IMAGE USED AS STARTING POINT FOR THE EXCERPT EXHIBITION (KEEP READING TO FIND OUT MORE)
Our compelling Issue 3 cover image is by Loris Savino from his series *Betweenlands*. Even viewed apart from the series, the image runs deep. Men lie sleeping in a field, side by side they form an intense tableau of the essential act of rest. There is a duality within sleep, a restorative quality bound in the physical vulnerability it induces. With the men clustered together, the peacefulness of the image, the sense of sunlight on skin, is undercut by questions of circumstance. We know outside of the image, these men suspended in slumber woke up; there is a troubling sense that the poetic quality of this photograph is somehow unreasonably jarred against a stronger reality. On occasion images depict what they don’t show. We rest from what has happened and for what will happen next.

It seemed audacious to take this image as the beginning point of our exhibition section, to be responded to by geographically diverse contributors, in a sense to scatter it to the wind. Yet everything about this incredible picture suggested a story larger than the image itself, so struck by the humanity of the image it was decided upon. The exhibition at the end of this Issue attests to the multi-facetted qualities that make Savino’s image resonate.

Excerpt Magazine has always hoped to be a starting point not an end point. Hopefully Loris Savino as our cover artist will draw attention to his deeply ambitious *Betweenlands* series. An extensive look at the Mediterranean region in the wake of the Arab Spring, Savino shows that revolutions surge up and they also trickle down. The images in *Betweenlands* interconnect to bind the fractured story of a region in to an encompassing narrative. To get even the slightest sense of revolutionary upheaval attention must go not only to the moments of decisive action, but to all the millions of moments that surround it.

Fabio Severo recently wrote on his website *Hippolyte Bayard* about the strangely location-less nature of much Arab Spring photography, concentrating on the World Press Photo Awards he says,

“All the photographs show angry men wielding batons or holding guns, kids running, hands up with victory signs, and so forth. No chance to look at the landscape around those people, the houses they live in, the places where they work, the buildings of their cities, the streets where they gathered. Wasn’t there anything worth showing of the cities and the villages where those people grew their anger, their need for change?... Obviously the answer is yes, and if only less space were given to the here and now in all those photographs, we would have the chance to look at images where we could read something more of those places, those people, those revolts.”

Perhaps the inconography of revolution is so often narrow because photographers are attempting to capture it as an extrinsic idea; resulting in a visual vacuum. In contrast, the vastness of Loris Savino’s series and the scope within each image, highlights how Revolutions comprise a continuum of actions and reactions that become impossible to neatly delineate. Savino vitally captures places, people, moments and their interconnections.

*Betweenlands* is being developed as exhibitions and a book and is able to be viewed in part on Loris Savino’s website.

www.lorissavino.com
Welcome

Issue 3 wasn’t intentionally based on our tumultuous times, yet it has ended up steeped in the full spectrum of humanity; from disasters to defined spaces there is a constant sense of meta-narrative. Perhaps this was bound to happen given most of the works are recently made and if there is an over-riding sentiment at the moment it is an awareness of implications and interconnectedness - a new gravity that feels inevitable yet still surprising.

We hope you enjoy Issue 3 of Excerpt Magazine.

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Sewingmachine, from the series Interiors_2011
Mark Schaer

Disaster 4, 2012
What do you secretly love?
Q.2
Do you party?
Are you organised?
When you think of the future, what do you see?

What makes you nervous?
So, what’s next for you?

Concrete pour for Rise+Fall sculpture

3D printer prototype
the Mourners

A photo series by Georgia Metaxas

2011
THE MOURNERS
GEORGYA METAXAS
THE MOURNERS
GEORGIA METAXAS
White Horse at the Separation Wall,
West Bank Palestine, 2010
Burning Penzai, 2012
ELLIVOR Forsberg

SEE YOU AT SHORE
See you at shore is a continuation of Peachland, an airborne country without limits and borders on a map. It’s not a promised land- it’s a place for the imagination. It could be a modern version of a fable, where animals are used to visualize and comment on the complexity of human behaviour.

This nomadic project has a collective ambition to create a space where more than the norm can be celebrated.

See you at shore...
MAW is written by a minimum of eight anonymous contributors. Submissions are only seen in their individual format by the editor who mashes them together to try to form something somewhat coherent (the editor does not contribute, but simply edits).

MAW allows people to put forward ideas without feeling obligated to construct seductively lined-up arguments to support them. MAW supports a lack of justification and a mish-mash of whatever because the stickiest and most interesting thoughts are so often just like that.

I want pretty things. I want art and plants... A herb garden and beautiful cooking utensils. I want a lovely bike with a basket and I want to drink champagne on a blanket in the park. I want to go to gigs, and festivals and the theatre. I want a camera, a new phone, all of the penguin classics, an overseas holiday and a puppy... But I want to work in the arts... Fuck. I watch people shedding money like happy leaking buckets and I am envious and alien.

Professionally broke is fucked up. We have to question how we legitimate practices.

