



SCRAATCH  
HAW

# Acknowledgement of Traditional Owners

ScratchThat acknowledges the Turrbal and Yugara as the First Nations owners of the land on which ScratchThat is created and organised. We pay respects to their Elders, lores, customs and creation spirits. ScratchThat recognises that these have always been lands of storytelling, creation and community. ScratchThat also recognises that these lands have never been ceded.

We acknowledge the important role that Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people hold within our creative community.

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# EDITORIAL PAGE

Welcome to VANDALISED, the Autumn 2025 edition of ScratchThat Magazine exploring Punk, Counterculture, and Clinical Grunge. We've utilised these themes to bring you a gift from a future we hope for, seeking pieces that adopt underrated forms, use unconventional mediums, and have something passionate to say. This curation pays homage to the early days of punk and grunge, which championed the misfits, gave voice to the unheard, and wore rough edges unabashedly. Punk and grunge were born from resistance and radical empathy, turning alienation into a rallying cry of rebellion. At ScratchThat, we wanted to carve a similar space for commentary, inviting fellow creatives to indulge in a scene that sees those on the fringes and welcomes them in.

ScratchThat Magazine is made by emerging creatives, and we understand the importance of continuously cultivating the art scene in Australia. Our Art Team uses the term Clinical Grunge to reflect this belief and describe the artistic direction for this edition: 'Clinical Grunge is the contrast between the institutions we are (magazines) and the art we collect, curate, and display. It seeks to acknowledge such juxtapositions within the creative world and our context, as we are artists taking an institutional role. This edition exists as a somewhat warped serving platter for the visceral and socially aware art that we represent. We invite you to freedom of expression—to create art for the sake of making art, not for its marketable value.'

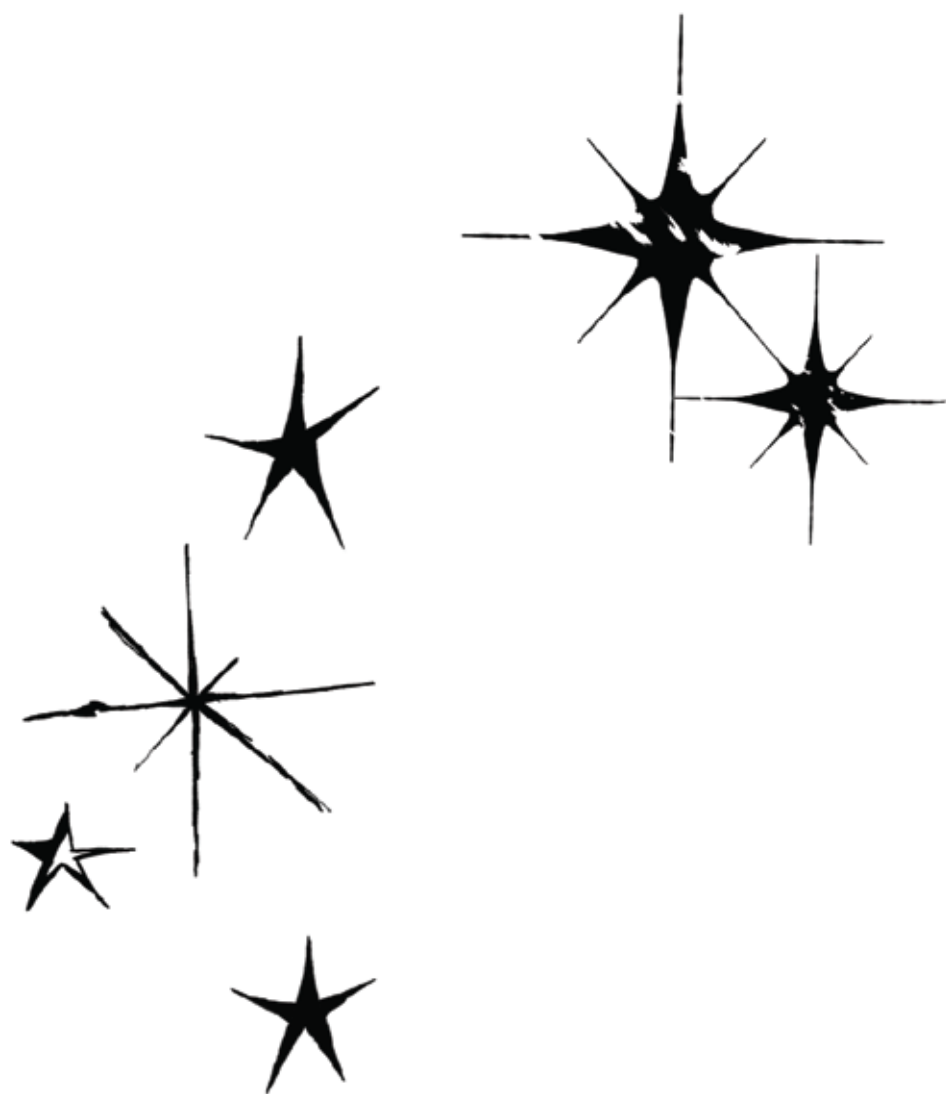
We hope our readers find this edition to be a refuge full of like-minded, progressive individuals responding to our current socio-political climate. As young creatives, we not only campaign for ourselves, but also the hopes we hold for others! This is your reminder that you may be more punk than you think.

Thank you for being here, and we hope you enjoy ScratchThat: VANDALISED

Sincerely,

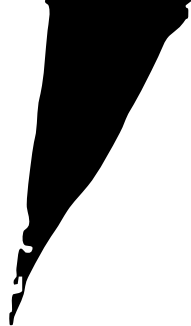
The Editorial Board







# WRITTEN WORK



By Lara Madeline Rand

Little buds of moonlight drip from the leaves of the locust tree into the garden bed below. They well in the bird bath, wobbling, their reflections misting, dissolving in the evening air. The buds of light coat the proud flowers of the desert rose. They roll off the leaves of the ferns, the groundcovers, and the petals of the false sunflowers. I press my feet into the earth and feel the buds seep into the soil. I wait for them to burrow and splinter there. She turned the porchlight off early tonight, and I have spent the time since considering the snapdragons. Their once sturdy stems have lost their vigour, the blooms droopy, curling west away from the heat of tomorrow's sun. Their time has come, but I let them rest a little longer. I move on to the frog fruits.

