

**BABETTE ROBERTSON**

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The concrete turns to mud. We start rolling around in it and then the whole city disappears. We are in a thick, humid forest, the crocodiles are back now but they are gentle and soft like puppies, 2025, Water based pigment on linen, 97 x 130cm

# BABETTE ROBERTSON

Born 1996, Sydney | Australia

Living and working in Paris | France

## EDUCATION

2020 Master of Fine Arts, National Art School, Australia

2018 Bachelor of Fine Arts, National Art School, Australia

## SOLO EXHIBITIONS

2026 (upcoming) Solo, Dominik Mersch Gallery, Sydney, Australia

2026 (upcoming) And her Hallway Moves like the ocean, Lismore Regional Gallery, Lismore, Australia

2025 On a bus, up a mountain, like a spiral, Possibly Sometime Tomorrow, Paris, France

2023 These trees shall be my books - Pt. 2, YUI Gallery, Teshima Island, Japan

2023 These trees shall be my books - Pt. 1, Saruya Gallery, Fujiyoshida, Japan

2023 Every fallen tree - Pt. 3, Nasha Gallery, Sydney, Australia

2021/2022 Heartache, Stepping into Tomorrow (SIT), Darlinghurst, Sydney, Australia

2019 Footpath, Dominik Mersch Gallery, Sydney, Australia

GROUP EXHIBITIONS (SELECTED) 2026 (upcoming) Dominik Mersch Gallery Group Show , Sydney, Australia 2026 (upcoming) Sydney Contemporary with Dominik Mersch Gallery, Sydney Australia 2026 (upcoming) Emergency space x Poush, Paris, France 2026 Là où la nature persiste, LA SHAKIRAIL, Paris, France 2025 Summer Curated, Olsen Gallery, Woollahra, Sydney 2023 AADK, MURCIA, SPAIN 2023 Studio Kura, Fukuoka, Japan 2022 Incognito, Sydney 2022 Music for Breakfast, Coorabel 2022 Fallen tree #33, Small Time Studio, Mullumbimby 2021 Community Noticeboard, Small Time Studio, Mullumbimby 2021 National Art School Postgraduate Exhibition, Sydney 2020 Here I am, Art by Great Women, Ambush Gallery, Canberra 2020 Sydney Craft Week, Sydney 2020 Art4climatejustice, Sydney 2019 What about the Négligé?, Stairwell Gallery, Sydney 2019 The Other Art Fair, Technology Park, Sydney

## GROUP EXHIBITIONS CONT.

2019 Margaret Olley Drawing, Hoff Space, Sydney

2019 PROXIMITY, Articulate Space, Sydney

2019 Crossing Borders, aMBUSH Gallery, Sydney

2019 Art, tunes, talks, Mothership, Sydney

2019 ULTRAVIOLET, Broken Head, NSW

2018 RELEASED, National Art School BFA Exhibition, Sydney

2018 Reclaim the Night, Down/Under Space, Sydney

2018 Crossing Borders, The Glass Room, National Art School, Sydney

2018 Belanglo, aMBUSH Gallery, Sydney

## AWARDS AND GRANTS

2025 The Glover Prize - Finalist, Falls Park Pavillion, Tasmania, Australia

2022 Redland Art Awards - Finalist, Redland Art Gallery, Cleveland

2021 Arthur Guy Memorial Art Prize - Finalist, Bendigo Regional Gallery

Northern Beaches Environmental Art Prize - Highly Commended, Manly Art Gallery and Museum

