

Bethink

Susan Bruce

Gary Campbell

Michael Gabbedy

Keith Giles



2-25 November 2011

SASA GALLERY

Bethink

Artists:

Susan Bruce
Gary Campbell
Michael Gabbedy
Keith Giles

Curators:

Susan Bruce & Keith Giles

External Scholars

Dr Vicki Crowley, Senior Lecturer,
School of Communication,
International Studies and Languages, UniSA

Stephanie Radok,
South Australian artist and writer

Writer:

Keith Giles

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Dr Mary Knights, Director, SASA Gallery, UniSA

Catalogue Design

Keith Giles, Manager, SASA Gallery, UniSA



Michael Gabbedy, *Out for a spin*, 2011, hand coloured photograph on felt with embroidery, 13 x 18 cm

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Front cover: *clothing swap over!* vernacular photograph. n.d.
Back cover: Les Messiter dressed as Mae West, vernacular photograph,
circa 1930's, Hazelbrook, Blue Mountains, NSW
(images hand coloured by Keith Giles)



Susan Bruce, *Obscured*, video, 2011

Introduction

Tender and sensual, *Bethink*, curated by Susan Bruce and Keith Giles, brings together the work of artists and writers who draw on very personal experiences to explore relationships between memory, sexuality and repression.

Bethink is one of a series of research based projects that engages external scholars to participate in the SASA Gallery's exhibition and publication programs. The external scholars for this exhibition are Dr Vicki Crowley and Stephanie Radok.

Vicki Crowley is a Senior Lecturer in the School of Communications, International Studies and Languages, UniSA. In her recent research Crowley has focused on the cultural politics of affect, especially as they relate to the cultural politics of the body, racism, postcolonialism and sexualities. Stephanie Radok is an artist, writer and editor. Her most recent exhibition was *The Sublingual Museum* at Flinders University City Gallery in July 2011. Radok has made a significant contribution to the Adelaide arts sector through her critical writing. Her new book *An Opening* will be published by Wakefield Press in December 2011.

The SASA Gallery has received immense support and assistance from many people in the development of this exhibition and the associated events and catalogue. Special thanks to Susan Bruce, Vicki Crowley, Gary Campbell, Michael Gabbedy, Keith Giles, Stephanie Radok. Also, thanks to Hon. Ian Hunter MLC for launching the exhibition and the Feast Festival for their generous enthusiasm and support.

The SASA Gallery supports a program of exhibitions focusing on innovation, experimentation and performance. With the assistance of the Division of Education, Art and Social Sciences and the Division Research Performance Fund, the SASA Gallery is being developed as a leading contemporary art space publishing and exhibiting high-quality research based work, and as an active site of teaching and learning. The SASA Gallery showcases South Australian artists, designers, writers and curators associated with Art, Architecture & Design, UniSA in a national and international context.

Dr Mary Knights
Director, SASA Gallery
Art, Architecture & Design
University of South Australia

Rethinking the past

Stephanie Radok

The most famous element in *À la recherche du temps perdu/ Remembrance of Things Past* by Marcel Proust is the madeleine, the small cake crumbled into a mouthful of linden tea that the narrator eats and from which his vivid memories arise. Proust calls what flows from that small mouthful of tea and cake – “the vast structure of recollection” – a reasonable description of his sprawling seven volume novel.

Like Proust the four artists - Susan Bruce, Gary Campbell, Michael Gabbedy and Keith Giles - showing work in *Bethink* at the South Australian School of Art (SASA) Gallery in November during the Feast Festival are each reflecting upon and thinking over the past in order to create structures that recollect and refashion it. The Feast Festival which will be held this year from 12-27 November is Adelaide’s major arts festival for the lesbian and gay community. It includes performing and visual arts, film, literature, food and forums.

Growing up is always difficult but growing up queer is definitely harder. The exhibition curators Keith Giles and Susan Bruce quote from a book on *Gay and lesbian families*: “The way a word like family is defined can affect social policies and practices in a community. Being included in the definition often conveys important rights and privileges while being excluded bars people from these advantages.”¹ As I write these words Federal Parliament is debating gay marriage, a large part of the rationale for which is surely about normalising being gay as being no big deal, no threat, no fear.

The Visual Arts PhD research of Keith Giles on the subject of censorship and self-censorship in art has lead him to look back at his own childhood and adolescence in the form of his old school photos and the elements of repression and disguise within them.

