Brisbane Powerhouse – Centre for the Live Arts presents the inaugural 'attitude 27.5° – an annual event placing dance and performance at the centre of a curated program of installations, critical debate and workshops.

'attitude 27.5° body/technology/audient

Curated by Zane Trow and Gail Hewton. Assisted by Kate Fall

Triple Bill
Fugu San – Lisa O’Neil, Sound DJ Emma Pursey
Monster – Brian Lucas, Sound Brett Corley
Bleeding A Part – Sharon Boughen, Music Susan Hawkins
Vissy Theatre 5 – 17 Sept

Winter Solstice Mix
A visual music performance utilising sound and film by Warren Burt and Dirk de Bruyn.
Stores Studio 21 - 22 Sept

Bonemap ‘the wild edge’
Dance | screen | sound | image | object – a site specific hybrid work from collaborating Cairns-based artists: Rebecca Youdell, Russel Milledge, Glen O’Malley, Paul Lawrence and Michael Whiticker.
Powerhouse precinct 21 – 23 Sept

Phase II Poetic Dielectrics
An interactive sound and web installation by Adam Donovan, Chris Davies and Ben Marks
Turbine Hall 10, 14, 18 & 24 Sept

Tension or Synergy
A weekend workshop series in conjunction with Ausdance Qld 9 – 10 Sept

The Body and Technology/Use of the Worldwide Web
A forum/discussion and practical workshop on technology and performance with Rebecca Youdell and Russell Milledge as part of MAAP, 10 Sept

Visiting artists towards 2001
Rosalind Crisp and Caizanne Barry
Fattitude 27.5° is partnered annually with the Multi Media Arts: Asia Pacific Festival (MAAP)

Gay Games VI Sydney 2002
Cultural Festival is seeking EXPRESSIONS OF INTEREST

ARTISTS
The Cultural Festival of Gay Games VI Sydney 2002 is a two week event beginning on October 25 and running through to the end of the sporting events on November 9, 2002. It will not only present a showcase of the best of renowned local, regional and international artists in all genres, but will also offer opportunities for broad participation, and the inclusion of smaller scale work by emerging and alternative artists. The work must have some relevance within a gay, lesbian, transgender or bisexual context either through the creators, the performers, the subject matter or a combination of these.

If you have a well-developed idea, production, exhibition, installation or other event that you would like us to consider, please send an initial expression of interest to the address below.

VOLUNTEERS
Like any large-scale international event, the Gay Games VI needs volunteers for both the sport and cultural events. If you have time and energy and would like to be involved in aspects of the sport or cultural program, please send an expression of interest to the address below and mark it clearly VOLUNTEER. Please provide your email address, home address & phone numbers, and areas of interest.

Gay Games VI, Sport and Cultural Festival Sydney
GP0 Box 2763, Sydney NSW 2001
ph. 9331 1444, fax: 9300 1220
or email us at culture@gaygamesvi.org.au
Applications must be received by October 1, 2000

Cover image
Photograph by Narelle Autio, from The Seventh Wave an exhibition (Stills Gallery, Sydney) and book (Hot Chilli Press, Sydney 2000) by Trent Parke and Narelle Autio.

"From the walls of the gallery, water spews from lips, curls through hair. Arms open to receive it, heads push against its weight, limbs plough through, torsos tumble in it. It becomes a liquid landscape for for glorious and gawky choreographies." (from review, page 33)
Politics and vision

Our annual outside edition surveys both issues of the academy in 4 fascinating essays on teaching dance, new media, performance and the visual arts, and the impact of new technologies on the arts in Working the Screen 2000, the only comprehensive survey of digital works online, in galleries, performance spaces and on CD-ROM. By all accounts Working the Screen 1999 had a long life and was certainly one of the most visited sections of our website over the last year. We hope it proves even more valuable for the next 12 months and beyond. The intense and inventive creativity in this area is invigorating.

Throughout RealTime 38 there's a striking recurrence of political issues. Ben Goldsmith warns that the restructuring of the APC could result in increasing screen illiteracy. Nadine Clements looks at the narrowing options for consumers and artists as the corporatisation of the web proceeds apace under the guise of the advantages of convergence. Sarah Miller questions the Australia Council-Satchi Report's fundamental understanding of the arts in Australia and of the Council itself. Composer Colin Brunt and poet Amanda Stewart discuss the challenges of art as politics prior to the release of the CD of their opera, The Sinking of the Rainbow Warrior. Bec Dean quenches the political vision of young visual artists in the Hatchet National Graduate Show at PICA and Suzanne Spanner, focusing on The Melbourne Workers' Theatres' Front (about the maritime industries dispute last year) and series of plays in Melbourne with arts at their centre. Barbara Ball worries at the corporatisation of tertiary teaching, where the teacher's role becomes increasingly managerial and less and less pedagogical, eliminating the possibilities of creative play.

In recent time, a few notable artists have castigated the arts community for its apparent preoccupation with funding, the Ralph Report and the GST at the expense of artistic vision. A parallel phenomenon has been those commentators who have proposed the reduction of arts funding in order to stimulate artistic vision. That these thinkers are focusing on theatre, an area with considerable problems to do with vision, and, I might add, a shortage of funding in critical areas, is not surprising. This view suggests, though, that there's a shortage of vision and, two, that survival is not an issue. In recent years as funding has been spread thin and becomes less recurrent for many, I've watched mature artists struggle to live and keep a grip on their work.

Because vision is not much discussed in this country (an enduring cultural problem) and because the promotion of the the arts within Australia is weak (in a recent trip to Europe I was impressed how well Australian work is promoted overseas) it's easy to fall into the belief that there isn't much in the way of vision and not much happening in the arts (a view compounded by little media coverage including the severe limits of the ABC's Art Show). As Sarah Miller says of Australians and the Arts: A report to the Australia Council from Satchi & Satchi Australia (see page 4) "Clearly the huge amount of work undertaken by clients of the Australia Council according to its very own guidelines and priorities— which includes the support of artists from non English speaking backgrounds, the 'distinctively Australian' work undertaken by contemporary performance and arts organisations, community and art & working life organisations, Indigenous and multicultural arts organisations—are not even recognised. If the Australia Council is oblivious to the programs, activities and achievements of even the artists and client organisations it funds, then no wonder the arts have an awareness problem in this country!"

Peter Sellers has provoked mixed reactions in his urging on Australian artists, some feeling he believes us short of political will and artistic vision without his pronouncements. But it is clear from Sellers' various statements that his emerging program is founded on the belief that the vision is there, that Australia has unique opportunities to right various wrongs, and that in collaborating with his team of associate artistic directors he can facilitate the furthering of that vision.

Vision, arts politics and survival are deeply enwined: they can't be unraveled by the well-heeled suggesting that will power and funding can will salvation—that's not vision, that's barbarism and fits only too well the economic rationalism that threatens to defeat us so often these days.

Congratulations to two fine artists Rea and Lynald Jones. Rea for being awarded the 2000 Biennal Indigenous Arts Fellowship Award and Lynald Jones for being selected to represent Australia at the Venice Biennale.
Arts Gospel according to Saatchi & Saatchi

Sarah Miller

Anyone who picks up a bottle of tomato sauce can be Jackson Pollock.

Backbemer, AB TV

about him? I'd just like to note that this 'world class' document. It has vision. It has breath. It's not afraid of change.

Furthermore, it demonstrates unparalleled research skills and a knowledge and understanding not just of the arts but of Australian history, geography and contemporary social issues that is simply breathtaking. And I do believe that it is time that real people—bureaucrats, consultants, sports and business people—people on real salaries and with proper working conditions—get into the business of telling us not only what art is but what it could and should be and how we can all-listen and arts workers alike—do our jobs so much better. That's what we pay them for.

As for the arts community or "The Sector" I don't know what we've been doing. Curiously, we mightn't be able to define art conclusively (only exclusively it seems) but goddam, we sure know how not to be in touch. We're artiot, elitist and we think that 'yarning at home' is 'yarning at home'. How stupid is that! And of the sector compellingly points out, we've overlooked the "modern Australian cookbook" as a source of inspiration. When was the last time you read a modern Australian cookbook anyway? If you did, you'd know how to draw on the "distinctively Australian mix of national influences not found anywhere else in the world."

Unfortunately the "modern Australian cookbook" doesn't seem to include a chapter on bush tucker. We should, however, embrace multiculturalism simultaneously drawing on the "quintessential Australian notion of people who are down to earth, accessible and without any airs and graces." Imagine that! And I suppose the idea is that they should have control over the content of their work? Sacrilege schmatrage! Like those ever popular Jehovah's Witnesses, artists should be knocking on doors and asking what it is that people want in their art—whether they want it or not.

Not only are we out of touch but many of us, it appears, "lack the skills, expertise and training that are needed for effective marketing and communication." No one seems to have noticed that most of us lack the business as well! Whilst I wouldn't dispute the fact that the level of skills and experience within the so-called "subsidised sector" are unevenly spread, I find it difficult to support strategic planner Paul Costantoura's inferred conclusion that the commercial sector is served only by people of enormous ability, skill and experience. Working, as many people do, across both private and public spheres, it is clear that the private sector contains many people capable of great competence. They're just not accountable to anyone. The outcomes don't need to be held up to public scrutiny. When they go bust, it's between them and their investors.

The report also states that "people who identify themselves as part of the arts community tend to distinguish between the commercial and the subsidised sector" and no doubt that is how some people see it. In reality, such a reductive opposition is hardly tenable. One point that comes to mind is the difference between those artists who concentrate on the commercial aspects of their practice in favour of issues pertaining to both form and content. Working in the not-for-profit sector tends to necessitate a multi-faced approach—which in fiscal terms typically manifests itself through a mix of earned income and varying levels of (generally inadequate) subsidy in order to carry out those activities which local, state and federal agencies have agreed are worthy of support.

Now I was under the impression that "Australia & the Arts" was a research project commissioned by the Australian Council in order to ascertain the value 'Australian' music on the arts-Australian Arts relationship. In fact, according to Dr Margaret Sears, Chair of the Australian Council, "about how Australians see the arts today and how they would like to see the arts tomorrow." It sounds so simple— even benign.

In part that's what we get and there is some interesting and potentially useful information generated through interviews and focus groups. What is infuriating, however, is that where this document moves into characterising the arts: In its discussion of the arts sector it is positively insulting. The report is full of specious and often contradictory assumptions based on inaccurate premises. It's defensive in tone—anyone who might disagree is written out of the equation—and presumably dismissive of what is, after all, a multi-faceted sector. It also assumes that the arts are in a position to solve major social, economic and political inequities in this country, while remaining oblivious to those many artists and organisations that continue to be actively engaged in various forms of social action.

It is arguably the most distressing thing about this research document. Whilst the emphasis was on interviewing 'ordinary' Australians as opposed to the usual arts professionals, presumably the Australian Council provided the background briefing to set the research methodology in place. As it stands, Australia & the Arts makes claims about the arts sector which are simply not sustainable. Clearly the huge amount of work undertaken by clients of the Australian Council according to its very own guidelines and priorities— which includes the support of artists from non-English speaking backgrounds, the 'distinctively Australian' work undertaken by contemporaries in the field and arts organisations, communities and art & working life organisations, Indigenous and multicultural arts organisations—are even more important to us. The Australian Arts Council is oblivious to the programs, activities and achievements of even the artists and client organisations it funds, then wonder no one has an awareness problem in this country! As for the "Big A" and the "little a" arts? There's some amazing stuff in there. The Big Arts are, as you might expect, things like the ballet and the opera and possibly architecture. The little arts are something else altogether and believe it, it ain't anything that anyone in the contemporary arts is doing. In fact, the multiplicity of contemporary arts practices taking place throughout this country are completely invisible within this report. On the other hand, we learn that Australians would be much happier if they were doing at any given moment was understood as art. So, little arts might include children's painting and rock ested (think junior league athletics), our design, advertising and the afore-mentioned "yarning around the kitchen table" in the latter case, only if you live in the country. Creative, sure, and on the one hand, anything is good to the artistic mill. On the other, just because most of us learn to read and write at school, that doesn't mean that we're all—up to now—novelists and poets. Impeccant in all this is another bizzare contradiction, that whilst professionalism and (god help us) elite standards are essential to effective marketing and communication, art-making itself should be understood in terms of lifestyle and recreation.

The strategy seems clear. Under the imperatives of access and equity, artists and arts workers will be forced to provide what the consumers want, which is that least likely to disrupt and disturb. No artistic risk. No experimentation. No criticism. If artists aren't willing to participate on those terms, their work will become so invisible as to be rendered meaningless. Australian Culture—now understood as an industry offensive—replaces art. Sport is the pre-eminent Australian art form.

The implementation of the Ralph Report recommendations is the key to the contradiction at the heart of the report. It is designed to obtain the financial improvement of many artists unable to claim against the material costs of their art practice. The successful defeat of the proposed legislation was driven by public protests (visual artists students playing a key role along with NAVA and leading artists like Mike Parr), sympathetic media reporting and Green Senator Bob Brown joining forces with the Democrats and then Labor. By all accounts the Internet played a significant role with a flood of protests, petitions and exchanges. The overturning of the legislation is a triumph for artists In what is turning into a continuing struggle to shake off various slurs, for years being accused of being on the 'gravy train' of funding, then labelled an elite In the last federal election, then hobbyists In the terms of the Ralph Report, and now, in Australians & the Arts (see Sarah Miller above), as being out of touch with 'ordinary' Australians.

This is an extended version of an article published in "The Australia, July 7, 2000 and is reproduced with permission. All quotes are taken from P. Costantoura, Australians and the Arts: A Report to the Australian Arts Council & Saatchi & Saatchi Australia, Australia Council, 2000

Wrath on Ralph

The implementation of the Ralph Report recommendations is the key to the contradiction at the heart of the report. It is designed to obtain the financial improvement of many artists unable to claim against the material costs of their art practice. The successful defeat of the proposed legislation was driven by public protests (visual artists students playing a key role along with NAVA and leading artists like Mike Parr), sympathetic media reporting and Green Senator Bob Brown joining forces with the Democrats and then Labor. By all accounts the Internet played a significant role with a flood of protests, petitions and exchanges. The overturning of the legislation is a triumph for artists In what is turning into a continuing struggle to shake off various slurs, for years being accused of being on the 'gravy train' of funding, then labelled an elite In the last federal election, then hobbyists In the terms of the Ralph Report, and now, in Australians & the Arts (see Sarah Miller above), as being out of touch with 'ordinary' Australians.

Ralph Report protest, Parliament House, Sydney. Photo, Mike Leggett. Reproduced courtesy of NAVA.
Alex Hutchinson

There are several possible ways to read this article. Call it a set of random observations and mini-deconstructions, a snapshot of Australia’s premiere youth cultural event (remembering of course that there was much more that could not be shoehorned into this piece). Think of it as a taste of something you probably missed (but shouldn’t have). Hell, pretend it’s a preview of a future Next Wave festival. Or just close your eyes and imagine that you are seated on a large, red, velour couch at the back of a (sub)urban hip hop performance at South Gate beside the Yarra river while a tiny woman in a huge Adidas tracksuit screams into the mike that she’s giving props to ‘y’all and the ’yall’ is you.

But was it any good? The short answer: Yes. The long answer: Not only watching or visiting or listening to a large chunk of any festival is guaranteed to be a mixed bag. That some pieces will stick out as more impressive than others is unavoidable even though every time you go into a new show you spend 5 minutes beforehand talking yourself into a state of not expecting so that you are hyper-aware of the possibility that this show could be good and that even if a whole it isn’t, there are surely several really good bits which you can suck out like marrow—more importantly, if these bits exist, you are going to suck and suck until you find them.

This has to be done even if after reading the blurb or the artist’s statement you quickly realise that it is flawed or dated or poorly thought out or whatever. This has to be done because disliking an entire festival is a short-cut to intellectual suicide and instant depression re the state of the arts etc etc and it is also almost certainly false and misguided and the result of your own preconceptions about what is ‘good’ and ‘worthwhile’ and not really connected to the underlying quality of the work at all. Which brings me t涐uadly to the fact that although there were three wavelets, NW 2000 was often exciting and always different and in the end full of good work by young Australian artists which is exactly what an arts festival is supposed to be, isn’t it?

Isn’t it?
The really long answer: all the promos (from the program itself to the different different of free posters that surrounded a kind of open-ended pink and decorated with pictures of little kids playing with (variously) enormous eyeballs, explosives (and here comes a bit of the contemporary bit) hard drugs. The Herald Sun gave that last one a whole 5 paragraphs of negative commentary along with a predictable quote from Festival Director Campion Decent saying it was all just there to "create a little controversy."

Also seeking controversy (or at least trying to freak everyone out) was the only international act, the Toshiyasu dance/movement group 60/60, and their performance fust II. When I asked the woman on the door what she thought the show would be like, she said it was going to be strange. But that’s good. We like strange. "Featuring silver body suits, elongated cone-heads and an abundance of bicycle lights glued to various body parts, it promised to utilize some computer generated animation to expand the performance potential of the body in a festival of light, sound and motion." And it had it had its moments and tried incredibly hard to be new and different and daring and shocking, it only partially succeeded. Tired fractal pattern projections for a background and sloppy stage management broke the spell and some of the extreme facial contortions even caught a laugh from the audience—not defectly not the desired result.

Few works were easily categorised and all of them were ferociously creative. It’s about the work itself and not about fitting things into manageable, digestible, marketable chunks. It’s not only ‘young’ art, it’s good art.

Without even trying it was completely out- weighted (and outperformed) by the brilliant No (under)standing anytime from Next Wave alumni Kage Physical Theatre. Featuring a set piece, a giant road which ran diagonally across the centre of the stage, climbed and then crossed the wall, with each white dividing line picked out by spotlights, and backed by great music, the whole performance was rock solid. An exploration of isolation and male/female interaction, it was also a remarkably lucid and entertaining work for something as usually obscure and difficult as dance.

(A random aside I couldn’t fit in anywhere else: one of the performers, Gerard van Dyck, looks eerily like the French clone from The City of Lost Children. Odd.) Anyway, after the show I hear someone (probably a father, or at least a somewhat uncle) say, "So this is what he wants to do for a living", a question so ridiculously redundant that somebody should have punched him in the face.

Another striking piece was Nikki Heywood’s Burrn Sonata toured from Sydney by Performing Lines. Its jagged, uncomfortable combination of raw, electronic music and powerful, sincere performances made the seemingly impossible task of examining abuse and family dysfunction seem effortless. It received great reviews in all states it was visited and if it ever tours again don’t miss it.

Of the 2 works in progress I reviewed last year in RT 45, only one made it up for air. I have no idea what happened to Adam Brownlow’s Hotel Otoño (a play which had nothing at all to do with dance, something that didn’t seem so important at the time but does now) but it was nowhere to be seen. On the other hand, Dolscoat’s acrobatics/play hybrid appeared under the new title Acrobetic and although it had nothing at all to do with its preview in either context or design, still proved a winner.

