

VIPOO SRIVILASA

Wellness Deity



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ART

IMAGES > [Front cover] Vipoo Srivilasa, *Wellness Deity* [installation view], 2021. Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Theresa Harrison Photography. > [left] Vipoo Srivilasa in his studio, 2020. Photograph: Theresa Harrison Photography.



"The Wellness Deity project is a record of people's emotions during this unprecedented situation."

Vipoo Srivilasa, 2021

VIPOO SRIVILASA

Wellness Deity

This exhibition presents the Wellness Deity Project, which Srivilasa undertook in response to the COVID-19 pandemic. This collaborative, community-driven project encouraged people to reflect on their experience of the pandemic. The artist invited people to submit a drawing of their Wellness Deity, a being that has a special empowering or protective power to counter the effects of the virus and the related social constraints. Srivilasa selected 19 of these drawings to provide inspiration for a series of ceramic sculptures. Each deity has its own unique characteristics based on the personal stories submitted. Each work is also accompanied by a piece of commissioned creative writing.

Accompanying the Wellness Deity works are five paintings made by the artist during Melbourne's second lockdown. A further series of sculptures that celebrate the colour blue, which has been an ongoing feature in Srivilasa's practice, extend his formal exploration of the deity.



IMAGE > Vipoo Srivilasa, *Wellness Deity* [installation view], 2021. Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Theresa Harrison Photography.



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My deity represents the balance between the negative and positive, the peaceful and the anxious, the joyful and the fearful. Many of the hands are holding objects linked to activities that keep me occupied. The other hands are holding down the negative parts of the deity—the anxious, fearful side in an uncertain time.

Sai Wai Foo, 2020

IMAGE > [left] Vipoo Srivilasa, *Balancing Act*, 2020. Inspired by Sai-Wai Foo submission. 30 x 19 x 8cm. Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Simon Strong.
> [right] Sai-Wai Foo submission.

Dreams

by Sophia Cai for Sai Wai Foo

At the start of Melbourne's lockdown I wrote a to-do list:

*walk dogs twice a day with M
talk with friends and family
read books from my current shelves
emails and life admin as needed
work stuff (teaching, curating, writing)
daily dance practice*

*knitting
napping
relaxing
Animal Crossing*

*check news only once a day
take care of health*

To-do lists, like new year's resolutions, are always more aspirational than achievable: an expression of intention and desire, as if willing one's self into action.

I used to dream about being stranded on an island with nothing but my bookshelf and Wi-Fi, as if I could finally catch up on all the reading without distraction. It was a romantic delusion, arising from a tired mind and tired body who believed that all I needed to heal was time and space.

This year, I stopped dreaming of isolation as the island came to me: its shore demarcated by circles of fixed radius, first 5km, then 25km. Instead, my dreams are now shadows of lost intimacy, of futures yet to come, the many hands that hold me and the other hands that I cannot see.

Mist Maker

by Joanna Bosse for Robyn Phelan

Mist Maker, clap your hands,
Fly your floaty feet across our land
And send your swirling, healing, protective
spray my way.

If you're busy, I understand,
You are, after all, in high demand
Nuking those gremlin germs who gave us no
more than 5k to stray.

Are you tired? Me too.
It's been constant, this coronavirus view
Of screens, numbers, and masks that
disguise,

But, miraculously, we've ridden the tide,
Flattened the wave, nearly out the other side
While across our world all the tally does is
rise.

You've done your fine work here,
Made the gremlins all but disappear, so
Clap your hands, Mist Maker, and take your
clever magic worldwide ...

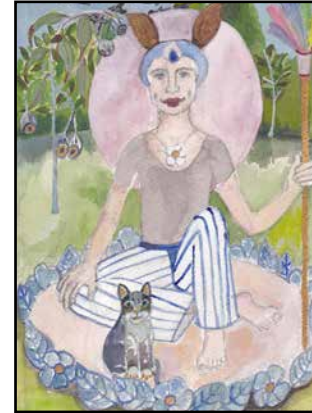


*When Protective Mist Deity
claps their hands, germ-
killing mists swirl around
them, attacking lurking
coronaviruses. Protective Mist
Deity floats on cloudy feet,
never touching earthly objects.
During isolation I have sought
solace by gazing at the sky
from my balcony. I imagine
Protective Mist floating above
our countries, leaving sanitising
vapours in their trail.*

Robyn Phelan, 2020



IMAGE > [right] Vipoo Srivilasa, *Protective Mist*, 2020. Inspired by Robyn Phelan submission. 14 x 16 x 6cm.
Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Simon Strong.
> [left] Robyn Phelan submission.



Wellness Deity Eric, a sensitive type with the annoying habits of burning saucepans and wearing his pyjamas outside, was born in a utopian society far, far away. His weapon, a cat tickler bought from a two-dollar shop during the COVID-19 pandemic, has the divine power of promoting healthy relationships.

