

P E R I M E T E R

curated by
Jacob Kotzee

F E E L I N G



Sharon Baker - Reece Cahill

- Erin Ginty - Sophy Riggs

We acknowledge the custodians
of the land on which we live
and work, the Whadjuk Noongar
people. We pay respects to elders
past and present and recognise
the ongoing strength of First
Nations' culture and community.

PERIMETER FEELING

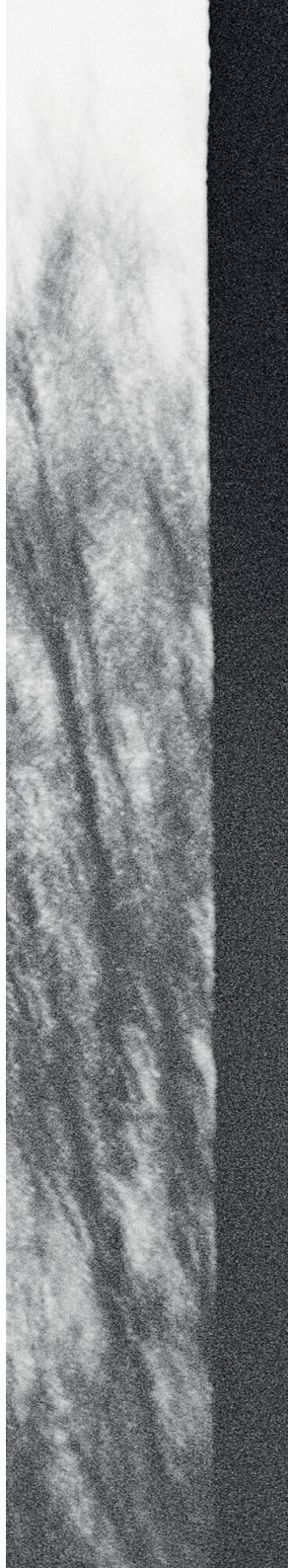
Nyisztor Studio
15 - 30 April 2023

- ***Sharon Baker***
- ***Reece Cahill***
- ***Erin Ginty***
- ***Sophy Riggs***

Curated by
Jacob Kotzee



AUDIO RECORDING
AVAILABLE THROUGH
DISPATCH REVIEW





PERIMETER FEELING

Perimeter Feeling brings together four artists working across photography, printmaking, video, and installation. Their diverse practices circulate the many shapes of apocalyptic events; from interior negotiations of identity to maximal responses to climate change. Using the limitations of language in describing these seismic ruptures as a starting point, this exhibition hopes to bring their diverse practices into conversation.

I am extremely proud of the artists and the months of sustained effort, integrity, and energy by which this show came into being. Our collaborative process has resulted in a diverse range of works, holding conversations across the gallery space while maintaining the individual voices of the artists. I would like to extend a thanks to Ron Nyisztor, Ben Kovacsy, Carlie Norma, Paige Bentley, and Stirling Kain and the *Dispatch Review* team. Finally, a very special thank you to Sophy Riggs for the poem, Sharon Baker for the poster and catalogue design, and Kieron Broadhurst for the catalogue essay.

