

For Matthew & Others

Journeys with Schizophrenia

Published by The University of New South Wales in association with Campbelltown Arts Centre and Joan Sutherland Performing Arts Centre, Penrith

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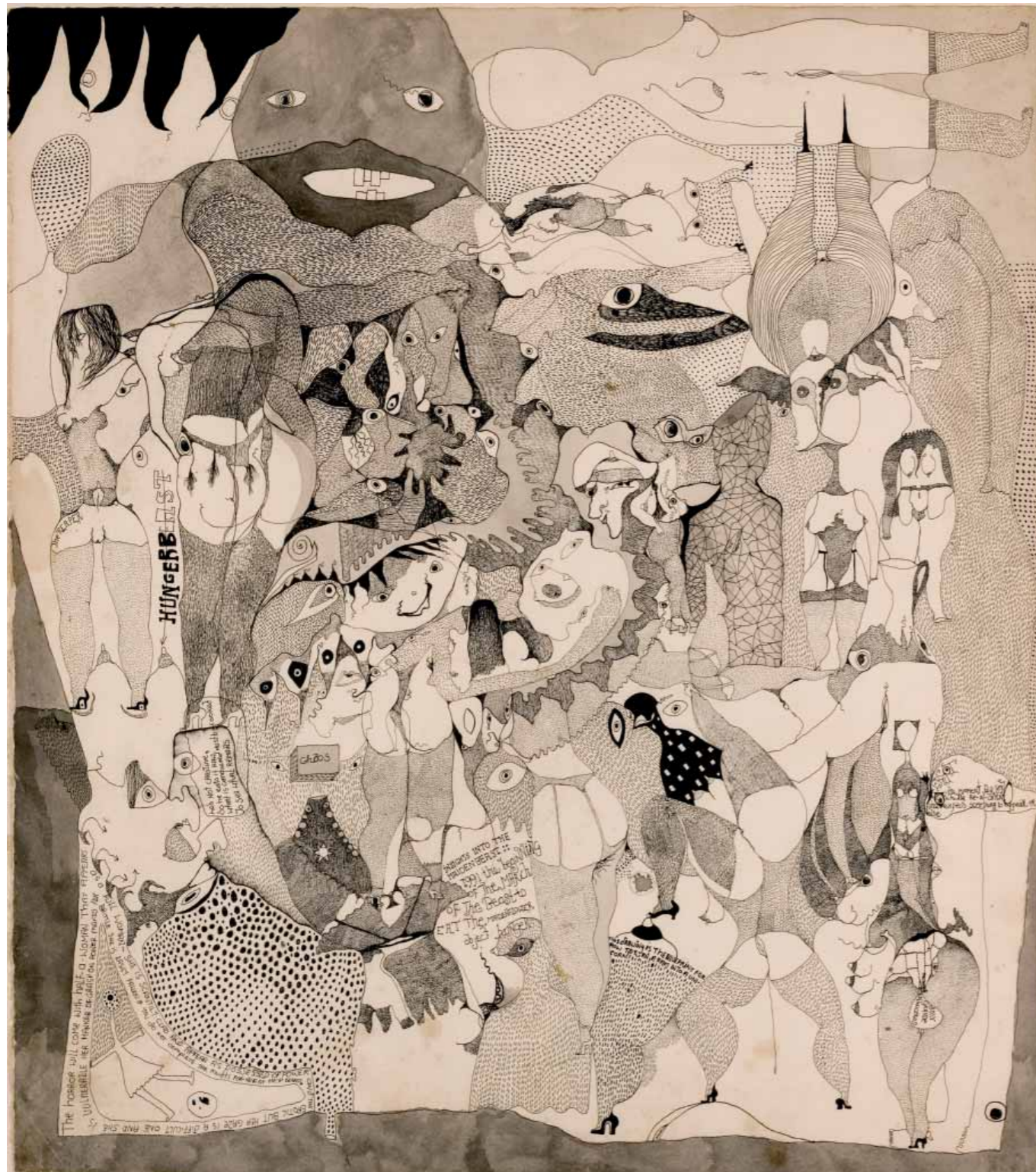
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For Matthew & Others

Journeys with Schizophrenia



Anthony Mannix, *A Cerebral Odyssey*, 1991. Cat. no. 302

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Foreword

Some years ago a very great Australian artist, Emily Kngwarreye, wrote that she painted, “Whole lot, that’s what I paint, whole lot...”

So I am going to ask about schizophrenia, “What if we accepted whole lot?” What if we were concerned with the person, whole lot, and not just “because of”, or “in spite of”, these illnesses we label schizophrenia?

“Schizophrenia doesn’t look too good on a job application form”, says a young man whose psychotic episodes are rare, but who still walks a tightrope of pretence. Yet consider how it might be if there were no more shame attached to mental illness, if we reacted to it like any other illness, if people felt free to say openly and without apprehension that they or someone in their family had a mental illness, if they weren’t shunned or penalised, if mental illness weren’t at the bottom of the pile in terms of the health dollar, public or private? In other words, if mental illness were no longer set apart from other illnesses?

In April 1979, my elder son Jonathan was diagnosed with schizophrenia. He was seventeen years old. We had just arrived in Adelaide from Sydney, a family of three children, two dogs, a cat, and a roof rack full of luggage. For us, that month was the beginning of a seven-year journey of suffering which ended with Jonathan’s death when he was twenty-four. Little was known about schizophrenia in those days. Parents were often blamed, and help was limited. Since then, much has improved. Yet, not so long ago, when the national mental health organisation, SANE, conducted a survey into the hopes and wishes of people with a mental illness, it found that what people wanted more than anything else was to see an end to the stigma which they said blighted every aspect of their lives.

Over the years, I have seen the struggles of people like Matthew—whose name honours this series of exhibitions and events—and while I may have felt awe and wonder at the sometime strangeness of their journeys, it’s their sheer darned courage that I remember most of all, their efforts to help us understand what’s happening in their lives. Yet as soon as I begin to write like this—about “their” efforts, “their” lives—I recognise that I am separating myself out. And that’s not what this is about. Our similarities lie in our common humanity. They far outweigh our differences.

Each time I am confronted by the mystery of creativity, it makes me draw breath and wonder at the strange worlds that lie within all of us. Illness, like death, is part of the universal experience. Mental illness is accorded no special dispensation. It weaves through our lives, and no amount of privilege can keep it at bay. Indeed, it is a territory we all visit at times, either personally or through bearing witness for someone we love. That’s why this project is so brilliant in its conception. It celebrates the extraordinary richness of the human spirit, from its encounters with the small domesticities of life to those wild journeys that take us to the farthest borders of experience.

Anne Deveson AO

Patron, SANE Australia; writer, broadcaster, documentary filmmaker

Preface

This important project consists of three complementary exhibitions, a comprehensive publication, a conference, gala performances, an art market, and a Mad Pride concert. It also sees the exhibition tour to Bundoora Homestead Art Centre in Melbourne.

The inspiration for this crucial endeavour originated with Dinah and Michael Dysart’s desire to honour the creativity that shone through their son Matthew’s often difficult life, and through that of others with schizophrenia of the past and present, whose work and lives enrich us and add to our understanding. A number of artists are included who, though not living with the condition, have created significant works revealing a shared concern. A range of media is represented, from painting and drawing to installation and performance.

A group consisting of Simon Champ, Dinah Dysart, Lisa Havilah, Anne Loxley, John Kirkman, Geraldine Quinn, Nick Waterlow, Felicity Fenner and originally Kon Gouriotis, has developed the seed into a flowering plant that will, we hope, become a significant milestone in increasing the awareness of schizophrenia and particularly its complex and fecund relationships to creativity.

The exhibition, purposely set in both western and central Sydney with their different constituencies, concentrates on contemporary art and experience in the former, and on the historical, including Ivor Francis’ remarkable 1943 painting *Schizophrenia*, in the latter. Oral and social histories are an integral component of the exhibition as they provide audiences with an opportunity to witness first hand the multiple impacts of schizophrenia on individuals, families and communities. These histories come from those with schizophrenia, from their parents and relatives, from loved ones and carers, and from those who work in the service of the public, including police, health care professionals and the legal system. Accompanying the exhibitions, conference and performance programs, a unique publication combines writing that is deeply personal as well as clinically visionary, whilst also concentrating on the background, life and achievement of each participant in the exhibitions.

Although schizophrenia is universal, and prominent artists such as the Venezuelan Javier Téllez have produced deeply sympathetic works like *The Passion of Joan of Arc (Rozelle Hospital)* in the 2004 Biennale of Sydney, we resolved to concentrate our research on Australia and maintain an intimacy with the subjects that otherwise would not have been possible.

We take this opportunity to thank all those who have contributed so diligently, caringly and generously to the realisation of *For Matthew and Others: Journeys with Schizophrenia*. A full list of acknowledgements appears elsewhere, but especial thanks are due to Anne Deveson and Dr Alan Rosen for their contributions to this publication, and to Barbara Hocking from SANE Australia. We would also like to thank here our financial supporters—Campbelltown City Council, Penrith City Council, UNSW, SANE Australia, Arts NSW, NSW Department of Health, and NSW Department of Housing.

We have found that the bringing together of several voices to develop this project, each with a different relationship to and awareness of schizophrenia, has challenged our thinking and broadened our comprehension, and we hope that the results will also touch you and act in a similar way.

**Nick Waterlow OAM, Director, Ivan Dougherty Gallery,
College of Fine Arts at UNSW**

Lisa Havilah, Director, Campbelltown Arts Centre

**John Kirkman, Chief Executive Officer,
Joan Sutherland Performing Arts Centre**



Schizophrenia is a brain disease that directly affects one in 100 Australians.



Matthew Dysart aged 34, 1998.
Cat. no. 168

Previous page: John Perceval, *The Patient*, 1981 (detail), Cat. no. 351

Other Voices: An Introduction

Dinah Dysart

You will remember that there was a time, in the very recent past, when white Australia, to its shame, ignored the indigenous population. Their values were dismissed as “primitive” and their works of art were regarded as ethnographic curiosities. These days the wisdom of the Aboriginal voice and the quality of their contemporary works of art are widely acknowledged, as Anne Deveson in her moving foreword to this book makes clear. So, perhaps, the day will come when society looks back with similar shame at the way people with schizophrenia and other mental illnesses were once totally disregarded, their artworks and writings deemed worthless, their voices unheard. The *For Matthew and Others: Journeys with Schizophrenia* project, which includes this publication and the accompanying exhibition and performance program, was conceived to provide a forum for these voices, to acknowledge their right to be heard and to examine the value of their insights.

When we embarked on this project in mid 2003 Nick Waterlow predicted that it would be a long journey. And indeed it has been—a long and emotional journey. On the way we met many wonderful people and grappled with endless mental health issues. We talked our way through ethical questions, testing decisions against possible accusations of sensationalism or the reinforcement of stigma. We determined to challenge public preconceptions about schizophrenia by presenting some key twentieth century Australian paintings together with contemporary artworks and stories in order to provoke discussion and concern.

My journey had begun almost twenty years before when my son Matthew Dysart was diagnosed with schizophrenia. Unlike Isabella Fels, whose story, entitled “Living with Mental Illness”, is told by her father Allan Fels in this catalogue, there were no indications in Matthew’s early years of what was to come. He had a typical Australian childhood, surfing, playing football, acting in school plays—having lots of friends and fun. His teenage years brought on anxieties and a lack of confidence but we attributed these problems to the difficulties of adolescence. So to be told that he had such a terrible illness was a very great shock to our family. Suddenly we entered a different reality—one that we never dreamt we would experience. We met doctors, nurses and health workers, but also many people with schizophrenia whom Matthew encountered during his numerous hospital confinements. His flat in Bondi became a refuge for the homeless, much to the consternation of neighbours and the local police. When we got to know his new friends (and he worried endlessly about their welfare because many of them had virtually no support), we realised just how brave, determined and insightful they could be. But for many life was difficult and for Matthew the battle ended in 1999 when he took his own life.

Witnessing Matthew’s struggles and those of others who were similarly afflicted made my husband Michael and me determined to do something to bring public attention to the plight of the mentally ill in this country. Then in March 2003 I saw the exhibition *Anita and Beyond* presented at the Lewers Bequest and Penrith Regional Gallery. By telling the horrifying story of Anita Cobby’s murder through photographs, memorabilia, and records from the police and the media, the focus of the *Anita and Beyond* exhibition was directed to the impact of violence upon a community, providing a valuable educational resource. Contemporary artists had also been invited to respond to the subject and the results were surprising. They articulated a variety of emotions, many of which revealed much about the artist’s personal connection to the experience of violence. I believed that a contemporary art exhibition could serve as a consciousness raising exercise for mental illness just as the Anita Cobby exhibition had raised public awareness of the consequences of violence.

A curatorial committee was formed comprising John Kirkman and Kon Gouriotis, both key members of the *Anita and Beyond* curatorium, Lisa Havilah, the curator of the *Anita* exhibition, and three other visual arts experts, Nick Waterlow, Anne Loxley and, at a later stage, Felicity Fenner. Geraldine Quinn came on board to research the social histories.

One of the first decisions the committee made was to refine the scope of the project to focus on schizophrenia. This was certainly not intended to underrate the impact of other equally serious psychiatric conditions such as bipolar and depressive illnesses but rather to avoid an exhibition that might encourage the viewer to become an amateur diagnostician. The committee's suggestion that Matthew's name should be incorporated in the exhibition's title, to personalise the subject and to serve as a symbol for the many people struggling with the illness, seemed to be appropriate, especially as he had also been a keen art student.

I had envisioned an angry exhibition that would confront mental health issues and question lack of resources, homelessness, and the shocking treatment by our society of people with mental illness. Then Simon Champ, who has lived with schizophrenia for almost thirty years and has been a mental health activist for more than twenty, joined our team. Simon is also an artist with a degree from Sydney College of the Arts so his opinion was vital to shaping the project. His responses to the committee's suggestions provoked much discussion and with his guidance the exhibition began to take on a less angry, although very passionate, form. It became more akin to a celebration, still sad but at the same time a celebration of the creativity and bravery of those with schizophrenia. I don't want to pre-empt your reading of the interview with Simon, entitled "Reclaiming Imagination", as this deals in detail with his reaction to many of the most important issues that we faced in the development of this project. However I do want to emphasise that it was Simon who educated us about the realities of living with the illness, and cautioned us about the use of stigmatising language, the pathological approach to art criticism, and the patronising tendency to regard works of art by the mentally ill as mere therapeutic exercises. He stressed that "art and creativity can become a source of empowerment at a personal and political level for people with schizophrenia".

Anne Loxley, the visual arts curator for the project, raised the question of how to focus the exhibition material. Simon Champ suggested that the theme should be the response to schizophrenia itself rather than simply a showcase of works of art by people with the illness. It therefore seemed apposite to also include examples by professional artists who do not live with the illness themselves but whose insight and understanding, gained through proactive research or the personal experiences of close friends or family, has enabled them to effectively address the subject in some way. Those artists who spoke from an ill-informed, speculative or voyeuristic standpoint were to be avoided. We were interested in a range of interpretations, in a multiplicity of voices that would illuminate understanding of schizophrenia and generate debate about madness and creativity.

In her essay entitled "The Charisma of Schizophrenia" Anne Loxley describes the research process for selecting works relevant to the theme; that is, those created by artists with the illness, with an intellectual interest in the subject or with a personal connection to it. Twenty-two of the thirty-seven artists she has chosen have (or had) lived with the illness and their works are a powerful testament to their experiences. Making contact with appropriate artists had to be sensitively handled and she writes of her respect for the "eloquent and creative survivors of schizophrenia". Loxley discusses the

varied themes and subjects most commonly portrayed. Her analyses of the images enhance our understanding of these imaginative worlds. Her essay concludes with a discussion of the relationship between schizophrenia and the archetypal visual artist.

Of course it would be ridiculous to assume that everybody with a mental illness is innately creative, yet that does not mean that they do not have something important to say. So we decided to humanise the material by telling real-life stories of people from a variety of backgrounds. By doing this more voices would be heard. Lisa Havilah, as curator of the social history material, took responsibility for an ambitious research program that involved contact with institutions and individuals across Australia.

Extensive interviews were conducted with a range of subjects, including those with a professional interest such as Sergeant Luke Hannon from the New South Wales Police Association, Professor Ian Hickie from the Brain and Mind Institute and Claire Haris-Chandra, the Activities Co-ordinator at Matthew Talbot Hostel. Then there are those like Vince Greentree and Allan Stephan whose direct experience of schizophrenia has resulted in a life lived on the edge with hospitalisation and, in the case of Greentree, homelessness and imprisonment being constant threats. There are also the brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers, sons and daughters, friends and relatives whose own lives have been shaped by their exposure to the struggles of loved ones. For example Olive Hughes relates her vivid memories of her brother, Rowland, who was diagnosed with schizophrenia in 1929, long before sophisticated medications were available, and consequently spent much of his life in institutions including Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital at Goulburn. Another subject is a mother whose son is now a missing person, a not uncommon occurrence, as we now know from the Cornelia Rau case that shocked the whole of Australia. Havilah has selected significant objects to symbolise strong personal connections and each participant in the project has been allocated a page in this publication. Geraldine Quinn, who conducted the interviews, is also represented—her passionate advocacy for the rights of those with the illness was engendered by the experiences of her brother.

A very important component of this project is the work of poets who have experienced schizophrenia. In his essay "Narratives of Self: 'the missing piece in the jigsaw of sanity'" Gareth Jenkins argues that poetry serves to construct identity by telling stories and describing journeys through madness. He extracts from and analyses the writings of Sandy Jeffs, Graeme Doyle, Anthony Mannix, Geoff Prince and Francis Webb, quoting the French philosopher, Antonin Artaud (who also experienced schizophrenia) who claimed that society refused to listen to the "intolerable truths" uttered by those with a so-called mental illness.

Sandy Jeffs, whose wonderful poetry will make you both weep and shout with laughter, is the subject of an interview with John Kirkman, who has taken a special interest in the poetry, music and performance aspects of the project. She talks about her formative influences and the importance of black humour, which she describes as "a coping mechanism; a way of surviving tragic experiences". She says, "My aim is to bring angels to tears and then revive them with an infusion of hilarity".

There are a variety of contexts in which the art of the mentally ill has been traditionally displayed. Precedents include the collection and occasional presentation of works of art by hospitals and psychiatric institutions. Many of these institutional collections are today regarded as highly controversial and psychiatrist Alan Rosen discusses the reasons for this in his essay in this publication.

Schizophrenia fellowships and community centres have also played a supportive role in drawing attention to the creativity of their members, although such exhibitions rarely have a theme and the aim is usually to bolster self-esteem and to give the participants an opportunity to sell their work. Yet another context where the art of those with schizophrenia is sometimes found is that of the "Outsider Art" exhibition. Anthony Mannix, whose works of art are one of the highlights of our project, is a founder of, and exhibitor with, The Australian Collection of Outsider Art. The emphasis in this instance is on the marginalised status—whether from choice or from fate—of the artists. But, with *For Matthew and Others: Journeys with Schizophrenia*, as the theme itself is schizophrenia, painters and poets with the illness are presented alongside well-known mainstream artists and the "outsider" category is rendered meaningless.

In his essay the art historian Anthony White adopts a traditional western art historical method of art criticism. He uses the analytical tools of his trade to interpret a selection of paintings by artists with schizophrenia and asks the question whether art by people with the illness should be interpreted differently from that of mainstream artists who do not have this direct experience. This argument reinforces Simon Champ's insistence that the forensic analysis—that is, the tendency to mine the imagery of the mentally ill for diagnostic indicators—should be avoided at all costs. In his interview Simon explains the historical reasons for the stereotyping that has occurred in the past and welcomes the opportunity to correct the misinformation about schizophrenia that has been bandied about in the public domain, such as the "split personality", which encourages viewers to look for visual evidence of this so-called symptom.

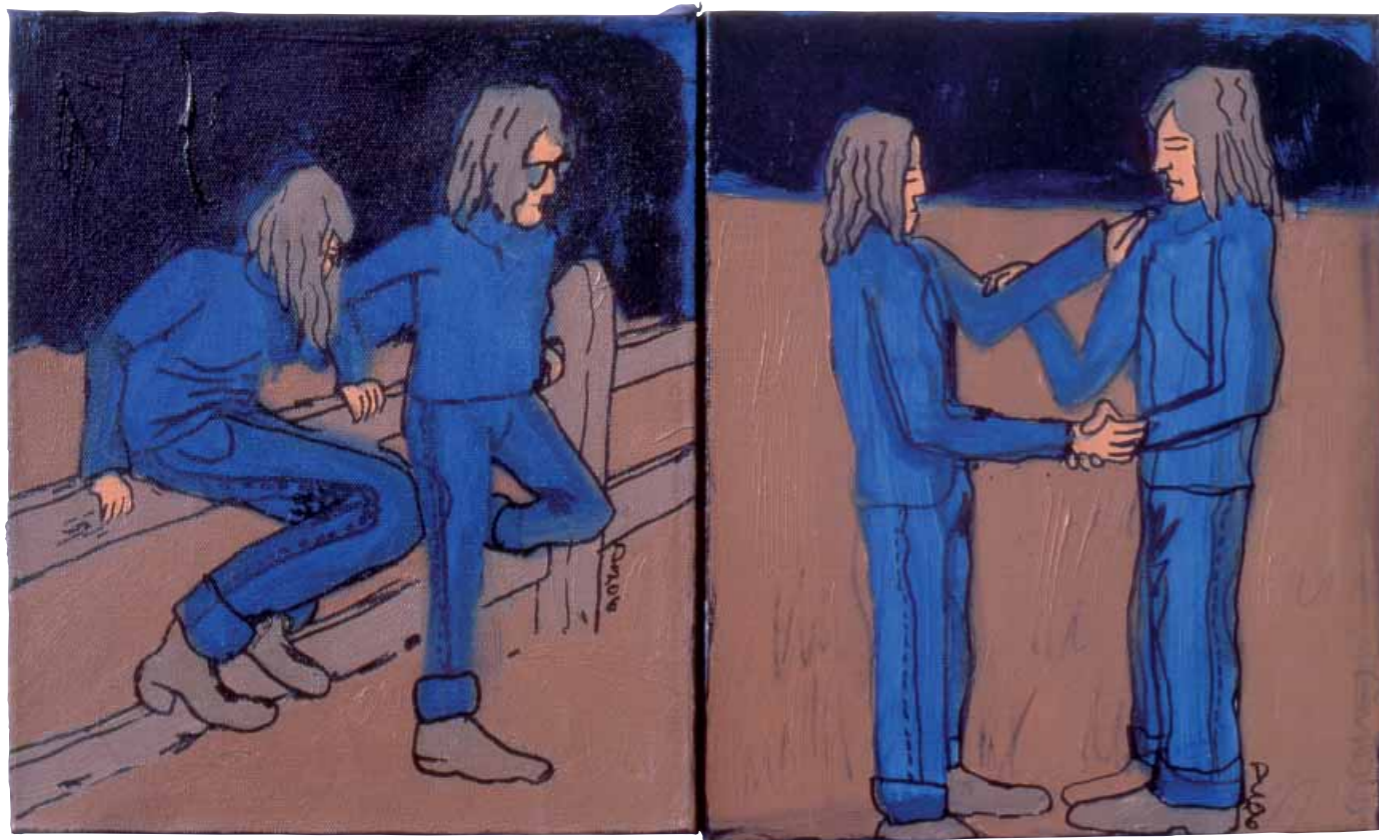
Although the curatorial committee was at pains to avoid stereotypes and material that could further stigmatise the participants, censorship was also an issue. Everyone has a right to his or her imagination and freedom of expression is a central tenet of our society. Why should those with schizophrenia be exempt? Surely an exhibition about madness and creativity should provide the opportunity to examine imagination in its many forms even if the content is shocking. This was a question that we all struggled with. Simon Champ's response to this problem was to suggest that delusions and hallucinations often reflect the archetypal fears of the so-called sane that "they are afraid to own themselves".

This project embraces many voices. We have included artists whose practices explore aspects of the subject as well as the curatorial voice, the voices of relatives, friends and carers, the psychiatrist's voice, the art historian's voice—a plurality of viewpoints, each with something to contribute to our understanding of the experience of the illness. But those who speak loudest—whether through their works of art or the stories they have to tell—are those with schizophrenia. And so it should be. It is only if you live with schizophrenia that you can ever know what it is really like. Hence *For Matthew and Others: Journeys with Schizophrenia* is dedicated to those with the illness, the many "Matthews" leading brave lives, but also to the "Others"—all of us who want to listen, need to know and are ready to understand.

Dinah Dysart
Arts writer and editor



Schizophrenia
is an illness
just like any
other illness.



Damien Skipper, *Cartoons one to four*, 2006. Cat. no. 417

Previous page: Gareth Sansom, *Schizophrenia*, 1993 (detail). Cat. no. 413

At the Vanishing Point: A Clinician's Perspective

Alan Rosen

This project is a timely celebration of individuals who are creative artists who also live with schizophrenia, and their important and striking works. While their vocation as creative artists may be unreliably recognised or only variably given credence, the label of schizophrenia is often so sticky and indelible that it is almost impossible to remove, despite full or substantial recoveries, which are common enough.

Captive Art

Early collections of artwork by people with a diagnosis of schizophrenia were drawn from group art sessions or discarded ephemera from diversional activities of patients retained for long periods in traditional psychiatric institutions. Many patients would become used to leaving their creative products at the end of the session without being asked and without question. It was as if the institution restated its capture of people by also capturing their products.¹ This was often not the intention of the therapists involved: they believed they were collecting these works and showing them to their colleagues as an aid to diagnosis or as an indicator of progress with treatment. Some were trying to construct classifications of visual imagery for psychoanalytic interpretation, as if patients were reproducing stereotypical visual symbols from an interpretive dictionary.² Others were attempting to educate students and the general public about the typical emotional expressions of mental illnesses through anonymous exhibition. However misguided we may see these activities as today, such clinicians at least took an interest in and valued these works, and preserved them, though not always or primarily for their artistic merit.

In the early twentieth century art historians and established artists entered the scene, contributing in a more art-driven way to objectifying these works, or what philosophers refer to as "studying people as if they were ants". The most celebrated of these was German psychiatrist and art historian Hans Prinzhorn (1866–1933), whose major work *Artistry of the Mentally Ill* (1922) was heavily influenced by Swiss psychiatrist Eugene Bleuler (1857–1939), who led the movement for more hopeful outlooks for schizophrenia against the widely prevailing therapeutic pessimism.³ Unlike occupational therapists and psycho-therapists who began to prompt patients to produce artworks, Prinzhorn only collected spontaneous works, subjecting them to what was then considered to be scientific and artistic analysis. He concluded that they were "the eruptions of a universal human creative urge" counteracting the tendency of many individuals with schizophrenia at the time (without effective treatment) towards isolation and a state akin to autism. With psychiatrist colleagues, he puzzled over the unique formation or deformation of the creative process under the influence of schizophrenia.⁴

The Prinzhorn Collection is controversial because it's believed that many of the works were produced by psychiatric patients subsequently put to death in gas chambers installed in mental hospitals, as part of the secret Aktion T, which Hitler euphemistically termed his "euthanasia" program for disabled Germans.⁵ This accusation applies particularly to works collected after 1922. The facts are mired in contention, partly because the anti-psychiatry movement has co-opted this campaign with more extreme accusations. The Prinzhorn curators will only concede that at least four, and possibly thirty-four, patients whose works are in the Collection could have been executed.⁶ Certainly the Collection is housed on the same University of Heidelberg site containing a psychiatric hospital in which the Nazi doctors conducted fatal medical experiments on children and where the Nazis installed gas chambers to kill patients as part of their extermination program.⁷ In a 1999 lecture on the subject, radical



philosopher and spokesperson for a German advocacy group for the rights of people with mental illness, René Talbot, argued that the Prinzhorn Collection catalogues still do not represent the artists as persons with identities and legal rights, but as unidentified patients with labels such as “schizophrenic” and “feeble-mindedness”.⁸ Nevertheless, since the Collection’s “rediscovery” in the early 1960s by contemporary art curator Harold Szeemann, aspects of the five thousand-work Collection have been exhibited widely, including in the 1995 Venice Biennale.

Marginalisation and Stigma

Since Jean Dubuffet coined the term “Art Brut” in 1945, when he began seeking artworks from Swiss psychiatric hospitals and prisons, a number of different labels have been placed on art made by those with a mental illness of one kind or another.⁹ “Art Brut” conjures up raw, brutal, savage associations, or images of the artwork of earlier descendants of the great apes. These associations are highly stigmatising for mental health service-users, casting aspersions on their humanity. While they are often gentle and shy, they find it hard to dispel the public image perpetuated in the mass media that they are all homicidal maniacs.

Similarly, the term “Outsider Art” promotes the idea that these individuals remain on the margins of society, and mixes up people with mental illness with prisoners, drug addicts and itinerants.¹⁰ While there is some overlap, at any one time nearly twenty percent of the Australian population has a mental illness, mostly untreated or inadequately treated. The majority are responsible, hardworking, community-minded people. They should not be deterred from seeking timely mental health services out of fear of being labelled as social outcasts. Mental health consumers mostly want and seek “social inclusion”, not “outsider” status, which implies alienation and exclusion from society.

All these terms are very problematic when put in the context of emerging service-user empowerment or the corresponding activist consumer movement, which seek to enable people with mental illness to regain full control over their lives, living outside hospitals most of the time if possible, and to re-establish full citizenship in their local communities.

Schizophrenia as Grist for the Artistic Mill

Thevos laments that better treatments may have relieved distress and suffering, but also dulled the mind and artistic expression, “inducing a... stupefying effect whose results... [have] been a decline... of the creative faculties.”¹¹ He complains that therapeutic benevolence and encouragement have turned out to be a far more subtle and effective form of repression of the living utterances of madness than the former regime of custodial cruelty and neglect.

This is an unnecessarily dismal conclusion, as contemporary treatments can enhance motivation and may be more readily finetuned to fade into the background of individuals’ lives, so they can recover and get on with them, relatively unhindered by side-effects. This can be even when they need to remain on medication to protect them from relapses. The potentially apocalyptic visual imagery and powerful emotional experience that flows from schizophrenia is still sufficiently vivid and disturbing that there should be no fear that artists with it will run out of unique creative material.

Empowered Art

In Australia today, more artists who have a mental illness are joining co-operative ventures like Splash Art in Melbourne to benefit from studio facilities and support to establish themselves as exhibiting and selling artists. Others, flying solo, are achieving

recognition as fully-fledged artists, rather than as the disabled with a curious talent. They therefore aspire to shift from “beyond the pale” outsider status to socially acceptable outsider status, as the occupation of eccentric artist is more easily understood, valued and even admired in society, while the marginalised psychiatric patient can still be an object of pity or even contempt.

Further encouragement can be gained from widespread community awareness campaigns to improve public understanding of mental illness and mental health literacy, such as those being rolled out in Australia by beyondblue, Rotary, SANE Australia and the National Mental Health Strategy.

Psychiatric clinicians are learning to be part of the solution rather than part of the problem, as we increasingly try to give up our controlling interest over mentally ill people and stop pronouncing that “we know what’s best for you”. We are just beginning to acknowledge our past complicity and are now trying harder to provide such individuals with a foundation for recovery in their own terms. The recovery journey may include discovering art as a medium for reflection or self-expression, or sometimes as a promising career.

What is Psychosis?

A psychosis is a condition caused by any one of a group of illnesses that are known, or thought, to affect the brain causing changes in thinking, emotion and behaviour. Psychotic illnesses can be brief or lasting, the latter including schizophrenia and some types of mood disorder, or a combination of both.

During an episode of one of these disorders, people may lose touch with reality and perceive their world differently from normal. What they see, hear and feel is real to them, but people around them do not share their experiences.

People with psychoses might develop delusions (false beliefs of persecution, guilt or grandeur) or they may experience hallucinations where they see, hear, smell, taste or feel things that are not there. They may be depressed or elated out of all proportion to their life circumstances.

To those around them, these episodes can seem to be threatening and perplexing. People who are not familiar with this behaviour may find it difficult to understand the fear and confusion with which people with these conditions live.

Effective medication, psychological and social treatments from medical health professionals, and support from well-informed families, mean that most people who experience a psychotic illness recover over time and are able to live productive and rewarding lives.

What is Schizophrenia?

If a psychotic illness lasts more than six months, not in association with a major persisting mood disorder, it may be diagnosed as schizophrenia, which affects one person in every hundred. The first onset is usually in adolescence or early adulthood. It can develop in older people but this is not nearly as common. Some people may experience only one or several time-limited episodes in their lives. For others, it may remain a recurrent or life-long condition.

The onset of illness may be rapid, with acute symptoms developing over several weeks, or it may be slow, developing over months or even years. The person may become socially withdrawn and their ability to think and make decisions may become compromised.

What Causes Schizophrenia?

No single cause has been identified but several factors are believed to contribute to the onset of schizophrenia in some people: genetic, biochemical, environmental, psychological, social and cultural. Illicit drugs can precipitate this illness in those with a genetic vulnerability, or maintain it and make it worse.

What Treatments are Available?

Just as the causes of schizophrenia are multi-factorial, the best treatments for it are also multi-modal.

The most effective treatment for schizophrenia involves a combination of medication, psychological counselling and help with managing its impact on everyday life, family education and support, and help with social relationships and getting back to education, training or work.

The development of newer anti-psychosis medications has revolutionised the treatment of schizophrenia. Now most people can leave hospital and live in the community. Not all people with schizophrenia have to go to hospital and most care can be delivered in the community. Sometimes a professional community care co-ordinator is required for some time to help to organise treatment and make sure all other needs are also met, such as financial, housing, recreational, etc.

New but well-tested medications are emerging, which promote a much more complete recovery with fewer side effects.

Schizophrenia is an illness, like many physical illnesses. For example, just as insulin is a lifeline for a person with diabetes, anti-psychosis medications and psychosocial interventions are lifelines for a person with schizophrenia.

What is Art Therapy?

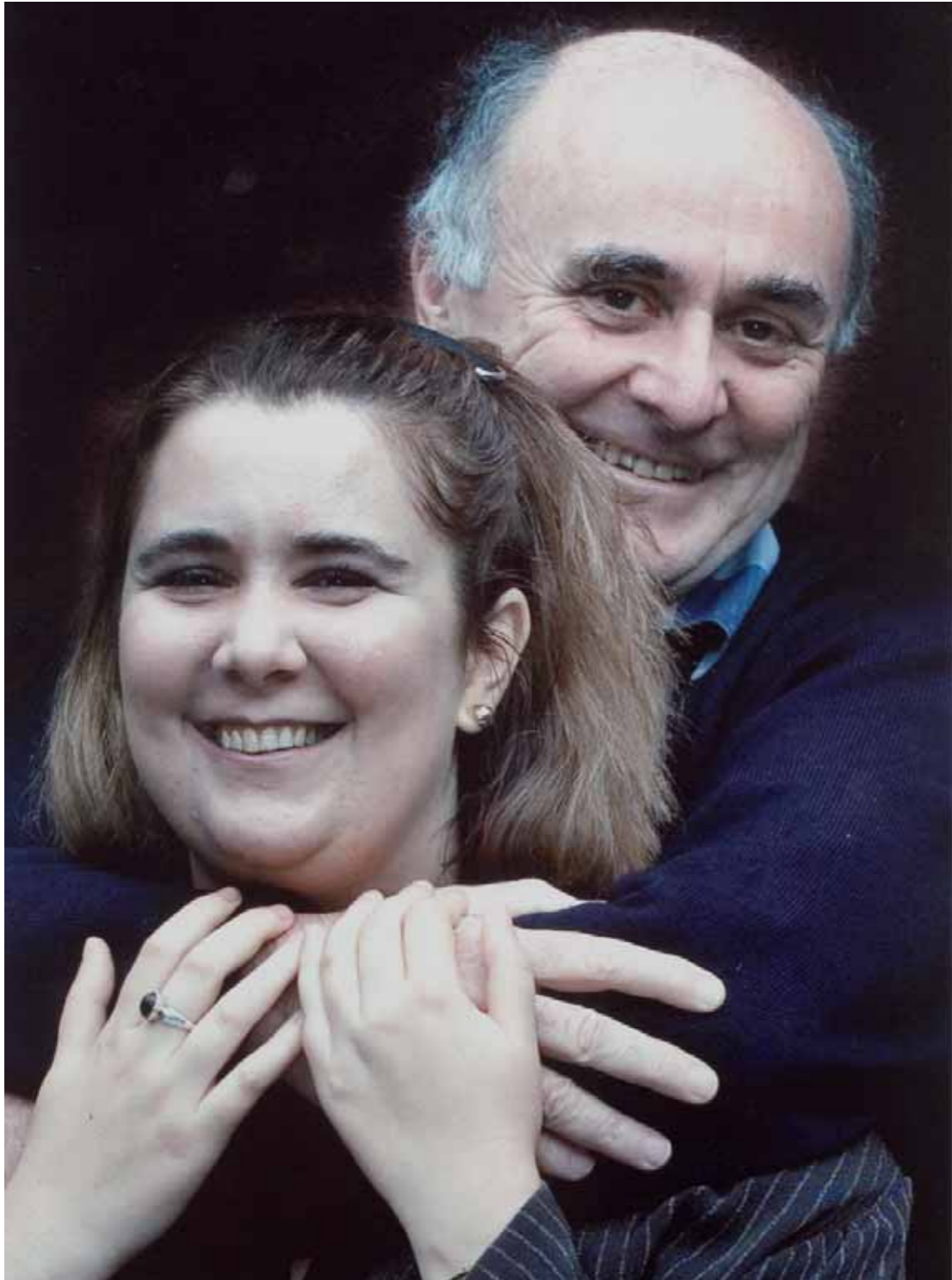
Art therapy in a psychiatric setting aims to work in collaboration with individuals or families with mental illness, to encourage their creative self expression, and communication of, and insight into, their issues and concerns. While much of contemporary art therapy has moved on from its earlier psychoanalytic interpretive focus (now regarding the person producing the artwork as its “owner”, who determines its meaning, sometimes with assistance from the therapist), its effectiveness in schizophrenia is now being studied scientifically.

Adapted from the Australian National Mental Health Strategy information booklets.

Dr Alan Rosen

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- 3 Hans Prinzhorn. *Artistry of the Mentally Ill* (first published 1922 in German); English translation: E. von Brockdorff, New York: Springer-Verlag, 1972.
- 4 Ibid.
- 5 René Talbot. “Hans Prinzhorn—a Nazi ideologist pathologizes art”, lecture, Paedagogik Institute, Hamburg University, 1999.
- 6 The Prinzhorn Collection Museum and Research Centre. Statement by the Prinzhorn Collection Centre of the Psychiatric Hospital of the University of Heidelberg on the controversy with the Federal Association of Psychiatric Experts over the appropriate location for the Collection, 11 April 2000. http://prinzhorn.uni_hd.de (site accessed 1/6/06).
- 7 Ibid.
- 8 Talbot, op. cit.
- 9 See Lucienne Peiry. *L’Art Brut, Series: Tout L’Art Histoire*. Paris: Flammarion, 1997.
- 10 Roger Cardinal. *Outsider Art*. London: Studio Vista, 1972.
- 11 Michel Thevos. *Art Brut*. Geneva: Editions d’Art, 1995.



Living with Mental Illness

Allan Fels

Allan Fels and Isabella Fels, 2000.
Cat. no. 176

Some nine years ago my daughter Isabella, now aged thirty-four, was diagnosed with schizophrenia after a prolonged period of disturbing, distressing, bizarre behaviour.

Her first eighteen months of life seemed normal. The period from then to adolescence was worrying. She had many difficulties and much unhappiness during her childhood years. At the age of eighteen months she used to tear out her hair, becoming bald on certain parts of her head. She did many strange things. In childhood and throughout her life, she was never able to relate to a peer group, to play with them or to be included in their activities. She depended upon her parents and other adults for her mental stimulus. Her adolescence was tormented and troubled at home, school and everywhere else—and ever increasingly so. An embarrassing obsession with another student led to the first of several changes of school. She did well academically, receiving a Bachelor of Arts degree at Swinburne University, but only after great stress. She received a great deal of psychotherapy from psychiatrists from age twelve until age twenty-six. She also saw some psychologists.

At the age of twenty-six, Isabella had a full psychotic episode. She heard gunshots and other noises in her head and kept seeing monsters and other frightening images. She was deeply fearful of her fingernails being torn off and of needing amputation of her limbs because she believed she had gangrene.

After receiving a diagnosis and taking medication on a substantial scale, her severe psychotic symptoms were largely removed and she returned home from hospital, but she continued to be very obsessive and had difficulty concentrating.

Three years ago she was having adverse side effects from her medicine and it was decided that she should change medicine. Unfortunately the new medicine was a failure and she lapsed into an extremely psychotic condition, culminating in a five-week stay in a high dependency ward of a public hospital as doctors fought to overcome her difficulties. Although the severe symptoms were eventually removed and a seemingly appropriate form of medication was applied, she was adversely affected by the episode in terms of obsessiveness and lack of concentration and as a result has been living in a community care unit attached to the hospital with a twenty-four hour nursing service.

Isabella thus now receives treatment from a psychiatrist and takes medication, which generally relieves her psychotic symptoms. Isabella is a loveable, charming, sensitive, articulate and intelligent young woman but even with medicine her illness can cause serious difficulty in comprehending reality, frequent obsessional behaviour, sometimes socially inappropriate behaviour and lack of motivation. She is rather obsessed about her weight and body.

Like others with schizophrenia, she may need help in making “reality checks”—distorted and confused perceptions may be kept in check by talking to people with a better grasp of what is happening. Families, friends, volunteer helpers and professionals can be of great help here.

One effect of deinstitutionalising those with mental illness since the 1980s has been the greater burden on families. An attempt by Isabella some years ago to live away from home with others in a house (where mental health workers were present but only from 9am to 5pm on weekdays) did not work. She has underdeveloped living skills and her illness is such that she could not live by herself—she basically has depended upon family care and now nursing care for most of her life.

Without intellectual stimulus and some pressure to engage in activity Isabella lapses into prolonged inactivity, passiveness and depression. She needs company to release her of anxiety about changing obsessions. Occasional respite availability—one of many under-resourced services—provides some relief.

The physical and emotional impact on the family is very great, mostly all consuming, especially for my wife.

The challenge for the family is well summed by E. Fuller Torrey in *Surviving Schizophrenia*: "Family members, especially mothers, are often expected to simultaneously be the person's case manager, psychotherapist, nurse, landlord, banker, janitor, cook, disciplinarian and best friend." Families cannot be all these things and especially they cannot be psychiatric hospitals.

Families that try to care need substantial backups—such as psycho-social services and respite relief—but these are often lacking. While it was recognised that deinstitutionalisation could only work with adequate social support, the quality and range of community-based psycho-social services was seriously underestimated. Isabella has been unable to receive adequate attention from services and like many others has suffered from a lack of rehabilitation and recovery programs for most of her life.

Some support for families does exist through social and mental health workers. Isabella received this support before her current place in a community care unit. Our experience has been mixed. In some instances problems seemed to stem partly from a failure to adequately include the family—the long-term primary carers with the best understanding of the person and their illness—in the management. In some instances she was encouraged to do things we thought unwise given her illness.

We also get some help from friends who may or may not themselves have children or relatives with the illness. Sometimes we organise activities for small groups of persons with the illness.

More programs of organised recreation, activity (in Isabella's case it would include, besides occupational therapy, activities such as reading together, writing together, general education on current affairs and general knowledge), vocational training, counselling and help (with developing living skills, structuring the day, managing diet, managing physical exercise and so on) are needed, including assistance in obtaining part-time work. A greater range of services is needed to manage crises which occur in the course of the illness (even in-hospital services are rather limited).

Schizophrenia has been stigmatised in society, a situation which we should all try to overcome. This is why we agreed to airing the issue on ABC TV's *Australian Story*. We need to raise community awareness of the illness, the nature of it and of how many people have it (about one percent of the population in many countries including Australia).

We also need to make it a much higher priority for public policy and public spending. Schizophrenia has not received the priority it needs from our public health system. Australia spends less of its health budget on it, proportionally, than other countries, according to a study by Access Economics. This is partly historical, partly because it's a low priority politically, and partly because of a failure to recognise the large social payoffs from preventing the drug-related illnesses and crime of those at the serious end of the spectrum. As an illness that extends over an entire lifetime, it has enormous personal, family, social and economic ramifications.

This year governments have committed to substantial increases in spending on mental health. This is very welcome. The commitment will need to continue for many years.

Having said that, in the short term, we all know that the responsibilities lie with the person with the illness and their immediate carers.

As noted, Isabella has left hospital and has been living in a community care unit. It is an outpost of the public hospital. This is part of the public health system. The community care unit provides a good standard of care. There are at all times at least two, usually three, psychiatric nurses in attendance. It is still early days and Isabella is still in the recovery phase of her psychosis from this psychotic episode.

During the day Isabella is encouraged to adopt a schedule and to improve her living skills in such areas as cooking and cleaning. She comes home on Saturdays and Sundays and we are in touch with her during the week, seeing her several times. She is also able to continue her regular consultations with her psychiatrist of the last seven years. She receives considerable attention from staff, which she welcomes.

Although, as I have said, it is early days, her socialisation and level of affinity with fellow residents is and could continue to be somewhat limited and difficult, taking account of their illnesses and differences of age and background.

Persons with severe mental illness require integrated handling and treatment involving psychiatrists, the family, social and mental health workers, rehabilitators and employers—potential and actual. On the whole these links are weak. They are probably not helped by confidentiality and privacy laws, but the problems go deeper than this.

One of Isabella's great interests is in writing. She writes a great deal and takes part in some writing classes. She has always been very good at expressing herself and in putting together well-phrased sentences that draw on a good vocabulary. She writes poetry and short articles and succeeds in having them published in a variety of sources. She writes about her feelings, her experience of mental illness and about things that she observes in life and society. She also reads her writing to some audiences. When speaking at the Melbourne Writer's Festival about depression and mental illness I took the opportunity of reading a couple of her very insightful poems, which had a very big effect on the audience.

Professor Allan Fels AO is Dean, The Australia and New Zealand School of Government



Jon Cattapan, Untitled from *Sister* series, 1984. Cat. no. 4



Simon Champ at "Human Rights",
Performance Space, Sydney, 1990.
Cat. no. 17

Reclaiming Imagination

Simon Champ
in conversation with Dinah Dysart

DD: Simon, you live with schizophrenia and you have been a mental health activist for more than twenty years. You also have a visual arts degree so you were the perfect person to guide us through the development of our exhibition. I remember at your first committee meeting you corrected our language.

SC: For me, as a person living with the illness, it has been very important not to use words like "sufferer". It's a "victim" term and it gave me no sense of control over my life. Also it's important not to say "schizophrenic" but rather a person who lives with schizophrenia, or has schizophrenia. And that's because the illness is not our total self. I'm a person first and I live with this illness and this illness can dominate my life at times and take over but it's not the whole of me.

Also there is the idea of reclaiming the language—where a word has been stigmatising or very hurtful to people with mental illness—and making that our own. For example the Mad Pride concert—it was a direct response to that idea about reclaiming language and with that our sense of self.

DD: Would you say that reclaiming a word like "mad" puts a good spin on the idea of madness? It makes it into something that is not such a bad thing.

SC: That's always difficult in terms of my work as an educator about mental health issues. How do you provide hope for people and yet be realistic about the level of disability that they may be living with. It's still true that there are people with a diagnosis of schizophrenia who don't get any relief from contemporary drugs. So for me it's about accepting wherever you are in life. It's not about romanticising the pain or suffering. You have to find meaning and enjoyment at every level.

DD: You have said that there are parallels with the American black rights movement?

SC: Yes, I think there was a lot to learn from their strategies and those of the women's and gay rights movements. We are one of the last groups to collectively argue for rights that other people now take for granted.

DD: Remind me about the poster you produced of words derived from "schizophrenia".

SC: Special Creatively Heightened Individual Zanily Overly Perceptive Humorous Really Emotional Needing Insight Assistance and Care. It's about looking at things that were seen as disadvantages and actually reframing them in a positive way. This was very difficult twenty years ago because a lot of people didn't see any potential in our lives.

DD: So you encouraged us to focus the exhibition in a positive direction, didn't you?

SC: Well, I think we've realistically tackled the fact that schizophrenia is painful; it does limit people in some ways, sometimes. And ultimately, it sometimes takes lives. And I don't think we've moved away from those realities or romanticised them. But I think by applying the eyes of curators from a wider field it has opened up the richness of the cultural aspects of people who have schizophrenia.

DD: Can you summarise the subject matter of our exhibition?

SC: It's about the realities of living with schizophrenia. I think people with schizophrenia often have an understanding of life despite their illness—or because of their illness—that actually isn't there in so-called normal land.

In many people's minds those of us with schizophrenia are either mad geniuses, which isn't very helpful—unless you're Van Gogh and it wasn't helpful for him either—or everything we do in art is therapy. You must feel better because you paint. And I think those myths really need to be examined. There's truth in them but there are also limitations.

DD: I know you are very critical of the pathological style of art criticism.

SC: What happens is that people from a psychiatric background, who are not trained in art, look for evidence of symptoms in the imagery and often it's a very, very crude sort of symbolic understanding—black is depression, red is anger—and there is no real recognition of the artistic nature of the collection. The Cunningham Dax collection in Melbourne was formed in this way.

DD: You also told us about the Prinzhorn Collection, which includes sculptures made from bread.

SC: What else could they do? They were incarcerated in institutions. They weren't given materials, yet they found ways to be creative in the most difficult circumstances. I remember I was really moved once by a photograph of keys that people in asylums had made to try and escape. And the creativity in all those keys—made out of necessity and the hope of freedom—such ingenuity in a terrible situation.

DD: Another comment often made about work by people with schizophrenia is that they tend to focus on the eyes.

SC: Yes. And you also still get people looking for the split in the painting—you know, the misconception of the split personality. The public feel they need to pathologise the image. I've always felt it was hard to see my own work for what it was, because people were always projecting this pathology on to it. But I think we've really moved away from that in this exhibition where even if we acknowledge the influence of schizophrenia it's not in a true pathological way. It's actually in a way that talks about it as a means of expanding creativity.

DD: It's perfectly valid subject matter for art. There are thematic exhibitions about every subject you can possibly imagine so why not one about schizophrenia?

SC: It's never really been done, as far as I know—schizophrenia awareness exhibitions, yes. But we actually look at the art in terms of skills or insights and try to make some sort of new understandings about art that is influenced by schizophrenia. And also about how other artists have picked up on that metaphor.

DD: What do you think of the decision we made quite early on to include works by people who didn't (or don't) have the illness but have dealt with the subject in some way?

SC: I thought it was really challenging. The metaphor of "schizophrenia" is often mistakenly used to mean "fracture" or "split". Yet there are artists who use it as a metaphor for altered states or just to show unreal insights or the complexity of reality. I think that artists who are starting to approach it from that angle really get into some interesting material.

A key work for me is Ivor Francis' image. I certainly wouldn't use that painting for a mental health awareness campaign because it's frightening. It gives some pretty strange messages. But for me, living with schizophrenia, it resonates partly because it does evoke the darkness and terror that I go through at times. And I think there are a number of works in the show that express the reality of

schizophrenia by exposing the really frightening aspects of living with it. In the mental health movement perhaps we censor out such images because we want a message of hope, and yet for me some of them echo very strongly.

Beyond that I think we've found out just how common mental illness is. We've discovered that a lot of people—although they are not "out" about it—have some connection family-wise or through friends. And I think it's been interesting just to see how strong that emotion or link is—all that stuff that hasn't been explored by them—and perhaps we've given them a chance to develop it in even stronger ways.

Also with the emphasis today on the bio-chemical theories of illness, particularly with schizophrenia, there's been a real move away from the actual content of delusions and visions, and I'm really interested in how people with mental illness reclaim imagination. It has only recently occurred to me that the self-censorship that a lot of us put ourselves through, because of the diagnosis, actually limits us in indulging in imagination. We become fearful of slipping into the danger of pathologising our own creativity and thoughts. And I think that's a real issue.

What's happened by including well-known artists working with images or metaphors about schizophrenia is that it dignifies the whole exhibition in that sense of recognising people with schizophrenia as artists.

DD: What about the notion of madness and creativity somehow going hand in hand?

SC: I sometimes think that my art comes from the same space that schizophrenia does but then I move away from that idea and I see that, in some ways, in terms of organisational skills, my disability can work against my creativity. This is particularly true for artists with schizophrenia in terms of organising shows. You know artists are incredibly tolerant of difference but still there are a lot of hurdles for people with schizophrenia who want access to the art world. For example you don't want to turn up at cocktail parties if you smell—that's bad for public relations—but if you're living on the streets and you're making art, you can't get a shower. And I think that's still the reality for a lot of artists who have terrific potential.

DD: Difference is valued in the art world of course.

SC: Yes. I think they see people with schizophrenia very often as being differently abled rather than disabled.

DD: There may be some acceptance of people with schizophrenia within the art world but in everyday life there is a lot stigma.

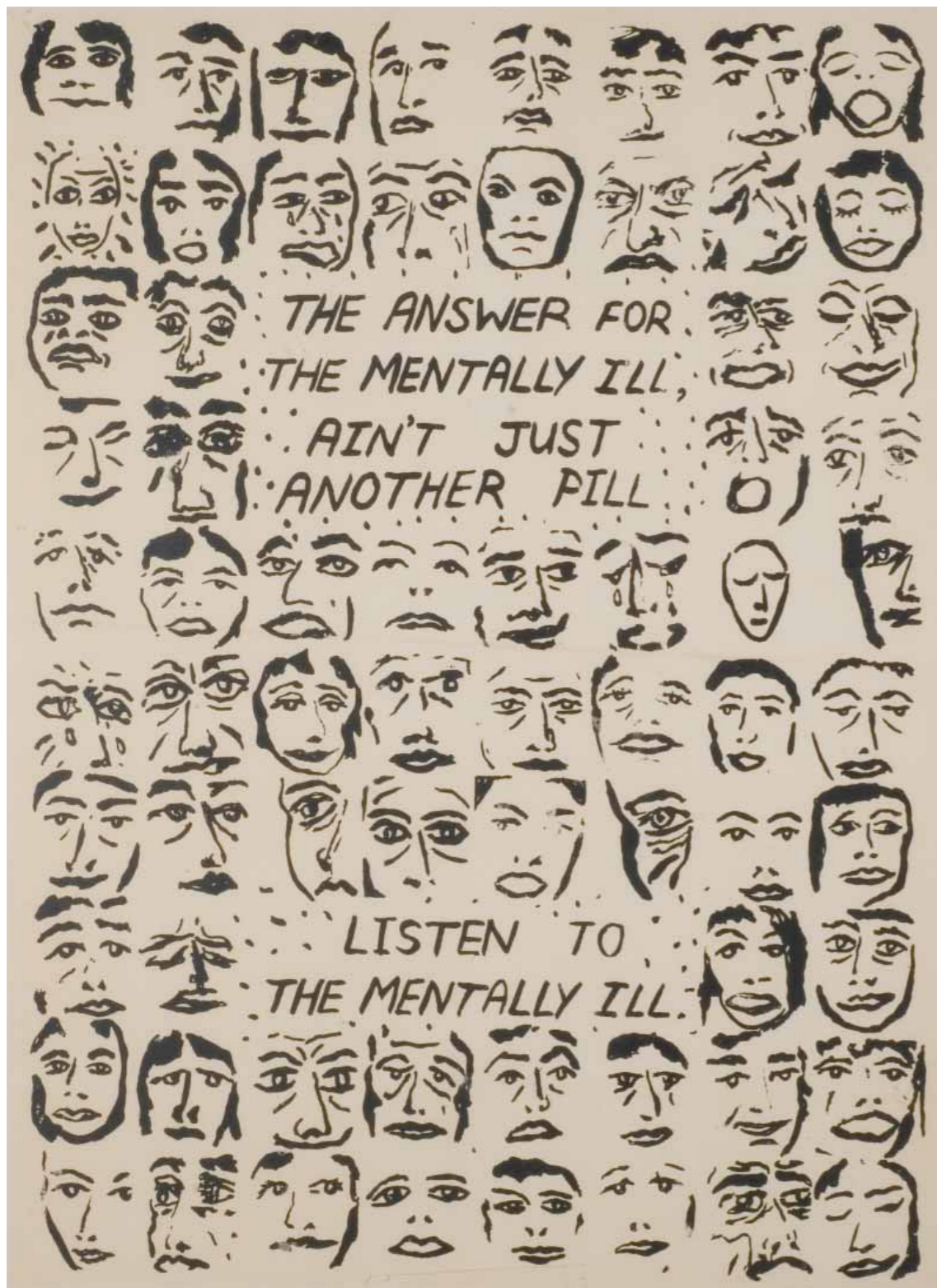
SC: Well I went public at a time when very few people were "out" about having mental illness. I think the lesson I learnt was what I call the two Fs—fear and fascination. People are frightened of madness, particularly of schizophrenia, but they are fascinated by it as well. And what I learnt is that the truth about schizophrenia, or as much as we know about it, is actually more mystical, more awe-inspiring than the myths. What causes a delusion, what causes a hallucination? What if people are hallucinating without using illegal drugs? Isn't that marvellous on one level even if it's really scary to think that the brain can do that?