Why would I feel embarrassed to show work in my house, in my dead end street. What is the stupidity that would make me feel that it's less professional, less real.

When are we going to be poor enough to make interesting choices? I don’t mean the undeniably depressing 2minute noodles poor, will it be the beef or the chicken; walking is really better for me than public transport, today’s special purchase is cheese. I mean the choices of if it’s $900 for gallery rent but a $200 idea finding a better a way to show it than spending four times the art investment (ie. the valuable bit) on a piece of floor, hoping it’ll make it $900 more important, $900 worth of notice.

Slim finances should recommend themselves to some tricky and creative ventures; instead are we only making enough money to make it seem like we have more? If we truly want to make culture happen, and importantly to make it sustainable for those who are in it, we need to reposition ourselves dramatically.

I have no money.

I’ve spent more on art than I have on anything. Where does working for fuck all get you? Just enough to make it seem okay, enough to make it seem like the lifestyle, like a choice. Like I ride a vintage bike because I want to, ooh I do, really. But I couldn’t afford a fucking car so what sort of choice is it? One I pretend I’m making, because I want to make art I get the whole superfun lifestyle bonus. That’s actually punishment.

This ‘aint broke. This is distracting yourself from the next ten year of this, from your stupid job and your art practice which is going nowhere because you feel dead, and dead tired and I am sick of having to seem like this is a blast. Fashionably broke is fucked up. Money and photography have a lot in common. When transparent, they work insidiously at imposing vast networks of illusory connections upon our societies. Before we know it, we remember the impossible and desire the improbable.

Can’t you just cover me this one time? Fuck no I don’t have my card…well I do but I don’t have anything in there that I can withdraw. I do have money in there but I can’t withdraw it because I need it for something else. The gallery rent, catalogues, printing costs, anyone?

If you’re not making traditional work, if you’re not exhibiting within a commercial system; if you don’t hope for these things, why are we still so hung up on the mainstays of them? Can’t it be a good thing to work out of these confines?
The art scene is a pyramid scheme. When did the business professionalism of my hardly lucrative career become so important? Perhaps become more important than making the art. I’m sick of having to seem professional before I get to become professional. Anyone actually managing to make interesting art occasionally probably doesn’t have much money, why are we perpetuating all these expensive career accessories. The gallery was so supportive: why wouldn’t they be? In hindsight I was shooting my ten thousand dollar arts grant out of a confetti canon.

Professionally broke is fucked up. We have to question how we legitimate practices. Because yes, we can live and find work within the art world – that is we can actually have a life that is productive, which is located in our ability to make culture happen – in our very skills in shaping it. We have to ask how cultural producers through their work are creating and opening up loopholes into new and existing social/political networks and disciplines. It is here in following this idea, that the greatest potential for practical opportunities like jobs to exist – precisely in locating cultural production in its functioning as social infrastructure.

Only trouble is having no money also seems to go hand in hand with no time and no energy either. I have tried to comprehend the dollars that I have. Tried to stop think about it and plan and use it “properly”. Whilst spending and eating away at the stash over time nothing matters and all is at peace and ease until I’m broke again. Then I drop out of the clouds and understand the value of what I don’t have. It’s only when I need the dough that I can get what it is. Money makes me feel like a junkie and I can’t avoid it or get off it.

My idea of money has been shaped by the amount I have, but also the amount of money shapes my idea of it. I stood in line at TAB Sportsbet, a place I had previously felt self-conscious, now dismayed at how I looked like I belonged there. I had delayed collecting my miraculous $70 winnings for two weeks to prolong the anticipation. Alas, what an anticlimax. Before I could even count it all, it was gone. Falling delicately down-wards, spirals of monetary snowflakes mocking me with their bright colours, value and uselessness. I barely touched the $50 note which I had effectively already spent, as I reluctantly repaid my companion the loan, leaving me $20 which I will keep in my wallet as long as humanly possible.

When I have no money I become hungry, I worry, I wait for the next job and my film sits untouched in the fridge, I do not take photographs. When I have money, I become lazy, I drink and eat, avoid work and my film sits untouched in the fridge, I do not take photographs. Somewhere in between the two, I take photographs.

Can’t you just cover me this one time? I thought I was doing you a favour coming out.
UMBERTO Verdoliva

REAR VIEW MIRROR
2010-2011
Women, Fire & Dangerous Things

Kristina Bengtsson & Katharina Kiebacher

Images selected for Excerpt by Hayley Davis
Exhibited in 2011 at Galleri Spark, Copenhagen.

