

**Fine Art
Honours
2011**

You could describe the Honours year as, hmm,
like going through puberty all over again, ah the horror – *KW*

You're quite a cohesive group, very supportive, almost to a fault – *TB*

I don't have anything profound to say about your Honours
experience, which is probably the best advice I can give you – *FM*

The reality is hardly any of you will be practicing in 10 years – *DP*

You won't have savings, you won't have a house, but fuck,
it's exciting and that's why you'll do it – *CC*

An Introduction

Anwen Lincoln

A wise person once said that a team of champions is no match for a champion team. Well, a wise person or a Weetbix advert, one or the other.

And there are plenty more sayings where that came from, (there's no 'I' in team, um, no one can whistle a symphony ... you get the gist). But as our graduate show approaches, this dilemma presents and re-presents itself, niggling at our collective conscience.

'I' vs. 'We'

In a group show (like the graduate exhibition), there must always be compromise. We must constantly remind ourselves that this isn't a one-man show; it's a hundred-man show. We can't all have the main stage, so to speak.

Now, adapting to being part of a group has never been an issue for our year level. As a cohort, we've often been accused of being "very supportive". Initially this seemed a charming compliment, something to be infinitely proud of. But in the months that followed, this phrase took on a less than complimentary tone.

Too supportive? Surely there was something wrong with this conclusion. By halfway through the year however, the implications became clear. Let's just say, that whilst friendships were flourishing and there was always a lunch date to be had, crits were hardly critical and essay word counts were dismally low. The motivation to hand in an important essay on time faded quickly when a friend was in need. All new-semester resolutions seemed to fly out the studio windows.

So, how to conclude these rambling thoughts? Since I started with stolen phrase, I think it's appropriate that I finish with another.

All for one and one for all.

Let's be honest, the most valuable thing that you take from this degree isn't the cardboard that you pilfered from Architecture, or the pile of theory readers, but the community that you formed here (although that cardboard is amazing). That community will sustain you outside of the walls of the institution, when you're making art out of your laundry and need someone to sit with you and 'workshop' your ideas for an hour or six.

Those relationships endure and, thankfully, are free. And as artists, destined to be poverty stricken, that's nothing to turn your nose up at!

The Studio

Laura Carthew

The studio separates 'You' and 'I'.

During the day I look out of my studio window. I watch the external routine unfold. People walking to university, to jobs and exercising. Couples flirting, laughing, fighting. People paying for parking with too much change, people getting fined for not having enough. The peak traffic, the quiet traffic, an ambulance. The trees, the leaves, the peak traffic. That house with the three chimneys, I wonder who lives there. Those young car window washers, working amongst the traffic, I wonder about them. Why are they so young and doing that job? How much money do they earn and what do they do with it? They probably would think the same about me. My internal routine begins. The many 'I's' within the studio say their morning hellos. The mood of the day can be determined by that hello. We have cups of tea together, talk about our ideas and our anxiety or lack thereof. We talk about 'That exhibition', our library fines, relationships, sex, good films and moldy food accumulating on our desks. We endure crits in these spaces, engage in small and long talks with our mentors and get questioned incessantly about the logic of our practice. We read books here and pretend to read books. We write our exegeses and pretend to care about writing our exegeses. Within these spaces we develop trust and mutual respect for each other's work. We form relationships and subliminally develop interconnected ideas. We construct a new language, a new set of conventions and gestures. 'Its ok to come into my studio when I'm looking a certain way, its ok to take that piece of fruit and eat it.' We close that door. We open it. The studio is a sanctuary. The windows are reflective. I do not exist to 'You', the outside world.

At night the windows illuminating qualities are reversed in the darkness. I am on show. I exist as a 'You'. Someone knocks on the window, I can't see who they are. I am still an 'I' to myself but not to 'You'. I wonder if it is one 'You' or a group of 'You'. I wonder if you're ridiculing me, or intrigued by this active space. My ideas and myself are exposed. I'm telling myself I should go home. I'm talking to myself. 'Engage in a more normal routine invested in normal working hours, eat something more nutritious than Coles 2 minute noodles for dinner. Stop checking Facebook and listening to trashy music pretending its productive.' I make my final lists, a necessary reminder of what the next day involves. I decide to leave, adamant to be home in time to sleep and start the day all over again. I walk to my car, wondering if that person who knocked on my window will be waiting for me. I feel the fresh gust of air I have been longing for in our over insulated studios. I'm in real time now, but I'm still seeing images everywhere. Strong floodlights illuminate the soccer field across the road. As I approach, it seems like a scene out of a modern day Caravaggio painting. I attempt to catalogue it in my mind. 'You' say hello. I must seem dazed and confused, my thought process interrupted. I say hello and continue walking.