The gardener was here today, working on the beds that wrap around the pebbled path. I watched her from my pedestal, the light locking my ankles in place, my lodged limbs loaded and waiting for the sun to set. She pulled the weeds suffocating the gardenia, the ginger root, and those leaking from the bed into the path beneath her feet. I find a few more and pull them at the roots. The weeds leech into my porcelain skin and curl like mist from my fingertips. The soil liquifies, rolls down my arms, and sinks into my skin. I walk the pebbled path; I rehome the stones; I straighten the pavers.

Once satisfied, I tilt my chin towards the sky and open my mouth to trap a bud of moonlight on the tip of my tongue. Its taste is tangy, surprisingly sour; it hums and begins to melt into my gums. I grin. I grin—and the moonlight drip, drips from my lips.

Edited by Charley Anderson, Tia Rose Shang, and Ariya Sokhara Say

Lara Madeline Rand (she/her)

Lara Madeline Rand is an emerging creative writer and editor currently undertaking a Bachelor of Fine Arts at QUT. She is passionate about creating new readers of poetry and illuminating the inaccessible or repressed qualities of the art form. Through both her creative and editorial pursuits, she is committed to demystifying poetic expression and encouraging deeper, more empathetic connections between writer, reader, and text.



By Tia Rose Shang

I've had to become  
a mother and a lover  
to myself, born anew  
wrap the arms around  
in the bath and  
give kisses to the shoulder

slow and steady  
is the hum, the humming can  
you count to five?  
one, two, three, four, five  
years since being shucked  
like an oyster, robbed of pearl

I crawl naked across  
my carpet like a cat  
with a mane of bleached hair  
in my face, clawing toward  
forgetting, labouring moans  
for eons on end...  
I try to caress again  
I feed soup  
by thick plastic spoons  
baby spoons, and soft strokes  
swiping silk across my cheeks  
I cannot breathe  
I sweat underneath  
and stare at my ugly  
unrecognisable face  
the nauseous heart  
beneath my bosom  
so unfeeling one day  
and overly sensitive the next

separate, separate  
brush the hair from the brow  
and dab the tears with a knuckle  
I promise her  
nobody will ever touch you  
but it's just too late

so I dress her, myself  
in cotton candy colours  
periwinkle panties and  
powder pink nighties  
so that if we bleed again  
everyone will know

Edited by Charley Anderson, Lara Madeline Rand,  
and Ariya Sokhara Say

Tia Rose Shang (she/they)

Tia Rose Shang is a rural-born author with her feet in the earth and her mind in the ether. They draw from landscapes both internal and wild, weaving nature, trauma, and complex relationships into sugar-coated fantasies and bruised memoirs. In 2024, their short story "Advance the Stablehand" was published in *Is This Working?*, an anthology from Tiny Owl Publishing. Tia Rose is currently finishing a Bachelor of Fine Arts in Creative Writing at QUT. Find them on Instagram at @tiaroshang.



In the years before Jack was born, they had lived in an old country house as if in a dream. Those late purple afternoons shaking with insect song, when the wind would run its long hand over the flower bushes, turning up the light underside of the petals like dresses. It carried the dust from the road and the heat from the cracked mud up into the sky so that everything was rising, rising into that hysterical plumage of sky. The clouds were so high, Rachel felt she had to look up through the top of her head to see their peaks. She would pull the sweat-stained blouse up over her shoulders and think: *how could anyone go about living a life when the world showed you things like this? You couldn't paint it with a thousand canvases.*

Laurie would emerge between the flower bushes with the little floral knife pressed against his thumb, having picked the prettiest head to cut and bring to her. They would sit on the porch with their backs pressed against the hard spines of the white chairs, weighed down by the pleasant bodily heaviness of those who have spent their day working hard towards something honest and beautiful.

Rachel had been on medication for some time by then, and though she could recognise the circumstances meant she was happy, she could never feel it in her body. It was as though everything she was supposed to feel had been placed inside glass bottles she was allowed to look at but never touch. Soon, the sun would be gone over the hills on the other side of the valley. Large fuzzy moths would move in from the darkness, and Laurie would stand up silently and come over to rest his hand on her shoulder. He would sweep one last look over the night plain as if making sure there was nothing left to witness. Then he would walk back inside, and that meant it was time for her to put on a jacket and prepare dinner.

After cooking, she would take the black kitchen knife and, instead of placing it back inside its cover in the pantry, would hang it on the display beside the cheaper knives above the stove so that he might see it. She had bought it many years ago in a place very far away when the world had been open to her. When she had imagined a future for herself, working as an artist in small European towns, painting portraits of couples for a small fee as they walked by her in the streets. And if that were to fail, she had planned to die tragically at a young age, which she had now surpassed by over two decades. She was not as happy then as she was with Laurie. But it was a different kind of happiness, different as sunrise was to sunset.

When they had moved out to the farm, she had started herself on a new medication, hoping it might allow her to, if not paint again, at least envision a future for herself. And it did. But as the months went on, Laurie suggested she might come off the medication. He thought that she might start talking to him again, and maybe they could even make love as they used to when they had first bought the house, when the wooden floors of the rooms were hard and empty save for a roll-out mattress and the wet blades of grass that had tracked in on their bare feet.

What neither of them expected was that she would leave him. It was not until those strange, exciting months that followed their separation that Rachel met another man, and Jack was conceived. Rachel had not known the man very well, but she had loved him, and somehow, those two facts were intertwined—one would not survive without the other.

The man had loved her paintings, had said he had never seen landscapes where the mountains and clouds seemed to be running away from the viewer. She was painting more than she ever had in her life then. She would let him watch her. And she had never done that for anyone. When she fell pregnant, he told her that he did not love her, and neither did she ever blame him for that. But in the night, she went down into the basement where the canvases sat in the dark, and with the same short palette knife she had used to mix and scrape the paint from which those flowers and mountains had emerged, she returned them to incomprehensible tatters.