Bengtsson _ Delusive Fog, C-Print
At Falck Nutec, emergency management agency, you can book a disaster. A storm, helicopter rescue or escape from a burning house. The organization hosts courses to prepare workers for acute, life-threatening situations. Simulation centers are business. Constructed in these centers are scenarios; postulated sequences of hypothetical events: designed, standardised and operationalised. As a photographic object these disasters may well just be a little piece of heaven for artists, because the field between the dramatic tension of a real disaster and simulation planning, is loaded with existential themes. On one hand, a full blooming flirt with disaster, destruction, death, and loss of self and existence, and on the other hand, an exercise in staying in control. Control versus loss of control, death drive and self-preservation in one. Most people are familiar with the banal desire to rewind time, to live life over as their wiser more experienced self. It is a desire to become a better ‘me’, to have the ability to get through situations with a better result, a longing for missed opportunities. It is complemented by another fantasy, which is volatile and taboo: the fantasy of disaster, the fleeting thrill of an imagined event gone totally wrong. But it only lasts for a split second, before self-censorship strikes and the thought evaporates.

Everybody wants to be at their best, to be a world champion in living life. Not a moment wasted, no regrets. But simultaneously we feel the lure of tantalizing uncertainty. In the complete collapse of planning, control and success, there is freedom.

Kristina Bengtsson and Katharina Kiebacher’s “Safety First” project is about the nuances of control, about feeling safe and experiencing a rush at the same time. The two artists with backgrounds in photography have been interested in events that could be life threatening were they not simulations. >>

Text abridged and translated from the original Danish by Hayley Davis in collaboration with Kirstine Autzen.
The visual outcome of the project are photographs of explosions, fire, ruins and wrecked vehicles, fake blood, a false leg, immersion suits with boots and helmets hanging in a way that one is tempted to call lifeless. We see people in the middle of these scenarios, inspired by reports from genuine emergencies.

When danger is close, but does not engulf us, we experience a strong enjoyable shudder. The English philosopher Edmund Burke in 1757 described the relationship between pleasure and pain. Pleasure is good, he says, but pain is an even stronger sensation - more intense.

And even more intense is the pleasurable thrill. This thrill that can only be enjoyed when the threat is not life threatening, but just adequately close to give you that sinking feeling, it is the mixture of joy and fear.

Edmund Burke says, “astonishment is that state of mind where all motion stops with a degree of horror. In these cases the mind is so filled with its object that it cannot accommodate others, nor can it relate sensibly to this object.” Amazement and shock are the primary emotions. Respect, admiration and awe are secondary emotions in the experience of the sublime.

This experience is closely related to the experience of art, because art may bring us close to powerful forces, but still maintain a distance, and does not refer us to emotional paralysis. In art we can extend time to sway between amazement, the complete self-forgetfulness, and contemplation. Bengstsson and Kiebacher’s images artfully play with these feelings.
When danger is close, but does not engulf us, we experience a strong enjoyable shudder.
When danger is close, but does not engulf us, we experience a strong enjoyable shudder.
Control versus loss of control, death drive and self-preservation in one.
PHYSICAL
HUMAN

音 Zhuang Zhouyang
2010 - Ongoing
An Intimate Discussion

Seven artists discuss the relationship between Art & Intimacy.
Louis Porter

> The mischievous voice in me can’t help but suggest that intimacy is an impossible prospect with photography. Given a camera only lets the surface through, wouldn’t the act of photographing something be to lack it?

Amy Marjoram

> I like your take on intimacy being an impossible prospect, you cynical bastard :) I think intimacy is few and far between within photography, but just as it’s improbable in life, I do think there is sometimes true intimacy within photography. I think Katrin Koenning’s Near series is pretty damn close, and I think Andre Kertesz series of the glass sculpture on the window sill in New York had it. Behind my bitchy facade I am a romantic when it comes to photography. I think within images almost everything can exist that lurks in the real grubby world- it exists differently, but it’s all there. If you were being really honest, I reckon you could think of at least one image, that you find has intimacy within it, your just toooo cool to admit it, hahahah.

Louis Porter

> Nope not one! The closest I guess I come is tintypes, I have a collection of them, I’ll show you one day. I enjoy knowing that little piece of metal has occupied the same space as the person it depicts, that across a bridge of time a capsule of light connects us both. But I don’t think that’s intimacy, I think its an act of possession, I can see them but they can’t see me. Perhaps we confuse desire with intimacy? I would say intimacy is when two things occupy the same space at the same time, as equals.

Now I appreciate you might think of me as a cynic, but I would say that if you want to try and understand the world, then photographs are a damn fine starting point. They alert us to its absence, to the point at which it fragments and abstracts into a mist of shifting signs. But if you want to get intimate with it, you need to stick your nose into its armpit and sniff. There’s more intimacy in the accidental touch of a stranger’s arm in a darkened cinema, than there is in every photograph ever made. I still like photography though :)

Thanks for reminding me about Kertesz’s work ... extraordinary.

