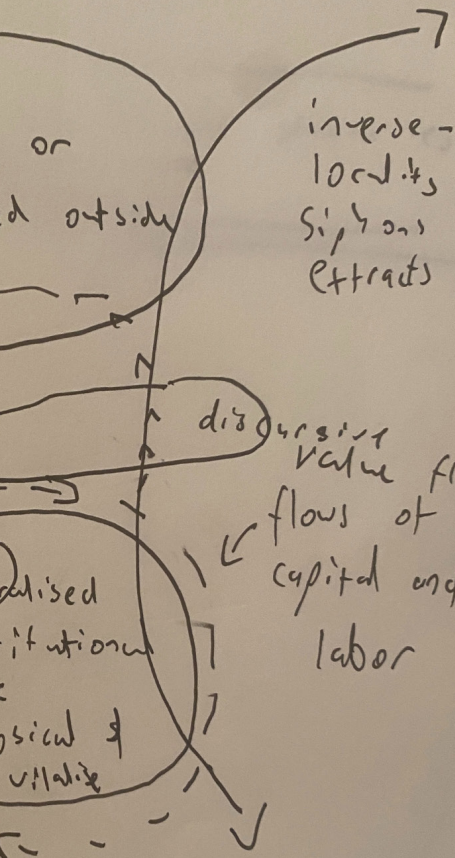


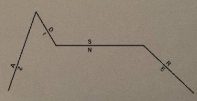
new space



inverse-locations
Siphons
(extracts)

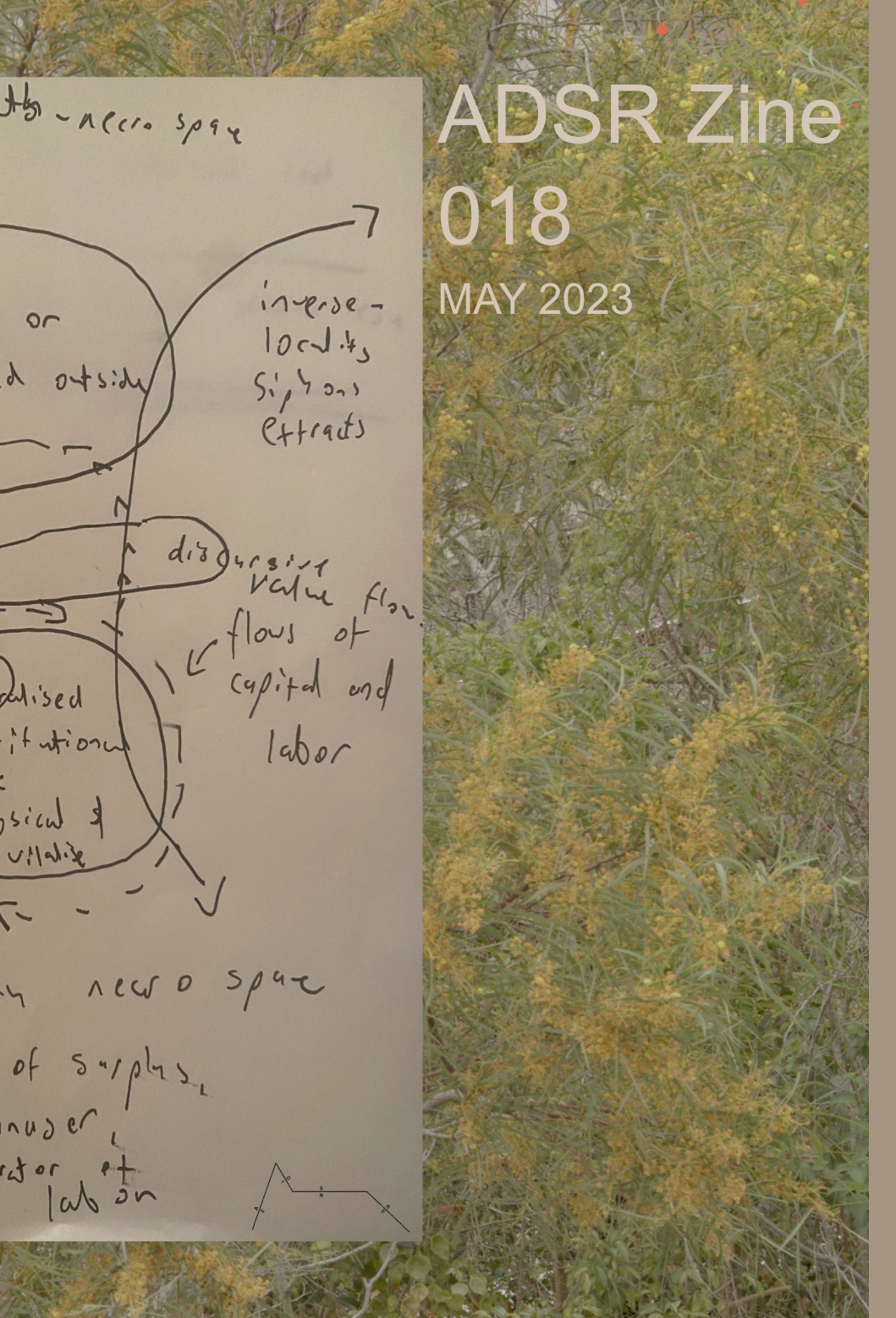
new space

of surplus
number
factor +
labor



ADSR Zine 018

MAY 2023



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Editors Note

Friends and familiars;

This edition 018 marks the crossing of many things for ADSR Zine; we'll be moving on from our residency space at the City of Sydney Creative Studios which are located in the nexus of so-called Sydney's CBD and will be embarking on a transmutation into a more fluid collective structure whose activities will extend beyond publishing into other extra-textual capacities. Not to mention, the production of our first official printed work, which you now hold in your hands.

In many ways, we've unexpectedly learned from what we, as artists, might ironically call our 'soft occupation' within this 'professional' locale marked, for the most part, by the interests and activities of Australia's financial and infra-structural sectors. For despite our ambitious projections, we do not divine or levitate impressive rods of steel like our construction conglomerate or multinational banking peers, instead, we go into the red - reliant on volunteered good-will and favours - a sign we have to try and live within our means in whatever ways necessary.

This situational dissonance was sometimes energetic though. Limitations abound as we planned, polemicised and digested ideas amongst ourselves, and with comrades, friends and co-conspirators via correspondences and reading groups. Nestled above Bathurst street on Level 3, during jubilantly-fatigued afternoons when working-through these things (planning within precarity and too much Keto-corporate-coffee), our agenda was mapped on view to a hundred small offices in the middle-distance - and below that, the fleshy-algorithmic kreuzspiel of thousands of workers, students, and commuters flighting to some destination, some becoming (something's always happening, even in depression).

If the red, purple, and gold hue of the twilight of the afternoon setting on the old St Andrews church spikes (anticipating autumn) is anything to go by - a backdrop

to the Falun Gong petitioners; manic neo-christian soapboxers; Bubble Tea enthusiasts; factory-clothing discount sales; and buskers with neon-lighted PAs - our most recent edition presents an interesting contemplation, collage and mish-mash of events, causes, machinations, and questions around what it means to make art; not merely in a period of crisis, as the old paragon goes, but via the leaps of faith across the fringes of the moth-eaten, and cloaked institutions we once revered - particularly in this time of droll (so)over-reality.

From reflections on the social indeterminacy of creative projects that considers the hospitality of strangers in collaboration as a mode of performance; to examinations of disaster and community response as the dual forces of cultural agency; heartless trials by email from a faceless authority; to reckoning with the hangover of Australia idols and glorified past cultural conditions for making; revealing notation as a drawing schema; painting with detritus of the lens of the spectacle; and the re-making of marriage unions where the edges of life and art dissolves.

Considering this, we're no closer to settling on anything, but in the hubbub, that mobilising f(r)iction is always unavoidably produced (a laugh along the way).

