

PARADOX PLAZA



**Ebony Maurice-Wilmott
Kavan Balasuriya
Luka Rhoderick
Robin Meier Wiratunga
Jade Cargill
Grace Harré**

**Lionel Wendt Gallery, Colombo, Sri Lanka
29.01.26 - 31.01.26**



PARADOX PLAZA

Lionel Wendt Gallery 29 -31 January



Ebony Maurice-Wilmott is a Melbourne based emerging artist whose work uses the formal language of abstraction to investigate distinctions between the hand-made and manufactured object. With a focus on the act of making according to pre-determined rules, she uses found materials both industrial and domestic, to create work. Maurice-Wilmott's process is repetitive and systematic. Chance and form play a key role in her exploration of how small changes can generate variable work.

Maurice-Wilmott graduated with a Bachelor of Fine Art (Honours) from Monash University in 2024 and a bachelor of fine arts from Queensland College of Art in 2022. Her work has featured in solo exhibitions including *Affiliation Ritual*, Kings ARI, Melbourne (2025) *Axis and Origin*, Carpark Gallery, Brisbane (2023); and *Natural History Revised*, Project Gallery, Brisbane (2020). Selected group exhibitions include *Hatched* at the Perth Institute of Contemporary Art (2025), *Phenomenal Matter* at Mary Cherry Contemporary (2025), **MADA NOW** Grad Show, Melbourne (2024); *Opening Night/Birthday Party*, Melbourne (2024); *Mind, Matter, Thoughts on Form*, Pop Gallery, Brisbane (2023); *Deux*, Webb Gallery, Brisbane (2023); and *Undergrowth*, Grey Street Gallery, Brisbane (2022).

Kavan Balasuriya earned a B.A. in Fine Art at Central Saint Martin's in London, in 2014. Kavan is a practising artist and writer who primarily works with drawing and engraving. He explores materiality, linearity, and abstraction using repetition, mark-making, geometry, and architectural motifs. He uses aluminium foil and ink to create monochromatic, experimental engravings that fall under his drawing practice. His interest lies in exploring the relationships between form and function and how they serve as the basis for abstract compositions. Aluminium foil is reflective and sensitive. It is ideal for exploring light and shadow, movement and stillness, surface and depth, and abstraction and realism. His practice moves between ink and foil to learn from each medium and the drawing style and processes that accompany it.

The foil reflects light, allowing him to modulate and refract it. The material demands the viewer's attention as it is sensitive to lighting conditions, making it a perfect vehicle for exploring geometric and gestural abstraction. His engravings do not produce a printed work, as engravings typically do in traditional printmaking. He treats the foil plate as a standalone art object, exploring its exquisite qualities of material and surface. Inspired by the cyclical structures of time that we inhabit, he sees light and shadow as vectors of time and space; the same elemental forces that shape the constant change of process and progress.

Luka Rhoderick lives and works in Naarm (Melbourne). He works with sculpture, video, photography and drawing. He graduated from Monash University in 2023. Selected recent exhibitions include *Traveller Hub City*, Kings Artist Run, 2025; **MADANOW**, Monash University, 2024; *Opening night/ Birthday Party* curated by Ebony Maurice-Wilmott, Private residence, 2024; *Before a Thud*, Connors Connors, 2024; *Staff Discount*, TCB Art Inc.

Grace Harré (b. 2000 Mullaway/NSW) lives and works in Naarm/ Melbourne. She received a Bachelor of Fine Arts from the Victorian College of the Arts in 2023 and an Honours at Monash University in 2025. Recent exhibitions include *I Love the Whole World* at 138 Gallery and *Clockwalk* at Threshold Projects. Grace Harré was the recipient of the National Gallery of Victoria Women's Association Award in 2023.

Residing and practicing in naarm, Jade Cargill's practice involves experimenting with preformed semiotic systems to play with the appearance of representation. Working with a variety of materials, each work utilises different processes depending on the associative connections drawn from the synthesis between multiple materials. Through a process of deconstructing the 'image' of something and while blending disparate forms, the sculptural armatures that Cargill creates can be likened to visual riddles, where different indexical expressions arise synonymously. But these farces cannot last forever, intersected and redirected by other flows of signification, the works attempt to invigorate a cyclical appearance and disappearance of representation, where meaning can circulate and shift.

