

MOLLY DUGGAN

Artist Bio:

Molly Duggan is a Tasmanian visual artist studying, working and living in Dharawal Country with a focus on acrylic painting. Her artworks tend to be conceptually motivated speculation with pieces combining outward socially engaged messages and inward expression of the artist's personal inner world and

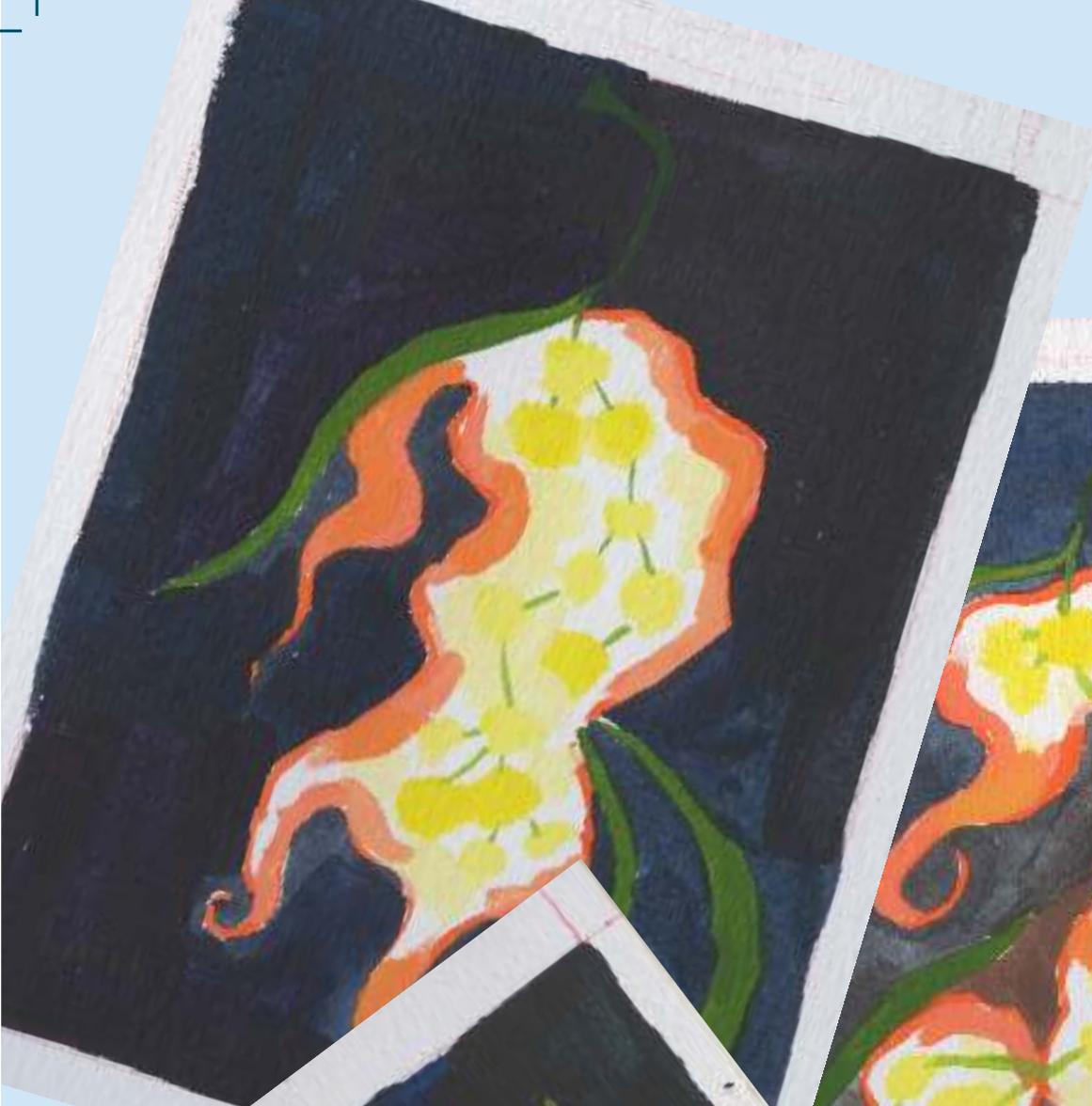
experiences. Molly's employment of surrealist techniques, vibrant colour fields and recognisable yet fragmented subjects are prevalent in her work. Themes she engages in include postcolonialism, the everyday, Australian iconography and wildlife, the female experience and anthropocentrism.

