

# COOL CHANGE CONTEMPORARY

5 - 26 OCTOBER, 2019

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JACK CADDY

SACHA BARKER

LISA LIEBETRAU

TAYLOR REUDAVEY



# JACK CADDY: MADE FROM PILLARS OF SPIT

GALLERY 1

*Don't Rush to Work, Don't be Late for Lunch*

The office air never smelled so sweet, the smile on your face was so wide it felt as though it might break through the skin. It didn't quite break, but you are so pleased with yourself. The tips of your fingers are not quite bleeding, but you imagine that they could bleed. You are so tired that your bones ache, but you are so proud.

The boss tells you to clock off early, apparently you have over performed this month. You have been told repeatedly that you are the 'best' in the office. Good to talk to at parties. The number one (1) photocopy room fantasy.

Despite your reservations, you take the Boss' orders and caress your wrist across the swipe tablet to clock off. Just as you are about to leave the threshold of the office, the Boss hands you a package and gestures you to leave.

You are handed a white cardboard box; smooth to the touch. The glossy finish staring back at you overlaid with a logo that smoothes out your reflection, blurring the grey circles under your eyes and smile lines. You slip it away into your bag.

You decide to take the bus to your place of residence on account of your exhaustion. You have been on your feet all day in the office. Your new shoes are slightly too small for your feet. You decide it would be best for you to get some lumbar support inserts. This job is really taking its toll. You take a moment to thank your feet. You thank the ability to be able to sit down. It is rare for you to have a moment to yourself.

You walk with a slow gait to the facial recognition intercom

at your place of residence and it fails to recognise your face three (3) times. You begin to think that the smile lines and grey circles have rendered you unrecognisable. Your shopping is thawing.

Next to half eaten fish fingers, a cold knife slices heat wrapped plastic off the package. Inside the box is a company issued smart-watch. You notice the same grey logo insignia etched on the back with an accompanying note that reads;

Time waits for no one.

Oil stained fingers unsheath the glossy vessel from its casing, but leave no residue.

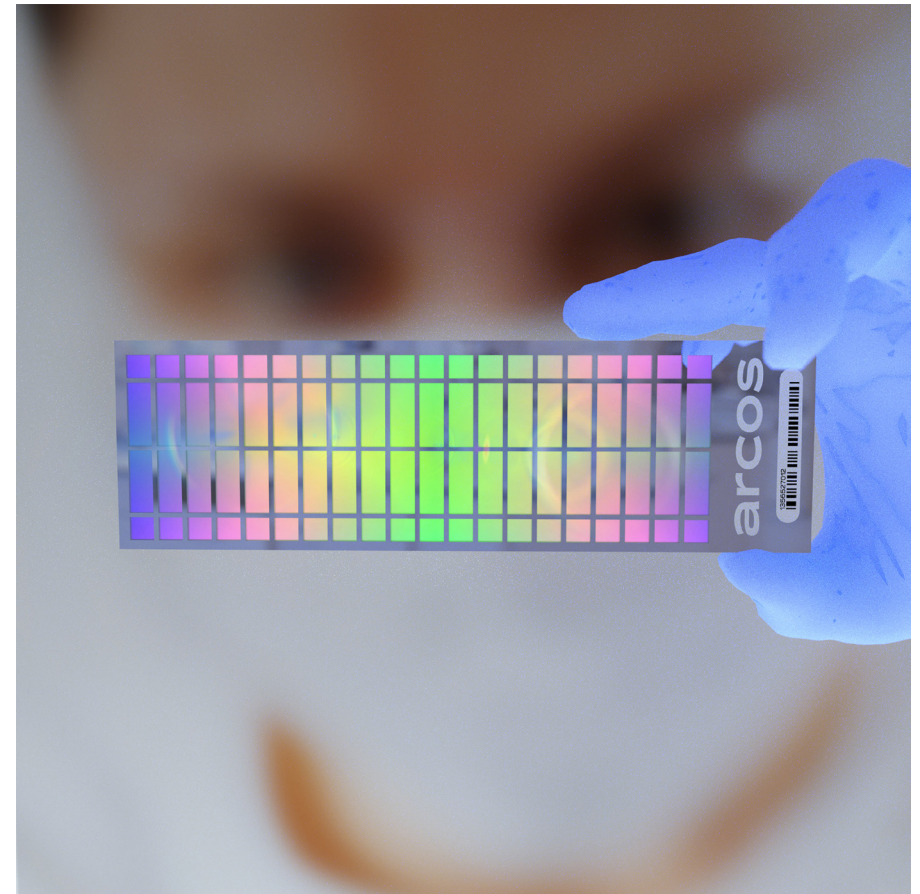
You strap your company issue smart-watch onto your wrist and it automatically tightens to your perfect wrist circumference, a gentle titanium handshake acclimatising to your thermostat. It feels really good to have something so close to your flesh. You somehow know that it will only get closer to you. You are grateful to be a part of this.

