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Yes, we each received three statements, and this was the material from which hypothetical artworks were imagined.

An attempt to make a hypothetical work as a kind of not-so-selfless gift to someone else's practice - a strange mix of psychoanalytic diagnosis, friendship, forgery and DIY fix.

This process of making hypothetical works for the other artists involved became an exercise in viewing; things like traits, consistencies and repetition were searched for in order to impersonate a way of making.

*Yes, you know what I mean. One on one.*

This work is a nodding performance. Two performers face each other and nod. They are in agreement, they condone, allow and give their blessing. They are saying yes to something, affirming each other's meaning in the conversation. Every minute or so one of them coughs, clearing their throat so as to say nothing. So as to keep agreeing with their partner, with the idea of making performances, agreeing with the exhibition, with the state of things. There is an unmistakable implication that there is something going on. It is as unknown to the performers (still nodding) as it is to the audience.

The sickly sticky tension between language and materiality is central to the work. I think it has something to do with the last line of the exhibition press release 'who could have said this, to whom, and in what circumstances?' A demand about bodies and what they can say.

'When gestures get repeated, with different emphases on various words, its supposed to be a renaming, reconfiguring, hoping that the viewer will remember, or feel familiar.'<sup>1</sup>

What of this hope for familiarity? It seems at odds with the comfort usually associated with the familiar. There's no warm welcome back into the fold of language, its not an easy free flowing conversation. Its difficult, jarring and to a certain extent unnatural.

MR. ROONEY: Never pause . . . safe to haven. . . . Do you know, Maddy, sometimes one would think you were struggling with a dead language.

MRS. ROONEY: Yes indeed, Dan, I know full well what you mean, I often have that feeling, it is unspeakably excruciating.

MR. ROONEY: I confess I have it sometimes myself, when I happen to overhear what I am saying.<sup>2</sup>

'I'm becoming more and more drawn to innuendo too.'<sup>3</sup> Declares the artist. Innuendo - a saucy, dirty, slippery mix of words, meanings, understandings and distant familiarity. The English word from the Latin *innuendo* (a nodding), gerund of *innuō* (I give a nod). A nod suggests agreement, a non-linguistic deal-making with another - to comply with the joke, to understand, to confirm and conform to an unspoken shared meaning.

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<sup>1</sup> Anonymous artist statement

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Beckett, *All That Fall*, 1957, <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BY22jmHAS5E>

<sup>3</sup> Anonymous artist statement

*Changing Something Through Touch*, ?, 2014, projector, rear projection screen, video, 3:03 mins.

This work will be a remake of the Alfred Stieglitz photographic series *Hand and Wheel*. The remake will exist as a video where the artist will gently caress the revolving wheel of a car as she says (and repeats):

*Where I live I can hear corn grow.  
It's just field corn, but each stalk reaches toward the sun.*

It will be unknown who is speaking; whether it is the hand (fig.1) or the wheel is irrelevant. I assume that the viewer will naturally associate the voice with the image of the human, but that is up to them. It is also fine if the three elements obtain a subjectivity, or character, in their own right. They are all, after all, an innuendo in themselves.

The film will be shot from the same angle as the original still images, and will go for roughly three minutes. It will be exhibited on a loop and preferably installed in the basement of the gallery. I think the brick underground area nicely alludes to the mechanics of the wheel but also, and most importantly, the subjectivity of seduction.



fig.1 - Example of original image from the photographic series.

BANG! When the Trigger is Pulled (2014)  
Audio, 7:01

One-way Mirrors, Plyboard, Speakers, Replica Eames Chair, Sunflower Seeds, Electromagnetic lock,  
Heating system, Thermostat, Water cooler, Paper cups

Charles and Ray Eames, RAR chair (1950)



While the viewer sits in the aesthetically and ergonomically pleasing chair, they are given 30 seconds before the audio track begins. In this time they can enjoy the bright, quiet space of the booth and the unusual sensation of being able to look out into the gallery, knowing that - due to the one-way mirrors - they cannot be seen.