Artist and composer, Robin Meier Wiratunga strives to understand how humans, insects, swarms and objects think. With a bag of tricks from sound and science he composes thinking tools made with singing mosquitoes, synchronised fireflies, metronomes, choreographed ants, neural networks, and flute-carrying pigeons. Conducted in close collaboration with specialists and scientific labs, his work blends machine learning with animal intelligence. Arranging human, animal and nonbiological actors into constellation-like scores, he creates environments and conditions for musical patterns to spontaneously emerge.

As a composer and sound designer, Meier Wiratunga has collaborated with artists including Björk, Holly Herndon and Pierre Huyghe. He is a collaborator at IRCAM Centre Pompidou and teaches Sound Arts at the HKB Academy of the Arts, Bern. He holds fellowships at the Istituto Svizzero, Rome, and Arts at CERN, Geneva. His projects have been shown at Palais de Tokyo and Centre Pompidou, Paris; Shanghai Biennale; Diriyah Biennale; and ColomboScope Sri Lanka.



Grace Harré's work Untitled, reminded me of a a windscreen on a rainy night and Ruth Peltzer-Montada's text that uses film and video critic Laura Mark's example of a windscreen to explain the difference between haptic and optic looking. "This would be focusing on the windscreen itself (haptic) as opposed to looking through it to focus on the road (optical)".¹ Harré's paradox is that you can choose to look on and through the work.

1. Laura Marks, "Haptic Visuality: Touching with the Eyes," *Framework: The Finnish Review* 2 (November 2024)

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Vietnam +84 712572690
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Affiliation Ritual

1. <i>Fortitude Valley</i>	31. <i>St Kilda, B</i>	61. <i>South Yarra</i>	91. <i>Cambodia</i>
2. <i>Untitled</i>	32. <i>St Kilda, C</i>	62. <i>Brighton</i>	92. <i>Vietnam</i>
3. <i>Archie, A</i>	33. <i>Gav</i>	63. <i>St Kilda, E</i>	93. <i>Unknown</i>
4. <i>Archie, B</i>	34. <i>James</i>	64. <i>Luka</i>	94. <i>Coburg</i>
5. <i>Untitled</i>	35. <i>Constantine, A</i>	65. <i>Gold Coast</i>	95. <i>Coburg, B</i>
6. <i>Tiffany</i>	36. <i>Greta</i>	66. <i>Nicholas</i>	96. <i>Paseoe Vale</i>
7. <i>Untitled</i>	37. <i>Lachlan</i>	67. <i>David and Suzanne</i>	97. <i>Glenroy, B</i>
8. <i>Untitled</i>	38. <i>Kevin</i>	68. <i>Northcote</i>	98. <i>Carlton</i>
9. <i>Untitled</i>	39. <i>Seren</i>	69. <i>Monash, Caulfield C</i>	99. <i>West Brunswick</i>
10. <i>Angeline</i>	40. <i>Sean</i>	70. <i>Ivanhoe</i>	100. <i>Brunswick</i>
11. <i>Montreal</i>	41. <i>Constantine, B</i>	71. <i>Caulfield D</i>	
12. <i>Quebec</i>	42. <i>Tom, no. 2</i>	72. <i>Caulfield E</i>	
13. <i>Shelley</i>	43. <i>David</i>	73. <i>India</i>	
14. <i>Arlene</i>	44. <i>Lee</i>	74. <i>Sergei, Tajikistan</i>	
15. <i>Brooklyn</i>	45. <i>Claude, A</i>	75. <i>Tajikistan B</i>	
16. <i>Reuben</i>	46. <i>St. Kilda, D</i>	76. <i>Turkiyē</i>	
17. <i>Oxford</i>	47. <i>Claude, B</i>	77. <i>Dania</i>	
18. <i>Jens</i>	48. <i>Caulfield, A</i>	78. <i>Istanbul</i>	
19. <i>Vanessa</i>	49. <i>Crown Casino</i>	79. <i>Romania</i>	
20. <i>Vienna</i>	50. <i>Caulfield, B</i>	80. <i>Geneva</i>	
21. <i>Judit</i>	51. <i>Michael</i>	81. <i>Frankfurt</i>	
22. <i>Calliope, Athens</i>	52. <i>Sardar</i>	82. <i>Berlin</i>	
23. <i>Tyson</i>	53. <i>Crown 2</i>	83. <i>Göthenberg</i>	
24. <i>Tom</i>	54. <i>Liam</i>	84. <i>London</i>	
25. <i>Cooparoo</i>	55. <i>Balaclava</i>	85. <i>London, B</i>	
26. <i>Jean</i>	56. <i>Sacred Heart, no. 1</i>	86. <i>Ireland</i>	
27. <i>Lara</i>	57. <i>Sacred Heart, no. 2</i>	87. <i>Ireland, B</i>	
28. <i>Kinglake</i>	58. <i>Lachlan, no. 2</i>	88. <i>London, C</i>	
29. <i>Glenroy</i>	59. <i>Glen Eira</i>	89. <i>Paris</i>	
30. <i>St Kilda, A</i>	60. <i>Collingwood</i>	90. <i>Lisbon</i>	

