



# Infinity and Other

## Possibilities:

following the footfall of expatriate Australian  
women writers in Greece – Charmian Clift,  
Beverley Farmer and Sue Woolfe  
Shé Hawke

*Our inheritance is ours to spend*

Beverley Farmer<sup>1</sup>

### Antissa

*Beyond the description, there is also the wandering<sup>2</sup>*

I got off the bus at Antissa, having already seen two other signs that said Antissa: Antissa Campo and Ancient Antissa.

“Which is the right Antissa,” I asked the driver, wanting the Antissa that would lead me to Orpheus or his secret cavern. He gestured to the track to the left and said, “Yes Antissa,” then spoke in Greek to an old black-shawled woman leading a donkey along the road to who knows where.

Still confused, I walked the ancient cobbled road in the opposite direction to the toothless woman who looked a hundred. I came to the Plateia. I hesitated, surveyed the scene with tired eyes, slowed my pace to a plod. Dressed in pedal pushers and a blue t-shirt, it was obvious I was not from here, my un-belongingness etched into my gait and the wonder in my intellectual tourists eyes. “Bodies seem to know when they are at ease in a situation ... they also tell us loudly when we are out of our league, fish out of water ...”<sup>3</sup> We inherit knowledge, embodied, social and cognitive knowledge, like social, economic and cultural capital. How we spend it and whom we trade it with is another thing. What do I offer in return for local knowledge?

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The gaze of the Plateia fell heavily upon me, retsina-drinking men in the tavernas, and women talking, working, children playing. It's summer; it's the holidays. Everyone is here. They know their place, they're rich in cultural capital, the inheritance of their past is deeply imbedded and constituted in the unconscious-ness of the everyday, in habits, practices and knowledge. French ethnographer Pierre Bourdieu calls this everyday-ness, *habitus*.<sup>4</sup>

Antissa is still a fairly traditional village – women do everything my guide would later tell me. It's just the way it is. I walked into the taverna and the proprietor Dimitriou greeted me, his face pale with concern. He already knew why I was there, though his questioning didn't betray his knowledge.

"Why you come here?"

"Actually, I'm not sure if this is the right Antissa. The road signs point to two other Antissa's. I'm looking for the resting place of Orpheus. An Australian friend said someone in this village might know about that."

"Why you want to find Orpheus. Not good for Australian girl. Telonia not a good place for you to go. Many times looted, pirates, villains. No good for you. Isolated." He glared at me.

Telonia. I hadn't heard of it till that moment. He looked worried as I explained my mission. I told him I was mapping this territory for a book I was writing about Orpheus the lyre player, and Metis, mother of Athena.

Orpheus holds some of the clues for the protagonist in my novel. It's a book about tenderness and passion; Orpheus sang hymns about tenderness, was revered for his tender theogony after he lost Eurydice to Hades. I met him on the page through Jewish psychoanalyst Sándor Ferenczi who borrowed the notion of Orpha from Orpheus, as a motif for psychic fragmentation. I wanted to find the place where Orpheus was ministered to by those gentle Lesvian women after the passionate Maenad women tore him limb from limb. Only his head survived and was carried by the thalassal swell from the river Hebron in Thrace. I was seeking the cave from which his oracle spoke before Apollo ordered his lips to silence.

I want I want I want. But why do I want? Who do I want for?

Dimitrious wasn't keen. Was it inappropriate for me to meddle with the sacred Mysteries, an outsider, uninitiated, profane? Not even Greek for God's sake. Maybe he just thought I was mad. He shook his head but called over the taxi.

If Orpheus' head was here on Lesbos with accompanying epitaph, what else might there be? Some deeply sunken link to Metis, perhaps? Aspects of Greek myth and history have long been obscured from the 'everyday' by a deliberate trifurcation of telling and multiple naming of deities. Some translators have told me this was to protect the sacred. There were different truths, truths that varied depending on the narrator, deeper more obscure truths, truths amended through diasporic movement and cultural adaptation, and unreliable truths veiled by the contemporaneous twaddle that often sells as airport fiction.

I got into the taxi. The old all-knowing looking woman came past again. She shot me an odd un-smiling glance. I felt uneasy unsure how to read her body language, how she was reading mine, but I smiled.

