

A huge, bare hall. Pairs of black speakers, facing each other are fixed along the walls, at equal distances. Each pair utters a single word or phrase. Some of the voices are clearly audible, some indistinct. The sounds and words feel like they are in your head.

Something pink, stuffed and reclining. Meticulous seaming. A gaggle of limbs. It feels disquietingly violent but strangely fascinating.

A woman standing and talking to an audience. She is wearing a red skirt and is very animated. Behind her, projected onto the white wall, a slide show clicks over. The images document the activities of a removal team as they shift the contents of one school classroom into another. The woman speaking is not in the images but she is explaining to the audience why she orchestrated this activity and what it means.

It is a small picture in a book. A smooth, black form perched on a plinth. There are no sharp corners or edges. It looks solid and heavy and yet the shape of the form gives a suggestion of movement as if it might morph shape and take flight at any moment.

A male voice with an American accent - interrogating himself manically.

What do you know? I don't know.

Who do you know? I don't know.

Where are you going? Home.

It ends with an unidentifiable gurgling sound, like being under water. It only lasts a few seconds.

Work by a deaf artist with scraps of handwritten text - observations of miscommunication. He is deaf and has only partial lip-reading abilities, still he is aware of the use strangers put him to as a confidante. He can only glimpse at these peoples tales through imperfect apprehension of their words.

Reminded me of 'The Heart is a Lonely Hunter'.

Vertical narrow strips of coloured Perspex angled on the diagonal to create close stripes. Mesmerising and nauseating. Different patterns form and pulsate as you walk past.

Find myself walking back and forth, back and forth. I do not want to leave.

There was one work where memorandums were placed in custom-built pigeonholes for viewers to pick up and follow.

The phone rings in the contemporary art gallery. You answer it and speak to the artist.

Or else, the phone rings in the contemporary art gallery. You pick it up and speak to another viewer in another room in the gallery.

Video, rubbish-strewn street with plastic shopping bags dancing in the wind, the same idea was used in the young man's video work in the film 'American Beauty'.

Huge plaster opera glasses on the Regent Theatre stairs.

Sculptures - figures, tethered in the sea in Sydney.

A poem in the shape of the patron's profile.

A lengthy exact transcription sitting next to its original.