

FUCK
SAKE
PART
DEUX

The assembled
artists in the exhibition
FUCK SAKE PART
DEUX are all from the
area in Western Australia
surrounding the city of
Perth. I have never been to
Australia and do not know if
I ever will.

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*Perth Local Time: Sunday 9.47 am, 27 March 2011
Weather: 36° - Sunny*

*Yes, Perth is boring. I'm bored out of my mind.
There is absolutely noting to do here.
The shops are closed on Sundays so I can't shop.
There are no decent pubs so I can't go out drinking.
Bananas cost \$38.50 per kilo. Lettuce is \$18.00 per head.
My foreign TV set doesn't work here.
I have to get a licensed electrician to change the light bulb
that blew out in my front hall.*

I suggest we all drink the cyanide laced kool-aid now.

- a post from Dorothy on www.britishexpats.com



*Derelict Palm & Pedo-Van
Jpeg
2012
Dylan Hewson*



City Toyota in Northbridge
Jpeg
2011
Dylan Hewson

Perth is the capital of Western Australia, where 1,650,000 people live on an infertile coastal plain wedged between the Indian Ocean and the Darling Range escarpment spreading 90 kilometres from north to south and 50 kilometres from west to east. In 2010 it tied with Adelaide for eight place in the Economist's list of the World's Most Liveable Cities.

Perth is regularly cited as the most isolated capital city in the world, which, although not quite true (Honolulu has the official title), is an idea that fits in easily with the self-image of locals. It is cheaper to fly from Perth to Bali than it is to fly to any other Australian capital city.

Perth is the sunniest city in the country and the third windiest city in the world. The daily, gusty sea breeze is colloquially referred to as the 'Fremantle Doctor' in honour of the stench of burning human flesh blown inland from the Fremantle crematoria in the early days of the colony's existence. The Doctor starts mid-to-late morning throughout the long Indian Summer, and howls until well after the sun has gone down, a phenomena driven by the temperature differences between the hot landmass and the cold Antarctic sea currents.

The hot, dry climate of Perth shapes the way of life there. You can schedule a barbecue in Perth three months in advance. The cloudless blue skies that dominate for nine months of the year are reminiscent of the 'big sky country' of the American Midwest, but the harsh white light also reminds one of the beach from Albert Camus' *The Outsider* (1942) - disorientating and alienating. The city is dictated to by the rhythms of the sun, rhythms that are circadian and atavistic. Perth is never referred to in tourist brochures as a '24-Hour City'.

WELCOME TO BOOMTOWN

- Graffiti near the Perth Domestic Airport.

In order to understand Perth's place as the centre of 'the West' you have to first understand the mythology of mining and, more specifically, iron ore's importance to the state and its capital. The state's second (and still continuing) mining boom - which has definitively shaped modern Western Australia - had its genesis in the discovery of the Hope Downs iron ore deposit by Langley 'Lang' Hancock in 1952. Hope Downs is roughly 100 kilometres north-west of Newman in the Pilbara region of Western Australia, which is

itself more than 1,100 sparsely populated kilometres away from Perth. (The Pilbara takes its name from the Aboriginal word bilybara meaning 'dry', but the region is also unbearably hot. In 1924 a nearby town named Marble Bar set a world record of 160 consecutive days with temperatures greater than 37.8 degrees celsius.) The reserves of iron ore at Hope Downs were so vast that at the time of survey they were considered sufficient to supply the entire world for 250 years. The discovery sparked a wave of exploration in the Pilbara, and Rio Tinto was the first to commence production in 1966. Production at the Hope Downs reserve itself did not begin until July 2007. Lang Hancock was dead by then, having spent his final years married to a Filipina maid named Rose and living in 'Prix D'Amour', a sixteen-block mansion he built for her fashioned on the 'Tara' plantation from Gone With the Wind. Lang's daughter from his previous marriage, Gina Rinehart, is now Australia's richest person, worth some \$9 billion.

The mining boom has generated an asset price bubble that makes the city a difficult one for those not involved, at least peripherally, in the mining industry. In February 2010 one publication in the affluent western suburbs of the city trumpeted a small, run-down block of land near the ocean (but without beach frontage or view) as 'One of the Last Bargains of Summer'. The asking price for the property was \$3.2 million. Four of the seven most expensive suburbs in the country are in Perth, including Cottesloe at the top of the list with a median house price of \$2 million. A thirty-one year old mining industry financier recently told me that with US asset prices so low, he could afford to buy and transport a ninety-foot super-yacht from New York - the only problem was that no amount of money could get him a place to berth the boat in Perth. The two-speed economy in the West brings together people with quite different sets of 'problems'.

In 2011 it is not the Pilbara but St. Georges Terrace, Perth's financial centre, which is the true heart of the mining boom. On 'the Terrace' the buildings are modern and clean, and there is a provincial feel that has more in common with Dallas, Texas than it does with Sydney or Melbourne. Very little of Perth's CBD survived the wrecking balls of the 1960s and 1970s. In planning terms, 'heritage' is a word only ever used to describe a temporary impediment to development. There is a disconnect between WA's economic success, confidence and dynamism, and its lack of cultural sophistication. Trading hours and licensing laws have remained largely unchanged over the last thirty years. It is difficult to find a drink in a licensed venue in Perth after midnight on a Saturday unless you visit a nightclub, a strip club, or the airport. Due to its extreme urban sprawl the city is married to freeways and motor cars, and the rail system services a very small percentage of the city's inhabitants. A 2010 piece in the West Australian entitled 'Perth can't

shake mining town tag' compared the city's vein of social conservatism 'to a different era well passed in most developed economies around the world'.

WA is one of only two Australian states that does not implement a daylight-saving program in the summer, so for almost half the year the city is three hours behind the east coast, instead of the usual two. The cultural and geographic distance between Western Australia and the rest of the world sometimes reveals itself in small acts of quiet desperation. Perth's Wikipedia entry notes that: 'Perth became known worldwide as the "City of Light" when city residents lit their house lights and streetlights as American astronaut John Glenn passed overhead while orbiting the earth on Friendship 7 in 1962.' There is a sense that, like shipwreck survivors spelling out S.O.S. in gigantic letters on a deserted beach, these are people trying to connect.

