



20 FEBRUARY - 27 MARCH, 2021

**GALLERY 1 - 3,
PROJECT SPACE:**

the hands should have no peace

Pony

Leila Doneo Baptist

Claudia Nicholson

Jade O'Sullivan

Andrew J Williams

Chiluba Young

Cool Change operates near Kuraree, once a meeting place for Whadjuk Noongar Bibbulmun moort (family), brought together by ke-ning (corroboree) to share kaartdijin (knowledge).

We acknowledge that this is and always will be Aboriginal land, and that our capacity to engage in creative practice on this boodja is informed by the knowledge and labour of First Nations People.¹

1 Place names retrieved Gnarla Boodja Mili Mili
<https://gnarlaboodjamap.dlgsc.wa.gov.au/#/home>



Aboriginal readers are advised that the following text contains reference to people who have deceased.

In thinking about hands, I picture the long, proud creases that line the palm, ever-deepening as the hand expands and contracts over time. See how the fingers extend so that the hand can grip, curling into the palm to hold. I see touching, waving, gesturing; a vast catalogue of movements used to converse. I see hands stretch outward toward other hands – aching to fold fingers into fingers like soft and glutinous dough.

When the nurse asks me to please make a fist, I use the *flexor pollicis brevis* – one of 34 muscles involved in hand movement – to clench, and then to unclench, repeating until a vein sits full and waiting. In the cortical homunculus, the hand occupies among the largest areas of the motor cortex, underscoring how much of the brain is dedicated to finessing how the hand moves.

I see hands as enabling connection. I see hands as tools to create. “To be an artist or a writer is to be this weird thing – a hand worker in an era of mass production.”¹ With our hands as our tools, we can shape and sculpt and translate some intangible sentiment into something tangible. Hands allow us to connect, to create, to communicate.

I have also seen hands be criminalised. In 2014, Tamir Rice’s Black hand gripped a plastic pistol as he was murdered in Cleveland, Ohio. Dennis Grigsby Jr.

held a spoon in his Black hand – his Black, disabled hand – as he was shot in his home in Texarkana, Texas. In so-called Australia, Dunghutti man David Dungay Jr. was attacked in his cell, and later killed, because he held a packet of biscuits in his hands. Since 1991, 434 Aboriginal people have been killed under the care of – or at the hands of – the Australian police.² Across the world, we’ve come to recognise a raised fist as emblematic of the Black Lives Matter movement, following the death of George Floyd in 2020. This motion – a hand clenched and thrust into the air – while simple enough, now denotes a salute to collective resistance and liberation.

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the hands should have no peace encourages us to question grieving as a quiet process: “a mere whimpering, a slight murmur, a rose bouquet of good taste.”³ Instead, we are asked to imagine what it might look like to succumb to grief. Rather than stand at the shoreline, composed, hands clasped and resting on our pelvis, we are invited into the Cimmerian depths. We are given permission to unravel, to gnash our teeth and thrash our arms and wail with faces contorted. Morrison permits us our messiness, our unsightliness, however improper or unbecoming.

In 2013, a therapist warned me that I was full of anger and told me that I needed to scream. Embarrassed, I reflected on how I have Mars, and thus passion, anger and assertion, in *Cancer in the 12th House, the House of Shadows, Secrets and Sorrow*. When I scream, I scream inward – a mere whimpering, a slight murmur – swallowing until I’m bloated with grief. If I were to scream, all it would do is echo.

Audre Lorde wrote that “pain is important: how we evade it, how we succumb to it, how we deal with it, how we transcend it.”⁴ As well, in 1977, “the white fathers told us: I think, therefore I am. The black goddess within each of us – the poet – whispers in our dreams: I feel, therefore I can be free.”⁵ When we hold ransom our feelings, we obstruct for ourselves the freedom to be whole and full and embodied. When we allow ourselves to unravel, we’re gifting ourselves with the fibres to weave rich tapestries, to dictate narratives anew.

III

In Noongar language and lore, the Waugal, a great serpent-like spirit, carved out the *bilya* (rivers) as it weaved across the *boodjar* (land). Rising from Ga-rakatta, the Waugal shaped the Derbarl Yerrigan and the Djarlgarro Beelier, continuing to contour channels of water – bloodlines – across the boodjar.

Māoritanga describes Tangaroa as the *atua* (ancestor) of all *wai* (water), including the *awa* (rivers). Māori see *wai* as the blood of Papatūānuku, the Earth mother, with all *wai* possessing *mauri* (life force), gifted from the *atua*.

If we follow a river, we will often see how it winds into another water source: an ocean, sea or lake, with tendrils of rivulets, brooks and creeks. While following a river, we can hold up a mirror and observe how the waves express themselves: bold and honest, whole and full and embodied. Watch how the river, in all its wildness, doesn’t hesitate, doesn’t quiet, and isn’t afraid to unravel. And at the river’s mouth, see how



the water slows and stretches, its wet hands reaching out toward the ocean.