High between octobac acrobatic set pieces from the former Circus Oz performers and moments of pure dialogue, Acrobetic was truly mesmeric. Conversations occurred while sitting upside down at tables. People entered a club by stepping between the spread legs of a bouncer lying on his back with another bouncer standing on the first guy’s feet. Clever, funny and slick, the only downside was the occasionally confused narrative.

When the story and movement clicked it proved that the combination of play and acrobatics could be a winner but when it missed it sometimes seemed stilted, and the final revelation that the whole story is a fantasy dreamed up by one of the performers is too stale to disgrace with fits and frowns, however well executed.

Final Fantasies (curator Chad Chatterson) took its name from Squaresoft’s seminal Role Playing Games and built a game style environment for real-sized people. You entered through the same door Mario enters in Mario 64 to find a huge dome dominating the room, except it’s not a real tree, it’s a game tree, meaning it is made up of spliced 2D planes and only simulates 3D. Surrounding it are more Mario style pipes and stars, a smattering of Quake style weaponry and all around the sounds of dogs opening and shutting. Exciting as the idea was, much more could have been done. The area seemed bland and sparsely decorated: where were the corridors and over-the-top software realities?

More successful was Christian Thompson’s bikini (dream to dream), its theme clear. Garish, confronting scenes collided with the lush still life Imagery, all of it painted (generally) on torn up pieces of old beer boxes, the labels and brands still showing through. Dream segue to the e-media gallery prefixed with dreams (Matt Gardner and Luke Smiles). Three episodes of animation, new age philosophy and (surprise!) dreams. The central idea of a ‘dream database’ was picked up by the next the whole thing became a good one and the demo is well worth catching at www.virtual-art.com.

Also exciting were the Play and Imaginatlon panel discussion and exhibition. Cat, kitsch, pink footballs built from clay and arranged in the shape of a penis were titled Games Real Men Play. Optional Extras nailed up a wall full of a thousand rear-mirror dangles for examination outside of the car while in the front room Charles Rocco was building people entirely from wire and then hanging them from the ceiling or nailing them to the floor in his brilliant Artificial Intelligence exhibition.

Which brings us to the hard and slightly crazed urban hip hop extravaganza that was tongue (untied), a group made up almost exclusively of young women who are (to quote the program) "exploring the modern evolution of the poetic form." In actual fact, it was a series of individuals or pairs getting up and describing suburban Australia and the trials of being a young woman in highly personalised accounts set to hip hop rap beats. Everything was lo-fi, with the microphone dropped to the floor after every performance to be picked up by the next. The whole thing bizarrely broadcast on the wall beside the stage (except with the contrast turned up too high so everyone looked bleached and pale), the show caught somewhere between a rap version of open-mike night and community access TV. The big (and oft repeated) point was that they were reclaiming hip hop for Melbourne in 2000 which is great and laudable and everything but doesn’t really work if you’re also appropriating the clothes, style and speech patterns of America. Great, mildly disturbed stuff though.

And finally, squeezed hard up the back end of the festival and feeling a little pale after the one the writers’ weekend. Small attendances were blamed on the cold (and it was bloody freezing) but you get the feeling most people wanted a story of the future. The ones who did go caught a series of high energy readings from some great young writers. A highlight was a spirited reading of hard core gay pornography from Shane McGrath. On a related note: the accompanying special Next Wave issue of Voices (41 and still on sale) was also of a high standard and came in a compact format far superior to the usual.

Which about wraps it up. Deep breath...let it go. Now for a stripped down and condensed conclusion: probably the best/most enjoyable aspect of the festival was its overall cross-genre, cross-art pollination. Few works were easily categorised and all of them were ferociously creative. It was also supremely enjoyable about finding things into manageable, digestible, marketable chunks. It’s not only ‘young’ art, it’s good art. It definitely merited more than its 15 minutes and is certainly 50 times more interesting than the middle-aged, tired festivals which The Age sponsored every year. Make sure you check it out when it’s on again.

Next Wave Festival 2000, Artistic Director Campion Decent, Melbourne May 12 - 28
Just another art show?

Alex Gawronski

Looking at The Biennale of Sydney 2000 is looking back on a past we all recognise. The show itself is perhaps endemic of a certain kind of retrospective millennial thinking.

However it is impossible not to ask why, at this time, there is a significant event, are we turned back on a 'History of the Biennale of Sydney'? Surely at this time it would be more convenient for everyone to think about the future or indeed living present of contemporary art and its many manifestations. Within the Biennale there are no exceptional curatorial leaps other than arbitrary ones resulting from the mere juxtaposition of unrelated practices. The exhibition does not attempt to connect diverse ideas in an effort to encapsulate the prevailing Zeitgeist. Previously, the Biennale could promise something of a revelation, an exhibition that could isolate trends or at least provide an opportunity to contemplate.

This year we are confronted with a wealth of work, much of it familiar from reproductions in various international art journals. What is possible be a photographic opportunity to view some of this art close-up, the overall scene is that all the 'right' artists have been chosen. These are artists we have read about, whose works we have seen in books and articles over the past decade or so. What is distinctly absent are the surprises, the shock of new works that might signal a shift in our reading of the exhibition and of art at the turn of the century.

Much of the work varies dramatically in import, but a central concern is that Paul McCarthy’s damaged video installation is symphonically housed in an environment that allows its grotesque mock hysteria to resonate on a different level. This particular piece at Artspace would have realised, even though it is by no means immediately self-evident, McCarthy’s installation details the work’s partial destruction due to its mishandling in transit. The exhibited evidence of this unhappy process, rather than detracting from the work, provides an opportunity to contemplate its supra-artistic dimension. Ultimately, despite the work’s bad publicity, we realise its strange entanglement in the intrigues of ownership that indicate the work’s value and respectable collectability. On the other hand, Dieter Roth’s many carefully framed and thus subtly de-constructed stills of clouds in a gallery regarded primarily as a site for contemporary installation art. Same goes for the technicolour material fantasies of Franz West. Despite West’s questioning of the limits of artefact value, in objects that appear equally as junk, the works themselves could be seen as a type of conservative expressionist manifestation, with each object displayed discreetly on its own isolated plinth.

Customs House; recently renovated and heroically situated at Circular Quay, provides perhaps one of the least sympathetic venues for viewing contemporary art in the city. With its large open atrium and series of glass fronted ramps providing space for exhibitions, the building reads more like a upmarket shopping mall, decked in real rather than faux marble and granite permanence due to its heritage listing. Inside and high above an unwieldy exhibition of architectural models, float red and white polka dot inflatables by the Japanese artist Yayoi Kusama. The artist’s provocative, quasi-hallucinatory quality of the artist’s work has a pulpably present potential for disruption and disturbance. At Customs House however, such qualities are suspended as a result of the building itself. Here they appear as nothing more than giant beach balls, representative of sunny Sydney fun.

Gascogne’s work upstages, still impressive in its restraint and textuality, is drowned by the prevailing muzak engulfing the building from above. All subtext is eroded. Perhaps more successful, though mixed in affect, is the work at the Art Gallery of NSW. Here there are some outstanding pieces, most notably the photographs by Ukrainian artist, Boris Mikhailov. In these we witness evidence of the debasement of common humanity suddenly robbed of its previous terms of reference. With the decline of the Soviet system and the resulting economic collapse, more citizens find themselves on the edges of a society that cannot afford them. In the comfortable surrounds of the AGNSW the documentary impact of these images is doubled, distorting viewers’ equanimity. Most of us have become complacent anyway to the barrage of imagery depicting the intense human suffering of many developing communities. Here however, the society depicted does not technically fit that description. As a result, the suffering portrayed, whilst still distant, appears even closer to us. All these are ‘modern’ Europeans.

Still forceful are works by Louise Bourgeois. Her objects and installations, or ‘cell[s] as she calls them, are dark and oblique. They leave themselves open to numerous dis­ tinctly psychological interpretations, and succeed in their apparent grounding in personal experience and the conviction with which the artist pursues private phantoms. Nevertheless, her work is not reducible to simple contes­ tional paradigms. Fiona Hall’s objects equally display a mastery of often unconventional materials. They are intricate ruminations on the private pressures of colonialist interven­ tions and their attendant taboos. Her fragile, drilled-out and surveil-like works, utilising plastic, plumbing, imitate native flora while simulta­ neously revealing their conspicuous distance from the ‘natural’. Nature is inscribed and encoded at every level. At the same time, conven­ ient platitudes concerning a Nature/Culture split do not hold water.

The hallmark of the Biennale is the work assembled at the Museum of Contemporary Art. Here we find some of the big names of international contemporary art. Gerhard Richter is represented by a series of works that, intentionally or not, attempt to summarise his practice thus far. His works range from the sophisticated postmodern drollery of neo-photographic paintings multi-layered abstract ‘painters’ works. In such works the artist employs a variety of often subliminal techniques, including photography, to (re)construct the apparent casualness of gestural painting. In fact, the MCA boasts a wealth of photographic and video works alongside paint­ ing. These include Jeff Wall’s sublimely menacing images of urban mundanity and, of course, works by Australia’s Bill Henson. These receive special attention. Upon enquiring the gallery containing Henson’s work, we are informed by an attendant that only eight people may view the work at any time. Perhaps this is an attempt to preserve the sanctify in Eurocentricity and nostalgia of the photos themselves, images that apparently require more space in which to contemplate their dark secrets. How these secrets differ essen­ tially from means contained by adjacent works remains uncertain.

Less reverential is Pipilotti Rist’s video installation Sip My Ocean in which the artist parodies Love and Desire as portrayed in contemporary music videos. While the artist alternately screams and croons indifferent lyrics from the Chris Isaak song Wicked Game, we see items of a vaguey kitsch domesticity sink to the bottom of the ocean. Interspersed are images of the artist herself. Rather than an exercise in narcissism however, Rist appears in grotesque anthropomorphic close-up as a type of female seaman­ ster. The work itself comes closest perhaps to the spirit of McCarthy at Artspace despite numerous dissimilarities. What unites them is an irreverence and lack of ‘taste’, set in sharp relief to an exhibition discreet and overtly tasteful in its presentation.

Visiting the Biennale is like shopping.

What are we shopping for we find in convenient retrospective bundles. Most often we are presented with a group of familiar works by well known and respected contemporary artists. The act of looking then becomes an act of discrimination for each work is of compara­ ble ‘quality’ and historical importance. What it becomes is an instance of ‘I really like the Richter but the Olffis!’ Certainly this does not make the most of works that, regardless of context, however, is a musological experience at odds with expectations of the contem­ porary, the difficult, the contentious. It is iron­ ically the one condition of cur­ tention in the show is Chris Olffs’ ‘infamous’ dung paintings. These vital and energetic works are further distanced from us metaphorically courtesy of a message from Australian quarantine. The implication of the standard ‘Do not touch’ becomes ‘Do not touch or you will contract something.’

The Biennale of Sydney 2000, almost despite much of the work it contains, has become just another art show. Admittedly it is large and prestigious yet it lacks the necessary vision to make it an event. It seems remarkable that such an exhibition succeeds in revealing nothing about conditions of contemporary art production. This is the premise that lies at the heart of every Biennale regardless of whether it has proclaimed itself an ‘historical survey’. Even so-called ‘historical works’ appear appear­ -ary under attentive and imaginative curatorial direction. It would be a disaster if the continuity of the Biennale were endangered. It is the only sure means of producing a medium that is unique in Australia. Perhaps this thought lingers behind this year’s exhibition for it is a show which cannot fail and in consistently not failing, neither does it illuminate or demonstrate possi­ bilities for the future.


For an engaging and sometimes provoca­ tive collection of reactions to the Biennale, see Critical Essays, 12th Biennale of Sydney 2000, edited by Susan Best, Charles Green and Simon Rees and published by Artspace (1999). I regret that whilst the collection is of the Biennale in terms of globalisation, most elaborately and passion­ ately (and alarmingly) explored by Green in “What is to be done with the Sydney Biennale” in which he offers provocative answers to his question—proposals well worth debate. Responding to works in the Biennale, Jacqueline Milton offers another stimulating proposition—“It is no longer a crime to speak of beauty in contemporary art; but rather an exhilarating and challenging strategy.” Chris Chapman and John Cornock rank the Biennale’s video selection highly: whatever the event’s other shortcomings, in fact the pleasure the writers found in many of the works in the Biennale and, conversely, the disappointment, even at the feeling over the event’s failure to generate some useful meaning or reflection of con­ temporary art practice, provides the collection with a compelling dynamic. The 12th Biennale is a testament to the extremely popular work (a receipt also for a free admission policy) and adored for the most part by mainstream art reviewers. Critical Readings puts that success in perspective. The other writers are: Rex Butler, Blair Fret1cb, and (1011 R ees and publlsbed by Art :pace (1999).
The Melbourne Festival: big and little

Virginia Baxter

Jonathan Mills launched his Melbourne International Festival in a series of intimate occasions around the country. In one such event, I joined a group of arts writers around the table for lunch at Chicane, one of Sydney’s elegant, “Melbourne-style” restaurants. Between courses, the director elaborated on the ingredients that comprise his idiosyncratic festival.

Aside from the much publicised Bach component there’s a good deal to tempt the contemporary performance audience—an impressive 7 world premieres by Australian companies including Chunky Move in a triple bill choreographed by Gideon Obarzanek, Philip Adams and Kim Ish from Japan; Ice Cantata and a collaboration between Contemporary Music Events, Dance Works and Six Degrees Architects, Chamber Made Opera in Ganymede: A Synthetic Life, combining digital media and visual theatre effects, directed by Douglas Horton, composed by Michael Stanisiel with text by Alison Croggon. St Martins Youth Arts Centre tackles the continuum between technophobia and technophilia in oIb-IT. Among the highlights of the outdoor festival was Nagyoud’s The Rainbow Serpent presented by Raymond Blanc’s Melbourne Dance Australia in collaboration with France’s celebrated street theatre company Plasticiens Volants. Meat Party, a play by Vietnamese-Australian playwright Duong Le Quy, will be directed by Michael Kantor, and Lucy Guerin presents her eagerly anticipated new work, The Ends of Things.

“Everything is running out. Along with the milk and the last of the toothpaste, time and reason are coming to an end. Behind the unremarkable actions of everyday routine are the deranged inner machinations of a mind about to say goodbye.”

Among the international works Composer Daniel Asia, working in France presents Le Jardin into Itto comprising 100 dance fragments, each a minute in length, inspired by the ideas of painter Christian Boltanski. The theatre program includes Argentina’s El Perifico de Objeto with Maquina Hamlet which weaves Heinrich Müller’s text with puppetry and projections to reflect on existence and destiny in Argentina. Jonathan Mills describes it as “harrowing but unforgettable” and you believe him.

There are several happy returns: Israel’s Batsheva Dance Company with their powerful signature work Ananphase seen at the Kosky’s 1996 Adelaide Festival, a big hit in Adelaide this year and at Expo 2000 in Hanover, The Theft of Sinu returns to Melbourne with its wild mix of serious jazz and Indonesian gamelan orchestra plus 150 shadow puppets. Then there’s the solo wonder that is Bobby Baker—last seen a few years ago at the MCA in Sydney, rolling herself up in a canvas pancake painted with the food of her post-natal depletion. This time he explores the 7 virtues as featured on the supermarket shelf in How to Shop. (We notice fresh forest fruits still attract GST.) Geoffrey Rush revives his role of young toreador in Neil Armfield’s very popular production of The Small Poppies and Company. It brings together and extends a two-yeared by Yasmina Reza called The Unexpected Man.

A man and a woman sit opposite each other in the detached intimacy of a train carriage. He is a famous author; she carries a copy of his latest novel in her bag and ponderers the dilemma of reading it in front of him.

At the centre of the visual arts program is USEBy, a series of international exhibitions and events exploring artist-run and independent galleries throughout the Asia-Pacific region at the Centre for Contemporary Photography. Lineage focuses on the work of Daniel Libeskind, an architect known for his multi-disciplinary approach mashing music, philosophy and art with architecture. And appropriately, the Instrumental exhibition features the work of Australian stringed instrument makers curated by the director of Craft Victoria, Kevin Murray.

And, of course, it’s the music program that resonates in this Melbourne Festival. Jonathan Mills is clearly pleased with his Bach centerpiece: in fact, after that all divinity Melbourne may very well lift up her Victorian skirts and hover aloft. This may explain the festival’s earithing opening event, Seven Deadly Sins—the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra playing works by Kurt Weill and John Adams conducted by Marcus Stenz and featuring American coloratura Laura Aiken.

But from then on it’s a Bachanalia—17 days of cantatas and vocal masterworks staged in honour of the 250th anniversary of the composer’s death. This most ambitious of musical celebrations features some of the world’s finest interpreters of Bach including Germany’s famous vocal ensemble Cantus Cöllen directed by Jürgen Jundheim, the Choir of Trinity College Melbourne with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra with violinist Irv Glick, a Gilbert and Sullivan show and some eccentricities from Edith Sitwell performed by VCA Opera.

“Great art is often very personal and particular,” says Jonathan Mills. “It’s impact is achieved by extraordinary insight into ordinary events and circumstances. Very personal moments, intimate experiences, simple objects provide the opportunity to discover monumental truths.”

**Melbourne International Festival of the Arts, October 19 - November 4 www.melbournefestival.com.au**
Teaching new media: aiming at a moving target

Josephine Starrs and Leon Cmielewski

Tertiary institutions everywhere are setting up new media departments, their computer labs bulging with students eager to skill up for the 21st century in which it seems everyone wants to be a web designer.

Courtney Love, recently writing about music pirating, posted to a list:

I have a 14-year-old niece. She used to want to be a rock star. Before that she wanted to be an actress. As of 6 months ago, what do you think she wants to be when she grows up? What's the glamorous, emancipating career of choice? Of course, she wants to be a web designer. It's such a glamorous business!

Glitrarious! Well certainly ubiquitous, the landscape is littered with URLS. Bus and taxi backs point to insurance websites, graffiti points to net art sites. Yahoo has back buttons on their billboards, the accept interface norm knocks down another notch. The web is the area where students know they can get work right now, in spite of some employers' proud boasts of huge burn-out rates. If you look remotely like a plug'n'play pixel monkey, you're in (for the moment anyway). We wonder about a time when every business has a website, there's a glut of people out there with web skills who can't get work and don't exactly know how to hang a nial into a piece of wood, or use a welder.

According to Kathy Cleland, new media course and lecturing career with the University of Sydney.

There is a huge student demand for courses at tertiary institutions which have anything to do with multimedia and this is increasing exponentially. An introductory multimedia course I taught at the beginning of 1999 had 30 students, the same course this year had 95 students. There is also a tendency in full fee paying institutions to over-enrol students to maximise profits which leads to very large tutorial sizes. Unfortunately students are trapped with huge marking loads. I have been teaching at an institution (half university owned and half corporate) that has 4 semesters per year so there is also very little time for research and skills upgrading.

