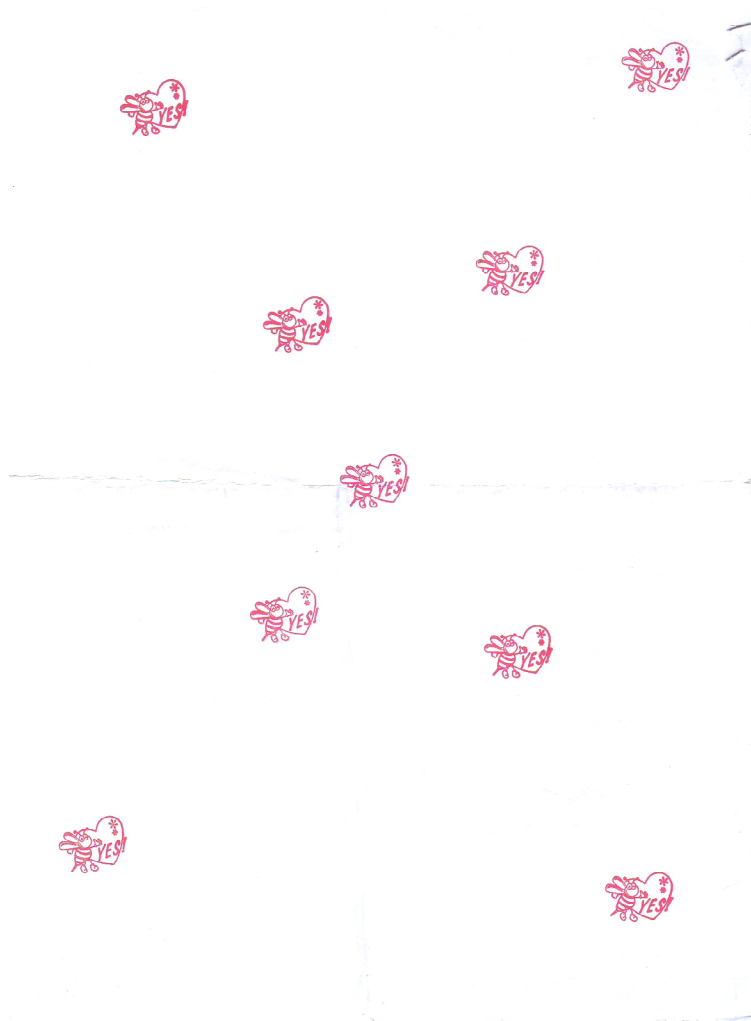


The Arts are Dead

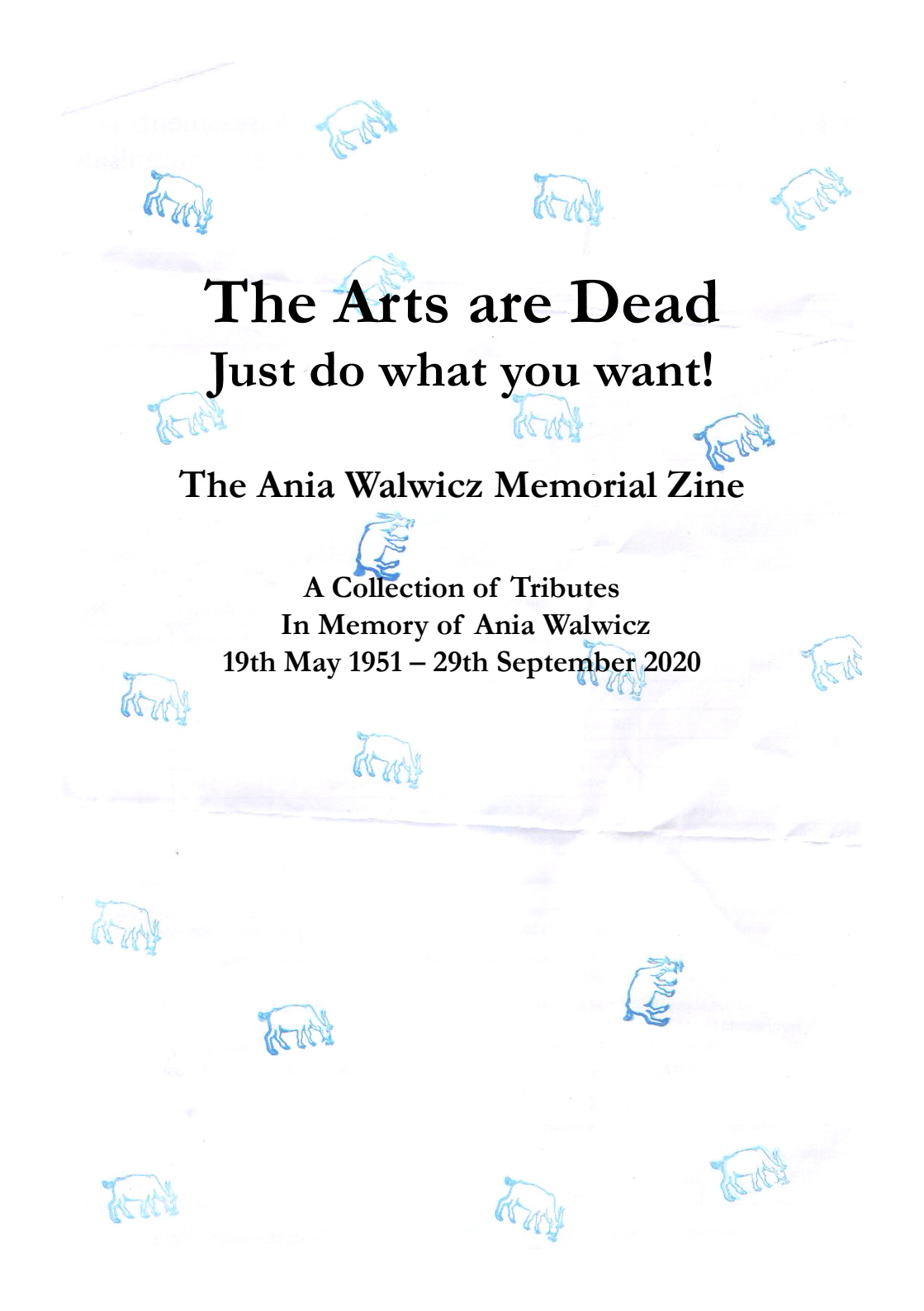


Just do what you want!



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The Arts are Dead Just do what you want!

The Ania Walwicz Memorial Zine

**A Collection of Tributes
In Memory of Ania Walwicz
19th May 1951 – 29th September 2020**



Cover Art: Ruark Lewis

Transcription drawing: HORSE Ania Walwicz

I am Ania Vanya - p. 100.

Indian ink on paper, 297 x 210 mm

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Editor: Katherine FitzHywel

Sound Engineer: Carman Fung

Thank you to all of the contributors to The Ania Memorial Zine who have given permission for their creative works, memories and photographs to be published here in tribute to Ania Walwicz.

Permission for publishing Ania's work and photographs appearing in the zine granted by Ross Digby, comrade and executor of Ania's estate. Many thanks.

The editor would like to thank Robert Nowak, Ryszard Boulet, Martin Koszolko, Gary Willis, Aaron Redzik, Nick Pelomis, and Kevin Powe for encouragement, advice and support.

Biographies are included at the back of the zine.

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With Thanks to Nick Pelomis for concept collaboration.

Cartoon by Ania Walwicz - courtesy of **Jean Pearce** (**back cover**)

It is what it is

Editorial

In 2020 Ania advised me not to worry about my PhD studies because: “The Arts are dead. Just do what you want.!”

Ridiculously, I still worry. I should have listened.

The unrelenting doom never ends.

And so, here it is, imperfect.

Unfinished zine, but...

with you now.

Ciao!



Ania and I, General and Clown, marching along Swan St, Richmond, 2017



A poem for the poet

You and your Slavic scepticism, question everything. You and your supply of deep green primary school backpacks perfect for smaller – but not lesser – frames. You and your black tea or mineral water waiting for me with a newspaper. Close your eyes, flick to a page and that’s your message about the world today. “It’s going to end.” You and your philosophies, musings, intellectual conspiracies ringing true. You and your Monday night films and utilitarian love affair with Daiso. You and your tarot reading, “No, no, all is well!” You and your expressions. “Wunderbar!”, “Good-oh!”, “Ah well!” Husky, deep for someone so little. You and your abrupt hanging up after brief calls. You and your little phone book, handwriting like my Slavic mother’s. You and your eclectic garments, spin around when complimented. You and reminiscing about Mr. Boopee the cat. One true love. You and your precise lunch times, canned sardines, fruit, cheese. “You don’t mind if I...” You and your horse. Your beard, eccentric charm. You and your hearty laugh, so burly for someone so little. You and your glamorous photo model pose. You and your little shadow cast over so many.

Your friend forever, “Vronski Kranski”



It's Ania day
by custom
we don't
celebrate
the joy of someone
on the day of their passing
but I think it
characteristic
of macabre
Ania
she'd certainly celebrate her own death
with a tea party
of cats probably
every guest
complete with a suit
a bowtie
and one ridiculous accessory
like an eyepatch
or a dictator's moustache
or a beard
or a red Stalin star
they'd laugh and jeer
at everyone's seriousness
cheers to anarchy!
and slipping away
to far more interesting
places

Tali Samoylenko







I'd wondered
for the longest time
how she lived
away from the world that knew her
the colour of the bricks
that walled her
I thought I'd visit someday
I'd promised to change a lightbulb
after she'd passed
I'd asked around about it
how it looked and felt
sparse was the furniture apparently
very "her"
I'm sure that would make sense
if I'd seen it
but I haven't
and whatever it was that was really "her"
the very essence I piece
from memory
and anecdote
is eternally confused
distorted in death

Tali Samoylenko



IF YOU DIDN'T LAUGH, YOU'D CRY.
THE EARTH VIEWED FROM HELL THROUGH FUNNY GOGGLES.
LETTER TO KATHERINE FITZHYWEL ABOUT
OUR FRIEND ANIA WALWICZ
WHO/WHICH GOT OUT OF HAND.

Your letter, I mean email, started a train of thought that rambled and got out of hand and then seemed worth jotting down. I will try to encapsulate our differences and similarities and say a little about what made Ania go 'Toc-Tic. But first, a couple of general observations.

What do you do when your world is destroyed and you do not die? You go to Australia, or Kanada, as they called it at Oswiecim. Language fits the world at best like a cheap suit.* The unit of meaning is not the letter, the word, or the sentence, but the whole of all languages, something unknowable.

We never had differences in the sense of argument. In Australia, 'argument' tends to mean 'prelude to a fight'. 'Zhuangzi' observed "disputation is the first sign of doubt". For Ania, an argument was a line of reasoning so she was an intellectual, but that was only a small part of her. She was aware of politics but not inclined to argue about it. Neither of us was religious. Cheerfulness was a policy she was committed to, and so with me. I would call that a shared contempt for circumstance. Our relationship was never subject to the trials of romance. I was as stubborn as her, but self-centred in quite a different way. Our enduring connection lasted despite and because of our differences, and the fact that we were never in each other's pockets.

She got annoyed at me face-en-face once, which is only human. Margaret Brennan's Christmas, maybe 2007, late in the afternoon, Ania asked me to drive her back to Fitzroy. She wouldn't accept my being half cut as an excuse. So as well as being reasonable, she could be unreasonable.

Writing is for me a solitary activity. For Ania too, and for nearly all writers with the possible exception of Simon Hopkinson who wrote a novel at Flinders Street station! Ania and I knew pretty well where each of us was, and it needed no exploration. Ania was interested in modernist and post-modernist ideas which left me cold. We rarely discussed aesthetic matters. My idea of aesthetics I got entirely from a phrase I heard from a character on TV once: 'If you like it, it's good.' We engaged, from time to time, in casual conversations about a book or a fillum on this casual basis. She was considerate enough not to use words like 'stochastic' around me

In any case, Ania was mainly interested in herself and her work. She never showed me the least interest in anything I wrote. The only time I ever got an inkling she had noticed something was when Margaret Brennan told me that she had said, "I can never forgive him for that Pig!" This was a story written 15 years earlier! She never discussed it with me. Privately, I was quite chuffed she had read it, not that I ever told her.

We talked about acquaintances. Yes, delicious gossip. She was never malicious, though she could whine a bit, and she held friends to a high ethical standard. And there were historical things, observations on the world around us, including Ania and her life. In the last 20 years, she liked to talk about health matters as well, especially crank cures, but she had an anathema about others knowing what illness she might have. Once, in 2003 or so, we even spoke of the Polish word for 'tampon'. Though her Polish was good and mine very slight, that word she didn't know. I told her what it was. Podpaski. It was a brief discussion with a couple of quick laughs.

Ania was an autobiographical writer, which to be any good at all, demands an exacting degree of honesty. Ania's work was entirely about her self. She was her own cave system, with bats and stalagmites and stalactites, majestic subterranean rivers and iridescent vistas, sea monsters, flying terrors, and the weather was made of desire. How does such a private woman be honest about all this and remain respectable and free? She plays with language, pretends to be a baby, throws up smoke screens and develops a persona.

