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Laurel Nannup, Pinjarra Reserve, 2012
I wanted to tell of when I was a young kid, of how we used to live on the Pinjarra Reserve. There was about eight families living on the Reserve, three of the houses were built of wooden boards and the rest of them were tin shocks or tents. The Reserve was about two miles out of the township of Pinjarra. This is my memory of the Pinjarra Reserve in the 1950s.

Gordon Hookey, Terra-ist, 2013
The print Terra-ist is a portrait of a greater body of work. Terra meaning land and ist the fight for land. The term was first coined when George W and Tony Blair and John Howard were pointing the finger at different groups and calling them terrorists yet they were perpetrating the same acts. I decided to distort the finger painting by making up my own word. The word is taken from terra nullius, which means land devoid of people, which in itself was a legal lie used to describe Australia at the time of colonization.

Laurel Nannup, Yellow Taxis, 2012
I was amazed to see how many yellow taxis there were in New York. They were all lined up and there seemed to be a lot of them in the street. I see more taxis in New York than I see in Perth.

Roy Kennedy, How Soon They Forget, 2006
I named this print because so many people asked me how I know so much about Darlington Point. Little do they know that I was reared up on this mission back in the late 1940s. Warangeda Mission was closed down in 1925. My mother was born on Warangeda Mission. The mission on the other side of the river is where I was brought up, called Police Paddock Mission. Both of these missions are at Darlington Point. - Roy Kennedy 2001, published in the monograph ‘How Soon They Forget’ by Philippa Scarlett, 2009.

This work is about Roy’s memories of growing up at Police Paddock Mission and the memories of his mother who grew up at Warangesda Mission, both situated on the Murrumbidgee River. This work was closed down in 1925. My mother was born on Warangeda Mission. The mission on the other side of the river is where I was brought up, called Police Paddock Mission. Both of these missions are at Darlington Point. - Roy Kennedy 2001, published in the monograph ‘How Soon They Forget’ by Philippa Scarlett, 2009.

David Nolan, View from the Kitchen Window, 2012
A half hour isn’t long enough to sit and watch the world outside. The wind blowing in the trees, clouds whisking by under a winter sun, planes ascending-descending on their respective flight paths, wishing I were up there.

Every lunch hour I’d sit at this window and drift off into the world outside. Surrounded by walls at every juncture, visual line of sight was limited. Now though, I could at least stretch my eyes, a popular spot with inmates. I could see and hear the planes, wanting nothing more than to be on one of them at that moment. Flight paths would change with the weather, but I would still be here every day till my time would come. It did come and I did get on that plane!

Frances Belle Parker, Ulgundahi, 2008
An aerial view of Ulgundahi Island, one of the many islands contained within the banks of the Clarence River. This is the island that my mum grew up on. When the early settlers arrived in Maclean they fenced all the Aborigines from the area onto Ulgundahi Island. They did this as a way to contain them. The island had a school and church for the people to attend and learn the white missionary ways. Aboriginal families continued living on Ulgundahi until 1961 when heavy flooding forced them to leave for good. The island continues to play an important role within the Yaelg landscape and it will continue to be the heart of the Yaelg people. I map the area of Yaelg land that I am most familiar with, by doing this I am able to share a part of who I am with those who view my work.

Jason Wing, Captain James Cook, 2013
In April 1770 Captain Cook sailed into Camay (Botany Bay), home of the Eora people, and declared that the country was terra nullius - a land belonging to no one. He promptly then took ‘possession’ of the country on behalf of the Crown. Australian politicians state that Australia was peacefully colonized despite the fact that Australia was stolen from the Aboriginal people by lethal force. Saying ‘sorry’ to Aboriginal people means nothing whilst the Intervention Policy still exists. The true purpose of Intervention has nothing to do with taking care of Aboriginal people, it robs them of their basic human rights. The Policy allows the Australian Government unlimited access to mining on sacred Aboriginal land and full control of Aboriginal people’s lives. The Intervention Policy proves that the Australian Government does not care about empowering Aboriginal people, or respecting them in any way. It provides no support for any hardships endured as a result of being dispossessed of land, culture and family. It also proves that fundamentally nothing has changed in 224 years. Things are getting worse for Aboriginal people.

Vernon Ah Kee, let’s be polite about aboriginal art, 2012
Aboriginal art in Australia suffers under the weight of a kind of national politeis. We can call it ‘pithoing’ or we can call it ‘political correctness’. Whichever we choose, ‘politeis’ would seem to imagine when approaching any area of the Aboriginal arts. And although a careful appropriateness can be evinced across the Aboriginal arts spectrum, it is in the visual arts that this cult of politeis has, over decades, been expressed in a breach of critique resulting in Aboriginal art being mired in mediocrity. Let’s be polite is an exhortation that, over a long period of time, the lack of constructive criticism in Aboriginal art has led it unavoidably to the point where much of what is called Aboriginal art falls into ever-narrowing and increasingly benign descriptions of, albeit decorative, art. Let’s be polite asserts that, over a long period of time, the lack of constructive criticism in Aboriginal art has led it unavoidably to the point where much of what is called Aboriginal art falls into ever-narrowing and increasingly benign descriptions of, albeit decorative, art. Let’s be polite mired in mediocrity.

