

WINNERS *Are* GRINNERS

II



III



IV

CATALOGUE OF WORKS

Part I (Melbourne vs. Bethlehem)	golden embroidery ('that's me!bourne' font) on purple velvet satin curtain 333 cm ²
Part II (Everlast vs. Dürer [fontfight])	golden and black paint on white wall, size variable
Part III (lest we forget)	golden embroidery on black & velvet satin cushion (33 x 12 x 33 cm), translucent plastic mouthpiece
Part IV (Dürer vs. Everlast)	archival inks on rag 60 x 45cm, antique black frame
Part V (the show must go on)	12 min video loop, golden plate with engraved title Cast: the commentator.....Steve Ellery the contender.....André Scioblowski the cutman.....Simone Veenstra the coach.....Boris Eldagsen the cameras.....Jochen Carbuhn Sound design: Ralf Bieler

¹ quote by Muhammad Ali
² *Duk Koo Kim on Ghosts of the Great Highway* by Sun Kil Moon 2003 Jetset records
³ *Haunted* Chuck Palahniuk 2005 p171

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For more, visit: www.eldagsen.com



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DE BORTOLI WINES THE *AGE*



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The VCA Galleries are generously supported by the Margaret Lawrence Bequest



Boris Eldagsen

Go For Gold / theme park #1
8 - 22 December 2005

I

(THE SHOW MUST GO ON)

NO ONE KNOWS WHAT TO SAY

OF MEAT PUPPETS AND MEN

Lightweight challenger Duk Koo Kim lasted 14 rounds against Ray “Boom Boom” Mancini at Caesar’s Palace, Las Vegas in 1982. The fight was stopped in the 15th round, but it was too late for the 23 year old who died after lapsing into a coma. His mother committed suicide after his death as did the fight’s referee. In boxing circles Kim is a Christ-like, figure and his demise revered as a sacrifice for the betterment of the sport.

I only know about him because my favourite recording artist, Mark Kozelek wrote a 14 minute instrumental track that bears his name.¹ If you Google Duk Koo Kim you can find photographs of the Korean boxer lying flat on the tarpaulin at the end of the 14th round. There are hundreds of spectators in the crowd surrounding the ring, but not all of them appear to be cheering.

In his latest novel *Haunted*, author of *Fight Club* Chuck Palahniuk writes about the reversal of objectification and subjectification we practice and impose for pleasure, for sport, for entertainment. “This is just what human beings do – turn objects into people, people into objects. Back and forth. Tit for tat”.² The photograph of Kim wasted on the tarp would appear to capture a moment where the distance of gladiatorial spectatorship has broken down.

Boris Eldagsen works with this tension and opposition in *(the show must go on)*. His Jesus Christ is transformed from religious icon, wall-mounted crucifix or shiny pendant bobbing between cleavage, to the face of a young man in agony, fighting the good fight. Yeah, I can laugh at the construct, the commentary, the ringing of the bell at the end of each round, but momentarily this gives way to something else transcending bloodlust or schadenfreude. I think it’s called empathy.

Bec Dean, Curator
Australian Centre for Photography / Sydney

IN THE LOSER’S LOCKER ROOM¹

THE LIVING DEAD

ein vogel _ tot.
ein mann riecht.
sein sterben begann langsam,
ohne dass es je jemand,
gar er selber bemerkte.

(Reprise)
Last week I saved some time.
But tonight I’ve spent it all.
Here I am.
Dead.
My lover’s breath in my ear.

heute noch wundert er sich
wie erstaunlich wenige frauen er kennt.
und wie erstaunlich wenig
sie ihn kennen wollen.
man wird mal sagen
_ seine arbeit war ihm wichtig.

langsam,
stück für sekunde,
tag für jahr stirbt er,
langsam gleichmäßig.
in manchen momenten schneller.
in einigen wenigen augenblicken
ist es verschwunden.

Martin Eder / *Richard Ruin*, Artist
Berlin

Low

And you thought you were winning
when you walked out of that door.
But baby you are losing
and you’ve lost many times before.

Now you are drifting
like stars drift through the light.
But we are passing
like ships are passing in the night.

When you think of yourself as dirt
and you love the ones you hurt
the world turns.

When you harm the ones you need
it’s not a glorious deed
but the world turns.

And your time goes by so fast
and you know your thoughts won’t last
oh-oh
it’s time for feeling low again,
oh baby.

And your time goes by so fast
and you know your thoughts won’t last
oh-oh
its time for feeling low again,
but I say goodbye.