

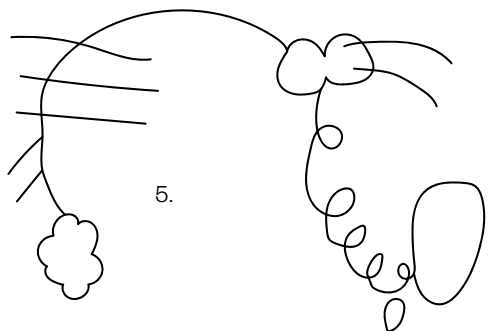
biscuits rotating anti-clockwise in slow motion...ahhhh...){ bending to the posture of the branches as its thorns spike me on a very tender part of my heel...OUCH!

digestive semicircular droppings...dust...pillow...fish food...mist...heartbeats...stars...bubbles

inner ear

Jess Tan

↑  
9-12 Magnets and sound in the kitchen



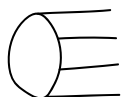
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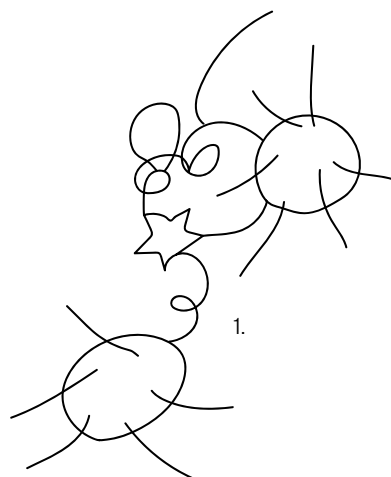
6.



7.



8.



1.

Entrance

Art Money available, please enquire!  
Art Money allows art works to be paid for  
in 10 monthly installments, interest free.

*inner ear* (clockwise from entrance)

1. *lily pads*, 2022.

Polyfiller, plum tree branch, watercolour, pva glue, wood shavings from bougainvillea and plum tree branches, staples, assorted re-used wood from 2018-21, coloured pencil, fresh water pearls, daisy beads, pumpkin stems collected from 2019- 2022, holographic plastic star and heart beads, dried baby lemons, bougainvillea branches pruned from mum's garden and liquid beeswax.  
Dimensions Variable  
\$1750

2. *miniature vanity table*, 2022.

Bougainvillea branches pruned from mum's garden, liquid beeswax, fish bones charm, beetle wings, rocks, fresh water pearls, egg shells, tree sap, sunset cut from a childhood story book and laminated ms word shapes scavenged from signage designed at work.  
66cm x 40cm  
\$1500

3. *seaweed organ*, 2022.

Bougainvillea branches pruned from mum's garden, liquid beeswax, seagrass washed ashore from a storm coiled into spirals, plastic charm from my parents living room, beading wire, hooks, coral, epoxy putty, spiral bead, bronze and handmade chain by Audrey.  
125cm x 66cm  
\$950

4. *its spindly arms reach up to the ceiling like growing vines*, 2022.

Bougainvillea branches pruned from mum's garden, liquid beeswax, twine and palm tree fronds.  
200cm x 40cm  
\$800

5. *extended stretch/semicircular canal (la-la-la-la-la-la)*, 2022.

Bougainvillea branches pruned from mum's garden, liquid beeswax, abandoned paper wasp nests, soy wax, dried grapes, dried baby lemons, assorted re-used wood from 2018-21, tubeworm shells, dried nasturtiums, chewed bee propolis, adjusting knob from a wheely chair found in a carpark, wood shavings from bougainvillea and plum tree branches, egg shells collected from 2019-2021, pillow feathers, ceramics, orchid flower clip, assorted re-used wood from 2018-2021.  
Dimensions Variable  
\$2500

6. *sssssquirl*, 2022.

Assorted re-used wood from 2018-21, staples, coloured pencils, texta, dried grape vine, wire, pressed bougainvillea flowers, popcorn, plastic flower beads, bougainvillea branches pruned from mum's garden and liquid beeswax.  
110cm x 79cm  
\$1500

7. *bee chant (lethargic flying)*, 2022.

Plum tree branch, wire, seagrass washed ashore from a storm coiled into spirals, soy wax, pine organs, abandoned paper wasp nest, dried caputia scaposa flowers, tinted beeswax, bougainvillea branches pruned from mum's garden and liquid beeswax.  
75cm x 80cm  
\$950

8. *shrek broom*, 2022.

Palm tree fronds and twine.  
100cm x 60cm  
\$500

9. *bubbles (1-12)*, 2022.

Glazed ceramics, rare earth magnet and resin.  
Dimensions Variable  
\$250

10. *Cloud coaster painted by Audrey*, 2001.  
NFS

11. *Hat magnet*. NFS

12. *Kristen Brownfield*. Shells clinking together along the shoreline of the *Derbarl Yerrigan* at sunrise, 10.07.22. 2:46 min looped audio recording.  
NFS

