

# DEATH BE KIND

2010

*The Memorial*

# ***The Memorial***

A display-case collection of inherited objects from  
over 100 people, and zine.

June 29th - 25th July  
The Memorial

For the first exhibition of DEATH BE KIND Claire Lambe and Elvis Richardson present The Memorial an elaborate display-case housing a collection of beloved objects that once belonged to a deceased relative, friend, acquaintance or lover chosen by over 100 people from all walks of life who have kindly participated in this project.

The Memorial presentation is reminiscent of the small private museum and employs the language of display to create symbiotic dialogues through the relational placement of the works. A complex display case has been constructed so as to elevate the importance and meanings of the beloved objects and gently navigate the viewers experience of the gallery space.

The Memorial retells the stories behind the objects that we keep to evoke memory of the deceased, how these objects maintain ongoing relationship with the dead, and how these material possessions remain important in memory making. Each object has been documented and texts collected from the holder about their object to create a catalogue of texts that caption the objects personal meanings in a zine.

*Zine also features writers Morgan Fayle, Ruth Learner and  
David Luker and artist Marina Lutz.*

*Thank you to all the participants who have trusted us  
with their precious possessions.*

*Thank you Lisa Young without whom this project  
would not be possible, and Huw Smith for his talent  
and hard work.*

**DEATH  
BE  
KIND**

Upstairs @ **The Alderman**  
134 Lygon Street  
Brunswick East VIC 3056

Opening hours:  
Tuesday 6-8pm  
Saturday & Sunday 2-6pm  
Or by appointment  
CL: 0448 381 651  
ER:0401346520

[www.deathbekind.com](http://www.deathbekind.com)

***Dedicated to***

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## Alfred Hurlle

24/07/1910–4/6/2004

### Certificate

Present owner: Andrew Hurlle

The last time I visited my Nana happened to be on the day she was preparing to leave her family home and move into residential care. The house was being emptied of furniture as I arrived and I took the certificate from a chest of drawers as it was being loaded onto a trailer.

It had been issued to my Grandfather by Dunkling's jewelers when he purchased either a wedding or engagement ring (the certificate doesn't specify which).

Grandpa had died about three weeks before my visit and my Nana died about four months after moving into her new unit.

## Eileen Thomas (nee Marsden)

8/1/1902–1996

### Crocheted blanket

Present owner : Andrew McQualter

This blanket was made for me by my maternal grandmother, Eileen Thomas, and has been continuously in my possession since 1981.



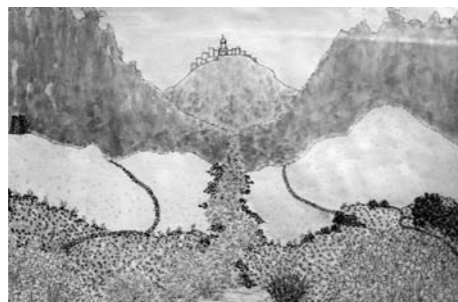
## Betty Matear

### Framed water colour

Present owner: Adrien Allen

As a child I spent a lot of time with my grandmother. She died when I was a teenager. I carry an image around with me of her face – the glamour of her former life discernible, the disappointment of life clear.

In these last watercolours, as in most of her work, she created an arcane space built of memory and fantasy. Only family and close friends saw these.



## William Morrow

5/10/1927–4/10/2002

### Song lyrics written out by William Morrow to Cole Porter's 1934 song Don't fence Me In, based on original poem Open Range by Montana Department of Highways poet engineer Robert Fletcher.

Present owner: Andrew Hazelwinkel

Lyrics to William's favourite song written out by him and given to me the last time we saw each other.

Oh Give me land lots of land under  
Starry Skies above  
Don't fence me in  
let me ride thru the wide open  
Country that I love  
let me be by myself in the evening  
breeze, listen to the murmur of  
the cotton-wood trees, send me  
of brown, but I ask you please  
Don't fence me in.  
Just turn me loose, let  
me straddle that old saddle  
underneath the western skies  
on my Bayou let me wander  
over yonder till I see the  
mountain rise.  
I want to ride to the ridge  
where the west Army commences  
Gaye of the moon till I  
lose my senses,  
Can't look at hibbles and I  
can't stand fences.

Don't fence me in.

Cole Porter

## Odino Belia

3/11/1936–17/5/2010

### A small clear brown capsule/ container with two rings of colour on top. Broken, this object is in two pieces and placed in a clear cylinder.

Present owner: Anita Belia

Morphine was the contents of this small container. It was used to relieve the extraordinary pain my father suffered through his cancer. It's an object of beauty and a symbol of a happier or at least a more comfortable physical and mental state.



## Elsie Stokes

10/11/1905–20/10/1995

### Crotchet Doily

Present owner: Bec Dean

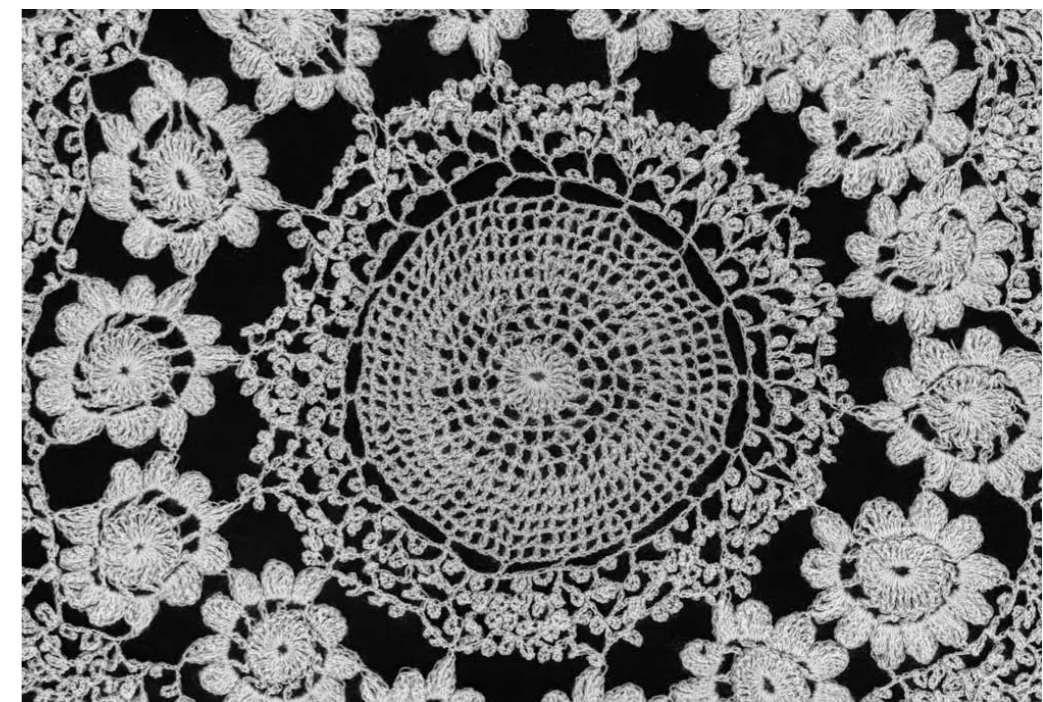
A couple of months ago I came into possession of what I guess is my inheritance, or at least a part of it. My Mum has been living in Argentina for the last three years and had been storing all of her stuff in Australia up until this time. She decided to offload everything and divide it between me and my two sisters. I wasn't expecting some of her crystal vases, and I certainly wasn't expecting her entire collection of my Nana's (her Mother's) hand-crocheted doilies. There are at least 50 of them.

My Nana was a kind and gentle, small and round woman. Even though my parents can barely stand one another these days, my Dad still gets a tear in his eye when he

talks about Nana, as if she were his own Mother. He called her "Lady Boss". She was a servant as a young woman, and when she met my Granddad, who was a coal miner, she became a seamstress. She was as neat as a pin, she always made her own clothes and furnishings, as well as the elaborate doilies that stopped ornaments from scratching the furniture.

She taught us card games. She would sing romantic songs from the First World War, which we found hilarious. She made the best roast-chicken-and-veg ever. She had difficulty eating spaghetti, which she would always turn into something of a performance to offset her embarrassment, and make us roll around with laughter. I didn't see her again after we left the UK in 1989 to move to Australia. We wanted her to come with us, but she thought it would be too hot. The night that she died, she spent a long time with a nurse telling her all about her Granddaughters.

I love holding these doilies, which she made with arthritic fingers and such care.



## Tony Nowlan

20/6/1919–27/5/1996

### A dung ball

Present owner: Annabel Nowlan

Looks like nothing else... A cow-made ball of dried mud, grass and cow manure. It has accumulated on a Hereford cow's tail. It has been shaped into a ball by rolling from side to side, around the cows behind, for months. My father obviously cut it off, and kept it.

My father was a farmer, a quite stoic man who that loved his animals and especially his cows. This curio was found along with others when my sisters and I were cleaning out his bedroom cupboard, about 15ys ago.

The cow-ball now sits on my mantle piece as a memento to him. It attracts some curiosity... at a party someone tried to set fire to the furry cow tail bit, which looks like the taper to some sort of explosive bomb.



## Roy Hill

21/8/1925–21/8/2005

### **An aviator helmet accompanied by a funeral card.**

Present owner: Breton Slivka

This is the aviator helmet with which Roy would fly in a Sopwith Camel (biplane).

The illustration on the front of the funeral card is an unfinished sketch I created on his death bed. While he was unconscious and close to death from kidney failure, I decided to take my one last opportunity to sketch him.

I was alone in the room with him. Partway through the sketch I realised he wasn't breathing anymore and quietly informed the rest of my family. The sketch was left in its unfinished state, it represents his last breath of life.

I designed the funeral card. The aviator helmet was displayed during his funeral. I asked if I could have it afterward, as I am an avid fan and collector of hats, aviator helmets in particular. Roy was 1/4th Lakota Sioux (Native American Tribe). The symbol on the back of the card relates to this heritage.

## Brian John Rogan

13/12/1926–12/7/1991

### **Akubra hat**

Present owner: Carmel Rogan

Hat was never worn, but was bought on one of his holidays. I have thought more about my father's hat & it is a reminder to me that it's not always a good thing to put off plans to a future date. I spoke to my mother about the hat & it was bought to wear when he retired as he had plans to travel with her. Sadly that never happened, as he died on the way home from his retirement party. That was approximately 19 years ago in July.