She gathered the torn shrivels in her hands. Though they still held their individual tones, she could not discern which painting they had belonged to. They existed now and forever as illegible fragments to a forgotten whole, an old world that could never be seen or known for what it was. With her fingers, she tore those remains into even smaller pieces until they were no more than discoloured paper dust. In the end, he left her with nothing. Nothing but his son.

The first year after Jack was born, she had been so exhausted some nights with his crying that she had brought him up to the double bed and fell asleep with him lying quietly on top of her. His small, pale body rising up and down as she breathed. The warm and wet face against her dry skin. His smooth head pressing down on her stomach and his tiny, curled-up hands straying over the straight scar drawn between the edges of her hips. She knew him then, had not been afraid of him, only afraid of herself for him. In her dreams, she would find herself sitting on the porch of the old house. In the fold of her hands lay a gold-lined jewellery box. It was the same box her mother had kept her precious necklaces in during her childhood. One day, her mother had misplaced the brass key, a tiny, sharp thing, and she had become convinced Rachel had stolen it. She never forgave Rachel for that. All this time, it had remained, carried from house to house, unopened like a stone.

Rachel held it against her chest as she watched the clouds move in over the hills. The clouds were holding something locked away in their blonde folds, something they had carried all this way. And in the yellow silence of that morning, it came, over the road and the fields, walking slowly towards her: the sound of rain.

Edited by Lara Madeline Rand, Tia Rose Shang, and Ariya Sokhara Say

Charley Anderson (he/they)

Charley Anderson is an emerging writer based in Meanjin/Brisbane. They are currently completing a BFA in Creative Writing at QUT





# SEX IS NOT MINE

By Isa Merola Marinho

10

That tip has shaken  
the bark in moss  
here comes that new light.  
pluck the apple  
that cursed Our sex to  
be all but the mechanism  
of the Other's pleasure.

You hold no power floods  
for the silicone which  
the tissue You blow  
does not grant You power,  
it strips You  
just like the Other!

Oh irony! irony!  
ageing is a myth so  
lament on the thought  
that bribing the gaze  
beyond the glass, spitting  
back at Your foaming mouth,  
She's a peppered wound.  
red red red.

Now that fruit sitting on  
lap, holding that violent  
erotica—you wish nails to prick  
your nipples  
and filled by some word.  
words that cannot come  
from Me, the ugly undigestible  
froth which dribbles from  
corners We keep unlit.

God forbid the Other meet  
this muddy terror  
who possesses thought!  
unlike You—fruitful fantasy!  
My sex is not Theirs  
nor will it ever feel Mine.

Edited by Nyah Marsden, Lara Madeline Rand,  
and Tia Rose Shang

*My sex is not Mine.* – Isa Merola Marinho (she/her)

sa is a multidisciplinary artist with an evolving palette for exploring the varying nodes of human nature, lust, and self-delusions through her own artistic ambitions. As she cycles through the many beats of adulthood, she utilises visual art and writing to express the sensation of teetering on the edge of consciousness and liminality.



By Coco-Lily Garrett-Kellett

It was the marmalade hour of seven o'clock, when the summer day caramelises and catches its evening cough—the barking of a dog, the rising hiss of crickets, the chime of cutlery, the chink of glassware, and those faint hiccups of distant laughter, floating over fences like dandelion fluff.

The plantation house sat in its golden stupor, watching over the hot-green lawn, its windows gleaming like the amber eyes of a fox. Beyond the verandah, the dinner table stretched beneath an iron chandelier, its chain wrapped in creeping ivy. Plates glistened with oil and salt, the burnished skins of roasted peppers split open like overripe fruit; lamb chops bled into the grain of the wood. Red wine sloshed against cut glass, sugaring the air with the scent of drunken plums. A fan whispered against bare shoulders, the night's breath slipping between linen and skin.

Selene Sinclair, slim-wristed and fine-ankled, grinned in gold. A cigarette smouldered between two forgotten fingers, its tip glowing like a ruby set in ivory. Talk ebbed and swelled—politics, art, the neighbour's scandalous affair. The lull of satisfied indulgence, thick as syrup, was only ever disturbed by the occasional clink of ice or a bitten-off laugh, one that hung too long in the air before vanishing.

Upstairs, Saskia Sinclair slept.

A fan hummed at the foot of her bed, its rhythm like the soft lapping of water against a dock. She lay sprawled, a puppet discarded mid-performance, her limbs arranged in a lazy geometry of sleep. The glass doors stood in silent surrender, veiled in the filmy breath of the night. A breeze ghosted in, swelling the cotton curtains, tickling the fever-flush of her cheeks. The embers of light licked her legs, turning them a deep shade of burnt caramel. Her soles were smudged with the filth of the earth, small dark thumbprints against the pale porcelain of her skin.

She twitched, dream-touched. A flicker of an eyelid, a curl of a pinky, a sigh that barely broke the hush. Somewhere in the dark, a mosquito sliced through the air like a violin's high note.

Then—

A sound.

Soft, brittle, precise.

Selene's hand stilled mid-gesture, the gold of her rings catching the dying sun. A crystal glass cracked-not shattered, no, but fractured just enough to betray the tension of the hour. The thinnest line of red welled at the tip of someone's finger. The house sighed, long and low, settling into the thick-skinned dark.

Upstairs, Saskia stirred. The last syrupy dregs of sleep abandoned her, leaving her spine slicked in something too warm-sweat? Memory? She pressed her palm to her chest as if she could quiet the pulse beneath. The air in the room had changed, heavy now, metallic, expectant. She listened.

Outside, the laughter swelled again, but the moment had soured. Selene set down her glass, her smile still intact, but her eyes fixed on the open door. The great house waited, its mouth poised, its breath bated.

Edited by Max Jenner, Lara Madeline Rand, and Tia Rose Shang

Coco-Lily Garrett-Kellett (she/her)

Coco-Lily Garrett-Kellett writes like a Disney princess with the mind of a child and the soul of an old man. A disciple of self-destruction, nostalgia, and synthetic beauty, she spins fever dream fairytales for the terminally on line. Think Bukowski in a training bra, Nabokov on Tumblr. Trashy, hypnotic, and unsettling.

