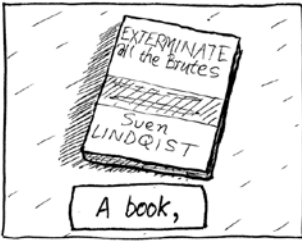


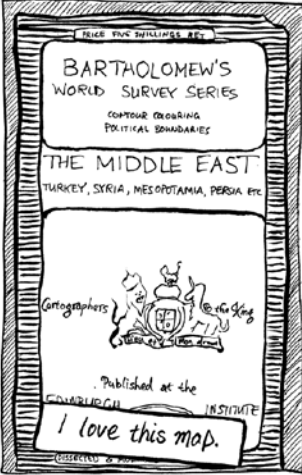


SATURDAY

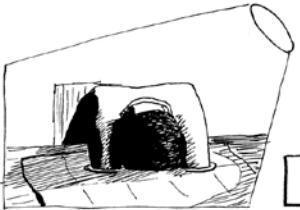
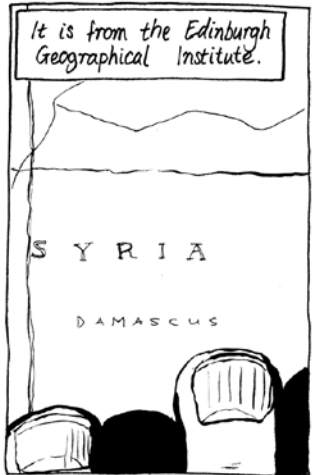
Assembled on the table before me  
are a few objects.... with which  
I try to hold this elusive  
meditation to its purpose.



A book,



I love this map.