Rosie Vallis, 2020

Eric the Cat Tickler

by Abeny Mayol for Rosie Vallis

As I walked through Koshigaya Park, behind Campbelltown Mall, I saw this dude with stained dreadlocks. Why do these people get dreads when they don't even maintain them?

He wore a pink singlet, white stripey pyjama pants and shimmery green underwear over the top. He continued walking around in circles, murmuring' in some heavy language that I couldn't understand. Siri translated:

My name is Eric and I am a cat tickler from planet 47.

Eric looked at me and pointed at a dirty tabby cat, whose half-ears were folded back against its head. She ran to me like we were besties.

'Sir is this your cat?' He shook his head. 'Mr Eric, we don't tickle cats in this part of the world - you scared her. I am taking her home with me.'

Eric walked away.

Since COVID happened, Campbelltown Pound has been full. I named her Silver Sandy after my favourite silver sand beach in South Australia - Sisa for short. The owner of my rented property didn't allow pets, so my neighbours agreed to hide Sisa in their backyard whenever I had a property inspection. Now and then, I think about Eric the cat tickler.

IMAGE > [left] Vipoo Srivilasa, *Eric*, 2020. Inspired by Rosie Vallis submission. 26 x 11 x 5cm. Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Simon Strong.
> [right] Rosie Vallis submission.

Goddess of Soil

By Alice Pung for Vicki Mason

She says that a little bit of dirt won't hurt
Soil may be dirty but it's not unclean
Just as this little rambutan ball of virus
may go viral, may cause a scene
may heighten hygiene
and evade a vaccine
Burrowing seedily and very discreetly
Hibernating through this long winter
Threatening to overwhelm completely
But it is not evil.

She knows that a virus is a sub-microscopic
secret agent
That can only replicate inside a living cell
And where there is life, the living rebel
in our great throbbing many-pronged siege
After all, we are the ones who subverted
nature:
We invented the nuclear plant, friendly fire
And used weapons as arms
Without a leg to stand on
We've caused grievous bodily harm

Yet if we leave nature alone to seed and soil
And reject our egos' fruitless, grasping toil
If we wait to see what bounty will sprout
From this untrammelled new earth
Trust me, the soil Goddess says –
And I'll bail you out.



*The Goddess of Soil perspires
soil from her hands that gives
immunity to COVID-19. All those
who touch the surfaces that
she touches become immune
to the virus. She is constantly
mud covered and leaves mud
everywhere. Her favorite quote
is, "For all things come from
earth, and all things end by
becoming earth".*

Vicki Mason, 2020



IMAGE > [right] Vipoo Srivilasa, *The Goddess of Soil*, 2020. Inspired by Vicki Mason submission. 28 x 19 x 7cm.
Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Simon Strong.
> [left] Vicki Mason submission.



The Deflector (Jack) has the ability to deviate COVID-19 through his mirror-like face. Being from the country, his other weapons are a lump of four-by-two and a boxing glove. He will magically appear when he senses danger, sadness, and loneliness. He loves leather, tassels, and to sing and dance.

Karen Jennings, 2020

'What then?'

by Natalie King for Karen Jennings

The Deflector [aka Jack] is both resistant and comforting with his reflective, ovoid face peering into a cavernous world. His mirrored façade is a portal to a man that is lost in bravado and can't look into his ruinous soul. His accoutrements are lame weapons: a red boxing glove and a plank of wood raised in a gesture of glee and absurd defiance. Maybe he likes square dancing and singing with his friends but he is a cowboy from a bygone era with tassels and bow legged, leather stirrups.

He appears in lockdown to reveal a masculine vulnerability, raising his fist in support of Black Lives Matter or attempting to deviate the avalanche of isolation and prolonged uncertainty. During the worldwide epidemic, he knows our calendars have evaporated with weeks of cancellation. He stays close to home with a restricted field of vision which has become a powerful constraint to observe change and reorganise priorities.

Time is attenuated and daily rhythms recalibrated. Jack moves through feelings of profound grief, fleeting jubilation and even fantasies of apocalyptic dread. A strange configuration, Jack helps us perceive ourselves and our perilous place in the world while deflecting the burdens of obligation and expectation. He shows us that we are in the midst of unprecedented global vulnerability. When the world as we know it falls apart, what then?

IMAGE > [left] Vipoo Srivilasa, *The Deflector (Jack)*, 2020. Inspired by Karen Jennings submission. 27 x 12 x 7cm. Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Simon Strong.
> [right] Karen Jennings submission.

Scriptoria

by Samantha Littlely for Caron Eastgate Dann

Scriptoria gazed at the glossy orb and waited for the smoke to coalesce. Slowly at first, and then with a sudden sharpness, the letters crystallised. A frown darkened the mermaid's waif-like face as she scanned the COVID poster that was scrolling through the glass.

