

ArtView

A person wearing a red jacket and a purple beanie is shown in profile, looking out over a vast, snowy, and mountainous landscape. The person is holding a small object, possibly a camera or a notebook, in their hands. The background is a soft-focus view of snow-covered peaks and a body of water.

Books
**Rebecca
Lim**

Sculpture
**Elyssa
Sykes-Smith**

High
Impact
Andy Trieu

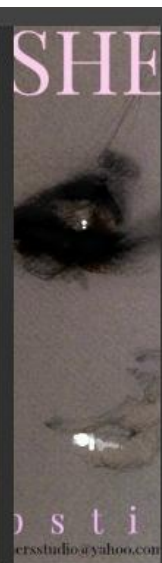
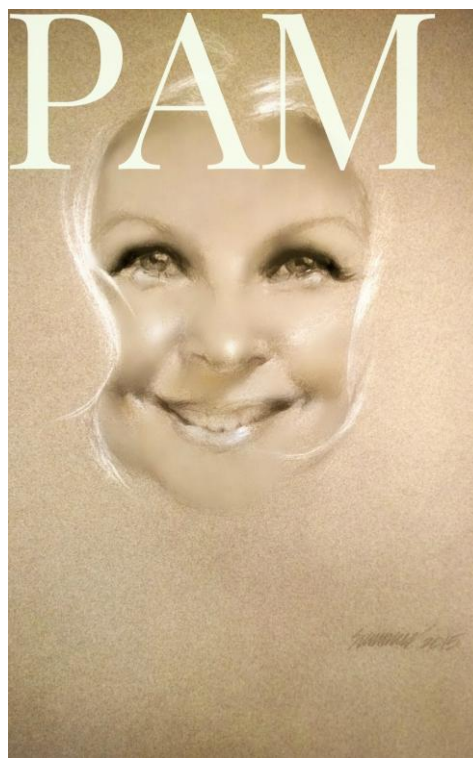
Poetry
Crystal Davis

Danielle
Hatherley
**Scenes
Revisited**

Historical
Novels
**A New
Chapter**

Publishing
**Mikhail
Strogoff**

Danielle Eubank
Arctic Visions



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In this issue of *ArtView*:

([Click](#) on the image to view the story)



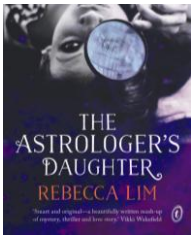
ArtView Question:

“Are paper books becoming extinct?” – some notable authors give their opinion.



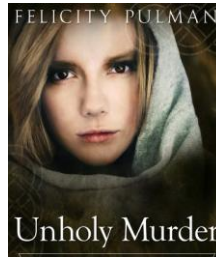
Maximum Impact

Andy Trieu is making a serious impact in the worlds of acting, comedy and as a TV host – with big plans ahead.



Favourite Book:

From author **Rebecca Lim** – also with an extract from her acclaimed new book: **The Astrologer's Daughter**.



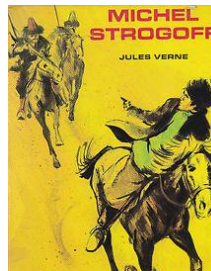
History Making

The first conference of the **Historical Novel Society Australasia** looks at the relation between novelists and historians.



Sculpture

Elyssa Sykes-Smith creates figures that give new life and energy to the space they inhabit.



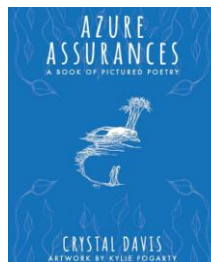
Publishing

An exciting new version of a true classic from **Jules Verne** – **Mikhail Strogoff**.



Abstract Arctic

Expedition artist **Danielle Eubank** makes a voyage to the Arctic, finding unexpected revelations in the natural world.



Poetry

Crystal Davis wrote poetry to heal her pain, resulting in an acclaimed collaboration with artist **Kylie Fogarty**.



Scenes Revisited

Artist **Danielle Hatherley** has drawn new inspiration from returning to familiar scenes.

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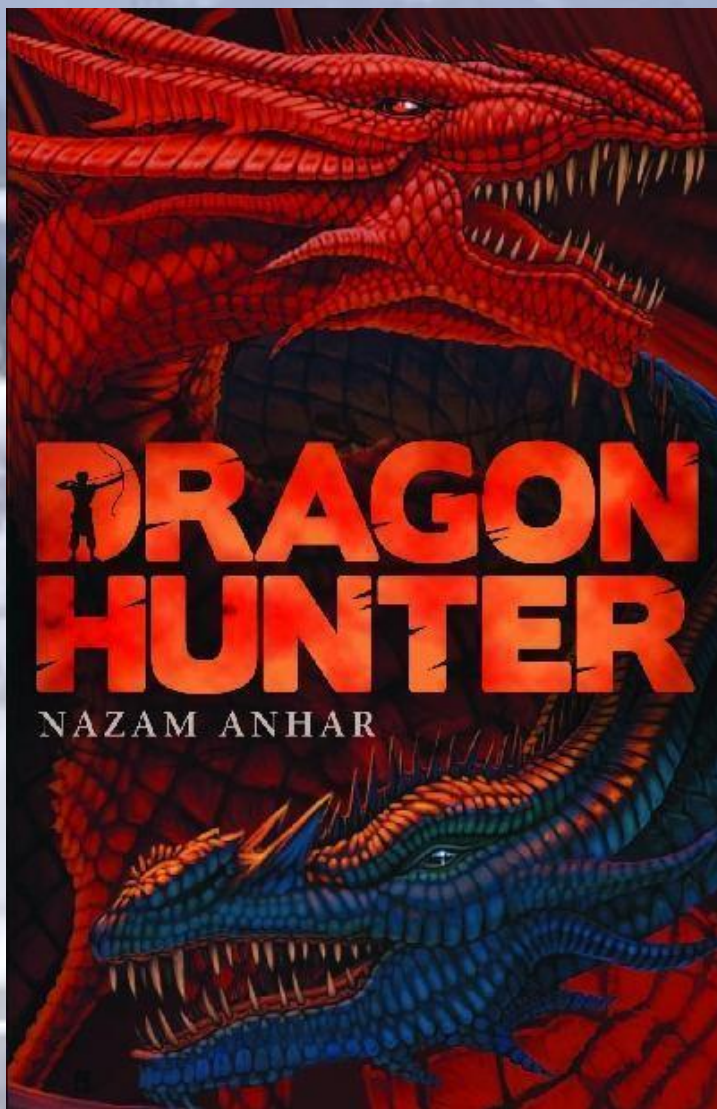
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“HIGHLY RECOMMENDED for readers aged 10 to 14 years old. This is an exciting, page-turning story . . . Fantasy and dragon lovers will enjoy this book.”

Jane Moore [Readplus.com]

“AN EPIC SETTING and a fantastic story, of how to overcome bullying; about finding one’s inner strength to rise above adversity, and above all, how to triumph against fear. Readers, boys and girls alike, will love Dragon Hunter.”

Cassandra Griffin [Buginabook]

“ADVENTURE PACKED, graphic dragon battle scenes, and characters that develop with each challenge, make this story an inspiring read.”

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ArtView on Facebook

One of the features on our Facebook page is the **#ArtViewQuestion** – the latest is: *“Are paper books becoming extinct?”* The replies we received included some comments from notable authors and journalists.



devotees of both forms but I think many people use ebooks for convenience and yet still love to hold and read a paper book with a beautiful cover, and the ease of flipping through and marking lines. I find a physical book the most convenient of all - no battery, no chance of breakdowns or forgetting you have it (well they do sometimes disappear in my teetering piles). The best sign for print is that almost all children's book sales are still in paper and that market is booming. Kids will embrace technology as they get older, of course, but the love of books is ingrained from the beginning.

Michael Robotham:

Plenty of room for both. I use an ereader for travelling and insomnia but prefer to read physical books. I tend to skim read ebooks but better comprehend what I read on paper. That's why I edit on paper. EBook sales around the world seem to be plateauing. Paper is here to stay.

Sophie Masson:

Paper books are definitely not extinct, in fact they are not only holding their own but going up again after a brief period where e-books' rise looked unstoppable. As Michael points out, that has now plateau-ed to a point where it probably has reached its natural level... Interestingly by the way young readers--those under say 16--in my experience much prefer printed books to e-books. Yes there's room for both types of formats--and I think that now the first panic has passed, most publishers realise this.

Susan Wyndham:

No, the paper book survives and is loved by most readers. Ebooks seem to have plateaued at about 15-20 per cent of sales, a bit higher in the US, much lower in many countries. For a while it seemed they wouldn't stop eating the print book market. There are

Felicity Pulman:

I don't think so, especially not amongst kids who are more techno-savvy than anyone! It's lovely to curl up with a book - but having said that, I love my kindle too, especially when I'm travelling, but also to find books that aren't available yet in Australia.

Caroline Lawrence:

I will read (or listen to a book in any format). I actually think it's nice that we're not destroying quite as many trees to make books these days!

Paola Totaro:

My book mad 14 year old won't touch a kindle: paper is the only medium for her in books - and that generation lead the way on multi platform media use. Books are here to stay I'm sure of it.

Readers are welcome to add comments on this #ArtViewQuestion and others at:

<http://t.co/UdAcCSzG5B>

Follow our page for news, updates and special features.

"Drawn from Life" by Anne King

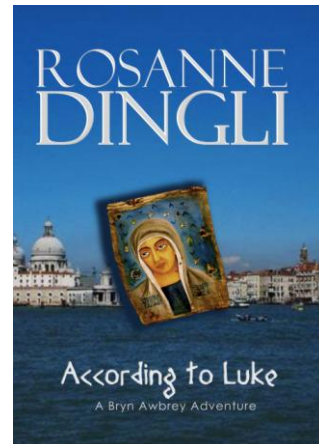
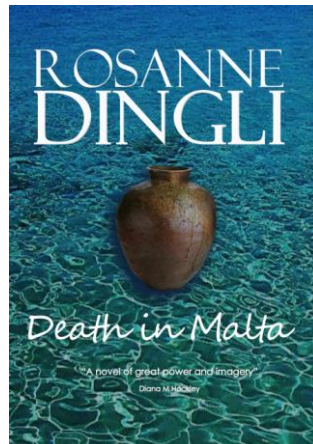
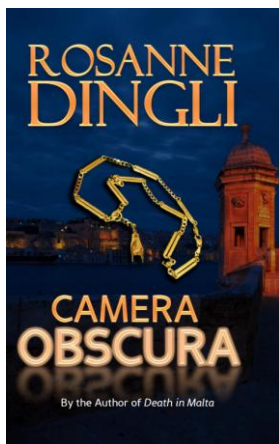
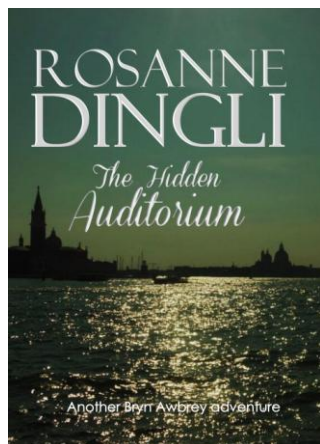
Exhibition Dates: (8.5.2015 - 26.5.2015) at the [Waterwheel Gallery](#)



[Waterwheel Gallery](#)
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Anne King is a Melbourne based artist who specialises in drawing and collage. Her figurative works are inspired by her overseas travel, most recently to France, India and Japan.

www.annekingartist.com



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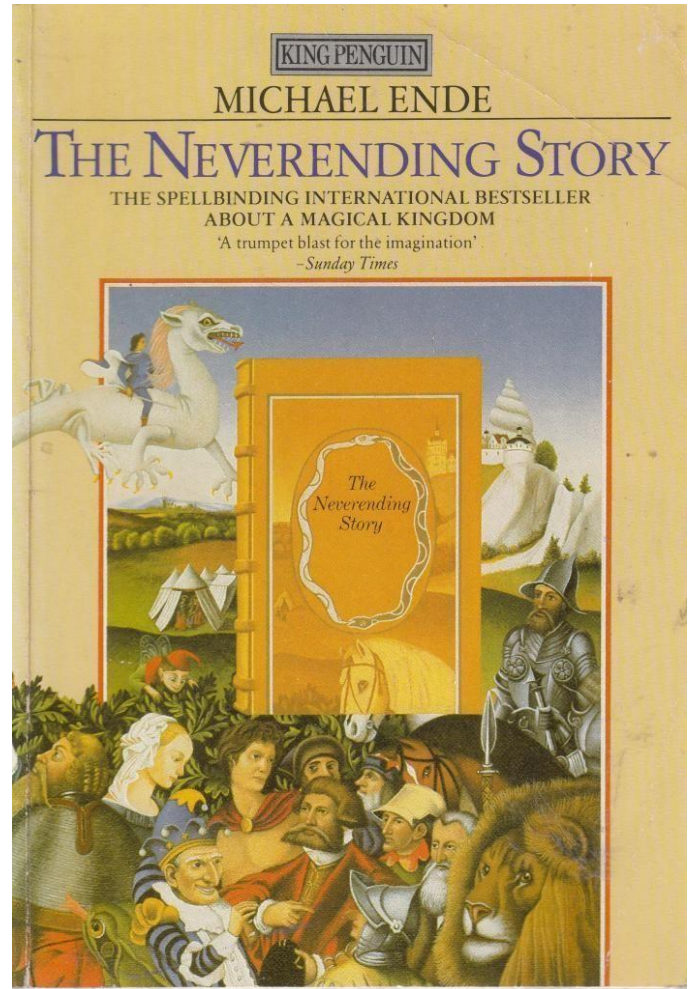
Favourite Book: Rebecca Lim

I was born in Singapore but moved to Warwick, Queensland in the early 1970s where my dad was the town G.P. On an application form for a driver's licence, I believe, Dad wrote in the box where it said 'Skin colour' "medium" because a question like that is always going to be confusing. But the officer who took the form from him struck out the word and wrote "dark". Moments like that — in your family history and in your own life — will stick and have an impact on the kind of person you become, and the work you do as an adult.

