



RIVERS
RUN



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RIVERS RUN is an exhibition of five artworks that together reveal my ongoing physical and psychological engagement with Tasmania and its history. *Rivers Run*, *We ran/I am*, *Driving Black Home*, *Driving Black Home...2* and *Trespass* document my attempts to move not only through place but time. The actions of running, driving, kayaking, climbing fences and wandering roadsides are reformed into two video projections, a floor and two wall pieces that together record, test and visually represent attempts to track self in the land of my maternal Aboriginal ancestors. These works were motivated by the desire to transact with a past that seems just beyond the horizon, around the next bend, through that locked farm gate. Testing how I recognize my island and if it still recognizes me six generations since my tribal past, each piece is a fragment of the desire to recall and understand what happened in lethal frontier Van Diemen's Land before it became amnesiac Tasmania. My process involves uncovering and re-presenting historical stories to evaluate the impact of the past on our present lives. Combining found human made and natural materials from indoor and outdoor sites I manifest places that are anywhere and nowhere, internal worlds through which we might engage with our conflicting and subsumed histories.





NORTH ON TROUBLE ROAD

Ross Gibson

Diptychs by Kathryn Bird

Throughout the early 1970s, I was growing up in Brisbane and occasionally travelling to visit relatives in Townsville. Habitually anticipating my next trip north, I became fixated with the desolate inland road linking Marlborough and Sarina. This was because of a grim spree of murders that happened from 1968 till 1975 along a few kilometres of scabby highway, from the Connors River to a body-dump site at Funnel Creek, halfway between Rockhampton and Mackay. Every couple of years, my young imagination would get shivered by fresh reports of executions in this bleak scrape of Capricornia brigalow. For me, the road represented EPIC TROUBLE. I knew it was called 'the Horror Stretch'. And in my mind I couldn't find a way around it.



As I grew older and began writing about how colonies operate, I indulged my hunch that some Australian roads channel the violence that has produced the nation. Understanding that roads are always the main infrastructure of nation-building, I felt sure that some portions of the federal highway system must cut through sinister territory.

So my history of colonialism had to take the form of a crime investigation crossed with a road movie and a horror story. There are many roads I could have chosen, but because of my fixation and because I had travelled through the brigalow many times, I wrote a book about the Horror Stretch: *Seven Versions of an Australian Badland* (2002).

As part of the research for *Seven Versions*, I visited and re-visited the Connors River campsite, a mere gunshot away from where at least four people were slain in different incidents between 1968 and 1975. I still go back there whenever I'm within a few hours drive and have a day to spare. It remains an intense and terrifying place for me. The dread that I feel there pushes me away. But something even stronger pulls me in, for the Connors River crime scenes grant me palpable insights into history. In other words, the lure to understand the past is stronger—only just—than the terror I sense in the place. Whenever I walk around the campsite and the decrepit motel—both abandoned nowadays—at Connors River, I resonate to some of the violence that has made the nation. And in writing about the place afterwards, I get the small chance to offer some of those resonances to anyone who might want to know them.



The killings around Connors River during the 1970s all involved rifles. Each new murder was blasted by a new perpetrator. There seemed no end to the retinue of killers preying on the road during those years. But the malevolence was not confined only to that particular time. My research showed how the murders that fascinated me as a teenager were just a small portion of a homicidal jamboree that dates back to the myriad depredations of the Queensland Native Police during the 1870s. This patterned, generational predisposition for violence in the country is what *Seven Versions* investigated.

