



the Gorge

brigita ozolins

design centre
launceston, tasmania
1 – 31 july, 2006

SOLO WORK BY BRIGITA OZOLINS

Find
The library
Living history
Content (#2)
Voice
I have my work cut out for me
My hands are tied
I know where I'm going
Important idea



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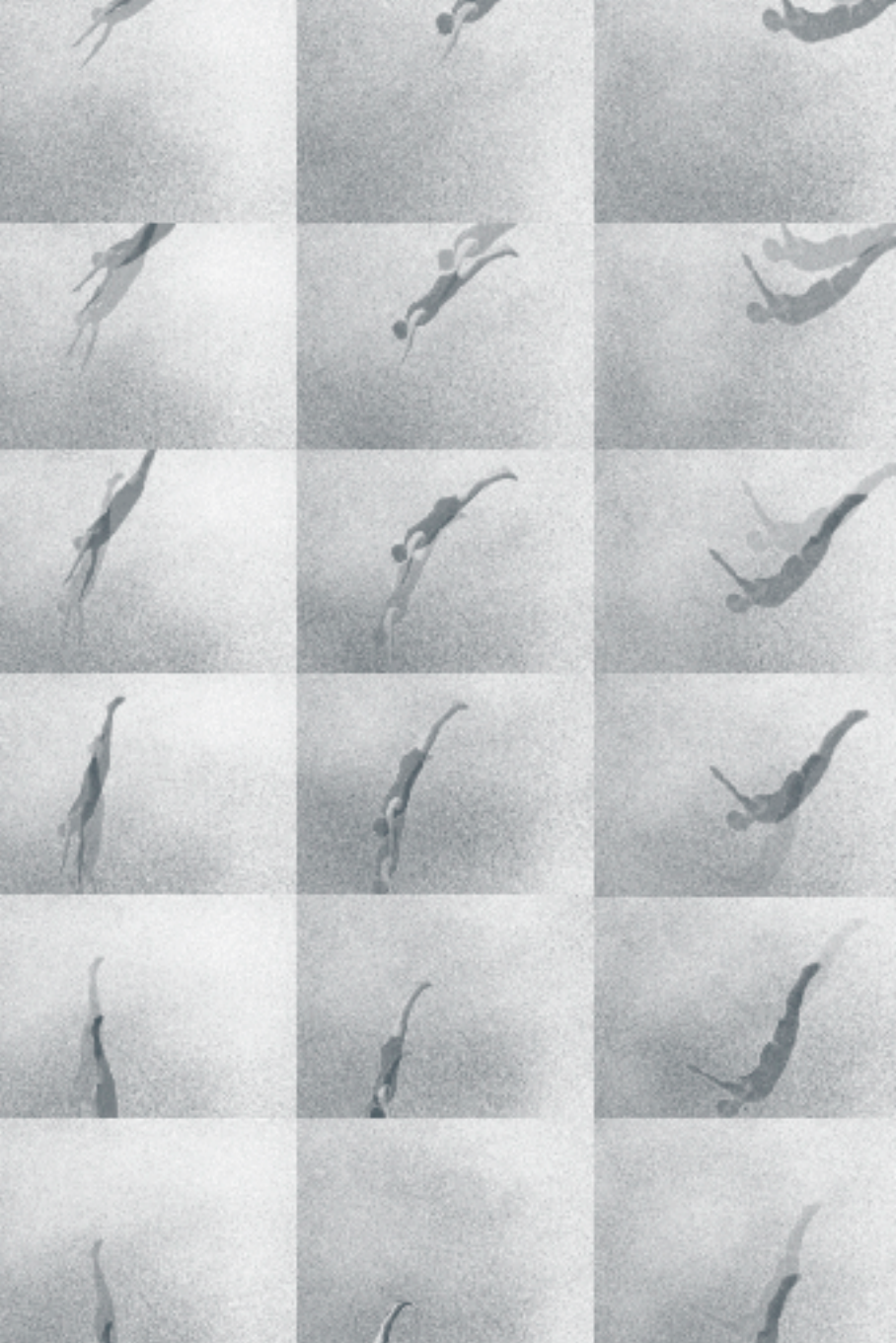
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I descend, I try to tell the truth,
but the primitive diving-bell that
I call my consciousness is a more
fallible instrument than the cheap
thermometer in my fish-tank.
I may not have a very bottom,
I may be much shallower than
I like to think, or I may be a
creature of infinity, for now
confined. My real world,
as I fondly recall it, may
be the necessary cable
that holds me in
waters I can
manage.



