



hidden  
IN THE  
folds  
CHRYS  
ZANTIS

Logan Art Gallery, Cnr Wembley Rd and Jacaranda Ave  
Logan Central QLD 4114  
Open 10am – 5pm Tuesday – Saturday


Cover: *Brain Chatter*. 2022. 1445x1285cm, satin chiffon and organza fabric,  
jewellery wire, seed and pearl beads, paper budgies, conduit pipe, battery lights.

Photography by Lee Lou Blooming and Christina Lowry. Models Lee Lou  
Blooming and Serena Wardell. Booklet design by Lana Zantis.

[chryszantis.com](http://chryszantis.com) | [Instagram](https://www.instagram.com/chryszantis) | [chryszantis@gmail.com](mailto:chryszantis@gmail.com)

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in regional Queensland.*





*Lay of the Land.* 2022.  
3855x2255cm, cotton, wool and acrylic yarns, sewing threads, photography paper, seed crystal and gem beads, jewellery and florist wire, poplin, shirting and suiting fabric, bed quilts, pillows, vintage maps.



## foreword

In 2018 Logan Art Gallery showed Chrys Zantis ground-breaking exhibition *Internal Landscapes*, her first body of work that explored the beauty and magic of the human brain. This exhibition led to her 2019 residency with Associate Professor Marta Garrido at the Cognitive Neuroscience and Computational Laboratory (University of Melbourne) which in turn led to the exhibitions *Beneath the Surface* (2018-19), *Inside Out* (2019) and *A Landscape of Resilience* (2021).

Building on these previous exhibitions, *Hidden in the Folds* delves deeper into the relationships between the internal and external. In doing so, Zantis moves beyond the biological processes that influence the psychological and cognitive aspects of brain function, to pose philosophical questions about consciousness and perception, linking aspects using a powerful mythological narrative. Inspired by the patterns and synchronicities between us and the natural world, Zantis interrogates relationships between the human mind, body and consciousness.





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3855x2255cm, cotton, wool and  
acrylic yarns, sewing threads,  
photography paper, seed crystal  
and gem beads, jewellery and  
florist wire, poplin, shirting and  
suiting fabric, bed quilts, pillows,  
vintage maps.

Murmuration. 2022.  
6000x2000cm, card, copic  
markers, glass, seed and crystal  
beads, photographic paper,  
yellow jade beads, florist wire.

SO ABOVE SO BELOW

# *A transformational myth*

— BY CHRYS ZANTIS —

Deep within a concrete laboratory the sorcerer's bubbling  
potion keeps paper thin slices of mouse brain in deep sleep.  
Once under the spotlight it patiently awaits the spark of life.  
The ritualistic clamp sucks onto the unsuspecting neuron.  
The shock sends its dendrite arms into action skyward from  
glassy edge to computer screen.

It finally yields to the cosmic stimulus allowing graphs of  
waves to track its action potential journey.

A great distance away in another concrete laboratory  
explorer charts new frontiers of human brain in search of  
electric connections.

Constellations guide the excited traveller while live suspect  
encased by the medusa cap squirms as electrodes map his  
thoughts from point to point along well-worn tracks.

Enter my world my mysterious world haunts the explorer of  
charts and formula searching for the all-consuming visions.

Mechanical rotating cave bursting with treasures.

Aladdin and all forty thieves reside here but only the genie gives  
you three wishes.

In the rotating cave sounds and sights of the iconic Budgies  
perch and tweet.

Thousands chatter in a murmuration song to The Lark  
Ascending and hark the bird ballet begins, Leaving Plato's  
shadowy cave in its wake.

To be on this ship's adventure the captain sings, take the magic  
constellation cap and go create.

Ask the questions only your bouncing neurons can conceive.

Visions sprout forth from yellow folds and points.

Alas a maddening flurry of golden and green wings take flight.  
See here the winged brain shimmy atop the cranial case seen by  
all while doing her daily doings.



Tired of critical chattering cauldron and wandering the scalding darkness.  
Mavri Nihta sits in her cave gathering strength anxiously awaiting dawns light.  
She will endure this weight till her chrysalis sheds its outgrown armour.  
Elsewhere another nymph carries the winged brain with pride and joy.  
Theophany is her name, a most visible manifestation of godly delight.  
She roams the forests and flower gardens near and far, healing, transforming, mutating, manifesting.  
Spreading calm and joy across all the land and sky.  
They each have a cave they call their own.  
Do not crave one or resist the other as they are part of you, yet not you.  
The Lark Ascending melody floats along rehearsed neuron pathways.  
High in the sky a thousand budgies explode into murmuration song and dance.  
Even bubbles gathering by frothy ocean shores obey this life-giving code.  
Together not alone systems form and movements are born on this pilgrimage.  
Behold the manifesting weave of in becomes out and out becomes in.  
A most awesome spectacle performed in this play of life.  
At every turn what is above so below that is truly all you need to know.

