Pragma Perils and Passions Exhibition Fdon Gallery, Dwellingup, WA

Kelsey Ashe | Betsy Bush | Christophe Canato | Marcia Espinosa | Michele Eastwood | Eden Lennox | Guundie Kuchling | Maxxi Minaxi May | Lucille Martin | Anne Neil and Olga Cironis | Tania Spencer | Katrina Virgona Curator | Mariyon Slany





Lost Eden Gallery

Lost Eden Creative is an artist run exhibition space and artist residency in the heart of Dwellingup, Western Australia. Monique and Peter Tippett's vision is to be a focal point for arts and culture in the Peel region by promoting the work of emerging and established Western Australian and guest international artists. An eclectic program throughout the year provides a look into the West Australian contemporary arts scene. From visual artists, to writers, musicians and curators - this space welcomes all creative spirits. Lost Eden's exposed jarrah truss beams support a tin roof creating a beautiful space with natural light flooding the gallery space from large windows and the sliding door. Located on the main street, the building is unique and recognisable. Once a tired looking relic from the 1940s, Lost Eden now has a beautifully renovated interior and exterior. Originally built in the mid-1940s, the house and shopfront sold homewares and haberdashery. The locals who remember the store fondly recall that "anything could be purchased there". In 1961, an immense and devastating bushfire all but destroyed the town; the building was one of the few that survived. Offering much needed commercial space, the shop was divided in two. This became the greengrocer and butcher. Over the following years, this building has had a variety of uses and now Lost Eden welcomes creativity in all its manifestations.

Why pragma?

The memory of love lasts long after the physicality of love finishes. A lover from the past in a dreamworld state. Tied together by invisible threads. Threads recur. Always part of my visual memory as tying to, twisting and unable to be extricated from. After hours of sitting listening to others talk their way through an interrogation of mistrust in love, how can I still maintain a notion of love? Pragmatism ends up ruling the roost: who speaks, and says, and utters; becomes. The idea of the long-lasting relationship used to overwhelm me with a horror of sameness and consistency. Now it reassures me, sustains me as psychotherapeutic learnings give me a framework - the matter to hold onto when conflicts, emotions, thoughts overwhelm.

How do we make manifest an image, a look of love as it's redolent with over-exposure relentlessly raining down on us; sentimentality wherever we turn our glance. Forcing us to ascribe a love into the boxed rituals of Valentine's Day exchanges, the compulsory anniversaries (for fear of forgetting) that we might then see evaporate in front of our eyes. Not fear of forgetting, but making tangible something unreal.

Pragma is the enduring love, the love that somehow makes its way through those relationship conflicts, an endlessly recycled argument where no-one wins but essentially the same words emerge; what do you mean I'm not right?

How fortunate that the artist Maxxi Minaxi May in her struggle to represent pragma refracted through her life landed on philautia as self-love: the beginning of pragma. The phrase everything is black and white forms loops in my head when I listen to stories of broken trust, lack of love, not enough, not able to bear the other because we are asking for them to be perfect, when we ourselves may not be able to bear our lack of perfection. Where love of oneself requires sufficiency to explore the unknown of the other's psyche. The emotional fronds don't wither in reaching out, but entwine and grow in complexity and understanding. This is the self that loves.

May's use of words is seductive in creating the inner world from which we love the other. The work we have to do to not be seduced by the romantic

vision of love introduced in the eighteenth century where I weep, I pose and demand love as an affirmation of some greater ideal of who I am. I would rather be seen for who I am, striving valiantly for that positive regard for the other, is how I read May's artwork.

What happens when the relationship ends? Emotion doesn't just disappear - we hold onto the memory of love, and the feel of love lingers in our brains. Michele Eastwood's elegiac gap pinpoints the lost love in Thinking of you where the emptiness in the image allows our imagination space to roam our own history of loss and survival. When I try to understand why a relationship has ended, there is sorrow, grief, loss, conflicting ideas but sometimes, just; that love is simply not enough. The functionality of love and of being with that person conflicts with our view of what love is. Until we can stumble through that conversation that what they believe about love can meet what we believe about love and absorb our disappointments, our idealised notions cannot endure love. Of course, sometimes the other dies; after pragma is the exploration of that in art critic Marian Pastor Roces' tribute to Adrian Jones. an esteemed colleague in the Perth visual arts community.