foreword

Dr Astrid Wootton, General Manager
Design Centre –Tasmania
p10

morphology

Dr Deborah Malor, Coordinator
Theory and Graduate Programs, School of Visual
& Performing Arts, University of Tasmania
p16

on the edge

Brigita Ozolins
Artist's statement
p34

list of works

Brigita Ozolins
for the Gorge
p44

curriculum vitae

Brigita Ozolins
p46

acknowledgements

p50

foreword
by ASTRID WOOTTON

The Design Centre – Tasmania is proud to present ‘The Gorge’, an installation of new work by Brigita Ozolins, inspired by and begun during the artist’s two-month residency at the Gorge Cottage, Cataract Gorge, Launceston in the autumn of 2005. The installation is presented as part of the City of Launceston ‘It’s About Us 2006’ public program celebrating the bicentenary of Launceston.

In the past Brigita’s artistic practice has explored the mechanics of language, text and worded communication. Her exhibition ‘The Library’ (CAST, Hobart, 4 – 26 October 2003), a conceptual homage to the cataloguing of text and words, demonstrated her close connection with the literary. By contrast, ‘The Gorge’ invokes senses of place, space and people in an emotional context that is powerful and at times disturbing. The physical space of the Gorge created, for Brigita, surges of feeling and memory; these were combined with rich veins of history running through the house, the cliffs and the water swirling beneath. The result is a series of images, both moving and still; fractured or frozen moments in the flow of the Gorge and of the human lives associated with it through time.

The Design Centre’s exhibition program has a mission to inspire, sustain and assist in the creation of contemporary design in Tasmania. ‘The Gorge’ is a stunning example of fresh and thought-provoking contemporary design practice. I thank the artist for her insightful work and take great pleasure in viewing the installation in the Design Centre – in close proximity to the source of Brigita’s inspiration, the Cataract Gorge.



I was floating,
breathing water,

FALLING,

rising,

my weight as nothing compared to what
I had once known,

I was flying through water...

morphology

by DEBORAH MALOR

Where is the cataract?

She is here but she is slumbering.

What is the morphology of her slumbering?

Her slumber is a shroud with the aqueous opacity of the clouded eye. Her slumber is swelling, blue, brown, liquid, satin, delustred. It is a slumberingly, dreamingly edged with quartz and crystal, with sublime shatterings and the tilted towers of fault lines. Almost beyond the scope of her dreaming eye lies a fringe of human paths and habitations.

Of what does she dream?

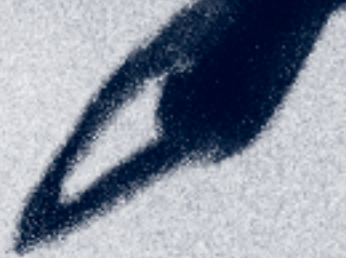
She dreams of her own awakening; of flooding, of becoming wild water, down-rushing through the constriction of the Gorge. Rilke wrote,

*“...there is almost no space here; and you feel almost calm at the thought that it is impossible for anything very large to hold in this narrowness...But outside, everything is immeasurable. And when the level rises outside it rises in you, not in the vessels that are partially controlled by you, or in the phlegm of your most unimpressionable organs: but it grows in the capillary veins, drawn upward into the furthestmost branches of your infinitely ramified existence. It is where it rises, where it overflows from you...”*¹

17

When will she awake?

She will wake when the heavenly flood forces the human hand, challenging the threshold humans have created above her protecting, confining, defining Gorge. At this moment all thresholds are renegotiated, challenged. At this moment she enters the dreams of others, of those who know her course, her moods, her creative force. This is the moment of metamorphosis.



Metamorphosis...

Wakefulness is a thresholding of change, a sensing of a shift of position or of the condition of being human. It is a state of consciousness that accesses dreams but is amenable to intent. Each body carries the potential for this addiction to control and its release: manipulable, it is both self and other:

‘It begins at first, perhaps, in our dreams. Some other being that we have kept out of mind, some thoughts we have never allowed to come to the tip of our tongue, stirs and in its own way begins to act in us. A whole hidden life comes flooding back to consciousness.’²

The strong inhalation, the measured breath of the diver, forces on the body the vestigial memory of gills. At once, the human and the cataract converge, each changeling willing its own wakefulness. By magic or maturational development, form and character change. Metamorphosis becomes an imaginative, possibly even creative change: can there be a willed metamorphosis or simply one that is longed for? There is memory in the river, in the soft body that will be the cataract, in the hard body of the diver...