The difficulties in teaching digital media arise from the breadth and scope of the area. Due to its hybrid nature and links with cultural studies, communication theory, visual design, visual arts, computer science, film studies etc, new media projects typically require a vast skillset and cover a range of considerations which are not necessarily able to be delivered within the one faculty (as lecturers are currently divided) or indeed by the one student. This is why it is particularly exciting for us that the School of Design, University of Western Sydney, Nepean is pathetically merging with the Communications and Media School. Students currently can choose to undertake subjects across school lines, but it is difficult to "synthexise" school approaches. As new media becomes less new and more consolidated in its own right, we will see some of the moving into a focus enough to better track them.

The pedagogical dilemmas is the fact that

the mission statement doesn't yet exist. There is no agreed canon. It's too early to be able to draw on a history of interactive media, as we have for film and TV. But then again, that's often the attraction. It's new and uncharted, with a plethora of opportunities for innovation.

There is a strong trend towards online education, which makes life easier, or at least more efficient for both students and teachers. Lectures can be an extremely useful teaching apparatus, enabling the whole group to communicate their ideas to each other, and also for lecturers to give feedback easily. Online education is going to be a huge growth area and will ultimately challenge the traditional university structure. The fees charged for these courses are much lower than current student fees and you can do a course with the university of your choice anywhere in the world. There are also a lot of corporations looking at education as a vast, extremely lucrative untapped market—so education is not going to remain the exclusive property of universities for much longer. A friend who recently moved to Canada to take up a university teaching position wrote describing a rather dystopian vision of future online education:

Moving to Canada was a mistake because the university I came to is trying really hard to be like a corporate online course form...I have to be managed work and work in a cubicle.

Here it is often visual artists who are teaching digital media in design schools. Practitioners have a wide practical skillset acquired through an exploratory approach to self learning as well as from working in different roles on varied projects, and are experienced in collaborative working models. In our own practice, the aim is to teach people to integrate their creativity more deeply into the computer environment as well as to teach within a cultural context. We encourage practical teamwork as well as learning the tools, which is an easier task in design than fine art. The fine art world, for all its postmodern rhetoric, is generally trapped in the modernist paradigm of artist as lone hero. Consider the promotion of young British artists (or YBAs as they are known) by the advertising world/collection/government consultants, Saatchi and Saatchi, In London. These artists are like popstars, the more famous and controversial the more likely they are to sell their work. And now there are billboards at Heathrow airport of Tracey Emin selling Bombay Sapphire Gin. First artists become products to be promoted and, when famous enough, they can be used to sell other products.

New media artists tend to be critical of the current fine art institutions. We like to employ a hacker mentality in our approach not only to technology but systems in general, whether they be social systems or the media themselves. Our interest in the area of new technologies is fuelled by a mixture of scepticism (who is excluded from technopedia and why would anyone want to live there anyway?) as well as enthusiasm for the playful possibilities of digital media. Our own work includes the User Unfriendly Interface, Pervasive Interface and the Bio-Tek Kitchen game patch (www.amat.org.au/resistant-media/Bio-Tek) deconstructs current interface and game paradigms, subverting them to reveal that our experiences are being increasingly mediated by new technologies. But there are dangers in being slavishly harnessed into this trend.

At UWS we introduce students to different online and gaming cultures, cyber-feminism, hacktivism and Tactical Media, which is rather slippery term used to describe the practices of a loose alliance of international media theorists, artists, designers and activists. We also expose people to the enormous amount of interesting and playful work which is being made around the globe. Often what excites the students excites us and, as play and pleasure have always been an integral part of our work, we encourage people to to the same and sometimes get great results—work which can inspire and entertain us all.

Thanks to Robyn Stacey and Sarah Waterhouse (School of Design, UTS Nepean) and Brad Miller (College of Fine Arts, UNSW), for their valuable input into this article.

Josephine Starrs and Leon Cmielewski are artists and lecturers in new media at the School of Design, University of Technology, Sydney, Nepean. Their latest work Dream Kitchen is an interactive stop motion animation CD-ROM (http://www.uts.edu.au/dreamkitchen). See Working the Screen, page 6

W O R K I N G F O R Y O U R F U T U R E

MEDIA ARTS & PRODUCTION PROGRAM

Whether you're looking to upgrade your skills or kick-start your career in the media industry, the Media Arts and Production program at UTS is a step in the right direction.

The UTS Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences has an established reputation for quality training and education, and offers programs in Media Arts & Production for both undergraduates and postgraduates.

Postgraduate Program

Bachelor of Arts in Communication (Media Arts & Production). For non-recent school leavers, entry to the Bachelor of Arts is based on a personal statement and academic qualifications.

UNIVERSITY OF TECHNOLOGY SYDNEY

For more information you are invited to attend the UTS Information Day on 24 August 2000, or the Faculty Postgraduate Information Evening on 20 October 2000. Phone 02 9514 2729 or email danielle.miller@uts.edu.au

RealTime 38 August - September 2000
A Successful Career in the Arts

Starts with a Helpmann Academy Partner in South Australia

The Helpmann Academy's seven partners offer the widest choice of professionally focused arts training courses in music, dance, drama, directing, technical production and design and all visual arts disciplines in awards from Certificate to PhD level.

The Academy's partners are: The Elder Conservatorium - School of Performing Art, Adelaide University; South Australian School of Art, University of South Australia; Drama Centre, Flinders University; Centre for the Performing Arts, Flinders Street School of Music, North Adelaide School of Art - all campuses of Adelaide Institute of TAFE, and private provider Adelaide Central School of Art

Call the Academy on (08) 8303 3250 for your comprehensive 2001 Helpmann Academy Partners' Course Guide.

Doing contemporary art matters at Deakin

Contemporary Arts at Deakin University's Rusden campus are based on:

- flexibility and innovation
- the special needs of both industry and the arts practitioner
- the integration of theory and practice at a professional level
- a cross disciplinary approach
- theoretical and historical context of practice
- unique opportunities to explore interdisciplinary possibilities with other art practices

Courses offered:

Bachelor of Contemporary Arts:
- dance, drama, media arts or visual arts
- training in basic arts administration
- unique opportunities to explore interdisciplinary possibilities with other art practices

Honours, Masters and Doctor of Philosophy by production/exhibition and exegesis:

For further information contact: Deakin University, Rusden campus, 662 Blackburn Road, Clayton, Victoria 3168
Telephone (03) 9244 7494 Facsimile (03) 9543 1484 E-mail arts.sca@deakin.edu.au
www.arts.deakin.edu.au

Auditions and Interviews @ Nepean

Now is the time to make your applications through UAC

All Interviews and Auditions held at the Penrith Campus

acting, singing, movement, voice, theatre making
sound engineering, theatre scores, sound design & development
sound technology, performance, contemporary collaboration, world music
music technology, performance, contemporary collaboration, world music
digital media, installation, drawing, performance, painting, photography, printmaking, sculpture, sound, video
color research, contemporary dance, collaborative performance, labanotation, lighting, sound, set design

BA (Dance) Enquiries
(02) 9852 5523

BA (Fine Arts) Enquiries
(02) 4736 0648

BA (Music) Enquiries
(02) 4726 0708

BA (Performance)
(02) 9852 5540

BA (Theatre, Theory & Practice)
(02) 9852 5540

Dance, Fine Arts, Music & Theatre
The knife and the stethoscope: pedagogy in performance

Barry Laing

The word pedagogue was at one time taken to refer to the person who escorted or accompanied a child to and from a place of instruction—a guide—though later, and contemporaneously, to mean the one who instructs. There is something in this image which moves—guided travel between home and school—reflecting the metaphorical, figurative and practical possibilities for a pedagogy positioned in this limited space between.

In two recent performance workshops at Dancehouse, Melbourne—Little Tyrannies, Bigger Lies and Descent/Descent and Desire—I attempted to structure the work in such a way as to confront the demands of a skills base (techniques), and also engage artistically with the play of appearances in performance—with what might be called imaginal practice. In general, the work was drawn from combinations of theatre and dance strategies, and the performances that ensued may be described as between these formal degrees.

I was concerned to stage a pedagogy that was audacious in its resistance to resolution into one set of formal or aesthetic preoccupations, defying the tendency to harden into its own discursive position. The idea of staging a pedagogy derives from the performative metaphor which confronts any inquiry into pedagogy to performance with the paradigm of the performative in pedagogy. The teaching itself was concerned primarily with the work of the performer and questions of presence and absence. The work proceeded under the provocative shadow of an attempt to teach and practice performance-making "while knowing that there is, in the field of knowing, a scrib of theatricality over our lives..." (Blatt, "Ideology and Performance", Theatre Journal, Vol 33, No 4, 1983).

In the context of performance, psychologist James Hillman has said that wherever there is resistance, there is body (Enrique Pardo, "The Angel's Hideout: Between Dance and Theatre", Performance Research, Vol 3, No 2, 1998). Body, as in a good red wine. Body in the sense of the materialisation of images and the imagination. Body which realises the invisible and makes it visible. Such resistance was adopted as a working principle in practical, physical and imaginal strategies engaged by the performers in the workshops.

The second major working principle concerned the notion of embracing a kind of violence: not the staging of a representation of the pornography of violence but, rather, participation in a pedagogical or dramaturgical practice "which would not (necessarily) originate in a good nature and a good will, but which would come from a violence suffered by thought" (Gilles Deleuze & Claire Parnet, Dialogues, New York: Columbia University Press, 1987). Antonin Artaud suggested a similar kind of violence which he located in the notion of a Theatre of Cruelty. He defined cruelty as first and foremost "cruelty to ourselves" (Artaud, Theatre and Its Double, New York: Grove Press, 1913).

The titles of the workshops suggest these working principles of resistance and violence in a kind of affective, imaginal and metaphorical guise—performative acts that helped focus the work and offer a site for reflection. In the first workshop, the notion that 'a little tyranny needs a bigger lie' was tested in practical terms via the working principles above. Tyrannies may be understood as discursive, like the discourse of the Real, of Truth and Emotion in certain kinds of theatre. Metaphorically, the scope is wide: marketyticians, spatial tyrannies, linear time, political correctness, entrenched dance vocabularies, or anxiety. Lies can be conceptualised as fictions, illusions, image—art, for example, to the little tyranny of capital T Truth outlined above. Lies understood and practised as fictional transgressions, pretense, insincerity, stupidity, laughter and re-presentations (see Barry Laing, "Little Tyrannies, Bigger Lies: A Letter from the Other Side", Performance Research, Vol 3, No 2, 1998).

In the second workshop, Descent/Descent and Desire, the group worked with and against gravity in all its material and metaphorical richness—literally, with the body, resistance and momentum, and metaphorically with defiance, heretical, scandalous, insistency and weightlessness. In defying gravity—when gravity is, say, anxiety—is it possible to fall into fiction, resisting gravity and the weight of the world by going with its flow? In this regard, the two workshops were not discrete in focus. There was also a large overlap of participants in the two workshops, drawn from many backgrounds—actors, dancers, musicians, sound engineers, librarians and teachers—challenging the terms of pedagogy and keeping the work strong between forms.

A major part of the practical, physical work in both workshops was a long series of layered variations on a body of work called The Knife and the Stethoscope. The preparations for this involved group and individual work with movement, text and music. In the first instance, the performers were introduced to a physical architecture for the body that was called, variously, Mr or Ms New. The architecture is simple, though detailed combination of physical propositions drawn from Feldenkrais, Alexander, martial arts and neutral mask work.

Where pedagogy or teaching is concerned, how might the assumption of, and desire for, the security of knowing (by both teacher and student) be met with an equally powerful and yet passive fall into learning?

Working with the performer strung between, maintaining this tension, this new body is subjected to various physical tasks—walking, running, turning, falling, speaking text—fire, with a kind of closed attention going in and down, and subsequently turning up and out. The performer is then subject in turn to the influence of the physical space, interactions with other performers, and finally imaginary space. Detailed work on variations of the gaze of the performer is woven into this architecture.

The Knife and the Stethoscope, the proposition is for this new body/performer to enact the various roles of the structure, both major and minor, protagonist and antagonist. Again, this is a performative, imaginal strategic or ruse, though founded in the conviction of a physical form. Four performers work in a group: a Text-speaker, a Receiver, a Knife and a Stethoscope. The Text-speaker moves freely in the space, though impacted upon physically and verbally by the Knife and the Stethoscope. The Knife attempts to disrupt, scandalise, betray and steal from the flow of text. The Stethoscope is on the Text-speaker's side: resuscitating, encouraging and supporting the work of the Text-speaker. The Text-speaker speaks for and to the Receiver, who is limited to a particular location in the space, anchoring the overall choreography and image, and showing in movement the receipt of the text...then, various combinations of others coming away, leaving Text-speaker to work, harvest from the memory of the physical interventions. This their engine, their only possible body...excellent long work...submitting to the knife, and transforming it into the dramatic situation...falling, descending, accepting to fall into the knifing...breaking up the ego that would hold against this...

Given these starting points, a number of questions surfaced over and again. Where pedagogy or teaching is concerned, how might the assumption of, and desire for, the security of knowing (by both teacher and student) be met with an equally powerful and yet passive fall into learning? At the same time, how might the performer's genius, the particular and peculiar quality each performer brings, be preserved? Where the act of performance is concerned, there are infinite fictional worlds, forms, styles, genres, and discourses to swim in. How to keep swimming? How to diffuse the desire to be (real), for example, with the pleasure of pretending to be? How to play and be played upon, subject to internal and external influence? How to be in this place as a performer—struggling, but within—maintaining the tension with another? Ambiguously cruel questions.

When we perform, where and upon what do we perform? In my field of interest, which has its roots between theatre, contemporary dance and image-based practices, it is possible to imagine that we are acting on the space between the observer and the observed—between the stage world and the audience. With what will we imbue this space? What signposts would hold against this...?
Your Future in Music and The Arts

Specialty Courses in The Music Industry
This exciting industry-based B.A. program has been designed for performers, music managers, and entrepreneurs. The course articulates with existing TAFE courses in music performance and music business management.

Visual and Performing Arts
The Graduate Certificate/Graduate Diploma programs provide opportunities across the arts for teachers from all levels, teacher educators, freelance visual and performing artists, community artists, and arts administrators.

Arts Administration
The articulated Graduate Certificate/Graduate Diploma and Masters programs are designed for experienced and novice arts administrators as well as those who wish to enter the field. Students can select from a diverse range of subject options in arts administration, leadership, and management.

Department of Industry, Professional & Adult Education
For further information, contact Dr. David Forrest
Tel: 03 9925 7831
Email: davidforrest@rmit.edu.au

YOUR FUTURE STARTS HERE <www.rmit.edu.au>

NIDA invites applications for full time training courses in:

- **Acting** for theatre, film and television
- **Design** for theatre and film
- **Technical Production** majoring in stage management with strands in lighting, sound, production and event management

Bachelor of Dramatic Art Degree, three year courses

- **Production Crafts** for theatre, film and television majoring in costume construction or scenery construction or properties and special effects

Diploma, two year course

- **Directing** for theatre

Graduate Diploma, one year course

NIDA is a Centre of Excellence in Training for Theatre, Film and Television.

Auditions/interviews will be held in capital cities in November 2000.

APPLICATIONS FOR 2001 COURSES CLOSE 1 OCTOBER 2000.

For a Prospectus and Application Form, please visit the NIDA website at www.nida.unsw.edu.au or contact: The Admissions Officer, NIDA, UNSW, Sydney NSW 2052, Australia, Telephone (02) 9697 7600 Facsimile: (02) 9662 7415 e-mail: nida@unsw.edu.au
Art teacher as anxious manager
Barbara Bolt

...the concepts that much of social and political philosophy has embraced...make change impossible insofar as they are static and rigid representational concepts that lack the fluidity that is conducive to conceptualising change.

Dorothea Okkow Id, Gilles Deleuze and the ruin of representation, Berkeley: University of California Press, 1999

I have been thinking a good deal about the applicability of this statement to visual arts education since receiving the ACDAD (Australian Council of Art and Design Schools) March/April newsletter. This newsletter calls for papers for the ACDAD 2000 conference, which is to be held in Adelaide in September this year. The context for the conference is quite clear. "Within a rapid and continually changing academic environment there is a need to identify strategies by which art and design schools can develop and exert greater self determination and leadership and increase creative achievement and satisfaction" (ACDAD March/April Newsletter). I would agree. These goals appear desirable and necessary. The preamble continues "The conference aims to reinforce the role of Level A, B and C lecturers as leaders in the development of visual arts, crafts and design, as well as key contributors to the wider 'professional' arts sector. It was at this point that Okkow Id's caution began to register. What concepts are we embracing? Do these concepts effect change and, if so, are we happy with the direction of those changes? Bearing this caution in mind I would ask what are the concepts under which art and design schools have come to operate? I want to return for a moment to the proposed conference and to the way in which it has been framed. In an environment of economic rationalism, we are told, the language "we" use has changed. This change in language is part of a strategy to gain greater recognition for the value of the arts in the community. Artists (we now know) are professionals. We work in an "arts industry" in which outputs can be measured in terms of employment, investment and export potential. Since we are "in business" we need business skills—marketing, promotional and financial management skills. We need to set in place codes of practice to provide the necessary "benchmarks" and ensure "reasonable" compliance to those codes. Our art and design schools need to adopt models of training to bridge the gap between training and professional practice. Further, in our art and design schools and in our profession, we need to ensure "best practice" so that we are able to broker partnerships, engage in resource sharing and utilisation, find external sources of revenue, be flexible and find the best options, solutions and actions. The image created seems familiar. The words roll so easily off the tongue that we barely stop to ponder what we have said. But what if we stop talking for a moment and savour the words. Weigh them up. Draw out the implications of using them. I want to ask, what is gathered up in a word? What does it mean to engage in "best practice", to adopt a "training model" in art and design schools, to define "codes of practice" or simply reinforce the role of Level A, B and C lecturers? Are these words simply words or do they have a greater power? Is an image just an image? To ask such questions is to evoke the commonplace that haunt ed art theory and practice during the 20th century. What is the relationship between representation and reality? Does representation reflect or produce reality? If the former, are we destined to our fate as subject to the law of m anagement? If the latter, do we become complicit in producing the very monster that in turn subjects us to its laws? Representation produces the prototype and this prototype proliferates in copies. Either way, it seems that our representational concepts significantly shape and structure our world. Talk like a manager and that's what you are or what you will become.

So, what is the language of managerialism doing in art and design schools? Isn't it a contradiction in terms? Graham Sullivan argues that art schools are going through an "identity crisis." This crisis stems from their incorporation into the "academy" (the unified system of universities) in the 1980s at a time when the universities were becoming increasingly subject to the laws and language of economic rationalism (Sullivan G., "An Identity Crisis for Art Education", Artlink Vol 19, No 2, 1999). Like all university departments and faculties, art and design schools took on the language of managerialism in order to "get buyers on seats", to be accountable and satisfy the number crunchers. But has this effort led to greater self determination and leadership or to an increase in creative achievement and satisfaction? It seems not. The effect has been to produce a generalised anxiety and pessimistic, amateuristic administrative staff (this panic and pessimism is clearly laid out in Rodney Cracker's "How the tail now wags the dog", Artlink Vol 19, No 2, 1999). It could hardly be said that art and design schools are仿佛ing with fearful anxiety about what comes next and how their positions might be reserved. The problem of "fearful anxiety" is that it leads to a lack of faith about the future, a pessimism about what is possible and a submission to the order of things.

