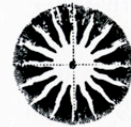


Phase Zone Three

(INTO THE LIGHT)



Robert Owen

If one meditates on this composite and provisional incarnation of man and woman one is led back to the sense which underlines all the others, which exists or insists in all the others, and is also our first sense, that of all habitation, all milieu: *touch*. This sense accompanies us from the moment of our material conception to the most sublime of our grace, celestial lightness or glory.

Luce Irigaray, *Divine Women*, Local Consumption Occasional Paper 8, Sydney, April, 1986 p.2



Naomi Cass

REMEMBER TO FORGET¹

11.45 pm the baby is asleep. I was born Jewish. I'm really glad I'm a woman. Women are much stronger than men. They have to be.

In pregnancy the maternal body is host to the species, lifted up in optimum health and then dumped. The body feels bigger, straighter, better, faster, slower, cleaner and wiser. Wounds heal more efficiently and hair grows more profusely. The world smells more fully, both pleasant and unpleasant. "Within the body, growing as a graft, indomitable, there is another. And no one is present, within that simultaneously dual and alien space, to signify what is going on . . . Motherhood's impossible syllogism"² The body is travelled through pregnancy, knowingly. After birth the superior body departs and the normal body of change and decay returns. The wiseness of touch remains however, skin to skin, directing the mother. A knowingness grows, the mother is now in charge of the itinerary.

MUMS THE WORD

I was educated (psychoprophalaxis) but unprepared for labour. Anger at my mother, friends, midwife and doctor for not telling me about the pain is subsiding into an amnesia similar to theirs. As I winge to my mothers - real and

appointed - about how hard mothering is, they smile uncomfortably, perhaps nod and say, yes, you forget the pain.

Can you remember the pain of adolescence, the pain of first menses, the pain of being born? I must remember to forget. I will nurture in Esther a desire for children and having forgotten, remember through her children, my own.

A PICTURE FOR ESTHER

(How insulting and misleading is the skirt without radials on an icypole stick that signifies women's toilets.)

Esther's friend Joshua sometimes plays with his penis. During water play, the hose symbolically offers similar pleasure. Vacuum cleaners, leggo towers and his father's penis enhance his phallic world. Esther is hardly aware of her genitalia, not particularly favoring or denying them. When will she locate hers, how will she picture it?

TO BE CONTINUED

You have noticed and trusted my insides. If I am to locate my inside more, and more honestly, I need to stay at home and be a mother. Let me find a picture for Esther and myself.

1. Ludwig Wittgenstein, *Tractatus Logico - Philosophicus*, Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1961.
2. Julia Kristeva *Desire in Language: A Semiotic Approach to Literature and Art*, trans. T. Gora, A. Jardine, L. Roudiez, Basil Blackwell, 1980 p. 237.

Robyn McKenzie

DENIM AND LACE

Amo, amas, I love a lass
As a cedar tall and slender;
Sweet cowslip's grace
Is her nom'native case
And she's of the feminine gender.

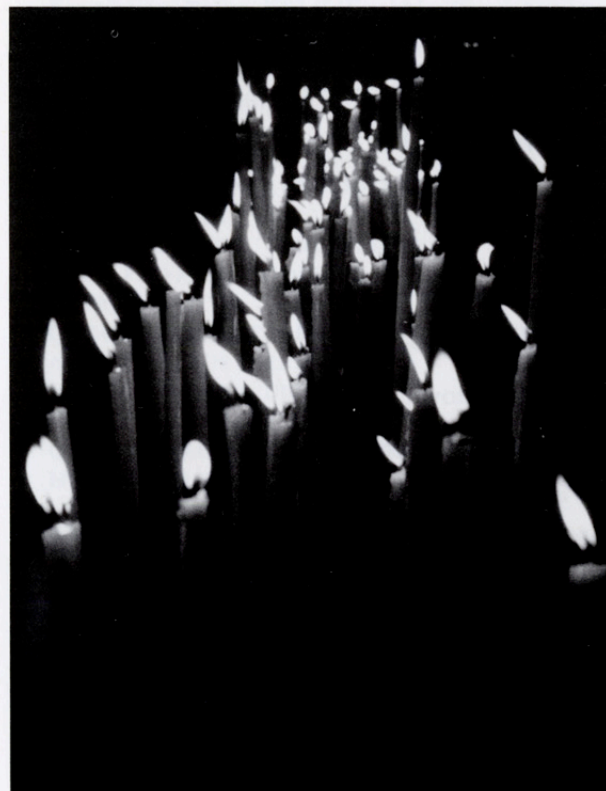
John O'Keefe

I for one venerate a petticoat.

