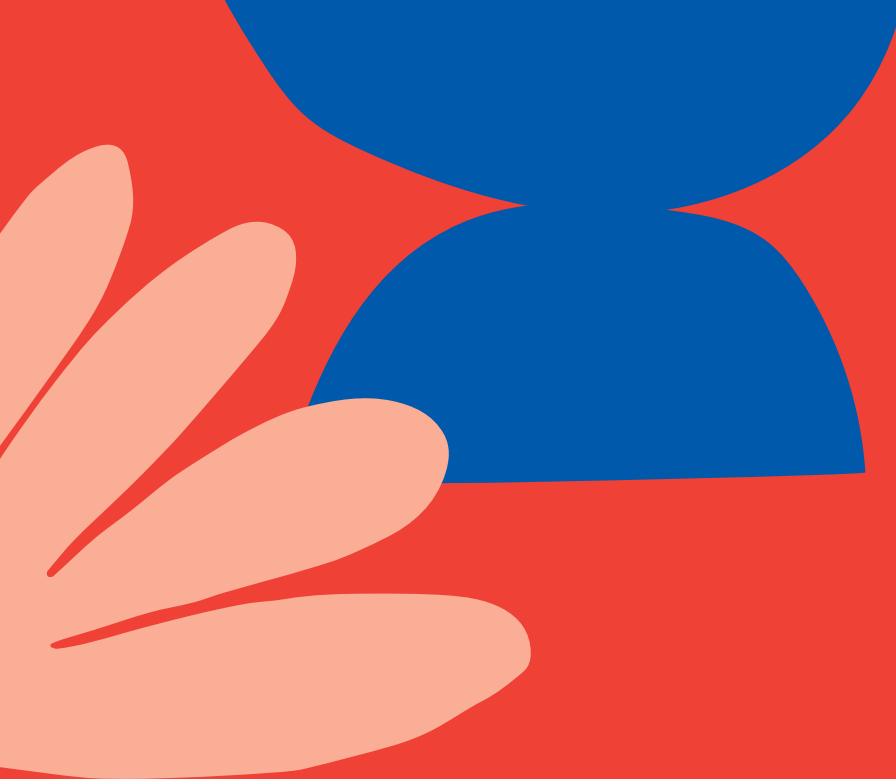


TWO SIDES

STORIES AND MUSIC FROM HOME



JUNE
2020
VOLUME 1



TWO SIDES is a curated compilation of stories and songs made during the 2020 global pandemic. The publication and album assisted Tasmanian artists, writers and musicians by encouraging creativity during the pandemic restrictions.

The project is an initiative of Clarence City Council Arts and Events in collaboration with CONSTANCE A.R.I., Hunter Island Press, The Storytellers Group, Music Tas, Edge Radio, The Brisbane Hotel, Pablo's Cocktails and Dreams & The Grand Poobah.

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TWO SIDES

STORIES AND MUSIC FROM HOME

MUSICIANS

BALTIMORE CHARLOT

BABY DAVE

BERT SMIRT

CELESTE

COWARD PUNCH

GABE & THE DAGREZIOS

JE BAML

KUDU JOY

LUCINDA SHANNON

MILQUEBATH

MUM & DAD

THE PITS

ROSE TRENT

SETH MENDERSON

SILVER FLEET SHIPS

STEPHEN MCENTEE

TERESA DIXON

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#STORIES AND MUSIC FROM HOME

ANDREW HARPER

Humans are odd creatures

They are complicated. They do odd things. They have an astonishing capacity to use tools, and to use tools to make better tools. They communicate readily, compulsively. They share ideas and knowledge, and the capacity to record, preserve and share knowledge is part of what makes humans the odd beast that they are.

Humans have a capacity to adapt. Where ever you might go on this planet, humans have probably visited there at the very least, and very often, even in the most challenging of environments, humans can be found living. Is it terribly hot? There are people here on this world that have worked out how to exist in a hot, dry place.

You take humans and put them into extreme situations, and they work out how to cope, and they do this by the strange talent of lateral thinking. Lateral thinking is often mentioned but it's hard to say what it is, much of the time, but it's likely the ability to take a tool, and use it in a way it wasn't intended. Not every human will be able to do exactly that, but some will, and they will show other humans, and away it goes: humans talk and copy and share and innovate, and write it all down, or draw a diagram, and do it again.

