

I will never

run out  
of lies

Curated by Nanette Orly  
& Sebastian Henry-Jones

nor love

This project was planned on Gadigal land belonging to the Eora Nation, and exhibited on Wurundjeri land belonging to the Kulin Nation. We acknowledge the traditional custodians of this land and pay our respects to elders past, present and emerging. Sovereignty never ceded.

I will never run out of lies nor love

Manisha Anjali  
EJ Son  
Angie Pai  
Natasha Matila-Smith  
Rosie Isaac

Curated by  
Nanette Orly &  
Sebastian  
Henry-Jones

I will never run out of lies nor love

# I will never run out of lies nor love

As storytellers, artists lay hold of language as making material – to perceive, articulate and to power their reality. The use of language within artmaking is a powerful tool to negotiate identity through social, political and personal narratives, as it provides the artist with agency over their message and prompts the audience to confront societal issues or considerations. For this exhibition, Manisha Anjali, Natasha Matila-Smith, EJ Son, Rosie Isaac and Angie Pai were invited to contribute a work - text based, spoken word or performance. In addition, we asked writers Soo-Min Shim, Chloé Hazelwood and June Miskell to reflect upon their own experiences of language for this catalogue. Bringing everyone's ideas together, language in this exhibition is used to make tangible that which often goes unread, unheard and unknown.

A 'good' story must conform truthfully to the prevailing standards that the majority have of the order of things, and a story's success hinges upon its compliance with established rules and tropes. A bad story may be called untruthful. Language performed in *I will never run out of lies nor love* is more truthful for its effect than as fact. In telling the story, it becomes clear that what is passed on from mouth to ear, from hand to eye is not only the content of story but the energy of communication itself.

Through language we bear witness to the complexities of inherited trauma and how it manifests into dreams, are struck by the social nuance of romance and read a contemporary response to a traditional proverb. Elsewhere we observe the way that words contain our thinking, and their capacity for tenderness when used in homage to a grandfather recently lost.

your milk turned blue  
when you watched me  
in my sleep your hair  
was a cotton ball &  
you had no face I fold  
myself in half & in half  
again I fold myself in  
half & in half again on  
your lovely lovely floorboards

little blue frogs jump  
out of my heart & into  
your kava bowl

disembodied blue hands  
feed me moon lolo &  
sun fish & magic my  
hair in two french plaits

when you died you wanted  
to go back into the love  
so we could milk you &  
eat you so we could milk  
you & eat you so we could  
milk you & eat you so we  
could milk you & eat you  
so we could milk you &  
eat you so we could milk  
you & eat you so we could  
milk you & eat you so we  
could milk you & eat you

Manisha Anjali, *Māra Blue Demon from Neela Gala Purana*:  
*Book of Visitations*, 2019, handwritten notes.

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EJ Son, 속담풀이 (*Book of Wisdom*), 2009, Korean proverb book courtesy of the artist.

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Angie Pai, *Ah gong's undershirt*, 2019, raw silk on cotton.

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Natasha Matila-Smith, *Last night you were in my room*,  
2016, screen print on pillowcases.

