

D E A T H -
A N D - - -
D E A T H -
P O S I T I
V I T Y - -
- - - - -



EAC- Emergency Artistry Collective

ALONE

--LUCY MADDOX



OUR HANDS HAVE TAKEN ON A NEW IMPORTANCE IN THIS ERA.
THE PHYSICAL ISOLATION FROM OTHERS HAS LED US TO FEEL STARVED FOR TOUCH,
YET WE FEAR WHAT OUR HANDS MAY HAVE BRUSHED AGAINST.

WE SCRUB THEM CLEAN UNTIL THEY CRACK AND BLEED.

WE ARE AFRAID OF CONTAMINATION, OF ILLNESS, OF DEATH.

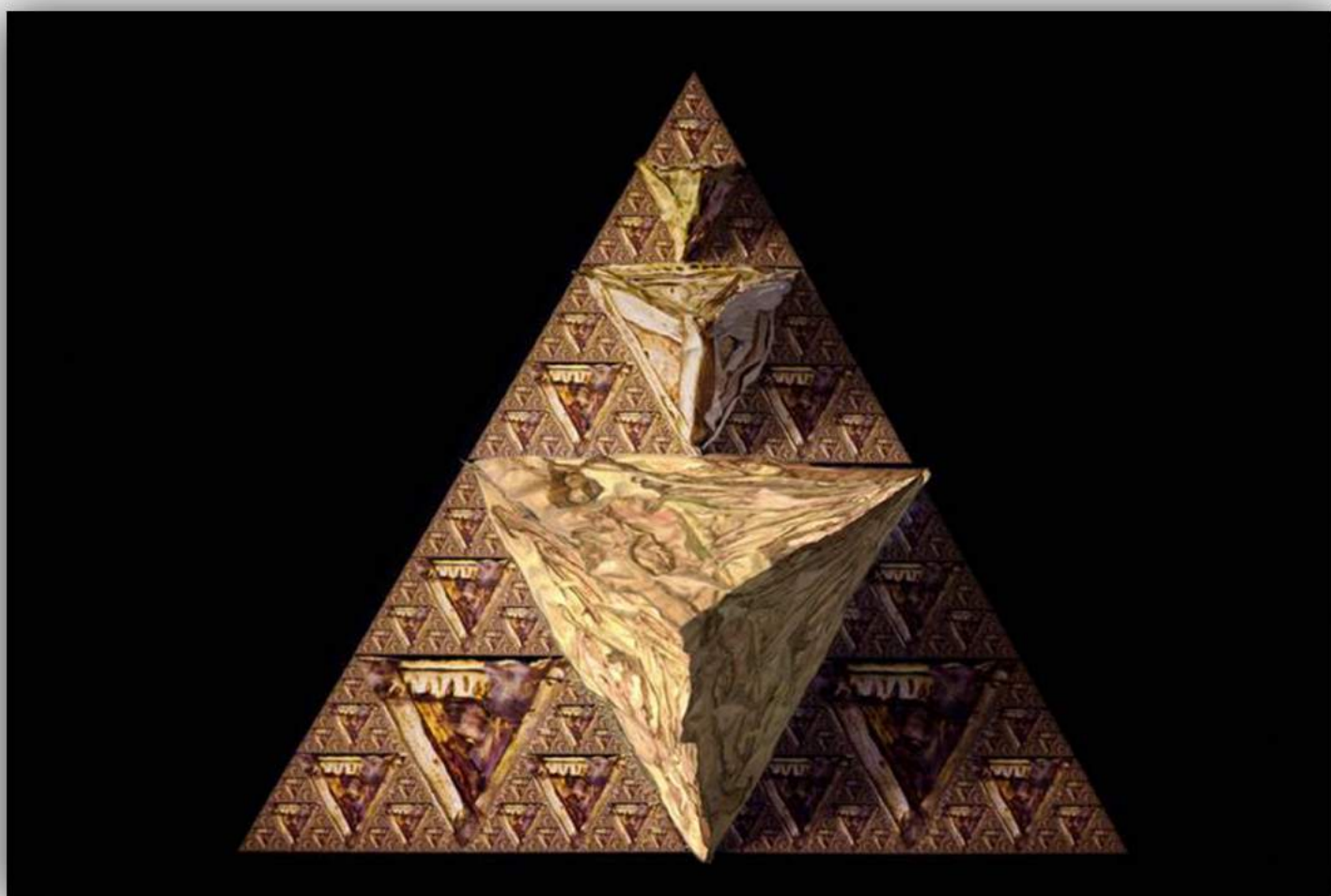
IN MY WORK, HANDS SERVE AS A PROXY FOR THE WHOLE SELF,
AND AS AN ARTIST THEY FORM AN INSEPARABLE PART OF CREATING AND MAKING MEANING.

THE SEVERED HANDS IN THIS WORK ILLUSTRATE THAT,
ALTHOUGH SEPARATED FROM LIFE, THEY ARE STILL CAPABLE OF CONNECTION.

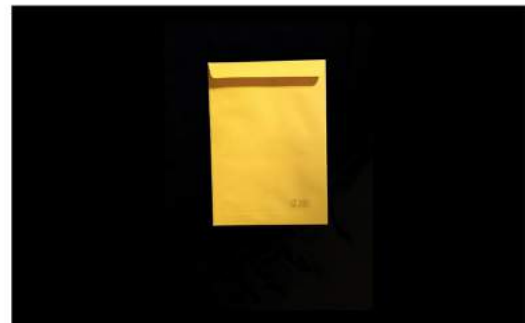
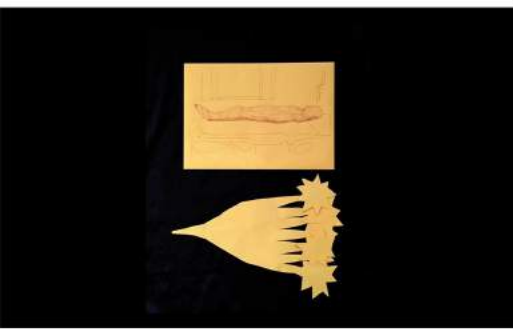
ALTHOUGH SEPARATED FROM LIFE, THEY ARE STILL CAPABLE OF CONNECTION

BITTER FRACTAL SHOWCASES THE BEAUTY AND HIDDEN STRUCTURES FOUND IN NATURE. IT IS A SMALL SCULPTURE SERIES, FORMED BY PEELING AND BAKING THE CORE OF A BITTER MELON. WHEN VIEWED IN PERSON YOU CAN SMELL THE SUBTLE SCENT OF BAKED FRUIT. THE PYRAMID DESIGN EXPLORES THE ENDLESSLY REPEATING FRACTAL PATTERNS WHICH ARE THE BUILDING BLOCKS OF NATURE. THESE FRACTALS CAN ALSO BE SEEN IN THE VEIN STRUCTURE OF THE BITTER MELON. THE REPEATING PATTERN MIRRORS THE WAY NATURE TAKES LIFE AND GIVES IT BACK TO THE EARTH FOR FUTURE GROWTH. THE WORK CREATES A SENSE OF MYSTICISM AND AWE, WHICH REFLECTS THE WAY THE ARTIST SEES NATURE. IN PARTICULAR, IT DRAWS ON THE CONCEPT OF DEATH ALLOWING NEW LIFE TO DEVELOP.