## Mr Crabbs

1989–03/01/2009

### **Ashes of cat (Mr Crabbs) contained in wooden box & Clipping of hair.**

Present owner: Carmel Rogan

Beloved Fur Child. Also, I think the reason why I had Mr Crabbs cremated was because I had trouble letting him go. He was my fur baby & after 19 years together he really became an integral part of my life. My life revolved around his, much to the consternation of family members who could never understand.

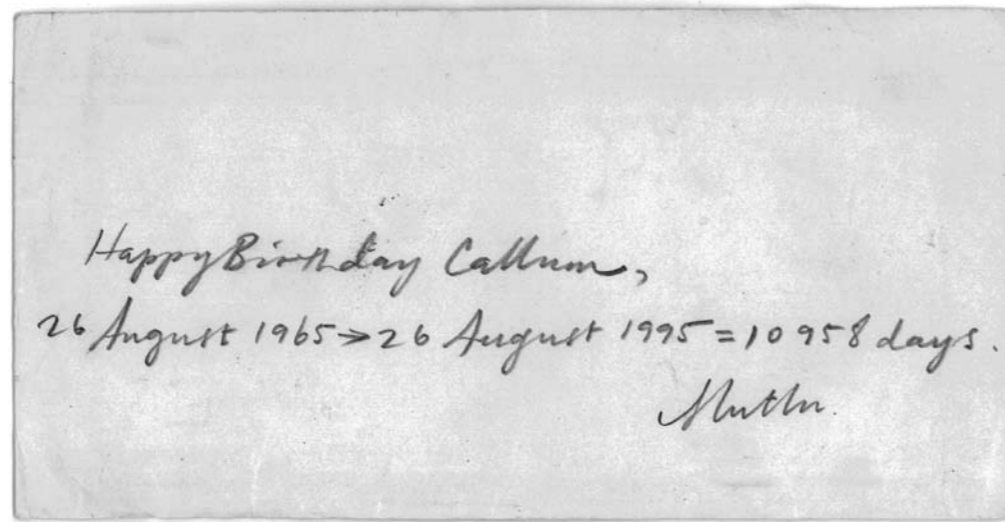
## Mutlu Cerkez

1964–2005

### **Artwork**

Present owner: Callum Morton

A birthday present from Mutlu Cerkez to Callum Morton.



## Name withheld

Mum: 1929–2003

Me: 1966

**Mum's knife: 28 x 3.3cm**  
**My knife (broken): 22 x 3.3cm**  
Present owner: name withheld

Around the time I first moved out on my own (1989), my mum bought two identical kitchen knives at a factory-direct sale. She passed one on to me and kept the other for herself. This was the first and only proper chef-style knife my mum ever owned.

Some of my earliest memories of my mum involve her battling rock-hard pumpkins with the crazily flexing and twisting old carving knife she got as a wedding present in the '50s. This new knife was a revelation to her. I clearly remember those first triumphant pumpkin conquests.

Victory! I also remember many minor injuries. My mum's fingers were not nimble and she struggled to see clearly through her bifocal glasses. She also tended to be in a bit of a preoccupied rush when chopping, usually deep in conversation with someone while she worked. When she cut herself, her cry was always a loud "Oh, poo!"

My dad is also bound to this knife. He did not use it so much but was quite proud of how he kept it sharp, making an earnest fuss of it before carving a Sunday roast.

My knife has its own story. Dishwasher bleached and battered, the blade has broken twice. A couple of centimeters snapped off during a foolish struggle to disarm someone who had seized it for self-harm. It snapped a second time while hacking at glacial formations in an old fridge with an over-active thermostat. Both times, I hand-ground the blade back to a vaguely useful shape and returned it to kitchen duty.

My mum passed away in 2003, my dad in 2009. In the sorting out of effects, the two knives were reunited in my kitchen around Christmas 2009.

Today, now that the two knives sit side by side in the block, I tend to avoid using my mum's knife. It feels foreign and unbalanced. Its tapered point makes me feel a little uncomfortable. I always reach for my own broken knife if I can. Its crude stunted blade sits solidly in the hand,

reassuring and familiar. My knife speaks to me directly about my mum, more so even than her own knife. It's practical, it's honest about its own difficult past and it says to me: "keep going".



## Pauline Cooper

26/06/1933–20/3/2004

### **A collection of Rod Stewart albums**

Present owner:

Daniel Mudie Cunningham

My grandmother Pauline was a huge Rod Stewart fan and collected each album he made and kept them in a red plastic LP case, which ran out of plastic sleeves to accommodate them all.

## Paul Tansley

15/1/1963–25/4/1998

### **Body jewelry**

Present owner: Clinton Garofano

A cockring or cockring is a ring that is placed around a man's penis, usually at the base, primarily to slow the flow of blood from the erect penile tissue, thus maintaining erection for a longer period of time. Cock rings can be worn around just the penis or penis and scrotum, or just the scrotum alone, though this is usually designated as a testicle cuff. Rings can be made of a variety of different materials, most commonly leather, rubber, or silicone, though nylon and metal are also used either as the main component or part of the closure. The term cock ring is sometimes used as a synonym for a Prince Albert piercing, a piercing of the penis that is usually, though not always, a metal ring. (wikipedia)



## Lt Col. David Scott Bell

15/1/37–2/9/03

### **Green tartan dressing gown with hanky in the pocket**

Present owner: Catherine Bell

I used to wear this dressing gown when I was younger (teens). Dad would put it on me when I was cold. I didn't own a dressing gown at this age. I would share Dad's.

So when he died, mum asked if I wanted it, mainly for practical reasons because I lived in Melbourne and it is colder down here compared to Brisbane.

Therefore she thought I would have more use for it. I did try to propagate it when I moved overseas but Dad wasn't willing to part with it then. My brothers aren't the kind of guys who wear pajamas and dressing gowns so we didn't need to negotiate who got it. He had it in the hospital (where he passed away) because he complained to mum that the air conditioning was too cold, she also bought him a pair of flannelette pjs.

I also have these and his bed socks. That was what he was wearing when he died. They are imbedded with his spirit and I wear all of them.



## Marjorie Clover

22/1/1898–3/10/1976

### **Paint brush**

Present owner: Catherine Clover

Adeline Marjorie Sophie Tippet was my paternal grandmother and was born in 1898 in Sudbury, Suffolk in the UK. After her father was killed at Gallipoli in 1915, Marjorie managed to persuade her sister and mother to accompany her to London so she could pursue her creative interests and she got a job designing dresses at Harrods.

When her mother died suddenly of an acute obstruction Marjorie and Sybil were obliged to return to Sudbury, much to Marjorie's frustration. Here she met my grandfather Manning Clover and they were married in 1922. I don't think she ever got over her parents' deaths or having to return to the quiet life of Sudbury. As a wife she tried to paint as often as she could, but was obliged to perform domestic duties and raise three children (the youngest of which was my father). She didn't like domesticity and she didn't like motherhood.

In Sudbury, she painted the garden as well as flower studies. She never formally trained as a designer or artist, and never got the chance to explore her creativity in any real depth. But she continued painting all her life and she encouraged all of us grandchildren to be creative. She gave us paints and brushes every birthday and Xmas. As a result of her interest, there has always been a lot of support for creativity

in my immediate family, and this has benefited me greatly. Many of her paintings still decorate the walls of my parents' flat in West London. I was 13 when she died which was before I discovered my own artistic interests. I trained as a painter in the East End of London, and while I don't have many of her brushes left, this one has stayed with me for many years.

## Sydney Issadore Ostrow

17/06/1936–13/11/1993

### **Adidas sports bag [over-night/hospital bag]**

Present owner: Deborah Ostrow

Buddhist monks travel with robe, sandals and begging bowl. A Buddhist monk my wild west father was not, yet he traveled like a one. Bathrobe, Ugg-boots and a bottle of red packed in an Adidas overnight bag, for a short trip to hospital.

Four operations and a massive heart attack later he was dead. He lay warm, sun kissed and gray-mustached as we four daughters cracked open the red, laughing and wailing like saloon whores in a Sergio Leone western.

The Adidas bag travelled home with me instead of Dad to remind me, as saffron robes remind Buddhist monks, that Autumn leaves are green ones dying.

I keep it in the back shed.



## Red brick in my life's mosaic

This brick represents many things about a segment of my life. It represents early childhood, and parental love no longer with us...

When growing up in a concrete Housing Commission home in the gap between Broadmeadows and Glenroy, called Jacana, times were tough and little more than survival was top of mind.

In the Autumn of 1969 our father, with the help of a bricklaying neighbour, built a new brick fence including white wrought iron (second hand) front gates. The bricks were also second hand and delivered loose in a tip truck, which dumped them on the verge of the driveway and over the road blocking potential passing traffic.

It was quite a scene for the neighbourhood, where home improvement was a rare thing indeed.

All our family and friends pitched in to help carry every brick by hand into the backyard, with strict stacking instructions so our volunteer bricklaying neighbour wouldn't be discouraged to provide his semi-voluntary assistance by amateur brick stacking.

The brick fence was the best around, with pointy brown-glazed capping that prevented the local kids walking along the top, which happened to be one of my favourite past-times on the way home from school as well.

Over 40 years later, after life has taken its own direction, I passed by the old home to find it had become very run down but many original key icons were still standing. Like the red-brick front fence, the fibro-asbestos-concrete sheet garage, the old bungalow that was built to provide 'study space' for my older brother doing his HSC, and the 'play shed' that Dad built for us from the original outdoor-dunny shed after the sewerage came through. In fact the home was more than rundown, it was seriously fire damaged apparently after squatters decided to set the place alight.

Although the main rooms were burnt out badly with no ceilings to speak of, familiar features remained including the old kitchen tiles and the vinyl black and white floor tiles that Dad laid, cursing about how many nails he had to put into the masonite underlay – no nail guns back then. Three months later, again by a chance drive-by, I found all had been demolished in a clean sweep transforming my childhood memories to a flat and stripped baron piece of land.

This was a stark closure to my childhood giving me a mixture of feelings between sentiment and pain. They were tough days with street fights and gangs roaming the streets. Survival required when you came up against a bully, you were already well protected by a bigger bully...

By chance and remarkable luck, while walking where our home once was I found this semi-submerged red brick from the front fence missed by the extraction process. Such an inanimate object, representing so much... This red brick represents a segment of my life representing strong family love and so many memories. The good ones like birthdays and Christmas gatherings. The Saturday morning football games we played on the oval over the road... randomly put together by a group of neighbourhood kids who somehow knew to gather each week without any organisation of any sort. Our model train board that Mum and Dad build with 'plaster of paris' on a chipboard base, and

our animal collection of dogs, cats, ducks, lizards, tadpoles and frogs and mice... Riding my first two wheeler bike, a 'dragster', on my tenth birthday.