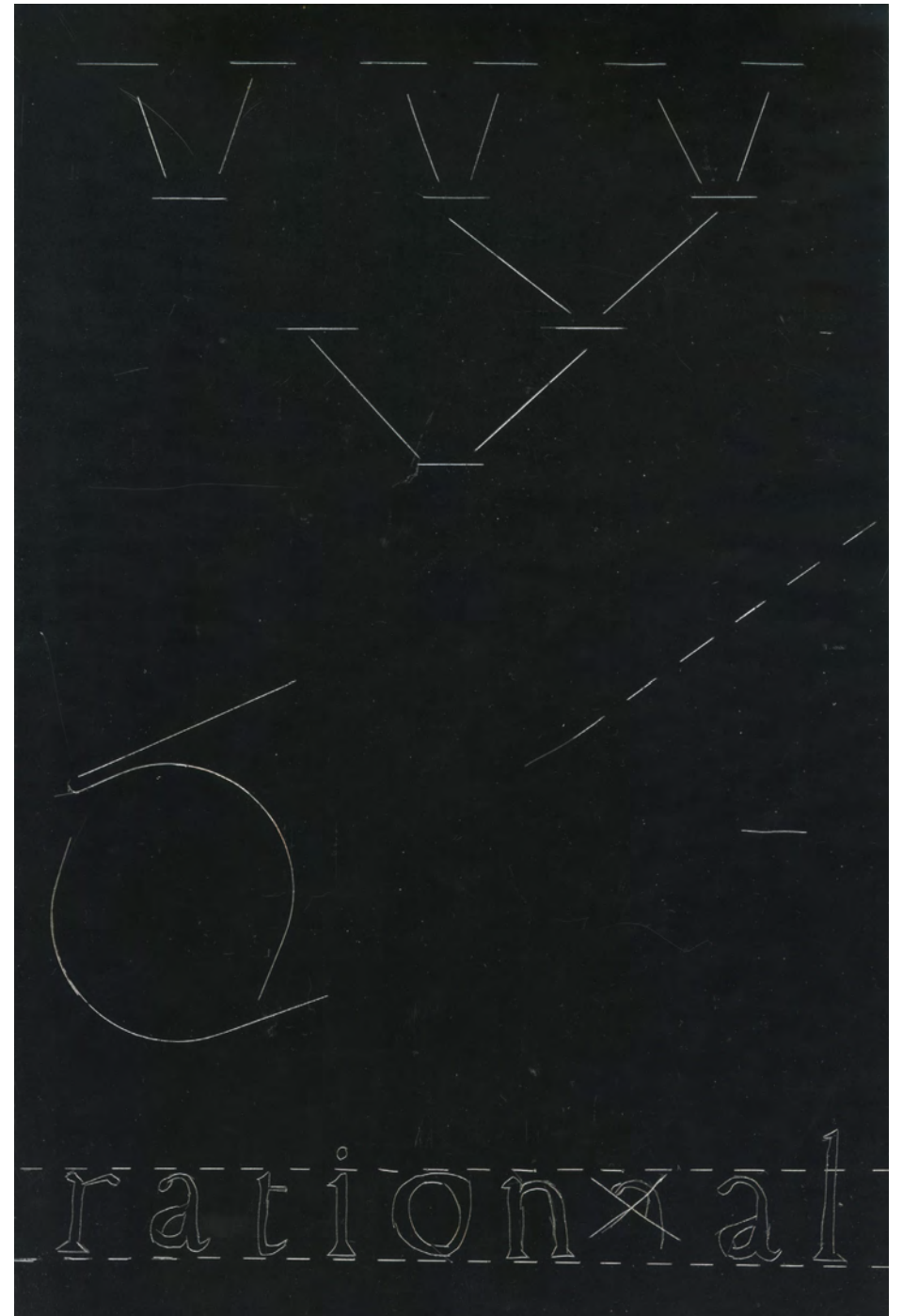
Image by Zan Wimberley as part of *You're my number 1*  
curated by Talia Smith, Firstdraft, 2017.



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Rosie Isaac, *Rational Trap*, 2019.  
Image courtesy of the artist.



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## Your story is not mine to tell

Chloé Hazelwood

You cannot thrive if you are written out of your nation's ongoing narration. If you are not included, you will become invisible, and you will be easily damaged and hurt by your own country. And hurt turns into anger. And anger makes our communities less safe. And so the cycle continues ... 1

Working from Burnie, Tasmania – “the poorest electorate in the poorest state in the country” 2 – writer, director and activist Scott Rankin has witnessed the cycle of disadvantage that erodes community wellbeing. He is Creative Director of Big hART, a not-for-profit arts organisation driving social change through transformative, “non-welfare” projects that strengthen vulnerable individuals. 3 Rankin reflects on the remarkable history of the Tommeginner people, who have been the traditional owners of the land on which he lives for “2,400 generations”. 4 Yet, the colonial history of Australia – “ten generations old” 5 by comparison – is the dominant cultural narrative that (supposedly) defines the nation.

