

CAST BY THE SUN: A PRELUDE

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Martin Smith

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curated by Jay Younger



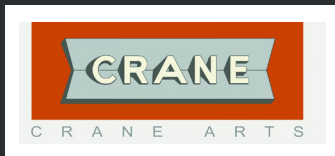
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Friday, 11 April–Monday, 30 June 2014
Crane International Project Space (gallery 105)

Crane Arts
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Philadelphia, PA 19122
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CAST BY THE SUN: A PRELUDE

Jay Younger

Brisbane, the capital city of Queensland, is a place stranger than fiction. This state is where “Crocodile Dundee”¹ originated and is home to Steve Irwin’s Australia Zoo. It is hot and muggy, punctuated by swaying palms and tropical cyclones. On land, Queensland accommodates some of the world’s deadliest spiders and snakes. And then there is the water. Growing up in a reef town in North Queensland, I was horrified by our newspapers that were regularly splashed with images of swimmers’ bodies laced with box jellyfish welts, followed by advice to wear pantyhose when taking a much-needed dip in the ocean.² Despite these frightening realities, one of Queensland’s most memorable tourist slogans was “Beautiful One Day, Perfect the Next”. *Cast by the Sun* ruptures the artificial veneer of Brisbane’s supposedly trouble-free tropical perfection to look at its darker underside. The premise of this exhibition is to investigate the role of place in artistic practice. More specifically, is there an assumption that place in art is somehow more evident in photographic form? This question is presented in relation to the oeuvre of four artists—Ray Cook, Martin Smith, Bruce Reynolds, and Amy Carkeek. Prior to providing accounts of the artists’ practice, the following outlines Brisbane’s recent political history and shares views on Brisbane cultural identity.

CULTURAL DEMOLITION: THE DIY ‘80S

Until 1989, Queensland was known as a police state—ruled by the renowned corrupt National Party, headed by Joh Bjelke-Petersen, who was frequently referred to as the ‘Hillbilly Dictator’.³ Under Bjelke-Petersen’s reign (1968–87), Queensland was seen as a ‘red neck’ state that got the government it deserved. Little did our southern counterparts realise that Queenslanders had

1 “Crocodile Dundee” was played by Paul Hogan, who, at that time in Australia, represented the archetypal larrikin. See *Crocodile Dundee*, directed by Peter Faiman (Australia: Hoyts, 1986).

2 The tentacles of the box jellyfish didn’t stick to the swimmer’s body if pantyhose was used as a barrier.

3 The National Party was previously called the Country Party. ‘Hillbilly Dictator’ was coined by political lampoonists of the day, and Bjelke-Petersen was always drawn chewing straw from the corner of his mouth by political cartoonist Alan Moire. The term was incorporated in the title of Walkley Award-winning journalist Evan Whitton’s 1989 book *The Hillbilly Dictator: Australia’s Police State*, which traced the lineage of corruption of the Bjelke-Petersen government and Queensland police until their demise in the Fitzgerald Inquiry and beyond.

a gerrymander where country votes were worth more and the government had taken power at times with only 20 percent of the vote.⁴

Bjelke-Petersen's Queensland was racist and homophobic—a cultural desert where freedom of speech was repressed and street marches were deemed illegal so that anti-government protestors could be bashed and jailed. It was even worse than that—government ministers, the knighted Police Commissioner, and senior police officials were corrupt, and the media was silent.⁵

In remembering Bjelke-Petersen upon his death in 2005, journalist Liz Willis, who started out at radio station 4ZZZ FM in 1980, looked back on the unpredicted benefits of his repression.⁶ According to Willis, "his almost 20-year reign also produced a magnificent byproduct: a remarkable oppositional culture manifested in music, theatre and art; media, comedy and satire". While Willis describes Bjelke-Petersen's government as a "corrupt, violent and unprincipled regime", she goes on to speak as kindly as she can of the dead—in attributing Bjelke-Petersen with unwittingly uniting

people in Brisbane in ways he could never have imagined—in fact in ways he may have deemed immoral and illegal. His approach to law and government threw together an unlikely alliance of people who otherwise may never have had the chance to meet, work and play together.⁷

4 Gerrymandering is not new. However, until 1949, Queenslanders had 1 person, 1 vote, 1 value. Queensland's version of gerrymander later became known as the 'Bjelkemander' or 'Johrymander'. Bjelke-Petersen won the 1972 election despite only receiving 20 percent of the vote, a smaller percentage than the Liberals (22.2%) or Labor (46.7%). According to Orr and Levy, under Bjelke-Petersen's premiership, the Country/National Party won between 20 and 40 percent of the vote, and his Liberal Party Coalition partners hovered between 20 and 30 percent. Graham D. Orr and Ron Levy, "Electoral Malapportionment: Partisanship, Rhetoric and Reform in the Shadow of the Agrarian Strong-Man," *Griffith Law Review* 18, no. 18 (2009): 638.

5 Police Commissioner Sir Terry Lewis was stripped of his knighthood and jailed as a result of the Fitzgerald Inquiry.

6 4ZZZ FM is a community radio station based in Brisbane and was initiated as a pirate radio station in 1975 by political activists and University of Queensland students to provide alternative radio. "Our History", 4ZZZ FM, accessed 25 March 2014, <http://www.4zzzfm.org.au/history>.