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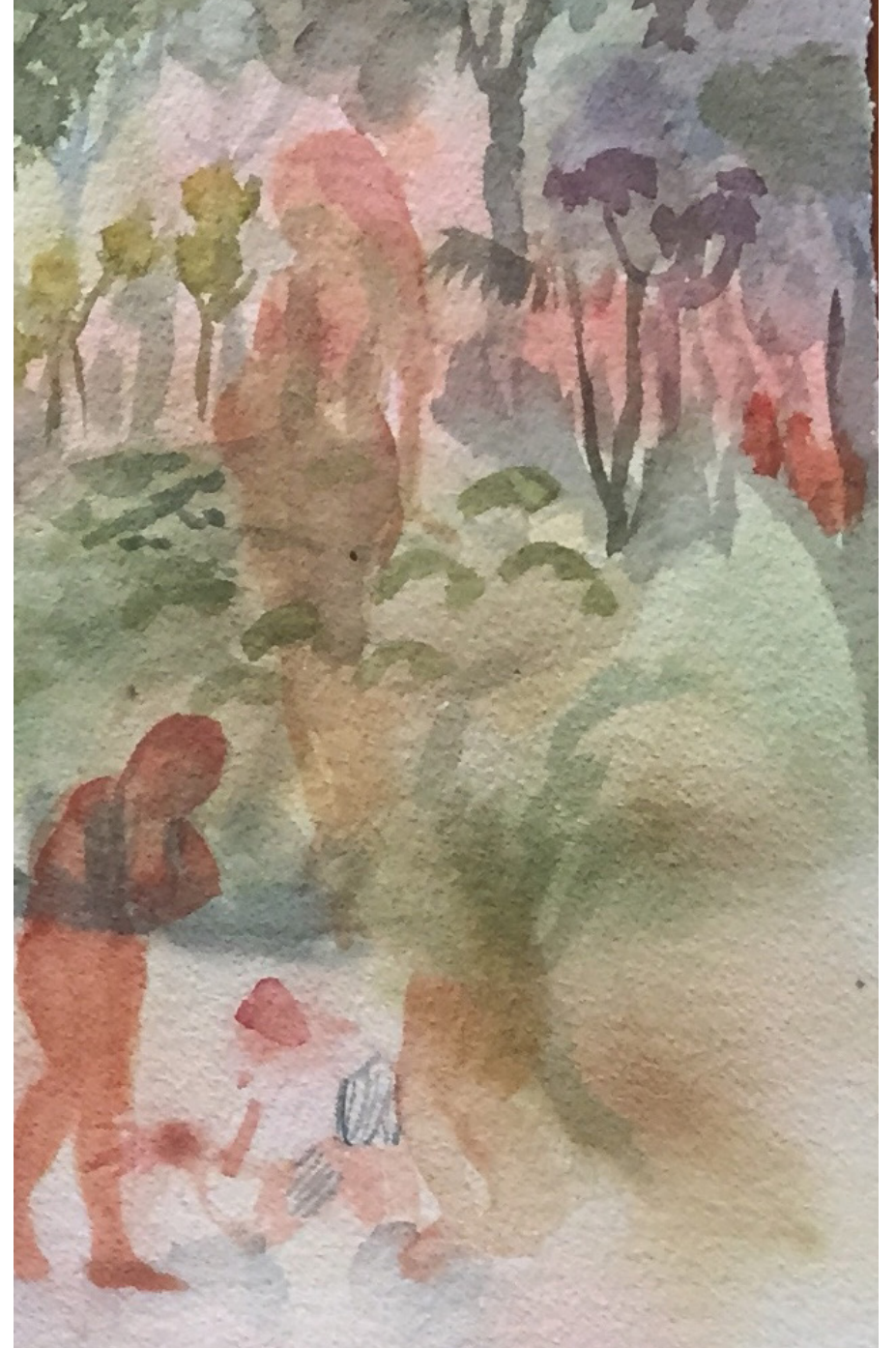
Julia Rose Bak is a queer, takatāpui writer and organiser based in Narrm, so-called Melbourne, Australia. Their writing touches on themes such as trauma, abolition, collective care, and their experiences growing up with chronic illness.

References cited:

- 1 The Project of Literature: Susan Sontag on Writing, Routines, Education, and Elitism in a 1992 Recording from the 92Y Archives. Retrieved from <https://www.brainpickings.org/2014/02/10/the-project-of-literature-susan-sontag-92y/>.
- 2 Davidson, Helen. "The story of David Dungay and an Indigenous death in custody." *The Guardian*, June. 2020. Retrieved from <https://www.theguardian.com/australia-news/2020/jun/11/the-story-of-david-dungay-and-an-indigenous-death-in-custody>
- 3 Morrison, Toni. *Sula: Toni Morrison*. New York: Knopf; [distributed by Random House], 1974. Print.
- 4 Lorde, Audre, and Joan W. Hall. *Conversations with Audre Lorde*. Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 2004. Print.
- 5 Lorde, Audre. *Sister Outsider: Essays and Speeches*. Trumansburg, NY: Crossing Press, 2007. Print.