After the first 30 seconds, the temperature in the booth has risen from 33.5°C to 34°C. The audio track starts, consisting of the artist's audible reactions to being electrocuted in different places on their body. The audio has been slowed down, so that the high-pitched shrieks of pain become soft, deep moans. As the audio continues, the viewer will become increasingly uncomfortable. The heat - climbing at 0.5°C every 30 seconds - will cause them to sweat and wriggle in their seat, alongside this, they are being subjected to the sound of intimate moaning. For some audience members it may be an erotic experience, for others it may be torturous. As the heat climaxes at 40.5°C, the moans stop. An unfamiliar voice speaks instead, saying in a flat, disappointed tone: *you're so fucking easy*. The electromagnetic lock releases the door and the participant is free to leave the booth and help themselves to a cup of cold, refreshing water.

The work is one of audience participation, only for those over the age of 16 (to comply with local laws pertaining to age of consent). In the very centre of the main gallery space is a booth made up of four one-way mirror walls - one of which doubles as a door - and a plyboard ceiling containing a small heating system. At the entrance to the booth is a water-cooler, full of water and stacked with paper cups. The internal measurements of the booth are 200 x 200 x 200 cm. Inside are two wall-mounted speakers, a replica Charles and Ray Eames RAR chair (in gloss black) and a rounded, handfull-sized pile of sunflower seeds on the floor. The seeds exist purely to allude to Vito Acconci's work *Seedbed* (1972). By the nature of the booth's architecture alone, the viewer is invited to sit on the chair with their back to the door. It is the participants' decision whether they want to close the door behind them or not, and when closed, an electromagnetic lock keeps the door closed for 7 minutes and 1 second, initiating two features: a pre-recorded audio track and a steady rise in temperature.

A round-group discussion, where the group decide what to do about the high-vis vest that is drowning in a fountain. The camera frames one spurt at a time. The spurts can be differentiated only through the soft-focus change in the changing perspective upon the fountain's surrounding plaza in its city-setting. This single-channel video should be shown on an attractive box-monitor sat on a custom-built structure. There should be sound of gushing, of a helicopter overhead and of passerby's shouts and cries as the highly-visible vest is flogged, flagellated and whopped around by the vicious fountain jets. The sound should be played in surround-sound, supposedly correlating to the encircling round-group discussion, crowd or fountain jets.

The long table-like thing, roughly measuring average table-height and table-width, would run from one side of a room to the other. There should, for the good of all, be a hinged counter-top section of this table-like thing, for ease of passage. Ideally this should be movement-sensitive and automated to winch the counter up and allow an approaching viewer through. How engaging, for all of us involved.

Walking through, the viewer should be, not become, acutely aware of their own (now *imaged*) apparent consent<sup>1</sup> to be serviced by a service-provider, one winching counter-top-maker. The viewer's relationship to the maker is mechanised through the thing of the winching, interactive counter-top door. On the under-side of the counter-top, exhibited only when the counter is winched up and open, is an attractive pastel-sketch on coloured sugar paper of two people's hands shaking.

Even if the viewer cops a feel of the sugar-paper drawing of the two hands with her own hand<sup>2</sup>, this image of the negotiating gesture will not unlock itself, will not winch itself open, or wince. If you keep on touching it, which you are *free and within your rights to do*, inevitably the pastel-dust will come off on your fingers, giving you a chalky fingerlickin feeling of having got something. But the process of trying to possess it<sup>3</sup> will have diminished the lovely, daughterly clarity of its marks and lines, blurred it, made it gauze-like<sup>4</sup> and even further away<sup>5</sup>. An image not for touching on this earth. Oh, that kind of (image) creation, that kind of joy on earth, that homely refrain, the easy kind of love in the room.



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<sup>1</sup> ... I am trying to figure out if there is any connection between this relation of production and how ideology is produced and reinforced.

<sup>2</sup> ... between physical access to objects and the difficulty of touching images.