7 Liz Willis, "How Joh Inspired a Generation," *Sydney Morning Herald*, 25 April 2005, 17, accessed 24 March 2014, <http://www.smh.com.au/news/Opinion/How-Joh-inspired-a-generati>

Queenslanders had a reputation for being unconcerned by civic life—too much sun made us lethargic, and too much politics interrupted our laid-back lifestyle. In Willis's opinion, the generation under Bjelke-Petersen's rule would have remained unpoliticised, but because of him, the emerging left-wing youth were galvanised by their mutual hatred of the absurdly hypocritical government of the day.

Part of the tyranny was a hasty eradication of any cultural threads that threatened to bond together into anything that looked like an artistic community. For a decade or more, Queensland refugees left for the southern states to find an easier path for their creative endeavours. During the 1980s, I was part of a group of young artists in pre-Fitzgerald Queensland, dedicated to creating a visual arts infrastructure in Brisbane that attempted to dam the constant drain southward of Queensland's artistic and cultural lifeblood.⁸

When I arrived in Brisbane in 1981, the Queensland Art Gallery was housed in a small humble room atop the Mount Isa Mines building, a private corporation and a mining company, no less. That should have immediately indicated where we were. There was no cultural infrastructure, and the culture that did exist was underground and fragmented—but angry. Eventually, artists found each other and clustered together to create projects and their own artist-run spaces. It was surprisingly liberating because, even though resources were scant, artists created the scene that they wanted. It was ours and the building of Brisbane's cultural infrastructure was both frenetic and DIY. Writing in 2007, Stephen Stockwell, originally part of Brisbane's alternative media movement and now a professor of journalism and communications, describes the approach that drove the changes in Brisbane and its cultural thinking:

[on/2005/04/24/1114281450821.html](http://www.4zzzfm.org.au/2005/04/24/1114281450821.html). Liz Willis worked at 4ZZZ from 1980 to 1986, and, at the time of writing, was an adviser to Senator Aden Ridgeway.

8 After journalists Phil Dickie in *The Courier Mail* and Chris Masters on the *Four Corners* program reported possible police corruption involving illegal gambling and prostitution, Acting Queensland Premier Bill Gunn ordered a commission of inquiry. The "Commission of Inquiry into Possible Illegal Activities and Associated Police Misconduct", was led by Tony Fitzgerald QC and known as the Fitzgerald Inquiry (1987–89). The Fitzgerald Inquiry jailed Police Commissioner Sir Terry Lewis and four government ministers, and Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen was charged with perjury for evidence he provided in the Inquiry.

Back then, we took chances—political and cultural—to raise life above the moribund which is where Bjelke-Petersen wanted it. We had to do things and we knew they were significant because they were the only things that were happening. ... If I can discern common threads from thinking then to thinking now, they would be: a practical libertarian socialism embedded in the everyday; an individualist, eccentric communitarianism tinged with sub-tropic languor and the black humour of those waiting for the cyclone to come; a directness inspired by the need to get things done quickly to get out to the heat of the day; and a willingness to go big. And Queensland theory has always appreciated the importance of using opportunities provided by new technologies to create audiences in ways that stay independent, just outside of patterns of state or corporate control.⁹

Essentially, Brisbane cultural thinking manifested in criticality and a desire for independence. Certainly, DIY is hard work but it promotes a specific cultural infrastructure that reflects Brisbane's cultural identity.

On a roll, the new generation of photographic artists in Brisbane was able to push their artworks onto centre stage in the first exhibition of Queensland photography at the Australian Centre of Photography in 1986, entitled *Occlusion*. Max Dupain—the father of the Australian photographic modernist tradition—reviewed the exhibition.¹⁰ Entitled “Realism Shut Out of Queensland Scenes”, Dupain infuriated and amused local artists with his expectations from Queensland photographic artists:

My recollections of Queensland are of bright, wide open flats of land, studded with cattle and horses, homogeneous people, hot sun, sweat and a rush of organic energy; human contact delightfully at a minimum level.

Most of these pictures don't relate to Queensland....

They dwell on universal states of mind, the intangibles of life and are expressed by way of photographic metaphysicals. Strange that such contents should emerge from a people so close to the earth.¹¹

The kinds of views about Queensland photography that Dupain's comments reveal, while ill-informed, fuelled further developments; Queensland artists became determined to use interstate platforms to address misconceptions about what was happening in the state.

TAKING IT FOR GRANTED

Fifteen years after the Fitzgerald Inquiry, Queensland finds itself again governed by those that seek to repress cultural expression. It is interesting to look back on Stockwell's question about Queensland's cultural future, which was posed at the pinnacle of Queensland Government cultural development.¹² Writing in 2007, Stockwell ponders the need for the “next revolution”:

Now cultural life is a given, provided by the state and commerce in comfortable doses from thriving creative industries. The revolution has been achieved. But I am still enough of a cultural revolutionary to ask: what about the next revolution?¹³

It is interesting that a certain type of thinker—whether cultural revolutionary or not—sees patterns of behaviour and political cycles as part and parcel of a place.

In remembering the Fitzgerald Inquiry, in the exhibition catalogue *The Fitzgerald Collection*, criminologist Paul Mazerolle comments that for this generation's youth, “the challenges to justice, parliamentary democracy and

9 Stephen Stockwell, “Alternative Media in Brisbane: 1965–1985,” *Queensland Review* 14, no. 1 (2007): 85–86, accessed 21 March 2014, <http://search.informit.com.au.libraryproxy.griffith.edu.au/documentSummary;dn=766019488143364;res=IELAPA>.

