

# das SUPER PAPER

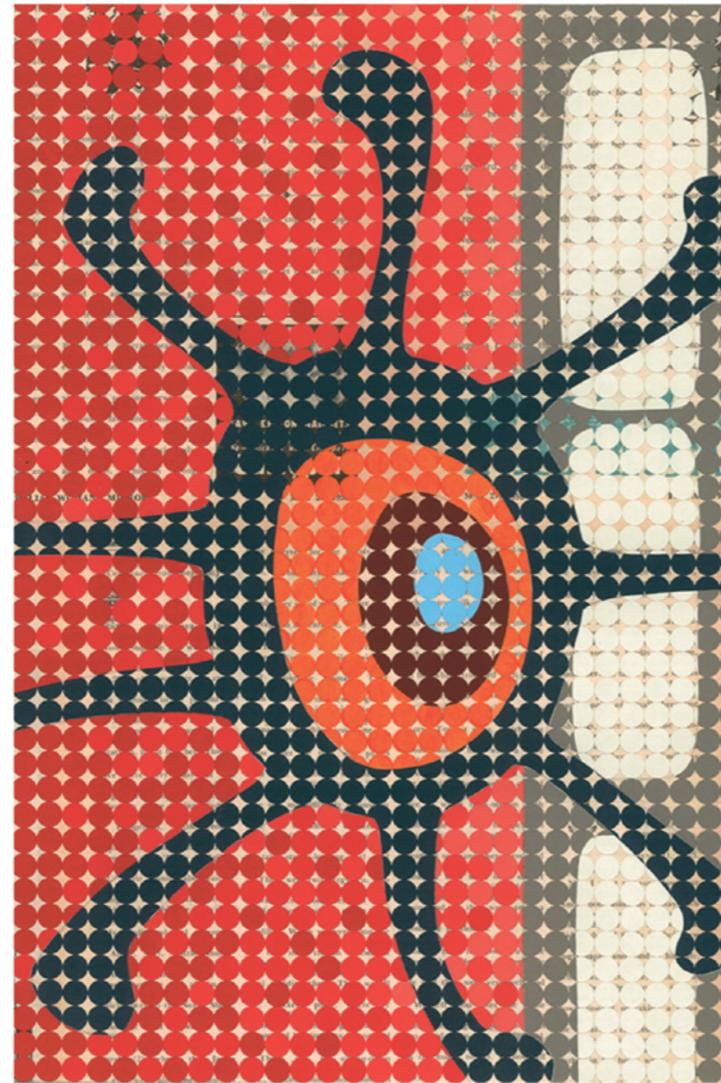
**21**

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Image: Andrew Hurle Reconstructions after CW Dickinson 2011. Courtesy the artist & Darren Knight Gallery



**COVER IMAGE**

Elvis Richardson  
*Now 7 Years Later* (detail) (2011)  
Installation view  
Image courtesy of the artist.

# 21

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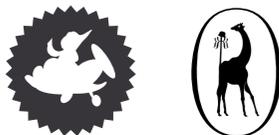
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# MAKE SOME NOISE

## **DAS SUPERPAPER IS 21.**

From the beginning, Das Superpaper has been about contemporary art from the artists' point of view. To quote the first issue: "It's their art, their world in their words".

This issue looks to the writers and the prickly question of art criticism. We asked two critics for their thoughts, passed the responses over to our writers and laid it out on the following pages.

In these pages we put art, writing and ideas front and centre, carefully avoiding navel gazing like we might skirt past the inevitable oddball at a 21st birthday party.

Thanks goes to all the writers and artists and congratulations to the founders Nick Garner and Bronwyn Bailey-Charteris for reaching an important milestone in the ever-expanding world of Das Superpaper.

**JANE SOMERVILLE**

## CRITICS RESPOND

DAS SUPERPAPER ASKED ESTABLISHED ART CRITICS ANDREW FROST AND BENJAMIN GENOCCHIO FOR THEIR OPINIONS ON THE ROLE OF CRITICISM TODAY. HERE ARE SOME OF THEIR RESPONSES.

### How important is an understanding of history and theory to the art critic?

**Benjamin Genocchio:** There are two schools of thought here. First is that you don't need to know anything, but just have to be a good writer – that school is usually championed by writers for mainstream media like newspapers, where the editors and readers tend to know even less than the writers. The job here of the critic is to entertain and inform and possibly educate a little. The second is that yes it is crucial to have an art history background. Champions of this view tend to be writers for trade magazines and publications where they are speaking to a highly informed audience. Here entertainment and readability are a secondary consideration. So it is all about genre in answer to your question.

### What makes a good piece of art criticism?

**Benjamin Genocchio:** Okay let's get one thing straight – most criticism is unwanted and unwelcome in the art world as everywhere else in life. Nobody wants to hear it. Power does not like to hear truth and so artists, galleries, museums, collectors never really want criticism, good or bad, and no matter what they say. They may also like to read criticism of others, and especially competitors, but they never want it about themselves. Understanding this leads some critics to never be negative or write criticism as such – they consider the act of choosing their critical decision and choose only to write about shows they like. This is one example of good criticism, drawing attention to something worthy in a market that is saturated with art screaming for attention. But another kind of good criticism is one that treats art seriously and respectfully and tries to analyse its strengths and weakness within a historical framework. It makes judgments. This is more difficult to do, is less fun to read, and consequently read by less people, but is ultimately more worthy. In general however I have always found the best criticism – criticism that I want to read, or that is how I am defining best – as that which is opinionated, salty, and funny.

### How important are art magazines and publications to understanding what goes on in the art world?

**Benjamin Genocchio:** They are important in understanding the tribal nature of the art world, who is showing where, and what, but the writing is mostly irrelevant – boring boosterism. The problem is most art magazines rely on advertising to survive so can't afford to publish real criticism. Or not the second kind mentioned above. They tend to stick to the first category.

### With the proliferation of blogs and social media there are now so many different types of writing - good, bad, critical, narcissistic - how is that affecting critical output?

**Andrew Frost:** I don't think the proliferation of media has really changed the way art is written about. Those four types you mentioned – good, bad, critical, narcissistic – have always been a part of all writing and not just about art. Give someone a public venue to air their views and you get a repetition of these approaches. I think the only thing you can say about social media is that it has

just allowed a vastly increased amount of writing to get published online rather than through the traditional editorial filter of professional magazines. Where at first it seemed blogging etc was going to open up the field, instead we've just seen way more of the same. This is due to a big web of inter-related issues to do with talent, dedication, timeliness and so on. One positive outcome is that online publishing and social media have the potential for new writers to break out into the semi-pro and professional writing scene and do it on their own terms, which I think is a good thing. The counter effect of this has unfortunately been that the traditional and conservative voices of art criticism have become even further entrenched in their positions. Mainstream publishing, especially newspapers that are the traditional home of critical writing for the public, have been suffering as circulation drops and advertising dries up. The consequence of that has been fewer and fewer opportunities for other voices to be heard in those venues.

### What kinds of things need to happen to support better art criticism in Australia?

**Andrew Frost:** Where to start? From a writer's perspective I would say anyone who is writing art criticism in any mode has to ask themselves why they're doing it. Too much art writing is in thrall of the art object and the artist rather than trying to come to some understanding of what the relationship between the author's subjectivity and the experience of seeing art is all about. That's the heart of the thing for me. There are all sorts of reasons to write art criticism – from fighting a good fight to covering work that isn't being looked at to engaging with a scene of artists and makers – all of those things are good and noble reasons. On the other hand, as a writer, are you just there to valorise the work of art and the cleverness of the person who made it? As a writer you're writing for a reader and you are the conduit between the experience of looking and thinking and understanding. Although newspapers have cut their art coverage there are still plenty of avenues to getting published – but that proliferation hasn't equalled better art criticism. The question 'why?' is all about understanding motivation and social relationships. The other problem is that there are far too many writers with no real commitment to the craft of writing, having a passion for the subject and the motivation for wanting to write in the first place.

You know the joke about the 'actress/model/whatever'? The art world has the same problem with 'artist/writer/curator/dj'. Just do one thing and do it really well before you start doing something else... Another issue is the generic nature of art magazines. They all follow the same format and that engenders the same kind of generic writing. There was a European magazine called TALL and it was about tall people. Each issue featured a cover story on someone over 6' 5" with an interview about their issues of being tall [doorways, short beds etc]. And the magazine was a total work of fiction. Nothing in it was true and all the people were just average height. It was an artwork in itself. To me that was brilliant. We badly need that sort of really inventive thinking about magazines if they're going to survive the web.

### Would you say that there is a difference between critical writing and arts journalism?

**Andrew Frost:** Oh for sure. I do both and it's sometimes quite hard to switch between the two. Critical writing is based on the essay format, it's – hopefully – a reasoned argument. Arts journalism is not based in opinion but rather it's a kind of reporting. You can get some really great arts journalism from writers who know their subject, can ask the right questions and cover interesting work. On the other hand, it can just be an offshoot of lifestyle journalism – puff pieces on artists and their careers. You know the drill.

ANDREW FROST IS A WRITER, ART CRITIC AND TV PRESENTER.  
HE IS THE CO-FOUNDER AND EDITOR OF  
ARTLIFE.BLOGSPOT.COM

BENJAMIN GENOCCHIO WAS FORMERLY THE NATIONAL ART  
CRITIC FOR THE AUSTRALIAN. NOW BASED IN NEW YORK,  
HE HAS WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES AND IS THE  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF ARTINFO.COM

## CRITICAL REVERIE SCOTT WARK

THE FIRST PROVOCATION OF IN MEMORY OF A NAME: FORGET THE END PRODUCT. BRINGING TOGETHER EMERGING 'CULTURAL PRACTITIONERS' – ARTISTS, CURATORS, WRITERS – 4A: CENTRE FOR CONTEMPORARY ART'S PROGRAM HOPES TO DEVELOP AN ARCHITECTURE TO ENABLE WHAT IT CALLS 'SOCIAL RESEARCH'. UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE EDGE OF ELSEWHERE EXHIBITIONS, THIS LOOSE PRACTICE USES COMMUNITY-BASED ART AS THE POINT OF DEPARTURE FOR CREATIVE ENGAGEMENTS WITHOUT DEFINITE PRODUCTS. WE'RE TASKED WITH DEVISING COLLABORATIVE RESEARCH OUTCOMES THROUGH A SERIES OF WORKSHOPS, THE FIRST OF WHICH HAPPENED OVER THE 10TH AND 11TH OF JUNE.