She spent her life trying to fit herself into the world and vice versa. She was the world as well. Without her persona the world could not exist. So, she was pretty important. I have always admired those who make something of the nothing, or the mundane, or nothing more than their intellectual property. I greatly admired that she, with her oddness and thick accent, writing like Conrad, in a borrowed language, could persuade this philistine country to grant her a measure of recognition of her importance.

I was more an adherent of the Shakespearian approach, preferring to pilfer other people's stories, observe the world and conceal the self. Ania spent a lifetime trying to understand her self and figure out how to express it. I spent mine, a lot of it, trying to become adequate at things I was not good at ... so that I might have something to write about more worthy than my self. Who cares about the self! We are all expendable! In this I think I remained truer to the dark bleak nihilism of northern and eastern Europeans, whereas Ania, despite everything, lived in hope made possible by the cultural refinement of the warmer parts of Europe: Spain, Italy and France. She clung to hope and her dreams, and was stubbornly happy.

She was a worker, focused and disciplined. Her productivity, dedication and achievement were brilliant. Not that I admired the results of her work! Just the work.

One of the recurrent themes of Ania's life was that she contracted unlikely friendships that often, I don't know how often, but many times, failed despite terrific initial enthusiasm and affection. There was The Fan as she called him, a somewhat younger man who worshipped her. I never met him or knew who he was but he lasted quite a long time and she often spoke of him. There was a Polish guy. There was at least one gay man with whom she was very close. Though later she observed that perhaps he was seeking a woman for the job of looking after him as he aged. There was no ill feeling at all in this, and she often worked with gay men and liked them. There was the friend who either disinvited her from a dinner or made a slighting remark about the holocaust, take your pick, they were never spoken to again. Of course, there was one relationship that endured until death, that was her husband as she called him, Mr Boopee who was a cat, and he ended up a dead cat. I always liked him.

Years went by and just disappeared. She complained to Margaret once that I never gave her a call. I was always losing things: money, opportunities, keys, bits of paper with stuff written on them including especially phone numbers. She had my number. But I had to ring her! Boeoeuerrrr!*

Ania, while I knew her, only lived in two places, both in Fitzrot (hello Thalia if you are reading this!) and remained an urban person. It suited her and it was where her chleb and maslo** were. If she had lived in the country she'd have remained unknown like Emily Dickinson. I liked the country because the air was fresher, the solitude was better and I could not fall into echo chambers.

I agreed with little that Ania thought, but I loved her courage, persistence, humour and prose. The stoicism and, I assume, decisiveness, of her final self-isolation would bring tears to my eyes if I were not such a tough guy.

I loved her laughter. It was a vital factor in the affection everyone felt for her. Laughter is the province of the unspeakable and the unspoken, and we read it carefully and so discreetly that even we don't notice ourselves doing it. Laughter is the first thing we learn and usually tops the list of things women say they seek in a man – a sense of humour. Men say 'hair'. Must have hair. Humour, second. The reason for the prominence of 'humour' in women's magazines surveys is not the fun factor. It is because by observing the sound of someone's laughter, and what they laugh at, one can judge whether they are fit company for a long journey.

Ania's laughter could roar and tinkle while her eyes twinkled and creased and her head flew back. My favourite of her works were the cartoons. I hope someone has saved them. They were witty and sardonic. Her spoken jokes were crazy, often lamely Edward Lear-ish (who was lame to start with). But somehow, they managed to elicit Duchenne laughs. One final, subtler point about her laughter: she never laughed at the end of sentences for no apparent reason because she knew who she was and what she was worth and was pretty self-sufficient. One of the best examples of her sense of humour is encapsulated brilliantly in Myron's great photograph of her dancing with Ken Smeaton dressed in a German uniform. Such a great thing they did. Alas, I was not there at the time, but it is one of my favourite images of two of my favourite people doing something audacious and hauntingly funny.



She came to my mother's funeral. They had met and got along well. My mother is one of five people whom remind me of Ania. They had in common the ability to overcome great fear. The other four are my son, a lady I met on a bus, a child I saw on a train and a woman I read about.

When I asked my son Jack what he wanted to do when he grew up he said, "I don't want to grow up". I asked why and he said, "I'm happy now."

I was sitting on the very back bench seat of a ramshackle articulated bus in Poland in 1986 and the bus was empty except for me. A surreal thing in Poland, an empty working bus. A woman about 55 mounted the back stairs with difficulty and sat next to me. She explained her legs were no good. She had little English and I had little Polish, but eventually we arrived at Oswiecim and she said the thing that stuck with me, "Mengele was for children, you know."

The child was sitting on a London/Brighton train opposite me and between his delighted intellectually disabled parents, and he was reading a story to them. I don't recall them looking at me the entire trip and I tried not to stare at them.

The last of the five was a woman I read about in a book of the holocaust. She was known as 'Laughing Halina', a Polish prisoner who started laughing during a beating and subsequently decided to laugh whenever she was beaten. After a while the Germans stopped beating her and became friends with her. She survived the camp and under her cover as a jovial madwoman she helped many people.

Ania was a comic artist. Comedy is when you take fear and ignorance and turn them into wisdom and pleasure (an essential constituent of life). It was, as Kierkegaard, the likeable religious nut, intuited, the trigger of human evolution.

Robert Nowak

*Italian phrase that can, like laughter, carry almost any meaning from surprise and scepticism to amusement and derision. Orthography impossible as it changes with intent, like laughter.

**Bread and butter

'Anti semitism had been increasing in Poland before the outbreak of the Nazi invasion and a half - 3 million - of all Jewish people killed during the Holocaust were Polish. Many good Polish people tried to help feed the Jewish people interned by the Nazis but many collaborated. This I understood was Ania's comment on the Polish people who 'danced with the Nazis'. It was theatre, it was confronting but it was dear Ania's performance and I was merely an actor in the portrayal of a shocking truth. It was at La Mama Poetica as part of Ania's reading'. - Kenneth Smeaton

'Here is Ania Walwicz with Ken Kenneth Smeaton on the cover of GDS 3 published in July 1981. It became quite a controversial photo. The issue contains three pieces by Ania: Hospital, New Year and White Shoes.' - Myron Lysenko



Ania Walwicz & Ken Smeaton dancing. 1st Published Going Down Swinging No. 3, July 1981
Photo: Myron Lysenko Scan: UoM Library S/C Permission: Kevin Brophy via Robert Nowak

Horses

For Ania Walwicz

I was not familiar
with you- I was one
of your wayward
kin. The steppes
taken toward one
- another, the grass
lands that must still
exist, in hind-
sight, they are closer
than the cumulus
of hoofs demand,
we might
reach one
- another over
a day's steady
travel. There is
none distance
nothing of that land
stretching to
mountains never
material
- the planes
of thistlewort we
eat, the trickle driving up
from earth, fossils
of our canter, making of
land, mare/marine
the herd/foals
thundering over one
- another until time
returns them

- the planes
of thistlewort we
eat, the trickle driving up
from earth, fossils
of our canter, making of
land, mare/marine
the herd/foals
thundering over one
- another until time
returns them
- that
could separate you
from this, from our thanking
neigh/gallop.

Jocelyn (Josie) Deane





From Elif Sezen's photographic series 'Ania Walwicz with her beard', 2020
© Elif Sezen, Courtesy of the artist.
www.elifsezen.com

Ania en point

The years of magical thinking.

I first met Ania Walwicz over forty years ago, in Fitzroy, when rents were cheap and alternatives were abundant. I lived on Brunswick Street and Ania on Bell. She'd graduated from the Victorian College of the Arts (VCA) although at that time her reputation had not preceded her. Clearly she was interesting; her louche gypsy airs were counterpointed by an exacting poetic intensity. I'd been teaching 'Performance Art', at Preston Institute of Technology (PIT), a discipline which had little to do with either the art world or the theatre world of the day. I traced my lineage from Dada and Fluxus through to Jerzy Grotowski, Joseph Beuys and Valie Export to The Yellow House artist collective. Despite our obvious differences, Ania and I seemed to have quite a lot in common.

At the time I was working on the murals for The Flying Trapeze Café (known as The Flytrap). I'd already painted some 26 portraits fusing the local luminaries with cabaret's historical characters. Bored with the project, I used what was left of my funds to commission a number of local artists to contribute portraits of their cabaret associates. Notably Melwitz Folino (portraying Phyllis Diller), Philip Hunter (Paul Grabowsky), Richàrd Boulez (Dame Edna Everage), Brian Seidel (Gary Willis) and Ania (Elvis Presley). I'd envisioned posterity for this illustrious institution. Ha!

This was when I caught my first glimpse of Ania's magical thinking. Ania had already spoken of a dream. In her adoration of Elvis she had transmogrified into Elvis himself – a winning elision of the boundaries between self and other which manifested absolute Stardom. Thus Ania's contribution to The Flytrap was her doubled self-portrait – Ania as Elvis – Supa-star. Sometime later Ania explained that she wanted to use her Ania/Elvis Supa-star portrait for the cover of her first book of poems – 'Writing' (Rigmarole Books, 1982). However, it was already too late.

Before we had a chance to document the murals, The Flytrap was on-sold. The first thing the new owners did was to paint out the murals,

in preparation for whatever was to come next, but Flytrap audiences balked when suddenly faced with the white cube. Two weeks later the new owners were broke and The Flytrap closed down – forever. To this day capital continues to under-estimate the value of culture.

By this time, I had moved out of Brunswick Street, into a dank little cottage in Cremorne Street, behind the Standard Hotel. Eventually I passed my Cremorne Street cottage on to Ania. After that I imagined I'd lost contact with her but as it turned out, she was having an affair with the American performance artist, Richàrd Boulez (see - Ryzard Boulez *Pamiętajac Panne Anię – Jestem La Wabwicz* Pg 68). Although very few people lived in the city in those days, Richàrd lived in a loft off Little Bourke Street – 8 Rankins Lane – just opposite where I was living with Eva Schramm in number one. Those were the days of impromptu performance.

One night we were called to a performance in Richàrd's loft. Ania performed her poem 'Max' to a select audience – perhaps 10 -15 max. Under a spotlight in a corner of Richàrd's vast empty loft, Ania sat astride a fat log, her knees pressed to the floorboards. Thus, she began her recital calling for Max – Max, I want Max – Max, to the Max – Max, give me Max – Max, give it to me Max, I want you Max, I want it Max – to the Max – Max etc, etc, in her usual iterative style. Eventually, out of the darkness stepped Richàrd in an executioner's mask and cleaved his axe between her legs. CHOCK. A shuddering thud resounded through the floorboards - the studio lights cut. Ania's work always packed a punch.

At the end of 1982 I left Melbourne. It was almost twenty years before I returned. When I did, I was surprised to note Ania was still living in that dank little cottage in Cremorne Street, although a modest inheritance soon enabled her to buy her own apartment around the corner on Victoria Street. I was delighted to meet up with her again, over the ritual pot of tea in some local café – 2:00 pm sharp – always. Ania was nothing if not a creature of habit. She was teaching creative writing at RMIT by then and had become something of a 'cause célèbre' having written numerous poems, contributed to a number of journals, published several books, staged many performances and worked with various luminaries of the avant-garde, not least of all – John Cage.

But I soon came to understand something had changed. Ania had diabetes. She lived discreetly with her insulin pumps, on the strictest of diets, and worked within exacting limits. She would never eat out. She would only eat food she had prepared herself. When invited to dine at her place I noted just how meticulously she weighed out the portions of meat for a light stir-fry, with just a splash of hemp oil. Although Ania was never one to advocate any sort of drug, after one such meal I was left to suspect the origins of her hemp oil. She had become a health expert, and even talked of writing a cookbook. Her disillusionment with the art-world was palpable. She lamented that she should have become a lawyer – I could see her in that horse-hair wig – ‘look what’s become of me, I am nothing if not ruined’.



Passport photo of Anna, 1972

The Poiêtic act.

Born in Poland in 1952, Ania would have been 70 this year. She maintained her father had been a vet, worked with animals, and suspected her mother had in effect abandoned her. She persistently alluded to some dark transgression against her innocence. Ania had long been fascinated with Sigmund Freud and the return of the repressed, where any transgression of our moral boundaries re-emerges in the form of what Freud called 'derivatives of the unconscious'. In this light we begin to understand Ania's poetic thrust as a shamanic release of angst and grief, where she breached every conception of virtue, to act-out the insoluble contradictions inherent in cultural authority.

Having arrived in Australia from postwar Poland, where both secular and religious values had collapsed so tragically, Ania was horrified to recognize herself in the mirror as The Great Pretender – 'I am she who pretends to be me' she admits in 'Horse' (University of Western Australia Publishing, 2018. p.62). A Polish Australian Catholic Jew of Russian extraction, pretending to be whatever she was supposed to be. But who was she supposed to be? ... and where was God in all this? ... she asked herself, knowing full-well she had already answered this question in her diary at the age of thirteen. 'God is Dead' was her Nietzschean conclusion – the very birth of tragedy.