10 The reverence and respect for Max Dupain in the Australian photography context at that time could be likened to Edward Weston in the American photography context.

11 Max Dupain, “Realism Shut out of Queensland Scenes,” *The Sydney Morning Herald*, 14 October 1986, 20.

12 After the Fitzgerald Inquiry in 1989, the Labor Party governed Queensland until 2012, when the Liberal National Party again took power in a landslide victory.

13 Stockwell, “Alternative Media in Brisbane,” 85.

human rights ... is 'ancient history'".¹⁴ A certain faction has always held a view that Queenslanders forget. According to Mazerolle, Queensland youth "hold a belief that these rights, denied to many Queensland youth in the 1960s, '70s and '80s, are somehow automatic and inviolable".¹⁵ It is not as if there is a lack of information about the pre-Fitzgerald days. However, the return of Queensland cultural repression is not a focus for young people—yet.

In the same catalogue, journalism academic Julianne Shultz praises Brisbane as "a city with thriving and diverse subcultures", and "almost unrecognizable from what it once was". After stating that the Fitzgerald Inquiry brought about "the restoration of the norms of civil society once the corruption had been cauterized", Shultz warns in her concluding comments:

But places, like people, have genes which are passed on from one generation to the next, so there is a need for constant vigilance to ensure that the old ways do not return.¹⁶

It is comforting to think that the Fitzgerald Inquiry purged Queensland once and for all. However, Stockwell's and Shultz's views point to a problem at the heart of the 'Sunshine State' that may be more enduring.¹⁷

Currently, a debate is ensuing in Queensland between the Attorney-General and the Judiciary about Queensland's recently introduced controversial 'anti-bikie laws'. Members of the Judiciary, who are a notoriously conservative group, are resisting these interventions by the government, especially in relation to sentencing.¹⁸ In *The Guardian*, criminal lawyer Bill Potts, who represents some of the bikies, comments that, as soon as debate emerges, the Premier attempts to quash it, and *The Courier Mail* joins in by writing editorial

that asserts "that lawyers, libertarians, judges, Fitzgerald, the president of the court of appeal, everyone should just butt out of the debate". He says that he finds this "amazing for a paper that revels in the idea of freedom of speech".¹⁹ It is reassuring to know that even though Queensland's dominant newspaper does not support debate, not everyone is asleep at the wheel and the Judiciary is taking a firm stand.

BRISBANE'S SUBTROPICAL IDENTITY

There is much written about Queensland's subtropical architecture and views on Brisbane literature also provide a strong sense of the Brisbane that is branded further afield. The intention of branding is always commercial viability. Although some of these identities are more commercially ordained, others have arisen in the Brisbane imagination.

Heat, a state government publication that was accompanied by a world-touring exhibition entitled *Place Makers*, successfully promoted Queensland's new wave of environmental architects and the identity of Queensland architecture on the international stage.²⁰ Rosemary Kennedy, Head of the Centre for Subtropical Design, writes in *Heat*:

People are really understanding the link between lifestyle and climate, how designing that encourages living with our climate rather than locking ourselves away from it can strengthen our regional character and identity.²¹

While there is reference to specific architectural traits, such as 'the outdoor room' in these more transparent marketing approaches, analysis of Brisbane fiction offers a more interior view of Brisbane as a 'metaphorical city'.

14 Paul Mazerolle was then director of the Key Centre for Ethics, Law, Justice and Governance. Paul Mazerolle in *The Fitzgerald Collection*, ed. Simon Wright (Brisbane: Griffith Artworks, 2009), 1.

15 Ibid.

16 Julianne Schultz, "A Cocktail of Intimidation and Seduction," in *The Fitzgerald Collection*, 10.

17 Promoting Queensland as the 'Sunshine State' was another tourism play; for some time, 'Sunshine State' appeared on all Queensland car number plates.

18 I will write more about this in *Cast by the Sun: Extended Remix* in 2015.

19 Bill Potts quoted in Bridie Jabour, "Bikie Laws: First, a Bandido Brawl, Now Qld's Premier Is Battling the Judiciary," *The Guardian*, 7 November 2013, accessed 28 March 2014, <http://www.theguardian.com/world/2013/nov/07/bikie-laws-first-bandido-brawl-now-qld-premier-battling-judiciary>.

20 Creative Industries Unit, Department of Tourism, Regional Development and Tourism, *Heat: Queensland's New Wave of Environmental Architects* (Brisbane: Queensland Government, 2008).

21 Rosemary Kennedy, "Urban Jungle", in *Heat*, 41.

In *Sweat: The Subtropical Imaginary*, literary studies academic Susan Carson analyses recent Brisbane literature and remarks that, despite the marketing of recent Brisbane literature as a site of “urban cool”, it is important to note that climate and the built environment often located in the past are central to “the metaphorical city” of Brisbane.²² According to Carson:

In this literature, Brisbane is often imagined through a nostalgic view of what the city was—tropical, timbered and languid; a place where sex is associated with heat, and, particularly, sweat.²³

Todd Barr and Rodney Sullivan identify a ‘Brisbane-lost’ narrative where the born-and-bred Brisbanite has escaped the city but is forced to return to uneasily confront his (or her) past. In reference to Andrew McGahan’s *Last Drinks*²⁴—set against the backdrop of the Fitzgerald Inquiry—Barr and Sullivan find that “this book exemplifies most of the traits that made the city so unlikely a literary terrain—repression, backwardness, boredom, and corruption”.²⁵

It is indeed “unlikely” that “repression, backwardness, boredom, and corruption” could be seen—on the surface—to nourish Brisbane’s cultural identity. One would imagine that instead the exact opposite is necessary for artistic expression to flourish. However, echoing Willis’s comments that thanked Bjelke-Petersen for inadvertently uniting and politicising youth subculture in Brisbane, there is something more in this unpredicted benefit where an evolution of Queensland cultural identity occurred because the battle-lines were more clearly delineated. While a frustrated criticality was internalised by the creatives working in the repressed Brisbane context, it was coupled with a drive for independence from government cultural control.

