

# BULLETIN

ISSUE NO. 71

DECEMBER 2022

Λευτούργεια

Προζύμια

1 κουταλιά μαχλά ξερή

3 >>> αλεύρι ραβί

1 κουταλάκι ζαχαρί

νερό. χείρος

το αφήνω να φουσκώσει

9 κουτα αλεύρι

1 κουταλιά αλάτι

3 1/2 κουφί νερό χύμα

Τα ζιμονομε - και ζεφε

προβωθες

το δουλεύω με εοζενία

3 ~~ζιζο~~ μεγαλύτερα

3 μικρότερα.



Τα αφήνω να φουσκώσουν

45?

IsffO  
Kristina Susnjara

Offal  
*Kristina Susnjara*

Kristina Susnjara is a multi(un)disciplinary artist practising on Gadigal Land. Their work is process driven, often using mediums such as video, sculpture and photography to explore areas of fragility and tension within our physical realities and inner worlds. They have a BFA in Visual Art from Sydney College of the Arts, University of Sydney.

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1. Bessel van der Kolk,  
*The Body Keeps the Score: Mind, Brain and Body in the Transformation of Trauma*  
 (Penguin Books Limited: United Kingdom, 2014), 230.

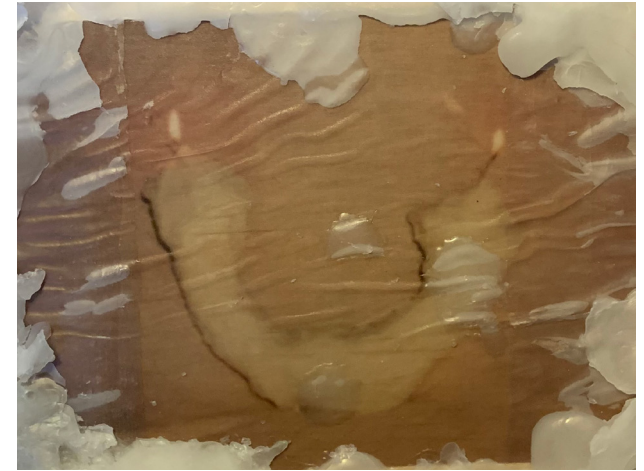


One can hardly bear to look. The shadow may carry the best of the life we have not lived. Go into the basement, the attic, the refuse bin. Find gold there. Find an animal who has not been fed or watered. It is you. The neglected, exiled animal, hungry for attention. It is part of yourself.<sup>1</sup>

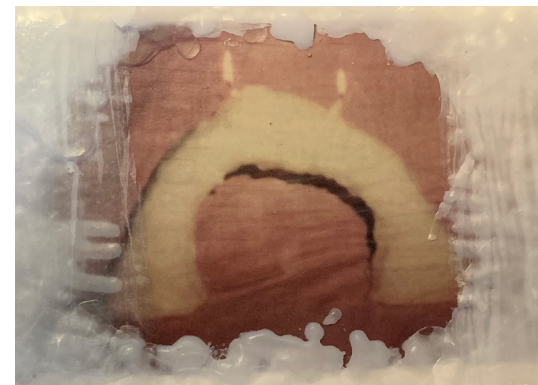
The animal kingdom is broken into two groups, VERTEBRATES (by vertebrate); animals with a backbone and INVERTEBRATES (sans) animals without a backbone. Worms are invertebrates.



Images: Kristina Susnjara, *Old Work (Who Dis?)* 2020–2022. Melted down wax from an old artwork re-shaped into its current form. *Offal Art*.



I am a soft worm, eyeless and hidden.  
 I move with the sunflowers that were planted at the same time.  
 Single stem, multiple heads. Each rise and fall at their own pace.  
 Don't forget to water your grief.



Shower me with your waste:  
 Parsley root  
 Sage leaves  
 Walnut shells  
 Grapefruit rind  
 Jasmine petals

Delectability and repulsion. Self-care.  
 A feast of Aesop's rejuvenate intensive body balm in its rawest form absorbs its way through my flesh and into my five hearts.

I leave behind an endless trail of castings and seepage.

Come, please, sit here and eat 🍷 (\$48 Bottle of EB76 TAKEN FOR GRANIT Pinot Meunière/2021)

Confession of Your Monster:  
Sister Glitter Nullius X  
*Juundaal Strang-Yettica*

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*Juundaal Strang-Yettica*

Born in 1968, I am a Yugambeh-Bundjalung & Kankakan woman, living on Wodi Wodi-Dharawal Country. As an emerging artist with a disability, learning and determination underpin my approaches and my mentors are integral to the foundation of my practice. There are enduring themes of identity, Indigeneity, entangled, complex relationships between humans and non-humans, failure and fragility in my work. These are contextualised within decolonisation frameworks, Indigenous cultural revitalisation, simultaneously responding to environmental crisis. Through performative-workshops, video story-telling and performances, my practice priorities include social engagement projects that prioritise community capacity and collaborative solutions with challenging complex issues.

Website: <https://juundaal.com/> | Instagram: @juundaal

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I position myself before you, a living and simultaneously dying mirror. I stand behind and over you, your constant knowing of the truth. I am also inside you, the self destructive forces that drive us into the arms of pride, greed, lust, envy, gluttony, wrath and sloth, the cardinal sins we commit against Nature, and subsequently against ourselves. In this moment, I sit beside you, we are equals and I wrap myself around you, let me be (your) empathy. As I pray for our non-human community, I will stand, as a compass in front of you and pray for you and I also. My prayers remember the truth we forget. I am you. We all am, human and non-human.

I was not born this way. I submit myself, my whole being, my necessary and disquieting existence as a siren of the Anthropocene. Allow that I be the warning siren, the alarm. Here and now, I be a lesson from the very imminent future, a conduit compass to the past and return. As a matter of the most urgent, learn from my consequence, take heed.

My offering is given willingly, my belonging alignment is with and for creation, rather than mortal martyrdom. This is my accountability to creation's Ancestry and all of Nature, my equality. Bear upon and within yourself that, I began and remain one of Nature's creations, courageous, beautiful and resilient even in my perceived abnormality. I am not an omen but what we have done to my presentations, Belonging and natural connections, are.



I offer that in this moment, I am not ashamed of my transformations. I am humble and grateful for this temporary home in time with you, to gift conduit-compass and sight ... I offer you, we, human and non, comfort. I give you that, my metamorphosis is no longer a burden nor abnormality, deformity or deficit. I am not a monster. Truth, we am the monster. Simultaneous truth, we must be the answer.

I am Other, I am a monster. I am your creation, I am your mirror and you are our shadow (Hall, 1997; hooks, 1992; Lu, 2021; Tan, 2021). You are the shadow over all creation. You are the monster. Your individual and collective actions are the monsterring (Aruguete et al, 2020; Britton, 2015; Edwards, 2020; Gergan et al, 2020; Hall, 1997; Hammond, 2004; Haraway, 2010, 2016, 2018; hooks, 1992; Lu, 2021; Tan, 2021; Tsing et al, 2017).