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# A FLOCK OF THOUGHTS

## *Hidden in the folds*

— LOUISE R MAYHEW —

**For many of us, the worlds of art and science seem oceans apart: their concerns unique and methods distinct. The laboratory seems unlike the artist's studio, the scientist in lab coat unlike the artist in painter's smock.**

And yet . . . similarities abound. Both seek greater understanding of the world through a set of shared and continuously revised conventions. Both operate in specialist spaces with specialist equipment. And both endeavour to share their unique insights with audiences beyond the ivory tower and the white cube.

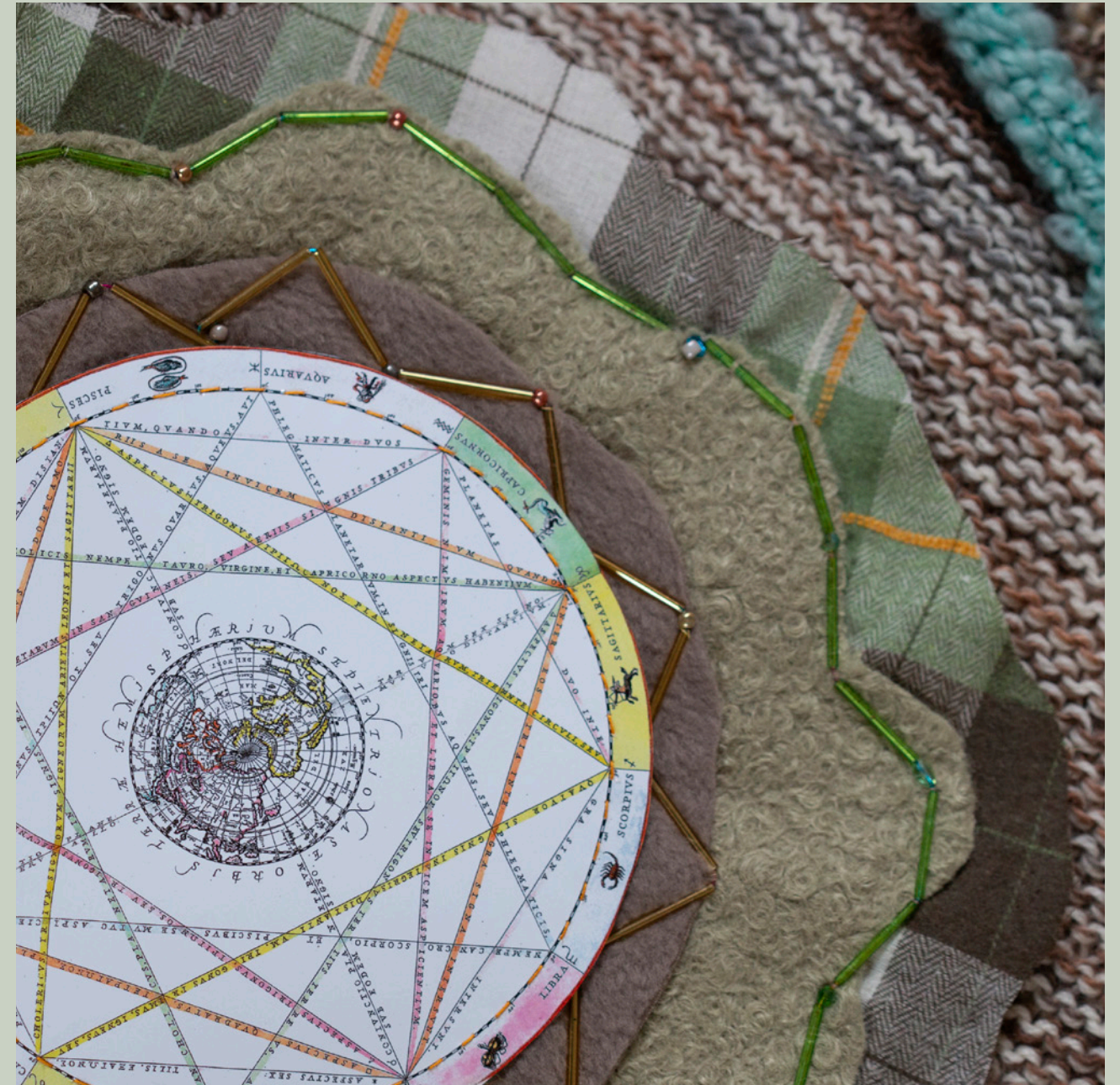
Casting our minds back through history, the figure of the artist and scientist intertwined in the 'Renaissance man.' Leonardo da Vinci, for example, famously undertook detailed anatomical studies to advance artistic depictions of the human figure. He further applied his creative thinking to all manner of study and inventions, from flying machines and parachutes to weaponry and aqueducts. In the present, Chrys Zantis' fascination with the parallels and possibilities of art and science, especially neuroscience, underpin this exhibition. Let me welcome you into its folds.