When you put humans into peculiar situations, they take things and do weird things with them. Some will be borne of the situation, and they will be abandoned once the situation changes again. Write it down though.

You never know.

Art is sometimes born of innovation, born of lateral thinking, born of disaster. Sometimes.

Art records disaster, documents crisis and celebrates survival.

It reminds us of loss and helps us mourn. Sometimes.

Sometimes it distracts us.

Sometimes it focuses us.

In a moment of crisis, in this moment, art has revealed itself as necessary for some and elusive for others. Some of us have found boundless time. Others have lost it in the struggle to stay afloat.

I had to move house during this pandemic. I won't dwell on this, but let me tell you this:

It was not an easy task.

Once the removalists had left and all we had were boxes and a new life to build, once we had the kitchen in place, and the beds to collapse in, we talked about where to put the art we own in the house. Once we found the moment to do that, the house began to become a home.

Art connects us to a community, sometimes. Making art is a way we communicate complex and subtle ideas and rich emotions born of the moments of a complicated life, in a complex world, during a terrifying time.

It is an odd way to communicate, and it doesn't always work, but when it does, there is nothing else quite like it.

Besides, humans are odd creatures.

For Pip, Sid and Felix.



Elizabeth Archer

Contact

Drypoint

In this strange time of social distancing we are looking at different ways of keeping in contact with our friends and families.

Loving pets provide physical comfort and unconditional love, as our current view of the world is from behind our window.

While most of the world seems to be embracing Zoom, a lucky few will again experience the delights of receiving the handwritten words of a friend.



Jo Chew

Untitled

Gouache on drawing paper



I WONDER WONDER WHY

I wonder wonder why, the stars are in the sky?
 Wan-ba-la la-la-la, Wan-ba-la la-la-Linga
 And why the moon's so round, and so far from the ground?
 Wan balalalala, Wan balalala Linga
 The stars are there at night, for those that have no light
 The moon's a friend for ev'ry little star
 So dance and join the ring, and hear the children sing
 Wan balalalala, Wan balalala Linga
 Wan balalalala, Wan balalala Linga

Mary Bailey

I Wonder Wonder Why

Collage and acrylic on canvas

I heard that in the most polluted parts of the Earth, children, and in many instances their parents, saw the stars and the moon for the first time. This is a side, but significant

environmental benefit to the current worldwide horror of the new coronavirus. Maybe we as a human race can make sure that all children in the future can sing this Australian children's game song.

DUNCAN MOSE

Bunratty Dishcharge

I spent th'ole of last night Wooing a Lady
 By trying to explain How Drag Tyres Work
 Tro' a rhythm of collapse, flatulate excite stand

Brim
 Fly ...

Next I'll try the clutch, its intricate tickling disks
 It's goading self-completion, its inflamed opposition and fonctionnant

