



# Fiatt Lux

art at the vanguard of the avant garde

## Peter Roche Outburst

Opening Thursday the 11th of June, 6pm.  
Closing Saturday the 21st of June, 4pm.

160 hobs on street, ph (09) 3777893  
fax (09) 3776117, email:fiatlux@iprolink.co.nz.  
Hours: 12 till 4, Friday and Saturday.



## Never mind the bollocks!

Response to the last newsletter has been phenomenal, raising the public gall and opening a veritable can of worms. Here we were thinking that this was preaching to the converted but obviously it pricked some tender consciences- all we can say is that just because you're paranoid doesn't mean people aren't talking about you.

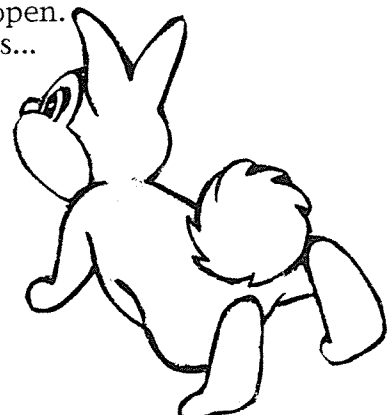
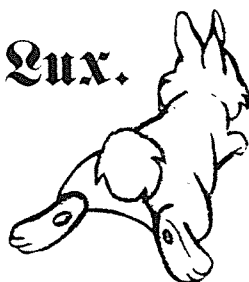
FIAT LUX is ready to roll, continuing the series of performance sound events. Unfortunately these are not synchronised with the galleries publicity programme and as such will be advertised independently; though as a rule of thumb they are scheduled every four weeks on a Tuesday evening. All queries and correspondence should be directed to the curator Luke Stenson, resident of FIAT LUX.- so a hip hop a hippa to the hippa to the hip hip hop you don't stop the rocking...

