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Catherine or Kate
Cork Boards

Bus Projects,
25-31 Rokeby Street,
Collingwood,
VIC 3066 Australia.
busprojects.org.au/

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Gallery Director: Channon Goodwin
Design: Adam Cruickshank

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**CREATIVE
VICTORIA**



Not only but also

Bus Projects is an independent arts organisation dedicated to supporting the critical, conceptual and interdisciplinary practices of Australian artists. Since its establishment in 2001, Bus Projects has acted as a space to produce, present, discuss and engage with contemporary art. In addition to its core gallery-based program of exhibitions, events and residencies, Bus Projects collaborates with a range of artists and like-minded organisations to produce projects off-site and within the public realm. Through this diverse programming, Bus Projects continues to be a crucial convergence point for art, artist and audiences.

This exhibition and publication series, *Not Only But Also*, invests in the creation of innovative works by 24 young and emerging Australian artists and writers, forming an integral part of Bus Projects' inaugural artistic program in its new galleries on Rokeby Street in Collingwood.

Sarah Byrne

Juliet Rowe

James L Marshall

Joseph Breikers

Sam Cranstoun

Meredith Turnbull

Veronica Kent

Kenzee Patterson

Sebastian Moody

Kate Mitchell

Catherine or Kate



I hate the way I don't hate you. 2014
 Photograph: Catherine or Kate

Catherine or Kate
Cork Boards
 15.10.14—01.11.14

A series of cork boards by Catherine or Kate.

Catherine Sagin (1986) and Kate Woodcroft (1987) have been working collaboratively since 2008 under various names including 'Catherine or Kate'. They have exhibited at the Institute of Modern Art (Brisbane), Gertrude Contemporary (Melbourne), Museum of Contemporary Art (Sydney) and ARTSPACE (Sydney). They have undertaken residencies in Iceland (Skafffell Centre) and the UK (Spike Island) and received a JUMP mentorship grant in 2011 to work with duo John Wood and Paul Harrison. With the support of the 2014 Brisbane Lord Mayors Emerging Artist Fellowship Catherine or Kate trained in comedy writing, improvisation and movement at the The Second City Training Centre, Chicago.