Antagonisme

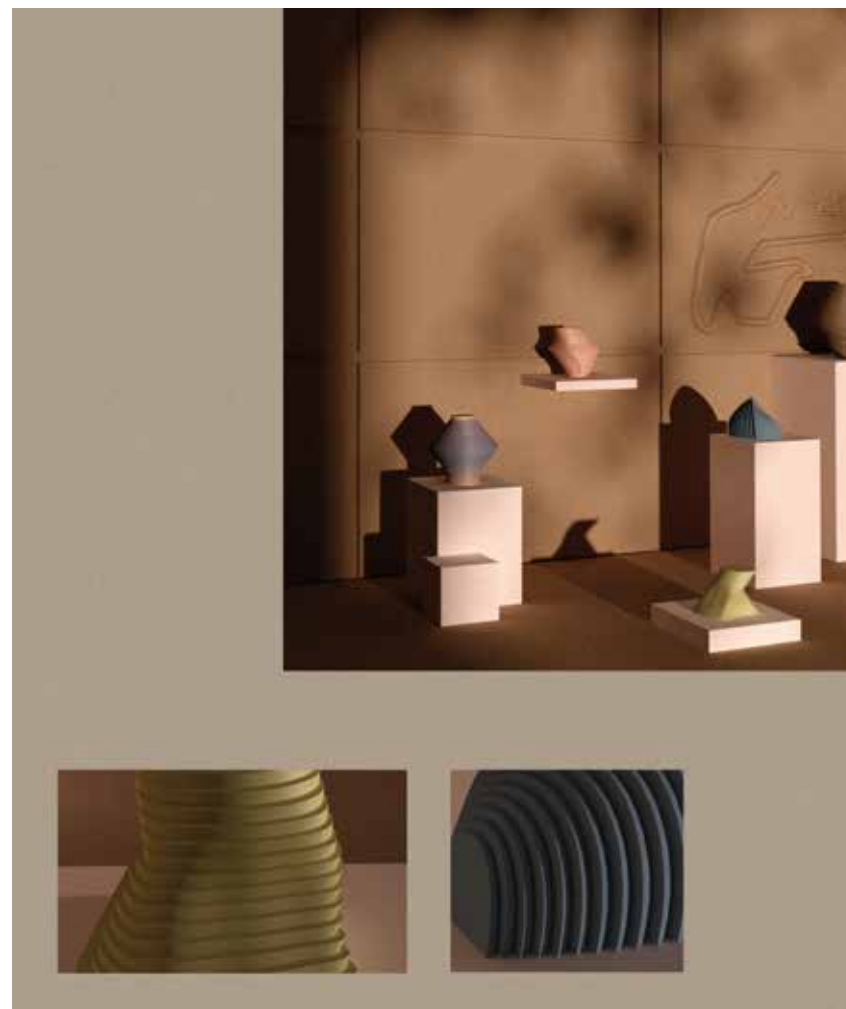
In ever'y run the engine supercedes by destroying itself
 Sparkplugs melt pistons jibber the whole goes in for a kind of slavish Pagan
 Combustion

Ferrying its modest and beplumed chevalier
 To 1 x chequered Hell.

Being in possession and being possessed by 'tis a flange system a sort
 Of ludicrously porous intercourse

Take one songbird drowned in jet fuel
 Nitrous Methane not bas. Armagnac
 You've Force fed it in the dark for months
 When eating, burst its heart last with the tongue at the top of the palate

Every 392 Hemi dreams of being an Ed Pink Racing Engine
 Set by the Chef to consume itself
 a terrible delicacy



Isabel Hood

Stacked Forms
 3D Render

Unable to access the physical means to realise my project as I had originally intended, I am building and replacing familiar environments into my own internal digital environments.



Erica de Jong

A holiday of sorts

It is a little bit like Christmas. The blinds are down on Collins Street and traffic lights shift without sweeping movement. Mannequins play dress ups with white sheets and light-poles advertise last month's meetups.

There is a certain kind of fervour at Woollies. Trollies fat with extras: lemons, Dutch Creams, ravioli, garlic bread, tomato

soup. Thirty-something working couples used to planning only for the night ahead buying dinner for another day.

And a sprawl of off-season joggers weaves the South Hobart Rivulet Track. Past vacant barbeques and mums and prams and dogs stopped to sip the purling stream. Looking a little bit out of shape and seeking some kind of appeasement.

I tell my mum I miss her. More often now.

It is a little bit like Christmas. But it isn't.

STORIES AND MUSIC FROM HOME



Peter Maarseveen

Flower Lumen

Lumen print

STORIES AND MUSIC FROM HOME

A brooch to hold hands with.

by Gabbee Stolp



Choose some fabric you like the feel of, or whatever you have at home.



Pin together two pieces of fabric. Trace the outline of your hand on one side.



Stitch along the outline of the hand, leaving it open at the wrist.



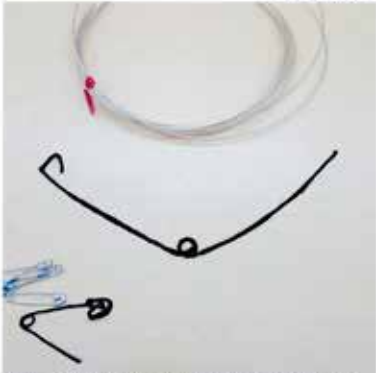
Carefully cut out the hand, not too close to the stitches.



