

PORTFOLIO

SIOUXZI L CONNOR

Writer • Novelist • Artist

LITERARY FICTION

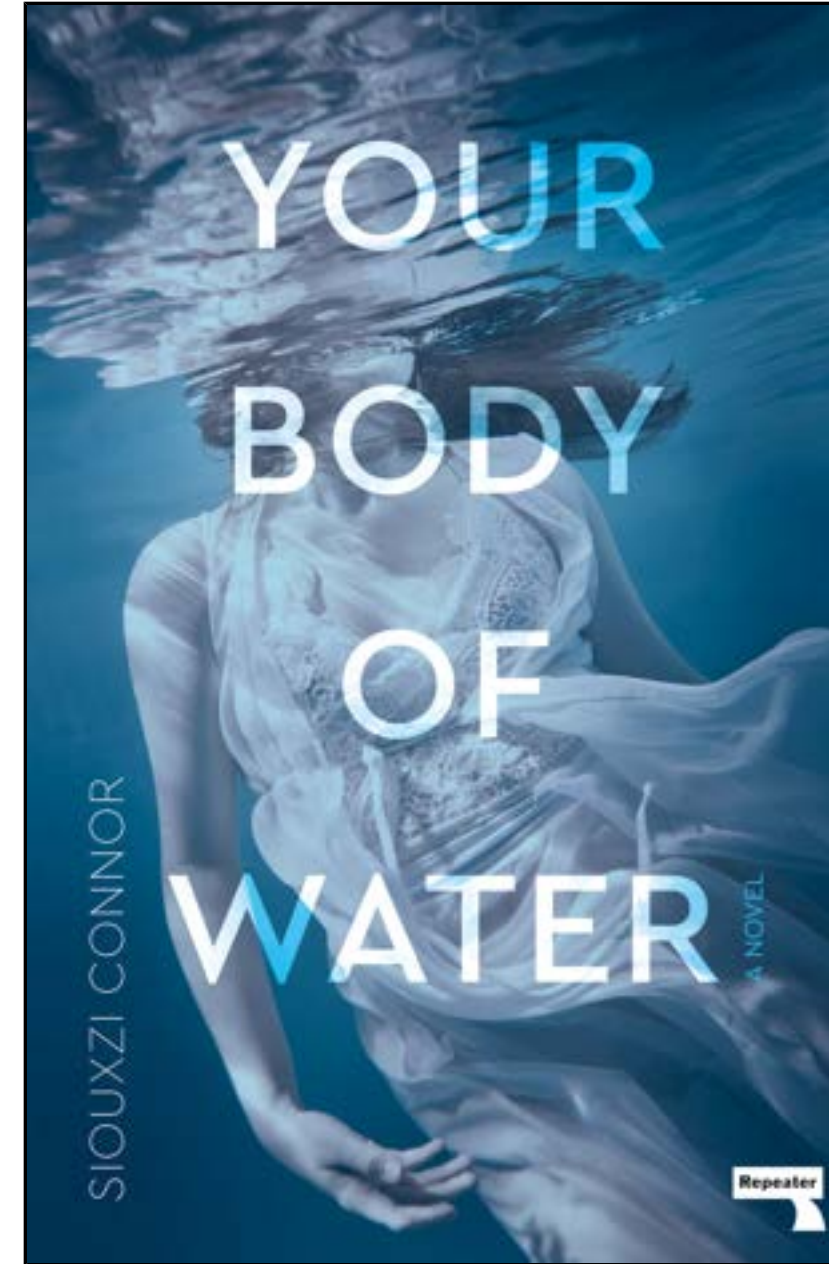
/ AUTOFICTION

My second book, “Your Body of Water, a novel,”

will be published in June 2025

by Repeater Books

and distributed by Penguin Random House.



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RELATED EDITIONS

EL: Your Body of Water

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Your Body of Water

Siouxi Connor

Repeater

Sex, death, nature and the ‘feminine’: an autofiction romance in four acts.

Your Body of Water is an interweaving of autofiction with hydro-feminist mythologies, exploring via the emotional landscapes of four rivers and four “tragic feminine characters” (Ophelia, Leda, the Lady of Shalott and Sappho) the author's own real life journey, with a dose of tongue-in-cheek humour – through coming out in Australia, an abusive relationship in Berlin, and navigating queer love in the context of a world literally burning around us – and finding hope for the future in the stories of her ancestors before her.