Radio is provided with its cloak of invisibility, like any other medium. It comes to us ostensibly with person-to-person directness that is private and intimate, while in more urgent fact, it is really a subliminal echo chamber of magical power to touch remote and forgotten chords. All technological extensions of ourselves must be numb and subliminal, else we could not endure the leverage exerted upon us by such extension. Even more than telephone or telegraph, radio is that extension of the central nervous system matched only by human speech itself. Is it

The concept of territoriality that has come into the study of the social life of organisms in general has much to do with the radio phenomenon. The scientist now explains bird song, not as a lyric impulse or emotional expression, but as the form and precise effort of a creature to create and to define its *lebensraum*. Applied to the use of the transistor radio by the young, this concept yields some startling events. The idea that each object makes its own space is not new to the painter or to the physicist. In highly visual culture such as our own, we are less accustomed to the fact that each sound creates its own space. Sounds in general have an unrivaled power to shape and pattern their own unique spaces. The idea of tactile spaces and of wraparound space has come in since television. Since television the visual

were equally somnambulistic. They danced entranced to the tribal drum of radio that extended their central nervous system to create depth involvement for everybody. "I live right inside radio when I listen. I more easily lose myself in radio than in a book," said a voice from a radio poll. The power of radio to involve people in depth is manifested in its use by youngsters while they are doing homework and by many people who carry transistor sets which seem to provide a private world for them amidst crowds. There is a poem by the German dramatist Bertold Brecht:

You little box, held to me when escaping
So that your valves should not break,
Carried from house to ship from ship to train,
So that my enemies might go on talking to me
Near my bed, to my pain

The last thing at night, the first thing in the morning.
Of their victories and of my cares,
Promise me not to go silent all of a sudden.

In the highly visual cultures that constitute the Western world, the stepping up of the auditory component had complex results for the other senses and other media. Everybody is familiar with the strong effect of the sound track on the movies. The radio was added, as it were, to the moving picture. An auditory image of high resolution or high definition was introduced. It became necessary to step up the intensity of the visual image as well. One casualty of this event was Charlie Chaplin. His

Excerpts in response to Robin Meier Wiratunga's interactive radio artwork.
McLuhan, Marshall. "Radio: The Tribal Drum." *AV Communication Review*, vol. 12, no. 2, 1964, pp. 133–45.

Robin Meier Wiratunga

Waves beneath an ocean of wet air is a musical composition made from an assembly of sounds collected over the years in deserts, oceans, cities and labs. In a sea of radio static this multitude of sounds coalesces around the strange hum of singing sands recorded in the Rub' al Khali desert. Originally an interactive website, this version is presented as a local FM radio transmission on frequency 108. Visitors are invited to tune in by bringing their own FM radio or to listen on the radio in the gallery.

Dunes take shape through repeated patterns of flow. Like musical rhythms these flows organise particles into undulating waves of barchans, stars, parabolas, domes and other forms. This occurs with wind in the desert, with water at the bottom of the sea, or ice on the shores of arctic beaches. In fact, physicists believe that the best way to study dune formation is underwater: a motorised tray immersed into a large basin moves a mound of sand rapidly through the water, displacing its grains like gusts of wind. Repeatedly moving the tray reveals a landscape of flowing dunes resembling an underwater desert.