The ACDAD conference preamble suggests one response to the problem at hand. Get better at being managerial. Become a faithful copyist and join the ranks. Yet this, in my opinion, is a revertent miming. I think there is a need to be less reverential and polite. Perhaps we need to be much more playful and do what we, as artists and designers (as well as lecturers and administrators) claim we do. Perhaps we need to think altogether differently here I am referring to Deleuze's development of difference in his book Difference and Repetition, 1994.

To think altogether differently is to be playful and creative. I want to contrast the "fearful anxiety" that is radiating from art school administrations with the "playful anxiety" that is anticipated of students studying in art and design schools.

To think altogether differently is to be playful and creative. I want to contrast the "fearful anxiety" that is radiating from art school administrations with the "playful anxiety" that is anticipated of students studying in art and design schools.

To think altogether differently is to be playful. I want to be more much playful and do what we, as artists and designers (as well as lecturers and administrators) claim we do. Perhaps we need to think altogether differently here I am referring to Deleuze's development of difference in his book Difference and Repetition, 1994.

To think altogether differently is to be playful and creative. I want to be more much playful and do what we, as artists and designers (as well as lecturers and administrators) claim we do. Perhaps we need to think altogether differently here I am referring to Deleuze's development of difference in his book Difference and Repetition, 1994.

To think altogether differently is to be playful. I want to be more much playful and do what we, as artists and designers (as well as lecturers and administrators) claim we do. Perhaps we need to think altogether differently here I am referring to Deleuze's development of difference in his book Difference and Repetition, 1994.
Enquire now.

http://media-arts.rmit.edu.au
When can the teacher dance?

Shaun McLeod

Certainly, doing justice to both the theorising about and making of dance work is difficult. It requires skill in juggling and expertise in very different forms of knowledge.

With access to funding more competitive and scarce than ever, the relationship between universities and practice has gained new significance. The academy has been a traditional source of valuable employment for many dancers and choreographers but a new dimension has recently appeared where choreographers are engaging with the research paradigms of universities. Melbourne has seen a steady trend in the last 5 years of dancers returning to do postgraduate studies in dance as a way of deepening their practice and extending their careers. The universities have also become more explicit in their demands that practitioners who are also lecturers/teachers become better qualified academically. This has led dancers to engage with theoretical constructs in ways that did not exist 10 years ago. But what sort of a marriage is it, this meshing of the academy and practice? And how do the artists themselves view the intersection of dance and theory? The relationship is in constant flux but currently between Melbourne choreographers and a performance maker, some interesting themes emerged about this occasionally unconventionally related relationship.

For choreographer Anna Smith, who teaches technique sessionally and is a research associate at the Victorian College of the Arts, the relationship has been very public. She is the only student of the support and access to resources the work gives her and is philosophical about the impact the teaching work has on her own practice. She often finds it problematic trying to separate her teaching from her choreographic practice, even though both require a different focus and intent. But she is grateful and has a clear idea about it and value for what it gives her and space is in the studio and a lot of support—not just financial support but also people walking in. I could find myself in the studio and say I could just have a look at this this appreciation of the support universities provide was echoed by all the artists I talked to. The job of teaching dance was also a big attraction. Dianne Reid, ex-Dance Works dancer, choreographer and dance-video maker has been teaching technique, composition and theory at Deakin University’s Ranelagh Campus for 4 years now. Teaching for her is an extension of her skills as a performance-maker and an opportunity to try new ways of delivering the material, such as her highly performative lectures—a major hit with first year theory students. She loves the investigative environment of the university as it leaves her with freedom and control over her work. Her teaching now encompasses composition and tutorial courses which reflect both her own artistic interests and the needs of the students. The university is currently developing a music-video unit for third year Bachelor of Contemporary Arts students, allowing her to combine teaching requirements with her passion for dance and the camera. The...
The attractions of Reel Dance

Karen Pearlman

*Abracadabra* opens Reel Dance and, as with any good password to any good world of wonders, transportation begins immediately.

dance film orrd for thi
danc ? to the much more intriguing que
question of how phy ie2l
languag and cin -
tmatic

It's not exactly a new form, but it's an intriguing combination-making use of the convenience of cinema with dancing rather than a language.

This combination of attractions is one of the things that Reel Dance seems to propose defines dance on screen: physicality far enough outside of the norm to present itself as an attraction, combined with the many cinematic conventions that have evolved through and since early cinematic tricks of the eye. It's not exactly a new form, but it's an intriguing combination—making use of the conventions of cinema with dancing rather than acting as a vehicle for conveying content.

This combination was explored throughout the weekend, with many of the films drawing on particular film genres and infiltrating them with particular forms of dance. Dancers from the Frankfurt Ballet were involved in an overlay but intriguing dance in the genre of science fiction called *The Way of the Weed* (Belgium). Wim Vandekeybus contributed *The Last Words*, a magic realist fantasy film driven by physicality rather than being about it.

*Nausis* (Netherlands), brilliantly directed by Clara van Goor, referenced gritty, naturalist filmmaking, set in a run down housing development in the middle of an icy winter. Combining this cinematic style with the tango, a most elegant, precise and aristic dance, created a feverish beat and chilling beauty.

Not all films were equally successful in their intersection of the capacities of cinema with physicality although the 2 films that appealed the least shared the prize for Best Screen Choreography at IM2 dance screen 99. Margaret Williams' *Dust* (UK) felt like it drew mainly on the cinematic conventions of advertising with its beautiful but meaning less, shots, textures, angles, cutting and sound. Her film *Mew* irritated with its cute humanising of the men over 70 and beautiful landscapes—just like a National Geographic documentary making the extremes of nature into comfortable TV.

On the other hand, *La Tristes Complice* (Belgium), a film which exploited the cinematic tradition of *verité documentar*y most subtly and poetically, was not an audience favourite. Perhaps people were irritated by the grainy degraded quality of the image and the odd marks and scratches which flashed on the screen. However, these could be viewed as cinematic expressions of the subject matter, the elevation of the everyday, degraded and scratchy as it may be, to the status of image, and the manipulation of the dynamics of those moving images into an art of the ordinary.

*Verité* documentary often has odd flashes of beauty caught more by perseverance than by plan, and this film seemed to make a choreography of these images of dancers laughing, eating, smoking, arguing and passing the languages of their bodies and lives to each other. The film was itself a dance, made in the editing suite, and, since it is documenting a rehearsal, the editor's marks—the chrograph paper pencil marks for dissolve and cuts—were left on the image as clues to the working process of making this film dance.

The selections representing Australian work in *Dance on Screen*, as finals for the Reel Dance Awards, were surprising and intriguing, the films presented in the historical retrospective session a bit less so. It is certainly tricky to present a whole country's output (since the beginning of its engagement with the form) in one session, which perhaps explains why, in a festival that had a very strong curatorial vision throughout, the retrospective session seemed to lack focus and momentum.

However, in the Dance Awards screening, a much stronger through line appeared. There were very few well-known dancers or dance companies—almost none of the usual suspects. Instead, maverick filmmakers experimenting with the moving image through the device of moving bodies prevailed. There was a strong emphasis on the choreography which takes place in post production—after the dance has been danced and the film has been shot—through editing and digital effects. The tricks of the eye become trickier, more apparent, less illusory precisely because they couldn't possibly happen in 'real life.' But as manipulations of the moving body they are the definition of choreography. They are the manipulation of the dynamics, rhythms, shapes and causes of movement, even though a real body could never do these 'post produced' moves. They are dance attractions engaging with the new form of cinematic attractions—the digitally generated tricks of the eye.

Finally, there were even magic words uttered at the closing ceremony of Reel Dance. Annette Shan Wah, chair of One Extra, expressed the hope that Reel Dance (a One Extra event) would "inspire", and sent the spectators forth from this world of wonders, saturated with the potency of its images and ideas, to create next year's attractions.

*One Extra Dance Company*, *Reel Dance*, curated by Erin Brannigan, *Reading Cinema*, Sydney, May 19-21

Karen Pearlman's most recent dance films are Barberman accepts the Nobel Prize and A Dance Drops Out Of The Sky. She is co-director, with Richard James Allen, *of The Physical TV Company*.

Winning Films:
*In the Heart of the Eye* director Margie Medlin choreographer Sandra Parker

*Traversing Sense* directors Sherridan Green & Leah Grycewicz & Helke Muller

*Interior* directors Jessica Wallace & Michelle Heaven choreography Michelle Heaven

*Potsdamer* director Samuel James choreographer-performer Martin del Amo

Over the choreographic precipice

Julia Postle

Improvisation in whatever form is about freedom; freedom of expression at the most overt level, throwing off all the restrictions and codexes of artifice, being free to do what we want, to be free in a new relationship with the performers.

In dance, improvisation as a mode of performance represents fluidity, play and experimentation in contrast to the often rigid structure of choreographed movement. Sally Banes, in her 1993 text *Democracy's Body*, describes improvisation's extremity best: "If all dance is evanescent, disappearing the moment it has been performed, improvisation emphasizes that evanescence to the point that the identity of the dance is attenuated, leaving few traces in written scores, or even memory."  

In May, the Choreographic Centre hosted a weekend of improvisation, featuring the work of 4 groups that have embraced improvisation for the development of their performance. Familiar to Melbourne audiences, the groups were in Canberra as part of the third annual *Precipice* event.

Peter Trotman and Lynne Santos  
Their improvisation starts with heavy movement—arms sweeping, then it floats—the hands flexed. They are giving into their own weight, moving in isolation and yet there are moments of connection in the randomness. The pace increases and the movement becomes more abrupt, but there is still continued on page 16
The body apart—a new dance film

Jonathan Marshall

The centrality of the abstract yet highly physical concept of the body in contemporary criticism renders our material form as the supreme subject of cultural, psycho-physiological forces. From Sigourney Weaver to genetic engineering, Artaud to dance music, the body has become a mesmerisingly omnipresent object which is gazed at, deconstructed, theorised, disdained and choreographed. Choreography and criticism replicate a form of social violence which the body must routinely endure.

This insensitivity to the needs of the body as a living body—a critical-choreographic refusal of the self-body—is forcefully rendered in dance-maker Brett Daffy’s film Stark White. Daffy formerly acted as the archetypal self-entitulating, queer ‘hard-boy’ of Gideon Obarzanek’s early choreography and his independent dance proceeds from this precedent. With Stark White, Daffy’s disconcertingly pliable anatomy is pulled apart and reformulated in brutal, compelling, ‘unnatural’ ways. This happens both internally—Daffy choreographing Daffy—and externally—women pulling at his limbs, angrily manipulating his joints, and grabbing at him, from these bodies too undulate under the influence of an internal, psychophysical aphasia. The dancer moves from the bewildered wearer of others’ psychosomatic rejection to the primary subject of these forces, awakening to find himself enmeshed in an fischerian landscape of physical and architectural repetition.

Daffy extends this choreographic violence into the cinematic language of Stark White. He and director Sherridan Green reject the tendency of dance film to sew together isolated frames so as to reconstitute a single, moving body. Image, sound and gesture are fragmented by the very processes of filmic production, and there is little attempt here to bring them back together. Stark White is not a montage of random material, it does not conceal the brutality of its production. Like the protagonist, the audience is forced to recall its own position as producer of the cinematic experience—as flickering eyes and aural filters—fragmenting the film as one attempts to draw it into a coherence. Daffy, Green and composer Luke Snell are therefore unscathed by the body bring out of shot or gaps in the linearity of sound and image. The film jumps and shudders, creating something akin to a great, flashy car backing crystalline apostrophes as it bumpy hops down a tilted, scratched subterranean road.

Daffy nevertheless prevents his work from becoming consistent with implicitly sado-masochistic, misogynistic or simply oppressive voyeuristic models prevalent in advertising, painting (especially the nude), dance and ballet. He achieves this by placing himself and the women at the centre of the literal and metaphorical technologies of the work. The cinematic focus and choreographic violence spirals around his form and disorientation, his alienation and recovery. After seeing him both literally and metaphorically stripped and shaved, our gaze forces his body into the realm of sexual ambivalence and ambiguity. He is transformed, a queer Christ perhaps. Like Calvin Klein’s models, Daffy lies beyond the heterosexual. Unlike advertorial homoeroticism though, this transmutation (this crucifixion?) is achieved through ecstatically painful disembowelment, by ceasing bodily parts and gestures such that monsters are born. The finale leaves us with this sexual beast flapping through the axial patterns elaborated in Leonardo’s Ecce Homo, yet menaced by the possibility of psychological, sexual and physical hybridity that one sees in Hieronymous Bosch. A post-human for our age of monsters.


Over the choreographic precipice

continued from page 15

a seeming softness to their joints. There are static moments; then they are leaning into and later onto each other, pushing away and falling upon. There is a thrumming of hands. “Heart beating pulse racing eyes blinking tongue licking,” Trotman blurts out. There’s a story to this performance, but where it ended up I have no idea.

State of Flux

The focus here is more on contact improvisation—physical support, touch, suspension of weight. The duet between 2 of the performers, one in a wheelchair, conveyed the honesty of contact improvisation. There are chance funny moments....he balances on her lap, shifts position his bum is in her face...and intimate moments...wheelchair discarded, rolling on the floor, moving over each other....and some pretty clumsy moments too....the uneasiness and heaviness of it all, bodies not intuitively sensing each other’s next movement. Sometimes it seems like the distance between the individuals is expansive; at other times it seems like the group is a single entity.

Five Square Metres

There’s a definite spatiality to this group; the 4 performers are expressive and frequently quite silly. The wit and chatter is all a vital part of the improvisation. The use of breath is another clever layer of the performance...sighs, deep inhalations and exclamations, all uttered on top of each other and set against equally staccato movement, such as shuffling in flite and bumping into each other. There seems to be more of a narrative than in the other events on the program. The movement is but one element of the performance, and more driven by the group than the individual, almost a kind of expression of community.

Gallymaufry

Andrew Morrish brings out his mike, Madeleine Flynn plucks her violin and Tim Humphrey toots the trumpet. Morrish does most of the talking, absurd little phrases really, amusing as part of the situation, “I’ve been dreaming after hours.” The music is cartoon-like in the way it complements his prattle. He steps away from the microphone, arms reaching, then stretching gently, he steps out into more dynamic movement. Humphrey is yelling, “Open that door and jump!” Is it a command for Morrish or for us? Madeleine goes to the accordion and Morrish is moving again. It’s the funny mishmash of music, word and movement that gives the performance its meaning.

In an evening full of humour and more than the usual risk-taking, these groups created new performances and challenged us as observers to do a little risk-taking of our own.

Precipice: on and over the edge, The Choreographic Centre, Canberra, May 26-28
A reckless missionary: Chris Doyle's way with words

Juanita Kwok

Chris Doyle is everywhere. After winning acclaim in Asia and the attention of Hollywood his signature use of saturated colour, the lighting and stunted camera work has become the international grammar of music videos and advertising. He is crossing the globe on film and commercial shoots. He made time to be at the Sydney Film Festival for the weekend opening of his two-debut feature film Away With Words and Rick Farquharson's documentary, Orientations: Chris Doyle: Stirred Not Shaken.

In Orientations, he posed the question, "The problem with being so-called cutting edge is that you cut the edge and there's nothing left so where do you go? For someone whose aesthetic is so widely imitated, how does he manage to keep his edge?"

"Why are the best cinematographers and some of the best directors in Hollywood outsiders? They always have and always will be outsiders because you have to look at something from a different perspective... I do that mainly by living in cultures that I'm very familiar with, but I have a certain edge. I don't have to conform to the conventions of that society because everyone knows I'm nuts first and all secondly they know I'm from outside so that's a great freedom."

Doyle's experience of Hollywood came first hand when cash ran out while directing his first feature film, Away With Words, and he accepted a job as cinematographer on Gas Van Sant's remake of Psycho. Doyle has described working on Psycho as a "20 million dollar art project—the film is bullish, the point is we tricked Hollywood out of $20 million to do Gas Van Sant PhD in Fine Arts."

Two weeks later, another job, this time on Barry Levinson's Liberty Heights, raised enough cash to complete the film.

How does Hollywood compare with working in Hong Kong?

"In Hollywood the crew spoke of filming as a 'show', there were rules about what time you start work, what time you finish, how long you have for lunch. That's not what I'm about, that's not what the group I work with is about."

The group that Doyle refers to is director Wong Kar-Wai and art director William Jung. Doyle has worked with them on films such as Chungking Express, Asbes of Time and Happy Together. He took time out from the team to create his own personal vision in Away With Words.

"The title of the film is a pun, a way with words, a means of using words which is my job as a cinematographer, to translate words on a page into images, translate the appropriate gestures, the visualisations of an actor into a certain energy. That happens to be what I've been doing for however many number of years and it has become very intuitive and personal for me."

Written, photographed and directed by Chris Doyle, Away With Words was inspired by writer Jorge Luis Borges and Russian psychiatrist Luria's insights into a monomaniac, for whom every word is an image arranged along a street in his mind.

There are 2 central motif scenes in Away With Words. One is a sandy road leading to the sea, the childhood memory of Asano (Asano Tadanosbo) and the metaphoric pathway of his monomaniac's mind. The other is of cross-dressing Ish Kevin (Kevin Sherlock) waking up in the Peak Police Station in Hong Kong, wondering where the fuck he is. The 2 characters, Asano (who remembers everything) and Kevin ("You could write a book about what I've forgotten") are brought together when Asano arrives in Hong Kong and sets up home in Kevin's 'Dive Bar'.

Between the 2 is Susie (Mavis Xu), a fashion designer, whose other job is to pick Kevin up after he has had one too many. Doyle, like Susie, is somewhere between the two. Just as Asano's memories are filled with the beach of his childhood, Doyle grew up near the beach before leaving Sydney in the 70s on a one-year voyage that extended into over 30 years. Like Asano he ended up finding a home in Hong Kong. The characters represent aspects of himself and his experience, "Kevin is not an actor, he is a personal friend of mine."

Kevin is not the only one, with a love of beer. Is it he or Doyle who usually ends up in the police station after a night of drinking? "Six of one and half a dozen of the other."

Does free verse visual poetry and a collection of memories and experience have something to say to an audience?

"You write your first film because you have something to say, to get out of your system. Ultimately, making a film is about responsibility to yourself and to your own vision and if that connects with an audience that's good."

Away With Words connected with audiences in Japan where it gained a release in 20 cinemas, it has not yet found a distributor in Australia. Doyle describes the real test of a director as the second film, and admires Zhang Yimou for his tenacity in developing his craft and making films every year. Will Doyle direct another? "Yes, but I'd always prefer to be a good cinematographer to an interesting director."

Chris Doyle went back to collaborating with Wong Kar-Wai on In the Mood for Love, which earned him yet another award at Cannes this year. In Orientations, interviews with colleagues and with Doyle on the run between shoots, on the set and making collages in the studio, show his genius at work. Seen together at the Festival with Away With Words, you get a picture of a free spirit possessed of an unceasing energy and exceptional talent.