Internationally screened experimental video artist Susan Bruce recently completed a documentary about the 1972 drowning in the River Torrens of academic Dr George Duncan, an event which led to South Australia being the first state to introduce gay law reform. Her videos often use disintegrating imagery to examine the mundane and domestic.

When his partner of 30 years died Michael Gabbedy put together a series of photographs for the funeral. In the new work he has made for *Bethink* he looks back at the history of this long relationship through stitched images, text and photographs. Gary Campbell uses a bowerbird scrapbook aesthetic to combine history and memory, and to examine what normal means and might mean. He writes: “By pursuing this mixture of past and present there is a sense that the future will be less daunting. Less of a scramble for relevance, less of a search for dignity.”

1. Kate Burns, ed., 2005, *Gay and lesbian families*, Library of Congress Cataloguing-In-Publication Data, http://www.dikseo.teimes.gr/.../Gay_and_Lesbian_Families_Viewpoints.pdf



Gary Campbell, *anamneses*. 2011, collaged children's encyclopedias, sticky tape, dimensions variable

The land of plenty

Keith Giles

Between the 1940s and the 1970s, as most Australians are aware, more than a million British migrants known as 'ten pound Poms' emigrated to Australia as part of a somewhat desperate post-war strategy to fill the nation with 'white' migrants. Some returned home to Britain after their compulsory two years, disillusioned about what they had found in Australia. The majority permanently embraced life on the other side of the world.¹

It would be impossible for me not to reflect about my arts practice without investigating the move from England to Australia at the age of eight.

My parents, Dennis and Ethel decided to migrate to Australia in 1965. Dad, a very proud man was adamant that they had no assistance with their passage to Australia, we were not ten-pound *Poms*, but all too often were labelled as such.

We arrived with little, my parents determined to make a new life. Australia was then touted as the *land of plenty*, with the perfect climate, where the potential for prosperity was limitless.

Though the landscape is one of rare beauty, to a European or English eye it seems desolate, and even after more than forty years my father could not become reconciled to it. He longed for generous and soft European foliage, but the eucalypts of Baringhup, scraggy except for the noble red gums on the riverbank, seemed symbols of deprivation and barrenness. In this way he was typical of many immigrants whose eyes always turned away offended.²

I hated Australia; to me it seemed hot, desolate, dry and harsh. I felt an overwhelming sense of dislocation and alienation. I longed to return to something familiar, somewhere green, and somewhere cold, anywhere but here.

When I first start schooling I was put down a grade, (the English school system wasn't considered to be of equal standing by Australian standards). I felt like the odd one out, taller than the rest of the students in my class, the *pommy* with the *funny* accent that didn't quite fit in.

In 1966, my parents bought their first house in Elizabeth Fields. Finances were always tight and I remember worrying that there wouldn't be enough money to buy food. Dad was a shift worker and until able to afford a car he would often walk home from Gepps Cross to Elizabeth (some 20km). In the summer months we temporarily moved to the Riverland where Mum worked canning fruit.

I have one single photograph taken from that time at Elizabeth Fields Primary school - my first school photograph in Australia. This image for me encapsulates the feelings and memories from that time and it forms the basis for the large scale photographs in *Bethink. The old school photograph #1-7* symbolise:

a beginning of repression and methods to disguise it
a sense of despair, hopelessness
of darkness and melancholy moods
sadness, tears
of losing identity
erasure
bullying and abuse
that I didn't belong
that I questioned inhumanity and violence
that self-censorship and censorship were ever present

In the early 1970s I attended Smithfield Plains High School - unbeknown to my parents this school had an appalling reputation for lack of classroom supervision, bullying and absenteeism. For four years fellow students and sometimes teachers bullied both me and my best mate Ian. We were often, ridiculed, spat-on, coerced, abused verbally and often threatened with physical violence. I wondered why and how we were seen as so different and such a threat, it didn't make sense.

I became a good runner.
I ran everywhere, I ran mostly from fear but also self-preservation.
Eventually I retreated and the *black dog* followed.

Fear became my closest companion and it wasn't until the late seventies when I left Australia with a one-way ticket to Nepal that my fear dissolved and my camera became my constant companion. My life had changed - I began writing, keeping a travel log of daily events and started taking photographs, this became my vehicle of self-expression and my way to meet people.

I worked and travelled the world for two years before returning to Australia.

I often wonder if life would have been any different had I stayed in England? Something I will never know.

