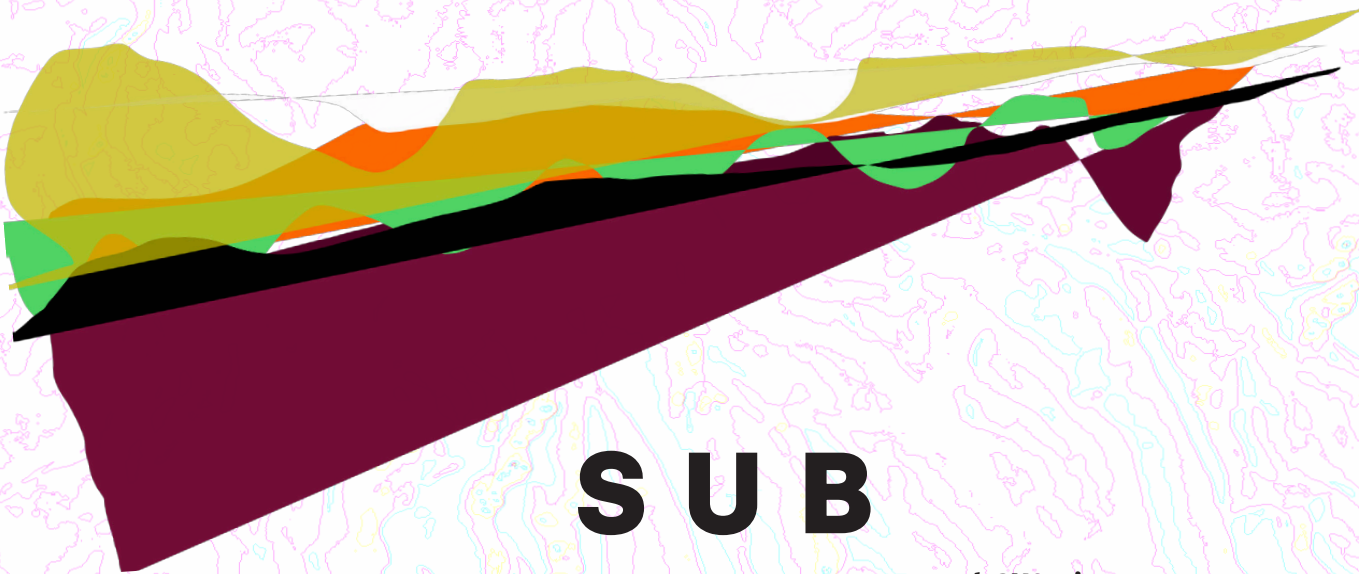


this deep dive into the world of SUB is thanks to the generous gifts of thought, words, image & sounds from the creative team:

Pierce Eldridge, Jenni Large, Jen Hector (drawings), Frankie Snowdon, Madeleine Krenek (drawings), Anna Whitaker (collage), Elliot Rich (mindmap) & Ashleigh Musk

edit + design:
Pierce Eldridge & Ashleigh Musk



SUB

traversing fractured earth.