Projects without products need parameters. In *Memory of a Name* was convened by the Indonesian artist FX Harsono and took one of his artworks, *Rewriting the Erased*, as its inspiration. In 1967, under the Suharto regime, Indonesians of Chinese descent had to adopt Indonesian names. *Rewriting* shows Harsono copying out his original Chinese name in an ill-practiced script. Once filled, each page is tenderly arranged around his desk in a grid whose precision is at once innocuous and menacingly suggestive of confining structures. Informed by Harsono's experience, the project is guided, loosely, by research into naming practices, links between memory, culture and identity and the histories informing cultural production. Our first task is to produce a series of case studies that explore these themes in whatever medium, through direct engagements with individuals.

To get us thinking about these ideas, the project's inaugurating workshop was divided between seminars and group discussions. The seminar given by the distinguished anthropologist John von Sturmer put the micro-politics of collaboration into sharp focus. At first gnomic but increasingly inclusive, von Sturmer drew on his extensive experience with Aboriginal communities to speak of alternate ways of looking and naming. Refusing to make simple pronouncements – he illustrated one point by kicking a wall – von Sturmer adopted the role of a guide rather than the posture of a master. He tacitly demonstrated that our potential collaborations would involve leading others to ideas rather than forcing them upon others. While ostensibly devising projects, we were also trying to fashion rudimentary collaborative relationships.

With these concerns in mind, the challenge for me was to write in a way that was critical while remaining responsive to the challenge to criticism posed by the project's format. The default position of arts writing is the critical essay or the review. This form echoes the neutrality of the white-walled gallery space in its presumption that critical writing should be disengaged and univocal. By univocal, I mean organised by styles and methods that reduce art or practice to a single sense. Thinking about the parameters of the project made me begin to think about the link between criticism and the forms it takes.

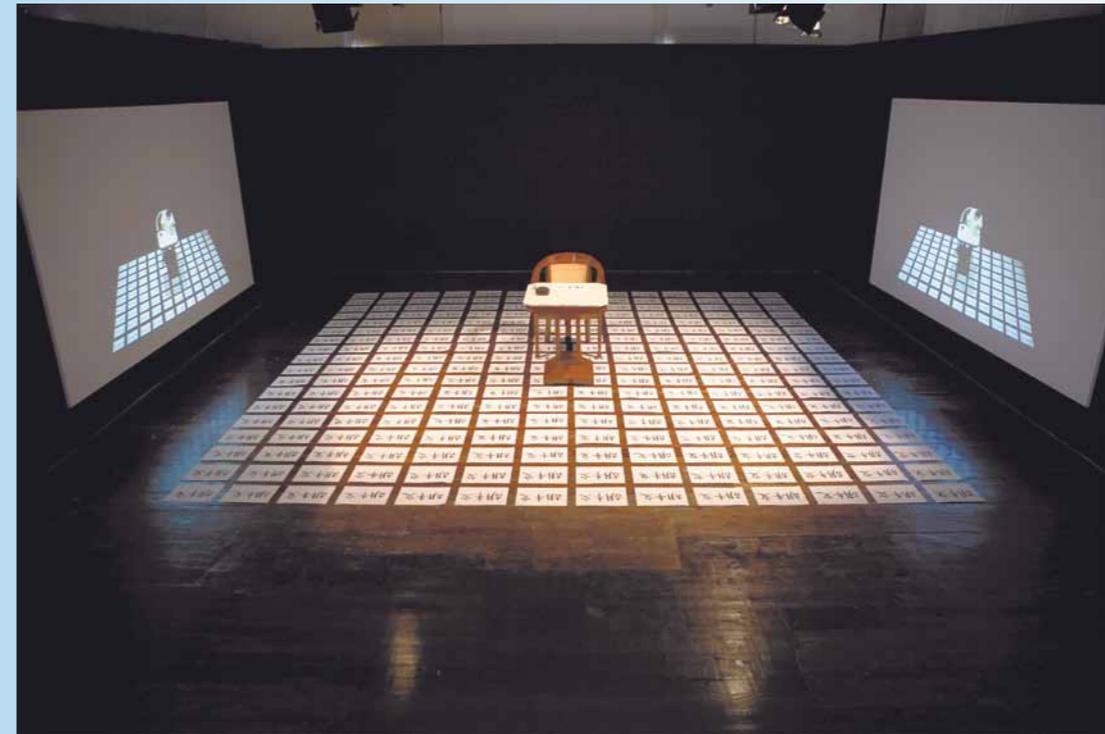
Focusing on the implications of memory for understandings of time and representation made me realise that I had to resist criticism's univocal tendencies if I wanted to incorporate the uncanny operations of remembrance, reminiscence and reverie into my writing. The connotations surrounding 'reverie' reinforced this idea. Reverie and rave share the same root word, the Old French word *resver*: 'to dream, wonder; to be delirious. Its contemporary sense grew out of a derivative, *rêver*: 'to speak wildly'. The streams of dream images that strike us in the moment of reverie are choruses of voices, the spasmodic gibberings of the unconscious.

Criticism informed by this mode of experience shouldn't enforce linear chronologies on writing, nor should it subsume the multiple voices present in the documentation of social research to a univocal critical style. Rather than adopting default genres to create my case studies, I felt that splicing my writing with other forms – memoir, interview, conversation, travelogue, sociology, whatever – was necessary for my subjects. Trying to represent the dynamic between remembrance and oblivion meant overcoming the tyranny of sense, the urge to excise the gaps in understanding from the critical product.

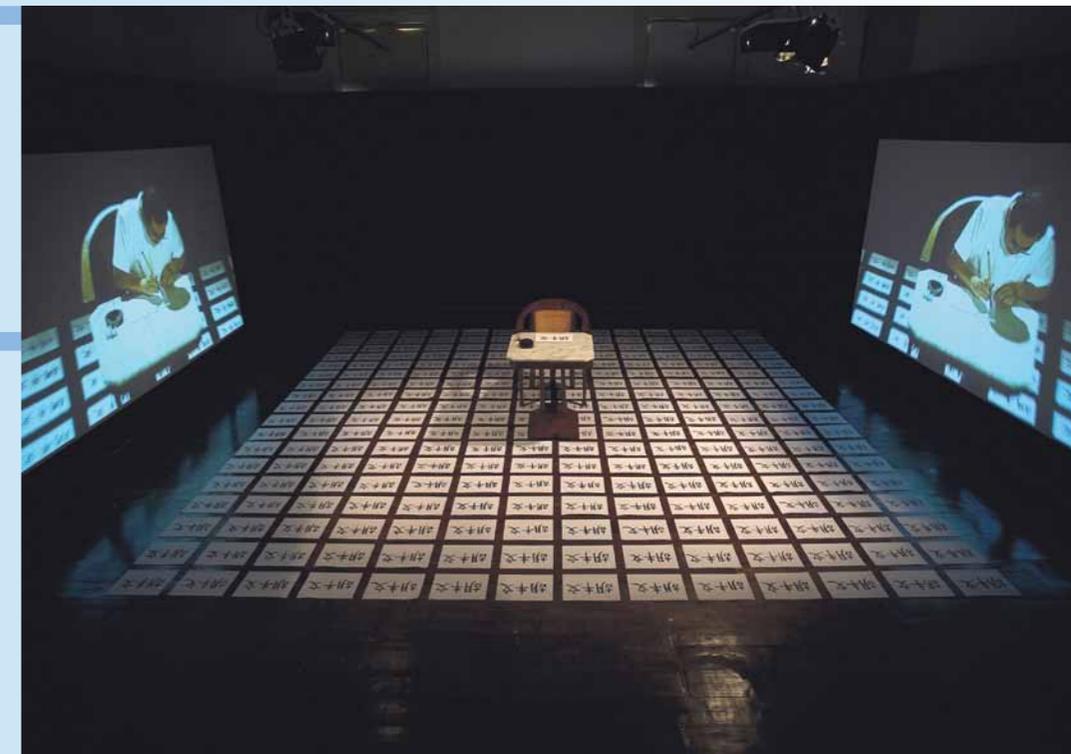
Gilles Deleuze reflected that his philosophy class at Vincennes University was "...like an echo chamber, a feedback loop, in which an idea reappeared after going... through various filters".<sup>1</sup> His description could apply equally to memory or exchange. Critical writing that tries to map the operations of something like memory needs to be filtered through other genres and other disciplines, even collaborations, to be effective. Where writing slips into reverie, it draws on memory; memory, that is, as mutant recursion and deviant drift.

We're far from the end of *In Memory of a Name*. I'm not sure what the contours of the project will be. By breaking with normal structures, though, its format has made me realise that the subject of criticism is important in both its content and its form.

<sup>1</sup> Gilles Deleuze, "On Philosophy", *Negotiations 1972 – 1990* trans. Martin Joughin (New York: Columbia University Press, 1995) p. 139.



