

BOOM TOWN

Gallery Two Six Darwin

Hi everybody, welcome to AANGA's *Boom Town*, A LittlePrick exhibition.

Before we begin we want to share a quote with you. Keep it in the back of your mind, we will return to it: "What luck, for governments, that the people are stupid!"

Now, because LittlePricks takes the piss out of Northern Territory politics, politicians and governments, we want to talk a bit about politicians. A politician is defined as a representative, member of parliament, leader, lawmaker and public servant.

In the NT, we find politicians—mostly, not all, but mostly—to be oily, fickle people wanting a win. During election time, they kind of hit on you with an adolescent infatuation; stalking you with giant headshots on every street corner; insinuating themselves into your social media feed; knocking on your door like the Second Great Awakening; and worse, turning up uninvited to you friend's funeral. But it doesn't end there, because we, the constituents, are just their first crush. We are what they climb over, and, we let them, it's a symbiotic relationship because we respect democratic love and have got to have someone to blame when things go wrong.

So, with monotonous regularity, we let them in, telling ourselves that we trust them; that they will be different; or, we just do it out of spite because we hated the last one. Mostly we swing from side to side, not remembering it's one predictable continuum in a toxic relationship.

At some point though, we realise we have been dumped, again. The honeymoon's over and our politician's loyalty is now lying with a much bigger, steamier, hotter love.

LittlePricks *Boom Town* is about that big, steamy, hot love. It is a kind of retrospective—or a LittlePrick timeline—charting Northern Territory politicians and their presiding governments' 'love-lives' with giant fossil fuel extraction companies.

Love-life is a unique and profound connection, often implying a deep and enduring affection that stands out above all others. Sound familiar? Like any unbridled passion, there is no competing with it. That is the truth. And it has always been the truth. Since self-government in 1978 to date, not one of the presiding governments or chief ministers has ever really had a new idea about the NT (even if they try and rewrite history, as some of them do).

Like waves crashing on the beach, they all continue to see the NT's future through the rapturous lens of its vast mineral resources and they all know that the fossil fuel industry and the system of mineral extraction is intrinsically linked to our financial system. And don't we love money. They also know that promising anything else is treachery—an act of cruel optimism.

This is why First Nations people can have their land back but not the minerals underneath it. This is why governments will spend our taxes on special inquiries (*The independent Scientific Inquiry into Hydraulic Fracturing of Onshore Unconventional Reservoirs in the Northern Territory*) to insinuate that they do care what we think; and, we say what we think—that we don't want fracking; don't trust mining companies or

governments to monitor mining companies, and yet, 8 cabinet members decide to frack, opening up over 80% of the NT for fracking, promising us, it will be OK, without even acknowledging the expensive and theatrical lie of their inquiry. Talk about consent.

This is why governments say there is no money in the budget for health or education (or art galleries) and yet they can allocate money to subsidise gas companies. This is why they're tough on crime except climate criminals. This is why we pay taxes and mining/gas companies don't. This is why we say we want renewables, they say OK, then scrap any plans for renewables and offer us gas. This is why we say—time and time again—we don't want land clearing, but they clear Lee Point. This is why, when we demand climate action, they smile nicely, say OK, then open new gas deals, or on a national level, just recently, sign a minerals deal with nuclear Trump (but it must be OK because the minerals are 'critical').

You're not going mad, you're just being gas-lit. And of course not every NT politician says one thing and does another, but the ones that do, get away with murder, every time. Everything 'we the people' feared would happen in the NT is happening, now. In 2022, Ichthys (INPEX) emitted more toxic chemicals than the Gorgon project off the coast of Western Australia—one of the biggest gas fields in the world. In 2024 they emitted thousands of tonnes of toxic waste—including benzene, sulphur dioxide, and hydrogen sulphide—with no assessment or regulatory intervention from the Northern Territory government. And just this year, 2025, INPEX confessed to an increase of emissions of benzene by 13,400%. On top of that, the current chief minister, Lia Finnochiaro said the chief health officer has done a preliminary investigation and has no concerns at this point! What part of carcinogenic is not concerning to them?

She also said she had "full confidence" in the territory's environmental regulator and its chair Paul Vogel to carry out an investigation—despite revelations that Paul Vogel has had a paid role as an advisor to mining company VBX.

INPEX has also admitted to a 36,000 litre oil spill on 13 October 2025, with heavy rain impacting the plant's storm-water system, washing oil into Darwin Harbour and surrounding mangrove forests. They have commented, "No harm done!"

Speaking of spills, the predicted spill of carcinogenic fracking fluid from Empire Energy, now Beetaloo Energy Australia, near Borroloola has finally occurred. But we are told, don't be too concerned, fracking fluid is only 5% carcinogenic.

It's infuriating right? These are the conflicted and manipulated 'truths' we swallow, day in, day out. It's no wonder we feel angry, powerless, hopeless, despairing and anxious. There seems no shame associated with the behaviour either, it's almost a rite of passage. Politicians and corporations who manipulate the truth have no new ideas, in fact, they offer nothing much at all. So buckle up.

