

I am a wanderer.

I ~~to~~ accidentally became one ~~too~~ during the holidays when I decided to get a job. Walking the length of Bourke St, I ~~realised~~ ~~that~~ kept walking - deliberately aimlessly. I found myself near Oxford St, then headed back along Crown St. From that day, I have been an avid wanderer.

I am glad that I never got a job - it is incredible, the amount of fascinating things in the world one notices, if only one loses deliberation.

- Klara, 15 yrs

ST MARGARETS 1940.

WAR CAME ABANDONED BABY.

ADOPTING PARENTS NAMED ME JOY.

OH JOY OH LIFE OH JOY

A SOLDIER YOUNG

BURIED IN A FOREIGN LAND

ABANDONED.

AN OLD LADY WALKS IN

BOURKE ST. STILL. OH JOY.

I love it!

Someone else

Speaking truth

with love instead on my
else with no street cred
at all, Korrupt Koppers,
doctored facts all over,
with the file I carry
THIS TRX EAST SYDNEY
BORN ON CROWN IN 781, I'll
have a meet with
FINTEL, FACS, Minister for
NSW HEALTH, Head of
Fraud & Land Council yet.

y sista
violet xx



system of
ANP
violet

We wax lyrical about 'good causes' on Facebook. Philanthropy is fashionable. But look down. Look around. Are you smiling at those you pass? The old lady with whom you are the only contact she has made that day. The invisible ones? The ones who threaten your well to-do demeanour? It's easier to buy a fair-trade coffee than to talk to the man with the lingering-odor on the corner. Let it start here. Let it start now. With you. With him. With that little old lady who is stooped over and who is invisible to the modern world, to the vehicles of hip marketing. What will you do today? Can you see through the lens of another? No more fancy causes. Start with the cause in front of you, the unfashionably present real cause. Start with a smile and a word.

WOOD MAY BURN

RAIN MAY DRY

HISTORY MAY FORGET

BUT NEVER WILL I

THE SAME ROCK OR THE SAME SPOT

CAN FEEL SO FULL OR SO EMPTY

JUST DEPENDING ON

~~THE~~ ^HWETHER OR NOT YOU ARE WITH ME

ALWAYS LEARNING, SEARCHING...

WHO SAID KNOWLEDGE IS THE KING

WITHOUT EXPERIENCE IT'S NOTHING

TOGETHER THESE TWO WIN OVER EVERYTHING

HUMANS DON'T LIKE CHANGE, BUT IT'S STRANGE,

THEY FORGET WHAT HAPPENED IN THE PAST SO FAST

WHAT IF I CHOOSE ME?

or

WE CAN ALL DO IT TOGETHER

or

ESCAPE TO EVERYWHERE

Good Bye

Sor and

Hope,

Surry Hills

Will miss

Both of you

PRISCILLA DONKIN



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THE PRICE FOR

KNOWLEDGE

IS KNOWING YOUR

MORTALITY