

## Village Voices

Mission Australia Centre workshops

Brainstorming ideas about Surry Hills

Sunday poetry	hustle and rustle	two police stations
bed bugs	cars and buses	modern living
couldn't afford it	searching for gelato	pubs
not fight	Crown Street Women's Hospital	convenient
didn't belong	live in a place that doesn't accept you	trying to hang on
on the queue	one world to another	Crown Street school
gay and lesbian	hipster points	trees
live in peace	always accepted at library	value education
love	look at other people living	where is the bus
real people	tired - it drains you	contrasts
Greek	great mixture	parking
Irish	a lovely atmosphere	manufacturing
a real mixture	new apartments	poverty
Dimitri's pizza	walk street everyday	suits
St Margaret's	Brett Whitely gallery	Messina
drinking wine	crowd lining up for ice-cream	diversity
love all	can't afford to live here	Mardi Gras
festival	I might resort to a dandelion	Raper Street
markets	been to latest restaurant	cafe

boutiques	slumming	Taylor Square	The fountain	ibis
seagulls	Tree lined streets	traffic	tranquil	Oxford St
serene	hipsters	homosexuals	dancers	Woolloomooloo Bay
sex	mindfulness	Peak hour	Homeless walk	exciting
City commute	Wind tunnel	Cold and damp	heat	Red light district
Rich and poor	lively	urban	leisure	library
park	food	singles	families	shopping
Four seasons	alternatives	feral	exciting	Victorian terraces
Friendly pub types				

## Village Voices - Haiku

<b>Rui</b>		
\$126 boarding and meal Good food with nothing to do Edward Eager Lodge	Line up for food Staring contest of one another Then see you at tea	All that we do here Breakfast – tea-lunch –tea- diner, Oh! And supper too
After a month here You might have guessed too Here I am at MAC		
<b>Michael</b>		
Commute, peak hour walk Wind tunnel, shaded greenery Bustling, trailing thought	Wind- tunnel exit, stop Skirt flies up, ruddy make over Cautious, stepping out	Heated, re-light block Corner calling, stand alone Pimps, furrowed brow, cash
Serenity envelope Disturbing bumper calling Lycra management		Cascading fountain, Dancing traffic, traffic, tranquility Seabirds flock, escape
<b>Elias</b>		
The warm salty air Fun voices everywhere Nighttime ways alive	The dark streets lighten See people with smiles Another bright night	Gum on payments Cabs passing cafes Walking is better
Colourful people We all like same places It is called Surry Hills	Beautiful day Buildings, shops, lofts, cafes Night lights, fun people	The streets are alive Smiling people, laughter heard Sight lit up buildings
Old History found Big streets, high-rises Fun nights come to town		
<b>Barbara Roddenley</b>		
This is Surry Hills Pause, ponder and pleasurable Taoist days are fun	Eradicating page Enticing paint and paper A happy painter	Broken red brick porch Brown, green, weeds shoulder high Bristling man mopes brow
A pretty garden Very big lively children Now kicking the ball	Visitors missed now Time for pizza on a plate	Taoist school on Bourke Little sisters holy day Holidays are here
Gently gardening now In a wanton willful was Waiting for a breeze	The harps and Ruth Park Dilapidated alleys Glass of cool water	Resting on pathway Close by the little garden Old man and small boy
Usual bins out Naughty children run down lane Women smile and laugh		
<b>Anne</b>		
The great challenge To fulfill deep desire Perfect gelato	Quickly people walk Fast, alone, silently Rich and poor	Mardi Gras night Crowds from suburbs Feathers and sparkle
Diversity same Young, old, slow, fast Joined separate		

Where are you sleeping?

I have a place,  
Where?

Oh! Somewhere -  
Where is that?

Somewhere - - - -  
Oh! OK!

But tell me - - - -  
Why?

Because I want to know  
I am concerned

Please Steve

Tell me  
Where are you sleeping?  
Over there.....

Oh! In a Cave at the end of the Beach - - - -

NO! but there at the end of the Beach  
I will show you some time -  
I look but only see a pile of rocks  
and the water  
is lashing the rocks;  
the Ocean SPRAY  
COVERS STEVE.

Village Voices.

