



THE LIBRARY
BRIGITA OZOLINS

CAST Gallery, Hobart, Tasmania
4 – 26 October 2003

The Library

Solo exhibitions by the same artist

Living history

Content (#2)

I have my work cut out for me

My hands are tied

I know where I'm going

Important Idea

The Library
BRIGITA OZOLINS

CAST Gallery, Hobart, Tasmania

4 – 26 October 2003



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For Reading

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Foreword
by Michael Edwards

Contemporary Art Services Tasmania takes special pleasure in presenting *The Library*, an installation that has been in development over 18 months since its inception when the artist was a resident at the Australia Council London Studio. Brigita Ozolins has repeatedly returned to the CAST Gallery space over this period, sometimes fuelled by mid-night panics and always armed with the queer apparatus of a contemporary artist (full-scale paper plans, computers, measuring sticks ...), in her careful pursuit of a conceptual weight for her imagined library.

The ‘CAST’ *Library* is a specialist library, inasmuch as its subject is *literature*. Aptly, the knowledge in this form, whether prose or verse, for reading or reference, is the stuff of imagination. The dark red space with its elongated corridor and table are architectural conceits; echoing grand institutions and unseen shelf rows. A seemingly endless inventory of titles appear and disappear in equally relentless type. Access to this phantom material is inverted and signalled by that ubiquitous library device, the return slot. The magic inherent in the concealed knowledge is addressed both by the arcane and inky symbol etched into the tabletop, and through Maria Kunda’s essay where, again through the agency of ink, the obsessed reader is in fact the writer. *The Library* is, can only ever be, an invocation after the great storehouses of knowledge.

The course of Ozolins’ career is startlingly coherent, from her training in library science through her ongoing practice as an artist, she systematically gathers and orders the worlds around her. To try and imagine the content of a library is to create a futility – a colossal, frustrating and, ultimately, bewildering muse. However, it is in this same imagined space that Ozolins’ quiet passion reveals its magnitude.

CAST’s Gallery program of new and experimental art is made richer through access to this level of installation practice. We thank the artist, Brigita Ozolins, for her vision and her dedication in making *The Library* for our senses and our minds.

Virginia Woolf
Carroll, Charles
Darwin, Alasdair
Huxley, George
TS Eliot, Marjorie
Evelyn Waugh

The Ink
by Maria Kunda

He knocked again more loudly and his heart jumped when he heard a muffled voice say:

– Come in!

He turned the handle and opened the door and fumbled for the handle of the green baize door inside. He found it and pushed it open and went in.

He saw the rector sitting at a desk writing. There was a skull on the desk and a strange solemn smell in the room like the old leather of chairs. His heart was beating fast on account of the solemn place he was in and the silence in the room: and he looked at the skull and at the rector's kind looking face.

Many people have chanced this way before you, to come to this place. We make our passage here alone, through the valley of the shadow. If at first we come unwittingly, once we have found the door and turned the key, we are compelled to return often, as often as we can, as though our very lives depended upon it. We make our way through labyrinths, tombs and dungeons; we ford turbulent rivers, and confront terrifying dark beasts. All those who come describe their route differently, but we have much in common: idlers, dreamers, truants, hysterics, introverts, misfits, liars and cheats. Our pretensions lead us this way in order to become intimate with each other's phantoms. Each time we come, to see Aladdin's cave, to seize Nostromo's silver, we leave empty handed. We dignify the habit of embroidering on delusion with the name *Literature*.

I wake from a nightmare. I dreamt that the novel had not been invented. There was no such thing. The solid wall of reality did not have the marvellous door to the vaulted catacombs of the *beyond*. Life without Huckleberry Finn is horrifying but not unthinkable. It could be so, he never lived, after all, but that is what is so terrible: I *can* apprehend such a world. Of course I could not love it. Had civilisation taken a slightly different

turn, I would have no will to live: if there was no rabbit hole for falling, falling into long, descriptive passages about fictitious characters, perhaps I could not be.

Then, on waking fully, I wonder – on the other hand – if fiction is indeed such a salve, such a palliative. I consider how free I could be, how uncorrupted, had I no taste for *the ink*. If I did not squander myself on letterforms, or entomb myself in airless libraries, how usefully I could spend my time in the world of action, plants and solid things. How good I could be, how wholesome, were it not for the ink, that vice.

