



August 2026 – September 2027

KERB side NATION

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COUNTRY

Logan City Council acknowledges the Traditional Custodians of the lands and waterways across the City of Logan. We pay our respects to Elders past, present and emerging. They hold the memories, traditions, cultures and hopes of Australia's First Peoples.

KERB SIDE NATION

People often hold onto objects because they serve as sentimental and tangible links to moments, relationships and chapters of their lives. When we share the stories behind these possessions, they become vessels for memory, transforming everyday items into reminders of where we have been, who we have known and what we value most.

Kerbside Nation explores the everyday rituals of suburbia through the City of Logan's kerbside clean-ups and the moments when households decide what to keep inside the home and what to release to the kerb. The exhibition centres on the stories of 4 City of Logan residents and the objects they have chosen to keep (featured in the following pages). Through treasured belongings, the exhibition explores the personal meanings attached to material things and the ways objects become intertwined with identity, memory, migration, family histories and a sense of home.

Together, the spaces of the home and the kerbside reveal 2 sides of the same story: how communities hold onto what matters while making room for new lives, new belongings and new beginnings. In this way, the kerbside becomes more than a place of disposal, it is a space of transition, negotiation and quiet nation-building within Logan's suburbs.

Kerbside Nation is the first chapter of *The Great Kerbside Nation-Building Project*, a broader body of work by Vanghoua Anthony Vue that will continue to unfold across Logan. Further artworks, exhibitions and public programs will be presented through Logan Libraries and Logan Art Gallery in 2027.

Cover image: *Kerbside collection*. Photograph by Vanghoua Anthony Vue, 2026.

Left image: Sally Terare (Butchulla, Budjalung) *Wander Free*, 2020, oil and acrylic on canvas.





Kerbside collections. Photographs by Vanghoua Anthony Vue, 2026.



VANGHOVA ANTHONY VUE — CO-CURATOR

An essay: Kerbside collection and the making of home in Logan

Before I understood kerbside collection as an artistic subject, I understood it as survival infrastructure.

I grew up in Cairns in a large migrant family where objects were expected to earn their keep. My parents raised 8 children with a practical understanding of value: things were not judged by branding, appearance or trend, but by whether they could still perform a function. Sunday afternoons often involved family trips to the local rubbish tip and buy-back shop, where my brothers and I would trail behind my parents as they inspected piles of second-hand furniture, appliances, tools and building materials with remarkable concentration. My father had developed a long-standing relationship with the manager of the buy-back shop, often exchanging boxes of vegetables and fruit from our family's market stall for assorted household items. It was a system built less on money and more on mutual understanding, negotiation and resourcefulness.

Many of the objects we brought home were broken, damaged, incomplete, faded or visibly exhausted from previous lives. Yet in our household they were rarely treated as rubbish. Chairs were repaired. Fans and kettles were rewired. Cupboards were reinforced with screws and optimism. Duct tape and super glue functioned as both engineering material and philosophical outlook. Things remained in use until they genuinely had nothing left to offer.

At the time, these habits simply felt normal. It was only later, after moving to Brisbane for university and eventually settling in Logan in 2022, that I began recognising how deeply those ideas had shaped my understanding of home. Like many people trying to establish themselves in contemporary Australia, I found myself living carefully, moving between student accommodation and share houses, carrying only what was necessary and slowly accumulating the materials of adulthood through affordability, improvisation and second-hand circulation. Buying a house — an activity increasingly approaching speculative fiction for many Australians — only intensified this awareness. Building a home in Logan often requires creativity, compromise and an ability to see potential in things others may overlook.

This is perhaps why Logan's kerbside collection culture feels so significant to me. On the surface, kerbside collection week appears chaotic: entire suburban streets transformed into temporary public exhibitions of domestic excess, failed renovation projects, abandoned hobbies and occasionally heroic confidence in the structural integrity of MDF furniture. Recliners emerge from garages like ageing suburban monuments. Rusted exercise equipment waits patiently for redemption. Children's toys, tangled cords, chipped shelving units and mystery appliances briefly occupy the nature strip before being collected, salvaged, dismantled or quietly adopted into another household.