# JULY ON ALMA STREET

13

By Coco Thompson

1

The dark air bristles my arm hair up,  
the smooth beer glass has a fever  
its cool sweat runs down to my bare thigh  
where my arm rests—extending  
haphazardly, the cigarette back to its owner.

2

The music pounds the suspended floor  
angered phonic fists batter the beat  
shooting up through shoes to legs to  
waists and lungs. Winded  
I sway outside the bathroom.

3

The deck is shuffled and my card is hidden  
behind someone's back.  
A shit magic trick,  
another person intervenes  
offering me a better one  
but she will have none of that  
as she wages the creation of her own game.

4

A ringmaster and I, the loyal follower  
she splays the cards across the table  
my bag is the hefty elephant and she wonders  
what's inside—a camera—I answer  
you want a photo?        Yes  
has never sounded so nice.

Coco Thompson (she/her)

5

I can still see her face  
eclipsed in the light of my camera flash  
dimple curve shadowed by the night  
that is the place I wish  
to graze my teeth to.

Edited by Charley Anderson, Lara Madeline Rand,  
and Tia Rose Shang

Coco Thompson is an emerging Brisbane based author, currently studying a Bachelor of Fine Arts in Creative Writing at QUT. Her writing is influenced by her relationship with the LGBTQIA+ community and her lived experiences overseas. As a creative, she predominantly specialises in the exploration of queerness in literature and contemporary prose works. .



# A POST-PUNK CINDERELLA

By Felix Reed

*She is all that was and all that will be, a terrible and beautiful broken dreamer. She is calling to you. A message of hope, a message of apathy. Bathed in the light that only she could wield, she leads us, serene and noble. Will you follow her into those lands beyond where all is good and quiet? Or will you doubt her intention and not let her take you just yet? She is a portrait of love and of loathing. Her turmoil is uninhibited like eddies in a vast ocean, or the gentle ebb and flow of the tides on a beach. She loves and she loses, and she will return stronger and more terrible than when she left. She treads heavy, though she is unburdened. She is untethered. Hatred and desire burn and writhe beneath her skin. A warrior of purity and the harbinger of destruction. She is both and neither, for she is Cinderella.*

★

Odella pried the siskin from its final resting place upon the metal gate that opened onto the la Cendre grounds. The poor thing must've run out of energy just short of clearing the large, metal protrusions she had nailed to the gate herself just last year. She grabbed it roughly and yanked. Blood pooled between her fingers and ran across the back of her hands, the skin popping and splitting with little bones jutting out in places. One of its eyes had already been eaten almost entirely by ants that quickly scurried away with their prize. It would be a much cruller fate to leave it here and watch from her bedroom's barred windows as a fox impaled itself trying to snatch the bird into its jowls. At least this way, she could bury the bird by the swamp and let its reclamation by nature be peaceful.

The Old House of le Cendre had been grand, with grounds that extended for miles into the forests that boxed in the township. Odella's bedroom used to look out onto them from the second story. At night, she could always hear the cries of the creature's court as they pondered the world outside of themselves. She often empathised with them. They found themselves untamed, endangered, and considered game for the village hunters who descended upon them in droves. They fought back, of course, and found their heads mounted on the wall. She found desperation changed a person in the same way it would an animal. She had once watched a wild dog caught in a trap at the property's edge; it chewed off its own leg. The memory crossed her mind when she tested the gaps in the bars on her window. Losing a limb wouldn't be as painful as coming to terms with her fate, would it?

Her home had once been beautiful, envied by those in the surrounding towns. Now it was derelict and decayed. Cobwebs hung from the rafters as dust marred every surface. Her father's portrait that had once hung in the foyer, was now confined to the attic with a knife slash through his painted neck. They had done it to mock her. Odella used to love decadence and excess, to consume endlessly. Now she scraped and scavenged for all she had. She found herself looking at the clothing of the well-to-do and registering her own disdain. They didn't know loss in the same way she did. They didn't yet know the pointlessness of it all. The aristocracy swam in their own ignorance and complacency. They didn't need to worry about their safety or their meals. They didn't know the fear of being a prisoner in your own home.

Or the home that had once been yours. The Old House was ruined long ago. It was not literally torn down, but the veneer of a warm, loving family home had vanished. Much of it had vanished by Odella's hand. The bright flowerbeds had been torn up and replaced with white baneberries, which had stung her hands upon planting. The lancet windows on the higher floors had their intricate glasswork replaced with ones intended to obscure, to conceal. The bars had been the final touch, the most insulting one. Odella was forced to cage herself in. Toiling for hours to lock away her new bedroom window as she found herself moved to the ground floor. She had then been made to modify the gates, to add the spikes that brought down the siskin. She had pried the teeth of the bear trap open, set it in her path, and forced her foot inside it.

It ought to be miserable. Odella should have given in to her pain by now, climbed to the highest spire in her formerly-happy home, and thrown herself off it in a mad flight. It would have been beautiful. She simply couldn't find the misery in any of it, often breaking into mad fits of laughter at the very idea. Why would she be miserable in the prison of her own creation? She had given herself opportunities no one else could. If all eyes remained blind to her suffering, then she would pry them open and hold them there. She would make everyone watch what they had made. The writhing, screaming, burning woman.

She squeezed the bird in her grip again, simulating a beating heart with each tightening of her fist. Its fragile beak opened and shut in a comical manner. It was like a simple children's puppet. It deserved more than it had gotten, really. It was so small within her muddled hand. She dug its grave herself and whispered an apology to the living world around her. The bird would be free again one day, when its bones were found, and someone would try to reconstruct its being. Freedom could be found below the earth, in the art of being trapped in such a way that someone would remember you.

Edited by Max Jenner, Nyah Marsden, and Tia Rose Shang



A Post-Punk Cinderella - Felix Reed (they/them)

Felix Reed is a Meanjin-based writer currently studying a Bachelor of Fine Arts (Creative Writing) at QUT. With a love of the absurd and the human, they aim to create work that explores the weird and underrepresented parts of our psyches that we'd rather keep hidden.