So, whenever I return to Connors Rivers now, I can't help but see all the victims and all the killers splayed across the scene. I see hundreds of victims and assailants over a dozen decades or more, all rising and falling and resurrecting in an endless presentation of history. As the Ancient Greek stoics were wont to say: 'everything exists in the present, even the past'.¹

Vacant and vandalised now, Connors River remains downright eerie. In this place more quiet than you can imagine, in light harsher and clearer than you want, you stand exposed, running the superimposed scenes in your head. A split-screen history of trouble plays all at once:

victims' caravans rattling past ... assassins' nights of migraine and rifle practice during the weeks before they crack ... a match igniting clothes soaked in lamp-oil ... Native Police horsemen—blacks as well as whites—spurring their charges into a gallop ... a lights-out Holden station-wagon making a u-turn in the car park while imminent victims doze in a Toyota just up the road a minute ... a party of land-grabbing colonists setting fire to the brignalow ... troopers dismounting with sharpened machetes ... a petrol-station proprietor peering through curtains when he hears automatic gunfire nearby at two o'clock in the morning.

The camping ground was in a particularly sinister state the last time I was there. All around the bullet-pocked petrol bowzers, car bodies were eviscerated in gulches. Middens of decades-old artefacts—Golden Fleece petrol tins, plastic K-tel gadgets, a frisbee chewed by a dog—marked out doss-sites that were adorned here and there with more modern relics—a Batman cowl, blue rubber smurfs and busted Transformer toys, a T-shirt printed with the smiling face of local heroine, Cathy Freeman.

Realising how recent some of this stuff was, I panned around to see more evidence of current inhabitation. A sleeping bag and garments were rucked into a corner of the old petrol station office. Broken bottles and thick splashes of blood festooned the dusty slab-floor. Beside an unlocked caravan teetering on three wheels, a recently used bar-b-que had been built from severed car doors. Someone's rough, carrion life was still being pursued here, someone I was pleased not to encounter right then.

Standing in the Connors River carpark every few years under that witnessing sky while I conduct my private archaeology of abused things, I've come to realise that I've always wanted to know what rather than who killed all the murder victims on the Horror Stretch. What disturbed and disturbing set of narratives and irresolutions, what mess of fears and desires have generated such debris of violence down all the long roads that struggle through the brignalow country?



My main reason for returning to Connors River is to skulk around the exact scene of one execution that I've investigated more thoroughly than all the rest. Slowly I have comprehended this case as a pulp history of Australia. You can read the details in the book, but summarily this particular story from 1975 raises the following topics:

rootlessness and poverty-struck itinerancy; the imposition of imported law; the geography of vastness, deluge, heat and erosion; the rural culture of firearms; a landscape composed of devolving ecologies; the mind-altering pressures of isolation; nervous, nocturnal predation; prejudice and violence visited upon Aborigines; sex grabbed perfunctorily and illicitly; regionalist resentments; migrations impelled by the shove of hopelessness and bitterness rather than the allure of optimism.

Who in Australia can deny that this litany describes aspects of their local world?

There is some spirit of place along the Horror Stretch, something made by nature and culture scratching a distressed landscape together. It's tempting to take shelter in simplification, to declare that the Horror is just endemic to the Capricorn country, or to insist that each of the victims was merely caught in some random concussion of fate—something transcendent

like the weather, and therefore pointless to analyse. We could say it was plain bad luck that all these people with their chancy compulsions came together and behaved the way they did at some wrong time in some wrong place. But such a simplification would ignore the fact that human beings make their environments and lay out patterns of expectation, action and reaction there. Truly, the brigalow holds *human* concerns that are historical and therefore mutable. In this landscape, and in many other places around Australia, patterns have been worked across space and time by history and by social activity.

Given that human experience arises out of the negotiations between individuals' free will and the larger forces of politics, environment and certain imponderable coincidences, then it was not only fate that grabbed all the murder victims. The Horror these unfortunate people encountered has always been part of history, something that people set up in barely-known complicity with larger forces such as chance, nature and narrative. This history lives as a presence in the landscape, a presence generated as a forceful outcome of countless actions, wishes and wills—not conscious entirely, not free necessarily—people upon people, land upon landscape. Past upon present and future. This history is facts made by people into stories, rendering events as interpretations, reasons and predictions. History is stories making facts happen. And because it can generate so much, history is an invitation to artists and all other exponents of imagination. Indeed, more than just an invitation, history is a needful injunction—an injunction to bring some alchemical change to the leaden matters that we've inherited.