Western Australians have always felt separate from the rest of the country. The state was not mentioned in the preamble to the Constitution at the time of Federation as its support of the movement was faltering and, finally, given too late for the Constitution to be redrafted. It reluctantly consented to join the Commonwealth in time for its establishment on January 1, 1901. However, there are regular calls in the West for it to secede from the Commonwealth, tapping into a sensibility within the state that is self sufficient and overlooked, that it generates a disproportionate amount of income in relation to its political influence and share of federal tax revenues, and that its industry unnecessarily subsidises the rest of the country. As recently as 2010, in response to the proposed mining 'super tax', WA Mining Minister Norman Moore enunciated a feeling shared on St Georges Terrace:

'There's a very, very strong view in Western Australia, not just in the government but right across the community, that this intrusion by the Commonwealth into what we do in Western Australia is not welcome'. The sentiment could not have been summed up more clearly: 'We don't need anyone else, we've got it good here', For those living there, the West may be as Joan Didion once described California: 'A place in which a boom mentality and a sense of Chekhovian loss meet in uneasy suspension; in which the mind is troubled by some buried but ineradicable suspicion that things work better here, because here, beneath the immense bleached sky, is where we run out of continent.' To outsiders Perth is something else, a place where Protestant work ethic, hot sun and high land prices dissipates any energy not able to be directly applied to self interest - perhaps the last extant of stable financial modernism. 'Old money' and a deeply intertwining social elite are largely irrelevant in a town where the majority of wealth has been created in the last two generations. Nonetheless Perth has a disproportionate number of social columns printed in the West Australian, which focus largely on

the mining-money-funded activities of Perth's 'A-list', which also includes car salesmen, real estate developers, pornographers, local politicians and Australian Rules footballers.

The parochialism of the West cannot be dismissed as simply 'small town' because the region's isolation is tinged with economic sophistication and a keen sense of history. Western Australians are descendants of people who crossed oceans and deserts for a chance of wealth and a better life, and one can see how locals might get the idea that those who have not taken the journey should not share the prize of boundless exuberance and hard-won prosperity. With their pervasive frontier mentality, it sometimes seems that Western Australians aspire to recreate 'Galt's Gulch' from Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged* (1957), a place of 'industrious, ambitious, happy people continuing their chosen fields of endeavour without the yokes of any taxation or regulation'. In fact, Rand's theory of 'Objectivism' for all its lack of romance could well be the moral code that governs life out in the West, where ambition and productivity are a virtue, with financial return its unambiguous measure: 'Money is a tool of exchange, which can't exist unless there are goods produced and men able to produce them... Money is not the tool of the moochers.'

*There are so many hotties in Perth ... all the rich men
get the hottie ladies and have a hot kid, then that hot
kid marries another rich one and so on and so on!
Plus Perth has cleaner air, better water supplies [sic],
superior nutrition and a great climate.*

- *Vogue Australia* Forum Post.

Notwithstanding its small population Perth has developed a reputation as a breeding ground for successful international Australian models. Justin Smith is a Perth-born artist and photographer who recently returned to the city to live after twenty years in the UK. He told me, 'It's fucking amazing here, this is the last city in the world where everyone is allowed to tear down an old house to build their new dream home ... everyone here is so fucking rich and beautiful and talented, [West Australians] are going to take over the world.' Smith is widely acknowledged for discovering a slew of fashion models in Perth who have become world-famous, including Gemma Ward and Nicole Trunfino. 'These girls are fucking beautiful and smart, and everyone wants what we've got.' He agrees that not everything they have is ideal - on another occasion I'm standing next to Smith at a supermarket when he pulls a box of \$12 pasta off the shelf and remarks, 'It's like fucking Switzerland in this town'. New York documentary maker and former supermodel Jay Bulger visits Perth most summers with his West Australian fiancée. He also



An Unattractive Public Verge
Jpeg
2012
Dylan Hewson

described Perth to me with a Swiss reference: 'Perth is Switzerland on the beach, comprised almost entirely of alpha males roaming the sand, looking for their next punch up. Which I always found strange considering the six foot, would-be supermodels around every corner - the city has the most beautiful gas station attendants in the world.'

The mix of affluence and social conservatism is not without its consequences. Perth has had several highly publicised heroin 'epidemics' in the last two decades of the boom, with heroin and methamphetamine use levels significantly above the national average, although they have improved. WA has a suicide rate at ten deaths per 100,000 people - markedly higher than New South Wales, Victoria and Queensland. As one Perth associate noted, 'this is a town where it's easy to be rich and still have broken dreams.'

F. Scott Fitzgerald's definition of a first-rate intelligence is 'the ability to hold two opposed ideas in the mind at the same time, and still retain the ability to function.' Perth is a town with an 'ability to function', but it is never more than a downturn in the still-booming Chinese economy away from becoming a ghost town, a disconnected and lonely millionaire existing out of time on the edge of the continent, with 'Prix D'Amour' an apt symbol: a 'Tara' plantation at the mercy of carpet baggers and economic ruin, capable of diapering as quickly as it has been constructed.

In the meantime the Fremantle Doctor whips across the city every afternoon while the Indian Ocean sparkles, reflecting off the new buildings and plate glass windows, spreading far up the coast to infinity, and almost, it seems possible to imagine, continuing all the way up to the Pilbara and beyond, to places where the city's golden lifestyle is dependent on ships being loaded with hundreds of millions of tonnes of ore bound for far-away ports.

Julian Hewitt.

This essay was originally published
in *Ampersand Magazine*, Spring 2011.

Images by Dylan Hewson.



An Ugly New House Under Construction

Jpeg

2012

Dylan Hewson

The title
FUCK SAKE
came from a
conversation between
Shannon, Emma and I
about how people in perth
always curate their friends
into shows. We agreed
that a show is always
better if you hate at
least one
person.

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FUCK SAKE

Public event · By Emma Buswell

Thursday, 17 November 2011 16:00 until 19:00

COURTYARD ART DEPARTMENT CURTIN

Oliver Hull curates the show FUCK SAKE at PLY GALLERY.

Fuck Sake is like at the end of a sleep-over when every one is reminiscing after watching a marathon of Soprano's, and some one has relationship problems. The emotionally fraught is consoled by the reminiscences of gun crime shared among friends. The work in fuck sake deals with the messy area between pop culture and everyday life. These works search for what benefits and uses it can have outside of entertainment. The work asks questions about possibilities for its use in expressing complex feeling, such as grieving and remembrance (Joseph Buckley Elegy XV 2011), or how do performances taken from pop culture help us understand the mundane(Giles Bunch Chair, 2009). The methods and symbols of popular culture which have become ubiquitous in contemporary culture are used by these artists as material to understand their relationship to it and elements of their everyday life

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Write something...

Caroline McGrath

FUCK YEAH!!!!... c ya there...x woوو..woوو... unless i get a job interview.. i gotta eat u know.. then i will just come after it!! xx..woo go girlll.. lahhhh deee ddaaahh...

Like · Comment · 13 November 2011 at 10:41

Giles Bunch

Hello and well done! this looks very exciting.

Joseph Buckley

Dylan Hewson

Oliver Hull

Joshua Hart

Going (15)

Maybe (4)

Invited (14)

Export · Report

Hardeep Tha Wickerman

It's his birthday.

Say Happy Birthday

Birthdays

See all

Tagged — Joshua Hart

3 9

Tagged — Joshua Hart

7 7

Tagged — Joshua Hart

7 19

Tagged — Joshua Hart

93

Chat (29)

Facebook event page for the first FUCK SAKE exhibition.



the first FUCK SAKE exhibition
featured the artists:

Joshua Hart,
Isaac Clarke,
Giles Bunch,
Joseph Buckley.