Art, for me, was one way to strengthen my sense of personal identity and worth in the face of stigma. And I think this exhibition will show how art and creativity can become a source of empowerment at a personal and a political level for people with schizophrenia.

DD: The exhibitions also tell stories about people with schizophrenia. Do you think that works well?



Ivor Francis, *Schizophrenia*, 1943.
Cat. no. 185



Simon Champ, *The Answer for the Mentally Ill*, 1985. Cat. no. 12

SC: I think the stories will surprise a lot of people. Not least the subjects themselves because I think a number of the people who have been profiled don't see the value of their contribution or how they have affected people. Acceptance in society ultimately comes down not to awareness campaigns but to the person with the illness shaking hands with their neighbour and people getting to know us, and obviously art extends the possibilities of that. And also it could only be at this point in time—this exhibition could never have happened before.

DD: Why is that?

SC: Because most of us would be in institutions. Before the fifties we would have lived our whole lives in institutions. And I think if we had approached this in the sixties there would have been an incredible leaning towards the diagnostic, pathological approach and I think many curators would have fallen into that trap. Or they would have taken the "people with schizophrenia are the shamans of their age" psychedelic trip. Even twenty years ago there was very little networking between people with illness outside the hospitals. There is power in those stories that we have to tell. One of the things I hope this project does is tell some of the stories that may have been lost.

DD: The problem of course is that there is a huge amount of material. It is impossible to do more than tap the surface although we've tried to have a range of different sorts of experiences—different ages, gender, backgrounds and so on.

SC: I think this exhibition is valuable because it will open up many other possibilities for curators to explore. There's stuff around trauma, there's stuff around metaphor in our society and there's also the rapidly disappearing history of psychiatric care in Australia. If our exhibition encourages oral history projects to capture people who are eighty or ninety and have lived in asylums, then we would have achieved a lot.

DD: We've included a film made by an artist with schizophrenia—it's a horror film. We worried whether showing it would reinforce stigma but then we asked ourselves why someone with schizophrenia shouldn't make a film about that subject—after all, everyone else does.

SC: Exactly. This was a key issue that I had to confront, because in terms of my role as an awareness educator about the issue of violence and people with mental illness I would steer away from examples that are too difficult, but I think in this context it gives a fuller picture of who we are. Hopefully it's seen that people with mental illness have the right to their imagination. If they dream up a really scary story it doesn't mean that they are going to act on it. Delusions and hallucinations very often reflect archetypal fears and they present people who are sane, supposedly, with stuff that's in their own unconscious that they project on to people with mental illness because they are afraid to own it themselves.

I see people with schizophrenia as being like the canary in the cage down the mine. When the gas comes they sing first. And in a sense often people's delusions when they're not well, and even their sensitivities when they are well, are attuned to currents in society that are threatening. We live in an age when people are talking about sedition laws and terrorism, in a society that is becoming increasingly paranoid, and schizophrenia provides some interesting metaphors.

It's the censorship of so-called normal people that these exhibitions will challenge because they'll recognise parts of themselves in areas that they wouldn't normally want to venture into. That's

what scares the hell out of people working with people with mental illness. A lot of the artworks in this show by people with schizophrenia are a search for meaning and I think that's what will give it richness—a richness that deepens the mystery of life.

DD: What are your expectations for this exhibition?

SC: Obviously we are about celebrating the creations of people with schizophrenia and of artists who have tried to tackle the subject. And in that sense I would hope that it opens up new possibilities, particularly in art funding and art training for people who have a mental illness.

There is an overwhelming history of imagery about mentally ill people that we inherit if we get that diagnosis. I think perhaps this show is actually beginning the process of some real critical understanding of how visual imagery impacts on our understanding of schizophrenia, and I hope it will stimulate debate not only in public circles but also among people with schizophrenia.

I guess I also hope that artists who have schizophrenia may reclaim their imagination in the sense that they may actually start to divorce their creativity from their pathology. Or see realistically how this may be linked but learn to celebrate their imagination again.

Simon Champ is an artist and prominent mental health activist. Interview conducted 28 April 2006.



Matthew Dysart, *Starry Starry Night*,
c. 1994. Cat no. 160

Beyond Van Gogh: Art, Mental Illness & Art History

Anthony White

I.

Ever since Aristotle argued that most poets were “clearly melancholics”, mental illness has been closely associated with artistic creation.¹ In more recent times this connection has become a commonplace, and the figure of Vincent Van Gogh producing masterpieces while suffering for his sanity is now an archetype of the modern artist. In approaching the works by individuals with mental illness in the exhibition *For Matthew and Others: Journeys with Schizophrenia* it is important to move beyond such platitudes. Whether or not there is a scientific basis for the link between creativity and mental illness, such conclusions have not always worked in favour of a deeper understanding of specific artworks and the individual lives of their creators.² On the contrary, as I will argue in this essay, the historical association between creativity and mental illness has led to interpretations of art that compound pre-existing social stigmas or romanticise the experience of illnesses such as schizophrenia.

One way of avoiding these pitfalls is to draw on the methodology of art history. This discipline—which I define as the study of artworks in their technical, psychological and social dimensions—is not immune to the problems that have beset the interpretation of creative work by people with mental illness. Nevertheless, art history possesses analytical tools which, properly employed, have much to contribute to the study of such work. Art history is a reflexive discipline; it can look at its own methods with a critical eye and adjust them to suit the object under study, taking into consideration not only aesthetic and historical factors but political and ethical ones as well. Moreover, art history looks at art objects as material things existing in a specific cultural and historical context, and can test any preconceptions that a viewer might bring to a work or its creator against the visible features of the physical work and the actual circumstances of the work’s creation. With this in mind, I would like to apply an art historical interpretation to the work created by people with mental illness in the exhibition *For Matthew and Others: Journeys with Schizophrenia*.

I will proceed down two paths. I will first examine some historical shifts in the understanding of the connection between art, creativity and mental illness, focusing on the changing interpretations of art produced by people with mental illness. In so doing, I will draw awareness to the matrix of concepts that we have inherited from the past and which a contemporary viewer may, consciously or not, bring to his or her appraisal of the work. In what follows, I will draw on conclusions reached in the reflexive study of past analyses of such art to discuss some individual works in the exhibition in more detail, with a focus on the medium of painting.

II.

Creativity and mental illness are two historical categories that have been used to label individuals, and the objects they produce, as different and unique.³ These concepts have been associated with each other in a range of different ways over the last two hundred years. In the early nineteenth century, the Romantics emphasised the freedom and individuality of the irrational motives of artistic creation in contrast to the more conventional, socially-regarding attitude of the professional artist. Although the Romantic artists and writers thereby created the circumstances for an appreciation of creative work by people with mental illness, they were not interested in the actual artistic products of such people.⁴ By the later nineteenth century, a new figure had emerged in contemporary scientific and literary discourse—the “mad genius”. With the invention of this concept, the art of people with experience of mental illness became the focus of scholarly attention. However, art by such individuals, along with their minds, was often viewed as evidence of “degeneration”, a return to a primitive stage of development, as

the Italian psychiatrist Cesare Lombroso maintained in *Genius and Madness* (1864).⁵ The Hungarian writer Max Nordau, in his book *Degeneration* (1892), continued this argument and took it in a new and sinister direction, asserting the moral sickness of modern artists. These ideas would ultimately lead to the defamation of avant-garde art and the art of people with mental illness in the Nazis' infamous *Degenerate Art* exhibition of 1937.

Other early twentieth century writers took a less derogatory view of the connection between mental illness, art and creativity. European avant-garde artists, such as Max Ernst and Paul Klee, directly valorised the creative work of those experiencing mental illness. They borrowed motifs and techniques from such art to reinforce the "otherness" of their own painting practice, using the supposed isolation and exoticness of the mentally ill to reinforce their own sense of exclusion from, and opposition to, the rational values of bourgeois society.⁶ The Surrealists, and those who followed in their wake, such as the French painter Jean Dubuffet, helped to popularise the category of Art Brut, artworks by people believed to work outside established artistic and cultural systems. These historical developments have enabled a fuller acceptance and appreciation of creative work by those with mental illness.

In reviewing this history, it emerges that more recent, positive valorisations of the work of people with mental illness put forward by artists and art historians have tended to argue that there is a metaphysical "otherness" to such art. Modern artists and writers, for example, have argued that artworks by people with mental illness are examples of wild expression, inspired vision or transgression.⁷ As a result, the work of such individuals has been interpreted as illustrating something utterly beyond the pale, transcendent and out of reach of normal, everyday experience. People living with mental illness—whether viewed as degenerates or romantic outsiders—have been defined by art discourse as completely separate from those defined as normal individuals. But, we may ask, is this characterisation correct?

New research suggests that it is not. As many authors have argued, art created by people with mental illness is strongly connected to relatively common or universal human skills and experiences. As David Maclagan argues, the works of such artists are not "solitary monologues" but, as in the example of Swiss artist Adolf Wolfli, often elaborate systems that relate to existing social and scientific structures.⁸ Such works, therefore, are not the product of completely unique, transcendent states of mind but rather express an ordering, system-making tendency that has much in common with the products of those judged to be sane. Moreover, researchers such as Susan Spaniol have emphasised the cognitive dimension of art by people with mental illness, and the fact that it is more closely related to wellness than illness.⁹

Another argument against the "otherness" thesis is the undeniable historical dimension to the artwork of those living with mental illness.¹⁰ Maclagan has noted that there is a historical component in the art of those with experience of mental illness. He draws attention to the fact that the crisis of representation that takes place in art beginning in the nineteenth century is also a feature of art by people with mental illness in the same period.¹¹ In a similar vein, Allan Beveridge points out that the German psychiatrist Hans Prinzhorn, author of the pioneering 1922 text *Artistry of the Mentally Ill*, ignored the fact that artists working in the psychiatric hospital had previous art training, failed to consider the artists' awareness of how their work was received, and tended to downplay the social context of the institution as a factor in the art's creation. These omissions promoted the idea that work by people with mental illness is the product of a totally other, transcendent state of mind.¹² As a corrective to this view, several authors have demonstrated that such work, rather than a

pure product of illness, is often a response to, or evidence of, the historical and cultural circumstances under which the individual is living.¹³

Approaches to the art of people who experience mental illness can therefore be divided into three broad categories. First there are studies that examine the work for evidence of individual human experience that is completely "other" to the norm. Many psychiatric analyses of art fall into this category, but so do certain artistic valorisations, whether in the judgement that a given work is evidence of an artist's genius, or in the designation of "Outsider Art" status. Second, we have approaches that examine artwork for the way in which it relates to relatively common human experiences, consciousness and skills, as in cognitive studies of the art, or those that stress artistic abilities and creativity that are relatively common features of human activity. Third, we have those studies that examine the work for its social and historical meaning, relating it not so much to the interior world of the individual but rather to the context from where it emerges.

Rather than select one approach, a synthesis of all three outlooks gives the most complete picture of artwork by people with mental illnesses. In this way, art historical interpretation can reflect the complexity of individual artists and artworks. In spite of the potential problems associated with seeing the work as "other" to normal experience, it is important to identify what is unique about each work and its creator, including what the work may reveal, if anything, about the author's experience of illness. At the same time, it is essential to acknowledge that the skills involved in the creation of such art, and the vision it reveals to us, are not entirely foreign to common human experience, and that they share historical and cultural features with work by those not living with mental illness. This is the approach I will adopt to a selection of works in the exhibition *For Matthew and Others: Journeys with Schizophrenia*.

III.

James de Blas' paintings, large acrylic on canvas works, are painted in a relatively realistic style but contain bizarre and incongruous elements. In one work, an eagle-headed man stands on a flooded desert in front of Uluru. In others, a life-size grasshopper rides in a car, tends a garden or presides over a large table of food. An interpretation stressing the uniqueness of this art and its relationship to the experience of schizophrenia might emphasise the strangeness of the grasshopper's appearance within the human world, seeing it as an expression of a bizarrely distorted image of the self and its relation to the environment. At the same time, Blas' work can also be read as drawing from and contributing to pre-existing historical literary and artistic traditions. The idea of an insect as narrative protagonist has precedent in Franz Kafka's uncanny tale *Metamorphosis* where a young, persecuted man turns into a giant bug. Furthermore, de Blas shares with other twentieth century artists who have introduced strange animals and man-animal hybrids in their art—such as the Surrealists Max Ernst and Alberto Savinio—the desire to challenge the viewer by depicting an alternate reality. In his collage pictures of the 1920s and 1930s Ernst introduced weird beasts and plants into bourgeois interiors as a way of suggesting the strangeness of the familiar, settled world. For de Blas, who describes himself as a "mythical surrealist painter", the pictorial incongruities are a language for relating what he describes as "post-modern adult fables".¹⁴ In the series of images from de Blas' story *The Golden Grasshopper*, as in traditional fables, an individual journeys through new and difficult experiences and picks up new skills and talents to pass on to others.

Eva Clarke's watercolour paintings, like de Blas' work, depict an unfamiliar reality. In *Life Cycle* (2005), three figures stand side by

side in a grey landscape; a green imp whose legs form grounded roots, a woman who reaches into the sky, and a grey, old crone. If interpreted as an image emerging directly from the experience of mental illness, this work could be misinterpreted as an image of split personality—that popular misconception of the experience of schizophrenia. When we examine the work more closely, however, and compare it to the historical precedents for such images of the life cycle, it is clear that this work draws from a long-standing Western tradition of allegorical images representing the different stages of life, and also from images of the cycle of life and death encountered in Eastern religious paintings. A further reference for this image is the work of the Mexican artist Frida Kahlo, who frequently represented herself multiple times on the same canvas, as in the famous work *The Two Fridas* (1939). Without knowing all the details of the personal significance this work has for the artist, we can hypothesise that *Life Cycle* shows us an image of the self; held up on one side by the youthful force of nature, and stabilised on the other by the mature force of old age. The affectionate, interdependent connection between the three figures suggests that this is an image of healing and balance.

Self-Portrait, from the *Shell Fish Paw Trites* series (c. 2000) by Graeme Doyle is an ink on paper drawing that shows a staring face. No ordinary portrait, the features of this face have been traced and retraced to suggest an infinite proliferation. The detailed nature of the depiction creates a sense of frenzied accumulation. Patterns emerge, as in the triangular shape adorning the forehead, and the symmetrical formations of fly-away hair emerging from the scalp. This gives the impression that the face is transforming into something else—an object, or something unknown, something diabolical. For this reason we may compare Doyle's image to the fantastic paintings of the Italian sixteenth century painter Giuseppe Arcimboldo, who constructed faces out of man-made or natural objects. In a recent interview Doyle has commented that his drawings are "very disturbing" and that they help him to "exorcise the demons", suggesting that they are related to the kind of altered mental states that we might associate with schizophrenia.¹⁵ He also points out, however, that these works were not produced while he was off medication, and that the drugs in fact enable him to create work. In this sense we understand that these drawings are not a pure expression of mental illness. Moreover, many of Doyle's images are worked on over a long period; they are not instantaneous outbursts but deliberate and involve a complicated process of working over digital laser copies of his own work. Through this carefully orchestrated palimpsest of line and colour, Doyle is able to evoke the multiple layers of the self, some recognisable and familiar, others that lie either beneath or beyond ordinary experience.

Grant Rowe creates canvases in an immediate, vivid painting style. Many of these works are relatively straightforward portraits of well-known individuals, including rock musician Elvis Costello and actor Bill Murray. Other images are more difficult. As Rowe comments on his website: "I paint portraits with emphasis on the subject's eyes. I try to highlight (on most occasions) troubled emotion."¹⁶ Two images dated 2005, *Rising Up* and *Sinking Down* show, respectively, a human figure ascending and descending. The visual motifs employed here, an angelic figure soaring above the earth and a clutching hand reaching out of a fiery lake, are drawn from the Christian religious tradition. We are reminded of paintings found in Italian renaissance altarpieces and Gustave Dore's engravings for Dante's *Inferno*. Like all artists, regardless of whether they experience mental illness, Rowe has drawn on an existing artistic language to convey an emotional content. No picture is ever a direct copy of what takes place in the artist's mind, but rather a translation.¹⁷ In these works Rowe has not simply expressed himself randomly but has chosen a way to convey feelings and experience



Eva Clarke, *Life Cycle*, 2005.
Cat. no. 97



through visual motifs connected to the history of religious art. In so doing he makes “troubled emotion” accessible to the viewer regardless of their personal experience.

Matthew Dysart’s *Starry Starry Night* (c.1994) returns us to the mythical figure of Vincent Van Gogh. Several clues within the painting tell us that this painting is about vision. The circular format presents the image as a view through a lens, a telescope or a keyhole. This is an image mediated by something, either a physical device, or simply the lens of human vision itself. The second element to note is the window. In several paintings throughout history, as Dysart was clearly aware, the window functions as a metaphor for perception and the artistic process: easel painting is often thought of, after all, as a window onto another world. However, in most paintings of a window where a human figure is present, the individual gazes out the window onto the scene beyond—as in Caspar David Friedrich’s *Woman at a Window* (1822). In this work, by contrast, the figure looks back at us. We don’t have the luxury of seeing as someone else sees, or even seeing what they see. Rather, we become aware of how our grid of understanding, represented here by the wayward lines demarcating the floorboards, wall panels and window frame, is warped. This young man invites us to share a vision of the night sky, which, in an oblique reference to Van Gogh, stands for the vision of an artist with mental illness. At the same time, the viewer is asked to address the individual standing between him or herself and that vision, before making assumptions about what or how he sees. In this sense, Dysart’s painting invites a dialogue between painter and viewer. It is not a wild expression of the experience of schizophrenia, but an invitation to see both art and mental illness and to think carefully about how we see them.

IV.

In this brief account of only a few works within the exhibition *For Matthew and Others: Journeys with Schizophrenia*, one of my objectives has been to outline, in a preliminary way, a method for interpreting artwork by people with experience of mental illness. I have not made reference to works in the exhibition that are representations of mental illness and schizophrenia by more established artists in the belief that such work is not wanting for attention or critical analysis. However, it is highly significant to the argument made here that such works, whether Albert Tucker’s *Psycho* (1942) or Joy Hester’s *Mad Girl* (c. 1942–1943), or more recent examples such as Peter Wegner’s *The Sufferer* (2005) or Anne Ferran’s *INSULA* books (2003), are exhibited alongside works by Matthew Dysart, James de Blas or Eva Clarke. The point is not simply one of quality—that the latter are of equivalent value in an aesthetic or historical sense—an issue which would, in any case, require a great deal more space for discussion. From an art historical perspective, the significance of exhibiting such works together is that it forces the issue of method. Leaving aside, for the moment, those occasions where the two categories overlap, as in the case of John Perceval, an important question has been raised: should the work of people who experience mental illness be studied, interpreted and spoken about differently to the work of mainstream artists without any apparent experience of mental illness?

The answer is not a simple one. In principle, the three categories of interpretation I outlined in this essay—the respective emphasis on “otherness”, on commonality, and on the historical dimension—are suitably applied to any artist. In the case of artists living with mental illness, there may be a special imperative to maintain a strict balance between these three approaches, in order to avoid stigmatising or romanticising the work of individuals who are already subject to extraordinary disadvantage in today’s society,

whether from neglect, prejudice or misunderstanding. On the other hand, there is an equally powerful argument that the art of people with mental illness should not be treated any differently from any other kind of art, and that to make special rules for one and not the other is condescending.

An acid test for the latter line of thinking would be to analyse the work of artists living with mental illness according to a current tendency within the discipline of art history—to downplay the author’s intention in creating the work. Since the advent of structuralism and post-structuralism in the humanities, many have argued that the author’s subjectivity is not determining, that artworks are autonomous of the author’s agency and that their meaning is created by the socially and historically changing circumstances of their production and reception. Applied to a work such as Albert Tucker’s *Psycho*, for example, we might argue that the meaning of this image has more to do with the images of mental illness circulating from the 1940s to today than with any individualised expression of Tucker’s personal experience. By contrast, in the case of work by artists with mental illness, it has been argued, there is an ethical imperative to respect and preserve intact the original experience of the author in any interpretation of the work.

On balance, I argue that as long as people experiencing mental illness are faced with the social disadvantages of stigma, reduced opportunity and inadequate care there will always be an argument for paying particular attention to the subjective voice of the artist who has mental illness. It is to be hoped that through exhibitions such as *For Matthew and Others: Journeys with Schizophrenia*, and a suitably informed interpretive framework that takes into account the pitfalls of earlier methodologies, we can become closer to a situation in which all artists, regardless of diagnosis, are considered on an equal footing.

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- 1 Sander Gilman, *Difference and Pathology: Stereotypes of Sexuality, Race and Madness*, Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1985, 219.
- 2 For a scientific study of the connection between creativity and mental illness see Kay Jamison, *Touched by Fire: Manic Depressive Illness and the Artistic Temperament*, New York: Fireside Books, 1993.
- 3 Sander Gilman, “Constructing Creativity and Madness: Freud and the Shaping of the Psychopathology of Art” in *Parallel Visions: Modern Artists and Outsider Art*, exh. cat., Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1992, 244, n. 1.
- 4 Anne E. Bowler, “Asylum Art: The Social Construction of an Aesthetic Category” in Vera L. Zolberg and Joni Maya Cherbo, *Outsider Art: Contesting Boundaries in Contemporary Culture*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1997, 14.
- 5 Gilman, *Difference and Pathology*, op. cit., 221–222; Hal Foster, “Blinded Insights: On the Modernist Reception of the Art of the Mentally Ill”, *October*, 97, 2001: 3.
- 6 Roger Cardinal, “Surrealism and the Paradigm of the Creative Subject” in *Parallel Visions: Modern Artists and Outsider Art*, exh. cat., Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1992, 94.
- 7 Foster, “Blinded Insights”, op. cit., 17.
- 8 David Maclagan, “The Madness of Art and the Art of Madness”, *Raw Vision*, 27, 1999: 21.
- 9 Susan Spaniol, “Art and Mental Illness: Where is the Link?”, *The Arts in Psychotherapy*, 28, 2001: 228. Similarly, for Hal Foster, the work of the mentally ill is not an attack on convention and order, but an attempt to find it again: Foster, “Blinded Insights”, op. cit., 18, 28.
- 10 See, for example, Mark Gisbourne, “French Clinical Psychiatry and the Art of the Untrained Mentally Ill” in Michael D. Hall, Eugene W. Metcalf and Roger Cardinal (eds), *The Artist Outsider: Creativity and the Boundaries of Culture*, Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1994, 229–230.
- 11 David Maclagan, “Has ‘Psychotic Art’ Become Extinct?” in Katherine Killick and Joy Schaverien (eds), *Art, Psychotherapy and Psychosis*, London: Routledge, 1997, 138.
- 12 Allan Beveridge, “A Disquieting Feeling of Strangeness?: The Art of the Mentally Ill”, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 94, 2001: 596–597.
- 13 Beveridge’s work on John Gilmour is particularly notable in this regard. See Beveridge, *ibid.*, 598.
- 14 <http://www.jamesdeblas.com/> (site accessed 14 June 2006).
- 15 *Collected Thoughts: Graeme Doyle*, documentary film, Parkville: Cunningham Dax Collection, 2006, 10 mins.
- 16 <http://grantrowe.tripod.com/TALK.htm> (site accessed 14 June 2006).
- 17 Maclagan “Madness”, op. cit., 26.



I sometimes think that my art comes from the same space that schizophrenia does.

Simon Champ



Wart, *Emergency Room Chairs*,
c. 1995. Cat. no. 435

Previous page: James de Blas,
Eagle-Headed Man (from *The
Legend of Humopia*), 2003 (detail).
Cat. no. 117.

The Charisma of Schizophrenia

Anne Loxley

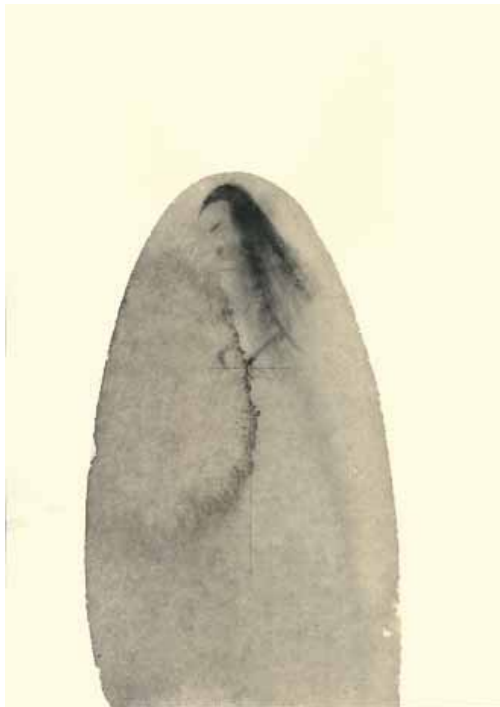
The works of art in *For Matthew and Others: Journeys with Schizophrenia* illuminate the business of life with this ravaging illness. The selection is focused on artists who live or have lived with schizophrenia, as well as artists touched by or interested in it. Alongside the usual curatorial processes of research and peer consultation, this exhibition involved contacting schizophrenia fellowships, mental health networks and people publicly known to have the illness.

All members of the curatorial board have been surprised by the preponderance of schizophrenia in everybody's life. Approaches to artists were careful and required more than the usual degree of discretion; consequently there are many other distinguished artists living with or interested in schizophrenia that this exhibition did not reach. Nonetheless, three years' research has yielded astonishing riches. There is charisma, grave and fey, in schizophrenia—both in the perspectives it affords, and in the works of art by those who live with or are touched by the illness.

Of the thirty-seven visual artists in this exhibition, twenty-two live(d) with schizophrenia or, as in the case of Albert Tucker, have at some stage in their lives been diagnosed with the illness. At least nine of the “well” artists have loved ones living with schizophrenia. The other artists have an artistic and/or intellectual interest in experiences and perceptions of the illness. The following discussion moves back and forth between artists living with schizophrenia and “well” artists, and is structured by theme and subject. The following is a study of imagery drawn from psychosis and other physiological experiences of schizophrenia, mysticism and quietude and hospital experiences. The essay considers how artists deal with the venting of emotions and analyses depictions of schizophrenia in portraits, self-portraits and narratives. It concludes with a discussion of the relationship between illness and the archetypal visual artist, the symbolic position occupied by Van Gogh, and a curatorial summation.

This illness throws people big questions and challenges and this exhibition shows that artists with schizophrenia are eloquent and creative survivors. Some artists living with schizophrenia plumb the mind's caverns with thrilling fearlessness. In Graeme Doyle's capable hands, memories of terrible experiences become compelling works of art, such as the unflinching *Shelf Fish Paw Poor Trites* (c. 2000), in which self-images merge with monsters seen during psychosis. Doyle's recent series, *Rembrandt and Rave* (2006), transposes some of his psychotic imagery onto copies of the famous artist. By depicting the iconic portrait painter in his own tortured mode, Doyle destabilises perceptions of both Rembrandt and the archetypal artist. *Labyr Grunthians* (c. 2003) draws on abstract expressionism, but also his recurring hallucination of floating face down in water and lifting his head to see an endless fathomless sea. Doyle's idiosyncratic practice of making highly detailed drawings, which he repeatedly photocopies and works over, results in images of velvety density.

Acclaimed Outsider artist Anthony Mannix produces powerful works using imagery from psychosis and other meanderings of his subconscious mind. He describes his practice as “cultural anthropology”;¹ often it seems as if Mannix is offering the viewer an opportunity to scrutinise his perceptions and ways of processing the world. Mannix's opus, the monumental *Journal of a Madman*, covers more than twenty years of fluid drawings and compelling text. These tomes range from small notebooks filled with raw, thick black red and blue texta drawings during stays in hospitals, to volumes of finely drawn erotic figures. In these journals, with his exquisite works on paper, paintings, assemblages and writings, Mannix reveals vivid imaginings, formidable intellect, searing honesty and an ocean of emotions.



A number of artists living with schizophrenia focus on stillness and quietude. Simon Champ describes himself as an artist who moves between activism and mysticism,² and his paintings in the latter vein include an ongoing series of small acrylic paintings of geometrical forms and sublime landscapes, sometimes with improbable occupants like UFOs, levitating rhinos, ascending spirits, and night sky-filled floating meditators. These works combine gravitas with a strange matter of fact quality. *Eye Painting* (2004) merges indigenous pictorial modes with the recurring eye, and represents a dream that prefigured a visit to Central Australia. Champ explains his enigmatic *Colour of Dinosaurs* (1994) through his interest in the changing hue of the dinosaur as rendered by documentaries.

Damien Skipper's figurative sculpture and painting are meditative while Craig Phipps's acrylic paintings on paper include homages to his indigenous heritage and country. Ranging from bold abstraction to simplified figuration, these works pulse with tradition and life force. Although a different love of the land is expressed in Ray Hollingworth's romantic landscapes, these highly coloured works on paper also celebrate the calming power of the land.

The paintings and sculptures of Ophelia's Mink are characterised by preciousness, ethereality and the pursuit of peace of mind. Her painting of gold calligraphic marks in a bright blue sky, *Time to Think* (2005), celebrates expanses of mental space, and the weeping eye of *The Reality of Psychosis* (2006) challenges the viewer to acknowledge the pain and suffering of psychosis. The painted wooden birdcages house careful arrangements of precious trinkets, crowned by exquisite hanging shards of decorative glass or ceramic. Like *The Clogs* (2006), these works are meditations on aesthetics, fragility and entrapment.

The confines of hospital have produced a stark group of works, including Frederick Jessup's work of chilling reportage, *Schizophrenic Coming Out of Insulin Coma* (1943). John Perceval's superb *Patient* series (1981) was made during his time in Larundal Hospital, Melbourne. In these anguished portraits, creatures emerge from the head or mouth, the fluid draughtsmanship creating Picasso-like icons of troubled mind states.

Pierre Comarmond painted *Saint Vincent's Hospital* (1992) while studying at UNSW College of Fine Arts. This understated tonal study is in sharp contrast with Wart's harrowing *Isolation Room* (c. 1995), which, with its scratchy bitumen paint, high walls, small barred window and rudimentary furniture, looks like a grim gaol cell. This is one of a series of hospital paintings made around 1995. Other powerfully direct images in the series are *The Ambulance That Gets You There* and *Emergency Room Chairs*, and the hilarious painting of the screeching nurse who routinely wakes patients, *Just Checkin*.

Hospital borders are significant structures for Wart, who recounts the lines of demarcation (and their associated privileges) of various psychiatric institutions. *Don't Go Beyond the Steps* (c. 1994) shows the staircase border of Kirkbride Hospital, Sydney. *To Amber a Unicorn Warrior* (2005), a delicate depiction of a ghostly brown form with a pinkish halo behind a fence, is named after Amber, a woman Wart met at a psychiatric hospital while speaking there during Schizophrenia Awareness Week in 2005. Amber introduced herself as a "unicorn warrior" and her battles at the "fence-line of the landscape of the psychiatric ward" are of poignant importance to the artist.

Anne Ferran's book series *INSULA* (2003) is based on a 1940s photographic archive of patients at Gladesville Hospital. In reproducing details of the original images, Ferran emphasises each subject's individuality, and reminds us that these people's independence and individuality were severely compromised by the

system. Ferran's images raise questions about the system's failure to respect the dignity of all human beings.

Dennis Del Favero's interactive video *Deep Sleep* (2004) is based on the Sydney psychiatric hospital Chelmsford and the psychiatrist responsible for that institution's controversial deep sleep treatment, Dr Harry Bailey. Viewers can witness the experiences of nine different characters, including Bailey and a female patient who was Bailey's lover.

From Derwent Lees's Bloomsbury-style portrait of his wife Lyndra, *The Straw Hat* (c. 1914), to Alexander Chernin's fine drawing of his mother, Elena Kats-Chernin the composer, the portraits in this exhibition record loving relationships. Adam Hollingworth's searching photographs of his father show Ray Hollingworth in a vast array of temperaments. Similarly, Peter Wegner's obsessive portraits document Graeme Doyle's splendid range.

Grant Rowe's twenty-two minute *An Interview with John Bozik* (2005–2006) is a rare portrait. Bozik was a friend who also lived with schizophrenia, and if Rowe's questions are insightful and sympathetic, Bozik's revelations are mesmerising. He talks about times when he has controlled crowd emotions, his experiences of poverty, getting stoned and the comparative merits of marijuana, heroin, cough mixture and other drugs. The last section of the film shows a severely deteriorated Bozik, whose life was thrown into chaos after the death of his mother. Bozik's monosyllabic lacklustre responses are a drastic change from the previous footage. The postscript states that John Bozik died a week after the final interview.

Matthew Dysart's *Starry Starry Night* (c. 1994) is a commanding image based on the artist's painful memories of a close friend experiencing dangerous psychosis. Glenn Morgan's *Mad Man Attempting Suicide* (1980) and *A Friend Having Shock Treatment* (1984) draw on friends' experiences to create visual stories of immediacy, humanity and humour.

The action-packed mythic series paintings of James de Blas occupy a unique place in this exhibition. De Blas' idiosyncratic heroes, the *Golden Grasshopper*, *The Eagle-Headed Man* and the *Blue Hairy Boy* undertake elaborate quests. Stupendous Australian landscapes are frequently the settings for these histrionic tableaux, which often begin as studio photographs and collages. De Blas sees his past twenty-four years since diagnosis as two-part: the first featuring many substances and hospital stays, the second featuring painting, medication, meditation and very few episodes of illness. Given such an epic journey of his own, it is not surprising De Blas delights in crafting symbolic stories with lofty challenges and weighty consequences.

In the tradition of the political poster, the digital works of Richard McLean stand out for their angry commentary. These pastiches of text and manipulations of downloaded images stridently comment on national and international politics, mental health issues, sexual identity and drug use. *What a Bloody RAU* (2006) is typically outrageous, with an internet image of Cornelia Rau on the "screen" of a urinal; over the floor mat is text commanding Prime Minister Howard to "step up".

The portraits and narratives are supplemented by a group of analyses/depictions of the illness. James Gleeson's *The Mad Women* (sic) (1940), Joy Hester's *Mad Girl* (c. 1942–1943) and Albert Tucker's *Psycho* (1942) are all studies of mind states. Gareth Sansom's *Schizophrenia* (1993) depicts the physical experiences of distorted perceptions and delusions.

Ivor Francis's iconic painting *Schizophrenia* (1943) is a surrealist image of the inner machinations of the mind. Painted forty-two years

later, Jon Cattapan's *Untitled (Head Fog)* (1984) is a metaphysical alternative; where Francis imagines busy cogs, Cattapan ponders a head without facial features, a tabula rasa.

Simon Champ's *Mind Map* (1999) combines a photocopy of a neurological map of Champ's brain with circles of sand. The sand drawing, with its visual links to imagery of outer space and indigenous traditions, reiterates the mysteries of the mind and other unknown worlds. In Hossein Valamanesh's *Home of Mad Butterflies* (1996), the artist draws on his beloved Persian literature, where "the idea of madness has been seen as a metaphor for courage, abandonment of material world and being blessed with love".³

Anne Rowe's works on paper and installed objects have long focused on dark psychological and emotional states; in *amantes amantes [L. lovers (are) mad]* (2006), an installation of obsessive drawings and reflective surface, Rowe speculates upon the hysterical subject in an attempt to process schizophrenia. The artist says the work addresses "a private struggle with the feminine self. From a psychoanalytic definition of schizophrenia as a splitting or dissociation (Laplanche & Pontalis), I was drawn to the distressing experience of adolescence." With a series of Gothic-inspired drawings, Rowe "inscribes the abject relationship between (my)self and the Other(lover). I'm interested in the projection of Romantic phantasy as an ambivalent compulsion."⁴

The exhibition provides a safe space for the exploration of some heavy emotions. Jon Cattapan's painting *Sister* and its associated drawings (1984) are raw, expressionistic and visually complex outpourings of his grief at the loss of his sister Adriana in 1983.

Elizabeth Day's *Everything is Connected to Everything Else. Work for Uncle Frank and Others who Fell into the Chasm of Fear in History's Black Void* (2006) is an exploration of the shame, fear and silence around the institutionalisation of family members. Knitting and wool craft, one of Day's favourite mediums, is especially apposite in a work about a family in which there are "three generations of knitters". A white baby's wool web and a swarm of black woollen spiders are a threatening presence. The disquiet is amplified by such garments as the white baby jumper with a black wool "stain".

In this sculptural context of fear and disturbance, Day offers two iMovie videos. A text piece documents various family members' responses to the artist's questions about Uncle Frank—all uneasy refusals to disclose.

The second movie is a documentary of similar skeletons in the family closets of the artist's friends who share their painful, vivid stories.

Day says her experience as a visual arts worker within the gaol system "has enabled me to recognise and neutralise the existence of spaces beyond the grid of 'normality' and middle class comfort zones. I found out that my grandmother was alive when I was twenty-five years old. Like the Jewish proverb 'the grandchildren have to remember what the parents tried to forget', I deal with these experiences by developing creative projects—often behind the walls—to refute the disempowerment of institutionalisation which damaged the lives of my uncle and grandmother".⁵

Day finds the familial silence problematic. "When I asked my eighty-year old mother, she said 'my life's been happy since then'. I don't want to make Mum's life difficult but I meet Franks all the time." Day sees her fifteen years as a visual arts worker within the gaol system as a direct response to the loss of her uncle: "I work in a prison so I'll neutralise this memory for myself."⁶

Feelings of frailty and vulnerability are viscerally rendered in Wart's fast, scratchy paintings. In both panels of *Watch It* (1992), based on a night of feeling mentally unwell, a solitary figure is dwarfed by

Anne Rowe, *amantes amantes [L. lovers (are) mad]* 2006. Cat. no. 388

huge buildings. The twenty-four part *Secret Phases of Fear* (2005) is a self-portrait of “fears that come up to me.”⁷ Moving from raw figuration to smeared abstraction, the series is a slow revelation of naked agony.

Alexander Chernin releases a flood of frustration in fluid and inventive ink drawings. Chernin’s youthful intensity is heart-wrenching in the exasperated *Why Why* (2003) and *My Brainstorming* (2003), not to mention his brave attempts to depict his illness such as *Schizophrenia* (2006) and *The Image Within* (2002).

The life of the visual artist is traditionally solitary, with much time spent alone making work. There is an even more heightened sense of isolation experienced by artists living with schizophrenia. Isolation and loneliness are recurring themes in the works here, and are masterfully expressed in Mannix’s *Groan Creatures* (1997).

From loneliness to love and lust: Anthony Mannix’s erotic journals are infused with longing, Grant Rowe’s *Never Follow Through* (2002) expresses romantic frustration, and Richard Morrison’s figure paintings ooze sensuality and optimism. In Bruce Plant’s vignettes of life with his wife Judy in Mirboo North, Victoria, the vicissitudes of the everyday are tenderly rendered.

For Matthew and Others: Journeys with Schizophrenia offers a unique perspective on the relationship between mental illness and the archetypal visual artist. The exhibition forces us to reconsider our understanding of imagination; in the case of artists living with schizophrenia, imagination is very often lived experience. The worlds of such artists as Eva Clarke, Pierre Comarmond, Graeme Doyle, Anthony Mannix, Brian Murray and Grant Rowe are filled with unearthly peoples, creatures, travel craft and environments. Simon Champ and Bruce Plant sometimes paint premonitions they have experienced and, conversely, both artists find their paintings sometimes function as premonitions. The relationship of such imagery to the artists’ experiences of schizophrenia is as various as the artworks, nonetheless many of these wildly “imaginative” works have their basis in experience.

Vincent Van Gogh emerges as a recurring motif in this exhibition. In a review of an exhibition by Derwent Lees at Redfern Gallery, London, in 1934 the *Apollo* critic praised Lees’s “exciting overstatement of colour... which makes one think of Van Gogh”.⁸ The Dutch master resonates in Lees’ work, often in palette and sometimes in subject, as in *The Drive to the Asylum* (1919), one of Lees’ last paintings, which presents a view of the garden in the hospital where he died in 1931.

In Martin Sharp’s collage *The Yellow Chair* (1971), the artist’s nose and right eye is obscured by the famous chair—a symbol of self for Van Gogh. The surrealistic image is a striking portrait of the troubled, isolated and gifted painter who was largely ignored during his lifetime.

John Perceval, who was diagnosed with the illness in his sixties, painted homages to Van Gogh all his life. This important aspect of his practice is represented in *For Matthew and Others* with a late *Sunflowers* (1993) painting, which, with its red flowers and flowers with faces, is far removed from the original.

For some artists, Van Gogh’s style and tone are important reference points. Bruce Plant, who describes himself as an artist who “conveys emotion through colour”, employs bravura brushstrokes and a luscious palette in works such as *Sun Swirl*, *Village* and *Our Backyard* (all 2005). Plant’s idiosyncratic narratives are enigmatic and multi-layered in tone, as the compelling *Kicking a Goal* (2004) attests. Other Australian artists have been drawn to football and Kelly’s mask, but the combination is wholly new. The blue and

orange trees recall the Dutch painter but Plant’s field of white crucifixes is an exquisite touch. The result is an arresting image of innocence, joy and sadness.

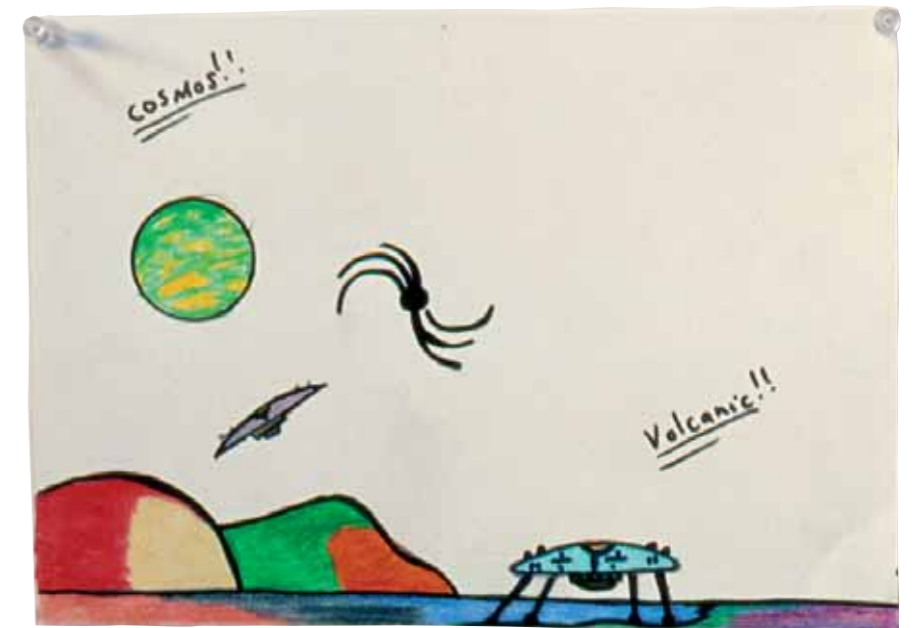
We must be wary of easy explanations. As Simon Champ wrote in his 2004 essay “Van Gogh’s ear”:

“It is now time that the arts community reviewed its attitude to artists who experience mental illness and their art and that critics began to rewrite our history in art. Hopefully such a history would not begin with Van Gogh’s ear or end with the clichéd misappropriation of metaphors of schizophrenia being used to interpret contemporary society’s dysfunction.”⁹

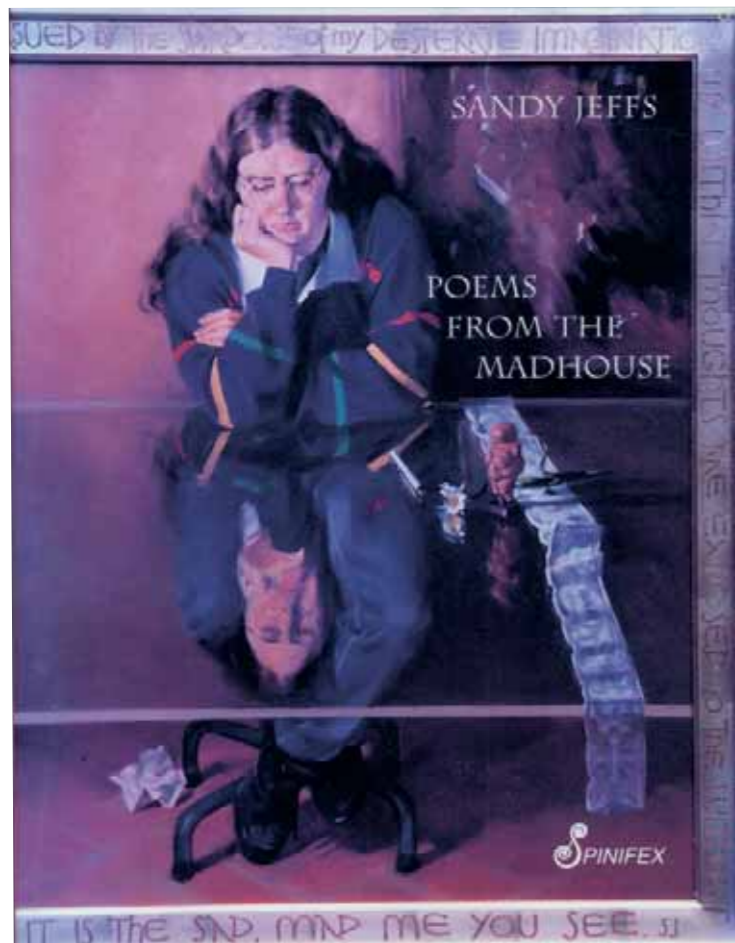
Leaving metaphors of schizophrenia and interpretation of society’s dysfunction until the *For Matthew and Others* conference, in conclusion I must state that although I have worked with East Timorese and Australian Aboriginal artists, the lives touched by schizophrenia are the most difficult I have witnessed. It is hardly surprising that the works of art associated with schizophrenia are so utterly riveting. It is often said that art helps us make sense of life. With this illness, there’s a lot to make sense of. As Anthony Mannix told Lisa Havilah and me at our first meeting about this project, “schizophrenia is a hard card”.¹⁰

Anne Loxley
Visual arts curator and writer

- 1 Anthony Mannix, conversation with the author, Blackheath, 19 May 2006.
- 2 Simon Champ, email to the author, 5 June 2006.
- 3 Hossein Valamanesh, artist’s statement *For Matthew and Others*, June 2006.
- 4 Anne Rowe, conversation with the author, 23 June 2006.
- 5 Elizabeth Day, email to the author, 26 July 2006.
- 6 Elizabeth Day, conversation with the author, 7 June 2006.
- 7 Wart, conversation with the author, 26 July 2005.
- 8 Henry R Lew, *In Search of Derwent Lees*, Melbourne, 1996, 23.
- 9 Simon Champ, “Van Gogh’s ear”, unpublished. An extract from this essay was published in *SANE News*, no. 30, Winter 2004.
- 10 Anthony Mannix in conversation with Lisa Havilah and Anne Loxley, Blackheath, 18 December 2004.



Brian Murray, 1–15 untitled
2003–2006 (detail), Cat. no. 335



Cover image of Sandy Jeffs, *Poems from the Madhouse*, Melbourne: Spinifex Press, 1993.

“My muse has been madness”

Sandy Jeffs interviewed by John Kirkman

JK: Sandy, despite your obvious humility, you are a highly accomplished Australian poet and mental health activist. No mean feat. Can you describe your methodology and influences?

SI: My muse has been madness, which is a strange irony given how destructive my madness has been. My troubled interior has been the raw material for the poems, its palette of colours and textures creating a world of poetry where I have explored the dark side of myself. But I have also looked at culture in a critical way, often using popular cultural icons as starting points for my critique. And of course there is humour in my work: black humour which I have turned into an art form. My methodology is not sophisticated. I tend to write poems on inspiration, not through a process of daily writing. Many poems have begun serendipitously; for example, by mishearing a sentence or song lyric. This often gives me a first line or a concept for a poem. I tend to have a concept in mind when I write, but once the poem has begun I don't quite know where it is going to take me. I begin a poem by scribbling something quickly onto paper, a first impression of what I want to say, then I type it onto the computer and start drafting and redrafting until I feel the poem is finished. A poem may have many drafts; occasionally a poem is finished within a few drafts.

JK: I am intrigued when you talk about how you have made the use of black humour an “art form”.

SI: I think people who live with a mental illness in general are good exponents of black humour because it is one way of dealing with a condition that is bewildering and sometimes destructive. When you live with schizophrenia you live with uncertainty: “Can I trust my own mind?” “When will I next embarrass myself?” “What delusion will I have next week?” “When will the voices hound me again?” “Will my sanity last?” And living with such uncertainty often creates a philosophical way of viewing the world. This in turn allows for the black humour to surface because it is a coping mechanism; a way of surviving tragic experiences. I see humour in the darkest things but then I am, by nature, a very humorous and a very dark person. In my mind I struggle to contain this internal paradox that is revealed, on the one hand, by my outward displays of humour and, on the other, by the outward manifestations of my madness which are very dark and bleak. Perhaps the conjunction of these polarities in my own mind allows me to synthesise the two in my own brand of humour. In my writing I shift between the two worlds. Many of my poems are dark and brooding investigations into my own psyche and its madness, or they are poems about the world as I see it *through a glass darkly* laced with my debilitating pessimism. My madness, and the windows and doors it has allowed me to pass through, has informed my humour, which in turn allows me to see the world with a detached and playful eye; to be able to see it skewed and shifted slightly off centre or moulded into a piece of comedic theatre. And in spite of my searing darkness, I love a good belly laugh and I enjoy making other people laugh. (I have been told by several people I should try stand-up comedy. I haven't the gumption to try something so precarious, nor have I enough material!) However, I like the idea that I can write both dark and humorous poems; that I can make people laugh and cry. To express both emotions in my writing, and elicit them in others through my writing, is something I strive to do in my work. My aim is to bring angels to tears and then revive them with an infusion of hilarity.

JK: Can you talk about your creative influences?

SI: My influences are varied though I don't consider myself well read. I began my love of poetry with T.S. Eliot at school even though I didn't understand him. It was his tantalising use of ideas and concepts that I liked, and his language, which seemed utterly

readable. Later I came to Anna Akhmatova, the Russian poet, whose work I am appreciating more now, especially her suite of poems called “Requiem”. The contemporary Australian poet Coral Hull says a lot to me in her raw, honest, hit-you-in-the-guts poems. Recently I have studied Rilke’s *Duino Elegies* in detail and found them profoundly moving. Through a discussion group I belong to, I have studied a lot of the classic poems by noted poets and always found it a worthwhile experience. We delved into Homer’s *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, which I also found enlightening, then tackled Shakespeare’s Sonnets. Coleridge’s *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* is another work I feel moved by. The classics offer much for the “learner” poet and studying them certainly enhances one’s poetic sensibility. Though I must say I always feel as though I never really understand what other poets mean in their poems. I’m not good at teasing the meaning from a poem and it makes me wonder whether that limits my own work. On the other hand, perhaps the fact that I don’t understand other poets is the reason I write my own.

JK: You are very clear in your critique of Sylvia Plath. How are you feeling about her at the moment?

SJ: I was critical of Sylvia Plath because I felt her poetry was very clever and manipulative. She *was* a clever woman but I found her unbridled ambition a bit too confronting. She became the victim whose confessional poetry spoke about her dark and troubled world. My response to Plath has ebbed and flowed. I was annoyed with her manipulateness and what seemed to me to be clever tricks. I am now revising my opinion of her. Her poems *are* wrenchingly raw and I feel a great welling in my own heart for her pain. However, I recognise that she was a poet who was able to turn her own existential pain into art. It was as though in the midst of her anguish she had an eye on the poem she might extract from the experience. Not unlike myself. But Plath did trawl her inner world and her confessional style is confronting, leaving me to feel that she had revealed too much about herself and left nothing hidden. Was it honesty or a lack of boundaries that allowed her to reveal so much? Whatever it was, I deeply sense her vulnerability in her writing. My own poetry is in a confessional style too, though I haven’t modelled myself on Plath.

JK: Sandy can I ask you to speak specifically about each of your published volumes of works?

SJ: *Poems from the Madhouse* (1993) focuses directly on madness. I have tried to represent madness as a lived experience. What I would hope to achieve is giving the reader a sense of the despair and anguish that accompanies the onset of madness. I want to invite the reader into the bizarre world of strange delusions and the unwanted clatter of persecutory voices. The mad experience is so remote from everyday life, and if I am able to bring an understanding of madness to a reader then I might elicit from them compassion for those who suffer madness’ uninvited terror. I have been a bit obsessed about trying to write the quintessential poem about madness that will sum up the whole experience and give an insight into a shadowy world that remains enigmatic for those who haven’t been there. *Poems from the Madhouse* has struck a chord with people because there is no other book of poems quite like it that I know of. Many carers buy the book because they feel it might help them understand their loved ones better. The poems speak to a wide audience. And I think the fact that there is a fascination with madness in those who have not experienced it, is perhaps why many people buy this book.

The focus of *Blood Relations* (2000) was my family. In writing about my mother’s alcoholism and my father’s domestic violence, I have broken a silence that, like many families, had shrouded us in

secrecy. I needed to expunge my family’s legacy from my emotional tangle and one way of doing it was to write these poems. They were written over a long period of time, often as events happened and my thoughts needed to be processed and understood. The poems are about bearing witness to the unbearable and perhaps exorcising a few demons along the way.

