

30. 01. 2021

– 14. 01. 2021

CURATED BY AMY TOMA, JOSEPHINE WYBURN AND SUZANNE CLARIDGE

Mixed Business may feel a little different this year. Last year, we gathered in 40 degree heat, our souls fed in this space through art, community, and, of course, good food. Over the course of the past year, our senses of time and place were discombobulated. The places where we gathered shifted as we re-adapted, and continue to adapt, to what will become a well-versed adage known as “*unprecedented times.*”

Mixed Business 2 is Pari’s second rendition of our annual show dedicated to our gallery keepers, facilitators, artists, and directors, who help run and sustain this space of multiplicity and exchange. Pari invokes the theme of the eclectic ‘mixed business’ as our mode of operation. Mixed businesses can be found scattered across Western Sydney and its surrounding suburbs. The corner-stores that seem at-once everywhere yet nowhere; either occupied and bustling, or abandoned and deteriorating. Those seemingly disparate yet familiar, accessible, and welcoming places that tend to our conveniences to serve our community.

Duha Ali and Justine Youssef

Body/Cartography, 2018

photographic documentation

Body/Cartography examines the act of placemaking through subtle, but confident, matriarchal gestures. Through photography Duha Ali and Justine Youssef capture a cleansing ritual on rugs salvaged from a Granville hard rubbish collection. Seasonally, Ali and Youssef, alongside their mothers, cousins, sisters, and aunties, scrub their carpets in the driveways of their homes as part of a series of processes that clear spaces, both physically and energetically. This iteration of the work at the National Art School makes a familial act public through a durational performance. Within a sandstone courtyard the artists scrubbed the rugs for three days using the physical act of cleaning to reflect on not only their personal histories but that of the old sandstone jail they performed in. As time passed the carpets began to take on the stress and marks of the cleaning, analogous to that of resistance and healing, processes which are not always complete or perfect.

Brenton Alexander Smith

The Soft Crash 1, 2020

video sculpture

16 min 29 sec

LCD screen, media player, stand, electrical wires

Brenton Alexander Smith’s practice focuses on the intimate relationships between humans and technology, creating works that aim to elicit and affective response. One of his key concerns is addressing cultural anxieties around technology: his works reflect this by turning attention towards machinic detritus, lending it human-like qualities and expressions.

In *The Soft Crash 1*, a screen shows a vignette of something mechanical yet vaguely anthropomorphic. Through its twitching and shivering movements, it expresses a sense of vulnerability. This work is part of Smith’s ‘crashform’ series, in which he uses the car driving

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simulation game BeamNG.drive as an improvised animation tool. The game is known for its complex physics simulation, particularly in the way it simulates car crashes. By finding ways of using the game's user interface in ways not intended by the developer Smith coerces the simulation into creating a form that is something more than car: a crashform.

The vaguely anthropomorphic qualities of the crashform are reflected in the sculptural aspect of the work. The video screen is enshrined within a form made from electrical wires taken from real car wrecks. These wires take on an appearance that may remind viewers of the internal parts of their own bodies, perhaps heightening a sense of vulnerability in the works: a fragile interior spilling out.

Monisha Chippada

ilū, 2018

video projected on sari silk

18 min 21 sec

Along with standard generational translation issues, having faced alienation between family members due to upbringings in completely polar cultures is an experience that many members of the diasporic community's experience; experienced by both first and second generation members. The work attempts to explore and rectify these sentiments of alienation by representing a heart to heart conversation from parents to the children about the struggles they have faced in order to provide better lives for their children. This practice is commonplace in many Eastern cultures as many first generation migrants have experienced similar stories of struggling; especially in Western countries where oftentimes they are vilified and unappreciated.

Through the representation and mistranslation of these conversations in a mother tongue that is familiar yet murky for a second generation Australian Indian who was previously embarrassed of her ethnic heritage, the communication barriers that emerge between the generations make the alienation felt between them apparent. However, this sentiment will juxtapose with understanding via a mutual experience of alienation and mistreatment from the new home-land and a longing for the idea of what the motherland once was.

The aim of this piece is to give voice to these experiences and reclaim the representation of diasporic families in Australian media; a large portion of Australia's population that receives very little representation.

Suzanne Claridge

A portal and a promise, 2020

ink drawing on paper

I find a lot of joy in drawing and use the medium for its immediacy, symbolism, and child-like quality as a method for storytelling. I turn to drawing outside of my academic studies in history

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for the visualisation of personal reflections. For *A portal and a promise*, I incorporate line for lineage as I reflect on feelings of familial connection and distance. The portal is a space where I find genealogy and history intertwining across time; a space where a promise, an accountability, and responsibility mobilise a need to critique, dismantle, re-invent, and re-imagine historical narratives.