But Doyle declines adulation. At the Hawaiian International Film Festival this year where he was awarded the Kodak Eastman Award for Excellence in Cinematography, he interrupted the presentation to complain of hyperbole in describing his merits. In Farquharson's words, he's a documentarian he snaps back at a fan who starts her question: "I'm a fan of yours and I'd like to take you out for a drink or twelve..." with "Why don't you go out and make your own fucking movie?"

How do you reconcile this attitude with the likable and humble man on stage at the State Theatre calling himself a "missionary of cinema"? Maybe it's the fact that his family is in the audience, so he's on best behaviour. It's also part of his message to pursue your own personal vision. "To live rather than to theorise about it, that's my way. If you're gonna do films you should have the energy and the drive and the courage and the recklessness and also the life to say something to people."

Sydney Film Festival: Chris Doyle, Away With Words, Australian premiere, Deni Opera Quays, June 17, Orientations, Chris Doyle: Stirred Not Shaken, premiere, State Theatre, June 17, will also be screening at the Melbourne and Brisbane Film Festivals. Chris Doyle was brought to Sydney by the Hong Kong Tourism Association and the Sydney Film Festival.

Juanita Kwok is co-director of the Sydney Asia Pacific Film Festival, a new film festival which screened at Reading Cinemas, Sydney, earlier this year.
Death is for the living and not the dead so much

Kirsten Krauth

Seal's memorable lament, "and we're never going to survive unless we get a little crazy," permeated the Sydney Film Festival this year. Death, idiocy, survival, sanity, decay were all very much on the agenda, revealing filmmakers willing to dig into their cultures and unearthe rotting corpses: a man who builds electric chairs (Mr Death) and a celebration of the first electrification in an Indian village (Throne of Death); choreographed isolation and menace in northern Africa (Beau Travail) and a melancholy salute to Berlin (Berlin-Cinema) and '70s idolism (Jesus' Son). These films stood out amongst the wry Eurocentric mélange (The Legends of Rita, Une Liaison Pornographique, Sombreman's Action) to question the divisions (doco/feature, farce/tragedy, truth/fiction, image/text) that film facts are often still structured around.

In Errol Morris' coolly realised doco Mr Death, it's a relief to see a director willing to experiment stylistically with a form that has not changed much in 50 years. A soundtrack pulsing with flashes of electricity courses through the film and introduces us to Fred A Leuchter Jnr, who redesigns electric chairs (and later, lethal injection machines and gallows) with the enthusiastic fan a fan's aim to make extermination more "humane"--and the examples he gives—a man whose head catches on fire (think The Green Mile), a man tortured for half an hour while the chair malfunctions and is fixed—means we are (in theory) sympathetic to his views. It's hard to tell whether Fred is naive or an egomaniac (and this is a strength of Morris' ambiguous direction) but the film's sudden sill (he's sent by Nazi sympathisers to go to "the epicentre of death" Auschwitz, to take (secret) samples in an attempt to prove that there were no gas chambers) adds a sinister edge to his fascination with death. What's most disturbing is that Fred truly believes he is the only person qualified to do this research (and he doesn't even bother to check his findings against 60 years of historical documentation). As Errol says with characteristic humour, Mr Death is frightening because 'Fred is everywhere...when God created the Garden of Eden, he added self deception to the mix: things'll be horrible but they'll never notice.'

Throne of Death, Camera D'Or winner at Cannes (1999), takes this issue of American superiority and cultural imperialism to new extremes in its depiction of an Indian village promoting its greatest new gadget—an electric chair—imported from the States. This exquisitely shot film works on the precipice of tragedy and irony: a poverty stricken man gains martyrdom, and a bronze plaque, when he is the first to be executed in the village; his wife and child get their first good feed for years in a last supper served by attentive waiters the night before his death. The political intricacies of village life are revealed in the well orchestrated celebration of the Chair's arrival—dancing girls, a sea of happy faces, moving speeches—and we (and they) are culpable in the knowledge that the accultured man is innocent.

A Brief History of Errol Morris is a thoughtful parallel to both these films, offering insight into Morris' techniques and why he chose to focus on "the starkest event: Nightingale of Death Row." Interviews with Werner Herzog and other kindred spirits reveal an obsessive filmmaker who uses his background as a detective to get under the skin of his characters, slowly: he never fills a silence, letting the camera roll: As Errol says, "we see ourselves as protagonists in our own private drama...I try to capture that." Like writer James Ellroy he is obsessed with crime and murder, and the line between life and death. He likes rural America, David Lynch country, where he interviews "philosopher kings of the swamp" in documentaries like Gales of Heaven (pet cemeteries); and inhabits places like Vernon, Florida, better known as Nub City, because it has the highest case of insurance fraud in the States (people blow their own limbs off, but they can still drive a Cadillac). Morris' Thin Blue Line had the rare acclaim of being a documentary that saved a prisoner from death row. The murder case was resolved, not because of factual evidence brought to light (or a cinema verité style) but because the stylistic deviations from the realist documentary form—re-enactment of events, contradictions, lies, juxtapositions of characters' accounts—created a truth out of the "sea of the false." As one of his interviewees says, "you mean this is the real world? I never thought of that." (Hint for Gayle Lake: how about an Errol Morris retrospective next year?)

Berlin-Cinema also examines this tenuous relationship between documentary and fiction. Win Wenders meditating on the nature of emptiness, the gaps, between lines and words, reading and films, bricks and mortar. He remembers a Berlin before the wall came down, where there was space, between buildings, before the gaps were filled. He argues for the same space in films today, past the tendencies to break story down into formula. He gives an example of footage shot during World War II in Germany, the same scenes filmed by US and Russian troops. The Russians shot in black and white, restaged the events, fictionalised the account by adding characters, while the Americans used colour and filmed in verité style; trying to capture and preserve history as it was. Morris argues that the Russians captured more 'truth' in their evocation of an historical moment, echoing Morris' observation that a made up account can reveal as much or more about an event or person. Ironically Berlin-Cinema is nostalgic about film's 'denise' (and wants to preserve the film/digi-tal boundary) but remains a joy for film buffs, recreating Wenders' memorable imagery from Wings of Desire, using repetition of still shots and the slow and moving objects translates through frames to evoke a haunting mesmeric lingering dream.

Beau Travail continues this deliberate, serious-minded, but favours the film festival in its reinvention of male soldier rituals into a stylised choreography in the sandy terrain of Djibouti. French legionnaires become feminised under their elegant ironed creases, objects of Claire Denis' knowing gaze, computer game antagonists who size each other up and play out boy's club death wishes, their muted passions and sexualities and jealousies under siege in the harsh blue light and dusty slushy nightclub, where our anti-hero jungle-boogies at the end, letting loose in a parody and (dil)integration of his army moves, amidst the African women glowing under neon. (The Melbourne Film Festival recently featured a retrospective of Claire Denis films, FH, aka Fuckhead, the central character in Jesus' Son, asks whether death and living are the same thing...are we only unhappy because we have a clear distinction? Hallucinating after having dropped a few tabs (stolen from the hospital where he works as an orderly). It is in the "wilderness" looking for a place to pitch a tent. He comes across a graveyard, the glowing crosses extending for miles, which his buddy can't see. Not because it isn't there, but because it's a drive-in, the white crosses empty poles the speakers used to hang on. It's a great evocation of the end of an era ('70s idealism) in a crazy and bleak collection of white trash vignettes directed by NZ filmmaker Alison Maclean. With strong performances by Samantha Morton (as usual, brilliant) and Billy Crudup along with restrained drop-ins by Dennis Hopper and Holly Hunter, its combination of whimsical humour and uneasy romance is reminiscent of Hartley's Trust and Gala's Buffalo 66. What sets it apart from recent US indie features is an interesting structure and voiceover: a drug-fucked narrator steers us in the wrong directions, heads off on a tangent, pauses, forgets where he's at, moves in another direction, returns to another story mid-frame. Skewed, out of order, confused and unreliable, it works like memory, better than the usual (yawn) circular narrative that begins at the end and ends at the end, or is that the beginning, a nice neat circle usually involving the voiceover finding the window and fluffy clouds...and resolution.

Beau Travail (France), writer/director Claire Denis; writer Joan-Pol Fargeau, based on the work of Herman Melville; Jesus' Son (USA), director Alison Maclean, based on Denis Johnson's short stories; Mr Death; the rise and fall of Fred A Leuchter Jr (USA), director Errol Morris; Throne of Death (India), writer/director Murali Nair; Berlin-Cinema (Fire Provost), writer/director Camille Grand; writer/director Samira Gloor-Fadel; A Brief History of Errol Morris (UK), director Kevin MacDonald; Sydney Film Festival, State Theatre & Dendy Opera Quays; The title of this review is taken from Errol Morris' documentary Gates of Heaven.
Web convergence traps artists and consumers

Nadine Clements

Anyone interested enough to pass by the Stock Exchange building in Sydney a few months ago would have witnessed the spectacle of the domino crash, or "new media adjustment", as financial pundits would have it. Small-time investors and internet start-ups owners stood, some with noses unceremoniously pressed against the glass, watching their stock deval­ uate minute by minute. Informed by the U.S. NAS­DAQ (the American financial index for new media stocks) the electronic red ticker traced a sorry story; some stocks nosedived within a hair's breadth of their issue price, others simply entered negative figures.

The crash came at an interesting time. In internet years (roughly comparable to dog years in terms of development), the web was colonised by technology corporations a very long time ago. They are responsible for both interpreting the web as a ramtapyn speech space (with all that entails), and developing sophisticated platforms from which to serve what they call "content", a largely defined term which means anything from editorial to a nifty, Javascript button on a navigation bar. Strategies ranged from providing millions of free emails and used pilfering as a strategy to skimming a percentage off the top of credit card purchases. Very few of them made actual money and the market eventually got nervous, hence the crash. Things, as they say, will never be the same again.

The development of the technology, howev­ er, continues apace. WAP (Wireless Application Protocol) was just the beginning to someone with a fairly hefty mobile phone plan near you very soon, delivering components of the web (news head­ lines, movie session times, sports updates and of course mobile phone games) was just used to go ringing. Interactive TV has already been introduced, and Pay TV viewers are familiarising themselves with the idea of fusing a website interface with broadcast programs—checking their email while the cricket is playing. All pretty handy.

So what's an article about a bunch of well­ off wankers losing their money during a period of vastly accelerated technological growth and innovation doing in RealTime? Serving as specula­ tion. This is what it's all about, what all artists are doing. Setting the agenda as to how they are used! In a post-crash environment, where the cash won't be flowing anymore as it was freely done before, the crash as it spreads to TV and your phone will be economically rationalised.

Internet service providers of all kinds now have a vested interest in keeping their subscribers within the walls of the content that they have purchased or aggregated. Some are giving away free access—you don't pay a cent, but you can't actually leave the network you're in to explore the rest of the web. So if you're forced to bank online because your local branch has closed down, and you can't afford to pay for an inter­ net connection, welcome to the "walled gar­ den." Others provide services exclusively to their paying customers; everything from 5 email addresses to animated short films and "superior" news coverage. The rest of the rubble will never see, unless they upgrade.

Of course it's all in the name of commercial good sense, but does it have to be inevitable that the medium that started as a tool for Cold War military communication, transgressed into an academic language (HyperText Markup Language or HTML) and still boasts worldwide access to information about subversive and mar­ ginised cultures, will become a segregated medium?

Firstly, to the culture. The internet industry would struggle without a reason to exist, that technology heads outside of the mainstream computer games over the arts because the stars tell them to. If you're lucky enough to find decent arts listings on a commercial­ istic website, it'll be a personal indulgence on the user's part. The producer who does the nifty, little digital art will never see, unless they upgrade.

Further up the food chain, however, are the heavyweights. The ones glamorised by IBM advertisements. Old tie private schools, ex­ lawyers, ex-traditional media and too bright MFA grads, who, come lately or by right of birth, subscribe to the old capitalist school of thought that the "art" is a tool for communication, not art for art's sake. And they upgrade. Or at least try to keep on upgrading. They know that the future is coming, that the technology that started as a toy for the Telsa guys, make or tasteful­ ly ignore sexist jokes and earn a shitload of money for the privilege. Despite the recent dot con­ cerns, the NASDAQ is the first stock to some of the most brilliant artists from art school to mainstream computer games over the arts.

For the consumers, the experience is different. People with a TV set are already used to seeing digital art on the internet. Further up the food chain, however, are the heavyweights of the internet world, the ones who have managed to keep on upgrading. They know that the future is coming, that the technology that started as a tool for communication, not art for art's sake. And they upgrade. Or at least try to keep on upgrading. They know that the future is coming, that the technology that started as a toy for the Telsa guys, make or tasteful­ly ignore sexist jokes and earn a shitload of money for the privilege. Despite the recent dot con­ cerns, the NASDAQ is the first stock to some of the most brilliant artists from art school to mainstream computer games over the arts.

And hopefully most of us won't be sucked in by a website funded by a bank whose spurs­ ously deconstructive sociopolitical agenda—or is it an advertising campaign— is to "unlearn."
In July 1960, a Sydney schoolboy was abducted and killed. His family had recently won £100,000 pounds in the Opera House lottery—the reason Stephen Leeley Bradley targeted the boy—which triggered cultural responses like 'stranger danger'. There have been a variety of readings of this narrative, and Sharkfeed is the latest, a new ABC website which highlights some of the challenges and possibilities for delivering documentary content on the internet. Here artist John Grech and sound designer Matthew Leonard discuss some of the issues raised in its production.

ML Attempting to bring the philosophy of the radio feature or documentary to the internet harks back to elements of the historical form after the Second World War. There is a real emphasis on writing again; and balancing this with the potential for carefully deployed images and sound. Both share a sparseness of texture.

JG There is a lot of scope for artists to transform their practices into new media. However, this presents the same problems that early filmmakers faced. For example, how do you make a movie like Metropolis when no-one's ever made a movie like that before? How many movie genres do we have today? Back in 1900, there were no such production discourses available. But artists must adapt their techniques to new technologies to utilise new media possibilities, not try to make new technologies do what old technologies do. Also, writing highlights the origins of documentary. As film theorist Bill Nichols pointed out, the distinction between writing as description (traditional documentary) and writing as narrative (fiction) is spurious. Writing a fictional narrative and writing a documentary description are both highly constructed, creative acts of storytelling.

ML Sharkfeed has enabled us to explore the subjectivities that surround these various acts of storytelling. Another interesting aspect has been the disruption of chronology which historically characterises 'classic' radio and cinema documentaries. Has this also had an impact on your approach to the visual material?

JG Visual art is basically a spatial medium. Although the web offers an unprecedented space, it still deals with time as time, not just by spatialising it as visual art does. The digital screen is a fascinating way of experiencing both time and space, but I'm not sure there is yet a very useful critical or theoretical framework on how people actually experience these.

ML Again, if we compare it with existing forms, the experience of hearing a radio program is driven by the durations of sound events, conversations, voices. This has a critical impact on the tone of a program, but part of the trick with the internet is being able to anticipate such factors as download time and server timeouts which strongly dictate the 'tempo' of the work. From a sound perspective, this is a critical difference.

JG This probably represents the greatest limitation of the medium. But it is closer to how people experience an exhibition in a gallery—someone might walk quickly or haphazardly through a space, while another might tread very carefully along a more predictable path. One major difference between the web and a gallery is the fact that people in galleries still determine the speed and succession of events. On the web, these are determined more by technology. The web is still at an early stage of development.

ML The potential for synchronous sound on the internet is still at a fairly primitive level, and seems to require a high level of commitment and experience from the users to get the most out of it. We agreed it was important that the site represent a mixture of period and contemporar

OnScreen feature in RealTime 39

Sharkfeed has enabled us to explore the subjectivities that surround these various acts of storytelling. Another interesting aspect has been the disruption of chronology which historically characterises 'classic' radio and cinema documentaries.

The OnScreen supplement of RealTime is funded by the Australia Council, the federal government's arts advisory body, the Australian Film Commission and the FTO (NSW Film & Television Office).

OnScreen is submitted to the following for indexing: Film Literature Index, Film and TV Center, State University of New York at Albany, Richardson 390C, 1400 Washington Ave, Albany NY 12222 USA; Film Index International; Library and Information Services, British Film Institute, 21 Stephen St, London W1P 2LN, Great Britain; International Index to Film/Tv, FIAF Periodical Indexing Project, 6 Nottingham St, London W1M 3RB, Great Britain; APAB, National Bibliographic publications, National Library of Australia, Canberra ACT, Australia 2600.
d-art00: digital exceptions

continued from page 25

code, baby") da Rinini, looked like it would be more at home on a computer screen and all the better for being manipulable—at least to get a better look and to attend properly to the gash girl's texts (see Working the Screen, page 15). Paul Craddock's (video, Netherland, 1999), set in the columns beneath a freeway, initially appears to be a formal exercise, rearranging the columns by angles and vantage lenses. But a man is introduced, leaping into the air until he remains suspended between the columns, the camera circling him magically without interruption or editing. Of course Maria di this kind of thing but without offering us the opportunity for a long, contemplative gaze.

Described as Guernée, France, video, (1998) a brick digitally animated anti-advertis

ent has its moment early on in its 1'30" when a cut-out muscular young man coughs up a Skoda motor vehicle, as if gung-ho. Sought after that, unless you see flashes of "Static" and "Monomorphia" as meaningful.

Somewhere between the traditions of the avant-garde and the new technical virtuosity

( not that I know how she did it) in Festa Mobile (Moving Party, Valentina Goccetti, video, Italy, 1999), a visual feast, a bizarre animation with the key figure a bulbous black duck (an image from somewhere in modernist iconography) transforming into a mouse a la Mickey, a bear and an elephant and moving in and out of westerns, pornogra

phy and travelogues against a soundtrack shifting elegantly from romantic strings to jazz by composer Nuni. Despite the lurching, earnest animation we know so well, there was a deftness of touch and a visual richness that underpinned this increasingly sinister reverie.

The d-art00 screenings were a very mixed bag. Whether they affirmed the curatorial the

sis of the increasing virtuality of the digital is another matter (it would have been interesting to have more detailed technical program notes on each film—a feature possibility). While the truth of that invisibility is obvious in many respects (eg in action feature films) the argument does little justice to a different kind of distinctiveness, the hybrids emerging in places other than cinemas and screening rooms, like d-art00 in Customs House, in theatres and public places and events like Cyber Cultures. While it's pleasing to see film festivals embrace 'new media', it does position such work as an adjunct to the movie experience (while doubtless promoting an interest in it). Why, with a few inviting exceptions, did d-art00 place itself firmly back in film tradition? What exactly is its curatorial rationale, or are we really at some defining moment where the old forms rule again and film is film, dance is dance, the

are in theatre?

d-art00 media arts, d-art00 screenings, film & video, Sydney Film Festival, Denya Opera Quays cinema, June 20, 22

See Working the Screen page 6 for reviews of Rebecca Bryant's TellTale, Linda Wallace's lovotchet, Tobias Katsutsch Grimes' Electronic Sound Receptor, Leon Cmielewski and Jeannicte Starr's Dream Kitchen from the d-art00 Exhibition, Customs House, Circular Quay, Sydney. June 8 - July 2 with 3 pages that reproduce the instructions for a fictitious computer based communications system called "Laxxar" (based presumably on services such as America On Line or Compuserve) "to learn more about electronic mail simply click your mouse over the mail icon on the screen." Needless to say, there is no mouse, icon or screen.