Intertextuality and memory, constructed pieces in my collage; based on - if you perceive me in a certain way, and the only way I know what is real is if you reflect me back in the way I perceived I said it. The deal underpinning so many intimate relationships. Denying that mutual agreement in almost a grotesquery of the other in **Christophe Canato's** work with mis-placed-hair creating a visceral response we may feel viewing

Canato's work. Evoking this strong feeling, he is asking us to question our initial assumptions and thus see his love differently. **Marcia Espinosa's** work sparks its sharp edges out into our vision so we can feel the pain of standing out, fighting, conflicting words that are spoken out again and again in *The Vicissitudes of Love*.

As I imagine (feel) my lover holding my little toe as we sleep, unconsciously absorbing the pattern of each other's breathing and inadvertently tuning our bodies to each other with those invisible unspoken ties. I think about what becomes manifest in our day-today relationship, as opposed to what I imagine and what the other imagines of me, and what we may create in our imaginary relationship. The pragmatic, the day to day becomes more of the relationship than time taken to share imaginatively because that seems to become impossible against everyday life. And that 'impossible' is what we spend the day trying to communicate, and fail at, until we fall asleep and try again.

Lucille Martin poses the question of discovery of self every morning in the aftermath of pragma and as her textile works float down the plinth, they beckon to us curious in their intimate portrayal, questioning who our real self is.

Anne Neil and Olga Cironis have honoured love between friends with *Binding* recreating the invisible twinings we have in conversation and extended lengths of time in being together; sharing, doing, walking and existing in that warm human embrace of the other; the treasuring.

6

Betsy Bush's work moves with its trailing ends that don't allow for the resolution of the statement about love in friendship and powerfully evoke contemplation of the memory of love. Our brains are wired to be influenced by others, built to ensure we come to hold the beliefs and values of those around us*. Grappling with the dvads of possible interconnections we no longer can connect when there is a loss of the other, and how do we become less than us in retreating from the world in experiencing loss. Integrating this with my own recent family losses seeing the young Gertie with Erika laughing amongst the trees; the present moment of love with a friend, on our best behaviour hoping for the future which now is gone. The future of one of us has been extinguished and one lives on remembering, savouring, still hoping for a touch of that care, love, affection as the feel of love disappears but the brain retains it.

The texture of love is felt through Katrina Virgona's use of hair - a stroking of which promotes soothing, calming sensuality - but in an artwork its textures can be perceived as confronting whilst retaining the potency of hair because most people endow it with vitality; of being alive. Virgona's various armaments can adorn, or restrict and in their re-imagined shapes can evoke powerful love, restraint or aversion. In a vitally new pop lexicon Eden Lennox has incorporated the found objects of her obsessions into an intriguing hurdy gurdy which can be read as the possessing of something, or even someone; as we imagine the gift of jewellery signifying love.

The pragmatic built on the reliable evolved from the sensual, embedded by the experiential, lasting through conscious choice: which we may see in **Guundie Kuchling's** work as lovers contort their physicality in proximity with our gaze filtered through the enmeshment. We may run away from that, but pragma lasts through reason. Does reason sustain vicissitudes or is it the container of pent-up emotions. When we come to terms with knowing ourselves the longer-term interest cascades through conflict to acceptance as eros quietens its demands and honours difference. Tania Spencer explores this in the interwoven To Have and To Hold, referencing both the ideal in the promise of the love and the faulty version committed by fallible humans. Of course, we experience desire in love and Kelsey Ashe's work XX talks to this as the basis of pragma.

Having asked this group of artists to tackle an intrinsic human topic, appreciative of not falling into simplification or a reductive space, I can only now step back and take the time to fully absorb and comprehend each artist's intention in this [organised] cacophony of artworks interwoven and intermingled with text, print, photographs, textile, hair, metal, clay and ceramics.

Mariyon Slany, Therapist, Art Curator and Public Art Coordinator www.mariyonslany.com 7 August 2021

^{*}Matthew D. Lieberman, Social: why our brains are wired to connect, Oxford University Press, UK 2015.



Kelsey Ashe

'The souls that come and go; The Lovers XX How many halt to sway and teach?