*My face is golden but I have steeped my dyes, dipping uncarded wool on second nights, and the emperors of the islands still compete for this scarlet cloth. Thus did I sin in the days of my youth, tampering with the true colours of God's creation.*³

If not for the most fanciful effects of pigment upon the paper, I could be so *practical*. The ink is a poison – less in the simple material of its origins, oil and carbon against paper – more in its opiate quality: the way that writing infects, transforms and colours thoughts. What a loose hold the ink permits us to have over our minds; what excessive,

technicolour ravings it produces. And oh, the cruelty and misery of ink! What a disease! How many hours have been wasted trying to serve its delicious, toxic futility?

The Angel told me that the ram was not the colour of the tiger, the Satan told me that the Almighty wanted them to be, and that He was availing Himself of my skill and my dyestuffs. Now I know that the Angel and the Satan both strayed from the truth, and that all colours are abominable.³

The writer begins with a supposition, and turns it into black shapes on white. What promise! What hubris. The ink begins to flow. It runs further than where your thoughts can lead it. There is a feeling of abandon. Soon the ink is a coursing torrent, rushing toward the vast ocean. You are a buccaneer setting sail with precious cargo.

A great recrudescence of obscurity embraced the boat. The sea in the gulf was as black as the clouds above. Nostromo, after striking a couple of matches to get a glimpse of the boat-compass he had with him in the lighter, steered by the feel of the wind on his cheek.⁴

On the deep, black river your fragile craft, Nostromo, your lighter, makes its way. Your mind is lead astray: your course, your cause becomes unclear. Ideas lose all shape in the dark. Thoughts lie broken and abandoned, bits of splintered wood, carried away by the current. You can only go deeper, further into the black, in search of something fine, something crystalline. The land recedes. The stakes are higher now.

The main thing now for success was to get away from the coast and gain the middle of the gulf before day broke.

For a time, you sail cheerfully, coursing along with the current, until it slows. Until it stops. Dead calm. You have written into the night, and now all is quiet. There is no voice in your mind, making wild assertions,

the enormous stillness, without light or sound, seemed to affect Decoud's senses like a powerful drug. He didn't even know at times whether he was asleep or awake...

Adrift now, on the demonic ink, you know you are well beyond your limit. You remonstrate with yourself to keep going, pushing out the uncomfortable, lumpen words. Paragraphs are parting company. Your craft is coming apart.

King Solomon's mines Oedipus the King Oedipus at Colonus The Odyssey The Moon The eclogues of Virgil Voss Germinal The blind assassin The burnt ones The return of the native The nose The father The second son The go-between The love machine The order of things Crime and punishment Destined meeting Darkness at noon Death on the installment plan The getting of wisdom The man who loved children The sins of the fathers Under the net Decline and fall The grapes of wrath The day of the Triffids The heart of the matter A desire to love To a god unknown Pagan Sur The prodigal daughter The fountainhead The unusual life of Tristan Smith The man without qualities Thinks As I lay dying The big country The waves On the road To the lighthouse The magic mountain The Koran The Talmud The book of the dead The last of the Mohicans Captains courageous Nausea Gargantua Antigone Eating people is wrong Madam Journey to the end of the night Measure for measure Mother night When the war is over The red badge of courage Cry, the beloved country All men are lonely now Logan's wake Scoop The just so stories Black Beauty Kidnapped Lonesome no more By love possessed Bring larks and heroes The loved one The famous five The secret seven The magic pudding The mill on the floss The Peloponnesian War Tropic of Cancer Plexus Lucius Nineteen eighty-four Animal farm Oliver Twist The exorcist The thirty-nine steps The picture of Dorian Gray The archaeology of knowledge Jungle Jim Jane Eyre Anna Karenina Madame Bovary Alice's adventures in Wonderland Treasure Island Sentimental education To Sir, with love Are you running with me, Jesus? Go tell it on the mountain The Swiss Family Robinson Tonio Kröger Death in Venice Slowness White noise Written on the body Leaning towards infinity A handful of dust An angel at my table Desolation angels The Bible The castle The trial The Bhagavad-Gita The restless sea The unbearable lightness of being The truth about the truth The catcher in the rye The cantos The female eunuch The origin of the species Little women Little men The woman in white The evil twin Macbeth London fields Lost girls alone! A throw of the dice The Eustace diamonds Great expectations The history of Tom Jones The bridge on the river Kwai Fabrenheit 451 The sea, the sea The tower of Babel The moonstone The black prince The philosopher's pupil The power of positive thinking Shout at the devil Travels with my aunt Dear me Death walks in shadow Remembrance of things past Pentimento Bliss The tree of man The great Gatsby The prophet The man in the grey flannel suit Fever Casablanca Gulliver's travels The world is a bridge The sound of one hand clapping Life, a user's manual Lady Chatterley's lover Honk if you are Jesus God bless you, Mr Rosewater The plumed serpent The histories Ulysses Siddharta Dubliners The brothers Karamazov The inimitable Jeeves Hard times A singular man The Godfather God and rationality Catch 22 The boys from Brazil Escape from Red China Murder can't wait There must be a pony To kill a mockingbird The corrections Doctor at large Aesop's fables An ordinary lunacy In the hall of mirrors The occupying power We landed at dawn War and peace War and passion Gallipoli Promised land One way to heaven True believers Doctor Zhivago The dark The bonfire of the vanities Being and time Brideshead revisited All the president's men Labyrinths The invisible man The dice man A word child A difficult young man A fortunate life Vile bodies Under a glass bell Sons and lovers Black mischief Art and lies An imaginary life The sound and the fury The timeless land Huckleberry Fin Dr Jeckyll and Mr Hyde The vivisector The three sisters The government inspector Notes of a mudman Pilgrim's progress Oranges are not the only fruit Heidi Hamlet Discourse on method Bleak House The journals of Anais Nin The secret history The old man and the sea The Canterbury tales Atomised Pride and prejudice Peyton Place Dangerous liaisons The way of all flesh If on a winter's night a traveller Experience Memoirs of a dutiful daughter Shroud Naked lunch Monkey grip Babel Tower Eclipse The horse's mouth The leopard The life and times of Michael K Persuasion Pinocchio Papillon The rime of the ancient mariner The silent cry Tales of power Night letters Underworld The innocence of Father Brown The name of the rose The collector Cold comfort farm The power and the glory England made me The Mayor

