

TRIPLE POWER OF PLANTS

Audrey Tan
Jess Tan
Seb Temple

Goolugatup Heathcote

29 July - 10 September 2023



Goolugatup Heathcote acknowledges the Bibbulmun people as the Traditional Owners of the land on which we stand and pay respect to the Whadjuk people, and Elders past and present.



The artists would like to thank: Dee, Guy, Lui, Leigh, G13, Jana, Peter, Kate, Jack, Laila, jemi, Mark, Danny, Will, Yee Seng and friends & the teams at Wireless Hill Museum and Goolugatup Heathcote gallery for accomodating our Hickey street residency and studio space.

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ISBN:
978-0-6454363-6-5



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Welcome!

Hazy sensations, bending with each other in the wind, moods that are affected by the food we ingest/the weather fizzing through our skin/the swirling of drifting tides. Goosebumps, small smile, laughter, volatile, sugar, grimace. Contained within this, a dream, a semblance of meaning through exchanges across visual language. *triple power of plants* explores the potential for unexpected material outcomes and nuanced crossovers between each artists' respective art practices to emerge. It is a poetics of fragmentation which does not disclose direct meaning but rather embeds a resistance to classification through not-knowing, dwelling (slowness), collecting, reconfiguring and pottering as methodological approaches that propose alternate ways of knowing and being. The exhibition aims to carve space for spontaneous generative thinking and playful associations. Through navigating unknowing and uncertainty, the potential for new knowledge can be generated.

A TRANSCRIPT OF A TRUE CONVERSATION THAT HAPPENED INSIDE A BLENDER



RECORDED BY DEE PARKER

"Everything is fire. Between the Earth's engine of core and mantle, and the 44 quadrillion watt nervous breakdown of the sun, everything that exists is animated by fire. Before, there were no things and there wasn't even a before of the Before. But then all things were brought out of Before by a great unleashing of fire. And all the things, from the unloosed asteroids to your last pollen induced sneeze are now sucked out into the ever expanding by fire and will continue to be sucked by fire into the ever expanding forever and ever, amen. Owing to this ravenous hunger of fire, we can't live eternally because we will all be called into the cosmos one day. Oh, how sad is that!? But also, so very sexy!"

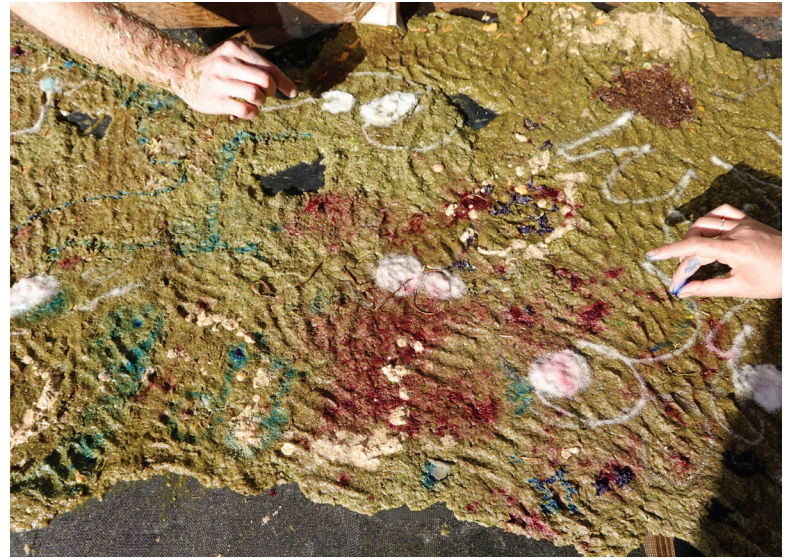
"Everything is ground. We rose from the sluggish mud as evolved and legged fish, clay golems stretched over a ribcage like a gassy zeppelin. Eager to become captains of industry, we learned how to count marbles and gift warm fuzzies and then we were sent out to sell parts of the ground. We are agents of the ground and all the things are ground. Lamp is ground, teddy is ground, Brita water filter is ground, shame is ground, ground is ground, and we will one day be blessed to wither and become the ground when we retire. Ears of corn, olives, hazelnuts, truffles and all the good nosh comes from the ground and are the ground, and these grounds fuel the writers of your favourite TV shows - who are also ground - and those TV shows are the ground and words are the ground and love is the ground."

"Everything is water. The world is wet and stormy, and we are in the tube tyre surfing the slippery dip of its eternal gushing. Wet cells kiss wet cells and clump, divide, thrash and

moan and this make out session is life - a horny whirlpool from the kitchen tap, daisy chaining like Hands Across America. Have you seen the ocean, it's big hey? Without the wetness the world would be dust and inert boredom and fossilised slog. The rivers bring life to slog intravenously, a spirit or succubi in each tributary meets at the sea for a demonic orgy. Water baptises the infant and drowns the drunken sailor, not to mention Gatorade is mostly water and if you blend the things in the world, they often become delicious juices. Neptune rages. Hush baby warrior, heavy is the head that wears the crown which rules all matter."

"Everything is air. We will wear a cloak of smells around us, sheltering within this tasting plate of pongs. Grass on the knees, shit on the shoes, spray on the pits and bits and breakfast noodles on our hot breaths. As we smell each other's clouds we know from where others have been before. This is the closest we'll ever get to time travel and surely all things must be air if it is the book in which these histories are written? If we could, as dogs do, smell in directions then we could rewind the tape. For instance, earlier today a merchant might have passed through here, asparagus in a basket on her hip, a vegetable which always - playing like Shakespearean fairies - jests at transforming my chamber pot into a bowl of aromatic perfume. We may be called into the cosmos one day, but we will also leave this vegetable stink after we are gone. Imagine the known universe shrinking, leaving behind this dark matter like miasmatic spirits sailing on the solar winds."

- Dee Parker is an aspiring healthy adult.



Images of artwork:

1. Audrey Tan, Jess Tan, Seb Temple, triple power of plants (detail), 2023, pulped oxalis from Hickey street backyard, pulped food packaging, pulped red cabbage, turmeric, agar agar, found lanyard, found string and timber.
2. Audrey Tan, Jess Tan, Seb Temple, triple power of plants (work in progress), wooden offcuts.
3. Audrey Tan, Jess Tan, Seb Temple, triple power of plants (work in progress), 2023, accidental oxalis mordant, pulped oxalis from Hickey street backyard.
4. Audrey Tan, Jess Tan, Seb Temple, triple power of plants (detail), 2023, pulped eucalyptus from Kate and Pete's backyard, pulped oxalis from Hickey street backyard, soapstone dust, pulped food packaging, salt, sea grass from port beach, butterfly pea flower, phycocyanin spirulina, dried dragon fruit pulp, assorted leaf tannins, hole punched vape packaging, corn husk and baci wrappers.