Coralie Hinkley, for Astina  
Tuesday 14 November 2015



~~FOR ASTRA~~ ~~After~~ <sup>Page</sup>  
 After searching for a Centre for my  
 Creative and intellectual pursuits  
 some years ago -  
 my Explorations led ~~at~~ me into  
 Surry Hills -

it was a wonderful discovery for me  
 finding the Mission Australia Centre  
 in Surry Hills and their programmes -  
 their programmes catered for ~~the~~ the  
 widest variety of interests -

I could ~~still~~ continue my goals for  
 learning - and expression -  
 so many possibilities!

All of outstanding quality ---

The appreciation of Art -  
 focusing on different periods of Art and  
 Sculpture -

To inform and complete our Art Experience  
 Art Class was presented - painting and  
 drawing in the Art Room - with all  
 Art materials provided -

encouraging us in our Creative process.  
 our ideas made possible through Art.

## **Village Voices**

Northcott Community Centre workshops

Brainstorming ideas about Surry Hills

Where people congregate, there will be change	Social butterfly	People go around with their eyes wide shut
Foveaux dreams	Prefab bricks and mortar	European migrants
Generation dying/moving on	Corner shop as microcosm of society	Suburb within suburb
Microcosm of humanity	Racism was more overt	More inclusive now
Coloured poodles	Always return back to Surry Hills	Surry Hills Village
Organic and gluten free	Compact	A fear was there
They call me sister	Always say hello	Area 18
It's got everything you need	Understand the basics	Gentrification

**Surry Hills**  
**By Natasha Io.**

Devonshire St morning due has not dissipated to the noon day heat.

Sleeping dog parking spots on Cleveland St.

Foveaux's farm re-imagined in glass and tin, concrete and brick.

Devonshire St granite necropolis reborn leafy metropolis.

Strawberry Hill crik to Albion Brewery tis sweet unique.

Riley St larrikins morph to recycle wheely bins.

Below O'Hears steps children did play in Frog Hollow.

Strawberry Hill streams now in pipes for your convenience :-p.

Mousaka Migration Municipal Masala.

Wise words oft repeated, 'there goes the neighbourhood'.

Messers Goodlet and Smith dreamed my home.

3d to 3 dollars for wheat flour, yeast and water. Why?

Gentrified hipsters are obsolescence in waiting.

*Written submissions for 'Village Voices' Crown St, Surry Hills Public Artwork  
Commission in conjunction with Astra Howard.*

# A ROOF

Poem by Tula Tzoras

What are you trying to say?  
We cry  
When a safe roof  
Above our head  
Becomes  
Illusive time after time  
Do I not belong here  
Year after year?  
A leaf in the wind  
No destination no home  
To call ones own  
A roof  
Becomes so precious  
A haven  
To call our own  
Carrying our baggage  
Moving again and again  
Ill, exhausted, broken, broke  
We arrive at Northcott  
And there it is!  
A roof of one's own  
Suddenly we feel safe  
And we begin to heal  
In gratitude we stay  
Day after day  
Knowing we are safe  
Our roof our savior  
Our Day.

# ONE DAY

A Poem by Tula Tzoras

A million thoughts  
Running through our head  
And then they stop  
And we are lost  
Wondering where  
All those years went  
Achievements made  
Or have they?  
What is success, on whose terms?  
Does society dictate or our  
Own perspective of state?  
Who writes the story?  
We do  
These thoughts confuse  
Filling our heads with fog  
How can we focus, strive and thrive?  
Tears, a never-ending well  
Emotions running high  
We surrender, breathe,  
Look at the sky  
This too, will pass,  
We sigh.



THE HOMELESS GIRL

A poem, by Tula Tzoras

Sweet young girl  
As fresh as morning dew  
Luxury surrounded you  
Caressed you and  
Comforted you

Then like a careless lover  
Luxury abandoned you  
How suddenly you fell  
Not a single key to open a door

Oh homeless girl  
Who sees your tears  
And warms you  
In your vulnerable years?

Who feeds you now  
Who takes away the fear  
When lost you linger  
Now a stranger  
In the mirror.

