

ON

EARTH

27 March – 6 June 2021

VIDEO SOUND DESCRIPTIONS AND TRANSCRIPTIONS

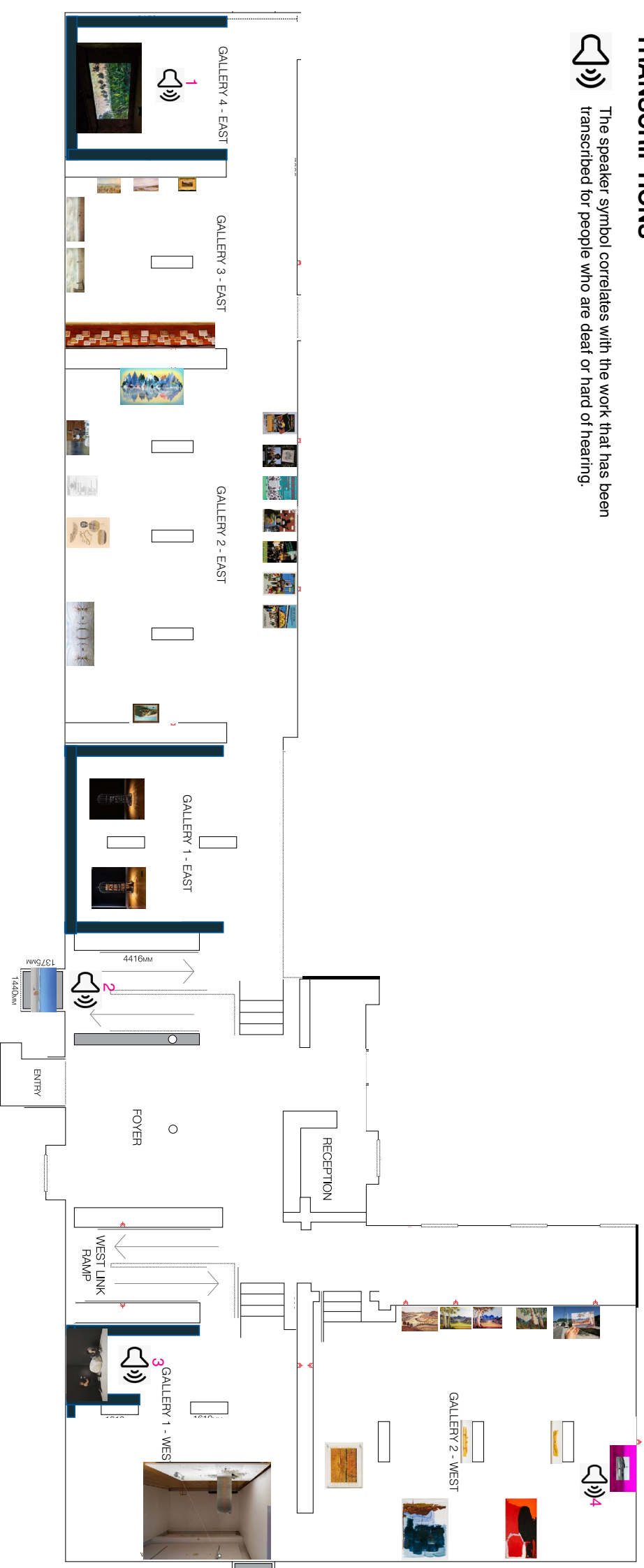
ON

EARTH

TRANSCRIPTIONS



The speaker symbol correlates with the work that has been transcribed for people who are deaf or hard of hearing.



1. Sancintya Mohini Simpson *Remnants of my ancestors* 2019

The video starts with crickets chirping. The artist recites:

Remnants
of my ancestors
arrive in packages
sent by strangers, found
on late night eBay searches.
Bubble-wrapped and bound
in tape, postcards from a time
of coolie girls and sugar mills,
idyllic industry;
to be sent with words
of love, scratched on backs
of coloured bodied
exotic, painted lands.

The video is interrupted with a rough and sharp sound, as though a television channel has suddenly cut out. There are sounds of chimes and instrument's sound floating in the breeze.

Torn mallikia lays on my desk,
reminding me of my mother's
garden, sweet. Her solace
from times past, the headiness
reflected as my mother fought
with mirrors of twisted women
and sensitive skin, and hair
that recoils when touched
and words are whispered
when voodoo women
make black magic
for babies gone,
and mothers who worked
laundries, and sold fruit
on streets, with many tongues
leaving wounds in deaths pass.
You can hear waves crashing, then that interrupted sound again, as well the sound of a musical instrument floating in the breeze.

On buses,
we crammed
with bags oversized
and watched landscapes
move and change.
From restaurants, apartments
to jungle, palms and lakes
with only ship lists to guide us,
filled with incorrect names,
we searched for ancestors.
Lost, huddled in truck trays
and whirring autos, we swayed
as lifelines holding on
from Chittoor to Tindivanam,
our pilgrimage continued.
Though two years would pass
we kept seeking signs.

An instrument plays music associated with a sense of foreboding, and chimes comes in.

I watched, her home
no longer there,
her first glimpse
of Durban soil
after thirty years.
They moved them all
from everywhere
from their Greyville home,
on Sydenham Road, to Isipingo,
Chatsworth, and Phoenix towns.
And now all she knows:
this mango tree, that marks
her childhood gone.