Images included (in order of appearance):

- 1 Leila Doneo Baptist, 'Five Exotic Fruits You Haven't Tried: This Is Not A Self Portrait', 2019, three channel video [22:21]. Image courtesy the artist.
- 2 Jade O'Sullivan and Olive, 'Back and forth', 2020, Acrylic on canvas. Image courtesy Grace Connors.
- 3 Pony, 'Not Inherent In Intersecting Is To Cut, To Join Is Also' 2021, photo documentation from re-performance at Cool Change in February 2021. Image courtesy Paul Boyé.



the hands should have no peace

GALLERY 1 - 3, PROJECT SPACE

“What [Nel] had regarded since as unbecoming behaviour seemed fitting to her now [...] it was not a fist-shaking grief they were keening but rather a simple obligation to say something, do something, feel something about the dead. They could not let that heart-smashing event pass unrecorded, unidentified. It was poisonous, unnatural to let the dead go with a mere whimpering, a slight murmur, a rose bouquet of good taste. Good taste was out of place in the company of death, death itself was the essence of bad taste. And there must be much rage and saliva in its presence. The body must move and throw itself about, the eyes must roll, the hands should have no peace, and the throat should release all the yearning, despair and outrage that accompany the stupidity of loss.”

[Toni Morrison, *Sula*, 1973]¹

Sula was heavily criticised and controversial because Morrison dared to write about the complex mundanity of Black lives, Black motherhood, duplicitous social perceptions of self, the senselessness of death, and the multitudinous ways in which we respond to it. Whether racialised, queer, Disabled or otherwise systematically minoritised, many of the topics we wish to speak to as artists are inextricable from the experience of gazing into the senselessness of death

itself. Feeling it, understanding why it has happened, how we could ever hope to stop it, and coming out on the other side, thriving, with more than just a stifled rose bouquet of good taste.

Drawing from a desire to facilitate an opportunity for artists to thrash about without a kind of predisposed peace – conceptually, physically, virtually – the question is asked: what is ‘unbecoming’ in a world hell bent on silencing joy?

Where do we draw these shifting lines between ‘peace’ and ‘defiance’? And what then, do we do with our hands?

A similar line of inquiry is posed by each of the artists involved in this show; Chiluba Young, Leila Doneo Baptist, Andrew J Williams, Pony, Jade O’Sullivan and Claudia Nicholson, with a combination of commissioned, loaned and re-presented works.

Chiluba Young’s video and portrait series, *Lovers Dance* intimates the strength found between young, queer Black women, and more broadly the galvanising strengths that can be found between young women of colour. Queerness as it is understood today (with no shortage of complexity) long preceded whiteness and colonisation, across Africa and the African diaspora.² Aesthetically drawing from previous bodies of work, Chiluba’s work is vibrant, saturated with brown, yellow and ‘earthy’ tones. As is the nature of the saturation that occurs in film photography, pigments of the skin are present and deeply felt.

Leila Doneo Baptist forges through to unpack the reciprocal hand of influence of the colonial

photographic gaze and the practice of Ethnography in their work *Five Exotic Fruits You Haven't Tried: This Is Not a Self Portrait*). Leila's composition of the work is direct and intentional with their choice of objects, mish-mashing references to working-class Australiana and the racially ambiguous stereotypes of the 'exotic'. All the while staring directly into the gaze of the camera, a technology influenced by the narratives of Ethnography, and a tool used to object the body to a racist gaze. Leila's body becomes a visual site for experimentation with varying cultural signifiers, as a means to bluntly dictate an image (not a self) that is complexly gendered and racialised.

“The way of gender is a living, changing path, like a river—it does no one any good to try to keep either gender or a river still.”
[Kate Bornstein, 2016]³

Andrew J Williams wades through parallels of an extractive endemic succulent — samphire — and his own emotional wellbeing.⁴ The samphire being a type of endemic vegetation that tends to be present in waterlogged saline areas of Bibbulmun Noongar boodja (so-called south-west western australia), with a higher tolerance to saline conditions. In our chats, he tells me about meeting with a friend for a swamp walk, during which they eventually get onto the topic of rights granted to bodies of water in Aotearoa and in India.⁵ Andrew's frequent traversing of Canning River Eco Centre's surrounding wildlife and wetlands ties threads through his silicone recreation of the samphire in his works *Filtration*. As well, informing his wider practice, there is a considered personal relationship to various bodies of water he both frequents and grew up around; such



as Mundaring Weir, Dyarlgarro bilya, and the Dampier Archipelago within Ngarluma Country. In amongst these relationships to sovereign people, the samphire continually signifies a resilient counter to potentially detrimental levels of salinity, waterlogging (and states of overwrought emotion).

With their work *In The Incidental Should It Be Known* Pony reckons with traumatic memory and the personal possessions that become associated with them. By performing with these objects in collaboration with audience participants, as they did during their residency at Cool Change in 2019, they play with positively reclaiming their body and the extensions of their body that these objects represent. Within *In The Incidental Should It Be Known*, there is a section called *Not Inherent In Intersecting Is To Cut, To Join Is Also*. In this work, broken shards of glass dance around, tugged back and forth by unravelling cross-woven thread between very quiet shared laughter - you can hear these objects tinkling against each other in a manner akin to a blown wind chime.

“I can’t get rid of my body, that’s a reminder”
“There’s things that you can’t ever remove”
“How do you reclaim them? How do you turn them into something good?”
[Pony, 2021]⁶

It was kind of a serendipitous dynamic in which most of the committee at Cool Change became co-performers of the piece. Sharing is inherent in being Disabled and in the face of blatant systemic violences, and by extension, so is mutual aid and communal interdependence. Though Pony lives on Kurna country (adelaide) and is unable to be here, we have

worked to recycle the pleasure of this dynamic, and hoped for new lessons to unravel too. *Not Inherent In Intersecting Is To Cut, To Join Is Also* was re-performed by Alexander Turner, Sage Pbbbt and Kelsey Diamond (and me).

