

When I started making notes for this piece, trying to draw a thread between our respective practices with the notion of 'site specificity' as the common denominator – two scenes came to mind, one is in *The Simpsons* when Homer attempts to build a BBQ. The other's in Felini's *8 1/2* where the chaotic physicality of the superstructure acts as a totem to Guido's creative angst. There's a sense that when the idea is born into the world it has to struggle to be realised within a fully contextualised environment.

What I'm getting at – is this idea of our work as an entity rising from the dust and potentially returning to the dust just as readily. Do you each recognise this in your work and if so do you approach it primarily from a political or philosophical stance?



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dust, yes... very much so. but with less of the struggle. the existential crisis is important (and considered) but it's not so obvious anymore. "yes, yes... we get it... from Sisyphus to *The Simpsons*, we all struggle." i am not saying that i think this is not important, rather, it is inherent. so what else? process... but beyond that continuance. now that is something to talk about. especially in such a changing world. with continuance comes evolution. process breeds process. evolution is therefore inevitable. this is what the work is about. using dust. allowing it to take shape. wiping it clean. then letting dust resettle. all steps in that process of minutia are pertinent – and here is where i think our work overlaps the most. a to b... obviously. but also a to aa; a to ab; a to aaa; and of course a to 38956. the process continues. we evolve. we keep going. that said, the philosophical cannot be free from politics and politics can remain unfree from philosophy. in this changing world – in *making things, not all of them existing, not all of them looking like art* – what keeps you going?

I suppose what both Sisyphus and Homer Simpson have in common is the necessity to just keep on keeping on. Non-continuation is not an option if life and art are inseparable. There's a pursuit of 'the authentic' where art and life are not alienated from each other, and I think site-specific art often addresses this. Site-specific art often only exists for the duration of the exhibition – thereby resisting financial commodification, at its best it also crucially attempts to contextualise itself not only with its immediate physical environment, but also geographic, societal and political environment. The work's transience is in a way a nod to the impossibility of completion, which is what drives a focus on process. Also, a focus on process-in-space is a way to draw attention to what is *happening*, rather than a passive presentation of art as artifact.

Transience, life and death, continual shifting of movement. The idea that nothing needs to exist past its 'sell by date' as it were. We are all surrounded by too much stuff and the world is creaking under this extra weight. The notion that something resides in a space for only so long before being dismantled or falling down brings to mind entropy and the tendency for all matter to evolve into a state of uniformity. Things with a definite lifespan flip two fingers up to financial commodification. And I like the idea of eschewing all that shit.

i am imagining a finite amount of dust. which on this globe i suppose there is. no more water or air or dust than we have. piles of dust fill caves and mountains and canyons which mix with moisture – dew – rivers – oceans. solid forms that shape are rigid. they become brittle. remnants to previous humans, civilisations, systems... waiting for next phases, harsher light, brighter temperatures, more radiance from dew drops and

evaporation. tash points to this. karl does too. these piles in absurdity, borne of absurdity, dealt with absurdly, surround us again and always.

Dying and rising up again, growing and dying endlessly. Walter Benjamin talks of an artwork's "unique existence at the place where it happens to be", and I like the idea that something is only made for a finite amount of time for a particular space. Then only memory is left – like in the movie *Awakenings* where patients are woken from their catatonic states for a brief period before returning to nothingness. Or dust.

This Walter Benjamin idea is interesting to me – as it speaks to the mediation of the artwork through context. One of the things that has interested me about this show is where the 'site' is located in regards to 'site specificity'. We have the physical space of the gallery but drawing out from that are sites that relate to the creation of the work as well as sites that impact on how the work is understood.

For me, the site I am primarily drawn to is the idea of the Stand4 gallery, and by extension the idea of artist-run galleries and projects in general. As I see these projects as attempts to reject the neoliberal end-point of the Marxist notion that the artist must be alienated from his/her own work as soon as it falls under the shadow of the commodity. For me 'site specificity' is about retaining, or at least trying to retain, a clear thread between conception, development, production, display and consumption.