Don Martin's soft hands suffered cruelly, tugging at the thick handle of an enormous oar. He stuck to it manfully, setting his teeth... Nostromo could be heard swearing to himself between the regular splashes of the sweeps. 'We are making a crooked path,' he muttered to himself...

Fractured, fractious and increasingly desperate, the ink reveals you and your ideas to be petty and inadequate to a situation your own words have created, and you react like an overwrought child playing a game that can only end in tears and ruin.

In his unskilfulness Don Martin over-exerted himself. Now and then a sort of muscular faintness would run from the tips of his aching fingers through every fibre of his body, and pass off in a flush of heat. He had fought, talked, suffered mentally and physically, exerting his mind and body for the last forty-eight hours without intermission...

It can't go on. You stretch to release your shoulders.

'I am on the verge of delirium', he thought. He mustered the trembling of all his limbs, of his breast, the inward trembling of all his body exhausted of its nervous force...

You persuade yourself that you can continue, and perhaps, before the next paragraph, a cup of tea?

'Shall we rest, Capataz?' he proposed in a careless tone. 'There are many hours of night yet before us.'

You know quite well you are merely prolonging the inevitable, but you cajole yourself: after a short respite, you will be sharper.

'True. It is but a mile or so, I suppose. Rest your arms, señor, if that is what you mean. You will find no other rest, I can promise you, since you let yourself be bound to this treasure whose loss would make no man poorer.'

You try to view things afresh, but the words jeer from the page. The ink threatens to make an ugly fool of you. You are immersed in contradictions.

He heard Nostromo mutter again, 'No! there is no room for fear on this lighter. Courage itself does not seem good enough. I have a good eye and a steady hand; no man can say he ever saw me tired or uncertain what to do; but por Dios, Don Martin, I have been sent out into this black calm on a business where neither a good eye or a steady hand, nor judgement are any use...' He swore a string of oaths in Spanish and Italian under his breath. 'Nothing but sheer desperation will do for this affair'.

When you are lucky, the ink outwits you and you outwit it, and eventually, having lost your way, lost your craft, swum upstream in a black, uncharted river, you arrive at a destination you could never

have predicted. How you got there is never quite clear. You find that you have stopped hankering for the treasure, the very idea that brought you this far.

After landing from his swim Nostromo had scrambled up, all dripping, into the main quadrangle of the old fort; and there, amongst ruined bits of walls and rotting remnants of roofs and sheds, he had slept the day through... He lay as if dead.

When the ink wins – if you have let it win – it is because you have confessed to it what little you know, much to the derision of the ink. The ink scoffs at you, and there you are, you and your words, babbling to yourself like an idiot. But when the anguish has passed, you feel light, drained and – not unpleasantly – stripped down, laid bare, as though a fever has passed, and as though the shadow of the menacing bird of prey, *rey zamuro*, is passing overhead.