We are all caught in this web of deceit. We all feel it, even if we don't understand what it is, we know that something is VERY wrong, that our formula—our way

of life—is somehow, unnatural, not sustainable, (kind of like how you might feel when visiting Bunnings or Spotlight).

Believing that money will prevent us from having to see or feel the truth; that putting children in prison; punching down; criminalising alcoholism; or, living in a nice upscale, safe neighbourhood with recycling and solar panels will keep the wolves out is a lie. What we have done to First Nations people, to the planet and to each other is too big to go around. We cannot hide in our success or wealth, not forever.

And here's another hard truth, whilst it's easy to point the finger at NT politicians, and think that we are the victims, we must come to terms with the fact that we are also the perpetrators. For example, this show is about fossil fuels, corruption and climate change. It is printed on Photo tex, Woven 100% Polyester fabric with an oil-based low tack adhesive. At the end of the show it will be taken off the walls and put in the bin. When we rang the supplier's head office to ask if it might be recyclable, they seemed surprised and did not really know the answer (that's telling). In turn, they asked us to flick them an email and wait. To date, they have not replied. We still made the choice to use it, in order to get a show up and running in a hurry. That is the dissonance, dammed if we do, dammed if we don't.

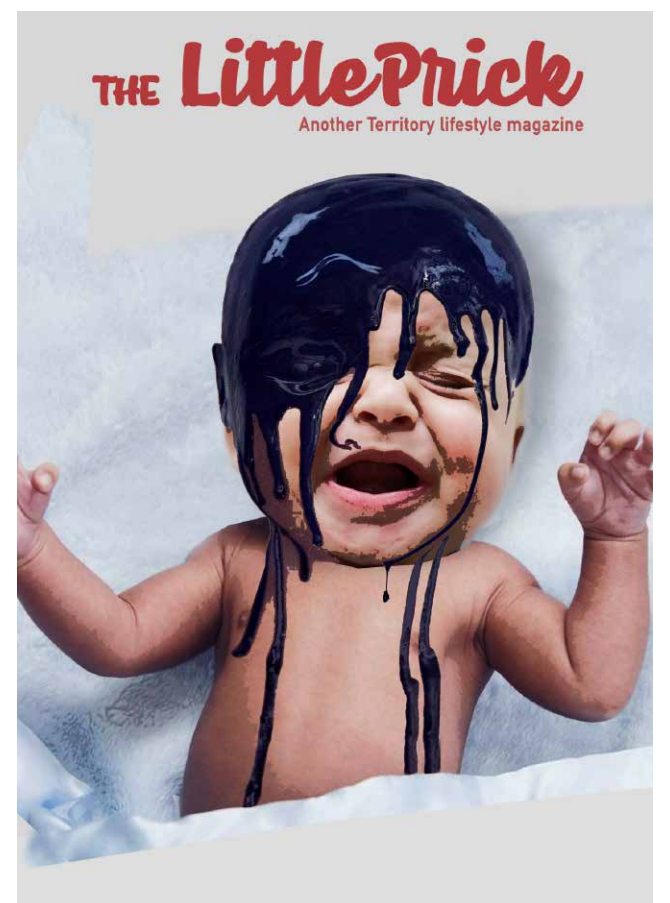
In closing, remember that quote? "What luck, for governments, that the people are stupid!" The man who said that was Adolf Hitler. Look how that turned out for all of us.

Having said that, returning to the topic of politicians. LittlePrick's *Boom Town* (2025) is a complete piss-take, it's fun; a joke; a way of breaking the oily, smothering shell of deceit. But if we really want politicians to stop lying to us, then we have to stop lying to ourselves and begin our own personal and social revolution.

By not giving stupid people our power, we take back our future. It's up to us.

Thank you and enjoy the show.

AANGA, November 2025.



Artists Against New Gas Alliance (AANGA) presents

BOOM TOWN

LIST OF WORKS

All prints are for sale.

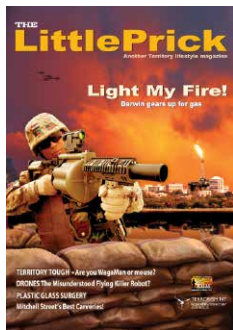
Printed on Ilford Cotton Rag 300gsm, 59.7 x 42 cm—\$400 plus GST and postage.