Singing sands are a natural phenomenon where sand emits a sound akin to singing or humming when disturbed. This occurs due to a combination of factors: the shape, chemical composition and size of the sand grains, the humidity level, and the temperature of the sand. When disturbed by factors like wind or footsteps, the grains start sliding and rubbing against each other. This friction generates vibrations that propagate through the sand, causing neighboring grains to vibrate in harmony. As more grains synchronize their movements, they collectively produce the distinctive sound known as singing sands. The precise mechanism behind this synchronization, however, is still a subject of scientific investigation.

The chemical composition and shape of each sand grain also speak of its migration through seabeds, mountains, cities, clouds and deserts. Some of the grains become construction materials for cities or get pumped into seabeds to create new land. This project aspires to weave a composition with sounds from oceans of varying wetness and with deserts in varying states of flow.

Waves beneath an ocean of wet air explores relationships between the desert and the gradients of wetness that surround, envelop and flow within it and its inhabitants. It seeks to reveal how earth and sand are fluids and how this resonates with Anuradha Mathur and Dilip da Cunha's deconstruction of sea vs. land as a dominant, colonial fiction.

Link to interactive website: <https://robinmeier.net/?p=31932>

Original website for The Learning Garden, Courtesy of the Artist, Commissioned by the Diriyah Biennale Foundation for the Diriyah Contemporary Art Biennale 2024. Curated by Rahul Gudipudi / Ute Meta Bauer

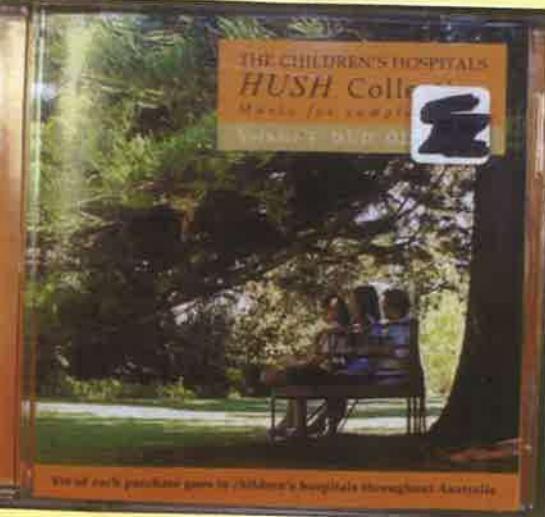
Black hole of the eyes white face

I am not one to often make minimalist or general abstract works. A site of meditation on the transparency and obtuseness of the surface, skating along ice privy to some depth below, it is never touchable nor wanted, but always ends up penetrating and being penetrated by the eyes' secret desire to see clearly. No matter how hard you try, the surface of abstraction and 'shapeless' shapes has a semblance to our experiences. Removed from the world? No, maybe its apparition will take the form of a door, a long stretching hallway, maybe even an internal space. It may at first appear to stay true to its leadership, its command, but laws always find space for its flesh to sludge outside of our impositions. The rectangular fence posts we put in place are made of metal wires with gaps, when ghosts have never had a problem phasing through walls. If you really wanted an object of fitfulness, then you would program it into its body and give it a ruler to hold itself up, but we wouldn't know that. Doesn't it look pretty in hindsight? For sure it lived before it was named. Old body new face.

Jade Cargill



Haptic visuality in architecture, art, and textiles in response to Kavan Balasuriya's artwork

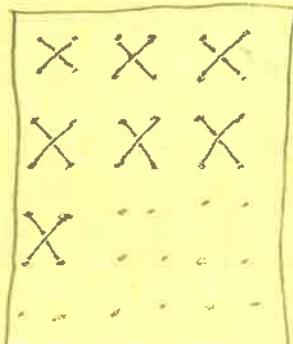


track 4 on the CD is Tchaikovsky's Valse Sentimentale for cello.

As a baby and young child, my mom played this classical music CD before bed. The melodies became engrained in my memory.

2000 01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08 09 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26

Archie (singlata for grandmother) (occasionally) teaches me how to do cross-stitch using a piece of card with pin holes.



