

COOL CHANGE CONTEMPORARY

3 OCTOBER - 24 OCTOBER, 2020

JOANNE RICHARDSON

AMY PEREJUAN-CAPONE

WOODY MELLOR, LILLY KAISER,
ANDREW & DAVID WOOD



JOANNE RICHARDSON
**“If you MUST leave your home for
supplies, please be courteous and
wear an eccentric outfit...”**
- @JennyENicholson
GALLERY 1

In this time of uncertainty, I hope this catalogue essay finds you well.

So the story goes we are sitting in the café. Its not covid times, maybe its the end of 2019, maybe its early 2020. It's a beautiful sunny day and we're in a tree-kind of shade. My friend Kat and I are drinking coffee and eating snacks and I say to her: "Cool Change has these no-pay exhibitions. I want to do something but I don't know what to do. What do I do? Do I say 'drawings'? what do I say? I haven't done anything, I don't know anything!"

Because it's a hot day, I'm wearing a garment I've just made out of linen scraps. I made it for times when I want to wear a long shirt, but I don't want to get sweaty. Times when I cannot have the sun on my skin, its gonna burn me. I am kind of pale. I'm a wadjellah. So I made this linen jacket and I throw it on because I'm sitting in part shade part sun with my friend, having coffee.

Kat reaches across and says: "You should put this in a gallery show." Gesturing at the garment. I said: "What? This!?" She said yes, then something like its interesting or I forget exactly what she said but she seemed interested in a way that made me confused and scared.

I made the garment for completely practical reasons and to me it is not interesting, its just performing a function; I'm not getting sunburnt. Or at least I'm getting sunburnt extremely slowly compared to what I'd be if I wasn't wearing it. I think to myself that sounds like the type of cringe stupid that is good. There are many reactions to ideas that I have and the one where I'm frightened is probably the one to go on with.

I'm quite frightened. I cant see the interest or creative element in this garment. But at the same time, I thought, it is made from scraps. It is a radical transformation from stuff that was heading toward the compost bin into something that's literally saving my skin right now. So I went with it and I thought, what is possibly interesting about this? Why should anyone be interested in this? And from there, I wrote the proposal and was accepted. Then I had a show coming up. Then, with minutes to go and the countdown on, the covid-19 lockdown postponed the show.

Covid 19 has negatively impacted my attention span.

For 42 chapters a day I read *A Journey Round My Room*. Xavier says he needs to wear travelling clothes, or he is not really on a journey. He also cannot read or understand what he wrote of his journey without wearing travelling clothes. In lockdown, every day I got dressed.

I'm not the same person I was six months ago

On a break from install I sat in the café with Kieron. On top of the deaths and cancellations I feel the grief of finding out how many people I know are unprepared to make small(ish) changes to save the lives of strangers. We talked a long time about what makes people



Joanne Richardson. Jumpsuited Drone: Mail (parcel locker). 2020. Digital Image Dimensions Variable. Photograph: Scott Northcott.



Joanne Richardson. Opulent Slum Queen: Caltex Star (keys). 2020. Digital Image. Dimensions variable. Photograph: Scott Northcott.

apathetic. Maybe it is just people watching sky news and agreeing or maybe it is fighting in an alley refusing to put on the glasses in *They Live*. Why won't they just put the glasses on to clearly see what motivates our overlords? Then we were talking about being productive and feeling almost relieved that everyone will agree; a global pandemic is a good reason to have a hole in your resume. There's no: "What are you working on now? Got any shows coming up? What's going on with you?" NOTHING.

Something changed and now I don't give a fuck about trying to do things faster than they need to go. Something changed and I feel a lot clearer about what is really important. The fun part of creativity; the beginning where things are mysterious and unhinged is my favourite part. And I just don't feel the need to throw logical wet blankets in there anymore. Kieron called it analysis paralysis. I drew a circle of time, the joyful part was opposite that.

The gallery is a full stop where art goes to die. A crypt for ideas and things once vital to living and/ or themselves alive. But this show is a semi colon; I'm going to wear all these garments again like I did before. I put them on wheels as a nod to their continual moving around.

I used the eccentric character meme as an organising principle, as it lists both appearing and disappearing outfits. I made a zine about the one I had to make from scratch; the opulent slum queen.

I'm a daydreamer. Following the white hot flames of impulse and reaction. The outfit seems like a small detail of the adventure.