Kate Woodcroft

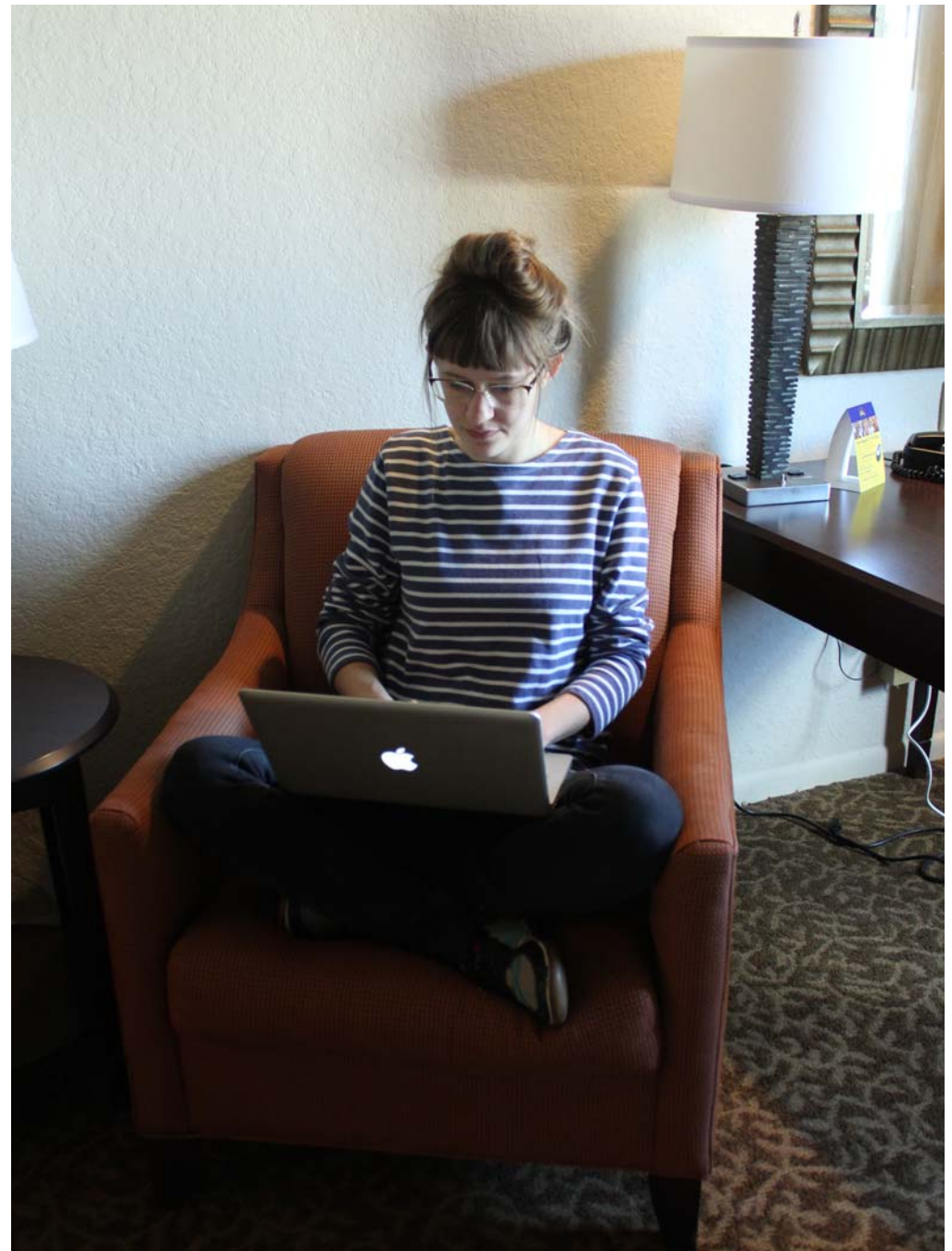
I am reluctant to write things down. I get afraid that they will never survive the distance from my moment to yours. The page seems a thin cipher for my entire reality – but it feels good to try to write things that feel true.

This text accompanies a collection of works that Catherine and I made over the past two years (2013-2014). We have been working together as collaborators for six or so years now. Imagine you are in a 6-year relationship with someone. Maybe you are in one? Maybe it is unthinkable to you. I want to suggest how this length of time necessitates movement and conflict.

Catherine and I have written a lot of grant applications that include the phrase ‘we are committed to working toward a full-time career as collaborators’. I wouldn’t say this was untrue, but in hindsight what we were suggesting is an almost marital level of commitment. As my work with Catherine snowballed into a serious career choice, we both worked hard to maintain the ease of our early interaction, an ease filled with laughter, agreements and safety. But movement and conflict assert themselves anyway. The work in this publication is the product of all of this. It materialises and documents our love, conflict, insecurity and posturing - for you and each other.

We began 2014 in Chicago as students at Second City Comedy Training Center. It had a strange effect on me. It was very very cold and we had no friends and no car. We took an improvisation class. You can’t sit at the back of improvisation class – it is a funny inversion of a critical theory class. You’re a fool if you aren’t saying the dumb things that come into your head. I felt vulnerable, lonely and afraid.... feelings that I generally find difficult to welcome. And I hated Catherine. I hated that she seemed ok. I hated that she was going about things with characteristic patience, particularity and openness. How was she not feeling all of this? (Sorry Catherine).

She could sense my hostility and eventually confronted me. I was terrified. I silently left the room and cried alone. I can’t remember the next part very clearly. Things softened a little but were still unresolved. A month later we were in another fragile moment. She asked me whether I thought of her as a friend. I said ‘I don’t know’. I still feel bad about this and am compelled to explain it, as much to myself as to you. In this situation, after a long time in close quarters, sharing ideas, futures, energy, it felt as if she were a part of me. She was subject to every doubt I had, and



177,055,200 Seconds of Working Together. 2014
Documentation from a live performance on google documents.