Process determines outcome. The medium is the message. Dust begets dust.

The mediation of artwork through context. The physical space of the gallery. Sites that relate to the creation of the work. Sites that impact on how the work is understood. I agree that retaining a thread of those things is important. But that thread can be thoughts and conversations, it doesn't have to be tangible. The question is – how much does the artist give away in order for the final piece to be 'read' properly?

after over six months of conversations about this installation we end up here and now with the mechanical reproduction of dust. prompts come from so many different places. i sometimes wonder if we accept them all, or avoid them for ease. distracted. tired. art is also something that is meant to bring us to new places. both artists and viewers expect that from its interaction. tash, karl and i moved in and out of the stand space, remotely and digitally. we hovered, danced, walked and talked through it day in and day out for the past weeks. piling dust and asking it what to expect... from us. In the meantime, what can we expect from ourselves? *you are dust and to dust you will return.*

A Memento Mori

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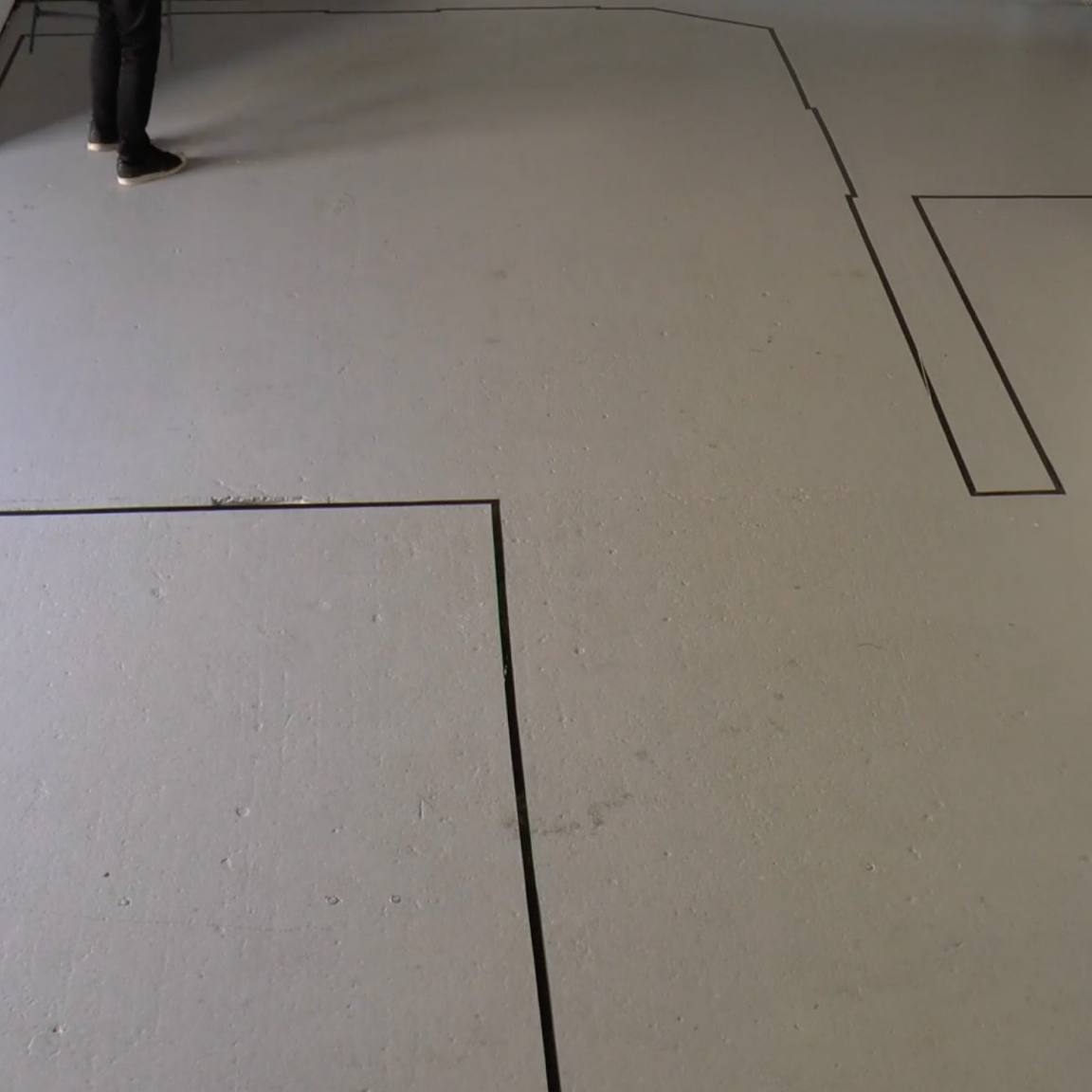
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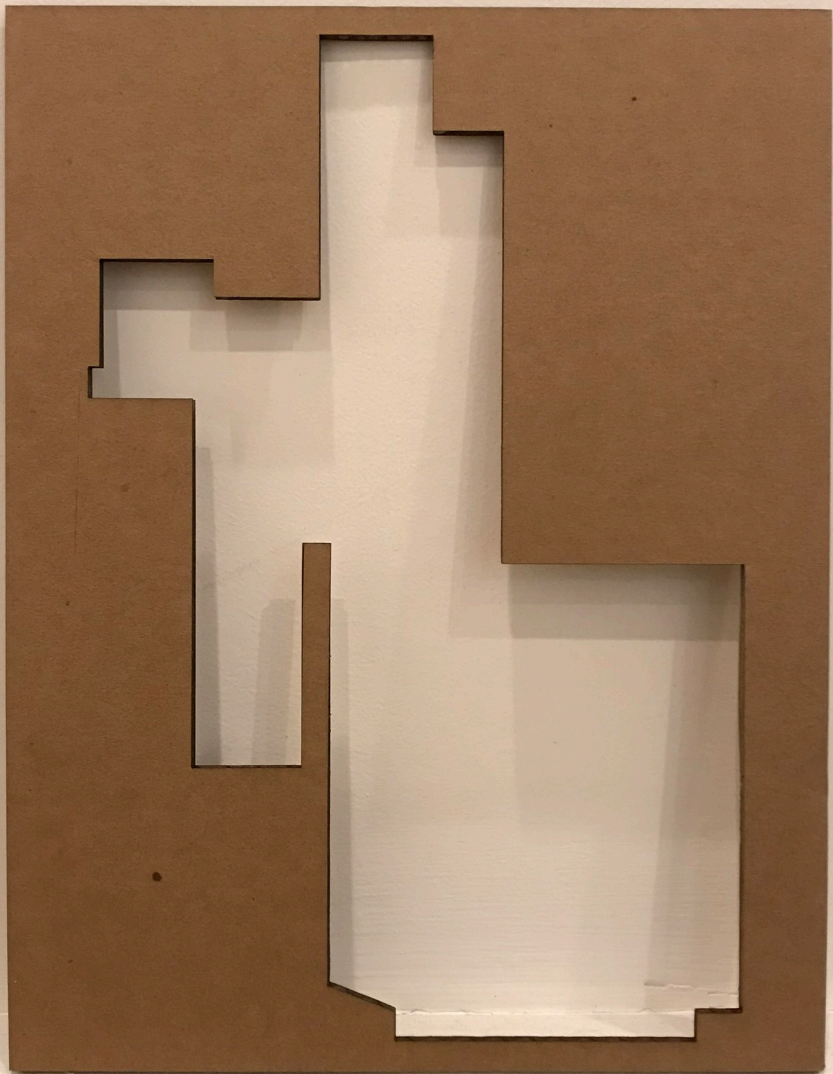


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mechanicalreproductionofdust.wordpress.com