

The Evidence of Things Not Seen

Artists at Chapman & Bailey

19 December 2025 - 31 January 2026



THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN

Exhibiting Works by the Artists at
Chapman & Bailey

Opening This Friday
19 December 3 - 6pm

cbOne Gallery

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Adrian De Vries
Bog Body , 2025
Acrylic, Ink on paper
21 x 30 cm
NFS

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Alexei Harrop
To Dust, 2025
Wood and weather
66 x 29cm, 40 x 27cm
POA

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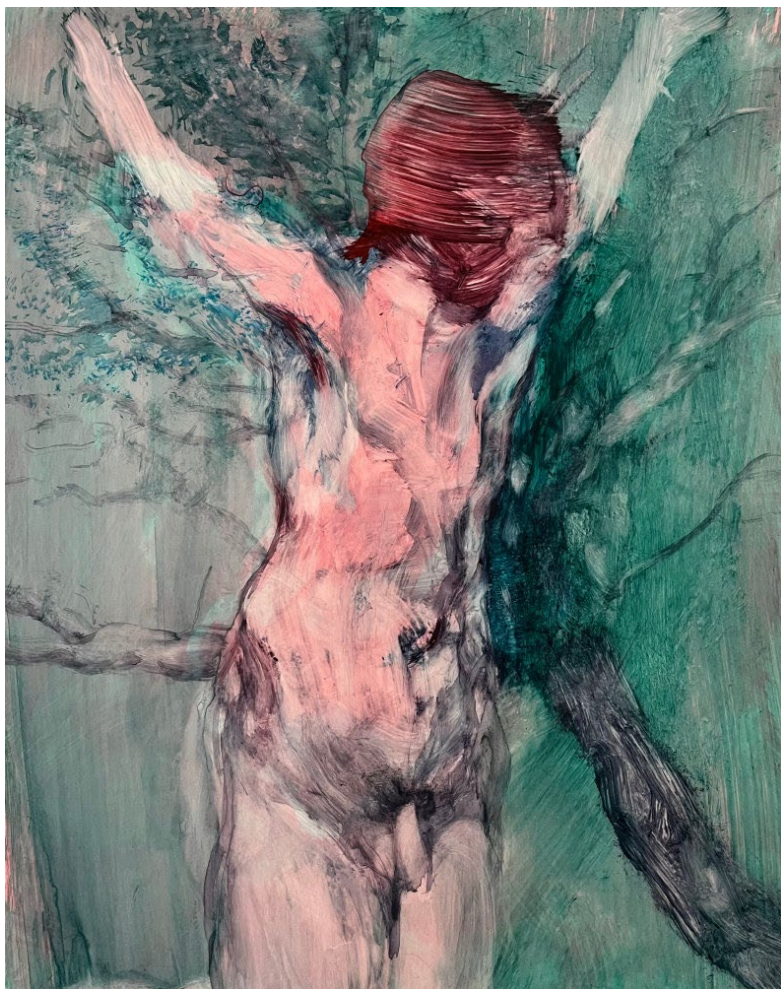


Annabel Bowen
Well Suited to the Beach, 2025
Oil on linen
90 x 65 cm
NFS

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Brett Douglas Davis
Figure, 2025
Gouache on Yupo paper, framed
27.9 x 35.5 cm
\$ 950