*Lay of the Land* is a tactile, textural, topographical landscape. Knitted, sewn and collaged, it stretches across the gallery. Striations of blue mark out a flowing river, guiding our eyes along its length. Rich, round clusters of layered brown suggest the rising rocky structures of mountains and call us into the details of the work's construction. Sunburnt and olive greens picture a hardy, fertile land. Hidden among these elements, Zantis buries snippets of the night sky, another landscape for mapping via the ancient articulation of constellations.

Sewn into this work is labour and skill, detail and care, equally evocative of the handmade jumpers my mother knitted a lifetime ago and the abundant herstories of women's feminine and feminist textile works.

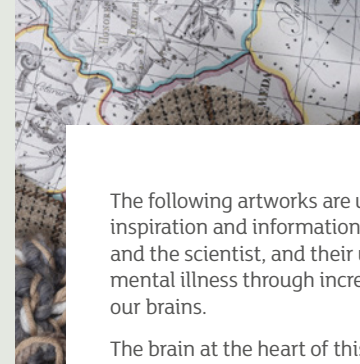
*Lay of the Land* brings together a rich cacophony of scales. Here is the real Earth-bound scale of the land, the sprawling heavenly scale of the stars, and the very human scale of the work itself. Indeed, it was another parallel of scale that inspired this work. During a masterclass on Stradbroke Island with Professor Stephen Williams (Queensland Brain Institute, The University of Queensland), learning about neurons and how brains make decisions, Zantis couldn't help but notice how what she was "witnessing" in Williams' microscopes was "replicated in the island landscape." Like Fibonacci's spiral, which repeats across the tiniest curled tail of a chameleon and the catastrophic swirl of a hurricane, Zantis' folded landscape reinterprets and replicates the folds within our brains.

To learn more about our brains and the scientists who research them, Zantis subsequently joined Associate Professor Marta Garrido (Cognitive Neuroscience and Computational Psychiatry Laboratory, The University of Melbourne) as an Artist in Residence within her lab. Garrido's research team identifies the physical markers of mental disorders connected to sensory processing and prediction, especially anxiety and schizophrenia.





*Lay of the Land.* 2022.  
3855x2255cm, cotton, wool and acrylic yarns, sewing threads, photography paper, seed crystal and gem beads, jewellery and florist wire, poplin, shirting and suiting fabric, bed quilts, pillows, vintage maps.



The following artworks are unique receptacles of the inspiration and information shared between the artist and the scientist, and their united goal to demystify mental illness through increased awareness of our brains.

The brain at the heart of this project appears in *Brain Chatter*: a wonderfully oversized, textile reimagining of our most vital organ. Swathes of silk set out its folded form. Organza and chiffon construct the *corpos collosum* (as Zantis explains: the information superhighway of our brains) and clipped, kinetic bird wings stand in for our thoughts, which chatter and scatter across the brain's surface. Art lovers might recognise something of Claes Oldenburg's soft sculptures in this work. The American Pop artist also blew up unexpected objects and transformed them into sewn constructions. Zantis' work, however, is more enticing and its message more important. New research reveals the significance of brain folds to neurological conditions. *Brain Chatter* illustrates the vital role of our brain's physical form in our mental health.