Artist statement:

These artworks are evolving experiments for my new body of work I've named '*I've Been Thinking About Thinning Out My Eyebrows.*' The concept for the work came to me through my ongoing experience of being a victim to the persistent, seemingly never ending accelerated cycle of consumer trends. I have been concerned about consumerism and over consumption for a while now. This has resulted in me feeling like this constant need to consume which is pushed onto us, with people often happily obliging may be a self soothing practice we are engaging in. Consuming products and trying to follow trends helps us forget. Instead of asking bigger questions and reacting to the climate crisis, cost of living crisis, housing crisis and ecological crisis forming around us we look to the promise of happiness and fulfillment through consumption instead of demanding change and action from

those in power who are either ignorant of these issues or are exceedingly aware and monetarily gaining from this destruction. The women in these paintings are me, they are self portraits, I see myself clearly within this cycle of consumerism. Distraction through buying things or focusing on my eyebrows feels good in a crumbling society and environment where my input and sadness and anger about the state of things feels like throwing a grain of sand into a plastic filled ocean. Is this over-consumerism our collective grieving for the end of the world? I wish I knew. When the last tree is cut down, the last fish eaten, and the last stream poisoned, you will realize that you cannot eat money, or have the time to worry about thinning out your eyebrows to look like a 90s baddie.

'Our National Flower'



See No Evil, Speak No Evil,
Hear No Evil (Three Wise
Possums)