The art we need, therefore, is something that helps us face up to the past so we can imagine a good future blooming out of the decades of trouble and wilful denial that have steeped the country. Something to take power from the violence.

Ross Gibson, 2010

Ross Gibson is Professor of Contemporary Arts at Sydney College of the Arts, The University of Sydney.

Endnotes

- 1 Quoted in Bernard Cache, *Earth Moves: the furnishing of territories*, MIT Press, 1995, p.22.





the other two still continued to communicate fire to the cross fences and others bringing the fire soon to the ... side.

These two joined the others on the Rock and began to leap and use much of their language – "Parrawa, Parrawa" "Go away you white b...s" "What business have you here".

One of my men was crossing the River with a musket, I called to him to come back when the Natives immediately cried out "Ah you coward". For some time they still continued on the Rock making use of such language as above, and constantly raising their hands and leaping.

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About two hours after the house had been fired I perceived one skulking round the

Rivers Run

2009

dvd projection 40 min: 30 sec: colour: no audio

Rivers Run is a silent 40 minute dvd projection piece. It consists of footage from a kayaking journey taken on the South Esk River in northern Tasmania in 2009. *Rivers Run* shows my slow movements, as I arterially paddled through major colonial land grant properties—including Clarendon estate. Text scrolls up the face of the footage transcribed from original 1820s and 1830s records held in the Archives Office of Tasmania. These records are known as "the Depredations" or CSO 1/316 – 332 file 7578: The papers of Governor Arthur 1824–1836 relating to the Tasmanian Aborigines. The text in this film is a direct transcript of correspondence that relates riverbank skirmishes between Aboriginal and non Aboriginal people across Van Diemen's Land, as sent to Governor Arthur by the non Aboriginal people involved.

Driving Black Home

2000

16 colour postcards of Black, Nigger, Native places encountered during a 1200km drive around Tasmania.

There are fifty-six places named after black people in Tasmania, they include: Black Mary's Hill, Black George's Marsh, Blackmans Lookout, Black Tommy's Hill, Blackfellows Crossing, Black Phils Point.... There are seventy-nine "Black" places in Tasmania, they include: Black Beach, Black Creek, Black Gully, Black Marsh, Black Pinnacle, Black Reef, Black Sugarloaf, Black Swamp.... There is one Abo Creek in Tasmania. There are three places named "Nigger" in Tasmania: Nigger Head, Niggerhead Rock and Niggers Flat. There are sixteen places named for "Natives" in Tasmania, they include: Native Hut Creek, Native Lass Lagoon, Native Track Tier, Native Plains... These are one hundred and fifty-four places. But really they become one big place, the entire island, Tasmania.

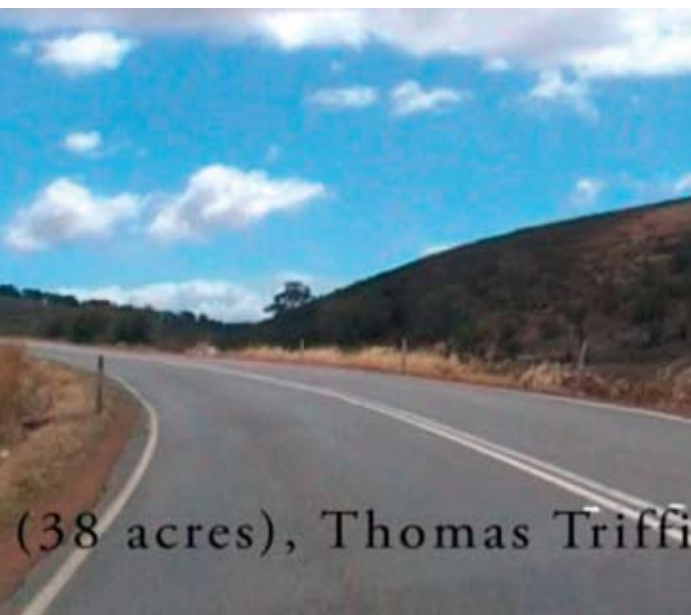
This work was a journey of mapping and jotting the intersections that make up this place's story and history. The drive became an act of remembering. The work became my way of considering and disclosing the irony that although our original Indigenous place names were all but erased from their original sites, Europeans then consistently went about reinscribing our ancestors' presence on the land—on their terms.