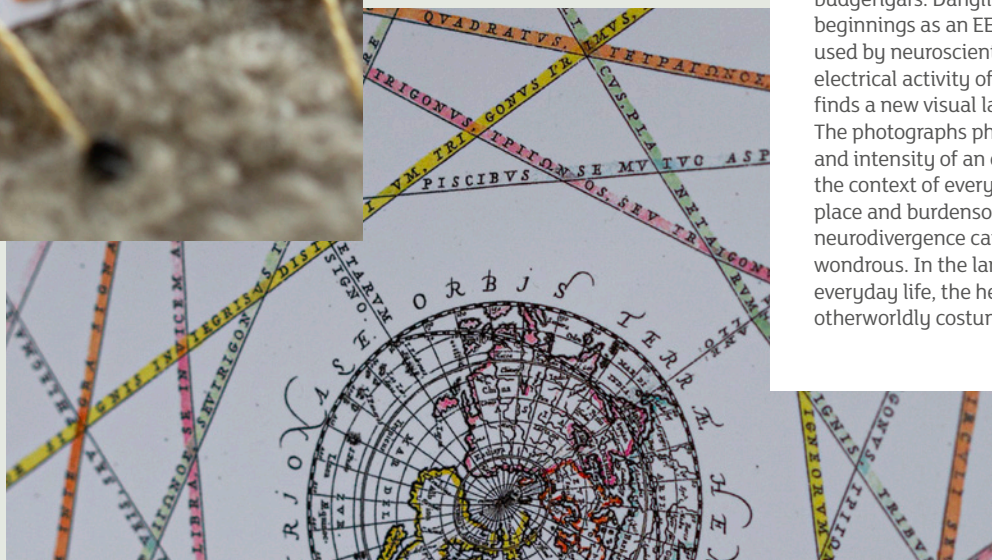
In *Beneath the Surface*, *Inside Out*, and *Mavri Nahti*, Zantis shifts her focus to our thoughts. Balanced precariously on a young woman's head is an extraordinary head-dress. An initial flutter of twinkling lights, yellow sequins and leaf-like shapes resolve, on closer inspection, into a sculptural collage of budgerigars. Dangling electrodes hint at the head-dress' beginnings as an EEG (electroencephalogram) headcap, used by neuroscientists to capture the (atypical) electrical activity of our brains. In these works, Zantis finds a new visual language for intrusive thoughts. The photographs physically externalise the complexity and intensity of an other's unseen un/conscious. In the context of everyday chores, these appear out-of-place and burdensome yet, as Zantis also illustrates, neurodivergence can be expansive, creative and wondrous. In the landscape, away from the pressures of everyday life, the headdress blinks in harmony with an otherworldly costume of fantasy and light.

*Mavri Nahti* also began with an EEG headcap. In this work, the headdress is equal parts horror (curling, exposed, brain), ancient myth (reminiscent of Hermes' winged feet) and Gilded Age Glamour. Placed within a darkened alcove of the gallery, Zantis uses *Mavri Nahti*—Greek for black night—to warn us against ruminating on unpleasant and unproductive thoughts. Darkness also descends on *Hook Line and Sinker*, which strips Zantis' budgerigars (metaphors for thought) of their colour and joy.

Finally, Zantis' thought-budgerigars take flight across a wall. Their shifting sizes and directions suggest a real flock of birds frozen in an ever-lasting murmuration: the enchanting phenomenon of collective flight patterns that lends the artwork its name. Some birds are hand-beaded, others cut from printed maps. Budgerigars first appeared in Zantis' research via Garrido's lab: Dr Ilvana Dzafic's budgerigar task measures participants' abilities to detect patterns and deviations within the repeated sounds and images of the bird. For Zantis, the Australian bird symbolises a connection between our internal and external worlds: a connection made richer by her discovery that murmurations might also be present within our brains: each area of the brain/flock interacting with its near neighbours to elicit striking patterns in overall movement and activity. For Zantis, the flock ultimately symbolises health; by tuning into others we can soar, collectively, in stunning patterns.

Zantis' practice belongs to a rich vein of art-science crossovers, positioning her in conversation with the art historian specialising in trauma and anxiety (Jill Bennett), the media artist whose heart-beat generated work soothes patients before and during treatments (George Khut), the First Nations artist re-establishing an oyster reef on Minjerribah (Megan Cope), and art conservators the world over who preserve and repair with both chemicals and paintbrush in hand. At the shared heart of these activities is a uniquely human enterprise that draws together distinct fields of inquiry—artistic and scientific—looping us back to words from the Renaissance. First articulated by Leone Battista Alberti and updated for today: “a woman can do all things if she will.”

[louisermaghew.com](http://louisermaghew.com)





## A WRITER'S RESPONSE TO AN ARTIST'S WORK

# *A common thread*

— SUSAN JOHNSON —

**Do I fit into anything? Maybe I fit into science slash art SciArt, but really at its essence I'm looking at the poetry of being an artist and making whatever your imagination can conceive and having that talk back to you.**

WHAT IF THE MYTH starts backwards? What if the story doesn't start at the beginning but at the end, when the woman on a heroine's journey towards the crone stage of life breaks free of her chrysalis, turning into the artist she always was?

What if Chrys Zantis, whose full name is Chrysanthe—so close to that word “chrysalis” it might have sprung straight from it—is a woman aged 66, but also a new-born thing?

Full confession: I have known Chrys since she was Chrys Sofios, a nymph, a teenager embarking on the maiden journey part of a woman's life, still enduring the weight of her chrysalis not yet shed. We were at high school together and I did not know she was an artist. I did not know she was an artist when we had left school but were still uncracked as eggs, living on her Greek ancestral island of Kythera, below the Peloponnese and above Crete. In 1978 there was only the glory of the sun before us, the smell of oregano and the rattle of cicadas, the stony road beneath our marvelling feet.

Who knows why some of us grow into writers and artists, compelled to make shapes out of this world? We will never know because in our world the outer is privileged over the inner, so our journeys are private, even though they may be heroic and long.