James and Elia
Editors

**ADSR Zine work is undertaken on unceded
Aboriginal land, of the Gadigal of the Eora Nation.
We pay our respects to elders past, present and
emerging, and acknowledge their continuing
connection to land and waters.
Always was and always will be Aboriginal land.**

ATTACK

AN IMMEDIATE AND SUCCINCT INTERROGATION OF
SOMETHING SPECIFIC



AZ



zoemarnirobertson



Liked by

and others

zoemarnirobertson "Pure Colonial Backwaters/Academic Art (Don't Cross Daddy)", MMXXIII. Simon Denny on the "Sons of Clovis II". Acrylic on (found) (drawing) board. @sden023

"The Sons of Clovis II" by Évariste Vital Luminais, depicts sons that have risen up against their father only to have their tendons severed by their mother St Bathilde. A misattributed story from early French history (the Franks that invaded the Gauls after the fall of Rome). An art historian once quipped that it was a fitting purchase for the Art Gallery of New South Wales as a reminder of what happens to naughty children. I

have been laughing about "Academic" or "History Painting" with @coenyoung over the last year, like "is that what we're doing?" ...maybe it is a precursor to what is happening now. So many artists are now academics, constructing stories and arguments with research into things that otherwise doesn't happen, with the defunding of investigative journalism and outcome-obsessed approaches at universities (maligned by sources as diverse as Peter Thiel and David Graeber). Academic painting was mostly truly awful, lol... though, this Luminais is a cracker, according to Ian Milliss, a pilgrimage for the hungover (fitting for its origins in 19th century French salons). Luminais was referred to variously as the painter of the Franks and the Gauls, popular after the revolution for depictions like these of Frankish brutality (because they had apparently chopped the heads off the Franks during the revolution) (leaving the innocent Gauls to rule, who were then brutality suppressing populations elsewhere). Something about rereading about Peter Thiel's Lake Wanaka doomsday property lead to this... Finding the talk of the clean water so bizarre as though the world is not alive, and there is somewhere far enough away that you could wait out the end of humanity. And yet, trying to re-establish some origin or connection with the earth weirdly often grazes against proto-fascism, like at the end of every street stands the QAnon shaman... I was thinking also about the disturbing erasure of the land rights of the Maori people in these Doomsday land-grabs. There is a lot more to say here...



11w

It's always been the weirdest painting, with blood soaked bandages and their wounds, can almost smell their flesh rotting

1 like Reply



11w



1 like Reply



11w

LOVE that Zoe

1 like Reply



11w

Zoe! Your works are amazing!

2 likes Reply



Reply to uuzietnom.son...



11w

@i thanks Lizzie!

1 like Reply



11w

Incredible

3 likes Reply





Liked by

and others

zoemarnirobertson "Another Reformation Meat Diet: The Princes (Looks/Trade-off)", MMXXIII. Acrylic and (found) enamel on (found) board. Martin Luther, Joshua Citarella and a lot of meat, together at last. More paintings that require a two page explanation.

Martin Luther was famously constipated from his high-meat diet, writing much of the 95 theses on the toilet, to the extent that the recent discovery of his toilet was historically exciting (I was very excited). Joshua Citarella is following the all-meat diet recommends of bizarre right-wing media in order to get swole.

One man at the advent of the printing press, the other the internet.



Love this ❤️❤️❤️

11w



1 like Reply



"Get swole" 🤪 like choking on a sausage just saying it

11w



1 like Reply



Love the monastical meat comparison to JC

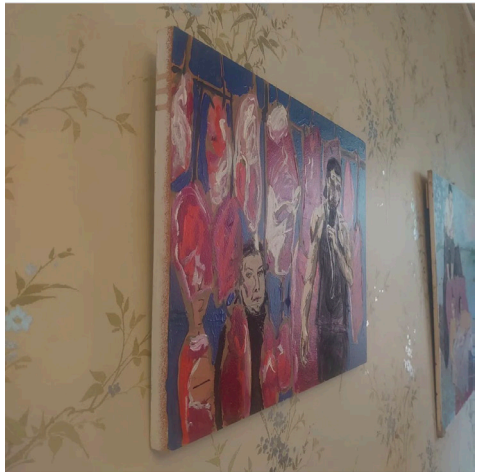
11w



1 like Reply

ZOEMARNIROBERTSON

Posts



Liked by

_____ and others

zoemarnirobertson I have a habit of installing paintings that are much better in the flesh, in weird, obscure locations. I prefer work to have depth and texture, and physical presence... It seems important now, or possibly a fool's errand. Anyway, the matte black makes the figures jump out from certain angles in this one, "Another Reformation Meat Diet (Looks/Trade Off)". Pretty fleshy stuff Joshua Citarella and Martin Luther sharing their eating habits. (Though, Luther wrote more about shit, with all the constipation: "I am like a ripe stool, and the world is a gigantic anus, and so we are about to let go of each other", which he told his wife shortly before his death). Thanks to everyone who has visited so far, it has been special.



zoemarnirobertson



Liked by

and others

zoemarnirobertson "Paleo Monolith on Neolith," MMXXII. Oil on canvas. 1016 X 1016 mm.

Neolith is a kind of "engineered stone", of the kind that keeps giving stonemasons silicosis. The meat is taken from Paul Thek's "Meat Piece with Warhol Brillo Box". Painting how I feel.



Liked by

and others

zoemarnirobertson Good Jul to you all. A vessel for the solstice, "Souvenir: Solstice/Saturnalia", MMXXII. From the Romans to Medieval Christians, the winter solstice was a time when the peasantry and the powerful would swap places. There was a pageantry and a levity that we have long forgotten. Images etched into the crystal are of a guillotine (perhaps a reminder not to martyr the unreasonably wealthy or as a reminder as to the origins of ginger bread kings and queens, whose head one might safely bite off), and of course, an allusion to Goya's "Saturn Devouring his Son".



34w

1 like Reply



Wow wow wow ❤️

34w

1 like Reply



44w

I can't wait till you discover the bedazzler!



1 like Reply



zoemarnirobertson 44w

@zoemarnirobertson omg, why have I not used one of those yet?!



Reply



44w

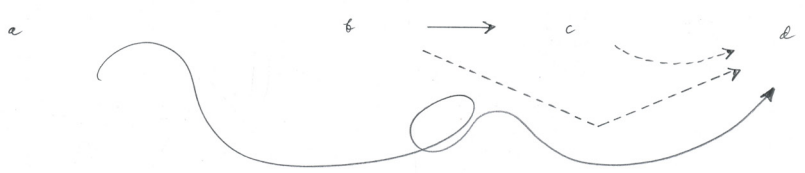
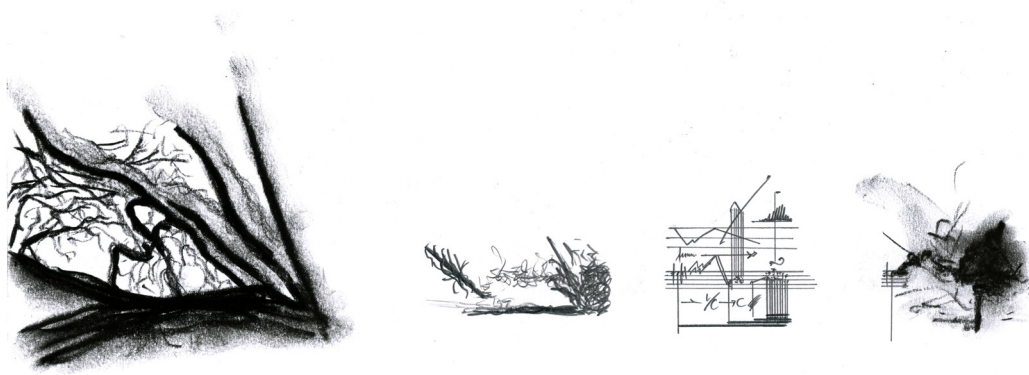
@zoemarnirobertson not to be confused with the vagazzler!



1 like Reply



Add a comment for zoemarnirobertson...



