

When with the
Loving Society





When you HEAR
this Sound



This is an original
All Thumbs Press
Singing Book.

Play the record and
read along...



Our Sydney neighbourhood of Redfern has been rapidly gentrifying. Recently we were shocked to find a huge glass jar full of coins on the street as opposed to the usual junk and rubbish.

I looked at Lucas and said, 'There goes the neighbourhood'.



The real estate sign next door said LOCATION LOCATION LOCATION. I wondered if they were referring to the half way house, the brothel and the guys on day release with ankle bracelets a few doors up.



The local veggie shop
has a placement of produce
according to freshness.
They start fresh at the
back of the shop, but you know
when they reach the footpath
displays that they are
pretty much compost.



The ladies who practice
Tai Chi in the park must
have harnessed their power
when I witnessed one of
them using a sword. The
moment she thrust it into the
air a dead ibis fell out
of the



palm tree
at her
feet.

Latin name?

Not recognising a native bee
when he saw one, Lucas
channelled his five year
old self and commented,
'There's lots of buzzies in
the garden'.

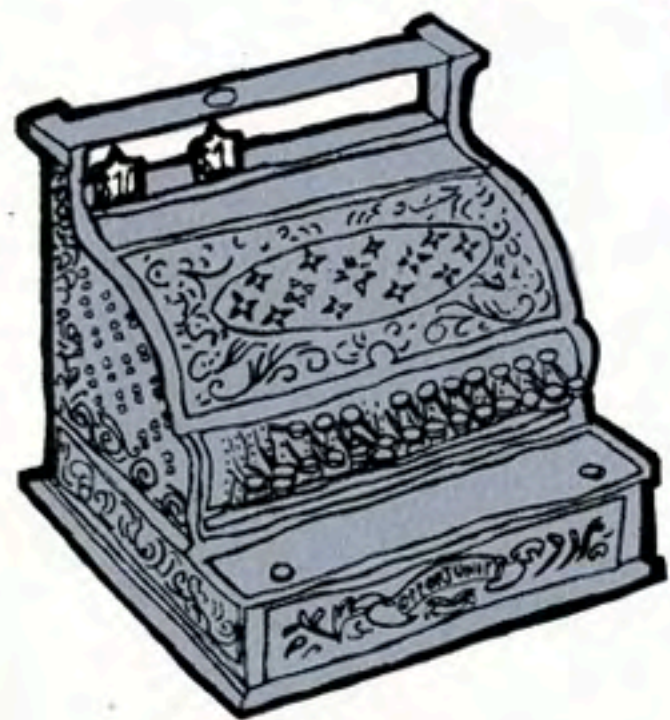


Lucas admitted the reason
he wouldn't shave off his
dishevelled beard was that
he was able to use the
down-on-his-luck look to throw
small change on the counter at
the pizza shop and get a slice.



The guy who runs the local Op Shop has an interesting pricing policy; the same item can vary from one dollar to ten between visits

depending on his mood.



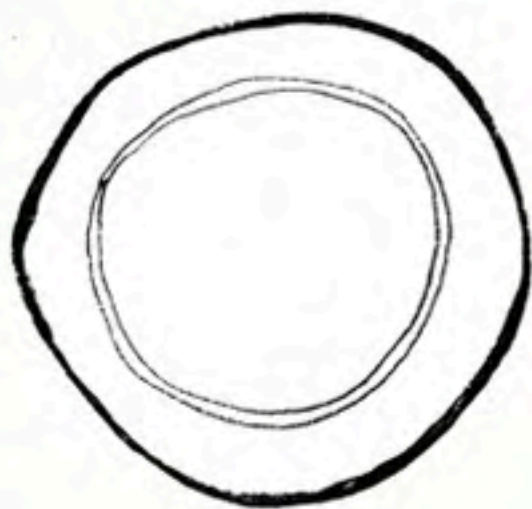
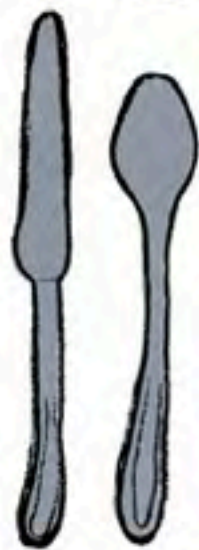
The queues of people waiting outside the surgery across the road from our house early in the morning had always made me think it must have been a dodgy doctor.

