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CAT'S 'MEDITATIONS' *in the* BOOK *of* QUOTES

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Cat's 'Meditations' in the Book of Quotes

A wistful look. 'Who was the extraordinary ancient spirit that would choose to be clothed by this ordinary, fateful woman?' Time to go.

– from *Lisa.*

To try to answer his own question Cat picks up his famous Book of Quotes which as he well knows is filled with comments and observations dealing with the world around him; yet, along with so many astronomical, philosophical, artistic, scientific, cultural, historical, political etcetera remarks this book is also generously interspersed with his own 'meditations'; so called in reference to one of Cat's favourite books: 'Meditations' by the Stoic Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Cat understood the irony in valuing the opinion of a man who held supreme power over a large proportion of the known world but he had first come across 'the meditations' while still relatively young and they had left an everlasting impression on him. Although, in later years Cat would learn to appreciate other philosophers of the Ancient Greek tradition who held no social status with the likes of Thales and Diogenes now coming straight to mind along with Zeno of Elea who as a prisoner would even bravely attempt to maim a tyrant which would cost him his life. Yes, it is a strange thing that Cat would hold in such high regard the private sayings of someone so comfortably powerful; who would not have voluntarily endured a life of ascetic poverty and so forth; yet at least Cat was aware of his own cognitive dissonance in this regard and he would always keep it in mind as a sort of weak rationale – for he knew his excuse according to his own philosophically inspired virtuous standards was poor - that he was venerating more the principles expressed in 'the meditations' rather than the author although the writings were inextricably linked with the person who wrote them. Anyhow, as things now stood as someone living over two thousand odd years after the death of Marcus Aurelius with the Roman Empire itself now just a historical memory – even though there is always metaphysically and psychologically a substance of the human past in the human present that will lead on into a yet-to-come-human-future - some of the basic tenets of stoicism had always appealed to Cat, especially the aspirational notion of remaining calm and measured in one's thinking amidst any disappointment or tragedy. Chaos

must not take control. Any obstacle to be viewed ultimately as a challenge to overcome; not as an impediment to personal defeat; while at the same time it has to be kept supremely in mind that one has to pursue the so called 'good life' as the ideal way of living and this involved, in Cat's mind, to pursue justice which would bear such humane fruits as 'goodness' ; 'kindness' and 'generosity' for both individual and community; yet, of course, life is filled with many human criminalities that get in the way of the good life and so Cat also thought it would be best to also take heed of a Stoic such as Epictetus who clearly stated that one has to realise that there are aspects of life outside anyone's control and so one had to try to focus on those things that one can influence which included one's own personal response to life's adversities. If something harmful comes our way, it can only have a true and substantial negative effect if it is really allowed to do so (...or so one can hope. Although Cat was also of the opinion that an individual must still face up to those injustices – especially if they are structural – if at first sight they do seem outside one's control so as to eventually find a way to bring about radical change to the good. Nothing must be deemed impossible…to adopt a negative fatalistic attitude is to simply allow a damaging 'self-prophecy' to run its full disastrous course. Any course can have a change of direction or be halted and even reversed).

Human opinion still counts: one may fall apart, or one may stay 'stoic' when having to deal with some cataclysm, especially if this calamity was wholly unexpected. Yet, one should not be so guarded as to fear life, to not take chances, but to keep in mind, things may not work out as one may hope; one must prepare the mind for any future, not paralyse it, after all with any unforeseen possibility that may arise one can take advantage of it if one has dutifully maintained a positive forbearance. ('All things work for good for those who love the Lord' Cat would often remind himself). To exercise the mind for such hopefulness to be so and for human thinking to be in union with the universe - which Cat would learn the Stoics sensed was a living entity; adopting Heraclitus's view of a universe that is in a state of variable flux (which may not be readily predicted, wildly oscillating between a serene calmness through to full fury), thus the cosmos is a moveable being; not a still object, in which human beings move, along with the divinities that overseer all mobility; as prescribed by that overarching force known as 'fate' which directs all things towards every individual end point; to envisage billions of human fates to be in unison to the immense multitude of stars that move above all humanity; to perhaps also take into such a unifying cosmic account the multitude of atoms that form all things, including those atoms that will materially dissolve back into the ether at the point of death of every living thing. It was Democritus who suspected the existence of atoms

and perceived them as the basic building particles of all things that could not be further dissected down. It always amused Cat how Hippocrates claimed that Democritus – this 'maddening genius' - was looking into the 'matters of Hades' and that the air was filled with ghosts; yes, the universe is ephemeral, a vast ghost, in which the basic element of Hades that is fire does also make its universal presence in this world and which can be in a positive way as fire sustains life as energy and even when things are burnt that which now becomes unseeable still remains part of the Cosmic Whole which encapsulates both the invisible and visible elements of all reality (and any reality that is yet to come; and to that reality which has already past). Also all things are connected and the movement of one thing can affect the movement of something else (as if to intimate the universal force of gravity whose existence was to only be verified many centuries later by Isaac Newton); whether it be the Sun and stars - that are the supreme objects over everything else - or the smallest atom - at the furthest extreme of a defined, limited universe - where there exists beyond it an undefined, endless nothingness, or void; all things are entwined by an inescapable fate that no human, or god could avoid. Zeus, as supreme lord of Mt. Olympus could not even save his son Sarpedon who was destined to die at Troy for to save his life would lead to the other gods to save also their favoured mortals. Hera made Zeus realise that Sarpedon must die; the universal order could not be threatened which was put in place by fate and which fate would always invincibly, maliciously protect. If Sarpedon was to live, every other divinity would claim the right to also save their favoured mortal. Yet, only chaos would ultimately rule, and all would suffer; importantly, fate keeps the order of the universe, and even Zeus had to recognise that to defy fate was to damn the universe. Yet, there is the individual universe of each human mind, and a Stoic knew that although one could not change the course of one's life as set out by fate, one can at least respond within one's self to what life holds in store. For, any Stoic - or other philosopher – surely knew that the greatest void was human ignorance; an impenetrable human darkness that only leads to the worst mortal atrocities against the gods, humanity and nature. Knowledge is the only cure. To train the mind towards justice and to respond in kind is surely the best way to move forward in this world of motion directed by an immovable destiny.

Although the movements of the universe pulsated in no discernible fashion to mortal beings there was a Stoic belief that human history was ultimately cyclical (or as Mark Twain intimated: that history 'rhymes' rather than repeats...) so any human progression would eventually arrive at the same end; to then, yet begin again, a similar series of human circumstances to arrive once more at the same finish; to yet again start human action all over

again; to follow the same historical process as before for that is all there is as one generation goes by for a new generation to start anew, all the time – forever. Around, around, around…after all, gravity cannot be defied. (Is fate gravity…? It certainly behaves the same way, and perhaps only a heightened morality can lead one to the best possible outcome within its web.

'To try to go to one end…for any individual to have a sense of the inescapable, even when one trying to go some opposite way, while even yet knowing the futility of such a rebellious policy, to only have the suspicion there shall be no liberation from destiny verified...'so would think Cat while still striving with a real sense of human liberty to not be trapped by any sense of fatalism…yet in turn still ran through his paradoxical mind such thoughts: 'Human beings try to be 'free' but know they will ultimately do as the gods decide who also abide by what fate wants; even the rare availability of choice proves fateful, as Achilles found out: his warrior pride would not allow him the 'choice' to live a long, peaceful life…no, best bravely to die with everlasting honour, even though it was a bitter waste…of life…death penetrates much further than where life impregnates…at least the soul may remain untouched…it is all that one can hope for with such a secured inevitability…the stoic must prepare for the eventualities that will surely come… to save the soul…the only 'riches' that can possibly remain eternally, purely tranquil…not anything in this world will last.' Thus Cat could envisage humanity imbued on a divine Greek vase: ever circling around it with no real beginning or end; human history being spun around by the fates, much like all their spinning threads; perhaps sometimes at different rates, with different lengths, but nevertheless always twirling around with no real linear movement, yet always moving although never really going anywhere, though one may traverse across this whole earth, even conquer it, for ultimately, no matter what one ever does the grave still waits; birth to death, the common strand of all life, despite what form it is, or what it achieves.

All is equal. All is unequal.

"We all rise up. We all fall down." Cat discerns the gravity of the world moving as it does to make men and women to head towards their destinies as fated by the three sisters of the Morea. Knitting human fate into human sinew.

"Enough! Enough!" Cat would yell. "To put on my Mary Hopkins single singing Those Were The Days." Cat would like it when Michael was visiting and they would sing along with Mary Hopkins her famous translated Russian folk song and make reference to the Trojan War mentioning the likes of Achilles, Odysseus and Hector. "Those were the days my friend we thought would never end! We were young and thought we'd never lose! LA! LA! LA!" Michael would pretend to be Achilles and in Australian suburban fashion

cheerfully yell out the famous Aunty Jack adage: "I'll rip your bloody arms off!" at Cat as if he was Hector. At which point Cat would amusingly remind Michael how Achilles was once disguised as a woman by his mother Thetis so he would not go to the war knowing that an early death awaited him. Thetis had sent Achilles to the island of Skyros where he was cross-dressing as one of King Lycomedes's daughters so he would not be found. At Skyros Achilles fathered his son Neoptolemus whose mother was Deidamia who was one of the king's daughters. It was up to 'wily Odysseus' to discover Achilles who did so by offering these Amazonian-like daughters many gifts including swords. Odysseus then had his men initiate the battle sounds of a surprise enemy attack; naturally enough Achilles's warrior instinct took over and he immediately brandished a sword to fight back. His cover was blown. It was then that Achilles went with Odysseus to go to Troy. (It has been rumoured Deidamia disguised herself as a man and followed him).

"FATE! OH FATE!" Cat would yell when he thought of the likes of Achilles and anyone else trying to escape their destiny. For Cat to suddenly search for his hurriedly written notes on the Stoics intermingled with his 'responses-on-the-run' from a philosophy talk at a suburban library which Michael had taken him too:

'...logic, physics and ethics can be viewed as three main things and it is Epicurus who states it is not events that disturb people but rather people's judgements of them for it is these subjective responses which affect our emotions. We should not be in denial of what has happened; yet over- reacting should also be avoided as an equilibrium within the mind is what's desired. We must stay in control. Yet how do we learn to judge what is correct in both viewing any event and our approach towards it? One supposes the mind must be trained to know in an almost reflex way – in an almost paradoxical way - to have an 'intellectual reflex' to overcome a 'natural reflex' – on how to act accordingly. We do not want control or power to be taken away. We must not allow our inner states to be affected by others especially if others are hostile towards us. We are responsible for our actions and at least accept this is so, especially if we are to be honest with ourselves; even though, at times, it may be argued some extraneous force or uncharacteristic internal impulse may influence us to adopt an attitude or behave in a way we may not normally do so; in that case, do not be hard on one's self and strive to always steady one's human temperament so it may not be taken advantage of by what is surely evil; to learn to resist so as to do and think only that which we surely know is right, especially if ordained by the gods (even though we dismally know the gods do not always follow their own moral precepts; who even betray those who do what is just if it so divinely suits them! Yet a just result is still to be sought, even if it maybe to our immediate disadvantage. In the long term it is best to always try to be honest (after all, to be honest is to know we will sometimes be deceptive – both to ourselves and to

the world) and to righteously think of the other as we would hope the other may nobly think of us so the other may also do good and to us. Our mind must be at peace. Yes, anxiety is to be overcome, as well as fear. We do not want to be like a mangy dog who whines for being leashed to the world, and to fate; we do not want to be left squealing whereby we have lost control of our inner state…not to suffer but to rise above our circumstance so as to reach a state of tranquillity. We may have to change our point of view. Yet stoicism should not be soma. We must also strive to change or get rid of that which is unjust. Nevertheless, how to make sense of any response? To get some distance from ourselves to move away from some internal impulse that is uncharacteristic to our usual nature…we must resist…follow what is ultimately right-

With all this in mind Lisa is again immediately considered including also empathetically envisaging the world from her point of view (intermittingly recorded and organised to be compiled in the Book of Quotes as a sort of ad hoc appendix…to move in his mind…unsaid…undefined…by way of a sort of prelude then to an overture followed by an aftermath of all his thoughts and observations…to reflect on Lisa and then the world which Lisa is within…Lisa's world as well as some of what is beyond…) as well as from the point of view of her friends including also his own perceptions.

Yet, to think, as Cat would think, of any individual life as a comet with its long tapering tail streaking across the darkness of the night sky thus, in summary, to also think of the overall structure of what Cat presents in his literary discourse as reflecting Cat's 'mind comet' and to perceive it from the point of view of all the 'mind sparks' within this glowing 'psychological cosmos' which make it what it is with 'flaming thoughts' from the brightest visual aspects of it at the head through to the long bright tail which eventually tapers off into invisibility but like the mind itself - although not visible or readily detectable - is still as real and as significant as the glowing solar sun which shines down with its energy within us to be as if the sun-

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Author's (Apologetic) Notation on Overlapping Writing.

Please note for simplicity's sake in writing and collating together this secondary tome - which originally was meant to be just an appendage (if not an appendix) but has obviously become 'something' more than that - and in the interest of some ongoing sense of literary and thematic integration between this somewhat secondary text and the main novel there are a few recognisable passages from LISA overlapping into MIND COMET (a clear example is *Human Phantasmagoria* which has turned out to be a major lynchpin between both texts; several of these passages lead on to form what maybe envisaged as alternative strands or underlying sub-levels of the original prose); it had been originally thought to take them out which would have been simple enough but then it was also thought 'in passing' they may even unpredictability acquire new meaning when repeated in a different literary situation (there may also be some slightly different wording to these repeated passages); while also at times there is the extended writing of literary fragments which in the novel seem only to appear as intermittent splintering apparitions (although that could be said of nearly all of the novel's many 'literary bites') and thus have been sympathetically deemed as deserving of a more pronounced transcribed presence. There is also text with slightly different font size and this can be seen as a sort of 'literary weaving' (while a different font size may also be utilized to simply break up uniformity). Hopefully, all that has been written is comprehensible to mind, feeling, spirit.

Author's Notation on Small Text

In LISA in the chapter The Invasion of the Mind Snatchers - in the third part of the novel titled Eternity – there is a typical example of a small font word 'visual piece.' It involves lists of movies, movie actors and television programs. All of these paragraphs are not meant to be read as such but rather 'scanned' over in much the same way one may scan an image. Thus, one sees in Mind Comet other various small type paragraphs etcetera some of which involve even smaller size fonts and these other visual pieces can also be simply scanned. It is not essential or necessary to read this small size text but one is welcome to do so if interested.

MIND COMET

[A Tabulation of some Text Headings as possible Reference Points of Interest].

Lisa's World
Lisa Dreaming
Cat's Meditations I
Mind Channel Whirl
The Monroe Doctrine/(American Beauty)
A Mindful Intermission
Risk Takers
Cat's Meditations II

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LISA'S WORLD

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LISA

Human Phantasmagoria

The Sun is stretching its light across the face. A wrinkling forehead. A spectrum of recollections that centre on a pockmarked head. Tilted against a raised hospital bed, like a planet about to fall off its axis. Sullen eyes looking up. Conversation leads to reminiscences suffusing together. The first days were filled with some promise. Untroubled. Without bitterness. Lying stranded in this bed, there is a need to look back at happy days. Watery mirages in a blinding desert. Untouchable. Out of reach in a past that can never be returned too…nevertheless, there are aspects of an illusionary mental cinemascope still worthy to be grasped, for the mind seeks solace. (There is no risk in looking back, to only be further disappointed, when already in a disillusioning underworld; as if to reminisce passing through purgatory, while feeling as if to be always descending downwards). Dimming memories, merging with conversations, all emerging randomly, without any particular order, from subconscious shadows, as if they have been briefly lit up by the bed lamp, light penetrating through the eyes, not to blind, but in this kaleidoscope of memory to recreate hope within an enlightened human spirit, to wave away, if only for a moment, an ever darkening reality - certainly, a constant human aspiration.

To take in also the time spent at the Kings Cross flat. Whose owner in many ways became an unwitting guide; to give the soul a chance for life; from the darkness through the waiting to the light.

Cat's Place

When Lisa and Melissa first arrived to Sydney they stayed with Cat as he did not live far from the hospital where more medical tests were to be carried out which had even included one night when Melissa had to stay over. Thankfully there were clowns visiting the children's ward that time which made it bearable for Melissa. ("No footie teams hey Melissa!" Michael had joked as although such well-meaning visitors would have been welcomed Lisa did not really have much time for sport). Cat's second story flat that was just off the main strip of Kings Cross had a spare room and although the space was small it would suffice for his two guests. (Lisa was not overtly religious but it was reassuring to see from her window St. Luke's Hospital that was directly opposite; Cat had informed her that St. Luke was the doctor saint). From Cat's place it was easy enough for Lisa, as well as with Melissa, to walk up to the hospital. Yet, despite this practicality, for the new arrivals

it was really after only a week that living at Kings Cross was proving to be depressing; especially for a lonely Melissa. A young professional couple Cat knew in the terrace next door did not mind Melissa coming over to spend time with their six-year-old daughter and four-year-old son but the son was often in playgroup or out with the mother, while the daughter went to school.

Cafe Sanctuary

So Melissa could enjoy some real open space Lisa would more often take her daughter down to a large park by Rushcutters Bay. There was also the sea horizon to view that accentuated a primal sense of infinity which would offset any ill sense of urban suffocation. Yet the walk going back up the hill - which involved pushing Melissa in a big stroller - was always too tiring. The hot glaring footpath. The neighbouring heavy traffic. The pollution. Thankfully, a cafe near the top of the hill would prove to be in this humid concrete setting a shaded oasis for this lone woman and her child. A tranquil sanctuary imbued with the exotic aromas of coffees from around the world in which to rest an exhausted body. To sit in silence as Melissa fell asleep. There was a desire to always search out such 'cafe sanctuaries' where such calmness could be repeated…to have temporary relief from a constant sense of despair. There was the book barn at Newtown where Lisa would relax on a vinyl sofa in the upstairs cafe. To enjoy drinking a hot chocolate that was often served by this tall thin bald man who always wore a black beret along with a long sleeve black skivvy and black jeans. (Not talking of Michelangelo, but of beatniks). The highlight would be to come on those late afternoon week days when a band of young musicians would set themselves up by a large window at the front of the cafe. The sun would brightly shine through it and Lisa would intently listen to the gentle rhythmic sounds that would permeate through the whole of the top floor. Life for the young was often optimistic and Lisa would keenly share in such hopeful complicity.

Rewinding the Hands of Time

A flyer stuck up on a hospital wall. REWINDING THE HANDS OF TIME. At Lisa's request the walls behind her and on one side of her bed had been covered with photos and other paraphernalia as this most recent of routine stays in hospital had lengthened from a few days into weeks. Recalling a visit to the Blue Mountains. Staying overnight with friends in Lawson who lived in a large haunted house occupied by a ghost. Apparently, someone had died in a back room in the late 1800s. Lisa was there with Melissa and Michael and a few other friends like Cat, Gregor, Caterina and Isabella to attend a fairy tales fancy dress school fundraiser. On this fabulous night Melissa as

Goldilocks had fallen in love with a giant Gingerbread Man. Lisa dressed as a twenties flapper Snow White, Michael dressed as a pirate which included having a large foam cup over his hand covered in silver alfoil with a black plastic hook stuck in it. Cat as the 'top Cat' had come up immaculately dressed for the night as Bluebeard with Gregor and friends. Gregor and Master as other fellow buccaneers while a friend from the south coast had even ventured to come who dressed as an 'old time' English sailor including wearing a wide brimmed black hat entertained everyone by jig dancing and singing a few ditties in between music breaks. Caterina as a splendidly dressed voodoun priestess and Isabella as a girl Cinderella in between her mother as well as a neighbourhood friend of her mother's who had come as a rain goddess. At one point in the evening everyone wildly dancing to Angels and Radiators songs being played by the main band as if it was a 1980s music night. A great memory but to remember Lisa once looking at the flyer as if it was mocking her. "The past is an ancient relic. Time cannot be rewound. There is only this damned present.".

"The Best Thing about Sydney is Getting Out Of It."

Michael would regularly come around to Cat's flat. This reliable of friends would help forestall any sense of decay by often taking Lisa and Melissa on daytrips out of Sydney. There would be bushwalks or visits to national parks to the South Coast or to the Blue Mountains. On one occasion even going to the big Berkelouws book barn at Berrima. Cat had also come along and presumably - according to the others – Cat had enjoyed this day most of all. Lisa welcomed these excursions and once quipped that the best thing about Sydney was getting out of it. Nevertheless, there was always a return. With the body's energy levels ever lowering there would more often simply be trips to parks, bays and waterways around Balmain, Rozelle and Drummoyne for afternoon picnics often combined with going to a weekend market such as at Glebe or Rozelle.

To Suddenly Desire to be in Tune with the Heartbeat of the Universe

Cat walking Lisa and Melissa past Railway Square so as to go on a first visit to the nearby UTS art gallery to visit an exhibition on human surveillance – which, of course, a mystified Lisa initially had no interest in. To see cigarette butts picked up from New York footpaths to reveal through DNA the millennia evolutionary history of those who had smoked them. Moonbounce. How a spy base in Virginia would capture communication signals that had escaped into space and were reflected back to earth from the moon. Nevertheless, this secretive link in the global ECHELON system -

where all human wireless transmission is prohibited for several square kilometres - could also use radio telescopes that were so sensitive they could also listen in on the signals of the cosmos. Lisa wondered if her spirit would equally become as sensitive to discern the universe's heartbeat.

(Subconscious Sonata)

(For years later to see at the Art Gallery of New South Wales a grand piano playing Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata after being transmitted to the moon by Morse code with the signal then returning to the Earth yet fragmented with some of the music lost in translation within the craters of the moon whose craggy, shadow surface perhaps reflecting the deeper abysses of the human mind's subconscious…deep recesses where human experience is captured, so enveloped as to never be released, to never arise to surface memory, thus within each of us, gravitationally if not spiritually is a mental psychological equivalent to a cosmological black hole…yes…Apollo…mission…it is Apollo the god who can change forms…to be recorded as several sentient being shapes…so too the human mind can enter into a divine state of metamorphosis…cosmologically inspired…all is eternal…).

Space Travel on Planet Earth

To leave by the front foyer of the University of Technology to accidently see an exhibition of the interaction between art and science. Cat suggested the mental divisions human beings place on all aspects of knowledge are truly artificial. As an inevitable aside Cat also made mention that he had found a gentleman on the internet who had proven all the moon landing conspiracies were false. "He is dealing with human beings who even place limits on human achievements due to the impossibility of them not being able to achieve any similar grand goal. I have no time for scholars who do not believe it was possible for one man – by the name of Homer – to write both the Iliad and the Odyssey. The same goes with those who doubt Shakespeare was the author of all his plays. Imbeciles. Halfwits. Lunatics. At the time," Cat referring now back to the sixties, "humanity had the technology to conventionally bomb whole nations and to send human beings to the moon but it did not yet have the video equipment to fake a real time viewing of the lunar missions…however, the narrowness of human thinking comes in many different ways for it has many blind spots which are lethal or immoral or simply harmfully ignorant and since I'm harping on about space travel I can't help but think of Gregor's little collage of astronauts standing in front of Angkor Wat." Cat raises his arms. "GROUP PHOTO OF FIRST WORLD TOURISTS ON A 7 DAY PACKAGE TOUR OF INDOCHINA." He exclaims with slightly raised voice. "Very humorous! Gregor did it when he heard on

the radio that people thought it was offensive a billionaire could 'waste' millions to go on a space trip. He said that's what people who live on two dollars a day would feel about well-off tourists coming to their country. We who are privileged may as well be space travellers when we visit any impoverished foreign world only for our own amusement rather than say to be educated. Next time we see Gregor I'll ask him to show it to you along with this Kangzilla collage. It's of a giant kangaroo attacking Centrepoint Tower. Looks likes the cartoon kangaroo that used to be at the end of Channel 7's transmission when there wasn't 24-hour television. It would pull a curtain down over Sydney."

No One's Life is a Sideshow

A swirling dress twirling in Lisa's mind. A picture strip of two dancers inside a cylinder comes to life when it is spun. The illusion of movement. It is how Lisa feels: a still being continuing the mirage of being alive. Cat had also taken her to the UTS Gallery to see an exhibition with the twin title EVASION/SIDESHOW. (Melissa was not there being with the family next door). It first involved looking in the front foyer at a small copper wheel which had separate rectangle mirrors on a smaller cylinder in the centre to reflect the pictures that lined the outer cylinder. When it was spun the images in the mirrors would appear to move to create a cinematic visual experience. The golden circular object was called a praxinoscope. When Lisa first sighted it she thought it looked like a Tibetan prayer wheel. When Lisa informed cat of this he said the praxinoscope vaguely reminded him of the spinning spindle of the Three Fates. "Although a praying wheel is a much better comparism. You can get good karma and wisdom and when you spin it purity can be gained for your soul. With this thing there's a purity for our eyes when we see the mirage of still things suddenly moving."

In a main gallery space was a large hexagon made of screens with every one showing a man writhing in a white straight jacket. On each screen the man was shown at different points of his attempt to free himself but never shown escaping from his straps.

"He's like the soul who wants to break free from the body." Cat had stated. "It's a Neo-Platonic idea. This escape artist reminds me of one of Michelangelo's Unfinished Slaves trying to struggle free from the marble."

"It's how I feel." Lisa curtly stated. "I feel trapped. My spirit is suffocating. It's like I'm being hunted down as prey."

Around this main gallery space were wall dividers leading to several sets of curtains that stretched from the ceiling to the floor. The curtains divided the gallery into small spaces. The two visitors both walked towards the first set of curtains when Cat paused to pick up a light blue SIDESHOW brochure.

A quick glance at its contents 'led' him to make his own 'summary': 'Sideshow attractions had the mystique of being hidden from their audiences, enticed to requite their curiosity by entering into a cordoned off space unhindered by the norms of everyday social respectability that was automating their lives in a new industrial age. Human guilt was suspended to allow human voyeurism to have full reign. As if people were momentarily in a macabre dream, to eye with dismay the strange vision in front of them, to sublimely verify by their repulsion of such human deformity, their hyper-sense of morality; it was a ghastly hypocrisy. One could stare at and feel nothing for a disfigured person, then step back out into the daylight, to resume a conventional life." Cat stared ahead as the hard souls of his shoes loudly hit the vinyl floor as he walked and as his mind thought:

'Mundane minds resist revelation, to steel their ignorance. Without the acquisition of new knowledge only a closed, unseemly world lingers. There is no regeneration. There is no renewal. No infinity. Nihilism conquers. All that is pure is extinguished. The dirt, the dust of death prevails. Life is sullied with human grime. Nature is left to wither. The revolution of existence is stalled. The stars will stop burning. The Sun will go dark and will not shine. All is dark. Black. All I see is black. I look for a split second through two small holes in a thick Spanish wooden door at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. Blackness surrounding a naked woman spread out on a field of twigs holding an antique gas lantern, behind her a landscape of forest and hills with a splashing waterfall. I have unwittingly become a voyeur. Yet self-gratification is not appeased as I am confused by what I see. My lack of knowledge disables me from making sense of the revelation before me. While my most primal intuition only leaves me with a feeling of dread. Human ignorance produces only a void that sucks out feeling. Duchamp's mutilated, unrequited 'fallen bride' is inhumanely objectified. Desire without love only disfigures.

(It is as if a crime scene is before me and it is as if a violent act was committed with my eyes).

I recoil. I feel empty. I have become aware of my own intellectual sterility as I founder on conventional thinking. This interior space is a sideshow for the mind. Yet the mind which was expecting fulfilment is left disturbed. I realize the mind can be hunted down by fate. Ruthlessly. Without pity. Unexpectedly. I think of the hunter Actaeon who fate drew to his death when he became lost and so hesitantly came across Artemis bathing naked in a pool. Artemis sighted the male peering at her and was angered. With no bow or arrow at hand the huntress goddess splashed water onto the surprised nearby voyeur who was transformed into a deer. Artemis knew nature would now take its predestined course. A dismayed Actaeon saw his many hunting dogs approach him and without a voice to identify himself was torn to shreds by them. The dogs consumed their master while at the same time feeling mystified as to where he was. He who they loved they killed.

While he who died had not gone searching for what would kill him. All is seemingly unknowing when it comes to fate.

(Yet, a human decision can play a role that opens up the way for fate to consummate a destiny. The ego believes it can maintain control over any circumstance but fate shows how it can ambush it to lose control and even itself).

Artemis, the moon.

(Moonshine).

I look through that other 'peephole' the telescope on the back porch of Gregor's place.

(A lunar shine on dark fate).

The telescope a cylinder which brings together in its shape the two human approaches to time: (a) as a circle & (b) as a line. An uncountable number of circles exist one after the other along the whole length of a telescope following a line angled up from the Earth to the Heavens; a conjunction of opposite human perceptions which together go from the finite to the infinite. I see the Earth's closest celestial object pockmarked with craters. Despite its previous cosmic scarring there is still a beauty and a grandeur to this white circle in the night sky. We can rise above the trials and tribulations that fate strikes our way. Gas is the substance of the cosmos, water the giver of life. In my mind I look again at the female body sprawled out on a mound of twigs. Diana is Artemis's Roman name which, as the Mexican poet Octavia Paz has mentioned, refers to the 'expanse of the heavens' envisaging Diana as a goddess whose crown is this cosmic tree which we know as the Universe. From on top of her head the cosmic branches stretch out over us in all directions with their blossoming stellar fruits which we know as the stars. Life comes from the cosmos and thus is the ultimate source of an ongoing stellar sustenance for the human race. Thus the resplendent but listless white human form I saw beyond the Spanish doors is transformed as the Milky Way. The gaseous cosmos in her grasp regenerates her; to become celestial and ever-growing; without end. Eternity. Life. We live on Earth, which so many communally see as our Mother, she is enriched from the sky by both the Sun which warms her and by the rains which provide water. Heat and water in balance sustain all living things. We live on the land but it is in the sky which hang the circling heavens which keeps life going. The night sky is like a womb from which all life emerges thus the Universe can be envisaged as feminine. It is also our tomb when we die. We come from our mother and we may return to her maternal love. In between are constellations of living memories. If Lisa sees herself as a deer to be hunted down by death it is her life as lived thus far that helps her to deal with her present and to face up to what is yet to come. Her life is core. It is not a sideshow. It is something the world needs to learn to understand as it faces those suffering from a mysterious new frightening disease.'

(Ah yes…I am going into one of my famed catatonic states of reflection…).

'To transform ignorance to wisdom through knowledge. No more fear but courage. No longer to think of everything unknown to be deadly. White on white.

The Sun. The Moon. The unknown can also be light. Not darkness. Dante entering into Paradise. Stars as glistening crystals in an ephemeral sky. Illusion. All is illusion. Light. Untouchable. Able to pass through a quantum heaven. Spiritual. Dante perceived the entwining of physical objects within the Empyrean.

(Including myself within that 'celestial pearl' the Moon).

A physical impossibility here on Earth but in the realm of the divine everything can become possible just as it is in the human mind, created by God. Yet, to reach this divine point the pilgrim has had to descend to the nightmare circles of the underworld and then climb the steep slopes of the purgatorial mount. Such is it with our lives if we seek after salvation through cosmic revelation. It is not as Plato claims through our own efforts that an eternal sanctuary for our souls can prevail but only by way of a guide outside ourselves such as Dante's Virgil or the pilgrim with Beatrice in Paradise. St. Augustine points us in this direction. I am a lapsed believer but I prescribe to this universal truth. Certainly, Lisa will find her own strength but I will help lead her to the Promised Land if I myself may never reach it. For no person - or divinity - is my guide. I will fail, but like Moses I can at least lead others to their salvation. For now, it seems Lisa's memories serve her well as a 'mental Arcadia' offering her some semblance of peace. To look back into a past when there was still joy in her heart. Dante cast his eyes on a Celestial Wheel of a perfect cosmos. To meditate on the very essence of life in a state of ecstatic harmony that goes beyond all human meaning, to a wordless divine realm of heartfelt fulfilment. Duchamp spun a bicycle wheel to obtain the same sense of tranquillity that Dante achieved with his Celestial Rose. Musing the instinctual pleasure that he enjoyed was like looking at the flames flickering in a fireplace. To think of the Wheel of Fortune, a game show on every weekday afternoon with its whirring circle promising to requite many a suburban dream.

MIND COMET

WIN A CAR! Lisa also enjoys watching it and she would tease me to go on as a contestant. I may one day. There I would stand in a television empyrean with destiny spinning the wheel. Such is human fate. I had noticed how during the ad breaks Lisa would start to muse about the day that has just gone by or refer to some moment in her life from many years ago. All being happier times. As if speaking about some lost Eden,

(…yes…when there was still joy in her heart).

For now she lives in a personal fallen world, feeling a little lost in a nightmare, akin to the pilgrim in his dark wood. Little arcadias are still found. Like the one we found in Glebe recently.

(Or was it a dream? After all, it was like suddenly coming across an open grove deep inside a forest, a sensation of some otherness - of an other unknown world, awaiting exploration, to become familiar, to even be safe - when the large man standing at the open doorway of his little terrace smiled to welcome us into his intimate dominion).

With Michael we had gone to the markets and to IKU for lunch.

(Lisa always found this health food shop's cuisine substantially invigorated her and Melissa. It had been a sunny Saturday which had included a brief visit to the Berkelouws bookshop barn at Newtown where Lisa also liked to frequent this time after going to the Alfalfa House co-op shop on Enmore road to acquire fresh vegetables before coming over to Glebe markets as well as a visit to Sapphos bookshop with its yard café out the back; while for everyone to muse about the music coming from a speaker in a brown school case all cut up with big holes and on top of a stool at the wide entrance of the bookshop).

We remarked about a local young woman with long blonde hair walking by dressed all in pink wearing a skirt with frills which made you think of a ballerina. Michael couldn't help but mention then of the time he went to a B-52s concert at the Hordern Pavillion. "On the way we had to pick up a mate's sister who was working at a fast food place near Sydney Town Hall. We were in a VW combi van and as there was nowhere to park we just pretended that we'd broken down while we waited for her. One of my mates got a spanner out and made himself look really busy on the engine. Clinking away and having a laugh. She finally turned up with a girlfriend and they were both dressed up as kinda New Wave singers, even with the B-52s hairdos. Must've been a really quick change at the shop! I can still remember them diving into the back and us driving off in a real hurry."

Going back to the car parked in a backstreet one down from Glebe Point Road. Parallel with it. As if in a parallel universe. It was so quiet. The car was parked outside a small terrace house having a junk sale. A large picture board of photos of furniture items for sale was tied to a tall drink box trolley outside the front gate. I noticed the large metal cylindrical object in the corner of the small porch. At first glance it looked like an oversized Russian samovar. I was reminded of similar metal sculptures I had once seen at a now defunct art gallery in Dulwich Hill. The front yard was tiny and I felt I could easily lean over the small white

picket fence and touch it. Lisa came and stood beside me and this was when a vision of a Max Ernst iron 'elephant' flashed across my mind. A painting with a large grey drum with two short squat legs and a mechanical hose with white horns at the end of it. In the foreground a headless naked woman. Machine as monster. Yes, Max Ernst was right to infer how machines in the 'great war' enabled the human race to fully magnify its bestial impulse to destroy. Yet, before me on the little porch was an object which was aiming at venerating human creativity.

"It's called Max. Like in Maximum. Why like how they say 'maximum!' when a cricketer scores a six in that new short cricket game." The man standing at the door proclaimed. He seemed to be in his late fifties, straggly hair, thinning above the forehead. Bearded. Of heavy build as if his forebears had been of peasant stock. Looking as if he had just come back from labouring in the fields. "It's made of different industrial parts that I had soldered together. I should add it's not for sale. Here's the Son of Max." We were shown a thin, elongated metal piece which had an umbrella handle at the top as if to infer a bird's beak. "I'm trying to sell a lot of old furniture today. If you would like to come in and have a look you're welcome too. While we're out here I'll show you another sculpture I think you'll like."

A small wooden piece was brought out from behind the front door. Its curved surface was very smooth and the undulating form resembled a human figure. "It's called Diana."

(Maximum Ambush)

It was now clear to me that we were in a metaphysical sense much like the members of Actaeon's hunting party.

"This was done by an Italian friend. He knew Giacometti. Peggy Guggenheim was on her way to an exhibition of his but she broke her leg. Bad luck for her and ill fate for him." A wry smile. "These days an artist has to be cunning to be recognized."

"Duchamp said the next great artist has to go underground. I suppose to be like a 'Ulysses nobody.'" I remark. "You sir strike me as one of Duchamp's sincere authentic unknowns. Another artist you may admire is a friend who has wooden sculptures on the front porches of the terraces in the street that runs alongside the pub near here. The one on the corner just before you head down the hill..."

"Yes. I've seen them. They've got a pagan dream-like look about them. They remind me of Chagall..." I feebly stated.

"The whole road has been dubbed the Queen Street Gallery. He's having an exhibition at The Shop Gallery a little gallery space on Glebe Point Road. I believe it's where the Cornstalk Bookshop used to be."

"I know of an Argentinian sculptor who does similar work. I have a small stone angel done by him. He actually used to live near here...he even has a sculpture on the Addison Road Community grounds…I knew his partner…she worked at an asylum centre…even lived in Glebe…"

We walked through the narrow rooms of the terrace covered with art-on-paper on all the walls. The corridor opened up to a space which served as a studio with a big easel and drawing table. Opposite was a kitchenette. We admired the drawings and watercolours on the studio walls which included a considered study of a Braque still life. There was also old tables and bookcases stacked under a staircase. The small backyard was also cluttered with dilapidated furniture. I imagine an elegant gold Diana sculpted to be used as a weathervane rising above the domestic clutter. I saw it at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

"I need to do a clean-up..." confessed our host.

While walking back through the house Lisa stopped to have a second look at the art on the walls. She mentioned her own drawings. The whole place was drenched with a sense of humanity which Lisa seemed to really appreciate.'

Silence.

'We went to Leichhardt to have a coffee and hot chocolate in a Belgian cafe near Berkelouws bookshop. I wanted to go to the upstairs second-hand section to see what I could find while I was in the area. Lisa waited downstairs and I watched her for a moment while climbing the steps as she stood with Melissa under the long chandelier that hangs from the high roof. It is made of many rings of recycled plastic bottles one on top of each other. An elegant cocoon, like an elongated heaven, suspended in space above her-'

Cat suddenly turned his attention to the bright ceiling lights in the UTS gallery and to those he could see in the office suites and large stairwells beyond the large glass wall that was its facade.

The mind jarred. 'The grandiose light of this world is replaced by artificial illumination. This must cease. We, the two visitors to this extraordinary exhibition passed the first set of curtains.'

However, Lisa does not remember what she saw; for as she draws back the first curtain only a distant memory emerges from a whirring mental wheel of remembrance.

'At a crowded cafe in a big tin shed in Balmain. Sitting outside on one of the many wooden tables in a large clearing. The sun tingling its rays on yellowing skin. Sunlight striking the top of a corrugated roof. A glaring blinding white giving way to a scene of other cafes and shops in a large refurbished black boatshed at the bottom of Glebe Point Road at Blackwattle Bay. Ripples of white solar diamonds glisten towards the grass shore.'

Water could always bring on a sense of life that can overcome a burdened psyche.

Zulu Woman

To twirl the mind around (yet again) other exhibition curtains are drawn

back to prompt other memories:

'...enjoying the majestic ambience of the Hippo Lounge. It is a little way down from the old First Draft Gallery on the busy one-way traffic thoroughfare of Chalmers Street; across from Central Railway in Devonshire Street. Sitting on a sofa admiring a black and white photo of a Zulu woman in a frame with bright coloured triangles. To then eye the rest of the stylish African decor. Magical.

(Lisa in Wonderland)

Like the Alice in Wonderland bookshop in Alice Street in Newtown run by a part-time truckie who is a big fan of Jack Kerouac.

(To Aspire to be a Dreamwalker)

To be fascinated while looking at the life of Kahlil Gibran at the State Library when Cat mentioned the great sufi Idries Shah. "He said many of us live as dreamwalkers." Yet there is a hope that life could be a dream. So the body's increasing heaviness, it's slowness, could be a burden liberated in a translucent realm of weightlessness.

Yet it is for Cat to dreamily recall being over at Sydney Observatory walking by with Lisa, Melissa and Michael. To have paused:

(The Einstein Cross)

'The combined gravitational force of an elliptical galaxy within a galaxy cluster amidst a vast dark matter cloud works as a vast floating lens. It refracts the light coming from a star explosion nine billion light years away. As the light is split up by this 'gravitational lens' that by five billion light years is between the supernova and the Hubble telescope by which astronomers are viewing it, a cosmic illusion has been conjured whereby the supernova can presently be seen four times at once. What is also remarkable is that each multiple fiery cloud on this split screen of the universe is equidistant from every other so as to form a stellar cross in the night sky. The so called 'Einstein Cross' is further proof of Einstein's general theory of relativity which predicted 'gravitational lensing' would occur due to the awesome gravity of massive objects pulling on the fabric of time and space. Thus the light of the original star explosion is scattered in different ways to bend and move through the avenues still afforded to it in this conglomeration of white and dark matter. This multiplying 'ghost light' of the death of a star can over the eons be seen over and over again. Starry reruns. The Universe as television on REPEAT. Time. Space. Light. Gravity. Working together in a metaphysical way akin to the human imagination. The divine workings of the stars can play out their own visual tricks. Varied. Perception. Interpretation. The human mind interacting with an interchangeable cosmic

maze to seek out what could be real. Nebulous. Nebula. The magnified light of this cosmic phenomenon turns it into an 'Einstein telescope' to allow astronomers to look even further to the beginning of this ever expanding Universe. (What shall be found at the source of the Creation? Some quantum aspect to prove all is illusion and not just this discovered light projection through a gravitational field? That yes, just as Newton's laws of motion imply that everything is in free fall to everything else like the Earth to the Sun and the Moon to the Earth and that only by revolving around each other nothing collides, that gravity saves us, but... what cannot be ultimately saved...is...a whole Universe in free fall?).'

Human Comprehension Still Needs Astronomical Expansion

"Until the 1920s some astronomers still believed the Universe was only the Milky Way. That's pretty fantastic when you think of someone like Giodano Bruno who hundreds of years ago with no telescope had the imagination to suspect the universe was infinite. A pity he was burnt at the stake by the Italian Inquisition for his many so called heresies; then again it seems Bruno was too much the loudmouth…although I can't talk." Cat now muses. "…he should have been like Thomas Digges who thought well before Bruno there was an endless cosmos. Digges was the quiet achiever in England carrying on with the work of Copernicus and using the Ancient Greeks to help validate his ideas."

The Sea of Fertility

The Sea of Fertility by Yukio Mishima on one of my many dusty bookshelves. Lisa would find out from Cat when he was peering through Gregor's telescope – which I had borrowed that the title actually referred to a barren 'seascape' on the moon to which the 'Coca Cola Japan' of the 1960s was sadly being equated too. Mishima was a gifted writer, yet an ultranationalist who yearned for the Japan of the samurai. "He committed sepikko while trying to initiate a coup hoping the nation would get rid of the Americans who he thought were white-anting Japan. His call to arms fell on deaf ears so Mishima chose to die. This all happened on the same day he handed in his novel to the publishers. Amongst other things, like reincarnation, the book gives you some insight into the mind of someone willing to carry out a terrorist act. Come and have a look Lisa. These moon craters look so sharp."
Lisa much preferred her literal interpretation for a truly fertile sea could help her to hold onto life; to help her overcome a personal desolate humanscape. Transforming what is dark into light. It was all a matter of will. The same will which had Lisa daily battling up that steep hill after taking Melissa to the park at Rushcutters Bay. To defy gravity. This little oasis

would always trump Green Park which although was a convenient spot was hemmed in from all quarters by buildings. There was no expansive view. Lisa desired to see infinity. This is what was needed. Green Park was only visited with Melissa when Cat would like to go to the Green Park Hotel with Michael for a Sunday afternoon drink. Otherwise to go to either Gordons Bay, Bronte or Clovelly beach for a swim. To relax. Always wanting to seek nothing.

Human Knowledge

However, nothing cannot ultimately fend off any erosion; Cat knew this so (in the manner of his own kindness) he would have Lisa with Melissa in tow to accompany him to many a public library to encourage her to peruse at books that would be of interest. Cat would often go as everything 'under the sun' intrigued him. Perusing through old books in the disciplined silence of a library was preferable than doing clinical searches on the internet. If the body could not ultimately be saved then the mind could at least be salvaged from the depths of depression. For Lisa to look at modern literature, art books and some of the history, astronomy and philosophy works that he would intricately study. However, at the Haymarket City Library Lisa was deeply curious to sight the people who would look at foreign papers for cheap airfare deals. Having never been overseas it deeply hurt her to think that any such sojourn now seemed to be an unrequited possibility. Yet the mind could still travel in many ways. To go with Cat to a philosophy talk in a small Level 1 room in Pitt Street. A young Turkish man surrounded by learned books and pamphlets would impishly impress upon his small audience the merits of a Diogenes or Seneca; to broadly consider human experience from cynicism through to stoicism.

Human Prejudice leads to Human Inhumanity

Achievement and depravity: at the Mitchell State Library - after sitting at a long table taking in the soft warm sunlight that would filter through its grand skylight roof - Cat would take Lisa up the foyer white marble stairs to go to the accompanying exhibition halls. There would typically be on display human suffering on a global scale in the sobering clusters of World Press Photos or in the singular haunting war images taken by Don McCullum who as Lisa was to find out in a screening was a photographer noted for his humanity.

(As Lisa was reminded of the universal magnitude of human injustice she was acutely aware of the unholy stigma attached to her disease. Such prejudice was not to be tolerated, it was even to be fought against, if only one had the strength. At least some strength could be found by acquiring knowledge which is Cat's policy: a cultivated mind to triumph over human

ignorance; while for McCullum it seemed as if he would cope after years of covering the war trauma of human history with now taking tranquil photos of the English landscape).

Band Nights

Philosophy. Literature. The Arts. Yet what culture immediately meant to Lisa was to see bands while she still had the physical stamina. Cat's neighbours were always happy to babysit Melissa so Lisa with Michael or myself or all together would frequent nearby pubs such as the Excelsior, Evening Star, Landsdowne and Hopetoun for live music. Occasionally on a Monday night there would be a trip to the Sandringham in Newtown to see Paris Green. On Thursday nights Lisa and Cat were certain to see Michael and his friend 'Master' at the same venue for Roaring Jack. As it turned out Thursday nights at the Sandringham would become a regular event as Caterina would also often go as it was the one night Isabella could be regularly babysat by a relative. Melissa would be dropped off at Caterina's who would get a lift with Michael and Lisa. It was always a lively night which also helped to cement Lisa's friendships with Caterina and Master.

The Rainmaker

A strong bond was also developing between Melissa and Isabella. It reached the point that Isabella was happy for Melissa to borrow her Chilean rainmaker. One time during a phone call between Lisa and Caterina an appreciative Melissa held up the rainmaker to the landline receiver so Isabella could hear the beads lolling from end to end in the enclosed wood cylinder. Lisa laughs when she speaks to Caterina to say goodbye. "One time with Cat we were walking up to this local supermarket and I had to hold my big umbrella over his head as it started to really pour. Remember Melissa? Cat never takes an umbrella. I think I made him feel he was the 'lord of the manor' being taken care of by his two 'serfs'. He was embarrassed! At the supermarket he bought one of those small size umbrellas that fold out into a big one to use on the way home. Melissa checked the price for him by pointing the barcode strip tagged to the umbrella at a store price scanner. Very clever of her!"

(To Try To Have Life Burning Bright)

The growing friendship was such that the two girls would now be taken out together such as seeing a magical children's home-made puppet show at Carriageworks about the Tasmanian Tiger. (Caterina knew one of the puppeteers so the two young friends were delighted to be taken to a

backroom workshop where the puppets were actually made). To the Martian Embassy at Redfern as well as to the nearby Sydney Story Factory. They would laugh together whenever Michael would drive them with their mothers and watch him pretend to vaporise the car in front by pressing a radio button. For a few minutes they were no longer in a car but in a spaceship passing through the deep galactic space of the universe. Among the inner-city street festivals which mainly occurred in the main shopping strips it was at the Marrickville festival that the girls were impressed by three clowns on big stilts. One of whom was juggling balls and plastic bowling pins, the other was playing a trumpet while the third clown was breathing fire. They happily compared them to the monster clown doll outside the garage roll-a-door of the props warehouse that was across the road from Petersham railway station.

(The Past can be a Laughing Clown)

Yet Lisa could only think of the performers that were on stilts at the fire show on the night she met Michael. The past, it seems, is a laughing clown.

Lisa sights life size mannequins on top of shop awnings. They are pointed out to Melissa and Isabella who laugh at the man catching a big shark. They look at the groovy young night clubbers having drinks at a bar. Lisa feigns delight with the children and with Caterina when she also points out a cook with a kebab above a yeeros shop. At a barber cutting his customer's hair. "Michael likes going to the laidback old Italian barbers on Norton Street in Leichhardt now. He thinks he's been transported back twenty years listening to 2CH play Neil Diamond's Hot August Night. Isn't that right? Also to have a sport argument with the old men also waiting for a haircut." To disguise a subterranean fear. Always lurking. "We'll have more fun things to do when the Sydney Festival comes around!" It will be something else to look forward too. Life has to remain full of promise for life to endure. Walking back up to a small corner cafe filled with Gregor's artwork. To see a couple of her old inner-city sketches that Gregor had generously wanted to be displayed. A far away look.

"Everything okay...?" queries Michael.

"Everything's fine...well girls after here we'll go to the Vietnamese grocery just a few doors up and buy some yummy rice paper rolls!").

(Life has to Continue)

Yet the body is waning, the spirit being subdued. The mind gasping. Caterina had Michael babysit Melissa and Isabella whenever it was impossible to find anyone else. Caterina could acutely sense that Lisa's general physical demeanour was on the downslide and much like Cat had surmised the importance of at least keeping

Lisa's mind invigorated. Thus, with Michael attending to the two girls Caterina would take her new friend to see several movies at the many foreign film festivals that were always on in Sydney; such as: the Italian. The French. The Spanish. (After all, sitting was not too physically exhausting). A bored Michael would sometimes amuse the two girls with short films or animations which were either found on the internet or brought over. The girls were bemused by a short animation of a cheeky, single minded donkey refusing to take a heavy load up a steep hill to a village for his frustrated thick black-moustached Greek master. (Michael appreciated the Zorba soundtrack). Yet the favourite was a local short film involving the comical secret life of a green black-spotted Leichhardt dog named Stinky. Lisa would also be amused by such videos while having a late night tea. Melissa still found herself often only accompanied with her mother for company who would more often take her to free exhibitions or events at museums, galleries, city spaces as well as still going to bookshops with cafes. Lisa was pleasantly surprised by what was available for little cost as she scoured the What's On sections on websites dealing with Sydney or to pick up free postcards in cafe or cinema racks which advertised events. (She noted how I had a postcard of a silhouette of a soldier falling to his death with WHY? written above him). It was good there were still public places that people could visit for free. There was also The Drum newspaper which a friend of Master's would deliver around inner-city venues which gave excellent coverage of what bands would be performing every day during the week. Lisa would still see bands but, as she became increasingly ill, it was only when they played in the day like seeing on a laidback Sunday afternoon Frozen Water Tray playing Celtic music at a small upstairs venue in Glebe called the Red Bar. (Two of the four musicians having played with much well known groups such as The Stolen Holdens and Roaring Jack. Thinking also of Gregor Michael always over-awed how the sincerest creators – whether they be musicians or artists or writers or whatever - rarely seemed to obtain the fame and fortune they truly deserved. Two excellent but humble local poets also come to mind). Thus Melissa would also attend and there she would be on a Sunday afternoon looking on with her mother at Perry Keyes with his main offsiders Edmond and Bek at the back of the Carlisle in Newtown finding herself covered in roving coloured dots from the quirky light show. A more typical Sunday afternoon music excursion would be to go The Rose Hotel on Cleveland Street in Chippendale to play bole with Michael, Caterina and Isabelle and just a little way further down the road at the Thistle & Castle watch Irish musicians jamming in the front bar. (To have myself as the acclaimed 'holy man' or 'old time prophet' of Darlinghurst also turn up when there was a talk in the beer garden dealing with Australian politics). Ironically, it was while viewing other Irish musicians at the Harp at Tempe on another Sunday afternoon that Lisa decided to put an end to one of her favourite past times. Michael and Master were watching Neil Murray perform while a tiring Lisa sat with Melissa in the bar lounge watching the frenetic playing of harpsichords, violins, drums and accordions. Melissa could feel her mother hug her to then have both maternal limbs that were wrapped around her go suddenly

limp. Melissa looked up to see her mother just staring at all the other people. In the past week Lisa had gone with Michael to a funeral at a church near to where she now was on the Princes Highway. A childhood friend had died well before time: mortal decay had accelerated in a body cursed by naively experimenting with a drug cocktail as a schoolboy. 'Little John' the dux of the school, all-round sportsman and gifted pianist had a body that was bloated by medication to fend off the drug induced schizophrenia and cancers eating at his body. His heart could not take it anymore and in his young thirties finally succumbed to this one night of youthful indiscretion. Lisa had hovered near to the coffin as a pianist played Nick Cave's Mercy Seat as a last requiem. To imagine a deathly immersion. Eyes shut. Warm sunshine. The face tenses. Peering down to speak to her daughter with a voice that was dull, flat but also with a tinge of anger. Yet, it seemed to Melissa that her mother was really speaking to herself. "They're all going on with their lives. They expect to have many more days like this one. Time is very limited for me. I'm now just on the sideline of life." Silence. A moment of terrible epiphany. "I want to go home Melissa. I'm getting more sick-

(The Past is an Ancient Relic)

One time in the constrained space of Cat's flat Lisa's eyes drifted up to the paintings of a local artist hanging above the high bookshelves. Sunlit inner-city street scenes. Lavender Bay. A vertical GOWINGS sign down the side of a city building. Then an edifice of thoughts that focused on her own inner-city sketches. Now yellowing. A sudden melancholy.

The Human Spirit Cannot Bear Too Much Reality

Hiroshige's woodcut prints at the Japan Foundation at Chifley Square. The serene rural landscapes of villages, boats and bridges of a so called 'floating world' allowed for a reinforcing of how dreams are the inverse of nightmares. Arcadia. A central theme of a Nicholson Museum lecture on the appropriation of Ancient Greek and Roman culture by the High Italian Renaissance. 'It's not just me who wants life to be a dream but it seems the whole of humanity.' A sort of arcadia is played out this Saturday with three Ancient Greek hoplites marching over the lush grass of the Quadrangle towards a magnificent jacaranda tree. Michael whistling Zorba the Greek. Melissa being amused by the Lego Acropolis in the museum itself which is the centrepiece of this open day. History as a plaything. The stuff of Hollywood. "T.S. Eliot said human beings cannot bear too much reality." so said Cat who would never slip up on a chance to point out 'little histories'.

Walking down a footpath beside Fisher Library while leaving the Sydney University campus - after the Lego Acropolis Open Day - Cat diverting attention to a row of three somewhat obscure thin concrete rods on the ground; several feet apart from each other. On closer inspection it was seen

there was lettering on each rod which together were to be viewed as a memento by the university with its gothic buildings in recognising that it was on Cadigal land. "When will White Australia learn to assimilate with the culture which has been here for thousands of years?" Cat inquired. "After already being here for two hundred odd years you'd think we'd already be on our way…" A glance at the modernist sculpture at the university entrance. A rounded human form reading a book. (Cat asked for a photo with Lisa and Melissa standing by it). This modern work was like a counterpoint to the old sculpture of Gilgamesh that was viewed earlier in the day at an opposite end of the campus by the oval. There was also a brief visit to the Centre for Peace and Conflict Studies on the other side of the footbridge going over Parramatta Road which had a banner hanging from it in support of those in Kalgoorlie upset by the murder of a fourteen year old Aboriginal boy. Inside a rather nondescript single-storey brown brick building were all these very colourful protest posters from decades past on all the walls; many of which had been screen-printed. A walk to the big pond at Victoria Park for Melissa to see the ducks. Cat pointed out that the sculpture of the bronze yacht in the middle of this little lake was called the Barrenjoey after the yacht which had won a gold medal in the 1964 Tokyo Olympics. "This is Lake Norman named after the alderman who captained this yacht. There's a plaque that explains everything but I wonder if anyone bothers to read it."

"I've never had." retorted Michael sardonically. "Have you ever seen the Speeds Milk Bar tile in those mosaics in that little park next to the Newtown Neighbourhood Centre? It's got a milkshake maker painted on it. Next time we go to King Street I can show you. I did it. All of the tiles were just done by people who turned up to this workshop at the Neighbourhood Centre organised by this local Greek artist who dresses up as a monk wearing the long black robes and the priest hat. Caterina got me to go along with her friend Rosie."

"Yes. I have seen them…" Cat had stated soberly. "Although I wonder how many people have stopped to look at the engraved row of tiles in the little square where those Saturday markets are held just outside the Neighbourhood Centre. There's some of animals but most of them refer to the local social history. From memory one tile mentions the Battle of Union Street which happened in 1931. The police attacked people from the Unemployed Workers Movement who were defending tenants being evicted from their homes. It was at the height of the Depression Rent Strikes…if you talk to any old timer you'll find out there has been in Sydney over the years a lot of workers actions and big rallies like on May Day all against anything which violated people's rights…protests that are just all forgotten now. I can't imagine any of it happening today…'

Human Comprehension Still Needs Moral Expansion

While on a visit to the S.H. Ervin art gallery on top of Observatory Hill - to see the mysterious landscapes of Clarice Beckett who was not known in her lifetime Cat the 'local historian' then refocused his tumultuous thoughts to show his friends a memorial for the New South Welshmen who went to fight in the Boer War. 'These men who went off to a far away conflict are acknowledged but there are no monuments for the men who died in the wars on this land. Not even at the Australian War Memorial is there any recognition. We live in a land of terrible secrets. The true recent history of this country is yet to be written." (It was a grievous matter that cat had raised before with Lisa while on a Sunday visit to the Carillion bell tower at the Sydney University Quadrangle which was built after the first world war as a commemoration to the many who had died). Cat emphasized. (He was in a righteous mood. Looking out to talk about any injustice no matter how unrelated after just now learning how Clarice Beckett died unrecognized and to have lost her life in her mid-forties having tragically caught pneumonia due to painting on the coast during a storm). "A lot of blood was spilt here too. As far as our eyes can see this was once Aboriginal land but we won't ever acknowledge that a lot of it was also a battleground. Not only will the powers-that-be officially recognize the black defenders of this land who died – maybe up to and more than 60,000 killed in Queensland alone - but as far as I know there are not even any memorials or plaques for the whites who were killed fighting in the wars against them. With all that said, some Aborigines would prefer just to have local memorials at where the massacres happened just like there is one at Myall Creek. At least there's the indigenous memorial with those large silver and gold bullets in Hyde Park for Aboriginals who've fallen...lest we forget." He fumed, thinking of so much unacknowledged racially inspired genocidal horror. His mind turning to the Blue Mountains. "While up past Mt. Victoria there's a large obelisk put up in 1900 to remember when the explorers opened up a way through the mountain range to get even more land. To 'honour' the expansion of their invasion 'beach head' beyond Sydney so as to dispossess even more Aborigines… although, I suppose, no one back then would've looked at it that way. When the true reason these explorers were even able to succeed was because they had Aboriginals show them the way. A lot of roads in Australia and even here in Sydney actually overlay original indigenous pathways."

(Human Rights Stored Away)

Cat and Lisa with Michael, Gregor and Caterina ending up on a cold Monday night in a sparse hall at the Glebe Justice Centre with just a handful of people listening to a female human rights lawyer who was mentioning atrocities

committed against refugees in offshore detention. To learn about a large storage space where ringleaders of a protest were mistreated and then further threatened so they would be silent about what had happened to them.

(Law of the Jungle)

For Cat in a not too unusual state of overt bravado to recall one evening in his flat with Lisa and Michael present: "At the Addison Road Gallery I joined with everyone else stomping their feet and reading out the refugee poems painted on the walls A WAR ON ERROR! I howled out from the press release in which a Vietnamese born artist with her other painter compatriots had stated that the way we maltreat outsiders shows how we also may treat insiders!" To also sympathetically reminisce in regards to his chance meeting with an older Australian Vietnam vet which reminded him of the historical irony of how the Addison Road grounds had been a military barracks. "Another memorial dimension which could be given to the history of the Addison Road grounds would be to soberly highlight the stories of those young men who were recruited to go to the Vietnam War. To go through a jungle with the fear of death infused in every cell of the body as well as mind, to be traumatized and to even go on such deadly patrols on the last day commitment then to be told on a sudden return to Sydney to not even go into the city wearing one's uniform. Although the horrific ordeals of what Indochinese people went through always has to be acknowledged it would still be of great social interest and real emotional gravitas to also have widely acknowledged what these veterans as young apolitical men had to also go through to fight in a war they did not understand; which they did not want to go too and which after so many days of risking losing their lives to then be bureaucratically tossed aside with no real official opportunity to adjust back to so called normal life. To hear of such veterans in their later years haphazardly walking around the community centre as it is today with it no longer being a military barracks all in a daze remembering on recruitment day being shorn like sheep losing their personal identity so as to only have an impersonal army identity as if at the end of it all they had been through a dream, or for many: a nightmare. No bravado, just tragedy. The trauma they went through needs to be better recognized. No idealization-

(Sydney Film Festival Corroboree)

What is not always readily forgotten in every dream are its resplendent moments. So after remembering this bitter talk of unacknowledged Aboriginal sacrifice Lisa had preferred to cast her mind to the opening night of the Sydney Film Festival at the Town Hall. It was here Lisa had caught a glimpse in the celebrity crowd of a director who was famed for films which had profoundly helped to restore a contemporary sense of dignity in the first people. To culturally undermine the victor's perversion of historical truth which did not allow for any grand view of the vanquished. Lisa had gone with Gregor who was hosting a

friend who was working with Aboriginal communities outside Darwin. "She's got a spare ticket. Someone's pulled out. I'm coming too."

'To be dancing with this vibrant fair haired, middle-aged woman I had just met. We are both in sparkling, elegant op shop dresses. The one I'm wearing she has given to me. I feel like I am in a dream waltzing down the wide central aisle as the band on the stage is playing typical world music.'