[a] self, impulse, moment, improvisation

[b] sketch, catalyst, mapping, reference

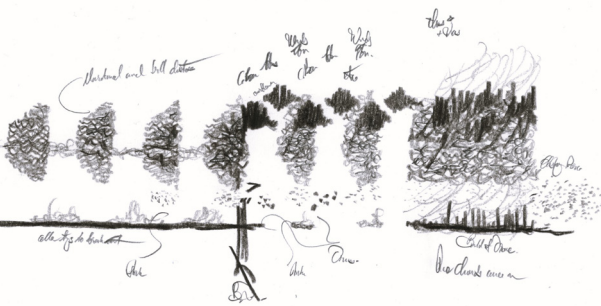
[c] score, excavation, navigation, mediation

[d] abstraction, intention, question

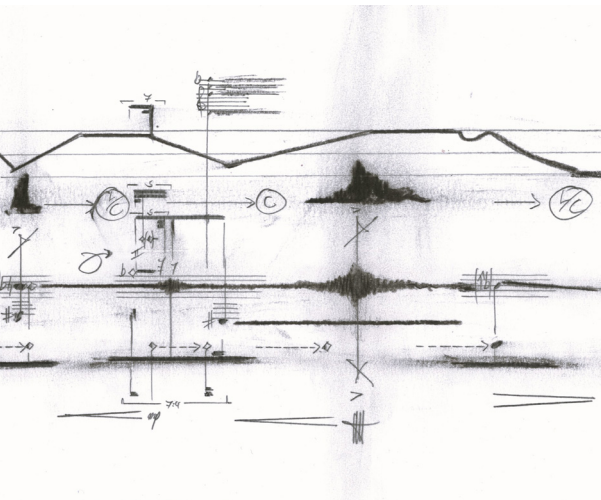
My primary practice is composition; this involves moving from graphic and abstract based drawings **[b]** towards a more traditional score-space **[c]**.

My other practice is drawing **[a]**; this is less intensive, more improvisatory, and generally private.

Until recently I saw these two modes of drawings as separate. I'm now coming to terms with their relationship and interdependence, which has led to an exploration of a hybrid drawing/notation **[d]**. Some of these are purely artistic and not for musical interpretation, while others attempt to merge both these practices. These questions are ongoing.



Both modes are driven from the same body, the same hand, the same graphite.



Both begin as in-the-moment unplanned impulses.



Both go through a process of layering, unfolding, cultivation and magnification, while other aspects remain unrefined, distant, and backgrounded.

Both embrace the smudge, the smear, the flick, the abrasion, the intended and unintended.

Handwritten musical score on a grand staff with various annotations and diagrams.

At the top, there is a tempo marking: $\text{And} \ 9:8$.

A large bracketed section is labeled: *(Pizz 2 beats of rest)*. Below this, there are two measures of music with a '3' above each, indicating a triplet. The notes are b_2, b_3 and d_2, b_3 .

To the right of this section, there is a circled diagram showing two rhythmic patterns:

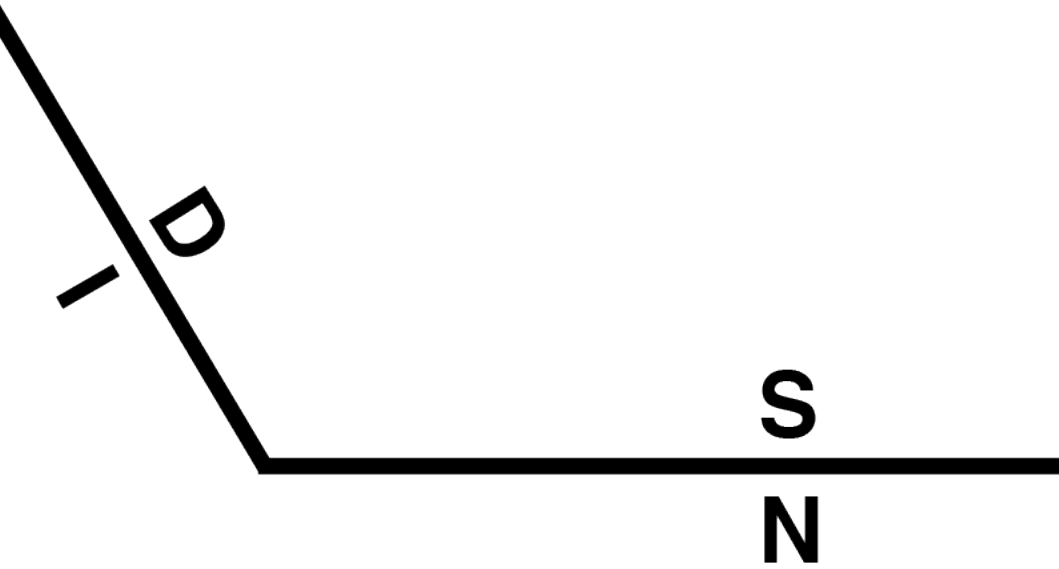
- Pattern 1: $262 \quad \frac{2}{4} \quad 247$ with a circled sub-diagram $\frac{1}{2} \pm \frac{1}{2} \pm \frac{1}{2} \pm \frac{1}{2}$.
- Pattern 2: 250 and 243 .

The score continues with several measures of music, including a section with a $9:8$ time signature and another with a $5:4$ time signature. There are various markings such as 3 , 5 , and 7 throughout the piece.

At the bottom right, there is a circled area with the number 79 and some scribbled-out musical notation.

DECAY-SUSTAIN

A LONGER FORM EXPLORATION OF WORK
THROUGH APPROACHES OF BREAKING
DOWN OR EXTENDING FURTHER



A couple of weeks ago, one of the superstars of Australian conceptual art from the 70s told you that to make radical and conceptual art you do not need money - you just need an idea. At that point, you don't want to start a debate that superficially would sound like another conflict of generations. The debate requires respect and willingness to listen, but you don't feel like it's there. In your mind you are remembering all the stories you've heard from older generations of the Sydney art scene: how the rent in Darlinghurst or Newtown was \$50 a week for a decent place and how artists sustained their bohemian lifestyle simply by being on the dole. But times have changed, not only is Sydney one of the most expensive cities in the world to live in, but the art world asks for more: big installations are trendy and artists must *perform* a couple of solo exhibitions a year in order to stay on the radar.

It's Monday, two days before you will receive your fortnightly salary, and your bank account says that

you currently have only \$18 to spend. You are hoping that nothing is going to happen in the next two days and you won't need to dip into your savings because that means you are going into a negative balance at the end of the month, and probably the year too. You wonder, do you spend your money inappropriately? You don't think so. You go out less than before and don't have a habit of compulsive internet shopping. No, it's the price of living going up and you find yourself being attracted to the sale price tags in your local grocery shop more than ever.

Making requires time, space, a working level of health, both physical and mental. *Making* does not like you to be working 5 days a week, being physically and emotionally burnt out and checking your bank account every day. Some might argue that disadvantage and struggle is actually good for your art practice: a romanticised idea of artists who are poor, crazy and radical as a result. You want to argue with that and say no one

actually *wants* to be in a state of disadvantage if they are в здравом уме и твердой памяти (in their right mind and solid memory). But you sensed that in this setting, empathy is not universal and you leave those middle-upper class white Australians to continue their discussion on a topic that they do not have life experience on, because at the end of the day, art hierarchy still exists, no matter how open and supportive people and spaces might seem.

And afterwards, digesting the conversation, you feel frustrated, but you can't *afford* to be frustrated because often you deal with your frustration by consuming a schooner of lager or more likely three schooners, or as many schooners as it takes to feel less frustrated in the company of similarly frustrated people, aka your friends. You remind yourself that your bank account does not allow you to make a detour to the pub on your way home, but maybe in a couple of days?

Yes, maybe *making* does not require much money as you can simply make a masterpiece on a piece of paper with a pencil you stole from Officeworks - but can you? When the out-of-pocket cost of your first

consultation with a psychiatrist is going to be around \$300 (your weekly rent + monthly electricity bill) and you actually need to see the shrink otherwise your depression might lead to the fact that there will be no one to *make*, you wonder if you sound like you are complaining about money? You probably do, but you are trying to make it sound more about the stress you and many people around you experience because of the lack of security and the lack of government support for mental health, arts, and low-income citizens.