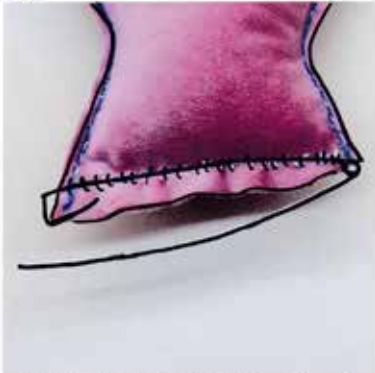
Fill with stuffing. You could use toy stuffing, shredded paper, rice, small pebbles or dried lentils.



Stitch the opening at the wrist closed.



Use a thin piece of wire to make a pin. Bend a single coil in the centre and bend one end into a hook. You could also use one or two safety pins.



Stitch the hooked side of the pin onto the wrist end of the hand.



Pin your brooch to your favourite jumper. Hold on tight.

Gabbee Stolp

A brooch to hold hands with: instructions to make your own

STORIES AND

FINECAN KRUCKEMETER

I Wake One Day

I wake one day, and find I'm listening to songs again. Really listening – like they matter, like the act of listening matters. And looking round, I realise... Winter is over. The sun sits higher in the sky, so the shadows lie shorter on the soil, so things themselves are of more importance than their wake. They cover only the ground they cover. If you want to know of them, you look at them – a lovely honesty.

I dress in light clothes, and wear open shoes and leave the house determined but not. I don't have a destination but I have momentum, and this is the complete opposite of the winter months now passed – when I'd had places to go, but a reluctance to get there. And I realise those months had been lists, during which if you tick enough things off, you could catalogue that day as a good one, as an accomplished one. As though life were lists. As though lists were pleasure. But when you explain a joke, it stops being funny. When you overplan a wedding, it obscures the love. When you make your day a list, you deny yourself the accidents.

Today I have no list. I walk down the hill to Pigeonhole Cafe, where my son (loyal customer and all-round nice guy) has cards set along the countertop. I talk with the staff I know about the houses they're building and the holidays just taken, and leave with a coffee that didn't need ordering. A friend calls out from a passing car and I call back, and we each say nothing of importance, and that's important.

I turn right onto the path that runs beside the rivulet, and walk slower. Soon I pass a bank on the left, where rusted metal beams jut and from which we like to launch paper boats, Moe's inky hand-drawn artworks blurring as the water scales clumsy origami. To the right, the

grassy verge where wallaby congregate in the evenings. All around, birdsong.

And then that particular bend which when rounded, allows you to suddenly encounter the mountain and she is beautiful. Lately, people have been building their houses on a small hillside in the foreground, and they gleam in the sunlight, an imposition to the beauty. But forget those houses, and forgive the sunlight, and respect it for falling on all equally, and enjoy the mountain as it should be enjoyed, pure and unsullied.

A white cap denotes the last residues of snow, and then a bareness says rock face, and below a dense darkness says forest, and finally a patchwork of things say city and lights and streetcars and conversation and churchyards and benches and people lost and people found.