FX Harsono,  
*Rewriting the Erased* (2009)  
Installation view  
Edge of Elsewhere 2011  
Courtesy of the artist and  
4A Centre for  
Contemporary Asian Art.  
Photo: Susannah Wimberley

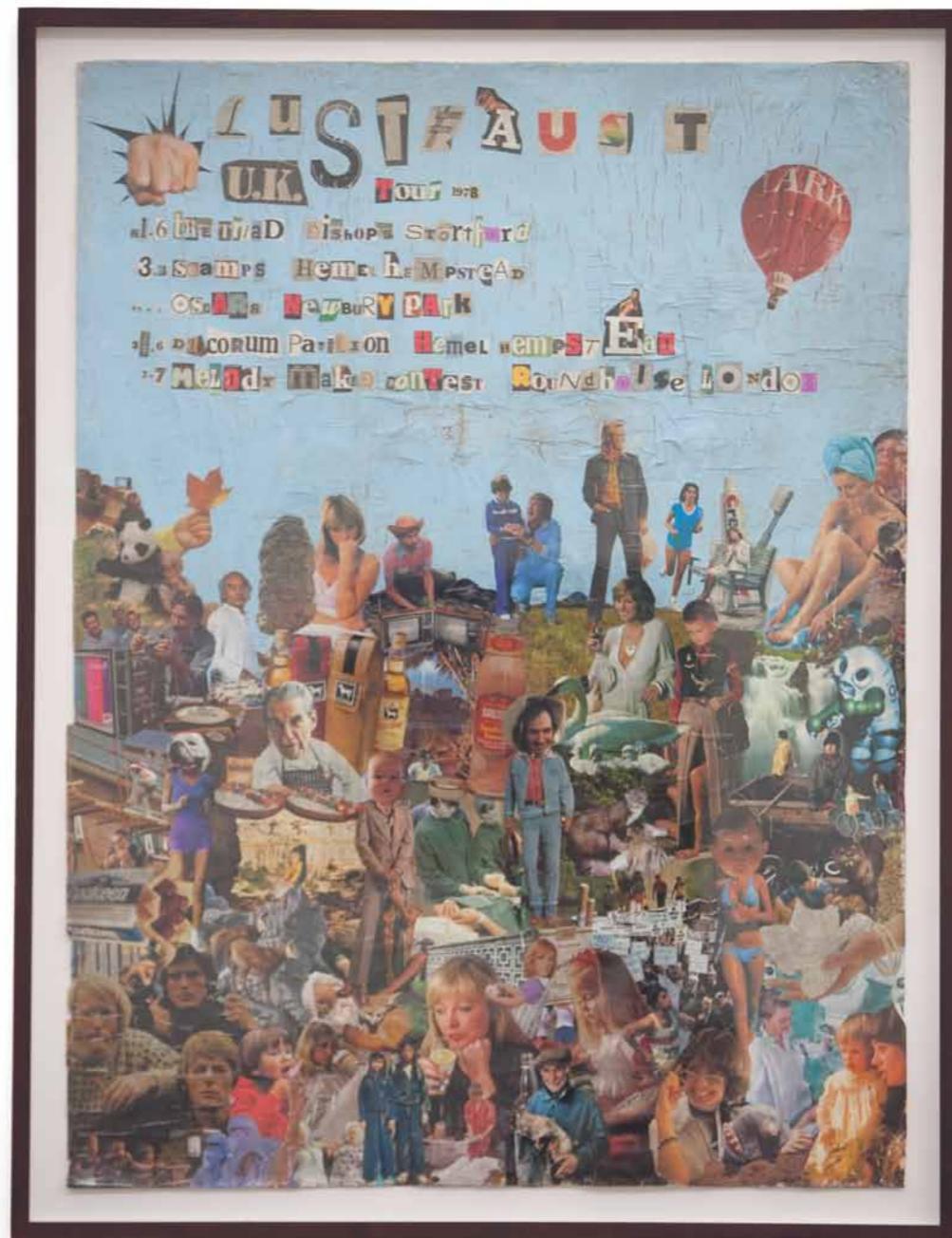


ON MEMORY AND FORGETTING  
**JAMIE SHOVLIN**  
 PICTORIAL

How we map our understanding of history and the world is a central concern of British artist Jamie Shovlin's practice. Shovlin constructs elaborate files of mis-information like his archive of the fictional 1970s German band Lustfaust. Comprising posters, cassette covers, notes from fans, interviews with a former band member and some short samples of music, the work is a meditation on truth, doubt and the subjectivity of interpretation.



Jamie Shovlin  
*Christian Emmerich, German Tour 1977-8 (Lustfaust Poster) (2007)*  
 Acrylic and ink on collage, 288 x 225 cm  
 Courtesy the artist & Haunch of Venison, London



Jamie Shovlin  
 Victoria Bennett, UK Tour 1978 (Lustfaust Poster) (2007)  
 Collage on paper, 120 x 90 cm  
 Courtesy the artist & Haunch of Venison, London



Jamie Shovlin  
 Hans Berger, February gigs 1977, Berlin (Lustfaust Poster) (2007)  
 Ink on photocopies, 252 x 177 cm  
 Courtesy the artist & Haunch of Venison, London

## BRIGITA OZOLINS SUMMAR HIPWORTH

ENTOMBED BY PILES OF BOOKS, BRIGITA OZOLINS SAT AT A DESK AND SCRAWLED ACROSS THEIR LOOSE PAGES, THEN PINNED EACH INK-STAINED SHEET TO THE GALLERY WALLS. THE RITUAL CONTINUED FOR HOURS UNTIL THE ARTIST WAS FINALLY EXHAUSTED. TRANSFORMED. *MY HANDS ARE TIED* (2000) IS INDICATIVE OF OZOLINS' PRACTICE, A PHYSICAL EXPLORATION OF THE IMPLICATIONS OF LANGUAGE.

**As an artist whose work specifically deals with the power, potential, and at times limitations of language, do you think there is value in art criticism?**

That's a difficult question to answer because art criticism is so incredibly diverse in terms of style, approach, where it is published, and the reason it was written. Art criticism can be highly esoteric and elitist, irritatingly self-opinionated and ill informed, or incredibly creative and illuminating, making extraordinary connections between ideas and artworks that artists themselves and the viewing public may never have considered. From the point of view of an artist, criticism is such a vital part of the art digestive system – we feed it, and in turn, it feeds us. It can challenge, embarrass, excite, ignore or destroy. I recall the first time someone reviewed my work in a negative manner. It was about my first major solo installation and performance when I was just beginning to emerge as an artist – I was both mortified and flattered. It is so true what they say about negative publicity – it is far preferable to be written about negatively than not at all. So language and power go hand in hand. A piece of writing about your work can cut you down or raise you up. Importantly, it also has the power to open your eyes to your own work. I have pretty clear conceptual ideas I want to convey when I undertake my projects, and sometimes I think I've covered all the bases, but it's the eyes and voice of the critic that can reveal aspects of my work that I may never have imagined.

**One of the questions that critics have been asked in this issue is about what impact online content has had on the quality of criticism. Do you feel critics need to have an extensive knowledge of art history and theory to accurately talk about art?**

I don't think you can ever talk about art 'accurately', but if you talk about it from an informed position, your observations are likely to be much richer and more insightful than if made by someone who has a very limited knowledge of art theory and history. Of course, that doesn't mean that someone without a fine-arts education can't make extraordinary observations about art, but they are unlikely to pick up on the complex, often subtly nuanced conversations that occur between artists and artworks throughout art history.

**What I think is interesting about the extended experience of your work is that your exhibition catalogues avoid the more conventional format of academic writing, and instead frame your exhibitions**

**through essays that are more literary in nature. This is usually followed by personal contributions by yourself that are either like diary entries or poetic narratives. How does this style of writing inform the engagement with your work differently than theoretical texts?**

I see my catalogues as an extension of the particular project I am working on, as mini artworks in themselves that further develop the experience of engaging with the work once you have left the gallery. So the catalogue for me is not about *explaining* the work in terms of academic considerations such as form, content and social and historical context, although these things are important. Rather, I want the catalogue to evoke a feeling, a story, a vision that might invite the reader to re-experience what they encountered in the gallery and lead them to different ways of thinking about their relationship to language, libraries, history, bureaucracy and identity, which are key themes of my practice. As a result, I choose writers who I know may take alternative, more poetic and digressional paths to writing about art, and I specifically ask them to respond personally to the ideas underpinning the work rather than taking a more standard 'theoretical' approach. I also often include personal diary entries or other narratives in my catalogues because I want to give the reader a glimpse into how I think about my projects, to show that the work doesn't just appear out of nowhere, but is embedded deeply within my psyche, often developing over a long period of time before it becomes visually manifest. Importantly, I also work with a great designer who understands my passion for language and the visual aesthetics of text, and knows that I want the catalogue to be more than just a record of a particular project. The whole way the catalogue is structured, in terms of content and form, helps the work live beyond its relatively short time in the gallery.

**Going back to your mention of the key threads of your work – literature, bureaucracy, history and identity – these are essentially social structures that control every facet of our daily lives. Extraordinarily, these are ultimately the result of language. Your studies in Classics, librarianship, Conceptualism, post-structuralism, and a PhD on the relationship between language and subjectivity, is furthered by the fact that you are exploring these concepts through a predominately visual practice. Even when you use words in your installations they are employed either**





**through performance or almost as objects with their own three-dimensional presence. Why not write a book? How does a visual practice affect a more nuanced questioning for you?**

Well, actually, I would like to write a book one day – it would be so much easier than making the visual work I am making, which is getting increasingly larger, more complex and more physically demanding as time goes by. What a joy to work with just a laptop! But the world of writing is another world altogether. What really excites me about a visual practice is that it can incorporate just about anything and everything into itself – literature, philosophy, history, books, furniture, photographs, sound, moving image, dreams, visions and artefacts of every description... it's the challenge of finding just the right ingredients and mixing them together in the correct proportions that I find so compelling. Writing does underpin just about all the art I make but, like the Surrealists, I use it as a springboard rather than the medium for conveying my ideas. Then I'm driven by the incredible challenge of melding ideas with visual aesthetics to create a physical as well as psychological experience for the viewer.