Amy Marjoram

> I find your take really interesting. I guess I personally feel that when I’m taking a photo, it is like I am accidentally touching a stranger’s arm. I normally revel in being bored and unimpressed, and when I’m taking photos there’s a millisecond where I am instead so absorbed, even though I just click casually. I am accepting a sharp engagement with something and for me that’s intimacy. I agree that intimacy should be reciprocal, but when I’m taking a photo I feel it is, which is probably kind of fucked up :) It’s like there was this woman on a reality show and she was obsessed with rocks and had a gazillion of them all over her house-like every surface. She said, “I don’t really want any more rocks, I can’t look after the ones I have.” and “I find rocks comforting I normally have one in my pocket at all times.” They were trying to make her see that rocks aren’t a good substitute for relationships and I was sitting watching the television and just loving how this woman had constructed this rapport with all her rocks, I recall her feeling she needed to pay them all attention. It might have been messing her up a bit, she couldn’t leave the house without coming home with her pockets weighed down with new rocks, but on some level I felt it was this great expression of need- she attended to all these rocks so lovingly and felt they loved her back. I have a camera on me at all times.

Rockwoman reminds me a little of Bill Cunningham, in the documentary he was living with his photos and negotiating the world through them. I guess I think some people have intimacy with the world through their photos and I think you can have intimacy with the world through other people’s photos. This most likely means I am mistaking intimacy for something else, that I am abstracting it. The difficulty is I completely agree with what you’re saying and yet I feel like the Kertesz pictures were as intimate for me as anything within my own world has ever been.
Louis Porter
> I think the discussion of intimacy is a really good one to open up for an edition of Excerpt.

I can appreciate your feelings about photography being a point of connection, as if the opening shutter represented a kind of awakening to the nature of things. Perhaps the most profound intimacy comes from the realization that the universe gives itself completely in all places at all times. I’m certainly open to the idea of intimacy being a psychic embrace, but I guess on a personal level I tend to think of it as the reverse, a sense of being overwhelmed by the corporeal, hence my expression of pleasure in the act of holding a tintype.

I find that when I photograph I strive for disconnection, so that, perhaps ironically, a good day of shooting ends in a sense of disquiet. A feeling that I am floating above the world and all I can see is symbols and the beginnings and ends of countless stories all tangled up together.

Amy Marjoram
> No only rocks, all madness has its limits. Thank god she didn’t want boulders as she would have ruined herself to get them.

Stefan Abrams
> I thought I would add on to this if I may. I think that the question of intimacy is an interesting one and an interesting problem for photography. I tend to agree with Louis and am deeply skeptical about the possibility of feeling real intimacy through a photograph. Of course there are aspects of intimacy that the photograph handles well. I am quite certain that photographs can present images showing intimacy. There are many images that show real tenderness within the frame of the image. But to me the question at hand requires trying to understand what happens above that surface, between the viewer and the photograph.

To me the real difficulty lies here. The photograph for me has always had this distancing effect. If I stare too long at any photograph I begin to feel quite uneasy, though this might be a product of my own particular psychology. Perhaps the more intimate the image the more I feel like an outsider peering in, and very much an uninvited one. It is as though I am standing out in the cold at night looking in a stranger’s window, (maybe even the window of friends having a dinner party I am about to attend). Inside there might be a warm gathering of people, or an intimate moment between lovers, but of course I am removed from it. My removal does not create a sense of oneness with the people inside; it heightens my feeling of separateness.

In a moment I might step into the house and into the scene, and my feelings will change, but outside looking in is a period of extreme disquietude.

This might be why I am more comfortable looking at images that are more cool in their disposition. For instance, a portrait by Rineke Dijkstra, or August Sander, might leave me with a similar sense of separateness from the subject, but at least it matches the subjects feeling of separateness from me. We can stare at each other coolly, through the medium, across time and space and size each other up, but we remain strangers. If I could step into the picture, meet the people, maybe even have a moment it would all be different, but I am stuck on my side, and they are stuck on theirs. The photograph, the thing that has brought us together, is forever keeping us apart.

Maybe some types of older photographs are different. Maybe they have warmed with age. I recently saw a really beautiful Warhol Marilyn print, the one I am thinking of is in the collection of the Princeton Art Museum. The thing that I was struck by was how hand made it looked. When it was first produced it must have seemed very industrial in relationship to peoples expectations of art and painting. But now it seems very painterly. It has warmed over time. Maybe some photographs are doing the same thing. But still I am skeptical.
Stefan Abrams

The tintypes Louis talks about I, agree with the idea that the connection he feels to the sitter is not this question of intimacy. It is the relic, the bones of the saint, standing in the studio of Cezanne, holding a copy of a book signed by the author. One might say, “The book that I am touching was once touched by Hemingway or Borges, or Emily Dickinson.” But it is the object itself. Maybe this is something missing in the photograph, and now lost since the tintype. One might look at the photograph and feel a sense of separation looking through the medium, but at least holding the tintype in your hand, the object itself relieves one somewhat of this uncomfortable feeling. But of course that is no more.