I start learning to play the violin and to read music

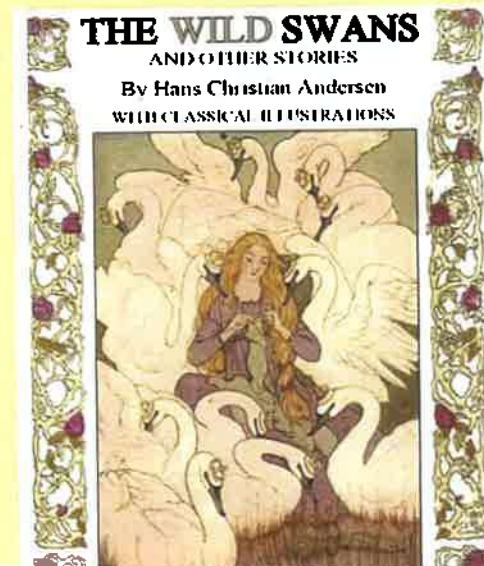
I start learning to play the cello

I start making cross-stitch artwork using music notation

She also has a Hans Christian Andersen fairytale book that contains 'The Wild Swans'. It's a story about a girl who needs to make a row of silks and weave jumpers out of nettle for her brothers or else they'll be turned into swans.



'Valse' cross-stitch in progress, now on display at the Lionel Wendt, Colombo





I grew up in a country
- Algeria -



where you had to learn
to get used to



- but you don't
get used to anything -



to get used to
the fact that all places.



in particular holy places,
places of worship,



because of the colonial
and recent pre-colonial history,



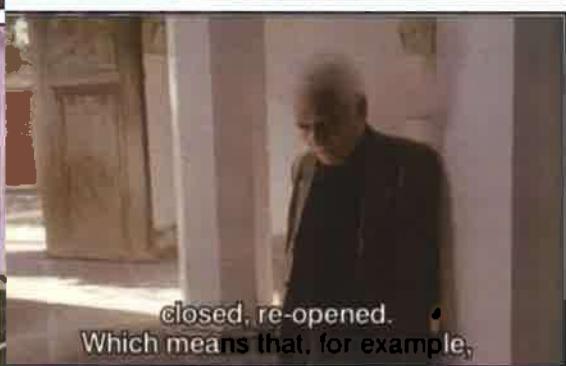
...these places of worship are,
in one way or another,



appropriated, expropriated,



re-appropriated.



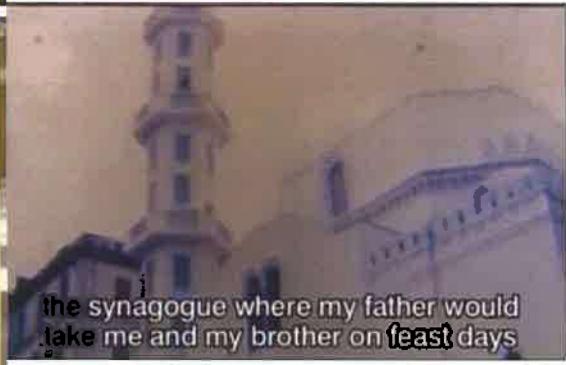
closed, re-opened.
Which means that, for example,