JPEG image of the aftermath of
the Private View for the first
FUCK SAKE exhibition.

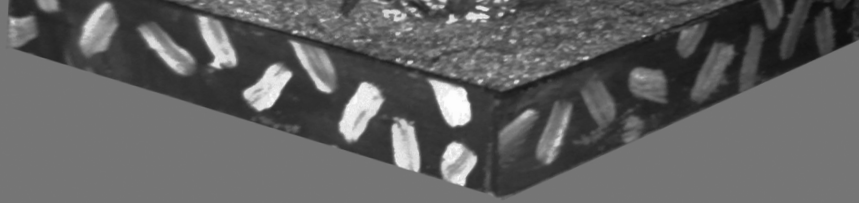
YOUNG

MENS

CERAMIC

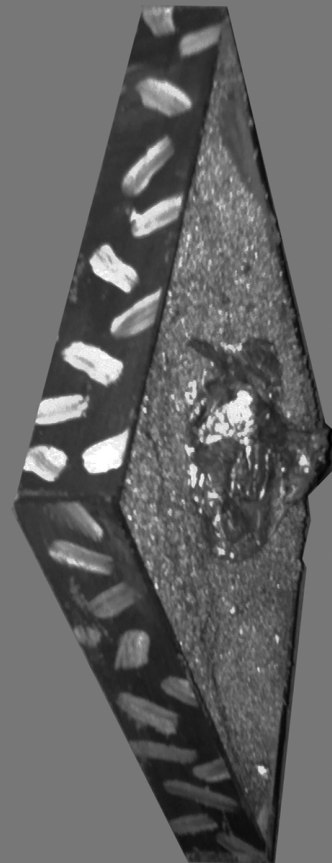
ASSOCIATION



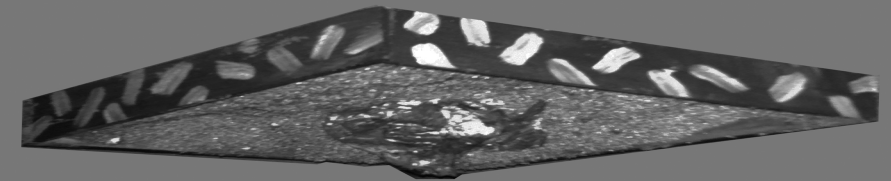


A form of interactive, spontaneous communication. An eternal beginning, narrative loop, stuck going through the motions and once you get good enough at it, it's all you can do. I like the idea of spontaneity with this sort of thing, stream of consciousness or whatever, but it has to be edited. You can't assume that improvisation will always work out for the best. It's nice to work off the cuff sometimes, do some writing while you're a bit pissed, but at the end of the day there is a certain etiquette required. Wake up sober.

This issue of commitment and surrender, you're right, once you lock in on something it's all you can think about, round and round and round, nothing else matters. You become the eternal beginner, constantly falling in love with your work - the falling in love becomes the work, the practice, the eternal beginner. But starting fresh again and again, inevitably your work starts to build on itself, the same ideas are manifested: once, twice - three times? A lady, a lad? It doesn't matter. Plastic dry-cleaning wrap covering the theorist's laundered spotless blazer, the re-representation of old ideas (favourites) in a closed system.



The theorist no longer relies on the artist in the same way the artist relies on the theorist; who still needs a clean blazer. There needs to be some considered conformity to justify all the unconsidered sheepishness, a shift in stance.



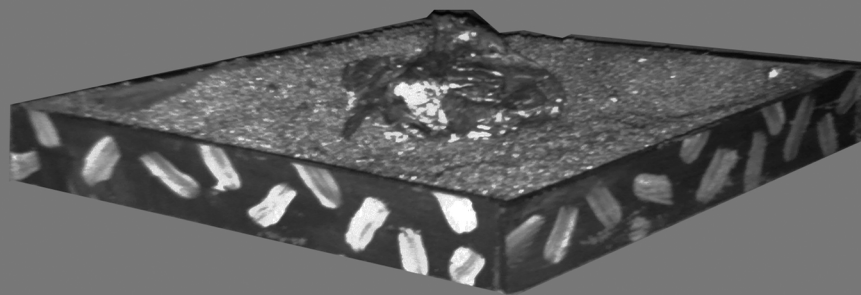
There was blood coming out of that guys face! I saw this amazing lecture on youtube the other day, it's really made me reconsider my entire position.

I was thinking it would be more like a warm blob of wax. I read this article recently - "Shoved into cracks to fix any mistakes". Not that they were intentional or even like we wanted to expect that there would be any, but realistically, seriously, there will be man.

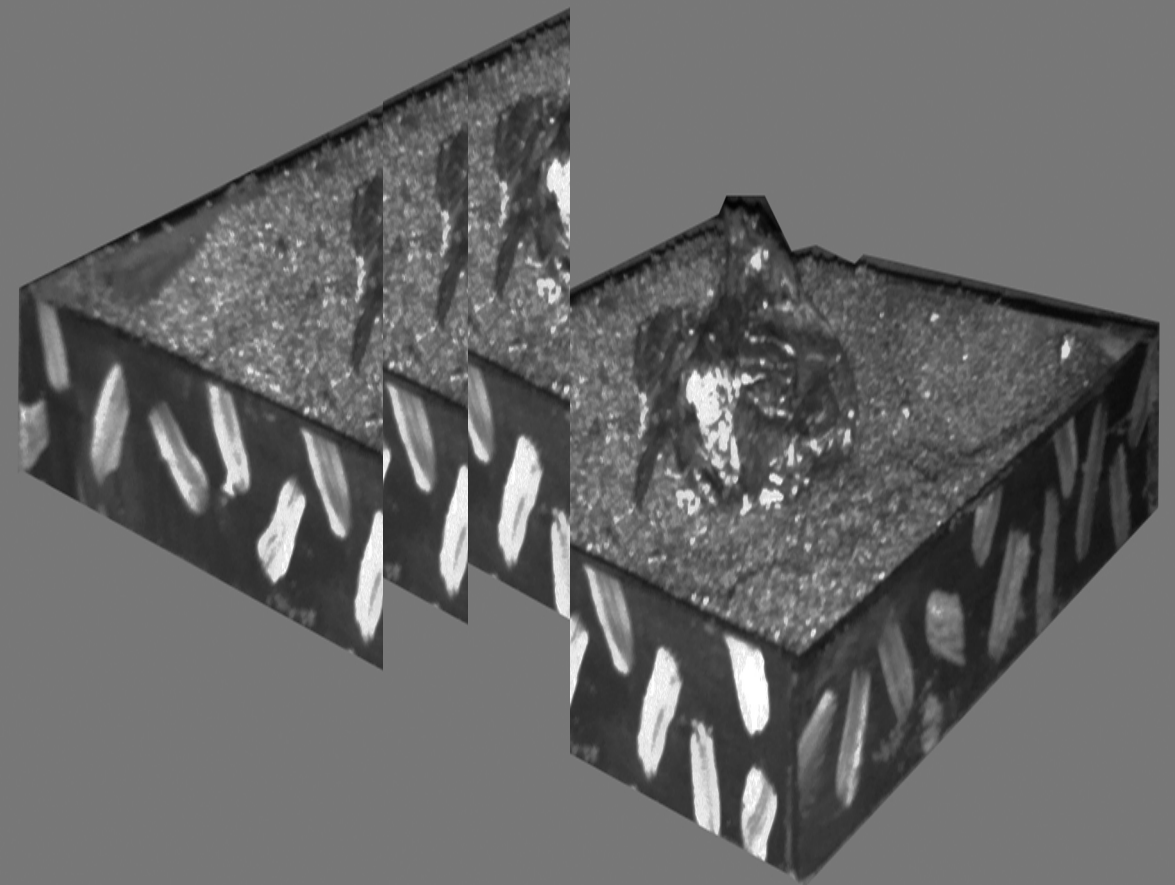
Yeah I hear you, I'd like to think of myself as a surfer, but I just don't think it's reasonable, even as a pretend situation. Isn't it funny how even in imagination there are still the same rules to follow as in reality, only the rules can be broken if you concentrate hard enough, but when you start concentrating, you realise how ridiculous you've been. How pointless right?