Which is why — after a diet pendulous with Trixie Belden, Enid Blyton, The Three Investigators, Nancy Drew, The Hardy Boys and abridged English literary classics — reading *The Neverending Story*, by German author Michael Ende, was a revelation. What that book brought home — as an eleven-year-old Australian-Chinese girl on holiday in Singapore — was that skin colour is completely irrelevant. It's what you do *inside* that skin that counts.

Not to be confused with the execrable movie of 1984, *The Neverending Story* (Allen Lane, 1983) has as its central heroic triumvirate: a "fat little boy of ten or twelve", a small boy from a nomadic hunting tribe with blue-black hair and green skin, and a ruling empress who resembles a beautiful child with snow-white hair and golden eyes. Among other things, the novel is populated by black-skinned centaurs, talking werewolves, sentient insect swarms, ghouls, giant guardian snakes and a wingless, magic luck dragon with ruby-red eyes.

Briefly, Bastian Balthazar Bux (the pasty-skinned kid) is the daily target of school bullies. He is completely ignored by his father, who is still grief-stricken after the death of Bastian's mother. Instead of attending class one day, Bastian — heeding some impulse he can't name — steals a strange old hardback from a second-hand book dealer called "The Neverending Story". Bastian then hides away in his school attic to read it all through that day and into the dawn of the next. But



inside those hours, an entire world — Fantastica — is destroyed and born again. And Bastian is witness to all of it.

The Neverending Story was ground-breaking for me on many levels. It's a story within a story: the book itself is *inside* the book. How many times as a child have you wished to enter and be a part of the story you were reading? Well, Bastian *is* the reader physically drawn into the story, becoming a god-like player in it — capable both of creation and destruction. Before I even knew what "breaking the fourth wall" meant, here was a book that made me, the reader, complicit in that. "The Neverending Story" that Bastian reads begins to speak directly to him. When he cries out in his world, he is heard by the characters inside the book he holds. They beg

him to enter the story and become their hero. On one level, the book is a fable about the power of love and imagination. But it's also a rumination on the act of reading and on the real magic of books: that they can change your life.

If you're familiar with my writing, you'll know that I write the same way that I read: I like a good genre "mash-up". I like to read and write across the spectrum (paranormal, mystery, literary, crime, thriller, romance, you name it).

Like the decaying Fantastica we first encounter in *The Neverending Story*, ours is a dark, complex, chaotic and densely-layered world. When I'm creating a fictional world, and people to move through it, I subscribe to that Japanese way of looking at things that's summed up in the words **wabi-sabi**. Paraphrasing badly, it means something like "beauty from imperfection." To me, a character is more complete, more beautiful, more memorable and interesting, if they are flawed. And the world they inhabit — especially if it looks like ours — has to be as wide and amazing and conflicted as ours is if it's going to go anywhere near seeming "authentic" or "real".

So if I set out to create a female heroine, I will consciously ensure that she is a think-on-the-fly, strong and abrasive, yet empathetic character because I have been surrounded by strong women my entire life — in the home, in the careers I have led, in my friendships. I won't foreground romance for the sake of romance because life is often about difficult choices and getting through. And romance is the icing, but it's never the cake.

Another thing you will notice about my books, is that people like you and me, the person you stand next to on the tram, will feature in them. When I was growing up, no one on *Neighbours* or *Sons and Daughters* looked remotely like me, or spoke a different language. So when I finally started getting things published, I was granted the ability to adjust the "real" world my characters lived in to include Chinese and Columbian kids, people who spoke Spanish or Russian or Italian, or who were forced to work as strippers or waitresses or clairvoyants, just to make ends meet. I've tried to fill my books with the kinds of people we live side-by-side with, the kinds of people we are. I just do it because it adds to



the "reality" of the story and the characters, and reflects the world *I* live in. Writing the "real" into the fictional is what I do.

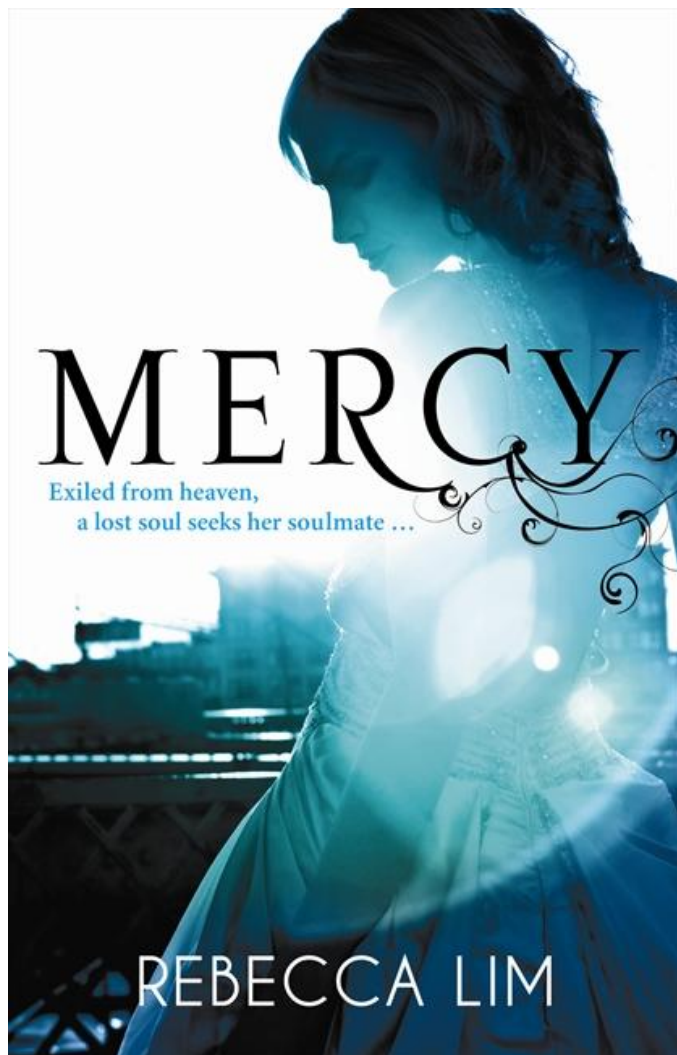
My take is: if you're going to write fantasy — urban, steampunk, whatever — you need to ground it and dirty things up and give it a patina of realism before you can even go off the map.

Like my novel *Mercy*, my latest novel, *The Astrologer's Daughter* was a fictional response to some terrible stories involving crimes against women that were emerging in the press around the time I was writing. The "real world" news is a potent trigger for book ideas. What people do to each other in real life is staggering.

I don't set out to write easy-to-read, teen-chick-lit. I've been strongly urged to do it, but it's not my bag. With my books, I always hope to reach readers who are willing — while being entertained — to think and worry and be challenged by the themes I cover. I especially want readers to be aware that — even if, or *especially* if — you're girly and klutzy

and “unremarkable”, the world doesn’t necessarily offer up multiple love triangles of hot boys. I’m interested in telling it like it is. And it’s not pretty, but it’s hopefully, *real*. When I was young, I felt desperately sad and angry and powerless because I couldn’t say or do anything about the terrible things that happen to women in the world. But writing has given me a forum to express the kind of “feminism” I believe in, and to express my outrage at the things that are done to women, and to take a small stand against the standard fictional female heroine that girls are often presented with.

I try to write in such a way that my reader is almost forced to walk in the heroine’s shoes. For the most part I favour the first person, present tense, to enable the reader to feel a growing sense of unease exactly when the heroine does; to feel a sense of empathy and immediacy and solidarity; to hope for her, and want for her, the things you would want for yourself: warmth, love, safe harbour.



And why all the “paranormal”? How is that “real”? Well, my view is that injecting an element of the paranormal into my storylines sets our humanity in stark relief. Something that Michael Ende himself does in *The Neverending Story*. I can explore what it means to be human: to love, to grieve, to feel and react, against a backdrop of unease, or otherworldliness. I can test the boundaries of my characters’ humanity and strengths against the unknown. And we, as readers, love paranormal storylines. We want to believe in the extraordinary, and that the extraordinary is possible, and that magic is still alive and exists in the world. It makes the act of living bearable to think that there could be “something else” besides us out there. It’s why *The Neverending Story* spoke to me so strongly all those years ago: heroes *can* make mistakes, slight girls can rule empires, every single creature in creation — no matter their shape, colour or species — has a part to play in the story, making the world that much richer.

©Rebecca Lim March 2015

Rebecca Lim is a writer and illustrator based in Melbourne, Australia. She worked as a commercial lawyer for several years before leaving to write full time. Rebecca is the author of sixteen books for children and young adult readers, most recently *The Astrologer’s Daughter* (Text Publishing). Her novels have been translated into German, French, Turkish, Portuguese and Polish.

The Astrologer’s Daughter has just been short-listed in the YA category of the 2014 **Aurealis Awards** and long-listed for the 2015 **Gold Inky Award**.

Find out more at:

www.textpublishing.com.au/books/the-astrologer-s-daughter

An extract from *The Astrologer’s Daughter* follows.



FROM THE
AUTHOR OF
MERCY

THE ASTROLOGER'S DAUGHTER

REBECCA LIM

'Smart and original—a beautifully written mash-up
of mystery, thriller and love story.' Vikki Wakefield



PART 1



Your life takes an unexpected turn this week. Stay alert.

1

My mother always called it *the eventuality*.

Not the *maybe*, or the *probably*.

‘It’s going to happen,’ she would tell me calmly. ‘I even know when. It’s a twist in my stars. It’s written there, and we have to accept it.’

My mother, Joanne Nielsen Crowe. She has a name, she’s not a *was*.

I’m struggling to recall what she was wearing. I’m struggling to recall her exact state of mind. She always drills into me how important every moment is, each one trembling with potential. ‘One minute,’ she will say, ‘one degree rising, can change everything, darling. Remember.’

I have to get the story straight or they’ll think I’m

deranged and won't listen, won't care. I have to be credible. I have to be coherent, orderly, the way *she* is.

She's beautiful. And kind. Small, and sort of frail-looking, but the hardest worker. She never sits still, she always has to be doing something, or making something, with her blue-veined, fine-boned hands. You would forget, after a while, that she was missing five joints on her right one. You just stop noticing, so industrious she is, with what she has left.

'It's like you've got a condition,' I tell her in mock disgust, whenever she sews or draws or types, and Mum will laugh.

But she's a bad cook, a really bad cook. I took over doing that for the both of us when I was ten and she was trying to hold down the country-town bakery job and the thing at the doctor's clinic that didn't work out because some sleazebag called Graham kept inventing illnesses just to harass her for a date. It was the only thing I could do to help, cooking, and I've just kept doing it, through every move, every new upheaval. We had to leave town, I remember, because of that man, Graham from Rainbow, with his isolated farmhouse, extensive gun collection and pack of pit bulls. There was nowhere to go, everyone knew everyone; they all had an opinion. And everywhere my mother turned, he'd be there; taking up her time, wanting her all to himself. It was suffocating.

People always attach themselves to Mum. They get addicted. It only ever goes one way; always in her direction. Eventually, women *and* men find themselves craving her, like a drug. And she, *we*, have to leave and start over.

But for her, there was only ever one love in this life, one drug, and he's gone. I never really knew my father, although I have this memory: of waking in the dark and walking into the glow of him watching the television, alone in a room somewhere, the sound turned down low so as not to wake the two of us. He'd touched my hair and we'd sat side-by-side in the flickering light. And that's it. I remember my father as an instance of light, just a presence beside me. But I'm told I have his long, dark eyes and eyelashes, the same dimple in my right cheek. Though the rest of me is *some new animal altogether*, Mum said once, laughing.

Some new animal. That's me.

'There won't be another like him, you know,' she'd added, her expression going still and inward, the way it always did when she thought about Dad. 'It's kind of nice, to have so much certainty. It means I don't have to try anymore. I can just *be*. It's a relief.'

But that's what she is known for—*trying*. Trying to squeeze everybody in; trying to make people feel special, and seen; trying to find the truth in amongst the chaos that makes up the singular state of existence. Mum helps

anyone and everyone. She's always giving away our money and our belongings: to strangers in the park; to people she gets talking to in queues at the bank or down the shops; to weird, dead-eyed Jehovah's Witnesses with greasy hair who come looking for converts and end up converted themselves to The Way of Joanne. She always says that every single life is a struggle against pre-determination, and she has the proof; case after case, chart after chart, annotated with strange hieroglyphs in her own delicate half-hand. 'If you let it,' she always tells people sternly, 'it will happen. Only the strong-willed can change what's in the stars. It's always, and only ever, up to you.'