I still draw while sitting at the dining table near the kitchen; like I had done when I was a child under the watchful eye of my mother while she snapped snake beans, made roti, fried gulgula, prepared suji with a side of Peter's branded vanilla ice-cream...

Hayley Coghlan

bless this water, shame this water, 2021

watercress, *nasturtium officinale*

mint, *menthae*

chocolate mint, *mentha x piperita*

vietnamese mint coriander, *persicaria odorata*

sage, *salvia officinalis*

in

mineralised tap water

a water filtration experiment playing with masaru emoto's idea that human consciousness can have an effect on the molecular structure of water...

Kalanjay Dhir

Bzzt! Bzzt!, 2021

rock, Arduino Nano Every, Adafruit DRV2650-L Haptic Motor Controller,

vibrating mini motor disc

You know when your phone buzzes in your pocket and you feel that slight inrush of dopamine hit the back of your brain. The new PS5 controller is supposed to have such advanced haptic feedback that it can mimic the sense of drawing a bow and arrow. I don't even know what pulling a bow and arrow feels like but the buzz in my phone feels so good. Please keep messaging me!

Rebecca Gallo

Constellation (things found in Parra/ at Rita's/ at a roundabout near where I grew up after attending a baby shower), 2018-2021

found objects, cast concrete, cast bronze, pvc-coated chain, fastenings, fishing line

The places we move through and the objects we leave in our wake tell stories. There are ancient layers of stories – most of which I will never access – here on unceded Darug land. There are stories of my ancestors held in places I may never visit. There is also a constant layering happening now, both in the large-scale demolition and re-construction of Parramatta, and the daily moving-through of individuals on foot or in vehicles.

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Each day as I trace paths in the world, I'm also collecting traces left behind by others. Objects, fragments, clues. I'm still doubtful as to what can be gleaned from this gleaning, from this reaching out to touch and hold and reassemble things. Maybe that there is beauty in the overlooked (trite), that we can understand ourselves by what we discard (thin), or that I am heeding a fundamental desire to collect, classify and ornament. Whatever the case, the resulting assemblages provide ways to look at the recent past. To view things from a different angle, see the sun pass through or around fragments, watch items bump up against other objects and ideas: these are cues to start looking and seeing differently.

Rebecca Gallo is an artist, writer and organiser living and working in Burrumatta. She was a Parramatta Artists' Studios resident in 2018 and 2019, is a co-director of Pari and one half of collaborative duo Make or Break.

Fei Gao*Is dad still not back?* 2020

mixed media

While studying a master's in early childhood education, Fei discovered that play is not just a biological need of a child. Rather, Fei learned how play is historically and culturally constructed, and how collective forms of play contributes greatly to a child's healthy development.

Fei played without his dad during childhood. Mostly with self-sufficient single player games such as the Brio Marble Maze. Through replacing the maze's barrier to Chinese writing '*is dad still not back?*', playing becomes the effort to navigate the dissociation between father and son. As one rolls the ball between wooden words, time is passed to endure the absence of a loved one.

Talitha Hanna*Model for a Civil War*, 2018

foam board, gesso, plaster

Drawing upon my first-hand experience of the impact of war upon myself, my family and Syrian refugees, my artwork explores the disastrous effects of the Syrian Civil War on what was once a prosperous country. The destruction of such a rich cultural and historical heritage as well as our way of life led me to criticise those who deprive others of human dignity.

I created a model representative of the Syrian Civil War but in some ways, it is a model for all wars. We are regularly bombarded of images in the media showing the result of armed conflict. The model is encased not simply to heighten the fact that it's a model, but to place a barrier, symbolic of how the media's representation, or rather misrepresentation of war obstructs us from seeing the truth of modern-day conflict.

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By accurately constructing structures reminiscent of Syrian cities and with building-like materials, a devastated physical landscape is fabricated. The enveloping whiteness of the model is not only evocative of white dust that rises from ruins, but also creates serenity where darkness and disruption pervade. You observe a silent city which screams atrocities. Devoid of humans; buildings are nothing but hollow shells as in most cities overcome with conflict. Nothing but miniscule elements which insinuate previous life: staircases, satellites and overturned school desks.

The façade of an ironically idyllic model distances us, in order to provoke the consideration of how constant exposure to war is desensitising to its true effects.

Samuel Kirby*Roadwork 1.0, 2021*

ceramic mosaic manhole cover installation outside gallery on Hunter St,
photographic diptych

Manhole covers conceal access points to subterranean infrastructure. These covers feature information and patterns cast into their surface. Across the scope of patterned covers being used today, a frequently occurring motif is one visually evocative of a cracked surface or mosaic composition. Roadwork 1.0 explores a symbolic interpretation of this motif as a signifier for the excavation carried out to establish subterranean infrastructure.