Ugh, imagine that, like two trophies breaking from their pedestals and ascending into the heavens, carrying the plinths they were meant to occupy and not letting go.

I always thought I was a curator. But really, what a silly thing to say...

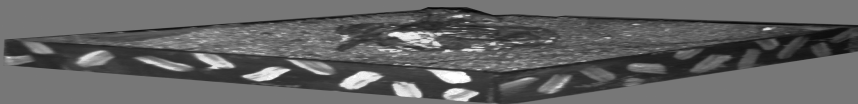


Green, greener than it was ever meant to be. In just two days, you are going to shine so bright that the sun is going to cry with envy.



Fuuuuuck, good one...

Huh?

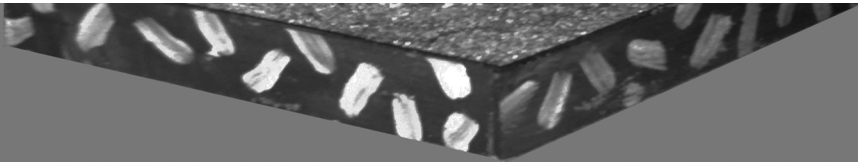


You mean to leave out all the irony?



Anyhow, i did just go past this Turkish hairdresser on Sonnenallee and noticed the most incredible window display. Large block-mounted faded blue posters of slick italian men propped up by gleaming mag wheels! ! Really brought back memories of dad...

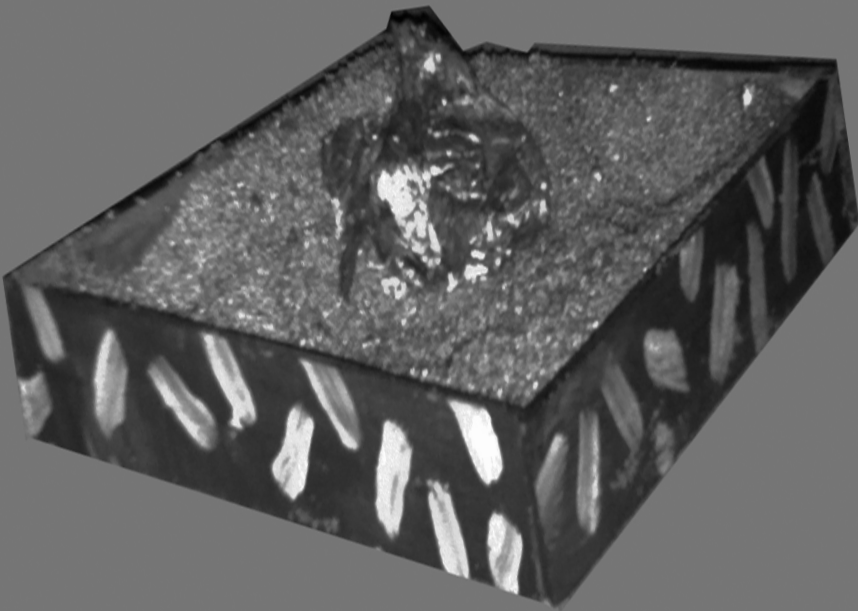
The poetics of advertising.
A much needed return to sincerity
- are we getting away from ourselves here?



*Sure... Let's just use the previous days lunch special to influence this loose-bowel-move-
ment of a curatorial premise?*

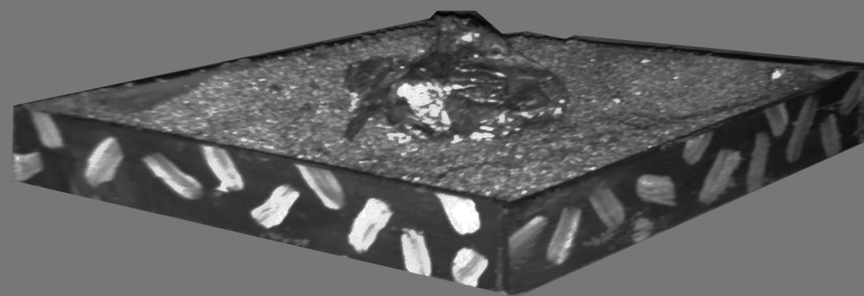
How much can we trim this conversation?

Just ignore all the CAPS until the next show?



Yes, a “You cut my hair i’ll cut yours” mode of DIY domestic economy.

Bowl-cut logic? Attempts to maintain and grasp form.



Like looking at one’s subjectivity at a backwards glance, momentarily finding poise within a reflection in the circular mirror held up by the other.

Just another moment amongst these infinite cuts? //

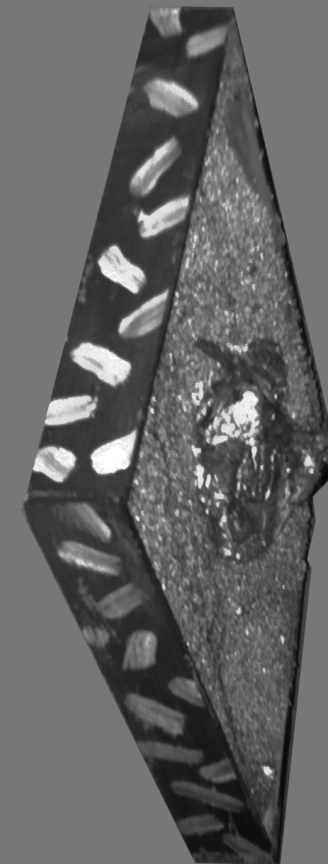




fig I



fig III

fig II



fig I beginnings of repair, black plastic is
dropped into the whole.

fig II sinkholes are easily repaired.