--- JADE ARMSTRONG



BITTER FRACTAL



BURIAL OBJECTS

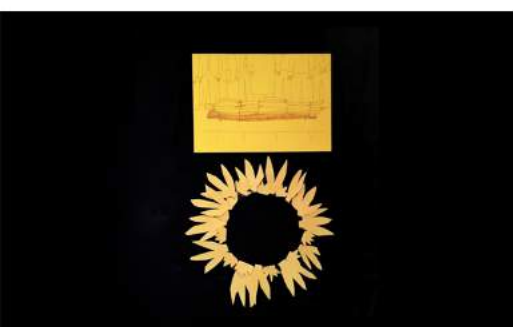
“BURIAL OBJECTS” IS A SERIES OF 12 INTERCONNECTING WORKS. DRAWING REFERENCE BOTH FROM ANCIENT BURIAL JEWELLERY AND AS WELL AS CONTEMPORARY IMAGES OF THE COVID-19 PANDEMIC THIS SERIES WAS AN ATTEMPT TO BOTH GRASP AT THE MAGNITUDE OF LOSS DURING THIS TIME AS WELL AS FIND A WAY TO HONOUR THE SPECIFICITY OF AN INDIVIDUAL LIFE AND DEATH.

WE ARE LIVING THROUGH A TIME OF GREAT LOSS, NOT JUST THE COVID-19 PANDEMIC WHICH HAS NOW CLAIMED MILLIONS OF LIVES, BUT ALSO THE CLIMATE CRISIS, MULTISPECIES AND ECOSYSTEM LOSS. IN A TIME OF MULTIPLE DEATH WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO MOURN AN INDIVIDUAL LIFE? EVEN A LIFE YOU DIDN’T KNOW? IN THE OVERSATURATION OF IMAGES OF DEATH, THE LOSS OF AN INDIVIDUAL LIFE LOOSES MEANING – THE ANONYMITY OF NEWS REELS SHELTERING US FROM THE VASTNESS OF GRIEF.

THESE DRAWINGS AND OBJECTS ARE MADE AS AN ACT OF RITUAL, A SYMBOLIC BURIAL OF SORTS

– RECONTEXTUALISING THE ANONYMOUS DEAD IN AN ACT OF CEREMONY AND IN SO DOING, RESTORING THE PRECIOUSNESS AND HUMANITY OF THEIR LIFE. MOURNING IS THE ONLY WAY WE CAN CONNECT TO WHAT WE HAVE LOST AND WHAT WE HAVE TO LOOSE, THIS PROJECT WAS AN ATTEMPT TO FIND A NEW FRAMEWORK FOR THAT AND IN SO DOING RECONNECT WITH THE PRECIOUSNESS OF LIFE.

--- IONA JULIAN-WALTERS



BYE, BITCH



“BYE, BITCH” IS AN IN-PROGRESS JEWELLERY PIECE. IT IS TO BE A WEARABLE NECKLACE THAT FEATURES TRADITIONAL HAND WEAVING TECHNIQUES COMBINED WITH THE USAGE OF MY OWN HAIR AND GOLDEN THREAD. “BYE, BITCH” EXPLORES THE CULTURAL HISTORY OF VICTORIAN-ERA LOCKETS, IN WHICH ONE WOULD KEEP THE HAIR OF A DECEASED LOVED ONE, AND OTHER ITEMS OF MOURNING JEWELLERY, AND SEEKS TO SUBVERT THE EXPECTATIONS OF GRIEVING AND THE MOURNING PROCESS.



DEATH OF FORM

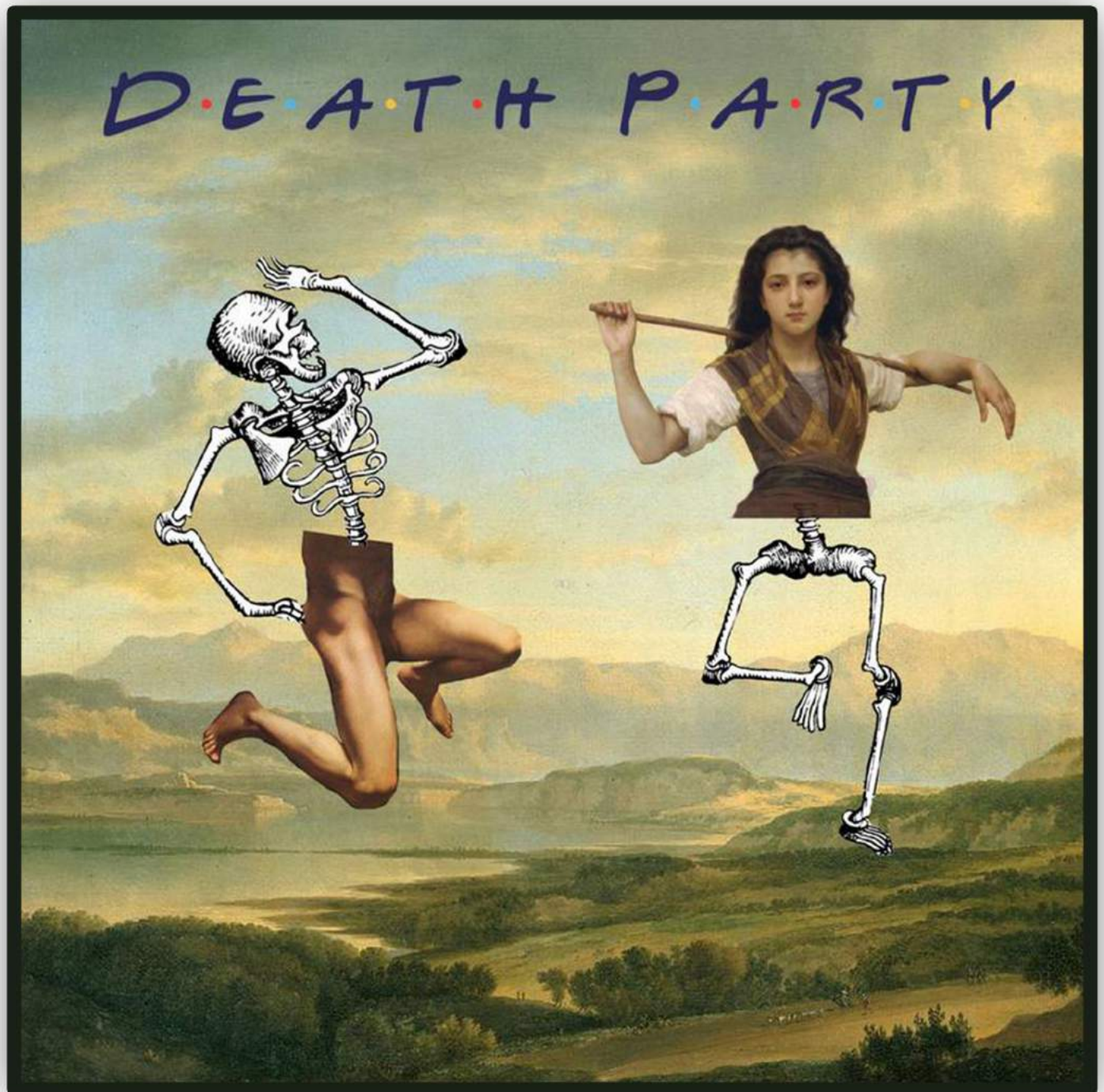
'DEATH OF FORM' DEMONSTRATES AN OPEN-INTERPRETATION OF A TEXTILE PROCESS WHICH DENIES THE IDEA OF FORM-MAKING.