I'm not from here. My genealogy is scattered. I'm not from one place. My 'place' is so unfixed I'm almost unlocateable yet there are familial mannerisms and dispositions that I have inherited, such as a love of poetry and an interest in mapping my own and other fields. *Habitus*, as Bourdieu calls it, is "...a system of durable, transposable dispositions ... which generate and organise practices and representations."<sup>6</sup> My *habitus* may be long-lasting but it is also split like my genealogy and class.

Before long, the driver pulled up at a taverna with two signs pointing in opposite directions to different Antissa's. He called out, loosely translated,

"Who I can give crazy Australian woman looking for Orpheus to?" Three men laughed loudly. One came over.

"G'day mate," came the reply in a thick Greek accent, "I'm Tony from Maroubra, in Sydney. Where you from? What's your name?"

I told him who I was and that I was writing a book about Orpheus, and Metis. I cut to the chase about needing a guide and translator.

"Yes I am your guide. Come, we talk, we work."

He was a bit keen. I was a bit nervous, complete stranger, woman travelling alone – all of that. And the look in Dimitrious' eye when he said 'Isolated!'

"You married." I asked. Then worried that I sounded forward.

"Yes," he said. "Three times married."

"Hmm. Perhaps we could go home and meet your wife. I could take us out for lunch and work out a plan and a fee."

He was the only person I'd met with enough English to translate and navigate properly and I kept name dropping Vrasidas Karalis and Sydney University, just so he knew that people would miss me if I disappeared. I was ashamed by my lack of basic Greek lingua, my lack of trust, but I was out of my league. He did all the hard work that first day.

"We go my home, you meet my wife, have lunch and snooze before we work. No fee. I show you my daughter's picture. She went to UNSW. Thank you Mr Whitlam."

He'd said a magic word and my hesitation disappeared. "He was a great man, Mr Whitlam, not just for my daughter's free education, but for my country, Greece." Picking up on my last name, he asked if I was related to Bob Hawke.

"No, " I replied. "But I did pretend once, to get my friend Lise and I out of a sticky situation in Irianjaya in the 80s, but no not related."

"Good, " he said, "coz Hawke wasn't good as Whitlam."

This was a truth we shared.

### **Sigri: refugees and others**

*Beloved are the "Refugee" people.*

*After the ebb, the flood-tide*

Tony's Armenian wife Anna served salted anchovy and Greek salad with homemade fetta cheese from the neighbour's goat. She was an older immigrant woman long separated from her children. She had eked out a meagre living in Mitilini so that she might one day be re-united with her now grown up progeny.

Lesvos, located at the top end of the Aegean is close to Turkey, that lies

to the north-east. It has been home to many refugees and immigrants over many generations so the locals informed me. Many Jews were harboured safely in Greece during the Holocaust, yet those stories still remain underwritten. The Jewish Museum in Athens tells some of the story. Beverly Farmer<sup>8</sup> once went to the new *Museum of the Jewish Presence*, in Salonika – *Museo Djudio de Salonik* – which she found to be more of a museum of the Jewish absence. Museums live on in the architecture of bones and memories, too often confined to the living room, sinking over time into the furniture. Others too have migrated and sought asylum.

Even on an unclear day you can see Turkey, the remains of the great-sacked city of Troy a mere boat ride away. It is said that Sigri in the north-western corner of the island was situated directly opposite the cape of Sigeio, famous for Achilles' tomb.<sup>9</sup> Sometimes the storytellers of the tavernas bring the onslaughts of the past into the present with their utterings fuelled by retsina, if you ask the right questions of the right someone. So much bloodletting, and blurring of borderlines all the way back to the beginning of time, whenever that was, and as recently as last week. There is peace enough but the psycho-mythic, geo-political chaos is not forgotten and ever beckons. People tracking back looking for the first bone. Before the Turks there was the wrath of the gods. Nobody agrees on the original story anymore and the story changes depending on the narrator. Nothing is reliable. But every story is pivotal. To someone.

I get the Armenian story from Anna, one woman, displaced but graced with a new homeland. I get the Greek male story from Tony, one returned expatriate who says the next-door neighbour with the broken brain should have come home from Athens sooner. I get the Albanian labourers story from a twenty-two-year old who sends money home to his mother.<sup>10</sup>

But I don't get the story of Orpheus.

Tony and I have ridden on a very small old motorbike all over the northern part of Lesbos, looking for the supposed Orphic sites. We went to Old Antissa, Telonia, to Orphykia where the nightingales once sang as sweetly as Orpheus. We went everywhere we knew there to be a whiff of Orpheus.

