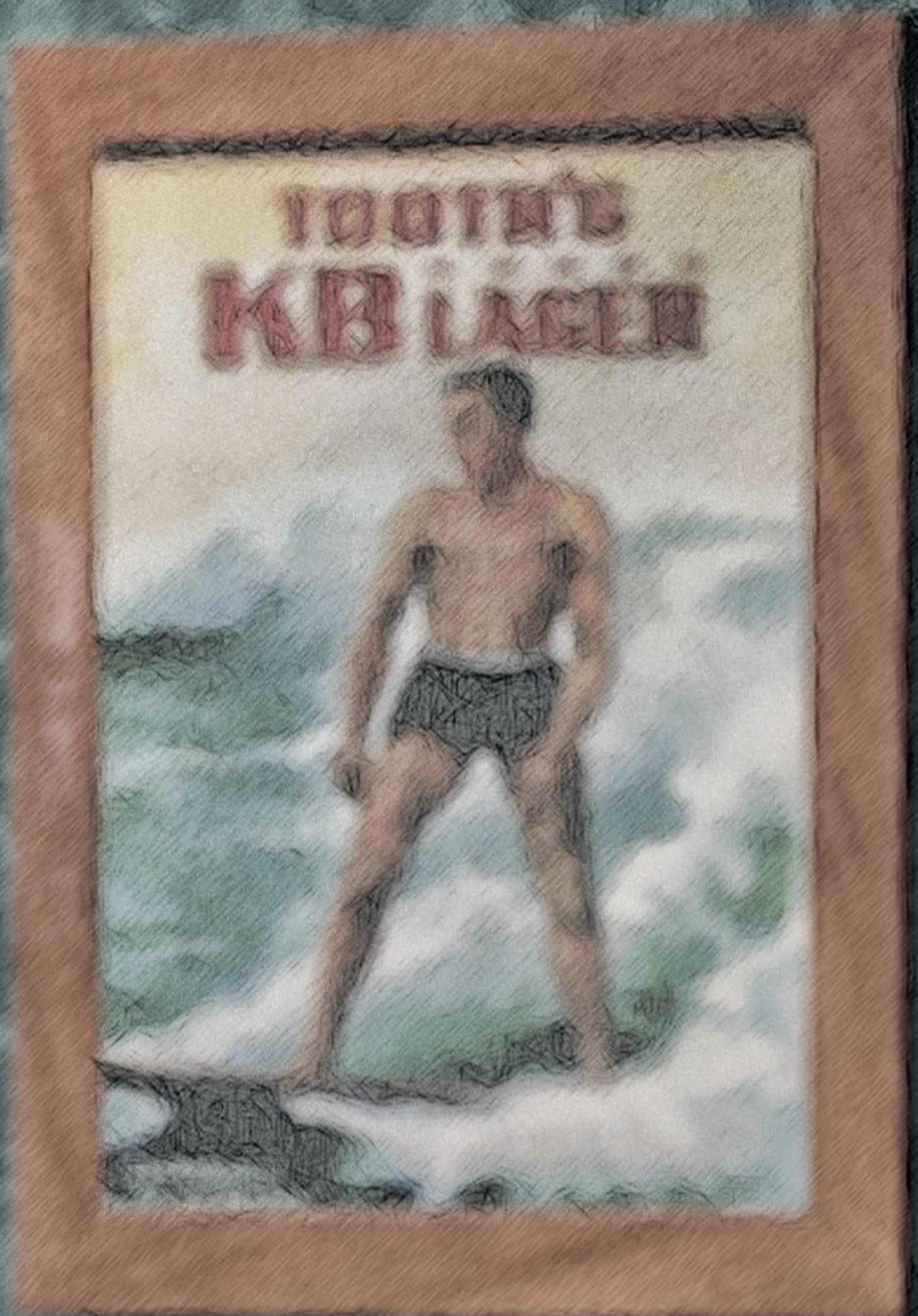


Pan^{ic}



Hope

SCULPTOR
& STREET TOUGH



LO

SKILLS

Can't Put it Into Words	4
Deflect Attention / "Mind	
Your Own Damn Business!"	3
Double Life	4
Sculptor's Touch	4
Intimidate	4
Quiet Put Down	3
Say What You Think	3
Sculpt idea	3
Yeah... Naah	4
Survive Woolloomooloo	
Pub Crawl	6

HEALTH

- Dead as a Maggot
- Crook as Rookwood
- Completely Rooted
- Sick as a Dog
- A Bit Buggered
- Hearty
- Absolutely Stoked

VITALITY

- Unconscious
- Woozy
- Dazed
- Head-achy
- No Worries
- Magnetic
- Masterly

STABILITY

- Dead as a Maggot
- Crook as Rookwood
- Completely Rooted
- Sick as a Dog
- A Bit Buggered
- Hearty
- Absolutely Stoked

NON-CONFORMITY

- Dead as a Maggot
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- Absolutely Stoked

QUEER

- Dead as a Maggot
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- Absolutely Stoked

SENSUAL

- Dead as a Maggot
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MYSTIC

- Dead as a Maggot
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RAW TALENT (SECRET)

- Dead as a Maggot
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- Hearty
- Absolutely Stoked

What is your ecstasy, in art or in life? What is your life's intended masterpiece? What would you sacrifice to achieve it?

So be easy and free when you're drinking with me,

I'm a man you don't meet every day.

Call me Hope. Call me 'mate'. Call me 'cobber'. We can share the good times while they last.