177,055,200 Seconds of Working Together. 2014
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not just around my art career. All the darts I threw at myself were aimed at her too. At the time she often seemed mute to me, perhaps as a self-preservation tactic. This opacity only aggravated me more. Ugly. Did I think of her as a friend? Probably not – because she is more than a friend. Catherine has been so pivotal to my development as to feel like a member of my family, which is also to say that my love for her is sometimes obscured by other things.

For the last eight months, after we returned from Chicago, Catherine and I communicated only face-to-face and via post. I am not exactly sure why. Perhaps it was a break disguised as a project (of course it is both). I have said to people that the project was about stripping away all the administration of emails and phone calls to reveal the emotional content of the relationship. This is partly true. It was interesting and thoughtful but also limited. We talked less and the talk was not necessarily more revealing. As I said earlier, text seems a thin medium to me and as I write this I feel keenly the frictions between direct expression and editing, something I also felt writing the letters.

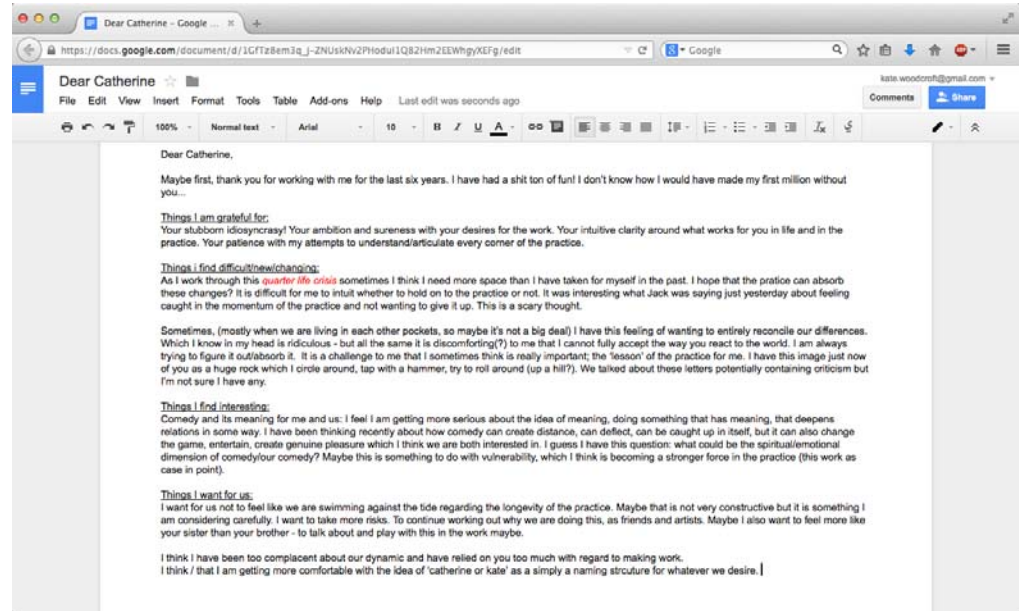
We did an event on Valentines Day of this year reading some of our letters to each other. Catherine began to cry when she read out a line from one of my letters: 'I want us not to feel like we are swimming against the tide regarding the longevity of the collaboration'. Even now I am surprised that I was able to write this to her. I like control and certainty. I like to know where I am headed. I have strongly resisted entertaining possibilities that go against the life path that has been implicitly set out by the tiny moments of fate upon which I rest a mountain of practical determination.

A few days ago I broke the postal communication pledge and texted Catherine – partly out of frustration because we are currently on different continents. We had a video call and she apprehensively told me she has taken a full-time job at a school in Brisbane. I felt relieved. It feels right to relax our grip on this tacit commitment. I am also genuinely happy for her. She is excited about the connections she is making with the students – connections that seem much less mystical than the ones we try to make in our work.

I don't really have a neat way to end this. Catherine and I are not best friends, or sisters, or lovers, or even legal business partners. Our identities conflate and divide in a way that is fascinating and occasionally distressing to me. I continue to process what is revealed and grown by this unique relationship.



I hate the way I don't hate you. 2014
Photograph: Catherine or Kate



177,055,200 Seconds of Working Together. 2014
Documentation from a live performance on google documents.