'These translations make no sense,' she said to herself as she read. 'How is anyone going to know how to protect themselves?'

She lay the tip of her gilded fountain pen against the crystal ball and set to work. As the pen slid over the image, the characters on the page began to dissolve as if they were being drawn back into the nib. Beads of sweat formed between the strands of auburn hair on the seamaid's forehead, and she wiped the perspiration away before continuing. As she reached the last word, she

drew her pen up with a flourish, and smiled as she tucked it into her seagrass vest. Then, with a wave of her hand, she replaced the mistakes with truthful text.

'A scribe's work is never done,' Scriptoria said, shaking her head. She flicked her iridescent tail, slipped the globe under an arm, and swam off in search of her next task.



Scriptoria, global super-writer! Her divine golden pen promotes truth and knowledge: the pen really is mightier than the sword. With her crystal ball, she identifies disinformation and wipes it out. I teach university media students, and now during COVID-19, it is crucial for everyone to banish false information.

Caron Eastgate Dann, 2020



IMAGE > [right] Vipoo Srivilasa, *Scriptoria*, 2020. Inspired by Caron Eastgate Dann submission. 25 x 12 x 8cm. Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Simon Strong.
> [left] Caron Eastgate Dann submission.



The orange-eared Seahorse Deity specialises in hearing the truth and transmitting this to humans. In times of COVID confusion, the deity listens to all the information and determines what is useful for us humans. This deity is quiet most of the time because of its listening role, but emits a high-pitched ringing signal warning when COVID-19 misinformation is being spread.

Helen Briton, 2020

It's Only Because...

by Elke Nagy for Helen Britton

The red ball floats up into the sky. Brian and Jen hold their breath. When the goalie catches the ball, Brian cheers, raising his fist to the television screen. He grins at Jen, his face open and child-like in his joy. Jen grins back. For a moment, she recalls what it was like to love her husband.

Brian drains his beer can, slamming it down on the table. Jen fetches him a fresh one from the fridge. He pats her arse in thanks.

There's an ad break and Jen prays, Please don't play that ad. Please! Don't they know it only makes it worse.

But they do...

And on hearing the words, 'there's no excuse for abuse,' the evening becomes sharp as broken glass.

The baby awakes with a shriek.

Brian curses.

The baby shrieks louder again.

Brian's fist punches into the side of the couch.

Jen soothes, "It's alright, love. I'll take Bub out for a bit. The fresh air will soon calm her down."

Jen walks out into the empty streets of lockdown with a warm bundle clutched tight to her chest, and an ocean of sorrow held fast in her throat.

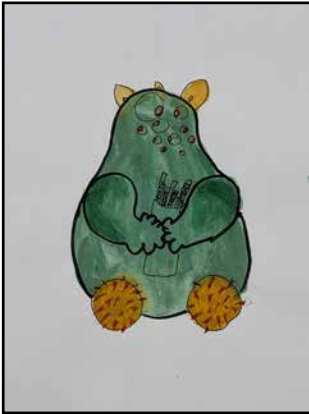
IMAGE > [left] Vipoo Srivilasa, *Seahorse Deity*, 2020. Inspired by Helen Briton submission. 30 x 19 x 8cm. Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Simon Strong.
> [right] Helen Briton submission.

Hope

by Yuliana Kusumastuti for Cyrus Tang

When he is alone, stays in the dark room, three ears and ten eyes alert. He doesn't know the reason why he suddenly has more ears and eyes. It's dark, but for him there is light everywhere and he can hear every tiny sound. "It is possums in the roof or on the roof?" he keeps thinking as he wonders what the sound came from. "is that dust on the carpet, a dot on the wall?", he kept wondering what the object is. He is confused with himself. He is in his own little world. His battle with his own demons. Crawling gently on his bed, he saw his spiky feet. "Oh no...!!," he closed one of his eyes. A new day is noted with what little he can grasp about the passing of time. His body colours has turned green and yellow. Green and yellow are his favourite colours. He wonders how his skin has changed. A little grin appears on his face. He closes his eyes and sees a lush panorama in front of him. It's peaceful.

and when he looked up to the sky a big yellow rounded object can be seen above of his head. "Oh ... it is beautiful!!"... he slowly opens his eyes. He only needs to open two eyes. Wider. And wider. The bright sun and lush grass surround him.



My deity represents hope and optimism in times of hardship. Its three ears listen to the words from our heart, brain, and soul. Its many eyes look after everyone in our community, ensuring that nobody is neglected. It uses a Chien Tung—a Chinese traditional fortune-telling tool—to spread good luck, good health, and a better future to everyone.

Cyrus Tang, 2020



IMAGE > [right] Vipoo Srivilasa, *Chien Tung Deity (a Chinese traditional fortune-telling tool)*, 2020. Inspired by Cyrus Tang submission. 17 x 19 x 8cm. Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Simon Strong. > [left] Cyrus Tang submission



Dyneinasus, a self-indulgent god. Generally depicted basking in the blue glow of a television screen. This god plays an important role in reminding people who lead busy lives to find time to focus on themselves. Dyneinasus has thrived during the current pandemic as many people with hectic lives have now been able to find time for self-appreciation, relaxation, and indulgence.