fig III sinkhole forms under a womans bed in
the night, 12 m deep.



fig IVa

fig IVa digital rendering of the great pit of carkoon in guatamaelan sink hole

b digital rendering of the great pit of carkoon in guatamaelan sink hole (proboscis exposed)



b



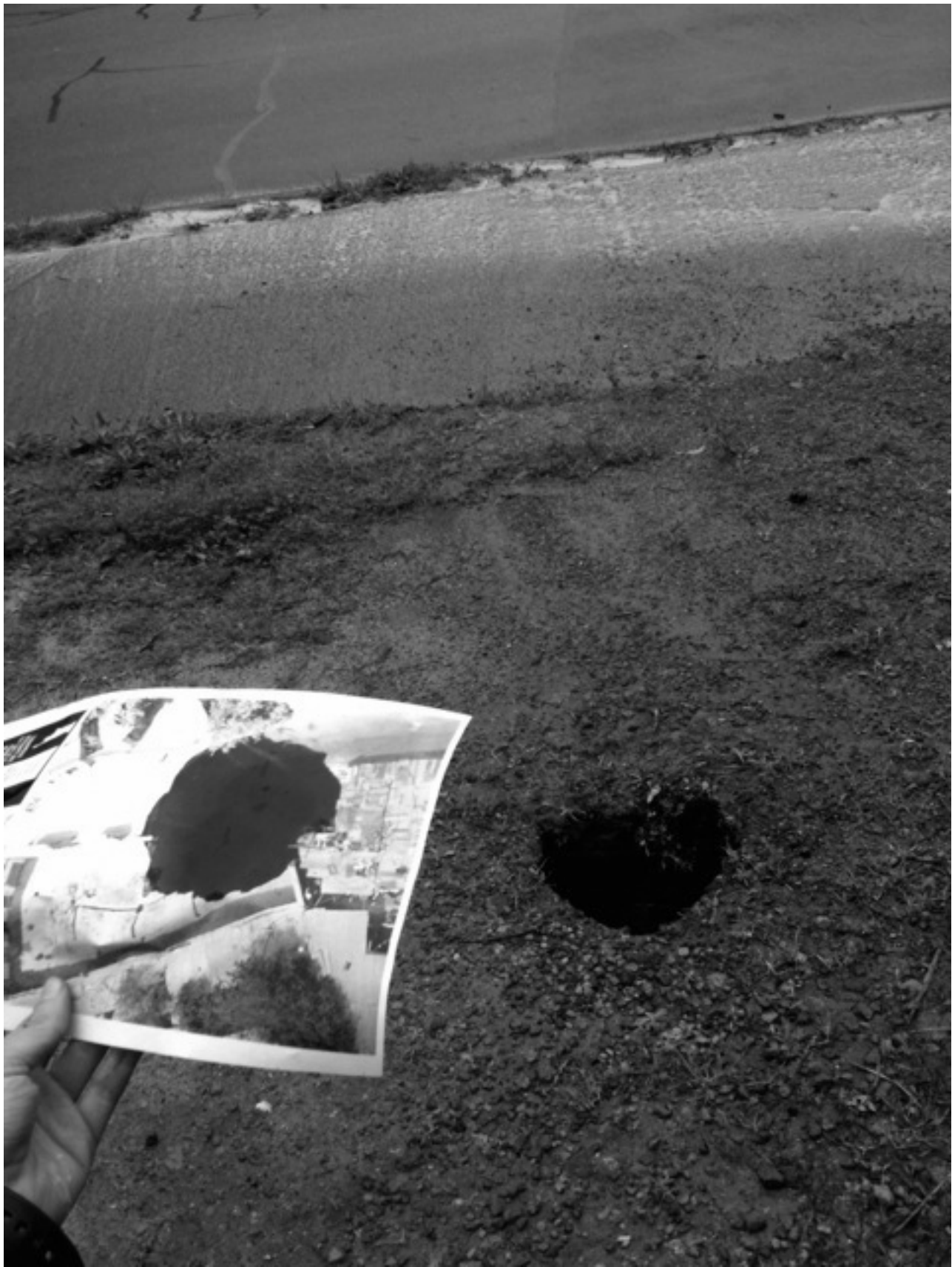
c



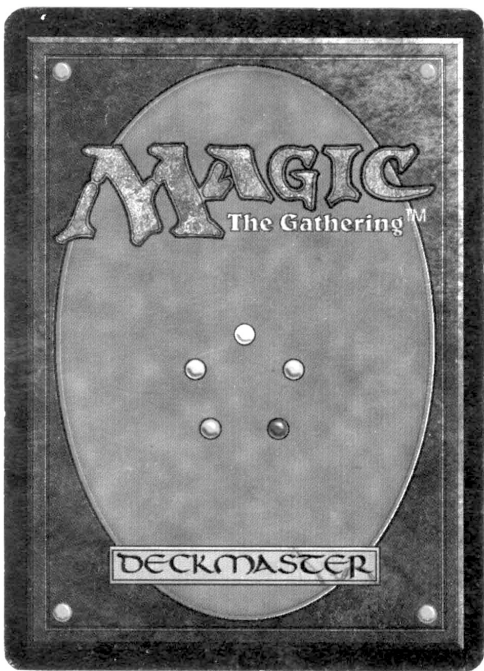
d

c digital rendering of an enraged exogorth asteroid worm emerging to give chase to a fleeing yt1300 class light freighter fleeing from a guatamalean sink hole

d digital rendering of a martian war walker exiting a guatamaelan sink hole



figV



figVI

figV comparing the sinkhole which formed in my front yard to the sinkhole which formed in guatemala

figVI sinkholes destroy all lands.

Proposal for 'Pilot Episode'

'Pilot Episode' is the working title of a TV panel discussion which will be presented every weekday on the channel Nine network. The aim of this panel show is to bring together two diverse cross sections of the West Australian community, specifically, key members of the arts community with the owners and executive directors of prominent West Australian mining companies. The show will air in the late morning when kids are at school and the heavy machinery mechanics are at their tea breaks and wives are sitting down to do the ironing.

Leading the panel discussion would be Gina Rienhart (58), daughter of the late iron ore magnate Lang Hancock. With a current net wealth of \$29 billion she is Australia's richest person and the world's richest woman. Her generous frame, draped all in layered blacks, will be positioned resplendently in the centre of a long old growth jarrah desk. The timber of this desk should be freshly cut on the morning of each show so the wood is still green. It will be stitched together by rusting bolts, and ideally there will be twigs and wilting leaves still attached to its carcass. Gina will be flanked left and right by a rotating panel of four guests from the arts community. Behind them on the walls will alternate dot paintings and painterly impressions of pastoral landscapes.

Viewers will tweet in questions designed to take the arts community to task on the important issues. Viewers could lament the decline of figurative painting, exhibit disgust at the 'graffiti epidemic' and be appalled by government funded arts grants. As a rule every episode will conclude as soon as a panellist mentions Gina Reinhart's complete absence of arts patronage.

