

GLASSHOUSE



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Thoughts on Glass and other things

(a collection of memories
perhaps)

I've always been fascinated by glass, it's ability to conceal and reveal, based off its own chemical make-up. Often, at times, the melted granules of sand, with touches of other compounds, can only be revealed in specific light. Hiding their ultimate form to the naked-eye and sun. Perhaps, alike everything in life, something something.

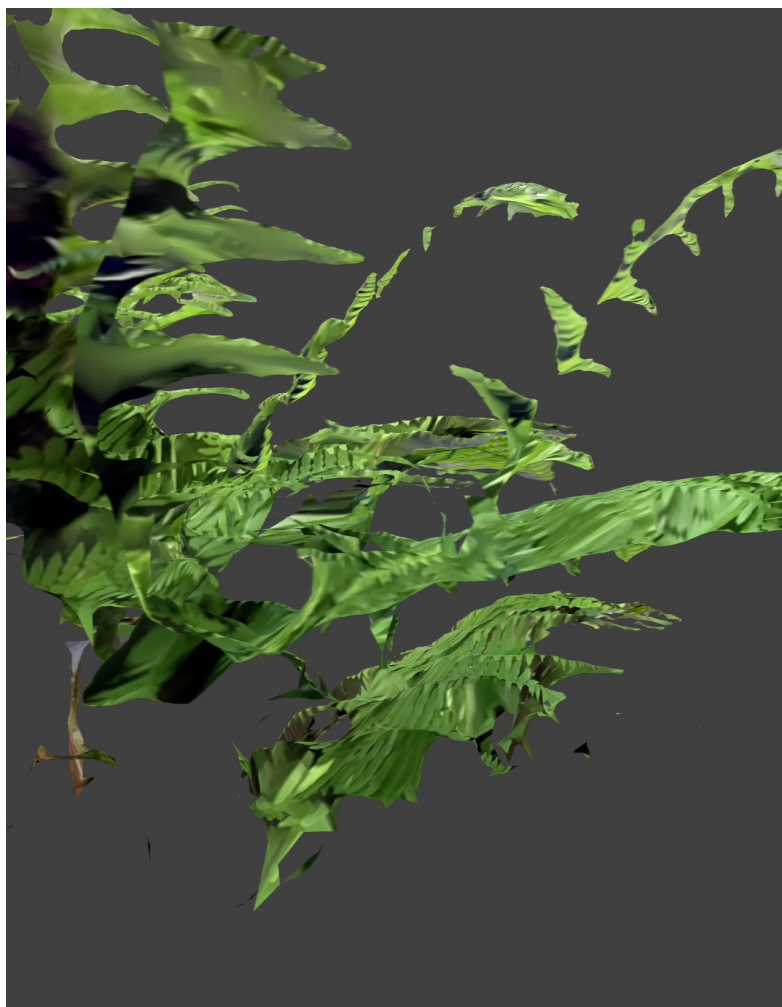
*At the ripe old age of ten, I learnt that we live in the past.
Our eyes having to not only create images for our brain to interpret, but our brain, in turn, interpreting what these images mean or precisely what these figures are.
Life hasn't been the same since.*

A few weeks ago, glass showed its vulnerability to me. Not in the traditional sense of smashing a glass on the hardened

floor of a pub, but in the sense of revealing its own relationship to fire. Its heated form becoming thick and sticky, like the honey of nightmares. As you twirl the glass, you only have so much control, a control at which the material itself takes lead, ready to be reckoned with.

The notion of collaboration is one familiar to glass. On Tiktok the other day, I saw an age-old Terrarium, filled with critters to ensure the longevity of such a thing. An entire universe, behind glass, the only space these critters would know. Through human intervention, we have synthetically created this miniature universe. Humans collaborating with glass (amongst other things, sometimes even the dip of a creek) to create a brand new universe.

Zara Sully







When Does A Fern Become A Palm

When two things are shared across different places do they remain the same?

I don't think they do.

What is the real and the
not real in terms of the
fabricated or fake?

*I stop and take a picture on my phone of a palm in a pot
behind a squat sports building in the park. I could be
anywhere.*

*I stop and take a picture of a palm, big against the sky, at
the intersection - you'd know it if you saw it.*

*I sit on the balcony in the sun, or the half sun, or actually
it's quite cold, or a different balcony, and I take a picture of
a palm tree that pokes above the neighbouring roof.*

Is the familiar also a
fabrication?

*Palms are a monophyletic group of plants. They all descend
from a common ancestor, a straight, unbroken line.*

When we hunt for
recognition, we create a
skin like overlay or lens
through which we decide to
see.

