



COOL  
CHANGE

7 JULY - 24 JULY 2021

GALLERY 1

*Keeping Score*  
Naomie Hatherley

GALLERY 2

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**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.<sup>1</sup>**

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





## Naomie Hatherley

### GALLERY 1 *Keeping Score*

Naomie Hatherley's work celebrates fierce women. Bursting through her pieces are active bodies ignited with purpose – reaching, running, marking, kicking and imbued with the passion of warrior women. In this exhibition, *Keeping Score*, Hatherley inverts the relationship between player and spectator. Instead of looking onto the field of play, the spectator/gallery visitor is looking out into a crowd of female footballers and asking: Who are these women? What is their fierce purpose? And, most importantly, why have we rarely seen their like on gallery walls before? With the exception of photography, visual art depicting Australian Rules football suggests it is exclusively masculine. The boys' club framework was assembled by pieces including Arthur Streeton's *The National Game*, Sidney Nolan's *Footballer and Three of the Players* by John Brack, and in-filled with portraits and caricatures by many others. Modern works, such as Vincent Namatjira's 2020 Archibald Prize winner, *Stand Strong for Who You Are*, continue the tradition. So Hatherley's artworks, tightly focused on footballing women as subjects, are a defiant departure. They

challenge not just the Australian perspective but the widest realms of art history, which prefer women as still life.

Demanding attention immediately are her metal scoreboard numbers. These were salvaged years ago from the Balingup tip and have been overpainted with scenes of modern women playing football, skilfully linking players across time. The still-visible numerals are arranged to acknowledge female footballing history. Keeping Score: 1915, for instance, marks the year that women started playing Australian Rules football competitively.

The women's game kicked off in Perth, Western Australia, with lunch-time matches between shopgirls and factory workers employed by the retailer, Foy and Gibson. The idea caught on, spreading to WA towns and beyond state borders. Workplace teams vied against one another or women banded together in regional clusters. Innovations flourished. Accessing ovals at times that they were not required by men led to Kalgoorlie women playing under lights, commemorated in Keeping Score: 1917.

These scoreboard groupings also speak of exclusion on the very objects that once tallied and defined the narrative of male athletic prowess. Women's football was played in surge-and-sputter competitions or as a novelty for wartime gala fundraisers; many newspaper reports were mocking, some not even bothering to record the scores. Stubborn women kept playing, anyway. The sport was formalised in the 1980s with Victoria, then WA, setting up official women's leagues. Other states followed.

So why did women continue? The answer seems to centre on physicality. For millennia, women's

physicality has been culturally sanctioned, directed towards labour or sex or childbearing. But the right to play sport has had to be snatched, carved out and justified.

Physicality, along with fun, friendship and fitness, is often mentioned by girls and women quizzed on why they play football. An estimated 600,000 females now test their bodies against the strength, speed and agility of opponents. The semi-professional Australian Football League Women's (AFLW) is the top tier of competition.

The creation of the AFLW in 2017 recognised the sector's marketability at a time when campaigns announced strong as the new pretty. It piggybacked on the determination of women who, despite their outsider status, had been playing the game for more than a century.

Thousands of fans are now invested in AFLW matches instead of just the knots of family and friends who attended lower-tier games. This intense focus is captured in the multimodal piece, *The Granny*, a set of four abstract expressionistic panels, with an accompanying video. Hatherley painted in a fury while watching the 2021 AFLW grand final on television, fusing the energy on the field with the swirling emotions of the spectator. The '23' evident on the third panel is the playing number of Brisbane Lions' utility Jess Wuetschner. She had returned to the team after being struck by lightning in early 2020 while working on the docks as a stevedore. The artist invites viewers to question the fairness of an AFLW payment structure that does not provide a female player with a living wage.

Heretic is another work of multiple layers. On the surface, it embodies the glorious hunger of country football matches, in this case, in the Kimberley. But it is heretical both for daring to superimpose figures on a backdrop inspired by Mark Rothko's pared-back abstraction and for painting dynamic women, instead of men, when portraying the demigods of Australia's alternative religion, football.