Somehow I notice links between ideas for example, mermaids and astronauts both vicerally invested in the movements of the moon. But I cant imagine a motive or an arch that draws these clothes together. Appearing and disappearing? To disappear evokes the sadness of self-editing and trying to fit in, trying to escape unscathed and hiding in plain sight. OR I am my own comic book character appearing as either a double agent; trying my best to mimic an ordinary human woman or trying my best to mirror an ordinary daydream about a fish costume. A desire that cannot be crushed or cancelled for lack of support. I retreat to the fantasy dream world of sewing where it's feasible to be a fish priest for no particular reason. Where it's never not important to keep adventuring.

Up until Monday I was convinced it could all happen again. Minutes to go, some apathetic idiot does something stupid, community transmissions start up and we all go back into lockdown. Just like that. No exhibition. This time I have a backup plan, I'll make a thing where I interview artists and talk with them about how their art practices make me feel warm inside when everything else in the whole world is discovered to be completely shit and full of shitheads. And I'll get back to sewing. I want to make a very plain completely black mask to match my protest jacket. And a new doing-skirt with pockets.

I hope you and your family are well and I wish you all the best.

- Joanne Richardson

Joanne Richardson creates drawings and sculptural works incorporating DIY methods and humble materials to create whimsical disruptions. Richardson's PhD work (Curtin University 2017) titled: '*Resolutely Inclusive: Merz Art Practice and Einfuhlung*' is long but has many pictures and explores art practice as activity, weaving links between everyday life and Art concerns. Currently works as a Sessional Academic in the school of Media Creative Arts and Social Inquiry, Curtin University, Perth, Western Australia.

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This work was created on Whadjuk Noongar Boodjar, this sacred occupied land where sovereignty was never ceded. Eternally in awe of all the Elders past, present and emerging: Kwobidak, kalyakoorl.

The show fee is by Cool Change. THANK YOU FOR ALL YOUR SUPPORT COOL CHANGE!!!!!!!!!!!!

Personal thanks to Scott Northcott, Katherine Gregory, Sophie Nixon and Emma Buswell.

AMY PEREJUAN-CAPONE

Almost Shadow

GALLERY 2

Earlier this year I got to spend almost three months in Taiwan on an artist residency at the Treasure Hill Artist Village, Taipei. The project that I went over there with, which I'd written, submitted, and forgotten all about 15 months earlier, was supposed to be about componentry. Parts of a system considered collectively. I'd intended to draw upon the manufacturing industries of Taiwan, linking these processes with hand crafts. In my practice I like to combine my hand skills with those of industrial trades like an enthusiast; never actually functional but always fun or absurd.

However, the Australia I left in early January 2020 was on fire. It was a hideous and seemingly chronic situation. The air was choked across the country and the news was saturated with vision of people and equipment battling this unfathomable mass of flames. Relatively tiny aircraft would drop their water-filled bellies over the fires, which at this scale felt like pouring a cup of tea into a volcano. When I arrived in Taipei it was the next thing I was asked about after my name and where I was from. Everyone would express the same deep dread, anxiety, and helplessness about the situation as I did. The project inevitably shifted to speculation on how I could help, or participate at least, in easing this fresh horror.

Being in Taipei I became inspired by how peacefully functional this busting high density city was. Autonomous movement (either by scooter, walking, car, bicycle, or public transport) had an ease and communal conscientiousness about it that I really can't say Perth/



Amy Perejuan-Capone, Harness 1 (detail), 2020, nylon and brass, 400mm x 1000mm. Image courtesy of the artist.



Photographer unknown, Phoenix, c.1980, Kodak photograph print. Courtesy of Greg Perejuan.

Australia shares on the daily, an unfortunate contrast to the palpable national solidarity during natural disasters like fire.

In January I decided to make a speculative flying contraption similar in principle and application to a road scooter combined with my own experiences of home-made aircraft. My family would make 'trikes' in the late 80s and early 90s; ultralight aircraft consisting of 3 wheels, a comfy seat, engine and prop, and a hang glider. These were cheap (back then) and were the closest thing to autonomous flight one could get; an expression of freedom accessible to anyone, embraced especially in WA. As simple as a scooter, swarms of my flying tricycles, I thought, could be used to drop water bombs on bushfires or as a way to escape when the roads have been cut off.

