

1947

.

.

me

me

me

ME

ME

1980

ME

ME

ME

me

2010

me

me

me

.

.

**A truncated autobiography goes something like this: conceived, born, breast fed, shunted into school at four and thus began a life of rebellion. finished at fifteen and in the same year experienced the pain of a love stopped before barely begun, as well as accepted into art school – Melbourne, and in short time realise a preference for the kitchen, café, pub side of art school life, and in real-quick time dropped off classes and in a fashion begun in early childhood began my serious work in the solitude of the private workspace/living quarters and proceeded to drink and drug myself into desolation, countless job changes, marriage and children and failure at both and by age forty a bit of a fuck-up really, yet in the same year, much to my astonishment, slowly slowly with help from others began to rehabilitate the life all but wasted, and, however uncomfortable, or not, accept I can't change anything I was part of, which, is not to discount I have made several half-arsed attempts to do so. Now I get high staring at a patch of morning sunlight on the bedroom wall or a sentence in an essay by another writer and in my way continue to make art the way I like. In 'worldly terms' this life – mine – hasn't amounted to much or mattered much but I can mostly believe most of the time it has to me, and might yet pass some of the benefits of that experience of experiences, mundane or useful, meaningful or not, on to others.**

**Now what**

**Know what**

**Not what**