There is humour in these displays, but also something revealing. Kerbside collection exposes the ongoing negotiations involved in making home. Every object placed outside represents a decision about usefulness, space, memory, aspiration or necessity. For migrant families especially, these decisions are often layered with additional meaning. Objects carry traces of movement between countries, rental properties, generations and economic circumstances. They become linked to stories of sacrifice, settlement and adaptation. At the same time, practical realities demand constant reassessment: what deserves space, what can still serve a purpose and what must finally be released?



What interests me most about Logan is how these negotiations occur across an extraordinarily diverse population while still producing recognisably shared suburban rituals. Long-term residents and newly arrived migrants alike participate in the quiet choreography of kerbside collection: slowing the car to inspect a pile from the driver's seat, loading a 'perfectly good' chair into the back of a ute, or standing outside discussing whether somebody else's discarded lawn mower 'probably still works'. There exists an almost unspoken collective agreement that value here is unstable and transferable: that an object considered obsolete in one household may still hold enormous usefulness in another.

The kerb itself becomes a strange threshold between private and public life. It is where domestic histories temporarily leave the home and enter communal view. Some objects disappear within minutes, absorbed back into suburban circulation. Others remain untouched, slowly absorbing rain, sun and neighbourhood judgement until collection day arrives. In this brief moment, the kerbside reveals patterns of consumption, aspiration, resourcefulness and care that usually remain hidden behind fences and garage doors.

For all its absurdity, kerbside collection reveals something important about Australian suburbia, particularly in Logan. Communities are not built solely through infrastructure, planning documents, or official narratives of growth. They are also built through everyday acts of reuse, repair, exchange and adaptation. Through the quiet understanding that somebody else's unwanted object might still contain enough value to become part of your own life.

When I walk through kerbside collections in Logan now, I often think back to those Sunday afternoons in Cairns at the buy-back shop. I realise my parents were never simply searching for cheap objects, they were searching for possibility: materials that could support another week, another season, another attempt at building stability and home. Years later, I recognise that same instinct scattered across Logan's suburban streets. The kerbside is not simply where things are discarded. It is where communities quietly negotiate what they are willing to carry forward together.



**Scan to view more images of kerbside collections
in the City of Logan by Vanghoua Anthony Vue.**



MILENA CIFALI

Resident of Shailer Park

Can you tell us about your life in Logan and what brought you here?

I lost my home in 2019 on New Year's Eve in Mallacoota, Victoria, in the Black Summer bushfires. We lost everything.

After our place burnt down, we moved to Canberra for a year and just rented, trying to find our feet. We decided to move to Brisbane, not Logan. I didn't even know where Logan was but we decided to move to Brisbane because my son was living in Greenslopes and my other son that was living in Canberra was moving to the Gold Coast. My father was already living in Brisbane; he was living in Dutton Park, so we sort of knew Brisbane a bit, but I didn't really know Logan.

And when we were thinking about a place to buy and thinking of moving here as a more permanent move, I said, 'Look let's just put our finger on the map and see where it lands, see what happens'. So, we put our finger on the map, and it said Shailer Park.

When did you start collecting the frogs?

Okay, so I remember very distinctly how it started. I can't remember how many years ago ... let's say 15 or 20 years ago. I was on holidays with my mother at a motel at the South Coast near Canberra and we were having a beach holiday. We were sleeping in the same motel room and I had this weird dream about all these frogs at the front of my house, lining the path and kind of talking to me, waving at me and welcoming me as I came home. I don't know what the dream signified, but it felt nice having all these frogs welcoming me back to the house. In the morning, I said to my mum, 'I just had the weirdest dream, and it was about frogs'. And she said, 'I had the same dream!'.

From that point on, we would always exchange each other frogs for gifts. I think I had around 200 just scattered around the house and the garden when our place burnt down.

How did you find out that it (the bronze frog) was the only item that survived the fire?

We went back about 6 weeks after the fires. It was actually really hard because, you know, there was nothing there. It was all just black, it was raining, it stunk of ash, there were no birds. That was when we found the bronze frog. We didn't really find anything else as far as I can remember. It was just the bronze frog.

What do you hope others will understand when they see the frog and hear your story?

It kind of is a reminder for people that in general, any loss is a loss, yes, but the memories are real.

What makes something worthy of keeping for you, beyond just its practical use?

Having lost pretty much everything we owned, at first, it was really hard ... but as time went on, I came to realise that objects are just objects. I don't put as much energy or significance into objects as I used to, because objects come and go. They're not real. What is real, is your friends, your family, your health, all of those kinds of things. Special things that you've lost, they're not replaceable, but they're still there. Like, I've still got the memories. I don't have the photo albums, but I've still got the memories.