**I guess also, through your visual practice, you are able to explore the disparity between language and actual experience. You have referenced elsewhere the time when you became very conscious of the artificiality of language, being brought up within a Latvian speaking family in an English speaking country. You would have been aware at a young age of the inadequacies of language. In light of this, do you feel criticism can contribute to the experience of art in a genuine way?**

The word 'genuine' is like the word 'truth' – it refers to something that can't be pinned down and is in a constant state of flux and becoming. Language can't mirror reality, but it is an amazing tool that enables us to reconstruct and re-narrate our constantly shifting ideas about what is genuine and what is not. Criticism is like history – it needs to be revisited, reassessed and rewritten to reflect shifts in our thinking and where and how we find meaning. Meaning, as I argue in my PhD, is a network of incompleteness. Of course, as I said in response to an earlier question, art criticism can, if it is good, reveal connections and ideas that the artist or the viewing public may never have entertained. As such, it can, and does, make a tremendous contribution to our engagement with and understanding of art.

**As a mediator between the audience and the artwork, sometimes criticism becomes an integral part of the work's history and subsequent engagement with the work. How do you think this process impacts on an artist's work?**

Of course it impacts tremendously. Once an artwork is finished and you hand it over to an audience, it takes on its own life. That life may well continue on in the memories of many people who experience the work in the gallery, but if it is to maintain an existence – and recognition – within the giant complex machine that is the art world, the work needs to be backed by the authority of critical writing. So if the work hasn't been written about and discussed in art journals, or the media in general, it has a very limited life.

**You've spoken quite positively about the potential of criticism, and I would have to agree with you. I also feel though, that criticism's most promising outcome – being able to connect with wider audiences – is hindered somewhat in Australia because there are so few platforms for it outside of arts publications. It often feels as though we are just talking to ourselves.**

I agree, it is a bit of a closed shop and we do tend to just talk to ourselves – art critics, curators, artists and academics. James Elkins, in his great little book *What Happened to Art Criticism?* goes even further. He says there's a surfeit of art writing, but an extraordinarily limited readership. In fact, his first chapter is called 'Writing without Readers', in which he identifies the crisis in art writing: "...it's dying but it's everywhere... It's ignored, and yet it has the market behind it". So I guess we have to ask the question, who are critics writing for and for what purpose? Are they actually engaging with critical debates beyond the art world? Or is the whole art criticism issue a self-perpetuating internalized Catch-22? It could make you quite cynical about the art world! But if you consider art writing as another discipline, as a field of expertise with its own language and its own readership, it's really not so different from other disciplines, such as science or philosophy. I think they too, strive for a wider audience. There is also an incredible push, mainly from funding bodies, to make art accessible and non-elitist, and that can be problematic in itself, because the results of having to reach out may well result in a dumbing down of both art and art writing.

<sup>1</sup> James Elkins, *What Happened To Art Criticism?* (Prickly Paradigm Press, Chicago, first published 2003, second printing 2004) p. 2.

## FLUCTUATING REALITIES BRONWYN BAILEY-CHARTERIS

AUSTRALIA IS, FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, FAR AWAY FROM THE EUROCENTRIC HUBS OF THE INTERNATIONAL ART WORLD. IT'S A LONG WAY AWAY. AUSTRALIANS, DOOMED TO TRAVEL LONG DISTANCES FOREVER GENERALLY ACCEPT THIS. AS AN EMERGING ARTIST AND CURATOR I HAVE BEEN LUCKY ENOUGH TO FIND MYSELF TRAVELLING INTERNATIONALLY TO SEE IMPORTANT CONTEMPORARY ART EVENTS FOR THE PAST FEW YEARS. WHILE AT GREAT EXPENSE TO MY CARBON FOOTPRINT, ENGAGING IN THE CULTURAL TOURISM AND INTERNATIONAL DIALOGUE WITH THE ARTS HAS FUNDAMENTALLY EXPANDED MY UNDERSTANDING OF CONTEMPORARY PRACTICE. IT HAS INFORMED BY ABILITY TO CRITIQUE AND EXPERIENCE ART. IN THIS ISSUE I SHARE WITH YOU THE HIGHLIGHTS OF THE MOST RECENT VENICE BIENNALE, A CAVALCADE OF CONTEMPORARY AND CONTENTIOUS ART FROM AROUND THE WORLD, WHICH VIES FOR YOUR COMPETING ATTENTION LIKE SEAGULLS LOOKING FOR THE LAST SOGGY CHIP AT BONDI BEACH.

To set the scene for you, the Giardini forms the western tip of the main island of Venice. It is a public garden where national pavilions belong to individual countries for their use in the Biennale. Much has been written about the hierarchy of the Giardini, as these 'on-site' pavilions are occupied by the countries who have long standing interest and participation in the Venice Biennale. These nations also tend to be the dominant countries in terms of western art practice. Year after year each country who owns this precious real estate endeavors to be noticed in this village of international art. The pavilions' architecture and position in the garden inform and create dialogues and power structures within and between exhibitions. Also of note is the layout of the Giardini, with countries such as Romania, Serbia and Greece being placed on the second tier of the island and major players such as Russia, France, America and Japan being in the prime 'main street' of the gardens. The Giardini is especially chaotic during the three day Vernissage when the most intensive audience participation takes place, with international critics, curators and arts people gathering together to see as much as they can in their limited schedules. With a feeding frenzy like attitude the Vernissage is swarmed with audiences who visit the on-site pavilions in the Giardini and the curated show 'ILLUMINATIONS' in the Italian Pavilion and Arsenale.

Off-site pavilions and collateral events are scattered throughout the Venetian islands in palaces, galleries and homes. The off-site pavilions play a major part in bringing diversity and experimentation to the Venice Biennale. Countries such as Mexico, Ireland, Iceland, New Zealand and Portugal do not have official pavilions in the Giardini, which is now not creating any new pavilions in the grounds. For these countries each biennale is an opportunity to secure a new exhibition site within Venice and often exhibitions have site-specific elements. There are also Collateral Events, which this year included states that are fighting for independence from other nations such as the Taiwan and Palestine exhibitions.

## THE GOLDEN THREAD HANY ARMANIOUS AUSTRALIAN PAVILION

L-R  
Hany Armanious  
*Relative Nobody* (2010)  
Pigmented polyurethane resin  
114 x 89 x 66 cm

*True Romance* (2010)  
Pigmented polyurethane resin,  
pewter  
125 x 155 x 63 cm

*Figure Eight* (2010)  
Pigmented polyurethane resin,  
pewter  
99 x 174 x 39 cm

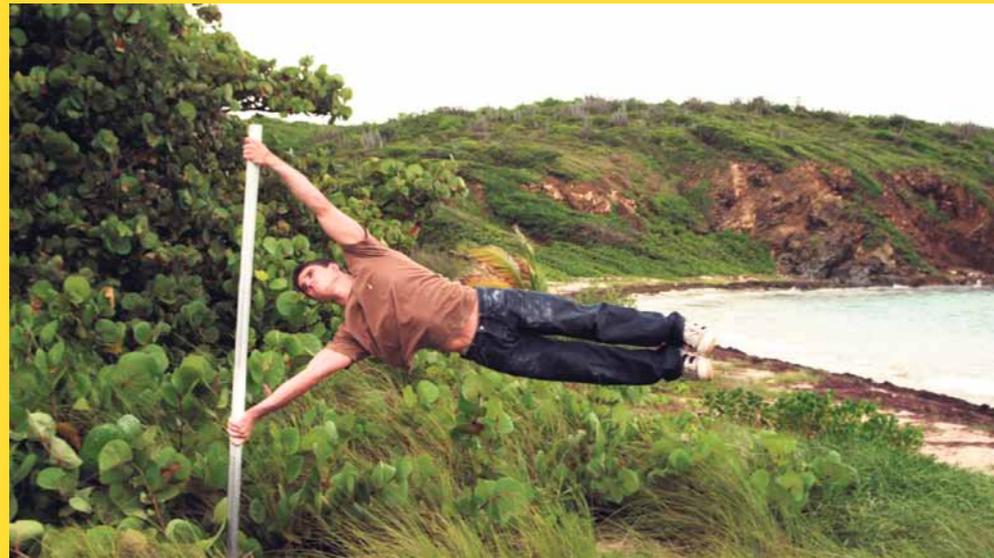
*Interface (detail)* (2011)  
Pigmented polyurethane resin,  
pewter  
136 x 120 x 15 cm

All images by Greg Weight  
courtesy of the Australia Council  
for the Arts  
© Hany Armanious

Taking our own National Pavilion as a starting point for viewing the latest edition of the Venice Biennale, Hany Armanious presents us with the familiar, the dormant, the unobtrusive - the replica. In the shed like pavilion Hany's replicated objects seem blank and lifeless. Their quiet joke upon materiality, the status of the everyday object and their referential titles invite a thought-provoking, nostalgic and at times bland response. Beyond the moment of 'wow, it's made of something I didn't think it would be made of' the viewer is left to ponder the current day consumer society object-worship.