You look, you search  
But cannot find  
A way back  
To your favourite time

The Labyrinth engulfs you  
Spiralling you down  
You search for salvation  
In any smile or frown

Kindness finds you  
A miracle you think  
He picks you up so courteously  
And literally off the street

Now, young girl  
You are no more  
A menace haunts you  
In your fall

Blurry memory  
What went wrong  
It was as if you left  
Your body vacant  
And dead.

Homeless girl  
Your time will come  
When fortunes wheel  
Smiles once again  
You'll soar to heights  
You never knew

One day at a time  
You take forever grateful  
At daybreak, just for  
Being alive  
Against your fate

Homeless girl  
Dream dream your dreams  
For they are real  
Not this crazy, cold  
Unforgiving scene.

## Village Voices

Surry Hills Library workshops

Brainstorming ideas about Surry Hills

ART IS DEAD LONG LIVE MONEY	WHITE HORSE HOTEL LAY AS A VACANT SHELL	RUMOURS OF MAFIOSO BIKER GANGS LETTING IT DECAY
STILL ADORNED A CROWNING WITH ITS CRUMBLING HORSE HOOVES PROUD IN THE WILD AND UNBRIDLED THE BUILDING BOARDED UP	POST GENTRIFICATION	THE CREATIVE CITY IS DEAD WITH TECHNOLOGY OVERLOAD
SHE KNOWS MY NAME	CHAIRS ON THE STREETS INVITING ME IN	CRISP CLEAN SHIRTS GETTING PICKED UP
SHE KNOWS MY COFFEE	TOAST WITH LITTLE BUTTER AND VEGEMITE ON THE SIDE	

## MSTV (Parallel Project) Ideas about Surry Hills

YOU COULDN'T GIVE THE HOUSES AWAY HERE	BISCUIT THE CAT	THE WORDS YOU UTTER MAKE YOUR FEELINGS
LATTE SET AND DOCTORS' WIVES	NO CONVERSATION ENDS, THEY ARE JUST THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ONE	ONE IN FIVE HAVE MENTAL ILLNESS
2500 SUICIDES PER YEAR	STREETS AND CAFES FILLED WITH FOOD FOR THOUGHT	LOOK AFTER EACH OTHER
YOU SAY, YOU FEEL, YOU ARE	EVERYONE ADORES HIM	GETTING HARDER AND HARDER
HIS SONGS ARE WITH ME	THEY GET THE NEWSPAPERS AND GOVERNMENTS THEY DESERVE	THEY GET THE NEWSPAPERS AND GOVERNMENTS THEY DESERVE
THE CLIMATE HAS ALWAYS BEEN CHANGING	SURRY HILLS WHERE STYLE AND CREATIVITY WORK, REST AND PLAY	I SEE HOPE
INSPIRE OTHERS	GINGER LATTE	TURMERIC LATTE

*Progress or making room for new things*

Can you love something so much that you destroy it?

I had observed Surry Hills from a distance for some time and was quickly falling in love with it. Everyone that visits comments on how pretty it is. In a funny way Surry Hills makes me think of a time that women wore hats and petticoats, men wore suspenders and curly moustaches.

I loved the tree-lined streets. Bourke street is embraced by London plane trees which obey the rhythms of the season. Appropriately the leaves turn red in autumn, sea green in summer and gracefully fall away in winter making room for new things. I can even forgive the trees in spring when they produce spores that swirl around on windy days, get stuck in your throat and make you almost choke.

I often would walk around the streets and look around me continually, which made me bump into people. "Careless tourist" I'm sure people thought. But I could not help it. At every corner there was always something new to see if you had eyes to see it. Some detail on a building that catches your eye, an exotic pot plant on the footpath containing a gigantic succulent, a massive dog walking its owner which always made you wonder "How does the dog fit into the mostly tiny homes of Surry Hills?"

So instead of having an affair with the place I decided to commit and move into this little village. I didn't want to be watching from a distance, a tourist, a consumer or a visitor. I wanted to be a "local" as they say. A local cares for a place and gives rather than takes. Your story becomes interwoven into the streets and public places, your footprints remain on the pathways and contribute to their formation. So the place becomes sacred with the imprint of human beings on the geography of the neighbourhood.