escaping a surface world littered with crises

we burrow into soil and stone

to seek shelter within layers of debris

tunnelling and

surrendering to

it's

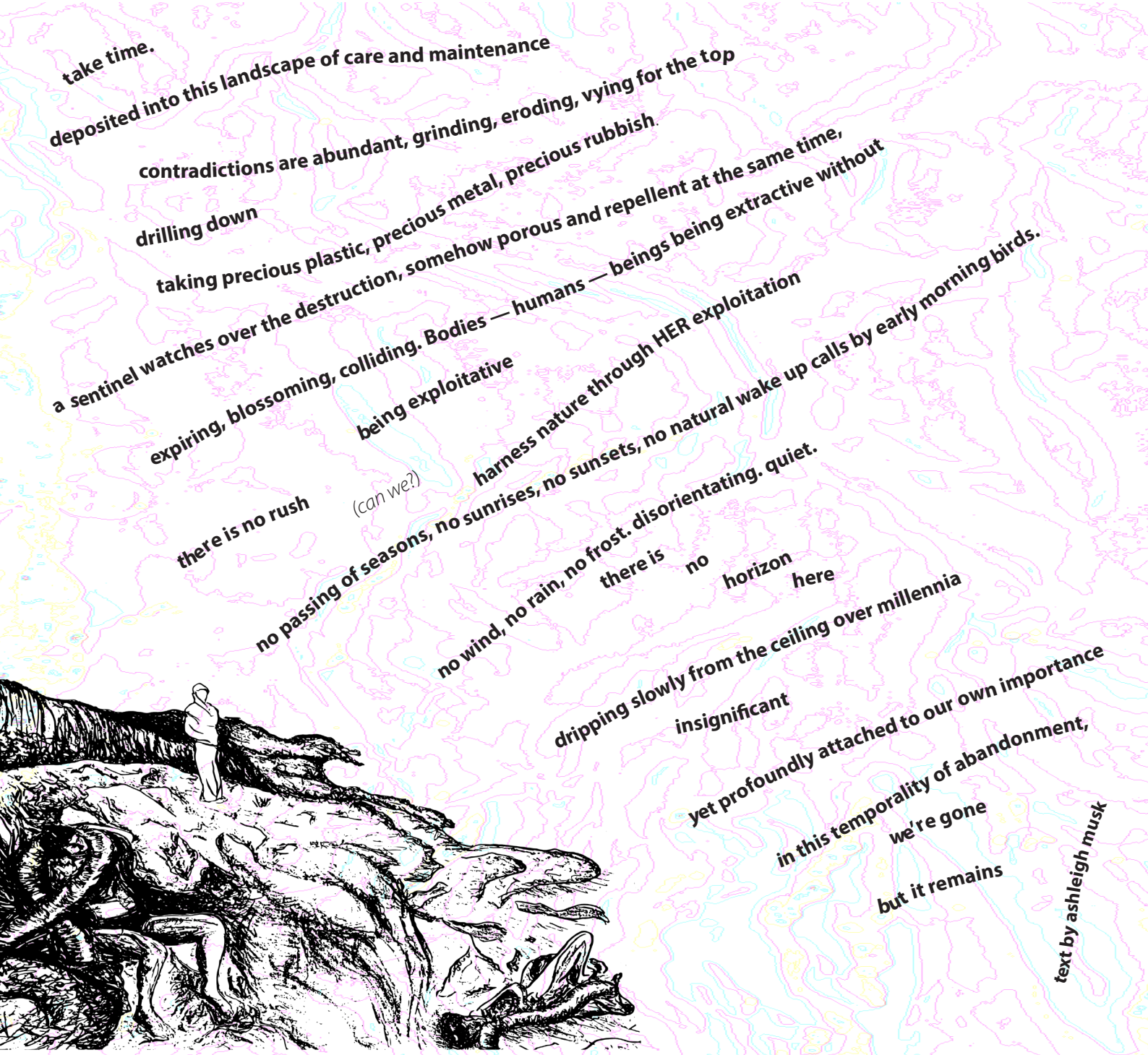
contradictions

**this
was created
on unceded
indigenous land.**

**we offer our
gratitude to the
Arrernte people
of central australia**

**and
the palawa people
of lutruwita**

**for their
care and respect
for country
across generations.**



take time.
 deposited into this landscape of care and maintenance
 contradictions are abundant, grinding, eroding, vying for the top
 drilling down
 taking precious plastic, precious metal, precious rubbish.
 a sentinel watches over the destruction, somehow porous and repellent at the same time,
 expiring, blossoming, colliding. Bodies — humans — beings being extractive without
 being exploitative
 there is no rush (can we?)
 harness nature through HER exploitation
 no passing of seasons, no sunrises, no sunsets, no natural wake up calls by early morning birds.
 there is no horizon here
 dripping slowly from the ceiling over millennia
 insignificant
 yet profoundly attached to our own importance
 in this temporality of abandonment,
 we're gone
 but it remains

text by ashleigh musk

Connecting with the environment,
 environmental grief expands me beyond my own grief.
 We, the environment, can be beautifully diminished without being humiliated.
 When I reflect on my most challenging experiences, there is a
 Love is a verb, it is violent full of action.
 Acceptance is restoration, full of cathartic pleasure
 forgiveness
 in the choreography of my undoings and recoveries.
 Curiosity is a creative resource that reverses the paradox of our
 Forests need to burn in order to
 insignificance
 honouring the miraculous regenerate.
 contribution of simply existing.



jenni large

sounds of SUB

listen here



raw recordings

collected & archived

SAFETY PERSISTENCE RESISTANCE RAGE

frankie snowdon

I have been struck by conversations of and the parallels/juxtapositions of this concept in Queenstown compared to Mparntwe. Here the looming concerns are geological, geographical, health related, environmental (in the natural sense of the word). There is concern for living here because of the risk to your health and safety by being near a mine and working underground.