THROUGH A COMPOSITION OF PHOTOGRAPHIC IMAGES, THE ARTIST RE-IMAGINES, AND RE-PRESENTS THE INTERPRETATIONS FELT FOR THE TEXTILE WORK. MAKING IS A CONTINUOUS PROCESS THAT HAS MULTIPLE FORMS AND SHAPES. THEREFORE, SUCH AN EVER-EVOLVING AND TRANSFORMING PERCEPTUAL EXPERIENCE WITH MAKING PROJECTS ITS EPHEMERAL NATURE.

THE FELT SENSATIONS AND MOVEMENTS ARE TRACES OR MARKS, THE THREADS ARE IMPRESSIONS FLOWING IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS, AND THE TEXTILE WAITING TO BE EXPLORED AND EXPRESSED BY ITS PERCEIVER. THE WORK AS A WHOLE PRESENTS ITSELF ALONG WITH ITS SURROUNDINGS. WHEN TOUCHED, THIS WORK IS A BEGINNING TO NEW INTERPRETATIONS AND PLAY THROUGH CONSCIOUS PERCEPTUAL ENGAGEMENT WHICH UNFOLDS ITSELF AND OTHER HIDDEN CREVICES. IT CONSTRUCTS A SYMPHONY OF INDIVIDUAL INTERPRETATIONS WHICH IS NEITHER CONTAINED, NOR ABANDONED BY ANY ONE PERCEPTION OR THOUGHT



--- RITIKA SKAND VOHRA



DEATH PARTY

THE WORK 'DEATH PARTY' TRIES IT'S DAMN HARDEST TO PUT THE FUN BACK IN FUNERAL!
INSPIRED BY THE HISTORY OF THE DANCE MACABRE AS WELL AS CHEESY 90S SITCOMS,
SAM KARIOTIS EXPLORES THE CONNECTION BETWEEN LIFE, DEATH, AND THE DESTIGMATIZATION OF THEIR TRANSITIONS.

THE WORK PLAYS WITH THE DUALITY OF LIFE AND DEATH,
THE CONTINUOUS CYCLE AND CONNECTIONS BETWEEN THEM,
AND HOW WE ALL HAVE FRIENDS ON THE OTHER SIDE IN ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.

--- SAM KARIOTIS

DEATH SHROUD

--- GENEVIEVE GRAHAM



SHROUDS DEMONSTRATE THE PROGRESSION OF EVENTS IN A PERSON'S LIFE, THEIR LOVES, DESIRES AND FEARS.

DURING 2020 MY SHROUD BROUGHT WARMTH AND COMFORT AS I EMBROIDERED ACROSS ITS SURFACE.

I ADDED TEST MATERIALS LIKE PHOTOGRAPHIC TEST STRIPS FROM SOME OF MY OTHER ARTWORKS
AND DREW WITH THREAD CREATING FOR SOMETIMES ORGANIC AND ABSTRACT RESULTS.

THIS WORK IS A REFLECTION OF QUIET SOLACE AND REFLECTION DURING A TIME OF STRESS AND WORRY.

CREATING DEATH SHROUD HAS BEEN A DEATH POSITIVE EXPERIENCE WHICH I ENCOURAGE OTHERS TO EXPLORE AND TRY.

EPITAPH



-- GRACE EVANGELINE STUART

EPITAPH IS AN EXPLORATION INTO DEATH IN A DIGITAL AGE, WHERE THE PHYSICAL BODY IS IMMORTALISED THROUGH THE DIGITAL SELF.

THE LOSS OF A FRIEND IN A DIGITAL CONTEXT IS A COMPLEX EVENT – IN MANY CASES,

LOSING AN ONLINE FRIEND SIMPLY MEANS NOT SEEING THEM LOG IN AGAIN.

EPITAPH ARGUES THAT KEEPING THE SCREEN NAMES OF THE PEOPLE YOU’LL NEVER SPEAK TO AGAIN IS A FORM OF MONUMENTALISM,

ACTING AS A SELF-CHOSEN EPITAPH FOR THE DEPARTED. BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS ARE DEPICTED IN ALL THREE POLAROIDS,

REPRESENTING A VISUAL EXPRESSION OF OUR SYMPATHY, GRIEF, LOVE, AND RESPECT TO THE DECEASED.

THE USE OF STREETLIGHTS IN A PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEXT EXPRESSES THE CAPTURE OF A PERSON’S LIFE THAT CANNOT BE EXTINGUISHED, IMMORTALISED IN A CHEMICAL REACTION – SYNONYMOUS WITH THE IMMORTALISATION OF THE DIGITAL SELF THROUGH THE CLOUD.

MY PIECE "FALLEN HEROES" REPRESENTS A TRUTH THAT NOT ALL SUPERHEROES ARE SUPERHUMAN.
IT TELLS OF A KNOWN AND A TRUTH WITHIN MEDICINE, THAT WE ARE JUST AS SUSCEPTIBLE TO THE VIRUS AS THE PEOPLE WE TREAT.

WITH THE USE OF GOUACHE AND HANDMADE PAPER, TWO WILDLY UNPREDICTABLE MEDIUMS,
I HOPED TO REPRESENT THIS IMAGE AND HOW UNPREDICTABLE THE VIRUS CAN BE EVEN TO THOSE
WHO HAVE THE IMAGE OF BEING IN CONTROL.

--- HEATHER CROFT



FALLEN HEROES

FUTILE ATTEMPTS OF CARE

I DECIDED TO STOP GETTING UPSET WHEN MY FIDDLE LEAF DROPPED A LEAF AND INSTEAD SEE IT AS A GIFT. SHE WAS GIVING ME A PART OF HER TO HOLD FOR A SHORT AMOUNT OF TIME UNTIL IT SHRIVELED AND CRUMBELED TO DUST. EMBROIDERY PUNCTURES, IT HURTS, WITH EVERY PRICK OF THE NEEDLE I HEAR THE FIBERS TEARING AND SMELL THE CELLULOSE. YET EMBROIDERY ALSO BRINGS TOGETHER, IT HEALS AND EMBELLISHES. EMBROIDERING MY PLANTS LEAF IS BEING IN A STATE OF MAKE BELIEF AND FORGIVENESS. RESIGNATION, SADNESS, BEAUTY, CARE. BRINGING FRAGILITY TO STRENGTH. THE LEAF ODDLY CORPOREAL. A BODY THAT WILL SOON SHRIVEL UP AROUND ITSELF DESPITE, EVEN FASTER BECAUSE, OF MY ATTEMPTS TO HEAL AND EMBELLISH ITS BROKEN FIBERS.



— LOUISE SAMUELSSON

WHAT A DAYO

THE DEATH SUMBLIME

FIRST THING I REMEMBER...

WAS LYING ON THE FRONT LAWN,
WITH IAN, JUDE, STEPHEN AND ANDREW
STAEHR STREET, NURIOOTPA.

'THERE'S A BEAR' ANDREW YELLED, 'AND A GOAT WITH A SPEAR,' SAID STEF. 'IT'S SHIFTING FAST', DAD SAID. THE B

NEXT THING I REMEMBER...