To study the shape of things requires an immersion in a culture of creativeness. To be in a position to observe a metamorphosis requires a clinical dissection of the moment – the freeze frame, the laboratory slide, the digital clip, the molecule, the pixel. Each fraction of a second, each molecular ooze, can be an hour of dreams: but rather than being a state of dead sleep, while remaining enwrapped by Morpheus, it is, perhaps, a revelling in the dreamed promise of a certain consciousness.

This moment that is the brink of ecstatic change requires a commitment to that change for its spirit to be endowed with belief, with authenticity, just as the slumbering cataract in anticipating the down-rush of waters sees its transformation as a repositioning of the self. Ovid, in the voice of David Malouf, observed that,

‘...the spirits have to be recognised to become real. They are not outside us, nor even entirely within, but flow back and forth between us and the objects we have made, the landscapes we have shaped and moved in. We have dreamed all these things in our deepest lives and they are ourselves. It is our self we are making out there, and when the landscape is complete we shall have become the gods who are intended to fill it. It is as if each creature had the power to dream itself out of one existence into a new one...’



The cataract, awakening, shape-shifting, recalls this modern expression of Ovid's inhabitation of his place of banishment: 'I belong to this place now. I have made it mine. I am entering the dimensions of my self.'⁴

The bridge of the mouth...

²⁴ Bachelard asks whether 'he who opens a door and he who closes it is the same being?'⁵ It is the task of the poet (or artist), he implies, to take these actions and their resonance in to everyday existence and to make them her own, knowing 'that there are two "beings" in a door, that a door awakens in us a two-way dream, that it is doubly symbolical'.⁶ Not content with the sublime breaking open of the Gorge's morphology at its mouth that marks the junction with the slow-breathing Tamar, humans have punctuated this threshold with a toll box and cottage, once the hides of a Styxian tax-collector, putting a price on beauty or on the risk of the cataract awakening. But it is in the bridge of the mouth, the spanning of the flood of the Gorge, that it may be possible to find, incarnated, Bachelard's 'little threshold god'.⁷

Both inside and outside, approach and across, the bridge spans but cannot hold, the awakening cataract. Yet, as a place of entering and leaving the self there is the need for parameters, the definition of the bouche (purse the lips, expel the air) that must be held together and yet separated by this bridge. More complexly, the bridge invites a particular close experience of water – it is not quite an edge, nor it is the fractured, crystallised rim of the cataract yet it plays with the welcoming osmotic quality of water.

Standing on the brink, the toll box, cottage and the marker of the bridge negotiate a threshold for the Gorge, its flow, its flood, the bounding landscape through which it moves, a result of a fecund quickening to any change in the weather. Toe-curved on the string line of the bridge, the Tadpoles, intrepid representatives of the South Esk Swimming Club, await the wakening of the cataract, the shattering of slumber, a roaring signal to dive from the King's Bridge, into the boil of the Gorge. (How do they swim? What is in this metaphor that signals the change of humans to Tadpoles?) At the outpouring of the cataract, rushing, diving, falling, flooding, the Tadpoles tense before the moment of metamorphosis, each microbic change reliant of the memory of gills. Their interior preparation recalls Malouf's Ovidian Child: 'When he quickens to a change of the weather, it is... to the change that comes over a landscape he is moving through in his head.'⁸

Immersion

Stretched, attenuated in the light that is a materiality of air, a contradiction of matter, their shapes shift to accommodate the verticality of the cataract, the potential of the fall. Tiny against the flood tide as it meets the brilliant bluey sheerness of the cataract's descent, each Tadpole, increasingly diminished against the enormity of water, holds onto humanness, becomes immeasurable.



In one metamorphic moment, freed from the restraints of the bridge of the mouth, the elegant ironwork and the watching crowds stringing bead-like along the fringes of the cataract, the Tadpoles fly into the heavenly flood, the thunderous awakening. In that moment before falling, each shape shifts from human to bird, from water to air, to some indeterminate being that inhabits that threshold between the intentional and its other. Each body carries within it a series of thresholds, of possibility, of changing morphology: even the toad, as Malouf/Ovid observes, ‘...now that it can move over the earth, of taking to the air, and slowly, without ever ceasing to be toad, dreams itself aloft on wings. Our bodies are not final.’⁹

Similarly, immersed in another liquidity, metamorphosing percolation, Richard Flanagan’s dreaming of William Buelow Gould realised his ‘fishness’, the extension of his corporeal being as he rode the cataract: ‘I was floating, breathing water, falling, rising, my weight as nothing compared to what I had once known. I was flying through water...’¹⁰ Felt rather than observed, experienced rather than measured, this immersion is a reminder that, being does not see itself. Instead there is, in a reciprocity of watery forms (body/ataract);