Begin and break and cease and begin over Look to the skies; the pain of dreams

Again and again we lash ourselves upon the rocks For Desire. Bury yearning in the vastness of the sea

In garish disquiet or ignorant bliss we align with pragma

Raise above to know The only true Enlightenment is always yours'



Image: Photographed by Toni Wilkinson.

Silk Screen Printed Diptych, Indigo, Katazome Paste, Wax on Canvas, mounted on Wood Panels 2040mm x 1280mm x 40mm 2021



Betsy Bush

The loss of a best friend is bleak. Where has all that love gone? Grief plays cruel games and sows doubt where there was once unwavering certainty.

I cling on to words that she wrote before stepping out of my life. Written at a time when I thought that we would grow old together.

As I hold, reshape and stitch these words in the grey world of loss I reconnect with our deep friendship. I treasure the love that flowed from her elegant hand, gracefully leaving their cursive marks upon a white surface.

Like a whisper from the past they bring comfort.

My dear, beautiful, courageous friend Eileen died in December 2020

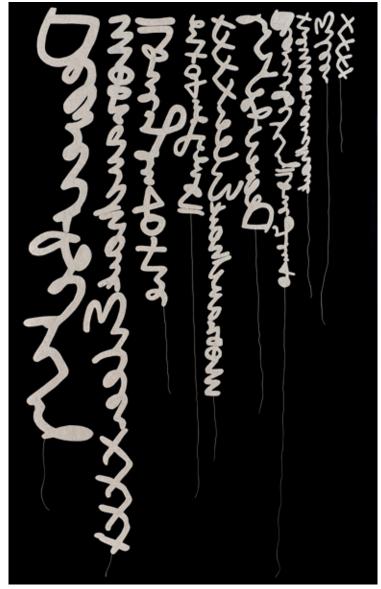


Image: Photographed by Christophe Canato.

Love you to the moon and back she wrote

Velvet, felt, thread Dimensions 1050mm x 1750mm 2021



Christophe Canato

Peril and Passion is certainly an inspiring theme to Christophe Canato's work in progress and the visual artist could have easily approached the subject from one point of view only; a strong and barely controllable emotion such as enmeshment.

But more than an interpretation of the inner view of a relationship between people in which personal boundaries are permeable and unclear, Christophe Canato is also interested in how the viewers/ audience will position or project themselves facing unconventional relationships.

A large part of Christophe Canato's practice has concerned same-sex orientation. LGBTQIA+ rights make significant progress however gender identities and sexual orientation is still the first cause of teenager suicide in Western countries with extreme violent homophobic criminality and subject to death penalties in a large number of countries over the globe. Same sex relationships are still seen as perverted and provocative.

Le Baiser is a series of dark, discomfort and tortured metaphorical portraits inspired by Francis Bacon's twisted paintings, Tod Browning's characters or David Lynch's creatures.

Each final image is composed by two portraits positioned intimately. Technically, Canato has erased some sections to his digital compositions in order to propose fused single portraits.

Facial hair is an additional factor that makes the characters more unbearable. They are not there for the sole purpose of emphasizing virility but as a prop in reference to folklore and belonging to a group such as cultural or religious.

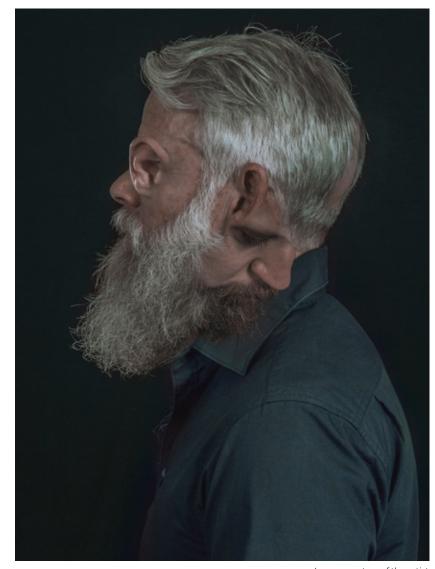


Image courtesy of the artist.

Le Baiser

Digital archival inkjet prints 400mm x 300mm. Edition of 5 2018-2020



Michelle Eastwood

What perils of love can be greater than the death of a loved one in war?

What can be more tragic than a life time of abject sorrow, except for the memory of that love.