But recently, you have started to learn that you cannot just complain. When you complain you also need to provide a solution. You can complain to your friends as much as you like, but, in a work setting, you need to bring solutions with you. It has never been mentioned to you directly, but you can read between the lines now and being a problem-solver is an essential part of your underpaid job. It's true that you have time and energy for problem-solving while also performing your duties, and also it's true that your boss (who is earning 2(3?) times more than you) is not expecting anything less than productive outcomes. But usually instead of wasting your energy

on providing solutions for your complains at work, you are finding yourself using every free moment (obviously after performing all your basic responsibilities perfectly) to do little bits of your life (art) administration: writing emails during lunch breaks or making strategic decisions on which events you *must* visit during the week, because as you know, the art world is all about where and how often you are showing up.

But going back to your “complaint”, you are thinking: what is the solution here? Perhaps, better distribution of arts money or perhaps the conversation about artists’ wages can open up again; give artists access to the empty spaces owned by councils across the country; tax-cuts for low-income workers (the question of what low income even means needs to be discussed separately). When establishing new platforms for artists to exhibit, curators might need to actually do their jobs and look around instead of giving the opportunities to the same people again and again.

While considering these proposals you realise that you are not going to be able to provide some radical and immediate solutions. It leaves

a bitter taste in your mouth as you accept it and give up on the idea of being a revolutioner. You have no energy for it, let alone expressing the exhaustion of everyday problem solving to an Artist who has built a career from being radically present after a good start with a commercial gallery in their late teens. Radicalism is an affordance. Instead, you’re checking if there’s any new jobs advertised, thinking about what you can cook for dinner or are you going to skip it tonight, having a last dose of dopamine from your feed and finally allowing a dream world to take you far away.

P.S. A couple of days later while lying on your bed, you are allowing your body to recover from your late night decision to consume way too much alcohol, trying not to blame yourself on a lack of self control, you receive a text message asking if you would like to have a solo show in couple of months - the space is free and is waiting for whatever you want to display for a wide audience (as wide as your friendship group goes). You are thinking “what a wonderful surprise” and politely accept the offer. Here we go again.

018.2.2 ALEX WISSER

Disaster and its Cultural Discontents

If you asked me what was my art highlight of 2022, I would have to say it was attending the Australian Disaster Resilience Conference 2022, presented in conjunction with AFAC22, the largest international conference of emergency services personnel in Australasia, held in Adelaide last August. The conference itself was a vast exhibition on the model and scale of an international trade fair: a showroom floor crowded with displays of the latest emergency services technologies from fire trucks to drone systems. Some of these exhibitions would rival the most sophisticated objects of contemporary art, as much for the startling display of formal coherence as for the inscrutability of the logics of its functioning.

But this is not why this conference was such an amazing art experience. It wasn't even due to the brilliant workshop delivered by artist Jen Rae and writer Claire Coleman that explored the capacity for imaginative 'futuring' to contribute to our ability to think about the real and unforeseen challenges and consequences of a future disaster event. No, AFAC22 was such a fascinating art experience for the simple reason that I attended the conference as an artist, and I had the lanyard to prove it.

My attendance at the conference was the result of an invitation from Scotia Monkivitch to attend as a member of The Creative Recovery Network, a national organisation developing the role of the arts in our disaster management systems. If this sounds like a far fetched enterprise, it didn't seem so to the majority of conference attendees that I met. And this was in part what was so exciting about my attendance: the quality of respect I was accorded when I introduced myself as an artist.

Usually, when you introduce yourself as an artist, you might as well present yourself as a unicorn. If you are not dismissed outright, you are paid an otherworldly respect, as a figment of the imagination that has somehow wandered onto the plane of existence. This was not my experience at AFAC. When I introduced myself as an artist, I was surprised to find myself treated as a colleague who's participation might not be initially understood, but nevertheless was still accepted as a perfectly reasonable proposition.

The conversations this allowed me to have were rich, and engaged with an activity that was anything but fantastical, purely speculative, or abstract. There are few professions that are more concrete and consequential than that of Emergency Services. All of the people I met had jobs that involve saving lives, homes, communities, preparing people for and helping them to recover from what will be the most devastating events of their lifetimes. It was the experience of this world that was so fascinating for me as an artist. My reception I must credit in good part to the work that Scotia and Creative Recovery Network have been doing in this sector over the last 12 years, advocating for the role of creativity in disaster management. Nevermind what the art world might think about this kind of work, it was taken very seriously by the people I met working in disaster management.

While the conference was sprawling and diverse, I focussed on the area of my engagement and signed up for every talk, panel and presentation that had community in the title. Creative Recovery is the specific practice of employing creatives to engage with communities preparing for and recovering from disaster events. This practice includes cultural interventions that contribute to the preparedness and resilience of communities within what is called the disaster cycle. How a community responds to and recovers from a disaster are essential concerns when considering the short and long term impacts of any disaster and a rich thread of discussion about community stitched its way through the conference.

Within the disaster management sector, it is a truism that the community is the first respondent in a disaster situation and it is accepted that you are more likely to be helped by a neighbour than emergency services personnel. In fact, you can say that the community is the collective subject of a disaster. How the community responds, how it receives the collective trauma of the event, and how it 'recovers' in its aftermath is the complex result of a number of variables and circumstances both inherent in the community, and the coordinated response of support agencies and organisations.

Much of what I witnessed demonstrated an awareness within the sector of the often tense and at times problematic relationship between governmental, emergency and humanitarian aid service providers and the communities that they served. This is partly to be expected, as the heightened psychological atmosphere of a disaster event raises the emotional tenor of everyone involved and invokes anxiety, confusion, anger, hurt, and fear that are often expressed under the pressure of urgency in forms that are not always reasonable or particularly helpful. But there was also an understanding that this was not the whole story and it was encouraging to witness the at times robust conversations around how communities and agencies struggled to relate and work effectively together.

It was through these conversations that my experience at AFAC wandered, revealing a living, complex world of contradictions that would never be resolved but could be more or less clarified, confronted, and wrestled with. Knowing that this problem would never resolve, the way an artwork can, into something in which all its parts are harmonised into a unified object, intensified the fascination I felt for it and focussed my own powers of observation into its consideration.

The understanding that I reached was that this tension between the two parties was at least in one aspect a cultural difference. On the one hand, the community is an emergent social body composed of people associated by social and geographic proximity, and bound by informal relationships that are composed of accumulated personal experience. The community spontaneously self-organises to cooperate in the pursuit of a collective aim: the care for and preservation of everyone involved. An agency, on the other hand, is a rational organisation, that is intentionally structured to achieve particular ends, i.e. the evacuation of a particular population, the containment of fire lines, the supply of emergency resources, etc. It has a strong hierarchy, and command structures that are informed by strategic thinking and highly developed and formalised methodologies. These two social bodies are both organised, but along very different principles, and they function in very different ways.

The complexity of the situation is compounded by the fact that it plays out within highly traumatic circumstances and the room for contradiction and conflict is a component part of any disaster situation. This is made more complex by the fact that in much of the interaction, the two bodies coordinate their action effectively. In fact, how they negotiate this contradiction is a significant indicator of the effectiveness of the response, and the health or resilience of the community, and will influence the capacity of the community to 'recover'. All gains in this area are relative and contingent, but for that reason they are all the more concrete and determinate.

To illustrate this, I will describe two of the more compelling presentations. Let me begin with the disclaimer that I am not a member of the disaster management sector and my experience in this area is limited. My opinions and perceptions are therefore offered in a spirit of humility and with the understanding that my perspective is partial, at best provisional, and open to the challenge and debate of people who have the lived experience and expertise that I do not. As I have argued above, my perspective is grounded in the fact that I am an artist, and as such have an autonomy to the subject in which I am engaged. This does not give me a more true insight into that subject, but only one that will necessarily differ from those who are directly embedded within it.

