



# VITAMIN

MAY CONTAIN TRACES OF VISUAL CULTURE

EPISODE SEVEN NOVEMBER/DECEMBER/JANUARY 2005/6



## CONTENTS:

2	<i>Greetings from Sunny</i>	Shaw Hendry
5	<i>Harvest II</i>	Marcin Kobylecki
6	<i>The 'Mall's Balls'</i>	Alexandra Thompson
8	<i>From the Spielberg Series</i>	Akira Akira
9	<i>Cherry Hood</i>	Fran Callen
10	<i>Fantastic Reality</i>	Sera Waters
13	<i>Unknown</i>	Toby Richardson
14	<i>Transmission</i>	Shaw Hendry
16	<i>Form and Surface</i>	Kirsten Coelho
18	<i>Unknown Island</i>	Jonathan Dady
19	<i>Nicholas Folland</i>	Craig Bunker
20	<i>In Circulation</i>	Varga Hosseini
23	<i>Dissemination</i>	Katrina Simmons
24	<i>Exhibition Etiquette</i>	Angie Doughty-Garside
26	<i>Skull Stencil</i>	Chris Tamm
27	<i>Dianne Longley</i>	Kym Thorne
28	<i>Ruldoph</i>	Olga Sankey
29	<i>Episode Six Launch</i>	Ryan Waters



# Greetings from Sunny Adelaide

Imagine you are in a garden looking at the trees in a park by the Torrens. There is a cool breeze, but you can feel the sun burning your face. In that park by the river, you can feed bread to the ducks if you want (I'm pretty sure that's still legal). If you don't like feeding ducks, then maybe you could lie on the grass and look up as the clouds roll by. Soon enough, the clouds will turn into horses, castles, and people you once knew.

That tree branch, from which you swung as a child, is now too high to reach even as an adult. Doesn't that remind you of some other things no longer within your grasp? "Taken away by time", you were saying, but isn't it truer to say that you *gave* them away?

Once upon a time, there was an old man named Seneca the Younger. He was fond of posing answerless questions such as "How much of your life have you actually lived?" and "How long has it been since your face wore its natural expression?" He had lots of friends, but some dreadful enemies. What did he mean by "Life isn't short, but we *make* it short"?

....



The Royal Botanical Gardens of Sunny Adelaide were opened to the public in October 1857. That was the same year the British Empire finally destroyed the

Mughal Empire. There's always someone destroying something.

That grand-looking Palm House, on the western side of The Gardens, is the only surviving example of its kind on planet earth - it is a little slice of history. Nowadays it





houses arid flora from Madagascar, which, amazingly, requires no watering but only a little mist every now and then. The greater Gardens also contain many interesting plants that are also little slices of history; including a tree so rare it grows in an iron cage to protect it from passing humans.



Not far from an Andy Goldsworthy sculpture, on the Eastern side of The Gardens, is a small garden bed so lovely you could put it on a postcard. It was made in honour of “Mrs Rymill from her Brownies and Girl Guide friends”. The rudimentary carving on its pink borders exposes the affection missing in so much contemporary sculpture.

The Botanical Gardens are mostly a genteel Victorian pleasure. When you are there, the air that normally stings your lungs will seem delicate and sweet. The area is really a large park containing various types of gardens and environments - nature conforming to a human plan. You couldn't explore the place in a day, or a month, or even a season, but you might benefit from a year.

....

The brave birds that visit our yard, and the trees they nest in, have produced almost no artefacts at all critiquing gender power structures. Likewise, Pinky the Cat has exhibited very little interest in culture, save for her occasional footprints on my wife's expensive printing papers.

Artists have a fascination with the natural world, perhaps because of the incomprehensibility of nature. But, as the Waterhouse Prize indicated this year, attempts to reconcile nature to the visual arts are fraught with peril. Nature exists largely outside of our cultured perspective; a perspective the philosophers say is entirely subjective.





Out in the wilderness, you might get lost or, without your usual preoccupations, simply end up exactly where you started. What would you do! Fortunately, there's little wilderness in Adelaide, except as metaphor. We keep mementos of the natural world close to our metropolitan heart: We have our rings of parks, our gardens, our neglected river, and all more or less, within the city walls.



*Photographs by Shara Hendry*

*Playing in the Botanical Gardens*

The richest soil in South Australia has a city built on it.

As I write, a titanic battle is raging in the Sunny Arts between the Forces of Joy and the Forces of Deadly Boring Earnestness. I wish I could tell you that Joy always triumphs, but then, I know the history.

The good old times are right here right now - if you want.

*Wish you were here.*

## **Shaw Hendry**





Marcin Kobylecki  
*Harvest II*  
Gouache on paper,  
33 x 33 cm, 2004





# The ‘Mall’s Balls’: Daggy or Distinctive?

The first time I saw Bert Flugelman’s sculpture I was eight. On holiday from the UK, I’d seen his work in Sydney, Canberra and at the Festival Centre here in Adelaide. I remember thinking that there must be strange imposing silver structures like this all over Australia. What did they mean? Looking back I realise I took the memories of these artworks and started to construct a country around them: a newer, shinier, brighter, technologically superior place that seemed very different from England.