A lot of people have moved in and out of the procession of bringing together this exhibition. Non-exhaustively, I relish in the generosity of the voluntary committee, the voluntary gallery attendants, the friends who supportively lie in wait, the artists (not all of which I have written about here), the performers, the writers, the really nice person at the freighters, the framers...

Hands have a capacity to make and to touch, dangle fingers through a perpetually running creek, to be intimate, to love, to give and to take, to inflict great harm, to mitigate generational cycles of trauma and to heal. Hands are the restless, always-moving, wiggling movers, changers and feelers. Certainly, the hands should have no peace because there is no peace to be had. A few days out from the opening of *the hands should have no peace* and I find myself thrashing about in the gallery with Grace, trying to maintain the visceral euphoria induced by the possibilities that can take place, when we ask, and we listen, and we act.

Reflecting on the ways in which the river forms the bloodlines of sovereign Country; Derbarl Yerrigan embraces Dyarlgarro bilya at Gabbi Kowangalup and extends from as far north as Walyunga National Park to as south as Walyalup. *the hands should have no peace* shifts a focus toward storytelling practices as embodied and akin to a flowing body of water. Noting

the undulations of narrative and presence of non-linear, cyclical cultural sharing, lines begin to form shapes. As these shapes form with the rising tide, they lap against the jetty in a manner specific to the season – only to retreat once more. And these shapes tell stories.

*

Aisyah Aaqil Sumito is a writer, curator and conceptual artist living near Derbarl Yerrigan on Whadjuk Noongar Bibbulmun country. Their work reflects mostly on personal intersections of disability, queerness and diasporic ancestry in so-called Australia. They are currently a committee member at Cool Change and co-curated *the hands should have no peace* with Grace Connors, with the extensive administrative support of Mayma Awaida, Paul Boyé and Miranda Johnson.

References cited:

- 1 *Sula*, Toni Morrison, 1973 (novel), published by Knopf
- 2 Read more about queerness in various African cultures: <https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2015/sep/09/being-gay-african-history-homosexuality-christianity>
- 3 *Gender Outlaw*, Kate Bornstein, 2016 Revised Edition
- 4 Read more about milyu (samphire): <https://www.agric.wa.gov.au/soil-salinity/samphires-tecticornia-species-dryland-salinity-management-western-australia>
- 5 Whanganui River in Aotearoa and Ganges and Yamuna Rivers in India
<https://www.theguardian.com/world/2017/mar/16/new-zealand-river-granted-same-legal-rights-as-human-being>
https://www.theguardian.com/world/2017/mar/21/ganges-and-yamuna-rivers-granted-same-legal-rights-as-human-beings?CMP=share_btn_link
- 6 From a phone call between Pony and I

Images included (in order of appearance):

- 1 Andrew J Williams, '*maar / eroded body 2*', '*moolymari / eroded body 1*', 2020, digital photograph. Image courtesy Billy Reeves.
- 2 Claudia Nicholson, '*A Gathering in Angostura de la Candelaria, Río Guadalupe*', 2020, watercolour and ink on paper, 56 cm x 76 cm. Image courtesy the artist.
- 3 Chiluba Young, '*Lovers Dance (Take off Your Cool)*', 2020, 120mm photograph on paper. Image courtesy the artist.



Chiluba Young

Lovers Dance

In many African nations, lesbian couples are forced to hide their relationships, particularly in places where it is a crime to be openly gay. Living in the diaspora, I find a lot of young black LGBTQ people still have the same fears of being openly gay to their parents and families as they fear the consequences of being shamed in the community.

But thanks to the internet — and a new wave of black feminist communities — it's becoming easier for queer black women to find support and love, despite a pervasive misogyny present in various African communities. As well, to engage in conversations that highlight queerness as a way of being, that dates back thousands of years in many African cultures. This series explores the intimacy of a young lesbian couple falling in love, in a world that not only discriminates against their sexual orientation, but also their blackness.