But with these sentimental memories are mixed with the sad and bad memories of losing friends to booze, drugs and tragedy, being bullied and fighting back with no real winners. The sadness of loving parents not finding peace in their lives despite their selflessness, and just getting worn down with time.

I can no longer carry the weight of my life's bricks any longer... happy but sad heavy memories, but I don't want to forget them either. So I lay these compartmentalised parts of my life down into my paved mosaic where I can pick them up and remember, but then put them down again because they are not a burden I have to carry anymore.

David Luker  
June 2010

**Ivy Olive Peace  
(nee Morris).**  
01/10/1895–19/11/1991

***Cake Plate given to me on my grandmother's death.***  
Present owner: David Peace

This is a prize for a croquet tournament played in 1963. (Original prize card is on the back of the plate.)

Known as Mumma to her grandchildren Ivy was raised on her parents' farm in the district of Horefield (nearest town Leitchville) in Northern Victoria.

On her marriage at 26 to Fredrick Peace, Ivy moved 1km to Fred's farm where she lived and worked for the next 71 years, farming and raising four children.

At 94, Ivy moved to residential care in the local town, Cohuna until her death in 1991. Croquet was a passion and Ivy played each Wednesday and Saturday. Ivy was a life member of the local Cohuna Club.



**Alan Durré**  
1/12/1920–13/2/1958

***A-frame Pack***  
Present owner: Caroline Durré

My father's pack, which he used for bushwalking in Australia, and hitchhiking in Europe in the 1950s. My father died when I was two years old. Pack used by me when I first went bushwalking, and mended until I could mend it no more!

I don't have many mementoes of my father compared to the many things I have that remind me of my brother Kit, who died in 1990, or my mother, who died in 2006, or the abundant relics of my mother's mother and grandfather. My family history is lopsided, weighted to my mother's side of the family. My mother wasn't a sporty or outdoors person, and for me and my two brothers, school sport was torture.

In my late teens I started bushwalking. It was hard; I had to learn stamina, courage, persistence. This style of pack, though long out of fashion, is really comfortable. It's big enough for a two- or three-day walk in summer, back when you took a tarp, a cape-groundsheets, a sleeping bag, and a



smoke-blackened billy and frying pan; back when you could still light a campfire. I chose this memento because, when he used this pack, my father was not sick, not dying, not dead. He was youthful, energetic, travelling, exploring. Wearing his pack, I could make contact with that joy and energy. I had to learn how to walk in my own right, but while I did so I was also claiming an inheritance from my father, who was so inaccessible to me, and giving it new life.

**Nancy Valmai Mansell**  
19/2/1925–10/3/2005

***Twenty two sets of ceramic teeth, each mounted in red dental wax, framed.***  
Present owner: Drew Bickford

My grandmother Nancy Mansell worked as a dental prosthetist's assistant in the 1940s during her teenage years. She created these ceramic teeth as shade guides for people acquiring crowns, bridges and dentures. They have remained in my family for almost 70 years and I have always wanted to have them preserved.



**Alan John Richardson**  
22/6/1939–11/12/2009

***Fijian carved log mask***  
Present owner: Elvis Richardson

I didn't really share my father's taste in art. But this was one object that stood out from the rest. It was acquired by him when we lived in Fiji in the late 60's early 70's and we used to call it "Big Man".

It is such a simple and noble sculpture and one of the few things my father kept in his subsequent homes after my parents divorced not so many years later.

I am so grateful I got to keep it, it was all I asked for when we were distributing his things.

Big Man hangs in the hall way in the center of our house where we all like to touch its smooth carved face when walking by him.



**Tadeusz Wlodarczak**  
23/10/1933–7/8/1993

***A photograph of my father with me in his arms from early 1960s***  
Present owner: Gosia Wlodarczak

The photograph comes from our family album and my mother gave it to me when I emigrated to Australia. My father had died before I emigrated.

I have a group of these photographs and I wanted to do something with them, as I really feel a lot about them. They are so precious to me, but I can't decide what to do with them.

I keep them in a woven willow box. I really love these houses where people have the photographs framed and around the house, but my mother never did it back at our house in Poland, and that's probably why I don't have them framed on the wall at my house. I am not used to this idea but I want to adopt it. But that's why I can't do that straight away as I would have to adopt that custom.



**Dianna (Zoe) Patchett-Lyons**  
1968–26/1/1996

***Framed photograph***  
Present owner: Flavia Marcello

Dianna and I went together to get tattoos done in King's Cross in 1987. I did my own design of a lizard to put on my hip and she wanted a winged fairy on her shoulder blade.

She made me go in first and then when she came out I discovered that she had decided to have the exact same tattoo as me in the exact same place since the biker bloke in the tattoo parlour wasn't exactly refined.

We went again together to a New Zealand woman in Newton to have the colour and the scales drawn in so we were the Lizard Girl Twins. This lizard is what I have of Di since she died and I remember one of the last things she said to me was how she hated that her name was like the verb Die and that she was going to change it to Zoe, because it means life.



**Esta Mavin**  
17/7/1917–21/1/1984

***Mother of pearl love heart in bullet case shell***  
Present owner:  
Fiona Estelle Blandford

My grandmothers brother handmade and sent back from north Africa during the second world war for her 18th birthday, a mother of pearl love heart with silver backing made from a bullet.

## Marian d'Eve

10/8/1947–7/8/2005 (with my father Russell Smith)

### Self-help book & Paua ring

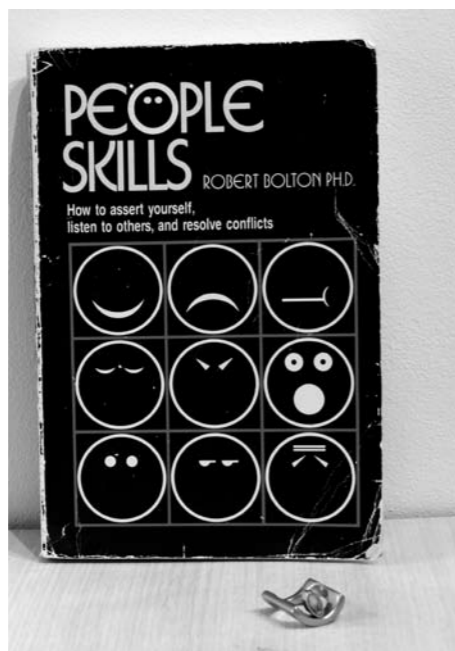
Present owner: Fayen d'Evie

#### Self Help book

This is a book that my mum had on her study bookshelf. Its not something I'm yearning to read – and I don't know if she read it much either. But still, it seems to have some hold over me because every time I have an op-shop cull, I can't get rid of it. I look at it so infrequently (and with so little attention to detail) that I thought it was called "The 7 Habits of Highly Effective People", but I just realised right now that was a fiction in my mind. Its actually called "People Skills". I guess either title makes it an odd memento of deaths. All the same, I always know exactly where the book is.

#### Paua Ring

My parents got married secretly after they had been living together 'in sin' for about 25 years. Mum didn't want a flashy wedding ring because she thought she'd lose it gardening or whatever. One day, she was treating herself to a cappuccino at the local cafe and saw a basket of cheap paua rings which looked a bit untraditional. She bought one to use as her secret wedding ring, reasoning that it would be easy to head back to the cafe and get another one exactly the same if she lost it. I think she said it cost \$15. A year and a half later, my parents died in a plane crash, just off Leithfield Beach, near our farm. A few weeks after, this ring washed up at another beach, several kilometers away, along with their wallets. Someone had found them and handed them in – its amazing they noticed and bothered to hand in such a cheap ring. The ring was pretty scratched and worn by the salt water, so my brother had it cleaned up for me. I call it my power ring (like paua ha ha) and wear it when I need some extra good vibes.



without further explanation. Tinged with a fear of the unknown and the potential for humiliation Emma and i linked arms and stepped forth giggling into curiosity. The moment of uncertainty vanished as a garden lined with tables lined with cream pies revealed itself. Having creamed a majority of the party as they entered the garden and then having been creamed ourselves with the generous supply of pies our hosts made another request.

Three minutes later we were all wearing black eye masks striking naked across the Williams Town oval and rounding the back of the foreshore pub where we sprinted across the beach to plunge into the dark ocean of rolling waves. The beach being lit up by flood lights from the pub, we felt like rock stars emerging from the water with hundreds of people clutching hold of their stubbies and screaming at us for joy. A frigid bolt back to the house to resume the dinner party in our cream sodden finest and the most nonchalant expression one could muster.

Later that evening feeling so relieved and gleeful to be in each others company again Em and I made a pact to have the best year ever! We didnt know at the time that she was dying. And that in six months time she would be gone. And that in those six months she would endure more pain than any one body could endure.

I love these boots and all the other objects she has left with me because they help her remain in my days and nights and in my appreciation off all the wonderful things and moments that can fill a life.

## Emma Burdekin

19/2/1969 – 18/8/2000

**1 pair white goat hair boots. 1 antique pale green bed cover. 1 red and white checkered scarf 1 red oil lamp.**

Present owner: Georgie Read

I gave these white boots to Em before i left to live for a year in Asia. When i returned we met at a dinner party and she was wearing the boots and a long pink vintage dress with flowers.

It was a special party and our last. After feasting guests were requested to enter the back garden without further ado and



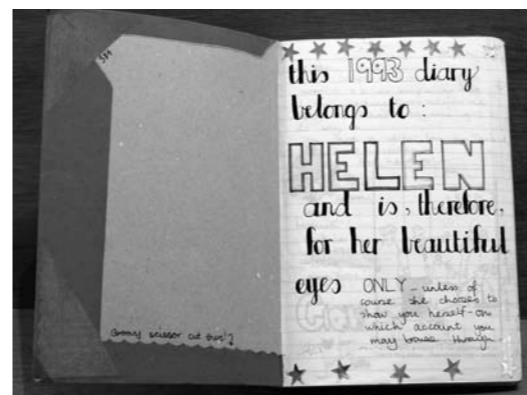
## Janet Philips

1975–1997

### Diary

Present owner: Helen Johnson

Janet was a few years older than me in highschool and I idolised her. She made this diary for me when I was in year 8 and she was in year 12. I filled it during that year. She was a very kind-hearted girl.