She's persuasive, Mum. People see the big blue doll's eyes and the long, white-blond hair worn with a poker-straight centre part, and don't realise at first what they're dealing with. She's iron and velvet in human form. She's a magus.

Everywhere we go, word gets around that she's *good*, that she never gets it wrong. When she says it will happen, it *will*; like white water, it will suck you down if you let it. Maybe things don't pan out the way the person hearing it expects them to, but her readings always fit, *always*. When people look back at what's just hit them like a semi bearing down on them standing helpless in the road, the answer would always have been there in their forecast, all along. They just hadn't been seeing it.

‘You just have to know what to ask,’ Mum will mutter as she works her arcana at night, always at night, with a bowl of tinned soup, or a bitter black coffee on a tray beside her—no milk, no sugar, because she’ll buy me sweeties to eat at the drop of a hat but she won’t touch them herself. ‘You just have to know where to look.’

Strangers come from all over. I open the door, or answer the phone at some God-awful hour, and it is always some new client who is quietly, though more often openly, desperate. And the questions they want answers to are always urgent, always *life and death*, need-to-know, let me at her, I gotta see her, now, now, *now*.

And most of them don’t pay. Or can’t. Not in money, anyway.

Mum’s ‘reading room’—where hearts are set at rest, or mended, or broken all over again—is really just our meals area, only separated from our open kitchen by a vinyl-covered breakfast bar. All the reading room contains is an overflowing bookcase, a couple of mismatched chairs and a battered antique card table covered in a plastic tablecloth with a lacy, doily pattern embedded in it. The kind of ‘fabric’ you can buy by the metre from a haberdashery store that’s easy to wipe down.

‘It’s the only way to keep the only table we have in the house clean enough for us to eat off,’ she said once. ‘Fear and stains go hand in hand. You’d do well to

remember that in this line of work.'

Our place is full of things like that tablecloth. Things that speak of making-do and desperation and aspiration. When people can't pay Mum's fee, there's almost an unspoken rule that they bring knick-knacks in lieu: pot plants, porcelain dolls, wonkily hand-painted ceramic platters, crystal figurines, feathered dreamcatchers, cheesy vases only big enough for tiny rosebuds, and commemorative coin sets by the score...You get the idea.

These things rest on every available surface in our apartment; line the narrow hallway to the front door like an honour guard comprised solely of kitsch. It has always been that way for as long as I can remember. Necessity causes us to shed things from move to move, but bric-a-brac is drawn to us somehow, as if my mother and I are especially magnetised. There are too many things to make out in the darkening bedroom I am now sitting in; they peek out one behind another, hanging off the cabinetry, probably breeding furiously in the dark, exclaiming to each other, to the silence:

You're a star.

Thanks a bunch!

Happiness is.

They are the gifts of grateful people with no taste, or no idea. It's almost like the Franklin Mint, or a home

shopping show, has set up a showroom in the place where we live.

‘And I wouldn’t have it any other way,’ Mum said once, firmly, in her *end-of-discussion* voice. ‘Don’t look at them as *things*. They are realised *emotions*: like relief, anger, sadness, gratitude. You are surrounded by thanks—a powerful thing to have about you.’

Yeah. And look at how it has protected her.

I’m like that tablecloth, I’ve decided. A repeating pattern, embedded in plastic, frozen in place. Fully functional and easy-care, but so unlovely.

It’s hell to keep clean, this home. Which is only *home* because my mother and I were together in it, and not even for long enough to catch breath. Just five lousy months, a record of brevity, even for us. Without Mum here tonight, our tiny apartment seems cavernous and strange, every grinning, dancing bear and ceramic clown wearing an air of darkling menace.

I know I’ve waited long enough, but my hand hesitates over the handset, fearful that I’ve misread her absence as something more than it is. She might be making a special house call, which she has done before. Maybe she’s still stuck on a country train, somewhere, someplace without mobile coverage. It’s possible: she goes to those lengths to see something through, even though she can’t afford to care as much as she does. Mum hates fuss and attention; has

made a life out of casting the spotlight back onto others.

What I'm about to do would horrify her.

But she's never left me alone without explanation. Knowing what's out there has made her hyper-cautious, made her a great note-taker and note-leaver. On the bathroom mirror, on my bedside table, on the kitchen bench:

Love you.

Take care.

Call me?

It's been twenty-eight whole hours since her last message went straight to my voicemail. There had been a minute of static, threaded through by the sound of a moving car, maybe the rumble of a man's voice on the radio? Afternoon noises. Just a mistake message left by her hip hitting her bag, or something inside it shifting and speed-dialling me by accident.

I've searched everywhere at home, looked under every stupid trinket and scuffed article of furniture, rifled through her sacred cabinet of futures foretold, and found nothing to say where Mum is, or what she could be doing.

I have a photographic memory for words—I could sit down and write out the whole of page 52 of *Chemistry Matters!* right now—but Wednesday, the day I last saw my mother, is an immediate blank. Which means she never said where she was going or I would remember. I would.

It's time to call. Every minute is vital; everything can change in just one minute. She taught me that.

I pick up the handset, the faint purr of the dial tone radiating out of my palm. Night shadows and reflected neon from street signage play across my frozen figure, my olive skin that is more like his was, than hers.

It's a powerful thing, fear, the *not* of not-knowing. After they get to know my mother and what she can do, no client ever calls her *Jo* again, not even *Joanne*. They're too afraid to call her anything, really, by the end, when they're walking away with their progressions and transits and retrogrades clutched in their cold, trembling fingers. All the knowledge brought down by one small woman in a flannel shirt and faded pedal pushers.

Over time she's come to be known as *The Astrologer*.

And me? *The Astrologer's Daughter*.

When I answer the door, see, that's what they say.

And though I, more than anyone, should know that the stars are impersonal—they wheel and grind and turn without reference to our wants or needs or desires—my mother, Joanne Nielsen Crowe, didn't deserve what's already come to pass, just because she let it.

She *let* it.

That's what has shaken me most. She did not fight it. She stopped running, and let *it*—*the eventuality*, the black hole she foresaw in her own future that she would

never tell me about—take her. When I pressed her about it once, all she said was: *Death isn't just a person dressed all in black, darl. It's a place we're each of us heading to.*

I've never understood that. But the words have always stuck with me: that she thinks death is a country with its own topography, horizon, stars and moons and planets, just like our own.

In a flurry of bile and nerves, I dial.

'My name is Avicenna Crowe,' I tell the woman who answers, her voice crisp and emotionless. 'I'd like to report a missing person please.'

SCULPTURE

at SCENIC WORLD



Artwork: Irene Anton, *Intervention Invading Network no. 40* (image courtesy of artist)

33 international and Australian artists will transform Scenic World's natural Jurassic rainforest in the Blue Mountains with world-class sculptures for the upcoming Sculpture at Scenic World 2015.

Now in its fourth year, the exhibition (15 April – 10 May 2015) will feature international artists from Germany, Finland, New Zealand, the Netherlands and Japan, alongside many Australian artists, including five Blue Mountains' artists.

The 2015 exhibition of sculptures installed in the Jamison Valley along the longest boardwalk in Australia, will be a major showcase of confident artworks by accomplished artists. They will compliment and coexist in the natural forest-scape, embracing a wide variety of themes and sculptural influences.

For more information visit: www.scenicworld.com.au/sculpture

See a selection of works from the exhibition in ArtView

Form and Function

Elyssa Sykes-Smith



Photos by **Asaf Sultan**



Elyssa Sykes-Smith is a Sydney based artist currently exploring the figure through sculpture and working within the fields of site-specific sculpture and

installation. She has recently completed a BFA(Hons) in Sculpture at the National Art School. Sykes-Smith has exhibited for the third year in Sculpture by the Sea, Bondi, receiving the Clitheroe Foundation Mentorship in 2012 and the Staff Choice Award in 2013; and Sculpture by the Sea Cottesloe 2015. She was awarded the People's Choice Prize in the Sculpture at Sawmillers Exhibition 2014; the Julian Beaumont Sculpture Prize in 2012; the Sculpture In The Valley People's Choice Award in 2011; she has recently taken part in the Heath Ledger Young Artists Oral History Project, National Film and Sound Archives, and has work in the Saatchi & Saatchi Sydney collection.

Elyssa is one of the artists selected for **Sculpture at Scenic World 2015**

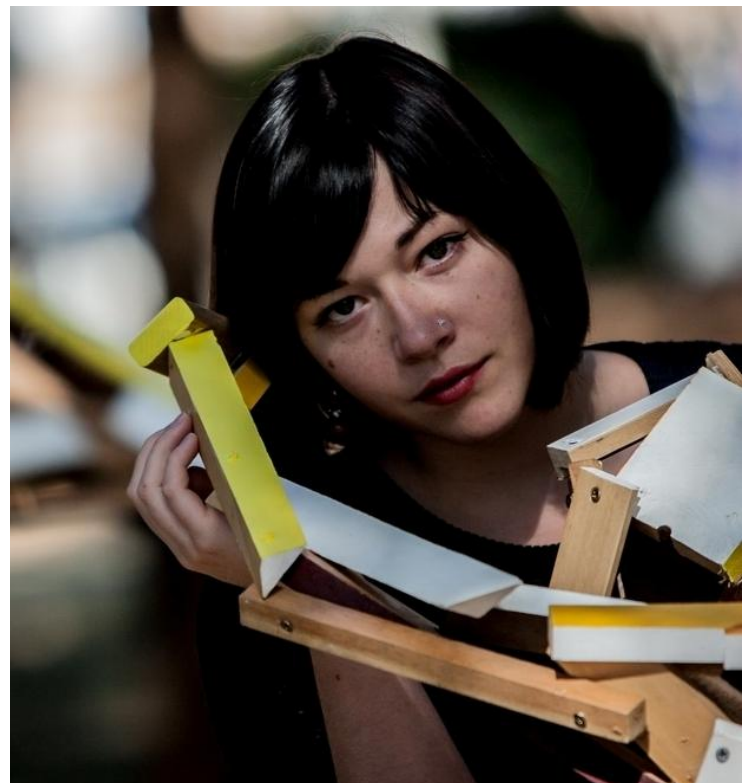


Momentum The Lab, Art Pharmacy, Sydney Fringe Festival 2014

ARTIST STATEMENT

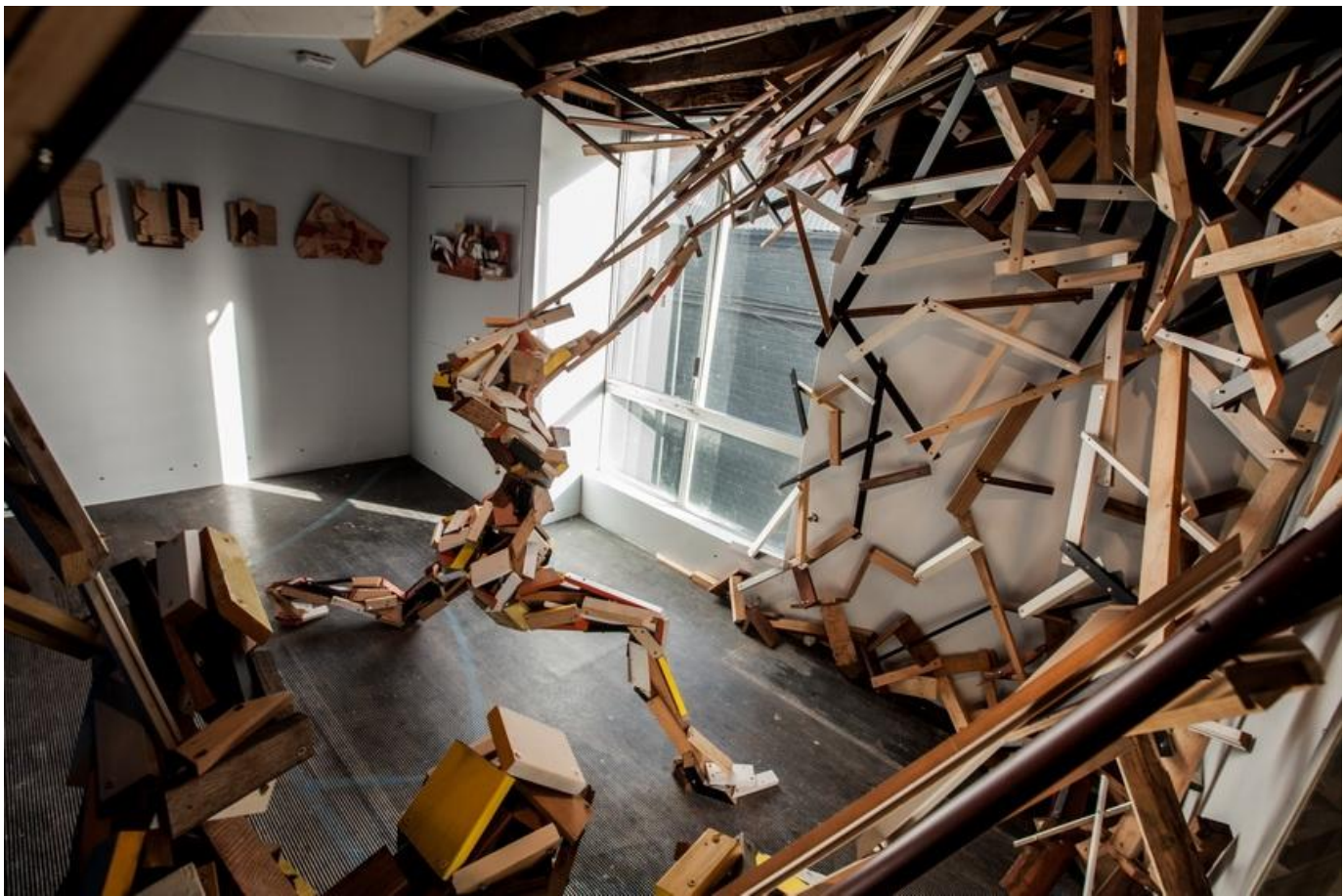
My work is founded on the principle that the simple pose or gesture of a figure has great communicative and expressive power. I am interested in translating, as opposed to imitating, the figure to suggest embodied human experience. I aim to develop my figurative sculptures into more abstracted forms through an exploration and deconstruction of space, movement, form and plane using a broad range of processes and materials like modeling and casting with metals and constructing in timber to express how it feels to be in a body.