Credits

Photography and Creative Direction : Chiluba Young

Assistant Photographer: Ben Alexander

Videography: Luke Hackett

Styling: Makanaka Mujokoto

Couple: Jasmine Pavan and Megan Reagon

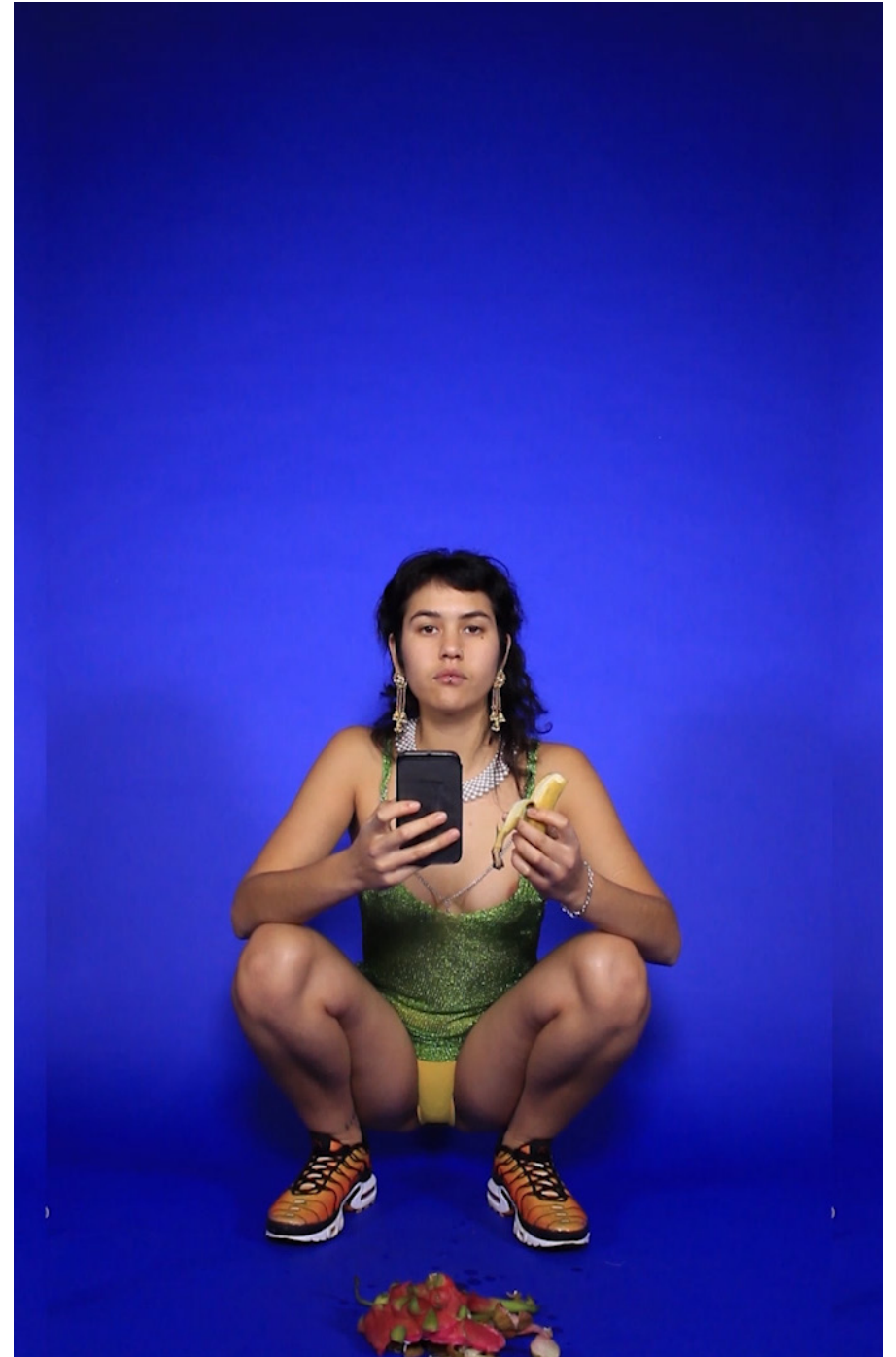
Poem: 'A poem of friendship' by Nikki Giovanni

*

Chiluba Young is a Zambian photographer based in Boorloo (Perth Western Australia) currently studying biomedical science at The University of Western Australia. She has exhibited her work at the Perth Centre for Photography in 2020, Paper Mountain in 2020 for her first solo exhibition, and Blue Room Theatre in 2019. Young enjoys photographing black women and drawing inspiration from the subjects she photographs.

Images included (in order of appearance):

- 1 Chiluba Young, '*Lovers Embrace*', 2020, 120mm photograph on paper. Image courtesy the artist.
- 2 Chiluba Young, '*Lovers Dance*', 2020, 35mm photograph on paper. Image courtesy the artist.



Leila Doneo Baptist

Five Exotic Fruits You Haven't Tried: This Is Not A Self Portrait

This single channel video by Leila Doneo Baptist centres the body of the artist to critically examine Western narratives that associate photographic image, the body and English language traditions with 'objective truth'. In Doneo's experience, the process of performing, recording, observing, editing and exhibiting one's own body situates the image in an ambiguous space between subject and object. The body is both the *artist*; a subject that communicates messages to the audience, as well as the *artwork*; an object that receives the gaze of the onlooker.

Colonial narratives about the body dictate that the visually perceivable outside holds clues to an inner diagnosis. Similarly, the series of activities performed in the video such as dressing, undressing, eating, squatting, sitting and standing could elicit a range of sexual, cultural, gendered and racialised associations. Throughout the video, Doneo returns a 'look' to their audience from behind the cinematic screen. Additionally, text—in the form of captions and visual interruptions—might disrupt the voyeuristic gaze and introduce an alternative context through which the audience can relate to image and body.

*

Leila Doneo Baptist is a student, writer and practising artist. They live between the unceded lands of the Whadjuk Noongar people, and the Wurundjeri people of the Kulin nation. They have a keen interest in creative practice as an opportunity for interpersonal exchange, productive disruption, decolonial healing and humour. Recently, Leila has explored how existing cultural structures of perception can be manipulated to tell new stories.

Images included (in order of appearance):

- 1 Leila Doneo Baptist, '*Five Exotic Fruits You Haven't Tried: This Is Not A Self Portrait*', 2019, three channel video [22:21]. Image courtesy the artist.
- 2 Leila Doneo Baptist, '*Five Exotic Fruits You Haven't Tried: This Is Not A Self Portrait*', 2019, three channel video [22:21]. Image courtesy the artist.