<sup>3</sup> "During their wedding night, the story goes, he was afflicted with a sense of profound unworthiness. Today, he is supposed to have said to his bride, our bodies are adorned, but tomorrow they will be food for worms. Before the break of day, he fled, making a pilgrimage, where he lived in solitude until he felt the power to work miracles arising inside him" *without any pressure to collaborate? 'make soft'? Is there a point at which delineated or nebulous or ambiguous, or unfinished, all these qualities I want the work to have, simply become a little 'soft' and 'flaccid'? Is it acceptable to use the word flaccid in this way, the way it always tends to be used: insinuating emasculation, and immediately naming this a kind of weakness.*

<sup>4</sup> 4. That thing that you told me to think about, about how I suppose *it is submerged memories that give to dreams their curious air of hyper-reality. But perhaps there is something else as well, something nebulous, gauze-like, through which everything one sees in a dream seems, paradoxically, much clearer. A pond becomes a lake, a breeze becomes a storm ...*

<sup>5</sup> *Losing loo loo loosing you for good ... we used to ki ki kiss another ... that thing you made us read, a way in which pop might intersect with something more sinister and manipulative: the pleasure of submission, which is so politically salient but also so essential to the escape innate to pop. Immediate sensory good times in spare (sucked out, waiting) time.*

This work will be a text work about a fictional artwork made by the artist. It will be inserted into the accompanying publication to the exhibition existing simultaneously as a work of art itself, and a result of the artwork's reception. It will also be available on the artist's website after the show. Whether it will be included in the 'Works' section or the 'Texts' section is still yet to be known. It will go a little something like this:

Inventing my Own Terms:

A conversation between the artist and Search Engine on the occasion of the artist's exhibition of  
'A Sculpture and an Image as the Chicken and the Egg'.

Wikipedia: *A fable is a succinct fictional story, in prose or verse, that features animals, mythical creatures, plants, inanimate objects or forces of nature which are anthropomorphised (given human qualities such as verbal communication), and that illustrates or leads to an interpretation of a moral lesson ( a 'moral'), which may at the end be added explicitly in a pithy maxim. In the context of your current work, what does this mean for you?*

Artist: I think, quite literally, the context could be translated as so: a work of art is a succinct fictional story, in image or object, that features realism, abstraction, representation, transformation, provocation or moments of action, which are anthropomorphised (given human qualities such as verbal communication), and that illustrates or leads to an interpretation of an idea (a 'thought'), which may at the end be added explicitly in a viewer maxim.

Wikipedia: *And 'a maxim is a ground rule or subjective principle of action; in that sense, a maxim is a thought that can motivate individuals'?*

Artist: Yes, I think so.

Wikipedia: *Your work is called A Sculpture and an Image as the Chicken and the Egg, and 'the Chicken or the Egg causality dilemma is commonly stated as 'which came first, the chicken or the egg?' To ancient philosophers, the question about the first chicken or egg also evoked the questions of how life and the universe in general began.'* I wonder how this relates to you in terms of a moral and perhaps too, a philosophical pursuit within art?

Artist: Well I think it's interesting that you brought up the term fable earlier. When making this work, and hopefully when viewing it for you, I was very aware of the way in which images can be framed. Naturally, they are representation, and I think through being so they denote interpretation also. The simple act of replacing a known symbol with a new image anthropomorphizes, again to borrow your words, a picture from being just a depiction to being a metaphor, or say, a fable. That was my intention in the first scene of the video when, as you saw, I simply replace an image of the chicken with an image of a sculpture. Of course, you know the rest! But I have always been fascinated with how you can replace language with image, and essentially that is the philosophical pursuit at the end of this; what are the political potentials of visual form, and how do they both depict and question things such as ideology, and so on.