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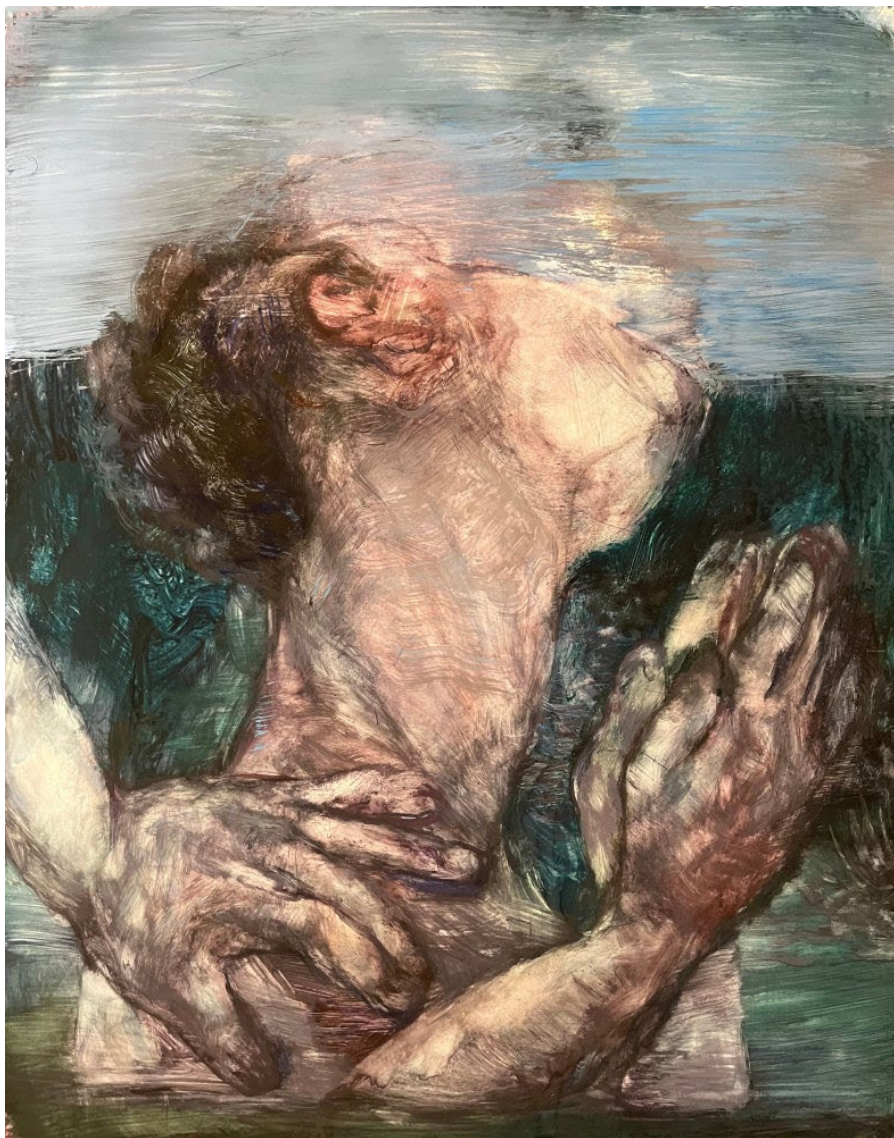


Brett Douglas Davis
Tangle, 2025
Liquid charcoal on synthetic paper, framed
102 x 76 cm
\$ 3,100