Andrew J. Williams

Filtration

As a teenager, I remember receiving a flyer in the mail about scheduled bomb blasts that would open up one of the blunt basalt coasts of the Ngarluma island town I grew up on. There was to be a new wharf to meet the growing demands for natural commodities. Soon after, during a summer placement, I learnt how mining companies had an obligation to rehabilitate the land once everything had been extracted, and speculated on the likelihood of healing a landscape that had changed so much. A decade or so later, on Whadjuk Noongar country, I'm seeing all the places that have been in-filled and concretised. These became places to support, and also diminish life. Upon the changed Dyarlgarro bilya (Canning River), Kent Street Weir stands as a built interjection to allow transmission of euryhaline organisms between estuarine and freshwater areas. While also regulating the tidal influence of brackish water on the freshwaters upstream. Thinking about this regulation of salinity, I drew parallels between the Weir and the endemic milyu (samphire). Through a process of extraction milyu also works to remove pollutants from the land. I was drawn to the duality of these natural and artificial systems, and the kinds of erosive forces I experience in my own life. Physical, psychological and spiritual. *Filtration* is a reflection of the support,

collaboration and healing enacted by many forms of sovereign personhood.

*

Andrew's creative work is based primarily in music, most recently singing with the Under Current Choir for 2019 Fremantle Biennale and at AGWA for Ebb & Flow by Tom Müller. Employment in carpentry led him to more broadly explore tactile visual mediums. *Deep Heritage* (2019) curated by Mei Swan Lim at Cool Change was his debut exhibition. As an Architecture student at Curtin University, Williams is interested in the constant imagining of space, and how intention can become a built force of gravity, influencing the life around it. He is learning about traditional and contemporary knowledge systems, and is grateful for all the opportunities to watch, listen and feel deeply on Whadjuk Noongar Boodja. Born to migrant parents, Williams grew up on Ngarluma Ngurra (Dampier, Pilbara Region) and has lived in Boorloo (Perth) for many years now, with the exception of a three year stint abroad in North America.

Images included (in order of appearance):

- 1 Andrew J Williams, '*moolymari / eroded body 1*', 2020, digital photograph. Image courtesy Billy Reeves.
- 2 Andrew J Williams, '*maar / eroded body 2*', 2020, digital photograph. Image courtesy Billy Reeves.



Pony

In The Incidental, Could It Be Known?

In The Incidental Could It Be Known? was developed and performed in residence at Cool Change Contemporary during January 2019. A section of this work *Not Inherent In Intersecting Is To Cut, To Join Is Also* has been re-performed on Whadjuk Noongar country by Alexander Turner, Kelsey Diamond and Sage Pbbbt.

The work asks: how can we feel connection, expression, meaning when we experience barriers limiting access? Through community support it explores the seemingly mundane, and the pervasive pressure to polish and render towards valid expression and connection.

Pony states, “art is a ritual for me, sharing my story/ideas with others in my communities builds relationships, and support in dealing with the unknown.”

In its second iteration the work continues to explore: parts of existence that we don't decide, which are incidental, mundane, or painful, leaving traces on our bodies and minds and how expression can transform these aspects into connection; access being denied to bodies seen as unreliable through a dominant lens, how the focus is on them to 'overcome' multiple

barriers in a system not designed for variables; where we as communities can be located in between the range of solitude and intimacy, learning and knowing coping with waiting, uncertainty, and taking risks.