*Manage and Break the Camel's Back* (2014)

Mixed Media Installation with Audio, 2:57

Turf, Vinyl Lettering, Ream of Acetate Sheets, Ream of Photographic Paper, Ream of Office Paper, Wireless directional speakers

When the viewer walks into the gallery, they see a quiet, still installation. Two rolls of grass, side by side, two speakers playing nothing and 3 near, little cubes. As they get closer and only when they are between the two grassy expanses they can hear the heartbroken, yet powerful sound of Dionne Warwick. *Now you really gotta go, so walk on by / Baby, leave, you'll never see the tears I cry.* They leave the first speaker behind and move on to the next one: *Oh, walk on by, don't stop.* By now, they may begin to feel as though there is nothing for them to see here, an idea fully re-enforced by the obscured text at their feet. They continue down the alley towards to the abstract forms on the floor to their right, assuming there's some clue there as to why they've dedicated any time to this work. The first block is transparent yet the top sheet is obscured by fingermarks. They can barely see through it, not that there seems to be anything to see. They move on to the next one, again the top edges of the block, but not enough to actually reflect anything. Finally, they move on to the final block. Mate, fingermarks ... if there is anything to see it's completely obscured. They exit the walkway and realise that there really was nothing for them to see here.

The left-hand-side length of turf is laid out on top of vinyl lettering. The lettering spans 120 x 770 cm on the floor, allowing only 10 cm of text to be seen under each edge of the turf. This is not enough for the audience to decipher anything for definite, but it is enough for them to guess words or even sentences. On top of the turf are two wireless, directional floor-standing speakers, playing Dionne Warwick's *Walk On By* on repeat. The speakers are positioned 300 cm, and 100 cm in from the bottom edge of the turf. Since the speakers are directional, the audience can only hear the song when they are directly in front of them.

As you walk into the main gallery space on the floor are two parallel lengths of turf, each measuring 100 x 750 cm. The right-hand-side length of turf has a ream of acetate sheets, a ream of photographic paper and a ream of office paper placed on it, each consisting of 2,500 sheets. The acetate is 300 cm in from the top edge of the turf, the photographic paper is 200 cm in from the top edge of the turf and the office paper is 100 cm in from the top edge of the turf. Each has been precisely placed so that only the top sheet and edges are visible.

This work exists in two parts. Perhaps better put, in two ways. These shouldn't be taken as an either-or, but more of a *maybe necessity*, also put down as a *sort-of attitude that is a necessity*. Each of the two ways (in which this work works) declares the other invalid.

Way one is a video of two people, a barista and a manager framed centrally through a doorway. The camera starts in close, physically inches from them. As the video progresses, the camera slowly peels back, framing the kitchen through the doorway, then the doorway in the wider cafe. The two characters stare centrally at the camera and in unison perfectly mouth the words of the single-voice-over;

*Bliss, whatever I want, advantage and an epiphany, here called the fear. Fuseli's little gremlin flashes a horrible sneer at the barista about the burnt coffee served up and the lack of perfect change with it. I'm going to write you up on tripadvisor, silly girl. Girl doesn't get paid enough for this and pokes nasty nightmare demon in his creepy eyes. Advantaged, horsey manager sees the whole thing, neighs, hoofs girl barista outta cafe back-stage. Second barista makes gremlin a perfect coffee. Gremlin takes a seat in the window, with a clear line of sight through a slit tween two red curtains into the privacy of the cafe's kitchen. Where dreams are coming true. Looking over as the two ignorant service working people persons reaffirm one another's positioning within the company, way to go, go on now go. Manager is making barista girl act out how she works the coffee machine now, to see where she went wrong. Gremlin slips outta chair, trundles closer, right up to the door, for a closer look at what he's made, how he's made them stand, stranded, sharing the same air and earth. The line between barista and barista-no-more trembles so violently that, if he squints, dreamy gauze, and listens only to the banging and hissing of the machines, Gremlin can think lazily of the scene as his own over-view of someone else's efforts at intimacy and seduction. Red curtains.*

Way two is a massive sketch. Measures gremlin-height and the length of a barista. It is of a cafe, stricken, partly on fire, beer taps running and people dancing on the tables<sup>1</sup>. People are going crazy. Smashed up cafe windows let it all hang out and we would see for miles across a rolling flat landscape. A lot of people kissing and stroking each other, a gremlin being forgiven, given a garland, a kaftan and as many girlfriends as he wants. The drawing is done in the colours of a lens-flare.