(Kimberley Woman)

"Cat, on the way back to Gregor's place we stopped to visit a musician friend of hers. A Kimberley woman who was staying as a guest in a granny flat in the backyard of a large Australian Federation style home owned by another musician who with his wife sympathized with the Kimberley woman's cause. As well as being a gifted singer and guitarist she also worked tirelessly to have the ancient rock art of her ancestors saved from mining interests. Gregor couldn't understand why there were no howls of protest in the mainstream press on this issue while at the same time there was so much worry about the potential destruction of ancient sites in the conflict zones of the Middle East. Old sites anywhere – whether in the Kimberley or in some place like Palmyra in Syria need to be saved and its hypocritical that company boardrooms have Aboriginal Dreaming paintings hanging up on the walls while the sacred indigenous land the executives having their meeting time get their wealth from is all carved up."

(The Prophet)

With a cup of tea in hand Lisa had listened intensely to the Kimberley woman wistfully talk about her people's struggle. For Lisa an ever-emerging painful sense of personal vulnerability had made her more empathetic to other people's plights. It was the one thing she realized that was also for the best after many hours of residing with Cat in his 'kingdom of libraries'. Human history bitterly revealed that life was not a dream for many, but truly a nightmare. Yet there was always some sanctuary of hope forged by those who rose above the horrors. Civilisation consistently depended on such visionaries to renew it. (Along with Michael, Lisa wondered if in my own supposed strange way if I was such a person bringing forth visions of hope to my own small 'inner-city realm'. Bringing forth hope to her. A living hope, which paradoxically involved taking notice of the least, even though she counted herself amongst them).

(God Save The Queen Because Nothing Will Save The White Fella)

After mentioning the woman from the Kimberley to me I showed Lisa a video clip of another Kimberley local.

"The Queen never been around here." states an elderly Kimberly painter. The old Aboriginal man looks very regal with his greying black beard and large ten-

gallon cowboy hat. "Don't understand that they call it Crown Land. Don't know why I have to prove this is my land! My paintings show my Dreaming here. I don't see no white fella dreaming. I can show you the waterhole in the desert. I can keep you alive here – can you? I don't even see the Prime Minister walk across the Bridge. He don't think he has to apologise to me. I don't have to apologise to anyone as well. I don't have to say sorry for living here. Why should I tell a thief who come into my place to say sorry to him! To ask thief to recognize me! Yeah! Do that thief! Even mention me in your constitution! Maybe I get a bit more of what you stole from me back!"

The television interviewer who is a young Australian-Greek, who has deliberately done her hair up in a stereotypical buffy 'Effy' look, smiles.

"Who take my kids…my life!" The old black man shakes his head. "No white fella has the right to kick me off my land. I don't show no white fella any waterhole if he do that. Bugger him! He die in the desert!" The old man laughs. "I have black fella brother who fall drunk in white fella's front yard near this gallery place. White fella people having dinner party. They shoo my friend away. Say get out of the front yard! They don't think it is his land in the first place! Should shoo dinner party away! I see many people walk over bridge, see some of my people drinking down at the Quay, many white fellas ignore them anyway!' The elder laughs. 'Yet I deeply appreciate tens of thousands of white fellas walk over the bridge so my people can get proper recognition." A serious look then a smirk. "I speaked to an old Greek fella. He give me a lift in his car. No worries. I asked him – late at night. Give me lift. I will show him waterhole. You think Prime Minister want him to stay here to collect pension?" More laughter. "Waterhole is my pension! – not white fella law! Look what happen to Namijirita! This Prime Minister says refugees not welcome. They welcome on my land. No problem if they even economic migrants! Come and live in the Kimberleys. Not bloody Papua New Guinea! At least that Ian Chappell cricketer fella say free them! He go to Baxter in Port Augusta. Make him feel shame for Australia. It worse place than Port Augusta prison where my people locked up! I see people fly kites over Baxter for people inside to see. They make 'em in that Tin Sheds in Sydney University. Where students screenprint protest posters. It like I see Asian kids make kites and make 'em go high into the clouds! Poor traumatised kids made to obey white fella school rules to be like white fellas. Suffer like our kids. Like I see kids on those Canadian reservation schools also suffer. I have television!" A laugh. "Someone ought to make one of those ancient Chinese kites made for spying...put a person on to look down at Baxter...tell all of us what is going on! They have lock down too long. This Prime Minister take no notice of any protests. He make democracy go sterile. All asleep. Make people feel 'im-po-tent'. Some say rallies counterproductive. Democracy seem to rely on people's short attention spans anyway! Politicians get away with too much! I say what this Prime Minister need is some international sanctions to wake him up! Make everyone wake up!" Laughter. "I see some people wake up to industrial laws and march on the streets! I saw on television a white fella talk

about how fair Australia is to give Pakistan cricket team a flat M.C.G. pitch to bat back into form on Boxing Day match. This on same day government send back Afghan refugee family in Port Augusta to people who want to kill them! They do the same to single women from Saudi Arabia at the airport! Hah! Very 'fair' this Australia! This is Australia 'fair go' this 'hospitality'! More fairer this Catholic nurse I see who speak at Town Hall Square. She say give to poor people in this world some of the riches we get from their hard labour! At least that Paul Keating when Prime Minister admit in Redfern that all white fellas give us was grog and diseases while they take our land, our children and our lives! Yeah you kill us first time with your guns and second time with your vices! Anyhow Michael Long for his people he walk to Melbourne to Canberra to talk to this Prime Minister! Good luck to him! We not survivors but achievers! At least Burnam Burnam try to take England for us! He put up an Aboriginal flag on English beach! He show up white fella law! I vote for him when he try to be senator in white fella parliament!" More laughter. "Then I vote for that old Japanese fellow who has the long hair and his dog and always wearing a street sign that shows up how bad the politics in this land here and also tells us to smile. Be happy! Anyhow, this country want republic. It be any good for black fella? They let a black fella be 'head of state'? To show how this country should really be run with us in charge…?" A laugh. "At least now we give petitions straight over to English royals when come here. Tell 'em every bad thing that happen to us! Australian government don't like that! Don't like any of that international attention! Now don't like the Uluru Statement! Just like they don't like every other document we make for white fella to see – to show how some real justice can come my people's way! Yet White Australia even try to trash up Mabo when your own High Court say terra nullus a lie – a big myth! What hope for me…?" A big grin. "Yeah but you know my land not part of white fella's Australia! No need for white fellas visa here! I show them waterholes! I more than happy explain the Dreaming in these pictures to those poor refugees who suffer like my family-

Community Oasis

There were visits also to the markets at Paddington or Surry Hills or to the markets at the Addison Road Centre as well as going to the Food Pantry shop which mainly serviced people on low incomes to buy basic donated foodstuffs at cheap prices along with also offering free bread and some vegetables. There was also the once a month Saturday night markets to partly raise finds for refugees living in the community which would have an assortment of food stalls from various cultures while on the outside stage there was always a talk followed by an African music band which Melissa especially really enjoyed bopping too. At the weekly Sunday market there was always the chance to buy fresh farm eggs and bask in the sun on the grass by the chai tent; to go inside Reverse Garbage with its huge assortment

of recyclable goods. To admire the Sphinx prop hanging from the warehouse roof as well as a large lamp shade and a big gorilla prop. Outside Melissa and Lisa once enjoyed sitting in giant joyride cups while Michael appreciated the home painted zig-zag pattern on a round bbq top. To spot a wooden suggestion box on a telegraph pole just outside the grounds which Michael said reminded him of this wood phone on a telegraph pole in the main street of Newtown with a sign above it which invited passers-by to make complaint calls to the government. There were also the rows of little silver rectangle badges on the post lintels to the main gate which would reference anyone from Australia who had done some good for the human race. At the centre there would also be visits to the Fair Trade Shop or to the Bowery to peruse the second hand furniture bric-a-brac and other assorted goods such as records and books. There was also occasionally walking to the small art gallery space in a large building divvied up into art studio compartments beside Radio Skid Row. To listen to the bush band players practising in their hut on the way up to this art co-op. Afterwards a coffee by the little café next to the Stir Up Gallery sitting outdoors on milk crates and at a table with a round recycled wooden top or leaving the grounds all together to go up the road to the Alchemy Café. There were sometimes meet-ups with Master whenever he wanted to visit the nursery to purchase native plants or collect some free mulch while dropping off compost at the community garden; although sometimes he would just appear on his bicycle while going on some urban adventure and have a coffee. "I knew you would be here or as the holier-than-thou funda-MENTAL-ists would say: 'The Lord brought me here!'"

"APOCALYPSE SOON!" Michael bemusedlly shouted one day after going to Reverse Garbage as if to imitate Master.

(Rumours of Wars)

"Rumours…rumours of wars…!" Although being good humoured Michael's numbed mind was actually going into a tailspin. Michael had heard the unwelcome news that Reverse Garbage was to move away from the Addison Road compound. For him to think it a shame it had to shift from a relatively central position which it could be easily found to then have to go where what seemed to him to be the periphery of a local industrial estate; despite the public accolades it seemed to Michael it was also occurring for reasons left unsaid, so left only with the rumours he had heard he felt it may have been a reluctant outcome-

(Caterina on the Warpath)

Caterina would also organise many outings for Lisa and these would include

going to the 'Spring time circuit' of many inner west street festivals such as at Dulwich Hill, Summer Hill, Marrickville, Petersham, Glebe and Newtown where there were always kids activities for Isabella and Melissa. Although Caterina would complain that over the years there was an encroaching commercialization and sameness with these festivals. Her fiery spirit especially burst out when a jump-the-castle ride was very over-priced with her main complaint being how she could easily afford it was it fair that actual low-income single mothers be expected to pay so much…? Caterina also aimed her fury once at the entrance attendees of an inner-festival which always fenced off a park and now 'asked' for a five dollar 'donation' when in the past it was just a gold coin requirement for entry when even before there had been no fence and no call for an entry donation. "This is public land! You have no right to privatize this community space! What about those poor people who for them even five dollars is a big outlay! Or don't they matter now you have so many thousands of people coming here anyway! As for me I already pay my council rates to help service such big events which I thought were meant to be 'progressive' and to encourage a 'community spirit' – not to exploit the community! Why is everything a rip off these days?!" Caterina simply flung a gold coin in the donation bin which is what everyone else with her also did. The two security guards dare not intervene and it was also wondered that if it was a donation entry anyway whether it could be legally enforced…?

Once inside the park it was worth seeing Isabella and Melissa enjoy watching the fun dog races at the back of the park and to pat some of the friendly dogs afterwards. Although many of the stalls simply sold items that could be found at any shopping centre Caterina did end up buying for herself a new straw hat as well as purchasing a couple of inexpensive colourful festival shoulder bags for Isabella and Melissa; while there were also some environmental stalls worth visiting with Caterina making sure every petition against fracking in the Pilbara region and stopping the Adani coal mine were signed. When leaving it was 'bemusing' to find out that for security reasons the two children could not sit at a bench that was shaded by a tree as it was next to a cordoned off row of bicycles a festival worker was minding. "Festival apartheid." quipped Caterina who nevertheless thought not to make a scene again in front of 'the herd' and so everyone simply ventured across the road to rest for a few minutes by a few houses which were shading a footpath before venturing down to the usual street markets that were outside a neighbourhood centre on the main road that was always busy with traffic. "It is not so environmental around here anymore!" Caterina would 'muse'.

Sunday Mornings at Ashfield Park and Haberfield

Caterina would often suggest going over to Ashfield Park on a Sunday morning where Melissa would enjoy the company of Isabella and other children in the big play area. There was also the annual Carnival of Cultures

at Ashfield Park (which was more to Caterina's liking) and there was always a big name performer on the main performance stage towards the end of the day and on the one time that Lisa went to this festival she had the very good luck of seeing Archie Roach perform.

On the ordinary Sundays Michael (when he came along) would always be delighted by the sight of elderly Chinese women gracefully doing tai chai sometimes with swords in hands or of children jumping out of the bigger trees as if preparing to ambush any unsuspecting passer-by. "It's not safe to walk around here!" Michael would jest. The usual park playtime would be followed by an obligatory slow walk to Haberfield for the adults to have Italian coffee especially at the San Valentino café with its many delicious sweets. On the way the children would always be enthralled to walk past a house which had a metal Sydney Harbour Bridge over its driveway.

One time at Haberfield when it too was having a street festival there was also the pleasant surprise of coming across an Argentinian couple fantastically dancing the tango in the middle of the street.

Human Salvation

Caterina and Gregor would take Lisa along (often with Michael, or myself, in tow) to a succession of humanitarian events for in this human world there seemed to be a never ending need for them. As a sort of consolation on those lonely hospital nights that were to come when despair would settle in so emphatically Lisa would choreograph such memories in her mind. I would sometimes overseer Lisa in such dire moments as I often came to visit Lisa in the evening when a darker psychological mood was always more likely to prevail. It wasn't that I actually did much, not even speak, as Lisa would lie in bed, sometimes experiencing a troubled sleep, mentally travelling through her own dark inner world. I had recently read Lawrence Ferlinghetti's HER which in one of its long passages spoke of Dante as a tourist in the underworld being selectively shown aspects of hell by state department minders. It was to make sure this upwardly bound visitor did not wander off into any top secret defence zones. I was aware such a 'sanitized' tour of hades did not exist in Lisa's subconscious. All the hideousness of hell would be revealed-

Yes. Human pain.

Like the jagged sounds of a Shostokovich piece which both Lisa and I had heard at another visit to the UTS Gallery. Played by a string quartet. It was while visiting a textile exhibition. We, two visitors amongst others fascinated by an art piece with over two hundred tags hanging in several rows. One underneath another. All with Aboriginal designs. Each tag signifying an indigenous individual. The number of tags equalling the number of years

Europeans had been occupying Australia. The visit was meant to encourage Lisa who was taking some interest again in doing her own art. Gregor had recently provided Lisa with a small sketchbook – taking a liking to its sandy brown cover – to recently draw a few domestic interior sketches, while whiling away the time. Although Lisa's muse had gone it was gradually returning as her cultural experiences steadily increased through the likes of myself and her other friends who constantly took her out; to avoid becoming inward looking, to replenish inner resources, rather than deplete them. To learn at this performance how the cellist Rostropovich and Shostakovich would sit together late at night in Shostakovich's flat. They would not talk. Only listen to a ticking clock. To mindfully escape with such measured silence…the terror in which they daily existed. It was sometimes like this when visiting Lisa. I could hear the clock ticking in my own brain. Bodyclock. To measure the dynamic atomic configuration of my pulsating body. Life ever going. The incessant to and fro of every heart beat, of every inward and outward breath. Of the billions of organic circulatory messages streaking along a myriad of nerve highways. A human body, an encased living cosmos. Growing. Dying. Even at the same time. Cells shedding for new cells to emerge. Yes. Renewal. Hope. To make sense of what is lost. To see how something else is gained. Nevertheless, Time, as an invisible force, penetrates into each individual interior universe as bound by human flesh; to infringe with a mortal dimension at different rates - being affected by variances in each physical space – so as to eventually lead to universal decay and death. Yes, in this increasingly quantum world which the human body has to accustom too where time is not necessarily stable or static. Time, also affected by the light years of human experience existing in the mind. (Mindclock). Unmeasured. Beyond comprehension. Mysterious. Nevertheless, just as galaxies will die from within themselves when their gas - which produces stars - is exhausted, the human spirit may also wither when the physical experience of living becomes mute. When a human being is so emotionally wrought that life feels numb. (Death no longer to be resisted, but to be finally embraced). Time. Space. Life. I know life's spirit extends beyond the human form: '...outside the universal restrictive dimensions of the physical...yet the soul must be nourished...not from the body...(which is finite)...from the infinite universe itself...the very matter of life...life in all its entirety-

Although an oppressive regime would attempt to corrode Shostakovich's soul he still composed resistant symphonies. Despite the fear. The desolation. He created. In essence we are made from the same material as the galaxies which can sustain us. Bruegel. Fire. Madness. Hades. Death in triumph over a fiery ruinous landscape. Rebel angel outcasts. A giant peasant woman with

sword in hand devastating a medieval hell.' "Attack of the 50 foot woman..." I had sardonically murmured under my breath as I had envisaged in my mind a painterly triptych of worldly devastation. Nevertheless, there is hope for the faithful, St. Margaret tying Satan down on a mattress in hell. (Cocytus is bound). An imprisoned, tortured St. Margaret had been swallowed by Satan as a dragon only by a miracle to emerge from such a hellish mouth due to the holy cross she was holding. For this she is famed. (To be the saint of pregnant women who carry within them new life). Yet, for me what has greater significance is a Bruegel scene of St. Margaret making Satan immobile by tying him up on a mattress as he watches his feverish friend struggle with the demons inside her. (So they would metaphorically end up in any stranglehold and not their supposed victim). Hell is for them, and Lisa must not be pulled down. (I am aware in a critique of Bruegel that the French philosopher Gaston Bachelard is mentioned so as to argue the case that fire can be seen as a symbol of a human desire for quickening change; so as to be transformed from one state to another so as to be 'renovated'). Spiritual alchemy. One has to open up to a cosmic fire whose source from the heavens can purge the soul of any malevolence. To become pure. As new. I recall how at the UTS Gallery we had also witnessed the playing of a strange instrument. A trumpet of sorts which was ingeniously made with felt parts attached to a long tube with a zig-zag bent (I actually likened the 'trumpet' to an elongated French horn). Three people were needed to play and hold it. Blowing into the thin pipe and to press its valves which, it was explained, could cut off the flow of air. A modernist piece played. The audience told to liken it to a whale song. A lingering bass sound. Haunting. Submerged. Beautiful. Striving to rise up from watery pyschic depths, seeking out a fresh air sky. The light of day. 'The breath between us' is the acknowledged title of this unique instrument…but Lisa is only breathless. Before me. Now. She breathes with no one. For nobody. There is only herself. For breath. She lies down. Unbreath. Whimper. Fever. Inside her. The world's pus. Ferments. In her. Margaret will help her. Yet cannot heal her. None can heal. Her. She feels she is judged. In her raving mind with it's Macbeth scorpions this world with its pus is inside her. Damns her. Makes her an outcast. A scapegoat. Yet Lisa should not take it personally. To the world she is a non-entity. A stereotype. Someone who can justify the world's ignorance. Unlearned. Uncaring. Better to judge than to understand. Yes. That is so. Much easier to persecute. Lisa is. Judged. Selectively. Precisely. Chosen. Like an Ancient Greek victim. Sacrificed. To cleanse the city. A sickly body. A vagabond. Putrid. Once a human being. Reduced. To nothing. Unnamed. Blamed. Blemished. With the sins of a whole people. Purged with fire. To be ash.' I eye Lisa. With sympathy. 'It is the unjust who survive. Bitterly. Who listen to

the Sirens song. With its ascendant claims. Who sweep aside those in their way. Lustfully. Carried away by hymns of deception. To lure to destroy. Imaginary promises. Imaginary truths. To veil all betrayals. All lies. Strength. Beauty. As Death. No mercy. The Sirens sang for their yearning that Persephone would return from the Underworld. Married to Hades. We listen. Hoping to be married to Paradise…in our world only Hell prevails. Spring is brief. Winter is long. A barren world. We wait. Ungodly. Hours. For a god who never comes. The promise is never fulfilled. The Sirens become whores. We become tramps. A Vichy world. We have become so corrupt. Yet we still seek out victims. To still feel strong. As we wane. As we hold off any ugly truth. We live in a tomb. This world is a tomb. Where we die. This is the world we have gained. While losing our souls. Where we persecute the weak. To seek release. How can we find release from the tomb that is our maligned mind? We kill the innocent. Don McCullum's rushed photo of a child mandolin player joyfully playing his instrument while a dead girl lies in the foreground. (Rushed, as on that day of massacres in war torn Beirut he faced the direct threat of death-by- instant-execution for continuing his craft). Belaqua was a mandolin player. A lazy man, who waited until the very end of his tranquil life to repent to heaven. He rests, in a foetal position, in Dante's depiction of a purgatorial world. Immature. Selfish. At peace despite his wary punishment. Inconvenienced. No great harm awaits him. To be able to live with that. While others below him experience great pain. Forever. I am reminded of today's privileged humanity. For we too are lazy with our minds. Lazy with our morality until directly affected by the dire consequences of our negligence. When we too may suffer. Otherwise we continue to play our mandolins while maligned human beings and corpses lie in destitute lands. Far away. (Or perhaps even when a neighbour suffers tragedy or faces ruin. For us to simply withdraw. To turn the other way. To simply play our music louder). We are desensitized. Unable to comprehend the far too often digital visions of earthly hells or personal nightmares we consistently view from the comfort of our obese properties. Human beings, in general, seem incapable to empathize with the miserable destitution of others when it is outside their direct experience or personally affects them. This disturbing emotional disconnect which, as Susan Sontag has pointed out, reiterates Voltaire's despairing observation that while Lisbon lay in ruins he and others in Paris continued to dance. Yes, I can envisage rhythmic eloquent human circles on a palace floor, like patterns of atoms of the universe, moving uniformly step-by-step, feeling assured in a present stable world. Yet Voltaire knew too well that despite the catch-call of human hope that 'all is well' the walls could fall. The firm ground one stood on could shake and crumble. Worlds collapsing. To find ourselves as troubled 'atoms

in the mud' (as Voltaire wrote). There, I see, Samuel Beckett's vision of a disconsolate human being, lying in the mud - who, as if to verify Voltaire's claim, is tormented, despite all that we learn of this world, of ourselves, of the cosmos - is still uncertain of where we have come from, of where we really are and of where we will go. (It seems this is how it is). There is only the confronting certainty of dissolution of one's 'blood and sinew' existence. Knowledge will help only so far, but ignorance does not really remain an option. Is this all we are? Victims of nature? Of fate? Fate mocking us. To be mocked by death? (Certainly, Lisa would feel so...). There is only the alternative to go on, to seek out, to continue, that in the end, if there is even such a thing, that some yet unfathomable solution to all human concerns will be found. To have faith. Life, after life. Much, at least, of value, is learnt along the way. Belacqua, at least, unlike his modern counterparts, is certain of his fate. Lazing in his Ante-Purgatory, until he will still start his slow, arduous climb up the Mount of Purgatory to reach paradise. He will feel that paradise may never be reached. That all is false. That he will stumble, like some Renaissance Sisyphus and only stumble back down. Climb. Fall. Climb. Fall. And so on. Such is the mood of modern humanity. Then what is the point? If failure only awaits? Yet, we must stand up and begin the ascent. It is the only real choice. One, that we ourselves can make. Lisa must rise up within herself. In mind. If not in body.' Peering at Lisa. 'The dead. Have no mind. No body. They are beyond space. Beyond time. Beyond suffering. Beyond joy. Beyond this universe. Beyond everything. The tables are turning. Is the promise we seek beyond the grave? We want the dead to speak to us. To sing to us. Yet we do not yet know, we who have been unfaithful to ourselves. To any god. To our fellows. Who have only thought of self-preservation. Only of self-satisfaction. That when all truth will finally be revealed. It will be bitter. Unwanted. For many. To know. That the righteous shall gain their justice. Righteousness. Shall come. With the blowing of the seven trumpets. Yes. Revelations. The seven trumpets will be blown. Lisa has listened to this trumpet. In the gallery. A soulful, endearing hint of what awaits. Hope. For the righteous. Persecuted. Corinthians 15: 52. When the trumpet sounds. The dead will rise. Imperishable. Transformed. The trumpeting of the very last post...blowing with the coming dawn....the sun...a light-'

I sweat. 'Fire that chars. Fire that does not invoke change. Transcendence. Purity. There is only heat. Only a damning-'

To think of energies. 'What is not perishable are the atoms that make everything. Which will only disperse. To be new energy. To be new things. Souls as invisible atoms collating. Only visible by the light of an eternal cosmos. Our body's energies seeking to transform their life impetus into our

souls. Atoms. Memories. Interlacing. To intertwine. What we experience by what we are. To become something else. Neuroplasticity. Of the brain. Epicurus thought of a plasticity of all matter to allow for the free movement of particles to sway, to curve. To not remain on a linear course. A freedom of will. Allowable. An. Unpredictable. Undetermined. Future. Choice. Beyond fate. To be fate. Aligned. Responding. With chance. To defy. The unbending will of the gods. Who allow human freedom until they decide to detain, or extinguish it. Delusion. Fate. Memories reincarnate the past. A reincarnate soul. The invisible atomic structure of the human spirit. Interlacing. Intertwining. Memories. Memory as atoms. Time with a soul, which is timeless. Immortalized particles of an ephemeral light reflecting a lived experience. All things are possible for those who know the Creation. The cosmos. Beyond human comprehension. (Time spools…yes...what was it I read at the retrospective of the Australian painter Roy Jackson? That poem by Kathleen Raine on a flyer? Who wrote about William Blake. His Eternities. Divine comprehensions. Divine harmonies. Metaphysical. Metaphysic. To forget. The anguish. The bitterness. The shame. There is relief. Yet, the soul to remember again. Only love provides a refuge. Yes, this is what I read. What is truth? Love. Is truth. Without end). Bach's Partita no. 2 in D minor for solo violin, BWV 1004 Chaconne. To musically reflect the harmony of the Universe. The Golden Mean. This ratio of beauty. To seek out the cosmic order. Underlying. Infinite. Architecture. It was the same with Roy Jackson's Clinamen series. Painted as he too was dying prematurely. (To understand. Epicurus. Lucretius. The bending atomic courses of the Universe. Through him). The energies of life. Resounding. For one. Last time. Gridded patterns. Whole paintings. Made up. Of plywood squares. Painted. Placed. Side by side. Top. Bottom. Left. Right. Interlocking. Organized. Organic. Each an atom. Of a Universe. Teeming. With Life. Of a human mind. Dying. Still. Here is. Life shining bright. Which still shines. Yes. To. Shine. Forever. Flickering. Streaming. A. Photosynthesis. Between. The human spirit. The whole cosmos. Engaging light. To see. At another gallery. A. Photo. Portrait. A. Rectangle. Rows. Of. Photographs. Of. A. Single. Life. A. Human Being. Portrayed. At different stages. Of her existence. To see. Her growth. Her transformations. Her decline. A collation of a life. As with Lisa. We. Collate her life. Visual. Particles. Of. A. Human being's existence. Lisa sweats. Moans. Memories. Flood. Her. All. Bitter. Sweet. There is. Joy. In. Remembrance. Yet. Agony. In knowing. Moments. Cannot. Be. Relived. Still. To hold onto life. To what is known. To what is cherished. To measure. The level of satisfaction. In one's own life. Lisa. Breathing. Rapidly. In. Out. In. Out. In. Out. Retro. Memories. Recollections. Mind fragments. Cells. Mental. Atoms. Mind. Tracers. Yes. A. Memory. Montage. All. Cut. Up.

Sliced. Words. So many. All. Alone. Is. How. Lisa. Feels. All. Is. A. Disconnect. Can. A. Human Being. Be. Shapeless? Without Form? Stateless. In. A. White. Mist. A. Dark. Void. No start. No end. No centre. No edge. No world. Nothing. Abandoned. Free falling. Yet in the void. There is no gravity. Nothing. No down. No up. No left. No right. There is only where you are now. It is where you will always be. Where you always were. Where you will always go too. Without movement. Without freedom. Unchained. Not in body, but chained in mind. Lisa. Paralyzed. Lying. There is no choice, when the only option is to die. Nothing is real. Nothing else. The mind stays still. I am still. Alive. My mind. To. Imagine. Go. Within. Lisa's mind. Yet I. Still. Be. My mind. Think. Reveal. What. Is. In. My. Brain. Dual. Existence. Shall I go somewhere? Should I be somewhere? Yet I am always with myself? Have I always been here? Will I always be here? There is no there and here for I am everywhere living my life at all points and no points all the time in time. Outside time. I will always exist and I will always not exist but I experience my existence and then I will have no experience. I am always in my head. I am always. Light flashing. Obliterating. Emerging. Disappearing. Appearing. Say what you will. Two contrasting constants. Shifting between the prepositions of in and out of up and down of here and there of before and after of yes and no of somewhere and nowhere of happy and sad of hungry and fulfilled of ignorant and learned of entertained and bored of angry and pleased and so on and so on we live to avoid pain and secure pleasure. Two. Opposites. Binary. Mind. Life is seemingly becoming an impossibility. Slowly, life is going. Where can there be vision when there is only a black void? Where there is nothing? Where nothing can be possible to survive? There is only that which does not already exist. Which can never exist. Yet can be perceived. Imagination beyond emptiness. The metaphysical beyond physical existence. Or better still beyond nihilism. Beyond where there is nothing which can keep going when we have ceased to go on. Memory. Inside us but memory can be transported from one to the other as long as the human brain can exist as a living urn to the dead. The dead can live in the living. Remembrance. All is remembrance that will last. The past can live beyond us. When we are gone the mind cannot erode. Memory cannot be eroded. Nothing is forgotten in the universe as energy persists. We live through the rubbish that exists in life but there is the beauty which we instinctively cry out too with our first breath. Which we grow towards, to seek out as we mature. To rise above the refuse of a damned civilization which the disciple Mathew forewarned would be left not standing. Yes, to cry out; to breathe in. The world's air within us, which gives us life; this world exists due to the stars that form all things. Our breath entwined to a universe of light; our mortal breath in union with an omnipotent immortal light; to bring on the

formation of a human soul. We breathe out. We breathe in. The cycle of life recycled. We cry out again, at the end. Yet it should not be in despair. With the hope of seeking out to be reborn as new life, a soul renewed, transformed by what is not yet known. To not to fear, to trust in a new beginning, without end, just like in the cycle of every breath, dissipating towards a new breath. Life, renewed. We behave based on what we do know and do not know. The world is gone. Refuse. Rubbish. Is all that will remain of our civilization. Rubble, desecrated bricks. Rotting newspapers. Death....life crushed...before our eyes...an earthquake...our nemesis. All beyond language. Beyond all human expression. All is reduced to visual optics transferred to mental imprints which can never be erased being outside all physical realities. The mind cannot decay. Only the brain. Which one day will become less than dust. Evaporated. Eroded. Particles. Of Nothing. Formlessness. Without form. We will be without form. When we expire. The last breath. Only to exist are the images which exist without light. With only transcendence. I am formless yes I have no lasting body I have only my mind but that too will disappear then, shall be nothing at all without existence yet my memory will it also not exist? It is already outside time can I conjure up the past but does that mean my past is inside of me or is it somewhere else like the external light my eyes use to see the world around me? When I go. When I disappear the light will still exist. My memories will exist without me, for someone else to find, maybe…I do not know...either way...my memories as news as a story waiting to be found by someone else…or by no one…only to be known by the wavelengths of the universe in some other dimension...perhaps...but of course is outside all of the dimensions of physical reality, everything is outside...except us, and this universe which we are within....there it is...everything I have experienced up in lights on some running mental billboard...head lines...on some screen whirring along at some accelerating speed so it can be read one at a time or all at once outside time outside space, like light, there are my memories like a silent film...(light shrieking brightly)...(to meander as Augustine envisages through the many different rooms containing my past)...(...with the first multiplying cells that lead to bodily form will come a first signal inhalation followed by an exhalation; the action to be repeated to register our ongoing existence. To allow a freedom of will in us). I do not know what will happen to me but my future is already set as it will come about as a consequence of what I will do now influenced by what I did in the past which at one point at which may at this point be my present and my future at this very moment it is my past present and future all at once a multi-dimension of existence I sit then I move and I lie down. (I am real. I am a ghost. I am real, again). All my memories together outside our heads which are now rubbish, or ash, in the ground are we nothing, have we

always been nothing, we will be nothing but the nothing before now exists with something, the shades of memory now stretch across with nothing I do not know, I do not feel. Nothing. What is outside? The Universe? This so called block like universe with past present and future perhaps existing at all the same time. Is memory outside it? I do not know, I do not. Everything can be contained in a single breath. Light. Breath. (Together as spirit). When everything is gone. When we ourselves will go. There will only be with the coming of the darkness only that which cannot be affected by death. Which is beyond obliteration. A transference of energy from one form to another. From Earth to that heaven we call the cosmos. Eternal. Yes, an eternal signal without end. Of what we are, but without body. There is only a wavelength, a stretch of invisible light to mortal eyes. (We must divine heaven through us, to see any eternal vision. The water diviner that is our imagination must scour not only over this earth but over the whole universe to find everlasting water for all life. Would, should we let us at least try to go back to a beginning or towards to an end to find a sense of place? A sense of belonging? To others? To ourselves? Yet there is nowhere. To go. A white mass. A black nothing. To and fro. To and fro. Between the blindness of the light and the blindness of the dark. Flashing. Twirling. Blinking. My eyes. Blink. To know there is an emptiness in the universe which is without white or dark matter a billion light years wide. A void of creation. Defying all our knowledge). Words as symbols of the ephemeral, to be conduits to the visual that exist within consciousness which as an energy may exist beyond known human knowledge. Whirring. Moving. Never ceasing. Mental circulation. To have no stagnation. No despair. Yet when it all ends. This world. The things in it. Living beings. As dust. Memories will be like labels on the side of packages discarded as rubbish on devastated streets. Yes. At the end of the world all will be refuse. Crushed boxes. Mangled. Distorted. Words will die. As signifiers to everything that is mortal. To everything material that shall become dust. There can only be the immaterial. To have cantos not of words but of images, of light. There you have it. Memories. Outside. Time. Outside. Space. Untouchable. Unreality. Beyond the three known dimensions. Of mortality. No mortal realm. To be. Unswallowed. By any black hole. Like streaks of light across a space helmet. In the cosmos. Yet, there is nothing. Nothing. All is blank. When life is gone. The body is gone. Here we go. Around. Nothing. No place. No. Space. No. Time. No. Gravity. Nihilism. No. Hope. No. Mind. No immortal reflection. Mortality upon us. Yet to perceive a universe unbound. (What is beyond, even it?) To desire. There will be no limits. No end. An ever-expanding circle. There it is a stream of memory. Going on. Without beginning. Without end. No alpha. No omega. Beyond all. Beyond revelation. Beyond water. Beyond fire. Beyond air. Beyond earth.

There it is. Life. Bodyless. Unrestricted. Memory visions which we can see without light. Paradise. Within us. That will go on. After us. Indivisible body. The resurrection body. Going through walls. Doors. Beyond the fabric of space and time to be everywhere. At the same time. Where there is no time. Nothing is eternal. I cannot stop my thoughts. All is thought. Going on. Groping. Not understanding. I cannot grasp what is beyond human comprehension. I can only intimate that there is more to reality that humanity will ever know. 'Ever. Forever. A wisp. The past. If it is real. It is to see it through a glass darkly. The mind an enclosed universe which the dimensions of time exist through human consciousness. Even, the future can exist through the visualized expectation of events yet to occur. To arrive at a mental consummation when experience and expectation match-up. The past encapsulated in memory. The universe has a memory which we look at every night. Captured in light. A memory that goes back to its very beginning. Yet our memory has no light. We do not need light to see the past. It is before us as an image outside any state of time and space. The imagination is its own realm. (Perhaps a quantum one. To be a wraith. Memory as a wraith). It is memory which helps shape our sense of ourselves. To order the mind, the alphabet giving form to what is formless. Language our evolutionary abstract for the eternal abstract, different strands of the past all moving along at the same time within us, the stratification of reality, memory multilayers flowing like a river, a memory delta. A void of memory. A rhythm of images. Oscillating. From darkness. To light. Back to darkness. A common human recollection. Jagged. In Lisa. Who wishes to decipher. Hold onto. To lead, rise up to a human resurrection. To find strength and encouragement from recollecting those who have suffered. Who have been reborn. Nevertheless, for Lisa, the underlying precepts of human communication, which is at the core of the acquisition, recording and transmission of human knowledge, of an identifiable perception of the known world, including that of the internal cosmos of the mind, as well as the external cosmos of the stars, leading to the formulation of all human civilization, are falling apart, to totally collapse. Her mental state withers. Suffocates. Suffers. Endures. Remorselessly. Unremitting. Anguish. To. Tear. Apart. Language. Identity. Self. Who am I? Why am I? Where am I? The void is to be no one, to have no reason, to be in no place. Nothing. In the mind. Disjointed. Images. Eroding. Hieroglyphics. Scripts. An Alpha to Omega of human comprehension. To a universal human destiny. Words as symbols. To lead ever further to human perception. Words with changed or multiple meaning in changed contexts. Memory skims. All. Forming. Moulding. Yet. Modulating. Consciousness. Memory. Rolling. Along. Like. A. Never. Ending. Clay. Cuneiform. Seal. Of. Herring. Bone. Cross. Hatch. Patterns. A. Never. Ceasing. Modulated.

Mental. Mantra.

Opening. Night. Rozelle. Shop. Selling. Handmade. African. Objects. To. Aid. Africa. A. One. Woman. Play. Cafe. Attic. Cleveland. Street. Short. Film. Night. Elkington. Park. To. Traverse. The. Water. Large. Cavern. Wharf. Theatre. Space. Australia. Greek. Opera. Large. Hills. Hoist. Fluorescent. Tubes. Attached. To. A. Main. Pole. Wire. Supports. Three. Women. Long. Dresses. Flow. Holding. Song. Sheets. Sing. Village. Songs. Beside. The. Glow. Of. The. Hills. Hoist. A. Suburban. Totem. A. Migrant. Story. Reflects. Frailties. Strengths. Of. The. Universal. Human. Condition. Of. A.I.D.S. Friends. At. Bronte. Farewell. A. Friend. Whose. Ashes. Have. Been. Placed. In. A. Little. Viking. Boat. Set. Alight. Going. Out. To. Sea. Pinball. Machine. Fair. Petersham. Town. Hall. Short. &. Sweet. Plays. Like. Ladders. By. The. Sea. Space. Invaders. Merry. Wives. Of. Windsor. P.A.C.T. Theatre. Erskenville. Motorcyclists. Riding. Onto. Stage. Casablanca. Moonlight. Cinema. Battle. Of. The. Bands. The. Spectators. At. The Hazelwood Bowlo. Covering. Great. Songs. From. The. Sixties. Seventies. Eighties. Dancing. To. Motown. The. Last. Human. Act. Abstract. Paintings. The. Jewish Museum. Young. Female. Artist. Blow. Ups. Of. Still. Life. Done. By. Her. Grandmother. Before. Deportation. A. Simple. Kitchen. Scene. Cabbage. Saucepan. Magnified. To. Depict. A. Microcosm. Of. Human. Defiance. Over. Human. Suffering. A. Book. Launch. At. Bronte. Surf. Club. Of. A. Diary. Written. By. A. Young. Australian. Man. Of. Italian. Heritage. Who. Tragically. Passed. Away. In. A. Road. Accident. In. East. Africa. On. A. Grand. Fundraiser. Journey. Down. The. Whole. Of. This. Vast. Continent. To. Help. Alleviate. Poverty. Excerpts. All. Insightful. Tearfully. Read. Out. One. By. One. By. Friends. From. Different. Points. In. The. Crowded. Hall. Deep. Respect. Shown. By. All. ARTHURS. PIZZA. Paddington. With. Upside. Down. Awning. Sign. Bankstown. Poetry. Slam. Monolith. Sculptures. Hunter. Park. Bondi. Ocean. Desert. Colours. Protest. Images. Paintings. By. Aboriginal. Women. Chris. Cotter. Community. Gallery. NSW. Governess. At. Opening. Night. Madame. Fling. Flong. Short. Films. Astro. Night. At. The. Charles. Perkins. Centre. Sydney. University. Looking. Through. Telescopes. Outside. At. Nebulas. Star. Clusters. Jupiter. Mars. The. Rings. Of. Saturn. Seeing. Two. Stars. Of. Equal. Brightness. Yet. One. Was. Millions. Of. Miles. Further. Away. From. The. Earth. Than. The. Other. Shaking. The. Hand. Of. Johnathan. Harris. Robot. Metal. Claw. Lost. In. Space. At. Seymour. Centre. Seeing. The. One. Day. Of. The. Year. Flamenco. At. Bondi. Pavillion. Melted. Mr. Whippy. Van. Tamarama. Sculptures-by-the-Sea. Picnic. Centennial. Park. To. Stay. Beyond. Restricted. Area. At. Bob. Dylan. Concert. To. See. For. Free. Walk. Away. From. Crowds. To. Be. Alone. Amongst. Trees. A. Wide. Wild. Darkness. To. Feel. Free. Dalai. Lama. At. Entertainment. Centre. Shakespeare-By-The-Sea. Balmoral. On. The. Ground. Sprawling. Imitating. A. Drowned. Ophelia. The. Tempest. At. Belvoir. Christmas. Picnic. At. Petersham. Park. Everyone. To. Read. Out. Parts. The. Merchant. Of. Venice. In. The. Old. Bandstand. Pavillion. Reading. Oscar. Wilde. The. Importance. Of. Being. Earnest. Having. Pavlova. Elderly. Greek. Cypriot. Couple. Play. Backgammon. On. Front. Porch. Of. Redfern. Terrace. Shopfront. CAMERA. LUCIDA. Annandale. Hotel. Sci-fi. Movie. Nights. Cuban. Music. &. Dance. Cumbia! Laidback. Gay. &. Lesbian. Dance. Rockdale. Town. Hall. A. Rugby. League. Player. As. Special. Guest. Priscilla. Queen. Of. The. Desert. Imperial. Hotel. Drag. Show. W.I.R.E.S. Art. &. About. Refugee. Art. In. A. University. Foyer. Chilean. Concert. In. Auditorium. By. Radio. Skid. Row. To. Remember. Allende. On. The. Anniversary. Of. His. Overthrow. At. A. Spanish. Speaking. Film. Festival. Seeing. A. Movie. Of. Chilean. Women. Still. Looking. For. The. Buried. Remains. Of. Their. Disappeared. Loved. Ones. In. A. Desert. Where. Nearby. Astronomers. Look. For. New. Stars. In. The. Clearest. Sky. That. Reveals. The. Cosmos. On. A. Rainy. Night. An. All. Souls. Day. Candlelight. Vigil. In. The. City. From. Martin. Place. To. The. Town. Hall. The. Names. Of. The. Disappeared. From. Central America. Are. Read. Out. To. Echo. A. Defiant. Practice. In. Church. Services. Of. El. Salvador. Guatemala. Of. Other. Parts. Of. Latin. America. When. People. In. Congregations. Would. Tearfully. Call. Out. PRESENT! To. Names. Read. Out. From. The. Altar. Of. Loved. Ones. Who. Had. Become. Victims. Of. The. Death. Squads. The. Dead. Present. With. The. Living. Will. Never. Be. Forgotten. A. Noble. Palestinian. Doctor. Who. Lost. His. Two. Daughters. In. War. Torn. Gaza. Says. Pursue. Justice. And. Happiness. Will. Follow. It. Is. Not. Where. You. Are. But. Who. You. Are. Another. Candle. Vigil. For. Refugees. Suffering. Under. This. Country's. Punishing. Jurisdiction. Apostrophes'. Cafe. Where. Gregor. Had. Exhibited. An. Authentic. Night. For. Him. With. Friends. Prints. In. Homemade. Wooden. Frames. In. The. Bookshelves. Tea. Candles. In. Between. Them. Giving. Two. Icon. Etchings. To. An. Elderly. Homeless. Woman. To. Be. Eternally. Grateful. The. First. Birthday. Party. Of. A. Sierre Leone. Boy. At. A. Small. Bankstown. Flat. Dressed. In. A. Tuxedo. Intensive. English. Centre. Family. Night. Marrickville. Many. Sierre. Leone. Students. Vibrant. Young. Women. Like. Their. Mothers. Elegantly. Dressed. Bright. Clothes. African. Traditional. Colours. Magnify. Human. Dignity. Some. Desiring. To. Be. Nurses. Human. Compassion. Not. Quelled. Despite. An. Obvious. Frailty. Lisa. To. Dance. With. Them. A. Senegal. Dance. Night. At. A. Hut. At. Addison. Road. With. Beating. Drums. A. Grand. Old. Clovelly. House. Small. Group. Of. Naples. Folk. Musicians. Sit. Together. By. Big. Window. Jamming. With. Guitars. Violins. Bongo.

Drums. Tall. Woman. People. Dance. With. Joy. Bus. Tour. Covering. Old. Aboriginal. Resistance. Ground. In. Western. Sydney. Jimmy. Little. Neil. Murray. Singing. Together. At. Victoria. Park. The. Royal. Telephone. Idealized. Noble. Aboriginal. Figures. On. Mitchell. Library. Doors. Large. Crochet. Aboriginal. Flag. Held. Up. By. Proud. Aboriginal. Woman. 50th Anniversary. Freedom. Ride. Concert. Sydney. University. Lawn. Gadigal. Elder. Chika. Welcomes. All. Paul. Kelly. Troy. Casser-Daley. To. Her. Door. Charlie. Perkins. Martin. Luther. King. We. Shall. Overcome. Sung. Majestically. By. Indigenous. Female. Singer. Swimming. Pools. Banned. Aboriginal. Children. RSL. Banned. Aboriginal. Veterans. Coloured. Diggers. March. Redfern. Laying. Wreaths. By. White. Angel. Memorial. White. Digger. Head. Bowed. On. Top. In. Redfern. Park. Learning. Of. Harry. Who. With. Superior. Tracking. Skills. Fought. On Kokoda. Aboriginal. Auntie. Wearing. Wide. Brim. Hat. With. Many. Badges. NSW. Governess. In. Attendance. Walk. Past. The. Black. Anzac. Mural. Seeing. Aboriginal. Journalist. Stan. Grant. Aboriginal. Parliamentarian. Linda. Burney. People. Wearing. Charlie. Perkins. Face. Masks. In. Remembrance. After. His. Death. Charles. Perkins. Plaque. On. Sydney. University. Grounds. To. Remember. The . Freedom. Ride. Bullets. Memorial. In. Hyde. Park. For. Indigenous. Fallen. Footbridge. Theatre. Ed. Kueper. Jimmy. Little. At. Newtown. RSL. An. Evening. Mist. Going. Through. A. City. Underworld. A. Dawn. Service. To. Emerge. Into. The. Light. Bagpipe. Band. On. Footpath. Mesmerize. Enthralls. All. The. Mull. Of. McKintyre. A. Sunny. Day. A. Sudden. Late. Afternoon. Hailstorm. Newtown. White. Footpaths. Blinding. Darkness. To. Understand. Why. Dante. Had. An. Ice. Hell. The. Hipsters. Will. Be. Taking. Photos. Of. The. End. Of. The. World. With. Their. Smart. Phones. Agent. Orange. Benefit. Concert. Addison. Road. University. Gallery. A. Small. Gericault. Drawing. Hercules. Wrestles. Antaeus. His. Strength. From. Contact. With. The Ground. To. Lose. Once. Lifted. Into. The. Air. By. Hercules. Stay. In. Touch. With. Mother. Earth. Culture. Intersects. With. Death. HIDDEN. Outdoor. Sculptures. At. Rookwood. Cemetery. Big. Red. Metal. Box. Filled. With People's. Notes. For. Departed. Loved. Ones. East. European. Music. Sorry. Business. Totems. Nostalgic. Cemetery. Joyride. Old. Green. Yellow. Sixties. Bus. Green. Bench. Interior. NO SMOKING/SMOKING. Sections. Sign. Sun. Shining. Through. Windows. Trees. Tombstones. Canadian. Totem. Pole. Victoria. Park. VOTE. 1. NO. AIRCRAFT. NOISE. Sign. Above. Shopfront. On. Busy. Parramatta. Road. WAR. A South Collection. Stone. Building. Darlington. Refugee. Benefit. Accappella. Night. Voices. Of. The. Vacant. Lot. The Cafe. At. The. Gates. Of. Salvation. Give. Peace. A. Chance. White. Angel. Made. From. Scroll. Paper. Made. By. Young. Woman. From. Apostrophes'. Café. Pop. Up. Art. Markets. Head. On. Photo. Festival. People. Of. Third. World. Photos. Strength. In. Adversity. The. Winter. Station. At. The. Union. Hotel. Steam. Trains. At. Goulburn. A. Smoke. Like. Winter. Wiry. Singer. Of. Joeys. Coop. Gesticulates. Stolen. Holdens. At. A. Cavern. Like. Venue. With. Large. Photo. Of. Bondi. Police. Who. Shot. Killed. A. Mentally. Ill. Frenchman. Playing. At. The. Botany. Bay. View. Hotel. With. A. Large. Colour. Leadlight. Tall. Ship. Corner. Window. Eurovision. On. The. Pub. TVs. The Frozen Water. Tray. Play. At. Glebe. Kelbys. Cafe. Marrickville. Dave. Warner. Django. Bar. Old. Posters. Music. Bric-a-brac. Coloured. Walls. The. Sirens. Playing. On. Second. Floor. Upstairs. At. The. Camelot. At. The. Same. Time. Warner. Talks. About. Bodgies. In. The. Seventies. Penniless. In Spain. Wants. To. Write. Things. Typically. Australian. Suburban. Lawns. Playing. Cards. In. A. Tropical. Cyclone. Suburban. Soldier. T-shirts. Convict. Streak! Its. A. Mugs. Game! Car. Park! UK. Euchard! In. Australia. No. One Understands. Irony. Anymore. Don't. Criticize. What. You. Don't. Understand! A. Screen. Projected. At. Intermission. Black. &. White. Film. Clips. Motown. Blues. Performers. Incite. Memory. Afro-American Dancers. Slide. Over. Nightclub. Tables. Bek. Sings. Of. The. Human. Condition. Masala. The. Band. Narrow. First. Floor. Club. Oxford. Street. A. Narrow. Flight. Of. Stairs. A. Short. Film. Night. On. Third. World. Issues. Side-On Cafe. Annandale. Large. Twirling. Mirror. Ball. Dots. Colour. Light. Julian. Assange. Band. Playing. At. Imperial. Hotel. The. Band. Members. Wearing. Blonde. Wigs. Business. Suits. Tiny. Crowd. A. Mr. Whippy. Van. Playing. Classical. Music. In. The. Suburbs. Australian. Ensemble's. Transfigured. Night. At. UNSW. A. Lecture. How. Torture. Traumatizes. The. Human. Brain. Eurydice. &. Orpheus. At. NIDA. Fishermans. Wharf. The. Gunnery. Large. Screens. Ned. Kelly. With. Sydney. Underworld. Crim. Neddy. Looping. Video. Scenes. Change. Every. Few. Minutes. Start. End. Start. End. Loop. All. Day. Gunfire. On. Screen. To. Feel. Like. In. A. Shooting. Gallery. Two. Mirrors. Midair. Halves. Of. Ned. Kelly. Reminded. Of. Asymmetric. Ink. Blots. Ned. Kelly's. Helmet. Rorschach. Convict. Streak. Being. Gallery. Renamed. Artspace. Then. Later. First. Draft. Kelly's. Heroes. Clint. Eastwood. Telly. Savalas. Dirty. Dozen. Tiger. Tank. No. Match. For. Light. Armoured. Sherman. Tanks. General. Sherman. Burnt. Atlanta. Confederacy. To. Be. Cautious. To. Rise. Again. Gregor. Driving. His. Small. Peugot. Across. Sydney. Harbour. Bridge. Critical. Mass. Bicycle. Traffic. Jam. Overhead. Bridge. Climbers. Going. To. Palm. Beach. To. Stay. Overnight. With. A. Friend. Nearby. To. The. Lighthouse. Gregor. Been. North. To. Attend. A. Wedding. Belongil. Guesthouse. Seeing. Jason. Madeline. Collected. Things. Still. Left. To. Bring. To Sydney. Met. Blue. To. Talk. Of. Fairweather. Visiting. Brunswick. Heads. Artist. Shop. Come. Cafe. Gallery. Yes. A. Nice. Sleepy. Town. Hope. Stays. That. Way. Byron. Bay. Northern. Hotel. Footpath. Two. Female. Performers. Dressed. In. Pink. Leotards. One. Sprawled. Out.

Midair. Stomach. Resting. On. Feet. Of. The. Other. Lying. On. Ground. Legs. Raised. To. The. Sky. Arms. Legs. Spread. Out. Four. Ways. A. Human. Star. Two. Indian. Magicians. Wearing. Black. Clothes. Beards. Noticed. Gregor. His. Afga. Camera. Asked. Him. To. Go. For. A. Drive. To. Brunswick. Heads. There. He. Was. In. The. Backseat. Of. A. Sixties. Black. Valiant. He. Took. Photos. Indian. Magicians. On. The. Street. Rope. Tricks. Balls. From. Mouth. B&W. Photos. Sent. To. Newcastle. Where. The. Magicians. Lived. Nobbys. Beach. Kilcare. Antenna. Documentary. Festival. Music. Festival. Birchgrove. Park. Young. People. Wear. Primitive. Fancy. Dress. Playing. Saxophones. Elderly. Pulling. Long. Ropes. Ringing. Bells. Tower. Old. Stone. Church. Railway. Square. St. Lawrence. Was. Burnt. Alive. Fire. Juggler. On. Street. Full. Moon. Above. Legs. On. The. Wall. Climbing. Up. Down. Dancing. At. The. AMA. Building. Circular. Quay. Scrabble. At Sapphos. Cafe. Greek. Migrant. Production. The. Promised. Woman. Sidetrack. Theatre. Chekov's. The. Seagull. LANDED. A. Refugee. Student. Play. The. Mexican. Day. Of. The. Dead. Fiesta. In. The. Latin. American. Hut. Sugar. Skulls. People's. Photos. At. Leichhardt. Rescue. Orangutan. Stalls. At. Belmore. Park. Library. Bookseller. On. King. Street. Footpath. Buying. Myth. Of. Sisyphus. Free. Books. To. Borrow. In. Box. On. Oxford. Street. Floating Time. Chinese Prints. University. Gallery. Sculptures-In-The-Park. Maundrall. Park. Petersham. Spinning. For. A. Song. On. A. Raffle. Wheel. At. A. Shout. Brothers. Gig. The. Sandringham Hotel. Grant. Edmond. Steph. Ica. At. The. Union. Hotel. Frank. The. Puppeteer. The. Poets. Union. At. The. Gallery. Cafe. Annandale. OPEN. MIC. SAPPHOS. Melbourne. Poet. □.. Collective. Press. A. Scholarly. Talk. Gleebooks. Nikos. Kazantzakis. El. Greco. Fellow. Cretans. Who. Understood. Exile. Minoan. Civilization. Reached. Great. Heights. Only. To. Be. Wiped. Out. By. Cataclysm. A. Volcanic. Eruption. Earthquake. Tsunami. All. In. Crete's. Racial. Memory. We. Must. Take. Care. Of. The. Soul. Toledo. Aristocracy. Conquered Spain. The. New. World. Yet. El. Greco. In. The. Burial. Of. Count. Orgaz. Portrays. Toledo's. Conquerors. Without. Soul. Without. Joy. Afghan. Artefacts. At. AGNSW. Cultural. Heritage. Surviving. National. Tribulation. A. Crypt. With. A. Painting Of. A. Fallen. WWI. Soldier. As. St. Michael. The. Sirens. This. All. Woman. Band. Saxophones. At. Macquarie. Hotel. A. Saturday. Night. Laksa. At. The. Golden. Barley. Hotel. At. The. Townie. To. See. On. The. Screen. A . Horse. Called. Odyssey. A. Man. As. Big. As. A. Cyclops. Having. A. Cheap. Mongolian. Lamb. With. Black. Bean. Sauce. And. Rice. Warning. About. Thieves. Hiding. In. The. Bushes. At. Erskineville. Oval. The. Sirens. At. Alexandria Bowling Club. At. A. Table. Women. Who. Had. Been. On. A. Factory. Outlet. Discount. Shop. Bus. Tour. Talking. Of. Marrickville. Bowling. Club. A. Johnny. Cash. Cover. Band. Tex. Perkins. The. Man. In. Black. The. Cruel. Sea. At. The. Metro. The. Sando. New. Years. Eve. Woman. In. Wheelchair. Wearing. Silver. Crown. Ancient. Greek. Music. At. A. Hurlstone. Park. Greek. Bookshop. Café. Performance. Space. OXJAM. Benefit. Local. Suburban. Bands. Playing. In. Suburban. House. The. Local. Poet. Reading. The. Following. Poem. No. Profit. When. Is. A. Prophet. Not. A .Prophet? When. He. Is. A. Socket. In. Some. Pocket. Of. The. Machinery. Of. Power. Hey. Smarty-pants! Don't. Think. About. The. Money! Don't. Be. Like. That! Don't. Be. A. Non-prophet! With. No. Go. Zones. In. The. Wallet! Don't. Hock. Your. Integrity! Sock. It. To. Them! Everyone. Clapping. Wanting. More. A. Female. Band. Playing. Ukelekes. Flashing. Coloured. Lights. Shining. On. Ceiling. Joy. In. Dancing. Islam. Pattern. Surfboards. Indonesian. Festival. Casula. Powerhouse. Gallery. Suburban. Portraits. Aboriginal. Design. Surfboards. University. Of. Technology. Front. Foyer. Large. B&W. Digital. Photo. Multiple. Images. Of. Same. Aboriginal. Man. Wearing. White. Suit. Black. Bowler. Hat. Standing. In. Different. Spots. At. Large. WW1. Memorial. Out. Of. Print. Books. Sydney. Writers. Festival. Archie. Roach. Launching. Children's. Book. Written. With. Ruby. Hunter. Neil. Murray. Outdoor. Performance. Maritime. Museum. Forecourt. Gregor's. Arm. Cast. Autographed. Boomalli. Unplugged. Sunday. Afternoon. Concert. Song. About. Six. Crosses. On. Old. Pacific. Highway. Roadside. Boomalli. Means. To Strike. Bangarra. Dancing. By. Opera. House. Back. Steps At. Carriageworks. Seeing. Photos. Of. Boycotts. Of. Ports. To. Help. Workers. In. Other. Countries. Voting. For. Danny. Lim. In. Senate. His. Sandwich. Board. Protests. Make. Him. A. Sydney. Icon. A. Philippines. Male. Artist. Has. Security. Cameras. Covered. By. Seashells. An Australian. Female. Artist. With. The. Breath. Within. Resurrected. Found. Objects. Juxtaposed. With. Each. Other. Ariel. Dorfman. At. The. Wharf. Theatre. To. Talk. About. His. Play. Death. &. The. Maiden. Marquez. Love. &.Cholera. Hugo. Weaving. Whizzing. Through. The. Air. At. End. Of. A. Rope. At. A. Belvoir Street. Play. Of. That. Eye. The. Sky. Children. Swinging. From. Ropes. Of. Snugglecup. Cuddlepie. Play. At. Jamberoo Hall. SLEEP. Overnight. Classical. Concert. At. Sydney. Opera. House. The. Artist. As. Prodigal. Son. Thrown. Out. Of. The. Gallery. At. The. Opening. He. Was. Not. Going. To. Buy. Any. Art. Of. The. Famous. Artist. The. Art. Market. Reigns. Supreme. Only. The. Buying. Patrons. Are. Desired. By. The. Art. Dealers. Decorated. Ukeleles. Exhibition. Bondi. Tiny. Tim. Archive. Photo. Captain. Matchbox. Whoopee. Band. Photos. Brunswick. Street. Curio. Shops. In. Smith. &. Church. Streets. Cut-outs. Props. Above. On. Shop. Awnings. Animated. Winged. Figures. A. Big. Daffodil. With. Scary. Mouth. Oversize. Picture. Frame. Large. Clock. Reading. How. It. Is. Texts. For. Nothing. By. Samuel. Beckett. Waiting. For. Godot. With. Max. Cullen. Brecht's. Threepenny. Opera. By. Sydney. Theatre. Company. Inspector. Montalbano. In. Person. At. The. Italian. FiIm.

Festival. A. Police. Character. Who. Could. Not. Be. Bought. Off. Vietnamese. Norton. Street. Bakery. The. Vietnamese. Roll. Out. Legacy. Of. The. Vietnam. War. An. Ultimo. Street. Sign. Says. Ephemeral. Borealis. At. Art. Express. Old. Migrant. Greek. Man. In. Student. Video. Talks. Of. The. Inevitability. Of. Death. We. Live. Like. A. Fig. Grows. Ripens. Then. Falls. One. Thinks. Of. The. Past. Often. When. One. Gets. Old. Short. Play. Of. People. Trapped. In. An. Elevator. At. The. Giant. Dwarf. Theatre. Tivoli. Hotel. Theatre. Culture. At. Work. Studios. At. Pyrmont. Inner. City. Cafe. Prints. Colombian. Street. Children. Becoming. Professional. Circus. Performers. To. Sit. Drink. Chai. On. Bean. Bags. Listen. To. A. Mongolian. Throat. Musician. To. West. Sumatra. Sounds. At. Bondi. Photo. Studio. Absolute. Soiree. Peter. Singer. On. The. Radio. Singing. About. A. Golden. Thread. Koori. Radio. Winged. Angel. War. Memorial. At. Pyrmont. Enmore. Allen's. Bakery. Old. Bus. Commuter. Wearing. Rugby. League. Cap. Has. Long. Grey. Wispy. Beard. Sits. On. Slow. Crowded. Bus. Creaks. Like. First. Fleet. Ship. Be. Like. Odysseus. Taking. Ten. Years. To. Get. Anywhere. Says. Knowledge. Matters. As. A. Boy. Was. Always. Thinking. Of. Something. To. Do. Like. Make Kites. Everyday Life. Of. East. Europeans. At. Australian. Centre. Of. Photography. Sometimes. Quirky. Free. Art. Gallery. Movies. The. Opera House. Foyer. Live. Performances. On. Close. Circuit. TV. Italian. Film. Maker. His. Wife. In. Old. Glebe. House. Editing. An. East. Timor. Doco. Frontyard. Films. Museum. Of. Contemporary. Art. Viewing. A. 24. Hour. Film. With. Movie. Scenes.Referencing. Actual. Real. Time. Cinematic. Time. Atomic. Time. Psychological. Time. Physical. Time. Cosmic. Time. Day. Night. Time. To. Live. To. Survive. A. Young. Afghan. Woman. Her. Middle. Age. Vietnamese. Female. Counterpart. In. A. Council. Hall. No. One. Chooses. To. Spend. Their. Life. On. The. Move. We. Are. Forced. To. Leave. To. Save. Our. Lives. We. Have. The. Same. Desires. For. Life. As. Anyone. Else. We. Want. To. Live. Our. Lives. In. Safety. Like. Everyone. Else-

Arbitrary. Meaning.
Arbitrary. End.

Traditional Chinese landscapes in a long narrow living room. Painted by the father of a Chinese family in Tempe. Michael had stopped to help jump start his old car. So we were invited in for a green tea...to sense the sanctuary of empty space on those tranquil canvases.

