

SUNDAY

Early morning mugs of tea,

Bits of white bread
crushed into sand,



blankets...

And then a FURRY! as another branch of the Warpi family converges...

Nakamarra

Napaltjarri

from three places

Katherine

Lajamanu

and the hospital



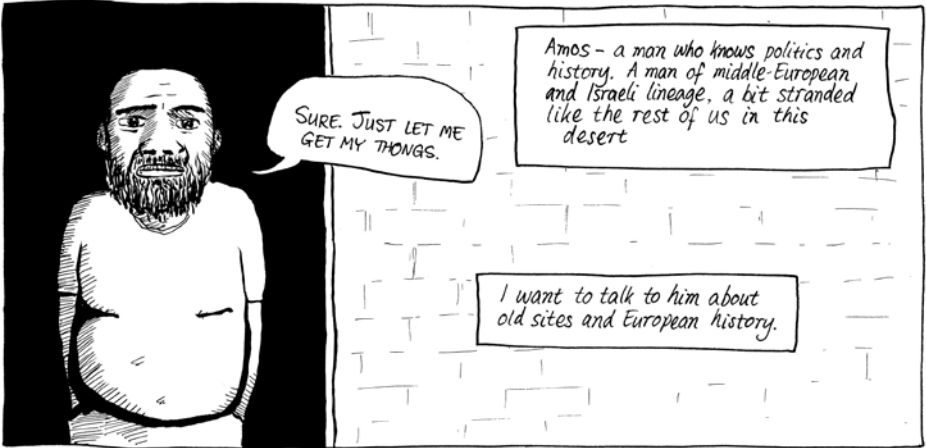
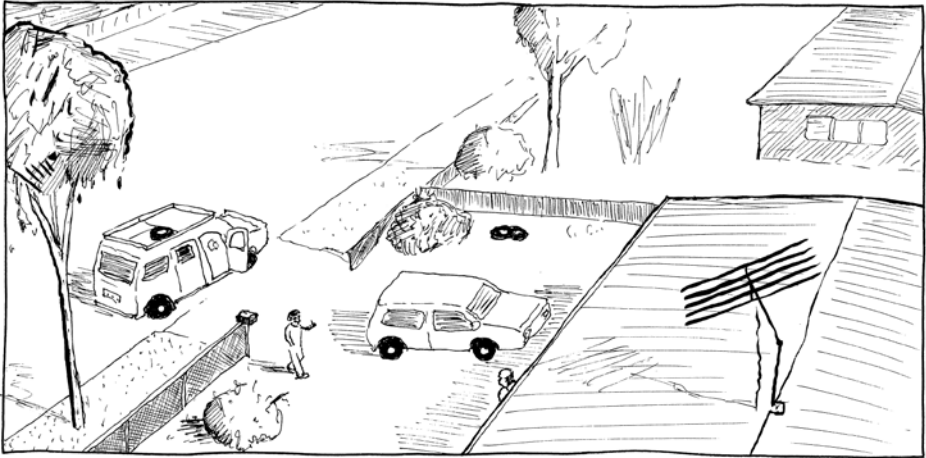
No one told us they were coming... we were sort of planning other things. Some of them go along with my wife for a picnic.