I am currently focusing in on the exciting avenue of Site-specific sculpture. Responding to spaces intuitively and exploring natural and architectural sites is a strong focus for my sculptural work. When the sculpture not only responds to, but brings a site alive, a dynamic relationship is created between the viewer, artwork and surrounding environment.





Brolga commissioned by Saatchi & Saatchi Australia, Agency stairwell, Sydney 2014



Momentum The Lab, Art Pharmacy 2014



Emotional Evolution Sculpture at the Vineyards 2014



The Chase Sculpture by the Sea, Bondi 2014



Dissolution Sculpture at Sawmillers, McMahon's Point 2014



The Tempest Sculpture by the Sea, Cottesloe WA 2015

UPDATE:

Elyssa Sykes-Smith has been named as winner of the **Sculpture at Scenic World Award 2015**



Sculpture at Scenic World Project 2015

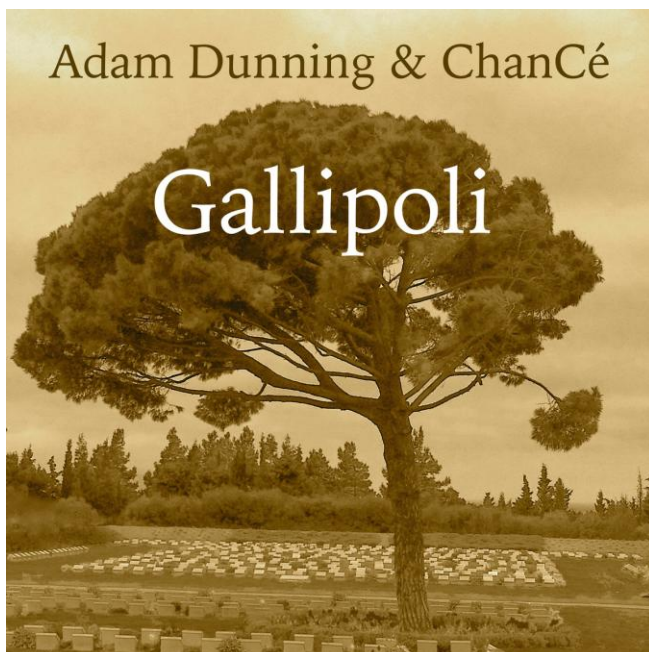
“A Canopy of Thoughts” is a site-specific installation that evolves around the notion of a grasped moment of clarity amongst the haze of uncertainty.

Every single person exists with a network of thoughts, of crisscrossing ideas, dilemmas and dreams that they generate and carry along with them consciously and subconsciously. In sculpture the physical evokes the emotional: Expressed visually these thoughts form a canopy above us – simultaneously protecting and blocking us. The protagonist in the artwork peers up into the overwhelming canopy of thoughts and in a moment of clarity reaches up to connect with a focused idea. We, as the protagonists in our own lives, become the roots for these thoughts to become formed ideas which can then be acted upon.

www.elyssasykes-smith.com



A Canopy of Thoughts Sculpture at Scenic World 2015



A special song written to commemorate the centenary of the Gallipoli campaign by Australian musician **Adam Dunning** and Turkish artist **ChanCé**.

Available now on iTunes:

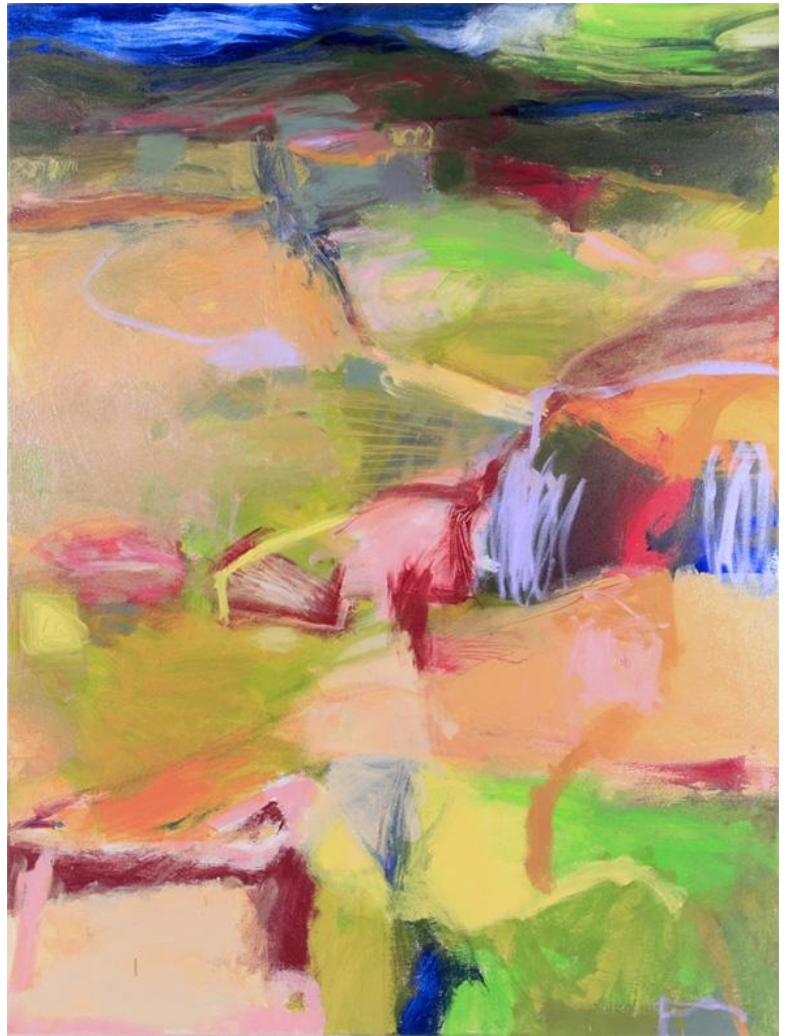
<https://itunes.apple.com/au/album/gallipoli/id978399586?i=978399602&ign-mpt=uo%3D4>

And also on Bandcamp:

www.adamdunning.bandcamp.com

www.adamdunning.com

www.chanceofficial.com



Ruth le Cheminant is a Blue Mountains artist known for her vibrant use of colour in a highly personal response to the environment. She also enjoys working with collage and found objects. She was recently selected as a finalist in the Calleen Art Prize. A range of work in various media are available directly from the artist:

www.ruthlecheminant.com

www.theloadedbrush.com.au

Abstract Arctic

Danielle Eubank



Prussian blue waters, ice pillows, frozen earth, and an omnipresent moon. I have just returned from an expedition to the High Arctic as part of my plan to paint all of the oceans on the planet. Now I only have one more to go, the Antarctic. I sailed to the Arctic on a 3-masted tall ship with the **Arctic Circle**, an expeditionary program that puts scientists and artists together to explore the High Arctic. We started in Longyearbyen, which is the northernmost settlement on the planet, in the archipelago of Svalbard, an international territory north of Norway. From there we sailed to nearly 80 degrees north, just below the permanent ice that covers the North Pole. September/October is about the only time boats can get that far north. The rest of the year the permanent

ice coming from the North Pole covers that part of the Arctic Ocean so boats aren't able to go any further.

One of my great passions is exploring the 'line' between abstraction and representation in visual art. I turn representational subject matter (notably water) into abstract, formal paintings. Now I am painting the most *abstract* waterscape I have ever seen.

For my Arctic Ocean series I am faced with a natural waterscape unlike anything I have witnessed before. Normally, I deconstruct the physical forms found in water to create stacks of abstracted rhythms. In this case, the Arctic Ocean already looks abstract before I've had a chance to deconstruct it. My work is formal, abstract. I paint shapes and patterns inspired by ripples and wavelets on the surface of water. For



Arctic Sketchbook: Floating ice (Oil on paper 7x10 inches)

this series I am creating large oil on linen paintings, upwards of 7x9 feet, exploring the emotive qualities of the formal shapes of the Arctic Ocean including the ice and fjords.

The color of the Arctic is a steel-Prussian blue this time of year, and every few hours I saw a different type of ice in the water. One hour a fjord could be filled with polygonal pillows of ice dusted with white snow. The next hour thousands of miniature pale blue icebergs would float by, snapping and crackling as the gases inside them burst. At one point we were surrounded by so much ice that I felt like I was floating in a mint julep. At the end of every fjord is a glacier, a miles-long wall of turquoise-cerulean ice calving into the sea, carrying with it bits of rock and sand, carving out the mountains in real time. (The ship's crew told me that the glaciers are a lot smaller than even 5 years ago. We saw islands that have probably not been revealed in thousands of years).

The entire Arctic world is an exercise in abstraction. It is as if Mother Nature is playing a trick on we 'Middle Earthers' by showing us what she can





Arctic mountains

do at the poles. For a start, the sun doesn't rise above the horizon starting the third week of October. This means that there is daylight, but not daylight as we know it. Instead it's a kind of bluish-grey light, with the tips of the mountains alight with the last pink rays of sun coloring their peaks. From November 14 – January 29 there is no light at all.

Not only does the sun behave strangely, but so does the moon. This time of the year the moon makes an oval around the North Pole so it is nearly always visible. The night sky is increasingly important as the days get shorter by about 20 minutes per day. After several days of sailing we had a clear night and many of us were anxious to see the Northern Lights, the aurora borealis. Ironically, the captain of the boat informed us that we were *too far north* to see them. They form a ring around the pole and we were well inside the ring. We did finally see them some time later when we worked our way south. We had to look *south* in order to see them.

I filled up an entire sketchbook with ideas and impressions. Each day was spent on land, hiking, sketching, and taking photos. Like any tourist in an unfamiliar land, my sketches are first impressions and will stay in the sketchbook. I will use the sketches as launching points for ideas and memories of how the scenery affected me. A lot of the behavior of the landscape is dictated by the permafrost that is 100-600 meters thick. Because the earth is frozen starting about 1 meter beneath the surface, there is no drainage and that means only select plants can grow there. Both of the Earth's poles are deserts and this is fortunate for the plants, given the lack of drainage. Some plants, like the Tufted Saxifrage, look similar to what I find in the desert of Southern California. No trees grow in Svalbard. Frost heave and soil creep are conditions of permafrost that push rocks to the surface and make buildings unstable. In Longyearbyen all water, sewer, and electrical ducts have to be above the surface. Stones split due to extreme cold and heat fluctuations over the years