For fans of: Maggie Nelson's *The Argonauts*; Carmen Maria Machado's *In the Dream House* and *Her Body and Other Parties*; Astrida Neimanis' *Bodies of Water*; Andrea Lawlor's *Paul Takes the Form of a Mortal Girl*; Patricia Lockwood's *No one is Talking About This*; Jeanette Winterson's *The Passion, Art and Lies* and *Written on the Body*.

- Genre: A powerful blend of autofiction and feminist mythology
- Themes: Sex, death, nature, and the feminine in four acts
- Narrative Journey: Weaves the author's life experiences with iconic “tragic feminine characters” (Ophelia, Leda, the Lady of Shalott, and Sappho), set against the emotional landscapes of four rivers
- Personal Storyline: Traces the author's coming out in Australia, surviving an abusive relationship in Berlin, and navigating queer love amidst climate crises
- Feminist Mythologies: Reinterprets classic myths with humour, resilience, and exploration of non-binary identities
- Comparative Titles
- Explorative Approach: Challenges traditional binaries of nature/culture, emotionality /sexuality, and femininity/masculinity to offer fresh perspectives on identity and heritage

Author Bio:

Siouxi Connor is an Australian-born writer and experimental filmmaker. Her work includes writing, moving-image and installation art, photography, and performance in Sydney, London, New York, and throughout Europe, exploring ecology and sexuality, hydrofeminisms, and how the story-making process could be used to advocate for more-than-human nature. Her first book was published by Repeater Books in 2017, titled *Little Houses, Big Forests (desire is no light thing)*, and was launched with an accompanying film and artworks, *In the dark, dark room*. She is also a former research fellow of the ICI, and the co-founder of feminist organisation the WØMB, which gathered inspiring speakers to empower the creative careers of feminists of all genders. She is based in Berlin.

CHAPTER IV

It was all a matter of consent, with you and me.

(So I thought in the beginning.)

*Me with all my assumptions and hesitations; you, a current,
electric.*

*Cold, and it made blood rush from my extremities, directly
to my softest parts, my softest hard. Heart.*

*Hot made all of me lull, slow... and I would lie back amongst
the reeds and let your current take me where it would.*

I imagined that, from above, we looked like a crime scene.

*The spiralling, reedy depths of you, overgrown with secrets.
Me sprawled over you, into you, all teenaged bones and
sex-tangled hair. I'd open my eyes and try to stay as motionless
as the dead. I'd see the sky above, doomed to another outburst,
and then look to you to see how you saw the sky, in that dappled
rhythmic language all your own.*

You speak like a green girl

You speak like a green girl...

*Once we had tired of this game of going nowhere, I would lift
myself off of you and sit by your side, bare ass on the wet earth.
With my mind's eye, now returned, I would watch your every
languid move. And with those troublesome, bong-bleary eyes
inside my skull, I would keep busy by weaving a flower crown
for you. This, of course, was a very long time before the days
when flower crowns had landed on the heads of chemical girls
and white saviours.*

YOUR BODY OF WATER

Larded with sweet flowers...

Each time, I would carefully weave only those friends which spoke to me of you: rosemary for remembrance, pansies for thoughts, fennel and columbines for the day we sink each other's ships. For my own crown it will always be crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long-purples. All thick with the scents of drama, (especially after rain), woven into everything you.

I made you wear the crown. You didn't protest. But if I looked away, the crown would be gone. Later I would find it miles downstream, half shadowed into mud.

Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress...

Did crowns remind you of how I tried to be unfaithful? When I thought myself capable of wearing the heavier crown of another? Primrose path dalliances. How could I ever promise myself to that kind of anthropocentrism when I could be betrothed to all that is you: suckling the trees, seeping beauty back into everything that beholds you?

Larded with sweet flowers...

There's a moment, every sundown, just before the sky bursts into flames, when you grow warmer and the air gasps cooler above me in response; an exhalation to my perspiration.

I watch this ripple your surface, making waves that reflect in the deeper-burning sky, and these synchronised movements towards me, here, knee-deep on your moist bank. And it feels like a beckoning.