*Endless, eternal reproduction; endlessly in touch with
themselves.*

*The plant operates as both a symbol and a literal image
but we are starting with its container, its housing, its
structure - a scaffold.*

Palm trees, and smaller plants that might not be called trees, rarely branch (but for a small number of distinct species) and cannot thicken their trunk. They grow only upwards, or in a trailing manner horizontally, but only in one direction.

Monophyly can also be expressed as meaning no sideways stems leaving the group.

Sometimes expressed also as holophyly.

Holo as in whole.

Holo as in hologram.

Holos and gamma, a whole message,

If a hologram is cut into pieces, each piece projects the entire image, but as if viewed from a smaller subset of angles.

Within the greenhouse, beneath its glass, there is an alternative, artificial world. A projection through which to construct encounters not all together real. The skin removed.

The structure manifests life within it, in a mirroring of the structures of that very life.

The same layers, the same sustenance.

The endless glass of modern office buildings, with imagined plastic interiors. The floating panes of glass that adhere to the sides of buildings forming the slick layer of corporate labour facilities, unchanged across the world. Containing the waxy leaves of a plastic plant, materially in conversation with the clear blue plastic of the water cooler next to it, in turn with the blue tinged sheen of subdued encasement, and perhaps the sheer tights that walk the carpet tiled corridor.

Framed panes of greenhouses with their decorative flair; this time the waxy leaves of plants love the hot moist air

trapped, again encased. The two artificial environments are, at first glance, at odds with one another; one seemingly for pleasurable consumption and economic speculation through taxonomic extraction and the other for economic occupation and myth of pleasure in capitalistic work. Not so different after all.

But let's look closer. In the constructed environment of the hothouse plants are trapped, caught in a removal of conditions so that not only are they unable to cross the boundary of their architectural confines they cannot survive beyond it. Here the organic becomes synthetic and the space between plastic and growth collapses.

Is the familiar a subconscious simulation?

skin of the archive,

dust of the glass,

veins of the leaves

The synthetic is a space of the more than constructed, A coming together of parts that combine to form a whole, this fabrication is at work within the cellular matter of the plants within the glass structure and the molecules of plastic held in chains within their fake leaves. In synthesis we find a throughline from the climate controlled spaces, pushing plastic into hothouse and beyond into unstable environments. Inverting the binary logics of the 'natural'. In this expanded space we can begin to consider the ways in which synthesis; the process of structural change as the result of an introduction of materials to one another, is at work throughout all spaces. This opening out is also a compression, a folding.

Synthesis is a form of composition. In many ways is trans-material, combining things across strata and layers it does away with the boundaries, constructing a new material reality incorporating all the stuff of the world.

A bringing into being, involving togetherness

Synthetic sound originates within the machinic process, it does not come from outside (in the form of recording) but from within.

Growing inside the glass structure.

The European history of the fern is a tracing of the movement of cultural understandings from folkloric and Christian traditions to those of the scientific and empirical. Across Europe ferns, particularly the ubiquitous bracken, were the focus of clustered superstition. The stems, when sliced, were thought to bear an image of the devil's hoof (in Scotland) and in other parts Christ's initial and accordingly were thought to ward off evil, including goblins and witches

An image, cut from the stem of the fern, a divination.

Their reproduction remained a mystery, having no seeds and no flower that could be seen. The blooming of the ferns was thought to happen invisibly, on the shortest night of the year under the cover of darkness. A blue flower with a shining, fiery seed was said to appear and disappear before the day broke; to catch the elusive fern seed was to convey upon the bearer the power of invisibility and thus the fern seed became slang for invisibility. Entering the lexicon.

A ritual.

To place twelve pewter plates beneath the fern at midnight on midsummer's eve. The fern seed will fall through eleven plates and be caught on the twelfth, if it is not caught it has been snatched by the devils and goblins whom, on that night, are allowed to wander free.

Bracken, the undergrowth, that which impedes motion. The fern of course propagates itself by spores but by the time that was known ferns had taken on a new cultural significance. Ferns became the subject of widespread enthusiasm during the Victorian days of pteridomania, a rampant trend that swept society in Britain, and to a lesser

extent America. Ferns became the subject of taste; devoid of vulgarity with none of the gaudy trappings of floral plants, and none of the sexual characteristics. In other words, the ideal plant.

A fig leaf is commissioned in the form of a cast, to protect sensitive eyes from David's sculptural nudity.

A moth, a chrysalis is placed in a jar in order to better protect and observe its transformation. A fern grows, and thrives.

The wardian case was Nathaniel Ward's invention upon his discovery of a fern thriving in the glass case he used to observe moths. Patenting his discovery led rise to the terrarium which aided avid fern collectors to tend to their collections in ideal environments, protected from the smog and sulphuric fumes permeating the air. But the wardian case had another, less domestic role. Used aboard ships travelling to colonised lands the cases revolutionised the transport of live plants, fueling the colonial project of forcible removal and introduction of plants from alien shores.