A rey zamuro, appearing like a tiny black speck in the blue, stooped, circling prudently with a stealthiness of flight startling in a bird of that great size. The shadow of his pearly-white body, of his black-tipped wings, fell on the grass no more silently than he alighted himself on a hillock of rubbish within three yards of that man, lying as still as a corpse.



Leaning towards infinity



The Library, 2002 – 2003
Wood, metal, bitumen, ink,
books, red paint, projection, chair
Table: 900cm x 120cm x 80cm
Projection: dimensions variable



The last thing to do is to banish the bird of death and to reassert your will. Breath deeply, eat heartily and blink in the light.

When the man got up the vulture hopped away in great, side-long, fluttering jumps. He lingered for a while, morose and reluctant, before he rose, circling noiselessly with a sinister droop of beak and claws.

Long after he had vanished, Nostromo, lifting his eyes up to the sky, muttered, 'I am not dead yet.'

But very soon after the writing ordeal, always, I pick up a book.

¹ James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 1970, p. 56.

² Jorge Luis Borges, 'The Masked Dyer, Hakim of Merv', *A Universal History of Infamy*, Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 1972, pp. 78-9.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Joseph Conrad, *Nostromo*, Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 1994 (first published 1904). All the following passages quoted are from *Nostromo*.

The Library

by Brigita Ozolins

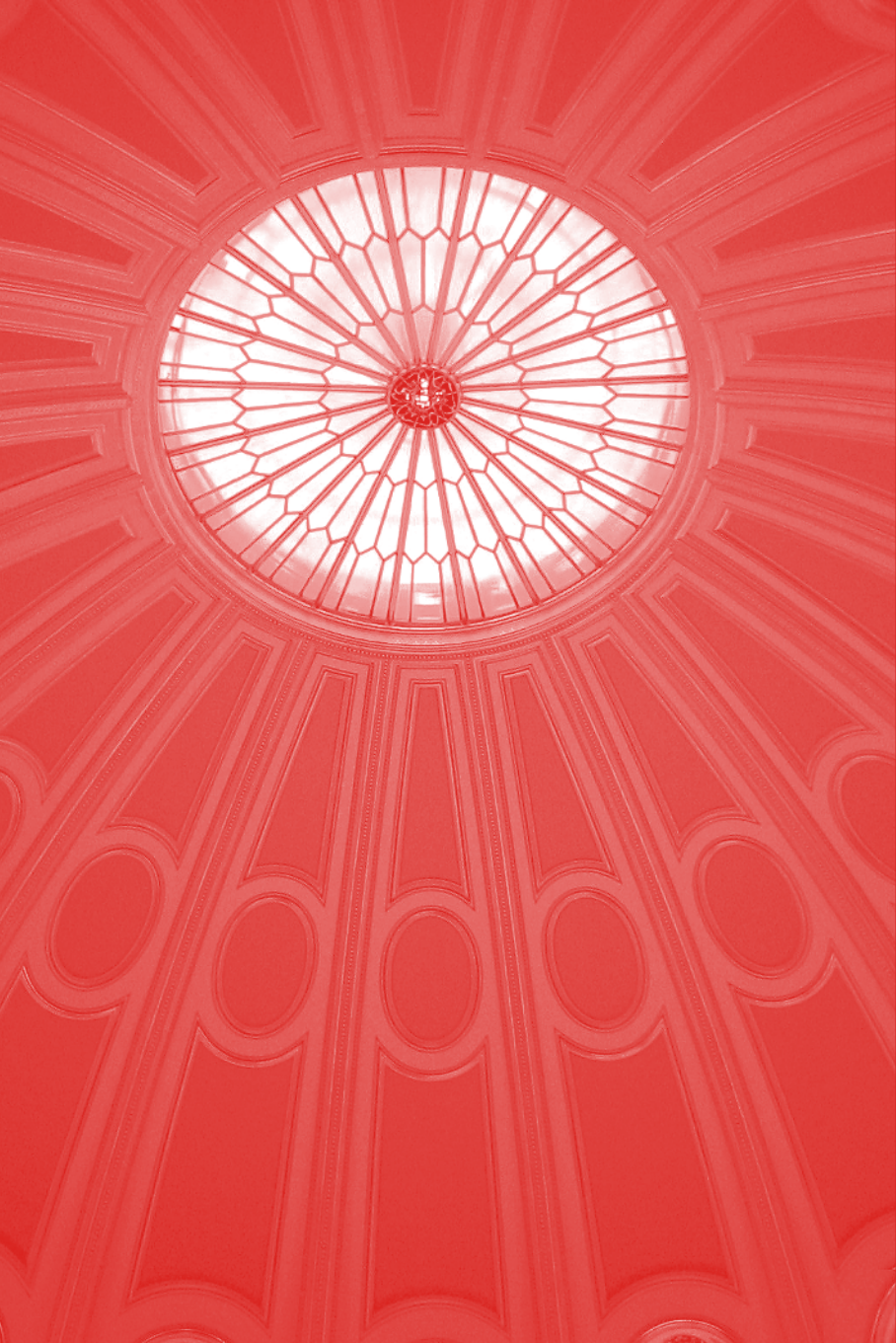
To be alone with the as yet unwritten book is still to be in the primal sleep of humanity. Duras, Marguerite, Writing, Cambridge, Massachusetts: Lumen Books, 1998, p.15.