## Sarah Abelman

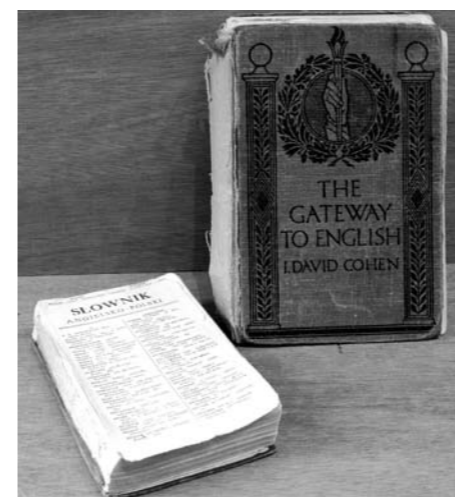
18/1/1925–23/12/2000

**1. book – "The Gateway to English: A Text in Americanism", by I. David Cohen, (Rand McNally & Co: New York, 1920)**

**2. dictionary: Polish-English Dictionary. Author, publisher, date of publication unknown.**

Present owner: Helen Borowski

My late parents, Nathan and Sarah Abelman, were survivors of the Nazi concentration camps in Poland. When they immigrated to the United States after World War II, they had to rebuild their lives. My mother went to English language classes offered to refugees. This was her textbook and her dictionary.



## Unknown

unknown

**Chinese funeral ring – Silver with dragons on the band and man's face**

Present owner: Keely Macarow

I bought the ring at a stall at Covent Garden market in London in the mid 1990s. During the first week that I wore it I had a spate of bad luck. So I returned to the market the following weekend to ask after the ring only to find that it was a chinese man's funeral ring, and that the man's face on the ring was the man who had died. I have always thought the ring may bring or harbour bad luck, but could not get rid of it as it is beautiful. I kept it in a tin box for many years until a few weeks ago when I donated it to this exhibition, and decided that I only want good luck and that I DON'T want it back....



## John Martin Cherry

1923–1976

**Mid 1950s formal dress suit, black wool with shawl collar by Peapes of Sydney**

Present owner: Ian Milliss

This suit belonged to my stepfather. By the early 1950s he had risen from a working class background to management positions in the newly developing plastics industry. The earliest photo I have of him is at Chequers nightclub taken some time in the late 1950s on what must have been one of his first dates with my then recently divorced mother. He is wearing this suit.

They married a few years later but he died suddenly of a heart attack at Sydney Airport while returning from a business trip to Asia. During my teen years in the 60s we had a difficult relationship, more my fault than his, but by the time of his death I had developed a great respect and love for him, he was a very down to earth and genuine old style Australian, thoroughly decent to the core. I'm sure my life would have turned out better if I'd had him around longer and if I'd listened.

I have had it permanently in my wardrobe at all times since his death, it's presence symbolising his absence and in a way the equally sad absence of my genetic father.



## Leonard Rule

28/06/04–11/12/1973

**Diving medal that my paternal grandfather won in 1920.**

Present owner: Kati Rule

I claimed this object from a drawer that was his that my father used as a bedside table.



## George Becklar

October 1945–August 1961

**German. Brass casing. Glass face. Slight 'dint' in the back with some scratching. Item intact.**

Present owner: Jeanette Becklar

As a child I was (and still am) very fascinated by this compass. I can remember holding it my hands and watching the compass needle quiver in the case, I would hide it, I wanted to covet it and no-one seemed to miss it. It has been with me for many years.

I recently raised questions about the ownership of the compass, my family are unsure of who originally possessed it, but, they think that this compass was my brothers –George.

My mother recalls an afternoon where my 3 brothers and father were outside in the backyard talking about the compass and how it is used. I love the scene of this unifying moment, my brothers and father learning together ...and then most likely breaking into a dispute for some reason.

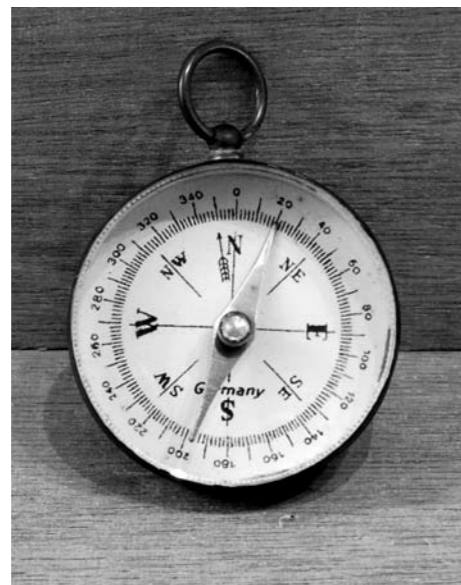
## Martha Ellen Rose Smith

1897–1990

**A musical bottle with an encapsulated dancing couple**

Present owner: Jason Smith

This bottle was given to my grandmother by one of her sons – perhaps even my father – and sat on a dresser in her living room in Junee, NSW, where I spent most school holidays from the age of 6 until I finished art school in 1987. I adored her and asked for the bottle when she died. As a child it was always a treat to play, gently, with something so preciously and formally placed in her living room. To this day I play it and never tire of the music, its slow grind to a halt, and the strange timelessness of the dancers.



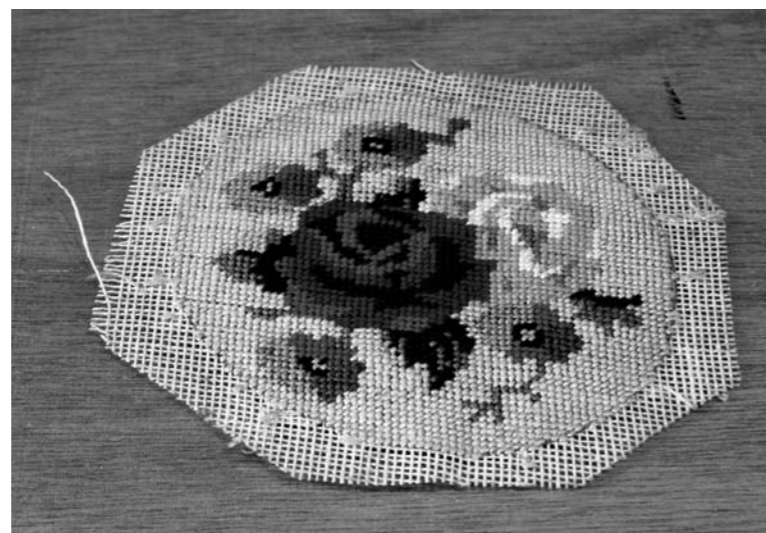
## Wendy Skelton

1/9/1943–2/12/1976

**Small tapestry of flowers, unframed**

Present owner: Jane O'Neill

This is a small tapestry made by my mother. She used to do tapestries at night time whilst watching television. She also attended watercolor classes. One of her main desires was to continue her artistic practice once her youngest child started school, but she died just before this, so never had the chance. In many ways I feel that my commitment to art stems from my mother's unfulfilled ambition.



## Mark Donaldson

26/9/58–16/8/95

**1. Violin and hand made wooden case with rosin and spare string  
2. Motor bike jacket with notes in inside pocket**

Present owner: Kim Donaldson

1. Violin: given to Mark as a gift from his grandmother in the late 1960s when he studied violin at school. Purchased, with case, through the Trading Post by his grandmother from a doctor or dentist.

Earlier ownership unknown. Used regularly until early 1970s. Left with ex-boyfriend, Daryl Mills, when Mark moved to Sydney in the mid 1980s. Still with Daryl when he died in 1995. Given to Kim Donaldson, by Daryl, just before he also died, several years later.

2. Motor cycle jacket: Purchased new, with matching pants, by Mark when he also purchased a motorcycle, in c.1991, after a windfall workers compensation claim. The bike and jacket were purchased as part of a large spending spree made prior to moving to Byron Bay.

The jacket and bike were hardly used before he became too ill to use them. The motorbike was sold prior to moving back to Sydney, where he later died. The jacket was then passed on to his sister, Kim Donaldson. For many years it was used, by Kim, as a house coat when she lived in North Melbourne, in a largely unheated house.



## Barbara Radford

30/7/1943–3/11/2001

**A broken ceramic Japanese coffee pot**

Present owner: Lisa Radford

A wedding gift to my mother Barbara from unknown. Passed on to me in 2002. Broken at band rehearsal in Spetember 2006. Attempted repair in November 2006. Moves house with us unrepaired and remains 'on display'.



## Edna "Kate" Scaife

1910–1989

**Egg beater**

Present owner: Melanie Scaife

Kate (my Nanna) left me all her kitchen things when she died.

## Kitty Lavinia Richards

13/6/1903–10/1/1997

**A lock of my maternal grandmother's hair attached to a card in a plastic cover in an envelope with my name typed on the front.**

Present owner: Luke Parker

I asked for a lock of hair when my grandmother died and this was given to me by the undertaker.

I keep it in a box containing correspondence from my family.



## THE EXPERIMENT



The Marina Experiment began in 1997.

My father spent 16 years viewing me through a microscope. After he died, I went through his stuff and found boxes full of reel-to-reel audiotape, super 8 films, and over 10,000 photographs. They were all of me. I watched every movie, listened to every tape and looked at every photo. I numbered each film and logged every scene. I listened to every audiotape and I typed out every word as a script. I looked at every photograph and divided them into categories. I filed everything by year, then by category, then back into years. I created a logbook with chronological outlines of everything and all the transcripts of our taped conversations and lists of everything I could make a list of. I became obsessed with how to archive it, what to do with it, how to handle it. The vintage photographs throughout this site were all taken by my father and are part of this overwhelming heap of tempestuous baggage that compels me to search for answers.

Now I am chronicling his view of me through my own digital video microscope and you can watch me watch my father watch me.

I remember hearing a story about a French tourist in America, hanging his head out a bus window. Another passenger noticed a truck about to pass the bus and yelled "Look out!" which caused the Frenchman to stick his head further out the window and get hit by the truck. This is probably an urban myth, but I like it because it illustrates something that feels like it applies to all this watching and looking I've been talking about but I'm not exactly sure what that is.

The Marina Experiment has been a one-woman show at The NY Fringe Festival called A Play with Myself. It was called Digging Marina when I was sorting through all the documentation like an archaeologist and dragging my reel to reel into therapy to try and make sense of it all. Then it became The Long Drop, a hangman's term. This method of hanging is designed to break the neck as opposed to plain old strangulation and is considered a way to make executions more humane. I didn't realize it was more humane when I named the project. It just felt long, like it was taking forever for me to hang him. Then it manifested itself as My Pleasure My Treasure. For a moment there I thought I was pleased that my father left me this vast collection of artifacts to fuel my creativity. That quickly faded. I put the project aside for over a year. And now it's back to it's original form. The Marina Experiment.

