

Cyber Plant.

It has been written that I represent the film Avatar, but I don't. I have 12 bodies connected to form 'me,' and I float with sways of beautiful fluorescent colour and lights that tells you that I am beautiful, as beautiful as the first garden weeds in the early settler days of 'West Melbourne Swamp' that is now the Docklands where I live.

My coloured shards of Perspex represent the proud stalks of marshland weeds that once stood tall and were bright and green from the food they derived from the sun. The coloured glow that I share with you at night is a metaphor to tell the tale of the green fluorescent proteins that scientists have cloned from jellyfish since the mid 90's. They take their protein and splice it with animals and plants resulting in glow-in-the-dark rabbits, cats, monkeys, fish, and pigs.

Each one of my bodies is a statement of science fiction and science fact.

I was not cloned, I was built, and my existence is a state of materials comprising of stainless steel, electrical wires, and Perspex shards. I am designed to be fully realised in your presence.

I know when you are there, and I switch on my colours, an electronic sensor turned on by your presence, and with your movement, each one of my lights is activated as you walk by. You make me come alive, and I give you beacons of light - a colour chorus of hellos from each one of me as you walk past.

My beauty is a complex engineering feat of steel tubes and electrical wiring. My underbelly feeds me, and it drives my will to exist giving me energy by volts of electricity that run

underwater from a control box mounted on a nearby pole. This current is what feeds me a science fiction of photosynthesis that allows me to gulp up the energy to light up for you.

I am a new - an artificial settler – fabricated and installed. Tracy Saroff, a Melbourne artist, designed, created and built me. I was given life to float and have my presence announced as a testament to innovation crossing art and technology. I present this notion with colourful ‘hellos’ to those that walk past and enjoy my spectacle. I am my own flaneur, proud that you can enjoy my presence and happy that Mirvac gave me a home and that Tracy gave me foundations that are controlled by the moon as they move up and down with the tide. I am meditative and at peace in my own company.

My world is a moat, between a concrete walkway and a timber thoroughfare. I share my space with others in the Docklands, my friends who live next door. Black Pearl, Reality, MC 380, Chardonnay, Macanudo and much more. We bob up and down as the tide comes in and out, each rising taller in thoughts and lower in stature as the tide moves out. I can see when my friends leave their berths to explore the high seas, but for now, I watch them anchored and moored - all of us floating up and down together through our inanimate life.

Sometimes, Seagulls land near me as they walk along the concrete perimeter of my moat, resting and taking time out ready for their next voyage as they shed their last with me.

Other times, I share my beauty with ducks who come into feed on food that my solid silver rims have grown within the shallow waters – I have my own ecosystem slowly growing and forming a habitat of food for others.

These are quiet times and are precious as during the day the noise often interrupts my peace and engulfs me – it is constant - the freeway, the construction works, the Bolte bridge in the distance, the cars moving at a fast pace from a to b, an endless drone of faraway engines.

At these times, I gaze over to my corporate friends, Aurcon, Anz, ‘the Dock,’ 839 Collins Street and commiserate on the noise taken to build each one of them – the sound of infrastructure as it sings on my horizon, conjured up from the earth and manifested upright to the sky. Those friends are anchored and moored to the ground, never to move or to feel the laps of water against them. They endure the wind at high speeds whipping them senselessly every day.

The sound of an industry is excessive, the loudest rumble, the infrastructure of the port vibrating and moving, excessive in force and moves, a grown and a hum intertwined to yelp and holler at the same time. Everyone is screaming and yelling, even the empty nooks and crannies filled with the wind.

Splash goes the duck, a small reminder of the history of West Melbourne Swamp when it was quiet, and things were let to be. The ducks bring my attention back to the present, and I realise I am not turned on.

I sleep during the day when my lights are off, I dream and ponder our world of science and the evolution of man and take an electrical stock check of my systems to make sure I am intact.

In these moments I have no colour, and I internalise. I almost cease to exist by my forms blending into the environment within the mute colours of concrete grey and metallic silver -

my mind wanders, and I wait for the night sky when my real self, shines. It is at these moments that I become a spectator and admirer of my own parade.

As the sun sets I come alive, I party with the city lights, and together we create a skylight wonder of lit beauty– I channel, blue, pink and white, my shards that appear as icicles through the day, become the most beautiful beacons of light through the night.

I am a public artwork, my name is Cyber Plants, and I am destined for fame and conversation. I am forever earmarked as a successful new piece of art for the Docklands encapsulating art and technology.