- > Loading insignia.....
- > Welcome to... Terms and condi.....
- > Ok.... Accept.

As the days go by the titanium wristband begins to pinch. Your gratitude wavers due to discomfort but it looks good with your uniform, especially the way it catches the light when you press the elevator button for the eighth (8th) floor.

Titanium continues to tighten and cut of your blood circulation, you spit your saliva around your wrist to loosen it. But it won't budge. Soft panic.

Now, inside the office, the air no longer smells so sweet, you feel the circulation forcibly stripped from your fingers, from your hands, from your arms, from your lungs, from your blood. Your fingerprint no longer registers on the security



Jack Caddy, *About us*, 2019. Digital image, dimensions variable. Image courtesy of the artist.



protocol of your work issued computer.

The bad screen anchors your eyes. You can't help but notice the whiteness of your hand heightening from the lack of circulation caused by the ever tightening titanium.

You notice 'someone' around the office that looks just like you, the same height, same carbon wrist, same mole underneath the right eye.

A shortness of breath. An unregistered heartbeat. A whiteness of skin. Fluorescence doesn't make you tan. Concerned, but too tired to care.

Maybe it's the lack of oxygen in the air, or the lack of blood circulation to your right hand, or maybe it was the fish.

By the water cooler, you decide to approach your look alike, but as you approach them in your notoriously slow gait, they disappear.

*Grace Connors*

Grace Connors is an artist and writer living in Boorloo (Perth, Western Australia). Connors has collaborated with Jack Caddy on a number of projects including a performance lecture at Revelation Film Festival Academic Conference in 2018 and publishing the collaborative text *What Dreams May Come* on the online platform Island Island in 2019.

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Inspired by the increase in pharmaceutical giants' investments in online ancestry companies, *Made from pillars of spit* proposes an alternative narrative to people-powered platforms, manifest as a genetic data company that offers shares in exchange for health information. Here, data is shared to advance science but also to take part in value created.

In this exhibition, team building tools leftover from a professional development exercise for 'members' lie dormant and partly disassembled. When not activated they move away from their initial intention and allude to a wider culture of enforced positivity of success, productivity and corporate start-up companies gone bust. Objects embedded with an overbearing positivity now stand in as gatekeepers in the middle of an exchange between consumers and research.

\*

Jack Caddy is an emerging artist living in Perth, whose practice is concerned with the potential for online communities to create material change.

After finishing a Bachelor of Fine Art from Curtin University (2017) he has exhibited work with Moana Project Space for Hobiennale, WA (2017), Sister Gallery SA (2018), and MEAN-WHILE gallery NZ (2018). He also has work published in Island Island for Bus Projects (VIC) and presented at Revelation Film Festival Academic conference (2018).

## SACHA BARKER: (IN)TRANSLATION

GALLERY 2

For a while now, I've been told that the back of my hand sewn text resembles language. People have told me that they look like characters of an unknown language; mis-written letters, hieroglyphs, stick men and much more. It feels like a bit of a Rorschach test: 'Hey, what can you read here?'