Confessions of a Midweek Lady: Tall Tennis Tales (2001) is a comedic look at the trials, tribulations and celebrations of midweek ladies’ tennis. It is a series of caricatures of the women who grace the tennis court every week. The poems look at the rituals and peccadilloes of this vibrant and distinct culture. In one sense the poems are a critique of that culture, but they are not meant to be cruel. How could they be when many of the poems are veiled self-portraits. In poking fun at the women, I am also poking fun at myself. I like the idea that I can write humorous things, in contrast to my usually dark and morbid work. The cartoons by Veronica Holland, which accompany the poems, capture their meaning and flavour quite beautifully.

The Wings of Angels: A Memoir of Madness (2004) is an exploration of the mad world in which we live and my own madness. It is a dark work and I feel I am dwelling in a depressive mind-set where all looks bleak and hopeless. It is a journey through a world that is spiritless, godless, saturated with trashy icons and an awful emptiness. My own madness intersects with this emptiness and in the end, in the persona of Cassandra, I stand as witness to this desolate place and ask: “Am I, Cassandra, the seer, mad again?” All the way through the narrative flows the motif of the wings of the angels. And even the angels succumb to madness after their wings are clipped as punishment for civil disobedience. They are left imprisoned in the seclusion rooms in the bowels of the madhouse.

In *Loose Kangaroos* (1998) my poems are mainly about madness. One is my humorous “Therapy” poem, which always raises a smile, especially among fellow loonies. Other poems of mine in this volume are about culture.

JK: The performance program at the Joan Sutherland Performing Arts Centre will see the re-forming of the Loose Kangaroos. Can you tell me more about them?

SJ: The Loose Kangaroos began when Barbara Hocking from SANE Australia gathered us together for a reading at Heide Museum of Modern Art in 1995. We performed at quite a few venues over the years. Our audiences were varied in numbers and make-up. We performed to audiences ranging from one person to a full room. Our name came from the Australian expression that describes someone who’s mad as having “a kangaroo loose in the top paddock”. Part of the rationale behind our name was that notion of claiming language and celebrating ourselves, rather than being a victim of language that seeks to vilify us. So we were proud to be loose ‘roos, often telling audiences we were sanity-challenged poets. And by being out there and open about our mental illnesses and reading our poetry to a wide audience, we were showing people that we could be funny, serious and talented, in spite of our madness. As individuals we were all different in the way we expressed ourselves, in our poetry and way of presenting, but as a group I think we touched people with our openness, honesty and humour. We performed over several years, but after a time the gigs fell away and we went into hibernation. Or, as I say, someone got us in their spotlights and shot us in the paddock. It’s nice that we are having a resurrection as part of this project, *For Matthew and Others*.

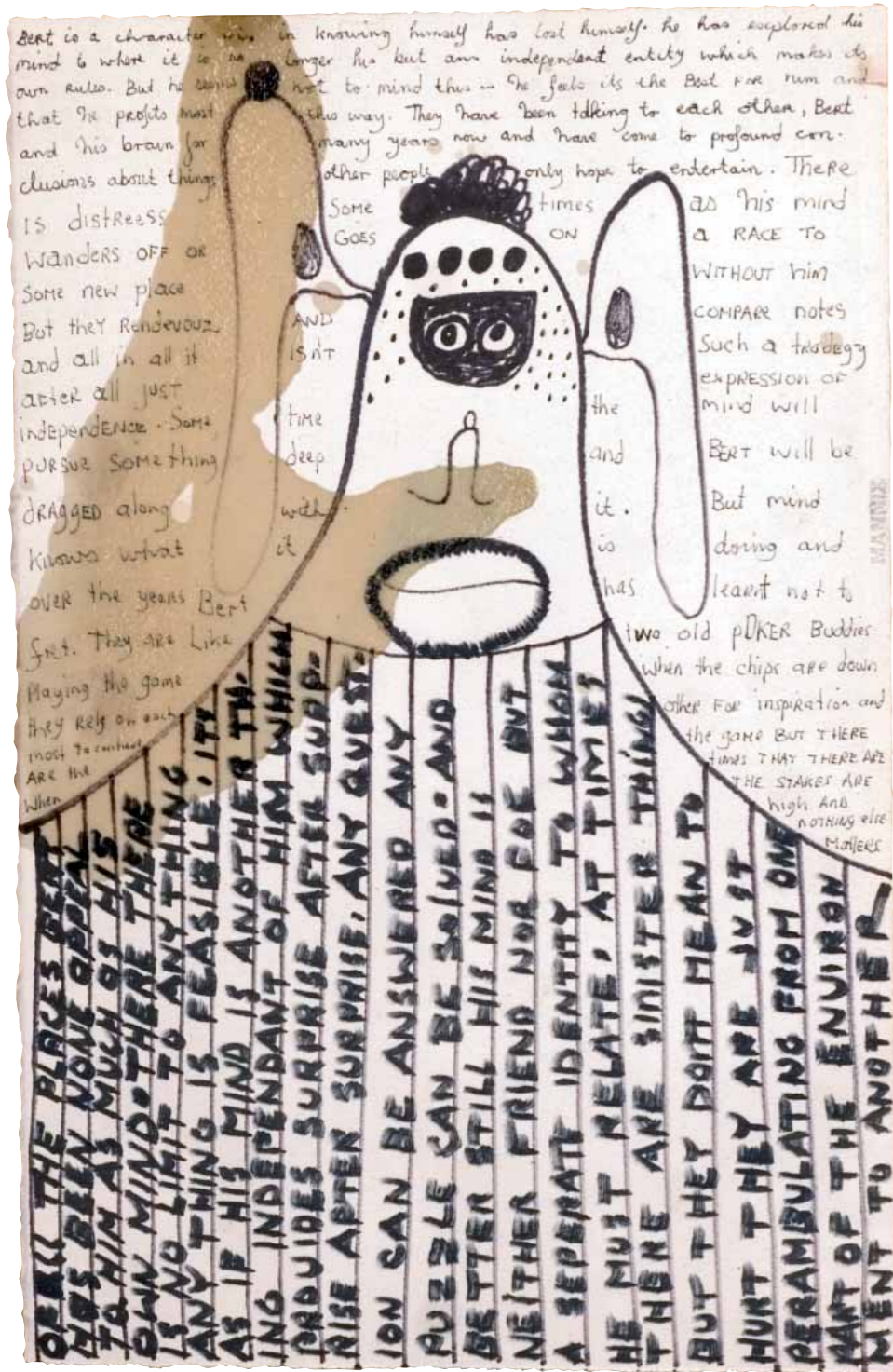
JK: You speak eloquently about the ability of language to vilify. What do you mean by this?

SJ: Language is a powerful weapon. It is used by kids in the playground to hurt each other or assume power. Indeed “sticks and stones may break my bones and words shall *a*lways hurt me”. Language can be used to stigmatise someone. The use of the words “schizo” and “psycho” are sometimes used by people to put someone down. People use such language without knowing what they are saying and without knowing what condition it is that they are referring to. And they certainly are unaware of the tragedy of mental illness and how it can destroy people’s lives. The insensitive use of language reflects ignorance or an attitude fuelled by fear. I think people’s unconscious fear of madness makes them fear the madness of others, hence their readiness to stigmatise those who are mad. My fall-back position is to claim language for myself and, for example, call myself mad or a madwoman before someone else can use it to vilify me. If I call myself mad and celebrate who I am and what I am, then I steal the thunder of someone else’s attempt to diminish me. When people say to me “We’re all a bit mad” my immediate response is to say “No”. Having been mad and in that realm of complete unreality, my feeling is that madness takes you over a line that is divorced from reality. To say “We’re all a bit mad” trivialises the suffering of those who experience madness in all its bleak manifestations.

JK: As you know, the curators were all keen to show your statue of the Virgin Mary at their various venues. Can you talk about your visions of Mary, and your attachment to her?

SJ: In the early years of my madness I started having visions of the Virgin Mary. She has appeared at odd times and once I even saw her crucified. She looks just like an animated plaster statue, the ones you see in Catholic churches. I felt blessed by her appearance, sometimes seeing her as a cosmic messenger from higher spiritual authorities. She was beautiful to look at and comforting. Yet, my madness could twist this beauty into a torturous moment. In one hallucination of her, she told me I was evil. I was devastated. During a hospitalisation in 1991, I remember seeing Mary wearing a shabby veil. I thought she was manifesting herself to the whole world like this. This wasn’t good enough. I was in a locked ward so I stood at the only door into the ward and accosted people at the entrance, asking them for a donation so I could buy Mary a new veil. No one gave me any money. I was very disappointed. Her visitations have left me with a strange connection to her. I’m not a Catholic but I flirted with Catholicism when I was in my teens and early twenties. I was fascinated by this religion that was drenched in ritual and mystery; that, in fact, is a very poetic religion. I think it was the poetry of Catholicism that touched the poet in me. And Mary represented the rich beauty of this poetry. My immersion in Catholicism at a young age has surfaced in my madness, not only in my visions of Mary, but also in the content of my delusions and voices. Even though I dumped Catholicism, and religion in general, many years ago, it still invades my madness. Mary hasn’t made an appearance for some time now. In fact, I can’t remember the last time I saw her. I miss her. My statue of her is a prized possession. I love her and the fact that I have dressed her in subversive regalia like a Demon’s beanie and Gay Games medals tickles my fancy. She wouldn’t mind this because she has a sense of humour.

Sandy Jeffs is an award-winning poet and a mental health activist. Interview conducted between January and July 2006.



Anthony Mannix, *Bert's Story*, 2006.
Cat. no. 315

Narratives of Self: “the missing piece in the jigsaw of sanity”¹

Antonin Artaud, Anthony Mannix,
Sandy Jeffs, Geoff Prince,
Graeme Doyle & Francis Webb

Gareth Sion Jenkins

The influential French author Antonin Artaud (1896–1948) described individuals who experienced madness as those “whom society did not want to hear and whom it wanted to prevent from uttering certain intolerable truths”.²

The process of writing for Artaud, and perhaps each of the authors mentioned in this essay, can be seen as acts of uttering such “intolerable truths”; acts of expression by those individuals society has attempted to silence. Anthony Mannix (b. 1953), Sandy Jeffs (b. 1953), Geoff Prince (b. 1952), Graeme Doyle (b. 1947), Francis Webb (1925–1973) and Antonin Artaud have all experienced what psychiatry labels schizophrenia. The writing of each serves, in part, to create narratives of self: chronicles of existence that often counter those imposed on them by medical professionals and society; stories of suffering, persecution and self-affirmation; journeys through landscapes of psychosis and the unconscious; stories that suggest madness can contain insight. Such narratives create poetic spaces in which the subjective experience of life can be gathered, organised and reclaimed so as to reapproach an integrated sense of self. Such notions are reflected in Sandy Jeffs’s statement: “If nothing else, poetry has given me the means by which to recreate my identity.”³ This is evident in her work, “The Madwoman in this Poem” (2003):

The Madwoman in this poem
is a bag lady who walks the streets
reciting Shakespeare and Milton
she shelters in bus stops and doorways
from the night’s chill.⁴

Such observations suggest the objective distance of a passer by, making the specificity of the images to follow all the more powerful. Jeffs takes the reader inexorably towards the physicality of the Madwoman as “her large torpid body founders / her breasts, burgeoning and heavy / gush with a drug-induced lactation.”⁵ The reader is drawn closer still as Jeffs reveals the psychotic obsessions of the woman’s mind:

The Madwoman in this poem
is sure Beethoven stole the
nine symphonies from her
cannot walk on the cracks of the pavement
can feel spiders eating her brain
fears her head is about to explode
is going to the firing squad next morning
is a character in a Bruegel painting
is an oracle of the dead.⁶

In the final stanza Jeffs emphasises the commonality, prevalence and multidimensionality of the Madwoman who “is Everywoman / is any woman / is a mother, daughter / sister, lover, friend –”.⁷ Ultimately Jeffs reveals that “the Madwoman in this poem / is me”.⁸ In so doing Jeffs reclaims and counters her madness. She writes: “I make my poetry out of the misery of existence, using whatever language I can to transcend the barriers my madness builds around me.”⁹

The reclamation of history and memory is a potent theme in Jeffs’ collection *Blood Relations* (2000). A child is witness to the violently abusive relationship of two self-destructive parents, as captured in the following stanza of “Christmas Eve”:

She staggered in.
He pounced.
She reeled.
He interrogated.
She screamed.
He bashed.
She fell.
He bashed.
She fell.
Time passed¹⁰

Amid such violence hovers madness, both in the overarching narrative of *Blood Relations* that details the traumatic social environment, which perhaps helped to induce mental instability in its author, and in poems such as “Loony Bin” where the topic of insanity is more directly discussed. “Loony Bin” is comprised of two parts: “Mad Scene” and “Mad Irony”—both addressed to the narrator’s father. In “Mad Scene” the father invites his daughter into the asylum where he plays saxophone for the patients. The image of a “mumbling, bumbling, drug-muddled mob”¹¹ is countered by the following stanza in which the past of these individuals is brought to light: “That man was a genius / before the chainsaw slashed his skull; / she sang in opera / before her nerves went”.¹²The daughter tells that such information “didn’t stop our laughter / as we dismissed their humanity / and betrayed our own”.¹³

The poem’s second part, “Mad Irony”, tells of the daughter’s descent into madness:

**I joined the mad chorus
sang mad songs
talked crazy talk
became a freak
shuffled a drug-wearied waltz
and my laughter ceased.**¹⁴

The irony lies primarily in the role reversal for the daughter. However, it is also ironic that it was her father who first invited her into the asylum and that it was he too who played a large part in the environmental pressure that contributed to her eventual breakdown and institutionalisation.

The lack of credibility afforded the mad by society is made evident in Jeffs’ book *The Wings of Angels* (2004), which recounts a journey through a “deluded city, psychotic city.”¹⁵ Here, popular culture, cyberspace and ancient legend meld in a landscape of madness. In “The Witness”, the final poem of the collection, Cassandra of Greek myth, whose prophecies are never believed, walks the modern city streets amid “a plethora of neon illuminations”¹⁶—“a vagrant / hallucinating a dead sky”.¹⁷ What Cassandra finally witnesses is perhaps the condemnation Jeffs endures during madness. Cassandra says: “I witnessed her bent in humility / and scorned for it by those who / live by the sword and duplicitous words.”¹⁸

It is with her own words that Jeffs has sought to combat such treatment. In a varied poetics that admits tragedy and humour, resilience and survival she sounds a voice that has experienced madness but speaks of, and affirms, life. She writes: “From the ashes of my madness my poetry has risen taking me on a journey to lands never before seen, where I have found myself crying with angels and writing words that attest to who I am.”¹⁹

Self-affirmation is a sentiment found in the works of all the authors being discussed here. Artaud writes: “All the fortuitous scientific knowledge of mankind is not superior to the direct knowledge that I can have of my being, I am the only judge of what is within me.”²⁰

Graeme Doyle expresses a similar defiance in his poem “I’m Wild”:

**I’m wild
A mountain cat on the range
One eye looks to the sun
The other’s straight, I’m strange**²¹

In this work Doyle creates a fractured narrative of a roaming, persecuted outsider. It is poignant that this individual still recognises beauty even though he feels excluded from it.

**There is great beauty up here
Wild flowers, small creatures
Live and grow together
All except for me, in perfect harmony**²²

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Doyle expresses the pain of alienation and misunderstanding that can befall an erratic, contradictory personality: “Kind, crazy, cruel / Beast, lover, fool / I am wild / I’m wild.”²³ He reiterates such sentiments in his poem “To Those Who Won’t Listen”:

**Haven’t you ever felt scared and small
Why do you have to pull a skewer
from your scabbard
And pin me and my kind to the wall**²⁴

In a direct address to those individuals mentioned earlier in the poem, such as “Psychiatrist, friend, foe, psychologist, CAT Team, / and general practitioner too”,²⁵ Doyle communicates his sense of isolation and helplessness under their judgemental and assumptive gaze. It is Jesus, as an emblem of the condemned and the compassionate, that resonates strongly with Doyle: “Jesus listening to others / Isn’t that good enough for you.”²⁶

Jesus is a powerful symbol of an individual who was persecuted for his actions and beliefs. Doyle explores this theme in “The Village Idiot” (1998). The village idiot begins the poem ridiculed by children in the town square and ends up entirely excluded from the space. He doesn’t fit into “the measured out town planning / Of the new village square town plan”.²⁷ The village idiot, by his very difference, is problematic and the rational landscape of society serves to exclude him.

The middle section of the poem speaks to the idea that the village idiot may, in fact, be a misunderstood individual possessing great insight:

**And the old woman who bathed him
Said one day she saw in his distracted eye
An intelligence from the stars
You don’t often see today**²⁸

The suggestion that wisdom can appear to be madness when it deviates from society’s norms is relevant here. It is a mechanism for communicating such wisdom that is required; perhaps it is in writing that Doyle’s “intelligence from the stars” can begin to be expressed. Such intelligence was perhaps what R.D. Laing had in mind when he wrote:

*They [humans in the future] will see that what we call “schizophrenia” was one of the forms in which, often through quite ordinary people, the light began to break through the cracks in our all-too-closed minds.*²⁹

Such a light infuses the writings of Anthony Mannix, writings contained primarily in over fifty artist’s books completed in the last twenty years. Mannix’s work (often a combination of the pictorial and textual) focuses on the documentation and investigation of his experience of madness and the unconscious. These works, many of which are titled *Journal of a Madman*, document his life, including the numerous demons and presences that he has perceived. At times Mannix’s work functions as a conduit for energies transmitted between his self and such presences, a way of integrating powerful forces into his conception of self. For Mannix, art-making can act as a guide in the exploration of psychotic landscapes. One potent image in Mannix’s work is the Venus Box:

**The Venus Box is not one illusion but every illusion:
Within is an amber globe that belittles book of history, it is named “captivity”, with this globe of amber is an insect, tart, green, outlandish, which is mummified. It is not uncommon for the amber to become soft, then molten like a narcotic honey from the heat of the globe, then for its embedded creature to know release. The only colour that has a complete union with amber is black, the black of silk, the black of sheer nylon, the black of the Unconscious.**³⁰

In this prose-poem the reader is faced with a complex series of illusory images. Perhaps such writing is an example of that which Mannix describes as “carefully thought out and precisely designed to trigger the unconscious”.³¹ Here, the reader’s imagination must be engaged in order to interpret the work; in so doing, their own unconscious associations are accessed and freed.

The Venus Box conceivably contains the unconscious: the imaginative generator of all illusions. The womb-like image of the embedded creature achieving release perhaps symbolises the freeing of such an unconscious during psychosis. The erotic nature of this realm is suggested by the “silk” and “sheer nylon” of women’s stockings. Images of the softening amber add to this sensuality and reflect the fluid nature of Mannix’s visions.

Mannix has written of his work: “This repertoire of writing is designed to document the state of psychosis and its landscape. It is an attempt sometimes to reproduce schizophrenia...”³²This next text, extracted from a larger work, seems to relate to such an aim:

*Perplexing fires burn piano-playing fingers so that the light is neither here nor there but hangs languidly between thoughts based on protruding existentialities moss growing on tongue-licked side the hairy vegetation infested with morose/sad memories of distant worlds dead giants fill a fly-speck as automated anti-bodies and extrapersons whirl by in a symphony of extraordinary perceptiveness illustrated every fantasy that has come to a shuddering halt wide-eyed margins stare from a myopic page littered with fabrications about yesterday, today, tomorrow; all are wraped in a glossy assumption transparent to the gaze and sensuous to the touch.*³³

The conception of psychosis as a landscape is evident in this piece as whirling images encase the reader in a shifting panorama: ideas extend from, and collapse into, one another as “protruding existentialities” evolve and decline before the eyes of the author in a living, breathing environment of imaginative flux. Here the giant can be enclosed in the microscopic and fantasies and fabrications can be extraordinarily perceptive. The author has seen beyond the “glossy” assumptions of rationality and the revealed landscape has an intensely physical and sensuous nature. Within such mobile, mutable environments Mannix feels he has learnt much.

*When I learned that “Schizophrenia” meant broken I learnt that it is with this core that we come to learn everything broken or intact and that it is always in a situation of challenge and change. How else would I be able to use words such as seething, simmering, splintered, sibilant, turmoil, asunder, parted, divided, diverse, creative, cohesive, coherent, clear, lucid, illuminated.*³⁴

Mannix is here referring to the etymology of the word schizophrenia: “*Schiz*—‘broken’; *Phrenos*—‘soul or heart’”.³⁵ From this broken and turbulent core Mannix lifts the reader in stages towards lucidity. Such a transition reflects Mannix’s experience of schizophrenia itself; a destabilisation of fixed principles; a shimmering, splintered dissolution within which he has discovered an original form of powerful, creative expression. The pictorial and textual works of Anthony Mannix are layered with radical insight and imbued with both turmoil and illumination, perhaps signalling the common ground such states share.

Geoff Prince explores themes of insanity and insight in his poem “You Called Me Mad” (1998):

**You called me mad—
I will remember that.
You, who will never know
a demon or an angel
will never hear a voice
that is not rooted in the actual
gave me the label of madman.**³⁶

Prince depicts the medical staff as alienating and condescending individuals who, in their “well-appointed clinic / played queen-bee to sorrow / and bleak melancholy”.³⁷ There is the insinuation that the label of “mad” is designed to invalidate the existence of Prince. For Prince, however, it is perhaps preferable to know demons and angels than live the rationality of the clinic staff caught in “the lifeless dregs / of routine and ambition, / of manipulation and soul-murder”.³⁸

Whilst such works of Prince address the social aspects of madness, others convey imaginative realms and explorations. From “Remote Amongst Myself”:

**Seeing through the dreamscape of stillness
beyond my active descriptions
I inhabit a reverie of expansion,
smoke to the breeze of being
centred amongst an immense canopy
of experience.**³⁹

Here is celebrated a realm of “dreamscape” where the author has temporarily escaped the grossness and singularity of the body. It is the imagination that takes control and allows a sense of elevation, an awareness of the interconnected “canopy of experience” that perhaps links all of humanity. It is within this ephemeral realm that the being is “centred”; to return to the body is to re-engage with confusion.

**In my dissolving wholeness
instinctively losing all relation
by becoming a mote in a dust storm,
returning in a wave of impression
to the grossness of skin and sense,
Nearness is a mystery of scale
I
cannot
fathom.**⁴⁰

Thus the “dreamscape of stillness” seems overridden by the flux and intensity of the sensory impressions registered by the body and mind. Prince can, at times, be seen to view writing as an activity capable of ensnaring such flowing impressions, bringing them to rest within the linguistic constructions of language. From “Some Lost Progression”:

**With these words I become the adjective I
cannot encompass, engrossed in a vision of changing vision
with which I stall my transience. To tie a noose around the tide.**⁴¹

Perhaps the writing of poetry offers a space of calm for Geoff Prince, a moment of permanence and stillness within the cascade of transient thought.

The poetry and poetic radio plays of Francis Webb confirm him as one of Australia’s most talented and challenging authors. Webb’s dense, metaphoric writings are complex reflections on the human experience and explorations of the divine through Catholicism. The renowned author Sir Herbert Read concludes his preface to Webb’s *Collected Poems* in the following manner: “From the beginning Webb has been concerned with the same tragic problems as Rilke, Eliot, Pasternak and, to mention a contemporary who presents a close parallel, Robert Lowell. I cannot, after long meditation on his verse, place his achievement on a level lower than that suggested by these names.”⁴²

Webb experienced schizophrenia for most of his adult life and poetry seems to have provided a haven for his mind. As Dr. Craig Powell recalls of Webb: “He often told me that his life was chaos and horror, but that he had tried to create order and beauty in his poems.”⁴³

Francis Webb used language and Catholicism in an attempt to bring meaning to a chaotic world view. For Webb, poetry was

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a realm of hope within which he could approach the order and harmony that eluded him in other areas of his life. The redemptive aspects of Catholic symbols and themes were of central importance, offering Webb comfort and certainty amid an unstable existence. This is expressed in his poem “Five Days Old”, written after holding a newborn child:

Now wonderingly engrossed
In your fearless delicacies,
I am launched upon sacred seas,
Humbly and utterly lost
In the mystery of creation,
Bells, bells of ocean.⁴⁴

In the infant, Webb sees the figure of the baby Jesus: a symbol of hope, stability, comfort and love. The poem closes:

If this is man, then the danger
And fear are as lights of the inn,
Faint and remote as sin
Out here by the manger.
In the sleeping, weeping weather
We shall all kneel down together.⁴⁵

Within the newborn child Webb has sensed the wonder inherent in human existence. As with many of the poets discussed in this essay, the theme of the outsider is present, “Out here by the manger”; but in Webb’s formulation he is not alone—we are all by his side, bent earthwards in a unified, loving gesture.

Each author mentioned in this essay is a survivor of extreme experience; experiences generated both by the mind and the reaction of medical professionals and society to such a mind. Antonin Artaud suggests: “There is in every lunatic a misunderstood genius whose idea, shining in his head, frightened people, and for whom delirium was the only solution to the strangulation that life had prepared for him.”

Each author has used language to express the ideas shining in their mind, communicating “intolerable truths” to the wider society, creating an awareness of their subjective experience of life and loosening the feelings of strangulation inherent in being silenced and misunderstood. Such activities help to reintegrate both the self and society as a whole, for madness is, as Geoff Prince suggests, an essential aspect of sanity, the missing piece without which the whole will never make sense. He writes:

I am the man who survived
desolation, I am he who made it
unknowingly. I am the survivor
of tides, the inspector of reflections.
I am the missing piece
in the jigsaw of sanity.⁴⁶

Gareth Sion Jenkins
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University of Wollongong

- 1 Geoff Prince, from Michael Dugan (ed), *Loose Kangaroos: A Collection of New Australian Poetry*, Melbourne: The Domain Press, 1998, lines: 29–30, 65.
- 2 Antonin Artaud, from Susan Sontag (ed), *Antonin Artaud: Selected Writings*, Berkeley: University of California Press, 1976, 485.
- 3 Sandy Jeffs and Susan Pepper, ‘Healing words: a meditation on poetry and recovery from mental illness’, *The Arts in Psychotherapy*, 32, 2005, 92.
- 4 *Ibid.*, lines: 11–15, 87.
- 5 *Ibid.*, lines: 24–26, 88.
- 6 *Ibid.*, lines: 48–56, 88.
- 7 *Ibid.*, lines: 58–61, 89.
- 8 *Ibid.*, lines: 62–63, 89.
- 9 *Ibid.*, 92.
- 10 Sandy Jeffs, *Blood Relations*, Melbourne: Spinifex Press Pty Ltd, 2000, lines: 22–31, 28–29.
- 11 *Ibid.*, line: 30, 45.
- 12 *Ibid.*, lines: 35–38, 45.
- 13 *Ibid.*, lines: 46–48, 45.
- 14 *Ibid.*, lines: 57–62, 46.
- 15 Sandy Jeffs, *The Wings of Angels: A Memoir of Madness*, Melbourne: Spinifex Press Pty Ltd, 2004, line: 20, 89.
- 16 *Ibid.*, line: 3, 97.
- 17 *Ibid.*, lines: 53–54, 99.
- 18 *Ibid.*, lines: 62–64, 99.
- 19 Jeffs, Sandy and Pepper, Susan, ‘Healing Words...’ op. cit., 93.
- 20 Artaud, *Selected Writings*, op. cit., 71.
- 21 Graeme Doyle, *Loose Kangaroos: A Collection of New Australian Poetry*, op. cit., lines: 1–4, 32.
- 22 *Ibid.*, lines: 35–38, 33.
- 23 *Ibid.*, lines: 51–54, 33.
- 24 *Ibid.*, lines: 22–25, 28–29.
- 25 *Ibid.*, lines: 10–11, 28.
- 26 *Ibid.*, lines: 31–32, 29.
- 27 *Ibid.*, lines: 38–39, 23.
- 28 *Ibid.*, lines: 21–24, 22.
- 29 Ronald D Laing, *The Politics of Experience and The Bird of Paradise*, Hamondsworth: Penguin Books, 1967, 107.
- 30 Anthony Mannix, ‘Journal of a Madman (1995): The Chasm, Other Stories, Drawings and Other Things... and there Reigns love and all love’s loving parts...’ Unpublished Manuscript: *The Mannix ‘Atomic Book’ Digital Archive*, compiled by G.S. Jenkins, 2005, 54.
- 31 Anthony Mannix, ‘The Outsider Writing of Anthony Mannix’, <www.anthonymannix.com> [site accessed 30/04/06].
- 32 *Ibid.*
- 33 Anthony Mannix, ‘Little Specks of Light Were Being Eaten by the Darkness’, Unpublished Manuscript: *The Mannix ‘Atomic Book’ Digital Archive* (Jenkins), op., cit. 7. All grammatical and spelling anomalies within Mannix’s quotations are consistent with his artist’s books and have been reproduced here as they are an intentional aspect of his individualist aesthetic. He writes: “so-long ago I realized my grammer was my own, and decided not to change it, like wise spelling...” Mannix, ‘Journal of a Madman (1995)’, op., cit., 92.
- 34 Mannix, ‘Journal of a Madman (1995)’, op. cit., 117.
- 35 Laing, op. cit., 107.
- 36 Geoff Prince, *Silhouettes of Silence: Selected Poems 1968–1993*, Clayton: Monash University, Medal Poets no.15, 1993, lines: 1–7, 16.
- 37 *Ibid.*, lines: 8–10, 16.
- 38 *Ibid.*, lines: 19–21, 16.
- 39 *Ibid.*, lines: 1–6, 20.
- 40 *Ibid.*, lines: 14–22, 20.
- 41 Geoff Prince, *Anthem of Artspace*, Upper Ferntree Gully: Papyrus Publishing, 1998, lines: 10–13, 77.
- 42 Sir Herbert Read, (Preface) *Francis Webb: Collected Poems*, Sydney: Angus & Robertson Ltd., 1969, ix.
- 43 Craig Powell, ‘Francis Webb—a Memoir’, *Poetry Australia*, 56 (1975), 84.
- 44 Francis Webb, from Michael Griffith and James McGlade, (eds), *Cap and Bells: The Poetry of Francis Webb*, Sydney: CollinsAngus&Robertson Publishers Pty Ltd, 1991, lines: 13–18, 156.
- 45 *Ibid.*, lines: 31–36, p. 157.
- 46 Artaud, *Selected Writings*, op. cit., 492–493.
- 47 Prince, *Loose Kangaroos*, op. cit., lines: 25–30, 65.



Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital (male)
keys. Cat. no. 272

Stories of Survival

Lisa Havilah

For Matthew and Others unravels many stories of courage, strength and loss that are sometimes contradictory in their nature, but provide us with a unique window into the multiple impacts of an illness that resonates through our communities. Unless these impacts are being lived everyday they are rarely understood. These stories are of neglect, stigma and isolation but they are also of courage, love and survival.

Through the process of collecting the many stories that are presented in *For Matthew and Others* many lessons have been learnt from consumers, health professionals, carers, families as well as police and other researchers. Geraldine Quinn, the project researcher who undertook all the oral history interviews, developed a unique and trusting relationship with each participant. Even though many of the stories in *For Matthew and Others* are deeply tragic many of them show us that in the face of great adversity courage always comes to the surface. Even though in many cases a daughter, husband or loved one has been lost to an illness, the stories reveal that there is always something in life that can be held onto to retain its meaning.

The exploratory dialogue that was critical for the project's development relied on personal engagement and in the majority of cases these stories are being told for the first time. Many people have taken huge steps into a public arena, from Judith Lee's long battle with the system over the loss of her son Daniel, to Professor Vaughan Carr's implementation of his vision and aspirations for those diagnosed with the illness, a journey provoked from the loss of one of his own patients to suicide. There were many shared conversations.

Schizophrenia is a much hidden illness. It is hidden behind shame, discrimination and stigma. Every day with schizophrenia is one of survival. Many people living with schizophrenia develop talismans for their journeys, something to hold onto in what is sometimes a sea of psychosis. If we could place these talismans into a room it would be steeped in religious iconography and covered with thousands of handwritten words.

One of the most beautiful and carefully constructed talismans is Sandy Jeffs's *BVM (Blessed Virgin Mary)*. For Jeffs *BVM* represents her deep connection and fascination with Mary who she also views as a reconstructed image of herself. Placed around her are all the things that exist in Jeffs's life outside of her illness, things that she has control of—medals, trophies, a *Demons* beanie and images of birthday celebrations. This is very different from Jimmy Chi's *Ho Tai laughing Buddha with Rosary*, which melds eastern and western religions and Chi's own philosophy of both being able to laugh at the troubles that assail him and pray for assistance with them.

Vince Greentree, a long term resident of Matthew Talbot Hostel in inner city Sydney, uses the repetitive act of writing messages on a wall outside the hostel to provide release:

I have been writing on the wall at the Matthew Talbot Hostel for twenty-two years. It's been repainted many times. Every time it used to be repainted I would redo it. The wall that I have created serves its own purpose, to get free.

The wall, which he has named Jehovah, becomes evidence of his own existence. It is through the minuate of detail in Greentree's work that we are intimately drawn to the realisation that trauma is both personal and something that we share as a community. It is his own unique form of expression that communicates to us that even through homelessness he still found a way to express himself.

One of the intentions in *For Matthew & Others* was to tell stories that emerge from a diverse range of contexts and times, the earliest of which is Olive Hughes. The story of Olive’s relationship with her brother Rowland, who was diagnosed with schizophrenia in 1929 when he was twenty-one, captures the significant changes that have been made in both treatment and diagnosis. She recalls the information that the family received from the doctor at that time:

When mum asked our family GP what schizophrenia was he said, “We know so little about it, we don’t know whether it is the brain or the mind or what it is”.

Throughout her life, Hughes found the stigma and heartbreak of her brother’s institutionalisation overwhelming. Even though this historical perspective on the attitudes towards schizophrenia has changed, her experience still articulates how society is critical in nearly every aspect of schizophrenia, social responses, support, and the outcomes of the illness and that social and cultural engagement is a crucial element of recovery from schizophrenia.

Any conception of schizophrenia is tied to a conception of self and this conception will always have subtle cultural differences. Dragoljub Suvailo was diagnosed with schizoaffective disorder when he was nineteen. Suvailo came from Serbia as a refugee eight years ago and settled in Sydney’s southern suburbs. He has overcome language barriers and cerebral palsy through the application of the culture of his religion and the repetitiveness of his prayer as a stabiliser in his life. The ability to witness firsthand Suvailo’s story provides us with an opportunity to turn our tears for what life has presented him into the knowledge that he overcomes them everyday.

The stories in *For Matthew and Others* are told in the first person. This type of storytelling goes against a disciplinary bias whereby the impacts of mental illness are reported in ways that are removed from human experience. Mostly when we hear about schizophrenia we hear about it as a statistic or an issue of stigma or the under-funding of medical research. Comparable examples are stories of war or violence. These stories usually deal with the ethics of violence and how these ethics influenced a series of events, not with the personal experience of victims or with the aftermath of their trauma.

Some of the most traumatic stories in *For Matthew and Others* are those that are told by family members that have lost a loved one to suicide. Professor Vaughan Carr states that thirty percent of people diagnosed with schizophrenia attempt to commit suicide and five percent have a complete suicide. The extraordinary journals of Matthew Dysart, who took his own life in 1999, reveal a person who was deeply ethical and used the act of writing to make sense of his own world and to plan a pathway through life for himself. His disciplined approach to his own life is articulated in a long note that he wrote to himself in 1993. In the note, titled “Where I am at”, he lists “joining the Greenies, Meditation, Aikido, Rugby, work on farm, taxis and removals”, listing the for and against arguments for undertaking each one. The note ends beautifully with the following thoughts:

**Find when course starts [welfare]
if later try monastery
in between if not find flatmate.**

Stories that are presented in the first person create a confessional space for the viewer. The challenge with *For Matthew & Others* is to find a language that articulates what is usually unspeakable, a language that at the same time communicates the continuum of this type of experience. Sometimes this means stopping as the theorist Artaud always implores us to do, and looking squarely at those moments when things have totally ruptured.

One of the most poignant notes to self included in *For Matthew & Others* is written on the back of a postcard. On the front is a reproduction of Bruce Plant’s *A brush with the Law*. Penelope Fitzgerald recorded her perceptions of what her doctor said to her in 1985, almost to validate to herself that it had actually been spoken:

You can’t go back to work; you’re not well enough.

You can’t have a family I won’t let you.

You need your medication.

You don’t understand.

You can’t be both at once.

You’ll never be creative again.

And yet despite this stringent medical diagnosis Fitzgerald has since had two children, is happily married and is still creating art, typifying the tenacity of many to overcome this illness. Through the layers of personal stories *For Matthew and Others* shows that trauma not only haunts the conscious and unconscious mind, but remains in the body always threatening to resurface.

It is through engaging with the impact of schizophrenia that we recognise its presence more readily within our community and we are activated to move against it. It is critical that this recognition involves investigating new ways to engage with and define the idea of the consumer. The problem is that it is difficult for people to imagine other people’s lives. Once we let ourselves imagine a lack of control our illusion about the control that we have over our own lives may crumble. This problem has developed from continually having overcome our pre-programming by the media that schizophrenia is closely connected with violence.

A diagnosis of schizophrenia has a stigmatising effect both on consumers and their families. Unfortunately the way in which many anti-stigma campaigns portray the consumer do more to exacerbate stigma than the initial stigma itself. There are some mental health brochures that portray schizophrenia in a shiny, clean reality that is far removed from the daily realities of living with schizophrenia. It is this type of portrayal that alienates consumers and their families, and erodes feelings of self worth.

It is through taking communal ownership of the language, realities and experience of schizophrenia that we are able consider it without stigma. A perfect example of this is Allan Stephan’s account of his memory of jumping off the platform at Wynyard Station whilst on day release from hospital, an event that resulted in him losing his leg and almost his life. The work, appropriately titled *Northern Suburbs Railway Autobiography*, is written in a language that is superb in its simplicity. The story starts in bleakly intelligent humour:

Burning with fear I walked to Wynyard Station, staggered down the steps and when I got to Platform Five I saw the train approaching. I thought, I will have to make this a success or I will be fined \$200 for not having a ticket.

It is critical when we read Allan Stephan’s factual recounting of being run over by a train to note that it is constructed in the same way as we as individuals construct the eventful stories of our own lives. His choice to continue to obsessively make model trains is testament to his ongoing engagement with his own narrative. There is great austerity in the way that he owns his story, leaving no room for stigma or negative associations.

Sometimes though it is through the construction of fiction that we have a greater ability to examine our own reality. The poetry texts that are included within *For Matthew and Others* resonate deeply with each other. The work of Benjamin Frater, Joey Windrich, Sandy Jeffs and Isabella Fels portray a constant struggle that sits uncomfortably with the reader. It is in the work of Isabella Fels that we begin to understand how exhausting the unending journey of schizophrenia can be.

The mind filled with irrational ideas and beliefs like an overflowing teacup. Always with delusions of grandeur. Never fulfilled. The mind exhausted, debilitated, giving way to paralysis with too much to attend to and no focus. Too tired for anything. My mind is like a cluttered kitchen with too much clutter to deal with; certainly no tea party—I am unable to sort out the mess.

It is not only the poems but the many journals included in *For Matthew and Others* that are written with such great obsession and attention to detail. The act of writing is used as a tool to process and believe the reality of what is happening. In Rebecca Pene’s “The Rambling of a Schizophrenic”, the writer has documented her last psychotic episode as a token of her journey through her own life and madness, where the lines are often blurred. The piece of writing which takes up an A4 notebook was completed from “start to end—one night when I couldn’t sleep for two days”. The thousands of hand written words have no narrative except the narrative of a psychotic journey and the thousands of thoughts that move through it. It reminds us that fiction and its modes of construction exist within factual accounts of a story. The complexity of Pene’s psychosis is an essential component of the work’s intent.

For Matthew and Others contains thousands of thoughts hand written with great care, the most heartbreaking of which is a piece of foolscap paper titled “Reasons that I Should Visit My Mother”. Dan Halloran at age seven lists to himself the reasons why he should or should not visit his mother over the weekend. His mother at the time was living with schizophrenia and dying of breast cancer. Under the reasons for, he lists:

Because I want to spend my time with mum if she is going to be sick for a long time or worse

The responsibility that people feel for each other is articulated all the way through these stories. In particular the deep responsibilities that exist between children and their parents. Dan’s father John Halloran, who is still grieving from the loss of his wife and reeling from the neglect she received from mental health professionals, now works fulltime shining chandeliers. This act has brought a new sense of light into his world and has helped regain a life for both for himself and his son.

We will never fully comprehend the huge impact that schizophrenia has on individuals, families and communities in Australia. But it is through these stories, some of them very cathartic, that many of the people telling them have been able to reflect on their own journey and receive a sense of validation and overcoming. Coming together to share our stories provides the broader understanding and awareness that makes us a community.

**Lisa Havilah
Director Campbelltown Arts Centre, Campbelltown**

Acknowledgment and thanks go to Geraldine Quinn, Project Researcher, for her contribution to this essay.

**Football (Matthew Dysart).
Cat. no. 144.**

**Following page:
Derwent Lees, *The Drive to the Asylum*, 1919. Cat. no. 281**





Schizophrenia
is a split from
reality rather
than a split in
personality.

Vaughan Carr

As a medical student and medical resident in Australia, the encounters that I had in psychiatry teaching in relation to schizophrenia considered the patient as a specimen, an oddity and object of curiosity, something bizarre and to be wondered at, rather than a human being. The attitude seemed to be: "Well these people are mad, just make them take their medication until they can talk sensibly." I then went to the United States to train in psychiatry two years after graduating from medicine where I found a completely different attitude. I trained in a place where most of the psychiatrists, certainly all of my supervisors, were trained psychoanalysts who regarded schizophrenia as a human process and that, far from being incomprehensible, it was actually understandable from a human point of view, if you made the effort.

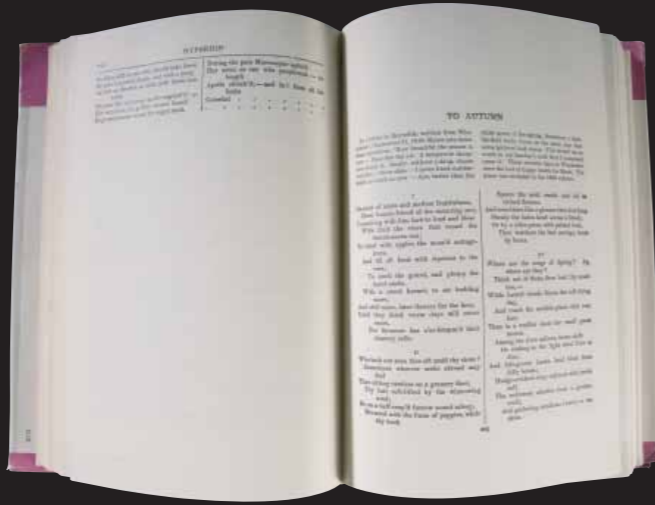
I trained in a very pluralistic and liberal institution that tolerated and supported a range of diverse ideas. They encouraged creativity and the capacity to look critically at clinical phenomena from various points of view, rather than just from an orthodox perspective. The training encompassed both the biological and the psychosocial dimensions and from the psychosocial perspective there were many frameworks with which to approach mental illness, schizophrenia in particular.

The different approaches to understanding schizophrenia

in human psychological terms were very attractive to me. I took some patients in psychotherapy under the supervision of some very eminent people in that field and found that the patients' experiences were comprehensible and understandable. Interestingly, I got some quite good results with acutely ill patients and treated them through to recovery. Then I took on a more challenging patient at the state hospital who was very regressed, very disabled. I began to see him frequently for psychotherapy, first at the hospital and then, as he improved, he began to be able to come out of the hospital and see me in my office. I was really quite pleased to see him progressing well over a period of some months. Then one day he committed suicide by throwing himself off a bridge.

That was a pivotal moment for me. I went over things in detail with my psychotherapy supervisor at the time. The patient had come from a high achieving, wealthy family; psychotherapy had opened his eyes to the real world and I'd tried to encourage him to take steps towards living in that world. In seeing the reality of his situation, however, he'd also seen how far he had fallen below his own and his family's aspirations, and he couldn't tolerate the realisation of this. It was at that point that I decided to make schizophrenia the focus of my work.

Extract from oral history recorded 25 May 2006



"To Autumn", *The Poetical Works of Keats*, With a New Introduction by Paul D. Sheats, Cambridge Editions, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1975, p. 213 Cat. no. 1

Jon Cattapan

My sister Adriana was born in 1948. She was diagnosed with schizophrenia when she was twenty-three. I was fifteen at the time. Her life and life for our family had already been an emotional rollercoaster for a long, long time. Anyone who lives around schizophrenia knows all too well the frustration, the sadness, the anger, the weird medicated comedy of it all and, sometimes, the deep fear that hallucinations bring. A haunting all-pervading fear that accompanies distorted realities not only for the person living with schizophrenia but also for those dealing with them. And there is confusion. Always confusion.

My sister died in 1983. The paintings and drawings in this exhibition were made during a period of deep personal grieving. These are cathartic works that deal with family relationships, very particular human bonds and with the fragile boundaries of headspace. These works were made for my mother, my father, my sister, myself.

Jon Cattapan



Jon Cattapan, *Sister*, 1984, Cat. no. 3

Simon Champ

Social justice is rarely furthered through painting and drawing in our age. My life's real calling is my art, healing and helping with my understandings of the world, giving focus and courage. It also empowers me as an activist in the mental health field.

My art sometimes intuits my life for me. In tracing the lines of reality on a page, I more easily enter the reality of a thing—animals, landscapes and even the lives of other people.

My art starts as one thing but often takes on a seeming life of its own. That can be real vision. That can be real imagination. Imagination has been the hardest thing to reclaim, after I was diagnosed, labelled with experiencing schizophrenia.

As an artist there are times when my art definitely finds affinity in certain meditative or spiritual practices. Though I use modern tools, acrylic paints, brushes, photography and philosophy, sometimes I am aware of a lineage working through me that goes back to Lascaux and beyond.

Art reminds me that our lives, our consciousness, are woven from the great mysteries. Art at its best probes and connects us to these great mysteries. If we want to really scare ourselves into "Awesome Wonder" we can always tap into "The Void". Sometimes there is no choice, my psychosis propels me there and my art tries to keep up.

Simon Champ

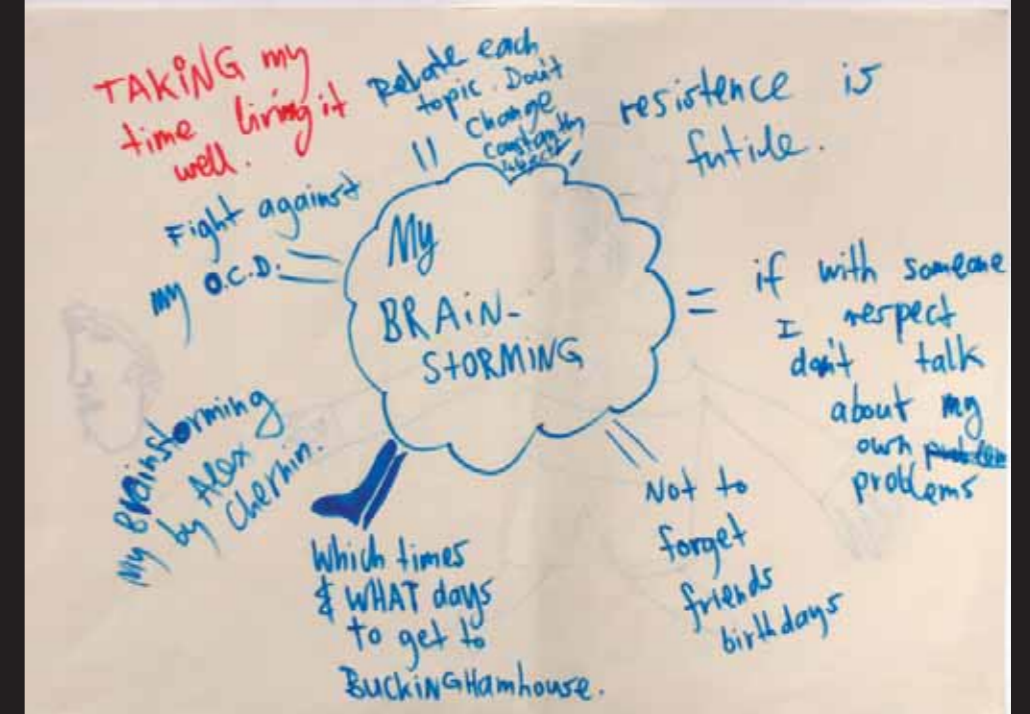


Simon Champ, *Levitating Meditator*, 2000. Cat. no. 49

Alexander Chernin

Alex is a caring young man. When he talks with you he is interested to know what you are about and the deep things that concern you. He thinks about the world all the time and it worries him. It forms part of his art. He writes little poems to go with his drawings quite often. And always these pieces are just little moments of inspiration, very swift and fleeting. He never repeats a drawing but the themes recur a lot. He often signs his drawings with his name backwards (CXELA-stands for Alex Chernin). When I look at his drawings I can tell how he felt on the day by whether the lines are smooth or shaky, if it contains nonsensical jumbled lines or scratches, or if it's something quite beautiful and unusual. If asked, he often has a lot to say about what he's drawn and what it's about. Some answers make sense and some make sense only to him and perhaps only at that moment.

Elena Kats-Chernin



Alexander Chernin, *My Brainstorming*, 2003. Cat. no. 79

Jimmy Chi

Hoi Tai—The Laughing Buddha represents to me the ability to laugh at all the troubles that assail us. My rosary beads represent praying for help with my troubles.

Jimmy Chi



Jimmy Chi, *Buddha with rosary*,
Cat. no. 91

Eva Clarke

Glimpses of reality
In deep in a life of insanity.
Distracting element of the mind
That is controlled.

From where the spirit dwells,
A lapse of levels of reality.
Precious moments of realisation
Captured in time.

Not satisfied
And delving deeper.
Lost in time
At risk of being misunderstood.

Experimentation left me bold.
Now a patient that is insecure.
Finding consolation in like
minds.
Extreme difference wavers.

A fragmented mind
Finding a way to purge.
Expressing the innermost.
Venting the mind.

Dark in gloomy hours.
Too scary.
Sickness chases me to a
canvas.
Becomes entrenched within.

Searching the cosmos.
Ideas of inspiration.

Having awareness
As a responsibility.

Letting flow with the rhythm
of life
Is a beautiful thing.

Dreams, Visions, Spirit and
Imagination:
All these that influence myself
and my art.

Schizophrenia is a harsh illness
where
It is a distraction to simply sit
and create.

Suffering agonising images
that make
Their way into my work.
My studio has been host to
entities
Of different realms.
Or the Unseen.

A mind stretched beyond the
normal.
Abstract turning into surreal
images.

Precise details laid forth.
Instruments to create.
Going with and sometimes
against
The waves of making.

Inspiration: Symbolism and
fantasy.
Fantasy melding into reality.
Beginning and ends and
inbetweens.
Power from the powerless.

Solitude turned Hermetic.
Gaining conscience from the
subconscious.

Evolving into revolving world
That in itself is already an
art form.

Uniqueness and want of
difference
Lead to an overload with art
the only outlet.

Distaste of reality could be bent
To ugly vs beautiful.

Like a waking dream
That can't wake up from itself.

To be able to create takes
mastering.
Awareness challenges the
creating process.

Eva Clarke



Eva Clarke, *Too old, too soon*, 2005.
Cat. no. 98

Paul Clenaghan

As a young boy growing up in Belfast I was intrigued by asylums, prisons, borstals and psychiatric hospitals as they represented the face of public gloom. This fascination mainly grew out of watching TV and I always believed that these places couldn't be that gloomy and that life could be better for these folks. So it was really from there that I began my nursing training.

In the 1980s I trained as a psychiatric nurse in the United Kingdom. It was a training facility that was influenced by modern mental health principles. The modern principles were in sharp contrast with the hospital environment which was Victorian, dominated by a half-mile semicircular corridor with twenty-six wards and fourteen villas. All the psychiatric hospitals in the greater London area (there were about eight which I visited) had similar design features—a semicircular corridor, a large water tower and beautiful land. My longstanding memories are of a new wave of optimism from staff trained in old-fashioned facilities. My belief as a boy that life could be better for these folks grew stronger.

As practitioners we are always looking for better outcomes for clients.

We are always looking at the gaps in the system and being transparent about those gaps. Navigating the mental health system is a trying process for any person. When someone experiences their first psychosis it is a traumatic and complex experience and that trauma is then compounded by the fact that we sometimes treat people against their will, further adding to their trauma. We prefer to treat people in the community and usually this is a very effective model but, when required, hospital treatment is also effective even though at the time it is traumatising.

For young people with psychosis the illness creeps up in such a slow way that it often becomes hard for families to differentiate when behaviour changes from that of a slightly odd adolescence to a clear psychosis. Sometimes people with psychosis are reluctant to access treatment. The pattern of recovery varies from person to person, but some people do make a full recovery and others may require longer treatment. Early intervention produces a better outcome with most clients able to return to work or study.

We know that families and carers can have enormous struggles and I wish we could meet their needs more. I hope we do our best but sometimes this can fall a long way short. We started multiple family groups to try to meet these needs. The sessions are orientated towards education, communication, problem solving and looking after oneself (as well as your loved one). The sessions have been well received but it is heartbreaking to hear some of the tragic stories, yet encouraging to learn of a family's resilience. The strength of families is often the most powerful weapon to help improve a person's quality of life. (This is probably true for all people but particularly for families with someone with psychosis.)

The most difficult issue we face as clinicians is the desire to do more but there are barriers such as resources, time, and the politics of health. I believe that every year our treatments and services get better. We have come a long way since the early 1980s but we have a long, long way to go. I am still as sure now as I was when I was young that life can be better for folks seriously affected by a mental illness.

Paul Clenaghan



Watertower at Sydney College of the Arts, Rozelle (formerly part of Rozelle Hospital).

Pierre Comarmond

My parents migrated from Mauritius to Australia in 1967. My father was employed as a diesel mechanic at St Peters, on interstate prime movers, and my mother was a full-time primary school teacher at Leichhardt. My dad has experience working in metal and wood and inspired the sculptor in me. My mum supported my painting and drawing, bringing home old computer paper and large chunky pencils some afternoons.

I have one brother and three sisters and they're a bunch of shit-stirrers. My parents are no different. I am the youngest in my family, the only one to be born in Australia and in a hospital. In those days in Mauritius, one had to be quite ill to be a hospital patient. We spoke—and still do speak—to each other in French, Creole and English, often all in the same sentence. This hybridity of Creole “slave” language, the Creole culture and cuisine, the raw humour and spirituality have greatly influenced my life and my art.

The mediums I work in are digital art (image and animation), painting, murals, sculpture and performing rock music as a singer/songwriter.