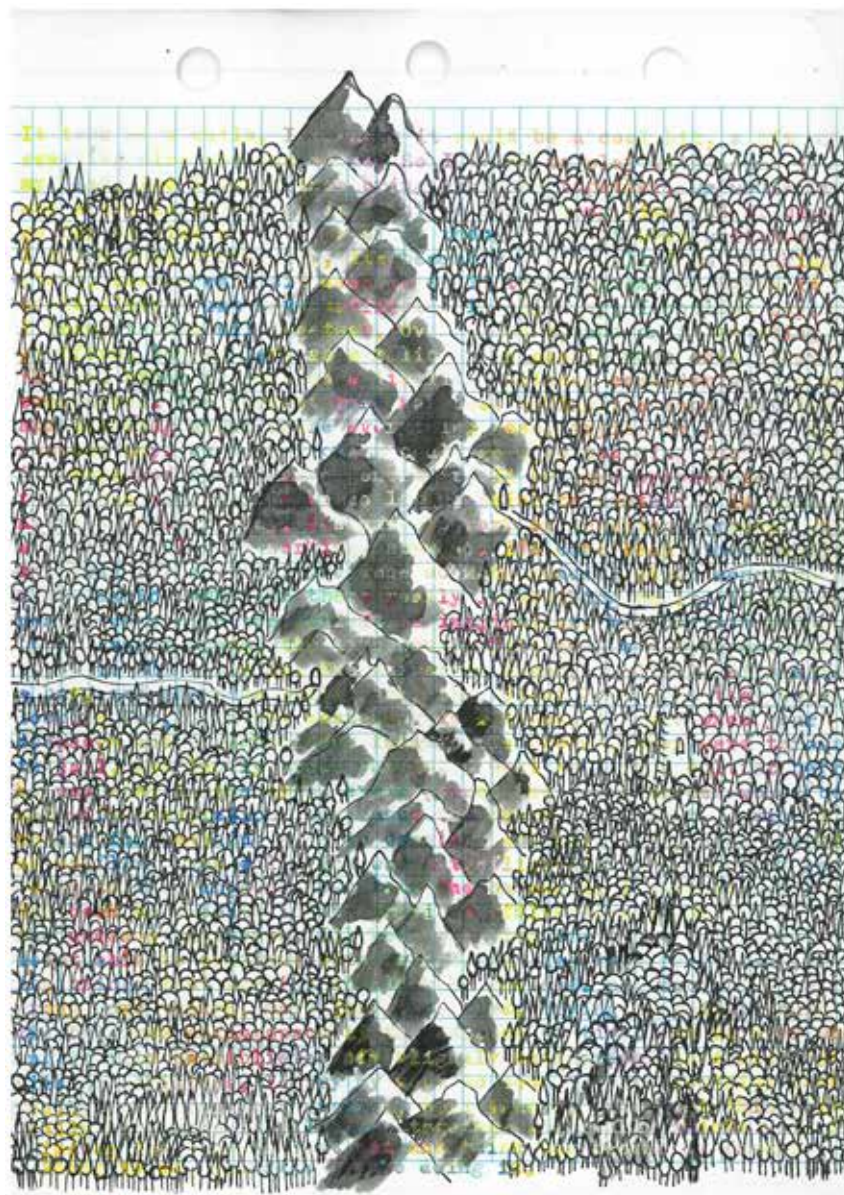
And I realise that triangular form and its four tiers are like one of those food pyramids, which suggest that an abundance of one thing, a good amount of the next, a handful of a third, and just a little of the last – when taken together – will do one well.

So too, this mountain gives its own advice, but about life and how it may best be lived. An abundance of the collective and communal. Then a good amount of vegetation, in which things have already germinated and grown, the us that is complete. Next, a handful of the bare, reminding us we do not start off finished and have room yet to go. And finally the snow, just a little, just to cool our heads and balance out the warm days – a sprinkling of solitude, of melancholy, the bite of winter amid the sunshine. It is not a bad thing, not one bit.

The mountain reveals to me its lessons and schooled, I walk on.



Patricia Martin
Awaiting the light together
Drypoint with hand colouring



Wesley Miles

The Kerrotham Mountains, West of Arrynthion. A Map for a Dungeons and Dragons Campaign
Pen and ink, graph paper, typed text through oil pastel transfer

KARTANYA MATNARD

Both Sides

It seems as if the world has changed in the blink of an eye.

I walk down the street and see a never ending stream of medical grade latex and fearful eyes peering out above face masks. I used to smile at those I walked past in the street but now I hold my breath if they get too close.

These excursions of mine are becoming few and far between, we've been told that venturing out past your front door can only be for what has been deemed essential. There's only so many times you can say that you forgot something from the supermarket.

Although the news has been splashed across every screen terrifying us at all hours, the panic I now feel wouldn't and couldn't sink in, it didn't register.

I'm in a fortunate position, I am able to work from home, I haven't lost my job. I am able to go about my normal routines from the comfort of my home....but where is the lie?

Normal...What is normal? Is this it now?

I don't feel normal...the novelty of attending my morning work meetings in my dressing gown wore off quickly, and so did the thrill of concocting a lie for why your midnight drive was essential. What didn't wear off and what only grew was that slow and creeping dread that seemed never ending.