Our boat in a fjord





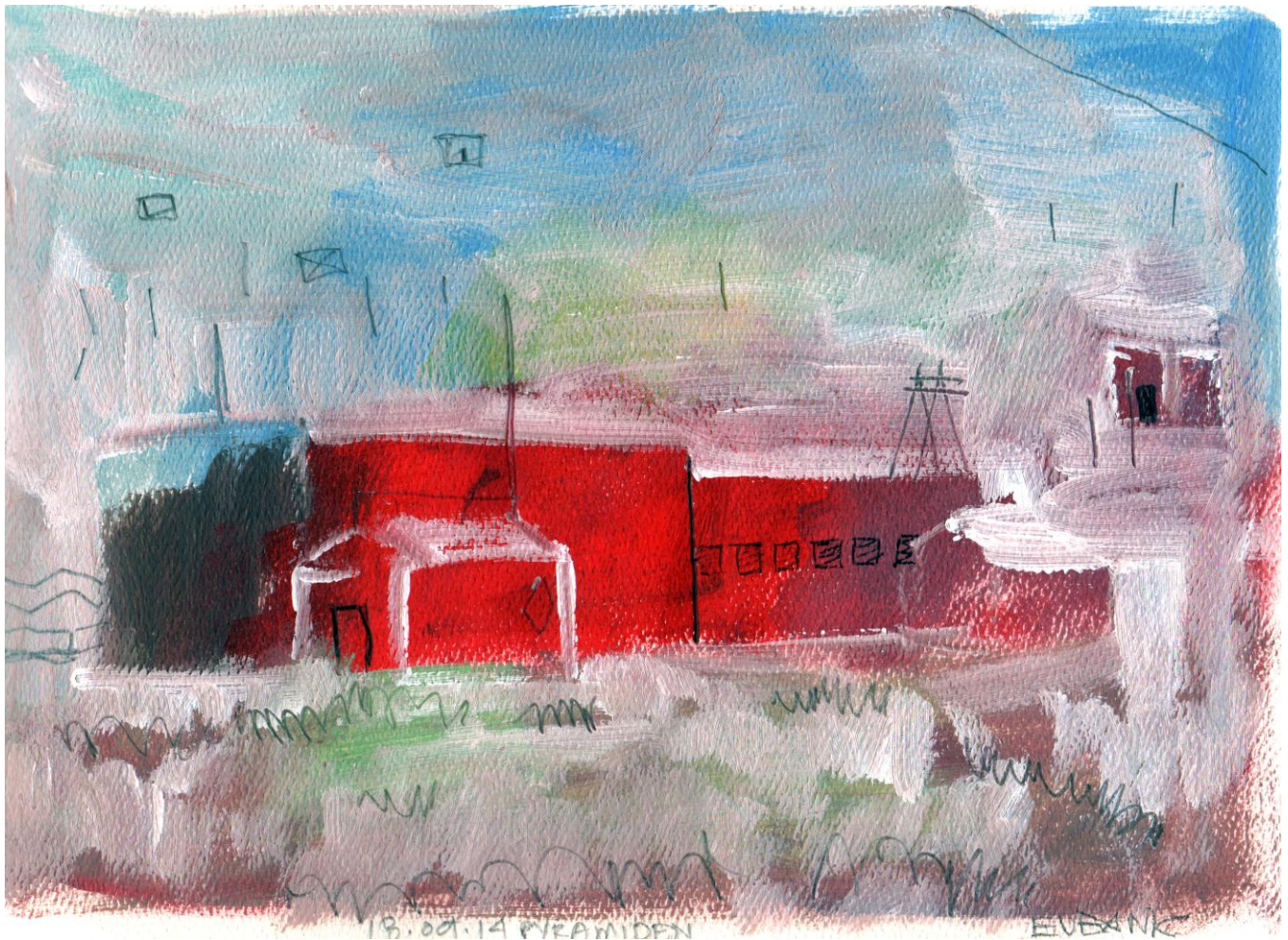
Arctic mountains

have created some of the loveliest abstract shapes I have seen in nature.

If the landscape isn't strange enough, the history of human exploration, determination and settlement in the hostile environment of the High Arctic is baffling and impressive. (I encourage everyone to read some of the myriad books devoted to the subject, where ships get crushed in the ice and people are eaten by polar bears). We were lucky to visit the Russian ghost town of Pyramiden. Because Svalbard is an international territory it isn't owned by any one country, which means several countries have settlements or research facilities there. Pyramiden was a coal mining town, mothballed in 1998. There are 5 people (6 if you count the statue of Vladimir Lenin) that live there year round to keep an eye on the place. It used to be home to 800 people, which would be a giant city on this archipelago. The interiors still have photos of residents, the basketball court displays the final game's score on its board while a lone basketball rests on the floor, the cinema projector is threaded

with film, a pommel horse waits in the center of the floor ready for the next young athlete, and dead potted plants line the cafeteria walls. They provide an eerie reflection of the aspirations of all the people that have tried to live there before.

The true residents of Svalbard are the ones that have lived there for millions of years: the polar bears, reindeer, arctic foxes, seals, walruses and birds. We were fortunate to see all the large animals except the polar bears who were hopefully on the east side of the archipelago digging maternity dens. Their numbers are decreasing due to shrinking summer sea ice and chemicals (e.g. PCBs and DDT) in the seal meat that they eat. By far the most charming sight was the herds of walruses – animals so odd looking that they must be another trick by Mother Nature. Weighing 900-1500kg (2000-3,300lbs) each, they are awkward moving around on their flippers on land. Their tusks seem too big for their relatively small heads, perched so far on top of their bodies that they appear as an afterthought. When in the water all that can be seen



Pyramiden

are bobbing heads with big brown eyes and asymmetrical broken tusks. Deft swimmers, they are also efficient eaters – walruses suck mollusks out of their shells, turning them inside out with their powerful suction. They can locate and eat a shellfish in about 6 seconds, which means they can eat quite a few mollusks in one dive.

The mounds of walruses form a curious organic brown shape beneath the severe, pointed rock and ice formations that poke angularly into the sky. Steep, white mountains revealing black outcroppings resemble an inverted Robert Motherwell painting.

Already abstracted, it's a rare and imposing sight. I am working on paintings of the water now. Normally I abstract representational subject matter. How do I abstract an already abstracted waterscape? The 'line' between representational and abstract imagery has already been set on the side of abstraction before I begin. I am excited about these aesthetic explorations. I suspect my paintings of the Arctic Ocean will be more abstract than my paintings of the other oceans. But who knows? Maybe they will capture the sense of wonder and surprise I experienced in a land peculiar that is both abstract and a landscape at the same time.

Danielle Eubank is a painter interested in exploring the relationship between abstraction and realism. She is a recipient of the Pollock-Krasner Foundation Grant 2014-15.

In addition to her studio practice, Ms. Eubank is an expedition artist. She sailed aboard the barquentine tall ship, *The Antigua*, on an expedition to the High Arctic in Autumn 2014. She was an Expedition Artist on the *Phoenicia*, a replica 600 B.C. Phoenician vessel that circumnavigated Africa and was the Expedition Artist on the Borobudur Ship, a replica of an 8th century Indonesian boat that sailed around the African continent.

She has painted the Henley Royal Regatta since 2011. A short documentary film about her work premiered at the Newport Beach Film Festival in 2012.

www.danielleeubank.com



Arctic mountains





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Scenes Revisited

Danielle Hatherley



Artist **Danielle Hatherley** takes us on a journey to the beginnings of her creative life, and tells how she has found new inspiration in revisiting familiar scenes.

I often have people ask me, “where do you get the ideas for your paintings?” My first thought normally is, “boy, where do I start?” because in many ways, every painting has been a part of a long, winding and interconnected road. If I look back to the start of that road, I can clearly see that my first true spark of inspiration for painting came about on the first day that I painted outdoors, in the landscape.

Prior to that I was a flakey art school student who was far from inspired in life drawing class.

So I had found my first love – the landscape! From there, after a few years of committed plein air painting, it became more and more evident that backlit scenes were of most interest to me. I loved late afternoon scenes of Balmoral Beach or Sydney Harbour that were flooded with light. As many artists do, I was taking reference photos often and I started



Photograph (1a)

to realise that I was being attracted by backlit scenes everywhere. I would see afternoon light through trees on a street in Leichhardt, where I lived for five years before moving to New York, and I would literally run home and grab my camera to take photos (this was before we all had cameras in our phones!) I understood more and more that it was the resonance of light against dark that was becoming my visual passion. I wanted a fluid subject matter with which to explore this and there it was – light filtering through trees.

Over the years, the photos I have taken and felt worth using as reference, have been printed and put in a basket, which I dig through periodically when I am thinking about my next painting. My photo basket is one of my most valued possessions because it has a selection of photos within that span across a twenty year period. Many of the photos have been with me through hours of painting agony and during moments of painting breakthroughs. And many of these dirty old photos are the basis for compositions that I have

revisited several times over. You may wonder; why paint the same thing again? Wouldn't that be boring? Wouldn't that be copying? And that would be "no" to the last two questions. As for the first question; when I revisit a composition, it is at a stage when I feel that there is something more for me to discover. In most instances the shapes within the photo serve as a starting point. Thereafter, the scene on the canvas should take on a life of its own, which is not hindered by an attachment to the original image.

Gosford Afternoon is the first example that I am using to show the stages involved in exploring my subject matter. In this instance I went from photograph, to drawing and three paintings over the past 10 years. It began one afternoon, about twelve years ago, when I was visiting a friend near Gosford, north of Sydney. As we were out for a walk I spotted some beautiful light filtering through trees and snapped a few photos. The lab developed photos sat in my photo basket for several years until one

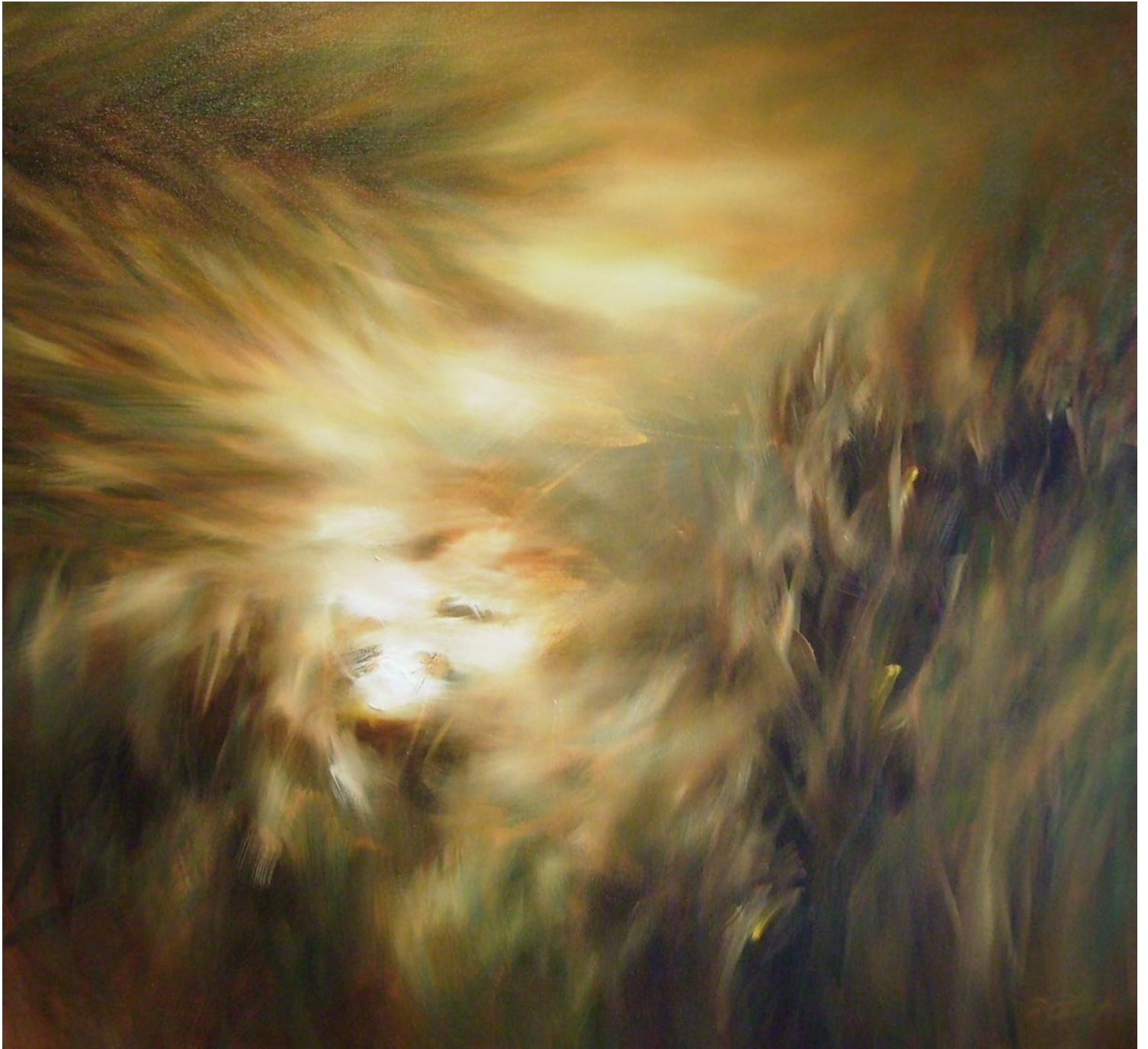


Drawing (1b)

afternoon I took my photographer's crayon and started looking at tiny cropped in sections of the photograph. In **photograph (1a)** you will see that I marked several shapes. I initially drew this vertically before making a landscape format sketch, as shown at **(1b)**

This drawing **(1b)** became the basis for my first painting of *Gosford Afternoon*. I destroyed that painting and have no photos to show of it. It wasn't a good painting, as not all of them are. I didn't paint *Gosford Afternoon* again for three or four years. I moved on to other paintings. Yet at a certain stage I ended up feeling that the time was right to look into *Gosford Afternoon* again.

I am not sure why it happens this way. It could be that after years have passed I sense that I have a better understanding of how to put down what I am trying to express, and that I can potentially get closer to that vision – so I optimistically dive in again! I feel that *Gosford Afternoon*, shown here at **(1c)** and created five years ago, was a turning point for my painting at that time. I was able to capture the movement and energy that I was after, without being overly attached to the original photograph.



Gosford Afternoon (1c)



Awakening – revisiting Gosford (1d)

An artist friend once said to me, that it's important to put the photograph away at a certain point. I get where he was coming from. The photograph can serve as a great starting point, yet to be too overly tied to it will only enforce limits and boundaries on the painting. I started another *Gosford Afternoon* two years ago, yet as I progressed it simply wasn't working, so I put the canvas away. Until, just a few weeks ago, when I was looking through my canvases and I decided that it was time to visit Gosford again. I pulled the canvas out and looked at

it. I didn't ponder or spend any time thinking. I didn't look at the original photo, drawing or previous paintings. I just did what I recall one of my favorite artists, **Lloyd Rees**, saying, and I 'attacked the canvas'. I knew that I had to take a risk and push outside of my comfort zone. At this time I am pretty happy with how *Awakening – revisiting Gosford* turned out **(1d)** Is it the painting of the century? That doesn't matter. It only matters that I pushed and took it further.