### *Confessional embroidery*

My first prints, embroidered swirls of text, were about forcing myself to come to a point on a topic that 'gave me grief', getting something off my mind. They took hours to sew, some weeks.

At first, I didn't want to share my worries and for them to be legible. Originally, reversing the embroidery was about self-preservation and paranoia. I didn't want to share too much and didn't want to be judged. But the meat had to be there and I think the intensity of the process stays in the fabric. I would show the back so that the concept is conveyed, or I'd reverse line after line so a teaser is there to which the reader can relate. Eventually that became too literal and I printed the reverse as text. All those hours are evident in a web of linework. Hand embroidery can be messy like that. I remember showing the print to someone who hadn't seen the embroideries at all. One of the words they used was 'neurotic'. The reference to chickens' feet stomping in spirals stuck with me too.

By the end of this process, the thought that started it didn't matter to me anymore. The fabric was charged with something else; something that forced the reader onto the text, rather than the other way around.

Maybe the swirl has a different ending for each person. By guessing mine, you just give up yours. Or are they the same but just with different words?

*Note: Fingerprints in Fabric*

*The language of hand embroidery is dependent on many factors beyond the needle and thread. Put skill level and ideas of perfection aside. You don't want to replace a sewing machine, so don't follow too many rules. Sewing machines for embroidery are based on uniformity. Hand embroidery is based on an individual's own rhythm. The reverse is the proof of this. Two people can trace the same shape on the front and the back will be their own, like a fingerprint. Therefore the list of factors that affect the language of hand embroidery can be things like hand size, posture, duration of each session sewing, the number and frequency of distractions, background noise, pressure felt, comfort etc.*

*Translation*

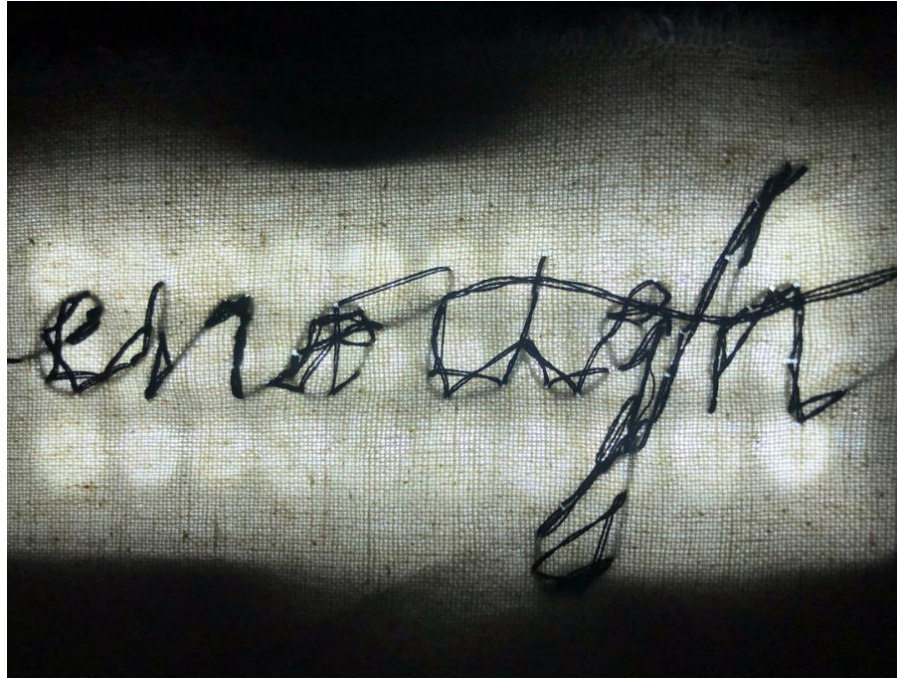
All of the prints in the exhibition began in some way in a handwritten form. Looking at type-making, font design and handwriting analysis, I began by repeating my own cursive or block lettered alphabets; transformed to stitch over and over again. That's my font. Others are the results from fears shared with me by the public. With these I lack control; how much and in what way they were written. I recreate their handwriting as accurately as possible to help convey the nuances of their language choices. It takes more time because I think about all the things that their text could mean. It makes for diverse line work.