I want so badly to believe my feeling is accurate — that your undulations are beckoning me into you, to let your

waters devour me whole — yet I know you more deeply now. I've seen, excruciatingly, that beneath this surface synchronicity of yours is a watery chaos just as unpredictable as fire. You are as likely to be beckoning me with your liquid lilt and lull as a flame has a preconceived intention of bursting that one special seedpod in a eucalyptus forest into fertility. The truth is that no seedpod is singularly blessed. It will burst open like all the others in the unfocused rage of the flames.

Deep down here, I convince myself that I feel your love as surely as I feel your current wrenching my body around like a car crash. Then, just as I have almost gulped too much of you, your liquid love buoys me back up to the surface (saving me?). Cruel optimism in the way you coil yourself around my fingers, my hands, my fighting arms, to keep me from drowning.

Do these new waves of yours prove that I captured your attention, that I move you? That I cause you chaos in return? As I keep swimming, I imagine that my moving thighs make waves like sound waves, the shape of which is a language you can hear and understand.

Then suddenly the fire in the sky is out and you blush back at this sense of melodrama, intrigue, overblown romance (but I feel you swell around me all the same). Your secret inner romantic lifts me to your surface and balances me on this dusk meniscus before your current continues flowing onwards, reminding me that neither my skin nor anyone else's will ever experience the same river twice.

Never consistent.

Never stagnant.

Never graspable.

Never possessable.

You, the landscape of pure pleasure, pure pain.

LITERARY FICTION

My first book, “Little Houses, Big Forests
(desire is no light thing”, was published in 2017
by Repeater Books
and distributed by Penguin Random House.

link: <https://repeaterbooks.com/product/little-houses-big-forests-desire-is-no-light-thing/>

