



SHORE IN NARRM



THANK YOU
FOR
JOINING US!



SHORE: COMMUNITY ACTION DAY 1
WITH WE CYCLE
MAY 06 2017

SHORE: COMMUNITY ACTION DAY 2
WITH ST. JOSEPH'S FLEXI SCHOOL
MAY 07, 2017



SHORE: STORY
WITH ARTS HOUSE
MAY 06-07, 2017

SHORE: PERFORMANCE
WITH ARTS HOUSE
MAY 13, 2017

SHORE: FEAST
MEAT MARKET WITH ARTS HOUSE
AND FAIR SHARE FARE
MAY 14, 2017



COMMUNITY ACTION

WE CYCLE - NORTHCOTE, VICTORIA





ESSAY BY HANNAH MORPHY WALSH

IT'S RARE THAT GROUND REFERS ONLY TO THE SOIL, ROCK, WATER, DECAY, NEW GROWTH AND REGROWTH BENEATH US.

THE GROUND HAS TO BE UNDERSTOOD TO HARBOUR MEMORIES OF PEOPLE WHO WERE THERE AND ARE NOT THERE, AND THINGS THAT MAY HAVE HAPPENED IN ANOTHER PLACE. THE HISTORIES AND THE FUTURES OF EVERYTHING THAT LAY TREAD ON IT ARE ALL HELD IN THE GROUND, AND IF IT'S ARROGANT TO THINK ONLY A FEW CAN CREATE THAT, IT'S NAÏVE TO THINK WE DON'T EACH SHAPE IT.

BUT SHAPING IS NOT ALWAYS SO OBVIOUS, DOES NOT ALWAYS SHOW AS FOOTPRINTS ON THE GROUND. WHEN A COMMUNITY VISIONING SESSION SET THE TONE FOR SHORE IN NARRM, I WAS SKEPTICAL. THE ARTIST STANDS AND SPEAKS WITH A CERTAIN STRENGTH OF PURPOSE THAT TRANSLATED, THEN, INTO A ROOM FULL OF CREATIVES TRYING TO BE VISIONARIES – BUT NOT TOO MUCH. THE INVOCATION TO MOVE AND UNDERSTAND THE SPACE MORE PERSONALLY, FERRYING STICKY NOTES INTENDED TO SPEAK TO THE HOPES AND NEEDS OF INNER MELBOURNE, IS NOT TAKEN UP BY ANYONE OVER THE AGE OF 22. THEY SEEM AFRAID TO BE PHYSICALLY WRONG. I SKIP ACROSS THE ROOM WITH A SINGLE WORD: FIRE.

THE NOTES DO NOT STAY UP. I COULD FIND THE MUNDANE EXPLANATION BETWEEN THE GLUE AND THE ROUGH, DUSTY WALLS, BUT I PREFER TO BELIEVE THAT THEY PRESSED THEMSELVES AGAINST THE FLOOR, THROUGH IT, BACK TO THE GROUND THAT BORE THEM AND US, THAT EACH ASPIRATION WANTED TO BE KNOWN DEEPLY AND COMPLETELY.

THAT THE NEXT CONTACT CAME WITH PHYSICAL ACTION IS A CLEAR MIRROR TO THAT CONSULTATION. PAPER AGAIN RELEASES ITSELF TO THE GROUND AS A COLLECTIVE FOCUS DICTATES THE HOURS. BUT THERE IS NO SENSE OF COMPETITION, NO SHAME. PASSERSBY ARE HANDLED WITH AN INDELICATE BUT CHEERFUL, "WHAT ARE WE DOING? FIXING BIKES!" THERE ISN'T A HIGHER ASPIRATION HERE, AND THE BEST SUMMARY IS THE REPEATED SENTIMENT OF DESIRE TO DO WORK IN THE WORLD. I'M NOT SURE WHO SAID IT FIRST, THE TALLY NEXT TO IT IN MY NOTES TURNED INTO A FOREST.

AS I ARRIVED, A HANDFUL OF VOLUNTEERS WERE ALREADY STRIPPING CONDEMNED BICYCLES AND ASSESSING OTHERS. THE EFFICIENCY OF A SELF-DRIVEN TEAM IS ASPIRATIONAL. IT WAS HALTED FOR A CLUMSY ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COUNTRY. I AVOID SAYING THE WORDS "PAY MY RESPECT". IT WOULDN'T BE TRUE, AS I BELIEVE IN HONOURING COMMUNITIES THROUGH BEARING AND ACTIONS — I INSTEAD STUTTER OUT A DECLARATION OF STATE AND A PROMISE TO THE RESPECT THAT EACH COMMUNITY ON THE GROUND IS OWED. THEN, THE DRIVERS SPEAK. THE ARTIST SPEAKS OF COMPLEXITY, "AND THEN THOUGHT BROUGHT US HERE, WHICH IS KIND OF COOL," AND A WECYCLE FOUNDER OF MOVEMENT, PURPOSE, "BUILDING A COMMUNITY, WITH BICYCLES..." BOTH TALK ABOUT COMMUNITY, DISENFRANCHISEMENT, AND THE IMPORTANCE OF DOING. WORDS AREN'T JUST WORDS AND IT'S REFRESHING. AND THEN WORDS OF DOING. IN CONTRAST TO THE CAREFUL LANGUAGE OF THE INTRODUCTIONS, ANOTHER FOUNDER STARTS WITH A PLAN OF ATTACK AND BREAKDOWNS. IT'S NO LESS BLUNT, BUT THE PERSPECTIVE IS MORE BRUTAL. IT'S TAKING AND GIVING, AGAINST REHOMING AND GROWING. WHICH IS THE EUPHEMISM AND WHY?

I ASK THE OBVIOUS QUESTIONS AND GET OBVIOUS ANSWERS. WHY BIKES, BECAUSE THEY'RE CHEAP AND EFFECTIVE TRANSPORT THAT CAN BE A SOURCE OF RECREATION. WHY REFUGEES, WHY FAMILIES, BECAUSE THEY NEED IT, SO IT'S IMPORTANT. WHY YOU? BECAUSE I CAN. THIS CONTINUES THROUGH THE ARTISTS PRESENT. THEY ARE ALL ARTISTS, AND LIKE MOST ARTISTS IN THIS PLACE THEY HAVE MULTIPLE PRACTICES. SOME WORK DESK JOBS IN A RELATED FIELD, SOME HAVE NO RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN CREATIVE, SOCIAL, AND FISCAL PRACTICES, AND SOME HAVE NO SUCH DISTINCTIONS. SOME KNOW OR KNOW OF EMILY JOHNSON, SOME ONLY OF SHORE, AND SOME JUST CAME 'CAUSE IT'S FIXING BIKES FOR A GOOD CAUSE.

THE BIKES THEMSELVES DON'T KNOW BETTER, THOUGH I WONDER. I WONDER IF THE COMMUNITY OF BICYCLES KNOWS IT'S A COMMUNITY. I CALL THEIR FIRST STATION DIAGNOSTICS, AND I AM REMINDED OF MEDICAL STUDENTS STANDING AROUND A PATIENT. IN THIS CASE, THERE IS LITTLE RECIPROCATION. THE BIKE CANNOT SIZE UP ITS EXAMINERS. EVEN THE PROCESS IS SIMILAR, BUT THE LANGUAGE IS BLUNT AND HAS A MORE NATURAL FLOW. ON THE NEXT STATION, I SAY "IF THEY ARE THE WANNABE DOCTORS, YOU MUST BE THE NURSES." MORGAN LAUGHS, NAIL POLISH AND OLD PAINT. AS THEY PROCESS AND CLEAN AND PROCESS, I ASK MORE OBVIOUS QUESTIONS BEFORE I LOSE INTEREST AND ASK, WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE. SPECIFICALLY YOU, I SAY. MOST PEOPLE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, AND I COMMENT ON THAT TOO. SCUFFED BOOTS AND BRIGHT EARRINGS, NODS IN AGREEMENT WITHOUT LOOKING AWAY. "I ACTUALLY KEEP A DIARY NEXT TO MY BED; I GO, OKAY, SO WHO AM I TODAY?"

THE GARDENING SESSION AT ST. JOSEPH'S HAS SIMILAR THEMES OF TRANSITION AND GROUNDING. LITERALLY. A LARGE PART OF OUR DAY IS HAULING SOIL FROM ONE PLACE TO ANOTHER. EVEN THE INTRODUCTIONS HAVE SIMILAR SENTIMENTS. MUCH LATER I'LL TELL THE ARTIST THAT SHE MANAGED TO BRING OUT SOMETHING CLOSE TO PURE EMPATHY FROM WHAT IS OFTEN AN INSULAR AND ALWAYS FIERCELY COMPETITIVE COMMUNITY. SHE'LL LAUGH AND SAY SHE HOPED SO. IT WON'T SOUND ARROGANT. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I HEAR.

I DO HEAR "NOT MANY PEOPLE REALISE THAT THIS SCHOOL HAS A LARGE REFUGEE POPULATION," BUT EVEN THE AESTHETIC SPEAKS TO BOTH DIVERSITY AND PATTERNS OF LIVING THAT JUST AREN'T SEEN IN LONGER-SETTLED PARTS OF THE STATE. WE PUT IN FOUR OLIVE TREES AND AROUND THEM A WITH BRIGHT FLOWERS THAT IS KNOWN COLLOQUIALLY AS PIGFACE. HARDY, LONG LASTING PLANTS THAT MEAN SOMETHINGS TO SOMEONES. AFTER ALL, THIS IS AUSTRALIA, I SAY TO NO-ONE. NO-ONE LAUGHS. THE FRONT GETS AN ASSORTMENT OF DWARF CITRUS AND GRASSES, AND AROUND THE BACK ARE A VARIETY OF NATIVES AND SMALLER FLOWERS.

AROUND THE BACK, A VARIETY OF NATIVES STAND AROUND HOLDING BROOMS AND BUCKETS. TO THE SIDE OF ME I SEE A CROWD FORMING AROUND THE WORDS "YOU'RE AN ASYLUM SEEKER?" AND, NOT BEING A FAN OF WELL-MEANERS' PROBING EMOTIONAL QUESTIONS AND SAD EYES AND TASTE FOR TRAUMA, I DECIDE TO NOT BE IN THAT AREA. I TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY TO WALK BACK AROUND THE FRONT, WHERE MINDS ON HANDS ON SPADES HAVE DISCOVERED A LARGE AND TOUGH ROOT OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN. THIS IS MAKING THE PLANTING ARRANGEMENT DIFFICULT TO PLACE, BECAUSE THIS HOLDOVER FROM A MORE TOXIC PAST IS EXACTLY WHERE THE NEW FRUIT TREES INTEND TO GO. MATTOCKS ONLY JUST BREAK THE ROOT, AND AN ORANGE TREE MOVES FORWARD AN INCH OR SO. COMPROMISE. I ASK IF YOU ARE AN ARTIST, DO YOU CONSIDER THIS PART OF YOUR ARTISTIC PRACTICE. NOBODY HAS AN ANSWER FOR THAT ONE, AND I HAVE TO CATCH MYSELF ON THE LAST INDIVIDUAL. I'M SUPPOSED TO TAKE THE ANSWERS I HAVE AND ASK NEW QUESTIONS. I NOTE DOWN THE SILENCE INSTEAD.

OVER THE COURSE OF THIS DAY, WE LEARN MORE ABOUT THE SCHOOL ITSELF. OVERACHIEVEMENT IS A HABIT RATHER THAN AN EXPECTATION. MORE STUDENTS WILL TURN INTO MORE HIGH SCHOOL COMPLETIONS, ADULTS WITH MORE CONTROL OVER PARTS OF THEIR LIVES, MORE CHOICES, MORE GRAINS IN THE ROAD TO HEALTHY COMMUNITIES, EVEN THE ONES THAT DON'T EXIST YET. MORE GROUND TO COVER. NO-ONE NODS IN AGREEMENT, BUT THEN, NO-ONE SHARES QUITE THE SAME SENSE OF TIME. TIMING IS EVERYTHING TO HUMOUR.

HOW DO YOU MEASURE TIME? A WALK AWAY, A LONG WAIT, A PANIC ATTACK. A CURATION OF MOMENTS. THE THEME OF STORY IS HOME, BUT THE EXPRESSED NEED TO BELONG IS MORE VISCERAL. IT SETTLES SOMEWHERE UNREACHABLE AND WORKS ITS WAY THROUGH EVERY TELLER, MAKING ITSELF KNOWN TO FOUR AUDIENCES IN FOUR WAYS AT ONCE. I HEAR OWNERSHIP. MY PLACES, MY FAMILY, MY SIX BY TWO OF AIR. IT SOUNDS LIKE A PLEA, IT SOUNDS LIKE POWER, IT SOUNDS LIKE A BREATH, IT SOUNDS LIKE THE SPACES IN BETWEEN WORDS AND HOW THEY HOLD THE WORDS AND THE SPEAKER AND THE LISTENER ALL TO ACCOUNT. IT SOUNDS LIKE LINES, AND LINES, AND LINES. AND CONTROL. IT IS NAMES AND THE SPACE BETWEEN THEM, WORTHINESS. WORTH.

AND SUDDENLY THE GROUND IS THERE, WHERE IT'S ALWAYS BEEN, READY — NO, HUNGRY — TO GROW, REMEMBER AND FORGET SMALL, UNSELFCONSCIOUS ACTIONS AND THEIR BROADER CONSEQUENCES. THE UNIVERSAL SOMEONE, INTO WHICH NO-ONE STEPS EASIER THAN BREATHING. AFTER ALL, WHO'D THINK TO JUST STEP FORWARD?

-HANNAH MORPHY WALSH



COMMUNITY ACTION

WITH ST JOSEPH'S FLEXI SCHOOL - NORTH MELBOURNE, VICTORIA



PRESENTED IN PARTNERSHIP WITH EMILY JOHNSON/CATALYST, ARTS HOUSE, ST JOSEPH'S FLEXIBLE LEARNING CENTER, ST KILDA INDIGENOUS PLANT NURSERY, AND INNER CITY NATURE

REFLECTION ON COMMUNITY ACTION BY PETA MURRAY



WORDS ON A SIGN: *ST JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, NORTH MELBOURNE. THIS CLASSROOM BLOCK WAS BLESSED AND OPENED BY HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP JD SIMONDS DD, PHD ON MARCH 18, 1962.*

I AM EARLY TO THE COMMUNITY ACTION EVENT AT THE FLEXIBLE LEARNING CENTRE. I WALK THE GROUNDS TO KEEP WARM. ON THE EDGE OF THE COURTYARD, ABANDONED, INCONGRUOUS, IS A PURPLE PLASTIC FORK BESIDE A WHITE PLASTIC SOUP BOWL. SOMEONE HAS DINED THERE *AL FRESCO*. THE VOLUNTEERS AREN'T HERE YET; THEY WILL WANDER DOWN SOON FROM ARTS HOUSE WHERE THEY HAVE ASSEMBLED. BLACK SOIL WAITS IN A MOUND TO BE BUCKETED AND BARROWED FROM BED TO BED.