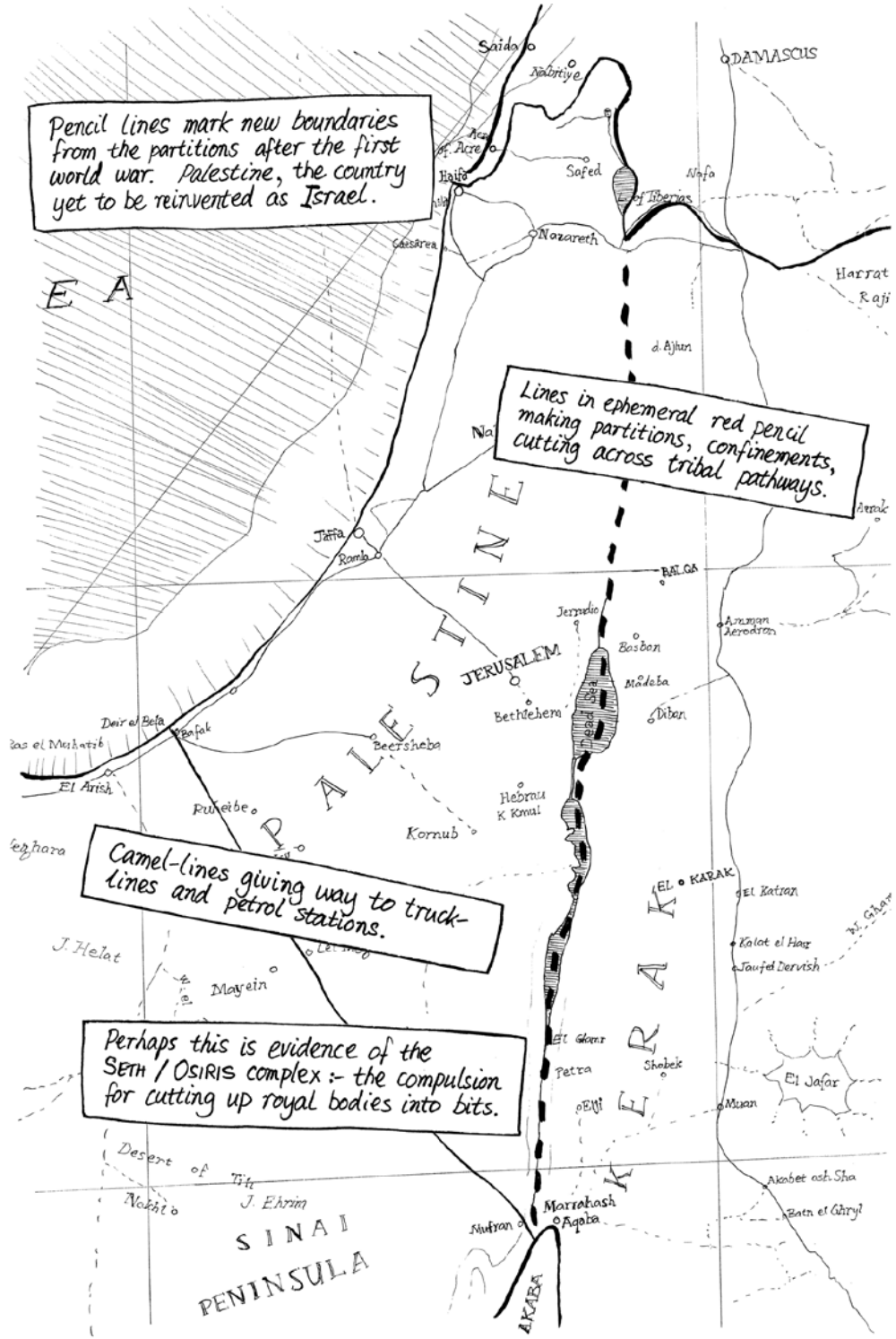


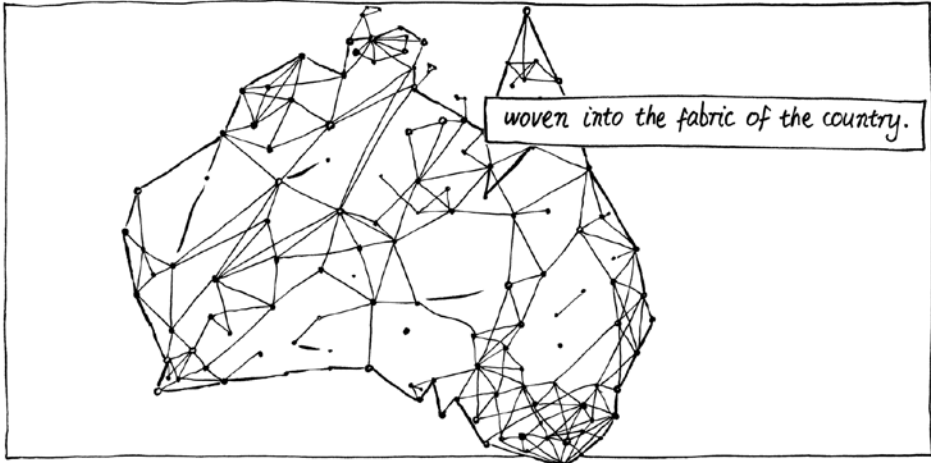
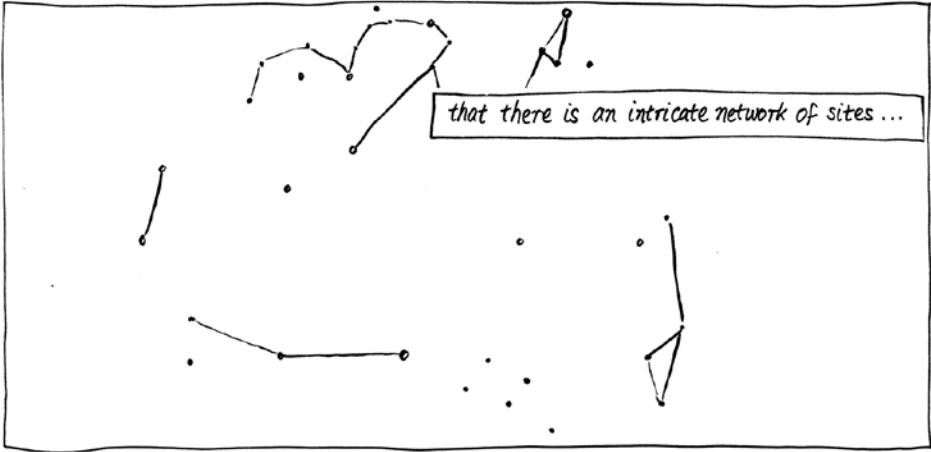
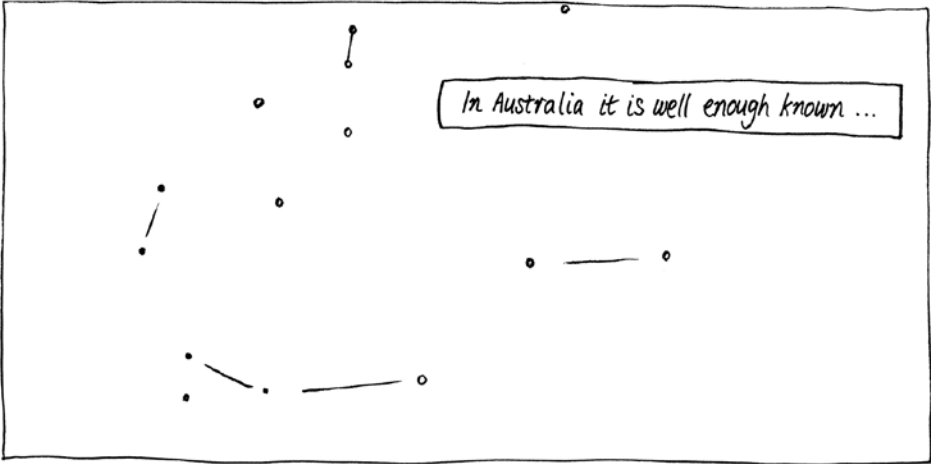
Pencil lines mark new boundaries from the partitions after the first world war. Palestine, the country yet to be reinvented as Israel.

Lines in ephemeral red pencil making partitions, confinements, cutting across tribal pathways.

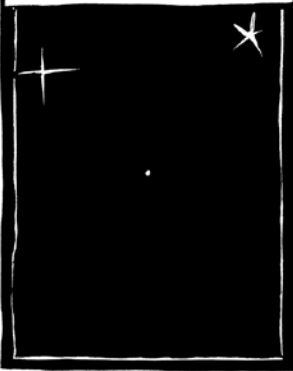
Camel-lines giving way to truck-lines and petrol stations.

Perhaps this is evidence of the SETH / OSIRIS complex :- the compulsion for cutting up royal bodies into bits.





A principal dreaming for the site of Alice Springs ...



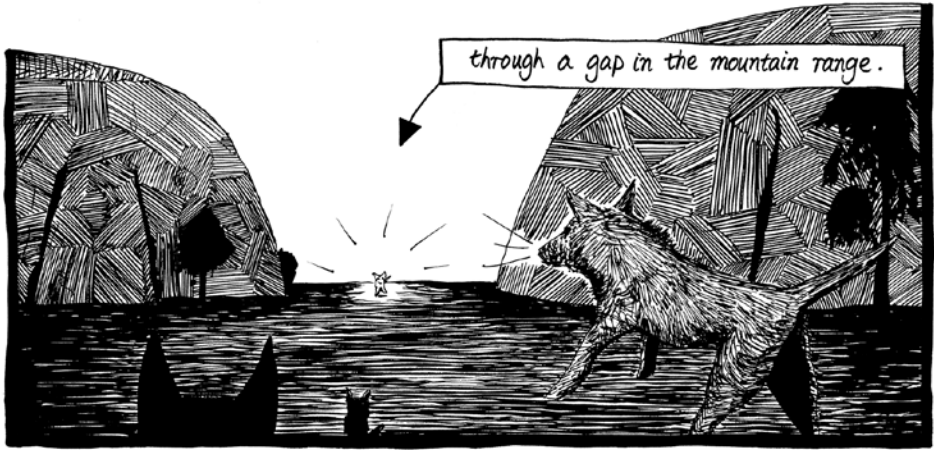
concerns a wild dog



that comes in from the South



through a gap in the mountain range.

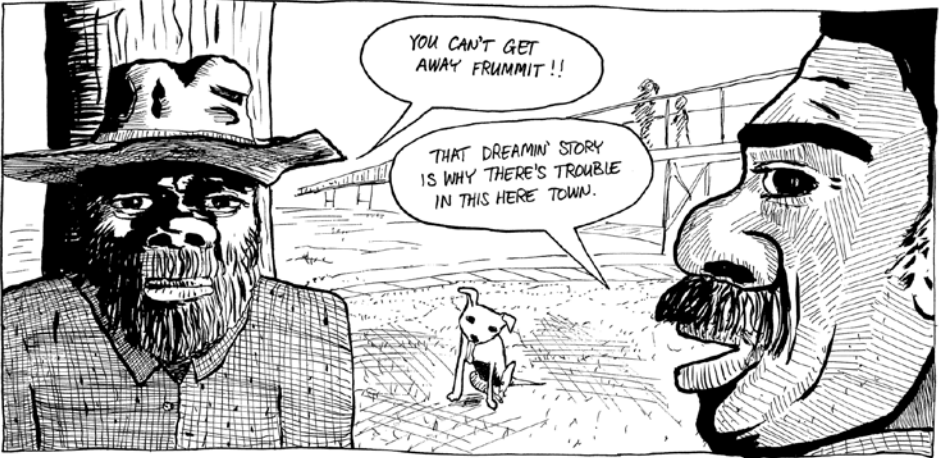
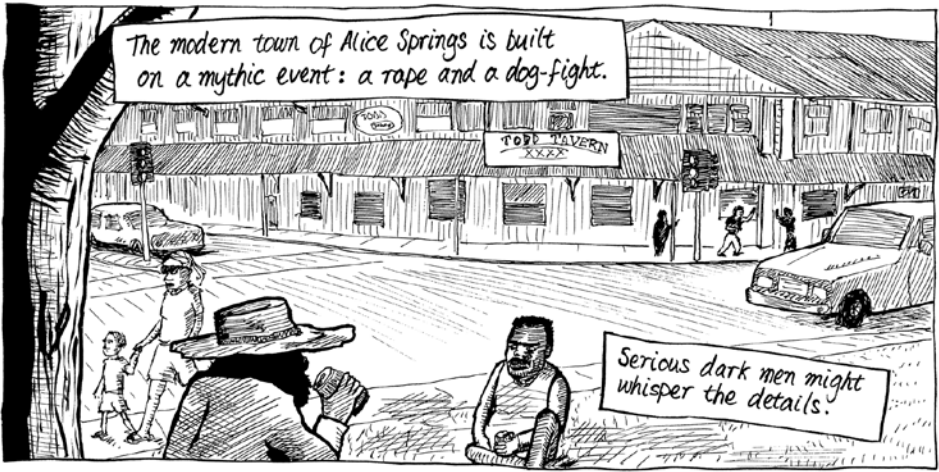


It attacks the incumbent male



and ravages the mother and puppies.