I propose that these 'settlers' recognised the rights of occupancy of Aboriginal Tasmanians'—evidenced by their renaming of 'natural' features across the entire island in the image of Black, Native, Nigger and Abo... The conception of this artwork directly relates to my previous employment with Parks and Wildlife, Tasmania where as an Indigenous Interpretation Officer I had the opportunity to visit many places and meet many people. During this period I also began to read more between the lines and between pages of history or science or old school books—rather than taking history at face value.



This postcard/photographic series emerged from reading the land and its signage-interventions that have stood largely unquestioned. These signs seemed to demand that I take note and accumulate them in this way. Much of my work is about collecting, compiling and reconfiguring objects of culture. I need to gather, shuffle and prod objects about. My process is to find the point of unease—where familiarity counters general discomfort, which leaves the art work hovering between uncertain worlds. In my practice, I assemble a certain number of objects, a particular grouping, an almost normal delivery. The pace of reading the work becomes in itself, linked to my own growing awareness about a subject, an event, our past, whilst I created the work.

There are resonances of other things driving this series including my own early dislocation from Tasmania. I was born and 'grew up' in St Kilda—in another state entirely....In 'returning' to the land and this island in this way, I see things afresh, much seems askew, apparently unquestioned. These are signs that seem to be something else, and this disjuncture and unease is worth addressing.



(38 acres), Thomas Triffi



, Samuel McNeilly (150 acres),



as Hooper (640 acres), Jo

Driving Black Home...2

2009

dvd projection 3 hr 44 min 55 sec: colour: no audio

Land Grants given out in Van Diemen's Land between 1804–1832: 3125

Acres: 1 million 842 thousand and 234 acres

On average one grant given every 3.25 days for 28 years

Tasmanian Aboriginal people in 1804: Approx. 5000

Tasmanian Aboriginal people in 1832: Approx. 250

This video work is the result of my drive through the Counties of old Van Diemen's Land in early 2009 and filming the journey. Following this, working with a film editor, we measured how long it took for the text listing all 3125 land grants given out in VDL up to 1832 to scroll as subtitles: 3 hr 44 mins—the footage was edited from more than 12 hours of driving to fit the text. By 1832 all but perhaps a dozen Tasmania Aboriginal people had died or had been removed to Flinders Island—in effect, there were no more 'marauding hordes of natives'.



"I issued slops to all the fresh natives, gave them baubles and played the flute, and rendered them as satisfied as I could. The people all seemed satisfied at their clothes. Trousers is excellent things and confines their legs so they cannot run"

Journal of George Augustus Robinson 3 November 1830, Swan Island, North East Tasmania.

We ran/I am

2007

calico, 14 photographs on paper, earth pigments, c.2.0 x 7.5 x 0.05m.

Photography by Craig Opie; Map of the Black Line: "Military Operations against the Aboriginal Inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land: No. 9 FIELD PLAN of MOVEMENTS OF THE MILITARY" courtesy of the Tasmaniana Library, State Library of Tasmania; Trousers by #49 CWA Hobart; thanks to Judy, Sheila, Jessie, Dot and Sandra of Medea Park, St Helens.

Collection of Devonport Regional Gallery.

