

faridah cameron —

life is not still



I lived in the Northern Territory many years ago, at a pivotal time in my life. In 2022 I went back.

In Alice Springs/Mparntwe most of the people we knew had moved away, or died. I used to know the culture from within; now I was a visitor.

There had been heavy rain just before we arrived. Uluru was darkly stained with it in the folds and crevices. I had always seen it in dry weather. I experienced it in a new way.

I came home and launched into a series of paintings that seemed to be about stones and water. The stones were like the ones we used to pick up on Darwin's beaches; this time I hadn't found any. Gradually I realised that the paintings were not about place, but rather about the illusion of permanence. They are not about my journey to the Northern Territory but about the journey all of us are making through time and space, constantly adjusting to the new and unforeseen.

Everything changes, but in the natural order beauty and harmony still remain. The world is singular, yet in a state of flux. We move through it, are part of it, ourselves in a constant state of change. We change, we are changed by it, and we change it.

new paintings

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