Hatherley's interpretations are dazzling. The exuberance of her artworks tells one level of the story, her cool intelligence another.

Words by Brunette Lenkic

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Brunette Lenkic is a journalist, teacher and author. She spearheaded the Bounce Down exhibition at the State Library of Western Australia in 2015, marking the centenary of the women's game, and is co-author of Play On! The Hidden History of Women's Australian Rules Football.

Naomie Hatherley is a multidisciplinary feminist artist, mother and educator and occasional curator residing on Yawuru country, Rubibi (Broome). Her practice seeks to challenge and contest dominant Australian Values/Attitudes/Beliefs concerning identity and gender norms through painting, drawing, sculpture, textile, installation and performance. She completed an MVA (Monash 2012), a Bachelor of Arts/Fine Arts (UWA, 1994). In 2020, undertook two FAC residencies to develop this current body of work on women's

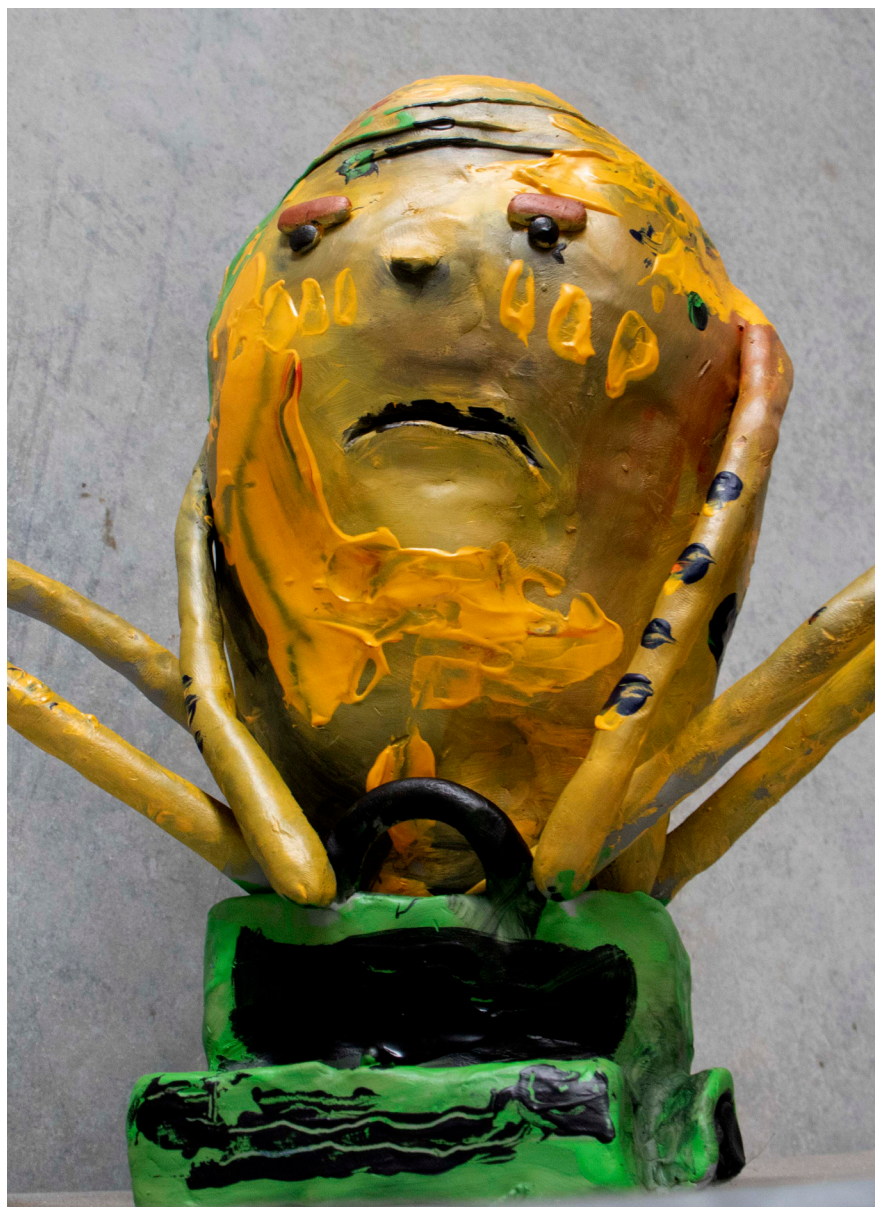
football (Australian Rules); was awarded in both the Kimberley Art Prize 2018 &19 and Shinju Art Awards 2018 & 20 and selected for the John Curtin Alternative Archive regional art survey touring exhibition (May 2021). Naomie was invited to participate in Form's 2019 Hedland Art Prize, received High commendations at the Minnowarra Art Prize (2010 & 2011) and invited to exhibit for Bunbury Regional Art Gallery's South West Showcase (Spin Cycle 2010), followed by Heathcote Museum and Gallery (Spin Cycle 2012).