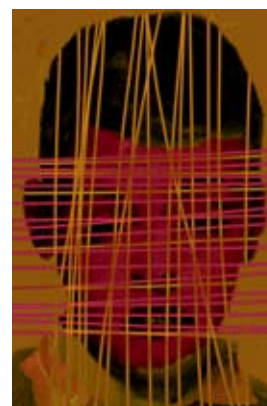
Through many years of psychoanalysis, meditation and Buddhist practice, there is reconciliation of the past, there is calm, there is peace.

Reflection/recalling/recognition.

I met my partner, Gary Campbell in 1981 and Susan Bruce as a fellow student at the North Adelaide School of Art in 1984. It has been richly rewarding working with Gary, Michael (Susan's Uncle) and Susan on this exhibition. Without their dedication, knowledge, support and experience this project would not have been possible.

Heartfelt thanks.

1. *Ten Pound Poms: Australia's Invisible Migrants*.
www.apinetwork.com/main/index.php?apply=reviews&webpage=api_reviews&flexedit=&flex_password=&menu_label=&menuID=61&menu_box=&Review=4772
2. Gaita, R. *Romulus My Father*, 1998, Text Publishing, Melbourne Australia.



Through me forbidden voices
Voices of sex and lusts – voices veil'd,
And I remove the veil; Voices indecent
By me clarified and transfigur'd.

Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*

Keith Giles, *The old school photo* (original)
The old school photo, #1 & 2, 2010,
Giclée print on Hahnemühle fine art paper, ultrachrome inks, 71 x 100 cm

Bethink: Vicki Crowley

you know, they straightened out the Mississippi in places ... occasionally the river floods these places. "Floods" is the word they use, but in fact it is not flooding: it is remembering. Remembering where it used to be.

All water has a perfect memory and is forever trying to get back to where it was ... [artists] are like that, remembering where we were, what valley we ran through, what the banks were like ... it is an emotional memory – what the nerves and skin remember as well as how it happened. And a rush of imagination it is our "flooding".

Still like water, I remember where I was before I was "straightened out".

toni morrison, 1990

ghost stream

1. be, think, memory

... it is memory that makes us who we are, an almost magical alchemy ... evocative, urged into presence through our senses, a fragrance, a sound, salt on the tongue or the combination of the smell of turned earth and the taste of a pea plucked from a bush as tall as we are, summer days in the shade of a burdened fruit tree, it's fruit's ripeness an admixture of colour, taste, smell, the feel of shade on a hot day; a rush of blood to the head, to the heart, the swelling throat, the brush of fabric, a colour piercing our brain in a fleeting moment and we, as body many years past the event, are transported deep into ourselves in a time-altered, time present past.

The stuff of memory: gossamer, luxury, tangential yet simultaneously precise, affirming.

The stuff of memory tortured through the debates of 'false memory' nonetheless remains a tantalising science where the literal working of synapse, hypothalamus, prefrontal cortex and cerebellum entice and provoke ongoing enquiry. Where Freud meets primal therapy and our

need to capture memory, resides in untouchable, unassailable recesses, eschewing rationality, a need to know and the carefree, care-less knowing.

In the heart of the flinders ranges an epitaph accounts for the vestiges of white settlement and makes mention, in passing of the ghost stream ... whose dream, whose dream? Whose country calls forth, hails the imagined, the possibility of queer sovereignty ... of kinships formed through an altered knowing, the flood, literal, visceral, engulfing body, engulfing soul, filling mind, engorging, pumping ... then draining away, exhausted, yet to appear, reappear, claiming its truth, its path, its ever being so. The ghost stream, wetted through downpour, reclaims its path, its memory incontrovertible.

spirit dancing

'... these fragile indices may be the warning signs of serious mutations to come'¹.

who is queer in here?

2. be, think, sexual

The fullness of sexual pleasure, insatiable, satiated lust, wet, wetness, rivers of sweat, of body on body, bodies, pulsing, urging, urgent then gone ... but remember when ... those whispers, those callings into queer sex ... when was it when I, when you, first thought it, did I, did you ever not be this thing, when did I, did you know that my body, your body must be heard and heard in this way, what secret pleasures do I, do you recall, what secret pleasure recall me, recall you, reshape me, reshape you?

hard sex, kind sex, sex of a kind, in pursuit

memory, family, story, art: defy, defy, defiant ... the immediate knowing, deep knowing that there is more: '... resisting in the service of normalisation ... embracing ... contamination and imbrication ...'² '... the strict taste for refinement, paradox, and aporia, "the incorruptables"³

shuddering

... hearing oneself speak, and speaking through made object, gathered remnant, photograph, spliced, composition, sound, stitching, pasting, text ... the artists work memory, family, mask, story, self, 'mixity'⁴, seeking, saying, a truth, truths, mundane, domestic, disguised, breathless, panting, hastening breath, gasp, silence,

fuck

3. be, think, memory

memory entails the revelation of a kind of truth, ineffable and flexible, the dimly recalled bringing with it a sharpened presence, an edge to current temporalities and spatialities, driving, soothing, haunting and in creative works that drag, pull forth and respond, revealing truths of certain kinds, not absolute, perhaps whimsical, perhaps desired. The exteriorisation gives us the opportunity to absorb, reflect, encounter, be, become.

