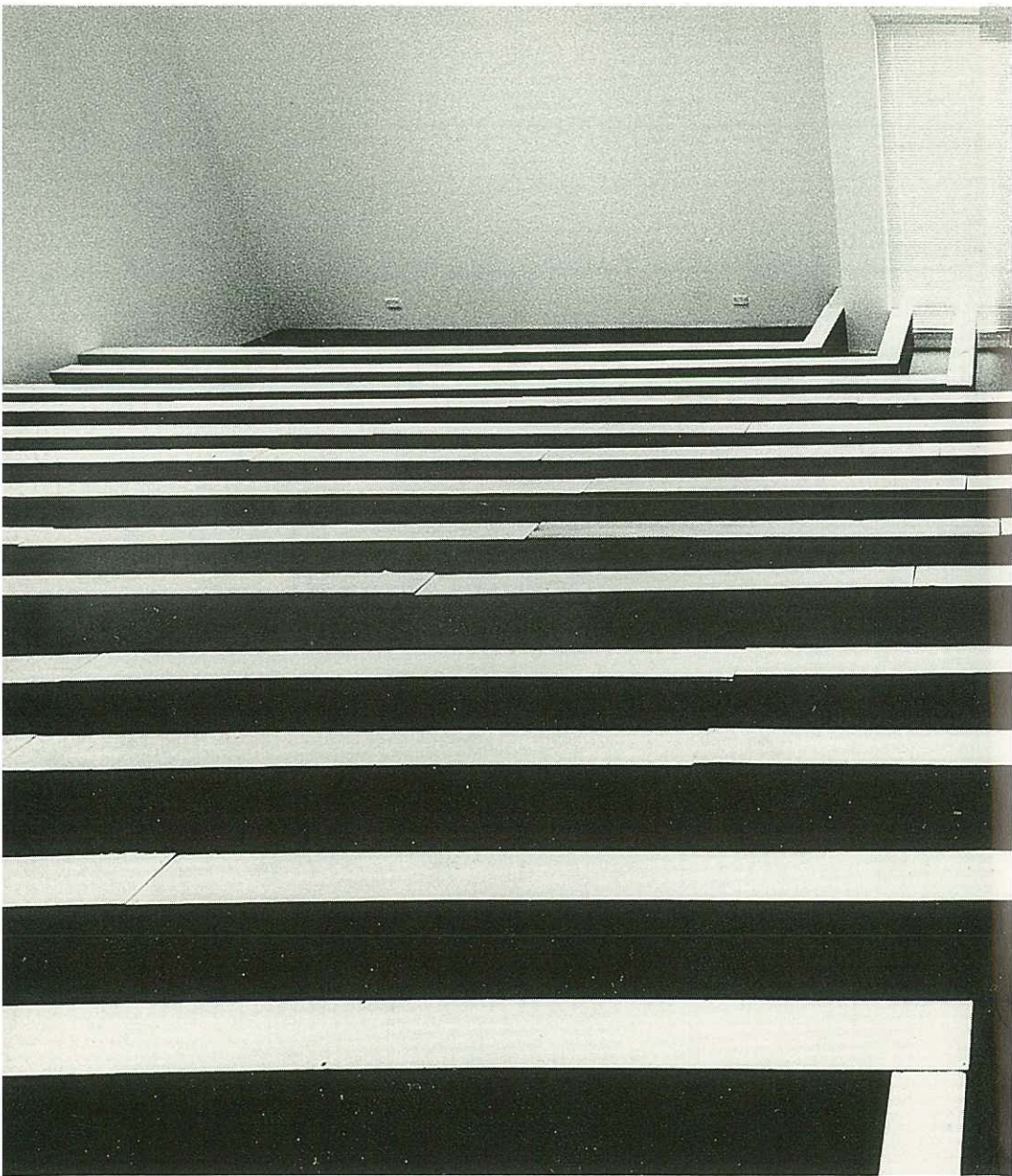
February-June, 1995



**Indoor Monument.. Soft Dis-play 1995**



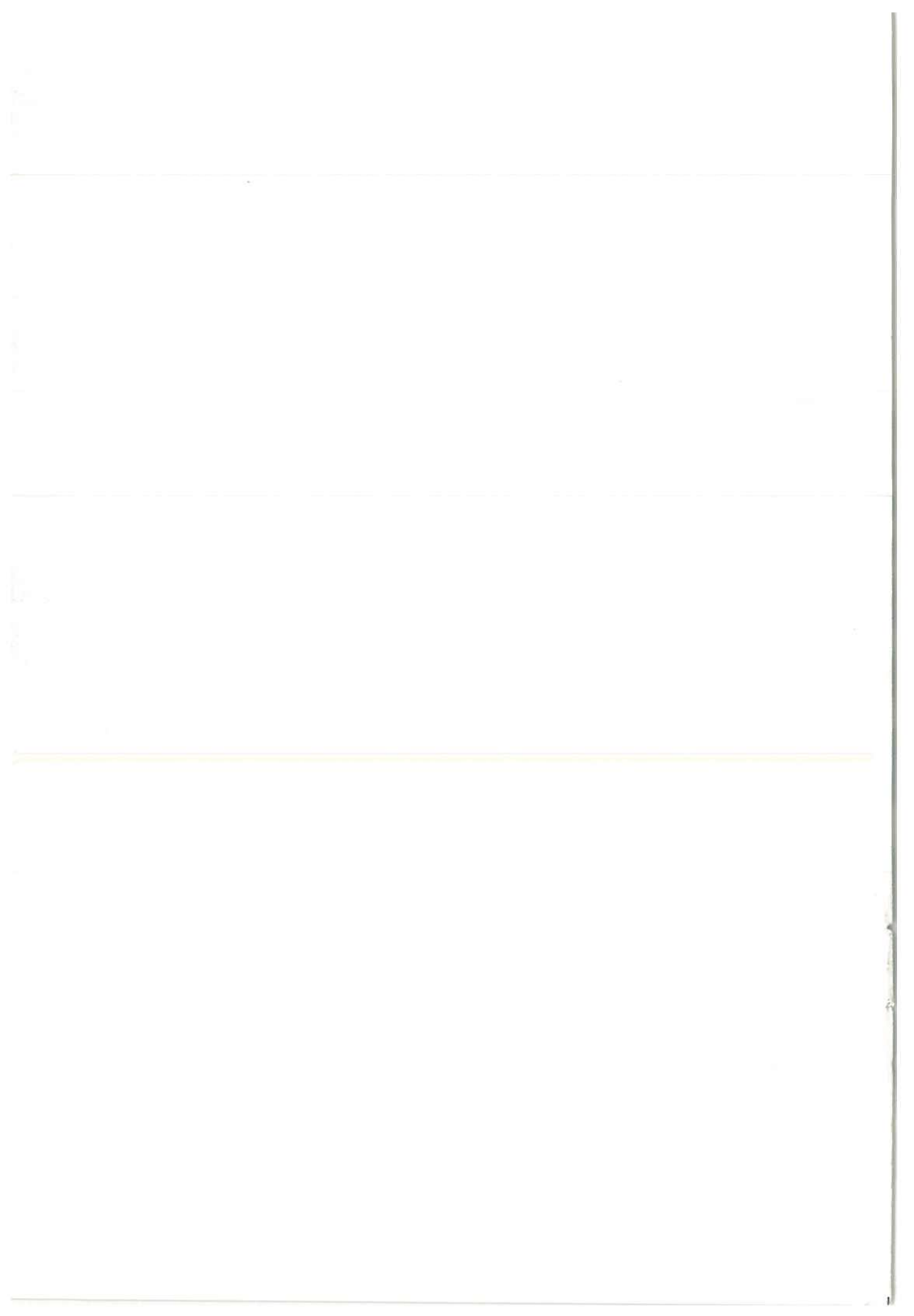
detail of: **Indoor Monument.. Soft Dis-play** 1995