White Australia has taken for granted the ability to disseminate a particular version of events while simultaneously turning a blind eye to violent histories of dispossession and genocide. Waanji writer Alexis

Wright speaks to the ramifications of this cultural denial:

I have seen firsthand the shameful and injurious impact that many public stories have had on our people over a long period of time. We have been boxed in by the Australian psyche, its fear of the other. It is widely understood that we are being pressured by this country to assimilate, to abandon our culture in order to survive. 6 This lack of self-determination in telling one's own story has the effect of dehumanising First Nations peoples. 231 years of resistance and survival (and tens of thousands of years living in harmony with the land prior to 1788), the Indigenous rights movement, the Uluru Statement from the Heart – achievements and struggles that continue to be subsumed by the culture wars that have divided this country.

Acts of defiance – particularly those which reveal the fragility of whiteness and heteropatriarchy – are met with malice. Language is weaponised against dissenting voices; they become the target of an endless cacophony of slurs from far and wide. Opportunistic keyboard warriors seize the opportunity to denigrate and troll from the safety of a screen. Sudanese-Australian writer Yassmin Abdel-Magied experienced public backlash so vicious and unrelenting that she felt there was no option but to relocate to London in the aftermath. In a Facebook post on Anzac Day 2017, Abdel-Magied drew attention to the nation's

fixation with the 'Anzac legend' – commonly revived by the expression "lest we forget". Seven words: "Lest. We. Forget. (Manus, Nauru, Syria, Palestine ...)" so greatly offended conservative politicians and commentators that Abdel-Magied described herself as "the most publicly hated Muslim in Australia". 7 Speaking out against the atrocities of war and offshore detention cost her a place in Australian society. The message was loud and clear: "You are no longer welcome here".

Rewind to 2016 at Brisbane Writers Festival, where American writer Lionel Shriver was invited to give the keynote speech. Shriver revised the original topic in order to pronounce her position. Abdel-Magied was in the audience as Shriver made her opening remarks:

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1 S. Rankin, *Cultural Justice and the Right to Thrive*, Currency House, Sydney, 2018, p. 60.

2 Rankin, 2018, p. 4.

3 Big hART homepage, viewed on 11 June 2019, <https://www.bighart.org/>

4 Rankin, 2018, p. 4.

5 *Ibid.*, p. 4.

6 A Wright, 'What happens when you tell somebody else's story?', in *Meanjin*. Summer 2016, viewed on 12 June 2019, <https://meanjin.com.au/essays/what-happens-when-you-tell-somebody-elses-story/>

7 A Walker, 'Yassmin Abdel-Magied turns to fiction to process public backlash with novel *You Must Be Layla*', ABC News. April 2019, viewed on 12 June 2019, <https://www.abc.net.au/news/2019-04-07/yassmin-abdel-magied-you-must-be-layla-ya-writing-literature/10971226>

I hate to disappoint you folks, but unless we stretch the topic to breaking point this address will not be about “community and belonging”. In fact, you have to hand it to this festival’s organisers: inviting a renowned iconoclast to speak about “community and belonging” is like expecting a great white shark to balance a beach ball on its nose. 8 Shriver’s contempt-laden repetition of the words community and belonging set the tone for a speech that Abdel-Magied walked out of after twenty agonising minutes. In her words, “I could feel the eyes of the hundreds of audience members on my back: questioning, querying, judging”. 9 Shriver went on to deliver a self-serving diatribe about her creative license to develop characters from different cultural backgrounds for the purpose of a fictional account (somehow forgetting that the genre of fiction does not exist in a vacuum). Pontificating from the detached safety of the ivory tower, Shriver decried, “I am hopeful that the concept of “cultural appropriation” is a passing fad” as though centuries of race-based injustice were nothing more than a writer’s bogey. 10

What Shriver seems to forget in all of this is that her illustrious career – her prestigious standing and authority to speak – is built off the back of ongoing discrimination against entire communities. What’s more, she displays arrogance and defensiveness when challenged on her views. Where does she draw the line between personal financial gain and blatant exploitation

of narratives that do not relate to her lived experience? Seemingly not content with her platform at Brisbane Writers Festival in 2016, Shriver again launched an attack on those who would dare to take steps to address the overbearing whiteness of the literary industry in 2018:

From now until 2025, literary excellence will be secondary to ticking all those ethnicity, gender, disability, sexual preference and crap-education boxes ... if an agent submits a manuscript written by a gay transgender Caribbean who dropped out of school at seven and powers around town on a mobility scooter, it will be published, whether or not said manuscript is an incoherent, tedious, meandering and insensible pile of mixed-paper recycling. 11