Having moved to Adelaide three years ago, I am again confronted by a silver structure on a daily basis. The same age as me, ‘Bert’s Balls’ have become something of a meeting place: “See you at the ‘Mall’s Balls’”; “I’m just near the balls”. Locals wait around the structures for their friends to arrive. Tourists walk up to them, watch themselves approach, change shape; seeing themselves from strange angles. Holiday snaps and postcards show the balls in all seasons. I once saw an hilarious card that had an image of the pie cart and the balls in the kind of black torrential rain that happens so rarely, I can only imagine this depressing image was intended by the photographer! The balls are, like it or not, an icon of Adelaide. This state, with all its natural beauty, is represented by two silver balls, approaching thirty years of age!



When I was little, the balls looked to me like alien sculptures, parachuted in; monumental in their disregard for their surroundings. They were shinier then, young and proud. Now the lower sphere is scratched, touched, weathered, it seems more ‘human’ and worldly wise.

The upper ball still provides the spectacular reflections that the lower one now cannot. The sculpture exists in two halves: shiny and amazing; daggy and scratched. To me they say something more





in their current state, than when first constructed. They speak of human nature, of seeing yourself in an imperfect mirror; taking on other people's marks and scratches. They represent the Adelaide that I love, imperfect: slightly out of date, but easy. I'd like to ask Bert if this pleases him, or whether he'd rather they were shiny again.



*Photographs by Alexandra Thompson*

Public art can enhance a space on many levels. Done right it can be vibrant, directional, place making and historically relevant. It can bring people into spaces, generate civic pride and say something of the community past and present. Rundle Mall has other public art, each piece acting in its own way to make

abstract space a place. John Dowie's *'The Slide'* is a discovery piece, something to be found and enjoyed in a personal moment. The bronze pigs (*'A Day Out'* by Marguerite Derricourt) are frivolous and memorable. Children and adults love them, a favourite is picked; they were, after all, named by the public. The pigs are part of their environment, and although they only appeared in 1999, they do not seem like an afterthought, they mediate the space, snuffling around it every day. The balls, however, are schizophrenic. To some, Flugelman's work may seem like classic municipal architecture, typical of government funded work of the 1970s: bland and reliant on their reflective nature to bond with their environment. The art establishment has seen them as passé and minimalist. The silver spheres say nothing of their particular place; they do not represent the community nor speak of a lost history.

The 'Mall's Balls' have, however, stood the test of time: they are loved; needed, providing a popular meeting spot; laughed at for being a background for tourist snaps; and given nick names. They take all this in their stride and continue to look on, reflecting the ever changing city.

## **Alexandra Thompson**





Akira Akira  
*Work in Progress*  
*from The Spillberg Series*  
High density foam,  
105 x 48 cm, 2005





# *After Nature After the Fact*

review

Cherry Hood

Greenaway Art Gallery

Sept 21 - Oct 16, 2005

I've always had a soft spot for the likely suspect. Like stray kittens, I want to take them home. Give them hugs, and loving, and warm cups of cocoa. I want to dry their wet hair with a fluffy towel. But the likely suspects in Cherry Hood's paintings look like their problems won't be solved with a cup of cocoa and a fluffy towel.

I walked in the door of Greenaway Art Gallery, to come face to face with kids I reckon I've taught in schools. The trouble-makers.

At first, the water colours and clay busts reminded me of William in the books by Richmall Crompton, or Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain. But a few minutes of decadently sipping wine in a crowd of potential buyers, made me feel decidedly uncomfortable, or rather, uncomfortably comfortable.



*Usual Suspect, numbers 1-8*

Was something sinister going on? The boys' expressions were haunting. I felt uneasy hob-nobbing with fancy people and all of us surrounded by these harrowing young faces.

The paintings are pretty. They are intricate, delicate, detailed. Heartfelt tenderly painted portraits of boys' faces in a mix of oils and water colour. The boys seem scared, defensive, angry, bitter, suspicious, rebellious, vulnerable, guilty, ashamed, betrayed, disturbed.

Sometimes realism can be technically impressive, but contrived, self conscious, dry, soul-less. Well, these were finely tuned realistic paintings, but they were also passionate, beautiful and raw, disturbingly real - and sad. Maybe I'm just a bit soft though. Has anyone got any cocoa?

**Fran Callen**





# FANTASTIC REALITY

The ‘fantastic’, was a term coined by literary critic Tsvetan Todorov to define a literary genre, but it also has pertinent resonance within contemporary visual culture. Relying upon a fictional world, the ‘fantastic’ describes that moment when the supernatural collides with reality, causing bewilderment, shock, disbelief and sometimes delight. Such supernatural surprises take the form of ghosts, monsters, unexplained events or otherworldly objects and twist everyday life’s often restrictive laws of nature and culture. Not to be confused with ‘fantasy’ or ‘sci-fi’, where unknown worlds governed by otherworldly laws are rife, the ‘fantastic’ is based wholly in the real world.