*Prints in general conjure images from a rich history of human labour, mass production and the assumption of truth, validity, importance or significance. Traditionally, if something was worth printing it meant it was newsworthy and factual. There had to be a point as printing was expensive and it took years to master.*

*Networks of knowledge and privilege are always close by. Well-worded letters and books have started conflicts. Written communication has its own intrica-*



Sacha Barker, *Alphabet Grid Sheet 2*, 2018. Acrylic ink on drafting film. Image courtesy of the artist.



Sacha Barker, *enough* (detail), 2017. Hand sewn cursive in black stranded thread on calico. Image courtesy of the artist.

*cies of human error or deceit; mistranslation, misidentification, oversimplification, master forgery, fraud. I love that we are still learning. In my lifetime, we've seen advancements in technology, ink testing, linguistic analysis, let alone the forensic implications of being able to catch criminals based on only their word choice or penmanship.*

With these prints, I am exposed in a raw process; my first of this kind. They're hand-pulled from linework that originated in text, was stitched, traced, cut into blocks and inked as fingerprints. It comes with a desire to share enough but not enough to be pinned down.

As a text it wants to be read, and a meaning can be located. It will likely change. For now we are asking what could be - in translation.

There is evidence in each of my artworks. I will be in each of them in varying intensities, but it might take some imagination.

\*Process did not utilise embroidery hoop, frame or printing press.

## LISA LIEBETRAU: PALATIAL STRUCTURE

GALLERY 3

Using her installations as a point of departure, Barker has translated the labour of hand-embroidery into a unique font. The desire to produce a cypher of her own stitch has manifested in a selection of process works and limited edition prints.

This body of work explores themes of (mis)translation/communication and understanding in personal and communal narrative and history.

The questioning process is increasingly important in the post-truth era in which reality can be subjective and news may not always be a teller of truth.

Barker's work exists in a space of discussion where representations of honesty, trust and reality are to be pried apart. Producing her meaning in stark black and white linework, the majority of which is illegible, provokes the questioning of duality and re-evaluation of boundary and reason. The viewer is encouraged to try to decipher the text and in so doing, indirectly consider their connection to it.

Sacha Barker has a Bachelor of Design with First-class Honours in Fine Art from the University of Western Australia (UWA) (2018). Her suspended textile work *Mindfield: the Sewing Seeds* was selected for *Hatched 2018*, the national graduate show at the Perth Institute of Contemporary Art (PICA) in 2018.

Barker is currently working towards her Masters by Research at UWA on the subject 'The maker and the made'. She will be exhibiting a new suspended work this year at *Select 2019* in the Heathcote Museum and Gallery (19 Oct. – 24 Nov.). More information may be found at [sachabarker.com](http://sachabarker.com)

*[...]: A Response to Palatial Structure*

*Palatial Structure* speaks to me as two forces, two states of being: precarity and resilience. Lisa Liebetrau engages with the parallels between the life cycle of the artist-run-initiative, the once-opulent history of the Bon Marche arcade, and the boom-and-bust cycle of Western Australia's resource-dependent economy (a cycle all the more rapid under free market capitalism). I've been given a lot of freedom with regards to what this piece of writing could be, so the following is a bit of a stylistic experiment, bear with me [...]

[...] I usually aim for a few things in my mode of address as an artist and writer: to be deliberate, clear and concise, thorough, critical, cohesive, unsentimental. Here I've decided to go for what feels like the opposite. I've been reading less theory, more Virginia Woolf lately [...] I mean Virginia Woolf is good, but she wouldn't get her PhD candidacy approved at Curtin, maybe with minor revisions [...] My working life in general these days is an attempt to just do things, to liberate myself from my once exhausting, increasingly debilitating, perfectionist streak, a trait you might strategically raise in a job interview when asked what your biggest weakness is, but, ha, no, it's bad and it makes me feel bad and there's work to do and time is running out [...]