WORDS ON A PLANT: *MESEMBRYANTHEMUM – CANDY PINK*

THIS IS THE SCIENTIFIC NAME FOR A VARIETY OF THE PLANT I RECOGNISE AS SOMETHING MY GRANDMOTHER CALLED *PIGFACE*. THIS VARIETY IS SOME KIND OF A MINIATURE. IT IS WAITING FOR A VOLUNTEER TO EASE IT FROM ITS POT, EASE OUT ITS CRAMPED LITTLE ROOTS, SETTLE IT INTO THE DIRT OF ITS NEW HOME, HERE, IN THESE GROUNDS.

WORDS I LIKE TO SAY OUT LOUD: *GROUND. GROUNDS.*

EUROPEAN OLIVES, TALL AND LEGGY, WAIT THEIR TURN TOO, BESIDE GIANT CEMENT FLOWERPOTS IN STARTLING SHADES OF PURPLE, BLUE AND GREEN. IN THE CORNER THERE'S A VEGETABLE BED BUILT FROM RAILWAY SLEEPERS CROWNED BY A BUSH OF RAMPANT ROSEMARY, AND ON THE GROUND, BESIDE IT, TIMID HERBS AND VEGETABLES QUIVERING IN POTS – KALE AND PARSLEY, VIETNAMESE MINT, LEMONGRASS AND 'COMMON' OREGANO, WITH BIG FLESHY LEAVES. THE SILVER-BEET, I NOTE, IS COLOUR-BLENDED.

SO TOO ARE THE WHEELBARROWS, THERE'S BLUE AND ORANGE, ANOTHER CAKED WITH MUCK. I'M STRUCK BY A TABLEAU: THREE STANDING AND ONE, FALLEN, RESTING ON ITS SIDE, LIKE A HURT ANIMAL. A CREW-MEMBER PUMPS UP ITS DEFLATED TYRE.

I SQUINT INTO THE COLD BRIGHT LIGHT. I HAVE FORGOTTEN MY SUNGLASSES. THERE GOES EMILY TEST-RIDING A RE-CYCLED BICYCLE ACROSS THE BASKETBALL COURT. GOOD AS NEW.

WORDS ON A WALL: *'ZOK, ZOK, ZOK'*. THIS IS SOMEONE'S TAG, IN A DISTINCTIVE SCRIPT, ABOVE A SMALL INSTALLATION OF CIGARETTE BUTTS.

THE VOLUNTEERS ARRIVE IN STARTLING WOOLLY HATS AND GUMBOOTS. ONE HOLDS A PITCHFORK. A TODDLER WITH MOUSE EARS ON HIS HOODIE TAKES UP A CLIPBOARD AND TOTTERS AROUND, LOOKING OFFICIAL, BEFORE SETTLING ON MY LAP TO DOODLE WITH MY PEN.

WORDS ON A QUILT-IN-PROGRESS: *EQUITY. SHARING.* STUDENTS HAVE WRITTEN THESE WORDS AND PHRASES OF ASPIRATION. *LESS JUDGMENT, EH?* THESE ARE JUST SOME OF THE THINGS THEY WISH FOR, HOPE FOR, IN THEIR FUTURE.

ONE HAS SIMPLY WRITTEN *AIR*.

WELCOMES. ANNOUNCEMENTS. THE TASK FOR TODAY: TO GET "A HERB KIND OF VIBE GOING." THE BOSSY SEEK OUT THE CLUELESS; SOMEONE ANNOUNCES SHE IS "VERY GOOD AT WEEDING." ANOTHER FANCIES SOME STRENUOUS DIGGING TO START HER DAY.

WORDS I OVERHEAR. *IS THERE A HOSE? I'LL GO AND HAVE A LOOK.*

THE WEEDING CREW DEPARTS. THE SHOVELLERS REMAIN. OUT FRONT, THERE'S A CANARY ISLAND DATE PALM TO BE REMOVED TO MAKE WAY FOR A CUMQUAT, AND AN ORANGE TREE, HARDY TYPES THAT WILL COPE WITH SCORCHING SUMMERS AND AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE. IT'LL TAKE SOME GRUNT, AND A CROWBAR OR A MATTOCK TO SHIFT THAT PALM. SOMEONE GIVES THE OTHERS A LESSON IN THE REMOVAL OF *ONION WEED* OR IS IT *ONION GRASS*? WHATEVER THE NAME, YOU CAN'T EAT IT. *"IT'S NASTY, NASTY STUFF."* SOMEONE ELSE HAS PARKED THEIR EGG AND LETTUCE SANDWICH AND TWO RIPE BANANAS ON THE WALL – ENERGY FOOD? A FEW BIG DROPS OF RAIN FALL, THEN STOP. IT'S TURNING INTO A PEACH OF A DAY.

WORDS ON SIGNAGE: *WE ARE PROUD TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE WURUNDJERI PEOPLE AS THE TRADITIONAL OWNERS OF THESE LANDS AND WATERS.*

THE BARROW BRIGADE HEAVES THEIR BARROWS AND TIPS THE SOIL INTO THE BIG BRIGHT POTS. THE OLIVES GO IN. THE PIGFACE TOO. THE CITRUS TREES STAND PROUD OUT FRONT.

WORDS I OVERHEAR: *"...FEELING PURPOSEFUL IN THE WORLD."* AND *"HEY!"* AND *"IT WAS REALLY GOOD."*

I LOVE WORDS, I TRULY DO. BUT ACTION, AS ALWAYS, SPEAKS LOUDER. IN TWO HOURS THESE GROUNDS HAVE BEEN TRANSFORMED.

SHORE: STORY

AT ARTS HOUSE

NARRM / MELBOURNE, VICTORIA

FEATURING DR TYSON YUNKAPORTA, VICKI COUZENS,
MARITA DYSON, BLACK BIRDS (AYEESHA ASH & EMELE
UGAVULE), JAX JACKI BROWN, YARRAN BUNDLE, JODY
HAINES, ANGELINA HURLEY, KAT CLARKE, AMY
PRECVICH, UNCLE LARRY WALSH, BLAK WRITERS GROUP
VICTORIA

PRESENTED IN PARTNERSHIP WITH EMILY JOHNSON / CATALYST, ARTS HOUSE, BLAK WRITERS GROUP VICTORIA AND ST. KILDA INDIGENOUS PLANT NURSERY

SHORE STORY SCRIBINGS BY KAT CLARKE

VOICES LIKE MURMURS BEYOND THE ENTRANCE OF THE ART HOUSE MAIN HALL WERE A WASH OF WAVES AS SOON AS THE DOORS OPEN. FOOTSTEPS SWEEP THROUGH - RATA-TAT-TAT.
THE SMELL OF THE NATIVE PLANTS AND SMOKE FROM THE FIRE IGNITES MY SENSES TO A NEW KIND OF HIGH. HUMBLER TO BE.
SILENCE WAFTS ACROSS THE ROOM, AS THE EMPTY STAGE BECOMES OUR ONLY FOCUS. READY TO BEGIN.

'OUR RELATIONSHIP AND CONNECTION TO THE WATER IS SERENE. WETLANDS SLEEP BENEATH THESE LIVES.' (MARITA SHORE STORY)

'BLACKFISH – THE WISDOM OF ALASKA'S SPIRIT.' (EMILY SHORE STORY)

'THEY DIDN'T KNOW. NO ONE DOES...' (TYSON SHORE STORY)

'DEEP IN THE EARTH OUR SEEDS ARE PLANTED.' (YARRAN SHORE STORY)

'THE MARIBYRNONG IS ROMANTIC WHEN THE NIGHT IS RIGHT AND YOU HAVE THE VIEW OF THE RIVER, STARS SHINING. UNDER THE MOON THE MARIBYRNONG RIVER HAS CREATED SO MANY CHILDREN. ESPECIALLY IN THE SUMMER.' (TAUNGURUNG ELDER UNCLE LARRY WALSH)

'I LOVE HOW YOU MOVE IN YOUR CHAIR.' (JACKIE JAX)



SHORE: PERFORMANCE

"EMILY JOHNSON'S *SHORE IN NAARM: PERFORMANCE* INVITES US TO JOURNEY DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE FOR A FEW SHORT HOURS, TO ENGAGE WITH A DEEP SENSE OF PLACE IN A MOMENT OUT OF TIME AND REMEMBER THE SPIRITS, THE ANIMALS AND THE ANCESTORS."

- YVETTE GRANT



SHORE ESSAY BY YVETTE GRANT

WE BEGIN ON A COOL EVENING JUST AFTER DUSK AT ROYAL PARK WHERE THE TREES ARE LIT LIKE GHOSTS AND WE CAN ONLY JUST MAKE OUT HUMAN FIGURES SPREAD RANDOMLY ACROSS THE FIELD. THE TENSION IS MOBILISED AS THE FIGURES ENCLOSE US IN A CIRCLE AND MOVE THROUGH US TO A BEAUTIFULLY SYMMETRICAL CENTRAL TREE, TO VERY SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY SURROUND IT AND SWAY FROM SIDE TO SIDE. THEY HAVE WHITE HEART LIGHTS. THEY BEGIN TO SOUND LONG SINGULAR NOTES, ONE THEN THE OTHER, AND MOVE IN, OUT AND AROUND US AND THE TREE, IN CIRCULAR FORMATIONS, ALWAYS VERY SLOWLY AND RITUALISTICALLY. WE BEGIN TO FEEL PART OF SOMETHING BIGGER THAN OURSELVES. WE ARE VERY AWARE OF THE PLACE.



EMILY INVITES US UNDER THE CENTRAL TREE AND WE SIT AS SHE TELLS US STORIES. THEY ARE STORIES OF DREAMS AND THE PLACE; OF HAWKS AND EAGLES AND OWLS; OF NOT REMEMBERING HOW IT STARTS AND OF BEING IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE; AND OF THE JOURNEY WE ARE ABOUT TO MAKE TO NORTH MELBOURNE TOWN HALL, ALONG THE NO LONGER EXISTENT WILLIAM RIVER PAST LAST AND NEXT YEAR'S CHRISTMASSES STOPPING ONLY JUST BEFORE THE WHALES. AND SO WE MAKE THE JOURNEY IN SILENCE ACCOMPANIED ONLY BY CHIMES THAT ECHO THE PLACE BACK AT US AND WITH QUIET INTERLUDES OF GENTLE SINGING AND CLAPPING STICKS.

WE ARRIVE AND ENTER THE THEATRE: A WORLD WITH REMINDERS OF OUR OWN BUT INHABITED BY VERY DIFFERENT CREATURES. INDIGENOUS TREES FORM SMALL FORESTS AROUND THE SPACE, A METAL BAND RUNS THE ENTIRE PERIMETER AND THE FLOOR IS COVERED IN MIST. THE SPACE BEGINS TO BECOME INHABITED AND WE SOON SEE THAT THERE ARE TWO DISTINCT KINDS OF BEINGS.

THE FIRST ARE VERY CALM, STURDY, UNSHAKEABLE CREATURES. THEY LOOK LIKE US. THEY ARE DRESSED IN SOFT COLOURS, SOME IN GREYS AND METALLIC COLOURS, OTHERS IN BLUES AND GREENS AND MANY OF THEM HAVE A LARGE SQUARE ATTACHED TO THE FRONT OF THEIR CLOTHING. THEY MOVE SLOWLY, SOMETIMES VERY SLOWLY, AND EVENLY. THEY ARE USED FOR BALANCE AND LEANED AGAINST. WE HEAR THEIR STEADY BREATH AND THEIR SONG BUT THEIR EXPRESSION IS MINIMAL. THEY FRAME THE ACTION. THEY MOVE IN FORMATIONS. THEY MOVE THE TREES. THEY ECHO THE ACTION. AND THE STORIES. WE HAVE THE SENSE THAT WE KNOW THEM AND THEY ARE ALWAYS THERE, THAT THEY KEEP TO THEMSELVES MOSTLY BUT WE CAN CALL ON THEM AND DEPEND ON THEM WHEN WE NEED THEM.

THERE IS ANOTHER KIND OF CREATURE IN THE SPACE. THERE ARE THREE OF THEM. THEY SEEM MOSTLY LIKE US TOO BUT THEY ARE VERY LEAN AND THEIR EYES ARE WILD. THEY ARE BRIGHT ORANGE AND YELLOW AND RED. THEIR MOVEMENTS CHANGE FROM ERRATIC AND JERKY, TO CONTROLLED AND REPETITIVE, TO CASUAL, CHILD-LIKE AND FREE. THEY COVER LARGE DISTANCES QUICKLY AND INTERACT INTIMATELY WITH EACH OTHER. THEY ARE VERY EXPRESSIVE AND SOMETIMES DELIGHTFULLY HAPPY BUT THEIR EMOTIONS SWING DRAMATICALLY AND REACH LEVELS OF DEEP DESPERATION. THERE IS AN EXCITEDNESS AND SOMETIMES EVEN A VIOLENCE ABOUT THEM. THEY WORK VERY HARD, AND SWEAT AND BREATHE HEAVILY. THEY SPEAK TO EACH OTHER AND SOMETIMES TO US. THEY TELL US THE STORY OF A WHALE – OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

AND WE LISTEN. AND IN THE END, WE FEEL THAT ALL OF US CREATURES ARE IN THIS TOGETHER, AND THE STORY CLOSES AS IT BEGAN WITH A CALL TO GATHER. AND WE FEEL WE HAVE GATHERED. AND WE FEEL WE HAVE BEEN SOMEWHERE. AND WE FEEL WE HAVE WITNESSED INCREDIBLE TIMES AND MET IMPORTANT CREATURES. AND SOMEHOW, MORE THAN BEFORE, AS WE LEAVE WE FEEL WE CARRY WITH US THESE TIMES, THESE CREATURES AND A MEMORY OF THIS PLACE.

SHORE ESSAY BY LIZA DEZFOULI

AUDITIONS TO PERFORM IN SHORE IN NARRM INVOLVED SOME WALKING SLOWLY AND CONSCIOUSLY AROUND A ROOM. MY KIND OF SHOW!

I'M ENTRANCED BY CREATOR EMILY JOHNSON, WHOSE PHYSICALITY MAKES HER LOOK LIKE SHE'S DANCING EVEN WHEN SHE'S NOT.