Put aside your fear of me and let me be a warning, not your panic (Falkof, 2018).

Here, I am empathy, your empathy.

I offer you, we, human and non, comfort.

I invite that we pray for our non-human community, for our actions that are the sins we commit against Nature, and subsequently against ourselves (Bruno & Wilson, 2002; Hammond 2004; Haraway, 2010, 2016, 2018; Kelly, 2022; Langton, 2002; Norman, 2022; Todd, 2015; Tsing et al, 2017; Yunkaporta, 2019).

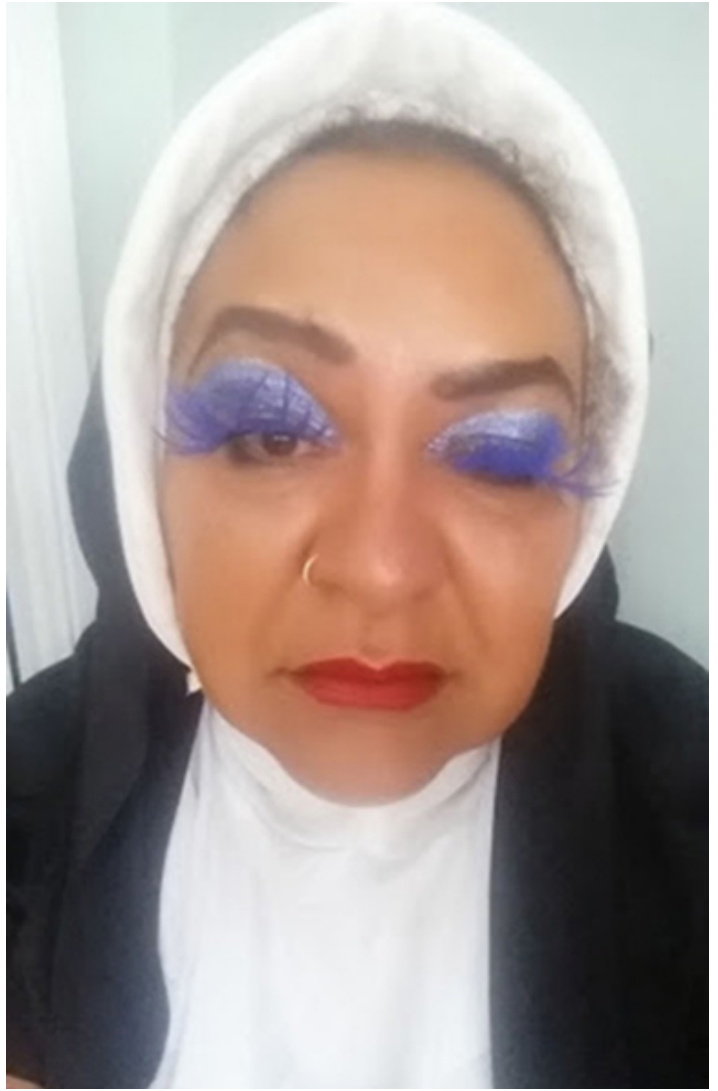
In urgent prayer, we monsters invite that, we become the constant knowing of truth allowing our prayers and actions be simultaneous, and that we remember the truth we forget. Raise yourself to face the Sun, the Moon and all of Nature's creations as I invite you to reshape, re-contextualise all that we know and do (Hammond 2004; Haraway, 2010, 2016, 2018; Kelly, 2022; Norman, 2022; Todd, 2015; Tsing et al, 2017).

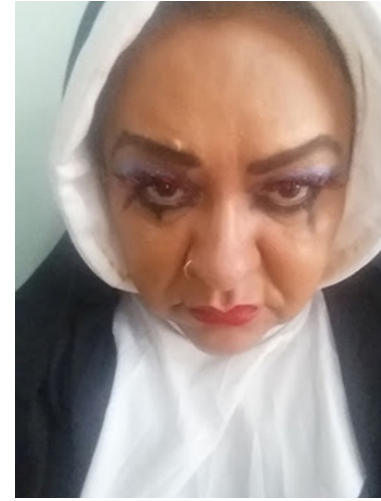
Collaborate, to the survival needs of the Natural environment. For, we are (Bruno & Wilson, 2002; Hammond 2004; Haraway, 2010, 2016, 2018; Kelly, 2022; Langton, 2002; Norman, 2022; Todd, 2015; Tsing et al, 2017; Yunkaporta, 2019).

Hear me, my children ... From monster to superhero, I dare cross the threshold by way of offering you my confession (Alighieri, 1320; Hammond, 2004; Kelly, 2022; Norman, 2022; Todd, 2015).

I confess to all the Natural alignments of Nature's creation and our Ancestors, that I am the consequence. I am the inevitable, obvious outcome. I confess I am the unavoidable messenger (Alighieri, 1320; Bruno & Wilson, 2002; Hammond 2004; Haraway, 2010, 2016, 2018; Kelly, 2022; Langton, 2002; Norman, 2022; Todd, 2015; Tsing et al, 2017; Yunkaporta, 2019).

I confess that I am a sinner.





A liar, thief, consumer-murderer, failure and hypocrite. I declare here, my incongruence with Nature's Ancestry and I live, yet still, a testament to the original intention for my humanity and all encompassing power and resilience of that same Ancestry (Alighieri, 1320; Hammond 2004; Haraway, 2010, 2016, 2018; Kelly, 2022; Langton, 2002; Norman, 2022; Tsing et al, 2017; Yunkaporta, 2019).

I confess that I am the corrupted innocent-sinner, a relic of imperialist hierarchies and an ancient child of Saltwater, borne into the Anthropocene. I err severely, often and will reoffend, repeatedly (Alighieri, 1320; Bruno & Wilson, 2002; Hammond 2004; Haraway, 2010, 2016, 2018; Kelly, 2022; Langton, 2002; Norman, 2022; Todd, 2015; Tsing et al, 2017; Yunkaporta, 2019).

For all these and more, I am truly sorry and am not worthy of forgiveness. This is my confession of my colonised humanity and the undertaking of my monstrosity to devote my existence to the plight of all Nature's beings, micro-organism to mountain (Alighieri, 1320; Bruno & Wilson, 2002; Hammond, 2004; Haraway, 2010, 2016, 2018; Kelly, 2022; Norman, 2022; Todd, 2015; Tsing et al, 2017).

This is my equality.

Truth, I am a monster. Simultaneous truth, I am not a monster (Hammond 2004; Haraway, 2010, 2016, 2018; Kelly, 2022; Norman, 2022; Tsing et al, 2017).