[...] Break the cycle [...] I think precarity and resilience has something to do with dialectical materialism. I think. Some time ago I attended a dialectical behavioural therapy group, and in the first session, the therapist asked, in a kindly but patronising manner (the manner which plagues such groups, and irritated me to such a degree that I stopped attending against medical advice): "Does anyone know what dialectical means?" And I said: "Thesis, anti-thesis, synthesis." And she said: "What?" I've avoided mentioning dialectics since, I refuse to elaborate further [...]



[...] Cool Change Contemporary opened its doors just over a year ago now. It's been a remarkably uplifting presence in the Perth arts community – very much what it intended to be. *Palatial Structure* points to what you may or may not have already noticed when looking out the window of Gallery 3: the former site of Moana Project Space. Liebetrau poetically frames the ghosts of ARIs past, which I respect and am willing to take on board, even if only to escape the anger and cynicism I typically feel towards the treatment of ARIs as non-commercial spaces (that is, their exploitation by landlords and city councils until they turn around in the vein of thanks for always paying the rent on time but I think you need to get out of here yeah baby there's a market for oh oh oh co-working spaces oh god fuck I'm coming oh god)

[...]

[...] so the short life span of the ARI may be precisely why they deliver such interesting and challenging work. This has been said before, many times. It's the justification for why we keep running and/or working with ARIs. We are grateful they exist. I just wish they hurt us less [...] did I tell you my brother applied to work for Adani? Little shit [...] yeah but I have told you Gina Rinehart is my mother's grandfather's second cousin's daughter, I tell everyone that, it's hell cooked [...] the Norwegians managed their resource boom through the Government Pension Fund, something like one trillion dollars put away to spend on future generations once the oil runs out [...] Cousin Gina got us a rock with a poem on it [...] oh my god, you have to read that fucking poem though [...]

[...] I think a lot about the prevalence in the art community of members either being time-poor but keeping afloat money-wise or, well, the opposite, being dirt poor but having time for art. As tough as juggling however many jobs with a practice or commitment to the arts can be, I can say, from my experience of both, being dirt poor but having time for art – if you can bring yourself to make art, you lazy procrastinating directionless spineless self-pitying self-destructive burdensome beyond help excuse for a citizen – is



Lisa Liebetrau, *We can't return we can only look behind* (Detail), 2019. Bon Marché Ltd. chair. Documentation by Tim Palman.



Lisa Liebetrau, *We can't return we can only look behind*, 2019. Bon Marchè Ltd. chair. Documentation by Tim Palman.

far more painful. Somehow I came out the other end of that mess wanting to work as an artist even more. A psychiatrist told me that was a dangerous delusion, that I should give mindfulness another shot, maybe invest in some Tibetan singing bowls, since he was told I responded quite well to them that one time in dialectical behavioural therapy. Yet here I am [...] can someone please tell me what a dialectic is [...] blind faith in uncertain times [...]

[...] I want to end on a positive note, or as close as I can get to one. I stepped away from writing this to join the Arts and Cultural Workers for Climate Action (WA) in solidarity with the student-led Global Climate Strike. Ten thousand of us marched in Perth. It was amazing. Very powerful. Saw some familiar faces, said hi to some, was mostly in awe of it all [...] Three hundred thousand across the country. It should be mentioned, though, that five hundred thousand was not enough to stop our involvement in the Iraq War. The work isn't over [...] one foot in front of the other [...] onwards [...]