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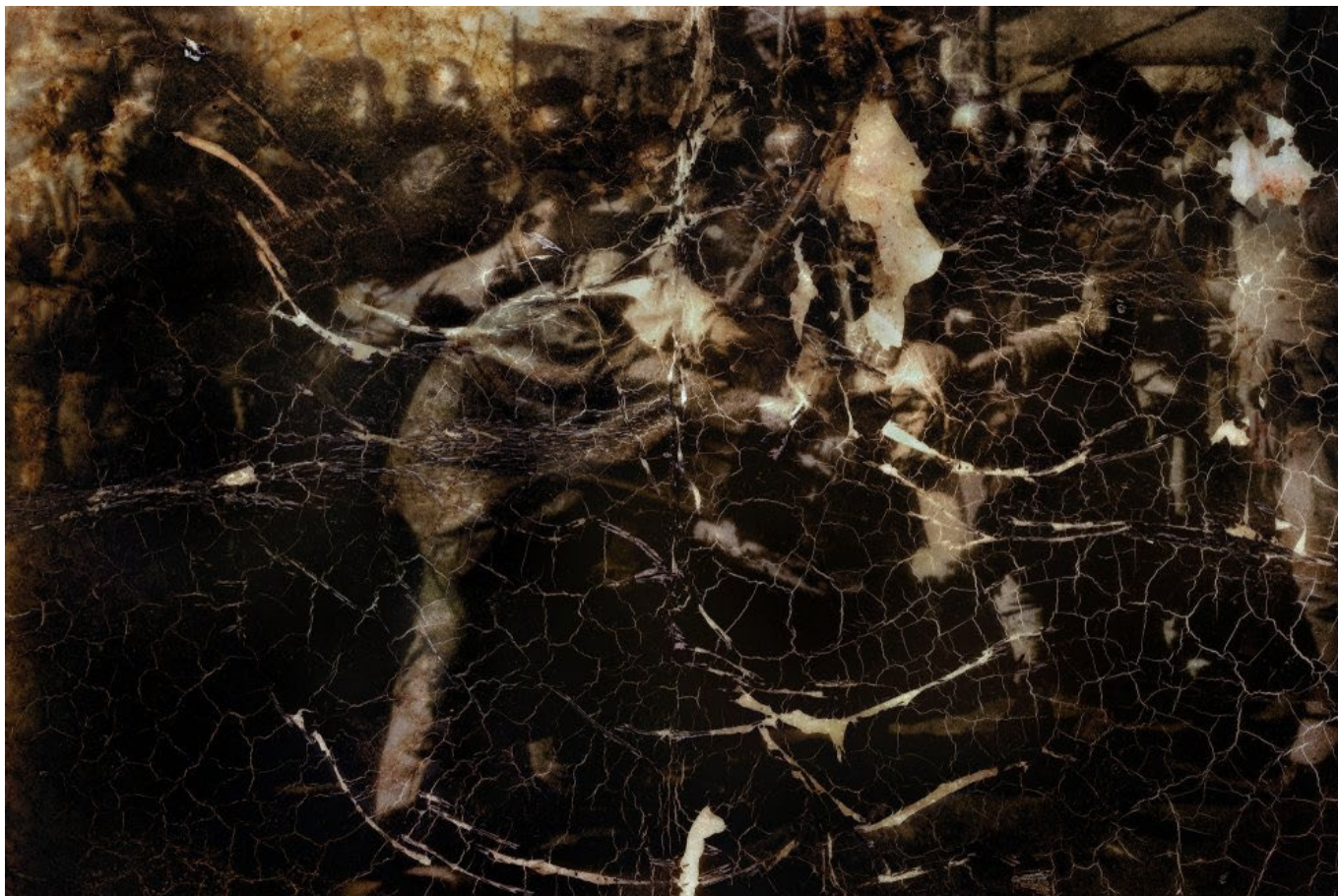
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Brett Douglas Davis
Song, 2025
gouache on Yupo paper, framed
27.9 x 35.5 cm
\$ 950

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Darren Tanny Tan
Lingchi #2, 2021
Archival Pigment print, framed
153 x 103 cm
\$ 4,500