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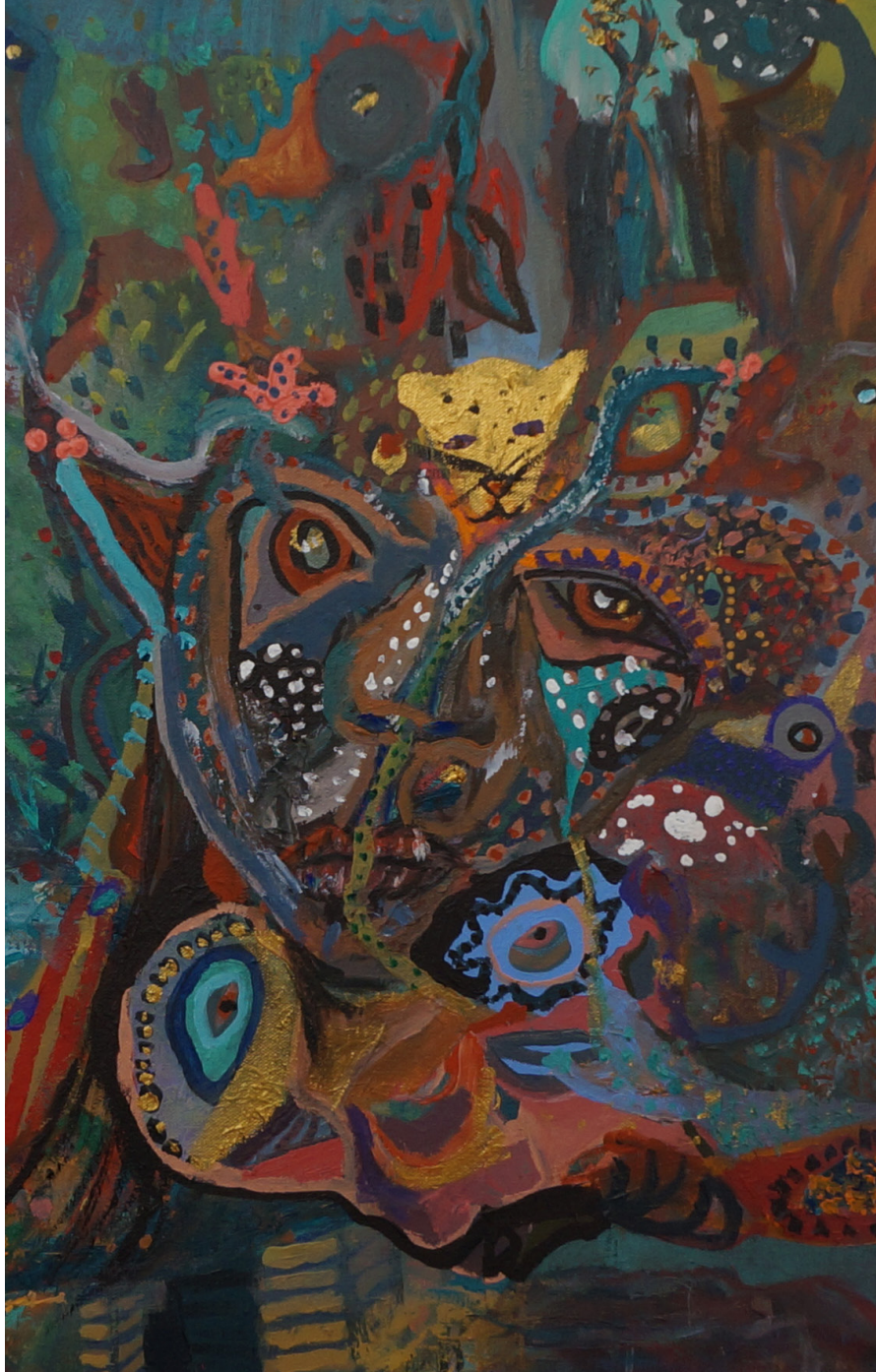
Pony is an interdisciplinary artist that experiments, creates and collaborates through and between composition, performance, installation, poetry and creative writing. Their practice has been developed through formal and informal studies; including residencies, workshops, performances and exhibitions, contributing locally and across the continent in a variety of settings. Their disabled, trans and queer identities inform how they centre their practice on accessibility, mutual aid and collective care, and subverting the dominant gaze.

Intersecting space with readily available and mundane physical material in collaboration with community is a method through which they can gain access to, and facilitate meaningful expression. They compose/construct/write/perform to facilitate collaboration and improvisation.

Pony resides and creates on unceded Kurna Land.

Images included (in order of appearance):

- 1 Pony, '*Not Inherent In Intersecting Is To Cut, To Join Is Also*' 2021, photo documentation from re-performance at Cool Change in February 2021. Image courtesy Paul Boyé.
- 2 Pony, '*Not Inherent In Intersecting Is To Cut, To Join Is Also*' 2021, photo documentation from re-performance at Cool Change in February 2021. Image courtesy Paul Boyé.