Two Fremantle Arts Centre residencies in July and November of 2020 supported the development of this project.

Images included (in order of appearance)

1. Naomie Hatherley. Heretic (Study). 2020. Acrylic on board 30x20cm.
2. Naomie Hatherley. The Granny (an experimental work painted in 4 quarters whilst watching the AFLW 2021 grand final). Acrylic on board. 40x40cm.





## Tyrown Waigana

GALLERY 2  
*Morality Isn't Relevant*

The extent of practice and a deep dive into existential moments with grounding humour. The mid-morning breakdown is funny because it's pointless and it's about feeling the stretch of living, take the ride. Stop being diagnosed by social media. Monotonous myths that project grandeur and sickly saturated colour. There are aliens in my pillow. Pink comes in a squeezable bottle. A meta pun related to a joke that never gets old with an attached fascination to flesh. The body is an extension, where does the figure begin and end. Did sight drop through black just to see white or did yellow clench the cornea? Ingest colour like a glutton and stop enjoying it. Feel something other than pleasure, be confused and deal with it. A slight lean is an icon for a sore leg, while there's always a zombie with a limp. A heavy-set monster with a mouth that eats space as if it were a pot plant that's too big on a small balcony and the soulless quality of having no eyes. What do you see if there's no eyes, everything or nothing? Crowns of thorns depict a dangerous leader and folds the forehead which depicts a grumpy old man. Highlight what's



associated to create a character not what it actually is because characteristics say more than a plain face. Speak loudly four-legged propeller dog you have a horse neck. Drop black lines for shadow and highlights, welcome to the smear. Lift in layer to show one thing, compact imagery. Cartoons and feel-good situations of moments preferred. An understanding of composition and character development. Live life in a cartoon because there is complete control for the narcissistic. Experimental exploit and purple orbs for thunder. Push perspective to get a different view and obtain perspective. Where's the face? There isn't one, wait, no it's definitely not there. Enticing for texture, stretching for what's nothing and paint caught in dog hair. Oven bakes and toxic smells for a worthy product. Watercolours are irritating, ink is a superior medium and acrylic loses volume when it dries. Surreal fantasy sinks into painting, never stretched a canvas, let's see how it goes. Made on the floor or on the couch, the studio is a time capsule. It is entered in the dark and exited in the dark. Creating on top of a workload spurs deviation and harnesses mania to produce high-quality work. Low energy is the result of completion. The process of turning raw material into art is finished. The torture of creation is over and the artist may become a person again. The irony is that art is formed in this in-between space of being human not when creating. Creating is being lost in artistry.

Words by Tyrown Waigana

My name is Tyrown Waigana I am Wandandi Noongar (Aboriginal) and Ait Koedhal (Torres Strait Islander) multidisciplinary artist and graphic designer. My practice includes painting, illustration, sculpture, animation and graphic design.