2020 Australia Council for the Arts Create Grant - Recipient

2018 The Clitheroe Foundation Scholarship - Winner

2018 John Olsen Prize for Drawing - Winner

## RESIDENCIES

2024 Saruya Artist Residency, Fujiyoshida, Japan

2024 Performing Arts Forum (PAF), France

2023 Saruya Artist Residency, Fujiyoshida, Japan

2023 Studio Kura, Itoshima, Japan

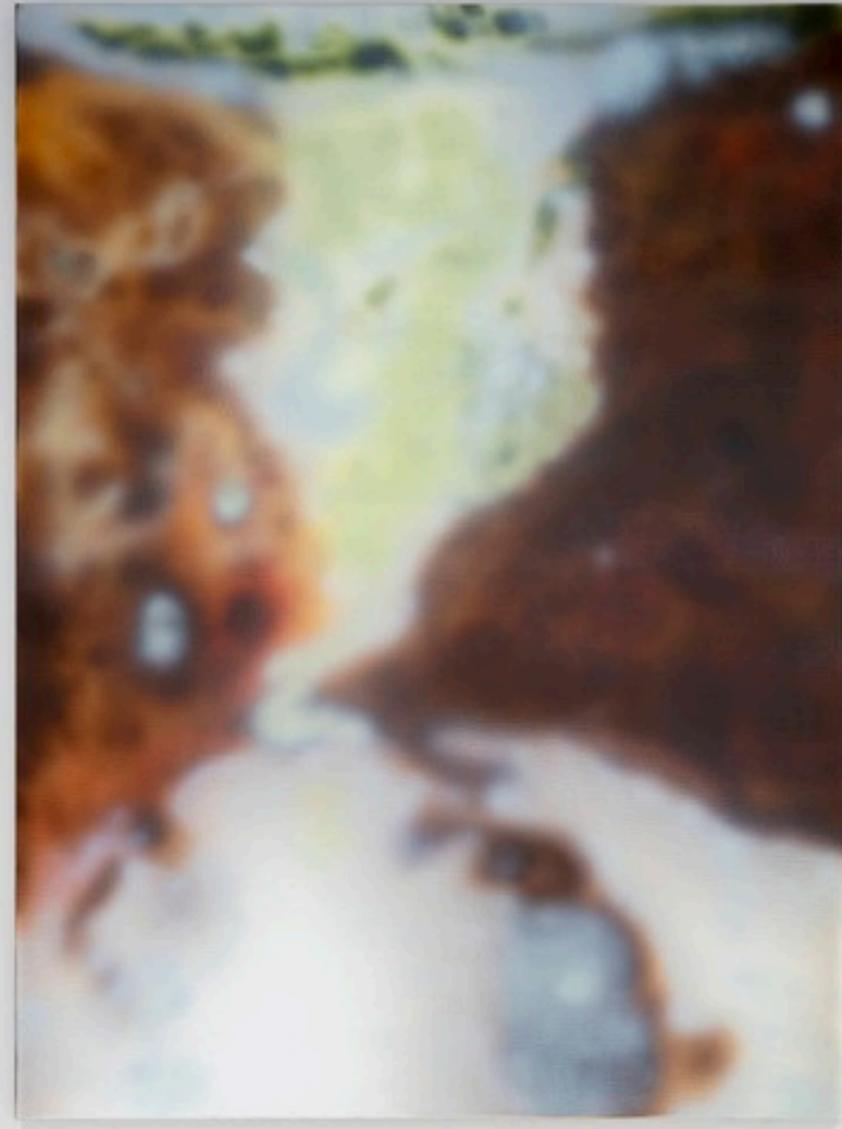
2023 AADK, Blanca, Spain

2023 Performing Arts Forum (PAF), France

## CURATORIAL PROJECTS AND WRITING

2026 Here be small monsters, Possibly Sometime Tomorrow Gallery and Emergency Collective, Paris

2025 Hello world, POSSIBLY Sometime Tomorrow Gallery, Paris



ON A BUS, UP A MOUNTAIN, LIKE A SPIRAL

Possibly Sometime Tomorrow Gallery

78 Rue des Archives Paris

2025 Solo show

Excerpt of text by Siobhan O'Leary, Writer

"When you look around, the world appears as a rational and familiar place. Viewing our world as it is mapped by science and filtered by perception is considered lucid. Living according to any other realm is close to madness. Somehow, we have come to accept this as self-evident, despite knowing this was not always the case. Close your eyes. The memory of light transforms into a kaleidoscopic dance. This landscape is 'unspeakable': a place beyond certainty that escapes the finality of words. 'The map is not the territory. The menu is not the meal,' wrote Korzybski in 1931.