If a site repeats its story in a town like Alice then I wonder if old Semitic and Caucasian sites are still emanating psychic influence.

BASRA

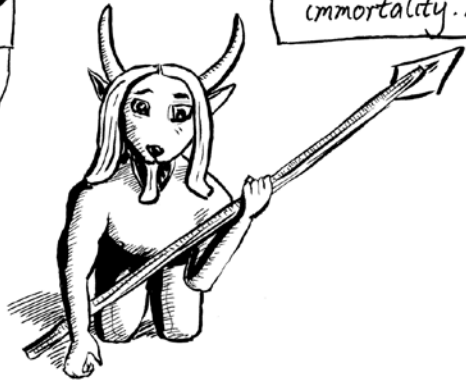
Sumeria is the location of archetypal Gilgamesh and Inanna. Maybe there are places there that regurgitate the fundamental acts of the drama of Gilgamesh...

Hubris, confrontation,

Catastrophe,

lament,

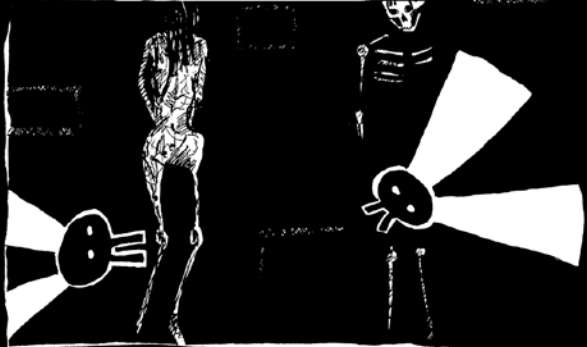
immortality...



Or perhaps Iraq is caught still in the "Inanna Complex"...?



The archetypal acts of her descent might carry an implicit blueprint for her rescue and survival.....



Has the past set a pattern which subliminally possesses the present?



In what sense are great hieratic beings still "turning and turning in a widening gyre" over the Middle-East? ...



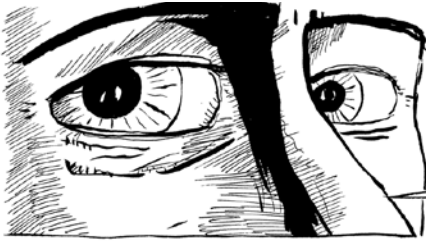
Still sucking others into their mystical vortex?



2006







PERHAPS THAT SORT OF THING ONLY HAPPENS HERE IN AUSTRALIA IN A COUNTRY OCCUPIED CONSISTENTLY BY THE LOGIC OF THE TJUKURRPA ...



but as I look at the map of the Middle-East I trace sites:



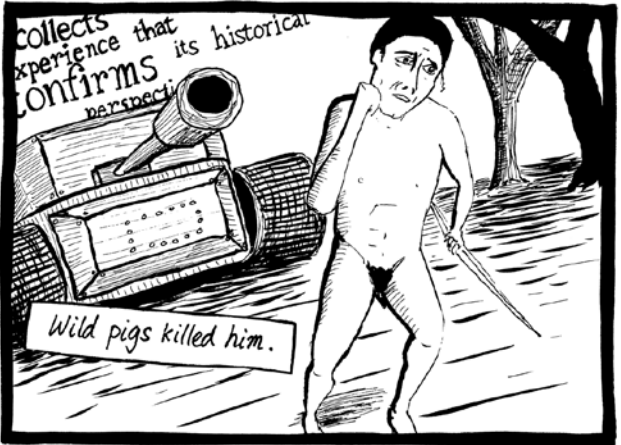
Phoenicia, Byblos, Tyre, Beirut ...



Inanna had a young lover who went hunting at the wrong time in the wrong place.



repeti  
autonom  
esists  
ascio



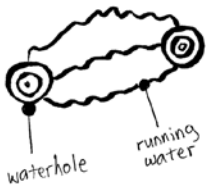
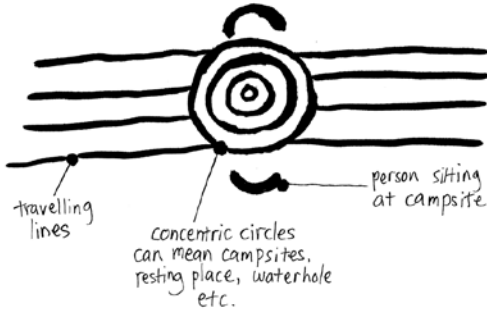
collects  
xperience that  
confirms its historical  
perspecti

Wild pigs killed him.

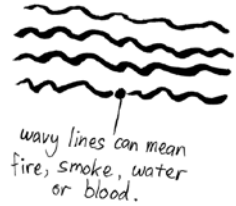


The loss of young men in Lebanon: the "Adonis cultural complex"?

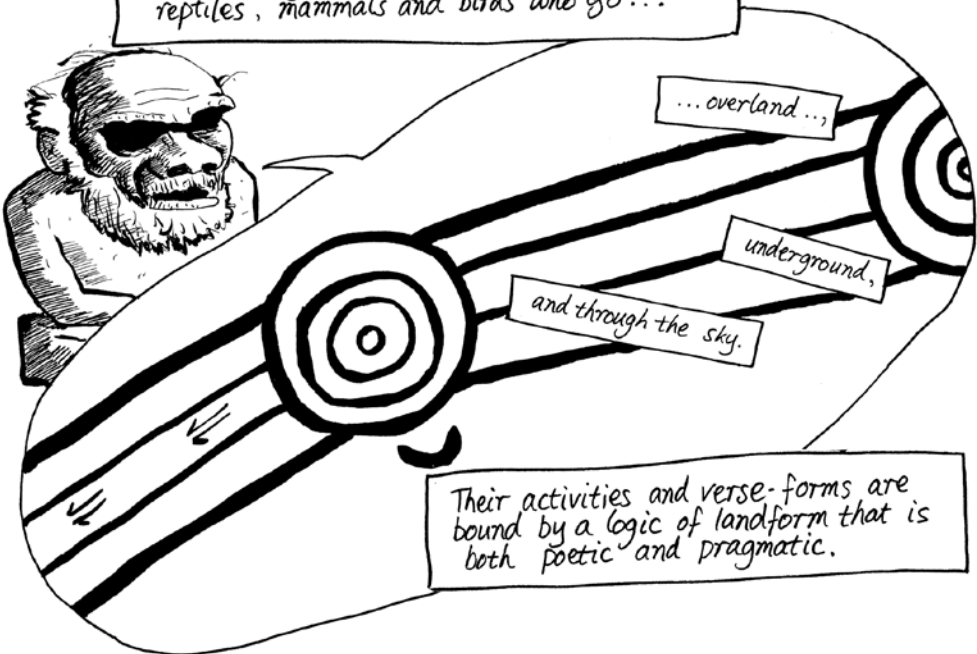
The Aboriginal dreaming system works by geographical linkages accompanied by verse, specialised dance and graphics.