And I have discovered something once you move into Surry Hills. I have discovered that you become very protective of the place. It is a place that is used to change so I am sure that it will withstand this season. But I worry that it won't. I worry that everyone loves Surry Hills so much that it might crumble under the weight of our affections. In the name of progress will the place lose its soul? Will it become plastic, vanilla, a crowded place full of shell people?

It's a sin to stand in the way of progress. Well, that's what our society says anyway. We laugh at the idealism of those who live in the past when things went much slower. But don't we have something to learn from them too? Surry Hills you don't need to make yourself too pretty. It's ok to be messy. Some of your tattered buildings are like the wrinkles on the face of a beautiful wise elder. Each line, each crease and each flake of skin carries the experience of a lifetime. Plastic surgery is popular in our youth obsessed culture, but character runs much deeper.



As the old passes yet again in this place that is used to change and being loved to death, may the new bring people who know how to care for this treasured pocket of life in the city.

### *Eye Contact*

When I moved into Surry Hills I was afraid of making eye contact with people. A new place always brings out the shyness in anyone I think. It's not easy to make friends in a new place. Some people look too stylish here and I recoil, others walk past me yelling out abuse and mumbling to themselves and I choose to walk the other side of the road.

And this city can amplify loneliness. With so many people coming and going, so many people in this space it blurs the line between locals and visitors, so everyone seems to be a stranger. We learn to avoid eye contact. We fear what we don't know. Why does it make us uncomfortable to make eye contact with the other? We walk looking down looking down with faces glued to our phones. The virtual world is safer, more in our control, less annoying and able to be shut down when we have had enough. Hospitality shown towards the other in this environment becomes radical, counter-cultural, even subversive. We show welcome to those who are different and so we embody and model an alternate reality that points to who we truly want to be- a people who show kindness and banish loneliness.

The narrow streets of Surry Hills force me to bump into others. The tiny cafes place me next to people who start talking with me as they look over my shoulder and comment on the book I am reading. Those who own dogs casually interact with each other and connect through their pets. Locals who have known each other forever stop, smile and catch up on gossip. Hipsters, homeless and families intermingle in the same park reminding us that we are all one humanity. Parents taking their children for ice-cream after school as they have done forever, remind me that the past blends into the present.

When I do finally look up and make eye contact with someone I can see something sacred there, something divine and something human mixed together. This is the beginning of friendship, a gaze that can start a conversation, a smile that speaks of welcome, a word that can be the beginning of real community.

AVITARS OF LONLINESS

SURROUNDED BY GATES OF <sup>DEPRESSION</sup> ~~LOANLINES~~

TUXAPOSED BY A HURDY GURDY  
OF NARCOTIC PARODIES.



Thursday 19th

The Lodge

Knights and Ice Queens sit at  
round tables

Round and round they go on many  
fane merry go rounds.

Merlin builds them Ice castles and  
dungeons and shackles unseen

Pallid faces from Liqueur land inbetween

They leave the lodge and Avalon  
To Iceland the sail  
I hope they get bail  
In the night I hear a scream  
and a loud wail

A second viking voyage fails  
A viking horn sounds  
For those whose bodies were bound  
Ales the fleet struck ice bergs  
There bodies and ships do  
flound.

Rodney Eiffe.

Broken Dreams in NSW, tears of  
Joy when it rains, Hummity Sucks  
As homeless again being in Wollomoolloo  
never a Dull moment



*Bentley*

**Uncomplicate parking and being  
seen having the best coffee is not  
a problem when you are homeless.**

Do you see you for you

or the you you portray to be

to me and to the face of reality.

Surrey Hills is suprisingly hot  
for a suburb with more ice  
than Antartica.

Mick Sheldon  
EEL.

## Text Selection Grid (30 letter units per line x 6 lines)

mic.

[illegible][illegible]



"Our message is simple

Share your laughter

not your frowns"

The Kookabrotherhood, Surry Hills 2017.