Recently I noticed it was actually a bus stop.



Too many years of
organising gigs.

Getting ready for our
dinner party guests to
arrive, Lucas kept referring
to them as
'customers'.



Lucas excused himself
for not being able to
understand what the
guy was saying.

'Sorry, I
have ear
blindness'.



The man with the
thick Russian
accent obviously
didn't see the
harsh irony in
yelling at me,
'Too hot for
Husky here!'
whilst wearing
full sun
protection
and
sweating
profusely.



Walking the dog
a guy gave us a wolf
whistle. He obviously
didn't
realise
Dodo
is
actually
a
Husky.



Trolley Man

The guy who often pushes
a shopping trolley
recklessly round on the
roads was suddenly one day
wearing a flouro orange
safety vest. We wondered
if it was
council issue,
as they had
realised how
un-streetwise
he was.



You've reached the end
of Side A.

Now flip the record
over to continue...



My favourite local tags
are TOFU and BOK CHOY.

I imagine they are
part of a Chinese
vegan street
gang.



There is often a man
zooming around different
remote control cars on
the local rugby pitch.



He's always
carrying a
disinterested
kid, the obvious
scapegoat for his
latest purchase.

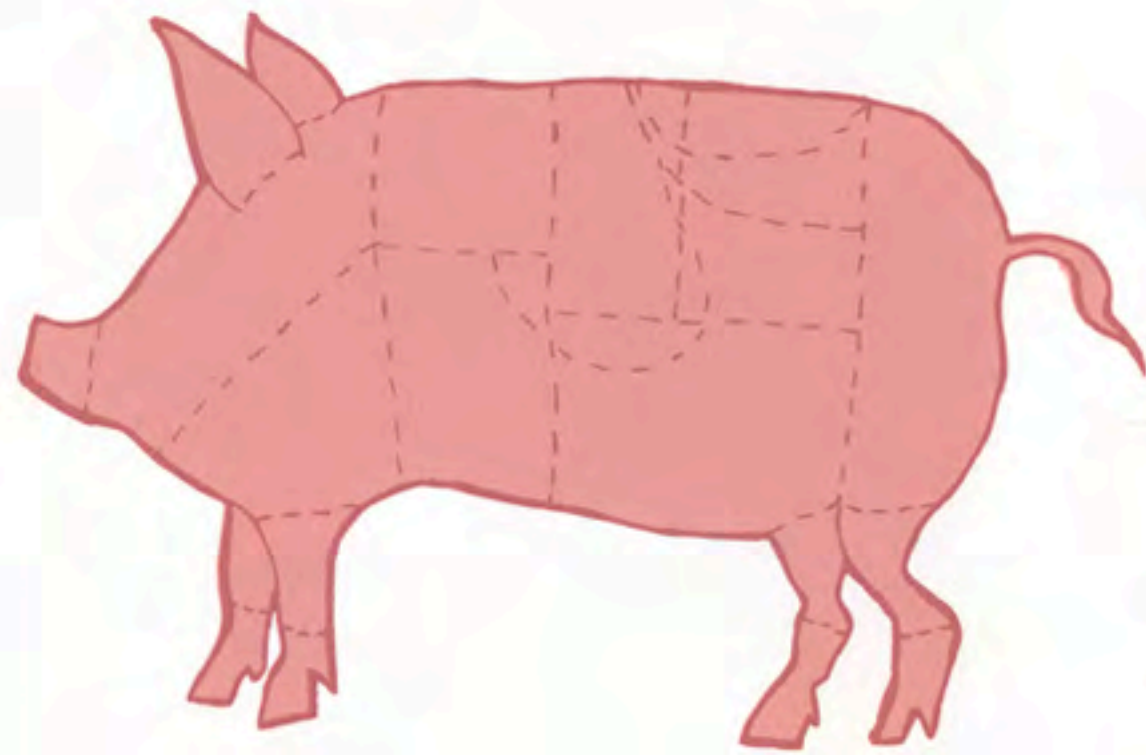


Dodo loves walking through the park after a rugby match - with all the half eaten junk food left behind, it's like a doggie smorgasbord.