But nobody seemed much interested.

I decided Orpheus's head was not resting in Orphykia, Antissa, or Campo Antissa or Ancient Antissa – Telonia. The latter is mostly buried beneath thalassa. It would be difficult too go back there without further sponsorship and a permit from the Greek government? Deep sea diving around buried cities is sometimes prohibited. The architecture of the sea is difficult to map. Wanderers have been caught before, by mythic creatures like Charybdis and Scylla; whipping up currents and bizarre aqua dynamics. Odysseus barely survived to tell the tale. The Orphic Shrine is not to be found. I am disappointed.

I leave Tony and Anna to life in Antissa and go for a few days to Sigri (meaning safe harbour) to lie on the beach and write up my empty notes. In the post office shop I buy postcards and teabags when out of the corner of my eye I see a tourist cup with my beloved lyre player painted on it. I shriek with delight as I take it to the shopkeeper.

“Orpheus, Orpheus. Do you know where his shrine is? Please?”

“Ah, Orpheus,” she said. “You must ask Anique, the Dutch tourist guide, she can take you if there is such a place. I think you will be disappointed.”

Anique appears soon after and is excited by the unexpected request and ensuing challenge. We meet ... tomorrow, dressed in skirts and sandals, not realising we were going rock climbing. Tomorrow was the only time she could do it, not enough time to find out more about the place. This would be her last stint as Anglo tourist guide for ungrateful visitors from the empire who really wanted Club Med. She is married to a Greek, gave him a daughter, has lived here half her life now.

Her vehicle is not 4-wheel drive and the road is a donkey track. I worry about the car out loud.

“If it breaks I'll send you the bill,” she says. Ha.

We find the cave but can't get in. We are not equipped for this journey, not enough water, not the right shoes. We circumnavigate it but cannot find entry. She reads the disappointment in my slouch. She says she has a friend.

“Maybe another day, my friend Steve could go there and take the photos for you.” Maybe. Thanks.

As I wait for the bus to take me away from all the Antissa's defeated by my lack of result, the old woman with the donkey comes by again. I nod and smile ... again. She doesn't smile back. She's not a smiler but I thought I heard her say:

"If Orpheus is not alive in your soul he is not anywhere."  
Maybe I imagined that.

### **Kalymnos: writing from the outside**

We had come to Kalymnos to seek a source,  
or a wonder, or a sign,  
to be reassured in our humanity

*Charmian Clift\**

I imagine other things instead – the very young Martin and Shane Johnston children of Charmian Clift and George Johnston, arriving on Kalymnos 50 years ago to 'map the field', their 'cultural capital'<sup>12</sup> undecipherable by the locals, to use Bourdieu's terminology. What did Martin and Shane make of the chaotic, seductive but traditional Aegean landscape that Kalymnos was then? They arrived directly from nursery school in London with tin soldiers and toy trains? It remains a tragedy they don't survive to tell the tale. How successfully did they mediate between their own family habits, social structure and cultural practice<sup>13</sup> as individual parts of a whole family system, and representative of a broader socio-cultural field, with its own styles, language, perceptions and tastes?

In *Mermaid Singing*, Charmian Clift talks about the culture shock for her children, Martin's exclamation that: "Oh it's *awful* mum ... I haven't had any peanut butter since London and I don't know what *anyone* is saying" (6).<sup>14</sup> She marvels at their naïve generosity on discovering that Martin and Shane gave away their toys to local children who knew nothing of the changing of the guard and the little red engine that could. Bourdieu talks about habitus as the active presence of the past, and those non-discursive elements inscribed in the body. We all have a 'primary habitus' born of social, cultural, class and gender informants, deeply imbedded in us, not just psychically and socially but in a very embodied sense. To succeed in a new place, as Martin and Shane would have found, involved active