**Indoor Monument.. Hard Dis-play 1995**



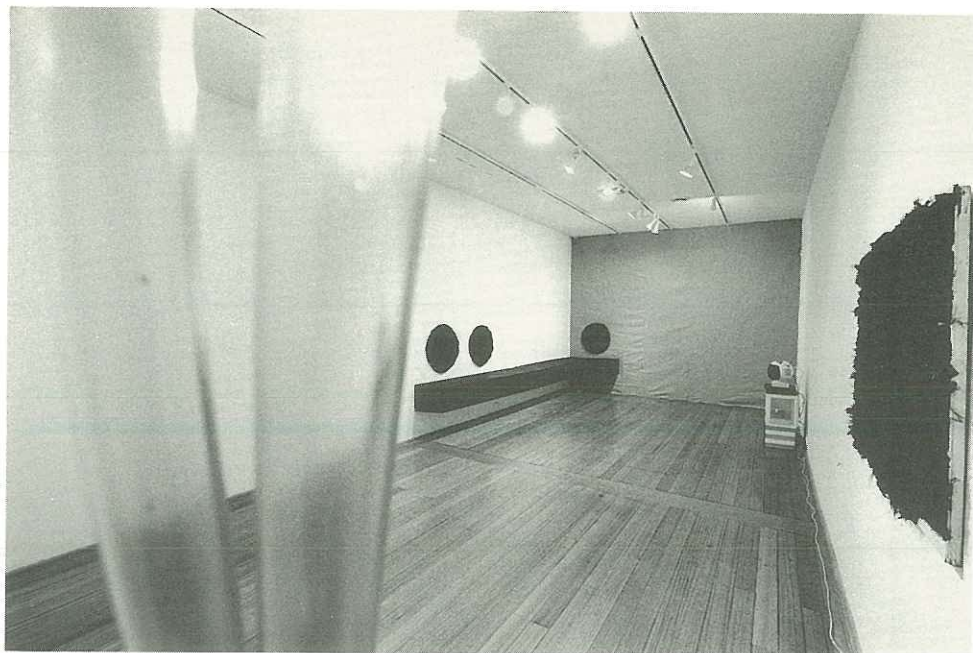




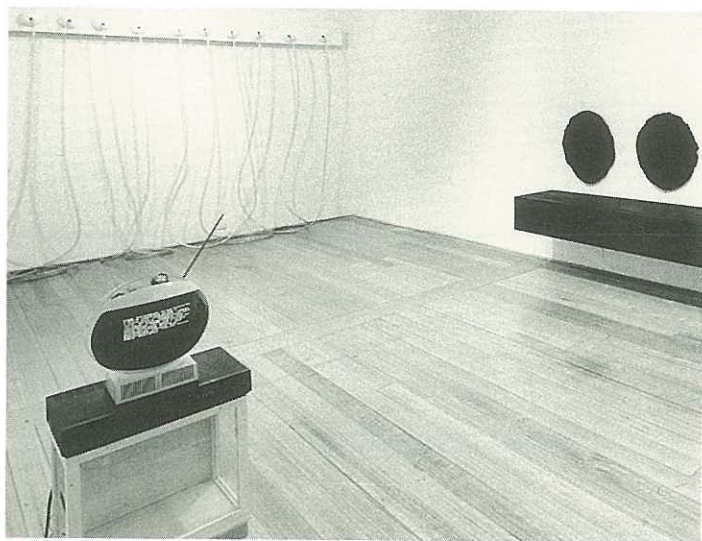


detail of: **Indoor Monument.. Hard Dis-play** 1995

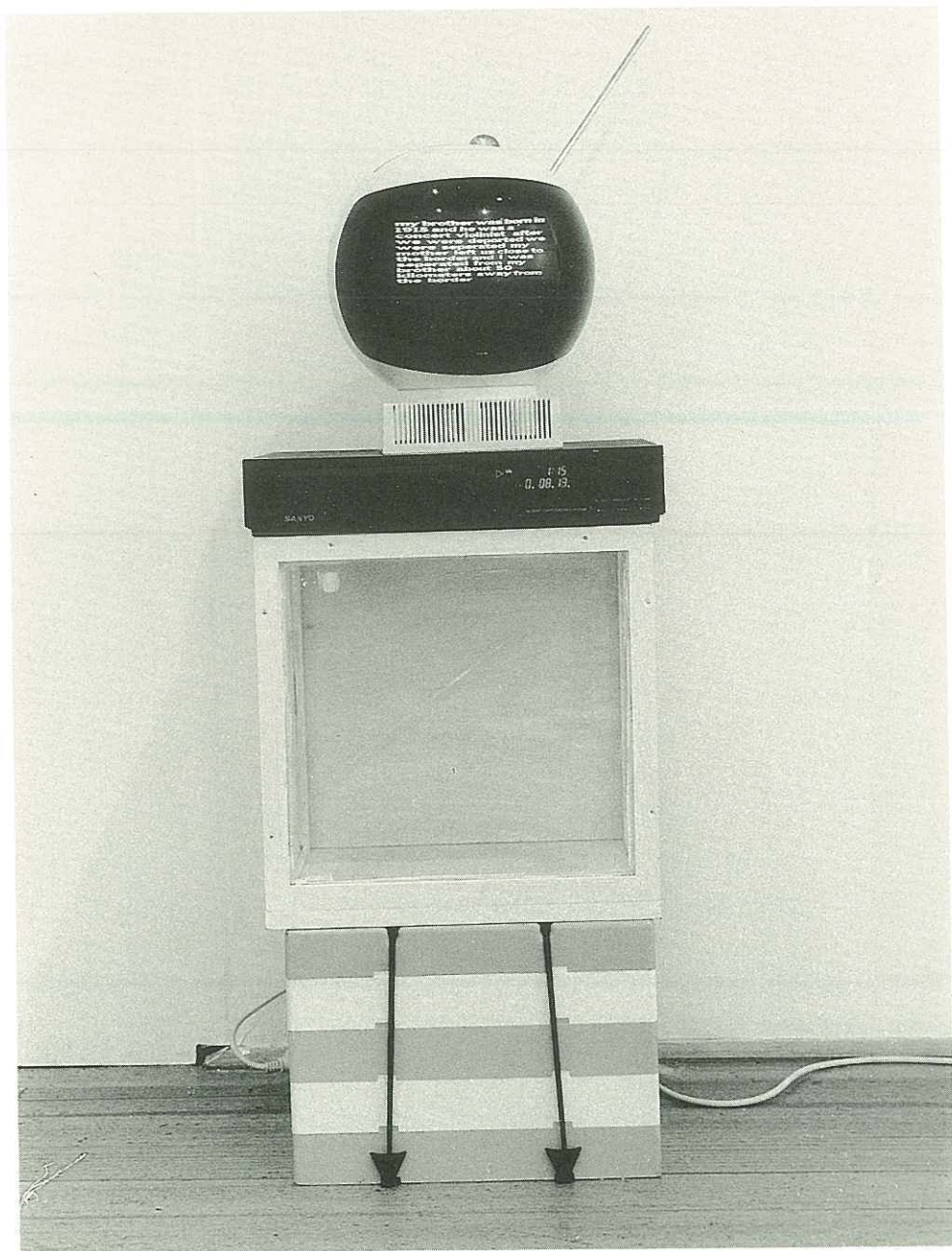




**Indoor Monument.. A Monument to The Home 1995**

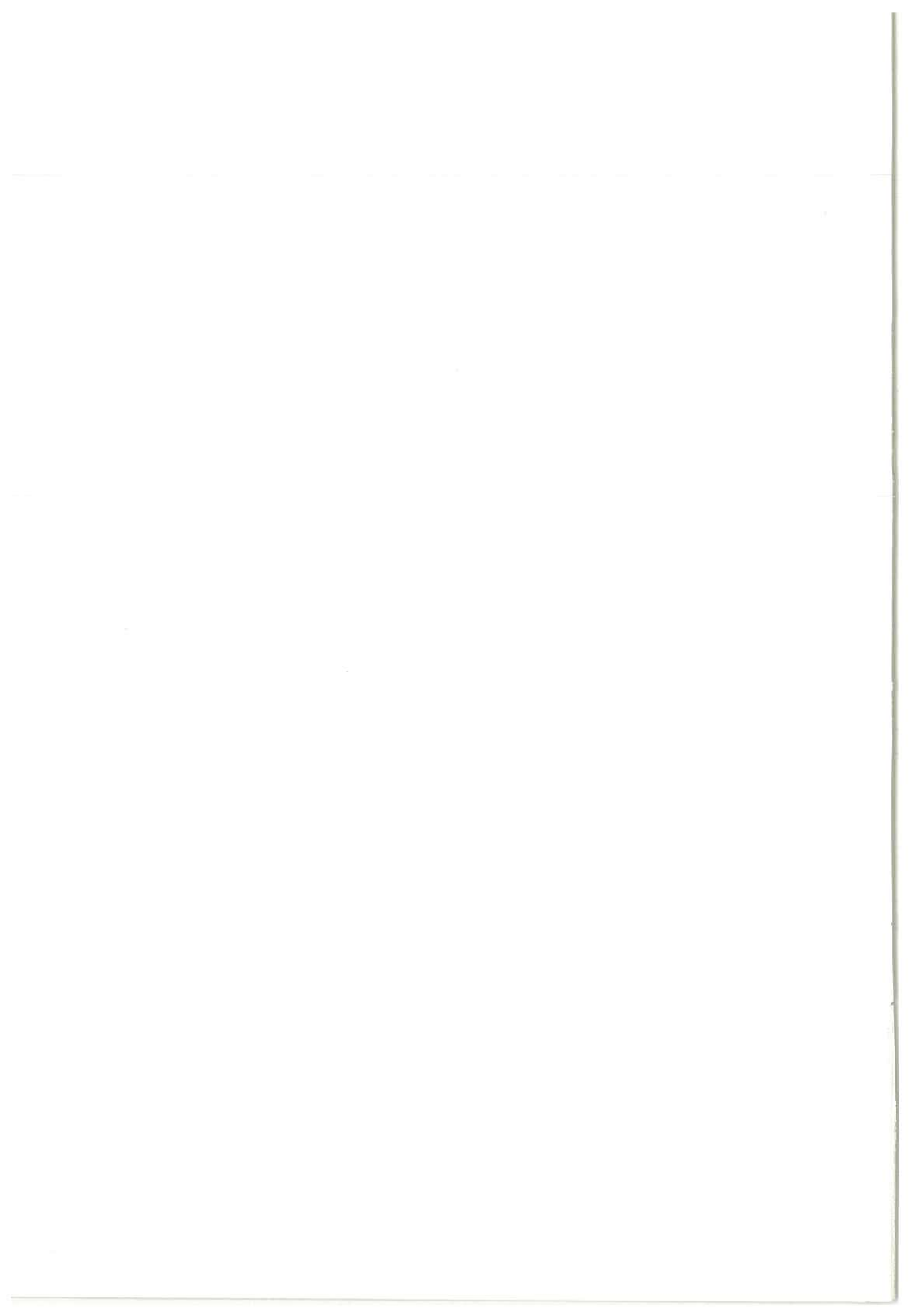


**detail of: Indoor Monument.. A Monument to The Home**



detail of: **Indoor Monument.. A Monument to The Home** (video) 1995





**Kathy Temin speaks to Naomi Cass, in her studio, June 1995**

*What does "monument" mean to you, is it different from a sculpture or painting?*

Monuments are usually commissioned by people or cities referring to an event or person. They are usually site specific, erected outdoors as sculptures, as plaques on buildings, on walls and floors. A monument makes specific references about that which is absent, seemingly having greater reference than the object itself. A work of art may be all of those things anyway, paying homage to the memory of something.