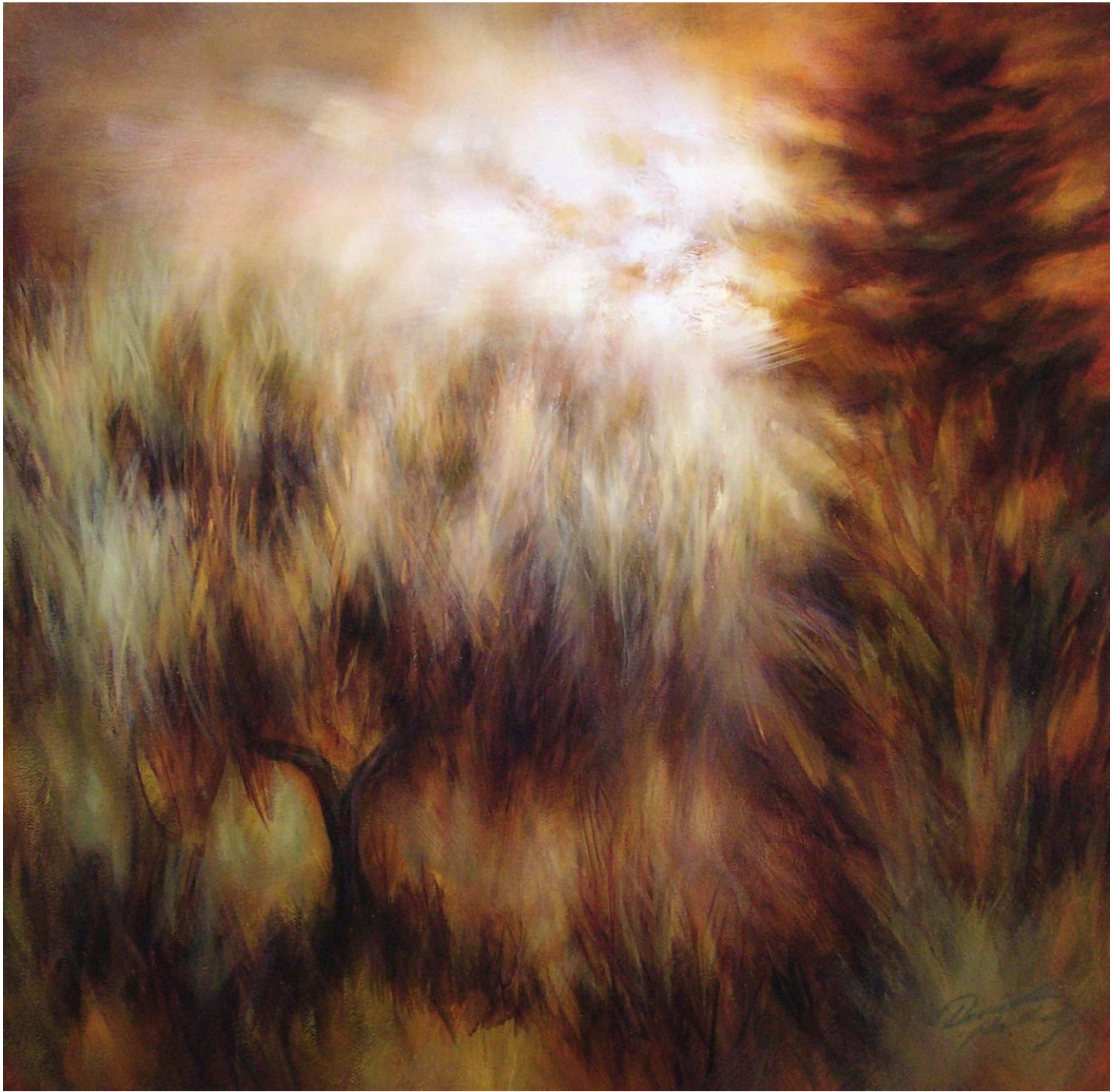
Photograph (2a)

On a trip to Italy about ten years ago, I was of course snapping the vast Tuscan landscape at every turn. Yet it was the simple shapes within the landscape that most attracted me. One photo I took was far from a great photo, yet I was mesmerized by the soft texture and tone of the olive trees pitched against the darker, more imposing cypress trees. Image (2a) shows the photo behind the start of *Olive and Cypress*.

After deciding on my cropped composition, I started with a charcoal and acrylic paint drawing (2b). In keeping with my exploration of light against dark, I created my own dramatized lighting. I was pretty happy with this drawing. It captured the essence of the light and texture in the scene, as well as the movement that I see in light. I did in fact see this drawing as so complete, that I didn't try painting it for a few years.



Drawing (2b)



Olive and Cypress (2c)

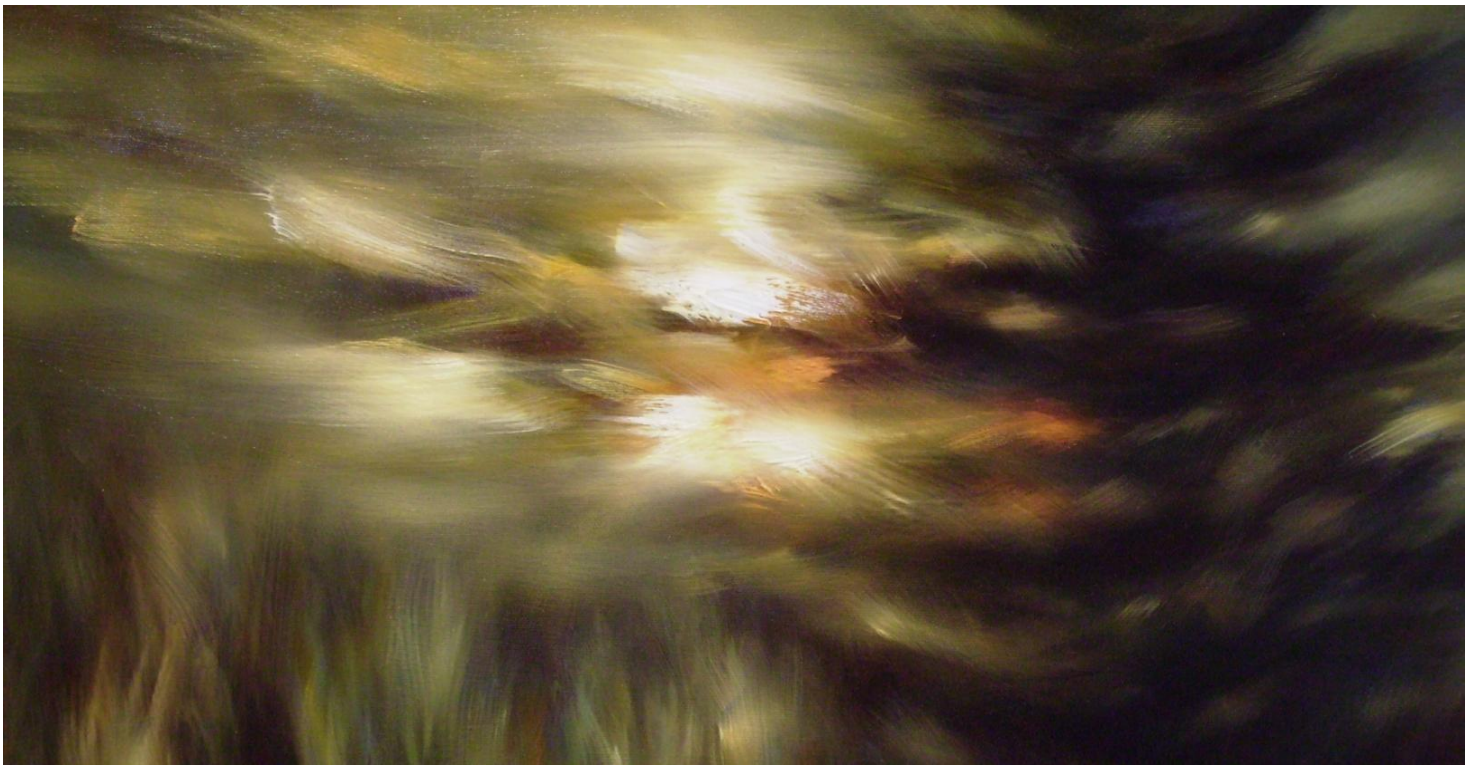
Then came *Olive and Cypress* the painting (2c). I struggled with this painting. It is overly detailed and confirms what I mentioned earlier, about the limitations of following reference photos too closely (this painting came some time before that wise revelation!) Hence I missed the essence of what I was trying to capture – and were it not for a more successful follow-up, I would not be showing it here!

A few years ago I decided that it was time to take another look at *Olive and Cypress*. As I considered my approach, it dawned on me that so much of the first composition was irrelevant, in so far as my focus on the resonance of light against dark. This brought

about the birth of *Cypress* shown at (2d). This was the painting that said everything I had hoped to say the first time around. I remain happy with this painting. Yet I do wonder, at what point I might grow restless and need to revisit *Cypress*...

Danielle Hatherley was born in Albury, Australia and raised in Sydney. She now lives and paints between studios in New York City and Boulder, Colorado.

www.daniellehatherley.com



Cypress (2d)





DRAGON HUNTER

NAZAM ANHAR

Andy Trieu

Maximum Impact

Interview by Emma Penelope Chan

I first met **Andy Trieu** on a recent visit to Sydney, where I was lucky enough have a kick-ass Korean dinner with him and some other arts and entertainment professionals. As much as I wanted to throw him questions left, right and centre (like any other seemingly normal fan would) I have to say, keeping my cool and focusing more on that kimchi allowed me the time to prepare all the questions for a later date - which leads me to this exclusive **ArtView** interview!



So Andy – are you ready for some Q&A tennis?

Owww! Yes, always ready for a game of Q & A tennis... ;-p

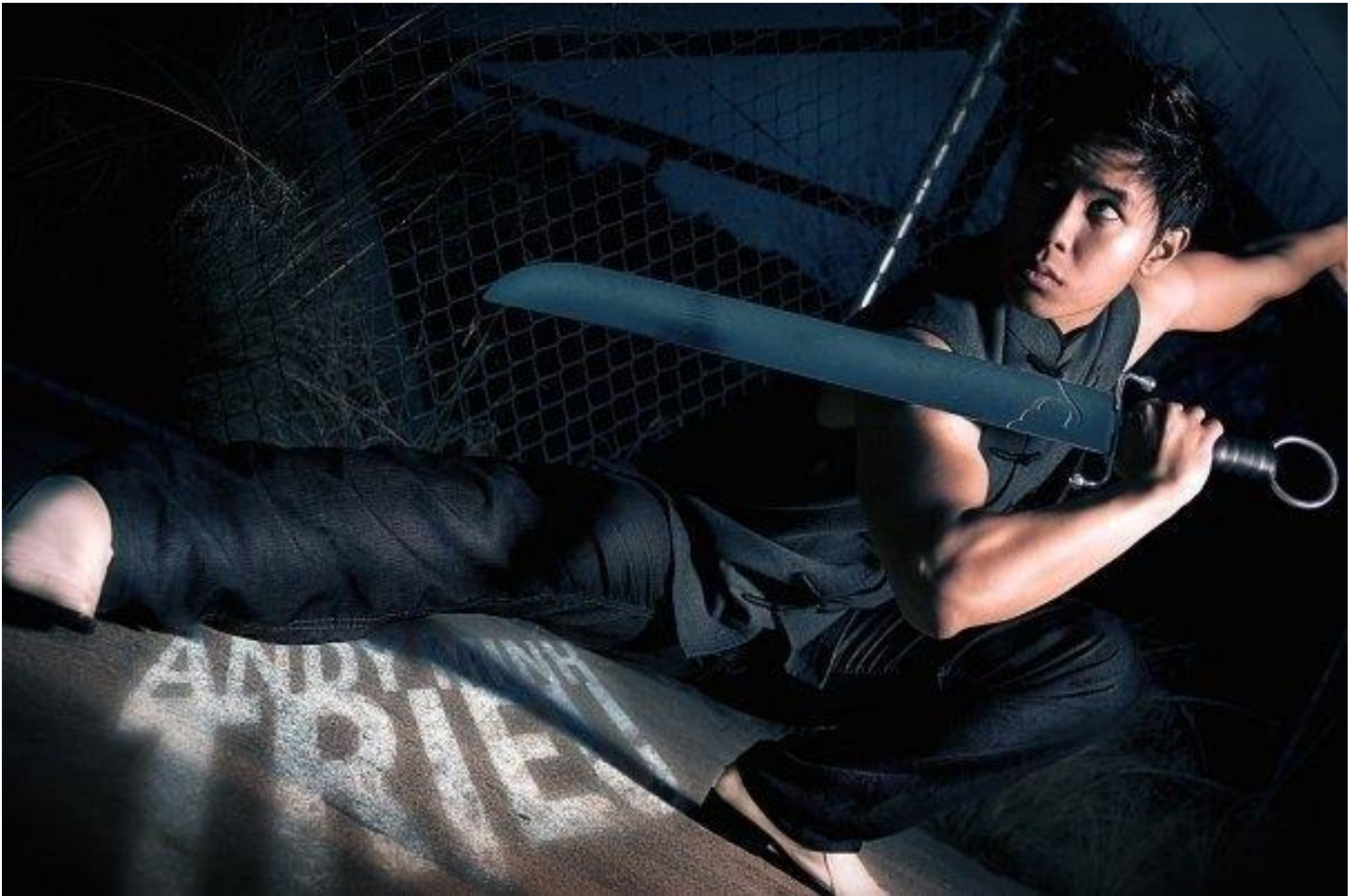
First serve, thanks for allowing me this lovely opportunity to interview you on behalf of ArtView magazine! Now, let's backtrack a little. You're originally from Canberra – how did you initially get into the entertainment industry?