The first presentation that really struck a chord with me was a panel discussion called "Collaborating for resilience: multicultural communities and emergency management." The panel was composed of a number of community leaders from the African diasporic community in Melbourne that had been subjected to forced COVID lockdowns in 2020. It was the most compelling presentation of the conference for me, as the panelists were passionate, expressed themselves in affective as well as intellectual terms, and were forthright in the honesty of their expression.

The main subject under discussion was the lack of communication, or even attempt at collaborative exchange on the part of the authorities that implemented the lockdown. The speakers spoke to the fact that the community had within it a sophisticated system of leadership and community coordination that was completely ignored in the implementation of the lockdown. There was definitely anger and even defiance in the stand they took, but in the end they were mainly making an argument for an approach that would allow the community to better support and cooperate with any intervention intended for its own good. They argued that the response could have been carried out in collaboration with the community which would have resulted in far less distress to the community itself and less resistance and reputational damage to the agencies implementing the intervention. What they described was the already coherent functioning of the community, the circulation of local knowledge, the networks of strong interpersonal relationships through which the community already cares for and communicates between its members. What seemed so violent about the imposition of the lockdown was how these networks of cooperation were ignored and the will of a foreign body imposed upon them in what they described as a kind of invasion.

In contrast, the keynote speech for the entire conference told a much more gratifying story in which the trauma of disaster was met with rescue and salvation. The speech was delivered by Gill Hicks, who has become famous as a public figure following her near death experience in a 2005 suicide bomb attack on the London underground in which she lost both of her legs. Gill's story was riveting, told with great passion, humour and wisdom, as she described the course of that fateful day in minute, compelling detail. She spoke of the terror of the explosion, the sense of helplessness that invaded the blackened train carriage in which she, unaware of the extent of her injuries, waited to be rescued. Her story was tense and filled with the thoughts and strategies by which Gill maintained her existence in the darkness, in the not knowing when or how long or even if she would be saved. She tied tourniquets with scarves onto her legs and then waited in the total darkness. Slightly an hour after the explosion, she felt the hand of the first of her rescuers to arrive, and at that moment, she said, she surrendered her body into their hands. She literally

described herself as a package being handed from one emergency service person to the next as they transferred her along a daisy chain that would take her to salvation.

She spoke with great eloquence of the gratitude she felt to the men and women who had put their own lives at risk to save her. Sitting amongst an audience of people who risked and dedicated their lives to saving others, I could feel the collective emotion evoked by the expression of gratitude, honouring the sacrifices that this work required and the good of which it is capable of doing for people who need it most. Gill concluded her story with the description of the identity tag that had been strapped to her wrist when she was discovered. It read "one unknown estimated female". And it was from this small fragment of text that Gill had come to understand that she had been stripped of even the most basic markers of her identity. Her conclusion was rapturous in the realisation that she had been stripped of all difference, and reduced to an essence we all shared. She had been stripped even of her gender, and these people cared for her, they saved her life because she was human.

All of this was true and I could not help but feel the powerful effect it had on the large body of people around me, but I also couldn't help the fact that there was something about the story that disturbed me. It was strange that this experience of her ultimate humanity was the product of an almost absolute dehumanising reduction. In her own words, she had been reduced to a 'package'. She surrendered her will to those who would save her, she gave her agency over to those who's agency would be her redemption. I can understand the emotion, for this sense of surrender is very close to religious surrender, and I have felt it before, as a child, when in distress I gratefully allowed myself to let go of my need to contribute to my own fate and permitted others to take responsibility for it.

Yet the words of the previous panel that still wrung in my head and would not allow me to surrender myself to this universal principle of humanity in disregard for all of the complex, problematic and difficult particularity of being human. After all, the community in Melbourne did not lose its limbs, it was stripped of its agency and as a result felt as though it was violently reduced to the status of an object.

Between these two cases, the contradiction that played itself out across the conference, the necessary tension between the agency and the community took recognisable form in the tension between these two scenarios. In both situations, the *activity* of the intervening agency is unilateral and absolute, and the role of the object of this intervention is conceived of as inert and passive, i.e. as an *object*. But this relationship produced in one a positive result and in the other a negative. This dynamic would play out in most if not all disaster

scenarios, and each with its own unique combination of parts. As already mentioned, a community is not a passive subject in a disaster event, it is the first responder, it contributes actively to its own survival. What happens to this agency when Emergency Services land and take control of the situation, as they need to? I would suggest that this same sense of bewilderment and contradiction would be relatively common when the very people you are waiting to save you, arrive to deny you the means you have to save yourself.

...

I spoke of these observations with a young community worker after the panel discussion described above. I was struggling to explain how I understood the breakdown in cooperation between the emergent social body of the community and the rational body of the agency when it occurred to me that this was not an unfamiliar problem to artists. After all, what I am describing is culture. Every disaster event is a cultural event. Culture is the social process through which we perceive our environment and through which we collectively coordinate our response as a single social body. Our capacity to cooperate, to share resources and information, to coordinate our actions are all grounded in the cultures we have available to us to do so.

While many people believe that artists impose their vision onto the medium with which they work, this is a mistake. Artists know, or learn very quickly that you must collaborate with your medium. You must painstakingly learn its nature: what it will and what it wont do and in what circumstances. If you can learn this, if you work with its nature, the capacity of that nature, its truth is expressed in the very motion that you add to it through an artistic methodology. Cut against it and it will resist you, it will defy you, and most likely it will defeat your effort to impose your will upon it. Every artist knows, you must collaborate with your medium.

The same goes for a community. It is only by learning the nature of that social body, by coming to understand something of its needs, desires, capacities and limitations and learning to work with these realities that one can consider themselves in collaboration with it. And it is in this that art can contribute to the process of disaster recovery. There must be a profound respect for one's medium and an understanding that it already contains the resources that will unfold in response to any challenge it faces. As an artist, there is a small opportunity to contribute to this unfolding, to participate in how the culture functions, to offer your capacity to perceive as much as how you express what is perceived. The stakes are real, both for you and the people you might work with, and great care and humility is necessary, but ultimately culture is more than what happens in a theatre or an art gallery. It is the medium through which we realise our community or fail to do so.

018.2.3 EMILIE COLLYER

Aviva Endean's *Stranger*: Anticipation/ Exticipation

Stranger was a participatory performance installation for an ensemble audience, presented at The Meat Market in December 2022. The work was made by many minds and ears, and this article also reflects contributions from many voices. Words from audience members, instrument-makers, and collaborators, as well as excerpts from two pieces of writing by Emilie Collyer, before and after experiencing the work.

Stranger: Anticipation

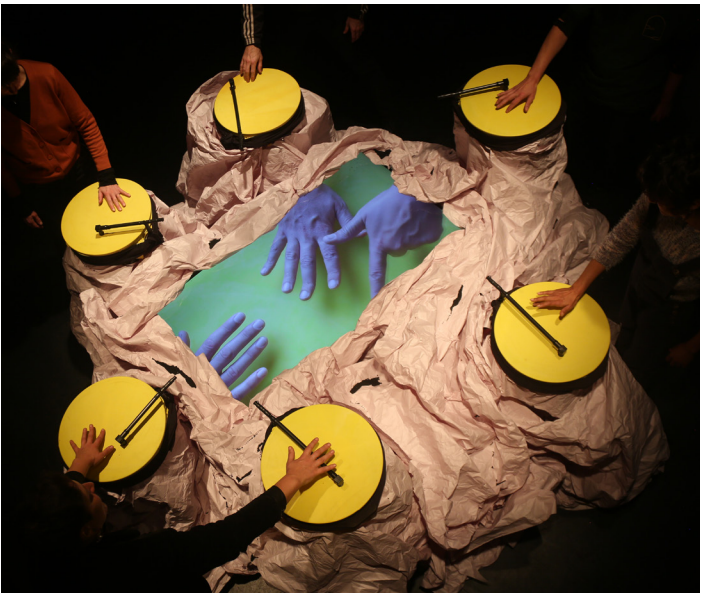
Aviva and I meet on Zoom to talk about *Stranger*. The title, she tells me, comes from a concept called 'the stranger effect' by anthropologist Michael Taussig. Aviva explains the idea as 'the feeling of generosity that can exist between a stranger and a host when there is an acknowledgement of unknowing – the host understands the stranger will feel like an outsider so does what they can to ameliorate that feeling. And the stranger has the possibility to experience afresh and bring new insight because they are an outsider.'