‘...a sickening vertigo and a wild freedom. I was without weight, support, structure: I was falling, tumbling, passing through glass and through water into that seadragon’s eye while the seadragon was passing into me, and then I was looking out ...hoping, finally [to] tell my story.’¹¹

In this way, immersion holds connotations of purifying, of a euphoric submission to the downrush of the cataract, to some sort of force perceived as both natural and yet above nature. A slowing, even of time...a temporal realm of metamorphosis that is a performance of memory and yet is outside re-enactment even as it recognises the vastness of its catchment. The cataract rises: ‘Slowly I begin the final metamorphosis. I must drive out my old self and let the universe in...we shall begin to take back into ourselves the lakes, the rivers, the oceans of the earth...The spirit of things will migrate back into us. We shall be whole.’¹²

Where is the cataract?

She is here, whole, and she is me.

¹ Rainier-Maria Rilke, *Les Cahiers*, cited in Gaston Bachelard, *The poetics of space*, trans. Maria Jolas, Beacon Press, Boston, 1969, 229

² David Malouf, *An imaginary life*, Pan, Woollahra, 1980, 95

³ Malouf, *An imaginary life*, 1980, 28-9

⁴ Malouf, *An imaginary life*, 1980, 95

⁵ Bachelard, *The poetics of space*, 1964, 223

⁶ Bachelard, *The poetics of space*, 224

⁷ Bachelard, *The poetics of space*, 223

⁸ Malouf, *An imaginary life*, 1980, 114

⁹ Malouf, *An imaginary life*, 1980, 29

¹⁰ Richard Flanagan, *Gould’s Book of Fish: a novel in twelve fish*, Pan Macmillan, Sydney, 2001, 436-37

¹¹ Flanagan, *Gould’s Book of Fish*, 2001, 44-5

¹² Malouf, *An imaginary life*, 1980, 96



I feel the water swirling and whorling about me and over me and through me and I am no longer sure if I am me, or me the river or the river me.

I spent two fascinating months living in Gorge Cottage in 2005. It was autumn when I first moved in and winter had truly set in by the time I left. I arrived with a general idea of making art work about living in a cottage on the edge of a cliff - and with a number of references to historical events that evoked a sense of romance, danger, excitement and the curious.