I CAN'T HEAR EVERYTHING EMILY SAYS; SHE'S SOFTLY SPOKEN AND I'M DEAF IN MY RIGHT EAR. SOON THIS DOESN'T MATTER AS DEAR CAST MEMBERS JUGY AND MARIJA FEIJOA APPOINT THEMSELVES AS MY PERSONAL CLARIFIERS. I APPOINT MYSELF A PERFORMANCE ROLE LACKING IN OVERT RESPONSIBILITY SO I CAN ENJOY GIVING MYSELF OVER TO THE CURRENTS AND EDDIES SHIFTING US ALONG. THE PRODUCTION SEEMS NOT SO MUCH TO BE DEVISED AS *ENTICED* INTO EXISTENCE, WITH EMILY AND MARGO, IN PART, COAXING SOMETHING TO ARISE ORGANICALLY OUT OF THE FACT OF THE GROUP, A PROCESS DEPENDENT ON OUR COLLECTIVE PRESENCE.

STANDING IN ONE SPOT FOR CHUNKS OF TIME, STILLNESS AND BODY-CONSCIOUSNESS, MAKE ME AWARE OF SMALL ACHES I'M CARRYING, MOSTLY IN MY RIGHT SHOULDER. I'M THANKFUL THAT I'M NOT IN ANY SIGNIFICANT PAIN, THAT I'M ABLE TO BE PART OF THIS.



EMILY TALKS ABOUT US ‘BEING TREES,’ IN THAT TREES DON’T APPEAR TO MOVE MUCH BUT ARE VERY MUCH THERE. SHORE IN NARRM IS THE NAME EMILY HAS GIVEN TO A TREE IN ROYAL PARK, AROUND WHICH THE RITUALIZED OUTDOOR PART OF THE SHOW REVOLVES. I RECALL CERTAIN TREES FROM MY CHILDHOOD SPENT IN THE NATIVE BUSHLAND OF WEST AUCKLAND, IN NEW ZEALAND. AS CHILDREN WE LEARNT ABOUT MāORI SPIRITUAL TRADITIONS OF EXPERIENCING AND REPRESENTING THE NATURAL WORLD— SHORE IN NARRM IS INFORMED BY A SIMILAR AWARENESS OF CONNECTION TO THE ENVIRONMENT, IS ALIGNED WITH MāORI WAYS OF ‘BEING IN COUNTRY,’ YOU COULD SAY. PERHAPS CATALYST WILL CREATE A SHOW IN AOTEAROA/NEW ZEALAND ONE DAY.

THE THEATRE PART OF THE PERFORMANCE BEGINS WITH OUR SLOW SOMEWHAT RANDOM ENTRANCE FROM THE ARTS HOUSE FOYER INTO THE PERFORMANCE SPACE – A WELCOME THING AS I’M TIRED FROM WALKING TO AND BACK FROM ROYAL PARK AND FROM THE WALKING AND RUNNING WE DID THERE. I GET FITTER OVER THE FORTNIGHT. OUR GROUP WARM-UP ON OPENING NIGHT, THE CIRCLE SHOWERING ENERGY OVER ONE INDIVIDUAL, WORKS MAGIC ON TIREDNESS.

STANDING WITH MY BACK TO THE AUDIENCE IN THE FIRST SEGMENT OF THE SHOW MEANS MISSING OUT ON WATCHING MAYLENE AS SHE SINGS SO BEAUTIFULLY. AM SO ENJOYING THE MUSICAL PART OF THINGS – HEARING OTHERS SING AND SINGING MYSELF. PART OF THE JOURNEY FROM THE OUTDOOR ELEMENT OF SHORE INVOLVES PAUSING UNDER ANOTHER TREE TO SING A SHORT SONG IN LANGUAGE, TAUGHT TO US BY AN INDIGENOUS WOMAN, ISOBEL. MARGO REMINDS US THAT THE WORDS OF THE SONG ARE MORE THAN MERE SYLLABLES, WE TELL A STORY ABOUT A CROW AND THE ORIGINS OF THE BLACK SWAN.

IN THE PARK EMILY TALKS ABOUT THE WALK BACK TO ARTS HOUSE: WE FOLLOW THE ROUTE OF ONE OF MELBOURNE’S LOST WATERWAYS, ONCE KNOWN AS WILLIAMS CREEK, WHICH NOW FLOWS INVISIBLY AS A STORM-WATER DRAIN UNDER ELIZABETH ST. WE WALK PAST THE RED GERANIUMS SHE MENTIONED, GROWING IN THE FRONT GARDEN OF A TERRACE HOUSE. A SIZEABLE GROUP OF PEOPLE MAKING ITS WAY IN SILENCE ALONG THE STREETS AT NIGHT WOULD HAVE LOOKED EXTREMELY ‘CULTY’ TO AN OBSERVER BUT IT WAS A RARE AND DELIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE TO BE PART OF.

TINY MOMENTS ARE WHAT THIS SHOW MEANS TO ME, HOMAGE TO SIMPLY BEING ALIVE AND CONSCIOUS, OF THE PLEASURE OF SENTIENCE AND IN SMALL JOYFUL MEMORIES. IN THE PARK EMILY TELLS A STORY AND WONDERS HOW MUCH SHE HAS FORGOTTEN, AND I, ALONG WITH EVERYONE PRESENT, ASK MYSELF THE SAME QUESTION.

THERE'S A MEDITATIVE, THERAPEUTIC ELEMENT IN WHAT WE'RE DOING; I'VE BECOME LESS ANXIOUS IN MY TIME OUTSIDE OF SHORE, I'M BREATHING MORE DEEPLY. MOST OF THE TIME I MENTALLY DOCUMENT WHATEVER I'M GOING THROUGH, CONSTANTLY FINDING WORDS IN MY HEAD WHEN I EXPERIENCE SOMETHING IN ORDER TO TALK OR WRITE ABOUT IT LATER. NOW, SINCE SHORE, I'M CONSCIOUS OF NOT PUTTING SENSATIONS OR EVENTS INTO LANGUAGE, INSTEAD CULTIVATING THE PRACTICE OF LETTING MY EXPERIENCES BE. TO SILENTLY NOTICE IS SUFFICIENT AND GOOD AND I'M MORE LIKELY TO REMEMBER THINGS, TO MORE FULLY APPRECIATE THE *THINGNESS* OF THINGS.

SHORE ESSAY BY MARIJA HERCEG

LOOKING BACK NOW THE VISUAL I AM GETTING OF *SHORE* IS A GRADUAL BECOMING OF THIS BEING INTO LIFE, THIS BIG WHALE HOLDING US ALL TOGETHER IN IT'S BELLY!

FROM DAY ONE I WAS CAPTIVATED BY EMILY'S FLUID, POETIC CONVERSATIONAL EXPRESSION. WE SEEMED TO HAVE INSTANTLY PASSED THROUGH A THRESHOLD INTO THE DELICATE SPACE OF FEELING, PLANTING A SEED WITH EACH MOVEMENT AND GESTURE OF WHAT IS TO COME. TREES THAT MAY HAVE SIMPLY BEEN NOTICED AS JUST BEING THERE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW BECAME KNOWN; TOGETHERNESS BECAME IMPORTANT, STORY BECAME IMPORTANT.

MY INITIAL POSITION IN THE PERFORMANCE SPACE WAS AN INVITATION BY EMILY TO STAND WITH EASE AND ASSURANCE, AS IF I HAD BEEN SO FOR A HUNDRED YEARS, AND FOR THIS I NEEDED TO SEE WITH EYES THAT SEE BEYOND THE IMMEDIATE.

EACH ELEMENT IN THE SPACE CONNECTED AND GREW INTO EACH OTHER; EVEN THROUGH TRANSITIONS, IT FELT LIKE WATER FLOWING. THE SPACE FOR ME HAD THIS HONEST QUALITY TO IT, WHERE IT WASN'T SO MUCH CREATED, BUT ALLOW TO BE. I FEEL WE THE CAST HELD THE SPACE IN THIS TIMELESS STILLNESS, IN MY IMAGINATION WATCHING ON LIKE SPIRITS.



I FELT IT SO SPECIAL THE FEELING OF INTIMACY CREATED WHEN EMILY AND THE DANCERS WOULD LEAN AND HUG THE CAST. I ALSO ENJOYED WATCHING THEM IN ONE PARTICULAR SCENE WHEN THEY ARE STOMPING THEIR FEET, THEY LOOKED LIKE THESE PRIMAL CREATURES IN THE WILD THAT HAVE REUNITED IN JOY.

WHAT CAME, AS A CHALLENGE TO ME WAS STANDING STILL FOR LONGER THAN USUAL PERIODS OF TIME, MORE SO MENTALLY WITHOUT THE USUAL DISTRACTIONS THAT BREAK STATE. I TOOK THIS AS ANOTHER TRAIT OF THE WORLD THAT I BELONG TO THAT IS MOVING TOO FAST AND NEEDS TO SLOW DOWN THE PACE. THIS WAS BEST EXPERIENCED IN THE 'SLOW WALK'. I SEE THE WALK AS AN IMPORTANT INDICATION OF MY RELATIONSHIP TO TIME, PRESENCE IN MYSELF AND EXPRESSION IN THE WORLD. OBSERVING ANOTHER CAST MEMBER 'SLOW WALK' MADE ME THINK OF US AS TEMPORARY PASSENGERS IN OUR BODIES, AND WITH THAT I FELT A SENSE OF GRATITUDE FOR THE MOMENTS THAT WE ARE HERE AND TOGETHER.

THE PERFORMANCE SPILLS INTO THE WORLD AND I RECOGNIZE IT IN THE PATTERNS OF MOVEMENT FROM THE VARIOUS REHEARSAL SEQUENCES. IN TRAFFIC I SAW CARS, EQUALLY SPACED FROM EACH OTHER, MAINTAINING SAME DISTANCE, FOLLOWING EACH OTHER AROUND A BEND, JUST AS WE DID IN OUR CIRCLING OF THE TREE. IT FELT NICE TO FOR A MOMENT THINK OF THEM AS FOLLOWING EACH OTHER TO STAY CONNECTED...



THIS BLENDING OF 'ART' AND 'LIFE' I SEEK AND SEEK TO CREATE. I MORE SO REALISED THIS AT THE BEGINNING OF OUR CIRCLING OF THE TREE, WHEN I WAS FIRST OVERCOME WITH A NERVOUSNESS, KNOWING THERE IS AN AUDIENCE PRESENT NOW, THE THOUGHT CAME TO ME THAT I NEED TO 'PERFORM' AND ALTHOUGH I HAVE BEEN PRACTICING FOR A PERFORMANCE I WOULDN'T BE STAYING TRUE TO IT IF I HAD JUST DECIDED TO PERFORM, SO IT FELT POWERFUL TO RECOGNISE THAT THIS IS ME, WITH MY FEET ON THE GROUND EXISTING NO LESS OR MORE AS MYSELF BY THIS TREE THAN AT ANY OTHER OCCASION IN TIME, WHETHER I CHOSE TO CALL IT PERFORMANCE, IT IS MY LIFE.

...AND THE TREE, BEYOND THE PERFORMANCE, BEYOND ME, AWAITS AS AN INVITATION FOR US TO GATHER, TO REMEMBER, SHARE A MEAL, SHARE STORIES AGAIN... SHARE A VISION OF THE FUTURE AS WE HAVE BEEN DOING SO FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS.

SHORE SPOKE TO ME OF BELONGING, THAT WE ARE PERHAPS ONLY ONE PERSON, STORY, TREE AWAY OF CREATING THAT FEELING...



SHORE ESSAY BY JAQUELINE SHEA MURPHY

THIS IS THE FOURTH PLACE IN WHICH I'VE BEEN PART OF SHORE. I WROTE A BLOG ESSAY ABOUT SHORE IN MINNEAPOLIS IN 2014, WHICH WAS ITS PREMIERE AND THE FIRST TIME I'D SEEN IT. THE PIECE AND THE PLACE (MINNEAPOLIS) WERE ALL NEW TO ME THEN. I FOLLOWED SHORE TO LENAPEHOKING, NEW YORK CITY, WHICH IS WHERE I WAS BORN AND WHERE MY FATHER WAS KILLED, AND WHERE I CONSIDER HOME, EVEN THOUGH REALLY I'VE HARDLY LIVED THERE EXCEPT DURING UNIVERSITY. DURING THE SHORE: PERFORMANCE THERE, I FELT CONNECTED IN A SPECTRAL KIND OF WAY TO THE LOWER MANHATTAN STREETS WE WALKED THROUGH, AND TO THE FAMILIARITY AND BUZZ OF THE NEW YORK ARTS WORLD (BILL T. JONES WAS IN THE LOBBY WHEN I PASSED INTO THE THEATER; IT WAS A SCENE, EXCITING). I WAS MORE DEEPLY PART OF SHORE IN YELAMU – SAN FRANCISCO – A REGION I'VE WALKED AND DANCED AND LIVED IN FOR NEARLY THREE DECADES, AND WHERE I HELPED MAKE CONNECTIONS THAT BROUGHT INDIGENOUS ELDERS AND YOUNGSTERS ONTO THE SHORE DANCE STAGE, AND SHORE: STORY AND FEAST AND A FINAL

PERFORMANCE OUT TO INDIGENOUS DANCE GATHERINGS. AND NOW HERE I AM IN NARRM, WHICH I'VE LEARNED IS THE WURUNDJERI WORD (WURUNDJERI ARE THE INDIGENOUS PEOPLE OF THE LAND ON WHICH ARTHOUSE, WHERE PART OF SHORE: PERFORMANCE, WILL HAPPEN, IS SITUATED IN RELATION TO THE RIVER) FOR THAT PART OF MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, WHICH IS A VERY FAR WAY FROM ANY PLACE I'VE CALLED HOME, AND POSSIBLY THE LAST PLACE SHORE WILL HAPPEN (ITS POSSIBLE IT WILL BE REMOUNTED, SOMEDAY, BUT IT'S A BIG ENDEAVOR, AND SO FAR NOTHING HAS BEEN SCHEDULED, EMILY TELLS ME.) I MISSED SHORE IN SEATTLE, AND ALASKA, REGRETFULLY. IT'S BEEN A JOURNEY.