adaptation in all these areas. They had been catapulted out of Fleet Street society into the poverty of island life on Kalymnos, diametrically opposed worlds in terms of habitus and cultural capital, and how they held themselves in the world. What was second nature was now of questionable value, in need of re-shaping. Some academics have taken up Bourdieu's work further and allude to a mutable habitus (see Hillier and Rooksby 2005), or as I suggest, a 'secondary habitus'<sup>16</sup> (Hawke and Evers, 2005) when such a significant cultural or social shift takes place. But I argue that the primary habitus lurks intact but deferred beneath skin presenting itself at odd moments that demonstrates Elspeth Probyn's notion of 'outside belonging'.<sup>17</sup> Such outside-ness is representative of a lack of currency in the new field, an insufficient 'feel for the game', where there is a notable schism between the agent and the field. "When ... knowledge fails us or is not up to the demands of the field, we are alerted acutely by [what Probyn calls] the feeling of 'out-of-placeness'."<sup>18</sup> Martin and Shane Johnston continued to miss peanut butter but learned to eat lukewarm squid slithering in olive oil, and developed a life-long love of all things Greek, a successful incorporation of 'secondary habitus', I would suggest.

Martin did write some poetry, but an account of childhood in Kalymnos and Hydra in the '50s and '60s is only written through the tempered adult lens of Charmian, who while childlike at times, was far removed from childhood. Her writing is exquisite, but who can really write the memoirs of children, but the children?

Charmian's children's eyes saw different things, smelled different smells and felt different feelings from warring parents running away from their old world unwittingly bringing their own ghosts and demons with them, anchored in the flesh of memory. Was Charmian a reliable scribe for their wonderings? My daughter says, kids know more than adults realise and they never tell everything.

Did Charmian's deep sea diving into oceans and retsina bottles deliver the right message or offer a cure for her phylogenetic longings, her grief over lost things? I can't know. What I do know is that her books *Mermaid Singing* and *Lotus* (2001 edition) caught me like a drowned sponge diver, lost in the underworld. The figurative hook sunk deep into my psyche, sent

me swimming in foreign currents and Aegean swells that had drowned so many, maybe even her. Her writing is eloquent, fluid, autobiographical, at times mixed with the distance of outsider romanticism, a spectator in the field. We now know that her refuge in writing hid a deeply troubled pool of sorrow, any reassurance of humanity, only temporary. The myth of Charmian lives on and indeed Beverley Farmer and Sue Woolfe have also been deeply affected by her writing. The research and writing company is rich.

Sitting on the beach in Sigri, I miss my daughter Kiri and what she might have made of this Mediterranean world. What might her angle of vision see that I can't? She is ensconced in Manly beach and netball grand final life. Do I misrepresent her on the page? I can't believe she chose the netball grand final over Greece. She knows the Trojan wars inside out, wants to grow up and play Cassandra in her uncle's rock opera Paris.<sup>18</sup> She's read *Mermaid*. Did it put her off? I meant her to be enticed!

And I miss my best friend Lise my beloved travelling companion of youth. What would she make of the translucence of Sigri or the white blanket of stone and concrete that is Athens now? Would she marvel at the six lonely hills that punctuate the white within and the four hills that guard the without. Oh what mischief we could get up to in the early hours of an Athens morning. Among our happy travels we've had the misadventures, the heartaches, like Charmian. We carry the memory in the flesh, and deeply buried grief, in wounded wings that flew a bit close to the sun mimicking Icarus' foolish bravado. We've stood on the cusp of life and death, starved ourselves, stuffed ourselves, drunk ourselves almost to insanity and loved beyond the call of duty, and not loved – we two suburban Sydney mothers, bearing children from our baggage, giving them the hope and love we longed for, or relinquished in our 20s.

### Cross Currents

*Aren't we all alone in our intimate skin?*

Beverley Farmer<sup>19</sup>

Beverley Farmer came to Greece via her new Greek love Chris in 1971.

They met in '65. He came out on the *Patris*, like so many Greeks of the time. In their ten-year marriage residing sometimes in Thessaloniki, Greece sometimes in Victoria, she wrote *Alone* (1980), and *Milk* (1983), and bore one son, Taki. To say she 'writes against the grain' and was ahead of her time, is an understatement. Her writing bears witness to her own (and others lives) life in the Greek world as an included outsider, a successful adaptation to the new field and acceptance by its agents. Thessaloniki and Skala Katerinis were her second home.

