

Acknowledgements

All the artists would like to thank their fathers for being the focus of each individual's work.

Shaun Prior

Seventh Gallery

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Father Daughter
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Seventh Gallery

Cover image: Bina Butcher
Mijn Vader, 2018

Inside images: Emma Jolley
Humble Beginnings, 2018

Father Daughter

Valleri Foster

Bina Butcher

Taylor Denning

Michelle Wells

Carly Lynch

Rachel Salmon-Lomas

Emma Jolley

Wendy Golden



Two

Shaun Prior

To explore the theme of this exhibition, I spoke separately to two sisters about their dad. These sisters are born two years and two days apart. Anne, the first-born, rarely ever sees or speaks to her dad. Joy, the second-born, sees and speaks to him several times a week. They have no brothers, but one younger sister, followed by two half-sisters with whom they share the same dad.

Carly Lynch collaborates with her father to stage a site-based performance, echoing a protest they attended in 2001 to rally against the development of Smiths Beach (WA). By means of exploring her own sense of identity, Lynch captures a situation where their current personal opinions are amplified and past conversations are revisited.

Persistent tinkering frames **Emma Jolley's** father firmly in the realm of the suburban amateur; having more interests and hobbies than you could colloquially poke a stick at. In *Humble Beginnings*, Jolley considers time spent with her father in and around the garage during her formative years observing and partaking in various pastimes.

Wendy Golden is the daughter of a self-employed tennis coach. This work was made with the intention of exploring the anxiety of a father/daughter relationship deeply imbedded with that of teacher and student. The photographs document a silent conversation that has not and may not ever take place; a space in which to consider unresolved thoughts and feelings.

Through the tactility and physicality of drawing, **Valleri Foster** hopes to reflect on the relationship she has with her father despite it now being restricted by time and place. Referencing memories, photographs and conversations, Foster recontextualises her father's nightstand as a stage for her appreciation and gratitude.



Taylor Denning is the only child and daughter of Adrian; a retired businessman who has recently achieved his lifetime aspiration of moving to the country to run his own hobby farm. Denning reflects on the close relationship she has with her father and how this has transformed with a shift in communication and physical distance between them.

Being ill for some time, *Rachel Salmon-Lomas's* father found sustenance in hand weaving rugs while confined to his chair. Rachel endeavoured to learn the skill from her father to complete his unfinished work upon his entrance to hospital, however he sadly passed away before they could start. Rachel and her Mother now attempt to complete the rug together, and in doing so process their grief, building a new layer of understanding to their relationship.

Bina Butcher has never known her father to 'settle' in one place, instead he is always moving without resolve, furthering the distance in their already sporadic relationship. *Mijn Vader* explores an ambiguous and isolated father daughter relationship from a detached, voyeuristic standpoint allowing for different narratives to form about her father's past.

Michelle Wells explores her father's vocation in used-car sales across a number of yards. Through imitating his collection of documents associated with the trade, Wells re-enacts her fathers daily work habits as a means of reflecting on how his character has shaped her own.

Two Puppets, Two Sheds

Anne: I want to have something good to say about him, at least one nice thing. And I've managed to find one happy memory of Dad, from when I was about four years old and living in a house in a forest in Canada. Behind the house was a wooden shed. Dad called it his 'shop', as in 'workshop'. His shed was long and narrow, cluttered but organised. And it was lined with windows that let a lot of sunlight in. In his shed he had these two puppets that he had made for church. I think in the nineties there was a puppet craze - like Sesame Street and the Muppets - and Christians in North America and Canada saw the mass-appeal of puppets as a way to reach wide audiences with the Christian message. So in his shed he kept these two hand puppets he'd made to resemble people. I remember being in his shed, and saying to him, "Can I talk to my friends?" Dad would duck behind his workbench and up would come my two friends. They performed little shows and talked to me, and I was mesmerized. I believed with my whole heart that those puppets were real people and I loved them. When our family left for Australia, I said to Mum, "What about our friends that live in the shop?" but she had no idea what I was talking about.

I remember another shed from when I was ten or eleven. It was winter in Australia. One day Dad laid black plastic over the grass in the backyard, and then poured yellow sand on top. He then assembled a framework of white metal poles and white tarpaulin. The door to the tent was a flap that rolled up and down. Over the flattened yellow sand he laid miscellaneous carpets, at the entrance was a red Turkish rug. This was his new shed, or 'shop'. After two weeks the rain had seeped into the carpets, making them rot. The mold gave off a putrid, sickly-sweet stench. Then one day the shed was gone.

Horse and Deer

Joy: Ok, I swear this is a real thing. Recently we went onto Pottermore, which is a Harry Potter website where you can find out your spirit animal - the computer just automatically generates it - and Dad's was a horse, a stallion or a mustang. I think he really liked that. But I wonder if he has even more of an affinity for deer. When he was a child growing up in Canada, he had lots of connections with forest animals. Once when he was about eight, his dad took him hunting in the pine forest. When my granddad aimed the rifle at a deer, Dad cried, "Don't do it, I'll never forgive you". His dad shot the deer anyway. Just as a comparison, my Mum had the same experience. She was around roughly the same age, but in Australia. Her dad was going to shoot a seal on the beach. Same thing - "Don't you ever do this, I'll never forgive you". Except her dad didn't shoot.