SAFETY

In our home of Mparntwe, the risks are perceived to be socio-political, human behavioural, geographical, racial. There is concern for living there because of violence and anti-social behaviour, of personal safety boundaries being disregarded and our things being stolen or ruined. BOTH of these things however come from colonially imposed structures of wealth, control, displacement, profit, a lack of care and a domination over those/land/people that are deemed less powerful, who lack a voice to this certain type of power, but who PERSIST and RESIST and RAGE in the only ways they know how. Have we not learnt anything?

PERSIST

RAGE



WHAT DO WE NEED TO GO SUB?
WHAT ENDURES?
WHAT ARE WE WITH THESE EXPERIENCES?

PART II

pierce eldridge

I see water trickling from every surface. I see SUB in the subterranean across elements, and water has always been along the periphery of all surfaces during our explorations.
I no longer feel SUB without water.

I see the dichotomy between breath at high mountainous peaks and an inhale within tunnel spaces. Whether mist or droplet, a spray of air, water comes into contact with everything, within us, oxidising or copper-ising, turning an aqua malachite blue; something we can all marvel — or, in story with new fluid fleshy powerful people, I see, we see, we hear — water breaking through rock and consuming liquid bodies.

I see it's cleansing power, how it's layered us along our travels, splashing, drenching, becoming a hymn in the backdrop of our gurgling, dreaming, healing, flowing, fluidity, purification, regeneration, stability, strength, change, fertility, devotion, receiving, and unconditional love.

I saw last night, when watching the Franklin documentary, water spoken about through words: endurance, fortitude, defiance. I see refuge in the community of a river, and I sense SUB pouring itself over stone creating natural erosions.

I see SUB with less edges now, rounding, bouncing, floating. I see SUB with a new uncertainty that fills my body with a curious satisfaction. I see us sitting at, or on, or above, or within, or something in between — squished up in the furrows of a threshold — spitting and sputtering with a performance becoming more gentle. I see the orange organs of SUB licking dew off of bodies. I see sweat drip and drop and drool out of everyone within SUB. Everything and everyone is really wet, juicy, real wet wet wet hot juicy juicy licking mmm.

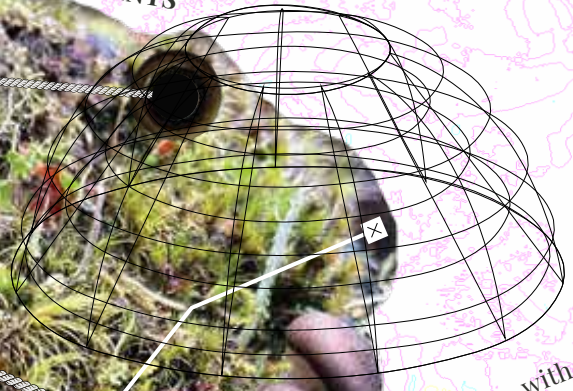
curious compositions

DESIGN PROCESS: FLUCTUATING BETWEEN NARRATIVE DEPENDENCY AND CONSTELLATION-LIKE MOMENTS

Being able to speed model

I really enjoyed working with Lizzie

ideas to build on or depart from



LAYER 1 - with mass, form, structure, above ground, highest level of protective, geometric, black, silver, exaggerated, minimal body : costume ratio + to function as object when unworn

LAYER 2 - body reference, part structure / part limb, under ground, orange, safety gear, straps, buckles, clasps, faceted, tiled, neoprene, reflective + removable

pressure density dark dripping

the development* was slow protracted, like a mossy amalgam, nest, strange fungi to spore



IT CREATIVE

A costume in 3 layers

LAYER 3 - mostly body, limbs, skin, dirt, texture, comfort, safety, deep underground. Parachute material, nude skin tones stretch, bulbous joints, electric blue highlights



RANKS
DANGER

**MINE SITE
NO ENTRY WITHOUT
AUTHORISATION**