- Footprints
- ↓ = emu
  - ⇓ = kangaroo
  - ⇩ = human



There is a kind of neural pathway system of treks by travelling women, men, reptiles, mammals and birds who go...



Their activities and verse-forms are bound by a logic of landform that is both poetic and pragmatic.

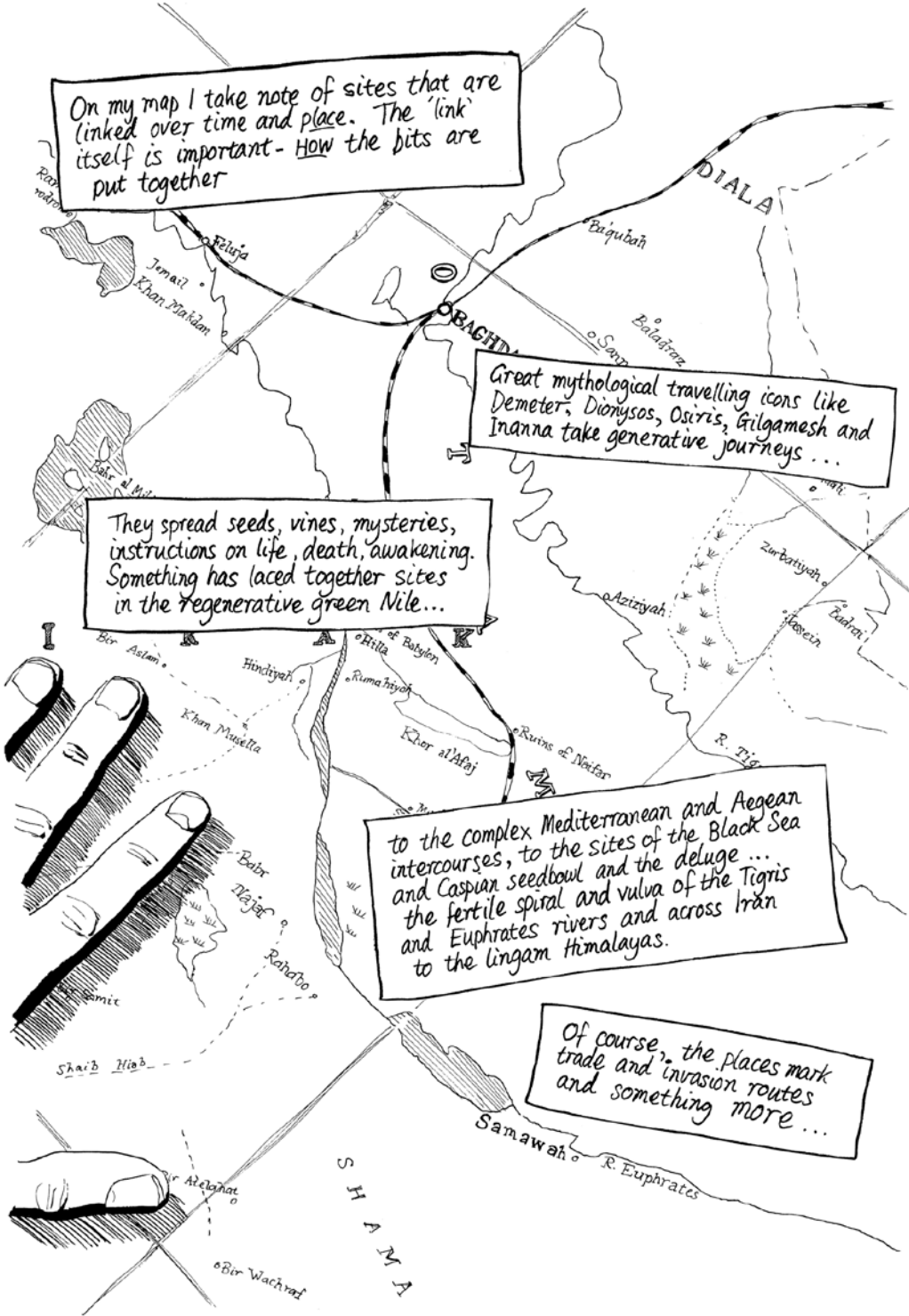
On my map I take note of sites that are linked over time and place. The 'link' itself is important - How the bits are put together

Great mythological travelling icons like Demeter, Dionysos, Osiris, Gilgamesh and Inanna take generative journeys ...

They spread seeds, vines, mysteries, instructions on life, death, awakening. Something has laced together sites in the regenerative green Nile...

to the complex Mediterranean and Aegean intercourses, to the sites of the Black Sea and Caspian seedbowl and the deluge ... the fertile spiral and vulva of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers and across Iran to the lingam Himalayas.

Of course, the places mark trade and invasion routes and something more ...





The web of sites is also a stretch of the imagination.

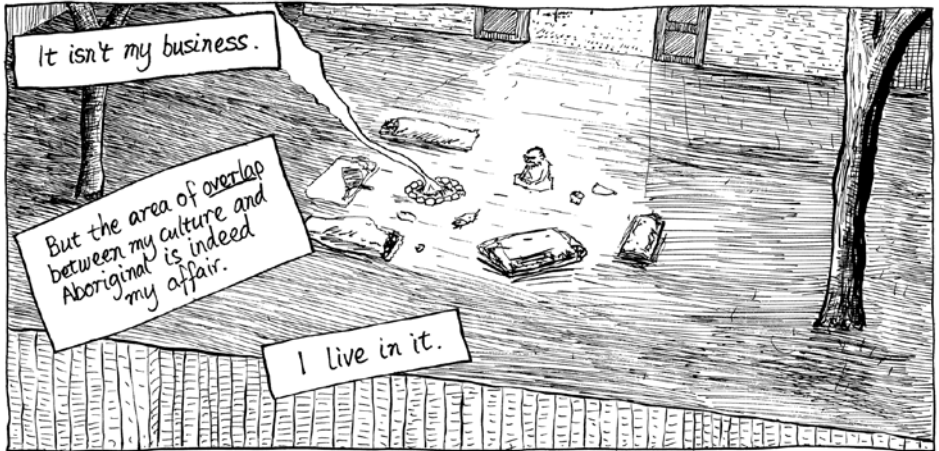
Call for more  
of the best  
guns ever



It is still early morning,  
the fire still smoulders. A police  
siren troubles drunken sleepers  
in the river bed.

I feel that last night I was instructed  
by ghosts to analyse my *own* culture  
as though something important  
has been forgotten.

I was instructed to give up trying  
to understand indigenous culture.



It isn't my business.

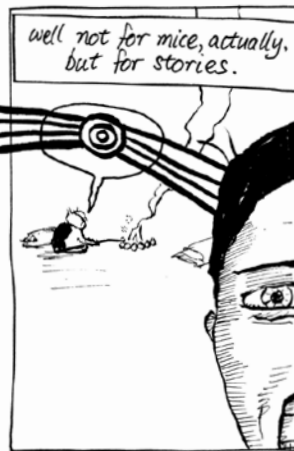
But the area of overlap  
between my culture and  
Aboriginal is indeed  
my affair.

I live in it.