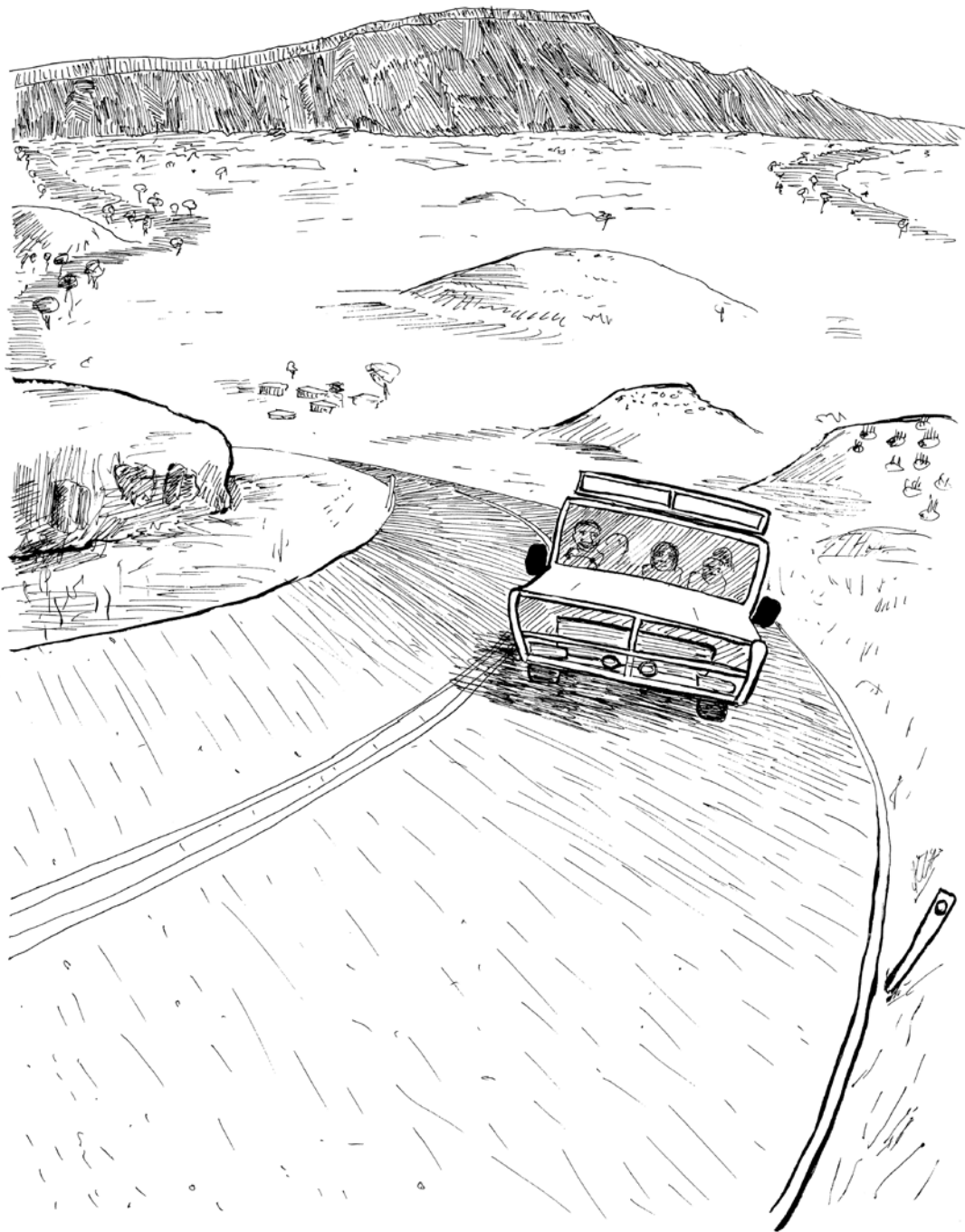


It is not always like this.

Perhaps it's because people are coming to tell Tom Singer something?











We meet up with my wife and her mob. In a sandy creek-bed Napatjarri gathers kids, black and white, and opens up the Malu story for them.

How kangaroo travelled from up North ...



right down South to Uluru.

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

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

Napatjarri 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 reverie 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 mature 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 ==



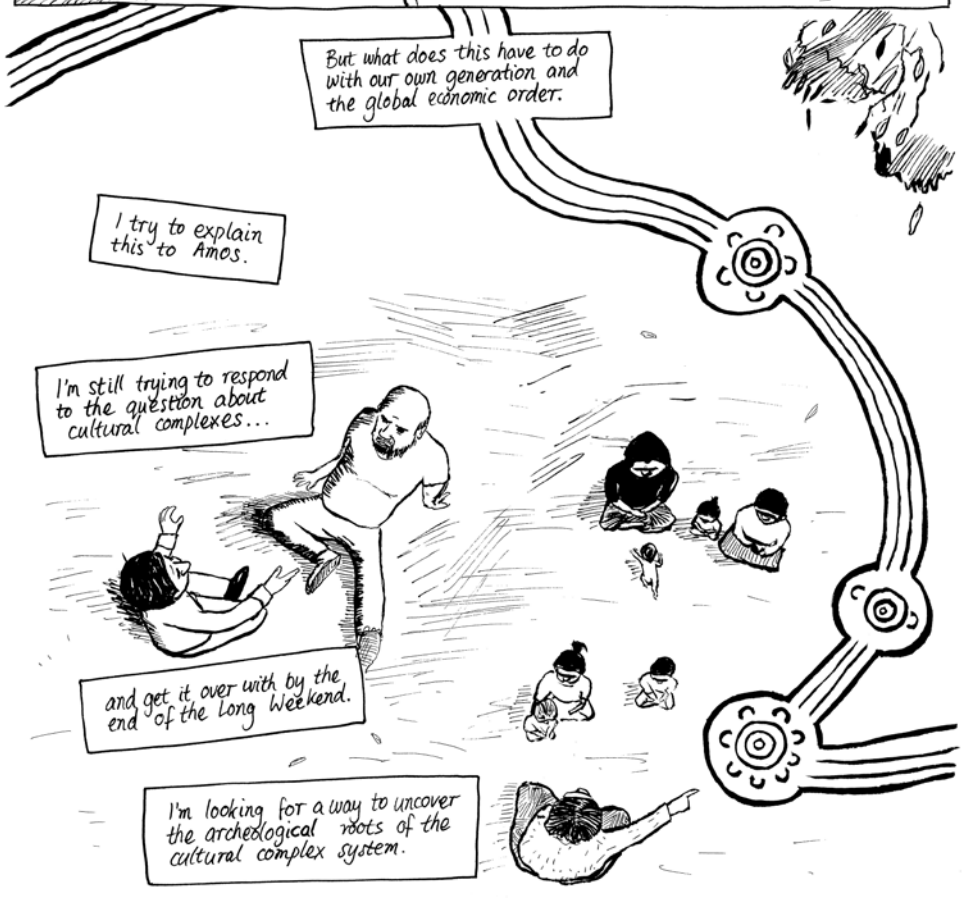
== mountain masses and over the waters to Australia with the lightning brothers and God-knows how ==