Thomas Quayle, 2020

In Praise of Self-Indulgence

by Steve Cox for Thomas Quayle

Sluggard god upon the floor,
tongue begrimed from the night before,
belly full of wine and cake,
hear him gurgle, watch him shake;
red-rimmed eyes glued to the box,
taking in the laughs and shocks
and twists and turns of each binged-show;
vacant stares in the dull blue glow

Lie down beside this weighty god -
tousled; shirtless; feet unshod;
switch off the world (they don't need to
phone ya)
drift gently into catatonia;
in a thousand house-extensions,
bedsits, hovels, homes and mansions;
shut pandemic-world outside
and wear the badge of sloth with pride.

IMAGE > [left] Vipoo Srivilasa, *Dyneinasus*, 2020. Inspired by Thomas Quayle submission. 13 x 11 x 9cm.
Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Simon Strong.
> [right] Thomas Quayle submission.

Us

by Quang Mai for Olivia Hamilton

I can only remember sounds these days. Little dripping of my bathroom faucet, September wind drifting through my face—the whistling of it like a wind chime, my late arrival at a 'well-restricted' diner near George St, thus the resulted exhausted heart and its zoomed-in pulses.

Long strands of hair from my fringe start poking my eyelids when I think back. TV static motions through the air. There are just too many beginnings: how you can remember the exact measures of your room's ceiling, your stupid cereal box's crumpled corner and the slow breath you give out each morning. As such, things start to become lists (like what I've done here with the sounds and beginnings)—things around me. They contain me and, yet, crunch up my whole being. I don't know where to look anymore.

Then, that piercing music of the snooze button. Another online class, another mentorship meeting. You transition, you re-write yourself. I take a shower, hair slick with that honey-scented shampoo. I see my friends through the 11-inch computer screen. I smile, hands swirling midair for some kinds of touches. Mute and unmute. Screen on, then off.

These little sounds—how they empty the day's quiet.



Jan-Me + Jan-You = Jan-US.
Jan-Me is the private self, living through isolation (assisted by her TV remote); Jan-You is the public self, dressed up for her Zoom meetings (assisted by her iPhone). Together, they make this two-faced self, privately falling apart, publicly keeping it together, with each side lending strength to the other to transition into a post-COVID-19 world.

Olivia Hamilton, 2020



IMAGE > [right] Vipoo Srivilasa, *Jan-US*, 2020. Inspired by Olivia Hamilton submission. 35 x 15 x 7cm. Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Simon Strong.
> [left] Olivia Hamilton submission.



FOSTER, Goddess of Nesting, is a cheeky bird who loves being in the garden and undertaking projects around the home. A nester, she is happy at home, but about to take flight. Her bird's-eye view brings a unique perspective in this uncertain time. Her superpowers are embracing change, cultivating gratitude, and making everyone welcome while being bra less during social isolation!

Ann-Maree Gentile, 2020

Messages from birds

by Ellen Vasiliauskas for Ann-Maree Gentile

Birds frolic in my garden
Eyeing for grubs, nuzzling flowers for sweet nectar
Diving into the pond then ruffling and preening feathers
Ever alert and mindfully present.

But I never really noticed these goings on in my garden
Life was a busy commute, focused on lists of things to get done, deadlines to meet, negotiations, people, and targets to meet
Big screens and small screens demanded my focus
The even bigger TV screen raised my anxiety, and fed my fears
I was alert and wired – 24/7.

Until this time ... life for humanity was about to alter in a way more profound than any of us could foresee.

The sun rose on another day
Working from home, I snatched a short break in my garden
Sunken back in my aloneness and isolation,

my thoughts drifted and ruminated on all I thought I had lost, feeding an unfathomable darkness.

Abruptly, a flutter of wings interrupted
Deep black glistening eyes encircled by a fragile layer of brilliant azure blue looked up at me
The bird cocked her head and hopped towards me
Eye to eye we met
And in that moment time and space collapsed
Was it hours or seconds?

Life altered, and was never the same
The bird and I are one, my heart beats just a little slower.

IMAGE > [left] Vipoo Srivilasa, *Foster*, 2020. Inspired by Ann-Maree Gentile submission. 30 x 19 x 8cm. Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Simon Strong.
> [right] Ann-Maree Gentile submission.

The Year of Forbidden Public Affection

by Tammy Wong Hulbert for Juliette Hanson & Florence Hanson-Bowden

In this upside-down, over-scheduled and disjointed world, affection towards our loved ones has become a private matter. Only to be performed in the intimacy of our homes, not to be seen by the public. Our smiles are masked, we keep our distance and learn to express our emotions in alternative ways. I try to smile with my eyes, unsure if I am succeeding. During our walks, I see a glimpse of a child's sketch of a rainbow in the window of a house we pass, giving me a sense of collective solidarity and hope. As we endure this isolation, these private moments of affection are much needed to comfort us.

