

Land

1. How does Bridie Gillman look?

~~She is tall, has long brown hair and~~ She wanders through a city, a village, a ricefield, a street...

She wanders through a roadside flea market, a fabric stall, a warung, a shop aisle...

She spots
She approaches
She inspects
She pauses
She notes.



Found fragments, Jogja, 3 (2026)



Found fragments, Jogja, 4 (2026)



Found fragments, Jogja, 2 (2026)

Landmarks. Land marks – scuffs of earth and atmosphere and life and decay.

“I was getting lost in the colour of the banana flower.”

Colour is Bridie’s point of reference – to orientate herself in a place. She commits it to memory by mixing it in her mind like she would with her brushes in the studio.

Fallen fragments of a banana flower:
Alizarine Crimson, Quinacridone Red, Raw Umber, Indigo.

A staircase (“Painted? No it was covered in incredible lichen!”):
Permanent Orange, Gold Oxide, Burnt Umber, Cadmium Yellow Deep.

What Bridie calls “Jogja Green”, by the way, is a mixture of **Phthalo Blue, Indian Yellow, French Ultramarine, Anglo-Saxon White.** (How cosmopolitan!)

4. Offcuts, short cuts, detours, offshoots

2. Daily devouring

I arrive in Yogyakarta – Jogja – and stay with Bridie in the home studio she’s renting, just south of the freshly painted Kraton (Palace) walls (**Titanium white with hints of Raw Umber, Green Umber, Indigo**).

“I’ve been noticing and painting yellow a lot this trip. Then Mas Rudi told me the white studio walls used to be bright yellow. I couldn’t believe it!”

How’s Jogja been Bridie?

“Oh... painting and eating.”

I slip into a routine, tagging along with Bridie in the last weeks of her stay, peeking her painting process. Each day, I wake to the smell of brewed coffee (**Raw Umber, a touch of Burnt and Green Umber**) and am greeted by the first layers of Morning glow (2026) just beside my bedroom door. I might join Bridie to the market to source second-hand fabrics, or in search of lunch with a ricefield view (**Sap Green, Arylide Yellow, Raw Umber, Chromium Oxide Green**). Maybe we’ll come back home in time for “quiet of day”, perching beside Sun worn, dripping (2025), sipping cool drinks and snacking on rambutan (**Alizarine Crimson, a dab of Raw Umber, a touch of Quinacridone Red**). At night I switch off the light and pull Dream walls talking (2025) up under my chin.

In those weeks, as we meander together by foot and scoot around on the motorbike, I begin to devour Jogja and its details through Bridie’s eyes:

“Did you see that house? Maroon tiles on the front and blue tiles on the side!”

“The way it had weathered was amazing!”

“Wow look at those bins in front of that wall!”

marks

a response by Ida Lawrence

Surfaces that accumulate marks.

Surfaces that accumulate stories.

“How many people’s feet have touched this tile? How many people’s piss?!” The number in the title may or may not reflect Bridie’s estimates.)

Map the city according to its patchwork of humidity-induced hues and textures:

its peeling and cracking and fading paint sun-stroked brushwork

its stains and splashes dust, dirt

its “mismatched” makeshift structures even according to architecture that may no longer be there.

Just as the city’s snippets and discarded fragments (broken tile pieces, textiles, glimpses of architecture, fleeting interactions and scenes) are treated as details worth noting, collecting and remembering, offcuts from her studio processes are kept and integrated (“I never throw anything out!”).
right left
right left
take the next left
-over and turn it into a new painting.

embrace a surprise head on (“I love an accidental upside-down) chuck a U-ey (inspect the composition sand there, scumble at the corner then wipe, scrape here, build up the layers, dilute at the next intersection, follow the lines, the sensation and marks of the land onto canvases. And the rest is intuitive: texture remain her navigation wanders now become directions for translating tools. The mental mixing notes made on her

In the studio, colour and offshoots

the starting point of a small one (“Somewhere to wipe your brushes basically”). Similarly, Land marks (2026), “began with paint from all the other paintings, it contains many of those places within it. In a way, it becomes a map of sorts. The purple in the top righthand corner is the banana flower on the road in the back lane; next door to that is the pink towel hanging on the fence; in the opposite corner is the staircase covered in orange growth; over there’s the little street with the pale yellow fence I keep being drawn to...” To me, it also resembles a bird’s eye view of the ricefields, with stitched ditches, and colour and brushstroke variations suggesting different planting schedules and wind-induced rhythms between plots.

Extra paint from a large work becomes

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3. Orientation = Lost in details

5. Arriving

Like the patchwork textures and tones of the city, the exhibition Land marks is an assemblage of Bridie’s glimpses of Jogja (“I’m not trying to create a calm atmosphere – it’s Jogja!”). Each painting is a marker of how she has moved through and been moved by the place. The exhibition, an invitation to



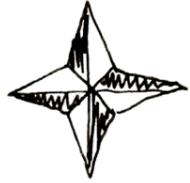
Land marks (2026)

She spots
She approaches
She inspects
She pauses
She notes.