This speculative prototype was developed as a way to cope with the alienation that comes from being a restless observer, and the anxiety of feeling trapped. For me it gave the illusion of function and hope, a fantasy solution to some problem but ultimately is an individualised means to participate in Earth's hectic system of phenomena.

Come February and rain had finally fallen in Australia. The residency co-ordinators advised me to avoid going into the city because of the new virus. I'd been keeping an eye on the headlines, and the increasing proportion of people wearing masks on the train. In all the burgeoning collective fear and imposed studio time my prototype became very domestic. Craft supplies from the local everything shop, careful trips to the DIY district, and one-on-one workshops with artists in the village resulted in this colourful sketch of an aircraft, drawing on the colours of my family heritage. The

accompanying ceramics, collectively titled 'speculative instruments', are ashen instrument panels and transistors, inscrutable communications support.

The residency was cut short by Australian government directive and since then we have been internationally grounded like never before since flight came within our reach. Yet cocooned as we are here in WA we inhabit a strange space just outside of the seemingly universal darkness. I consider myself unbelievably lucky to have gone from one mostly Covid-free paradise to another, continuing this strange feeling of being an observer rather than in the muck of it.

The project shifted yet again to explore the experience of flight not as a means to escape our earthly bounds, but as constitutive of our place within it. Vast distances are not at this time traversable in the way we have grown to take for granted. In our new grounded state, I feel we regain a hyper-local relationship to flight through closer consideration of space.

Ultimately *Almost Shadow* is about the glowing space between realms, the halo of contradictions we inhabit in delicate suspension. We are held here, enmeshed within the earth and sky, organic and inorganic, life, death, the mythic and the everyday. Humanity's pursuit of flight is to my mind a perfect manifestation of this system. This kind of human bravery is the good aspect of our hubris. It's the part that says we are all in this. You are me and this earth is me and these trees are me (and quite literally with fine smoke particles absorbing through our lungs, or the virus ravaging them) and I am nothing if I am not part of this.

- Amy Perejuan-Capone

Amy Perejuan-Capone is an artist/designer based in the port town of Fremantle (WA), the WA wheatbelt, and international residencies. She graduated with a BA(Fine Art) from Curtin University in 2009 and an Advanced Diploma of Industrial Design from North Metropolitan TAFE in 2014. Her major residencies include Shigaraki Ceramic Culture Park, Japan, in 2019 and the Upernavik Museum residency, Greenland, in 2017. Amy's most ambitious public art commission is *One Word For Snow*, 2017, a series of ephemeral 'blizzards' deployed around the Perth CBD. Amy's latest project *Don't Stare at the Sun/for too Long* (exhibited at PS Artspace, Fremantle, in November 2019) was a major turning point in her practice which saw her build a 1:1 scale sculpture of her fathers ultralight plane. Directly following this she participated in the Asialink Fremantle - Taipei Artist Village exchange in 2020, a three month residency she spent building speculative aircraft.

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This project was made possible by Asialink, with support from the University of Melbourne, Fremantle Art Centre, the Department of Local Government, Sport and Cultural Industries, and Taipei Artist Village (Treasure Hill).

Very special thanks also go to Greg Perejuan and Christine (nee Arundle) Perejuan for their unwavering support and for making low-tech flight an ordinary element of my life, and to Emma Buswell for visiting me in Taipei and your massive help in the studio.

**WOODY MELLOR, LILLY KAISER,
ANDREW & DAVID WOOD**
If I Had The World to Give
GALLERY 3

When tasked with penning the accompanying essay for this exhibition, I must admit, I found myself suffering a fairly severe case of writer's block. What eventually emerged resembled more a preemptive review than an essay, call it a symptom of my day job. Although, upon reflection, this default tendency did reveal something of myself, and in the spirit of this exhibition, this unmasking seemed only fair.

If I Had the World to Give centres around a very simple task—each of the participating artists have recreated (or responded to) an artwork they made as a child. When the last exhibition I attended left me feeling strangely guilty about how little Kafka I've read, writing about a finger-painting sounded like a welcome repose. At first blush, this show could just be the 'fridge display' for all time, yet to simply describe the results of this charming task with words such as "playful" or "fun", would only serve to underplay the wonderful complexity of this exhibition and its introspective function.