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8 L Shriver, ‘Lionel Shriver’s full speech: ‘I hope the concept of cultural appropriation is a passing fad’, The Guardian. September 2016, viewed on 13 June 2019, <https://www.theguardian.com/commentis-free/2016/sep/13/lionel-shrivers-full-speech-i-hope-the-concept-of-cultural-appropriation-is-a-passing-fad>

9 Y Abdel-Magied, ‘As Lionel Shriver made light of identity, I had no choice but to walk out on her’, The Guardian. September 2016, viewed on 13 June 2019, <https://www.theguardian.com/commentis-free/2016/sep/10/as-lionel-shriver-made-light-of-identity-i-had-no-choice-but-to-walk-out-on-her>

10 Shriver, 2016, <https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2016/sep/13/lionel-shrivers-full-speech-i-hope-the-concept-of-cultural-appropriation-is-a-passing-fad>

11 D Barnett, ‘Lionel Shriver dropped from prize judges over diversity comments’, The Guardian. June 2018, viewed on 13 June 2019, <https://www.theguardian.com/books/2018/jun/12/lionel-shriver-dropped-from-prize-judges-over-diversity-comments>

Respected Indigenous writer, academic and activist Tony Birch refutes Shriver's vitriol with an eloquent reminder: "What we need at present, to counter the shrillness, is less talk, less commentary by the genuinely privileged, and more patience and ability to listen". 12

White people need to do more than pay lip service to diversity in the arts. As Tony Birch points out, there is a whole lot of talk going on, but not much listening. White artists, curators and writers bear a responsibility to commit to real change; this means relinquishing power, making space and never speaking for others. We need to challenge the institutional expectation that BIPOC artists will "educate" their white counterparts, as though their work should consistently deliver some kind of explicitly political message. Curator Nithya Nagarajan has stated that "the artist of colour is culturally conditioned to 'perform' their ethnicity" within institutional frameworks. 13 It is crucial to recognise the emotional labour inherent in these sorts of interactions. Nagarajan aptly sums it up: "I'm tired of organisations espousing the right values, altering their mission statements and making grand gestures". 14 Rhetoric is not followed by meaningful action. White practitioners keen to avoid the discomfort of being implicated in power structures continue to pass the buck. Writer, curator and artist Andy Butler reflects on the experience of navigating

the hegemonic Australian arts landscape as a person of colour: "I – and many others – do this sort of work on diversity with the hope that we're working towards a time where it will never have to be spoken of again". 15

*I will never run out of lies nor love* is an exhibition by Sydney-based curators Nanette Orly and Sebastian Henry-Jones that foregrounds collaboration, empowerment and, in the words of curator Helena Reckitt, "affective economies of care". 16 It is a space for cultivating solidarity and speaking back to the social construction of identity. The artists featured explore language as a conceptual, material and performative action, urging the viewer to interrogate dominant discourse. Orly and Henry-Jones have embraced the practice of "curatorial activism", a term coined by curator Maura Reilly "to describe those individuals who have committed themselves to 'counter-hegemonic initiatives' that give voice to those who have been historically silenced or omitted from the 'master narrative'". 17 Manisha Anjali, Rosie Isaac, Natasha Matila-Smith, Angie Pai and EJ Son present works that flip the script in surreal, post-structuralist and playful ways. Language is pulled apart and re-configured to trouble existing hierarchies.

*Chloé Hazelwood* is an arts writer based in Naarm (Melbourne). She lives and works on the sovereign lands of

*the Woiwurrung and Boon Wurrung language groups of the eastern Kulin nation.*

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12 T Birch, 'There is no axe': identity, story and a sombrero', in Meanjin. Autumn 2019, viewed on 14 June 2019, <https://meanjin.com.au/essays/there-is-no-axe-identity-story-and-a-sombrero/>

13 N Nagarajan, 'Being a curator of colour', ArtsHub. April 2019, viewed on 14 June 2019, <https://performing.artshub.com.au/news-article/opinions-and-analysis/performing-arts/nithya-nagarajan/being-a-curator-of-colour-257730>

14 Nagarajan, 2019, <https://performing.artshub.com.au/news-article/opinions-and-analysis/performing-arts/nithya-nagarajan/being-a-curator-of-colour-257730>

15 A Butler, 'A gig economy', in Writing in the Expanded Field. November 2018, viewed on 15 June 2019,

<http://expanded-field.acca.melbourne/b-andy-butler.html>

16 H. Reckitt, 'Support acts: curating, caring and social reproduction'. Journal of Curatorial Studies, vol. 5, no. 1, 2016, p. 7.