SITTING UNDER THE PIANO, IN CAMBER
DAD SINGING, 'DAYO' AND CONDUCTING
GRANDMA TEACHING ME THE KNEE WO
'DAYO, DAYAAAAAAOooooo' SANG DAD,
'DAYLIGHT COME AND HE WANA GO HO

NEXT THING I REMEMBER....

LUNCH AT THE BIG TABLE IN BURWOOD
AT LEAST THREE CATHOLIC PRIESTS BE
IAN'S UNCLE TERRY, WITH HIS MATES,
ALL AS HUMOROUS AS CELIBATE BENN
MINUS THE CHASE - DI, DI, DIDDLE, DID
TO TABLE, FOR MUM'S GREAT FOOD AND

NEXT THING I REMEMBER....

THE TYPEWRITER CLACKING, CLACK, CLACK
OUTSIDE MY BEDROOM DOOR.

BUT IT'S FIVE AM,
DAD'S WRITING AN ARTICLE, FOR THE A
'TURNING OVER THE PAGES', ABOUT A

AND I REMEMBER....

GOING TO HOLLYDENE, WITH DAD, IN THE
DAD BUILT THE ROUND WINERY, BINS
TO CATCH MAST FROM THE POTTERS AB
SOFT MIST THROUGH THE MORNING GU



FASHION, YES, I DO REMEMBER A FASHION PARADE!

AT THE NATARAJA, INDIAN RESTAURANT, UPSTAIRS.

COUSINS, FRIENDS, QUICKLY CHANGING INTO INDIAN DAY-WEAR
BEHIND THE CURTAIN (NOT FOR ME),
PRANCING, STRIDING, STROLLING, ROLLING, DOWN THE AISLE,
FOR CHARITY.

--- JENNY HICKINBOTHAM

LECTURES, CLASSES, I REMEMBER!!

AT GRACE PARK, FOR CAE.

IAN TEACHING WINE APPRECIATION.

CHRIS HELPING, EVERYONE, HELPING OUT.

EVERYONE LEARNING ABOUT WINE AND FOOD.

WHAT ABOUT LUNCH AT THE WINE PRESS CLUB!!

YEAH, AND WE WON THE TROPHY. 1983 MT ANAKIE CABERNET.

DAD SO PROUD, INAUGURAL PRESIDENT.

PARTAKING OF THE FORMALITIES AND CEREMONY.

LEARNING DAD'S PASSION, LEARNING PLONKY BUSINESS.

AND REMEMBER STELVIN!

DAD PAID TO PROMOTE THE SCREW TOP.

OH, DID HE LOVE THAT.

A BOTTLE TOP SO TECHNICAL, THAT ANY WAITER COULD

JUST, WELL,

SCREW IT OFF.

REMINISCING

SPECIAL MEMORIES. HAPPY. FUN. ADVENTURES.

LOVE THESE RECOLLECTIONS, DAD. THANKS.

OH, YEAH, I REMEMBER, A VERY SPECIAL TIME.

DAD AND I WORKING TOGETHER. JUST AT NEW

I LEARNED TO LOVE YOU, LIKE I'VE NEVER BEFORE. I'VE NEVER BEEN SO
EXTRAORDINARY. COOPERATIVE. SHARING-TIME TOGETHER.

NEVER MORE TO BE.



LAN AND PORTIA, LOVE AND LOST

SEEING DEATH

--- LIWEN LIAN



I HAVE HAD A TOUGH TIME DURING COVID. LOSING RELATIONSHIPS AND CONNECTIONS WITH PEOPLE, STRESSED, LONELY AND FEELS HOPELESS INSIDE, I THINK "I'M GONNA DIE". MEANWHILE, I GET TIME TO THINK, REFLECT, WORKING EVERYTHING OUT, SEEING LIGHT THROUGH THE DARKEST HOUR.

"PERHAPS THIS IS LIKE DEATH."

SEEING DEATH IS A DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION

COMBINING POEMS AND DRAWING, IT ATTEMPTS TO ANSWER

HOW CAN WE SEE DEATH BEYOND THE CONCEPT OF LOSING AND NEGATIVE EMOTIONS.

WHAT DOES DEATH REALLY MEAN? HOW CAN

DEATH RELATE TO SELF-GROWTH AND POSITIVE CHANGES IN LIFE?

--- LU-AN SHI



SOLO RIDE

IMAGINE DEATH IS ANOTHER SOLO JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN, LIKE THE ONE WE'VE BEEN THROUGH.
NO ONE IS FULLY READY BUT IT TAUGHT US HOW LIFE IS SHORT AND IRREVERSIBLE.
CHERISH EVERY MOMENT IN LIFE AND WHEN THE TIME COMES, RIDE OUT.

TRANSITION



WITH THE TIME THAT WE ARE CURRENTLY IN, AND WITH EVERYTHING THAT IS GOING AROUND US.
I THINK WE NEED TO LOOK AT THINGS THROUGH A DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE, IN ORDER TO FIND THE LIGHT.

YES, WE ALL HAVE THOSE DAYS WHERE IT FEELS LIKE WE ARE LOST, DEEP, DOWN INSIDE, A DARK HOLE,
BUT WHEN WE MAKE THE MOST OF THE SITUATION, IT REALLY DOESN'T SEEM AS BAD AS IT WOULD SEEM;
ALMOST BEAUTIFUL.

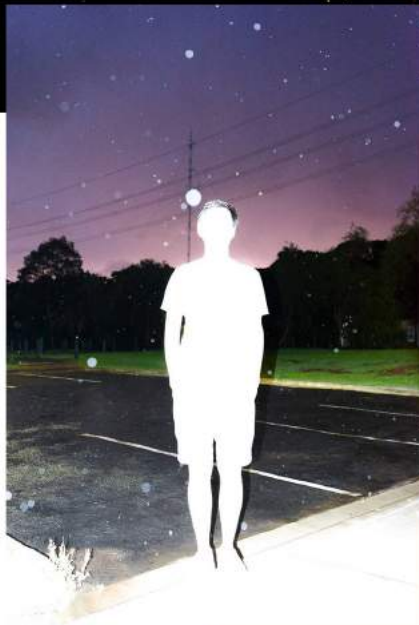
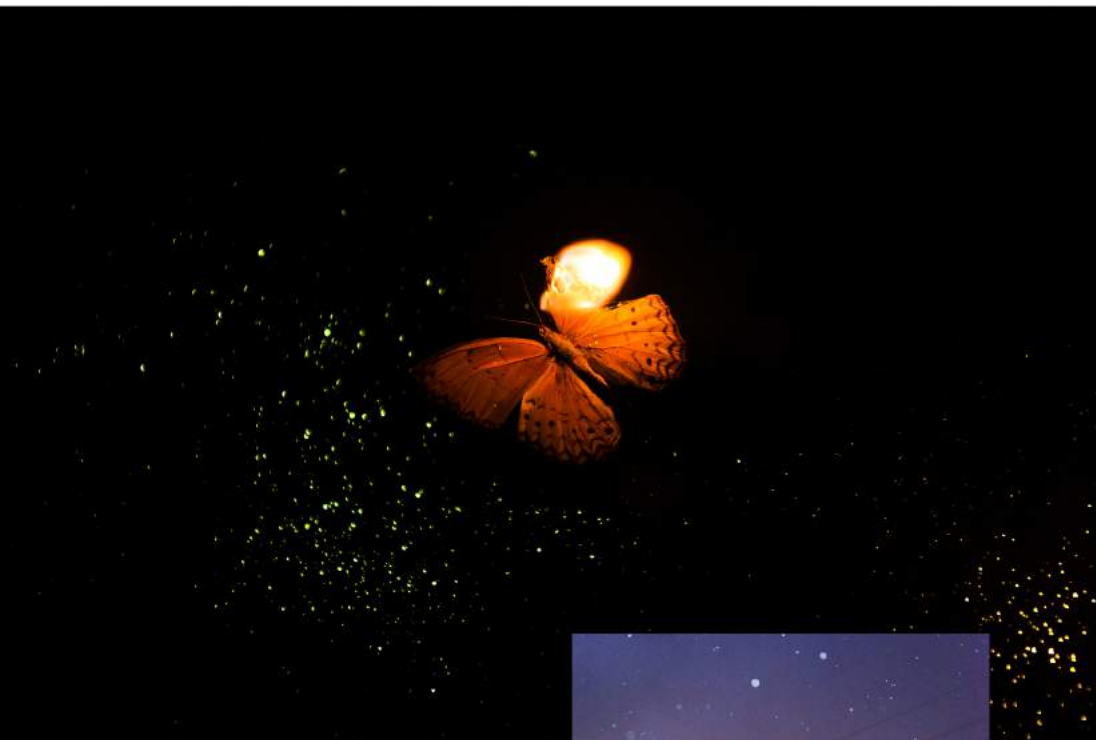
IT IS HARD TO FIND BEAUTY AT SUCH A HARD TIME IN LIFE, AS WE ARE LIMITED;
LOST INSIDE THE CHAOS FROM OUR OWN HEADS THAT JUST KEEPS GROWING.