At this point, on cue, Gina will rise to berate the panellists' underemployment during a mining boom. She would then proceed to ridicule each panellists' practice, usually by jumping up and down and repeating 'I could do that! I could do that!' over and over again like some loud orgiastic mantra. She would become increasingly enraged and vitriolic, and move to other topics, such as GST redistribution and super profit taxes. At the conclusion of this, she along with all the panellists, coerced through contractual obligation, would re-enact Paul McCarty's seminal video work 'Santa's Chocolate Shop' (1997) as the closing credits start to roll. The house pub band will play everyone out with a cover of 'Semi Charmed Life' by Third Eye Blind, played at half speed.

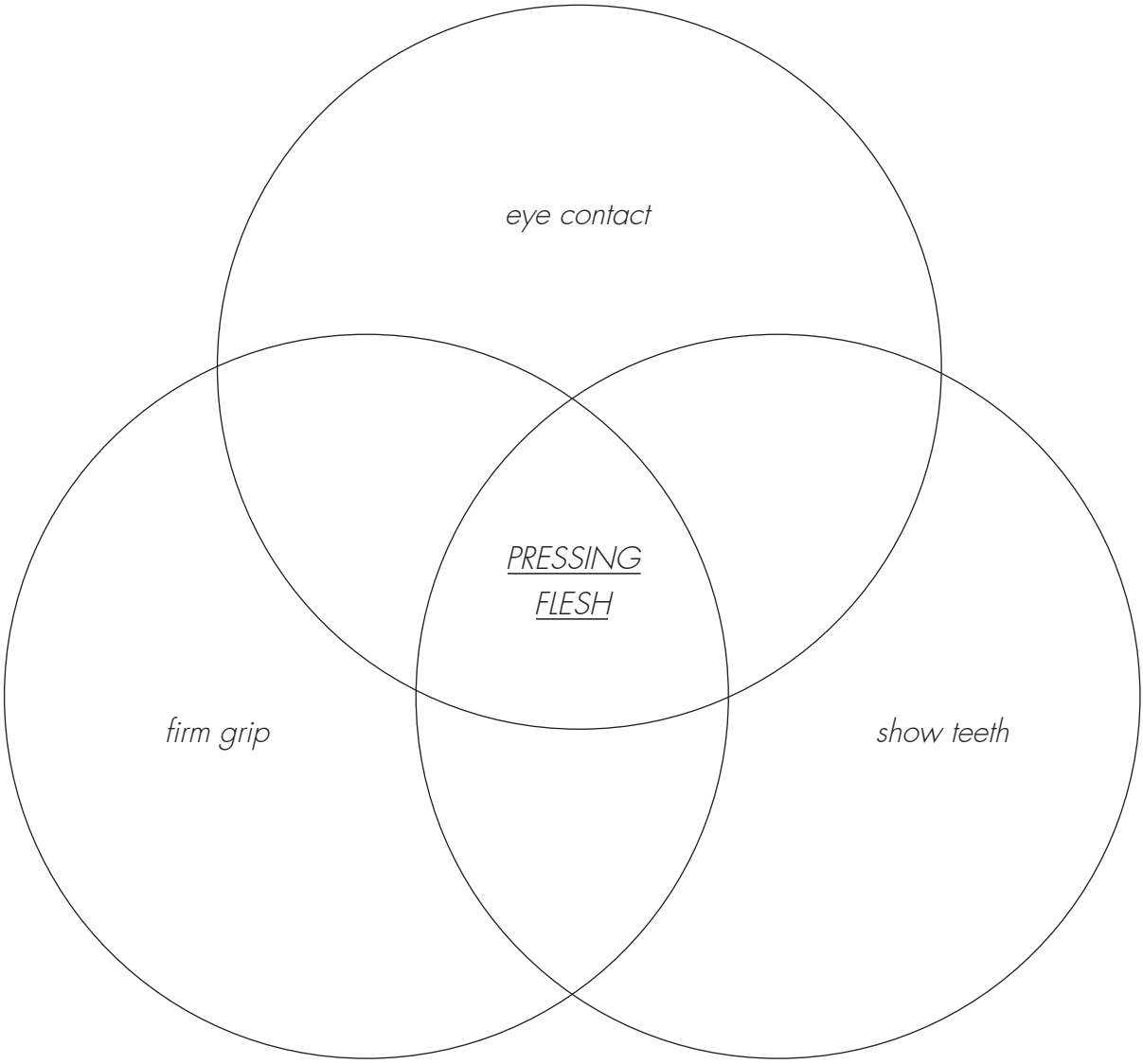


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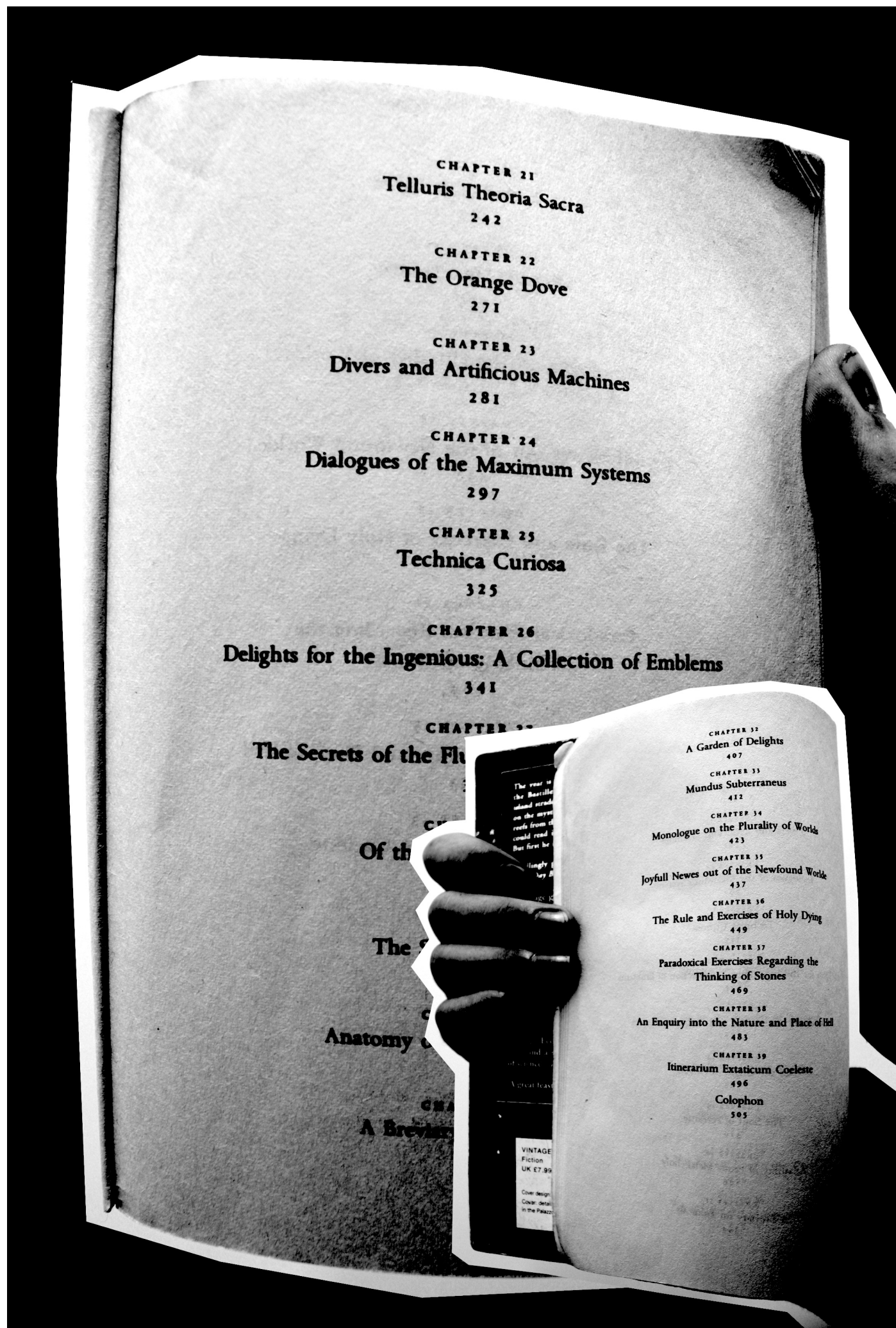
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CHAPTER 20

