

glean

Why now? Why here? I would say, why anywhere, why ever? You never know, you can only try and hope for the best, or, at least, hope for not the worst. In high school my friends tried to sum up everyone's personality in one word. I was given contrary. Lance was given peevish. They were both true.

I'm reading *Sleepless Nights* by Elizabeth Hardwick; she is in Rome on a research project of some description. I brought the book with me to Athens because I thought it might somehow reflect my own experience as a foreigner temporarily located in a new city. It doesn't. Or at least not yet. She writes, 'When you travel your first discovery is that you do not exist'. I find it to be the opposite. I feel like I exist too much, stand out as an intruder, dressed incorrectly, not sure how to hold myself in groups of people or know what I'm actually researching. I think these things only become clear once you return home and have time to reflect on what you did or didn't do.

In a new city, everything takes on greater meaning than it should. It's not just new cities internationally; I found this when I moved to the country from Melbourne as well. Minor inconveniences feel like proof that the city is not for you; it's too much, too different. Chance happenings, like stumbling into a perfect fabric store, is confirmation that the city is the best it could be. When I have a win, I head home (to the studio) as fast as possible, to end my day on a high note.

glean might be step 33 for Yellow Brick, however glean is step 1 for this project. That's obviously not true; you never start at the beginning of any project; all steps follow countless steps before it. What I'm trying to say is, this residency has given me the opportunity to begin making in a new process as an alternative to my more practised cast sculptural works. The materials you see in this show will come back home with me to Castlemaine and find their way into new works for upcoming projects. They will continue to cycle through my practice until they are unrecognisable. But they never fully dissolve; traces of these materials and their connected narratives will always exist, layered and interconnected.

Adam John Cullen