*Is a gallery a suitable place for a monument?*

Any place can be suitable as a site for a monument. I am interested in the gallery as a temporary monument site which inverts what we associate with monuments. My interest in monuments follows my installation at Heide, *A monument for the birds* (1994). I was invited to select a site in the gardens and was interested in the tombstone-like slabs of concrete describing other outdoor works. The forms of my installation loosely referenced this and the site was a 26m long holly hedge that was originally planted as a resting place for the birds. I drew images of Australian birds into slabs of concrete while they were still wet.

I have remained interested in how loaded monuments are. This exhibition is also a response in part to the three gallery spaces at ACCA. I see these three works as different ways of approaching "monument" — linked through three different types of histories — art history, Jewish history, and personal history.

*Indoor Monument: Hard Dis-play* is a sculptural translation of a Frank Stella black and white line painting in the form of a knee high maze that occupies the floor

space of the large Smorgon gallery. *Indoor Monument: Soft Dis-play* is an insular room. The walls are padded with 500 discrete solid rectangles reminiscent of plaques and bricks in variations of white. There is minimal text, they are mainly blank.

*Indoor Monument: A Monument to the Home* uses the gallery as a context for an idealised stylised domestic setting — a cross between the living room and the rumpus room — which isn't functional. However, the video *In the Rumpus Room* is not idealised. This is the only aspect of the exhibition based on factual information. The text is from a letter my father wrote looking for other Temins in the world.

*Is a work of art different from a monument only in its dedication?*

Much art has similar references, but monuments are loaded literally and metaphorically. Not all art deals with remembrance as part of the work.

*What is the remembrance here, is this a monument to something in particular?*

It's not just one thing, but a set of ideas: the monuments point towards the intersection of social and personal memory. My father was a Holocaust survivor and remembering has been internalised for me, rather than a considered act. Public monuments are usually commissioned with social memory in mind, and often have the adverse effect.

*Were there any references at home to your father's experiences? Was the war a big topic of conversation at home?*

No. The war wasn't discussed. There were some photo albums of his family, of his childhood in Hungary — family lost during the war.

*As an artist, what are the tools of your trade?*

For a while it was mainly synthetic fur and felt, mainly to reference the emotional content in soft toy imagery. The materials I select relate to what I am trying to do within the work. The 're-done' versions of other peoples work are an irreverent reversal of minimalism, combining materials that have completely different associations. Synthetic fur has been associated with kitsch, domesticity and fashion.

Initially this was a way of gendering the work. I have used silver lame to suggest aluminium and exaggerate the works' inherent anthropomorphism, for instance in my versions of David Smith's outdoor Cubi sculptures. Recently I have housed fake fur, wax and felt inside boxes reminiscent of museum cabinets constructed from perspex and timber. These works were to do with an emotional, psychological body or encasing.

*Are these materials, honourable historical references or are they to do with women's work?*

I haven't defined sewing as women's work, but sewing has been constructed to be seen in this way. When I first knew of Joseph Beuys' work I was deeply moved by the context of his use of felt, wax and fat. His work brought my attention to these materials, but my reason for using them is not similar. Works by women artists in the seventies has been an important reference.

*Comforting materials, your work is far from comforting.*

I haven't made work to be comforting. But there are aspects of comfort that I wish to draw attention to. I use materials which have an obvious seductive

quality, materials that give a momentary sense of their non-art life. This is usually to do with fashion or styles of decoration in homes, toilet seat covers for instance which relate to a particular time. I am interested in referring to particular times through styles and colours. The wider recognition of these materials is important.

Indoor Monument: A Monument to the Home, *was this your home?*

Parts of it refer to my home. I have used the gallery to contain a non-functional environment, where there is a blurring of furniture and sculpture. We didn't have modern art at home, so I've inserted into home 're-done' versions of minimal art by Frank Stella and Eva Hesse, which have been important to me.

*Can you put the large work, Indoor Monument: Hard Dis-play into context?*

I first became interested in geometric abstraction for its formal qualities, as exemplified in Frank Stella's comment, "What you see is what you see". I didn't consider looking beyond the works for their meaning. But when I recognised that his *Arbeit mach frei*, a key black and white work from the late 50s, was titled after the inscription above the entrance to Auschwitz, "work sets you free", I found a serious disjunction between the visual fact of the work — the work's reception — and the reference of the title. Stella named another series of works after Polish synagogues destroyed in the war and yet another after Exotic Birds. None of these references seem to have any direct connection with the work.

This work and *Die fahne hoch* (1959) [flag on high], are two within Stella's series of 23 abstract works which have as their titles German texts with highly specific meanings. The disjunction between the formal reality of the work, the artist's intention and the referent of the title interests me. I wanted to make my own

interpretation because I think this gap is significant enough to want to draw attention it.

For example, when Stella wrote "the final solution" underneath a drawing related to these paintings, the critic Brenda Richardson took this at face value and suggested that the drawing represented the resolution of a set of problems that culminated in the black paintings. No reference was made to the infamous context of this statement — of annihilating the Jews in the Second World War.

*Was Stella being funny?*

No. I don't even think he was being irreverent. I don't really know what he was trying to do, except that the works in the series are based loosely around references to natural disasters. I do know that at the time no one really questioned it, beyond the visuals of resolving formal pictorial problems. Commentaries by the artist speak only of the formal properties of the painting.

I started to go beyond the formal in minimalism and the materials that I use have explored the anthropomorphic qualities that I saw inherent in much minimalist work. Stella and Hesse have been important here.

*What of your interest in Eva Hesse's work?*

Initially I became interested in the materiality of her work and the meaning inherent in the materials she used. I was interested in how abstract forms are read and how they occupy space. However, Hesse's work never banished the emotional, the personal. The forms are ambiguous and suggest many possible readings, such as bodily gestures and parts, which is part of their power. I was unaware at this time that Hesse was a German Jew who had escaped the war.



