



Video Doctor
Curated by Geoff Newton
April 20 – May 28, 2013
Arts Project Australia

Cory Arcangel
Nicholas Capaldo
Valerio Ciccone
Boris Cipusev
Leo Cussen
Wendy Dawson
Paul Hodges
Adrian Lazzaro
Jodie Noble
Steven Perrette
Daniel Pace
Paper Rad
Rebecca Scibilia
Catherine Staughton
Timothy Williams



Nicholas Capaldo

Not titled, 2008

graphite and colour pencil on paper

17.5 x 25cm

B-Wing Starfighter, 2012

colour pencil on paper

29.5 x 22.5cm





Valerio Ciccone

Not titled, 2012

ink on paper

28.5 x 38.5cm

Not titled, 2012

pastel on paper

55 x 38cm





Boris Cipusev

Toshiba 9 Volt, 2008

pen and felt tipped pen on paper

25 x 35cm

Techno war, 2010

pencil and texta on paper

21 x 30cm

Tech
no
way



Leo Cussen

Not titled, 2012

pastel on paper

38,5 x 56cm

Not titled, 2012

prisma colour pencil on paper

38,5 x 56cm





Wendy Dawson

Not titled, 2008

texta and enamel paint on paper

25 x 35cm

Not titled, 2012

texta and felt pen

25 x 25cm





Paul Hodges

Not titled, 2011

texta and gouache on paper

35 x 50cm

Ballet Russes, 2011

texta on paper

38,5 x 29cm





Adrian Lazzaro

King Kong: Number 7, The Empire Strikes back, 2010

texta and ink on paper

25 x 35cm

Vampire, 2010

texta and ink on paper

25 x 35cm





Daniel Pace

Not titled, 2012

prisma colour pencil and ink on paper
28.5 x 27.5cm

Jodie Noble

Daffy Duck, 2011

oil pastel on paper
50 x 35cm





Steven Perrette

Not titled, 2008

pencil on card

17.5 x 30cm

Not titled, 2008

colour pencil on paper

38 x 57cm





Rebecca Scibilia

Enid Blyton The Famous Five, 2012

texta on paper

25 x 35cm

Beverly Hills Chihuahua, 2009

texta on paper

28,5 x 8cm





Catherine Staughton

Pokemon flash boy kill V U thunder, 2011

texta on paper

32.5 x 50cm

Death Vomit, 2011

texta on paper

35 x 24.5cm

DEATH
VOMIT





Catherine Staughton

A nightmarish answer to the Wizard of Oz, 2007

gouache, pencil and ink on paper

76 x 56cm

Cathy big green Apple fun play iPhone kiss eat me Justin, 2008

gouache and ink on paper

70 x 50cm





Timothy Williams

Not titled, 2008

texta on paper

25 x 19cm

Dafy Duck at Warner Brothers, 2010

texta on paper

25 x 16.5cm



Many of the artists assembled for *Video Doctor* grew up in the late 1970's and 1980s, a time when Hollywood began to work closely with video game manufacturers. This ensured the bottom line at the box office was furthered by tweens screaming for cartridges and joysticks so they too could become part of the sequel. Live the adventure. But the system had to load up, and in the test pattern between start and finish comes something unnamable. From day-glo DVD covers to an electrified Pokémon, each of the works included in this exhibition have been produced with an acute sense of the virtual self - a projection of emotion, a scene from a dream. It's conceptual but has eyes and power.

"I've got news for you. Some galleries don't even have walls. Can you even understand that? No, no you can't!"

These words are mouthed from an animated light blue cloud-like turd sitting in the back seat of a limousine, resplendent in gold chain and tight black pants, his arched eyebrows hiding beady dotted eyes. Part battle rap and part art world gossip, the puffy fella goes on to mimic both Gangsta and Gallery gab while the television sets and hip hop are blaring opposite an elaborate collaged bar. This is but one of the hyped hallucinogenic scenes from Paper Rad whose work is mostly a mash up of popular culture, part nostalgia, part critique and all fun. Begging, stealing and borrowing from almost any and every source available, they create amphetamine-fueled analogue jams and spams that are goofy, creepy, blistering satires of contemporary life.

This approach to art production might be applied to many of the artists in this exhibition – they feel free to pick up and drop any tidbit of popular culture and wring out the very marrow of entertainment for all to see. Yet many of the works are based upon memory, recollection and even nostalgia for a time when video rentals meant multiple viewing without banners, animated gifs and logins. Each artist redefines a take, a cut or finds solace in the stars. Their work makes a shape around what we know to be the hum of

celebrity, as they borrow cues (and clues) from the awkwardness of public life, mimic the sheen of the big screen and dig the detritus of merchandise. This visual sampling lends itself to new narratives – Spiderman gets married, the iPhone 5 has a new Tamagotchi app that can pick up your scent and R2D2 has a half human son. With phantasmagorical chapters loaded, press play.