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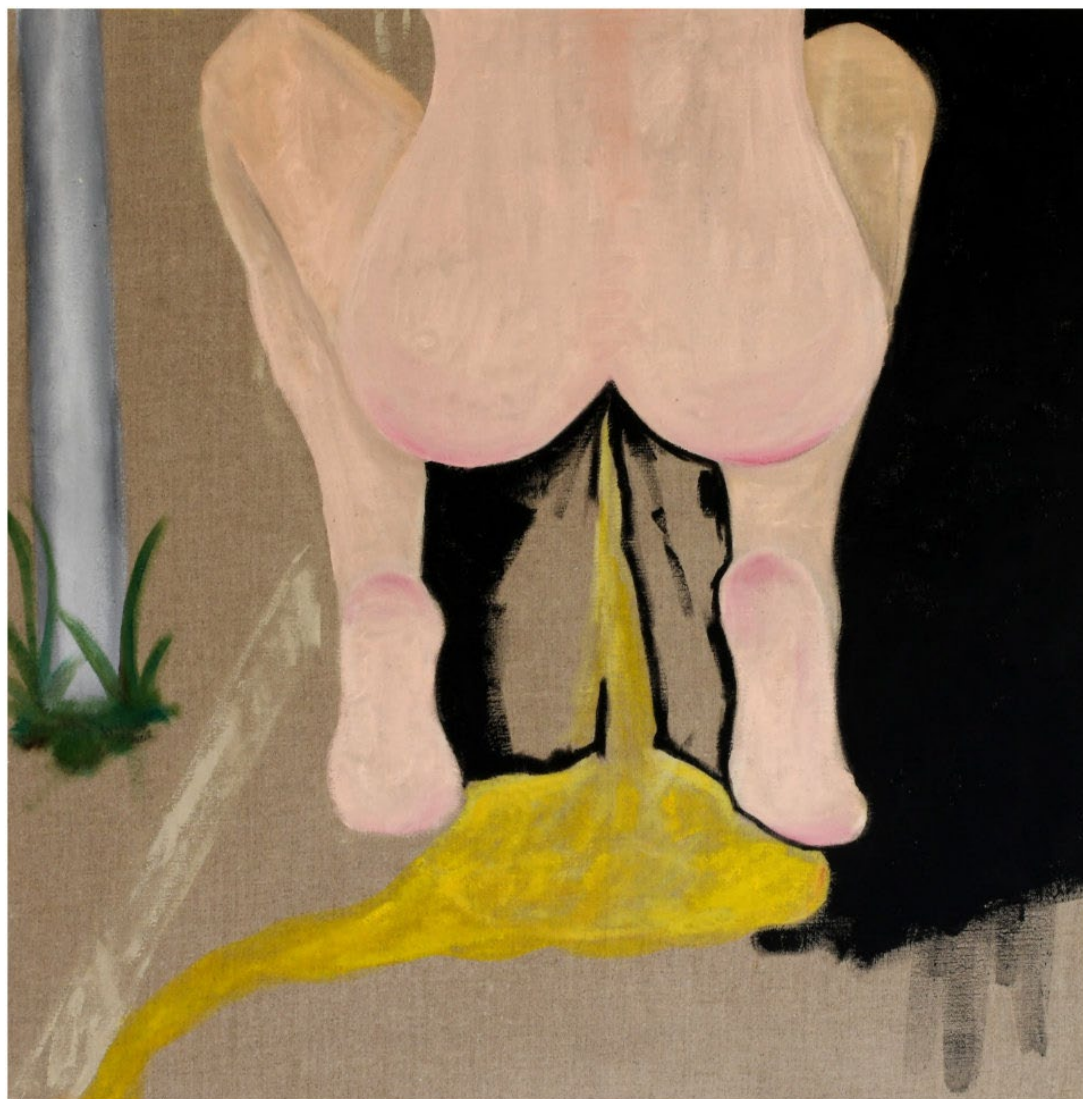
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Darren Tanny Tan
Lingchi #3, 2021
Archival Pigment print, framed
153 x 103 cm
\$ 4,500

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Julie Vinci
Sometimes it's good news, 2024
Oil and black gesso on linen
66 x 66 cm
NFS

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Madeleine Palmer
The Deep Breath, 2022
Oil on canvas, framed
101 x 137 cm
\$ 3,000

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Nicholas Aplin
Barrier Gully, 2025
Acrylic on linen
71 x 51 cm
\$ 1,700

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Nicholas Aplin
Red Fern, 2025
Acrylic on linen
40 x 40 cm
\$ 950

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Nicholas Aplin
Playing Field, 2025
Acrylic on linen
99 x 69 cm
\$ 2,200

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It's out on the western outskirts. Out west but this side of lettuce territory there's this freeway overpass. And it's underneath that overpass the nangs go. You've seen them around I know, gathering in low places. The reason I know you've seen them is because everyone's seen them. What I bet you didn't know at the time when you saw them was that they were just passing through, slow, patient pilgrims en route to their favoured underpass home.

This spot I should tell you is as unremarkable as they come. What appeals to the nangs about it, is a matter of altitude. In terms of altitude, the spot is about as low as they come. Please understand it is not for lack of resolve but rather locomotive faculty that leaves the nangs with limited options for their commute. Rolling is their forte and for them rolling only happens downhill.