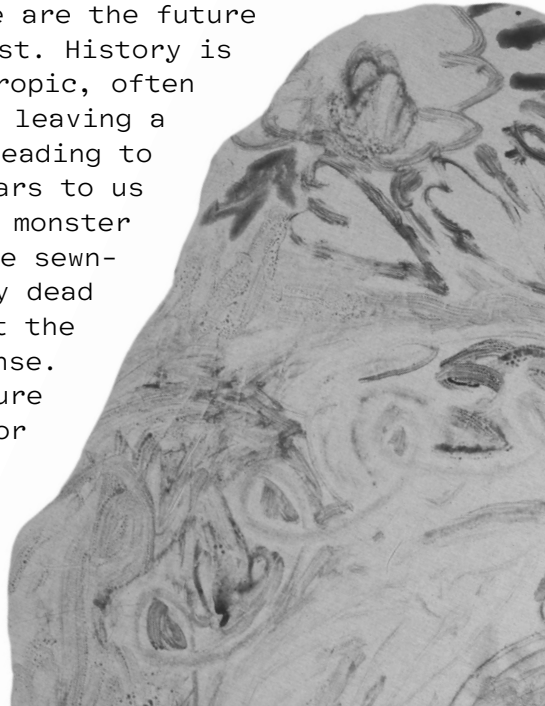
- ***Jacob Kotzee***

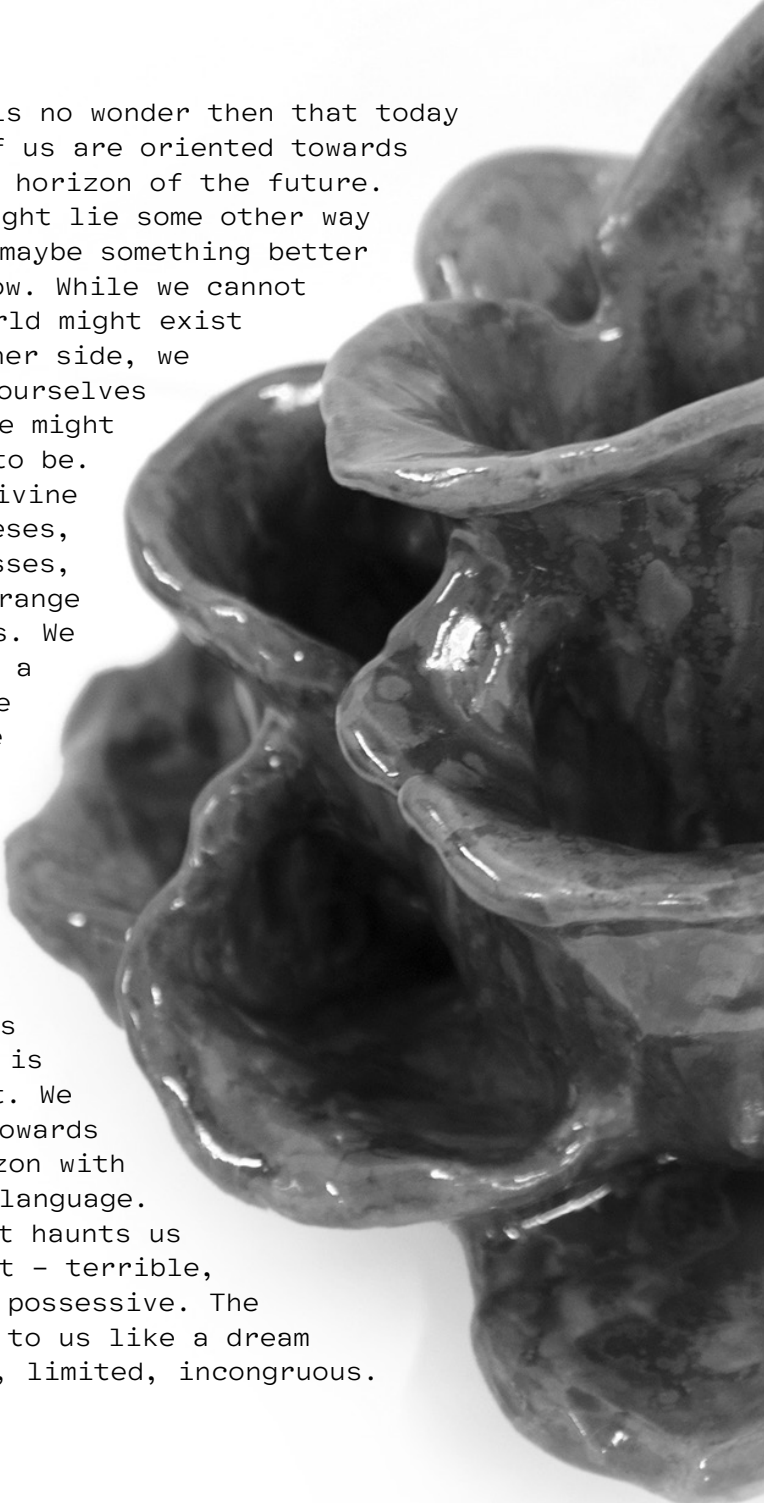
Towards a Blind Horizon

What does the future hold?

Today, with the looming threats of climate change, global conflict, and resource scarcity, it can feel like there is no tangible sense of futurity. The past looms grotesque – a great, hulking beast of information, artefacts, and evidence. The future, by contrast, is a blind horizon. We are travelling through time in a constantly shifting moment. Suffering under the weight of history, it often feels as though there are no other tangible possibilities, except those of the present, available to us.

This constantly shifting present emerges from a past littered with remains, both large and small. The rise and fall of civilisations and the artefacts of many alien cultures exist there, as do the small objects and images we imbue with memory. In this way we are the future of many pasts lost. History is the evidence of entropic, often malevolent forces leaving a rubble-strewn path leading to our present. It appears to us like a Frankenstein's monster – constructed from the sewn-together parts of many dead things. History of not the past in any true sense. Rather, it is a creature of the now, created for contemporary purposes.