In the absence of any grand curatorial intent, dripping with overwrought theory, the essential process of making and exhibiting is all that they had left, and in this way the process acted for Lilly, Andrew, David and Woody, as a sort of artistic Rorschach test. By examining what they extracted from their childhood artwork—the embodiment of unabashed creativity—this projective test



Woody Mellor, Untitled (Ewing Kindergarten), 1994. Paint pen & homesickness on ceramic tile, 170x170mm. Image courtesy of the artist.



The Wood Brothers, On the Reef (Tetras), 2020. Watercolour on paper, mount-board. Dimensions variable. Image courtesy of the artist.

became a means of analysing their underlying artistic tendencies, a roundabout indication of what they naturally gravitate toward and, perhaps, what they wish to reclaim.

This 'portrait of the artist' could naturally be revealed of any artwork, however the underlying connection to their long lost ability to "just make something", free from that creative oscillation between confidence and crippling self doubt, adds an extra dimension here. It's hard to overthink a child's artwork, the subtext is usually fairly limited, so what they were left with was just themselves—they created both the catalyst and the outcome. These youthful iterations became the lens through which all their training and contemporary sensibilities could be traced and analysed. A pure representation of them, separated only by years and painful self-awareness. But what does that offer us as the audience?

Horses, fish and a polka-dot castle. If ever there were a list of distinctly uncool subjects, I imagine these would be pretty close to the top (Google "horse painting" and you'll see what I mean), yet in spite of this, they all nailed it. They've delivered a perfect confluence of childlike enthusiasm and skilful execution. However, in the case of *If I Had the World to Give*, the subject of the work feels to me the least important thing in the show. Instead, these pairs of artworks, old and new, offer us a traceable insight into the artists' thought process, an insight that often comes at the cost of hard-fought, in-group knowledge. Hung at the foot of each of their contemporary counterparts, the 'original' artworks act like a museum plaque—or a supplementary exhibition at tiny-eye-level—documenting the history of the maker, while simultaneously describing the new work.

Whether intentional or not, this simple choice of placement raises some important questions about how artists contextualise their work, and how they address their audience. In the nebulous atmosphere of contemporary art, one can easily feel confused and alienated by needlessly esoteric language and ideas, as I did with my Kafkaesque nightmare (*wink*). So why must we rely on all this text and technobabble when a cleverly placed image can achieve the same outcome? While on the surface, this show is playful and born of a simple idea, it belies the self-reflexive substance behind it. Rather than throwing you off the deep end, this winsome display allows you to wade in at your own pace. Then again, maybe it is just a bit of fun.

Text by Sally Davies.

Sally Davies is an editor and writer based in London.

If I Had the World to Give brings together the work of Lilly Kaiser, Woody Mellor, Andrew and David Wood. For this exhibition of new work, each artist has been working in response to an artwork they made as children. Really, the group wanted to put on a sort of absurd museum retrospective, one they'll never have.

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Lilly Kaiser — (b. 1990 Fremantle, Australia)
Focusing on the interdisciplinary use of drawing, painting, and audience participation, Kaiser considers the fluidity of boundaries, playing on relationships found within our everyday life. Drawing from this, Kaiser is particularly interested in the ideas of intimacy, tension, play and the use of non-verbal language as a device for communication and representation of information. Lilly Kaiser lives and works in Melbourne, Australia.

Woody Mellor — (b.1990 Malvern, Australia)
Born to Mike and Cathy at Cabrini Hospital, Woody Mellor is a multidisciplinary artist who currently loves and works in Perth, Australia. In 2012, Woody Graduated with Honours from Curtin School of Fine Art, and in 2016 he completed a Masters in Painting at the Royal College of Art, London. Drawing explicitly from a wide range of influences — stage traditions, Australian folklore, literature, opera and popular film — Woody connects seemingly unrelated events and coincidences, as he weaves pop-references and personal histories into an elaborate web of new and known.

The Wood brothers — (b.1989 & 1991 Subiaco, Australia)
Living between Melbourne and London, the Wood

brothers are multidisciplinary artists and have worked together for the past ten years. With a non-linear thought process guiding their practice, they work across a variety of mediums. Watercolour paintings & charcoal drawings lead to computer run simulations, while complex inflatable structures are developed in response to epic poems and NASA 're-entry systems'. Their work continues to grow somewhere between the disciplines of art and architecture, pursuing concepts of memory and the fragile balance between preservation and loss, fiction and history.

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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