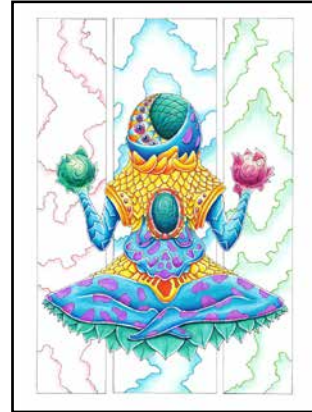


My daughter and I created this Deity of Togetherness, whose divine force is love. This deity is two beings in one, who value time spent together above all. You make offerings of positive thoughts to this deity, hoping to be reunited with those you miss. The deity's form is based on my daughter's favourite toy—a cat puppet called Muffin.

Juliette Hanson, 2020



IMAGE > [right] Vipoo Srivilasa, *Deity of Togetherness*, 2020. Inspired by Juliette Hanson and Florence Hanson-Bowden submission. 24 x 17 x 8cm. Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Simon Strong.
> [left] Juliette Hanson and Florence Hanson-Bowden submission.



Covinda, the Supreme Universal God, was born in the nineteenth rebirth of Universal Consciousness. His Orbs of Pandema generate a psionic energy that reconfigures COVID-19 into cells of love and patience. Isolating with my sons at home was challenging. I became quick to anger, forgetting what matters in life: love. Covinda then showed me the true path, healing my soul.

Gareth Hovey, 2020

Covinda

by Francisco Lopez for Gareth Hovey

Outside Federico's bedroom window, from the seventh floor, there was no sign of life. He laid under the covers in the dark. It was his eighth birthday. Federico slid out of bed and stood staring at the wall separating him and his mother. He held his breath, waiting. A dry, pained cough made its way through the wall. Federico sighed, relieved. He hadn't seen his mother for three weeks, but he had learnt to find comfort in hearing her.

Federico turned back to his bed. He took one step and froze. The pit of his stomach turned to stone as he heard a deep rumble. At first, he thought he was imagining it, but soon the floor began to bounce and the rumble grew to a deafening sound.

Then silence again.

Light crept into the room. As the darkness gave way, a small bird fluttered onto Federico's windowsill. It jerked its head side-to-side.

"Federico?"

The sound of his mother's voice startled him.

The bird flew away.

"Mama?"

As the light flooded Federico's room, he heard the door of his mother's room open. He heard steps across the hardwood floor. And he saw the doorknob to his room turn.

IMAGE > [left] Vipoo Srivilasa, *Covinda*, 2020. Inspired by Gareth Hovey submission. 26 x 18 x 10cm. Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Simon Strong.
> [right] Gareth Hovey submission.

Psy-Sci

by TomCho for Max Malone

'Psy-Sci' (Psychedelic-Science) is a fairy-like deity who has divine ability to turn music and 'good vibrations' into sonic waves that can blast COVID-19. Rarely seen and very shy, she explores the world for rare vintage records; the global pandemic has put this passion on hold. Unable to communicate, her music does the talking for her. Psy-Sci has curated a playlist in which she hopes to uplift your spirits.

The first songs resounded in a small town, back then a virus hotspot. The songs were 1960s psychedelic rock—familiar, but emanating from an undetectable source. The townsfolk were disconcerted, but this dissipated when local virus case numbers began rapidly declining. Days later, the virus mutated. Case numbers began rising again, but the playlist changed too—and so a series of mutations and counter-mutations occurred, traversing music genres, until the virus failed to be resistant to a genre that, as people later reasoned, was hard to resist if only for its hummable quality. Soon, the townsfolk—and others worldwide—were broadcasting these songs themselves.

The songs were easily acquired, especially at thrift stores—on LPs featuring James Last, Nana Mouskouri, Captain and Tenille, Julio Iglesias, and other “easy listening” exponents. Previously disdained, this music was now lauded for its musicality—and its functionality. This music not only eliminated the virus; it facilitated activities that the pandemic had curtailed: relaxing, dancing, romancing, entertaining. As more people resumed these activities, Psy-Sci watched on, unseen. Sound waves, like some deities, are invisible. But sound waves—also like some deities—can move things that we can see: people, stirring their bodies and feelings.