Do you have anything else you want to share?

I think it's really interesting that the frog in itself is still here, right? It still exists. It didn't burn, it's still in one piece, but it's completely changed. So, it was completely bronze ... but now it's black. It's the same object, but completely different. Yet it links the past and the present.



BOJAN SAMBOLEC

Resident of Bethania

How long have you lived in Logan and what first brought you here?

I've been in Logan since around 2011. We moved here mainly because rent in Rochedale was cheaper and just made more sense at the time. Nothing too dramatic about it, just life and needing somewhere affordable to live. Since then, we've stayed in the Logan area and have now built our home in Bethania.

What was your first impression of Logan and has that changed over time?

At first, it felt pretty straightforward — quiet, a bit spread out, nothing flashy. Just a normal place where people are getting on with things. I didn't really have strong opinions about it. Over time though, I've come to appreciate that simplicity more. It's not trying to be anything else. There's space, there's a bit of freedom in that and it's been a decent place to live and make music without too much pressure.

What did this cymbal represent to you when you first bought it in the early 2000s, and how has time changed what it represents?

When I first bought it, it was just excitement. It came as part of a beginner kit, and I remember thinking it sounded amazing at the time. More than anything, it made me feel like I was actually stepping into being a musician, not just someone messing around with drums. That feeling was pretty important back then.

Over time though, it's changed a lot in meaning. It's not about that 'starting out' feeling anymore. It's more like a record of everything that's happened since — all the bands, rehearsals, late nights, changes in life, moving houses, all of it. It's basically followed me through every version of myself as a musician and now it feels more like a companion than just an instrument.

What do you think allowed this cymbal to outlast the chapters (of different bands) that came and went?

I think part of it is just that it survived everything else. A lot of my gear didn't. Other cymbals cracked, got replaced or just weren't needed anymore as things changed. But this one kept going. Ride cymbals also just tend to last longer if you play them a certain way, so practically it just held up.

But beyond that, I never really felt the need to get rid of it. Bands came and went, people changed, life shifted in different directions, but this stayed. In a way it became one of the few consistent things in a life that was otherwise pretty fluid. Even when everything else was changing, there was always this one familiar sound and object sitting there.

You noted that this isn't a high-end cymbal. What does its lasting value say about how we measure worth?

Yeah, it's not anything fancy. It's a pretty standard beginner cymbal, nothing collectors would care about. But I think that's actually why it matters more to me. Its value isn't in price or brand or anything like that. It's in time. It's in how long it's stayed with me and what it's collected along the way. Every scratch or mark isn't damage — it's just part of its life.

Have you ever let go of something important at the kerb or found something meaningful there? What was that experience like?

Yeah, both. We've picked up a lot of things from the kerb over the years — furniture, bits of gear, things that still had life in them. Some of it stayed with us for a long time. There's something about giving an object another chance instead of it just becoming waste.