On being a stranger and being in a place of unknowing: 'musicians get to have that experience a lot,' Aviva observes. 'When touring and improvising, you are often in that situation. Working with people or a form you don't know much about. You are invited. You are not expected to know but you are expected to contribute and to trust that you will find a way of contributing.' She wanted to see if she could create something of this experience for audiences who are non-performers. For whom this invitation, to be a stranger and to contribute to a creative event, a performance, would be a strange and unfamiliar experience. Also important for Aviva was the notion of community, the musicians and sound artists with whom she has collaborated for years. 'These improvisors and sound artists are my community. It's a culture that I am part of, and this work *Stranger* is an invitation for the audience to step into that.'

The project involved a large team of collaborating artists. Aviva asked four artists (Clinton Green, Laura Altman, Carolyn Connors, and Dale Gorfinkel) to develop an area of their instrumental practice into a form that could be played by audiences. Aviva speaks about this act of generosity whereby the artists are distilling years of practice, performance and knowledge and creating an experience that will be simple and satisfying for 'ordinary' people (non-performers) to interact with. 'I asked them to imagine how to turn their work into something participatory.' She acknowledges the tension in this request, and at the heart of the project, between wanting to make it accessible for people but not reduce or diminish the years of research and artistry.

"As much as this work is about strangers coming together and co-authorship, it has also highlighted the art and skill of hosting. The role of Aviva in this work has been to extend an invitation to other collaborating artists and audiences, to be attentive to their ideas and inclinations, to support them, make clear decisions when needed and to make sure the gathering maintains some sense of a cohesiveness. Aviva has embodied the role of a considered host through all stages of the project from initial vision to presenting guests with a homely cup of tea. She gives us an example of what leadership can be in creating a sense of togetherness and community, even if just for a brief moment in a more-than-art experience"

Dale Gorfinkel



"It's exciting to open up the work to non-musicians and strangers. People who are new to the culture of experimental sound work and improvisation" Clinton Green

"How do I create an instrument, and an environment, in which some people might get the experience of being me, or have an experience related to mine?". Carolyn Connors

"I think it's really lovely to now be in a position where I can share my work, kind of let it go a little bit and see how other people take to it" Laura Altman

We finish our conversation and Aviva talks about a recent experience in The Kimberley. She was in the audience at Alana Hunt's project nine hundred and sixty seven where Waringarri dancers performed Wangga and Lirrga (song and dance ceremony). After watching for an hour, the audience was then asked to get up and join in. She describes it as both generous and humbling for host and guests, this offer. Relating it back to her work and the deep thinking that accompanies it, Aviva says something she is interested in, is creating spaces to develop different ways of knowing - and in particular the kind of embodied knowledge you get from moving your body, making sound, finding different ways to listen. We talk about the differences between cognitive understanding (following instructions, trying to get something 'right') and embodied understanding (responding in a more immediate way, being less outcome focussed) and how this is both a vulnerable and a freeing state to be in as an audience, listener or reciprocator.



Aviva is hopeful that audience members will interpret the broad invitation of the piece in vastly different ways. She speaks about the sense that has developed with test runs of the work where 'audiences form their own culture. Some are very kind with each other.' Her eyes light up when she recalls a person who went renegade. 'One person decided to break the frame – wandering off into the darkness – I loved that they felt they could do it. It was sonically really wild.'

"In my work, and in Aviva's work, listening as a practice in itself has a big role to play in terms of people being together, people understanding each other, people being empathetic. For me, listening is a way of knowing, and the more you listen, the more you get to understand, the more there is space for empathy." Dale Gorfinkel

Stranger: Exticipation

There is a profound moment towards the end of *Stranger* by Aviva Endean and collaborators that perhaps only I experienced the night I attended. The audience is invited to leave the space we have been in together, walk up a set of stairs, go outside. I was at the show with my partner who had taken longer than most to get the message to stand up from his peaceful lying position. So, we were the last to leave. As we exited the space, I turned to look back.

*soft rainfall
I roll the mountain of my body
thoughts subside*

The remnants of the last part of the show lay on the floor and because of their size and shape (human-sized sheets of brown paper) they looked like graves. This sounds maudlin but in fact it was a calming and perfect moment with which to end this experience. I felt that rare thing, for a split second, of understanding and accepting mortality. The beauty of it, the way it connects us all. The actual humans in the show that night all left well and truly alive. But the moment of shedding our shrouds, standing and leaving was something akin to a rising. Aviva and her team had created a space where we could be together in ways people

are rarely together and it was fitting that this active meditation concluded with a simple and stunning visual about the fragility, the earthiness, the connectedness of human life. What was surprising, I think, was the amount of care that had been taken to frame a participatory experience for us, the audience that was both open and contained. Not an easy thing to do.

"For me, (the instruments) reflect the fact that we are connected, at all times, by vibration." Carolyn Connors

"What I would like people to discover in their interaction with the work is how their actions can effect everything else in often unexpected ways" Clinton Green

*shy eye contact
we smile and nod
everyone is wearing cool shoes*

*lay the air upon
pulse rings quiet under bricks
if ears gently touch sound blocks
tomorrow rings backwards trembling
seeds scatter along planes
vibratory depths whisper
hear hear*

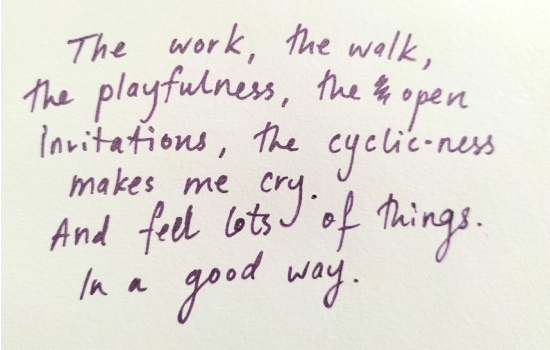
*what a magical experience
to be led + held in space.
to listen + be listened to. To
create someone in the sonic world
by the 'strangers' in a 'band'.
Thank you! feeling the
vibrations of sounds was also
very special ... a treat to be in that
space of fine intimacy.*

Stranger is a piece where the audience collaborates to produce a sound work. Too much freedom and there would be no shape to the sound at all, simply a cacophony of enthusiastic noise making. Too many rules and it would feel tokenistic. A key part to how Aviva strikes such a good balance is in the set up and scale of the work. As an audience we were small in numbers. So it felt like an intimate and human experience right from the start. We gathered together and Aviva introduced the piece, why she had made it and what her hopes were – primarily to give an audience of (mostly) strangers an experience of coming together, being welcomed, and invited to make sound art in a way that would be playful and genuine but non-confronting. We could opt out at any time. There was no pressure to perform. There was, and this was stressed in a lovely gentle way, no wrong way to play the instruments that we would encounter.

"Handing over my work to be part of the bigger project was pretty new for me. It felt like a development, a freedom in letting go. Seeing punters interact with my work. Play the things that I had an intimate relationship with. Animate the inanimate. Drawing joy from them."
Clinton Green

She asked each of us to think of a time we had been somewhere as a stranger and had, perhaps, felt welcomed. Or not. We each shared a short memory. It was a clever way to bring the group together. Not too demanding. Open, and yet contained. The work began with a group walk outside, led by Aviva. Our instructions were to walk together, stay safe, and not speak. And further, to focus on listening. Aviva recommended varying how we listened, from wide to close, near to far. This is a rare thing to focus on. It is probably an instruction most common in meditations. To walk and listen awakens different parts of the brain and body. It also acted to bond us as a group. Aviva would pause at times, as we passed a sound 'of note' such as an industrial fan, some birds calling, the rustle of leaves in the evening breeze in a quieter street. At this moment one of our number repeatedly kicked their feet against some dry leaves and twigs, punctuating the softer sound of the tree leaves. It was a great sound and inspired me to deliberately step on a few piles of leaves as we walked on. A small act of 'call and response'.