Farmer's intertextual writing style, informed by life experience and research pays homage to collective habitus through the myths, values, attitudes and beliefs imprinted in everyday Greek lives, archaic, traditional and contemporary lives, of relatives, neighbours, Gods and poets. "Her work is lyrical and interrogative, performative and speculative, and quite remarkable for its intensity of focus and breadth of vision",<sup>28</sup> Farmer writes the cross current that links up the eddies and flows, of lives and writers that predate her, in her cross-cultural world, all the while pondering the work of a 'Vase with Red Fishes'<sup>29</sup> in a Matisse painting, the meaning of Buddhism and what Sylvia Plath would have made of any body of water. Here she describes a Greek body of water on Lesbos from the collection *Milk*:

*Nets drying like leaves on a far sea wall. The pull and suck of waves rolling the grey stones at the water's edge ... Molyvo, on Lesbos. A clifftop town of grey stone houses, crowned with a castle ... The rowing boat in its pool of light had drifted to the far stone ring of the harbour wall, where it lay like a fallen moon. (1983:94-95)*

Unlike Clift, whose writing, liquid as it is, often makes detached observations of the circumstances of difference, Farmer's narration is more harrowing and starkly put, yet poetically dovetailed with passages in which she writes like a mystic and ponders with lyrical eloquence, the work of the soul, the heart, the body, their relationality. In her later writing, responding to something written by D.H. Lawrence she says:

*The fool in the fable who sells his shadow like a black skin he can peel off and hand over, is it his soul – do we have a soul in much the same way as we have a shadow? I and my shadow are alike and not alike, my image without my substance, pure, a shape of air and darkness, a flickering, unstable other*

*self. Was it our shadow that gave us a soul, our idea of a disembodied soul  
... (42).<sup>22</sup>*

Her ficto-poetics and elemental prayers illuminate like a Neon Tetra in the dark. So too does the fiction of Sue Woolfe, who herself was led to Greece by Martin Johnston, Charmian's oldest son.

Sue Woolfe's philosophical and deftly woven narrative had me *leaning toward infinity* in the book of the same name. She writes in the narrative voice of Frances an early career mathematical academic. In a conversation once, Woolfe told me about the secret of number 9, when my daughter was having trouble with times tables. No matter where 9 goes, it always comes back to itself, no unbelongingness there. And infinity is the most ineffable number of all; it knows no limits.

Woolfe's research, that far exceeds the magic of number 9, is recorded in the *Infinity* book where Frances, the middle generation female protagonist goes to a Mathematics conference in Greece, carrying a borrowed suitcase, with a secret number inside. She was a mathematical genius, Frances, as yet too humble to know it. Woolfe paints Frances very much as the wise novice, inadvertently mapping the pain of flawed family dispositions through this uncanny 'pretend biography' as she calls it. Frances, thinks the multigenerational family drama began because of the shape of her mothers breasts, but later realises it's because of something written on the margin of a page stuck on the wall;<sup>23</sup> a number something. Here's how she writes potatoes (and breasts):

*She worked in total absorption, the knife moving so fast over surfaces, the peel coiling down into a sink full of water. Then she dropped the peeled potato into the water too, so the white floury shapes floated like breasts in a bathtub (81).<sup>24</sup>*

In chapters called, "Where Memories Go" and "The Woman who Lost Thirteen Children" she illustrates the traditional and cultural lack of value of female children against the backdrop of a crashing sea, "Thalassa, I heard. Kita ti oreo thalassa" (296):

*"This man is not a good man ...  
He sold his first child to buy goats ...  
Then his wife had another child, said the truck driver, but he sold that one too. And another and another and another, says the truck driver. She had*

*fourteen children but he sold thirteen of them for goats ..."*

*"What happened to the fourteenth child?" I asked.*

*"That's me," said the truck driver ... (1999:298)*

*"It was hard to be the chosen one." (320)*

Woolfe draws on a cache of inspiration from Greek myths, time spent living in Greece, a writerly friendship with Martin Johnston, and a creative genius shared by those I have already mentioned. Her writing is fluid, haunting and at times allegorical, informed by rigorous research. Her time at the foot of Mt Olympus in the village of Karitanna in the mid-'80s, yielded two books: *Painted Woman*, and *Leaning Towards Infinity*. Through this work she further cemented her place in Australian literary history by winning the Christina Stead Prize, having written one of the few Australian award winning female characters (Frances) as triumphant.<sup>25</sup> She enchanted my daughter and I with the magic of number 9 as Beverley and the Buddha's had with the 7s in *A Body of Water*.