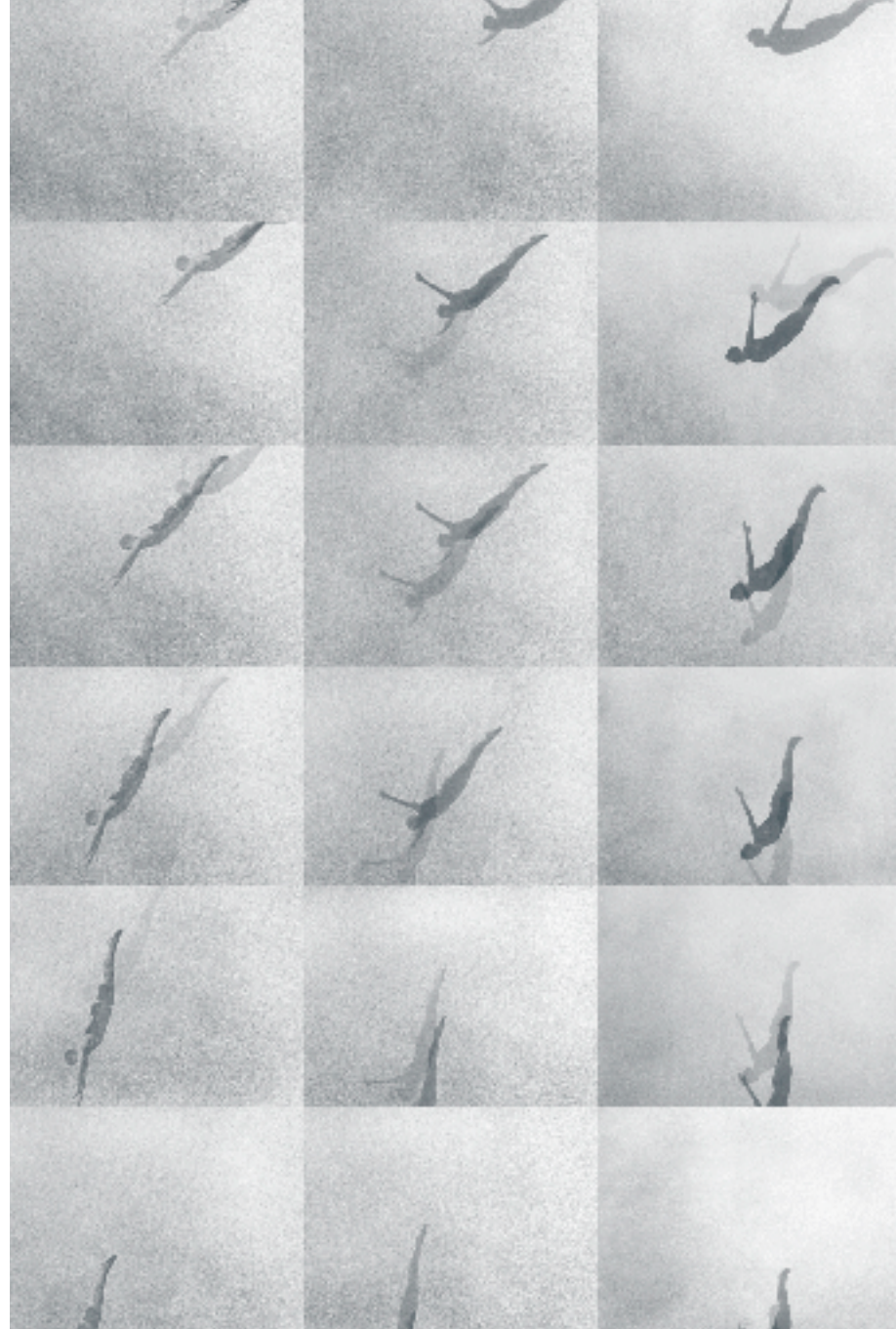
The cottage, which hangs precariously on the cliff edge near Kings Bridge, was built in 1890 to house the caretaker of the proposed Victorian Gardens at the Gorge. It was once the residence of the Flood family, a name that threateningly evokes its location. Further upstream, in one of the cottages near the now defunct Duck Reach Power Station, Tasmania's first triplets - named Faith, Hope and Charity - were born. In 1987, Alfons Bugler daringly walked across the chairlift cable at the first basin. And there were also reports that in the late 1800s, Charles Blondin, internationally renowned tight-rope walker, had crossed the Gorge right near the cottage. The location seemed pregnant with the extraordinary.

In my first few weeks as artist in residence, I spent time in the wonderful Launceston Library, trying to source information about the tight-rope walker who had supposedly crossed the Gorge near the cottage in the 1800s. An image of this amazing feat would have provided just the right fuel for starting my art work. I did eventually find references to a tight-rope walker who came to Launceston in 1885 — a Mr James Alexander, the Australian version of the world-famous Charles Blondin – but sadly, he performed at the Show Grounds rather than at the Gorge. And then I found the inspiration I was seeking when one of the extremely helpful staff showed me a series of images of the Tadpole Swimming Team diving into the gorge from Kings Bridge, just near the cottage. It was a magic moment because I knew I had found what I was looking for.

36 The images of divers plunging daringly into the river from such a great height became the starting point for this exhibition. They evoked the idea of living on the edge in a way that spoke of a mad fearlessness combined with unconditional faith – a faith that is reminiscent of Yves Klein’s fantastic *Leap into the void*, 1960. In this iconic photograph, Klein is suspended mid-air, leaping from the first floor of a building in a Parisian street – will he fly or will he fall? I once fell from a similar height.

Living in the cottage, which has witnessed the swell of many flooding waters, reinforced my fear of drowning as well as falling, which was brought on by the experience of descending, ever so slowly, to the depths of a dam when I was about three years old. So I found myself taking videos of the river below me, and staring at photographs of the raging Gorge in flood. I also revisited Flanagan’s *Death of a river guide* and Gould’s book of fish, where images of floating, falling drowning and merging with water are so poignantly described.

The work in this exhibition has thus become part of a personal journey as well as a response to the history of the remarkable Cataract Gorge.



MIDNIGHT

EVERYWHERE
I AM IN THE
COTTAGE,
I FEEL
INCREDIBLY
CONSCIOUS OF
WHICH
DIRECTION
I AM FACING:
TOWARDS
THE RIVER,
TOWARDS THE
ROCK FACE,
TOWARDS
THE BRIDGE
AND ROAD,
INWARDS
DOWN THE
GORGE. I AM
NARROWLY
BALANCED.
THE COMPASS
DIRECTS ME.