The Library aims to explore our relationship to books, to words and to the mysteries associated with the process of writing. Marguerite Duras said that writing is the unknown – ‘the unknown in oneself, one’s head, one’s body’. She speaks of the madness of writing and compares the written word to the howl of animals at night.

The walls of *The Library* are dark red. Words are projected onto this redness, letter by letter, to form the titles of books. As each title is spelled out to completion, it disappears and a new one begins to take its place. The stream of titles is relentless, a mechanical tapping sound accompanying the formation of every word. The gallery itself is dominated by a long dark table-like slab, its

surface inscribed with a shiny, black, branch-like structure. What is the relationship between the text and the table, between the tapping sound, the branch-like structure and the red of the walls? Where do the words come from and to where do they vanish? Rather than providing answers, *The Library* raises questions. It is concerned with the emergence of language, the power of writing and the endless potential of the human imagination.

The realisation of *The Library* is indebted to my Australia Council Studio residency in London in 2002. The aim of the residency was to develop new ways of working with the visual symbols of the book, the word and the library and was centred around visits to some of the greatest libraries in the world, including the British Library, the Bodleian Library at Oxford University and Cambridge University Library. Spending time in these great institutions, extraordinary for their collections and their architecture, emphasised the physical, psychological and metaphysical nature of our relationship to knowledge and to the written word. *The Library* aims to convey ideas about that relationship, which stem directly from my privileged time in London.



The room itself is a dome, a
heavenly sphere, a circle of
perfection and completion.
Tourists gasp audibly as
they enter the space.

I can't stop looking upwards.

THE RADCLIFFE CAMERA
BODLEIAN LIBRARY
OXFORD UNIVERSITY

Here I am, in the Lower Reading Room of the Bodleian after a rather formal entry procedure. Not only do I have two reader's cards, for two different purposes, but the fear of disturbing or doing wrong has been firmly instilled in me. I had to read the Bodleian Declaration out loud in the office, announcing that I would do no harm to the books, which included not kindling them with fire or flame.

This room was once open to the air. Stone arches divide it into radial sections that emanate from the centre of the building where the librarians work. I sit on the periphery and think of Bentham's panopticon. The stone walls are chipped, as if someone has attacked them with a big chisel. I feel a little anxious here, like an intruder.

The curious thing about entering the Radcliffe Camera is the tiny entrance. I walked all the way around the entire building, just to check that I had not made an error, but no, the small, wooden, arched doorway at the top of a modest flight of steps is the only way in.

Renovated Reading Room British Museum

VIRGINIA WOOLF, LEWIS CARROLL, CHARLES DARWIN,
ALDUS HUXLEY, GEORGE ELIOT, TS ELIOT, MARK TWAIN,
EVELYN WAUGH, EZRA POUND, KARL MARX, BEATRIX POTTER,
BERTAND RUSSELL, SOMERSET MAUGHAM ... THESE NAMES
AND MANY OTHERS ARE LISTED ON LARGE PANELS THAT
FLANK EITHER SIDE OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE READING
ROOM, CREATING A MONUMENT TO THE GREATNESS OF THE
THINKING THAT TOOK PLACE HERE. THE ROOM ITSELF IS A
DOME, A HEAVENLY SPHERE, A CIRCLE OF PERFECTION AND
COMPLETION. TOURISTS GASP AUDIBLY AS THEY ENTER THE
SPACE. I CAN'T STOP LOOKING UPWARDS.

MAIN READING ROOM
RADCLIFFE CAMERA
DESK NO S09

The first thing I notice in here is the incredible spill of light that streams in from the dome. The second thing I notice is the howl of the wind moaning through the building.

I AM OVERLY EXCITED.