4. be, think, family

inside family, of a kind. It is inside family of a kind that child being makes its way, that thing childhood, that thing, memories of childhood, yours, mine, same, not-same, connect me, connect us. Now we build from memory, build a present, make sense, makes no sense ... make sense of no-sense, makes no sense whatsoever, yet, we retrace, we gather, we reconfigure, we build.

who gives birth to what kind of child, who can reproduce the nation

stranger or family member

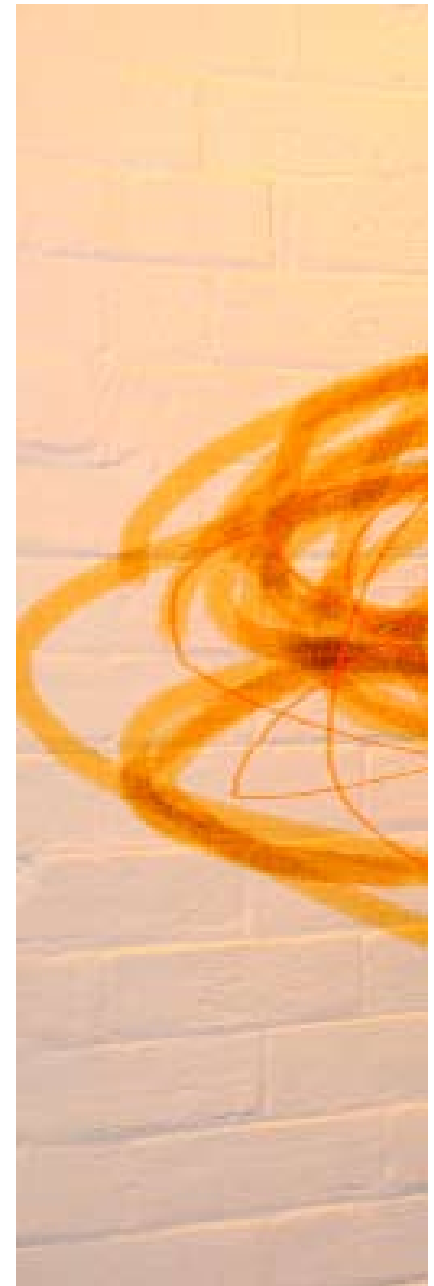
two adults – a family

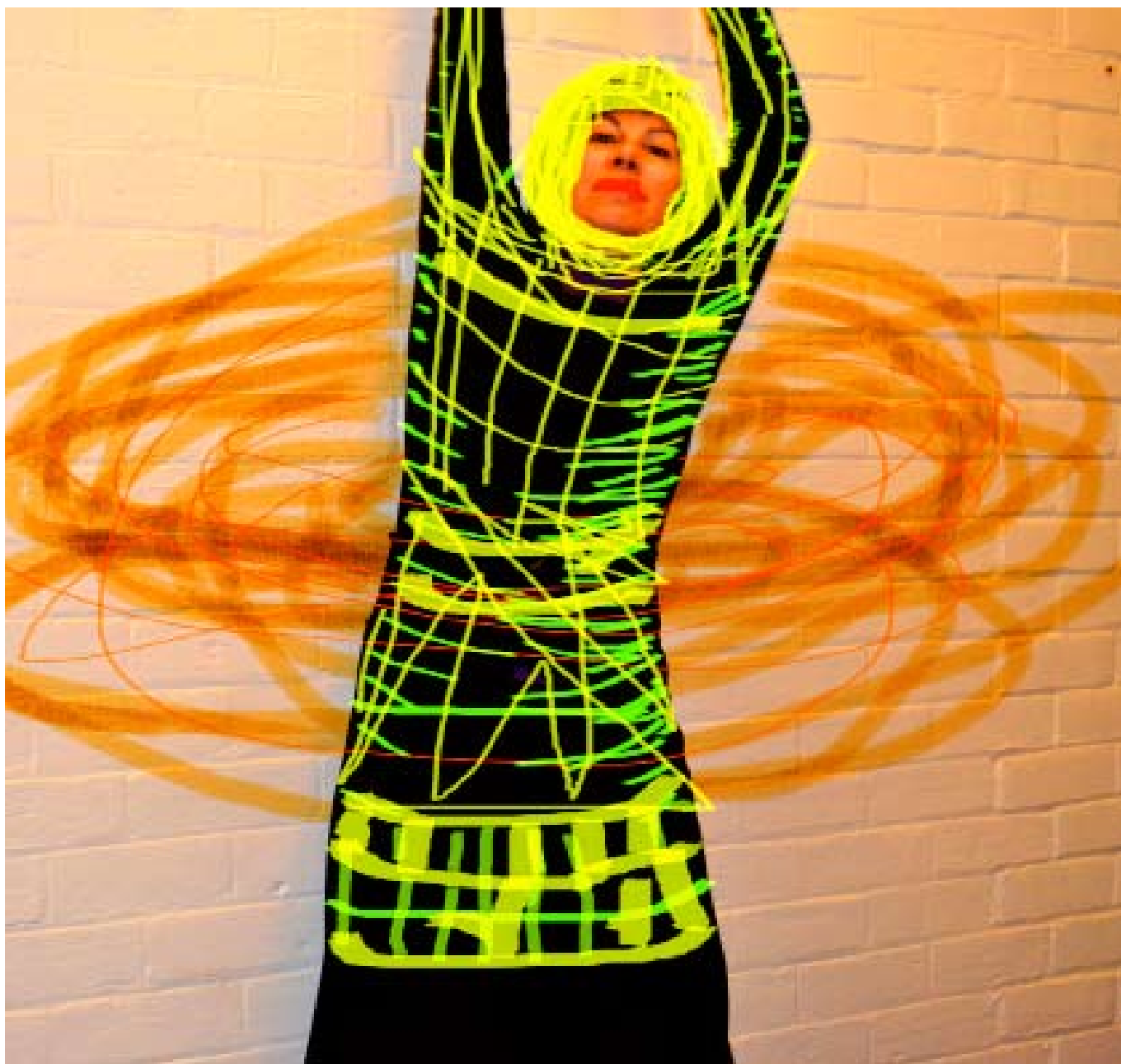
5. be, think, child

... there is research, this way and that, about 'infantile amnesia', the scarcity of infantile memories, childhood amnesia, that period of time from birth to maybe aged two or three when we can begin to 'remember', to have memories, to recall images ... recalling images through language.

our so very contested lives