Our distractions prevent us from accessing the awareness that intuited the Dreamtime stories and mapped our collective archetypal world. We seem unable to prevent the push towards ever-shortening attention spans, ever-increasing disconnection from nature, and ever-accelerating alienation from the ineffable. The art in 'On a bus, up a mountain, like a spiral' arises from the radical act of stepping back from distracted perception and accessing worlds that are available but overlooked. By inhabiting her inner landscape through recording dreams, Babette Robertson offers a world opened up. The ocean, the stars, endless spirals populate a strange and yet familiar place.

Here we discover pathways towards alternative realities that remain available, buried under the pressures of modern life. Through awareness and direct experience, new futures arise."

Preparing to float down the river, he used some moss and dirt from the wall to stain the canvas,  
2025 water based pigment on linen, 97 x 130 cm.



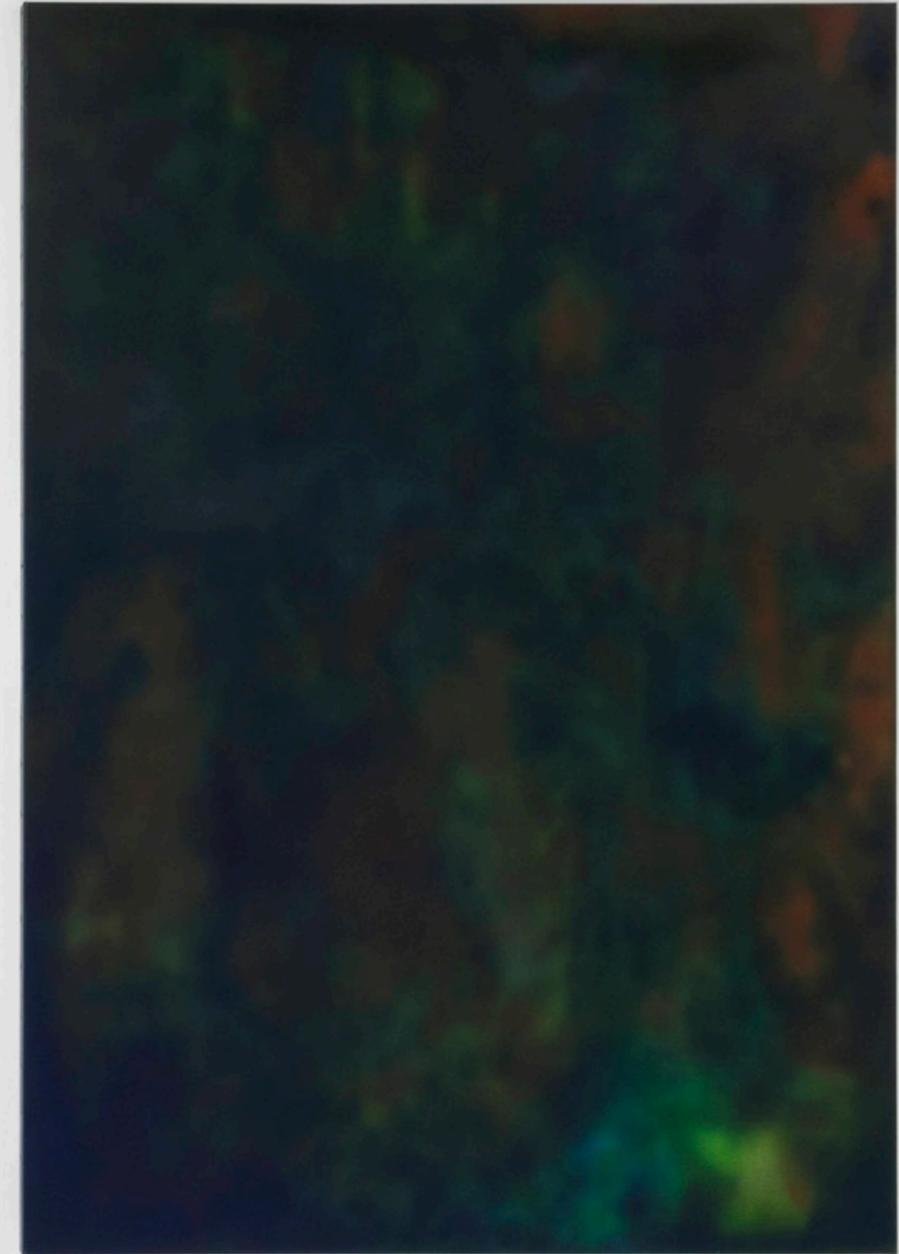
Left: My sister was a denim bag that turned into an enormous and beautiful cascading waterfall 2025, water-based pigment on linen 195 x 130cm.

