

Cut-Mead

The place for the Cut-up text: I watched them collaging over tables and wondered to what extent am I collaging my future? Cut-Lev Dupain. Cut-Walsh. Cut-Clifford. Cut-Lambe. To gather one's recollection first in a body of water, before a mirror. Cut-Self. To fragment things further into oblivion. Barthes reconstituted the image and Berger saw a new way of seeing. I am the mirror, moving forward. You are a mirror, reflecting my faults and fissures. The water of you distorts me, while allowing me to see more clearly. I am seeing more clearly than I ever have before. My temper still often overtakes me. So *Art Lies Hid*: I use my own inflection to re-Cut words, Cut first by Ovid, Cut second by Lev Dupain. Writing is forever a sculptural act. There will always be phrases unspoken and much to be

repeated. I've been Cutting back into text—reconstituting words to reconstitute myself. I am Tempest. I am Pen. I am the Blade that Cuts and the Hand that wields. I'm pushed forwards by Sappho and by Woolf and by my grandmother and by the canon of women writers, mainly white, that I keep leaning against. Cut-I need to open up my reading! Cut-but do I have any right to collage words that I didn't first string together? Cut-Calle who has been Cut by Lev Dupain: *that projection is a hall of mirrors*. We are often most bothered by the characteristics in others that actually exist within ourselves. Cut- Lambe who is Cutting from a film by Berger and Silverblatt: *urgency is a primary virtue*. To be urgent: I am moving fast, often tripping, but am so very productive. To act with urgency brings me confidence. You tell me kindly to slow things down. Every time we pose for a photograph are we immortalizing ourselves for a time after death? When time is running out, urgency becomes a constant. Take every photograph as if judging with the camera. And tenderness is an expression of that refusal to judge. I am trying to be less reactive, slowing down my response rate. You say I am often late. I only want to have memories of love at the end. Cut- Barthes and immortalize with love. Cut-Lambe: *our wretched spectacle*. Can the neighbours hear us through the walls when we argue? Cut-Walsh: *what is that moment when late turns to early?* There is always a long lead time before your emotions can catch up with mine. I am on the front-foot, but I am losing time. Cut-Regulation. Cut-Confounding. Cut-Nothing. Keep-All of You. Cutting-still. Loving; no matter how many words meet the blade...
So Art Lies Hid.

— Josephine Mead

Cut-Lambe

Intimate Recall

Watching Don't Look Now for the first time (1977).

Peeking from behind a pillow, so as not to witness Donald Sutherland follow a little red

mac to his death, I was simultaneously being groped and fingered.
Climaxing together, me and the movie, Donald got his throat cut and I had my first orgasm.

A desire is enacted in the space of experiential knowledge of the body and a simultaneous unknowable phycological state.

While in Venice, Inside Bruce Nauman Looking Out

Action man patrol, open fire
This is your Commodore speaking
Mortar offence, dig in"

Girl in red mac throws ball into murky water
Cut to boy on red bike rides towards us
Cut to Girl in red mac on a low log bridge leaning forward over the water reflection of the girls red mac on murky water

Cut to interior, fireplace, fire merges with mac, pan back, to reveal the back of a woman's head reading, pan further back and a man is looking at the slide of a church interior, this frame composition holds at its centre a red book

Cut to man's curious face full frame

Cut to a single shot of the back of the woman reading and the back of a red hooded figure, in the church slide. Fire flickering by the woman, slide clicking forward and closer to the back of the red hooded figure

Cut to man's puzzled face
Cut to the back of the woman's head
Cut to the man's face

"What are you reading"

Cut to Woman closes book and turns round

"I was just trying to find the answer to a question Christine

was asking me
If the worlds round why is a frozen pond flat"

Cut to: these words sit over a change in frame from the man's face to the back of the red hooded figure in the church slide

"Huh It's a good question"

Cut to the man's face, he is looking at the slide under a magnifying lens, zoom into the slide, into the red hooded character. We hear eerie electronic noise

Cut to exterior, the girl in the red mac, reflection in the water running upside down in the frame, along the lake
Cut to boy on red bike rides towards us, pan down to the wheels
Cut to girl in the red macs

wellington boots stepping into a reflective puddle
Cut to boy's bike crossing a panel of glass and breaking

Cut to interior, man looks up and sideways from his looking glass
Cut to woman and an open book

"Ah ha Lake Ontario curves more than 3 degrees from its most eastern shore to its most western shore,
so.....
Where's my cigarette's?"