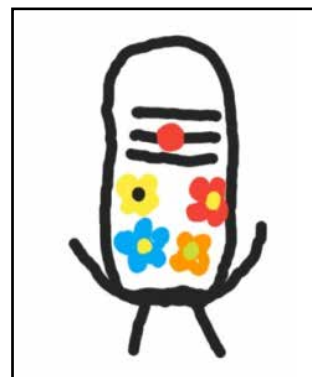


Psy-Sci” (Psychedelic-Science) is a fairy-like deity with the divine ability to turn music and “good vibrations” into sonic waves that blast COVID-19. Shy and rarely seen, she explores the world for rare vintage records; the pandemic has put this on hold. Unable to communicate, her music does the talking for her. Psy-Sci has curated a playlist to uplift your spirits.

Max Malone, 2020



IMAGE > [right] Vipoo Srivilasa, *Psy-Sci (Psychedelic-Science)*, 2020. Inspired by Max Malone submission. 36 x 17 x 10cm. Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Simon Strong.
> [left] Max Malone submission



Dakshinamurthy is the microphone button that offers entry into the social world we are currently missing. Pressing to mute/unmute are ritual actions to invoke Dakshinamurthy, the incarnation of Shiva who teaches silence. Based on a videoconferencing microphone icon, Dakshinamurthy resembles the lingam used to worship Shiva. Those who do not revere Dakshinamurthy cannot unmute themselves and talk without being heard.

Kevin Murray, 2020

Dakshinamurthy

by Bruce Koussaba for Kevin Murray

It is easier for me to think to myself than continue speaking.

At 156 centimeters tall I've always been easy to overlook, conversing with anyone is difficult when you can't meet their eye-line. Their eyes traveled past me towards my brothers, athletic build with an afro resembling a microphone – according to one of them. You're so lucky to have an older brother like Jay, they'd say.

He's actually a year and nine months younger, I smiled.

Our parents were hyper aware of our status and appearance. Convinced themselves that there's a place for an African family in Sydney – in the south western suburbs.

Jay and I were everything they've achieved and settled for in a nutshell. After I moved out Jay became the sole attraction of their trophy cabinet, an honour that comes with the boasting and parading of our parents. Despite being brothers we were rarely seen together.

In all of my memories he's enveloped by the company of others.

When lockdown hit Jay's life became closer to mine.

Hey, could I talk to you about something? Jay texted me in the middle of May. What's up? I need some advice, wanna zoom later tonight?

Jay has never been closer to me being miles away. We'd zoom every other day and he'd open up to me in new ways. We exchanged personal woes to encourage each other. I don't even recognise my own voice anymore, Jay dwelled on.

I'm still trying to find mine, I replied.

How do you get by?

The less I say, the better I feel.

IMAGE > [left] Vipoo Srivilasa, *Dakshinamurthy*, 2020. Inspired by Kevin Murray submission. 25 x 12 x 6cm. Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Simon Strong.
> [right] Kevin Murray submission.

Un-buttoned

by Sarah Rice for Olivia Parsonage

I hide my hand
behind my back
It is holding

Something small
Something round
Something with two eyes

It is dark in here
Warm too
And I can feel

The texture of wool
against my cheek
Sneak in with me

Here you will find
fine thread lucky locket
trinkets thimbles symbols

Darn – I have lost
It was
Somewhere

Around Here
Around me there is
another
Wrapped

In a close hug
And around the hug
Is an-other

further in
Further
Open my head

and take a look
Babushka
a whisper of wishes

I echo
along the line
of myself

Pocketing the past
for a rainy day
future rainbow

I am not a patch
on my other selves
The ones hidden deep inside



This Goddess is your favourite handmade quilt personified, deified. Made mostly of hips and a little boob, she will wrap around you, absorbing your fears and frustrations. Her foundational pillars— Craft, Home Furnishings, and Everything Handmade—comfort and warm the homebound and frightened. Got a problem? Throw some buttons at it. Still unresolved? More buttons. And nap, for heaven's sake.

Olivia Parsonage, 2020



IMAGE > [left] Vipoo Srivilasa, *Handmade Goddess*, 2020. Inspired by Olivia Parsonage submission. 24 x 19 x 8cm. Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Simon Strong.
> [right] Olivia Parsonage submission.



Fruit Loop's divine power is providing delicious and fresh fruit, from ancient (pre-GMO) times, for health and delight during COVID-19 times. Fruit Loop is gender fluid and of uncertain pre-Babylonian background. Highly empathetic, Fruit Loop can understand everyone. The inspiration for this deity is the constant struggle to get fresh fruit and vegetables in the Central Desert, especially at present.

Beatrix Green, 2020

Fruit Loop

by Dan Elborne for Beatrix Green

While in possession of the golden pineapple; a divine weapon forged over 6000 years ago, Fruit Loop's life and movement are indefinite and unrestricted. However, the burden of this pineapple is a life of servitude; permanently listening and delivering to those who cry out for fresh, ancient fruits.

Over the millennia, sightings have become increasingly rare and isolated to remote, desert regions of the world. Legend states that Fruit Loop only delivers by hearing people's cries travel across the wind. The desert is where these 'sonic migrations' occur with least interference.