== 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.



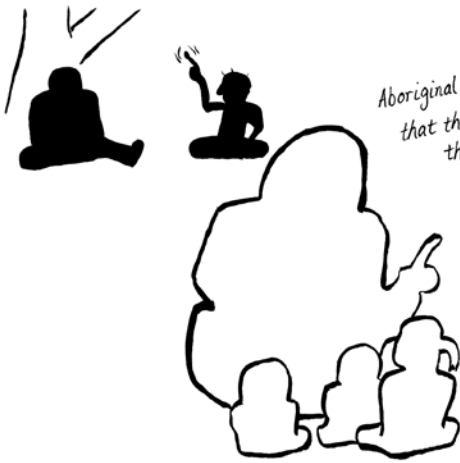
But what does this have to do with our own generation and the global economic order.

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 archeological 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.

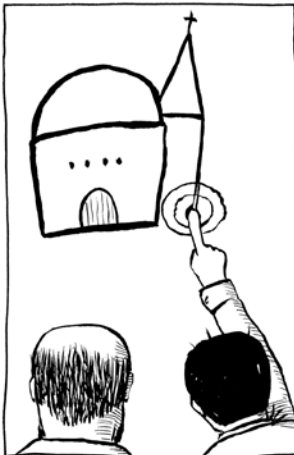
The sacred sites conduct and monitor the
life-force of the tribal nerve system.



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



a string of key sites across
Europe and the Middle-East.



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.

Hmm ...

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.

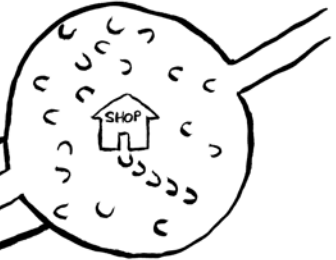




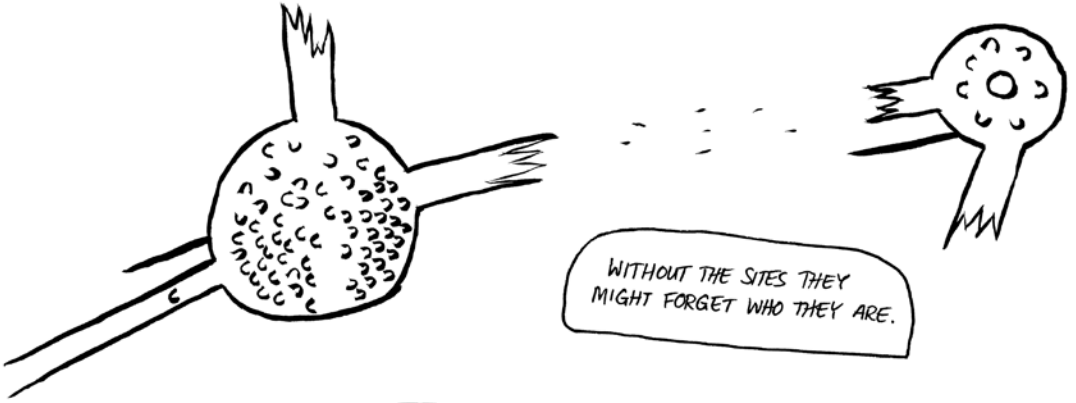
THE ROMANS AND THEIR ARYAN SUCCESSORS IN GERMANY, RUSSIA, IRELAND AND HERE SUCCEEDED IN CREATING CULTURAL BREAKDOWN BY SHIFTING PEOPLE FROM THEIR LAND.