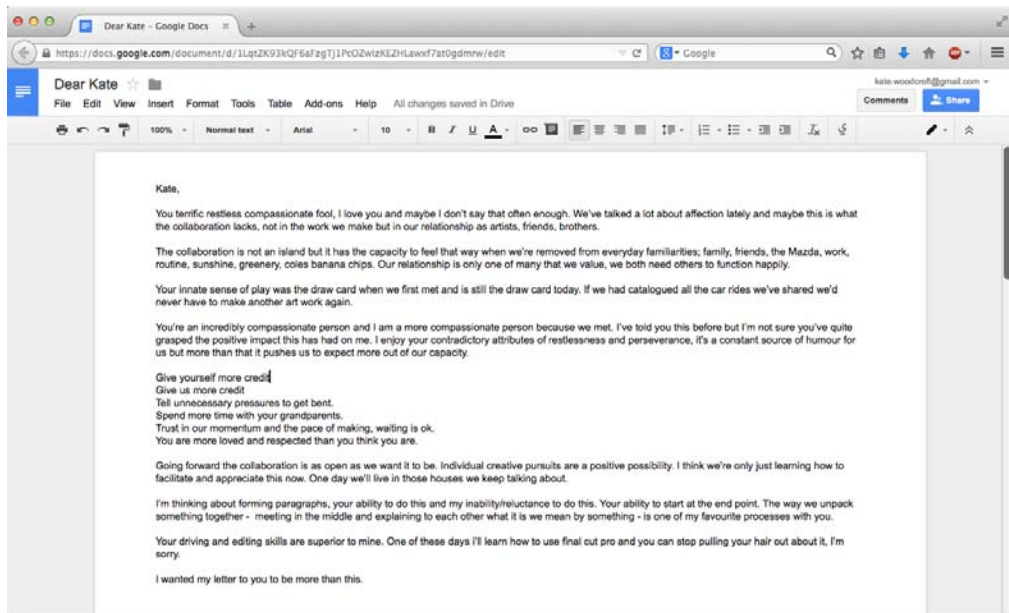
CorK Board (Second City Training Center). 2014
Photograph: Marc Morel



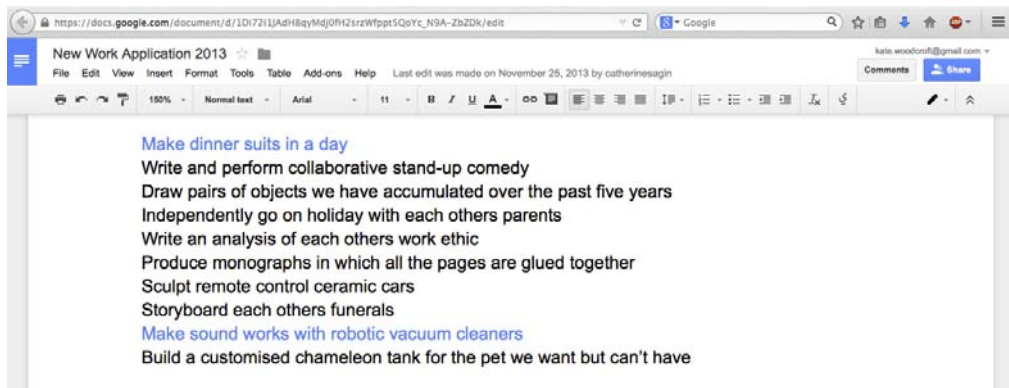
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Comedy Headshots. 2014
 Photographs: Catherine or Kate



Ideas for New Work Grant Application. 2013

Portrait of Catherine or Kate at Second City, Chicago. 2014
Photograph: Lisa Hanna Akroush



Brickbats and Bouquets. 2014
Performance
Photograph: Adam Blyde

great will come of it. Here's lookin at you kid.

Catherine

Listen you snot nosed little shit, I was taking schrapnel in the sun, while you were crapping into your hands and rubbing it on your face. You eat dog crap for breakfast geek.

Kate

I don't regret the things I've done, but those I did not do. Today I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth.

