



ARTING AROUND

Carly Fischer & Genneine Honey

20/30 March 2001

Sometimes I wish I made intimate narrative-based paintings, in guache.

When I'm not in the call centre or cafe, I like to be in the studio. I turn on the radio and just make my stuff. I get carried away, lost, compulsive and sometimes impulsive. One drawing fits into the other. Not that I draw of course, it's the drawing the 'non-drawing thing' that seems to be so fabulous at the moment. The process is meditative but by no means cohesive. My therapist encourages me to explore those tangents but I find myself immersed in this mess of objects and ideas. My sister (who is a chartered accountant but is passionate about the arts) advises me to organize more, use lists and that filofax she gave me. "You've done enough work to fill the MCA" she tells me. But as I try to find those conceptual gaps or those unfilled holes another fragment falls from the sky. I make it knowing too well that the forecast for today is a thunderstorm... It's an addictive just like Xanax. You take it as you would take Yves(-Alain) and Rosalind. You don't think, you do. (Cigarette break)

In between my moments of unique inspiration I flick through my favorite art magazines. Art/Text for west coast galleries Art Forum for east. I love reading the advertisements because they remind me of the art tour I went on in my student days - "International Art in Twenty Days." If we weren't shopping we were in a gallery somewhere. I bought cuffly things, belts, shoes and that waxy deodorant that designers make so well. I know what you're thinking I couldn't afford the Lang harnessT or the Miu Miu 'peasant' come 'petit-bourgeois' come 'we are so over the minimal monochromed nineties' outfit. Ok, I couldn't but that's only because my mother didn't budget those items into my expenditure. If I had to buy the 'Hussein Chalayan' catalog and 'Commes...' face washer to acquire a nifty carry bag, I would...I am so embarrassed I can't believe I told you that. Anyway sometimes the 'houses' decorate their stores with art. And sometimes art magazines decorate their pages with Meisel-esque fashion ads. And here I am in my Nicholas Building studio ready for my next idea (sorry tangent) to fall from the sky. I only hope my G4 Mac can fit the footage onto the hard-drive.(Coffee break)

Spiros Panigirakis