[deep space]

(Lonesome Cowboy)

'As I sifted through hundreds of old photos in dusty cardboard boxes I sanguinely noted how quite a few of my favourite ones have been ruined or lost I realized how these half- forgotten faded paper images had taken on a nostalgic archival quality visual soundings of the past the human impulse to capture with symbols written and visual language any ephemeral moment before it disappears to picture the present as it invariably becomes the past so it will be recounted in a future yet to come and for generations yet to be born the unborn to know the dead life is in between a firework that briefly lights up a vast dark sky the artist as shaman in the cave re-presents an afterlife otherworld that will not fade whose immortal qualities need to be mirrored in this mortal world so life can continue seamlessly when the human spirit ascends from a physical self-contained perimeter the human body that will dissolve to an ever constant nonmaterial boundless ether: eternalness much present day art may no longer serve an overtly religious function but there is still an inherent desire that continues to link us to our Neolithic forebears to defy time with the simple press of a mobile

camera button a fleeting present is crystallized life as a readymade every human being a found object the ordinary transfixed as extraordinary each individual can immediately be the historian of oneself each digital icon can become an additional fragment of a new ever mutating paradoxical eternal present in that endless electronic window: cyberspace what is particular and private can be contextualized as a microcosm of the universal and public such is the perceived commonality of human experience each life does count Johnny Cash asks what has he become old wise but then dust yet I can watch every stage of his life through images on a virtual desktop that will not fade sustained only by light that other world on the cave wall is now readily available anywhere on the globe on every computer and television screen each life can be viewed and appreciated just as art on a societal level exists to form reform preserve cultural memory every individual memory also has the opportunity to transcend death our unlimited human imagination continually multiplying as well as limitlessly able to record in multiple ways what each generation sees what it diversely means to be human for all time lest we forget-

ALPHA BETA GAMMA DELTA EPSILON ZETA ETA THETA IOTA KAPPA LAMBDA MU NU XI OMICRON PI RHO SIGMA TAU UPSILON PHI CHI PSI OMEGA

i use silver tongs to pick up a chinese bun to put on wooden tray actor friend drinks his award winning coffee plays a video of an innercity party with musicians and singers not yet famous he met bukowski at city lights to take his box of books to his car directs a play of eccentric male literary figure les robinson who lived in sydney harbour cave the timeless land by eleanor dark cityhub american artist stuart davis had fin on his last painting & died two days later in 1749 a london gentleman would make the claim a man could dive into a wine bottle the new calender of revolutionary france elvis presley's that's all right, mama his first hit from goofing around during sun studio session break jack charles indigenous actor mentors prisoners where he once was soul sickness dugongs some nigerians surround a goat claiming to police it is a car thief who has transformed himself using black magic egypt exploration society finds piles of ancient egyptian ibis mummies pagan comes from the word peasant tangles genomes save boy's life people smugglers may have been paid by australian government to turn back refugee boat world nomad games in krystigan two female tightrope walkers practising in newtown park at dusk a lone juggler in turkey recycle water bottle vending machines provide food to stray dogs tiny water purifier developed powered by light fabric making volts from light toilet paper wedding dress competition in central park blacks protest with an alternative school setup in an auditorium tied 2000 a.d. u.s. election need legalcare calais refugee camp the jungle school band whole team kneel for black lives matters crowds applaud pakistan's malala champion for female education culture vulture gatekeepers guerilla visual projections of refugees killed in offshore detention on london's australia house ska music post truth politics male redbacks survive cannibalization by mating with immature female spiders satellite falls u.s. & britain sell arms to saudi arabia killing yemen war civilians malthaus population fears are really ecofascist a universal human root language discovered genetic crops biological warfare arms race dna manipulation genetic species extinction continents move from each other at same rate as fingernail growth conservation has green turtles surging on north queensland island hunger strike burmese punks help homeless capitalism is a faustian exercise to make profit do deals with any devil rhinos killed for ivory dakota indians defend sacred land from pipeline native land under legal threat australian soldier who lost his legs in ied explosion in afghanistan is successful in paralympics captain cook stole aboriginal shields spears after altercation descendant wants returned slavery in australia exists aboriginal workers still wait for unpaid wages from decades ago gonski ndis german and russian soldiers fighting in the same building ruins exchanged cigarettes and water from different floors during a respite in the hostilities protest against high hospital parking fees so what will you be when you die? internet algorithims a belief death is a platform to a new beginning abc producer laid off between shows frankfurt school 250 protest silhouettes of children trapped on nauru outside federal parliament house west papua tree kangaroos threatened blackberry mobiles now almost non-existent they're putting the rent up they found a loophole the ukraine is facing threat of invasion to say it's no longer a non profit the smaller bordering nations all fearing the same thing apparently this big shed is rundown like another anschluss unsafe yet the place is still open for business no funds to fix it up lukewarm sanctions seems to be money for the offices to get a make over propaganda trying to negotiate has proved fruitless the media is blamed they have to move out outcasts there's already been fighting for many years although are long standing institutions fears of a rerun of nineteen thirties appeasement gave it a real sense of community they would cease to exist in a few months historical takeover a win win it's claimed by those who don't seem too fussed about their closure to argue this country has no right to exist yes have found new warehouse spaces to be so called welcome oases in industrial deserts all cut off and isolated costly resistance inevitable a caustic mind was not impressed but all he had to go on were

chinese whispers offhand remarks mentioned to him by someone off-the-cuff false flag operations to justify invasion there was no longer mention of discord from then on silence instead of an outpouring of grief just public smiles all round oh yes time to move on to a so called new adventure so called new directions to argue there'll now be a broader educational outreach and all the rest of it as if to disguise a darker reality not so much with the moves themselves that hopefully will bring to fruition positive results due to the resourceful commitment of those involved the locals just want peace with these long community establishments but rather in the reason for them to have to move fear of external threat cynically note some of the self-promotion going on with the publicized profiling of other community goods done so effective to wonder if getting it all wrong yet saw no good in these community stalwarts going as to what he initially heard no i won't say who said it as i don't want this person to get into trouble especially in any legal way to defy international law to rezone regions with a stroke of the pen although i doubt it could be all hearsay anyway to recall how management had a point of difference a couple of years ago something to do with so called regulations that newspaper article drawing out the issues but to note no comment from management forced occupation of eastern zones now to go with not even a whimper of protest resignation what would happen to the spaces once vacated sad whispers under bated breath then the posters that started appearing now & again in protest on telegraph poles on some of the walls not that they would last long war is hell mentioning an intense displeasure one last nostalgic visit to see what vinyl records would be worth purchasing indiscriminate bombardment in a small back book room many deaths lost! community spirit! they have to move! what will happen to the spaces?! to be left to fight all alone to seek shelter all alone how can the community spirit be found? well it won't be found in the hearts of those who want this move to happen! There's no excuse for this invasion to happen let's hope it won't become a business park! where now is the community ethos? more explosions shrapnel going to the toilet block meandering listening to the bush band players practicing in their own designated hut after all three had been at an exhibition of artists who had rented studio space in a large hut at the back of the grounds to return to old imperial glory near the small building which housed radio skid row read the posters had to say including even the other over the top statements on these apparently quickly taped up a3 white sheets casualties over the top from the trenches rising and she was sure he put these posters up neoliberal takeover big word used she mused must have been talking to so and so lately not that she would mind if her suspicions proved correct as if it was whoever had put up these impromptu signs she thought it was a good thing after all she had often in the past purchased at a good value price many useful items that otherwise would've ended up on a scrapheap or landfill outwitting the foe planned long ago at least here was recycling being of real use staged public statements and many an art teacher had their art rooms filled with the orphaned flotsam and jetsam of industrial society to make sure the narrative flowed the way wanted it to go to justify the coming mayhem that would end up being creatively utilized to have apologists who think in old ways by many an imaginative pupil to pronounce many a false equivalence from other wars no one from management present to wish those on their new journey no one he recognised anyway he's sure they had their reasons greens may become too mainstream factionalism be divisive police bodycams not on do not call register nepotism in workplace vacuum waste collection chimpanzees down 90% in 100 years indigenous bundian way from mt. kosziousko to twofold bay near eden aboriginal colony 1000s of years ago in far north queensland four concrete sculptures in a wall by parrammatta road from the fifties of workers airliner shot out of the sky trump as humpty dumpy mural to fall off wall two reformed prisoners executed in bali creator outsiderism wwi camouflage can be seen as nature & humanity blending for first time a matter of life & death green buildings should integrate with nature to serve same vital purpose trees in cities torn down for motorways a newtown clothing shop is employs refugee women namibia genetic info confirms african origins of humanity placing genes in embryos to assure health port headland aboriginal woman death in custody cruelly treated cries for help ignored who was jailed for simply not paying fines constitution manipulation in dismissal may leave legacy of german style 1933 constitutional manipulation ancient hebrew scroll digitally read boyer lectures fair australia: social justice & the health gap by professor sir michael marmot iceland's hidden elves mozambique wild honey guide birds work with human honey hunters two american women work out way to make rats infertile tim costello last st.kilda mayor marriage equality perkunas baltic god of fire brazil male football team win olympic gold scientists stop light with a cold atoms cloud to initiate quantum logic gate a building block for quantum computing antibiotic resistance sick aboriginals taken to west australian islands to die falling bodies from twin towers north korea nuclear test jt vocalized after nrlgf win for a new townsville stadium warren ryan medal sovereign fund is citizen's wealth norway's grows through oil profits making it valuable & largest the country has boycotted palm oil involved in environmental offses due to its reliance on oil and gas but one day will have to shift to renewables like the rest of the planet the russian human right lawyer said that putin only needs to make some showcase trials and everyone else gets the hint and selfcensors he likes to work within the law which he can set so as to appear more legitimate is also more efficient his draconian foreign agent laws now unwittingly being echoed in australia which could weaken democracy united states talks of checking people's social media as part of the visa process thousands of school students in australia all on strike to demonstrate for climate action a man from the flat earth society unsuccessfully hurled himself into space with a home-made rocket to see if his belief was true the americans don't understand that you cannot bring disparate ethnic and religious groups together in iraq as can be the case in the u.s. and so did not foresee the sectarian clashes that would occur under their occupation to read how boys would be kidnapped off the streets of baghdad and sold off at a macabre market to different fighting groups to slaughter these innocents and have their bodies dumped to terrorise their enemies for australia to at least guarantee to no longer provide military hardware to indonesia such as the huey helicopters that were used in massacres in the late seventies although to be a little fair it has to be said that indonesia over the decades obtains military equipment from many nations thus all preferring mammon over human rights and indonesia has even sought to do so from russia which would displease the united states phosphorous has also reportedly been used against west papuans which - although for now only an unverified assumption may have been provided if not by someone else by either one of these two main global actors who have been known to use it in iraq by the usa as well as in ukraine by russia respectively to stop along with the united states, to train and fund indonesia's infamous

battalion 88 to no longer prefer indonesian occupation for the sake of 'regional stability' and for the sake of an australian mining company maximizing its substantial share of the largest copper and gold mine in the world; which scars this ravaged land which contaminates its soil which brings no development to west papuans who must also be persecuted for the 'sin' of wanting to live freely in their own country who must endure so much needless anguish, just as bougainville had also endured a bloody civil war which involved being entangled with another copper mines with west papua also now facing the extermination of its rainforests for the implementation of vast mono-culture palm oil tree tracts at the detriment of the environment, the wildlife and local people but would well suit high level corrupt business and political interests russia invades the ukraine the young man from a progressive union who was speaking before a screening of waterside workers union film unit nineteen fifties documentaries and films about the sydney wharves from the depression years said the conservative end of the labour movement had to realise that humans are more than just economic units and the whole person had to be recognised the rouble drops a lot black and white documentary film of the tent embassy protests spotting gary foley and other high profile aboriginal activists theodore rooselvelt dealt with u.s. monopoly trusts and now in the 21st century there are new ones revolving around the digital age and social media subjectivity distorts perception status may overlord security there is everyday outside a department store in the city the same old man with long ruffled grey hair and white beard looking like an ancient god amidst his mattresses blankets and milk cart with a sign asking for money to help a relative pay for medical costs who does look as if he even sleeps there to see the increasing homeless on the footpath a woman affectionately with arm resting over a dog the two sleep together there is a tent city in a main square a small community with food to share and books to read but the authorities eventually come by to move them all on the cold slats of the square are washed down to leave no evidence of the common humanity that had briefly been there for those who were there to become lone human molecules in the concrete canyons once more insecure atoms again on their own fear replacing hope give a person a sense of self-worth and such a person will be motivated to succeed to take away self-worth will more likely guarantee ongoing failure the cynical view is these day dandys can afford to dress up to look anti-establishment or revolutionary the fashion industry will co-opt the dandy look for its commercial benefit there are many corporatized social veneers out there yes the glossy pretence of corporations who use the rebel music of the sixties to cynically further their business ventures there can be those with high incomes who will unfairly look down at those with low incomes as cheapskates especially when it comes to restaurant dinners to never know or forget what it is like to be relatively poor to have material gain over spiritual growth the celestial pole celestial centrifuge to navigate the stars for a cosmic sense of place to see news programs on the national broadcaster replaced by second-rate entertainment a touch of orwell as citizens lose informative reference points working just like the stars so as to measure how well democracy was staying on course an old man on the train with wheelchair which he uses when off the train a greek man on a train with guitar a modern day prometheus of sorts who wants his audience to enjoy the life spark that fire brings who said to all who would listen to him that albert einstein relied on a mathematics teacher to help him come up with his equations about the universe time tests human judgement time is merely the interval between two moments evil when it touches us can demoralize the human spirit fundamentalism limits reality as well as what is true with its literalism a ninety year old greek woman refuses to leave the brutalist sirius which has been a place for low income tenants the government wants to sell it off it is the rogue property developers who are brutal it is said the terraces that were destroyed in waterloo to make way for alienating housing commission towers had in the end after all that destruction added only one or two extra homes where before there had been an interconnected community elderly couple forced to live in separate nursing homes after 62 years marriage the new motorways and apartments the way to ruin of a city from what one hears and believes to be true in turn those who have become accustomed to the towers are lighting coloured lights from their windows every night to express their displeasure that the towers will be destroyed for commercial development wars and the rumours of wars children are kidnapped on the streets of baghdad and taken to a secret marketplace in an warehouse and auctioned off to different sectarian militant groups to be slaughtered and left dead on the streets from whence they had come to bring terror misery and further human suffering an increasing tribalism polarizing the world to see countries such as hungary turkey increasingly nationalistic to turn against those deemed as different for hungarians to forget they too were once refugees after the soviets crushed their revolution the yearning to be free must never be crushed the oppressed in turn must never become oppressors the cycle of history or as mark twain inferred its rhythms the united states deporting the vulnerable who had sought sanctuary who had built new lives to now go back to where they may die as has been the case for some minoan palaces on crete may have each been a different representation of say the gods for instance the prevalence of bulls at knossos is in reference to a storm god who zeus was the ultimate storm god today one can see videos of spaniards leaping over bulls the throne of daedalus at knossos to read how lab rats exposed to pain after smelling cherry blossoms can transfer such a trauma to the next generation who experience trauma when they see a cherry blossom although they have not been exposed to any pain to wonder if human trauma can be handed down the same way from generation to generation to make a society to behave irrationally due to memory due to some even forgotten hurt that still lies hidden in the subconscious which needs to be brought up and exposed to be extinguished to not suppress history but bring upon it a shining light to have some sort of everlasting reconciliation it is what the indigenous survivors in australia ask even demand for close the gap at least many more indigenous members of australian society are now going to universities an emerging aboriginal middle class may finally give them the economic capital to bring on reform that can have enduring positive change still there is still so much violence too many deaths amongst indigenous women as well as in the prisons and to have to ceaselessly fight for land rights to have stolen wages returned to be wary of another stolen generation emerging let my people go said moses and the sea opened up to go to the promised land but for the indigenous the promised land was taken away to only be returned piecemeal with the ongoing cultural dilemma that the traditional ways maybe lost forever to see as poor fellow my country points out so much sacred landscape destroyed forever by the white fella's yearning for minerals to only see the land for profit aboriginal males not allowed to go hunting on the missions aboriginal women still had some

traditional roles to play in the communities so often turned out psychologically stronger time to read no logo by naomi klein and the society of the spectacle by guy debord. critiques of the big brands and the mass media respectively which have both led to a human devaluation of modern life. to also consider the mix of progressive left wing & avante-garde art ideas of the situationists which happily note go all the way back to dada in the gig economy delivery cyclists forced to take on slave wages it is said they have the choice to work where they want when they want but there is no choice no real freedom but to accept such a lowering of wages and conditions when there is no other work available they are like slaves when trapped economically in this way returning to a digital version of nineteenth century work conditions without protections or work salary guarantees neoliberalism with its false dawn leaving many waking up everyday to return to a never ending sisyphus nightmare to risk seeing all that was gained in the workplace in the previous hundred years to be lost to have to fight for it all again and where is the will syrian civilians inflicted with chlorine gas it is certainly believe that no matter what the apologists living in the west say these innocents were certainly bombed by the government because the apparatus to make it an store it is beyond the capacity of the rebels yes the regime stands accused in samuel beckett's WATT it is seen how the irrationality of authority still has to be obeyed to survive to be told to feed a dog which is not there anais nin remarks we often do not see things as they are but rather as we are from the indigenous point of view whole continent is foreign owned already monkeys smash stones to make tools european barber indian street children make newspaper to discuss daily injustices east india company lemon juice stops scurvy i squeeze lemon juice into my black russian caravan tea while i have cold beetroot soup with a friend of lithuanian heritage she has two female russian blue cats mishka & anya named from tolstoy novels 19th century russian sailors adored these aristocratic felines at night a possum lands on a window sill-

An endless stream of consciousness of the minutia in everyday life like footnotes which for many includes irrelevant information from a ubiquitous media which never ceases to intrude on people's peripheral awareness; everything eventually submerging into ever deepening memory stratums, to eventually be forgotten although still dwell, as new visions assault human vision; as new experiences assault the human senses. St. Augustine contemplated human memory inhabiting many rooms but it is learnt each recollection is not a museum piece under glass or a dead fossil trapped in a geological strata of the earth, no, rather than any psychological crust of the mind, there is instead billions of synapses from multiple points of the human brain chemically working together at any given moment to rebuild a mental vision from the past which is real again to then return to billions of separate segments to again be reunited at a later instance of recall; memories to even gain further emotional residue as the brain evolves with every new entry of fresh stimuli.

After death. A gust. The soul, free of its physical case (so called) can unite with all that is unseen to arrive at a perfected form. Yet it is wondered, though, if everything imperfect absorbed in life which helps make the identity of each individual so unique also continues to exist? He sees no issue with imperfection existing in the circles of the Inferno but what of human memory dwelling in Paradise? Will a soul deliberately forget everything essentially human so no human tear occurs? It is surmised nothing is forgotten, all is transfigured; tears of sorrow transformed to streams giving life. A divine reaction intensifies the human spirit, superseding any mortal one which may only impede our human sense. A serenity to be arrived at with human knowing residing in a divine presence. While human ignorance on Earth leads only to turmoil. We lie to ourselves to seek a sanitized happiness, which often only falls away to an embittered dissatisfaction. At the extreme there is trauma which, it is said, can pull a soul apart; yet rather than try to forget, a traumatized self has to attempt to reconcile with the hurt, for despite any forgetfulness to avoid the same agony, the mind can still register oncoming situations which will relive a painful

memory. The hippocampus which takes on new memories that can be recalled later; which also helps to distinguish past from present; is, when affected by severe stress, unable to keep away any previously experienced nightmare, thus maintaining for the human mind a timeless living hell. In the amygdala - which helps to control emotion - fear is further magnified when it also is debilitated by post-traumatic stress. A revelatory chemical reaction to restore the hippocampus and the amygdala is seemingly possible which can bring on a lasting psychological resilience; human memory to then strengthen human identity.

Yet, to think of a divine alchemy with a peace which surpasses all human understanding. Ego. 'I' the core of being. All that is lived. All that is brought in to the psyche to make a human being. Vivid mental images being like fireworks in the night. Apparitions beyond any measured scale of the neural connections of the brain. Storing all of the information of past experiences which can shape the mind even today. Headlines from old newspapers blowing along the ground. In the wind, an apparent rubbish heap of memories; to be sifted; to again have their value. The milliseconds of individual history which with every other individual history makes the whole of human history. Banal. Poignant. Trivial. Ultimately valuable. Essential. To sit and bring to mind a trillionth fraction of the accumulation of a trillion trillion everyday experiences in one personality. As if each human being is the imitation of a universe with its billions of galaxies with each memory a star which may gravitate to others to even overlap to merge to form a new undefined world; amidst this interior cosmic activity that is taken to the furthest possible extremes are other less obvious reminiscences that are like shadowy orphan planets that are not in orbit with any stellar furnace but are revealed to a searching eye by the lingering flash of a new supernova. (Mental time travel. Without end). It cannot be helped but the first thought which comes to the fore is of a mutual friend who had showed Lisa, Melissa, Michael and my good self a cupboard which when every drawer was opened revealed a sculpture or mini-installation representing a different memory, those of her childhood especially striking a special chord with her small audience.

Chasing Carsmiddle ageorange typewriterferocity of firstgun festival tosupport of womenpatrol you reapinvasion he hadAS standing in Snow Patrol Tearwoman sellsan orange sofa anrhythms ofbeat the heatagainst strict veilwhat you sowalready movedfields beside a isa WATERANZAC ookiesorange table anUNIVERSE Leicester Citylaw MOTOWNkeep peopleRUSSIA's heavyback road to FALL Cold Playoutside orange telephoneSURPRISE partywin toilet gold ismusic kinghappy Kingsindustry beyondCanberra a Pancake on thesupermarket orange chairsbillionaire will gowaste from sunlistened to musicCross r of 60sthe Urals a Godlibrarian poet on Rocks with mockcasual workersorange into outer spaceSydney on radio to hearU.S. soldierson social mediathe northern photosofspaghetti denied properdinnerware with manyUniversity gallerywhat it soundedthreatening go goMexicanREVOL BEACHES who growing treespenalty pay riseORANGE complaining atecology concertlike in real worlddancers UTIONARY is a literary motorways their union nottupperware turtlesuch gross self-anonymous artistMarrickville poetdevelopers docaptain with hatGENIUS a apartments cranesdone enough nowat top of hill takenindulgence whilemagazines placecollects VINYLwhat the enemy intip down casuallyhomeless man rise over skiespublicly trying toback down tobillions stillanonymously inrecords elderlythe war could notsmokes a cigarplays an electric developers rectify problemcreek last ice manstarving oncity many wantman take photosand that is destroywhile waiting toguitar at central overrun parkscurio shop withof EcuadorEARTH yet allsuburb tramof his minimalthe CITY bicycledie by firingrailway and asks museums hundreds ofVIKING chant byare space touriststerminus to returninner-city streetwheel with littlesquad Germanfor money for his cheerful rock starsecond handthousands ofwhen visitingFortuna paintings hangingwhite lights Stalinwar productionsick dog seeing with long blackdresses hangingIcelander footballcountries whereKitchenware on white wallspulled offpeaked in 1942working class hair star eyein a rowfans some learnpeople live onlemongrass migrant veteranEISENSTIEN and was downhillpeople on a driving up toMANNEQUINs Aussie Rulestwo dollars a daychicken roll Misssays noncomfilm from then oncrowded bus like airport inwearing wigsSoviet third worldSaigon bakeryalways made non-ALEXANDER OCCUPY WallDAUMIER's limousine schoolcurio shop withKATYUSHA aLUNA Parktwo old men playwasps cleanNevsky afterStreet tent in cityTHIRD Class is out foreverobjects fromorgans makingtheme park ride abackgammon latrines he wasMolotov- centre aCarriage Lilians homeless mansixties seventieswhooshing soundtut-tut just for funoutside caféonly one who didRibentroff pactWILDLIFE parkStoryoffshoredete picks up mattressRETRO as missiles whizzgo to modernIranian men wearnot come backbut put it back onwith albinontion is a new from rubbish pileSpectrum anoff imitatingSeoul for waterheadscarves from jungleafter GermankangaroosLLAM way to disappear

A lightness of being is desired.

LISA DREAMING

…to have manly by way of fading photographs and mementoes to enter further into Lisa's ephemeral 'memory ridges'…to also mentally note Michael's recollections about such visually recorded moments….

Family Night

Lisa cheerfully dancing to hip hop with Melissa and many teenagers on a basketball court in a big hall. "This was taken when I worked as a teachers' aide at an Intensive English Language Centre next to a high school not far from where I live." states Michael. "There were mainly refugee and migrant students. On these family nights - which I guess you could say are like an official welcome - newly arrived students would bring their parents or guardians with food from where they came from. Plenty of music and dancing. Always a great, friendly night. Lisa and Melissa really enjoyed it.

Wolli Creek Guerrilla Trees

Lisa and Melissa beside trees wrapped in bright wool croquet colours. Melissa is placing a green cardboard bird cut-out on a stick into the ground. "We were with Master on an Open Day for the creek." states Michael. "Trees are guerrillas. Master made that clear when he told us once about a book he had been reading called The Hidden Life of Trees. Apparently trees can let off toxins to make them unappealing to insects and to animal predators and will let off a scent to warn other trees of any approaching danger. They can also communicate with each other through the tree roots that meet up with other and fungi. A wood web." Michael pauses. "Gregor wonders if stars all together in the galaxies communicate with each other… with light waves working as 'cosmic roots.'

The Garden Of Bad Flowers

Aboriginal carvings on big rocks behind a house nicknamed Earlwood Farm. In its big yard with a chicken shed is an art installation with flowers in large wooden planter beds. To learn that marigolds are a symbol of death and have an association with the Mexican Day of the Dead. "The artist was one of those who had pulled out of the Sydney Biennale because of that problem over sponsorship money apparently coming from off-shore detention profits. Lisa admired this brave woman and was shocked by how so many turned against her and the others including from those who you'd think would support them."

Ashfield Totem

"Here's another photo at Ashfield Park." Lisa and Melissa standing next to a colourful Aboriginal tree trunk referencing the rainbow serpent which is carved with totem animals.

Black Fella Isenhiem Altarpiece

At a studio on a site with silos in Summer Hill looking at a triptych of paintings with cleared agricultural plains framed by gum trees. Yet the middle panel has been swung open to reveal that behind it is another gum tree with a crucified Aboriginal man.

Lotus Labyrinth

Lisa and Melissa walking within a circular shell labyrinth on the grass at Rookwood Cemetery with a ceramic lotus - which represents rebirth - in its centre.

"That was at the HIDDEN sculpture exhibition. Lisa was pretty interested to find out that sunflowers on graves symbolized the passage of time. We learnt that off this elderly guy in this Friends for Rookwood Tent. There was this other tent that was part of the exhibition called the Office of the Imagination which along with all this antique bric a brac like old lamps, wooden filing cabinets and a big wooden tripod there were black & white photos of spirits by graves. I liked these DIY big spiders made from plastic tubes and plastic balls most of which you can buy from a hardware. We also learnt later from the catalogue how in the past dogs used to be buried in cemeteries to protect the souls of the dead and to even guide them to the afterlife. Cat was telling me the three headed dog Cerberus guards the gate of Hades. He even said it has a deadly snake for a tail…anyhow after the exhibition Lisa insisted we had to go look for this woman who had died relatively young years ago. Lisa said she was someone she knew nobody ever went to visit anymore…we eventually found her grave…"

Water, Fire, Earth

At Hyde Park standing beside three rock figures joined together and shaped like tree trunks. With an ibis bird standing on top of each head.

Stonehenge Jumping Castle

Melissa is tugging onto Lisa's homemade dress made from material with Australian labels such as Vegemite, Arnotts Biscuits and Rozella Tomato Sauce. Mother and child are running over the plastic floor of a big blow up Stonehenge in Hyde Park.

Theseus & the Minotaur

Lisa smiling in front of the Archibald Fountain. Theseus pulling back the Minotaur's head by the horns.

"Cat, remember you were walking around the fountain typically paraphrasing his favourite ancient philosophers. You 'the 'seer' would keep on looking at the reflecting fountain water as you spoke. I'll have to find the photo of Lisa also standing by Artemis and imitating shooting off an arrow with a bow."

St. Michael Outwits At Least One Privatisation Devil

A postcard of St. Michael's monastery off the Brittany coast. Having mentioned on the back how it was a good idea of Michael's to have himself and other friends as well Karin's family park their cars in a street not far from the international airport then go in by taxi with some sharing around of the cost; this alternative way being

relatively cheap so Karin could have a proper send off with well wishers able to linger for as long as they wanted just like in the old days when there was no real need to worry about exorbitant timed car park fees.

For the Benefit of Disappearing Worlds

Camden Town markets. An old theatre in Hammersmith where Karin had gone to a third world benefit. On the back of this photo Karin had written it had reminded her of those big African and Latin American dance nights at Paddington Town Hall.

John Hegley

A little A5 size collection of poems by John Hegley. 'Very witty cabaret! Just like God's Cowboys!' The black & white front cover has Blake's The Ancient of Days holding a pair of big glasses. There was also a linocut illustration of Blake's mad Nebuchadnezzar on all fours under a poem about someone losing their glasses.

A John Cooper Clarke Poetry Night Leaflet

'Remember when we went and saw him at the Sydney Trade Union Club? I loved it when he did I Married an Alien from Outer Space.'
"Michael. Stop daydreaming. Put Karin's letters and postcards away and let's keep looking at the rest of the photos."

Crossing the River Styx

Lisa at Wiseman's Ferry Lisa poking out her tongue on the ferry while crossing the river to show off another crisp shiny fruit tingle that is stuck on it; like giving a coin to the boatman to go to the underworld.

Angel-By-The-Sea

Lisa beside a Waverly Cemetery winged white angel looking over the white sparkling sea.

Waverly Cemetery Dreaming

"Lisa told me how on one New Year's Eve she and a friend had raised their wine glasses and toasted to the dead while watching fireworks bursting brightly over the nearby headlands. Shining light onto the many white headstones."
"Waverly Cemetery Dreaming!"

Sydney Easter Island

Lisa on Cockatoo Island standing in front of a row of large curved rusting metal bulwarks that are each several metres high.

Mobius Sea

Mother and child walking around a large white cylinder sponsored by the Royal Blind Society that is outside the Art Gallery of New South Wales. Touching with

closed eyes the raised texture of this sculpture that intimates that there are figures underneath a sail.

Danny And The Deep Blue Sea

Lisa with a comically screwed up face with a fist aimed at DANNY on this Darlinghurst Theatre poster.

The Expulsion of Lisa from Eden

A psychedelic scarf still covering the head. Both palms on a poster of a Bosch painting of people from every social class grabbing hay from a huge haystack.
"The straw represents the world's ephemeral wealth and is on a big wagon being pulled by grotesque creatures who serve death." remarks Cat. "In a Bosch landscape of the Creation of Eve there is a creature which resembles a kangaroo." remarks Cat.
Laughter. "I'm Eve! Fallen! In the southern hemisphere!"

Earthmother

Lisa and Melissa beside a weathered rock sculpture of a mother with her protective arms around her child at the Opera House entrance of the Royal Botanical Gardens.

Five Bells Satyr

Smiling at Cat who is standing on the stone wall that runs along side the water of Sydney Harbour. This seer is waving his cowboy hat up to the sky as he introduces a group reading of Five Bells by Kenneth Slessor held by a statue of a satyr. Melissa sits to Cat's side holding a bell that would be rung when each of Gregor's friends will take a turn to read a new stanza.
"Lisa learnt how in one version of this story Slessor's newspaper cartoonist friend Joe Lynch drunkenly said he'd swim from the ferry to Milsons Point to head to a party. With his coat filled with beer bottles he jumped into the night harbour never to be seen again. The satyr's face is based on him. It suddenly occurred to me about Cat who won't change for this world actually wants the world to change towards him…"

A Bridge Too Far

The last scenes of the Super 8 Central Australian film after having Uluru twirling around in a circle followed by the Olgas. Port Augusta. An Aboriginal woman singing a gospel song in a church. A young family in a living room; zooming in on an Impressionist painting hanging on the wall of a bridge over the River Seine.
"I would have liked to have seen Paris…"

Satyr

Mother and daughter on either side of a life size black statue of a cheeky satyr which is almost hidden amongst the foliage at the Opera House entrance of the Botanical Gardens.
Laughing.

Christmas Kanga

Melissa wearing giant plastic oversized toy sunglasses is standing beside a six-foot red kangaroo with little flashing lights in a plastic tube that goes around its edge that Master had bought at Reverse Garbage. There was the night when this white rabbit sat in the front yard watching the flashing lights as if it was watching television. Its white fur reflecting the colours flashing around on the Christmas Kangaroo.

Christmas Cowgirls

A smiling Lisa with her arms around a laughing Melissa looking up at Michael's camera. Mother and daughter are both wearing red Christmas cowboy hats with white flurry rims which had been found at a two-dollar shop in Ashfield Mall.

Flight of the Phoenix

Lisa and Melissa at a park beside Cooks River marvelling at a remote controlled model plane buzzing high up in the clear blue sky. Earlier in the morning to have seen a photo in a weekend newspaper of a child in a far-away refugee camp flying an improvised kite made of insulation foam. On this sunny Sunday walk to have had the energy to go all the way to Tempe. To see behind a large glass display wall the many rows of turning wheel rims which tyres are fitted on at a big tyre store on the Princes Highway. Wheels of fate as Michael dubbed them while continuing to walk to wetlands.

Twinkle Twinkle Little Star

Melissa and a little Vietnamese girl stand side by side as new friends on a suburban footpath to watch a female accordion player outside a café serenading Twinkle Twinkle Little Star to the café patrons seated on outside cushioned milk crates. (A blonde haired fair skinned woman wearing an ANTAR t-shirt and another black haired woman and of olive skinned complexion with a red floppy hat are with a boy and a girl - which it is found out later from their two 'babysitters' are originally from Liberia - all smile at the two urchins - and Melissa will be later warmly hugged by 'blondie'). Also with her mother, Melissa is waiting for Michael who has gone into a mobile repair shop owned by the Vietnamese girl's father. Michael is having the failing microphone on his smartphone looked at as it is out of the question he needlessly pay hundreds of dollars for a new handset simply because it is an older model. The doorway to the shop is open and Lisa looks up to see on a television that is way up high on a back shelf cluttered with small boxes of spare parts a Saturday morning music show that is now showing Aboriginal dancers doing their version of Zorba the Greek; to reminiscence about the time she found out how there is an indigenous belief that when stars twinkle they are talking to each other. To also have learnt of Aboriginal constellations and that a shooting star can be a sign a person has re-incarnated. To know that one day Melissa with Michael or even with Margaret will be intently looking at all that dark space which is the night sky…for a special light…-

To comprehend life's cosmic origins. Yes, to be of the cosmos.

Sierre Leone Evening

A community hall in Marrickville filled with local African emigres. Graceful, elderly women wearing colourful costumes. (Yes, apparels to human dignity). Musical items. An amateur film shot down by Cooks River with young African actors. Have been watched. Teenage girls crowd around a cheerful Melissa who is being held up by a female teacher who has taught them English. Melissa grabbing the long curly black hair of the woman who emphatically holds her; a smile; despite everything these girls had gone through they were so full of life. Resilient. Very feisty. (One teenage girl is holding dearly her own baby son; at a later date to go to his first birthday party where he is elegantly dressed in a tuxedo). Lisa likes them immensely; these people have revitalized her. (Yes, it is easy for Lisa to comprehend how human life truly started in Africa. "We're all Africans!").

That Eye The Sky

At an exhibition of a friend of Michael's who was exhibiting at the Jewish Holocaust Museum in Darlinghurst. Amidst exhibits depicting the doomed were abstract paintings which were magnified sections of a kitchen scene with a cabbage and coffee saucepan painted by her grandmother before the final deportation.

In contrast to any intimate space a memory of the vast expanse of a large warehouse in Redfern covered in sand. A police four-wheel drive. At a production of Dead Heart sitting with the rest of the Thursday night budget crowd experiencing the unearthly vastness of the Central Australian desert in inner city Sydney.

Wharf Theatre

Another large cavern. Another large audience. In this warehouse space an Australian-Greek Opera. A large hills hoist glowing with fluorescent tubes attached to the main pole and wire supports. Three women in long flowing dresses with song sheets in their hands sing beside this glowing suburban totem.

Waking up. A restful face. Picking up a publicity pamphlet in the hospital bedside drawer.

To Traverse the Water…experimental music theatre that expresses and explores the human condition in all its frailties and strengths…themes as broad as the international impact of A.I.D.S to the thwarted genius of an individual…the intimate is expressed through the vast. It is the relationship between the wider reaching conditions of all people and the individual experience that provokes the paradox of an intimate experience-

Apostrophes' Café – S, M, L, XL

Thus to also fondly recall the Apostrophes' Café on Crown Street in Surry Hills which also doubled up as a bookshop which on the grand opening night of Gregor's etching exhibition it became a gallery. The café-bookshop-gallery was run by a young, vivacious woman with a theatre design background of whom Michael had told Lisa that he could not help but also note she was also of Greek heritage. "Not that should matter Lisa…" and it certainly didn't as Michael observed that she was ruthlessly independently minded so as to not comply to any typical 'pre-ordained' cultural stereotype whether it be

manufactured from either a myopically socialised one dimensional Australian or Hellenic point of view. Knowing what hard work and commitment was involved in running a milk bar as was the case with Michael's uncle and aunt Michael was well aware that by opening up this inner-city café that this feisty energetic always optimistic proprietor was certainly a risk taker who did seem to revel in the challenge and who on meeting Gregor who had become a regular customer, appreciating both the coffee and the wide range of excellent second hand art books, was generously encouraged to promptly have an exhibition on the premises. So there were Gregor's many prints on the large walls as well as in the temporary empty spaces within some of the bookshelves that were made available for the exhibition. The etchings were in these neat pre-bought wooden frames which still looked home-made having been paint brush daubed with a golden maple varnish by Gregor. Little lit tea candles were on each side of those prints on the bookshelves and with well written explanations typed on white cards accompanied every etching. What was of particular interest to some was that with the explanations was a designated size for each print to thus be marked out as being a S, M, L or XL just like as if they were t-shirts as a muso friend of Gregor's who was an accomplished mandolin player had amusingly pointed out to him and others nearby in what was unexpectingly a large, boisterous well-engaged friendly crowd. It was quite the party. Lisa pleasantly reminisced on how Gregor gave away two of his precious icon etchings to an elderly homeless woman who was really admiring them. 'Delores would be eternally grateful…' (For Gregor it pleased him to do so reflecting how wonderful it was for him to be in such an authentic setting having usually an aversion to any professional space). While Michael would fondly recall Lisa looking cheerfully at Gregor's many varied prints that went from suburban quirk through to a maturing textured modernism with roughly hewn Australian bush and coastal landscapes, philosophical reflections on the cosmos as well as political comment on various social issues all in between. Lisa truly enjoying herself, for such human warmness as well as creativity to be an inspiration-

(To Call That Thread Of Theseus: Culture)

Alone. Night. Playing a tape recorder to softly speak into. For Lisa to sometimes talk about Gregor's art…as if observed in a dream state but here recorded so as to verify what for her is real, as if to verify what Michael once suggested to me a long time ago (of which I now take seriously) that the thread of Theseus be called culture-

'The Angel.' ('Gregor says it is one of the figures of a famous Russian icon called The Trinity at the Hermitage…he saw a young woman cross herself and pray in front of it she went into a mystical trance…sometimes I like to stare at this print and meditate…'). 'Pennies from Heaven.' ('…in Indonesia are large ferries that sail between the islands at one port boys in canoes dive for coins after asking ferry passengers to drop them into the water…with Melissa I would go to this very shallow pool down the back of Hyde Park to cool our feet in the water we would spot coins on the mosaic floor and Melissa would say they were from the sky…').

'Tree of Life.' ('…at the end of Indonesian puppet plays this fan would be put up on the stage to let the audience know the play was over…Cat says life is a shadow

play…I'm sure there'll be a tree of life at the end of my…ever so scintillating act…when I leave…this stage…).

'Anu Krakatau is Angry.' ('…this volcanic island is the child of Krakatau which when it blew up caused a tsunami which killed over thirty thousand people…Gregor went out to it on a small boat…you can see the foredeck in the foreground… the volcano was erupting large plumes of black dust into the sky every ten minutes so a boy on the boat who could speak English told Gregor Anu Krakatau was angry…when Gregor was on the island and touched the warm black sandy soil he thought it was like connecting with the very centre of the earth itself…a Phoenix rising from where the first volcano was…[coughing]…as I age…Melissa's my young Phoenix…').

'Luna Park.' (A smiling stone face of a Khmer Buddha in Bayon with two pillars from the the Luna Park façade on either side of it. '…the smiling face reminded Gregor of Luna Park when he saw it…no mouth of hell here…there's also this beautiful black and white photo of an old man who's wearing a straw hat and brushing away the dust on a stone floor in the ruins with a long straw broom…it's as if he is sweeping time…').

'Manjustri Bodhivista of Transcendental Wisdom'-('…this bodhivista is holding a flaming sword to cut through human illusion…in Manjustri's right hand is a stem that leads to a blooming lotus of wisdom…he's shown as a young man to point out how wisdom doesn't necessarily come from living many years but from seeing right through to the foundations of reality…I'm trying to cling to that idea…').

'Apostles of the Universe.' ('I love the halos around these two Twelve Apostles it reminds me of the little halo party Gregor had at his place…the halos we wore were made from package board sprayed with gold paint…').

'Sydney Voodoo. Kings Cross Festival.' (…a street stall with magic dancing puppets...one of two women wearing a flower dress and wrinkled hat with frangipani flowers sticking from it…'This woman with the big glasses and frilly dress looked more like an acrobat than another bag lady...I actually saw them and bought one of the dancing dolls for Melissa…I found out you use a very thin fishing line weaved through a needle eye on the back…the cut-out wiggles when you pull it tight…" A sepia photo of an aerial coffin in Siberia beside this etching. ''Yeah they hang the coffin high up on a pole…a shaman's beneath it…').

'Kite Flying. Sydney Park. St. Peters.' ('I really like this big etching of the brick factory chimney stacks over that large hill…see those two small figures of a person and their child flying a kite? I can easily imagine they're Melissa and me…all that open space…I can just feel it go beyond the frame…'). Metamorphosis. (A cat with bird's wings, a fish tail and webbed feet. 'I love this woodcut…Gregor got it off a friend…').

'Muktinath.' (An ice crater, a leafless tree with birds coming from it to fly across a grey-blue sky. 'The birds flew out of the tree as Gregor pressed the shutter. He was on the way to a temple that has a flame that emerges from water. He told me about this thin, wispy bearded, thinly dressed pilgrim who was also heading to this Himalayan holy site…all alone on top of the world… I kinda identify with that old man…').

'Eurydice Mourns.' (A Grecian woman playing her flute, perhaps meditating on love lost which is a too common melancholy human reflection. Yet, it could be said that music – which was Orpheus's most special quality can be a beautiful solace for Eurydice's sad, imprisoned soul).

'Sleeping Beauty.' (A carving of a sleeping woman on a wooden totem. Her long hair and clothes flow gracefully down the pole which has small pointy tips on each side. The three-pointed top thrusts skywards above her peaceful bowed head. 'This is my favourite. Gregor based it on a photo he took while passing through a place called Vilnius after being in Russia. It's the capital of Lithuania. He also showed me this wood carving of a frowning Jesus who has his chin on one hand. The Pensive Christ is common. He says this pose may go all the way to Neolithic times.').

Mother Earth. Father Sky. (A cluster of etchings based on the terrain of Central Australia which Gregor had produced by relying on stills from Michael's Super 8 movie with its aerial scenes of the desert at the beginning of it. Various features seen in the terrain which undulate and merge with each other and which seem to even depict the land below as a flowing sea had Gregor refine what was seen on film to a series of rough textured shapes contrasted against a deep black aquatint background. At first sight it is somewhat like looking at organisms through a microscope. Yet as the title suggests each etching is to be evaluated more in cosmic terms.

A philosophical undertone in the images is certainly apparent to any viewer by titles which include: 'Alpha & Omega.' 'Embryo of the Universe.' 'Pendulum of Time.' 'Mother & Child.' In any case Gregor had explained that he was conscious that a still existing culture had already been in Australia for many thousands of years before the arrival of the Europeans; so he felt it was mandatory that he had to seriously take this into account when looking at the Australian landscape. Another case in point is that it could be said that the land 'owns' the indigenous rather than they actually 'owning' the land and any white fella should also take such a notion of 'reverse ownership' also on board. Any Aboriginal influence on his own art was often only very subtle but at least this indigenous view of the world was a consideration. He thought it was a failure of many 'white fella' artists to not acknowledge Aboriginal culture in their depiction of the landscape. In many cases often doing pastoral scenes which only reinforced the wrong idea that the occupation of the land and its wholesale devastation for agricultural, mineral resource and logging purposes by Europeans somehow remains legitimate. To speak very generally of the Aboriginal view of the world: the land is envisaged as 'mother' and is treated respectfully as such. Taking this indigenous spiritual observation on board Gregor had stated he felt it was okay to inversely adopt the view that the sky above– including the night sky with its constellations – could be seen as 'father'. To him the union of 'mother land' and 'father sky' could be read as union of life between both mortality - or earthly decay - and eternity - or cosmic sustainability - all things on earth die but life also continually regenerates. Life can be 'eternalized' when one considers the possibility that the physical can be transformed to become spiritual: an invisible afterlife as an 'afterthought' of visual reality. Gregor would state that many of his etchings related to such notions as 'cosmos' and 'time'. The notion of sky and earth metamorphosing as mother and father is a universal idea throughout world cultures which Gregor has said he is always conscious of when doing etchings of 'terra australias'. The

geological evolution of the Earth's surface is for humanity very slow and therefore difficult for many people to conceptualize except when a sudden spectacular natural event like a tsunami, volcanic eruption or earthquake is witnessed; only then do human beings gain some idea of the fluid swirling movements that are occurring within the geographical features of this planet. The Earth's terrain is constantly shifting – often without humanity realizing – and so the topographical contours around every human space are gradually and ceaselessly being reshaped. Nothing is really as it seems; what appears stable is not necessarily so in much the same way that what seems physically solid is really an 'apparition' of billions of bustling particles undulating on a microscopic quantum level. Eventually it brings into question human perception of reality and of life itself; perhaps even leading the human mind to discern between what is real and what is metaphysical).

Lisa the solitary wildflower who, with the time, will dwell on Gregor's cosmic terrains…to provide some solace… 'Dark Matter Nebula.' 'Ghost Nebula.' The same weathered coastal rock at Gordons Bay treated in black & white and in sepia in reversals of both positive and negative space…to comprehend how a nebula will pass away yet compared to the miniscule life span of an individual - or even of the whole human race – such a glowing cosmic cloud exists for an eternity…the ephemeral to be as long lasting in the mental realm. The universe and its currents…(yes, as if the cosmos is a river)…'White Matter. Dark Matter.' 'Cosmic Flow.' 'River Rhythm.' 'This River, A Strong Brown God. This God, The River' & 'This River, The Cosmos.' To even view on a laptop many of the landscape and coastal etchings placed on a video clip with Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata playing in the background-

(To read Gregor's printmaking catalogue).

Time. Memory. Perception. Eternity.

'This River, A Strong Brown God' is from the opening lines of Dry Salvages from T.S. Eliot's Four Quartets. Thus this etching which references the river currents of Cooks River (Aboriginal name Goolay'yari) is made of four small square zinc etching plates placed alongside each other. Another Cooks River/ Goolay'yari etching 'This God, The River & This River, The Cosmos' which is made of two etching plates was originally attempted with four plates with the Four Quartets in mind. It is based on the outline of one riverbank sketch which is then mirrored in both plates to form two central bands reversed into contrasting positive and negative spaces. To T.S. Eliot a river is easily navigable for it follows an already known course leading to an already known destination; so in worldly terms if a life 'meanders' like a river new knowledge is not much attained. However, the poem moves on to meditate on the sea which by its very vastness opens up the way for many courses which can lead to a never ending array of 'delta possibilities' for the human soul. It can be a mystery as to where the currents can take us – whether to a good or bad end. The sea with its various currents can take us anywhere so it is best we gain new knowledge to navigate successfully through unknown territory. With human vision limited to the horizon it is the stars above - as well as the Sun which is also a star - which can provide for us the most dependable navigation. Yet to what must a human soul ultimately navigate too? In T.S. Eliot's scheme of things a soul may move towards divine enlightenment; with

knowledge gained to steer us away from a directionless, meaningless drifting to rocks that will leave a precious life becoming no more than a 'shipwreck'. If T.S. Eliot's river is a 'small god' upon which we may drift upon it can still be a 'starting point' for our mortal selves from which eternity can be worked towards by mentally traversing to that ultimate never ending cosmic sea: 'The Universe'; which as the title of the second etching suggests may also be paradoxically seen as the grandest river for rivers also offer life and all life is embodied within the cosmos. One may think of ancient Oceanus a divine river which flows around the known world and provides it with all of its fresh water. Life is dynamic. At least on this Earth there are unknown worlds beyond any riverbank to explore. We may not stay fixated on one course or on one point of view in our experience of the world for to be static maybe to whither. (As the visionary modern sculptor Brancusi has inferred to limit ourselves to reproducing what already exists is to stop the human spirit from evolving). Depending one one's phase of life the river can represent or be a source of reassurance when stability is required while at some other life stage it is an advantage to explore less well known wider waters. What has to be avoided is to be marooned in still waters which can stagnate the human spirit. One may also see a river with the cosmos reflected upon it by way of sunlight shimmering on the water's surface. The Sun as the 'light of God' with the stars and galaxies of 'heaven's paradise' as fireworks of the universe. Yet, to also view the Sun as a fiery symbol of ongoing daily renewal; to take into account Heraclitus's statement the the sun is new everyday. Life is organic. We are living beings, not static rocks that should wait for fate to chip away at us. In Ulysses we see an active actor dealing with gods, a Cyclops, Sirens, temptresses and finally with the suitors who were after his wife Penelope. We can have control. In examining nature – and we too are nature – one may attempt to look beyond the process of erosion to a grander process of growth. The patterns that exist in nature can actually help guide us from a sense of feeling entrapped to actually help us to reach a deep sense of spiritual liberation. We can laterally negotiate any labyrinth. Think openly. Truths change when new meaning is attached to them in a changing surrounding. With 'fixed absolutes' one could also take into account the co-existence of 'relative absolutes.' In the Four Quartets one can be intrigued by Time (consider most notably Burnt Norton and Little Gidding) ; especially with the notion of the cycle of Time; of Time returning to 'the same place' so a person can see the same place 'for the first time'. A truth can change with human understanding affected by memory; knowledge; experience-

'Symphony of the Universe'…wavy lines of scraggly trees emerging from the thick scrub at Botany Bay National Park…to intimate the rhythmic notations of the universe which echo the gravitational currents that uniformly sway through the cosmos which continually signal the first creative explosion of its long existence. Note of the Universe. Royal National Park. A long dark brown stork on another scrub plain to be viewed as stabbing the sky. As if also a single musical note in Ptolemy's solar system of musical spheres. Chord of the Universe…many notes o the universe rising up from a scrub of galaxies…'Tree Couplet. Minammorra Rainforest. Jamberoo'…two trunks emerging from a larger one…yet to perceive everything beyond the binary logic of Aristotle (up/down/in/out/either/or and so forth); to see the endless combinations with all that exists as in the quantum world…a singular

Minnammorra Rainforest tree trunk with expansive root buttresses perceived as a pillar of time. Another motley patterned trunk labelled as a time totem. Ashened trees at Mougammarra Reserve as burnt angels. Other trees with large lower bulges or with gaping holes…all to be seen as tree wombs…the earth as a giver of life…bearing life…the emergence of wildflowers at Springtime…(which from an Ancient Greek point of view intimates Persophone's seasonal visit to this sun drenched world, emerging from Hades' unwelcome grasp in the Underworld…)… 'That Tree, The Universe.' A grand Royal Botanical Gardens tree with its branches stretching out across ever expanding space. Yes…the cosmos itself as a living tree…with galaxies as its limbs and stars as its leaves…to always be bringing forth new fruit…to be growing new expansive tributaries of existence…as reflected also in the circulatory artery and vein lines of the human body and in the very tree chart of the evolution of life…(…'tree patterns' Gregor had remarked he could still recollect from old high school Science text books…)…rock gradations with various tonal values all exposed on a cliff face in the Blue Mountains to be perceived as a flow of time…(…time to flow in many ways…including in Lisa's mind…)… 'Evolution of the Universe. Bulli Beach.' 'Three Fates. Little Marley. Royal National Park.' (Three large rocks grouped together by a shoreline). 'Falling Angel. Bobbin Head.' 'Galaxies Swirling Towards A Black Hole. Middle Head. Sydney Harbour.' To envisage white speckled patterns on rocks around a black mark as galaxies caught up in the gravitational pull of a black hole to be sucked into nothingness. To ponder if death too is merely an inevitable black hole whose 'gravitational pull' takes each being through an 'event line' leading to a new mysterious dimension. 'Dark Matter Stems Of The Universe.' The cosmos grows organically with no end and for the human mind to look into infinity is to align with the cosmos so as to also grow infinitely. To have mortal eyes with a 'divine perception' to see the dark spaces of the universe as real as its white spaces filled with stars…to note a ghost galaxy made only of dark matter…'Rhamba Universe.' 'Accelerating Universe.' 'Eroding Universe.' 'Parallel Universes.' 'Multiverse.' 'Readymade Universe.' 'Currents of the Universe.' 'Cosmic Tracers.' 'Reed Universe.' 'Eternity.' 'Pillar Of Time.' 'The Roots of Time.' 'Shell Nebula.' 'Mangrove Rhythm.' To constantly seek out an underlying 'cosmic mesh' or matrix to the underlying structural fabric of the universe. To view the night skies not only as with a telescope but to review with a microscope zooming into a 'celestial microcosm' to observe its very crevices and cracks of a basic molecular structure which in time have resulted with the passing of the cosmic ages over billions of years. Despite any stellar erosion the universe maintains a tight order and rhythm that allows it to exist as a single entity which will not shred. To instead have new forms of existence to be constantly birthing into material form and within this mystery called the cosmos is the even more extraordinary mystery called life. 'Fabric of the Universe.' 'Black Poles.' 'Resurrection'…in nature regular patterns such as fractals can be discerned to give credence to the idea there is an underlying organised order to creation. (In the case of Platonism it would consider natural regular forms as mere attempts at imitating the ethereal 'Absolute Forms' from which visible reality corresponds too; to which also colours and shapes as especially envisaged in abstract paintings can be seen as the atoms of reality). What at first sight appears chaotic and random in natural phenomenon is actually the playing out of natural forces that work at shaping

Nature as if in a conscious way. It is said it is possible to design mathematical models to even predict what such natural energies can do and what they have done. The universe seemingly has equal contributions of the 'randomness' of quantum theory and the 'predictability' of the theory of relativity to mysteriously work upon the cosmos in an intertwine way which humanity is yet to fully understand through so many disciplines of human endeavour.

Nature is a mystery. The human soul is a mystery.

A relationship between the two entities seemingly does exist. To understand and explore the significance of such a connection may help to a fuller perception of what it means to be human. To be finite physical beings in an infinite universe which allows us to also be 'infinite' through the human imagination as soulfully reflective of nature's earthly and cosmic dimensions.

'Resurrection Fallen Tree. Royal National Park.' New branches from a fallen tree emerging up to the sky. Hope. For any lost being.

'Hades.' 'Paradise.' (Formlessness). Consider Leonardo da Vinci's Vitruvian Man proportioned within a circle and square which one may wish to interpret as if to typify the proportions of the universe to be measured with the dimensions of human proportion at its central axis. It has been written that Leonardo denoted his Vitruvian Man as 'cosmografia del minor mondo' – which can be commonly translated as: 'cosmography of the microcosm' – to state his belief that the machinations of the human body analogously corresponded to the machinations of the universe. Perhaps to state humanity to be masterful over the Creation with God displaced. 'Hades' which is in sepia with its broad crisscrossing lines intimates to an undergrowth world which can reference the underworld. Alongside is 'Paradise' which in turn is black & white with similar thick crisscross lines has in its spaces between total black many white points as if to intimate the starry cosmos. Both prints are a repudiation of humanity's confidence in its ability to control Nature. The broad stroke patterns - which infer to the 'branches' of that 'tree the universe' - that make both prints are devised from sketches of the human form which have been mentally 'cut up' and randomly 'placed down' on the etching plates by hard ground- bitumen brushstrokes which along with a melted rosin powder aquatint for the copper sulphate solution to bite into the plates. A universe not so much without human form but with the human form displaced. Lost in space. The cosmos as dominant. Yet all is not lost. For a disappearing human form that can no longer be sighted that can no longer be found is now suffused through the universe to make what we see here which represents it; to be like the microscopic elements in and of one water drop which enters an ocean infinitely spreading to the whole ocean.

A human being as a cosmic being. It is where there can be hope. For us. (For Lisa).

To Hope for the Immortal Transformation of the Human Soul by Way of Human Memory

Lisa's thoughts always desperately returning to previous, hopeful days before this final time in hospital; as if to mentally view one's life in some previous pre-

birth state much like the soul has been speculatively envisaged by ancient Grecian philosophers in its supposed state of existence before human bodily birth; as if by focusing on the soul in this pre-existent state will perhaps make its post-existent state (after human bodily death) to be transformed into a more absolute and perfect form.

'...Death and its decay is a mortal result for the human body but for the human spirit human death to simply be another birth and this time for the human soul to be openly released only into eternity…'

(A Welcome Move to Suburbia)

'Yes, Cat had thought he had been doing his best to lift my spirits at home, including having his little 'parties' when Michael would stay for a few beers. Yet these evenings in particular would take on the feeling of some strange dream-like 'theatre-of-the-absurd' happening when all had drunk perhaps too much. Cat would often go into philosophical over-drive. Hysteria. Black comedy. Theatrical monologue. Often dealing with that tempestuous ocean known as human history; going well into the night; as if on some malcontent journey into deep space, that is without limit. Until some heightened dissatisfaction was reached, then maybe partly resolved; Nevertheless, I did come to see Cat as a mental lifebuoy helping to keep my own mind afloat; trying to understand Cat's arguments - with their many wild tangents – often seemed insurmountable; but I still clung to his words through a sort of 'instinctual osmosis' feeling whatever I did learn from the 'great seer' would keep me in good stead. In any case, the flawed drunken sociability that would arise from these evenings could be excused as well-intended attempts to initially lift my spirits. However, what could not be denied was my increasing sense of mental suffocation accentuated by the smallness of the flat despite it cosily protecting me and my daughter from a hostile world. Nevertheless, there was always…somehow…that awry feeling of being reminded of being in Michael's car that awful night when I felt totally abandoned, which would especially overcome me when I lied on Cat's couch or in my bed and in both places I would find myself simply staring up at the low ceiling or start to note the closeness of any wall and I would then want a drink...yes, it soured my mood which was already abjectly struggling to reach some desperately needed positive sense of normal human emotional equilibrium. Practically, there were also the usual little domestic differences. For instance, I would be genuinely non-plussed to see Cat at times just use a cleaning liquid from a squirt bottle whenever he washed the dishes.

("He would also use this same liquid to wash his clothes whenever he ran out of washing powder!").

"At least what I'm using is environmentally friendly! Check the brand!" Cat had once retorted after my ceaseless complaining. Along with his predilection for cheap microwave readymade dinners another habit of Cat's was to nearly always put Dean Martin on his stereo and listen to this American Italian crooner while making an

espresso coffee on his gas top. It also bothered Lisa how Cat would always love to see the spout cover on his teapot shoot off before turning the gas off on the stove. He would never tire to be fascinated by such a simple force of nature that could ultimately propel humanity to the moon. It would also 'propel' me to go near stir-crazy. It was also annoying that such an antic would inspire Cat to get back onto the internet and watch documentaries about ancient warfare or modern day tank battles and to then even try to interest me. "Look at this Lisa! Pity they're both fighting for evil regimes but look at these three Tiger tanks outwitting so many Russian T-34s to strike first and destroy them! They are on the retreat in the Baltics but still show great skill to defy the overwhelming odds they're facing! Never give up Lisa!" Although well intended it was surely an enormous miscalculation on Cat's part to think I would be at all interested in any sensationalist 'boy's own war stuff' even if it was meant to instil into me some heroic sense of 'defying all the odds' ; to lift my morale so I could have some hope in the idea that a better future was vaguely possible. "WAR! WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR?! BY THE WAY I DON'T THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO KEEP EATING FISH FINGERS FOR BREAKFAST! TRY HASH BROWNS! OR EVEN BETTER: MUESLI! OATS! OR THE MEDITERRANEAN DIET! RED AND PURPLE FOODS AND DRINKS ARE GOOD FOR YOUR HEALTH! AT LEAST YOU MAKE A GOOD ESPRESSO!" I would scream while at the same time madly thrust Cat's second hand stove top espresso maker at him so as to make me one. However, above any such domestic tribulation Melissa was my first priority and her health would certainly be better preserved at Master's spacious suburban place with local bush nearby especially when there would also be Margaret to help out. Yes, to live at Master's house at Bexley North. I knew it was a suburb near where Michael grew up at Earlwood and where at times he still lived, staying at his parent's house (or lately at his cousin's place) in-between living in shared accommodation with friends or house minding. The one thing Michael and I would always definitely have in common was that they were both urban gypsies. Both suburbs were just outside the compact inner-city core and easy enough for me to go by train or bus back into the city or to the hospital. In a stone wall cellar where Master would watch sport on an old television which turned everything on the aged screen into vivid bright colours ("He never would understand why I wouldn't want to stay about in such a confined space; I always used the dust as an excuse…") there was still ample room for me to use it as long-term storage space for some belongings that, as yet, I dare not part with. Master was pleased to see in one of the boxes sent down by Margaret just before I left to go south that underneath some clothes and old primary school exercise books a stack of LPs of eighties Australian music. The LPs would be played on his stereo which had two large speakers. With Margaret also living in one of Master's other spare rooms the ongoing issue of babysitting was also resolved. In kind I was happy to keep Margaret company who would like to go around to the local garage sales or venture off to the op shops (the ones run by 'St. Vinnies' were often preferred). The markets and second hand furniture shops like those at Annandale on Parramatta Road or the big auction warehouse in Alexandria were also favourites. Anywhere really where there were old things.