SOME THINGS ARE DIFFERENT HERE AT SHORE: PERFORMANCE IN NARRM: WE DON'T GET NAMETAGS (PERHAPS TO SAVE PAPER?); OR A SURVEY TUCKED IN AN ENVELOPE, TO COMPLETE FOUR DAYS AFTER WE SEE THE PIECE. IT IS LATE AUTUMN HERE IN JUNE, SO WE START IN THE DARK (IT WAS TWILIGHT IN LENAPEHOKING, BUT NOT PITCH DARK LIKE HERE). WE HEAD TO A CORNER WE'VE BEEN TOLD IS THE PLACE TO START, AND ARE GIVEN FLASHLIGHTS (WHICH DOUBLE AS OUR TICKETS) AND HEAD UP INTO ROYAL PARK WHERE THERE IS A MAJESTIC AND GIANT TREE THAT HAS BEEN HALF ILLUMINATED FOR THE SHOW. IT IS STUNNING AGAINST THE NIGHT SKY, JUST LUMINOUS. AS WE GATHER TOGETHER (NEAR A "GATHER HERE" SIGN FRAMED IN LIGHT BULBS) THE CAST STANDS AROUND ITS GIANT TRUNK WEARING LIGHT-BLADDERS HANGING AROUND THEIR NECKS (THEY ARE PLASTIC RECTANGULAR POCKETS BULGING WITH LIGHT; I THINK OF THEM AS LIGHT BLADDERS). EMILY STANDS ON HER PEDESTAL AND TELLS HER TREE-HAWK-EAGLE DREAM STORY, AND POINTS TO A TREE, DOWN A WAYS, AND ABOUT THE SENSE SHE HAD THAT SHE WAS THAT TREE, AND WAS HERSELF, AT THE SAME MOMENT. HER STORIES, THE DARK, THE MOONLIT SKY, THIS SHIMMERING HALF-LIT SETTING, TUNE OUR ATTENTIONS TO LAYERS OF CONNECTION AND OF DISTANCE: TO OUR RUSTLINGS HERE ON EARTH, TO THE TREE AND BIRD BEINGS AROUND US, TO OTHER WORLDS: THE STARS, REALMS OF BEING AND CONSCIOUSNESS ON MULTIPLE SCALES. ALERT TO THESE LAYERS AND SENSING THE SHIFTING SPACES BETWEEN THEM, WE WALK A LONG WAY TO THE

THEATER, TOGETHER, THROUGH THE STREETS, IN SILENCE, THE SOUNDS OF OUR FEET CRUNCHING. “WHAT’S IT FOR? WHAT’S IT FOR?” A GROUP OF PEOPLE SHOUTS TO US AS WE WALK. NO ONE ANSWERS. ON ANOTHER CORNER, A WOMAN LAUGHS TO HER FRIEND AS WE PASS BY, “I TOLD YOU IT WAS ART!”

THE THEATER WE ARRIVE AT IS A LARGE ONE, THOUGH NOT AS LARGE AS THE ONE IN MINNEAPOLIS. AND THE CAST IS DIFFERENT TOO -- NOT JUST THE “CHOIR” CAST, WHICH IS ALWAYS DIFFERENT, AND ALWAYS IN RELATION TO THE PLACE IN WHICH SHORE IS TAKING PLACE, BUT THE CORE CAST TOO. ARETHA AND KRISTA ARE GONE. AND YET, THEY ARE NOT FULLY GONE: I SEE FLASHING OF THEM IN THE TWO NEW DANCERS, LIKE WHEN KRISTA’S CLAW-LIKE HANDS APPEAR ON ONE OF THE NEW DANCERS, THE YOUNG WOMAN WITH A PONYTAIL JUST FOR AN INSTANT. AND ARETHA’S STICK-ON MUSTACHE IS GONE FROM THE STAGE, TOO, THOUGH I WONDER IF THE WAY IT SIGNED THE PLAYFUL WAY THINGS AREN’T ALWAYS WHAT THEY FIRST APPEAR, AND ITS GENDER-INDETERMINACY, MIGHT HAVE BEEN TRANSPOSED TO THE OTHER NEW DANCER, WHO IS TALL, SHORT HAIR, AND WHOSE GENDER AT FIRST IS HARD TO TELL. EMILY’S FULLER DANCING PRESENCE IS ALSO DIFFERENT. I THINK SHE IS DOING MUCH OF ARETHA’S ROLE AS WELL AS HER OWN: THE HANDSTANDS, THE VIRTUOSIC LEG KICKS, THE QUIRKY SEEMING-RANDOM-NOT-RANDOM BASKETBALL MOVEMENT. THE PLAYFUL PART WITH THE CLOTH ON THE HEAD IS GONE. MOST STRIKINGLY, THERE IS A MORE PRESENT ANGER: EMILY’S LEGS SLAM DOWN WITH FORCE, WE HEAR HER BREATH, HER GUTTURAL OUTCRIES, THE SOUNDS AND EFFORT AND RAGE OF HER FULLER EMBODIEDNESS.

MOSTLY WHAT FEELS DIFFERENT IS EXPERIENCING THE WORK AS IT IS ENSCONCED WITHIN YIRRAMBOI FIRST NATIONS ARTS FESTIVAL, A FESTIVAL OF FIRST NATIONS ART THAT IS TAKING PLACE IN MELBOURNE, AND WHICH SHORE IS PART OF. HERE, SHORE IS ONE SMALL PART OF A TWELVE-DAY FESTIVAL OF INDIGENOUS DANCE AND OTHER ARTS. IT IS PRESENTED AND MARKETED NOT JUST AS A CONTEMPORARY PERFORMANCE WORK, BUT ALSO IN EXPLICIT RELATION TO INDIGENOUS ARTISTIC AND POLITICAL HISTORIES. AT A SATELLITE FORUM I ATTEND THE DAY SHORE: PERFORMANCE OPENS, MERINDAH DONNELLY, EXECUTIVE PRODUCER FOR BLAKDANCE (THE CENTRAL ORGANIZATION FOR INDIGENOUS DANCE IN AUSTRALIA) SPEAKS ABOUT HOW ONLY TWO PERCENT OF ARTS PRESENTING IN AUSTRALIA IS INDIGENOUS, AND “HOW THAT’S NOT GOOD ENOUGH.” AND OF COURSE THIS NEEDS ADDRESSING. YET DONNELLY ALSO NOTES THAT THERE ARE OVER 100 INDIGENOUS CHOREOGRAPHERS, OVER 200 INDIGENOUS COMMUNITY DANCE GROUPS, AND 100,000 INDIGENOUS CULTURAL DANCE GROUPS IN AUSTRALIA. FROM A U.S. PERSPECTIVE, BEING PART OF TWELVE DAYS OF THE YIRRAMBOI FESTIVAL, WHICH BEGAN WITH BOTH A CLOSED PROTOCOL



CEREMONY (FOR INDIGENOUS ONLY) AND AN OPENING SPECTACULAR WELCOME TO COUNTRY (AND NIGHT-CLUB-ESQUE DANCE PARTY TO DRAG HIP HOP), OPEN TO ALL, WHERE EVERY SPEAKER AND PERFORMANCE (IT SEEMS) BEGINS BY STATING THEY WISH TO ACKNOWLEDGE “THE TRADITIONAL LAND UPON WHICH WE ARE LOCATED, OF THE WURUNDJERI AND BOON WURRUNG PEOPLE OF THE KULIN NATION, AND PAY OUR RESPECT TO ELDERS BOTH PAST AND PRESENT AND, THROUGH THEM, TO ALL ABORIGINAL AND TORRES STRAIT ISLANDER PEOPLE” (AS THE ARTSHOUSE SHORE PROGRAM STATES), THIS FEELS ALSO LIKE RESILIENCE AND ABUNDANCE. ONE NIGHT OF THE FESTIVAL, THERE ARE FIVE INDIGENOUS DANCE PERFORMANCES, AS WELL AS SHORE: STORY, ALL HAPPENING. AND THAT’S JUST ONE NIGHT.



HOW, I WONDER AS I WATCH, DOES SHORE READ WITHIN THIS SO-MUCH-MORE-STRONGLY-STATED INDIGENOUS AND INDIGENOUS DANCE CONTEXT THAN IT WAS IN LENAPEHOKING (NEW YORK), WHERE PARTICIPANTS I TALKED WITH DIDN'T KNOW OF EMILY'S YUP'IK FAMILY BACKGROUND? OR IN YELAMU (SAN FRANCISCO), WHERE A CONNECTION TO LOCAL INDIGENOUS PEOPLES AND LAND WAS PART OF THE PIECE, BUT NOT ALWAYS AT THE FOREFRONT OF THE FRAMING AND PUBLICITY AROUND IT?

THIS TIME, WATCHING, I STILL READ THE CHOREOGRAPHY OF SHORE: PERFORMANCE AS ARTICULATING A FLICKERING SLIPSTREAM PRESENCE BETWEEN WORLDS IN WHICH AN INDIGENOUS CONNECTION IS THERE, BUT ISN'T ALWAYS SEEN OR HEARD CLEARLY. THE DROPPED RED FABRIC AND PANELS DEPICTING DRYING SALMON IN FRONT OF EMILY'S AUNT'S QUE'ANA BAR ARE, AGAIN, THERE FOR A FLASH, JUST MINUTES, THEN DRAWN AWAY. THOSE OF US WATCHING HAVE A CHANCE TO REGISTER THIS AND FEEL ITS RESONANCE, BUT JUST BARELY, BEFORE IT'S GONE. I STILL READ IN SHORE:

PERFORMANCE A YEARNING FOR INDIGENOUS KNOWLEDGE AND CONNECTION (TO WHALES, TO TREES, TO OTHER-THAN-HUMAN /ONCE-WERE-HUMAN RELATIONS) THAT IS THERE, AND THAT EMILY IS TRYING HARD TO ACCESS AND COMMUNICATE TO US, BUT THAT KEEPS GETTING DROWNED OUT BY SO MANY OTHER VOICES.

THIS TIME, HERE IN NARRM, IN THE MIDST OF YIRAMMBOI, I ALSO FEEL EMILY JOHNSON'S SHORE: PERFORMANCE AS SPECIFICALLY COMING FROM THE TERRITORY THAT IS TODAY CALLED THE UNITED STATES, AND ITS POLITICAL HISTORY. HERE, SHORE FEELS TO ME NOT (ONLY) INDIGENOUS IN A BROAD SENSE THAT CONNECTS PEOPLES AROUND THE GLOBE SIMILARLY AFFECTED BY BRITISH/EUROPEAN COLONIZATION, BUT ALSO INDIGENOUS IN A SPECIFICALLY U.S. WAY. I FEEL THIS IN ITS ENACTMENT OF AN INDIGENOUS PRESENCE SHEATHED IN DEEP OBSCURITY EVEN AS IT IS CLEARLY THERE, AND IN ITS MIX OF YEARNING AND ANGER.

SHORE, I'VE HEARD AND SEEN ALONG ITS VOYAGES AND RESTAGINGS, IS ABOUT WHAT INDIGENOUS WAYS OF BEING CONTINUE, OR TRANSPOSE INTO OTHER PLACES, OTHER BODIES, AS EXPERIENCED IN THE PLACES EMILY HAS COME FROM, AND IS AT. IT IS ABOUT WHAT GETS LEFT BEHIND -- IN TIME, IN SPACE -- AND WHAT SPECTRAL TRACES OF THOSE REMAINS ARE THERE BEFORE US, IF ONLY VISIBLE IN FLASHES. I'VE SENSED IN IT THE LIMINAL SPACE BETWEEN REALMS: LIKE THE SPARKLING EDGE BETWEEN LAND AND WATER THAT BIRDS TRAVERSE (EMILY AND THE SONG LEADER AND THE CORE CAST DANCERS WEAR RED MAKE UP ACROSS THEIR EYES, LIKE MASKS, THAT MAKE THEM LOOK TO ME A BIT LIKE BIRDS), A LIMINAL SHORE SPACE OF POTENCY, AND ACTIVATION. IS SHORE, MAYBE, ABOUT THE SPACES IT CROSSES? I FIND MYSELF THINKING ABOUT THE 'BROKEN SONGLINES' I'VE HEARD TALK OF IN VARIOUS YIRRAMBOI DISCUSSIONS. I THINK ABOUT SHORE: NARRM NOT AS A SONGLINE, WHICH IS SPECIFIC TO THIS COUNTRY, BUT IN A RELATED WAY: AS AN EMBODIED VOICING OF INDIGENOUS STORIES THAT CROSS, AND ALSO DON'T CROSS, FROM TERRITORY TO TERRITORY, SHORE TO SHORE, WITH ATTENTION TO THE TRAUMA, AND IMPORT, OF THOSE EMERGINGS, GROUNDINGS, VOYAGES, STOPPINGS, AND CARRYINGS ON. I THINK ABOUT THE WAY SHORE CARRIES THE RESIDUES AND ENERGIES OF MAJOR U.S. METROPOLISES: MINNEAPOLIS, NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, AND THEIR CONTEMPORARY DANCE SCENES, AS WELL AS OF EMILY'S HOME IN ALASKA. AND IN THE WAYS IT BOTH DOES, AND DOESN'T, CARRY THESE STORIES CLEARLY HERE TO MELBOURNE.

SHORE: NARRM IS STEEPED IN ALL OF THE INDIGENOUS DISCUSSION SURROUNDING IT THIS WEEK OF YIRRAMBOI. I'M GUESSING EVERYONE IN THIS AUDIENCE KNOWS OF EMILY'S YUPIK FAMILY HERITAGE, AND IS CURIOUS ABOUT THE WORK (WHICH SEEMS TO ME THIS TIME QUIET LIKE A POEM -- SUGGESTIVE AND SURREAL, STRANGE AND COMPELLING, IN A "THIS-WOULD-READ-IN-NEW YORK" KIND OF WAY) AND HOW IT RELATES TO YIRRAMBOI. THIS IS HOW I READ IT IN NARRM: IT IS A SLIPSTREAM VISION OF TURTLE ISLAND INDIGENEITY VIBRATING WITH INDIGENOUS PRESENCE WHILE TUNED ALSO TO EXPERIENCES OF PERVASIVE INDIGENOUS ABSENCE, AND WITH THE MULTIPLE LAYERS OF WHAT LIVING THIS ABSENCE/PRESENCE IS LIKE FOR U.S. BASED CHOREOGRAPHER EMILY JOHNSON LIVING IN SPACES OF WHAT TODAY IS CALLED THE USA. IT SEEMS, HERE, TO ME, WATCHING THIS TIME, SO VERY AMERICAN IN THIS, AND ALSO SO VERY EMILY, IN THE WAYS EMILY'S YUP'IK SELF IS AT ITS VERY CORE, CENTRAL, CONSTITUTIVE, BUT ALSO MUFFLED, SO THAT YOU MIGHT LEAVE SCRATCHING YOUR HEAD, WONDERING IF YOU SAW HER, OR IT, OR WHAT. THE CONTEXT OF THIS SURROUNDING SITUATION (THIS YIRRAMBOI FESTIVAL IN MELBOURNE, THE RECOGNITION THAT PEOPLE IN OTHER COLONIZED LANDS PAY TO INDIGENOUS PEOPLES AND TERRITORIES) REGISTERS AND AMPLIFIES ITS FLICKERINGS -- AND ALSO BRINGS OUT THE PARTS OF IT THAT ARE DISTANT, ROOTED ELSEWHERE, THE STORY THAT DOESN'T QUITE CROSS OVER BUT REFLECTS ITS GROUNDINGS AND HISTORIES ELSEWHERE.

