



1-23 OCTOBER 2021

GALLERY 1

Haus of Memories

Studio Kiin:

Rusty

Sereana Suguturaga

Elsie Andrewes

Linda Iriza

Natasha Ratuva

Emele Ugavule

GALLERY 2

Shadowed

Shanti Gelmi

GALLERY 3

made jagged

Zamara Zamara

PROJECT SPACE

Residency

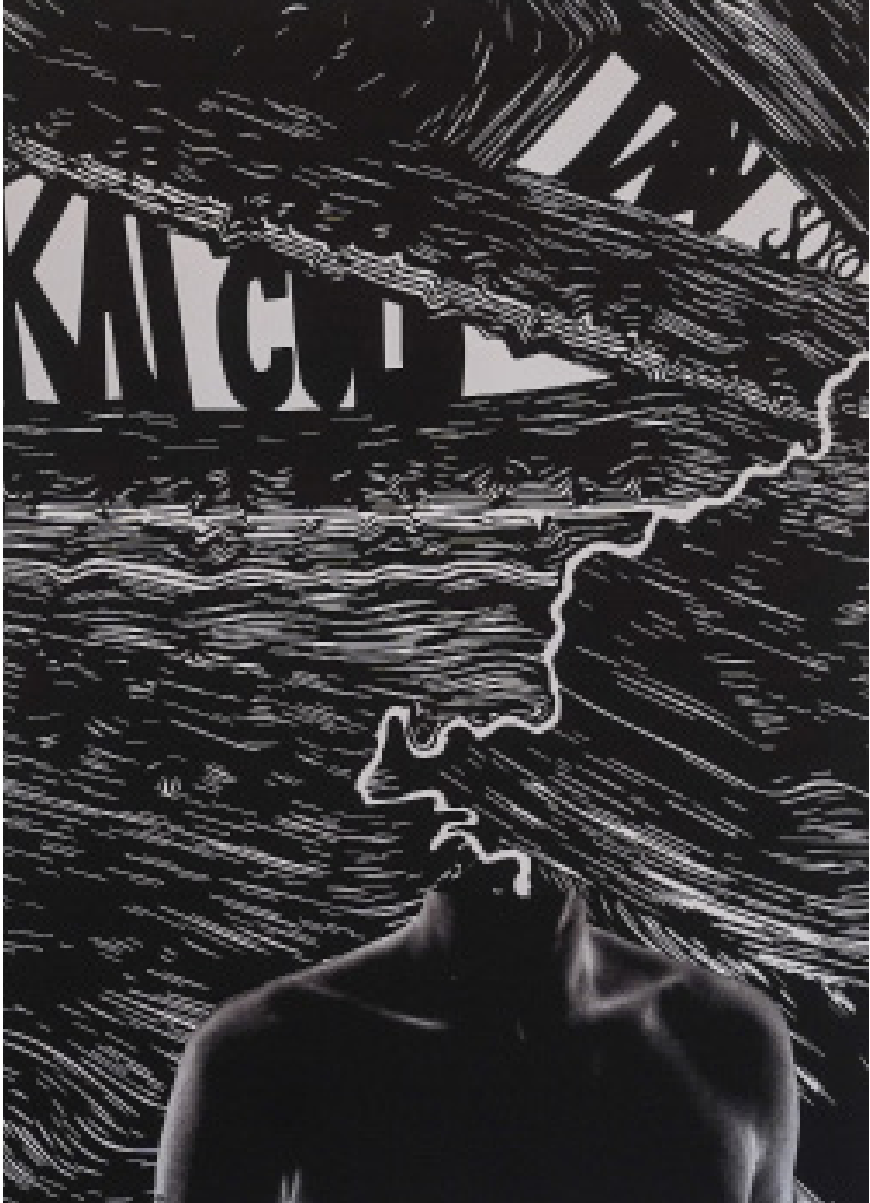
Chandler Abrahams

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>





Studio Kiin

GALLERY 1 *Haus of Memories*

Studio Kiin is an Indigenous led creative studio founded by Emele Ugavule. We are a family of storytellers who are working to normalise story sovereignty, cultivate kinship and prioritise healing in creative practice. We are passionate about empowering artists and organisations to lead with culturally responsive, ethical and sustainable creative practice.