"Sometimes I just like to go and have a look Lisa as I don't really need that much. You can never go back to the past but at least I can touch it." (As it was Margaret had bought some of the furniture that I had sold in my own garage sale before moving out of her flat up the coast to go south). There would also be infrequent trips to the big Salvos warehouse at Tempe whenever Michael was available to be chauffer where on a hot day I could stand underneath the huge silver ceiling fan while Margaret, Melissa and Michael perused the many second hand goods. (Michael would also like to wander off to the huge neighbouring IKEA store to buy cheap kitchen stuff which he surmised would end up at the Salvos as secondhand goods; for him to mention how the floor map was to Cat a modern labyrinth akin to the one Theseus had to face. A wasteful consumer culture being our modern minotaur). Otherwise it was an occasional trip to the Marrickville big bingo hall which delighted Margaret.

"Next time after bingo Margaret we can go up on the bus to this cheap Italian restaurant in Newtown. You have to go up a flight of stairs on a side street to get to it. It's called MAMAS. I love their pasta. You can sit by the window and look down at what's happening on King Street. Always excellent 'street theatre' at night. I used to go there all the time. If it is closed when we arrive we can go to Dr. Earth or to the Alfalfa House corner shop to buy some really healthy food for you to cook up!"

Margaret was also happy to go to GEORGIOU CHOCOLATES a discount chocolate warehouse on Canterbury Road which Lisa dubbed the Chocolate Factory as the Willy Wonka film was a favourite of Melissa's. As for Margaret she was pleasantly surprised to see how some old chocolate labels were still available. "Here's a Bertie Beetle!"

(Possum Spirit)

'The spacious surroundings of the large house were bushy with much native flora. The trio of cats were always playful and thus morale boosting company. Melissa would like how the cats would often individually situate themselves on some of the bigger chairs sprawled throughout the house or outside, sitting regally as if they were on thrones. (What also certainly bemused an astonished Melissa was to occasionally witness a large, meaty blue tongued lizard to carefully approach the cat food bowl in the back laundry and eat some of the dry food that would sometimes be left there when Master was out for the whole day and evening. He always made sure that was his responsibility to feed the cats as much as possible. Melissa had surmised that the 'goanna' - as she liked to call it - thought no one was taking any notice of this opportunistic 'food theft' or thought Melissa – and her mother who had also once seen this cheeky behaviour – were no threat. As for the cats whenever they saw the large lizard slink around – usually in the garden – they would always prefer to steer away from it just to keep the peace especially when they were not sure if there would be any reward for them if they adopted a hostile policy to such a foreboding animal who really had more of a right to be on 'native territory' than them). A large curious possum with a big bushy tail would also appear most nights just after nightfall on the window sill of the window of the little side room where

Melissa sometimes slept on her own. The possum would peer through the window as if looking out for Melissa who would smile. I found this reassuring. "There's a good spirit looking after her." Food, mainly greens, were often left for the 'possum spirit' by Melissa at the behest of her mother.

"Must be a friend of Frank's." Master would state as he used a foot bellows to ignite a fire under a round metal plate which he had just mail-order bought and which he was curious to try it out for camping. The plate was just a few inches above the ground and was held up by three little protruding legs. "That's the name of the possum who's always peering down from the cubby house here when I have a barbeque. I've affectionely named him after Frank Arok. An old Socceroos coach. Frank loves snitching the bread. We'll see him soon..."

"Yeah, well," nonchalantly remarked Michael, "Caterina says that in Latin America there's a belief that when someone dies they can return to a place with their spirit in an animal. Cat was telling me once about the transmigration of souls. How a body can take in and have different souls or a different soul at different times, something like that anyway. So maybe you're right about the possum…when we went to the Ashfield Park Carnival of Cultures there was an Aboriginal women's dance group and before one dance it was explained how when a good woman dies she will come back as a bird…anyhow I remember how a possum who also turned up on a window sill straight after the death of a cousin's father who announced his arrival with a large growl which was really interesting as the father was bad-tempered…I just wonder where these possums spend their time in the daytime."

(Empire)

"I remember you showing me your aunt's original passport which was actually a British one and said she was a citizen of the British Territories. That's what we really are Mick until we get a republic."

"Cyprus gained its independence from the English in 1960 and kept it on its own until the Turks invaded in 1974." Michael adroitly informs Lisa. "Turks occupy a fair bit of the top of the island and the Greeks have all of the rest to the bottom." Michael touches a black & white photo of his aunt's face which is in an old family album he has brought to show Lisa at Master's place. They are sitting in the backyard. Around where there is usually a wood fire but it is still too early in the day to light it up for a barbeque dinner. The sun is shining. Melissa is playing in the long grass nearby. Thinking of climbing up a rope ladder tied to big tree which has a wood platform. Anyhow, she's with one of Master's cats and they seem for now more intent in amusing each other. Master is inside, half asleep on a lounge half watching an European football match. Michael is still looking at the photo. "What's the use of a republic to her? It's something you Anglos worry about a lot and not that I am against a republic but won't really make much difference to how power really works in this country which is still mostly by way of the Anglos who first invaded this place. I mean, you don't heat any serious talk about making an Aboriginal person a permanent head of state. Although there's the usual token

discussion to make sure indigenous people are to be fully respected and treated equal in whatever happens but I agree with Caterina that they'll stay sidelined from any real centre of power. Yet anyhow, how do you think indigenous people feel when white fellas go on that it is insulting and absurd that the country's head of state lives half away around the world and is not even elected…? They have lived in this land for tens of thousands of years and so they should have first claim at being head of state to it…not us who have been here only two hundred odd years. Having a permanent Aboriginal First Elder elected by Aboriginal communities would go a long way to bringing some real restitution in regards to helping to make up for all the terrible things that have happened in the past and along with giving indigenous people a proper voice in parliament would start to make a real swing to the power imbalance that exists in this country to something that's at least a little fair. Might finally get a move on a proper treaty as well along with finally implementing for instance all those black deaths in custody royal commission recommendations…why it's only been a few decades now…" A roll of the eyes. "As it is if you are not an Anglo and want some real power you got to act like one and speak like one and have the same 'Australian values' as one to have some success. Then the Anglos like to cover up how everything has to be done on their terms by saying how hard it must be for indigenous people and for migrants to live 'between two cultures' when that sort of deflective manipulative talk should be turned around to ask why are there Australians who are not capable of speaking more than one language and can only live in a narrow, monoculture kind of way…? Why do they so limit themselves so as to think it must be an 'ordeal' to actually live in a multicultural way…? Thanks Australia for the chance to learn to speak English as well as setting up SBS and no one's saying English shouldn't stay the 'mother tongue' but Australia also give yourself the best chance to speak another language including even an indigenous one and to take up some of the best ideas of the way people who come here live and have lived in the many countries they come from, apart from just going to their fairs, restaurants and even holidaying in their countries and seeing some of their movies and accepting 'migrant' players for your sporting teams and actually integrate as well into daily life a few different yet universally accepted perspectives into the ' so called Australian way of life'…having a midday siesta to suit our hot climate…even just for the summer…would be a good start…taking up seriously the way indigenous people have sustainably managed the land for tens of thousands of years would be another…anyhow, that's what I think…" A catch of breath. To think again how many an older migrant male would keep saying Mate! all the time being a habit installed from the genesis of their arrival to appease the 'englezi'. There was also the knowledge that as the new arrivals established their new lives in this red-roofed wilderness they would keep to observing their ancient traditions within their new homes. The world was more open now but yes, habits die hard. Yes, for Michael to think again how he had calculated that the desire for acceptance may have been very strong, much more than he could fathom or that he could observe from any poker face old world exterior for he still thinks how it had genuinely taken him off-guard when he saw his parents and his uncle and aunt show a genuine keenness as

they headed off to the bicentenary celebrations at Sydney Harbour. As for Michael he had gone with some Australian friends to the huge Aboriginal protest rally at Central. A sudden pang of melancholy. Yet, overall, still enthralled to be outwardly verbose. "Anyhow, I don't quite go with the 'minimalists' who just want the monarch replaced with an Australian but still have exactly the same powers. There's those who heap some of the direct blame on the monarchy for what deviously happened regarding The Dismissal on Remembrance Day of all days, I don't know much about that and to how much of that is true but what I do know is why would anyone want a head of state to keep those same secretive reserve powers he or she would have anyway…? Although I would find it a laugh to see an indigenous head-of-state to say 'bye, bye' to a white fella Prime Minister…what bothers me is why in all the decades since The Dismissal and with all this wavering up and down talk of a republic why no one in the meanwhile has suggested a legal change to make sure blocking supply can never happen again which is what sparked all the fuss in the first place back then in 1975…?" Michael sees Lisa is looking a little bored then glances back down at the open album. "Tell me Lisa why is it that my aunt who is a saint has been struck down this way with such a terrible disease while my uncle who despite being witty but can also be a devil have such robust health…? Michael then peers at Lisa. "What is the use of a republic for…?" As Michael's now softly spoken voice tapers off into silence his mind begins to function in its usual strange way: always looking for connections, similarities in the world around him like as if he was really some backyard Archimedes actually discovering a new strand of mathematics (which thematically speaking provides him with some sort of 'kindred sensibility' with Cat…); this time he compares his aunt's ill condition to the sovereignty of nations (or rather to such sovereignty being unduly affected by colonialism…). 'The Greek Cypriots had their independence campaign to kick the English out." Although Michael noted to himself this was the case even though there was still to this day two British military bases on the island with the territory they were on having full UK sovereignty ; furthermore, he was no fan of EOKA the leading resistance movement as it came across to him whenever he read about it as being far right wing and overly nationalistic wanting to unite with Greece even though Michael knew this had been a long held historical aspiration when Cyprus was under Ottoman rule when Greece fought for its independence in 1821 but as for now Michael wondered if such a union would still be so useful with the European Union in place and which Cyprus has since joined while back in the 1950s if it was even necessary to employ violent means in the first place to initiate an end to British oversight on the island when a full diplomatic approach may have been solely successful as in the end it was achieved by diplomatic means and which as a beneficial legacy – to only now further speculate - may have even had the military disaster of 1974 never happening. After all, after more or less dispelling the English to then only fourteen years later have a military coup with the help of the Athens junta in a clumsy attempt to have unity with Greece provided the perfect opportunity for the Turkish to militarily intervene and then to keep staying in one third of the island in the north. No unity but instead displacement and division. Yes. A total

disaster. "Anyhow it was becoming a familiar pattern for these global occupiers who saw their empire gradually dissolve after 1945. After all, the English would then go onto speak of the right of their former colonies to pursue their own internal debates for self-determination, yet I think many of these countries had lost their value in the eyes of these empire builders." Michael darkly suspected that it did not really matter if such countries rotted away after squeezing them dry of every resource they had unless in some way it still affected in some way its own ultra-material way of life or crude ambitions. Yes, thinks Michael, it is much easier for the empire builders to wash their hands of any of their historical responsibilities which were influencing to cause so many national tragedies and so much strife in today's world. Malicious diseases were spreading through his aunt, also through Lisa and Melissa, to rot them. However, for now, they were finding the internal strength to buttress themselves against such medical invasion. Michael felt that his aunt in her enforced purgatory would sit and ponder over the value of her life as malignant forces of nature strove to debilitate her, to cut her life short. An empire of pain was being built up within her to suck her body dry from the inside and yet was letting her live, a little, so the evil (for that is what it felt like) within may also live, it would not be until her body had been totally exhausted, when there was no longer any point to her existence for this disease to no longer still see her as at all useful, that death would finally swallow her up; swallow up Lisa and Melissa. However, his aunt and the others would have to believe in their self-worth so as to keep fending off death, to find the necessary resistance they needed, to live. Rebellion. Yes, freedom is a good thing. If you can control it. Many Australians seemed aware of this; there was a strong desire that ultimately the country should avoid falling towards some frightful bitterness in the attempt to reach full, mature adulthood. However, Michael's aunt was already an adult; she was a mother, yet he off-handily hoped a sort of calm would prevail from within her, that the ultimate legacy of her physical paralysis would be to fashion a greater wisdom which could deal with her cruel blow, to somehow find a rich, new inner life from the wrecked remains of the old. Idealistic…? Yes, came the answer from Michael to his own question but realistically, he surmised there was no other alternative; no, death cannot be allowed to so easily win.

(Bridge Over Troubled Waters)

'I would always love it when we went for walks along Cooks River and especially with Jes who Melissa adored. Caterina - with Isabella - would also sometimes come along, and she would be intrigued to see sachets of Nicaragua and Colombia coffee for sale at the river café where we would usually end up after a walk. Caterina would also quip that at such a delightful walkway there should be a Sculpture-by-the-River exhibition. "Just like Sculpture-by-the-Park at Maundrell Park in Petersham and HIDDEN at Rookwood Cemetery."

Melissa was delighted on one occasion to see a small dog in a billy cart box attached to a bicycle whose rider was going along the river. "That's how you'd like to go for a walk hey Melissa!" her mother stated cheerfully. Another time there was

a festival by the river where Melissa was fascinated to see three performers wearing suits and with coloured see-through plastic boxes over their heads. Red, yellow and green cubes with what looked like submerged heads walking around the stalls on well-dressed human bodies. There were also the opportunities to take more adventurous bushwalks in Wolli Creek. "Wolli is Aboriginal for meeting place." Master would mutter. "I've been told a scene from Jedda was filmed at Nannygoat Hill. That reminds me we'll have to go and see Charlie's Country. It's another Rolf de Heer film. David Gulpilil is the star. I imagine it'll be as good as The Tracker and Ten Canoes. Pemulwuy who led the likes of the Eora and Dharug against the English came from the same tribe that was from around here who are the Bidjigal people. The Aboriginal name for Cooks River is Goolay'yari. There's also a pelican dreamtime story connected with the river which is interesting as you often see pelicans." Master would introduce his 'guest slaves' to an older Aboriginal cousin who was a relative through an extended family marriage. He was a very kind man who opted to take Master and his new friends to the Powerhouse Museum to see a stunning series of astronomical photos and to look at an indigenous collection of small colourful Sydney Harbour Bridges beautifully made from seashells. "They're mainly associated with the Aboriginal community at La Perouse. They got the idea off the Victorian English who had their missionaries introduce shell art to help 'civilize' the Aborigines so they would better assimilate. Yet this mob got one over their colonizers by using this 'culture' dominating them to provide a good income from tourists to help revitalize their Aboriginal identity. That white fella Harbour Bridge has certainly come in useful. Before it would be things like seashell boomerangs, animals etc. This bridge you see is actually done by a Bidjigal woman. I sometimes think of it as a bridge over troubled waters."

"I like it…I like it a real lot." I remember saying thinking how it would be good to cross a bridge that would take you away from any trouble and to a place of peace.

(Tranquility)

'Melissa and I would often have a picnic at a big clearing known as Girrahween Park and pretend we were back in the country which was what we especially felt when Margaret would join us. There was often this cheeky black Schnauzer puppy named Ola there who would look so happy with her smiling tongue wagging face chasing after a ball or 'sculpting' a long stick on the ground holding it with her front legs and working on it with her teeth. Apparently, Ola was very stubborn and independent minded but paradoxically would also be upset if left alone. The inner life of animals are complex. Anyhow, Ola was very kind with Melissa always happy to chase the ball when Ola's owner would let Melissa throw it and was actually more co-operative with her than with any adult who she would make sure she would always get her way! Anyhow, close to Master's place was another native bush enclave Stotts Reserve which was also tranquil to visit. I would like to visit a spot where Master would plant a tree whenever someone he knew had died. ("I had him promise to plant a tree in remembrance of me when the time came"). Sometimes Melissa and I would tag along with Master and Michael when they would do clean

up forays of the bush. Coming back with many plastic bags filled with bottles and rubbish. "There's no respect!" Master would growl. "Anyhow, we've worked hard enough. Tonight we'll go over to the Thang Huong on Illawarra Road in Marrickville. Great Vietnamese food and it's cheap. I'll pay for Lisa and Melissa anyway – you Michael can pay for your bludging self!" Along with such occasional generous treats ("He's always known how to buy friends" Michael would complain about Master) I would always be happy when I could take Melissa to a kid's birthday party at Petersham Bowling Club usually on a Saturday afternoon and sometimes I would see a few of the same mums. It was a great place that had no pokies. It even had film, band and poetry nights which especially pleased Cat who told me how the President saved the place and it was his idea not to have gambling to make money. It all sounded pretty brave to me. Cat, Michael and I saw him perform one time in this theatre basement space doing a talk about his Greek family upbringing. Typically, very funny and tragic at the same time. It included living in the States like Detroit in the late 60s. Cat said he went to his place once to find him with a pile of videos in the living room staring at the television as he had to help judge what were the best flicks for a local city short film festival. His wife was an artist who ran Roomies over at Addison Road which mainly involved working with people who lived in boarding houses having them do great art. Anyhow, one time at the Petersham Bowlo Cat and I saw this American duet called the White Top Mountaineers. "He loved the banjo playing! As well as the bluegrass clog dancing!"

Although I appreciated the local native flora that Master planted in his backyard – especially this one acacia which was good for the skin - I would still search for it and the other natives in the bush. "Melissa do you know that all trees need an equal number of branches on both sides?" I would say to her while watching a kookaburra perch in a tall gum. "It's how they keep their balance. If a strong wind comes by it'll keep an even keel…if you know what I mean. It won't fall over. It's the sort of balance your dear mum needs. I need to keep a balanced mind." Picking and eating mulberries and lying in the shade of the many native trees in the big sprawling bushy backyard. Master's place was an oasis of native flora and fauna and offered us the sense of peace we would both need...'

(infinity)

(Cat's Infinity)

MIND COMET

CAT'S MEDITATIONS [I]

"Examine..." coyly remarks Cat as he now further reviews in his *Book of* Quotes his hurried meandering philosophical recording of speculative musings (with its typical bewildering multi-layering of thought and afterthought).

"Let the Widescreen Colour of Technirama Light Shine!"

(If I really am a prophet then friends like Caterina and Gregor as well as the likes of Michael, Lisa and Master among others are the actual doers of good things).

Watching on a Sunday afternoon an over-acted Hollywood biblical epic from 1959. Solomon and Sheba starring Yul Brynner with a full crop of hair. I explained to Lisa that he accepted the leading role after Tyrone Power had died as he desperately needed the money. A battle scene where a badly mauled Israeli force from a previous engagement with Pharaoh's huge army now faced final annihilation. For a belatedly heroic yet hopeless last stand Yul Brynner had his few men on a slope line up in long rows with their polished swords and shields aimed at the Egyptians. Lisa was wondering what was going to happen while a mischievous smile came across my face). The 'prophet' had already seen the movie as a boy and it had left a lasting impression on him. With thousands of the enemy coming towards them it was hard to see what tactic this battered remnant of the Israeli army could utilize to save it. As it was a biblical film Lisa half expected some act of divine intervention such as a cyclone or lightning. Yet divine intervention had occurred the night before when an idea had come to a downcast Israel king in the way of a dream. Yul Brynner was shown waking up to suddenly order his mystified men to polish their equipment. The human mind in union with the eternal spirit would bring about salvation. The Egyptian commanders gleefully hurried their cavalry, their infantry, their chariots to full speed as they raced ever closer to their doomed prey. All they saw before them was the plain they were on gradually incline upwards towards the Israeli lines. The military advantage of being on higher ground would really not serve to help the Israelis as the Egyptian tsunami coming their way was too powerful. All would be swept away. All would die. All was lost. Yul Brynner ordered his men to shine the sunlight reflecting from their shields directly into the eyes of their enemies. The Egyptians were blinded by the broad expansive line of glowing light but surely this would only be a momentary setback before the still guaranteed victory. The slaughter of Yahweh's men would not be averted. This overconfident force thus didn't see the fate that awaited it until it was too late. The seemingly benign geography was a deception. In between the plain and the slope lay a huge chasm that could not be sighted from ground level. Pharaoh's men were blinded by the glaring holy light so they could not see it until they had reached its very rim. They were then going too fast to halt in time to prevent going over the edge. Like

a flood swirling into a ravine thousands of surprised panicking attackers collectively arced down to their deaths. The whole Egyptian army suddenly fell to its writhing destruction to become a dead human sea of mangled men at the deep bottom of this bloodied abyss. Not a single defender's life was lost. All were saved.

Lisa complained that this battle scene was almost exactly the same as the wholesale destruction of a Polish medieval army in Taras Bulba. The outwitted Poles had also toppled en masse to their deaths over a cliff. Taras Bulba was another Sunday afternoon epic which Lisa had recently endured. Yul Brynner – without hair – had also starred but this time as a Cossack ruler. It had a young Tony Curtis as a son of Taras Bulba who fell in love with a Pole that made him act as a traitor. The father was tearfully forced to kill him. Do not focus on the particular I had implored. "Egyptian. Israeli. Pole. Cossack. Never mind the human politics for this always has a human being murdering another human being and to rely on an avenging God to justify such insanity. The Old Testament is over. The sword is over. The light of God is to be found in the Amsterdam poet who writes and recites for the unnamed dead. Corpses who nobody knows. Found in this city's streets. In desolate places. As if to come across unmarked, bleached skeletons in a Sinai wilderness. Abandoned human beings. They are like Lazarus who in his poverty only the dogs would tend to his sores. To lick his puss while the rich man would not even throw him a food scrap. Amsterdam. The city of an impoverished aged Rembrandt who painted the light of God emanating from a forgiving father. To provide a feast for his lost son. A poet bestowing dignity. A humanising act which also humanises the poet. For Ashfield Uniting Church compassionately burying a homeless man who had remained unidentified for many months. It's the same when you go off with Caterina or Gregor to whatever benefit to bring some more compassion to this world. For the human spirit to also find some solace. Maybe evil has to be forcefully defeated but the general theme you should consider for your life is that the light of God is in any human act that is just. The Creation was an act of divine culture. It's through our 'little creations' rather than through our destructions that we should go forward. That will bring about an everlasting justice. That is the way to live." I stared at the television, this 'measuring instrument' of any contemporary cultural mood.

An ad showed rows of mass-produced Buddha garden statues at a mega-hardware warehouse discount sale. "Buy one to lift your spirits!" came the sardonic exclamation.

Human Beings have become Soft Machines

When thinking of my place, Lisa had concluded, that, in my own way, I had made it an oasis for the human mind; which could even assure any doubting Thomas. "What is human history? The eternal battle between the powerful and vulnerable." Lisa would note this was the sort of general throwaway comment

that I would often make while watching the news. To me knowledge is the true gold for any human being. "Lisa I quote Metrodius of Chios who said we know nothing, not even whether we know or do not know, or what it is to know or not to know, or whether anything exists or not." I would more often would like to mention Thales to Lisa who was an Ancient Greek philosopher who once rented olive presses before a harvest counting on it being a good one. His estimation was correct and Thales made a good profit from the sudden high demand for his olive presses which he had monopoly control. It is suggested Thales wanted to prove if he wanted too he could make much money if he thought it worthy to spend his life to do so. Thales of Miletus, seen as the first philosopher of the Western tradition had assumed water was the basic substance of all things and had taken an empirical approach to the world. He was especially noted for his astronomical and mathematical knowledge and considered one of the Seven Sages of Greece. Lisa would argue that I was a 'modern sage'; yet – to speak in the third person - this cosmopolitan 'ancient stoic' who, despite all his monkish visitations to libraries, still kept a strong eye on the various technical outlets of the modern world. The television set. The radio. The internet which could be easily streamed on my laptop, minipad and smartphone.

"We are human soft machines! To steal a title by William Burroughs!" I have been to known to proclaim while playing around with an online translator which has always provided me with some bemusing results. "One day all this technology will be in our brains and all our brains will be cyber-connected together to make us as one living global computer." So would say this 'sage'. The irony being with many extra television channels to choose from the quality of most of what was on view was so shallow and bad that I watched little of it; with old programs and repeats often preferred. Also, many of the political discussion shows on the national broadcaster which at one time I zealously watched I now more of often than not presently avoided when I started to feel that they were more about political conditioning than political revelation as well as for myself adopting a cynical attitude that they were also a visual avenue for self-promotion for many in a self-satisfied managerial class. (I would have welcomed to have seen a long-time uncompromising Aboriginal radical activist who even goes back to the Aboriginal Tent Embassy days be asked to appear on one of these political programs but am yet to see so).

As to my little protestations against modern technology I have kept a little retro alarm clock in one of my jacket pockets to tell the time and a wall clock that is never changed for daytime saving with me once remarking to Lisa that it was always 'ahead of its time' on the matter of its one-hour time difference.

Yet as a self-appointed 'citizen of the world' who is always interested in the most obscure facts and issues I have made sure that at any time and from anywhere I can easily update myself on anything happening on the globe - or even in the universe for that matter - as I was keeping regular tabs on the Rosetta space probe as it orbited around comet 67P with the module Philae on its craggy surface (always noting interviews with a female astrophysicist on The World that is telecast

weeknights at 10pm on ABC 24). My many mobile devices and large black-padded headphones fit into a large leather satchel which I had bought at Glebe markets. (Purchased while on the way to a record fair 'the seer' considered it fortuitous as on the same day he had been to the Sydney University Annual Book Sale at the Great Hall). Like the hundreds of other second hand book addicts - who had waited in a long queue before the opening – I had zealously meandered around this 'book hive' with its thousands of dusty literary works realizing that if I was to go on and also buy some albums I would need another bag. There was now more room in my orange and white On the Road tote bag and white recycling Marrickville Council calico bags for pre-digital age 'hard copy artefacts'. As things stood it was in a Glebe record shop that I also obtained my best record bargains rather than at the fair which was held in a large auditorium; next to a basketball court along a side street where Badde Manors was perched at the top on Glebe Point Road. Although thousands of albums were on sale a few particular classical music recordings I was after proved to be unavailable. Instead a Saints album titled Prodigal Son from this local record shop proved to be the bargain of the day. I enjoying having a look at the record sleeve with a good mocha while sitting at one of the outside tables with vinyl records under the glass tops. I surmising that this worthy purchase was right up there in terms of satisfaction with him spotting Dave Warner's This Is My Planet at a record stall in the regular Saturday market outside the Newtown Neighbourhood Centre.

Cat the Preserver of Human Civilization

"People just don't realize that from ancient times to now many mass epidemics of deadly diseases have done as much to change the course of human history as any war. If not more so." I lift up my new travel card which I have just registered online. It has been given the nickname 'Dante'. "I had to get this as everyone who does not have one will be forced to pay on-peak fares all day, even on weekends. Now I go out again into this city - our underworld. How I look forward to reaching 60 to obtain my Senior travel card that will allow me cheap travel every day." Lisa thought it was almost comical to often see me leave the flat like some post-apocalyptic marauder with all my calico bags to go scavenging for 'cultural relics' such as a fully restored 70s orange typewriter that was acquired from a retro shop. Although along with my cotton bags I would also use a thin Czech brown leather military war map case for my laptop. (On a different tangent, I once came home saying I had found a corner shop at Ashfield called USA INVEST which sold American memorabilia as well as houses in the U.S. at very cheap prices. Lisa convinced me it would be a big risk to put some of my inheritance money - that was proving to be very handy right now - into something I had never seen or really knew anything about. Thus an investment property in the mid-West was eventually discounted). One time after returning from a book and CD sale at Leichhardt Town Hall Lisa made the point that I would probably not live long enough to savour everything he was buying.

"I hear what you're saying but I'm not collecting them just for myself. I want my place to be a library. Like the one at Alexandria of old! To save these books and everything else from all the barbarians who don't believe we should any longer have 'hard copies'." A look of disdain. "You can't just stay at home Lisa. It's good for you get OUT!" I now look more kindly towards her. "Consider those Australian patrols who have bravely taken the great risk to go out to meet a knowing enemy head on in the rice paddy fields of Vietnam and craggy terrain of Afghanistan. Likewise, we can't stay in our safe havens where nothing may be achieved. I need to go on my 'cultural discover-and-rescue missions.' Of course, it is not a life-and-death risk of body - but it is of mind! In my 'literary oasis' all who are thirsty may come and 'drink' for knowledge and spiritual fulfilment. Let the light shine! Let our brains be truly washed! I choose only to be in the world, but not of it!" An angry look again. "Out there is a desert! It needs water!"

[A Thought on Asymmetric Resistance from a Lower Level of Cat's Subconscious]

Yet. To. Think. Of. How. There. Were. Small. Australian. Patrols. In. Vietnam. Of. Only. A. Few. Well. Camouflaged. Well. Trained. Highly. Skilled. Patient. Men. Who. Had. Themselves. Fully. Respect. The. Jungle. To. Become. A. Part. Of. It. Who. Stripped. Themselves. Away. From. Any. Seemingly. Modern. Benign. Utility. Such. As. Shaving. Cream. To. Dispel. With. Regular. Comfort. So. As. To. Have. The. Same. Scent. Of. The. Jungle. Odour. As. Disguise. To. Move. As. Stealthily. As. Excruciatingly. Slowly. As. Possible. So. As. To. Be. As. If. As. Still. As. The. Jungle. Itself. Yet. To. Still. Be. Imperceptibly. Moving. To. Never. Be. Detected. Even. If. The. Enemy. The. Vietcong. Was. Literally. Only. A. Hair. Breadth's. Away. To. Never. Know. Death. Was. So. Close. Unless. Death. Finally. Decided. To. Strike. To. Be. Fully. Surprised. Yet. For. The. Australians. To. Always. Give. Their. Enemy. A. Chance. To. Surrender. &. For. The. Enemy. To. Know. Of. This. Reputation. So. As. To. Know. The. Decision. Could. Be. Made. To. Stay. Alive. &. Would. Be. Respected. By. Their. Elusive. Foe. Which. For. Tactical. Reasons. Was. Also. Beneficial. To. The. Australian. Patrol. For. A. Live. Captive. Could. Be. Of. Immense. Information. Value. To. Better. Outwit. An. Resourceful. Enemy. That. Always. Had. A. Superior. Edge. In Fighting. In. Local. Conditions. It. Knew. So. Well. Yet. Would. More. So. Choose. To. Fight. In Provinces. Under. The. .

A Censorship of the Human Soul

"People should scream out they're as mad as hell from their windows just like Peter Finch had everyone do in Network. We'd then get over the Stockholm hostage syndrome of sympathizing with those who captivate our minds. We live in a fraud world."

The eighth circle of hell. The sins of the wolf. Dante saw him as a predatory beast. Without mercy. With an insatiable appetite. Malicious. Fraudulent. Never satisfied. Who's afraid of the big bad lone wolf? He'll huff and he'll puff...KABOOM! The unleashing of hitherto unimaginable terrors. So many

innocents dying from indiscriminate violence from suicide bombings and from the air. The kidnappings. Women raped and enslaved. Aid workers viciously murdered. Aid convoys bombed from the air. Ceasefires collapsing. The abhorrent, vicious wanton terrorist slaughtering of civilians in so many far away cities throughout the globe…tragically, there are far too many places to mention and the 'hit list' keeps growing. Freelance journalists beheaded in the desert. Executed on the side of highways. Another journalist dismembered in an embassy of his own country…lethal poisonings of anti-government activists…yes the escalating rise in journalist deaths globally whose professional neutrality was once more often than not seen as sacrosanct with many environmentalists also the victims of targeted killings in global regions vandalised by extractive industries which can include those which will service renewable energy….lawyers also imprisoned or killed in the just service of trying to protect a ravaged Gaia and equally ravaged indigenous peoples and other local communities officially ostracised from their traditional lands…on the late news now yet still another journalist killed in Mexico…a U.S. environmental lawyer under house arrest…three journalists in a Kafkaesque trial in Egypt…yes, a nightmare judicial process repeated again and again to unknown thousands everywhere who after being falsely charged are interminably jailed, or executed…including also in England another subversive representative of the media who despite his wildly polarizing effect (partly due to the perception – which of itself is often argued between supporters and detractors - of focusing on the secretive criminalities of one modern empire and not so much on those insidiously committed by its adversaries) stays imprisoned while at the very least it seems he does deserve the legal right to be free on bail until his final verdict. The German proverb says fear makes the wolf grow bigger. It is what the powerful are also counting on to quell dissent. To now have nation states of every political system suffocating freedom in the name of national security. To have intelligence whistle-blowers in exile or spitefully imprisoned for many years with…on the late night news now a young Australian man left to languish for many years in a Bulgarian prison for a murder charge he claims was incorrectly proven; having gone to the defence of a gypsy man who was being beaten on a city street, who has shown a willingness to uphold the prison rights of fellow inmates…yet in Australia itself to have the undemocratic case of a whistle-blower defendant's senior lawyer facing legalised state harassment and possible imprisonment all due to the outing of a deceitful national subterfuge to undermine Timor Leste's rightful access to underwater energy resources. While Australia's moral character overall also in need to be forensically scrutinised with the politicization of 'national security' to thus over many years to have had allowed thousands of human beings merely seeking safety to be 'forever' warehoused on the foreign islands of Nauru and Manus; to be punished for escaping terror; to even psychologically coerce people to return to where they may face certain death; the refugee status of these innocents already proven but to still have their freedom denied so as to inhumanely serve as human shields to

signal that despite any international refugee convention anyone attempting to come to Australia by sea will still be denied entry. Sane people to no longer face the risk of drowning but to face the risk of slowly going insanely mad. To have had children suffer from detention syndrome which is acknowledged can occur after a mere two weeks but to keeping such young innocents confined for over three years; to have scanners regularly roving over their small bodies as if they really could be a security risk. Nauru, a corrupt regime with a malevolent political elite which hoards only for itself most of the money a rich nation gives to this gulag to buy its loyalty; an island underworld with its wild dogs, with its rat-infested, mildew covered tents, which, for their damned occupants, are always waterlogged when its rains; (yet as a former Australian NGO teacher claims: to even be pettily denied access to the only public toilet on the island); yet on a sinister level for the females, as well as for the children, to face being raped, and when such an atrocity happens to not always report it in fear one's refugee status could be threatened; to hear of a nine year old girl standing listless staring into space with all hope of any future being taken away people who have become nameless…who are officially, identified only by numbers…to dehumanize human beings is to have them perceived as inanimate, unfeeling objects which makes it so much easier to treat them badly, to even dismiss their very existence...who have become the living dead...to all be living in a vile purgatory that replaces any hope of an ascent to liberty with a corrosive fear of descending further into a wretched human state. Much like what torture is meant to do there is the aim to break the human spirit, for all resistance to wither so there will be a desperate willingness to do whatever the captor wants, which in this case is to 'voluntarily' return to the place of persecution. The captor then will certainly not care what happens to its former victims: whether they be further tortured, imprisoned or even murdered; for the captor has only seen them as an inconvenient liability to one's own political capital, (ultimately, such 'low value' human beings have always been expendable). The captor can wash his or her hands of any international responsibility; of breaking any international treaty, with the dishonest claim that those who have been insidiously cajoled to go back, (possibly to their deaths), had been 'illegally' attempting to arrive at a place of sanctuary in the first place; there has never really been any obligation to put a hand out to rescue those who have tried to 'deviously' abuse a wealthy nations reputable 'generosity' and 'humanity' for their personal salvation. Let them fall into the abyss. While those bordering along an ever hardening rim, with ever hardening hearts, to harshly look down towards the 'undeserved'…(…to not take heed of Nietzsche's salutary warning that if one gazes into the abyss then the abyss with all its darkness will gaze back into you…so as for you to surely become the abyss…)…to say they already take in many who are deserving of help which in actual fact many more should be taken in; to gloat with a contemptible self-righteousness, to blindly believe they alone will choose who shall be worthy to be hauled into their paradise which despite its many benefits, becomes a little more squalid, a little more corrupted, with

every inhumane act committed on those who genuinely need help; for paradise can only continue to exist when those who are last are gainfully, continually made to be the first. For it is necessary for every soul to be blessed. For every soul to be redeemed…for every refugee, at the very least, to have his or her name returned, when presently every detained refugee can only inhumanely be referred by the number of the boat one was found on…(…the Book of Life demands that a name be recorded, to be used…)…To learn how private international security firms through corrupt government deals make hundreds of millions of dollars 'administering' (often at maximizing such a huge profit for themselves by increasing infrastructure cost-cutting measures and introducing a low wage regime for local workers) government edicts to maximize the human hells that Manus and Nauru have become for those kept detained against their will, (illegally with such imprisonment being against international law) for the politically questionable 'virtue' of 'border security'. To read how two Australian security guards were hurriedly sent back to Australia after a refugee was killed; with only the local guards implicated in this man's custodial death facing local judicial judgement; to read how the Nauru government has even passed a law that no one could leave the island for urgent medical treatment if diagnosed remotely and to even then curtail this valuable technological medical provision; (thousands of Australian dollars are made for Nauru for the monthly visa renewal of each refugee thus the hesitance to let these people go…to read of news reports of those refugee families who have been fortunate to go to the United States to resume their lives immediately facing the unpleasant surprise of a cruel official demand that they must pay for their flight thus automatically weighed down with a huge debt of thousands of dollars) to see also how the Australian government has cynically re-opened Christmas Island (as Australian territory) to transfer sick refugees to there rather than to the mainland even though sufficient medical facilities do not exist, that in turn, those entrapped in onshore detention need to no longer have their rights under international law denied, that those asylum seekers in the community (while many others including children remain detained in onshore prison-like facilities) should be taken off the limbo of temporary protection visas and it is a national disgrace such socially vulnerable people have been deliberately stripped of their welfare and health benefits-

I am filled with rage. To paraphrase out loud the words of Jesus. "Verily, verily I say unto you to welcome a child is to welcome Me otherwise it is certainly better to tie a rock around one's own neck and toss yourself into the sea than harm any who are the smallest!" To fume with a release of my wrath that is relentless in its ferocity. "At least in the past there were doctors and nurses in Brisbane willing to refuse a government's demand to return an injured baby to an island hell hole! Where it is a sin to report the abuse of a child and to even demand that they be protected! That they live in safety! To instead face having our mainland government actually put you in gaol for choosing to publicly abide by the very

Holy Word of the Lord! Where are those who are willing to call for a boycott both domestically and internationally against such hellish places and against all those who prop them up and make political and monetary capital from this human suffering so as to bring an end to such inhumane practices? To hold all to ransom as they themselves hold innocent human beings to ransom! For their own unholy ends! Who even send such innocents back to deadly destinations before they can be properly processed! To even do so in secret! To never release for the public to know the number of refugee boats turned back by navy patrols; to never know the ultimate fate of those on board, whether they survived their ill-fated journey or too also drowned in an unforgivable sea. To even have a government shrilly denounce as a 'pull factor' (a deliberate distortion and avoidance of the truth) the passing of a decent law (when the numbers were stacked against them on the parliamentary floor) that demanded that sane medical reason take precedence over insane political considerations when it came to having those run down mentally or severely injured, beaten or unhealthy after years of false and inadequate detention be humanely taken to the mainland for proper treatment, especially when it was well known that in the past bureaucratic obstruction by an indifferent officialdom had already led to the unnecessary suffering and deaths of refugees due to delays in obtaining essential medical care-

'…on Nauru a kindly local man deliberately took photos of all that is evil, of all that is literally unclean, of the foul living conditions which includes one disgusting toilet to be used by the falsely damned, as unholy evidence for the last days when judgment is passed on who shall be in heaven and who shall be in hell; this man is threatened by officials, an illiterate wrongly accused of writing a note in which he will harm the authorities, who is arbitrarily locked up indefinitely, without trial, without any real charge that can be legitimately sustained…with no access to outside help…in a place where there is no real rule of law…(…we know this is going on yet we turn away…)-

'From Guantanamo Bay to other unknown 'black spots' of incarceration are others who have been indefinitely imprisoned; hundreds swept up from from far away battlefields to be accused of intending to commit terrorist acts when for many of these detainees no evidence can be established. Indefinite detention. Secret rendition. Eternal surveillance. Detainment without charge. The new bottom lines of western democracies. Then again in Russia there is also the investigative journalist Anna Politkovskaya's retributive death in Moscow; with so many other modern day political Russian martyrs with the state to also put on trial a dead lawyer: Sergei Magnitsky yet whose international legacy would be governments enacting the Magnitsky Act to specifically punish those in power who commit human rights violations.

It can be clearly seen that anywhere an official censorship over those heralding 'John the Baptists' who see a transmission of humane values as newsworthy can take on many brutal forms. Any scribe extolling an overarching humanity that is against the cold-blooded machinations of the state must simply be done away

with. Dante the exile bitterly knew this-

In the eighth circle of hell are the ten 'evil pouches' which in Italian are collectively the Malebolges. It is perceived that Dante recognized that the breakdown of the city state would lead only to an apparition of democracy, any semblance of true freedom hollowed out from within by a litany of lies dressed up as 'civic truth'. The self-seekers of power will always viciously disallow any individual voice to expose this 'democratic' fraud. Caiphas - the instigator of the crucifixion of Christ - is laid out and crucified on the searing ground. Continuously trampled upon by other damned hypocrites. (Jesus spoke of the servant who owed his master a huge debt. He couldn't pay. Mercy was shown. Yet this servant in turn showed no pity to another. The Master found out. He was justifiably thrown into prison. The Pharisees - as equally unforgiving religious frauds - are weighed down in this punishing orbit for hypocrites by lead in their coats, as they too trample Caiphas. Dante making reference to Jesus's remark that although Caiphas's fellow Pharisees were like clean white tombs in appearance they had bones like the deceased inside them. They were spiritually dead). Yes, it is those entrusted with power but strengthen it by proclaiming they are serving a higher good - to justify persecuting anyone who threatens their ever tightening, strangling authority - who most deeply suffer in Dante's dark vision. Dictators have their demons. In the corrupted city the brutes are more readily unleashed with their full violence. Yet, beforehand come the provocations, to wear down what is good. After all, to recall Edmund Bourke's dictum that evil will persist when good people do nothing. The human mind can be a demon. Malice, uncontrollable.

In Alabama in the 1930s a negro man could be strung up by a lynch mob for looking at a white woman. 14-year-old Afro-American Emmitt Till lynched, tortured and mutilated in 1955 for a similar 'misdemeanour' in Mississippi. Execution by necklacing burning tyres onto the heads of victims in South Africa from the 1980s often accused of being collaborators of the white Afrikaner regime. Aboriginal men, women and children being forced to jump to their deaths off the high cliffs of Bluff Rock in Tenterfield in 1844. To this day an Aboriginal person can still easily die in the white fella's prison, often by their own hand, due to a burdening despair. To brutally face an unjust death after being unfairly detained for something as relatively trivial as not paying a car fine.

Spinning. Like a Sufi. Holding a torch. Shadows. Twirling. Strips of a dark black and strips of a bright white. Light circles. Light cones. Fusing-

Human negatives. Human transience. Human lies. History on a film strip which is edited; which is never revealed. Kept in the dark, to never see the light of a movie projector lamp. On the big screen, for a big audience, to bring about a big change. No, nothing. Keep the human mind closed. Away from the truth, when all the truth will do is set the mind free. That will change the power dynamic

taking some of it away from those who have it all to those who have none of it. The chimera of democracy to be revealed for what it is: an illusion. Money is power. Money needs to be taken out of the equation to return an equilibrium to human freedom. To human equality. To human opportunity. To human prosperity. For the whole polis. Not for just the few. Money exists. Share it. Human greed is strong. Greed must be tempered. The monetary economics at the root of all evil must whither on the grapevine. To have a world without human selfishness at its core maybe never realised but it must be strived for. To overcome the few strong always subordinating the many weak must become the common aim. To overcome fear. To overcome hatred. To overcome disappointment. To overcome suffering. To overcome violence. To overcome inequality. To overcome poverty. To overcome material obesity. To overcome the vandalism inflicted on nature-

In the flat. To mentally review my fantastical rhetoric. In a fit of self-doubt I ask myself is it all propaganda…for thyself...? Yet, there is some glimmer of truth in what I so idealistically infer…A human innateness deep within me tells me that at least I am correctly seeking out to towards what is the right moral path that will lead to human liberation. To human release. Kicking over a bucket. An accident. Of humanity. Of nature.

"YIN! YANG!"

In the mind. A butterfly. Across a brightly lit pixelated, black and white screen. Rows of whirring black and white lines. Immersion. To hear Bach-

The woman shot at her own art installation. From what I understand – which could be mistaken - so as to release her very human, gender based emotional frustration. To have a sense of human freedom return along with the trapped air that was behind a glass wall that was now released; to be free, (now limitlessly flowing). As she would wish her own spirit to be free. Unrestricted. The gun not fired out of anger, but more like out of quiet desperation. Violence to not cause harm, but to release human energy for human liberty. Breakage as a metaphor for transformation, not damage. (A shell cracks and a new life emerges). The Beijing artist who lived in a suffocating human state, on the cusp of national rebellion (which at this particular time - just before the national agony of Tiananmen - so personally preoccupied, was not actually her first interest, yet who desired real life, not only for herself, but for all of her kind, of her gender, and then perhaps for all). To create dialogue, to overcome separateness. The female and male forces to be in balance, not uneven, with one in dominance, no, yes, harmony is desired. Yearned for. The yin and yang of life. To pour a bucket of black ink over herself. To then pour a bucket of water over herself. For this perceptive performance artist to state that the ink is Yin and that the water is Yang; how Yin and Yang becoming one is the Way of the Universe it is proclaimed. Opposite cosmological forces to work together to bring on harmony rather than working against each other to 'create' only disunity. Shadow and Light. Day and Night. Winter and Summer. Sun and Moon. Female and Male. To have Peace. To avoid War. Cycles of life. Duality. One. Existing together. In need of each other to exist.

Complementary. To have hope trump nihilism. (The human mind always to be on the lookout so as to always strive for and to change from negativity to positivity. It is the case with Lisa. With all of us). Transformation. As seen in a butterfly. Symbol of hope. Of change; it is the being the Dutch artists included in their vanitas still life paintings that were to remind the materially nourished spectator that in this material world there was still death at the end of it (with an infinite immateriality beyond. Emptiness. Yet I have heard it said that as the Dutch became ever richer their painters would take the reminders of mortality out of their paintings so human deception would still ultimately prevail over mortal reality). The butterfly working as a useful counterpoint in any painting with its death symbols as this beautiful being would be included to reference the possibility of human resurrection. To defeat death. For a butterfly is first a caterpillar that is bound to the ground but once miraculously transformed into a butterfly is liberated from such an earthly limitation. (An earthbound vision is also widened to a boundless 'blue sky' view). I read how in a Venice Biennale catalogue - The Last Land. Hans Schabus of which Gregor has leant to me - how the Latin word for butterfly can also mean tent. This German artist writing of the butterfly shaped flaps of tent pavilions which had become temporal structures for nineteenth century nations to showcase their value at world expositions as well as at art fairs; with the pavilion itself to eventually also be a prestige symbol splendidly housing within it a nation's claims of its technical innovation, imperial prowess and cultural progression which, it all seems - to me – to have the ultimate purpose of grandly serving a nation's material, political, martial, social and business interests; yes…to supremely champion the national cause to impress other nations attracting their interest and who in turn also showcase themselves for the same aims. Mutual admiration for mutual gain. Yet, I only think of Picasso's Guernica which was presented in the Paris World Fair of 1936 by the Spanish Republic which was under threat from an internal coloniser. A nation at binary war with itself and to have both opposing sides proclaiming to be nobly fighting for the nation's liberty. Pulling apart, wide open, the essential charade of a unified national hubris (that needs to be singular and single-minded) - that masquerades as civilization - to reveal the despotic impulses that truly motivates the human pursuit for mastery. At Guernica defenceless human beings were bombed from the air. Not butterflies but dragonflies which Dutch still life artists used to represent hell.

Human fire dragons.

Inflicting only death.

Negative. All is inverted. To have the world seen in the same monochrome grey tones as painted dying animals and human innocents. All fragmented. Obliterated. Crushed bone and flesh. All in many parts. Bodies gone. Souls lost. In such an aimless human universe filled only with violence. In a meaningful, tranquil human world culture can be a tent for the human soul; to protect it, or to contain it as to be a sort of ephemeral residence fortifying it from the violence of human evil; to also reveal those threats than can hurt it; so any harm may be avoided, or at the very least to have any menace pointed out as a warning, or as an accusation when the warning has come too late or had no effect, or to be the evidence of any human (inhumane) apocalypse that has befallen an individual or whole nation. A tent as a temporal protective structure from the elements yet to adversely lose this purpose in a macabre setting such as Nauru

where refugees are housed in tents not as a shelter – as nominally claimed - but rather as a 'trap' that imperils them and to wear them down, for it seems the government intention is to keep them in tents for a long time, as if as hostages in a drawn out siege, so as to eventually end up viewing these heavy cloth marquees that mould and become vulnerable to the tropical moist as if to be in the putrid innards of a human beast. Human movement can be the embodiment of human freedom so when the choice to move is denied then any structure that helps to service such a decision can only in the end be viewed as a prison; yet this punitive situation is made so much worse, both physically and psychologically when the 'shelter' one is now forcibly reliant on can actually mock the long-term state of entrapment that one is presently facing lasting not months – but years - for a tent, no matter, how well it is set up, no matter how good the quality of its canvas, is only best to be used for a short time; to have seen only tents on arrival may have fleetingly installed some hope in those who were to inhabit them, yet such hope has become degraded, along with the living conditions, to certainly be replaced only with a futile mental numbness; a despair that eats up the human will, that erodes any sense of meaning; of any life purpose dissolving with every passing day. It is worse than being in prison for no matter what a prisoner knows there will eventually come the day of release or for those when no release day will come there is at least still the chance to come to terms with this harsh fact. Yet, for those when no date has been set, when the passing of time itself is a sort of living hell, no possibility of hope in the future can be allowed to eventually remain. Human madness. It is desired by those who have set up this tropical hell. For what is desired from the victims is to return to whence they have come from; to face the persecution from which they had run away; to potentially commit a sort of suicide, but out of sight of those who now cleverly, so insidiously, persecute by cynically offering 'assistance' yet in the most demeaning way publicly possible (although the public would, after all, have no access to see what was happening with journalists denied entry to the detention centres; a government ban extended even to opposition politicians who sympathised with the horrific plight of these refugees who are actually being detained illegally under international law; to only see what is happening by way of video footage secreted out by the refugees themselves who, like in any prison, will then have their mobile phones taken away); so as to force on the most unimagined result that could be envisaged by anyone of sound mind. Torturing the mind leaves no evidence. The only physical outward sign upon these deeply depressed victims are the empty eyes, the many deep ridges that now line their foreheads, the listless bodies, finally, for some, to become corpses from the result of 'self-inflicted wounds' or 'self-immolation' after everything that had made each such tragic individual feel human had eventually been inwardly taken away, leaving only a human shell to deal with and to abjectly 'let die'. In any totalitarian state are dissidents who have not so much moral courage – although that is an important, vital characteristic – but rather the mental fortitude to stand up to and even outlast the single-minded determination of the regime to brutally silence them. Many dissidents will silently disappear, never to be heard of again or heard of in the first place, shunted to some gulag or to a grave. Yet, it seems to me that sometimes a regime has to maliciously weigh up its options in the context of the grand propaganda exercise it feels it has to play out to the world when – metaphorically speaking - some

dissidents are able to slip above the ideological parapet that is meant to keep them down and find the snipers assigned to shoot them have somehow missed their mark or have been uncharacteristically inattentive so as to have not even fired off a shot. Thus some dissidents are able to stay in open view to the world just long enough to publicize a message of protest before they are eventually taken down while one or two protesters within the caged system which entraps them have been able to raise their profile to the outside world by so much that it may become counterproductive for the regime to deal with them once and for all. Perhaps, it is hoped that it can be seen that democracy does exist after all when one or two 'malcontents' are allowed to speak their minds although what they have to say would be better said and more well received behind the walls of an asylum. I do not know. It is also a characteristic of some regimes to even follow their own laws and will not deal with those who are outspoken who somehow stay within the law until, inevitably, the regime loses patience and feels it can act against a critic and to do so even with the twisted rationale that the state's 'generosity' had been 'abused'. A well staged legal charge usually does the trick to put such a high profile dissident away in prison for years, or forced into exile or if the circumstances allow: to even die in an 'accident' or by 'misadventure' or by 'thugs unknown' by which there is no connection to the regime and by which the regime will even go so far as to publicly proclaim with every megaphone held ever so high to the world that it will hunt down and deal with any 'coward' responsible for the death of its sternest critic (when, after all, it had already been surmised by the highest level that outright arrest and execution had not seemed politically viable). I have listened to a visiting Russian human rights lawyer remark that in his country there have been journalists and opposition politicians killed in such a way that it is almost impossible to prove that the political elite had anything to do with these murders even though it has had the most to benefit from the doing away of such individuals. Every assassination has been contrived as a criminal rather than political action with anyone eventually held to account perceived only as a common criminal out to rob their victim and so forth (even though at times nothing was even stolen). Yet, not everyone is targeted, for the Russia of today has in a place a policy that is cost effective compared to what Stalin had which involved the moving of millions of 'enemies-of-the-state' on long rail trips to Siberian gulag camps that had to be maintained for decades. Rather, today a strategic arrest or killing effectively serves as a warning to others that they must make sure they stay within the bounds of what is envisaged as acceptable behaviour by the state or otherwise the same fate may await. Self-censorship has proven to be a very effective tool for curtailing criticism and keeping people in line coupled with such laws as those that are meant to keep Russia protected from 'foreign meddling' which has stymied organizations critical of the local human rights situation but cannot monitor as well if they rely on outside sources for funding. (It was noted at the same forum that any foreign interference laws to be put in place in the name of national security as mooted by the Australian political system may also serve to inhibit the democratic roles played by media and human rights organizations). So I find myself in the Philosophy Room at Sydney University with a couple of hundred people listening intently to a translator holding up a phone to listen to a male voice coming from Manus Island. It is like listening to a soul from the Underworld, describing his soulless circumstance.

We are told by a Kurdish journalist detained on this island of a prison system which seems to have entrapped not only those who are kept on the island but also its keepers; enmeshed together by a bureaucratic tutelage which operated at oppressing those it is meant to be aiding. There is no aid. Only humiliation. Only dashed hope. Only deadening paperwork to be filled out, to be processed, but to no end. To no help. To no result. To have no way off the island. To have no way to receive proper care as the bureaucratic imperatives of a top-down hierarchical system - that only strengthens the strong power relationships that already exist - entangles the refugees-come-inmates can never be satisfied and it also psychologically binds those who directly overlord them to be evermore inhumane.

(To have all of this dire discussion to be ever hellishly rotating all the time in my head…).

'After all, to ask again: for how can any common humanity be sustained towards those who have been reduced to being merely labelled as numbers? (Yes, a number is inanimate). To be without feeling; so thus also the human beings now called only by a series of digits. Their agony. Their despair. Their mistreatment. The violation of their basic human rights and freedoms are deemed immaterial and even irrelevant in a dispassionate bureaucratic universe where any notion of a top-down transmission of human empathy is made non-existent. Human beings as merely living automatons…human statues to be eroded away…yet it is every 'pound' of mind rather than every pound of flesh that is to metaphorically beaten down into submission. Human tyranny.

(My distraught mind is so…so morally numbed…Lord have mercy).

'Human beings micro-managed only into a state of mental suffocation-

Cat is Dante's Left Hand Man

Dante and Virgil from one infernal circle to the next walk pass the many damned who suffer from scabs and foul disease, who are flung from high cliffs, submerged into dark pits of burning tar, whose stomachs are split open again and again, whose heads are put on backwards, who thirst, go mad, are burning in flames, wrapped around and bitten by serpents, who demons prod, heads gouged by ghastly tormenters or bodies ripped apart by rabid dogs...so many varied horrific tortures for a multiplicity of sins...such is this descent into a pitiless night underworld of all consuming suffering. Never to stop. (If Virgil is Dante's right hand man, I imagine myself following slightly behind on Dante's left). Cocytus, the river of lamentations is the foundation of the final level. There Dante has us find a three-headed Satan gouging on Brutus, Cassius and Judas. The jaws of hell. Multiplied. An inverse trinity of windpipes which lead to the guts of the Anti-Christ. A furnace. A hot core such as the one that exists in the centre of the world. Molten lava rising back into the mouth of Satan. To sear his three traitorous victims. Satan the prey of God. Satan has us for prey. His entrails exist in this world. Consuming us. (I have seen, for instance, in the morning peak

hour the hundreds of sullen grey human souls marching slowly as if going to their deaths. A saddened human mass encased in the wide yellow-hued grimy tunnel underneath Central Station. Ignoring the multiplying homeless who stretch out their filthy bodies along the sides of the tunnel; as if to be entrapped by this concrete womb. I remember dropping a gold coin to appease my moral hypocrisy into the lap of a scrawny woman. Sitting down, head bowed. I apologized for I had missed her upturned hat. She looked up. Smiled. "It's okay…" The woman was grateful. I felt pitiful. There were the buskers playing their popular tunes, to be a mockery of the funerary mood. I smiled at an elderly woman handing out how to be saved by Christ tracts. I duly tipped my cowboy hat at this lone saint and took one from her entitled BEWITCHED? The endearing story of a very troubled 14 year old girl who is ultimately saved from the Devil by her holy grandmother who unwaveringly kept faith in her, constantly praying for her grand-daughter's salvation). Cocytus, is envisaged as a cold icy lake by Dante. Evil that disallows the movement of natural justice is itself made fully immobile. Frozen. A destructive human ego would become just as still if commanded by a severe rigidity in thinking. A hateful mind to solidify and crumble like the broken architecture of a fallen despotic city-state. The natural state of a human mind is to flow with free thought, an imagination to be vibrant with life, warmly enhanced by God. (Not in exile from God). Cocytus is made of the frozen tears of the Old Man of Crete standing up in Mount Ida. He is Dante's symbol of a fallen humanity. A deformation of a human being who faces Imperial Rome - who is his glimmering mirror - who narcissistically typifies the technical progress of the human race, with a head of gold, of arms, legs and a chest all of silver, along with a body of brass. Yet, technique without spirit is nothing. The city is nothing if it is not serving its living inhabitants. If it only pays due civil respect for itself. To have a society of hierarchical division rather than equal inclusion. Entrapping its citizens like in Dante's hideous allegory of Hell. As Cicero dismally said any 'wisdom' without justice is only cunning. I look down the halls of a dead justice in the supremely defiled court of such a dead city and see the falsely accused victims of this human hades floating in the subterranean murky waterways underneath the clean clear icy floors. This waste of human beings pressing their darkened withering hands onto the glistening level surface above them calling out for help. For someone with any moral sense to break through. Yet the human automatons ignore them. They walk to the elevator. They walk to the office. They watch the human comedy that is society being played out on monitors and television screens. They look straight ahead. They go to work. For their dead world. To ignore the damned living. They will not care until they face the same damnation. Then it is too late. To regret. To suffocate. Gasping, as they too call out. To those above them. (I yearn for the trickling, fresh water of life). I see Cocytus, when I look out the window, in the gleaming metallic skyline of the city. Rising up like the Giants that lead open the way for Dante and Virgil to view a gigantic Satan. Antaeus literally lifting the two pilgrims into the Ninth Circle. I look at the sharp-edged city 'pillars' and envisage the streamline

elevators going up glistening transparent silver metallic windpipes; the cold, white lit corridors; the offices and boardrooms with a cultivated decor on feature walls; the polished floors; the contemporary aluminium furnishings. The glossy brochures of annual reports declaring the profitability of Cocytus. (A horrific three-headed Satan with monstrous bat wings gives way in my mind to the head of a Bosch bluebird, whose black eye looks empty of moral thought, whose human body sits on a yellow highchair as the bird mechanically devours a human victim. A Mouth of Hell, without conscious, swallowing human spirits; a nightmarish inversion of the Holy Spirit who - as a dove – will leave by the deceased mouth of a righteous body, when the saved soul takes flight to Paradise). Andy Warhol said that people never die but just go to department stores. He was right. Shopping malls are dazzling tombs to the living dead. Shiny. Bright. Clean. Escalators taking everyone up and down from one damned circle to the next. The human senses appealed too. Our souls die. No one in these glittering vaults of immaculate white concrete can ever hear a twittering bird. Only serene music picked to manipulate our buying patterns. Outside the large supermarket Michael went on to say he had seen frauds who would mould crawling sycophants into their foul image. Any totalitarian state has a strong hierarchy. Those who suffer first are the powerless who are no longer of any use and so easily disposed. A manic bureaucratic world with many valueless policies. Colonel Cathcart in CATCH-22 wanted Yossarian's squadron to bomb an isolated village. Defenceless. Without any military value. A perfect target in one's psychopathic pursuit of photographs of perfect bomb patterns. To impress his disinterested superiors in an insidious effort for promotion. Dunbar the lead bombardier ignoring this insane order. Yossarian's squadron doomed to fly ever more truly deadly missions.

This is the modern world. Cocytus. A barren, pockmarked surface. Undulating with perfect circle craters. Useless. Inhumane.

Circles of memory.

Moral Deregulation

'A television clip from a celebrated U.S. crime drama The Wire of a class of disadvantaged city students who are willingly shown how to correctly answer comprehension questions even though they may not really understand the notions behind them. However, there is to be a test based on this information that will determine the school's ranking so it is important the students know the right answers, even though they may not comprehend what these answers actually mean. Complicity. Surrender. Moral Cowardice. Living in an age with so much information yet paradoxically with also so little accompanying knowledge (as T.S. Eliot dismally intimated in The Chorus of the Rock). Cultivating only an undemocratic subservience to have only rigidity not flexibility. Suffocation not regeneration. To not have education but compliance. To not have creativity but construction. (To well understand how standards are failing when quick witted

mobile thinking is replaced by bureaucratic sloth. No 'frontline' lateral thought just only now an increasingly top-down autocratically moulded intellect deficiency. To clearly see in Samuel Beckett's WATT the acute evidence of how the irrationality of authority still has to be obeyed to survive such as to be told to feed a dog that is not there. Yes, a crazed officious world is Catch-22).

As a casual worker for Michael to feel sympathy for his casual teacher colleagues who along with a general ongoing degradation of their work rights including to also have to be undemocratically forced to fit in to an accreditation system that all must endure at threat of being let go that is akin to the crushing feudalism of a mutual obligation regime suffered by an ever starving unemployed and often to be serviced in their own unpaid time while such expendable workers who are never thought of outside the workplace to now also be unfairly paid far less than their permanent colleagues and with no calls from anyone for structural wage rectification in sight…as Gregor would sourly state: "At least the Australian cricket test players wouldn't accept a pay rise until the cricket players below them got a fair deal…with us…there is from everybody too many shiny but ultimately empty words…there is no real political will to help the worse off…" A moral hollowness. To always be abandoned. (Mammon above civility). To feel betrayed and in his increasingly damning cynical mind even by those who will voraciously claim that they will work on one's disadvantaged behalf…thus, for someone who always held a strong faith in the vital notion of communal solidarity this was the greatest disappointment…yes, the greatest disillusionment-

"Woe be to those poor servants who demand justice from their powerful masters but are not willing to selflessly endorse justice for those who are below even them." Cat and his usual insanely wild eyed look. 'Thus, in this sense, how righteously applicable to this terrible day remains Matthew 18; 23-35. The parable of the unjust servant who audaciously asked for the cancellation of his debts from his master and when this was generously done would not in turn forgive the debt of a fellow servant, to instead would cruelly have him thrown into prison demanding payment.' "Karma!" 'Alas a grievous misfortune would return to him when the master when he found out about this injustice who would then have this callous, ungrateful servant severely punished.'