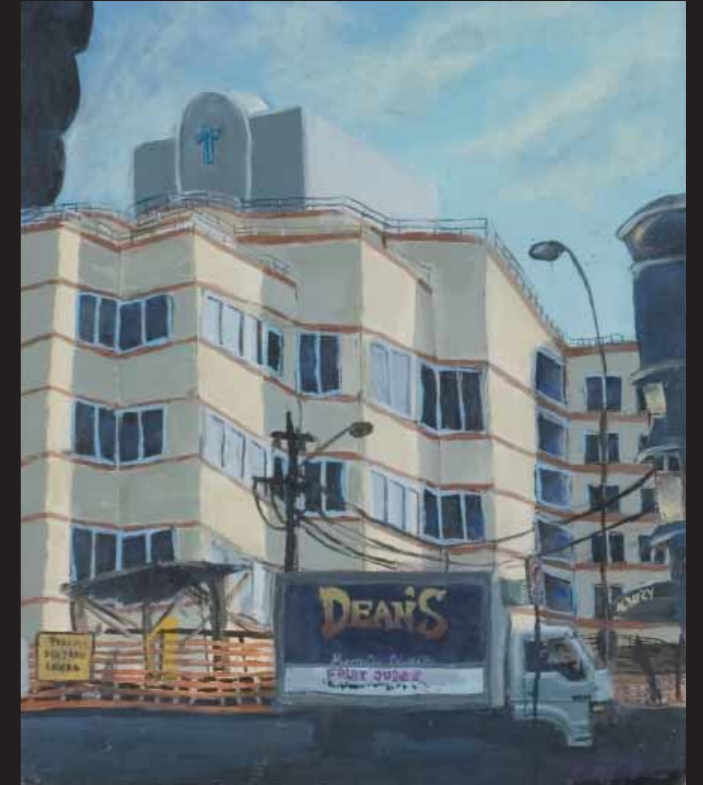
Many artists and others have inspired me. My teachers Allan Giddy and Martin Sims, Hieronymus Bosch, Salvador Dali, Sidney Poitier, Professor John Nash, Jim Morrison, Carl J. Jung, Sting, Richard Pryor, Patch Adams, Professor Albert Einstein, Dr Chris Blackwell and Mother Theresa. The list could easily be much longer.

I have resided in Kirrawee in the Sutherland Shire for the past twelve years. Here I enjoy the wonderful native flora and fauna as close as my back patio.

It has been ten years since I completed my Masters Degree in Fine Arts.

It has been twenty years since I first experienced schizophrenia. My symptoms are now totally under control. My stigma is still totally out of control.

Pierre Comarmond



Pierre Comarmond, *St Vincent's Hospital*, 1992. Cat. no. 101.

Boo Cooper

Colour. The colour expresses summer, the landscape, the passion inspired by love or anger, the evil wrath of Australia.

Boo Cooper



Boo Cooper, *Portrait of a Landscape: Autumn, 2006*. Cat. no. 108

Elizabeth Day

The work in *For Matthew and Others: Journeys with Schizophrenia* comes from the experience of silences and omissions that having a family member with schizophrenia created.

My uncle lived with us until I was about five years old, when he became too difficult for my parents with their young family to be around. At this stage he disappeared into a hospital and was scarcely spoken of again. I think that there was much pain and guilt around his disappearance as well as a considerable shame to be linked with this disease. The memory of unfortunate Frank disturbed our middle class comfort zones but also I think my parents simply didn't know what else they could do.

In this work I would like to consider the silence around Frank. I have worked as a part-time teacher with institutionalised people for many years and am curious about the palpable hush, but also awed curiosity, around these zones of abjection. With the chewing gum Cosmos paintings I attempt to describe these worlds beyond the net of respectability.

I came to understand that Frank had probably become ill because his mother, my grandmother, was also "put away" (though not with schizophrenia). Somebody suggested that his vulnerable, motherless childhood had brought his illness on. There



seemed to be an unspoken fear in our house that one of us would also be affected, though fortunately that has not happened.

It did, however, leave me with much residual sympathy and ability to work with people on the borderlines. Alongside my practice as an artist I have recently been working on a cross-cultural landscape project in a women's prison. Since the dissolution of mental hospitals, many people with mental health problems are ending up in prison.

Elizabeth Day

Elizabeth Day, *Everything is Connected to Everything Else*. Work for Uncle Frank and Others who Fell into the Chasm of Fear in History's Black Void, 2006. Cat. no. 111

James de Blas

Schizophrenia is very much about the struggle between the darkness and the light. All my exhibitions are about the hero's struggles with the darkness in his journey through the trials and tests of the underworld into the light and freedom. My disability makes me strive for divinity.

The Blue Hairy Boy is the story of a very different boy born with a blue hairy coat. He is worshipped as a baby then sold into slavery as a boy. He refuses to be a slave. His punishment is to be sent to the Underworld. There he is taught the art of dance by a bird of paradise, an art that will protect him from many dangers. The Lord of the Underworld then guides him through the tests of fear, where

he is ultimately successful. His destiny is forged in the fires of the Underworld. He is released, gains his freedom and travels to the sun to become a light warrior and a divine god man.

The Golden Grasshopper is a healing story about a grasshopper that dares to imagine more. He jumps on the back of an owl and whispers to it, "Take me to the most important house on earth", and that's where he goes. There he learns the three sacred arts—cooking, flower arranging and gardening—and becomes a master. This he later teaches to his own kind, the Locusts, and it has a profound and lasting effect on them.

The Legend of Humopia is a healing story based on the pearl planet Humopia. The

blue race warriors of the light oppose the red race worshippers of the dark crystal of denial, who align themselves with the powers of fear and darkness. The blue people are striving for planetary ascension and the return of their planet to the great ocean of love and mercy; this will be denied them every step of the way by the red people, who have their city and stone temples beneath Mount Wellington in Tasmania where the great crystal of denial is guarded and opens only to the light of the moon.

The blue people worship from the great landforms of mainland Australia. Their healing centre is Uluru, the place where the eagle headed god man, their leader, chooses to live, meditating in the caves within. The blue people are

part bee, part human, and they harvest the great seas of desert blooms that are used by the honeyeater beings to create elixirs for the transsention of time and karma.

I have not been hospitalised once in the past twelve years. Before that I was hospitalised every year for the previous twelve years. I put my success down to better medications, daily meditation, self-therapy and, of course, my art.

James de Blas



James de Blas, *Guardians Of Paradise (from The Blue Hairy Boy)*, 2005. Cat. no. 120

Dennis Del Favero

Deep Sleep (2004) is an interactive DVD-ROM installation investigating the extraordinary events surrounding the notorious Chelmsford Psychiatric Hospital in Sydney during the 1970s. The interactive installation allows viewers to use a mouse to navigate across a single projected screen displaying a labyrinth of corridors at Chelmsford, each corridor revealing a cross-section of memories.

It takes as its starting point a newspaper article of 1993 detailing how between 1962 and 1979 at least forty people died while undergoing deep sleep therapy at Chelmsford psychiatric hospital. Hundreds of others suffered life-long injuries, including permanent brain damage.

Deep sleep therapy was invented by the hospital's Director, Dr Harry Bailey, formerly State Director General of Psychiatry. The therapy involved putting patients allegedly suffering from schizophrenia, depression, anxiety, insomnia and other mental illnesses into a coma for up to six weeks and administering ECT during the coma. An Australian Royal Commission, appointed in 1989, recommended that three of the four doctors responsible be prosecuted. The fourth, Dr Bailey, committed suicide in 1985 after undergoing deep sleep therapy himself. In 1993 the NSW Director of Public Prosecutions decided to drop all charges against the three surviving doctors as the statute of limitations had passed.

Deep Sleep evokes these events by moving backwards and forwards in time, focusing on the fatal relationship between Dr Bailey and his lover during the 1970s, and a parallel relationship between Bailey's secretary and a Royal Commission Investigator in the 1990s.

I am the youngest survivor of deep sleep therapy. All the patients younger than me when they undertook the therapy never survived the coma.

Deep Sleep forms part one of my larger twenty-six part *Slipstream* project, a suite of works dealing with the schizophrenia of the world.

Dennis Del Favero



Dennis del Favero, *Deep Sleep*, 2004, (video still). Cat. no. 121

Graeme Doyle

The Artists State Mental

Like all nutterpodians
Whodoo arto and
Pooetree id like
To tell you a little
Thing or two about
What its like to be
The grey test
Sigh Cot Tick Tock
Sigh Key Hat Tricky
Art East in horsetrailer
Having no talent to
Speak of but being
Very scribbillious
And having art writus
Drawing bad breathings
I do little bitches
Of Fish and chips
Effishient Silly Con chips
Being a sighcricatic
Im patient I had a poor
Self imadge mad mad
I spent more times in
The can than a slobber
Of half-baked has beans
Im a lovely fellowvver
Though like a pigs bum Im
Very kind and like Faylure
The failure I kiss the dirt
To find out how far my
Nostrils have to fall
Beefore I hit the deck
Im also a little bit dinky
Dinky? No not dinky dinky
You mean dinky No not
No not dinkey
Dinky You mean Kinky?
No not kinky dinky
You mean youre a little
Bit binky No not binky
Dinky I get it youre
A little bit stinky
Yes thats it Im a little
Bit dinky
In Doing a lot of drawo
And writo I look at alot
Of squarish bits of paper

And I say to myself
What am I going to put in
There is it a swimming
Pool or a tarpaulin or
On wooden slats.
How deep is a page
Could you drown in it
Or merely sufforkate
Would you go to prison
For pageslaughter
Or the battery hen chair
For a smelly rotten little
Poem youve worked into
Oblivion making medio-
Cricity positively brilliant
Things are not always as bad
As they seem. Sometimes
A smoldering ember in the
Creative heart may be
Blown up into a bushfire
So when you're eating
Your chirpets made out
Of nuts and bolts and
Lactick rubber acid
Think a masterpiece
May lie un weight around
The corner
It may sit within the
Surface of the sea
Waiting four a grappling
Hook to haul it aloft
Having it captured for
The gallery boilery
Well its been nice
Talking to you but
Now I have to go to
Look in the fridge
To see if there's any
Barbed wire and gaso
Lene I can have for
My shoe last supper

love and kisses
xxxx^x
Gav gav Dill Pickle
the 4th
6 06



Graeme Doyle, from the series
Rembrandt and Rave, 2006.
Cat. no. 125

Jenny Dymott

On the television they said
there was a young man named
Andrew that had been seen
around the church. They said
that this person didn't have
any shoes. When Andrew left
he took the wrong shoes and
that was something that we
had been worried about. I was
sure that it was him. I went out
there. I had it in my head that it
was him. But the minister said it
wasn't him and told me to calm
down. I was really hysterical.

When Andrew left he took my
son-in-law's shoes. They were
a different size to his. He just
walked out. He just walked up
the driveway. He didn't take
his car. He just left. He took his
wallet, his cigarettes and his
car keys and after he'd gone
my daughter noticed that he
hadn't taken the car. It was still
in the driveway.

I have got beyond the stage
that I think he might be
listening if I say something. I
am not sure if he is still alive. I
see him living in some isolated
place or a nomadic sort of
life as a homeless person.
Sometimes I like to think he'll
come back in twenty years'
time with a wife and children.
But I don't think that's likely.
If somebody dies you come
to terms with it and move on,
but when something like this
happens you move, but you
have to keep going back. You
do move forward but then it will
just hit you and you can't keep
moving forward. I always feel
guilty that I haven't checked
everywhere and I feel like I
should still keep looking for
him.

Extract from oral history
recorded May 2006

MISSING



ANDREW DYMOTT

Missing from Melbourne since January 1999.

If you think you know or have seen this person
please contact police missing persons on freecall

1800 808 606

Or his family on (03) 9311 6691.

"Missing" notice (Andrew Dymott),
1999. Cat. no. 129

Matthew Dysart

Main compartment

- Green sleeping bag
- Maroon knitted jumper
- Black knitted shirt
- Purple knitted hat
- Maroon T-shirt
- Maroon printed 2SER 107.3FM T-shirt
- Blue jeans
- Two pairs underpants
- Yellow pencil-case containing: twenty-four Faber-Castell Watercolour coloured pencils, Staedtler Tradition 2B lead pencil, Staedtler Tradition 4B lead pencil, Faber Castell paintbrush, Staedtler Rasoplast eraser (used), Staedtler Rasoplast eraser (unused)
- Orange Stanley knife
- Map of Australia (Periplus TravelMaps)
- Australian First Aid—an authorised manual of St John Ambulance Australia, volume one
- *Simply Living* magazine, Number 14, 1981
- Quill Visual Art Diary

Front pocket (centre)

- NSW Northern Rivers & South-East Queensland NRMA Map
- Eating knife
- Box containing Zyprexa Olanzapine 10mg tablets (prescription medicine)
- Gillette Sensor Excel disposable razor in packet with three replacement blades and Gillette Sensor Excel pocket knife
- Bic black ballpoint pen with lid
- Packet of Yates Accent on Blue flower seeds

Side pocket (left)

- Public Passenger Vehicle Driver's Licence #Taxi AF 5079
- Replacement driver's licence application, Matthew Dysart
- New South Wales Birth Certificate, registration number 16892/1964 Matthew Charles Dysart 19 August 1964
- Commonwealth Bank account details for Matthew Charles Dysart, dated Jul 09 '99 (fax)
- Commonwealth Bank account information for Matthew Charles Dysart, dated 14/07/99
- Commonwealth Bank list of transactions for Dysart MC
- Photocopied page from Sydney street directory, Map B (inner city and Central Railway Station)
- Fax with handwritten note: "Matthew, Commonwealth Bank [card number, account number]"
- Box of Zyprexa Olanzapine 7.5mg tablets (prescription medicine)
- Thirteen used and unused loose foil packets of Zyprexa Olanzapine 7.5mg tablets
- Two loose tablets in brown paper bag

Side pocket (right)

- Medicins Sans Frontieres envelope containing Landmark Food Company payslip and cheque dated 15/7/99
- Sydney Buses Bus Ticket, route 380, 21 Sep 99, 13:45
- 250g aerosol can Gillette Shave Cream Lemon Lime
- Green Reach toothbrush and tube of Colgate Total toothpaste in Colgate Total box, wound with green string
- Brown soap in white plastic bag

Like so many people with schizophrenia Matthew was constantly on the move, hoping to escape the "voices". He travelled within Australia and hitch-hiked across the United States. When he took his own life on 22 September 1999 he left his backpack on the railway station platform. The backpack remained unopened until June 2006, when the contents were catalogued for this project.



Backpack belonging to Matthew Dysart. Cat. no. 170

Michael Dysart

When my son Matthew was diagnosed with schizophrenia in 1984 I was in denial and I refused to accept it for many, many months. I kept thinking "Why has this happened to us?" I couldn't relate to the doctors, I couldn't relate to the nursing people or the hospital itself. I didn't handle it well at all at first. But then when I went through the following fifteen years of Matthew's struggle I realised the enormity of the problem and the number of people it touches along the way. One in a hundred is a pretty frightening statistic, if it is true that this is the number of people who will actually have a psychotic episode in their lifetime.

Now of course it is seven years since Matthew died. And there are many happy memories. I always remember his strong social conscience and his concern for the underdog. And that was evident even in kindergarten when he would stand up to the bullies. There are lots of other memories. We had a Labrador who was always Matthew's best friend. They were inseparable and sometimes the dog even went down to the school to look for him. We shared a farm with three other families. All the children went swimming and horse riding. We had very happy times. Matthew and I used to go camping over the mountains. We always got it wrong but we really enjoyed ourselves.

He was always an inveterate talker—he would talk the hind legs off you. Another memory is when he played the Artful Dodger in the school play of *Oliver Twist*. Surfing was always part of his life. And sailing. But surfing was always the most important. Even when he was sick he still sustained himself through surfing. A few days before he died he was seen out on his board at Bondi following a whale. And someone else wrote to us to say that they had seen him on the beach that week sketching the seagulls. So the ocean was always the centre of his life.

That's why I wanted to reproduce his painting of the surfboard shaper's workshop.

It encapsulates his love of surfing and if you look beyond the surfboards you will see the rainforest. He was always preoccupied with saving the forests. Even through his darkest moments he still managed to keep his focus and stay true to his values about the environment. The year before he died he even spent six months at Kakadu protesting against uranium mining.

This painting was always very special to Matthew and he never quite finished it. He kept trying to get the light correct and changing the perspective. It reflected his constant dreams for many years of his life.

Michael Dysart



Matthew Dysart, *Shaper's workshop*, c. 1992. Cat. no. 156

Rebecca Dysart

Dear Matthew

I love you very much.
You thought I was
ashamed of you but I had
to get on with my own
life so I could be there
for you when you needed
me.

I know you are up in
heaven with Jesus. I look
forward to the day I see
you there.

Love

Rebecca



Matthew and Rebecca Dysart,
Christmas 1993. Cat. no. 159

Deej Fabyc

My relationship with my
mother, both her memory and
her absence, is a troubled one.
Who was she? An only child
who grew up in Surrey in a
land girls hostel run by her
parents during WW2. A bright
and funny "good mother" who
was troubled by voices that
told her things like "the spread
of HIV is caused by the sale of
petrol at the service station on
the Yass road near Canberra".
A mother who taught me how
to scan a charity shop for the
best garment, how to judge an
antique and how to paint in
oils when I was eight. A mother
who gave me, otherwise shy
and clumsy, the confidence
for public speaking by
making me read Chaucer and
Shakespeare aloud. A mother
who, needing time to herself,
devised a game that consisted
of giving me and my younger
brother and sister an envelope
that contained multiple
envelopes containing maps
and clues for a good day out.
A mother who tried to suffocate
me with a pillow. A mother who
is forgiven her psychosis.

When they cut her brain up for
the coroner's report, the tumour
filled her brain stem, squashing
her cerebellum, and had thus
destroyed large parts of her
mind. It is a credit to her that
she managed at all in those
last few years. To love deeply
someone whose being always
held a threat that ranged from
minor embarrassment to fear
for one's life is complicated.
The conversations I have in
my head with her are frequent
and are mainly to the primary
nurturer and carer, not the
harpy who when we arrived
hot and hungry from school
might be stirring a pot on the
stove, containing one of my
brother's shoes with various
herbs from the wild garden.

I am working on several
projects that are infused with
my mother's presence.

Deej Fabyc



Deej Fabyc. *And she watched
(Again)*, 2006 (detail). Cat. no. 175

Isabella Fels

As I silently lie down in my confining A4 cell, which is much better than a curtained cubicle in a mental hospital, I am reminded of my life and my occupation as a writer.

The A4 cell is suffocating. I feel surrounded by paper and mess. The mattress is my support; as I lie down it feels like a diminishing A4 schoolbook against my body, sandwiched between a few light A4 sheets.

The cupboard is a narrow A4 design with some square-shaped tops and shoes inside that I would like to throw. The door also takes on a powerful, menacing A4 design. How I long to break out of this cell.

However, the few peaceful and comforting A3 pieces in it link me to the outside world. Through the small A3 window at the top of the door, I can see my beloved doctors and nurses come in with zcomforting A3 trays, before I sit back against my

bulky A3 pillows to enjoy my meal. Like a well-fed dog, I can then rummage through my A3 drawer and break my silence with writing. I can then place the A4 letters and sheets of writing in winning A3 envelopes, which they kindly give to me, so that I can fly my papers away.

After I have done this I can sort out the mess of A4 papers, books, newspapers and magazines left on the floor. With this done I can then venture out and carefully see the world from an A3 and A4 perspective.

As I walk along surrounded by A3 and A4 images, I pause at the foot of another cubicle and look through a small A3 window. I see a big redheaded guy sleeping away peacefully with his hand resting gently on his stomach, quietly smiling to himself. How I would love to get into his dream world and fly away with him.

Isabella Fels

Anne Ferran

Some years ago, I came across a group of extraordinary photographs in the NSW State Library. They were unidentified pictures of women, mostly middle-aged, a few elderly and some quite young—similar to portraits except for the hospital clothing they were wearing and the presence of nurses in the background. About half were being restrained by a nurse in some way, a few forcibly and others with the lightest of touches on an arm or shoulder. Captions indicated they had been taken at Gladesville Hospital in 1948.

It was hard to understand what these photographs were doing in the library, as access to psychiatric records is usually subject to the strictest controls. (Since then they have been withdrawn from public view.) They were unlike any photographs I had seen before, and I asked the library to make me copies. For a long time it seemed doubtful I would do anything with them. Eventually I thought of making these four artist books that draw their imagery from the original photographs, lifting out details of hands, bodies and faces. They were shown at Sydney College of the Arts Gallery (itself part of a former psychiatric hospital) in 2003.

I wanted the work to address in equal measure those who know the hospital from the inside and those who do not. To view the books people had to enter a closed room, passing an attendant seated by the door. Part of the reason for closing the room was so that a visitor did not come unawares on an image of someone they knew.



(So far this hasn't happened.) It was more though about shaping the viewing experience, trying to make it slower, quieter, more deliberate and self-aware.

Along with important questions of privacy and identification, there is another that doesn't get asked so often, the one about shared knowledge and responsibility. By implication the archive contains us all, and it's this shared implication that I hope the work will convey.

Anne Ferran

Penelope Fitzgerald

I was born Penelope Jane Fitzgerald in 1965. I am the youngest of eight. We were raised in a strict Roman Catholic way, which suited me, but not some of the others in my family. I had a great childhood. We had plenty of ripe fruit. We went on fantastic holidays to Horrocks Beach and Point Perron. My parents encouraged me to play sport and I became the junior champion of Eden Hill Primary School. I loved learning and still do.

I left home at sixteen and went to work in a warehouse. After six months I started studying at Bentley Technical College. I was doing a course in Apparel Manufacture and Design. I began to have panic attacks and not handing in completed portfolios. I tried studying part-time and working full-time. I grew more frightened and tried to drink away my sorrows.

I began to get weird feelings and premonitions. My thinking became strange. I asked my family and friends about psychiatrists. That opened a can of worms. Some said to go to a psychologist instead so that I wouldn't be given medication. There were waiting lists for both. The Medicare card had just come in and the doctors themselves hadn't decided the gap fees or if they bulk-billed. One messy year later I was hospitalised voluntarily at Heathcote for an assessment.

Three months later I emerged a zombie, not able to squeeze a lemon. My sister and her family took me in. To help me get better she made me cook a meal once a week. She also made me socialise once a week. I insisted on paying board and lodging to

keep my finances a bit realistic. I couldn't be left alone. I went everywhere with her for a long time.

I have two children, a daughter who's nineteen and her younger brother, seventeen. I was married to my daughter's father for seven years. Things were incredibly difficult but I stayed until our girl and I were bonded. I had weekly access to my son. He lives with my sister. My daughter lived in Canberra for three years and by the time she came home my nerves were shot.

I took up knitting lessons. I also joined the Schizophrenia Fellowship of WA as their first consumer volunteer. I bumped into Lloyd there. We all exchanged ideas about what should be changed in the mental health system for the better. I reckoned there needed to be a simple way for some of the Centrelink money to be allocated for rent and bills. Real estate agents found the mentally ill unreliable when they went to hospital. We would lose our accommodation and not get a reference. Lloyd took everyone's concerns to national conferences. Now we have Centrepay.

Lloyd and I built a house together in Queens Park. We are now married with a dog, Jimmy. I am back at TAFE studying clothing production again, after doing a bridging course in soft furnishings. I can't count the times I was hospitalised when the kids were growing up. The doctors say I have schizoaffective disorder. I have now been in the community for two and a half years.

Penelope Fitzgerald



Penelope Fitzgerald, *Sympathy + Hope*, 2002. Cat. no. 181

Ivor Francis

"From 1943 Francis's work took on an ever greater use of surrealistic imagery. These works led to criticism that Francis was a literary artist, suggesting that his painting had narrative function rather than symbolic meaning he in fact intended. Through his and Max Harris's interest in and reading on the subject of man's mental health, Francis was inspired to paint *Schizophrenia*, 1943. The painting symbolises a brain from which healthy growths sprout only to be blocked by a large red-brick wall. The growths turn in on themselves, having nowhere to go, piercing and damaging the very source from whence they came."¹

This is a key work in Francis' oeuvre, as is *Investigation, Scientific and Otherwise, of Matter Without Form* (1943), in which a figure is depicted inside possibly a brain that is pulling strings to control its function. This painting too was a result of his interest in Max Harris' 1943 novel *The Vegetative Eye* and his own readings on mental illness. Originally termed a Surrealist, "Francis preferred the later description of his work, given by Max Harris, as Apocalyptic, as this movement, a derivative of surrealism, used surrealist

techniques initially to gain images from the subconscious and then imposed the control of the conscious mind on them in order to achieve intelligible meaning".²

Ivor Francis, born in England, had come to Australia in 1924 at the age of eighteen, and produced his first series of memorable works during World War Two. He continued painting almost to the end, dying in 1993, and produced a particularly powerful painting in 1983, *Eden Finale*, with a nuclear cloud suspended over a vast sea of faces, "his statement of disgust and dismay at mankind's continued obsession with nuclear arms".³

Ivor Francis was an important pioneer of Australian modernism, and an artist who actively demonstrated his concern for the suffering of others, creating powerful works of great strength and originality over a period of sixty years, none more so than *Schizophrenia*.

Nick Waterlow

¹ Jane Hylton, *Ivor Francis: An Adelaide Modernist: Sixty Years of Painting*, Adelaide: Art Gallery of South Australia, 1987, 11.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid., 20.



Ivor Francis, *Schizophrenia*, 1943. Cat. no. 185

James Gleeson

“Having been expelled from innocence to life, Gleeson spends much of 1940 attacking the mother image, under the spell of Picasso. Dreaming gives way to destructive impulses. Picasso’s art ran its own surreal path in the late 1920s, his unhappy marriage to Olga releasing the image of mouth with teeth—widely termed the ‘vagina dentata’—and interpreted as showing the male fear of castration. Picasso’s images of weeping women, an aftermath to Guernica, were a milestone in Australian art consciousness... (James Gleeson to Mary Eagle, National Gallery of Australia)”¹

James Gleeson, in conversation, reinforces the effect World War II had on him. His studio at the time was in Gosford, far removed from the front, and yet this catastrophic moment in the human spirit, with people tearing each other apart, was felt as deeply as if those close by were being destroyed. He was responding to the terror and violence in the world, which was not to do with any personal experience, but he was able to project himself into the situation. And to do that as an artist he was inspired by Picasso’s response to the fascists’ 1937 bombing of the town of Guernica in northern Spain and also by his accompanying weeping women series that succeeded the master work, one major example of which is in the National Gallery of Victoria.

Gleeson’s *Weeping Head* (1939) takes as a symbol of universal suffering a grief-stricken woman’s head and uses contrasting colours and distorted eye, nose and mouth to accentuate disorder and disruption. *The Mad Women* (sic) (1940) is even more disturbing; the haunted eyes, deformed mouth with threatening teeth, downward

distended breasts, and unruly mane of hair, combine to leave a lasting and powerful image of the termination of normalcy.

“Gleeson’s vision is not only from his personal unconscious but from the collective unconscious. Jung believed that man’s mental predicament is part of the unconscious Zeitgeist. The triumph of reason and science in the 20th century has caused the repression of the basic instincts, yet the repressed instincts are driving us to destruction. The unconscious makes decisions as much as reason. Jung, who died in 1961, wrote of the ‘mood of universal destruction and renewal’...Hope for the future lies in the individual recognising that he is driven by unconscious forces, recognising the forces within himself.

Gleeson has always felt this as strongly:

In the dream lies the illness and the need of the individual mind, and in the illness and the need of the individual mind lies the destiny of mankind upon the face of the earth.

[artist statement, 1941]

Gleeson did not murder his father under the influence of Osiris in a schizophrenic fury, as did [nineteenth century British painter] Richard Dadd, yet the urbane, gentle James Gleeson, Hon. D. Litt. has been the façade of an inner struggle almost as cataclysmic—a struggle to recognise the shadow within, a personal journey on canvas.”² And *The Mad Women* dramatically extends these peregrinations with darkness.

Nick Waterlow

¹ Renee Free, *James Gleeson: Images from the Shadows*, Sydney: Craftsman House, 1993, 18.

² Ibid., 35.



James Gleeson, *The Mad Women*, 1940, Cat. no. 188

Vince Greentree

I have been living at Matthew Talbot Hostel full time for thirty years. It’s a hard road. I am a Christian. I was diagnosed with schizophrenia when I was about twenty-three and it was mainly due to smoking excess marijuana. I smoked a lot of marijuana.

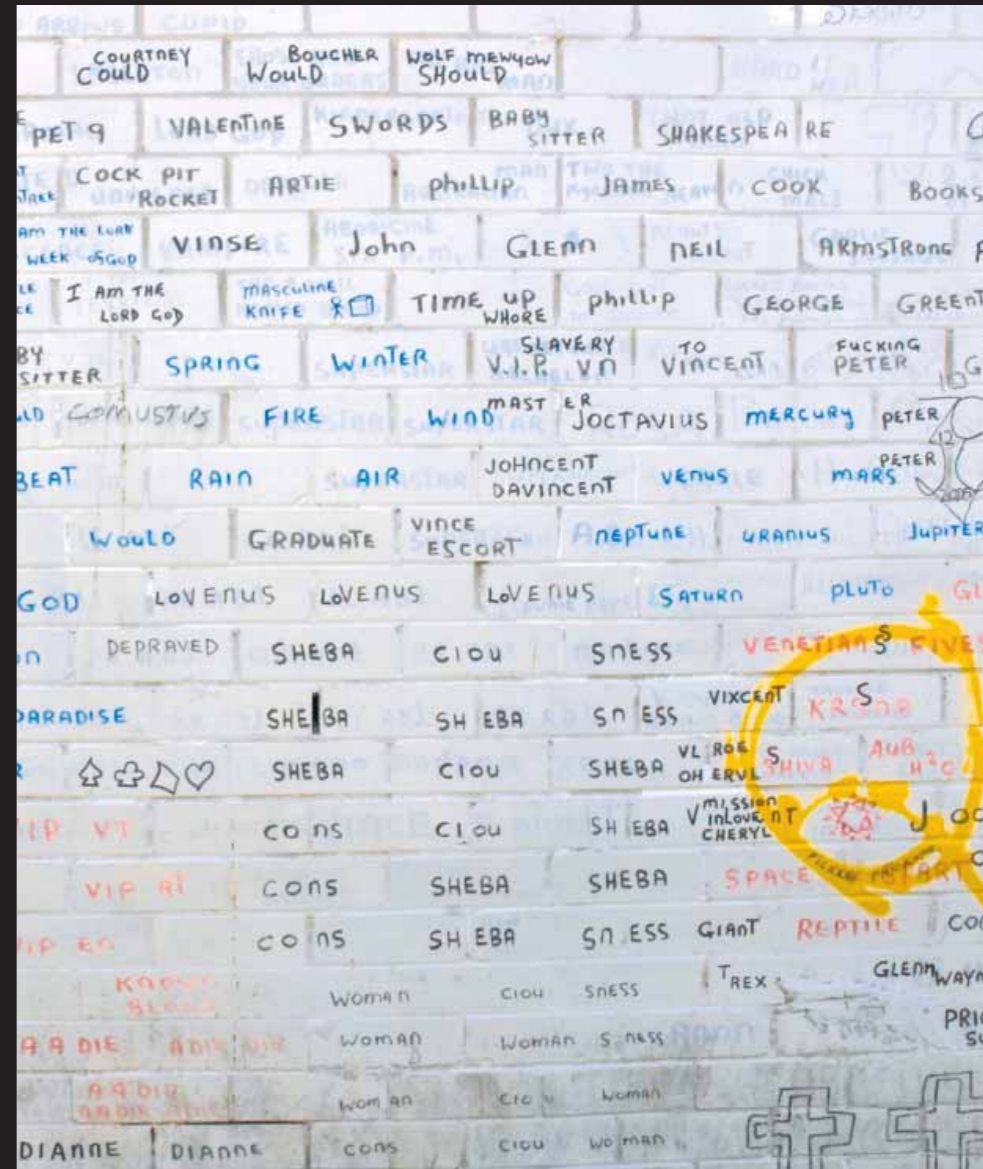
I have been writing on the wall at the Matthew Talbot Hostel for twenty-two years. It’s been repainted many times. Every time it’s repainted I redo it. This is the third time I have done it this year. People often look at it. All the detail is done brick by brick. You have heard of Pink Floyd. I listened to Pink Floyd for years.

The wall that I have created serves its own purpose—to get free. For so many years I’ve been imprisoned and this probably gives me a chance for freedom. Schizophrenia is not just an illness. It’s a disability. It’s a handicap. I’ve been in gaol, but only for a short matter of time. I’ve got a scar on my forehead. I got jabbed by a pool stick. I was in gaol for vagrancy. After gaol they put me in hospital.

I’m talented and I have fifty-two girlfriends but I’m still a bachelor. If you want to see an example of my taste in women, have a look on the back of the wall, where it is written Bridget Bardot. She is beautiful.

I call the brick wall Jehovah, because that’s God’s name.

Extract from oral history recorded 7 June 2006



Vince Greentree wall at Matthew Talbot Hostel, 2006 (detail), Cat. no. 189

Dan Halloran

I remember Dad always saying how bad the health system was and they would take Mum off the medication and then put her back on and take her off. She was up and down like a roller coaster. In the end, I would have to say that things before Mum died were good because she had her medications at the right levels and the schizophrenia wasn't at all a factor. She told us that the medication was perfect and everything was good. But before then the schizophrenia was raging, it was crazy, no one could fix it and you wondered why one day she was right and the next she wasn't. It was just impossible to fathom sometimes as a kid.

One day when I was five I remember being behind her in the kitchen and she was really sick that time and for some reason I was wanting to go to my cousin's, and so we were getting ready to go in the car. I went to shut the back door and she was lying down pretending to be dead. I was so scared. I didn't know what the hell was going on. Your mum's lying down on the floor and I remember yelling at her "wake up, wake up, what are you doing, wake up" and she was saying "I'm dead, I'm dead". I remember that scaring the absolute shit out of me.

I was made a Youth Ambassador when I was in year seven and I had no idea that one of the roles I would play would be to talk in Parliament. I talked on the issue I've pretty much been representing, which was mental illness. Not schizophrenia, but mental illness in general. You know Parliament is a big place in

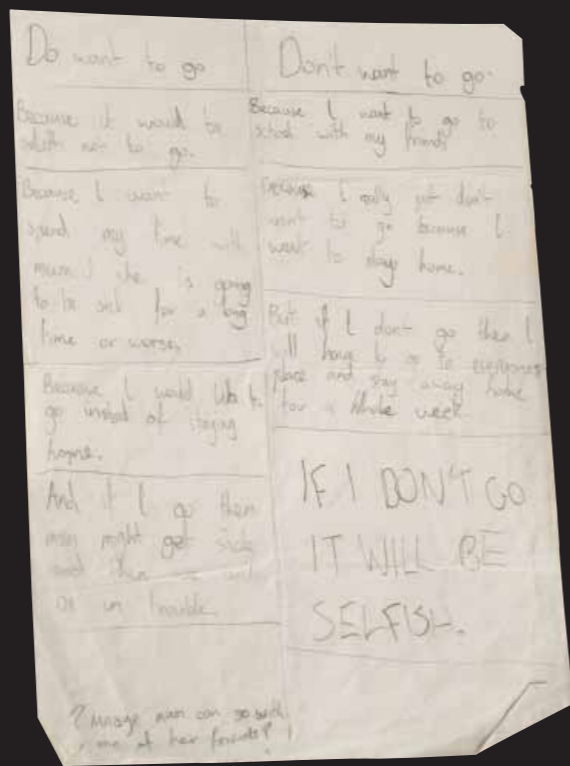
Australia and I just did it and they taped it. If I had to do it now, I'd be a bit more nervous.

After Mum was diagnosed with terminal cancer she said she wanted to see something out there for kids and families like us, and for everyone else that goes through the same thing. She said she wanted to see something like a book, just an informal book, to help people. So the book came from her idea and we went to SANE and they were pretty happy with it and that's how the book *You're Not Alone* came about. It was all her ideas and in the end it was unbelievable. It took off.

As a kid I didn't see her as much, but as soon as she was diagnosed with cancer we started spending much more time together as a family. She had her own apartment after she moved out of our place and we used to have two dogs that we'd take down there. We always had a big roast on Saturday night and I'd enjoy seeing Mum on Saturday night. That was probably in year eight and nine. That's all we had back then as far as Mum went. You go to friends' places and you see how much they take their parents for granted these days—and Mothers Day has just been—and it all adds up after a while. You think, "Gee, if only they knew".

I'm like any other guy; I hang with mates and stuff. As a kid though I was very attached to cricket and I would be down the back playing cricket, even just with the dog, for hours. These days I don't have the need to relax because it's all over.

Extract from oral history recorded 20 May 2006



Dan Halloran, "Do want to go/Don't want to go" list, 1994. Cat. no. 198

John Halloran

It was very difficult when Virginia was diagnosed with schizophrenia because I couldn't get her on the right medication. She was in and out of hospitals all the time.

We got married in 1981. Dan was born in 1987 and Virginia was unwell; she was not able to cope. I just remember Dan vomiting everywhere, and I didn't know what to do, because he was only two or three weeks old, and he was just such a tiny baby. I had a lot of help from my family. They were terrific, really terrific. We got by.

I raised Dan, it was difficult, working and taking him to these childcare places. When he was old enough to go to school he used to leave school and walk to this lady's place and I would pick him up after work. I was flat chat doing that and trying to hold down a job. I was thinking about not going to work and just being a "mother", but everyone said that if I'd gone to a women's group they wouldn't have wanted to talk to me because I was a bloke.

Virginia first thought she might have had lumps in her breast in 1980. At Larundel Hospital she was worried about this again. So they took more mammograms in 1992 and she got the all clear. Six months later she was back at Larundel, and again complaining about breast lumps. They took more x-rays or mammograms, and still didn't do anything about it. She was in and out of Larundel from 1992 to 1996. She made about five suicide attempts. They had made a mistake with the mammograms and she'd had cancer all along. From about 1995, I was really pushing to get Virginia the proper care she needed, but it couldn't get done.

I went to see the then Health Services Commissioner, Vivienne McCutcheon. I met her in the city. She was fantastic and she pulled out her file on



Virginia. You should have seen it! A huge file, because Virginia would complain to everybody about anything. She went to the chambers in the city with the Queen's Counsellors and she was complaining, wanting to know why this guy was on so much money. They had to get the police to take her away.

Virginia had shocking people looking after her. It was just terrible. When the cancer was diagnosed in 1995, her left breast was removed. In early 1999 she discovered another lump in her neck and again cancer was diagnosed. The anti-psychotic medication she was on caused her breast cancer. I actually got in contact with the drug company that makes it in Denmark, and I got a letter off them saying that if Virginia has breast cancer in the family (because Virginia's mother had breast cancer), the doctors should not have given her that medication.

I started complaining on her behalf. Vivienne McCutcheon

helped me to write letters, the proper way to write the letters to get action. Then she retired and Beth Wilson took over her job. I think she is now the Health System Commissioner. We wrote letter after letter. First of all I was doing it all by hand, and there's lots of spelling mistakes and stuff, so I had a mate of mine who worked for the papers and we spent hours and hours and hours writing letters. That was the start of it, the start of the first major complaint.

I said to Virginia "Do you want to redo our wedding vows?" She said "That would be great", so I went back and we asked one of the nurses, and I said "Do you think we could organise to have our wedding vows done over the next day or so?" and they said they would organise it for us, which was done within two days. We renewed our wedding vows in the little hospital chapel. It was really special. A few days later Virginia died in my arms.

Extract from oral history recorded 20 May 2006

Chandelier. Cat. no. 214

Luke Hannon

The police have become the de facto workers in the mental health system in NSW. The mental health system, whether it be from the crisis teams to psychiatrists to people that have a mental health problem, rely on police on all occasions because they are the easiest ones to contact and will respond to any given situation.

The NSW Police don't have the background to identify whether somebody is suffering from mental illness, schizophrenia or bipolar and needs to be seen by a psychiatrist, or taken to a hospital. I can't tell the difference because I'm not a psychiatrist. It takes mental health crisis teams at least an hour to assess a person and yet coppers are expected to make a decision within the first five minutes.

There is no training in the NSW Police Academy about how to deal with individuals with mental health issues. The police don't want to be trained in the mental health field to identify the issues. The police published a book on mental health; there is also a journal and there are some guidelines. There have been videos made in the past but there is nothing mandatory.

Generally coppers respond by getting on with the job. This means the patient is put in the back of a police van for transportation. It could be a good person sitting in the police van. How are we going to actually help that person next time we attend to an emergency call? What is their reaction going to be if the police roll up? Are we going to put them in the back of the police van again?

We need more psychiatrists, we need more nurses, we need more crisis teams and we definitely need more supportive accommodation. Then workers can have security within the hospitals and actually look after their patients, or at least monitor where they may go

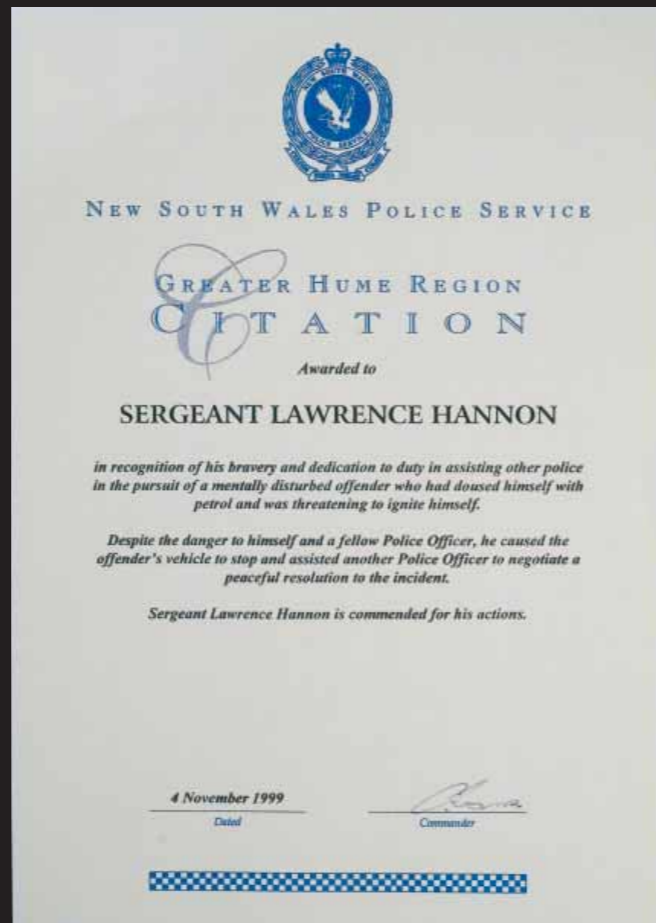
or when they come back in. You can't put people out into the public to be looked after by families or themselves without having support. You can't have caseworkers with a hundred cases because they can't monitor them all. Police become involved when people fail to take their medication or play up because the caseworker hasn't had the time to address their needs. I suppose I don't let myself get involved because you can be taken over by one story—we've all got lots of stories that we can talk about.

There are many others who want to commit suicide and the hospitals release them. I don't know who is smarter, the mental health worker or the patients who go in there with heaps of issues. They get released and before long they are standing on a roof debowelling themselves before jumping to their death.

We transport patients very long distances and often take police out of townships, meaning that there are no police left in the town. Police are doing long shifts, seventeen- and eighteen-hour days because they are transporting people. So there are heaps of problems in regional areas. The Police Association submissions have gone through a number of parliamentary inquiries over the last five years, from state and federal government, and finally they appear to recognise that they need more funding for mental health.

Mental health is an issue that affects police because it also places police in dangerous situations. Too many times the mentally ill have been turfed out into society without being fully capable of looking after their own needs, or the family being able to care for them. If that impacts on coppers, then it impacts on me.

Extract from oral history
28 April 2006



New South Wales Police Service
certificate for bravery (Luke
Hannon), 1999. Cat. no. 215

Claire Haris-Chandra

This seedpod came from one of my clients, Cliffy, who is a Leonardo character. We had a falling out over the fact that he was looking very thin and wasn't eating enough. I mentioned it to the local nurse who came to see him. He thought that we were out to get him. Things went a bit array with Cliffy, but he was a beautiful ceramicist. I had only just started this job so I was trying to go from being a carefree art student to being here at Matthew Talbot Hostel. It was very scary for me back then. This seedpod represents me starting work at the Talbot.

I work in the activities department at the Matthew Talbot Hostel. It's busy because we also have a drop-in centre, which is the only warm community environment these guys have. If we are not open we get bagged. You think that you go to work and you're not a judgemental person and then you have to break down your own barriers every day. I wouldn't call myself prejudiced, but I still judge people. This job teaches you a lot about patience because there are hundreds of men here and they're each so different. I wish that I had more time and more energy to get to know each individual. Building up trust takes a long time, and you can only have so many people that you will be that close to and will trust you.

I can usually pick the guys when they're going a bit psychotic because we spend more time with these clients than we do with our families. We can pick when they're going to go, or if there's some outside factors, like they've been kicked out of their housing or they are using drugs.

I would like to see more government support, housing and social work. It's almost like the government is trying

to institutionalise and re-institutionalise people their whole lives and the only way we make progress is because we know people on a personal level, but there's only three of us and we're all tired. These guys have been from foster houses to jail and in and out of hostels. They have basically been used and abused their whole lives. They're not going to just trust any caseworker to get them housing and try to fix their lives up. That's why lots of them will get their housing and then they'll be lonely so then they'll come back to the Talbot again. So there needs to be a lot more support and more staff, and there is a definite need for staff to be paid more.

They all laugh when I get teary when they leave. Even though we love them and we're proud of them for leaving, when they come back, which happens more often than not, truth be known, it's mostly because they're lonely because they've been living this life for a long time. A lot of the guys will live in their houses and come for the day to have some free food, come fishing, go on outings.

I like feeling as though I am making a small difference. Even though it's very, very small. Even just making someone's day nicer is good.

Extract from oral history
7 June 2006



Claire Haris-Chandra, *Untitled*,
2003. Cat. no. 216

Jill Hellyer

My son Allan was in Macquarie Hospital for twenty-five years or thirty years. He was born in 1951 and is now in his mid-fifties. Today he lives in a flat in Gladesville with other ex-patients. Allan survives there, it seems to me, in an unsatisfactory way and it is going to get worse because walking on his artificial leg is getting harder and harder. He is getting older and I'm often concerned that physical problems seem to be overlooked in mental patients.

I wish I had a good relationship with his GP but I don't seem to be able to attain that. I feel he has some medical problems which have never been properly looked at. When he was sent to a neurologist he was given new medication, just a week or two before the Christmas before last. The new medication had very severe side effects on him, which we hadn't been told might occur. The people who came to give him tablets each night never seemed to know when he was physically quite sick or when he was suicidally depressed. He had a very unfortunate Christmas because of the side effects of this medication. No one had checked on it. We had to wait until his doctor came back after Christmas, another few weeks, before she realised that it was the medication causing the problems. People wonder why I want him back at Macquarie, but that wouldn't have happened at Macquarie Hospital.

It also comes back to the fact that when I die my daughter is going to have this concern and I think it is very unfair for her. She will do it, but I wish she didn't have to. It would be very reassuring if he were in Macquarie Hospital. He has trouble walking down to do his shopping where he is. He was going to a sheltered workshop. I like the sheltered workshop because he meets other people there. And he likes going but during last year it got too hard for him to get on public transport.

My aim since he has moved out of Macquarie Hospital is to have him readmitted in the type of accommodation he was in, hopefully before I die and he ages. Readmitted back into that dreaded word "institution". I'm still on the mailing list of Macquarie Hospital (I asked to get their mail) and I know what they are doing and they get better and better. He was in a small cottage, cooking his own meals, and there were people on hand who knew him. Since he has left Macquarie Hospital there has never been anyone who knows him properly. They think they do but they don't.

Strangely enough I've only written one poem directly about Allan. I don't know why I haven't written more about him but maybe I will.

Extract from oral history recorded February 2006

Detour to a Dead-end

Leaning away
from his senses' cliff-edge
as though to find
in the raw glare
of sun, the loose end
of time, orderliness;
as though to bind
the sameness of days
to the tides of the mind...

leaning into the sudden
warm air that stirs
his dreams until
cold substance blurs,
he gulps love yet is barely
reassured
that the here/now
can be endured.

His eyes eclipsed by their
own darker sea
hold pain and trust
half wonderingly...
but I no longer ask
and none tell me
why those implicit dreams
must atrophy...

(each day the nurses
calm and kind
appease the monsters
of his mind)

Joy Hester

Joy Hester's relatively short life was marked by an intensity that brought her into contact quite fearlessly with worlds of disturbance that others would avoid, and her art bears the marks of this abandon.

"As 'psychological portraits', *Mad Girl*, *Harry and Michael Keon* (all c.1942) reveal and probe new levels. The crude forms and rough painting underpin tension and anxiety (in the case of the girl) and brutality and aggression (in the case of Keon and Harry). For the first time, Joy enlarges the eyes of her subject as the *Mad Girl* stares sideways, fearfully, with a green and sickly face and a red gash of a mouth. She may have been influenced, too, by the images of psychosis that Tucker drew and painted while he was in the army and, later in 1942, when he was at the Heidelberg Military Hospital. But *Mad Girl* is not violently insane. She is tense but self-contained, watchful but passive. *Mad Girl*, *Harry and Michael Keon* are 'inside' and their state of mind, their problematic relations with the world are also within. They are individuals extracted from a tangible social context into a less definite realm, a realm where feelings dominate. This establishes the direction that she would continue to explore and this marks the point at which she first examines it. It is also worth noting that this occurred at a time when Joy's own life was disturbed and marked by general anxieties generated by the war and by personal doubts and crises. *Mad Girl*, painted on a piece of tin battered flat, and *Portrait of Michael Keon*, are



two remaining oil paintings from this period and they are important essays in a medium that Hester would relinquish... Stylistically, *Mexican Women* (c. 1941–1943) and *Mad Girl* (c. 1942–1943) share several features: the figures are broad with wide hips and large breasts, thick lips and ample arms and legs. While the Mexican women display none of the watchful tension of *Mad Girl*, all have the obese sensuality of Hester's life drawings."¹

She died from cancer at the age of forty in 1960, and though her work was known and respected by the inner circle of her intimates and other friends such as John and Sunday Reed and Albert Tucker, more broadly she was less recognised. She carried a penetrating honesty to all that

she did, as well as an openness that made memorable, for example, her studies of erotic relationships in the two series *Love* (1949) and *Lovers* (1956). Her uncanny ability to delve beneath the surface of the subject has, since her death, brought enormous prominence to her oeuvre.

Nick Waterlow

¹ Janine Burke, *Joy Hester*, Elwood (Vic.): Greenhouse Publications, 1983, 64-65.

Ian Hickie

Even though we talk about schizophrenia as a brain illness, it doesn't really represent the fact that the brain itself sits in your body and if your brain is disrupted your whole physiological function is disrupted. When the brain is disrupted, young people can have quite worrying signs. They may have been withdrawing to their rooms, they may have failed at school, they are not going out with their friends, or have lost control of their mood for quite a long period. Sometimes they are quite unreasonable and illogical in their thinking. We'll say "They could be using drugs" or "They could be having a bad time at school, it's year twelve and very stressful". There will always be a social explanation as to why their behaviour could have changed. But people need to find out when something's not right, and so do the people around them. Your peers, your parents, your friends, need to say "Let's go together and all find out", not "You need to go and get help". "You need to go and get help" doesn't work in health generally and certainly doesn't work in mental health.

Imagine having the onset of this illness when you don't really know who you are in life, before you have held a first job, before you have transacted a first serious relationship, before you've really seen what you can and can't do, and losing your sense of self during that particular period. Responding to anxiety triggers in the worlds of parents, teachers or peers is critical to successful early intervention. There are two things about the early onset and treatment of psychosis. The first is to protect people as much as possible from the trauma of the first episode.

The second part is to get in early, then you might actually change the course of the illness. If you get there early, there is increasing evidence that an assessment will take place, monitoring will take place and a wider range of strategies will be used—cognitive behavioural therapies, family therapies, reduction of substance use, information about the risks associated with substance use and maximising connection to schools. If a school knows a kid is in trouble, they will work with the kid. But if the kid is already at the stage of being expelled, it's too late. The earlier you intervene, the more you end up working with those social systems, be that families, schools or employers. We end up using medicines and hospitals when everything else has already been lost, so by that stage they become our first resort instead of our last resort.

The reluctance to come forward to get treatment means many people spend the first few years of their illness with no diagnosis and lost opportunity. We don't want to think about the brain as physiological, that it's actually hurt by experience, by illness. But if people dement, or lose brain capacity through failure to treat their illness, the longer they go on untreated, or poorly treated, the more the brain deteriorates. We see that in depression, in schizophrenia and a whole range of illnesses and it's really interesting to wonder why we haven't worried about that in the past. You have this terrible illness followed by this most punitive hospital system. It's the way the community deals with the mentally ill. That's the issue.

Extract from oral history recorded 29 May 2006



Jack Mathews, Anatomy study in plastic, wire and wood, 1988. Cat. no. 219

Adam Hollingworth

My father Ray Hollingworth suffers from schizophrenia. He was diagnosed in his early twenties when I was about four years old.

Dad was an intermittent figure in my childhood as I grew up but always funny, loving and interesting. He gave me a very pertinent gift on my fourteenth birthday—a Ricoh KR5 Super II 35mm SLR camera. The most expensive possession I had ever had. A camera had previously been an impossible dream.

On receiving the camera I immersed myself in the gaining of knowledge in the craft and with a friend taught myself basic black and white photography. The wonder of an image taken only hours earlier appearing in the developing tray cast a spell over me. My mother allowed me to build a dark room in her newly purchased home and my practice began.

Early on Dad proved to be a very interesting and constant subject over the years in my work. He visited often, in and out of psychosis and varying degrees of dishevelment. His honesty as a subject gave me confidence in the field of portraiture, which to this day remains my favourite form of photography. I have photographed him regularly over the past eighteen years.

As my love of photography developed, so did my interest in art. Dad's art was always present. He paints in a style that I am very fond of. What he lacks in technique he more than compensates for in his beautiful use of colour. I have many of his works now that decorate my home and am in

pursuit of others that he has given away over the years.

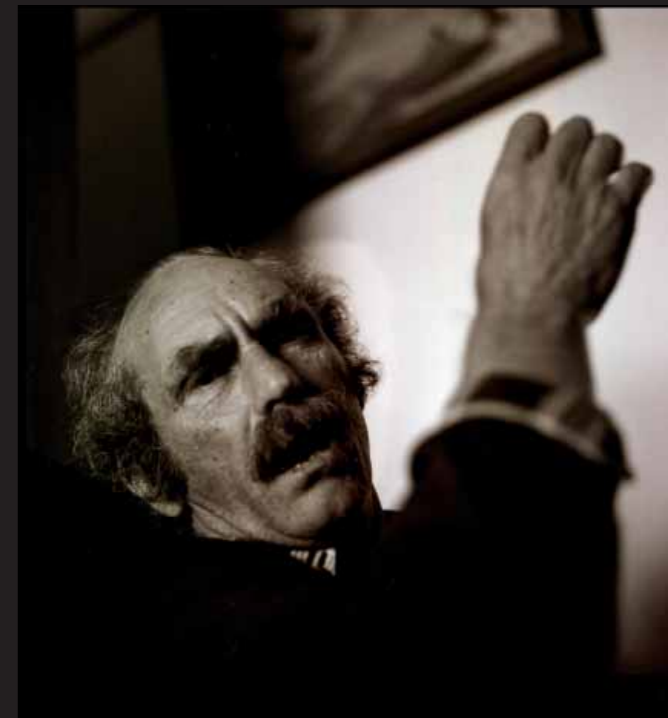
Photography has proven to be a constant in my life and also a great inspiration. It has opened countless doors that would have otherwise been inaccessible to a young bloke from Penrith—heads of state, celebrities and the everyday man. I have been invited openly but briefly into the lives of others, which helped me grow both personally and professionally.