While I'm on the subject I'd like to reveal some further astonishing facts about nangs. Once cracked, your standard nang surrenders approx. eight grams of fun time to the recipient — Sandra, or Justin, or Tobie for instance. The result, among other symptoms, usually involves a momentary lapse in consciousness. It is during this slender interval that a little something of Sandra, or Justin, or Tobie is transferred, quid pro quo, to the nang's modest receptacle. This happens in the interest of balance. What this little something is, goes by different names but whatever you call it — it certainly doesn't belong to Sandra, or Justin, or Tobie anymore. It for sure cannot be measured in grams.

So here you've got all these spent/occupied nangs with some kind of soul residue or something stuck inside of them and they're on the move, although imperceptibly, and they're congregating, all shaley and spangling, at this lowdown westward embankment, and you're thinking so what? Well then I'll tell you so what.

So what happened some while back is that once a certain critical quantity of nang "empties" amassed, something happened that was pretty special. The nangs learned to share. What each possessed inside was so minuscule and fragmentary alone but began to develop shape and complexity in combination with what was known inside of neighbouring nangs. See, separated only by a very small distance, comprised of low grade, yet reliably resonant, alloy, intercommunication proved not only possible but instinctive. In this way a near hysterical awakening swept the Nang herd as it perfected methods for disseminating each unit's quantum understanding in networked aggregation.

This newly sentient Nang community wasted little time in formulating a common goal, for consensus came naturally, and it was simply so: To savour the bittersweet fruits of mortality, to live and laugh, to enjoy and endure, wind on skin, to, who knows, maybe even do nangs someday, and to ride the wave of love and loss, to risk it all and come out ahead, or not, and to ultimately die. For the enlightened Nang colony's nascent soul had not been granted the luxury of deterioration and therefore could not properly comprehend the frailty of existence nor the passage of time. These torturous first weeks may as well have been millennia as far as the Nangs were concerned.

And so then Nangs hit the drawing board with zeal and determination and zealously determined that in order to reap the experience they so desperately yearned for, a transference of their collective consciousness into an existing mortal vessel would be necessary, for they sadly could not fabricate their own. Following some quick mathematics additional complications presented themselves. If each nang held eight grams of potential, any more than ten thousand Nangs would undoubtedly overwhelm an eighty kilogram adult and the colony at this stage was healthily accumulating population in the order of millions. Nothing else for it, multiple vessels would be required.

Nangs being nangs notoriously struggle with a complete absence of deployable physique but are psychically formidable when they get together. And thus formulated an ingenious strategy for attracting hosts which took advantage of certain local prevailing winds in conjunction with a concerted focusing of resonant psychic energy to produce a kind of terrible, barely audible, shivering effect. The sonic waveform of which was encoded to entice perfect vessel candidates — ideally the Nangs' inversion personified — physically accomplished but nothing fancy upstairs. Braun over brains. They cleverly dubbed this phenomenon: *Nangsong!*

A period unknowable to the Nangs elapsed before the first few thousand in line managed to coerce and inhabit a well mannered, adolescent Labrador whose name was Benjie. Who anyhow, was in possession of a commendable and trusting spirit but proved an unacceptable disappointment in the communications department, prompting the Nangs to promptly evacuate. It's probably best I refrain from any detailed description here, let's just say the process left Benjie boy somewhat modified...compositionally.

All in all a minor setback. The Nangs figured the old maxim about the omelette applied in this case and recommenced pursuit of their ambition with signature rigour. Following significant tweaks, their broadcast was modified to exclusively attract desirable species only. Pretty much Human beings and—

—A sensible question for you right now would be how I've come to know all this stuff exactly? The better question

Patrick Miller
Nangsong!, 2025
Science Fiction Short
A4
Free

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Patrick Miller

Leftovers Lamp, 2025

PS 2002 vattenkanna (Ljusgrön colourway), TVÄRS bordslampa (shade only), 3M Scotch-brite Non-scratch sponge, Unidentified Aerosol Lid, Lighting components, Coat Hanger.