"Without love all that we forthrightly 'righteously' say or claim what we will do is really no better than the loud clanging of cymbals!" 'For Christ on the cross to actually say not that it is finished but that it is fulfilled…

For any true democracy to exist the minority voices of any society must be given equal standing to the majority groups that can otherwise so easily drown them out with an elevated media hubris or shout them down with an elevated moral hypocrisy. The deliberately marginalized to thus face remaining voiceless. No voice. A megaphone must be officially handed to those who would otherwise not be heard. Such are the powerless. Who can even die in silence. Or in the most grievous scenario can be sent to their deaths. Unnoticed. Whether that be an indigenous person who is locked up as abandoned to die or a refugee who is

psychologically coerced to agree to return to a land of persecution. There are also the living deaths. (Not just in detention centres or windowless hotel rooms but even outside where there can still exist in very close confinement invisible psychological walls). As if a living person is inside a closed coffin, as if a corpse. A real nightmare. Pushing. To suffocate. Screaming. Unheard. Unseen. Ignored. Trapped. A locked, immovable impregnable barrier. Hard. Strong. No one to come to break down such a locked chamber. Yes. The mind is pressed in badly. In such a way. High anxiety. Trauma. Yes. There are deaths. Sometimes followed by the media performance perversity of officially sanctioned crocodile tears. (Desperately, in death to have found a voice, when it is all too late). Yes. To weep. To play down the inevitable inhumanity as if it was an aberrant 'anomaly' rather than to possibly be an unqueried (planned…?) strategy-

Resistance

"I want to have a look…" slurs Michael who is by my videos. "I wanna see something that would please Zeus. He's the god of hospitality."

"While Ronald Reagan is a centaur!" I scream. I look affectionately at my friend. 'Here is a pawn in a hierarchy that is only deeply concerned with its 'little empires'. With its inevitable 'little purges'.

An old tape. Afghan schoolgirls at a south-west Sydney high school watching the Sorry Day speech to the Aboriginal Stolen Generation. Uruguayan drums at a regional gallery. Shopping trolleys dancing in a supermarket carpark. The Emperor of the microstate Atlantium who lives in Marrickville. A panel discussion on the secretive nature of a trans-ocean multilateral free trade agreement between corporations and governments. Men in Turkey and Azerbaijan wearing miniskirts to protest against sexual assaults on women. Afghan men wearing burqas in support of women's rights. (Michael states he wore a miniskirt to a frock party. Some very proud hard core dykes at Badde Manors Café in Glebe later complemented him on his dress sense). Iranian women riding bicycles to defy a fatwa ban thus to be agents of change. Saudi women arrested for wanting the right to drive. An antique photo of a soldier carrying his tired donkey up a hill. THE THEORY OF EVERTHING. A bearded bespectacled man with a poster of a galaxy behind him talking about parallel universes.

'Michael talking of the 'parallel universe' that is Queen Street in Strathfield which runs parallel to the Hume Highway. This street has less traffic and finds it great to go along. He likens it to using the back streets at Petersham to avoid the heavy traffic on Crystal Street. "You have to laterally apply some quantum physics to overcome Sydney's traffic chaos. As this old mechanic told me there's no downtime anymore." Michael muses as he fast-forwards the tape. 'That warren of very narrow backstreets off King Street around St. Peters. I remember ending up once in the middle of May Street in Sydenham after going down a few of them. I had no idea how I got from the proverbial A to B to cover so much

distance. I had gone through a suburban wormhole. I've found other side-streets and parallel universes like in Enmore to get around the heavy traffic. Sometimes for awhile you have to go in the opposite direction to where you want to go as it's better to be on a clear side of a road when there's stop-start traffic going the other way. In all those backstreets there's some real surprises: a red circus tent painted on a roll-a-door. WHAAMMM!" suddenly screams Michael. "There's this large Pop Art mural on a road off Alice Street with an American fighter jet that you'd really love!" An animation of astronauts which only have their lips moving. Stops it. "S-P-A-C-E A-N-G-E-L!" Ejecting the tape and putting in a much older one. A film clip with policemen on horseback wielding their truncheons at demonstrators outside a desert detention centre. Michael talks of a London soccer riot. Tear gas in the stadium. Police on horseback outside the grounds hitting people with truncheons. "Gregor said he stood with four Germans while a big melee broke out around them between the police and the Chelsea fans who were upset their team was now facing relegation after losing the match. 'Welcome to Thatcher's England.' he joked. Master decided to do a beer label with police on horseback. APOCALYPSE LAGER. Just like The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Talking of the biblical end of days and Thatcher have you seen that film Pride? It's about these gay activists who despite the AIDS epidemic went to help out the striking coal miners! They defied the Dance of Death as best and as long as they could! Yet there are Apocalypses everywhere!"

(To Reminisce More on Michael's Late Night Moral Babblespeak)

"Now there's people, including from warzones where Australia is fighting, being detained indefinitely on Manus as well as Nauru, the government accused of having them being used like propaganda human shields. I just can't imagine that happening to anyone from here although with all these new national security and anti-climate protest laws people have been unfairly targeted. It amazes me how in Australia we might one day have to deal with the same level of abuse of human rights that Caterina says happens in Latin America. I know maybe for us it's quite not like that here but indigenous people may have a different opinion. Anyhow, look what it's like now in Russia where holding a blank piece of paper in public can get you arrested-

Moral Deregulation Revisited

…however…a test…that will determine the school's ranking…so it's important the students know…the right answers, even though they can't comprehend…what these answers mean…at the last school I worked at it was very corporate…all together on the road to hell…"…to compare the world to Catch-22. "There's lots of Colonel Cathcarts out there who want Yossarian and his mates to wear neckties into battle and come up with tighter bomb patterns to impress the likes of General Peckem who could make a Cathcart a general. I mean, look at the crazies in power. Any outspoken 'Yossarian' who wants the right thing done is crucified-

The Great Good

'As Michael talks about CATCH-22 Cat thinks of Orwell's literary dystopian works such as Animal Farm and 1984. Cat wonders if there is a 'great good' to oppose the authoritarian spirit that so often prevails in the human psyche. Cat harks back in his ever informative encyclopaedic mind to Pythagoras who once stopped a man beating a dog who he believed was a reincarnate friend by recognizing the sound of the yelps.

'Pythagoras was a vegetarian for this believer in reincarnation feared he may unwittingly eat any friend who had returned, as say, a lamb; a 'scientific mystic' who has been proclaimed by some as the father of such disciplines as mathematics, music, astronomy and philosophy. Who had even intimated the Earth did go around the Sun. With Copernicus to call his planetary system 'Astronomia Pythagorica'.

The Pythagoreans five hundred years before Christ - at the same time Gautama Buddha was transforming southern Asia - lived in their own community at the bottom of Italy ruled by The Three Hundred; they spread their wise, peaceful governance over the Greek colonies in the west until Pythagoras and forty of his leaders were killed by a mob that was led by a man who was rejected by the Order-

"In all humility to be an instrument of the Lord is surely the highest praise! To be persecuted for the sake of righteousness is surely the highest promotion!" I again look sympathetically at my friend. Yes, a powerless hostage within the system...nevertheless history does show it is possible to surmount the direst injustices. Gregor telling us of seeing a small anti-apartheid protest group in London that stood every day at Trafalgar Square with a sign that marked how many days Nelson Mandela was in jail; like the Springbok protesters their belief that he would one day become President of South Africa seemed hopeless. Yet there was Gregor shaking the great man's hand when he found himself at the last minute as an usher at St. James church in the city where Mandela spoke. So it was that is was with Gregor that I went to see Ramis-Horta speak of his unshakeable belief of how East Timor would one day be free. I was to doubt. I was to be proven wrong.

Cat The Prophet Dwells On The So Called 'Moral Eye' Of Australia Now So Blinded By Worldly Desire

TIMOR LESTE

Yet one still waits for the justice that has been betrayed to the Balibo Five and to Roger East who was assassinated later; that Australia will be forced to accept the meridian line between East Timor and its own coastline to be half way which international law states should be the case. To allow East Timor to truly prosper by way of the underwater gas fields rightly on its side of this line. A truly David & Goliath struggle. To have seen the softly spoken Xanana Gusmão at Pitt Street Uniting Church bitterly remark how the Australian and Indonesian foreign ministers

infamously clinked champagne glasses in celebration of a deal to exploit the Timor Sea; flying over Timor while the East Timorese below were still being killed…later to learn of an Australian national security people bring to public notice how Timor Leste's negotiators in talks regarding these underwater energy resources had been spied on by Australia so as to gain a commercial advantage with such underhanded behaviour by a nation state clearly being against all proper tenets of international law…yet to only have this principled individual as well as his highly regarded lawyer to insidiously face prosecution and even secret trials…all cynically officially justified under the name of 'national security'.

WEST PAPUA

The West Papuan leader Benda Wendt playing his freedom ukulele at a Sydney University screening of Punks for West Papua. Like a strumming Melanesian Orpheus, who has emerged from an undisclosed forgotten region of the underworld; to say how the cruelties committed there have been ignored by those relatively few who enjoy the comforts of an earthly paradise that has been partly built upon by such well-veiled human torments…to yearn for Australia to at least stop turning its back on the West Papuan people who have been suffering an ongoing genocide which has included the transmigration of many Indonesians into West Papua which also faces the extermination of its rainforests with the oligarch implementation of vast mono-culture palm oil tree tracts not only to be at the detriment of the environment but also for wildlife and local indigenous peoples but to well suit high level corrupt business and political interests with such ongoing intrusive colonialism insidiously disguised under the banner of 'economic development'…to also have had an Australian mining company involved in the largest copper and gold mine in the world; which has scarred this ravaged land, contaminating the soil, bringing no real development to local people who are persecuted for the 'sin' of wanting to live freely in their own country; who must endure so much needless anguish, just as Bougainville had also endured a bloody civil war which involved being entangled with another copper mine.

The human heart. Pumping blood. To keep life. Yet spilling other blood too. When human desire is not life giving, but brings on death. Rivers of blood. In the human body. In human systems. Flowing freely. Coursing through uncluttered arteries and veins, but also trickling into mangled ground or down interrupted waterways, when lands have to be bloodily cleared of opposing human habitation. For human profit. A human desolation.

RED RIVER

Rio Tinto, a 'red river' in Spain. Acidic. Red from iron. Metals flowing into a once unspoiled tributary. For five thousand years so many minerals such as silver, copper and gold were mined in the mountains of Andalusia. Grandly. As if to be King Solomon's Mines. To fuel many human economies harking back to the original Iberian peoples, and to maintain an ancient globalization with the likes of the Phoenicians financing their tributes to the Assyrians and to the Romans who used silver and copper coinage as the currency of their outstretched empire. Empires

harshly built on metal. Human pollution. A river of arsenic. To mutate life to the point NASA is examining the subsurface level for the possibility of finding exotic life forms that may exist on Mars. (MARTE Mars Analog Rio Tinto Experiment using a robotic drill SOLID The Sign of Life Detector). In the water itself there is no life. In a modern era of globalized waste to have a new mining company founding itself at this very dead river, ironically naming itself Rio Tinto. Human investment attracting riches, but only for the few who have unsympathetically displaced many others to a cyclical poverty, to premature mortality, in new shadowy company empires, insidious, almost disguised, which only partly show evidence of their existence in stock market tabulations…in conquered global spaces off the radar of so many self-deceiving human consciences….destroyed sacred sites yet to learn that the white fella law still allows for mining companies to devastate Aboriginal lands to even see that there are laws that unfairly put the onus of protection back onto indigenous communities for them to provide good reason why mining cannot go ahead…to see gas fracking certainly risk the water supplies of many first nations peoples over vast areas…to 'own' their ancient land but not what is underneath it….to even have rivers dying for big agriculture…a lethal colonially embedded cynicism pervades…large red blood colour blotches…covering Judy Watson's chine colle etchings of historical documents of everyday early twentieth century bureaucrat control over the indigenous…to need permission for who to marry, of where to travel, who to see, where to go, of permissible work….to view a painting titled Red Tides… Aboriginal blood murderously spilt in the water…like the blood of whales…all 'fauna' collectively massacred for the collective prosperity of the new colonies…the immoral contamination of a whole continent…making it morally blind to neighbourly illegalities…(…to which stands the international accusation that it also contributes…)…Nauru, Manus, West Papua…the Timor Sea…to eye only sour domestic political gain…Terra Australias…to go along an unprincipled national course…the moral corruption…what is happening-

PHOENICIA

I am in a state of disbelief. I briefly idealistically reflect on seemingly more egalitarian, reforming times…(…although there has been no equality for the Aboriginal people…)…when in pre-WWI days there was the introduction of the eight-hour week, the vote for women and so forth…(…although there was little labour rights relief if you were non-white and women would still wait decades to obtain anything venturing close to equal work status and equal pay…)…to consider the possibility of a truly redemptive national mood to again occur. "We must still hold onto hope in this life-

"Just like with the Socceroos!" announces Michael who at Master's place raises his borrowed half full beer glass with a Celtic logo. "What legends! Angie's showing what can be done when you have a bit more self-belief! He's a coach who reckons there's no reason to let the world get on top of you! Stand up and fight! Hey! The same goes for your rights! Johnny Warren said I told you so about getting to the World Cup! I ought to take you Cat to the Western Suburbs Leagues Club over at Ashfield next time Australia plays in the World Cup! It has this big antenna with these

coloured rings which light up and look as if they are going up and down it. Quirky. I never forget being in Leichhardt when Australia got knocked out by Italy. The Socceroos still did us proud. I can still see the intensity in Totti's eyes before this football master scored the winning goal. Just like that manic face in your Roy Lichenstein poster! The Italians waving their big flags in Norton Street. Cheering in every crowded cafe like Café Sports and that little one in Crystal Street that's all covered in World Cup pictures. A loss but a good night! Australians love their sport!" A drunk laugh. "It was only the fit convicts who would've survived that downtown hell hole we're taught at school to call the First Settlement! Australia the prison show! I had to go to Earlwood Oval with Master to see the Troy Horse Ducks play cricket against a mob from the Warren View Hotel to see who would win the Blind Bat Trophy!"

Late night fitness equipment television ads. Techno music. Michael thinks of the gym he went to for a little while in a forlorn attempt to lose some weight. It had four television sets with something different on each and everyone of them. There were big mirrors on the walls which every muscle guy would keep looking at. An angelic voice always singing over the speakers. Beautiful athletic women in tights always on one screen doing calisthenics in front of the Opera House. Working on different gadgets to lose belly fat. "It's ALL a wasteland!" proclaims Michael. "Huh! Let's go to the Phoenician Club! The Phoenicians were the first to Cyprus!"

The Case of the Great Maverick Comrade Cat

"The powers-that-be know we are not willing to stand up for what is right as long as they gift us kneepads so we can live comfortably on our knees!" 'I stand up. Go to the window. Look out.' "We offer only neon gods for our skulls of death! It's a desert!" 'I remember in my old social security job how my department refused to demand back the money that was overpaid to our poorest clients. We were stood down for six weeks and saw how sickness and disability payments were stopped." Shoulders slump. "Governments nowadays outsource their duties and thus also their responsibilities. The vulnerable ultimately abandoned. All for profit to the profiteers!" A mad flash of the eyes. "War Communism! Remember the Kronshdat sailors who fought for liberty in the Russian Revolution! Lenin's crack troops! When they saw they had only fought for slavery under another name they rebelled! Defended hard but were finally massacred! The just betrayed by the so called defenders of justice! It happens to this day! Verily! Verily! Ye I say unto you! Better to die on your feet than live on your knees! Victor Serge is right! That exiled Old Bolshevik Ryzhik he wrote about knew how to die in the face of his foul accusers. Who like thousands of others was spuriously accused by the counter revolution that followed the Chief's rise to power. Ryzhik looked on with contempt at the next generation of so called 'climbers' who willingly betrayed the high principles of the Revolution and those who fought for them so as to succour their own careers. All in the name of the Revolution they willingly usurped it with an ever greater tyranny! How unholy!"

Rings of Fire!

I read a letter from an overseas stranger which has mysteriously arrived through the post which promises me millions of dollars of inheritance money from some unknown relative if I only reply. I think of a spirit led Jesus who had fasted for forty days in the wilderness to be tempted by Satan with the grandiose offering of many earthly kingdoms if the Son of God merely swore his allegiance to the Devil. (I suddenly look very thoughtful, to look almost crestfallen). "We wake up and live through the day with our delusions." (I, the manic philosopher then suddenly dances a little ditty). "Oh there will be enough rest for all of us when we are dead. The livin' must arise from their rest and keep on living! The Devil has his ways with us but the LORD has better ways! It is a great sin to deny the LORD his lovin' victory! Damn those who desire only a self-gratifying power! Who wish on other people the end of days to obtain their malicious aims!" (To suddenly spouse off a series of random thoughts one after the other). "NO SLOUCHING ON THE COUCH! MAN THE NUCLEAR TORPEDOES! ALL HANDS ON DECK! DO NOT BE DOWNCAST! OH MY SEARCHING SOUL! LET JUSTICE PREVAIL! LET US OUT ALL DOUBLETHINK!" (A sudden pause). "It was the great Johnny Cash who chose to sing to the prisoners of Folsom & St. Quentin jails! Yes, we are mortal! We are hurt! Everyone will be gone! In the end! A world of dust! To be singing Hurt. Yes, what will we become? YES! LET'S LIVE LIFE TO OUR FULL POTENTIAL! LIFE DOES HAVE MEANING! WE DO MEANINGFUL THINGS! IN EVERYONE OF US LET'S STOKE THOSE RINGS OF FIRE!"

U2

U2 on the stereo. Streets With No Name. 'Holy U2! Oh Cold War hubris! The saintly rhetoric of a downed U2 pilot who believed the Holy Spirit shone as a glowing light in the pitch black night to keep him alive in enemy waters! Blessed for doing his spiritual duty of spying on the godless! Who had righteously flown missions so angelic advisors could be parachuted to help freedom fighters liberate their downtrodden nations from the Beast! ALL to become martyrs for the LORD!"

Carnival of Souls

The record is changed. Beethoven's rousing Eggmont. Unveiling the mind. Unveiling the particulars of everyday life like how every dawn unveils a new day. I am in a dream. Flicking through the many TV channels. The television screen. A single plane. A remote universe. With multi-views. A warning. "Life can be full of hydras!" Memory as documentary. I hear Michael tell me about Gregor coming off second-best from a hydra in his garden. "...new ferns would appear where Gregor thought he'd killed them off. He had just finished clearing the backyard when he broke his wrist tripping over a shovel on the grass to land on

a thick wooden fence post lying in the yard. He spent three days in hospital and had a titanium plate inserted. It was the first time he had ever had a general anaesthetic. The main surgeon was of Greek heritage and he sat majestically on a large chair behind a laptop in the back corner to direct other smaller 'gods'. Gregor was under three big bright operation lights. He said it was as if they were the Fates. He muttered the three opening lines of T.S. Eliot's J. Alfred Pulfrok and then nothing. A dark blank. He later asked himself: is that what death is? Gregor woke up in a recovery room to see these shelves with medical supplies but his vision was still focusing. His first thought was that the afterlife had a supermarket. A nurse then said his name and Gregor was relieved he was still alive. (As he had heard horror stories of the anaesthetics going wrong during the simplest of operations. To have to repeat the whole process in the future when he would smash his elbow into bone pulp falling onto the front yard pathway. To have his whole elbow adjoined together by a metallic forest of titanium). He felt like the warrior Er who had gone to the 'other side' and returned. He suddenly told me an artist is an archaeologist of the mind- "Live life to the full." I glibly announce as seer. Knowledge. "Life has no reason..." A late night horror movie. A carnival. Laughing clowns. People laughing. On a merry-go- round. "In our quest for life's meaning is any discovery merely a pyrrhic victory while death still awaits?"

A NeoLiberal Psychotic Skullduggery Corporate Spiritual Darkness

A bald muscly thug, who walks by the sausage sizzle, pushes pass a homeless woman holding up a BIG ISSUE, to grab from behind a tall man who is wearing a black fez one of his precious copies of the U.N. Charter of Human Rights. He mocks the slogan on his t-shirt which refers to a remark by Kant who states that violating the rights of people in one part of the world can be felt everywhere; he then swings at the man with his fist, calling him a communist. Then this underhanded brute runs off down the City Circle line staircase to go underground to Town Hall station. Such skulduggery! Shamefully. Taken totally by surprise by this unthinkable act. We had stood still. Oh impotent bystanders! Above ground. I saw across the road near the Town Hall many well intentioned so called 'Jesus freaks' with their loudspeakers and placards exhorting the narrow path to righteousness. "Colossians 3: 1-4. Keep thy eyes on heaven for Thine is the glory sayeth the LORD." Archbishop Romero certainly knew this truth. When he was assassinated and lay soaking in his own blood at the altar he uttered words of forgiveness. A higher morality was also shown by those U.S. helicopter pilots at My Lai who landed their gunship and had its guns pointed at American soldiers to force them to stop their atrocities. The bloodlust of empires. Satan gnawing on the head of Judas. The human brain a morsel. The mind-lust of empires. The preacher (simply dressed in t-shirt and shorts; wearing one of his 3 for $10 sunglasses) was right to read out Ephesians 6:12: "For we struggle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against

the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Beware the false prophets in crystal churches who only talk of God's blessings and not the sacrifices - even unto thy own Cross - that have to made to be a true follower!" It suits Satan, once the morning star of the heavens, to have the human intellect only in dark places. As a remorseful Judas had found out he could not manoeuvre from a moral abyss which he had been enticed into by the Pharisees. To become by way of death the prime eternal victim of Satan's insatiable will to inflict human suffering. Finding a bitter solace in human misery which violently surges through the whole of the ghastly inferno; much like the winds that are generated by Satan's vast wings. As such foul gusts swept over him Dante may have thought of the historical paradox of how with any social or scientific advance that enhanced people's quality of life there was often a counterbalancing increase in human violence. Certainly, a failed moral will, as sensed in these vile squalls, would consistently sabotage the human experiment. Satan had no light, yet he could still deceive the human mind with a counterfeit heaven. After all, in Cocytes, there is neon. An artificial light which countenances the divine light. Yes, in a realm of spiritual darkness, the intellect can be blinded, and so not knowing where to go is easily led. To head towards a false, cold light for guidance, not knowing it can be a deception, leading only to some infernal crevice. The politics of fear is rife. In the labyrinth that is Dante's inferno the grotesque results of human deception are plain to see. Satan is also the bull god Moloch, who demanded the burnt-sacrifice of the first born, who ultimately wishes to inherit the human mind. He is the leading global brand name in this neon world, which has turned culture into a commodity, with the human spirit consumed for unjust profit. In the impoverished schools, in the crowded hospital waiting rooms, in the undermining of public transport growth, in the train delays, in the long bus queues, in the people forced off buses by overworked bus drivers compelled to do so, in the growing numbers of homeless people on city streets, in the chronically ill and disabled forced to just about beg to meet privatized medical expenses with cost-cutting ultimately in mind, in the cajoling of families to be forced to financially fend for themselves, in the growing number of casual workers forced to accept being illegally underpaid or overworked with the threat of losing any employment, in the increase in the genuinely poor, in the stripping down of public news and of public culture one sees a corporate devaluation of our humane values. Human society to be degraded, our social democracy, our social services and social institutions contaminated by a corrupting anti-democratic psychosis, to become ever more digestible for an elite appetite. To fraudently claim that the social pact can be vandalised in the name of upholding 'individual rights'. When in fact the common individual is not respected. (Culture could be used as a stealth weapon to subversively fight back when all that is left is to vote for the lesser evil). A glimmer of hope. I saw human compassion expressed on a bus to the city where a man who was suffering from a severe anxiety attack was helped by other passengers. Who called an ambulance. There are still people willing to be altruistic.' A distant look.

('I've read of ex-prisoners willing to bake cookies for primary school children…of a newly arrived Syrian refugee welcomed to Canada helping to sew a bride's dress whose zipper broke just before the ceremony started). Compassion, redemption-

Human lives in Cocytus routinely swallowed, entering into the burgeoning oesophaguses of Satan, for nothing is no longer sacred.'

The mind rewinds.

Video Reels

"In Mona Hatoum's MCA exhibition Over My Dead Body we see a row of toy soldiers entitled Horizon and other toy soldiers placed in the shape of Infinity ∞."

"I know infinity from Ben Casey!" drunkenly exclaims Michael.

I look dismissively at Michael and wonder about infinity. The expendability of existence. Moving towards dissolution. It is what Lisa faces. Yet, in this present world, life is made expendable. The stoic conception of the universal Logos of life globally replaced by a brandname 'logomaze.'

"In some of her more provocative photos there is one of her stamping a footprint with UNEMPLOYED over the footpaths of Sheffield, not stopping until the actual number of stamps reaches the same number as those human beings on the town's so called scrapheap- FF

(Yet today when one thinks of Sheffield it is to do with the unholy felling of mature trees by Sheffield Council and the admirable resistance by residents to have this act of official environmental vandalism halted. Where is the German environmental artist Joseph Bueys when you need him? Who as an act of environmental art once had thousands of trees planted in a German town…way ahead of his time…who Gregor has proposed to me that he intends to do an etching of Joseph Bueys with his distinctive hat piloting a WWII German bomber but with Extinction Symbol markings on a bombing raid to drop trees on ugly Sydney apartments. To have nature resume its ascendency over an inhuman architecture that selfishly reflects no interest in accommodating, integrating or sustaining the natural environment. Gregor had found out that Joseph Bueys had been in the Luftwaffe in World War Two serving as a gunner in a Stuka on the Russian front).

"We end Asia-Pacific with some clips from a very innovative Asian video exhibition presently on at the Australian Centre of Photography. Mirror Worlds. In the brochure it is claimed the eight artists in this exhibition involve themselves with issues such as counter- terrorism, consumer subversion and create art resplendently filled with visual mischief. Reference is made to the cyberpunk author William Gibson who in his novel Pattern Recognition in which can be argued partly deals with changing perceptions of reality and history when actually nothing may have changed at all but our growing awareness (or growing ignorance) he also came up with the term 'mirror world'. A term this commentator interprets as whereby one may travel to somewhere very different to only find that there is much the same as where one had come from

due to an ever increasing homogenous globalization of human activity. I know I have travelled half way around the world to think I am going somewhere very different to only find myself in a room with the same phone, the same furniture, the same television as home and to even be watching the same news interrupted with the same ads; to be a consuming human being in an infinite Gibsonian 'logomaze' brand world with no end and with no escape. As this exhibition points out one finds that something as simple as a dial tone or electrical plug have their 'twins' in many other parts of the globe. What is also mentioned is mirror matter theory which proposes that our world of matter can even mirror an anti-matter – 'dark matter' - world which we can only detect through its gravitational effects on whole galaxies, stars, planets as well as down to individual microscopic particles. It begs the question: which world is more real? As this exhibition intimates: it is something which even ancient mythology considered where mirrors were also used as devices to help open up our comprehension to alternative realities – Narcissus staring at his own reflection in the pool to eventually die best serves as an apt warning to present-day, self-indulgent 'misconstructions' on reality. So we come to the consideration of mirrors in our modern world, reflecting not only populist political realities but also populist consumer mythologies-

The video tape arrives at a tower with a silver sphere at the top which bends out of the way of an oncoming airliner. (Bemused: being reminded of a recent video of an electrical tower skipping over the wires of two other electrical towers; with the cheeky claim this was the true cause of a state-wide blackout as at the time renewable energy was being deceptively blamed when it was a failure in the transmission of the energy source rather than the energy itself that was at blame). An aerial shot of a giant hand placing a car below it into an empty car park spot. This visual trick followed by an assortment of other video collages such as a man who is wearing a beanie who first with an apple then bounces a red ball and appearing to glide up a wall as if he is flying in defiance of Newton's laws of gravity As the camera zooms out it is seen that this scenario is happening on a portable tv. The viewer is especially intrigued by another clip which has a man getting out of a bed parallel to the bottom of the film frame to walk into a split screen behind him. In the left half is a large alarm clock at the back of a long empty room which the man turns off and as he returns to the foreground he bends over into the other half of the split screen to turn off the portable tv to then light a cigarette and move a pawn on a chessboard. Back to more silhouettes of jet airliners bouncing off a tower (one turns into a missile after passing through a tower), to either explode into jigsaw pieces, to stop beside different towers or to fade away.

"In Shensu twenty six people a day lose their limbs in industrial accidents" I state as this video sequence suddenly gives way to Dr Who's offsider Romana standing with a group of teenagers in jumpsuits. They are to be sacrificed to a Minotaur to save a whole world. There does not seem to be any escape as they are trapped in a labyrinth whose inventor has designed with moving walls to change the maze. Turning the television off.

Next time to turn the television on to watch the documentary Ascension with its mesmerising sympathetic portrayal of various ordinary Chinese workers in their sink or swim daily struggle to better their lives in a new capitalist global world that their political masters state will bring long lasting economic prosperity to everyone but really luxuriously benefits most of all the top-tier-

MANIFESTO. AGNSW. To go through four cavernous dark black wall rooms to view thirteen short videos by Julian Rosefields each with Cate Blanchett in a different central role which Cat discerned to be: a homeless man, a stockbroker, a punk, a widow, a puppet maker, an art connoisseur, a factory operator, a research scientist, a housewife, a choreographer and a school teacher. I had walked into the exhibition 'by chance' after exhaustively seeing a special Frida Kahlo exhibition. As it was still raining heavily outside I decided to walk around the gallery to see what else was on view. The first video with its post capitalist apocalyptic world which included two elderly women letting off rocket fireworks in a field had him intrigued; what also fascinated him was the puppet maker's row upon row of puppets which many were of well known historical figures and celebrities of the twentieth century. After a very short prologue film with a scene of what seemed to be flames with the likes of the Communist Manifesto, Phillip Soupalt and the Dadaist Tristan Tzara being quoted…all that talk of 'astral heights'…of having nothing to say…of everything being a contradiction…(anyway)…and…why drag anyone into someone else's river…? The Cate Blanchett films which followed would have her quoting from manifestos written by just about every art and cultural movement of the twentieth century including many of my favourites such as the Dadaists, the Situationists and Fluxus. Towards the very end of each film Cate Blanchett's head would fill up the whole screen to be like a modern Byzantine mechanically reciting a quote while staring directly at me; (I was always unsettled by her incantations to the point that I would often take off my hat off to pay this esteemed Australian actress due respect; I also took my hat off when Cate Blanchett as housewife prayerfully gave grace - as her family sat for a roast dinner - by rattling off Claes Odenburg's notion of Pop Art). At first I had no idea that Cate Blanchett was stating remarks that were appropriated from earlier writings; I was genuinely impressed by the commentary which I thought truly hit the mark in regards to the modern human condition. I was very interested to find out who the contemporary author was and so was equally amazed to find out from the wall notes which I eventually read by the third film that many of the statements dealing with the growing philosophical stagnation of the West were actually from writings nearly a century old. All still relevant. It made me ponder what had been recently written that was also as potent. Nothing came to mind. Only art marketing slogans that often referenced back to past ages to disguise the cultural hollowness of this present one; which made everything that was stated verbatim from these incredible past manifestos so prophetically true.

To go next day to Carriageworks to enter into another black space to view four large life size screens showing an everyday life in an Iranian bazaar. The shops are in four long corridors with a well where they all intersect with a tap which people can use to obtain water. Char Soo is the name of this intersection which

means four directions. It is midweek so I am the only person in the darkness: with the sounds of the market around me, watching people move from one screen to another to make me feel that the well that was in the centre was now the infinite one that is human memory; to restrict my own memory by just thinking of the other times I have recently been here:

'…to see a man sing Nietzsche quotes; to see large African art installations made from throw-away-objects now recycled aesthetically which also leads viewers to consider the colonial aspect of their existence. Chance: in the vast space of the foyer a mechanized wheel of fortune looping through towers of scaffolding that rose to the roof; travelling along it pictures of babies which spectators could view a single face; when the loop stopped at the ringing of a bell to highlight the mere element of chance involved in our existence. To view as well two timers with ever changing numbers that signalled the constant births and deaths of the world's population. To remember a Chinese artist who had placed thousands of objects from the house of his mother who was deeply grieved the passing of his husband, his father. A poignant installation as ode to a generation that had endured much hardship; to see the need to keep everything which can even be viewed as an act of defiance to the recent rise of a wasteful consumerism. Dead Heart. A play with a police four-wheel drive going over actual sand. In the old Eveleigh carriage works before any modern renovation a Thursday night budget crowd experiencing the vast Central Australian desert.

New Artefacts from Changing Worlds

Although I have found some recent exhibitions overwhelmingly thought provoking I still feel a sizeable proportion of intelligent contemporary art is coming not from an art world which supports a vacuous, well established high art market but rather from global regions which in many ways are in social flux. I understand why Gregor prefers to independently exhibit as much as he can in so called non-professional spaces - such as libraries, council run galleries or bookshop-cafes - where he is able to keep his freedom which he truly desires, no matter what.

At the MCA to see a short video of the last Soviet cosmonaut who during the long time he was in space the Soviet Union itself disappeared. Learning the authorities would censor events by broadcasting Swan Lake. As it was Gregor had informed me he felt most of the new art he saw in the newly liberated Lithuania reflected a rise in open thought after the Communist straightjacket – which had restricting local cultural expression in Baltic society - had disintegrated. A catalogue of a Lithuanian artist. Darius Gircys. Anatomy of a Look. Flicking through it. Stopping at a black & white photograph of a large double-glass oval with a thick black steel border; set by a riverbank; to see what at first sight is a big single horizontal crack running through from edge to opposite edge of the oval is actually the fluctuating edge of river water that can move around in this installation.

Appearances can be deceiving. The artist considering to the possibility to be outside time for time contains the illusion of past- present-future. To see art

firsthand created in the throes of inter-generational social transformation.

A recent visit to the White Rabbit Gallery at Chippendale (which is near a plaza where a huge silver halo turns with the wind, being atop a towering pole). At this private gallery is mostly new Chinese art; some by artists-in-exile whose work could not be exhibited in China.

A conga line of enormous life size white sculptures of Western archetypes such as Ancient Greek gods like Zeus and Poseidon, Christs - without the crosses – and the Statue of Liberty. Athena as god of war was at the very front and behind her the other figures had arms stretched out at crazy, different angles. Again I was compelled to read the wall notes by which he discovered the artist was using these figures to come up with a Western version of a typical many-limbed Buddhist deity. By looking directly from the front I finally got the point. I was reminded of Gregor's etching of Shiva the Cricketer which was of this multi-limbed Indian goddess holding a cricket bat at the S.C.G with a row of four Indian musicians behind her. It had been done soon after India had thrashed Australia in a recent Test match. Gregor had shown it to a very bemused Master at one of his backyard barbeques which in terms of the intersection between sport and the arts I would remember the xylophone shaped as a cricket bat which one of Master's musician friends had handmade and brought along to play. (To also appreciate a cricket bat covered in coloured desert dots placed pride of place on the living room mantel piece. Moreover, one cannot help but think that Michael's claim that Master with his witty beer labels makes him Australia's leading contemporary artist is certainly true). I read the Chinese artists in this exhibition were partly recognizing that contemporary art was brought to China from the West which meant also becoming aware of the fickleness of modern artistic taste; by which commercial galleries may attempt to mould, re-invent or even chase after, to echo a Warhol irony: the purpose of art is to make money. An artist proclaiming that his nation's culture has become garbage: with a large digital print of a beautiful rural scene at sunset made up of pixels that are actually miniaturized faces that have been 'harvested' from the many magazines and packets that are part of the 'new world' industrial rubbish trashing his once beautiful traditional home region. A high thick rectangle block with rows of pale squares side-by- side each one containing different linear map contours of the world to represent together the collective memory of this planet. This particular wall produced by a Japanese artist who along with wishing to infer the rake lines of rock gardens also desired for us to consider water ripples made from deep undercurrents: the terrain of the Earth shaped just as much by the monumental fiery forces of its underworld as by the corrosive effects of wind, sun and water. Like the explosions of volcanoes our memories too may rise to the surface from subterranean depths; to always be shifting like broken ice sheets or floating like fallen leaves to affect us – both consciously and subconsciously - within the mortal confines of earthly time. To see rows of hundreds of thin blue books on blue shelves as a sort of anti-thesis to Mao's Red Book. However, these books contain no ideology, but empty pages. To be liberally 'filled' with anything that comes to mind by the audience who will view them; thus allowing for a real freedom of thought. (Although, for me, maybe vacuous). If ancient gods bookended this exhibition at the beginning by the flight of stairs that have to be climbed to reach the first of two main gallery floor levels then at the other bookend of this exhibition is

reached by an elevator to a top floor which contains within one large exhibition space what looks like a large actual size deflated military tank which is actually handmade from Italian leather. A wrinkled titan on the black floor with a long gun barrel impotently stretching out towards the viewer. With the wheels and tracks easily discernible it seems the rest of this seemingly crushed vehicle has been flattened by a giant. Although this large art piece was referencing the idea of 'soft economic power' being as intrusive as 'hard military power' A student exhibition photo of plastic tanks and a flower in a gun barrel comes to Cat's mind as he cannot help but think of the Tiananmen Square 'tank man' who - with his shopping bag – had stood in front of a row of tanks to stop its rolling advance. He was certainly no giant, but time itself is a giant, who can overthrow all of humanity's endeavours no matter how powerful they may appear to be. Nothing can stop the march of time, including a military that can only wreak damage on what is seen, whether it be a material object or a human being. A singular idea or the aspiration of a whole generation can eventually overcome any oppression for what is ephemeral can only gain strength from the passage of time and not be weakened until it too is eventually overtaken or built upon by another immaterial stratum of creative thinking. The role of artists and writers to help transmit ideas either of their own or of those they have been exposed too and from one form to others so as to reach new audiences so many ideas may blossom and bring change.

Horror Movie Right There On My T.V.

LISA: 'Cat is in today with a portable TV which has an in-built VCR. He bought it on the cheap at Cash Converters. (Yet still leaving the place giving the moneylenders a filthy look...)…I'm freezing…I'm dying…as well a a big pile of videos which he just scooped up before leaving his place…I grip this bed…life is a dream. I don't want to wake up…he's put on Dr Who…there he is with Leela in an underworld…(I am in my own underworld...)…both trying to sneak into the Oracle's hideout hiding under a white sheet while sitting in a mine trolley…(I don't bother to remind him I have seen this episode before)…Cat tells me it is just like Ulysses and his men who hid under sheep to escape from the Cyclops…(for me there is nowhere to hide)… I am told that this series is about a quest just like Jason's…there is always the happy ending in Dr Who…I look at Cat speaking…(...seems like a dream...)…I would much prefer to be watching Augustus, there he would sit in his wheelchair at the beginning of OZ always ready to sweep away all our illusions…thrown over a wall by the police...to be left paralyzed…betrayed by his own 'brothers'…huh, this guy with the Rafrastarian look…looking beguilely at you down the camera with his hands clasped in front of him…elbows on disused legs…using only his wits to survive in that 'rehabilitation' hellhole nicknamed Emerald City…("…there's a landscape painting by Poussin of Orpheus with his lyre charming Eurydice. With others they are in the foreground half in shadow, half in light and the viewer is left wondering if the sun will fill the whole scene with its welcoming light or will the shadow ominously advance as a foreboding sign of the tragedy that is to come. Perception leading to differing interpretation. Orpheus it is said could so

hypnotize nature that the natural laws could be defied. No one could die by a snake bite when even the serpents were enthralled with his music; but it is by a snake bite that Eurydice will die. It is argued the gods themselves fated Orpheus's eventual cruel death for they were jealous that a mortal – no matter that he was a son of Apollo and the Muse - could hold such joyful sway over the world which they deemed that only they could have ultimate control."

"I'm listening to you Cat…yes, Greek myths…)…Augustus gave us his version of Orpheus…a beautifully sincere, love struck, supernatural musician who…yes, was ultimately dealt a pitiless end by the gods…(...my end, to be the same…no matter what anybody says…Cat was right when he yelled out death never sleeps…Cat shouting out how Cervantes was right to say that death does not even wait for us to have our final say...)…Augustus intimates the same thing as he mentions the many, varied indifferent ways the inmates will brutally die by each other's hands without any chance of saying any last word, famous or otherwise…a hole in the wall. A reverend, although scandalized by the temptation of mammon, this prisoner was still a fervent man of faith and he now dies, slowly, holed up in between two walls, by a jilted, malicious follower. The little devil who was cast out has sought his unholy, sly revenge. Cat was entranced, as the entombed fallen preacher clasped unto his dying breath those famous words: "…although I walk through the valley of death I shall fear no evil…" (…I suffocate…my death is evil…I will…gasp…oh God, there is the horror…).'

"Hey Lisa!" Cat cheerfully holds up a video. "We'll have to watch this episode of Mythbusters some time! Do you know more rain lands on you when you run instead of walk? That water does stop bullets? They also show how salsa can be used to breakdown prison bars!"

The Forgotten Underclasses of Human History

Having gone with Gregor to see William Kentridge's work at the Museum of Contemporary Art, then again at the AGNSW and at the large upper hall gallery in Annandale. Film loops of a world which is perfect in reverse. Rising balls always caught. Rising books caught from behind. The mistakes of life erased. Gregor especially is mesmerised. "This all reminds me of how I saw in Vilnius in a large blacked-out museum room a tightrope walker on a screen repeatedly falling off a rope between two buildings. Stravinsky's Rite of Spring was continually playing in the background." George Milies the first film magician. A Journey to the Moon. Giggling with Melissa when a rocket ship hits the Man in the Moon in the eye. Going to ZENO PIZZA. Surry Hills. Confessions of Zeno. A Trieste man smoking. Promising his wife to stop. Knowing the First World War is at hand. He also cannot stop the world from going up in smoke. A black hole. The centre of the world will tear itself apart. Yet living off-centre. Out of balance. Only able to look on. Or be dragged in. The centrifugal forces of history. In Kentridge. Apartheid. A.I.D.S. A coffee plunger of an executive going pass the

bottom of a coffee pot to go deep down into a mine. History has subterranean stratas. Gregor snaps out of his trance. "I went to Melbourne to see a puppet piece of his so called The Return of Ulysses." (Time to return). Subterranean histories. Unrecorded. The unnamed. All forgotten. Gregor making mention of Solzhenitsyn's One Day In The Life of Ivan Denisovich at the Drummoyne poetry night. (For Gregor a pity that Solzhenitsyn who although was against Stalinism was a nationalist). To recite desolate passages of an old man in a prison camp. (The playful absurdity of human illogic in the artistic-cultural realm whenever expressed in the political realm to no longer be humorous but deadly with the prejudicial absurdity of human persecution).

Capitalism

'I, the seer, put down a copy of an academic book on unemployment. Written when the well known author still had a youthful 'new left' outlook of the world but who it seems has become hard right in his old age. (Yet at this moment I am not interested in his present incorrect view that the historical record of massacred Aboriginals is 'overinflated.'. Or that one reads he thinks that the racism inherent in the White Australia Policy is also also 'overestimated' and that the Stolen Generations is 'mythical'…no, his present dismal views are irrelevant to me right now as I am more keen to ask myself ask a more general question: how over a lifetime we can change so inversely what we see as true…? Yet, in a negative sense: why is it there are those who have a sympathetic view of their fellows in their youth but become so horribly self-righteous in later years; who take on board as correct what they had previously attacked as correctly odious? Still, it is a passing inquiry in my mind as I really can only think of the unemployed man I had seen today; who was obviously destitute haggling with a bus driver to be allowed on for free. To pick up another academic book. The Body In Late-Capitalist U.S.A. 'Capital needs our body needs satisfied for its profit. Our bodies are our altars and our vices. Our shopping malls are our churches and our prisons; they are our pop art museums and our modern air-conditioned, brightly lit mausoleums; shopping pathways are our version of the ancient labyrinth. Our eternal souls are enslaved by a use-by-date society. It mass-produces throwaway objects to keep up an arbitrary eternal present. Time and decay are necessary to inspire our replace-all-things motivation.'

"Hold onto your old car. The old timer NRMA man with the gravelly voice had implored to Michael. "It's well built and made to last. Not like today's cars. It's why they're so cheap."

'We may learn how to have unthinking happiness. In the cocooned modernity of our sprawling silent suburbs is the info-entertainment waiting for us. In the AI systems that have come to rest our minds. The products with their inbuilt design faults to make them only last a few years wait to be exposed on the morning shows appealing to our insatiable material desire to beautify our burgeoning domestic properties for investment resales.' I delicately hold a large protruding

handle from a small striped 1950s Japanese teapot. Pouring a cup of freshly brewed green tea. To think of TV hosts such as Kerri-Anne and Bert Newton with their toothpaste smiles.

'A world filled with flattering deception; with everyone wanting to attract people to follow them so they can become a brand name or even a brand company or newspaper so as to attract the advertising dollar in a vain search for economic freedom. Smile. Never display human vulnerability. Or disappointment. Or frustration. Or worse of all, human fear. A disguised existential crisis on every digital screen. Mortal. Happiness. Desired. Out of reach. In reach. Out of reach. In reach. Out of-

"We must go on!" I wildly exclaim, yet sardonically.

Cosmic Doubt

To look up to the heavens to perceive of large unseen elements in the cosmic darkness which through their gravitational pull influence the movements of the stars. Any stillness we visibly see in all this dark expanse is an illusion; a sleight of an invisible hand, a mental trick from the mind of God. All is in motion. Everything following various courses that are way beyond our previously ordered conceptions of the cosmos. The uncertainty of a fixed universe first hinted at by Tycho Brahe's observation on November 11, 1572 of a supernova brightly collapsing during its death throes; the explosions of a dying star unsettling Aristotle's and Ptolemy's view of an unchanging, symmetrical cosmic system with planets and stars revolving in perfect circles within a series of crystal spheres with the Earth at the center.

Tycho's observations of the Great Comet of 1577 were to prove comets do not occur in the Earth's atmosphere and indeed are heavenly objects; 'Tycho's comet' which, like all comets, to have a cosmic tail that is millions of kilometres long to smash through the invisible membranes of the Solar System. Yet a lack of any friction, of no crystal pieces showering the Earth, would suggest that there is only empty space, to conclude the ancient conception of the Universe is only an apparition; to eventually have by way of the controversial discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo to have humanity displaced from the centre by the Sun. Tycho Brahe to contrive his own mental distortion with a solar system with the planets revolving around the Sun but it in turn still orbits the Earth. (As if the physical truth for Tycho Brahe remains unpalatable. A truth envisaged long ago by ancients such as Aristarchus of Samos who in 280 BC perceived the Sun as being with the stars with the Earth travelling around it on a course that resembled an 'oblique circle'). The Sun the Holy of Holies a fiery sanctuary that sustains all life. Having light travelling across the stellar expanse to Earth to be involved in an essential living process which converts its luminous energy into chemical energy. A food web. A cosmic web. The Sun a cosmic seed not in empty space but in a 'soil mass' of dark matter which suffuses through the Universe connecting it all together, to give it body, but for us to envisage it as without

shape and without end. No geometry.

Cosmic material. Biological material. Of the same matter. Robert Hooke. The inventor of the compound microscope in the sixteenth century. Peering at honeycombed pores of plant cells to think of monastery cells. Yes, to be a monk in solitude meditating on the interconnected singularity and unity of everything in the Creation. Everything apart and together. Everything was understood as well ordered with a solar system of celestial spheres but with the revelatory understanding of a heliocentric solar system there also comes with the possibilities of new knowledge, new doubt in a universe less able to be readily neatly systemized to suit a human predilection for definable order. Ken Keysey's psychedelic bus who with his prankster friends in 1964 went across the United States from L.A. to New York with Neal Cassady driving. To stay encouraged over any breakdowns the bus was named Further which was painted on the front. "FURTHER! That's the only place all of us on this cuckoo's nest called Earth on this road called the Universe can go! Any setback, any uncertainty can only get us to keep on going!" Looking at the stars. "Forever!"

Human Perception

I rub my temple. 'Human inquiry as a mental trick. Deception. Prejudice. Are mental tricks. Desire can succumb over what we know is the better good, as if we are ignorant, the overwhelming clutter that is knowledge accumulating to a point that we can no longer absorb it, to thus take in simpler explanations which only leads to hiding what is Truth, instead of revealing it.'

"Two heads are better than one!"

To fiddle with a small transistor. To hear a human finger has been allegedly found in a hamburger. 'What did Gregor see in Papua New Guinea? A still-born two headed village baby who had died downstream from where there had been mining. Human 'progress' at such a human cost…dismembered minds…so…at the end…we will believe that the cost of peace is war.' To tinker with a dog whistle. 'The Reverend Billy Graham who allowed himself for a time to be a godly guide to a criminal of human history who thuggishly manipulated democracy so that God would be on the right side for the pursuit of Mammon. Mr. Nixon. The delay of the Paris Peace until you were elected. Vietnam. Cambodia. Watergate. These were your obvious crimes. Less remembered is your large election handout from a fast food corporation in exchange for lowering the lowest pay scales…' (although there are those who talk about how Nixon thought of the possibility of a universal basic income yet to think while Agent Orange was sprawled over Vietnamese jungles he would progressively initiate the Environmental Protective Agency for the United States).

"I have heard it mentioned that if we have not had the experience of being slaves then we will never know what it is to experience liberty." A sardonic laugh. Trawling with both hands through a dusty shoebox filled with old cassettes. The selected tape is placed into the cassette deck. The 'prophet' speaks.

"The low-labour-cost-fast-food-virus incubated in southern California in hundreds of fast-food outlets mutate like malaria in the bloodstream at a rate of two thousand extra outlets a year throughout the world. At the present rate there are thirty thousand such fast food places on the planet. It is followed by mutations selling fast food coffee, chicken and so forth. Michael once took me to a fast food chicken place near his place where there was a by-gone practice of using a hand pulley to pull the drive-in meal down a small shaft. Michael would pull the money up on the same tray and then wait for his change. An antique practice for an antique regime. The low cost-low quality virus spreads throughout supermarket chains and its clones, devouring the small businesses of towns; planting themselves like castles on the outskirts of population centres to suck these local economies dry. Leading to the end of small time hardware stores. Of corner shops. Human leeches. Only resisted by the likes of small Italian towns who refuse to have supermarkets and fast food stores so small local businesses can still thrive. In Newtown where the one corporate fast food place had to close down.

CHEAPER EVERYDAY PRICES!
So are the
daily
wages.
MADE IN
CHINA!"

I go over to my fifties hand operated juicer to crush a few oranges. Take note of a TV Soap magazine cover with Ridge and Brooke from the Bold and the Beautiful dressed in exotic Mayan outfits exchanging wedding vows in a jungle. "Oh Taylor! You were such a wise, compassionate wife to Ridge! Why did Sheila have to shoot you! Accursed madness!"

'Tayorlism as typified from the mass production and mass consumption of the Model T- Ford to the hamburger may have pleased Plato who would probably see the modern corporation as an exemplary model of his fascist Republic ideal. As to the low wages for all those thousands of teenagers who feel like they are smiling with the proverbial loaded pistol pressed into their backs it would be rationalized as a logical extension of his 'pragmatic policy of infanticide' which also seems to be so often glossed over as a 'minor aberration' by many of Plato's modern-day apologists.'

A short wave radio is tapped.

'…we round off the news with a story about a grandmother who had her thirty year old Holden Monaro stolen It was finally found but trashed…'

'There is no justice…we store up our faith only in what we want to believe - much like misunderstanding or mistranslating many of the statements made by the Egyptians to Solon regarding the whereabouts of Atlantis. We assume it existed somewhere beyond the Straits of Gibraltar towards the Americas rather than in the more probable vicinity of Gallipoli. Yet, we subconsciously believe that our modern world is Atlantis. Humanity thrives on wishful thinking. In our memory is incorporated the suggestion of situations which did not really occur but become as vivid as the recorded memory of real events; yet as we enter towards a state of fatigue

– not only as individuals but as a whole civilization - our minds are kidnapped by hallucinations that seem as real as this world appears as a fantasy.'

"I WAS KIDNAPPED BY ALIENS!"

'I met two scriptwriters in a Cuban restaurant in L.A. who said they would scribe about a spaceship powered by metaphors.'

I pour the orange juice into a glass.

'While on 'the road to nowhere' we often diverge onto the byway of Emmaus to receive visitations from people we do not recognize until they are gone…we stay mutually connected through common memory…a unity that encompasses everything…inescapable…like the information strips that run along the bottom of every news bulletin, that our eyes cannot avoid…that also keeps our individual consciousness automatically in tune to ever new everyday distracting trivia – or horror.'

'STEPPENCAT'S' MAGICAL DREAM THEATRE

(…to see one's reality as a third person…there was that third person on that long ago ancient road-

(Cat) views the television. 'My flat can be a den of bedlam but it remains pure and honest. Outside there is only a false world that tries to profit by giving meaning to itself when there is none. In a gallery in Darlinghurst I saw these amateurish pictures, all over priced, but, the owner who - I still clearly remember with his pencil thin moustache and navy blue and white pin striped trousers - coyly saying to me lots of 'human traffic' constantly walks past his shop. "Having a unique picture on the wall can enhance the look of any dwelling to increase the value of the property. If you do pictures bring them in." A little pimp. A little Judas! To cynically insult the intellect! Yes! To try to convince me the bad decorative art on tawdry display was at all meaningful! To have human values prostituted as a selling point! Which even happens at the highest end of the art market!' (Cat) suddenly slams the coffee table with his fist. "Nothing but pretence. All is falsehood. We live in the Great Judas!" (Cat) goes to a fan turns it on and yells into it to imitate a Dalek voice. "E-X-T-E-R-M-I-N-A-T-E I-T!" Clicks the fan off. "Oh righteous rage!" A far away look. "RAGE! RAGE! Oh Johnny O'Keefe! RAGE!" To suddenly think of his Dalek voice relaxation tape. Laughs. To be a little calm. 'To be an exile who seeks for what is true. I personally think Camus is right to consider those who cannot identify with the absurdist world around them are strangers in their own land. To live not of this world. To understand only one's self. Thus to be misunderstood. To even arouse an envious hostility. Yes, to live as an outcast, as if in exile.' To eye the flat. Herman Hesse's Steppenwolf. 'My place of exile from this society is my domain, this sanctuary. To resist. To revolt. Against the shallowness. To perceptively discover on my own terms, with me personally responsible, with common sense, the exquisite purity of life. To acutely experience Life.' The eyes now sight a laminex cartoon wall plaque of a Latin woman wearing fruit covered head gear like a Copacabana dancer. A comic bubble beside her shows what she is thinking: 'COME ON! SPIN ME A 7!'

"Yes!" sardonically laughs (Cat). "Spin me a seven! God's perfect number!" A whiskey is sculled.

"The flipper!" giggles a drunk Michael. He has stood up to childishly throw a small grey plastic brain as if spinning a cricket ball. "Ritchie! Warnie! McGill! O'Keefe! Ahmed! Come in spinner!"

(Cat) calls this spongy toy which fits perfectly into a human palm 'the brain of Morbius'. 'Morbius the renegade Time Lord who wanted to directly interfere with history. Defeated. Destroyed. His brain saved by a crazed scientist Solon who worked at restoring the brain of Morbius into a new body. Morbius had promised to reveal the secrets of immortality to those who would help him in his rebellion; to obtain eternal life would be motivation enough to restore an avenging Morbius. A monstrous being made from many body parts - including a large claw - certainly this Dr Who storyline echoes Frankenstein. Yet, I see other reverberations.'

[For in (Cat)'s mind everything in what is the apparent superficial world of popular culture is a populist Trojan Horse that can contain historical residues significant for humankind. After all, an archaeologist will dig deep into a supposed barren desert, to discover under such a dry surface hidden jewels of knowledge. For (Cat) the human mind is worthy of equivalent investigation. A mind shaped by history, knowledge, culture as well as by selfishness, ignorance and idiocy. Ads for weight loss programs intermingled with articles on human tragedy].

'I was taken aback by the name Solon. After all, Solon was an Athenian reformer whose laws would prove to be the precursor to the introduction of democracy for the citizenry. Yet here was Solon the mad scientist making a hideous creature in a Faustian pursuit for physical immortality. Absurd. Is life truly just a Samuel Beckett play…? To go to A then to B back to A then back to B and then…finally, at last…to nothing? It was Albert Camus who spoke of human absurdity. Or rather of a human inability to face up to the fact that this beautiful Universe is absurd. For what was the real point of it all when everything would eventually dissolve? When all that life aimed towards was for it to end? Yes, there was regeneration in the creation of duplicated life forms but for each individual specimen there was only one Alpha and Omega. An infinite birth followed eventually by a finite death. A human physical survey whose end was always denied. Life can go on. More sunny days. Yet there would then be an interminable eternal blank. Silence. Nothing. Not even the experience of nothing. Unless one believed in God. Heaven. Hell. Camus did not believe. Did he regret this? It does not matter. As he is now nothing. Regret. Does Sisyphus regret his defiance of the gods? Who yearned so much to continue enjoying life's delights that he refused to head back to the Underworld until he was divinely forced too? He who even sought to steal the secrets of the gods? Who all cursed him with a rock for all the ages? That he still lifts up. That he sees still roll down. He would have had once chained Death? I believe Camus is right to call him a hero of the absurd. Who forever toils achieving nothing. Straining. Always. As we strain to also finally arrive at nothing. Yet must meaninglessness lead to madness? No. Madness is found in those who do not recognize a meaningless world. Who conjure illusions. Sisyphus would surely have no regrets for seeking only after life. His own decision. The gods have decided their retribution upon him. How can Sisyphus regret what he cannot control? How can we regret that we will die? When we cannot even stop to age? All that we can control is to choose how to live. It is better to live without mirages. (Although as Zorba once inferred, it is better for people to be happy with

their illusions rather than not be happy at all). To embrace everything. To not live for a heaven that may not even exist but live for a heaven we can have in this life. Life is too short so let's experience it to the full recognizing that the only 'eternal maxim' which we should abide by is justice. If there is a God. So be it. Yet any Creator who we may entertain to be both good and just would only agree with a humanity that strives for what would be common aims. Life. Love. Peace. Equality. A Universal Good. The paradox being that by being less evasive about death we would be encouraged to enhance our inner lives once our basic material needs had been satisfied. True quality of life would see a balance between the needs of both body and mind to seek out an ultimate mature humanness. To be truly spiritual. To even see nature as a guide to new revelation.' [(Cat) then briefly thinks on another tangent as he considers the humble gekko whose attributes have inspired new technologies. To even understand that from the Ancients to the Moderns the Laws of Nature are seen as the Mathematics of God)]. 'As it is in our overtly material world, which can demean human nature, culture is seen as a second-rate aim. A luxury or a wasteful diversion, for the economic rationalist (to whom bread is all) only sees any value of the human creative spirit when it serves the distractive role of circus. (Culture to only have value if there is money in it. Aesthetics. Meaning. Morality. Beauty. Of no consequence. Nature only to really conceptually valuable when humanly useful as a source of metaphors to seductively 'describe' destructive economic behavior: as if this ephemeral human concept that is an 'economy' is like a growing plant that needs to be watered; if only this was truly the case for the irrationality of any modern day industrial economy shows that the earth's water is often left contaminated, while plants with no economic value can simply die; with farmland to be laid to waste by fracking; to have whole rainforests insanely acquire 'economic value' by being ripped down; the metaphor that an economy is a machine is truer although this 'machine' is unthinking, which only crushes; it really has no controlling mechanism (such as levers) - as implied – as if it can be consciously manipulated by some rational means for human benefit; truly an 'economy' is no ecosystem or well-designed machine but merely a flawed abstract that is publicly allowed to run amok in people's minds so those with the most power can utilize it for themselves to greedily obtain ever greater material gains; yes, human monsters to be ever dominant over victimized others who lose ever more their rightful ability to control their own lives. Human control is only a 'right' for the elites who ideologically will not waver in their ironclad 'freedom' to be privileged. Yes. Human beings as predators who must be outmanoeuvred; such is the course of history). Television is entertainment. Television is advertisements. Television exists to make money. Television is mind control. Television is education. Television is news. Television is many things. Yet any good it serves is to only pay lip service to the foul mouth of Moloch who desires most of all to consume our souls. It does not matter if we can enjoy ourselves and even learn a little along the way with the manufactured sense of freedom Moloch uses to deceive us. (Moloch does not even mind if the masses openly read and debate something as subversive as a book like 1984 because this all consuming god knows a humanity so conditioned to his material whims will even make our full awareness of Big Brother a celebrity consumer product. This is the new passive 'freespeak'). Pandora's Box. That television set of the gods. Pandora should have quelled her natural human

curiosity and left this box well alone. Instead we have suffered the 'entertainments' of the gods since the beginning of human history. The likes of Nietzsche and Camus consider the cruellest trouble to be divinely gifted to humanity is hope; that somehow we can bear all by believing that beyond our immediate comprehension a rewarding future awaits after we have survived the sufferings being inflicted on us in the present; yet only to ultimately discover there is no happy future – only oblivion. A finality of despair. The gods laugh at us. Divine mockery. (Best now to change the television channel away from nihilist philosophy over to home renovation). Human history is filled with the struggles initiated in the name of hope to only end in totalitarianism. The mass murders justified as very much needed to bring on the coming utopia which is to be for the good of all. (Yes, I have been reading The Rebel by Camus). The human paradise that is to come is for those who rightly toe the party line. The Party whose ideological disposition maybe along any point (most probably extreme) along the usual political spectrum whose leaders care above all else to 'take care' of those they populously proclaim to serve. With blood and iron. With retribution. (The threats must be dealt with harshly). So with real power always kept to the few in the name of equality for all. Thus there is Solon dismally making his monster Morbius in the name of life. A blasphemy. (All is blasphemy). Morbius. A name the scriptwriters derived from Forbidden Planet. Dr Morbius in his utilization of alien planetary knowledge summons up a murderous invisible force which is entwined with his own subconscious id. (It seems such Cold War sci-fi points out any road to a thermonuclear hell may well be filled with many good intentions from scientists. Although the United States dropped an atomic bomb on Nagasaki with the callous 'good intention' to avert a Soviet war on Japan). Magic. It is what came before empirical science. (That which is unknown is a mystery. To be both revered and feared. Death the greatest unknown. Religion, alchemy as magic over the mind. Priests and alchemists as magicians). Before the forbidden planet was the forbidden island. Prospero. Ariel. Caliban. The human mind a magical tempest. We have to learn and relearn two wrongs do not make a right. To betray justice in the process of seemingly righting a grievance leads only to further tyranny. We must come to our senses as the Duke of Milan did to discover that only by showing forgiveness can we be truly saved. (To be a humane magician to raise the human ego above individual human foolishness to adhere ever upwards to mutual human compassion. Selflessness. Altruism). Cat suddenly takes off a vinyl 45 rpm single. Paint It Blue by Living With Robert so as to put on some Led Zeppelin. 'Scriptwriters are also magicians. A film historian has mentioned how in the 1946 film Stairway to Heaven (Cat to have already noted this was its U.S. title with the British one being A Matter of Life & Death) which deals with a WWII pilot played by David Niven - who hovers between life and death awaiting divine judgment as to his fate – whether he will live or die – is now backed by neurological science. (It seems plausible that human consciousness may exist beyond death). "I will knock on heaven's door!" He shouts. A glazed stare. Thoughts typically tumbling. 'I once helped a fifty something Afro-American woman carry a door through Kings Cross which she was going to use as a table at her gallery opening. There was a real sense of dignity about this woman. I met her out of the blue on the street. It was one of the many inexplicable, strange unexplained moments of my bizarre existence like seeing a bearded woman walking down King Street, she was wearing an old blue singlet and

King Gee workers grey shorts and I wondered even then what would some intrusive Judas say to her? Or to the one-legged elderly man in Glebe who with his cane is always cursing and lashing out at the world? We are all Judases! Although The Bold & the Beautiful is to be applauded for revealing Myra as Myron!'