The fern repeats over and over, proliferates, like its fronds which divide and divide and divide, endlessly smaller.

The colonial cultural project has no end, only the never ending propagation of its own cultural meaning.

The fern moves through the cultural landscape gathering and discarding its own image.

As pteridomania took hold the motifs of the fern migrated from terrariums outward onto the decorative interiors of domestic and public life. Biscuits, wallpapers and crockery were adorned with the shapes.. Becoming ornament.

The domestic interior that is not opulent and not everyday, is timeless in some sense, it is the hot houses in the royal botanic gardens and in the Glasgow botanic gardens and the People's Palace in Glasgow Green and the John Hart conservatory in Launceston, its cornicing in houses and ceiling roses and wrought iron and miniature fern

houses that sit on tables, and the biscuit patterns, and detailed wallpaper, and maybe baths and sinks in a certain style, and glass cabinets, and pressed plants, and endless categorisation and the trappings of such organising. In the recurrence of a symbol we find a construction, an endless replication. Often we look for an original and find only fragments. The idea constructed within the trajectory. Hidden or obscured, ever moving and veiled.

In the cultural quagmire the fern becomes an emblem, to be exported, reabsorbed and reified. The ferns did not begin as plant matter within architectural motifs, nor end there. The stone capitals with sprouted leaves fall into this material legacy, floating in its constituent parts in the twilight of this reality, an enfolded restaging. In the unfixedness of time repetition is an inscription of continuous negotiation. Images haunt in the loop of rememory.

There is no more reality, only the image of reality, constantly in a state of dissolution. Constantly remembering and constantly forgetting, it makes itself up from the different temporalities that form the present tense. In replication something happens, copies have the ability to absorb the aura of the original and to change it. The copy brings the original into the present tense, constructing with it a synthetic existence rooted in more than one place. In the potential to produce a copy exists a mode of the future that contains this copy, a replication with the addition of its dissemblance or the shimmer of slight difference that it creates, hovering above.

Emblems are images rife with a history of copying, ripped from sources they are the product of reproductive practices, images and text united by the printing press. They are in many ways a constructed genre, falling apart just as they become whole. Consisting of three parts the image is united with two pieces of text, one above and one below, a kind of riddle, an endless set of meanings generated from within this proximity.

Obscure, as in there is no right answer, cannot become fully known, designed and shared not for clarity or linearity but for their invisibility. Like the fern seeds they become self replicating textural worms.

It is argued that the meanings of things are inscribed in their forms, their uses and trajectories. By tracing the exchange that is the source of their sociality, and the historical construction of aesthetic meaning we can begin to map the boundaries of the construct.

The images in this show are only one construction of a reality, as any reality is. They are not emblems, they do not come from that specifically historicised space of latin script and dark stained wood painted in slices. But perhaps if we half close our eyes we can see an emblem take shape, a construction of layers above and below the image, floating in its constituent parts, an architecture, a scaffold.

A hard look. Looking is important, that's why we left out the glass.





somewhere between the underground cables and the overhead flights

I browse through images and videos of the 2022 internet trend of glass skin, it appears amongst other complex skincare routines available to view on the internet. Glass skin means “skin that looks crystal-clear, poreless, translucent, and luminous - like a piece of glass.” A beauty standard to add to the growing list of how to better oneself. There are accompanying discussions below each post, advice on how to achieve such skin, where you can travel to in Korea to receive specialised facials, and how it is more affordable to fly to Korea and back than to receive these treatments in the US or Australia. The transplantation of this beautification practice from one place to another happening somewhere between underground cables and overhead flights. Outsourcing beauty globally contributes to a system that funds, studies, propagates, and proliferates businesses that operate on colonised, industrialised, capitalised, and then digitised lands.

When I was younger I wasn't interested in history or the beauty modifications. What I was taught at school did not speak to me. My close family was fortunate enough to survive the Second World War by living transiently between English colonies, and beauty was perceived as

separate from any notion of necessity, knowledge, or value. I was prompted to live currently, in a place of personal and natural beauty, limited not by historical occurrences or personal appearances. A product of the new and fresh colony of Australia, the fortunate country with ample resources and places of natural beauty. I gained an interest in history in Warrane (Sydney) where I moved to study at university. Captured by its beautiful landscape I learned how its hills, valleys, and coastlines shaped the first colony in Australia. Mixed in and amongst the now fast-paced, capitalist lifestyle of the East, I could still perceive the natural under the concrete and the beauty in the mixtures of native and introduced vegetation and population. Before this I had not perceived this underlying framework both natural and colonial on this land that was, and continues to be, violently stolen and colonised by settlers - my own family among them. A far cry from my blank historical slate and natural perception I had of myself.