Wendy Dawson's static abstractions fizz and skitter across our vision like fluorescent fireflies, high in the night sky. Zig zagging across the page she pirouettes with texta and felt pen to create tiny cyclones of pure color, bristling with energy. Enter Rebecca Scibilia's wobbly reproductions of DVD covers, dayglo patterns and ceramic works covered in the magic dust of daydreams. From the jumbled piles of lettering which make up the credit lines of film titles to the rainbow stitching in her freewheeling abstract works, she always pushes her drawings and paintings almost to the point of excess, plunging the viewer headfirst into saturated colour. Catherine Staughton loves the modern world. Looking at her prolific gouache, acrylic and ink works on paper, she seems happy to eat, sleep and breathe technology as she leads us through a who's who of popular science fiction, pin ups and post modern love. Her poster sized works are truly awe inspiring as she asks the viewer to remember that Big Brother is here, he has always been here, and He Is Good.

Fast forward through the love buzz to the solitary forms of airplanes, sports heroes and film stars as Leo Cussen positions the viewer left of field, utilizing the entire page as framing device for his careful sketches and paintings. Boris Cipusev chooses a few words, strings them together and makes them dance. They can be prophetic, plain, perfunctory and even partial but in his hands they come alive. Then Adrian Lazarro puts the villain front and centre, all teeth and hair and eyes. His renderings of cult figures such as Dracula and King Kong peer with an inner intensity as intimate studies of terror, head on. A careful gaze neatens their gory jaws and spiky bloodlust as Lazarro organizes limbs, cloaks and sneers with an elegance that eschews gratuity. As Daniel Pace's skillful figures in coloured pencil have the look and feel of early Walt Disney, they are much better

– he hasn't gone for sentimental pomp or gratuitous lighting for any of his characters, be they Prince or Edward Scissorhands. Pace gives these figures the impression of being caught out, posing only for us, only for now. Just as Jody Noble situates the viewer head and shoulders within the work, be they John and Yoko or Daffy duck, we stare and they stare back, matter-of-factly, static. Paul Hodges detailed drawings have the distinct feel of being there – in front of rapper Chris Brown, staring at a punk, studying a costume from the Ballets Russes with a semi-automatic rifle under one arm. They are frozen yet fast, and move while you blink and shift into the shadows of his velvety surfaces. Pause.

“We totally have five gold cars. And each of those cars have websites.”²

Stephen Perrette crams trucks, planes, and cars into a buzzing hum as he faithfully records the meeting of man and machine, of carnivals and strip malls, horse shows and truckstops. They swarm in clusters of wheels, heat and steam as if feeding on the road itself in an ordered, angry heap. The heap is an interesting observation for Nicholas Capaldo's gouache and ink works which are meticulously executed, based upon stills and imagined scenes from films such as Back To The Future and Star Wars, of which he is particularly fond. Equal devotion is embellished upon Timothy William's playful works in marker, which are simple and straightforward – a pair of hands reach for a mechanical looking bird, a robot poses for the camera. Each gesture captures the moment before the action happens. Action! Valerio Ciccone makes drawing look easy as he weaves through a myriad of sources – sports, science, unafraid of colour, of marks, mistakes or magic as his figures emanate a purpose which transcends the page.

Cory Arcangel's work defies popular culture by subverting the very fabric of it's existence - for the most part it's technically proficient to the degree of obsession - other times it's makeshift and goofy, cool and detached. His history as a gaming hacker, coder,

musician, and programmer inform his meticulous broodings over the way in which we view ourselves and repeat.

Watching the sometimes shambolic, camera to TV tracking in *All the Parts from Simon and Garfunkel's 1984 Central Park Performance Where Garfunkel Sings With His Hands in His Pockets* we see exactly what the titles read. It's voyeuristic and builds a kind of channel surfing tension – is this the moment where Garfunkel's torso decides to split up the band again? Does his stance echo that of the elder statesman of Folk music? I mean is he sexy or is it just me? How many times have I watched this to edit the EXACT parts of the concert down to the EXACT scenes? Arcangel reduces our fandom to fleeting glimpses caught at the end of a note, a cough, an approach to the microphone. The work makes use of its economy – of it's subject and medium and also the pseudo specialist nature of such a request as this. It's a sports statistic, yet we see the hands and eyes of the protagonist.

And as nighttime approaches we switch on again. Maybe we never turned off. But when we're asleep those faces of familiar stars will light up pixilated dreams drawn from digital crumbs and square-eyed stares. We know the ending – dissolve, dissolve. And after sifting through hundreds of hours of footage, edits, tape bleeds, sound bites and static, the gallery becomes a safe place. Familiar and alien. Like a blue turd narrating a simulation.

“We have never, ever turned nothing on that wasn't already off! Don't forget. Who. Was. The. First. One. To turn. Off. The things. That we thought. Were off! Because, when we go to New York, we are gonna sell EVERYTHING!”³

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ARTS PROJECT AUSTRALIA

Front cover:

Cory Arcangel. *All the Parts from Simon and Garfunkel's 1984 Central Park Performance Where Garfunkel Sings With His Hands in His Pockets*, 2004.

Courtesy Electronic Arts Intermix (EAI), New York.

Back cover:

Paper Rad. *P-Unit Mixtape*, 2005.

Courtesy Electronic Arts Intermix (EAI), New York.