Byron

When Rosemary walked into the pool area that day,
I almost came right on the spot. She has quite an
effect on men . . .

Letter to Penthouse
correspondent's name withheld.



Margaret Plant

AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY WATER

1. Portland 1943
2. Newport 1948-1959
3. Williamstown 1945-
4. Port Phillip Bay 1945-
5. South Melbourne c. 1972-1978
6. Albert Park Lake 1975-1978
7. Indian Ocean 1967-
8. Venice 1967-
9. Pacific Ocean 1946?-
10. Great Southern Ocean 1962-
11. The Thames near Kew Bridge 1975-
12. Monet, Nymphaeas, Orangerie, Paris, 1972.

1. Gaston Bachelard, *Water and Dreams, An essay on the Imagination of Matter*, trans Edith R. Farrell, Pegasus Foundation, Dallas, 1983 (*L'Eau et les Reves, Essai sur l'imagination de la matiere*, 1942) Neglects ocean and sea water; cf. 'What is the sexual function of the river? It is to evoke feminine nudity' (?)
2. VENETORUM URBS
DIVINA DISPONENTE PROVIDENTIA
AQUIS FUNDATA
AQUARUM AMBITU CIRCUMSEPTA
AQUIS PRO MURO MUMITUR
QUISQUIS IGITUR
QUOQUO MODO DETRIMENTUM PUBLIS AQUIS
ANFERRE AUSUS FUERIT
HOSTIS PATRIAE JUDICETUR
NEC MINORI PLECTATEUR POEMA
QUAM QUI SACROS MUROS PATRIAE VIOLASSET
HUIUS EDITI JUS RATUM PERPETUVMQUE ESTO.
3. They came to a ridge of sand, and again the pure, long-rolling Pacific.
'I love the sea', said Harriet.
'I wish', said Lovat, 'it would send a wave about fifty feet high around the whole coast of Australia'.
'You are so bad tempered', said Harriet. 'Why don't you see the lovely things!'
'I do by contrast'.
D.H. Lawrence, *Kangaroo*
4. Fluid - like that other inside/outside of philosophical discourse is, by nature, unstable. Unless it is subordinated to geometricism, or (?) idealized.



Woman never speaks the same way. What she emits is flowing, fluctuating. *Blurring* . . . Since historically the properties of fluids have been abandoned to the feminine, how is the instinctual dualism articulated with the difference between the sexes?

Luce Irigaray, *The Sex Which is Not One* trans. Catherine Porter and Carolyn Burke, Cornell University Press, Ithaca, 1985, p. 112, p. 116.

5. When all was made snug in the swift black ship, they got out mixing-bowls, filled them to the brim with wine and poured libations to the immortal gods that have been since time began, and above all to the Daughter of Zeus, the lady of the gleaming eyes. And all night long and into the dawn the ship ploughed her way through the sea.

Homer, *The Odyssey*, Book Two, trans., E.V. Rieu.

6. Eric Neumann, 'Flowing and moving waters are bisexual and male and are worshipped by frutifers and movers' . . . (and yet) 'Feminine presence: the true waterfall in which is made manifest what is hidden, what is inside the convolution of the world.'

Octavio Paz, *Water Writes Always In Plural, Marcel Duchamp Appearance Stripped Bare* trans. Rachel Phillips and Donald Gardner, Viking Press, New York, 1978.