A NUMBER OF TIMES THROUGHOUT YIRRAMBOI, I HEAR INDIGENOUS PEOPLE SAY: WE HAVE BEEN HERE THOUSANDS OF YEAR -- 60,000 YEARS, AT A MINIMUM. WE SURVIVED THE ICE AGE. WE HAVE DEADLY TOOLS FOR SURVIVAL. TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF COLONIZATION? THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO THE SKILLS WE HAVE. I THINK ABOUT SHORE AS EMILY'S OFFERING, FROM THE INDIGENOUS LANDS OF TODAY-CALLED-AMERICA, PUT FORWARD AS CULTURAL EXCHANGE ON THE TRADITIONAL LAND OF THE WURUNDJERI AND BOON WURRUNG PEOPLE OF THE KULIN NATION, ON INDIGENOUS LANDS OF TODAY-CALLED-AUSTRALIA, WITH ITS MILLENNIA OF INDIGENOUS RESILIENCE AND PRACTICES OF ONGOING SUSTAINABILITY (PRACTICES THAT, SEVERAL SPEAKERS NOTE, INCLUDE RECOGNIZING THE POWER IN ART, SONG, DANCE, PERFORMANCE). THIS IS EMILY'S STORY, HER SONG, HER DANCED CONTRIBUTION TO THIS GLOBAL GATHERING AND ITS CONVERSATIONS: IT IS THE STORY SHE BRINGS, AND OFFERS. I THINK ABOUT SHORE WITHIN THIS FESTIVAL'S CONTEXT OF TREMENDOUS LOSS--MANY OF THE VOICES I HEAR AND PERFORMANCE PIECES I SEE THROUGHOUT THE WEEK SPEAK OF LOSS, VIOLENCE, TRAUMA IN THE CONTEXT OF ONGOING BRITISH SETTLER COLONIZATION OF THESE TERRITORIES (ONLY 2 % OF PROGRAMMING IN INDIGENOUS, AS DONNELLY NOTES). AND I THINK ABOUT SHORE WITHIN THIS

FESTIVAL'S SIMULTANEOUS PERFORMANCE OF ABUNDANCE, INCLUDING ALL THESE INSPIRING ELDERS AND YOUNGSTERS, AND THE ABUNDANT POSSIBILITY THAT INDIGENOUS RESILIENCE, INTELLIGENCE, AND CREATIVITY YIELDS (100 INDIGENOUS AUSTRALIAN CHOREOGRAPHERS!)

I THINK ABOUT THE WAY IT ENABLES ATTENTION TO THE ONGOING PRESENCE OF ENTITIES WE SEE AND DON'T SEE – BIRDS, STREAMS, FAMILY MEMBERS WHO HAVE PASSED ON – AND TO WAYS OF BEING AND KNOWING, SEEMINGLY ABSENT BUT THERE STILL, TRANSFORMED, IN THE STORIES AND TREES AND LANDSCAPES AND SPARKLING STREETS AROUND US. SHORE IN NARRM MAKES ME STEP BACK, TAKE A BREATH, CONSIDER WHERE I'M FROM, CONSIDER WHERE I'M STANDING NOW, PREPARE. "GATHER, WE HAVE GATHERED, AND FOR NOW WE'RE HERE," THE PERFORMANCE CLOSES. WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO GATHER? TO RECOGNIZE WHO AND WHERE YOU'VE COME FROM, WHO YOU ARE WITH, WHERE YOU ARE? TO BE ATTENTIVE TO THE MULTIPLICITIES AROUND YOU? TO BE ALERT, AND PREPARED? ON THE PEDESTAL UNDER THE TREE, BEFORE SHE ASKS US TO HELP HER DOWN AND TO WALK TOGETHER IN SILENCE TO THE THEATER, EMILY SAYS: "I'VE BEEN TRYING TO THINK OF THE MOST JOYOUS MOMENT IN MY LIFE. I'M NOT SURE WHAT IT IS. BUT I'M READY." SHORE (NARRM) PERFORMANCE IS AN EXPERIENCE OF BEING ATTENTIVE, ALERT, WATCHFUL, BALANCING WITH AN OPEN HEART ON THAT TEETERING SPACE BETWEEN CONFUSED AND CURIOUS, WITH DEEP AWARENESS OF WHERE YOU CAME FROM, THE TERRITORY YOU'VE TRAVERSED SINCE THEN, THE COUNTRY ON WHICH YOU'RE STANDING NOW, AND ALL YOU DO AND DON'T PERCEIVE ABOUT THE SPACES AND BEINGS AND ENTITIES AROUND YOU, AND THE JOY THIS ATTENTIVE EXPERIENCE CAN (AND WILL, IT IS COMING) BRING. IT'S ABOUT LISTENING, WATCHING, ACKNOWLEDGING. AND BEING READY.



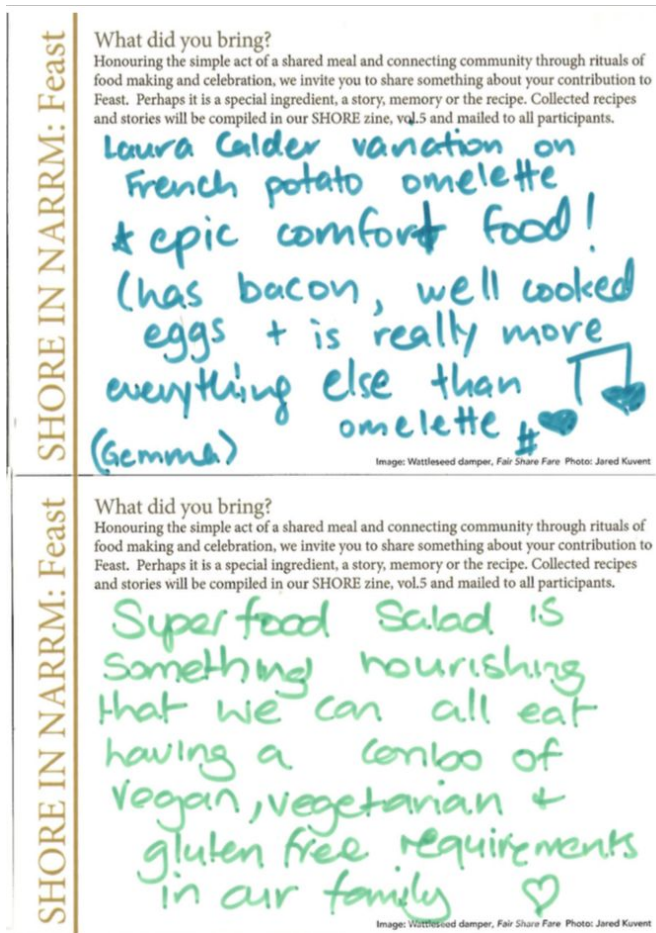


SHORE: FEAST

PRESENTED BY EMILY JOHNSON / CATALYST, ARTS HOUSE, AND FAIR SHARE FARE

IN COLLABORATION WITH JEN RAE, VICKI COUZENS, AUNTY ESTHER KIRBY, AUNTY ROCHELLE PATTEN, KATE HILL, LORNA HANNAN





RECOLLECTION - BY SOMA GARNER

FOOD, GATHERING AND COMMUNITY.

CAMPFIRE, GROUNDING, SMOKE, SMELL, MEMORY, RELAXING, WARMING AND BRINGING PEOPLE TOGETHER.

CONVERSATIONS RANGING FROM MOTHS, ICE AGE AND THE FIRST NATIONS PEOPLE.

GARDENING, COMPOST, BUSH RATS, GROWING HERBS AND RECIPES.

THE WEAVING OF STORIES INTO THE POSSUM SKIN CLOAK.

GRANDMOTHER'S RECIPE'S, REMINISCENCE AND ANCESTRY.

SHORELINES.

SONG LINES.

ON SUNDAY, THE 14TH MAY, 2017 THE COMMUNITY WAS INVITED TO CONTRIBUTE A PLATE OF FOOD THAT HAD BEEN PASSED DOWN THROUGH THE GENERATIONS. THE FOLLOWING IS A TASTE OF SOME OF THE CULINARY DELIGHTS THAT WERE AVAILABLE ON THE DAY.

PELMENI

ONE OF MY FAVOURITE CHILDHOOD DISHES WAS WHEN MY GRANDMOTHER MADE PELMENI WHICH IS A RUSSIAN DUMPLING. SHE WOULD SIFT THE FLOUR, THEN ROLL THE DOUGH INTO A BALL, BEFORE FLATTENING IT WITH A ROLLING PIN. THEN SHE WOULD ADD A POONFUL OF MINCE AND REPEAT. I REMEMBER THE JOY OF GETTING TO SPEND THE ENTIRE DAY WITH HER IN THE KITCHEN, AS SHE WOULD SQUINT THROUGH HER THICK GLASSES TO READ HER HANDWRITTEN RECIPES.

AJVAR

SOME OF THE PLATES PROVIDED RANGED FROM AJVAR WHICH HAD BEEN HAND PREPARED OVER 12 HOURS SERVED WITH FETTA AND PITA BREAD-STAPLE FOOD FROM MACEDONIA.

What did you bring?

Honouring the simple act of a shared meal and connecting community through rituals of food making and celebration, we invite you to share something about your contribution to Feast. Perhaps it is a special ingredient, a story, memory or the recipe. Collected recipes and stories will be compiled in our SHORE zine, vol.5 and mailed to all participants.

Homegrown chard + basil - olive oil + balsamic dressing
Bought bread roll
(no recipe just backyard improv!)

Image: Wattlesed damper, Fair Share Fare Photo: Jared Kuvent

HONEY CAKE

DESCRIBED BY LESLIE AS ONE OF HER FAVOURITE CAKES FROM CHILDHOOD SHE RECOUNTED A MEMORY WHERE HER MUM WOULD BRING HER TO A DELI IN BALACLAVA AFTER SCHOOL. THE HONEY CAKE WAS VERY DIFFICULT TO MAKE, AS IT WAS A DISH THAT EVEN HER MOTHER HAD STRUGGLED TO PERFECT,

FENNEL, APPLE AND POMEGRANATE SALAD

WHICH WAS NOT JUST A SALAD BUT ALSO 'A CELEBRATION OF THE SWEET AND TANGY COMBINATIONS' TYPICAL OF MANY MIDDLE EASTERN DISHES

GRANDMA POYNTERS APPLE (SHORT) CAKE

MEMORIES OF PLACE WERE STRONGLY EVOKED BY GRANDMA POYNTER'S APPLE SHORT CAKE WHICH REMINDED HER OF BEING A CHILD IN THE 1960S AND 70S. HER GRANDMA'S APPLE PIE BROUGHT BACK VIVID MEMORIES OF 'AZURE KINGFISHERS', AND 'FRIENDLY' COWS THAT 'TERRIFIED HER WITH THEIR INCESSANT NUZZLING'. THIS PIE REMINDED HER OF CRIMSON ROSELLAS, HER GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN AND OF 'ALL THE COUNTRY AND CITY WOMEN' COMING TOGETHER UNDER A 'BIG OLD OAK TREE'.

PLUM JAM

ONE PERSON RECALLED HER BARBIE® BEING STOLEN WHEN SHE WAS 4 WHILST GOING SHOPPING TO BUY PLUM JAM FOR HER GRANDMOTHER'S PANCAKE RECIPE.

ELDER EGGS

ANOTHER WOMAN DREW SOME FACES ONTO SOME BOILED EGGS WHICH REPRESENTED SOCIETY'S OBSESSION WITH YOUTH.

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COUS COUS with feta, spinach, capsicum, chickpeas

Just a recipe I wanted to try - and
Flax feta

Image: Wattlesed damper, Fair Share Fare Photo: Jared Kuvent

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This is a chocolate cake I used to
discovered in NY when I was
there the year before I came to
Oz - 1969. It contains many
memories but also marks a
huge transition in my life
Nancy Black

Image: Wattlesed damper, Fair Share Fare Photo: Jared Kuvent

What did you bring?

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The chili is from our garden.
😊

Image: Wattleseed damper, Fair Share Fare Photo: Jared Kuvent

What did you bring?

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Mum ~~used~~ used to buy me one of these from Baker's Delight. Part of me knows that it was because I was the third child and mum couldn't be bothered making lunds anymore. But I still loved them and know she loved me.

Image: Wattleseed damper, Fair Share Fare Photo: Jared Kuvent

What did you bring?

Honouring the simple act of a shared meal and connecting community through rituals of food making and celebration, we invite you to share something about your contribution to Feast. Perhaps it is a special ingredient, a story, memory or the recipe. Collected recipes and stories will be compiled in our SHORE zine, vol.5 and mailed to all participants.

My mother roasted me some vegetables and I made her some. They are all mixed up in this tupperware.

Image: Wattleseed damper, Fair Share Fare Photo: Jared Kuvent

ESSAY BY WANI LE FRERE

THE CELEBRATION OF SHARING THE FORM OF A FEAST DURING SHORE WAS AN EXPERIENCE I WON'T QUICKLY FORGET. IT BEGAN WITH A SPEECH FROM EMILY JOHNSON WHO THANKED EVERYONE WHO HAD BEEN A PART OF THE MAKING OF THE PROJECT AND FROM THE NAMES ALONE YOU COULD TELL THIS HAD BEEN A PROJECT THAT WAS THOROUGHLY WORKED ON FOR A LONG TIME BEFORE IT HAD BEEN PRESENTED. THE SPACE IN WHICH THIS FEAST TOOK PLACE WAS THE MEAT MARKET IN MELBOURNE. AS YOU WALKED IN YOU WERE GREETED BY AN ARRAY OF WARM FACES AND FOLK SITTING AROUND CAUGHT IN CHATTER AS YOU WERE OVERCOME BY A SCENT OF SOME OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AROMAS. AS YOU WENT FURTHER IN YOU COULD SEE THE DIFFERENT ASSORTMENTS OF DISHES AND HAPPY EATERS ALL AROUND AS WELL AS OPTIONS TO ADD YOUR OWN MENU TO THE PALLET ALL OVER THE WALLS AROUND YOU.

THIS WAS THE LAST PART IN A SERIES OF EVENTS THAT HAD PRECEDED THE FEAST INCLUDING A PERFORMANCE THAT BEGAN AT ROYAL PARK AND ENDED AT THE ARTS HOUSE ALSO IN NORTH MELBOURNE. A FEW DAYS EARLIER WE WERE GUIDED ON A WALK THAT BEGAN WITH A TORCH, A GATHERING AND A COLLECTION OF STORIES ABOUT THE MEETING PLACE WE HAD LANDED ON BEFORE HEADING OFF IN SILENCE TO THE PERFORMANCE SPACE. THE WALK WAS FILLED WITH STOPS FROM SINGING TO LISTENING TO BEAUTIFUL TUNES THAT HAD BEEN PLACED IN VARIOUS POINTS OF THE WALK. ONE OF THE IMAGES THAT STRUCK ME MOST CAME BEFORE THE WALK BEGAN WHEN WE FOUND OURSELVES IN THE MIDDLE OF A HUMAN CIRCLE THAT MOVED AROUND THIS TREE AS THEY VARIED BETWEEN FLOWING IN, AROUND, OUT AND BACK OF US. THE FEELING ITSELF I'M STILL YET TO FIND WORDS FOR.