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.



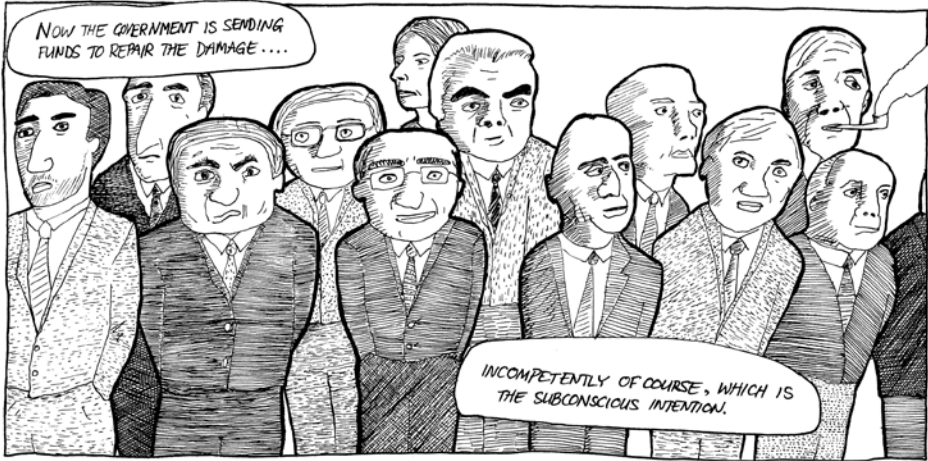
WITHOUT THE SITES THEY
MIGHT FORGET WHO THEY ARE.

IT'S HARD TO CARRY COUNTRY
WITH YOU.

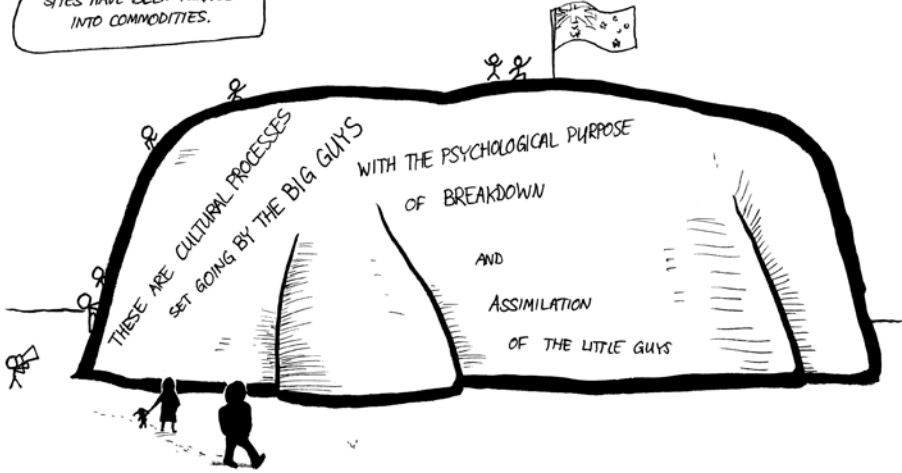
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THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW ISN'T IT?

THE DEPRESSION OF MEMORY IS
CAUSING THE MALAISE THAT'S
INFECTING NAPALTJARRI AND THE PETROL-
SNIFFERS AND YOU AND I.