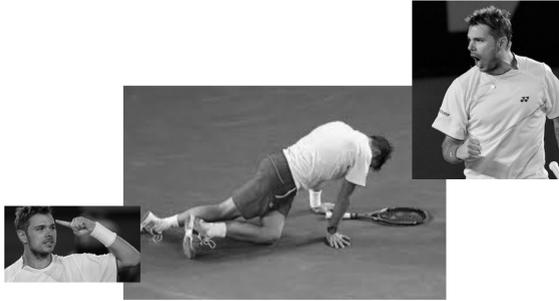
Ways one and two are set upon opposite walls in the room, but are in no way contradictory. Two ways of sensing the same crisis, One endless, ripped-like-toned, inexorable and unpenetrable. The other hysterical, *fast* like a girl in a mini-skirt, ripped open like desublimated, and really, just as possessive as the first. Elsewhere on the floor, waiting to go up, a range of motivational posters will



encourage viewers to come to accept both ways as part of the same moral universe.

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<sup>1</sup> “As for dancing, I keep trying to make a video that is resolved (or dissolved) by dancing, but I keep failing ... The images do not rest on the time-line but remain in the file system and get called up. This is partly what the dance is about / for. Its about how to stop calling stuff up. The only way I can extricate myself from making a film is to have this ecstatic dance, to reciprocate and fulfil the edit's internal moves.”



*Zero-sum game and a win-win situation.*

‘Then all of a sudden you get the fear: you realise that your ideals match with the ignorance and the bullshit.’<sup>1</sup>

The work begins and ends with ignorance. It’s a new ignorance, a reworked ignorance that replaces its own pure brand of sloth and complacency with a never-say-die attitude. It’s not a curious ignorance, not a Socratic position adopted as a means to seek out truth. It’s a positive affirmation. It is clear that to walk through gallery door is not to seek knowledge, not to do good, but to feel good, to feel good as a future you. It is a work about the fist pumping feeling of success.

Australian Open men’s champion Stanislas Wawrinka has a line from Samuel Beckett’s *Worstward Ho* tattooed on his arm: ‘Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try again. Fail again. Fail Better.’ No media outlet could resist this poetic body-art as metaphor for his success:

‘Human life is about striving and almost always falling short of the goals, hopes or standards we set ourselves. Winning, it has been said, comes from getting up off the floor just one more time.’<sup>2</sup>

I have taken the lazy option, barely describing how the work should be. But you get the feel of it, right? It involves these images, in these configurations, the Beckett quote and ‘benefit[ing] from someone else’s efforts.’<sup>3</sup>



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<sup>1</sup> Anonymous artist statement

<sup>2</sup> Paul Monk, *Sport it’s all about winning well, and failing better*. The Age, 23.01.2014

<sup>3</sup> Anonymous artist statement

*Calm After the Storm (or, Storm Chaser)*, ?, 2014, two channel video, two flat screen TVs, two wireless headphones, audio, dimensions variable.

This work will be a stop motion animation, compiled of found images. The images will be of Olympic gymnasts as they perform. There will only ever be one figure in each image at one time. The first channel of the video will be images will be of gymnasts in flight; flipping, swinging, leaping, reaching etc. The second channel will be images of gymnasts failing; falling, tripping, sliding, slipping etc. There will also be a narration that will be the same for both videos. It will be available on two wireless headphones hung to the left of the TV screens. I'm not quite sure what the narration will be, but it will definitely start with this Susan Sontag quote:

*'Painters and sculptors under the Nazis often depicted the nude, but they were forbidden to show any bodily imperfections. Their nudes look like pictures in physique magazines: pin-ups which are both sanctimoniously asexual and (in a technical sense) pornographic, for they have the perfection of a fantasy.'*

Naturally, I feel as though the narration will be in the artist's voice. I suppose that is a trait of his practice. Which, knowing many traits of his character, makes me feel as though that might be a reason for him to do the opposite. Let's just say that it will be an automated voice. This I'm sure will not sit too well, and will have material and linguistic limitations (I suppose in this case these are one and the same). However, these limitations are integral to this work and to his work in the past – inflection, pause, delivery, sarcasm, comfort (etc). Although now that integrity is reversed. Usually the artist relies on such things for effect, for sympathy or emotional reliability. This time I feel that a certain level of simultaneous complacency and banality is necessary in the delivery of spoken word.

