

Don't Leave Me This Way: Art in the Age of AIDS, NGA 1994.

I wasn't in Ted Gott's *Don't Leave Me This Way*.

He wasn't even interested in seeing my work.

He told Jan Minchin (Tolarno Galleries) I was too young. Actually, I'm exactly his age.

David McDiarmid said, "I'll have a word with him." I said, "Don't bother."

Gott put a small unrepresentative photo of my work in the publication.

Of all the artists I knew working on gay/queer issues, all those in the many group shows across Australia, I didn't know anyone who was in it apart from Davila and McDiarmid.

I concluded the curator had come late to the field,

or had a grudge against contemporary art spaces,

or expected artists to lick him out.

I still think the show did a lot of harm. More harm than good? I don't know.

It certainly masked all of the gay/queer anger in theory and galleries which the epidemic brought to the fore, privileging instead the mawkish sentimentality its title evoked.

And in its air of apotheosis *Don't Leave Me This Way* relieved others of further interest in the field.

It will be interesting to see if the NGV's *Queer* will ultimately have the same effect.

[I'm not in that either]