Assembled on the table before me are a few objects..., with which I try to hold this elusive meditation to its purpose.
A book, a grinding stone, and a map. It belonged to my father-in-law. It is from the Edinburgh Geographical Institute. I love this map. It is a map of the Middle East, made in the early 1900's.
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 Sem / Osiris complex: the compulsion for cutting up royal bodies into bits.
In Australia it is well enough known...

that there is an intricate network of sites...

woven into the fabric of the country.
A principal dreaming for the site of Alice Springs...

corns caa wiiid 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.
The modern town of Alice Springs is built on a mythic event: a rape and a dog-fight.

Serious dark men might whisper the details.

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FRUMMIT!!

THAT DREAMIN' STORY IS WHY THERE'S TROUBLE IN THIS HERE TOWN.

The dog-fight belongs in archetypal dreaming time,

and thus, in a strange way,

the town and its inhabitants dwell in archetypal time.

Sites do things to people.
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.

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 "Hamma 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?

1991

2006
Perhaps that sort of thing only happens here in Australia in a country occupied consistently by the logic of the Tjururrpa...

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

Phoenicia, Byblos, Tyre, Beirut...

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

collects experience that confirms its historical perspective

repetitive'autonomously'
resists absorption

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.

- Travelling lines
- Concentric circles can mean campsites, resting place, waterhole etc.
- Person sitting at campsite

Footprints:
- \( \downarrow \) = emu
- \( \updownarrow \) = kangaroo
- \( \uparrow \) = human

Footprints:
- Wavy lines can mean fire, smoke, water or blood.

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

...overland...

underground,

and through the sky.

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.
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.
An old man from Warlpiri country, he comes and he sits.

or he asks for a lift, or five dollars, he mentions something, something which stirs...

He's singing about an eagle hunting for mice...

well not for mice, actually, but for stories.

He's telling me to mind my own mice.

I SPOKE 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...

Trucks from the past are still delivering.
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.

This book lays bare the covert ideology of the nineteenth century commercial agents... who resolved to exterminate native peoples whenever and wherever it suited trade.

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

Enfield, Martini-Henry, Mauser...

Refining the rifle's capacity as a tool to overcome thinking that depends on stone and wood.
A web of disordering complexes has evolved as a consequence of the psychopathologies of colonisation—righteousness becomes terror.

Ordinary mild-mannered Australian Christian folk unwittingly inject unspeakable depression and psychic disorder... into mild-mannered desert-dwelling tribespeople. But the well-intentioned Christian folk also suffer consequences as part of the chain reaction.
This morning I am visiting the psychiatric ward.

A 19 year old girl is trapped in THC hydroponic overload: cannabis-induced psychosis.

G'day doc! She's in through here.

Her people survived the desert for thousands of years.

Now drugs from the Asian East infest like a plague.
The girl in the hospital is confused. Her eyes roll, she clutches at her stomach and says, "I have a bellyache!"

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

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 ya 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.
It is not so much suicide.

more a rejection of the responsibility of being human.
A possessive and inevitable force that does not allow insight.

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.

Oi!

Hey!! Teresa, you gotta throw away that can. STOP dat sniffing! If you don't throw it out you'll fry your BRAIN! You'll DIE like your brother. They'll take you to Ward One!!

You don't wanna DIE! LISTEN!
The alcohol keeps coming to town.

The police do what they can.

ABORIGINAL LAND
NO PORN!
NO GROG

HEY
NO BLOODY GROG!

AND I CAN'T DO NUTHIN'!
IT'S A FAMILY PROBLEM.

IT'S UNSATISFIED LOVE
He's right.

The tragedy here is not about massive conflicts and brutal bloody invasion.

The tragedy is about experiencing self-decomposition through the erosion of access to loving bonds with family, country and integrity of cultural practice.

The human psyche loves processing its own thoughts and indigenous Australians have developed an artful way of doing this,

...but when the form is lost...
Something in the cultural lake of her brain allows her psychic demise...

Her psychic immune system is down.

It welcomes it.

You're not just paranoid.

It's not just cannabics.

Teresa has no conceptual frame for what is troubling her, nor does her mother.

Worthless.

There is no caring.

You'll never go back.

You're a piece of shit.

Not just bad.

Going to kill you.

They won't let you go.

Your mother, it's 'you matter'...
We can see the complex in the interactions...

of two cultures that don't...

have the slightest notion of how to deal with each other's presence.

In the clash of cultures we see embedded complexes exposed.

Perhaps the evolution of a new complex...

one that is born out of the legacy of the British empire and Jesus' Kingdom in Central Australia.
Well, back to the house.

Back to the meditation.
Back to the grinding stone.
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 ages...

something has gone on in our minds...

with these tools.

primary body parts

imagination

primary tools
Tools form us mentally as we form them.
somebody is talking about the milky way.

I remember Enkidu coming down by meteor...
To confront, at last, the bullying king of Iraq.
Burrp!

In some obscure desert camp, at a midnight hour, a man I knew 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 made me do this?
What is in alcohol
which makes me murder?

What is in your mind
that lets you murder?
And in such a manner?
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