To me there is something distancing about the photograph. This is inherent in the medium. It is something that is really important to me as a photographer. It might bring a piece of the world closer to me, but it does so in a way that keeps me separate from it. I learn something about that part of the world, or that spot, but mainly what I learn is how that spot looks like as a photograph. It might create a sense of longing, but I don’t think it creates a sense of knowing.
Paul Knight

> Beautiful topic. First I want to say I don’t think it’s any surprise that the rocks that the woman is collecting are pocket sized or to put it another way, palm sized. I could also imagine someone collecting boulders of a certain human scale too - the boulders being like large static bodies resting. A particular attractive quality to rocks is that they don’t change, they tend to be forever as you found them, like photographs in a way but photographs also have a psychosomatic and shifting ability……

I think a part of the photographic history with intimacy lies in its connection to the notion of the secret. Not to say that our partners and family are secrets but in a similar way that photos of our loved ones end up in our wallets (however now more so on the screens of our phones), once those tintypes would have been the keep-sakes of husbands, wives and lovers. They acted as emblems of the unique or special relationships between the represented and the carrier. The often lush cases of the tintypes would be kept warm from within peoples pockets or safely nesting in amongst the folds of briefs in top drawers. Photographs quickly took up the role of keeping those who were special to us, visually fresh in our minds and simultaneously presentable as special to other people. Almost in a way like guarding what is special to us by displaying that you paid good money to have a photograph made of them. That applies less now in a digital era but I think that history sets up a base for engagement, which we still continue from.
An Intimate Discussion
An Intimate Discussion
An Intimate Discussion
Paul Knight
> I’m wondering about the difference between conveying intimacy and having intimacy attributed. Photographs definitely have a long history of having intimacy attributed to them. Truth, fact and knowledge are part of intimacy, we believed that photographs had these qualities (still do in many ways), so maybe that’s how they got to carrying our intimacy for us too. If I take a photo of a person I share intimacy with, a moment of us in some way, that photo is really something that those people who are involved in it, truly understand. I guess getting that knowledge to extend past the subject(s) and the maker, that’s intimacy in a photograph, when it coverts the viewer too, bringing them into the circle and into the secret. I wonder if intimacy in photographs is about letting people in? Irrespective of the unfortunate fact that a photograph is just a surface, I wonder if an intimate photograph succeeds when it changes that surface into a membrane and allows for an exchange, albeit one under tension?

I really feel like when I’m taking pictures I know they are good when I become emotional, when I choke.

P.K

Harvey Benge
> I agree with Louis that intimacy is not something to be derived from the photographic image. We may individually sense a feeling of intimacy in a particular image but this is just our own subject view. Absolute intimacy is impossible to find. Photographs deal with surface, intimacy is about depth. Intimacy necessitates a closeness and a connection between two people where there is a sharing, a giving and a taking both physical and emotional. This is a difficult transaction to make happen between an inanimate photograph and its viewer. Even on a personal level what one person might take to be intimate in a relationship another might see it as cold and impersonal. Photographs work best asking questions where the reader fills in the gaps fueled by knowledge, intellect, experience and a desire to make a connection with the work. That connection can never be an intimate one and the connection will vary wildly from one reader of the work to another.

I wonder if not believing in the possibility for the intimate transaction in photography is like a mathematician who doesn’t believe in infinity. Intimacy and Infinity are both vast and potentially undefined or ever-evolving concepts and do not both add a sense of potential and lyricism to their forms?

I agree with Stefan’s thoughts on separateness between viewer and subject but wonder if this is also not connected with the same intense charge that Louis talks of when we accidentally touch arms with a stranger on the seat rest at the cinema. In this situation it often doesn’t matter if we are sexually attracted to them or even if they are of our sexual preference. It can still be an immensity, made even more voluminous by the tiniest lingering of touch or contact. I wonder if that touch of the arm in the dim room could stand in for the action of the photographic surface wanting to give way. Eggleston does this transaction through states of tension for me because his work is so photographic but it’s so touched and human.
Anne Zahalka

One set of pictures that I have made that touches on some of these ideas was taken within the homes of people that are no longer alive. Mostly, they are the homes of artists or collectors and they are filled with their treasures. Photographing as I have done amongst these riches is a very intimate experience. There’s a strong sense of the person and the things they loved and collected. Peering into the rooms, paintings, drawers, bookshelves and cupboards is so compelling and revealing. I feel a pull as though I might discover something about the owners through their things. It is a very private space and yet I feel I am an intruder recording there in order to capture their essence. It’s like looking for something and not having been given permission, to pry, to open rooms and to sit amongst their possessions. This may not necessarily impart a feeling of intimacy for the viewer but we can relate to that feeling of being in someone else’s home and having the pleasure of casting our eyes across the surfaces of their things.

“A Z

Peering into the rooms, paintings, drawers, bookshelves and cupboards is so compelling and revealing.

Haefliger's Cottage Series _ 2010

Haefliger’s Cottage, Interior #7_ 2010
Anne Zahalka

In thinking further about the theme of intimacy and photography I wondered whether you’d thought about the physical relationship of the photographer to the camera and the intimacy that is established between them. The way the body of the camera is held and how it is manipulated and controlled. How intimate the space is between the eye and the viewfinder – eyelashes gently touching the window, warm breath on its body, sharing a field of vision. The camera creates a private space behind which the photographer can gaze and hide. It allows them to see without being seen.