17 M Reilly, 'Toward a curatorial activism', Maura Reilly. 2011, viewed on 16 June 2019,

<http://www.maurareilly.com/pdf/essays/CIAFessay.pdf>, p. 15.

## Between salita and aksyon

June Miskell

Tagalog is clumsy on my tongue like tripping over a flat surface or choking on a glass of water. I thought I was almost done writing about my mother(s)-tongue. The pinch deep in my chest before clearing my throat to deliver silent or fragmented salita. Tita tells me to say to my cousin they are pangit. I let out a laugh instead, lifting my mouth and stretching out two syllables for emphasis: hindi! Laughter safely holds me time and again when salita fail. I listen to my Tita's and my pinsan's laugh through the sentence "Oo she understands ilan!". I don't really though – not the salita at least. It's more-so the way a sentence moves, the tone and cadence of each salita and what is said between the salita that allows me to understand. One of my youngest pinsan's Marie speaks to me in Tagalog, her infant voice tells me I'm maganda, asks me take her photo. We sit on the floor of my Tita's living room taking photos together, smiling and laughing through mis-translations. Our conversation is a halo of me speaking back to her in English and repeating what she says in Tagalog. In momentary silences we look at each other amused, knowing we cannot understand each other.

Sometimes many things can be said without any salita being spoken - after all, there is language in silence.

In 1977, Audre Lorde wrote that “each of us is here now because in one way or another we share a commitment to language and to the power of language, and to the reclaiming of that language which has been made to work against us. In the transformation of silence into language and action, it is vitally necessary for each one of us to establish or examine her function in that transformation and to recognize her role as a vital within that transformation”. For Lorde, this transformation is a powerful act of self-revelation, one in which she no longer plans someday to speak or wait for someone else’s words. I first read this maganda essay two years ago when a past lover lent me her copy of *Sister Outsider* at a time when I didn’t know what my work or voice was. I was only coming into the beginnings of transforming my silences into language and aksyon. In the time between then and now, I’ve learned to understand the language in those silences - like a voice that speaks without salita. There are still so many salita that I do not have, yet yearn to speak.

What language is spoken between two people of differing tongues with no shared fluency? How do their voices/bodies meet in communication?

Language has a multitude of forms in which it takes shapes and moves through; be it written, visual, verbal, non-verbal, communal, romantic, bodily - the list goes on. I’m fluent in some of these languages more than others. I’ve been thinking of things as language in and of itself, rather than language merely being a system of communication (usually verbal or written) for which things can be conveyed or translated through. I often find myself stuck in the poetics in between the lines – of what isn’t said or rather, in the potential of connotations. A few weeks ago, I was riding a jeepney with my Tita to the palengke when we passed a petrol station that had the pula, asul and major star from the Philippines’ national flag as its logo. The body of the logo was accompanied with the text: “RePhil”. In the following days, I mulled over the clever wordplay of “RePhil”. To re-fill something quite literally involves the transference of a substance into an object or a body - in this case, it being the near-empty tank of a vehicle. I hadn’t re-visited the Philippines’ for close to six years, during which my familial relationships have fluctuated and my cultural ties have been unsettled. In many ways, seeing this petrol station logo in the midst of a long awaited return trip reminded me that I, like a near-empty object or body, was re- filling.

How does my body hold me like language does?

Movement in particular, is filled with language and

learned through observation and repertoire. Some messages are more powerfully delivered in non-verbal forms – through gestures. Customary traditions passed down through practice. There is something so simple in the way that Filipino people give directions by pointing with their lips. It is a measured combination of eye contact, variations of lip pursing combined with specific eyebrow, head and neck aksyon. When I ask my Nanay where something is, she doesn't say anything at all. Instead she purses her lips, turns her head and extends her neck to give me quicker directions. The simplicity of these sentiments is shared in *mano* or *pagammano*, the customary blessing to show respect for one's elder. When I visit my family in the Philippines, the first interactions I have with my elder Tito's is asking them *mano po*, before bowing towards them, taking their hand and pressing my forehead on the outside of their hand. This blessing gesture in particular is not only a way of communicating respect but also a familial and communal *pakikisama* as a way of being together.