*the sign reads: silent alarm inside
we pass through a secret door
and back again*



The work, the walk,
the playfulness, the open
invitations, the cyclic-ness
makes me cry.
And feel lots of things.
In a good way.

Another beautifully constructed moment, was on our return to the performance venue. We did not immediately enter the building but went first to the courtyard where a number of small, portable speakers were suspended, dangling from tree branches. I saw a few people were handed tiny, white cardboard notes. I wondered if I would get a note. I hoped so. After a moment, I was handed one by another audience member and I opened it to read a hand-written message that said something like: *Take a speaker. Another audience has left you a gift to listen to. Pass this note on.* The speakers were playing snippets of stories similar to the ones we had all shared, along with an ebbing soundscape of whorling noise, bells and chimes. We moved in the open air, sharing speakers with each other, playing with how they moved and what this did to the sound. We were all smiling, lit up by this shared activity.

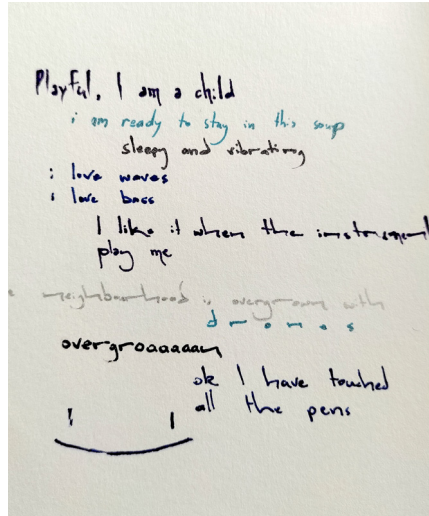
We entered the building via the stairs and had a moment of seeing the instruments set up for us in the space below. Another moment of care and of creating an unexpected perspective. A frieze, if you like, of objects, of a space prepared for us. We continued to move, together, without speaking. There was a sense of anticipation and this increased, joyfully, as we encountered the first of four instrument 'stations.'

*we crouch and open our ears
the floor thrums
play with clunk and whizz*

The choice to have us experience this moment, each alone, eyes closed, in our own space was one I really appreciated. That we were not expected to 'come together' as a way of bringing the work to its conclusion. Rather, the effect was that we had made, together, a space that was shared and yet separate. It was this delicate balance that enlivened in me the state I have mentioned – a kind of bittersweet and deeply embodied meditation on our humanness, our bodies, our aloneness and our connection.

*purple sky and evening chill
slow walk our ears soft
back into space and conversation*

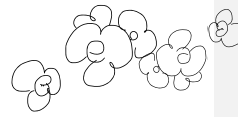
And this was the world that Stranger had created. One where something slightly odd was shared, something we had made up together, that was not about seeking or claiming credit but was based on generosity. From Aviva. From the artists and makers. And between us, the audience members, not so strangers for an hour or so, on a Thursday evening in December.



"Because there is no pre-composed material, the sound design role is incredibly active, and each version of the work has it's own unique electro acoustic sound outcome." Tilman Robinson

It was an interesting vibe. It didn't feel like a completely communal activity. We were operating each on our own as well as together. I liked this element. That we could be both alone in our exploration of the beautiful instruments and have moments of connection without it feeling forced. As we finished our experimenting and playing together and were invited to lie or sit on the floor, the sounds we heard were our own. Snippets of stories we had shared just an hour or so earlier, in among a soundscape that we had all made together.

018.2.2 / JOE WILSON AND CHANELLE COLLIER *Just Married*



Artist Statement: Joe Wilson and Chanelle Collier - A Wedding as Art, Performance, and Resistance

Joe Wilson and Chanelle Collier, a collaborative duo based in Sydney, are about to get married. Their shared practice in sculpture, installation, and performance explores themes of **identity, memory, and place**. Through their wedding, they aim to challenge the forces that mediate experience by using the ceremony as an alternate form of making art that promotes human flourishing.

Drawing inspiration from the conceptual frameworks of media theorists Jean Baudrillard, Guy Debord, and McKenzie Wark, Wilson and Collier aim to confront the pervasive forces that mediate our experiences in contemporary society. Baudrillard's notion of hyperreality, where simulations and representations become more real than reality itself, is particularly relevant. In a world where social media, consumerism, and spectacle dominate, the lines between reality and artificiality are **increasingly blurred**. Through their wedding, Wilson and Collier seek to counteract this by creating an authentic experience that is not mediated by external forces, but instead grounded in their own **love and friendship**.

Debord's concept of the spectacle, where media and capitalism create a spectacle that shapes our perceptions of reality, also informs their approach. In today's hyperconnected and hypermediated world, weddings are often viewed as extravagant displays of wealth and social status, conforming to societal norms and expectations. However, Wilson and Collier see their wedding as an opportunity to subvert the **spectacle**, to create a situation that is a genuine expression of their artistry, care, and love for each other.

Wark's argument that the spectacle has disintegrated into all aspects of life resonates deeply with Wilson and Collier's approach. They believe that as artists, they have the agency and

Commented [cc1]: POSITION • AGENCY • CONTEXT
Looking at the power and its absence within a situation.

In order to have the wedding in Joe's Father's yard, first we had to clean it out and make it ready. Working through his mental illness, as a hoarder, was a painful exercise in wrestling agency with care. Although it was being done for him, it was nonetheless diminishing in the take over.

Commented [cc2]: MORTALITY
In considering the balance between art and life, one might bring death into the equation. The death of art and in life. What is more authentic than grief and loss? Going against all late capital instincts to acquire, loss is its ultimate failure. Where acquisition is based on identifying a deficit, a desire unfulfilled, death is an irrevocable absence. A birth, a wedding, a death, each is a deeply social event, bringing community together, and making family.

Commented [cc3]: LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP
During this, our time of crisis concerning health, our quickly organised wedding was a chance for friends and family to contribute to our wellbeing. By being helpful in setting up the wedding party they showed love and commitment to the relationship. This was through working bees, organisational assistance and delegation of many of the requisite tasks involved.

responsibility to reverse this disintegration by incorporating all aspects of their life into their art practice. Their wedding is not just a one-time event, but a continuation of their artistic exploration, a performance that blurs the boundaries between labour and leisure, art and life. It is a form of resistance, rooted in the criticality of care, love, and friendship, challenging the dominant cultural narratives and pushing the boundaries of what art can be.

In their previous collaborative projects, such as "This Is Not A Love Song," "Play Something Else Cowboy," and "Summer of 68," Wilson and Collier have already been exploring the language of resistance and agency. Through their wedding, they aim to build on these themes, creating a constructed situation as artwork that is deeply personal and yet transcends the boundaries of the traditional art world. It is an alternate approach to art and life, informed by the very real and personal challenge of mortality, the critique of hyperreal experience, and the reclaiming of agency through genuine human connections.

Joe Wilson and Chanelle Collier's wedding is not just a personal celebration, but an intentional artistic performance that confronts the spectacle. By approaching it as an alternate form of making art, they aim to create an authentic experience, rooted in the criticality of care, love, and friendship. They strive to reverse the disintegration of the spectacle into all aspects of their practice, reclaiming agency, and pushing the boundaries of what art can be. It is a statement embodying the fusion of art and life, labour and leisure, and challenging the dominant cultural narratives of our time.



MIXTAPE SIDE A - <https://soundcloud.com/adsrzine/joe-wilson-and-chanelle-collier-mixtape-sidea>

MIXTAPE SIDE B - <https://soundcloud.com/adsrzine/joe-wilson-and-chanelle-collier-mixtape-sideb>

Commented [cc4]: SPECTACLE

The spectacle is primarily the mediation of exchanges, linking relationships and economic interest. Potlatch, alternate forms of exchange and gift giving are counter to a spectacle mentality. The gift, through its lack of remuneration leaves the giver and recipient at an imbalance. That imbalance is a measure of love and friendship. It is felt as tangible in the measure of its inequality.