In 2020, with so many major cities locked down and quiet for the first time in a long time, Fruit Loop is again able to hear those who are city-based and in need. In many cases, these deliveries have provided hope and sustenance not felt otherwise.

While waiting with listening ears, Fruit Loop trawls Instagram having gamed the algorithm to only feed them targeted jewellery ads. If they haven't seen the item before, they purchase immediately. This is the only form of modern human consumption Fruit Loop engages with. Apparently, this is so they "look fresh, to deliver fresh".

IMAGE > [left] Vipoo Srivilasa, *Fruit Loop*, 2020. Inspired by Beatrix Green submission. 23 x 11 x 11cm. Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Simon Strong.
> [right] Beatrix Green submission.

a common thread

by Nicki Lam for Nani Puspasari

a common cold

cured with a dance / stretching her
heavy limbs / fingertips dripping in sweat / in
long / deep breathes

a common fear

cured with scent of spring flowers
/ under the mask / a running nose from hay
/ fever / she touches your heavy eyelids and
put you to sleep

a common thought

cured with a soft touch / her voice
punctures the walls / light floods in / skin
feels warm / room swallowed / whole

a common worry

cured with a furry tail / whacking
in your face / you laugh while fur tickle your
lips / her eyes turn / into two gently curved
lines

a common grief

cured / not in this room / she
beams for a long time / but maybe / later

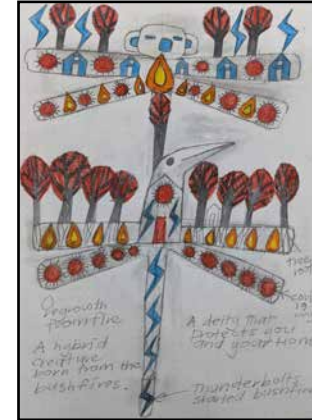


During the lockdowns, my insomnia is worsening. Losing jobs and facing this uncertain situation worries me. My deity helps insomniacs to fall asleep peacefully. The hole in her chest reflects feelings of emptiness in humans. Her Flower Stick spreads a magic aroma that brings sleep. It also spreads sparkling calm stars that erase worries and create bright feelings upon awakening.

Nani Puspasari, 2020



IMAGE > [right] Vipoo Srivilasa, *Peaceful Deity*, 2020. Inspired by Nani Puspasari submission. 19 x 10 x 10cm. Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Simon Strong.
> [left] Nani Puspasari submission.



It felt like we were barely able to catch our breath from the Black Summer bushfires when another threat to hearth and home, COVID-19, emerged. Born from these two crises, KoalaFly MagpieFly are a hybrid Fire and Plague (COVID-19) deity. They breed quickly when lighting strikes, swarming over vast swathes of the planet. One bite from them gives COVID-19 immunity.

Cita Daidone, 2020

Bushfire Deity

by Emily Smith for Cita Daidone

At the evacuation centre, I spent the night holding Trip's mother's hand. She couldn't find him before she fled the fires. 'For what did I survive?' she choked. I knew she had buried her eldest child in the jungle as they escaped the civil war.

At dawn, Trip reappeared – covered in ash, his shining eyes serene as his mother sobbed into his chest.

At school, Trip's quietness became ethereal remoteness. He repeatedly drew the same figure – a totem pole, or dragonfly. Its arms leapt with flames. 'It saved me,' was all he would whisper.

In the playground, I heard the kids chanting: Catch on fire, catch your breath. Catch a cold, catch your death.

'The hot,' Trip murmured. 'Now coming the cold. Breathe careful.' He handed me one of his pictures. 'Pray to it. It saves.'

Trip's drawing is on my bedroom shelf. I bring it offerings from my daily walk – my only time outside, now we're on lockdown. My prayers are charred gumnuts and bright glass shards. Protect us.

In Trip's religion, holy men cake themselves in ash. What things might Trip know, covered in ash as his short life has been? How might he save us?

IMAGE > [left] Vipoo Srivilasa, *Black Summer*, 2020. Inspired by Cita Daidone submission. 23 x 10 x 9cm. Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Simon Strong.
> [right] Cita Daidone submission.



IMAGE > Portrait of Vipoo Srivilasa in his studio, 2020. Photograph: Theresa Harrison Photography.

VIPOO SRIVILASA

Vipoo Srivilasa is a Thai-born Melbourne-based artist, curator and arts activist. Srivilasa works predominantly in porcelain but also in an inter-disciplinary manner, creating works on paper, mixed media and in bronze, as well as large scale public art. Srivilasa's playful blend of 19th century European figurines and Asian decorative art practices often explores contemporary cross-cultural and migration experiences.