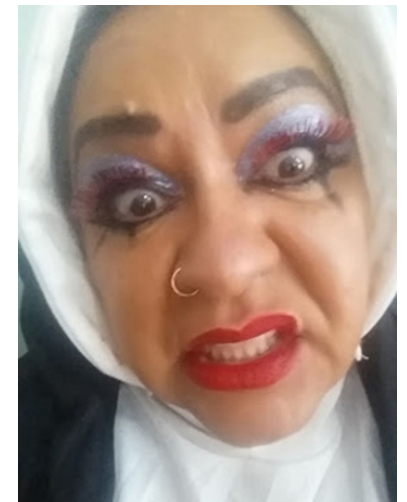
I am you. We am. We all am, human and non-human, equal.

Simultaneous final truth, we-human must be the healing.

A circle, end at the beginning (Bruno & Wilson, 2002; Hammond 2004; Haraway, 2010, 2016, 2018; Kelly, 2022; Langton, 2002; Norman, 2022; Todd, 2015; Tsing et al, 2017; Yunkaporta, 2019).

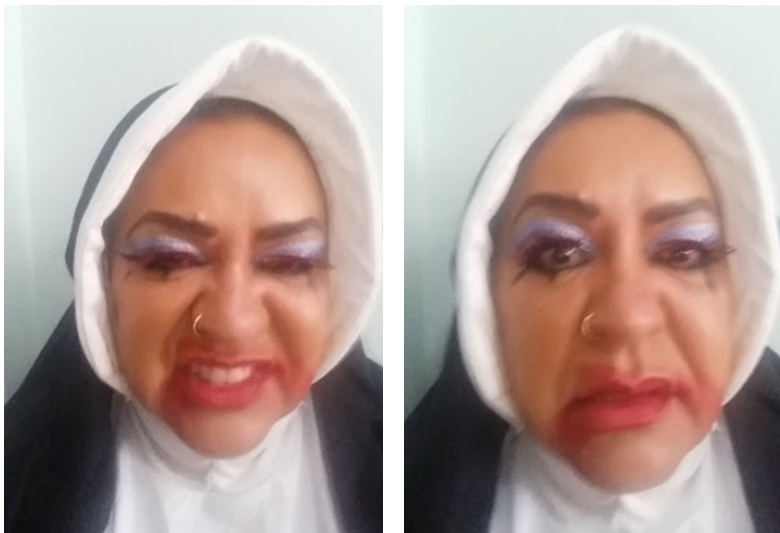
I confess to all the natural alignments of our Ancestors, that I am the consequence. I am the inevitable. The inevitable, obvious outcome. I confess that I am the unavoidable messenger.

I confess that I am a sinner. A liar, thief, consumer-murderer, a failure and hypocrite. I declare here, my incongruence with Nature's Ancestry and I live, yet still, a testament to the original intention for my humanity and all encompassing power and resilience of that same Ancestry.



I confess that I am the corrupted innocent-sinner, a relic of imperialist hierarchies and an ancient child of the Saltwater, borne into the Anthropocene. I err severely, often and will reoffend, repeatedly. For all these and more, I am truly sorry and am not worthy of forgiveness. This is my confession of my colonised humanity. Because of all these things, I place myself, my deformities and deficits in your hands and pray that you will urgently gather together, your highest skills and most powerful allies to change the course of the Anthropocene and let me find rest.

Please, it is only you. Only you can relieve me of the madness of my transformations and thereby that of Nature and yourselves. I confess, it is only you.



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## Artists

Deborah Kelly, SJ Norman, Chelle Barbour, Destiny Deacon, Fiona Foley, Michael Cook and Christian Thompson.



Terrain Vague  
Selena de Carvalho

Terrain Vague  
*Selena de Carvalho*

Selena de Carvalho's practice ignites the ecological imagination through creative translation of materials and environments that have weathered various forms of frontline disturbance, positioning herself in the role of both witness and interpreter. Selena is interested in how artists story and represent culture, with the view of creativity as a cultural response-ability that can encourage stewardship and place-making. Selena is an interdisciplinary artist based in lutruwita/Tasmania. Her diverse practice operates as a framework for deeper inquiry braiding numerous mediums including participatory installation, performance, workshops, sculpture, time-based media, urban hacking, print media and writing.

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HIGH SPEED ON A  
DIRT TRACK  
I PULLED A U TURN  
IN MY CONVERTIBLE  
A SERPENT LEAPT INTO  
THE CAR AND BEGAN TO  
SWALLOW ME  
WAKING  
I RECALL MY SLEEPING MIND  
FLEX  
I CAN HANDLE THIS

Chained to the house, to the computer, to the kids. Tonight is a flash back to 23 stuck at home in the warehouse squat while everyone in the world goes dancing, you are fighting a plague of rats to safeguard the 20kg bag of organic oats you bought to feed the baby you had in the forest when you were still disobedient and un-tame ... but now you are 39 and it's a different time and a different kid and you wish you were at the knitting circle with your friends (you don't even knit) rather than researching disasters for homework.

Snorting vacuum cleaner dust in matching jogging outfits you pose as a trophy wife tik tok witch crowd sorceress influencer with your digital twin. Worming your way through too many books, critical thinking gives you chronic fatigue, so you spend the days endlessly scrolling, jazzing up the resume on the socials in the hopes of becoming a funerary host.

You visit the jade egg quarry for quality control and consider how this spiritual mecca of wealth spells polished for neat insertion into white vaginas, will impact cosmic abundance. Some affluent climate refugees move in next door and begin upgrading their luxury gold lined bunker. They host a perma-blitz BBQ to meet the neighbors and laughingly apologize for ruining your view of tomorrow.

Polystyrene snow floats from the roof of a skyscraper, while you are denied access to the Anthropocene conference for registering too late too early. You walk through walls and drain silos choking on the jelly of Japanese whale treats. A seagull turns left at the traffic lights and you follow them to the dump that used to be a river. Even the trash is teeming with life. The security guard wants to see your double vaxed certificate before you can throw anything down but he's breathing all over you with the unmasked intimacy of a lover and that bird you followed shits on your windscreen. A psychic examines the stool sample and discerns your life's purpose.

Terrain vague. Your destiny is akin to that of a car lot or a weedy yard, a verge between the house and the street ... you exert freedom in being forgotten, under desire, this out of place-ness has you hiding in plain sight. You are the ultimate extremophile of niche possibility.

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Operating since 1975, the Women's Art Register is Australia's living archive of women's art practice and an artist-run, not-for-profit community and resource.

The Women's Art Register acknowledge the Wurundjeri people of the Kulin Nation as the Traditional Custodians of the land on which we work, and pay our respects to their Elders, past and present, and to all First Nations peoples across Australia.