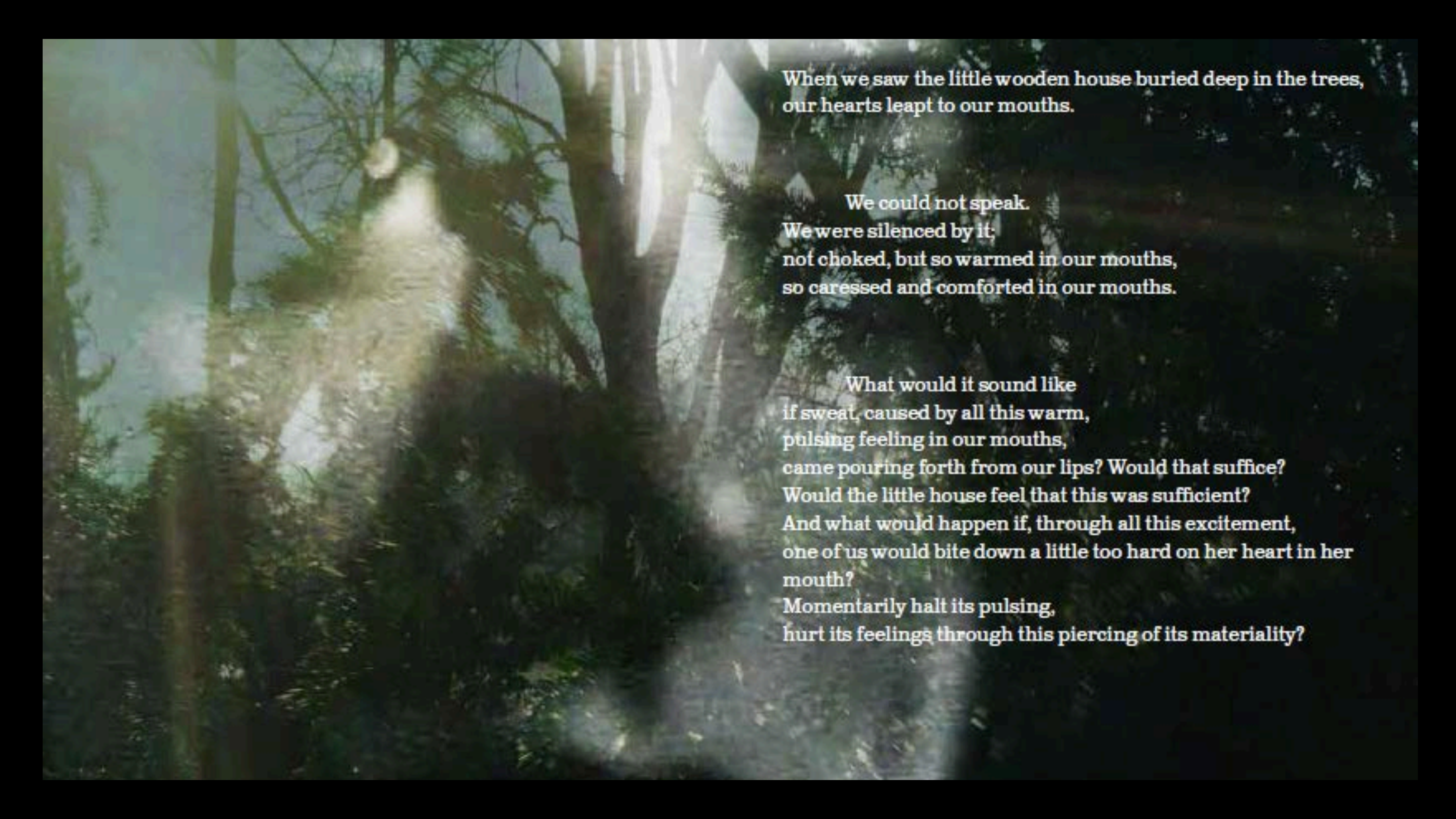


Little Houses, Big Forests (Desire Is No Light Thing)

by: Siouxzi Connor

£7.99 - £12.99

The book is an invitation to get lost within varied landscapes of its pages: middle-of-nowhere Australia, the minds of Susan Sontag and W.G. Sebald, and, most prominently, the proverbial forests of all of our childhoods. There are, however, a few thematic paths to trace through these landscapes. Coming-of-age desire, our uneasy sense of self when isolated in nature and female sexuality become the mile-markers. The invitation to get lost is an invitation to come out the other side with the sense that being lost is not necessarily a state to be avoided but one in which we can occasionally luxuriate in.

A misty forest scene with sunlight filtering through the trees. The image is dark and atmospheric, with a path leading through dense foliage. Sunlight creates a bright, hazy glow in the upper left, illuminating the scene. The trees are tall and thin, with their branches reaching upwards. The overall mood is mysterious and serene.

When we saw the little wooden house buried deep in the trees,
our hearts leapt to our mouths.

We could not speak.
We were silenced by it;
not choked, but so warmed in our mouths,
so caressed and comforted in our mouths.

What would it sound like
if sweat, caused by all this warm,
pulsing feeling in our mouths,
came pouring forth from our lips? Would that suffice?
Would the little house feel that this was sufficient?
And what would happen if, through all this excitement,
one of us would bite down a little too hard on her heart in her
mouth?
Momentarily halt its pulsing,
hurt its feelings through this piercing of its materiality?



A quiet comes over the riverbank
as the sun sinks.
Another day subsumed by night,
leaving the emptiness
of what could have been done
with the day hanging
before the onset of darkness.



*Her hair is fire-warm between her legs
and I stroke her there with my tongue,
glistening and satiated from our feast.
The fire and each other keep us warm.
She pays no attention
to the quiet etiquette of the trees:
her wails echo far into their midst
as my tastings of her grow wild and rough.
My river-wet fingers plunge her deep.
She floods my mouth.*

COLLABORATIVE PROJECT

TUNNEL OF FUN

I was commissioned to write a fictional piece, Tunnel of Fun, to be transformed into a walking audio installation for the group show at Bethanien/ Kunstraum Kreuzberg, Aliens are temporary, curated by Sonia Fernández Pan, Sylvia Sadzinski , Anaïs Senli.

https://soundcloud.com/user-789593028/the-tunnel-of-fun-by-siouxzi-connor_aliases-are-temporary_mutation1



photo: Eric Tschernow

“*The Tunnel of Fun* emerges from a curatorial proposal to author Siouxzi Connor: to write a fictional text inspired by the works of the artists who begin the project and the first mutation in order to estrange the curatorial voice, counteracting its supposed objectivity, omniscience and uniformity. Siouxzi Connor welcomes this invitation and begins her writing process with a dream she herself had months ago. In this dream, “as if Ursula K Le Guin had visited her from beyond the grave”, Siouxzi woke up with other invisible people in a dark and damp container, moving towards an idealized and luxurious nature, exceptionally comfortable for human beings. The strong presence of water in this first oneiric environment brings to Siouxzi Connor’s writing the watery thinking of Astrida Neimanis, as well as the reflections of Deborah Bird Rose and Thom van Dooren on the narrative of landscapes and the tragedy stemming from our amnesia towards our common life with all that is non-human. By introducing some of the elements that are part of the pieces in the exhibition space, *The Tunnel of Fun* makes them present by revealing and concealing them in the vibrant flow of writing.”