I'm not sure what the rest of the narration will be (like I said). But it will not be overt in expressing its relationship to art – even though it will have one. I also think it will deal with the relationship of labour to presentation. I don't mean in a workers sense though. Rather in the sense that there is a relationship between the amount of physical exertion that goes into being fit enough to be a gymnast that is contradictory to the output of effort when performing – a refined delicate movement, one that is entirely removed from the process one goes through in being able to perform it in the first place. This contradiction is similar to the strategy of making an artwork. Therefore, the last words of the narration will be: *An art object is like a gymnast.* Apart from the quote, this will be the first time the word art will be referenced throughout the entirety of the video. It will run for approximately six minutes.

The viewer should walk into the white wall-clad space and feel as if their bricks had been exposed, out of the corner of one's eye. A thin white line should be water-coloured onto the floor. The line should be precisely straight. Its weight, however, would surely then be irregular. Fat, strong, virile, thick for a spurt then tapering wispy, spindly when the unblinking maker's wrist starts to fail and pain. Very, very present, the line and the transferral of the line through<sup>1</sup> fat to fearful, fertile to flattening. This white water-coloured line should be drawn across a length of a room. The line should be conditioned by both the bullish tone of its instruction and the humility of its floored, footed, walked all-over position.

The way this bullish tone should jar with the instruction's flagrant disregard for local detail or specificities should be succinctly symbolised nearby, where a TV monitor would play an hour-long video of a High-Vis vest-jacket being continually impaled by a ceaseless jet of water riling outta one spectacular fountain in a city-setting.

The water-coloured line, meanwhile, should naturally be transferred<sup>2</sup> onto the floor, should it? In order to undermine any fungal assumptions that it just happened to naturally appear itself (draw itself? grow itself upon the floor?) small ditchy-holes should be thwacked into the gallery floor at both ends of the water-coloured line. This exposes brickwork. This will indicate to the viewer that something is sort-of<sup>3</sup> happening to the line which is, in some ways, being imagined as something that starts to come out as uncontained. Uncontained and spilt by the very parameters which are describing it<sup>4</sup>? In fact, the two ditchy-holes could be seen as delineating the white line.



<sup>1</sup> ... Such conditions are malleable<sup>1</sup> at least reading a text has this 'tension'. To what extent is this transferral elastic, just where is its angry snap?

<sup>2</sup> ...this attitude is then transferred naturally into a number of factors that make a work: production, consumption and reception'.

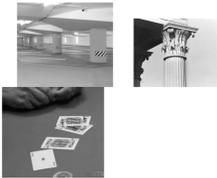
<sup>3</sup> A 'sort-of' attitude that is necessary: this sounds terribly flaccid but mean it like how poetry is an okay thing to do because it surely must be okay to cop a feel of the words that bid me work and play as I consent to. (Image of you as a policewoman and so your unseen knickers) Also like how Molloy calls them pebbles when we'd apparently probably call them stones: *I took advantage of being at the seaside to lay in a store of sucking-stones. They were pebbles but I call them stones ...*

<sup>4</sup> "Like Fuseli's demon, Sebald's images 'image' what privacy or dreams or writing itself might look like in the exterior world. They make interiority visual, whatever that might mean." And how about that thing you said about something else as well, something nebulous, gauze-like, (...) *A pond becomes a lake, a breeze becomes a storm, a handful of dust is a desert, a grain of sulphur in the blood is a volcanic inferno.* That there's the other thing you pushed- said in my direction: that the use of the word 'metaphor' is down from 0.00156% of all printed English words in 1997 to 0.00143% in 2008.

*A work in three Columns.*

A column is most commonly thought of as a support, a structure that holds up the arch, the entablature or the lintel- a rounded piece of stone that transmits, through compression, the weight of the elements above to the elements (and eventually the Earth) below.<sup>1</sup> (Where as a small wooden or metal support is typically called a post.) But the column can also be employed as a monument. Standing alone holding up nothing but air, an ideal, a collective remembrance.