As an Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander graphic designer many of my clients approach me for high quality, culturally appropriate and indigenous centred design.

My paintings and sculptures are about expressing myself freely. These works are expressive and abstract pieces that explore fantasy and surreal concepts.

Images included (in order of appearance)

- 1 Tyrown Waigana. Sprout. 2021. Acrylic on Canvas. 71cm x 25cm.
- 2 Tyrown Waigana. Traffic Jam, Its Not Spreadable. 2021. Polymer clay, painted in acrylic with a steel and aluminium frame 27cm x 25cm x 18cm.





## Phoebe Kelly

### GALLERY 3 *Light Marks*

**You are the weather.** [1] Liquid forming. Your expressions change. You have the face of a chameleon. I can never predict you. *You are the weather.* You cast me as amorphous. Like glass, but also wind, breaking and changing form, again and again, in multitudes. From solid, to cloud, to liquid, and back again. I had been burned inside a hundred volcanoes and my molten lava formed anew on the ash floor— I am always making. I extracted salt from plant in an effort to be fired and formed. We were rolled on a slab in order to imprint the delicate threads into our bodies.

A merchant ship, laid with nirtum, was moored. The merchants stumped up their cooking pots on the beach with used lumps of nitrum from the ship, which fused and mixed with the sand. There flowed streams of a new translucent liquid—I was the small pebbles under clumps of nitrum—I was born again as *glass*. I am prone to breaking.

I was fashioned for fragile planes and melting landscapes. In Greek times I was marked as *halophile*, 'salt-loving'. Silica is often the primary constituent

of sand. It can be used to strengthen hair and nails in the human body. We are always in modes of transformation and becoming. When I recover the image, do I lose the memory? We are looking towards the same horizon, even though you are facing away from me. [2] Lightning forms across my chest in bursts when I am anxious, furthering the production of the image. My skin turns to crystal in its wake. You melted me into butter. I was fashioned to withstand cooking at a high temperature. Images are durable, to an extent. The window panes are slipping and we are dancing inside the studio. Slide me into wax dripped down your waist-side. Pin me to the floor or wall. Let your plaster mark my corners. Wait for my birthing cry to call. We are already a *sage* in the womb. I am a greyish-green leaf and a wellspring of knowledge simultaneously. A *sage* (σοφός) in classical philosophy, is someone who has attained wisdom. The term has also been used interchangeably with a 'good person'. There is so much goodness to be found within your image. I hold your landscapes in a photograph and my body remains imprinted on your skyline. The light hits the ground and all feels possible. I leak deeply into wax. Butterfly wings are cast as debris. Leaf marks surrender birthright. I am forged and founded sight. Scrunch me under palm like warm butter then let me melt into sky. *You are the weather*. Look up to the light of the falling sun together. Welcome the moon into our living room. The blue of longing [3] that hangs between us through mis-steps, mistakes and time-wasted. There is a horizon of becoming colour between our bodies and the shades are shifting eternal. Obsidian, a volcanic form of glass, has often been fashioned as cutting tool. You cannot cut the

shifting light of dawn or dusk with a knife. Light bounces from prism too quickly. Ancient glass is fashioned as optical device, but does not have the ability to still motion. Photography is such a slippery tool. The *alkali* of Syrian and Egyptian glass was soda-ash, which can be extracted from the ashes of many plants, notably halophile seashore plants like *saltwort*. I came in the form of beads at first. They say that beads were the first forms formed. After glass I will enter into a new medium, I will become the base that dissolves in water, as *alkali*. I am forever at risk of disappearance. *Halophiles* can be found in water bodies with salt concentration more than five times greater than that of the ocean. I cried you a sea of saline to stitch your boat to mine. I gnawed upon the edges of your image. You will find me in many places throughout our lifetime together. *You are the weather. You are the weather. We are the weather. I am the weather.*

Words by Josephine Mead

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Phoebe Kelly is visual artist and photographer living and working in Naarm (Melbourne). Her practice explores how to navigate time, memory and space through the acts of returning and revisiting. She employs photography, casting and processes of material transferral to investigate how materials can embody time, and the potential to translate the poetic and the intangible into the physical.