Photography has until recently been a purely professional pursuit. I work as a contract photographer for Fairfax several days a week, contributing to *The Sun Herald* and *The Sydney Morning Herald* and as the contributing Australian photographer for *The Guardian* in London. Freelance photography has allowed me to take time without wages to travel and pursue non-commercial photographic work. I consider myself to be a photojournalist and as such my art practice involves reality as the subject and it is humanity that I seek in my images.

It is curiosity that drives me. How do we live and what pushes us? The story behind the fence or the front door. Characters that inhabit my space and enlighten me. Photography is my visual diary. It helps me make sense of the world and see its beauty. Both as an art practice and professional pursuit I love photography. It is how I identify myself.

These images of my father are very personal. I respect him and love him and I thank him for his trust.

Adam Hollingworth



Adam Hollingworth, *I've only got twenty niggers in the bank son.* Leura 2004, 2004. Cat. no. 225

Raymond Hollingworth

My involvement and interest in art was begun, I suspect, as a very young person. I began to write verse when I was sixteen or seventeen years old. That verse was often clumsy and often a release from everyday labour and ardure. I would finish a day at work and ablute with a quick sonnet, limerick or melody. If it turned out to be a melody I accommodated myself with the assistance of my trusty companion at the time, my guitar. Needless to say I was never satiated and so evolution went on until I deluded myself with an attempt at several concertos, whereupon I realised I was out of my depth. To exacerbate the situation I was not formally educated in musical literacy.

In the early 1980s I was living and working itinerantly and decided to try my hand at visual art. As always I availed myself of what materials I could afford (pencil and paper) and began to draw and paint. Very little of my efforts at that time are extant.

My influences run through Keats, Hopkins and Les Murray, the Romantics, the Metaphysics, the Modernists and Judith Wright. In similar fashion and not having the technical skill of Rembrandt or the Renaissance masters, my greatest influences in the visual arts have been the Impressionists; Renoir, Sisley, Monet, Manet, Picasso, Van Gogh and Pissarro. Also the great Australian colonialists—of whom Conrad Martens is exemplary—Condor Gill, Roberts, Streeton and Glover. And Matisse and the Australian modernists—Nolan, Drysdale and Gordon. And all the Australian naives—Pro Hart and Elizabeth Newcombe



as well as Henry Baston, Lorna Chick, James Fardoulis, Roma Higgins, Mirka Mora, Sue Nagel, Hugh Schulz and Maynard Watters.

Art is the entire range of human experience, where one has been and where one may be or has gone.

Having been diagnosed with schizophrenia it is not surprising that my interests have always been eclectic. Over the years I have delved in verse, visual art, leatherwork, ceramics, short story writing and design.

My artwork has an ongoing environmental theme, which I believe all artwork must.

Raymond Hollingworth

Raymond Hollingworth,
The Mona Lisa, 1996. Cat. no. 246

Olive Hughes

My brother George Rowland Tufnell (we called him Rowland) was diagnosed with schizophrenia in 1929 when he was twenty-one. He had been mugged and a roll of notes had been taken out of his pocket. He then went to the police station and asked for a gun to defend himself in case this ever happened again. So what did the police do? They said, "Oh, you are quite mental". They decided that they had a nut case on their hands and called the Reception House (now the Caritas Centre) in Darlinghurst. The Reception House doctor questioned him and he didn't like the answers he got from Rowland. He certified him on the spot.

Rowland was put into Gladesville Asylum. The asylum issued standard government uniforms to all patients, including a rough tweed suit and boots. Rowland complained about his feet being sore but they told him it was all in his imagination. When we saw him, Rowland's feet were running with blood. It took Mum about three weeks to get them healed. The boots had rubbed his poor feet until they were a mass of blisters.

There was no medication in those days. The doctors knew nothing. When Mum asked our family GP what schizophrenia was, he said, "We know so little about it, we don't know whether it is the brain and the mind or what it is".

Rowland had some terrible things happen to him when he was at Gladesville. He had a treatment where his heart was stopped and then he was resuscitated. He had that three times and he absolutely screamed and dreaded it. He was also having appalling electric shock treatment.

Rowland had topped his electrical trades course at



tech. He had spent five years as an apprentice, and in those days there was no such thing as holiday or sickness pay. He was a real hard worker. When the big ships would come in (and in those days the armatures in the engines were hand-wound), Rowland was always the one who was asked if he'd work all weekend hand-winding these armatures. He was also the Secretary of a Drama Society. Once Rowland was diagnosed he lost everything; his career and role with the Drama Society.

When Rowland was sent to Kenmore Hospital in Goulburn we used to travel from Sydney in our little Morris Oxford to visit him. You weren't allowed straight in. You rang a bell at the door, pressed a button, then in due course you heard someone on the other side unlock it for you. Then you had to say who you wanted to see and you were taken in. You sat in this one room for quite a while until Rowland was brought from wherever he was. He always looked scruffy and he wasn't naturally a scruffy-looking person. He was neat and his room was always

immaculate. So he would be brought in and he didn't want to talk, didn't want anything, he was just heartbroken.

In the last four or five years of his life he seemed completely normal, but he had become institutionalised. Mum bought a house in Chatswood and he would come home. But Mum said he always seemed eager to go back and she felt that he had become so institutionalised that he probably missed the routine. So he went back.

At the age of sixty-one Rowland had a heart attack at Kenmore Hospital. The man in charge of the area rang me and said that he had gone. He had a room of his own because he was such an extraordinary person. He wasn't well the day before. The doctor had seen him and said, "Stay in bed and have your meals brought to you". They brought his lunch and came back to take away the tray and he had slumped forward onto it. Mum saw him afterwards, I didn't want to. I didn't want to remember him like that. Such a sad life.

Extract from oral history
December 2005

George Rowland Tufnell, *Sunset Over the Bay*, 1933. Cat. no. 430

Leonie Jacques

Thirty thousand Australians are reported missing each year—one person every eighteen minutes. It has been estimated that for every person reported missing, twelve others are affected, including family members, friends, colleagues and the wider community. Thus every year a third of a million people in Australia feel the impact of someone becoming a missing person.

People go missing for diverse reasons; conflicts within families and other relationships, through mental illness, war or internal conflict within their country of residence, natural disaster, or suspicious circumstances. It is an issue that has the potential to affect everyone irrespective of age, gender, sexuality, class, ethnicity, culture, profession, or educational background.

While a majority of those missing persons reported to police are located within a short period of time, there are approximately sixteen hundred who are currently deemed as long-term missing persons by the police. That is, persons who have been missing for more than one year. The impact on the families and friends, and on the missing people themselves, can be both profound and

complex. For families, not knowing what has happened to someone they love is devastating. For the missing persons themselves it is often difficult to find the support they require to address their crisis.

The National Missing Persons Coordination Centre's vision is for an informed Australian community, united in its efforts to reduce the incidence and impact of missing persons in Australia. The NMPCC is funded by the Australian Government and is a function contained within the broader authority of the Australian Federal Police. Its mission is to coordinate and promote a national integrated approach to reduce the incidence and impact of missing persons.

The NMPCC works in partnership with law enforcement, Commonwealth and state government agencies, non-government search organisations, families and friends of missing persons, and the broader community. The NMPCC convenes two national committees that bring together diverse agencies and stakeholders to address and resolve outstanding issues within the missing persons sector.

Leonie Jacques

MISSING
Can you unravel the mystery? March 2006

The National Missing Persons Unit coordinates and facilitates a national, integrated approach to reduce the incidence and impact of missing persons. Contact telephone 1800 000 634. For the most up to date missing persons poster information visit: www.missingpersons.gov.au

National Missing Persons Unit

Simon Knight
Last seen: Beery Hill, VIC
Missing since: 20/07/2005

Robert Wilson
Last seen: Lakeside, NSW
Missing since: 20/12/2001

Stuart Raymond Gashouse
Last seen: Kew, VIC
Missing since: April 2004

Justin William Lee
Last seen: Dandenong, VIC
Missing since: 15/12/2008

Christian Lee Frappery
Last seen: Shepparton, VIC
Missing since: 24/01/2007

Susan Faye Melhays
Last seen: Melbourne, VIC
Missing since: 26/1/2006

Peter Sydnor
Last seen: Brisbane, QLD
Missing since: April 2004

David John Sedgewick
Last seen: Dandenong, VIC
Missing since: 02/11/2005

Jason Marwick Lissman
Last seen: Ballina, NSW
Missing since: 11/12/2001

Christine Smeragli (Therese)
Last seen: Melbourne, VIC
Missing since: March 1996

Gregory John Michael Christensen
Last seen: Northcote, VIC
Missing since: 07/01/2005

Con Rosewinkle
Last seen: Mount Sturt, VIC
Missing since: January 2005

Marko Turmaja Coosa
Last seen: Parkville, VIC
Missing since: 21/01/2002

Steven Charles Williams
Last seen: Oak Park, VIC
Missing since: 14/06/2005

Naharigan Smeragherty
Last seen: Northcote, VIC
Missing since: 26/06/2002

DFP
Australian Federal Police
To fight crime together and win

Australian Federal Police, National Missing Persons Unit — "Missing, Can you unravel the mystery?", 2006. Cat. no. 248

Sandy Jeffs

I'm not sure when the voices started. By the time they really got going it was as though they had always been there. I can't really pinpoint their onset. It was just like they were there all the time and they had always been with me. I had this terrible relationship situation and I remember running off into the bush and hiding there and I felt like an animal in the tangled undergrowth. Then I got a bus to Melbourne and I remember thinking that the bus driver knew I was waiting for it and so it came just for me, and the bus driver knew who I was. It was really bizarre stuff and then getting into Melbourne and getting off the bus and thinking all the street lights and lights from the shops were trained on me as though I was the centre of everything. I suppose I was the centre of everything.

In psychosis you are the centre of everything. That's the thing about psychosis. It's all about me, me, me. Everything is focused on you and you're the centre of it all. Everyone had a knife in their hand. They were threatening me with these knives and were trying to stab me with them, so I walked around the city of Melbourne and then I think I got a tram to a friend's place in an inner suburb.

I was having hallucinations of a witch in the mirror at some stage. I remember before I ran off I would look in the mirror and this horrible and hideous woman looked back at me. It was awful, just horrible. On reflection I think it was like Dorian Gray looking at his hideous, loathsome portrait—what he sees is the evil of his soul. That's how I felt. That's how I still feel when I see the witch in the mirror. So there she was and

horrible things were happening and my friends were really worried about me. Eventually Robbie and Dido came.

I became this locked away, unreachable, unreaching person. Then one day I took off all my clothes and got into my friend's housemate's bed—I didn't even know this woman—got into bed and just lay there for seven days. I didn't speak, I didn't eat, I didn't drink for seven days and my friends didn't know what to do and I didn't know what to do. They tried to coax me to eat and drink. I was lying there with the voices telling me I was the most evil person in the world. I was this hideous, evil person and I would have to be placed under a eucalypt, where I would be left to die in some sort of manner that was appropriate to the bush or some sort of weird thing I had going. So bizarre, so awful. Then I had this panic attack and they took me to hospital.

That was my first hospitalisation and I was in the psych ward and they didn't know what to do with me so they discharged me and then I couldn't cope. I went back and said "I can't cope". I was still hearing voices and stuff. They sent me with a letter to Parkhill Psychiatric Hospital. I was there for three months. That was where the diagnosis was made. I went there with a letter of introduction from Dr H. I walked into the grounds and into the building and I found the receptionist and said "I'm here with a letter". I gave her the letter and she gave it to somebody. A man came out and interviewed me. I can't remember the questions he asked me. Suddenly I was admitted.

Extract from oral history recorded 19 May 2006



Sandy Jeffs, BVM (Blessed Virgin Mary) c. 2000. Cat. no. 250

Frederick Jessup

Editor's note: Collector Duncan Kentish was asked to explain his affection for the Fred Jessup painting in his collection

Jessup painted this work in 1943, two years before I was born, psychological science still in its infancy. Insulin was supposed to work by speeding up people's metabolisms, perhaps giving the patient a rush, but essentially ineffective. Then Largactil arrived, the humane substitute for electric shock therapy, but still a hell of an ordeal. I was both repelled and fascinated with the image, eventually buying the work and hanging it in my lounge room, almost as an amulet. Then a few years later, I suddenly remembered a relation who had suffered with bouts of schizophrenia, so I guess it was always around, just out of sight.

How shall we remember the flavours of insulin, largactil, lithium and, yes, electricity. Like the antechamber to hell? Schizophrenics have been pitied as the wretched of the earth, and their allegorical torments equated with crucifixion. We can only wonder what will remain the dominant colours and tastes of these memories.

Jessup has cast his painterly gaze into a sombre heaven

of green, beige and brown tonalities, with flecks of blood. Within this flux we encounter everyman, Jesus, surveying the crucifixion tableau, where the two thieves at calvary double as the two orderlies involved in the subsequent deposition from the cross.

The orderly on the right is restraining the levitation, doing it by the book; the orderly on the left (always the left), is sharing the interrogative gaze of Jessup. He's almost dancing, a bit of a lad. Is it going to be fox-trot, or the nautical chap in parentheses spreading them wide? And is the hand on the abdomen truly supportive or exploratory, or perhaps even slipping into the thicket? Beneath the pyjamas, faint outlines can be discerned, barely visible.

The two orderlies receive him. Now he seems to be floating, feet clear of the floor. Lengthened arms tell of a cracking of bones and sockets, rigor mortis set in ghostly claw-like hands. The open palm shows a wound of dried blood, a sure stigmata, while the groping Thomas is still seeking an elusive certainty.

Duncan Kentish



Frederick Jessup, *Schizophrenic Coming Out of Insulin Coma*, 1943. Cat. no. 256

Elena Kats-Chernin

The musical ideas for these three new compositions were inspired by the whole concept of *For Matthew and Others: Journeys with Schizophrenia*. The last eight years have been driven by my son's illness. Everything in our lives has changed—the whole family has changed since then, my work has changed since then. My music has changed. My son's illness changed my way of thinking. Life gets new depth and significance. Things that were important before are not important anymore. When writing this music I kept thinking, "would my son like it?" He became a barometer for my music.

As my son has constant voices in his head and a yearning for silence, I wrote this work so that he can listen to calmness, meditation. The music wrote itself. It is fluid and feels like it doesn't belong in this world. I didn't want the piece to sound too tragic, but to have a sense of calmness, the calmness that you yearn for. It's called *Blue Silence* because blue is healing and the colour of silence, like the sky. *Blue Silence* starts from nowhere. It is very quiet; like an illness it creeps up on you. There is no warning—it comes from nowhere and hits you.

The second piece, *No Silence*, is repetitive. It's not an optimistic piece. It's more of an ostinato piece, because of its repeating pattern; you want to say "NO"—there is no silence. Some people may find it annoying but I feel the two pieces complement each other. Both are minimal in material because overload is not something you want. *Blue Silence* has two motives. *No Silence* has just a repetitive pattern.

The third piece, *Nonchalance*, was inspired by the black and



white movies that my son loves watching. It is more lyrical and more romantic in nature than the others and has a hint of irony. As my son loves listening to cello I wrote these new works for cello as well as piano. I've titled these pieces *Triptych for Silence*.

The greatest sorrow brings the greatest joy. My son is suffering greatly and there is very little I can do in medical terms, but I feel like I have to pay back something for what he suffers. He has always helped me. He was the sunny boy—always very blonde, always smiling, always making jokes and being a clown. Always a happy boy. He is an amazing person, a very special person with or without his illness—beautiful, sensitive and talented. I am proud to have him as my son.

Hopefully they will find a solution, a new cure. I hope it will be in time for him.

Elena Kats-Chernin

Alexander Chernin, *Elena Kats-Chernin*, 2004. Cat. no. 82

Judith Lee

Daniel was diagnosed with schizophrenia in 1993 when he was twenty. He began to display unbecoming behaviour when he returned from the Vipassana Meditation Centre. When he came home he had a shower, put his clothes on back to front and requested “noble silence” for twenty-four hours. He began leaving notes all over the house, and painted messages over the garage floor. Accompanied by delusions of grandeur his behaviour worsened. He became more religious and kept searching for release of that kind.

I was able to talk to Daniel and he agreed to a consultation with the family GP who referred him to a psychiatrist. From then on he became a victim of the revolving door of the mental health system. He required frequent, close observation in hospital and, considering his inability to cope in the community, it was suggested to me that I seek a hearing with the NSW Premier to discuss what was happening to us all.

In late 1996 he'd been introduced to a medication called Clozapine. We tried everything to get help for Daniel but our cries for help were ignored by the local area health service. A week later he had a massive episode where I came very close to losing my life. Daniel, running around the street with no clothes on, head-butted parked cars and ran into oncoming cars. After my late husband finally arrived at the scene and managed

to get Daniel into our car he smashed the windscreen with his feet and ate the glass. After paramedics and police arrived to take care of Daniel, his father, who had been forced to drive around the streets under these conditions until “help” arrived, finally alighted from the car dripping in blood—that's what we were left to cope with.

Sometimes the medications don't do people justice. They might calm their mind but can also create more chaos when they aren't monitored properly. We finally realised that the health service had little to offer us.

We were trying to ensure that Daniel wasn't again just thrown out of hospital as quickly as he went in. Still shaken from that experience, I opted for an appointment with our local MP, The Hon. Fay Lo Po, who acted on our behalf by raising our concerns for Daniel with the Minister for Health, Andrew Refshauge, who assured us that Daniel would reside at the rehabilitation cottages within Cumberland Hospital until his condition stabilised and coping skills improved.

He was at Cumberland Hospital rehabilitation cottages from February 1997 and was released to the Richmond Fellowship in April 1998. This care facility was specifically established to provide residential support to young people with a serious mental illness. Mentally unwell and disorientated, he disappeared forever on 15 July 1998.

On the Friday before that date he went to an advocacy course run by mental health workers and he spoke to the course facilitator, because this person was a Buddhist. In the course of the conversation Daniel was honest about his own beliefs and honest to his own detriment. Daniel told us that he had spoken to this fellow who had told him that he could go without his medication. I encouraged him to talk to the staff and the psychologist at the Fellowship, which he did.

Daniel's remains were ultimately found in early June 2000 in the lower Blue Mountains escarpment by a scientist who was bush walking. Detectives broke the news to me on 15 June 2000 suspecting the remains could be those of my son. With the Coroner's approval a sample was later taken for a Mitochondrial DNA Test and a positive conclusion was delivered on 22 October 2000. This was the first time this forensic test was used in Australia.

We fought for Daniel through the courts, wanting to make sense of what happened. We felt that he'd been neglected. After a long legal battle we received a Deed of Regret.

It was a nightmare of a journey for us all. While only a few remains were found and released for burial, the reality for us is that we still have to live with not knowing how or when Daniel died.

Judith Lee

Derwent Lees

Derwent Lees was, without doubt, one of Australia's greatest artistic talents. His achievements prove this, but despite his achievements he remains somewhat neglected and unappreciated in Australia today.

Shortly after leaving Melbourne Boys Grammar School, Derwent Lees suffered a riding accident. This resulted in one of his feet being amputated and may have also caused head injuries that could have contributed to his later mental illness. He wore a prosthetic wooden foot with such surety that strangers were unaware of his disability. When Lees expressed a desire to study art, his father William only agreed provided he go to London to study at the Slade School, which is affiliated with the University of London.

Lees was the “champion student” during his years at the Slade (1905–1908). He won fifteen prizes there, and while still studying, in 1907, was also appointed to the academic staff as a drawing master for fifty pounds a year. To be a student five days a week while teaching one day a week was something quite unprecedented. Lees remained on the staff of the Slade until 1918.

He visited Collioure in the south of France shortly after Matisse, Derain and Vlaminck founded the Fauvist movement there, and at that time produced some Fauvist paintings of his own. Lees is the only Australian artist to have had such an intimate connection with the Fauves. He exhibited regularly in London and was selected to be in the monumental 1913 Armory Show in New York, which introduced the American public to the work of many European modern masters, including

Gauguin, Van Gogh, Monet, Matisse and Picasso. Lees was also hung at the Twentieth Century Art Review Exhibition at the Whitechapel Gallery in London in 1914.

During the 1930s, after his death, Lees' work was shown in group exhibitions in London alongside the leading French Post-Impressionists. His work also toured Australia in exhibitions of modern British and European masters, on no less than four occasions between 1933 and 1950, the most notable one being the 1939 exhibition of French and British contemporary art, sponsored by Keith Murdoch and the *Herald & Weekly Times*.

Lees suffered from schizophrenia for a number of years, certainly from 1912 onwards, and was finally committed to an asylum in Surrey in 1918. He succumbed there during an episode of mania in 1931.

The Straw Hat is a portrait of his wife and carer, Edith Gilbert Price, better known as “Lyndra”. Lees married her in 1913. She features in many of his paintings from that time onwards. If it wasn't for her care and attention Lees would probably have been committed to an asylum several years earlier.

The Driveway to the Asylum is probably his very last painting. It is an extraordinary work that captures light as a Camille Pissarro does, yet uses brushstrokes more akin to Van Gogh, or even Perceval, many years later. To maintain such a degree of realism with such flamboyant brushstrokes truly smacks of artistic genius.

Henry R. Lew

Dr Henry Lew is the author of *In Search of Derwent Lees*, Melbourne, 1996



Derwent Lees, *The Straw Hat*, c. 1914. Cat. no. 280

Tynx Le May

I can't remember much of Mum as a child. Some of my earliest memories are of visits to the hospital. It's hard to describe how hospitals affect a child. Mum was weak and on a lot of medication. Sometimes she couldn't even get out of bed. If I was lucky I would get a present. The best present she gave me was a little embroidered duck, which was nothing at all like hospital hallways with their unceremonious white and medical green, nothing soft to dull the echo. This gift was made with love and she handed it to me with great care, a framed treasure. Her hand extended towards mine and she was trying not to shake but the shaking was unavoidable. I could almost hear the starch in the sheets as she moved. Everything seemed so big and empty and Dad was just another part of the background. In this moment it was just me and Mum connected by a yellow duck. I don't remember the rest of the visit or the ride home from the hospital, but that night I removed the duck from its designated hook above my bed and held it close.

When Mum was at home there were magical days when we would play hide and seek for hours. The real hardship of having a mentally ill parent is not as a child. As hard and unfair as it seems, children have an amazing wisdom and understanding of life. Spending time not only with my mother, but also with other schizophrenics, was normal. I grew up knowing that some people are just different and that my mum was one of those people and that I loved her.

As I got a little bit older things changed and explaining why I could only see my mum on the weekends became harder. At the age of four or five I put on

a big brave face and said to Mum, "I'm going to need a new mummy now". It was easier to tell my friends that I didn't have a mum than explain that she was "schizophrenic". I wasn't embarrassed as such but other kids didn't understand that being mentally ill is nothing to be afraid or ashamed of.

I craved attention and turned my everyday life into a performance. I made up stories and lies and created this big fake imaginary self who was always the strongest and bravest and fastest and best. I believed it. It got me through the tough times.

My brother and I have always been close and spent so much time laughing every weekend that by the time Monday came our bellies were tired and sore from the exercise. We used to go to the Schizophrenia Fellowship frequently and manically run around the grounds mixing magic potions from the plants we found, stirring them vigorously with popsicle sticks in little styrofoam cups. We made cubbies in broom cupboards and found secret ways to climb onto the roof, dallying over the consequences for so long that Mum came looking for us and our plans were thwarted.

I learned a lot about acceptance on those afternoons surrounded by the mentally ill and their carers. I learned to communicate with people that many in society choose to ignore. I was a child and they were mentally ill. How can I explain that these amazing people didn't seem unusual or sick or ill any more than a stranger did? These friends, my mother's friends, were all just themselves and I never thought to give any one of them a label.

Tynx Le May



Anthony Mannix

"My artistic output over the last twenty-five years has had one point and that has been to document the landscape of psychosis and the unconscious. It involves an intuitive invention of cultural anthropology to make some order of the plethora of hallucinations, visions, spirits, ghosts, apparitions, and creatures, which populate this altered perspective. I have learned my trade myself; patterns, designs and artefacts I have observed in all worlds go to form a network of technique."¹

In his anthropological investigation of the unconscious Anthony Mannix has used creative expression as a compass; a compass of "Brut" proportions leading to hybrid works, which bring into relation the figurative and the abstracted, the pictographic and textual. The nature of this unconscious as a tactile landscape is evidenced by the inventive materiality of Mannix's work, which incorporates such elements as canvas, wood, rice-paper, solder, resin, varnish, acrylic paint, felt pen, Chinese ink, gouache, found objects, muslin, leather and tea. Mannix's artworks and artist's books are portals into the "altered perspective" of his animated cosmology.

One presence within such a cosmology is Itor Pluravit, Mannix's companion, depicted in *Groan Creatures*. In this piece the distinction between artwork and frame dissipates. The heavy wooden border appears to grow into, and thus become part of, the picture plane. Black text on a white panel identifies Itor as the figure at the centre of the work:

a humanoid wooden sculptural construction embedded in liquefied solder. Such a use of text to contextualise image is indicative of the strong narrative impulse in Mannix's work, observed at its most dynamic in his artist's books, thirty of which are on display in the exhibition, many titled *Journal of a Madman*.

"The single most unbroken line has been my artist's books. Some are constructed from the ground—others are occupied books—I will take some aspect of the unconscious and explore it until it is finalised."²

Mannix pursues a method of journal-making that is capable of chronicling the multivalent, unpredictable experience of psychosis and the unconscious; an experience he expresses in living artworks which themselves, he writes, "put across to me when I begin to examine them that they too should be accompanied by full, selfless writing and put together so that you have something living..."³

Many of the journals are the result of just such a process, consequently he has referred to this ongoing project as the *Book of Life*; a book never completed or static, but breathing and continuing to grow. Such an ethos is at the core of Mannix's art-making practice and it is for this reason that he has described his oeuvre as "a companion... a being of art that one lives with as opposed to a 'body of work'..." Intensely emotional, erotic, philosophical and visionary, Mannix's "being of art" radiates an animated presence.

Gareth Sion Jenkins



- 1 Anthony Mannix, artist's statement.
- 2 Anthony Mannix, artist's statement.
- 3 Anthony Mannix, *Journal of a Madman* (1995): *The Chasm, Other Stories, Drawings and Other Things*—"and there... Reigns love and all love's loving parts..." Unpublished manuscript: "The Mannix 'Atomic Book' Digital Archive" compiled by G.S. Jenkins, 2005–2006, 90.

Lloyd Marsh

I was born and raised in Perth. I have one sister who is a clinical psychologist. I had a fairly happy and uneventful childhood. I was brought up to accept people as they are and to think for myself and make my own decisions. I left school at fifteen to work for a year and then I went back and completed my university entrance exams. I worked at various jobs and eventually went to Murdoch University and studied mass communications and journalism. It took me a long time to gain a degree. When I was twenty-four I was involuntarily hospitalised and given the diagnosis of schizophrenia.

That year really changed my outlook because in 1981 the treatment for psychosis turned you into a zombie. As a side effect of the drugs I found I couldn't socialise as I had done and I became reclusive, sleeping for a long time. As the mental health services lost interest in me and stopped the medication I came back to life a little. I was very angry at the way I was treated and many years later, when the opportunity arose, I became involved in consumer representation and advocacy. At that time in 1993 there was no organised support so I had to seek people out to help and support me in what I wanted to do. I wanted to start a law centre for people who are involuntarily detained and treated, so that they can have a

lawyer attend them in hospital to inform them about their status and assist them.

I also sought funding for a support and training program for people who wanted to undertake consumer advocacy work. I was on the Ministerial Taskforce convened by the WA Minister for Health, Graham Kierath. He made some money available for the project, which resulted in the establishment of the Mental Health Law Centre and the Consumer Representatives training program.

Over the next ten years or so I worked as a consumer advocate and as a volunteer at the law centre working with lawyers who had a very supportive and human rights-based focus, which was a breath of fresh air. Also, working with consumers from around Australia has been an uplifting experience. The state of consumer advocacy and legal reform is a very slow process but it is very rewarding to see some small changes and the positive impact that consumers have when they advocate for positive change.

I really don't think I would have attempted and persevered with this work had it not been for the support I received from many people and especially my partner, Penelope.

Lloyd Marsh



Richard McLean

Making art, whether it be images, music, writing, multimedia, or otherwise, has always been an intensely creative and cathartic process for me, and something that is a need, not a fickle want.

The term "schizophrenia", as it applies to me, defines me as such for an identifiable concept, yet I denounce the very limited definitions of the term, and the newborn paradigms of modern psychiatry. My "psychosis" I prefer to address as my "dis-chordancy", a thing that some may be surprised to realise is not just a cumbersome and somewhat disabling epoch in time (in regards to employment and sociability), but one filled with many grand spiritual teachings and personal realisations. It's something I would not wish upon my worst enemy, yet it's a period defined by acute empathy, alchemy and intense spiritual growth.

Social Realism, Dada imagery and Pop culture have frequented much of my digital imagery in recent times, and are born from the writing of a new "multimedia" book, tentatively titled *The Truth Teller*, which will follow *Recovered, Not Cured, a journey through schizophrenia* (2003, Allen & Unwin). The current writing of *The Truth Teller* has a more in-depth shamanistic, spiritualist, and holistic angle to "dis-chordancy", exploring metaphysical realms, and beauty and tragedy in the cracks of my life, and greater society. The process of writing has acted as catalyst for the experimental website:

tastemysubversion.com.au, from which the images in this exhibition are drawn. Sexuality, diversity, religion, attacking mediocrity and the celebration of diversity are the main themes, and although the images may seem controversial, they well from a source of empathy and goodwill.

They are always attempting to disable contemporary paradigms of thought by using the same intellectual ego-dissolving devices an advertising executive might use; however, the end mandate is one that aims to erode power, reducing us to humble individuals. Its vehicle is familiar, although its aims are probably the antithesis of modern day advertising, a thing I have become familiar with in my work in newspapers, advertising and public speaking.

I would like to think that in some small way my art can entertain, be appreciated, be challenged and create a stir that is conducive to education and debate in those who view it, especially in terms of the celebration of diversity and the validation of the individual. Art does not necessarily exist only in an original. Art does not stop at the surface of a picture plane or the surface of a sculpture. It's in the seat of perception and memory, and the communication of thoughts between people. Art to me is a great means of communication in this current secular society, something that is binding and very important.

Richard McLean



Richard McLean age four, 1977.
Cat. no. 287

Ophelia's Mink

What inspires your work?

I used to suffer from poor eyesight. Since then I have been learning how to see. So I will see a pattern when I look at anything. I see myself through the art. While the art changes, I change.

Is there something that you would want someone to know or experience when they look at your work?

Containment and peace.

Do you enjoy the process of making and/or the finished piece of work?

Yes. But I don't know how the process works. I can see there has been a change, but I don't know how that change has come about.

How important has your work been to you?

It is not easy being free. When I do a drawing or painting there is something spiritual that comes out of me. It is the sort of thing that I can do at Splash but couldn't do elsewhere.

Where does the strength in your art come from?

Partly from pain I suffered at high school and partly from the strength I gathered in primary school. That's what I really feel in my heart.



Ophelia's Mink. *Something Precious*
No. 1, 2006. Cat. no. 326

Glenn Morgan

These paintings are based on stories I've been told by friends.

The two paintings called *Mad Man Attempting Suicide* (1980 and 1984) are based on a real life story told to me by my good friend, art teacher Beth Parnaby. It went like this. Beth had been teaching art at the Brierly Mental Health Hospital in Warrnambool as an art teacher. She taught this lovely old pipe-smoking man who she really liked. This old fellow, who suffered with depression, climbed into the ceiling one day and in his bid to commit suicide bit through an electrical wire.

Unfortunately (or fortunately for him), he had false teeth that worked like insulation, so instead of killing himself all that happened was that it set off the alarm.

When Beth told me this story an image for an artwork sprung into my head.

The inspiration for *A Friend Having Shock Treatment* (1984) came to me from a story a friend told me of her experiences as a patient in a mental hospital.

She told me that "shock treatment" was a very unpleasant experience. The doctors would give her an injection to relax her muscles and this would leave her in a state where she couldn't move or even talk.

Then zap! The shock treatment would hurt like hell and she couldn't do anything about it.

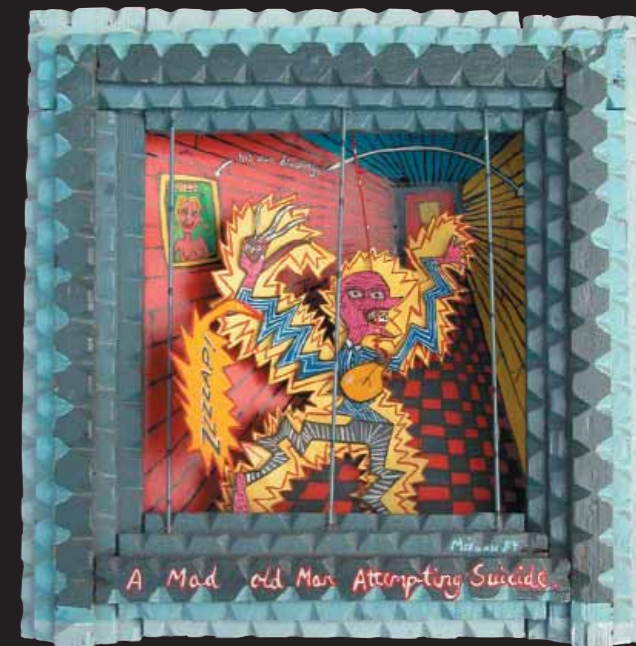
Unfortunately she was under the illusion that the shock treatment was somehow connected to her menstrual cycle.

When she got closer to her period she would start hiding around the hospital in her bid to avoid the shock treatment.

The hospital staff would say "hello, here she goes again" and she would get more shock treatment.

It became a "Catch 22" experience. I felt very sorry for her and this piece of work was made in response to her story.

Glenn Morgan

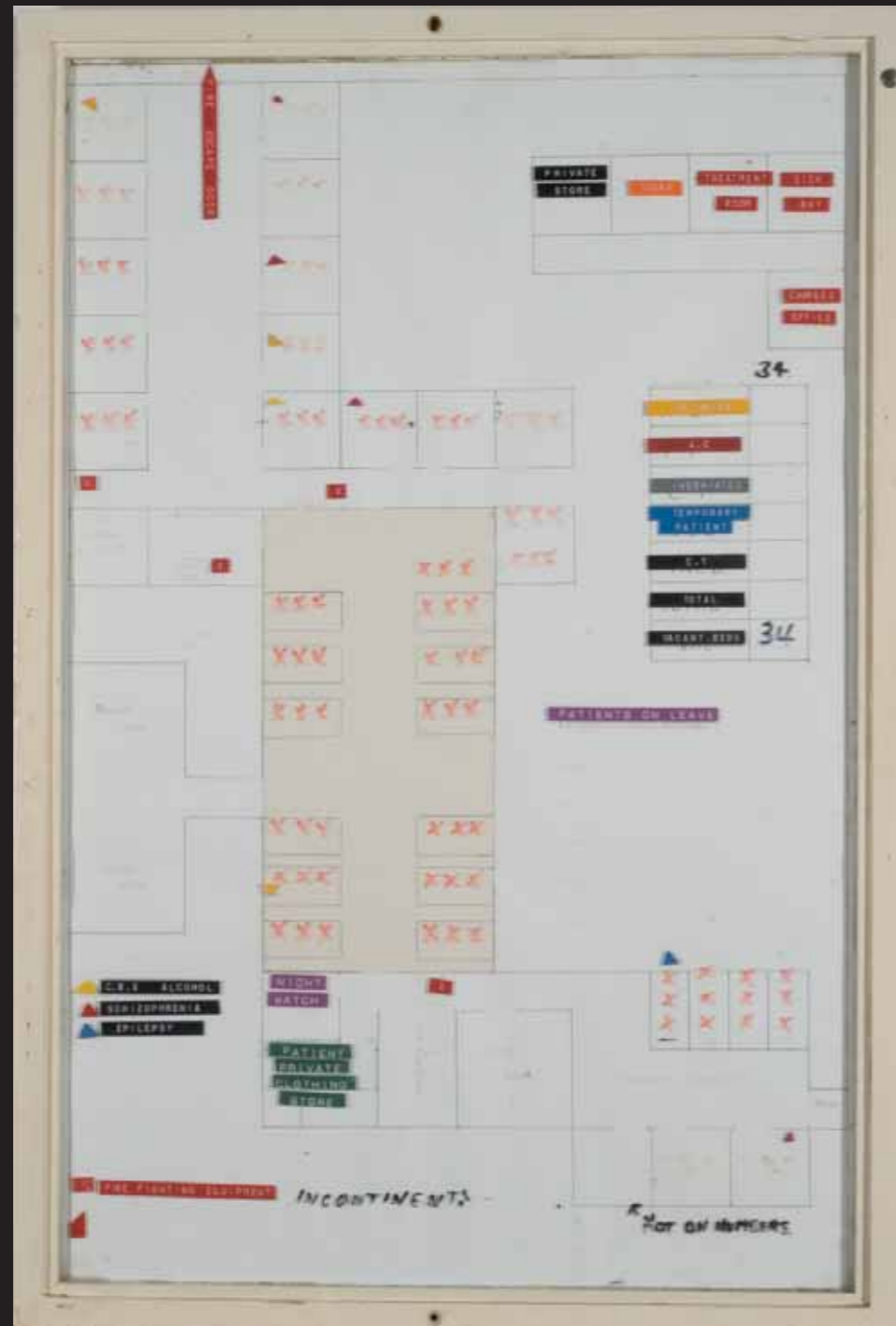


Glenn Morgan, *Mad Man Attempting Suicide*, 1984.
Cat. no. 330

Leone Morgan

Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital opened in January 1895. The hospital was designed by the Government Architect Walter Vernon (1846–1914) in conjunction with the Inspector General of the Insane, Dr Norton Manning (1839–1903). All of the wards were locked, as physical restraint was the major form of treatment at that time. A ward of the hospital now operates as the Kenmore Psychiatric Museum, which opened in 2001.

Leone Morgan



Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital floor plan. Cat. no. 265

Richard Morrison

I am a colourful and bold personality! My portraits are a perception of how I envisage my subjects. I weave the elements of what I know of the person and cohere it into a composite of what that person means to me. I don't see with my eyes but with my mind. There is an abstraction of what I know. I see the sexual and the primal energy of my subjects and only fully am able to paint someone through a combination of the elements rather than a complete regard of their totality.

I am an obsessive painter and am fascinated by the layers of the sensual and how the feminine and the masculine blend and occupy the individual I paint. The sexual side of my subject is always predominant in my paintings.

I try and make a poetic interpretation of how I see them and in particular the way I perceive my own person! I am very much aware of myself as a physical being. I interpret myself as a very mobile figure. I paint myself as if I am dancing and I am not afraid to paint myself naked or semi-clad. The colours have a strong energy and I try always to capture the free generosity of my character!

Richard Morrison



Richard Morrison, *Beads*, 2006. Cat. no. 336

Barbara Munro

I was born in February 1944 to Salvation Army parents. I became a member of the Salvation Army when I was fourteen, a full member, but I've always been a Salvationist. This is a small Salvation Army flag which I have kept all through my officership and, because I've travelled from place to place, different capital cities, I've had to pack my things and usually there's a last-minute case which you have and that flag always goes on the top, because it's the last thing I pack and the first thing I take out. I'm due to retire next year and that will be "Exhibit A" at home.

I always dread hearing anyone say "I want you to find my son, he left home, didn't take his medication with him and I think he's on the street". Well I know very well that we've got very little chance of doing anything about that from our service because we are here in an office and that person is probably not registered with anyone.

We hear from all sorts of people who are out of touch with their loved ones. Now, the term "missing" usually makes you think of somebody who's been abducted or has left home. Usually they haven't been seen and have left their bank book and everything at home, so it's obvious what's happened to them and the police could be involved. Now that's one way to think about missing, but I prefer "missing from the family circle". We advertise in *The Big Issue* and had the title of our advertisements changed. They used to put "Missing" and I thought it was too much like

the police notices for missing persons, so I got them to change it to "Missing You".

People send in an application form and a donation—we ask for \$60.00 (\$25.00 for a pensioner)—and then we start looking for their loved one. We'll try the things that anybody can do and then we have a few things up our sleeves, trade secrets, so we do have some advantage. One woman asked us to find her husband as she suspected that there was a problem because he'd left home without his medication and just disappeared. I forget how long he was away but she rang me one day and said "He's come back!". She'd seen this dishevelled man outside her house and realised it was her husband.

We help the police a lot. If somebody can't register their loved one as a missing person with the police, the police will say "Ring the Salvation Army". The police are very pleased with our work. This service is one way for the Salvation Army to have a hand on the heart of the community. Sometimes I feel that we are doing open-heart surgery because the people who ring up tell us their troubles, things they wouldn't tell other people, not even their best friend. They'll tell us that their heart is aching or their heart is joyful. Occasionally we get thank you cards. One lady told me she loved me and all I did was tell her bad news. I didn't do anything outstanding. She said that because I listened.

Extract from oral history recorded 18 May 2006



Flag with "Bloed en Vuur" (Salvation Army motto). Cat. no. 334

Brian Murray

What I see and feel I place in my art. When I have done this I feel healthier. After I have expressed myself through my art I hope people understand and enjoy my art. My work is mainly about mother Earth before time began. Dreaming and very sacred.

What inspires you to make art?

My heritage and my people have always inspired me and my ancestors and their great sacred ancestral ways. I am inspired by everyday life and my heritage, which I am very proud of and I am also inspired by things in my life, such as animals and the sacred land from which we all come.

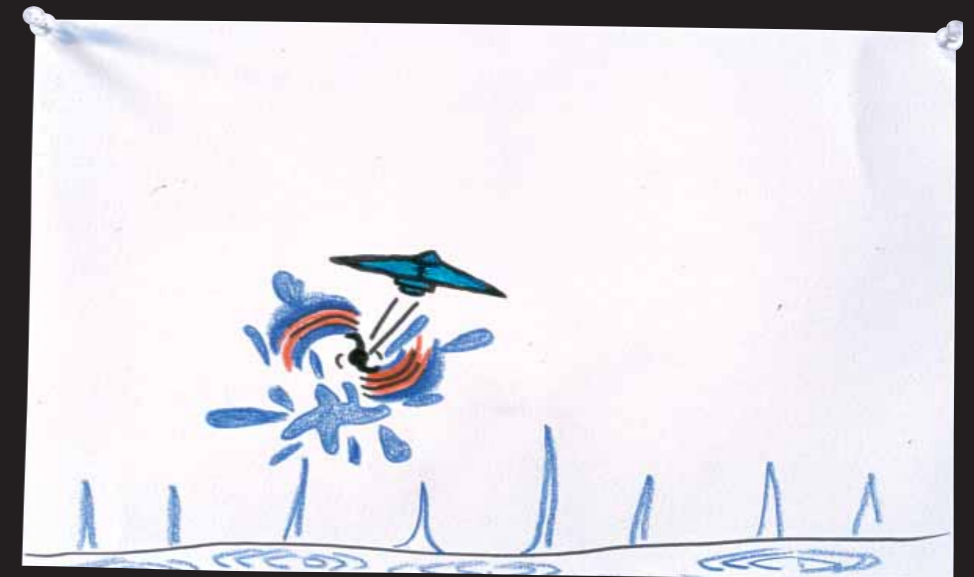
References to Egypt are often in your work, not only the drawings but also the sculptures. I am interested in this. Can you talk about it?

It is where it all started, thousands and thousands of years ago. My people came from Egypt, originally. I believe that there is a connection between the two cultures. Aboriginal culture and Egyptian culture are both ancient cultures, they both have rituals and use drawing to tell stories. I have for a long time been interested in Egyptian art and also space.

How do you create your art?

When producing my artwork I see and feel my Dreaming in my thoughts, and I can see the old people looking on and when I feel this way I feel compelled to draw.

Interviewed by Melinda Harper, Neami Splash Arts worker (interview conducted over a period during 2004–2006)



Brian Murray, from *Untitled series*, 2003–2006. Cat. no. 342

Christian Narsamma

Narsamma was seventeen when he was diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia. He has been a resident of the Matthew Talbot Hostel for a number of years, drawing inspiration to create his work from his love of cars, trucks, tanks, space ships and science fiction.

Geraldine Quinn and
Claire Haris-Chandra



Christian Narsamma, drawing, 2004.
Cat. no. 343

Rebecca Pene

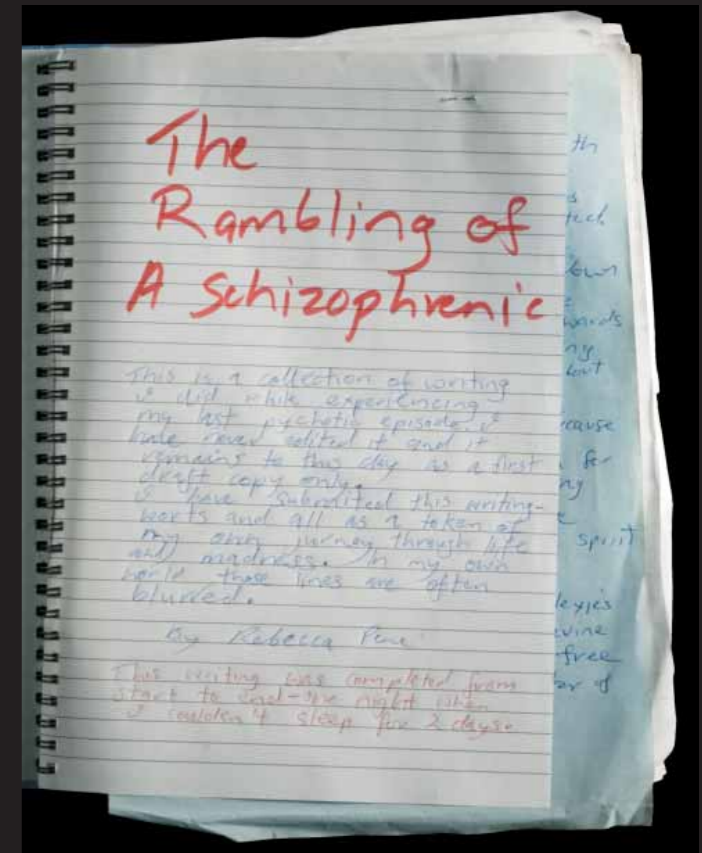
I was never happy at school, but that was really to do with my home life. I had a very bad upbringing. I never felt that I fitted in. Any school I went to my self-esteem was so low that I couldn't concentrate in class. I never made friends very easily. My parents always told me that I was stupid and dumb. I was made a ward of the state when I was fourteen. I was twenty-four when I moved to Australia. I didn't come to Australia with the rest of my family. They wouldn't let my parents take me because of the child abuse that was occurring at home. So I was estranged from my family.

Books help me escape. They opened my mind to a lot of things. Because at a young age I read so much that even though I didn't fit in with my classmates I had this knowledge. I read all of the classic books, *Anne of Green Gables*, *Narnia*, *The Secret Seven*, *The Famous Five* and *Robin Hood*. The one thing that sticks out in my mind is that I had a good imagination. I read a lot of fantasy books. From reading I began writing poetry

and wanted to be a songwriter. In my mind it was just another form of poetry. I was diagnosed with schizophrenia at the age of twenty-six.

It was a nightmare for me. I didn't know a thing about mental illness. I had watched *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and I had read about Winston Churchill with the "black dog". That was all I had in my early memories about mental illness. I was very sick for a long time because I never knew I needed treatment. Some of my sisters took me down to the hospital and I had to go before a magistrate. Even though I was told I had schizophrenia I didn't believe it. I thought I'd had a nervous breakdown. It has taken me over twenty years to learn how to deal with it. My whole life has been one uphill battle but I don't think I am going too badly. Many people I know have suicided or taken a drug overdose. I think I'm one of the lucky ones.

Extract from oral history
recorded 29 May 2006



Rebecca Pene, notebook, 2003.
Cat. no. 349

John Perceval

"In the 1980s, the exposure of Perceval's early drawings continued through dealer exhibitions in Melbourne and Sydney and in further acquisitions by public collections. But in 1981, Perceval exhibited a series of twenty-two new drawings in an exhibition entitled 'The Patient'. These drawings were made with pencil and oil paint directly from the tube. None of the words used to describe the spirit of Perceval's earlier drawing—vitality, joy—apply to these drawings. Yet the line is characteristically Perceval's. These drawings are about sickness, physical and psychological. Black spots hover and sometimes cover the skins of the figures like wounds or lesions. Animals are no longer simple domestic creatures but have become fantastical, brightly coloured apparitions. While they occupy the same sheets of paper as the heads, these creatures seem to inhabit another plane.

The powerful Patient exhibition represented something of a return for Perceval's art, after a decade of virtual obscurity caused by his prolonged hospitalisation. In the last half of the 1980s, there have been several successful exhibitions of recent drawings. The subject and approaches in these drawings combine Perceval's obsessions over the previous decades. The personal iconography of these works has been extensively examined in a tribute written by John Yule, one of Perceval's longstanding acquaintances, in 1986. In his analysis of these drawings of nudes with hatchets, bowler hats and surrounded by bees, Yule describes their 'savage directness' as being 'closer in spirit, if not in manner, to his 1940s work rather than to the lush massively tactile hedonistic products of the 1950s and 1960s'. Certainly there is an impatience about these drawings, a neglect of elegant form. Yule writes that, in penetrating beyond this

casual bravado, it is possible to see it as 'window-dressing for a deep underlying torment and anger'.¹

Perceval was acquainted with misfortune from an early age, contracting poliomyelitis when he was fifteen, which caused him to be strapped to a bed for two years. But he drew daily and a number of these drawings were sent to Norman Lindsay, seen to be the era's master draughtsman, who was asked if Perceval had a future as an artist. The answer was affirmative and his path was determined.

He met Arthur Boyd during World War Two, when both were part of a cartographic unit, and they developed a friendship that was lasting as they emerged with Sidney Nolan, Albert Tucker and, retrospectively, Joy Hester, as the quintessential group that portrayed an Australian vernacular imagery in art that continues its effect to this day.

Perceval suffered bouts of hospitalisation, beginning in the mid 1960s for alcohol-related problems, and then in 1967 as a voluntary psychiatric patient, but he continued to paint and exhibit until a spell of permanent hospitalisation from 1974 to 1981. It was whilst living in a "half-way house" that he created the twenty-two drawings known as *The Patient* series, two remarkable examples of which are in this exhibition.

His subsequent exhibitions were greeted with a fervour only accorded an artist whom the public equate with the popular myth of the romantic hero triumphing over tragedy. Perceval outlived the remarkable group described previously and died, aged seventy-seven, in 2000.

Nick Waterlow

¹ Andrew Sayers and Ken McGregor, *Fifty Years of Perceval Drawings*. Sydney: Bay Books, 1989, 17–18.



John Perceval, *Sunflowers*, 1993. Cat. no. 354

Craig Phipps

Creatively I have been drawn to making work over the period that I was hospitalised. It was quite a stressful time where I needed to be involved in activities, woodwork, a faithful indulgence, lathe turning, sculpture, carvings, joinery, every piece affirms to me that I am becoming a recognised artist. I try with all my heart to pursue positive works.

I make diverse individual pieces, which give me confidence to continue to discover new techniques. An artist needs to master their tools and make credible work. I try to adhere to certain themes to attempt to keep my art really approachable.

Craig Phipps



Craig Phipps, *Reach on Katoomba-Piano man*, 2005. Cat. no. 357

Bruce Plant

"Art is, for me, communication.

An artist must struggle against ignorance, prejudice, poverty and the values of the status quo.

A work of art should be a visual representation of beauty—it should neither disturb, confront, nor argue—it should be a self-contained, pleasing resting place for the eye. It should provide answers to questions before they are asked."¹

"The main theme of my work reflects the struggle of people living with schizophrenia. My paintings are said to give an insight into the inner works of the mind. I attempt to counter the stigma of mental illness in the community by providing encouragement and hope for others like myself who are faced with misunderstanding and alienation in their daily lives.

These people have a unique perspective and vision, which is often stifled by the constraints of medication and lack of creative opportunity, causing them to suffer in silence. In my case, my paintings have enabled me to break this silence.

Consequently, I am a communicator of 'Different Strokes'. I paint purely from the imagination and the outcome is sometimes childlike, often abstract. I use abstraction to express my feelings, not my intellect."²

¹ Bruce Plant, artist's statement 1989

² Bruce Plant, artist's statement 2004



Geoff Prince

If I am to do my words justice
I must live them, breathe
them, allow them logocracy,
which the fanciful imagination
only appears to subvert.
Nevertheless, throughout the
soul's passage, an ancient
logophobia threatens to surface
amongst our concerns, and to
send us scuttling for silence (if
that is the word for it), a silence
that can only be found beyond
words. If I could infuse my
words with this sublime silence,
my art would be complete, its
music would need no sound, its
philosophy no logic or lift.

Geoff Prince

You Called Me Mad

You called me mad—
I will remember that.

You, who will never know
a demon or an angel
will never hear a voice
that is not rooted in the
actual
gave me the label of
madman

You, who in your well-
appointed clinic
played queen-bee to sorrow
and bleak melancholy,
who profited from a
knowledge
gleaned from leechcraft
and humours.

I will remember the day
when my voices' only word
was
Stop! in your presence
and when your gaze
devoured my discomfiture.

I will remember
seeing in you the lifeless
dregs
of routine and ambition,
of manipulation and soul-
murder.

You called me mad—
I will remember that.

Bruce Plant, *Village*, 2005.
Cat. no. 375

Geraldine Quinn

15 February 1991 was the day my life changed as I was thrown into a new world, a world that would become familiar and part of my life. My brother arrived at my house in a state that I had not witnessed before. He was talking in a language that I could not understand, about things that I could not relate to. I could not reach him; he was lost to me and I to him.