As I perceived myself and my surroundings further, the beautification of myself and the land became a justification for the continuation of colony building. A task undertaken at scale so we could live upon sites that mark the violent disruption of one of the world's oldest living cultures...

*...A manicure
A garden
A manicured lawn
A beauty retreat
A beautiful retreat
A skincare routine for glass skin
A glasshouse...*

The systemisation of opportunities provided to me, as a settler, increased my ability to further my prosperity affording me means to better myself both academically

and aesthetically. Enabling the continuation of my ability to be perceived as blank, neutral, normal, and natural. Colonisation has affected both landscape and personal beauty standards in south eastern Australia, which has shaped how Australia is aesthetically perceived today. To acknowledge this effect of colonisation is to acknowledge the importation of European beauty standards to Australia. Transported plants and ideas often contained in glass vitrines (or Wardian cases) that allowed elements of European culture to thrive away from its provenance. This has resulted in dislocated plants, agricultural practices, architecture, and aesthetic ideals that underpin industrial and capital practices in south eastern Australia today.

In Sydney the work I did during university allowed me to walk through the city, commuting, which I undertook as a form of research. I wondered during these walks about the forced shaping of the city. How were building designs chosen, what did the ornate stonework reference, why were palm trees planted in concrete boxes along the sidewalk, and which elements of the urban environment were intentional or unintentional? How did they become the fabric of a place I now call home?

Everything was brought here, built, and multiplied by various peoples and cultures. Yet aesthetics that hold strong in our cities, the plants, buildings, and ideas often link back to English colonisation. Curiosities involving a humble house plant bought from bunnings, or the glow of UV light from the manicure bar at the nail salon would lead me back to extractive systems, built off ideas stemming from British imperialism. English colonialism's widespread hold over Australia allows some to maintain wealth that in turn allows them to better their living environment. In Australia land is wealth, and given a small number of settlers have historically hoarded this wealth, colonial wealth must

therefore be linked to the aesthetic design of our landscapes and cities.

Spaces are often categorised as either natural or man-made. However, the concept of “natural” has been influenced by British imperialism. Colonisers transported people, plants, and animals across continents, reshaping natural environments. Despite this, they romanticised and upheld certain sites as examples of great natural beauty within the colonies. Glasshouses placed in botanical gardens, now considered beautiful retreats within our urban centres, were initially used as colonial devices. The colonial powers oppressed indigenous peoples globally, often forcing them off their lands and disregarding the value of their cultural heritage. In this process, plants, peoples, and their stories were renamed and recontextualised to conform to European ideals. The use of glasshouses or smaller versions of them, such as in Wardian cases, preceded the stealing of plants from indigenous lands and transporting them worldwide. The miniaturisation and commodification of the colonial project were used to dislocate plants and animals from their provenance in the name of science, research, capital, and beauty.

Today, glasshouses are seen as spaces of beauty and peace. This recontextualisation ignores what was lost and destroyed in the quest to provide a structure for natural beauty to thrive outside of its provenance.

I come from a family of scientists, researchers, medical practitioners, business owners, and workers as product producers. All reproducers of knowledge and objects centred in the Western canon, that have profited off the pilfering of other countries through the colonial project. I am not a blank product, I do not live on lands that belonged to my ancestors. I live on lands that pass ownership

somewhere between underground cables, overhead flights, and ships bringing objects and plants dislocated from their provenance, sustained by UV light and plastic coverings, to aid in continuing my comfortable existence in Australia. When I look at videos telling me how to achieve skin so much like glass it appears translucent I imagine the reach of each video and its repopulation across globalised, capital, economies. I imagine plants pressed up against the glass skin, my glass skin. Ones that make me smell nicer, ones that make my skin itch, ones I keep in plastic pots around my federation-style house to make the spaces, and myself better and more beautiful.

