

breaksea



SEACHANGE

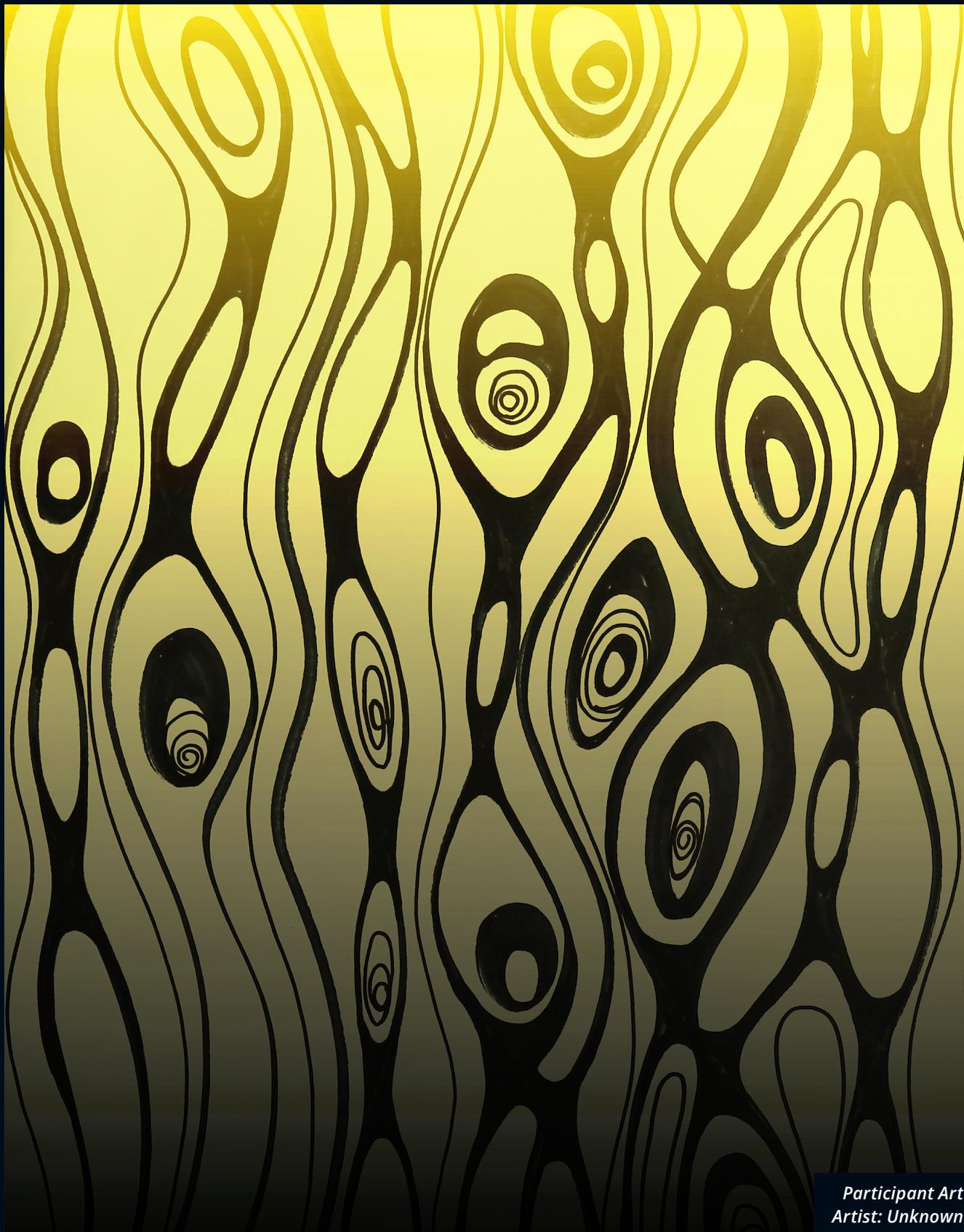


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Seachange Catalogue 2022 | Art | Stories | Reflections



*Participant Art
Artist: Unknown*

Acknowledgement of Country

Rachael Colmer FIRST NATIONS ARTS LEADER, STATEMENT

Breaksea acknowledge the Traditional Custodians of this land, the Noongar People. We recognise their continued connection to the land and waters of this beautiful place. We respect their Elders, past and present. We extend that respect to all Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander peoples today.



Portrait By: Nic Duncan

Introduction to Noongar Boodja

Lester Coyne MENANG NOONGAR ELDER, STATEMENT

On behalf of the custodians of Menang Boodja, I respectfully acknowledge the Bibbulman People to the west, Goreng People to the north and Wirlomin People to the east, extending the hand of friendship, reconciliation and a warm all-embracing Welcome to Country to all visitors to Menang Boodja.

I acknowledge Elders past and present and welcome emerging young leaders expected to take up cultural leadership roles as some of our Elders assume support roles. Menang Boodja is in urgent need of a 'soft respectful touch', our flora, fauna, hopes and aspirations appear, dim as demand exceeds, lands ability to provide cultural, maternal care. As First Nations People, we are culturally obligated to ensure our Boodja remains healthy.



Photo by: Bob Symons

Seascape Photograph

Ariel's Song SCENE II OF ACT I OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S THE TEMPEST, 1610.

Full fathom five thy father lies, of his bones are coral made; Those are pearls that were his eyes, nothing of him that doth fade, But doth suffer a sea-change into something rich and strange. Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell: Ding-dong. Hark! now I hear them: Ding-dong, bell.



Image by: Nic Duncan

What Seachange means to me

Matt Ward BREAKSEA, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR, STATEMENT

Seachange: a significant change in lifestyle or a profound or notable transformation. In the context of our creative program, it asks us to reflect on change, its process and significance. To us, Seachange becomes a metaphor for our coastal existence, conjuring images of nautical ruggedness, as we actively seek the sea to change us, by exhilarating, soothing, healing and inspiring. It pounds and wears the granite of our coastline. The ocean brings both delightful pearls and terrifying predators. Its tides provide a daily ritual, dusting shells across sands, bringing smooth driftwood and discarded plastic. Precious and worthless objects dance in the tide. We go to the sea to relax, to gather with others. For many of us it evokes memories of finding refuge. We take our anger, stress, worries and expect that encounter to bring about a change – a seachange.

Breaksea is dedicated to spreading the joy of creativity to bring about positive change in our region. Through this we can work towards an inclusive and vibrant regional community, so that everyone can participate, belong and thrive here. Creative concepts such as "seachange" can be exceptionally powerful in bringing together vastly different people, in an inclusive environment based on commonality of human experience. It supports the diverse experiences and opinions of participants by forging forms of creative expression that allows authenticity of voice to shine.

This provides a pathway for individuals to explore the positive and transformative benefits of creative participation and context to explore their own personal stories. Seachange aims to create a portfolio of new narratives and creative multi-artform outputs from the lived experiences of our diverse community participants and leaders. We want to validate community participants as autonomous leaders of culture and arts making and provide tangible sense- culture- and place- making opportunities for all individuals.

I'm very proud to deliver this program with a group of regional artists from across artforms inclusive of professional disability artists, Menang Noongar and from across generations. There is no doubt, that co-creating between professionals and community participants facilitates personal empowerment, extends capacity, develops resilience and strengthens community cohesion for all involved. I want to extend a huge thank you to our sponsors, creative leaders and participants for supporting, creating and sharing so bravely.



*Participant Art
Artist: Unknown*

What Seachange means to me

Simone Klose **BREAKSEA, PROJECT MANAGER, STATEMENT**

Collaborating on community projects such as this one is something that is close to my heart and art, in any form, is a great way to engage with the community. It enables people to share their experiences, thoughts, feelings and imaginations. It is a means by which people can express their sense of identity. It enriches our lives by providing us with a way to see and experience the world through the eyes of others. Art is intrinsically valuable because it tells powerful personal and community stories; encourages the imagination; transforms us, our communities, ideas and situations; and provides a public platform for expression.

Making art in community contexts is a social activity, it involves sharing, collaborating and building relationships with others. The delivery of free inclusive workshops and activities, run by professional artists, encompasses objectives such as promoting social harmony, developing skills, building self-esteem and confidence, fostering a sense of local pride and identity, sharing stories and encouraging social connectedness. For me, managing a project of this scale, has been a wonderful opportunity. I have grown through this, professionally and personally. Seachange



Image By: Nic Duncan

Introduction to Down Syndrome

Naomi Lake ARTIST STATEMENT

My name is Naomi. I was born with that annoying extra chromosome, which means that I have Down Syndrome. And the world is a very confusing place which can make my life a bit tricky, sometimes. But it doesn't stop me from following my dreams just like anyone else. One of my favorite quotes is from Piglet, in the Winnie the Pooh stories. He said, "the things that make me different are the things that make me, me".

I am an author, advocate, performer, a public speaker, I have written three children's storybooks. And I visit small schools and remote communities around the state. I read to children, have Q&A sessions, and conduct activities connected to the book. I am passionate about children's literacy because reading and writing has opened up the world for me.

I am an advocate for Down Syndrome International. I like being a voice for others who cannot speak up for themselves. I love performing. It gives me freedom to be myself. I work as a health ambassador for Down Syndrome Australia and as an employment ambassador for Down syndrome WA. I create and present PowerPoints and speeches and have meetings every week via zoom. I also speak at gala dinners, teachers workshops, or hosted days at various other events as required.

When I was at school, I had a hard time trying to fit in. So, I found my cover zone hidden away in the library. The books are my friends. My sisters always include me in everything, so when I started school, I couldn't understand why my classmates didn't include me. People often ignore me and speak to my mum, instead of me. For example, if we go to the cafe, they just ignore me and serve my mother - even when I'm paying!

People with Down Syndrome don't want special treatment. We just want equal treatment. We need to be accepted, respected, and treated as individuals. Being a part of the community gives us a sense of belonging and is good for our mental health and emotional wellbeing. Inclusion helps to establish a more diverse and stronger community and creates friendships and social networks. Interaction with others generates more understanding and consideration for people's differences. One of the biggest barriers, or fears, to inclusion is people's attitudes. So, the more we can change that we're more likely we are to have a truly inclusive society.





Image By: Nic Duncan

Introduction to Autism Spectrum Disorder

Emily O'Brien ARTIST STATEMENT

Autism Spectrum Disorder, according to Dr. Google, which you should never trust, is a developmental disorder of veritable severity that is characterized by difficulty in social interaction and communication, and by restricted or repetitive patterns of thought and behavior.

