

*Never; a little of the time;  
some of the time;  
most of the time; always*  
Anna Dunnill

Beth's favourite colour is Torrit Grey. Torrit Grey is a paint colour made by Gamblin, a paint manufacturer. It is a combination of all their other pigments. Every spring, according to Gamblin's website, the air filtration system is cleaned and pigment dust harvested. The resulting colour is released in celebration of Earth Day.

On Earth Day we all make garlands for our hair and decorate the house with flowers and spring produce. Here is a basket of broccoli! Here is a bunch of kale, once fit only for peasants but now worth its weight in avocados, mortgages and smart watches! Here is a sourdough loaf, made from a starter whose origins trace back to the Great Lockdown Sourdough Boom! Here is a tub of grey pigment, sifted and purified, all debris and spiders removed! Genuine question: how do they know what's pigment dust and what's just regular dust? Is there a difference? Is dust just made of earth? On Earth Day we give thanks for the dust.

Torrit Grey is not a colour, it is a concept. The shade differs every year: according to the website it ranges from 'medium dove grey to dark earthy grey', often with a greenish tinge due to the prevalence of Phthalo Green in the mix. You can't buy Torrit Grey. It is available only as a bonus gift, while stocks last, to those who spend over \$100 on art supplies. A reward. An offering.

I dreamed last night that I got Beth a tube of Torrit Grey. In order to receive it I was required to fill out the K-10 form in lieu of spending \$100. The K-10 is a questionnaire designed to establish whether a person suffers from anxiety and/or depression. In the past four weeks, about how often did you feel tired out for no good reason? (Never; a little of the time; some of the time; most of the time; always.) About how often did you feel so nervous that nothing could calm you down? About how often did you feel so sad that nothing could cheer you up? About how often did you feel worthless? About how often did you have \$100 to spend on art supplies?

The K-10 checklist was devised by, and derives its initial from, Professor Ronald C. Kessler. About how often does the name Ronald remind you of a fast food outlet with a creepy promotional orange clown?

When I heard Trump got Covid I was gleeful, jubilant. I was a bit ashamed of this. Mostly I just hoped he would have a terrible time with it and repent all his evil ways and give a press conference to apologise and announce that he was dramatically altering his position on universal healthcare. But then I read that he was on oxygen and I could only see my father in his hospital bed waiting for a lung, his face a lump of yellow dough, eyes glassy, breaths coming in sucking gasps like water circling a drain. And I couldn't wish that on anyone, even a monster, even for the greater good. About how often did you think about politics? About how often were you paralysed by rage?

When I recently filled out the K-10, most of my answers were right in the middle. I remember that when I was sixteen most of my answers were right in the middle, too, although my teens were mostly a dull sludge

of depression and I almost certainly should have scored higher. But when I rated my mood back then, that's all I had to compare it to: greater or lesser despair, like the varying shades of Torrit Grey. When I fill out the questionnaire now I'm basing my answers on a wider range of emotions, the full range of pigments, anxiety that wavers blue-green to mustard yellow, grief a deep black-purple softening to lilac, joy an orange that can deepen in intensity until it's an unbearable throbbing red like blood behind the eyes, sadness a heavy steel grey. I cannot immediately identify any emotion that manifests as Phthalo Green. But even though this spectrum of feeling is now available to me, still when I scrape out the air vents of memory the pigment is much the same, blended together in a range of greys. Like all the pavements in a five-kilometre radius, or my Twitter feed through the glass of my phone, moving beneath my thumb. About how often did you fall asleep refreshing your feed?

This is the year all the shops are shut, so we learn to weave clothes out of grass. We are very resourceful. We craft hats from hedge-trimmings. We dry passionfruit vines and knit them into wraps. We take clippers to our cats and dogs and we felt their fur into warm layers; we swaddle ourselves in poodle wool, in the fur of tabbies. Our animals are naked and they are not ashamed of their nakedness. We walk daily in the garden. We learn to identify edible weeds. We bake bread and give thanks. Take, eat, we say. We are one body. For Earth Day we hold the traditional festivities, but separately, in our homes. Everyone in the world dials in to the same Zoom call. It looks like one of those pictures that's made up of thousands of other pictures, or a Magic Eye: you can only tell what the picture is if you look in the exactly right spot

and let your eyes go out of focus. Our flower garlands are just as bright as ever. Our bread is elaborately braided.