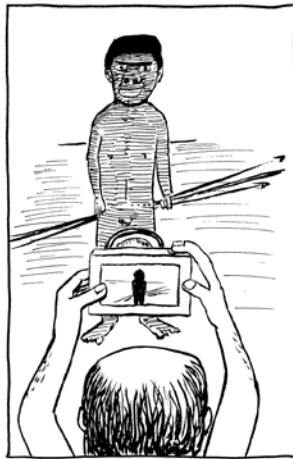


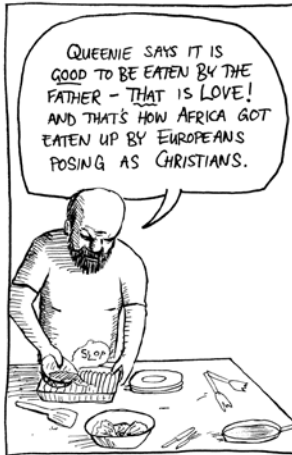
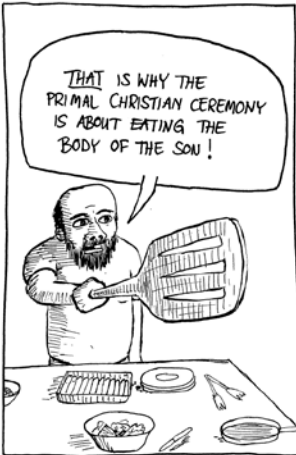
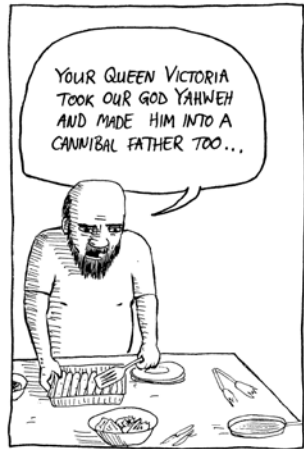
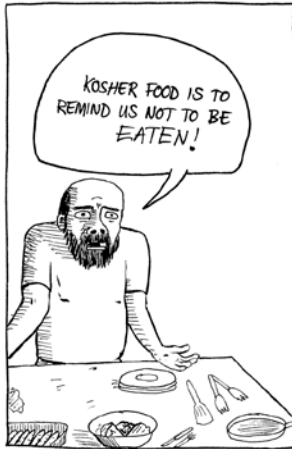
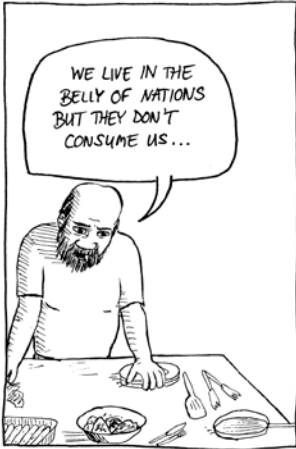
SITES HAVE BEEN TURNED INTO COMMODITIES.

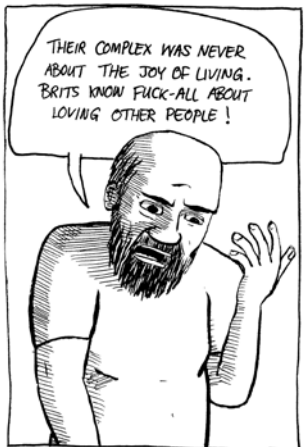
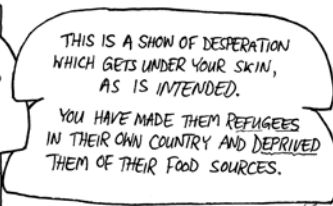


IT'S A FORM OF CANNIBALISM.

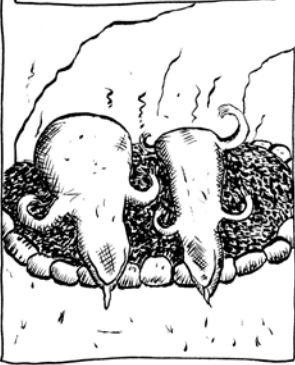








The women have gutted the lizards and flung them onto the hot coals to bake.



WITH THE GERMANS AND THE RUSSIANS HUNTING US WE POLES HAD BEEN HUNGRY FOR SO LONG THAT WE FORGOT OUR STOMACHS.

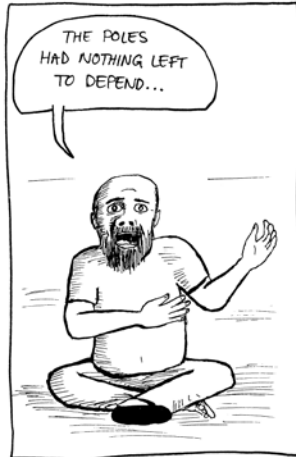
WE BECAME POETS, WHEREAS THE RUSSIANS BECAME PARANOID ALCOHOLICS!



THESE WERE WAYS TO IGNORE OUR FEAR.