Science, neuroscience brought to the nuance of childhood memory, still the quest to understand, dispel the amnesia of birth to two. Is it a question of the pre-verbal, that we do not remember our earliest years, because we are yet to have words to name them? Can we discount body memory? What of the sensory, sensate, emotional memory, what is it whose trace is now unidentifiable yet the body twitches, yearns, leans, lifts, aches, arches, cries out, from who knows where, but cry and quiver it does.

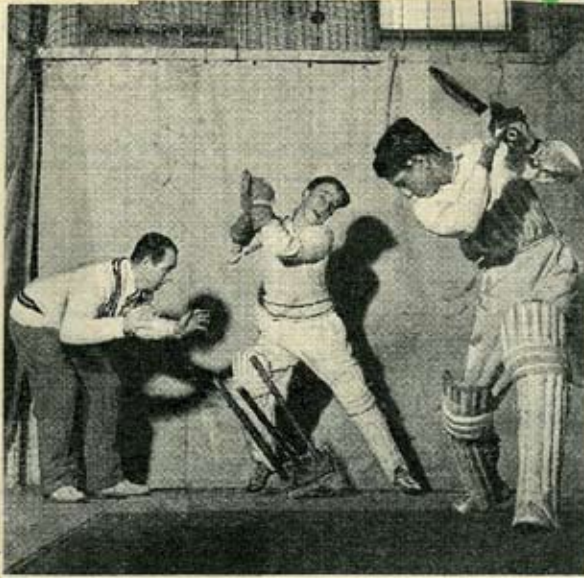




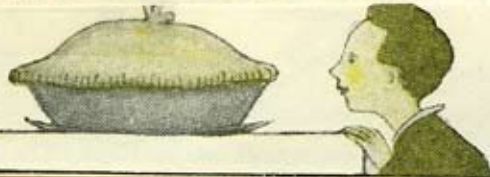
Susan Bruce, *Obscured*, video, 2011

MAKING ANAGRAMS
from which we get
THE GREAT GRASS

VOLUME SIX



KEEPING HAND AND EYE IN DURING WINTER
AT AN INDOOR CRICKET SCHOOL



Gary Campbell, *anamneses* 2011,
collaged children's encyclopedias,
sticky tape, dimensions variable

and lust it does, the lustful child

The synapses develop, the synapses connect, retrieval occurs ... the visual critical, the auditory critical ... , the strength of many, or selected, or the diminished or absent senses available to each body, dead, absent, developed, developing, making memory, magical alchemy, making us who we are