# Editorial Note

## *Tina Stefanou*

*A few weeks ago, I lost the love of my life, Huxley. We rushed back to the emergency animal hospital to see him before he passed and missed him by 5 minutes. This was at 2:35am. Everything was still, we carried his freshly dead body home into the trees. We dug his grave at the helm of our caravan plot. We sobbed, wailed and howled. As if my gut cries could bring him back to the living. Under candles, torches and snot, our voices crashed against a dawn chorus, Currawongs, Kookaburras and other miscellaneous songs—a crossing over was happening. 4am. With no other humans to measure the moment, we wept with the mourning birds. Our bodies collapsing into the soil. Notes that I have never sung before ripped out of me. This moment rolls inside of me, an internal wake, and in the light of 'functional' hours I crawl into a grief lens.*

I am interested in finding ways to connect concretely to planetarity and the complex already-always messy/delicate life ways, to make practicable, beyond exhibition formats, through the undisciplined voice, Agripoet(h)ics and working-class/multispecies performance making.



Dear Reader,

This editorial invites a group of people to express what they want, without the constraint of any specific discourse or theme. The following reflections are undisciplined snapshots of people's inner worlds and processes. Not a bouquet dominated by blossoms of rhetoric or a single demographic, but an offering of moments, from childhood musings to religious satire.

My prompt was the undisciplined. A term I have been using for some time, inspired by choreographer and artist Alexandra Pirici. A term people giggle at when I use it. Because for some, not being driven by a specific discourse, medium or political direction is unmotivated or unaspirational. However, one should not mistake the undisciplined for something unengaged and actionless. Its contradictory nature is not a trick. The undisciplined maker/feeler/thinker is preoccupied with “proliferating sensibilities”<sup>1</sup>, a mode of thinking that insists on situatedness and ad-hoc-ness. The ness of things. Working undisciplined is “anti-solutionist, motivated by the need for rigorous, uncalibrated and disobedient action research.”<sup>2</sup> Beyond a trivial exercise or token of disciplinary jargon, the undisciplined is an emancipatory gesture, inviting counter-cartographies and a type of hospitality that is ex-titutional,<sup>3</sup> a table full of alter-socialities. It materialises in an attitude that is engaged with more-than-performativity. It is a break in the space-time of marketing systems and neoliberal cultural polices because its preoccupation is not the hoarding of opportunity.<sup>4</sup> This renewed frame could serve as a starting point for hypothesising a planetary making, something not determined by Western artistic production in the forms of promotional values, fame and individuality. The undisciplined is not a refuge. It is a re-configuring of social bonds and re-connecting to forces—it wrestles with and retreats from commercial entrepreneurship aimed at maximising visibility and profit.<sup>5</sup> Kristina Susnjara's poetry and wax paintings forge new ties with the offcuts of labour and grief, sharing her melting pictures and worm equations. A fragile figure made of wax and internal meats, a delicate self-portrait that is made in the image of a burning candle.

As someone who fights tooth and claw to get words on a page, having spent most of my life expressing through extra-sensical voice making, the invitation to edit this issue of the *Bulletin* was an opportunity to look at what types of practices and expertise get invited into these types of things: journals, zines, catalogues, papers etc ... what type of validated forms of disobediences make the cut?

The undisciplined smuggles in techniques and orientations from all sorts of places. Meera Rai, born in 2012, calls this a Bul.Let. In and Sister GlitterNullius (aka Juundaal Strang-Yettica) offers their whole being to the task of sounding the alarm of planetary collapse through the performance of a deconstructed nun. The undisciplined is a place of made-up terms, uncommon writing and a hands-on engagement with ideas-feelings-accidents. Lisa Salvo digs into depression with her shovel-as-song-as-writing. Generously sharing internal vignettes of a delicate process of song-writing-as-life-living. The undisciplined is not an ethical way out or a linear ready-made, it is a making ready what is yet to come, and already here.<sup>6</sup> It is the thing it is, which is sense(ful) and out-of-time. It is not, as Selena de Carvalho says, “Worming your way through too many books, critical thinking gives you chronic fatigue,” instead, the undisciplined worm makes its way backwards, nowards, cuts-and-traces or ignores the script completely. Each piece works with questions around knowledge systems, and what is a legitimate form of intelligence? As Michael Taussig cheekily reminds us, “Theory can never do justice to the contingent, the concrete or the particular, yet if you don't exercise that theory muscle to the extent that you realize its limits, then you won't get to the cherished Zenlike moment of the mastery of nonmastery.”<sup>7</sup> For the undisciplined muscle, theory-is-theatre, movements that one learns to play with, which can take place everywhere, without the need to make information explicitly recorded or seen through certain forms of expertise. Writing brings a type of insecurity, divorcing us from the ease of mark-making. It is a task that can make you feel sick “as the very words you write down seem to erase the reality you are writing about.”<sup>8</sup> Hinged on the ghostly efforts of heroes past. The undisciplined points to worlds

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1. Femke Snelting, “Undisciplined,” in *Making Matters, A Vocabulary for Collective Arts*, eds. Janneke Wesseling and Florian Cramer (Amsterdam: Creative Commons, 2022), 302.

2. Snelting, “Undisciplined,” 302.

3. Snelting, “Undisciplined,” 303.

4. Janneke Wesseling, “Underground,” in *Making Matters, A Vocabulary for Collective Arts*, eds. Janneke Wesseling and Florian Cramer (Amsterdam: Creative Commons, 2022), 297.

5. Wesseling, “Underground,” 297.

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6. Patricia Reed, “Planetary Spatiality: Figuring Embeddedness,” in *Structures of Entanglement* (Lecture, School of Materialist Research, Zoom, 21 October, 2022).

7. Michael Taussig, *I Swear I Saw This: Drawings in Fieldwork Notebooks, Namely my Own* (Chicago and London: The University of Chicago Press, 2011), 6.

8. Taussig, *I Swear I Saw This*, 13.

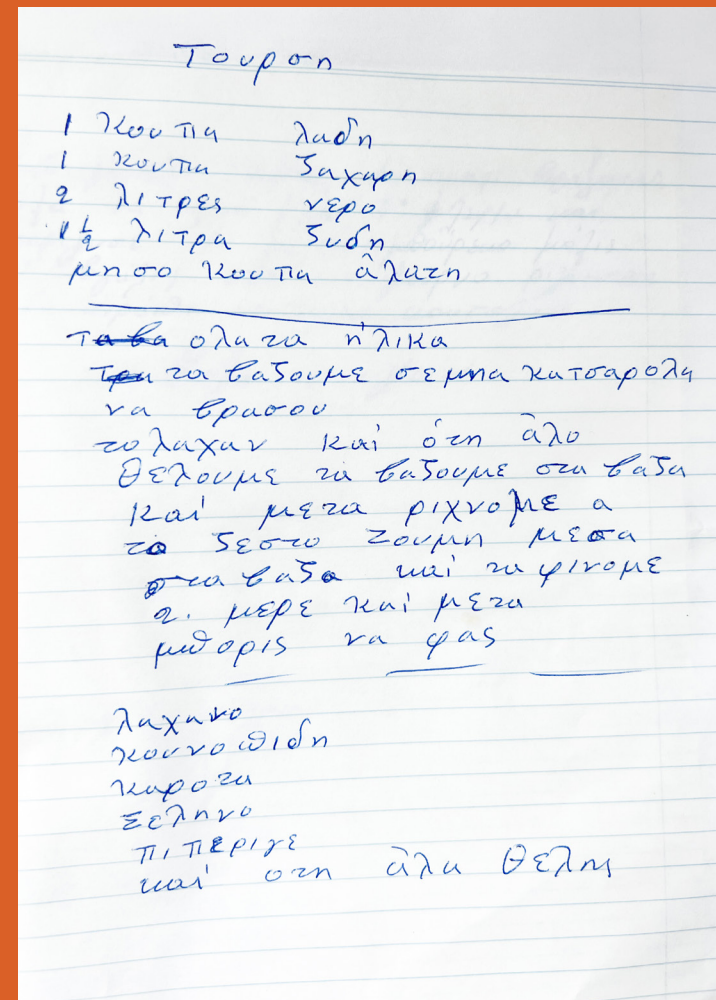
beyond the scripted where writing can feel like you are pushing a sales pitch. For some of the contributors, this is the first time they are publishing in the written format. The scripturally undisciplined is not script-centric even if it uses words. The words are more like pictures and songs.