Ania's magic theatre of the self, sprung from a concatenation of what Martin Heidegger might call 'the unexpressed rational longings of the emotions' compelled by a yearning for an unspeakable truth. A primary act of language cobbled together from all misfitted options. This is what the ancient Greeks would call the poiêtic act, which forms a votive offering from all that is wrong and manifests from a need to understand the untruth. This, both Nietzsche and Heidegger argue, is the highest mode of thinking possible, since it is contingent upon a lateral shift. Higher, they argue, than any of the more rational modes of analysis inherent in politics or philosophy, which are inevitably linear deductions. It takes a dynamic leap of faith to ground yourself in an untruth.

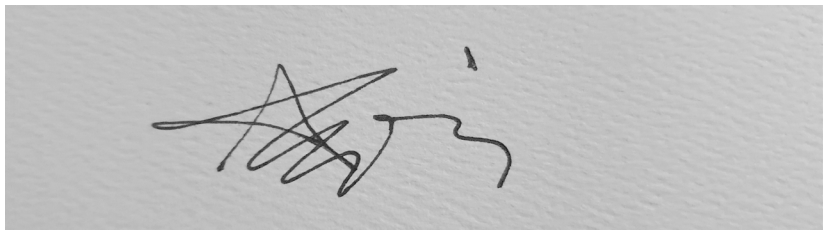
This poiêtic act is not to be confused with the craftsmanship of fine poetry, much less poesy. The poiêtic act is an existential cogitative gesture, underpinned by intuition, which brings instinctual knowledge into a language of form. Although the gestural thrust of poiêsis precedes language, it is in fact the very crucible of knowledge. This is where the contest for truth begins, and where Nazis begin burning books.

Expressionism might be the cursory name for what Ania was doing, although Ania had zero interest in defining herself within any genre. ‘I am a servant in the Palace of Culture,’ she maintained. Her advice to her students was always the same ‘There are no rules – listen for your own voice.’ The same advice as the romantic or the beat poets might have given, or any of the mystics for that matter, be they Christian, Islamic or Buddhist. Despite her Jewish origins Ania’s advice was almost Heideggerian – Stay close to your own wellspring and maintain your own ‘Palace of Culture’ (Puncher & Wattmann Poetry, 2014). However, it takes more than a mere artist to fabricate a culture. A culture demands the artist’s creative offerings be received, valued and instated within the lexicons of knowledge, our museums, our palaces of culture.

For my part it has been a rare luxury to have known Ania over the last forty years. In time I suspect Australia will come to know more about her work. Meanwhile, despite her often painfully solitary existence, it is already clear that I am not the only one missing her.

Vale Hannah, Anna, Ania, Vanya, Ivan – whoever you were.

Gary Willis, Melbourne, 2021.



Ania Walwicz’ Signature



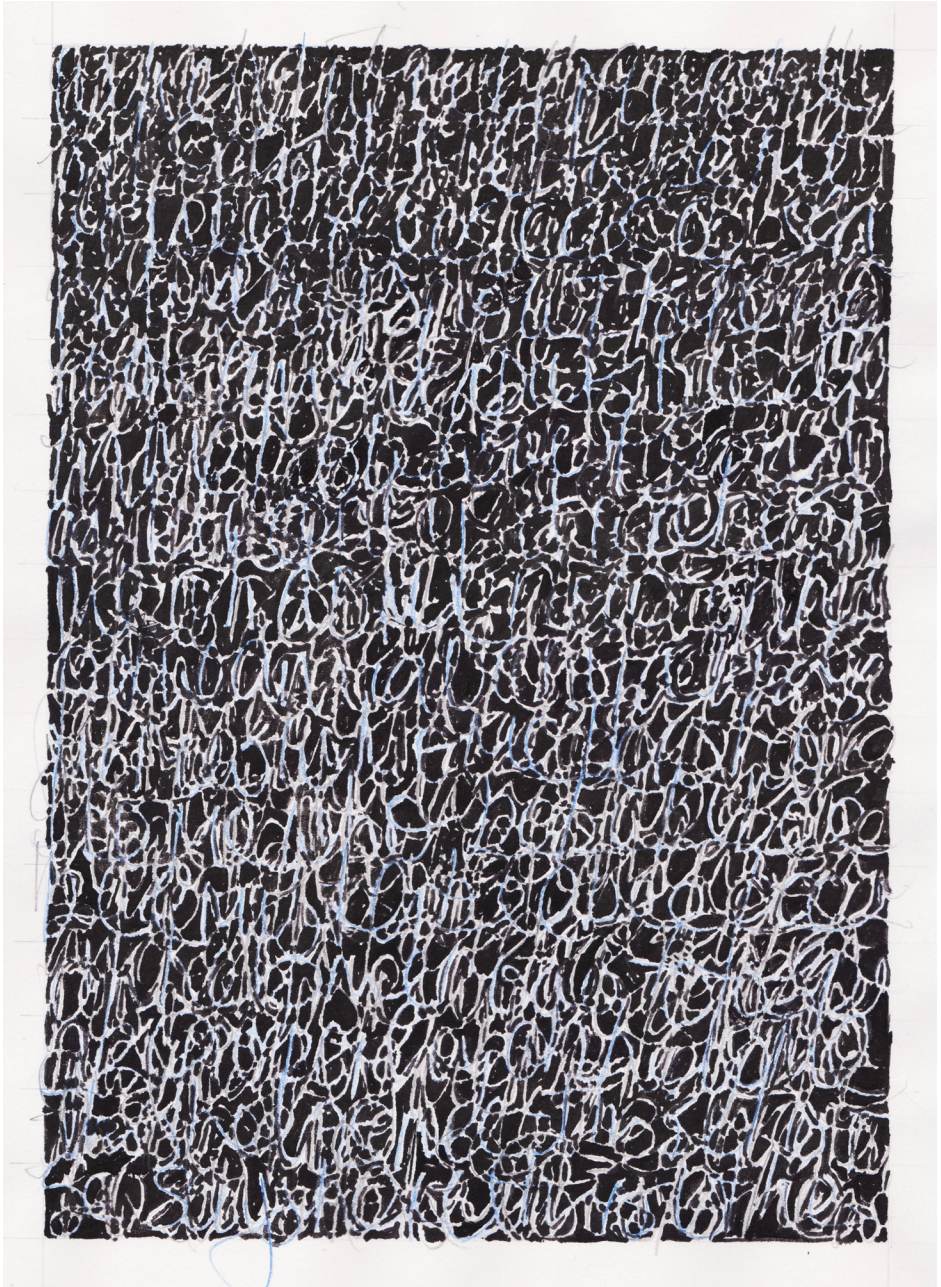
'Dead Poets Society' formerly 'Ania Walwicz' painting by Gary Willis (Feb 2020)

Also appears on St Arnaud's Bookshop website:

<https://starnaudbooks.com/remembering-ania-walwicz/>

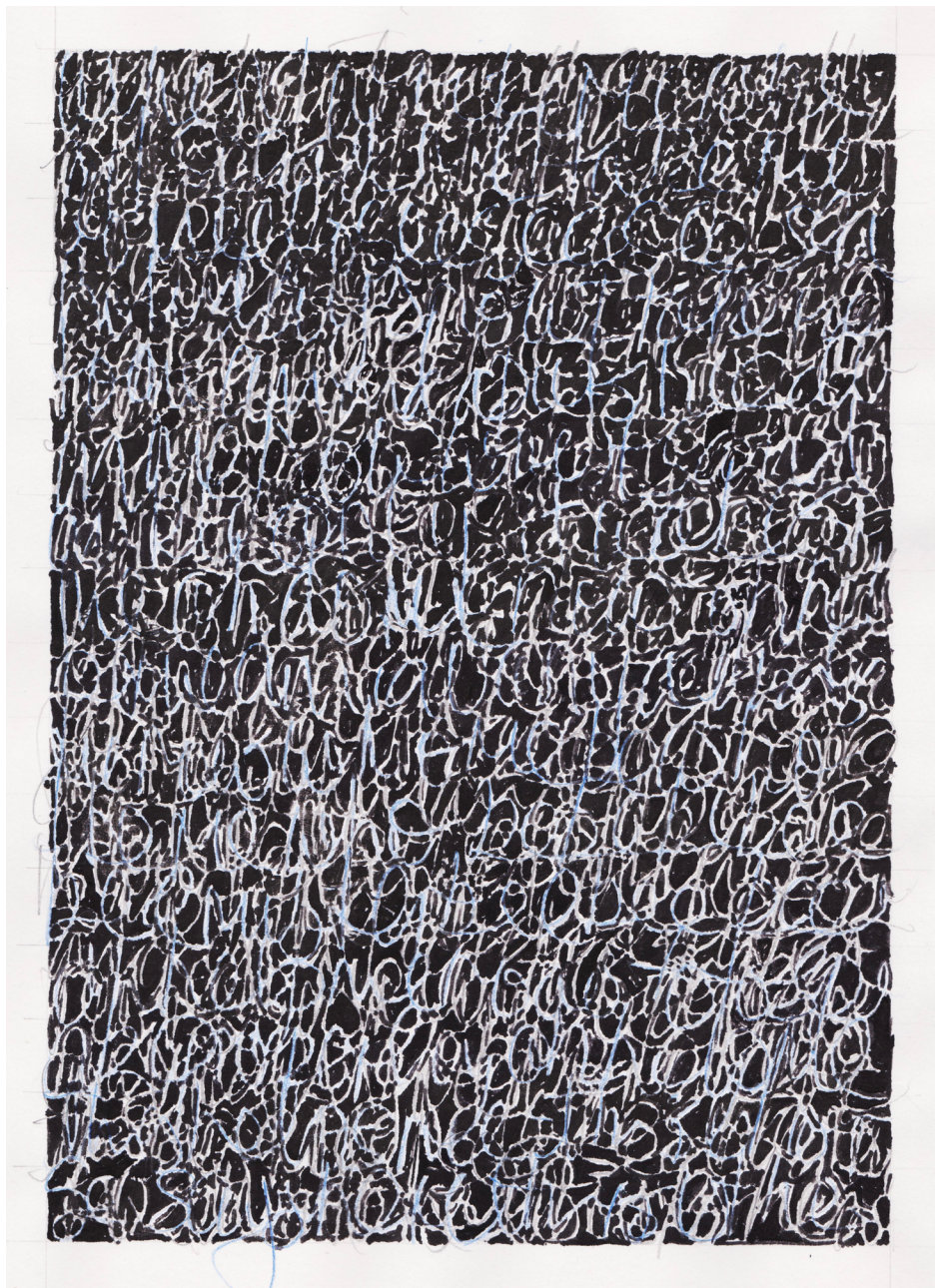
Also appears in Australian Poetry Journal, vol 10, no. 2, 2021 (p.125) - along with accompanying article by Robert Nowak: *Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen Ania Walwicz* October 2020

In the 2 page spread version you get a nice big 2 page 'centrefold' of this artwork



Transcription drawing: HORSE Ania Walwicz - I am Ania Vanya - p. 100
Ruark Lewis - Indian ink on paper, 297 x 210 mm - 02062021

but in this single page version it gets cut in half, so now you get to enjoy it twice...



Transcription drawing: HORSE Ania Walwicz - I am Ania Vanya - p. 100
Ruark Lewis - Indian ink on paper, 297 x 210 mm - 02062021

Ania in the Sky with Diamonds, and Magpie.

So Happy .. to hear .. there have been reported sightings: of Ania, on the wing, and in dreams, and in the other dimensions of the heart: Me too. Thank you, for sharing- “Ian Birdwheel” .. o r .. I wouldn't have dared.



Bron. G. Evans

Echoed Locations

I have long admired you
from a distance, from
my birthplace of
Bendigo,
Ania.

Now I'm
wondering if my
ancestors in Wrocław
knew yours in Świdnica.

Michael J. Leach



Bron. G. Evans



Ross Digby and Ania Walwicz

Step out my door onto the backstairs landing to a day of bitter cold draughts and soaking rain. Off to pay my rent on my underground poets press in this mean suburb; it offers a foothold in the struggle. I can warm my blood back to life here. This freezing day reminds me of a grasshopper I found frozen in a lump of ice high on the Tasman glacier in New Zealand. A French girl and I were hiking and we bunked in a high altitude climbers' hut. Overnight the ice-block melted exposing the grasshopper in a pool of water. During our breakfast my companion was holding the dead insect and it warmed out of suspended animation, rubbing its legs in the palm of her hand. She squealed and we were wowed, thinking the grasshopper was dead when it was merely waking from a frozen sleep.

Brunswick Street Fitzroy is a 'one of a kind' experience for comfortable, well off people. They sit in the Black Cat Café to feel groovy. They visit Fitzroy to soak in the palpable creative atmosphere of poster-pasted, wall-painted Gothic Brunswick Street. The people who can afford to never feel cold, or hungry, or heed the call of poetry. They need us artists. We attract them here. They spend money and old rundown Fitzroy is warming back to life.