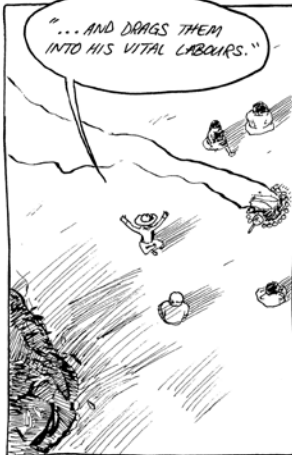
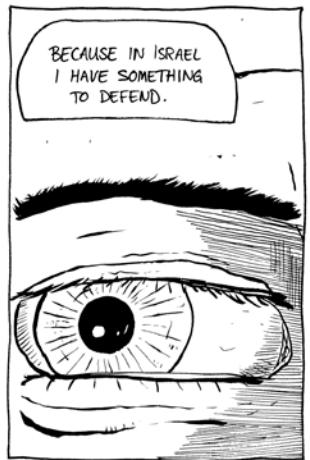


THE POLES HAD NOTHING LEFT TO DEFEND...



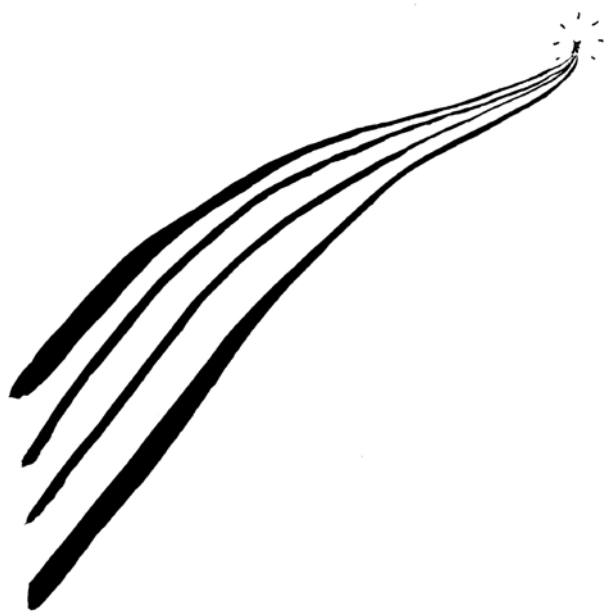
SO THERE'S NO POINT IN BEING PARANOID.





ANYHOW, POLITICS IS
DEPRESSING.
WHY NOT SEEK OUT A
POETICAL HISTORY OF HUMANITY.

WE CAN SAVE OURSELVES
WITH IMAGINATION.



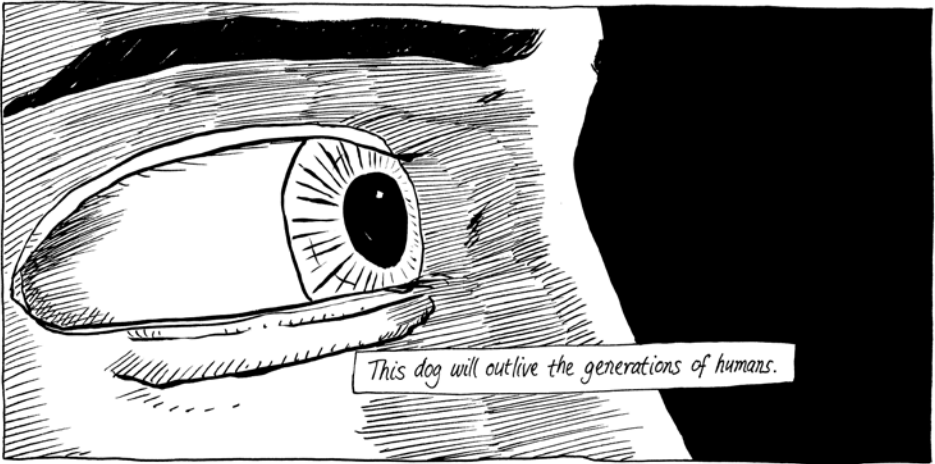


On the South side of town
a dog trots along the bitumen strip
through the gap in the mountain range.



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.

A black and white illustration of a person sitting on the ground under a tree. A crocodile is visible in the water to the right. The scene is lit from above, creating a circular pool of light on the ground.

The lizards have been eaten,
the Warlpiri have all left...

... the ashes are cold,

there is no food in the house.

A black and white illustration of a person sitting alone on the ground under a tree. The scene is lit from above, creating a circular pool of light on the ground.

We believe we are individuals...

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

A black and white illustration of a person sitting alone on the ground under a tree. The scene is lit from above, creating a circular pool of light on the ground.

These are the cultural complexes.