Doves and earth are appropriate shades for spring. I've got really into gardening this year, like everyone, and in the morning as I make coffee I watch the doves wandering around under the olive tree, pecking pecking pecking at seeds, at worms, at tiny insects I can't see. The dove with an olive branch in its mouth is a promise of hope; at least until it's killed by a cat, its insides opened up like a cluster of red jewels. Torrit Grey is a promise that pigments will enter neither the lungs of manufacturing employees, nor the air, water or earth of their surrounds. This is the company's pledge.

When I handed my K-10 form back to the doctor she said, Well, you're right in the middle. I scored 28/50, which is barely a pass but only just warranting intervention. A grey area, ho ho. I am immediately seized with self-doubt: did I play down my inner turmoil? Did I in fact spend more time feeling worthless than I cared to admit? Or am I exaggerating my level of angst and taking valuable resources from someone who needs it more? The doctor scribbles on my therapy referral: "No current risks, but pandemic a real bugger." I consider tweeting this.

I wonder if Gamblin is manufacturing at its usual capacity this year or whether lockdowns required the company to lower their production rate. Will this year's batch of Torrit Grey be smaller, a rare collectors' item? When I see the therapist, I don't really know what to talk about; I'm right in the middle, after all. Our session happens over Zoom. I introduce the therapist to my cat. The cat spends her days sitting in the window, glaring out at the doves. I know she can smell their insides, even through glass. She can't get to them. It makes her furious.

The dove brought an olive branch as evidence of the floodwaters receding, the promise of land emerging, of earth, of a future. The other sign, which seems cheesy as hell now but it's there in black and white, was a rainbow. A spectrum of colour. I mean, you can't make it up.

## Biographies

**Timmah Ball** is a nonfiction writer of Ballar-dong Noongar heritage. In 2016 she won the Westerly magazine Patricia Hackett Prize, and her writing has appeared in a range of anthologies and literary journals.

**Arini Byng** is an artist who makes body-based work. Born on Gadigal land, she is of Lenape, African American and Anglo-Celtic descent. Arini works with the affective qualities of materials, gestures and settings — undertaking exercises in image, movement and form to negotiate political scenes. Arini's performances and videos are complex, intimate studies in gesture and action. Her work has been exhibited nationally including Blak Dot Gallery, Watch This Space, Neon Parc project space, MPavilion, c3 Contemporary Art Space, Blindside, Bus Projects, Margaret Lawrence Gallery, The Australian Centre For Contemporary Art, and The Centre for Contemporary Photography; selected works published by Perimeter Editions, Higher Arc, Le Roy and Photofile; and with work held in publication collections of V&A, MoMA, MOCA and Tate Modern. Arini lives and works in Naarm (Melbourne) on the unceded sovereign lands and waterways of the Boon Wurrung and Woi Wurrung (Wurundjeri) people of the Kulin Nation.

**Snapcat:** Anna Dunnill is an artist and writer living in Naarm/Melbourne, and Renae Coles is a Sydney-based artist and arts communicator. Since 2014 Anna and Renae have collaborated as Snapcat, using craft practice and performance to investigate bravery, feminism, collective action and physical endurance. Snapcat projects have taken place on the river (in hand-built boats), on bikes, in football fields, in the form of protests and parades, and most recently via the post. Snapcat has presented performances and exhibitions in Perth, Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane and Newcastle. The performance work *The Lightning Furies*, presented at Newcastle's This Is Not Art (TINA) Festival, was listed in *The Guardian* as one of Australian theatre's "10 most groundbreaking shows by women" in 2016.

