

Beware of Tigers and Wonderful Obsessions

Yvette Wroby

Richmond vs St.Kilda
7.50pm, Friday 5th April 2013
MCG Melbourne.

It's a good week to be obsessed. It's a good week to be a Tiger fan. It's a good week of autumn sunshine, football and art. It's just a good week to sit in the Gallery and show my footy art. My Sainters got eaten by the Tigers Friday night, and they are worthy winners. I can live with it, there is too much good stuff going on to worry or be too disappointed. And the Saints tried hard, but we are older, and slower except for our young ones who need more time and experience, and the Tigers are hungry, young and on the rise. We remember what that felt like, as our bones creak a little. We remember the roar of success. The primal cry of winning what was once UN-winnable. Breaking records. Two in a row. Doesn't sound much but it was a mighty bellow that came from the long suffering Tigers fans after the siren. It resonated through our soul and it was like the jungle tunes have changed and the big cats of all colours are on the hunt.

(I love football, three young religious boys pass by on their way to kick there footy in the park. It's the Sabbath and they are welcomed in to Gallery 261 to see the artwork, a Saints supporter who loves Jack Steven, his favourite player (and ordered a poster), and a happy Swans supporter who may use his barmitzvah money to buy Adam Goodes. They are attracted by the colour and the zing of my Wonderful Obsessions exhibitions. I left it last night to go to the footy. I am enjoying the energy of watching people's reactions, my friends, and family, and strangers walking past. Even a happy Fremantle supporter in Melbourne for two days, happened to pass by. Loved the Dockers as Popeye.)

It didn't even matter (last night) that the queue into Richmond Station after the game was so slow that we waited for 30 minutes to get in. It didn't matter that the train took an hour to get to Richmond, and fans of all colours were waiting for the next football train at 11.15. It didn't matter because Tiger fans were so happy and Saints fans philosophical, and no one begrudges Tigers. I don't know why we all seem to have a soft spot for them, they will be mauling all us middle ranging teams for years to come if this game was any indication.

I guess I need to, reluctantly, attend to the game. Maister kicked the first, giving us some hope, before it became the night of the Riewoldts. Ours was good. Theirs was better. He kicked the second and third goal, looking strong and confident and then McGuane kicked two straight and we knew it was going to be too long a night. Saints came back with two late quarter goals to Stanley and Saad, just teasing us with hope. But after quarter time, Tigers continued to dominate, OUR Riewoldt kicked the first but they answered with Conca, Riewoldt and King. We played catch up all night. Then Maister kicked his second, followed by McEvoy, but THAT Riewoldt fought back. Gilbert stepped up to kick another just before half time.

So here is synchronicity number one: in the loo I met a woman who came to my exhibition, who I'd never met before opening night. I say hello and meet her brother outside. Fellow Saints travellers and now footy friends.

Second half was intense, Riewoldt kicks Tiges a goal, and then ours kicks one for us. Not much competition between these two first cousins. Imagine their Christmas cricket matches. We can't follow it up, as Vickery and Newman keep on gaoling. Milne gets one for us but Jack R just comes

again for his 6th for the night. Our Riewoldt wants in for his 3rd and 4th. Everyone else on the park considers leaving it to these two to shoot it out. The final term sees Saad kicks one quick one before Jack says, hey, I'm still here and scores his final for the evening. Maric joins the party and the rest of the evening is an arm wrestle between two tired teams. Lots of mistakes. When that siren finally goes, the Tigers sing with more heart than they played, which is saying a lot.

On the station, synchronicity moment number two, when Rina spots Dugald, a big lanky, tall Tiges man, a journalist who works for Richmond Footy Club website, who came to my opening, he was wearing the same bright Tiges yellow t-shirt he wore on Thursday night. Perhaps he has more than one. Big smiles all round, as if we've been buddies forever. Perhaps we are now. We watch the happy and tired Tigers, chat with the other sardined Saints in the train, and make our way home, tired but happy that the footy is back no matter what comes.

Go Saints

Richmond 4.5 8.10 12.12 14.15
St.Kilda 3.1 6.6 11.7 12.10

Goals:

Richmond: Riewoldt 7, McGuane 2, Newman, Maric, King, Conca, Vickery
St.Kilda: Riewoldt 4, Saad 2, Maister 2, McEvoy, Stanley, Gilbert, Milne.

Best:

Richmond: Riewoldt, Cotchin, Houli, McGuane, Maric, Vickery, King, Martin.
St.Kilda : Steven, McEvoy, Hayes, Riewoldt, Robertson, Saad, Stanley, Maister. Montagna, Jones, Del Santo

Umpires: Donlon, Mollison, Foot
Crowd: 56,783

Our Votes: 3. Jack Riewoldt. 2. Ben McEvoy 1. Trent Cotchin

Brownlow:

3. Jack Riewoldt (Rich)
2. Ben McEvoy (St.K)
1. Trent Cotchin