In May last year I delivered Sue a copy of the article I'd written about Charmian, herself and Beverley, and confessed that Charmian had, in the end, dominated the narrative. Sue had provided me with a happy ever after ending after the Clift/Johnston Greek tragedy and I was relieved to finish it that way. I told her I was off to Greece in a few weeks. She sighed,

"Oh, aah, Greece. I haven't been there for too long." We'd shared the odd cup of tea and muesli bar as I'd interviewed her about the Clift/Johnstons and her own Greek adventures, so I suggested she come too. She said she'd be a great guide for the Olympus bit, but despite her constant yearning to go back there, even the siren call of Greece couldn't shift her mounting responsibilities in Australia. I went alone with a page of instructions and some contacts, "Who knows what's remembered," she said.<sup>26</sup> Woolfe stayed in Australia and penned the trajectory of 'tight and loose-construing' in the mind, that ties bits and pieces of neuroscience to creative writing practice in her latest work *The Mystery of the Cleaning Lady*.<sup>27</sup>

So there I was chasing the tail of my youth, Gods and Heroes and Poets,

Charmian Clift, Beverley Farmer and Sue Woolfe, while Lise let her milk down for her youngest and Kiri shot another goal at the netball. The spray mist that washed over me in the Plateia was a far cry from the gas outdoor heaters of Sydney and the slow trawl down George St at 5pm on a Friday, to get to some cosy café where they make the latte just right.

### Postscript

Last week I opened my email and found the following message, from my Greek friend Steve Tsousis:

*“Dear Shé ... I have found a way into the Orphic Cave and have taken these photos for you. When you come back I can show you the way. Hear from the depths of your soul, Orpheus singing. Steve.”<sup>25</sup>*

I hear him. In the universal language of the soul he plucks his song. [An earlier version of this paper was presented in a panel with Beverley Farmer at the *Conference on Greek Minorities and Minority Discourses in the Greek World* 15 December 2006, at the University of Sydney. I am indebted to Beverley Farmer, and Sue Woolfe for their generosity of spirit and sharing of Greek and writerly knowledge. I also acknowledge the work of Clifton Evers, and Judy Singer for collegial debate around the notion of a ‘secondary habitus’. My thanks also to Steve Tsousis for the Orphic photographs.]

### Notes

- 1 Farmer, Beverley (2005) *The Bone House*, Giramondo: Sydney, p90.
- 2 From historical tourist pamphlet *Sigri: Petrification and Life*, 2002, Lesvos: Fil Giglinis and S.A Tsiknas, p5.
- 3 Probyn, Elspeth, (2005) *Blush: Faces of Shame*, UNSW Press: Sydney. P49. Her work on belonging elaborates on Pierre Bourdieu’s concepts of habitus, field and capital.
- 4 See also Durkheim, E *The Evolution of Educational Thought*, (1977) London: Routledge & Keegan Paul. Durkheim influenced his nephew, Marcel Mauss and later Pierre Bourdieu in terms of formulating *habitus* and *cultural capital*, although the term originated from Aristotle. These ideas are taken up concomitantly by Elspeth Probyn’s discussions on belonging and out-of-placeness (1996; 2005)
- 5 Ferenczi, Sandor *The Clinical Diary of Sandor Ferenczi*, Judith Dupont (ed) trans. Michael Balint and Nicola Zarday Jackson, Harvard University Press: Massachusetts. 1988 edition, in which he diarises his mapping of the Orpha phenomenon – psychic fragmentation – and uses the tender listening cure which I read as analogous to tender hymnist, Greek Orpheus soothing the world with his lyrics and lyre.
- 6 Bourdieu, Pierre in *Habitus: A Sense of Place*, (2005) Jean Hillier and Emma Rooksby (eds), Ashgate: Aldershot p21. The most eloquent definition of habitus follows thus: “The *habitus* – embodied history, internalised as a second nature and so forgotten as history – is the active presence of the whole past of which it is the product.” Bourdieu in James D. Faubian (ed) *Rethinking the Subject: An Anthology of Contemporary European Social* (1995), Westview Press: Oxford, p35.
- 7 These lines appear in the historical tourist booklet *Sigri: Petrification and Life*, 2002, Lesvos: Fil Giglinis and S.A Tsiknas, p15.