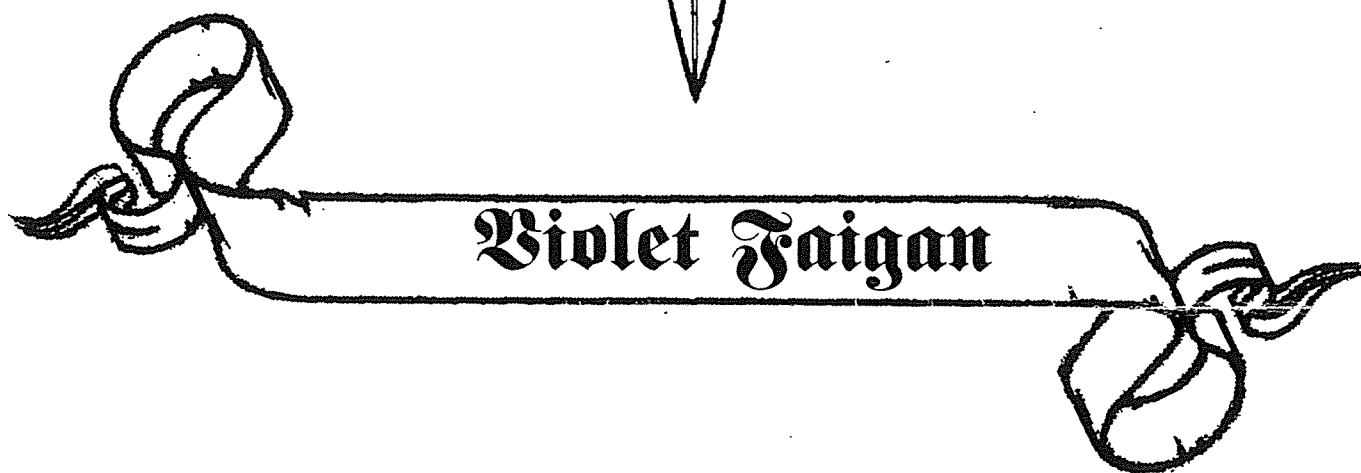
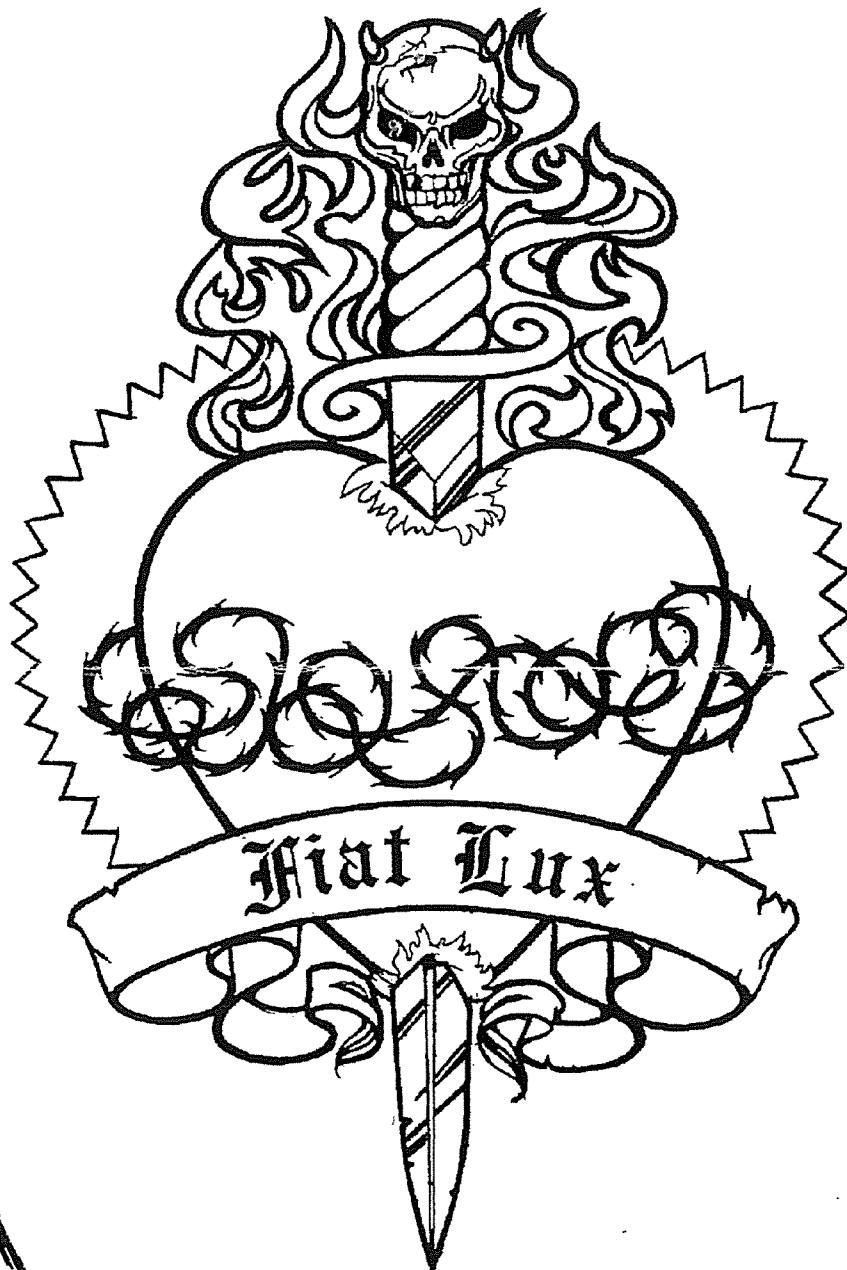
Institutionalism and the aesthetics of war are the primary thrust in Peter Roche's most recent artistic outburst and anyone who bore witness to the great FIAT LUX chainsaw massacre of '96 should have their interests piqued and attend out of sheer perversity. The opening also boasts the debut screening of "2000 Beauties", a video odyssey through Roche's tumultuous career. The ambassador of outre Peter will vouchsafe an exhibition that will astound and dumbfound so Be afraid, be very, very afraid.

