It can take a long time to make a movie. Two years to be exact. Following our last show with puddles, we found a taste for images where a subversive voyeurism is balanced by a disarming earnestness.

A neighbour of Movie is an octogenarian Italian widow whose house is an awash with textbook gestures of first wave-immigrant elegance; Orante-framed images from a photoshoot with her husband (who she doesn't seem to comprehend is long-deceased), both sat upon a throne wearing robes and plastic crowns; sculptures of ballerinas; nude busts; tinsel foil hanging in the windows which are framed by wrought iron scrolls. The gallery is housed in our garage, which sits in our garden. It's a busted structure, presumably built without council approval; a patchwork of bricks and concrete wreathed by a grapevine, on never-ceded Gadigal land.

When Sam arrived at the gallery to install, we took our time, we wandered around the space and the garden. We picked up objects and placed them on the walls. We moved things around and in and out. Then we found the garden stakes. Next to Sam's images, the stakes reminded us of the film *Closet Monster* (2015, dir. Stephen Dunn). In the film, Oscar Madly, a closeted, artistic teenager, is menaced by phantom pains of impalement by a metal rod. Towards the end, he hallucinates that the metal rod bursts out of his navel, and pulls it forth, using it to threaten his homophobic father, reclaiming it.

These works reclaim the stake, which can be driven into the ground to help grow something new. Sam also mentioned the impact of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* on his understanding of the world; a stake to the heart can bring freedom.

Here the stakes are presented like arrows. Did the archer who fired these arrows do so in the name of warfare or love? Does 'the rocking helmet' refer to some image depicting the aftermath of the felled cavalryman? Or to some movement plausible following being struck by cupid's arrow...

Either way, welcome.