I have just returned from an extraordinary tour of the library with the Bodleian's head archivist, Steven Tomlinson. After an above-ground exploration of the glorious Duke Humphrey's Library, the Arts End and the Selden End, we disappeared underground into long tunnels that connect the three main Bodleian libraries and enable books from the stacks to be sent to the various reading rooms. The books are transported by an incredible Victorian mechanical system that behaves almost like a living creature: cogs, wheels, conveyer belts and metal arms clanking and groaning relentlessly as it delivers its goods. Order slips for books are fed into metal capsules that are sped to the stacks through miles of tubing using compressed air. At one point, Steven and I stood still beneath a section of the tubing and listened as the capsules whizzed by overhead. I was completely seduced.

Humanities Reading Room
British Library at St Pancras
Desk No. 2189

MY FIRST AND MOST
OVERWHELMING IMPRESSION IS
OF THE GENTLE BUT INSISTENT
SOUND OF PEOPLE TYPING ON
THEIR LAP-TOPS. CLICKETY-CLACK,
CLICKETY-CLACK, CLICKETY-
CLACK... THE ROOM IS HUGE
BUT INSTEAD OF A DOME THAT
REACHES HEAVENWARD AS IN THE
OLD BRITISH LIBRARY, THERE ARE A
SERIES OF PALE TIMBER BALCONIES,
PLATFORMS THAT RANDOMLY
INTERCEPT OTHER PLATFORMS.
THE LIBRARY NO LONGER
CONTAINS THE UNIVERSE - IT IS
NOW A RHIZOMATIC STRUCTURE,
A STRATIFICATION OF KNOWLEDGE
THAT GROWS IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

**Last orders for the
day to be made in
fifteen minutes.**

THE ANNOUNCEMENT IS SO LOUD
AND SO SUDDEN AND SO RUDELY
INTERRUPTS THE CLICKETY
CLACK OF COMPUTER KEYS AND
MY WISTFUL THINKING THAT I
FEEL, JUST FOR A MOMENT, LIKE
WINSTON SMITH IN 1984.

Cambridge University Library Main Reading Room

THIS LIBRARY IS STARK AND BOLD.

IT WAS DESIGNED
BY SIR GILES GILBERT SCOTT,
THE SAME MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR
THE NEW LIBRARY AT OXFORD
UNIVERSITY AND THE FAMOUS
BRITISH PHONE BOOTH.

I sit quietly for a moment and attempt

THE MAIN READING ROOM IS ENTERED THROUGH GREAT GLASS
DOORS PROTECTED BY AN ORNATE, METALWORK GRILL. THE
ROOM IS EXTRAORDINARILY LONG AND THE READING TABLES
ALMOST FOLLOW ITS ENTIRE LENGTH, EXAGGERATING THE
SENSE OF DISTANCE. THE CEILING IS HIGH AND WOODEN,
PAINTED WITH A GREEN AND WHITE DECORATIVE MOTIF
THAT, CURIOUSLY, RESEMBLES A TRADITIONAL LATVIAN
PATTERN. THE ARCHED WINDOWS SIT HIGH ABOVE THE
BOOKSHELVES, ALLOWING LIGHT IN BUT DENYING ANY
VIEW OUT.

EVERY READING ROOM HERE IS
ACCESSED BY TRAVELLING DOWN
SEEMINGLY ENDLESS CORRIDORS.
I MARK MY ROUTE ON THE FLOOR-
PLAN, NOTING FAVOURITE SITES:
THE WEST READING ROOM, THE
MAP ROOM, THE STACKS ALONG
THE NORTH AND SOUTH FRONTS.
HERE, KNOWLEDGE IS SPREAD OUT
IN LONG STRAIGHT LINES THAT

to rein my excitement.

FOLLOW THEIR
OWN COMPASS
DIRECTION AND
NEVER SEEM TO
INTERSECT.

THIS LIBRARY IS MY FAVOURITE. I
NICKNAME IT THE WAR OFFICE AND
THINK OF THE CAMBRIDGE SPIES.

*I have been told by the staff that the tea rooms are
very famous and that I must have cheese scones.*

*Pound, Karl
eatrix Potter,
rand Russell,
Maugham ...
es and many
are listed on*

Curriculum Vitae of Brigita Ozolins

EDUCATION **Current** PhD candidate, University of Tasmania **1999** BFA Hons, (First Class) University of Tasmania **1986** Graduate Diploma of Librarianship, University of Tasmania **1979** BA, Monash University, Victoria

SOLO EXHIBITIONS **2003** *The Library*, CAST Gallery, Hobart, Tasmania; *Living History*, performance & installation, Tasmaniana Library, State Library of Tasmania, Hobart; *Content (#2)*, site specific installation, Morris Miller Library, University of Tasmania **2001** *I have my work cut out for me*, performance & installation, Linden Centre for Contemporary Arts, St Kilda, Victoria **2000** *My hands are tied*, performance & installation, Foyer Installation Space, Hobart **1998** *I know where I'm going*, performance & installation, Entrepot Gallery, Hobart **1997** *Important Idea*, intervention, exterior Italian Pavilion, Venice Biennale, Italy