The rain and wind eased, a crack in the storm letting sunlight sparkle the street. Home I head, happy rent is paid, food in my pantry, and some cash in my wallet. Three doors on from my landlord Louise Zervos Fashions, I pass the Crazy Horse Brothel, an indiscreet sign in its window 'Discreet Rear Entry if required'. Creeps requiring a rear entry sometimes miss the brothels back gate and knock on my gate. I point them toward the Rose Street end. The women are workers after all. A short walk back around the corner to my place I see Michael Burns, at the covered end of the lane out of the weather, now asleep in his pile. I'm keen to be upstairs out of the weather. My tin gate squeaks open like the scream from 'Psycho'.

"Ania!" The Polish poet is standing at my door at the top of the stair. In the wet sunlight she appears radiant. Ascending the metal stairway I see she is naked under her dripping transparent plastic raincoat and hood. Lots of colourful animal stamps hide her undress but the sunlight shines through. She wears thick yellow socks rolled at the ankle in shiny red shoes that pump up her muscular, lovely calves. Those heels on my old wood floorboards is a concern. She has walked here covered only by her animal stamp plastic raincoat; she must be freezing.

"Hello Ken," she meekly greets me in her Polish accent.

"Ania you must be so cold."

"I need to feel." Head lowered, she hasn't looked at me.

"Well you must be feeling the cold, that's a start. Come in, I'll light the fire."

I gently hold my finger under her chin so she must look at me.

Ania is a unique beauty. She's no figure 8. She is like a block of squares. Her face is square. In her plastic coat she could be a playing card with a head and little arms and legs. She captivates and excites me. She is enigmatic, the embodiment of the tragic artist. Her skin pale and smooth as silk I will soon paint with kisses. Her lips are long and full and in this cold air naturally red. Her brown eyes are wide, clear and lovely to look into. Her honey brown hair curls about her shoulders. She is a brilliant abstractionist artist. Her poems are childlike stories with convulsive self-reference. We hit it off the first time I saw her perform; her entrancing singsong voice is pleasantly hypnotic and makes true artless art. Ania has a natural intelligence that never parades but focuses outside the rules, which you can only do when you know the rules. Which she does and I am in awe of her talent.

My entry atop the back stair opens to a small vestibule by the bathroom then the kitchen to the left. Up two steps to the right, a long corridor with two doors into one big room I made from two rooms by taking the wall out and building a mezzanine bedroom under the high ceiling. I take her cold hand and bring her inside. Her heels leave small dents along the hall and she walks down to the window overlooking Brunswick Street. All my equipment and machinery, my Off-Set printer, a pallet of A4 paper, bookshelves, tables, lots of plastic kitchen chairs and some old armchairs. A set of biggish amplifiers, mic stands, crates of lights and leads for the musicians who sometimes rehearse here, if they can afford my miniscule fee. I watch her by the window while I get a warm burn going in the brick fireplace. I tidy the comfy couch cushions and rugs, press a Cohen tape on and call her to come down to the warmth.

Ania has unfastened her canvas, her garment. The window light throws coloured animal shapes from her coat onto the screen of her belly. I walk close and wrap my hands under the plastic coat. Her firm body is cold, goose-bump chilled, concerned she is too cold I move us to the fireplace. I lift off my t-shirt and pullover together and wrap her into my warm body. The plastic sleeves feel like cold bands of soft metal wrapping me. To help her warm we kiss and kiss. She draws my heat, she feels almost frozen. I peel her plastic raincoat off. We embrace like stone statues warming back to flesh life. The cracking fire warming her legs and back, me hugging her, she is a delicious sandwich. We sway a dance in our embrace, her breath is misty on my chest, we play like this awhile. She is a cold hunger finally dining.

Soon her skin is smooth and warmed through and I set her on the couch wrapped in my mother's good blankets. We play and feel, explore and caress, all warm and

comfortable in the realm of affection. She doesn't speak but emits lovely coos and ahhs and sounds like music notes. I say sweet words to her and she smiles, puts her finger to my lips.

“To speak would be to pretend.”

She could, I suspect, say anything in three or four languages if she wanted to. She wants to feel, she needs no words to say what she wants. I can accommodate. I'm elated just to feel her. Nothing else in my world of marginal lives matters while Ania embraces me. The afternoon passes and I get up once or twice to make tea, and put more wood on the fire. We talk about films and how we are the same age. How we are both preparing our poetry collections. I ask her if she has a title yet.

“Writing? Because that's what it is. And your 'White Sheet', to write yourself on.”

“Thank you Ania, we are in tune.”

By and by she sleeps in my embrace. I can hear the late afternoon traffic clogging the street. The Friday night cacophony, trams grinding and dinging, indeed all the noise clamouring up, competing with Cohen's music. I am her 'big ugly' thawing Ania back from her 'big empty'. We are but two in the swarm of artists warming cold Fitzroy back to life.

Ken Smeaton © September 1981

This photo of Ania and I was taken Dec 1980 in her backyard Cremorne St Fitzroy





Portrait of Ania by Ingrid K Brooker
(Digital Artwork)
www.ingridkbrooker.com

Dust

Di Cousens

Dust smells like
dust
bits of lost things
past time
unopened doors
closed windows
absence
forgetfulness
abandoned books and
old papers piled up.

Dust looks like
a grey film covering
black plastic electronic
machines
blurry vision
car windows
you can't see out
an absence of focus.

Dust feels like
grit
under your feet
discoloured carpet
loose hair and
dirty tiles
a failure of duty.

Dust happens when
some things
are overdue.



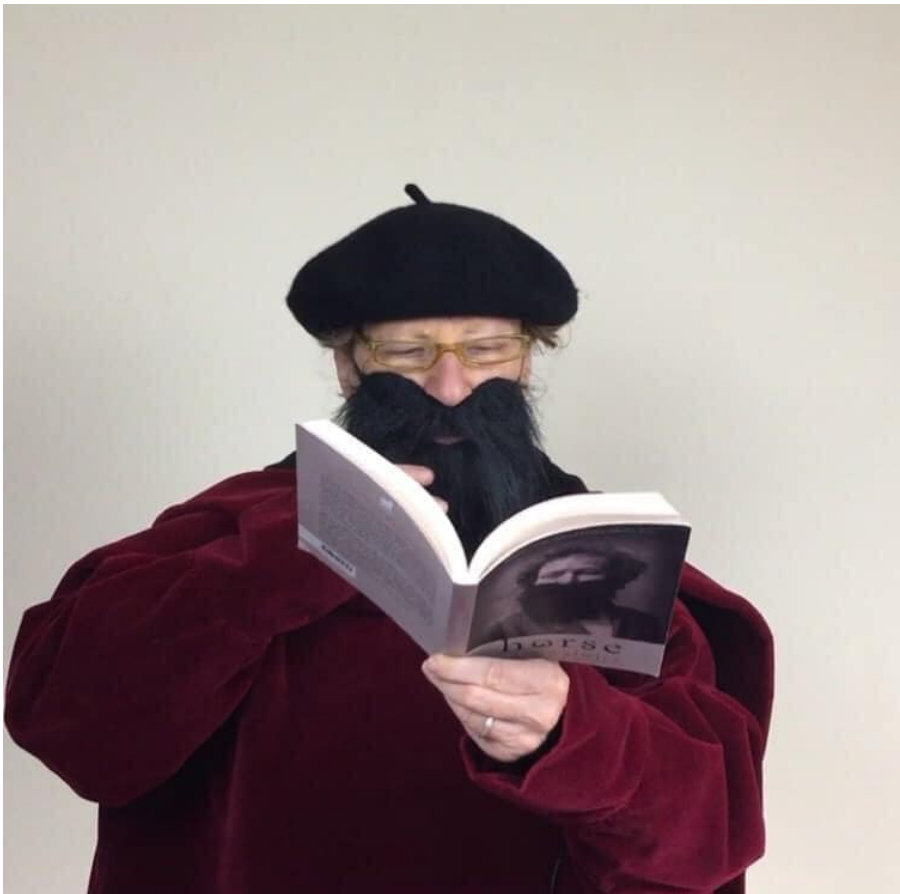
Di Cousens

Ania's shoes post-performance at the *Capitol Theatre* for
the *Odyssey Festival* 15/10/19 - KFHI

A movie! About me!
Red cloak, beard to
Broadway.
Did you know she's making a movie
about me?
Oh yes, and there's a cat next door
who keeps visiting. Ginger!
I think I would be a tiny man
you know. In a pocket
pick pocket man. So, a movie!
Good? o.



Ella Bradwell



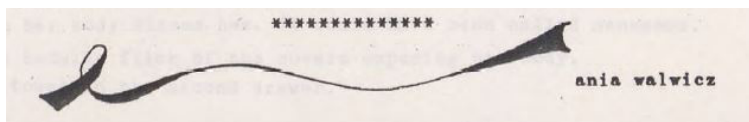
Ania Walwicz

The world is without Walwicz – a brilliant presence who brought poetic insight into life’s prosaic puppetry – a fairy-tale disguise for real time, real emotion and real fear. Her inimitable, melodic enquiry — contrapuntally rising from high to low — good afternoon Sheridan — followed quickly by her quick-fire tongue of truth that shot good naturedly to the heart, the target, the spot, and we are off running through forests of dreams or rambling urban traumas. Her mind ticked over with enquiries somehow made less intrusive by her quiet Polish accent or perhaps because she was simply a very experienced analyst — grist for her mind mill, food for her creative concoctions.

Dependency begins early in life, the teddy bear sits at the end of the cot, a protective deity for a child, who as s/he grows older clutches it ever more tightly as the mother retreats. A substitute for the unknown and the darkest dead night, the little beast who protects and warms you. Ania wrote a poem called BEAR and turned it into a performance at the Ballarat Art Gallery — clinging to her life-size bear partner they waltzed around, Ania, in a sailor’s dress standing on the bear’s feet — a metaphor for belonging elsewhere, across the seas — nestling her head against his chest, yearning for security, while the music played Strangers in the Night.

Ania lived with me in Ballarat when she had a writer’s residency at the Ballarat University in 1983. In return I was permitted to stay at her tiny cottage in Cremorne Street, Fitzroy when I came to Melbourne for a weekend. Our conversations could be compared to being on board a boat on unknown oceans, hauling ideas out of the depths, fishing for new angles in understanding human nature and tracing trajectories well into the night. She would recite her latest poem/prose, sometimes in Polish, yet I felt I could understand what she was saying, her lilting tone and mesmerising voice opened up the world. Vale dear friend,

Sheridan



Footer from *Faceless Woman* by Ania Walwicz, Gilli Smyth, Carmel Bird.
Prahan: Backyard Press, 1984.





Photos of Ania Walwicz at QV Foodcourt by Koraly Dimitriadis

Vale Ania Walwicz: ‘There Are No Rules’

Koraly Dimitriadis

October 13, 2020

Ania Walwicz was a no bullshit sort of a person. She would never harp on things. She’d just say her one or two sentences on a matter, in a slightly inquisitive, curious way, finish it off with a ‘good-o’, and then change the subject with a ‘so...’ She’d move on from a conversation long before I was ready to. I like to analyse, dissect until an answer reveals itself. Ania would plant questions in my mind, send me home with theories, ideas and perspectives to churn over.

We have lost a great creative mind. I always felt like there was more to learn from her. If I knew she was going to leave this world I would have asked her so many questions. Ania taught me poetry back in 2009 at RMIT but even after we became friends, and up until our last walk at the start of September in Fitzroy gardens, I still referred to her as my poetry teacher. We were friends, good friends, but I had so much admiration and respect for her I couldn’t call her anything else.

The Australian arts sector is worse off because Ania is gone. She was a rarity. A kind, gentle soul. But with her body of work on this planet now complete, we have so much to learn from her art, life, and the way she taught art and culture. It is important that we do not forget the artists that shape us. Ania taught poetry at RMIT for over thirty years and has influenced many of this country’s writers.

When I met her at RMIT, I eagerly enrolled in her class because I wanted to 'learn how to be a poet'. I was a repressed, Cypriot married mother, completely naïve, and yet there was always a burning desire in me to express, like a volcano simmering for years, and everyone knows one day, it's going to blow.

'Ania!' I exclaimed to her. 'I want to be a poet. Teach me the rules!' I had always written poetry throughout my life, but I never considered it poetry because I thought you had to be a professor at a university to be deemed a poet. I wanted to study art out of high school but my migrant parents didn't consider it a career, they saw it as the pastime for the lazy. When I met Ania I was still a computer programmer, working part-time.

'There are no rules,' Ania responded in her calm yet interested way, like she had traveled long, arduous roads to arrive to this conclusion and was sparing me the same journey. 'If we all followed the rules we would all sound the

Her response blew my mind. She didn't teach like any other teacher I'd ever had. We would arrange the tables and sit in a circle with her and she would introduce us to a new poet at each class. We would read their work, discuss their style, their influence on society. She introduced us to poets that influenced culture throughout history. Sylvia Plath, Patti Smith, Leonard Cohen, Margaret Atwood, Anne Sexton, poets I'd never heard of. She would pose questions to us, and in hindsight, they were questions designed to expand our thoughts and the way we have been conditioned to perceive the world. She would provide writing prompts that tied into the poet of the week, and then she would give us time to write our own poetry, poetry that was true to our own story and poetic voice. She encouraged the raw, uncensored voice. Then we were given the opportunity to share our poetry with the class. I must have written one hundred poems in Ania's poetry class.