If you don't know what that means, don't worry, I don't either. So, I'll just visualize it for you. I'll compare "normal" thinking to my thinking, imagine "normal" people are in a Tesla, and they're going down a smooth road going to Perth. My thinking however, is I'm going in a busted up old Ute that sounds like a train, I'm going the scenic route with all the potholes, waiting for the kangaroos to jump over the road, crap, wherever... But I still get to the same place even though it takes longer.

So, there's a lot of advantages and disadvantages to being different. A good advantage is I can see the world in a different perspective. For example, you guys can see the whole beach, may as well put the Seachange theme into perspective, but I can see a dolphin, I can see a whale, I can see the boat in the background that has smoke coming out of it. The disadvantage, there's a lot is the world doesn't understand me, which is a pretty big thing. If you do work with an autistic person, since it's called a spectrum, you don't know what you're going to get. It's like a variety pack, grab and go.

So one of the things that will happen, well this is for me, anyway, is I have an obsession with things. For example, a good obsession is performing. This is my obsession. I'll get so obsessed, in fact, that I will think about the next let shine show even though it's happening in 2024. And then the bad obsession is trying to fit in. Because I can't, no matter what I do. But basically, what I want you guys to take away from this is I'm different, yes - but I'm normal.





Elder Interviews

Rachael Colmer STATEMENT

Over the course of 4 weeks, I was fortunate to interview 3 Elders of the Menang Noongar Community for Breaksea Project Seachange. I met with Uncle Lester Coyne, Aunty Eliza Woods and Uncle Aden Eades. They were so giving in talking about what the theme Seachange meant for them. They talked about where they grew up to finding their first jobs, where it would take them across different areas of the region to traveling across the country and even the world.

They spoke about the importance of coming or returning to Kinjarling where they felt a sense of calm and belonging. Nic Duncan was also able to be present during the interviews and took some wonderful portraits of each of the Elders. We also spoke about the need to record the Elders stories so future generations could have a record to keep and learn about what life was like many years ago.



*Uncle Aden
Eades,
Menang
Noongar Elder*



*Aunty Eliza
Woods,
Menang
Noongar Elder*



*Uncle Lester
Coyne,
Menang
Noongar Elder*





Image by: Breaksea, Image Pattern by: Tia The Moo

Menang Noongar Community Painting

Rachael Colmer **INDEPENDANT ARTIST**

Some of the Breaksea team were fortunate enough to spend time with the Menang Noongar community members at the Noongar Centre. Over the course of the sessions a few of the ladies contributed to painting a canvas which detailed what Seachange means to them. It was a beautiful morning with lots of yarning in the group which was wonderful to see, especially having the Elder ladies present and chatting with the younger generations.



Acrylic Painting by Menang Noongar Community

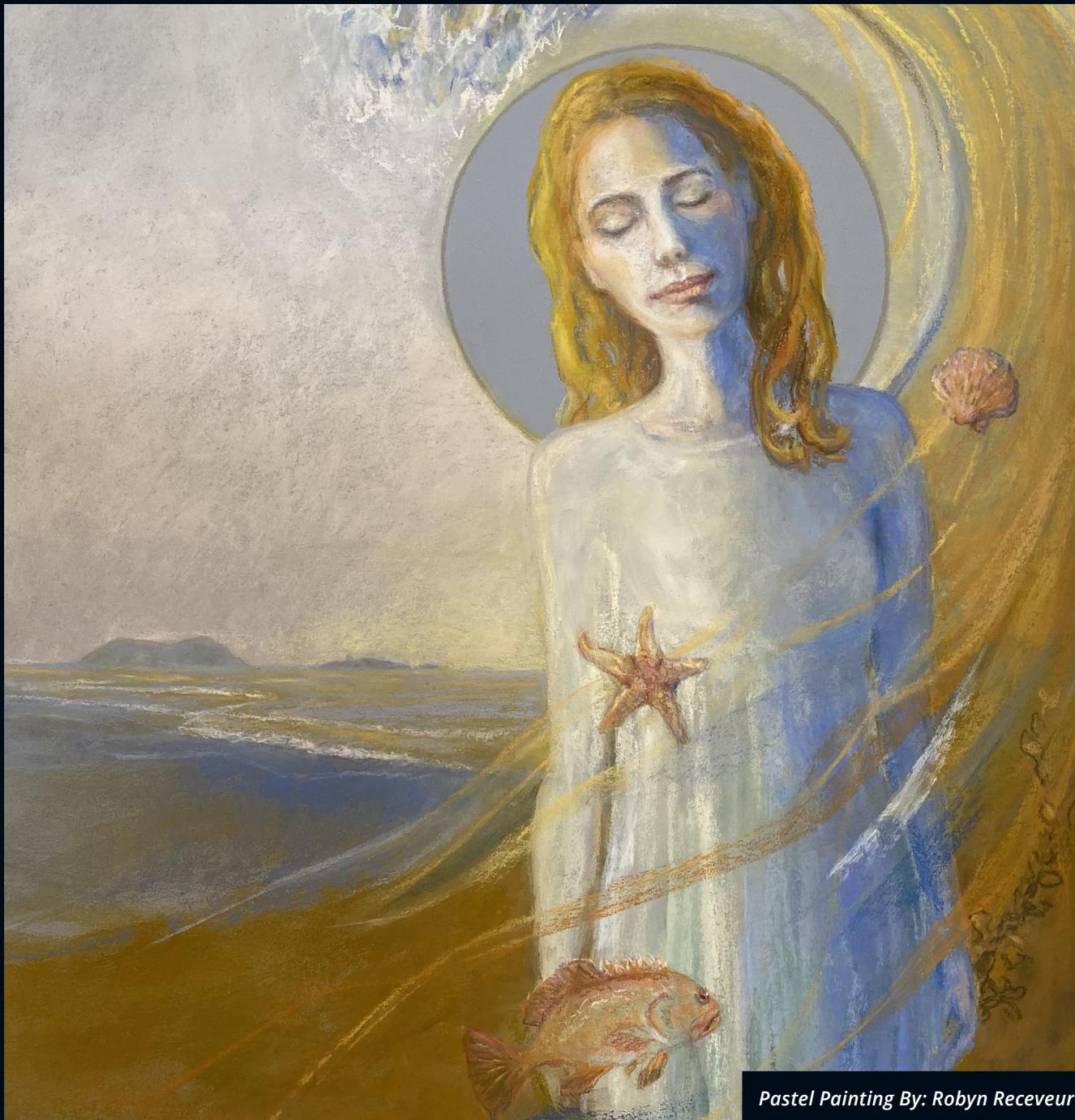
Artists DONNA WILLIAMS, DENISE HANSON, JASMINE KNAPP, JUANITA KING

Artwork Inspired by the theme of Sea Change. The whale is for the whaling history and the tourist attraction but also represents our surrounding waters of Mamang Koort. The leafy sea dragon, turtles and fish are all part of our water environment and the masks represent the pollution and destruction of the sea environment due to the global pandemic. The Aboriginal symbol is the 'Travel Lines' representing our travel and camping of all people.

Menang Noongar Community Painting



Participant artwork. Images by ACE Camera Club



Pastel Painting By: Robyn Receveur

Take a break, let the Sea set you free

Robyn Receveur ARTIST STATEMENT

Artwork Inspired by the theme of Sea Change In our busy, time-driven, digitally controlled lives, when do we purposely stop doing? Are you sometimes, like me, so caught in the world that you forget to take the time to re-connect and rediscover the simple pleasure of just being alive? Imprisoned by our thinking, what is it about getting out by the ocean that shifts our awareness to a better experience? Is it the ever-changing vista, the rhythmical movement of the waves kissing the shore, the smell of the breeze and the wind in our face? What is this promise of re-connection that returns calm, joy, and hope to our lives? As we move along the shore feeling the white sand between our toes and silently watch the low sun reflecting on the water, we are magically transported.

Slowly... we become compelled to use our senses: to feel, listen, smell, look. We adapt to the rhythm of nature, whose secret is patience. Is this nature not the art of God, bringing its medicine for the restless mind? We leave her refreshed; clarity regained. So, take a break. Let the sea set you free!



Pastel & Visual Arts



Pastel & Visual Arts

Pastel & Visual Art Workshops

The Open Community & Alta1 Kids ARTIST STATEMENTS

My primary interest in working with Breaksea has been to help establish a confident sense of visual purpose and direction (voice), particularly to those who are perhaps disadvantaged in some way. It was thrilling for me to witness the power of the arts to shift people's state of being to a positive, engaging experience for them. This was facilitated by two distinctly different workshop formats.

The first, involved running a "Funky Fish" painting workshop for 12-15-year-old students at the amazingly nurturing school that is Alta-1. I watched these young people transform from a reticent, quiet demeanour to an engaged, happy group of enthusiastic painters. Relishing the chance to express their individual style, they took to the challenge on the next day, boldly laying down flourishes of colour with brush in hand. The resulting effect: many diverse sea creatures emerged from off the paper - a school of flamboyant, characterful fish! Their creators, having relinquished their problems and concerns for a while, completed the workshop with a sense of personal satisfaction and a skip in their step as they headed for home.

The second workshop stream was held at the Vancouver Art Centre and attended by a diverse group of people who had little or no experience of using the exciting, creative medium of pastel. Thanks to Breaksea's initiative, these adventurous novices were able to learn many new skills by being given a unique opportunity to learn from an accredited Master Pastellist. The knowledge and insights gained gave them the ability to attempt and complete a seascape painting at the following week's workshop, with great success! Having reached new levels of confidence, they were able to take with them their newfound pastel art skills, to express and explore further their own creative ideas.



Pastel & Visual Arts



Alta1 Kids' Paintings



Image by: ACE Camera Club

Let's Shine Performance



Janet McArtney [ARTIST STATEMENT](#)

As the facilitator of the 'Lets Shine' Seachange Dance Workshops I am very excited about this year's Public Showcase whereby our performers of all-abilities have created a dance of fun and colour. 'Let's Shine' is proud of this second collaboration with Breaksea after last year's successful 'View from the Magpie's Nest'.

Emily O'Brien [ARTIST STATEMENT](#)

I thought I'd never have the opportunity to work with a critically acclaimed company like Breaksea but when this project came along, I decided 'why not?' And boy, did I make the right decision! I have worked with Breaksea before with the View from the Magpie's Nest and I had a massive responsibility. And this project was even better. My collaboration with Jessica is a feat that I thought wouldn't work out. At. All. But I was wrong. Flood the Moon provided us with a song called Bon Voyage. It was hard to choreograph a dance to this piece of music, not going to lie. But the experience was amazing.