If Chrys's journey follows the shape of the heroine's journey, she has not only followed the thread like Ariadne, but she has knitted herself, stitch by stitch, turning straw into gold.

But first, to know anything about Chrys Zantis, you must begin with an island called Kythera.

**I'm interested in stories and myths and how we pass them on—and Kythera has so many.**

In Greek mythology, Kythera is where Aphrodite was born, rising from the foaming seas where the genitals of Uranus the god of the sky had fallen, after they were cut off by his son Kronos and flung into the water.

It is also the birthplace of her parents. Is it any wonder that the flying paper Budgies in Chrys's work *Murmuration* join birds made from cut up maps of Kythera, showing the names of its villages? *We're always mapping our bodies in space—land maps, celestial maps, and it's what scientists like Marta are trying to do too, mapping the brain—we're all trying to find out where we fit in this world.*

Lost Kytherians dream of Kythera. The Kytherian diaspora is vast, spreading across the world, but especially concentrated in Australia, and specifically Brisbane. It's the island which still bewitches its lost



*Lay of the Land.* 2022. 3855x2255cm, cotton, wool and acrylic yarns, sewing threads, photography paper, seed crystal and gem beads, jewellery and florist wire, poplin, shirting and suiting fabric, bed quilts, pillows, vintage maps.





*Brain Chatter*. 2022.  
1445x1285cm, satin chiffon  
and organza fabric, jewellery  
wire, seed and pearl beads,  
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children and their descendants, a place many consider enchanted, capable of spells. The vast rock outside the Monastery of Panagia Myrtidiotissa is believed to be what remains of a German ship from the Second World War, petrified in a miracle by Panagia Myrtidiotissa.

Chrys was grown by the time she learned that Kythera's monastery honouring the famous icon of black-faced Panagia Myrtidiotissa in her silver frame—founded on the site when a shepherd dreamt of an angel pointing to the ground and awoke to find an icon of the Madonna in a myrtle bush—was the same story told in many other parts of Europe, in churches and monasteries which also worshipped the Black Madonna. By then Chrys was interested in Jung's concept of the collective unconscious and saw that these stories and myths and beliefs surrounding the icon were a continuation of ancient God and Goddess rituals—pre-dating Christianity—and that she did not need to accept the story as it was presented.

But this was before she became an artist. This was only the start of her long search exploring not just her own consciousness, but consciousness itself, how we are in the world, how we dream and create and live our lives under the arc of the mysteries of the heavens.

As a child, Chrys dressed her dolls, making clothes for them: aprons, petticoats. By the time she was a young woman, she had been taught to cut a pattern, to sew her own clothes, how to travel the right way around a sewing machine. She came from a long line of exceptional needlewomen, her mother and her mother before her: her mother had completed a fine tailoring course in Athens and taught her daughter to make clothes like a couturier.

Before Chrys emerged from her chrysalis, before she became Chrys Zantis the artist, she tried on different shapes. She did a part-time photography course at Seven Hills College of Art (which later became Griffith University), she did a ceramics course and an interior design course, she learned to use her knitting skills more creatively. Although she did not know it, she had embarked on her quest as an artist to find meaning in the poetics of beauty.



"SOMEHOW, WE KEEP  
FORGETTING THAT HUMAN  
NATURE IS BUT A FRACTAL  
OF *nature* ITSELF."

MARIA POPOVA

There came the time when the woman/mother might discover an eagerness in herself to begin her work—even to begin her work as an artist—she worked as a furniture stylist for some years, but mostly as an art teacher. This was the time when Chrys told herself *in order to stay well and healthy, you have to look at life like an orange segment. Each segment is a different segment of your life and none of them can take over. Balance is the key.*

By the turn of the century, as the 20th century became the 21st and the world's computers did not stop when 1999 became the year 2000, Chrys was emerging from the most intensive years of mothering. It is no accident that some women find their calling when they raise their heads for air after childrearing to ask themselves, *who am I? How do I wish to spend the days of my one wild and precious life?*

**I just know there was a moment when I decided, “I am going to do this properly. I am going to be an artist.”**

We might count the moment when Chrys made an Artist Book out of organza. She had joined the Brisbane-based Queensland Spinners Weavers and Fibre Artists, and the organza Artist Book became part of her first group show at Noosa Regional Gallery. More shows followed—more work with yarn, sculptures of knitting—so that she came to resemble that other Penelope, not her mother Poppy, but Penelope at her loom. All myths use words like thread to weave a shape and Chrys was like Penelope—like all artists—weaving her own myth, in that she began to open herself up to synchronicity, to inspiration. Homer in *The Odyssey* says Penelope's strategy of keeping her suitors at bay so she could save herself until the return of her husband Odysseus—by unravelling each night everything she had woven by day on her loom—came to her via a divine source. “A god from the blue it was inspired me,” says Penelope, and Chrys Zantis might say it is always a god from the blue who arrives with inspiration. In her case, it was a goddess, and the goddess's name was Nigella.