22 Susan Carson, “Engaging the Metaphorical City: Brisbane Male Fiction 1975–2007,” in *Sweat: The Subtropical Imaginary*, ed. Andrew McNamara (Brisbane: Institute of Modern Art, 2011), 45.

23 Ibid.

24 Andrew McGahan, *Last Drinks* (Crow’s Nest, NSW: Allen and Unwin, 2000).

25 Todd Barr and Rodney Sullivan, quoted in Susan Carson, “Engaging the Metaphorical City,” 51.

THE ARTISTS

In looking under the surface of the practice of the artists exhibited in *Cast by the Sun*, the question is how has place occupied these practitioners, whether it be through artistic response to feeling ‘repressed’ or ‘bored’ and living in a place that is ‘backward’ and ‘corrupt’, or whether it be something else?

Enter Ray Cook. He arrived in Brisbane in 1980 at the age of seventeen from Moranbah, a coal-mining town in central Queensland. Already gay-identified and yet to become an artist, Cook found himself in a circumstance that was openly hostile to both. Cook survived by going underground into the darkened recess of his studio where ‘the outsider’ could be seen in a new light—that of Cook’s imagination. It is a place where Cook and his friends could be who they wanted in their own side show, safe from the ugly realities of Bjelke-Petersen’s Queensland.

Cook’s oeuvre emerges from his makeshift set, somewhat carnivalesque and deliberately amateurish and unsophisticated. It is here that the political pressures of the public sphere are ‘worked out’ in the seclusion of the studio. Cook has moved through a number of concerns from the necessity of camp to the changing nature of gay identities in a neoliberal world where consumerism has devoured everything, including difference. Having avoided the death sentence of HIV and Queensland political repression, Cook, in his series *Not with a Bang but a Whimper*, asks questions about unexpected longevity while living with mortality.²⁶ In his latest body of work—*Norman Rockwell’s Grave* or *Navigating Uncharted Seas by the Constellation of Oblivion*—Cook responds despondently to a regrettable but predictable return to repression. There is an elegiac and frustrated criticality in Cook’s images that responds to what he calls “the unfolding catastrophe of late capitalism”.²⁷ In these dark, photographic cartoons there is a disappointment with the easy victory of neoliberalism, represented as sinister villains, over the innocent that are robbed of freedom—humiliated and brutalised—without even knowing. Arguably,

26 *Not with a Bang but a Whimper* was produced in 2004.

27 Ray Cook, e-mail to the author, 16 March 2014.

Cook's work wouldn't be what it has been and what it is today without being politicised by the repression and homophobia of Bjelke-Petersen's Queensland.

Martin Smith is a born-and-bred Brisbanite. In his photographic works, Smith always combines text and image; the relatively banal or suburban image is incised with a story, which thereby destroys, or at least disrupts, the 'window to the world' aspect of representational photography. Arguably, Smith's photographs are inherently anti-photographic in that the photograph of the external world is at least partially obliterated by the voice of Smith's internal world. The author's soliloquy is an intimate experience for the viewer, as if he or she were being told the story one on one. While the image is provided to the viewer all at once, the story is gradually revealed, creating an oscillation between the two modes of looking and reading. The sensation of experiencing Smith's works is like walking on your own, and being lost in your own thoughts, gazing upon a scene—detached. Then memories suddenly surface, cutting through the present, and transporting you to another place and time. Smith's semi-autobiographical narratives commence with an ordinary optimism and a hefty dollop of suburban idealism that things will unfold 'nicely' and 'predictably', but instead the stories take a dark turn that ultimately perverts the suburban 'happy families' dream.

If Smith is interested in the failure or perversion of ideals, then the video/performance work *Hello Newmarket Hotel*—where he presents as a stand-up comic with a speech impediment telling distinctly brutal childhood stories on open mic night at the local pub—becomes a powerful strategy of audience engagement.

Smith, unlike the 'Brisbane lost' writers, has never left Brisbane, although his stories are brimming with the sweaty palms of sexual awakening, as well as a delight in dark discomfort and anxious failure. While many of Smith's life stories tap into universal experiences, I would argue that they originate in a place that is, unmistakably, the Brisbane imaginary. Smith's work is always questioning authority—whether it be of the photographic image, the church,

or the norms that are expected of us. There is something distinctly 'Brisbane' in Smith's pleasure in failing to conform.