I've learnt a lot from this experience and I'm looking forward to doing more theatrical and creative projects in the future with Breaksea. Breaksea has given me a place where I can be my creative self. And I love it. SeaChange is important to me because I've have seen significant change in myself throughout my life so far. I've seen friends come and go, difficulties in my life grow and disappear and my mental health growing from a small speck of darkness to a sparkling rainbow. I hope you enjoy SeaChange!



Image by: ACE Camera Club

Let's Shine

Jessica Ruggera ARTIST STATEMENT

Rather wonderfully the band Flood the Moon were commissioned to write a song with lyrics for Emily and myself to create a dance to, teach the Let's shine dance troupe and perform. On our first meeting Emily and I listened to the track titled Bon Voyage numerous times, discussing, moving and understanding the words, rhythm and feeling of the song. What we wanted to achieve in our first encounter was to have most of the choreography devised and rehearsed so we could spend time with the wonderful Let's Shine dance troupe learning the dance to the point of confidence.

I very much wanted for Emily to take the lead on the choreography which she absolutely did, creating movement from the lyrics of Bon Voyage but also creating elements of Emily's own personality and of what we wanted Let's Shine to portray to their audience. That whoever you are and whatever your ability that dance is a fun inclusive art form. Inclusive became an inspiration for the dance, from this word we decided on the formation of a half circle for the dancers to be positioned, rather than performing just to the audience we also wanted to perform to each other. From there we also decided we wanted showcase Flood the Moon, showing the connection to them, to the music and to us.

Emily and I decided to throw the Let's Shine dancer in the deep end with our first workshop and indeed I propelled Emily out the front, teaching us through whole dance, the story of the song and explaining what the movements represent. It is a gigantic accomplishment to stand up and lead a workshop but Emily did it, she did it with drive and momentum. As each workshop followed we broke down the sections of the dance, practicing over each movement and sequence. We kept the floor open for discussion, fed back and any dance, staging and performance ideas which we have used either to add to or edit our performance. It has been a fantastic collaboration, for myself I have treasured dancing with this group of dancer, and have learnt a few new dance moves and ways to dance.

Flood The Moon

Bon Voyage (Lyrics)

VERSE 1

Do you think that there's more than this?
More than, blue screen dopamine,
more than buyers bliss? She said walking
no where in a state of complicated kinesis.
Something's gotta give.

VERSE 2

Did you think this is all we are?
Even disco balls are made of broken glass
I can't, stay here this time wishing on the
edge of a shoreline.
Something's gotta give

PRE CHORUS

Bon voyage to another day
(tomorrow we're gonna be) Far away,
no more rainy days.
(Im ready, ready for change)

CHORUS

Take me somewhere I can just believe in.
(take me there take me there now)
Show me somewhere new I've never been.
(I gotta go somewhere) Whisper something
to me like I know this feels right (everybody
knows) When you find something to love,
don't let go.

VERSE 3

We can make it if we just hold on. It's a
rollercoaster ocean, its a glowing sun.
She said, I don't now where we're going
but who said home is where your from.
I'm ready for this?

PRE CHORUS

Bon voyage to another day
(tomorrow we're gonna be) Far away,
no more rainy days.
(Im ready, ready for change)

CHORUS

Take me somewhere I can just believe in.
(take me there take me there now) Show
me somewhere new I've never been. (I
gotta go somewhere) Whisper something
to me like I know this feels right (everybody
knows) When you find something to love,
don't let go.



Song by: Aaron Crosby & Caleb Drage

CHORUS

Take me somewhere I can just believe in.
(take me there take me there now)
Show me somewhere new I've never been.
(I gotta go somewhere) Whisper something to
me like I know this feels right (everybody knows)
When you find something to love, don't let go.

OUTRO

When you find something to love,
When you find something to love,
When you find something to love, don't let go.



The Sea Change Stories: An Introduction.

Across the course of the Seachange program, Naomi Lake and I gathered with interested writers at the Albany Library to explore themes of transformation and change. The workshops began with us brainstorming ideas on butcher's paper. International diasporas, immigration and the oceanic journeys of whales and krill were just some of the ideas. The coastal lives we have in our beautiful seaside city certainly contributed to the themes. Out of the workshops, seven marvellous sea change stories emerged. Jessica Ruggera's

Nofrio Lucivelo Was a Man of the Sea explores a tragic and little-known event in Fremantle's history. Sherree Kelly's story A Day at the Beach will bring you from the sensory to the surreal and back again. Barbara Temperton's poems reflect her activism on the Australian Government's refugee policies. Jo Mead delves into her settler ancestor's thoughts about invasion, probing the anxieties of a man driven from the fens of his own homeland, in The Clearing. Naomi Lake wrote of an inland woman who yearned for a future in marine biology in Mia's Story. In Krill Baby, Catherine Sterling poetically describes the life cycle of a tiny creature imperative to the survival of our planet's biggest mammals.

Chelsea Hopkins-Allan's beautiful story Snapshots explores the divides of language and oceans alike, placing her passport photo alongside that of her Lebanese grandmother's. Naomi and I were so pleased to read these great stories. Like sea change itself, the beginning stages of workshops are chaotic and mutable, with ideas thrown up in the air, just to see where they will land. By week four, the stories arrived. Thank you to all the participants, the crew at Breaksea and the City of Albany Library for making it happen. We hope you enjoy these stories, borne of deep thought, passion and energy. -Sarah Drummond.



Image by: Bob Symonds

Sarah Drummond & Naomi Lake ARTIST STATEMENT

A young woman finds a mermaid on the shore. A man clutches a filleting knife with barnacled fingers and no memory of his terrible crime. One of our world's tiniest creatures sinks into the abyss and then rises again. An ABC of the refugees who land on the shore. A man on the violent cusp of Australia's colonisation struggles with his conscience. A young woman faces the oceanic space of language and history that lies between her and her Lebanese grandmother, while applying for a passport.

These stories began on reams of butchers' paper, with workshop participants using coloured textas to brainstorm their ideas about what seachange meant to them. Portuguese Man o War, pumice stones floating across the seas, transformational change, manta rays and (my favourite) 'embrace the octopus' – those apparently ungainly, obstinate but clever ideas. For the first two weeks, the process seemed chaotic, mutable and loaded with potential. By week three, stories were emerging, along with inevitable moments of 'stuckness'. Discussions among us all helped resolve most quandaries. Writers tend to work alone and so these conversations and the collegiality fostered during the workshops were nurturing and inspiring. These stories recount the pelagic travels of humans and non-humans alike. They speak of diasporas, family history, of myth and every day existence. Naomi and I are very proud of the workshoppers and the wonderful worlds that they've built from scratch. We hope you enjoy the stories too.

Mia's Story



Naomi Lake ARTIST

Mia was in deep in thought as she walked along the beach. She felt the warm sand between her toes and the sea breeze blowing through her hair. She reflected on how different it was from the never-ending heat of the Western Australian outback where she grew up. Mia was 19 and had lived with her family on Conway cattle station. She was the youngest of four siblings and it was expected that Mia and her three brothers would take over one day. Her family had been on the land for four generations.

Mia often dreamed of a different life than the station. The sun beat down and it was so hot at Conway station. Her daydream was interrupted by one of her brothers shouting out "Watch out Mia, a couple of the cattle just ran away". She said "I'll catch them." She jumped on her horse and bolted away. She found the strays and rounded them up to return to the yards.

Conway station was about 200 km from the nearest neighbour and 500 kms from the nearest town. It was a lonely life for a teenage girl. She had a governess to help with her school of the air and very little contact with the outside world. The only way to talk with friends was via the computer but the connection wasn't very reliable. After classes she relaxed with her wildlife friends before returning to work. There were cockatoos and motherless joeys. And her faithful dog Pluto. They kept her company. But Mia longed for human company.

Mia worked on the station all of her life, helping with mustering, scrubbing out cattle troughs, repairing fencing, checking bores. She also worked in the yards and helped with the branding, vaccinating, castrating the bulls, ear tagging the cattle and driving machinery, or any other job that was required. It was hot, dusty, dirty work and she wanted a change. It was a hard life, but her three brothers loved it and couldn't understand why she wanted to be anywhere else. They had endured floods and bushfires and were still recovering from the last drought. At the end of a long day Mia went to the dam and enjoyed herself swimming. She felt so relaxed in the water and it cooled her down for a little while before she went in for a shower.



One event that Mia always looked forward to was a big BBQ with the neighbours. It usually happened once or twice a year, people came from miles around. She felt so good to put on nice clothes and spend time with the others. There was a lot of talk about recent trips to the city.

Mia finally spoke to her family about her wish to move to the city. After much discussion, they agreed to allow her to go and live near the beach with her aunty for a three month trial. She just loved it. Her cousins were about the same age and they introduced Mia to their friends. It wasn't long before she had friends of her own. Mia was a very strong swimmer and her new friends asked her to join the surf life saving club. She developed a love of the ocean and soon learnt to dive which opened another world for her.

Mia had a very active social life which included dinner at restaurants, BBQs with friends and going to the cinema. She enjoyed going to the nightclub and loved dancing to the latest hits. She frequently went to the library to research anything and everything about the ocean and its inhabitants.

Three months quickly passed and it was time for Mia to return home. She had a long discussion about her future with her parents. She told them about her passion for the ocean and that she would like to go to university and study marine ecology, to look after the marine life. Her mother and father were not pleased but they wanted her to be happy so agreed to let her go. Mia returned to the city and even though she missed her family she was excited to begin her new life. As well as the surf life saving club she volunteered as a research assistant and she worked as a kitchen hand at a local café. Mia shook herself and stopped musing about her "seachange". She noticed the gathering clouds surrounding her. It was time to leave the beach and get ready for work.



Krill Baby



Catherine Sterling ARTIST

You all know my name, I know that. My multitudes can be seen from space like pink cirrus painted on the surface of the ocean. But do you want to hear my story? Allow me, this other ancient mariner, to join those epic adventures while I tell you how I got here.

My mother laid me as an egg on the surface of the Southern Ocean, where there is no land to slow the currents turning around the southern pole in a ferocious spiral. There are no mountain ranges here to slow the winds which rocket to the east and west. In between these gales lie the vast churning gyres where we are born and live. My mother birthed me here with ten thousand siblings being tossed around like grains of sand in a washing machine.