*I was watching TV one night, and there's Nigella Lawson, licking her fingers, going, ohh, ohh, ohh, and I thought, you call yourself a domestic goddess? You're a sex goddess, a fertility goddess like Venus of Willendorf that's what you are. And suddenly I had this idea to do a parody about being a domestic goddess, so I made sixty-four little loin cloths, with vulvas on them, sewn with pearls, and put them on cookie cutters. You know, those gingerbread men cutters? It's hard to find girl gingerbread cutters.*

This was the moment Chrys decided she was an artist. In 2008 she hired the Ivory St window of Artisan (the peak body for craft and design in Queensland, then based on a major thoroughfare in Fortitude Valley) to display her work *Domestic Goddess*. They sold and then I got brave. I thought, all right, I was meant to be a domestic goddess, but I'm not doing that.



Left: *Beneath the Surface*. 2019. 40x30cm, Archival Inkjet Print. Headdress in image. 80/20. 40x80cm, EEG cap, Bike helmet, card, acrylic paint, copic markers, varnish, sequins, wire plastic tubing wools, cottons battery lights. Middle and right: *Inside Out*. 2019. 40x30cm Archival Inkjet Prints. Costuming in image. *Bayesian Brain Bodice*. 60x40cm, wool, bias binding fabric markers, battery lights. *Dopamine Pathways Skirt*. 3500x50cm, embroidered organza, bias binding, tulle, battery lights.





*Mavri Nihta. 2022.*  
210x280x265cm, EEG cap, bike helmet, sequins, seed glass and crystal beads, knitting yarn, black crow feathers, fringing, ribbon.



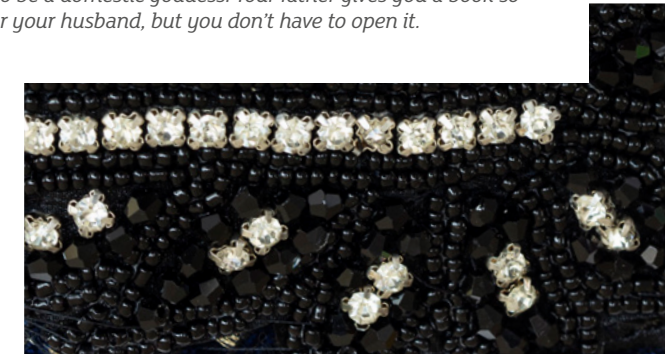
*I just wanted to be rebellious.  
I'm having my say, no, no, no!*

She was off, or else she was in, inside the well of her own consciousness. She fell into the well of creativity, which required diving deep beneath the surface, leading her to connect this with that, the ordinary with the exceptional. An artist is an ordinary person, except she is driven to make connections, to render the ordinary world afresh, so that the viewer or the reader who is invited into the recreated world can see it with new eyes. Chrys was compelled to connect the physical world, the outer world, with the metaphysical, or the inner world, so that when a computer geek turned up to fix her work computer and told her it was unfixable, *sorry, he said, can't help you, it's the bloody motherboard, you need a new computer*, she immediately pictured the mother inside the computer. *That's right, Chrys said to the computer geek, blame the mother! Blame the mother for everything!*

She was already imagining the giant mother inside the computer, which would in time turn into her first solo exhibition of installation work, *Motherboard Olympus*, at the Logan Art Gallery and the Pine Rivers Art Gallery in 2011. *And that was the beginning, and I just kept going.*

**I'll hear something, or see something, and immediately it becomes thousands and thousands of hours of work. It's like I hook on to it, and the fish doesn't get away. I've got an eye for picking out things, the neuroscientists call them co-incidence detectors.**

Who knows how Chrys Zantis the artist dreamed up the idea of imprisoning the quintessential Greek cookery book Tselementes—which her mother was given like generations of Greek girls upon leaving home—behind skeins of crocheted wool? *You can't open it, it's sewn in. You don't have to be a domestic goddess. Your father gives you a book so you can cook for your husband, but you don't have to open it.*





Who can say who or what whispered in the artist's ear when she took the stamps torn from envelopes and saved in a box by her mother, and crocheted around the rips? *It's like I was looking at her life with a microscope, what it meant to be away from your home.*

Who knows when Chrys Zantis the artist first connected her art with the microscope, or the neurons of the human brain with the contours of an aerial map? As an artist, she is drawn to symbols, myths and patterns, and the brain itself is a pattern-making—or pattern-seeking—device. Ideas arrive from the blue, delivered by the muse or the goddess, which feels to the artist like her own intuition. *Synchronicity events occur to me and tell me if I'm on the right track, but you may say I see them because I'm looking for them.*

After her solo show *Internal Landscapes* in 2018 the artist was drawn even more to medical science because something glittered in the pan like gold. She was invited to attend a masterclass by the Queensland Brain Institute at the science research station on Stradbroke Island in 2019, which is where she first noticed that the images under the microscope were repeated in the landscape of sand and grass and in the skeletal remains of fish and birds. Let's just say that the universe of the brain replicated the universe of the cosmos, so that what is above is below, so that the sand and grass, an ant's nest, the flights of birds and the pulsing of our neurons are part of the same piece, and Chrys was compelled to show us how everything connects.