Catherine

I call that bold talk for a one-eyed fat man.

Kate

Even a blind man can see that you're beautiful.

Catherine

If I had a dog with a face like yours, I'd shave his ass and teach him to walk backwards. It looks to me like the best part of you ran down the crack of your mama's ass and ended up as a brown stain on the mattress.

Kate

I wish I knew how to quit you.

Catherine

I don't give a fuck about our moral conundrum you meat-headed shit sack.

Kate

I came here tonight because when you realise you want to spend the rest of your life with somebody you want the rest of your life to start as soon as possible.

Catherine

Sit your five dollar ass down before I make change.

**STANFORD SILVERMAN - CHUCK HANDLER
- DICK FRENCH - PHILLIP DILLER - JOE
RIVERS - TONY FEY - SAMUEL BERNHARD -
JEFFREY GAROFALO - MARTIN CHO -
RUSSELL BARR - GIDEON RADNER - ELI
MAY - ANTHONY POEHLER - DEAN
NICHOLS - LINDON TOMLIN - BLAINE
BOOSLER - BENNY WHITE - KIRK WIIG -
MAGNUS SZUBANSKI - SIR EDMUND
EVERAGE - REUBEN WILSON - RAYMOND
DRATCH - DARRYL CHANNING - JULIUS
LOUIS-DREYFUS - EDWARD DEGENERES**

Suck My Dick. 2013

Brickbats and Bouquets

By Catherine or Kate. November 11, 2014

In Catherine or Kate's studio, surrounded by friends celebrating Kate's 26th birthday, Catherine brings out a birthday cake. She hugs Kate and they remain in an embrace for the entire scene.

Catherine

Happy Birthday you warthog faced buffoon. You pompous, stuck-up, snot-nosed, english, giant twerp, scumbag, fuckface, dickhead, asshole.

Kate

Catherine, I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

Catherine

The day I need a friend like you I'll just have myself a little squat and shit one out. You're an inanimate fucking object.

Kate

I came alive when I met you. You're the epitome of everything I have ever looked for in a human being.

Catherine

For me you're somewhere between a cockroach and that white stuff that accumulates at the corner of your mouth when you're really thirsty.
I bet you're the kind of guy that would fuck a person in the ass and not even have the common courtesy to give him a reach-around.

Kate

You make me want to be a better man. You are the most beautiful girl in the world, and it's not because of your brains or your personality it's because you're beautiful, inside and out.

Catherine

You're just the afterbirth, just slithered out on your mother's filth. They should have put you in a glass jar on the mantelpiece.

Kate

I know I have a heart because I feel it breaking. Waiting for you is like waiting for the rain in this drought, hopeless and disappointing.

Catherine

People that talk in metaphors oughta shampoo my crotch.

Kate

So it's not gonna be easy. It's gonna be really hard. We're gonna have to work at this everyday, but I want to do that because I want you. I want all of you, forever, you and me, everyday. Will you do something for me, please? Just picture your life for me? 30 years from now, 40 years from now? What's it look like?

Catherine

I may not know what my future looks like, but I'm

sure of one thing you're not in it. You insignificant little fuck

Kate

Even the smallest person can change the course of the future.

Catherine

You're a cunt, you're a cunt now, you've always been a cunt, and the only thing that's going to change is you're going to become an even bigger cunt, maybe have some more cunt kids.

Kate

I hate the way you talk to me
And the way you cut your hair
I hate the way you drive your car
I hate it when you stare
I hate your big dumb combat boots
And the way you read my mind
I hate you so much it makes me sick,
It even makes me rhyme.
I hate the way you're always right
I hate it when you lie
I hate it when you make me laugh
Even worse when you make me cry
I hate it when you're not around
And the fact that you didn't call.
But mostly I hate the way I don't hate you
Not even close
Not even a little bit
Not even at all.

Catherine

What you just said is the most insanelly idiotic thing I've ever heard. Everyone in this room is now dumber for having listened to it. May god have mercy on your soul.

Kate

Sometimes all you need is 20 seconds of insane courage just literally 20 seconds of just embarrassing bravery and I promise you something