DURING THE FEAST THERE WAS AN ATMOSPHERE OF HOMELINESS THAT FILLED THE SPACE. YET AMONGST ALL THE INTERACTIONS YOU COULD FEEL THE RICH TRADITION OF HISTORY, THE STORYTELLING, CARE AND PROFOUND DEPTH OF THE CULTURES THAT HAD GATHERED IN THAT SPACE. THESE STORIES HOWEVER WEREN'T TOLD IN THE FORMS OF WORDS INSTEAD THEY COULD BE FOUND ON DISPLAY TO BE BOTH RESPECTED, APPRECIATED AND EVEN CONSUMED. FROM THE WALLABY SAUSAGES THAT REMINDED YOU OF THE PLACE YOU RESIDED, TO THE ASSORTMENTS OF VEGETABLES AND MEATS THAT TOLD

TALES OF PLACES YOU'D LONG YEARNED TO WITNESS BUT DIDN'T YET KNOW TO THE WARMTH OF A 'HANGI' THAT WAS REMINISCENT OF MY CHILDHOOD IN AOTEAROA. YOU COULD FEEL THE LOVE THAT WENT INTO THE MAKING OF THIS FEAST WERE IT WAS BEYOND JUST A COLLABORATION OF INDIVIDUALS WHO HAD CHOSEN TO GATHER TO MAKE THIS DAY A POSSIBILITY, BUT MORE OF A MARRIAGE OF TRADITIONS, VALUES AND CULTURES INTERTWINING WHILE MAINTAINING THAT MADE THIS MEAL A POSSIBILITY. THERE TRULY WAS AN AIR OF EFFORTLESSNESS IN THE WAY WE ALL INTERACTED AND AT TIMES YOU WOULD ALMOST FORGET THIS WAS A CREATED CURATED SPACE BECAUSE IT FELT SO WARM. THE DIVERSITY WASN'T JUST EVIDENT IN THE TYPES OF FOOD, THERE WAS UNIQUE SENSE OF FLUIDITY IN THE EASE IN WHICH YOU WATCHED THE DIFFERENT BODIES THAT OCCUPIED THAT SPACE MOVE WITHIN AND BETWEEN EACH OTHER FROM THE FOLK THAT HAD COME AS PARTICIPANTS TO THE ONES RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CREATION OF THE FEAST WHO RANGED FROM A WIDE VARIETY OF INDIGENOUS CUSTODIANS BOTH OF THIS LAND, CANADA, AOTEAROA AND BEYOND. THEY ENGAGED EACH OTHER IN WAYS ONLY FOUND IN POCKETS OFTEN NOT VISIBLE TO THOSE ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE MAKE UP OF THOSE GROUPS, YOU NEVER FELT TOO FOREIGN TO ENGAGE, ASK, ENQUIRE OR EVEN JUST SHARE A MEAL AND THERE WAS ALWAYS ROOM TO STEP OUT AND JUST TAKE TIME FOR YOURSELF IF YOU FELT YOU NEEDED IT. THIS FEAST REFLECTED A TYPE

OF MODEL THAT SHOULD BE MANDATORY IN PRACTICES THAT HOPE TO ENGAGE THE COMMUNITY. IT DIDN'T FEEL TOO HIERARCHAL IN ITS CONCEPTION, YOU FELT THE PRESENCE OF A DIVERSITY OF MINDS AND CULTURES, IT ENCOURAGED YOU TO SHARE WHAT IT IS YOU WERE ABLE TO PRESENT WITHOUT FEELING BELITTLED IT MOVED AWAY FROM COLONIAL WAYS OF MEETING WHERE WE MANAGED TO GATHER OUTSIDE IN A YARD AND CONSUMED IN THE MOST CONSCIOUS WAY THAT SPACE ALLOWED MAKING SURE NO SCRAPS WERE LEFT TO WASTE BECAUSE IT HAD ALL BEEN THOUGHT THROUGH THOROUGHLY AND THE FEMALE PRESENCE IN THE LEADERSHIP OF THAT SPACE ESPECIALLY IN TERMS OF THE VISIBLE WOMEN OF COLOR MADE FEEL SAFE ENOUGH TO WANT TO ENGAGE AND CONTINUE TO ENGAGE. IT WAS SUCH A PRIVILEGE TO BE ABLE TO ENGAGE IN THIS WAY AND FOR A FEW HOURS WITNESS A THIRD SPACE THAT COULD BE MADE POSSIBLE WHEN THINKING OF ALTERNATE WAYS OF BEING AND I'M TRULY GRATEFUL I WAS GRANTED THE OPPORTUNITY TO BE A PART OF SUCH A PROJECT AS BOTH AN INDIGENOUS PERSON TO MY OWN COLONIZED LAND AND A COLONIZING BODY ON STOLEN LAND UNLEARNING WAYS IN WHICH I CAN LESSEN THE BURDEN ON IT'S FIRST PEOPLES.

SHORE IN NARRM: Feast

What did you bring?

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My mother roasted
me some vegetables
and I made her
some. They are all
mixed up in this
tupperware.

Image: Wattleseed damper, Fair Share Fare Photo: Jared Kuvent

Image: Wattleseed damper, Fair Share Fare Photo: Jared Kuvent

• Rocket (+ maybe some
parsley slipped in)
• marigold
• pomegranate
dressed with blackberry
juice, agave/maple syrup, balsamic
vinegar + olive oil

SHORE IN NARRM: Feast

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This recipe has been
passed down from
Great Nanu (grandfather)
to his son to my mum
and then to me!

Image: Wattleseed damper, Fair Share Fare Photo: Jared Kuvent

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A new friend invited me
today, so we met at
the local farmers market
this morning to plan
our journey to the
gathering. :)

Image: Wattleseed damper, Fair Share Fare Photo: Jared Kuvent

ESSAY BY PETA MURRAY

FEAST. HOW I LOVE THE WORD. SADLY, IT'S ONE I RARELY GET TO SAY, AND EVEN MORE RARELY, TO DO. IF I DO GET TO USE THE WORD AT ALL IT'S MOST LIKELY TO BE IN THE CONTEXT OF ART. I MIGHT GET TO FEAST MY EYES ON SOMETHING. PERHAPS AN EVENT OFFERS ME A FEAST OF ENTERTAINMENT OR A FEAST OF IDEAS. BUT THE CHANCE TO FEAST, TO REALLY *FEAST*, IN ITS ORIGINAL SENSE AND MEANING, COMES ALONG ONCE IN A BLUE MOON.

SO WHAT IS IT, TO FEAST?

WELL, *TO FEAST* IS A VERB. SO *FEASTING* IS SOMETHING WE GET TO DO. IT INVOLVES IDEAS OF PARTAKING – SUCH A BEAUTIFUL WORD, ESPECIALLY WHEN RENDERED IN FRENCH AS *PARTAGER* – MEANING BOTH TO PARTICIPATE IN AND TO SHARE. IT INVOLVES MAKING MERRY, AND A SENSE OF OBSERVANCE, EVEN HOLIDAY. BUT WE MIGHT JUST AS EASILY START ELSEWHERE, WITH *FEAST* AS A NOUN. THIS MAKES IT SOME KIND OF A THING. HERE, DEFINITIONS ARE EQUALLY INTERESTING. BACK IN THE YEAR 1200 – A

MERE EYE BLINK WHEN SET AGAINST THE TIME FRAME OVER WHICH THE ORIGINAL AUSTRALIANS HAVE WALKED THIS LAND – IT SIGNIFIED A SECULAR CELEBRATION WITH SUMPTUOUS FOOD AND ENTERTAINMENT. A CENTURY LATER THE WORD *FEAST* HAD BEEN CO-OPTED AND REFRAMED BY THE CHURCH AS A 'RELIGIOUS ANNIVERSARY', ALBEIT ONE THAT WAS CHARACTERISED BY REJOICING AND NOT THE MORE CUSTOMARY FASTING. WHEN WE FEAST, IT SEEMS, WE DO NOT HAVE TO REIN OURSELVES IN, TO PRACTICE AUSTERITY OR SELF-CONTROL. WE ARE FREE TO FEED OUR SPIRITS AND OUR SENSES. A FEAST OF MUSIC. A FEAST OF SONG.



A FEAST OF FEASTING.

ABUNDANCE. PLENTY. ENOUGH. MORE THAN ENOUGH. THESE ARE WORDS THAT COME TO ME AS I THINK ABOUT FEAST. TO FEAST IS TO CELEBRATE, COMMUNALLY, CONVIVIALY.

SHORE IN NARRM: Feast

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SPECULAASTE S are the taste of my childhood. I'm not dutch but this sweet biscuit desire was past down from my mum who in the 1960's used to have a dutch door-to-door fruit & vegetable salesman who used to give her the biscuits.

Image: Wattleseed damper, Fair Share Fare Photo: Jared Kuvent

SHORE IN NARRM: Feast

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Betty's Cake
pastry, orange marmalade,
butter cake mixtine
Searching for a family
recipe

Image: Wattleseed damper, Fair Share Fare Photo: Jared Kuvent

CON-VIVVALLY. WITH LIFE!

SHORE IN NARRM: FEAST BY EMILY JOHNSON/CATALYST, STAGED IN PARTNERSHIP WITH JEN RAE AND FAIR SHARE FARE, WAS HELD – BUT I WANT TO SAY *GIVEN* – ON SUNDAY 14 MAY AT THE MEAT MARKET (*WEELAM NGALUT* – MEANING *OUR PLACE*), IN COURTNEY STREET, NORTH MELBOURNE. IT WAS A COMMUNITY GATHERING OF FOOD FORAGED, COLLECTED AND SHARED BY LOCAL COMMUNITIES, AND IT WAS ALSO ONE OF THE CONCLUDING EVENTS OF MELBOURNE'S INAUGURAL *YIRRAMBOZ* FIRST NATIONS FESTIVAL.

AS WE ARRIVE WE ARE ADMITTED TO A YARD BEHIND THE MEAT MARKET PROPER, OUT OF DOORS. A FIRE GLOWS. THE PLACE HUMS WITH INDUSTRY. A GROUP OF ELDER-AUNTIES STITCH TOGETHER A POSSUM SKIN CLOAK. MEMBERS OF THE KITCHEN BRIGADE WEAVE THROUGH BEARING WOODEN BOARDS AND ROUGH CLAY PLATES. THERE'S FOOD TO BE SET AT EACH TABLE – REAL BREAD BESIDE REAL BUTTER THAT'S BEEN PRESSED INTO MOULDS LIKE LITTLE HATS. THERE'S SOME KIND OF A DUKKAH AND A RICH DARK PASTE THAT MAY WELL BE FIGS. A TABLE OF PLENTY – A *CORNUCOPIA* – HAS BEEN SET UP AGAINST A REAR WALL AS A POINT OF FOCUS OR REFLECTION. IT LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF MAGNIFICENT ALTAR, AND I FIND MYSELF LINGERING THERE. I WANT TO ADMIRE EVERYTHING, SMELL EVERYTHING, TOUCH EVERYTHING. IT IS A FEAST OF SHAPES AND COLOURS, FLOWERS AND FRUIT. IT IS LADEN. HOW I LOVE TO WRITE THAT WORD, TOO, AND TO SAY IT ALOUD.

THIS TABLE IS *LADEN*.

SMOKE DRIFTS AND HANGS IN THE AIR, ENVELOPING US. FAMILIES ARRIVE, VISITORS AND FRIENDS; BEARING BASKETS, PLATES AND PLATTERS. THIS IS A ZERO WASTE EVENT: WE HAVE BROUGHT OUR OWN DRINKING VESSELS AND OUR OWN UTENSILS. EACH DISH THAT IS BROUGHT IN IS NOW LABELLED, THEN LAID OUT AT A COMMUNAL TABLE. THERE IS BAKED EGGPLANT WITH MOLASSES.

THERE IS *FRIZIOLES NEGROS* – A DISTINCTIVE ENZYME FOUND IN SEAWEED HAS BEEN USED IN THIS RECIPE. THERE IS A SUPERFOOD SALAD, BESIDE A RABBIT STEW, STUFFED EGGS BESIDE ORIGIN CRISPS. THERE ARE INDIGENOUS FOODS: WARRAGUL GREENS, AND WALLABY SAUSAGES, THE LATTER SERVED WITH BUSH TOMATO CHUTNEY. THERE ARE VEGAN TREATS AND SWEETS: PEAR AND APPLE CAKE WITH CASHW CREAM. EVERY DISH HAS A STORY TO TELL.

I GO AND HEAT UP MY CONTRIBUTION. IT'S A SIMPLE MUSHROOM RISOTTO SEASONED WITH LEMON ZEST AND HERBS – PARSLEY AND THYME – FROM OUR GARDEN. MAKING RISOTTO WAS SOMETHING I TAUGHT MYSELF TO DO WHEN I FIRST MOVED TO MELBOURNE – MAY I SAY WHEN I FIRST LIVED ON *NARRM*! – AND THE RITUAL PREPARATION OF IT AS COMFORT FOOD AND AS SOMETHING I MAKE EACH AUTUMN – TRUE MUSHROOM SEASON – ENDURES. IN THE ONSITE KITCHEN, THE BATTERY POWERED STOVE-LIGHTING DEVICE HAS DIED, SO JEN THE CHEF MUST LIGHT A BURNER FOR ME WITH A TAPER, A FLAMING WAND. IT SEEMS STRANGELY RIGHT THAT SHE FEEDS FIRE TO FIRE TO COMPLETE MY DISH.

OUTSIDE IN THE YARD, RESPECTS ARE PAID AND BUNJIL THE EAGLE IS THANKED FOR BLESSING US WITH SUCH BEAUTIFUL WEATHER. NOW THE FEASTING GETS UNDERWAY. I FILL MY PLATE AND JOIN A TABLE. AS WE EAT, A MAN BESIDE ME SHARES HIS RECIPE FOR NO-KNEAD BREAD. HIS PROUD PARTNER TELLS ME HE'S ONLY JUST BECOME A BAKER, INSPIRED BY A QUEST TO RECREATE A CREAM-FILLED HONEY CAKE BELOVED IN HIS HUNGARIAN CHILDHOOD. OUR TABLE EXPANDS. WE'RE JOINED BY FOLK WHO HAVE TAKEN PART IN SHORE AS PERFORMERS AND STORYTELLERS. ONE TELLS ME HOW SHE WORE LIGHTS AND MOVED IN FORMATION WITH OTHERS AS IF THEY WERE THE SPOKES OF A WHEEL. SHE TELLS HOW THEY WOVE THEIR WAY, FAST, THEN SLOW, IN PROCESSION, FROM ROYAL PARK, TO ARTS HOUSE, THROUGH BLUESTONE LANES. SHE SAYS THERE WAS SONG, AND THERE WAS MUSIC. I AM SORRY TO HAVE MISSED IT.