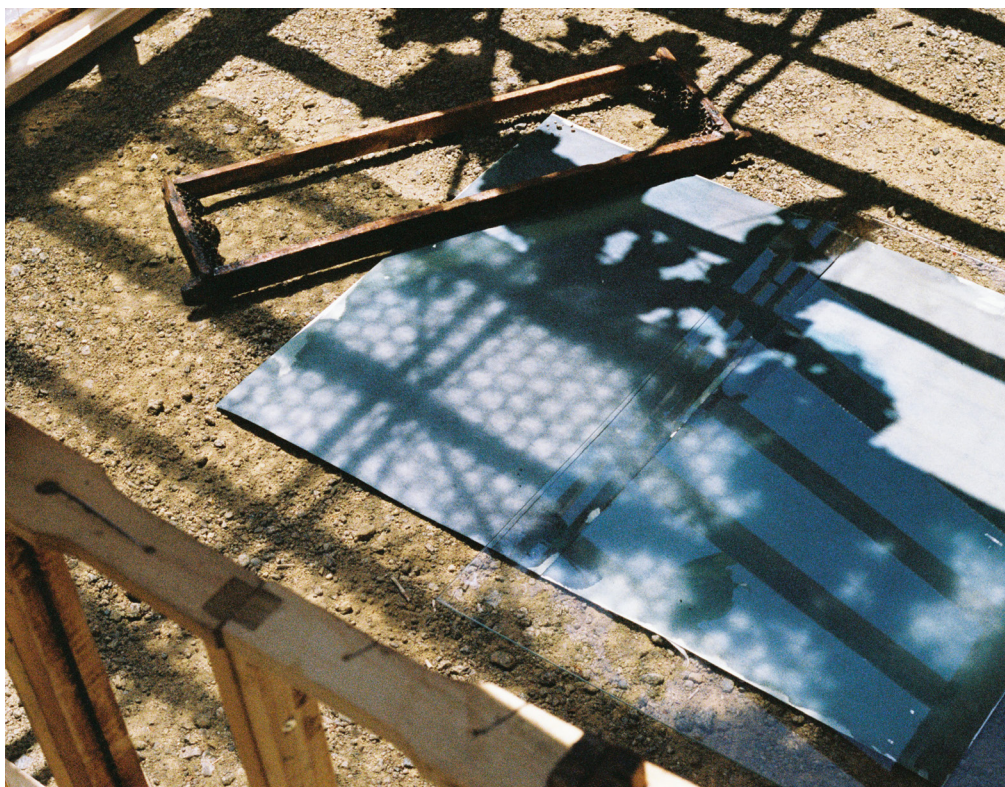
The origins of glasshouses date back to the Romans, emperor Tiberius wanted to eat cucamelons (a cucumber-type vegetable) all year round. A small mobile garden bed was made and moved, and covered with translucent material, tracking the sun to enable the cucamelon to grow year-round. This preliminary glasshouse allowed the modification of the natural for extravagant purposes, in a society that admired wealth and beauty. As their wealth and power grew and their empire expanded they gathered riches from further countries eventually colonising part of Britain. The Roman influence on Britain was later used as part of the justification for its colonial project. Proclaiming Roman influence had enabled Britain to become more civilised and beautiful, and therefore their colonial project was grounded in the eventual betterment of the colonies, not destruction. Elements of the Roman Empire have been shrunk down, commodified, and spread around the globe both through glasshouses and global food economies.

On the body, historical beautification attempts are mirrored in the contemporary beauty industry. One example is shellac nails, and teeth whitening which temporarily change the colour of my nails and teeth. By using UV light contained

in a mouth guard or manicure bar, I am able to better my appearance through monthly payments. Shellac, too, is a material that has been historically extracted by the West from colonised lands to profit from.

I look at my phone screen, my nails, and the houseplant by my bed. I go to the fridge and open it to look at the relatively empty shelves, one with an untouched jar of pickles imported from Italy. Objects that surround my inner and outer experience are often a manifestation of the colonial project. I stand there at the fridge with my nails done, my teeth whitened, with my glass skin in a glass house in a perfectly manicured environment, manicured by my ancestors through the colonial project so that I can stand on the other side of the globe from my provenance and feel that my life is normal.







Capsicum Lip

My first name in the baby name book means farmer. But I'm yellow bellied, and blue in the garden. My thumbs are only green with envy. So sometimes, I forage borage for courage, and pluck black berries from the bush.

Once I had a sexy housemate who reigned queen of the greenhouse. The greenhouse was a castle made of clay, beer bottles and old windows left behind by the previous punks. Krystle fanny plotted in there every day. She fed us tomatoes, kale and tremendous rhubarb. The glass house kept the possums out. Bees were invited in with calendula flowers, and the wind was wanted to blow seed around. Both were confused by the glass.

I have two memories of this place.

1. Pumpkin

I noticed a pumpkin seed doing some shooting practice in our disgrace of a compost heap, so I asked Krystle if I could bring the sprout inside.

She's apples.

Once it took root it burst upwards and spiralled round a steel structure intended for another vegetable. It grew a fat flower and looked down on all the other plants. I watered it when Krystle reminded me. It was a monster, and it bore no pumpkin.

After a time, Krystle asked if I was ready to uproot my plant. As more of a forager than a farmer, I had found some magic mushrooms on my morning walk. I had already had a nibble when Krystle asked me. It was a very beautiful day and the sun in the garden house was stunning. My plant had a face. The flower looked at me like one from the Alice in Wonderland movie. The Disney version. I looked into its face and learned that this pumpkin plant was my kin. Like me, it wasn't meant for the green house. The house is a VIP club for plants. This pumpkin was a ring-in, and it was clinging to the furniture. It didn't want to go.