**Polly Stanton** is an artist and filmmaker. Her films and installations focus on contested sites and extraction zones, presenting landscape as a politically charged field of negotiation, entangled with history, technology and capital. Polly's mode of working is expansive and site based, with her practice intersecting across a range of disciplines from film production, sound design, writing and publication. She has exhibited widely in both Australia and overseas, and has been the recipient of numerous grants and Artist-in Residence programs. Recent screenings and exhibitions include Metro Arts (Brisbane), City Gallery Wellington (NZ), RMIT Design Hub (Melbourne), Alchemy Festival (UK), Mildura Art Centre (Vic) and May Space (Sydney).

**Kate Tucker** works across painting and sculpture, combining various media in a manner that subverts expected order. Materials are manipulated so as to maintain a rawness and familiarity whilst taking on foreign characteristics. Tucker's recent painting and sculpting process has shifted towards building slab-like substrates through repetitive layering of materials. Based in Melbourne, her recent projects include solo exhibitions at Daine Singer, Galerie Pompom and Chapter House Lane and group exhibitions at NADA New York, Sutton Projects, Dutton Gallery and Caves. Tucker has been a finalist in the Arthur Guy Memorial Painting Prize, Geelong Contemporary Art Prize, The Substation Prize, Albany Art Prize, Bayside Acquisitive Art Prize, The Churchie Emerging Art Prize, Geelong Acquisitive Print Awards, and The Archibald Prize. She graduated from the Victorian College of the Arts in 2009.

**Katie West** belongs to the Yindjibarndi people of the Pilbara tablelands in Western Australia. The process and notion of naturally dyeing fabric underpin her practice — the rhythm of walking, gathering, bundling, boiling up water and infusing materials with plant matter. Katie creates objects, installations and happenings, that invite attention to the ways we weave our stories, places, histories and futures. Katie also shares a collaborative project with artist

and writer Fayen d'Evie entitled Museum Incognita. Sparked by asking what forms a decolonised museum may take, Museum Incognita revisits neglected, concealed or obscured histories and activates embodied readings of place.

Selected exhibitions include: Radical Ecologies, PICA, Perth WA; Roll on, Roll on, Phenomena (until you are no more), curated by Eloise Sweetman, Jan van Eyck Academy, The Netherlands; Warna (ground), Caves Gallery, Melbourne VIC; wilayi bangarri, wanyaarri (go for a walk, listen), Dominik Mersch Gallery, Sydney NSW; Installation Contemporary, Sydney Contemporary 2019, Carriageworks, Sydney NSW; Clearing, TarraWarra Museum of Art, Healesville VIC.

**Kathryne Genevieve Honey** is an artist, writer and interdisciplinary curator living as a guest on the unceded lands of the Wurundjeri people. She currently holds the position of Curator of Exhibitions at Bus Projects and Studio Manager at Public Office. She is on the Board of Caves Gallery and The Georges Mora Fellowship. Prior to this she was Development Coordinator at Chisenhale Gallery, London, and Gallery Manager at Sutton Gallery, Melbourne. Projects she produced have been exhibited both locally and internationally, including at Frieze London, LA Contemporary, Ho Biennale, and Queensland Centre for Photography.

**Nina Mulball** is an artist and curator, with a focus on socially engaged practice who has exhibited her work Nationally and has produced a range of projects throughout Victoria. Nina graduated from the Victorian College of the Arts (VCA) in 2012 with a Bachelor of Fine Arts, Photography and gained her Masters of Arts and Community Practice at the VCA in 2017. Her research centred around dialogical art practice, and interaction, focussing on the aesthetics of conversational art practices, and the ambiguity of roles of artists, and audiences in socially engaged practices. Since 2016, she has held the role of Curator, Public Programs at Bus Projects, where she has developed a diverse range of socially and politically engaged artist-centred workshops and projects.

Bus Projects acknowledges the traditional custodians of the land on which we operate: the Wurundjeri people and Elders past and present of the Kulin nations.

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