For more than twenty years, Srivilasa has exhibited internationally and throughout Australia. He holds a Master of Fine Art and Design from the University of Tasmania. His work is represented in the collections of the National Gallery of Australia, the Art Gallery of South Australia, Queensland Art Gallery and Shepparton Art Museum amongst others. This year he has been awarded the

2021 Ceramic Artist of the Year by *Ceramics Monthly and Pottery Making Illustrated*, The American Ceramic Society, USA.

Vipoo Srivilasa is represented by Edwina Corlette Gallery, Brisbane; Scott Livesey Galleries, Melbourne; Olsen Gallery, Sydney; Adrian Sassoon, London; and Subhashok Arts Centre in Bangkok.

www.vipoo.com

LIST OF WORKS

Wellness Deity ceramics

<i>Balancing Act</i> , 2020 inspired by Sai-Wai Foo submission 30 x 19 x 8cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$1,950	<i>The Goddess of Soil</i> , 2020 inspired by Vicki Mason submission 28 x 19 x 7cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$1,950	<i>Seahorse Deity</i> , 2020 inspired by Helen Britton submission 30 x 19 x 8cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$1,950
<i>Protective Mist</i> , 2020 inspired by Robyn Phelan submission 14 x 16 x 6cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$1,950	<i>The Deflector (Jack)</i> , 2020 inspired by Karen Jennings submission 27 x 12 x 7cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$1,950	<i>Chien Tung Deity (a Chinese traditional fortune-telling tool)</i> , 2020 inspired by Cyrus Tang submission 17 x 19 x 8cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$1,200
<i>Eric</i> , 2020 inspired by Rosie Vallis submission 26 x 11 x 5cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$1,950	<i>Scriptoria</i> , 2020 inspired by Caron Eastgate Dann submission 25 x 12 x 8cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$1,950	<i>Dyneinasus</i> , 2020 inspired by Thomas Quayle submission 13 x 11 x 9cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$1,200

<i>Jan-Us</i> , 2020 inspired by Olivia Hamilton submission 35 x 15 x 7cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries NFS	<i>Psy-Sci (Psychedelic- Science)</i> , 2020 inspired by Max Malone submission 36 x 17 x 10cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$2,200	<i>Peaceful Deity</i> , 2020 inspired by Nani Puspasari submission 19 x 10 x 10cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$1,950
<i>Foster</i> , 2020 inspired by Ann-Maree Gentile submission 30 x 19 x 8cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$1,950	<i>Dakshinamurthy</i> , 2020 inspired by Kevin Murray submission 25 x 12 x 6cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$1,950	<i>Black Summer</i> , 2020 inspired by Cita Daidone submission 23 x 10 x 9cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$1,950
<i>Deity of Togetherness</i> , 2020 inspired by Juliette Hanson and Florence Hanson- Bowden submission 24 x 17 x 8cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries NFS	<i>Handmade Goddess</i> , 2020 inspired by Olivia Parsonage submission 24 x 19 x 8cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$1,950	Prices are inclusive of GST
<i>Covinda</i> , 2020 inspired by Gareth Hovey submission 26 x 18 x 10cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$1,950	<i>Fruit Loop</i> , 2020 inspired by Beatrix Green submission 23 x 11 x 11cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$1,950	

LIST OF WORKS

Blue Series

<i>Mermaid</i> , 2020 Ceramic and high - pigmentation acrylic 70 x 67 x 18cm Courtesy of Edwina Corlette \$6,500	<i>A Good Friend Is Like A Four-Leaf Clover</i> , 2020 Ceramic and high - pigmentation acrylic 30 x 17 x 8cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$2,200	<i>True Friends Don't Need To Hold Hands Because They Know That The Other Hand Will Always Be There</i> , 2020 Ceramic and high - pigmentation acrylic 26 x 13 x 9cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$2,200
<i>A Cat and A Bird</i> , 2020 Ceramic and high - pigmentation acrylic 50 x 44 x 20cm Courtesy of Edwina Corlette \$6,500	<i>Love Is Blind; Friendship Closes Its Eyes</i> , 2020 Ceramic and high - pigmentation acrylic 30 x 18 x 10cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$2,200	Prices are inclusive of GST
<i>Indigo Peace</i> , 2019 Ceramic and high - pigmentation acrylic 26 x 11 x 5cm Courtesy of Scott Livesey Galleries \$1,800		

LIST OF WORKS

Paintings

Hungry Ghost 1, 2021 acrylic on board 30 x 40cm NFS	Hungry Ghost 3, 2021 acrylic on board 30 x 40cm NFS	Hungry Ghost 5, 2021 acrylic on board 30 x 40cm NFS
Hungry Ghost 2, 2021 acrylic on board 30 x 40cm NFS	Hungry Ghost 4, 2021 acrylic on board 30 x 40cm NFS	Prices are inclusive of GST



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This project has been assisted by the
Australian Government through the Australia
Council for the Arts.

IMAGE > Vipoo Srivilasa, *Wellness Deity* [installation view], 2021. Image courtesy of the artist and Scott Livesey Galleries. Photograph: Theresa Harrison Photography.

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