This project is my retribution. My pleasure and my anger. A work in progress with no end in sight. Enjoy.

## PILOT EPISODE



A father experiments on his daughter by communicating with her solely through cameras and audio recording devices. This is the first in a never-ending series, where the pitfalls of his parenting technique are examined, ridiculed and lamented.

## OBITUARY HAIKU



he does not hear me  
in my eyes he sees himself  
I am traumatized

## OBITUARY LIMERICK



I once had a father named Abe  
who treated me like a hot babe  
he lecherously stared  
while he photographed me bare  
so my home felt like Abu Ghraib

## OBITUARY HAIKU #2



a kiss on the lips  
I lock the door to my room  
is he really dead?

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## Ian David Middleton

16/9/1958–8/12/1994

### Crystal Ball

Present owner: Lex Middleton

My brothers social and Moonlighting career involved Séance, Tarot, Chakra/Crystal Ball reading Psychometry\*

I'd often watch him reading this Crystal ball wanting to see the ball fill with clouds that would dissolve to reveal futures and answers, I never could.

\*the ability to make relevant associations from an object of unknown history by making physical contact with that object.



## Robert Murray Hislop

15/8/1927–7/01/2007

### Oil paintings on canvas board

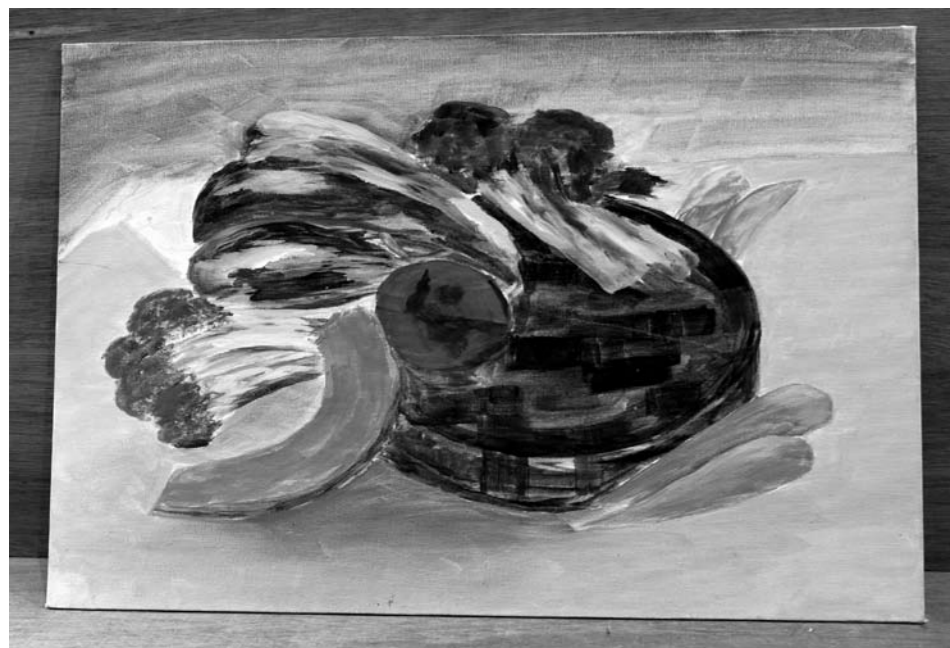
Present owner: Mark Hislop

These paintings are some of many that Dad painted after he retired in 1998. Dad had an interest in art, archeology and astronomy and I remember sharing these interests. I would often join Dad on archeological digs to colonial homestead sites outside of Sydney. Dad joined local art classes in his retirement. His class would paint in the studio and would often go outdoors and paint landscapes at local scenic spots.

Dad and I would also go on painting trips. Many times we went to an area under Roseville Bridge in Sydney. Situated in a steep gorge, the area seemed eternally in shadow and subject to fast moving shadows cast by the steep embankments on either side.

Nothing seemed to turn out very well. Sometimes we would call it quits and pack up but not before having a little crit session. Looking at each other's work. Picking out the good bits and making excuses about the light or the wind, or how if only we had a different brush it all would have turned out perfect.

Dad's decline into dementia and his ultimate death from Alzheimers was unbearably slow. His last years were lived in a nursing home. Lining the walls of his room were a few of his favorite paintings – one painting was of that shadowy spot under Roseville Bridge.



## Ray Walker

28/11/1931–19/01/09

### Leather grooming case

Present owner: Lyndal Walker

This was my father's and he used the brushes up to the day he died. They still have his hair in them. We think he was probably given it for a mile stone birthday-16, 18 or 21 by someone special in the family. I find the mystery around the uncertainty about this to be quite romantic. As he is lost, this sort of information is also lost.

The grooming case is particularly important to me because I'm very interested in fashion and appearance. My father was always very well groomed and concerned with appropriate attire but he was a very conservative dresser. So it is actually quite ironic that part of this interest was inherited from him. But he also loved irony and had got used to my absurd outfits. We would both comment disapprovingly of the rest of the families shabby attire.

It's kept in the book case which is all wrong really. I haven't had it for terribly long so hopefully it will find a more suitable home.



## Jean Irwin

15/9/1916–8/6/2009

### Brass "Owl" letter-opener

Present owner: Melanie Irwin

The letter opener sat in my grandparents' kitchen for as long as I can remember. We used to write letters to each other from our travel destinations. I like it because it's useful and beautiful and I think of my Nanna when I open my mail.



## Mary Amie (Mollie) Rackham

12/2/1919–April 2005

### Framed tapestry

Present owner : Melinda Rackham

My mother took up tapestry in her later years - a gentle art for women with limited mobility and time on their hands. Every time I returned home to Tamworth to visit, the walls would be adorned with yet more great masterpieces of European art lovingly translated in tapestry wool and embroidery silk. I found most of them rather vulgar, however was particularly taken by the grand kitsch of Blue Boy's googly blue eyes, frightful curls and puckered red lips, and the humility of this little Laughing Cavalier with it's finely embroidered face, encased in their faux guilt frames. Noting my distain for the majority of the works, my mother, wanting to preserve her heritage, wrote the names of friends and family on the back of each work, for distribution after her death.

My cousin Alexie lived nearby and visited my mother often, and her daughters were my mothers surrogate grandchildren seeing I, an only child, had decided on producing art rather than children. Alexie loved Blue Boy, but I suspect not for the same reasons I did. After the funeral, I regretfully handed over the super glam Blue Boy to her as "Alexie" was written was on the back. I got the Cavalier work. I'm sure it was a mistake.



## Blair Trethowen

1974–2006

### T-shirt

Present owner: Nadine Christensen

This was Blairs basic t-shirt that he gave it to me around 2002 because he thought I'd like the design of the print on it. Needless to say it was way too big for me, but I did like the design and so I kept cutting into it in the hope that it would fit, then I sewed the shoulders up the chopped at it more. Over several years it went through lots of different styles but always with the motif in tact. Finally I cut away too much so that it became like a crop top on me and didn't look any good. so I never wore it out, only at home.

## Monica

1907–2000

*Small painted Quartz sculpture of Monica's house in Switzerland, and a photograph of Monica & Charlie Chaplin in Switzerland.*

Present owners: George Adams & Ron Adams

Monics was a dear friend, who we met late in her life, she was Charlie Chaplins private secretary and she lived with him and his family as the personal assistant for 25 years, very interesting woman with friends like Agatha Christie, Elizabeth Taylor, Maria Callas, David Niven and list goes on and on, she was such a pleasure to be with!



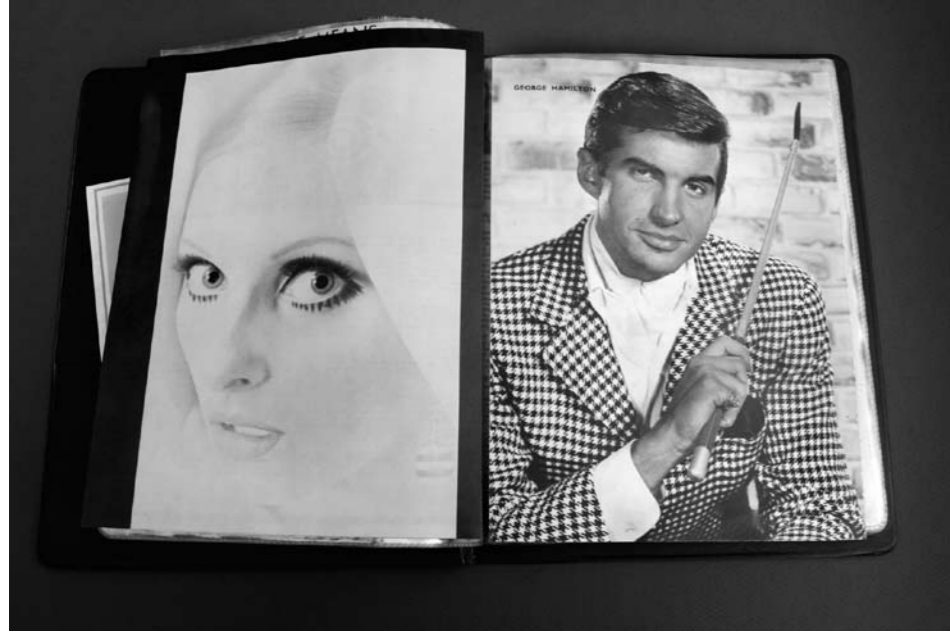
## John Pound

1950–1986

### Scrapbook collection of cuttings

Present owner: Patrick Pound

This is one of several albums of clippings left to me by my brother.



## Edward Arnold Rodgers

1930–1985

**Eastman Kodak camera, Rainbow Hawkeye, No 2 folding model B red, made in the USA. using film No 120. Silver gelatin photograph of Edward Arnold Rodgers, Doris Irene Rodgers and sister Irene Rodgers: also a dog named Mick. The photograph was taken outside the back door about 1957, two years before I was born. In a metal frame.**

Present owner: Paul Edwin Rodgers

From my Dad to me



## Henry 'Slim' Giblett

3/3/1932–7/8/2000

### Enicar Ocean Pearl watch

Present owner: Richard Giblett

Dad bought this watch in Hong Kong, probably in the 1960's, where he lived and worked for 23 years in the Royal HK Police. I guess he wore it for a while, and I guess he had several watches. At age 69 when he was very ill with cancer we (and he) knew he wasn't too long for the world, he offered me the watch he always wore, a very expensive gold Constantine Vacheron. Gold not being something I go for in jewellery I chose this other watch he had, the Enicar Ocean Pearl. Since he gave it to me in 2000 I have worn it almost every day.