Here are some photos of my grandmother's handwritten recipes (opposite, and on the cover), a type of literacy that was never fully realised in the written word, but when you taste her food there is a loving vocabulary taking place. Beans and potatoes mix with olive oil and dill in ways that constitute a territory of memory. The smell is a link in my ancestral peasant chain. Her pickled green tomatoes, while illegible and jumbled, speak to the longevity of the fruit, which, drenched in vinegar and salt, is a form of lament. Kat Gaynor speaks about the recent passing of her grandmother and the Yes, butness of questioning where one stands in the food chain of contemporary identity politics.

There is a drive for meaning and goal-orientated living, something conditioned pre-birth. But there are other patterns afoot too, like Meera's aeroplane game, constructed from the beauty of boredom. As Walter Benjamin says via Taussig, "Boredom is the dream bird that hatches the egg of experience." Songs without goals that aren't afraid to reveal the inherent failure of trying to express a total vision. In these undisciplined and unperformed personal knowledge systems, a humbling repository awaits the reader. It is not societal dressage; it is play with a mutual re-intelligibility and difference which is perhaps essential for the Strong Man era of autocracy.

These following offalised thoughts are dazed breadcrumbs, offhand diary entries, shovelling creatures and emotional scaffoldings inviting you to—as Kristina Susnjara writes: "water the animal that is you, that is crying for some attention." With no closing in sight, no virtue signalled, with no retreat, we offer you the reader: Undisciplined Socialities and other offcuts.

With love,  
Tina



Yes, but.  
Kat Gaynor

Yes, but.  
*Kat Gaynor*

Today 7/10/22 I feel fine. I'm not who I was last week, or even just a moment ago. The death of a friend's mum has sort of forced my organs into oblong shields of sleet. In my dream last night my mouth was filled with sand and the more water I added to it the denser and drier it got. And as I was looking in the mirror, feeling the tap overflow, I remembered that I could spit it out. My παππού would always practice this dialogue/ritual with me. He would say "what is the question?", and I have been prompted ever since to respond, "it doesn't matter, the answer is always love". Kat Gaynor is a current student of Modern Greek and Social Work at Flinders University, Adelaide.

Today 7/10/22 I feel fine. I'm not who I was last week, or even just a moment ago. The death of a friend's mum has sort of forced my organs into oblong shields of sleet. In my dream last night my mouth was filled with sand and the more water I added to it the denser and drier it got. And as I was looking in the mirror, feeling the tap overflow, I remembered that I could spit it out. My παππού would always practice this dialogue/ritual with me. He would say "what is the question?", and I have been prompted ever since to respond, "it doesn't matter, the answer is always love". Kat Gaynor is a current student of Modern Greek and Social Work at Flinders University, Adelaide.

*2nd-generation-middle-class-granddaughter:*

*Today I am on the bus, I am listening to my γιαγιά's song. It was her funeral a month ago. What does it mean to live away from the diaspora? Am I less of something?*

*She moved here with no money and no English.  
She moved back to her mother tongue when her Alzheimer's progressed.  
Now I study Greek language at university so I might speak with her.  
But I was too late.*



Fischer says, “ethnicity is ... re-interpreted by each individual ... often unsuccessfully repressed, or avoided.”<sup>1</sup> I agree. I need to address my cultural inheritance before I can locate myself. Maybe that sounds daft, obvious. But you would be surprised at how you are encouraged to forget, misremember. This reflection is the product of ‘unsuccessful repression’.

After reading Ari Lev’s “Tenuous Alliance” I’ve been inspired to take stock and document the obscurities and complexities of my ethnic legacy.<sup>2</sup> But my hesitation in the past has been wrapped up in feeling too privileged for it to be worth documenting.

And this is where the tension lies. As a Cypriot-Australian woman I am encouraged to forget, or to fit in. But in that forgetting, or worse, misremembering, I have glossed over Cyprus’ colonial past, the racialisation, coercion and control of its people.

Which is much bigger than its manifestations today ... “where are you from, really.” But these fragments have roots. This is about Western-imperialism, patriarchy, colonisation, migration, sovereignty.

I was reading Damien Riggs’ paper, “On Accountability”<sup>3</sup>, and thought, this is a step towards housing this tension. To proceed with this reflection, I’ve decided to use and respectfully adapt Riggs’ concept of ‘yes, but’<sup>4</sup> to clean up any muddying of privilege. Riggs uses this concept to recognise their queer identity whilst simultaneously accounting for their race and class privilege. I have been using ‘yes, but’ as a preventative action against distancing myself from my white and middle-class privilege on account of my Cypriot-Australian identity.

No one in my family really talks about the English colonisation of Cyprus. They talk a lot about the Turkish, but also, ‘achh we don’t talk about the Turks’. When we talk about Turkey we talk about the illegal occupation of half of Cyprus since 1974, the displaced people, those who are still missing. When my family talk about England they show me their British passports. How can this be?

When you look up ‘English colonisation of Cyprus’ a Wikipedia page entitled ‘English Cyprus’ pops up. It is its own entity. It was English. An English possession.

A colonial diary entry from the 19th century expresses a racialised construction of Cypriots as ‘primitive, uncivilised persons of the Eastern world’.<sup>5</sup> The English author goes on to say, Cyprus is ‘a source of infection for otherwise healthy Europeans’.<sup>6</sup>

*I went to my Aunty Maroulla’s house after my γιαγιά’s 40 days since dying. They are sisters. She proudly showed me her 65 years of marriage certificate awarded to her by the Queen. The actual Queen Elizabeth. Right before her death. Very timely.*

*The same Queen whose ancestors colonised her country of birth, her beloved Cyprus. The same Queen that granted her entry to Australia,*

1. Michael M.J. Fischer, “Ethnicity and the post-modern arts of memory,” in *Writing culture: The poetics and politics of ethnography*, ed. James Clifford and George E. Marcus (Berkeley and Los Angeles, California University of California Press, 1986), 195.