Rusty

Self taught, TSI, Fijian and cookislander artist.

Flowing between genres of neo expressionism, urban art, contemporary and dreamy surrealism. My elders have been a driving force behind my creativity, story telling has always been a way of life for us.

Sereana Suguturaga:

Serena is a 24-year-old Fijian artist currently residing in Adelaide, South Australia. Sereana currently does Fijian-inspired, hand drawn & painted pieces. Sereana started out scribbling tribal patterns on pieces of paper and found a real passion for it, and then began to draw and paint Fijian patterns onto canvas, modernising the artworks by using a range of different colours rather than just the traditional black, white and brown. Sereana used this to

personalise artworks they gifted to family and friends. Eventually creating an Instagram account and after much encouragement from family and friends, started a small business- Faith Creatives in 2018. Sereana completed a Diploma of Business with the South Australian Institute of Business & Technology in 2020, and is currently studying at the University of South Australia, they are in their second year of their Bachelor's degree (Bachelor of Business: Tourism & Event management).

Emele Ugavule:

Emele Ugavule is a Tokelauan Fijian storyteller. Her research and practice area of interest is Oceanic Indigenous-led storytelling, working across live performance, film, tv & digital media as a writer, director, creative producer, performer, educator and mentor. Her work explores creative processes and outcomes grounded in Indigenous ways of knowing, and nurturing the *vā* where embodiment, cultural expression, digitisation and neuroscience intersect.

Linda Iriza:

Linda Iriza is a Rwandan currently based in Boorloo (Perth). Her work centres African youth and continues to create community projects that bring them together physically and digitally. She does this through collectives like Soul Alphabet; where they support young Black and brown creatives through events, art exhibitions, workshops and various other projects. Linda is also a youth organiser at Boorloo Justice, a community led grass-root organisation.

Elsie Andrewes:

Elsie Andrewes is a Fiji born illustrator and part time florist based in Whāngārei, Aotearoa / New Zealand. Elsie's works span across traditional and digital media, covering portraiture, botanical illustrations and surrealist concepts

with inspiration stemming from her heritage. Most pieces are completed with and for the Pacific people in mind, utilising vibrant colours and traditional design.

Natasha Ratuva:

Natasha Ratuva is an Indigenous Fijian multi disciplinary creative from Kadavu and Bua on her maternal side. She was born and raised in Fiji and has been living in Aotearoa for the last 8 years. Her work celebrates her ancient ties to tangata whenua and Moana peoples. She often uses the human anatomy and colour to talanoa with her ancestors and archive indigenous knowledge that has been passed down.

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Haus of Memories is a multidisciplinary residency project led by Studio Kiin that explores and gathers fragments of how we archive and draw upon memory to honour our future past. Local artists, communities and friends are invited to contribute and engage with text, visual art and live performance that embodies and unpacks how we remember ourselves as Indigenous peoples. Each iteration builds upon the last.

The theme for this renewal of Haus of Memories is 'Dreams as doorways to Indigenous knowledge'.

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Haus of Memories Artists

Rusty (they/them)

Sereana Suguturaga (she/her)

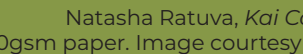
Elsie Andrewes (she/her)


Linda Iriza (she/her)