## Michael Kendall

–8/8/1989

### Leather strap

Present owner: Peter Maloney

We shared this for 11 years until Mike's death.



## Jasmine Low

13/1/1978–9/2/2003

### 1 cassette; 1 floppy disc; 1 A4 page 'Push For Your Man'

Present owner: Rosemary Forde

Jasmine and I grew up going to school together in a small town. When we finished high school we both moved to Dunedin, a slightly bigger town. Jasmine applied herself studiously to a medical degree while I snoozed my way through a BA, but mostly we had moved there cause we thought we could be cool and have a band. We'd always played around with guitars and keyboards, recording little tapes on the weekends – a lot of Nirvana songs and then some of our own. We'd take turns singing too. This cassette, with three tracks, was probably the pinnacle of our songwriting careers – we would have been about 19, bored on summer holidays back in our hometown. The track 'Tandy Boys' is definitely our best work. Tandy's was the local music shop and all the spunks in town worked there, all 4 of them, with their tight jeans and spiked up post-goth hair. I think they seriously loved Duran Duran. Considering this was around 1997, they were either behind the times or way ahead of the emo curve. Me and Jasmine didn't get as far as naming this incarnation of our 'band', the tape just has an S on the side, we thought the band name should start with S. Later we made some tapes with just casiotone drums and try-hard rapping. We did this mainly to give ourselves hip hop nicknames – we were Slack Mac (me) and L'il Mac (Jasmine was pretty short).

Our tunes might not have been hits but the names stuck. That's why it says L'il Mac on the floppy disc. After she died I saved all the emails and photo's Jasmine had sent me onto this floppy disc. She'd been travelling a lot, doing her doctor rounds in Nepal and Samoa. When I saved these files I wasn't really thinking ahead technology wise and I can't really remember what these photos are like, but luckily I had also printed out the emails.

'Push For Your Man' is pretty self-explanatory, it's an 8 point plan to help you get the man you want. She made this up one night for our friend who wasn't getting anywhere with a crush. Jasmine was pretty seductive when she wanted to be.

I guess all this stuff is pretty teenage. Other people will remember Jasmine for treating them in hospital or delivering their baby,

or teaching them, or writing serious poetry, or for taking a fierce stand against stupidity and injustice. I know she did all that and more, but I just remember taking acid with her on a stormy night and thinking we were the most hilarious two people in the world for singing 'thunderstruck' at a rave.



## Julia Alice Faulkner

1904–1993

### Titanium prosthetic hip joint

Present owner: Sally Mannall

At the age of 70 my grandmother underwent an operation to replace her hip joint. She "died" while under anesthesia, got to the gates of heaven and was sent back being told "it was not her time and that she had some outstanding issues to deal with."

The operation significantly improved the quality of her life and she was able for many years after the operation to undertake her much loved daily walks along Broulee beach. When my grandmother died I requested if possible, to have her hip joint returned to the family with her ashes. While the family was divided about the appropriateness of such a request it was conceded it would be the only thing I would inherit from her.

## Eve Emma Chandler

1911–1992

**China collection: Colclough tea cup saucer plate trio, blue with pink roses.**

**Royal Albert, American Beauty Pink Rose tea cup saucer plate trio.**

**Colclough tea cup saucer plate trio, white with violets, (cup with crazed stain inside).**

**Colclough coffee cup and saucer, blue with flowers.**

**Adderley coffee cup and saucer, cream with gold pattern.**

**Coffee cup and saucer, blue and white with gold, (cup chipped and cracked).**

**Royal Worcester, Roanoke, coffee cup and saucer, white with flowers**

Present owner: Sadie Chandler

I was given them after my grandmother died. I keep them in a box in a kitchen cupboard. I rarely use them, only about once a year if the family comes over for xmas I will bring them out.



## Mervyn Basil Haag

19/1/1913–19/11/1988

### Photograph

Present owner: Sangeeta Sandrasegar

I don't remember this photo being taken, but I've kept it above my bed since I was a teenager. I would have pulled it out from the boxes of old photo my mum calls "album projects". I just moved house so its blu-taked to the bookshelf in the study. I love this photo of Poppa and me, but I'm not sure why – it always makes me cry. I think it's like that merging of memory, nostalgia, and love. I can't recall the day, but it brings forth all my memories of him, childhood, and him and Nanna.

At the time of that photo we used to live in Malaysia, coming back for Christmas, we used to stay at their place in Wandin, they were my first real memories of Australia. The morning walks along the train track in the bush behind their place to the post-office, and hearing the strange sounds of magpies are all enrapt with my first contact here. He taught me to avoid magpies when they were nesting, would give me barley sugars from the never ending supply in his pocket, and let me help with picking the raspberries for Nanna's jam.

I like this photo because that naughty but kind grin captures my memory of him. I like the composition for the implied degrees of looking, the boy in the back photographing the same scene in reverse, my grandfather's camera slung round his shoulder, the way we are both standing and regarding the photographer, most likely my Mum, and how our postures convey our relationship to her.



## Isabella White

1900–1980

### Jet mourning necklace

present owner: Sarah Goffman

When my Uncle George died my sister found this in his bedside table drawer, it had been given to him by his Mother, Isabella White, which she had from when her husband (name unknown), my Grandfather died.



## Andrew Joannou

4/12/1928–3/9/1982

### Tweed coat

Present owner: Pollyxenia Joannou

The tweed coat belonged to my dad (Andrew Joannou). Apart from his worry beads, they are the only objects I kept of his when he died. The coat for me summed up who he was. When I wear it sometimes, I have a sense of safety. I can even conjure up his scent. It was his favourite coat around a decade before he died.



## Arch Lakin

27/10/1943–7/10/1999

### The Lone Ranger annual (1953)

Present owner: Shaune Lakin

Christmas present 1953



## Dennis is Dead

As I started work at the pub that night, Maori Kev came over quietly and said: "Did you hear about old Dennis?" "No?" "He died yesterday. Cirrhosis of the liver. Shame eh?" "Yeah. Yeah shit... thanks Kev. You all right?" "Nah."

Maori Kev had been mates with Dennis for years. Dennis would've been in his late 60s I reckon. Thick glasses, a small stout body, big white hair and a cane. He would drink at the pub nearly every-day, unless he was feuding with the bar owners or the young staff, in which case, he would boycott. He could sulk with us for weeks, especially if we cut him off for being drunk on the premises. It was easy to offend Dennis, because he was a bitter old guy. His daughter died young and he drank a lot.

Young dudes would always drop into the bar, head over to Dennis' spot in front of the cash register and say hello for a couple of minutes. Nice, I thought. Maybe Dennis isn't so bad after all, if the kids like him...

I eventually realized that Dennis was regularly selling bags of stinky pot under the bar, saying hello and having gulps from his beer. All in under two minutes.

"Another beer" he would wheeze at me, waving a fresh Fifty up from under the bar counter. A new kid would wait patiently for me to pour Dennis a beer.

The other regulars liked Dennis' pot and would often smoke it in the busy beer garden during service. They are short stout men in their 60s too. Like Dennis did, they drink in the pub nearly every-day. Soon I was feuding with the other regulars about the legality of their pot smoking in the busy beer garden. When I caught them smoking pot, I would cut off their service at the bar, so they would ask other staff to serve them their grog. The young staff wouldn't serve them, because I had told them not to. Graham, a regular I had cut off, told me I was a petty, little cunt.

I told him he was cut off tomorrow too and he stormed out, vowing to boycott the bar.

Old Harold is an 83-year-old regular with a head protector wrapped around his full head of soft white hair. I like Harold. He said: "Don't worry about him. Graham's all right. He's just an arsehole".

Dennis was an old muso and in deep with local jazz. He was passionate about the players he believed in, feuding with the guys he didn't like. I once told Dennis I played drums in bands. He suspected I wasn't jazz and used to sweetly ask me: "How's your modern music going?"

Dennis didn't like modern music, especially if it didn't swing. Dennis used to play banjo. That's all I know.

The young staff at the pub didn't like Dennis. He was often rude to them, because they were young. I liked him, because he didn't give a shit and had a sly sense of humour sometimes. When he died, his friends (a group of the other regulars) quickly got the keys to his house and recovered a substantial stash of pot and money, hidden in Dennis' one bedroom house. They said the Police and the Ambos would be going through the house and it would be a shame for those pricks to get their hands on it all.

I was beginning to get the impression that Dennis had left quite a large estate, by the lengthy, furtive way the other regulars discussed Dennis' funeral plans all day, over a lot of jugs.

They told me they had made a pact to look after all of Dennis' assets and spend it on a lavish funeral for him. It was what he would've wanted, he had no living relatives and his daughter died young. One of his old friends began drink-driving Dennis' new car home on Saturday nights. I haven't seen that car for a while now.

Three weeks later on Saturday, Michel invited me to Dennis' funeral. Michel is a regular who fought in the Vietnam War. He is tall, skinny and in his 60s, with long white hair and beard, hula-girl/Army tattoos on his arms and a

cane. He always finishes a sentence with either 'brother' or 'sister', depending on the gender of whomever he's hanging out with. He loves Elvis Presley's voice and once said: "Michael Jackson: the King of Pop. Elvis, he was simply The King. What does that tell you brother?"

Michel wasn't involved with the group wheeling and dealing Dennis' money. Like me, he had liked Dennis and asked if I was going to the funeral. He'd heard that it was going to be huge. Free drink, food, pot and live jazz bands until late. I should come after work. They'd be going all night.

I said that I had decided not to attend, because I wouldn't enjoy drinking Dennis' aged Scotch, smoking his huge joints, listening to his favourite jazz royalty play and eating his Peking duck rolls. I didn't think it was what he would've wanted. "I understand brother," said Michel.

On the night of Dennis' wake, I set up a full pot of beer at his old spot in front of the cash register. The pub was empty and occasionally, I'd look over at the full, lonely beer remembering him. I was a bit sad. Dennis wouldn't come in and drink that beer.

A young kid came in and asked me where Dennis was. I told him that Dennis was dead. "Shit," said the kid. "Do you know where I can score some pot?" "No mate. Not anymore. See you later." "Fuck this", he said from the door. "This pub's shit".

## Morgan Fayle

June 2010

## Violet Bernice Richter (nee Rawlinson)

23/5/1921–June 1993

### Clock

Present owner: Stephanie Richter

The clock was gifted to my Nanna by my parents for her birthday in 1979 – as she noted in the inscription along with her address. It subsequently travelled to Pambula Beach NSW to the family holiday house.