Hello! Well, I sent out 5 emails a day to someone in the entertainment industry, from home in Canberra, asking them to employ me in some way or form, even though I didn't have any experience at the

time, but I was super keen! About 1% of the people got back, but that 1% were the ones who opened a few doors for me.

Also, I have to admit I skipped a few University classes at ANU to go to auditions in Sydney. Eventually I landed my first TV role which was playing a serial killer, Sef Gonzales, in ***Crime Investigations Australia***.

After some time, I landed a good agent and I could tell my parents I was going to stop jiggling University classes, which made them really happy until they realised I would now take an entire University Semester break! (Oops!)



As an addition, I also competed in Martial Arts for a while, and after having a little winning streak I got scouted to do some Kung Fu choreography that led me into the stunt world, and then eventually the film and TV stuff as well.

As an Asian male entertainer trying to make it in this industry, what hurdles have you had to face because of your ethnicity and how did you overcome these challenges? Also, why do you think that casting for Asians hasn't necessarily been a demand up until now?

Finding opportunities is definitely an attitude thing in my opinion. The work is there if you search for it, and if it's not you can create it, so there is always work to be done as an Actor. I have faced typecasting in the past; for example Kung Fu roles or Doctor roles, etc but I take the opportunity to practice acting and also meet more people in the industry, so I never really minded - plus they are fun to play!

Great Asian driven-stories are really getting more publicity now, which really opens a lot of doors for new talent! Also it is becoming very apparent around the world that Australia has a very multicultural society, so hope these ethnic stories continue!

When was it that you made the big move to Sydney, and how has that journey been for you?

I kept going up for auditions and doing a few gigs here and there, and then heading back to Canberra to do work at **Questacon**, until I landed my first full-time theatre show which went for 2 years, called **"Shanghai Lady killer"**. It included performers from **Cirque du soleil** and was like a live Kung Fu movie on stage with wire work, flying fights and circus performers!

Shortly after the season finished I scored my first long-term TV show contract with **"Kitchen Whiz"**, that has kept me there for 6 years now, LOL - you should all watch it! It's weekdays at 7:30am on **GO**, it will keep me employed, thanks! *wink*



As the Kitchen Ninja with Alice Zaslavsky on *Kitchen Whiz* GO TV

You've done some modelling in the early stages of your career - what was your most memorable photo-shoot and why?

What comes to mind is working with a Canberra Photographer, **Brent McDonald**. We took all kinds of physical Martial Arts based photographs and re-created scenes from old school martial arts movies! It was awesome fun!

Also I enjoyed being an Asian face representative for campaigns like Australian of the Year and the Cleo Bachelor Competition! Not sure if I was the best fit but I made the most of it! Asian guys represent!

How would you describe your personality on set with other actors, are you generally the happy-go-lucky type of fella or do you hold a tougher stance? Also, as an individual, what do you feel you bring to every film you are a part of? I know the question usually entails us wanting to know what you

personally learn from every project – but I wanted to twist it a little and see what you feel you can offer other people within this industry and what they potentially can gain from working with you?

I think I'm a happy kind of guy that enjoys a good laugh... I sometimes wonder why I haven't grown up much ... My mum would definitely agree LOL ... but on set **SBS PopAsia** I'm generally doing something weird or awkward anyway, so I guess I can just really be myself ☺ I do try to be my best self in the work environment though, and I definitely show respect for my fellow actors.

What I bring to the table? In every scene in acting or presenting I give my total focus and time to prepare, and I try to make choices that are more risky when I can. But all in all just try to be a genuine human being that is easy to work with!

You were recently on "If You are the One" with Jamaica Dela Cruz (who is also your partner in



With Jamaica Dela Cruz co-host on SBS PopAsia



Interviewing Dami Im on PopAsia

crime on the radio and TV hit show SBS Popasia)
Tell us how that went, was it interesting to see the dynamics of how a dating show works? If you were not hosting a show like this, but were a contestant on the show, how would you promote yourself to all those lovely ladies out there?

Filming stuff for [#IfYouAreTheOne](#) was heaps of fun because Jamaica and I got to write some cool skits in the beginning of the show! I would love to be on a dating show but probably not "If You Are The One". The ladies on that show are like sharks! I would to have to ham up my personality and crawl

back to some cliché lines like "I love long walks on the beach..."

In regards to SBS PopAsia, how do you feel you have grown as a radio host and what are the plans for you as a presenter for them - is this an ongoing journey or are you looking to expand your horizons elsewhere eventually?

Radio is definitely a new beast! Lucky to have the guidance from our radio executives and my co-host and they really pushed me out of my comfort zone to take more risks on air. It's coming up to one year



If You are the One

at SBS now and I feel I much more confident in the area, but like anything there is always room for improvement. Still a lot to explore with [#SBSPopAsia](#) and we have a pretty epic team so I'm happy to continue to explore the potentials with them for now! More travelling with them too hopefully!

On bigger news, I have been a very loyal viewer of Maximum Choppage on ABC2 TV. From what I have seen on screen, it looks like you have been given the opportunity to work with a really diverse and talented fun team. Can you tell us about the process you underwent to get the role of FURY, and was the audition process hard?

At the time every Asian actor in Australia was going for roles on **Maximum Choppage** and from what I heard a lot of the guys were all going for the same role! The sense of competition definitely set in, so I asked my life coach to help me through the audition process because I was very nervous about it - because I wanted it to much. She set out weekly

goals to prepare for the scene, which included setting time for an acting coach, running the lines a set amount of times a day, and time to forget about it and relax. I auditioned I think 6 times in total over a few months. The producer **Julie Eckersley** was the true legend though; she moved mountains to give me the chance to come on board.

How would you describe your character FURY on the show, as a talented actor how did you develop this character after reading the script?

Fury is Villain who knows Martial Arts and has a few signature moves to "Bring out the Fury" RAAAWRRRR! I marked it on the script where he goes crazy and I came up with a few physical Kung fu moves around it. From there I worked it into a particular style and manner for him! Also sitting there and running the lines with my mates always helped to trial a few character traits! In general I prepare for auditions by hiring an acting coach and getting as many opinions on the scene as I can!



Fury on *Maximum Choppage*

How would you describe your passion for acting and presenting? Many individuals (especially of the younger generation) seem to link fame with money and that's about it. What can you tell us about yourself as an actor that can demonstrate just how important the way you view the entertainment industry is? Also, what is your absolute main goal in becoming a successful actor?

In the beginning I was more passionate about good people and company rather than the craft, and I think from building good relationships it led me to good places in my career. I'm passionate about creating worthwhile projects and opportunities to be a part of with the great people I have met!

In regards to fame is linked with money? It really depends on the person's journey and I guess "Business plan". Everyone's journey will definitely be different!

My main goal at the moment besides wanting to be in the **Fast and Furious** franchise... 😊 is to get my own Kung Fu movie up and to continue to explore TV writing. Hopefully get a TV show up too!

I have followed your journey in success and consider myself to be quite a fan of yours... can you let me in on some future goals and projects you are working on? What can we expect from you in the near future?

Still very excited about our show **Maximum Choppage** that is on air now on **ABC2** or catch it on **ABC iview!** My journey with SBS PopAsia will definitely continue and we have cool stuff coming this year, so tune into our TV show Sunday 9AM on **SBS2!** Finally in May a CANBERRA Zombie movie I worked on, produced by **Sanguinetti Media** called **"Me and My Mates VS The Zombie Apocalypse"** will be premiering.



With Lawrence Leung on *Maximum Choppage*

Later in the year I hope it's my turn to play the Q and A questions on you!

Thanks for having me!

Well! I have to say, that was some fun Q&A tennis with Andy Trieu. He was so superb in answering all my questions and was such a friendly and funny guy to talk with. It seems to me that his career has been on a huge road to success since his earlier days of sending out those 5 emails a day. I can say, on behalf of myself and ArtView, we are very excited to continue supporting you in your future endeavours, and should you ever need an extra for that Kung Fu movie you're planning my email is still the same... *wink wink*

[@andy_trieu](#)



Scrimshaw

NAZAM ANHAR



SCHOLASTIC

History Making

The inaugural conference of the Historical Novel Society Australasia

Written by **Greg Johnston**



Over the weekend of 20-22 March, 2015, the **Historical Novel Society Australasia** held its inaugural conference in Sydney. Years in the making, the conference unfurled seamlessly and to great aplomb, exploring many ideas about historical fiction, and attended by over 160 people.

The conference marked the formal establishment of Historical Novel Society Australasia (HNSA) as the third arm of the international Historical Novel Society which holds conferences in the United Kingdom and the United States.

On the Friday evening the weekend kicked off with a cocktail party, fittingly held amongst the records of the past at the **State Library of NSW**. The event attracted a mix of authors, aspiring writers, readers, publishers, agents, and representatives of the State Library.

The conference patron, internationally renowned **Kate Forsyth**, spoke of a string of significant historical events that occurred on that day, linking the successive events to the conference. **Sophie Masson** then presented the welcome address, sharing her childhood memories in France of castles and family story-telling, reminding the

audience that ‘story’ in French is *histoire*, thereby establishing the strong link between historical fiction and history. The social part of the evening was closed by the launch of **Felicity Pulman’s** *Unholy Murder: The Janna Chronicles 3* by **Gillian Polack**.



Address by Sophie Masson

A round table discussion followed the cocktail party chaired by **Kelly Gardiner** with **Deborah Challinor, Gillian Polack, Jesse Blackadder, and Rachel Le Rossignol**. The question, “What can historical novelists and historians learn from each other?” brought out some lively and disparate opinions.

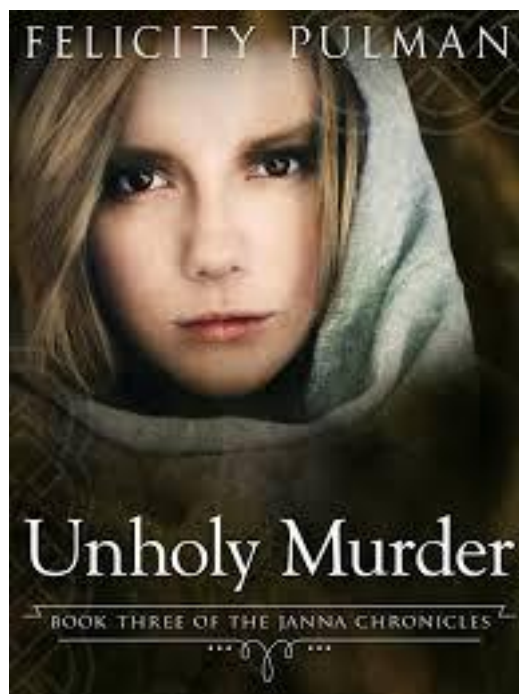
On the Saturday morning, the conference opened at the historic **Balmain Town Hall**. Patron Kate Forsyth delivered a pithy welcome followed by keynote speaker **Colin Falconer**. Centred on the conference’s theme, “**The Historical Novel in Peace and War**”, Colin spoke of the ANZAC tradition as the inspiration not just for Australians in war but Australians in their everyday lives. After taking the audience on a journey into the mind of a young soldier to better understand the ANZAC story from the perspective of an individual, Colin reflected on how (modern heightened fears about terrorism notwithstanding) ordinary Australians will always stand up for someone in the street who is being vilified for cultural differences.

The weekend contained eleven sessions over the two days. These included conversations with **Peter Corris, Sulari Gentill, Toni Jordan** and **Posie Graeme-Evans**; explorations of history subgenres, and an incredibly dynamic discussion of

the very popular Tudors. Super sessions dealt with the nuts and bolts of writing and the publishing industry, with workshops on historical writing and research, establishing an author platform through social media, and manuscript assessments.

On the Saturday evening a dinner was held at the nearby **Royal Oak Hotel**, a great opportunity for people to interact in a more informal setting. During the evening, **Goldie Alexander** launched **Sherryl Clark’s** *Do You Dare – Jimmy’s War*. Kate Forsyth delivered another of her imaginative speeches with a rendition of the ‘Man in the Oak Tree’, a re-telling of the story of the King Charles II fleeing across England after his defeat at the Battle of Worcester in 1651.