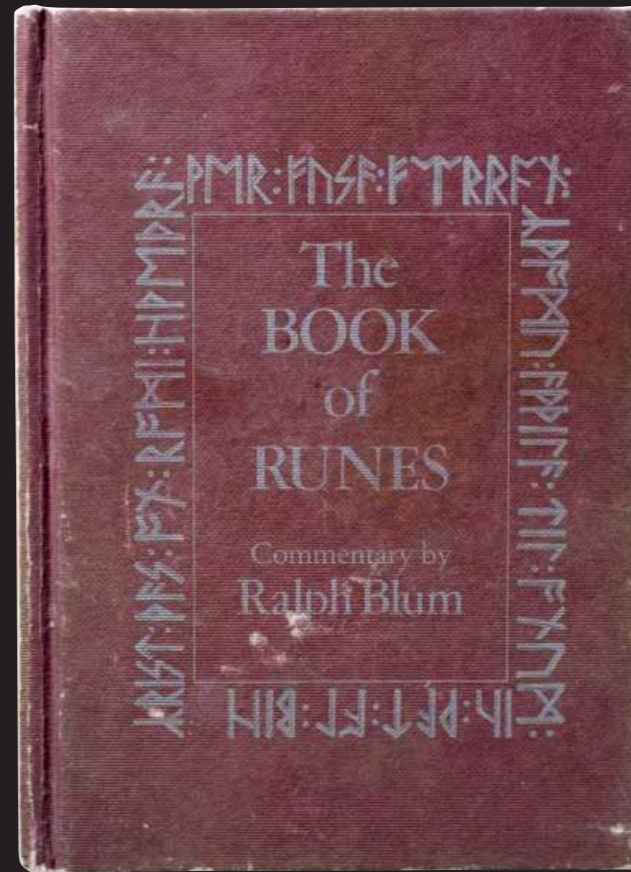
We have always been close and being the older sister one feels a sense of protection that is beyond words. During those first few hours my friends were a wonderful support; in particular Bronwyn and Kevin assisted in navigating a pathway to the mental health system that I know I would not have found if they had not been in my life. They stayed with me, spending their precious time guiding me through this new world. New words describing his condition bounced off walls—“schizoid form episode”, “delusions of grandeur”—this new language would soon become familiar to my family and me.

The crisis team finally arrived some twenty-four hours later; at first it was a relief to see them but later I was filled with a deep sense of regret. I told my brother a lie to get him back to the house as he had run away earlier in the day. When he returned my flatmates kept him occupied by watching a film—we were doing anything to keep him in the house. The doctors were hiding in bushes outside my house as they waited for the police to arrive. To this

day I still don't understand why they called the police as he was not threatening or violent, just a human being lost to himself. When the police arrived the doctor signed the relevant paperwork and let them deal with my brother. He surrendered to the police in my hall and got down on his knees, all the while looking across at me, shaking his head. His words pierced my heart. He said, “Gerrie, why are you doing this to me?” He held up his arms to the policeman and said, “Take me away and do with me what you will”. A few moments after they left the house I followed them outside and was horrified to see him in the back of a paddy wagon. His shoelaces and belt had been removed and he was handcuffed. The crisis team was sitting in their car watching from a distance. I was devastated as now he was being treated like a criminal. Here, for the first time, I watched the police take my brother away. Some months later he was diagnosed with schizophrenia.

I look back on those early years and have many regrets about trying to care for my brother, trying to save him from a flawed mental health system that provides only bandaid solutions. As a family we were given an atlas without a map. I know for a long time the bonds of trust were broken between us but over time they have healed. I am honoured to walk with him in this life, as he is one of my greatest teachers.

Geraldine Quinn



Ralph Blum, *The Book of Runes*, 1985. Cat. no. 380

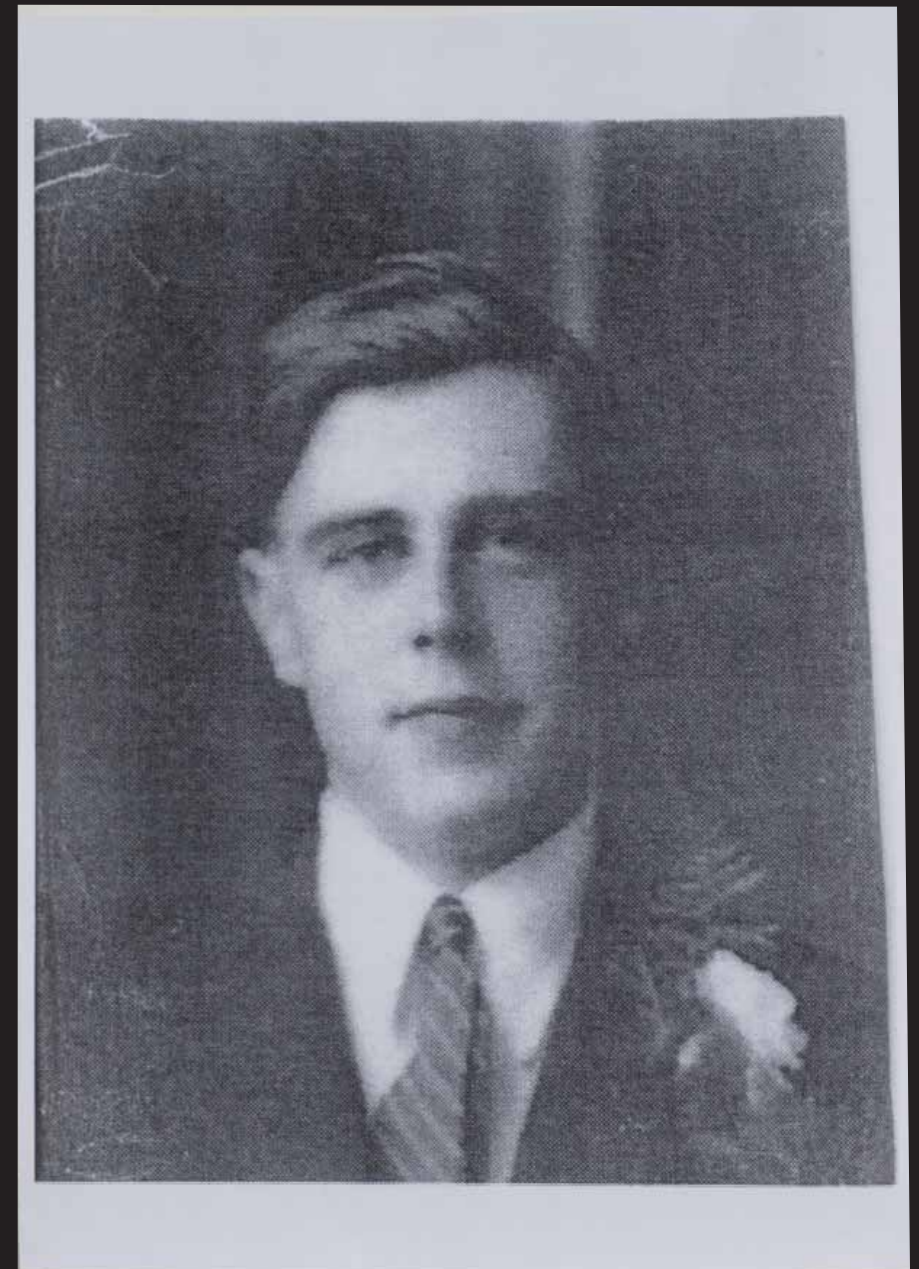
Julie Richardson

This is the only photo I have of my dad. He was institutionalised in 1953 when he was about thirty years old and remained in the institution until he died of hypertension in 1981. He and my mother had three children and she was pregnant with my younger sister when Dad was taken to hospital. My mother wasn't an educated woman and they told her that my father had a split mind. She didn't understand how sick he was and, due also to the terrible time she had during his early illness, she remained resentful towards him and raised us to believe he was lazy and didn't care about us.

When I was fifteen I asked to see my father, who I hadn't seen since I was four. This was an upsetting experience for me and, again, I didn't understand about schizophrenia. After a few times I stopped visiting and he wrote a letter saying he missed me. It is one of my greatest regrets that I ignored that letter.

Now that I work with people with a mental illness I have a greater understanding of what my father and mother went through and hope I can somehow make amends for my immaturity and selfishness.

Julie Richardson



John Arthur Richardson. Cat. no. 384

Dushan Ristevski

I'm dying mate, —
from one desire
from one aching pain
from one longing:
— to see again the home
where I was born.

Dushan Ristevski



Dushan Ristevski, "Fragments",
published 1990. Cat. no. 385

Anne Rowe

The artist consults her mentor

a. How to compose an inscription which de/scribes the aesthetic process of ambivalence?

Condemned to nauseating deception, intellectualisation masquerading as style.

Shall I be seduced into mimicry, abandon myself to psycho_analytic references?

["Woman/Sex/Death/Madness"]

Or a fetishistic nomenclature of influences, genres, figures, perversions?

Could I disassociate into revealing the artists that have influenced my 'practise'?

m. Are you merely trying to appear more significant? Or transgressive?

I feel duplicitous, or inferior, I dread the mis-en-abyme of masochistic projection, yet it may provide distracting foil... perhaps make the work less obscure?

m. You assume a personal pronoun will justify your pathetic, hysterical symptoms?

What insolent abhorrence are you? Medusa? Dis/eased voyeur or sorcerer's apprentice? You think (con)text necessary to illustrate the affected object?

a. Why do you hold the feminine in such contempt?

b. When I worship your dark prince gaze of arrogant introjection?

m. Oh, so you imagine you're a romantic conceptualist, that compulsive disavowal will render you an exquisite corpse, or vampiric muse? To be brutally frank, your besmirched Lucretia delusion is about as fascinating as watching paint dry. You lack the unconscious repertoire to play femme-fatale to the master!

a. Is it mere object transference, to reflect desire?

To long for the intimacy of the return of the repressed. "L'Amour fou"?

m. redolel lucerna [L. it smells of the lamp].

Anne Rowe



Anne Rowe, *amantes amentes*
[L. lovers (are) mad] (detail) 2006.
Cat. no. 388

Grant Rowe

The four main interests I had growing up were movies, music, computers and art, and from an early age I felt an urge or desire to express myself creatively. I was probably sick already with schizophrenia in my high school days, but it wasn't until I was seventeen that I had my first psychotic episode. In the months leading up to my first of two admissions into Rozelle Hospital, I was creating possibly some of my most absorbing drawings, using pastels. It wasn't 'til I recovered for the first time, with help from my psychiatrist, that I began painting successfully. I also began creating short movies using crude video cameras. My parents, seeing how thoroughly absorbed in

making them I was, helped me afford better equipment over the subsequent years.

I had another psychotic episode at twenty-seven and once again it took years to recover, with multiple stays in a private hospital. All the time though I was writing lyrics, creating movies and painting. It was while involved in a movie group I discovered what was missing from my short movies: atmosphere created by a soundtrack. So with the aid of my computer, I to this day have been developing a style of techno/electronica music that can not only accompany my movies, but hopefully be recognised on its own merits.

With minimal equipment, cast and crew (often one or two), I normally think of ideas that are short and concise, and have little scene changes. I have two ways of bringing ideas to the screen. The easy one, when it is a solo effort, is to simply wing it and improvise. The other is to write a minimal script or outline and let the actors fill in the gaps.

Since winning second prize twice in schizophrenia art contests, I have tried to achieve recognition for my art as an individual, not as a "schizophrenic". For many years I painted using acrylic on paper. My most recent paintings are still in acrylic but painted on canvas. I use vivid colours and paint impressionistic

style portraits or somewhat gruesome abstract portraits. I am very interested in capturing the emotions of my subjects, especially their eyes (even when the subjects are from magazines).

In my well times, I have completed many courses that have helped my endeavours and I feel that my illness is both a curse and a blessing. If I had not fallen ill I would probably not have pursued my four main interests—movies, music, computers and visual art. If I had not been myself, I would not have known what unwell was.

Grant Rowe



Grant Rowe, *Rising Up*, 2005.
Cat. no. 401

Frank S.

Frank S. lived at Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital, Goulburn in the 1950s. Frank was a self-taught woodworker who spent many years devoted to his craft.



Frank S., *The Swedish Prince 1670, 48 Guns*, c. 1950. Cat. no. 258

Gareth Sansom

Schizophrenia (1993) is a major painting in Gareth Sansom's oeuvre. He explained to me its background. Nothing is ever planned, all is in your memory, a stream of consciousness, and this began as abstract, with a moody background and iconographic marks, cosmic balls floating around breaking up the picture plane creating electric movement. He had no clue what the trigger was but it needed a central icon or figurative element, and the double figure in cartoony pink began to surface. Using a dry brush with Prussian blues, acid greens joined the lurid pinks. He was in the United States in 1976 and met Jim Nutt of The Hairy Who, products of the Chicago Art Institute whose art was inspired by underground comic strips, and paid homage to legendary west coast comic book guru Robert Crumb. Another west coaster related in spirit was artist William Wiley, and all exerted an influence on Sansom and paintings such as *Schizophrenia*.

Unconsciously combining the emotional stuff with the art historical, the body is also forming, for him, a face with a tongue and prominent teeth slightly reminiscent of the Annandale Imitation Realists' approach. The double-breasted figure looks as though it is moving, and is dramatically ensconced in its own psychology, umbilically connected to the TV screen, the symbol of fuzzing out or dumbing down, aided by the dry martini glasses.

The work took its final form as the artist was in the back of his

mind thinking of somebody who had schizophrenia but had stopped taking the medication and was smoking dope. As it happened someone he knew did take themselves off medication and said their goodbyes before hiring a car and driving to Queensland. There they put a vacuum cleaner from the exhaust into the car and drank a final bottle of whisky. Sansom's work is not usually cathartic but he needed to find this expression through a very powerful image to lay it to rest.

He is a major Australian painter whose career has spanned more than forty years, with a freshness and iconoclasm rare even in those much younger. In a recent review, Ashley Crawford wrote that "The works resonate with several of Sansom's obsessions and his approach to life. There is the sombre realisation that his youth has passed, but there is also the element of theatricality the artist cannot leave behind: the comfortably married senior who stops to flirt with the younger artist; the heterosexual who dreams of dressing up in female clothing; the authority figure with anarchist leanings; the successful artist who still wants to grow up to be an artist."¹ Each work examines and reveals discovery of a complex self, none more so than *Schizophrenia*.

Nick Waterlow

¹ Ashley Crawford, "The Artist as an Older Man", *The Age*, 13 September 2003. www.theage.com.au/articles/2003/09 [site accessed 7 July 2006]



Gareth Sansom, *Schizophrenia*, 1993. Cat. no. 413

Gwen Scotman

I am a consumer worker for a mental health service. As a state delegate for the Australian Mental Health Consumer Network I sit on a number of committees that provide a consumer perspective on a state and national level. Early on, as a nurse, I saw that health wasn't about health. It was about illness, so I wanted to get out of health and look at prevention. I did traditional Chinese medicine for a number of years. I was in a domestic violence situation for a long time. My first partner was a Vietnam veteran. He had post traumatic stress disorder and I experienced abuse: mental, physical and sexual. I met my husband, who lives with depression and anxiety, at a party and I thought it was love at first sight. We got married in six months and three months later I was pregnant with the first of our two children.

I have been working in the system with consumers for eight years now. One of the problems with the system is that they don't talk about people as having challenges, they talk about people as being complex or difficult. If medication doesn't work for you, it becomes the consumer's fault, not the medication's. When services talk about "our" consumers, they cease to be a real people. They talk about them as "the mentally ill", so consequently consumers take that on as well, but "mentally ill" is a clinical status.



There is so much discrimination. I also want to work with consumers so that when they introduce themselves they are no longer saying "I am Mary, I am schizophrenic". I don't work with the illness, I work with people. I work with people not with an illness. I want to see the services provide peer support as well. Research is now showing that when consumers have peer support services and it goes hand in hand with traditional mental health services, consumer outcomes are better.

Gwen Scotman

A. Tester, *Solitude*, Cat. no. 414

Martin Sharp

Vincent Van Gogh has long been an inspiration for Martin Sharp. His mother gave his father a poster of *The Painter on the Road to Tarascon* for his surgery, which was where Sharp first saw it, and then in 1956 he won a special art prize at Cranbrook School awarded by the teacher Justin O'Brien. The reward was a book on the work of Van Gogh, including self-portraits, landscapes and the Tarascon painting. Ever since, the life of Van Gogh has been of significant consequence for the Australian artist.

In London, when living at The Pheasantry on King's Road in Chelsea, Sharp made his first Van Gogh collage, including his self-portrait with bandaged ear set against the yellow rush chair from his bedroom in The Yellow House at Arles. *The Yellow Chair* (1971), also using a Medici Fine Arts reproduction of a self-portrait, incorporates a collaged chair on an angle at the upper left side of the artist's head.

Somebody spilt blue enamel paint on the lower part of the image, which Sharp felt became an integral element. In his letters Van Gogh wrote that the chair was a symbol of himself, and Sharp was interested here in placing together two kinds of self-portrait. Other works that grew from this inspiration were black and white drawings, including *Footprints on the Toad to The Yellow House* exhibited at the Clune Gallery in Macleay Street in September 1971, preceding the launch of Sydney's Yellow House, which Sharp and a group of artist friends lovingly created. An earlier Australian link had been the friendship between John Peter Russell and Van Gogh, an interesting offshoot of which was Russell's gift of a Van Gogh drawing to Claude Monet.

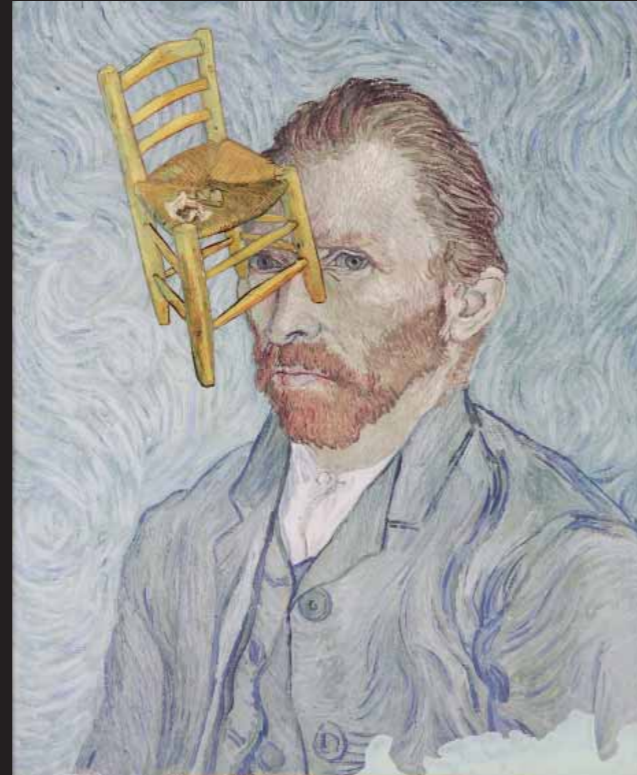
The voices in their various forms have always fascinated Sharp. Where are the voices coming from? Who is telling us to do these things? Sometimes they are audible. Sharp met a German in Maroubra who heard the voices of a lost group of storm troopers. He believes they are not a symptom but a reality, that the voices are spirits, and that those who hear them like best to be creative, and through art can find powerful release and expression.

In London Sharp met R.D. Laing, the renowned psychiatrist whose experiments with radically alternative and open treatment of schizophrenia, including the use of LSD, earned him notoriety, and illustrated some of his statements in *Oz Magazine*. "If I could tell you I would let you know" and "The life I am trying to grasp is the me that is trying to grasp it", were two examples.

Sharp's Van Gogh series pays homage to voices that are both clearer and more incisive than those regarded as normal, and his own attraction to these states allows his extrasensory imagination to create unique links with that of other extraordinary artists.

"If we believed all that the psychiatrists describe as mental illness we are all mad and life itself is a symptom of that illness. It's too easy to dismiss the hearing of voices as a symptom of mental illness, and not accept the reality of the voices and examine what they are saying, and what is the intention of the source of those voices." (Martin Sharp, 2006)

Nick Waterlow



Martin Sharp, *The Yellow Chair*, 1971. Cat. no. 415

Damien Skipper

Back in 1971 I was reading through the Whole Earth catalogue and I found an article about Outsider Art with a picture sampling some schizophrenic art. The idea got in. Then during the seventies I studied art at the Preston Institute of Technology.

In 1979 I had a schizophrenic nervous breakdown. I managed to maintain enough sanity to finish my course and graduated in 1981 with a Diploma of Fine Art, in between trips to Plenty Sanatorium.

I was looking in the local bookshop in 2005 and saw the book *Outsider Art* for the first time. I read avidly and the recurring theme that came through was that all these artists had tragic lives and were plagued with troubles. Death and the loss of family members were the prominent themes throughout and, as the book revealed, the artists were compensating for this in their work. They were building themselves fantasy worlds to alleviate the pain.

My yearning to read this book and my studies of magic led me down the trail to some lows and some highs. I've been making art since the seventies, but the thing is, I find myself now mixed up even more. I don't know if I'm a "schizophrenic Outsider artist", or conversely an "artist schizophrenic outsider".

Damien Skipper



Damien Skipper, *Two Heads*, 2004. Cat. no. 416

Allan Stephan

Burning with fear I walked to Wynyard Station, staggered down the steps and when I got to platform five I saw the train approaching. I thought, "I will have to make this a success or I will be fined \$200 for not having a ticket". There was a Tuscan red single deck power carriage leading. When the train was about twelve feet away, I jumped off the platform and lay lengthways, face up, feet first, on the rail furthest from the platform.

As the train came nearer, I noticed there were no rivets in it, so I knew it was a train of single deck power carriages, with automatic doors and a pantograph of the single pan type. The train came

up to me and I heard the air brakes suddenly applied. But it was too late and most of the carriage ran over me. The most terrifying part of all was when the leading bogie ran over me, putting grazes over my body. I was thrown face down, and my right leg (not the one I broke by jumping off a wall) was thrown over the other rail. Suddenly, an agonising pain shot through my thigh and I saw the leading wheel of the second bogie through my thigh and blood running out. I knew immediately that my leg had been severed. I could hardly believe it.

A man came under the train straight away. Quickly he put a tourniquet around and saved my life. He said, "Are you all

right mate?" I said, "My leg's off". Then another man came under and said, "Can you tell us your name?" I said, "Allan". He said "Where do you live Allan?" I said, "Gladesville Psychiatric Centre". The worst thing was lying on the black, oily ground in pain on the track, waiting for about ten minutes for the train to be wheeled off me.

I heard an announcement—"The train to leave platform six goes all stations to Bankstown via Strathfield". I looked up and saw the line starter, blower and compressor above my head. The first carriage was uncoupled and wheeled off me.

Allan Stephan

Dragoljub Suvailo

When I was fourteen I dreamed of being a priest. But you need to be very healthy and the bishop didn't give me the blessing or permission because I had cerebral palsy and he didn't believe that I could stand on the altar. He said, "you can go to other schools in Bosnia", that "if you make good results you can go to theology university and be a priest".

I didn't believe in God when I was little because my parents didn't teach me that you need to go to church. I didn't believe in God one hundred percent. My mother taught me that God is not true. So I was discouraged to go to church. When I went to church every day, every day I felt much better. One lady, an

old woman, gave me a prayer book. At that time you couldn't buy a prayer book because of the war. I copied her book, writing with a pen, copying it into my exercise book. I prayed before and after breakfast, before lunch, after lunch, after dinner, before dinner.

I came to Australia when I was nineteen. When I came here I wanted to go back to Serbia to study to become a priest. My father spent two and a half years in a Muslim prison and after war he didn't have a job.

I want to be a priest. My mother doesn't believe in God. My father and my brother don't

believe in God. None of my family believes in God and when I tell them that I want to be a priest they are shocked.

In Australia when I was still nineteen, I got schizophrenia. I spent three months in the hospital at Rozelle. My mother brought me icons. I am always quiet when the icons are next to me and I put Jesus' mother's icon next to my bed because I can't read prayers and I can't sleep. I can't hear voices when the icons are next to me and I don't have any problems—I can walk, I do exercises. My one big problem now is motivation.

Extract from oral history recorded May 2006



Allan Stephan, model of NSW State Rail carriage, c. 1990. Cat. no. 418



Icon. Cat. no. 426

Craig Thompson

The Mental Health Act of 1990 was introduced primarily to ensure the best possible outcome in relation to a person's civil liberties, rights and the need for treatment. When a patient is admitted to hospital they are examined medically and assessed by two doctors, the first within twelve hours. One doctor has to be a psychiatrist.

If the patient is certified as mentally ill the case must be brought before a magistrate as soon as practicable. Magistrates attend court once a week. Patients have to be handed a statement of their rights and it must be read to them, at the latest, twenty-four hours before the hearing if at first they didn't understand it. Patients may have a solicitor who is usually from the Legal Aid service.

I have to consider what the doctors are requesting. With new patients they don't know you will generally find doctors asking for time to further assess the patient. Sometimes a matter is adjourned, by which time the illness can be fairly well controlled and they can be discharged.

If they relapse after discharge and the relapse was caused by failure to take medication then the doctors might ask for a Community Treatment Order. The Order is an agreement between the patient and the hospital that they will comply with a regime of treatment when they leave. The Order includes provisos that they attend a mental health service, usually once a week, that they take the medication that is offered to them and comply with any changes in the medication. Most patients like the Order because it gets them out of hospital.

When I make an Order that they are to stay in hospital for treatment it is normally

for about a month, though sometimes I make it three months, mostly in relation to patients who have had problems for many years and take a long time to stabilise on treatment. I have to first find that they are "mentally ill". I would like to see the wording of the Act changed so that instead of this finding I say "I find this person in need of treatment" and avoid the term "mentally ill". Over at Bankstown they call it the Anxiety Clinic, not the Mental Health Clinic.

You must stick to the law. You conduct the hearing and you have to define it as mental illness if that is the case. I think the Act is very good in terms of identifying characteristics of the illness. For example, the characteristics to look for are delusions, hallucinations, serious disorder of thought or severe disturbance of mood. Secondly, you have to determine that there is likely to be a deterioration in their illness if they don't get the treatment. The third thing is that they have to be at risk of serious harm to themselves or to others, a conclusion often based on a history of serious self-harm.

When a person who has been admitted on a cannabis-induced psychosis is discharged, after being given anti-psychotic medication, he may go straight back onto the drug and relapse time and time again. I remember one day I spent twenty minutes talking to a fellow about not using cannabis again and I thought he had taken notice. Then I heard him on the phone talking to a mate: "Did you get good stuff? I can't wait to get out." You've got to get those people to stay in treatment because if they won't stay then it is only a question of time before they use again, relapse and go back to hospital.

Extract from oral history recorded February 2006

Mental Health Act Guide Book.
Cat. no. 427

Albert Tucker

These works on paper were made by Tucker during his time as a soldier working at the Facial Reconstruction Unit at the Heidelberg Military Hospital. Clearly the horrors of war and the savagery it wreaked on the people involved profoundly impacted on the artist. In her acclaimed biography, *Australian Gothic: A Life of Albert Tucker*, Janine Burke discusses these works in detail:

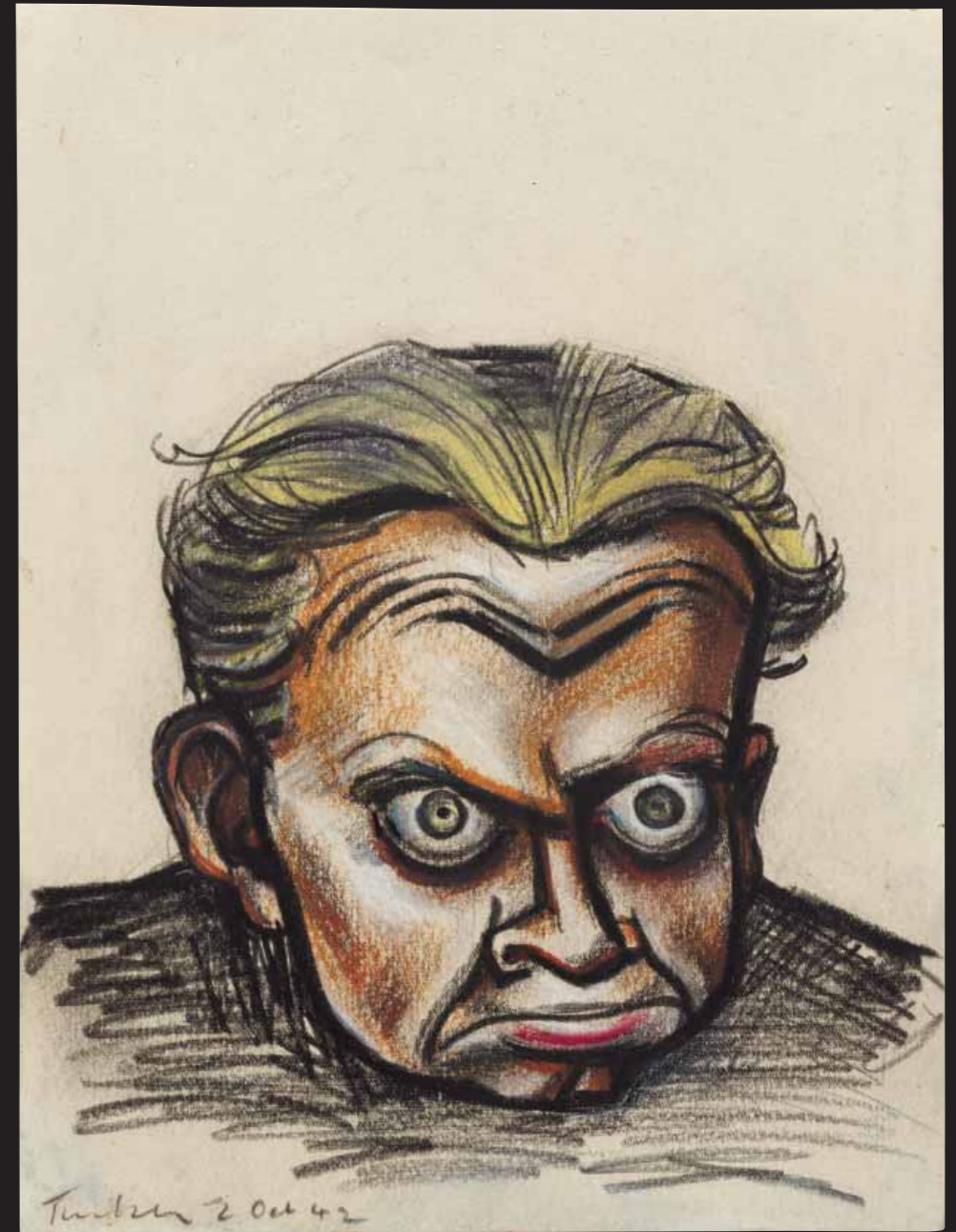
"*Psycho* (1942, NGA), Tucker's first extant pastel drawing, sets the tone for the series. A man with exaggerated eyes, his mouth fixed in a hostile slit, grimaces with inner turmoil. The scale of the eyes suggests the man's vision of the human condition has been grotesquely enlarged but the knowledge is unbearable and the result is madness. Later Tucker transformed the face into a cubist-oriented study in claustrophobia and fragmentation. *Psycho* (1942, NGA) shows the same desperate eyes but the head has literally split apart. Cubism supplies the formal means to suggest breakdown and alienation while surrealism provides the room's dislocated, overwhelming space, a symbol of paranoia and mental trauma. At the same time, *Psycho* is beautifully rendered, an alert and compact drawing, sketched lightly in vivid, rainbow hues."¹

Burke also reveals a hitherto little known fact about the major Australian painter. Tucker was a reluctant soldier and, luckily for him, his commanding officer Major William Pook was sympathetic. Tucker was anxious about the possibility of being dispatched to New Guinea, but Pook arranged for him to join the Facial Reconstruction Unit at the Heidelberg Military Hospital. Burke uncovers that "unknown to him, Tucker had been assessed as having 'mild schizophrenia'", and postulates that "a medical condition was the only way Pook could repatriate Tucker."²

Anne Loxley

1 Janine Burke, *Australian Gothic: A Life of Albert Tucker*, Sydney: Random House, 2002, 192.

2 Ibid., 184



Albert Tucker, *Psycho*, 1942.
Cat. no. 428

Hossein Valamanesh

When, at the age of fifteen, I mentioned to my parents that I wanted to go to an art school, they asked me, "Are you mad, what has got into your head?" Although I denied it then, I think they were right. But not in the way that they were thinking of madness.

In Persian literature and poetry the idea of madness has been seen as a metaphor for courage, abandonment of the material world and being blessed with love. There are numerous examples but the most famous one is the story of Leyla and Majnun. A young prince falls in love with a beautiful young woman and since the love was unattainable he became mad with love. After that he was given the name Majnun, which means crazy or mad.

By mentioning the above I do not mean to trivialise the serious condition of schizophrenia, which affects many people. I recall with great fondness my youngest uncle, who passed away as a young man and had suffered from a mental illness. He was like a gentle giant who talked to the walls and gave us bear-hugs and sloppy kisses.

Home of Mad Butterflies was first made in 1996. The image of a ladder has appeared in my work for many years. In this work it appears that it has been used as a utilitarian object to reach a certain height to write the text. The work for me is what is left behind, a trace of what has been remembered. It appears that the scribe has left the room, leaving his shoes behind.

The writing runs from the top to the bottom, right to left, and contains two lines of a larger poem by Rumi (1207–1273). The first two lines on the wall contain the first line of the poem and the third line contains the second. At the end of each line the last two words are repeated. The poet Rumi is inviting us to abandon our cunningness and become mad: going into the heart of the fire, becoming a butterfly (like a moth in the flame). He asks us to become a stranger to ourselves, to demolish our home, and then we can enter the house of the lovers.

Hossein Valamanesh



Hossein Valamanesh, *Home of Mad Butterflies*, 1996 (detail). Cat. no. 431

Wart

... hmmmm... riots of mind... sometimes really huge... to smaller than under pregnant ant...

Still ostricised... still... alone...

Go forward, eighteen back...

Thoughts... antenna head... don't be a lert...

Emotions raw and savage... twisted thru mist... The mind mist of medication... blurs and exist...

Roaring words stumble over each other...

... trying... finding... looking for strength

images sorting thru brains... for sense

inspected, neglected, selected and detected

... more is better... yet to understand...

Wart



Wart, *To Amber a Unicorn Warrior*, 2005. Cat. no. 443

Peter Wegner

"As a fellow artist and following a well-established tradition, Graeme gave me the licence to paint him any way I chose. I believe his struggle with schizophrenia has given him insights into the human condition and because of this he was not deterred by a 'warts and all' approach. These works are a testimony to Graeme's lack of censorship, his lack of vanity, and are a culmination of our friendship."

Peter Wegner, February 2002.

The friendship of Peter Wegner and Graeme Doyle is precious. Wegner watches his diabetic mate's eating habits, and organises holidays for Doyle with his brother John Wegner in Perth. Doyle continues to sit for Wegner and delivers compelling poetry performances at Wegner's exhibition openings.

Peter Wegner has now made more than a hundred portraits of Graeme Doyle (an achievement that places him in such illustrious company as Paul Cézanne, Leon Kossov and Frank Auerbach). If ever a person warranted being the subject of such a relentless portrait project, it is Graeme Doyle. A redoubtable artist who lives with schizophrenia and bipolar disorder, Doyle is a man of great intellectual and spiritual depth, not to mention charm and wit. Together the big portraits, painted studies and etchings constitute a remarkable document of Doyle's myriad moods and states of mind.

After four runs as a Doug Moran National Portrait Prize finalist, this year Wegner's *The Wounded Poet* won the prize. The work in this exhibition, *The Sufferer*, was a Moran finalist in 2004. Both works show Doyle in his poet's garb (he has a wardrobe of exquisite suits and shoes) but dishevelled—shoes off and stomach gaping. While



the etchings and painted studies render the constantly changing weather of everyday Doyle, in the big works Wegner shows us the exuberant poet, usually, as in *The Sufferer* and *The Wounded Poet*, vulnerable and exhausted.

As full-body seated portraits with luxurious fabrics, the large-scale paintings belong to the grand portrait tradition. Wegner's draughtsmanship is sure and his painterly hand is often virtuosic—note his hands and feet. The portraits of Doyle are a study of human frailty and thus beg comparison with the self-portraits of Rembrandt. Significantly, in Wegner's *Castlemaine* catalogue, Elizabeth Cross quoted Kenneth

Clark discussing the Dutch master: "...my first thought is of the soul imprisoned in that life-battered face. Perhaps that is always true of a great portrait. It is primarily the record of the individual soul."

Away from this singular project, Wegner's repertoire of subjects includes nudes, still life and dog studies. However the artist sees the Doyle portraits as "so different from any other work I do. I'll never stop doing these portraits. They're a documentation of one's life. Now I've started, I've got a momentum. Graeme and I joke that it's our project."

Anne Loxley

Peter Wegner, The Sufferer, 2005. Cat. no. 450

Rob Wilson

The Bughouse Butcher (Benjamin Frater)

Don't get me wrong, I hate you, Ben Frater, You shit me to tears. You run away train of a human being, Don't get me wrong, I love the guy, love him to bits, but we've all got a mate like that. Always the best of intentions, but the hundredth time he forgets to call you back, meet you or flat out forgets where you live... You get the idea

Ben Frater is electro-shock-straightjacket-padded-wall crazy. That much is pure fact. The truly frightening thing about Frater's illness is that it strikes fast and with complete brutality. One moment he may be walking along the street, and the next all his senses abandon him and he is swamped with an aural and visual hell dimension of his mind's creation. His brain literally gangs up on him. So, unfortunately, the very thing that seems to inform his poetry hinders his everyday life and often the poetry and his obsessive prolificness is the cause of such an episode. Writing an essay has put him in hospital for months. Anything can trigger it and there is no way to cure it, though they give it a red hot go. They lock him up and watch him scuttle about and smoke from above the glass dome. He's an abomination of a man sent from the suburbs to sort out who's who.

He has had a harder life than most of you and he has the scars and electric shocks to prove it. And yes, he is most likely more talented in his sleep than most are at their vibrant peak, but this is not about cachet or an idea of marketability. He must write to survive. It's as simple as that.

Rob Wilson



Typewriter with poem by Benjamin Frater. Cat. no. 187

Joey Windrich

Making Sense of Madness

When I had entered adulthood
so carefully,
I shudder as I remember
Meeting you and your dark
mysteries
My soul from my heart did you sever
Sucked out all my fragile
memories
Distorting them for your fun
Making them a series of
tragedies
Oh the damage you have done!
Why did God give you so
willingly to me?
Was I in his eyes not good
enough?
Would I be stronger carrying
your disability?
Or to make my nature more
tough
Sometimes I wonder if you'll
leave me
I had always prayed for that
before
But now your presence has a
pleasing punctuality
You're always with me for sure
I wonder what you would do
without me
You'd just fade and disappear
Like autumn leaves falling from
a tree
But in the spring you would
reappear
If I don't get the help I need so
dearly
To stop the total absorption
Of you into me
To fill my head with many a

strange compulsion
But now I'm used to it you see
I recognize the patterns that
lead
To the awful things you say to
me
For it's me you need
And now I need you, actually
Because I've learned to use
your inspiration
Making sense of the madness
you teach so powerfully
That form bubbles of ideas like
perspiration
That comes from you so easily
But I'll keep you at a safe
distance

And suck the life from you like
you did me
But you'll never again get the
chance
To destroy me so utterly
Now things will never be the
same
And eventually
You I will completely tame
In a pool of dark serenity
Which is where you belong
Held in chains so tightly
Where you can no longer be so
strong
I now call you my dearest
enemy
Oh do I love and fear your
mania
Living in my mind's unmapped
territory
You are my schizophrenia.

Joey Windrich



Barbel Winter

When I grew up in Germany
we didn't have heaps of
money, and occasionally we
got a treat. One of those treats
was bananas. They were
expensive and sometimes my
grandmother bought some
and she would share them out
between her grandkids—my
two cousins, my sister and me. I
knew what she did was equal,
but I always felt it had not been
fair. My cousins had a bit of
money and bananas weren't
such a treat for them and they
could have them at home. My
sister and I almost never had
bananas.

My grandmother loved us. She
did lots for us kids and I am
very grateful. One of the things
I am grateful for is the lesson
that equal does not mean fair.
This is one of the lessons that
shapes who I am today; what I
do, what I believe in and what I
am trying to achieve.

I have been working at
the Multicultural Disability
Advocacy Association of
NSW for eight years. I have
been the Executive Director
for all of that time, so I've had
an amazing opportunity to
shape the organisation and
make a contribution to people
from a non-English speaking
background with a disability,
and their families. We are
currently providing individual
advocacy support for about
seven hundred people a

year. We work to improve
government policies and
programs and we work with
the human services sector to
make services more accessible
and more culturally competent.
Our work seems to never end.
There is always more to do
than there is time. To be honest,
I quite like it like that.

What inspires me to get up
every morning, to go to work
with energy and enthusiasm,
is this goal I have in my head.
It's about trying to play a part
in creating communities,
connecting people and people
using my skills and knowledge
so that these communities
are strong, inclusive, diverse,
resilient, outspoken. I feel
passionate about it. I am glad
to be able to make a contribution
and to work with people who

are just amazing and who have
shown incredible resilience to
be where they are now.

I use the pencil case all the
time at work. It reminds me
of my family and how lucky I
was to get an education and
to learn the things I wanted to
learn. It reminds me not to take
that for granted. It reminds me
that, even just one generation
before me, education was a
playground for the privileged
but a luxury for underclass
Germans.

Having the pencil case also
reminds me that I was lucky
to come to Australia by choice
and to bring the things from
Germany that are important

to me. I have this pencil case, I
have photos and I have books
that are important to me. That
is a luxury because many
people coming to Australia are
arriving with nothing, nothing
to remind them of their families
and their life before coming
here. Now that must be very
hard and very difficult.

Barbel Winter





Schizophrenia does not discriminate, affecting people regardless of culture, race & social class.

Biographical Details

artists, social history participants, project team & publication contributors

Professor Vaughan Carr (b. 1948) graduated in medicine from the University of Adelaide in 1973 and received his training in psychiatry at the University of Rochester and Yale University. After eight years as an academic psychiatrist at the University of Adelaide, he became Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Newcastle in 1989 and Director, Hunter Mental Health in 1997, the latter appointment finishing in 2005. He was appointed Scientific Director of the Neuroscience Institute for Schizophrenia and Allied Disorders (NISAD) in 2004. Since 1985 he has been a chief investigator on sixteen NH&MRC and numerous other research grants. He publishes widely in the areas of schizophrenia and other psychotic disorders, psychiatry, neuroscience and other mental health issues.

Jon Cattapan (b. 1956) studied painting at RMIT, Melbourne in 1975 and gained his MA from Monash University in 1993. He was appointed Head of Drawing at the Victorian College of the Arts in 1994. He has won many awards, including a VACF Australia Council New Work grant in 1998. Significant exhibitions include the inaugural Asia-Pacific Triennial, Queensland Art Gallery, 1993 and the 1996–1997 *Fire and Life* collaboration and residency and subsequent exhibitions with Surendran Nair. Others include *Otherworlds*, Queensland Art Gallery, 2003 and *Transit Narratives*, Le Venezia, Treviso, Italy, 2002. In 2003 he was commissioned by the National Gallery of Victoria, through the Hugh Williamson Foundation, to create a work celebrating the city of Melbourne.

Simon Champ was born in Fontainebleau, France (1957) and spent his childhood in Aden, Israel and the United Kingdom before migrating to Australia with his family in 1970. He is an active painter and photographer with a Master of Fine Arts from Sydney College of the Arts. He has been working in the area of mental health advocacy since his twenties and is outspoken on a number of areas pertaining to schizophrenia, stigma and discrimination. He is a founding member of the Schizophrenia Fellowship and has served on the Mental Health Council of Australia, is a SANE Australia Board member and currently sits on the board of the Schizophrenia Fellowship of NSW. He recently fulfilled his lifetime ambition to become an Australian citizen.

Alexander Chernin was born in Hanover, Germany (1984) and immigrated with his family to Australia aged ten. He is a middle child, one of three brothers. When younger his hobbies included swimming and playing soccer with his brothers. He has always been involved with art and music (piano and violin) and these were his favourite subjects at school. Academic subjects held little interest, but he could draw or improvise on the piano for hours. He was diagnosed with schizophrenia in 1998 and currently resides in a hospital in Sydney.

Jimmy Chi was born in Broome (1948) of an Aboriginal mother and Chinese-Japanese father. He attended the University of Western Australia but had to leave after a car accident and the onset of mental illness. Diagnosed with schizophrenia, he nevertheless went on to write two hit musical plays, *Bran Nue Dae* and *Corrugation Road*. Both have received national acclaim. The latter deals with Chi's journey in facing life with a mental illness. He is a patron of SANE Australia.

Eva Clarke (b. 1974) has been exhibiting since 1989. She won the Blue Fringe Arts Festival first prize in 2002 for *Aching Pre-continuity* and in 2003 for *Beginnings*. She was included in *Access All Areas NSW Travelling Art and Poetry* that travelled to Western Sydney, Mudgee, Port Macquarie and Broken Hill during 2002. In 2005 she won first prize for painting in the Bloomfield Art Exhibition. She lives in Orange, NSW.

Paul Clenaghan was born in Belfast (1963). He trained as a psychiatric nurse in London in the early eighties before moving to Australia and has a Masters of Nursing and a Postgraduate Diploma in Health Management. He has worked in mental health services for over twenty-five years and currently manages community mental health services in central Sydney. He has published articles and chapters on a range of mental health topics, including mental illness, substance abuse and mental health extended hours and crisis teams. He runs an education program to assist families and friends with a greater understanding of schizophrenia.

Pierre Comarmond (b. 1968) has a Master of Fine Arts from the College of Fine Arts, UNSW. He has been exhibiting since 1993, including solo exhibitions *A Tidy World that Lives and Dies*, The Performance Space, 2000, *A Chalked Room with a View*, Black Wattle Studios, 1996 and *Je Ne Comprend Pas Le Français*, Particle Contemporary Exhibition Space, 1995. He is currently artist in residence at Gladesville Hospital, 2004–2006, and Cumberland Hospital, 2005–2006. He has also had residencies at Granville Public School, 2000 and Sutherland Shire Hospital, 1998. He has won many awards including, two Australia Council Community Cultural Development Fund grants for New Work in 1998 and 2004.

Boo Cooper (b. 1957) studied textiles at RMIT from 1975 to 1978. She has participated in exhibitions at Neami Splash Art Studio and Bundoora Homestead, Melbourne, since 2003. She is included in the publications *Neami Splash Studio, A Collection of Art Works 2002–2004* and *Supported Housing Ltd Annual Report 2002–2003*. Her work is held in public and private collections.

Elizabeth Day (b. 1954) has exhibited widely since 1983, including group exhibitions in Sydney, Melbourne, Hobart, Canberra, Manila, Cologne, Hamburg and New York. She was a Helen Lempriere Award Finalist in 2006 and has won many awards, such as an Australia Council New Work grant in 2000, and several residencies, including a Banff Centre for the Arts Discovery Residency in 2000, a NSW Ministry for the Arts Gunnerly Studio residency in 1997 and the Australia Council Greene Street studio residency, New York, in 1989. She has a Master of Fine Arts, 1997 and a Master of Arts Administration, 2004 from UNSW College of Fine Arts. Her work is held in private and public collections.

James de Blas was born on the Island of Gran Canaria (1960) in the Canary Islands. In 1962 he moved with his Australian mother and Spanish father to the Lachlan valley, Tasmania. His artistic practice began in 1992 when he took some children's stories to a group of artists in Byron Bay to be illustrated. Instead they encouraged him to paint. In 2005 his *Blue Hairly Boy* series was exhibited at Sala Barna, Barcelona, he published *The Golden Grasshopper* as a full-colour children's book and an article on his work appeared in the *American Journal of Psychiatry Clinical News*, April 2007 (p. 27). He

lives in Myocum, NSW and continues to illustrate his own stories from his cabin in the forest.

Dr Dennis Del Favero (b. 1953) has held numerous international solo exhibitions, including at Münchner Stadtmuseum, Munich, 1996, ViaFarini, Milan, 1998, Neue Galerie, Graz, 1999, Sprengel Museum, Hanover, 2004, and participated in major international group exhibitions, including *Kriegszustand, Battle of the Nations War Memorial*, Leipzig (joint project with Jenny Holzer), 1996, *Future Cinema*, ZKM Centre for Art and Media, Karlsruhe, 2003, *Cinemas du futur*, European Cultural Capital, Lille, 2004, Videonale, Kunstmuseum Bonn, 2005, *Preview Berlin*, Berlin, 2005, and *La Rivoluzione Algorithmica*, Casa dell'Architettura, Rome, 2006. He is currently a Queen Elizabeth II Fellow, Co-Director of the iCinema Centre for Interactive Cinema Research at the University of NSW, artist-in-residence at ZKM, Germany, and co-editor of the Digital Arts Edition series.

Anne Deveson AO was born in Malaya (1930) and is a writer, broadcaster and documentary filmmaker. When her son Jonathan developed schizophrenia she helped establish the NSW Schizophrenia Fellowship and is a founding member and patron of SANE Australia. She chaired two ministerial committees on mental health legislation, embarked on a public education program addressing the stigma of mental illness, and has held key appointments in government commissions and inquiries. *Tell Me I'm Here*, her account of Jonathan's illness and death, was published in 1991, becoming an award-winning best seller. In 1992 she made *Spinning Out*, a documentary about schizophrenia. *Resilience*, her most recent book, was published in 2003.

Graeme Doyle (b. 1947) Curriculump Fly tox/I have worked as an/Artist Poet and Performer/For many years until/My audience, faithful/ Bunch, called out/Stop weve had Enough/Now I work as a/Rotisserie chicken/And I cant tell you/where they put the/bar/I have inhibited/In a toilet block/A milk bar and a/Tin of baked beans/Now I enjoy an early/ Retirement washed up/On hellwould beach/Dreaming about becoming/A millionaire making/Sand paper from what/Im sitting on/You and might favourwrite/Yiddiot Spike/Rotundo/ Ps ive also performed/In high st. northcote/In the early 1950s/When

my mum wouldn't/Buy me a dairy queen/Ice cream

Jenny Dymott was born in Queensland (1947). At the age of twelve she and her family moved to Geelong where she completed school. She moved to Melbourne and subsequently worked as a Division Two nurse, undertook office work and spent some years at home when her children were young. She has three children and four grandchildren. She is a keen gardener and enjoys walking her dogs, reading and knitting. Her son Andrew, a qualified electrician, was diagnosed with schizophrenia in his early twenties and in January 1999, at the age of twenty-six, left his parent's home and has been missing ever since. She actively looks for Andrew and longs for the day that he returns home.

Dinah Dysart (b. 1940) is a writer, editor and arts adviser. She has been Director, S.H. Ervin Gallery, Director, Galleries and Museums, National Trust of Australia (NSW), Editor, *Art and Australia* and founding Editor, *ArtAsiaPacific*. Appointments include Trustee, Historic Houses Trust of NSW (1989–1997) and member, Sydney Olympic Parklands Advisory Committee (2002–2005). She was appointed to the Australia-China Council in 1998 and has been Deputy-Chair since 2001. Her most recent publication is *Guan Wei* (Craftsman House, 2006, co-author). In 1963 she married Michael Dysart. They had two children, Matthew and Rebecca.

Matthew Dysart (1964–1999) was born in Sydney and educated at Woollahra Demonstration School and Cranbrook School. In 1984 he was diagnosed with schizophrenia. Despite numerous hospitalisations he supported himself by taxi driving, removalist work and manual labour. In 1985 he hitchhiked across the United States. He studied art at the Julian Ashton Art School and the National Art School. He exhibited with the Schizophrenia Fellowship of NSW and his painting was commended. He was a keen environmentalist and worked as a volunteer for the Wilderness Society. His last environmental action was on site at Jabiluka in the Northern Territory protesting against uranium mining. In 1999 he took his own life.

Michael Dysart (b. 1934) is an architect who has been practising in Sydney for almost fifty years. At the Government Architect's office in the sixties he was responsible for

numerous projects, including the schools program. In his own practice, established in 1970, he has designed project and private houses, housing co-operatives, townhouses, hotels, golf clubs and commercial buildings. His most recent architectural award (2002) was the RAI A twenty-five year award for Urambi Cooperative in Canberra. His only son, Matthew Dysart, was diagnosed with schizophrenia in 1984 and died in 1999.

Rebecca Dysart (b. 1965) completed her high school education in 1983 at Ascham School in Sydney. She gained an Associate Diploma of Social Science (Child Studies) in 1992 and worked in childcare for several years. She then retrained in care for the elderly, receiving accreditation from Kogarah and Ultimo TAFE. She has been employed since 1997 by St Luke's Home Care program and, since 2002, at Waverley Memorial Hospital as a Diversional Therapy Assistant. She has a special love for animals. Matthew Dysart was her only sibling.

Deej Faby was born in England (1961) and educated in Australia. She works in live art, video, sculpture/installation, painting and photography. Her ongoing artistic concerns are with community, autobiographical narrative, sexuality, addiction, motherhood and death. She exhibits internationally. Recent group exhibitions include *All for Love*, Brompton Cemetery, 2004, *Shangri-La Collective*, Artspace, Sydney, 2003 and *The Difference Between You and Us*, 5 Years Gallery, London, 2002. She was selected for the first Contemporary exhibition at the National Gallery of Victoria in 1997 and more recently for the Helen Lempriere National Sculpture Award, 2001. She has a Master of Fine Arts from UNSW College of Fine Arts and currently lives and works in London.

Professor Allan Fels AO (b. 1942) is Dean, Australia and New Zealand School of Government and heads (as a part-time position) the access card consumer and privacy taskforce. He was Chairman of the Australian Competition and Consumer Commission 1995–2003 and prior to that Chairman of the Trade Practices Commission 1991–1995 and Chairman of the Prices Surveillance Authority 1989–1992. He was previously Dean of the Graduate School of Management at Monash University and has been an Honorary Professor in the Faculty of Economics and Business at Monash

University since 1996, a Professorial Fellow in the Department of Political Science at the University of Melbourne since 2003 and was recently appointed as an Honorary Doctor of Economics, University of Western Australia. He is a Fellow of the Australian Academy of Social Science. His daughter Isabella has schizophrenia.

Isabella Fels was born in Cambridge, England (1971). She successfully completed her Victorian Certificate of Education (VCE) exams in 1988 as a student at St Martins in the Pines, Ballarat. She graduated with a Bachelor of Arts majoring in psychology at Swinburne University in 1994. She has appeared on television on several occasions in relation to mental health issues, including in *Australian Story* and Channel 9's *Today*. Her writing has also appeared in *The Big Issue*, *Positive Words* and a number of other publications.

Felicity Fenner (b. 1962) is a curator and art writer. She has a Bachelor of Arts (Hons in Fine Arts) from the University of Sydney and is a current PhD candidate at UNSW (School of Art History and Theory). She has held curatorial positions in London, Sydney and regional NSW and is currently based at UNSW as Curator, Ivan Dougherty Gallery, Lecturer, Master of Art Administration and Deputy Director, Centre for Contemporary Art and Politics. She is a regular contributor to *Art and Australia*, *Art in America* and *Art.Asia Pacific*, among others. Curatorial projects include *Primavera* 2005 (MCA, Sydney) and the 2008 Adelaide Biennial.

Anne Ferran (b. 1949) has exhibited widely since 1984. Some of her recent work examines the residues of Australia's colonial past, especially in relation to the lives of women and children. This has led to her work with archives, museum collections and historic sites in Australia, New Zealand and the United Kingdom. She won the inaugural artist-in-residence at the National Museum of Australia in 2002 and she received a NSW Ministry for the Arts Women and Arts Fellowship in 1999. She lectures in photomedia at Sydney College of the Arts, University of Sydney. Her work is held in public collections in Australia and New Zealand.