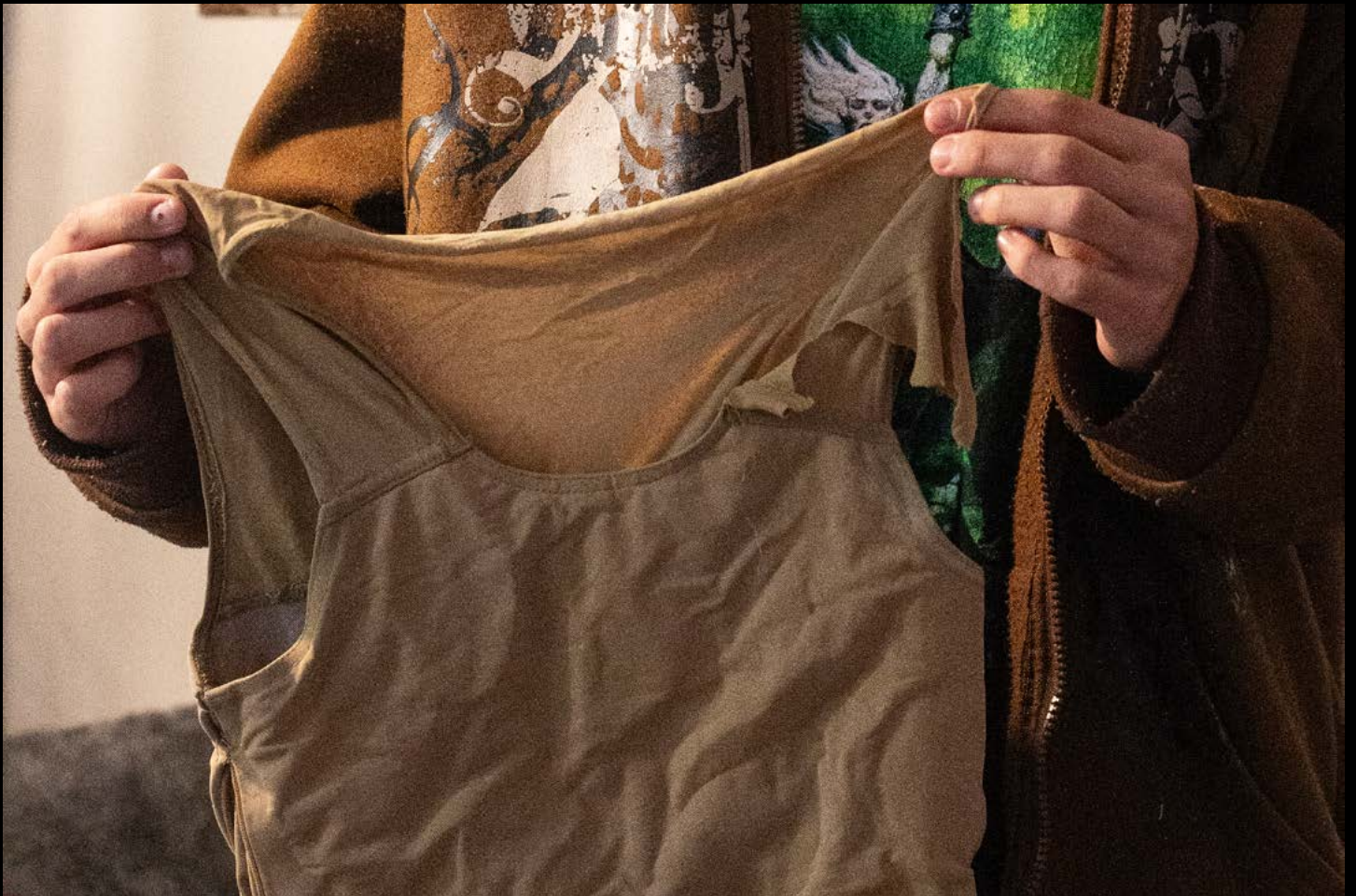
At the same time, we've also had to let things go. Even things that meant something. My wife's even had to throw out some of her old art school work before, just because there's only so much space you can keep things in. That's never easy, but it's part of how life moves. Things come in, things go out.



Image: *Milena Cifali's* bronze frog. Photograph by Vanghoua Anthony Vue, 2026.



Image: *Bojan Sambolec's cymbal*. Photograph by Vanghoua Anthony Vue, 2026.



Images: *Kylo Oliver's binder*. Photographs by Vanghoua Anthony Vue, 2026.



Images: Margaret Xiong's coins. Photographs by Vanghoua Anthony Vue, 2026.



KYLO OLIVER

Resident of Logan

I was wondering if you could start by telling us how long you have lived in Logan? What were your first impressions of Logan? Or what does this place mean to you?

Well, I have only lived here for around like 9 to 10 months. I've never lived in Logan before this place I'm living in now. I only really moved here because my mum was wanting to move up north. And so, me and my brother had to kind of move out. I was able to stumble upon this nice affordable housing that's independent and everything. It's been great.

So, what does the binder symbolise to you? And do you remember when you first wore it?

My ex-partner had bought it for me when I was like 15, 16 and now I'm 20. It was a very big step in like the process of having bodily autonomy towards myself because I was so young and I hadn't come out ... so, like it just felt like a really big stepping stone towards the person I wanted to be, how I wanted to be perceived by others and it just represented independence and confidence and being able to have control over what I wanted to do.

You described that pain is an exchange for pride and confidence. Can you share more about that exchange?

With how the binder works right; it's this really tough material that doesn't stretch in the front but in the back it's like really stretchy. So, it's kind of like imagine taping a piece of cardboard around your body.