Cut she stands up
Cut he stands up

"Nothing is ever what it seems
Did you put all the slides together?"
"No, I put duplicates in my tray"

Cut to the women finger's flicker/waver in front of her mouth

Cut to exterior where the girl in the red mac makes a similar gesture with her hands and mouth

Cut to interior and the woman looks for something under a cushion
Cut to kitchen table where a cigarette is burning next to the

the scraps of eaten food
Cut to continuation of cushion searching
Cut to the man's face lovingly watching

Cut to exterior red bike upside down, boy fixing the tire

"Action man control, fall in"

Cut to boy's head looking round for the sound, in the distant background is the girl in the red mac

Cut to interior, the man reaches for the missing cigarettes, woman, slide projection screen and a Frank Stella poster in the background frame
Cut to exterior, the girl in the red mac has the ball in her hand and is near the water's edge, she throws it in the air

Cut to interior, The man throws the cigarette in the air to the woman, as she catches them the man's hand knocks over a glass of water,
"OH SHIT" ahhh

Cut to exterior, the red patterned ball lands in the water

Cut to interior, the water spills onto the slides and lightbox. The man grabs a cloth and wipes

Cut to exterior, the red

patterned ball, spins around in the water,
Cut to the boy pulls glass out of the tire

Cut to interior, the man looks through glass at the slide, red ink leaks out of the red hooded figure, the man looks up

Cut to exterior, the boy is running across the grass, silence

Cut to interior, the man continues to look up dread on his face

"What's the matter"
He walks to the door

"Nothing"

Cut to man going out through the kitchen, and quickens through the rear door

Cut to exterior, The girl in red mac is full frame sinking into the murky water
Cut to man runs round wall
Cut to girl in red mac sinks
Cut to Boy runs to lake

"Daaad dad "

Cut to man runs to water
Cut to man and boy running towards each other, the red ball is floating on the murky water ominously in the foreground

Cut to man in the water, when he reaches the ball, deep intake breath
Cut to boy full frame looking straight in front
Cut to man taking a deep breath

Cut to Interior, woman looking at slide

Cut to exterior man is looking in the water further deep breath

Cut to Interior, woman is looking at the slide
Cut to Slide is bleeding red in from hooded figure in the church

Cut to exterior, man is going into water

Cut to Interior, woman throws

the slide onto a book ("Beyond the fragile geometry of space" by John Baxter) next to the cigarettes

Cut to slide and the sound of a deep cello the red ink bleeds covering the hooded figure in a swirling motion

Cut to exterior, the water swirls as the man pull the girl upwards out of the water we are looking from above as if looking at the slide

Cut to repeat of the last frame, girl in red mac in man's arms pulling out of the water framed from above

Cut to a repeat of the last frame
Cut to a repeat of the last

frame, the man opens his mouth, and a dark painful noise comes from inside
Cut to repeat the hands

Cut to Interior, the slide bleeds

Cut to exterior the man and his pained scream
Cut to the man twists out of frame holding the girl, we hear a harp and see her limp foot in the red tights, until all that is left in frame is the murky water.
Cut two the slide and the red ink moving forcefully.

82 cuts in the first five minutes of Nicholas Roeg's work of art, "Don't Look Now". Claire Lambe 2022

— Claire Lambe

A Very Late Meeting

"Urgency when making art and when living something I can describe but not explain. Urgency is a primary virtue, when there is no urgency there is no confidence. Riding a motorbike, freedom, free choice between decision and consequence, the consequence is immediate in life, there is more friction between decision and consequence." - Notes from a Youtube film on John Berger and Michael Silverblatt

**John is a rational man who does not believe in psychics, omens or the afterlife.
The way is a track, the pale blue morning, it starts to rain again.**

Wishful loitering in the void, take the stick.