For ten days, in my egg, I sank past all light and weather and out of sight of most predators. The darkness was my safety and my crib. At three thousand metres, I hatched. No bigger than a full stop, blind and helpless, my downward journey continues. Unable to swim or propel myself in any way I begin to grow as I continue to fall in the darkness and pressure of the abyss.

There are no days, only seasons when summer life above also means summer death, and the debris of that seasonal feast at the surface drifts down as marine snow. This is high season for creatures who know nothing of sunlight and weather, but who know only the rich manna, of which I am a part. Two revolutions of the invisible sun, I hatch again, emerging from my nauplius shell and metamorphosing into my second body. I am kilometres below the ocean surface and the size of mite. I must begin to swim upwards.

For ten more turns of the sun I propel myself on tiny legs toward the light I cannot see. As I ascend I change bodies again and leave my old shells behind to drift back down into the darkness. I surface and join my vast family in clouds of pink, harvesting the tiny plants and animals which grow in the sunlight at the top of the ocean. My legs till the water as they filter out my food and stir the nutrient soup. I am a smallish creature (pinky in size as well as colour!) yet I nurture the greatest creatures who ever lived, who gorge on me to power their enormous journeys across the oceans. But that is another story, their story.

May I now take my turn on the pages of oceanic adventures, a voyager to the deep and back, a refugee returned from the darkness? I ask you now to consider my own heroic story. Won't you hear it? I am Krill.

Nofrio Lcucivelo was a man of the sea

Jessica Ruggera **ARTIST**

Nofrio Lcucivelo felt disquieted, he felt unsettled. This slight slender man whose bones were made of coral, felt brittle. Nofrio Lcucivelo rubbed his rough hands over his tired, sunken grey eyes. There was the smell of decay, of seaweed rotting. That smell had been with him all week.

Nofrio Lcucivelo knew something bad had happened, something most terrible, something lingering in the depth of his softening mind that he could not evoke. It was as if a shadow had been cast, like black ink from an angry squid clouding behind his eyes. Grey eyes on a greying dank sea.

Nofrio Lcucivelo held his long thin sharp boning knife in his knotted hand, his tool for work. Yet he had not worked the fish markets today. Nofrio Lcucivelo would stand alongside the many men, slicing into the belly of whiting, herring, flat head, rock cod, mullet, slicing, scooping. The fish mongers would lay out each catch, smiling at the droves of women, handbags over arm, casting their hard scrutinising eyes and demanding the freshest of the fish with the most sparkle in its dead eye.

Nofrio Lcucivelo could taste salt against his swollen tongue, his lips dry and crackled, he could feel the salt stinging at his eyes. Nofrio dropped his knife, he felt he would no longer need it. He stumbled along the empty Fremantle street towards the shoreline. Nofrio Lcucivelo has an old scar extending from the lobe of his ear to the bottom of his lip, his dark hair and moustache once a glossy black was now dry, faded and brittle like seaweed that laid washed up upon the sand, scorching sun drying it, bleaching it of colour, of shade.

Nofrio Lcucivelo had thought he had heard screams, shouts but the memory and sound were muted, as if he were below the sea, the current shifting, distorting. He tried to breath deep, to catch breath but felt his lungs were filling with water, he clutched at his ribs he could feel them pressing against his skin, swollen and waterlogged. There was a stiffening of his limbs, his hands which had once moved swift, dextrous now curled into themselves, barnacles growing over knuckles. Nofrio Lcucivelo was a man lost at sea, beaten by the squalling wind and rolling

swell, taken down by the hands of Poseidon and buried deep. This man of the sea will be adrift, perished, forgotten. When it came to his death, nothing remained of what had once been a nubile babe, a small boy from the Islands nor the young man who travelled far across the seas. The lone fisherman who lived in Pakenham St now a discarded collection of debris from the sea. Driftwood.

Aware of movement behind him, Nofrio turned. It was the girl Nancy with her obscure eyes and curly untamed hair that bounced and danced around her pretty face every time she moved. With her, Tommy the one most called slow with his lumbering thick body and round face yet Nofrio knew the boy worked the fish markets as well as any other man. They were both breathing heavily, their eyes anguished. Hers an intense russet and Tommy's palest green of the clearest shallows.

Nofrio Lcucivelo fell to his knees on the coarse sand, he opened his mouth to speak, no words formed, sea water drivelled out, pooling then seeping into these yellow sands. Sea foam fell from his agonised dull eyes; he could give no answers. Neither sibling spoke, Nuniata held Gaetano's large hand in her own. They stepped forward towards Nofrio, his arms seized around his chest, as blacken barnacles grew further up each arm.

Nofrio Lcucivelo was a man condemned, his body, his mind no longer his own. He has been cast back to the sea. There is no hatred upon this beach, just sorrow and the decay of a man.

Nancy and Tommy sit upon the sand, their hands covered in the grit from the rocks they picked off the ground, hurling them at Nofrio, chasing him away from their fallen mother. The waves roll gently along the shore, the lulling familiar sound. The night time lullaby that each fall asleep to in the quiet of the moonlit dark. Now a home has broken, shattered. All that was remained on this shore is a fragmented shell of a man and the darkness of the unknown.

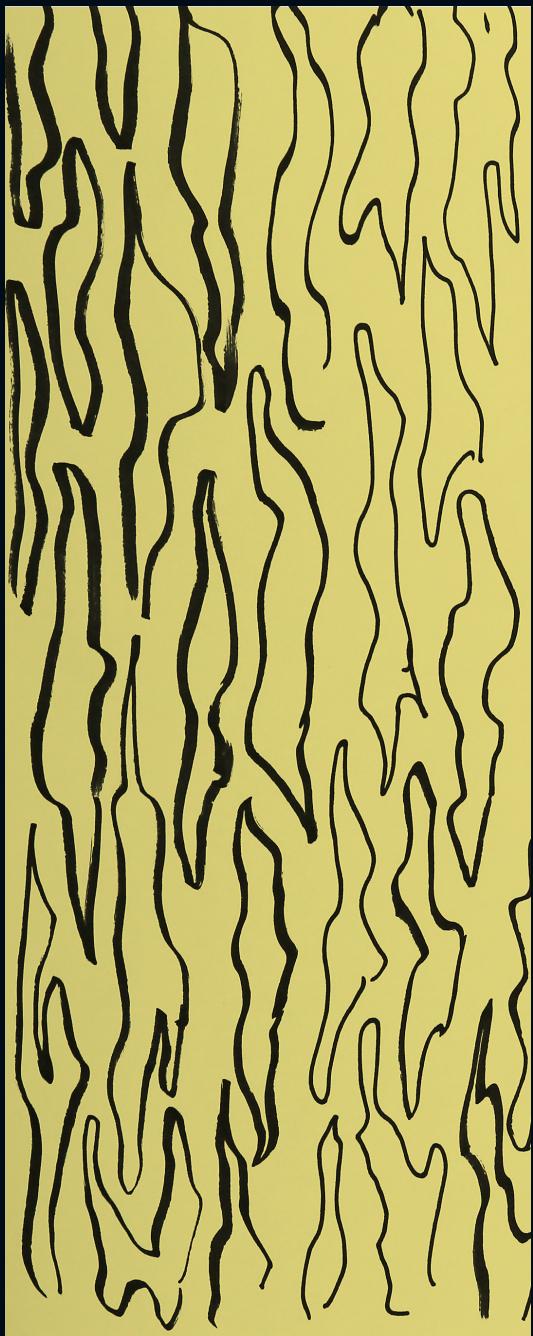
Nofrio is laying now, sand sticking to his ragged clothes and his torment face. Nuniata gently places her hand upon his hair. Coarse and dry. The sun starts to glow golden orange as it lowers in the sky, the tide ebbs up the shore towards them, over their feet. The sea courses from his mouth. They stay with him, silent, watchful witnesses of this eroded man until the sea washed all that was he away.



The ABC of Seachange

Barbara Temperton ARTISTS ACROSTIC

- A** is for Albany, Amity, Australia, Afghanistan: heart of Asia , graveyard of empires , and asylum seeker
- B** is for Bahai; Bangladeshi; boat: beacon of hope buoyed on seas
- C** is for convert: an ex-Muslim; Christmas Island, coast and castaways
- D** is for diaspora, danger, drowning, death, detention, detainee
- E** is for epic journey, embarkation, exile
- F** is for freedom, faith, float and fear
- G** is for gay, for guns
- H** is for Hazara, human rights
- I** is for illegal, imprisonment, insanity, innocent, Iranian or Iraqi; Indian Ocean
- J** is for jellyfish stranded on the shore
- K** is for Kabul, Kurd, knife
- L** is for limbo, lava, land grab, landlocked: no knowledge of the sea
- M** is for Manus, murder, Myanmar
- N** is for Nadesalingam
- O** is for ocean, other, outburst, outflow
- P** is for political, for protest, prison; Pakistan and an uncertain welcome; for people in boats; P is for pumice the rock that floats
- Q** is for the quiet children
- R** is for refugee, rebel, Rohingya; R is for razor blades how many can the desperate swallow?
- S** is for sail, seas, shipwreck, sinkings; S is for sea change, sea changer, Sri Lankan, Somali, soldiers, silencing, Sudanese, safety; for shank a knife by any other name
- T** is for torture and turn-back, Tamil, and transformation; T is for the Taliban, seeker[s] of knowledge
- U** is for the United Nations
- V** is for visa bridging. V is for volcanic, violence, vendetta, vigil
- W** is for war, writer, women and weapon. W is for water, mile after mile of water under an empty horizon



Seachange ACROSTIC

- S** is for sea change
- E** for epic, journey
- A** asylum, seeker
- C** is for Christmas, island
- H** for human, rights
- A** Afghanistan: heart of Asia , graveyard of empires
- N** is for Nauru
- G** for guns
- E** exile



Snapshots



Chelsea Hopkins-Allan ARTIST STORY

She grips the tiny brush between thumb and forefinger. Lips gently parted, breath lightly touching the glass as she carefully travels the sweeping arch of her almond eyes. Her breath fades instantly from the mirror as she leans back to survey her line. She is getting her photograph taken today. George, her youngest child of seven, sits on the end of her bed watching. Big dark sad eyes. Kicking his little legs out and letting his heels hit against the wooden frame.

Today she collects her photographs. With this, and her husband's permission, she can get her passport. And with her five remaining children, they will travel from one seaside city to another. Alhumdulilah, if God is willing. Halfway around the world to where night is day and day is night. From Tripoli to Sydney. She is nervous. But if it was Gods will, they will be reunited with her husband and eldest son after these two long years apart. Leaving her eldest daughter behind, at sixteen she is already married with her own child. The last time she set out on such a journey, she was fifteen years old and travelling with her family to a small mountain village to be married herself.