THE SEA MONSTERS, A NOVEL

Selected Extracts

CHAPTER ONE OREN

Tonight, Oren waits for high tide.

They have always been tidal; always felt the tides within their body and allowed them to keep them buoyant, or submerge them, depending on the blue of their mind.

Every full moon, these inner tides rise and crest them; or drag them under more intensely than any other night of the month. Their primary-mother has called these full moon nights their 'Tsunami Nights', ever since they were a baby; those nights that swept the whole island into their throes.

On these nights, the waves from Oren's mind are turbulent enough to break glass. And had done, on occasion, throughout their seventeen years of life: the wine glass in their sister-mother's hand on a new moon; a panel of their second-grandmother's greenhouse that came crashing down during storytime; a coffee table at cousin Mara's in the middle of a game

of Raising the Ancestors. There were some other unspoken incidents, too, which their primary-mother insisted on keeping page-wise in the journal, never to be verbalised.

Tonight is a deep, long winter night on the island, and Lake Losar is already frozen. Oren stands at the edge of the deepfreeze, their self-made fur-lined boots doing their job reasonably well, considering they are Oren's first attempt at boot-making.

The wind has been carrying a plaintive cry to Oren's ears tonight, ever since they ventured from the homestead. Something in pain, deep in panic, far off, echoing across the ice.

Squinting, Oren sees the movement – the only movement between their boots on shore and the distant tree-lined horizon. It's a shadowy flutter: the arch of a wing, at an unnatural angle.

White, fleeting, on the edge of a being living thing and prey.

Oren creeps closer, boot soles creaking on the ice, feeling forward deftly on the most solid places.

It is at this precise moment that the other minds on The Hill synchronise with Oren's. The waves of Oren's imminent danger transmit to them rapidly as a distress signal. Rather than

shattering glass, tonight their mind-waves have found somewhere to contain and direct them.

The connected minds stop whatever they are doing – family dinners, online gaming, out drinking, whatever – to tune in and answer the call. Each mind takes a vantage point, hovering over the ice to gather and feed back as much helpful information as they can, as well as plugging in what they know too from their bodies' lived experiences. They transmit signals back to Oren, and the signals fire off to Oren's nerve endings – ensuring Oren only treads the territory they agree collectively to be the most likely to carry their weight.

The moonlight hits the slender white neck in the distance, arched at an impossible angle. A tiny black eye spies the moon and then, panicked, spies Oren himself.

An electrifying, wordless cry for help echoes out from that eye contact through Oren's consciousness and transmits instantly through the cluster of all the minds tapped in.

Unmistakable and irrefutable, an arrow of thought transmits back from the well of collective knowledge to Oren's mind as to what must be done. With a rush like pins and needles, the signal pumps through their muscles to slide Oren expertly forward across the ice.

Now nestled by the swan's side, another rush of signals curls Oren's warm hands around the swan's neck. Guided by the rapid-fire pulsations, Oren's hands slowly feel their way down the

trembling neck to the fissure in the ice. Deftly cradling the one wing that is still free with a forearm, and straddling a scrabbling, webbed foot with a thigh, Oren and the Hill's combined mind vibrate a message: "just trust, just breathe," in a way the swan will understand.

Now allowing complete guidance from the Hill, Oren submits to the Hill's collectively known choreography, moving bones, muscles, sinews and nerves, to gently slide their right hand down the swan's body and into the tight place between the feathers and the ice. Oren trusts enough to stay for several impossible moments in that tight place, until their body heat helps to wrestle the cruelty of the cold ice into liquid. The trust in waiting for that melting allows a miniscule space between the ice and the swan's neck.

In one burning, upward movement towards the moon, Oren's will departs from the Hill and merges with the swan's, and their shared heat multiplies against the ice and the pain and the panic. As one body, Oren and the swan sweep up and out from the fissure in the ice.