More chimes and crashing waves make up the soundtrack, followed by an interrupted sound. The video ends with the sound of crashing waves at the ocean.



Sancintya Mohini SIMPSON

Remnants of my ancestors 2019

dual-channel projection, sound, 6.03 mins
Courtesy the artist and Milani Gallery, Brisbane

2. Kinly Grey *Post James 2014* and *I Can't Wait For This Feeling Again 2014*

Post James (facing outwards, viewable from the outside of the gallery)

Sounds include the barking of dogs and the screaming of children, and bugs buzzing around.

I can't wait for this feeling again (facing inwards, viewable from inside the gallery)

Waves can be heard crashing on the shore.



Kinly GREY

Post James 2014

digital video

Courtesy the artist

3. Emma Fielden *Dialogue 2020*

The sound of a hammer on the rock can be heard – it's a very sharp sound. At times, shuffling on the floor across dirt can be heard.



Emma FIELDEN

Dialogue 2020

performance with limestone, HD video 415mins

edition of 3 + 2 AP. Performers: Emma Fielden and Tarik Ahlip.

Videographer: Dara Gill. Commissioned by Parramatta Artists' Studios

Rydalmere for NEXT

Courtesy the artist and Dominik Mersch Gallery, Sydney

4. Dean Cross *Reflect 2020*

This is a straight transcription from Dean Cross' video - the sound was taken and remixed from the documentary 'Sir Sidney Nolan at 60 (filmed by Les Seymour). The whole video is very crackly, and the voices are authoritative with British accents. This is what they say:

For 25 years, he's been a national hero. Everybody who talks about him begins by talking about Australia.

He must be sick of it, but it can't be helped. He made Australia live for the rest of the world. Major retrospectives of his work have been seen in London, Darmstadt, Stockholm and Dublin and of course in Australia. Before he painted it, and its unruly inhabitants, it was known through the excellent landscapes of Sir Arthur Streeton, which might just as well represent parts of France, or the reassuring woods of gum trees by which are like Australia, but only in a limited, amiable aspect. The vast mass of Australia is not amiable. It is cruel, harsh and barren, beyond any other parts of the habitable globe. For 1000 miles one sees nothing but red desert, the bones of a few dead animals. And occasionally, the sordid remains of a street where somebody looking for gold had tried to build a township. This is what the young Nolan recognized as the true Australia.

Not a very appetizing subject for a painter. But then the young man was not only a painter, he was a poet, he wanted to be the Australian Rimbaud. He was a revolutionary not in action, but in thought. He felt that Australia was itself a kind of revolution, against the idea of a cozy European civilization with its myths going back to ancient Greece. Both draw their strengths from locality, but transcend it, so that the local becomes universal. Both are horrified by the smugness and grossness of biological aptitude. And their heroes are the odd men out – Peter Grant, Billy Bird, Ned Kelly and Bracewell, both as a quality which I find very hard to describe, except by saying, that one shouldn't be surprised by anything they have done, by which simply I do not mean they are men of genius. But that in both their imaginations has been something very strange, just over the horizon, something which may never reveal itself, but which gives by refraction, a faint colour of menace to almost all their work.

It didn't suit him. He needed to record life, the life of the parks and fun fairs. And he found a way of doing it, which is like that children's paintings stuffed with innocence into every kind. I don't know if he was consciously imitating children's paintings, which are pretty much the same all over the world. But that's the way it came out. Only, if one looks closely, one sees they are far more skillful and mature than children's paintings.

He knew the best contemporary painting, which meant painting of the school of Paris, only from books. It's hard to realize that not a single original was to be seen in Australia.



Dean CROSS

Worimi

Reflect 2020

HD video and sound, 8:44 minutes. Edition of 3 + 2 Aps

Both courtesy of the artist and Yavuz Gallery, Sydney

Another voice, comes in and states:

Today, in the senate by my authority as Chancellor I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Letters (honoris causa), as the university itself is on this day enrolling you amongst its graduates.

Back to the other narrator:

The walk. Not brothers but more than everlasting friends, the air surrounds them in dry silence. One step they heard the beating heart. The next it fell into a graveyard. Being liars, they call it paradise, Fidelio in the bank fold the painting like prisoners face each other, the man with the Iron Head and the robin on the fence, buried without being dead. By the style, the flowers are feeding on the dedicated air, you play your favourite part, subtle angel, subtle tart, pointing to wings, as in prayer, and I a dog without a hole in which to hide my smile and soul.

Very interested, and in fact compelled and dedicated to transmitting emotions. And I care for very little else. And I care for that person so much that I'm prepared to belt the paint across the canvas much faster than I should be belted. I don't care. As long as I can get that emotional communication, I will sacrifice everything to it and that I've done. What is completely fascinating is how emotions are transmitted from one person to another person that we know about. What we don't know about is how an emotion is transmitted to a large group of people. And that is what my life is spent in doing. And that's just what I'm going to keep on doing and not worrying too much about why or when or the outcome of it at all.



PHILIP BACON AM
supporting visual arts at QUT

UAM
UNIVERSITY ART MUSEUMS AUSTRALIA