# LIKE A PRAYER

By Paige Elms

engrossed behind honeycomb walls of lust and sticky mind-fucks  
desperate, burning, dry eyes, saliva spewing behind teeth—all these swarming  
reminders of your breath  
how it adheres  
how it itches before I peel it off in the summer heat  
reminders of thankless humanity

it is never enough to satisfy the throat  
its whole self, raw and scraped dry from prose  
of longing and gross infatuation—or so someone tells me so  
someone I will never know  
my narrative voice is unreliable perchance  
but I want to show her that this could be

meant to be?

she  
she

she is water and wind  
inspiration for deranged bargaining  
someone unlike them but someone like me who seeks solace  
in pleas of billions—gleaming wealth for pieces of the soul  
I have shattered on the kitchen tiles

laughing manically to the things  
whatever tricks that are played before the hour strikes  
whenever the mind decides  
when spewing from the floor, this desperation  
one must scrub their skin with candied soap encrusted with diamonds and  
twelve Hail Marys  
just to ask why in the end

why have lust be a sin?

**responsibility lies in the affection you give  
shadows may be safe—they are not the living  
I seek to bury a soul that is not whole  
one who has felt tremendous pain  
do not tell me that I should pertain to a life lived otherwise**

**to your god elsewhere  
one's people would not be so bored**

*Edited by Charley Anderson, Nyah Marsden, and Tia Rose Shang*

*Like a Prayer – Paige Elms (she/her)*

Paige is a queer Meanjin/Brisbane-based creative. Sentimental for nostalgia and sappy renderings of love stories, she is a passionate playwright and poet who spends her spare time (day job) fostering curiosity and whimsy in young people by teaching English and Drama.

# THE LIONS OF KING GEORGE SQUARE

19

By Rhys Williams

— After *Flap My Wings (Songs from We Live in Cairo)* by The Lazours

Lion corpses make great houses  
better than straw, sticks  
yet no bricks on a brickie wage  
Slaying a king's lion?  
Brass flays cleaner than flesh.  
Underpaid tools will shatter bones  
company concrete will bind flesh  
Man is choiceless on his label

A house of fire is selfish  
no love for the Arsonist during bushfires  
A house of water is selfish  
bath in a drought  
A house not of air is selfish  
call 13 11 14  
A house of lionskins is selfish  
sleeping without stars is selfish  
Without wind

The battler's hands are freshly manicured  
Inside his home of flesh  
red nail polish incorrectly on palms  
Dominant colour of his home's interior

An Aussie's dream of home ownership  
A lifetime of work justly rewarded  
He will never have to work another day in his life.  
Tomorrow they will call him martyr  
for a day.

Edited by Max Jenner, Nyah Marsden, and Tia Rose Shang

Rhys Williams (they/he)

Rhys is a Glass Editors for 2025 and Lit Salon Co-President for 2024. They are a final-year Creative Writing student who writes about the ongoing of our fragile world with the flair of the bright lights. You can find them at @rhys\_will\_i\_ams.



# THE OCD MONSTER

By Arin Bryant

20

There's a monster in my head,  
of swirling, spinning thought,  
of tumbling, turning waves,  
a fight against the elements, so fraught.

There's a monster in my head, coloured  
black and grey and red.  
Of death and gore and loss,  
of the choking, clinging cost.

There's a monster in my head,  
it twists and turns and bends,  
it goes on and on and on,  
and never seems to end.

There's a monster in my head,  
it goes in and around and down.

The deeper that I go,  
the deeper it can be found.

There's a monster in my head,  
my world tinted by its view, vandalising my  
brain,  
showing me the pain I make come true.

There's a monster in my head,  
it orders me along.  
Do this like this, and that like that.  
No! You're doing it wrong, wrong, wrong!

There's a monster in my head,  
 he says there's one way out,  
 you think and think and think,  
 don't talk, don't breathe, just count.

There's a monster in my head.  
 Telling me I could snap.  
 Could break my mind and lose all time, and  
 people would end up dead.



There's a monster in my head,  
 showing me the world bathed in red.  
 Streaked with blood and tears,  
 and hollow shaky breath.  
 There's a monster in my head,  
 I know he's destroying me,  
 but he whispers so enticingly:  
 'I can keep them safe,  
 I can stop these things,  
 just listen to me,  
 give up control,  
 do what I say,  
 and let them be free,  
 just come with me,  
 count with me,  
 you will never be free,  
 but you will no longer have  
 responsibility.'  
 There's a monster in my head,  
 and that monster wants me dead.