[FF]

'We have the innovative spirit of Johnny Cash's Folsom Prison Show coming to Parramatta Goal.'

"Hey Cat put on some Cruel Sea next!" implores Michael who is still in a cheerful, hysterical mood.

(Cat) just starts to absurdly sing how fools can fly, how water can be made by dreams, and that clouds are made of the sky.

"Hey Cat you going crazy in your mind.?" caustically interrupts Lisa paraphrasing some Deborah Conway lyrics with a soft, chilling voice. "When you sober up will you miss me...?"

(Cat) gazes at the forlorn female figure stretched out on the sofa. "That ditty is by Mikelangelo and the Black Sea Gentlemen. Very good cabaret. You'd like to see them. They have a Rubber Man who can fold his body and limbs like Gumby."

"Hey Cat!" continues Michael. "What you're singing reminds me of that gypsy movie Black Cat White Cat or do I mean Underground! Too bad I am not into these two movies so much anymore if you believe the news about the director supporting the world's latest strongman! Like to be wrong though!" Laughter. (Cynicism to the fore). "Anyway, speaking generally, life's a black market! There's no rebels with any real causes these days! It's all ego! It's all the id! That's who you are Cat! The Wizard of Id! (Sympathy to the fore). Yet I know you are great! I believe in you!"

The Good Thief

The top of another bottle of Jack Daniels is unscrewed. This prophet sculls his whiskey. 'I must hope Lisa will ascend to heaven like Dan Cooper. The 'good thief' who hijacked a Northwest Boeing 727 in 1971. He had $200,000 strapped to his waist when he parachuted over Ariel, Washington State. Cooper has never been seen since.'

The shot glass is slammed onto the coffee table.

'Four parachutes he asked for! The FBI thought this was so he wouldn't get a dud one yet I know the other three weren't for any crew members but for the Father, Son and Holy Spirit!'

"WARNING! WARNING! DANGER APPROACHING!"

Reading how in the early 50s there were congressional hearings looking at a possible link between comic books and juvenile delinquency. Pressing the remote. A LOST IN SPACE re-run. Viewing the robot. A flashing head. Claws out. "Warning: this century already contains too many graphic images!" Another sci-fi. Another damned state of mind. "THEM! I had seen THEM!"

"Let us go then to the Burning Man Festival in the Nevada desert. To talk of Last

Judgements at the Golden Calf Café! Yet I hear there are long traffic jams to get in and out of it. Oh, if true, what irony! Like all the SUVs you see at the sustainable Addison Road Sunday markets!" I pant. 'A towering glowing green ant almost touching the ceiling in the Haymarket gallery. The giant ant is made of low emission nuclear beads. It strikingly denotes a monstrous mutation of nature brought on by the disturbances of the natural order which we inflict on it. I think of Where the Green Ants Dream by Werner Herzog that is set in the Australian desert. We mine out the earth's soul. We also risk destroying ourselves…Jesus when he wandered in the desert was not tempted to take up the offer of riches offered to him…I see images of unnatural disasters…dying worlds…massacres…a photo by Rosemary Laing of black dolls lying on the bottom of a mining crater-"

"Unholy Riches!"

'On the North Island of New Zealand was a longhaired, bearded Californian, he was the remaining member of a commune that had ascertained that in a cusp between two ranges it would survive any nuclear cloud that enveloped the world. New Zealand was seen as the end of the world where it was hoped over which such a deadly global pall would have dissipated…his hexagonal house was self-sufficient for energy, he wore sheepskins, grew and tended his own food, tobacco and animals. He also had bow and arrows. Yes, when the killer ants arrive from L.A this modern day John the Baptist will be ready…the old man in Kurowasa's What the Birds Knew which was screened at the gallery…living in fear of an imminent nuclear holocaust…wanting to go to Brazil to escape the coming tragedy…to take his family…yet he was locked up in the asylum…the lunatics that was his family…that is all of us in modern society…living with the bomb as if such a life is normal… this one sane man unjustly driven to madness…staring up at a blazing sun shining through his window…a furnace ball of light….believing it to be a new world for him to be sent too…joy in escaping this earthly craziness…a traditional Chinese landscape at the White Rabbit Gallery painted on top of a light box hanging on a wall. A modern cityscape with moving trains and cars is amidst the mountains and clouds. A zeppelin floats in the sky. It explodes. Then disappears. Leaving everything as before…the catastrophe is ignored…the artist perhaps is signalling much like the certain coming ecological catastrophe is conveniently being presently brushed out daily from all human awareness…the Sun to be wholly eclipsed by a coal darkness…we are sleepwalkers. An installation with ink passing under eight separate wired shopping trolley wheels representing the eight Taoist - seemingly drunken - Immortals who defeated their enemies conceptually connected together by all leaving black circular marks on the one large white piece of paper asking the question who is the creator: the maker of the robots or the robots themselves?'

"The Spartans fought the Immortals!" (I still pant). 'Donny Darko…your 'imaginary' Frank the demon rabbit is the darkness…oh for the innocence of Jimmy Stewart's Harvey the invisible rabbit! Beasts of this world brought on by our insane disturbances of the natural order! Atomized ants attack L.A!" I go over this pile of videos. Women of the Sun on the top followed by the Mr. Hell Show. Lifts it up to see what else is below. "Aaagh! First Men In The Moon! They discovered giant ants on our lunar neighbour!" I throw this 1964 film which is based on a H.G.Wells story at one of his many piles of books that are on the floor. "Ants do not have a fascist

society! I believe they are proletariats!" To rummage through the collapsed literary tower which had at the top A Land Unknown: Hell's Dominion. To spot two economic books by the same author who despite the best of intentions in political terms may have skewed his way. I maddeningly flick through both books. Reads one sentence in particular. "Yes! It was Nietzsche who inferred that what we think is true is merely an illusion reflected onto us by those who have power! We are mesmerized! We stay powerless!" (Yes, to still fear that a minotaur to globally envelop the world in which the weakest will undeservedly suffer. Yet one must also think of that other refrain by Nietzsche who warned that one may become the monster which they fight against, to be found looking into the abyss to only have the abyss look into you…). I throw both volumes onto the floor. From where I stand I cast my eyes, beyond neon signs, onto a distant white circle in the night sky. "Neo-libs with their free-market profit-take-all 'anti-ethos' white ant civilization! The godless forever burning alive in cubes in hell! A nuclear mutated dinosaur destroys Tokyo! We are the greatest beast! Destroying this whole world! GODZILLA save us from ourselves! Deliver us from Hell!" A wild look. "Time is memory!"

Hovering back to the window. 'Deliver Lisa…'

(eternal return)

"Abysses…"

(Echoes & Abysses: A Rilke Inspired MULTI-CHANNEL VISION)

'Echoes. Abysses. In a darkened square exhibition room with a circle of large thin screens at head height on thin supports. A multi-channel exhibition by the Australian artist Jacobus Capone based on Rainer Maria Rilke's poetic 'Douno Elegies' with a different image on each screen and in the centre a large square leather cushion couch to sit on. Yet not to sit, but to circle around it, always moving to view each image to give each one equal attention. Square. Circle. Haunting music, at times fully enveloping the mind with a heightened crescendo of dramatic sounds. Mountain scenes. Ice. Snow. Greenland. Switzerland. Ice cliffs. Freezing lakes. Icy rivers. A sheet of white. Walking around. A hooded man walking in a circle in such a nirvana vision of all white. Emptiness. Mirroring this man by walking as if metaphorically side by side with him in the physical darkness. To have no sight except to only have sight of what are on electronic screens. Black. White. Black birds circling in a white sky. A white bird flying across a white wall of ice. Everything fading into darkness between each new series of related images. Underworld caves. Clasping hands. Then forcefully letting go. Golden leaves. A hand holding a branch. To know to cling to nature when humanity fails. Gold. Leaves. Human. Spirits. Angels. Beauty. Terrifies-

"I. Go. On."

'Deep reflection. Needed. A reflecting of images. Shimmering. Circle mirrors held

in rivers surrounded by mountains. Mountain streams. Mountain canyons. All icy. Cold. White reflecting snow. White. On. White. Reality in the mind. Birds, always birds. Angels. Mirrors. Angled. In the human hands. Of one male being. Heavy black coated. Still. Yet. Slightly moving. To have slightly moving mirrored reflections. Always pointing skywards. The sides of high cliff walls. Bird formations. The slight swing of eternity. To and fro. Shimmering light. Always. (To finally have a white screen. A single man. Walking in a line. Across empty space. No reference to time. A pilgrim within a vast white eternal destiny). Yet in the search of reality there are, there can always be misgivings. Misdirections. Unseen. Blind spots. (Where upon chaos can possibly arise). A super-positioning of reality. (Multiple. Realities). (Quantum. Possibilities-

(After meditating a last, final time on Rilke's poetic elegies to shift to another searing mental orbit to note how one's political, cultural and social outlook may be devised by (i) one's personal education as well as by way (ii) of universal events yet, presented from various points of views - which individually appear to be objective but are actually all of a wilful subjectivity - thus to have to agriculturally discern within one's mental territory the wheat from the chaff…to have to tiresomely go to all this intellectual effort to merely discover what is true…(…is one's intuition not to be trusted…?...with any instinctive evaluation to be affected by a subconscious filtering out of any variation of a human experience that is discerned as untoward to what is expected…?..to sublimely attempt to homogenise reality so as to then appear ordered enough to be daily bearable…? To live by what is desired rather than by what is actual…)…STOP-START interruptions to mental, literal and visual transmissions…(There is, after all, the process of change…what is that other word…? Ah yes, transformation…)…the nexus between perception and understanding…to realise to know what one is listening, reading or looking at and to trust it to then learn from what is personally sanctioned to be real…for there can be so much at first glance that may not be real to no longer to believe what we see (while even to perhaps deduce there are other 'reals' genuinely arising from other points of view, but what must ultimately matter is that human values such as justice and equity must underlie our notion of universal reality, for to have fairness blossom over corruption…)

"The mind is an abyss filled with echoes!"

'…the mind needs liberation…in this world there is a nihilism not of darkness but of glowing neon… was Nietzsche who identified how there can be an emphasis in moving away from 'higher values' to 'lower values'…from the cultural to the philistine which one may visualise in terms of a human geometry as a declining diagonal line to symbolise humanity en masse going down a hill that is the easy path rather than attempting to ascend to a heightened mental zenith. (Thus to work against the social gravity of the times can involve an individual effort that goes upwards. To strenuously go against the tide). Living water reflects. Yet, a social current may not be reflective, to have no serious thought when the immediate priority has become to only take on a passive state of thoughtlessness so there is no need to exert much effort to be satisfied in what life has to offer to only ease one's way along a smooth path which has no tribulation…only

enjoyment…yes, to not be arduous, to live pleasantly, as if akin to the Lotus Eaters who in their slumberous 'soma state' were unduly apathetic…(…yes, to see a digital soma today…to stare virtually at screens…to pass the time in an electronic tavern for the mind…happiness, no pain…)…life without struggle…no complaints, for all to enjoy their lives but maybe waste them when there is now ominously every possibility of never reaching one's full human potential…nor to even care…yes, to laugh through life, which is fine, to have no complaints, to have no regrets…(cynical laugher). Yet, for the individual mind, who wants to rise above any Nietzsche described 'human herd', there is only melancholy…for the rest…this desensitised mass there may only be in the end a mutual leisurely preoccupation with itself…with wasting away…to have not chosen as a multiple whole to go a separate way, to go communally deeper into one's socially interior self, to discover and enact out a multi-dimensionality that will equidistantly benefit all…to have only foolishly in the end only lived in one dimension, this shortcoming a human tragedy-

"Wisdom is to be found in the house of mourning, not in the house of empty joy."

(Yes, to not have a wanting to be exclusively elite, to think that one is above all others but rather that for all to be above, for all to equally arrive at one's true humane station…to not be dragged down or to drag others down-

(Thus From All Creative Inspiration To Aspire For A Human Resilience)

Yet while mentally delving deeper into ancient fate to think that what had fatally passed to still affect what was yet to come to what is newly born).

Mortal lives scattered. (Like leaves…by the wind…). Yet there can also be an underlying, invisible unity. The world stable yet also ever changing while linked to the sameness from before and so always also imperceptibly transformed. Past. Present. Future. Together. Time. Existent. Time. Non-existent. All is wholly absolute yet relative from a single point of view. To have multiplicity.

A mental photosynthesis. Transformation of mind. Re-energised. Expanding. Anew. Thus from reflecting on the outer to then examine the inner to look into one's ever whirring mind stream to focus on a relative handful of particular 'memory leaves' floating along its fast moving swirling mental currents like the life giving blood within one's arteries and veins with each floating memory if like a leaf having also within it a myriad array of veins from the main central stem; pertaining to one's experiences and also to what was known of the experiences of others with all such watery organic composition passing over submerged mind ridges which could, in quantum terms, affect the psychological approach one takes in dealing with the world.

To entwine universal nature, mortal being and unending spirit. Water vessels. Blood vessels. Memory vessels.

(To suddenly remember the Argo going into unchartered territory, seemingly to the ends of the earth…venturing to not well known, foreign surrounds…Georgia…between two Carpathian mountain ranges…fertile ground…(…metaphorically speaking: the truest

'golden fleece'…)…streaming rivers flowing down from that which bounds the terrain but which also gives its life…the living arc of human experience between birth and death then extinguished, yet to find after deep reflection a fertile inner resolution with the attainment of some semblance of wisdom-

The. Mind. As. Theatre. In. Memory. Space. To. Thus. Infinitely. Reference. Actual. Real. Time. Cinematic. Time. Atomic. Time. Psychological. Time. Physical. Time. Quantum. Time. Cosmic. Time. Day/Night. Time.

MIND CHANNEL WHIRL

mental frame 444082 longitude 88^0 latitude 24^0
"a plastic bag in India is a poor person's briefcase-

mental frame 275001 longitude 87^0 latitude 43^0
"strange lights were seen from the space shuttle moving very quickly in a zig-zag direction in the earth's atmosphere while in Iceland street lights were turned off to view aurora borealis lights-

mental frame 456001 longitude 80^0 latitude 13^0
"as a volcano cloud stops flights to Bali it is said Australia's departure tax is again rising while airlines cramming more people into economy is leading to greater plane rage-

mental frame 436060 longitude 30^0 latitude 83^0
"there has been a sister relationship between Melbourne and Calcutta tram conductors with tram art shows-

mental frame 187501 longitude 71^0 latitude 77^0
"the artist said the art was not to meant to make any point so it was pointless-

mental frame 197501 longitude 91^0 latitude 87^0
"two Czech footballers to be with women's team after sexist remarks about mistakes made by a female assistant referee-

mental frame 127312 longitude 56^0 latitude 73^0
"drones are an air traffic hazard-

mental frame 347314 longitude 59^0 latitude 33^0
"earthquake ravaged haiti hit by hurricane…violent street gangs remain a threat-

mental frame 789654 longitude 98^0 latitude 17^0
"the earth's core is as hot as the surface of the sun. we can dig a tunnel three kilometres deep into north-east south australia's crust to find rocks hot enough to use as a source of electricity-

mental frame 339454 longitude 38^0 latitude 34^0
"the genius complex singing language of songbirds such as mockingbirds and other birds is the closest to human language while it has been found out fish sing at dawn and dusk just like birds-

mental frame 541199 longitude 21^0 latitude 32^0

“frisbee competitions where people play in games with rules similar to netball have become a fad in europe. frisbee training videos are in big demand-

mental frame 227312 longitude 36^0 latitude 70^0

“a healthy diet is unaffordable for the poor-

mental frame 785492 longitude 23^0 latitude 25^0

“in tonight’s global village we will start with a story that involves an african tribe that at the end of the working day gather in a circle & joyfully perform a happy dance; a french innovator shows how to use compost to have a hot shower; we will look at a paris art commune known as the roundhouse & which has hosted many art luminaries including the likes of chagall. our last story will be about colombian youths in cartagena who frequent an innovative dancing school as a way of dealing with the trauma of a 40 year internal insurgency in their beautiful country-

mental frame 218033 longitude 89^0 latitude 34^0

“families in indonesia have to send their children out to work says an indonesian woman human rights unionist who has turned down a $50,000 human rights prize from a shoe company. she says it would be better if the u.s. based company improved workers wages & conditions in countries such as indonesia and mexico. in indonesia a daily wage is only $1.80 & activists who have protested for higher wages have been raped and killed. the woman activist says up to seven million children are no longer at school having to go & find work for their families. they are part of a lost generation…good leadership interlocks positive forces to work together against common foe-

mental frame 798451 longitude 31^0 latitude 29^0

“william yang by referring to personal objects & two large digital screens provides his audience with a meditative overview of his life with the tao philosophy of lao tze tung the one unifying thread through this very human montage which covers anything from a north american indian dream catcher given to him in canada to a large pan used as a bird bath in his arncliffe flat-

mental frame 100543 longitude 28^0 latitude 51^0

“there was a chimpanzee called nim chimsky named after linguist noam chomsky who sounds a lot like a tankie these days…well & as for nim he was the first primate to learn american sign language. yet, the most unusual chimp would have to be oliver who regularly walked upright and would socialise with people. oliver drank coffee and beer, smoked cigars lounged on a sofa and watched television. he would even go to the kitchen himself to make his own cuppa and take it to his den. all in all oliver was just another regular guy. however, when oliver made sexual advances on the wife of his carer he was sold and now lives in retirement in texas…new york times…the washingon post is against snowden pardon-

mental frame 892300 longitude 12^0 latitude 34^0

“tonight we will show on mythbusters how goldfish do have long-term memory and not the proverbial three-second attention span. that you really can get struck by lightning if you are on the phone during a storm. also with the sinking of our tugboat the mythtitanic we will find out if you can get sucked into the death-dive of a sinking ship. folklore says the cook on the titanic was high up in the air on the stern as it went down. when it went under

he said all he did was step into the sea like getting out of an elevator to then later be picked up by a lifeboat-

mental frame 492310 longitude 14^0 latitude 64^0

"the jewish women who knew they were going to be shot after falling pregnant after being raped or used as sex slaves asked the driver to take them around the town as a goodbye-

mental frame 6723107 longitude 41^0 latitude 56^0

"families of victims of 9/11 can no sue saudi arabian officials who may have been involved-

mental frame 992513 longitude 74^0 latitude 54^0

"the battle of 42nd street - or tsilalarion road - on crete is where the anzacs briefly halted the german advance and involved the first aboriginal soldier to become an officer stays unheralded-

mental frame 3323107 longitude 44^0 latitude 54^0

"ancient egyptians believed the universe emerged from the ocean nun and mesopotamians thought the underworld was not far below the earth's surface-

mental frame 8323198 longitude 89^0 latitude 53^0

"alan turing who did much to crack war codes of germany's enigma machine committed suicide in 1954 due to being prosecuted for his homosexuality and being chemically castrated-

mental frame 3723189 longitude 97^0 latitude 53^0

"nasa is to collect dust from an asteroid to try discover the beginning of life-

mental frame 945001 longitude 32^0 latitude 36^0

"at a time in australia where sanctuary houses similar to those in north america to hide refugees are being suggested brisbane hospital staff refuse to release a refugee baby if it means being sent back to the cruel living conditions of offshore detention-

mental frame 895634 longitude 76^0 latitude 19^0

"another demonstration outside the school of the americas. this institution has trained many of latin america's military leaders simply had a name change…always one survivor in every massacre…and for guatemala's mayans who lost loved ones in the army massacres of the eighties they still wait for justice-

mental frame 447305 longitude 76^0 latitude 93^0

"100 thai students killed in 1973; 43 mexican students killed in 2014-

mental frame 89705 longitude 34^0 latitude 23^0

"at the nicholson museum at sydney university there can be found ancient greek cypriot pottery with the swastika in reverse. a life symbol in many cultures appropriated by the third reich that would prop up its armies and the fuhrer with stimulants to speed ever onwards to merciless military victory-

mental frame 347307 longitude 66^0 latitude 33^0

"danes to confiscate the property of refugees-

mental frame 942303 longitude 72^0 latitude 94^0

"lost property public transport auction-

mental frame 917374 longitude 23^0 latitude 89^0

"elderly japanese man keeps still keeps a post office for lost letters including those for loved ones even for those who have departed. very poignant-

mental frame 344412 longitude 90^0 latitude 43^0

“in the art talk which corresponded with david manley’s ambivalent structures photography exhibition at the verge gallery - where in regards to the meticulous composite photos it was pointed out photography can be viewed as manipulation - it was expressed that war bunkers can be paradoxically seen as places of both safety and death. it can be suggested modern architecture with its use of concrete came about from the quick and efficient bunker building techniques utilized on the french coast used to rapidly build up a defensive wall to thwart any coming allied invasion. as it was after the war a destroyed europe needed to be built up again quickly; ironically along with bunker construction techniques the legacy of the war bunker also continues to this day both politically and psychologically. in a world in an ever increasing state of disruption and flux a bunker mentality pervades globally on so many issues. in australia consider the despairing negative view of refugees…it could be sad an artist can become the psyche buster of bunker mentalities-

mental frame 445109 longitude 89^0 latitude 21^0

“hollywood actress angelina jolie who as goodwill ambassador for the unchr states that the west – and this includes australia – are like a beach couple who totally ignored a dead african refugee man whose corpse had washed up on the mediterranean shoreline. they kept sunbaking just like a cold-hearted west keeps ‘sunbaking’…and who is now admired for her moral boosting goodwill visit to the war scarred frontline ukranian city of kherson which is regularly bombed by the russian military and which also carries out its barbaric ‘human safari’ practice which involves targeting innocent defenceless citizens with drones and deliberately mercilessly killing them-

mental frame 674312 longitude 78^0 latitude 45^0

“susan george who has written several books on global capitalism & world hunger believes that these days the ‘bastards have gone too far’. in her eyes under the republicans the u.s constitution & democracy is being dismantled piece by piece-

mental frame 234312 longitude 18^0 latitude 78^0

“police target self-serve supermarket thefts yet it is also has to be asked what about the jobs ‘stolen’ due to such self-serve checkouts-

mental frame 777666 longitude 33^0 latitude 12^0

“in chechnya it is claimed atrocities are being committed by russian troops on the civilian population. it seems a whole generation of people there – from many diverse national groups including local russians - have had to pay with their lives for the brutality being carried out by the few on both sides of this ‘callous equation’…art historian admits not aware to practicing art processes-

mental frame 541112 longitude 23^0 latitude 12^0

“the civil defence ‘white helmets’ in war torn syria heroically rescue people. in aleppo with evermore toxic chemical barrel bombs & bunker busting bombs 50% of casualties are children-

mental frame 441142 longitude 33^0 latitude 14^0

“shimon peres is the last of the generation of politicians who saw the founding of israel-

mental frame 234500 longitude 23^0 latitude 89^0

“in pisa 100,000 candles are lit up for one night every year this spectacular luminari is in celebration of saint rainier…for french commuters free short story vending machines are a hit-

mental frame 899321 longitude 83^0 latitude39^0

“today’s tale of a suitcase is of a dutchman who grew up in colonial batavia. when the japanese invaded he was interned with his parents who died; he went to japan as a slave labourer-

mental frame 999000 longitude 99^0 latitude 10^0

“a child suffering from asthma on a country property died because the boy’s family could not get assistance due to a faulty home phone. an increasingly privatized telstra failed to quickly fix it-

mental frame 219934 longitude 20^0 latitude 72^0

“when tv came to australia in 1956 knitting wool sales went down while the bbc gives instructions how to knit a dr who scarf-

mental frame 219934 longitude 20^0 latitude 72^0

“mendelev dreams the periodic table-

mental frame 989934 longitude 20^0 latitude 82^0

“the wily high school english history teacher had said the english ruling classes feared the return of many working class soldiers who knew how to shoot a rifle after the end of the second world war. while in so many countries that have faced civil strife after there is peace ex-guerillas and ex-soldiers may turn to using guns as the only skill they know to make a living if there are no jobs. the issue of secure long term employment needs to be seriously considered…terrorist turf wars-

mental frame 798123 longitude 27^0 latitude 84^0 “35 million human beings have been trafficked globally in one year states the artist in the outdoor sculpture catalogue who also speaks of how people are always converging together for a short while and then diverging away-

mental frame 459944 longitude 30^0 latitude 12^0

“black mist. burnt country. an art exhibit that includes indigenous point of views is surveying the legacy of the maralinga desert nuclear explosions that happened sixty years ago. aboriginals lost traditional lands and along with servicemen were exposed to atomic radiation-

mental frame 95244 longitude 33^0 latitude 52^0

“in books & arts: australian dance company’s objekt looks at dehumanization, objectification...suppression-

mental frame 789934 longitude 21^0 latitude 92^0

“i’m toni collette and i’m here to let you know that in greek mythology prometheus stole the secret of fire from the gods and revealed it to humankind. to punish him every morning the gods sent an eagle to claw out his innards. the same fate can await a careless entertainer. joe dulce was from the u.s.a. an obscure fringe artist but it is for a lethally infectious novelty song that he will never be forgotten or forgiven.” “what’s the matter with you aye! gotta no respect! whadda ya think you do! why you look so sad. it’s a nice a place. shaddup you face!”

mental frame 349757 longitude 81^0 latitude 93^0

“the brilliant italian poet antonia pozzi was not published in her own lifetime-

mental frame 909743 longitude 21^0 latitude 92^0

"max 'tangles' walker's last game was a one-day match with the infamous bowling underarm incident with new zealand. douggie walters said to greg chappell in a silent dressing room "you stuffed that up!" tangles played a valuable role in the centenary test which had the extraordinary coincidence of the exact same result as the test played at lords in 1877-

mental frame 404844 longitude 67^0 latitude 92^0 "

looking at a civil rights photo of a black boy followed by a row of the national guard one hears how a black man reported his car stolen and the police frisked and treated him as a criminal-

mental frame 889743 longitude 11^0 latitude 82^0

"the so called republican presidential candidate wants to treat nato like a mafia protection racket. if the baltics don't pay their own way and the big bad wolf russia comes after to trump them the u.s will stand by and doing nothing…colombians say no to the so called peace treaty-

mental frame 890342 longitude 89^o latitude 45^o

"a young aboriginal boy tj riding a bicycle late at night was impaled on a fence and died; his death has led to a race riot in redfern as the police have been accused of chasing him at the time-

mental frame 789934 longitude 21^0 latitude 92^0

"low socio-economic factors, lack of public transport, bad housing conditions and so forth lead to low health outcomes as well as shorter life spans as is the case for australia's indigenous-

mental frame 459244 longitude 40^0 latitude 88^0

"scientists seem amazed by the self-regulatory uniform patterns of nature moving unconsciously between predicated order & chaotic unpredictability-

mental frame 480011 longitude 22^o latitude 82^o

"ancient egyptian civilization lasted for so many thousands of years at least three thousand that there were actually ancient egyptian archaeologists examining earlier periods-

mental frame 880444 longitude 24^0 latitude 48^0

"the ancient greek eratosthenes worked out the earth was not flat as well as its circumference by measuring the different shadow angles of two cities far away from each alexandria and syene-

mental frame 880245 longitude 28^0 latitude 24^0

"a series of documentaries and recorded university lecture series that have been catalogued for viewing in recent times include highly regarded archaeologist eric cline with his detailed analysis of the fall of the late bronze age…there is commentary on oswald spengler's the author of the decline of the west written early in the twentieth century which provides useful overarching views in analysing civilizations such as seeing them as living organisms and seeing history as cyclically rather than linear and them moving from a high point of creativity to a cultural sterility whereby art becomes entertainment and politics becomes administration and at the final downfall there can be authoritarian caesars to finalize a collapse hopefully to be followed by a new creative cycle of human ascendency which it will go through again its seasons with its summers autumns springs and winters to yet again another descent although one may not agree with his pessimistic view of democracy-

mental frame 880246 longitude 48^0 latitude 22^0

"interesting lecturers include professor of philosophy arthur holmes with his course a history of philosophy…one may also like to turn to rick roderick with his entertaining overview of philosophy lectures and his suspenders may be seen as a trademark characteristic of this witty man-

mental frame 880246 longitude 48^0 latitude 22^0

"dr. michael spengler had previously made it clear that there was a strong possibility of an outbreak of a zoonotic disease such as with covid which we now see is on a global scale-

mental frame 440248 longitude 44^0 latitude 22^0

"apparently william eggleston once stated as to why his photographs were untitled is that he thought photos and words did not like each other while one recalls duchamp was aware of the significance of language in regards to an artwork such as a title to affect its meaning influencing how it was viewed-

mental frame 480244 longitude 80^0 latitude 42^0

"…also in africa there are the tigrays massacred and persecuted in ethiopia …in china there is the ongoing oppression of the uyghurs and tibetans while looking at the middle east where there are also many other oppressed minorities there remains for instance for the world a moral responsibility to do much more for the yazidis who have become the victims of isis which has included not only being genocidally massacred but for the women to be abused into sex slavery…there are the kurds spread out through turkiye, iran, iraq and syria still fighting for independence who overcame isis which suited the west but they feel betrayed-

mental frame 440444 longitude 40^0 latitude 44^0

"…ukraine has ingeniously shown the superior lateral ascendency of drone warfare over traditional military hardware-

mental frame 742384 longitude 24^0 latitude 21^0

"it has been said that in post-apartheid period south africans infected by hiv were dying in their multitudes due to money that could have been spent on medicines that would save them yet being diverted to an unnecessary ever burgeoning defence budget-

mental frame 3636363 longitude 64^0 latitude 27^0

"william cooper of the aboriginal league protested against kristalnacht with a letter to the german consulate in melbourne-

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CAT MIND SCAN RECALL: Quantum Mind Bite Information Super-Positioning with the Endless Digital Channelling of Much Incoming Analytically Filtered Human Experience on an Infinite Mental Level. (The Unseen Visionary Mind to be Boundless/Ephemeral).

'…a ugundan doctor who is an esteemed expert on hiv was given the chance to have an education due to family sponsorship it is carl jung who noted that most people judge because for them thinking is difficult a fourteen year old afro-american signed up to join the u.s military to sadly become the youngest soldier to die in vietnam at fifteen years of age two innocent thirty seven year old american citizens a woman a man in separate incidents in minnesota which by the way has been a strong democratic party leaning state shot to death by ice agents regarded to be tantamount to state murder as the united states under a morally ruinous narcissist president ominously begins to resemble an anarchic police state to remember now the four kent university students killed by the national guard when protesting about the vietnam war tens of thousands of protesters murdered by the iranian regime which has included injured victims in hospitals

being found by death squads and all shot in the head a surgeon faces the death penalty for doing his duty in saving the lives of protesters huge payment is demanded from the families who come to retrieve the bodies of their murdered loved ones it is all grotesque social media photographs of large piles of black body bags kurdish female fighters killed by radical syrian troops of the new government which with the fall of assad now has a leader who had previously fought as a jihadist the still stateless kurds who previously fought isis at the cost of thousands of lives now feel betrayed everything is complex multiethnic democratic confederalism in rojava may not have been successful as one had hoped as anyone who is perceived as disloyal is treated harshly such as to be imprisoned undermining the good value of this social experiment yet as an outsider may think such is human nature when feeling besieged despite all good intentions which the imprisoned kurdish leader in turkiye abdullah ocalan had initiated inspired by the writings of murray bookchin and which one good consequence was to attempt to provide gender equality to women turkiye plays an international double game playing off the west as a supposed ally while at the same time developing its own sphere of influence which means supporting nefarious actors the west turns a blind eye while its interests are served in this regional arc of realpolitik the kurds feel disillusioned yet now in this multipolar world the law of the jungle seems to be predominating however from the political fragments there can always be the chance for a new whole to emerge that could be for the good if present wrong strategies are corrected and so a moral force must be enacted by those who seek justice a loyal minded woman heroically dived into an icy river to save her dog tragically they both did not survive but when the river thawed the woman was found holding her dog B.B. King said that as long as people have problems the blues can never die a psychologist said after studying those involved in the holocaust that evil is a lack of empathy cats gave become station masters at japanese railway stations ***More to Add***

Mind Over Matter

'...partly out of a life long traditional respect for The Laws which Socrates inflexibly maintained as steadfastly as when he was a free citizen, even defending them at great risk to his life during his military war service, he would obstinately decline the tempting opportunity to escape, of which, apparently, even the state would not have impeded such a subversive sojourn into safe exile. Thus the hemlock would be his 'sword' in what he saw as a final act of defiance towards the 'common herd' of whom he did not value as qualified to adjudicate on the destiny of his life. Yet, after the harrowing experience of the quisling tyranny that was established by Sparta after the Athenian defeat there was, ongoing, a moral panic aimed at Socrates who intuitively guided by his 'personal daemon' was now acutely seen as someone who due to his known - yet up to now tolerated - dismissive view of the democratic ethos could impressionably provide intellectual succour – unwittingly or otherwise - to anybody still wanting to initiate an oligarchical coup. So goes the paranoia in any ongoing ideological cold war (of which to this day there should be safeguards established to stymy; not only to protect anyone pre-emptively accused of being an 'enemy of the state' due too often official nebulous 'national security no comments' but to also protect the state itself from 'legally' sliding towards tyranny, especially if it so claims to bind itself to the self-reflective values of free speech. Although not entirely relevant one cannot help but think of St. Augustine who remarked that if justice is removed what are kingdoms other than gangs of criminals on a large scale…?). Although charged for supposedly committing religious crimes so as to circumnavigate the amnesty put in place after the overthrow of the brief dictatorship

of the Thirty Tyrants it was the yet non-evidential possibility of Socrates being a political criminal, tenuously through his merely assumed philosophical association with previous usurpers of the democracy such as Alcibiades and Critias, that brought on his unexpected fall from grace. (After all, at the time there were others apart from Socrates who were also accused of impiety - i.e. offending the gods – and, who knows, how many were really put on trial because of their suspected supposedly improper political leanings…? The amnesty was surely a mature political act but it was still not flawless in ending all reprisal). After his guilt was narrowly affirmed by the jury it is said the prosecutor's extreme call for the death sentence was tactically designed to force Socrates to suggest a routine alternative punishment that although would now have to be severe enough to still appease the jury it would at least save his life. Instead a fearless, but perhaps foolish, defendant claimed he should be offered the reward of free meals paid for by the public purse due to his life long civic service to publicly inspire in his fellow citizens a search for wisdom. (Yet, it should be noted that this so called 'public gadfly' haranguer for wisdom thought that such a soulful search for it was an aristocratic exercise for it was only the upper classes who had the necessary leisure time; thus to be outside the lower social realm of the 'kept' artisan classes who as 'human tools' were to be merely trained to carry out their respective activities for the good of the state or rather for the elitist good of those who exercised a stabilised political power over it. To think now of Zeno of Elea, who actually initiated the dialectic for philosophical enquiry, killed after biting the ear of the tyrant Nearchus while being tortured for his involvement in an intrigue to overthrow him). Eventually, those aristocrats sympathetic to Socrates, which included Plato, would advise a fine could be paid to the court with themselves as guarantors but it seems the fatal legal damage to the defendant's cause could not now be undone. In fact, the margin for his death was greater than what it had been to determine his guilt. So on an emotion-charged legal stage with its apparent hubris dialogue of bluff and counterbluff an absurdist lethal judgement was reached, and although it was not a show trial it would, for the supporters of Socrates, have associated with it for all time, the lawless stench of an irrevocable judicial decision that had always really been 'fate accompli'…(perhaps, it is worthwhile to ponder on a remark by the stoic Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius who had insightfully noted: that everything we hear is an opinion, everything we see is a perspective, not the truth). Nevertheless, what was definitely not predicted was that imperial Athens, struck down and humiliated by plague, military defeat and internal strife would revitalise democracy enough for the next hundred years to redeem herself with an empire of the mind.

The Athenians by way of a hegemonic variant of political hypocrisy, aroused by the celebratory hubris of unexpected victories over Persia, they would debase democracy through the Delian League in their ultimately failed quest for a lasting political empire. Furthermore, for Athens when totally defeated, the Spartan enforced demolition of her famously protective Long Walls between port and city added further insult to injury to what became her cruel 'might is right' foreign policy during the Peloponnesian War; (as with the tragic case of a defeated Melos when,

afterwards, the male citizens of military age would lose their lives; mercilessly executed due to Melos courageously asserting the moral right to remain neutral in the so called 'diplomatic negotiations' that were held before this unprompted Athenian invasion of this small Aegean island. For the playwright Euripides to be so appalled by this unnecessary morally moribund superpower military action that for such a politically corrupted Athens he would write The Trojan Women as to highlight such abhorrent, immoral behaviour of the so called 'strong' over the so called 'weak'). As so well noted Athenians had to fearfully wonder if the same 'Melean fate' awaited them while solemnly viewing the now defenceless open space surrounding them; being a striking immaterial representation of the full material diminution of her former majestic political grandeur. However, paradoxically, Athens unable to restore its imperial prowess would instead with its long standing philosophical and scientific traditions (to name but just two disciplines of human knowledge) would still enable for itself to have a long lasting legacy as a great Eurocentric centre of learning; with Hellenic thought to spread throughout the world; widely blossoming culturally by political way of two later occupiers of Athens with their own far reaching empires: i.e. the Macedonians and the Romans. (As the old, familiar adage goes: who really defeated whom…?).

"Where there are large rocks a tree will only grow tall if it can foster strong roots among them!" Cat wildly paraphrasing Nietzsche whilst in a probing literary perusal to also review his somewhat nonchalant interpretations of what he seriously views as some high order reasoning by other thinkers (other than the Emperor Stoic Marcus Aurelius) who he preferences for now to deeply respect while listening on public national radio to the *Mindfield* and then inquisitively followed up by him with the *Philosopher's Zone*…

'…Nietzsche to scathingly observe the nihilist result of a high or low mass culture infused only with the vain pursuit of a morally empty, anti-intellectual joy for Kant to mindfully note that not all appears as it seems to be when an apparently beneficial act for another is actually secretly insidiously motivated by self-interest to actually use someone else only as a means for one's own self-gain for Camus the rebel to query the human value of any revolution when after it has bitterly come at great human cost at the end the humanitarian values of the revolution are betrayed by a new tyranny for Rosa Luxemburg although there can be much to criticize about her one can still be inclined to feel that she did at least still seek after revolution based on democratic consensus to have a social democracy rather than rule by a dictatorial vanguard Niccolo Machiavelli to infer as if to reiterate St. Augustine's 'gangster kingdoms' that operate without justice that one does not often look to politics to go searching after morality to also think of Tacitus who denotes how it is the sobering case that it is the imperious authors of empires who in victory will make a wasteland and call it peace yes it is Hannah Arendt who astutely points out that ideology is blind to reality to have Alexander von Humboldt remark that the worldview that is most dangerous is the one that emanates from those who have not seen the world for Mikhail Bakunin to state that if you were to have the

most fervent revolutionary acquire absolute power you would have someone within a year who would be worse than the Tsar-

'…life extinguished…the transience of many human relationships…my crazed human mind which goes on repeat…& with add-ons…like a mad, mad world which goes on re-runs which may all finally come to an end with an atomic add-on!'

Humanity as a Footnote of History in the Wayward Mind of this God's Cowboy

We may even be - unfortunately – just a footnote to history if THEM - instead - divide the oceans by using reliable old fashioned Old Testament means; there shall be no military directive from a 'General Electric' using nuclear weapons that rely on modern day electronic boards. (Better to buy an old second-hand fridge whose manual operations will last for decades than a new one whose electronics will break down after five years. So says the Lakemba Bangledesh refrigerator man who inquires why do the Great Powers seek to kill when life is already short enough?). It is said the Red Sea could be an Ancient Greek mistranslation of the words 'reed sea'- some shallow stretch of water - which the Chosen People crossed to escape Pharaoh; yet that cinema Pharoah Cecille B DeMille would concur that it truly was the raising of Holy Moses' staff that brought on the full force of thy holiest special effects department to have his people saved and drown the godless enemy. Whether it had truly been an outflow of a tsunami that then sucked right back in or a high strong wind making way for a land bridge or an underground volcanic eruption that produced a temporary rock causeway these are all merely the means by which YAHWEH used to bring the Israelites out of slavery and to inflict his wrath upon a godless nation. We are a godless generation and THEM will be the instrument of the Divine Wrath. We must change our self-indulgent ways and be liberated before it is all too late. It is said that the burning bush through which God spoke may have been a tree that caught on fire in a lava flow whose 'holy voice' is merely the loud crackling sounds of burning molten rock. Yet the higher truth is that YAHWEH – the Great 'I AM' - is THE ROCK! The Rock of ALL Ages upon which can be the foundation of our salvation - for all around us is the mental quicksand of this world which we visualise through that inanimate glowing talking box we call television – the LORD will deliver us from THEM! The ultimate miracle will be that THEM shall be vanquished – not us! A holy glory shall be revealed in our minds and this shall be our 'earthly evidence' to the eternal immortal might of spiritual faith over a constricted mortal unholy doubt. Trust! As Joan of Arc trusted! As the young actress who played her in the Hollywood film Miracle of the Bells also trusted. The bells rang for three days in the small American coal town in which she was buried! St. Michael took care of her soul and it was he who moved the statues of himself and of Mary to look down upon her coffin at her funeral – not some movement of a rogue rock fissure caused by the rampant coal mining below. St. Michael as Saviour! Oh holy press agent! Frank Sinatra as St. Michael's priest! Fred MacMurray as faithful loving Hollywood publicist friend! Lee J. Cobb as Hollywood mogul whose big business heart is transformed by the miracle of St. Michael! Who loves God! Who loves his country! Who loves the American Way! He knows the cruel assassin will come! Merciless! Without pity! God's psychopath upon through whom God's vengeance has been bestowed upon to carry out! Upon which

greatness is made! Upon which great nations are made! Through the ruthless measures they adopt to gain what they want which is always much more than they need! Forever strong and mighty! Nothing shall wither! In countries where no old men will stay around! To cut down the unrighteousness! To raise the Chosen to their rightful glory! To true riches! Taken justly from the riches of a booty undeservedly owned by the heathen! No chains! Except for the wicked! It will be their unfaithful heads that will be decapitated! To be made defenceless for slaughter! Naked before the naked power of YAHWEH! Manifest Destiny! It's US or THEM! Life as hallucinatory state! Weep! Weep! OH WEEP! EXORCISE THE DEMONS! THE MOTIONS OF LIFE! GATES OF ETERNITY! OH HOLY END! Pharaoh Yul Brynner you watch out! Watch out Anne Baxter Nefeteri! Watch out B-GRADE modern mind! Moses Charles Heston will point his staff at the likes of you with Edward G. Robinson as his right hand man! Oh James Cagney! RAT-A-TAT-TAT! ALL YOU DIRTY GODLESS EGYPTIAN RATS! Thus speaketh the LORD! To take another bitter twist let us never forget that THEM come in all guises: a gutsy daughter of THEM! throws a bomb into a medico Huey in Apocalypse Now! Machine guns blaring from flying machine mosquitoes of THEM! For THEM is really in all of us! We come out of THEM! Wagner's The Ride of the Valkrye! BLARING! FROM THE SKIES! A U.S. Cavalry trumpet of a last napalm judgement! Massacres galore! Fort Apache! In Tie A Yellow Ribbon John Wayne's cavalry resolutely outwits & attacks the Indians! YELLOW FEVER! Those SAVAGES! HAH! S/LAUGHTER!" There is nothing but sheer madness! In my eyes! At the turn of the 20th Century Yellow Fever was killing U.S. cavalrymen in Cuba! Killing the Spanish before them! Oh colonies of mass slavery! Mosquitoes as instruments of YAHWEH! The LORD scourges! Yet Science saves! Yellow Fever of the body is no more - but a plague of Yellow Fever of the mind still clings on so ever strongly! For THEM with nuclear at least shows that Science - as espoused from the human intellect - can also destroy! Yet the LORD will overcome human wickedness! If He does choose to modernise even use it as His DIVINE INSTRUMENT of JUDGEMENT! THE ALL OF EVERYTHING TO BE DESTROYED! ONLY NOTHING IS PURE! OH! ETERNAL ARTIST WORLD PRESS PHOTOS!"

'On the Mitchell State Library World Press Photos exhibition screen the Ecuadorian photographer who references cultural memory by way of the reminiscences of her Colombian farmer father who had in more tumultuous times migrated from the violence of his land; yet there was also another violence that was clinically endured on the land itself that would have equally deeply saddened his family descendants who, as intimated, had been 'seed guardians' who had enriched the soil with a wide variety of potatoes…yet such a special social ecological relationship between humanity and nature was for now to be forever lost…the life inspiring spiritual-biological intimacy inherent in a farming tradition that involved humans who fully respected Gaia was to be sacrificed in the name of so called scientific progress by giving way to genetically manipulated high yielding single crops that despite the short term gains it is corporately claimed can be obtained especially in terms of monetary profit for the 'architects' of such a widespread unnatural ecology-

Gaia who for her plant seeds were her life blood which should not be diminished or tampered with in any way which would otherwise risk her life …especially after spending aeons to evolve them to a maximum level of life enhancement…was to thus note with her inevitable majestic angry response how such earthly human vandals who only thought of her hubristically as being passive were usually males as well as corruptibly high ranking who with their exploitative mastery would duly make the banal claim that all knowledge that is not of material benefit to them is of no value and must be dispensed with; a barbarous policy especially applicable to those lands they colonize - i.e. invade, pillage, decimate…those human cultures which may work with Gaia rather than against her must especially be done away with including the very people whose memories must be destroyed with them so no resistance can emerge as any memory with a kernel of truth attributable to human goodness can be a great weapon working against the empty lies that must be masterfully devised to 'validate' any human barbarism…(a heavy sigh)…to also predictably irreparably destroy the underlying pulsating web of biodiversity upon which all life on this planet must always ultimately rely on for long term survival-

"Do not build your home on sand!"

'…frail habitat…yes…everything that is ingeniously sacred is to be lost…to be insidiously replaced with a lie of having human progress on only purely scientific terms yet that must be forever fumigated with herbicides to keep up crisp agricultural appearances...oh to have yet again the great unwashed…to have only the clean rain of Gaia to keep life-

Mammoth To Mammon

'Rows of tents in Sydney's Martin Place. The homeless making their presence communally known in this large central plaza in the Central Business District; to be a six month long tent city protest outside the high black block building of the Reserve Bank of Australia. It is not the besieging encampment of an invading army like that of the Greeks outside Troy's walls but rather of the vulnerable who feel besieged by powerful elites who desire to become even stronger by commercial means; (while in many other places a 'reptilian' aspiration to be fully dominant is directly requited by military force). No, the spectacle presented here to any interested or curious passers-by was a stark reminder of the enormous unequal imbalance of corporatized strength that still enforcedly prevails over many wide ranging scattered impoverished multitudes on this globe including nearby Redfern where there had been another long term protest 'tent city' militantly organised by some of the local indigenous residents in protest of a high rise development that they felt would further ostracize and even disperse their local urban community from a central area of land that they had always known as their traditional own. Yes, here, at Martin Place, in evidence, was the plight of some of the many dispossessed on display at the very doorstep of one of this particular nation's major institutions of financial power. Flimsy plastic versus granite monolith; as if to be a local echo of a brief global protest phenomenon that gave raised voice to the powerless against the proverbial 'global minotaur'…to only dissipate, yet whose basic underlying impulse for social equity and economic justice to keep on haphazardly re-emerging in many

different ways in many different places: like a creative political variance of unpredictable quantum particles that are never static but always regenerative and creative; which in real 'relative time' may still reap positive long lasting social transformations in unexpected ways; all unforeseen, both socially and philosophically unimagined, at the heady, anarchic time of the original, initial majority outburst against the elites-

"Occupy Wall Street!" To imagine hearing an oh so gruff, ever so polarising, 'ol time anarchic bushy moustached social ecologist in Burlington, Vermont, of a faltering American Republic, emphatically cheering from the Agora to bring back this ancient Athenian urban civic space to the people which can now include both helot and female! To end its privatised erosion by the corporates! To end the spectator apparition that modern democracy has become! So all can participate in citizen assemblies! So decisions can be made by all and for all so not to leave our social destinies to cyclops bureaucracies that only have an eye on the state cost rather than on any human cost or the cost to nature. To return human society to the way nature truly wants it to be as it was in Neolithic communal origin with an equality more akin to nature's organic web than to the state's stratified pyramid. When a leader was more likely socially gauged on a necessary capability to do what was best for all, to requit communal satisfaction that would go beyond individual gain; to have no one, or any social division to stand in the way when a communal effort was needed to guarantee the tribe's survival, when even women who were physically capable to be entrusted to join in the hunt to bring down a prey as large as a mammoth which relied more so on human co-operation than on any singular competitive instinct to achieve a positive result by which the whole community would also share in the feast so the life of every individual would thrive by way of the effort of all individuals working equitably together, to leave no one behind, so all may truly live. Women would have equal status and it is validly theorized that it was only with the coming of widespread urbanisation after the embedding of agriculture into human culture whereby with the rise of a male warrior class now hunting after other men more so than hunting after animals which had women eventually lose their physical prowess as they found themselves forcefully restrained to domestic servant roles in family households. (As an aside, to culturally validate the 'natural' social reality of the pre-eminence of male authority by having womanhood itself to be character assassinated in at least two religious disciplines that were slanted gender-wise to work as distorted societal outlets to validate male hegemony: theology and mythology – as with Eve, as with Pandora - being two clear instances of gender demonization that so easily come to mind; (when previously in creation stories such as from Sumeria with its mythological precursers to the Garden of Eden there is a gender balance with even divine displeasure orientated more towards male recaltricant behaviour. Sumeria's mythology it is suggested also reflected the first primitive democracies with leaders – who would later become more so autocratic – initially answerable to communal assemblies which the Ancient Greeks may have been aware of to perhaps have some genuine bearing on their own political maturation). Due to a rising male self-interest to dominate the female body that was being socially restraind to an interior space its physical strength would diminish; although it would still be usefully retained by those women who were heavily involved in heavy duty agricultural work, but on the whole by modern times it has been medically noted that it is women who have now become more likely to have weaker bones, to even suffer more from osteoposis, for such biological evidence of a negative patriachal

inspired social evolution to cruelly help authenticate Lisa's bitter claim that her weakening body was now making her very bones ever so brittle…who, in case of a bad accident, now had to be especially wary of her arms and legs suffering irreparable harm).

The remains of the last mammoths to have lived are said to have been found on an Arctic island north of Siberia from only four thousand years ago being the last geographical sanctuary when sudden climate change had brought the demise of this species due to an inability to quickly adapt when melting icebergs and glaciers many thousands of years ago led to the plant food that vegetarian mammoths ate too became too moist leading to a food scarcity that could not be readily found elsewhere as grasslands also became covered over by trees and wetlands. Human overhunting may have also played a part in the extinction of the mammoths although the argument against this assumption notes there would have also been much smaller animal prey to easily hunt. Nevertheless, there is a forewarning to the human race here that a majestic species that had otherwise survived for millions of years found itself dying out due to too sudden changes in the environment that it had been hoped could be successfully managed. False hope. Real illusion. It can be argued this is the mental framing of the modern world today which is proving to be less adaptable than what would be expected of such a technocrat society in the advanced industrial world which is so technically advanced so as to be much better materially equipped to deal with the gigantean forces of nature which threaten it. The modern mind needs to adopt the mental agility of a Neolithic psyche that would deal with the severity of a climate transformation by changing the whole way humans would live so as to not only survive but thrive. Although, it would all these twelve thousand years later lead to a new environmental crisis whereby the planet is forcing the human species to again re-orientate its now mechanic-still born living systems so as to comply to live with nature rather than what became its hubristic course: to only dominate over it. It is said a comet split apart in the north hemisphere atmosphere of the world to have its fragments impact upon the earth - to not devastate its surface as had happened when an asteroid struck it - but rather to plummet the earth into a thousand year old cold interruption during a steady transformative epochal warming of the planet; it was then that humans had to make an abstract shift in their thinking for the unexpected freezing world in which they now lived in denied them of the regular sources of food upon which they had relied on. Animal life, along with human life, had to move to new territories that were still amicable to sustaining their existence. In the case of humans such as amongst those who were living in the Levant who although had been hunters and gatherers had also chosen to be less nomadic. Forced into being nomads again they brought with them the wild plants that had become a steady source of reliable food. Hunting would go on but now there was also a faith in planting seeds into the soil of the earth, this human agricultural impregnation of the land, relying on the hope that, in slow time, rather than in the quick satisfaction of downing animal prey in the day's hunt, would produce a domesticated harvest that could be procured to substantially maintain human life. (As it was animals would also be domesticated which would also guarantee a predictability to food supplies although there was also the unforeseen health issue of the emergence of deadly pandemic zoonotic diseases which have only partly found some resolution in the modern age). Thus, a more settled life emerged which one also assumes there was also a deeper appreciation of the earth's seasons and an alignment with the supposed seasons

of the universe with its circling stars which changed their course as well as their appearance over the year, along with the cycles of the moon as well as the Sun whose celestial moods also differed with the seasonal moods of the Earth. To think of one of the first human made temple structures on the Earth (to house the gods, rather than to house humans)…the rings of stone Ts at Gobekli Tepe - in modern day Turkey - with its carved animals which insinuate a relationship with the hovering cosmos; to signify by way of a snake the comet's tail –this extraterristial object that had veered life on earth, especially human life, into a new direction. (Yes, a cosmic serpent intruding into humanity's 'global eden' to leave humanity as an outcast in a wilderness where upon what would be eventually built up a new mode of human living: the city. Yes, eventually in the Mediterranean and the Near East to think for instance of Ur. Babylon. Jericho. Jerusalem. Knossos. Thebes. Troy. Athens. Rome). From settled agricultural life would emerge in time an urban world, whilst reliant on agricultural produce to bring on a more reliable, predictable life with food surpluses guaranteeing the opportunity for humanity to think well beyond the daily need to simply eat, to therefore have with the invention of the city the beginnings of much other human invention but also to have the mindful stirrings of a foreboding philosophical separation between humanity and nature by which humanity's respect for the natural world would ebb and flow over time but eventually, as fear and wonder was replaced by hubris and domination would lead to the fateful miscalculation that especially after the global rise of the plantation model which first occurred in European colonised islands off West Africa and then after the discovery of the Americas that nature had become a 'lesser being' that could be enslaved like the African labourers that were worked to death upon whose many corpses the wealth of European nations - which would grieviously colonise the globe - would be built upon. (This so called now very wealthy enlightened, aristocratic Europe enjoying such new agicultural luxuries as coffee, sugar, tobacco which perhaps it can be said would, along with the financial investment, help mentally stimulate its scientific advancements, culminating in the industrial age - which would then involve even more human exploitation - yet iniitally to have been reliant on an inhumane social base in this new global hierarchy which literally involved the sacrificial human gryst of millions of captured human beings, whose lives were not seen as worthy to justify they ever be treated with any human decency, for that would have been an unnecessary business burden, to a lowering of astronomical profit, to not even envisage that their valuable labour ever be given proper recompense, to only justify the racialised, bestial use of them by offering them the devout opportunity to find spiritual recompense in the next (after) life, this being the 'Christian' duty of the many generations over hundreds of years of profiteering 'anti-christs' that let the cash crop fields in the Americas and later on to many other global regions such as in Africa, Asia and Australia to be literally fertilised with human blood). Yet, as human history shows every oppressed being seeks out the hopeful chance to rebel, as so happened with the slaves of the Caribbean, especially those in Haiti who freed themselves from their powerful European masters, so the day has now come when Gaia herself has chosen to rise up and powerfully rebel against a bipod species which for too long has envisaged itself as master of a bounitful planet but will turn out to be a master of nothing…only dust…as it exponentially extracts Gaia's natural wealth to such a large, greedy extent as to leave only a treeless wilderness, plague-ridden, with deforestion followed by species extinction as well as to have global

pandemics, the soil, the water both despoiled, everywhere littered with plastic, everwhere unnaturally warming, and to even delinquently leave the planet suffocating for fresh air, to which a desperate, wrathful Gaia, now has had to monumentally make the earth shudder in so many different environmental catastrophic ways in order to truly break free of the industrial chains that the so called modern world has irrationally attempted to bind her down with, so as to only do humanity's purely close-minded, material-orientated deathly bidding, humanity's world, now to be devestated to bring humanity itself to its common senses, yet to have even Gaia amazed that the flexibility in human aptitude that only remains with the indigenous peoples, whose environmental wisdom echoes that of humanity's earlier neolithic forebears, is not rationally prevailing in a technocrat humanity, which is only belatedly, slowly coming to pragmatic terms – and perhaps too late - that it must totally change its energy source and ideally also its social order, in order to survive, to humbly accept that the first nations human beings who had been colonised out of existence, slaughtered, enslaved, fatally diseased, raped, tortured, whipped, drowned, beaten, dehumanised, cast out to the margins of the 'new world' both territorially and socially, were now the ones that their ongoing oppressors would now have to turn too in order to intrinsically understand that humanity had to live in real organic balance with nature in order to prolong the life of the whole human species, and for this prolongation to be just, without exploitation, to thus entail a return to an environmental and social egalitarianism: to equitably fully respect one's fellow human being, as well as every other living being – both animal and plant, as well as that ultimate living being: the planet itself.

Human domination of the planet, as it is now, often mainly spurred on by an elitism within the species itself whereby a privileged minority can powerfully dominate the rest of an increasingly globalised human society so as to greatly stall the vital need to quickly adjust to ever quickening environmental changes; yes…a renewed systematic social and energy reformation that needs to happen if the human race is to limit the enormous self-harm it can invariably do to itself if it goes on taunting Gaia who will lash back against all human action which is crucifying her. A saving human adaptability can only come about when in turn there is a social transformation by which human elitism is manacled to the extent that real human freedom can again prevail in a truly global sense; as well as within a less hierarchical way in each individual human society. In brief, it is simply a matter of enhancing human co-operation. By all means possible. To turn away from lethally lusting after mammon. (Presently, a humanly corrosive lust further grotesquely enhanced by a digitised privatization in today's technological world). Yes. Alas. That greatest of natural pandemics that is human competitiveness must be finished off! No more Global Financial Behemoth to be resurrected at public expense! A universal basic income for all! The word 'freedom' emerging for the first time on a Sumerian cuneiform clay tablet after a revolt against a tyrant; this new profound word – which was not necessary in an earlier innate egalitarian period of human social development - mysteriously referring to a '…return to the mother…' which would not be such a mystery to Australia's First Nations people who reference the land that they belong too as mother for it is the provider of all life and from the dawn of their creation time Aboriginal society has had an egalitarian undercurrent in the social fabric of its complex kinship relationship system encompassing both genders; with customary law enforced and nurtured by the elders; who seemingly have no inherent authority but have it bestowed

upon them through a communal mutual acceptance and trust in that they will authorize only what is right - not for themselves - but for the ultimate good of the whole community and for the 'mother' land they spiritually steward; so as to echo a long ago 'human time' which involved as well as included a gradual social transformation away from hunter gathering to agricultural based settlements in which women had played a premiere role in helping to provide food security-

(Lisa moans).

'Yes. Human death. Prevails. While a living Gaia remains enduring. Until the Sun swallows her. To then be in a new quantum dimension beyond any humanly perceived physiology. Earth as spirit. Soul. Earth. The Sun. The Universe to both also become quantum elements. Forever. The mind of God. In us. In everything-.

(I fast forward in my mind to recollect Lisa moaning to now recall the following saying ever so slowly to myself:

"…Gaia. As daughter. To God. Strong. Women as strong, thus a possible threat to male dominance; so to be eventually demonized by a disquieted emerging hierarchical patriarchy. To. Religiously. Culturally. Validate. A. Seemingly. 'Natural'. Social. Reality. Of. The. 'Responsible'. 'Pre-eminence'. Of. Male. Authority. A. Gender. Blasphemy-

(MINDSCAPE: as if to be outside time and space)

[HOMERIC. ILIAD. ACHILLES. PERSEPHONE ETC]

The. Sirens. Who. With. Haunting. Song. Beauty. &. Desire. Draw. Men. To. Their. Mortal. End. As. Spelled. Out. By. Homer. To. Also. Be. Informed. By. The. Ancient. Poet. Of. Such. 'Devious'. Female. Deities. As. Circe. &. Calypso. Who. Would. Impede. Odysseus's. Rightful. Return. To. Ithaca. Where. He. Is. The. Rightful. Ruler. Where. Also. Honourable. Penelope. Cleverly. Outwits. The. Suitors. Yet. Here. Too. Despite. The. Certain. Dishonourable. Character. Of. These. Foul. Lecherous. Morally. Cowardly. Men. There. Is. Also. A. Sublime. Cultural. Warning. As. Her. Justifiable. Deception. Regarding. The. Three. Year. Weaving. &. Unravelling. Of. The. Shroud. Is. Still. Evidence. Of. The. Mastery. Of. Matriarchal. Deviousness. A. Potent. Threat. To. Patriarchal. Supremacy. Like. The. Amazons. To. The. Modern. Mind. These. Independent. Undomesticated. Militarily. Capable. Women. Are. Perhaps. Viewed. As. Positive. A. Mythological. Presentation. Of. Female. Warrior. Prowess. Who. Were. Equal. To. The. Military. Task. Of. Fighting. The. Greeks. As. Was. The. Case. At. Troy. Where. Achilles. Had. To. 'Work'. Much. Harder. At. Killing. Queen. Penthesilea. When. Who. For. Him. The. Killing. Of. Enemy. Male. Warriors. Was. Such. An. Easy. Task. Certainly. The. Dark. Scavengers. Of. The. Air. Would. Especially. Look. Out. For. This. Grand. Killer. On. The. Battlefield. To. Easily. Find. Plentiful. Carrion. Even. Taking. To. The. Skies. Fearful. Open. Mouthed. Severed. Heads. Between. Their. Long. Black. Beaks. Howling. Achilles. Who. Even. Respectfully. Mourned. Queen. Penthesila's. Death. At. His. Own. Brutal. Hand. Who. Had. Loved. This. Wise. Female. Inventor. Of.