BUT I FEEL LIKE THESE PAST MONTHS HAVE MADE ME REALIZE WHERE I WANT TO GO IN LIFE,
IT HAS MADE ME GROW AND DEVELOP IN WAYS I WOULD NEVER HAVE IMAGINED.

TO REFLECT OVER THE PAST, AND TO TRY NEW THINGS.

--- MAYA GRKOW

YOU CAN'T WALK IN THE EARTH FOREVER



SOMEDAY YOU WILL HAVE TO FLY

THROUGH THIS PROJECT,
I ATTEMPT TO DEVELOP POETIC STRATEGIES TO PROCESS MY SUBJECTIVE
LIVED EXPERIENCE OF LOSS AND GRIEF,
THE MOTILITY OF LIFE, AND TO SEEK INSIGHTS INTO
EXISTENTIAL ASPECTS OF THE HUMAN CONDITION.

---STARRY KONG

A RECENT LIFE EXPERIENCE HAD ME PLANNING MY OWN FUNERAL
(A VIRUS COMPLETELY UNASSOCIATED WITH COVID-19- REALLY!).
SO, I SEARCHED THE WORLD'S WISDOM AND DISCOVERED A
PLETHORA OF 'CRACKERS' THAT INSTANTLY INSPIRED MY DARK,
CREATIVE HUMOUR. IT MADE ME THINK,
"WHAT IF YOUR COFFIN WAS YOUR LAST CHANCE TO MAKE
A CREATIVE STATEMENT?" "So...



YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN

--- DOMDOM D'MONTE

"MORTALITY" - POEM AND ILLUSTRATION

--- AVIGAIL GIRSAI

FOR ME, ASKING WHAT DEATH IS, IS EXACTLY LIKE ASKING WHAT IS LIFE.

AND MY ANSWER WILL MOST LIKELY ALWAYS BE "I DON'T KNOW".

PART BECAUSE ALL I KNOW IS MY OWN EXPERIENCE, WHICH AS AN INDIVIDUAL HUMAN, DOESN'T REALLY SAY MUCH.

WE TEND TO THINK DEATH IS A MYSTERY. LIFE IS TOO. DEATH, LIFE, TWO PARTS OF ONE - EXISTENCE.

THE ONLY THING I CAN SAY I KNOW IS MY EXISTENCE. IN WHATEVER WAY IT MAY BE (PHYSICAL, SPIRITUAL, DIMENSIONAL), IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER. KIND OF LIKE DESCARTES' "I THINK THEREFORE I AM". IF YOU ASK ME.



I have this notion in my mind that is a bit weird.
It tells me not to believe -
Mortality.
How can I be sure all creatures die
When all I've experienced is life?
Was I born into this world?
Was I born a world?
I feel my brain as a universe,
My heart its soul.
My blood the constant motion of the stars;
Spinning round and round.
And my universe expands,
Further and further away;
As gravity keeps me sane.

BEHIND YOU



THESE WORKS BEHIND YOU AND LOOKING UP WERE CREATED IN THE MIDDLE OF MELBOURNE'S LOCK DOWN DUE TO THE COVID-19 PANDEMIC.

AT THIS TIME MY FAMILY EXPERIENCED A DEVASTATING LOSS WHEN A FAMILY MEMBER SUDDENLY DIED IN A HIGH-PROFILE INCIDENT. ASIDE FROM THE SHOCK AND GRIEF, I WAS ALSO UNABLE TO LEAVE VICTORIA DUE TO BORDER CLOSURES TO BE WITH MY FAMILY.

I WAS BOMBARDED WITH NEWS STORIES AND POSTS ON SOCIAL MEDIA REGARDING THE CASE THAT I NEEDED TO DISTANCE MYSELF FROM FOR MY OWN SANITY.

I WAS UNABLE TO PARTICIPATE IN THE RITUALS WE USUALLY ASSOCIATE WITH DEATH AND GRIEVING.

IT FELT COMPLETELY SURREAL AND LIKE A BAD DREAM I COULDN'T WAKE UP FROM.

--- DREY WILLOWS

THESE WORKS EXPLORE MY UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE WITH DEATH.

THE FEELING OF A THOUSAND EYES WATCHING THROUGH
THE MEDIA ATTENTION AND
THE BOUNDARIES PRESENTED BY SOCIAL ISOLATION.

THE FEELING OF FRAGMENTATION AND
EVENTUAL RESILIENCE OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT.

LOOKING UP



CONTRAST



WEARING A SCARF SHOULD BE COMFORTABLE AND WARM ,
BUT THIS SCARF CAUGHT THE NECK LIKE A HAND
AND CAUSED INJURY,
LEAVING BLOOD AND TEARS FROM THE EYES AND MOUTH.
ALL THINGS HAVE A MULTI-FACETED NATURE.
WARM AND SOFT THINGS ARE NOT NECESSARILY POSITIVE,
AND MAY BECOME A WEAPON THAT HURTS OTHERS.
THE EXTENSIVE USE OF BRIGHT COLORS IN THE PAINTING ALSO SHOWS
THAT INJURIES AND DEATHS ARE NOT NECESSARILY ONLY NEGATIVE.

--- XINGTONG WANG



DAY OF THE DEAD

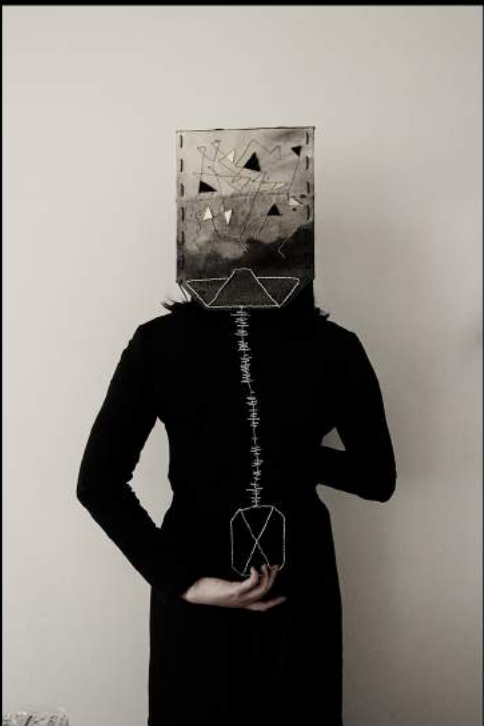


— MILICENT FAMBROUGH

WE CELEBRATE OUR DEAD.