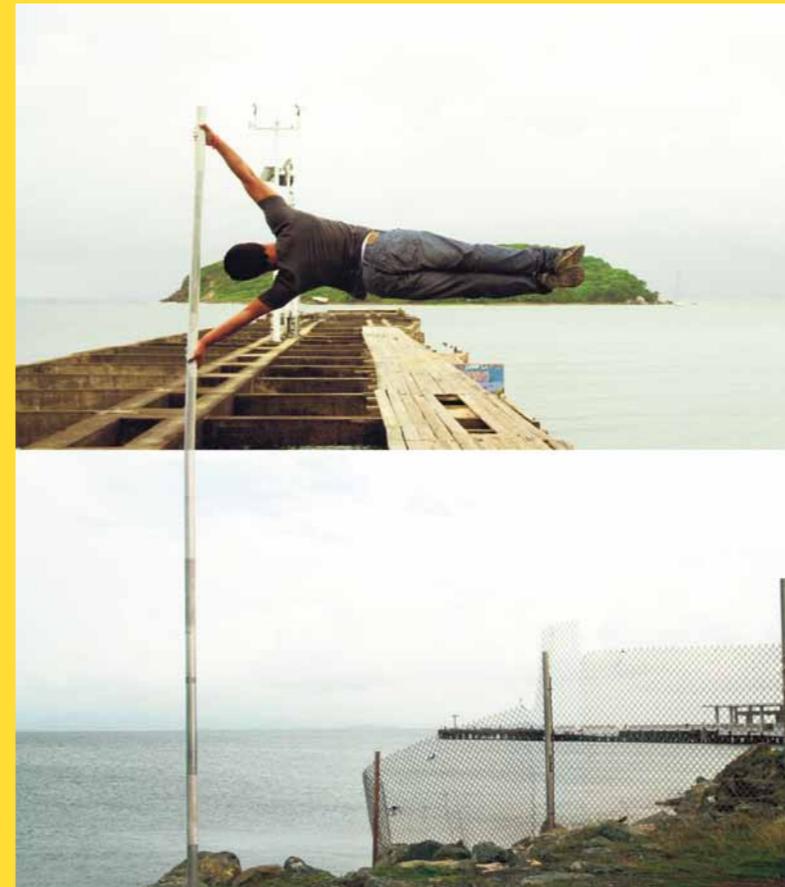
Admirably Australia has presented a quiet and contemplative experience, amongst the busy, often flashy 'biennale' art. Perhaps though, while Hany's work maintains a strong conceptual underpinning in the cleverly worded titles and the scenarios they reference, beyond the double take on materiality I am left a little underwhelmed. I leave feeling that I already knew what I've just been told and while it attempts to disrupt reality, it's suspiciously non-obtrusive.





GLORIA  
**ALLORA & CALZADILLA**  
 U.S PAVILION

A tremendous noise erupted into the Giardini. It was a man running on the wheels of an upturned tank. The marathon runner, all bones, jogged at a steady pace while the upturned tank churned noisily and moved ineffectually. The obvious juxtaposition of the tank and the runner presented a pleasantly effective interruption to the pavilions. The liveness of the event surprised me, as the figure ran on and on, attracting a small crowd. Inside the pavilion I was greeted with melting airport chairs made of something they weren't supposed to be made of (again) and beyond this a huge church organ was also an ATM and I withdrew Euros while the organ played me a song based on my bank balance. Gloria engaged with the personal. It shook me awake and delivered clean and dramatic installations.

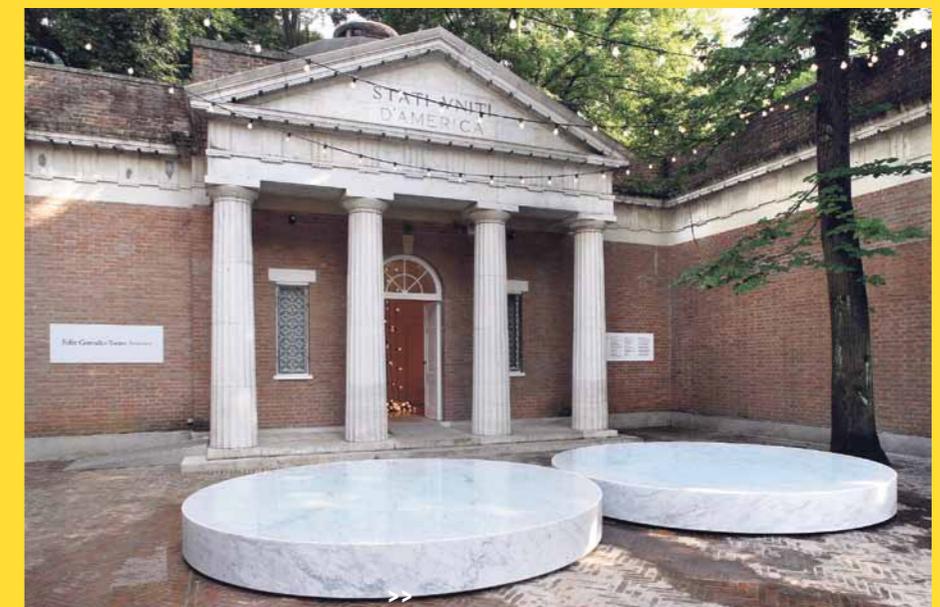


L-R  
 Allora & Calzadilla  
*Half Mast/Full Mast* (2011)  
 High-definition two-channel  
 video, colour, silent.  
 21.11 minutes

*Half Mast/Full Mast* (2011)  
 High-definition two-channel  
 video, colour, silent.  
 21.11 minutes

Exterior view of US pavilion

All images courtesy of the artists  
 and Lisson gallery,  
 Barbara Gladstone Gallery, Galerie  
 Chantrel Crousel,  
 and Kurimanzutto Gallery



## CHRISTOPH SCHLINGENSEIF GERMAN PAVILION

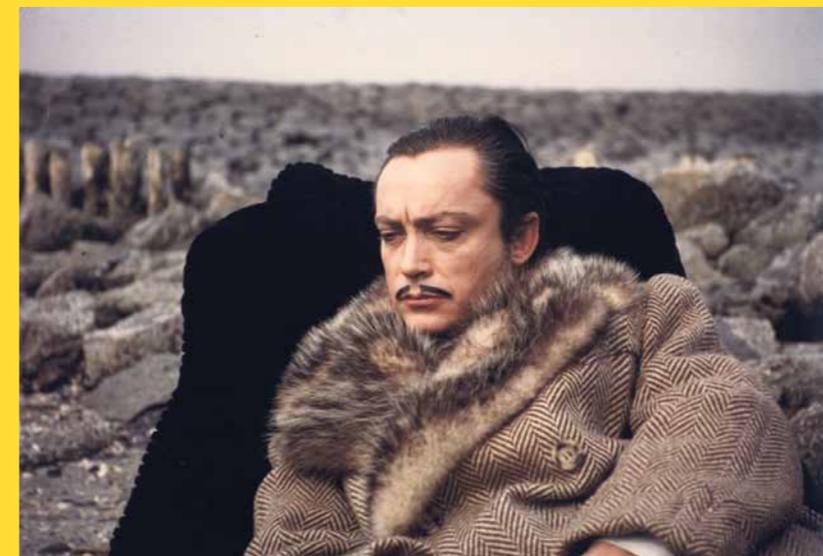
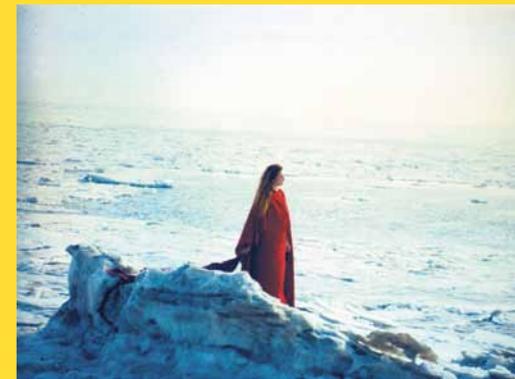
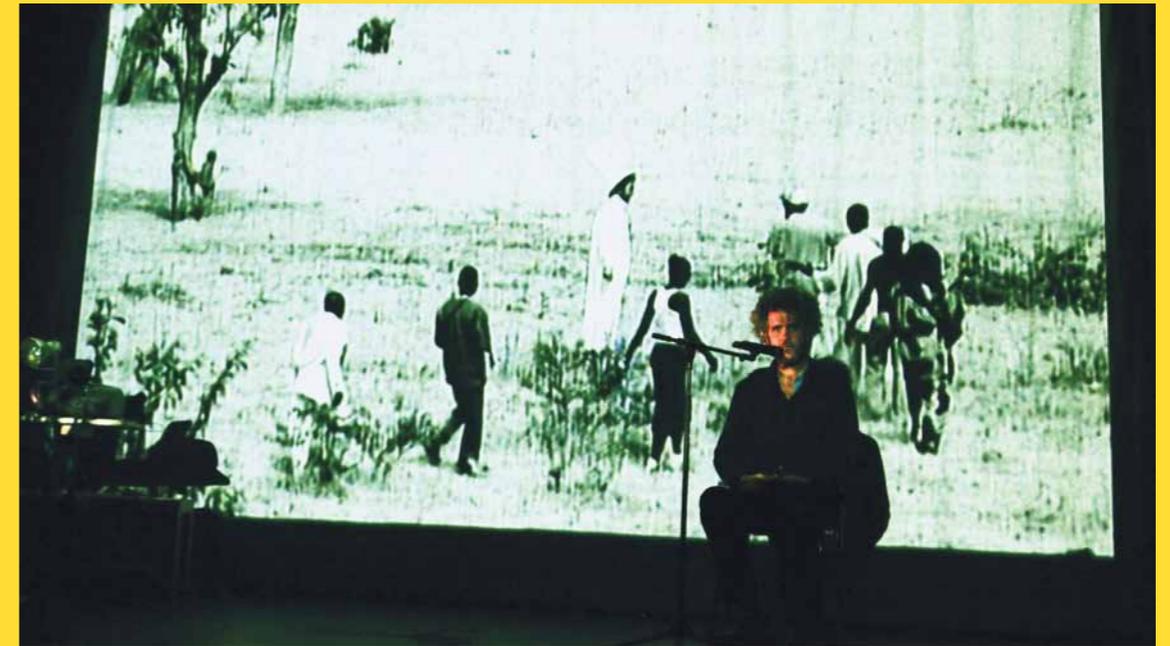
Germany's pavilion has the reputation of being intrusive, power hungry and a symbol of fascist architecture. At the previous biennale British artist Liam Gillack refocused the architecture of the space into an ikea-esque never ending kitchen complete with mechanical cat. This disruption to the architecture of the building feels stale and heartless compared with the latest installation which is a kind of retrospective of German installation artist, opera fanatic, cinema and film maker Christoph Schlingenseif.