SELECTED COLLABORATIONS **2001** *6=9*, with Sandra Alcorn, CAST Gallery, Hobart, Tasmania; University of Tasmania NW Centre Gallery, Burnie; Launceston University Gallery **2000** *Content (#1)*, with Marcus Prince, Fine Arts Gallery, University of Tasmania **1998** *Alias Art*, Moonah Arts Centre artist in residence with Anne Mestitz, Northgate Shopping Centre, Glenorchy, Tasmania **1997/8** *Odyssey*, with Dawn Csutorus, Hobart Summer Festival and Hobart School of Art, Tasmania

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS **2004** *Look*, Newcastle Region Gallery, New South Wales
2003 *Inaugural Poimena Art Award*, Poimena Gallery, Launceston, Tasmania; *Foyer*, State Library of Tasmania, Hobart **2002** *Cite Internationale des Arts Group exhibition*, Paris, France; *7 Warehouses*, Long Gallery, Salamanca Place, Hobart, Tasmania; *With a French Accent*, Despard Gallery, Hobart **2001** *Touching from a distance: a Hobart and Perth exchange*, Moores building, Fremantle, Western Australia and Foyer, Hobart, Tasmania; *Figure it*, Plimsoll Gallery, Hobart; *Shell Fremantle Print Award*, Fremantle Arts Centre, Western Australia **2000** *6=9*, CAST Gallery Hobart, University NW Centre Gallery, Burnie; Launceston University Gallery **1999** *Hatched*, Perth Institute for Contemporary Art, Perth, Western Australia; *Trust Bank Art Exhibition*, Inveresk, Launceston; *Don't let it slip*, Plimsoll Gallery, Hobart **1998** *Hutchins School Art Prize*, Long Gallery, Hobart; *Alice Springs Art Prize*, Araluen Arts Centre, Alice Springs, Northern Territory; *A Flourishing Ecology: a survey of Tasmanian Printmakers*, Long Gallery, Hobart, Tasmania **1997** *Hutchins School Inaugural Art Prize*, Long Gallery, Hobart; *Trust Bank Art Exhibition*, Launceston Show Grounds, Tasmania; *Body Works*, Sidespace Gallery, Hobart; *Soundscapes*, Carnegie Gallery, Hobart **1996** *Kissing the Blue Tongue*, Long Gallery, Hobart; *Trust Bank Art Exhibition*, Launceston Show Grounds, Tasmania

AWARDS, COMMISSIONS AND RESIDENCIES

2003 Pat Corrigan Artist Grant **2002** Arts Tasmania Project Grant; Rosamund McCulloch Studio Residency, Cité Internationale des Arts, Paris, France **2000** State Library of Tasmania Art Commission, Murray Street, Hobart; Australia Council London Studio Residency **1999** Australian Post Graduate Award; The University Medal, University of Tasmania **1998** Moonah Arts Centre Artist in Residence Grant (with Anne Mestitz) **1997** First Prize Trust Bank Student Art Award **1996** First Prize Trust Bank Student Art Award (acquisitive)

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the west reading room

the map room

I MARK MY ROUTE ON
THE FLOORPLAN, NOTING
FAVOURITE SITES

THE STACKS ALONG

the north

and

south fronts

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Photography: Gallery views: Jan Dallas
Chair and artist portrait: Simon Cuthbert