Her teachings on culture were truly liberating. There was less emphasis on getting published through traditional channels, and more on being true to one's art at all costs, doing things your way, publishing poetry with zines, starting your own publishing ventures. Ania's teachings unraveled me, opened my eyes, unveiled truths inside me I was too afraid to broach. Nobody had ever given me permission to listen to myself. All my life I was taught to do what others wanted me to do. I was taught to follow the path set out for me by patriarchy. Ania gave me the permission I sought to listen to not only my own poetic voice but to listen to myself.

Some students found Ania's teaching style infuriating. She ran her short story class and her myths and symbols class in a similar fashion. They couldn't handle how she never taught any rules. You were either an Ania lover or an Ania hater. And many

times you could see how even the Ania haters eventually become Ania lovers (sometimes the transition took years!). I think she knew she was discussed out of the classroom but she never took it personally.

When I told Ania I had left my marriage in the second year of my course, she suggested we meet for coffee. Initially I thought it was odd, a teacher asking a student for a coffee, but I went along and had a really great time. I always paid for her tea (because I respected her so much as my teacher!) and she took a real interest in my poetry and what I was experiencing with the cultural pressures to return to my marriage. She was very understanding and encouraged me to continue on my own path, creatively and personally. Ania inspired me to be brave enough to publish my own zine, *Love and F—k Poems*. It became a bestseller in a few indie bookshops so then I started my own publishing company and turned it into a book.

Ania was very pessimistic about culture towards the end of her life. She would often talk about the death of culture. It started with the decimation of the TAFE sector, and now with COVID, it's got a whole lot worse. If Ania wanted us to learn anything it would be to remain fearless in our artistic practice and not subscribe to the powers-that-be for approval. Doing so can dilute our own voice and what we were put on this planet to say and communicate.

Dr Ania Walwicz is the author of Horse, Palace of Culture, Elegant, Red Roses, Boat and Writing. Her writing has been published in over 200 journals and anthologies. She is a Doctor of Philosophy, Deakin University, 2017 and a graduate of the Victorian College of the Arts. She taught at RMIT for over thirty years. A Facebook group The Ania Walwicz Fan Club: "It's been ridiculous" has been established to remember her.

*Koraly Dimitriadis is the author of the poetry books Love and F—k Poems and Just Give Me The Pills.
www.koralydimitriadis.com*

"Vale Ania Walwicz: There Are No Rules" was first published in the Meanjin Quarterly Blog 13 October 2020. Reprinted with Koraly's permission.

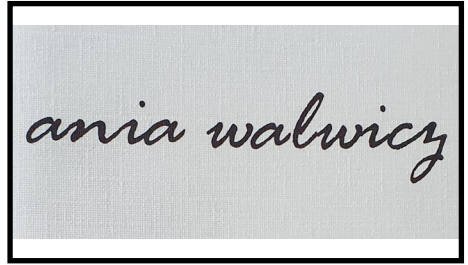
Rockstar

You will always be my rockstar
Nobody can replace you even if they tried
You lived life your way
And never apologised for it
Even when they snubbed you
Authentic, inspiring, real
A rarity to find these days
Your teachings shattered me
Then put me back together the right way
You will always be my rockstar
Shine up there in the sky now
Show them how it's done
Shine my little angel now, shine

Koraly Dimitriadis



Beauty and the Beast
Ania and Collingwood Children's Farm Cat, 2019.



Beauty and the Beast
Ania Walwicz and Roman Tucker, 2019.



Ania Walwicz performing with *Person or Persons Unknown* - from youtube clip. (Photos: Simon Grounds)



Ania Walwicz and Person or Persons Unknown, RMIT Odyssey Literary Festival, Capitol Theatre, 2019.

Note re Ania

Ania first appeared to me as a kind of apparition, at late 70's early 80's post punk gigs I was part of, around a Fitzroy that was then blessedly of no interest to the moneyed middle class. A bohemian pixie in a beret and black coat, suddenly there out of the darkness. Always interested, questioning, commenting. She was older than the rest of us, and knew more, a little like a wise fairy, she was there and then gone. There were countless Little Bands and experimental DIY music gigs around the Inner North then. Whenever Ania arrived, always somehow suddenly out of the darkness, it seemed to mark the night as an important one.

We were friends for life from then. She made a lot of friends that endured from that scene and time.

Roman Tucker and I put an improvisational free music group together in late 2018, as a core piano and saxophone duo with flexible membership, called Person or Persons Unknown. We invited our friend Ania to do some shows with us and to our delight she was up for it.

Horse was the text she mostly used with us when we performed together. We loved doing it, and she did too. A highlight for all of us was playing at the RMIT Odyssey Literary Festival in October 2019. Onstage in the spruced up and newly re-opened Capitol Theatre, under that extraordinary ceiling, with so much love and respect in the room, Ania shone. With the lockdown just a few months away I suppose that was one of her last public appearances.

Simon Grounds



Ania with *Person or Persons Unknown* - Longplay, 2016.
(Photos: Simon Grounds)



Ania with *Person or Persons Unknown* - Lyrebird Lounge, 2019.



Ania

Last year, at the age of 48, I went back to university. On campus at RMIT I felt out of place with all the school-leavers and being back in the confines of an educational institution.

At that early stage I didn't understand just how lucky I was to find myself in Ania Walwicz's class. I recognised immediately that she was unlike the other teachers, that she was a rebel and a renegade. Straight away I adored her. She was my teacher for the Fiction course. And I couldn't wait for her class each week.

That was early 2020, before we all retreated to the safety of our homes because of the pandemic. The first piece I wrote for Ania's class, in late February, was called Summer of the Fires. It was born from that anxiety-inducing summer of 2019/2020, when bushfires ravaged Australia. Immediately after the fires were extinguished, we began to hear reports of a virus that was spreading elsewhere in the world. I took the idea, and with Ania's encouragement, ran with it. I wrote about a young woman holed up in her flat in Melbourne, preparing to go to the shops to get supplies, in the midst of a pandemic. Little did I know a couple of months later, that would become our lives. Ania loved the piece. And her enthusiasm gave me confidence to keep writing. By the time she marked the piece for assessment, it had all come true, and in her comments she described it as "prophetic" and she told me she'd shown it to students in other classes. It meant so much to me to have her approval.

As it became clear that the virus would impact us all, Ania railed against the idea of a lockdown. "How can humans build immunity to this disease if they hide away?" She believed the only way to fight it was to confront it. I felt as though she had confronted and defeated other foes in her life before in the same manner. She was small but she was formidable. A force of nature. She seemed indestructible. And funny! She had me in stitches most classes with her commentary, "HOW BIZARRE?!" and her outrageous comments that came out of nowhere, "Just Googoo it! You can trust everything you read on the internet."

She wanted us to go for tea but restrictions were starting to come into play and it just didn't feel safe. I regret not going for tea with Ania. I've thought a lot about it. I feel like our burgeoning friendship was thwarted by the virus. I think about what could've been but never will be.

As classes moved online it was clear that Ania's natural milieu was the classroom and not the virtual world. She could never quite angle her laptop camera right. From my end all I could see was Ania's lined forehead and her shock of frizzy hair.

“Lower your camera a bit, Ania! We can’t see you!” It didn’t worry her in the least. What she had to tell us was what was important. Camera angles were irrelevant.

I learned so much from her. But perhaps most importantly I learned to trust that initial creative flow. To just let it flow and not get it in the way. Yes, the blood, sweat and tears come later as you’re trying to hone what’s there, but initially it’s about imagination and letting it run free. That’s what Ania gave me. And a belief in myself. That I did have something of value to say. I’ll be forever thankful to her for that. I was one of the last people to be taught by the unique, the unforgettable Ania Walwicz. Without a doubt, she changed my life.

Nick Pelomis



Ania at San Churro, QV, Melbourne, 27/11/19 - KFH

My Friendship with Ania

Ania was my dearest friend. My once in a life time friend. I learnt of her passing while I was working at my house in Queenscliff teaching an online class. My heart was filled with screams and my body filled with rocks.

For nine years Ania and I were close, almost painfully close. Ours was a friendship that could not be defined. With Ania friendship was meshed with the spoken and unspoken and she carried the history of lifetimes. Knowing and trying to understand Ania was for me instinctive. I had an intuitive connection with her before I really knew her well, over the years she was my teacher in PWE. I first enrolled in Poetry in 2005 and followed her through many of her classes. She spoke to me in more recent times about her early awareness we would become friends. As a teacher Ania never held herself up in the traditional, hierarchical role. She presented material to students and responded, led and just allowed them to follow. By opening up path ways, different paradigms she enacted changes in the thinking and self-perception in her students, in me. It was her version of creative neuroplasticity. Ania and I had similar values and approaches to teaching. Neither of us followed orthodox educational structures. But it was not just Ania as teacher who created innovations it was Ania as artist, poet and performer. How refreshing and exciting it was to first meet her. Ania was different from anyone else I have known. She opened up a freer model of being and of communication. What amazed me in Ania was she actually valued and was excited by the creative in all ways and with everyone, it engaged her and she would lead the whirling dervish of the dance in class and out. It was her life. She was incredible. In classes her exploration of Freud, Jung and myth were a joy. In poetry and short-story she always got to the heart of the matter.

In a recent dream, a young Ania with curly hair appeared before me wandering around in a crowd, happy and oblivious. Oh no, I haven't really passed away, she said. I have gone through so much, my dream me said, how can this be?

I first really started to know Ania as a friend in late in 2011 when I spoke to her about enrolling in her Poetry subject a second time. On this occasion we talked and laughed so much that I organised for her to come to stay during the week before Christmas at what was my family's house in Queenscliff, around the corner from where I live. I picked Ania up from Geelong station and went back to Queenscliff. Ania lost the sole of her shoe so we rushed back into Geelong and had it mended. I experienced the mad and delirious sense of really meeting Ania: her humour was wonderful as was her engagement and energy to talk about herself and life; the curvature of her spine, the legacy of family, her past, all within the environment of the sea. From that time Ania visited and stayed in Queenscliff in the week before



Christmas every year including 2019. She stayed in Circa 1902 for the last two years. She came for day trips regularly. I wondered if I could survive her absence in the week before Christmas in 2020. Everywhere I went she was there and her voice still called to me from across the road.

Ania loved to visit Queenscliff. It was a great place for free range talk and play and wandering from the beach to café, then café and often to my house then back to where she stayed. While I always enjoyed my time with Ania, the meetings in Melbourne, the exhibitions we went to at the NGV and Ian Potter were as much a highlight: seeing shows such as *The Mad Square* in 2011, *Napoleon, Revolution to Empire* 2012 and *The Fashion World of Jean Paul Gaultier* 2014 and others were memorable, not just for the exhibitions but for the explorations of history, art and our lives ; conversations that were free form and dynamic. I remember Ania's delight that Napoleon was of short stature as was Jean Paul. She could sweep together the hilarious and the profound in one arm gesture or strut of her foot. We also went to films at the Nova and other cinemas. At other times we and just wandered galleries, cafes, Melbourne parks and streets, Queen Vic, or went to the beach in South Melbourne and Brighton. We walked and talked, sat and revealed one way or another the interiors of our hearts and minds. She was perceptive and supportive in a low-key way. Ania encouraged me in personal and creative ways. Our early lives had much that was in common. We both experienced repression. Ania has a profound sense of responsibility to her friends, me included, and also a sense of optimism which loomed out of the seeming blackness. She advised and supported me and other friends in practical and thoughtful ways and was often disappointed when I and others did not take what she said as seriously as she would like. She had many ideas for us over the years such as shared businesses and projects. She offered to supervise me to complete master's degree in creative writing. I was not sure about what I wanted to do. She thought I should explore my early years in a way that was similar to her writings in *Horse*. She also spoke to me about how I could approach this. At that time, she was worn out by teaching and would have appreciated a different role within the university. She also felt her PhD was not acknowledged as much as she would have liked.

I came to Melbourne for performances of Ania's work and she sometimes shared her writing with me before she was to publish or perform. I gave her the red velvet coat she wore in performances of *Horse*. I bought this in a shop in Battery Point in Hobart and incidentally was previously owned by JBjelke Peterson's sister who was a novelist. Ania and I spoke a great deal during the time she wrote her thesis *Horse*. In 2014. I was travelling overseas to Lithuania and suggested to Ania that I could visit Hrubieszow in Poland where Ania's mother came from. It was not far from Vilnius where I was going to and I looked into going there by train. At this time there was



conflict in Ukraine and the journey was too risky. Instead Ania suggested I take photos in Vilnius. She called me her messenger. My ignorance at the time was obvious when she said there would be nothing of her family left in Hrubieszow anyway. Essentially, the Jews were erased. I took many photos in Vilnius in the Jewish quarter and ghetto. I was immersed in the place and history. I still remember standing on the balcony of the flat fourth storey flat in Vilnius talking to Ania on the phone. “You sent me a film!” she said, as I inadvertently filmed the window of a clothing shop below. “Take as many photos as you can. Find the place where my grandfather sold his herrings.” I have attached the photo Ania refers to in Horse with the Polish sign SKLEP although there are others. When I returned to Geelong Ania was delighted with the photos I took and other information I had discovered. I have attached a photo of Ania when we met in Geelong on my return from Europe. She suggested I have an exhibition of the photos which I never did.