Image: Photographed by Christophe Canato.

Thinking of you

Hand dyed embroidery thread, Linen thread, Vintage woollen army blanket, Dye Techniques: Hand embroidery, Stencil, Airbrush 1090mm x 860mm 2021



Marcia Espinosa

I am a Chilean born Australian artist based in Perth.

In my practice, I investigate themes of identity and meaning within contemporary society. I work with objects from folklore and consumer culture to pose questions about our value systems and social connections. I work primarily with stoneware clay; my hand-built sculptures range from small detailed cast objects to large bold forms, often combining non-ceramic elements and found objects in my pieces. By selecting and juxtaposing cultural symbols, I playfully blend historical and contemporary references with rich textures and expressions of colour.

The vicissitudes of love, where love is not always what one expects to be, and the poem "Give Me Your Hand" by the Chilean poet Gabriela Mistral, inspired the ceramics sculptures I have created for this exhibition. An excerpt from the poem Give Me Your Hand by Gabriela Mistral (1889-1957).

"Give me your hand and give me your love, give me your hand and dance with me.
A single flower, and nothing more,
a single flower is all we'll be".

The works evoke the vagaries of a loving relationship, incorporating the joy of falling in love as well as the disappointments.

The flowers represent happiness, fertility, and hope in a relationship - a reference to the beautiful poem written by Mistral. At the same time, sharp objects such as thorns and broken dinnerware symbolise pain and frustrations.



Image: Photographed by Christophe Canato.

The Vicissitudes of Love

Porcelain, stoneware clay and broken dinnerware 480mm x 280mm x 280mm 2021



Lennox

I consider how contemporary jewellery may convey a social message to induce a shared recall of time, invite curiosity or playfulness. In my work, I assemble, fuse and collage postconsumables, vinyl records, miniatures, parts of vintage dolls, toys, precious metals, and found objects. I use this type of material subversion to break, invert and interrupt circuits of value. I aim to construct jewellery objects that convey a social message and build visual tension using metonymy and metaphor. As found in the material world, there are concomitant relationships that connect with contemporary jewellery objects because of the agency we assign to adornment individually or socially. I consider reuse, the up-cycling ethos and visual aesthetics seated in postpunk.



Image: Photographed by Christophe Canato.

Put a chord on it

Wood, found objects, enamel, copper and acrylic Variable dimensions 2021



Pragma 1

Guundie Kuchling

My arts practice has always probed and questioned interconnections, in the mediums of print making, sculptures and oil painting. For this exhibition, I have exclusively created sculptural works: figures, contained in vessels. The closeness of the figures shows our striving for connection (passions). The surrounding cage-like wire structures are ambiguous: they stand for the seemingly safe cocoon we can create together; they also stand for our limitations which we bring to relationships and the isolation from others which can result from being together (perils). However, the see-through quality of the vessels offers access from both sides—everything can be changed.



Pragma 2



Pragma 3

Images: Photographed by Guundie Kuchling.

Paling, Pragma 1, 2 and 3 and Conundrum

Bisque fired clay, copper wire, galvanised wire Variable up to 500mm x 370mm x 500mm 2021



Lucille Martin

The video and textile installation investigates the capture, display and communication of images iPhoneographed daily with Martin's personal iPhone-camera of her/a, 'bedside table' she slept near, over a three-year period. In 2017, the iPhoneographic images and Martin's journey became the basis of a PhD. now ceased, and a major solo exhibition presented at Spectrum Artspace, Edith Cowan University, Western Australia in June 2019. Over 200 images were captured on iPhone 3, 5 and 7, in an overview perspective looking down onto the Bedside Tables Martin was frequenting. The images were later developed using photo-media applications toward Martin's research which referenced sets and series of groupings to form associated narratives. The 'Liminal Series' – was created with 3-5 images positioned in a line and 'The Cluster Series' was created with 10 images, positioned in groupings.

Bedside is about reclaiming identity as self-portraiture, where facial features were not present, and how the camera-phone became an intimate and liberating form of documentation of Martin's internal and external world.