- 8 These lines are taken from Beverley Farmer's article "The House on Rebirth Street" in *Heat* vol 13, p211 edited by Ivor Indyk, Giramondo Press, UWS.
- 9 This claim is made by French publicist Jean Dumont (1690) and is cited in the above historical tourist booklet about Sigri: p14.
- 10 Pierre Bourdieu's notion of habitus doesn't account for the migratory or refugee experience, where new culture, language and sociality must be inscribed in order to survive. Hence, I pose the term 'secondary habitus', not to annul primary habitus but to inscribe, rather than just acquire new habits, practices and knowledge's so that agents can successfully negotiate a new field. While Bourdieu (2002), concedes that there may be a habitus of becoming in his later work, he still falls short in my mind of moving beyond his structural Marxist positionality. He argues, "Habitus changes constantly, continuously, but within the limits inherent in its originary structure" (Bourdieu, *Habitus: A Sense of Place*, (2005) (eds) Jean Hillier and Emma Rooksby, Ashgate: Aldershot, (47). I argue that circumstances accorded to migrants and displaced persons, necessitates a breaking free of originary structures, not to repudiate them, or to ignore dispositions, but a breaking free that enables a more effective incorporation, like a second skin.
- 11 Clift, Charmian (1989 [1958]), *Mermaid Singing*, Angus & Robertson: London, p11.
- 12 Bourdieu, Pierre, "Structures, Habitus, Practices" in (ed) James D. Faubian (1995) *Rethinking the Subject – An Anthology of Contemporary European Social Thought*, Westview Press, Oxford in which cultural capital, field and habitus are clearly defined.
- 13 Pierre Bourdieu, "Habitus" in Jean Hillier and Emma Rooksby (eds) *Habitus: A Sense of Place*, 2005, Ashgate: Aldershot, England. (pp 43-52), in which Bourdieu's concept of habitus is problematised and questioned for its currency.
- 14 Clift, Charmian (2001, ed) *Mermaid Singing*, Harper Collins, Sydney in which she eloquently describes the family experience of arriving in Kalymnos.
- 15 Hawke, S and Evers, C (2005) "Unfixed in Fluids", documentary and paper as part of the panel *Affective Ripples*, delivered to CSAA conference, *Culture Fix*, UTS, Sydney, 2005. I don't mean to imply a typology, yet while Bourdieu argues more for a habitus of becoming, as generative yet within determinate limits I argue for a 'secondary habitus' in particular contexts, such as the cross cultural experience of migration, or refugee displacement, where the primary set of informants and dispositions embedded in childhood, undergoes significant, long lasting shifts. I gratefully acknowledge Judy Singer's (Singer and Hawke forthcoming) research into 'Refugee Health and the Naturopathic Encounter' in which she describes the often gross shift that occurs for refugees (of different ethnic, religious and class origins) who have at times spent up to ten years in refugee camps, scrounging for food and basic supplies, then suddenly find themselves free Australian citizens with a full cache of human rights, negotiating the comparatively gross over supply of food in a supermarket, and other services. Such shifts, we argue, demand the development of a 'second skin' or what I call secondary habitus.
- 16 Probyn, Elspeth (1996) *Outside Belongings*, Routledge, New York, and London. In this book she relates intellectual and in an embodied sense the experiences of dislocation and un-belongingness.
- 17 Probyn, Elspeth (2005) *Blush: Faces of Shame*, UNSW Press: Sydney, pp49-50.
- 18 English, Jon and Mackay, David (1990) *Paris – the libretto*, [Music recording] Paris Music, Sydney, Australia. A brilliant rendition of the Trojan Wars as a rock opera.
- 19 Words uttered by Beverley Farmer in her paper "Eros in Dreamland" at the *Love and Desire: Literature and Intimacy Conference* at The National Library of Australia, Canberra, 24 September, 2006.
- 20 Jacobs, Lyn (2001), *Against the Grain: Beverley Farmer's Writing*, UQP: St Lucia, p219.
- 21 Farmer, Beverley (1990) *A Body of Water*, UQP, St Lucia. Pp101-113.
- 22 Farmer, Beverley, (2005) *The Bone House*, Giramondo, Sydney.
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- 25 As Elaine Lindsay reported at *The New reckonings: Australian Literature – Past, Present, Future*, in her paper “Women, Representation and Prize-winning Fiction” in Australian fiction, award winning female leads usually die some horrid death or remain unswervingly troubled. 2-3 February 2007.
- 26 Woolfe, Sue in conversation with Shé Hawke, USYD, May 2006, email 11 May, 2006
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- 28 Many thanks to Anique Schirris for introducing me to Steve Tsousis.  
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