

# THE LEFTOVERS

EXHIBITION OPENS ON JUNE 2 AND CONTINUES TO JUNE 25

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- + Artist discussion pre-exhibition opening :: Thursday June 2, 5pm-6pm
  - + GREAT EXPECTATIONS // Runway Magazine Membership Drive :: Saturday June 4, 1pm-4pm
  - + Indigenous Women in the Arts Panel for VIVID SYDNEY :: Saturday June 18, 1-3pm
  - + The Leftovers Catalogue Launch and Art Crit :: Saturday June 25, 1-3pm
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THE LEFTOVERS :: Benjamin Chadbond (Syd), Liz McCrystal (Syd), Salote Tawale (Syd), Katrin Koenning (Mel), Young Sun Han (NY), Jennifer Loeber (NY), Marie Shannon (NZ), Nina Röder (GER). Curated by Talia Smith.

*'My father was a hoarder, and after disposing of all his hoardings after his death I can only conclude that some of this hoarding was an attempt to try to prevent time itself from passing, by stopping its processes of entropy and erasure with box after box of slides, of dusty collections, of account ledgers.'*

Rebecca Solnit

The Leftovers is a group exhibition that examines the delicate nature of the passing of something or someone. The works question the memories that we hold onto and the histories we try to rebuild when something comes to an end, trying to both honour and make sense of what has happened. Curated by Talia Smith and featuring artists from Australia, New Zealand, Germany and America each artist brings the viewer on a personal journey through grief, existence and acceptance.

New York based artist Young Sun Han documented with his cellphone the last months of his fathers life as he lost his battle with illness, a raw and honest depiction of the small in between moments – the humourous and the sad - between life and death. Katrin Koenning and Liz McCrystal share the experiences of losing someone to mental illness, their projects trying to make sense of a situation that we will never be able to fully understand.

Benjamin Chadbond and Nina Röder explore human existence and our own mortality with the knowledge that one day we too, shall pass. Salote Tawale and New Zealand based artist Marie Shannon examine the loss of a family member, Shannon documenting the process of clearing out her partner' s artist studio. Tawale uses an intuitive drawing process as a way of connecting with a grief that is intangible.

In an online component to the exhibition, American artist Jennifer Loeber shares her project Left Behind which documents her mother' s belongings and family photographs through an Instagram account, allowing public access to the artists explorations of honouring and remembering a loved one.

The Leftovers is a poem to the past/passed, to the grief that we experience, personally and universally, and to the others who have also been left behind.

VERGE GALLERY



PROVIDED BY  
UNIVERSITY OF  
SYDNEY UNION

Works listed clockwise from left dividing wall ::

**Nina Röder (four photographs pinned to left dividing wall)**

**A little deeper than you thought, 2012 - ongoing, Inkjet print on fuji pearl. Dimensions variable.**

*The series a little deeper than you thought shows a poetic photographic collection which deals with different discourses about the uncanny and unconscious, death, absurd biological phenomena and an ambivalent image of the male and female body.*

*"I feel death upon me like a torrent, such as the immediate strike of lightning whose charge I can not imagine. I feel death as something that is full of delights in a circling maze. My dreams are a special liqueur, a kind of dirty water in which I disappear – and then flows with bloody glimmer."*

– Antonin Artaud

*Based on this quote of Antonin Artaud in "Surrealist Texts", this series consists of several motifs which show different forms and state of aggregations of water. The surreal atmosphere of Röder's scenographies convey the tension of her figure's biographical experiences with the focus on expressing the feeling of "losing yourself".*

**Salote Tawale**

**I'm sitting with you, but, you're not there, 2016. Calico, acrylic paint, marker, ribbon and ink. 83.2 x 68.5cm.**

Part of dealing with loss is the acknowledgement that there are some things that can never be recovered. In this non figurative self-performance, I'm Sitting With You, but, Your Not There, 2016, Tawale investigates emotional responses of loss and regret through intuitive drawing. Wounded by loss the drawing stands in for the artists sense of emptiness, unable to recover from regrets of the past. Drawn on a contemporary version of Masi (Fijian Paper bark cloth) to reference the Artist Fijian/Anglo European Heritage.

**Elizabeth McCrystal**

**119 Stages of grief, 2016. Inkjet print on photo lustre, 1/3 + 1 AP. 150 x 250cm. POA**

**119 Stages of grief, 2016. Artist book, 1/3 + 1 AP. 21 x 29.7cm. POA**

*119 Stages of grief* is a work that was developed during the research stage of an ongoing body of work titled, *Slow Forgetting*, which centres on the death of the artists close friend. This work was made by photocopying an image of the artist that was taken by her deceased friend. The first image produced the second, then the third produced the forth, and so on. By repeating this process each image began to slightly distort from the original. The photocopier also began to shift the image with every produced photocopy, moving it off the page. This process was repeated until all traces of the original portrait disappeared, which happened after 119 pages of photocopying. The slow deterioration of the portrait is used to explore the personal grieving period experienced by the artists.