This mimetic fixture is tackled by Carl Steadman in a fascinating internet based project called Two Solitudes, an e-mail romance (http://www.freedomia.com/). Steadman (one of the co-founders of Hack) has written a novel dictated by the email interface rather than the printer environment. One 'subscribers' to the story using similar protocols to literary discussion groups. What follows is a series of emails purported to be copies of the correspondence from the exchanges of 2 people of indeterminate gender (Lone and Dana) but amorous intent. The technological verisimilitude is so successful that it is quite possible to forget one is reading fake mail. It is a compelling literary experiment clearly informed by the epistolary theory of Jacques Derrida's The Post Card (1987).

Where Steadman's theistically astute email fiction is overtly indebted to an epistolary past (and all that implies about the author/reader dynamics of reception/comprehension), the email novels must also be seen within their literary heritage. Just because someone in Email: A Love Story signs his missives from a 'cyber romance', doesn't mean he can't grow up to be John Malkovich.
Staging the political romance of the waterfront

Suzanne Spanner

Over the last month in Melbourne audiences have been exposed to 3 new plays which address contemporary politics in Australia: Front by Melbourne Workers Theatre, Michael Garr’s Crazy Brave at Playbox and, from Brisbane, Matrix Theatre’s A Beautiful Life. This in politics on stage while our government’s every effort is directed towards ensuring that it’s backstage, reduced to the waret in the hip pocket. Issues of rights and principles of democracy have been chipped away and the UN told to bust us out. Howard relies on honouring our obligations under the conventions we have signed, not to mention the ordinary conventions of democracy which include the right to organise and to strike, the very issues at the centre of Front.

Director-writer Peter Houghton was already working a play set in the Australian waterfront and intending to examine the dangers of social division when the Docks dispute erupted in 1996 and the real drama unfolded. In many ways Front mirrors the dispute by masking in heroic-rhetoric the romance of the waterfront. While the dispute was settled for the wrong reasons, reasons that were easy to grasp—the right to strike, the right to organise, the spectre of paid goon and blackmailer things which looked like terror, the idiocy of Patrick Duncan’s waterfront—none of us was forced to look at much harder like the real need for waterfront reform and the connection between the waterfront and the export markets we need to maintain. We want the workers to be right when they have been so grossly wronged by the dastardly companies of bosses and government, and it becomes too much to ask for things to be better and more efficient and more sustainable in the long term.

This well-made play almost from another era, the male characters convincingly delineated, the women sketchy and stereotyped, and not as interestingly performed. Houghton wisely does not burden the play with detailed of the actual dispute and avoids any documentary element by condensing a year of complicated deals and double deals and myriad workers, union leaders, dock owners, mercenaries, strikebreakers, ministers, the Prime Minister and the National Farmers Federation into a cast of 7 and compresses the action into just 7 days. Instead it focuses on character or, more correctly, types or humour in a modern faible or morality play. ‘The fence sitter, the type, the cheat, the crook, the villain, the liar and the hero are presented, as they are in most plays. Your job as an audience is to decide who is who” (program note). Within its own terms it succeeds admirably, with the addition of the faithful wife and the duplicitous vamp to its list.

In the opening scenes Front’s characters and the apt and witty metaphor of the Monopoly board are skillfully set up. In the union tearoom, personalities are vibrant, intragroup rivalries ventilated in cigarettes of ving characters each other. From then on, things move fast and furiously—a lone hero in a plot that’s both bright and too cool for words, but carries you along as drama. The experience is emotionally satisfying, but stabilises critical reflection and denies the viciousness and complexity of the Realpolitik. It demonises the forces that are the bosses’ agents but also lenches bosses and government off the hook, although it certainly doesn’t purport to represent any of her side’s argument that might have had any validity, which is perhaps far enough given that it is MFT. What it does well is animate the old story, the way things were on the docks, the job for life, the traditions of the sea and the ships and the man who unload them, from the internationale to moving renditions of sea shanties. That’s the story we loved in the media and that’s the story we get here; and along the way the complexities of the Monopoly board metaphor get lost.

Melbourne Workers Theatre, Front, Theatreworks, St Kilda, June 14 - July 1
www.melbourneworktheatre.com.au

IRAA Theatre and the implicated audience

Suzanne Spanner

It is only possible to write about The Secret Room at a meta level because to write about the rich theatricality, the potent visual imagery and the dense language is to betray the secret at its heart.

The events it deals with are shocking and intensely personal but the experience has been shaped as a beautiful, delicate and erotic work of art, layered with resonant images where nothing that we see or hear is accidental or casual.

The relationship to its audience is paradoxical and contradictory. You can see it as live performance in a house in Carlton where you are received as a guest along with 6 other strangers. Performer Roberta Bosetti is your hostess. While you wait for everyone to arrive, you sit by fire in her living room and watch a home movie on TV. Then she invites you into her dining room to share a meal that she has cooked, and facilitates a conversation with you and your fellow diners in which you all share secrets. At the end of the meal she does something dreadful and unsetting that is dealt with politely and discreetly (as people do at dinner parties when a guest goes too far). You wonder if it really happened and query whether you should take action to remedy the gaffe or look away, and wait for social order to be restored by the hostess. Afterwards she takes you upstairs through her bedroom to a secret room and reveals "herself" and "her story". At the end of the performance she leads you downstairs and farewells you into the night and your own thoughts.

On another night at the same time, in your own house, you can log in to a website and watch the same performance in real time, but of course it’s not the same performance because you are not part of it. You can download the script and listen to soundbytes. You become a voyeur, willing or unwilling, inevitably implicated, an accidental mesmerised witness to another person’s pain.

It is uncomfortable, disturbing, and calls up an ambiguous response because the boundaries are blurred between private life and public life, the domestic interior and the infinity of cyberspace, the performer and her guests, the audience and the guest, intimates and strangers. Ultimately the audience is controlled by the mediations of the sites of the performance and the complicity of director and partner Renato Cuocolo, the unseen operator of the video camera. The most disturbing element was my desire to know if it was "her" story or made up, a performance to seduce me into an overwhelming identification. The invitation to voyeurism is powerful and the only way to feel in control is to parteake fully. I have kept the secret, it is now my secret, I have not talked about what I saw either privately or here, because the voyeur’s pleasures must remain her own.

The Secret Room is included in this year’s Sydney Carnivale, Oct 1 - Nov 5. Enquiries 5251 7974. Bookings 1800 064 534. Venue confirmed on booking.

IRAA Theatre The Secret Room, Melbourne, from June 8. Bookings 03 9349 5880. info@iraatheatre.com.au
www.iraatheatre.com.au
Digital purgatory: the horrors of Jet Lag

Sophie Hansen

The BITE season at The Barbican Theatre in London is all about high quality international theatre. Alongside productions from greats like Laurne Anderson and Luc Bondy, there is cutting edge new work from rising stars such as The Builders Association (USA), who presented Jet Lag, their collaboration with architects Diller and Scrofido.

The Builders Association has a reputation for seamlessly merging technology with live action. This collaboration carried their trademark rigour. Check full of effects, there was nothing gratuitous or showy. Every element of Jet Lag seemed to have been examined with the critical eye of the outsider, asking 'so what?' questions about theatrical conventions, with a skilled theatre director similarly probing the dramatic intention of each multimedia tool.

The American actors projected their characters with vigour amidst the screens, monitors and microphones which littered the stage. In the first of the 2 true stories presented back to back in this 80 minute piece, the actor playing yachtsman Donald Crowhurst spoke only through his on-board communications equipment. He filmed himself for the television station tracking his competitive round the world voyage, he radioed his distant wife and made a video diary to chart his descent into paranoia and confusion. Crowhurst's fake voyage, ending with his mysterious disappearance, was packaged so tightly within the media which hinted at universal meaning.

Crowhurst's creative editing of his reports, the difficulties in their transmission and the spin put on their receipt by presenter and publicist all served to obscure the man behind the media. Part one fizzled out with an intense sense of loss.

Similarly, the protagonists of the second story were constantly mediated by technology. A sophisticated 3 dimensional computer environment moved constantly behind the characters, taking them through one never ending airport/airplane continuum. The flannus of the projected image, combined with grainy security camera footage of the pair struggling to sleep on vinyl chairs, trawling through barriers, communicated the purgatory of international travel.

Sarah Krassnoff crossed the Atlantic 167 consecutive times to flee the father seeking custody of her grandson. In 6 months they did not leave an airport and eventually Sarah died in transit, of jet lag. The nauseating stats of this modern tale are announced with a monotonous lack of drama as Sarah and grandson trapse wearily up another escalator; thousands of hours spent restrained by the seat belt, tens of days lost forever, tens more lived twice, hundreds of bags of peanuts consumed, hundreds of films viewed (each on average 22 times). Again, when Sarah expires, against an awesome rendering of an aircraft interior to live sound effects created by visible actors, her small soul departs without a whisper. The roar of the landing aircraft, like the buzz of Crowhurst's dead radio, wipes the stage clear of human presence. This intensely self conscious production buzzed mystery and meaning at the audience in a barrage of media which remained multiple, partial and inconclusive from first to final byte.

Jet Lag. The Builders Association, Barbican Theatre, London, July 5-8
Adelaide theatre: swinging 60s implosions

Dickon Oxenburgh

In a twist of zeitgeist the latest productions from two SA theatre companies tackle the underbelly of family life in the 6os.

Both Svetlana In Slingbacks by South Australian playwright Valentina Levkowicz and Learning to Drive by American Paula Vogel explode the sentimental notion that growing up during the 'Swinging 60s' was all love and idealism; rather, for many it was a season in hell, in which the real revolution lay not out on the streets or the battlefields, but in that nest of ungrateful vipers known as ‘family.’

Svetlana In Slingbacks is a result of 5 years development by Australia's only full time women's theatre company Vitalistatix and further consolidates the company's commitment to new Australian theatre.

Playwright Levkowicz has established the right balance of humour and pathos in her characters' differing experiences of assimilation and alienation. The play is a wry, magic-realist look at migrant life in the western suburbs of Adelaide in the 6os as seen through the eyes of the central character Svetlana Fretova—a young girl trying to imagine her future while coping with her parents' past. Her family, emigrants who have escaped from Cold War Russia, now find suburban life in Australia almost as oppressive.

The family is dominated by Boris (Michael Habib), a 'good hard working man who wants only the best for his family.' But the best is not always good enough. Boris locks on helplessly while his wife Ludmilla (Shelia Duncan) is torn apart by the ghosts of her Stalinist past. While Adelaide looks after its own backyard and basks in the glow of Marisngia and 60s sit-com TV, Ludmilla lifts the iron curtain on a lifetime of repression and lobotomises herself with an avalanche of prescription drugs. Unable to cope Boris retreats into work, chasing the Australian Dream, now a bitter irony.

The resulting emotional carnage is absorbed by Retio's 2 baby-boom daughters, teenager Svetlana (Caroline Mignone) and her more adult sister Sonya (Jacqueline Cook). The girls react by escaping—Sonya into conventionality and marriage, while Svetlana casts herself adrift in deep space fantasy, her only companion Zorgon, Master of the Universe from the planet Alpha Gammadon (Nicola Tudini).

At the play's end author Levkowicz leaves Svetlana's life in the balance, a Slavic heritage of nostalgia and pessimism adrift under the Southern Cross. While some of the sub-plots and multiple roles could have been streamlined further, Svetlana in Slingbacks' brand of reflective narcissism was good for the soul.

The State Theatre Company's latest offering is Paula Vogel's Pulitzer Prize winning Learning To Drive, a confronting foray into 'forbidden love and parallel parking.' With searing insight the performance constructs America's psycho-sexual obsession with cars and girls, very young girls.

Invoked as a memory journey by the central character 'Lil Bit' (Lisa Hensley), Learning To Drive uses the process of Lil Bit's learning to drive as a brilliant metaphor for gaining personal empowerment. The twist is that underpinning the lessons is the complex web of manipulation and volition of a long term paedophile relationship between Lil Bit and her mentor, alcoholic Uncle Peck (Nicholas Edie).

The drama explores the relationship, deftly shifting gear through time and space, alternating between the lessons and scenes of domestic life with Lil Bit's grotesquely carnal family (Marlo Grocke, Penny Maegraith and Rory Walker). Finally the mazer-like journey turns in on itself, and the beginning and the end of Lil Bit and Uncle Peck's ambiguous relationship, in a hotel room, a long way away from 'home.'

Strong performances abound, but Nicholas Edie's performance deserves special note. Rather than demonizing the character, Edie gives us a pathetic bewildered man-child, the kind of which is not uncommon, anywhere.

Svetlana in Slingbacks. director Catherine Fitzgerald, Theatre 62, Hilton, May 27-June 17; Learning To Drive, writer Paula Vogel, director Rosalba Clemente, the Space, Adelaide Festival Centre, July 1-22; regional tour July 26-Aug, 2.

Carnivale resurgent

Apparently unfazed by the dramas of its departing artistic director and manager, Carnivale has resurrected itself under the directorship of Mushline Jamal and come up with a program that includes some adventurous theatre works for connoisseurs of the form. This year's celebration of multicultural Australia includes ICBA's highly acclaimed The Secret Room (see page 28) performed at a secret location in Leichhardt and Sliderick's remarkable production of Theo Patrkaras' The Promised Woman (see review, RealTime 37) with Nick's International Boarding House erected inside The Studio at the Opera House; Theatre Physical directed by Carlos Gomez makes multimedia mayhem with the family album in Overexposed based on a text by Brazilian playwright Nelson Rodrigues; Shopfront Theatre collaborates with local youth refuges and a group of newly arrived migrants to investigate notions of being Australian; everything to stay up for will be Multicultural Theatre Alliance's Insomnia, featuring 6 new writers from culturally diverse backgrounds creating short works on 'sleep deprivation in the Olympic city'; Mystery#1 is a comic solo written by Noelie Janaczezewska and performed by Asian Tzawa about an ordinary woman who doubles as a dial-a-clairvoyant. Playwright Duong Le Quy is on a run right now with his Meat Party included in the Melbourne Festival and 2 works featured in Carnivale: The Request of Spring, a multi-arrangement production and A Graveyard for the Living, both presented in city venues by Vietnamese Arts Culture Exchange Project. Meanwhile CityMoon Sets joints contemporary theatre with a Vietnamese-Australian bent in The Monkey Mother, 'a whiff of legend and contemporary life.' There's a cross-cultural showcase at Bankstown RSL featuring CityMoon, Birrong Boys Arabic Hip Hop Group, Bankstown Samba Girls Choir and Urban Theatre Projects with participation of The Morning Star Vettu Vettu Dance Group. At the Parramatta Riverside Theatre, Leigh Warren & Dancers take on Masterpieces of the 20th Century while Anandavalli and the Lingalayam Dance Company lift the veil on brides of god in The Temple Dancer. Playworks hosts Poor Relations, an evening of readings and talks on matters multicultural at Pilgrim Theatre in Pitt Street, while at Artspace. Rebirding History explores the construction of Australian history and the contemporary processes of abstraction in a collaboration between Juan Davila, Constance Zikos and Nikos Papastergiadis along with an online project by Brook Andrew and John Sealy. There's an eclectic music program, an experimental short film and video festival at Valhalla co-ordinated by film-maker Mahnoud Yekia, a cyber magazine, performance poetry and much much more than we have space for here. Festival events will be located in both city and suburbs with satellite events in Newcastle and Hunter regions, Campbelltown, Blue Mountains and the Illawarra. See for yourself.


Lisa Hensley, Nicholas Edie, Learning To Drive, photo David Wilson

Caroline Mignone, Svetlana In Slingbacks, photo Eric Algo

Ungalayam Dan compo lift the veil on bride of god in Works Its Poor Relations, an
In RealTime 39

Sydney Performance feature: Blueprints and outcomes

The Kosky-Hughes-Seneca Oedipus, the Andrews-Wertenbaker-Marivaux La Dispute, the Enoch-Hughes-Euripides Black Medea, Nikki Heywood’s Inland Sea, an interview with Robert Oedipus Menzies, PACT’s Replicant Hotel, Carnivalé’s theatre offerings, Performance Space’s Intersections and the Benedict Andrews-Wesley Enoch Blueprint program for the Sydney Theatre Company...and Cultural Olympian Pina Bausch.

A revitalised Performance Space, a Sydney Theatre Company with some great productions and signs of vision, the Hydra collective newly housed in the Seymour Centre, an abundance of workshops and forums...what does it all add up to?

Jonathan Marshall

The Queen versus Edward ‘Ned’ Kelly, Victorian Bar Theatre Company, director Nicholas Harrington, writers/dramaturgs Tom Wright, Banco Court, Supreme Court of Victoria, May 19-20; Consider Your Verdict: Ned Kelly goes on trial, reporter Ellen Fanning, producer Stephen Taylor, 60 Minutes, Channel Nine, May 26; The 60 Minutes poll found Ned Kelly not guilty of policeman Thomas Lonigan’s murder 4,578 votes to 1,186.

In August...

Tues to Sun Aug 9-19

A Beautiful Life
by Queensland’s Matrix Theatre
presented by Performing Lines

Thurs to Sat Aug 31-Sep 2

Human in the Audiosphere
Computer generated sound and percussion with integrated visuals by Ben Walsh

Mon to Sat August 21-26

Intersections
a program of professional development and critical debate around hybrid performance workshops:

Physical Performance in the Space: dynamics of focus, concentration and energy with David Pledger (from NYID)

Generative Writing with Jenny Kemp (co-presented with Playworks)

5 Ways to make a Dance with Rosalind Crisp (co-presented with Omeo Dance Studio’s Winter Moves program)

Lighting Performance with Simon Wise

Form is Content with Jenny Kemp (co-presented with Playworks)

Projected Image in Performance Installation, with Barbara Campbell

forum: ‘Body and Sound’ with Realtime

performance: ‘Cross Cuts’ a night of short sharp works

in September...

B-Grade 3 - Shlock Value
a season of new performance work curated by Jeff Stein
Fri 1.5 Sept Porn Sat 16 Sept Kung-Fu Fri 22 Sept Blood Suckers Sat 23 Sept Beyond

RealTime 38 August - September 2000
Dedicated to nurturing a culture of contemporary ideas into the 21st Century

Next Wave Festival invites Victorian-based theatre artists to submit proposals under kickStART, a professional development scheme. The scheme is open to young and emerging theatre artists (in early career stage, generally within first five years of professional practice). Successful applicants under the scheme will receive facilitated access to a mentor and financial assistance (up to $7,000) for creative development. The scheme also offers a skills development package in proposal writing, budgeting, project management, and evaluation techniques. If you intend to apply, please first obtain an application form and guidelines from Next Wave Festival.