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Europeans The jungle book The portrait of a lady The politics of ecstasy The merry wives of Windsor An American dream Main Street Happy to be here Jamaica Inn The covenant The moon and sixpence Doctor Faustus One hundred years of solitude The prince The Americans, baby The shipping news The egg and I The nice and the good The English patient Wonderland Under milk wood My place The slave Perfume Filth Interview with the vampire The lord of the rings The cardboard crown The eye of the storm Electra Birdy The frogs Waiting for Godot Heart of darkness The Arabian nights Malone dies Kubla Khan Being and nothingness Comedy All's well that ends well Don Quixote Moll Flanders Rameau's nephew Rip van Winkle Frankenstein The queen of spades The scarlet and the black Gone with the wind Wuthering Heights Roots Hunger for the priest The secret agent The deerslayer Lucky Jim Nostromo Far from the madding crowd The lord of the flies My brilliant career My life is a fake The millstone The outsider Rights of man Discourse on method Principia Mathematica A midsummer night's dream A room with a view The British Museum is falling down The golden notebook Brave new world The human factor The spy who came in from the cold Midnight children The bonfire of the vanities The importance of being Earnest The old curiosity shop Lolita They're a weird mob The clowns of God The real thing The world is made of glass Barchester Towers Fathers and sons The Forsyte saga The time machine The prime of Miss Jean Brodie The way we live now The war of the worlds Walking in darkness The Gulag Archipelago An accidental man Journey to the centre of the earth Cancer ward Doctor in the house The naked and the dead The blackboard jungle Steppenwolf Sense and sensibility Tough guys don't dance Notes from the underground The growth of the soil Mysteries The French Lieutenant's woman In praise of darkness Tender is the night Prometheus unbound All men are mortal The edible woman Sexing the cherry The tin drum The house of the spirits The joke A severed head Cat and mouse The New York trilogy All quiet on the western front Gould's book of fish Narcissus and Goldman Leviathan Othello Tinker, tailor, soldier, spy The fist of God The eye of the needle Breathing lessons From here to eternity The ministry of fear Loitering with intent Strangers and brothers The Europeans The jungle book The portrait of a lady The politics of ecstasy The merry wives of Windsor An American dream Main Street Happy to be here Jamaica Inn The covenant The moon and sixpence Doctor Faustus One hundred years of solitude The prince The Americans, baby The shipping news The egg and I The nice and the good The English patient Wonderland Under milk wood My place The slave Perfume Filth Interview with the vampire The lord of the rings The cardboard crown The eye of the storm Electra Birdy The frogs Waiting for Godot Heart of darkness The Arabian nights Malone dies Kubla Khan Being and nothingness Comedy All's well that ends well Don Quixote Moll Flanders Rameau's nephew Rip van Winkle Frankenstein The queen of spades The scarlet and the black Gone with the wind Wuthering Heights Roots Hunger for the priest The secret agent The deerslayer Lucky Jim Nostromo Far from the madding crowd The lord of the flies My brilliant career My life is a fake The millstone The outsider Rights of man Discourse on method Principia Mathematica A midsummer night's dream A room with a view The British Museum is falling down The golden notebook Brave new world The human factor The spy who came in from the cold Midnight children The bonfire of the vanities The importance of being Earnest The old curiosity shop Lolita They're a weird mob The clowns of God The real thing The world is made of glass Barchester Towers Fathers and sons The Forsyte saga The time machine The prime of Miss Jean Brodie The way we live now The war of the worlds Walking in darkness The Gulag Archipelago An accidental man Journey to the centre of the earth Cancer ward Doctor in the house The naked and the dead The blackboard jungle Steppenwolf Sense and sensibility Tough guys don't dance Notes from the underground The growth of the soil Mysteries The French Lieutenant's woman In praise of darkness Tender is the night Prometheus unbound All men are mortal The edible woman Sexing the cherry The tin drum The house of the spirits The joke A severed head Cat and mouse The New York trilogy All quiet on the western front Gould's book of fish Narcissus and Goldman Leviathan Othello Tinker, tailor, soldier, spy The fist of God The eye of the needle Breathing lessons From here to eternity The ministry of fear Loitering with intent Strangers and brothers A midsummer



Brigita Ozolins

Brigita Ozolins is a librarian turned artist. After studying the classics at Monash University in the 1970s and moving to Tasmania in 1983, she completed a Graduate Diploma in Librarianship at the University of Tasmania, subsequently working for the State Library of Tasmania. She later worked as an information coordinator and arts administrator for Glenorchy City Council, but changed career in 1995 after a major accident that resulted in a compulsion to make art. Brigita graduated from the Tasmanian School of Art in 1999 with a first class honours degree, the University Medal and an Australian Postgraduate Award. She is currently enrolled in the PhD programme at the Art School where she has also tutored and lectured in art and design theory. Brigita has been exhibiting in solo and group exhibitions since the mid 1990s.

Brigita's fascination for language, books and libraries is reflected in a range of installations and solo performances that include *Voice* (2001), a public art commission for the State Library of Tasmania; *Content #2* (2003), a site-specific installation in the Morris Miller Library at the University of Tasmania, and *Living History* (2003), a writing performance and installation in the State Library of Tasmania.

Brigita was awarded the Australia Council London studio residency in 2001, which enabled her to visit some of the great libraries of the world. In 2002, she received an Arts Tasmania Project Grant to realise *The Library*, which resulted from the residency. A Pat Corrigan Artist Grant assisted with the publication of this catalogue.