

Carla Adams was born in Perth (1984) and graduated with first-class honours from Curtin University in 2014. Her work incorporates sculpture, textiles, craft practices, painting, drawing, research and book-making to navigate the complexities of relationships from an embodied, female perspective.

Adams' work has been exhibited at the Art Gallery of WA, Turner Galleries, Bus Projects (Melbourne), FELTSpace (Adelaide), ARTBAR at The Museum of Contemporary Art (Sydney), Verge Gallery (Sydney) and Blindside (Melbourne). Adams' work was selected for the 2013 Hatched National Graduate Exhibition at PICA; she was a finalist in the 2017 and 2020 Joonalup Invitation Art Award.

Imagine locking eyes with the love of your life across the train carriage. What if I told you that the person you walked past with the same shoes as you is your soulmate? Maybe that kid you spoke to at that party 20 years ago could have been your best friend.

Little Looks is a series of sculptural portraits by artist Carla Adams that imagine intimate interpersonal memories and fleeting moments as tangible objects, as real things, optimistic stand-ins for what could have been. The artworks echo the futility of trying to capture and tame these ships that pass in the night.

Little Looks

Carla Adams Little Looks 30 April – 12 June 2022

Carla Adams, *Blue Moon*, 2022, polyester rope, vintage doll eyes, dalmatian jasper, glass beads, 52 x 30 x 30cm.



The artist would like to thank Nina Raper and Garth Adams for their support and assistance in developing this work.

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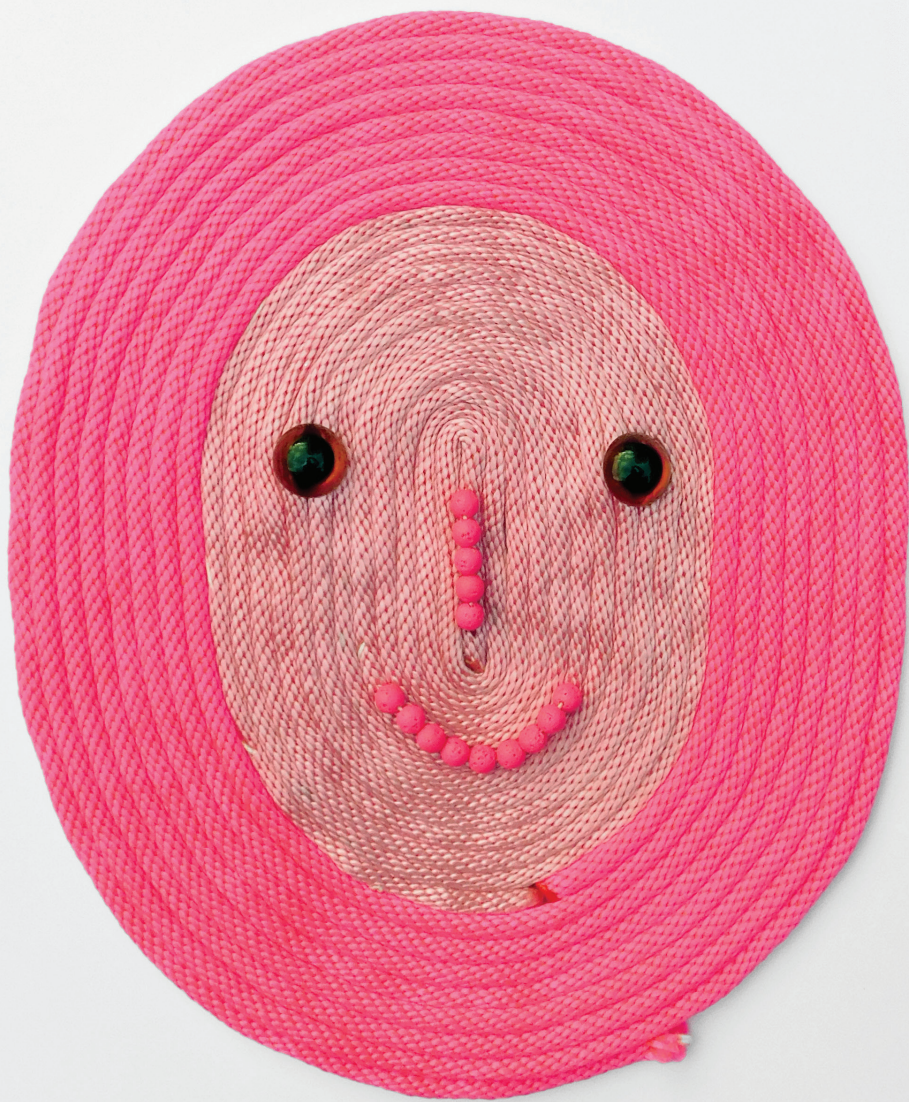
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Owners and pay respect to the Whadjuk
people, and Elders past, present, future.



Carla Adams, *Learning and Longing*, 2022, polyester cord, acrylic eyes, lava stone and glass beads. 32 x 27cm each.

Little Looks

I first learned of the phrase “ships that pass in the night” from a Gary Larson comic in a book my dad had. Larson’s version was titled “Sheep that pass in the night” and pictured a carload of sheep mooning passing motorists. It didn’t make much sense at the time but once I heard the proper phrase, that cartoon popped back into my mind and it clicked. For some reason, this has made the saying even more poignant to me.

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When I was 15, there was a man on the train who was wearing doc martens and a Marilyn Manson T-shirt. Next to him was a canvas bag from an army surplus store. This combination was the ultimate indication of *cool* to a teenage goth from Gosnells.

* * * * *

It was my first “grown-up” party. I was very underage. An adult man asked me to come back to his house, thinking I was older. I made up a story about having to work in the morning. He asked what I did for work and as I did not have a job, I had to lie. The first thing that popped into my head was

I have a paper round

I chastised myself for months.

* * * * *

I worked at a cafe. She came in every day during the lunch rush and ordered the same thing. I made her juice. She seemed very cool and I thought we could be friends. I found out her name was Amanda.

It was the same thing for months. Beetroot and Orange juice (yuck), a small greek salad, and a spinach pastry. 12:10 - 12:15. There was never time to say more than a quick

Hi!

Hey!

One day I wrote her a note and put it in my apron pocket, ready to give to her.

You seem very cool and I think we could be friends. Maybe add me on myspace?

I was nervous the whole morning. I kept putting my hand in my pocket to make sure the note was still there.

11:10 - *yep, still there.*

11:34 - *yep, there it is.*

11:55 - *she’ll be in soon*

12:10 - *fuck*

12:35 - *what’s the time? wonder where she is.*

2:00 - *hometime.*

I think she must have changed jobs or moved away. She never came in again.

* * * * *

He sat opposite me on the train. Headphones on. Reading. He had a lot of tattoos and I found myself doing a quick scan up and down his arms.

My eyes stopped on a tattoo of a pair of embroidery scissors. My heart started beating faster. I have an almost identical tattoo in the same place. Weird.

When it was his stop and he stood up, he glanced over in my direction.

I pointed to my tattoo and then to his. He looked over the top of his glasses and nodded as if to say

“I see you, you see me. We are the same at this moment”

Then he left and the train doors shut.

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