DEAR HEAVENLY FATHER

--- MAN FONG BERTHA KO



THE PROJECT IS AN EXPLORATION OF READYMADE MATERIALS SUCH AS TEABAGS, FABRICS, WIRES, LACES, YARN AND BUTTONS. THE SERIES OF ARTWORK IS A SET OF 3 HEAD WEARS UNDER THE TOPIC OF THE FOLLOWING WORDS: SCREAM, CHAOTIC, REBELLIOUS, DECAY AND HOPE.

DURING THE SELF QUARANTINED PERIOD, I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO EXPLORE MORE ON MATERIALS. I HAVE BEEN RESIZING AND REFORMING A TEA BAG AND MAKE IT AS A MASK/HEADWEAR

WITH MATERIALS SUCH AS WIRES AND CARDBOARD. DYING FABRICS WITH BLEACH AND COFFEE, COLLECTING BURNT MATCHES, OTHER DAILY OBJECTS SUCH AS NEWSPAPERS, BOTTLE LIDS, AND BUTTONS. THEY MADE ME REFLECT ON THE VALUE OF THE DAILY OBJECTS AROUND US.

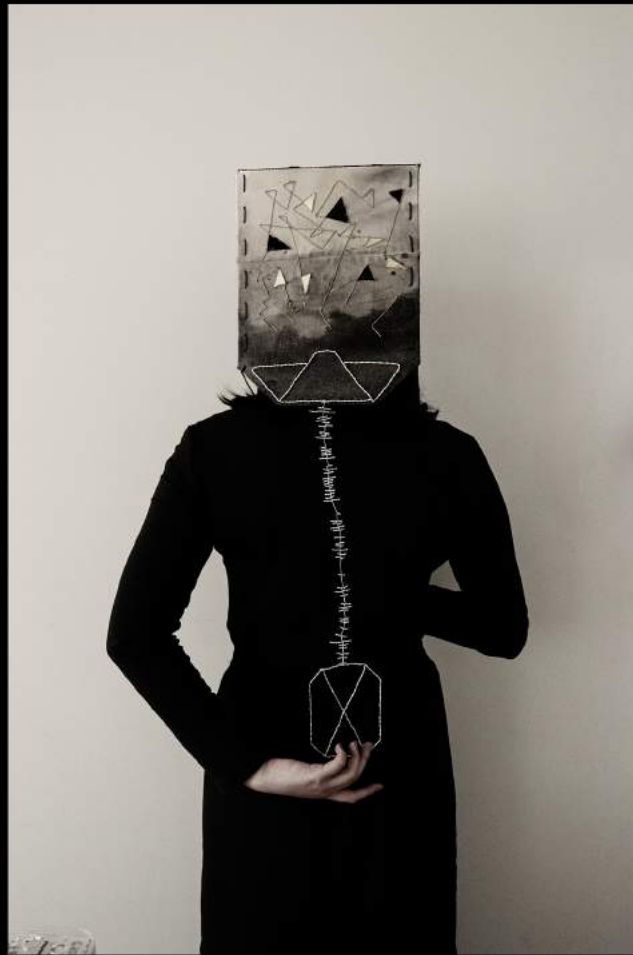
A QUOTE FROM THE MOVIE "LES MISERABLE", 'EVEN THE DARKEST NIGHT WILL END AND THE SUN WILL RISE' INSPIRE ME WHEN I FEEL HOPELESS WITH HOW CRUEL AND SICKENING OUR SOCIETY IS, THAT THE SUN WILL STILL RISE AND THERE WILL STILL BE HOPE. WHAT WOULD YOU DO WHEN YOU FEEL HOPELESS? SOME MAY CRY OR EVEN TRY TO HURT THEMSELVES. IN THIS PROJECT, I RECORDED MY PRAYERS AND LOOKED AT THE AUDIO FREQUENCY. I BELIEVE THE AUDIO FREQUENCY IS PROOF OF THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN ME AND GOD. IT IS PRIVATE AND UNIQUE, ALSO PRAYING BRINGS ME HOPE, AS I CAN SPEAK EVERYTHING TO GOD. I HAVE ATTACHED "AUDIO FREQUENCY" IN EVERY HEADWEAR IN DIFFERENT WAYS, TWISTED WITH WIRES OR EMBROIDER. THIS SERIES ALSO REPRESENTS A PROCESS OF EMOTIONS THAT WE WERE DEVASTATED, STOOD UP FOR OURSELVES, AND EVENTUALLY FOUND HOPE.





DEAR HEAVENLY FATHER - DACAY





DEAR HEAVENLY FATHER - REBELLIOUS





DEAR HEAVENLY FATHER - HOPE



DORYANTHES EXCELSA

ELSA THORP



I AM DEEPLY INSPIRED BY NATURE.

MY CREATIVE DRIVE COMES FROM AN ENDLESS FASCINATION WITH NATURE AND THE THERAPEUTIC BENEFITS OF CONNECTING WITH NATURE.

I CREATE HANDMADE SCULPTURES AND ARRANGEMENTS USING BOTANICAL MATERIALS IN MINIMALIST HARMONY GIVING FOCUS TO THEIR TEXTURE AND FORM.

I GATHER THESE MATERIALS AND CREATE IN SOLITUDE OBSERVING AND MEDITATING ON THE BEAUTY OF NATURE, IT IS A SPIRITUAL PROCESS THAT MERGES THE INDOORS AND OUTDOORS. I AM DRAWN TO THE UNNOTICED, THE ODD AND UNUSUAL, THE SEEDPODS, THE TENDRILS ON VINES AND THE EVERLASTING BEAUTY OF DRIED FLOWERS.



FACING DEATH



FACING DEATH

EVERYONE SHOULD BE AWARE THAT LIFE IS ONLY ONCE. REMEMBER EVERY HUMAN BEING WILLFACE DEATH, SO DON'T WASTE YOUR LIFE AND TIME, DO YOUR BEST AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE, DO WHATEVERYOU HAVEN'T TRIED BEFORE YOU DIE. DEATH IS THE END OF LIFE.

--- EVELYN STEVIE

GHOSTS WHEN YOUR SLEEP

--- ROBERTA GOVONI



GROWING UP IN ITALY, I WAS SURROUNDED BY ITS RICH HISTORICAL ARCHITECTURE, WHICH SPANS ALMOST 3,500 YEARS. DURING MY CHILDHOOD, MY FAMILY WOULD TAKE LONG CAR TRIPS ACROSS ITALY FOR OUR SUMMER VACATIONS. I WOULD OFTEN LOOK OUT THE WINDOW, IMAGINING A FANTASY WORLD CONSISTING OF ALL THE CASTLES AND ABANDONED MANSIONS THAT WOULD PASS BY, SOME AT LEAST A THOUSAND YEARS OLD. MY FAVOURITE ARCHITECTURE STYLE IS BYZANTINE-GOTHIC, WITH ITS DARK COLOURED MOSAICS, STAINED GLASS WINDOWS AND RIBBED VAULTS.