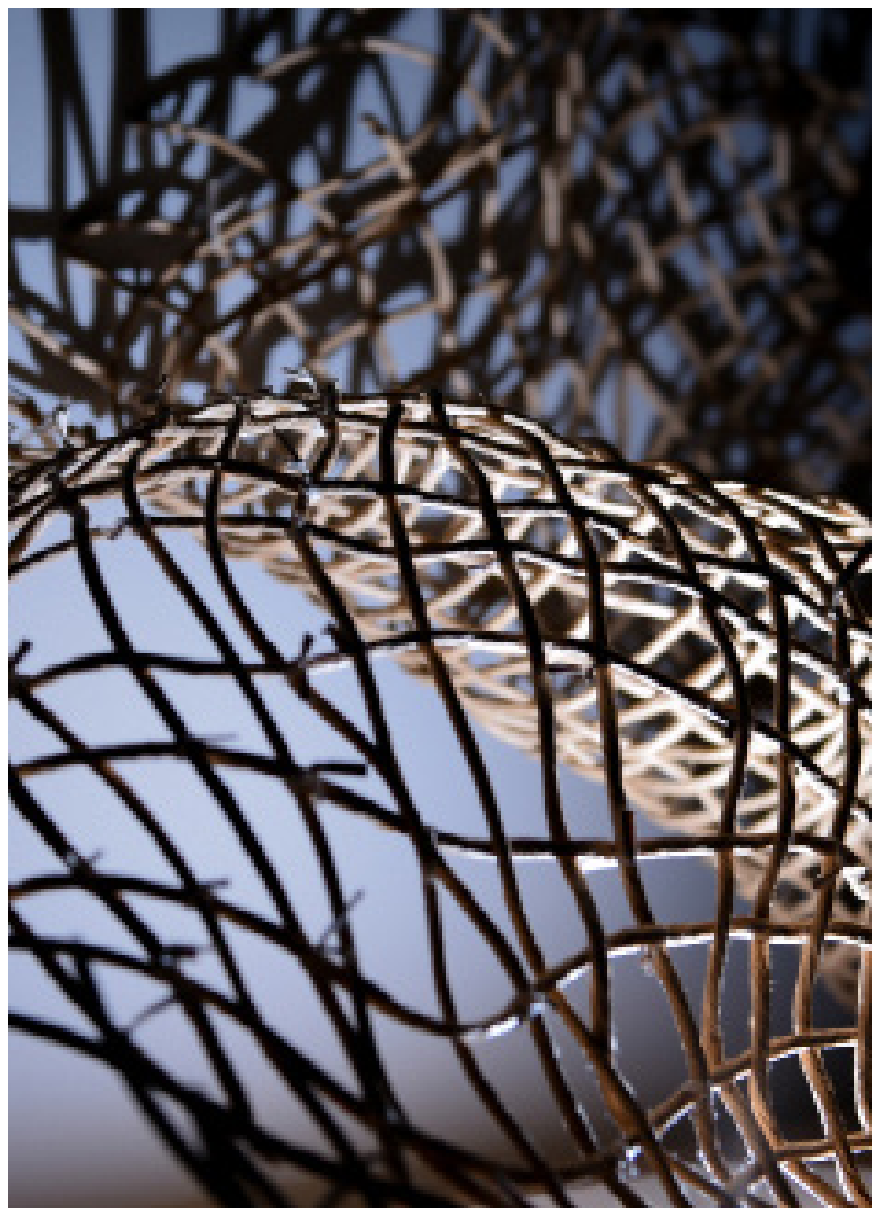
Natasha Ratuva (she/her)