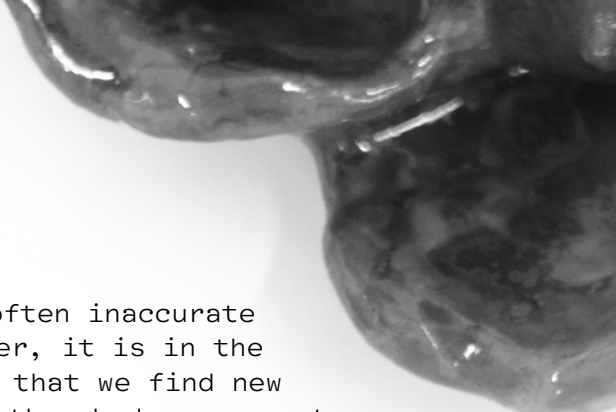




Perhaps it is no wonder then that today
so many of us are oriented towards
the blind horizon of the future.
Over there might lie some other way
of living, maybe something better
than the now. While we cannot
know what world might exist
on the other side, we
can ask ourselves
what world we might
want this to be.
We can divine
hypotheses,
hazard guesses,
formulate strange
prophesies. We
can make a
model of the
world as we
might want
it and
examine
it for
flaws and
weaknesses.

This
process is
not exact. We
gesture towards
this horizon with
imprecise language.

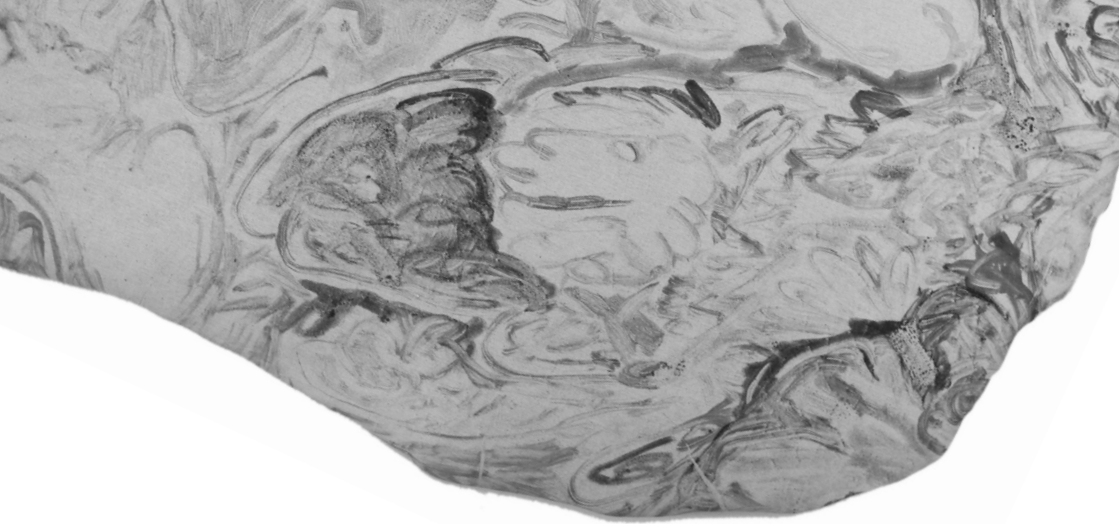
The past haunts us
like a ghost - terrible,
spectral, possessive. The
future come to us like a dream
- abstract, limited, incongruous.



This imagination is often inaccurate and opaque. However, it is in the gaps between things that we find new possibilities. In the shadows we cast with our imaginings we can glimpse the silhouette of what we cannot see, think, or hear. In failing to cohesively imagine an alternative to the past, or a better future, we find the limitations of our utopian imagination in the present. You cannot imagine a colour you do not know, but you can consider the possibility of one existing.

Artworks have a specific quality in relation to this process of imagining utopias. They are permitted to be fuzzy, out of focus, inaccurate. Art can draw on a broad vernacular of images, objects, sounds, words, and ideas, and reconfigure them into unique combinations. Disparate elements can be brought in relation to one another. Novel combinations of past and present can be proposed. However, like all other means of imagination, art cannot meaningfully predict the future in any real sense. Just like us, it cannot know what lies on the other side of that blind horizon. What art can do is ask what is meaningful to us now, and whether this might be worth preserving for futures yet to come.

- **Kieron Broadhurst, 2023**



Close your eyes

and you

are staring at the sun.

and you

are looking at you

We pulled the lawn with our hands

We pulled everything before it was ready

piles of entangled histories

and you

hope it will one day break down,

all of it

too heavy to hold