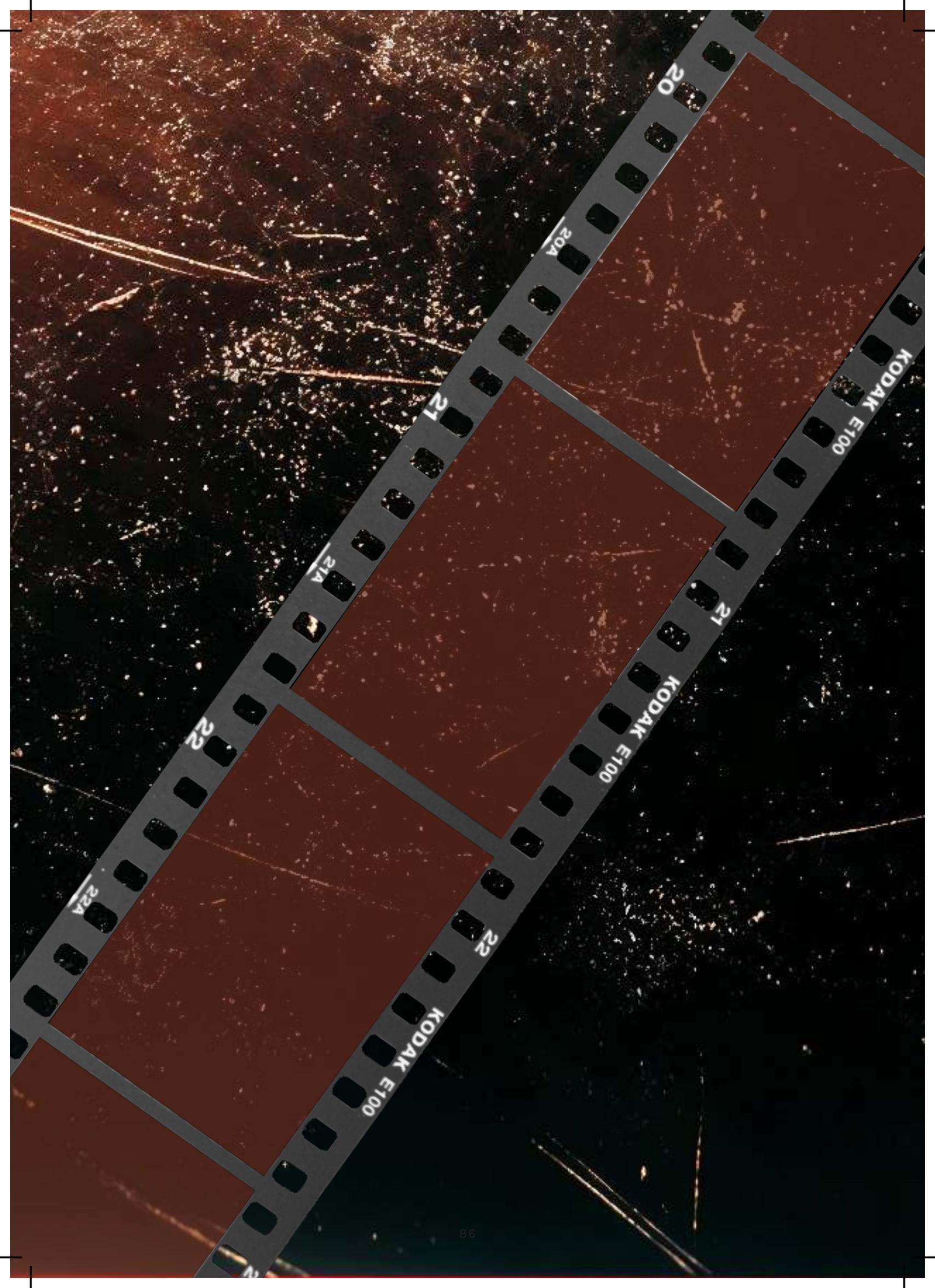


Keep Calm And Carry On Self Portrait in Maraligna



'On Country Nuclear Testing Was Undertaken By The British And Australian Governments Between 1953 And 1963, Rained Poison On The Land, Which Today Remains Damaged And Unable To Sustain Life'





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APOCALYPSE:

'Scenes from the Climate Era'

review by Asher Wood



I know what you're thinking: another bloody climate play. Hard pass.

But if there's just one 'climate play' you should take a chance on, it's *Scenes from the Climate Era*. Over the course of 65 short scenes, writer David Finnigan dissects the past, present, and future of humanity in a changing world. From boardrooms and therapists' offices to Public Cooling Centres and a beach that doesn't exist yet – via the question of whether it's ethical to add a child to this world – Finnigan zooms in on the details of what he terms the Climate Era, asking what happens after the supposed end of the world.

This micro-scale writing is what makes *Climate Era* so powerful and digestible. Climate change is too big and broad and terrifying to think about – we spiral, clutch at straws of solutions, or await some kind of doomsday that we believe to be inevitable. In contrast, a character's stream of consciousness or a conversation between friends is familiar and easy to connect to, preventing the audience from going into climate-distress-induced shutdown. Characters make jokes in serious meetings and argue about music at a party. The pilot of a life-saving mission to cool the planet de-stresses after work and kids on a school trip are rowdy and restless.



A conservationist calls the last frog of its kind by the name his little nephew has given it. By carrying this connection over into the climax of the show, placing us in characters' heads as they feel the brunt of climate shocks, Finnigan reminds us what's at stake without the need for a preachy 'come to your senses' chat. The result is equal parts devastating and cathartic: the things I'm most terrified of have just happened, and the show continues into the 'after,' and life keeps going.

Integral to the storytelling is, of course, the cast of just five tasked with presenting it to the world. The jam-packed nature of the show – 80 minutes to get through all 65 stories – means Violette Ayad, Nic English, Meg Hyeronimus, Abbie-lee Lewis, and Brittany Santariga have their work cut out for them. *Climate Era* isn't all doom and gloom and seriousness: many scenes are fun, some silly, others awe-inspiring. The fine balance between all these elements is key to its watchability, and the agility of the cast, jumping back and forth between often contrasting or conflicting emotions from one scene to the next, is highly impressive. Beyond this, their plain, matter-of-fact delivery throughout most of the show makes it hit that much harder when the show reaches its peak and their objectiveness gives way to panic.

It's a little funny to see a Belvoir St production from straight on, rather than in the cosy corner stage of their converted building in Sydney. Whilst some of the intimacy of that space is irreplicable anywhere else, Nick Schlieper's open-ended set and lighting design makes for a seamless transition to this landmark eleven-city tour. A simple table and chairs become an endless array of settings, guided by the brief orientation spoken at the start of most scenes. The uncluttered design also ensures that the visuals don't overshadow the humanity of the storytelling, keeping the characters themselves as a focal point without