It is possible that some critically minded people could see the ‘fantastic’ as only a half-hearted effort at ‘fantasy’. True, it does not fully envelop itself in the escapism of leaving this world completely.

It is more like experiencing snippets of ‘fantasy’ from the comfort of your gravity-ridden armchair. But this, for those usually seeking reality-based entertainment, makes the ‘fantastic’ more astonishing when it unexpectedly confounds reality.



*From Nick Folland’s ‘Doldrum’*

Elements of the ‘fantastic’ have always existed in art, literature and popular visual cultures. In contemporary Adelaide culture, imported and local, it is witnessed occasionally. Coincidentally (perhaps something ‘fantastic’ occurring in real life), the localised ‘fantastic’ has appeared in the recent work



of two of Adelaide's most famous Nick's; the recent exhibition *Doldrum* from Nick Folland at the Experimental Art Foundation, and glass work from Nick Mount at the JamFactory earlier this year.

Nick Folland's installations in *Doldrum* bordered the space between reality and fantasy. In the sublime overflowing bathroom and crystal-filled sailing boat, the world as we know it could be glimpsed. But for those who were lucky enough to have seen exhibition, the place of Folland's landless map and tilted spaces presented another reality, one with unbelievable amounts of water. *Doldrum* was a water-world; not the dodgy Kevin Costner movie, but a place where reality shifted ever so slightly into the watery realms of the 'fantastic'.



*Detail of Folland's 'Doldrum'*



*Scent bottles by Nick Mount*

The second Nick, this time glass artist Nick Mount, located his 'fantastic' a little closer to the 'fantasy' line. In a breathtaking exhibition of abundant and enlarged glass 'scent bottles', all with bold colour and varied forms, one felt transported from reality for a brief moment to a place of exotic flowers, birds or fragile creatures never before seen. But scattered among these otherworldly forms there were memories of traditional perfume bottles or garden flowers. This exhibition is an example of the 'fantastic' stretching as close to 'fantasy' as possible.



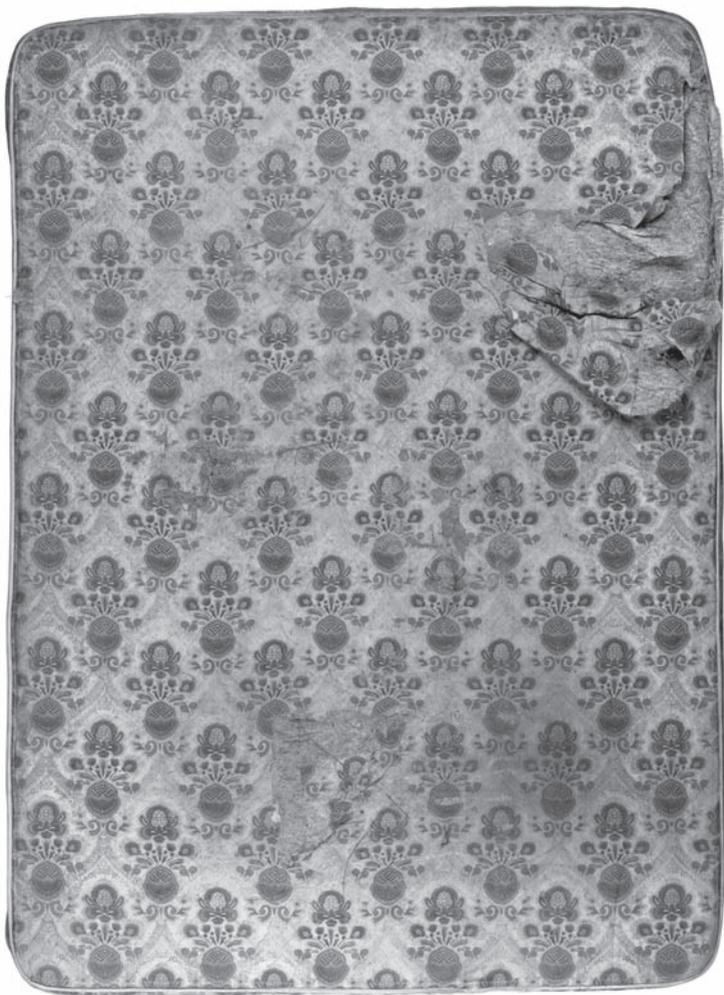
*Howl's fantastic moving castle*

Perhaps the most influential proponent of the ‘fantastic’ in contemporary culture is Japanese anime production team, *Studio Ghibli*. Their most recent release, *Howl's Moving Castle*, begins in a European-style village, but it is soon apparent, with the presence of a moving castle and magicians, that this is a supernatural world. Because the appearance of magic is not questioned but is a part of life for the two main characters, Sophie and Howl, this form of the ‘fantastic’ is perhaps slipping into ‘magical realism’ (where more non-real elements exist than real and magic as an accepted part of life). Nevertheless, for an audience of the real-world, the ‘fantastic’ elements to *Howl's Moving Castle* and other *Studio Ghibli* anime, offers another way to experience the world, particularly the emotional and spiritual sides of life. Monsters and *kami* (spirits) as well as the ability to perform magic, such as flying, are supernatural elements used symbolically throughout most of these anime and allow escape from a sometimes undesirable reality.