Familial and communal languages (both verbal and non-verbal) offer a way of thinking more critically and carefully about how languages are used and who/what they are in service to. Whose voice is being championed and in turn, oppressed in the choice of one *salita* usage over another? I've been thinking about how to engage with concepts based in my own

languages, however fragmented they may be. How can familial, communal and ancestral languages be critically implemented within existing frameworks (including but not limited to contemporary art institutions) as a deeper way of engaging with our own aesthetics and knowledges? This requires a process of unlearning and re-learning languages, aesthetics and knowledge. For my *kapatids* and I, *kapwa* is both a practice and a language of being together. It's the core ethic and value of Filipino peoples, with the inner self that is shared between others. Though in many ways *kapwa* is untranslatable into English and cannot be reduced to a digestible Western concept of "us", it consciously refers to the interconnectedness of all things. It is not theoretical but practical, carried out in unity with others first and foremost as an *aksyon*.

Sharing this ancestral language and mode of being with one another, (despite how fluent or fragmented our tongues may be) is a way of building *bayanihan* and an *aksyon* of deep care and solidarity. Still finding my *salita*, I yearn to care for the practices of myself and my communities. In nurturing this process, I'm learning that sometimes being with one another is to sit in the silences of language - for there is language to be found in those silences too.



## Words For My Students

Soo-Min Shim

My students often cry in front of me.  
Heads bent in shame, their tears bleed onto their  
annotated copies of Hamlets and Tempests.  
At first I thought I was being too harsh and unkind.

In time I have recognised it to be the steel spiked flail  
that sits at the nape of our necks. It dwells there and  
presses against red skin when we are unable to form  
the right words.

In time I have recognised it as the same constriction  
that seals my mouth closed when I try to talk to my  
mother in a language I do not know.

She sits beside me and her breath is ribbons of mist in  
the frosty winter air as we watch the sun set.

I try to catch these thoughts and these words but they  
evade.

This distance is only silences of weight and  
compression.

Our paltry attempts are peripatetic pauses and  
walking whispers.

But there is a brief frisson, taut, and quivering at the  
precipice.

Words that finally seem to hold breath in a moment in  
embrace.

Limbs are finally entangled in mist and teeth sink into  
light.

Then pyrrhic slack.

Fragile, shattered, vulnerable, and infuriatingly  
unsatisfying.

Only aporia and incommensurability.

In time I have also recognised it to be the suffocation of  
the resulting imposter syndrome after being force-fed  
a cultural racial narrative where writing is an  
impossibility. The hand that forces their heads  
downwards is disappointment and fear.

Saturated with self-doubt, the unasked, the  
unanswered, we have masticated and internalised for  
decades. Told that the tip of our tongues should be held  
inside. That the edges of our teeth are to stay blunt.  
That steel spiked flail always sits inside our raw,  
pulsating throats.

To write, then, for me, is a radical joy. To write is to  
take a bite into an intellectual solstice we have been  
denied for eras. To write is to resist.

My identity as daughter is estranged and unknown and  
strange. It is the same frustration and obfuscation in  
writing.

We sit between the seams.  
We wrestle amongst the lines.  
We lie in the soaring quiet.

I let my students cry. I cry with them. Our visceral frustrations are cathartic when crying is shame, emotion is weakness, and uncertainty is fear. We let the barbs pierce and peek through the membrane, where we are less cerebral and more tender.

Here, in this faltering light, with gentle caress and warmth we stray from the voracity, that insatiable greed to be luminous, bigger, brighter, louder.

In the final rays of sunset, these words are about smoothing, soothing, erasing, free-falling, re-moulding and re-casting.

We find solace in these habitual grooves traced by neural fingertips.

We seek respite in ordering condensations of racing thoughts.

We search for quietude in speculative routes and transcendent re-constellations.

We cry together.