Two of the most popular sessions at the conference were “**At First Glance**”, where the opening sections of works-in-progress were read to the attendees and judged by a panel of publishers and agents. The prize for the best piece was awarded to talented aspiring author **Lauren Chater**. “**In Bed with History**”, the last session of the conference, involved a ‘romp’ in which a sizzling bedroom scene from Kate Forsyth’s novel *Bitter Greens*, was staged by Kate, Jesse Blackadder and Colin Falconer - a very memorable turn.



Planning is already underway for the next biennial **Historical Novel Society Australasia** conference to be held in 2017 in Melbourne. No dates or venues have yet been fixed but, to stay in touch, either register for the newsletter via the website www.hnsa.org.au or join the ever-growing **HNSA Facebook** group:

www.facebook.com/groups/hnssydney/

Publishing: Mikhail Strogoff

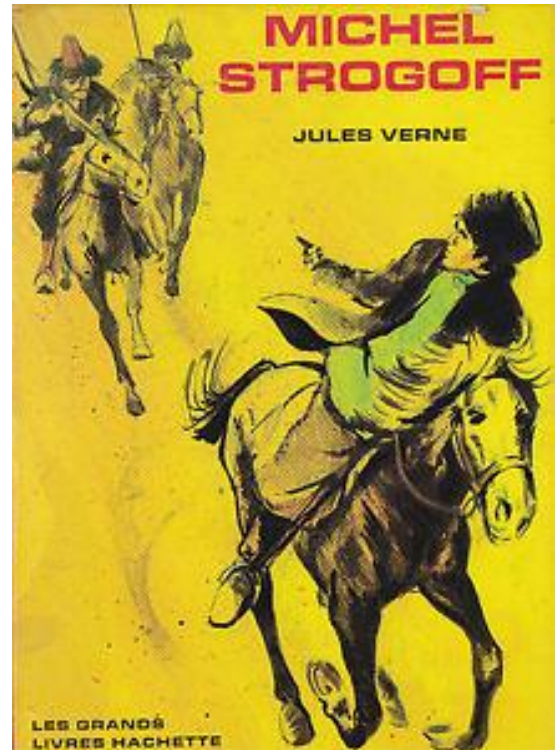
This project from **Eagle Books** is bringing new life to a classic work by **Jules Verne** – the first English translation of **Michel Strogoff** to appear in over a century.

As a **French-speaking child** living in both Australia and France, Jules Verne's great adventure novel **Mikhail Strogoff** (published in French as *Michel Strogoff*) was my favourite book in the world when I was around 12. (The photo included below is of the edition I read as a child, which I still own). The book was enormously influential on me, both as a reader and a writer, leading to a lifelong fascination with Russia and a lifelong love of both reading and writing adventure fiction too. I've re-read the book many times over since then and love it just as much.

But it always frustrated me that when I mentioned it to English-language friends, they had never heard of it, because the only English translation had been done back when the original French edition was first published and it was stodgy, slow and dated--it actually did not capture the liveliness and freshness of the French original, as 19th century popular French novels are much more 'immediate', pacey and less densely wordy than was the prevailing literary taste in 19th century English-language novels.

I had toyed with the idea of a translation myself but other books got in the way--and then one day I met the wonderful translator and writer **Stephanie Smee**, who had just translated the works of another great classic French author, the **Countess de Ségur**, another childhood favourite of mine. Stephanie's translations of the Countess' books captured perfectly the brightness and verve of the Countess' works and I mentioned to her, very hopefully, Michel Strogoff! Stephanie hadn't read the book but immediately went and got it (in the original French edition), loved it, and began the work of translating it. And that's when we stepped in and offered for it to be the launch title in a new imprint we were planning! We are so absolutely thrilled that she agreed.

- **Sophie Masson**



From Eagle Books:

We are thrilled that Stephanie's translation of **Jules Verne's Mikhail Strogoff** will be the launch title for **Eagle Books** in 2016 and to mark and celebrate this major publishing event, we are looking for your support to help fund the production of a beautiful limited edition of the novel, released in early 2016, well before general commercial publication.

This exclusive collectible edition will be limited to 750 hand-numbered copies, with internal pages of soft cream paper, and each chapter featuring a delicate black and white illustration by artist **David Allan**. The cover will feature a full colour illustration by David Allan, set into high-quality textured red hardback binding, and the book will feature other special elements, such as coloured end-papers, a satin bookmark, and gold foil detail on front, spine and on book block edges.

This beautiful book will be available to Australian and New Zealand contributors for a pledge of AUD \$55, postage included, and to all other international supporters for AUD \$75, postage included. There are also many other levels of support, from \$10 to \$1000, and some truly fantastic perks for

Artist draws out idea for funding book

NEW England publishing house Christmas Press has launched a crowdfunding campaign for a new imprint of an old classic.

The publishers hope to raise \$15,000 for the first English translation of *Mikhail Strogoff* in 100 years.

Illustrator David Allan will once again bring his art to another Christmas Press book, this time drawing in black and white.

The Armidale artist said his illustrations would be inspired by 19th century art styles, since the book was written in 1876.

"*Mikhail Strogoff* is kind of unknown in English and considered one of Jules Verne's best novels so it's really great to reintroduce people to this French classic," he said.

The story centres around a courier for Russian Tsar Alexander II who was supposedly blinded for insurrection.

Allan illustrated Christmas Press' first book *Two Trickster Tales from Russia* and also worked on *Two Selkie Stories from Scotland*.

Under the crowdfunding campaign, donors can essentially buy the book if they donate \$55 or more.

Christmas Press director Sophie Masson said the current English translation didn't capture the fast-paced excitement of the French original.

"When it was first translated in the 19th century it didn't really capture the feeling of the French text," she said.

This is not the first time Christmas Press has used crowd funding. The publishing house held a similar campaign for its first book which raised two-thirds of what Christmas Press asked for, but they were still able to receive the money and pay for the rest themselves.



ON PAGE: David Allan will contribute his art to the new imprint. Story, Photo LUCAS FORBES

A story in the *Armidale Express* on David Allan, who will be illustrating the new edition of *Mikhail Strogoff*

contributors, from commemorative bookmarks to playing cards, limited edition prints of the illustrations, authentic 19th century prints featuring Russian scenes, and more.

We invite you to be a part of this exciting adventure with us and help to bring back a great classic to the readers of the English-speaking world!

Support this project on **Indiegogo**:

www.indiegogo.com/projects/eagle-books-present-jules-verne-s-mikhail-strogoff

Read more about **Mikhail Strogoff**, and translator **Stephanie Smee**, at our website:

www.eaglebooksadventure.com



A sketch by David Allan for *Mikhail Strogoff*

AZURE ASSURANCES

A BOOK OF PICTURED POETRY



CRYSTAL DAVIS
ARTWORK BY KYLIE FOGARTY

Poetry: Crystal Davis



Perched on a rural hilltop outside Hobart with echidnas and wallabies for company, words flow easily from poet **Crystal Davis**. Her hands often can't keep up, but she refuses surrender her visceral pen-to-paper method for faster technological options. She's proudly old school-contemporary, a niche cemented by her recent acquisition of the century-old typewriter she's using to create handmade wall inspiration pieces.

But this idyllic artist lifestyle was hard won.

The production of Crystal's debut publication *Azure Assurances, A Book of Pictured Poetry* represents the culmination of a difficult period in her life.

"I'd been a carer for a loved one under traumatic circumstances. I'd spent a decade working 12 hour days in a job that didn't fulfil me. Eventually, I had a breakdown, which was the catalyst to return to my greatest childhood love – poetry."

After months of cathartic writing, Crystal had a clear vision: to produce a book promoting artistic self-expression for positive mental health. "I

discovered that writing down my pain allowed it to leave my body, I no longer needed to carry it around. It saved my mental health."

Her vision included a very specific style of line drawing, which she found in lifelong Canberra artist **Kylie Fogarty**.

"I tried to do it myself, but that's not where my talent lies," Davis said. "I literally found Kylie on Google, and knew it was meant to be. She's very talented. I was honoured when she loved my work and agreed to collaborate. It was an incredibly vulnerable time for us both."

For 9 months, Crystal and Kylie communicated only via email, finally meeting for coffee when the book went to print.

"We didn't follow the rules. Being a rookie, I didn't know there were any. The whole experience was an exercise in creative trust and intuition."

Following a successful launch and exhibition tour in 2014, *Azure Assurances* has a growing and dedicated fan base, with copies heading to Denmark, the United States, Germany and the UK. Broad sides from the book are held in private collections Australia-wide. Crystal also donates a percentage of profits to **Lifeline**.

And there's no time to rest on her laurels. A photographic exhibition studying women with endometriosis, an Italian arts residency and a top secret engineering project are all on the 2015 agenda, along with workshops helping women to connect to heart and story.

Crystal writes regularly for online publication **Elephant Journal**, with her most recent article "*I Drank Warm Honey Lemon Water Every Day for a Year*" receiving more than 1 million views in its first week.

Connect with Crystal through her website

www.crystaldavis.com.au

For more of Kylie's work, visit

www.kyliefogarty.com

A poem from *Azure Assurances* follows -

Truth

I can finally have
nothing else;
I itch and squirm and sweat
in the heat of false feeling.

Stab me deep with
the pain of it – please!

Paint me purposefully
in bare-stripped skeletons
And spare me the sickly
sweetness of façades.

I enjoy the brutal, blunt thud
of the innately true;
The edged echoes pulsing from
The thought, the word, the deed.

Give me reality over reaction;
pure over pretty -
And grant me, too,
the guts for its grip on my soul.



Kogott

Selection: Sculpture at Scenic World 2015



Chi Phan Poriferous



Deborah Redwood Sacred Vines



Francesca Mataraga Banner for Scenic World



Naomi Troski Pheno



Nathan Keogh Compression



Stevie Fieldsend Bulging Ichorous



Hidemi Tokutake Aura



Ian Swift Extreme Rodeo

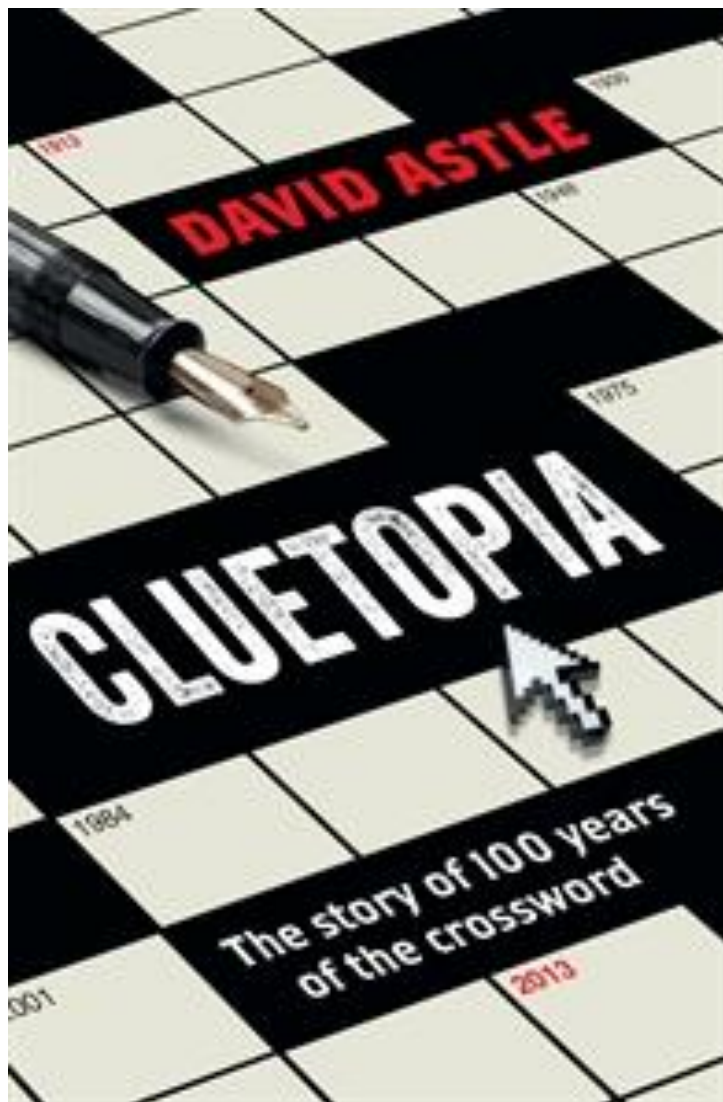


Motoko Katsuta Kitano Dream / Yume



Jane Gillings Midden

Cluetopia by David Astle



A celebration of the 100th birthday of the crossword puzzle.

Crosswords are not as old as you think. The first one appeared a century ago, the little square keeping in remarkable shape. *Cluetopia* is here to toast the centenary, whizzing you through 100 years of remarkable clues, across the world, seeking the inside stories.

Come travel to New Guinea, Venezuela and Metropolis: every destination arising from a clue. Encounter love, murder, hoaxes, propaganda. Visit a Maori funeral, a Bass Strait oil-rig, a Russian game show- just some of side-trips locked inside a crossword.

With almost 100 mini-chapters, each one with a clue to crack, *Cluetopia* is a book for word lovers and puzzle fans. You'll see how crosswords capture the life around them, from prison cells to outer space. A holiday for the head, *Cluetopia* is as fun, as wild and as wordy as David's previous bestseller, *Puzzled*.

Published by **Allen & Unwin**

Order from: www.allenandunwin.com/default.aspx?page=94&book=9781743314531