Kookbrother

Whiskers

**Village Voices** - Your name:

Text Collection Grid (30 letter units per line)

[illegible]

I saw a Black sheep, lost it's way -  
 From the Valley of darkness, I did stray -  
 Red or the Blue pill, I swallowed the bottle  
 Slipped down a rabbit hole, from grace I fell  
 Mad Hatters Tea Party in a great hall  
 Commanded known as Skid row  
 Sorry little, undisciplined, not a pretty sight  
 Lived on ice, a frigging disgrace -  
 Just when it seemed that all was lost, a total chaos  
 In the middle of an angry crowd -  
 Fleshes for from being white as snow  
 A martlet flock indeed,  
 When she was, with golden locks, of flowing hair  
 A kindly smile an open ear,  
 A ray of sunshine from above,  
 In a world that turned it's back,  
 She's the only one, that gave a heck  
 Thanks for giving a damn  
 Always ~~giving~~ <sup>giving</sup> a helping hand,  
 For all us, Black sheep -  
 God bless you, little, Bo Beep-

Straight or Bent

Square or round

Back or front is upside down

fish net stockings is high heel shoes

Social acceptability is non discriminatory  
Rules

Transgender neutrals, Binary Bogs is girls

Crossing chromosomes is Beading genes

None of this really fazes me -  
living in Sunny hills -

But I must say, I'm really  
~~Confused~~

Confused -  
In this age of changing ways  
why is it illegal to wear  
hot pink pants on  
Sunday afternoons



Northcott ~~birthday~~ building has  
Name called suicide towers

Because of the number of deaths  
in Buildings so sad mostly  
drug ~~real~~ related

### Brainstorming at Streetlevel

low income	boarding houses	workers houses	strawberry hills
farm	a small narrow terrace	multifaceted	multicultural
fortune seekers	the shadow walkers	thieves that walk in the shadows	Kate Lee
lost is found	stone	Little parks	Tilly Divine
public housing	new tram line	turfs	low income
throat cut	going to library	diversity	old fashioned pubs
through way	frog hollow	gentle pass	cafes
didn't walk up Albion Street	change past and present	tram line along Crown Street	ambient
reserved people	people with dogs	playing in parks	coffee aromas
shady streets			

Relatively simple is a life

And really small of much strife

But we ask: How do you see us?

It doesn't really matter!

We find our simple place to day

When we say: we know we'll stay!

3/ ~~Elegant~~ Eloquent, effusive play -

A market, dance & art is here!

Relevant to all our lives

Is a happy and a friendly way

So just give us as a happy today.

4 All together or all alone

[This is the place we all call home -  
Children off to ballet classes,

For watching "telly" all alone!

Recollections & no more to roam

This is the place that is our Home.

Children running up and down

Joy and holiday abounds

Here is a happy place

With no more thought of place to space

Recollections all the while - [bring a little smile!]

Line 6



One is here & rests at last!

After a pace of life & work, —  
It doesn't matter what is your past?  
You're here & settled down  
Now —

Two, four, six, & wait?! —  
we're here, & home.



Emily.

Walling in pairs  
 Pets, partners ~~or~~ protectors, those  
 Avoiding the eyes of ~~the~~ crowd.  
 The contrast outwardly seen longings  
 But inside the same constant ~~presence~~  
~~the~~ Anything clings to ~~what~~ the emptiness  
 trying ~~to~~ be filled.

---

~~Walking in pairs~~

Routine mixed with new things. <sup>left</sup>  
~~Consuming~~ but ~~to~~ always empty.  
 Lonely in the crowds  
 Bags are filled, life is carried around  
 In an instant all is lost.  
 Skin + bones + a <sup>spirit</sup> soul, we are all the same.

---

Sirens, engine, dings, dings + dings  
 The loudness is almost deafness  
 Dipping ~~all~~ lives cross paths, those  
 with lts + those with Ben, all lining  
 up to grab their morning brews  
 Working, walking, sitting, talking  
 You get all sorts out here.  
 Will you stay in here?



Mel

DATE

Many small homes, many individuals  
Once outside creates a rich fabric  
Differences woven through with colour.  
Well worn, many marks from  
celebration + sorrow.  
(Providing cover <sup>up</sup> for all?)