The Studio no longer separates 'You' and 'I'.

The Crit

Tess Healy

The Characters

The facilitator
 Ego
 Truth
 Alpha
 Devil's advocate
 Optimism
 Analogy
 Support
 Mirror
 The silent artist

The Setting

G1.04. Around 10am. The elite crowd is gathering eagerly/
 reluctantly.

ACT 1

The group slowly filters in and each figure takes their place around a work that could be yours. Minutes go whilst observation simmers and thoughts are formulated rapidly.

THE FACILITATOR: (Clearing throat) "Does anyone have any initial thoughts?"

ANALOGY: "I feel like we're all cows in a precarious barnyard...and this keyhole of light, allows us only the tiniest bit of access."

TRUTH: "But what if that amount is all we can handle?"

EGO: "That amount of light is all we can handle."

OPTIMISM: (Blinks slowly)

ALPHA: (Opens mouth hopefully and frozen nonsense comes out)

ALPHA: "I mean: I get the sense that there is a silent performance going on here."

MIRROR: "Here?"

ALPHA: "Within the work."

ACT 2

The group slowly filters in and each figure takes their place around a work that could be yours. Minutes go whilst observation simmers and thoughts are formulated rapidly.

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE: "Is this Art?"

THE SILENT ARTIST: (Covers mouth with left hand)

EGO: "We're here aren't we?"

TRUTH: "Can Art hear entirely?"

ALPHA: (Think quietly: is questioning crucial?)

MIRROR: "One is asking yet no one is answering."

MIRROR: "Every one is responding silently all at once."

EGO: "One's mind is a universe"

ALL: (In canon) "Art is a world."

The Grad Show

Emma Hamilton

There comes a time at the tail end of September when Honours students take up semi-permanent looks of horror on their faces. You know the grad show is approaching when...

- You find multiple empty chocolate packets around the studio
- There is someone having a breakdown every day
- Someone gets bitchy in a crit.
- The studio is actually full.

All students quake at the approach of the grad show. It is a kind of dress rehearsal for a possible future career. Despite the fact that most of us have already been through this (ordeal) at the end of third year, this rehearsal sensation pervades.

The grad show can be a monumental anticlimactic experience. This is the culmination of four years of artistic education?

It is also the time when we have to face up to those nuisance questions we have been asked by families and friends throughout our degree: what will you do after you graduate? What job will you get with your degree? (Fellow students, do not despair. For an eligible response to this question please see the opening page for Christian Capurro's quote.)

However, whether one looks back with anguish or delightful satisfaction at their grad show work, it can't help but be a learning experience. One must tackle the impossible balance of knowing exactly what kind of space and technical equipment they will need six weeks in advance while the artwork must remain 'open', more specifically while the final work is yet unconceived.

What the grad show opening night will bring cannot be foretold. We only hope the plaster sets, the paint dries, the batteries last and that the nails are in firmly...and of course to see our lecturers drunk by the end of the night.

The Institution (after Andrea Fraser)

Lachlan Petras

The institution is comprised of various bodies: the student body, the staff cohort, the architecture and knowledge itself amongst others. It is also a way of framing these bodies. I acknowledge its most obstinate being as architecture, the least flexible manifestation of the institution. Our work, whatever form it may take, ends up in a discursive dance with architecture. It performs for it. In this performance, the institution may cease to be a frame and become an audience, a body of another kind. By resisting the impulse to allow architecture to dictate the performance, we might spare the work from becoming a servant to the labyrinth. This other body should remain, but an audience to the process of negotiating the 'institution', to the instituting and the institution of critique.

Anwen Lincoln

Ideas that enter the mind under fire
remain there securely and forever.

– Leon Trotsky



Brooke Shanti Fenner

A dialogue is a kind of chain reaction where we're dependent on each other: if you're missing from the chain, I won't develop my thoughts and vice versa.