The pavilion was transformed into a church, a cinema, a project space and a collective response to the death of this great artist. Entering the space you are greeted with a church. The wooden pews, the stage, the lectern. A sombre and sincere feeling of reflection and remembrance. Amongst the dominant church features are the subversive and expressive installation pieces of a hospital bed, screens projecting sper-8 films of flashing faces, rough graffiti on the walls and a blanket of blood red lighting. The piece is called *A Church of Fear vs the Alien Within* and was conceived by Schlingenseif as the stage for a play he wrote by the same title. Impressively the pavilion was transformed into an experiential chamber in which the viewer was pulled into a dark set. The work reflects on Schlingenseif's own struggle with cancer, from which he died in 2010. The highly personal and anarchistic aesthetic of the work contrasted perfectly with the 2009 pavilion installation, giving the pavilion the explosion of passion and the personal that it longed for.

L-R  
*A church of the fear of the stranger in me* (2011)  
Installation of the Fluxus Oratoriums of Christoph Schlingenseif in the German pavilion

Christoph Schlingenseif  
*Egomania* (1986)  
Still

Christoph Schlingenseif  
*Via Intolleranza II*, at Kunsten Festival, Brussels (2010)  
Photo: Aino Laberenz



## A MEDITATION ON ART CRITICISM

ROBYN STUART

ONE BALMY EVENING IN THE MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY, SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND SOME OF HIS STUDENTS WERE ENGAGED IN A PASSIONATE, LENGTHY AND HEATED DINNER TABLE DEBATE ABOUT ART. THE CONVERSATION ROAMED OVER THE AESTHETIC AND THE IDEAL. FIERY WORDS WERE EXCHANGED OVER THE SUBLIME. THE STUDENTS WERE ELOQUENT; WINE FLOWED; THE STUDENTS WERE EVEN MORE ELOQUENT. EVERYONE HAD AN OPINION – WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ONE. AND INDEED, IT WAS ONLY AS HE WAS TAKING HIS DEPARTURE THAT JMW TURNER OPENED HIS MOUTH FOR THE FIRST TIME, TO GIVE HIS OWN PERSONAL TAKE ON THE CONVERSATION. “RUMMY THING, PAINTING”, HE MUTTERED TO HIMSELF.

**T**his story might well be urban myth. But anyone who has ever attended a tutorial, a symposium, a webinar, a forum or a panel discussion, not to mention anyone who has read an arts journal, magazine, or even a newspaper, can well imagine how Turner must have felt. There has never been any shortage of people who are eager to discuss, dissect and dismantle art. There has never been a shortage of things to say and lofty opinions to hold. Not in Turner’s time, and certainly not now.

There’s a tendency to believe that when more of something is available, it becomes less valuable. Elementary economics tells us that this must be this case, and yet the beguiling simplicity of this equation leaves out some key details. We might ask, *less valuable to whom, exactly?* A single telephone is useless to anyone, but if you add a second telephone to the equation, they are both worth something. When you add enough telephones that you have a network, it’s more valuable still. This kind of positive feedback loop is also created by the widespread availability and adoption of things like education, social networks and stock exchanges. So then the question that we might ask, thinking back to Turner and his ebullient friends, is what about criticism? Is the proliferation of criticism devaluing it, or does criticism become more valuable when there are more people who are able to engage with it? And what about the artists themselves – are they expected to take part as well, or are they afforded the liberty of standing off to one side, creating works and then leaving the intelligentsia to decide what they signify?

Of course, there is always the argument that the less said the better. The rule that psychoanalysts live by is that every sentence closes a door. It’s better to sit silently, waiting for things to naturally unfurl, than it is to poke and prod and try to draw definitive conclusions. Better to suggest than to dictate. The idea is to preserve, as much as possible, the elasticity of meaning.

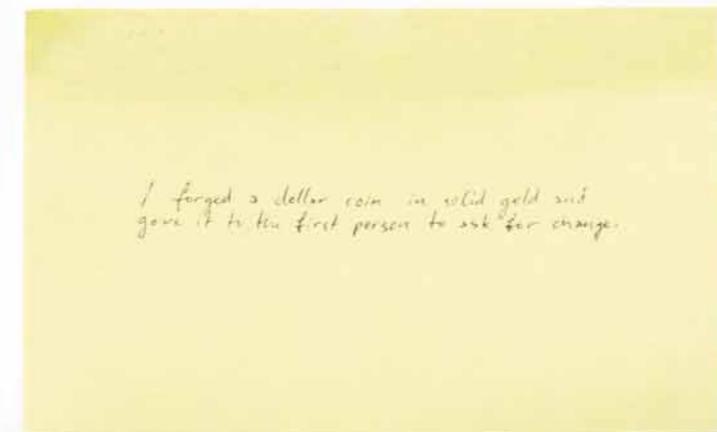
Auckland-based artist John Ward Knox is interested in words or phrases with double meanings which, when you combine them, reinforce one another. He gives the example of the word *forge*, whose ambiguity he explored in a recent work *Small*

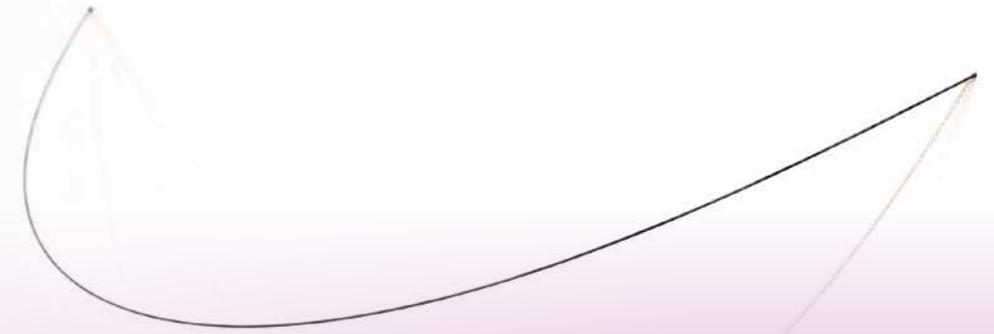
*Change*. “The work took place in the real world, and was documented in a gallery, with the documentation consisting of a single photograph of my hand holding a dollar, and a single line of text saying “I forged a dollar coin in solid gold and gave it to the first person to ask for change”. And that’s exactly what I did. I forged a coin out of 9 karat gold and carried it round in my pocket, waiting for someone to ask, and then I gave it away.”

The word play comes with the double meaning of *forge*: to forge something out of metal, and also the act of forgery itself. Then there is also the word play of the phrase *small change* itself. “It was important that there was no real act of deception”, Knox explains. “The person asked for small change and that’s what I gave them.” As the coin is transacted again and again, the word play will accumulate in the classic economic multiplier effect.

For Knox, the pleasure of creating art lies “doing clever things dumbly, or dumb things cleverly.” His practice is both simple in gesture and deceptively complex in scope. He describes a series of sculptural works in which a piece of wire and a length of chain are balanced between two walls such that the tensile strength of the wire exactly counterbalances the weight of the chain, and they support one another together, suspended in an equilibrium. The curve of the wire and the curve of the chain in synchronicity. We agree that there would be some complex mathematical equation for that curve, and some deep laws of physics that would describe the forces at work. In adopting these laws as part of his artistic vocabulary, the complexity of *why* they work and the relative simplicity of *how* they work create a flux of meanings. “I like that these things exist,” Knox says, “and that I can allude to them in very simple ways, without knowing what they are exactly.”

An embracing of the unknown and the unknowable is also seen in the practice of UK-based artist Katie Paterson. Paterson engages with the cosmos, the universe and the brute forces of nature, using a simple and powerful visual language. In her 2009 work *All the Dead Stars*, Paterson laser-etched a map of all the dead stars in the universe known to humans into a sheet of black-anodised aluminium. In mapping the history of death and extinction, Paterson also brings to light the vast gaps in





human knowledge. It takes millions of light years before the death of a star is registered on earth, and in all likelihood, the gleaming aluminium in between the laser-cut stars contains more deaths that have already occurred, but that we don't know about yet. Possibly the entire surface would be etched away, if we understood the universe fully, but the essential unknowability is the medium by which Paterson creates her map.

In some respects, it is easier to talk about the laws of physics than it is to talk about art. Knox's sculptures, and Paterson's astrophysical musings, are held up by a body of critical art theory at least as large as the body of mathematical equations and physics axioms. The elegance of mathematics is that it works even if we don't know how, and indeed, its elegance often stems from its inherent unknowability. Art theory, when it tends toward the over-explained, the over-curated and the overstretched, can swamp the grace of the not-quite-known. After all, art is, while criticism is about. There is a tendency for the critic to want to explain everything, have answers to everything and have an opinion on everything. Turner, when he absented himself from the dinner table conversation that night almost two hundred years ago, might have been wanting to preserve the various fragilities of expression, language, gesture and tone that can get trampled by too much analysis. He might have felt that art, like the forces of tensility and gravity behind Knox's sculptures, can be appreciated not just in spite of the fact that they are not fully known, but because of it. Then again, maybe he just didn't have anything to say.