I will always remember our spirited phone calls when Ania would ring me out of the blue; I might be driving or working and she would ask me what I was doing and why I did not answer the phone. There were phone calls of outrage and disbelief such as the day Trump was voted in, about NAPLAN testing, Pell, and other significant events in her life. Had I heard? Did I know? How could I not know? I loved talking to Ania on the phone and from the free phone boxes she discovered around Melbourne. I still wish that I could tell her about Trump, about Covid and that the world is not over yet. The impact of the Holocaust was so deep.

Over the years when I was close to Ania her creative energy seemed to project so powerfully from her that it gave me the feeling she was invulnerable, which she wasn't. She struggled with health and understood its impact more than anyone else could. To be friends with Ania was to experience her vulnerabilities, her trauma and stress and sometimes to be close to Ania was not easy.

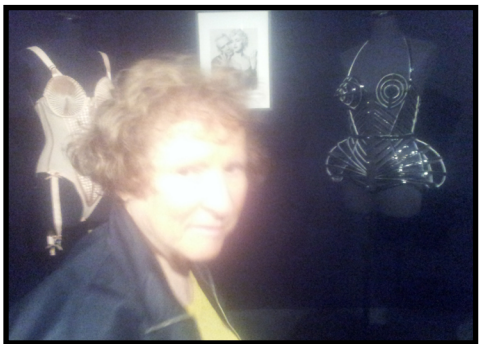
Ania told me she was unwell in 2020 but I believed she would continue. She always seemed strong, always seemed formidable. Over the years emails between us were littered with false alarms and what seemed like minor health flare ups. She was such a force to contend with and to be with, and nothing in my life prepared me for the shock of her passing. This being said, death had been such an intrinsic part of our conversations and her life, her death should have come as no surprise. Really it didn't. Death comes to us all, as natural as sitting down and drinking English breakfast tea.

Jean Pearce



ANIA WALWICZ

Header from *Faceless Woman* Prahran: Backyard Press, 1984



Robot

To Ania Walwicz

I'm time-tabled, metronomed, tick-tocked. Diary listed, future-perfected. Crossed off and done, booked up and out. I'm space allocated. Handed in the fullness of. I've got my shoulder to. Spearheaded, instant decisioned, no grass grows, I'm rolled stone. Over achieved A-type, don't bushel hide light, I'm redoubled effort burn candle both midnight. I'm toggled tight, buttoned plump. Not dog-eared, not rat-tailed, I'm tailored sharp, powered sports car sleek. Drawn stretched, taut tight, I'm honed smooth. Never- non-plussed, not airy-fairy, I'm health perfected, exercised, less salt low cholesterol non-sweet. I journey thousand first step. My feet now firmly. I every second keep it under glued and stuck. My eyes on blinkered, nosed and on the button, no panic. I'm zeroed in, action oriented, mean businesssed. Untrammelled, I'm trained terrific. Pursuant of, clock-wise and photo-finished, I'm bent enterprised no bruised bull in china. I'm robot now.

Costello, Moya 1994 *Small Ecstasies*, St Lucia: University of Queensland Press, 147-8 (book)

Costello, Moya 1992, *Vehicle* (journal)



Ania reading from *Horse* for *Melbourne Poets Union* at *Hares and Hyenas*, 17/05/19 - KFH



Ania at James Clayden's art exhibition Richmond 10/03/20 & (top) Climate Change Protest Melbourne 07/04/2019 - KFHI

Slow

In these last months we had to talk by phone.
I rang the number when I heard you'd gone
and then felt stupid, listening to it ring.

Slower than unsent mail or all those smeared
and blinking moments after sleep, worm-blind,
I've dredged up words I meant to hand to you.

Banked-up, they squat now, brackish, on my chest.
It feels unthinkable that you could leave
in silence. There are never enough words.

I brought you lemons when the tree was sparse;
their rinds were thin, mis-shapen with the frost.
Each branch stands heavy now with waxen fruit.

Helen Jarvis



I grieve you now, you are ash and salt and dreaming now

I miss the cadence of your voice, its tone
and mad vibrato range, the bat-swoop pace;
the wells of laughter, sprawling, thistle-blown.

Your thoughts would dive like swallows, rise your own
in dreams and erudition; you embraced
a wondering cadence, a transgressive tone.

You sought me out when I was most alone
with tactless stories, told with brittle grace
and wells of laughter—sprawling, thistle-blown.

The day I heard the news I rang your phone.
I knew I wouldn't reach you in that space,
would miss the cadence of your voice—the tone

rang out. Online, though, many you have known
and taught and cared for made a grieving-place
to spread your words, your laughter, thistle-blown.

Your body's scattered, ash and powdered bone,
but deep in every line you wrote I trace
the stirring cadence of your voice, its tone,
and wells of laughter sprawling, thistle-blown.

Helen Jarvis

salutation, ania

went to coles early. bought milk, hot cross buns although easter—*absurd*—’s not for weeks. i’m in footscray near the girls school where you taught fairy tales. *such tales. so dark! is it me?* well. yes and no. this place is a portal. drew you in, drew you down. my fave checkout girl. trans. it’s been rough but she’s always so kind. i said wow love your hair. that colour is fab. she said, yeah, it’ll wash right out but i’m stoked. i said, there’s maybe three reds in it: blood, ruby, burgundy. tiny curls jiggling down down ‘cross her mask. she asked, need a bag? i said no. gave her cash. christmas money in march. pretty good. *i’ll say!* you refuse salutations. even happy new year. *let us commence a new celebration. the destruction of culture.* ok.

at blue metal hill where i stop coming back from the underworld. dog’s big paws snapping sticks. her three heads. *pirouette.* flutter ash. eggshell break. a small, wizened head. well well. phoenix or vulture? in any case dark. wings un-angling and wet. big eyes dazed by birth light. elbow scapula coccyx-flex. sparrow bath in red earth. a deep ditch. scraps of barbed wire and plastic. orpheus at a truck stop. i look back. it was never in doubt. i look back at cocteau—how to contact the dead—you look back at bergman—how to transit with grace. send me back strings of numbers, strings of stripes, strings of plums, strings of strings, strings of, *we must enjoy writing somehow!* well now i’m writing stones. so heavy. *oh. i’m writing a memoir. how terrible!* gloved hands dipped in mirror. dipped in yolk and blood. your new bird neck and bright wave from the back of the moat. your stubborn enquiries after my health. even now. send me back. strings of static. thick with silver. thick with feathers. bits of egg shell, wire and plastic. glass. send me back bits of wo wo wo. wo

margaret meran trail



Ania Walwicz at her QV writing spot 26/8/17 & Ania Walwicz at ACCA gallery 24/03/18 - KFH

BIG TIME

For a while now some friends and I have been saying big time a lot. It's a declaration, an utterance and an opening that has been pinging around our dialogue and looming in our presence. To us it signals excess and the inexplicable. We listen to a song we like and say big time, we point to the green in a bird's feather and say big time, we posit a claim in conversation and the other says big time while nodding in agreement. When we say big time we don't mean the big time or big time as in Big Time. but make a proto-articulation of something good we're trying to sniff out to counter the dreadful predicament we are in as a species.

John Cage says that the I Ching 'told me to continue what I was doing, and to spread joy and revolution.'

After Ania died, trawling the internet for whatever I could find relating to her, I came across her poem 'Big Time' in Meanjin Summer 1979. After reading it over and over in 2020 and 2021, I think Ania is still telling us to continue what we are doing, sniff out what's good, try to spread joy and revolution.

Ender Başkan

Ender Başkan is a writer based in Melbourne. Ania Walwicz was his teacher, friend and mentor.

Ania Walwicz reading tarot cards at *Cabinet Bar*, Melbourne, 15/10/19 - KFH



BIG TIME

Wanted some good moments. Some hot times. Some sharp things that I couldn't forget. Hotter than life to feel like that. Something great. And proud. More or less like that. No small time low down. No just so and so. I was after bull's eye. And perfect. So it couldn't be more taut. That it was in the right spot. Want to be a star. Not the fourth girl in the back line of the chorus. But centre forward. Had enough playing half-back. Don't want to be half-back anymore. So I wanted to be right there in the front. And not necessarily strong. But feeling a lot more than most. Be the doer or have it done to. Didn't matter. I can play any role. As long as there is this one big moment for me there. As long as there is. I was looking for anything and everything to make me more than I was. And I was only small. And not much. Hardly anything. So I had no choice but to go looking for some good times. And something stronger than lemonade. And brighter than cream. And louder than a whisper. And warmer than lukewarm. And bigger than my room that was too small. And better. I knew I would get better. For sure. You just know these things. Deep down. There was this pearl for the diver. Gold for the finder. Silver for the girls. Sparklets for the mister. Red for the bull. Big time moments for me. Fireworks for this girl. That lived at night. Ate chocolate.

Ania Walwicz

This version of 'Big Time' by Ania Walwicz is from Writing Rigmarole Books 1982. It differs slightly from the version that was first printed in Meanjin no. 4, 1979. In Meanjin it is split into 2 paragraphs (after 'I can play any role.' it also says 'I knew I could get better.' in the 1979 version but in Writing it says 'I knew I would get better.' Permission has been given by Ania's executor to include this version of the poem.



Gallop

for Ania Walbrzyk

she's dead—news shared
on social media pages

type her name into Google
even add the word 'dead'

to find nothing
comes up

(it will later but not now
this minute when you are looking)

did she exist
does poetry even exist

she didn't play cricket
write pop songs

sing an anthem
define an era

meet the right famous people
she dealt in words

no—in pictures
no—in the passion of a body

a lived world body
mouthing through difficulty

making words seen
making the absurd violent

stupid flesh-eating
ravenous silly

horse princess words
dance on the page

until they dizzy
I remember her slow blink nod

the time a student—someone like me
in her class

told her ten minutes of
stretching each night

was a good idea
so she started doing it

and was amazed
it feels so good!

her neat trousers
and face wide enough

for a thousand
years of living and the precise

roll of her tongue
as she uttered her

furious fantastic
utterances

Emilie Collyer





Ania at La Mama Poetica, Carlton 22/10/19 - KFH

Mineral Water

She said she would be a lawyer, a dictator
or marry a rich man
and dragged me along the beach
in the sun
I bought us hats, she pouted at the camera
and we were generals on the tram
there have to be rules, she said
or it's all chaos
and there are no rules, she said
The last time we went for coffee
she ordered mineral water
and I drank beer
she said, the arts are dead
she said, buy a new notebook, to be a doctor
just fill it in, don't worry, just write
she had such terrible wonderful advice
my older twin
Her name was in my diary
all of September
Call...
I didn't
Today I called
even though I knew she wouldn't answer
I don't know why
I'll never really know why
or if the owl came back
or sit in a dark cinema
uncomfortably, through an obscure movie
or in a food-court without food
hearing about how dreadful it is
that woman's shirt
or watching through glass
people on the escalator
the world without her
it's all chaos, and too many rules

Katherine FitzHywel



Ania at the *Cinema Nova Cafe*, Carlton, talking about *My Little Cinema* 23/9/19 - KFH



Beach Walk, New Year's Day, Middle Park to Port Melbourne Beach 01/01/20 - KFH

Call 4 (for Ania Walwicz)

Silently
unanswered
the phone rang out
my friend who only sends
messages
called 3 times
1:29, 1:56, 3:25...
no message left
I was sleeping in oblivion
of locked down time
pulling days over diary pages
repeated
call, call, call
crossed out & rewritten
call call call call
to do
call
I should
call
I didn't
call
Emerging at 4pm
shedding dreams & dark respite
I saw call 1, call 2, call 3
untethered fear gathering
pressing constricting
unknown
I made instant coffee - bitter
dressed in black
a fading everyday ritual protection
against change & video calls
withered plants watered &
face splashed
ponytail high, unbrushed
all normal ... hurried
while
the pragmatic worry
hovering
suggests none of this
would/could be completed later

a lingering wrongness
echoing call call call call
circling around urgency
preparing to call to call to call to
4 + 4 x 2 ...4:08pm
He called again, the 4th time
I barely missed it
no text message
persistent
I called back 4:09
4 + 9 = 13
1 + 3 = 4
bad news
twisted, shifted
from half formed guesses
unexpected
inevitably arriving too soon
even answered late
they say
4am is the hour of the wolf
is 4pm 4 horse/s ?
passing by, a carriage
Delivering the end of the story first
he warned me be prepared
he didn't want to
he had to, before...
social media spits rumour
& the worst spoilers
too early & unavoidable
not to call, he said...

2 plain words
I couldn't understand
directly
let them sink
slowly
filling my chest
reverberating
call call call
I was going to...