Finally, FIAT LUX would like to extend it's sincere thanks to all those involved in the "Hungry Eyes" series, the participating artists and the supporting audience both- kudos and cachet to you all, it was kismet. Now, with the pall of winter hanging like the proverbial sword of Damocles over our heads our programme of solo exhibitions begins, and we hope against hope to maintain a similar momentum to earlier months despite such irksome bugbears as the decline in the weather. Due to various logistical contingencies we have resolved that from here on in Thursday will be defunct as a gallery open day (other than by prior arrangement,) but quid pro quo we solemnly vow that FIAT LUX will be unequivocally open on Friday and Saturday from noon till four o'clock - and to all those doubting Thomas' whilst it may be ajar, our door is always open. So we'll be seeing you in all the old familiar places...

Bad to the bone...

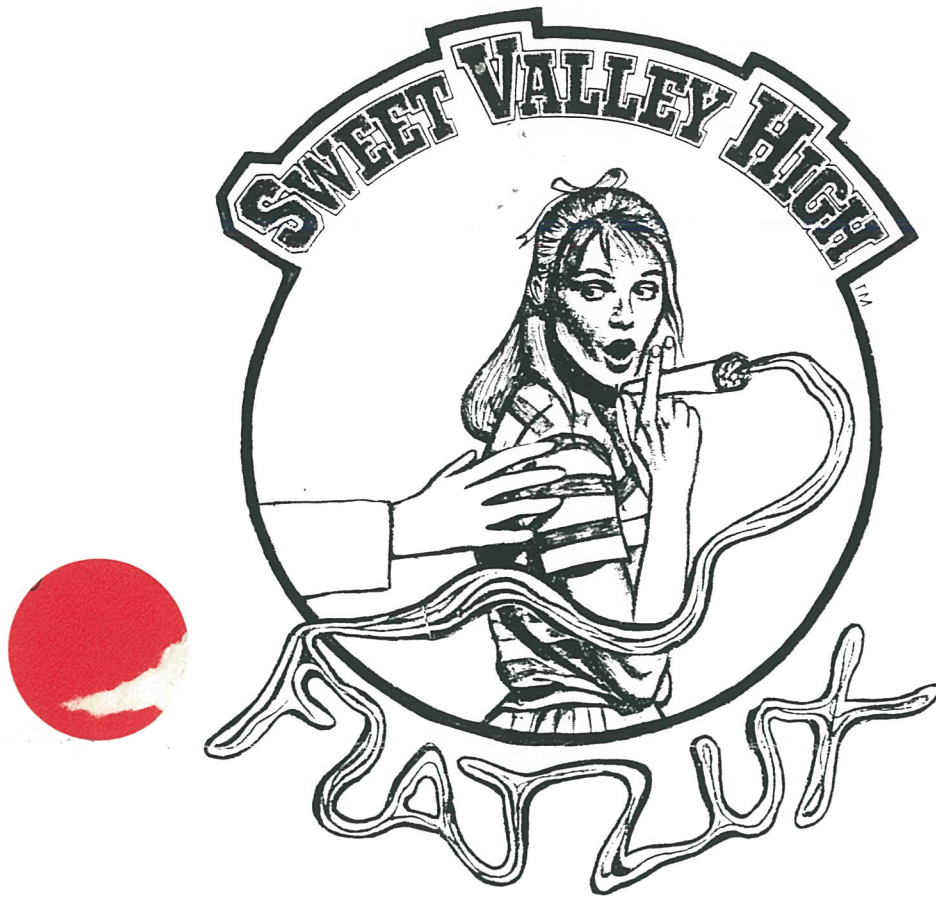
**Fiat Lux.**





**Playing for the B Team Hey! Hey!**  
**opening Thursday 6pm July 9th-19th.**

160 Hobson St, Auckland, New Zealand.  
Ph. (09) 3777 893 Fax. (09) 377 6117 Email. fiatlux@iprolink.co.nz  
Hours: Fri - Sat 12am - 4pm



Share the continuing story of Fiat Lux and their friends- Their laughter, heartaches, and dreams.