Every night the global death toll rises and the walls of my bedroom seem to creep closer and

closer. I feel guilty for feeling bad and feel bad for feeling guilty. It's a never ending cycle.

Have you ever wanted to connect so badly with people yet feel so suffocated at the same time? It seems that this whole pandemic has split me in two, one side wanting to break free and the other side wanting to crawl further in.

One side wanting to hug someone so tightly that you feel like you'll break them; the other side wanting to gouge the eyes out of anyone who chews too loud.

One side dying to be loved and one side dying to be left alone.

Sometimes it seems that images and voices are no longer enough like they once were.

I can say 'I love you,' and you'll hear me, I can smile at you and you'll see me but to touch your face, to stroke your hair or God forbid hug you would be breaking all the rules.

Other times the message notifications, the emails and the knocking at your bedroom door asking, 'are you okay?' go unanswered. My fingers are numb, my brain can't think and my mouth refuses to move.

It's okay to be two because both sides are you. If you want to connect, connect. If you want the world to go away for a while, then that's okay too. Just do what you gotta do without hurting others. It easier said than done but I believe in you.

We'll get through this fam. x

Sand, surf, river, mountain – the view from the Eastern Shore. The city is over there, in the shadow of the mountain that defines this Southern capital. When you think of Hobart, you think of ‘the mountain’: kunanyi, Mount Wellington. From over here, on ‘the other side of the river’, the mountain is always there. It dominates our view and creeps into our soul. It glows red in the sunrise; then the light spreads over its rocky contours and down to the river below. It is the predominant feature we see from over here, when we look over there. We go away, and it is in our memory – we long to see it again. We come home and our hearts lift when we get that first glimpse. It anchors us to this place. It is unchanging in a world of change. Here, in self-isolation, we watch as its colour changes throughout the day, then slowly fades to black as the sun disappears at sunset. Leaving that familiar silhouette against the western sky.

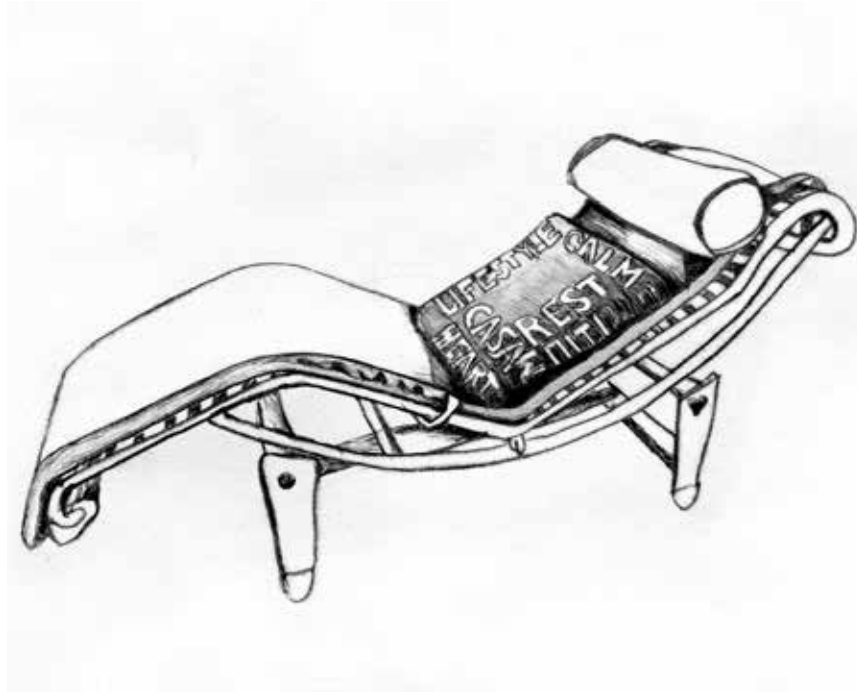
Tomorrow will be a new day.

Robert McKenna

The View from Over Here

Pigment print





Phyllis Fiotakis
 HOME ΣΠΙΤΙ
 Drypoint



Janet Freestun
Spikey love
 Linocut over mono print, unique state
 Here we are, all together and all apart.
 Finally, it's OK to care for each other.