I am at war with myself
& cannot eat
I have been crying
vengeance
on disease & death
4 those &
the kindly ones who
mask their fury
3 < 4
an unacceptable subtraction
I am adding up to
mathematical impossibility
but there is order, no justice
I stay in bed all day
leaking dreams
of ringing
& calling
too late
I stay up all night
3am, 4am pass by
carrying regrets
calling
4am wolves
3 furies
4 horses & riders
there are words
like a knife
for dealing with these
in your books
livewire, sharp, a dance I won't forget
I read them now I reread them now I read them
I have given myself the week off
from my self-absorbed isolation
to recall to mourn
not no never not ever the fourth girl
on the seventh day I will rise
before 4pm
break the seal
on a new jar of instant coffee
& I know
it will be bitter

when I called
the phone rang out
unanswered
silently

Katherine FitzHywel



Ania outside the Bridget McDonnell Gallery, Carlton 26/11/18 KFH

Audio and Video (work by contributors - embedded in page)

Arthur Rubinstein (born In Łódź, Poland).- *Chopin Polonaise in A Flat Major Op 53*

Ryzard Boulez *Pamiętając Panię Anię – Jestem La Walwicz*

Combined Piano Music, Spoken Word / sound recording - Easter Sunday, Poland, 04/04/21.

(includes Spoken Word by Ania Walwicz) [Click Image to Play Audio \(no video\)](#)



iubar project & Modus Op - 'Untold' (Ania's Version) - Martin K. Koszolko

Spoken Word / sound recording, see note* from Martin K. Koszolko

(includes Spoken Word by Ania Walwicz) [Click Image to Play Audio \(no video\)](#)



*

“Untold (Ania’s Version)”

A note from Martin K. Koszolko

I met Ania sometime around 2013-2014 when we both worked as teachers in different departments at RMIT. Someone introduced me to her in the staff room of building 94 where she was based, and we quickly became friends afterwards. Becoming friends with Ania was easy as she was a very sociable person. And we had so much to talk about - literature, music, our shared Polish heritage, arts, movies, politics and life! Ania was a great partner for conversations and what made her a good friend was also that she was able to find time for nurturing friendships and frequent catch ups. In fact, she was a great instigator of social meetings. She liked visiting our house and when my mum or auntie came from Poland to visit us, Ania was also interested in meeting them. More than that, she offered to take my Polish family members out and show them her favourite places in Melbourne and beyond. She also developed a strong friendship with my mum, Bogusia, with whom she met in person multiple times in Melbourne and spoke on the phone when my mum was back in Poland.

The recording of Ania’s voice used in this piece was done on my phone during one of her visits to our place in Brunswick on January 20th 2018. My auntie Lucyna was visiting us from Poland at the time and participated in the conversation as well. The photo that I used for the cover design was taken on the day of the recording when we all went for a walk. I created the music under my guise of iubar project and in collaboration with the Quakers Hill-based musician Modus Op.

You can hear how Ania is speaking fluently in Polish and discussing her childhood in the town called Świdnica. Apart from bringing up her childhood memories, Ania talks about virtual tours of the more contemporary Świdnica that she did with me with the use of online street-view maps in her RMIT office. Ania also talks about her father, his own poetry writings, and his inability to follow his desire to study literature due to the pressures and expectations of his parents.

I have a few other recordings of my conversations with Ania but this one seemed the most suitable for the zine...

I still find it very hard to talk about Ania’s passing, as I’m simply lost for words to express how big of a loss it is to me. Ania was a unique and precious friend and I miss her deeply...

Martin K. Koszolko
Daylesford. 06.04.21

Jean Pearce - *A Little Holiday - Ania in Queenscliff*

Spoken Word / sound and video recording with photo collage

[Click Image to Play Video](#)

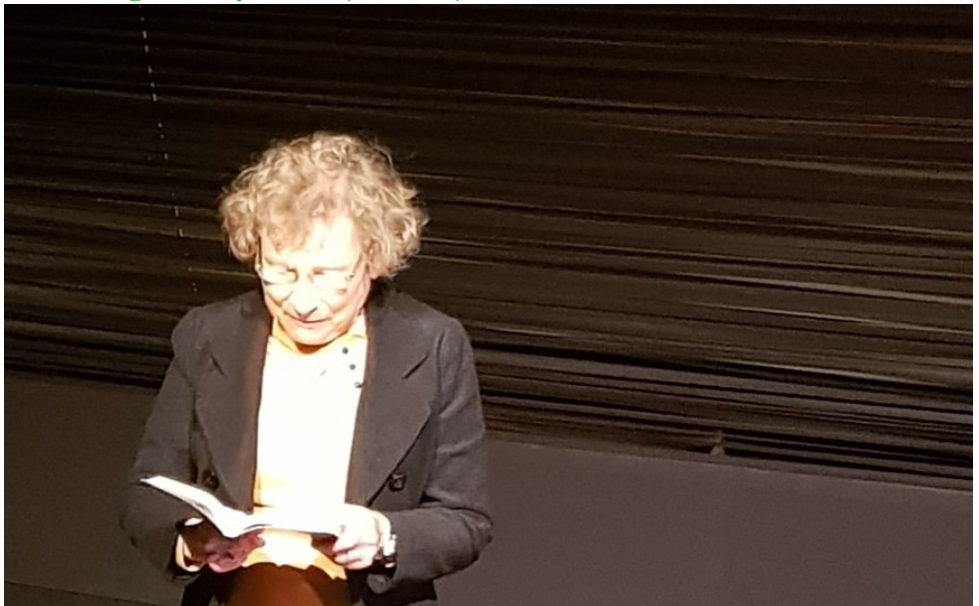


If video doesn't work, youtube link is here: <https://youtu.be/AoFySaYmPuw>

Dr Moya Costello - *Robot. To Ania Walwicz*

Spoken Word / Poetry Performance

[Click Image to Play Audio \(no video\)](#)



Tali Samoylenko - *A poem for the poet*

Spoken Word / Poetry Performance

[Click Image to Play Audio \(no video\)](#)




Ania, Tali and Katherine at La Mama Poetica 22/10/19

Katherine FitzHywel - *Mineral Water and Call 4 (for Ania Walwicz)*

Spoken Word / Poetry Performance [Click 2nd & 3rd Image below to Play Audio \(no video\)](#)





Pamiętając Pannę Anię – Jestem La Walwic

(English Translation)

Remembering Ms. Anie

-I am La Walwic-

Sound piece

I am Ms. Anie

I am Ms. Anie

I am La Walwic

Co- co - kachu

Goodnight Ms. Anie

Goodnight

Music piece

The Polonaise

Artur Rubinstein

Ryszard Boulez

April 4 2021

Easter Sunday

Warszawa Polska

E.U.



TERROR NULLIUS

Weblinks (to work by Ania and collaborations)

- provided by contributors



3CR Spoken Word Episode - Vale Ania Walwicz

A small selection of the vast body of work by Ania Walwicz aired 15th Oct 2020.

With thanks to 3CR Community Radio, The Spoken Word Podcast, and presenters Santo Cazzati, Di Cousens, George O'Hara, Brendan Bonsack, and Carmen Main.
3cr.org.au/spoken-word/episode-202010150900/spoken-word-vale-ania-walwicz

A Red Dress, A Knife (for Ania Walwicz, 2021) - Panoptique Electrical

An audio recording composition from *Decades (2001-2021)* combining music, ambient sound and spoken word by Ania Walwicz of her poem 'Little Red Riding Hood'.

With thanks to Jason Sweeney for the link submission.

<https://panoptiqueelectrical.bandcamp.com/track/a-red-dress-a-knife-for-ania-walwicz-2021>

Doctor Proctor - from Listen to Me - A Green Room Music Production

A recording of Ania Walwicz reading her poem *Doctor Proctor* recorded by Andrée Greenwell for *Listen to Me* - a collection of songs, words and music made in response



to the current debate in Australia about gendered violence.

Performed by Ania Walwicz, recorded by David Chesworth at Wax Sound Media, Northcote, Australia. July 16, 2018.

(This track has a price to download but streams to listen for free.)

With thanks to Andrée Greenwell for the link submission.

<https://andreegreenwell.bandcamp.com/track/doctor-proctor>

Pier - Ania Walwicz

An audio recording of a spoken word poetry performance by Ania Walwicz of her poem 'Pier' - from *Overland Express* 3, September 2000. Archived from the defunct website of *Overland Express*.



Background image for the youtube clip of Pier by Katherine FitzHywel

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DKjYTWMu-0>

Person or Persons Unknown featuring Ania Walwicz live

This is a stereo microphone recording of a performance from early 2019 at the *Lyrebird Lounge* in Ripponlea, featuring Ania Walwicz on Spoken Word, Roman Tucker on piano and Simon Grounds on tenor saxophone. Ania is performing excerpts from her book *Horse* (UWA Publishing, 2018), and is exploring themes such as memory, self, psycho-analysis, literature, dreams, fairy tale, and childhood.

With Thanks to Simon Grounds of *Person or Persons Unknown* for the link submission.
<https://youtu.be/E2xzqdOH7xE>

Ania Walwicz with Person or Persons Unknown, Capitol Theatre 2019

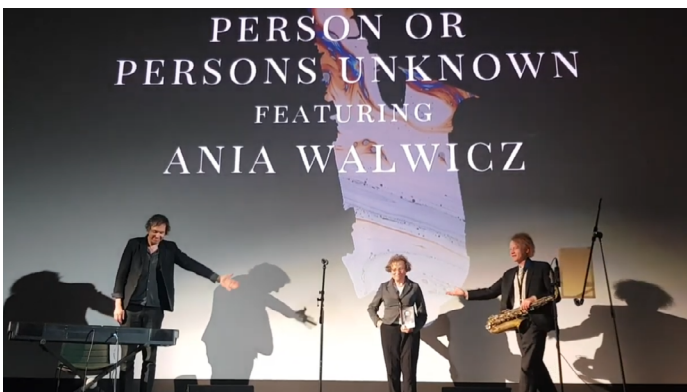
This is a short segment of a 20 minute improvised performance by Ania Walwicz performing with *Person or Persons Unknown* at *The Capitol Theatre*, Melbourne, October 2019, for the *Odyssey Literary Festival*. Ania is performing excerpts from her book *Horse* (UWA Publishing, 2018).

With Thanks to Simon Grounds of *Person or Persons Unknown* for the link submission.
https://youtu.be/CtdmMTW1_50

Ania Walwicz and Person or Persons Unknown performing at the RMIT Odyssey Literary Festival, at the Capitol Theatre, 15th October 2019

This is a video recording of the whole performance but is rougher footage (with unsteady camera framing) than the previous slightly shorter clip of the same performance. It begins on a warming up note and ends with Ania bowing for the crowd and other performers. Simon Grounds on Tenor Saxophone and Roman Tucker on Keyboard.

Recorded by Katherine FitzHywel. <https://youtu.be/CCwM2jUHgEc>



Contributors

3CR – The Spoken Word Podcast

3CR community radio station broadcasts on 855AM, and live streams at 3cr.org.au

The Spoken Word Podcast is presented by:

Santo Cazzati, Di Cousens, George O'Hara, Brendan Bonsack and Carmen Main.

Andrée Greenwell

Andrée Greenwell is a multi-award winning Australian composer, songwriter and performer, who works across the Australian performing arts, screen and radio. She is the artistic director of *Green Room Music*. www.andreegreenwell.com

Bron. G. Evans

Bron G. Evans is always an admirer and devoted fan of Ania.

Carman Fung

Carman Fung is an audio engineer based in Hong Kong and Melbourne. Follow her work on ig: [@temporalhotel](https://www.instagram.com/temporalhotel)

Di Cousens

Di Cousens is a poet and photographer based in Melbourne. She is the author of several chapbooks and has had her work published in journals and anthologies including *The Dan Poets*, *The Attitude of Cups*, *Shots from the Chamber* and *Unusual Work*. She is one of the producers of the 3CR Spoken Word program and is on the committee of the Buddhist Council of Victoria.

Elif Sezen

Elif Sezen is an Australian-Turkish multidisciplinary artist, bilingual writer, poet, researcher and translator. www.elifsezen.com

Ella Bradwell

Ella Bradwell is a young writer based in Naarm who primarily writes poetry, short stories and songs. She has had her work published in the *Young Ada Cambridge* awards and features on poetryspective #79. She is currently studying literature and theatre at The University of Melbourne, focusing on psychoanalytic theory. ednabeard.blogspot.com

Emilie Collyer

Emilie Collyer lives on Wurundjeri land where she writes across and between poetry, performance and prose. You can read more about her at www.betweenhcracks.net

Ender Baskan

Ender Baskan is a writer based in Melbourne. Ania Walwicz was his teacher, friend and mentor. www.enderbaskan.com

Gary Willis

Ania Walwicz and I first met in Fitzroy over forty years ago. She was a startling talent, a woman who knew herself and left an indelible mark on Australian poetry. In 2020, over a pot of tea, we decided I should paint her portrait. I am so glad I did – sadly she died later that year.