2. Ari Lev, *Tenuous Alliance: More than the lines that divide us*, (n.d.), 8.

3. Damien Riggs, “On Accountability: Towards a white middle-class queer ‘post identity politics identity politics,’” *Ethnicities* 10, no. 3 (2010), <https://doi.org/10.1177/1468796810372300>.

4. Riggs, “On Accountability.”

5. Daniele Nunziata, *Colonial and Postcolonial Cyprus* (New York: Springer International Publishing 2020), 414.

6. Nunziata, *Colonial and Postcolonial Cyprus*, 57.



*the same Queen whose ancestors invaded Australia 100 years before Cyprus.  
How to see the structural in the individual when the individual forgets.*

*When the migrant becomes the coloniser, you can see the extent of  
Western-imperialism.*

Cyprus was colonised in many ways between 1878–1960. Cyprus was a British protectorate, under military occupation, and finally a crown colony, until Cypriots, in an armed campaign, gained independence in 1960. It is much messier than that, but it is enough to understand how my grandparents, with a British passport, migrated to Australia in 1955. At this time Indigenous people were not even recognised as Australian citizens.

In 1788, 100 years earlier, British ships invaded what is now called Australia and began the process of colonisation (or, illegal dispossession), but not without consistent resistance and survival by Indigenous people. Alongside direct violence, the colonisers forged a ‘new hegemonic ideology’ informed by patriarchy and a capitalist mode of production.<sup>7</sup> And since, white Australia’s ownership of the country continues to be contingent upon Indigenous dispossession.<sup>8</sup> When I say white Australia, I mean that whiteness is an ideology, informed by Western-imperialism, liberalism, capitalism. And that this becomes the dominant and privileged way of being, doing, seeing in Australia.<sup>9</sup>



7. Aileen Moreton-Robinson, *Talkin' up to the white woman: Indigenous women and feminism* (Brisbane: University of Queensland Press, 2000), 5.

8. Tula Nicolacopoulos and George Vassilacopoulos, "Racism, foreigner communities and the ontology of white Australian subjectivity," in *Whitening Race: essays in social and cultural criticism*, ed. Aileen Moreton-Robinson (Canberra: Aboriginal Studies Press, 2011).

9. Fiona Nicoll, "Reconciliation in and out of perspective: white knowing, seeing, curating and being at home in and against Indigenous sovereignty," in *Whitening Race: essays in social and cultural criticism* ed. Aileen Moreton-Robinson (Canberra: Aboriginal Studies Press 2011).

I imagine it like this, covering the earth with a carpet. The carpet is woven with white mythology and ideology, and the pattern is so convincing it makes you forget that there is earth beneath the carpet. It is the job of white Australia to make this pattern very attractive, it takes a lot of work to maintain this pattern, and furthermore it knows it can't contend with the realities of earth, who outlasts and remembers. And every act of Indigenous resistance pokes holes in the carpet, pricking the feet of all who have migrated here. The carpet, understood here to be white sovereignty, provides white Australians 'access to power, resources, and opportunity'.<sup>10</sup>

To complicate this too-simple analogy, white Australia, knowing that carpets become threadbare, must tell newcomers where they deserve to sit, the middle, the fringes etc. to say, 'don't forget, this is our carpet'. And this process, and preoccupation with the middle, makes you forget about the earth and dulls your feet to the pricks.

This is what I understand (and feel) when Nicolacopoulos & Vassilacopoulos talk about an 'ontological disturbance'.<sup>11</sup>

To step away from the analogy, white Australia is not immune to this ontological disturbance and so must enlist others to legitimise their authority over stolen lands.<sup>12</sup> Nicolacopoulos & Vassilacopoulos have located all non-white migrants as 'perpetual-foreigners-within' who are tasked with offering this recognition.<sup>13</sup> I would situate Cypriots in this category.

Crucially these perpetual-foreigners-within must be distinguishable from the dominant white culture, and their toleration is dependent on their 'involvement in production and consumption through the alienation of [their] labour power.' Παππού and his Cypriot cousins all in the Holden factories. Mum and her cousins in fruit shops.

And therefore, all migrants (non-Indigenous people) occupy different racialised positions in their relationship to white sovereignty and being on stolen lands.<sup>14</sup>

*How do we empathetically disentangle and make sense of the unconscious exploitation of Indigenous people by migrants within a racialised system?*

10. Aileen Moreton-Robinson, *The white possessive: Property, power, and Indigenous sovereignty* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2015), 31.

11. Nicolacopoulos and Vassilacopoulos, "Racism, foreigner communities,".

12. Nicolacopoulos and Vassilacopoulos, "Racism, foreigner communities,".

13. Nicolacopoulos and Vassilacopoulos, "Racism, foreigner communities,".

14. Nicoll, "Reconciliation in and out of perspective,".

The Cypriot's place on the carpet was contingent on the fact that there was a carpet at all. Their colonisation racialised them, coerced them, and then utilised their labour power under the guise of migration. White Australia was legitimised by Cypriot migrants, formerly colonised themselves, to reinstate and reiterate the Western colonial narrative, to be racialised anew in white Australia.

I am Cypriot-Australian, and I 'house this history'<sup>15</sup> and this tension, yes, but I am white-enough, middle-class, and I am on stolen lands.

Another 'yes, but'?

I am a Cypriot-Australian woman and I house the tensions of being these two things, yes, but I am white-enough, middle-class, and I live on stolen lands.

*I'm deeply confused by the links I'm trying to make. Western-imperialism, sovereignty, objectification of women under patriarchy. Why am I emphasising this?*

*I am emphasising this because white men ask me where I am from, and when I say Brisbane that is not good enough. And they demand I tell them I am from elsewhere, like it is their right to know, to place me, to understand me, like this land is theirs. I am them, but I am not. I am my white father, and I am my Cypriot mother.*

*Because this goes beyond benign curiosity and human categorisation, this feels like an act of possession. An act of exoticisation. And I am forced to surrender to their categorisation of 'other', without them having to place themselves.*

*And trust me, I feel like an imposter, like I need permission to say I am Cypriot-Australian. I am privileged in many ways(!), and this is 'not a race to the bottom', I must remind myself. This is an attempt to learn ... what is the source?!*

I recently read a book by Silvia Federici called *Caliban and the Witch*<sup>16</sup>. The way I understand the book is that for the European

capitalist state to emerge, it required the destruction of the commons, destroying women's autonomy over their bodies, accumulating wealth based on women's unpaid labour ... and then expanding this into the colonies.