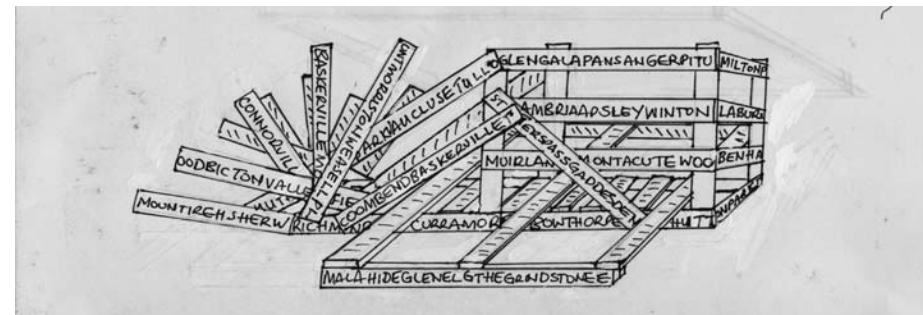
This work documents the action of running at seven self-selected places from the innumerable sites where the 1830 "Black Line" – "Military operations against the natives of Van Diemen's Land" took place across Tasmania: Bothwell, Lake Sorell, Campbell Town, Richmond, Prosser Bay, Orford, Waterloo Point Swansea and St Patrick's Head. The aim was to produce both a conjunction and disruption of place/time to connect past with present across Van Diemen's Land now called Tasmania.

The "Black Line" was apparently unsuccessful in that only a purported two Aboriginal people were captured. However, the result of the campaign alongside the preceding thirty years of attempted eradication of my ancestors have resulted in the vagaries of myself and extended family.

Distrustful of any one version of the past—particularly published accounts from other cultures, survival has come from an ability to swerve or deftly accommodate change; mobilisation prevented capture or erasure of identity. Humour, double entendre and codified meanings are everyday means of interacting with the world, finding those like-minded, like-cultured with whom to make meaning afresh.

By running repeatedly at these places various historical scenarios of capture and escape were replayed and reprocessed. Robinson's wrenching journal entry brought the mediums and momentum to the work—the running, the trousers. Issued to Aboriginal people in the early 1800s the clothing is a visual reminder of the removal of people from their environment. Wearing the seven trousers and embedding them with the earths of those places they became joint witnesses to my present and our past experiences of trying to live in our Country post invasion.

Current frustrations with tourism and eco-expansion across north-east Tasmania encouraged me to run repeatedly in each place registering my feelings of increased compression into ever tinier 'land parcels'. The stress of hiding in dunes to avoid daily eco-tourists in summer on Traditional Country is the shadow Other piece within this work. The revised run, part performative, was reclamation of place, reabsorption of history on the run.



Trespass

2010
timber

Trespass negotiates my frustration with Tasmania being enclosed, fenced and gated, and the difficulty for Aboriginal people to access their island without the permission of private landholders. In early 2008 I drove to Latrobe where, by the 1840s, my great great great great grandparents lived. Coal rd seemed a clue to the location of the Alfred Colliery that they founded and mined until it ran nigh dry after a decade. Asking a stranger who looked local on the main street brought me to an old-timer who told me where to look for what he thought was an entrance to the mine. Not on Coal rd, but not far off it lay, a black abyss hiding under the base of a burnt but alive grand old tree. I jumped a fence and hastened towards it, stopped suddenly by the booming voice of a man, striding down hill towards me. His broad accent, he was from Chester he later explained, seemed to bring me towards a colonial confrontation. Would I be shot? His increasing gait, it happened, was due to his concern for me because a large tiger snake lived at the entrance to the mine. However, I saw his rapid approach as a hostile response to my trespass. I remember the conjunction of both alarm and annoyance at my sense of guilt, caught wandering across what was originally not only my Aboriginal forebear's land, but also convict ancestor's land. Didn't I have all ground covered? The man's arrival reawakened an anxiety that runs deep, about not being able to access my island home. Tasmania has been, since the first half of the 1800s, revised into a series of named 'properties'. Each has borne witness to the exclusion of the original people. Some properties have rivers that run through them, providing an arterial, subversive journey across places that hold close their secret pasts. *Trespass* is an imaginary vehicle on which I might journey through these places. Perhaps in dreams I would collect, remove, reorder the name planks along the byways and highways, reclaiming Aboriginal place.