HI DE HI,

It is time to pull yourself out of the woodwork once more art worms. The preview of Paul Johns recent exhibition was another discouraging example of the age old maxim "You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink". It is for your own cultural good that we scold you here, our consistently cherished yet somewhat inconsistent audience, the shows you miss by Murphy's law are the shows that could have shimmered like gold amongst the grains of sand that are the days of your life...quoth the raven "Nevermore".

On our first anniversary with sultry siren Miss Violet California Faigan what could be more fitting than paper costumes? For all the girls I would have loved to be before, Playing for the B Team Hey! Hey! is all about Eve and the nature of female genius as the struggle to exorcise that omnipotent adolescent she-devil "The Cheerleader" rages on. She represents the anti- thesis of Germaine Greer's Eunuch with her proverbial pair of pom poms like a jesters crown, the guiding light from gymnastics to soft-porn. Has feminism lost its backbone?, one things for sure "brushin ain't the same as ridin" so give me an F, give me an E, give me a scotch on ice...This Thursday nights training will take the team from body image to body damage, you know the drill...

I am a jellyfish floating on the sea of nothingness...

but I'll sting you.

Cruising for a bruising, **Fiat Lux.**



Adam Cullen

Self loving

Adam Cullen is in New Zealand courtesy of the

**DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY**

VISITING ARTISTS PROGRAMME

supported by **creative**  
nz

23rd of July until the 2nd of August  
preview: Saturday the 25th at 6pm.

Fiat Lux: 160 Hobson Street, Auckland. Tel (09) 3777893 Fax (09) 33776117  
email: fiatlux@iprolink.co.nz. Hours: Fri-Sat 12-4 or by appointment.  
Supported by Creative New Zealand.



## FIAT LUX

160 Hobson St, Auckland, New Zealand.

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Hours: Thur - Sat 12am - 4pm

supported by creative new zealand toi aotearoa

To our neighbours at home and away

Fiat Lux heralds the arrival of ocker shocker Adam Cullen and his exhibition titled Self Loving. Cullen is at Australian arts cutting edge, expertly wielding a well honed rapier wit which cuts to the quick of the body politic. Invariably he whips up a confectionary cocktail of saucy double entendres and fruity bon mots blended to satisfy the tastes of the most ardent connoisseurs of cheesecake humour.

Magus of the quotidian or maggot of the quotable Adam Cullen is a precocious journalist of modern social anthropathology. His works function as a tabloid barometer of a decline in popular mores, fetishizing culture as it hits the skids on the slide into the new millennium. Revelling in articles of the seamy and neurotic and sordid, Cullen operates in an economy which conflates a rhetoric of the purgatorial with the aesthetics of the absurd ( in the outback no one can hear you scream). The syntax is one of pastiche, of sense and insensibility, a seemingly crude but inherently complex jabberwocky of linguistic diagrams, lyrical quotations and poetic graffiti: a eulogy to the detritus of the psychic republic.

I've been to paradise but I've never been to me. Self loving echoes the mantra of the me generation, a quest for the mythical grail of catharsis through the epiphany of self discovery. It may be a well established fiction that we can be objectively aware of ourselves, but are we really able to avoid the image ghettos that disavow the agency of the individual through promotion of self stereotyping and niche association. Adam Cullen investigates the cultural baggage of popular media, investing D,I,Y truisms of auto affection with near spiritual profundity. In this scenario hell is other people and self love is like that metaphorical boomerang that wont come back or the Kangaroo that has to be tied down, oh the humanity. I love me, I love me not.

Love's libido lapses but lusts lurid latitudes linger longer.