THE ABILITY TO SEE BEAUTY IN DARKNESS AND DECAY HAS ACCOMPANIED ME ALL MY LIFE AND HELP ME TO FACE MY FEARS AND ISSUES. I CANNOT LOOK AT AN OLD OBJECT OR BUILDING AND WONDER ABOUT WHO ONCE OWNED IT. WHAT WAS THEIR STORY AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM? I OFTEN CREATE A SURREAL AND IMAGINARY STORY ABOUT IT IN MY HEAD AND USE IT AS INSPIRATION TO CREATE MY ART.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN PEOPLE DIE? ARE THEY GONE FOREVER, OR THEY STAY WITH US, LIVING IN OUR MEMORIES? WHEN WE SLEEP, WHERE DO WE GO? IS IT A DIFFERENT UNIVERSE? A PORTAL TO ANOTHER WORLD WHERE WE CAN MEET PEOPLE WHOM ARE NOT WITH US?

HORSE, AFTER NOLAN



Horse, After Nolan

2020

MY WORK OFTEN RETURNS TO ART HISTORY TO RECONSIDER MOTIFS AND THEIR VALUES. SYDNEY NOLAN'S SYMBOLISM ONLY GROWS AND DIVERSIFIES ALONGSIDE A WORLD AT-TIMES UNDERSTANDABLE AND AT OTHERS OBSCENE. I'M INTERESTED IN OUR EVIDENCES, WHAT WE LEAVE BEHIND, WE ALL SEEM TO BE COMING TO DEEPER UNDERSTANDING OF OUR IMPACTS AND POSITION IN TIME, WE'RE OFTEN LOOKING BACK. NOLAN'S DROUGHT PHOTOGRAPHY RETURNS HERE, NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME AND NOT FOR THE LAST, AS A MEDITATION ON OUR POSITIONS AND FINITENESS, AS A REMINDER OF OUR IMPACT.

--- BRAD EAST

NOT EVERY SILENCE IS EMPTY

--- TAYGAN BASSI



THIS PROJECT STEMS FROM MY SUBJECTIVE EXPERIENCES DEALING WITH MENTAL ILLNESS AND DETACHMENT FROM SELF/REALITY. MENTAL HEALTH IS A SPECTRUM; IT IS A UNIQUE EXPERIENCE TO EACH SUFFERER AND THE SYMPTOMS, TREATMENT AND DIAGNOSIS ARE NEVER UNIVERSAL. BY USING SELF-PORTRAITURE AND WATER/DISTORTION AS METHODS, MY WORK STEPS AWAY FROM THE TYPICAL DARK IMAGERY SURROUNDING DEPRESSION AND INSTEAD INVESTIGATES A VAGUE SENSE OF SELF, FEELINGS OF ISOLATION, FOGGINESS AND A DISTANT MELANCHOLY OF LOSS. THIS DETACHMENT FROM REALITY ALSO LEADS INTO QUESTIONING OF WHAT IS ESSENTIALLY "NORMAL" BEHAVIOUR AND CHARACTERISTICS, AND WHY EVEN THE SLIGHTEST DEVIATION FROM A SOCIALLY CONSTRUCTED VIEW IS DEFINED AS ABNORMAL. IT CHALLENGES THE PERCEPTIONS AND STIGMA AROUND THE EXPERIENCE OF MENTAL HEALTH, ENCOURAGING THE VIEWER TO LOOK BEYOND THE SURFACE OF WHAT IT IS THAT THEY SEE AND BELIEVE THAT THEY KNOW.

SHIFT IN NORMALITY



THIS PROJECT LOOKS AT THE STUDY OF MY ENVIRONMENT AND THE EXPLORATION OF SELF WITHIN MY HOME. I HAVE USED A DOCUMENTARY STYLE OF PHOTOGRAPHY COMBINED WITH SELF-PORTRAITS.

THROUGHOUT THIS PROJECT I HAD A FOCUS ON FOLLOWING THE LIGHT AROUND MY HOUSE IN ORDER TO OBSERVE THE PATTERN WITHIN MY ENVIRONMENT. THROUGH THE USE OF LIGHT AND THE OBSERVATION OF HOW LIGHT BEHAVES, THIS PROJECT EXPLORES PATTERNS AND THE NATURE OF INTERACTING WITH THE ENVIRONMENT I AM IN. DURING THE FIRST LOCKDOWN, I FOUND I FELT TRAPPED WITHIN MY HOME AND MY CREATIVITY TEMPORARILY DIED OFF AND I FELT AS IF I WAS TRAPPED IN A MENTAL RUT.

THE WORLD WE LOVED AND KNEW HAS BEEN TAKEN AWAY AND THUS THESE SELF PORTRAITS DEPICT THE WAY IN WHICH I PERSONALLY FELT DURING THESE TURBULENT TIMES. OVERALL THESE WORKS WERE MY WAY OF CREATIVELY EXPLORING AND DOCUMENTING THE TIME SPENT DURING ISOLATION. THESE ARTWORKS ARE A REFLECTION OF THE WAY IN WHICH I USED MY CREATIVITY TO EXPLORE MY INTERNAL SELF AND ENVIRONMENT. THIS PROJECT ENABLED ME TO CREATIVELY EXPLORE MY EMOTIONAL AND PHYSICAL STATE DURING THIS TIME AND FOCUS ON THE NEW WORLD IN WHICH WE MUST BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND



--- MOLLY BURMEISTER

STAATENLOS

--- DANIEL LONGO



STAATENLOS; A MAN WITHOUT COUNTRY.
CONFLICTING COUNTRIES USED TO LIVE INSIDE OF ME.

THE COUNTRIES WERE INVADED AND OCCUPIED,
RULED BY UNCONSCIOUSLY INVITED NOMADS.
UNWANTED NOMADS WHOM I LOATHE YET LOVE-
RELISHED YET ABHORRED.

NEVERTHELESS, THEY NOW LIVE INSIDE OF ME.
HOUSES HAVE BEEN BUILT AND THEY PLAN TO STAY.

/

I'VE INJECTED POISON INTO THE STREETS.