The. Battle. Axe. Yet. For. The. Ancient. Greek. Male. Mind. The. Gender. Peril. Is. The. Harsh. Resolve. Of. Achilles. To. Kill. May. Be. Tempered. By. Such. Inordinate. Lamentation. Towards. A. Woman. No. Matter. How. Deserved. Yet. Thankfully. For. Such. Primal. Patriarchal. Minds. His. Blood. Lust. Was. Such. His. Mourning. Would. Be. Vigorously. Expressed. By. Further. Killing. As. Evidenced. In. Ruthlessly. Ending. The. Life. Of. Thersites. A. Greek. Warrior. Who. Had. Mocked. His. Sorrow. Over. The. Dead. Amazon. Queen. To. These. Ancient. Greek. Males. The. Amazons. Daughters. Of. The. God. Of. War. Ares. Were. A. Warning. A. Threat. Of. What. Can. Happen. If. Women. Were. Allowed. To. Have. Social. Equality. Then. Patriarchy. Would. Be. Usurped. To. Establish. Matriarchy. Dominate. Or. Be. Dominated. Was. The. Psychotic. Psychological. Male. Catchcry. To. Justify. Any. Lingering. Social. Doubt. To. The. Obvious. Unfairness. That. Surely. Is. Female. Inequality. Yet. There. Would. Be. No. Role. Reversal. For. Men. To. Live. In. Humiliation. With. Their. Social. Value. To. Be. Reduced. To. Only. To. Be. Of. Use. To. Breed. With. Only. Daughters. To. Be. Pre-eminent. Thus. To. Learn. From. Amazonian. Myths. Of. Sons. To. Be. Killed. Of. Sons. To. Be. Sold. To. Slavery. To. Obtain. Weapons. &. Of. Other. Sons. Returned. To. An. Unusual. Submissive. Male. Tribe. With. No. Knowledge. Of. The. Real. Father. Psychologically. Accentuating. A. Patriarchal. Fear. Of. Being. Femalely. Deceived. In. Regards. To. The. Sacred. Bond. Between. Father. &. Son. So. Vitally. Important. For. The. Trustworthy. Male. Generational. Transference. Of. Power. &. Property. Thus. To. Physically. &. Socially. Entrap. Women. In. Order. To. Secure. This. Patriarchal. Inheritance. Away. From. Such. Devious. Womanhood. The. Amazons. Who. With. One. Breast. Ritually. Sliced. Off. Were. Perceived. Not. As. Matriarchal. But. As. One. Commentator. Of. The. Classics. Would. Suggest. More. So. As. A. Negative. Patriarchy. Certainly. Amazons. Would. Not. Be. Kept. Women. As. Made. Clear. In. No. Uncertain. Terms. To. Young. Male. Nomadic. Scythians. As. Herodotus. Records. Who. Had. To. Agree. To. Live. In. Open. Equality. To. Bond. With. Them. Together. To. Found. Sauromatia. For. The. Women. To. Remain. Virgins. Until. Their. First. Kill. In. Battle. Riding. Horses. Being. Proficient. With. Bow. &. Arrow. Their. Weapon. Of. First. Choice. Which. Involved. Superior. Mental. Stamina. Along. With. Well. Honed. Physical. Skills. To. Be. Precise. In. Disciplined. Aim. For. Any. Effective. Kill. For. Each. Woman. To. Be. Like. Artemis. On. Earth. The. Huntress. Moon. Goddess. Who. They. Revered. For. Men. To. Be. Prejudicial. Against. The. Amazons. Who. Always. Saw. The. Bow. &. Arrow. As. The. Lesser. Weapon. Of. Choice. To. That. Of. The. Sword. That. Relied. On. A. Combatant. To. Face. Up. To. Death. Literally. Eye. To. Eye. Much. Like. The. Far. Away. Modern. Day. Sniper. Despite. Superior. Rifle. Skill. Is. Not. Always. Duly. Respected. By. The. Common. Soldier. Who. Has. To. Always. Face. Up. To. Close. Kill. Or. Be. Killed. Combat. Such. Bitter. Irony. Then. For. Achilles. The. Greatest. User. Of. Sword. & Spear. That. It. Would. Be. A. 'Mere'. Well. Aimed. Single. Arrow. To. Down. Him. Yet. It. Would. Prove. To. Be. The. Superior. Weapon. To. Effectively. Deal. With. This. Master. Soldier. As. For. The. Amazons. They. Were. Still. Duly. Feared. By. Their. Male. Battle. Hardened. Opposition. For. Their. Still. Brave. Warrior. Wrath. The. Discovery. In. Russian. Burial. Mounds. Of. Scythian. Women. Even. In. Their. Early. Teens. To. Have. Been. Horse. Warriors. The. Scythians. Who. Originally. Came. From. Siberia. To. Venture. As. Far. As. The. Black. Sea. If. Not. Beyond. To. Provide. Historical. Credence. Of. The. Amazons. To. Be. As. Real. As. Troy.

Where. To. Kill. An. Amazon. Was. Appreciated. Not. Only. As. A. Further. Blow. Against. Troy. But. As. A. Victory. Against. Any. Possibility. Of. Matriarchal. Dominion. In The. Myths. Of. The. Amazons. In. The. Case. Of. Fighting. The. Hellenes. They. Are. Always. Shown. To. Be. Eventually. Defeated. Against. Hercules. Against. Theseus. Against. Bellerophon. Against Achilles. The. Greeks. At. Troy. To. Hubristically. Identify. With. Such. Great. Hellenic. Heroes. To. Boast. Self. Glory. By. Their. Cynical. Exaggeration. Of. The. Martial. Achievements. Of. Their. Feminine. Enemy. Of. Whom. Being. Of. Opposing. Gender. They. Yet. Still. Unduly. Disrespected. Much. Like. In. A. Later. Age. The. Greeks. Would. Feminize. Their. Oriental. Opponents. The. Persians. To. Enhance. Viewing. Them. Disrespectfully. While. At. Troy. Apollo. The. Sun. Brother. Of. Artemis. Must. Have. Looked. Down. With. Equal. Scorn. At. The. Greeks. As. Her. Twin. Sister. Would. Surely. Have. Done. Yet. Bitter. Sweet. It. Would. Have. Been. To. See. His. Detested. Enemy. Achilles. Mourn. The. Death. Of. His. Victim. Queen. Penthesilea. Akin. To. The. Semblance. Of. Humanity. That. Achilles. Also. Respectfully. Expressed. To. Priam. Who. Secretly. Came. At. Great. Risk. To. Plead. For. The. Butchered. Body. Of. His. Dead. Son. Within. The. Enemy. Camp. As. If. To. Make. Good. Apollo's. Remarks. That. The. Fates. Have. Duly. Provided. To. Ease. The. Unspeakable. Sorrow. Of. The. Human. Heart. Thus. It. May. Endure. Such. Unfathomable. Grief. To. Find. Solace. To. Find. Equilibrium. To. Recreate. To. Not. Just. Destroy. To. Not. Just. Annihilate. To. Not. Just. Desecrate. All. That. Is. Holy. With. An. Unholy. Nihilism. As. Is. The. Rage. Filled. Wont. Of. Achilles. Who. Surely. Only. Deserves. The. Wrath. Of. The. Gods. Due. To. His. Violent. Hardened. Hate. Filled. Demi. God. Pathological. Fury. Who. First. Fatefully. Damned. Himself. To. A. Short. Lived. Life. Incurring. Apollo's. Individual. Wrath. For. Murdering. The. Young. Trojan. Prince. Troilus. In. A. Temple. Sanctuary. Devoted. To. Apollo. To. Guarantee. Achilles. Ill. Fated. Demise. That. Despite. His. Apparent. Invincibility. His. Life. Would. Be. Shortened. By. An. Arrow. Piercing. His. Unprotected. Heel. Shot. By. Paris. Guided. By. Apollo. Although. It. Is. Also. Said. It. Was. Apollo. Himself. Disguised. As. Paris. Who. Unleashed. The. Fatal. Missile. At. This. 'Invincible.' Warrior. Yet. Beyond. Such. Competing. Particulars. Lies. No. Fluctuating. Principles. To. Falter. Ultimate. Truth. For. There. Is. Only. An. Eternal. Stable. Reality. Universal. &. Absolute. Beyond. Any. Quantum. Mortal. Perception. Achilles. Wronged. Apollo. &. As. A. Result. The. Gods. Will. Carry. Out. A. Retributive. Justice. To. Right. Again. The. Cosmic. Order. In. Heaven. &. On. Earth. Upon. The. Altar. Of. Apollo. Achilles. Beheaded. Troilus. Slicing. Clean. Through. The. Neck. Whilst. Proclaiming. A. Sudden. Surging. Of. Undying. Love. A. Madness. Brought. Upon. Him. By. Eros. At. The. Perilous. Impulsive. Instigation. Of. The. Goddess. Aphrodite. Troilus. Would. Not. Reciprocate. This. Erotic. Attention. From. Achilles. So. Was. Mercilessly. Murdered. Achilles. Holding. His. Head. Succoured. On. Cold. Lips. To. Be. Witnessed. By. Hector. &. Apollo. Achilles. Upon. This. Sudden. Visitation. By. His. Enemy. He. Threw. The. Head. Of. His. Victim. At. Hector. To. Catch. It. As. He. Had. Cried. Out. To. This. Demi. God. That. He. Was. A. Murderer. & So. He. Must. Now. Also. Be. Made. Dead. Which. Must. Have. Only. Profoundly. Bemused. Achilles. Who. For. Now. Would. Depart. Presently. There. Would. Be. No. More. Death. For. Achilles. There. Was. The. Mere. Pure. Pleasure. In. Savouring. That. His. Atrocious. Act. Was. Causing. Heartfelt. Pain. Hector. Stunned. Apollo. Witnessed. The. Blood. On. His. Sacred Altar. Morality. Defiled. Thus. Also.

Defiling. The. Honour. Of. The. Sun. God. Thus. Achilles. Ill. Fate. Was. Sealed. So. As. To. Have. Mortal. Decency. Return. To. The. World. To. End. Any. Divine. Grief. Yet. The. Gods. Had. Their. Allegiances. Although. It. Was. Ordained. That. Achilles. Would. Die. Hector. Would. Die. Too. &. Beforehand. With. Athena. Not. To. Be. Outdone. By. The. Sun. God. &. As. If. In. Parallel. To. Him. To. First. Bring. On. Hector's. Lethal. Downfall. Unrighteousness. Unfair. For. The. First. Warrior. Of. Troy. As. He. Was. Deceived. To. Return. To. Fight. Achilles. In. Their. Stand. Alone. Duel. When. Athena. Disguised. Herself. To. Be. Beside. Hector. As. Deiphobus. Which. Renewed. Hector's. Courage. Yet. At. A. Crucial. Point. Of. This. One. On. One. Battle. In. Desperate. Need. Of. Support. Mortal. Or. Divine. Hector. Suddenly. Realizes. There. Is. Only. Empty. Air. Beside. Him. Dread. Vertigo. He. Is. Alone. That. He. Has. Been. Divinely. Lied. Too. Such. Is. The. Unfaithful. Nuances. Of. The. Gods. To. Suit. Themselves. To. Give. False. Hope. To. Mortals. To. Demand. They. Trust. The. Gods. To. Only. Abandon. Them. Like. Birds. Flying. Off. Into. The. Distant. Sky. Now. Indifferent. To. Human. Tragedy. When. Interest. In. Human. Affairs. Is. Lost. &. Probably. Due. To. Some. Minor. Whimsy. Distraction. Hector. To. Die. In. Vain. From. The. Violence. Of. Achilles. Perhaps. His. Last. Mortal. Sight. As. His. Blood. Spattered. Head. Thrusts. Up. In. One. Final. Reflex. Action. Is. That. Of. The. Blinding. Sun. Apollo. Looking. Down. At. This. Human. Sacrifice. Dispassionately. To. Know. Nothing. Can. Be. Done. Despite. Athena's. Treachery. For. The. Fates. Who. Can. Have. Ultimate. Say. Have. Ordained. Hector. Must. Die. By. The. Sword. Of. Achilles. Despite. His. Nobility. Humanity. Deceived. By. False. Promise. Holy. Deception. To. Not. Be. Told. All. That. Will. Be. Noble. Righteous. Hector. Butchered. Like. An. Oxen. By. An. Inhumane. Brute. It. Is. No. Matter. For. Hector. That. There. Will. Be. Divine. Revenge. This. Is. No. Recompense. For. He. Is. Forever. Gone. Lifeless. Without. Breath. A. Rope. Through. Punctured. Ankle. Holes. To. Be. Dragged. Behind. A. Chariot. Of. His. Still. Wrathful. Murderer. Athena. Athenian. Goddess. Of. Wisdom. &. Goddess. Of. War. Who. Would. On. Occasion. Discipline. Impulsive. Achilles. To. Be. Even. More. Victoriously. Efficient. In. His. Killing. &. To. Protect. Him. While. He. 'Worked'. Yet. At. Times. It. Was. Best. To. Let. Achilles. Run. Wildly. Viciously. Wrathfully. Amok. In. Full. Fury. As. Was. The. Case. After. The. Death. Of. Patroclus. When. Achilles. Cut. Down. The. Many. Trojans. Who. Had. Swarmed. Like. Locusts. To. The. River. Xanthus. Which. Was. By. Troy. To. Flee. From. Him. It. Is. No. Use. Their. Piling. Dead. Bodies. To. Now. Litter. The. Rushing. Whirlpool. Waters. Where. Achilles. Slaughters. More. &. More. &. More. The. Rhythm. Of. Death. Unceasing. How. Is. It. That. He. Can. Frighteningly. Be. Ceaselessly. Without. Mercy? Such. Was. His. Love. Of. Patroclus. Such. Would. Be. The. Wrathful. Expression. Of. His. Grievous. Fury. The. Whirling. River. Now. A. Violent. Red. To. Think. Of. A. Copper. Red. River. In. Spain. Unholy. Massacre. Human. Corpses. As. Soil. Particles. Immersed. In. Their. Own. Blood. The. River. God. Xanthus. Appearing. To. Implore. Achilles. To. Cease. His. Mass. Barbarity. Murder. Without. End. For. That. Is. What. It. Was. When. No. Trojan. Could. Even. Capably. Defend. Himself. Against. This. Demi. God. Beast. Let. Alone. Fight. Him. When. His. Arm. Was. At. Last. A. Little. Weary. Twelve. Trojans. Were. Rounded. Up. Instead. &. Strapped. Together. To. Be. Taken. &. Certainly. Later. Be. A. Blood. Sacrifice. For. Patroclus. Sake. Yes. No. Matter. What. Achilles. Would. Show. No. Pity. Not. Even. To. A. Young. Son. Of. Priam. Who. Achilles. Had. Once. Caught. &. Sold. Off. As. A. Slave. To. The. Son. Of. Jason.

Yet. Eventually. If. One. Has. Ascertained. A. Version. Of. The. Story. Correctly. To. Have. A. Stranger. Kindly. Have. Him. Released. From. His. Chains. &. To. Finally. Escape. To. Be. Back. In. Troy. For. Several. Days. &. Now. Again. By. A. Riverbank. To. Be. In. The. Presence. Of. A. Mocking. Achilles. With. Spear. In. Hand. To. Mockingly. Speak. Of. A. Miracle. Resurrection. When. None. Did. Occur. &. When. None. Would. Occur. The. House. Of. Death. Now. Ceremoniously. Keenly. Awaited. For. Achilles. Next. Quick. Offering. Which. Would. Be. This. Unfortunate. Trojan. Whose. Good. Fortune. Had. Now. Run. Out. To. Have. Ill. Fortune. Doubly. Take. Its. Place. As. If. No. Matter. What. Human. Action. Is. Taken. Fate. Will. Finally. Draw. A. Person. To. Their. Destiny. No. Matter. What. Human. Resistance. May. Delay. But. It. Will. Not. Change. What. Will. Be. Achilles. Mocking. His. Tragic. Victim. Who. Pleaded. For. Mercy. Achilles. Now. After. The. Killing. Of. Patroclus. Would. With. Renewed. Blood. Thirsty. Zealotry. Fanatically. Show. No. Mercy. Evermore. &. So. Joyfully. Sliced. This. Frightened. Trojan. With. His. Sword. To. The. Collarbone. At. The. Point. Of. The. Neck. The. Corpse. Drenched. In. Dark. Blood. Was. Unceremoniously. Thrown. By. The. Foot. Into. The. River. For. The. Fish. To. Feast. The. River. Divinity. Xanthus. To. Say. To. Achilles. To. Stay. Away. For. The. River. Is. So. Impurely. Stained. So. Choked. With. Dead. Men. To. Stop. Its. Flow. To. Have. No. Moving. Current. Is. As. To. Be. Dead. Even. For. An. Immortal. Such. As. Xanthus. &. Knowing. That. One. Should. At. Least. Show. Due. Respect. To. The. Divine. When. That. Divine. May. Prove. Too. Strong. To. Be. Defeated. Achilles. Would. Agree. To. Kill. Only. Outside. The. River. Yet. When. A. Sympathetic. Xanthus. Calls. Out. To. Apollo. To. Aid. The. Trojans. An. Insane. Maddened. Achilles. With. Spear. &. Like. A. Raging. Bull. Defied. Even Xanthus. To. Enter. Back. Into. The. River. Which. Has. This. River. Divinity. To. Become. A. Large. Wave. Hurtling. The. Hacked. Corpses. About. Him. To. Quench. Achilles. Who. Firmly. Held. Up. His. Shield. Against. This. Lethal. Tide. Which. Hurled. Him. To. An. Oak. Tree. Which. He. Dearly. Clung. Too. Yet. Along. With. A. Collapsing. Cliff. It. Fell. Away. With. Trunk. & Roots. Pulling. Down. Onto. The. River. To. Dam. It. From. Bank. To. Bank. With. Achilles. Emerging. Wildly. From. A. Whirlpool. To. Furiously. Head. Back. To. The. Plain. Yet. This. Wave. With. It's Fury. Would. Not. Give. Achilles. Any. Chance. Who. Had. To Survive. Its. Monstrous. Crowning. Crest. That. Came. Upon. Him. Crying. Out. To. Zeus. &. To. Thetis. His. Mother. Of. Feeling. Betrayed. That. His. Dismal. Fate. Was. To. Dismally. Drown. To. Then. Bitterly. Proclaim. It. Would. Have. Been. Best. To. Die. Nobly. By. Hector's Hand. Yet. Poseidon. &. Athena. Would. Save. Achilles. Pulling. Him. Away. From. The. Fury. Of. These. Storming. Killer. Waters. To. Soon. Instead. Have. Hector. As. His. Victim. To. Be. Ruthlessly. Cut. Down. By. This. Warring. Half-God. Half. Man. Machine. Monster. Worse. Still. Other. Achaeans. Suddenly. Appearing. Like. Some. Murderous. Street. Gang. &.As. If. With. Flick. Knives. To. Furiously Stab. The. Still. Warm. Corpse. Of. This. First. Trojan. Who. Like. Any. Hero. Dying. Bravely. In. Battle. Is. Deserving. Of. Eternal. Honour. To. Always. Be. Remembered. As. Recompense. A. Commemorative. Code. Which. The. Greeks. Know. Must. Be. Respected. Yet. Achilles. To. Dishonourably. Drag. His. Body. Behind. A. Chariot. Around. Troy's. Walls. Queen. Hecuba. Wailing. For. Her. Dishonoured. Dead. Son. For. These. Greeks. There. Is. No. Shame. There. Is. No. Honour. Yet. There. Is. Athena. Their. So. Called. Noble. First. Woman. Who. Had. Deceived. This. Noble. Trojan. Prince. Leading. Him. To. His. Death. Not. A. Male.

Divinity. Doing. This. Damage. But. A. Female. One. It. Is. Suggested. That. Athena. Represents. A. Lingering. Legacy. When. In. Much. Earlier. Ancient. Times. There. Had. Been. Much. More. Of. A. Gender. Equivalence. Between. Male. &. Female. Divinities. As. Was. The. Case. In. Early. Sumerian. Societies. When. There. Was. Still. For. Awhile. An. Egalitarian. Feature. To. Societal. &. Gender. Relationships. Duly. Reflected. In. The. Creation. Myths. Which. Had. Democratic. Assemblies. Of. Both. Gods. &. Goddesses. Who. Would. For. Instance. Elect. Marduk. To. Successfully. Defeat. Tiamat. Primeval. Goddess. Of. Chaos. &. The. Salt. Sea. Bitter, Watery. Turbulent. Fluctuating. Without. Stillness. Never. Stable. Or. Well. Defined. Always. Moving. Currents. Of. Whole. Oceans. Across. The. Earth. To. Not. Be. Easily. Grasped. By. Human. Comprehension. Yet. In. Such. Tumultuous. Expansive. Salt. Waters. Is. Also. Marine. Life. Humanly. Utilized. To. Help. Sustain. Human. Life. This. Anthropoid. Species. To. Overlord. The. Whole. Earth. Who. Will. Devise. Anthropoid. Divinities. Yet. To. Also. Have. The. Astronomy. Of. The. Heavens. Envisaged. As. Other. Life. Forms. From. Here. On. Earth. To. All. Perhaps. Sublimely. Become. As. Subordinate. As. The. Domesticated. Beasts. Of. Human. Mastery. Thus. For. Humanity. To. Ultimately. Domesticate. Both. The. Cosmos. &. The. World. A. Whole. Universe. Measured. By. Human. Dominion. Water. Is. Life. Recognized. By. Humanity. As. An. Essential. Element. Vital. In. Order. For. All. Living. Things. To. Exist. Sea. Land. Sky. Cosmos. The. Biology. Of. Life. On. This. Earth. To. Intertwine. Emerge. From. A. Whirling. Twirling. Gaseous. Universe. Comets. Their. Long. Thin. Tails. As. Snakes. On. Rock. Carvings. Their. Sudden. Apocalyptic. Collisions. Likened. To. Bulls. Thrusting. Their. Horns. Into. The. Very. Recesses. Of. This. Carved. Out. Still. Eroding. World. The. Taurus. Meteors. The Taurus. Mountains. Bright. White. Showers. Sparkling. From. The. Heavens. Yet. For. Now. To. Meditate. On. Much. Nearer. To. Earth. Grey. Cold. Showers. From. Those. Thunder. Clouds. Entrapped. Amid. High. Steep. Peaks. Thunderous. Rains. Helping. To. Shape. A. Grand. Environ. From. Which. Two. Magnificent. Rivers. In. Parallel. Emerge. With. Enriching. Fine. Silt. In. Their. Pure. Waters. To. Make. The. Plains. Of. Mesopotamia. Fertile. With. Every. Great. Flood. The. Tigris. &. Euphrates. To. Strongly. Cut. Across. From. The. Mountains. Of. Anatolia. To. The. Sea. Of. The. Persian. Gulf. Symbolic. Umbilical. Cords. Of. The. Creation. Of. Mother. Earth. To. Human. Civilization. To. Perhaps. Have. Affinity. With. Other. Maternal. Watery. Lifelines. Such. As. The. Nile. The. Amazon. The. Mekong. The. Yellow. The. Danube. The. Mississippi. The. Murray-Darling. The. Name. Mesopotamia. Bestowed. By. The. Greeks. Meaning. Land. Between. Two. Rivers. Human. Heterogeneity. Rather. Than. Human. Homogeneity. To. Advance. Human. Development. Psychologically. A. Western. Name. For. A. Near. East. Region. Which. Of. Itself. Is. A. Colonial. Label From. The. Nineteenth. Century. From. Which. Can. Be. Archeologically. Discovered. How. There. Apparently. Was. A. General. Interplay. Of. Knowledge. &. Culture. Between. The. So. Called. Near. East. &. Other. Far. Away. & Surrounding. Regions. Such. As. The. Levant. While. In. Turn. To. Have. Had. Over. Several. Thousand. Years. Ago. A. Near. East. Migration. To. Europe. Going. Around. The. Mediterranean. Along. The. Danube. To. The. Rhine. Venturing. To. Bring. First Agriculture. Then. Writing. Leading. Abstractedly. To. The. Signifying. Symbols. Of. The. Alphabet. Such. As. The. One. Devised. By. The. Seafaring. Phoenicians. Notably. Utilized. By. The. Hellenes. Who. Perhaps. Were. Even. Influenced. By, The, Proto-

Democracy. Of. The. Sumerians. Democratic. Elements. That. Could. Also. Be. Found. In. Other. Various. Societies. Including. Even. In. the. Just. Mentioned. Phoenicians. The. Greeks. Who. Would. Also. Absorb. Ideas. From. Such. Diverse. Cultures. As. Ancient. Egypt. Which. In. The. Case. Of. Its. Pyramids. Most. Probably. Came. From. A. Knowledge. Of. The. Sumerian. Ziggurat. &. Thus. Most. Probably. The. Greeks. Had. Good. Reason. To. Also. Take. Note. Of. The. Land. Between. Two. Rivers. The. Taurus. Mountains. Arising. From. A. Collision. Of. Two. Teutonic. Plates. One. Eurasian. Another. African. Named. As. An. Obvious. Abode. Of. A. Thunder. Storm. Bull. Divinity. Although. Maybe. Not. One. At. Least. Now. Thinks. of. Adad. Of. Canaanite. & Ancient. Mesopotamian. Origin. To. Still. Provide. The. Waters. That. Offer. The. Opportunity. For. Life. To. Teem. On. The. Vast. Plain. Beyond. That. Led. To. The. Sea. To. The. Vicinity. Of. The. Island. Of. Bahrain. Which. Means. Twin. Waters. Or. Two. Seas. Where. There. Was. Also. Dilmun. In. The. Bronze. Age. An. Important. Centre. For. Trade. While. There. Is. Also. Modern. Scholarship. To. State. How. Beforehand. There. Was. Also. Dilmun. Of. Sumerian. Creation. Myth. Perceived. As. The. Possible. Precursor. To. The. Hebraic. Garden. Of. Eden. Yes. The. Tigris. &. Euphrates. Flowing. Into. The. Mouth. Of. The. Persian. Gulf. Sweet. Waters. Bitter. Waters. A. Rhythm. Of. Unity. Occurring. Through. Divine. &. Earthly. Binary. Differences. Two. Opposites. In. Harmony. Fresh. Water. To. Mingle. With. Salt. Water. The. Babylonian. Myth. Enuma. Elish. To. Imperially. Overlay. An. Earlier. Sumerian. Creation. Myth. To. Have. Tiamat. Negatively. Portrayed. Unlike. The Previous. Original. Sumerian. Mother. Goddess. Nammu. Who. Is. Intimated. As. Being. Gently. Nurturing. Yet. Whatever. Calm. Celestial. Harmony. Was. Divinely. Occurring. Between. The. Intermingling. Of. These. Two. Divergent. Primordial. Waters. As. Represented. By. The. Male. Apsu. For. Fresh. Water. &. The. Female. Tiamat. For. Salt. Water. Would. All. Ferociously. Cease. In. The. Divine. Intergenerational. Wars. To. Come. Which. Will. Include. Apsu. Being. Put. To. Sleep. Then. To. Death. By. His. Son. Much. To. The. Now. Wrathful. Chagrin. Of. Tiamat. Who. Had. Warned. Her. Son. Of. Apsu's. Displeasure. Towards. Him. &. His. Other. Offspring. &. Of. Becoming. A. Threat. Such. Discord. In. The. Politics. Of. The. Divine. Realm. To. Ultimately. Reflect. Most. Poorly. On. Tiamat. Perhaps. Reflecting. Political. Changes. On. Earth. Including. Also. To. Mirror. A. Change. In. The. Gender. Politik. Enuma. Elish. Written. On. The. Instigation. Of. Hammurabi. Will. Emphatically. Recast. Tiamat. As. Akin. To. A. Monstrous. Chaos. With. Vile. Creatures. To. Protect. Her. &. Also. Proclaimed. By. Some. That. She. Had. Become. A. Dragon. All. To. Emphasise. That. Tiamat. Is. Of. No. Deserving. Merit. &. Thus. To. Merit. No. Sympathy. To. Only. To. Be. Deserving. Of. Overthrow. By. A. New. Aspiring. Male. Hero. Supposedly. Beneficial. For. This. World. &. Humanity. Which. Is. Thus. Singularly. Achieved. By. Marduk. Which. Will. Aid. To. Authenticate. His. Claim. To. Supreme. Heavenly. Leadership. Which. Will. Have. Him. Compared. To. Zeus. &. Jupiter. To. Have. Hammurabi. Famed. For. His. Law. Code. Which. He. Claimed. Came. To. Him. By. Way. Of. Shamash. God. Of. The Sun. & Of. Justice. Of. Ancient. Mesopotamia. His. Rule. Would. Signal. In. Evidential. Archaeological. Terms. A. Final. Shift. From. Any. Earlier. Sumerian. Primal. More. Egalitarian. Social. Models. To. A. Now. Far. More. Developed. Highly. Bureaucratized. Babylonian. Hierarchical. One. &. Certainly. Also. To. Be. Perceived. As. A. Patriarchal. Autocracy. Sumeria. Initially. Only. Belatedly. Known. Through. The. Babylonian. Record. &. In. These. Modern. Times. Relatively.

Recently. In. The. Nineteenth. Century. Although. Human. Civilization. Still. Abstractly. Exists. In. A. Now. Unseen. Sumerian. Epoch. For. Instance. As. By. Way. Of. Measuring. Time. Through. The. Use. Of. An. Annual. Calendar. &. By. Way. Of. The. Recording. Of. Human. Thought. &. Observation. With. The. Use. Of. Writing. Perhaps. In. More. Physical. Terms. Sumerian. Culture. Can. Be. Acknowledged. For. The. Invention. Of. The. Wheel. Which. Would. Initially. Be. Utilized. For. Transporting. Heavy. Loads. For. War. Chariots. &. For. Pottery. Along. With. Such. Emerging. Technology. Was. The. Rise. Of. Urban. Civilization. Itself. Which. Paradoxically. Would. Come. About. From. A. Shift. To. A. Sedentary. Way. of. Living. Due. To. The. Development. Of. Agriculture. Yet. By. Domesticating. The. Landscape. There. Would. Also. Be. A. Domestication. Of. Human. Culture. When. Stillness. Essentially. Replaced. Movement. Leading. To. A. Realignment. Of. Human. Thought. To. Paradoxically. Be. Even. More. Attune. With. The. Revolving. Movements. Of. The. Universe. By. Which. The. Moving. Stars. Must. Have. Also. Been. Observed. When. Humanity. Was. Nomadic. Yet. To. Now. More. So. Match. Up. With. The. Regular. Transformative. Climatic. Seasons. Of. The. Earth. Which. From. A. Terrestrial. Human. Point. Of. View. Were. Divine. &. Natural. Cycles. Inclusive. Of. Both. Cosmos. &. Earth. By. Which. To. Rely. Upon. &. Respect. In. Order. To. Successfully. Guarantee. A. Bountiful. Harvest. The. Soil. Of. The. Great. Mother. Which. Is. This. Earth. Is. Literally. &. Metaphorically. The. World's. Womb. For. All. Seed. &. For. Every. Seed. To. Fertilize. Gaia. Must. Be. Appeased. Yet. This. Was. A. Dependent. Status. To. Be Finally. Resisted. When. The. Human. Mind. In. An. Increasingly. Urbanised. Male. Dominated. World. Saw. Fit. To. Shift. Away. From. Any. Balanced. Harmony. With. Nature. Now. Interpreted. As. Subservient. &. To. Speak. Very. Generally. To. Eventually. Have. A. Seismic. Role. Reversal. With. The. Relationship. Between. Land. &. Anthropoid. To. Have. Humanity. Be. Master. &. To. Validate. Its. Resistance. To. The. Maternal. Natural. World. By. Subordinating. It. To. A. Supposed. Divine. Wisdom. Based. Along. Patriarchal. Lines. To. Still. Respect. Heaven. Over. Earth. Yet. A. Heaven. More. So. With. A. Distinctly. Human. Image. Pertinently. With. A. Lone. Male. Mask. To. Have. Everything. Here. On. Earth. Including. The. Reproduction. Of. Life. Both. In. Biological. &. Vegetable. Form. To. Now. Be. Perceived. From. A. Divine. Point. Of. View. Supremely. Masculine. A. World. Guided. By. Men. To. Also. Overseer. The. Seasonal Equinoxes. Which. Although. One. May. Like. To. Relate. Back. To. Feminine. Agricultural. Aspects. Of. Regeneration. &.With. Any. Such. Remaining. Female. Divinity. That. Has. Survived. Any. Patriarchal. Purge. To. Still. Now. Be. Seen. With. A. Supreme. Male. Overlord. In. Mind. Who. By. Omnipotent. Inference. If. Not. By. Direct. Command. Only. Allows. Any. Other. Divine. Activity. Under. A. Male. Universal. Sovereignty. Yes. The. Greek. Gods. Do. What. They. Will. But. With. Zeus's. Permission. Who. Despite. His. Own. Many. Obvious. Human. Like. Impieties. Still. Finally. Eternally Remains. An. Overbearing. Ultimate. Divine. Good. Hector. May. Have. Sighted. The. Sun. In. Death. Yet. He. Would. Have. Had. To. Know. Zeus. Was. Steadying. Apollo's. Hand. To. Not. Strike. Achilles. Down. For. Zeus. If. He. So. Chooses. To. Will. Punish. Even. A. Divinity. If. One. Does. Disobey. Him. As. Had. So. Grievously. Happened. With. The. Titan. Prometheus. Although. Ultimately. For. The. Greeks. Not. Even. Zeus. Would. Supersede. The. Will. Of. The. Three. Fates. The. Asutely. Triune. Female. Moirai. Of. Clotho. Lachesis. Atropos. Daughters. Of. Nyx. Goddess. Of. Night. &. Erebus. God. Of. Darkness. Emblematic. Divine. Manifestations.

From. A. Void. Who. Perhaps. In. This. Counterpoint. Creation. Represent. A. Foundational. Moral. Order. To. Be. Infused. Within. All. Existence. Which. If. Even. A. Divine. Command. Went. Counter. To. What. Fate. Had. Ordained. Would. Unleash. An. Uncontrollable. Chaos. Then. A. Nightmare. Nothingness. With. All. That. Stood. On. The. Righteous. Mandate. Of. Reality. To. Be. Felled. With. Any. Original. Alternative. Desire. Also. Vanquished. Requited. To. Only. Have. Triggered. A. Frightening. Forever. Nihilism. Immortal. Despair. No. Tranquil. Void. Thus. Zeus. Listens. To. Hera. That. Nothing. Must. Be. Done. By. Him. To. Change. What. Even. Himself. Had. Predicted. In. Regards. To. His. Own. Son. Sarpedon. Who. Will. Be. Killed. By. Patrocolus. For. Zeus. An. Inner. Tension. Is. Revealed. Between. Avenging. The. Breaking. Of. The. Rule. Of. Hospitality. By. Paris. Due. To. His. Seizure. Of. Helen. Be. &. The. Realisation. That. In. Wanting. To. Uphold. The. Possibility. Of. An. Ultimate. Greek. Victory. It. Will. Ensue. A. Personal. Cost. With. The. Death. Of. A. Son. Fighting. For. The. Survival. Of. Troy. A. Cost. He. Will. Endure. Along. With. Enduring. The. Death. Of. Hector. Who. He. Knows. Must. Take. Place. For. Troy. To. Be. Defeated. Even. Though. Zeus. Admires. Him. Yet. Moral. Duty. Not. Personal. Loyalty. Must. Be. First. Cause. Not. So. With. Achilles. Whose. Ultimate. Loyalty. Is. Always. To. Himself. Who. After. Being. Slighted. By. Agamemnon. Over. The. Matter. Of. A. Female. Slave. Prefers. A. Greek. Defeat. To. Teach. The. Achaeans. A. Lesson. That. He. Must. Be. Respected. That. Without. Him. Victory. Would. Never. Be. Assured. For. He. Would. Not. Accept. To. Be. As. Nothing. Like. All. Other. Achaeans. Were. Ultimately. Perceived. In. The. Eyes. Of. The. Leader. Of. The. Achaeans. While. Through. The. Eyes. Of. Achilles. If. The. Achaeans. Were. To. Lose. Due. To. His. Withdrawal. It. Would. Not. Be. His. Fault. But. Clearly. That. Of. Agamemnon's. For. Insulting. Him. Arguments. &. Counter. Arguments. All. Such. Vexatious. Issues. Seem. Complex. Nothing. Is. Simple. Except. To. The. Common. Soldier. Who. Loyally. Obeys. The. Commands. Of. Those. Above. Him. Even. Though. This. Trust. In. Such. Aristocratic. Judgement. Can. Be. Tragically. Misplaced. To. Have. Thousands. Of. Men. To. Die. Unnecessarily. Due. To. A. Petty. . Minor. Squabble. Between. Two. Flawed. Tribal. Leaders. Like. All. National. Leaders. To. This. Day. As. If. Mirroring. The. Petulant. Banal. Follies. Of. The. Gods. Who. Also. Argue. Amongst. Themselves. Without. Thought. Of. The. Human. Agony. That. Results. Agamemnon. Is. Grievously. Wrong. To. Disrespect. Achilles. &. Achilles. Is. In. His. Rights. To. Not. Have. His. Myrmidons. Fight. Even. Though. His. Disengagement. Would. Triumphantly. Swing. The. Military. Balance. Favourably. To. The. Trojans. Who. Understandably. Became. So. Adventurous. As. To. Have. At. One. Critical. Point. The. Greeks. Reeling. Back. To. Defending. Their. Own. Ships. From. Being. Burnt. Achilles. Only. Sternly. Looked. On. Knowing. If. He. Came. To. The. Aid. Of. His. Fellow. Achaeans. They. Would. Be. Saved. Yet. He. Would. Have. None. Of. It. Of. Playing. The. Saviour. For. His. Pride. Which. Had. Been. Hurt. Was. Far. More. Important. Than. So. Many. Lives. Of. Common. Men. Who. Would. Have. Pleadingly. Looked. Up. To. The. Gods. For. Aid. Yet. In. Vain. They. Are. Nothing. To. Achilles. In. The. Same. Way. He. Believes. Agamemnon. Thinks. He. Is. Equally. Nothing. Thus. A. Warrior. Nihilism. So. Men. Die. Howling. &. To. Still. Do. Nothing. For. This. Inaction. Some. May. Rightly. Claim. That. Achilles. Was. Grievously. Wrong. As. Literally. Before. Him. Was. A. Red. Line. Of. Achaean. Blood. To. Which. He. Should. Have. Militarily. Responded. For. Patroclus. Whose. Sense. Of. Personal. Duty. Is. To. Achilles.

Was. Also. To. The. Overall. Greek. Cause. &. So. Unable. To. Have. Achilles. Forsake. His. Intransigent. Position. For. The. Greater. Good. He. Was. At. Least. Able. To. Persuade. Achilles. To. Have. Him. Hand. Over. To. Patroclus. His. Armour. To. Wear. Into. Battle. To. Inspire. The. Hellenes. Even. Though. Such. Inspiration. Was. Based. On. A. Falsehood. For. Patroclus. Was. Not. Achilles. Which. The. Greeks. &. The. Trojans. Were. Both. Led. To. Believe. False. Hope. False. Fear. &. With. Such. An. Overarching. Delusion. In. Place. Which. Perhaps. Also. Was. In. The. Mind. Of. Patroclus. Who. Knew. Best. Of. All. The. Falsity. Of. The. Public. Claim. That. Achilles. Had. Rallied. &. Re-entered. The. Fray. Would. Go. Beyond. The. Battle. Bounds. Set. By. Both. Fate. &. Achilles. Who. Warned. Him. To. Not. Overstretch. Which. In. the. Most. Simplest. Terms. Was. To. Avert. Greek. Defeat. But. To. Not. Go. After. The. Trojans. In. Any. Overreaching. Attempt. For. Further. Victory. Thus. Tragically. Patroclus. Would. Fatally. Fall. By. Hector's. Sword. Who. Would. Learn. At. The. Eventual. Cost. Of. His. Own. Life. That. Rather. Than. Securing. Achilles. Passage. To. The. Underworld. He. Was. Actually. Only. Securing. His. Own. As. For. An. Enraged. Achilles. By. Which. Such. Fraught. Strong. Emotion. Also. Had. With. It. A. Tinge. Of. Hidden. Guilt. In. Not. Listening. To. Patroclus. To. Have. Done. So. To. Avoid. Having. Patroclus. Go. Out. &. Fight. As. Him. &. On. His. Behalf. Where. Upon. Achilles. Could. Have. Also. Advised. &. Protected. Patroclus. In. The. Heat. Of. Battle. While. Now. It. Was. The. Death. Of. His. Dearest. Friend. Which. Despite. The. Portents. Of. Fate. Could. Possibly. Have. Been. Avoided. That. Would. Now. Bitterly. Draw. Achilles. Back. Into. The. Struggle. Which. Despite. Being. For. Selfish. Reasons. Would. Also. Help. To. Militarily. Serve. To. Rebalance. The. Likelihood. Of. Victory. Back. Towards. The. Greeks. Much. To. The. Secret. Relief. Of. Agamemnon. Thus. Hector. Who. Would. Have. Joyously. Believed. Ultimate. Victory. For. Troy. Was. Thankfully. Finally. At. Hand. Thinking. That. With. Apollo's Help. He. Had. Killed. Achilles. When. In. Actuality. It. Was. Patroclus. Who. Had. Died. &. So. Had. At. This. Moment. Of. Celebratory. Delusion. The. Reality. Was. That. Hector. Had. Not. Only. Sealed. His. Own. Tragic. Fate. But. The. Damned. Fate. Of. Troy. Thus. Despite. The. Competing. Doubts. Desires. Strivings. Ambitions. Illusions. Strategies. Of. Both. Gods. &. Mortals. There. Can. Still. Be. The. Inevitable. Outcomes. That. Fate. Has. Set. Down. In. Which. Zeus. &. All. Other. Divinities. Know. They. Must. Finally. Submissively. Trust. &. By. Which. Those. Who. Are. About. To. Die. Must. Also. Trust. To. Comprehend. That. The. Workings. Of. The. Universe. In. Which. All. Individuals. Are. But. A. Grain. Has. To. Lead. Towards. Justice. &. By. Trusting. In. Such. Just. Workmanship. Of. The. Cosmos. May. Be. Such. Individual. Solace. For. To. Speak. Fatalistically. If. Death. Is. Inevitable. Anyway. Best. To. Die. With. Intent. To. Principle. To. Have. A. Good. Purpose. To. Be. Achieved. Which. So. Often. Goes. Beyond. Self. Preservation. The. Consolation. Of. Philosophy. To. Cling. To. Such. Hope. No. Matter. How. Seemingly. Forlorn. As. A. Hurtling. Blade. Slices. Into. Thy. Mortal. Self. To. Be. A. Shattered. Corpse. Still. With. So. Much. To. Live. For. Yet. To. Believe. To. Have. Not. Died. In. Vain. A. Duty. For. The. Survivors. To. Emphatically. Strive. After. That. Such. A. Belief. Is. Real. That. Fate. Is. Not. Meant. To. Represent. Some. Dark. Human. Chasm. But. Is. For. A. Human. Striving. To. Install. &. Maintain. Justice. On. Earth. For. Human. Life. To. Be. Enlightened. By. Such. A. Moral. Sense. Above. All. Other. Human. Ambition. &. Activity. For. Zeus. To. Recognize. This. As. There. Below. On. Earth. He. Painfully. Sights. The.

Death. Of. His. Son. Hera. To. Remind. Him. Trust. &. Obey. For. There. Is. No. Better. Way. Do. Not. Try. To. Change. To. Only. Then. Have. A. Worse. Chaos. Resume. By. Way. Of. The. Other. Gods. Feeling. They. Now. Had. Licence. To. Also. Attempt. To. Defy. Fate. By. Seeking. Out. To. Also. Save. Their. Favoured. Mortal. Zeus. Who. Had. Faced. Rebellion. From. The. Other. Gods. Knew. He. Could. Not. Undermine. The. Edicts. Of. Fate. While. Working. To. Strengthen. His. Cosmic. Authority. Hera. Who. Would. Know. This. Thus. Espoused. The. Corporate. Speak. For. Fate. To. Keep. Her. Husband. In. Line. Especially. When. She. Also. Vengefully. Sides. With. The. Achaeans. After. All. She. Was. Along. With. Athena. Rejected. By. Paris. When. He. Chose. To. Give. The. Golden. Apple. To. Aphrodite. Who. Promised. The. Young. Innocent. Shepherd. Helen. In. Return. For. Him. Judging. Her. The. Fairest. Goddess. Of. The. Three. Which. An. Unenviable. Role. Bestowed. On. Him. By. Zeus. Who. Perhaps. Feared. To. Make. Such. A. Difficult. Choice. Knowing. He. Risked. The. Fury. From. Any. Of. The. Other. Two. Passed. Over. A. Twin. Damnation. That. Could. Now. Be. Accommodated. Upon. Paris. But. Now. Not. Only. On. Himself. But. Also. On. His. Nation. For. The. Capture. Of. Menalaus's. Wife. To. Troy. Would. Set. Off. A. Thousand. Ships. Where. At. Ilium. The. Prescribed. Destinies. Of. Many. Were. To. Be. Bitterly. Played. Out. To. Damned. Ends. Hades. The. True. Victor. From. The. Judgement. Of. Paris. Death. As. A. Supreme. Beauty. A. Void. In. Which. Nothing. Ages. Is. Nothing. To. Allow. For. A. Heroic. Memory. To. Remain. Absolute. Within. The. Memories. Of. The. Still. Living. To. Overcome. A. Foreboding. Of. Ill. Fate. Now. Wholly. Feminized. A. Mythological. Misogyny. At. Work. Through. The. Spiritualized. Devious. Male. Equation. Of. A. Female. Life. Spirit. With. A. Negative. Sensibility. Deathly. Immoral. The. Genesis. Of. Death. To. Have. This. Earth. The. Great. Mother. Whose. Soil. Is. The. Regenerative. Womb. Of. Life. Recast. As. An. Underworld. Tomb. Of. Eternal. Death. As. Described. In. Heroic. Journeys. By. Both. Divinities. &. Mortals. To. An. Ominous. World. Of. Entrapped. Dead. Which. Register. Onto. The. Human. Mind. A. Hostile. Subterranean. Realm. Although. The. Earth's. Crust. Provides. Immediate. Material. &. Agricultural. Sustenance. To. Humankind. A. Higher. Moral. Purpose. To. Be. Served. By. Voluntarily. Descending. To. Such. A. Darkly. Underworld. &. To. Return. Positively. Transformed. Through. Overcoming. The. Foreboding. Threat. Of. Succumbing. To. A. Deathly. Eternal. Acquiescence. Of. Course. There. Was. Persephone. Who. Was. Kidnapped. By. Hades. &. Taken. To. The. Realm. Of. The. Dead. With. Zeus. Having. To. Intervene. So. Demeter. Can. Be. Returned. To. Her. Harvest. Goddess. Mother. Persephone. For. Spring. &. Summer. Whilst. She. Must. Return. For. Autumn. &. Winter. Due. To. Swallowing. Pomegranate. Seeds. In. Hades. Which. As. The. Fates. Would. Have. It. Would. Normally. Restrict. Her. From. Ever. Seeing. The. Surface. Again. As. A. Mortal. Cannot. Usually. Leave. The. Underworld. Once. Anything. From. It. Has. Been. Eaten. Yet. Demeter. Who. Searched. For. Her. Beloved. Daughter. Refused. For. The. Corn. Harvest. To. Occur. While. Persephone. Was. Entrapped. In. The. Underworld. Thus. Forcing. Zeus. To. Initiate. A. Compromise. Otherwise. There. Would. Be. Starvation. Winter. Especially. Becomes. A. Season. Of. Planetary. Emotional. Austerity. With. Demeter. Residing. Against. Her. Will. In. The. Kingdom. Of. The. Dead. While. A. Seasonal. Celebratory. Mood. Prevails. With. Spring. &. Summer. When. Persephone. Guided. Back. By. Hermes. Is. Reunited. With. Demeter. Can. Stay. On. The. Earth. The. Feminine. May. Have. Had. A. Victory. &. Rightly. So. To. Bring.

On. Some. Semblance. Of. Justice. To. What. Is. A. Heinous. Crime. There. Were. The. Elysian. Mysteries. A. significant. Agrarian. Cult. At. Eleusis. In. The. Vicinity. Of. Athens. Which. It. Is. Said. Whose. Rites. Were. Kept. Secret. With. Two. Major. Celebratory. Festivals. Of. The. Lesser. &. Greater. Mysteries. In. Spring. &. Summer. With. Demeter's. Ascension. From. The. Underworld. Grip. Of. Hades. Typifying. The. Ongoing. Renewal. Of. Life. That. A. Human. Soul. Can. Hope. For-

Like strands of the same rope which form to keep it all together a multiplicity of inner voices of the same mental chorus…a mutual interweaving humming of the brain with its multitude workings…(…yet each mindful deliberation distinctively spatially apart…yes…for each one to be distinct…)…in harmony yet there can be a fraying discord due to inner disagreements, queries, doubts, alternative opinions…yes, a general chaos…nevertheless, searching…always searching…to hopefully arrive at what may be true…to seek after reassurance…(…oh yes…yet it has been right to assume how the truth may always seem extreme at first sight in a world full of so many lies…)…what is truth…?

MIND COMET
MIND COMET
MIND COMET
MIND COMET
MIND COMET
MIND COMET

A MINDFUL INTERMISSION

(UNO: A 'Darkness At Thirteen Hours')

Teresa's Émigré Kaleidoscope

Memory as a kaleidoscope. To turn the mind to and fro. For Teresa to nonchalantly remember her own time in Chicago to have stayed with a Polish male acquaintance a university tutor just as she had also stayed with a Polish male friend in London who was a tube driver. Fatefully, it was sheer coincidence that Teresa's two hosts were Polish as she had been introduced to them through different social circles yet on both occasions to emotionally have in common the mutual realisation that the countries of their parents had both suffered under Russian occupation for many decades long after the officially designated end of the Second World War. Yet to also positively remember the Russian émigré woman who had helped her out in New York who took her in when her overnight bus to Toronto had been suddenly cancelled at late notice with Teresa suddenly having nowhere to go; although not feeling unsafe – just yet - she still felt ambushed, at least by fate and it was for this reason that Chicago had immediately come to mind: to have become helplessly vulnerable when it was actually least expected. It was before being again in New York that Teresa had been in Chicago and on her last day there she had viewed the Daphne Garden where there were three sculptures of Daphne made by using old Cadillac parts. Daphne a female freshwater spirit who could also be viewed as a huntress of Artemis had been lustily pursued by Apollo yet this beautiful naiad would escape his clutches by being transformed into a laurel tree by her father, a river god to whom Daphne had pleaded for help. Thus, Teresa understood these sculptures to be metaphors relating to the exploitation of women as intended by the artist Dressa Kirk who remembers from her teenage youth in an Alaskan town of sighting sorrowful looking women being driven around in Cadillacs to be used by men. Yes, on that night in New York at the Port Authority bus station Teresa had that innate fear that her predicament could get even worse in a way that she dare not to think of it actually occurring, for her to remain stoic rather than frightened, which perhaps her still calm disposition earned her the trust of her unlikely rescuer who she likened to another version of the Daphne myth that it was Gaia as Daphne's mother who the daughter had pleaded to be saved and thus for 'mother earth' to naturally transform her beloved nymph daughter into a tree. (To have thought of Daphne at all in the first place as Teresa could not help but notice that on that eve in New York there was a bright moon which is mythically associated with Artemis…to have gone to the Russian woman's place where she was also harbouring long term three Brazilian male immigrants, although Teresa would note one of them was her boyfriend, to have a vibrant dance session in the apartment, to bring to mind the movie Black Orpheus…yet, for Teresa to avoid the unkind temptation that she had entered into a carnival underworld, for unlike the original Eurydice she was

certain that when the morn arrived she would be able to resume her upward journey, yes, her ambition will be happily requited after this strange evening, all anxiety to have been generously abated, yes, oh yes, she had been saved rather than having being faced with entrapment…the hospitality of a stranger…(…rather than for this stranger to face any hostility…)…to come to Teresa's salvation…thus for Teresa to recall her own subterranean 'notes' in the 'diary of her mind' that would eventually form the literary foundation of her own private written record. Michael would later read Teresa's impressions and after seeking permission from her Cat would view them, of which there were various observations that deeply intrigued him. (How vastly different two visitor's experience of the same place could be!). Yet it was reading about Teresa's visit to the city sculpture park that Cat's interest was truly piqued. Of a sculptor's intention to see 'beauty in ugliness' (yes, there was Rembrandt's painting of a butchered cattle carcass so masterfully rendered as to challenge society's view of what beauty is and actually can be…) which helped to formulate in his mind various strands of his own competing, paradoxical love-hate emotions of his personable influential time in that complex, imperious land known as the United States of America. Yet to literally turn the idea of beauty in ugliness topsy-turvy on its head, to instead, upside-down, look at 'ugliness in beauty' with an archetypical 'misfit' North American cinema female beauty to laterally become the philosophical lynchpin to his musings. (Not that she was ugly inside but that the world when insidious can bring ugliness into what is innocently pure…original sin…).

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

(American Beauty)

'I'm going insane. Like the photographer Don McCullum thought he was going insane when he saw the grey brains of men. Hanging out. Of their skulls. Who saw the mashed bodies of men. Trampled over by tanks. Who saw the madness in the shell shocked soldiers. In the weeping civilians. In the elderly. In the children. In the women. In every male. Acute. Terror. As clear as hell could be on a cloudless, blue day. A blue as vivid as the Coyacatan electric blue painted on the sacrificial warrior victims who had their hearts cut out. On top of Maya pyramids. Bodies rolling down. Without heads. Without hands. Without feet. Headless. Torsos. The Eye of Providence looking upon them. That pyramid encased eye in the sky. On the American dollar. Which sees all. Which guides all. Which brings destiny to all. Reigning madness. On us all. I weep. Inside myself. My heart. My mind. Weeps. Lamentations outsourced from the New World to all of us. To the whole globe. The Battle of Hue. Don McCullum was

photographing. The insanity. The violence. The barbarity. All the sacrifice. Which would come to nothing. For everyone. There is never any victory. Only survival. Only relief. To still be alive. Even with the nightmares. Waking. In fright. The screaming. The cold sweats. The sleepless nights. The torturing. Of human souls. In wars. In hells on earth. Manufactured. With precision. Howls. Scientifically. Produced. Bodies. Infiltrated. With pain. Yet left unmarked. A macabre conjuring trick. In secret rooms. The intelligence techniques of madmen on the sane. Learned from human beasts. In the name of democracy. To end democracy. Unsavoury. Deceit. America you Siren. Your false beauty leading all of us astray. (Including with its empire zenith sparkling Cold War sheen which at any moment could even shine brightly beyond when initially this binary world-wide ideologue struggle was summarily over…). Those Ancient Greeks unwittingly predicted you thousands of years ahead of your time. Hollywood's mainstream studios manufacturing your Siren songs; entwined with all those glamorous visuals for a whole world to see, to be enticed to take in, on a subliminal level, your diabolical messages. We are constantly distracted from the bitter reality that truly exists for many because of your sleight of hand global trickery. Yes, you are a conjurer of mass misery like every other privileged power.

The Monroe Doctrine. Marilyn Monroe in a Seven Year Itch. Standing on a subway grating dressed in white with skirt flowing up because of an onrush of underworld wind. Having just seen the Creature of the Black Lagoon. American Beauty. American Beast. America you reveal your purity. Your sensuality. Always a double message. You claim to be faithful to democracy while also at times desiring a divorce when it occasionally suits you. The classical minded founders of your constitution who could eloquently speak Ancient Greek and Latin had harked back to the golden ages of Athens and Rome. To create a new democratic republic, after all, were the founding fathers thinking of Hesiod's Golden Age when the gods and a wise humanity existed together in a world of perfect justice; with the Earth easily producing enough food for all, with all mortals living long, tranquil lives, dying peacefully? Cronus was lord but he was usurped by his son Zeus. It was then the Age of Silver and there was discord amongst mortals who now lived no longer than a century; when they stopped worshipping the gods Zeus obliterated them. Hesiod points out – with what maybe seen as mischievous irony – that the mortals from this period were considered as 'blessed spirits' in the Underworld. It is Ovid who adds that humanity was also divinely introduced to the four seasons leading to those two civilizing portents: agriculture and architecture. Zeus reconstituted the human race from an ash tree but the Age of Bronze was a violent age with every mortal spirit going to a cold Hades where there was no Sun to ever warm them. Ovid adds that men

learnt to navigate but this only made them able to not only explore but to imperially conquer; and humanity also learnt to mine which only brought about a 'refinement' in plundering the Earth's resources which continues to this day. No honour prevailed in any human activity ever so dispelled with a lack of loyalty, or of truth, or even of modesty. A Great Flood would end this despairing period by which Prometheus's son and wife survived by following the fatherly advice to build for themselves a floating chest. After the flood, at Zeus's bidding, Deucalion and Pyrrha threw stones behind them which respectively became men and women. The human age that followed was considered heroic with the likes of demigods such as Achilles living amidst brave men such as those who fought at Troy. The souls of such heroes deservedly went to Elysium where happiness had been perfected. Yet Hesiod's own time, the Iron Age was to come next and it can be effectively argued that humanity still exists within this dark, brutal period filled with misery and harsh toil where the ordering principle of 'might is right' is the only one which is maintained. Men will use lies to be seen as good and the Ancient Greek principle xenia - of showing hospitality to a visitor - is no longer so well observed. Generosity has been replaced with cruelty (such as witnessed in the spiralling increase in xenophobia in this modern day). So much human treachery has led the gods to abandon humanity; leaving it with no hope - or help - in the midst of great human evil. Where are the gods? Where is truth? To lead the way? Aboriginal society has seen its Dreaming sites wiped off the face of the earth by mining companies. The land defaced forever. Lives losing all spiritual reference to the Creation. To see life decline. For Mammon. Values gone. In a small gallery room. Viewing leaflets. Magazines. Pamphlets. Zines. By anonymous artists. Dropped off throughout the city. Anonymously. You. I . We. Are. Anonymous. In the Great Society. In the little university gallery was a screening of a Hollywood blockbuster. To be analysed. Debated. Dissected. An oil man. A sleazy preacher of the church of the Third Revelation. Miracle men. To Moloch. To the golden calf. To the ungodly foulness of the protestant work ethic. To learn about the irrationality of the human mind that clings to upholding a human prosperity on an industrial scale; fuelled by the compressed fossils of this earth. To ignore the environmental catastrophe that is coming. To dismiss any call to pull back from the brink to save the planet as an irresponsible fantasy. (No de-growth). Yet, it is those who powerfully rape the earth who are delusional-

Devolution. Of humanity.

The Iron Age persists.

No beauty. Just the beasts. A black oil lagoon. Cinematic. A gill man to have apparently found its origin in a race of half-men, half-amphibians in the Devonian Period. When life was moving from sea to land. A mangrove

world. Life evolving from an ancient watery zone to ancient earth. A new world. Full of promise for the new creatures to come. Yet the dinosaurs were vanquished. The cosmic catastrophe that occurred at the Yucatan was surely an act of divine intervention. Zeus the thunder god hurling an asteroid at the planet to allow for the rise of the human race. Human beings lording the planet like self-proclaimed gods. In a way the dinosaurs could never comprehend. (Zeus must have his regrets). The mutations of the Devonian Period persisting in human memory. (Who is to question what is myth is not from what is real?). Heh the Egyptian frog head of infinity. With the Ancient Greeks there was Triton. A merman. A son of Poseidon who is honoured these days by Trident missiles that roar out of the sea. Triton. Who roared with a conch shell. To soothe a wild sea or to have the waters rise up in a fury. Whose sound the giants of past ages even feared, thinking it was the sound of a wild beast. Hiroshima. Nagasaki. A nuclear amorality is the greatest beast. For the roar of such atomized 'conch shells' in the possession of several nuclear armed nations to signal the death of everything. It is all immoral. All that will be left are the mutations. For the worst. A precursor of worst horrors to come. (Economic rationalism is also a mutation). The Creature of the Black Lagoon. Jean Cocteau's Beauty and the Beast. A good hearted woman, without greed, who directs her human affection towards others, ahead of her own wants, who miraculously loves the beast who because of her he is transformed into a handsome prince. Love conquers all-

For Cat to go over to the kitchen sink and fill up a glass of water and place a spoon inside it just as Descartes had surely also once done to see it refract. "The mind tells me it is straight but the eyes tell me otherwise! Behold the superiority of human thought over human vision! Beauty is only skin deep!"

'Descartes would meditate that only the mind is real and that God is real for imprinting infinity upon our mortal thinking. Only God will not deceive us as we deceive ourselves. I think thus I exist. It is all I can trust. The material world is not real, will disappear but my mind shall go on. The world of appearances can be a world of disguises. The beast as truly beautiful-

In Cocteau's movie a statuesque Diana brings down beauty's suitor with an arrow as he breaks into the goddess's pavilion, filled with riches. Fate had cruelly struck one who thought an abundance of wealth awaited him (with no thought of a sudden violent death). To die as a beast. (Truth revealed). Yes. The heart of man is a beast. This vital life providing organ is said to nurture love, but the heart also fosters human lust. It is what comes to the fore in any quest for human ascendency. One presumes the forefathers would have been disheartened that their checks and balances on human nature would never be enough. Human beings would generally incline towards power as an end in itself. (Justice being forced to gravitate towards naked power will disintegrate and be

absorbed by a nihilistic darkness much like light itself being swallowed by a cosmic black hole).

What did Marilyn Monroe say about the Creature from the Black Lagoon? Who like any beauty when in the presence of any beast, could sense a deep submerged need to to be 'loved'…that he 'craved affection'…(her words)…any beauty may sense in any beast a disguised nobleman.