Right: Mud waterfall, 2025 water based pigment on linen 195 x 130cm.



Left: Looking through. There were lights on the horizon, but there was no horizon.

2025, water based pigment on linen, 162 x 114cm.



Right: The sheets on the bed were a dark maroon colour. They were both on board with the idea.

2025, water based pigment on linen, 114 x 162.

# LÀ OÙ LA NATURE PERSISTE

February 2026

Group show curated by Minerva Association

Le Shakirail 72 Rue Riquet,  
75018, Paris



La Ou La Nature Persiste install view. Left: "The angry tree that fell into the creek", oil on canvas, 55cm x 46cm. Centre: Gohar Martirosyan, Inaccessible depths 2024 installation sonor et video interactive, 12min video work. Right: The roundabout was a star that made us stuck, water based pigment and oil on canvas, 131 x 196cm.



Left: Fallen tree #59, 114 x 163cm, oil on canvas, 2026.  
Right: Morgane Porcheron installation.





## DREAM SERIES

2026  
Selected Works

Since relocating to Paris in 2023, Robertson has turned the documentary rigor she once applied to forests toward the unconscious. Dreams, logged nightly in written journals, have become source material for a sustained painterly inquiry—a response to dislocation and personal rupture that amplified the inner world until it could no longer be ignored.

The process unfolds in stages. Dreams are transcribed, distilled into small figurative watercolours, then translated to large-scale paintings where narrative context dissolves into colour, texture, and atmosphere. What remains is not the literal dream but its emotional residue: a quality of light, a sense of dislocation, a fragmented rhythm. This method echoes Jung's concept of amplification, where symbols resist fixed interpretation and instead invite parallel associations. Robertson's paintings do not decode dreams but create fields where viewers might encounter their own unconscious content.

A recent exhibition *Dans le Flou* (2025) at the Musée de l'Orangerie framed the blur as a legitimate response to "the erosion of certainties", a turn toward the indeterminate in the face of instability. Robertson's dream paintings enact this shift, moving from mapped physical terrain toward psychological space. The work is no longer about documenting a world, but inhabiting one.

When we were in a forest, but the forest was called Paris... At some point we went into a house with scarily high ceilings' 2025, water-based pigment on linen 162 x 130cm. Olsen Gallery