Bruce Reynolds arrived in Brisbane at the end of 1986, aged thirty-one. The focus of Reynolds's practice is civilisation and behaviour, and a fascination for systems and patterns of construction. Construction—like art—transforms materials into specific manifestations and this phenomenon is one through which the history of civilisation can be studied. Reynolds is not preoccupied with the feelings of the individual; instead, his curiosity manifests as a formalist study of the system of civilised behaviour at work. Notably, while Brisbane has recently been credited with being "one of the ugliest cities in the world" and "an example of chaotic ugliness", the place where Reynolds grew up—Canberra, Australia's capital—is the most ordered and planned city in the country.²⁸

Reynolds's collage works often include cast-off domestic building materials. In the 1980s, a renovation boom began—restoring Queenslanders—where pre- and post-war linos were ripped from their well-worn slumber, and floorboards revealed and polished.²⁹ Reynolds recognised the historical and experiential qualities encapsulated in this humble and uniquely patterned surface, previously residing underfoot. His images of Rome reveal this same interest in the traces left by human cohabitation with surfaces worn over time—in this case, for many centuries.

Alternatively, Reynolds presents conundrums based on investigations of nature and culture—specifically, the organic and the manufactured. In the Yatala images, Reynolds remarks on the seemingly everyday qualities of the habits

28 "Brisbane Is One of the World's Ugly Cities Says Philosopher Alain de Botton," News.com.au, 31 March, 2014,

<http://www.news.com.au/travel/travel-updates/brisbane-is-one-of-the-worlds-ugly-cities-says-philosopher-alain-de-botton/story-e6frfq80-1226867420594>.

29 Lino is an abbreviation of linoleum, a type of floor covering invented in 1860 and largely superseded by other hard floor coverings in the 1950s. Linoleum is made of renewable materials, such as solidified linseed oil (linoxyn), pine resin, ground cork dust, wood flour, and mineral fillers, such as calcium carbonate, most commonly on a burlap or canvas backing; it was considered to be an excellent, inexpensive material for high-use areas.

of civilisation. Once, these modularised, angular stacked lengths of timbers were trees, whose shapes grew organically. They were alive. And now, in their afterlife, they are sawn, stacked, coloured, measured, and sold, providing a basic necessity of building and construction.

Place does matter in Reynolds's works—but not in the way of repression or corruption, backwardness or boredom. For Reynolds, places give rise to materials, and observations of behavioural habits in construction and design that are specific to that time and place. The overall commentary is about the absurdity of order and control, and the beauty found in this absurdity.

Amy Carkeek arrived in Brisbane at age twenty-one; as she sarcastically says, she was in "pursuit of unending sunshine".³⁰ Carkeek is from a photographic advertising background and ironically employs her talents to subvert everything that advertising stands for. Carkeek's works critique the bankruptcy of the real and look at the cracks in the veneer of consumer society to raise questions about the cost of our drives. She begs us to ask: how far can this spectacular perversity go? And, she wonders, "when will consumers return to being citizens?"³¹

On the one hand, the phenomena Carkeek critiques are global; on the other, the visual language is a dissonant combination of sparkling artificiality and perverse tactility. It is cool, not hot. In *Untitled #3*, the ambivalent synthesis of the disembodied wig and gooey tentacles dripping down the image indicate a distinctly abject and unsettling—even creepy—marriage. And then there is the futility of optimism expressed in *Untitled #4*, where the (of course, fake) bird is blasted by putrefying spray. I am not convinced that an artist can create images that describe these feelings unless they actually feel them. For bittersweet images, they are unequivocal in their underlying disgust. The question is, why would an artist seek to position herself in Brisbane? Could it be that the critical and creepy aesthetic expressed in Carkeek's work finds itself at home in Brisbane?

30 Amy Carkeek, e-mail to the author, 16 March 2014.

31 Amy Carkeek, artist statement, 1 March 2014.

At the heart of all of these artists' works is an unsettling nostalgia. For Cook, there is nostalgia for the clearer delineation between 'us' and 'them' that defined his youth, and the communal critique of a perverted authority. For Smith, it is for the 'happy family' ideals of the suburban dream. For Reynolds, nostalgia is expressed through found and abandoned materials that trace the absurd beauty of civilisation. For Carkeek, it is expressed for a lost innocent promise born in the boom of the post-war era and trampled by the march of shameless and unrelenting materialism. Many questions remain in analysing the unexpected legacy left by Bjelke-Petersen's reign on Brisbane's cultural identity. Certainly, there are ramifications. However, more interesting questions emerge when we look at Campbell Newman's effect on Queensland culture and whether the current generation can be incited to action as was necessary in the generations before them.³²

32 Campbell Newman is the current Premier of Queensland.



RAY
COOK



Ray Cook
Bucket of Blood
From the series *It's Not You It's Me*
2013
Archival inkjet print
30 x 45cm

Ray Cook
Between Daytime and Darkness
From the series *Norman
Rockwell's Grave*
2014
Archival inkjet print
30 x 37cm





Ray Cook
Dry Bones
From the series *Norman Rockwell's Grave*
2014
Archival inkjet print
30 x 37cm

Ray Cook
Everybody's Talking about Jesus
From the series *Norman
Rockwell's Grave*
2014
Archival inkjet print
30 x 37.5cm





Ray Cook
It Pays to Look Your Best
From the series *Not with a Bang*
but a Whimper
2004
Archival inkjet print
30 x 30cm

Ray Cook
Hang on to Your Dreams
From the series *Not with a Bang
but a Whimper*
2004
Archival inkjet print
30 x 30cm





Ray Cook
*Sweeping the Sad Things out
the Door*
From the series *Not with a Bang
but a Whimper*
2004
Archival inkjet print
30 x 30cm