Krystle the Gentle helped me to unwind the venturesome vines from the party. I cried. It felt like PP was being turfed because she didn't have any babies, that she wasn't contributing anything desirable to the glass house community. I'm also unproductive in the reproductive; a kidless 37-year-old kidding herself. A waste of a womb or whatever ... sob sob. Can't we both just be?

To be true, the tears that day amounted to the vastest volume of water that plant ever got from me in its time in the glass house. I just let it do its thing. You can't do that as a parent, probably. All I know is that on its last day, I was the sorriest.

As I pulled PP from the ground I said “Sorry mate,” and cradled her green plant body back to the compost bin. I never gardened again lol.

2. Warts

My brilliant friend Jane Gadd (who will be 88 in June) told me how to get rid of warts. From her advice me and Krystle tried it out. We got a piece of raw meat and rubbed it on the wart. Next we tied a string around the beef and buried it in the garden in the green house. My wart went. Krystle’s didn’t.

Another home remedy we tried involved petty spurge, which grew in the cracks of the path leading up to the greenhouse. It’s a common little weed that oozes sticky white milk that gets rid of warts. It burns healthy skin too though, so be careful now.

NOW

*Get the non-gardener Georgia writing on glass house.
Go!
Nah!*

Ya face is a glass house!

transparent and fragile

controlled

sunkissed!

hot!

brow and smile companion planting

cared for

pimples, snot-balls and hairs in the moles

get out!

your face is irrigated and variegated when you cry

rows of teeth bloom in season

the trophy of your garden

marvellous

*Glass House on Ya Face
like a Kylie Jenner lip challenge
get that shot glass suction on your lips
suck!
ideal conditions for
bigger, brighter swollen bits
red ripe flesh
TOMATOES
growing mega!
throwing stones!
there is capsicum in the plumpy gloss at mecca
tester
test her?
try me
burn me,
swelling
anaphylactic lips
growing e.coli and herpes
compo\$t
it stings
its working
plumpy
swayed by the makeup display
strawberry kisses
the taste just drives me crazy*

*I have some experience in the manufacturing of vitrines.
And it's not on my resume.*

*In the '90s my uncle Sean worked a Perspex factory called
Cyplex. He designed and fabricated shop fittings and dis-
plays. Perspex was popular, so Uncle Sean outsourced some
labour to my siblings and I; four kids under the age of seven.
Get the baby away from the tiny plastic pieces!*

*So my very first job was separating plastic chips - cracking
them off a tree-like template, like how you would shell a
pea, or crack a nut, or pit a prune. Keep the desired part and
discard the scrap. Well, we snapped the bits off and sorted
them into their allocated boxes based on size and shape.
These were the joiners that connected the sheets together
along the edges and points.*

*Eventually our part in Perspex production amounted to -
cases for cosmetics. I.e. makeup displays like lipstick hold-
ers or eyeliner slots you'd see in the chemist. We were paid
per box. The boxes were big enough to hide in. The chips
were small. We did a lot. It took a lot to fill a box. A repeti-
tive task done while we watched the Simpsons or the Nanny.
Pocket money for Lip Smackers or something else we wer-
en't allowed, packets of Twisties with Tazos in them. Plastic
crap.*









...reflections of my time at the art farm...

Recently I had the privilege of spending three months as an Artist in Residence at Art Farm Birches Bay, in collaboration with ConstanceARI. The residency was a dream; giving me freedom to observe, test, make, eat, connect and play as I pleased, to find out more about the site and its relevance to my practice.

My heart skipped around the hundred hectare property as the excitement of the Tasmanian summer coincided with this time. I frolicked around the longer days, the warmth of the sun and the synchronised dance of tall grass in the wind. The feeling took me straight back to my childhood explorations of countryside Japan, but with different colours, different sounds and different views. The birds sang new songs and the crunching of the bark felt sharp, foreign but familiar, reminiscing on the almost fifteen years I've called Australia home.

Time moved at a different pace at the farm, sometimes it dragged on, sometimes hours passed in seconds, and I thought about the layers of time present; in me, in the buildings, in the gardens, land and soil. The dedication, labour and love, of the countless members of community

that reside and pass through this place, to the slow growing moulds or wriggling worms, crucial in the foundations of these ecological cyclical systems.

The simplest of activity often secreted the most complex of my existential questions... unresolved of course, and difficult to articulate precisely, but maybe everyone else can also sense in their body too.

getting dolerite from the dolerite pit

I was shown the dolerite pit, where they get their dolerite to use for things like gravel. The section where the top soil, heavy with organic matter, met the mineral-rich dolerite, was very promising as a natural clay. I collected this to play with.