Brett Nannup, Self Portrait, 2012
In Self Portrait, I have used a silhouette image of myself as an emerging printmaker with a commit-ment to the exploration, as an Aboriginal man, of who I am and where I belong.

Laurel Nannup, Pinjarra Reserve, 2012

I wanted to tell of when I was a young kid, of how we used to live on the Pinjarra Reserve. There was about eight families living on the Reserve, three of the houses were of wooden boards and the rest of them were tin shacks or tents. The Reserve was about two miles out of the township of Pinjarra. This is my memory of the Pinjarra Reserve in the 1950s.

Reko Rennie, Big Red, 2013

Big Red stands confidently upright, defiantly staking his claim to space, power, land and culture.

Laurel Nannup, Yellow Taxis, 2012

I was amazed to see how many yellow taxis there were in New York. They were all lined up and there seemed to be a lot of them in the street. I see more taxis in New York than I see in Perth.

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The print Terra-ist is part of a greater body of work. Terra means land and ist the fight for land. The term was first coined when George W. and Tony Blair and John Howard were pointing the finger at different groups and calling them terrorists yet they were perpetrating the same acts. I decided to disarm the finger painting by making up my own word. The word is taken from terra nullius, which means land devoid of people, which in itself was a legal lie used to describe Australia at the time of colonization.

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In self portrait, I have used a silhouette image of myself as an emerging printmaker with a commitment to the exploration, as an Aboriginal man, of who I am and who I belong.

The title refers to a place of dwelling or ‘humpy’. It is an aerial view looking down over my grandmother’s country of the Taree/Port Macquarie area. It is the part of New South Wales that belongs to the Biripi mob (tribe). It depicts all the humpies scattered across the vast land.

Jane Adamson, View from the Kitchen Window, 2012

A half hour ain’t long enough to sit and watch the world outside. The wind blowing in the trees, clouds whirling by under a winter sun, planes ascending-descending on their respective flight paths, wishing I were up there.

Every lunch hour I’d sit at this window and drift off into the world outside. Surrounded by walls at every station, visual line of sight was limited. How though, I could almost stretch my eyes, a popular spot with inmates. I could see and hear the planes, wanting nothing more than to be on one of them at that moment. Flight paths would change with the weather, but I would still be here every day till my time would come. Did it come and did I get on that plane?

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Aboriginal art in Australia suffers under the weight of a kind of national politeness. We can call it ‘tiptoeing’ or we can call it ‘political-correctness.’ Whichever we choose, ‘politeness’ would seem de rigueur when approaching any area of the Aboriginal arts. And although a careful appropriateness can be evidenced across the Aboriginal arts spectrum, it is in the visual arts that this cult of politeness has, decades been, expressed in a dearth of critique resulting in Aboriginal art being mired in mediocrity. Let’s be polite assert that, over a long period of time, the lack of constructive criticism in Aboriginal art has led it uneventfully to the point where much of what is called Aboriginal art falls into ever-narrowing and increasingly benign descriptions of, albeit decorative, mediocrity.

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An aerial view of Ulgundahi Island, one of the many islands contained within the banks of the Clarence River. This is the island that my mum grew up on. When the early settlers arrived in Maclean they fenced off all the Aborigines from the area onto Ulgundahi Island. They did this as a way to contain them. The island had a school and church for the people to attend and learn the white missionary ways. Aboriginal families continued living on Ulgundahi until 1961 when heavy flooding forced them to leave for good. The island continues to play an important role within the Yaegl landscape and it will continue to be the heart of the Yaegl people. I map the area of Yaegl land that I am most familiar with, by doing this I am able to share a part of who I am with those who view my work.

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This work is about Roy’s memories of growing up at Police Paddock Mission and the memories of his mother who grew up at Waramanga Mission, both situated on the Murrumbidgee River at Darlington Point outside the township of Griffith in South West New South Wales. It shows recurring themes of the mulberry tree, the church and the police station, which were the three constants in Roy Kennedy’s life at that time.

Tess Allias, dogma, 2011

dogma is my response across time to the nun who, in my first week of kindergarten, slapped me for not coloring in circles correctly. According to her circles were (are) traditionally colored-in by drawing straight lines across the orb rather than colouring using a spiral fashion as I had done. In the broader interpretation, this image is about the mass control of a people by the systems installed, generating fear and conformity.

Graham ‘Nudge’ Blacklock, Gumpy, 2012

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Art Design Media

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May 31 - August 18, 2013
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