Ray Cook
*Reconfiguring the Constellations
in the Night Sky of my Youth
Dreams*
From the series *Not with a Bang
but a Whimper*
2004
Archival inkjet print
30 x 30cm





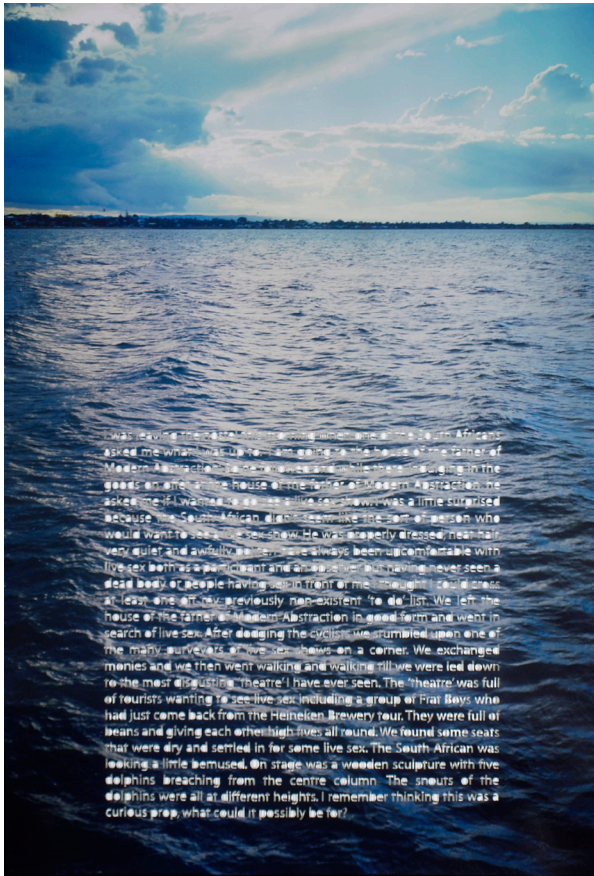
MARTIN
SMITH



Martin Smith
I Walked Straight Past Her
2007
Pigment print
120 x 90cm

I met up again with Melissa and some friends on the train to see 'Back to the Future'. It had been a week or so since I had seen Melissa so I walked straight past her. After being alerted to her presence my signs of visible surprise were the first indication that this was not going to go well. We all settled in the cinema in couple order and after the opening credits my friends started putting their arms around their dates and the pressure was on for me to do the same. When Marty McFly was introduced to the flux capacitor for the first time I took that as my cue for action and quickly whipped my arm over Melissa's head and rested my elbow on her neck and let my hand drop naturally. Feeling very pleased with myself I started to take in the sensations when I suddenly realised that my hand had formed a perfect cup to her right breast. Not wanting to draw attention to this fact and not wanting to relinquish my good fortune I was paralysed with fear, excitement and embarrassment and my hand sat there unmoved for most of the film. By the time Marty McFly had saved his parents relationship my hand was starting to cramp and twitch uncontrollably like a dying fish. Each finger would uncontrollably poke into her soft fleshy boob as I was desperately trying to stop them and mentally record what it felt like. Melissa thankfully took matters action and moved her shoulder so my twitching cramping hand fell on neutral ground.

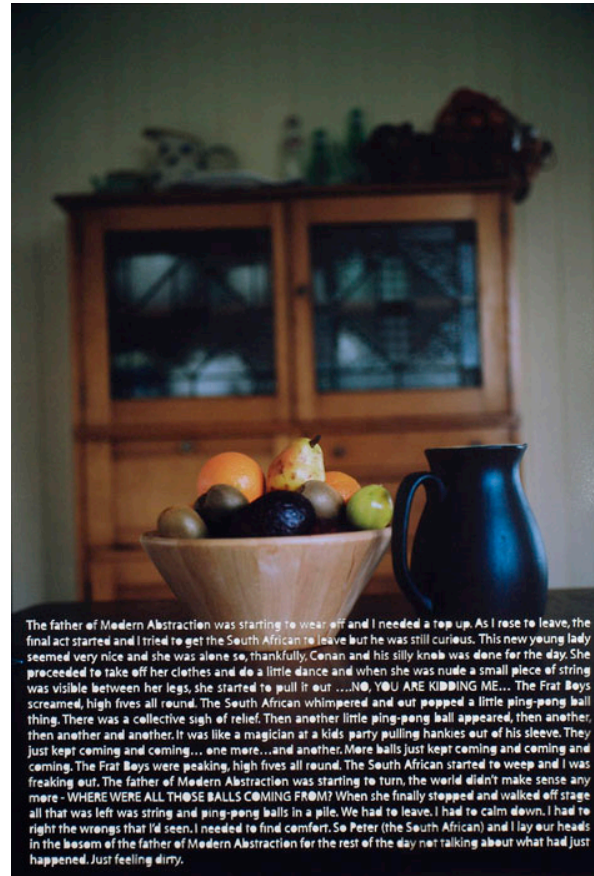
When the movie finished we didn't speak again and when Melissa got off the train we said our goodbyes and I never saw her again.



