

The image features a dark, textured background with several overlapping, organic, and somewhat amorphous shapes in shades of dark green and black. A bright, glowing white oval is positioned in the upper right quadrant, casting a soft, yellowish-green glow onto the surrounding shapes. The overall composition is abstract and moody.

institutional transit lobby



200 Gertrude Street Incorporating Gertrude Street Artists' Spaces

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Designed by Lisa Young



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PART ONE

PAULA WONG

JULIA GORMAN

LISA YOUNG

PENELOPE AITKEN

JENNIE LANG

TAMARA HARRISON

GEORGE GIANNOPOULOS

LOUISE JENNISON

PART TWO

NADINE CHRISTENSEN

KATE COTCHING

RICKY SWALLOW

GABBY O'CONNOR

LARISSA HJORTH

SIMONE LEAMON

RABINDRA NAIDOO

HEITONG

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diary

31/9/98: silent, despite the noise, as these spaces mostly are. barely a centimetre of glass separates me from the
around my table, go out again. are they moving towards me or away from me, will they include me in their story? p

there are always people i know. standing patiently in line to get in or following the signs to get out, grasping the va
table that goes on for an hour i feel like interjecting because i almost know them. someone knows them. someone

it's raining outside. i guess it's cold out there. people are still coming in. i get the feeling they gather here in this spo
like out there. each person gives a different reply. but they seem sure, especially when they come here. perhaps on

where am i then? what is the relationship of my body to this space? apart ... a part? in this placeless space the sc
mous white shell for passing through. it is from these beginnings i find myself constructing a self. mine? someone el

it's been a difficult task but i think i've found one here. it begins:

they came in, the warmth of their bodies filling the space. some spoke, some even acknowledged my presence but by
directed towards the chair & not its human form. the disaster has always well & truly past, leaving its fragments scat

i remember the first time i came here her eyes spoke directly to me, & though there were others around, listening, p
mouth made without meanings attached but certain of their trajectory. not like words left lying around or drifted out
together in an academic argument, these words knew their target. perhaps one day they will return & tell me of the

people watch me. they leave, they come again & watch. i am absorbing. framed by the windows behind they look
son who i'd never really thought about before. in a way i did nothing to dispel his illusions but then again i did nothing
away from me i would give him another name altogether. who am i to say? it may have been me. after all, i don't
i felt like interjecting because i almost knew them. but in the end i sat & listened. each had more or less interesting

outside. there are people walking past, nouns driven by an anonymous verb towards other narratives. some will come in
they'll glance over at me for a moment & hope i'm writing about them. i am. i'm not.

des at work almost by intuition. at least i think i know them. they look familiar. when i overhear a conversation at the
hem all.

omething that's already underway. for them this place is neither a starting point nor an end point. i sometimes ask what
we are displaced can we place ourselves.

everything around me provides a framework from which to begin: a chair-sized chair, a table-sized table, a doorway. an an
researching other selves as possible models.

e they left i felt moulded into the black leather chair & inseparable from it so if words came towards me they may have b
ross the floor and walls, ghosts i used to know.

even part of the conversation, my speech was directed towards her alone. words seemed to be firing from the open hole
ace in the general direction of ... no, even if the sentences seemed disjointed, clumsy chains of signifiers that would never
s or otherwise of their mission.

rough me to the outside. i am absorbed. i let him speak when he came in, even though he seemed to assume i was a
courage them either so i wonder if he walked out reflecting upon that person who he thinks i am but who is, in reality, s
be a private detective. but as far as i'm concerned, two voices spoke this afternoon: one was his & one was someone e
to say.

D.J.Hupp

The logo consists of a large, light gray, irregular shape with a black outline. Inside this shape is a smaller, yellow, irregular shape, also with a black outline. The letters "ITL" are printed in bold, black, sans-serif font within the yellow shape.

ITL

institutional transit lobby part one 10 ~ 31 october 98' part two 7 ~ 28 november 98'