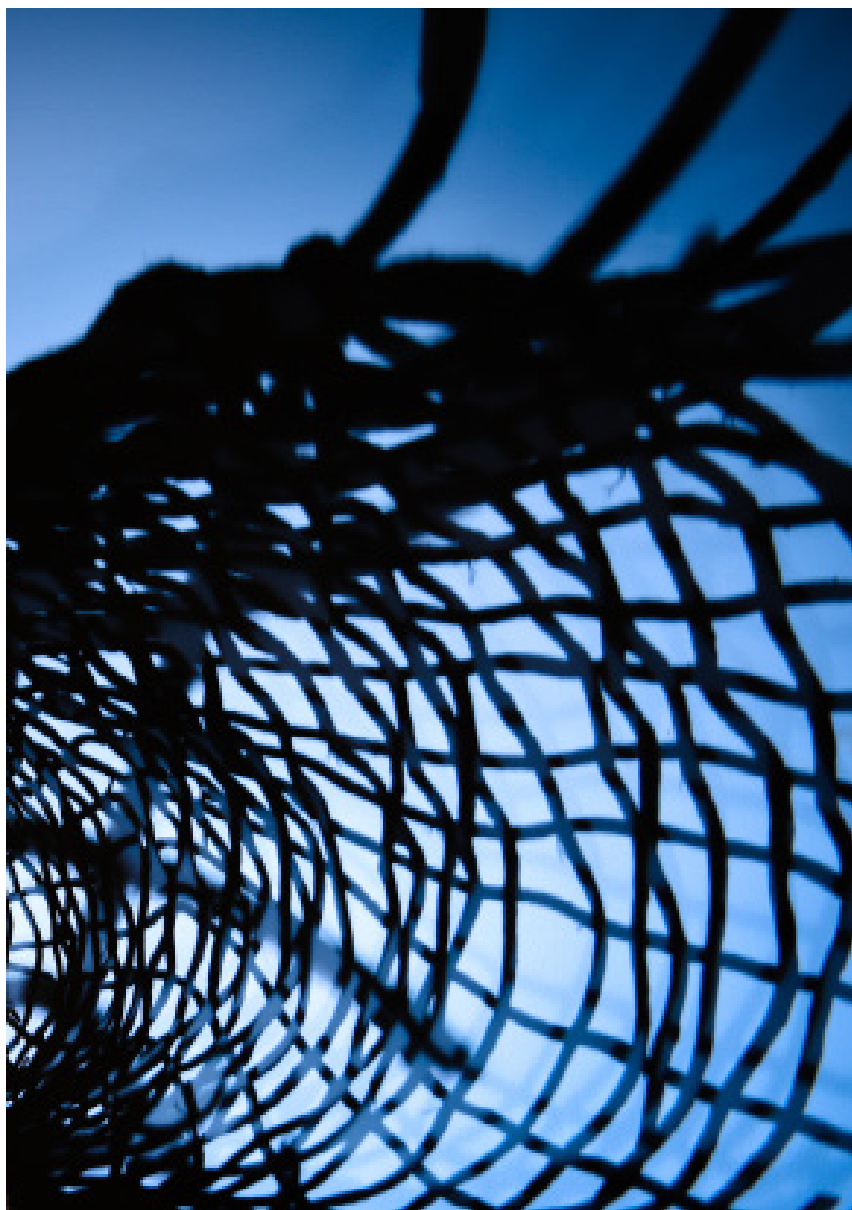
Emele Ugavule (she/her)

Images included (in order of appearance)

1  Natasha Ratuva, *Kai Colo Tabu Soro*, 2021, Mixed Media Etching A1, 300gsm paper. Image courtesy of the artist.

2  Rusty, *A Mothers Spot*, Mixed Media Painting A4, 300 gsm acrylic/ mixed media paintings. Image courtesy of the artist





Shanti Gelmi

GALLERY 2
Shadowed

Fissure

Soft silken tofu seeps moisture into a pool of hot oil
spitting from fissures of fair and broken skin

it tells me, "I could have been prepared, if only you had
known the right way."
And I feel a pang of guilt in my chest that lasts a lifetime

Fissures spread, induced by a clumsy assumption
and the tofu crumbles like mush. It was always an illusion

I reach into the wok and cup the blistering tofu in the palm
of my right hand
and it squelches as I tighten my grip into a fist.

I have known this heat in so many other places. Such an
inane(ly sensible) immunity
And I wonder if my ancestors feel as sorry for me as I do for
myself.

It was always an illusion

Bleach

Jaan, why does your mouth *reek* of durian?

We have worked hard to forget, and you walk
I have worked hard, yet

my hands reek of bleach
and I am sure this could be symbolic of something.
Remember, remember, remember

Trans oceanic tidal wave
Leaves traces of us
everywhere

We asked God for rain and
Alhamdulillah
God gave us rain.

But the stench
It remains.

Saraswati [Vivek Shraya]

words can i trust you to say what
words have struggled to say
words can you bridge over where
words have sunk slammed rock from rift
words punctured this craft how odd to look to

words the refuge and the dagger

words have i never asked you what you want
words have i never let you do the talking
words are what got us here—a lie
words what would you say if i didn't interfere what
words would you use to say pain and have
words cease and provoke listening.

Saree

A dazzling

nine yards of fabric dances unstitched for 5000 years

An elaborate mesh of relation

a stoicism and a cheek-pinching and a reprimanding
(give me a break, Aunty)

Another white child asks to take a photo
with us

Take a photo, take a moment

A coercion of stillness, the flash consumes

A dazzling
nine yards of fabric shifts from within its presumptuous
gaze

as a shadow is cast across the room.