Western Sydney's built heritage is closely tied to its clay-rich soils. British colonial settlers used these clay deposits to produce bricks and tiles used in early government structures.

Local roadworks reveal the ongoing excavation of this material in the course of contemporary municipal growth. Using clay sourced directly from these sites, the ceramic manhole covers I produced were shaped and kiln fired as large slabs, smashed, then re-assembled into their mosaic form. The aesthetic qualities of the finished works visually evoke the process of creative destruction.

I am interested in using this characteristic to bring to the surface narratives of physical nation building and the largely unseen subterranean works underpinning the ongoing colonial project.

Namika Parajuli*Rest, 2019*

acrylic on paper

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EJ Son*What vibe do I give off?, 2020*

ceramic glazes

1. Chrome green
2. Chrome green II
3. Golden tea dust
4. Aventurine
5. Aventurine II
6. Dirty olive
7. Dirty olive II
8. Nutmeg shino
9. Nutmeg shino II
10. SiC lava
11. SiC lava II
12. SiC lava+ 2% orange
13. Poisonous carrot 900
14. Poisonous carrot 1000
15. Dry lime
16. Nuclear lime
17. Spring green
18. Nickel fermentation
19. Nickel fermentation II
20. Rutile canary
21. Speckled rutile
22. Mustard rutile
23. Gloopy egg
24. Octopussy
25. Jacaranda blues

Charlie Sundborn and Marcus Whale*Wasted Breath, 2020*

performance video

10 min

8m red chiffon fabric, white cotton sheet, alto saxophone

Wasted Breath is about unveiling sound in space. Charlie plays circular breath saxophone loops whilst wrapped in 2 layers of fabric; one that is tied tightly around his instrument, and another that drapes around his entire body. The cloth presents Charlie as an unidentifiable figure, and the sheet in the bell diminishes not only the strength of the sound but also his facility to accurately circular breathe while moving and blowing. The sound is muted and mutated, hardly able to escape the claustrophobic clutches of the tightly wound fabric. As Charlie slowly traverses the space while playing, Marcus follows and guides him, informing his trajectory. Marcus then

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gradually unwraps him. The act of pulling away the fabric from the bell of the instrument allows the sound to fill the room freely, and the music that was once struggling and suffocated can now sing strongly.

Dorcas Tang

Rooting for myself, 2021

inkjet print on heavy-weight matte paper mounted on foam board

Look at her. Devour her. Deconstruct her until she, too, is disoriented. Her slanted mono-lid eyes see all. Delicate flesh lacerated by the white desire; a fractured family narrative uprooted by the violence of colonisation. She reaches her tendrils into you, the **invasian** of a non-native species. Not your Miss Saigon, not your Madame Butterfly. **Welcum** to the fires of this Asian-Australian bush.

‘From invisible girlhood, the Asian American woman will blossom into **a fetish object**. When she is at last visible – at last desired – she realizes much to her chagrin that this desire for her is treated like a perversion. This is most obvious in porn, where our murky desires are coldly isolated into categories in which **white is the default and every other race is sexual aberration.**’ - (Cathy Park Hong, p. 174, *Minor Feelings*)

‘**Hypersexuality** for Asian American women is a network of social forces that ground their legibility in culture, as terms for self-recognition and as a condition of social marginalization that leads to opportunities for **creative self-invention.**’ - (Celine Parreñas Shimizu, p. 17, *The Hypersexuality of Race: Performing Asian/American Women on Screen and Scene*)

Nathan Wratten

Cheers boss, 2021

web (scan QR code)

Sometimes I wish Pari was still a mixed business - being able to buy a sandwich, a pack of darts or a few bits and pieces for dinner would be pretty handy. If anyone would like to contribute to this piece (or use some parts in your own project) the GitHub repository is available here: <https://github.com/NathanWra/MixedBusinessAR>

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Josephine Wyburn*Second Contact*, 2018

photographs

Second Contact captures a revisiting of early memories through time. A play on the phrase 'upon first contact', I perform the gesture of reconnecting with the material aspect of cultural food items, revisiting their significance through physical contact. In this series of images, I attempt to grasp at the tactile element of the memory associated with the object, reconnecting my present with my past self.

Tian Zhang*Future's footnotes*, 2021

video

1 min 40 sec

I've been thinking about the footnotes of the future. What bodies of knowledge might live on, what legacies might be recalled over again? The work is a reminder that our actions today cycle through multiple tomorrows.