COMPETING HISTORIES

Brigita Ozolins

History needs to forget as much as fiction needs to remember and in that intersection there should be ample space to build an open house—a monument, if you like—of competing narratives.¹

Julie Gough retells history through art. Tackling her projects by combining the skills of an archivist with those of detective, she challenges our understanding of officially recorded history and encourages us to reinterpret the past. Her art practice extends far beyond the task of making—it is inextricably linked to researching Tasmanian history, to locating, reading, and transcribing unpublished archival records that relate to her Tasmanian Aboriginal heritage, and to exploring the Tasmanian landscape. Both her research and her physical engagement with the land become springboards for works of art that question the authority of commonly accepted historical accounts. Through her art, Gough becomes a creator of alternative narratives.

To tell her stories, Gough uses two interconnected strategies. The first is the result of obsessive collecting and involves finding and transforming existing artefacts or natural materials such as furniture, clothing, shells, lengths of tea-tree and seaweed. Gough travels far and wide in search of things that evoke, for her, some essential aspect of the history she aims to make manifest. The results are post-produced artefacts that test our reading of their original meaning and invite us to engage with new stories embedded within their form.

In more recent works, however, the search for materials has almost become secondary to the *experience* of locating and spending time in sites where significant past events have occurred. In the exhibition *Rivers Run*, this tendency is reflected in a style that relies on strategies associated with documentary practices. Rather than being bound by materials, Gough has focused on conveying actions: her journeying across Tasmania in search of the physical locations of stories uncovered in journals and archives, and her attempts to access places that once were borderless and have now become 'private property'. *Rivers Run* incorporates work that employs both ways of working: there are two videos, a series of postcards and a filmic row of photographs that reflect a more documentary and performative approach, while a new work made entirely of timber planking reinforces the power of reworking existing materials in combination with text. But no matter what strategy is used, each work in the exhibition conveys a potent story about Gough's individual relationship to the past and to place as well as questioning the broader links between history, truth and authority.

We ran// am, 2007, exemplifies Gough's ability to re-narrate a fragment of history. The work responds to a statement made by George Augustus Robinson, Conciliator of Aborigines in Van Diemen's Land during the 1830s. Having distributed calico trousers to the Aborigines, he records in his journal: 'The people all seem satisfied with their clothes. Trousers is excellent things and confines their legs so they cannot run.'² This remarkable statement becomes the impetus for *We ran// am*, which combines documentary photography and mixed media to create a powerful narrative about the links between past and present. The work consists of a map of Tasmania, a series of black and white photographs of the artist running desperately through the Tasmanian bush, and seven pairs of calico trousers she wore as she ran. The images were taken as Gough passed through specific sites marked on the map of Tasmania that were part of the notorious 'Black Line' of 1830, (a military operation that moved from south to north along an imaginary line, aiming to systematically remove all the indigenous inhabitants of Tasmania). Beneath the images of Gough running through the landscape, the calico trousers are neatly pinned to the gallery wall, each pair stained with remnants of mud, grass and dirt. The elements of *We ran// am* present us with photographic and material evidence of the artist's challenging performance, evidence that enables us to piece together a disturbing narrative about the ever-presence of the past and its persistent impact on current generations of Aboriginal Australia.

Driving Black Home, 2000, was also developed as the result of physically engaging with the land (and the physical is inextricably linked to the psychological). The work consists of sixteen colour postcards, propped on a mantelpiece, that feature signs of Tasmanian places names that include the terms 'black', 'native' or 'nigger' and were found by Gough during a 1,200 km drive around the island: Black Bobs Rivulet, Blackmans Bay, Nigger Head, Native Plains Road, Black Mary's Hill... Gough comments on the bizarre irony of these names—rather than disavowing the presence of her ancestors, they reinscribe and reinforce the presence of Indigenous Tasmanians. The drive to locate the signs thus became, for Gough, an act of remembering.