leaves keep falling

& bark keeps dropping

& I keep raking it into piles in corners

& slowly clearing the heap by the back fence

shaped by time

& the tenants before us

who left left dead grass & a dirt patch

& a broken clothesline

a neglected compost

fossilized dog poos

wide and

the wind that is blowing dirt

& leaves into the house

the toilet & kitchen & hallway & sink

blue tiles & bed sheets

& it's stuck to my feet

& down the side of the house

like a crunchy carpet

& debris collects in buckets

left out from hand washing delicate things

& flower stamens sprinkle

on my cereal

into my coffee

& around chair legs

& there's lacquer flaking

like my hands and feet

left out in the sun

& dust & dirt & bugs

are coming through windows

as the fly screens aren't attached

like living outside

& my fogo bin is full

again

& collection is Wednesdays fortnightly

but some weeks I forget

& there's tiny hair thin spikes

stuck in my fingers & toes

from the sad cactus

if put out on time

from the sad cactus

I dug up

& kept in an esky full of water

so I could report it later

& the dog next door

barks non stop in the day

at the wind

dropping on pavers

or maybe at the palm dates

getting sticky

& stuck on thoughts

that come while watering

the patch of dirt

or composting

or folding washing

& it's been half a year of raking

& sweeping

& the leaves

fall less & aren't so crispy

& the heap is smaller

composted with dead flowers

appear in the dirt

& cardboard

torn into pieces

& I'm still picking out

rubber bands

tough tea bags

& plastic bags

from the old tenants

as new shoots of grass

or are they weeds

& where

where a single marigold is growing

Jess Tan

&&&& told me that when you see millipedes on a path, they are wandering aimlessly without destination. When I learned this, I was reminded of a DVD I acquired during adolescence, titled, 'millipedes'. It was a ten-minute loop recording of millipedes crawling around the foreground of a screen accompanied by a backdrop of a damp forest floor.

I encounter a cow in a field whilst I am in the passenger seat of a parked car after my liver has rejected to process the contents I had ingested the previous night. I feel comforted by the way the cows eye lashes curl and the depth of its round bulging eye, projecting warmth into it, and feel a little better.

When I'm immersed in water, sometimes my eyes begin to tear. It is not a polarising affect; not happy nor sad; an undefinable one. At closer inspection, the leakage from ones' tear ducts could come from an appreciation of the feeling of emptiness that in turn fills me with a fleeting sense of contentment, ahhh, a temporary head emptying. I've written about this before but often re-arrive at this thought.

\_\_\_\_\_ claims they can't sleep due to the sound of cockroaches keeping them awake during the witching hours. I wonder if they are referring to intrusive thoughts, or actual cockroaches, as we have historically referred to cockroaches as a substitute character for when we speak of their lived experiences (at least from what I have understood.)

I lean against walls when I am hungry or feeling deflated for the knowledge that they will at most times hold me upright

Edges, falling away, droppings, fizzy, hollowing out a feeling I often mistake for hunger, of empathy, of antipathy, or an attempt to reconcile grief that seems to intensify when the weather becomes cooler

the fragment is an open proposition, charmed thought bubbles that absorb confusion, loooooong extensions outwards that can generate lightness

I think of a hug, or a dance, a composition of material organs and emotions, of not exclusively mine. A slight shift in awareness about how I move and what I breathe alongside with...a kiss

Dee Parker

Once upon a time Basket split the floor of Oxbow Lake with their heel. The world then was mostly soft and empty mud. The mud fields were cut through with dawdling bracken rivers which perpetually reshaped the terrain. Where water once flowed there often remained warm lakes and large stinky puddles. Basket was wallowing and absorbing the salts from one of the larger lakes, a steaming circle cut off from the slow flowing u-bend of Slinky River.

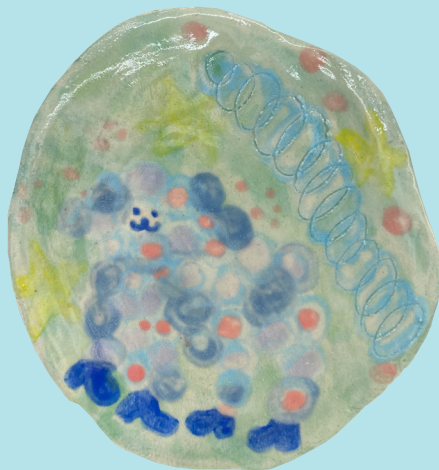
The bottom of Oxbow Lake lay membranous and elastic beneath Basket's feet. It felt as though they were standing on top of the earth's pimple, a thin silty surface layer springing at the touch of their furry paws. They could feel the pressure wobbling behind this yolk, rhythmically undulating like strange music.

Ecstatic, Basket heel, bursting the the shame maladaptions the sniffles, intentions.

expensive

struck the lake floor with the talon on their eggy lakebed. From the eruption came seekers and the people pleasers, the and the meditations, the coughs and the thinking errors and good The reds and yellows and carbohydrates and proteins.

did it come from?



July 16 – August 27 2022

*'inner ear'* digests materials foraged from jess' childhood garden in combination with accumulated and re-used matter encountered through being, eating, walking and noticing. The space accommodates an environment which feels like it is spinning with her, meandering lines... looping to where?

*Jess* is an artist living/working between *Boorloo (Perth)* and *Naarm (Melbourne)*. *Jess'* practice follows an inquiry into how materials morph through ongoing reconfiguration and can generate unfamiliar ways of knowing and understanding through their affective capacities. This follows a series of process-led transitions that lead to outcomes which embrace failure, adaptation and uncertainty as matter transforms into altered states, adopting an internal logic as they accumulate. By engaging with matter, she seeks to rethink human agency as a relation which recognises speaking in dialogue with nonhuman worlds.

**SWEET PEA**

For all inquiries  
[andrew@sweetpea.gallery](mailto:andrew@sweetpea.gallery)

[@sweet.pea.arts](https://www.sweetpea.gallery)  
[www.sweetpea.gallery](http://www.sweetpea.gallery)

58 Pier Street,  
Boorloo (Perth), 6000