Other memorable examples of the ‘fantastic’ occur in the film *Being John Malkovich*, and in Japanese author, Haruki's Murakami's *Sputnik Sweetheart*. With little injections of magic, the ‘fantastic’ becomes the true home of the double-take. While in literature and visual culture you can re-read, rewind or look again, in real-life when the ‘fantastic’ strikes you, albeit very rarely, there isn't always a second chance. Embrace these moments, as they are ... well... fantastic.

## Sera Waters





Toby Richardson  
*Unknown*  
Giclee print  
small version 80 x 60 cm  
or actual size 200 x 148 cm, 2005



# TRANSMISSION

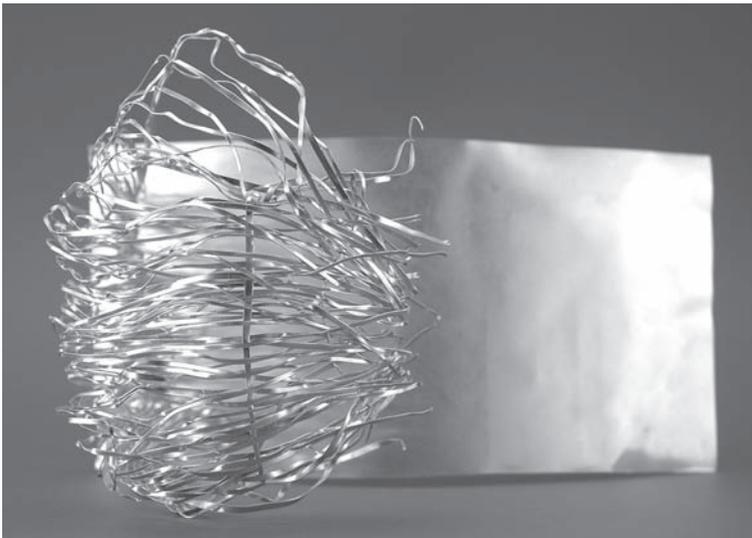
## Vitamin (Online) Gallery

*vitaminarchive.com*

story Bookmarks Window Help

   <http://www.vitaminarchive.com>

Vitamin Gallery is a virtual exhibition space. TRANSMISSION is our first show. All the exhibitors received a sheet of aluminium flashing (used for repairing roofs) and were given carte blanche to create whatever they wanted. The only stipulations were that they could not significantly augment the aluminium with another material, and the aluminium could not be coloured in any way. It is a testament to the ingenuity of the exhibitors that everyone took a different approach to the medium.



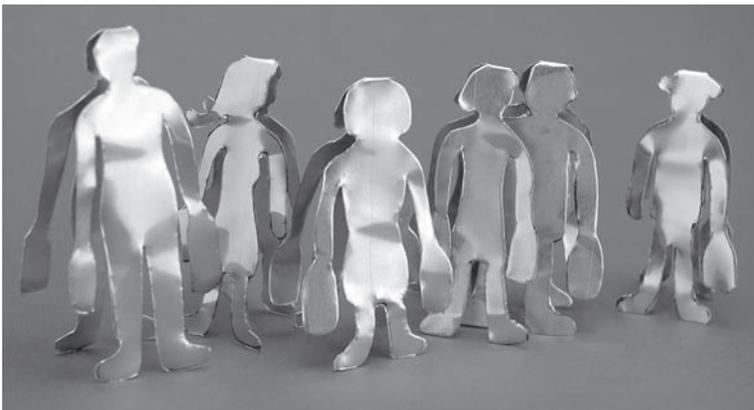
*Sonia Donnellan*



The resulting objects were created for a virtual exhibition and, at least in this instance, were never intended for display in real space. It is possible that some of the objects no longer exist now, their primary function having been realised at the moment they were digitised and transmitted to the World Wide Web. And yet, each object speaks lovingly of the physical, real world labour of the people who created them.



*James Parker*



*Hans Kreiner*

The Vitamin Archive is an adjunct to the hard copy Vitamin. The Archive is assisted by the South Australian Government through Arts SA. Vitamin is published quarterly (with a collectable insert artwork) along with a permanently downloadable pdf version. In coming months there will be further additions to the site including gallery listings and an index of all episodes.

## Shaw Hendry





# Form and Surface

creative practices

My recent work is influenced by a North Asian ceramic tradition, which I incorporate into references of my own urban experience. Rusting chimneys, rainwater tanks, chipped enamel, and rivulets of iron rusting around old car windows are a source of inspiration. Glaze materials provide huge potential for abstracted surface treatments. There is a kind of alchemy with glazes and, over time, you learn to accept a certain lack of control.