Jade O'Sullivan

Whimsical Amputee Honey

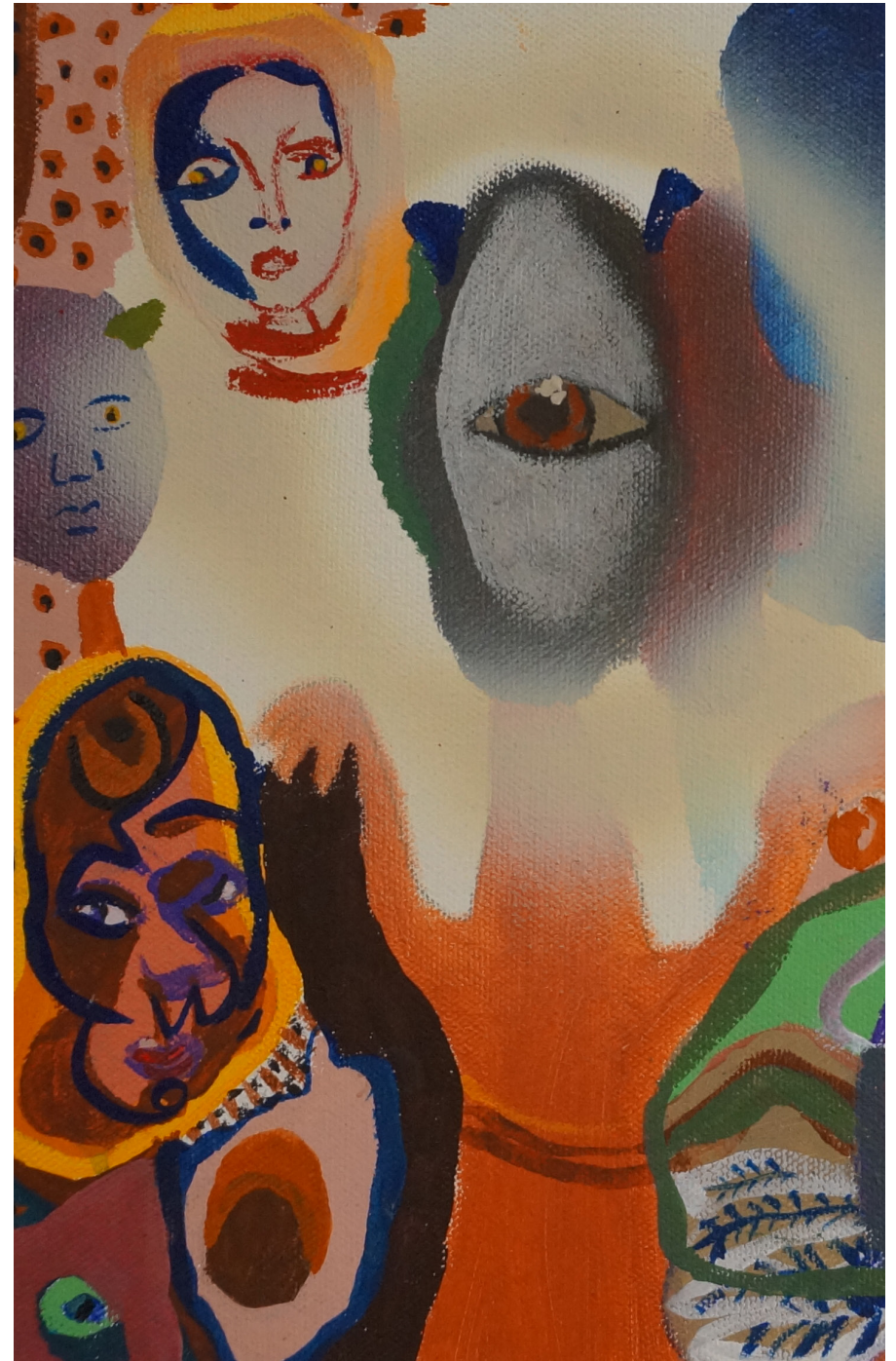
Jade O'Sullivan is a Noongar artist based in Boorloo (Perth WA), she is also a mother who loves playing wheelchair basketball. She explores all artforms in her practice, with a particular focus on painting and drawing. She has exhibited her work in Revealed 2019 (Fremantle Arts Centre), and Djookian NAIDOC week 2018 (Gallery Central) and NAIDOC week 2019.

Images included (in order of appearance):

- 1 Jade O'Sullivan and Olive, *'Land bridge'*, 2021, Acrylic on canvas. Image courtesy Grace Connors.
- 2 Jade O'Sullivan and Olive, *'Tooth'*, 2017, Acrylic on canvas. Image courtesy Grace Connors.

Image on right:

- 3 Jade O'Sullivan and Olive, *'Halo'*, 2019, Acrylic on canvas. Image courtesy Grace Connors.





Claudia Nicholson

The distance goes with me

The distance goes with me collapses the distinctions between my own personal narrative and historical accounts of Colombia. The landscapes depicted in *The distance goes with me* are sourced from landscapes painted by Henry Price in 1852. Price's landscapes were part of a wider body of work, commissioned by the Colombian government to map natural resources and to create an image for a unified, national identity.

The distance goes with me builds an ecology of historical record and spiritual belief. Like Price, I am mapping landscapes. The landscapes of Colombia appear to me in dreams, they are so familiar to me, yet obfuscated by distance and time. My paintings draw together these psychic and geographic places in an attempt to find my own position within them. Paz was part of a colonial enterprise, but my mapping is a spiritual one. It is about mapping a deep connection to these places.

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Claudia Nicholson is an interdisciplinary artist based on Gadigal land (Sydney, Australia). Her practice examines psychic and physical connections to place through multidisciplinary forms of art making

including painting, installation, performance and video. She is interested in creating acts of collective remembrance, exploring the ways in which we navigate the complexities of identity in a post-colonial context.

Since 2017 Claudia was awarded the NSW Emerging Visual Arts Fellowship, commissioned by Museum of Contemporary Art (Sydney) and Vivid Sydney as part of Vivid Sydney Festival, was twice a finalist of Sir John Sulman Prize, and in 2019 presented new commissioned work, 'By Your Side' at the Art Gallery of NSW. Recent exhibitions include: *Belonging* Art Gallery of NSW 2019, 2017; *Unfinished Business: Perspectives on art and feminism*, ACCA, Melbourne, The NSW Visual Arts Emerging Fellowship, Artspace, Sydney; *The National, Carriageworks, Sydney*, 2017.

Images included (in order of appearance):

- 1 Claudia Nicholson, 'A Gathering in Angostura de la Candelaria, Río Guadalupe', 2020, watercolour and ink on paper, 56 cm x 76 cm. Image courtesy the artist.
- 2 Claudia Nicholson, 'Confluence of the River Grande and River Chico', 2020, watercolour and ink on paper, 56 cm x 76 cm. Image courtesy the artist.

PERTH FESTIVAL



Wesfarmers Arts

Special thanks to Picasso Art Framers, Cooper, Chrissie and Tia, Michael Power for the wheels, Chare Wohlneck for the helping hands, the lovely lady at Pack and Send who's name I have forgotten, Paul Boyé. for the steady hands, Chloe Nolan for her keen eye and Samuel Beilby for his sharp ears and finally Gemma Weston for all of her wisdom.

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