I will never run out of lies nor love

# Manisha Anjali

Manisha Anjali is a Melbourne-based writer and performer. Drawing from oral storytelling practices from women mystics, saints and courtesans of the ancient world, she brings elements of mysticism, eroticism and magic into contemporary spaces. Her creative practice encompasses religious devotion, eroticism, mysticism, dream theory, plantation poetry and folk songs. Manisha has performed at Melbourne Writers Festival, Queensland Poetry Festival, Emerging Writers Festival, Bendigo Writers Festival, West Writers Forum, Newstead Short Story Tattoo and a number of art galleries, community festivals and poetry readings around Australia and New Zealand. Her first collection of poems, *Sugar Kane Woman*, was released by Witchcraft Press in October 2016. Her short story *Goldie the Turtle* won the People's Choice Award in the NZ Writers College Short Story Contest. In 2017, she graduated with First Class Honours in Creative Arts at Victoria University, where she composed a dramatic text comprised of poetry, theatre and song. Manisha was part of the 2017 cohort of Emerging Cultural Leaders programme at Footscray Community Arts Centre. She is also the Events & Opps Editor at Asia Pacific Writers and Translators.

# EJ Son

EJ Son is a interdisciplinary artist working with video, ceramics and installation. Born in South Korean and immigrated to Sydney at the age of seven. She's struggled for a while with racism and patriarchy interrupting her, but she's finally had enough and lost her sanity, or perhaps found her sanity. Reflecting back upon her internalised hatred and disassociation due to her feelings of racial inferiority, her practice aims to reclaim the culture she once denied and abandoned. She used to avoid speaking Korean entirely for a while as she feared her English skills would deteriorate if she constantly spoke Korean. She comes full circle to the complexity of the racialised identity and heals herself through stamping confessional personal narratives in Hangul (한글). Recent exhibitions include *The normal show* (2017) at Dedspace Gallery, *This is not a self portrait 2.0* (2017) at Short Space Gallery and *In the Survey* (2015) at Verge Gallery in Sydney. In 2018, she completed a Bachelor of Visual Arts (Honours) at Sydney College of the Arts.

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# Angie Pai

Angie Pai is a Taiwanese artist based in Melbourne. As a child of diaspora, her interdisciplinary practice examines the compromises that come with living on the cusp of East and West, and the potentials of interpersonal connection. Pai's endeavours are underpinned by ancient Chinese teachings in conjunction with lived experience of spiritual disconnection - voiced on a continuum that is neither linear nor attenuated but rather ancestrally circular and introspective. Working centrally as a painter, Pai's oeuvre distorts strict art historical conceptions of movement and school. In her inaugural solo shows *Silence Doesn't Work For Me* (2016), and *Gravity of Thought* (2017) at Melbourne's Metro Gallery, Pai positions her audience towards a suite of paintings that depict ancient Chinese maxims ground in Taoist philosophy; and rendered sculptural works that depict her grapples with the perils of diasporic guilt.

# Natasha Matila-Smith

Natasha Matila-Smith (Ngāti Kahungunu, Ngāti Hine, Sale'aumua, Pākehā) is an artist and writer based in Tāmaki Makaurau. She graduated from the University of Auckland with a Master of Fine Arts in 2014. Her practice often deals with social exchanges and anxieties, across installation and digital contexts. Bringing together online imagery and confessional text, Natasha's practice is an ongoing exploration of the language and social complexities of romance. Filtering through social media and exhibition spaces, Matila-Smith's honest admissions address longing, desire and social anxieties from a perspective that is at times as universal as it is deeply personal. In her work, there is an intimate and obsessive quality exploring amongst other things, understanding and expectations of intimacy, lust and romance, and societies assertion of these expectations onto the self. Recent exhibitions include *Hard Feelings*, The Honeymoon Suite (Melbourne, Australia), 2018; *Between me and you*, ST PAUL St Gallery (Auckland, New Zealand), 2018 and *Sleight of Hand*, RAMP Gallery (Hamilton, New Zealand), 2018. She has contributed to online and print publications such as Runway Australian Experimental Art (Australia), Matters Aotearoa and Art New Zealand.

