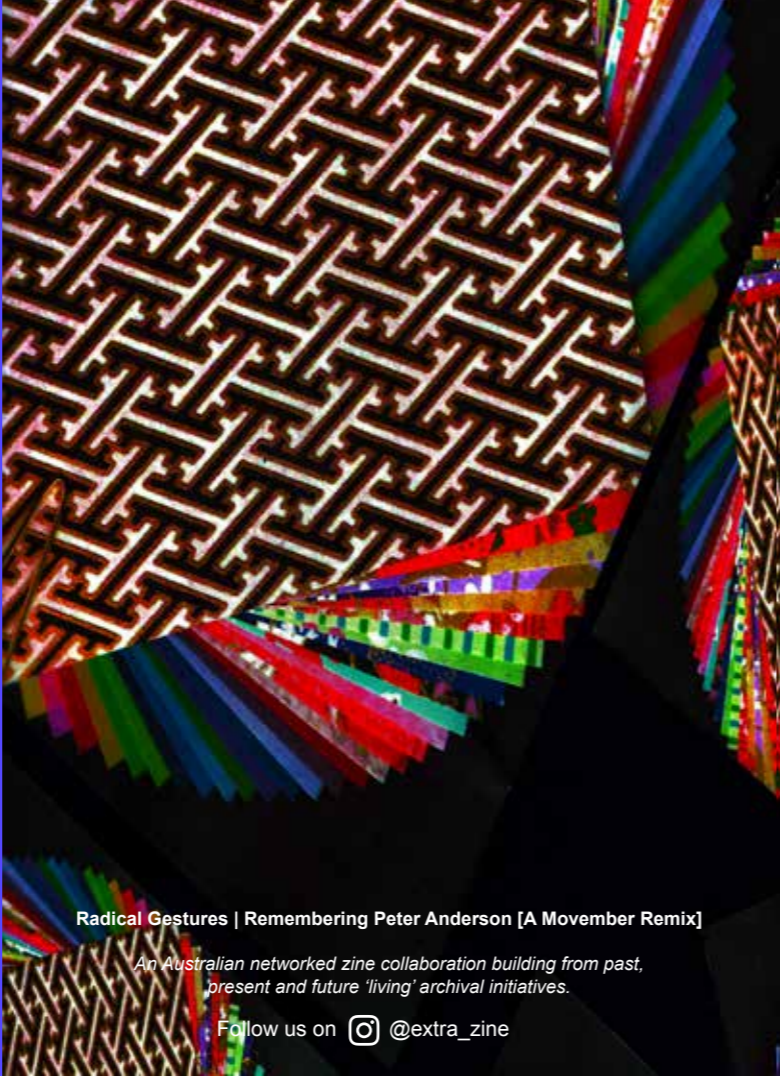


experimental poetry in the late 1970s was a political act, and that at a personal level, it was foundational for him. In an unpublished interview we did in 2017 in the web link below he said;

"But it was fascinating doing the research for 'Ephemeral Traces' and actually going back and picking 'Johnno' (David Malouf, 1975) up again and reading it and kind of going oh, here's this reference, here's that reference. So from my point of view having read it probably not in 1975 but in the late 70's and having read Malouf's poetry when I was in high school earlier on and also various people who were part of that scene, UQP Paperback Poets for example and they were one of the biggest poetry publishers in the country, the University of Queensland Press and my early poetry career was linked up with Makar Press at UQ, which also published massive numbers of first poetry collections and my bizarrely titled volume of poetry that came out in 1979.

I was living in Tasmania and 'Pretending to be Salvador Dali' as the title with a kind of art reference there in the slim volume of work. Which is completely misplaced in retrospect, it was all about, the idea that you could have poetry in Brisbane almost seemed to be, the place itself seemed to want to deny, deny this as a possibility so the mere writing of poetry or making of art seemed to be a sort of affront to the



Radical Gestures | Remembering Peter Anderson [A Movember Remix]

An Australian networked zine collaboration building from past, present and future 'living' archival initiatives.

Follow us on @extra_zine

EXTRA

ISSUE # 3

Radical Gestures
 Remembering Peter Anderson
 B.14 November 1958
 D. 30 October 2020
 [A Movember Remix]

I sit down to make a zine.

Nothing happens.

How do you celebrate a thirty odd year friendship and collaboration after a friend leaves this mortal coil? Make an art zine!

Peter Anderson was a poet, artist, writer, model, cleaner, curator, academic, nature enthusiast among many other roles. For me, for many others he was also an inspirational role model. We first met in my artist studio in Arana Hills Brisbane in Spring 1984. He died suddenly and prematurely on October 30 2020. So much happened in those ten thousand in between days.

Poetry and creative writing more broadly was an ongoing subject of conversation, correspondences and conviviality. I have been sifting through my collection of emails from Peter of late, making some sense of these writerly things.

I remember that first meeting vividly, an afternoon together waxing reflective about experimental art, activism and the troubled Joh Bjelke-Petersen era over coffee and a selection of some of mum's delicious home-made biscuits. Peter was about six years older than me, he recounted

a series of stories about his poetry, performance work, share houses and cleaning work. Most particularly, I recall Peter telling me a series of captivating accounts about his ongoing involvement with the Institute of Modern Art since 1975. It was an insight into Brisbane's contemporary art ecology that was astonishing to learn as a young artist.

Recently, Peter was feeling thrilled and excited to be revisiting this temporal period of poetry and performativity unfolding in a more focussed way while working on the final stage of a complex and labyrinthine PhD research project. In these emails Peter would send copies of haiku poetry he was writing, articles he was reading, exhibitions he was making, stories about his wife Jen, details of Jen's artistic practice and astonishing work with textiles, riveting stories about Ben, their son, the books Ben was reading, how school was unfolding, ditties about family trips to the beach and the beachcombing, making ephemeral installations together of seaweed, sea grasses, flotsam and jetsam.

When we last spoke on the phone in September 2020 Peter kindly reminded me of the incredible work of "Movember" for men's health, prostate cancer and well-being, "more men like us need to know about their website and resources" he said. We talked at length that day about academic writing, we waxed and waned about Peter's poetic sensibility. Peter considered strongly that writing