7. He mounted to the parapet again and gazed out over Dublin bay, his fair oakpale hair stirring slightly. - God, he said quietly. Isn't the sea what Algy calls it: a grey sweet mother? The snotgreen sea. The scrotumtightening sea. *Epi oinopa ponton*. Ah, Dedalus, the Greeks. I

must teach you. You must read them in the original.
Thalutta! Thalutta! She is our great sweet mother. Come
and look.

James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

8. Salt is a cosmic principle. According to its position in the quaternity, it is correlated with the feminine, lunar side and with the upper light half.

Mare abamaro. Inseparable from salt and sea is the quality of *amaritudo*, 'bitterness'.

C.G. Jung, *Mysterium Conjunctionis, An Inquiry into the Separation and Synthesis of Psychic Opposites in Alchemy*, trans. R.F.C. Hull, Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1963, p. 118, p. 192.

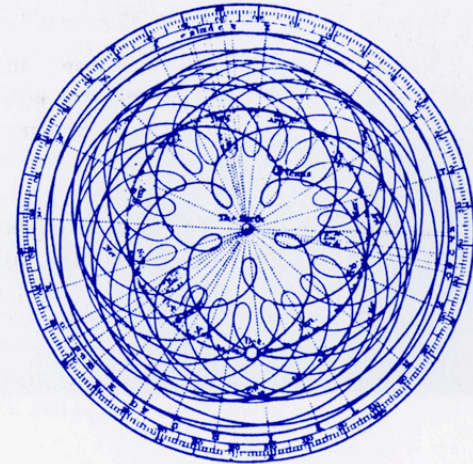
9. Soave sia il vento,
tranquilla sia l'onda
ed'ogni elemento
benigno risponda
ai nostri desir.

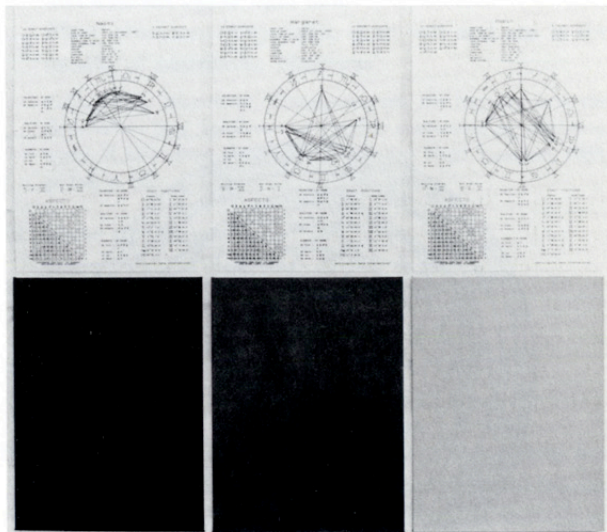
Mozart, *Così fan Tutte*, libretto, Lorenzo da Ponte.

10. The average rise and fall of the tide is about three feet (varying considerably with the seasons); but this fall, on so flat a shore, is enough to cause continual, movement of the waters, and in the main canals to produce a reflux which frequently runs like a mill stream. At high water no land is visible for many miles to the north or south of Venice, except in the form of small islands crowned with towers or gleaming with villages: there is a channel, some three miles wide, between the city and the mainland, and some mile and a half wide between it and the

sand break-water called the Lido, which divides the lagoon from the Adriatic, but which is so low as hardly to disturb the impression of the city's having been built in the midst of the ocean . . .

John Ruskin, *The Stones of Venice, Volume Two, Sea Stories*, J.M. Dent, London, 1907.





We are all on edge. Human beings feel safe and secure when they can stand confidently in the centre of things . . . but when they come to an edge, they feel nervous and unsettled. There at the edge we see familiar things end and something else begin, something which makes us try to recall another state of being. We rummage about in our minds in search of a feeling that was there before the first fact was deposited. But searching for facts won't help, for it is not so much a matter of what we think, but what thinks us. In the interval between each thought, in the interval between each heartbeat, in the place where there is not breath, we recall what we always knew.

William Irwin Thompson, *The Time Falling Bodies Take To Light, Mythology, Sexuality & the Origins of Culture*. St. Martins Press N.Y. 1981 p. 7.

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