I have loved ceramics since I was sixteen. High School was a pretty conservative environment - no coloured socks allowed! Having a good art teacher helped, and I felt at home in the art department. Later, at Art School, I specialised early on and spent as much time as I could in the ceramic department. Liz Williams was one of my teachers, and Bruce Anderson too. I remember Regina Jugenautis - she was the queen of glaze.

After Uni, I moved to Sydney and did all sorts of jobs - teaching pottery in a prison was certainly an eye opener. During this period, I did a traineeship with a potter called Warren Moorfoot. I was doing decorative work, the usual - fish and leaves. After that, I returned to Adelaide, and did a short residency at the School of Art.



I went over to the U.K. in 1990, intending to stay 6 months - I stayed 8 years. I joined a studio in Clapham, a beautiful old 1930s building, a leisure centre and community arts access space run by Lambeth Council. I worked for seven years in that studio making ceramics that I sold in shops, galleries and markets as well doing some teaching. In England, I came into contact with the Anglo-Oriental tradition of studio ceramics, a merging of aesthetics, as typified by the work of Bernard Leach. Other potters, working

in England at the time, who influenced my thinking, were Joanna Constantinidis, Edmund De Waal, Richard Batteram and Lucie Rie.

Returning to Australia in 1998, I joined the Jam Factory as a studio





tenant. That was a fantastic time because it helped me reconnect with ceramics in South Australia and also consolidate my practice. The Jam Factory is extremely supportive. I was fortunate to share a studio with Stephanie Livesy - she made beautiful porcelain and became a mentor

to me. Stephen Bowers, the head of ceramics at the time was very encouraging as was his successor as head, Neville Assad Salha.

I left the Jam Factory in 2001 to join Jamboree Studios. After the incredible support of the Jam, I felt lucky to find a studio with energetic people of similar commitment to their practice.

Doing a Masters at UniSA (with Neville Assad Salha as my supervisor and, in the last six months, Damon Moon) pushed my work into new territory. I found myself exploring lines of research that I mightn't have otherwise. I became very interested in the abstract possibilities of surface at this time and in simplifying the forms I used.



*Studio photo by Derek Pascoe*

Nowadays, I have a studio at my home. It is wonderful to be able to work any time of the day or night if you want, and to have the space

to quietly contemplate what you are doing. It took a long time to set up and a lot of borrowing from the bank. I have recently built a large gas kiln with the help of David Pedlar. It has been a scary exercise, but exciting.

Having exhibitions is stressful, but it forces you into periods of intense activity and speeds the development of ideas. Last year I held exhibitions in Sydney and Melbourne, and later this month I will show at BMG. Although life is busy, I feel I have a good balance between teaching and working in my studio.

## **Kirsten Coelho**





Jonathan Dady  
*Unknown Island*  
Mixed media, 2005





# *Doldrum*

review

Nicholas Folland

Experimental Art Foundation

Oct 7 - Nov 5, 2005

Despite its surface being well charted from a long history of exploration, the ocean's depths are still mostly a mystery. Nicolas Folland turns the ocean, water, and mapping into metaphors for his own journeys. The ocean maps contain only water while a reconstituted map of the globe, as you enter the exhibition, contains



mostly land. Contained rather than vast, in mapping the known Folland has instinctively mapped the unknown. We find a traveller attempting to locate not only himself, but also his audience.

*Doldrum* set sail on the 7th of October at the Experimental Art Foundation. The doors opened at 6pm, despite the fact the

bathroom was flooded - water poured from the toilet, sink, bath and taps. Folland added a lean to this installation giving it a strange intensity.

In finding a balance between familiar interiors and mysterious expanses, he has explored the limits of personal understanding. In this sublime encounter, knowledge begins to look more like belief. The mind oscillates between the profound and the superficial. The viewer is placed in a mid-ground of unfamiliar familiarities. With its metaphorical lines of longitude and latitude, *Doldrum*, leaves logic in its wake.



**Craig Bunker**

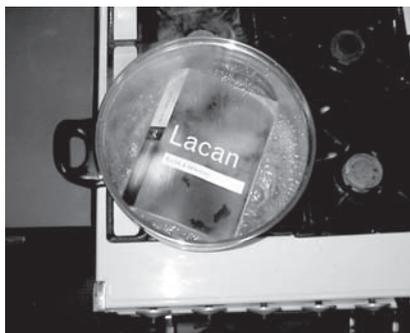


# In Circulation:

Art and 'French Theory',  
from Mark Siebert To Peter Timms

For an artist whose subtle and witty watercolour paintings delightfully rework the covers of books by authors as diverse as Anthony Burgess, Georges Bataille, and Alfred Jarry, Mark Siebert's recent solo exhibition *Out of Circulation* at Downtown Art Space, showcased a comparatively more acerbic engagement with literature, particularly texts synonymous with contemporary critical theory and visual art.

