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Why I Write

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Why I Write

Abstract

1. Trying to salvage from those great oceans - Silence, Forgetfulness, Numbness. 1 Because everything operates to make you stay silent, remain forgetful, maintain numbness to that which is not culturally coded. To exist I have to insist on the other tracks that my life runs down. I don't want to betray these other realities.

KATHLEEN MARY FALLON



Kathleen Mary Fallon was born in Brisbane in 1951. She moved to Sydney in her early twenties and since then has lived in Hobart, London, Paris (briefly) and Melbourne where she now resides. She self-published two books, *Explosion/Implosion* and *Sexuality of Illusion*, in the early eighties; wrote the text for *Spill*, a play performed in Sydney's Bay Street Theatre in 1987; published the novel *Working Hot* in 1989; and wrote and performed a one-woman show on the Gulf War called *Credibility Gulf*.

Fallon is currently working on another novel *The Staff of Life* as well as writing an opera/voice piece for Chamber Made Opera. She is also writing a two-act play on interracial relations and violence in the suburban Australian home, *Three Boongs in the Kitchen*, and a piece for adult puppet/object theatre for Terrapin Puppet Theatre called *Royal Commission into Black Deaths in Custody – A Contact Event* based on her relationship with her Torres Strait Island foster son and what that has taught her about racism in Australia, motherhood and foster motherhood during the years spent with him.

KATHLEEN MARY FALLON

Why I Write

1. Trying to salvage from those great oceans – Silence, Forgetfulness, Numbness.
2. Because everything operates to make you stay silent, remain forgetful, maintain numbness to that which is not culturally coded. To exist I have to insist on the other tracks that my life runs down. I don't want to betray these other realities.
3. Because I want to leave a trace of where I've been.
4. Because sometimes I can't speak.
5. And I must speak to exist. Sometimes I feel culture, representation, as a huge brick wall that suffocates and imprisons and limits me and I want to smash into it, smash into it with my words, ideas, existence.
6. It is the only hold I have on the reality of my life.
7. Because more and more by writing I am making something out of the pain, loss, detritus, unacceptable, reprehensible or ugly times of my life. Making a silk purse out of the sow's ear.
8. I write because I really don't know what I'm doing or thinking or what's what but when you write something down, make sentences, make words, make structure, make some kind of sense to yourself and you go back a week later, a month later, you find another pattern, another meaning altogether than the one you thought you were making - It gives you some access to your unconscious, or patterns and movements and drives in your life that would otherwise remain obscure to you.
9. I think I was deeply offended and hurt as a child, as an adolescent, then as a woman that I wasn't noticed. Sometimes I felt (feel) invisible. (It's probably gender based.) I write to make people take notice of me.
10. To make mummy love me, to make daddy love me? No! To knock off both of the bastards and vamoose out of the ghastly Oedipal triangle once and for all.