Driving Black Home...2, 2009, shifts from postcard to video to document a road trip through all the counties of Van Diemen's Land. But, as with *Driving Black Home*, Gough's journey into the countryside is much more significant than a pleasant holiday adventure around the island—the footage of the trip is subtitled with the names of 3,125 colonial land grantees who disinherited the indigenous Tasmanians of their homelands. The film is nearly four hours long, an unbearable duration for the average gallery visitor to sit through, but its length reflects the time it actually took to visit all counties and reinforces the excess of land gifting that took place in colonial times.

In a second video work, *Rivers Run*, 2009, Gough takes to kayaking down Tasmanian rivers, recording her view of colonial homesteads as she paddles by. Scrolling over this footage is text from 'the Depredations' or CSO 1/316-332 file 7578, correspondence to Governor Arthur 1824–36 relating to the Tasmanian Aborigines. What might otherwise be a leisurely paddle down the river is overlaid with texts that document skirmishes along riverbanks between Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal people. Both *Rivers Run* and *Driving Black Home...2*, are potent reminders that our relationship to land—and to a sense of place in Tasmania—is never innocent, but is always underscored by the shadow of colonization.

In the new work, *Trespass*, 2010, the concepts of ownership and sense of place are further explored in a crazy fence-like structure made from whitened planks stenciled with the names of properties from before and after the Black Line campaign of the 1830s. The fence-like form of the work implies enclosure and the stamp of private property, while its raft-like appearance references Gough's ironic role as 'trespasser' as she attempted to access land that once belonged to her ancestors by kayaking down its waterways (as evident in *Rivers Run*).

By 1830, more than 3,000 land grants were distributed to the colonizers—in 2010, most are fully fenced. *Trespass* is about the replacement of original Aboriginal place names with those of English pastoral arcadias and reflects Gough's frustration at not being able to access what once was fenceless and borderless.

Rivers Run offers a powerful statement about Gough's determination to retell the past through the experience of engaging with place. Whatever medium or style she employs to create her work, Gough consistently conveys a deep personal desire to connect with and make sense of the fragmented history of her Tasmanian heritage. It is a history that demands revisiting and re-examining. When Gough retells the stories of her ancestors, she not only gains a clearer picture of her own past, but also takes us a few steps closer to understanding the complexities of a history that belongs to us all.

Brigita Ozolins, 2010

Dr Brigita Ozolins is an artist, a writer and a Lecturer at the Tasmanian School of Art, University of Tasmania.

Endnotes

- 1 Shakespeare, Nicholas, 'Remembering and forgetting', in Lake, Marilyn (ed) *Memory, monuments and museums: the past in the present*. Melbourne: Melbourne University Press, 2006, p 37–40.
- 2 Robinson, George Augustus, Journal entry for 3 November 1830, Swan Island, north-east Tasmania, in Plomley, N.J.B. (ed.), *Friendly mission: The Tasmanian journals and papers of George Augustus Robinson, 1829–1834*, Tasmanian Historical Research Association, Hobart, 1966, p. 266.



Julie Gough – biography

Julie Gough was born in 1965 in St Kilda and lives in Hobart. Following an incident with an eagle while riding pillion on a motorcycle in far north-west Australia Gough began art studies, completing a B.A in Visual Arts at Curtin University in 1993. The following year Gough relocated to Tasmania, the homeland of her maternal Tasmanian Aboriginal ancestors, where she completed B.A. Visual Arts, Honours, 1st Class in 1994 at the University of Tasmania, School of Art in Hobart. The award of a Samstag Scholarship enabled her to complete in 1998 a M.A. in Visual Arts at Goldsmith's College, University of London. In 2001 Gough was awarded a PhD Visual Arts from the University of Tasmania: *Transforming histories: The visual disclosure of contentious pasts*. A previous degree in Prehistory and English Literature (B.A. University of West Australia, 1986) intensified her ongoing interest in archival research and recovering human history.