And because she was now an artist who was on a heroine's journey, she summoned the courage to send letters off to neuroscientists and medical researchers—and an artist's work is never linear, so she can't remember exactly when—asking if anyone was interested in the idea of a creative collaboration. And one replied—as it turned out the perfect one—a mother of two children like herself, a scientist who says without blushing that she is in love with the brain, *what other physical system could ever be more fascinating? Our brains define who we are.* I suggest it is no accident that Associate Professor Marta Garrido, who leads the Cognitive Neuroscience and Computational Psychiatry Laboratory at the Melbourne School of Psychological Sciences at the University of Melbourne and is also Chief Investigator in the Australian Research Council Centre of Excellence for Integrative Brain Function, is also a migrant from Portugal. If Chrys's Greek background and her knowledge of myth and ritual and the pains of migration inform her work, Portugal is also a country steeped in religious iconography and ritual and Marta Garrido knows what it is to leave your home.

It was Marta who risked saying yes, *I was about to move interstate and too busy to take on new things, but I couldn't resist the prospect of such a fun possibility and, and oh boy, was it fun! I love Chrys's work because it hugs you, literally and metaphorically, just like Chrys does. Chrys and I are all around very passionate people and in this case, we very much fit the stereotype (of non-Anglo, excitable Europeans).*





And so, the scientist met the artist, who looked and listened and tried to make patterns from what she witnessed in the lab—EEG cap experiments where a helmet captures the circuitry of the brain on the outside, or sophisticated machines which test participants' responses to a sequence of sounds made by budgies. The aim of the lab's work is to contribute to the understanding of mental illnesses such as schizophrenia, anxiety, and autism, where the predictive processes and brain circuitry are disrupted. How does the brain's circuitry respond to sensory input—such as budgie sounds—allowing us to make predictions about the future, the probability of something happening or not, so that the brains of “typical” people recognize a glitch in the sequence of budgie sounds, but the brains of the mentally disturbed do not? Marta Garrido's work might be described as a long search seeking to find a way out of the labyrinth of mental distress. If her work examines the brain's glitches, Chrys's work examines the dropped



*Hook Line and Sinkers.*  
2022. 2005x945cm,  
hoop, organza, satin  
silk, tulle, laces,  
beads, wadding  
watercolour paper,  
Daniel Smith Luna  
watercolour, lava  
beads, fishing line,  
fishing hooks, fishing  
sinkers, round  
vintage mirror.