Edited by Max Jenner, Tia Rose Shang, and Ariya Sokhara Say

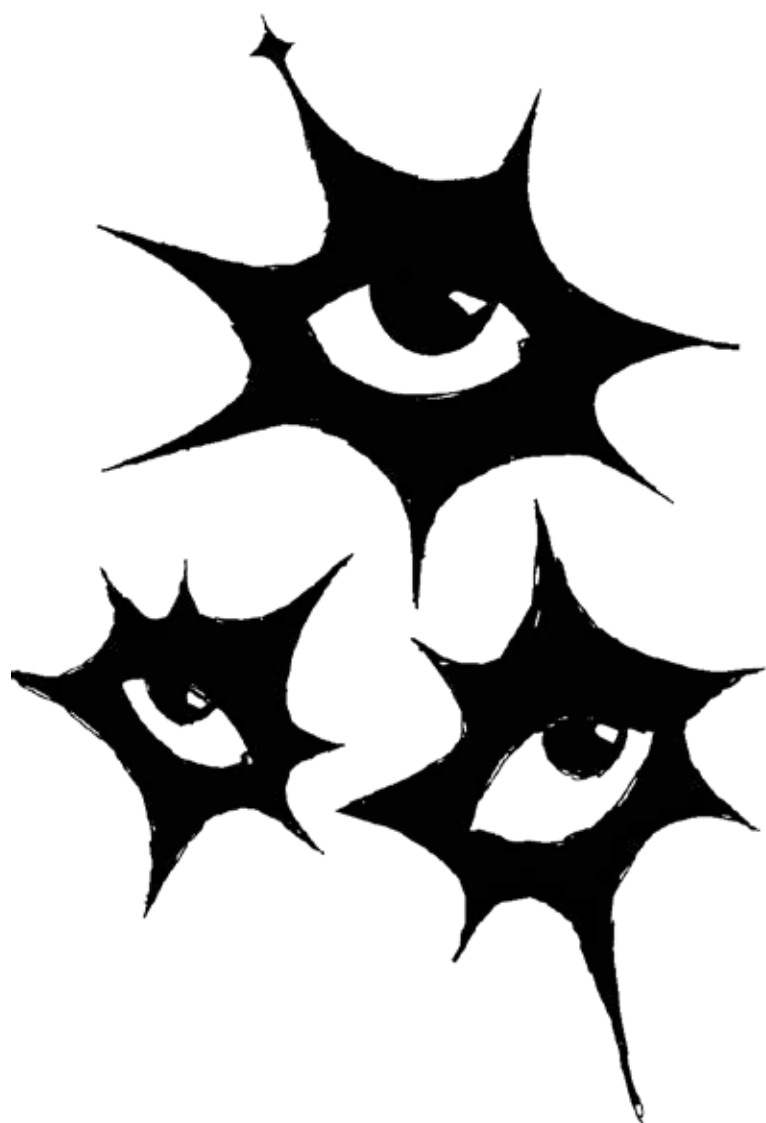
The OCD Monster – Arin Bryant (he/they)

Arin is a 19-year-old university student who has loved art and creating since he was very little. As a teenager, art and creative writing became an escape from the world and a place to express the inexpressible feelings that come with life as a mentally ill, neurodivergent teen.





# VISUAL ART



# INSTRUMENTS



## Instruments

Samara Kyrtsanas (they/she)  
2024, 100cm x 50 cm, Digitally  
manipulated photography

Samara is an emerging Meanjin-based multidisciplinary visual artist working across traditional and experimental mediums. Their practice examines the complexities of sex, violence, and the body through the lens of gender non-conformity and queer identity.

Communicating an artistic fascination with sex and the taboo, *instruments* incorporates digitally manipulated photography to catalogue a series of erotic items. A tall, white rectangle contains 4 items in a vertical column: condoms, a paddle, clamps, and a shibari rope. Each of these items is desaturated, black, and silhouetted, their identification dependent on shape and flickering metallic reflections. With no accompanying dialogue or imagery, the tools themselves are the work, documented as if they are evidence. The use of symbols of sexuality and rebellion reflects the artist's conceptual interests, the medium of photography serving as a method of reproducing these objects before manipulating them digitally to semi-anonymise them.

## Monika Popa (she/they)

Monika Popa is a photographer and videographer in Logan, Queensland. They hold a Diploma in Screen and Media which has allowed them to explore their creative talents and ideas. They explore ideas around self identity and individualism. Monika looks forward to further explore these themes and ideas in their future projects

Door to my Head is a mixed media piece that uses photography and drawings. This piece shows a photograph of a person standing in front of a graffitied tunnel with their face removed digitally and a white and red house, drawn with pain markers, replacing their head. The darkness of the depth of the tunnel blends in with the blackening out of the person's head. This mixed media piece was inspired by Bridget Dunsford's "The Beginnings of a Rebellious Teen", a short story about a character dealing with domestic violence issues at home. The house on the main character's head shows that the person has become wrapped with thoughts around their home life. Despite being a in tunnel years later hanging with friends they have made they can't think outside their problems; their mind has been vandalised. Their new life is juxtaposed with the memories and feelings of their old.

### Door to my Head

2025

1187 x 1723 px

mixed media





## The Convo

2024

216 x 90 cm

oil on canvas

### Patrick Rollston (he/him)

Patrick Rollston is a Brisbane/Meenjin based multi-disciplinary artist. He often works with paint and welded metals to give the audience a bold work which aims to critique current standpoints. Over the years he has explored many narratives but has had most success exploring theories and notions which encapsulate addiction, mental health, psychological conditions and the many discourses and subtopics that surround them. Having recently graduated a Bachelor of Fine Art at QCAD Griffith he is keen to further explore the Australian art scene.

Rollston's artwork, *The Convo* (2024) is a work that explores the social narrative surrounding neurodiversity, in particular, autism. The conversation at hand provides the answer as to why most neurodivergents come from a particular ethnic background and where the figure on the left explains that it is not actually the case that certain groups have more neurodivergents but rather the evidence points to the issue of medical inaccessibility, reassuring the other figures that in reality there are equal proportions of autistics, ADHDers, and other neurodivergent people but many don't have access to such services.

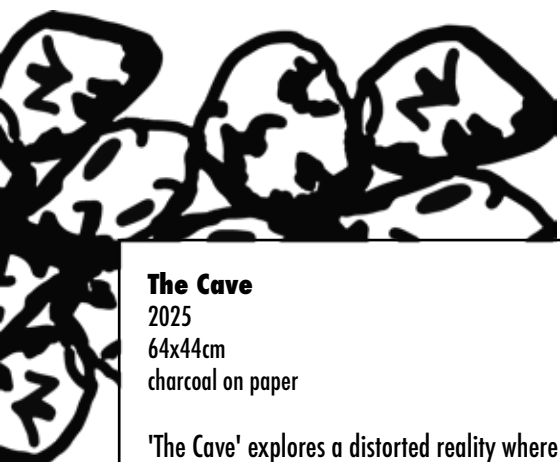






## Teagan O'Sullivan (they/them)

Teagan O'Sullivan is an emerging visual artist and filmmaker based in Meajin/Brisbane. They work with acrylic, charcoal, cyanotype prints and watercolour on canvas/paper. They often incorporate projection and layering in their work. Teagan's work experiments with 'untouched time'—a time and place without the presence of people. What's happening when we are not there?