A place of great significance, this darkness from which we
link has always been
so moving, so...unassailable.

or at least we pray as much,
as nine yards of fabric dazzles in the Sun, and we find
peace
in our shadows.

Indian Wonder Woman [Shalini Akhil]

"It was then I began to realise I could never grow up to be exactly like Wonder Woman.

My skin was the wrong colour, my eyes were the wrong colour, and my legs weren't long enough. [...]

My grandmother suggested that Indian Wonder Woman could wear a lungi. That way she could run and kick and squat and jump, and still keep her honour. I wasn't so sure

about that, so my grandmother made me a deal. She said that Indian Wonder Woman could wear a lungi over her sparkly pants, and that way if she ever needed seven yards of fabric in an emergency, she could just unwind it from around her waist. She could use the fabric to wrap the bad guys up in and then tie them up with her rope. I thought that sounded like a good idea. We sketched a lungi over Wonder Woman's legs."

Words by Aisyah Aaqil Sumito

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Aisyah Aaqil Sumito is a queer and neurodivergent writer, installer and community organiser based on Whadjuk Noongar Bibbulmun boodja.

Notes

- *'Saraswati'* is a poem by Vivek Shraya in *'even this page is white'* published in 2017 on stolen traditional territory of the Mississaugus of New Credit First Nation (in so-called Canada).

- *'Indian Wonder Woman'* is a short story in *'Growing Up Asian in Australia'* by Shalini Akhil, edited by Alice Pung, published on Narrm/Melbourne in 2008

- *Jaan* / term of endearment with varying translations in Farsi, Hindi and Urdu - *Alhamdulillah* / 'praise be to God' in Arabic

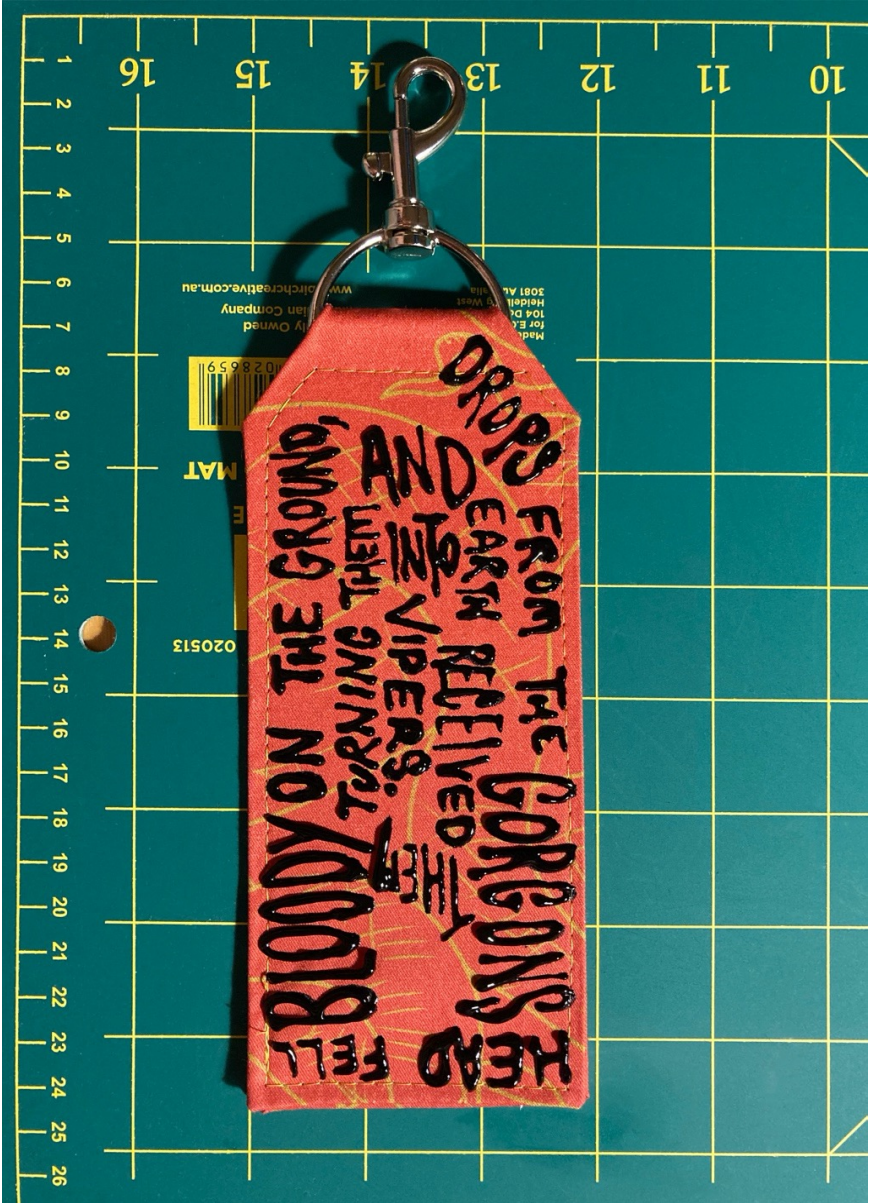
Shanti Gelmi uses a multidisciplinary approach to explore the complexities of human connection and identity with a focus on the concealed, intangible elements which direct, manipulate and normalize behaviour in diverse societal structures. The outcome of Gelmi's meditative practice of questioning, drawing, cutting and making is a unique visual language representing biological, environmental, cultural, societal and emotional linkages of experience and memory into schemas of existence. Gelmi, an emerging artist, who completed a Bachelor of Contemporary Arts at Edith Cowan University in 2020 is strengthening her practice through participation in artist residencies and collaboration with other artists. She has completed several private commissions, is represented in Edith Cowan University's Art Collection and her work has been exhibited in two National Graduate Exhibitions for 2021 including Hatched: National Graduate Show 2021 at Perth Institute of Contemporary Arts.