which still had all the physical
features of a mosque



became a synagogue



the synagogue where my father would
take me and my brother on feast days



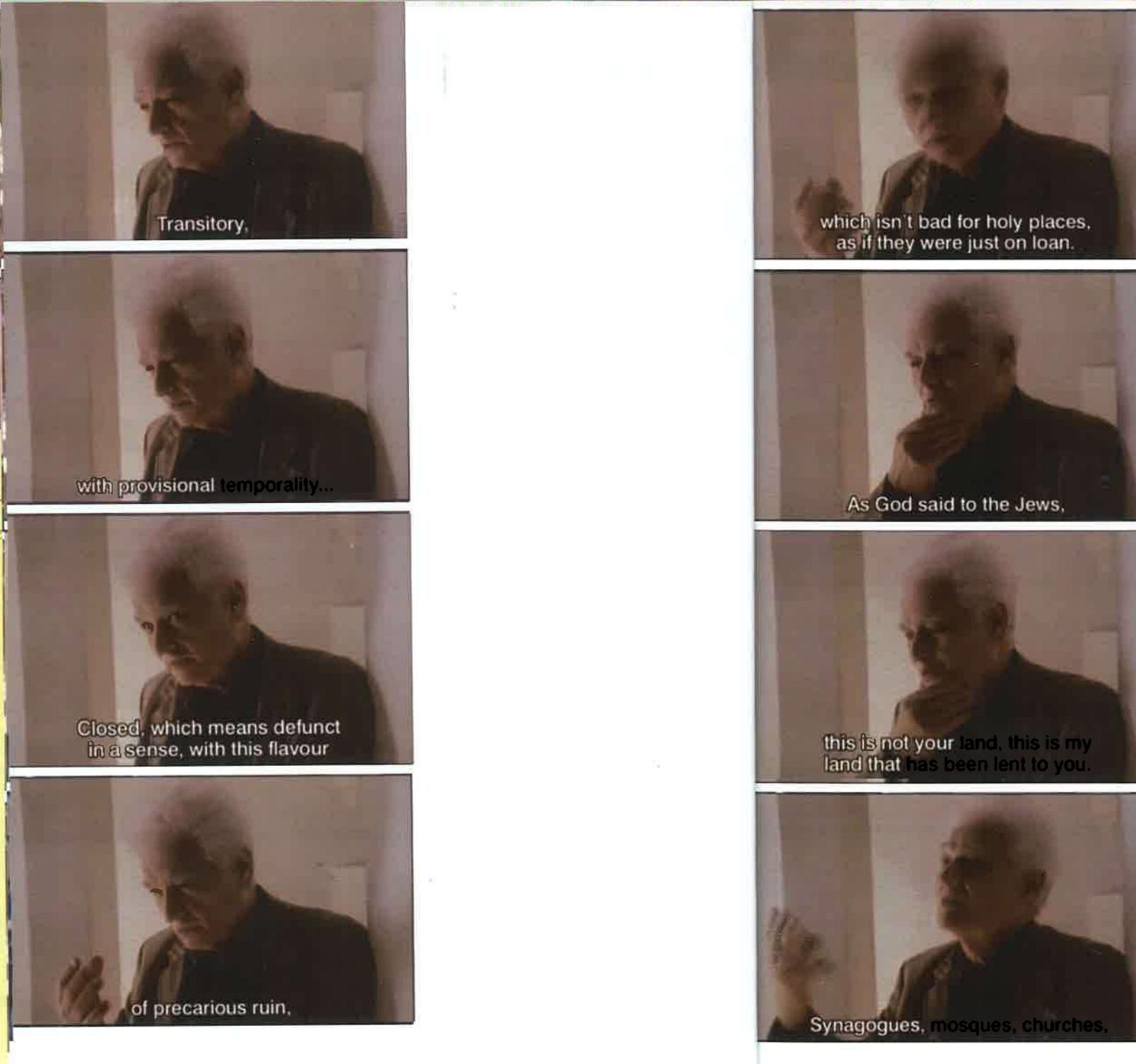
and I know that, after
de-colonisation and independence



was a former mosque



it became a mosque again.

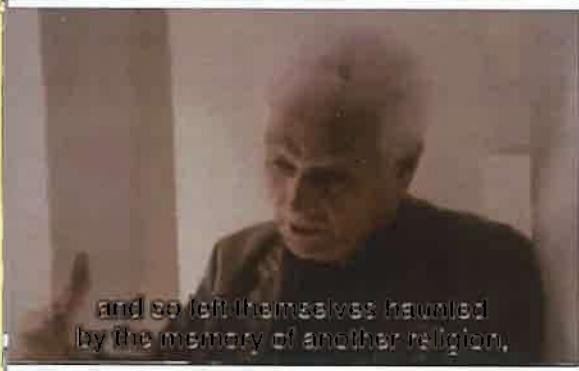




in turn, with all the violence
that excommunication entails,



in their turn were sent,
were taken back,



and so left themselves haunted
by the memory of another religion,



another cult
that practised in the same place,



that remains impulsive



but which has seen



and heard, naturally,
so many prayers in so many languages



always to the one, unique god.



Screenshots by Ebony Maurice-Wilmott taken from “Derrida’s Elsewhere” (1999) as a response to Jade Cargill’s work.

‘The postal refers to systems of communication and more particularly to those systems relying upon the transfer or transport of a material message — a note, a letter, and so on. Different then, at first glance, from oral communication on the one hand and satellite message transfer on the other. But on closer analysis all of these systems depend upon a notion of destination, a teleological concept of sending; they assume there to be a closed circuit between sender and addressee. Thus, though there are important and obvious material differences between systems of communication such as the voice, the letter, and the electronic transfer, those differences cannot be read as oppositional given their common reliance on the idea of destination.’