2012



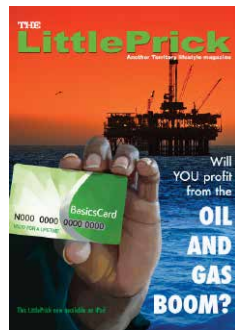
Ritchie, *20 Dumbest.*

2012



Williams T. S., *Light my fire.*

2012



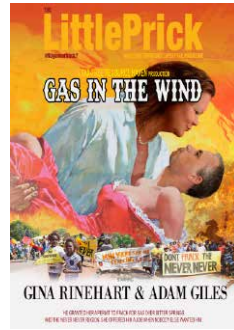
Ritchie, *WILL YOU profit?*

2014



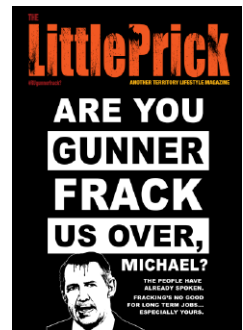
Hancock, *Arafura Pearl.*

2016



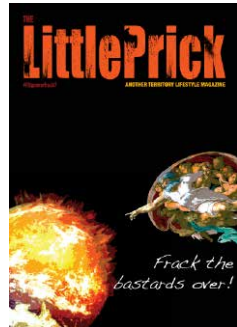
Ritchie, *Gas in the wind.*

2017



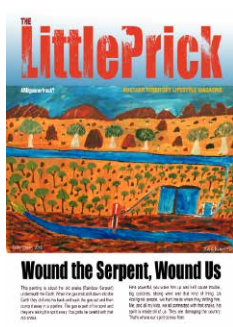
Williams T. S., *RU Gunner frack us over?*

2017



Mackinolty, *Frack the bastards over.*

2017



Green, *Wound the serpent, wound us.*

2017



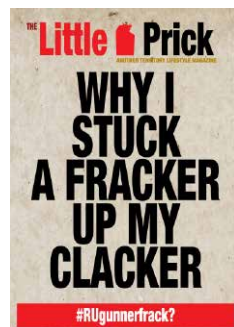
Ritchie, *Jesus wept.*

2017



Hancock, *There's something in the water.*

2017



Ritchie, *Why I stuck a fracker up my clacker.*

2017



Hancock, *They will never never come if you ever ever frack.*

2017



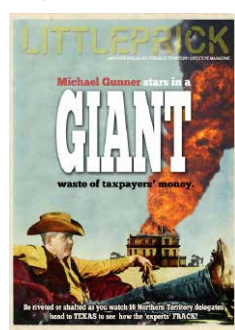
Ritchie, *Trust us we're experts.*

2017



Ritchie, *Cabinet's decision to frack.*

2019



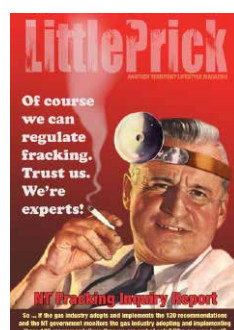
Ritchie, *Giant waste of taxpayers' money.*

2020



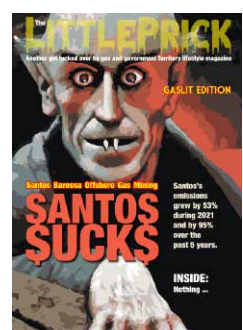
Ritchie, *Stop drilling gas in the Beetaloo Basin.*

2020



Ritchie, *Bitterweet.*

2022



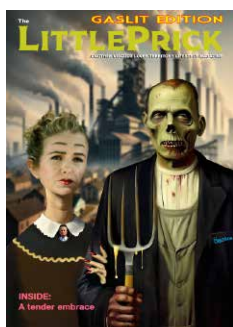
Ritchie, *SANTOS SUCKS.*

2025



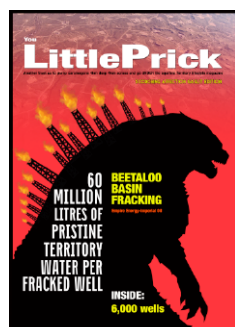
Williams T. S., *Baby oil.*

2025



Ritchie, *Gas gothic.*

2025



Ritchie, *6,000 wells.*

2025



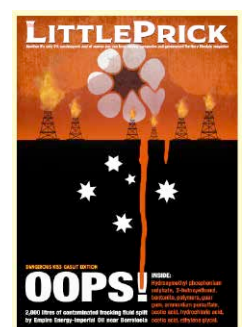
Ritchie, *Political affairs.*

2025



Ritchie, *Is your pipeline long enough?*

2025



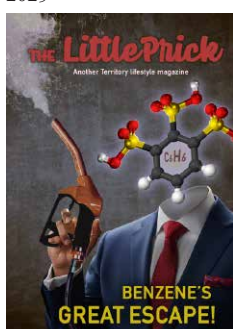
Ritchie, *OOPS!,*

2025



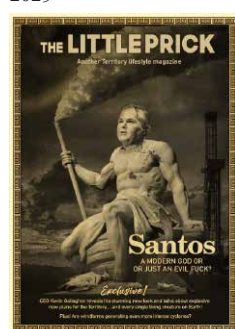
Ritchie, *Let them eat gas.*

2025



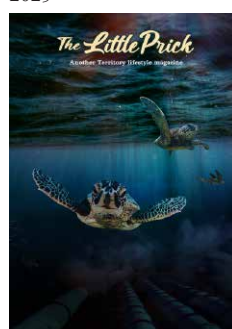
Williams T. S., *Breath of fresh air.*

2025



Williams T. S., *Santos god.*

2025



Williams T. S., *Turtle pipeline.*

2025



Ritchie, *The chief minister spin.*