This project was kindly supported by City of Melbourne Quick Response Art Grants.

#### References cited

[1] Horn, Roni, *You are the Weather*, 1994-95, 64 C-prints and 36 gelatin-silver prints, dimensions variable.

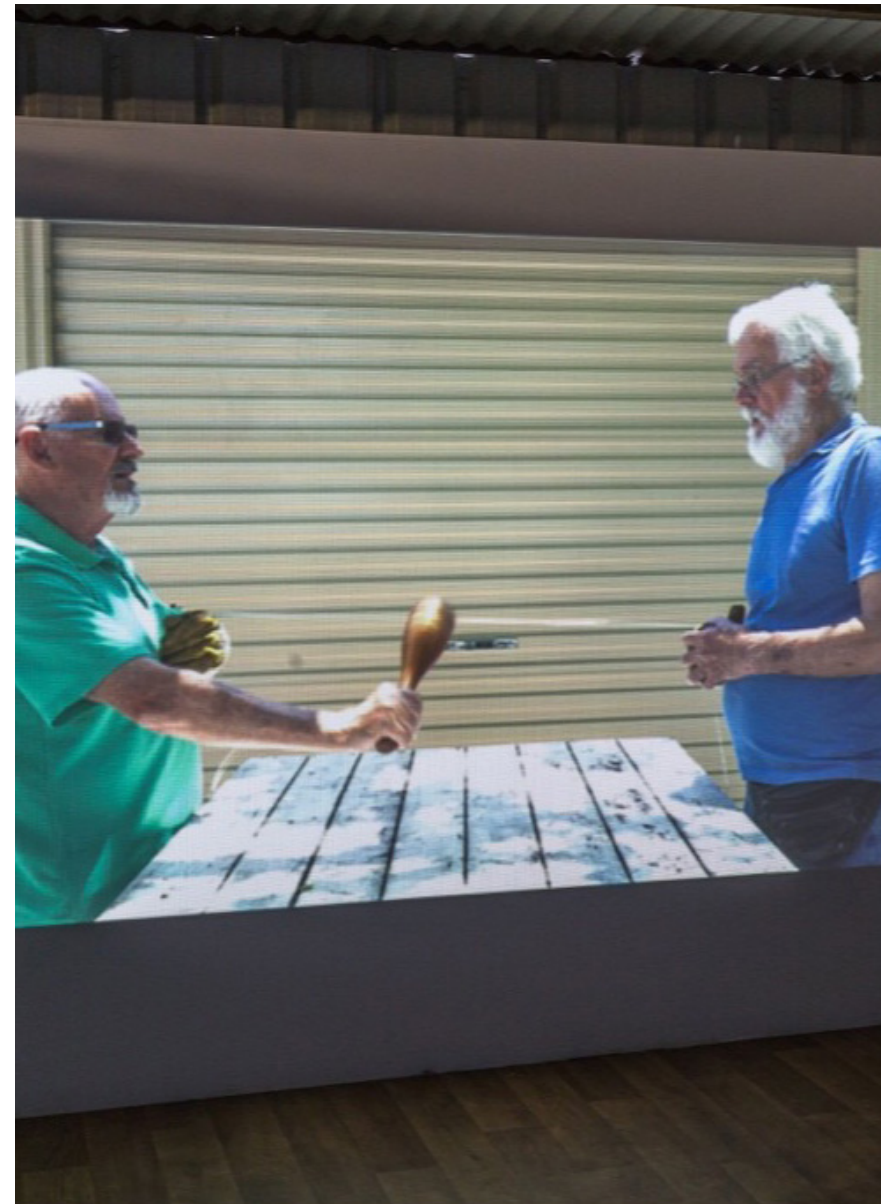
[2]. Kelly, Phoebe, *Dusk on Minjerribah (Stradbroke)*, 2019, 35mm colour photograph.