The physical space that is also established between the photographer and the subject involves a certain intimacy. It relies on trust and a willingness to let the photographer in, in order to reveal something to others. It’s a fine line that we tread in establishing this relationship with the subject who gives us permission to take a little of them away. In looking at photographs, these moments between the photographer and photographed trigger an awareness in the viewer of this contract. It is self-reflexive and involves our own personal relationship and experience to that which is represented. Feeling intimacy to a photograph comes from identifying with the subject whatever it might be – a landscape, a portrait, an object. It involves memory and our own personal histories that connect us to these places, situations and objects. It is simply in the appearance of these things that one might find intimacy.

Yvette King

When I look at Anne Zahalka’s images of homes and possessions I feel intimate with them. To be clear, I have a sense of the homes, the people who lived in them and their life, that feels tactile and emotive beyond the fixed image or the particularly necessary significance of what I’m looking at. Now perhaps I am just making out with a window (or technically some sort of emotional smearing with my computer screen) but I think I can call that an intimacy. It might in part be their ‘objectness’, that display of things, the tactile, the lived space, with that repetition of a person. It’s certainly been mentioned in this discussion how much we respond to, and perhaps even require a physical form for intimacy, from a tintype, to wallet picture or an unfamiliar elbow in the dark.

Anne’s images display belongings and space; but beyond the physical they show an accumulation of decisions, forms dictated by close activity; which are things seen but not simply to be seen, that now form part of the absence they express. I think intimacy, that closeness of experience, is something I am happy to find, that I seek out even and is important to processing information and experience for me. If I am interested in something, it’s always that close.

I have a sense of the homes, the people who lived in them and their life, that feels tactile and emotive beyond the fixed image.

Y.K
Are we all so concerned about putting out because we might not get anything back? I thought I was set on intimacy, I thought I felt sure about what it was. The more I can hear other people talk, think over on this; I feel less sure. But this is good, surety leaves no room for expansion.

Reading back through this discussion, one of the issues isn’t whether the photographer, or photography via the viewer can be emotional; but the idea that for emotional experience to be intimacy there needs to an exchange. I hear Louis talk about intimacy being two equal things occupying the same space at the same time (actually that was the line that lured me in) and it feels fucking beautiful, egalitarian, harmonious, impossible. I see a great romance to say that, no cynic.

My intimacy is so intimate it only exists always and forever for me. I can make a guess how things are for you, but they’re a guess and if wishes were horses then beggars would ride. Not that we’re necessary wrong in how we read an accompanying reaction, it was a special thing between you and me, I met your eyes and you looked at me with repulsion. But we often won’t know, and there’ll never be a measure, it cannot be compared. So I don’t need my intimacy to be an exchange.

While I don’t necessarily think intimacy requires form, I am also really into things. Objects, surfaces; I’m into physicality and I’m into stuff. Which I think is why I’ve been invited into this discussion, since as an artist I work across all sorts of areas; but I am perfectly comfortable having a serious relationship with something inanimate. While it might sound contradictory to have such an interest in objects, with an emotional, irrational almost interpersonal exchange, it means that I would never see merely a surface as a barrier to connection with something. I think I just don’t separate forms, which honestly is how you end up as rock woman and working in the kitchen because you can’t access your desk. You may spend your free time filling in online hoarding surveys, but it’s a lifestyle choice. Besides, part of it is how I make work.

Thinking about physicality, will digital photography warm with age? I know my interest in photography is different between film and digital. It actually isn’t something I like to mention a lot, I’m not a luddite and I don’t want to glamorize the difficulty and technicality, the stupidly wide margin for error, which can be film photography. I just know with digital I mediate every image I take- I am editing the experience before it has happened and that puts something extra there. With digital there might be less fuck ups, but image for image I don’t know if that’s better. But if I am interested it will always bridge across surface or device and find welcome. I think photography actually gets to have multiple and unique surfaces of perception, specific to different exchanges. All of them possibly intimate. The point of capture and shared air between photographer and subject, the image and the photographer removed as a photo in relation to themselves. The image as itself, what it shows to someone else, as a form, motif; the photograph and viewer, the photograph in relation to the view and the photographer. What the photographer becomes to mean to the viewer.

Even the most analytical of us could admit to using art as a negotiation, making works to shift our relationship to forms, and what this does is often unmanageable in any other way. I think intimacy is actually one of the few guaranteed pay offs of being an artist, with or without acknowledged intimacy in your own process. For any artist, someone who knows your work well will always know an uncomfortable amount about you.
WALLS

Kim Guthrie

Check, 2010
WALLS
KIM GUTHRIE

Red wall _ 2009

Seeing spots _ 2011
A TRUE DISASTER

KEITH WONG

There was a mooring hall that was set up for the citizens be murdered during the tragedy of the fire at Put Sin Leng.
A TRUE DISASTER
KEITH WONG
A TRUE DISASTER
KEITH WONG

From the disaster zone
Greetings, placated by the sum of death.
A card sent,
recovered by the ephemera collector
The aftermath is the picturesque.
Upon the back of which,
can it be said?
Wish you were here.
In the friction to part with words, a misadventure.
Sorry for not writing sooner.
The weather is cool and dry.
- Keith Wong
FUNCTION
FOLLOWS
FORM

2011

Peter Nitsch
I know I am not the only Australian to say when it rains heavily that it’s “pissing down rain” as if the universe is taking a leak. Mounds of snow with their rudimentary formations also have that thoughtless urgency of creation that mirrors urination.