**Fiat Lux**

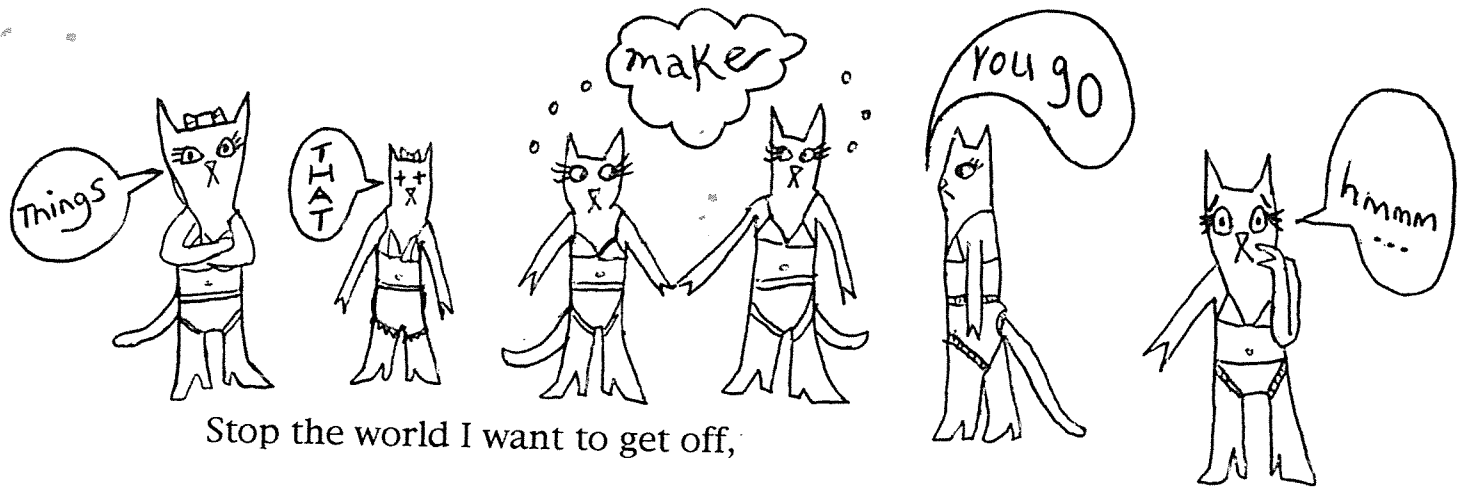


**Jessica Douglas**

**Clones**

**6th until the 16th of August  
opening: Thursday the 6th at 6pm.**

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Stop the world I want to get off,

Fiat Lux is proud to present this Thursday the paintings of Jessica Douglas and her portentously titled exhibition "Clones". The phantom presence of scientific hubris is like a sword of Damocles menacing a society in which one of the fundamental edicts since the renaissance has been a belief in the cult of individuality. Modern medicine and its moral implications are on the horns of a dilemma with the seismic tremors radiating from this epicentral debate raising to its foundations the collective ethics of this fin de siecle culture. Like the fictional homunculus of Mary Shelley's grand Guignol fable Frankenstein genetic engineering is unfettered by a regard for the sanctity of nature - reproducibility throws into question what it means to be human and unique when the discrete spheres of science fiction and reality cross pollinate. Grafting, hybridising and transplantation are partial procedures not compromising the integrity of the original or capable of constructing some chimerical bogey the problem is simply one of accepting undifferentiated tissue- however with cloning the issue is the ability to create an artificial consciousness. As with the invasion of the body snatchers and the Stepford wives the problematic of cloning is that it implies the death of the original, a tacit if not subtle allusion to the standardising tendencies of political philosophies such as communism which propose a static and homogenous culture and a bolshevik levelling of hierarchies. Association and difference are concepts integral to defining the drives and social inter-relations of the human animal the desire for solidarity and ideological support coupled with a paradoxical want to be an individual and realise idiosyncratic goals. Evolutionary energisers such as cloning may or may not herald such a dystopian future; nature is rife with selective genetic mutations, throw backs and throw forwards, a dynamic engine that expands beyond fixed systems of predicability - life will find a way. Will the 'natural' become a relative or moot point? and will these ethical dilemmas be the silver bullet that stifles the potential of progressive science or the moral watchdog which saves us from the conceit of playing god? Who knows? Who cares?

An artist run space at an artist run pace... **Fiat Lux.**

(M&d MENTAL Factory)





**Andrew MacLeod and  
Brendan Wilkinson**

**20th until the 30th of August  
opening: Thursday the 20th at 6pm.**

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Children of the revolution...