I LEAVE THE TABLE AND PASS AMONG THE THRONG. I DRIFT, AND I MINGLE. *MINGLE*: ANOTHER WORD I LOVE, MEANING TO BECOME MIXED, BLENDED OR UNITED. I'M MINGLING, FORAGING FOR STORIES WHILE FEASTING MY SENSES. A MULLED APPLE AND RIBERRY DRINK IS HOT AND HONEYSWEET, ITS *APPLENESS* ALMOST TOO LOUD, TOO BRIGHT.

SHORE IN NARRM: Feast

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Home grown lemons
+ home made
quince paste

Image: Wattleseed damper, Fair Share Fare Photo: Jared Kuvent

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My Nana used to draw faces on
our boiled eggs when we were kids.
My Mum did too. I did it a few
times for my sons. These eggs are
called 'Elder Eggs' since we so often
see young faces ^{on things} and I thought I'd
redo that.

Image: Wattleseed damper, Fair Share Fare Photo: Jared Kuvent

SHORE IN NARM: Feast

What did you bring?

Honouring the simple act of a shared meal and connecting community through rituals of food making and celebration, we invite you to share something about your contribution to Feast. Perhaps it is a special ingredient, a story, memory or the recipe. Collected recipes and stories will be compiled in our SHORE zine, vol.5 and mailed to all participants.

Sourdough. I have been learning to make sourdough & keep a starter.

Image: Wattlesed damper, Fair Share Fare Photo: Jared Kuvent

SHORE IN NARM: Feast

What did you bring?

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always have something to offer guests to your home - a bit of good cheese goes a long way!

Image: Wattlesed damper, Fair Share Fare Photo: Jared Kuvent

SHORE IN NARM: Feast

What did you bring?

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One of my first memories of food was heading out to a store to buy phenjam with my grandmother do a 11 year old. for our crepes at home. It was also a memorable event as my new Barbie got stolen, waiting in line.

Image: Wattlesed damper, Fair Share Fare Photo: Jared Kuvent

at 10:15 or there (we used coconut)
300 grams of flour, all in this order...
then keep adding... 1 cup of milk, 300 grams of flour, 1/2 cup of water... building a "medium" runny consistency, so it can be thinly distributed across the pan, grease pan with a small film of oil...

Makes approx 20

Enjoy! ♥

I'M FEASTING MY EARS, EAVESDROPPING: "WILL YOU TRY MY DISH, LORNA?"

I'M FEASTING MY EYES. A WOMAN IN A GREY JUMPER HOLDS A RUBY RED POMEGRANATE.

It is Yirramboi's ARTISTIC DIRECTOR, JACOB BOEHME, who POINTS OUT TO ME THAT FEAST IS, MORE THAN ANYTHING, A WORK OF DANCE, JUST AS SHORE HAS BEEN, IN ALL ITS MANY PARTS, A WORK OF CHOREOGRAPHY. I SIT ONCE MORE TO TAKE IT IN. THE HUGGING AND THE TOUCHING AND THE LAUGHING AND THE DOING AND THE MINGLING AND THE TASTING AND THE EATING AND THE SMILING AND THE SERVING. THE BLESSING AND THE FEEDING. THE DRIFTING AND THE YARNING. THE POINTING AND THE STITCHING AND THE RESTING. THE SORTING AND THE SMALL TALK AND THE SCRAPING OF THE PLATES AND THE WASHING OF THE DISHES AND THE HIGH FIVES AND THE LONG GOOD BYES.

WE FEAST.

SHORE IN NARRM: Feast

What did you bring? **CHAROSETTS = צורזטס**
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A California twist on a traditional Jewish Passover dish. Charosets represents the mortar used by the slaves of Pharaoh. It's the Jewish equivalent of making sheet lemonade from lemons.

Image: Wattleseed damper, Fair Share Fare Photo: David Kuvvet

Symbolic Jewish Passover dish (with a California twist)
Apples, Walnuts, Dates, Honey, Lemon juice, Sherry, Cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves, pepper
Tribute to the sweat + tears of Pharaoh's slaves
Save w/ horseshradish.
Lemonade out of lemons
Pomegranate, Masses



Roast Jerusalem Artichokes.

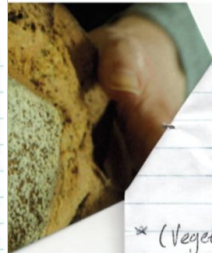
Prep artichokes, wash & clean / cut off eyes.
Toss with olive oil, dried rosemary, coarse salt & roast for approx 35 mins.
Roast whole red chili is for both eating & decoration.
Roast in a normal roasting pan, probably best left whole. First time to cook these and throw instead of halving these, keeps them whole &?

PeterMac
Peter MacCallum Cancer Foundation

PA0598 NP

Portuguese Chickpea Soup

- Ingredients:
- 3 onions
 - 250g dry chickpeas
 - 1 bunch green kale
 - olive oil
 - black turkish chilis (dried in powder)
 - salt/pepper
 - 1 table spoon lime juice.
- chop onions / fry in deep saucepan
- add boiled chickpeas (they should be too soft)
- add chickpeas pot soft add chopped kale
- boil until kale pot soft.
- use food processor to blend the mixture
- add water as required
- add salt/pepper / olive / lime juice.



Crepes

with plum jam by the 'hasty' and Marija the more 'chilled' Alex

* (Vegetarian)
* (Gluten)

Mix through 3 eggs, 3 teaspoons of oil, pinch of salt, pinch of sugar, 1 cup of water, 1 cup of milk of choice (we used coconut) 300 grams of flour, all in this order... then keep adding... 1 cup of milk, 300 grams of flour, 1/2 cup of water... building a "medium" runny consistency, so it can be thinly distributed across the pan, grease pan with a small film of oil...

Makes approx 20

End of 2

Story.

Crepes are a fun and easy way to bethend the kitchen, encouraging 'early' cooking. For both of us it was the first thing we learned to make... and its quite a popular treat in the part of the world we are from → Former Yugoslavia... a good late night snack ☺

One of my first memories of food was heading out with my grandmother to buy plum jam (and so that's the reason for choosing plum jam as a spread) I would have been about 4 yrs old and had just been given a new barbie that day, which was stolen whilst waiting in line... making the event that much more significant ☺ I remember it now... holding my grandmother's hand, the atmosphere in the store... clear as day. I wish you could taste my grandmother's home made jam... ☺ pondering...



Sue

, Housemate Kimchi-

No - not made of housemates!
I helped make this batch so I
could learn how to do it...

It represents new beginnings,
Sharing a home with a family, not
having to set up my own whole
house now my own children are grown.
Being around other older people in
a beautiful home by the Yarra and
the mountains. The Landlady
lives next door and is a great friend.

Ingredients

chopped purple cabbage
chopped green cabbage
chopped apple
chopped celery
ginger and other
spices...
Salt.

Immerse all
ingredients in a
jar, weighed down
by a stone to keep
them immersed in liquid
from veg. Ferment for
a week!
Yummy on everything!.

• Steamed Taro with coconut milk

story:

A few months ago I met Vicky from Papua New Guinea in
a weaving event in Melbourne. She taught me to
weave with the bilum knot, 'don't loose your
eights-she said' we weaved together in opposite
sides of a big net a 'large scale-she said'
I felt in love with the cosmic knot of the
bilum and the carry bags, it made me think
a lot about women, weaving and carry bags.
The day after we met all women weavers
met in a communitary feast. Vicky made
this simple taro recipe, meanwhile she
cooked she weaved two pairs of earrings that
we both wear that day. That was the first
time I ate taro. Yesterday I was in Victoria
Market and saw taros, I chose two small ones
(because they were expensive) and brought them
home to feed my children. But then I was
told to feed my children. It is

Variations on a Gratin

Serves 6-8

Preparation and cooking time: 2 hours

1 kg potatoes
500g onions
125 ml milk
250 ml single cream
150g grated cheddar
75g butter
Olive oil
Salt and pepper

Slice onions.

Heat butter and olive in a deep pan.

Caramelise the onions. Add onions and fry on a high heat until translucent and just beginning to colour. Lower the heat and turn from time to time over about 30 minutes – the goal is to add more colour, but not to burn them. Add more oil as needed. You are aiming for very soft onions that have sweetened.

Slice potatoes.

Grease baking dish.

Add a layer of potatoes. Season. Add a thin layer of caramelised onion and a sprinkling of cheese. Repeat layers until the dish is full and end with a topping of cheese.

Mix cream and milk together and pour over potatoes.

Bake in the oven for at least an hour. The top should be golden brown and the cream has set.

Variations

- Any variety and shade of root vegetable
- Breadcrumbs or a savoury crumble topping
- A change of cheese or a white sauce
- Fresh herbs
- Go dairy free

I steam the root vegetables whole in the microwave to speed up cooking time.

There is no particular story to this dish, but I suppose I made many variations of this through the early 1980s as a vegetarian at a time when it was very odd and no one knew what you ate. I guess there is a longer story as to why I ate vegetarian ☺

Sarah Berry.

Olive's stuffed eggs

In the village in Ireland where we lived, the habit was (we learned) that when a hen stopped laying, its legs were tied together and it was sent off down stream. In other words it went off to a watery grave.

But when Olive Flanagan came to live on the farm with her cousin Mary we learned that when the stream took a twist and a turn and ended up passing by the foot of the hill on Mary's property, the hens were lifted out of the water, still flapping, and became soup.

This Olive told us as she served us with a fine soup, preceded by stuffed eggs from the lucky hens who were still alive and laying.

Stuffed Egg

In memory of Mary and Olive Flanagan

Hard boil as many eggs as you like.

Peel them.

Halve them

Pop out the yolks, mash them with some good butter, a little salt and flavouring to your taste, lets say with tomato sauce, or a little curry.

Spoon the yolk mixture into the cavity left by the removed yolks.

Eat



Mushroom Risotto

INGREDIENTS

4 Field mushrooms sliced roughly
 4 Swiss brown mushrooms sliced roughly
 Dried porcini mushrooms, pre soaked in warm water

Mushroom stock cubes to make about a litre of stock
 Vegetable or chicken stock may be used as an alternative

Half a cup of Arborio rice or equivalent
 Butter
 Dash of olive oil
 Salt
 Pepper
 Small brown shallots, finely chopped. Leeks or regular onion can also be used.
 Fresh thyme
 Dash of sherry or white wine or brandy
 Parmesan cheese, grated
 Parsley finely chopped
 Squeeze of lemon juice
 Lemon zest, finely grated

METHOD

Drain the soaked porcini and set the porcini water aside to use later.
 Chop up the soaked mushrooms

Pre cook the fresh mushrooms in a little butter, with salt and pepper, and add some hot water. Cook off the hot water over a low heat so that the mushrooms are well coloured. Add in the soaked porcini mushrooms. Set aside.

In a deep frying pan, melt a good nob of butter and a dash of olive oil together.

Add the diced shallots and cook over low heat, stirring, as onions soften.

Meanwhile, bring your stock to a gentle simmer in its own separate pot and have a ladle to hand.

Once the onions are soft, add the rice and stir well to coat with butter. Cook for a minute or two only, stirring. Do not allow the rice to brown.

The next step is optional but before you begin feeding the rice with ladlefuls of stock, you may wish to give it a good glug of sherry, wine or brandy. Stir well and once this has cooked in, add the first of the stock.

For the next ten minutes or so, you simply stir, and pour, stir and pour, feeding the rice with stock.

Now add your pre cooked mushrooms, some fresh thyme leaves, salt and pepper, and more stock.

Keep stirring. After another ten minutes, taste the rice. I like it soft on the outside, but it should retain a grain of starchiness and chew.

When the stock pot is almost empty, add the reserved juice from the soaked porcini and warm it gently.

Now you're satisfied with the texture of the Risotto, remove it from the heat. Add a nob of butter, your Parmesan cheese, and a grating of lemon zest. Let the dish rest for a couple of minutes. Then stir everything so it is mixed together.

Serve into shallow bowls. Sprinkle with fresh parsley, and give each plate a squeeze of lemon. Then ladle a small moat of porcini broth around the rice, and serve immediately.

Cheese Curry Pie

So much more delicious than it sounds!

1 medium onion
225g tasty cheese
4 slices white bread
6 tbsp tomato sauce
2 level tsp curry powder
1 level tsp salt
½ level tsp pepper
6 tbsp milk
Frozen pre-rolled puff pastry, thawed
Milk or egg to glaze

- 1) Preheat oven to 220 degrees
- 2) Wet a 30cm long baking tray
- 3) Cube bread
- 4) Finely chop onion
- 5) Grate cheese
- 6) Add all ingredients (except pastry) in a bowl and mix well
- 7) Put puff pastry on baking tray and place mixture on one half
- 8) Moisten edges with water and fold over the other half to cover the filling
- 9) Firmly join the edges by pressing down with a knife
- 10) Gently mark diagonally across the pastry (don't cut through)
- 11) Bake for 40-45 mins

Betty's cake

Betty died a few years ago, in August 2014. She had been the sister, the sister-in-law, the aunt, the great aunt and life long friend of many who had eaten Betty's cake.

It had graced the table at afternoon teas, birthday gatherings, farewell occasions and on apparently random days like St Patrick's Day. Somehow we all knew when to expect it and it had pride of place in the centre of the table.

There was a sad space as the birthdays rolled up during the rest of that year and there was a little space where the cake used to be.

Gradually it dawned on us that we did not know the recipe.

It was a cake baked inside a pastry case and the bottom was covered in a thin layer of jam. The jam was smeared on before the cake mixture was poured in.

We have a version here today put together after a recovery exercise where several of us airily announced that it was simple, others looked a bit crestfallen and waved their hands about and no one really knew.

That is not the end of the story. We have traced as assurance that there is a first hand source, even in Betty's handwriting but we have not received it in time to make that exact cake or to provide the exact recipe.