But yeah, definitely pain in exchange for pride. Like obviously it made me feel really confident ... I could worry about other things and not have to worry about how my shirt looked on me because I was able to wear a binder.

Why does it feel important to you to share this object and your experience with the people that will see this exhibition?

It's nice to zoom in on one object that can make a trans masculine person feel confident and have an entirely positive and wholesome perspective without any negativity.

How do you usually decide what stays in your home and what you don't keep?

Well, recently I've been trying to not buy something unless I kind of need it. But when it comes to what I do keep, I would say sentimental value and if it holds an experience from a place I've been to or a friend or a family or just any time in my life; I feel like I could tell you a story about everything that I have in my home. I feel like that's really important. But usually if I am getting rid of something, it's just going to go back to the op shop or maybe to a friend or family. Because like the saying goes, it's like 'one man's trash is another man's treasure'.



MARGARET XIONG

Resident of Logan Reserve

How long have you lived in Logan and what brought you here?

I've lived in Logan Reserve for about 24 years now. My family moved here when I was around 9, back when it was still part of Beaudesert Shire before it became Logan City. My parents were looking for a fresh start and somewhere they could actually build stability. They bought land so they could farm, grow vegetables and sell at local markets. For them, land meant security, independence and the chance to rebuild life properly after everything they'd been through.

What does 'home' mean to you in this place?

Home, for me, is less about a building and more about people and time. It's family, but also the idea of building something that carries on. My parents came here thinking long-term — not just for themselves, but for us and future generations. So, home has always felt tied to that idea of continuity and trying to make things better over time.

Do you know how and when your parents came to own these coins?

One of the coins was passed down to my mum from her mother around 25 years ago. The rest were bought by my dad roughly 40 years ago when he was living in a refugee camp after escaping Laos. He originally had over 40 French Indochina coins, but most were taken by Thai police during that time. After that, he slowly worked to buy back whatever he could. So, what we have now isn't the full collection — it's what survived and that already says a lot. These coins carry both loss and persistence at the same time.

A lot of other Hmong families have similar experiences. Some have managed to keep coins across generations, others have had to repurchase them after arriving in places like Australia, after losing them along the way. I've always wished my dad could have kept his original set, but that kind of loss is something a lot of families in that situation went through.

What stories did your parents share with you about these coins?

They always explained that these weren't just 'old money'. In the French colonial period in Southeast Asia, currency was tied to control, opportunity and survival — who could trade, who could move, who had access to what.

For Hmong families especially, objects like these became tied to memory because so much was lost through war and displacement. My parents would talk about how things had to be carried, hidden, traded or left behind depending on the situation. Nothing was stable, so whatever you could keep became important.

My dad would also talk about refugee camp life, where people held onto very small objects because they were often the only physical link to their past lives. It wasn't about value in a financial sense — it was about having something real to hold onto that still connected you to where you came from.

Over time, I realised these stories weren't really about coins at all. They were about what gets carried through crisis — memory, identity and family history, even when everything else changes.

What do you hope others learn or reflect on when they learn about these coins?

I hope people realise that everyday objects can hold a lot more than what they look like. Something small can carry migration stories, family history and experiences that span generations. A lot of families have things like this — objects that quietly hold meaning, even if they don't look important from the outside.

What makes something 'worth keeping' for you, beyond just its practical use?

For me, it comes down to meaning. Something can be broken, old or not useful anymore, but still worth keeping if it holds memory or connects to a moment in time.

I think that's why I've always been interested in both inherited objects and found objects. One carries family history, the other carries chance and reuse — but both can hold value in ways that aren't obvious at first.

Vanghoua Anthony Vue is a Logan-based visual artist whose practice explores transcultural identity, migration, memory and community through public art, installation and socially engaged projects. Vue's work reflects on resourcefulness, repair and the emotional histories embedded within everyday objects. For the *Kerbside Nation* exhibition at Living Museum of Logan, he examines kerbside collection as both a social ritual and portrait of suburban life — revealing humour, resilience, aspiration and waste within the discarded materials of Logan's streets. This exhibition forms part of an ongoing body of work that will continue through future presentations at Logan Art Gallery and across Logan Libraries, using salvaged kerbside objects and everyday materials.

