## KLNGS

## Luka Rhoderick TRAVELLER HUB CITY

OCTOBER 16.10.25-09.11.25

Artist Run

## Luka Rhoderick

## TRAVELLER HUB CITY

On my bike ride I follow the train line along a concrete wall decorated with tiles. At a gap in the concrete and mosaic there is a gravel path that leads up to a wire fence and a gate that opens onto the tracks and leads directly into the mouth of the metro tunnel.

This gate is always staffed. Hoards of utes line the car parks, engines idling, waiting for their shift to begin. Circles of high vis gather, receiving a briefing on the day's work to come. On my way to work earlier this week, I waited patiently as a 'slow' traffic paddle was spun to say 'stop' and a scissor lift reversed from the tracks and slowly descended into the street below.

Most of the time the detail consists of a single security guard. Rain, wind or shine, morning, noon or the deepest night, the contractor sits, bored out of his mind, car parked on the dirt path, face just visible through his windscreen, lit by the glow of his phone screen. Sometimes, he sits outside, on a chair, or leaning on his car, smoking a cigarette. I like these times, I can make eye contact, giving the vaguest of nods as I wheel myself home.

One night, I was at home, it was late, and I found myself watching an instructional safety film. It featured a cast of West Midlands train engineers, re-enacting, for the benefit of others, a nearly-fatal near-miss incident they themselves had engineered.[1]

The end credits direct me to "Remember", to "Always Maintain Vigilance" and that "Clear Communication and Acknowledgement is Vital".

Earlier that evening, riding home, I passed the gate. For the first time, at least, in the past two years, there was no one there. No staff, no guard. No car parked close by. No trace.

I can't help myself. I lean my bike over and walk up the gravel to the wire fence. An August wind was blowing, and some leaves had been caught up in a gust and were trapped, stuck against the wire netting. I peered past the gate and scattered leaves and on to the train tracks, just able to glance the descent into the tunnel on my left.

At this moment, I hear a noise behind me. Turning around, I see the portapotty, which occupies the most immediate carpark, rattling precariously. The door of the loo shakes, and with one violent yank, opens suddenly from the inside,

[1] Gipsy Lane safety incident - Atkins safety film https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZjwoapIRmiE

(Leon Rice-Whetton on Luka Rhoderick)

Artwork details (left to right):

L'Abécédaire des Maisons, 2025, ink and pencil on sketch-paper in stained oak frame, 685 x 505 x 45 mm

Traveller Hub City, 2025, perspex, 304.8 x 304.8 x 25 mm (each)

Reminder of the Outside, 2025, laminated glass panel, envelopes, photographs, fibreboard, adhesive tape, aluminium,  $1500 \times 900 \times 725$  mm

*Drawing Connections* 3, 2025, perforated glass sheet, ink on tracing paper, polyester bag, on fibreboard. 725 x 340 x 22 mm

Drawing Connections 2, 2025, perforated glass sheet, graphite on paper, ink on tracing paper, photograph, reflective sticker, stamps. on fibreboard, 65.5 x 34 x 22 mm

Drawing Connections 1, 2025, perforated glass sheet, graphite on paper, graphite on newspaper, photograph, on fibreboard.  $65.5 \times 34 \times 22$  mm

Luka Rhoderick (b. 2000) is an artist in Naarm/Melbourne. He graduated from Monash University in 2024.