EVERY HOUR,
ON THE HOUR,
A BELL RINGS
OUT THE TIME.

Friday 15 April

*My first view of the cottage
was indeed dramatic –
I had no idea it was so very
close to the toll house and
the road – nor how very
literally it is built into the
side of the cliff.*

It is extremely beautiful – like a cottage in a fairytale.

— BUT ALSO A LITTLE GOTHIC!

I HAVE SETTLED IN REASONABLY WELL,
UNPACKING MY THINGS AND MOVING
THE DESK INTO A NEW POSITION,
SO I HAVE A VIEW OUT OVER
THE GORGE AND THE BRIDGE
RATHER THAN ONTO A BLANK WALL.
IT'S QUITE SPARSE IN HERE,
BUT AT THE SAME TIME,
IT HAS EVERYTHING YOU NEED.
THE FLOORS ARE POLISHED TIMBER,
EVERYTHING IS PAINTED WHITE
AND THE FURNITURE IS MINIMAL.
IT'S A BIT STRANGE TO MOVE AROUND
THE COTTAGE — IT IS DIVIDED DOWN
THE MIDDLE, LENGTHWAYS,
WITH THE LIVING AREAS
AND KITCHEN OVERLOOKING
THE GORGE AND THE BEDROOM
AND BATHROOM PARALLEL AND
BEHIND, FACING ONTO THE CLIFF.
I COVERED THE BEDROOM WINDOW
WITH A SHEET AS IT HAD NO
BLIND OR CURTAINS.

Even though the cottage is so close to the city, it's also very close to the bush — to the untamed and the wild. Being here is truly about being on the edge - on the edge of the Gorge, on the edge of the city, on the edge of wilderness...

Saturday 16 April

... A walk to the basin and surrounds
accompanied by happy camera snapping...
IT WAS BEAUTIFUL THERE,
the peacocks wandering about,
the leaves changing from green to gold,
people saying hello and smiling...

Thursday 21 April

In 1885/6, there was a fantastic
event here called the Illuminations. Hundreds
of Chinese lanterns were festooned over boats
that sailed under Kings bridge and down the
Gorge to the first Basin where there was a band
and fireworks. The pathways to the Basin
were lined with hundreds of people.
IT MUST HAVE BEEN
EXTRAORDINARY!

Thursday 19 May

A and I just returned from the Gorge
Restaurant... We walked there along the main
path. The night was so still and calm and the
lit gorge looked like a vast, beautiful and
elaborate stage set – it was magical. As we
walked back to the cottage, we stopped to
look at SILENT/LISTEN, the stark but
poetic art work carved into a circular
boulder half way along the path,
(who is the artist?)

THE COTTAGE LOOKED
VERY SAFE FROM OUT
THERE IN THE DARK,
NOT ISOLATED AT ALL ...

Friday 29 April

...ONCE IT
GETS DARK,

EVERYTHING
CHANGES...
DURING
THE DAY,
THE COTTAGE
LOOKS OUT AT
EVERYTHING – IT
SURVEYS FROM ITS
VANTAGE POINT
ON THE CLIFF
EDGE WITH THE
CONFIDENCE OF ONE
HUNDRED YEARS OF
WATCHING. BUT AT
NIGHT, THE COTTAGE
NO LONGER WATCHES, IT
BECOMES WATCHED. LIKE
A LIGHTHOUSE, IT OFFERS
EVERYONE WHO CROSSES
KINGS BRIDGE A BEACON
OF LIGHT – WARM, FRIENDLY,
INVITING. PERHAPS THIS IS
HOW I SHOULD LOOK UPON
THE COTTAGE AT NIGHT – AS A
LIGHTHOUSE THAT SHOWS THE WAY...

Friday 10 June

Yesterday was just fantastic. It rained almost all day long, in steady, misty sheets of water that occasionally increased in intensity. I would love another day like that here – it made the entire cottage and the Gorge appear like a vision in a fairytale. Cars had to turn on their lights during the day to see where they were driving. The Gorge became another world. And then there was the sound of the rain – steady, unrelenting, persistent. I'm sorry it has all stopped today.

Geoff and Margaret Flood visited me yesterday for over two hours. Geoff grew up in the cottage, living there from 1938-1956. He was ten years old when his father got the job as caretaker of the cliff grounds. His mother was gatekeeper, for in those days you had to pay a penny to enter. As people opened a gate to enter the toll-house, a bell inside the cottage. This was the signal for Geoff's mother to run down the stairs, collect the pennies from the visitors and let them enter the Gorge pathway. She then ran back up to the cottage and continued with her house-work. Back then, the grounds were closed at 6pm and, of course, were minus the flood lighting that now makes it possible to walk to the first basin at night.

