

For Sally Anderson, the line between where art practice ends and life begins is undetectable. Her practice is constant, immersive and all embracing, her artworks are symbiotic with her character- they testify her unique spirit- Romantic, melancholic, serene, but with a compelling, opaque drama at play.

Having made a leap away from the rigours and disciplinary processes of printmaking, in which she majored at COFA, Sally is now trusting of the free fall into painted creations. Her latest show, *House Hold Me*, reveals a new urgency and pace. Drips and eddies battle the distilled, calm landscapes. Diagrammatic homes unfold, walls are meeting, worlds splice. It's a domestic undertow. The upright dissolves.

We are drawn into a suspended world punctuated by constellations, scratches and open-ended rooms. Sally explores generous expanses, simultaneously taking us outside and inside. It's familiar and disorientating.

As previously seen in Sally's art making, landscapes float through dreams or memories with a graceful but soft determination: compass points are obscure, parameters are varying. The permutations have endless possibilities. And the muted tones, consolidated during her artist's residency in Reykjavik, confirm her amorphous conceptions.

With unconscious and languid strength, her assured works are testament to the wisdom, beyond her years. And they are as thoughtful and as uplifting as Sally herself.

-Claudia Karvan, 2015