Typo

## Open doorways

Open the doors <sup>to</sup> ~~the hills~~  
the hills/are a lifestyle of busy aromas/  
~~quiet strolls~~ a local ~~home~~ / dizzy in ~~spell~~  
lost is found / a spell of social tokens/  
a secret to her heart / lost is found ~~through~~  
in a gentle pass / through a wide strawberry  
meadow #



## THE TRUE REBEL

It is an old association, and a misunderstanding, that to be a nonconformist is to be a rebel. The nonconformist is a reactionary; he acts out of anger, rage, violence and ego. His action is not based in consciousness. Although he goes against the society, just to be against the society is not necessarily to be right. In fact most of the time to move from one extreme to another is always to move from one wrong to another wrong.

The rebel acts with a tremendous balance, and that is not possible without awareness, alertness, and immense compassion. It is not a reaction, it is an action -- not against the old, but for the new.

The rebel is creating the new world so that this misery and this suffering and this ugly society disappears and man can live more naturally, more beautifully, more lovingly, more peacefully, enjoying all the riches that existence makes available, all the gifts of life which are invaluable.

Freedom, love, silence, truth, enlightenment, the ultimate flowering of your being - all is available to the true rebel. The hindrances just have to be removed. All the old structures were creating more and more hindrances and obstructions against your growth. If the rebel is against those obstructions, it is to enable the new man to live without fetters, to live without imprisonment, to live outside the concentration camps and to live a life as free as a bird on the wing ... as free as a rosebush dancing in the rain, in the sun; as free as a moon moving in the sky beyond the clouds in utter beauty, blissfulness and peace.

The rebel is a totally different kind of man from the nonconformist. Never forget it, because to be a nonconformist is very easy, but to be a rebel needs a tremendous transformation in your being.

RAYMOND COOK

TO THE PEOPLE I HAVE  
MET SOME ARE LIVING WITH  
SORRY WONDERING WHAT LIFE  
WILL BRING TOMMOROW OR  
WEATHER THEY'LL GET TO BORROW  
A CUP OF REDEMPTION OR JUST  
SOME EXCEPTION I SUPPOSE  
NOBODY REALLY NO OR IF A  
CHILD WILL SPRING FROM SWINGS  
OR JUST DANGLE IN THE WINGS  
WERE ALL WONDERING HOW  
HIGH HE OR HER WING SWING  
JUST KNOWING THAT CHILD DID  
SPRING FROM BE ~~HIDE~~ HIDE  
YOUR WING SHOULD BE ENOUGH  
TO LET US SING HOW SWEET  
THINGS GET GROW. EVEN THOW  
THEY MAY JUST LIVE IN THE  
SHADOWS WATCHING THE  
SPARROWS

RAYMOND COOK



The nature of the nature's touch is sometimes smooth and sometimes rough and often to much and often not enough it makes some hard and yet others justly tough

The choice of emotion reigns within to choose a pathway toward saint or sin. The inbetween is good enough for most. Awesome is perfection before the host.

Terrence Bradbury

*Terrence* 9-10-17

~~you said it~~ (little)

I love you

"Bear all when your gonna freak!"

"huh, ~~say~~ say what?"

"you heard me?"

"this shits too fly 4 me yall."

a5 4 eva 4 eva ...

-from Jarrod



## Foster house

To some it is their home a strong built castle  
A stay over sojourn without being a pass over parcel  
Plenty of couches to sit and watch T.V  
Shelter from the rain and off the street  
Part dorm part dwelling a rooming house of accommodation  
A Resort to give hope a place of salvation  
Not a roadhouse not a saloon not even a tavern  
A harbor of home a lodge of appreciation  
A palace a place a port of emotional Protection  
Residence's Quarters with room of inspiration  
An abode to help give mental health a very long vacation  
With tolerance of such empathy and kindness  
A warm sense of feeling with mercy and tenderness  
Considerate and thoughtful approachable with kindness  
Case workers to help that are sensitive soft of gentleness  
Entertaining to love of such compassion  
All staff are kind and very patient  
Supportive and perceptive humane and benevolent  
The cooks are awesome like a five-star restaurant  
As soon as you get there a gate of welcoming  
Able to sleep and rest a gateway of understanding  
Fellow solicitude generous and forgiving  
More sensitive to love and forbearing  
Not a shanty not a shack but a Villa of serenity  
A refuge to reside when your lost and lonely  
To retreat and get away from pressures of society  
With concerns toward health with such leniency  
Far from the reaches of plain ole sympathy.

Written by  
Michael Robinson.