Geoff talked so very generously about life in the Gorge. As we walked around the cottage, he told me about each room. The current living room was his parent's bedroom. The room where I have been working – quite small really – was the living/dining/family room. The bedroom was where he and his two brothers slept – Geoff in a bed exactly where the single bed is now and his brothers in a double bed. At night, rats ran inside the walls of the house, right next to his bed – he had been afraid they would gnaw right through the wall and start gnawing at him! The present bathroom is where the lodgers slept! So in this tiny cottage lived a family with three boys plus regular lodgers! The rooms were apparently painted a dark colour, which would have made the place seem even smaller than it is now.

The bathroom and the laundry were out back, very much as they are now, with no lining under the roof, just corrugated iron. A chip heater heated the bath. Geoff pointed out a door in the laundry that used to lead to a narrow path out along the cliff where his mother precariously hung washing. People complained to the council about the washing being hung out in the cliff grounds, which really offended Geoff's mother, who constantly battled with the task of trying to dry damp clothing.

Geoff and his brothers played cricket along the narrow back path between the bedrooms and the cliff. His father had a vegetable garden out back, on a shelf of soil above the rocks, accessed by a ladder. His mother had a garden out the front, where the little look-out is – it was her pride and joy.

In the summer, Geoff would jump off King's bridge, as apparently young men still do today – a type of initiation into manhood, I suppose. He also discovered a fantastic cave on the side of the gorge opposite the cottage which he and a friend explored as far as they could. It was deep and long and he heard stories that the bushranger Martin Cash may have hid his booty there. There were also stories that the cave, if followed all the way, led into a graveyard in West Launceston.

During the 1940s, Geoff remembers great schools of mullet swimming into the Gorge and settling in the area between the bridge and the start of the walk. The river was literally alive with the silvery shapes of the fish, which his family used to catch regularly for breakfast. But the mullet only came during the 1940s and vanished in the 1950s. Seals were also regular visitors and Geoff pointed out a rock opposite the cottage which was a favourite spot for a particular seal to sit and survey the river. Seals still come into the gorge today but I have not yet seen one.

It has been a privilege to hear real stories about life in this little cottage, to imagine the past in the present.