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John Ward Knox  
*Small Change* (2009)  
 Installation view  
 Image courtesy of Te Tuhi Centre  
 for the Arts and Tim Melville Gallery,  
 Auckland

Katie Paterson  
*History of Darkness* (2010)  
 Ongoing slide archive  
 Archive Box: 55 x 55 x 4.5 cm

Katie Paterson  
*All the Dead Stars* (2009)  
 Laser etched anodised aluminium  
 200 x 300 cm

Images courtesy of the artist and  
 Haunch of Venison, © Katie Paterson

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John Ward Knox  
*Attempt at Understanding #4* (2009)  
 Sterling silver chain, steel wire  
 Image courtesy of Te Tuhi Centre  
 for the Arts and Tim Melville Gallery,  
 Auckland

THE FALL BEFORE FALL  
**DANIEL MUDIE CUNNINGHAM  
 & ELVIS RICHARDSON**  
 PICTORIAL

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The ten-year anniversary of September 11 2001 is the premise of this beautifully meditative exhibition.

Daniel Mudie Cunningham's video installation *Hold Your Breath* depicts figures floating in blue sky. Beginning with a single figure that evokes a whimsical children's fairytale, as the screen fills with figures, the mood turns sinister and the screen goes blank.

Elvis Richardson's *Now 7 Years Later* comprises two videos and a sculptural installation, which appears to be a cityscape covered in a black shroud. One video depicts YouTube renditions of amateur performances of Chopin's funeral march while the other records interviews with people who watched the World Trade Centre collapse on television. The recollections written in chalk on a blackboard allude to the fragility of memory.

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I was slowly writing chapters  
Sally said my daughter was watching  
depression and she called me in at noon  
at the last time but not more  
And so fast down and natural the  
second plane left.



## SOCIAL MEDIA AND CONTEMPORARY ART

KATE BRITTON

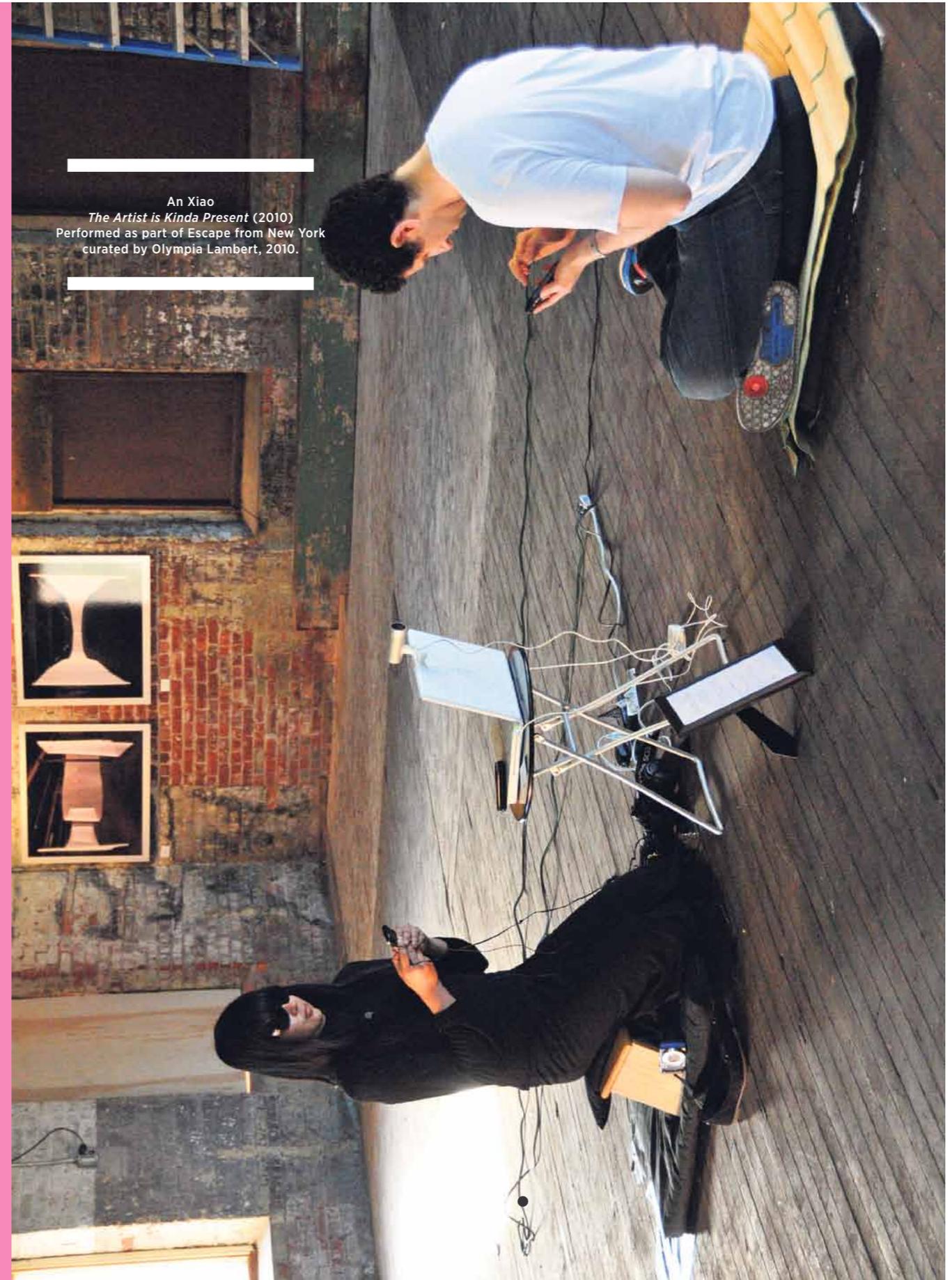
The relationship between technology and the human is an increasingly messy affair. French philosopher (and convicted criminal) Bernard Stiegler says that: "Humanity cannot even be understood without technics. Take the example of the ant in the anthill. It is impossible to understand the ant without the anthill."<sup>1</sup> Stiegler's thesis, in a nutshell, is that the technical is the heart of the human, that our various historic technological developments are inseparable from our social, cultural and individual development. It is a notion that stretches back to the Greek myths. Prometheus was given the task of assigning attributes to all earthly creatures. Being a lazy god, he palmed the job off to his younger (and slower) brother Epimetheus, who went about the task with enthusiasm, giving flight to the birds, speed to the gazelles, creepiness to the spiders, and so on. But something went wrong. As Epimetheus reached the human, he realised his supply of attributes had run short. Prometheus panicked, fearing Zeus's infamous rage would be provoked by his indolence, and snuck into Olympus to steal fire, providing humanity with its first technology, and sentencing himself to an eternity of eagles pecking out his liver.

Technics have their role to play in art, too. From portable easels, paints in tubes and Impressionism to photography and cinema, artists have always utilised developments in technology to enhance their practice. These days, it's the increasing emergence of 'social media' in the art world. Tomorrow, only geeks and psychics can tell. Whether it's for networking, publicity, crowd-sourcing, as a stage for performance, a political platform, or as a medium in and of itself, the internet, and particularly 'Web 2.0', has left its indelible stamp on the art world. And no longer are online platforms the domain of 'emerging' artists, as heavyweights such as Yoko Ono (ever the early-adopter) and Ai Weiwei increasingly use the world wide web to create, distribute and critique their work (Ai Weiwei's work in scaling the *Great Fire Wall* is particularly interesting). At the eye of this social media storm is a young group of artists, many based in and around Brooklyn, including veritable poster-children for 'social media art' Ai Xiao and Man Bartlett, both of whom exhibited in '#TheSocialGraph' exhibition at the Outpost Gallery last year. At their most interesting, both Xiao and Bartlett's works confront the tension between virtual, online presence and physical, 'real world' presence.

Xiao's *The Artist is Kinda Present* (a tongue-in-cheek response to Marina Abramovic's *The Artist is Present* at MoMA) involved Xiao sitting opposite audience participants, with whom she would conduct unstructured conversations through Twitter. Xiao commented afterward of one participant: "We never actually spoke but we had a very intimate conversation."<sup>2</sup> Likewise, Bartlett's *#24hKith* involved an online audience tweeting responses to his open-ended statement "I am ...". The artist received some 1,500 responses in the 24-hour period of the performance, repeating selected sentences and adding a coloured feather to a mannequin positioned behind him. Bartlett's series of 24-hour real-time Tweeted performances all utilise this same conflux of virtual and actual, engaged and removed, present and absent. In Sydney last month the Institute of Contemporary Art Newtown (I.C.A.N.) opened a multi-media show curated by Stephen Truax called *Process of Performance*, exploring this same tension, including Twitter-based work (Jason Varone's *Inclement Weather*); digital recording of performances (Wood & Bisbee-Durlam's multi-channel film piece, Colby Bird's moving sculptures); and an oft-referenced YouTube video of artist Kevin Regan taking *Salvia Divinorum* – a psychoactive plant that is believed to be the incarnation of the Virgin Mary – passing out, and coming to minutes later (*The Conversion of St. Paul*, 2007). The show, although certainly raising some interesting issues, at the end of the day also succeeded in raising the questions that continue to plague 'social media art'. Is there a difference between art about social media and social media art? Is it all just an exercise in self-branding? What is the role of the critic in such an open platform? What constitutes 'good' social media art? Are these works 'art' at all?

<sup>1</sup> Lemmens P (2011) This system does not produce pleasure anymore: an interview with Bernard Stiegler. *Krisis Journal for Contemporary Philosophy* (1):36

<sup>2</sup> Pollack B (June 2011) *The Social Revolution* [www.artnews.com/issues/article.asp?art\\_id=3333](http://www.artnews.com/issues/article.asp?art_id=3333)



An Xiao  
*The Artist is Kinda Present* (2010)  
Performed as part of *Escape from New York*  
curated by Olympia Lambert, 2010.