And the deep river ran on.

November 17 - December 1, 2022

Artists | Bianca Lyla Clifford, Claire Lambe, Justine Walsh, Parker Lev Dupain



1/222 Johnston St
Wurundjeri woi-wurrung Country
Collingwood, Victoria milksite.art

Cut-LevDupain

Outside of pathologized diagnoses there is an insanity that each of us experience every day. This insanity is not what becomes the content of pithy, outraged IG stories but the slippery feelings embedded in our psyches that reveal themselves as the infrastructure of our dreams. In my opinion, the difference each of us discerns between 'late' and 'very late' will shed light on the kind of people you should do business with. 'Very' is an intensifier without an inherent meaning, so naturally it can be very enlightening. I have often read that a copy, at the same time usurps the original and reinstates it. Sophie Calle said that projection is a hall of mirrors. The conflicts we have with others are always with ourselves.

*Contrary to popular belief, tragedy occurs in complete silence. Those precise feelings can be conjured with the artifice of the bells and whistles of lighting, style, framing and sound. So Art lies hid by its own artifice says Ovid (*Metamorphoses*). The clash of two discordant or unexpectant images takes on an energy, if you are lucky enough to notice and if you say enough things out loud, you will predict the future.*

All liquid is bodily, even stagnant pools have circulation under the skin.

Before the common access to mirrors, people would have to catch themselves in a pool of water, a distorted angle shimmering and obscure. Narcissus didn't drown, he melted into a flower. There is always more to the story. And the deep river ran on.

— Parker Lev Deupain

Cut-Walsh

I've been waking up at 2:45am to go to zoom meetings on the other side of the world every Friday, listening to a

prayer in other languages, hearing a seeking heart, something humbling and gracious and slow. I take my notes, as my tired eyes adjust, body soft, I'll go back to sleep after. I consider that I need to spend more time rereading these notes: "putting stones on the grave as an act of remembrance"... what is that moment when late turns to early? When something new nudges at and absorbs what just was? That overlap moment, it's before the golden hour... There's always more and it's always already done. The spirit of the mundane, every day, the plant is growing and dying, the material changes viscosity, tone, density. The way is a track. The pale blue morning, it starts to rain again.

— Justine Walsh

Bianca Lyla Clifford (Au/Greek/Sicilian) is a performance artist, installation, sculpture and video artist. Her works mesh ancient with personal myth. Materially informed by transient states of being, she communes with the freedom of the ephemeral and the emancipation of the natural world.

Claire Lambe draws from film, music, and traditional sculptural practice to create psychologically complex spaces that invite speculation on the human body as both matter and intermediary. Raised in Macclesfield, North of England in the 70s Lambe acknowledges the

complexity of leaving, a probing flirtation between transformation, hostility, and tenderness. Clare is represented by Sarah Scout Presents.

Parker Lev Dupain is a visual artist whose work spans sculpture, ceramics, video and performance. Their recent work explores poetic commentary and critique of the artist's practice directed by personas and aesthetics of early 20th century film.

Justine Walsh is an interdisciplinary artist and arts worker based in the Kulin Nations whose Ancestors are Irish, English, Polish and Anglo-Burmese. Their practice subtly poses questions of absence and being through voice, performance and installation. Justine is passionate about plant-human relationships, psychological & somatic processes, and ritual.

Josephine Mead is an artist, curator and writer working on Wurundjeri Country. She works to investigate personal notions of support. She has exhibited widely; has undertaken residencies in Portugal, Mexico, Turkey and Germany; was Chair of Artistic Directors for Blindsight; co-founded Co-Publishing; is a founding Artistic Director of MILK Gallery & recently participated in ACCA's Writing in the Expanded Field program.

MILK Gallery is situated on Wurundjeri woi-wurrung Country. The Artistic Directors, exhibiting artists and wider MILK community pay respect to Elders past, present & future and would like to acknowledge that this Country has never been ceded.