Tel 03 9417 7544 Fax 03 9417 7481 Mail 31 Victoria Street Fitzroy Vic 3065 Email nextwave@nextwave.org.au

CLOSING DATE FOR SUBMISSIONS Friday 15 September 2000

Next Wave Festival acknowledges the support of the Victorian Government through Arts Victoria – Department of Premier and Cabinet.

The Young and Emerging Artists Initiative is an initiative of the Theatre Fund of the Australia Council, the Commonwealth Government’s arts funding and advisory body, in partnership with Next Wave Festival.

Australian Centre for Contemporary Art

A dedicated focus to nurturing a culture of contemporary ideas into the 21st Century.

Next Wave Festival invites Victorian-based theatre artists to submit proposals under kickStART, a professional development scheme. The scheme is open to young and emerging theatre artists (in early career stage, generally within first five years of professional practice). Successful applicants under the scheme will receive facilitated access to a mentor and financial assistance (up to $7,000) for creative development. The scheme also offers a skills development package in proposal writing, budgeting, project management, and evaluation techniques. If you intend to apply, please first obtain an application form and guidelines from Next Wave Festival.

Tel 03 9417 7544 Fax 03 9417 7481 Mail 31 Victoria Street Fitzroy Vic 3065 Email nextwave@nextwave.org.au

CLOSING DATE FOR SUBMISSIONS Friday 15 September 2000

Next Wave Festival acknowledges the support of the Victorian Government through Arts Victoria – Department of Premier and Cabinet.

The Young and Emerging Artists Initiative is an initiative of the Theatre Fund of the Australia Council, the Commonwealth Government’s arts funding and advisory body, in partnership with Next Wave Festival.

Australian Centre for Contemporary Art

A dedicated focus to nurturing a culture of contemporary ideas into the 21st Century.
Jacqueline Millner interviews Ruark Lewis

Ruark Lewis is a well-known practitioner on the Sydney art scene, both as visual artist and writer-performer. He has a particular interest in the relationship between text and art, as well as a predilection for collaborative projects, most notably with Paul Carter. Over the last year, Lewis has exhibited in a number of forums, including the International Microwave Literature exhibition, to an installation that responds to a recent book.

Tell me how you came to develop your overarching artistic approach. This exploration of the relationship between text and image...

Very early on, while still at art school, I began writing poetry, verbal accounts of paintings by such artists as Arthur Boyd and Albert Tucker. Out of that, I eventually wrote a play about George Baldessin that I performed at the AGNSW for a Baldessin exhibition. I was drawn to text as a challenge. In some sense I thought that, for such a visual person as myself, a text was more difficult to grasp. I gradually tried to remove myself from the writing, I felt it was a more modest project, not creating grand gestures and biographical paintings. I became increasingly interested in the dysfunction of language, in distorting the text, in making false narratives, that is, texts that appear to be making sense, but really are not.

At the same time, I was interested in Conceptualism, in Malevich, in Duchamp, in the synthesis of turning sound into form. I wanted to translate sound into visuals, experimenting for instance with these writing responses to musical scores. I sometimes say, 'Arthur Boyd taught me to play the piano', in that apparently Arthur, after the fashion of his father, would sit at the piano and madly bang away on it eliciting a cacophony of discordant, aleatory sound. I experimented with this musically un schooled approach to composition and performance. Partly I was inspired by my contact at art school with David Ahern, who had been an assistant to Stockhausen and had a highly sophisticated knowledge of modern music and sound.

From an early interest in the Angry Penguins, I was drawn more and more to the Australian abstract painters, painters who historically remained very much the underdogs to the expressionists. And it was during the high point of nationalism in the 1980s, when I was sharing a studio with a gestural painter, where I started to transcribe words into painting, as a practice of visual extasy. I would not always use my own texts to transcribe...the process of selection then became an important aspect of my work, that I started to formalise a system that transcribed words and sound into paintings and drawings.

Rall, one of your recent major projects, deals with issues of translation and transcription, focusing closely on European records of the lives of Central Australian Indigenous communities. What is the history of your engagement with this material?

I was drawn to Australian Indigenous culture by chance...I found a watercolour, by Albert Namatjira's nephew Benjamin Landarc, in the garbage in Dover Heights. I cleared off the moss to discover a delicate, beautiful painting, which intrigued me into doing some research. I began doing traces of the paintings, trying to reconstruct them. It was while researching these early watercolours by Central Australian Aboriginals that I came across the writings of T.G.H. Strehlow (linguist and Aboriginal classicist)...and I was instantly drawn to this work, to his sophistication, and anthropological perspective, so distinct from the writings, say, of Battarée (who is famed for introducing Namatjira to watercolour technique and wrote on these early Aboriginal (Aboriginal style) paintings). Strehlow had a marvellous archive; a poet, he was also interested in music and sound...so he merged seamlessly with my interests.

Then, a long-term collaboration with Paul Carter, composed an installation (first exhibited in 1995) of gesso-coated timber beams inscribed with continuous text which in 6 languages narrated the tragic story of Ted Strehlow's father Carl, a German missionary who died in Central Australia. The installation also involved audiovisual, textile works and cotton tape paintings. Most recently, Ruark Lewis is developing a shape of a book, which not only documents the installation, but also includes poetic reflections on the process of translation and the recording of 'history'.

Your interest in the visual power of the word has also led you to produce an exquisite artist's book entitled earlier this year, based on a play by French author, Nathalie Sarrate. Tell me about this project.

Back in 1991, I asked a friend, translator Kaye Morley, whether she knew of any text that would lend itself to visual translation, and she suggested Nathalie Sarrate's Pour ou Pour N'importe (Notting), originally published in 1981. It was a play principally for 2 players, although with 4 characters overall, in which the tone and the silences as well as the words gives rise to the realization of a loss of intimacy between friends, one a failed Romantic, the other a family man. Kaye had translated the text, a long and subtle process whereby she attempted to intum Nathalie's silences and ellipses as much as her words, and so began a collaborative project between Nathalie Kaye and I.

The project began as an experiment in colour typography and chance procedures. The design leans towards Nathalie's theoretical ideas of subconversational and the new novel. I set the actors' speech in prose style to create, in effect, a visual Morse code of colours. I then made drawings intended to prepare the reader, to induce a hypnotic sort of mediation that is at once highly optical and essentially non-illustrative.

In the final artist's book, 52 pages of polychromatic characters are fitted grid-like into each page of justified prose, punctuated by original drawings.

This experiment with the colour-coded layout of text is also evident in your most recent major work, Relay, another collaboration with Paul Carter, and part of the Olympic public art program unveiled in March this year.

Relay is a prose poem engraved over the distance of one kilometre in a set of granite steps encircling the Athletic Centre and Stadium Australia in Homebush Bay. It was a truly collaborative project, realised with the assistance of a team of architects, draftsmen and stonemasons.

The work reflects a certain aversion to 'space' in preference to 'place'. We wanted to make 'place' indigenous, by drawing not only on historical evocations of the Olympics but also on a series of Australian inflections. The text is divided into themes, corresponding with a tier of steps, and a colour —red, blue, yellow, or green—which also triggers certain associations. The themes include early Australian Olympians —for instance, the amiable story of Edwin Rack, the runner who got lost during the marathon of 1896—the contribution of women to Australian Olympic achievements, the 'living greats' who competed in the last Olympics on Australian soil, the role of 'the harbour city' and the imaginings for the Olympics of the future. Within the sequence of words are hidden colour-coded messages. The words run into each other: sometimes one word will lend a letter to the next, so that what is created is a sense of a relay, a cycle that comes back to the beginning to start again.

[Relay is an elegant and quietly provocative work, whose multiple layering of texts and architectural lines attempt to embody, in Paul Carter's words, that "sport is not about infinite progress, but about harmony, tension, balance." —JM]

Depth of Translation: The Book of Raft


Virginia Baxter

You enter Trent Parke and Narrelle Autio's breathtaking exhibition at Stills Gallery to the sound of waves.

There are 30 pictures. Sonic are standard size and framed. Others are over a metre long digital panoramas formed from 2 compressed images and pinned to the wall. All are black and white, all unified. All belong to that burgeoning photographic genre (especially in Sydney) of people on beaches. More interestingly, the effect of these photographs is to give the viewer an immersive experience of water.

From the walls of the gallery, water spews from lips, cuts through hair. Arms open to receive it, heads push against its weight, limbs plunge through, torsos tumble in it. It becomes a liquid landscape for glorious and gawky drawings. A heavy limb hangs calmly seated in the air, with no fear of what's falling into. A hand dramatically breaks the surface, reaching just short of the inverting body beneath. A monumental head breaches a wave: like lips, a woman's outstretched arms beckon the water's tension. Headless bodies dangle in underwater light. Another ascends to what looks like the heavens but is probably just some ocean pool somewhere. An old man surrenders himself to the dark below, his head slightly bowed, arms outstretched. He makes Bill Viola's Messenger appear respectful by comparison. As much as it's about water, this is also an exhibition about photography. It's about hexagonal droplets on leaves, grains of black and gelatin silver, about film pushed to its limits to fix light, and eyes for composition that are extraordinarily sharp.

In the accompanying notes, Narrelle Autio describes the photographers' 2 very different experiences of water. "The New Orleans beach of Trent Parke's childhood situated on the east coast and open to the huge energy of the South Pacific gave him an immediate sense of the power and danger of the ocean. Growing up in Adelaide with the protection of a peninsula, the sea for me was more than not, flat and without any sense of treachery."

"In The Seventh Wave (they say it's the biggest)...we experienced this sense of seamless light, the盔ful calm of a couple of photographers holding their breath as they hover with their Nikons as long as they dare in the depths. Catch it..."
Hatched 2000: lime-green, blood red & rusted

Bec Dean

Tall glass cylinders filled with incremental variations on a hue of lime-green paint, from "Acid Rock" to "Glacier Sand", snake tidily through the PICA main space like laboratory samples in a crucial mixing experiment.

Each colour in extreme close-up is individually captured by video camera, and instantly replayed through monitors sitting beside the original, Pyrex containers. This is real-time, live camera action. This is Dying Paint, an electronic meditation on boredom at the nexus of art and technology.

Dying Paint effectively strips all sense of romanticism from the idea that technology enhances and improves our experience of the world, as each camera's increasingly lurid interpretation of the dotted colour is expressed via the television's inaccurate composite.

West Australian artist Tremain Egan's confident, equipment-intensive work dominates the central space of the Hatched: Healthways National Graduate Show. It is undermined only, but pointedly, by the approaching obsolescence of its own technologies.

Egan's commitment to confronting discourses surrounding representation in the age of economic and technological imperatives is matched in strength by only a handful of the 65 graduates represented in the exhibition. Trepidation and anxiety about addressing current social and cultural issues are revealed by the proliferation of artists in this year's survey who chose the path of textual acceptance by revisiting first-wave, middle-class feminist, reconstituting perspectives of historical events, or merely demonstrating techniques that result in aesthetically pleasing, but shallow work.

The plethora of works in Hatched addressing issues of domestic and corporeal power-relations reference not only the histories of such decorative textiles practices as crochet and needlepoint, but activities assigned to the realm of the household chore. There are several works that stand-out from these largely didactic, object-based exhibits. Video artist Elizabeth Anne Gratwick takes the closed, private anxieties normally relegated to the realm of the domestic, to the street. Her Performance Series is a collection of videotapes both projected against a wall and screened on a series of small TVs in a darkened corner of PICA.

Gratwick sits wreath-like at the corner of a CIB intersection, applying fake blood to her clothing while apparently sewing herself into the same white frock. Another tape depicts the artist lying, as if embonpoint, upon the sum-pool stain of a parking bay. Her total introspection and focused actions, like repetitive movements of piety, are recognised and abruptly ignored by successive passers-by, as if they were programmed to deflect public manifestations of madness or religious fervour (particularly those of a woman whose crotch is stained red).

The bloodstained, white dress reappears as the remnant of a performance and part of the installation, Mother, by Monika Tichacek. A video replays the painful embrace of 2 women after one, pierced hundreds of times by pear-tipped pins demarcating and defining areas of her body, is unpinned by the other. The impact of this documentation is somewhat reduced by the obviousness of the series of sculptural works surrounding it. Loucocon, pink and red folds of velvet are formed into habit, stertone mounds, and synthesised with disembowelled fragments of the Hollywood sex-siren: long, blonde hair, stockings, and pearls.

In Small Lives, Jodie Muirer takes only the baby dinkies and rock of the kitchen, leaving its politics behind. Dioramas of amobic fectations are enacted on the surface of a series of used sponges, with tiny white tran-set-figurines sprouting like fungus from the shrunken surfaces. Set on the top of tall, perspex vases large-figures on the turf-side of scouring pads are placed into narratives of potential abuse, murder and conflict in seemingly picturesque settings.

The final piece of the series has an old man trundling a wheelbarrow behind a grazing cow, a fine close-up of a dark investigation of cultural growth that follows human evolution from crawling out of the mire of bacteria, to shovelling the shit of our own making.

The contemplative, meditative works of Sarah Elson and Claire County focus the attention of the viewer to the ground, and furthermore to the processes of growth and renewal. Elson's Flourishing, fantastical silver casts of augmented plant matter, are combined with wax, foam, and semi-precious stones, and set into a ritualistic circle. County's Ponder also utilises cast plant elements, elements, wrongly perceived to exist outside the natural processes of decay. Water drips from suspended buckets, eroding the steel plates below in a circle of rust. With all black scope nearby, the viewer is invited to place its membrane on the cold, hard steel, and listen to the beating heart of a thing that never lived.

Hatched: Healthways National Graduate Show 2000, Perth Institute of Contemporary Arts, May 12 - June 25

Minister of Fate cuts globalist ribbon

Chris Reid

Identity arises from an accleration of nature, modern and culture. Korean performance and installation artist Ahn Ilp yun explored identity and cultural tension in 2 memorable performances in Adelaide.

At the Contemporary Art Centre of SA, Ahn had lined the rear room with mirror plastic printed with drawings of scissors. Inflatable plastic scissors bearing Korean seals, and a rug woven from plastic, hung from the ceiling. In the centre room, which was strewn with cardboard strips, 6 monitors showed her video, Flowerbomb. In it an extension cord coils snake-like around an apple, the plug's two pins repeatedly penetrating the fruit (the bite as copulation) followed successively by images of other performances, Korean street scenes, geometric patterns. Pairs of wrought metal scissors festoon the front room.

Suddenly a long white wedding dress enters the gallery—lacey, sequined red roses for the bride's head—emitting recorded pop radio and traditional music. The dress swivels about on its motorised frame, bumping into walls and onlookers, interrupting the opening speeches.

Ahn, in shaman costume, face painted white, runs in, then runs out the side door, in the front door again, calling out. Wiping her earnestly takes an onlooker's hand, begging "has it finished?", runs another lap and accosts another onlooker. After many laps she collapses exhausted, sighing "finished!"

Assistant Professor of Art at Konkji University, Seoul, Ahn Ilp yun has shown widely in Europe and Asia, and has designed major public artworks. She is also a shaman, with both Catholic and shamanic ancestry. Her work blends art with shamanism, colliding Korean and Western culture. She is a "stop-daughter."

The characters printed on her scissors are stop-daughter names, given to girls in the hope that the next child will be male. The wedding dress is her own.

Scissors symbolise the creation of new elements, enabling extension. Present in all Ahn's work, the extension, babies/reproduction are an extension, clothes an extension, her performance extends Korea into Australia. Her mirrors both double and extend images and reverse their meaning.

In her second performance her shaman costume is draped with plastic scissors. She also distributes candles around the courtyard, 2 artificial rocks nearby. Then one rock moves by itself. She avoids it but it chases her. Taking courage she pushes the second rock after the first. She whispers to an onlooker to pass on the message "she really knows" through the crowd. The battle of animated rocks continues until she falls exhausted, crying "it's finished."

The scissors symbolise viewpoints, grindstones, spirits, cultural clash, transformation. Ahn's audiences embody friend/enemy, judge/accessory—custodians of tradition. Ahn, wielding her magic symbols, depicts cultural (extension through her own fragmented identity. Her performances portray a resolution of this tension, a healing or "finish." But this climax can't be realised by the actor alone—we custodians must accept her and her intervention.

Extension, Ahn Ilp yun, Contemporary Art Centre of South Australia, June 2: Leon Arts Centre Courtyard, Adelaide, June 7

RealTime 38 August - September 2000
Australian Centre for Photography  

Australian Centre for Photography  

Australian Centre for Photography  

Australian Centre for Photography  

Australian Centre for Photography  

Australian Centre for Photography  

Australian Centre for Photography  

Australian Centre for Photography  

Australian Centre for Photography  

Australian Centre for Photography  

Australian Centre for Photography  

Australian Centre for Photography  

Australian Centre for Photography  

Australian Centre for Photography  

Australian Centre for Photography  

Australian Centre for Photography  

Australian Centre for Photography  

Australian Centre for Photography  

Australian Centre for Photography  

SIELE GALLERY  

July 12 to August 12  

TRENT PARKE & NARELLE AUTIO  

The Seventh Wave  

SIELE GALLERY  

July 12 to August 12  

TRENT PARKE & NARELLE AUTIO  

The Seventh Wave  

MERILYN FAIRSKYE  

Plus + Minus  

(ann official Sydney Olympic 2000 Olympic Arts Festival Event)  

36 Grosvenor Street Paddington NSW 2021  

Hours: Wednesday-Saturday 11.00am - 6.00pm, Tuesday 11.00am - 6.00pm, Thursday 11.00am - 6.00pm.  

Phone: 02 9331 7775  

Fax: 02 9331 1648  

Email: photos@stirley.gallery.com.au  

Website: www.stirley.gallery.com.au  

TRENT PARKE & NARELLE AUTIO  

The Seventh Wave  

REAL TIME 38 August - September 2000  

Australian Centre for Photography  

UNSW at COFA  

death dysfunction and the  

olympic ideal  

a one-day symposium  

Saturday 9th September 2000  

Presented by  

Australian Centre for Photography  

and University of New South Wales  

at the college of fine arts  

for information:  

info@acp.edu.au or tel: 02 9332 1455  

At a time when the world will be fixated on the body pressed to its extreme, this  

Symposium will explore other corporeal limits - the baccic obverse of the  

Iopodian Olympic paradigm. The body, on the brink of death; well-being/malady;  

the dysfunctional body; the visceral reality of corporeal play and form.  

Programme site: australian centre for photography  

257 Oxford Street Paddington NSW 2021  

Tel: 02 9332 1450  

Fax: 03 9331 8887  

www.acp.edu.au
Harriet Cunningham

The Greenpeace volunteers are back on the streets, ready to tweak the consciences of Sydney-siders on their best Olympics behaviour. "Do you like whales?" asks a well-groomed face with a clipboard. Being 8 months pregnant, it's hard to resist being gifted. "No, but I know how they feel when they get beached." The environment is an undeniably worthy cause, deserving urgent attention, but this activist's overt reminder backfires—it's all too earnest, too emotive, too much of an invasion of my personal and psychologica! space.