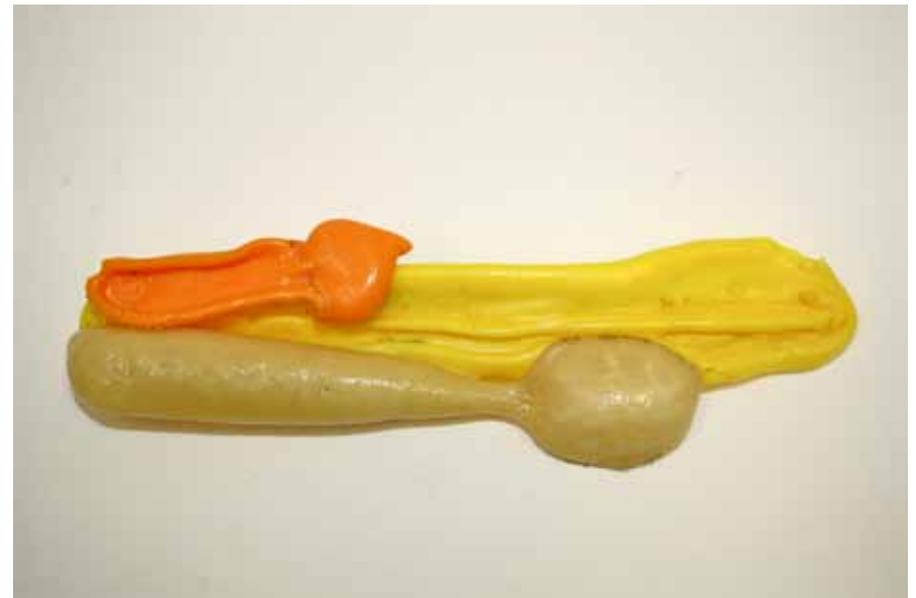
– *Olafur Eliasson*



Chloe McColl

After we see an object several times, we begin to recognize it.
The object is in front of us and we know about it, but we do not see it –
hence we cannot say anything significant about it. Art removes objects
from the automatism of perception.

– Viktor Shklovsky



Daniel Bowran

Invention often occurs within
the loose ends of process

– *Richard Serra*



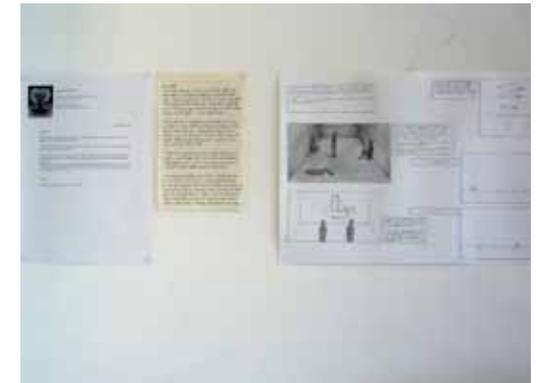
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Elle Ward

The past is past. Its presence is ruined and is available to memory only on the understanding that memory itself constantly collapses into an immemorial from which nothing returns, ever. The past is not present as if it were 'recalled' in the sense of 'revived'. Of course there is such a thing as recall, but 'recall' itself is a call that clearly has no addressee, that is deprived of a destination. Similarly, the remembrance of things past is a loss of time that will never be compensated: finishing his book, the nameless Narrator writes that the place of men – so narrowly circumscribed in space – “extends boundlessly” in Time. The recall of the past always opens, irresistibly, onto an endless distance and onto an abyss. One addresses oneself to it, only to see it retreat to a distance just as great as the distance from which one apparently first approached. The remains, the wrecks that we must encounter on this approach offer two simultaneous testimonies: on the one hand, there was this presence there; on the other, there is here, now, only the past of the 'there was'.

– Jean-Luc Nancy



Emma Hamilton

The notion of the imprint for Duchamp is not without a split function: it creates, of course, a similarity – symmetrically confronted to its *similarity* –, but equally it tends to deny cutting it, destroying it. The double produced by the imprint has therefore also a function of *dissemblance*. Using here the vocabulary of Duchamp to put forward the hypothesis that *the imprint moulds and remoulds* its own objects. If the 'mould' is thought of as 'native' and as 'negative', then it is necessary to understand that the resemblance obtained by contact is doomed to a destiny of dissemblance, if not of destruction.

– Georges Didi-Huberman. (My own translation)



Ingrid Goff

We are dealing in a sense with a spectacle based on fear, or rather on the pretence of fear, as if eroticism went no further than a sort of delicious terror, whose ritual signs have only to be announced to evoke at once the idea of sex and its conjuration.

