SUNDAY

Early morning mugs of tea.

Bits of white bread crushed into sand.

blankets...
And then a flurry as another branch of the Warlipin family converges...

From three places

Katherine

Lajamanu

and the hospital

No one told us they were coming... we were sort of planning other things. Some of them go along with my wife for a picnic.

It is not always like this.

Perhaps it's because people are coming to tell Tom Singer something?
The visitors have no blankets, no food, little money, no prior arrangements to get the next 400k’s home.

Travellers here rely on family obligation, concrete floors, food and tea from someone else.

Hey Jungere!!

Napaljari wants to go hunting for echidna or lizard or honey-ant!!!

I’m picking up Amos.

Come on Jungere! Take us.

Hm, ok. But i need a man for company.
Sure. Just let me get my things.

Amos - a man who knows politics and history. A man of middle-European and Israeli lineage, a bit stranded like the rest of us in this desert.

I want to talk to him about old sites and European history.

You need one too mate.

Hunting is the thing! We go.
Hey Jungernai, stop the car.

What's Napaljarri spotted?

Wack

You kids hungry?

Plop
We meet up with my wife and her mob, in a sandy creek-bed Napaljarri gathers kids, black, old white, and opens up the main story for them.

How kangaroo travelled from up North...

right down South to Uluru.

Travelling occupies the neural pathways of Napaljarri as easily...

as the glove of Queen Victoria fitted the command of empires.

Napaljarri has survived Queenie’s empire with a kind of buoyant exploitation of the resources Queenie’s mob have brought her.

She is telling the kids version of the story - there are deeper layers to it...

which involve incest and murder.
in a kind of revere my mind fills with the geography of Europe ... and the tracks of similar

mythic, part animal, part inhuman, part divinised beings. I know the kids versions and the deeper

violent and regenerative versions used by nature initiated adults. We have our songlines, and

they travel a long way, connecting across borders and transient empires, even heading

South-East from Asia down through the Indonesian archipelago, through the Papua New Guinean

mountain masses and over the waters to Australia with the lightning brothers and God knows how

many other stories pounded out by grinding stones and scratched by sharp stones onto rock-faces
I have seen hundreds of these encipherments of human and natural phenomena that have been noted, recorded, remembered and narrated. Such activities have made us mentally human.

But what does this have to do with our own generation and the global economic order?

I try to explain this to Amos.

I'm still trying to respond to the question about cultural complexes...

and get it over with by the end of the Long Weekend.

I'm looking for a way to uncover the archaeological roots of the cultural complex system.
Aboriginal people say often enough that the dreaming did not come out of the minds of humans.

The humans are the custodians and perhaps incarnations of that which exists in the geographical sites. It is the site which makes and remakes the human mind.

The sacred sites conduct and monitor the life-force of the tribal nerve system.

I sketch for Amos (who is Israeli and might understand)

Maybe they make people behave in specific ways. Jerusalem is doing it still!

What's encoded at Jerusalem? Is the city so active because of where it is?

Or because Yahweh, Moses, Jesus, Mohammed and company...

did their cosmic business there and left its effect hanging around.
Maybe we can get out our red pencils and mark the European-Semitic sacred sites and join them up. In every encircled site there may be a condensed archetypal drama that makes us human and keeps us behaving in a fixed pattern of generation, dismemberment, integration, regeneration...

This might be how we can arrive at a systematic grid of cultural complexes.

Hm...

Well, the Romans shifted tribes about to control their resistance. They knew well that the source of resistance was in the bond with country – the memory of tribal history is in sites...

Places may have been hated or loved, but nevertheless they were owned by the blood of the people.

Shift people from the place and you break down their resistance...

But you might also improve their memory...

So long as there's a new generation to listen.
The Romans and their Aryan successors in Germany, Russia, Ireland and here succeeded in creating cultural breakdown by shifting people from their land.