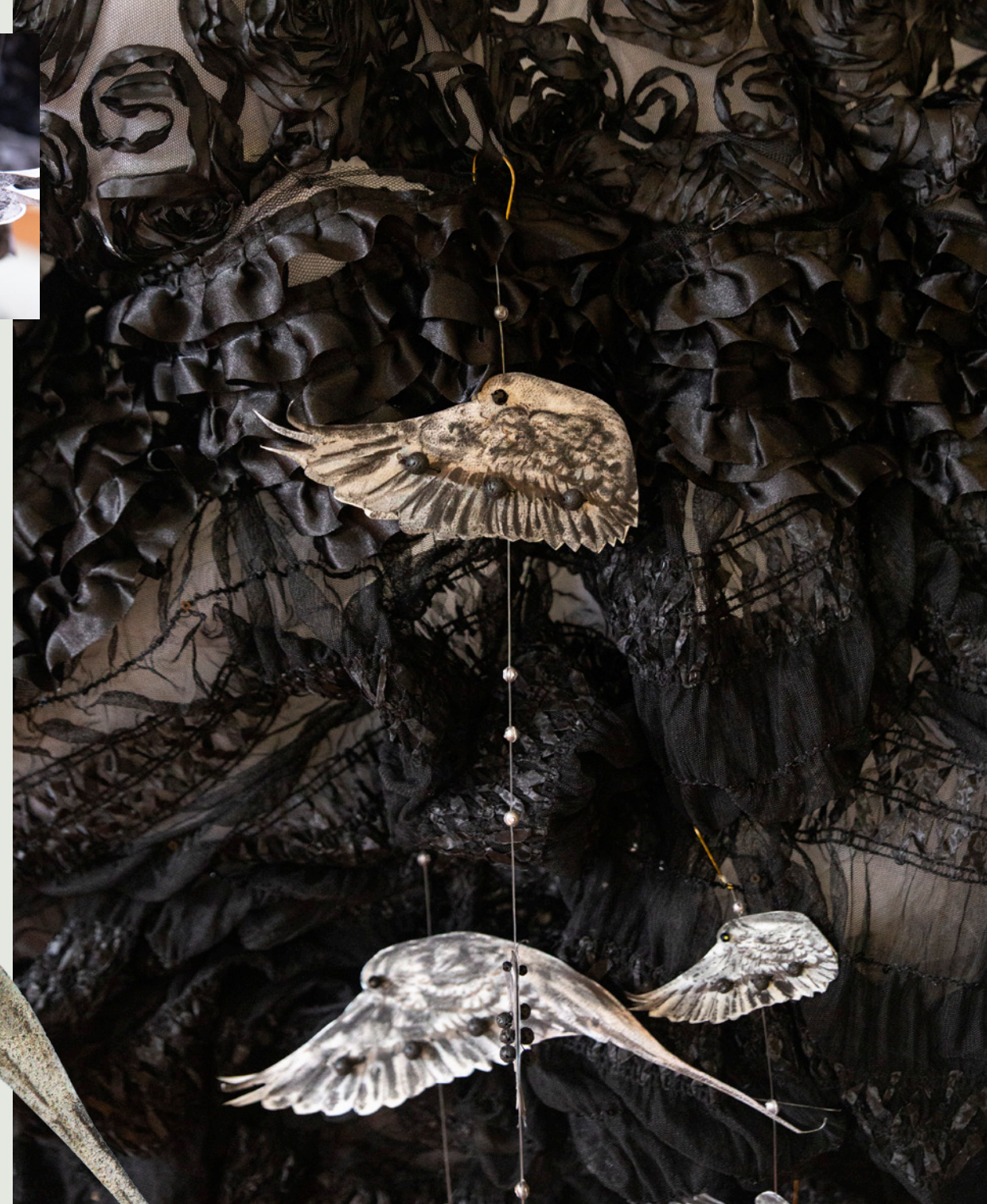


stitch and how to mend it: both seek answers to the mysteries at the heart of us.

And so, the artist gives us her new show, *Hidden in the Folds*, at the intersection of science and art, not accepting the story as it has been told, finding her heroine's voice which speaks for all the other women who have not had a voice. She's joining everything up—our brains, our hearts, our griefs and our joys—showing us that the moments defining our lives are worthy of art. The philosopher Simone Weil wrote that everything beautiful has the mark of eternity, and the work of the woman Chrys Zantis who became an artist is infinite.

*Susan Johnson's memoir of going to live on the island of Kythera with her 85-year-old mother, Aphrodite's Breath: a daughter, a mother and a Greek Island, will be published by Allen and Unwin in March 2023.*

[susanjohnson.net](http://susanjohnson.net)





## ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR MARTA GARRIDO'S IMPRESSIONS OF WORKING WITH CHRYS ZANTIS

Chrys Zantis' exploration of discovery with neuroscientist, Associate Professor Marta Garrido began at the Queensland Brain Institute in 2019. It continued as Artist in Residence at the Cognitive neuroscience and Computational Psychiatry Laboratory, University of Melbourne.

It started with an email from Chrys proposing to do an art residency in my lab. That's unusual in a neuroscience lab (I only know of one other colleague who did the same at University College London). I was about to take my research and family from Brisbane to Melbourne, so to say I was too busy is an understatement! But Chrys is smart, witty and warm – and her art is too. I couldn't resist the idea of working with her and oh boy, was it fun!

Chrys spent time in the lab, she attended lab meetings, she took part in our experiments as an observer, and she engaged in brainstorming discussions about what our data meant. From those interactions, she got inspired, and we did too.

In my laboratory, Chrys literally brought light and warmth to my group—through her wonderful personality and her beautiful work. The students and senior researchers were inspired by Chrys's art.

Initially, her beautiful sculptural headdresses were exhibited at two neuroscience conferences; the Biological Psychiatry Australia Conference in Melbourne and the Australasians Neuroscience Society Conference in Adelaide. These sparked some exciting dialogues between other scientists in our Australian neuroscience community who were touched by Chrys's art.

The exhibition at Logan will be spectacular, and another successful outcome from this collaboration. I expect her art will engage the broader community in our science-art dialogue, embracing us with warmth metaphorically, and at times quite literally too! She is also a wonderful friend and that to me has been the greatest outcome of all.





## Thank you

Heartfelt thank you to my family George, Lana and Jason and doggie Jacob for all your help, love and support.

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