'... by 24 months, the number of synapses in the prefrontal cortex has reached adult levels'⁵

All water has a perfect memory ...

Our politics may say, 'Assaults on memory – on particular memories and on the value of memory itself ... threaten not only our knowledge of the past, but our ability to imagine, reshape, and make claims for identification in the present and in the future as well'⁶

the ushering of normalisation, ushered towards heterosexuality

no queer child, no queer childhood, but oh yes, we remember

6. be, think, a once us

what to claim, what to hold onto, what tells of many, many years and the passing of material intimacies to only what one now recalls of them, seeking the feel, laying in wait for the memory of the touch, the laughter, the bitterness, some bitterness, the call and recalling of the best, the afterwards of cruelties, wasted, fragile, the fragility of we, gauzy, filmy, ethereal, we
once were
still are
full
rich
remnant
memory
re-memory – writing, making the unwritten, when moved beyond memory

a relationship between forgetting and memory ... in those relations lies another understanding of how recollecting echoes memory, memory beyond memory, open to a vast past, to a vast presence, a nomadic, vagrant, intangible, something
a we
an us

once, now, gone, never gone
yesterday at my fingertips
today my palm opens,
I will the tips of my fingers to remember
you
the feel of you
at the tip of my fingers
at fingers tip

7. be, think, history

'historical touches' ... 'collapsing time through affective contact'⁷

between now and then, immediate affect and need and interior knowings, where linearity
defers to a zig-zag between this and that, here and there, the now of a past

a queer desire for history, a story, stories... we turn 'away from the narrative coherence of
adolescence-early-adulthood-marriage-reproduction-child-rearing-retirement-death ...
find[ing] insights in eccentric and unrepresentative archives'⁸ ... and we build a collective
memory, where memory becomes a subcultural space, having its own logics ... replete with
disqualified knowing, 'fluid in the present-expectant in the past'⁹

the spine of a book, the flash of a word, the comic image ... making history
elided, erased, actively forgotten, precluded
extrusion, extraction, gaining traction
joy, revealing forbidden, hidden pleasures

8. be, think, ghost stream

be-think ... to be, to be queer, queerly being, child, child snatches of queer moments, those
scalene moments that sit unlike an isosceles triangle

the infinity of traces that refuse anchor, that slide still further from grasp the closer one thinks
one is

No, not shadow chasing, but the lengthening of shadow as sun or moon tow inexorably to
their disappearance and reappearance



Wisdom is acceptance ...
and an acceptance of the world around us.

Dr Dorothy Rowe

Keith Giles, *The old school photo*, # 3-5, 2010,
Giclée print on Hahnemühle fine art paper, ultrachrome inks, 71 x 100 cm

where are we queerly inside and aside these scientific inquiries into child

remembrances ... this knowing, otherwise, this knowing that what is uttered is ever only partial
and onto it we add, we stick on, we stitch our selves, we be, we think

... and children are carriers of trace, long shadows stretch from a snatched fragment that
leaps and links to the sense of sun and shade and shadow disappears into the envelope of
evenings cool, nights thickness and with it the springing to life of reflections ... the moments
and fragments that tantalise sleep into being and then the twitch of REM sleeping, the image of
dream, the dream of desire, the dream of fright, the calm and chaos of recognition

as adult, aging ever older, our child self is in our skin, in our organs, in our follicles, nestled
in body part, carried in senses, at times leaping out in laughter or pang of pain ...

and sex, the sexed body, imprints of the call and pressure, the force of normalisation ... the
resisting, the elasticity of friction, the friction of resistance ... a mouth full of other body

awaken, awakening, alert to the interior pleasure ... knowing a description lives in the surface
of utterance by others, but being secretes itself into an interior life

... gathering, gather up, fragments and larger things ... giving names, giving words to
something else, knowing perversely, hearing the word perverse, contemplating its literality,
rejecting its condemnatory and self-congratulatory tone, seeking its lusciousness, its
connection with the other side, another side