I thought Hesse's work was representing the 'unrepresentable', the unspoken, or referring to your insides. If there was ever a way that one could refer to the Holocaust in art work, in a sense, for me, her work represented the 'unrepresentable'. Not that I'm particularly interested in representing the holocaust, but I am interested in how to represent that which is beyond logic or comprehension, without being literal.

As I worked on *Indoor Monument*, *Soft Dis-play*, making 500 separate rectangles, I was reminded of Hesse's comment that repetition for her was about exaggerating the absurd. Whereas for other artists, such as Stella, repetition is presented as a formal device or a totalitarian system of structuring. For me, Hesse's work was very much an acknowledgment of the emotional as well as the formal aspects of minimalism.

*Do formal and contextual readings of art exclude each other?*

My work is definitely not purely formal, however much I find these issues interesting. I'm not genuinely interested in working through such things. For me, these problems provide a structure in which to work. The result is not about resolution but questioning, which can leave things in an uncomfortable state. Resolutions seem too final.

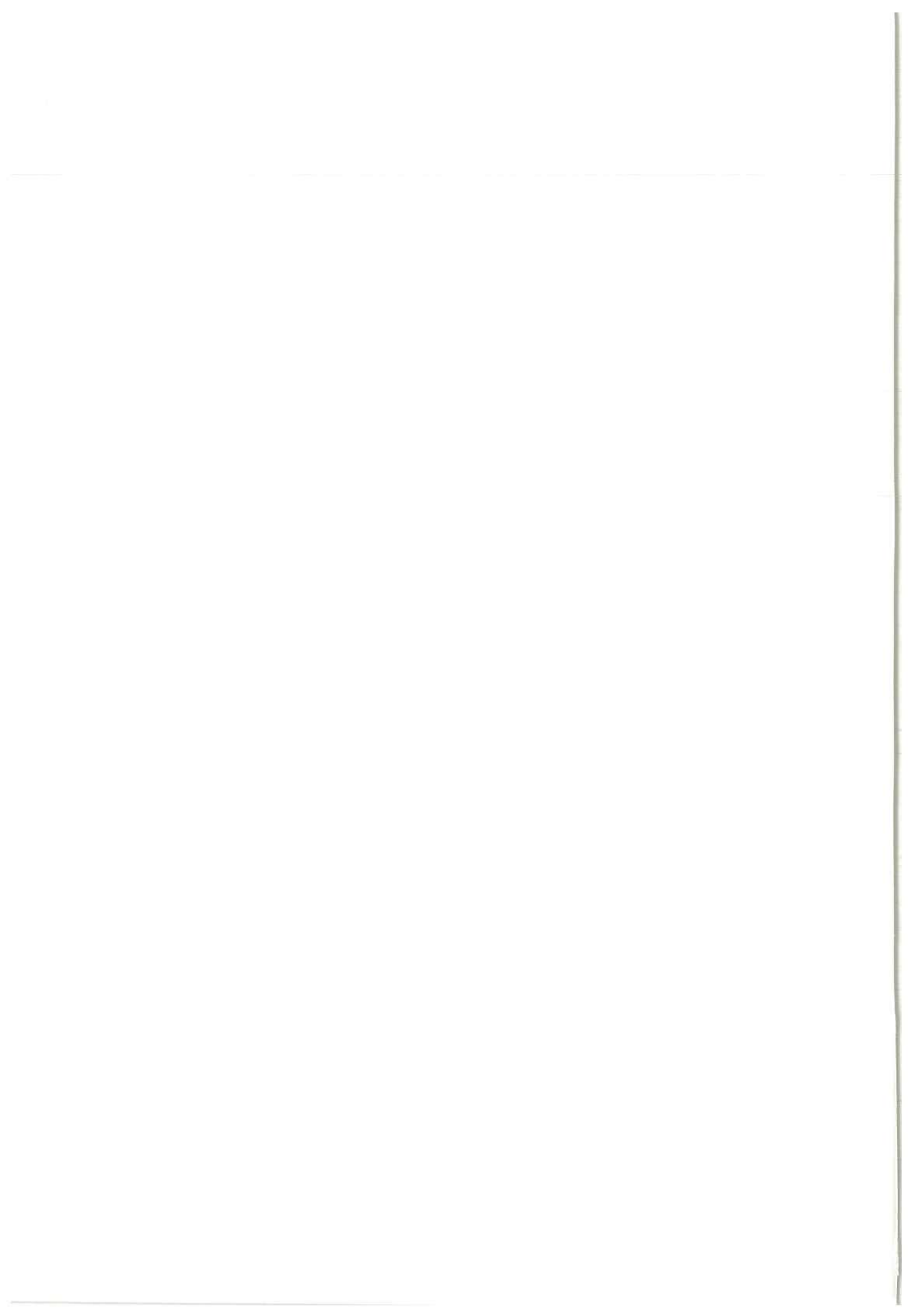
*Your references to art history, popular culture, the Holocaust are immediate and not shrouded. Often they are irreverent and amusing, interposing and overlaying contradictory materials and attitudes to art. Is it important for people to know your references?*

Sometimes it helps. My reason for making *Indoor Monument: Hard Dis-play* is

to do with the supposed non-meaning of the minimalist original and its curious non-relationship to its title.

*Is your work nostalgic, of say, the 1970s? For instance, you spend a lot of time in op shops collecting 70s objects. Or perhaps you are even nostalgic for minimalism, or the Holocaust?*

While I am responsive to the culture I've grown up in, and I am a product in some sense of my interests, had I grown up surrounded by easy access to Hesse's and Stella's work in America, or within the vicinity of Nuremberg and Auschwitz, I probably wouldn't do this sort of work. My distance from these monuments has been important, because at such a distance — making work in Australia — one's perception is both more curious and altered.