The compilation of digital prints and mixed-media installations furnished a spiky and sardonic take on a handful of seminal and widely disseminated texts by writers such as Jean Baudrillard, Jacques Lacan, Jean-Francois Lyotard, and Jacques Derrida, as well as monographs on artists like Salvador Dali and Pablo Picasso.



*Untitled (Boil)*

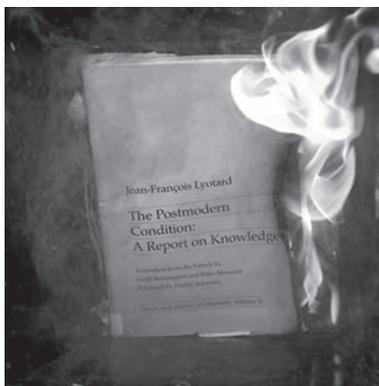
I find Siebert's treatment of the aforementioned theorists' texts in his digital prints particularly intriguing. In *Untitled (Boil)* (2005), a flashy new edition of Jacques Lacan's *Ecrits* is immersed in a steamy, bubbling saucepan. *Untitled (Flush)* (2005), shows a copy Jean Baudrillard's *The Transparency of Evil: Essays in Extreme Phenomena* being

flushed down a urinal. Alternatively, *Untitled (Burn)* (2005) comprises four prints, which document the incineration of Lyotard's *The Postmodern Condition: A Report on Knowledge*. Only the late Jacques Derrida's *Of Grammatology* meets with a less brutal demise, being accorded an open burial in *Untitled (Bury)* (2005).

In one respect, Siebert's peculiar handling of these titanic texts — whose exemplary insights into literature, philosophy, and psychoanalysis have posed indispensable implications for art history — seems cheeky, brazen and irreverent. But one may discern a darker side to the wry sarcasm of images like *Untitled (Burn)*.



The act of destroying, and, more specifically, burning books is an extreme gesture, often fuelled by a fervent dogmatism. Book burning has a lengthy history, earlier instances of which date back to 213 BC in China, whilst more modern equivalents include the Nazi book burning ceremonies that took place in numerous German cities in 1933, and the relatively more recent case of Salman Rushdie's *The Satanic Verses*,



*Untitled (Burn)*

copious copies of which were torched in 1989. Throughout this long history, book burning, as Max Kamien observes, “has been a constantly recurring and extreme form of the suppression of ideas or opinions.”

I am not identifying suppression or censorship as the primary motivations behind, or meanings of, Siebert's work in *Out of Circulation*, but I am fascinated by the defiant tone of his images. Their seemingly hostile, but simultaneously satirical, treatment of texts associated with 20<sup>th</sup> century ‘French’ theory provokes reflection. They incite an important question about the relationship between theory and art: why have some prominent arts writers dismissed the writings of these thinkers and their pervasive impact on visual arts practice?

I want to digress from Siebert's art and ponder this question in relation to Peter Timms' *What's Wrong with Contemporary Art?* (2004), a study that investigates what he calls “the serious problems with art's packing, promotion and reception”. As a freelance curator and art critic, Timms admits feeling angry and dismayed by what he sees as “the increasing commodification and trivialisation of art”. One of the central problems plaguing the practice and interpretation of contemporary art is its pervasive contamination by theory. For Timms, contemporary art, as it is defined by many of today's curators, academics and administrators, is “that which ‘engages with contemporary theory’: that is, the sort of basically French cultural theory taught in university humanities departments under the broad rubric of postmodernism”.





Postmodern theory, as construed by Timms, is not only “didactic”, “generalising” and “self-contained”, but it actively deters any personal and emotional interaction with individual works of art. Rather than being deployed as an “open enquiry”, theory, according to Timms, is alternatively used to buttress the idea that art is scarcely more than “a variety of rational discourse about social concerns”. Thus, given its current collusion with “cultural theory”, contemporary art, Timms surmises, is more likely to be preoccupied with “discourse than with disclosure”.

For Timms, the dire consequence of this primacy of theory is that legions of students graduate from university art departments with some muddled and primarily second-hand knowledge of cultural and literary studies, “yet little or no knowledge of the development of their own discipline”.

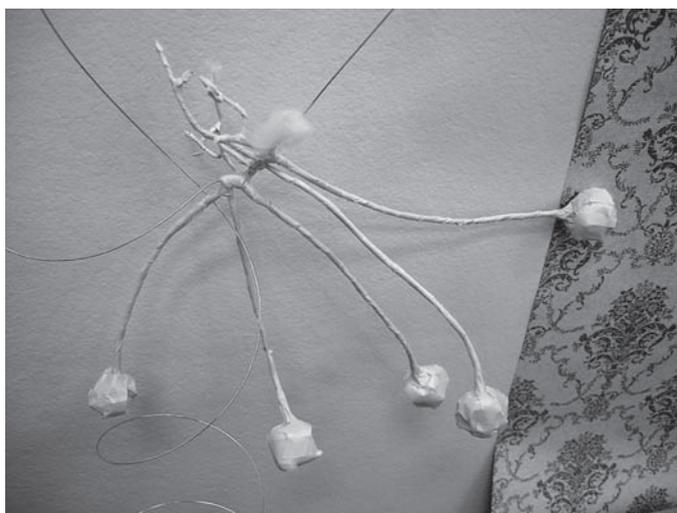
Countering this current predicament, Timms argues for an art that is reconnected with nature, that is to say, an art that utilises “‘nature’s methods of operation’... a more poetic, romantic and idealistic art”. For Timms, this would entail a greater reverence for the process of art making and less emphasis on the resultant product. But more importantly, such an art would defy the market-driven commodification of art and its institutionalisation as a “discourse on topical issues”.