... fa'afafine ... your beauty calls up love

... cross dresser ..., queer straight man, your abandon entices

between event and repetition

embrace

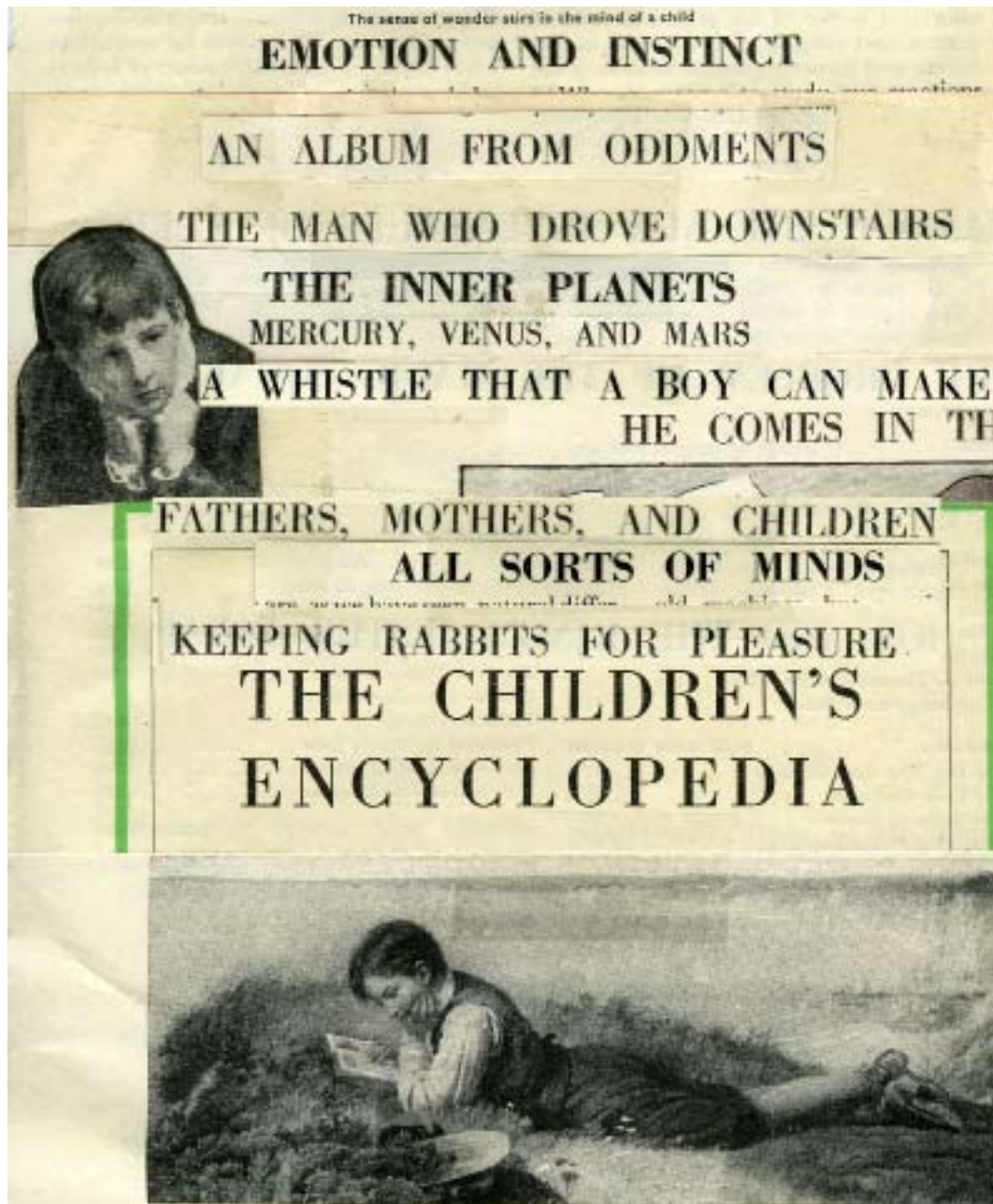
memory embraces

memory gathers

memory prevents the worst violence, it attempts to render justice, it retrieves and reprieves, it
can offer sanctuary, just as it can haunt, tease, test and taunt.