I was leaving the party when a young woman from the South African asked me what was up. I was going to the house of the father of Modern Abstraction. I took a few photos and then I went to the garage and into the house of the father of Modern Abstraction. He asked me if I was a fan of the father of Modern Abstraction. I said yes because the South African girl said she was a little surprised because the South African girl said she was the only person who would want to see a sex show. He was a very dressed man that very quiet and a little bit shy. He always been comfortable with live sex but as a participant and an audience. I had never seen a dead body of people having sex in front of me. I thought I could see at least one or two previously had existed to do list. We left the house of the father of Modern Abstraction in good form and went in search of live sex. After doing the cycle we stumbled upon one of the many survivors of the sex show on a corner. We exchanged monies and we then went walking and walking till we were led down to the most disgusting theatre I have ever seen. The theatre was full of tourists wanting to see live sex including a group of Frat Boys who had just come back from the Heineken Brewery tour. They were full of beans and giving each other high fives all round. We found some seats that were dry and settled in for some live sex. The South African was looking a little bemused. On stage was a wooden sculpture with five dolphins breaching from the centre column. The snouts of the dolphins were all at different heights. I remember thinking this was a curious prop, what could it possibly be for?



Well out came the first performer who proceeded to strip and position herself over the snouts of the dolphins. She gradually sank then rose over each dolphin snout. The Frat Boys went nuts, high fives all round. The South African was a little disturbed. The performer continued to play the dolphins like some dirty Dutch pan flute when suddenly the smoke machine turned on and the music became heroic. We all turned to see Bob's superhero Conan the Barbarian at the back of the theatre. 'Hey Conan' I whispered. Conan seemed to take a great deal of dislike to the dirty Dutch pan flute playing abilities of our heroine and condemned her to beheading. She pleaded to Conan and he realized that maybe he could score a shag and relented. The Frat Boys were relieved, high fives all round. The South African thought she deserved beheading and had gotten off easy. Our heroine then proceeded to undress Conan, which didn't take long. When she finally removed all of his clothes there was an audible gasp from the audience and I saw the ugliest piece of flesh I have ever seen. Conan's knee was disgusting, it looked like the witch from Mandy and Gene! It was really crooked and strangely coloured. It was huge but Bob and Conan and his nebulous knee wanted the time and were quickly doing the routine. There was more live sex but I think it was with the name as I found Conan switched off. The air was thick with the smell of sperm and sweat. When she finally released the little Frat Boys were beside themselves, then they all round. The South African was annoyed, I was just a as it was ever.



The father of Modern Abstraction was starting to wear off and I needed a top up. As I rose to leave, the final act started and I tried to get the South African to leave but he was still curious. This new young lady seemed very nice and she was alone so, thankfully, Conan and his silly knee was done for the day. She proceeded to take off her clothes and do a little dance and when she was nude a small piece of string was visible between her legs, she started to pull it out. ...NO, YOU ARE KIDDING ME... The Frat Boys screamed, high fives all round. The South African whimpered and out popped a little ping-pong ball thing. There was a collective sigh of relief. Then another little ping-pong ball appeared, then another, then another and another. It was like a magician at a kids party pulling hankies out of his sleeve. They just kept coming and coming... one more...and another. More balls just kept coming and coming and coming. The Frat Boys were peaking, high fives all round. The South African started to weep and I was freaking out. The father of Modern Abstraction was starting to turn, the world didn't make sense any more - WHERE WERE ALL THOSE BALLS COMING FROM? When she finally stopped and walked off stage all that was left was string and ping-pong balls in a pile. We had to leave. I had to calm down. I had to right the wrongs that I'd seen. I needed to find comfort. So Peter (the South African) and I lay our heads in the bosom of the father of Modern Abstraction for the rest of the day not talking about what had just happened. Just feeling dirty.

I was leaving the hostel this morning when one of the South Africans asked me what I was up to. 'I am going to the house of the father of Modern Abstraction'. So he followed and while there, indulging in the goods on offer at the house of the father of Modern Abstraction, he asked me if I wanted to go see a live sex show. I was a little surprised because the South African didn't seem like the sort of person who would want to see a live sex show. He was properly dressed, neat hair, very quiet and awfully polite. I have always been uncomfortable with live sex both as a participant and an observer but having never seen a dead body or people having sex in front of me I thought I could cross at least one off my previously non-existent 'to do' list. We left the house of the father of Modern Abstraction in good form and went in search of live sex. After dodging the cyclists we stumbled upon one of the many purveyors of live sex shows on a corner. We exchanged monies and we then went walking and walking till we were led down to the most disgusting 'theatre' I have ever seen. The 'theatre' was full of tourists wanting to see live sex including a group of Frat Boys who had just come back from the Heineken Brewery tour. They were full of beans and giving each other high fives all round. We found some seats that were dry and settled in for some live sex. The South African was looking a little bemused. On stage was a wooden sculpture with five dolphins breaching from the centre column. The snouts of the dolphins were all at different heights. I remember thinking this was a curious prop, what could it possibly be for?