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Images included (in order of appearance)

1 Shanti Gelmi, Shadowed [detail 1], Found objects, paper sculpture, toys, cotton, Dimensions variable. Photographed by Royce Gelmi

2 Shanti Gelmi, Shadowed [detail 2], Found objects, paper sculpture, toys, cotton, Dimensions variable. Photographed by Royce Gelmi





Zamara Zamara

GALLERY 3
made jagged

Snake-laurelled head with overturned eyeballs,¹
the power of the eye of the Other to do harm.²
The power of their stare congeals a person's blood.³

With wild hair and eyes,⁴
their heads twined about with the scales of dragons.⁵
With great tusks like swines, and brazen hands,
and golden wings, by which they flew;
and they turned to stone such as beheld them.⁶

The ghoulish dirge of the fierce-hearted.⁷
Who, beyond the Ocean,
live in the utmost place toward night.⁸
Their horror and beauty are divine.⁹
With writhing serpent heads untouchable.¹⁰

Belching forth venom from their open throat,
fire from their eyes and smoke from their nostrils,¹¹
their teeth for their rage were made jagged
and their staring fierce.^{12 13}

...

On appropriating corrupt(able) language

The erasure of identities which have not supported the dominant narrative of history has been so violently pervasive, much of the time it seems one must carve out the necessary supports to endure from the archives and monuments built by those who've principally sought to limit your existence and hinder your survival. Bodies do not exist separately to their dependence on other bodies and systems of support, those of us living in non-conforming or marginalised ways are in truth "testing the limits of established norms for thinking embodiment and even personhood."¹⁴ The body is uncapturable, maintaining too many multiplicities at once, and so it inevitably becomes a site for our linguistic failings.

Appropriation (or reappropriation) can also be utilised to demonstrate how language has failed us in its limitations. Offering up a back door entry, a more slyly devastating commentary on its subject than outright opposition. However, this reflection can only function subversively if the audience understands the chain of transformation informing it; this requires a calling forth of histories of use and representation. "An aesthetic enactment of an injurious word may both use the word and mention it, that is use the word to produce certain effects, but also at the same time make reference to that very use, calling attention to it as a citation, situating that use within a citational legacy, making that use into an explicit discursive item to be reflected on rather than a taken for granted operation of ordinary language."¹⁵

Use of the word queer sits as an example of how language used to prescribe wrongness, once reappropriated, may deflect that containment of wrongness back into the language, and the histories which cultivated its 'miss-use'. The word, reforged, is fortified as a mockery of colonised language; an aegis which, by its renewed function of use, illustrates the un-liveability of binary social structures.