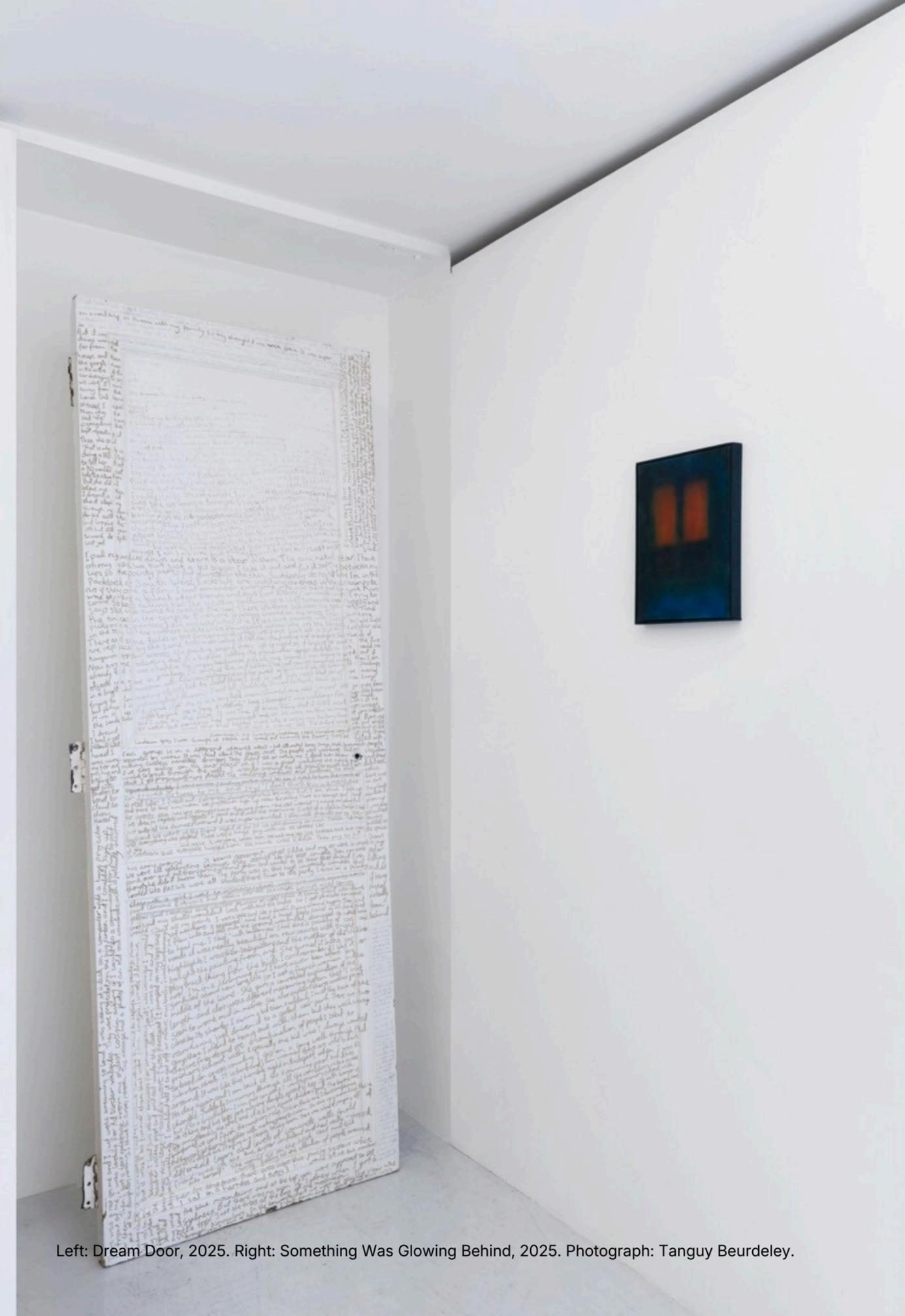
They were painting the white picket fence, but it was a disaster, they were spraying it with this turquoise spray that was going everywhere. It was supposed to just be for the details. When they went inside, the same thing kept happening in the house., water based pigment on linen, 114 x 195cm, 2025. Photograph: Tanguy Beurdeley.



Into the forest of wild beasts, Oil on Canvas, 116 x 150cm.



Vitrine installation view, Dream Drawing series, 2025. Photograph: Tanguy Beurdeley.



## THE DREAM DOOR

2025  
Engraved wooden door

This work is an accounting. A salvaged door, its surface inscribed with the contents of my dream journals, years of nocturnal text translated into a physical, legible field. Each entry, each fragmented narrative, is etched directly into the wood, transforming the temporal flow of the unconscious into a permanent, tactile archive. The door becomes a lieu de mémoire, a site where personal memory is concretized into a collective artifact (Nora, 1989). Writing dreams is an act of salvage; engraving them makes that salvage permanent. The door becomes an archive of interior life, each line a record of something that existed only in the mind and now exists in matter.

A door marks a threshold. This one stands between waking and sleeping, between the self that functions in daylight and the self that dreams. In this work, that boundary is visible. You cannot pass through without confronting the accumulated residue of another consciousness. The dreams are not illustrated or interpreted; they are simply present, legible up close, receding into grain from a distance. To approach is to attempt a reading that remains always partial, like the dreams themselves.