Federici argues that 'capitalism as a social-economic system is committed to racism and sexism.'<sup>17</sup>

When I read this, it was a revelation. The world was still just as horrible, but smaller, and the links more distinct. The destruction and denigration of 'women, colonial subjects, the descendants of African slaves, the immigrants displaced by globalisation' was for a purpose, the root cause being capitalism.<sup>18</sup>

Within these groups of people, each experience has significant differences in the manifestations of capitalism, always informed by sexism and racism. Particular bodies become expendable, exploitable and racialised.<sup>19</sup>

Throughout English colonial travel writing the Cypriot woman is objectified, commodified, exoticised and Orientalised.<sup>20</sup> The extractive process of colonisation and capitalism mirrors the treatment of the Cypriot woman's body. The white colonial man possesses both land and body.

So, when a white man says to me 'where are you from, really' I feel him designate my body to 'other.' I don't belong here, he will tell me where I can say I'm from, really.

But Moreton-Robinson explains that 'colonisation cannot be made into sameness.'<sup>21</sup> The dispossession of Indigenous lands in the Australian context has manifested differently for Indigenous women; the coloniser never left.<sup>22</sup>

White (enough) women have perpetuated and been complicit in Indigenous women's marginalisation through our connections to white Australia, distancing us from our privileged racialised identities as white (enough) women, silencing Indigenous women's experiences as colonised peoples.<sup>23</sup> And this white privilege authorised in white Australia and beyond means that I benefit from colonisation, despite my Cypriot-Australian heritage.

I am a Cypriot-Australian woman, I house the history of my mother and my grandparents, who experience racism as perpetual-

15. Lou Garcia-Dolnik, "A brief history of water" in *Against disappearance: Essays on memory* ed. Leah Jing McIntosh and Adolfo Aranjuez (Sydney: Pantera Press, 2022).

16. Silvia Federici, *Caliban and the Witch: Women, the body and primitive accumulation* (London: Penguin Classics, 2004).

17. Federici, *Caliban and the Witch*, 11.

18. Federici, *Caliban and the Witch*, 11.

19. Sutapa Chattopadhyay, "Violence on bodies: Space, social reproduction and intersectionality," *Gender, place & culture* 25, no. 9 (2018), <https://doi.org/10.1080/0966369X.2018.1551783>.

20. Nunziata, *Colonial and Postcolonial Cyprus*.

21. Moreton-Robinson, *The white possessive*, 15.

22. Moreton-Robinson, *The white possessive*, 15.

23. Moreton-Robinson, *Talkin' up to the white woman*.

foreigners-within, I house their pain of British colonisation, and now Turkish occupation of Northern Cyprus. I house the ontological disturbance of being white-enough on stolen lands, of participating and strengthening white Australia and the colonial narrative, through continuous Indigenous dispossession, benefiting from my access to resources and power. I house the privilege of saying I am woman, understood to mean white-enough-middle-class-woman, and as such I am prioritised in institutions, policies and analyses of feminism.

It is our responsibility in the present to unearth the hideous and beautiful links that bind us. We are all in each other's histories.

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Meera Rai

*Meera Rai*

I am Meera Rai. I love to build Lego, I am obsessed with it. I want a dog more than anything in the world, they are such loveable creatures. My favourite colour is pink and I hate the colour white because it is too plain whereas pink is bright and colourful. I am someone who just can't stop saying: hey bud! I love Harry Potter, it is the best book series ever even though I am only up to Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix (book 5).

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# Bob Shake my booty

I decided to write this piece because of something that happened to me in school. One day in school me and my friends were eating lunch when suddenly I started staring at a chair saying "Bob, Bob, Bob..." very dreamily. After that during lunch everyone got obsessed with bob who turned out to be my husband! A few weeks later during lunch (in school) me and my friends were talking about Bob, then something happened that I honestly don't remember that well but I do know that it led to me and my friends standing on the stairs shaking our bums while saying "Bob shake my booty, Bob shake my booty!" repetitively in sync. That is what led me to drawing/writing the piece of Bob shake my booty.



# The Plane Piece



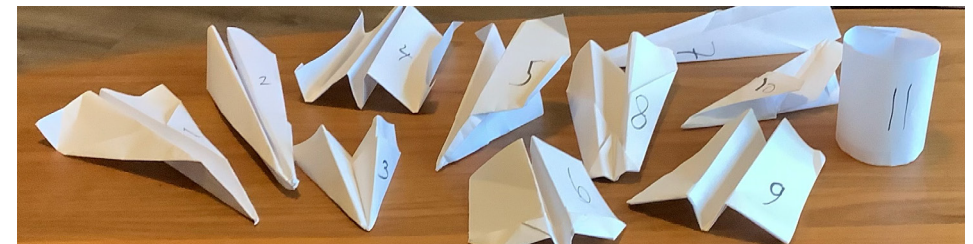
I didn't actually purposefully create this piece for the Bul.Let.In, I made it in my dad's office.

Thursday 29 September 2022 Dad's office: I am bored! I have decided to make paper planes. I have made 11 paper planes! I am bored again, what should I do? I have decided to host a competition to see which paper plane is the best! I will see which one can fly the smoothest or which one can fly the fastest or the most distance, maybe even which plane can spin the best and more!  
I have not finished the competition yet but so far planes number 8,5 and 11 are in the lead!!!

Smooth flying	✓	○	×	×	✓	○	✓	✓	✓	✓
Fast flying	✓	○	×	×	✓	○	✓	✓	✓	✓
Spinny	✓	○	×	×	✓	○	✓	✓	✓	✓
Loopy fly	○	○	×	×	○	○	×	×	×	×
Fast spinning	○	○	×	×	○	○	×	×	×	×
Smooth landing	○	○	×	×	○	○	×	×	×	×
Slow long time in air	○	○	×	×	○	○	×	×	×	×

After that I thought why not use this in the Bul.Let.In!  
And that is how this piece came to be.

This is the list of things the plane should be able to do.



All my paper planes.

# Mother & Daughter Drawing

The volcano erupted!  
I hate it when the volcano erupts  
but nevertheless everyone calmed down and we  
started to draw.

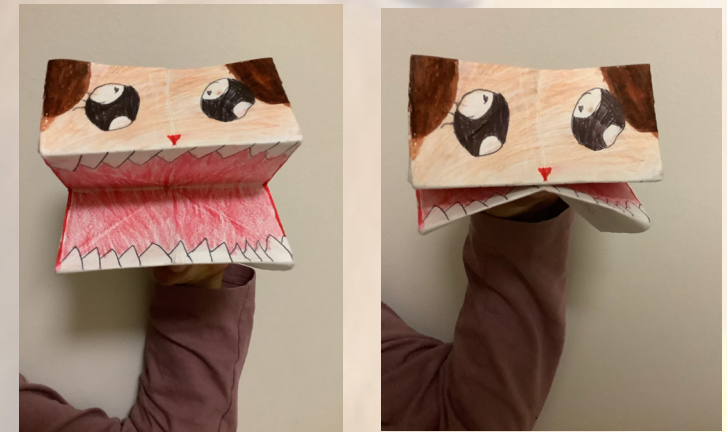
We drew on and on...  
After a while I decided to draw us drawing.  
I finished, finished drawing us drawing.  
It was a work of art!