I discovered it as a child in the drawer next to my bed and following her tragic death I used the clock to store redemption tickets for the local amusement centre ‘Merimbula’s Top Fun’ in between summer holidays (partially to hide them from my sister and also in the hope Nanna would magically make them multiply!).

The clock came home with me when I last visited the house prior to its sale.

## Edith Amelie Garrett

6/8/1948–14/2/1985

### Small 1950s toy buffet–polychrome wood and glass

Present owner: Stephen Garrett

Belonged to my sister-in-law Edie, who gave it to my sister Donna for her Doll House. As a kid I use to raid my sister’s doll house and place all of her doll furniture under the real furniture in our house. My favourite object was the buffet, followed by the lounge. The buffet is the only original piece left which my sister gave it to me last year.

## Kenneth Willington Havelock Stevens

23/12/1929–28/10/2007

### ‘The Givenchy Code’ tie cushion bolster soft sculpture

Present owner: Tina Havelock Stevens. With assistance from the sweat shop girls; Melissa Hunt, Lucy Godoroja and Jackie Farkas with guest appearances from Luke Parker and Arie Hirsh

In the blur of grief I grabbed my Dad’s ties. Mum had already but them in a paper bag with a handle. I took them home and put them under my bed. I’d vacuum around the ties and sometimes peer into the bag. The ties have been in that bag sitting under



my bed until now. Elvis called me and asked if I’d like to participate in the Show. I told her about a tie cushion idea that had been ebbing and flowing for a while. I guess I took to this artwork with a certain numbness yet intent. A group of generous friends have helped make it possible.

So every single one of Dad’s ties now form a Cushion Bolster. Dad was a bolsterer. It’s taken a while to get used to the fact that when something goes well for me I can’t call him and hear that warm feeling of paternal

pride. I’ll be able to lie on the couch and prop myself up with this bolster. I can lie with it underneath my neck. That will be nice because all those ties have touched his neck too.

I think he’d like this piece. Death wasn’t kind to my father. I don’t know why.

## William David Freeman

30/4/1916–4/9/1993

### Small loop invented by my grandfather, made c.1954 from felt and gros-grain ribbon.

The loop was designed to be inserted into a wound-up car window, used for hanging a coat-hanger from the ribbon loop (before handles with hooks for this purpose were built into car interiors).

Present owner: Susan Jacobs

The loop was given to me by my grandmother after my grandfather died when I asked about its purpose. It has been in my care since about 1995.

## Ian Rilen

12/8/1947–30/10/2006

### Photographs and T-shirt

Present owner: Wendy Joy Morrissey

I first saw Ian Rilen play with X in 1979 at some venue in Sydney. X had apparently just started playing again after the untimely death of guitarist Ian Krahe of a drug overdose. I thought the band was fantastic, raucous, and irreverent. Ian was unforgettable, with what I later came to call his “mister ugly head” faces that went so perfectly with his pounding bass guitar. He could curl his top up lip in one direction and his bottom lip down in the other, just one of the many facial contortions that never ceased to amaze me.

I couldn’t have known at that first gig that Ian and X would become an integral part of my life for next 20-something years. Within three years Cathy Green had become one of my closest friends. She had moved to Melbourne from Canberra after leaving the band Cough Cough and we met on the set of a Hunters & Collectors music video clip. One night we were at the Prince Of Wales Hotel watching X play, and Cathy said, “I know I’m going to play with that band”. Without even trying, by 1985 she was their drummer. Then Ian Rilen and Cathy started a relationship that lasted for about eight years. For the rest of Ian’s life their musical collaborations continued, with bands like Hell To Pay and The Love Addicts.

My daughter went to school with Tallulah Rilen – Ian and his first wife Stephanie’s



youngest daughter – and they remain friends to this day. There are so many stories that span those years that the thought of speaking about them here is too overwhelming. There were times when I thought I would never speak to Ian again, but he was impossible to stay mad at. I’d see him again and he’d say, “Hi Wen,” and my heart would just melt and there we would be, talking and laughing. Ian was down to earth, messy, sometimes tragic, big-hearted and real. There was no malice in his bad behaviour and one could forgive him almost anything.

I was there at the Greyhound for the last gigs, just weeks before he died. They were simultaneously fun and heartbreaking. There was a moment at one of those gigs when Ian could not quit remember the

lines, but Cathy was there to whisper into his ear as they kept the beat and continued playing.

Cathy and I weren’t at the house at Shoreham the night he died, but we were driven down the following morning. We entered the bedroom where he lay to pay our respects. He looked so peaceful and we knew he had left the frail body he had inhabited. Being in that house, I looked around at all his friends, wives, partners, children and many of the musicians he had played with, all there together getting along well. The common thread was Ian, and the no-bullshit gritty compassion and love of life he had epitomized. And I thought he was one lucky guy.



## Jacques Henri Geurts

10/12/1939–25/12/1981

### Video of “Tekila”

Present owner: Kellyann Geurtz

My father gave me a foal before he died 30 years ago.

Tekila is now 31 (4yrs passed the average life span of a horse) and is well retired, amongst a small herd in a lush paddock by the coast.

I didn't really know much about horses when I committed to training a 1yr old gelding. The process kept me focused in the time following dad's death. With little knowledge of how to “break-in” a horse, Tekila retained his un-broken spirit.

He'd prefer, as do I, to follow me rather than being led along with a halter and rope. So on our walks, now that he is retired, he finds his best path along the roadside (to the beach) to suit his tender old hoofs and then is free to kick out his aged stiffness and toss his head in delight on the long stretches of sand.

Dad's gift has been a companion for the most of my life and I'm spending my free days ensuring his final days are kind.

## Shirley Scott Wilson

3/1/1919–24/7/2009

### An empty packet of ‘snack right’ biscuits and a dental bridge with 2 false teeth and silver bracket

Present owner: Anne Scott Wilson

I have kept the packet that I took from my mothers assisted living room only 2 days after she passed away. The connection to her body is profound – the dental bridge was made by my father – he was proud of his work, seriously. Mum and dad discussed the quality and precision of his prosthetics. The objects represent a very personal connection, especially my mother I suppose because I am part of her flesh – but more than that.



## John Francis Kreckler

28/12/1920–16/07/2002

### Tile from Sydney Opera House roof

Present owner: Derek Kreckler

Taken from the Sydney Opera House site by my father whilst on a visit c.1962 and later given as a gift to his son (Derek John) in 1970. The Opera House roofs weigh 27 230 tonnes and are covered with exactly 1 056 006 Swedish ceramic tiles (minus 1). Utzon wanted the Opera House shells to contrast with the dark water under the

deep blue Australian sky – like clouds or sails on the water. To achieve this look, the tiles needed to be gloss but not be so mirror-like to cause glare. Utzon found exactly what he wanted in Japan, ceramic bowls with a subtle coarseness caused by a granular texture in the clay. Three years work by Höganäs of Sweden produced the effect Utzon wanted in what became known as the Sydney tile, 120mm square, made from clay with a small percentage of crushed stone. The tile is marked 51210 HOGANAS SWEDEN M.

I keep them on a mantle piece in the living room.



## Alan (Bill) Bell

2/7/1915–30/9/1996

### A small blue tin convertible car with a plastic figure seated inside.

Present owner: Telia Nevile

I bought the car as a Christmas present for my Grandpa – my favourite grandparent and my mother's father. All of his friends had died and it felt like he was giving up on life as well. Prior to this period he had always been a bit of a larrikin – playful, cheeky and delightfully rude (also, apparently, an alcoholic). I was heart-broken about watching him give up hope and I wanted to do something to buck him up, so I bought this car for him in the hopes that it would remind him of happier times – something childlike and fun. He died pretty soon after this and when his belongings were being distributed amongst the family, the car came back to me. It hadn't worked and looking at it still makes me a little sad.



## Stanley Peter Charles

1923–2003

### Novelty Hawaiian “Kipper” tie made of synthetic material with elastic string.

Present owner: Louis Porter

This tie was worn by my grandfather during a UK Christmas murder mystery game held in 2001, a year after I moved to Australia.

It was one of the most relaxed Christmas celebrations I could remember and in particular my grandfather was in very high spirits.

I decided that the Hawaiian Kipper tie was in some way responsible for this so I asked to keep it. It returned with me to Australia and it lived on the hallway coat rack. The next time I saw my grandfather he was in a hospital bed close to death.

In this photograph of us at the party, my grandfather is the one in the tie, I'm at the front with a pair of goggles round my neck.

## Georgette Margaret

Schmidt (nee Leeds)

1916 - 2009

### Green sapphire brooch and buttons

Present owner: Christine Schmidt

These pieces represent a generation and class stitched to tradition, fine china, and tasteful understated jewellery that set them apart from the riff raff and now fashionable convict colonial offspring.

The mother of pearl and silver detachable buttons were given to me by my late mother-in-law, a woman who loved bridge, afternoon teas and the Races. I was thrilled when she gave me these buttons because I was and still am a vintage button collector and thought they were beautiful.

A couple of times I decided to use them on a garment, however always felt they were too precious and would place them back in their box. As to “Soph” and “Belle” I have no idea who they were?

The green sapphire brooch was a gift from B and from her mother-in-law's jewellery collection. She was apparently very grand and like my M.I.L. part of the cucumber sandwich set. I love the box, the satin and velvet lining - the brooch embedded and glittering. Again I have pinned it to an outfit only to promptly return it to its niche. Is it because some things are better not worn just hoarded.



## Coral Banney

1926 – 1995

**Bark art by Coral Banney (my grandmother), 50's aboriginal motif planter, with cuttings from Gran's garden**

Present owner : Natalie Thomas

Gran took up Bark art at 'Legacy', (a war related support group for women), after she retired.

She always gardened, planting snap dragons and pansies which were my favourites. Mum gave me this Aboriginal Planter with cuttings from Gran's garden after she died.

## Bertha (Bradley)

### Dench

1875–1956

**Power Puff**

Present owner: Catherine O'Reilly

Powder puff was owned by my Great grandmother. The family emigrated from England in 1911. This delicate object then settled in outback Queensland in the mid 1920s.

Bertha's husband became a builder of Government buildings and took the family out to Cunnamulla, due to the depression they were forced to stay.

She did not leave the house.

This Powder Puff has remained in the home built by my Great grandfather. It was recently passed on to me by my Aunt. She has lived in the house all her life and has had to leave due to age.



## Boshra Michel Ishak & Katrina Khalil

1933–1978 & 1942–1970

**Documents**

Present owner: Raafat Ishak

Inherited documents, letters dated 1968 and 1969 sent to and received from Ishak and Khalil, school and university reports.