Snow is often so devastatingly, stupidly photogenic that a tiny pile of it can look like an Antarctic iceberg. Pristine snow. In Peter Nitsch’s Function Follows Form snow is sprayed in bright yellow by dogs, yet it remains frigidly beautiful even in the face of this marking. Rather than an attack on the picturesque, these canines are paying homage to the skies, replicating the gorgeous abstraction of expulsion.

The design principal that ‘Form Follows Function’ here gets a reversal. Function does follow form and very rarely goes against our expectations of it; the functions of snowing, the functions of peeing, they’ve been worked out some time before us. Might as well go with it, Nitsch ramps up the colour of the warm frothy landmarks till they almost fluoresce. The frivolous photos become the colour of smashed eggs, a crystallised map of urgency, a rendering of techniques of urination as cold paws make haste, an expansion of the photographic documentation of the unmonumental in the tradition of Brassai’s Sculptures Involontaires, 1933. Lastly they are simply piss on snow.
For many, creating a nearly fifteen minute stop-motion animated film with puppets, scale dioramas and detailed sets would be a significant enough endeavour. For Melbourne-based artists Isobel Knowles and Van Sowerwine, this represents merely one part of their multi-faceted practice. Their interactive installations involve a complex combination of creative elements, from animation to real-time video, actively engaging their viewers on multiple levels. I spoke to Knowles and Sowerwine about their recent collaborative work.

*It’s a jungle in here* 2011 Isobel Knowles & Van Sowerwine. Wooden structure with live-feed webcams, single-channel animation, custom software, audio

Coding and Interface Electronics: Matthew Gingold | Carpentry: Don Russell | Sound Design: Finn Robertson | Additional Coding: Oliver Marriott
Knowles and Sowerwine began their collaboration—in a somewhat surreptitious manner—while studying Media Arts at RMIT. Sowerwine’s supervisor at the time had recommended that she consider working with a cinematographer, a conversation that Knowles had been eavesdropping on. Knowles subsequently introduced herself, thus beginning a collaboration that has continued since 1999, with the pair working together on a number of short films, animations and installations.

While both artists also pursue individual practices, Knowles’s quote above illustrates the level to which their projects are entirely collaborative affairs, from conception through development and realisation. In recent pieces such as You were in my dream (2010) and It’s a jungle in here (2011), Knowles and Sowerwine have created installations that integrate stop-motion animations with real-time video feeds, interactive interfaces and custom-built viewing structures. With so many variables to their work, they clearly rely sincerely and frankly on each other to bounce ideas off and to work through the unknowns.

Knowles and Sowerwine work closely with other collaborators to realise the complex technical aspects of their pieces, such as the computer coding and interfaces required. Yet this multi-faceted construction is not limited to their developmental processes, rather it structures the nature of their artworks. Much writing about contemporary art and film assumes or advocates notions of ‘active’ spectatorship. Less common are artworks that actually offer their audience levels of agency and control. Knowles and Sowerwine’s pieces extend far beyond any simplistic sense of interactivity in terms of gameplay or immersion. The viewers literally drive the progression of the narratives and are implicated in the sometimes uncomfortable and confronting scenarios.

I refuse to think about it unless we’re together.

— Isobel Knowles
Knowles and Sowerwine’s accomplished piece, *You were in my dream*, won the Premier of Queensland’s New Media Art Award in 2010. It was their first experiment at incorporating live video of viewers’ faces into the artwork, transporting participants into a dynamic and dreamlike forest realm. Yet as Sowerwine reveals, their subsequent installation *It’s a jungle in here* offered them an opportunity to explore and heighten some darker sensibilities. The decorative, pastel-coloured exterior of the work belies what is encountered within. An experience for two people, *It’s a jungle* stitches its viewers’ faces onto the bodies of characters within a recreated train carriage, positioning them in situations that gradually escalate into conflict.

What impresses and compels about Knowles and Sowerwine’s practice is their ability to combine a characteristic whimsicality with distinctly sinister undertones. There is a dark sense of humour found in *It’s a jungle*, derived largely from the way that the piece implicates the viewers in its narratives, assigning them roles they might otherwise never assume—lecherously coming onto a young female passenger, or blowing bubble gum into the hair of a fellow commuter. The effects can be unnerving, as the physical proximity of the participants clashes with the actions of their virtual personas, as either attacker or victim. However the relationship that develops is not fixed. Each narrative situation presented has more than one possible ending, yet these are not offered to viewers as conscious choices. Rather, it is the spur-of-the-moment and visceral reactions of the viewers—for example, whether the ‘victim’ protests loudly or keeps silent—that directly determine the conclusion reached.

