

Image: Various zine editions 2019-2022 with cover artwork by Eliza Savage, Elia Bosshard and Nadia Odlum.

# ADSR Zine

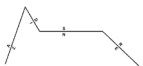
Representing artists in Australia across any discipline, creative, cultural or social background, career stage, inside or outside mainstream and independent arts.

## *SURVIVE AND THRIVE*

Dear fellow artist,

For the past 5 years we've been knocking on doors, bouncing around grant gateways, getting out and about IRL while logging onto instagram constantly. **You told us that being an artist is bloody hard, and we get it.** We know the major companies will be lining up support from the big government arts councils to stay in power, but an arts culture without its thriving ground-roots independent arts scene is an impossible dream. Our campaign is **protest by survival**. After 4 years we are still here, unfunded but nationally awarded, representing but financially unviable, untenable, unbelievable. We do have an office (for now). As candidates for artistic editorial and publication, we invite you email us with your ideas to share via our platform at any time.

Yours sincerely,  
the Editors



*“ Together with the community we have proven to you that you don't have to be in an institution or commercial outfit to be effective and deliver results as an artist.”*

# Our top 4 achievements

## **WIN 1 : (d)evolving the over-professionalisation and careerism of art-writing**

In the context of the shrinking aesthetic object, the art world is an expanding cultural economy that relies on the litany of the word to justify its existence. Ephemerality alone is not sufficient to sustain its gilded aspirations. At the fringes of bloated textuality, art critics and professional writers gorge themselves on knowledge that is near-enough to keep them financially afloat, relishing overly generous interpretations of works that are materially 'not there', or indulging in suffocating esotericism. ADSR Zine grew out of the remnants of this feast, not disavowing the 'writery' itself, but embracing the fragments of words and media that are not-quite-yet ready for digestion, left on the chopping block, considered not prestigious enough. In doing so, ADSR Zine does not detach itself with a cool gaze from a distance, but rather embraces what artists have to say for themselves, doing away with the middle-managers of meaning.

## **WIN 2 : Foster space for failure, and experimentation**

The baggage of the Romantic artists, with its myriad and solipsistic cultural refractions has led us to War for the Individual, and away from the immanence of the Real. Here Byron who once proclaimed "Since Eve ate the apple, much depends on dinner" found themselves doubly-tangled in a turtleneck to emerge as Steve Jobs in the smoky Californian heat. Within Australia in the mid-1990s, then prime minister Paul Keating's government birthed the term 'cultural industries' - a turning point where art became the homunculus for a social-practice that ironically aspires to makes a difference whilst also generating economic multiplier effects, for the market that ultimately destroys all difference. The object, flattened and stretched, has now found itself put to work for tasks it cannot promise to fulfil. And in its wake, as successive right-wing, economically-

rational governments have rescinded public funding, we've solemnly turned to rich-daddies to fund our good work. Following on, the conspiratorial front of the multiple governmental and non-governmental stakeholders has created a space where failure is impossible, nay utterly inconceivable. The artist now, not knowing the thresholds, the ambiguous horizons of what might happen, resorts to mission statements, grand grant plans, and Excel(cellent) predictions and proclamations. In coming-to-terms with our own inability to fail, ADSR Zine has crafted a space to hide from the everpresent Techno-romantic artist, and find joy in the iterative building of languages, beyond the dual poles of the Spectacle, and its insidious companion the Quantifier.

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## **WIN 3 : Welcome makers at any career stage, of any background...**

With the harbinger of Depression (both economic and interpersonal) on our doorstep, it is increasingly difficult to become what was once called an artist and to move in the way artists once did. The preclusions to critical leisure time - and the freedom to do nothing - are exacerbated by the ruling classes' unyielding appetite for accumulation, requiring the anti-fuel of stagnant wage growth, the receding commons, the increased cost of living, and lack of publicly available resources and spaces to make and actually do a thing. This, in tandem with the prerequisites of over-education and its phalanx of pontificating theorists, means that the (counter)institutions that once sprang out of the social irruptions posed by creative praxis are now closing their doors once again. In this gap, we are confronted with the moniker of the church and the court. For instead of the post-war vision of equality and welfare, we find ourselves desperate for the calcified crumbs offered by aristocrats and academics who doubly-speak of 'access' with mountainous citations across to their managerial-professional counterparts, contributing to the reification of patriotic universities funded by munitions factories and prison makers. ADSR Zine rejects these barriers...these fatiguing cultural capital gymnastics that purport to expand our research frameworks yet make it nearly impossible to have frank, caring, and generous conversations among friends. In dissolving the lines and outputs in the sand, ADSR Zine will always strive to cultivate a soft cavity for any artist, creative, or maker of any

background, career or non-career level to write, speak, or *do that thing* without encumbrance, without degrees, without incomes, and without, of all things, those aforementioned dreaded and deadening vocations.

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## **WIN 4 : Less focus on what art IS and instead focus on how art is shared**

For too long have old men in designer-gumboots pontificated on what the meaning of art is. Their dying swansong has become a Bach Chorale, rehearsed and overrehearsed with little sensitivity to rubato, polymetre or formal variation. The object, the phenomena, the practice, have all become the fetish of the art fairs, the grand exhibitions, the conference proceedings, the monographic publications. In turn we have forgotten to whom art it owes its circulation and reception. It has become a rude guest, unwilling to bring a dish to the table, and to help clean up afterwards. Yet, it is clear: art springs from the rhythmic delineation of energies and sediments itself in relations. It ought not be a clotted coronary artery requiring stent after stent to keep it intact. It ought to move freely, healthily, through the veils of circulations that will keep it vitally vital. Whereas effectiveness and excellence are just other words for key–performance–indicators. What matters is not what art is; what it can do; but its capacity to be taken up in a million causes, choruses, and consecrations entangled in and around its modes of production. From here, it is near-impossible to tell us what art does, we are only left with its residues, its shadows, and the spaces it leaves impressed deep upon us. Like the feeling of wind on an arm, or the warmth of a lover’s comforting hand, its significance is in the moment of contact, between different worlds, channels, meanderings, and meanings, in an electric convergence that is unwilling to give itself wholly away.

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