I've had more than a few names over the last few years. More than a few scares. More than a few jobs.

I can read, but words hurt me if I let them. I have to fight them to keep reading. I'd rather watch people, and listen. I love people's eyes.

Sometimes, sound too. I worked once at a print works, but the sound of the press made strange shapes in my mind. They were not good shapes, so I left. The music was bad.

You know, I sort of see with my hands. Touching things. Textures speak, curves sing chorales, sharp angles tingle like a Mozart

symphony. Touching creates shapes and forms and sculptures. I don't have the talent to make those forms real. Not yet.

Even the blade of the cut-throat razor I carry tingles with icy epiphany, glass bells and simpering cymbals.

Touch evokes order and possibility, beautiful and impossible form that I will one day render in stone and iron. Sculpture is my obsession, my life, my salvation.

The world is uncarved form. Aching to reveal itself, the beauty hidden within. And I, the carver be.

Words aren't really my thing. I like short sentences, short conversations. Words are often empty. When I talk I've got something to say.

In pubs, men glare. Sometimes they'll say things and laugh to each other. Most times I ignore them. Sometimes I leave. *And sometimes, they regret it.*

HOPE: THE WOUND, THE SCAR, THE LIE

Hope's Wound: Difference

I am different. I have always been different. I have to hide the truth of what I am. I am a stranger to myself.

Hope's Scar: Avoidance

Avoiding close relationships, bitterness, paranoia, living a false life.

Hope's Lie: Disgust

I do not know who or what I am. I must pretend to be what I am not, lest I be revealed.

Associated Attitudes

Jumping to conclusions, defensiveness, depression, rage, fear of social interaction, always having a reason to explain one's behaviour, becoming easily angered over little things.

Positive Aspects

Hope is a person of great personal strength and courage. They are loyal to their friends and do not forget even the smallest kindness. They do not tolerate abuse of themselves or others.

Negative Aspects

Fear of intimacy, paranoia, social isolation. Bitterness, envy of others' happiness. Being a stranger in one's own body.

Healing

As an artist, Hope might find freedom through the creation of a great work. Love and friendship might slowly heal the deep divide society has created within.

Hope



DULCIE DEAMER

'The Queen of Bohemia! A joy. She pulls me into her group, encourages me. She looks at me knowingly.'



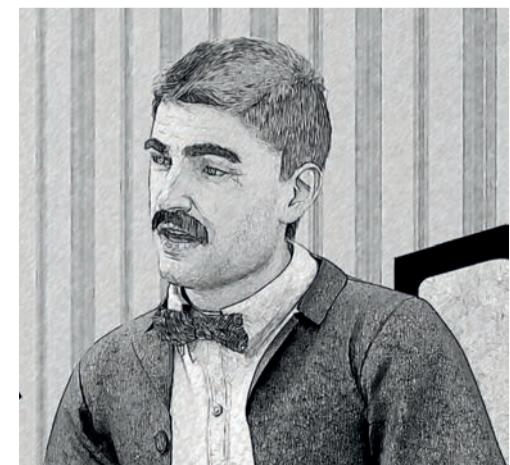
MOIRA DARTLY

A women's page social and gossip scribbler. Too many questions. She is burdened by men who belittle her. She needs to be strong.



JACK LINDSAY

Son of the famous Norman Lindsay. Often loud and pretentious, but well meaning. A man who questions.



KEN SLESSOR

Dapper poet and *Sun* journalist. A quiet and gentle man caught up in his thoughts. We share something.

I usually drink alone. At my kip. Alone. But I've been alone too long.

So I've found friends. Not easily, but when I do I'm loyal till it all goes to shit. *And it always goes to shit.*

These friends now are special. We are all different. Different together. Outsiders, together.

The male doctors back at the Lighthouse home said I was deformed, twisted in body and in brain. The bearded surgeons said they would fix me when I was old enough. Before they could cut me, I escaped to the Big Smoke.

I learned to run. I learned to hide. I learned to disguise what I was. I learned to live on the streets. I became who I really was.

You want to know more? Mind your own fucking business!

It's complicated. I'm different to other people. Different in ways I can't talk about. Different in ways that make people upset. That make people angry. That can make people violent.

Fuck them. I'm living the only way I can. I am learning to sculpt life.

In time, I found a sort of peace. The 'Loo toughened me. I saw others who were also hiding, some for the same reason as I. We ignored each other mostly, but we knew.

In time I found a room, found ways to money, even found a sort of love. Love in the dark.

Working on the docks, I toughened up physically. It broke so many, but I endured. I learned about socialism and hope for a better world. In meetings, when the big words sounded, I learned to distinguish wisdom from noise.

And when the strike-breakers came, I learned to fight.

I took jobs as an SP bookie's bagman. I worked protection at a cathouse. I worked as a dunny man. I know the back lanes of east Sydney like a melody running through my head.

Working in the Loo, I saw what a razor could do to a man... or a woman.

I saw far too much of emptiness and squalor. But I saw good things, too. I saw miracles. I chose a new name...

Guy Lynch shared his workshop, showed me how to sculpt. In wood, in plaster, in metal. He and his brother Joe are good to me. I can kip there anytime.

I'll never be married with two kids. I'm no bloody sailor either.

I'm just a little different. I'm not a monster. I'm a person. I am my own creation. I can find friendship. I can make art.

Give me time. Just give me time. I can make great art.

I'm a man you don't meet every day.