The series has evolved over time with the images transferred onto textile for the Pragma exhibition. The edges of fabric flow to imbue a soft and often dream like state symbolic of when, where and the time the images were captured, generally in the morning, and the evening. The process and transference of materials provided an opportunity to share in further collective conversations with a younger audience in relation to their own iPhone capture and the ability to enhance the gaze of reality offering a more contemporary and current truth of the human condition a changing CoVid landscape. The iPhone-camera once again became a point of connection and rebellion as society grapples to recalibrate connection to their inner and outer worlds.

The images share in the universality of intimate and common objects, patterns and repetitious positioning of the ordinary and extraordinary experiences of life as face-less self-portrait. The final works form an investigation of where iPhoneography portraiture transitions, dissects and extends in a landscape of new photo-media possibilities.



Image: Photographed by Christophe Canato.

Bedside

Textile and Archival printed images; Video 6 x 500mm x 400mm; 1000mm x 65mm; loop

The image of Martin's Bedside Table is printed on textile with the edges of fabric flowing to imbue a soft and often dream like state symbolic of when, where and the time the images were captured, generally in the morning, and the evening. 2017-2021



Minaxi May

To have enduring love is to have both acceptance and sufferance. In the Seven Greek Expressions of Love, Philautia is love for self, regarded as a human necessity, a flaw or vanity. Negatively this "ego" is self-pity, narcissism, arrogance, or selfishness. Many of us struggle with self-love, self-esteem, self-worth.

Some, in the extreme suffer with self-hatred. As a teenager, as a result of many meditations, self-empowerment, mind enhancing courses and psychological therapy, I used affirmations on my bedroom walls to help diminish my consistent critical thoughts. This did not always work, but the intention was there.

In creating this work, I realised that although I have continued to develop, this progression for myself is slow, life-long, and many of these judgements are still evident. Although these thoughts are not as consistent, there is room to improve towards self-esteem, self-worth, and self-compassion. To develop a more positive ego or sense of self, an enduring love that is mentally healthy and less of a "battlefield".

The installation comprises of seventy-two statements that reflect on Philautia as selfpity, hatred and judgement towards more self-enhancing statements in the form of affirmations and sayings. There is an oscillation between peril and passion and a ceaseless endeavour towards self-love.

The prints comprise of hand-drawn mark-making. Printed in monochrome black, greys and whites, the negatives are as self-harming, scratched-in shouting judgements. Whilst the affirmations are in warm shades of pinks, oranges, and reds, akin to gently etching into the mind that which is encouraging and loving.



Image: Photographed by Christophe Canato.

[Self] Love is a Battlefield

Giclee print on Etching Rag paper with mixed media Each image is A4 size 297mm x 210mm x 5mm with artwork total 2446mm x 1970mm x 10mm 2021



Anne & Olga Neil & Cironis

[Artists represented by Art Collective WA]

Like any enduring relationship, longlasting friendship can be messy, complicated, and beset by the problems that life throws at us. Yet because of those difficulties a good friendship survives, strengthens, and thrives. Binding is a collaborative artwork by Anne Neil and Olga Cironis whose own prevailing friendship stretches back over 30 years through commonalities of art, marriages and raising their daughters. Theirs is a love built on understanding that has intensified over time. It is an unconditional, deep companionship formed from respect, trust, honour, and acceptance of each other's differences. They have their own shared knowledge, secrets made and kept.

The Greek root of the title of this exhibition Pragma especially resonated because of their shared Greek heritage, although as Anne admits, with one Greek grandparent on her mother's side, hers is more diluted.

Making the work began in a time of illness, when another close friend, Adrian Jones, was diagnosed with advanced pancreatic cancer. Illness forced the artists to confront the outer reaches of friendship past the fun times to the life changing moments that are not so good. When death is a certainty, as it was for Adrian, love becomes practical. Physical and emotional care is born from love that has matured over many years.

Anne said, "I wanted to hold and protect Adrian - to remember and treasure every moment - I felt honoured that he trusted me to shroud him and that he knew that I would".

Olga and Anne regularly walk along the river and collect what the water sends to the shore. These are times to solve the world's problems, to talk and listen, to laugh and cry. Found broken river shells were their starting point, "A little worn, like us', they said. Eroded and chipped exteriors expose how life unfolded within.

Each shell is a treasure, lovingly wrapped in its own small blanket. Referencing the linear thread of memories, the shells in their blankets are stitched into place along a long blanket 'thread'. Over 10 m long, the work can be draped over a stand, or worn. During construction it was wrapped over Adrian's dress maker's dummy.

