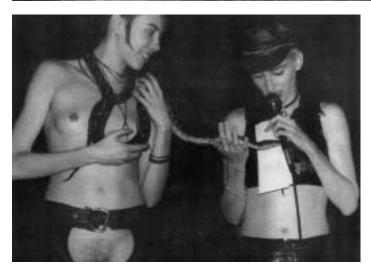
1994

The 90s are an astonishingly rich time for the arts, a richness barely acknowledged. The quality, diversity, and proliferation of work, the ragged beginnings of effective national touring, the burgeoning work of performance, new opera and the technoarts, and a dynamic interplay between forms are seen everywhere. Editorial, RT1, Feb-March 1994.

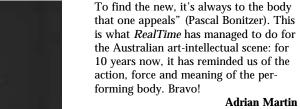
Farewell The Sydney Front; Melbourne's Whistling in the Theatre, Theatreworks and Anthill struggle to survive. Angharad Wynne Jones arrives at Performance Space, Sarah Miller at PICA, Nicholas Tsoutas at Artspace. Karen Finley, Rose English and William Forsythe blow in. Anne Graham takes to the sidewalks of New York. Jon Rose: AustraLYSIS: Chamber Made Opera; Canberra's People Next Door; Stevie Wishart; Japan's Dumb Type; digital feminists VNS Matrix. International Women Playwrights Conference, Adelaide; The Listening Room; dance-makers Julie-Anne Long and Sue Ellen Kohler; Experimenta, ISEA and SIIGRAPH; Putting on an ACT, PICA, Perth; Darwin's 24HR Art; Rex Cramphorn Studio opens, Sydney University; visit from San Francisco's Survival Research Laboratories; the new Casula Powerhouse, photographer Sandy Edwards, performance theorists Peta Tait and Peggy Phelan; IHOS Opera; composers-as-sound-designers Elena Katz-Chernin and Sarah de Jong; sound design in Rolf de Heer's Bad Boy Bubby; Sidetrack Performance Group: Derek Kreckler's sit.com; Legs on the Wall; Mardi Gras Film Festival; Club Swing; sexuality and performance at IMA; Adrian Martin's book Phantasms; Australian video art (Gillies, Seaman, Haig, Deacon, Gruchy, Scott, Dement, McCormack) at MOMA, NY. Front cover art (RT2) by digital artist Rea, back cover by videomaker Emil Goh; Fear of Hybrids: responses to the Hybrid Arts Committee, Australia Council; dyke performance in Sydney surveyed; significant women in Australian performance; female theatre directors; sound culture; queer culture; 3 responses to Nigel Kellaway's This Most Wicked Body; Ian Maxwell on Sydney suburban hip hop (his book on same reviewed, RT60). Adam Cullen's fleeting career as a film critic (Free Willy, "a jaundiced filmic lump"); Wesley Enoch writes on contemporary Indigenous performance; Mackenzie Wark on new media hype; and Lesley Stern on wanting to be Gena Rowlands





The arts in Australia wouldn't be what they are now if it hadn't been for *RealTime*'s invaluable presence over the last 10 years. The span of this exceptional lifeline to all outside the mainstream coincides with my own period of festival-making and so I've had the opportunity to view the big picture all the while. *RealTime* legitimised outsider art by giving us alternative response and commentary and confirming in us the power of originality and dissent in the arts and in dialogue about the arts. Keith and Virginia did this graciously, admitting a mainstream but always keeping us more excited about the riches that lay beyond the prescribed borders. They offered me the only comprehensive national picture of the contemporary arts in Australia—long may they continue to do so.

Robyn Archer



When the great Yugoslav theatre director Ljubisa Ristic accepted my invitation to invent a take on Orwell's 1984 for that year's Adelaide Festival he complained that he couldn't get his otherwise excellent Australian actors to stop smiling. They lived in such an untroubled country, he thought, that there were no pricks to kick against. Two decades later however there are plenty and for half that number of years RealTime has been a beacon of encouragement to art that provokes, art with a conscience, art that makes a difference—art, that is to say, as properly defined. May it live for ever!

Anthony Steel

In its first decade, *RealTime* has fostered generational change and steered through a difficult period of cultural and political transformation in Australia. Its voices are many and strong and they're here to stay.

Dr Jane Goodall

RealTime is full of ideas, and insight, and real critique, and real posturing, and context, and bullshit, and all the shit you never want to read about and all the stuff you never read about anywhere else. It's full of debate and filled out discussion, it's often too late or far too early, it gives me time to catch up and buys time to think and reflect about what I do, or don't do or don't think I'd ever do. I take it for granted. Maybe that's the sign of something that belongs in a landscape...when you can no longer see it. Congrats on 10 years.

Wesley Enoch

Congratulations *RealTime* on 10 years of being at the forefront of arts media. Thanks Keith and Virginia for keeping your fingers on the pulse, and for providing us with the critical perspective from which to explore the arts in Australia. Best of luck with the next 10!

The Experimenta team

In here, lines between forms are less strident, a bit of collage. Bulky, ballsy, actuality of the art people make in their large and small spaces—actual, virtual, in print, in time, freehand—stuttered, shouted. Even the ads are worth reading. Here's to 10 more.

Louise Curham

Over the last decade, there has been a renewed interest in unravelling notions of what art is or can be. Artists, curators, writers, media commentators, architects, filmmakers and historians have, through the pages of *RealTime*, worked through a process of formulating new ways of discussing such developments. In particular, *RealTime* has provided the framework for understanding and celebrating the influence of elec-

tronic media on notions of authorship, interactivity, and the use of sound, image and text. Congratulations *RealTime* on a wonderful decade!

Victoria Lynn, Director, Creative Development, Australian Centre for the Moving Image





Photos: Top: Nigel Kellaway, *This Most Wicked Body*, Heidrun Löhr Centre: Miss Wicked 1993: Larissa and Angie, C.Moore Hardy Bottom Left: Stevie Wishart, Heidrun Löhr

Bottom Right: Linda Sproule, Heidrun Löhr