War and the Art of Ingenuity

228

For the sake of context would you describe what the first hundred foot was, what it was conceptually and how it manifested itself in it's original form? well originally you asked if i'd be up for doing a 'film night' - i think was the word - and then i went off with that and sort of responded to the space that we had for the one offs project at the time. *and again, for context's sake, what was the one offs project?* the one offs project was a space in Holbeck, a reasonable walk from the centre of Leeds, that we rented over the summer following Foundation and preceding university and it was where several of the current directors of the Institute of Jamais Vu first worked together as a kind of rite of passage - explored some interesting stuff. one of those responses was this hundred foot project which initially was poised at being some sort of event or situation. so the knowledge of having this date to work towards meant something that i built up as a body of conceptual ingredients and it took place to a very small audience and went on through the night. *so it was a durational film event?* yeah it was a screening that sort of consisted of multiple unrelated or pre-related movies or videos. *so, i mean, so this original thing which was in your own words a film screening - how did it end up existing within your practice as a whole?* because it was an event of an open ended nature, the long experience and the passage of time was an important experience in generating it and when it took place similar sort of other multiple events that were enveloped into the hundred foot experience, like a title, kind of accumulated different elements of information. i arrived at a physical level for that not really here not really there show so it was a thread that needles slowly in and out of time and situation. you know what i mean? it spawns and responds to the gallery space. whatever it's qualities are, it would be something that would come and go. *and that's how it's existed in previous iterations?* yeah *ok so we've spoken briefly about what it is and how's it come about.. could you talk a bit about the context this new hundred foot is about to be inserted into, and what's then going to happen to it, what it's going to be? what it is? how it changes? y'know there are a whole series of events in the one off project that served as precedents to not really here not really there - be it 'BGPs' or a whole host of other things explicitly designed to draw attention to the space and this final show that, at that point, it was all leading up to - seeing now that this hundred foot is going to be embedded within the corpus of a thing that it once would have come before, how does that change it? what happens to perspectives and how does that affect the material you're dealing with?* in the time that's passed since 2010 - to now in 2012 - there's been the whole university experience, the genesis of the Institute of Jamais Vu, a true sort of transformation to living within art and through art. i think that directly threw in a lot of issues that the hundred foot project initially shook up as a trigger. it's a lot of open ended points in that first series of hundred foot investigations and they haven't been answered but they've been altered or transformed through a metamorphosis *so the points of contention have changed?* yeah. and i think the world i take place in as well as the work, that's changed too. and i think that that is an issue, that the idea that the history is a facet that's grown and deteriorated. yeah and alot of characters have come and gone, for example Oliver Hull, Reece York. in terms of experience and detectable creation of this sort of show and the first part of the fuck sake saga *you're talking about the first fuck sake right? which you were in?* yeah i sent a video piece.. through the internet. *i suppose it behooves us to talk briefly about the differences between this fuck sake and the first one? and your experience of fuck sake one?* for sure, it was cool. it was a nice sort of cross section of art. the people that made it possible for that show to exist as an opportunity for us. to present through that fuck sake show, it was all really interesting stuff with really interesting videos and stuff created along the way. so there was plenty of kind of materials to present all kinds of issues with. so like, the opportunity to just have fun with it. and then the idea of having a private view that we could never be at. while in this kind of university background. i dunno. it's mad stuff how it ended up - landing into the hands of this kind of project, the way it all kind of danced together. it suits the spirit. it suits the spirit. *i mean it's interesting to compare this weird deterministic thing whereby things and people, and it becomes a perspective thing again i think, get pushed together seemingly randomly, this veil of apparent randomness or chaoticism rubbing up against a real determinism and a determinism that affects the veil of chaoticism. i mean it's interesting to consider it against the way you've spoken about the first iterations of hundred foot, of videos being, in your words, unrelated and pre-related videos and then to consider the whole naming convention of hundred foot, of hundred foot being a different perspective for - another name for - a human centipede. and then what that implies - physical bodies and their violation in the name of a twisted science - and the conceptual, metaphysical or emotional implications of things being tied to each other, things that are unrelated, with this in mind could you talk about the process by which you've been selecting videos and if indeed video will be what this hundred foot is comprised of?* for sure, i think a lot of problems have been sort of raised and answered in the time since the last one so it's interesting to pick up a thread that's had like a certain spherical set of ideas, similarities and differences, but also like there's a number of really nice threads that you can find through the videos. y'know, these sort of.. it's always difficult to describe but basically i've been reading through Umberto Eco's Island of the day before novel and it sets this lead guy - this hero of folly - in some pacific ocean stranded on some island, completely marooned and just has