Her first baby, Allah yerhamho, God bless his soul and have mercy on him, lay there still. Now she had a family of her own for just as many years since then and a few to spare. Sometimes when people meet me, they ask, "Where are you from?" "Australia" I'd reply. "Oh okay, but where are you from" It would take at least three parries and usually on the third attempt they'd modify the question. For most of my life I didn't understand this regular exchange. Now I persist out of pure stubbornness. "I'm Australian". If they can't ask what they actually mean. I am not helping them out.

I stare at myself in the bathroom mirror and sigh. I'd better do something to tame that unruly mane of thick dark hair. I try to put some makeup on but it's really not my strong point, I keep stabbing myself in the eye. I pull on jeans and a long-sleeved black top, tousle the heads of my dogs and slip out the door.



I'm at the post office. I need a new passport and for that, a new passport photo. I'm going from Western Australia to Ireland 'The Emerald Isle' and Paris. The boyfriend's parents have bought us both tickets to visit them, and I'm excited. I'm not nervous. I've met them both on Skype, a meeting between two screens, bounced up to a satellite and back to us. They seemed warm, friendly and quite a bit of fun. I couldn't understand a word his Dad says, even though he was plainly speaking English. I am sure I'll get used to the accent with time. After we spoke, I left the boyfriend to catch up with his parents. I heard his mum say in a mischievous tone and her sing-song Irish accent, "Dip of the ol' tar brush in that one eh?" "Her Dad's side is Lebanese", he responded matter-of-factly, in his more clipped Irish / South African / Australian accent.

Sitting around the kitchen table in Ireland at his parent's house, I meet some of the 'old boys' from his army days. One of them has burn scars down the side of his face and up one arm. I don't ask but after they left, the teacups packed away and cake crumbs brushed off the table cloth, the boyfriend tells me he got them in Lebanon. Most of the older men there had been to Lebanon. Peacekeeping he says. That the Lebanese specifically wanted the Irish because they are the only country that never invaded another. I wonder if any of them could have crossed paths with the daughter Taita left behind.

I felt an irrational pang of jealousy that they had been to the country that half my family came from. That I had never seen. Not that they were there for sight-seeing, or to drink dark coffee in tiny cups with my long-lost relatives. "Habiba habiba!!!" She is small and very plump, with a big bosom and thick dark grey-black hair cropped to a straight bob. She rushes me, arms outstretched. I bend forward to embrace her and she holds my face with both hands, firmly kissing one cheek and then the other with an unyielding and passionate smack of her lips. All the while declaring 'habiba habiba', my darling my darling...

Snapshots Continued...

Chelsea Hopkins-Allan ARTIST STORY

Our conversations follow a set formula each time. "Hello Taita" I greet her enthusiastically. "Hello Taita" she responds. "How are yoouuu" she quickly follows, drawing out the 'ooohh'. "I'm good Taita, thank you. How are you?" "I'm alright Taita, I'm alright. Good, Taita". Pause. This is the point where we have both almost run out of words. "I love you Taita" I offer. I don't have a way to show her I care in conversation, so I just say it straight up. She pauses. Mutters some words in Arabic I don't understand.

Spoken too softly and quickly to be for me. I think its frustration. It FEELS like frustration. "I love you too Taita" She tells me. But her voice falls. Another pause, a longer one. I feel like the space between us is filled with an ocean of language I've never learnt to cross. I like to think it was very well-intentioned. "Your grandmother is well respected", said the older Lebanese man who read my coffee grounds a few weeks before. We sat at Taitas's small kitchen table in Greenacre, Sydney. "She has a good name in the community"

I'd never heard my Dad enunciate so passionately in Levantine Arabic, much less swear like that. He was actually shouting down the phone to my grandmother - his mother - back in Sydney. I thought the whole scenario was hilarious and somewhat flattering. But I suppose it was only funny because it was no real threat. My Dad wasn't having a bar of it. More importantly - although I would have entertained the conversation out of cultural curiosity - I was twenty-one and I had no intentions of marrying anyone.

Back at the post office, they let me keep my old passport with all its stamps once they cut out the chip. I take it back, hold it tightly with both hands. All the stamps are personal evidence of all my adventures to date. Something I am proud of, even though it's been a while since I'd used it. When they slide the freshly printed photos across the desk, and I see six sets of dark eyes looking up at me. I get a funny feeling, like I have seen that face before. Of course. You would hope you would recognise your own face. I drive the twelve minutes home from the post office in silence, the feeling is growing stronger is pulling at my memory, faintly beginning to grow edges and substance. I do know this face, or at least I get the feeling I SHOULD know it. It's like trying to remember someone you recognise, but in reverse. When I pull up and go inside, I still can't shake this feeling, enough that I am unsettled. So I flick on the kettle for a cup of tea.



Then a tiny directional pull. I act on instinct before it is lost, straight to my bookcase to remove my old photo album. One with actually-printed photos. I leaf through the pages. I have one bent and stained black-and-white class picture from my Dad's school days. And two small passport photos of his mother - my Taita, tucked into a page together. I carefully remove them. One is a muted orange-toned coloured photograph of an older woman with a lined face, looking back at me through thick glasses. The other is a face I've never seen, my Taita at my age now, staring back at me, head cocked, the hint of a smile and those perfectly lined almond-eyes. I place my passport photo next to hers. There it was. The woman I thought I recognised. I saw her. In me. A part of me right here, from somewhere beyond Australia.

She lives in the same house for all these years. The children are grown up. Her husband has died. She put weed killer on the beautiful tree out back and concreted in the yard so she didn't have to sweep up the leaves. She still cooks in a lean-to behind the kitchen, even on 40 degree summer days. I write to the glamorous woman in the photo. I tell her I'm travelling to Ireland. I am glad to have something interesting to write her. I've been sending her letters ever since I was a child. The correspondence is just one way. In English. I never receive a reply.

The Clearing



Jo-Anne Mead ARTIST STORY

For days, the district had been white with rage following the latest attack on a farm. Murder, this time of an assigned servant, could not go unpunished. Every small landholder in the district carried arms and were willing to shoot on sight. Private Bloomfield had heard the settlers' stories, of a year's labour destroyed in a night, of stock slaughtered, of friends and loved ones slain, and had felt their affront. These were ordinary people, commonfolk like himself. Now, standing in the little clearing in the woods, he shifted his weight from one aching foot to the other. He had never supposed that so much of a soldier's life would be spent standing, waiting. The men were quiet. The night was clear and still and if they spoke at all, it was to curse the cold in low mumbled oaths of white mist that curled before their mouths. Bloomfield was glad for the quiet. On the way down the river, the men had been vying with one another, trying to shock him as the new chap.

"Don't ye love the smell o' blood?" "Stick 'em in the guts. Let 'em scream." "It's shit we'll be smellin' by the end o' this night." He'd heard such bluster in the barracks, was used to their bully-ragging, and knew half of it was bollocks, but in the boat, the joy with which the men had boasted of payback had bothered him. "Cave their 'eads in with the butt o' me musket." "Ever seen a melon explode? Same when yer get 'em fair in the 'ead." "Afterwards we'll string 'em all up as a warnin' to the rest." Finally, the young officer, splendid in his blood-red coat, had gestured that the sergeant order the men silent, for the lower reaches of the river remained enemy territory, and it was imperative that the natives not be forewarned of their approach.

For hours they rowed along a way that twisted like entrails, deep into the black vastness of the forest, until eventually they drew the whaleboat ashore onto the little beach by the clearing. The young officer ordered the sergeant and three of the men to scout ahead for the enemy camp, leaving the rest of the detachment standing ready at the river's edge. Bloomfield had been standing, waiting, watching the full moon rise higher and higher in the sky, and then begin its pathway down towards the west. Above him was a widow's black lacework of silhouetted treetops. All he could hear was the tinkling of river water. He wondered why they were taking so long? Had something gone wrong?



He thought of his first week in the colony, on an expedition to seize two escapees encamped at Botany Bay and making raids on settlers' gardens. The party had been marching along a native path through marshes dense with tall reed and sedges, loud with the croak of frogs, reminding Bloomfield of the fens back home. Other soldiers had cursed the stink of the birds, but he had breathed in deep that warm familiar smell of bird muck, that welcomed smell, that promised good hunting on the fens.

At a ford he had been posted as sentry, with clear views up and down the river should either of the prisoners evade capture and flee that way. There he had stood for long hours slapping at mosquitoes. Never had he seen so many birds, hundreds, no thousands - more than could be counted - honking, and squawking, and screeching, and chattering: ducks and grebes, stilts and plovers, cormorants, cranes and heron, egrets and pelicans, some sort of goose and most strange of all, black swans. Overhead a flock of white cockatoos, then bright-coloured parrots, ravens, flocks of pigeons, and standing on the sandbar, silver gulls squabbled. He had watched, amazed, as a mass of tiny birds had danced and twisted in the air like a lady's veil caught in the wind.

On the horizon, three pillars of smoke had marked native hearths, and further to the north, a broader plume, where the natives were burning off, just as back home the gamekeepers burned old heather to foster new growth for better grouse hunting. In the middle distance, near where the estuary spilled into the bay, a group of maybe a dozen native men and boys were wading thigh deep in the shallows, fishing with nets. Although too distant to hear them, he could see them working together, joking and laughing as he once had back home with the menfolk of his own village.

The Clearing Continued...

Jo-Anne Mead ARTIST STORY

At the distinct sound of footfall in the woods brought him back to the clearing, and the sergeant and the other men stepped out of the darkness of the trees. They spoke to the young officer. The officer addressed the men in a clear, melodic voice. "We've a good half hour's march ahead of us, men. It will be first light by the time we get there, so we mustn't tarry. But the blacks have been at their dancing all night and will be exhausted. So with any luck, we should take them unawares. And teach them a good lesson." Then the sergeant drew the layout of the camp and the landmarks around it in the dirt, instructing each man of his position during the attack. "Bloomfield," he said, "You stay here with the boat. An' come up after with the chains and ropes."



He felt relief, yet his skin had prickled with shame knowing that the sergeant didn't think he was fit. The officer, little more than a rosy-cheeked lad, and a bit of a molly-boy, was seen to be more of a man than he. "Bad luck, matey," one of the men whispered and gave him a pat on the back. "Next time," said another and winked at him. Others gave him broad, toothless grins as they shrugged on their knapsacks and lifted their muskets to their shoulders.