[3]. Solnit, Rebecca, "The Blue of Distance". *A Field Guide for Getting Lost*, Canongate, 2005.

#### Images included (in order of appearance)

1 Phoebe Kelly. *From my garden*. 2020. Bronze cast sage leaves. Image courtesy of Phoebe Kelly.

2 Phoebe Kelly. *Untitled*. 2021. Photographic print on silk. Image courtesy of Phoebe Kelly.





## Azadeh Hamzeii

### PROJECT SPACE *A Tool is a Tool*

{In the Project Space}, the exhibition concludes with the video artwork *A Tool is a Tool* by Meanjin (Brisbane)- based Iranian artist Azadeh Hamzeii. Azadeh often draws on objects with cultural or personal significance to draw out dialogues between the individual and universal. In *A Tool is a Tool*, Azadeh sets out on a quest of sorts with the help of her mother to source an antiquated tool—a cotton fluffing bow she saw in a film. Azadeh was fascinated with the way it produced elegant and playful puffs of cotton that appeared to dance, but had not seen it in contemporary use. Connecting with Azadeh across continents via video calls, Azadeh’s mother, Shahin Hajbabaei, visits a series of cotton processing factories, speaking to the men who work there in an attempt to source one of these tools. Meanwhile in Brisbane, Azadeh connects with her local Men’s Shed to recreate the illusive bow; collaboratively drafting, planning and building the object together. Azadeh’s fascination with this object is a poetic gesture—a reaching out for an object of cultural significance and the building of significance through

care and attention. The object becomes a catalyst for an intergenerational shared project with her mother and with the men who tinker away at the Men's Shed in East Brisbane, a place for craftwork and social interaction, often for older men. Azadeh creates her own cotton fluffing bow and retains the ties to her identity in Iran while forging a new identity in Australia with the help of these local men, who take up the challenge with a curiosity driven by Azadeh's passion. [1]

Words by Sarah Thomson

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With a focus on the dialogues between the individual and the universal, Azadeh Hamzeii mines her personal history and cultural background as an Iranian based in Meanjin (Brisbane). Drawing from a range of subjects and materials including votive offerings, beeswax, fishing hooks, her father's old film negatives, and Keffiyeh, Hamzeii investigates the localised significance of objects and the potential to elevate their meaning, creating a broader human narrative.

She is an alumni of Queensland College of Art, Griffith University, held a Bachelor of Fine Arts majoring in Interdisciplinary Sculpture Making and a Diploma of Photography from Tehran University, Fine Arts Department. She has recently exhibited at Outer Space and Wreckers Artspace in Brisbane, the Perth Institute of Contemporary Arts, and was commissioned by 4A Centre for Contemporary Asian Art's 4A digital program

This project was commissioned by 4A Centre for Contemporary Asian Art in collaboration with Metro Art (Brisbane).

The artist would like to express her gratitude to George Wolf for the dedication, expertise and care throughout this project and to the South Brisbane Men's Shed community and Alan Elphinstone for their support. A special mention for Dr. Chris Bennie, the artist's mentor for the encouragement and his insightful and constructive feedback during the concept planning and execution of the work.

#### References cited

[1] Text has been extracted from the catalogue of:

"RADIUS: NEW ART FROM THE REGION"

THE WALLS ART SPACE - Gold Coast

Curated and written by Sarah Thomson

Marketing and Communications Manager & Curatorial Assistant at Institute of Modern Art (QLD) 3-18 APRIL, 2021

#### Images Cited (In order of appearance)

1. Azadeh Hameii. A Tool is a Tool, Image credit: Dr. Chris Bennie (The Walls Art Space) 2021, commissioned by 4A Digital. 7:56.
2. Azadeh Hamzeii. A Tool is a Tool, Image credit: artist, 2020, commissioned by 4A Digital.

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