### **The Cave**

2025

64x44cm

charcoal on paper

'The Cave' explores a distorted reality where shadows stretch and reflections multiply through abstract forms. It envisions a dystopian future—melting and crumbling under the weight of human interference. This reflects an "untouched time," one unexperienced and unshaped by interaction. Roads thread through the world, acting as vessels that connect different points in time, and the staircases twist into alternate futures. The theme of technological advancement lingers in static and a burning television, while clocks tick beneath the surface, echoing existential dread. Populating construction and entities through the wall, mould figures, suggesting the erosion of autonomy and identity. Time is carved through the walls, unlocking distant childhood memories and portals. Inspired by the feverish visuals of German Expressionist Cinema and the emotive early performances of Nick Cave, 'The Cave' is a comment on time, memory, and the destructive unravelling of a world that once was—or could have been.

## Charlotte Peachey (she/her)

Charlotte is an emerging visual artist and illustrator based in Quandamooka country, who works with a variety of mediums including installation, painting, printmaking, and textiles. In her practice Charlotte explores concepts of family history, domestic labour, the dialog between First Nations and European histories and cultures and traditionally feminine practices through feminist and personal contexts.

Charlotte's art instagram: @charlottepeacheyart



## Divine Sacrifice

2025

2x 18x27cm

ink on paper



Divine Sacrifice is a lino print diptych featuring two female praying mantis eating the head of a male praying mantis. The stark black and white prints have inverse values, reminiscent of day and night, displaying the graphic figures in thick, rough lines. This piece is an expression of female rage surrounding the expectation of women to serve quietly and remain hospitable in many religious settings. Divine Sacrifice defies religious normality through centralising the monstrous feminine. Referencing traditional Roman Catholic paintings through the divine halo, Divine Sacrifice glorifies the female praying mantis for committing an act of violence, placing her in a position of power and challenging the stereotypical depiction of women as meek beings, within a religious environment. Carving chunks off the lino block is a cathartic process, releasing anger concerning this subject through repetitive and subtractive motions, revealing harsh contrast and bold shapes, creating a grungy image.

## **LEO SMITH** (he/they)

Leo Smith is a Brisbane/Meanjin-based artist working across multiple mediums, including painting, digital art, video art, and mixed media animation. Using his art as a diaristic vessel, leo explores subjects such as queer identity and experiences, and how they shape his perception of relationships and self. Outside of that, he embraces the freedom to create without the constraints of personal narratives, allowing their art to exist purely for the joy of creative expression. Leo shares his works on his instagram @lelo.artnstuff.

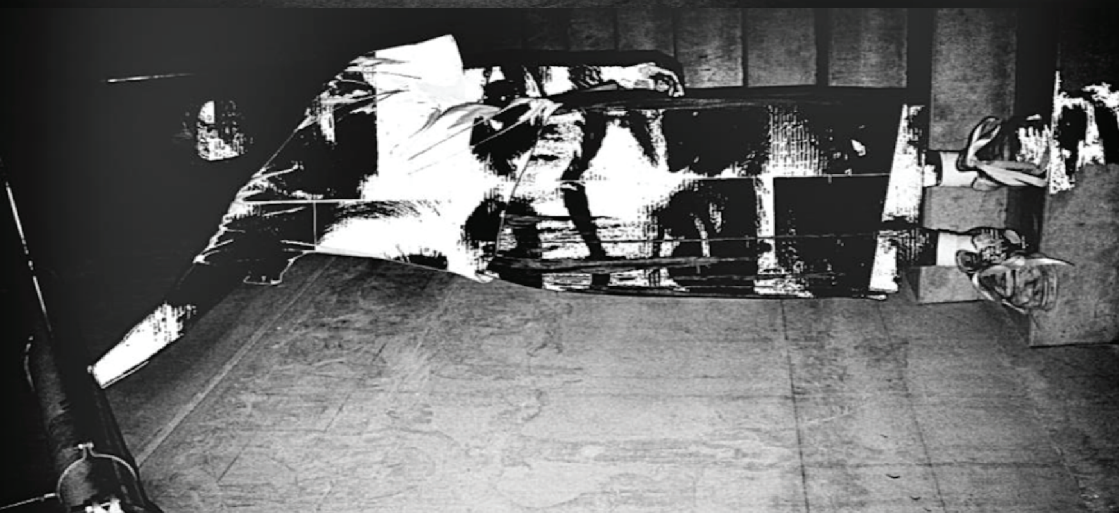
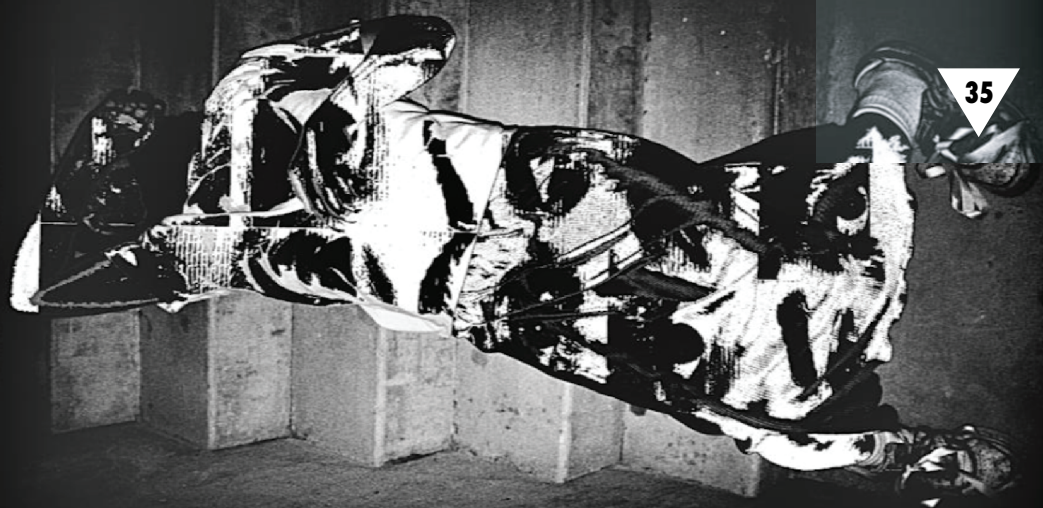
## **BED BOUND**

Spray paint on reclaimed linen  
250 x 250 cm

This piece is part of a larger portfolio of works where Leo has been utilising self-portraiture as diaristic vessel. For this tapestry work, Leo has reclaimed bed sheets and other used linen to explore his relationship with his bed. Our beds are one of the few places where we are both the most isolated, and the most vulnerable to one another. Through the tactile quality of the reclaimed materials, Leo reflects on the intimacy and complexity of personal spaces, encouraging a dialogue about vulnerability and the layers of identity that emerge in moments of isolation.