Debate continues to rage around the role and value of social media art and its position in relation to the 'traditional' art world. There are those that have jumped in with two feet, hailing so-called 'social media art' as the next artistic frontier, a medium and movement in its own right, and a harbinger of a radically different practice. Ai Xiao aptly sums this view up:

I think social media is a new genre of art. It blends many different things. It blends performance art because it is people interacting socially with each other. It blends visual art because Facebook, Flickr, Twitter, and the rest all rely on very visual elements. It blends net art, but it is in more of a public space than traditional net art.<sup>3</sup>

Social media art here is a nexus of interdisciplinary praxis, a space of new potential, and a legitimate challenge to what many would argue are outdated delineations of genres, styles, and roles. At the other extreme there are those that dismiss social media art through a variety of arguments: by diametrically opposing it to 'traditional art-world art' (Ben Davis on *Artnet*<sup>4</sup>); by arguing that the lack of a body of external critique indicates a lack of rigour in artistic practice (James Panero in the *New Criterion*<sup>5</sup>); or by dismissing the whole movement as a "worst-case scenario Relational Aesthetics", where artists attempt to "engage people in relentlessly banal ways" (*Art Fag City's* Paddy Johnson<sup>6</sup>).

The role criticism is playing in the debate is an interesting one. One individual is becoming increasingly central in criticism's flirtation with social media – ex-*Village Voice* critic and current *New York Magazine* columnist Jerry Saltz, who has built a huge online following through his Twitter and Facebook presence. For James Panero, Saltz represents an "art-world flatland", where there is no distinction between artist, audience and critic, and in which 'impartial' criticism is increasingly difficult if not impossible. First, Panero argues, we had Andy Warhol's dictum that everyone will have their 15 minutes; then Joseph Buey's pronouncement that 'everyone is an artist'; and now, social media and networked culture has rendered everyone a critic. Certainly, Saltz's use of social media has rendered him a critic of a different colour; his mandate (paraphrasing Whitman) is "criticism contains multitudes".<sup>7</sup> Embracing this participatory, multi-vocal and publically performed criticism, Saltz embodies a question at the heart of all critical thinking: can we ever take an objective stance?

Brian Massumi says that "there is no situation of being outside a situation. And no situation is subject to mastery." It is only by recognising our bonds of complicity that we can affect any given situation. "This," Massumi says, "is immanent critique",<sup>8</sup> and Saltz's performative criticism certainly approaches this philosophy. Whether you paint him as an opportunistic grandstander or the public face of a de-centralised new wave criticism, the development of an interesting critical dialogue around the burgeoning field of social media art certainly gives more meat to the movement. The increasing dissolution of the boundaries between artist, audience and critic seems to be at the core of social media art. And this liminality, this 'inbetweenness' may well be its greatest strength. As Deleuze says, "Things and thoughts advance and grow out from the middle, and that's where you have to get to work, that's where everything unfolds."<sup>9</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Pollack B (June 2011) The Social Revolution. [www.artnews.com/issues/article.asp?art\\_id=3333](http://www.artnews.com/issues/article.asp?art_id=3333)

<sup>4</sup> Davis B (April 2010) 'Social Media Art' in the expanded field. <http://www.artnet.com/magazineus/reviews/davis/art-and-social-media8-4-10.asp>.

<sup>5</sup> Panero J (December 2010) My Jerry Saltz Problem. <http://www.newcriterion.com/articles.cfm/My-Jerry-Saltz-problem-6502>

<sup>6</sup> Johnson P (July 2011) #Don't Follow Twitter Art. <http://www.themagazine.com/newyork/dont-follow-twitter-art/Content?oid=2145066>.

<sup>7</sup> Panero J (December 2010) My Jerry Saltz Problem. <http://www.newcriterion.com/articles.cfm/My-Jerry-Saltz-problem-6502>

<sup>8</sup> Massumi, B (2009) Of Microperception and Micropolitics: An Interview with Brian Massumi, 15 August 2008. *Inflexions: A Journal for Research Creation*. No 3, pp 1-20.

<sup>9</sup> Deleuze G (1990) *Negotiations*. Columbia University Press. P191.

DAS500



## BUS PROJECTS: CRITICAL MOBILITY

DAS500 SARINAH MASUKOR  
STATE OF DESIGN, MELBOURNE 2011

AS PART OF THE STATE OF DESIGN festival held late last month, BUS Projects created a mobile gallery in the back of a mid-sized hire truck. Shunning furniture for art, the truck trundled around Melbourne bringing art to the streets. As well as three installations, the truck hosted a series of gigs featuring avant-garde musicians and sound artists. The aim of the project was to bring contemporary art into public spaces, reaching out to people who might not normally go to galleries, while taking part in the ongoing debate about public art in the city.

Curating in public spaces can be tricky. Ros Bandt's sound and video installation was parked outside the Exhibition Centre while the Designers Market was going on inside. Bandt used the truck as it came, projecting her video, a long view of Sydney Rd, onto the dark walls. Metal supports cut through the picture, and the dark ground soaked up the light, making the picture difficult to see. The sound work – a beautifully mixed collection of street sounds punctuated by the Islamic call to prayer – came through headphones. However, like the limitations imposed on the picture quality by the truck, the sound was hard to hear.

Bandt's work is *about* public spaces, which is why I don't think it works in public spaces. By taking the sounds of the streets off the streets, re-mixing them and playing them in a gallery, Bandt makes us listen. In the blank gallery we hear sounds that are

often swamped by other senses when we are in the world. In the truck, Bandt's sounds brought one world into another, but the real noise surrounding the truck – what was happening right then, right there – was too exciting.

More successful was Dylan Martorell's zany music workshop, parked beside a square of grass outside the Footscray train station. Like a mad sound scientist's lair, the truck was packed with makeshift instruments. Xylophones were made out of old cans and fed through pedals to create looped and twisted sounds. Here, anything that could be found in a \$2 shop became an instrument: balls, feather dusters, plastic pots were all stuck together like bits of Meccano to create a colourful gamelan orchestra. His speakers, wrapped in frayed tarpaulin and fastened with ocky straps onto removalist trolleys, looked like the creations of an eccentric hobo artist. It is this chaotic, nomadic style that makes Martorell's work so welcoming.

Continuously being re-developed, Footscray has an unstable aesthetic. The old Dimmeys building sits gutted and crumbling in the centre of town, and the shops around it are pulled down and built up again. Martorell's chaotic wonderland was perfectly placed here, an example of relational aesthetics at its best. People, ordinary citizens of Footscray, coming and going from the station stopped and felt comfortable enough to jump up into the truck and play. I, sometimes shy when it comes to interactive exhibitions, hit a large metal plate, and Martorell sent the resounding 'gong' through a loop. The deep airy echoes floated out into the afternoon.

• Dylan Martorell  
*Footscray Station* (3 August 2011)  
Image courtesy of BUS Projects.  
Photo: David Mutch.

## THE POLITICS OF ASS

DAS500 SUMUGAN SIVANESAN

**IN MEXICO IT IS IMPOSSIBLE** to ignore the escalating violence of the 'War on Drugs' and the symbolic and often flamboyant forms of death in public view. Along the border a generation of *los ni nis* – disillusioned youth who neither work nor study<sup>1</sup> – are being lured into narco organisations, sometimes by force, to partake in these cruel practices.

In a country that has a well-established culture of death, such displays inform a unique popular dialogue. The true crime blog 'El Blog del Narco'<sup>2</sup> emerged in 2010 as a response to an unprecedented media ban on often charismatic narco content. After the murders of several journalists reporting on narco activities, these anonymous bloggers could make ambiguous claims and draw international notoriety for showing stories from the front lines of the drug war that no one else dared to. Simultaneously, a generation of narco youth raised on social media began courting celebrity by posting the dispatches, threats and trophy videos that drive an emerging trend of watching real deaths online – a nefarious spin on prosumer net culture.

Recently I became fixated on the teens Gabriel Cardona and Rosalio Reta, American citizens from Laredo, Texas, who had fallen in with the ruthless crime organisation, *Los Zetas*. The childhood friends were trained as sicarios (hitmen) and would kill across both sides of the border, earning as much as \$10,000 per hit plus perks such as kilos of cocaine, sports cars and women.

Cardona and Reta were arrested in a sequence of dramatic events following a police sting at a safe house in Texas. Whilst awaiting trial Cardona had a fellow inmate tattoo two wide-open eyes on his closed eyelids, and Reta had his face tattooed with the markings of a jester. They are now serving multiple life sentences.

|• Sumugan Sivanesan  
*El Beso Negro (The Black Kiss)* (2011)  
Image courtesy and copyright of the artist.

Earlier this year I released a proposition in Mexico hoping to provoke a discussion about the popular dynamics of narco culture and chase up on rumours of drug money being laundered through the art world.

To my surprise, a prominent young art collector named Andrea Quiñones–Armería responded to my call and we met soon after to discuss the implications of the piece. The next day we approached a tattoo artist, before hastily arranging a date with Yautepec, an enterprising gallery in Mexico City. Four days after our first meeting Andrea had the faces of Cardona and Reta, who had their faces tattooed in prison, in turn tattooed on her ass.

Located along a busy thoroughfare and framed within the floor-to-ceiling gallery windows, the performance played out as a raucous, near spontaneous event in full view of the public, as well as being streamed live online and Tweeted.

The act I proposed, a tongue-in-cheek acknowledgement of narco teen power by literally 'giving it the arse', was transformed by Andrea whose social standing laced it with feminism and class subversion. In Latin America the word is 'ass' and – as Andrea's partner made clear to me mid-tattoo – a woman's ass in particular is a trigger for desire. Now permanently inked with two very distinct faces of narco terror, Andrea also bears some of that strange power.

'El Beso Negro' (The Black Kiss) took place at Yautepec gallery Mexico City on June 27 2011 with the tattoo artist Greñas Rotten.

<sup>1</sup> Time, *Mexico's Lost Youth: Generation Narco*, <http://www.time.com/time/world/article/0,8599,2028912,00.html>. Accessed 28 August 2011.

<sup>2</sup> El Blog Del Narco, <http://www.blogdelnarco.com>. Accessed 28 August 2011.