Helen Jarvis

The brilliance of Ania's RMIT poetry class nearly a decade ago inspired me to keep writing poetry. Since then, I have won the *Ada Cambridge* awards for biographical fiction and poetry and the *Nilumbik Poetry Ekphrasis* award, and have had poems published in *Rabbit journal*, two *Red Room* publications and a number of award anthologies.

Ingrid K Brooker

Ingrid K Brooker is an artist, animator, and multimedia creator.
Instagram [@ingridkbrooker](https://www.instagram.com/ingridkbrooker) www.ingridkbrooker.com

Jason Sweeney / Panoptique Electrical

Panoptique Electrical predominantly makes ambient music compositions, queer sounds and instrumental music. Instagram [@panoptique_electrical](https://www.instagram.com/panoptique_electrical)

Jean Pearce

Jean Pearce is a friend of Ania. She is a creative communicator and educator and studied at RMIT from 2006 – 2012.

Jocelyn (Josie) Deane

Josie/Jocelyn Deane is a writer/student at the University of Melbourne. Their work has appeared in *Cordite*, *Australian Poetry Journal* and *Overland*, among others. In 2021 they were one of the recipients of the *Queensland Poetry Festival Ekphrasis award*. They live on unceded Wurundjeri land.

instagram: [@josie_jocelyn_deane](https://www.instagram.com/@josie_jocelyn_deane) twitter: [@2josie2jocelyn](https://twitter.com/@2josie2jocelyn)

Katherine FitzHywel

Ania Walwicz and I became friends over mineral water, beer and outrage. I hope Ania is amused by this absurd zine and enjoys the attention.

instagram: [@thepoetfitzhywel](https://www.instagram.com/@thepoetfitzhywel)

Ken Smeaton

Poet, four collections, continues making his *Real Poetry Movies* series, writing and reading. He can be contacted via Face Book. www.facebook.com/kenneth.smeaton

Koraly Dimitriadis

Koraly Dimitriadis is the author of *Just Give Me The Pills* and *Love and F--k Poems* (which has also been translated into Greek). These poetic works form the basis of her theatre show "*I say the wrong things all the time*". She also makes films of her poems. She is a freelance opinion writer who has been published widely across the Australian media, with international publications in *The Washington Post*. She was the recipient of the UNESCO *City of Literature* residency (Krakow) in 2019 for her debut fiction manuscript, *Divided Island*. Koraly studied poetry and short story with Ania at RMIT. www.koralydimitriadis.com

Margaret Meran Trail

Dr Margaret Meran Trail has worked for many years composing, writing, directing, and teaching performance. margaretmerantrail.com

Martin Koszolko

Dr Martin K. Koszolko is a music producer known for his creative work under the KOshowKO, *Philosophy Of Sound* and *iubar project* monikers. He has extensive experience as a composer, performing musician, remixer and video producer and is the vice-president of *Clan Analogue Recordings*s. Martin has been teaching music production and other music industry-related disciplines at Melbourne Polytechnic and RMIT University for over a decade. www.philosophyofsound.info

Michael J. Leach

Michael J. Leach (@m_jleach) is a poet and academic who lives on unceded Dja Dja Wurrung Country in Bendigo, Victoria. Michael's poems reside in Cordite, Rabbit, Meniscus, Plumwood Mountain, Live Encounters, The Blue Nib, the Medical Journal of Australia, the Antarctic Poetry Exhibition, and elsewhere. Two of his ten-minute plays have been performed by Bendigo Theatre Company. Michael's first book is the chapbook *Chronicity* (MPU, 2020). instagram: [m_jleach](https://www.instagram.com/m_jleach) twitter: [m_jleach](https://twitter.com/m_jleach)

Dr Moya Costello

Moya Costello has four books: two of short creative prose and two novellas, and many pieces individually published in scholarly and literary journals, and anthologies. She has been awarded writing grants and fellowships by government departments and literary organisations. She has been a guest at many writers' festivals, and read her work at various venues. She is an adjunct lecturer with the School of Arts and Social Sciences, Southern Cross University. www.moyacostello.com

Myron Lysenko

Myron Lysenko is a poet, writer, publisher, editor, tutor, poetry venue coordinator and the leader of the *Black Forest Smoke* band. <https://myronlysenko.wordpress.com/>

Nick Pelomis

Nick Pelomis met Ania while studying Professional Writing and Editing at RMIT.

Person or Persons Unknown

“*Person or Persons Unknown*” are a Melbourne improvisational music duo, using atonal and arhythmic elements, with Experimental, Free Jazz, Noir, and Modernist Chamber Music influences. Core members: Roman Tucker (piano), Simon Grounds (tenor sax).

Robert Nowak

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Ross Digby

Ross Digby is a friend and comrade of Ania Walwicz and the executor of her estate.

Ruark Lewis

Ruark Lewis is a Sydney artist, poet and performer. A friend of Ania since the 80's.

Ryszard (Richard) Boulez

Ryszard (Richard) Boulez is a performance artist, actor, director and teacher living in Warsaw, Poland. He has exhibited internationally, displayed other artists' works on his head (*Travelling Head, The Watters Gallery, Darlinghurst, 1981*), and performed at the Adelaide Festival for the *Experimental Art Foundation* (1980). He has continued to work, create, and provoke political change and is rediscovered every 10 years.

Dr Sheridan Palmer

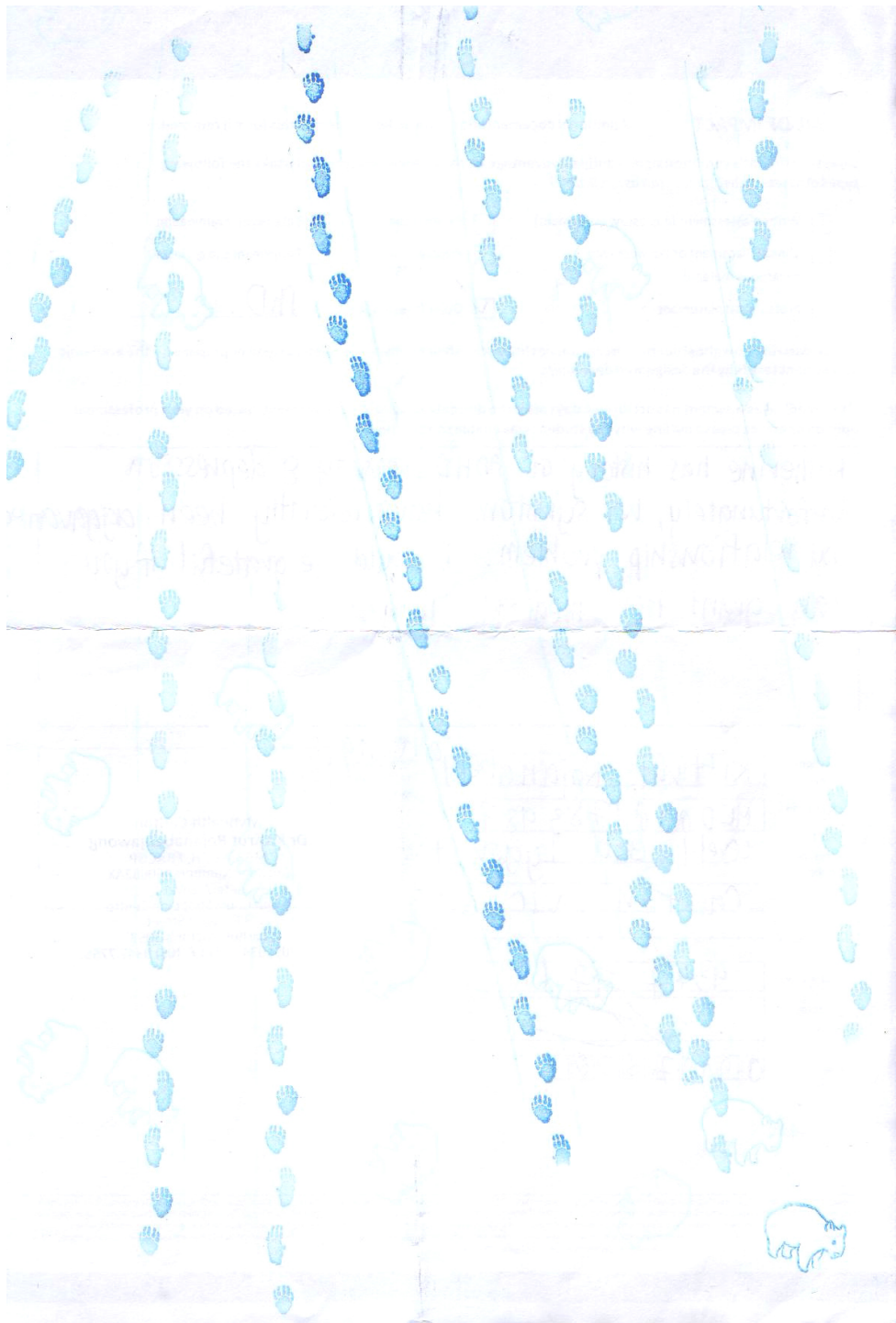
Art historian, ARC Senior Research Associate, Guest Editor: ANZJA, Honorary Research Fellow: School of Culture & Communication, Faculty of Arts, University of Melbourne, Research Fellow: Centre of Visual Art, Victorian College of the Arts.

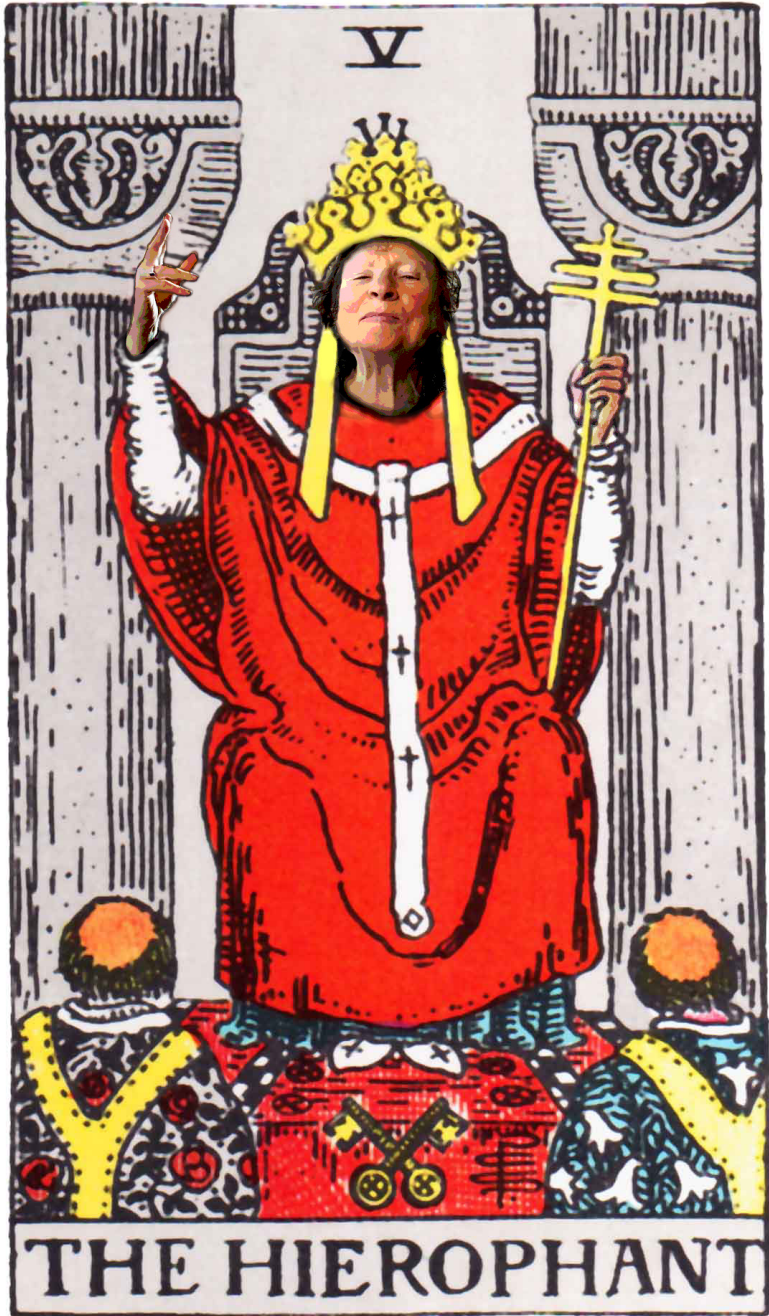
Simon Grounds

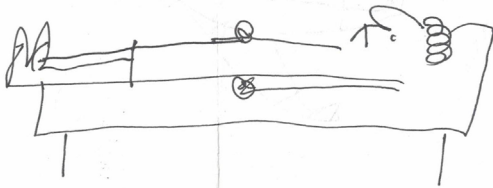
Simon is a friend of Ania. He plays tenor saxophone for “*Person or Persons Unknown*”.

Tali Samoylenko

Tali is a Melbourne based writer who fanaticises about evoking nostalgia with words. She hopes you are stirred, not shaken, by her poems but won't be offended if you experience neither of these things. instagram: [natsam22](https://www.instagram.com/natsam22)







I died when I looked at my body