Rather than trivialising art, I would contend that the significance and salience of Baudrillard, Derrida and Lyotard in contemporary visual culture (and, conversely, the reason underlying their denunciation), perhaps resides in the capacity of their writings to highlight the futility and impossibility of Timms’ impassioned nostalgia. His longing for an art that is ‘natural’, autonomous, and liberated from both commodification and its integration within a differential and unstable system of signs.

Rather than endeavour to master, prescribe or remedy art, the importance of Derrida’s and Lyotard’s contributions arguably reside in their respective attempts to consider art in terms of certain notions of the sublime; as something indeterminable, unrepresentable and perpetually in the process of becoming.

**Varga Hosseini**





Katrina Simmons  
*Dissemination (work in progress)*  
Masking tape, wire, wadding,  
dimensions variable, 2005





# Exhibition Etiquette

Dame Barbara Cartland had etiquette down to a fine art, and it's with a fine art in mind that I offer the following guidelines for Exhibition Etiquette to uninitiated art lovers everywhere bold enough to breach the bourgeois borders of an exhibition opening. Before I continue, I should say I am a practicing artist - albeit one with a bank balance. I exhibit randomly and collect enthusiastically. The "art world" is a niche society with strict cultural standards, and Exhibition Etiquette, though unwritten, unstated and undervalued, *must* be adhered to!

I make a pact today that all future exhibitions I hold will have the rules of Exhibition Etiquette clearly displayed at the door, and even on the reverse side of all catalogues. Catalogues? They're those paper things we pick up on the way in, stare at intently as we gracefully wind our way 'round and 'round, then rip strips off to write down our contact details for all the new friends we meet. They're inexpensive business cards really. But I digress. There is a systematic sequence observed by the cognoscenti at exhibitions, which I have summarized here as a quick guide:

1. Dress for the event. This means no business suits, or corporate wear - you don't want to look too mainstream, streamlined or demographically characterized. Best to stick to woolly jumpers, stripy tights or anything vintage.
2. At the exhibition, start with the collection of the catalogue, while surreptitiously identifying all the important people within the room, (and all the annoying people as well). Make a mental note of the nearest exits.
3. Next, source the free alcohol. There is usually a choice of red, white or bubbles. The idea of this is to help you relax, not wring you out at the end of the night. While on this subject, never buy anything while pissed.
4. Now it's time to practice your graceful (or not so, in some cases) choreographed routine for spatial navigation as you



move through the gallery space. The goal is to avoid the annoying, and annoy the important - as often as possible. Always carry a full glass.

5. Glide your eyes at least perfunctorily over the works on exhibition. Make mental note of at least one title in case you are caught on your own with someone 'in the know'. Not being prepared for these people is a feeling akin to looking down and realizing you forgot to get dressed.
6. Never get caught without a catalogue and try to avoid ever being in the unfortunate, not to mention badly planned position of having someone best avoided strategically positioned between you and the free grog.
7. Meet and congratulate the artist if you know them, or if you like their work. Dodge the artist, and anyone else who might take offense, if your critical observation is to the contrary.
8. Don't talk, cough or (most importantly) laugh during any speeches accompanying the exhibition opening. Remain intent and focused - try whimsical if all else fails - eyes straight ahead. With your wine in one hand (obviously), and catalogue in the other, be ready to applaud with your feet or your eyelids at the appropriate moments.
9. At the suitable time, exit with as much grace as you can muster. Grab a taxi home, spill that glass of water all over your bedside book - you can worry about the \$3,000 lump of wire dented clay you just bought with a clear (hung over) mind in the morning.
10. When the review comes out, if there is one, disagree with everything the critic says.



With these little tips in mind, you will enjoy attending many happy exhibitions.

## Angie Doughty-Garside





Chris Tamm  
*Skull Stencil with Zine Pages*  
Spray paint, paste and photocopies,  
2005





## Emporium

Dianne Longley

Adele Boag Gallery

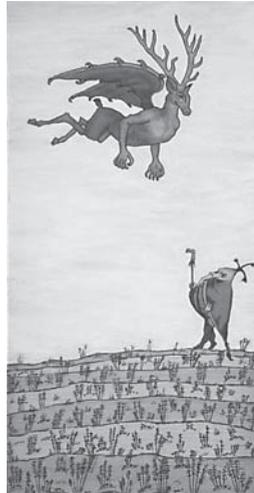
Aug 5 - Sept 2, 2005

review

In his speech at the 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary celebrations of the Contemporary Art Centre of South Australia, in 1992, Daniel Thomas taunted the assembled throng of artistic personages that their work may never grace the Art Gallery of SA. Instead, it was more probable that someone completely unknown, slaving away in a suburban shed, would find grace and favour on North Terrace. Among the artists enjoying Thomas's repartee that night was Dianne Longley. On the evidence of her recent exhibition, at Adele Boag Gallery, she has more than just the busiest shed in Welland going for her.