Maps of Yogyakarta (and surrounds)

for getting lost in the colours and textures

North-ish



The house with the dragon door (2025)



Staircase to nowhere (2026)



Sun worn, dripping (2025)



We rode to the ocean (2026)

Not to scale



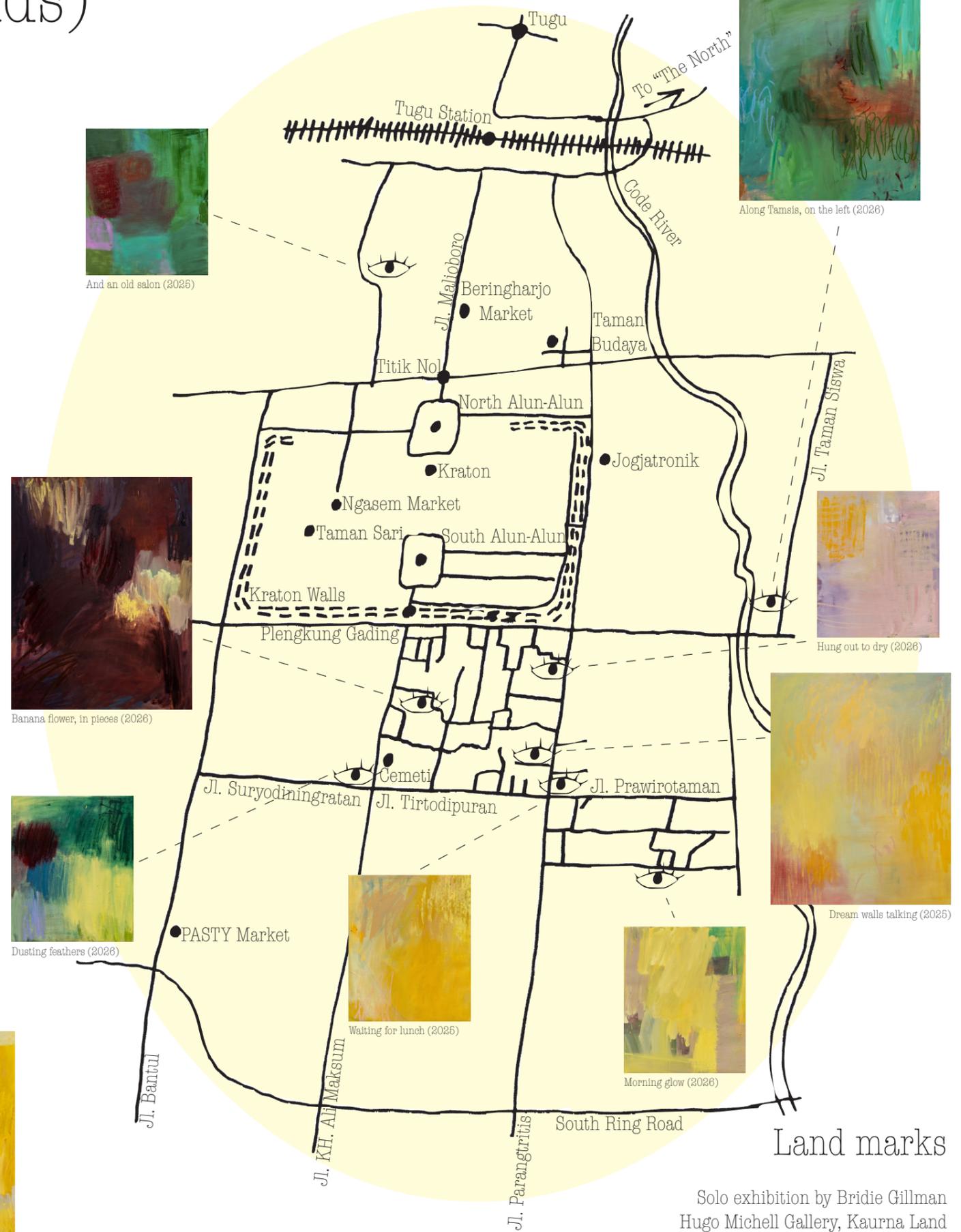
Key

Other people's landmarks

Bridie's landmarks



Lunch looking (2026)



And an old salon (2025)



Banana flower, in pieces (2026)



Dusting feathers (2026)



Waiting for lunch (2025)



Morning glow (2026)



Hung out to dry (2026)



Dream walls talking (2026)



Along Tamis, on the left (2026)

Land marks

Solo exhibition by Bridie Gillman
Hugo Michell Gallery, Kaurna Land
12 March - 11 April 2026
Maps and text by Ida Lawrence