After they'd left, every noise seemed louder. There was scratching in the trees, and scurrying in the undergrowth, a crackling, a plop, and a crash of something dropping from a height. Vexed by his fear, he let the question of his manhood nag at him. A week or so beforehand, while supervising one of the work gangs hauling logs to the sawyers, a settler had been approaching on the road and Bloomfield knew him as a fellow from a neighbouring village back home. He had greeted him warmly. The man had been cold. "What yer being all uppish for?" Bloomfield had asked. "Summat up with yer?" I growed up with yer, man! Thick we were, fishing and fowling on the fens."

"Yer no friend o' mine Michael Bloomfield," the man had told him. "I remember yer, standing, watching, doing nowt, while the soldiers bashed us and arrested us. Tell me, Michael, were you one of them who took the spade and dug their drains? Yer were, weren't ye, Michael? Letting them drain the fens like it were their land to meddle with. Common land it were, where everyone could catch a feed of meat or fish and gather herbs so no one need go hungry, and cut reed to thatch their roofs to keep dry, and let their cattle graze in the summertime. As was always done. But those thieving lords in parliament will take everything they can from commonfolk, and nowters like you stood by and let it happen, even helped them do it for a penny. Now look at yer, Michael, in your redcoat. Accepted the King's shilling have yer? Well, my sentence was seven years. What's yorn?"

The man's words had stung. For they were true; he had dug the ditches that had ruined the fens, and when that was done, he had dug ditches and planted hedgerows of thorn to bar the way across the fields from commonfolk and their stock, land that he and all his neighbours had once farmed, had always farmed: common land. And he had stood by while the soldiers had evicted his neighbours. Then, when there were no more ditches to be dug, or hedgerows to be planted, he and his family in turn were evicted.

So he had joined the army. Twenty years! He'd told his wife about the encounter and had asked her if she thought he were a fool. "Yer a good man, Michael. A better man than that quick-tempered fellow. Was he thinking of his wife and littlens when he got himself arrested and transported? Would rioting ha' stopped the fens from being drained or the land from being enclosed? Nor at all. Yer had a family to feed. Yer had to do as yer had to do, as yer always have." Yet Bloomfield had stewed on the man's words and the truth in them. He'd been a coward then. Hamstrung, while they had taken everything from him and everyone around him.

The Clearing Continued...

Jo-Anne Mead ARTIST STORY

He gripped his musket. He was sturdier now. He was strong. A white mist slowly seeped from the river into the clearing and the woods. The moon was low in the western sky, casting evil shadows that billowed around him. He strained his ears for the sound of battle, but all he could hear was the dripping of dew off the leaves of the trees above him, dripping on the ground around him and onto him. The barrel of his musket was dripping wet. To the east, an explosion of red, pink, orange and yellow light bled into the deep blue of the night.

A lone bird broke the quiet with a clear fluting. Others of its kind joined the chorus and Bloomfield peered through the fog to try to see what manner of bird they might be. He let his mind return to his favourite thoughts, of the country he'd seen on that first expedition to Botany Bay. He could still picture it in his mind: the broad marshland alive with birds, and a great sweep of grass rising from the marsh, up gentle slopes, to the woods beyond, like a parkland. Rich country, a country of plenty, of ease and full bellies.

A man need not toil in that country, he thought. A man could enjoy a good feed every day for the whole of his life without breaking his back in country like that. No working dawn till dusk everyday there. It were generous country. It were live-like-a-king country. He wondered how long a private soldier had to serve before being eligible for his promised grant of land. Fifty acres for himself, thirty for his wife, and ten acres for each of his children: a hundred acres. A hundred acres!



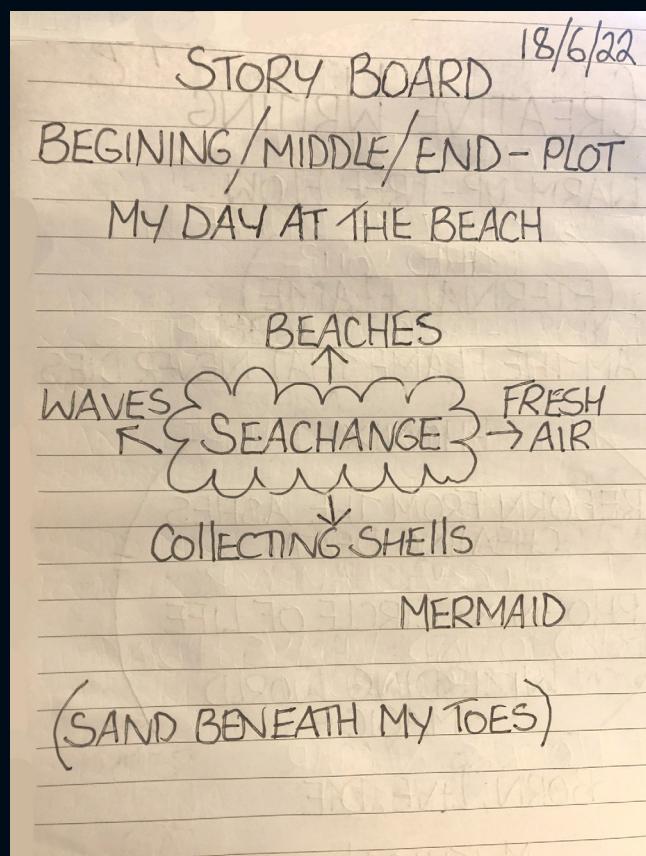
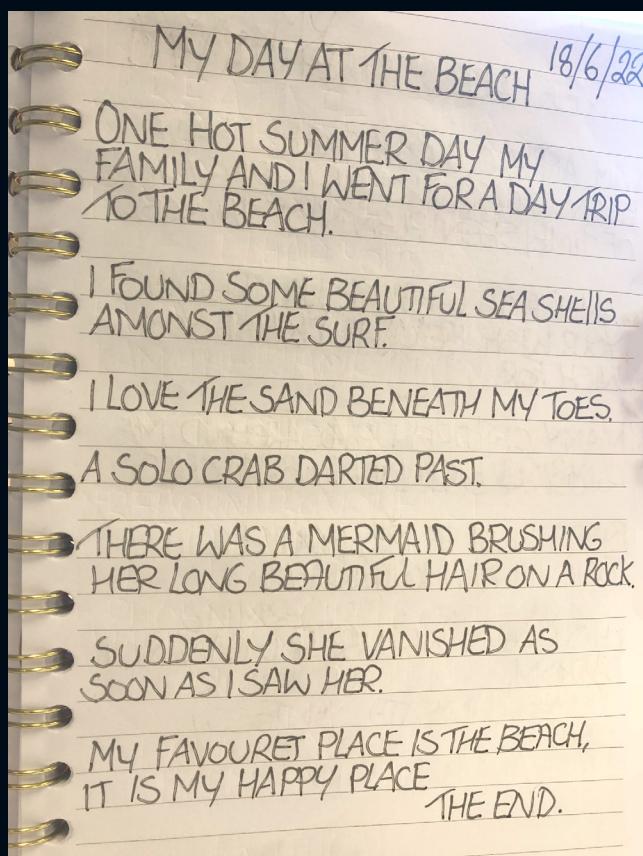
A gun blast, close, made him jump. The birdsong stopped. He heard another shot, then two more. There were voices hollering, then volley of shots, much closer this time. One of the men raced into the clearing. "Quick! Get the boat into the water!" Four men emerged from the woods carrying an injured man. Bloomfield shoved the boat into the river and helped them lift him aboard. It was the young officer, lying on his side, a broken spear through his breast. The woods lit up bright with deafening volley of shot, and the air reeked of smoke and powder residue. Fog swirled.

A red line of soldiers appeared from the choking cloud. Bloomfield stood in the river, holding the boat while his fellows clambered aboard and then they hauled him in, beside the officer, as the sergeant pushed off with the steering oar and the men pulled and pulled at the oars. Spears flew through the air, into the river about them. They were quiet, but for the wheeze of heavy breathing and the sergeant's call to stroke.

The young officer lay shivering at the bottom of the boat, wincing at each shallow breath, his face white as ash, the spear head pierced though his beautiful regimental coat, blood dripping from its stone point, and pooling around him, as bright red as his uniform. The smell was sweet. Bloomfield placed his hand on the boy's head. "There, there, sir," he said. "Ye just hold on. We'll have the surgeon fix thee right." But by the time they reached open country, the officer was cold, the dark blood at the bottom of the boat was thickening to a gel, and all Bloomfield could smell was shit. He clenched his jaw to keep his lips from quivering. The sergeant stood steering the boat, staring fixedly at the river ahead. Other men kept clearing their throats. Bloomfield as looked out at the little farms with their wheat and maize fields, their potato crops and little sheet of bark huts that marked home, his own people.

The Beach

Sherree Kelly ARTIST STORY



Seachange

William Hesford ARTIST STORY



About a year ago I was quite unfit and not that strong. I could not run for long or do any exercise, for long. It was super annoying and awful. But then about three months later I started to play soccer, I enjoyed playing soccer so, so much. Slowly I became fitter and stronger! Then I played soccer again, the next year too. And of course again I got fitter and stronger, it was great I could run for a long time, I could do lots of different exercises and the best part was, I was still getting stronger and fitter. Now I am one of the best at chasey and running in my class, and I am one of the strongest in my class too. I plan on staying fit and strong for a long time.



ASESC Live Performance



David Rastrick ARTIST STATEMENT

It was a joy working with students and teachers from the Albany Secondary Education Support Centre to write a song about our town, Kinjarling-Albany. The first few sessions were spent brainstorming about our town, and what makes it such a special place. I took the brainstorm home and sorted the words into categories, then shaped these into verses.

One verse is about things to do in town, a second about nature, and the third about the town's history. In this verse, it was important to acknowledge the oldest civilisation known to exist, right here in Australia - including the Great Southern - plus our maritime settler and wartime history. The middle eight acknowledged challenges some members of our community face and reflects the discussion the group had about how to address these.

These verses and the middle-eight led to a chorus that captured the essence of the complete writing. Following this, we had a first try out of the song, and a vocal rehearsal with the students. Some lyrics changed as a result. After several sessions, Bob from ACE Camera Club filmed us singing the song.