Although heavy, the work does not weigh the wearer down. They are drawn to each shell and compelled to hold it, only for a moment, but long enough to remember love and friendship past and present.

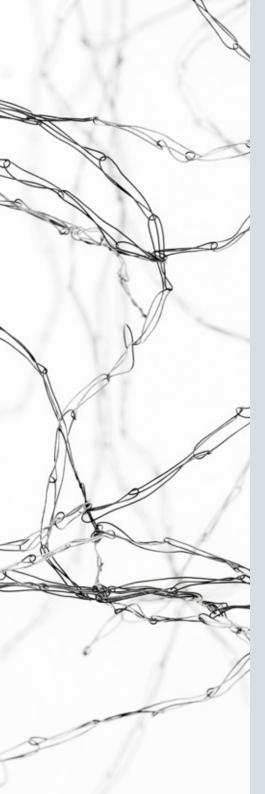
- Maggie Baxter: Artist, writer, curator and public art coordinator

Binding

Blanket and discarded shells Stand Size 1400mm x oval base 400mm x200mm - the 'string' of shell is approximately 11metres long. 2021

Image: Photographed by Christophe Canato.





Tania Spencer

To have and to hold From this day forward.

The wedding attire, such a symbol of hope, the eternal hope of a lifetime of happiness. Much money is spent, and fuss is made of the look of the couple getting married. In this Instagram world does all this focus on the outwards manifestation of our appearance, come at the expense of the seriousness of the institution of marriage and what it stands for?

I have finger knitted, shaped and molded this wedding gown and suit with my bare hands. Carefully hand bent every stitch and woven it randomly to hold the garments together. Small holes. Big gaps. Held together by threads. Overlapping tangled threads of wire. Strong threads. Tough, but flexible. Like a longstanding marriage really.



Image: Photographed by Adrian Lambert.

To Have and To Hold

Galvanised wire 1800mm x 1200mm x 800mm 2021



Katrina Virgona

Restrain. Restrict. Reform. Renew.



Image: Photographed by Christophe Canato.

Empty Promise, Silent Playground & Game Over

Silk, muslin, wool & hair felted and stitched onto armatures Variable up to 290mm x 235mm x 200mm 2017-2021

After prgama:

Improbable, implausible even: us. Adrian Jones and I paired inexplicably. Committed critic cum political animal. Reclusive artist averse to weaponized theory. Uninclined to self-explanation, we kept to ourselves. We remain elusive now, six months after he expired in this year's Western Australian summer. Not even in hindsight can we finally exist in any reality imaginable as quotidian. We were each other's phantasm.

Bodied phantasms, to be sure, cleaving into each other especially as he detected sound. I would hear the tone signatures seconds later: the crow's caw, Avro Pärt's first bars, the oven's bell. Signals to love, in the divinest of times. He heard the waves before sight of the Indian Ocean at our Leighton stretch; trailers throttling up Leach Highway, full of frightened sheep; the "Fremantle doctor" before the gusts blew into the front door he would already have opened.

At night, Adrian will hear the break of one dessicated autumn leaf of the many he would on occasion sweep into the home. The nearly imperceptible crackling could alter the course of a dream. Or of love's divertissements.

His preternatural ear picked out the sound of a breeze before my skin absorbed its balm seconds later.
When Adrian died thousands of miles away from me—we lived in separate continents for unfathomable reasons—I received the sound of his last breath many moments after. He would have heard death ahead of its arrival.

This slight dissonance had—has—immense consequence. A bit slow to detect the danger, the politics, or the ecstasy promised by life's fragments, I lived a precarious state of perpetual surprise; terrible for a critic. Adrian lived a precarious state of perpetual alertness; excessive for a recluse. This difference alone could have evaporated a relationship.

So it is good that we did not have something called a relationship. It was, rather, a peculiar resonance, Adrian and I rather like tines of a tuning fork. Sometimes we literally vibrated. Through decades until it ended: love became an aural certainty, holding true in each tiny reverb. Say, when Adrian took to bed running a fever, ill in a London Mews flat turned B&B. He pressed one lpod earphone bud into my right ear.