necklace but just a bit bigger. I take a...  
ps so the pointy parts put divets in the skin. Suddenly its right and Im in  
addock at South West Rocks. We are watching the trees in the old campsite  
if they are a film. I cant remember everyone who was there but for sure Mu  
And a bunch of her friends and dad's surf friends. Mum really wants Emmy t  
So keeps calling her. She is sitting halfway up a cliff somewhere close by or  
ays she will come as soon as she can. There is a fence between the spec-tators and  
trees in the campsite. Everyone is rolling around on the grass. Then some  
alls out a painting I did and asks what it is. It is a dark painting with super bright li  
the sky, like the northern lights and a flourescent yellow line on the horizon disa  
ere are some feilds in the foreground when we first look at it but they disap  
e replaced by the same trees we are looking at. I tell them the painting is of a bushfire. Then a bum  
ngaroo appear across the painting, jumping from left to right as if trying to escape  
w every one believes me that its a bushfire painting. My grandmother appears and tells me she  
eady th at it was a bushfire. The jumping kangaroos puzzle me because I am trying to work  
feets can move in paintings I'm convinced they cant but then I had just seen the kangaroos moving  
a bright white museum with a famous photograph and her sweet ex girlfriend. We are looking at  
ing to find it is just an optical illusion - I cant tell. Suddenly I'm next to Manly beach and now Emmys  
perhaps up tone the same cliff she is in a sexy tight cream coloured one piece jumpsuit She ju  
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e sands tone the same cliff she is in a sexy tight cream coloured one piece jumpsuit She ju  
breant had a pet null like I Each group is in a different coloured overall - but all muted tones. Greys, khaki, browns, etc. peop  
s carry-seperated by colour. It was dead silent. The spaces vast. The people were working. But on

Flourescent. No furniture. Just a huge space kilometres long of  
Lindeum grey floor. Groups of people are spread out around the factory/boat/lab

Each group is in a different coloured overall - but all muted tones. Greys, khaki, browns, etc. peop  
s carry-seperated by colour. It was dead silent. The spaces vast. The people were working. But on



## EVERY FALLEN TREE

2018 – Ongoing Series  
Selected Works

Since 2018, Robertson has walked landscapes across Australia and France, logging the GPS coordinates of every fallen tree she encounters. There are now over three thousand points. The aim is seven thousand. Most fell as a result of drought, fire, flood. Others were felled for roads, for logging, for what is called progress. Each tree receives the same three actions: coordinates logged, clay pressed against its bark to take an impression, a painting made. The power is in the repetition. The archive deepens with each return.

The project takes its number from Joseph Beuys' 7000 Eichen (7000 Oaks), planted in Kassel between 1982 and 1987. Beuys understood his oaks as living monuments that would transform over time, their basalt stones gradually becoming "an adjunct at the foot of the oak." Robertson's fallen trees are monuments of another order. They mark not planting but loss. Where Beuys proposed a future-oriented ecology of growth, Every Fallen Tree operates as solastalgia—a lament for what was, and what could have been.

The clay pressings register both the tree's surface and the human hand. They are unfired, still changing, slowly eroding. This gradual decay counterpoints the sudden violence of each fall. Hand meets bark. The impression holds both. The tree is recorded. The work continues.

Fallen Tree #82 2024, oil on canvas, 150 x 115 cm.



Right: Fallen tree pressings #1 - 332 (detail) 2021,  
porcelain, charcoal, handmade paper books, GPS points, ink, 490 x 290cm , NAS Gallery, Sydney.  
Left: Fallen Tree #88 2024, Oil on canvas, 150 x 115 cm, Glover Prize, Tasmania.



# HEARTACHE

Stepping Into Tomorrow (SIT),  
Darlinghurst, Sydney

2020/2021  
Duo exhibition with Claudia Brand

Excerpt of text Helena Lyristakis

Heartache brings together work by close friends Claudia Brand and Babette Robertson. Longing, preservation and the holding in stasis of imagery and memory are presented across painting and ceramic work. Brand's longing is for time, people and memories; Robertson's is for lost elements of the natural environment.

Since 2018, Robertson has collected GPS coordinates and porcelain pressings of fallen trees for every fallen tree, an ongoing project that will reach 7,000 recordings in homage to Joseph Beuys' 7000 Eichen (7000 Oaks). The paintings register not documentary fact but sensory memory: the light, the weight, the particular slant of collapse. Each clay pressing holds both the tree's surface and the human hand, unfired, still changing, slowly eroding (Aloi, 2018). Across both bodies of work runs a shared condition. The memories are gone. The trees have fallen. The time has passed. What remains is the work of holding on.



Heartache (installation view). Left: Fallen Tree #50, 2020. Right: Fallen Tree #53, 2020.



Fallen Tree #50 2021, oil on board, 124 x 94 cm. SIT Gallery, Sydney.