himself to deal with and travels through everything, through complete isolation. that as an experience seems to correspond with this australia incarnation of hundred foot along with y'know anecdotal videos that correspond with a really personal experience, retrospective adventures. yeah, lots of things deal with the internet culture still, because there is a defining part of this kind of vast reality that's dealt with and systematically confronted because it acts as the facilitator of the work and the experience and to issues of recognising stuff - all kinds of nice video-esque problems - it rubs shoulders with the desire to just include and kind of assemble with different kind of methods of spirit. and this hundred foot, it feels a lot more hardcore than the last one. i am pumped. there's some really mad synchronisation, and it's the most exhilarating thing, it becomes like a musical playlist or a food recipe. and a galleries always a good situation for this. it blocks them out. it's interesting to physically locate this into the gallery. it's kind of not a homeland or an alien planet but a weird kind of limbo-land full of work that doesn't exist if it doesn't exist like this. it's a guest. and i think that's the important thing, the artistic notion that like video can achieve that, a screening can achieve that, that complete negotiation where everyone is on the same page and it's for that experience like a screening or something that forms a place without necessarily providing any additional physical form but highlighting a space which might be full is kind of the point of hundred foot. you know what i mean? yeah falsehoods and names are all swished around against the skin of a space. i dunno. it deals with our skills or abilities to deal with this. it's something that's got to be something that couldn't survive by itself. i think that's a pretty solid outline. i think we've roughly covered it. yeah in my head it's all there, a perfect sphere, organic, fully formed, inarguable. do you have any questions for me? yeah, ok, yeah. i mean, how fuck sake sake deux which acts as like a son - which acts as descendent to the ancestor - to the first fuck sake how does a new hundred foot fit work with it? how does it fit? how does it sit in the seat of fuck sake? what is the aesthetic at this point? i suppose i'm in a privileged position in that i've seen all of the previous incarnations of hundred foot and have a relationship with both of the fuck sake shows. knowing hundred foot as a project, and i'd say i know it intimately, and seeing it's whole formlessness as form... yeah seeing all that and knowing it all. well it's not really an aesthetic decision when i know full well it could end up taking some purposely hideous form that noone could possibly aesthetically appreciate. so i mean, the aestheticism of it kind of falls out the window when compared to the conceptual or emotional reasons for including it. i'd say that on the one hand it felt particularly important to have some kind of contribution from somebody who was in the original fuck sake in a capacity beyond the act of curating. i mean, you phrase this question in the context of seats and ancestors and that is true to an extent. i mean we've spoken earlier about it being embedded as opposed to being an antecedent or precedent sort of thing and i'd say that that's really a reflection of not a belief perhaps, but rather a feeling, about how i like art to work. there's a beautiful section from Grant Morrison's The Invisibles wherein the main antagonist, Sir Miles - this old school, MI6, disgustingly upper class, blue blooded cold bastard, stiff upper lip tory stereotype - gets kidnapped by the good guys, these sort of metaphysical terrorists called the Invisibles, and the subsequent interrogation serves as part of the initiation into the order which ended up getting him into his lofty position in the first place, he falls in and out of consciousness and in and out of time and space revisiting times and spaces, and the phrase which is repeated over and over again in this section is 'the initiation never ends' - that which begins never ends and is beginning forever. it's the busy spinning of things orbiting at the outskirts then ending up at the centre falling away eventually only to end up back at the centre. you know what i mean? yeah and i'm into that. i think in that respect, perhaps if only sentimentally, and this links in again with ancestry and stuff but in that respect it was important to have something be contributed by who came before and the nature of hundred foot, it's barriers so ill-defined, each incarnation has a beginning and it has an end, the fact that this temporal aspect exists - and is important to it - makes it the most ideal, most obvious thing for it to be. and that obviousness, that trying not to over think things, that reflexivity, it's important to me and i think it's an important thing full stop, hence the inclusion of hundred foot alongside fuck sake. why not isaac or somebody else though? someone like isaac, who's work we're both familiar with, there's nothing that obvious and jumps and says 'this can exist here'. there's nothing i could say to him that wouldn't sideline his work or compromise what i think is amazing about his work in the first place. it has to fit into the conversation or not. yeah and the thing about hundred foot which mixes in with this whole thing about orbiting and falling in and out and being the centre and not being the centre, and ancestry with regards to progression, and where things stand and perspective, is that hundred foot by the very virtue of it taking place at night - which i guess it'll have to if you're still thinking about using projectors because of all the windows in the space - it draws a weird shadow quality to itself. it still is part of the same conversation, or it takes place alongside it, but - and this might sound silly - it is like that aboriginal thing about dreamtime and all that haha. i hope this isn't disgustingly offensive hopefully it is! i want to get these big reactions! it has to be there to pass through. but yeah it strikes me as.. it seems to me like hundred foot is fuck sake dreaming. haha hundred foot is fuck sake dreaming. yes, hundred foot is fuck sake dreaming.

Muddy Mind Map
foamboard, clay, A0 print
119x20x90cm (approx)
2011
Jacob Ogden Smith

Contrapposto
wood, glue, British sand, tuxedo, dry cleaning bag
dimensions deceiving
2011
Reece York & David Egan

Marsupial Carousel
wood, tin, paint, motor, borrowed museum plinth, sinkhole
42x137x69cm (approx)
2012
Oliver Hull

Hall of Mirrors
A0 print, magic flute, vinyl lettering
dimensions variable
2012
Andrew Varano

Jacob Ogden Smith

exhibitions

- 2012

Pottery Practice Project
Craft Victoria, Melbourne.
- 2011

Wilderness Years
OK Gallery, Northbridge

PreMix
Galleria, Perth
- 2010

Curtin Graduate Exhibition,
Curtin University, Bentley

InTransit
Wellington Street Bus Station, Northbridge
- 2009

HOW WORKS
Perth Town Hall, Perth

Human Roll
China Heights Gallery, Darlinghurst, New South Wales

Staffroom
Moores Building Contemporary Art Gallery, Fremantle

Boom
Spectrum Project Space, Perth, Western Australia
- 2008

Staffroom
Moores Building Contemporary Art Gallery, Fremantle
- 2007

Pink
Perth Institute of Contemporary Arts, Northbridge

Helping Hands
PalmCourt Gallery, Perth

Domestica
Heathcote Museum & Gallery, Applecross

The Devil at the Church
The Church Gallery, Northbridge

Reece York & David Egan

exhibitions

- 2011

Seria Ludo
Galleria, Perth.

PreMix
Galleria, Perth.

Oliver Hull

exhibitions

- 2011

Curtin Graduate Exhibition,
Curtin University, Bentley

Middlesex University Graduate Exhibition
Middlesex University, London
- 2010

South West Survey
Bunbury Regional Gallery
- 2009

Canteen Gallery
Ottawa

DONA showcase
Espí Chromatic Gallery,Tarragona, Spain

curation

- 2011

FUCK SAKE
Ply Gallery

Andrew Varano

exhibitions

- 2011

Plan A
Breadbox Gallery, James street, Northbridge
- 2010

Grifting,
Kurb Gallery, William street Northbridge
- 2009

Curtin Graduate Exhibition,
Curtin University, Bentley

A Camel is a Horse Designed by a Committee,
Palazzo Buziol and Palazzo Tito, Venice, Italy

The End,
The Bank Building, William st, Northbridge

FAR Corso Aperto,
Villa Grumello and Villa Sucota, Como, Italy

Love is My Velocity,
The Bank Building, William st, Northbridge

hcilmeihnu,
Kurb Gallery, William st, Northbridge
- 2008

For a Moment the Blissful Feeling of Seeing it All,
Moores Building, Fremantle

The Building Show,
Wellington Street Studio ARI, 399 Wellington street, Perth

residencies

- 2011

Fremantle Arts Centre
- 2010

Perth Institute of Contemporary Arts

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