Entered by Cecilia Bartolli's *Sospiri*, other bud in his left ear, her monstrous genius fired up synapses in our melded brains.

He followed her Italian reconnaissance of the sigh, sospiri—slipping into music's abyss—and traversed fever as though a re-tuning. The mezzo-soprano with a conquistador's stamina and a pilot's deftness took over. My mind stayed coupled to his; my body, poised to knowing.

Because I grew up with opera, I knew best the nuances of hard rock. The child in me only had an ear for the hardcore, high decibel assault. With Adrian I slid into *pianissimos* so delicate, I had to relearn what courage might be in music. Bartolli's robust vocalism that escaped bel canto norms is as clear to Adrian as the sound of sand underfoot: a virtuoso turn from everything normal.

Sand sound was our Perth locus.
Sand became the sculptures he
made for Greater Perth public spaces.
Round things, he called them, their
becomings assisted by the also-round
cement mixer that was verily alive. The
Medieval strickle-boards he fabricated
to prefigure the sculptures were the

two-dimensional promise of three-dimensionality. Like the sounds he heard before stuff materialized. The sands' geologic commonness prefigured concrete's commonness, attenuated by the weeks-long circular movements Adrian performed. Physical Philip Glass.

From the same bodied circularities and the same sand materialized the lens-like vat holding water holding floating rose petals for "Songs of a dearly departed". The elegiac exhibition for composer Percy Grainger gave us itineraries to walk: the dangerous intersections of race, collections of the "folk", machine musics including the theremin's. Untitillated by such Grainger explorations as sadomasochist sexuality, Adrian and I lived daily with the composer's provocative presence.

The same sands and circular body instrumentation created the vat for his Melbourne exhibition "melbaloopiæ",² also an elegiac installation for a musical force of nature, Dame Nelly Melba. Another round thing on the floor—this time for the soprano who renamed herself after her city, Melbourne—anchored a wall of metopes. The discs were meditations in ceramics on the Dame's vocal power. One is an exquisite all-white sculptural representation of her larynx.

Adrian's ear for love echo-located ideas cohering in the ethereal warrens of music. The transmutated physicality of notation reincarnated Chopin when he played: Adrian's Chopin-possessed

fingers. All pianists know this immortality of composers. But for Adrian, Chopin's dexterous intelligence, annealed to sensuality, created spaces outside Romanticism; and transubtantiated pain.

Adrian led me into these spaces to meet his gargoyles and angels. Quite taken by the meetings, I resurrected my childhood zeal for the bel canto that shapes Chopin's exquisite lines. Which made conjoint thought possible for us around the *cantabile*, the riverlike and often sexual singing of so powerful a machine as the piano.

In the end it was Rachmaninoff facilitating Adrian's movement into his abbreviated old age. But neither the Russian nor Polish composer's soundings of mortality would have softened death's sharpness.

Neither the *crwth*, the extinct Welsh chordophone he crafted resurrected—to the proportions of his Welsh body, nor the *kulintang*, my gift of the Philippines' bossed gongs, which he lined up under an eave to be played by rain, mitigates extinction of self.

Our improbable love conveys me deeper into sound and its intelligences. A bit slow, I have yet to hear myriad constellations of ideas Adrian heard. (I have yet to deep-dive Peter Sculthorpe!) My own ear for love gives me to comprehend Adrian's gift of an infinity of aural rooms to still find, enter, and confront, until I too am extinguished; and yield to the abyss.

Marian Pastor Roces

Manila, Philippines 23 July 2021, Adrian's birthday

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Editor: Mariyon Slany
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¹ Adrian Jones, *Songs of the dearly departed*, Lawrence Wilson Art Gallery, University of Western Australia: 21 May to 09 July, 1995.

²lbid., Melbaloopiæ, Gertrude Contemporary, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia: 06 – 30 June 2001.



-Pragma: Perils and Passions

7 August – 5 September 2021 at Lost Eden Gallery www.losteden.com.au Wednesdays, Fridays 11am to 2pm,

Front and back cover image: Katrina Virgona's Empty Promise, Silent Playground & Game Over (detail).

Inside cover image: Tania Spencer's To Have and To Hold (detail). Inside back cover image: Betsy

Bush's Love you to the Moon and back she wrote (detail).