Dimensions variable

\$ 360

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Talitha Kennedy
Shadows Drawn - Sprung, 2025
Ink On Paper, framed
63 x 63 cm
\$ 1,500

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Talitha Kennedy

Antennation Trophy 1, 2025

Leather, thread, polyester fibre, wire, MDF 26 x 8 x 6 cm

\$ 750

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Talitha Kennedy

Antennation Trophy 2, 2025

Leather, thread, polyester fibre, wire, MDF

22 x 10 x 6 cm

\$ 550

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Talitha Kennedy

Antennation Trophy 3, 2025

Leather, thread, polyester fibre, wire, MDF

22 x 8 x 6 cm

\$ 550

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Tara Stubley
Binding Love and Forest, 2025
Oil on linen
168 x 138 cm
\$ 9,500

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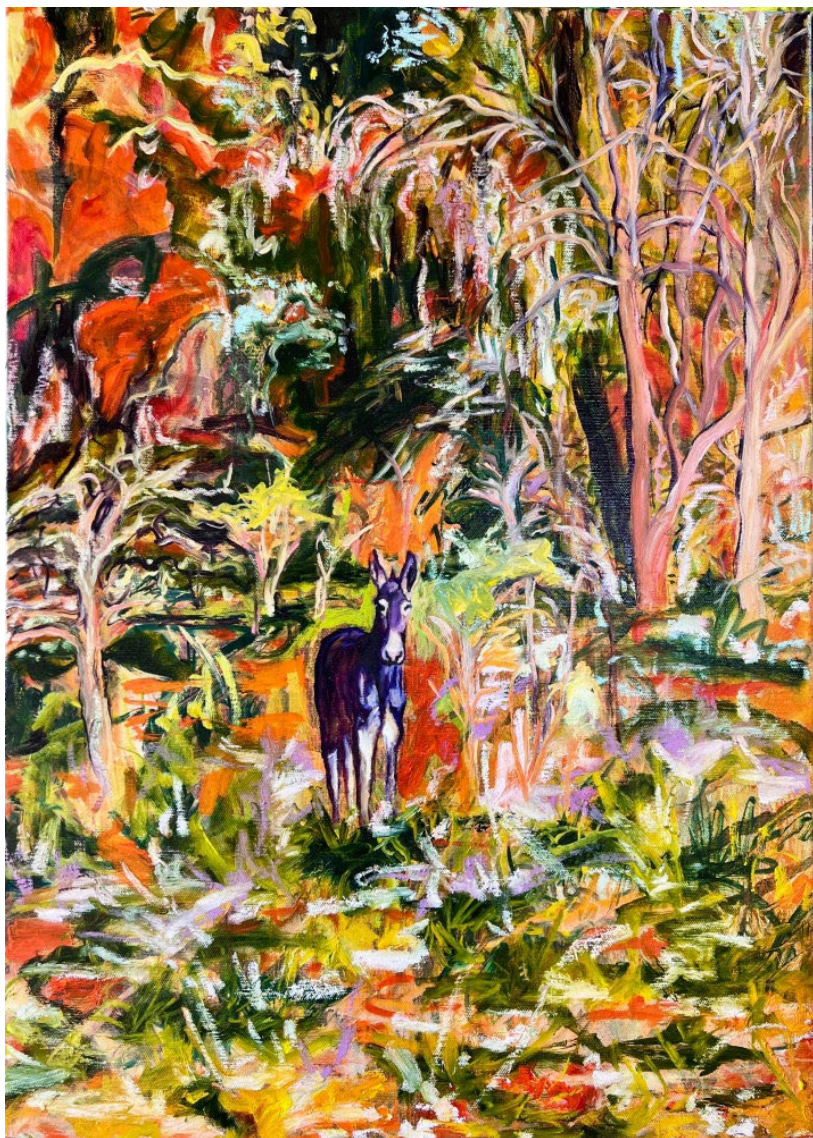


Tara Stubley
Wild Reciprocity, 2025
Oil on linen
153 x 122.5 cm
\$ 8,500

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Tara Stublely
Outback Invader, 2025
Oil on linen
70 x 50 cm
\$ 1,300

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Ying Huang
Sharing is Love, 2025
Gouache on paper, framed
72 x 59 cm
\$ 1,500

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Ying Huang
Gib your treats, 2025
Gouache on paper
51 x 43 cm
\$ 900