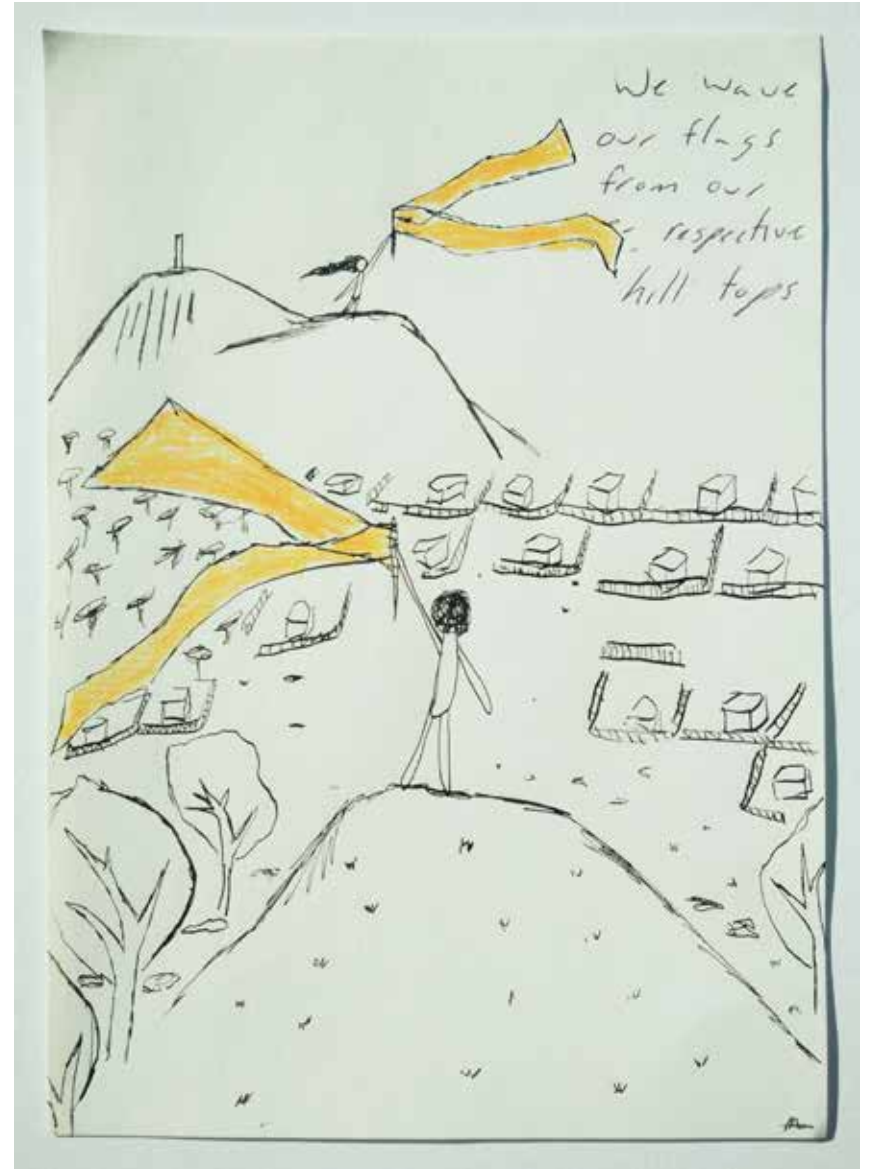


Grace Garton

Lauren

Watercolour and gouache on rag paper

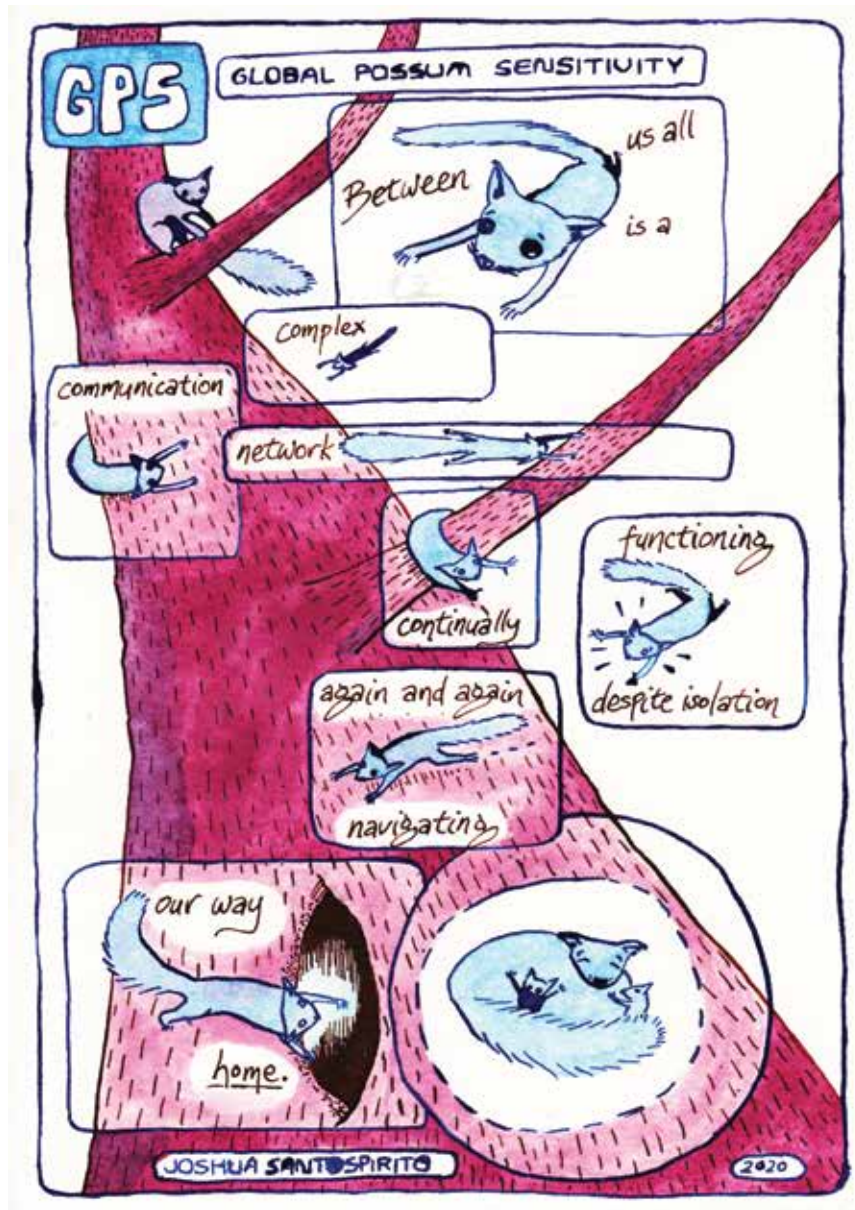
This is a paper doll cut out, featuring a 1930's fashion illustration loosely based on the actress Lauren Bacall. Paper dolls have a vintage charm and a history dating back to the invention of paper.



Miranda Rogers

Flags

Ink and pencil on paper



Joshua Santospirito
GPS Global Possum Sensitivity



Molly Turner
Learn and Then Grow
Wool and fabric on calico



SONG LIST

Baltimore Charlot

Baby Dave

Bert Shirt

Celeste

Gabe & the Dagrezios

Je Bahl

Kudu Joy

Lucinda Shannon

Milquebath

Mum & Dad

The Pits

Rose Trent

Seth Henderson

Silver fleet Ships

Stephen McEntee

Teresa Dixon

Murals on the Wall

Ghost

Vegas

Heartspace

I Want You to Find

Turnim Het

Four Walls

I'm on a CD

Halloufu

Trippin' at the Park

Keep Living

One Bed One Bath

Thin Air

Do Nothin'

Talk is Hard

Black Clouds

TO DOWNLOAD THE ALBUM PLEASE VISIT
TWOSIDESCOMPILATION.BANDCAMP.COM

Musicians curated by Music Tas, Edge Radio, The Brisbane Hotel, Pablo's Cocktails and Dreams & The Grand Poobah. Please note that the album is not mastered in alphabetical order. For song order please visit and download album at twosidescompilation.bandcamp.com

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