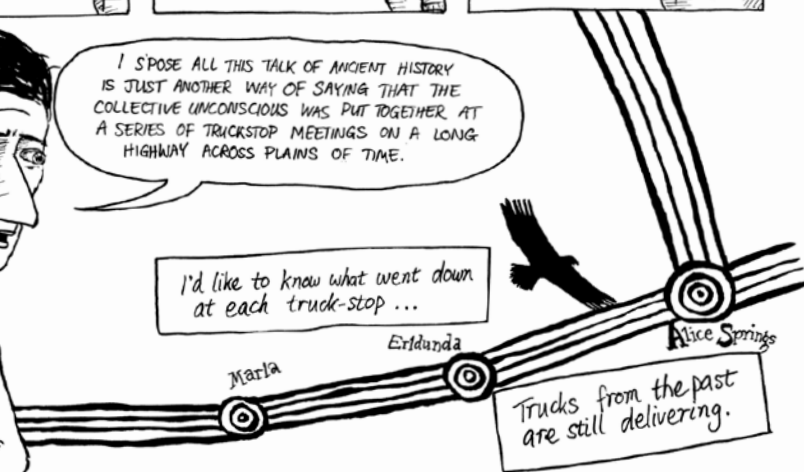
But first I must attend to something  
that has come adrift in myself.

I have been displaced from my  
integrity by the very act of  
displacing others from theirs.



I SPOSE ALL THIS TALK OF ANCIENT HISTORY IS JUST ANOTHER WAY OF SAYING THAT THE COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS WAS PUT TOGETHER AT A SERIES OF TRUCKSTOP MEETINGS ON A LONG HIGHWAY ACROSS PLAINS OF TIME.

I'd like to know what went down at each truck-stop ...



Marla

Erdanda

Alice Springs

Trucks from the past are still delivering.

EXTERMINATE  
ALL THE BRUTES

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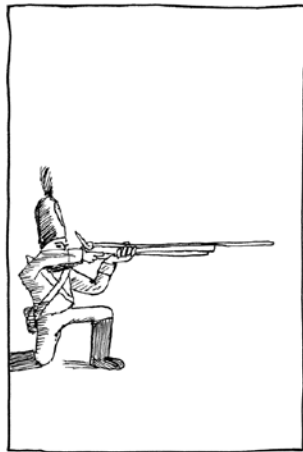
SVEN LINDQVIST

I put the map down and reach for the book. It's a background text to Joseph Conrad's iconic *Heart of Darkness*: a story about the Euro-African apocalypse.


Lindqvist outlines the acts of the apostles of the British South Africa company and the essential role of the instrument of European imperial success...

A hand is shown holding a book over a globe of the Earth. The globe is positioned over a dark, textured surface that resembles water. In the background, there is a window with a grid pattern.

THE GUN

A soldier in colonial-style uniform, including a tall hat and a long coat, stands holding a rifle. A speech bubble above him contains the text "THE GUN".

Enfield, Martini-Henry, Mauser ...

A figure with long ears, resembling a rabbit, stands holding a spear. The figure is dressed in a patterned tunic and has a long beard.

Refining the rifle's capacity as a tool to overcome thinking that depends on stone and wood.

A close-up of hands working on the internal mechanism of a rifle. The word "click" is written above the hands, and a small heart symbol is visible in the bottom right corner.

This book lays bare the covert ideology of the nineteenth century commercial agents...

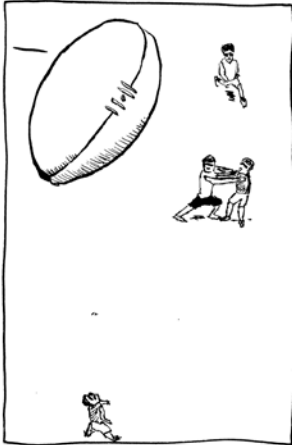
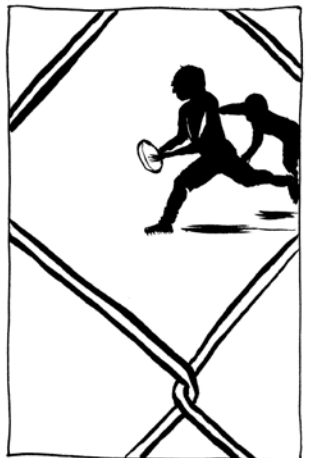
A figure with long ears, resembling a rabbit, stands holding a spear. The figure is dressed in a patterned tunic and has a long beard.

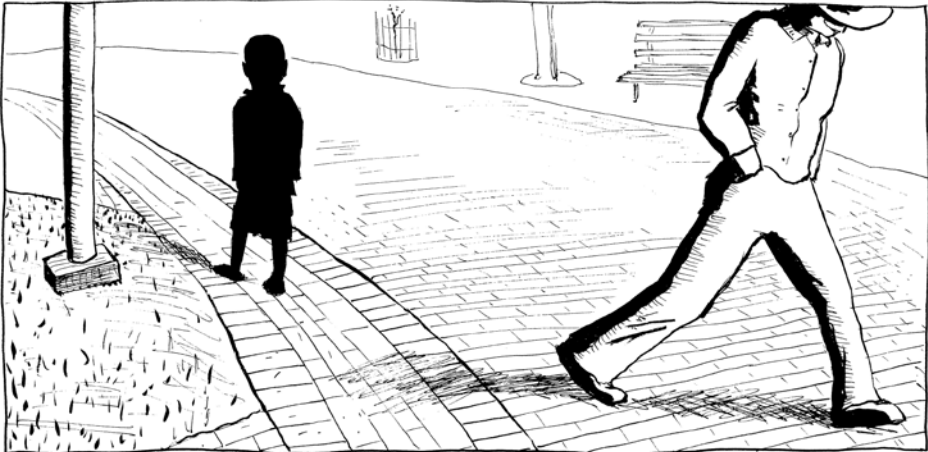
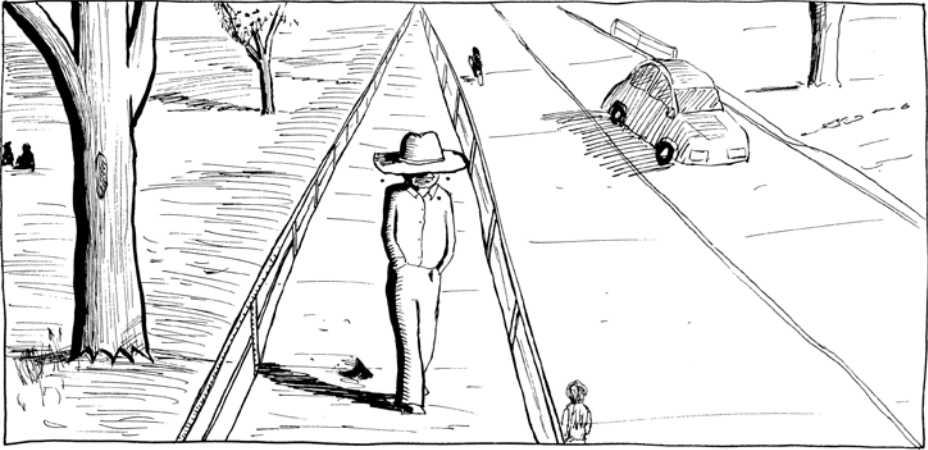
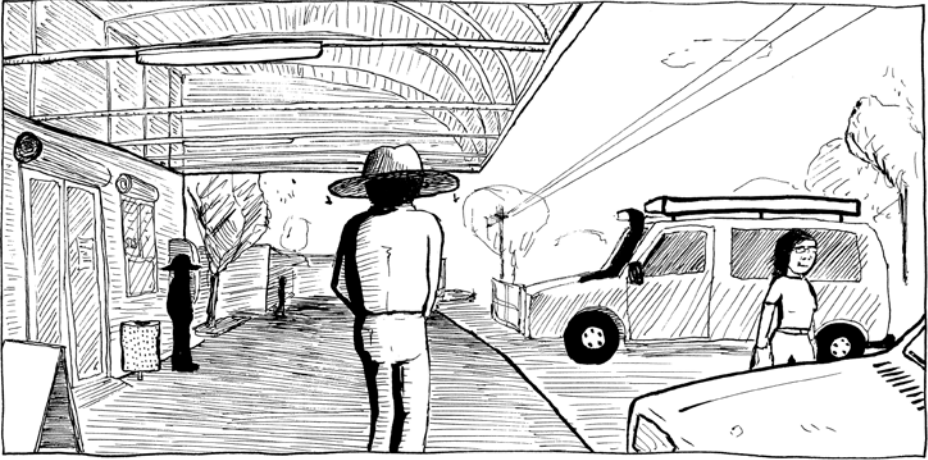
who resolved to exterminate native peoples whenever and wherever it suited trade.