# Rosie Isaac

Rosie Isaac works with performance, video and writing. Most often she begins with a script, a form of writing that is always oriented towards speech. The digital female voice used for public announcements coughs, she is given a body. An allegorical personification of Security is cast as an exhausted and exploited office worker. The slippery terrain of words becoming idea becoming body is used to explore the politics of public space under conditions of power, authority and myth. Recent exhibitions and performances include *Through flooding* (2016) part of *Through love: five feminist perspectives*, Brainlina's program for Next Wave Festival 2016. *Slow roasted lamb* (2016), Gertrude Studios, *No, I couldn't agree with you more*, a two-person show with Briony Galligan at TCB art Inc. (2015), *Pardon me, but our position has been struck by lightning* at The Substation (2014) and *?! Performance Festival*, The Pipe Factory Glasgow (2014). Isaac is a current Gertrude Studio resident.

# Nanette Orly

Nanette Orly is an independent curator based in Sydney. Her curatorial practice is deeply engaged with themes surrounding identity development, cultural histories and offering alternative perceptions of contemporary society. Drawn to migratory aesthetics and research-based practices to form interdisciplinary group or collaborative exhibition concepts, Orly has curated exhibitions across a number of Sydney, regional and interstate galleries over the past five years. Recent curatorial projects include *Transcendence* (2018) at Firstdraft, *Full Circle* (2018) at The Lock-Up and *긴장 (that's why I get so tired now)* (2018) at Seventh Gallery in Melbourne. She is currently the Co-Director of artist run initiative Cold Cuts Project Space in Petersham and Board Member of the online publication Runway Australian Experiment Art. Orly has also been a successful participant in 4A Curators' Intensive 2018 program in Sydney and was awarded the Project Curator of the Critical Animals Research Symposium 2018, based in Newcastle.

# Sebastian Henry-Jones

Sebastian Henry-Jones is an emerging curator living and working on unceded land belonging to the Gadigal people of the Eora Nation. His practice is lead by an interest in the potential of the exhibition format to cultivate strategies of care, social responsibility and shared experience that are able to communicate across cultural and social differences. He looks to enact these ideals through his work by centering the needs, ideas and requirements of the artists that he works with, and so his practice is informed by striving for an ethics with sincerity, generosity, honest communication and learning at its core.

# Chloé Hazelwood

Chloé Hazelwood is an emerging curator and arts writer. Her research interests include feminist/queer art, First Nations cultural expression and curatorial activism. She is currently completing the Master of Arts Management at RMIT University and is a member of the First Site Committee, where she has coordinated a dynamic range of public programs and events for students and the wider community. Chloé works as the Volunteer Officer at Linden New Art.

# Soo-Min Shim

Soo-Min Shim is an arts writer and arts worker living on stolen Gadigal land. She received her Bachelor of Art History and Theory (First Class Honours) from the University of Sydney and is currently a Director at Firstdraft Gallery 2019-2020. She is currently a studio resident at Broadway Sydney x 4A Centre for Contemporary Asian Art Creative Studios. She has written for several Australian and international publications including Art & The Public Sphere, ArtAsiaPacific, The Artling, Art + Australia, Art Almanac, Artist Profile, Runway Conversations, un Extended, and Running Dog.

# June Miskell

June Miskell is a Filipino-Australian writer and arts worker living and working on the ancestral lands belonging to the Gadigal people of the Eora Nation (Sydney). She is currently completing her Bachelor of Art Theory (Honours) at UNSW Art & Design with a focus on migratory methods of indigenizing and decolonising strategies in Filipinx-Australian diasporic practices. Her previous writing can be found in unExtended, Runway Conversations, Running Dog and Framework.

# Jess Lewis

Jess Lewis is a designer based in Sydney. She has completed a Bachelor of Design in Visual Communications (Honours) at UTS and a Master of Fine Art at UNSW Art & Design, where her time studying allowed her to explore the importance of art and design, and how the two have the potential to converge and support one another. Centered around a love for print media and book design, her practice involves collaborating with artists, designers, curators, writers and creatives and exploring how printed media can extend and elevate one's practice, making it accessible to broader audiences through sense of tangibility and permanency.



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# Bus Projects

Bus Projects acknowledges the traditional custodians of the land on which we operate: the Wurundjeri people and Elders past and present of the Kulin nations.

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I will never run out of lies nor love