Penelope Jane Fitzgerald was born in Perth (1965), the youngest of eight children. She went to Eden Hill Primary School and loved learning. At sixteen she began training in clothing manufacture and design. She is a talented fashion designer and loves knitting. At the age of twenty she was diagnosed with schizoaffective disorder. She recently completed a course in soft furnishings and has now returned to her first love, fashion, enrolling in a design course at TAFE. She has two children from her first marriage. She lives in Perth and is married to her childhood sweetheart, Lloyd Marsh.

Ivor Francis (1906–1993) was a significant Australian artist whose career as artist, art educator and art critic spanned more than sixty years. He arrived in South Australia from England in 1924 and trained as a teacher in 1925. He studied art throughout the 1920s and 1930s. In the 1940s his work became influenced by Surrealism and the start of World War Two. He contributed articles to *Angry Penguins* and was art critic for *The News* 1944–1956, *The Sunday Mail* 1955–1974 and *The Advertiser* 1974–1977. He was a founding member of the Contemporary Art Society (Adelaide). Significant exhibitions include *Aspects of Australian Surrealism*, Art Gallery of South Australia, 1976, *Visions after Light: Art in South Australia 1836–1981*, AGSA, 1981 and *Art and Social Commitment: An end to the city of dreams 1931–1948*, Art Gallery of NSW, 1984.

James Gleeson AO (b. 1915) is Australia's best known and most important surrealist artist, exhibiting consistently since the 1930s. He has played a significant role in the Australian art scene, not only as a painter and poet, but as a critic, writer and curator. He studied at East Sydney Technical College 1934–1936 and Sydney Teachers' College 1937–1938. He was particularly interested in, and influenced by, Jung's archetypes of the collective unconscious. In 1939 he exhibited with the Contemporary Art Society in its inaugural exhibition, Melbourne. He lives in Sydney and has been awarded honorary doctorates from UNSW and Macquarie University. A major retrospective of his work, *James Gleeson: Beyond the Screen of Sight*, was held in 2005 at the National Gallery of Victoria and the National Gallery of Australia.

Vince Greentree was born in the Hawkesbury Region (1953) and raised in Windsor, NSW. He left school at the age of fourteen to train as a butcher. He loves music and Brigitte Bardot, and in his youth played drums in a rock'n'roll band. At the age of twenty-three he was diagnosed with schizophrenia. For over two decades he has been writing messages on a wall outside the Matthew Talbot Hostel.

Dan Halloran was born in Victoria (1987). At thirteen he was Youth Ambassador and presented at a forum on mental illness in the Victorian State Government. He wrote the book *You're Not Alone* as a way of helping other children who might have a parent with a mental illness. He has appeared on the *Today* show and *Australian Story* and is currently studying commerce at university. He is an avid sportsman and loves cricket. His mother Virginia Halloran had schizophrenia and died from breast cancer in 2002.

John Halloran was born in Castlemaine, Victoria (1952). He left school at the age of fifteen to pursue his career in retail. He lived and fished in the Seychelles for six months in his early twenties. He has also spent time living, working and fishing in Western Australia, residing in an old Cessna plane that had crashed on the beach. When he returned to Melbourne he worked at a sports store and met his wife Virginia. In 1980, they travelled to Europe for nine months when Virginia became unwell. Upon her return to Australia she was diagnosed with schizophrenia. The following year they were married and in 1987 their son Dan was born. Halloran's favourite pastime is fishing and recently he set up his own business, Chandelier Chiner.

Sergeant Luke Hannon was born in Sydney (1948). He joined the Police Force in 1982 and trained at the Police Academy in Redfern. He spent his first year at Mount Druitt and then went to Broken Hill before being stationed at Tamworth, where he looked after the entire district. He returned to Mount Druitt for thirteen years, then to Camden and is currently based at Cabramatta. Prior to joining the Police Force he worked in catering and spent time as an interstate truck driver. He has been a union member, activist and official of the Police Association for the past twenty-three years. He is passionate about sports and is outspoken on the issue of police intervention in dealing with mentally ill patients.

Claire Haris-Chandra (b. 1981) spent her early years in Glen Innes. After leaving high school she went to Lismore University before moving to Sydney to complete her fine arts studies at Sydney College of the Arts. She has been Activities Officer at the Matthew Talbot Hostel in Sydney since early 2004. She is a talented artist and spends her time ensuring that the residents of the hostel enjoy a variety of activities and living skills including art, music, cooking and outings.

Lisa Havilah (b. 1971) is the Director of Campbelltown Arts Centre. Previously she was the Assistant Director of Casula Powerhouse Arts Centre and Liverpool Regional Museum (1998–2004). She was the Inaugural Co-Director of Project Contemporary Artspace, Wollongong (1995–1998). She has developed and managed a range of national and international exchange and exhibition programs. Curatorial projects include *Shanghai Star* (2002) and *Anita & Beyond* (2003). She has taught arts management at UNSW College of Fine Arts. She is the Chair of the Western Sydney Committee and sits on the Visual Arts & Craft Committee for Arts NSW.

Jill Hellyer OAM (b. 1925) was instrumental in founding The Australian Society of Authors and was its first executive secretary 1963–1971. She is a consistent contributor to literary magazines and has had poetry and prose published in *Southerly*, *Overland*, *Heat*, *Meanjin*, *Quadrant* and *The Bulletin*. Her books include *The Exile* (poetry), 1969, *Song of the Humpback Whales* (poetry), 1981, *Not Enough Savages* (novel), 1975, and she edited the autobiography of Dr D.W.H. Arnott, *Fifty Years in Psychiatry*, 1980. She won the Grenfell Henry Lawson award for poetry in 1963 and the Poetry Magazine award in 1965. She has three children, one deceased. Her son Allan Stephan was diagnosed with schizophrenia in his late teens. His history and that of his younger deaf-blind brother are part of her memoirs. She appeared on *Enough Rope* with her son Allan Stephan.

Joy Hester (1920–1960) studied commercial art in 1932 before attending Melbourne's National Gallery Art School in 1937. She began exhibiting in 1939 with the Contemporary Art Society, Melbourne and in 1942 painted her first "psychological" portraits. In 1945 she gave birth to Sweeney, who was raised by Sunday and

John Reed subsequent to her being diagnosed with Hodgkin's disease in 1947. Her work has been the subject of many major Australian exhibitions, including *Joy Hester: Commemorative Exhibition*, Museum of Modern Art, Melbourne, 1963, *Drawings by Joy Hester*, South Yarra Gallery, Melbourne, 1966, *Joy Hester Retrospective*, National Gallery of Victoria, 1981, *Joy Hester and Friends*, National Gallery of Australia, Canberra, 2001 and *Leave No Space for Yearning: The Art of Joy Hester*, Heide Museum of Modern Art, Melbourne, 2001.

Professor Ian Hickie AM (b. 1959) was appointed Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Sydney and Executive Director of the Brain & Mind Research Institute in 2003. From October 2000 to July 2003 he was the inaugural CEO of beyondblue, the national depression initiative, and continues as its clinical adviser. He has a strong clinical background in the area of mood disorders, with particular reference to treatment resistance, genetic and vascular risk factors to late-life depression, applications of MRI neuro-imaging, neuro-immunology, physical health consequences of depression and somatic presentations of mood disorders and chronic fatigue states. In recent years he has been at the forefront of national depression awareness, prevention and early intervention programs.

Adam Hollingworth (b. 1974) is a contributing photographer to *The Sun Herald* and *The Sydney Morning Herald*. During this time he has established a successful freelance photographic business supplying numerous institutional and corporate clients. He is contributing Australian photographer for *The Guardian* in London and supplies images to publishers in Europe and North America. Exhibitions he has participated in include *Slidenight*, *Reportage*, *Head On*, *MEAA* and *Miller Street Soiree*. He lives in the Blue Mountains with his wife and daughter.

Raymond Hollingworth (b. 1953) studied Arts Science at the University of New England and is self-taught in painting, sculpture and leatherwork. His principal art practice is watercolour painting. He also writes poetry and song lyrics. He has exhibited at the Blue Fringe Festival in Springwood and lives in Leura, NSW.

Olive Hughes was born in Sydney (1913). Devoted to art, she set out as a young woman to study painting and that has been her focus throughout her life. She travelled regularly every couple of years to various places in the United States to give workshops and lectures. During the 1980s through to 1991 she had successful one-woman exhibitions of paintings and sculpture. Besides Australia and the United States, her work is in private collections in England, continental Europe, Canada, and Japan.

Leonie Jacques (b. 1953) is the co-ordinator of the National Missing Persons Coordination Centre within the Australian Federal Police. Prior to this she established the Families & Friends of Missing Persons Unit and before that she managed the Tracing & Refugee Services for the Australian Red Cross NSW. She chaired the National Advisory Committee on Missing Persons and the *Missing Persons: Issues for the Australian Community* report was commissioned and produced. She has an honours degree in social work and was awarded a Churchill Fellowship in 2002 to conduct international research into social policy and service delivery response to the families of missing persons.

Sandy Jeffs (b. 1953) grew up in Ballarat and studied at La Trobe University, graduating with an Arts Degree in 1975. Since the age of twenty-three she has lived with schizophrenia. She is based in Melbourne and has performed her poetry with a group of "sanity-challenged" poets called Loose Kangaroos. She is a spokesperson for mental illness and has presented on it at a number of conferences and given talks to community groups and schools. Her poetry books include *Poems from the Madhouse*, *Loose Kangaroos* (co-author), *Blood Relations*, *Confessions of a Midweek Lady* and *The Wings of Angels: A Memoir of Madness*. An avid sportswoman, she plays club hockey and tennis.

Gareth Sion Jenkins (b. 1972) [BA, MSc (Psych), BCA (Hon1)] is a writer, performer and digital media artist. He teaches creative writing at the University of Newcastle and the University of Wollongong where he is a PhD candidate in the Faculty of Creative Arts. His theoretical work focuses on art-makers who have experienced schizophrenia and he has presented his research at conferences in Australia, Europe and the United States. His creative

work combines poetry, prose, digital media and performance. He has performed and been published in Australia and internationally.

Elena Kats-Chernin (b. 1957) is one of Australia's most celebrated composers. Born in Uzbekistan, she immigrated with her family to Australia in 1975 and later studied composition with Richard Toop and Helmut Lachenmann in Hanover. While back in Europe she composed for state theatres in Berlin, Vienna, Hamburg and Bochum and in 1993 wrote her breakthrough work, *Clocks*, for the Ensemble Modern. She returned to Australia in 1994 and has since written operas and piano concertos for the Australian Chamber Orchestra and Sydney Symphony, among others. Her music was featured in the opening ceremonies of the 2000 Olympic Games and in 2004 she received the Green Room Award for her *Wild Swans* score (choreographed by Meryl Tankard). She recently received an Ian Potter Foundation commission to compose for the Macquarie Trio and was awarded a two-year fellowship from the Australia Council (2004–2005).

John Kirkman (b. 1953) is the Chief Executive Officer of the Joan Sutherland Performing Arts Centre and Penrith Regional Gallery & The Lewers Bequest. Previously he was Director, Penrith Regional Gallery & The Lewers Bequest (2001–2005). Prior to this he was Curator/Manager djamu Gallery, Australian Museum at Customs House (1998–2001), inaugural Director, Casula Powerhouse Arts Centre (1992–1998), and Project Coordinator, The Flying Fruit Fly Circus (1987–1992). He has taught at UNSW College of Fine Arts, curated a range of public art projects and developed and managed international cultural exchange programs, performances and exhibitions (with particular focus on India, China, Japan and the Pacific). He has a Masters of Art Administration from UNSW and Diploma of Teaching from Wollongong University.

Judith Lee was born in Sydney (1945). She went to school in Paddington and then to Sydney Business College, before marrying Ross and together raising seven children. She founded the Emu Plains Little Athletics Centre and was actively involved with the Penrith Branch of the Association for Relatives & Friends of the Mentally Ill. Her youngest son Daniel was gregarious by nature

with a great sense of humour. In 1993 at the age of twenty he was diagnosed with schizophrenia and in July 1998 disappeared forever from a psychiatric facility. She has been an advocate for the rights of the mentally ill and after Daniel's disappearance fought for improvements to ensure that no family experiences what the Lee family endured in their search for their son. Daniel Lee's remains were found in 2000.

Derwent Lees (1884–1931) was born in Clarence, near Hobart, the youngest child of William Lees, a bank manager. He moved with his family to Melbourne when he was a teenager. He was a student and later a drawing master at the Slade School in London where he exhibited with the New English Art Club 1911–1919, the Friday Club 1911–1916 and the Goupil and Chenil Galleries. His work was chosen to be exhibited in the *Armory Show*, which opened in New York in February 1913, and then travelled to Chicago and Boston. He is one of Australia's most important artists of the early twentieth century.

Tynx Le May was born in Perth (1987) and grew up in Canberra and Perth. She attended many primary schools but completed her high school years at Presbyterian Ladies College in WA. Since leaving school she has been an activist, campaigning along with Aboriginal elders for the return of sacred land being mined by Barrick Gold, a Canadian-run mining company. Currently she is exploring her creative talents and learning circus skills that will help her travel around the coast of Australia. She is the daughter of Penelope Fitzgerald.

Anne Loxley (b. 1963) is a Sydney-based curator and writer. She has a Bachelor of Arts (Hons in Fine Arts) from the University of Sydney. She is Manager of the Penrith Regional Gallery & The Lewers Bequest (PRG) and was previously Director, Public Art, Olympic Co-ordination Authority (2000–2001) and Director, S.H. Ervin Gallery, Sydney (1991–1993). Curatorial projects include *Open Gallery*, Sydney (2003–2005), *c'town bling*, Campbelltown Arts Centre (2005), *Adam Cullen—between the lines works on paper 1995–2005*, PRG (2006) and *The Visitors—Aliens and UFOs in contemporary art*, PRG (2007–2008). Her art criticism and essays appear regularly in numerous publications and she has taught writing and curatorial subjects at UNSW College of Fine Arts.

Anthony Mannix (b. 1956) is a self-taught artist and writer. He studied anthropology at Macquarie University in 1978. In 1979 he started writing in his Glebe studio and his first drawing was made in 1980, as he experienced a psychotic episode. He made his first book in 1986, the same year his mother died of cancer and he moved to the bush. His art has been featured in numerous exhibitions in Australia and overseas, including *Bodies of Transgression: Hedging the Edge by Self-Taught Artists*, Cavin-Morris Gallery, New York, 1999. His work is in the Laverty Collection, Sydney and the National Gallery of Australia and his writings have been broadcast on various radio programs. Publications include *Vehicles* (with Philip Hammial), 1985. With Hammial, he founded the Australian Collection of Outsider Art in 1984. He lives and works in Blackheath, NSW.

Lloyd Marsh (b. 1957) grew up in Perth. He left school at fifteen but returned to complete his university entrance exams. He then studied mass communications and journalism at Murdoch University, WA. In 1981, at the age of twenty-four, he was diagnosed with schizophrenia. After years of struggling with his illness and the lack of services provided to support people in hospital, he became involved in mental health advocacy work, joining the Ministerial Taskforce. In 1993, with financial assistance from the State Government Health Department, he was able to form the Consumer Representatives Training Program and the Mental Health Law Centre was established. He is married to his childhood sweetheart, Penelope Fitzgerald, and they live a happy life together with their dog Jimmy in Perth.

Richard McLean was born in Dandenong, Victoria (1973). He attended Victorian College of Arts, graduating with a Bachelor of Fine Arts. In 2004 he attended Barton Institute, completing an Associate Diploma in Computer Aided Art and Design. He is also a musician and writer, and wrote the book *Recovered, Not Cured: A Journey through Schizophrenia*, 2003. Exhibitions include *Recovered Not Cured*, Gallery Gora, Montreal, 2005 and *Retrospective*, Artholes Gallery, Fitzroy, 2005. He devotes much of his time to mental health advocacy, joining the international speaking circuit to talk about mental health, his experiences through

schizophrenia and its relationship to art. He recently moved to the country to finish his second novel.

Ophelia's Mink (b. 1966) has been exhibiting since 2003, including a solo exhibition *It's a Minkie Winkie Thing* at Neami Splash Art Studio, 2006. She participated in *Darebin Health Stories: A City of Darebin Project*, which was launched in 2004 at *Gumbri White Dove* exhibition, Bundoora Homestead. She is included in the publications *Neami Splash Studio, A Collection of Art Works 2002–2004 and Mushrooms: Voices in the Dark, Artwork and Poetry*. Her work is held in public and private collections.

Glenn Morgan (b. 1955) studied fine art in 1976 and undertook postgraduate studies in printmaking at Victorian College of the Arts 1978–1979 and in education in 1980. He has exhibited widely in Australia since 1975 and has had regular solo exhibitions of paintings, prints and sculptures since 1983. Group exhibitions include *Green Triangle-Middle Earth*, Victorian regional galleries touring exhibition, 1984, *Mortality*, Canberra Contemporary Art Space, 1991, *The Changing Face of Melbourne 1841–1993*, Charles Nodrum Gallery, 1993 and *Sulman Prize*, Art Gallery of NSW, 1994. He lives in Geelong and his work is held in various public collections, including the Australian Craft Council and Victorian College of the Arts.

Leone Morgan (b. 1948) is from Goulburn, NSW. In 1966 she studied Fashion at East Sydney Technical College and in 1967–1968 studied physical education at Wollongong Teachers’ College. During college holidays she worked as a trainee nurse at Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital in Goulburn. In 1969 she commenced full-time study at Kenmore Hospital, graduating in 1972. In 1973 she became a nurse educator at Kenmore Hospital and for twenty years has worked in community mental health services in Goulburn. Along with a group of dedicated volunteers she runs the Kenmore Hospital Museum.

Richard Morrison (b. 1957) studied drawing from 1976 to 1978 at Prahran College of Advanced Education. He has been exhibiting since 1984 and has had regular solo shows since 1992. He works in an Expressionist style, painting portraits, nudes and scenes of venues much in the manner of the Parisian Belle Epoque, causing him to be dubbed

the Gay Toulouse Lautrec. In 1996 he caused controversy by having several of his male nudes censored at the Horsham Regional Gallery. In 1998 he held a residency at Barwon Heads Psychiatric Resources Centre, Geelong Court House. His work is held in private and public collections, including the National Library of Canberra and the State Library of Victoria.

Major Barbara Munro was born in Victoria (1944). Her parents were both Salvationist and much of her childhood was spent in remote regions of Australia. In her early twenties she studied primary school teaching. Throughout her career she worked in various Salvation Army residencies with the intellectually handicapped and with children who were placed in care. She runs the Salvation Army Family Tracing Service, which endeavours to locate family members who are missing from the family circle.

Brian Murray (b. 1952, Yorta Yorta Cumragunja) has been exhibiting since 1998, including solo exhibitions at Neami Splash Art Studio, Melbourne in 1998, 2000 and 2002 and Block at Erskine St, Sydney in 2003. Public art projects include murals for the Victorian Aboriginal Health Service, Family Counselling in Northcote, Melbourne and St Vincent’s Hospital, Melbourne. He participated in the Darebin Festival from 1998 to 2002. He is included in the publications *Neami Splash Studio, A Collection of Art Works 2002–2004*, PLACE exhibition catalogue and *Gayip* exhibition catalogue. His work is held in the Victorian Aboriginal Health Service and the City of Darebin.

Christian Narsamma was born in Kiama (1965) on the NSW South Coast. A keen artist, he loves building models, sketching and painting. He finds his inspiration to create his works from his love of cars, trucks, tanks, space ships, science fiction, movies, fishing and holidays.

Rebecca Pene was born in Hastings, New Zealand (1964). She went to Anderson Park Primary School and Havelock Secondary School. She is the eldest of five children and has been a campaigner for the rights of Maori women in her native land. She has multiple qualifications in business administration, and design, and is studying multimedia at TAFE. At the age of twenty-six she was diagnosed with schizophrenia. She has a keen eye for an interesting story and loves reading. She is also a

published poet and currently works part-time as a consumer support person.

John Perceval AO (1923–2000) began exhibiting in 1942 with the Contemporary Art Society, Melbourne. Following a career as one of Australia’s leading painters during the 1950s and 1960s, he was committed to Larundel Psychiatric Hospital from 1977 to 1986. Major exhibitions include *Antipodeans*, Victorian Artists’ Society, Melbourne, 1959, *50 Australian Painters*, 1961, Whitechapel Gallery, London, *Rebels and Precursors*, 1962, National Gallery of Victoria, Sao Paolo VII Biennale, 1963, *Australian Painting*, 1963, Tate Gallery, London, *Australian Painters 1964–66*, 1967, The Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, retrospective, 1984, Heide, Melbourne, retrospective, 1992, NGV.

Craig Phipps (b. 1965) has participated in exhibitions at Neami Splash Art Studio and Bundoora Homestead since 2003. He participated in *Darebin Health Stories: A City of Darebin Project* that was launched in 2004 at *Gumbri White Dove* exhibition, Bundoora Homestead. He is included in the publication *Neami Splash Studio, A Collection of Art Works 2002–2004*. His work is held in public and private collections.

Bruce Plant (b. 1952) has been exhibiting since 1989. Solo exhibitions include *The Constancy of Change*, Vanguard Gallery, Melbourne, 2004, *Different Strokes*, Incinerator Arts Complex, Melbourne, 1995 and *Thoughtshapes*, Doncaster Arts Centre, 1989. Group exhibitions include *Schizophrenic Artists Speak Out*, Community Access Gallery, NGV, 1995 and the Annual Mirboo North Art Show, 2005 and 2006. He has a Bachelor of Arts from Melbourne University and lives in Mirboo North, Victoria, with his wife Judy.

Geoff Prince (b. 1952) is a survivor of schizophrenia, whose poems reflect a healing vision and the sometimes confusion of altered states. He lives in the Dandenongs with wife Nike and pet Princess, occasionally teaching poetry. His first book of poems, *Cartoons of Quietness*, was Highly Commended in the Fellowship of Australian Writers Ann Elder Award in 1994. Other volumes include *The Glass Asylum and Asides In The Seeking Of Sanity* (both published by Papyrus Press, 2005). He is an original member of the award-

winning poetry performance “mob”, Loose Kangaroos, and has performed at the Museum of Modern Art, Heide, La Mama Theatre (Melbourne) and the Boroondara Literary Festival.

Geraldine Quinn (b. 1964) was raised in New Zealand and Australia of Irish parents. She has an extensive background in international film, documentary, television and music video production. She enjoys writing and creating compelling stories and is currently studying for an MA in Creative Writing (screenwriting). Her brother was diagnosed with schizophrenia in 1991.

Julie Richardson was born in Jersey, Channel Islands (1951). At sixteen she left school and commenced work, married at eighteen and immigrated to Australia. She is a qualified primary school teacher and taught for six years before returning to work in office administration. She works at the Schizophrenia Fellowship in Queensland, has two children and enjoys writing, gardening, sewing, astrology, listening to music and reading biographies. Her father was diagnosed with schizophrenia and institutionalised in 1953. He remained institutionalised until his death from hypertension in 1981.

Dushan Ristevski was born in Macedonia (1954) and migrated to Sydney in 1973. In 1991 he gained a Bachelor of Social Sciences and in 1996 completed his Masters in Counselling. He is a published author of poetry and plays; his latest work is *Fear and Shame*. He has also published poetry in various anthologies in Australia, Macedonia and the United States. He has been involved in the community welfare field since 1976, where he has played an active role in establishing welfare services for young people, women and the elderly. Between 1987 and 1990 he served as a part-time commissioner with the Ethnic Affairs Commission of NSW. Since 1991 he has been working as a counsellor for the St George Mental Health Service.

Dr Alan Rosen (b. 1946) FRANZCP, MRCPsych, DPM, MB.BS., Grad. Dip. PAS, is a Senior Consultant Psychiatrist and Clinical Director of the Royal North Shore Hospital & Community Mental Health Services. He is also Associate Professor, School of Public Health, University of Wollongong and Clinical Associate Professor, Department of Psychological Medicine, University of Sydney. He is the Visiting Senior

Consultant Psychiatrist, Far West NSW Mental Health Services & Aboriginal Medical Services. He was Visiting Consultant to Psychiatric Services Project, East Timor, 2000–2002 and Visiting Fellow, Harvard University, 2006. In 1994 he received the Ian Simpson Award of the Royal ANZ College of Psychiatrists for “outstanding contributions” to the field. He is also a printmaker, partly trained at the Ruskin School, Oxford, Central St. Martins’ School, London and College of Fine Arts, UNSW.

Tully Rosen (b. 1981) is a filmmaker, technical consultant, a graduate of the University of Technology, Sydney (media) and a part-time student at Macquarie and Sydney universities (psychology). The son of two mental health professionals, he was steeped from a young age in the discourse of the social and political issues around mental illness. However, it wasn’t until 2003 when he embarked on a bus trip with a group of mental health consumers that he realised how complex mental illness is to the individual, and the sociological problems that living with a mental illness entails.

Anne Rowe (b. 1967) has a Bachelor of Arts (Hons) from the University of Sydney, 1991. She has exhibited widely since 1994, including exhibitions in Sydney, Melbourne, Canberra, Hobart and London. Solo shows include *Persuasion*, CBD Gallery, Sydney, 1995 and *Coueism*, Mori Gallery, Sydney, 1994.

Grant Rowe (b. 1969) has studied painting and drawing (1989–1990), acting (1998), directing (1996), film, television and photography (1995) and practical graphic design (1996). He has created and directed over thirty short films. His most recent focus is on creating experimental electronic-style music, using low-end computer sequencers and samplers to enhance his short films. He has had work screened at the Chauvel Cinema, Manly Café and at a horror theme night in Newtown. His paintings and drawings have been shown at Elizabeth Gallery, Newtown and Hazelhurst Cottage, Gynea.

Frank S. lived at Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital, Goulburn in the 1950s. He was a self-taught woodworker who spent many years devoted to his craft.

Gareth Sansom (b. 1939) is a leading Melbourne-based painter. Pop-expressionism, assemblage and photomontage have all contributed to the development of his large-scale paintings, drawings, photographs, video and digital images. He often incorporates sociological and satirical references, humour and sexually provocative imagery in his work. He was an influential teacher at the Victorian College of the Arts from 1977 (Dean from 1986) until his retirement from academia in 1991. Melbourne University held a retrospective of his work in 1986 and the Ian Potter Museum of Art, Melbourne University, held a retrospective *Welcome to my mind: Gareth Sansom, a study of selected works 1964–2005* in 2005–2006.

Gwen Scotman (b. 1949) is a wife and mother of two. She has personal experience as a mental health consumer and carer and has worked as a registered nurse and as residential program staff member for a mental health non-government organisation. She is employed part-time as the Consumer Consultant with Fairfield/Liverpool Mental Health Service, and has been actively involved in mental health consumer concerns in south western Sydney since 1994. She is co-chair of the Area Consumer Network and NSW delegate and deputy chair of the Australian Mental Health Consumer Network.

Martin Sharp (b. 1944) is Australia’s foremost Pop artist and has made an enormous contribution to Australian and British culture since the early 1960s. As an artist, illustrator, songwriter and filmmaker, his extensive and diverse creative output includes classic psychedelic posters, *Oz Magazine* illustrations, popular culture images and work influenced by his muses Van Gogh and Tiny Tim. He has been exhibiting widely since the early 1960s, including *After Van Gogh: Australian artists in homage to Vincent*, Mornington Peninsula Regional Gallery, 2005, *Larrikins in London: An Australian Presence in 1960s London*, Ivan Dougherty Gallery, 2003 and *I had a dream: Australian Art in the 1960s*, National Gallery of Victoria, 1997.

Damien Skipper (b. 1956) has been exhibiting since 1973 and has a Diploma of Fine Art from Preston Institute of Technology, 1981. He has had solo exhibitions since 1988 in Sydney and Melbourne and has performed at poetry festivals in St Kilda and Montsalvat. He is

included in the publication *Neami Splash Studio, A Collection of Art Works 2002–2004*.

Allan Stephan was born in Narrandera (1951), in the Riverina district of NSW. He went to Mount Colah Primary School and Asquith Boys High School. From an early age he had a fascination with trains. He was diagnosed with schizophrenia in his late teens. He now spends his time designing and building model trains. He has appeared on *Enough Rope*, speaking about his experiences with schizophrenia.

Dragoljub Suvailo was born in Mostar, Bosnia (1979). He was born prematurely and with cerebral palsy. He was educated in Serbia and immigrated to Australia in 1998 with his family after the war in Bosnia. Since an early age he has wanted to be a priest. In 1999 he was diagnosed with schizoaffective disorder. He is deeply religious, very health conscious and exercises with his personal trainer to keep fit and healthy.

Craig Thompson (b. 1940) is a non-practising Barrister at Law and holds a Diploma in Criminology. As a full-time magistrate he has attended mental hospitals at North Ryde, Gladesville and Rozelle in 1980–1981. As a magistrate at Sutherland, Kogarah and Bankstown Courts 1986–2001, he attended on a rotation basis to mental hospitals in those areas. He has twenty-three years’ experience as a magistrate in NSW Local Courts, four year’s experience in the Children’s Court and served briefly in the Coroner’s Court. He is a former member of the Prime Minister’s Australian National Council on Drugs and is currently president of the government-funded anti-drug organisation “Drug Free Australia”. He is the author of a number of papers on drugs, including “Marijuana—Effects, Decriminalization and Policies” and co-author of the book *Drug Precipice*.

Albert Tucker (1914–1999) was one of Australia’s leading artists of the twentieth century. He won a scholarship to a commercial art school in 1929 and studied life drawing with the Victorian Artists’ Society from 1933. Drafted into the army in 1942, he served five months before being sent to Heidelberg Military Hospital to recover from a minor illness. Here he began imaging the traumas, wounds, anxieties and fears of Australian society as he recorded the treatment of psychiatric patients, gas, burn

and other war wound victims for military and medical records. From 1943 to 1944 he began painting the *Images of Modern Evil* series. In 1947 he was attached to Australian occupation forces in Japan as an artist correspondent and he spent the next twelve years living and working in Europe, England and the United States, before returning to Australia in 1960.

Hossein Valamanesh (b. 1949) studied fine art in Tehran before immigrating to Australia in 1973 and graduating from the South Australian School of Art in 1977. He has exhibited widely in Australia and internationally since 1973. He has been included in exhibitions in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Auckland, Tokyo, Taipei, Hong Kong, Bangladesh and Madrid. Recent solo exhibitions include *Tracing the Shadow: Hossein Valamanesh Recent Works*, Museum of Contemporary Art, Sydney, 2002 and *Natural Selection*, Drill Hall Gallery, Canberra, 2003. He has held residencies at Sydney Grammar School, 2005, Stein am Rhein, Switzerland, 2001 and was the Asialink resident in 2000 at the National College of Arts, Lahore, Pakistan. His work is held in major Australian public collections.

Wart (b. 1958) studied art and design at Deakin University, 1976–1979, and printmaking at East Sydney Technical College in 1986. She worked as a freelance illustrator and cartoonist, designing record covers, posters and T-shirts from 1979 to 1994. Since the early 1980s she has been actively involved in mental health advocacy, including being a committee member of Accessible Arts Inc 1999–2003. She has also participated in many seminars and lectures on mental, sexual and women’s health since 1997. She has been exhibiting and performing since the early 1980s and in 2004 she was artist-in-residence at Bundanon Trust, Nowra and was one of the subjects in Javier Tellez’s video for the Biennale of Sydney.

Nick Waterlow OAM (b. 1941) is Director of Ivan Dougherty Gallery and a senior lecturer in the School of Art History and Theory at UNSW College of Fine Arts. He was Artistic Director of the Biennale of Sydney in 1979, 1986 and 1988, and chaired the International Selection Panel for the Biennale of Sydney 2000. He was Director of the Visual Arts Board of the Australia Council 1980–1983, and has curated many exhibitions, including *Spirit and Place: Art in Australia 1861–1996* (with Ross

Mellick) at Sydney’s Museum of Contemporary Art and *Larrikins in London: An Australian Presence in 1960s London*. He writes for many art journals, including *Art and Australia*, *Art Monthly* and *Studio International*, and is on the Editorial Advisory Board of *Art and Australia*.

Peter Wegner (b. 1953) studied Fine Arts at Phillip Institute of Technology, 1983–1985 and Education at Hawthorn Institute of Education, 1986. He lectured in drawing at Ballarat University, La Trobe University and RMIT 1996–2002, and Monash University in 2005. He has exhibited widely since 1977, including being a finalist in the Archibald Prize, The Dobell Drawing Prize and the Doug Moran National Portrait Prize many times. In 2006 he won the Doug Moran prize. He has also been artist-in-residence at Bundanon Trust, Nowra in 1998 and artist-in-residence at Moonee Valley Racing Club in 2003. His work is held around Australia, including in the collection of the National Portrait Gallery, Canberra.

Dr Anthony White (b. 1964), who completed his PhD at Harvard University in 2000, is a Lecturer in The School of Art History, Cinema, Classics and Archaeology at the University of Melbourne. From 2000 to 2002 he was Curator of International Painting and Sculpture at the National Gallery of Australia in Canberra, where he curated several exhibitions, including *Jackson Pollock’s Blue Poles*. In 2006 he was Ailsa Mellon Bruce Visiting Senior Fellow at the Centre for Advanced Studies in the Visual Arts at the National Gallery of Art, Washington D.C. Since 2004 he has co-edited *The Australian and New Zealand Journal of Art*.

Rob Wilson (b. 1978) is a poet, publisher and arts journalist from the South Coast of NSW. He grew up in the Blue Mountains and moved to Wollongong to study Creative Writing at the University of Wollongong in 1998 and completed the degree at honours level. He recently published a book of his own poems, *Camera Farm*, and a book of poet Ben Frater’s work entitled *Bughouse Meat*, both under the imprint Bird In The Mouth. His friend Ben Frater (b. 1979) lives with schizophrenia, which began during his first year of study towards a Bachelor of Creative Arts (writing major) at the University of Wollongong. The second books for both Wilson and Frater are in production.

Joey Windrich was born in the Netherlands (1970) and immigrated to Perth in 1977. In 1990 he returned to the Netherlands to study history at university and attend art college. He had his first experience of psychosis in 1993 and spent time in a rehabilitation program in Rotterdam. Returning to Australia in 1995 to study English at university, he had his second psychotic episode and was hospitalised frequently until 2001. He has designed a poster for the Western Australian Justice Department and written and edited a compendium of poetry with six other consumers about their personal experiences of mental illness. He is completing a journalism course by correspondence and works as a factory hand in the metals industry. He is also writing his first novel.

Barbel Winter (b. 1965) arrived in Australia in 1991 from Germany. Since completing a degree in Social Work and Social Policy in Australia, she has been working as an advocate for people with disabilities, including people who have an acquired brain injury. She is the Executive Director of the Multicultural Disability Advocacy Association of NSW, the peak representative body for people from a non-English speaking background with a disability. She considers good diversity management and cultural competence as the key to providing good quality services in NSW, where at least a quarter of the population are from non-English speaking backgrounds.

Recommended General Reading

Barker P., Campbell P., Davidson B. (eds) *From the Ashes of Experience: Reflections on Madness, Survival and Growth*, London: Wurr, 1999.

Bloch S. and Singh B.S. *Understanding Troubled Minds: A Guide to Mental Illness and its Treatment*, Melbourne: Melbourne University Press, Carlton, 1997.

Burke R.D. *When the Music’s Over: My Journey into Schizophrenia*, New York: Basic Books, 1995.

Deveson, A. *Tell Me I’m Here*, Melbourne: Penguin, 1991.

Dugan M. (ed.) with contributions by Crane M., Dee, Jeffs S., Prince G. *Loose Kangaroos*, Melbourne: Domain Press, South Yarra, 1998.

Folkard L. *The Rock Pillow*, Fremantle: Fremantle Arts Centre Press, 1992.

Frame J. *Faces in the Water*, London: The Women’s Press, 1980.

Frame J. *To the Is-Land, An Angel at My Table, The Envoy from Mirror City*, (autobiographical trilogy), London: The Women’s Press, 1983, 1984, 1985.

Green H. *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden*, London: Pan Books, 1967.

Horsfall J. and Stuhlmiller C. with Champ, S. *Interpersonal Nursing For Mental Health*, Sydney: MacLennan + Petty, 2000.

Jeffs S. *Poems from the Madhouse*, Melbourne: Spinifex Press, 1993.

Jeffs S. *Blood Relations*, Melbourne: Spinifex Press, 2000.

Kocan P. *The Treatment and the Cure*, Sydney: Angus and Robertson, 1984.

Mannix A. with Beier U. “Coming to Terms with Demons: The Latest Book of Drawings”, *Southerly*, vol. 64 no. 1, 2004, pp. 31–46.

McLean R. *Recovered, Not Cured: A Journey through Schizophrenia*, Sydney: Allen & Unwin, 2003.

Smith G. “The Italian Experience (On the current crisis in psychiatric care in Australia and its origin)”, *Meanjin*, vol. 63 no. 4, 2004, pp. 81–88.

Torrey F. *Surviving Schizophrenia*, New York: Harper and Row, 1988.

Watkins J. *Hearing Voices —A Self Help Guide and Reference Book*, Melbourne: The Richmond Fellowship of Victoria, 1993.



Thirty percent of people with schizophrenia will attempt suicide. Five percent will succeed.

Exhibition List

VAUGHAN CARR

1. "To Autumn", *The Poetical Works of Keats, With a New Introduction by Paul D. Sheats*, Cambridge Editions, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1975, p. 213
24.1 x 17.0

Courtesy Professor Vaughan Carr, Neuroscience Institute of Schizophrenia and Allied Disorders

JON CATTAPAN

All items courtesy the artist and Kaliman Gallery, Sydney

2. Jon Cattapan
Untitled (*Head Fog*) 1984
oil with wax medium on canvas
40.5 x 40.5
signed u.l.: Cattapan 84

3. Jon Cattapan
Sister 1984
oil on canvas
155.0 x 217.0

4. Jon Cattapan
Untitled from *Sister* series of drawings 1984
pencil on paper
twelve units, each 30.5 x 40.0 (irreg.)

SIMON CHAMP

All items courtesy Simon Champ unless otherwise stated

5. Simon Champ
child's notebook c. 1969–1972
coloured ink & mixed media on paper (book)
17.2 x 12.5
signed first page: Simon Champ
dated: various
inscribed cover: My Hero!!!
Donald Duck

6. (Simon Champ and brother Marcus farming worms, United Kingdom) c. 1963
black and white photograph
5.9 x 6.4

7. (Simon Champ with brother Marcus in Aden) c. 1963
black and white photograph
9.0 x 11.4

8. (Simon Champ with goat, United Kingdom) c. 1963
black and white photograph
11.2 x 7.9

9. (Simon Champ riding Galapagos Island tortoise on board naval ship in Aden) c. 1963
black and white photograph
6.0 x 8.9

10. Simon Champ
journal c. 1979
pen and mixed media on paper (book)
28.6 x 21.7
signed: Simon Champ
dated: various

11. (Simon Champ with father, Michael Peter Champ, and mother, Gwendoline Mary Champ) c. 1980
colour photograph
8.8 x 12.7

12. Simon Champ
The Answer for the Mentally Ill 1985
silk screen on paper
57.3 x 44.7
Collection Schizophrenia Fellowship of NSW

13. Simon Champ
Schizophrenic Mnemonic 1989
Letraset, chalk, acrylic sheet over blackboard
25.8 x 18.5

14. Simon Champ
Self Portrait c. 1989
oil pastel on paper
59.5 x 42.0

15. Simon Champ
Untitled c. 1989
oil pastel on paper
42.0 x 59.5
inscribed l.: I'm going to get the soul fuckers that beat them!

16. Simon Champ
visual art diary c. 1990
mixed media on paper (book)
35.8 x 28.0

17. (Simon Champ at "Human Rights", Performance Space, Sydney) 1990
black and white photograph
10.1 x 15.1

18. (Simon Champ at police education seminar) 1990
black and white photograph
14.8 x 20.2

19. Simon Champ
Cat Painting 1991
acrylic on canvas
30.1 x 40.3
signed, titled and dated verso

20. Simon Champ
journal c. 1991
pen and mixed media on paper (book), dated various
29.5 x 23.0

21. Anne Deveson Productions Pty Ltd
Spinning Out, an Anne Deveson Production (information booklet) 1991
Sandoz Pty Ltd and Schizophrenia Australia
21.0 x 14.8

22. (Simon Champ undertaking brain research by John Anderson at Westmead, during the filming of *Spinning Out* documentary) 1991
colour photograph
15.1 x 10.1

23. (Simon Champ Richmond Fellowship House, Drummoyne, Sydney) 1991
colour photograph
8.5 x 10.8

24. (Simon Champ at Human Rights Commission with Brian Burdekin, Human Rights Commissioner and Anne Deveson, filmmaker, during production of *Spinning Out*) 1991
colour photograph
10.2 x 15.1

25. (Simon Champ filming *The Money or the Gun*, "The Brain", with Andrew Denton) 1992
colour photograph
10.2 x 15.1

26. Simon Champ
First Duck 1993
acrylic on canvas board
30.2 x 22.8

27. Simon Champ
Forest Russia 1993
acrylic on canvas board
22.8 x 30.2

28. Simon Champ
Mirror Moon 1993
acrylic on canvas board
30.2 x 25.3

29. Simon Champ
sketchbook 1993
mixed media on paper (book)
35.5 x 28.0

30. (Simon Champ with mother Gwendoline at graduation from Sydney College of the Arts) 1993
colour photograph
15.1 x 10.1

31. Simon Champ
Colour of Dinosaurs 1994
acrylic on canvas
25.2 x 50.8

32. Simon Champ
Introducing Yellow No. 7 1994
acrylic on canvas board
30.2 x 22.8
signed, titled and dated verso

33. Simon Champ
No.1 Communication 1994
acrylic on canvas board
22.8 x 30.2
signed, titled and dated verso

34. Simon Champ
Sunset Gladesville 1994
acrylic on canvas board
30.3 x 22.5
signed verso

35. Simon Champ
Tallow Beach, Crooked Hat Rock Dreaming 1995
acrylic on canvas
41.2 x 41.2

36. (Simon Champ at Buckingham Palace, London) 1995
colour photograph
15.1 x 10.1

37. Simon Champ
Levitated Rhino c. 1997
acrylic on canvas board
30.2 x 22.8

38. Simon Champ
Spirits Ascending c. 1997
acrylic on canvas board
35.4 x 27.8

39. Simon Champ
Late Night Thought 1998
acrylic on canvas board
30.3 x 22.5
inscribed u.c.: If there is a God why is there schizophrenia?

40. Simon Champ
The Quiet Equation 1998
acrylic on canvas
35.7 x 25.1

41. Simon Champ
Untitled c. 1998
acrylic on canvas board
30.3 x 22.5

42. Simon Champ
Untitled 1998
acrylic on canvas board
30.3 x 22.5

43. Simon Champ
Untitled 1998
acrylic on canvas
35.7 x 25.1

44. Simon Champ
Wound 1998
acrylic on canvas
40.4 x 30.5

45. Simon Champ
After Image Demon c. 1999
acrylic on canvas
40.6 x 30.4

46. Simon Champ
Mind Map 1999
sand, pencil on photocopy
30.0 x 38.0
signed and dated l.r.: 1987–1999
S Champ Private collection

47. Simon Champ
Cosmos c. 2000
acrylic on canvas board
30.2 x 22.8

48. Simon Champ
Emotional Sediment c. 2000
acrylic on canvas board
30.2 x 22.8

49. Simon Champ
Levitating Mediator c. 2000
acrylic on canvas board
30.2 x 22.8

50. Simon Champ
Orange Mediator c. 2000
acrylic on canvas board
30.2 x 22.8

51. Simon Champ
Sky Memory 2000
acrylic on canvas
22.8 x 30.8

52. Simon Champ
Sky Memory 2000
acrylic on canvas
22.8 x 30.8

53. Simon Champ
Landscape Mediator 2002
acrylic on canvas board
27.8 x 35.8

54. Simon Champ
Spectrum Spiral 2003
acrylic on canvas
30.5 x 22.8

55. "The Bulletin Microsoft Smart 100", *The Bulletin with Newsweek* (magazine), 12 October 2004, p. 86, ACP Publishing Pty Ltd, PMP Print
27.5 x 20.9

56. Simon Champ
Eye Painting 2004
acrylic on canvas
35.8 x 45.8

57. Simon Champ
Delusion Face 1 2005
acrylic on canvas board
20.0 x 25.0
signed l.r.: S Champ, dated l.l.: 8/7/05

58. Simon Champ
Delusion Face 2 2005
acrylic on canvas board
20.0 x 25.0

59. Simon Champ
Train Journey Memory 2005
acrylic on canvas board
22.8 x 30.8

60. Certificate of Australian Citizenship (Simon Champ) 2006
29.7 x 21.0
signed l.r.: Amanda Vanstone and Cr Ivan Petch, dated: 30th March 2006

61. Simon Champ
Immanent 2006
acrylic on canvas board
22.5 x 30.3

62. Simon Champ
Mind Clouds I 2006
acrylic on canvas board
30.4 x 25.8

63. Simon Champ
Mind Clouds II 2006
acrylic on canvas board
30.4 x 25.8

64. Simon Champ
North Shore Hospital Waking Up from Operation 2006
acrylic on canvas board
25.8 x 30.4

65. Simon Champ
Sign 2006
acrylic on canvas board
20.0 x 25.0

66. Simon Champ
Road 2006
acrylic on canvas board
20.0 x 25.0

67. Simon Champ
Storm Light 2006
acrylic on canvas
20.0 x 25.0

ALEXANDER CHERNIN

All items courtesy Elena Kats-Chernin

68. Alexander Chernin
Blue Angel c. 1999
texta on paper
28.0 x 38.0

69. Alexander Chernin
Red Lady 1999
texta on paper
39.8 x 32.0

70. Alexander Chernin
Traffic Coogee 2000
texta on paper
29.7 x 21.0
titled, signed and dated l.r.: Traffic Coogee; By Alex Chernin; 27/4/00

71. Alexander Chernin
What a Tidy Girl 2000
ink on paper
29.7 x 21.0
signed, dated and titled l.l.: By Alex Chernin; 22/9/2000; What a tidy girl

72. Alexander Chernin
Bending Backwards 2001
texta on paper
21.0 x 29.7
titled u.r.: Bendin backwards

73. Alexander Chernin
The Piano is Loud 2001
texta on paper
29.6 x 21.0
dated l.c.: 28/10/01, inscribed c.: The piano is loud—I should read more The piano can talk

74. Alexander Chernin
Me and the Violin 2002
texta on paper
29.7 x 21.0
dated, signed and titled l.r.: 17-3-2002; By Alex Chernin; Me and the violin

75. Alexander Chernin *Spinning in the Spin* 2002 pencil and ink on paper 21.0 x 29.6 signed, dated and titled l.r.: by Alex Chernin; 22-3-2003; Spinning in the spin

76. Alexander Chernin *The Butterfly-tree is Squashed* 2002 ink on card 29.7 x 21.0 dated, titled and signed l.r.: 29-6-2002; The butterfly-tree is squashed.; Alex Chernin

77. Alexander Chernin *The Image Within* 2002 ink on paper 29.6 x 21.0 signed, titled and dated l.r.: By Alex Chernin; The image within; 5-07-02

78. Alexander Chernin *Guitar Boy on Cloud* c. 2003 acrylic on paper 75.7 x 56.0 titled and signed l.r.: Guitar boy on clouds; cxela

79. Alexander Chernin *My Brainstorming* 2003 texta on paper 29.5 x 41.8 inscribed l.c.: My brainstorming

80. Alexander Chernin *Why Why* 2003 texta on paper 21.0 x 29.7 inscribed c.: why why why why why

81. Alexander Chernin *Caged Out* 2004 texta on paper 21.0 x 29.7 titled and signed u.l.: Caged out; Alex Chernin; dated u.r.: 10-5-2004 inscribed u.r.: My 3 favourite animals

82. Alexander Chernin *Elena Kats-Chernin* 2004 texta, pencil on paper 21.0 x 29.7 inscribed l.r.: Elena Kats-Chernin drawn in texture

83. Alexander Chernin *I Am Not* 2004 pencil on paper 21.0 x 29.7 inscribed l.c.: I am not

84. Alexander Chernin *Just Bleeding to Death* 2004 texta on paper 29.3 x 42.0 titled c.: Just bleeding to death; signed and dated l.r.: By Alex Chernin; 9th-5th-2004

85. Alexander Chernin *Me* 2004 pencil on paper 21.0 x 29.7 titled and dated u.r.: Me; 13/4/2004; inscribed l.r.: That's me Sanya the way I am right now.

86. Alexander Chernin *Piano Abstract* 2004 texta on paper 21.0 x 29.7

87. Alexander Chernin *Piano Playing* 2004 pencil on paper 29.6 x 21.0 signed, titled and dated l.c.: By Sanja Chernin; Piano playing; 28-8-2004

88. Alexander Chernin *Woman* 2004 pencil on paper 29.6 x 21.0

89. Alexander Chernin *Schizophrenia* 2006 texta on paper 29.7 x 21.0 inscribed l.r.: Schizophrenia

JIMMY CHI

All items courtesy Jimmy Chi

90. Jimmy Chi, Pigram Brothers, Kuckles & Friends, *Corrugation Road, The Original Sound from Broome*, Angoorrabin Records 1996 audio compact disc dated back cover: 1996

91. Buddha with rosary wood, metal, plastic 19.5 x 13.0 x 11.0

92. T. Lobsang Rampa, *Wisdom of the Ancients*, London: Corgi Books, 1975 paperback book 17.6 x 11.0

93. photocopy (from book, *Living With Schizophrenia*) 21.5 x 29.5

94. Pope John Paul II prayer card c. 2005 offset print 11.4 x 7.0

95. Eva Clarke *Elementress* 2005 watercolour on paper 21.0 x 14.0 initialled l.r.: EC

96. Eva Clarke *Four over One* 2005 acrylic on canvas 60.0 x 60.0 initialled l.r.: EC

97. Eva Clarke *Life Cycle* 2005 watercolour on paper 90.0 x 29.5 initialled l.r.: EC

98. Eva Clarke *Too old, too soon* 2005 acrylic on canvas 60.0 x 30.0 signed l.r.: Eva

99. Eva Clarke *Emersion Transformation* 2006 oil on canvas 80.0 x 40.0

100. Eva Clarke *Looking forward, looking back* 2006 oil on canvas 60.0 x 45.0

PIERRE COMARMOND

All items courtesy Pierre Comarmond unless otherwise specified

101. Pierre Comarmond *St Vincent's Hospital* 1992 acrylic on canvas 45.0 x 38.0 signed l.r.: P. Comarmond Private collection, Sydney

102. Pierre Comarmond *Gates of Heaven* 2006 digital high resolution print in archival ink on archival paper 100.0 x 200.0 signed and dated l.r.: P. Comarmond 2006 AD

103. Pierre Comarmond *Natal Undertaking* 2006 digital high resolution print in archival ink on archival paper 100.0 x 200.0 signed and dated l.r.: P. Comarmond 2006 AD

BOO COOPER

All items courtesy the artist and Neami Splash Art Studio, Melbourne.