Kathy Temin

Born 1968, Sydney

#### Studies

- 1986 Foundation Year, Prahran College, Melbourne  
1987-89 Bachelor of Fine Arts, Victoria College, Prahran  
1988-91 Co-ordinator of S. W. I. M. (Support Women Image Makers)  
1992-93 Master of Fine Arts, Victorian College of the Arts, Melbourne  
1993-95 Lecturer in Sculpture, Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology, Melbourne  
1995 Artist in residence at Govett Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth, New Zealand

#### Solo Exhibitions

- 1989 Photocopies, Store 5, Melbourne  
1990 Terracotta DAS Sculptures, Store 5, Melbourne  
Wall Drawings, Store 5, Melbourne  
Repenting For My Sins, Store 5, Melbourne  
1991 The Duck Rabbit Problem, 200 Gertrude Street, Melbourne  
1992 Sutton Gallery, Melbourne  
Bellas Gallery, Brisbane  
1993 Drawings, Sutton Gallery, Melbourne  
Roslyn Oxley9 Gallery, Sydney  
Corner Wall Drawing with Parts. An Art Film, Store 5, Melbourne  
1994 Display Problem, Anna Schwartz Gallery, Melbourne  
In the Box Dis-play: video, CBD Gallery, Sydney  
Art Cologne Young Artist Sponsored Space, represented by Roslyn Oxley 9 Gallery, Germany  
1995 Wall Drawings with Parts 1990-95, Institute of Modern Art, Brisbane  
Residence, in the home of Julian Dashpar and Marie Shannon, Auckland, New Zealand  
Roslyn Oxley9 Gallery, Sydney  
Three Indoor Monuments, Australian Centre for Contemporary Art, Melbourne  
Govett Brewster Art Gallery, New Plymouth, New Zealand

#### Group Exhibitions

- 1989 Annotations, 200 Gertrude Street, Melbourne  
A3 Photocopies, Store 5, Melbourne  
1990 The Self Portrait Show, Roar Studios, Melbourne  
10 Animals, Store 5, Melbourne, curated by Kathy Temin  
1991 Architectural Subjects, Store 5, Melbourne, curated by Tony Clark  
100 Exhibitions, Store 5, Melbourne  
W. T. Rawleigh Building, Melbourne  
Frames of Reference: Aspects of Feminism and Art, Pier 4/5, Sydney, curated by Sally Couacoud  
The Sub versive Stitch, Monash University Gallery, Melbourne, curated by Natalie King  
Association City, 200 Gertrude Street, Melbourne  
Megasin 5, Gallerie Cannibal Pierce, Paris  
S. W. I. M. Fundraising exhibition, Linden Gallery, Melbourne  
Exultate Jubilate, Store 5, Melbourne, curated by Elizabeth Newman and Angela Brennan  
Blundstone Boot exhibition (invitation prize), Chameleon Gallery, Hobart and touring nationally

- 1992 Supermart, The Blaxland Gallery, Melbourne  
The Body in Question: works from the Monash University Collection, Monash University Gallery, Melbourne
- 1993 Wits End, Museum of Contemporary Art, Sydney, curated by Kay Campbell and Pam Hansford  
Lauren Berkowitz, Stephen Bram, Debra Ostrow, Kathy Temin, Studio 16, 200  
Gertrude Street, The Jewish Arts Festival, Melbourne  
High Pop, Roslyn Oxley9 Gallery, Sydney  
Monster Field, Ivan Dougherty Gallery, Sydney  
Perspecta 1993, Art Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney  
Scrounge Time, University of Tasmania Art Gallery, curated by David McDowell and Edward Colless  
The Exact Moment, A Critical Cities Project, Melbourne  
Art Cologne represented by Roslyn Oxley9 Gallery, Germany
- 1994 Babies and Babies, Arti et Amicitiae, Amsterdam  
Group Exhibition, Galerie van Gelder, Amsterdam  
Working with the Wall, Ivan Dougherty Gallery, Sydney  
Store 5, The Institute of Modern Art, Brisbane  
Spoken Because "I", Museum of Modern Art at Heide, Melbourne  
Aussemblage, Auckland City Art Gallery, New Zealand  
Drawings: Louise Bourgeois, Asta Grotting, Eva Hesse, Roni Horn, Kathy Temin, Rosemarie Trockel, Rachel Whiteread, Frith Street Gallery, London  
Romantisystem, Canberra Contemporary Artspace, curated by Trevor Smith  
Loop, A Critical Cities Project, Longford Cinema, Melbourne  
Art Hotel, Amsterdam Hilton represented by Galerie Van Gelder, Amsterdam  
Melbourne Seven, David Pestorius Gallery, Brisbane  
Drawings as Drawings, Galerie van Gelder, Amsterdam  
Bad Toys, Australian Centre for Contemporary Art, Melbourne  
Zapp Video magazine, No.2, Amsterdam
- 1995 Moet and Chandon Touring Exhibition, Art Gallery of New South Wales and national tour  
Artrage Video, commissioned for Rage TV, video compilation  
Crossing Borders, USA tour  
Videonale, Bonn Kunstverein, Bonn, Germany  
Smart Art, Galerie van Gelder, Stockholm Contemporary Art Fair  
Sculptecture, Hamish Mackay Gallery, Wellington, New Zealand  
CBD Fundraising exhibition, Sydney  
Mutlu Cerkez, Tony Clark, Kerrie Poliness, Jacinter Schreuder, Kathy Temin, Constanze Zikos: Wall Drawings and Situations, 200 Gertrude Street, Melbourne, curated by Max Delaney

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- 1990 May Lam, "Cuteness and Corporeality: Kathy Temin Draws on the Wall...", Imprint, Summer 1990
- 1991 Naomi Cass, "Anthropomorphising Formalism at the Haberdashery", Agenda 18, 1991  
Natalie King, "The Sub versive Stitch", ex. cat., Monash University Gallery, 1991  
Carolyn Barnes, "Exhibition as Material Proposition", 100 exhibitions, Store 5, Broadsheet, 20, 4, December 1991
- 1992 Julie Ewington, "Frames of Reference", Art & Text, 41, January 1992  
Juliana Engberg, "Problem Child", Kathy Temin ex. cat., Sutton Gallery, Melbourne 1992  
Christopher Heathcote, "Like Love, in Melbourne art will find a way", The Age, 19 February 1992  
Robert Rooney, "Shows go on as X-rays meet funky fake fur...", The Weekend

- Australian, 22-23 February 1992
- Robyn McKenzie, "Kathy Temin", *Art & Text*, 42, June 1992
- 1993 Jeff Gibson, "The Good, the Bad and the Abstract", *Art & Text*, 44, January 1993
- Kay Campbell, "Out of Humour", *Wits End*, ex. cat., The Museum of Contemporary Art, Sydney 1993
- Felicity Fenner, "Lowly grunge meets high pop", *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 8-9 May 1993
- Natalie King, Review of "Paper Works", Sutton Gallery, *Art & Text*, 45, May 1993
- Robyn McKenzie, "Kathy Temin, Infantile Terrible, Object Relations and the Problem Child", *Art & Text*, 45, May 1993
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- Naomi Cass, "Saying Kaddish for Modernism", ex. cat., *Perspecta*, 1993, Victoria Lyn, The Art Gallery of New South Wales 1993
- Elwyn Lynn, "Working With the Wall", *The Weekend Australian*, 19-20 February 1994
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- Bala Starr, "In line with the present", *Art Monthly Australia*, 71, July 1994, pp. 32-33
- David Lillington, "Drawings: Frith Street", *Time Out*, London, 19 July 1994
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- Felicity Fenner, "In the Shoes of the artist", *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 7 October 1994
- Christopher Chapman, "Conceptual Vertigo-New Object art from Australia", *Midwest*, 6, 1994
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#### Public Collections