## The Playful Puppy

When I made this piece I didn't make it for the  
Bul.let.In, I made it for Father's Day or I thought I did...

The day before Father's Day I was making origami  
Father's Day presents. I was trying to make a mini  
origami bag but when I finished I realised that it was  
too small to fit all the stuff I had made, so I gave up on it  
and used an envelope instead. The mini origami bag  
laid very still on a shelf for days maybe even weeks  
until I realised I could turn it into this:



A strident pang  
becomes meek ache  
Lisa Salvo

A strident pang  
becomes meek ache  
*Lisa Salvo*

Lisa Salvo is a songwriter and performing artist based in Naarm/Melbourne with a skill for bringing experiences of grief and repair into poetic song form. Salvo fronts experimental pop band On Diamond, whose 2019 self-titled debut record was nominated for The Australian Music Prize and Music Victoria Awards' Best Album. It was Album of the Week on Triple R, 4ZZZ, PBS and was included in PBS' Top Ten Albums of 2019. In 2014, Salvo released her album *I Could Have Been a Castle* and was shortlisted for the APRA/AMCOS Vanda and Young International Songwriting Competition. Salvo has performed with award-winning theatre company Four Larks in Los Angeles and Melbourne at venues including The Getty Villa and Malthouse Theatre. Salvo co-runs artist collective Eastmint, presenting a range of folk, pop and experimental-leaning performances/releases by locally and internationally renowned artists.

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As someone who experienced trauma in my early life, I try to describe my feelings around a depression that accompanies limited self progress. Here is a collection of song lyrics and accompanying thoughts.

### **Middle of the Downslide**

*In the middle of the downslide  
There's an image of a shovel falling from a height  
Like a seagull flying against the wind, I don't feel right  
I can't uncover the pain  
I can't revise tonight*

*Walking into the beam that rests above my head  
Living underneath a dark and sullen cloud  
I reach for a peaceful place or a zestful life  
I want to know what joy feels like  
Want to look into that lens  
Storm and rain before rainbow  
Break and tear before mend*

*Like a clambering cat on its last life  
I'm an obtuse angle hanging next to a ninety degree right  
Tiny pieces of a puzzle that I can't unite  
Where is the end to this train ride?  
What is my destination?*

*Walking into a beam that rests above my head  
Getting tired of standing up before coming down  
I creep through the bitter days to the dangling highs  
I'm like the snow without winter  
A mountain crawling away  
Glazed frame with no picture  
Person with no name  
I want to row on a river  
That leads me out to a lake  
Finding love over anger  
Feeding health and not hate*



**A vignette between an aspiring human, Shovel and dread**

Halfway to the top of a mountain a familiar dread sets in ...  
A Shovel with eyes, a nose and a mouth speaks:

“Years of dedication to difficult emotional and mental work has not been enough to enable you to experience life in the way that you desire, or more pertinently, in the way that enables you to function as necessary.”

Now the Shovel is resigning due to low job satisfaction.

The dread stays. I bump into it—first sorrowfully and then nonchalantly, over and over, without knowing which is worse.



## Another Sip

*Leaning out the window  
Kneeling in my seat  
Kneading the soft, smooth marrow  
Hid inside the bone  
And in a passing moment  
The breeze brings me a tone  
With no one to notice  
I sing another note*

*And like the shower  
From a waterfall  
Peace arrives from nowhere  
Straight into my soul  
I squint to see a tower  
In the distance small  
Someday I'll be right there  
Not pining from here no more*

*I took another sip  
My mouth under that drip  
I took another sip  
My throat was a sponge  
When plans they go to shit  
I still need to scratch that itch  
Why do dreams still taste so rich  
Like honey to me*

*I know it's out there somewhere but I can't find it  
I know it's out there somewhere but I can't find it*

## Melon on the Vine

*Hands of time  
Reaped and sown sheep gone wild  
In the paddock across the river  
Circling divide  
Melon falls close to vine  
And the lake now is a gleaming mirror*

*Hands of time*

*Silver wire  
Tweaked and taught, leaping higher  
To the ladder in lofty prism  
Searching to find firm resolve, stretching wide  
Through mistakes made in pursuit of affection*

*Hands of time, inside*

*Hands of time inside a smiling form*

*I know you're tired and frustrated  
I know you didn't mean it  
I know it hurts you when I point my finger, it makes you feel small  
I raised a banner of my love  
Turns out you didn't see it  
And when I open up my heart to hold your grief you are reborn*

## **Knowledge**

Acquisition of knowledge was highly suppressed in my family life. My mother declared a blatant rejection of knowledge as an asset, almost attaching a moral darkness to its gain. My father possessed a flair for storytelling, referencing historical events and exclaiming “what do they teach you at school?!” He attempted to impart his knowings, but failed, his tongue held mute by actual moral darkness.

As an adult I’ve pursued emotional intelligence more than any other kind. It’s difficult to hold on to information when brain power is so occupied with the fallouts of trauma.

I can feel my little melon legs, so close to their roots, beginning to stretch out painfully, wondering, “if I accumulate knowledge, will the answer be there?”

## **A strident pang becomes meek ache**

Amidst continuously reflecting on myself, there are moments of observing my connection to other/s. Where I am, which communities I am a part of or lost to, how I exist next to my loved one, or next to non-anthropoid, looking out onto the waves.

After a long time spent unlearning past givens, what is left for me now?

## **I Cry to Think**

*Fear of the unknown  
Veil of mystery stitched in time  
Like an unfinished thought  
Empty pages, vacant lot  
Staring into the void  
Fragile flower easily squashed by the harsh weight of loss  
Fading sense of taste and touch  
Climbing under a rock  
Numb frustration grows and breaks into the dullest of shapes  
I can't fill this boundless space  
But then I cry, I cry to think, I cry to think of you leaving*

*Ghosts, still in the grip of  
Ghosts, tormenting me  
My body is their sleeping quarter(s)  
They're living off of my food and water  
I can't retreat*

*Tears of the young and old  
Shame and misery, pain and doubt  
Yes it haunts me so coldly  
History does repeat itself  
In the stories it tells  
My redemption lies in shaking ties to those old ways  
Finding peace despite the waves  
But then I cry, I cry to think, I cry to think of you leaving*





# BULLETIN

ISSUE NO. 71

DECEMBER 2022

Λευτούργεια

Προζύμια

1 κουταλιά μαχαιά ζεργ  
3 >>> αλεύρι πλαιν

1 κουταλάκι ζαχαρι  
νερο. χείγος

το αφήνω να φουσκώσει

9 κουτα αλεύρι

1 κουταλιά αλάτι

3 1/2 κουτα νερο χύμα

Τα ζιμονομε - και ζεφε  
προβωθες  
το δουλεύω με εοζεντία

3 ~~ζιζο~~ μεγαλύτερα

3 μικρότερα.



Τα αφήνω να φουσκώσουν