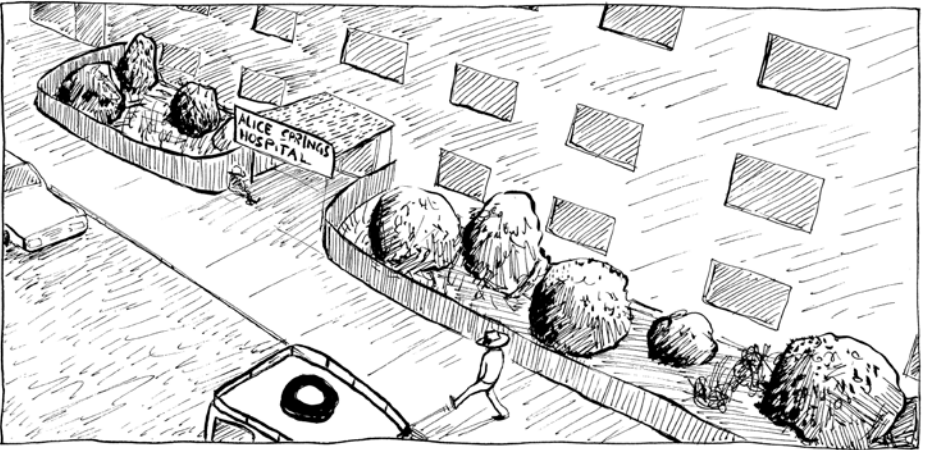
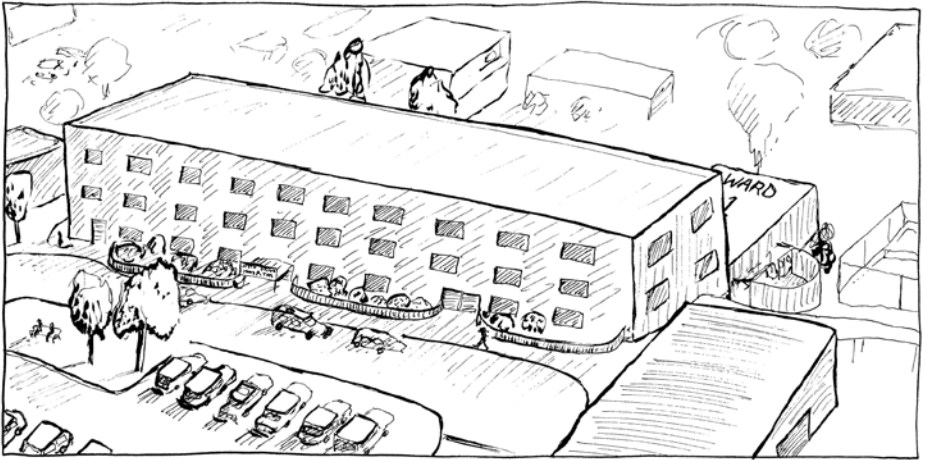
A man with a serious expression is reading a newspaper. The newspaper has some illegible text on it.A man is holding a book over his head with both hands. He has a confused or questioning expression on his face, and a large question mark is drawn next to him.

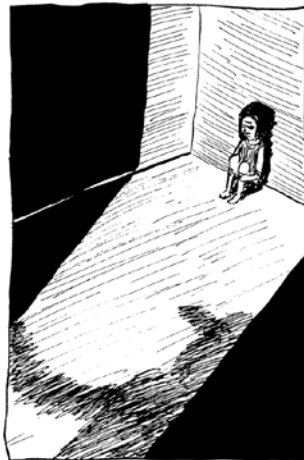
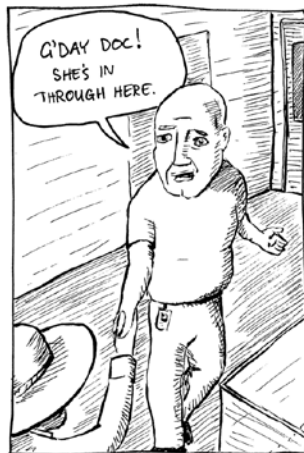
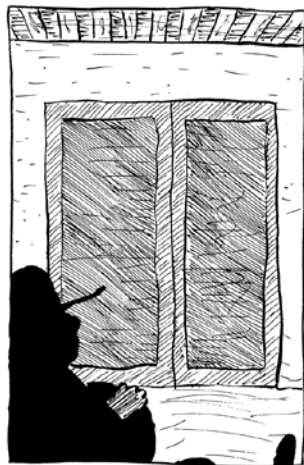
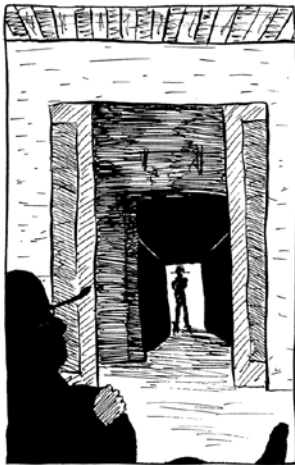
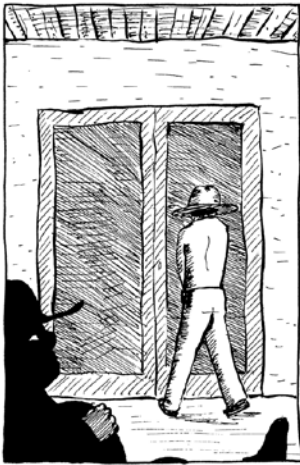














The girl in the hospital is confused. Her eyes roll, she clutches at her stomach and says "I have a bellyache!"

evil

She looks with a dumb kind of appeal, almost like an animal which is trapped, expecting death.

bad girl

girl

piece of shit

devil's child

sick evil

evil shit

bad girl alive nothing

She has a white plastic crucifix hanging from her dark-skinned, velvet neck ...