Art Gallery of New South Wales  
 Art Gallery of South Australia  
 Art Gallery of Western Australia  
 Monash University Collection  
 University of Wollongong Collection  
 Queensland Art Gallery  
 Victorian College of the Arts

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Kathy Temin: Three Indoor Monuments  
Australian Centre for Contemporary Art, Melbourne  
Exhibition dates: 14 July - 13 August 1995

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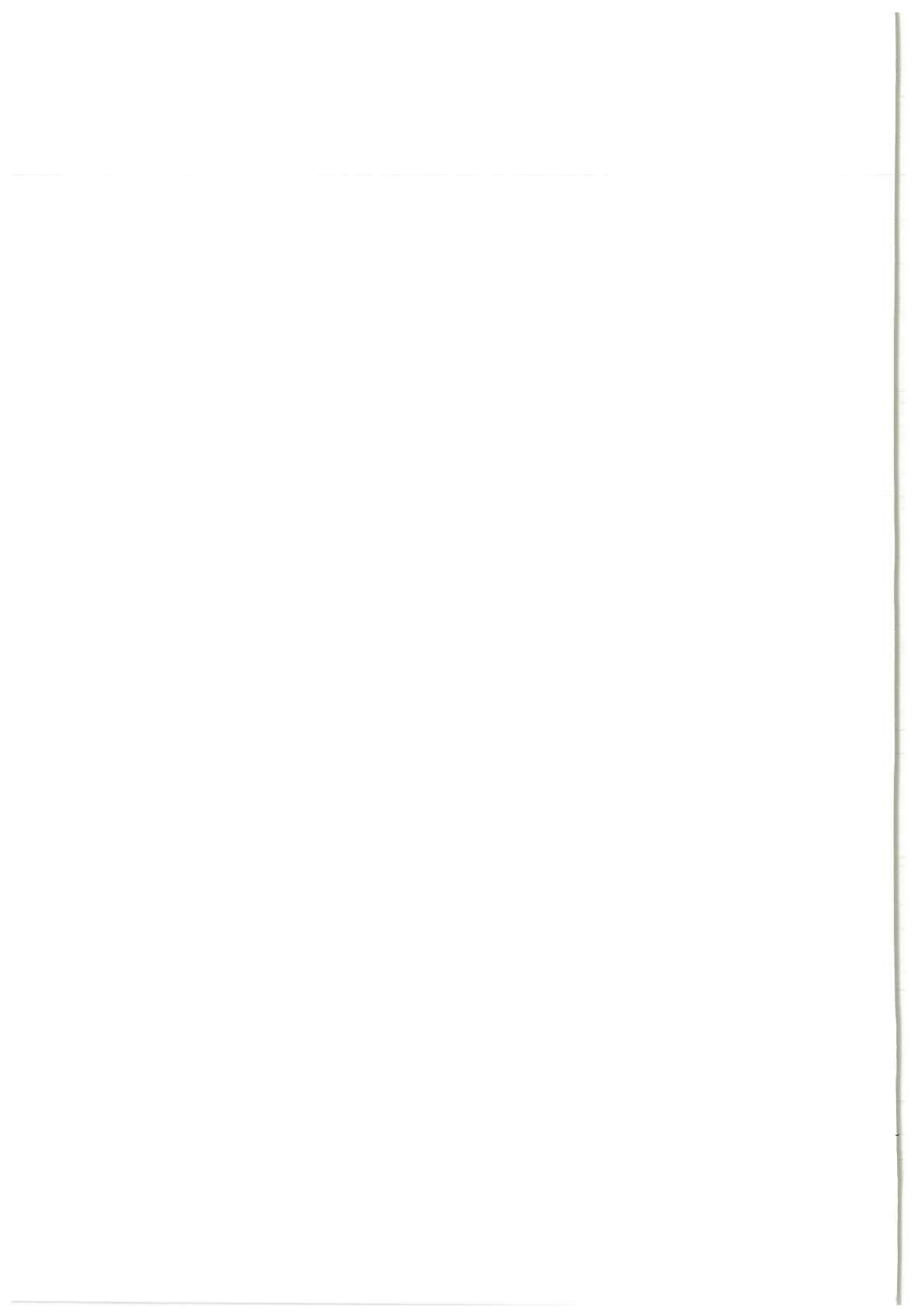