Alone, in the enormous pit on an overcast chilly day, my bare hands prying at the dry earth felt frail, insignificant and invasive. No one watched my actions, only the land.

I can take as much as I want and it will look like I took none.

This soil, the minerals present in it, are the residue of all the things that existed before us. My actions felt insignificant to the history the soil carries. It felt exploitative for me to access this and use it, but then everything we use to construct our lives with is just that.

It's overwhelming when you think about it really..

I picked up countless crumbling shards of dolerite, in awe of the beauty of this material. Rotating them slowly, I played with the deep metallic sheen glistening and subduing in the

light. Gazing into its world, I was sucked in, deep in the pit, crouching, alone, with the vastness of the cascading mounds surrounding me in all directions. The birds flew overhead and the trees rustled a soft warning, checking up on me as big raindrops started tapping on my shoulders. It was getting cold, but I didn't care, I needed to sit here a little longer.

The rusty sap from the damp dolerite crumbs left my hands porous and stained.

Porous was my skin to the currents of the world and stained was the lens in which we experience them.

But I thanked the land that day, for its magic was very humbling.

It muffled the chaos of our minds and lives, to purely bathe in the simplicity of being in the present moment.

My existence is small in the scale of things; I felt comfort in this realisation and very much alive.

cape gooseberry string

There is a great bush of gooseberry that grew up a wall of one of the sheds. I went to collect some to make a gooseberry sugar syrup. Heaps had fallen on the ground so I lifted the bush up to get to them. Hidden under the bush was very exciting stuff; some ready to eat protected by the casing, some infested with insects inside and out and some all decomposed, leaving the outer shells as delicate skeletons.

I carefully picked at the skinless carcasses, collecting the beautiful paper-thin casings.

The fragile scaffolding fluttered on my palm to my breath and the soft wind. The afternoon sun cast a slight shadow, drawing a map.

I stitched the maps together, slowly, carefully, into a single strand. The maps twirled in space, embodying the countless cyclical structures hidden in places we forget to look. The fragility of such structures, picked up by me, stitched and changed in this way, yet remaining so prevalent, holding the accumulative weight of each gooseberry casing attached atop one another. We live within these systems and they continue when we are gone. We create maps on top of these maps, co-existing, intersecting and influencing.

The string of skeletons now cling to my bedroom wall, swaying every time I open the door.

*The sugar syrup was delicious too.
workers hands*

When hands are covered in soil, it accentuates the fingerprints.

One of the most rewarding things about this residency was the time I spent with all the farmers, volunteers and the community members that make up Art Farm. The more time I spent there, the more evident it became that their individual connections to the farm weaved stories and value into the site. Their layered and collaborative fabric cushioned the ground on which everything is built on.

I wanted in on this fabric too, so I started stitching in my own patterns.

Helping out in the community garden was pure joy. I became hyper vigilant to all my senses and loved the physicality; repetitive tasks and being in such close proximity to the ground.

*the intensity of flavours from each produce I picked,
the subtle murmurs of the soil as it trickled out of my
fingers,
sensing the crispness or denseness of the air each day,
the meandering conversations with farmers, with myself
and the plants.*

*The work in the garden stretches and shortens time. It
connects you physically to the soil, the land and ultimately
to you.*

*It is shaped by your action or inaction. It relies on you and
sustains you.*

*The farmers are in on this secret, that's why they do what
they do.
They feel it and feed it so others can know it too.*

*Their hands, covered in soil, makes their fingerprints
stronger, the grooves so deep it roots into the ground,
spreading and sprouting as the produce we pick.*

*The residency started and ending like a dream, everything
connected in between.*





Rose Jam

هللا عاش ام ينيع اي

Oh my eyes, mashallah

يتبيبح هيدان كللكرابي هللا

May god continue to bless you my love

قيرطلا يه كلتفش

Here is a recipe I found for you

بيطا علطيبي يدلب درولا عون ناك اك

The more baladi¹ the rose is that you can find, the better it will taste

رم علطي مولخيب لاق لوده (تالتبلا) درولا بلق يميقت مزالو

Make sure you remove the heart, or it'll make your jam bitter

¹local, wild or native
from 'balad' (land), literally meaning 'of the land'

Both of my familial lines have roots tracing back to small, remote, and predominantly agricultural communities along the Mediterranean.

The practice of keeping and cultivating a garden has remained important, and entwined with familial identity, continuing across migration to new places; adapting knowledge to urban and suburban settings and unfamiliar landscapes.

In 2022 I documented current family gardens, mine and my parents, and revisited archives of previous gardens cultivated by my family, drawing from archives and current day to create a dialogue between different times and places.