list of works for THE GORGE

Diver, 2005-6

series of 5 digital prints on Archifab

94 cm x 125cm

pages 18, 22, 26, 30 and cover

Entrance, 2005-6

digital print on Archifab

94 x 125cm

page 12

Leaping, 2005-6

dvd animation

1 minute loop

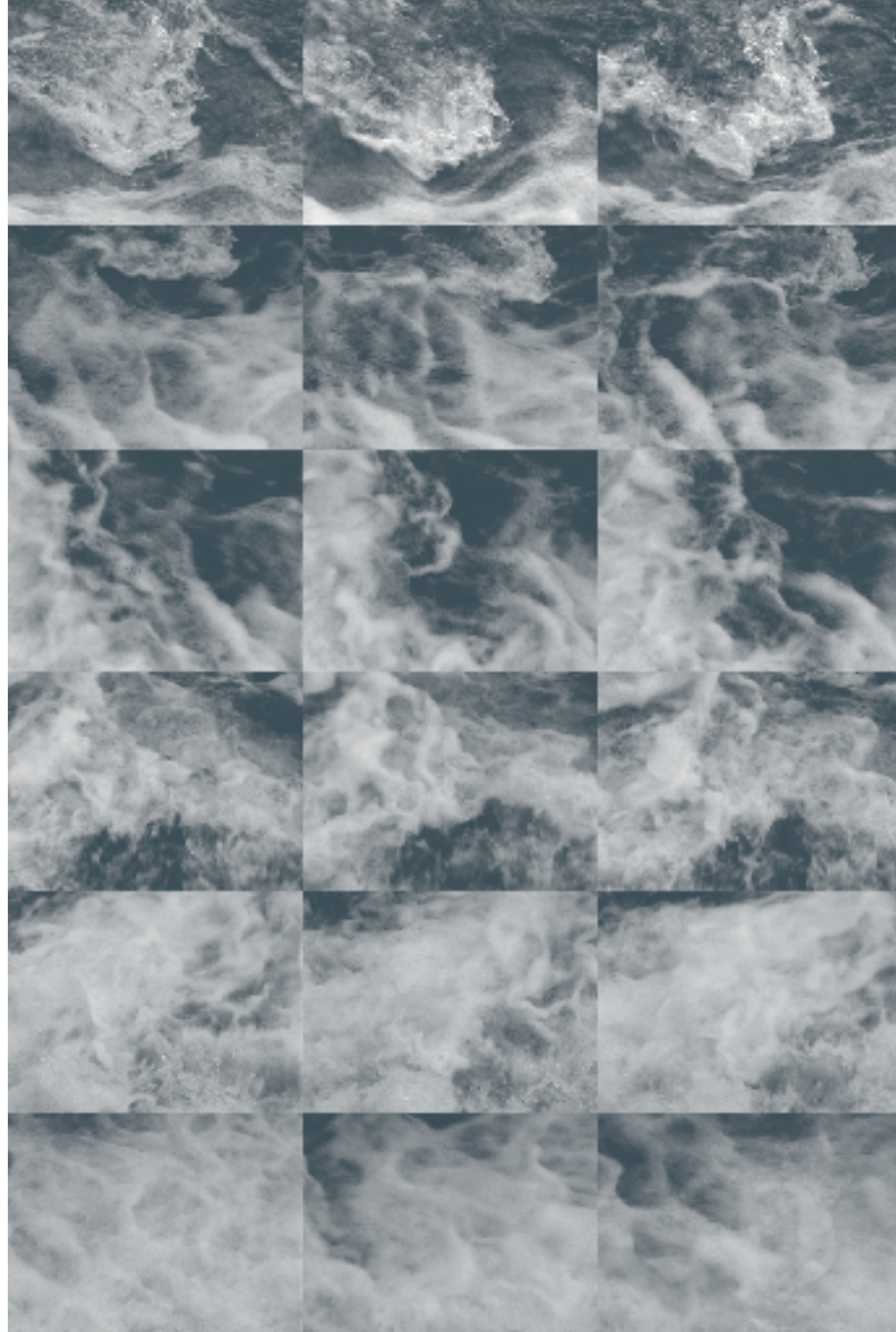
page 8 and 37 (series of 18 film stills)

Water, 2005-6

dvd projection and sound track

4 minute loop

page 45 (series of 18 film stills)



curriculum vitae

of BRIGITA OZOLINS

EDUCATION

PhD, University of Tasmania (Dean's commendation for excellence) 1999 BFA Hons, (First Class) University of Tasmania 1986 Graduate Diploma of Librarianship, University of Tasmania 1979 BA, Monash University, Victoria

SOLO EXHIBITIONS AND INSTALLATIONS

2006 *Find*, site specific installation, Carington Smith Library, University of Tasmania; *The Gorge*, Design Centre, Launceston, Tasmania; *Still as*, Kelly's Garden, Salamanca Place, Hobart 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; *Voice*, State Library of Tasmania commission 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*, 3 day intervention, exterior Italian Pavilion, Venice Biennale, Italy

SELECTED COLLABORATIONS

2003 *In the book*, with Tracey Allen, State library of Tasmania 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

2005 *Acidophilus*, Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery; *London: looking East*, Plimsoll Gallery, Hobart; *A beating heart*, Devonport Regional Gallery, Tasmania; Resonator, Long Gallery, Hobart; 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

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS continued

2000 *6=9*, CAST Gallery Hobart, University
 NW Centre Gallery, Burnie; Launceston
 University Gallery 1999 *Hatched*, Perth
 Institute for Contemporary Art, Perth, Western
 Australia; Don't let it slip, Plimsoll Gallery,
 Hobart 1998 *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

2006 Arts Tasmania Project Grant 2005
 Arts Tasmania Cataract Gorge Residency;
 Dean's commendation for PhD 2003 Pat
 Corrigan Artist Grant; Arts Tasmania
 Project Grant; 2002 Rosamund McCulloch
 Studio Residency, Cité Internationale des
 Arts, Paris, France 2000 Australia Council
 London Studio Residency; State Library of
 Tasmania Art Commission, Murray Street,
 Hobart 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

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 tomorrow are doing today (Tasmania)', *Australian Art
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 2002, p 27 -30 | Kelly, Sean, 'Touching from a distance', *Artlink*, Vol
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 - Jan 2000/2001 | Kelly, Sean, 'My hands are tied', *Artlink*, v20 No 2, p95-6;
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Art Monthly, May 2000, No 129, p 7-10

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Images of the Gorge in flood are reproduced by kind permission of the Tasmaniana Library, State Library of Tasmania. Images of the Tadpole Swimming Team are from the Weekly Courier, March 19, 1914 and February 20, 1915.

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