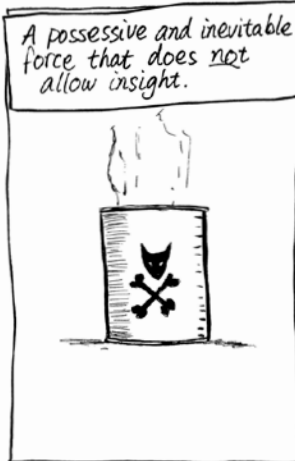
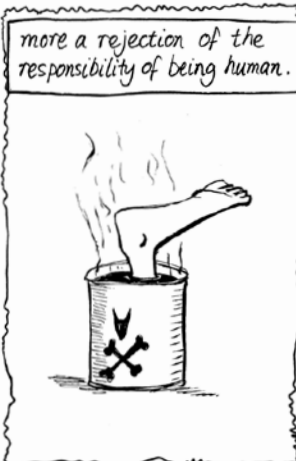
It catches the attention of the nurses.



COME ON TERESA. WE DON'T WANT YA TO HURT YOURSELF. YA'LL GET IT BACK WHEN Y'GO HOME.



Teresa has spent years sniffing petrol out of a can. She has refused her mother's entreaties to put it aside. Her younger brother and her young husband still fondle the can with dedication, ignoring all urgencies and urgings to stop.



autonomic ...

insistent ...

Dust and country music roll through the darkened streets of Teresa's home community.



Much like any other one: badly designed, badly built, badly serviced...



subject to idiosyncratic heroes and missionaries of one ideology or another - an expression of the pathology of the Australian psyche.

Sermons on salvation and eternity have had little impact on Teresa.

She's witnessed hundreds of funerals. The spectre of death is no deterrent.



These people can be saved through the WORD!

through artistic expression I think Aboriginal people will be given an opportunity to express their views

Through EDUCATION we will raise the standard of living etc.

Oi



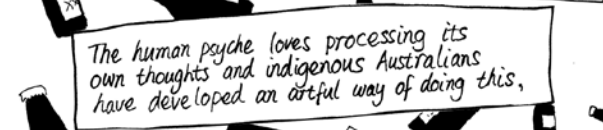
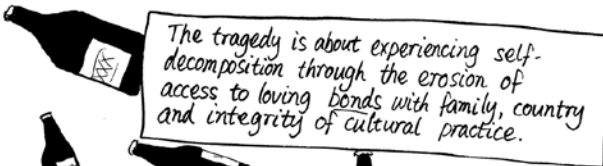
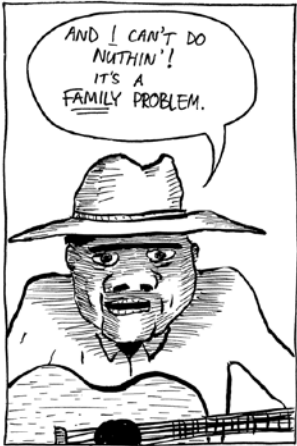
**HEY!!**  
T'resa, you gotta throw away that can.  
**STOP** dat sniffing! If you don't throw it out you'll fry your BRAIN!



You don't wanna DIE!  
**LISTEN!**

You'll DIE like your brother They'll take you to Ward One!!











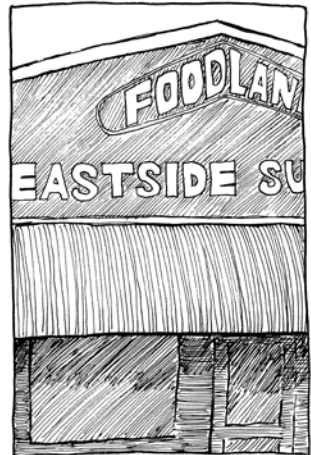


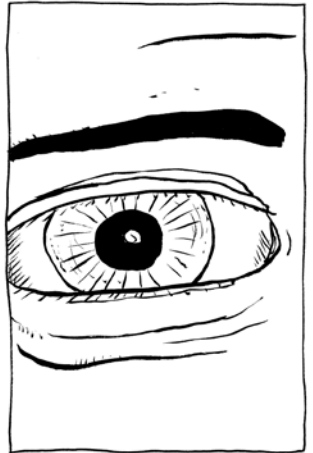
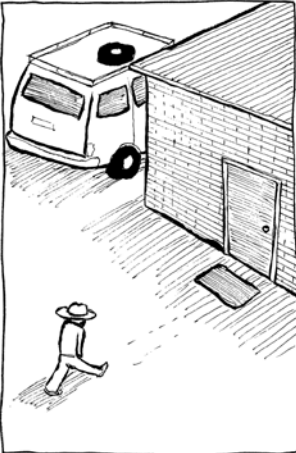
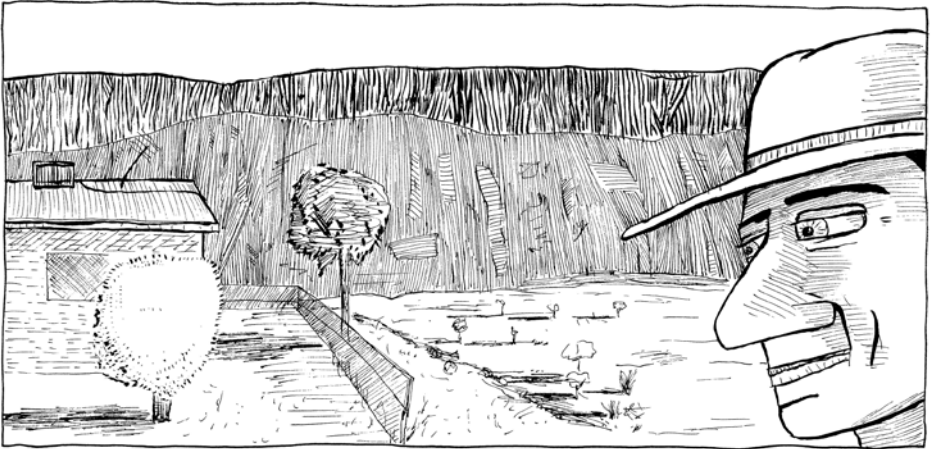
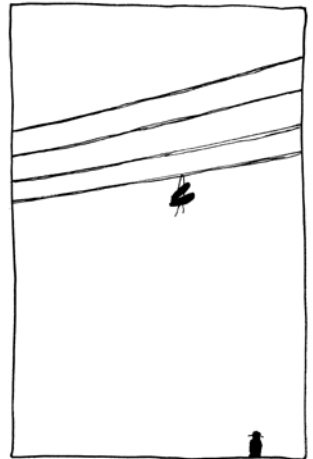
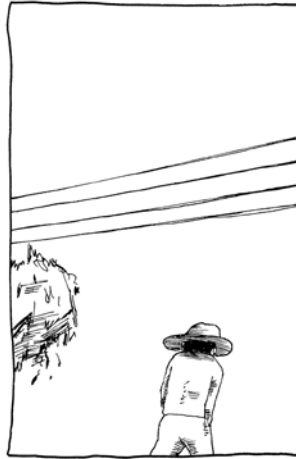
*Well, back to the house.*