A splash and a cry: and they spin and tumble, two bodies as one, into the air, then down into a spiraling embrace, around and around on the surface of the ice until the swan is conscious of its sudden freedom. When the spinning and skimming across the lake is over with an exhale,

the swan's wings shake Oren's arms off. A tiny nuzzle into Oren's armpit, then the swan is airborne again with great swooping arcs.

There are a few panting moments of visibility as the pale grace of the swan weaves towards the moon, then its form dissipates into darkness. Oren is alone again, spine freezing against the ice and heaving for breath. Their skyward eyes burn with tears at the sudden lack.

The Hill responds with collective exhalations and exuberance across continents, of having saved a life. Of Oren having protected what is in their orbit to protect on their little island. Their way of reminding Oren that they are never alone, never lacking.

As Oren lies panting against the ice, mind warmed up again by the collective congratulations, Oren remembers how hard they used to wish for wings as a child. To become like a swan. They wanted so much to have the wings to be elsewhere, in the great blue beyond the island.

But tonight's triumph has confirmed for Oren that they have access to something even better than the wings of a swan. Tonight has proven, once again, they can access the seemingly infinite knowledge of the meeting of consciousnesses on the Hill. Whenever they need it. And it is something their primary-mother, nor any of the other mothers, have no idea about and no

ability to judge or control. It is Oren's world and Oren will make sure it stays that way. Their own private pair of wings that can take them anywhere, teach them anything.

Flushed, Oren makes their way back to the homestead, which the founding-grandmother named Orchard House, with their eyes closed, trotting along cockily by their mind's eye along the fir-tree-lined path. As minutes pass, their feet start to numb, forcing them to admit that they are still a novice at boot-making. Maybe next time, they'll tap into the Hill for some outside expertise and make the best pair of boots the island has ever seen. The other kids will freak.

"Orchard House, the last bastion of literary twee," Oren scoffs aloud to themselves as the warm glow from the front windows seeps through their eyelids. Slowly, they open their eyes and sigh. Back already.

The rustic beauty of the dark timbered, pitched-roof house, with its inescapable woodsmoke and frankincense aroma, framed by birches and firs, belies the entrapment Oren feels every time they cross its threshold. There is always a warm hearth and soup on the stove, and freshly-baked bread awaiting them, no matter how long or how far Oren strays at night – to the lake, to the depths of the forest or even to the humble wooden jetty on the open sea that

represents the gateway to the unknown world beyond. Their primary-mother has become adept at allowing Oren the nightly wanderings they need as a teenager; particularly now as a teenager in transition, just teetering on the precipice of their adventures into their own gender wilderness. No matter how late the night calls, there is still a warm bed for Oren to crawl into.

Oren exhales heavily as they kick open the quaint wooden gate. It is purely a symbolic gate, there just as an ellipsis for anyone coming from the wilds of the island back to home base. There are no strangers, no guests, no interlopers or threats that a gate would usually be constructed for, on their tiny, obscure, untraceable island. Their resident cyber-security expert had made sure of that. Completely off-grid, and non-geo-locatable. Beyond time and space. At least that was the idea when the parents and caretakers had brought their twelve “gifted” children here, away from anything or anyone they thought could harm them.

Being non-telepathic themselves, however, the guardians hadn't factored in that telepathic abilities are not bound by time, space, or any form of human-made technology. So Oren's connections with the kids beyond the island in the mindscape they called The Hill, has become a place they can call their own, a place they feel far more themselves than at Orchard House.

But what had taken place tonight only confirmed for Oren that there is only the winter thaw to wait for until they hijack the island's skiff and let a good wind blow them towards the mainland, and all that lies beyond.

CHAPTER TWO - DELPHINIUM

Delphinium was the first to crack the ice each Spring. None had yet made any fissures, let alone cracks during the winter deep-freeze, but with the coming of the warm, the whole pod of them would sit at the swamp's thawing edge and try. For each of the nine Springs they had inhabited the island so far, the blue of Delphi's mind was always the first to make progress.

This year, the cracks began to form from Delphi's efforts in half the time as last year. She had kicked off her woollen socks and hiking boots, along with the lavender-dyed leather gloves from her wiry hands, and gripped the place where the frozen tangle of swamp moss and sludge met the rocks she crouched upon.

The other eleven were scattered in various nooks and crannies along the curve of the swamp's shore, bare fingertips trembling into the surface of the ice, eyes clamped shut earnestly. Some

THANK YOU

www.sioxziconnor.com