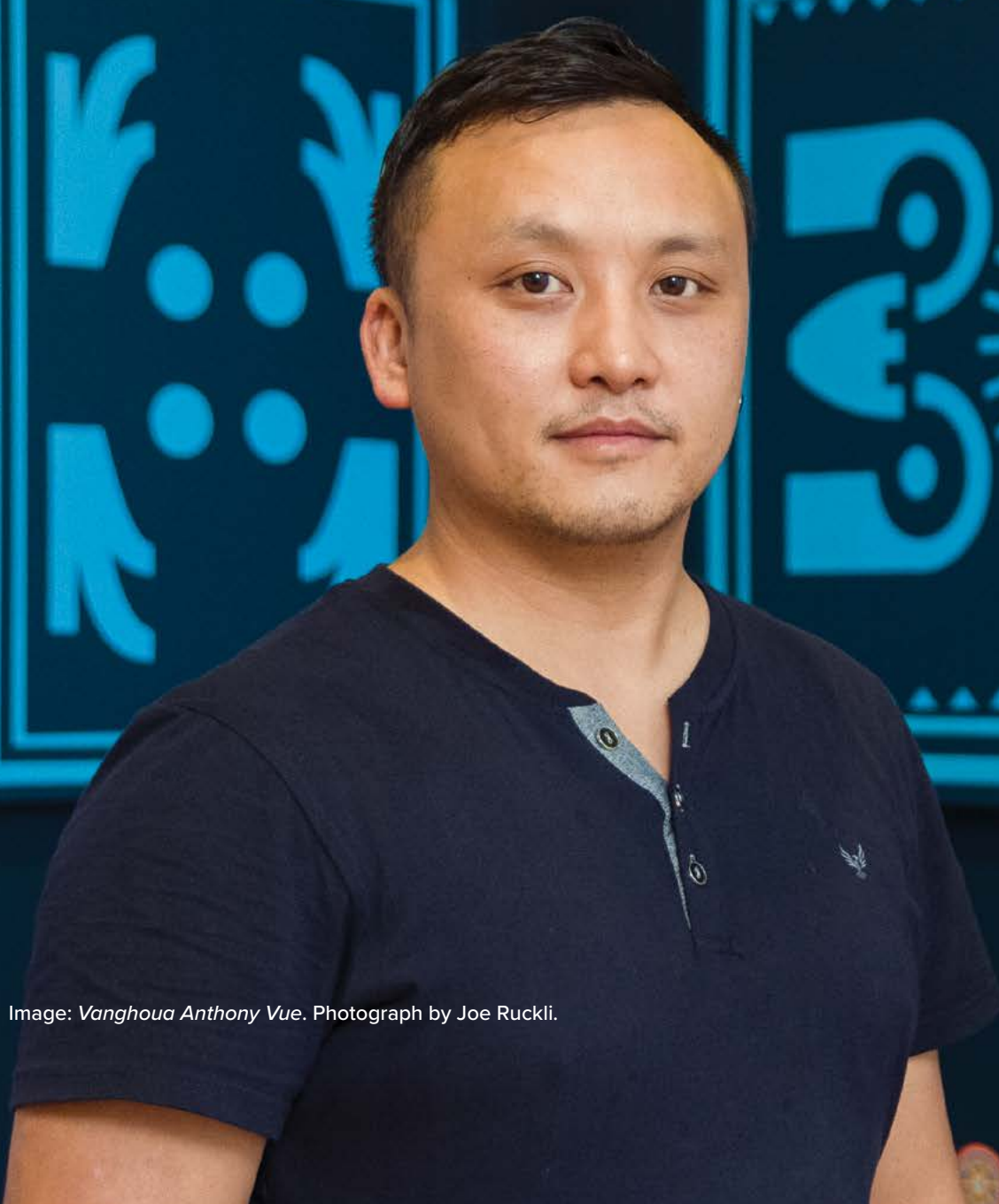


Image: Vanghoua Anthony Vue. Photograph by Joe Ruckli.



***Kerbside Nation* exhibition credits**

The Living Museum of Logan would like to warmly thank and acknowledge the people of Logan who participated and shared their stories for this exhibition.