We Live In Kinjarling - Albany

David Rastrick & Students

CHOIR SONG

INTRO

We live in Kinjarling - We live in Albany
It's a beautiful place, with lots of things to do
We live in Kinjarling - We live in Albany
With history and nature all around

VERSE 1

There's lots of things to do, in this big old country town
There's soccer, tennis, swimming - or you can have a skate
We can go out to the speedway, or enjoy live entertainment
The shops are big, and the takeaway food is great

CHORUS

We live in Kinjarling - We live in Albany
It's a beautiful place, with lots of things to do
We live in Kinjarling - We live in Albany
With history and nature all around

VERSE 2

We're right here by the coast – with the ocean and its brilliant beaches
We can climb the mounts and walk along the trails
When we see all the rainbows, we feel happy
See the island views, and check out all the whales

CHORUS

We live in Kinjarling - We live in Albany
It's a beautiful place, with lots of things to do
We live in Kinjarling - We live in Albany
With history and nature all around



VERSE 3

There's homelessness, drug addiction and poverty
Well Albany's got problems too you know
Ask "Do you want some help?" "You know we're here for you."
Maybe we can help if we smile and say "hello."

VERSE 4

Here in Albany-Kinjarling we've got history
The oldest civilisation the world has ever seen
Then the Amity brought more folk here in 1826
And the ANZACs sailed in 1914

CHORUS

We live in Kinjarling - We live in Albany
It's a beautiful place, with lots of things to do
We live in Kinjarling - We live in Albany
With history and nature all around

OUTRO

We live in Kinjarling - We live in Albany
It's a beautiful place, with lots of things to do



Image by: Max Locke

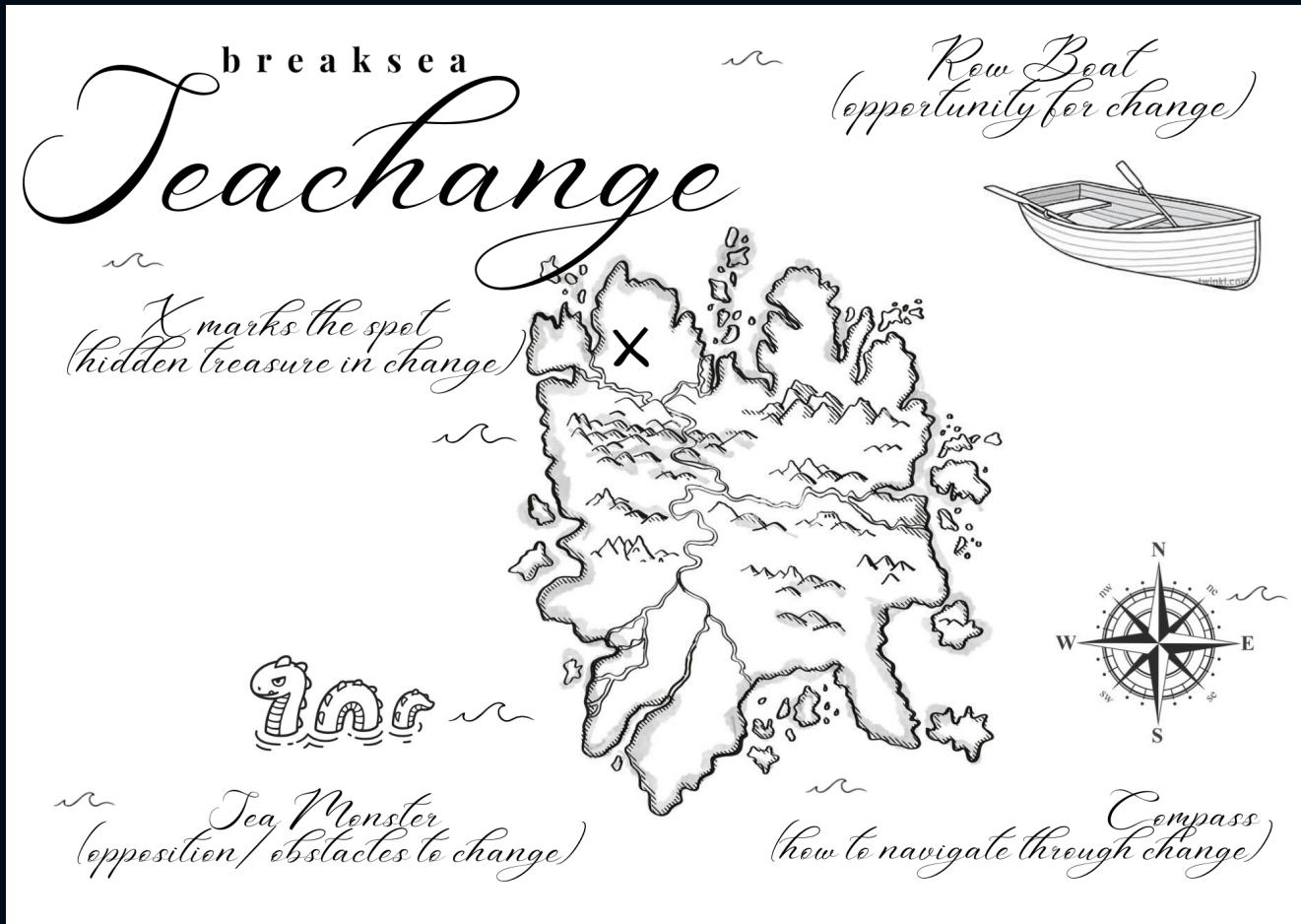
Albany Regional Prison (ARP)



David Rastrick & Participants STATEMENT

I had the privilege of spending time with musicians from the Albany Regional Prison to work on some recordings. There were two bands - one band of people mostly from around the Warburton area, and the other band comprised of Noongar people.

I spent two hours each day with each band. The first few hours were spent getting to know the musicians and introducing the project. The bands jammed lots and explored which songs they might record. The recording happened on the second day! As laptops were not allowed into the prison, I took in an old 16-track recording machine. We ended up with quite a few songs recorded. The process was that a songwriter would play and sing their song along to a digital drumbeat. I then added extra instruments to the songs at home and finished the production.



Credit: Breaksea



Multi-Artform Performance

James Gentle ARTIST STATEMENT

I ran through a series of activities at AEC that led to the Seachange contemporary dance performance piece. The group did exercises in identifying sounds in the open air. This was also recorded to become part of the sound design. Participants then went through a series of body percussion and vocalization exercises. In these the group explored syncopation and large time signatures. The body percussion/large time signature was then incorporated into the choreography by participants.



Image By: Nic Duncan

Multi-Artform Performance

Rachael Colmer ARTIST STATEMENT

Over the course of this program, I was fortunately enough to work with members of the Kinjarling Community for Breaksea Project Seachange. We explored the idea of what Seachange meant for the participants, what experiences they had had where they needed to escape situations in order to be calmer and more peaceful with life. We went on to discuss being caught in a rip and dealing with the turmoil and survival methods you would need to apply.

We devised a movement piece depicting this situation and putting it into the course of everyday life. We worked on body percussion and devised a way to incorporate this into our performance piece. We talked about the narrative of being stuck with the rigours of everyday life to having let the rip take you over. The feeling of being pulled by the ocean like a plastic bag to the feeling of the new beginning and encompassing empowerment.



Image by: ACE Camera Club

Multi-Artform Performance

Jessica Ruggera ARTIST STATEMENT

We started this workshop discussing what a sea change could mean, and listening to anyone who had a story of their own sea change. We then set about creating an environment our sea change could work within. We achieved this by doing a sea meditation. For example, we imaged walking along a deserted beach, feeling the sand on our feet, could we hear the waves against the shoreline, the smell of seaweed. The sea starts to lap over our feet, legs, body and movement comes from that, what feeling as we slowly submerge completely.

The sea is a forever moving body, how do we feel when we are enveloped by it. Scared, panicked, peaceful? Are we going where ever the current takes us. Do we struggle to the surface, what movement/ feeling do we make when we break through? Is there exhilaration, strength, freedom? We come from under the sea where things can appear muted/ distorted to breaking through the surface to a clarity of our senses. As we were exploring our sea, we came onto the idea of a rip.

This powerful natural entity, can pull you in, can tire you out and drag you out to sea. If you live/work/grow up by the sea, you are given the knowledge from a young age how to identify a rip by sight. We are taught about this duplicitous danger in school, swim lesson, surf life club and from the words of our families. We don't swim against the rip; we don't let the rip carry us out to sea. We do swim across it. Our sea change was decided. The piece created with movement/ dance will show the machine; an ongoing cycle that you are caught in, a life path that has become a hardship, a cause of unhappiness, a discontent. The cycle becomes more frantic, desperate until the moment comes and you give up. Sinking down to the bottom of the sea into a sleep of respite, hopelessness.

Then as the ever moving sea slowly draws you into a pulsating ball, a source of the sea's energy and the realisation that life does not have to be this way, it can be so much more if you fight for it, find the strength within and make a change. From that strength a beautiful emergence to find what it is you needed to make that sea change. To come out the other side of the machine, the giving up, the fight, to emerge with the feeling of the beauty in the unknown, like the warm sun on your face and deep breath of the sea air.



Family Craft Workshops

Serena McLauchlan [ARTIST STATEMENT](#)

The jelly fish inspired lanterns were inspired by the theme 'seachange' for breaksea. Over the course of the workshops children and adult participants were guided through the process of drawing and constructing the lantern frameworks from cane and then covering the frames with a paper 'skin' – for the lanterns to be illuminated at night. Tendrils, glitter and shimmer were added along with led lights to capture the magical way jelly fish dance - swept around, through the sea.

Miriam Ward/ Bethel Art Students [ARTIST STATEMENT](#)

Bethel Art students (in collaboration with Breaksea and the City of Albany) created fifty mesmerising jellyfish lanterns and a giant octopus to set the stage for the Maritime Festival's Songs of the Sea event. The jellyfish were crafted using a papier mache and paint pouring technique. Acrylic and glaze on plastic decorated the tentacles as well as spray painted coffee pods and beads. The colour palette of soft blues, mint greens, deep purples and lilacs were inspired by wondrous underwater hues. The smack of jellyfish ranged in size and form and were displayed on the stage to look as though they were drifting mystically along, behind the performers as they sang their sea-themed songs. The oversized octopus was also made using papier mache and was decorated with recycled materials such as coffee pods and wine caps for suckers. His tentacles wove in different directions across the stage adding to the magical ocean atmosphere of the night.