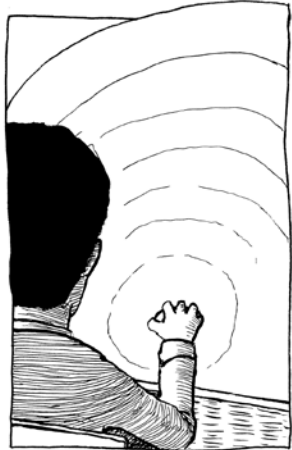


*Back to the meditation.*

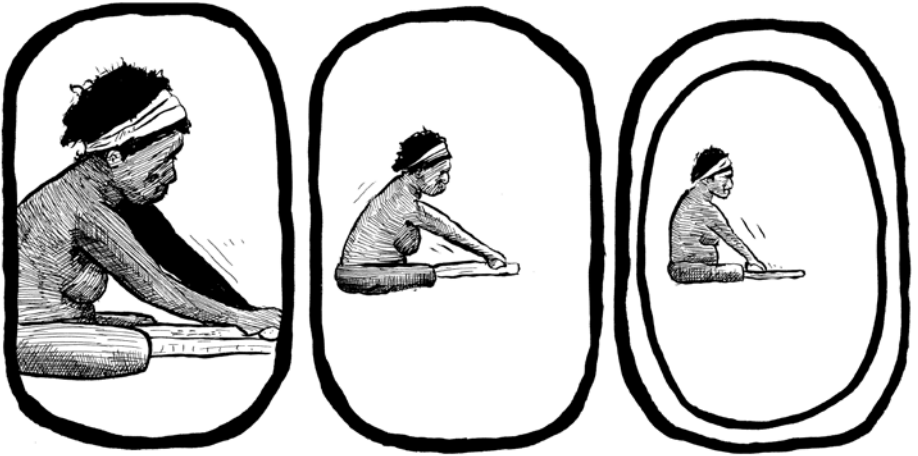




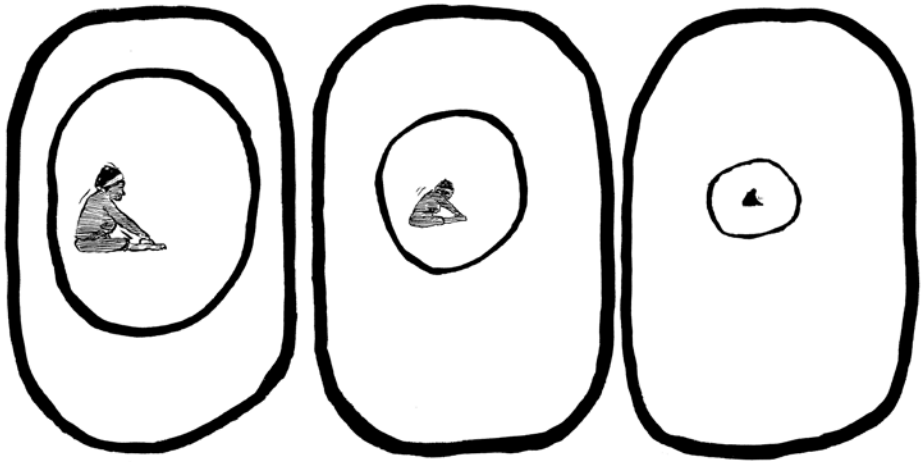




As far as I can see,  
all cultures are organised  
around a limited repertoire  
of effective tools.



These tools are used to  
do things to and for people  
in very particular ways.





To analyse cultural complexes  
one must analyse the tools  
and body parts in the  
patterns of the complex.

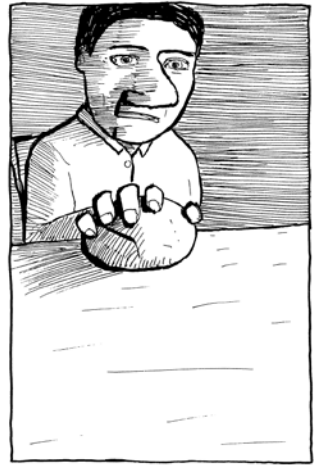


For aeons ...

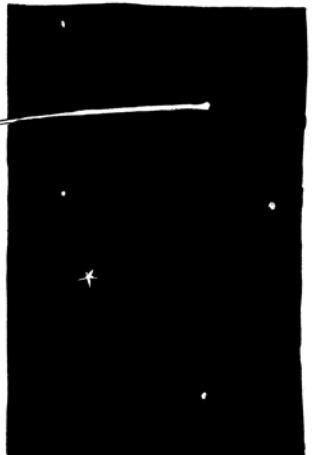
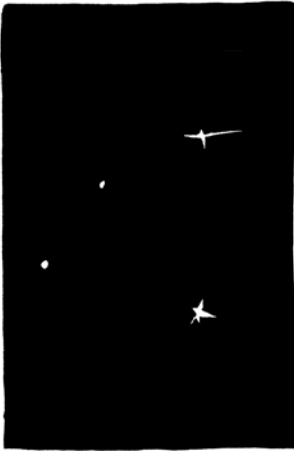
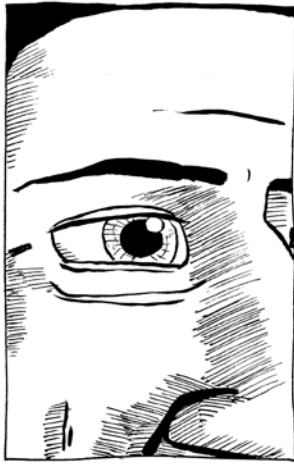
Something has gone on  
in our minds ...

with these tools.





Tools form us mentally  
as we form them.



To confront, at last, the bullying King of Iraq.

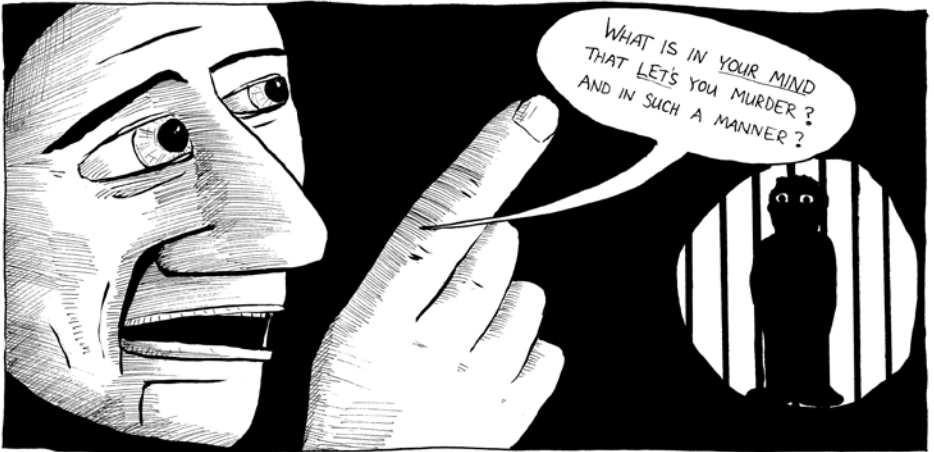
Burrrp!

In some obscure desert camp, at a midnight hour, a man I know and love ambivalently killed his mother-in-law.

He had taken up an axe in a drunken rage seeking his wife.

He stumbled in the dark into the cold campfire, and seeing a shape wrapped up in blankets...

mistook it for his wife and slew the dark shape.



What is it in our brains that allows us to take axes to our sleeping women?

repetitive

From what strange nub in the minds of men do these acts of violence unfold?

autonomous