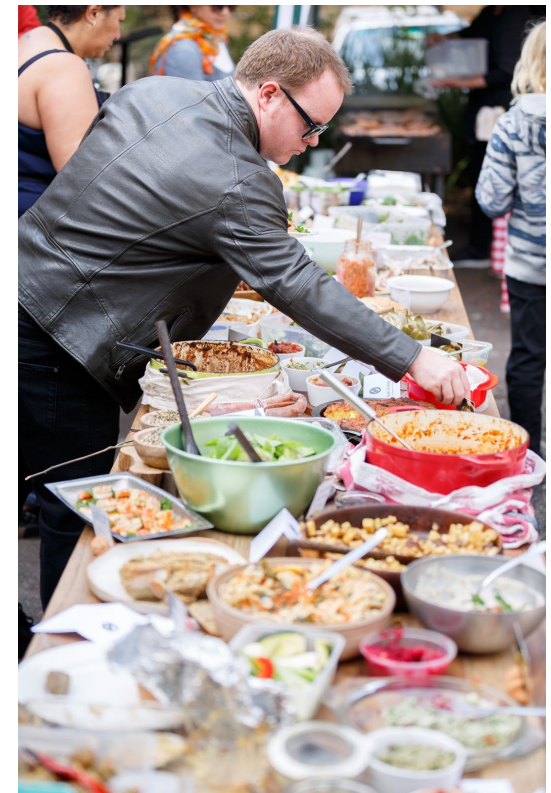
We suggest that you try it or by mid winter send to hannanlorna@gmail.com and get the authentic recipe.

Enjoy Betty's cake



Stuffed falafel

Fresh Rabbit cut into portions
Olive oil
4 cloves of garlic sliced thinly
2 onions thinly sliced
1 stick of celery thinly sliced
2 carrots peeled and cut into 4
1 can of chopped tomatoes
Glass of red wine
500mls water
2 tbs tomato paste
1 cup of peas
1 tsp oregano and allspice
2 to 4 potatoes, peeled and halved
3 bay leaves
Salt & Pepper



Grandma Poynter's Apple (short) Cake

During my childhood in the 1960's & 70's many family 'halfway' picnics were held at Uncle Charlie and Auntie Mercy's (Grandma's sister) small dairy farm near Berwick, then still a rural area outside Melbourne. People would come from far & wide and seemed to number at least 100. It was a long drive for the 6 of us in the old Ford Zephyr, my brothers wrestling in the back seat, itching to get there.

We children immediately set off across the paddocks to Cardinia Creek to look for the platypus and watch azure kingfishers darting across it. The cows were so friendly I was terrified of their wet nuzzling. They once licked my Dad's cousin's mini-minor all over when she left it in the paddock while chopping wood – it was slippery with saliva and horrifying to me. I am still timid of cattle to this day.

There was plenty to explore in and near the house too - a covered well, outhouses with wire screen doors, a ping pong table and a huge bathroom with a white ceramic sink and a wooden toilet seat!

We would perch on the next door fence to watch the crimson rosellas swoop in Tuckfield's place (of Tuckfield's Tea). Their garden was dark and cool with camellias and rhododendrons - surely those rosellas were inspiration for the small bird cards you would find in every packet of tea in those days.

Mercy's garden was also beautiful with a sweeping circular drive, a manicured lawn and ablaze with flowers and shrubs. But our focus was the big old oak tree under which trestles were laid out for food baked and brought by all the country and city women. Grandma's apple cake & cream never lasted long, you had to be quick.





AKUTAQ

THE AKUTAQ PREPARED FOR FEAST IS LIKELY A ONE-OF-A-KIND DISH COMBINING EMILY'S FAMILY RECIPE FROM ALASKA WITH FORAGED PRICKLY PEAR FRUIT FROM MELBOURNE, RAINFOREST CHERRIES FROM NORTHERN AUSTRALIA AND KING GEORGE WHITING.

INGREDIENTS:

KING GEORGE WHITING

CRISCO

PRICKLY PEAR FRUIT

RAINFOREST CHERRIES*

SYRUP OR SUGAR (AS NEEDED)

*RAINFOREST CHERRIES (SYZYGIVM AQUEOUS) ARE THE FRUIT OF ONE OF THE MANY 'LILLYPILLY' SPECIES THAT GROW NATURALLY IN THE WET TROPICAL RAINFORESTS OF NORTHERN AUSTRALIA.

METHOD

1. SKIN PRICKLY PEAR FRUIT AND FREEZE WHOLE AT LEAST ONE DAY BEFORE.
2. REMOVE FROM FREEZER AND PLACE IN A COLANDER, ALLOWING JUICE TO COLLECT IN A BOWL AND SEEDS TO SEPARATE FROM FLESH.
3. IN A SAUCE PAN, HEAT UP PRICKLY PEAR JUICE. BRING TO A BOIL, STIRRING AND NOT ALLOWING TO BURN. REDUCE HEAT TO A GENTLE SIMMER. STIR OCCASSIONALLY. REDUCE JUICE ON HEAT UNTIL THE MIXTURE BECOMES THICK. REMOVE FROM HEAT AND ALLOW TO COOL.
4. HEAD, GUT AND BAKE THE WHITING ON LOW TEMP 5 MINUTES.
5. SKIN, DEBONE THEN SHRED AND SQUEEZE MOISTURE OUT OF FISH. PUSH THE DRY FISH OUT FLAT ON A BAKING SHEET, MOVING THROUGH THE FISH WITH YOUR FINGERTIPS TO REMOVE ANY TINY LEFT OVER BONES.
6. IF FISH IS STILL MOIST, BAKE AT A LOW TEMPERATURE FOR 1 MINUTE AT A TIME.
7. SLICE RAINFOREST CHERRIES INTO QUARTERS AND SET ASIDE. IF FROZEN, PLACE IN A COLANDER TO DRAIN ANY EXCESS MOISTURE.
8. WITH HANDS, WHIP CRISCO IN A STAINLESS STEEL BOWL.

9. ONCE MIXTURE BECOMES A WHIP-LIKE CONSISTENCY, SLOWLY ADD IN THE PRICKLY PEAR REDUCTION, CONTINUING TO WHIP, UNTIL DESIRED TASTE AND CONSISTENCY. DO NOT ADD ALL AT ONCE, OTHERWISE, THE MIXTURE WILL SEPARATE. A FINE SUGAR OR SYRUP (E.G. AGAVE) CAN BE ADDED TO ADD EXTRA SWEETNESS. BE MINDFUL THAT SYRUPS MAY OVERPOWER THE FLAVOUR OF THE AKUTAQ.
10. ADD IN DRIED FISH AND RAINFOREST CHERRIES. MIX ALTOGETHER.
11. POUR MIXTURE INTO A FREEZER-SAFE BOWL AND FREEZE.
12. REMOVE FROM FREEZER FOR 30-60 MINUTES PRIOR TO SERVING.

PIMĪHKĀN (CREE)

PEMMICAN

OFTEN REGARDED AS THE FIRST 'ENERGY BAR', PEMMICAN WAS A HEALTHY STAPLE IN MANY NORTH AMERICAN FIRST NATIONS DIETS. IT IS A CONCENTRATED MIXTURE OF LEAN DRIED GAME MEAT (SUCH AS BUFFALO, ELK, MOOSE, VENISON, ETC.) AND RENDERED FAT. BERRIES (E.G. SASKATOON BERRIES, CHOKE CHERRIES, BLUEBERRIES, ETC.), NUTS AND/OR OTHER VEGETABLES ARE OFTEN ADDED, DEPENDING ON SEASON AND AVAILABILITY, TO ENHANCE FLAVOURS. PEMMICAN HAS A SHELF LIFE OF UP TO 10 YEARS, SO IT MAKES IT A PERFECT SURVIVAL FOOD!

THE PEMMICAN RECIPE FOR FEAST CONSISTED OF WILD VENISON, FORAGED FIGS, ORGANIC KALE AND MACADAMIA NUTS. COCONUT OIL WAS USED IN REPLACEMENT OF RENDERED FAT.

INGREDIENTS

- LEAN VENISON
- DRIED FIGS
- DEHYDRATED AND CRUMBLED KALE LEAVES
- CRUSHED MACADAMIA NUTS
- MELTED COCONUT OIL (YOU CAN USE RENDERED FAT IF YOU PREFER)

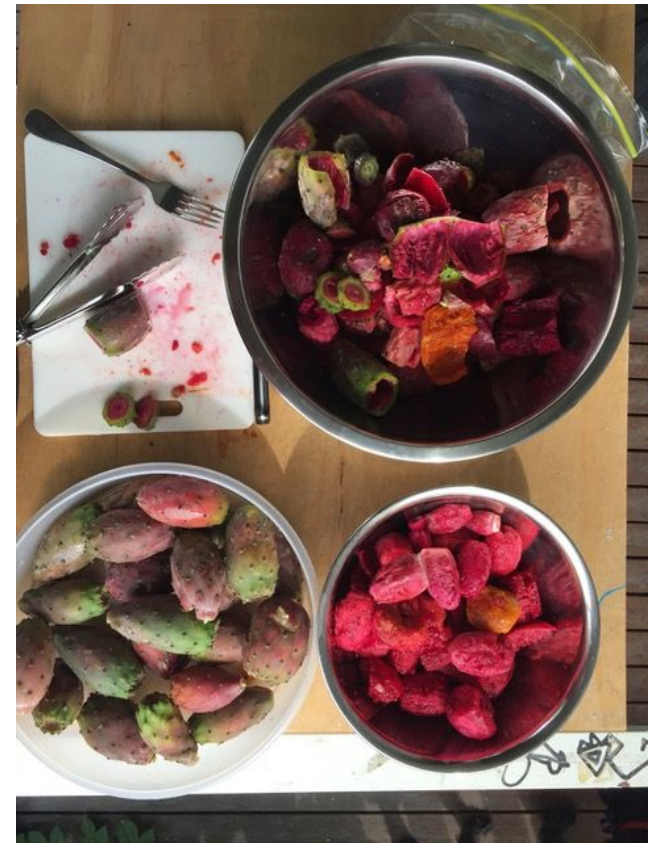
RATIOS VARY, BUT AS A GOOD MEASURE... 4 CUPS OF DRIED MEAT, 3 CUPS OF DRIED FRUIT/VEGETABLES, 1 CUPS OF NUTS. HONEY CAN ALSO BE ADDED TO SWEETEN/FLAVOUR IF DESIRED.



METHOD*

1. REMOVE ALL FAT AND SINEW FROM GAME MEAT
2. SLICE VERY THIN AND DEHYDRATE. BEST METHOD: FREEZE MEAT BEFOREHAND AND SLICE WITH A SHARP KNIFE TO GET VERY THIN SLICES.
3. DEHYDRATE UNTIL ALL MOISTURE IS OUT OF MEAT. IT SHOULD EASILY SNAP IF YOU BEND IT.
4. PUT IN FOOD PROCESSOR AND GRIND TO A POWDER. POUR INTO BOWL AND SET ASIDE.
5. IN THE FOOD PROCESSOR, GRIND THE FIGS TO A PASTE.
6. ADD THE VENISON POWDER, CRUMBLLED KALE LEAVES AND MACADAMIA NUTS.
7. ADD IN MELTED COCONUT OIL - POUR A LITTLE AT A TIME. YOUR MIXTURE SHOULD NOT BE TOO THICK OR THIN. YOU NEED TO BE ABLE TO SHAPE IT TO YOUR NEEDS (E.G. INTO A BALL, FLAT INTO A TRAY, ETC.). ONCE THE MIXTURE IS AT YOUR DESIRED CONSISTENCY, REMOVE FROM FOOD PROCESSOR.
8. MAKE INTO BALLS OR POUR INTO A LINED BAKING TRAY. PAT OUT AIR BUBBLES. ALLOW TO SET IN A COOL SPACE OR REFRIGERATOR. SLICE AS NEEDED.
9. STORE IN AN AIRTIGHT CONTAINER, IN A COOL SPACE, FRIDGE OR FREEZER.

*TRADITIONAL PREPARATIONS OF PEMMICON VARY AND DO NOT USE MODERN CONVENIENCES SUCH AS A DEHYDRATOR OR FOOD PROCESSOR.



SHORE IS A PROJECT OF EMILY JOHNSON / CATALYST

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SHORE IN NARRM ZINE BY: YUMI TAMASHIRO

SUPPORT:

SHORE IN NARRM (MELBOURNE) IS PRESENTED BY ARTS HOUSE CITY OF MELBOURNE, YIRRAMBOI FIRST NATIONS FESTIVAL AND IN PARTNERSHIP WITH WE-CYCLE, ST. JOSEPH'S FLEXIBLE LEARNING CENTER, BLAK WRITERS GROUP VICTORIA, ST. KILDA INDIGENOUS PLANT NURSERY, PATRICK BELFORD AND INNER CITY NATURE, FAIR SHARE FARE WITH JEN RAE, VICKI COUZENS, AUNTY ESTHER KIRBY, AUNTY ROCHELLE PATTEN, LORNA HANNAN AND KATE HILL.

SHORE IS MADE POSSIBLE BY THE NEW ENGLAND FOUNDATION FOR THE ARTS' NATIONAL DANCE PROJECT, WITH LEAD FUNDING FROM THE DORIS DUKE CHARITABLE FOUNDATION AND THE ANDREW W. MELLON FOUNDATION, WITH ADDITIONAL SUPPORT FROM THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE ARTS. *SHORE* IS A PROJECT OF CREATIVE CAPITAL AND NATIVE ARTS AND CULTURES FOUNDATION, INC. *SHORE* IS MADE WITH SUPPORT FROM THE MCKNIGHT FOUNDATION, A JOYCE AWARD, CAROLYN FOUNDATION, AND MAP FUND, A PROGRAM OF CREATIVE CAPITAL SUPPORTED BY THE DORIS DUKE CHARITABLE FOUNDATION AND THE ANDREW W. MELLON FOUNDATION. *SHORE* HAS BEEN SUPPORTED BY RESIDENCIES AT THE MAGGIE ALLESEE NATIONAL CENTER FOR CHOREOGRAPHY, THE ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG RESIDENCY, AND HEADLANDS CENTER FOR THE ARTS. RESEARCH FOR *SHORE* IS SUPPORTED BY A GRANT FROM THE DORIS DUKE FOUNDATION TO BUILD DEMAND FOR THE ARTS.

THIS ENGAGEMENT IS SUPPORTED BY MID ATLANTIC ARTS FOUNDATION THROUGH USARTISTS INTERNATIONAL IN PARTNERSHIP WITH THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE ARTS AND THE ANDREW W. MELLON FOUNDATION.

SHORE HAS TOURED TO MINNEAPOLIS, LENAPEHOKING (NEW YORK CITY), YELAMU (SAN FRANCISCO), TUGGEGHT BEACH IN HOMER, ALASKA, AND DƧIDƧELA Ƨ'IC' /DKHW'DUW'ABSH, (SEATTLE).

THANK YOU

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THE PRESENTATION OF SHORE CONTINUES ARTS HOUSE'S ONGOING EXCHANGE PROGRAM WITH NEW YORK'S PERFORMANCE SPACE 122. THE EXCHANGE PROGRAM ALLOWS AN INTERNATIONAL AUDIENCE TO EXPERIENCE THE THRIVING AND INNOVATIVE CONTEMPORARY PERFORMANCE SCENE THAT MELBOURNE, AN IN PARTICULAR ARTS HOUSE, HAS COME TO REPRESENT.