Mandy Markey [ARTIST STATEMENT](#)

How fabulously delightful to create wondrous beings....wondrous floating jellyfish. School children and holiday makers joined with me in creating their expressive fantastical creatures of the water. Yes-no two were alike, just like jellyfish and just like children. The kids were given their materials and some initial guidance on how to create a cane lantern and then, their minds their hearts and their busy hands created. For me-the making of art is so much about the person. Sure, it's important to pass on skills, but equally as important, is the desire to create something that has come from you.

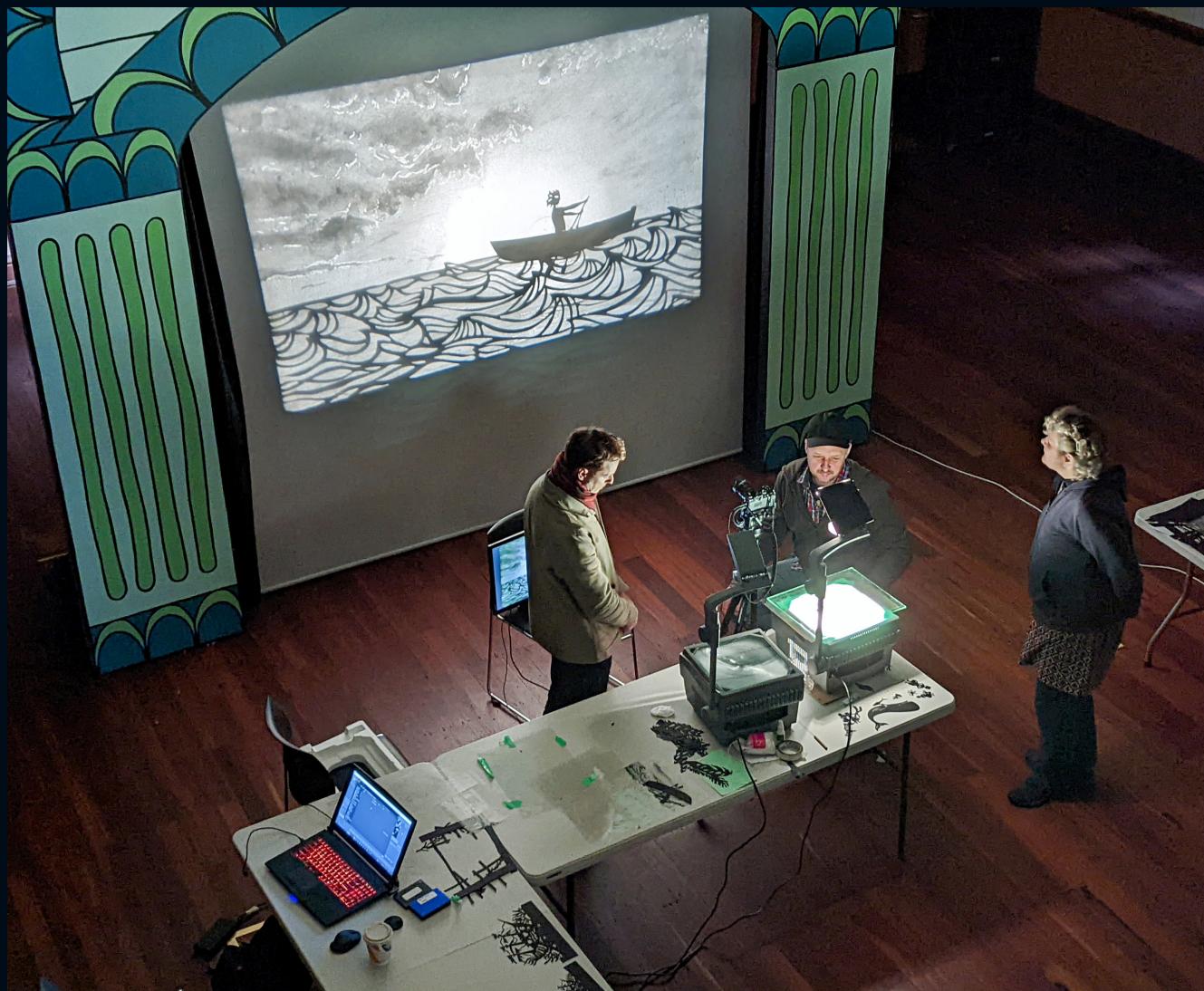


Puppetry Community Workshops

Artists JANE DAVIES, SANJIVA, MATT WARD, ROLY SKENDER & SUE CODEE

The public were invited to drop in and to see puppeteers at work creating shadow puppetry. Over the course of the program, an Open Studio was held where a brand new shadow theatre was transformed into a shadow booth. The public were welcome to drop in, grab a prop, stand in the light and create a tableau or pose for their shadow image created in profile. Picking up on the idea of the Victorian craze of silhouette portraits.

Shadow Puppetry



Shadow Puppetry





Image By: Nic Duncan



Break Me

Jarrad Inman ARTIST & PERFORMER

Led by Jarrad Inman (Ricky Neil Jnr), The Manic began as a poetry collaboration between two Albany Friends, Jarrad Inman and Gus Moir. The duo quickly evolved into a band of six. Jarrad and Gus are both Youth artists support by Breaksea's Youth Mentorship Program. The Manic use their music as a medium to communicate their feelings and observations on life as a young adult during turbulent times. The track Break Me emerged through a creative development in response to the Seachange theme.

Lyrics

So I breathe, and I drown. In cities and towns. You'll find me broken and fixed. Through all my ups and downs. Well, I've felt lonely. I've felt crowded, and some times maybe both. But through all this I know. I've felt you the most.

I'm so scared of disappointing. I'm so scared of letting down. It's these walls I've built that haunt me. But whenever you're around... I'm not scared...

But I'm okay. When I'm not feeling, and I'm tired nearly all the time. But if you cut me I'd be bleeding. So I suppose that means I'm fine. But I feel lost. Or at least I'm losing. But the things I need I've found. I need your quiet, your understanding. Well I just need you around.

Because when the morning comes, the rain it falls, the sun it shines. Well you're all I need and more..

Wont you break me down. Break me down. Break me down. Break me down. To my molten core...

Because when the morning comes, the rain it falls, the sun it shines. Well you're all I need and more..

Wont you break me down, Break me down. Break me down. Break me down. To my molten core...

Because when the morning comes, the rain it falls, the sun it shines. Well you're all I need and more..

Wont you break me down. Break me down. Break me down. Break me down. To my molten core...

I need your quiet, your understanding. Well I just need you around.

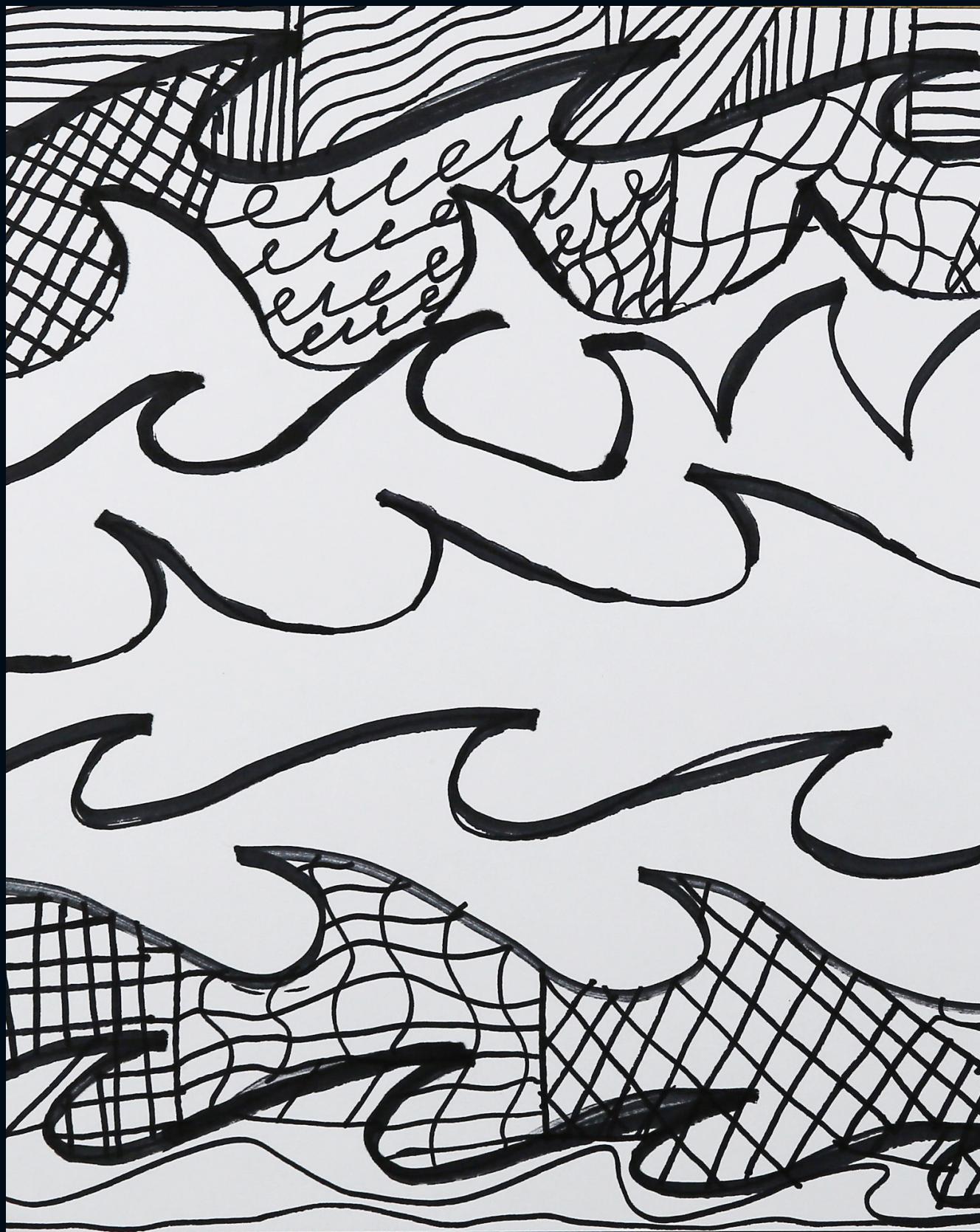
Because It feels good to be feeling. But it's hard to be alone. But I've got this feeling. That you feel like home. Wont you kiss my cheek darlin, cut to the bone. Because I've got this feeling. I don't want to be alone. It's too hard on my own

Because when the morning comes, the rain it falls, the sun it shines. Well you're all I need and more..

Image Gallery



Images By: Nic Duncan



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