## Claire Lambe

1912–2007

**Royal Dalton Gem Bowl.  
Paddy Lambe's Captains Prize  
Golf Trophy**

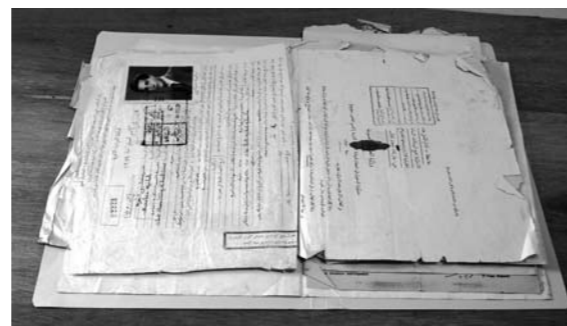
Present owner: Joseph Lambe

When I was a child, I used to go to all sorts of auctions with my mother. I really liked deceased estate auctions because they were always a bit creepy. Mother was always a little embarrassed to bump into anyone she knew at these auctions and my memory of them is having a slightly 'pick the bones off the flesh' atmosphere. There was always lots of interesting stuff at them as well.

When I was about eleven years old we went to one particularly morbid deceased estate auction. While viewing the lots, my mother made me steal this Royal Dalton Gem Bowl. I remember thinking how wrong it was to steal and how wrong my mother was in making me do it, but it was a really cute bowl and easily slipped into my pocket. My mother said the person was dead and wouldn't miss it. Also their American relatives, who didn't even go to the funeral, wouldn't miss it either. There seemed to be a lot of absentee American relatives inheriting all sorts of stuff in Ireland at that time.

When my mother died almost 30 years later, I was left the Gem Bowl in her will. I was in Australia and could not attend her funeral. It is one of two objects I have in my possession from my childhood.

My father, Paddy loved golf. This the Clonmel Golf Club Captains Prize trophy he won in the 1940's. He got to keep the cup because he had won it three times. He really loved his golf.



## Grandmother

25/9/1919 – 29/9/2007

**A collection of sketches of fashion from the 1930's done by my grandmother**

Present owner : Delia Spicer

These were found in my grandmothers things when she went into a nursing home. Unfortunately at the time she had alzheimers and I was therefore unable to talk to her about them. I did Costume Design at College and she never mentioned when I was studying that she drew when she was young. She was in her late teens when she did these – I was drawing costumes in my late teens and I love that connection. I just wish I had found these when she was alive.



## Eulalie Marani

(nee Lee)

1/4/1931–17/11/1984

**Potato masher**

Present owner: Jordan Marani

Mum caught the 702 Ventura Bus to Chad-dy on one of her regular shopping expeditions and came home with a wonderful new red plastic potato masher. She swore by it, much better than the metal ones and it didn't ruin her good enamel saucepans.

Mum would have made her purchase about 1982, I have used it regularly since late 1984- I swear by it.

## Mary Hodkinson

27/12/1913–August 1993

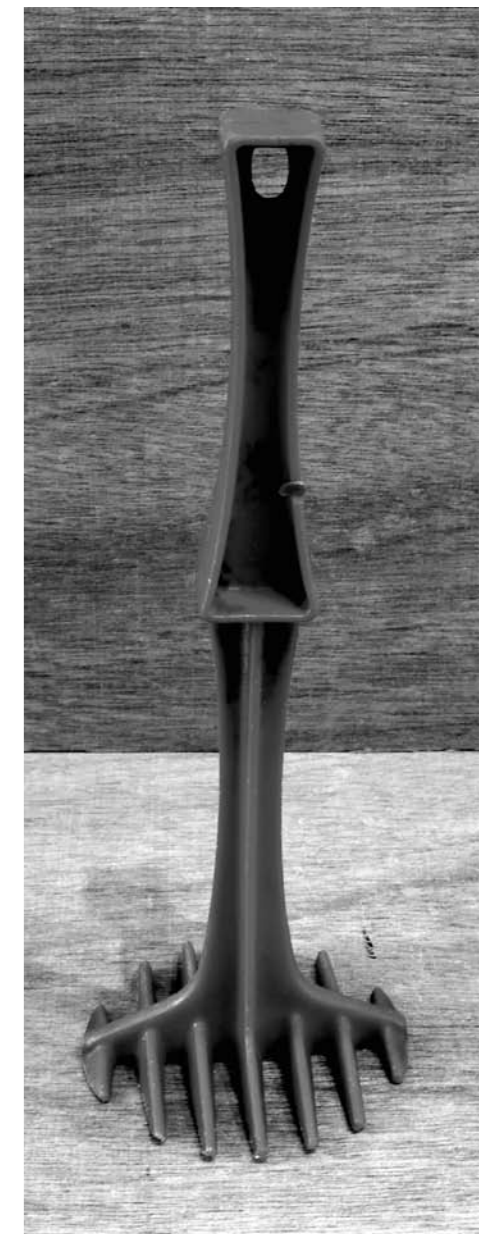
**Tea cup and saucer with lipstick mark**

Present owner: Claire Lambe

Nanny Hoddy use to swing her lettuce in the garden in a T-towel, perm and dye her hair blue and take placebos for sleeping.

Her flat smelt of pork and peas and the background noise was always wrestling.

I use to watch nanny pour her tea from the cup into the saucer and sip the tea in through her painted red lips. Fantastic.



## What I didn't inherit

I could have inherited the meccano set. The left-hand wall of the study lined ceiling high with rows of shot-gun metal cabinet drawers. Each drawer contained a meccano piece—green or red. There were nuts and bolts, angle girders, girder frames, trunnions, angle brackets, corner brackets, corner gussets, strips, flat plates, triangular plates. Each drawer labelled and oiled so it would glide easily in and out. Every year or so, my dad would construct a meccano scale model in the centre of the study. One year it was a suspension bridge scaled to the Golden Gate Bridge. He laid the plans out across the carpet and studied each angle of construction. Then he methodically moved from drawer to drawer counting out parts. Now and then, he called me over from the sidelines and instructed me to get an extra flat plate or 9-inch strip. Once he had laid out the pieces, he began the construction. He did this alone, not to be disturbed. As the construction site grew, my brother, sister and I gave it a wide berth, running in an arc to get to the kitchen.

Finally, after months of tinkering and some swearing, my dad announced that it was finished. He stood proudly alongside each tower, the crown reaching the chest of his 6-foot frame. Then using the timer on his Nikkor-mat, he took a series of photographs of himself standing next to the model. The deconstruction was quick and painless. Each piece put back in the drawers, ready for another incarnation. Over the years, he constructed the Eiffel Tower (6 foot 4 inches), steam engines and a wharf crane. All made and then unmade.

I could have inherited his Nikkormat EL—its various concave Nikkor eyes held steady in a solid black body—and I could have inherited his Rolleiflex SL66—the origami-like viewing box flicking up when I least expected it. He took approximately 10,000 shots, developing some into positives, which he mounted in slide frames, and others into negatives, which he printed in his darkroom.

I could have inherited the Leitz enlarger, a shady figure in the red gloom, projecting light through the negatives onto the fibre-based paper. I could have inherited the bakelite trays in which he rhythmically swilled chemicals around the paper, the giant Durst roller dryer into which he would feed the printed images, flattening and drying them, the heavy Salter's guillotine, which whistled past my face, swiftly slicing the paper.

Then on sunny weekends as we rolled around the lawn with his best friend Simon (later to die from a brain tumour), climbing over him like lion cubs, he throwing us one by one into the air, his smile broken by laughter, his mane of dark hair lit by the sun, dad would film us in Standard 8—capturing those moments in true black and white. I could have inherited the D8LA Bolex film camera through which he exposed over 1,000 four-minute black and white and Kodachrome films, which he later threaded through the 18-5 Bolex Paillard 8mm projector and projected onto the white screen for our entertainment.

I didn't inherit the meccano, cameras and darkroom because when my dad's Yamaha XS 650cc crashed into the lamppost in Queens Park on a hot summer's day he had left it all to my young stepmother. She also inherited three young teenagers whose mother had absconded to Australia. We waited for dad to come home and solve the problem of his accidental death. Instead, our mother came back from Australia and relieved our stepmother of us. Then trying to kick start her stalled life, she sold everything that could be sold. What couldn't be sold was returned to us. And so I inherited black and white photographs, slides and films, the story of our lives until then. I also inherited his squat fingers, the skin generously drawn like a shroud across them, the knuckles gristly, the skin whirlpools etched deep. I inherited his stunted nails with the deep vertical grooves, railroad tracks he called them. I inherited his hair, fine strands, enduring chestnut, his square jaw, his hazel eyes. I inherited too his passion for fat cigars and cool cellars.

Ruth Learner©June.2010.

Adrien Allen  
Andrew Hurler  
Andrew McQualter  
Andrew Hazelwinkle  
Anita Belia  
Annabel Nowlan  
Annie Wilson  
Anonymous  
Bec Dean  
Brenton Silvka  
Callum Morton  
Carmel Rogan  
Caroline Durré  
Catherine Clover  
Catherine Bell  
Christine Schmidt  
ClaireLambe  
Clinton Garafano  
Daniel Mudie Cunningham  
David Pearce  
David Luker  
Deborah Ostrow  
Delia Spicer  
Derek Kreckler  
Drew Bickford  
Elvis Richardson  
Fayen D'Evie  
Fiona Blandford  
Flavia Marcello  
Georgie Read  
Gosia Wlodarczak  
Helen Johnson  
Helen Borowski  
Ian Milliss  
Jane O'Niel  
Jason Smith  
Jeannette Becklar  
Jo Lambe  
Jordon Marani  
Kati Rule  
Keely Macarow  
Kellyann Guertz  
Kim Donaldson  
Lex Middleton  
Lisa Radford  
Louis Porter  
Luke Parker  
Lyndal Walker  
Mark Hislop  
Melanie Scaife  
Melanie Irwin  
Melinda Rackham  
Nadine Chirstensen  
Natalie Thomas  
Patrick Pound  
Paul Rodgers  
Peter Maloney  
Polly Joannou Reddin  
Raafat Ishak  
Richard Giblett  
Ron+George Adams  
Rosemary Ford  
Sadie Chandler  
Sally Mannall  
Sangeeta Sandrasegar  
Sarah Goffman  
Shaune Lakin  
Stephanie Richter  
Stephen Garrett  
Susan Jacobs  
Telia Nevile  
Tina Havelock Stevens  
Wendy-Joy Morrisey

# Memorialists