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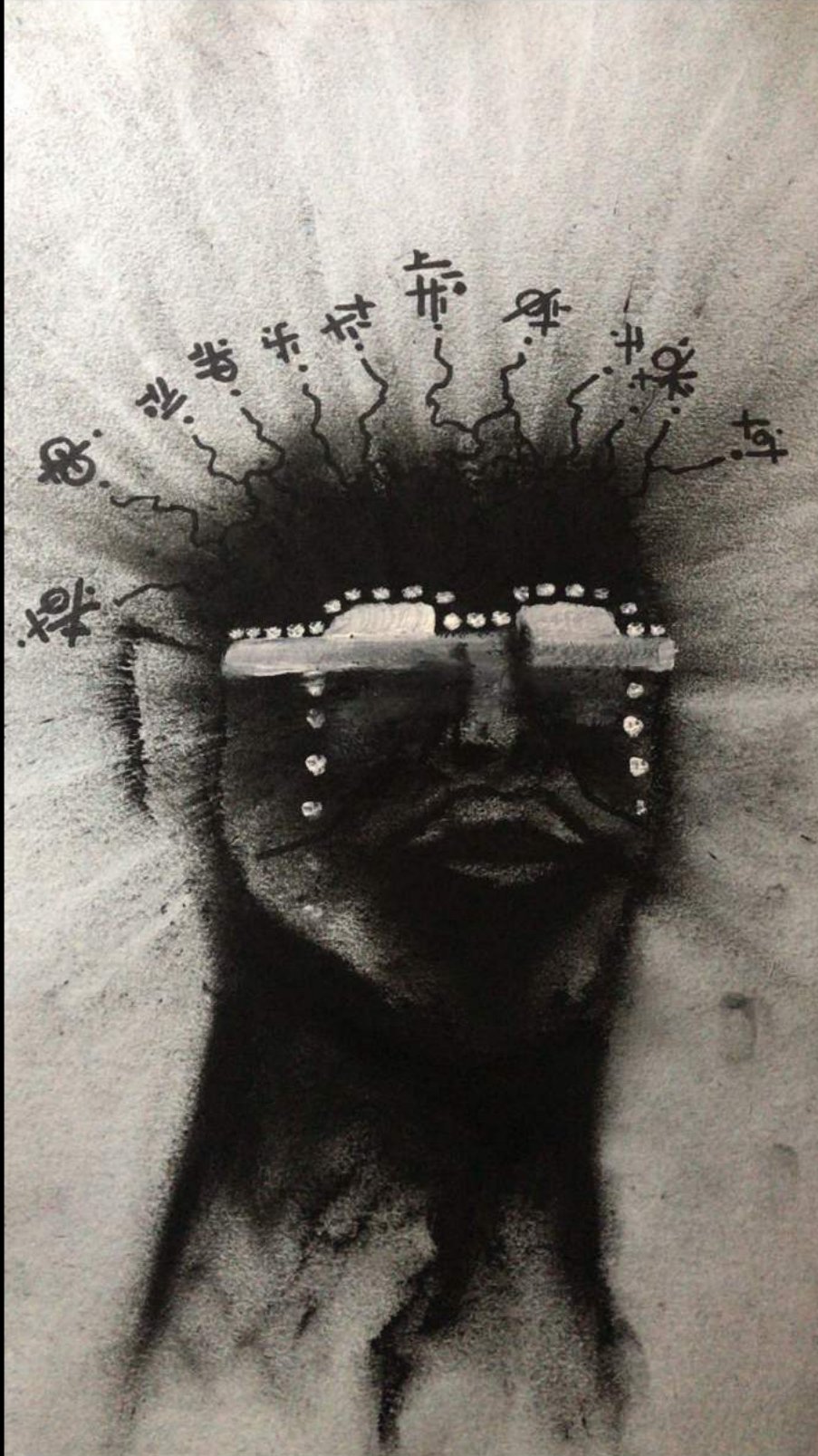
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--- MOLLY BURMEISTER

THE ART OF DYING

THE IDEA BEHIND 'THE ART OF DYING' IS THE GLAMOURISED VERSION OF OUR COMMON CONCEPTION OF DEATH. THERE'S SO MUCH FEAR BUILT AROUND THE IDEA OF DYING WHERE IF PEOPLE ACCEPTED DEATH AND THE PEOPLE AROUND THEM CELEBRATED THEIR PASSING THEN THERE WOULD A SHIFT IN PERSPECTIVE AND CAN LEAD TO LESS PEOPLE TRYING TO GET RICH QUICK AND MORE PEOPLE HAVING A DEEPER RESPECT FOR THE TIME THAT WE ALL HAVE.



--- TOUFAN SHAREEFPOURARABI

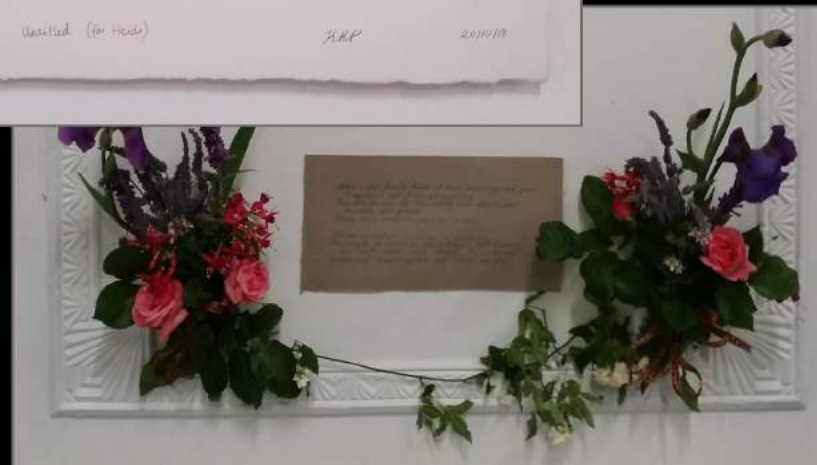
THE CONTAINER

--- YUCHEN XIN



THE CONTAINER IS A VIDEO WORK I MADE DURING STAGE FOUR LOCKDOWN IN MELBOURNE. THE LONG-TERM LOCKDOWN HAS MADE MY BIOLOGICAL CLOCK CONFUSED, I USUALLY GO TO BED AT THREE OR FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING. RECENTLY, I HAVE DEVELOPED A HABIT OF SITTING ON THE BALCONY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AND WATCHING THE CBD AT THE NIGHT. I REALISED THAT IN THE APARTMENT BUILDING OPPOSITE, ONLY A FEW ROOMS HAVE LIGHTS, MOST OF THEM ARE DARK ALL THE TIME. I WONDER WHERE ALL THE PEOPLE ARE, HAVE THEY ALL ESCAPED THE TERRIBLE LOCKDOWN? THE CURTAINS HAVE NEVER BEEN DRAWN IN THE ROOMS WITH THE LIGHTS ON, AND EVERY HOUSEHOLD SEEMS TO LIVE IN A CONTAINER, ALL TRANSPARENT AND VISIBLE FOR ME TO VOYEUR. THINKING ABOUT IT THIS WAY, MAYBE PEOPLE WHO LIVE OPPOSITE MY BUILDING ARE ALSO PEEPING AT ME BECAUSE I NEVER DRAW MY CURTAINS AS WELL. WE ARE ALL WATCHING EACH OTHER IN SOME WAY BUT WE NEVER REALISED.

MOURNING IS SOMETHING THAT WILL CATCH UP WITH YOU IF YOU DON'T MAKE TIME FOR IT.
 I WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD WHEN HEIDI DIED.
 I COULDN'T GO TO HER FUNERAL.
 I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GRIEVE.
 A YEAR LATER, WORKING WITH HER OLD TOOLS AND ART SUPPLIES
 THAT I HAD INHERITED, THOUGHTS OF HER CROSSED MY MIND
 AND ASPECTS OF HEIDI ENTERED THE ARTWORK SUBCONSCIOUSLY.
 UNDERTAKING A PROCESS THAT IS SOMETIMES REFERRED TO AS THE "SUICIDE PRINT",
 I POURED OVER 100 HOURS OF MY LOVE INTO CARVING AND PRINTING THIS WORK.
 IN THE END, I ACHIEVED A LOT MORE THAN THE FINAL PRINT.
 I REACHED CATHARSIS.
 REST IN PEACE HEIDI



UNTITLED (FOR HEIDI)

--- KATELYNN PARTANEN