There's a miniature pig that lives in the area.

Dodo made friends with him at the pub, but what I just couldn't stop thinking about, was how much he loves eating bacon.



HARSH DESSERTS

Lucas said he never
enjoyed the great Australian
Lamington, as he hated
any sweet with

'desecrated'

coconut.



When the pizza shop next
door closed down we
wondered who would make
our favourite order
for us -

half meat lovers,
half vegan.



When I explained to Lucas,
the building he thought
was a pub was actually
an elderly community care
facility, he commented
sincerely,

'Oh, that's why I
thought it
looked cool'.



The only bad thing about
walking through Redfern Park
when the Kookaburras are
laughing, is that
they can really
start to make
you feel
self conscious.



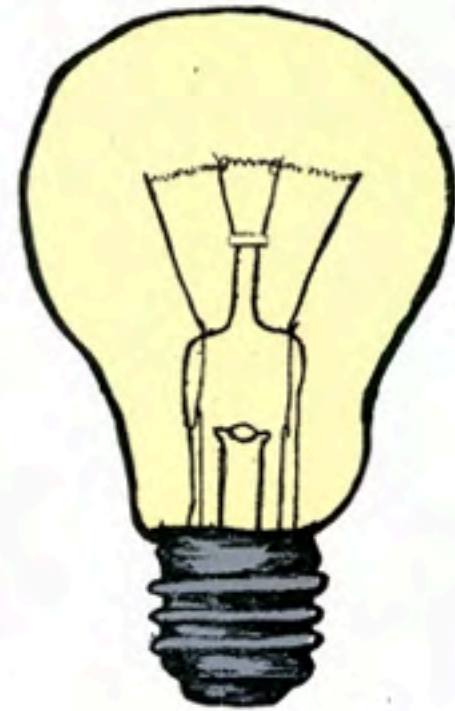
Finding an empty Viagra
box in our letterbox made
sense, considering our
house was

the half way
point between
the pharmacy
and the
brothel
on our
street.



We decided that whilst
having 3m high
ceilings was nice,
the gradual darkness
due to not
being able to

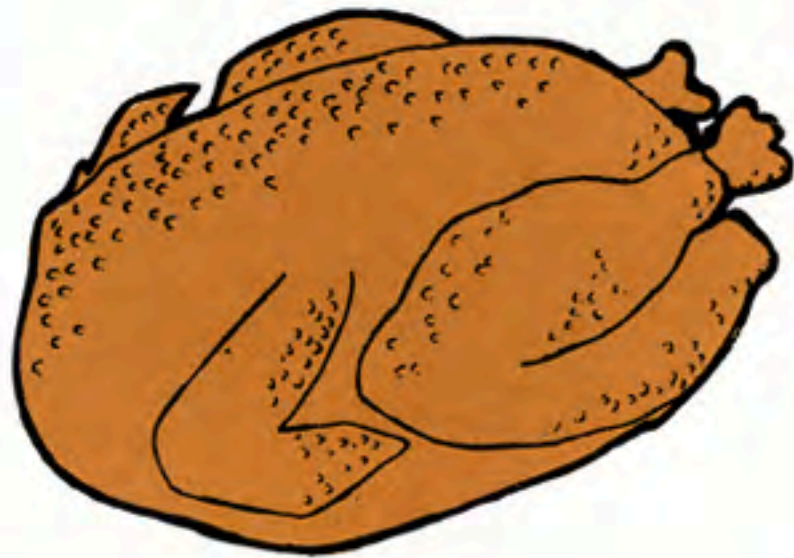
change the
globes was
definitely
a set back.



KFC vs GFC

We were confused by the
giant posters the
supermarket had stuck up
advertising BBQ chicken
saying,

'WHY PAY
\$10
WHEN YOU
COULD PAY
\$9.88?'



The butcher down the road
has the best advertising.
Everything has at least one,
but anything up to four,
exclamation marks after it.

There's something really
great about seeing a hand
written sign on fluoro

paper
that
says
'PORK
CHOPS!!!'



THE END

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This book is dedicated to
the funniest guy I know,
Lucas 'Grandpa' Abela.



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