## EXTRACTION

2018 NAS Galleries Sydney, Australia

2023

Excerpt of text by Judith Blackall, Senior curator NAS Galleries

The distillation of eucalyptus oil requires heat, water, time, and vast quantities of leaves. What remains after the process is this: discarded foliage, the physical remnants of labor, and the scent of oil that saturates the air and clings to everything it touches. This installation presents those remains as material fact.

Scattered leaves accumulate on the floor. The smell is inescapable. The work traces a line between resource and residue, between what we take from the landscape and what we leave behind. Extraction sustains, but it also costs. Here, the cost is made present: in the heaps of what is used and discarded, in the scent that lingers long after the process ends. A record of intervention, and what remains of it.

Gridding and extracting a landscape 2018, Eucalyptus leaves, steel, copper wire, oil, string and tape, 260 x 150cm x 260 x 150cm.



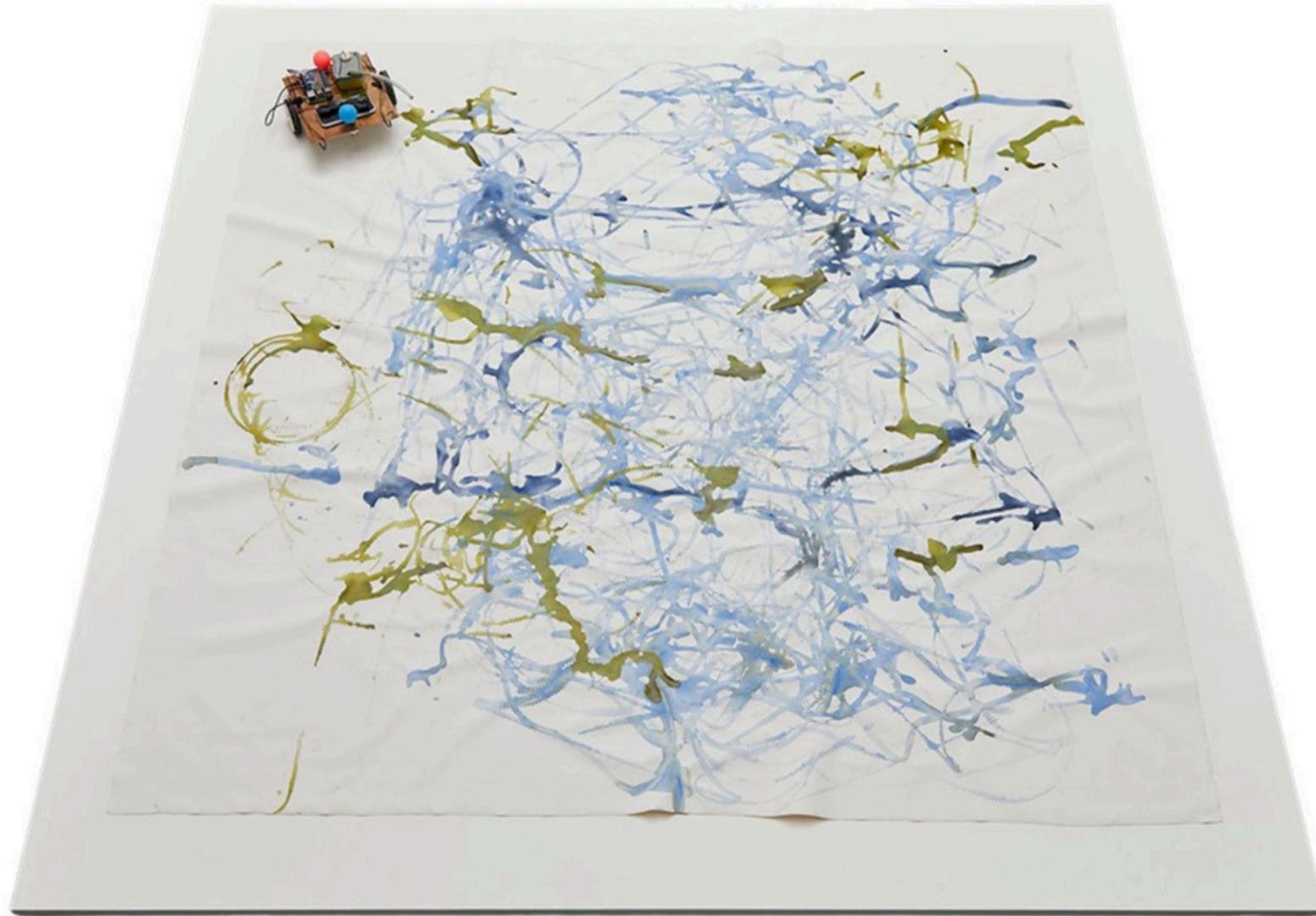
Gridding and extracting a landscape 2018, Eucalyptus leaves, steel, copper wire, oil, string and tape, 260 x 150cm x 260 x 150cm.