**PERCIEVE ME!**

Photography, digital altering

In Perceive Me!, Leo explores themes of body image, perception, and intimacy through a queer lens. This piece is part of a broader body of work that reflects on how hookup culture and digital spaces can affect one's relationships with their body and with intimacy. The piece uses a mix of portraiture and abstraction to create a feeling of distance between the self and the body. Capturing feeling exposed, observed, maybe even objectified, and questioning what it means to be perceived at all.

Can You See My



When I Bend Over ?

**YOUR HEART**  
**YOUR HEART**  
**YOUR HEART**



## Your Heart

Zane Brumpton (he/him)

2025

32cm x 31cm, Found media

30

Zane Brumpton is an emerging Brisbane-based multimedia protest artist. With roots in the Australian punk scene, Brumpton's art focuses on sexual empowerment and desexualising media.

Your Heart is a found media installation. Inspired by a marketing campaign for Ashnikko's song 'Itty Bitty'. The work discusses themes of sexualisation and empowerment through text and wordplay. The difference between sexualisation of the body and sexual empowerment is notably evident and Your Heart directly discusses this difference.



# IT'LL LEAVE A MARK





## **It'll leave a Mark**

Chris Millis

2024

Interactive Performance

**It'll Leave a Mark – Chris Millis (they/he)**

Creating and practicing in Meanjin (Brisbane), Chris is a queer visual artist. Chris' work explores the systematic relationship between queer identity and society, delving into how queer existence is commodified. Their work spans between various mediums, including written elements, installation, interactive and performance-based works, gravitating towards mass-produced mediums. His love for analysis and Queer Theory melds into his artistic practice. They are currently undertaking a Bachelor of Fine Arts, majoring in Visual Art at QUT.

**It'll Leave a Mark** presents an interactive microcosm for the relationship between queer identity and commodification. The work uses the artist's body as a canvas, mimicking subcultural queer spaces and inviting audiences to lay ownership to his body using a series of comical stickers. The choice to use the arse as the central placement of the stickers has an ironic effect. The artist, aware of the sexualisation of queer bodies, reclaims this sexualisation while forcing audiences to grapple with the weight of their participation.

**STOP!**  
THINK BEFORE YOU  
SHOP!



**STOP!**  
think about how  
much you'll owe  
the environment!



105,000 tonnes of used textiles are exported from Australia every year, most of which ends up as waste in developing nations in a practice that has been dubbed "waste colonisation".



Australia has no systematic resources for the collection of unwearable clothing. As a result, textile waste has become one of the largest contributors in Australia's waste problem.



Australian consumers have spent \$20.58 billion annually on fashion.

**STOP!**  
you already  
own this item!

**STOP!**  
is this  
shirt  
really  
worth it  
in the  
long run?



**SHOP TIL YA DROP**  
**SHOP TIL YA DROP**  
**SHOP TIL YA DROP**  
**SHOP TIL YA DROP**

The carbon footprint of Australia's fashion consumption is the largest of any G20 country.

Australia generates approximately 800,000 tonnes of textile waste goes to landfill each year. This waste takes hundreds of years to break down and, like other forms of waste, releases harmful carbon emissions as it breaks down in landfill.

The average Australian buys 56 new items of clothing each year, which makes Australia the largest consumer of clothing in the world per capita (after the US)

GuEss  
wHat?

You  
doN't  
need  
iT.

LoOk oUt foR  
for shoppers

StomP  
oN  
sHops!



**SHOP TIL YA DROP**  
**SHOP TIL YA DROP**  
**SHOP TIL YA DROP**  
**SHOP TIL YA DROP**



373,000 tonnes of new clothes are imported into Australia each year and 10,000 tonnes of clothes are made in Australia each year.

210,000 tonnes of garments a year go to clothing bins or charities.

Just 2 per cent of old clothing gets recycled.

worN rAthEr thAn  
ToRn!

sEcond HaNd  
is alWaYs  
iN treNd!

Do yOu  
rEally  
neEd it?

**SHOP TIL YA DROP**  
**SHOP TIL YA DROP**  
**SHOP TIL YA DROP**  
**SHOP TIL YA DROP**

## Shop Til Ya Drop

Amy Muller  
2024

Amy Muller is a Meanjin/Brisbane artist who blends visual art with fashion and design. Her interactive works explore identity, nostalgia, and self-expression. Viewing fashion as a second skin, she invites playful experimentation while critiquing societal norms. Her pieces remain incomplete without audience engagement, encouraging curiosity, creativity, and deeper artistic connection.

Shop Til Ya Drop is an ironic investigative critique addressing the unethical and unsustainable practices of fast fashion. The screen-printed designs translate widely understood safety signs into messages of commercialism to provoke the everyday habits of consumers. Referring to 90s–00s teen-fashion magazines, the posters serve to publicly mimic the fashion media, raising a sense of nostalgia with a kick of criticism. This period defined a time when our shopping practices were forcibly slowed due to lack of online shopping, manufactures, and trade partners, leaving us to question how our consumeristic habits have changed over the last 20–30 years. Shop Til Ya Drop sells ideas rather than products. It serves as an explicit, direct, yet humorous insult to careless consumers. It's a warning, a sign, a design to present fast fashion as ugly, outdated, silly, and undesirable.



# SCRATCH THAT

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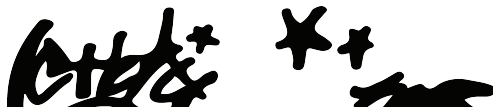
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SCRATCH  
THAT

**SCRATCH  
THAT**

**A GIFT FROM THE FUTURE  
2025 AUTUMN**