Each time a concept of embodiment or personhood is appropriated or 'queered' another part of that preordained containment is filled or overtaken by disruption until it may either no longer be weaponised against us or even splits apart, incapable any longer of containment, subversions spilling out everywhere and creating a trail or a surface on which support beyond limitations can be built up. "It is not only that queer surfaces support action, but also that the action they support involves shifting grounds, or even clearing a new ground, which allow us to tread a different path. When we tread on paths that are less trodden, which we are not sure are paths at all, [...] we might need even more support."¹⁶

The use of slippery and transient words, the reappropriation of words with corrupt(able) histories, is an access point; to questioning, reframing, or destabilising the established parameters and barriers which attempt to maintain the binary blueprint of "the archive of power".¹⁷

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Words by Zamara Zamara

Zamara is a sculpturally and performatively grounded installation artist. Their practice engages with the formation of, and resistance in, identity. Looking to how non-traditional modes of communication and composition can be located to highlight the un-liveability of social structures and to preserve space for disruption within the mundane.

Recently their focus has been an evolving series of projects toying with how reappropriation can create space for subversive methods of use and organisation. Meddling with religious/mythological iconographies and patriarchal devices, transforming them into articles of rebellion, to deconstruct how we consider and use bodies socially and politically. Pursuing the fabrication of new queered iconography and propaganda, through which non-dominant histories may be located and alternate futures may be performed.

*

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1. James Merrill, *Medusa* (1946).
2. Hazel Barnes, *The Look of the Gorgon* (1974).
3. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust* (1808), trans. Stuart Atkins.
4. John Malalas, *The Chronicle* (sixth century), trans. Elizabeth Jeffreys, Michael Jeffreys, and Roger Scott.
5. Apollodorus, *The Library* (second century BCE), trans. James George Frazer.
6. *Ibid.*
7. Pindar, *Pythian 12* (c. 490 BCE), trans. Geoffrey S. Conway.
8. Hesiod, *Theogony* (c. 700 BCE), trans. Richmond Lattimore.
9. Percy Bysshe Shelley, *On the Medusa of Leonardo da Vinci in the Florentine Gallery* (1819).
10. Pindar, *Pythian 12*.
11. Giorgio Vasari, *Life of Leonardo da Vinci, Florentine Painter and Sculptor* (1550), trans. George Bull.
12. Hesiod, *The Shield of Herakles* (c. 700 BCE), trans. Richmond Lattimore.
13. A poetic translation of the exhibition work *Betrayer Blueprint 1*.
14. Judith Butler, "Why Bodies Matter," filmed at Teatro Maria Matos, Lisbon, June 2015, video, 1:34:01, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IzWWWQDUPPM>.
15. Judith Butler, *Excitable Speech: A Politics of the Performative* (1997), 99.
16. Sara Ahmed, *Queer Phenomenology: Orientations, Objects, Others* (2006), 170.
17. Paul B Preciado. "My Body Doesn't Exist," in *The documenta 14 Reader*, eds. Quinn Latimer and Adam Szymczyk, (Munich: Prestel Verlag, 2017), 131.

Images included (in order of appearance)

1 Zamara Zamara, *Trade-in Tag: DROPS FROM THE GORGONS HEAD FELL BLOODY ON THE GROUND, AND EARTH RECEIVED THEM TURNING THEM INTO VIPERS*, 2021. Printed fabric, swivel hook clip, and acrylic polymer paint. 24 x 8 cm. Photo courtesy of the artist

2 Zamara Zamara, *dogs breakfässt*, 2020. Ink, pencil, printed fabric, and thread on paper. 20 x 30 cm Photo courtesy of the artist

Created for the 'Draw in' exchange program during the second lockdown in Naarm/Melbourne which lasted 111 days.

yeah, teeth are funny like that.