## EROSION: FROM HOME TO CENTRE

Raynor Hoff Space, Sydney, Australia

2017 – Ongoing

Robot (raspberry pi, motors, motor controller, ping pong balls, battery, pump, wheels, wood), synthetic polymer paint, canvas. 188 x 170 cm



This project began on the Boolumbahtee (Manning) River, where Robertson kayaked the waterways of her childhood, collecting GPS coordinates at sites of erosion. The river she once knew as relatively healthy was collapsing; banks slumping, trees falling, the landscape she internalised as a child giving way to drought, flood, and neglectful farming practices.

Back in Sydney, she collaborated with engineer Daniel Szanto to program a robot that draws these coordinates. The robot is constructed from a raspberry pi, motors, motor controller, ping pong balls, battery, pump, wheels, and wood. It moves across a blank canvas, the canvas treated as a vast tract of land containing the GPS points within its boundaries. From each site of erosion it spits ink, then moves randomly to the next point. The drawing accumulates slowly, iteration upon iteration, each pass a reenactment of the original journey.

The machine cannot replicate the trip exactly. It moves between points in endless variation, tracing the same route differently every time. What emerges is not a map but a record of dissolution the scale and pace of change within Robertson's own lifetime rendered in ink. The river erodes. The drawing deepens.



Erosion: From Home to Centre, 2017 – ongoing, Raynor Hoff Space, Sydney.



## FOOTPATH

Dominik Mersch Gallery, Gadigal Country (Sydney)

Solo exhibition

Walking is the starting point. Returning repeatedly to the same stretch of bushland, Robertson gathered what presented itself: river stones worn smooth, bones picked clean. These objects became source material for hundreds of handmade porcelain bones, each fired, many fractured in the kiln. Those breaks were mended with kintsugi, transforming damage into something precious. The bones rest on concrete slabs cast to resemble a footpath. Together they form a path nearly ten metres long.

The work proposes a different kind of relationship. Not walking on the land, but walking with it, a distinction that challenges the objectified relationships of modern life (Bennett), inviting a more reciprocal encounter between human and nonhuman agents. This walking-with extends to the paintings that accompanied the installation. Made with brushes Robertson fashioned from collected materials, sticks, grasses, found fibres, these works translate the sensory memory of landscape into gesture and pigment. Here the artist no longer rules over objects but is one among them, embedded in the same set of forces (Lee Ufan).

To walk is a political act. Against the accelerated temporality of today (Virilio), Robertson's practice moves slowly, attentively, the mind, like the feet, works at about three miles an hour (Solnit). The path cannot be walked upon; only alongside. The bones cannot be handled; only witnessed. What remains is an encounter based not on use, but on care.



Footpath 2020, Concrete, porcelain, 24k gold, river stones,  
900cm x 240cm, Dominik Mersch Gallery, Sydney.



Footpath 2020, Concrete, porcelain, 24k gold, river stones,  
900cm x 240cm, Dominik Mersch Gallery, Sydney.



## BABETTE ROBERTSON

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Babette Robertson is an Australian-born painter based in Paris. Her work explores the porous boundary between inner and outer worlds. While painting remains central, she also works across sculpture, installation, and robotics as vital counterparts.

Robertson's early environmental projects examined the entanglement of human and nonhuman systems through mapping and observation.

More recently, her practice has turned inward, maintaining the same attentiveness while focusing on the unconscious as a generative landscape. She insists on our immersion in shared systems, ecological and psychic alike.