What hope then, for artists seeking to communicate an issue through their art? Is it an instant turn-off, or a chance to interrogate difficult subjects with a little more distance? I spoke to composer Colin Bright and poet Amanda Stewart about their opera _The Sinking of the Rainbow Warrior_ which is based on the Greenpeaces' "L'Affaire Greenpeace." _The Sinking of the Rainbow Warrior_ was originally commissioned in 1990 as part of the Australian Music Centre's one-on-one opera project. It took another 6 years before the work reached the public in a spectacular outdoor performance against the backdrop of HMS Vindictive, staged by Nigel Kellaway for the 1997 Sydney Festival. In 2000, after much editing by Bright, Stewart and ABC producer Andrew McLennan, a radiophonic version has been broadcast on ABC Classic FM and will be released on CD on the Australian Music Centre's label, Vox Australia. The CD release brings the project full circle and, by a happy accident, also coincides with a visit from Greenpeace's flagship, Rainbow Warrior, during the Olympics. It makes for a satisfying resonance between the events and the work.

The uneasy between artefact and fact—has proved to be one of Bright and Stewart's biggest artistic challenges. As Amanda Stewart explains, "It's a very powerful work to compose Colin Bright and I... something is still very fresh in people's minds. You have to treat the story with the utmost humility but at the same time bring forth what you believe: unambiguous empathy and detachment."

Talking with Colin Bright about his musical inspiration exposes a raw sensibility which, he admits, many critics and commentators find hard to take. An unpretentious artist, much of his music is driven by sociopolitical issues including the environment, Aboriginal affairs and gay discrimination. It was his idea to explore the story of the Rainbow Warrior because it was such a significant turning point in the history of the Pacific. "It was like a moment where Australia lost its naivey. We realised that a friend and ally would betray a fellow ally. It was a coming of age."

The collaborative process of composing an opera was a key to balancing the raw and the detached. Amanda Stewart's journalist background (which includes making a documentary film about the development of subatomic physics with Nicolette Freeman in 1983) gave her a huge reservoir of facts to draw on. For Colin Bright, it was more a gut reaction. As she explains, "Funnily enough, I'd often want to be more literal and narrative-driven than me. It's important that Colin's passion for the idea was tained in there. It was that he had the stamina to go on. He writes very directly and passionately. I tend to be more elusive.

"I think adds, "It is appropriate that the writer has to work at the skeleton, the bare bones and have some responses to these structures. I am passionate about these issues, particularly about how the Pacific has been used as a laboratory... But when presenting something in public one has the responsibility to reveal deeper structures as well as unfortunate manifestations. L'Affaire Greenpeace is not an isolated incident. It is representative of many."

This tussle with real life and art produced a work which is resonant on many levels. The need for distance, combined with a tight budget, resulted in the story being distilled into a narrative for 6 characters who each represent a summary of the many activists, journalists, lawyers and onlookers involved. Fernando Pereira, the Greenpeace photographer who was trapped aboard the Rainbow Warrior when she sank at her mooring, is invoked as the narrator. Beyond his literal role in the event, however, he is also an archetype, the betrayed warrior who cannot rest, haunting the present in his search for vengeance.

"The underworld idea in opera has many parallels," says Stewart. "Fernando is seen and unseen; the dead survive in the will of the living, and the effects are carried in people's hearts. Thus you interrogate the tension between myth and history, you find structures in people's behaviour and undercurrents which lead to particular events. Originally opera was a form of ritual—ritualising events, displacing familiarity. We had to make _The Sinking of the Rainbow Warrior_ complex and multilayered rather than simple. It appeals to the intellect. Hopefully, it's not emotionally void, but that's not its backbone."

And does this dense, intellectual web of references make for a successful work, dramatically and musically? Stewart admits, "It's quite a hard listen, not an easy work. A new opera is very difficult." Bright views these difficulties as symptomatic of the subject matter rather than the genre. Like much of his work, this opera does not fit easily into an establishment venue. He often writes for alternative outlets—free outdoor performances, CD-ROMs, electroacoustic and collaborative works. However, as he observes, operating outside traditional confines makes establishment support harder to come by: the funding bodies and the general public do not seem to value free, grass roots, community-based works of art as they do high opera.

This issue is not confined to Bright and Stewart's collaboration. As Stewart points out, "Opera is meant to resonate, but Australian operas don't have an infrastructure to fit into... People writing new operas mostly would be aware of European traditions, but there's no obligation to obey that tradition. There is the excitement that one can deal with issues that are local, using that form [opera] but twisting it to define our own cultural priorities." Looking at other operas emerging in Australia, it is interesting to observe the number inspired by recent cultural issues: Andrew Schultz's _Black River_ (Indigenous imprisonment), Martin Wesley-Smith's _Quito_ (East Timor) and the unproduced _Lindy_ (Chamberlain) by Moya Henderson. None are comfortable works and, especially in the case of _Lindy_, all have faced ongoing problems to find a relevant context for presentation.

So _The Sinking of the Rainbow Warrior_ returns, not on stage but as a radiophonic presentation, complete with sound effects and archival recordings from Australian, New Zealand and French reportage of the time. As an alternative to the staged version (spectacularly realised in 1997 on Darling Harbour outside the National Maritime Museum, Sydney and performed on ships, docks and in the water) it will hopefully ensure many broadcasts—there is already strong interest in the work from New Zealand and Canada.

It is, however, a loss for opera and an admission that 'high' artforms cannot carry a political message in Australia! Although it is disappointing that the original work is unlikely to have another live performance in the short term, both Bright and Stewart are relieved that the work has been distilled into an accessible medium. For, as Bright points out, "I used to think [art] could change things. But it's more like it creates a vibrancy in society. I think that's what it can do."
Libra Ensemble: traversing the limits of modernism?

Jonathan Marshall

While modernism frequently conforms to classical Aristotelian poetics, radically postmodernist music is antithetical to such ideals—US minimalism aside. Beauty, symmetry, harmony—and their extension into deeper, metaphorical, emotional or conceptual harmonies, through the integration of polyphony, etc.—remain central to both classicism and modernism. Postmodernist classical or ensemble music therefore represents a paradox, hence perhaps the intergeneration of modernist sonorities and musical ideas throughout Libra Ensemble's recent profile of 20th-century music.

Courageous Director Carl Rossman disavows "any grand portentous statements" on the history of music. Even so, the relative paucity of fiercely anti-classic avant-garde works from Dada, Futurism or Fluxus seemed idiosyncratic. Consequently much of the series produced the sense of an energetic, talented pantheon circling the dark, cold star of 20th-century modernism. As Rigged, top observed in his program essay: "If recent works in this series are anything to go by, [contemporary composers] are 're-modernising' a trend echoed in Art'space, Take Five, Xanadu and others. Nevertheless at the moment of audience, this heritage remains compelling.

The most fascinating works however are those which go beyond, traversing the limits of modernity by actively inhabiting and sonically embodying modernist finitude and collapse. Peter Maxwell Davies Hymnus extends the (late) modernist approach of molecularizing and individuating sonic musical fragments such that traditional instrumental form is down. Today, historical musical forms drop out under the weight of predeterminded affective responses: melancholy natural landscapes and mountains, string quartet's ecstatic, angst-driven urban worlds of psycho-linguist alienation for Modernism. These models of emotional significance do not apply to Davies' radically de-structured soundscapes however, as modernist musical separations become replaced by explosive conflation and combination, piano and clarinet transformed into pure noise machines. The different strategies of Young, Gerhard, Rickerson and Y (notably microtonalism) produce similar ruptures. Libra's tendency towards high modernism also restricted the composers' performative qualities. Dressed in black, the unassuming musicians came across as living embodiments of the anti-visual aesthetics underlying black, black soundscapes. No Cagework Be Be here.

Richard Barret's 'Inference' was in this sense a superlative exception. This Terry-Gilliam-esque piece of avant-garde side-show featured Rosman screaming in Latin across nearly five octaves, dropping into death-metal growls, and intermittently punctuating his speech with a comically booming pedal drum, before unmasking as his shattering, simply re-directed through great, brassy loops of the contrabass clarinet. By vocalising into its coils as one would a didgeridoo, Rosman transformed instrument into prostitution, the sounds of the body extended into gleaming metal in a way akin to Gilles Munier's Love Area (Munier is a Japanese 'cabaret' artist and half of the band Gorgeous).

Katrinhe Stockhausen's Gesang der Jünglinge echoes those binary contradictions that dog Modernity. As musique concrete—composed from that most material of objects: magnetic tape—Stockhausen's works gestures towards a spiritual evanescence; a transience of materiality through the processes of the ethereally-endowed, electronic mechanism. In doing so, performance and history themselves evaporate. Yet as Ian Pumfrey observed of dub, the 'ghost' of the past—a spectral, Heideggerian haunting of the zeitgeist—remains in the echo, the extruded sound, and the original process of montage (Pimsner, 'Klang' Garvey's Ghost meets Heidegger's Geste, or How dub became everyone's soundtrack already, always & forever', Gasconic Review, July 1). If modernist spirituality is haunted by materialist alienation, then postmodernist classicism remains deeply complicot in modernist musical structures.

Once Upon A Time: A journey through the music of the 20th century, a four concert series from the Libra Ensemble, Isaacu Auditorium, Victorian Arts Centre and North Melbourne Town Hall, May - July.

Phil Niblock: composer with laptop

This Artspace evening commenced with a less than typical Phil Niblock work, the collage piece Ghosts and Others. We entered the space with the work in full progress, clashes and clashes, loud and hard to take, 5 guitars improvising with/over the piece while images of workers were projected on 2 of the walls.

Niblock is known as a second generation minimalist who, since the 60s, has been composing as well as making film. Guitar Too, For Four (1996) was the focus of the evening. The piece is for 3 guitars (performed by Ozen Ambarci, David Haines and Julian Knowles, Artspacex, Sydney, April 20)

What does it mean to perform with a laptop? The question of performance in the face of the ubiquitous Powerbook is at present being wrestled with as performers go to new extremes with the tool. Phil Niblock's characteristically tight-knit ensemble for those who have come across him and his music well know.

Phil Niblock with Ozen Ambarci, David Haines and Julian Knowles, Artspacex, Sydney, April 20

New Music Notes

The New Music Network is about telling audiences and performers where, when and how to hear the best in new music performance around Australia. Visit the NMN website for performance details and a full calendar.

August - September

Dominating the contemporary music calendar is the 11th Sydney Spring Festival of Contemporary Music. The festival will play host to the 2nd Annual Peggy Glanville-Hicks Address by eminent composer Barry Couyngham on the eve of his departure from Australia to take up the Chair of Australian Studies at Harvard University, Studio FYor, Sydney Opera House, Sunday August 13, 2pm. That's on the final day of the Sydney Spring Festival, also the day of two New Music Forum sessions. Elena Kats-Chernin, Richard Valea and Teresa Crea share insights into recent collaborations, and speakers from a variety of musical backgrounds discuss Is Chamber Music Dead? chaired by Barry Plewes, Executive Producer of the Spring Festival.

The Image of Music, an exhibition of contemporary composer and performer portraits by Bridget Elliott will be launched in the Studio foyer by Elizabeth New, Managing Director of MCA Wednesday August 2, 6pm. All of the New Music Network events in Sydney Spring are FREE! You could spend the weekend in Sydney this August and make the Young Composer and Young Performer Salons, the NMN Forums and Auditorium events, drop out of the exhibition and then finishing the day by purchasing ticket for the festival's grand final, Sur Incites by Pierre Boulez, conducted by Nicholas Harte with an outstanding ensemble.

There are too many Spring Festival highlights to mention: Claire Edwards' fresh from Rotterdam Conservatory solo performance of contemporary works for percussion; the launch of The Sinking of the Rainbow Warrior CD-ROM. The full festival program is available on our website. All bookings are through the Sydney Opera House.

That 'tight-knit' new music commando Sydney Alpha Ensemble will present another wonderful program of contemporary works, Across Generations, featuring works by composers Damien Rickertsen, Michael Smetanin, Michael Finnissy, Matthew Shlomowitz and Brian Ferneyhough. Damien Rickertsen will give a pre-concert talk at 7.15pm and the concert will commence 8pm in the Eugene Goossens Hall, ABC Centre Ultimo. September 1, Tickets, $20 adults/$15 students, $15 for NMN members.


For more info on times, prices and venues visit our website: www.nmn.org.au and for more information call the NMN office on (02) 9281 9393.
Elision: the art of infectious interference

Richard Wilding

The Queensland Art Gallery is a noisy place on a Sunday. The concrete halls and open spaces echo with the fragmented sounds of people chatting, the voices on cycling video exhibits and children being kids—almost a shopping mall effect. Into this sea of ambience, members of the Elision contemporary music ensemble injected some of their own sounds including a new work by European composer Richard Barrett, aptly titled Interference.

Scored for contrabass clarinet, voice and pedal drum, Interference tested the talents of solo performer Carl Rosman. Beginning with a fabello Latin sprechstunne to a fragment by the poet Lecercu, it descended gradually to a baritone vocal growl before launching into a virtuoso exploration of the sonorous qualities of the contrabass clarinet all accompanied by the periodic punctuations of Rosman's right foot on the bass drum pedal. An earlier collaboration by Barrett and Elision, Transmisi, managed to play with resonances in the cavernous space of Brisbane's direct Trenteasy power station to great effect. Similarly, Interference wove its way through the general background ambience of the gallery, echoing through the space and attracting a curious crowd of onlookers.

The premiere of this new work by Barrett is just the tip of the iceberg as Interference is part of a larger installation work, Dark Matter, which will involve an international collaboration between the composer, Elision, artist Per Inge Bjørlo and the Cikada Ensemble of Oslo.

Another solo piece followed, with Ben Marks performing Klaus K Höhler's Carcer for trombone. Like Barrett's work, Carcer was an exploration of the sonorities and exhalations of the trombone. Marks' trombone grew itself up to a wide range of textures from rich blues to muted melodic tones which perfectly suited the acoustics of the space.

But perhaps the real treat was left to last with an improvisation between saxophonist Timothy O'Dwyer and percussionist Ken Edie. O'Dwyer's unexpected melodic meanderings and outbouts were the perfect companion to Edie's array of metal jetsam, flowerpots and home handyman artefacts. Serious music was never so much fun. I had to control an impulse to jump out of my seat and rattle a coffee pot.

Each of these pieces brought the respective performer's virtuosity to the fore but did so without dry or indigestible displays of technique and the members of Elision reciprocated by communicating an enthusiasm for the works that was infectious. This last aspect was especially appreciated by the audience who, due to the very public setting, consisted of more than just the usual suspects who attend new music performances. I suspect that some of the kids who listened will discover a whole new world of sonorous potential in the pots and pans cupboard at home.

The performance as a whole stayed very clear of total centre instead allowing the varying tinnings of the instruments to become the focus of attention as they deftly navigated through the sea of ambience which suffused the gallery. The title of Barrett's work takes its cue from the interference patterns produced in the interaction of wave phenomena and we can think of it as a metaphor for the performance itself as the soundwaves from the pieces interacted with and explored the gallery's acoustical and social spaces. This is a type of interference that can be constructive, resulting in expanding wavefronts of creative interaction.

Elision contemporary music ensemble.
Queensland Art Gallery, Brisbane, May 14

Other ways of recording music

In a fit of intense documentation and celebration of Australian contemporary music, and concurrent with the indefatigable annual Sydney Spring Festival, the New Music Network, photographer Bridget Ilott and curator Lisa Herbert, with the support of the Australian Music Centre, are displaying over 40 of Ilott's portraits of composers, artists and music 'movements' in the foyer of The Studio at the Sydney Opera House.

The exhibition is titled The Image of Music and is arranged in groups of four, each group constituting a 'story'. The title plates will focus on the links between the subjects in each group, with an underlying theme being participation and/or association with the Sydney Spring Festival.

Here are a few of the 14 groupings:

Advancing Communication, Movements & Shakers: Roger Woodward, Marshall McGuire, Roland Pederson, Barry Coenagh, Young Performers, Claire Edwards, Alison Edie, Simon Tidari, Philip Adkinson, A British Connection, Elena Kats-Chernin, Tamara Casado, Philip Shovk, Michael Smetanin; An American Connection, Matthew Shlottowitz and Australians who Work in the US, Lisa Horn and Vince Phu; An English Connection, Andrew Ford, David Lumsdaine, Peter Luce; Younger Composers, Gretchen Miller, Georges Lenz, Bafflel Marcello, Damien Ricketson. There are many more well-known and newer names, a testament to the quantity and quality of artists and composers currently at work in Australia.

TOAN is the Orchestras of Australia Network and it's about to launch the 1st National Orchestral Awards on August 5th. The Award will be presented by Federal Minister for the Arts Senator Peter McGuigan and will be followed by the following ORC Alme Conference.

Seven awards will be given: Individual Awards (2) to a person who has fostered excellence, innovation and creativity in an Orchestra in a regional area, and in a metropolitan area (individual nominees are Martin Jarvis, Gary Stewart and Martin Smith). Orchestral Awards (3) to a Professional, Community and Youth Orchestra, which has extended the public's perception of Orchestras (nominees are The Australian Brandenburg Orchestra, Sydney Symphony Orchestra, Penrith Symphony Orchestra, Darwin Symphony Orchestra, Orange Symphony Orchestra and Sydney Youth Philharmonic Orchestra. Youth orchestra nominations are Cairns Youth Orchestra, Australian Youth Orchestra, Canberra and Nova Youth Orchestra). Enlightened Support Award to an individual, a company or organisation which has provided enlightened or exceptional support to an Orchestra (nominees are Penrith City Council and Willoughby City Council). Lifetime Achievement Award to an individual for prolonged achievement in, or contribution to, the orchestral sphere (nominees are Barbara Crau, George Serinks, Donald Haskins and John Kelle).

TOAN Chair Anne Cabell says "...it's amaz­ing there have not been any awards for orches­tras until now. By creating awards for communi­ty and youth orchestras as well as for our flag­ship professional orchestras, the TOAN awards show how important orchestral music is to hun­dreds of thousands of people across Australia. With all the talk of amalgamations and downsizing and so-called 'efficiencies' in the arts, there's never been a better time to cele­brate the role that orchestral music plays in all our lives and the importance in Australia today of the people who make it happen."


The TOAN 1st National Orchestral Awards ceremony takes place at the ACO Studio, Opera Quays, Saturday August 5, 6pm.
Multimedia Art Asia Pacific Inc.
Presents

MAAP

15-17 September 2000
MAAP2000 Festival - Brisbane / Online

Free cinema screening program,
Saturday 16 September 2000, Brisbane Powerhouse

Interactive CD-Rom and online exhibitions, performances,
media installations, projects and collaborations

New media experts, curators and artists talk art and technology,
Sunday 17 September 2000, Brisbane Powerhouse

See, seek, speak at satellite events from around the region

www.maap.org.au

Kim Machan Director MAAP Inc. @ Brisbane Powerhouse, Centre for the Live Arts
GPO Box 2505, Brisbane Qld, 4001 • Telephone (07) 3348 7403 / Fax (07) 3348 4109
Email: info@maap.org.au