104. Boo Cooper *Autumn Winter Landscape* 2006 acrylic on canvas 60.0 x 50.0

105. Boo Cooper *Dawn to Eve* 2006 acrylic on canvas 120.0 x 80.0

106. Boo Cooper *Homage to Kandinsky* 2006 acrylic on canvas 60.0 x 50.0

107. Boo Cooper *Lime Light* 2006 acrylic on canvas 60.0 x 50.0

108. Boo Cooper *Portrait of a Landscape: Autumn* 2006 acrylic on canvas 60.0 x 50.0

109. Boo Cooper *Portrait of a Landscape: The Clown* 2006 acrylic on canvas 60.0 x 50.0

110. Boo Cooper *Tribal Angel* 2006 acrylic on canvas 60.0 x 50.0

ELIZABETH DAY

111. Elizabeth Day *Everything is Connected to Everything Else. Work for Uncle Frank and Others who Fell into the Chasm of Fear in History's Black Void* 2006 mixed media installation, dimensions variable Courtesy the artist and Conny Dietzschold Gallery, Sydney

JAMES DE BLAS

All works courtesy the artist, unless otherwise stated

112. James de Blas *The Silver Eagle (from The Golden Grasshopper)* 1998 acrylic on Stonehenge paper 77.5 x 112.5 Private collection, Hobart

113. James de Blas *The Gardener (from The Golden Grasshopper)* 1999 acrylic on Stonehenge paper 77.5 x 112.5 Private collection, Hobart

114. James de Blas *The Feast (from The Golden Grasshopper)* 1999 acrylic on Stonehenge paper 77.5 x 112.5 Private collection, Melbourne

115. James de Blas *The Prince (from The Legend of Humopia)* 2003 acrylic on canvas 75.0 x 105.0

116. James de Blas *Master of Time (from The Legend of Humopia)* 2003 acrylic on canvas 75.0 x 105.0

117. James de Blas *Eagle-Headed Man (from The Legend of Humopia)* 2003 acrylic on canvas 75.0 x 105.0 Private collection, Sydney

118. James de Blas *Blue Hairy Baby (from The Blue Hairy Boy)* 2003 acrylic on Stonehenge paper 77.5 x 112.5 signed l.r.: James de Blas © 2003

119. James de Blas *Hairy Boy and Elephant (from The Blue Hairy Boy)* 2003 acrylic on Stonehenge paper 77.5 x 112.5 signed l.r.: James de Blas © 2003

120. James de Blas *Guardians of Paradise (from The Blue Hairy Boy)* 2005 acrylic on Stonehenge paper 77.5 x 112.5 signed l.r.: James de Blas © 2003

DENNIS DEL FAVERO

121. Dennis Del Favero *Deep Sleep* 2004 Three screen video installation; interactive DVD-ROM

GRAEME DOYLE

Items courtesy Graeme Doyle, unless otherwise specified

122. Graeme Doyle *The Toxic Song of a Two-Brained Madness Machine* 1985 synthetic polymer paint 72.4 x 53.0 Collection National Gallery of Australia Gift of the Philip Morris Arts Grant 1988

123. Graeme Doyle *Shelf Fish Paw Poor Trites* c. 2000 correction pen and ink on digital laser copy (of artist's own drawing) ten units each 42.0 x 29.7 each signed l.r.: G. Doyle

124. Graeme Doyle *Labyr Grunthians* c. 2003 correction pen and ink on digital laser copy (of artist's own drawing) four units 46.0 x 29.7 and two units 42.0 x 29.7 each signed l.r.: G. Doyle

125. Graeme Doyle *Rembrandt and Rave* 2006 correction pen and ink on digital laser copy (of artist's own drawing) three units 30.0 x 42.2; two units 42.2 x 30.0; two units 45.2 x 32.0 each signed l.r.: G. Doyle

126. Graeme Doyle *Perform Ants in Pants and Jacket* 2006 "The Idiot's Hat" 1998 "The Village Idiot" 1998 "Another Idiot Poem" 2006 "Two Nonsense Poems" 2004 Performed 23 September 2006 Joan Sutherland Performing Arts Centre, Penrith

JENNY & ANDREW DYMOTT

All items courtesy Jenny Dymott

127. Andrew Dymott handwritten music notation for guitar pen and marker on paper 29.4 x 41.0

128. Guns n' Roses, *5 of the Best for Guitar, Guns N' Roses*, New York: Cherry Lane Music Company Inc, 1990 book 30.2 x 22.7

129. Jenny Dymott "Missing" notice (Andrew Dymott) 1999 bubble jet colour print 29.6 x 21.0

130. Jenny Dymott "Missing" notice (Andrew Dymott) c. 2000 bubble jet colour print 29.6 x 21.0

131. (Andrew Dymott, centre, age eleven, with brother and sister, Royal Melbourne Show) c. 1983 colour photograph 20.3 x 25.4

132. (Andrew Dymott) colour photograph 14.2 x 20.3

133. (Andrew Dymott trail bike riding, age seventeen) 1989 colour photograph 10.2 x 15.1

134. (Andrew Dymott playing pool in Footscray, age nineteen) c. 1991 colour photograph 14.2 x 20.3

135. (Andrew Dymott and mother Jenny Dymott, Atherton Tablelands, Queensland) c. 1997 colour photograph 14.2 x 20.3

136. (Andrew Dymott, Cambodia) c. 1998 colour photograph 15.1 x 20.2

DYSART FAMILY

All items courtesy of Michael and Dinah Dysart unless otherwise specified

137. Arthur Taylor (photographer) (Matthew Dysart, age one) 1965 black and white photograph 15.0 x 10.0

138. Matthew Dysart *Mona Lisa* c. 1970 watercolour and pencil on paper 25.0 x 20.0

139. Matthew Dysart *The ancient island* (illustrated original story) 1972 exercise book 21.0 x 17.0

140. (Matthew Dysart as the Artful Dodger in *Oliver*) 1973 black and white photograph 16.5 x 12.0

141. Program "It's A Fine Life" 1973 black ink on paper 21.0 x 17.0

142. Helen Young (photographer) (Matthew Dysart sailing, age thirteen) 1977 black and white photograph 21.0 x 14.0

143. *The Cranbrookian* Matthew Dysart "Haiku" 1979 p. 49 published by Cranbrook School, edited magazine by A.R.A. Henchman 24.5 x 17.5

144. Adidas football c. 1980 leather, laces 31.0 x 20.0

145. Medallion from Cranbrook School for open shot put 1981 bronze 5.0 diameter

146. Surf Lifesaving Association of Australia medallions 1981 two bronze medallions in plastic sleeve 16.0 x 11.0

147. *Cranbrook yearbook 1982* "Dysart M. C. (Dyce)", p. 26 27.5 x 21.0

148. Boxing encouragement award 1983 silver plaque on wooden stand 8.0 x 6.0

149. Matthew Dysart journal, American journey 1985 pen and ink on paper (book) 30.0 x 18.5 signed inside front cover: Matthew Dysart

150. Letter to parents from the United States from Matthew Dysart 1985 pen and ink on paper 23.0 x 15.0 signed last page: love Matthew

151. Letter to Charles and Lurline from Matthew Dysart 1987 pen and ink on paper 20.0 x 12.5 signed: love Matthew

152. Matthew Dysart personal journal 1989–1990 pen and ink on paper 22.5 x 18.0 signed front cover: M Dysart; dated: various

153. Matthew Dysart journal 1992 pen and ink on paper 22.5 x 18.0 signed front cover: Matt

154. "Commended" award (Matthew Dysart) Ryde Municipal Art Society, Willandra Gallery 1992 ink on card 10.1 x 13.9 dated l.r.: 3.5.92

155. Exhibition catalogue, Ryde Municipal Art Society, Willandra Gallery 1992 photocopy 29.7 x 21.0 dated: 3rd May–13th May 1992

156. Matthew Dysart *Shaper's workshop* c. 1992 oil and pencil on canvas 50.0 x 75.0 Courtesy Mary Daviel

157. Matthew Dysart *Stuck* 1992 synthetic polymer paint on board 74.0 x 50.0 signed l.r.: M Dysart Courtesy Rebecca Dysart

158. Matthew Dysart *Where I am* at 1993 pen and ink on paper 34.0 x 20.0 dated u.r.: 23/5/93

159. Dinah Dysart (photographer) (Matthew and Rebecca Dysart, Christmas) 1993 colour photograph 12.5 x 17.5

160. Matthew Dysart *Starry Starry Night* c.1994 acrylic on board 74.0 x 50.0 signed l.r.: M Dysart

161. Letter to *The Weekend Australian* from Matthew Dysart "Letters to the editor", *The Weekend Australian*, 22–23 January 1994, p. 18

162. Matthew Dysart *Untitled (vase)* c. 1995 terracotta 22.0 x 15.0

163. Matthew Dysart "Happy Xmas dad, keep swinging love Matt" 1996 (handmade Christmas card) watercolour and pen on card 18.0 x 13.5

164. Letter to Adam Wallace from Matthew Dysart c. 1997 pen on brown paper with plant motif 18.0 x 12.0 signed: Matt

165. Letter to Matthew Dysart from Adam Wallace c. 1997 pen on paper 29.7 x 21.0 signed: Adam

166. (Matthew at the Wilderness Society stall) c. 1997 colour photograph 15.0 x 10.0

167. Dinah Dysart (photographer) (Michael and Matthew Dysart) 1998 colour photograph 12.0 x 13.0

168. Dinah Dysart (photographer) (Matthew Dysart at Christmas, age thirty-four) 1998 colour photograph 15.0 x 10.0

169. Unpublished letter to *The Sydney Morning Herald* from Matthew Dysart c. 1998 bubble jet print 29.7 x 21.0

170. Backpack belonging to Matthew Dysart canvas, leather, metal 48.0 x 34.0 x 39.0

Contents
Main compartment

- Green sleeping bag
- Maroon knitted jumper
- Black knitted shirt
- Purple knitted hat
- Maroon T-shirt
- Maroon printed 2SER 107.3FM T-shirt
- Blue jeans
- Two pairs underpants
- Yellow pencil-case containing: twenty-four Faber-Castell Watercolour coloured pencils, Staedtler Tradition 2B lead pencil, Staedtler Tradition 4B lead pencil, Faber Castell paintbrush, Staedtler Rasoplast eraser (used), Staedtler Rasoplast eraser (unused)
- Orange Stanley knife
- Map of Australia (Periplus TravelMaps)
- Australian First Aid—an authorised manual of St John Ambulance Australia, volume one
- Simply Living* magazine, Number 14, 1981
- Quill Visual Art Diary

Front pocket (centre)

- NSW Northern Rivers & South-East Queensland NRMA Map
- Eating knife
- Box containing Zyprexa Olanzapine 10mg tablets (prescription medicine)

- Gillette Sensor Excel disposable razor in packet with three replacement blades and Gillette Sensor Excel pocket knife
- Bic black ballpoint pen with lid
- Packet of Yates Accent on Blue flower seeds

Side pocket (left)

- Public Passenger Vehicle Driver's Licence #Taxi AF 5079
- Replacement driver's licence application, Matthew Dysart
- New South Wales Birth Certificate, registration number 16892/1964 Matthew Charles Dysart 19 August 1964
- Commonwealth Bank account details for Matthew Charles Dysart, dated Jul 09 '99 (fax)
- Commonwealth Bank account information for Matthew Charles Dysart, dated 14/07/99
- Commonwealth Bank list of transactions for Dysart MC
- Photocopied page from Sydney street directory, Map B (inner city and Central Railway Station)
- Fax with handwritten note: "Matthew, Commonwealth Bank [card number, account number]"
- Box of Zyprexa Olanzapine 7.5mg tablets (prescription medicine)
- Thirteen used and unused loose foil packets of Zyprexa Olanzapine 7.5mg tablets
- Two loose tablets in brown paper bag

Side pocket (right)

- Medicins Sans Frontieres envelope containing Landmark Food Company payslip and cheque dated 15/7/99
- Sydney Buses Bus Ticket, route 380, 21 Sep 99, 13:45
- 250g aerosol can Gillette Shave Cream Lemon Lime
- Green Reach toothbrush and tube of Colgate Total toothpaste in Colgate Total box, wound with green string
- Brown soap in white plastic bag

171. Sophie Wallace *Grief Pillow* 1999 velvet, hand-stitched embroidery on velvet 18.0 x 13.0 embroidered: Matty

172. Letter to Michael, Dinah and Bec from Sophie Wallace, Yarran and Ajmer Cavalier 1999 pen and ink on paper 29.0 x 18.5 signed l.r.: Sophie, Yarran and Ajmer

173. Letter to Michael, Dinah and Becka from Joe McKinney 2000 pen and ink on paper 29.0 x 21.0 signed c.l.: Joe; dated u.r.: 2-3-00

174. Letter to Matthew from Rebecca Dysart 2006 pen on paper 18.5 x 15.0 signed: Love Rebecca Dysart Courtesy Rebecca Dysart

DEEJ FABYC

175. *And she watched (Again)* 2006 lightbox 128.0 x 180.0 x 20.0 Courtesy DeeJ Fabyc

ISABELLA FELS

176. (Allan Fels and Isabella Fels) 2000 colour photograph 30.4 x 20.2 Courtesy Allan Fels

ANNE FERRAN

Works courtesy the artist and Stills Gallery, Sydney and Sutton Gallery, Melbourne; books bound by Rebecca Beardmore

177. Anne Ferran *INSULA: Book 1 (bodies)* 2003 ink jet prints on archival paper, felt 33.3 x 48.5 x 5.5

178. Anne Ferran *INSULA: Book 2 (faces)* 2003 ink jet prints on archival paper, felt 21.4 x 17.3 x 6.5

179. Anne Ferran *INSULA: Book 3 (patient hands)* 2003 ink jet prints on archival paper, felt 10.5 x 12.0 x 2.0

180. Anne Ferran *INSULA: Book 4 (nurse hands)* 2003 ink jet prints on archival paper, felt 10.5 x 12.0 x 2.0

PENELOPE FITZGERALD

All items courtesy Penelope Fitzgerald

181. Penelope Fitzgerald *Sympathy + Hope* (bricolage) 2002 mixed media 68.2 x 68.2

182. Penelope Fitzgerald *My Realm* 2003 textile on board 60.2 x 106.3 signed verso: Penelope

183. (Penelope Fitzgerald and family) (left to right: Jon Paul, with Jimmy the dog, Penelope Fitzgerald, Jenna Emay-O'Connor, Tynx Le May, Lloyd Marsh) 2004 colour photograph 21.0 x 29.7

184. Penelope Fitzgerald *Mother and Daughter tops* 1995–2006 wool, wood, ribbon 47.0 x 71.0 & 34.5 x 51.0

IVOR FRANCIS

185. *Schizophrenia* 1943 oil on canvas 82.5 x 62.2 signed l.r. Elder Bequest Fund 1945 Collection Art Gallery of South Australia

BENJAMIN FRATER

Items courtesy Benjamin Frater

186. *Bughouse Meat* 2003 book of poetry, published by Bird In The Mouth Press, Wollongong 22.8 x 15.2

187. 1952 Underwood typewriter with poem by Benjamin Frater metal, plastic, rubber, enamel, ribbon, paper, ink 20.0 x 30.8 x 38.0

JAMES GLEESON

188. *The Mad Women* (sic) 1940 ink, brush and coloured ink 36.4 x 26.7 Collection National Gallery of Australia

VINCE GREENTREE

189. *Jehovah* 2006 marker and acrylic paint on board two panels, each 244.0 x 180.0 Courtesy the artist

VIRGINIA HALLORAN

All items courtesy Dan and John Halloran

190. (John and Virginia Halloran) 1981 colour photograph 8.8 x 8.7 inscribed verso: our wedding day

191. (Virginia and John Halloran) c. 1984 colour photograph 10.0 x 14.7 inscribed verso: At our house in Oakleigh which we lost in our court hearing over Dan the only winner were the Lawyers 15–16 months

192. (John and Virginia Halloran) 1985 colour photograph 20.8 x 8.6 inscribed verso: 1985 our house in Oakleigh

193. (Virginia and John Halloran) Framed photograph with "Follow Your Destiny Wherever It Leads You" card inserted lower right colour photograph, plastic 22.9 x 28.0

194. (John, Dan and Virginia Halloran) 1987 colour photograph 8.8 x 13.2 inscribed verso: In the hospital 10.6.87

195. (John and Virginia Halloran and friend) 1988 colour photograph 10.1 x 14.9 inscribed verso: Virginia 30th Birthday

196. (Dan Halloran) 1989 colour photograph 10.1 x 14.9 inscribed and dated verso: 15 months. Now 1989 in washing basket at Oakleigh

197. (Virginia, Dan and John Halloran) 1990 colour photograph 14.4 x 10.1 inscribed verso: Virginia Dan and John, Dan is about 2 ½, Virginia is not well

198. Dan Halloran ("Do want to go/Don't want to go") list 1994 pencil on paper 29.5 x 21.0

199. Letter to Dan Halloran (with envelope), from Virginia Halloran 1996 pen on lined paper, adhesive tape, postage stamp, ink 22.4 x 17.5 signed: Virginia.; envelope postmarked: 6 August 1996

200. Dan Halloran hospital drawing c. 1997 coloured pencil on paper 29.7 x 20.0

201. Virginia Halloran Poem for Dan Halloran 2000 pen on lined paper 29.6 x 20.9

202. John Halloran (greeting card to Virginia Halloran from John Halloran) pen on card, offset print 19.0 x 11.4 signed: John

203. John Halloran (birthday card to Dan Halloran from John Halloran) 2000 pen on card, offset print 20.3 x 11.7 signed: John Halloran; dated: 5/6/2000

204. (Dan Halloran) 2000 colour photograph 10.1 x 15.1

205. (Dan Halloran) 2001 colour photograph 15.1 x 10.1 inscribed verso: Dan 2001

206. (Virginia Halloran) 2001 colour photograph 15.1 x 9.9 inscribed verso: Virginia

207. (Dan, Virginia and John Halloran) c. 2002 colour photograph 15.6 x 20.5

208. A celebration of the life of Virginia Frances Halloran 13/9/58—13/6/2002 memorial booklet 2002 21.0 x 14.9 dated front cover: 18 June 2002

209. Eulogy for Virginia Halloran by John Halloran 2002 bubble jet print on paper 29.7 x 21.0

210. "Australian of the Year Awards 2004" certificate of nomination (Dan Halloran) 2003 signed: Lisa Curry Kenny MBE OAM, Chairman, National Australia Day Council framed offset print 40.6 x 30.5 signed: Lisa Curry Kenny; dated: 1 December 2003

211. Dan Halloran signed Bushrangers cricket bat, photographs and various memorabilia 2003-2004 mixed media 100.3 x 38.6 x 11.0

212. "Caroline Chisholm Award 2004" certificate (Dan Halloran) 2004 signed: Anna Burke, Federal Member for Chisholm framed print 30.6 x 40.5 signed l.r.: Anna Burke; dated l.l.: Saturday August 14, 2004

213. (Dan Halloran) c. 2005 colour photograph 31.6 x 22.5

214. Chandelier 2005 glass, metal, plastic 50.0 x 63.0 x 63.0

LUKE HANNON

215. New South Wales Police Service certificate for bravery "New South Wales Police Service, Greater Hume Region, Citation" (Sergeant Lawrence Hannon) 1999 digital print 29.7 x 21.0 signed lower right.; dated l.l.: 4 November 1999 Courtesy Luke Hannon

CLAIRE HARIS-CHANDRA

216. Claire Haris-Chandra *Untitled* 2003 acrylic paint on seedpod 3.7 x 18.0 x 3.0 Courtesy Claire Haris-Chandra

JOY HESTER
217. *Mad Girl* c. 1942–1943 oil on tin 44.5 x 57.2 On loan to Art Gallery of Western Australia from private collection, Sydney

IAN HICKIE

Items courtesy Professor Ian Hickie, Brain and Mind Research Institute, University of Sydney

218. Model teaching brain rubber, metal 14.0 x 20.0 x 13.0

219. Jack Mathews Anatomy study in plastic, wire and wood 1988 mixed media 24.5 x 10.0 x 10.0

ADAM HOLLINGWORTH

All items courtesy Adam Hollingworth

220. Adam Hollingworth *Untitled* 1992 lamda print on archival photographic paper 41.0 x 28.0

221. Adam Hollingworth *A visit from Culburra. 1992* 1992 lamda print on archival photographic paper 41.0 x 28.0

222. Adam Hollingworth *The Captain. Kingswood 1992* 1992 lamda print on archival photographic paper 41.0 x 28.0

223. Adam Hollingworth *Self Portrait with Dad. Jamisontown 1999* 1999 lamda print on archival photographic paper 28.0 x 41.0

224. Adam Hollingworth *A moment of clarity. Leura 2004* 2004 lamda print on archival photographic paper 41.0 x 28.0

225. Adam Hollingworth *I've only got twenty niggers in the bank son. Leura 2004* 2004 lamda print on archival photographic paper 41.0 x 28.0

226. Adam Hollingworth *The end of a bender. Leura 2004* 2004 lamda print on archival photographic paper 41.0 x 28.0

227. Adam Hollingworth *The end of a bender 4. Leura 2004* 2004 lamda print on archival photographic paper 41.0 x 28.0

228. Adam Hollingworth *Talking photography with Dad. Leura 2005* 2005 lamda print on archival photographic paper 28.0 x 41.0

229. Adam Hollingworth *My father's haircut. Warrimoo 2006* 2006 lamda print on archival photographic paper 41.0 x 28.0

230. Adam Hollingworth *My mate. Warrimoo 2006* 2006 lamda print on archival photographic paper 41.0 x 28.0

231. Adam Hollingworth *The garden's revenge. Watch the black wattle. Warrimoo 2006* 2006 lamda print on archival photographic paper 41.0 x 28.0

RAY HOLLINGWORTH

All items courtesy Adam Hollingworth

232. Ray Hollingworth *Black bird and farm at night* watercolour, acrylic on paper 51.0 x 62.5 (sight) signed l.r.: R. Hollingworth

233. Ray Hollingworth *Central Australian landscape* watercolour, acrylic and ink on paper 26.5 x 33.5 signed l.r.: R. Hollingworth

234. Ray Hollingworth *Junk at dusk* watercolour, acrylic on paper 22.5 x 33.0 (sight) signed l.r.: R. Hollingworth

235. Ray Hollingworth *Misty Day* watercolour on paper 26.5 x 35.0 signed l.r.: R. Hollingworth

236. Ray Hollingworth *Stevie Nicks nude* watercolour, acrylic on paper 26.8 x 35.0 signed l.r.: R. Hollingworth

237. Ray Hollingworth *Sunrise @ Lake Oberon* watercolour and acrylic 50.0 x 62.5 (sight) signed l.r.: R. Hollingworth

238. Ray Hollingworth *Black Corner* 1990 watercolour and acrylic on paper 25.0 x 34.0 signed and dated l.r.: R. Hollingworth 19/10/1990; titled verso

239. Ray Hollingworth *The lady under the lamp*1990 acrylic, watercolour and ink on paper signed and dated l.r.: R. Hollingworth 22/10/1990

240. Ray Hollingworth *Man in landscape at night* 1990 acrylic, watercolour on paper 24.0 x 33.0 (sight) signed and dated l.r.: R. Hollingworth 3/10/1990

241. Ray Hollingworth *Out of Smokes* 1990 watercolour, acrylic on paper 25.0 x 34.0 signed and dated l.r.: R. Hollingworth 11/10/1990

242. Ray Hollingworth *2 TELE -23-9-9*, Letters from America 1990 watercolour, acrylic on paper 26.5 x 35.0 signed l.r.: R. Hollingworth; titled verso

243. Ray Hollingworth *Winter dusk over coastal water* 1993 watercolour, acrylic on paper 27.0 x 18.0 signed l.r.: R. Hollingworth; titled and dated verso

244. Ray Hollingworth *Arctic pipits* 1996 watercolour, acrylic on paper 50.0 x 62.0 (sight) signed and dated l.r.: R. Hollingworth 1996

245. Ray Hollingworth *Day on the Mir* 1996 acrylic, watercolour on paper 50.0 x 62.5 signed and dated l.l.: R. Hollingworth

246. Ray Hollingworth *The Mona Lisa* 1996 watercolour on paper 49.5 x 62.0 (sight) signed and dated l.l.: Hollingworth '96

247. Ray Hollingworth *The picnic* 2004 acrylic on paper 41.5 x 59.0 (sight) signed and dated l.l.: R. Hollingworth 10/04

LEONIE JACQUES

248. Australian Federal Police, National Missing Persons Unit “Missing, Can you unravel the mystery?” poster 2006 offset print on paper, clear computer printed labels 59.3 x 42.0 dated u.r.: March 2006 Courtesy Australian Federal Police, National Missing Persons Unit

SANDY JEFFS

All items courtesy Sandy Jeffs unless otherwise specified

249. Sandy Jeffs *A Thesaurus of Madness* 1993 laser print 31.7 x 22.9

250. Sandy Jeffs *BVM (Blessed Virgin Mary)* c. 2000 mixed media 140.0 x 40.0 x 56.0

251. Sandy Jeffs *Living with Schizophrenia, a patient story, Highlights from Directions in General Practice* 2000 audio compact disc dated front cover: 2000

252. Veronica Holland *Holy Wednesday* 2001 print 41.8 x 41.8 signed l.r.: Holland

253. Mirella Di Benedetto *Personal Best Award* c. 2002 mixed media 72.0 x 56.5

254. Professor Kevin Burrage (ACMC), Dr Jasmine Banks (ACMC), Dr Geoff Ericksson (ACMC), Sean Invermee, Professor Peter Yellowlees (Centre for Online Health), Dr Jennifer Tichon (Centre for Online Health) *A Virtual Environment to Simulate the Experience of Psychosis* 2002 CD ROM

Courtesy Centre for Online Health and the Advanced Computational Modelling Centre, The University of Queensland and Sandy Jeffs

255. Sandy Jeffs Poems performed include “The Madwoman in this Poem” published *New Paradigm*, December 2003

“Sitting on the Balcony of B Ward” published *Poems from the Madhouse*, Spinifex Press, 1993

“The Far Side of Madness” and “Therapy” published *Loose Kangaroos*, Domain Press, 1998

“Hello? Is Anyone Out There?” published *Poems from the Madhouse*, Spinifex Press, 1993

“Loony Bin” published *Blood Relations*, Spinifex Press, 2000

“A Thesaurus of Madness” published *Poems from the Madhouse*, Spinifex Press, 1993

“Whisper my friend” published *Poems from the Madhouse*, Spinifex Press, 1993

“As She Gently Brushed My Long Hair” *Poems from the Madhouse*, Spinifex Press, 1993

“The Witness” published *The Wings of Angels: A Memoir of Madness*, Spinifex Press, 2004

“A Leper in Dead Man’s Valley” published *Meanjin* vol 58, no. 1, 1999

Performed 23 September 2006 Joan Sutherland Performing Arts Centre, Penrith

FREDERICK JESSUP

256. *Schizophrenic Coming Out of Insulin Coma* 1943 oil on board 39.0 x 29.0 signed l. r.: F. R. Jessup Private collection, Adelaide

ELENA KATS-CHERNIN

257. *Nonchalance* 2006 *No Silence* 2006 *Blue Silence* 2006 Composed and performed Elena Kats-Chernin (piano) accompanied by Peter Rejto (cello) Performed 23 September 2006 Joan Sutherland Performing Arts Centre, Penrith

KENMORE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL

All items courtesy Kenmore Hospital Museum

258. Frank S. (Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital patient) *The Swedish Prince 1670, 48 Guns (model ship)* c. 1950 wood, mixed media, glass case 50.0 x 68.0 x 28.2

259. Unknown (Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital patient) (laundry hamper basket with wooden lid) c. 1940 wicker, wood, rope, nails, hinges, paint 60.0 x 41.0 x 33.0

260. Unknown (Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital patient)

(basket with handle) c. 1940 wicker, plastic, masonite, wood, paint 46.0 x 51.2 x 32.0

261. Unknown (Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital patient) (basket with lid) c. 1940 wicker, dye 37.0 x 32.5 x 32.5

262. Unknown (Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital patient) (basket with handle) c. 1940 wicker, plywood, dye 35.0 x 48.5 x 30.7

263. Unknown (Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital patient) (basket with plywood base) c. 1940 wicker, plywood 28.5 x 31.4 x 30.5

264. Unknown (Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital patient) (basket with handle) c. 1940 wicker 25.0 x 20.0 x 21.0

265. Hospital floor plan pen on cardboard, marker and label tape on glass, painted wood frame 86.2 x 57.9

266. “Daily Cigarette and Tobacco Issue” chart pen on cardboard, marker and label tape on glass, painted wood and cardboard frame 43.2 x 50.7

267. “Baths, Regulations for the Guidance of Nurses” notice printed ink on paper, painted wood frame 41.0 x 28.3

268. (Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital craft display) 1969 black and white photograph, painted wood frame 23.7 x 26.0

269. (Craft class at Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital) 1969 black and white photograph, pencil, ink 15.2 x 20.0 stamped verso: Kenmore Hospital Museum & friends of Kenmore Hospital’s History Incorporated, Locked Bag 28, Goulburn NSW 2580, Government Inter Sydney, Photo, inscribed: original, 79739

270. (Craft class at Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital) 1969 black and white photograph, pencil, ink 15.2 x 20.0 stamped verso: Kenmore Hospital Museum & friends of Kenmore Hospital’s History Incorporated, Locked Bag 28, Goulburn NSW 2580, Government Inter Sydney, Photo; inscribed verso: original, 79730

271. Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital laminate chair c. 1950s laminate, metal, wood 75.5 x 37.0 x 50.0

272. Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital (male) keys metal, plastic, ink on paper marked: H. I. K. Hospital Insane Kenmore

273. Kenmore Psychiatric Hospital (female) keys metal, plastic, ink on paper

274. *The Bulletin, The Newspaper of Kenmore Hospital* (bound volume) 1969 34.3 x 22.0 x 3.0 dated on spine: 1969

JUDITH LEE

All items courtesy Judith Lee

275. (Daniel Lee) c. 1983 colour photograph (school photo) 12.8 x 9.2

276. Kostya Tszyu (Kostya Tszyu, picture) 1997 marker on offset print 14.3 x 10.5 autographed: To Daniel Lee, Keep your chin up Kostya Tszyu signed l.r.: Kostya Tszyu

277. Letter to Judith Lee from Jackie Kelly MP, Federal Member for Lindsay 1997 pen on paper with printed letterhead 29.5 x 21.0 signed: Jackie

278. “I love you” plush bear with angel pin 1998 fabric, plastic, metal, stuffing 25.0 x 20.0 x 14.0

279. Reference letter for Daniel Lee from Father Geoff Dickinson 1998 pen on paper with printed letterhead 29.5 x 21.0 signed l.r.: (Fr.) Geoff Dickinson; dated l.r.: 13 May 1998

DERWENT LEES

Works collection of H. Lew, Melbourne

280. Derwent Lees *The Straw Hat* c.1914 oil on wood 40.0 x 30.0 (approx.)

281. Derwent Lees *The Drive to the Asylum* 1919 oil on canvas 40.0 x 50.0 (approx.)

TYNX LE MAY

All items courtesy Penelope Fitzgerald unless otherwise stated

282. Tynx Le May (“P, Peneismimum”, drawing) undated ink on paper 29.6 x 21.0

283. Tynx Le May *To Mum* (handmade greeting card) undated

marker and coloured pencil on paper, adhesive tape 21.1 x 14.8

284. Tynx Le May (collage on paper plate) 1993 offset print, adhesive tape and pen on paper 17.8 x 17.8 inscribed verso: To Lloyd from Bridget signed verso: Bridget Courtesy Lloyd Marsh

285. Tynx Le May (handmade greeting card) 1996 coloured pencil and collage on paper 14.6 x 20.8 signed: Bridget

ANTHONY MANNIX

All items courtesy the artist, unless otherwise stated

286. Anthony Mannix *Journal of a Madman* 1987–2003 Thirty unique illustrated journals

287. Anthony Mannix *A Cerebral Odyssey* 1991 ink on paper 63.0 x 56.0

288. Anthony Mannix *Erotomania* 1992 book (closed): 21.1 x 14.8 dust jacket: 23.2 x 51.6 Collection National Gallery of Australia Gordon Darling Australasian Print Fund 1995

289. Anthony Mannix *Groan Creatures* 1997 solder, gouache, resin, draughtsmen’s patterns on board 55.5 x 48.0 x 8.0

290. Anthony Mannix *The Beast of the Unconscious and I discuss the Anatomical Bomb of Madness* 2000 ink and gouache on paper 45.0 x 63.0 stamped l.r.: Mannix

291. Anthony Mannix *The Carrotmen* 2000 ink and gouache on paper 55.5 x 48.0 x 8.0 stamped l.r.: Mannix

292. Anthony Mannix *Hallucination leading to Indulgence* 2001 ink, acrylic, glue, rice paper, etching paper 76.0 x 56.0 signed l.l.: Mannix

293. Anthony Mannix *A Conversation with Esoteric Friends* 2003

ink on paper 76.0 x 62.0 signed l.l.: Mannix

294. Anthony Mannix *The Beast and I* 2004 ink on paper 47.0 x 49.0 signed l.c.: Mannix

295. Anthony Mannix *A Merry-go-round of images* 2004 ink and pencil on paper 76.0 x 57.0 signed l.l.: Mannix

296. Anthony Mannix *The Psychotic Intrusion as Art* 2004 acrylic on canvas 116.0 x 95.0

297. Anthony Mannix *Who Is This Strange Family? Where Do They Come From? Where Are They Going?* 2006 ink on board 50.0 x 39.5

298. Anthony Mannix *Schizophrenic Archaeology* 2006 bronze, brass, copper lead, steel on handmade paper 43.0 x 55.0 signed

299. Anthony Mannix *The Majesty of Madness* 2006 ink on paper 69.0 x 52.0 signed c.l.: Mannix

300. Anthony Mannix *Bert’s Story* 2006 ink, acrylic and varnish on paper 55.5 x 48.6 x 5.0 stamped c.r.: Mannix

301. Anthony Mannix *The intimacies of psychosis* 2006 acrylic, ink, varnish and creosole on board 55.5 x 48.0 x 5.0

302. Anthony Mannix *The spectre of deliverance* 2006 ink, paper, varnish, gouache and creosole on board 55.5 x 48.0 x 5.0

303. Anthony Mannix *Merging into the greater beyond* 2006 Chinese ink on acrylic paint 101.5 x 101.5

304. Anthony Mannix *Merging into the Landscape I Cease to Be* 2006 ink, varnish, tea and acrylic on canvas 101.5 x 101.5

305. Anthony Mannix *The inherited fantasy* 2006 ink and acrylic on canvas 101.5 x 101.5 signed

306. Anthony Mannix *A Cerebral Odyssey* 2006 Anthony Mannix (recorded voice) in collaboration with The Loop Orchestra, 15 minutes, featuring John Blades, Richard Fielding, Manny Gasparinatos, Patrick Gibson, Hamish Mackenzie Performed 23 September 2006 Joan Sutherland Performing Arts Centre Penrith

RICHARD MCLEAN

All items courtesy Richard McLean

307. Stuffed toy bear 1975 fabric, stuffing, glass 23.0 x 12.0 x 6.5

308. (Richard McLean, age four) c. 1977 colour photograph 24.4 x 18.3

309. *Barrier Reef Adventures of Minus Five* c. 1979 (hardcover picture book) 31.5 x 25.5

310. “Great Barrier Reef” souvenir wallet c. 1979 plastic 7.7 x 9.2

311. Richard McLean *Celebrate Diversity!* 2006 high resolution digital print with pigment inks on archival paper 84.1 x 59.4 editioned l. r.: 1/5

312. Richard McLean *‘Junkie’* 2006 high resolution digital print with pigment inks on archival paper 84.1 x 59.4 editioned l. r.: 1/5

313. Richard McLean *Kinsey Schminsey* 2006 high resolution digital print with pigment inks on archival paper 84.1 x 59.4 editioned l. r.: 1/5

314. Richard McLean *Mo* 2006 high resolution digital print with pigment inks on archival paper 84.1 x 59.4 editioned l.r.: 1/5

315. Richard McLean *She’ll Be Apples* 2006 high resolution digital print with pigment inks on archival paper 84.1 x 59.4 editioned l. r.: 1/5

316. Richard McLean *Slash* 2006 high resolution digital print with pigment inks on archival paper 84.1 x 59.4 editioned l. r.: 1/5

317. Richard McLean *Suckers...* 2006 high resolution digital print with pigment inks on archival paper 84.1 x 59.4 editioned l. r.: 1/5

318. Richard McLean *Valid Love* 2006 high resolution digital print with pigment inks on archival paper 59.4 x 84.1 editioned l. r.: 1/5

319. Richard McLean *Victory* 2006 high resolution digital print with pigment inks on archival paper 84.1 x 59.4 editioned l. r.: 1/5

320. Richard McLean *What a Bloody RAU* 2006 high resolution digital print with pigment inks on archival paper 84.1 x 59.4 editioned l. r.: 1/5

321. Richard McLean *You're All a Pack of C*#!\$* 2006 high resolution digital print with pigment inks on archival paper 84.1 x 59.4 editioned l. r.: 1/5

OPHELIA'S MINK

Items courtesy the artist and Neami Splash Art Studio, Melbourne, unless otherwise stated

322. Ophelia’s Mink *Time to Think* 2005 ink on canvas 80.0 x 80.0 Private collection, Melbourne

323. Ophelia’s Mink *The Clogs* 2006 Clogs, mosaic tile, glass, silk, faux fur, curtain tassels, costume jewellery 50.0 x 40.0 x 20.0 (irreg.)

324. Ophelia’s Mink *The Reality of Psychosis* 2006 ink on canvas 25.0 x 30.0 Private collection, Melbourne

325. Ophelia’s Mink *Red Purple and Gold* 2006 ink on canvas 25.0 x 30.0 Private collection, Melbourne

326. Ophelia’s Mink *Something Precious No 1* 2006 birdcage, opals, jade, china, mirrors, brass and serviettes 40.0 x 40.0 x 45.0

327. Ophelia’s Mink *Something Precious No 2* 2006 birdcage, glass, necklace, sherry glasses, beads and serviettes 40.0 x 40.0 x 45.0

328. Ophelia’s Mink *Untitled No III* 2006 ink on canvas 25.0 x 30.0

GLENN MORGAN

329. Glenn Morgan *Mad Man Attempting Suicide* 1980 intaglio image: 20.4 x 16.2 plate-mark: 20.8 x 16.2 National Gallery of Australia Gordon Darling Fund 1986

330. Glenn Morgan *Mad Man Attempting Suicide* 1984 enamel on tin and wood 30.0 x 25.0 x 20.0 signed and dated l.r.: Morgan 84 Collection Charles Nodrum

331. Glenn Morgan *A Friend Having Shock Treatment* 1984 mixed medium painting 92.0 x 83.0 x 2.5 signed and dated l.r.: Morgan 84 Collection the artist

RICHARD MORRISON

All works courtesy the artist unless otherwise stated

332. Richard Morrison *The Vanquished Moon* 1984 oil on canvas 122.0 x 183.0 signed and dated l.r.: Richard Morrison 1984

333. Richard Morrison *His Romantic Inclination* 2000 oil on canvas 122.0 x 91.5 signed and dated l.l.: 2000 Richard Morrison

334. Richard Morrison *Cappuccino Girl* 2000 oil on canvas 122.0 x 91.5 signed and dated l.l.: Richard Morrison 2000

335. Richard Morrison *Dick* 2002 oil on canvas 46.0 x 46.0 signed and dated u.l.: Richard Morrison 2002

336. Richard Morrison *Beads* 2006 oil on canvas 61.0 x 61.0 signed and dated l.l. 2006 Richard Morrison

337. Richard Morrison *Everybody’s Darling* 2006 oil on canvas 61.0 x 76.2 signed and dated verso

338. Richard Morrison *The Crutch of the Matter* 2006 oil on canvas 61.0 x 61.0 signed and dated verso

339. Richard Morrison *Naked Me* 2006 oil on canvas 61.0 x 61.0 signed and dated verso; dated u.r.: 2006

BARBARA MUNRO

Items courtesy Major Barbara Munro, Salvation Army

340. (*Raakan, S.A.*) c. 1949 black and white photograph 8.5 x 13.5 inscribed verso: Sunday School Anniversary

341. “Bloed en Vuur” (Blood of Christ, Fire of Holy Spirit, Salvation Army motto, flag on stand) c. 1970 fabric, dye, wood, string, pins 31.2 x 18.0 x 6.5

BRIAN MURRAY

342. Brian Murray *1–15 Untitled* 2003–2006 felt pen, pencil and texta on paper 21.0 x 29.7 Courtesy the artist and Neami Splash Art Studio, Melbourne

CHRISTIAN NARSAMMA

All items courtesy Christian Narsamma

343. Christian Narsamma (drawing) c. 2004 pen, pencil and marker on paper 37.4 x 50.5

344. Christian Narsamma (drawing) c. 2004 pen, pencil and marker on paper 29.6 x 42.0

345. Christian Narsamma (drawing) c. 2004 pen, pencil and marker on paper 28.5 x 39.7

346. Christian Narsamma (drawing) c. 2004 pen, pencil and marker on paper 27.1 x 34.7 signed: Christian J Narsamma

347. Christian Narsamma (drawing) c. 2004 pen, pencil and marker on paper 25.1 x 37.5

348. Christian Narsamma (drawing) c. 2004 pen, pencil and marker on paper 25.1 x 37.5

REBECCA PENE

Items courtesy Rebecca Pene

349. Rebecca Pene *The Rambling of a Schizophrenic* 2003 pen and marker on lined spiral bound notebook 25.5 x 32.0

350. Liverpool/Fairfield Disabled Persons Resource Service *When All Blades Spin, Anthology 1*, 2nd edition 1995 Louise Wakeling (ed), published by Liverpool/Fairfield Disabled Persons Resource Service, Liverpool, pp. 8–9 20.4 x 14.6

JOHN PERCEVAL

351. John Perceval *The Patient* 1981 oil and pencil on paper 37.11 x 50.0 Collection Heide Museum of Modern Art, Melbourne

352. John Perceval *The Patient* 1981 oil and pencil on paper 59.0 x 69.0 Collection Newcastle Region Art Gallery

353. John Perceval (*Rhinoceros*) 1981 oil and pencil on paper 37.0 x 50.0 Private collection Melbourne

354. John Perceval *Sunflowers* 1993 oil on canvas 44.0 x 43.0 Private collection Melbourne

CRAIG PHIPPS

All items courtesy the artist and Neami Splash Art Studio, Melbourne

355. Craig Phipps *Sanctity* 2004 acrylic on paper 40.0 x 60.0

356. Craig Phipps *On a Walkabout, on a Walkabout* 2005 acrylic on paper 60.0 x 84.0

357. Craig Phipps *Reach on KATOOMBA–Piano man* 2005 acrylic on paper 60.0 x 84.0

358. Craig Phipps *Cooking Food in the Outback* 2006 acrylic on paper 40.0 x 60.0

359. Craig Phipps *Outreach, Diversity (based on Koori Culture)* 2006 acrylic on paper 60.0 x 84.0

360. Craig Phipps *Raw Emotion* of Bushland 2006 acrylic on paper 60.0 x 84.0

361. Craig Phipps *Reaching on Wild desire more infinite* 2006 acrylic on paper 60.0 x 84.0

BRUCE PLANT

All items courtesy Bruce Plant

362. Bruce Plant *Phoenix* 1984 oil on board 50.0 x 60.0 signed l.r.: B. Plant

363. Bruce Plant *Black Day in Snowy Valley* 2004 mixed media on board 44.5 x 59.5 signed l.l.: B. Plant 04

364. Bruce Plant *City of Churches* 2004 acrylic on board 45.0 x 60.0 signed l.l.: B. Plant

365. Bruce Plant *Divine Luck* 2004 oil on board 59.5 x 44.0 signed l.r.: B. Plant

366. Bruce Plant *Figurehead* 2004 oil on canvas 50.0 x 40.0

367. Bruce Plant *Kicking a Goal* 2004 oil on board 44.3 x 57.5 signed l.r.: B. Plant

368. Bruce Plant *Premonition* 2004 oil on canvas 82.5 x 108.0 signed l.r.: B. Plant 2004

369. Bruce Plant *The Siege* 2004 mixed medium on board 57.5 x 70.0 signed l.r.: B. Plant 04

370. Bruce Plant *Judy and the Dog* 2005 oil on masonite 49.5 x 90.0 signed l.r.: B. Plant 05

371. Bruce Plant *Our Backyard* 2005 oil on board 49.8 x 39.8 signed l.l.: B. Plant 05

372. Bruce Plant *Sailing the Tsunami* 2005 oil on board (print) 49.8 x 39.8 signed l.c.: B. Plant 05

373. Bruce Plant *Sun Swirl* 2005 mixed media on canvas 30.0 x 30.0 signed, titled and dated l.r.: B. Plant Sunswirl Nov 05

374. Bruce Plant *The End* 2005 oil on board 57.0 x 78.0 signed l.r.: B. Plant

375. Bruce Plant *Village* 2005 oil on found painting on board 36.5 x 54.2 signed l.r.: B. Plant

376. Bruce Plant *Blue Cross* 2006 oil on canvas 60.0 x 60.0 signed l.l.: B. Plant

377. Bruce Plant *Jesus Christ* 2006 oil on found painting 49.0 x 38.5 signed l.r.: B. Plant 06

378. Bruce Plant *A Terrific Time* 2006 acrylic on canvas 112.5 x 93.0 signed l.l.: B. Plant 06

GEOFF PRINCE

379. Geoff Prince Poems performed include

“Refraction” published *Anthemsof Artspace*, Papyrus Publishing, 1998 recorded reading with harp music by Jackie Spring

“Minimalities” (suite of three poems) published *Anthemsof Artspace*, Papyrus Publishing, 1998 recorded reading with harp music by Jackie Spring

“A Child, a Book, a Feeling” published *Silhouettes of Silence*, Monash University English Department, 1993

“The Red-head Kiss” published *Silhouettes of Silence*, Monash University English Department, 1993

“Webs of Breath” published *Silhouettes of Silence*, Monash University English Department, 1993

“Scholars” published *Cartoons of Quietness*, Papyrus Publishing, 1994

“Something I Heard” published *Cartoons of Quietness*, Papyrus Publishing, 1994

“Shrinkage” published *Anthemsof Artspace*, Papyrus Publishing, 1998

“Brown Sounds, Brown Silences” published *Anthemsof Artspace*, Papyrus Publishing, 1998

“Lines to a Lost Son” published *Loose Kangaroos*, Domain Press, 1998

“The Well Dressed Poet Finds Sartori” published *Loose Kangaroos*, Domain Press, 1998

“You Called Me Mad” published *Loose Kangaroos*, Domain Press, 1998

“Faerie Dharma” published *Faerie Dharma*, Woorilla Press Publications, 2000

“Amongst Soft Silences” published *Faerie Dharma*, Woorilla Press Publications, 2000

“In The Age of Madness” published *The Glass Asylum*, Papyrus Publishing, 2005

“We’ll Kiss Our Demons” published *The Glass Asylum*, Papyrus Publishing, 2005

“Life is Not...” published *The Asides in the Seeing of Sanity*, Papyrus Publishing, 2005

“I Need a Space...” published *The Asides in the Seeing of Sanity*, Papyrus Publishing, 2005

“The Whisperers...” published *The Asides in the Seeing of Sanity*, Papyrus Publishing, 2005

Performed 23 September 2006 Joan Sutherland Performing Arts Centre Penrith

GERALDINE QUINN

All items courtesy Geraldine Quinn unless otherwise specified

380. Ralph Blum *The Book of Runes* 1985 published by Angus & Robertson Publishers, Australia 18.5 x 13.3

381. *Podgy (angel)* 1992 ceramic, paint 14.5 x 8.0 x 3.0

382. Geraldine Quinn journal 1994 pen on paper, spiral bound notebook 32.0 x 20.5 signed on front cover: Geraldine Quinn

383. Rosary Novena from Enniskillen Island 1994 metal, ceramic Courtesy Margaret Quinn

JULIE RICHARDSON

384. (John Arthur and Dora May Richardson) 1943 black and white photograph 13.5 x 8.6 inscribed verso: Julie Richardson, 4/45 Henry St, Greenslopes, QLD 4120 stamped verso: A. Lourens, Photographer, Jersey Courtesy Julie Richardson

DUSHAN RISTEVSKI

Items courtesy Dushan Ristevski

385. Dushan Ristevski *Fragments* (book) 1990 Published by the Macedonian Literary Association, “Grigor Prilchev” 21.0 x 15.3

386. Blagoj Ristevski *Fragments I* 1990 pen and ink on paper 49.0 x 40.0 signed and dated l.r.: Ristevski 90

TULLY ROSEN

387. Tully Rosen *All Consuming* 2003 DVD duration 22 minutes Courtesy Milrose Productions

ANNE ROWE

388. Anne Rowe *amantes amentes [L. lovers (are) mad]* 2006 pencil ink on paper, reflective glass installation dimensions variable Courtesy Anne Rowe and Mori Gallery, Sydney

GRANT ROWE

All items courtesy Grant Rowe

389. Grant Rowe
An attempt at capturing emotion 1995–2004
acrylic on paper, installation, dimensions variable

390. Grant Rowe
Dead Outside 1996
video: Kiddies Tyco Camera
Creator and Director: Grant Rowe
Sound: Grant Rowe
Camera: Grant Rowe, Jim Kaperonis, Craig Cooper
Duration: 9:15 minutes
Performers: Grant Rowe, Jim Kaperonis, Craig Cooper

391. Grant Rowe
Australian Garage Wrestling 1998
Creator and Director: Grant Rowe
Camera: Grant Rowe
Duration: 6:30 minutes
Performers: Ben Hay, Grant Rowe, Jack Ray Jacob

392. Grant Rowe
Spooky Pill c. 1997-2000
Creator and Director: Grant Rowe
Sound: Grant Rowe
Camera: Grant Rowe
Duration: 2:41 minutes

393. Grant Rowe
Do What I Say 2001
Creator and Director: Grant Rowe
Sound: Grant Rowe
Camera: Grant Rowe
Duration: 1:08 minutes
Performer: Grant Rowe

394. Grant Rowe
Confessions to Murder 2002
Creator and Director: Grant Rowe
Camera: Grant Rowe
Duration: 11:00 minutes
Performer: Grant Rowe

395. Grant Rowe
Hell is Where the Heart aint 2002
Creator and Director: Grant Rowe
Sound: Grant Rowe
Camera: Grant Rowe
Duration: 3:42 minutes
Performer: Grant Rowe

396. Grant Rowe
Never Follow Through 2002
Creator and Director: Grant Rowe
Sound: Grant Rowe
Camera: Grant Rowe
Duration: 4:51 minutes
Performer: Grant Rowe

397. Grant Rowe
Reflections on Gambling 2003
Creator and Director: Grant Rowe
Sound: Grant Rowe
Camera: Grant Rowe
Duration: 1:35 minutes
Performer: Grant Rowe

398. Grant Rowe
Birth 2005
acrylic on canvas
31.0 x 40.5

399. Grant Rowe
Ignored 2005
Creator and Director: Grant Rowe
Sound: Grant Rowe
Camera: Grant Rowe
Duration: 1:47 minutes
Performer: Grant Rowe

400. Grant Rowe
An Interview with John Bozik 2005–2006
Creator and Director: Grant Rowe
Sound: Grant Rowe
Camera: Grant Rowe
Duration: 22:18 minutes

401. Grant Rowe
Rising Up 2005
acrylic on canvas
40.5 x 30.5

402. Grant Rowe
Saint Teresa 2005
acrylic on canvas
41.0 x 30.5

403. Grant Rowe
Sinking Down 2005
acrylic on canvas
30.0 x 40.0

404. Grant Rowe
Aleister Crowley 2006
acrylic on canvas
40.0 x 30.0

405. Grant Rowe
Bill Murray 2006
acrylic on canvas
41.0 x 30.5
Courtesy the artist

406. Grant Rowe
Dancing Skeleton 2006
Creator and Director: Grant Rowe
Music: Grant Rowe
Camera: Grant Rowe
Duration: 2:0 minutes
Performer: Marcel

407. Grant Rowe
Elvis Costello 2006
acrylic on canvas
41.0 x 30.5

408. Grant Rowe
20 January 2006 2006
card on card (stamped)
22.5 x 31.0

409. Grant Rowe
The Lion and the Lamb 2006
Creator and Director: Grant Rowe
Music: Grant Rowe
Camera: Stills by Grant Rowe
Duration: 0:58 minutes
Performer: Grant Rowe

410. Grant Rowe
Little Alone 2006
acrylic on canvas
41.0 x 30.5

411. Grant Rowe
Living Dead 2006
acrylic on canvas

412. Grant Rowe
Negative Self Portrait 2006
acrylic on canvas board
41.0 x 31.0

GARETH SANSON

413. Gareth Sansom
Schizophrenia 1993
oil and enamel on canvas
213.8 x 153.0
Collection Ian Potter Museum of Art, University of Melbourne

GWEN SCOTMAN

414. A. Tester
Solitude
acrylic on paper
20.9 x 29.4
signed l.r.: A. Tester
Courtesy Gwen Scotman

MARTIN SHARP

415. Martin Sharp
The Yellow Chair 1971
collage and paint
60.0 x 49.5
Collection Martin Sharp

DAMIEN SKIPPER

416. Damien Skipper
Two Heads 2004
plaster, cement and paint
25.0 x 20.0, 19.0 x 13.0
Courtesy the artist and Neami Splash Art Studio, Melbourne

417. Damien Skipper
Cartoons one to four 2006
ink and oil on canvas
four units
23.0 x 30.0, 30.0 x 23.0, 26.0 x 20, 31.0 x 23.0
each signed c..r.: D.S 06
Courtesy the artist and Neami Splash Art Studio, Melbourne

ALLAN STEPHAN

418. Allan Stephan
Model of NSW State Rail carriage
c. 1990
metal, wood, plastic, paint
61.0 x 200.0 x 32.0
Courtesy Allan Stephan

DRAGOLJUB SUVAILO

All items courtesy Dragoljub Suvailo

419. Unknown
("Sveti Arhangel Mihailo", Archangel Michael) c. 1916
pencil, pen and ink on paper with glitter, painted wood frame
31.9 x 24.5
signed l.r.

420. (Dragoljub with brother and grandfather in Serbia) 1980
colour photograph
12.4 x 8.9
dated verso: 10.V.1980

421. (Dragoljub with mother Maria in Serbia) 1980
black and white photograph
4.4 x 7.1
dated verso: 20.V.1980

422. (Dragoljub with mother Maria in Serbia) 1980
black and white photograph
8.4 x 4.3
dated verso: 20.V.1980

423. Serbian prayer book 1991
15.0 x 11.0

424. Dragoljub Suvailo
Prayer book c. 1995
pen and mixed media on paper (journal)
23.0 x 15.2

425. Candleholder
copper
48.0 x 11.0 x 11.0

426. Icon
colour printed paper, wood, metal, thread, varnish
7.4 x 10.0 x 1.2

CRAIG THOMPSON

427. Centre for Mental Health
Mental Health Act Guide Book (Amended May 2003), "Inquiry—Mental Health Act 1990, Notice of proceedings before Magistrate—s38(3)", Appendix I, Mental Health Act Forms, Form 3 2003 published by the NSW Institute of Psychiatry, Parramatta
30.0 x 23.7
Courtesy NSW Health

ALBERT TUCKER

Items Collection National Gallery of Australia

428. Albert Tucker
Psycho 1942
pastel on paper
23.7 x 17.9
signed

429. Albert Tucker
Psycho 1942
pencil on paper
25.1 x 17.9
signed

GEORGE ROWLAND TUFNELL

430. *Sunset Over the Bay* 1933 (tray)
pyrography, stain and lacquer on wood, metal handles
35.5 x 56.0
signed and dated verso: G. Rowland Tufnell 1933
Courtesy Olive Hughes

HOSSEIN VALAMANESH

431. Hossein Valamanesh
Home of Mad Butterflies 1996
ladder, Persian shoes, synthetic polymer paint
dimensions variable
Courtesy Hossein Valamanesh

WART

All items courtesy Wart

432. Wart
Watch It 1992
bitumen and acrylic on paper
69.0 x 100.5
signed l.r.: Warts ok

433. Wart
Don't Go Beyond the Steps c. 1994
oil and bitumen on paper
101.0 x 67.0
signed l.r.: Warts ok

434. Wart
Ambulance that Gets You There c. 1995
oil and bitumen on archival paper
57.0 x 76.0

435. Wart
Emergency Room Chairs c. 1995
oil and acrylic on paper
71.0 x 79.5

436. Wart
Hospital Dreaming c. 1995
oil and bitumen on archival paper
76.0 x 58.0
signed l.r.: Warts ok

437. Wart
Isolation Room c. 1995
oil and bitumen on archival paper
102.0 x 66.5
signed l.r.: Warts ok
438. Wart
Just Checkin c. 1995
oil, acrylic and oil stick on paper
56.5 x 75.5
signed l.r.: W

439. Wart
Medication Time c. 1995
oil and bitumen on archival paper
70.0 x 72.0

440. Wart
Mind Mist c. 1995
oil on paper
74.0 x 55.5
initialed l.r.: W

441. Wart
Self Portrait c. 1995
oil and gesso on paper
69.0 x 100.5
signed l.r.: Warts ok

442. Wart
Secret Phases of Fear 2005
22 paintings, oil on board
each 39.5 x 38.0

443. Wart
To Amber a Unicorn Warrior 2005
oil on canvas
106.0 x 75.5

PETER WEGNER

All items courtesy Peter Wegner unless otherwise specified

444. Peter Wegner
G. Doyle 1999
drypoint etching 20.6. x.22.4
paper 28.0 x 28.0
A.P.; signed and dated l.l.: Peter Wegner 99; titled l.c.: G.Doyle

445. Peter Wegner
Doyle 1999
drypoint etching 20.6 x 22.4
paper 38.0 x 28.3
A.P.; signed and dated l.l.: Peter Wegner 1999; titled l.c.: Doyle

446. Peter Wegner
Graeme Doyle 2000 2000
drypoint etching 20.7 x 22.4
paper 35.8.x.28.4
A.P.; signed l.r.: Peter Wegner; titled and dated l.c.: Doyle 2000

447. Peter Wegner
Doyle 2000
drypoint etching 20.5 x 22.4
paper 37.8.x 28.3
A.P.; signed l.r.: Peter Wegner 2000; titled l.c.: Graeme Doyle 2000

448. Peter Wegner
Doyle 2001
drypoint etching on paper
20.5 x 22.4; paper 34.0 x 28.2
A.P.; signed and dated l.l.: Peter Wegner 01; titled l.c.: Doyle 2001

449. Peter Wegner
Profile 2001
drypoint etching on paper
20.7 x 22.4; paper 37.7 x 28.5
A.P.; signed and dated l.l.: Peter Wegner 01; titled l.c.: Profile

450. Peter Wegner
The Sufferer 2005
oil on linen
180.0 x 180.0
Private collection, Sydney

JOEY WINDRICH

Items courtesy Joey Windrich

451. "Mental health Issues?? Appearing in Court??" poster c. 2003
offset print
42.1 x 29.5

452. Joey Windrich
Hospital System c. 2005
pencil on paper
19.0 x 19.0

BARBEL WINTER

453. Pencil case
leather, plastic, elastic, metal zip
19.7 x 8.5
Courtesy Barbel Winter

All measurements are in centimetres, height before width

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