Curators: Vanghoua Anthony Vue and Alice Hinton

Photography: Vanghoua Anthony Vue

Exhibition graphic design: Vanghoua Anthony Vue

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KERBSIDE**NATION**

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FOR QUEENSLAND



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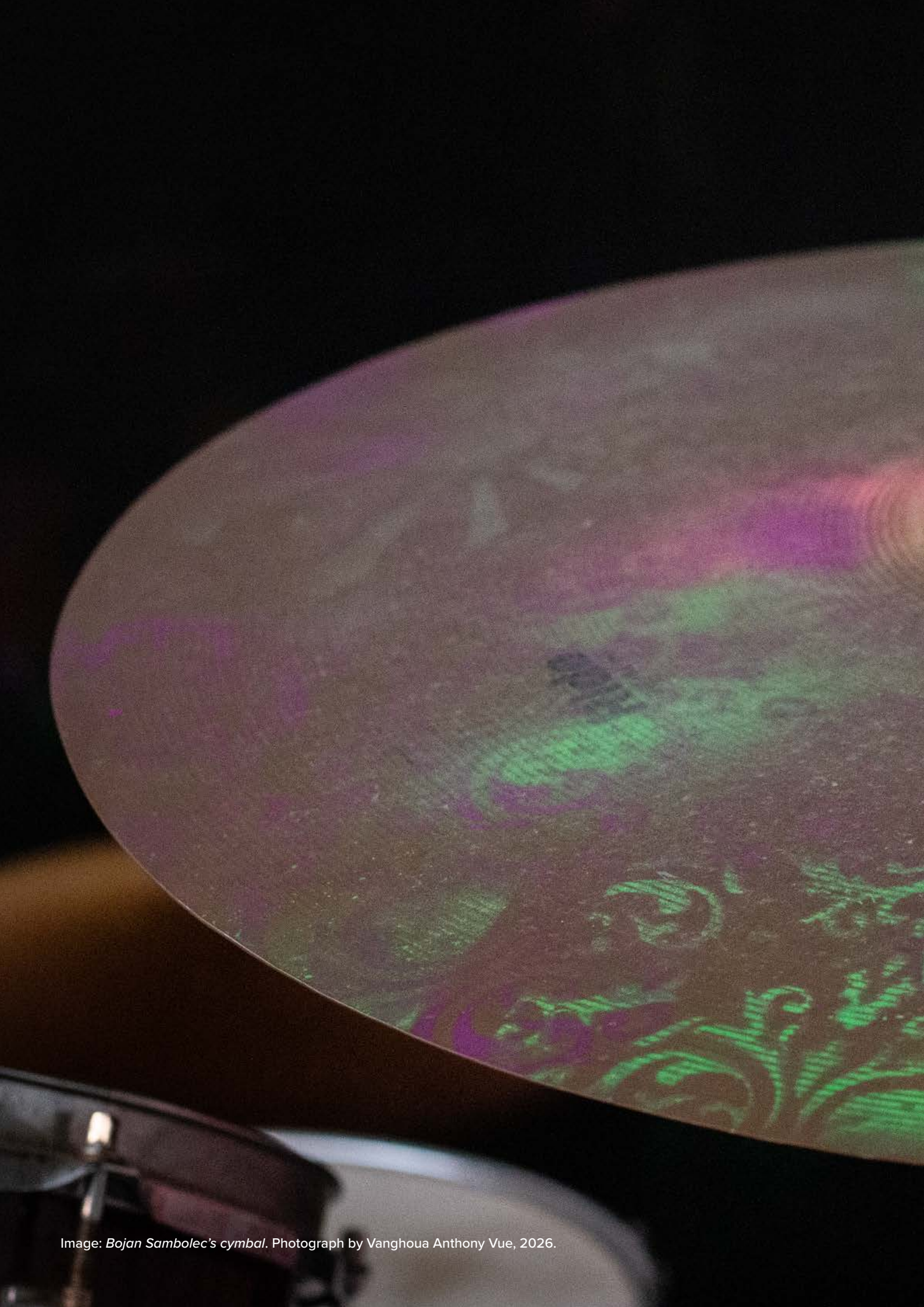


Image: *Bojan Sambolec's cymbal*. Photograph by Vanghoua Anthony Vue, 2026.





Living Museum of Logan

Kingston Butter Factory Cultural Precinct
270 Jacaranda Ave
Kingston, Queensland 4114

Open Tuesday to Saturday, 10 am to 4 pm and when events and performances are held at the Kingston Butter Factory.

Entry is FREE.

Contact us:

07 2803 4724

livingmuseum@logan.qld.gov.au

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