This work was a beginning point in my exploration of gardening as a cultural and family practice, as I take a more active role in learning and practicing in my own garden

It feels familiar, to work the soil, to plant, to harvest, to eat, to cook, to share, to give.

*I'm learning how to use plants found in my garden
Some I put there, and some I found.*

To make rose jam I use unknown varieties of fragrant roses growing in my front and back yard to make the traditional preserve.

Learning to use the flower, as well as other plants, in our traditional ways, is a process of reconsidering and reshaping my relationship to these plants. Growing to appreciate ones I overlooked before I learned what they can tell us.



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.. 202 Capitals of Corinthian Columns and Arches, on
Second Floor of Congressional Library, Wash.
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Nadia Refaei is an artist (and sometimes curator) based in nipaluna. Her multidisciplinary practice draws on both personal and collective histories to explore ideas around cultural dislocation and negotiation.

Layered histories of familial migration have informed her interest in the relationships between migration, memory and mythology. Nadia uses installation, video and other media, as well as everyday cultural practices like cooking and gardening, to examine these complexities through the lenses of her overlapping, and sometimes conflicting, Arab-Muslim- and Greek- “Australian” identities.

Georgia Lucy is a multidisciplinary artist whose output is both personal and culturally critical. Her art re-uses and re-incorporates, using existing materials and forms to engage with humour, communities, and the transformative potential of risk.

Georgia Lucy works and lives on unceded palawa lands. Georgia Lucy drives a toyota starlet and plays footy with the Dodges Ferry Sharks.

Yumemi Hiraki is a multidisciplinary artist currently based in nipaluna. Her practice delves into the intimate interactions between memory, nostalgia, cultural practice and emotional responses to site. Viewing herself as a resident of cultural gaps, her work evokes a familiar yet foreign sense of longing, belonging and holding on, while hinting at life’s inevitable continuity and ephemerality. Her works lend themselves to being personal interventions of vulnerability, confrontation and reflection, that long to connect with a deeper sense of self.

Nani lives somewhere on the east coast of so-called Australia. She walks around a lot, picks up many things, and then puts them down again. She works across sculpture, installation, and photography, which she uses to investigate the movement of people, objects, histories, knowledge, and definitions.

Marguerite Carson is an artist and writer from Scotland currently based in various places. Their work considers themes of correspondence, navigation and mythmaking; often interrogating the boundaries of truth and meaning.

Zara Sully is a multi-disciplinary artist, curator, and arts worker currently based in lutruwita (Launceston, Tasmania). Sully's artistic practice contemplates an autobiographical and queer methodology. They are interested in forming collective communities through sharing their own personal experiences and relating to others.

Sully holds a BFA (Honours) from the Victorian College Of The Arts (2018) and Monash University (2019). Sully is a board member of the Georges Mora Fellowship, and is the current Director of Sawtooth ARI. Sully's favourite film is Twilight.

Marguerite Carson and Nani Graddon share a collaborative practice that spans distance and dislocated movement across place. Drawing on a history of shared occupancy - both artists having lived at separate times in Glasgow, Sydney and nipaluna/Hobart - and the nature of conversation and collaboration across distance. In 2023 they presented all around the surface of the body/ the paper like the skin of your palm on Gadigal land/Sydney.

*No work is ever made in a vacuum, least of all this work,
with its roots firmly planted in collaboration; across
space, place and time. The following thanks come from the
bottoms of our hearts and extend to everyone who has ever
lent us a helping hand, a place to stay, to make, to think and
for thinking alongside us;*

*Jo and Dave for their space and their generosity,
Tas for the frames from his bees,
Harrison for the encaustic wax and
Stuart for the box of wax that saved the day,
Rob for the cast iron and for always being up for a project,
Moving Creature print studio,
Kym for finding and looking after the overhead projectors,
the continual tech problem solving and the 3D printer,
Othy for the glass and for thinking about synthetic bodies,
collaboration and togetherness, together.
Zara for the support from the beginning, for always getting
it.
Caitlin for being in it always and for the editing eyes.
Alex, for everything, for installing, and realising so much of
the work in Marguerite's absence, thank you.
And to Nadia, Georgia Lucy and Yumemi for writing for
us and being a part of this project and this publication you
hold in your hands.*

*This land, lutruwita (Tasmania), is stolen land. Obtained
by the ongoing violence of colonial forces. We acknowledge
nipaluna as the traditional lands of the muwinina people,
many of whom did not survive this violence, and extend
our acknowledgement and respect to the palawa people of
lutruwita, the traditional custodians who care for and hold
knowledge of these lands and waters.*

*This always was, always will be, Aboriginal Land.
Land back, from the river to the sea.*