This work is a large-scale text work. Positioned from floor to ceiling across a wall of the gallery. This work is written in columns. The first column reworks reality – describing its own structure. It attempts to lay its cards on the table.



*In this manner, it could be contended that everything that goes from the world into art is fiction. It is a process of narrative (and therefore abstraction) that we read and write (and paint!) eternally, simultaneously and unknowingly.<sup>2</sup>*



The second column is an image, stretched to meet the formatting requirements of the column. I am unsure what the image is of. It is however symbolic, idealistic, it holds meaning beyond the sum of its parts.

The third column is a very short historical novel. It is a founding myth. It is inspiring and nostalgic. It is what rests upon the monumental column.

Here however it has been replaced by this relaxed and comfortable business lady leaning on a post.



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<sup>2</sup> Anonymous artist statement

<sup>3</sup> John Knox, *The Nelson Monument on Glasgow Green Struck by Lightning*, 1810, oil on canvas.

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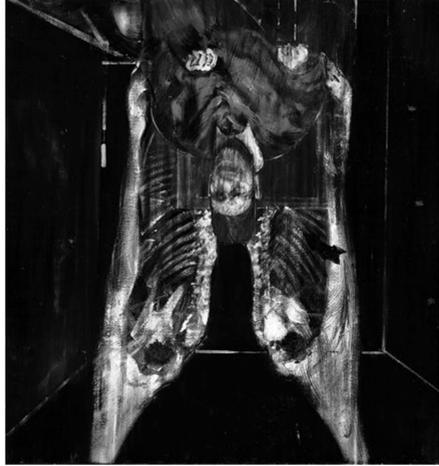
<sup>1</sup> Wikipedia, <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Column>

*Place It, Light It (Face It, Fight It)* (2014)

Mixed Media Installation

Corrugated plastic, Lighting truss, Rope, Sandbags, Granodiorite, Hardback novel

Francis Bacon, *Figure with Meat* (1954)



There is a sense of being trapped between worlds - sandwiched between the unknown. The viewer is between now and then, and between here and there. On one side is a foreign object and on the other is a familiar object and both are surrounded by obscure unnecessarily-dramatic facades. They share something in common but it is something which has been long-forgotten.

The viewer is invited to study the hanging object in as much detail as possible: it hangs at eye-level and due to the lighting truss is accessible from 360 degrees. What is it though? The fact that it's hanging perhaps conjures up images of carcasses hanging in an abattoir, and it may also lead one to consider Francis Bacon's *Figure with Meat* (1954). In the latter case does the viewer become *Figure*? Is the viewer somehow being demeaned by this form? There is also the novel in the box to consider: a classic tale anticipating the difficulties and dangers of the future, of proceeding with an ignorant, rediscovered.

The work is situated in the mezzanine area of the gallery. In the middle of the space - suspended from a series of ropes and sandbags via a lighting truss on the ceiling - is a form made from clear, corrugated plastic. Its measurements are 114.4 x 72.3 x 27.9 cm, but it is an irregular shape. Its highest point is at the top-right, then it slopes down to the top-middle-left. The bottom-right corner seems to be missing too. It looks like it once belonged to a larger, more regular form. The way it hangs presents the corrugated element of the plastic edge-on, giving a textural effect. The only other object in the space is an open box on the floor, carved from granodiorite, measuring 35 x 40 x 30 cm. In the box is a hardback copy of Aldous Huxley's *A Brave New World* (1932).

THIS PUBLICATION HAS BEEN MADE FOR THE OCCASION OF

*Pardon me, but our position has been struck by lightning*<sup>1</sup>

... an exhibition at The Substation, Melbourne by

Phoebe Amis, Rosie Isaac,  
Jack Saunders & Isabelle Sully

27th February 2014 - 23rd March 2014

<sup>1</sup> *Pardon me, but our position has been struck by lightning* is a mishearing of a phrase supposedly found in phrasebooks in the 19th and early 20th centuries.