But, we ask, whose is this voice that taunts? Who speaks it, from where does it whisper?

resisting the phantasm of normalisation, we build, we future, we connect, we make family
memory, a place that creates, a place that calls up defiance, hails other ways of being,



Gary Campbell, *anamneses*, 2011, collaged children's encyclopedias, sticky tape, dimensions variable



Michael Gabbedy, *Red man & running man* from *Pictures*, book, 2011,
embroidery on calico, variable sizes.

other ways of knowing

Memory, like writing ... 'To have to find again, urgently, an entrance, breath, to keep the trace'¹⁰

Ars Memorativa the art of memory, as an ... art of composition and meditation
... to reach the intelligible world beyond appearances
... it was the Puritans who attacked the art of memory as impious as it was thought to excite
absurd and obscene thoughts

ah, we relish absurd and obscene thoughts, rabellaise, carnivale, the way in which the
recollection of a memory recollects itself, laughing, joking, masquerade, massing, joyous

bodies

call up emotion when recollected
growing up, never growing up, Peter Pan, Tinkerbell ... the girl next door, the boy next door,
the glory hole, the sink-hole of who we are,

memory ... a precious idea

9. bethink

recalling,
quirkiness
memory ... a precious idea
... it is memory that makes us who we are, an almost magical alchemy... evocative, urged into presence

be

think

bethink

Endnotes:

1. Michèle Le Doeuff, writes of 'the denial of mixity' and argues that attending to the practices of denial requires us to 'pay attention to trivialities, to apparently insignificant choices of words which may nevertheless have far-reaching impact'. In LeDoeuff, M. Harsh Times, *New Left Review* 1/199, May-June, 1993:127-139.

2. Tom Boellstorff, 'When Marriage Falls', *GLQ: A Journal of Lesbian and Gay Studies*, 13-2-3, 2007: 227-148.

3. Jacques Derrida, 'Interview', *Le Monde* on August 19, 2004.

4. Le Doeuff, op cit.

5. Hayne, Harlene. 'Infant Memory Development: Implications for childhood amnesia.' Elsevier. 2003. (April 21, 2008) www.ballarat.edu.au/ard/bssh/school/nr521/childhood%20amnesia2.pdf

6. Christopher Castiglia & Christopher Reed, 2004, "Ah yes, I remember it well": Memory and queer culture' in *Will & Grace*, *Cultural Critique*, No. 56, Winter, 2004: 158-188.

7. Carolyn Dinshaw, in Dinshaw, Carolyn. et al. 'Theorizing Queer Temporalities: A Roundtable Discussion' *GLQ: A Journal of Lesbian and Gay Studies*, 13-2-3, 2007: 177-196.

8. Judith Halberstam in Dinshaw, *ibid.* 2007: 182.

9. Christopher Nealon in Dinshaw, *ibid.* 2007: 179.

10. Hélène Cixous, 'Vera Andermatt Conley', *Hélène Cixous* Toronto: University Press, 1992.



Images: (top to bottom)
Keith Giles, *The old school photo*, 2011
Gary Campbell, *anamneses*, 2011, collaged children's encyclopedias, sticky tape, dimensions variable
Michael Gabbedy at *Richards Funeral*, 2011, photograph by Volker Mattar.

I loved playing with Ken
Barbie doll. I was so
upset when his head fell off.

Fiona

Mum named me after she'd been
to the Ring of Kerry,
a beautiful place in Ireland.

Kerry

Every day is a bonus.

Mary Lou

I remember as a little boy
praying to God
to give me dimples and breasts;
now I am glad He didn't exist!

Volker



Michael Gabbedy, *Richard in dog suit*, 2011, photograph on felt with embroidery, 13 x 18 cm

Acknowledgements

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The Director, SASA Gallery, would like to acknowledge the contribution to the development of the 2011 exhibition program by the SASA Gallery Programming Committee and AAD Events and Exhibition Committee; Professor Kay Lawrence; Dr Kathleen Connellan, Portfolio Leader: Research; Dr Pam Zeplin, Portfolio Leader: Research/Education; Professor Mads Gaardboe, Head, AAD; Prof Margaret Peters, Dean: Research and Research Education, DIVEASS, and Professor Pal Ahluwalia, Pro-Vice Chancellor, DIVEASS, UniSA. Thanks also to Tony and Connie Perrini from Perrini Estate.

Thanks to the curators, artists and writers for their generous participation in this exhibition, catalogue and associated events. Susan Bruce would like to thank everyone who generously gave their time and agreed to be photographed for *Ken Barbie, Holy Communion, Shintaro and more...*

Curator: Susan Bruce & Keith Giles

Artists: Susan Bruce, Gary Campbell, Michael Gabbedy & Keith Giles

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Art, Architecture
and Design

SASA
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