‘The paradox that the letter represents and that technology, however much it may overlook it, in fact depends upon, is the simple fact that a letter cannot arrive. Not just the possibility that it may not arrive, that it may be diverted, delayed, or irrevocably lost — which would suggest that those occurrences were accidents that befall the operation or threatened it from the outside — but the structural necessity of non-arrival built into the system of address. What is insisted upon here is that the event of addressing and sending can in no way guarantee arrival, only arrival can do that. The event of sending is permanently divided, in its constitution, by its other event, that of non-arrival.

Excerpts sourced by Ebony Maurice-Wilmott in response to Luka Rhoderick’s artwork Peter Brunette and David Wills ‘CINEMA AND THE POSTAL.’ In *Screen/Play: Derrida and Film Theory*, 172-98. Princeton University Press, 1989.

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father could hardly learn of his present situation, even to inquire. All that the shipping company could say was that he had safely reached New York. But Karl felt sorry to think that he hardly used the things in the box yet, although, to be honest, he should long since have changed his shirt. So it is that he had started at the wrong point, it seemed; now, at the beginning of his career, when it was essential to show clean clothes, he would have to appear in a dirty shirt. The loss of the box would not have been so serious, which he was wearing was actually better than the box, which in reality was merely an emergency suit which another had hastily mended just before he left. Then he had found that in the box there was a piece of Veronese salami which another had packed as an extra tit-bit, only he had not eaten more than a scrap of it, for during the voyage he quite without any appetite, and the soup which was on the steerage had been more than sufficient for him. He would have liked to have the salami at hand, so as to give it to the stoker. For such people were easily won over by some trifles or other; Karl had learned that from his deposited cigars in the pockets of the subordinate whom he did business, and so won them over. Yet all that he now possessed in the way of gifts was his money, not want to touch that for the time being, in case he lost his box. Again his thoughts turned back to the time when he simply could not understand why he should have been so vigilant during the voyage so vigilantly that he had almost dropped over it, only to let that same box be filched from him now. He remembered the five nights during which he had a suspicious eye on a little Slovak whose bunk was away from him on the left, and who had designs, he knew, on the box. This Slovak was merely waiting for Karl to come by sleep and doze off for a minute, so that he could snare the box away with a long, pointed stick which

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an. 'Lie down on.'
man. Karl scrambled in as well as he could, and laughing at his first unsuccessful attempt to swing himself over. 'What was he in the bunk when he cried: 'Good Lord, I've forgotten my box!' 'Why, where is it?' 'Up on deck, a man is looking after it. What's his name again?' And he fished a visiting-card from a pocket which his mother had made in his coat for the voyage. 'Butterbaum, Franz Butterbaum.' 'You do without your box?' 'Of course not.' 'Well, then, you leave it in a stranger's hands?' 'I forgot my umbrella and rushed off to get it; I didn't want to drag my box down on top of that I got lost.' 'You're all alone? Without anyone to look after you?' 'Yes, all alone.' 'Perhaps I should take this man,' the thought came into Karl's head, 'where to find a better friend?' 'And now you've lost the box, not to mention the umbrella.' And the man sat down, as if Karl's business had at last acquired some interest. 'But I think my box can't be lost yet.' 'You can't find it, you like,' said the man, vigorously scratching his thick hair. 'But morals change every time you comport. In Hamburg your Butterbaum might maybe have been looking after your box; while here it's most likely that they've been scared.' 'But then I must go up and see about it at once,' said the man, giving him a push with one hand on the shoulder, quite roughly, so that he fell back on the bunk again. 'Because there's no point in that,' asked Karl in exasperation. 'Because there's no point in that,' said the man, 'I'm leaving too very soon, and we can go together. The box is stolen and then there's no help for it, or the man will find it standing where it was, and then we'll find it all the same when the ship is empty. And the same with your umbrella. Do you know your way about the ship?' asked Karl suspiciously. It seemed to him that the idea, otherwise plausible, that the umbrella would be easier to find when the ship was empty, was a catch in it somewhere. 'Why, I'm a stoker,' said the man.

Previous: Pages from Franz Kafka's Amerika
(1927) referring to the protagonist Karl Rossmans' box.

- Luka Rhoderick