Gough's first major exhibiting opportunity was in *Perspecta 1995* at the Art Gallery of New South Wales. The following year she held her first solo exhibition, *Dark secrets/Home truths*, at Gallery Gabrielle Pizzi in Melbourne. Recent exhibitions include the *Clemenger Contemporary Art Award*, NGV, 2009; *Fugitive History* (solo), Bett Gallery, Hobart, 2008; *The Ranger*, South Australian School of Art Gallery, University of South Australia, 2007; *Interrupted – Renditions of unresolved accounts* (solo), Turner Galleries, Perth, 2007; *Musselroe Bay* (solo) Gallery Gabrielle Pizzi, Melbourne, 2007; *Thresholds of Tolerance*, ANU, 2007; *An Other Place*, Long Gallery, Hobart, 2007; *Power and Beauty – Indigenous Art Now*, Heide Museum of Modern Art, Melbourne, 2007–08; *70% Urban*, National Museum of Australia, Canberra, 2007; *Zones of Contact* – Biennale of Sydney, 2006; *Tamworth Textile Biennial*, 2006; *Trace*, Liverpool Biennale, UK, 1999.

Currently an Adjunct Principal Research Fellow, School of Creative Arts at James Cook University, Townsville, Gough has most recently been employed as guest curator at the Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery (*Tayenebe – Tasmanian Aboriginal women's fibre work*, 2009) and Linden – St Kilda Centre for Contemporary Arts (*The Haunted and the Bad*, 2008). Previous employment includes Lecturer, Creative Arts at James Cook University, Townsville (2005–06); Curator, Indigenous Art, National Gallery of Victoria (2003–04); Lecturer, Aboriginal studies, Riawunna, Centre for Aboriginal Studies, University of Tasmania (2002–03); Interpretation Officer, Aboriginal Culture, Parks and Wildlife Service, Hobart (2000–01).

In 2006 Julie was awarded a two year Fellowship from the Visual Arts and Crafts Board of the Australia Council, a State Library of Victoria Creative Fellowship, and a State Library of Tasmania Fellowship. In 2009, a Manning Clark House Residential Fellowship enabled Gough to transcribe and publish online more than 362,000 words of Van Diemen's Land depositions held in the National Library of Australia. Gough regularly publishes on art and Australian history, and has been awarded various art prizes and scholarships and undertaken art residencies across Australia and in Mauritius, New York and Paris.

Gough's work is held in the collections of Artbank, Art Gallery of New South Wales, Art Gallery of South Australia, Art Gallery of West Australia, City of Port Phillip, David Walsh Collection, Devonport Regional Gallery, Flinders University collection, Janet Holmes à Court collection, Margaret Levi & Robert D. Kaplan collection, Mildura Arts Centre, Murdoch University, National Gallery of Australia, National Gallery of Victoria, National Museum of Australia, Parliament House, Powerhouse Museum, Queen Victoria Museum and Art Gallery, Launceston, State Library of Queensland, State Library of Tasmania, Tamworth Regional Gallery, Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery.

Julie Gough is represented by Gallery Gabrielle Pizzi, Melbourne; Bett Gallery, Hobart; Turner Galleries, Perth.

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RIVERS RUN

Cairns Regional Gallery 5 February–14 March 2010

Devonport Regional Gallery September 2011

Cairns Regional Gallery

Abbott St

Cairns QLD 4870

t (07) 4046 4800

e info@cairnsregionalgallery.com.au

w www.cairnsregionalgallery.com.au

Devonport Regional Gallery

45 Stewart St

Devonport TAS 7310

t (03) 6424 8296

e artgallery@devonport.tas.gov.au

w www.devonportgallery.com

Artist: Julie Gough

Exhibition Curator: Janette Laver

Writing: Professor Ross Gibson and Dr Brigita Ozolins

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