– Roland Barthes



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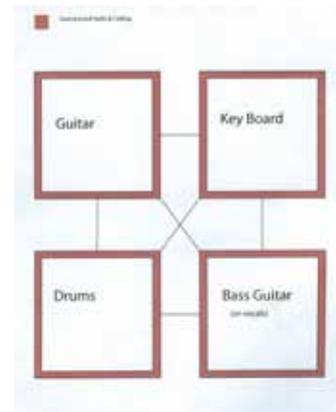




James Halliburton

Wherever we are, what we hear is mostly noise.
When we ignore it, it disturbs us. When we listen to it,
we find it fascinating.

– John Cage.



Katherine Pigott

... in a universe suddenly divested of illusions and lights, man feels alien, a stranger. His exile is without remedy since he is deprived of the memory of a lost home or the hope of a promised land. This divorce between man and his life, the actor and his setting, is properly the feeling of absurdity.

Albert Camus

The void is a representation of the future; it can become whatever you make it. So the black board is really a metaphor for all the possibilities I see for my life or at least a comprehension of the concept of endless possibility. This unknown can of course be fearful, the constant fear of what we cannot foresee and the pressure of knowing what to do with that unknown. There is a constant struggle to make the right choices in life just as there are in the animation process.



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Lachlan Petras

"What's the damn time, Max?"

"Six Thirty."

"Must be nearly eight by now."

"Seven fifteen."

"I think I still here them up there."

"Now?"

"Little after nine."

"Only ten? Is that watch going?"

"Yeah, it's ticking."

"Eleven yet, Max?"

"In five minutes."

"They've gone, I'm sure."

"Relax."

– Excerpt from Ron Goulart's "Please Stand By" (Short Story)

Impet@me.com



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Laura Carthew

This is the world of the forgotten; the landscape
in which trauma dwells and amnesia and erasure rest

– *Charles Merewether*



Lee Pittella

Once the art has been made, an entirely new set of problems arise, problems that require the artist to engage with the outside world.

– Bayles & Orland



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Leela Schauble

In ritual, the world as lived and the world as imagined...
turn out to be the same world.

– C. Geertz

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Louise Miller

The everyday is the most universal and the most unique condition,
the most social and the most individuated, the most obvious
and the best hidden

– Lefebvre



Megan Osborne

It takes a long time to grow young
– Pablo Picasso

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Nathan Barnett

I have the mad hope that, without knowing it perhaps, these barbarians lounging on beaches are actually modeling the image of a culture in which the greatness of man will at last find its true likeness. This race, wholly cast into its present, lives without myths, without solace. It has put all its possessions on this earth and therefore remains without defense against death. All the gifts of physical beauty have been lavished on it. And with them, the strange avidity that always accompanies that wealth without future. Everything that is done here shows a horror of stability and a disregard for the future. People are in haste to live, and if an art were to be born here it would obey that hatred of permanence that made the Dorians fashion their first column in wood.

– *Albert Camus*





Tess Healy

You're choosing the mouth as the way into the 'I'. That's your entry point. There is another way, but it's not via one's own self, which in any case, deep down, will take you to that sea-bed of common humanity. It's other people. It's them, they, (wo)man... It's possible to begin a quest by entering humanity via other people- namely, the Other Self. But in the end I'd still be entering the same stage- the stage of the heart- with however many characters there are, and with their various roles, functions, destinies. That's what allows you to make observations at various degrees of remove, with microscopes or telescopes. From there you can see something tiny or huge, but always human nature playing itself out.

– *Helene Cixous*

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Therese Keogh

It is unlikely that beavers got the idea of building dams by watching human dam-builders at work.

– Bernard Rudofsky





Ysabelle Dauguet

Architecture imitates us in our capacity for movement but not our actual passage through space, rather, the gestures through which we give movement a communicative and affective form.

– John Macarthur



Daniel Palmer







Fiona Macdonald







L-R: Terri Bird, Katherine Pigott, Laura Carthew, Emma Hamilton, Ingrid Goff, Elle Ward, Therese Keogh, Lachlan Petras, Louise Miller, James Halliburton, Leela Schauble, Tess Healy, Chloe McColl, Lee Pittella, Daniel Bowran, Anwen Lincoln, Ysabelle Dauguet, Daniel Palmer.

Absent: Brooke Shanti Fenner, Christian Capurro, Fiona Macdonald, Kit Wise, Megan Osborne, Nathan Barnett.

"...people are the most important thing. People are all there is."

– *Pamela Bone*

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