*Taylor Reudavey*

Palatial Structure is a site-responsive installation that responds to the former lives of the Bon Marchè Arcade and was developed during a residency at Cool Change Contemporary. The exhibition engages with archival ephemera accessed from the State Library of Western Australia and the City of Perth History Centre. Bon Marchè Arcade is the last remaining building and tangible trace of the quality fashion and drapery department store the “Perth Bon Marché.” The arcade was at one stage a thriving shopping avenue for pedestrians to travel from Barrack Street to the Hay Street store. The eventual closure and demolition of the Bon Marché resulted in traffic ceasing in the arcade and its usual activity coming to a halt. Through exploring the itinerancy of artist-run initiatives as never tied to one permanent tenancy, Liebetrau reflects on how these ephemeral art spaces provide the opportunity for Perth’s marginal and neglected buildings to gain visibility and re-activate the bygone. The works in this exhibition meditate on the periphery and consider the potency of latent narratives to draw attention to the original fabric of the building rather than the immediate.

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Lisa Liebetrau is a multidisciplinary artist based in Perth, Western Australia. Liebetrau’s practice investigates the architectural, historical and relational specificities of artist-run institutions through site-specific works that directly reference the site of exhibition.

Since graduating in 2016 with a Bachelor of Fine Art (Honours) from Curtin University, Liebetrau has completed residencies at Another Project Space and Fremantle Arts Centre. In 2017, Liebetrau presented her first solo exhibition A Temporary Arrangement at Smart Casual and was invited to produce a new site-specific work for the group show BRB earlier this year, also at Smart Casual in Fremantle. More recently, Lisa completed a residency at Cool Change Contemporary to develop works for this solo exhibition.

## **ARTIST IN RESIDENCE: TAYLOR REUDAVEY**

### **“BOYS’ CLUB”**

GALLERY 3

Taylor Reudavey’s PhD research critically approaches the larrikin as a hegemonic figure of masculine rebellion in Australian culture. Through her performance art practice and critical writing, she aims to suggest a potential means by which his cultural purchase can be seized upon and re-articulated as queer, left-wing and feminist.

Reudavey is particularly interested in the larrikin’s characteristic irreverence: parallels can be drawn with the history of feminist and queer performance art, yet also with the contemporary alt-right’s culture of anti-political correctness and trolling. Reudavey is attempting to navigate this political ambiguity via disidentification with larrikinism through drag kinging, a practice that has the capacity to decode and denaturalise dominant masculinities where identification and/or counter-identification (i.e. ‘phallic girlhood’, or in this case, female larrikinism) cannot.

Reudavey works with the potential for drag kinging as performance art practice to articulate the larrikin as a subject to be critical of as well as to draw from.

“Boys’ Club” is a closed studio residency in which Reudavey will develop performance works through her drag king personas Troy Knightley, Gav Stone, and Julian Mirage. Members of the public are encouraged to contact the artist so studio visits can be arranged.



Taylor Reudavey, *"Troy (Burley)"*, 2019. Performance documentation. Credit: Paul Sutherland & Taylor Reudavey.

Taylor Reudavey (b. 1994) is a multimedia artist and writer. Raised in regional WA, she currently lives and works in Perth. She has exhibited with major institutions Lawrence Wilson Art Gallery (2018) and Geraldton Regional Art Gallery (2017), as well as with local artist-run-initiatives Paper Mountain (2018), Moana Project Space (2017), The Hive Art Space (2017) and Free Range Gallery (2016). She completed a six-month residency with Curtin University's School of Design and Art in 2017.

Taylor recently became a co-editor of Cactus Journal, having contributed as a writer in 2017 (Issue #2: Games). In 2018 she wrote a chapter for *Remembering Artemis* (UWA Publishing, edited by Gemma Weston) and participated in the Seventh Writers Program (Melbourne). She has written nine catalogue essays since 2015.

Taylor is currently a PhD candidate at Curtin University, where she graduated in 2015 with a Bachelor of Art (Fine Art) (Honours). She is a recipient of the Australian Government Research Training Program (RTP) Scholarship.

Cool Change Contemporary acknowledges the Whadjuk people of the Noongar nation, the traditional and rightful custodians of the land on which we operate. We pay respect to Elders past, present and emerging.

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