This Thursday the 20th of August, Fiat Lux is proud to present an exhibition of work by Elam wunderkinders Andrew MacLeod and Brendan Wilkinson. If crazy is as crazy does then this weeks bedlam is certainly a 'folie a deux' with a hysterical melange of art parodies and farcical in-jokes. There is an absurdist humour at work in the nonsensical witticisms of this pair, playing fast and loose with canonical structures and figures of art history and the bureaucracy in which they are enmeshed. Attempting to fathom a rhyme or reason or an intelligible pedagogical stance is like muddling through a quagmire, the more you struggle the deeper you sink into their artistic quicksand, and once in the thick of this predicament it appears acutely obvious that there is no one to throw you a life line.

Hierarchies are levelled and esteem deflated with the youthquakers D.I.Y guide to becoming a New Zealand art luminary; flow charts and graphs of trickle down effects outline how you too can achieve a modicum of success within the system- these boys should be institutionalised! Like the prototypical Rebel without a cause MacLeod and Wilkinson display an anarchy of values and an ideological resistance to right thinking; ransacking cultural archives for lateral strategies to help them shirk the hegemonic yolk of the status quo. This oppositional commentary questions the credibility of the noblesse oblige and the horizon of expectations- they are madcap mavericks proposing utopian scenarios of the ideal gallery that can never be entered or actualised, Lilliputian models that abide in letter boxes and that can be peered at through peep holes. The overwhelming effect is at once funny peculiar and funny ha ha with the work appearing paradoxically both ingeniously naive and eruditely worldly, displaying an in depth awareness of the currency and mechanisms of the powers that be and yet seemingly speaking from a genuinely idiosyncratic point that conforms to no prevailing norms. To boot, the inflated list of fictional sponsors ( Jenny Gibbs, Montana et als) just goes to show that charity, like madness, begins in the home and ends in the arts. In the final analysis it's very definitely art, only not as we've come to know it, the question is why? and how we can stop this lunacy from ever happening again?!!

You've got to know to understand... **Fiat Lux**




**Lisa Crowley**

**Blue Movie**

**The 3rd of September until the 13th  
opening: Thursday the 3rd at 6pm.**

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A bigger splash,

This Thursday the 3rd of September Fiat Lux hosts Lisa Crowley's exhibition of sculpture and video 'Blue Movie'. Culling stock footage from the turgid and water logged sci-fi feature 'The Abyss' Crowley re-adapts the narrative sequence to create a more evocative abstraction of the plot trajectory. The original film was a fairly dilute conceptual consomme part apocalyptic moral fable woe-betiding the ills of the global human condition and part saccharine melodrama tenuously linked by gratuitous special effects jiggery-pokery all set in Davy Jones's Locker. From these modest beginnings in the formulaic pap of the Hollywood dream factory is constructed a meditation on linear narrative mechanisms and the inferential logic of recollected memory. The revised montage of images is like a psychogram of the unconscious mind (with water on the brain), distilling a new meaning with an open ended and floating valency that exists in an endless state of perhaps.

Video monitors are housed under gauzy diffusing screens inside minimalist modernist monuments reminiscent of the Jungian obelisk from 2001 a Space Odyssey- simultaneously a grave and a doorway- a testament to the unknown. The abyss may be a metaphor for the descent into the inner recesses of one's psyche questing to achieve self awareness or an investigation into the hidden agendas of media myth making? The effect is like the play of 'differance' whereby the meaning of the primary object is reinscribed through a collusion of deferral and difference to produce an unique and independent creative entity. Appropriation is indeed the abyss of 20th Century art and the space between the original and the artist's conception doesn't always delve this deep. In the immortal words of Kenny Rogers "You've got to know when to hold em', know when to fold em', know when to walk away and know when to run..." So make haste to take this thursdays plunge.

I am a Tuna fish,  
Swimming in the sea of discontent.  
Oh when, when,  
Will I find the spawning ground?

Too lush to lust, **Fiat Lux.**