The new work is full of whimsy, fun and playfulness; I suspect there may even be a naughty Pikachu cookie in one of the bushes. More importantly, this fancy and frivolity is firmly rooted in the enduring tradition of fairytales and storytelling, which explore human frailties and foibles within pretty, even sugary confections.

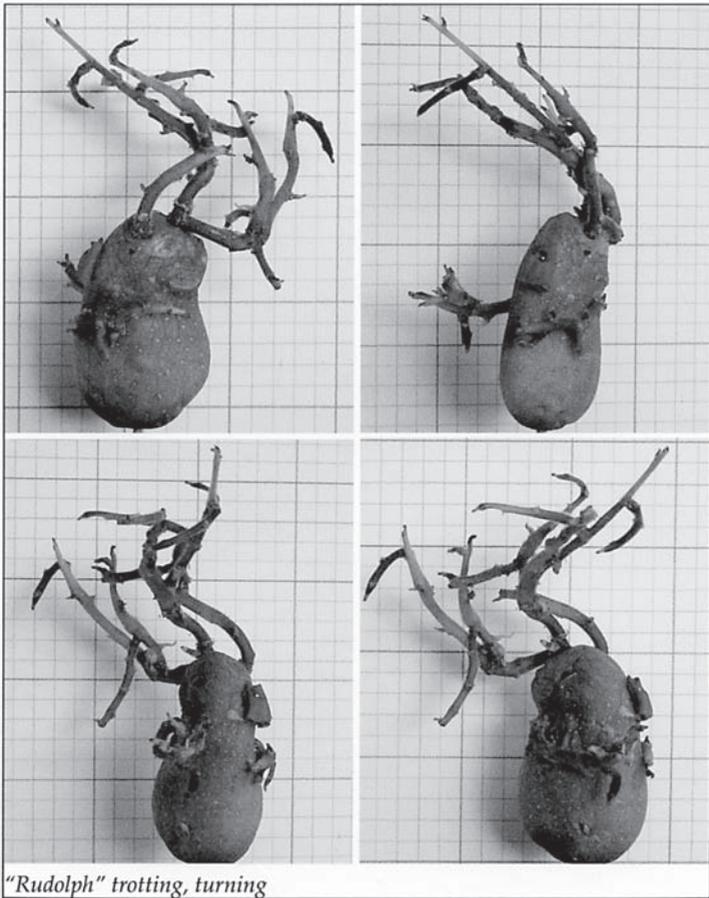
Among echoes of Joseph Campbell and Claude Levi-Strauss there is something dark and foreboding lurking within Longley's images. Her interposing of medieval and contemporary media images seems a commentary on our era of retro, cartoonish media-driven despots seeking to turn us against each other for the basest of motives. It would be easy for some to dismiss Longley's oeuvre as not serious, you know, not enough *black shirt*, text driven, global stuff. After all, afternoon tea and little cakes accompanied the artist-talk Longley gave during her exhibition.



Longley's works range over many mediums, digital and non-digital, seamlessly combining historical images and contemporary Japanese manga/anime characters with a distinctive personal iconography and have a well-crafted, domestic scale, suburban edge.

**Kym Thorne**





Olga Sankey  
*Rudolph*  
Digital image,  
15.3 x 12 cm, 2005



# episode six launch

24th August 2005, Blue Pony Studios, Stepney



*Launch pictures by Ryan Waters*



# VITAMIN

Episode Seven – Nov/Dec/Jan - 2005/6

Shaw Hendry  
Editor

Sera Waters  
Layout

Dianne Longley  
Technical Support

*Contributions are welcome.  
All correspondence should be directed to:  
[shaw.hendry@unisa.edu.au](mailto:shaw.hendry@unisa.edu.au)*

*ISSN 1449-6429 (Print)*

*The Vitamin Archive is assisted by Arts SA:  
[www.vitaminarchive.com](http://www.vitaminarchive.com)*

The photocopying of this publication  
was kindly provided by the  
South Australian School of Art

All Rights Reserved. The publisher assumes no  
responsibility for errors or omissions or any  
consequences of reliance on this publication.

**Cover image by Sera Waters  
Insert art: Gavin Blake 2005**

*Published by Vitamin Publications, Welland, South Australia*



# VITAMIN

MAY CONTAIN TRACES OF VISUAL CULTURE

2005/6

free



EPISODE SEVEN

NOVEMBER  
DECEMBER  
JANUARY