Martin Smith
*The Father of Modern
Abstraction Part 2*
2009
Lambda print
120 x 90cm

Well out came the first performer who proceeded to strip and position herself over the snouts of the dolphins. She gradually sank then rose over each dolphin snout. The Frat Boys went nuts, high fives all round. The South African was a little disturbed. The performer continued to play the dolphins like some dirty Dutch pan flute when suddenly the smoke machine turned on and the music became heroic. We all turned to see '80's super hero Conan the Barbarian at the back of the theatre. 'Hey Conan' I whispered. Conan seemed to take a great deal of dislike to the dirty Dutch pan flute playing abilities of our heroine and condemned her to beheading. She pleaded to Conan and he realized that maybe he could score a shag and relented. The Frat Boys were relieved, high fives all round. The South African thought she deserved beheading and had gotten off easy. Our heroine then proceeded to undress Conan, which didn't take long. When she finally removed all of his clothes there was an audible gasp from the audience and I saw the ugliest piece of flesh I have ever seen. Conan's knob was disgusting. It looked like the witch from Hansel and Gretel. It was oddly crooked and strangely disfigured. It was huge but spooky. Conan and his ridiculous knob wasted no time and were quickly doing the routine. Here was the live sex but I think it was only 'live' in name, as I'm sure Conan switched off half way through the doggy demonstration. When he finally released himself the Frat Boys were beside themselves, high fives all round. The South African was annoyed. I was just glad it was over.

The father of Modern Abstraction was starting to wear off and I needed a top up. As I rose to leave, the final act started and I tried to get the South African to leave but he was still curious. This new young lady seemed very nice and she was alone so, thankfully, Conan and his silly knob was done for the day. She proceeded to take off her clothes and do a little dance and when she was nude a small piece of string was visible between her legs, she started to pull it out ...NO, YOU ARE KIDDING ME... The Frat Boys screamed, high fives all round. The South African whimpered and out popped a little ping-pong ball thing. There was a collective sigh of relief. Then another little ping-pong ball appeared, then another, then another and another. It was like a magician at a kids' party pulling hankies out of his sleeve. They just kept coming and coming... one more...and another. More balls just kept coming and coming and coming. The Frat Boys were peaking, high fives all round. The South African started to weep and I was freaking out. The father of Modern Abstraction was starting to turn, the world didn't make sense any more — WHERE WERE ALL THOSE BALLS COMING FROM? When she finally stopped and walked off stage all that was left was string and ping-pong balls in a pile. We had to leave. I had to calm down. I had to right the wrongs that I'd seen. I needed to find comfort. So Peter (the South African) and I lay our heads in the bosom of the father of Modern Abstraction for the rest of the day not talking about what had just happened. Just feeling dirty.



Martin Smith
Revelation 1
2011
Pigment print
70 x 100cm



Martin Smith
Revelation 2
2011
Pigment print
70 x 100cm



Martin Smith
Father's Wife
2012
Pigment print
110 x 110cm

Martin Smith
Father's Brother
2012
Pigment print
110 x 110cm





BRUCE
REYNOLDS



Bruce Reynolds
Roman (Bernini)
2013
Pigment print

Bruce Reynolds
Roman (After Outerbridge)
2013
Pigment print





Bruce Reynolds
Roman (Reception)
2013
Pigment print

Bruce Reynolds
Roman (Dovetail)
2013
Pigment print





Bruce Reynolds
Yatala (Blue Lengths)
2011
Pigment print



Bruce Reynolds
Yatala (Mixed Sticks)
2011
Pigment print



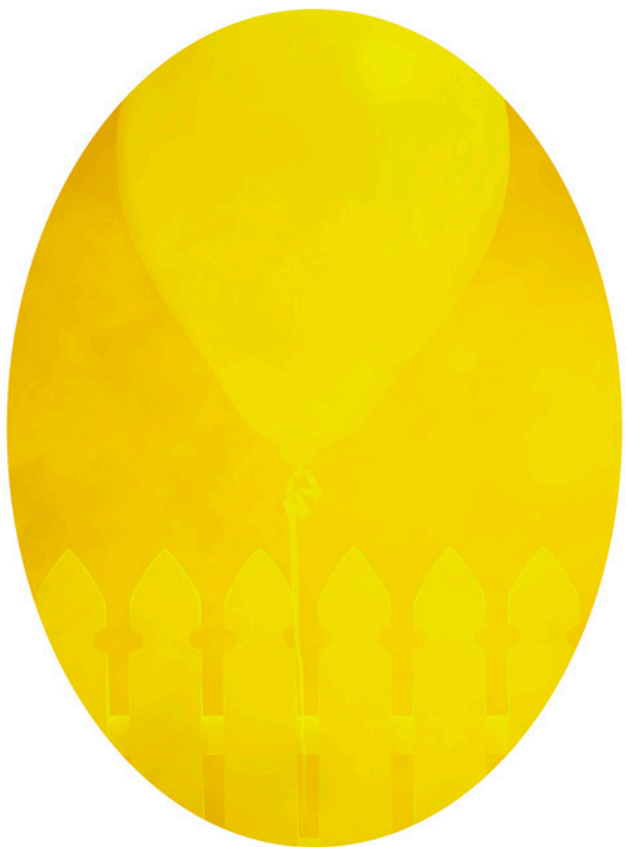
Bruce Reynolds
Yatala (Ipswich)
2011
Pigment print

Bruce Reynolds
Yatala (Taken)
2011
Pigment print





AMY
CARKEEK



Amy Carkeek
Untitled #1
2012
Archival inkjet print
84 x 59cm

Amy Carkeek
Untitled #2
2012
Archival inkjet print
84 x 59cm





Amy Carkeek
Untitled #3
2012
Archival inkjet print
84 x 59cm

Amy Carkeek
Untitled #4
2012
Archival inkjet print
84 x 59cm





Amy Carkeek
Untitled #5
2012
Archival inkjet print
84 x 59cm

Amy Carkeek
Nature's Golden Goodness
2014
Archival inkjet print
84 x 59cm



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