You get some little ones first. Then they fall out.
unhinge themselves from their base. Exit, from this thing - their job is
done after all.
replaced by the same (ideally), just bigger. I guess it rarely turns out like that
though.

They diverge and converge in various directions. They're absent, or accumulate
excessively.
But they don't continue.

Iterated: yes.

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...@notesail.net

Chandler Abrahams

PROJECT SPACE

a melting mirror shatters silently by its own reflection

Residency

The following is an excerpt from materials collated that will form 'a melting mirror shatters silently in its own reflection':

*There is an uneven bricked surface beneath my feet.
Tensed ankles, shins and quads stabilise steps across
uneven terrain. I sit on a cool and tacky bench outside of
the purview of a warm morning sun. I have been here for
an hour.*

Experience of the world is "... is governed by conformity to strict cognitive, perceptual and experiential rules" which provide us with a conformity of experience (linearity of time, consistent space): a rhythm.¹ But the rhythm, like a drummer holding or pushing on a beat, is never entirely consistent.

Sticks slip and mishit taught skin.

Every deviation on this rhythm is a brick that juts out, convoluting an otherwise consistent stride. A dizziness ensues.

[Bird and Diz (Expanded Edition), Leap Frog –
Take 1, 7, 10, 2, 6, 4, 3]

And every missed (delayed, rushed) beat is an intrusion of the alien in this metronome; an 'alien rhythm'.²

One that constitutes a new spacetime, a mysterious and unknown figure that wonders outside of our perceptual bounds

in a strange and contingent relationship with them.
One that is world, character,
brick, and figure, simultaneously.

Every percussive strike is wall, door, roof, leaf, jump
Charting
affects as one might notate a score...

The construction of worlds, is in its own right a strange map making. It constitutes the building of schematics of intensities. It antagonises the modes of charting and notation; the paradigms of this rhythm. That is to say that in the unmooring the coordinates of experience, we construct some other way of notating these rhythms.³

Where are the moorings we untie? To what do we re-moor them?

Words, flit together, graphic codes to be deciphered.

Tie knots in these chains, so that they might snap under their own weight.

Sounds float through air.

Whispers become violent cries under the weight of silenced chatter.

Material experimentation performs new intensities, both within a constructed world and as the material of this constructed world.

Charting–construction; construction-charting. These modes toil as in a spiralling dance.

“A map can be memory or anticipation in graphic code ... most are lured by the local, imagining places as the peruse the space delineated...”⁴

A unitary source, smoothed. Its smoothness is the black ink of redaction, stripping terms of their confusion in its darkened unification. It is the buff on a textured wall, capping those hurriedly etched names beneath.

This is the map.

Topographical
planimetric,
Navigational
tomography
score
Otherwise

x-ray
magnetic resonance
instructional

computed

...

That which describes the limit of some aspect of a thing.

But within these charts lies an anticipation. An anticipation, an expectation. As though this thing might succumb to that which charts it. At least in part, this anticipation is a bursting forth, a rupture, from that which it redacts. As though the covered ink ghosts, still visible from certain angles.

New rhythms emerge from the attempts to adhere to the unification of this experience....

It is a practice of navigating the world-for-itself. A practice of reaching towards that which is just outside of outside perceptual grasps. In a frenzied and emphatic making-true, that blindly pushes forward - crafting constellations of individuated truisms, perceptual data and cultural understandings ...

What now stands before us?

Words by Chandler Abrahams

Chandler Abrahams (he/they) is a multimedia installation artist and writer based on Whadjuk Noongar boodja. His work considers the complex entanglement of elation and discomfort that exists in the changing limits of the 'human'. He explores ideas of world building, spatial narrative, and power in contemporary systems of control.

His practice considers the ways in which we might document and understand these systems, developing networks of tangible and immaterial objects that speak to location, character and its affective qualities. This practice aims to build models through which we might imagine new futures. Bringing together sound, installation, video and performance elements to create cartographies of place.

Images included (in order of appearance)

1&2 Chandler Abrahams, first slowly, then all at once, 2020, Images courtesy of the artist

References cited (in alphabetical order)

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