Everyone was vulnerable except maybe Gypsies and Jews who have learned to use cultural memory in a special nomadic manner.

Britain succeeded here by moving indigenous peoples from their country into settlements.
FOR MANY ABORIGINAL PEOPLE MEMORY IS CODED IN THE SITES AND SONG-CYCLES NOT BOOKS.

WITHOUT THE SITES THEY MIGHT FORGET WHO THEY ARE.

IT'S HARD TO CARRY COUNTRY WITH YOU.

THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW ISN'T IT?

THE DEPRESSION OF MEMORY IS CAUSING THE PARALYSIS THAT'S INFECTING NAPALTJARRI AND THE PETROL-SNIFFERS AND YOU AND I.
Now the government is sending funds to repair the damage....

Incompetently of course, which is the subconscious intention.

Sites have been turned into commodities.

These are cultural processes, not going by the big guys with the psychological purpose of breakdown and assimilation of the little guys.

It's a form of cannibalism.
My family are Polish and Jewish: we are always being eaten.

So we invented ways to make us taste nasty and preserve our structure so as to make us indigestible to the cannibals.

We live in the belly of nations but they don't consume us...

Kosher food is to remind us not to be eaten!

Your Queen Victoria took our god Yahweh and made him into a cannibal, father too...

That is why the primal Christian ceremony is about eating the body of the soul!

Queenie says it is good to be eaten by the father - that is love! And that's how Africa got eaten up by Europeans posing as Christians.

You see, the primal complex is about eating other people or their country,

Hmm.
MORE ABORIGINAL FAMILIES WILL COME TO YOUR BACKYARD FOOLED AND PENNED, ENACTING REFUGEE STATUS.

THIS IS A SHOW OF DESPERATION WHICH GETS UNDER YOUR SKIN, AS IS INTENDED.

YOU HAVE MADE THEM REFUGEES IN THEIR OWN COUNTRY AND DEPRIVED THEM OF THEIR FOOD SOURCES.

LOGICALLY YOU MUST TAKE ON THE RESPONSIBILITY OF FEEDING THEM.

IF YOU CAN'T DO THAT YOU SHOULD LEAVE!

BECAUSE YOU ARE BRITISH YOU ARE TRAPPED IN THE BRITISH CULTURAL COMPLEX!

THEIR COMPLEX IS NEVER ABOUT THE JOY OF LIVING. BRITS KNOW FUCK-ALL ABOUT LOVING OTHER PEOPLE!

THE BRITISH EMPIRE WAS ABOUT CARNIVALISM...

AND HAVING BADLY COOKED MEALS ON THEIR TABLES...

AT THE RIGHT TIME!
The women have gutted the
leopards and flung them onto
the hot coals to bake.

With the Germans and the Russians
hunting us, we Poles had been
hungry for so long that we
forgot our stomachs.

We became PETS, whereas the
Russians became paranoid
ALCOHOLICS!

These were ways to
ignore our fear.

The Poles
had nothing left
to depend...

So there's no point in
being paranoid.
"But I am Polish and Jewish also."

"I am in a state of contradiction..."

"Because in Israel I have something to defend."

"Merleau-Ponty once said "the healthy man..."

"...is not so much the one who has eliminated his contradictions..."

"...as one who makes use of them..."

"...and drags them into his vital labours."
ANYHOW, POLITICS IS DEPRESSING.
WHY NOT SEEK OUT A POETICAL HISTORY OF HUMANITY.

WE CAN SAVE OURSELVES WITH IMAGINATION.
On the South side of town, a dog trots along the bitumen strip through the gap in the mountain range.
A fight is brewing.

It will always be brewing.
This dog will outlive the generations of humans.

It is now Monday night, the long weekend is over.
The guards have been eaten, the Warlpiri have all left...

...the ashes are cold,

there is no food in the house.

We believe we are individuals...

but we have already been swallowed by stomachs bigger than ourselves.

These are the cultural complexes.