Commented [cc5]: ART AND LIFE

The disintegration of one category is the incorporation of the other. It is precisely what happens when an art practice is made into a career. The professionalisation of art incorporates life's banalities and stresses into the craft. By moving in the opposite direction, bringing art into life, the poetry, beauty, and absurdity give life flavour. Examples include flower arranging, cooking, conversation, and ritual.

Commented [cc6]: WEDDING AS PERFORMANCE

Realistically it was just a wedding. But thinking of this as an extension of an artwork made it more palatable. Even the event strategy was modelled off of our bar project, Play Something Else Cowboy. 3 rounds of cocktails, and chats at the bar. We incorporated the banners and engraved glasses from the project.

On the day, we had perfect sunshine and weather between rainy days. Friends in suits walked up the street like an extended isle, bathed in sunlight, gorgeous gangs and partnerships arriving. Family came and mingled with our dearest. We got rings, and for the ceremony we silently thought the vows, we had no time to write, to one another. We played music, talked and danced. A regular but exceptional party. A wedding for all its trappings is a way of making space, to ritualise the bond between two people. And we stand together, even when we're falling apart.

xx



Image by Jake Terrey



RELEASE

THE RELEASE OF MEDIA

RE

018.3.1 / E (ANONYMOUS)

The Museum

28/10/2022

Hi K,

I have recently been advised that my name has come up several times in meetings, most notably around the wearing of masks in the museum and making decisions that are in breach of the safe running of the museum.

As a Junior employee, I understand my role and responsibilities and that I have absolutely no authority to make decisions beyond this.

This has been extremely distressing for me, particularly as I have not had the opportunity to respond, and if this is correct, I am very concerned these comments are now on record and could affect my future employment.

As my department currently has no regularly scheduled team meetings or no straightforward protocol/framework, instructions are given to me on the run and given my position in the Museum, I seldom challenge what I am told and have to assume the correct procedures have been made for big decisions to be passed on to me.

In order to avoid the possibility of any future miscommunication, I would therefore like to advise my Manager that I will follow up our communication with a clarifying email.

Perhaps there also needs to be a meeting that defines my role and the boundaries in which it sits as at current, there is seemingly no framework or guidance. I have taken your feedback on board from our last meeting and continued to try to communicate with the appropriate departments which, however seemingly ends there.

I would like your feedback on this if possible.

Regards,

E

28/10/2022

Hi K,

Thanks for your quick response, I will be back to work on Sunday through to Thursday.

I think a discussion would be appropriate. Please let me know when you have the time.

E

05/02/2023

Hello K,

Please advise a good time for N and myself to talk though the various crossover in our role and what we are doing here at the museum.

We would like to chat in an informal setting if possible.

05/02/2023

Thank you for taking the time to talk to N and I to confirm what we touched on:

- bullying at the museum
- keeping of information from certain staff
- lack of support or career growth and development strategies

we look forward to discussing it you again in a months time about the developments that have been made regarding these issues.

30/03/2023

Dear K,

I would like to discuss with you some of the questions I have around N's resignation, N and I will attend this meeting together. please let me know if you have some time in the coming week for a meeting.

E

02/04/2023

Dear K

I hope this email finds you well. I am writing to request a meeting with you to discuss what my job looks like for the next six months. As you know, the museum is going through a lot of changes and I would like to ensure that my work aligns with the museums goals and objectives, but also my own career goals and

objectives.

Furthermore, I am keen to progress my career and explore new opportunities within the museum. Specifically, I would like to discuss my current responsibilities and any new projects or initiatives that I may be involved in. I am open to exploring different areas of the museum and taking steps in a new direction, if possible.

I understand that you are incredibly busy over the next few weeks with the changes underway, I will be going on holiday from the 5th of April and will return on the 8th of May. However, I am available to meet with you at any time before my departure or upon my return. Please let me know if you have any availability during this time.

Please also note that we have an incredible new staff member, C, who I have all the confidence in to hold down the fort while I'm gone.

Thank you for your time and consideration and I appreciate your leadership during this time of change. I look forward to discussing these matters further with you,

Best,

E

04/04/2023

Hello K

Thanks for taking the time out of your busy schedule to meet with me. Talk on Tuesday and have a good rest of your Sunday.

E

11/04/2023

Dear K,

I would like to express my gratitude for extending my contract until December 2024 and offering me additional duties and responsibilities. I am truly excited about this opportunity and eager to take on these new challenges. Specifically I am thrilled to collaborate with C and N on coordinating the museums major events on Sundays and overseeing the monthly events programming committee and being responsible for all public facing technical systems. With N's new role as your PA I am confident that we will make a great time with strong communication systems and help to build a strong operations department.

As previously discussed, I will be taking on additional responsibilities that involve both engagement and museum operations. With that in mind, I do believe a title change would be more appropriate to accurately reflect my role

and responsibilities to both internal staff and visitors. I have brainstormed some ideas including "Operations and Engagement Officer" "Museum Program and Operations Coordinator" and "Public Programs and Museum Operations Coordinator" however I am open to any suggestions that you may have and understand that several factors will determine the change of title.

I would also like to add some points that we may discuss further:

- I would like to ask for a review of my contracted hours, which are currently 9:30am-4pm. Although it was designed to match the museum's opening hours, it has led me to work outside of my contracted hours. If I can extend my workday to 5pm, I would have an extra hour for events and contracting-related administration.

- Lastly, I am managing, coordinating, and rostering hosts for the Reverberations exhibition, which may need further discussion as to how it moves forward. happy to do so with C and N.

I appreciate your time and consideration of these matters. It is understood that a performance review and a discussion of my role at the museum and salary will take place within the next three months. Additionally, we will review the scope of my responsibilities going forward. Please let me know if you

need any further information or clarification regarding any of the tasks or responsibilities that have been assigned to me. I look forward to discussing these matters with you soon, and I am excited to contribute to the success of the museum.

Thank you again for this opportunity, happy Easter!

Warm regards,

E

20/04/2023

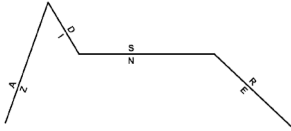
Hi C,

thanks for holding down the fort while I've been gone. I just wanted to mention that I'm sure that you're at the receiving end of a lot of gossip and rumors and I apologise if it's caused you any distress or confusion. Anyone who is coming to you with the sorts of rumors that I have left the museum do not have the right information or intentions. I assure you I am still employed and moving forward with my position in a new and exciting way.

Please take these things with a grain of salt.

Looking forward to seeing you soon,

E



[Attack, Decay-Sustain, Release]

www.adsrzine.com

ADSR ZINE is an artist collective comprised of Elia Bosshard and James Hazel, known for their award-winning publication ADSR Zine that features writing and media from contributors who are, or who work with contemporary practising artists.

We value the process of reflection, translation, interpretation, critical response and active engagement with Australian art and performance.

We believe that the artist is not only an expert in their field, but offers an important voice beyond the scope of their primary discipline. Artists are welcomed to move beyond this scope to embrace naivety, presenting the sweep, the details, or a combination of both. We embrace experimentalism and failure as an integral part of artistic practice and view the zine as a testing ground for new ideas, as well as for fully formed works.

ADSR Zine is has a strong interdisciplinary focus, delivering written, sonic and visual resources to present, support and facilitate discourse between contemporary practising artists.

WHAT WE DO

ADSR Zine offers a 3-part conceptual scaffold that is designed to evoke experimental and non-formalist approaches to responsive writing and media within a contemporary arts and performance context.

OUR POINT OF DEPARTURE

ADSR Zine is a platform for discourse that encourages experimental approaches to discussing visual, performative and sound art. Functioning from an 'art begets art' premise, we offer contributors significant creative license. We are influenced by the wave of 80's and 90's experimental music and art publications (NMA, Sounds Australia, Real Time) which were platforms for creative and innovative solutions to writing and conceptualising experimental work.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The editors extend their deepest gratitude to every contributor, who volunteers their time and work freely. They are the zine and we would not exist without their support and generous contributions. Thank you also to you, dear reader, you keep us going x

