

Huw Davies Gallery
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Fantasy Collision **Gabrielle Hall-Lomax**

Post-industrial human activity has reshaped how organisms live and move through the varied eco-systems of our planet. Ancient environments have been irreversibly altered by humanity's never-ending quest to exploit resources, expand settlement and subdue the 'wild'.

In *Fantasy Collision*, nature, the body, and the psyche are unified. Hall-Lomax's layered works draw attention to how human activity has transformed Australian ecologies. Expanding on photographic traditions of conveying the human in the environment, the artist integrates paint and digital manipulation techniques into her works to reflect on the interconnectedness of the natural and human spheres.



Gabrielle Hall-Lomax, *Bushfires*, 2021, water colour, inkjet print

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A Cloak Stands in a Bore Hole, Arms Extended

When my body meets your body
hips cradle your hips and other curves

press

from looking down
eyes closed

with a plant in corners
is what wants seen.

Some hopeful shoots upwards in a fabled green seeming
but beauty in the brown and bleached-brown orange,
dry and crippling — lower areas that we
don't flake of—

jamming into the mountument.

ritual not criticism (the, for, , you always . or :)
ritual criticism

which seems evasive.
to spend years not doing.

Severing, sevens — need to arrive into
the art stable — seven saddles exactly, on a smooth tiled baroquaded
arrangement of coloured pistols.

You got me jumping and it
was unclear what you were looking
I jumped and ran up to
tuft after that. That was the thing
that I thought would do the trick. All
that repetition and positioning with
regard to them. Rattling on that angle
being significant to the project. Also the
wetness of the sand (usually grass) but
it was the wet sand that was what we
working with this time. Then also the
man who had a kind of attention where
you can ignore all its bare-headedness,
in the distance.

passing from the mid-section, up, from left
to right – then back – yes, in black .

refined brown liquid: in

I want to stay up, but not go out
is code, i'm thinking strait
talking

The clump of snow
bank
scoffs on lift
pressed into first
moans and reminders of when we should not
that even when consequences were l o w.

a ring of ancestors
on the a particular
framed
encaptured
yes, here.

so that it does not have to be out there but in invisible netting it is and I don't know where I stand.

Simple ones want to exist but
don't attract faith in any ability
not to be ravished into

--

or

floated to the other-side jetty
of reeds so split infinitive occurs
unlike in any breathing sense

in a difficult .
on a resistance to a

telling.

Wanting to start on knowing the penultimate
adjustment is that moment — by that being when it is
universal — when, if we can see it, all
unwinds into the own hangable confession
where, locatable, you must have something
. A little deposit, we arrogate, goose-stepping
must come into being before it .
One little gift we say. One
singular little I cries.
But it is only not and we do not
know that each little tuffet hold s a coverlet.

many rocks strewn over a hill
two hows walk away, two years
following you, going. With your photo
still in the window, some of
the rocks arranged in a big
circle so other one can look
like columns slipping individual
other rises partic ipate: palms, bones,
cathedrals. Ten sank low
on the wind river
turn

tide,
cows slipping habits rounding mary.

I give up all that, but I don't like it so

I go with the back but know the gesture is
because I needed some resistance — of erasing
not the going back. Just the filling in, some.

Seeing, overawed, by a circle

on a flat face

last, thinking its the
where not knowing, drowned,
continues

in the air

when considered

the ghost risen up
in steam —

frozen in the parquet upon making an impact with the need:

It's a pheasant to remember

never not an after party

of bodies pressed grass slipped between toe gaps

and always pressing towards the right margin to save from falling

always—even uninvited—currenting.

Simon Eales

Simon Eales is an artist and researcher from Naarm/Melbourne who lives on Seneca Nation territory in Buffalo, New York.

List of Works

17.	Gabrielle Hall-Lomax, <i>Slip</i> , 2019, inkjet print, 30 x 21 cm	1/5	\$250
18.	Gabrielle Hall-Lomax, <i>Flow</i> , 2019, inkjet print, 21 x 15 cm	1/5	\$120
19.	Gabrielle Hall-Lomax, <i>Bushfires</i> , 2021, watercolour, inkjet print, 30 x 21 cm	1/5	\$300
20.	Gabrielle Hall-Lomax, <i>Rituals</i> , 2019, inkjet print, 42 x 30 cm	1/5	\$350
21.	Gabrielle Hall-Lomax, <i>Omen</i> , 2021, inkjet print, 15 x 21 cm	1/5	\$120
22.	Gabrielle Hall-Lomax, <i>Touching the sun</i> , 2022, digital print on voile, 75 x 50 cm	1/1	\$150
23.	Gabrielle Hall-Lomax, <i>Skin & Stone</i> , 2021, inkjet print, 42 x 30 cm	1/5	\$350
24.	Gabrielle Hall-Lomax, <i>Orb</i> , 2021, inkjet print, 42 x 30 cm	1/5	\$350
25.	Gabrielle Hall-Lomax, <i>Melt</i> , 2022, inkjet print, 30 x 21 cm	1/5	\$300

Gabrielle Hall-Lomax | About

Gabrielle Hall-Lomax is a visual artist living and working in Canberra. A central interest in her work is humanity's presence within the natural world. Through constructed moments that blur the line between familiar and strange, her work explores visual perception and our relationship to the natural environment.

More Online

Visit www.gallery.photoaccess.org.au to learn more about *Fantasy Collision*.