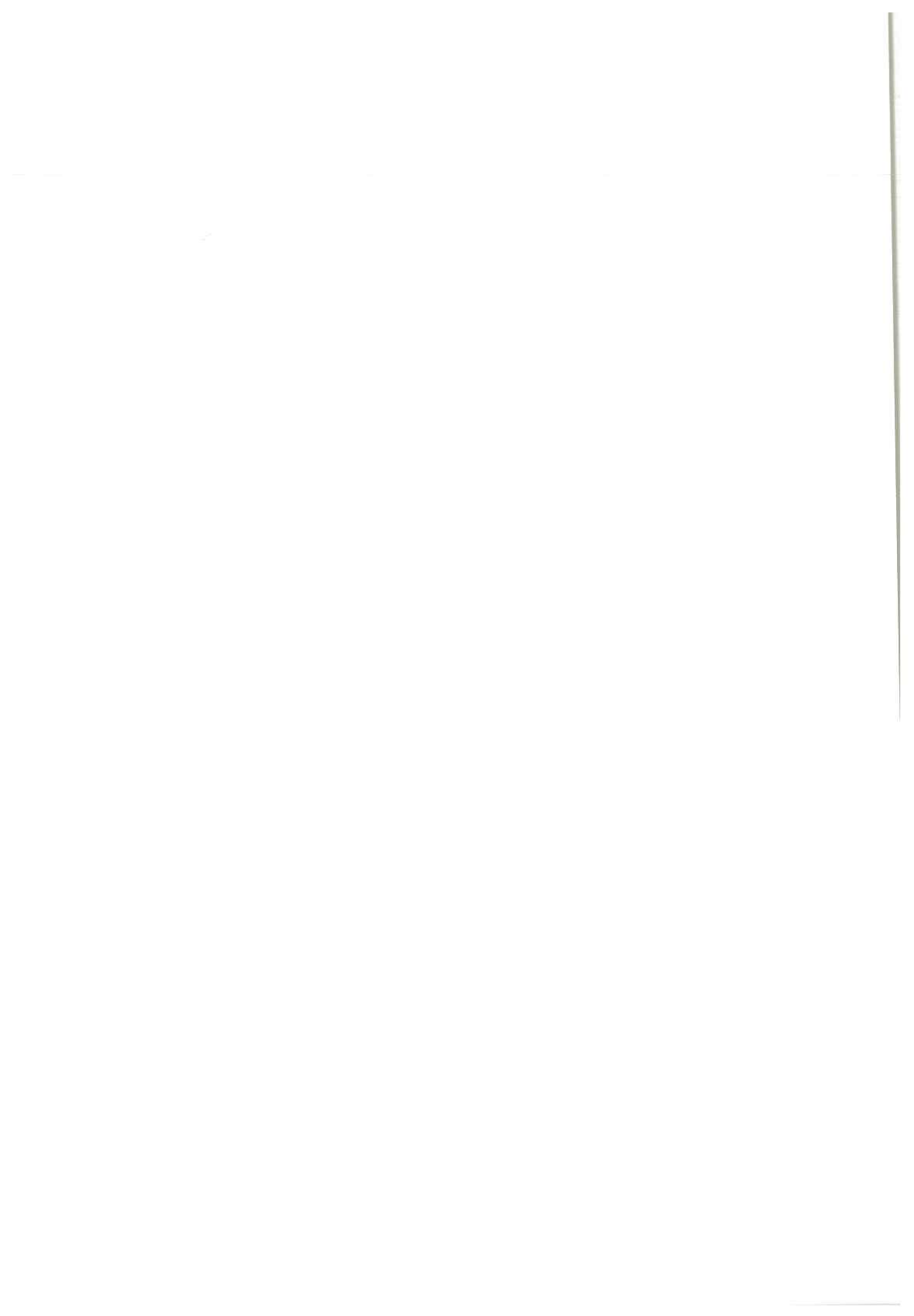
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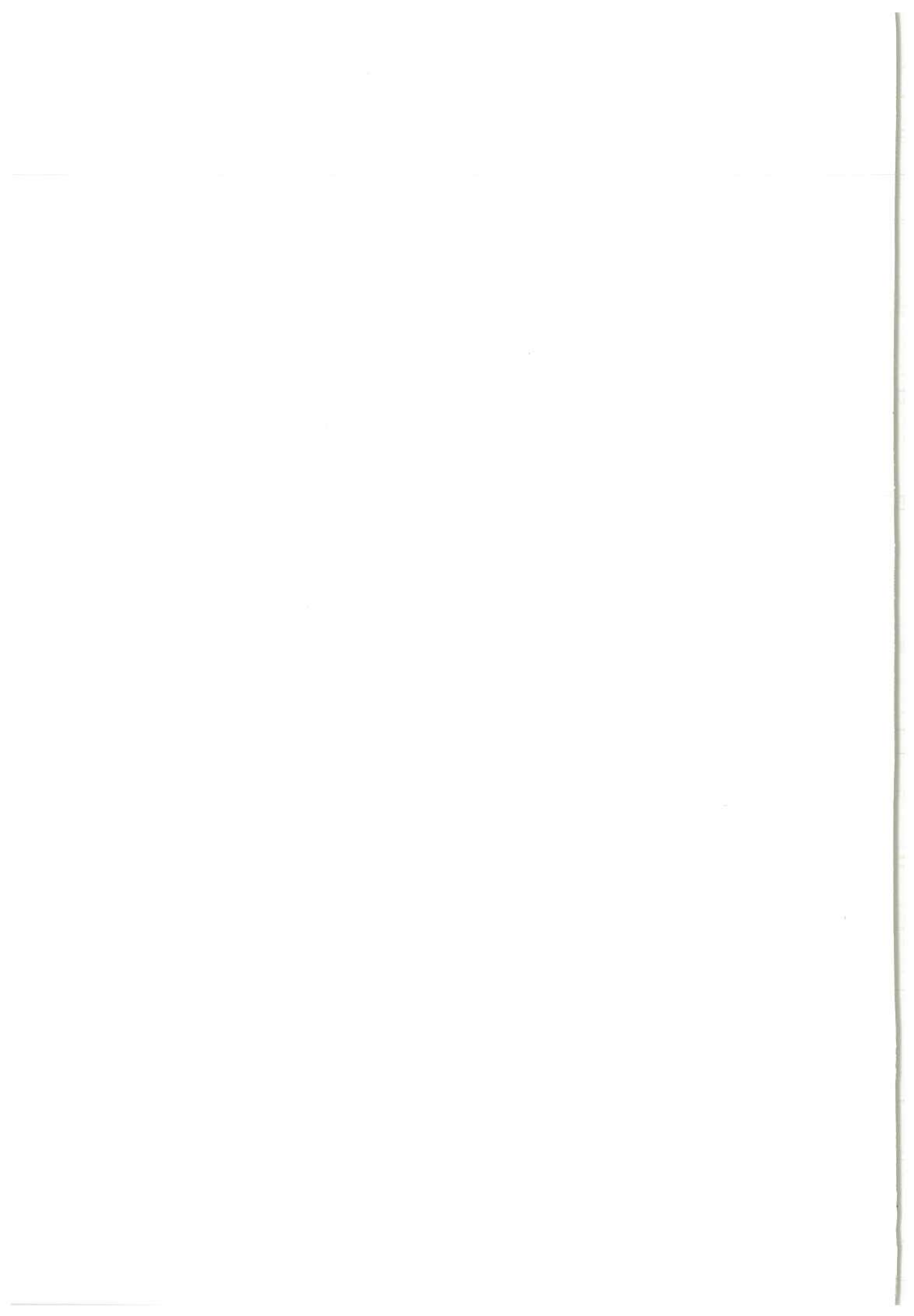
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An abstract artwork featuring five large, organic, yellow shapes with dark outlines, set against a solid orange background. The shapes are irregular and somewhat elongated, resembling stylized leaves or droplets. They are arranged in a way that they appear to be floating or scattered across the frame. The yellow has a slightly textured, painterly quality, and the orange background is a rich, warm hue.

Australian Centre for Contemporary Art