Knowles and Sowerwine were conscious of not making these confrontations too disturbing, thus they cleverly defer and offset the tension by having their characters morph unexpectedly into various animals as each scenario ends. This sensibility is additionally reflected in their playful and ‘hand-crafted’ aesthetic. The characters of *It’s a jungle* were animated using paper puppets, conferring them with a certain flatness, upon which the faces of the viewers are placed. The fit isn’t perfect, but it’s not designed to be; rather, it reinforces the object-based nature of much animation. Knowles and Sowerwine described to me how one of their earliest collaborations, the stop-motion interactive *Expecting* (2004), was often mistaken as being animated with a computer. While animation inherently represents a challenge to ‘realistic’ or ‘indexical’ modes of representation, modern technologies have developed to an extent that renders much animation seamless and slick, an approach which sometimes disavows the medium’s constructed nature. Knowles and Sowerwine re-instate an emphasis on the tactility and process of animation, while at the same time imbuing it with creative possibilities of engagement.
‘A horrific pathway’

-- Van Sowerwine

What characterises Knowles and Sowerwine’s pieces is the combination of this ‘hand-made’ quality with their undoubtedly impressive technical nature. As necessitated by most interactive installations the pair prototype their works, however Sowerwine shrewdly describes the ‘horrific pathway’ that leads up to (and follows) this process. They must invest a significant amount of work and refinement prior to any testing, well before they truly know whether their ideas will in fact translate. After all, you cannot test something that is half-finished. Thus implicit in the process is a contingent commitment to the unknown, and a tacit acceptance of the possibility of failure.

As with so many creative endeavours, the reactions of the viewers always threaten to defy any amount of preparation. It’s a jungle premiered at the 2011 Melbourne Festival, whose theme was protest and revolution. While many of the pieces in the Festival were explicitly political or didactic, Knowles and Sowerwine’s approach stood out for its subtly subversive yet distinctly affective nature. One of the surprises of its exhibition came when an English as a Second Language teacher used the installation to explore language of protest and objection with his students. It speaks to the way that the scenarios created by Knowles and Sowerwine resonate far beyond their intricate cabinets of curiosities, engaging their viewers in intimate, emotive and animated encounters.
Excerpt Magazine invited ten people to visually respond to the front cover image by Loris Savino to make an exhibition beginning from a visual premise.
EXCERPT EXHIBITION
MARISHA CAMP
UNTITLED_2011
EXCERPT EXHIBITION
HARVEY BENGIE

JEANS BLUE FROM THE SERIES
BOY/GIRL, 2008
EXCERPT EXHIBITION
HENK WILDSCHUT
4.57 MIN. BACK HOME

VIEW VIDEO
EXCERPT EXHIBITION
HENK WILDSCHUT

VIEW VIDEO

Untitled

Calais, France, February 2009.
EXCERPT EXHIBITION
DANIEL GORDON
LEGS, 2008
EXCERPT EXHIBITION
VERONIKA LUKASOVA & HELENA LUKASOVA
MARTIAN WOMAN, 2012

Image used to create final work: Dunes in Noachis Terra Region of Mars / Image credit: courtesy of NASA/JPL Caltech/Univ. of Arizona
Thank you to our wonderful Founding Creative Director, Laura Gulbin.

Laura has worked tirelessly to make Excerpt Magazine the incredibly slick and intelligently designed publication it has become. As the Founding Creative Director, Laura brought her design skills and amazing ideas to work creating the logo, magazine and website and designing the first 3 issues. She has been constantly responsive with the content and this in-depth engagement has made her integral in building the philosophy and direction for the publication. Laura is also incredibly fun to work with and be around. Thank you so much - you have been a complete inspiration.

Laura looks forward to her new adventure into motherhood, and will be returning to Excerpt in issues to come.

Thank you to all the contributors and readers of Excerpt magazine Issue 3.

We are grateful to everyone involved for the immensely creative energy that is fuelling the magazine.

We want as many people as possible to be involved in this project and welcome you all to contact us. We are always seeking potential contributors, editors of segments, ideas, recommendations and feedback. All segments of the magazine are open for people to suggest topics and content.

Our contributors have kindly provided content without receiving payment and they retain copyright over their material. If you wish to reproduce any parts of Excerpt magazine please contact us.

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PROPS

Leon Teague for his patience and love.
Louis Porter & Lou Hubbard for their endless encouragement and insights.
Scott Borsys for our wonderful new CMS website
Devon Ackermann & Bettina Hamilton who will be joining Excerpt as Guest Co-Editors for Issues 4 & 5 respectively.
Emily Fiori who will be joining Excerpt as Project Manager. Emily will be managing partnerships and development.

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