**Benjamin Chadbond (left of corner wall)**

**The Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, 2016. Framed Digital C-type print, 11 x 21".**

Three images stacked vertically, one on-top of another show the movement of the sun across the artists watch. What is captured in a matter of seconds is the incremental shift of light as it enters the room through the window, creeps across the face of the watch and finally refracts directly from the surface of the watch back into the camera lens.

**Marie Shannon (video work)**

**What I am looking at, 2011. Digital video with sound, 7m 10s.**

*What I Am Looking At* (2011) is the first in a series of text-based videos. Following the 2009 death of her partner, artist Julian Dashper, Shannon spent two years cataloguing his artworks and ephemera in their Auckland studio. This process is described in *What I Am Looking At*, which takes its title from Dashper's 1993 work, *What I Am Reading at the Moment* – comprised of a chair and a stack of every issue of *Artforum* to 1993. The video uses rolling text with simultaneous voiceover to describe the contents of the studio and the work Shannon is doing to make sense of it and create order in the absence of the artist.

*What I Am Looking At* was followed, in 2012, by *The Aachen Faxes*, which uses excerpts from Dashper's correspondence to Shannon during his artist's residence in Germany in 1995. He describes his feelings about being an artist-in-residence, talks about the weather and the passing of time, asks about jobs Shannon is doing around the house in Auckland, and expresses his love for her.

*The Rooms in the House* (2016), the third video in the series, is based on interviews Shannon has conducted over Skype with her 19-year-old son in Amsterdam. She asks him about his memories of each room in the house, now that he is no longer living there.

Each video addresses, in some way, ideas about home (seen from a distance), and about the things we keep around us, sometimes for too long.

**Nina Röder (outer right wall)**

*A little deeper than you thought*, 2012 - ongoing. Inkjet print on fuji pearl. Dimensions variable.

**Katrin Koenning (inside right corner wall and outside front window)**

Titles starting from left to right :: *From the Album #1, The Stars above the Site of Death*, 2012, *Underwater World #1 (First Date)*, 2012, *Portrait of Alana two years on*, 2013, *From the Album #13, Left Riding Glove*, 2012, *Toolbox #1*, 2012, *The Veil*, 2013, (front window) *Beerburum State Forest #1 (You used to ride your Bike through Here)*, 2012

On the 5th of August 2010, at twenty-nine years, Chris ended his own life. Husband to Alana, my cousin, he was family. His death came almost exactly a year after he attempted suicide in one of the grand State Forests of his native Queensland, Australia. Something went wrong, or maybe he clung on, back then. After four days in a forest so deep that family and friends all but failed to find him, he walked himself to help. I'm not sure when exactly his depression first showed face. I never knew him any different. Highly intelligent, he was trapped within himself, a cage with no apparent way out. He fought for years; it was a front-row battle that lacked a level playing field. He spoke about it, you know, about the drugs that were supposed to make him feel ok, about his state of mind, about all the doctors. Often though he'd sit there in silence. He dreamt of being a pilot, of doing other things.

*Dear Chris* is engaged with the connection between loss, ritual and memory. Rather than following a linear narrative, the project is made of three interchangeable 'chapters': vernacular pictures from Chris' childhood Album, photographs of some of Chris' objects kept by Alana, and finally photographs of places of significance to Chris – his story, and ours.

**Young Sun Han (table in central space)**

*Sooner, Later*, 2012 . I-Phone photographs printed at screen size. 8 x 10 inches.

Han presents a highly personal archive of iPhone snapshots taken over a 6-month period. Documenting the struggles of long-term illness, the sequence of images reveal the humor, sadness and beauty of witnessing a loved one pass away. The title is lifted from a child's drawing of Buddha proclaiming his own mortality, suggesting that everyone's journey unfolds both slower and faster than expected.

**ONLINE COMPONENT:**

**Jennifer Loeber**

**Left Behind series, 2013-14**

I found myself deeply overwhelmed by the need to keep even the most mundane of my Mom's belongings when she died suddenly in February 2013. Instead of providing comfort and good memories they became a source of deep sadness and anxiety for me and I knew the only way I would be able to move past that was to focus on a way to interact with them cathartically.

I had recently become active on Instagram and realized that utilizing the casual aspects of sharing on the app was a way to diminish my own sentimentality towards the objects my Mom left behind. Each image is paired with an archival image of her that speaks to its subject.

Follow along at: [http://www.instagram.com/the\\_surrounds](http://www.instagram.com/the_surrounds)

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