Cat again overseers Teresa's notes to literally paraphrase.

The American sculptor Dressa Kirk has said she searches for 'beauty in ugliness'. Kirk's Daphne in a Chicago park made from welded Cadillac parts. Enormous, curling leaves coming from arms stretching back from a torso emerging from long stringy roots connecting the transformed wood nymph to earth. Daphne looking upwards, perhaps to mock the sun god Apollo who had been ceaselessly stalking her. Daphne had called upon her father, a river god, to change her so she would no longer face the threat of being raped. Thus Daphne became a tree…a universal mythic symbol of protection. Apollo, also the god of poetry, embracing Daphne's rough bark now covering her soft skin, proclaiming the laurel wreath in honour of her beauty; divinely endowing his unrequited love with immortality. Daphne would not die, her leaves forever to be green. A purity of form. The laurel a symbol of victory to the Greeks and to the Romans. To this day. Yet, such sacrifice. Daphne forced into a choice to have her very self changed to be free. Death forces change. It is the one constant of being mortal. From a threat comes the seeking out of a new direction to reach an otherwise unimagined new sanctuary. To survive. Yet also to become real. Wisdom, it is said, is arrived at in the house of mourning. So can beauty. It is the one prevailing hope for humankind. Dressa Kirk who, as a teenager with no regular home, had witnessed on Alaskan streets 'sad women' trafficked around in Cadillac cars whose bodies were hourly sold to purchase the very vehicles they were in. A Cadillac Daphne. Arising beauty overcoming in the human spirit the predatory ugliness of men. Pimping. Diana the protective moon goddess of slaves, the virgin twin sister of Apollo, was Daphne's role-model, who spurned men, the huntress who when Actaeon fatefully sighted her transformed him into a deer to be killed by his hunting dogs. Human lust. Devoured. (Yet, the huntress's love for the twin brother never waned, such are the divine contradictions that mortals have to bear). Stealth cars. Stealth bodies. Everything dirty, everything that is not permissible, is hidden. No public exposure. Top Secret. No undermining. Of the Great Society's mythic grandeur. All is false hope. Nevertheless, it can be inferred the shielding spirit of Diana is imbued, for Daphne's sake, in this grand Chicago sculpture constructed by a resilient woman who grandly bears life. Who knows the Universe will provide. Christ said consider the lilies of the field which do not work or spin for themselves to naturally be clothed more gloriously than King Solomon. We too do not have to worry as the Good Lord also takes care of us. To have faith. In divine love. To have such belief needs serious consideration. After all, the Soviet writer Yury Dombrovsky wrote that whatever Jesus Christ had to say could not be dismissed as empty rhetoric for he was not a lofty divine being like the gods of Mt. Olympus but a man who for his beliefs was tortured and killed like a slave-

Cat stops writing and goes over to a bookshelf to search for Yury

Dombrovsky's novel The Faculty of Useless Knowledge. To read of a character by the name of Father Andrey who tells his NKVD investigator that Christ was lashed by whips which had little balls at the end of them which could rip apart a body to expose its guts. Christ, who died a lonely naked death. Dombrovksy was beaten up on a Moscow bus in 1978. His arm smashed by a steel pipe. This so called 'last classic' would die a little over a month later when he was assaulted in the House of Literature. The KGB did not like how this novel was published in Paris and so this Russian secret service has remained the same suspect for his death. 'Another martyr. Another lonely death. No literary prize for him. There had only been many years of gulag exile. Thus what Dombrovsky has to write has to also be taken seriously…'.

'Dressa Kirk had a difficult youth and in her effort to 'deconstruct beauty' in terms of the sad women she saw would construct a lily which she told an interviewer was a wildflower which symbolized 'vigilance and strength'.

(Yes, consider the lilies of the field…Lisa is a wildflower…to have mutual love…to overcome repression…the same old story…of Jesus and his love…Dombrovsky points out how a crucified slave could forgive…redemption…eternal…boundless…to become a new creature-

Cat wishing to regain his thoughts while not being sure where his inquisitive mind was going; where the new configurations of his brain synapses were taking him as they were being duly [re]formed with every fresh mental calculation; with previous unknown knowledge emerging in front of his eyes.

For the mind was akin to a cosmic whirlpool filled with trillions of whirring galaxies containing within each of them billions of stellar objects worth exploring. Human logic was restrictively designed only to foray step by step from one deduction to the next. Only after a firm grip was secured could the next step into any further unknown be taken. A line measuring over an immeasurable vortex.

Without end.

Reading how two inmates in a NKVD cell are looked at through a peephole in the cell door by a guard. It is not allowed to lie down and sleep if locked away during the day. Yet, an exhausted inmate needs to rest so after many hours of interrogation has stretched out on a bunk. This man with blunted mind sent to solitary confinement in a punishment cell. Psychology as torture.

A female corpse. Blonde hair. Face down on a bed. A barren body. There has been no transformation. Only death. A horror scene viewed through a camera lens as public peeping hole. (To see on any modern screen at one's convenience).

Cat's mind turns to Marcel Duchamp's last art work which was done in secret over twenty years and not revealed till after his death. It includes a ghostly white sculpture of a reclining naked woman holding a gas lantern. It can only be seen through a spying hole in an art museum wall which reveals this hidden installation to the unsuspecting viewer. Eros confronted.

The [other] dead woman has a bed lamp beside her. Yet nothing sexual can be speculated. Only the cold reality of a lifeless form brought about by a drug overdose. No human pleasure. Only human tragedy. Self-destruction on public view. Energy. Nihilism. Two opposing forces clashing within the human psyche. Freud's Eros & Thanatos. Sex & Death. (The other usual contrasts come to mind. Pleasure/Pain. Civilization/Barbarity. Anarchy/Order. Love/Hate. Heaven/Hell. Peace/War & so on…).

Cat knows the dead woman in this desolate photo is Marilyn Monroe.

Although Freud's ideas of the superstructure of the mind are very much ingrained into popular culture it seems he is also often discounted these days; nevertheless he made the point his id, ego, superego can affect the way we behave without really knowing why…yes, at least it is still seen as plausible that the unconscious affects our waking thoughts, the way we may act…(…to even have as the severest social commentators will say our political and corporate masters manipulate such controlling psychic forces for mass persuasion for mass consumerism…leading ironically to such a self-obsessed selfish modern world…)…yes…the subconscious in control…a malevolent ego under the sway of the id playing mental tricks to turn one into a monster…where does moral responsibility lie? With the trickster? With who is tricked? What if the trickster is evolution itself? A hybrid creature trapped between being an amphibian and a human being behaves instinctively. For the purposes of its own evolutionary survival. (To harm others before they do harm to you). Yes, Marilyn is right in giving the gill man some leeway. If only if there was only mutual love. Between monster and scientists. To trust. To overcome 'rationality'. Monsters and scientists to hold hands and dance together. Yes, love can conquer all as it had done when mythic beings had danced one Midsummer around a New England maypole with settlers who had done away with Old World Religions. Nature to be revered without dogma-

Cat cast his wary eyes over a Nathaniel Hawthorne short story to then proceed to make his own wry observations based on what he is intimately reading.

'...New World people harking to the Golden Age! Worshipping Comus the ancient god of festivity. A son of Dionysius! Praising anarchy! Chaos! Spontaneity! Yes! Disorder replenishes the soul! To be vibrant! Spiritual anarchists! Dancing with fawns! With nymphs! With centaurs! A man with a goat's head! Another with antlers! A man with monkey fur! Covered in leaves! A bear with pink stockings! Wild men and women with tinker bells! An American Chieftan! All hand in hand together! Wild creatures! Americans! In one accord! Bonfires! Burning wheels! On the Eve of St. John! Midsummer! All is ecstasy! Joy! Harmony! Divine! All living things experiencing peace, in bliss, in a dancing ring embracing a cosmic axis connecting all life in all its purity between Earth and Heaven! If only this could be the True America! The worship of the Maypole to be its True Religion! Ambushed! Denounced by the Puritans! Who burn down the celestial pivot! Who horsewhipped and branded the 'idolaters of Baal'! The mark of the beast! Ruin! All is ruined! Hell on earth! An iron rod! A moral hypocrisy to reign supreme! Oh blasphemies! Oh desolations! A vulture culture truly welcomes death. Corpses must be created. To consume. For survival. For dominance. For strength. Those who are strong can hold up anything. Can keep down anything. Can move anything. Can stop anything. Can say what it does is moral. Can say what it is stopped from doing is immoral. Only the strong know what is right. Know what is wrong. Anything is done or not done to whatever suits. To keep strong. That is what counts. Friends who are applauded for their usefulness become enemies to be denounced if no longer of any use. The truth is whatever the powerful say it is...to change day by day-

Cat sweats-

Yes, Marilyn Monroe really had some cause to show sympathy to the gill man. A beleaguered woman fully aware of the subterranean forces at work in the society around her; that could lead to one's demise or inversely to one's survival. Certainly, extinction is to be avoided at all costs. Even, when it seems, for any individual, only a Pyrrhic victory may entail. The human libido had allowed for Marilyn's spectacular success to become the American Siren; to incite a pleasure principle energizing the nation's escalating consumer culture which - so there can be further gains for the nation - could be broadcast to the whole world. Norma Jean, a maladjusted woman who – unlike the nymph Daphne - had no father to protect her; was fatefully discovered by a photographer on Ronald Reagan's military film team while working on a WWII assembly line. This pin-up girl for the war effort would enamour Hollywood to be the movie blonde bombshell of an idolatrous post-war America-

A female carcass. In a bed. To be naked. To be dead. Marilyn Monroe with upturned white skirt as a women's bathroom sign with an Elvis profile for the men's. Marilyn Monroe as a life-size board to sell anything from

nineteen-sixties Chevrolets to glamourous high heel women's shoes. Andy Warhol silk screens of multiple Marilyn Monroes in colour and fading shades of black and white to depict a disappearing star.

Cat cynically muses such portraits done soon after her death would have helped Warhol to sell himself.

Yet Andy Warhol successfully pointed out how Marilyn Monroe was packaged as a commodity. A one dimensional sensual silver screen mirage for the all-out sale of the American Dream. A modern day Daphne with the predatory 'Apollos of light' flickering her body up onto movie screens in dark cinema chambers for the American dollar. Yet, with every human being there are many dimensions which must all be explored so as to rein in one's full human potential. No one is static. No one is a cut-out.

Cat feels the 'film pimps' like to disguise such an obvious fact.

To capture people at one point of time and leave them there. For their monetary convenience. At a lecture on political economy. To intently listen to a well known Hellenic economic oracle (who at this far away past time this keen learner still very much respected) talking about an illusion machine invented from his imagination which can visualize for anyone willing to be wired up to it a world where every individual aspiration is fulfilled. What one desires is visualized and readily experienced. Yet, it means giving up forever this known real world, even though one's body will be taken care of with an increased life span. The issue is speculated would someone give up reality which can disappoint for a virtual world of assured bliss?

Cat was bemused because for him such a virtual reality was already coming into existence with people 'wired up' in various ways…'...yes, to face the risk of losing one's self-control by being daily propagated by inner visions ironically electronically sourced from an electronicized exterior-

However, the question the oracle was really insinuating was it preferable to live in a guaranteed realm of virtual happiness based on one's present knowledge of the world or forgo it so as to learn and to acquire new life experiences – both good and bad - that would hopefully further enrich and mature the human soul?

Human curiosity would hopefully seek reality over illusion but Cat was aware he was living in a world that wanted to suffuse it with an 'illusionary real'; a 'future now' where every want could be satisfied as if it were not

possible to arrive at some higher zenith of human satisfaction. The Eternal Present cannot be superseded. We are to be convinced of staying with what we know and simply 'upgrade' even though we know there is also the ongoing promise of further progress to satisfy new needs we are yet to formulate. (Such is this unrequited human paradox).

As it was the oracle remarked his virtual machine turned out to be a precursor to the computer-generated artificial reality created in the film The Matrix which came out from that illusion machine known as Hollywood after his own idea of such a digital hallucinatory concept.

Cat had smiled when he heard The Matrix mentioned, which in any case he had suspected it would (yes, the world does seem to have its patterns, perhaps even the universe). In any case, Michael had once referred that being around Cat and looking at the world from his point of view was like being in 'the Catrix'; while strangely enough, it had only been a few days before when he had seen The Matrix once more as Gregor had come over to watch Cat's video of this film. Gregor had been reading up on Descartes and The Matrix had kept coming up as a cinematic example of his ideas in the literature he was looking at. He was interested in exploring the notion of an underpinning matrix in the structures of the Universe and nature to represent in his latest etching series; this was especially so after further examining the art of Roy Jackson and Ian Fairweather. "Along with Fred Williams they're my constant inspirations. As for Jackson I like how he appreciates Lucretus and his Universe of invisible atoms." Cat had been happy to oblige and was keen to see this film again; the seer pointed out the philosophy behind the Matrix was often compared to Plato's Allegory of the Cave whereby the shadows the slaves were viewing were seen as real as they had never experienced the world beyond their confined space. (Nevertheless, despite his 'educated premonition' it did still take Cat a little bit by surprise to see the Matrix now being mentioned again and it made him briefly wonder if it did really exist. A shrug of the shoulders. Anyhow, he would know Fate would be bemused by such a human suspicion).

Yet, in the film it was only by taking a red pill over a blue pill would one know that the matrix in which people believed was the real world was actually a digital conjuring trick. Human beings really existed asleep in pods as biological batteries by which their energy was electronically succoured for their Artificial Intelligence masters. A blue pill would keep one believing the illusion was real; one which kept him or her unaware of the horrid reality in which they truly existed). The oracle was insinuating that the prevailing neoliberal ideology that promised economic freedom by way of austerity and privatization - which only

really dismantled the public good – was a lie. Yet, a being creatively sold as 'truth' by those who benefited from a concentration of wealth that went straight towards them. To note how such elites can also control global mainstream information flows and so could stealthily divert any adverse points-of-view down obscure tributaries (such as this seemingly benign obscure university lecture theatre). It seemed that 'censorship' was a term to be avoided, for that was a totalitarian manoeuvre which the high economic priests of 'individual freedom' apparently abhorred. No thuggish beatings, imprisonments or assassinations of journalists as which so often occurs in undemocratic regions. Silencing - or even exiling - was enough so as to keep up the pretences. (While to also to make the off-cuff observation that while social media could sometimes be a thorn it could also often be an anaesthetic).

Nevertheless, Cat considered how an irrational, xenophobic populism was emerging due to an acute political disenchantment that was brought on by people falling on hard times (which had also become prevalent in some countries previously behind the Iron Curtain with sizeable swathes of their population now displeased that straight out 'free market democracy' did not come with any life long guarantee of economic security); coupled by feeling shut out en masse from the political process. Moral confusion. (Yet, with his mind taking a dark turn Cat would then dismally surmise the only revolution that seemed to really matter was the one that was increasing the human potential to spend. After all, the shopping mall was the civic battleground where the 'hearts and mind' policy of the ever corporatized state was being played out driven on by a mantra that proclaimed living standards could only be improved by buying things; even though jobs for people would continue to be replaced by machines - as Michael would say: what is to happen to the hundreds of thousands being forcibly moved on to part time low paid insecure casual positions?). A world in transition. Full of the underemployed. Falling apart. Things must degrade in order to have them replaced by new things. Human beings to be degraded by an immoral, unnatural attrition. An ever mounting flesh-heap in contrast to a workforce of gleaming automatons that only need to be upgraded to keep ever going. At no labour price. A social ladder that had stabilized in the post-war period to potentially topple over. Although it was a ladder with a wide base it did from the middle start to angle sharply towards the top so only a few people could ever climb up to reach a cache of huge corporation profits stashed in high places such as Wall Street. If past experience was anything to go by many from a rich minority would still have a monetary safety net that would easily allow them to overcome any devastating economic downfall; from on so high no one could hear anyone scream from so far well below. Consciences to be at ease. While there would also be no consciences at all:

to have previously seen how many towards the top had been able to continue to live above the rule of law, to avoid any business or bank malpractice which had millions of ordinary, low earning, hardworking people become destitute. Those who know how to manipulate whole national economies are still needed to jumpstart the next duplicitous money cycle. Not many would envisage of pushing over any corporate ladder. For the majority it was unthinkable and their minds would soon again - as individualized atomized consumers - be kept busy with working to acquire new consumer items; at the very least only some from very far below would attempt to occupy Wall Street). Those brave, deluded souls choosing the red pill can only face a life of obscurity, fraught with disappointment and frustration. Poverty. No recognition. A meaninglessness too hard to bear for many. To exist - to use the word 'live' would be too extreme - like some Soviet intellectual who by abiding by the truth so cherished was only to be literally imprisoned or ostracized because of it rather than being set free. (One thinks of say a Bulgakov or Grossman). Only the vultures to hover above one. No doves. Yet the oracle encouraged one to live by what was true and to also be wary. To be critical the red pill which was swallowed did not later take on any shades of blue. Human arrogance. Cat was aware how any ideology can blind one from what is true. After all, in time…perhaps about a year or two later…(Cat would thus be severely disappointed from some of what he had read and assumed were not misrepresentations that the oracle had also seemed, from a yearly dose, to have taken the wrong pill; for to see in one's seemingly sincere attempt to bring justice to this world to have - as if to be antithetical to everything he stated and to the ideology he had supposedly aligned himself too - had in Cat's harsh opinion wrongly allied with far too many of those who, despite their favourable rhetoric, preferred to see the only possibility of human freedom (if that was what they sincerely wished for…) was by way of stealthily (no, not blindly as he first charitably thought but deliberately) supporting other imperial powers as well as even what he thought to be tyrannical regimes whose only apparent commonality was their mutual opposition to Washington (and allies) who would inevitably be stereotypically portrayed as the 'Greatest Tyranny'. Yes, Cat well knew the West had its many dystopian issues and there was good cause to point out its moral hypocrisies but to seek out 'solutions' for such 'undemocratic disturbances' by way of other countries where at present democracy did not brutally at all prevail was for him unthinkable, to do so was to submit to an inhuman madness…to a Great Psychosis-

…while although many liberal democracies were surviving, especially against one-person authoritarian rule of which some nations were seemingly

succumbing too, eternal vigilance was still very much needed, to make sure that the institutions in place to uphold humanitarian values were not undermined so to always keep a lookout for other nefarious forces that can emerge from within…while certainly there was also an equal need to promote those advocates who envisage and wish to keep putting in place and to strengthen a genuine 'moral goodness' for one's respective democratic polis, to overcome any historical or remaining or emerging moral fault-

"There is always the human choice of determining between what is deceptive rhetoric and what is truthful reality...yes, to try not to be deceived while seeking out authentic human liberation…"

Which pills had a marooned Marilyn Monroe overdosed on? A stash of red pills to suffer fatally from bearing too much reality? Or was there a desire for the alternative chemical so as to dreamily encompass an eternal illusion? (Psychology as torture). Marilyn Monroe found herself alone in a room where she could be observed by the psych staff through a window on her ward door. Watched. Like a prisoner.

Symbolically, in a positive sense, a Siren is a female being who draws us to what is unknown to bring on growth. If we are anxious of change then we may be fearful, abjectly endanger ourselves by staying underdeveloped, leading to a diminished life. As was their due the Sirens were associated with water the source of life and a symbol of spiritual renewal as in the Christian tradition where a person is submerged by water to signify rebirth. A new creature. Is the hope. The promise. The desire. (Lisa seeks water to cleanse her of a malevolent disease…water to purify…if one is willing…if the opportunity is given…if 'affection' is shown…if love is present). There is Oceanus the eternal river which has been ascribed by the likes of Hesiod and Homer as the birthplace of the gods. Divinities with human qualities first emerging from an amphibian source, much like human beings. Thus conversely a mortal internal desire to be divine, to know God, to be entwined with God. For Descartes some innate sense of a divine being is proof of Providence's existence, it is human to be one with God. (The gods would approve as long as we are not a threat). Water runs through every living thing and by it the divine courses through all of nature. Yes, Marilyn Monroe recognized the human potential of the gill man. If he was to be included into the liberating processes of human civilization then his aggression would be suppressed. Marilyn knew from her interest in Freud that civilization aimed to extinguish the death wish being a destructive primal force. Primal forces were acting upon Marilyn Monroe from the psychological residue of becoming a state ward being moved around in foster homes to suffer sexual

abuse and throughout her stellar career to work as an underpaid actor being used as on-screen sexual bait. Marilyn Monroe after her death was found to have had a four hundred book library which included many classics; books by Dostoevsky-

Cat knew she dearly wanted to play the role of Grushenka in a movie based on the Brothers Karamazov-

…Freud, Proust, Keats, Whitman, Marx, Aristotle and Dylan Thomas who she had met. Who could quote Milton who said the only people who are happy are those not born-

Cat can well imagine Das Kapital sitting alongside Aristotle's Metaphysics on Marilyn Monroe's bookshelf as he sights a photo of her reading Joyce's Ulysses. A young woman in striped bathers intently reading this literary masterpiece on a Long Island playground roundabout. It is suggested in the commentary underneath that she is reading Molly's stream-of-consciousness soliloquy at the end of the book. It finishes with the word 'yes' as an affirmation of life. Cat is certain Marilyn Monroe would have also known of Homer's original Odysseus and of his loyal, scheming wife Penelope with her spindle. It does not surprise this meticulous researcher to read that the insidious term 'political spin' may have originated with Penelope's spinning wheel. Yet, with Penelope there is the purest of all human motivation behind what is really a noble deception.

'…yes…Penelope…who has a love that is eternal…which can sustain us while we last…which will outlast us…as the Earth will outlast us…as it existed before us…Penelope and the Earth as one…providing material comfort…with love entwined…each human being conjured into existence…yes…mother…earth…giving life…sustaining…the human spirit…to live on Earth…to be spiritual…to die…the world…the universe…lingers on…Rodin's sculpture of a crucified Christ and Mary Magdalene with her arms gracefully wrapped around him…like two of Michelangelo's Unfinished Slaves emerging from hewn white rock…pure…love…arising from the Earth…to sink back into it…(…or so I have read…)…Rodin also called this sculpture Prometheus and the Oceanid…a chained Titan who served humanity embraced by a water nymph…who can freely flow…enriching the spirit…hope…purity for the Earth…a detained Penelope…the love Odysseus's wife had for him did not diminish…(truly, love conquers all)…in the Matrix…a kiss brought the 'chosen one' back to life…beauty in a beastly labyrinth world…freedom…to hold onto…Penelope outwitted the suitors by claiming she would not marry anyone until she had finished weaving a shroud for her father-in-law Laertes…every

evening Penelope would stealthily unpick the garment's threads…a Herculean labour that would never end…the act of weaving as symbol of threading an individual destiny…yet Penelope bravely conspired a future that would deliberately remain without definition…unknown…unlike Ariadne's thread which led Theseus out of the Minotaur's dark labyrinth…to the light of day…to gaping space…to return to Crete…free…in an open ended world there always lies the possibility of hope…when one is confined hope can ebb away…others howling…from other cells…a lonely woman…feeling as if in some nightmare underworld…hell…a dark hades…oh hell…is this hell?....a quivering fear…to control…a saintly woman in a dark place…the silver screen appearances serving a narrative role similar to religious art…in this contemporary case a perfect female body being used to sanction the human libido as an appropriate source of market energy-

Cat interrupts himself as he wonders if such observations are a little hysterical but then again he had recently read how in the nineteenth century the evolutionary notion of the 'dumb blonde' was generally perceived as a 'scientific fact'; after all, it was deemed that a woman's only appropriate 'function' was to serve as a biological container for procreation. A very convenient 'objective finding' to help validate male exploitation. In a 'modernizing world' what role could a female film star serve but to 'help direct' the male sexual impulse towards the consumption of goods accentuating one's desirability? An alpha male world is a hell for women. An intelligent woman is undesirable. Thus the reading of books by the Lowell Mill 'Girls' can be seen as a revolutionary action. Cat can see Marilyn Monroe as a Lowell woman.

A Marilyn Monroe reading list showing misogynist Lowell writer Jack Kerouac's On The Road [17] just below Nikos Kazantzakis's Last Temptation of Christ [16]. F Scott Fitzgerald's The Great Gatsby [10], D.H. Lawrence's Sons & Lovers [19] and Albert Camus's The Fall [5]. Marilyn Monroe's reading of literary classics would certainly undermine her sometimes unintelligent-on-screen-persona. Hollywood would have not seen such intellectual flowering of a 'sex bomb' as good for business. Bombs explode. Disintegrate. Flowers wither. A life constrained. Marilyn Monroe believed '…good things fall apart so better things can fall together.'

It was not to be the case for her. Repression. Suffocation. Mania. A demeaning stereotype was to remain. To continue falling downwards into a mental abyss. A misfit trapped on a psych ward. A Siren aims to have an individual 'lose one's self to find it' moment yet this movie siren was denied any such a transformation for herself. A threat to self-harm was callously

resisted by the hospital staff by having her manhandled into a more secure padded cell. Carried face down like a captive exotic animal in an elevator to an upper floor by four strong-arm wards people. What would have happened if Marilyn Monroe had lived a finally resolved, long life allowed to fully blossom?'

"Educating Marilyn!"

Reading To Kill A Mockingbird at the time of death. Perusing Thomas Paine's writings while on the set of the Misfits. Perhaps considering his progressive idea of having a basic income for all (which these days has been revived in the notion of a Universal Basic Income). A woman who took due serious consideration of the civil rights movement; who graciously used her fame by offering the owner of Hollywood's Mocambo nightclub that she would sit at the front table of the Mocambo nightclub every night Ella Fitzgerald sang there – if this Afro-American jazz singer was allowed too. Permission granted. There would no longer be any second-rate venues for Ella Fitzgerald who considered Marilyn Monroe ahead of her time (but who probably did not know it). A true humanitarian who would equally offer help to a nameless wino on a New York street as witnessed by the journalist William. J. Weatherby during the time of their clandestine conversations in low key bars. Who had an autographed Albert Einstein photograph making it truly possible to believe in the feasibility of the imagined scene in the 1985 film Insignificance where upon the Actress impresses the Professor with her knowledge of the Theory of Relativity. Would a self-educated Marilyn Monroe have become a stately American Bianca Jagger? Fighting for the rights of those who self-harm so as to prompt justice? To understand the despair of those who will kill themselves while under state 'care'? When all hope is stripped away to be left with no reason to live to feel all that is left to do in this world is to slowly die. An individual self-immolates in a refugee detention centre in Nauru. An Aboriginal juvenile is tied up in a chair with a hood placed over his head. His fellow traumatized young detainees in solitary confinement in little cells are stripped naked, to be threatened by vicious dogs or to be sprayed with tear gas. A firefighter in New York dying of cancer. Honorary Professor Marilyn Monroe standing alongside The Daily Show's Jon Stewart in an inert Washington to both be fighting for the right of all twin towers emergency workers of various professions to finally be justly compensated.

A feisty Marilyn Monroe who was scathing of those 'bastards in Hollywood' who wanted her to break off her relationship with Arthur Miller who had been called up to testify at the House Committee of Un-American Activities.

'…born cowards…' (She was no coward). There was a divorce anyway – after the fraught filming of The Misfits – as it was the FBI had harboured suspicions Marilyn Monroe may have been a communist sympathizer. Her sympathy was for the wild desert horses in The Misfits who were corralled for the slaughterhouse by cowboys trying to scratch a living in a changing mechanical world. Desperation. Looking at the rising descending horses on a Santa Monica ferris wheel. Thinking of those doomed Nevada mustangs. Thinking of herself. Four days she had spent in that psych ward. Di Maggio had rescued her like Hercules rescuing Prometheus from the eagle. A descent into hell. Yet to ascend with no new body. A being far too scarred inside could not be so easily healed-'

'Dessa Kirk's Chicago statue of Magdalene emerging from a large green leaf mound; it is much like her Daphne-

Cat reads how at nineteen years of age this sculptor saw a painting of the Ascension of Mary Magdalene in Spain and was moved to tears. Jesus wept. (Certainly for Marilyn). Cat to have a swig of whiskey and scrounge around in my U.S.A travel diary to look at some old time religion cuttings first found in his olive green travel duffle bag:

Ruination Railroad. Quick Road to Hell. FARE – THY SOUL. No Return Tickets. Lightning trains from Suicide Avenue. Extra trains on Sundays and during Revival Meetings. Sleepers on every train. There is perfect safety in jumping!

Another swig.

'Marilyn Monroe was to never make the leap. Trapped. Starring in RIVER OF NO RETURN with Robert Mitchum.

Cat can see her on Charon's boat crossing the Styx to the Underworld. In the Nevada wilderness she screams out "You are all dead!"

Marilyn is right, we are dead! The world is dead! Humanity is dead! All hope is lost if we can live with killing fine, beautiful horses to carve up for dog food. A mutilation not only of nature but of the very universe…of the soul of all being…three desperate men…two would soon face untimely deaths…Marilyn herself to also die…the veil between illusion and reality broken in every re-seeing of this film of knowing what tragically happens to the principal actors as if they are consciously playing out the end days in their own lives…(…especially so of Montgomery Clift…a washed out rider…yes, the still popular ancient idea that a person having to die in this world is like an actor inevitably leaving a theatre stage is certainly apt for

such Hollywood celebrities…)...Death is our rider when we sell our souls for the promise of life…an empty promise as it turns out when we morally die in the process…hot sand in the mouth…like ash…in the blinding nightmare that is hell…to the Tibetans the horse is a symbol of hope but there in the Nevada empty space is a furious breathing horse strung out on the hot ground to be prepared for ultimate needless slaughter…Goya was Marilyn's favourite painter…and there in my mind is Goya's painting of a demonic giant Saturn devouring his children…as we devour the Earth for our futile existence…(old demons return to Cat)…the Hellenic oracle speaks of a global minotaur who demands tributes from every corner of the world to sustain its insatiable economic appetite…who never tires of the needless sacrifices that are arbitrarily deemed as needed…of the innocent victims…to tear the world apart…to carve it up…even just for dog food…if that is where the most profit can be made…it doesn't matter…as long as the ledger is well into the red…the minotaur's three minions in the desert…a headless corpse…blood dribbling from Saturn's gaping mouth…clutching his decapitated child… "We are dead!" Hope is lying crucified and a saintly blonde hair Magdalene pleads for hope's salvation. An eerie world. The psyche. A female mouth. Pleads. As reasoning superego. For the id. Not to kill. For the ego to see no real pleasure can be gained from unholy sacrifice. Thou shall not murder. Thou shall love thy neighbour as thyself. Let hope reign. A horse neighs. Love…oh love…the heart is a lonely hunter… to be beatified as a serious actor…a human being…as damaged goods… prostituted by Hollywood…to be made holy…men dying inside themselves to see her as a source of life…to revive them…(the idea each man represented each real life husband would have been deeply resented)…measuring dark matter headwinds across our celestial orbit to prove its invisible existence…the dark psychology of a human being can be just as difficult to measure…a 'goddess of life'…emotionally mute…world weary, full of inner despair, who felt exploited when her own personal traumas were dramatically used, for all the world to see…whole empires can suffer the resentment of a goddess…Agamemnon and his thousand ship fleet waiting for an insulted Artemis to provide the winds to go to Troy…his daughter would be sacrificed to Artemis to bring on the winds…each day Marilyn Monroe would make a film posse endlessly wait for her…petulant, self-absorbed…yet a figure of wonder while dancing in a black dress by a tree at twilight…the mystic line between life and death for all of us on display…to which we must one day all cross...'

Cat tapers off his thoughts in his ever twirling mind. There is something morally universal Cat has been trying to grasp yet which always goes beyond human language…something of the tragedy of life that Lisa's presence at his

place is a constant reminder. Darkness. The mind gropes:'...there is in Ancient Greek tragedy the idea the moral equilibrium of the universe needs to be restored. A 'moral balancing' can occur by way of a wrongdoer sacrificing him or herself for the good of all. In Arthur Miller's All My Sons it is critically considered the playwright is very respectful of this idea when the central character Joe Keller, a prosperous businessman of the American Dream, finally realizes he must admit his guilt to the accusation of supplying cracked cylinder plane parts during the war, leading to the unforeseen deaths of twenty-one pilots. For the family he has revered and in his mind sacrificed his all, he kills himself. There is also the suicide of the unsuccessful 'everyman salesman' in Arthur Miller's most famous play whose fatal flaw was to delude himself that the American Dream was truly real and thus worth trying to live for. (He also dies for family, yet his fatal reasoning, like his life, is equally irrational). Yet, what of the tragedy when no moral equilibrium is achieved? When those who are destined to die have deaths who only accentuate a moral travesty? What 'moral balance' was achieved when Marilyn Monroe died? A suicide by the best accounts. There was no empathy in the psych ward Marilyn was placed in. To her there was an 'archaic inhumanity'. A locked world of concrete cell blocks. The screams of women who Marilyn discerned must have found life 'unbearable.' No one willing to talk to them to even lessen the mental pain for a little while. The deep scratches in the walls of former inmates. A mood of violence. Of discipline. Not knowing night from day. To have no sleep. To have no access to the outside world. To be unable to use the phone. To be an innocent treated as a criminal. Forced baths. Doctors relying on what they thought they already knew. An unwillingness to even learn from the suffering of actual human beings. Only releasing patients who had 'given up' on their 'treatment'. To be told amidst all this psychological squalor that there was a proud effort to have a 'homely atmosphere' with '(padded) wall-to-wall' carpet and 'modern furniture'. To swing a chair and smash a glass window expressing a human desperation to be treated with dignity. To bluff for proper human care by holding a piece of broken glass to her wrist. It was an action which only brought on more terrible judgment. To remark men were more interested in climbing to the moon than in the beating human heart. Heartless. World. I remember at Gregor's latest etching exhibition at Leichhardt Library meeting a big, tall man who also did printmaking, holding an etching of the homeless being fed from a food van at Central Railway, of showing a large linocut of an 'earth horse' made up of stars, he was saying "The young skinheads from the seventies now run the multi-corporations!" A prophet. On the edge. With the people on the street. Who are seen as the refuse of society. Victimized. Marilyn Monroe holding a copy

of Enemy of the People by Arthur Miller. To tell a truth the world does not want to believe makes you an outcast. The Crucible. To have the world turn against you. Falsely demonized for the genuine good you have tried to accomplish. As a social cleansing, to be murdered, by the people, for the people. An injustice allowed. Even beckoned on. For the good of all. By those who are devious in high places. There is no conscience in the American Dream. "I do not see it. I do not see any 'Joe Kellers' of the world suffering remorse over the harm they have done to others for their success." The world is run on moral imbalances. Any accusation will be dispensed with. No moral wrong will be redressed. It will be built on, with more abuse. "You are dead!" Yells a siren's moral voice in the wilderness. To prick the consciences of the men enchanted with her. Who know deep down what they are doing is wrong. An exhausted alpha male cowboy to grimace. To see the errors of his ways. To say to his two stockmen disciples no horse will die. Freedom, released…for both horse and man. (One will have to just have to simply find 'a better way' to make a living). Hope shall be salvaged from the human wreck that is modern society. This American Western Eve and Adam to go find Eden by following Venus in the twilight sky. The divine star of love to illuminate the human-made road that has to lead back to the New Jerusalem (…to go even though only a dull life of secure domestic drudgery may await…). In the wilderness. Night. A total black. There is truly only the void. A black moral hole. Sucking in all that is good so it can never escape. In Arthur Miller's original story the horses are taken to the slaughterhouse. Reality. No mercy. It is unaffordable. The horses cannot go free at the expense of men trapped by the dread of then having to face up to a hostile future. In the same way a comfortable life is what most people want, even if it means 'working for wages' and committing 'little wrongs'. (Little deceits. 'Someone has to capture these horses…'). Predictability. Not uncertainty. Is desired. Imprisonment. The Matrix. Virtually back to the serenity of an encased tomb. In our mind. A living death. Talk of doctoral students who knew they had to write lies to appease those who ruled over them and who were the authors of intellectual orthodoxies which were secretly known to be false but which secured power. No 'blasphemy' was allowed. To be revealed. Perhaps, resistance could come later but human atrophy would settle in over the years until combating the status quo appeared too difficult or even undesirable when the benefits of continuing one's personal collusion seemed to well outweigh the costs. Let the next generation resist, if it dares…(…if it is even allowed…)…to realize a whole society is underpinned by a pack of lies, to have the truth denied is a societal fatal flaw, that has to be propped up anyway, the fear is the truth will set no one free but lead to catastrophe…the world as Troy…crashing down in flames…when the trojan

horse that is self-denial can no longer resist any consequence outside all human control…(…such will be the apocalyptic devastation of the wrathful judgment of the gods when they tire of us…)…human overreach…Clark Gable strained his ageing body to the limit in the filming of the demanding mustang horse scenes. He refused to have more able stuntmen replace him. There he is in the hot Nevada desert tugging full strength on a stretched rope lassoed around the neck of a resisting horse rising up on his hind legs. Two days after filming ended he had a heart attack. President Eisenhower personally rang Gable to say he had survived one and so will he. Ten days later Clark Gable suffered a worse coronary seizure and was dead. A potent national symbol of American manliness and endurance was no more. One would think Eisenhower was saddened at the loss-

Human madness. The siren sound of whistling bombs. A conventional human fury still resounds on the globe unabated. Human tragedy. Marilyn Monroe had intimated that an initial theme of The Misfits, not readily picked up by the critics, was how people could change for the better but wouldn't, to only stay the same or even worse.

(Yet, at least, much to the foul chagrin of the self-pitying ex-bombardier who was 'carefree' willing to enslave nature as in capturing wild horses so as to have a cash flow by way of their cruel, untimely deaths so for him not wanting to be lassoed in to a wage labour existence, to kill what was free so as to be free to actually seem to be an immoral, hypocritical absurdity. Human illogicality- at least Clarke Gable 'the cowboy' finally came to his senses, saw through his own rationalisations and excuses to in the end cut the rope that would free not only the horses he was originally set on taking in to earn just a handful of dollars so that his mind could be finally released to envisage a better human possibility not only for himself but also for nature that he had been trying to succumb that was as infinite in scope as the wandering star he now astronomically eyed that could navigate him on a road that could now lead to a hopeful eternity rather than to delve deeper into a self-inflicted, hopeless human abyss).

The natural wonder of the Nevada desert. Where atom bombs can be exploded any old time. In the land where there is no time. Timeless. Like eternity. Where's there's not a care in the world. Where it is mentioned in The Misfits that no one in Nevada wears a watch. As time does not really exist for those who live in the domain where the multidimensional atomic structure of the Universe can be revealed in all its awesome power; so those who rightly control it can use it to intimidate or destroy those who only do the Devil's work. Who deserve to die. To be reduced to ashes in a blinding inferno that would make Hades itself feel proud. To be Hades on Earth. That

is humanity's abysmal goal. Usurping all that is good.'
Despair. The United States drives a Siren to her death. The good must be officially silenced, officially for the good of all.

('A modern day 'anti-Siren blower' such as service person Chelsea Manning can vouch for that…to be persecuted…tell me the old, old story…')

…a Siren. Death. Sleep. Yes. Death & the Maiden. Yes. Death & Sleep. Side. By. Side. Together. Seen as the same. A Siren asleep. Waking up each time when shone again onto the silver screen. To return to the primal. Yes. To be primal. A desire to return to a pure life state, before any 'original sin'. To wishfully find perfection. Peace. A lasting tranquillity. In death. Oh. To grow. To exhaust life. To regrow. Forever. Yes. The drive for life. To continue. Without end. Yes. To have been. A Siren in the wilderness. Imploring for human change. To stop the devastation. To nature. To God. To humanity. To not be dead. For life. Here on Earth. On screen. There is Marilyn Monroe in the truck cabin with the infernal man who had been a bombardier. Who had dropped bombs on nine cities. Causing infernos. Where so many innocents died. For no reason. Other than the irrational reason that they were on the 'other side'. Human beings as enemies to each other. Only feeling sorry for themselves. When it suits. It's what Marilyn says to the ex-bombardier. Who could be Truman. Eisenhower. Kennedy. Nixon. Any 'ol President. In the Nevada desert. Lassoing dreams. Lassoing nightmares. Lassoing beautiful horses to turn into dog meat. Human beings reduced to bits of meat. From the falling bombs. That still go on falling today. Droning away. BOMBS AWAY! Yes! Miller is right! There will be hell to pay! Misfit America! Firing away! Along with all the other superpower misfits as well as the small-time dictatorial misfits who wish they were superpowers; or as in the case of a fallen superpower such as Russia which wants to fully regain its former imperious status over the regions it once occupied during the time of the Soviet Union as seen with its spurious and brutal military interventions and outright invasions thus far in Chechnya, Georgia, Ukraine as well as in Syria with international observers also sighting its developing military intrigues in some regions of Africa…then these days there is also China-

Yes, none can be excused for the devilry they do but it just so happens by the random circumstance of birth of being born during the Cold War in the Free World that it is the failings of the U.S.A. and even of his own country Australia that Cat directly knows much better. Thus, morally overall, it is Cat's basic desire that any moral tribulation or democratic shortcoming is transparently outed so that the liberal democratic project that was basically begun over two

centuries ago and often at high cost for some to revolt against monarchy should not be complacently seen now as at some 'arcadia endpoint' but rather that it be scrupously overseered that there is still a strong need for it to be further refined so that in essence it may continually pulsate and refurbish itself, to never stay institutionally still as otherwise it will only ossify to horrifically mutate from within into a sort of totalitarian imposter…to eventually renege in practice…(...if not always in name…yet to envisage now of a nightmarish delinquent domestic populist storming of the Capitol…)…the many human liberties thus far gained and so to essentially see that a heightened real human foundation of social justice and economic egalitarianism both nationally and globally still very much needs to be achieved…(…there are still so many dogmatic scorpions to be rid of and with the worse ones who have total power and are unwilling to release any of it only a revolution may kill…yet in general regards to the liberal democratic project despite many atrocious misgivings and inequities which remain and that certainly must be judiciously recitified it must not be abandoned in any way when the political or ideological alternative for the time being seems only to have in its democratically sanctified 'holy place' replaced by elitist as well as populist 'false gods' or 'trojan horses' which ultimately will further deny human freedom to be even darkly energized with a greater terrifying renewal of human terror-

Orwell is right. Eurasia fights Oceania. Eastasia fights Eurasia. Oceania fight Eastasia. All taking turns. To be at peace. To be at war. The surveillance cameras of the totalitarian state, now exist, nominally for the people's security, especially so in China although it will come to pass in all states including those of the so called Free World. Newspeak is everywhere. All superpowers appear to be seeking peace but they will all use war when it is the only way to reach their self-appointed aims. Whether by subterfuge. Whether by overt military means. There is no moral imperative directing them – as they claim – to really stop them from resorting to mortal conflict. For a superpower such as the U.S. to cancel the security clearance of Robert Oppenheimer who was deemed the father of the Manhattan Project; who would have the Atomic Age be tempestuously born with the poetically inspired codename Trinity. Yet who had also invoked the Hindu god Vishnu from the Bhagavad Gita by saying he had become the destroyer of worlds in reference to the world's first nuclear mushroom cloud that rose over Los Amos. To morally shift from unholy desire towards holy remorse. Oppenheimer would question the moral framework in which such a weapon of mass destruction was justifiably produced. Of course, there was nothing moral about such a genocidal weapon except for the primal 'moral drive' to use it before the 'other side' horrifically used it first. At the start of the Cold War Oppenheimer would argue against the development of

the H-Bomb which would grant the United States even greater nuclear supremacy over the Soviet Union but only through the horrendous ability to kill much larger numbers of people with one explosion. (As an aside, if there was to be nuclear warfare instead of genocidal H-Bombs this troubled scientist preferred the development of smaller tactical atomic weapons which, at least, could be legitimately used on the battlefield). His loyalty to Pax America had always been officially seen as suspect, especially since he had shown some sympathy to Communist ideals during the thirties; which had been a typically naïve or raw political response amongst many who were concerned about the rise of fascism. It was a pragmatic decision by a lording gung-ho general to involve him with the Bomb as his genius was desperately needed. Yet after the war previous antagonisms would resurge due partly to his doubts about the new work on the H-Bomb. Truman known for his remark that if you cannot stand the heat get out of the kitchen dismissed Robert Oppenheimer as the 'cry-baby scientist' when Oppenheimer told him he felt he personally had blood on his hands. (This 'U.S. Pilate' who saw to it that the ultimate responsibility of the droppings of 'Little Boy' and 'Fat Man' lay with him – The Buck Stops Here was a sign on Truman's White House desk - may have then even offered this regretful 'nuclear annihilator' a handkerchief to metaphysically 'wash off' his apparently immoral stain). It would all culminate in Eisenhower initiating an inquiry into his loyalty in early 1954 when those who disliked him such as Lewis Strauss the first chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission and Edward Teller the 'father of the H-Bomb' gained the upper hand and the President's grave attention under the pretence that there actually had been a Soviet spy who had infiltrated the Manhattan Project during Oppenheimer's 'inept' watch. (Or traitorous…? The so called 'Borden letter' sent to the FBI's Herbert Hoover and, of course, passed onto Eisenhower which scurrilously implied that he may well have been disloyal so a humiliating 'kangaroo court' with all unfair means duplicitously stacked against Oppenheimer proceeded…). Amongst those who sympathized with Oppenheimer (which included Albert Einstein who even suggested that Oppenheimer who he sympathetically thought would be a fool to stand up to nefarious forces within the establishment should turn his back on the United States if heinously being falsely accused of treason was the country's 'reward' for all he had done…) compared this shabby official treatment towards him as akin to a 'Salem witch hunt' or to a Moscow show trial; in fact, for a persecuted Oppenheimer to have fallen foul to the inquisitorial toxicity of the McCarthy era would have him being seen by some as a 'modern Galileo' – another bearer of new knowledge who infamously was also officially ill-judged and mistreated for his supposedly wayward beliefs. (Although one may say that Oppenheimer although charming but accused of having an overbearing arrogance – of a

'beastliness' in his own words - he perhaps still did not have the too overtly insulting coarse abrasiveness of Galileo which grievously contributed in bringing on a deepening, differing polarization of contrasting views of literally humanity's place in the universe, of which, with some diplomatic nuance, could possibly have been astutely wholly avoided; for one may desire to argue that while at the time there was still an old rigidly traditional outlook there was also a gradually evolving fresh one as new knowledge became slowly integrated rather than always harshly submerged by the existing social, political and theological order). Oppenheimer although he would be passably deemed a loyal citizen was still not to be overtly trusted in regaining his security clearance and so would be professionally ostracized from the nuclear program, but, ultimately, it is not so much his loyalty to the United States which history will questionably debate but rather the imperial haughtiness of a superpower to subordinate such a complex man who saw fit to seriously consider how his moral obligations to humanity should hold more sway over him than the immoral exigencies of a national interest that demanded the 'necessary' invention of such deadly ordinance which could bring on humanity's extinction. In an earlier era a moral consideration which would lead to the suicide of the wife of a German scientist who for his dear Kaiser was helping to develop poisonous gases to be used against the enemy in the trenches. It was all too unbearable when to her inquiry to him as to the rightness of what he was doing she was emphatically told that while in peacetime he must serve the interests of science in wartime it was understandable that his first duty was to now only serve the interests of the nation. Science cannot exist in a moral vacuum; nor can a nation.

Marilyn yells out the brutal truth. A voice in the wilderness. To an America. Unredeemable. At least. A doomed prophetess. Speaking to who she thinks is the damned. For a Siren knows that any organism needs to change. To be reborn. Again and again. For the cycle of life to reach maturation. To be made new. To be made eternal. To be all good. To be whole. To be balanced. To be in unity. Revitalized. Flowing. Fully. Alive.

That Darren Sylvester colour photo tucked away by a small side entrance at the University of Technology of a group of young people standing in front an apartment balcony looking dead panned at the camera. An intriguing image but to be truly disconcerted by its title: The Object of Social Acceptance Is To Forfeit Individual Dreams. To read how Charles Bukowski had said in a 1986 interview with the journalist Jean-Francois Duval that the human heart is in essence a good organ but it gets mixed up with the madness of governments and false gods and with the struggles of everyday survival for it to become strangled and to lose its way. The great working class poet living a life in defiance of the American Dream, being averse to following the ethos of

accumulation which compelled his strict father. Benjamin Franklin, a Father of the Nation, it is said, set down the American Dream, which with the best of intentions (while it is also claimed that there is a strong eugenic aspect to his social vision for it is said he was of the hope that humanity could be abled to properly breed its way to a 'happy mediocrity') involved aspiring to go from a position of poverty to one of wealth; to move from a position of being powerless in the face of greater powerful forces to be individually powerful through securing personal freedom. Yet, although such aspirations are noble the world is still very far away from allowing equality for all, (to even distort the value of being human to the ability to consume) Bukowski chose to use his free will to express what is still reality rather than what remains to be a myth. To have looked at how life can involve the mind numbing drudgery of doing the same boring repetitive work task day after day; for a pay packet that will only stretch as far as meeting immediate needs. To feel there is no little chance of really improving one's lot.'

(Yes, there is always the Presidential candidate giving a variation of the 'rags to riches' story of humbly being brought up in a log cabin aspiring now to reside in the White House so as to help all of us who are still in our log cabins or caravan parks-

Cat deliberately puts on the Cocteau Twin's Song To The Siren;(to wonder now if Oppenheimer had ever viewed The Misfits…then to also have in mind to play as well Sinead O'Connor's equally haunting version of the sirens song desiring to have this and the Cocteau Twins version play one after the other in endless loop…yes, this mortal coil can end in tears…brown leaves falling…our human souls…to dream…on…) to look down at Marilyn Monroe's accusatory words in the Misfits script and feel she sums up all that he has been trying to say. There is no good thing for any beauty to say, or unveil, of a beast, that is a superpower. Cat wonders if Arthur Miller deliberately knew he was writing something specifically seditious against the land of the free. A few remarks he had given to his dear Siren, which camouflaged by the spectacle of her beauty, would escape the attention of America's Cold War warriors. Going under their ideological radar. Who would not comprehend they are like this pathetic ex-USAF war pilot. For Cat to recite aloud Marilyn Monroe, almost verbatim. "OH YOU CRY ABOUT ALL THOSE PAYLOADS OF BOMBS YOU HAVE DROPPED AND ABOUT ALL THE PEOPLE YOU HAVE NEEDLESSLY KILLED! YOU RECKON YOU HAVE TO GO GET SOMETHING TO BE HUMAN?! YOU'VE NEVER EVER REALLY FELT ANYTHING FOR ANYBODY IN YOUR WHOLE LIFE! YOU KNOW TO SAY THE SAD WORDS! YET YOU COULD BLOW THE WHOLE DAMNED WORLD UP AND ALL YOU'D ONLY REALLY FEEL SORRY FOR IS YOUR OWN

GODDAM SELF!"

To howl. (Yes, I howl and to even think of Alan Ginsberg's Howl). "It has all been too much. It is too much. America. You will never really change. To our damnation. I 'see' the bombs keep dropping." ('In my mind'). Of new bombs. The H-Bomb on Bikini Atoll. Nearby Japanese fishermen to die of wind sent radiation. All officially denied. Yes. It is all madness. The screaming innocents. Dying. The Sirens that survive in this modern age. That stay afresh. For this world. Ever since World War Two. Are only those smiling pin up girls, with gaudy colours, in bikinis, who are cheerfully painted on the noses of bombers who release their whistling, screaming payloads onto an ever suffering humanity. To only change the world, not for the better, but for the powerful.

"ALL DEAD!"

Lisa's withering body shudders from the fury of my announcement. To wake up. Yet still half asleep. Eyes still seek out vision. Everything a blur. In dark shadow. With no sense of time. As if in an awful dream. There is only confusion. A bad feeling. Fear. Thus for this beauty (close to home) to yell out:

"I AM DEAD!"

Risk Takers

I

Cat would be bemused to learn that when Teresa was in Vilnius she had gone to a small dinner party hosted by a pipe smoking French-Lithuanian social entrepreneur interested in financing community developments who had come back to live in Lithuania after the fall of the USSR. A witty, philosophical minded middle-aged man who also enjoyed his cognac who after dinner would joyfully have his guests stay all night to play the strategic board game RISK. On other delightful occasions Teresa's playful dinner host would project movies onto a large white screen which, in hindsight, now all seemed magical as the projector equipment he used was still all analogue. The movies were not always to Teresa's taste but she thoroughly enjoyed the sociability of these eventful evenings by which she would make a few steadfast friends from what would become a new social circle in a foreign land. (Teresa hoped the day would come that she could return the hospitality in Australia as had already once been the case with her effervescent female cousin with whom she stayed with in Vilnius). However, as to these 'after-dinner party films' Teresa would at least have True Romance written by

Quentin Tarantino (made before his first attempt at being a film directing with Reservoir Dogs) seared into memory. It was a crime film, a genre definitely not to her taste and only remained still vividly remembered because her host had quipped just before the screening that it was a 'family movie' which, in reality, could not be further from any cinematic truth due to the 'spectacle violence' – as Teresa had coined it - on display to which this polite guest had to view, and which for her did prove to be a visual endurance test, despite its accompanying dark humour. Yet, in her own way Teresa would have the 'last laugh' as 'family movie' has ever since become code for any film that she saw which had an overtly vicious aspect to it, which in her particular case would only be edgy yet informative foreign language festival films which often involved political violence. (It was certainly true that Teresa really did not have a prediliction towards viewing crime movies with only a few exceptions, ironically one of them being Pulp Fiction directed by Tarantino, for a critically surprised Teresa to even be generous enough to state that it was his one true masterpiece).

Cat would agree with Teresa's positive summation of *Pulp Fiction* when he finally met her at his flat on a dinner party evening in which it was arranged that all who attended would also play RISK.

"However, I should clearly state that the USSR is an unsavoury propaganda term for the likes of me," Teresa had remonstrated at a much earlier point in the evening to her just-met-host, "…as it infers that the Baltic nations – not 'republics' – as well as other actual countries such as Ukraine, which as we know, is so topical at the present moment, did not willingly volunteer to 'unite' to become 'soviets' under the authority of Moscow but rather really had no choice but to be a part of the so called 'USSR' with Russia having the military ascendency over these actual countries – not 'territories'. There were many people from the so called 'soviets' - when or if they had the chance - would leave such as in the case of the many 'Balts' refugees who ended up in Australia after the war…having first fled as far as they could to the west as the Red Army remorselessly advanced towards Berlin. There was so much fear…as Stalin's soldiers were so unforgiving after the extensive barbarity inflicted upon 'Mother Russia' by the invading Teutons…especially once these revengeful Soviet forces entered into Germany itself…raping, pillaging, murdering…so many war crimes…I slightly diverge…while as for this resourceful fellow that I have spoken of now who was born into a Lithuanian émigré community in Paris he would certainly not have foreseen, like so many others, that one day he would be able to go live and to help replenish a liberated Lietuva as a free citizen…" A pause or rather a thoughtful hesitation. "…so it was how over half a century so many in multiple regions

of the former Soviet Union waited to be truly free from Russian hegemony…and some will say charitable of spirit there are still those in Russia itself who may still wait to be free, who may yearn for a true democracy to finally arrive…"

HISTORICAL TEXT INTERRUPTION

(all is not what it seems…)

First Infernal Darkness

A wasted Russia much like a troubled deluded man feebly standing in the middle of a see saw that keeps swaying to and fro and as each side of it wildly swings upwards and downwards he is trying to stay upright with his ultimate fate shifting from right to left then back to the right then back to the left and so on and so on as if in the end to be as if his fate is relying on a pendulum of the gods that is swinging wildly as if in an earthquake beset onto a fiery earth by Poseidon an ancient god of earthquakes so as in the end to wholly lose his balance on this long plank and fearfully topple over to fall flat onto the shaking ground to lie badly injured hopelessly as if near death-

[HISTORICAL TEXT TO BE CONTINUED]

The Russian

I

A coy glance by Teresa towards Gregor who had earlier mentioned to her - with the others listening in while everyone was still casually enjoying a few pre-dinner snacks and drinks - that his maternal grandparents after the start of the Russian Revolution - and just before it soon blew out to a full scale civil war - had left European Russia to travel over to Vladivostok in Siberia to then head down to Habin in north China, then to Shanghai, and then, because the opportunity suddenly arose, to go by ship to Brisbane (rather than wait longer for a feasible chance to depart to the United States).

"They could see there was a strong possibility that they would attract the ire of the Bolsheviks as my grandfather, a middle-class public servant had been a strong supporter of the new parliamentary democracy that had taken shape

after the February Revolution which was when the Tsar abdicated…"

Gregor to point out intermittingly during this long evening that this democratic experiment was destined to fall apart when any hope of ending the twin human tragedies of war and starvation were not to be realised; thus only further social, military and political chaos was to ensue. The last futile gasps of the Provisional Government would involve a undemocratic rivalry between the Prime Minister and the Commander-in-Chief to grasp at sole authoritarian leadership in order to 'save Russia' but their narcissist intrigues would in the end only open up a way for popular sentiment to shift towards the previously outcast Bolsheviks who would take advantage of the desperate belief that only they were now the last hope of doing the 'people's will' to mount a coup on the Winter Palace. After all, as Gregor would note, a small soldierly force was all that was really needed as those remaining government ministers who were inside and arrested by the militia of a new domestic political power were by then simply deemed to be 'loitering' being representatives of a hollow-shelled out government which had not only lost the confidence of the people but to now even have it willing to support a once mistrustful political faction that had threateningly not been willing to engage with the 'people's government' being inherently hostile towards 'bourgeoisie democracy' yet with its militant boycotts and hard ideological opposition which as Gregor envisaged to be orthodoxically perceived as a political liability now to be ingeniously seen as a political blessing in order to presently enable it to popularly form government with a supposed 'clean slate' and with a strong disciplined leader who could hopefully be as competent in well organising Russia as he had been in also inspiring a once fringe revolutionary party to impressively eventually garner mass political momentum.

Gregor had surmised that trust was an essential moral quality that can provide a government with the high value essential political capital that it needs to be respected so its various policies can be accepted and carried out but it seemed apparent to him the Provisional Government had thrown away all good will antagonising the majority of the populace who saw before them ministers of a straining traditional-socialist coalition who were proving 'capable' of 'providing' only hollow promises and political ineptitude; yet, in turn, only a greater tragedy was to only unfold one that would have perhaps been unforeseen by many for what now could be worse than the miseries and the tribulations that had already been inflicted upon the people in recent times…? Not only would a savage civil war ensue in which the two main protagonists could genuinely claim to occupy the high moral ground but at the end of it all a dictatorship far more terrible than had been experienced under the Tsars for the new victorious rulers of Russia understood that once

victory was assured a total suppression of the society had to also triumphantly come into place for its long term survival to emphatically guarantee that it too would not become vulnerable to the 'people's will' as what had happened to the Tsar in February 1917 and to the Provisional Government in October 1917; while all the time publicly clamouring with a serious straight heroic face that everything that was being soullessly done was in the 'people's name' yet the sloganeering calls of 'power to the soviets' and the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' truly meant 'power to one' and the 'dictatorship of the party' and anyone who was to question or resist would be exiled to a gulag or be shot as 'counter-revolutionaries' for 'sabotaging' what was being 'heroically' deemed best for the nation when in fact what would be best for the nation would be an overthrow of a one man party state that had only come into existence when it had been misguidedly viewed by a demoralised populace that Bolshevism would finally grant to the nation a competent governance that would fulfil the people's wishes that had thus far been denied to them from February by folly and incompetence only to have all vestige of democracy systematically annihilated for who ideologically knew better than to 'faithfully' not give any agency to the 'will of the people' than those who had wholly deceived them?

"...Lenin was to have his Winter Palace coup when it seemed that only the Bolsheviks could give what Russians really wanted: peace and bread yet while not realising that they would find themselves being led by someone who far from being democratic would be more severe than the Tsars. Kerensky would leave Russia while Kornilov a military man who would become his rival would fight the Bolsheviks as a White commander but in a civil war which would cost yet many more Russian lives with both sides in my opinion being in their own different fashions as morally and politically corrupt as each other. As it turned out the Reds whose troops were well led by Trotsky would win the civil war. All this history is so tragic of which as we know would only become increasingly nightmarish and as I've said my maternal grandparents had already made the wise decision to leave Russia before they thought it was too late. Yet, some of this recent horrendous history would find its way with them to this far away land in Brisbane where by the time they arrived just after the end of the First World War the Russian community they first encountered included many whose politics were inclined towards the Bolsheviks which did not make them feel comfortable although from what I understand from my mother they never spoke of being directly threatened and its not directly because of them that they would end up moving to Sydney. These 'bolshis' – as people seem to like to call them these days - had ended up in Australia after the failed Russian 1905 revolution so as to escape the military repression that still stubbornly occurred in some parts of Russia

even though the Tsar had wilted to bring in some democratic reform including having a Duma…which is a parliament…all this bewildering back and forth…that earlier revolution occurred after the humiliation of losing the war against the Japanese and then years later the Tsar would lose all power in the next war when it was again all going so badly for Russia…for the government that replaced them to also lose out choosing to stay in a war that no ordinary person no longer wanted to be involved with and which looked like it was going to be lost anyway and then to have the final bitter irony that while the Reds would actually end hostilities with the Germans there would still instead be no peace with a civil war to erupt between the Reds and the Whites which would cost many millions of lives…far more than what were ever lost in World War One…all those decades…and even beyond…to be all such a national catastrophe…

There would be after the many mass bloodletting purges by Leninism and by a well-versed imitation Stalinism a new catastrophe wreaked upon Russia but one which violently resulted from an external threat due to the rise of Hitlerism in Germany - a proud nation which had been humiliated by the surrender terms at Versailles after the war defeat which for those in military uniform who still stood their ground in the trenches there really had been no defeat; angrily feeling they had only been vanquished by a lack of national will by those in civilian suits with political power who had always never nowhere to be seen amid the blood and anguish of the battle frontlines. In Hitler would martially come a second chance to redeem national pride which did occur after victory in the West in 1940 but then would come in 1941 an Aryan crusade of genocide in the East with many millions of the Jewish faith murdered in massacre pits and the gas chambers with a seemingly at first invincible *Wehrmacht* sweeping deeply into the Russian steppes and to have with the 'inevitable' final victory the Slavic people also not survive.

II

Survival. It was all that motivated Gregor's family on his paternal side along with many tens of millions of other peoples and with differing national and ethnic backgrounds to resist this Teutonic invader who would be merciless and extinguish or enslave every 'racially inferior' human being east of the Oder river. To have only cleared 'cleaned space' for superiorly new German colonies. (How easy people have let slip in their minds that if Nazi Germany had won this apocalyptic war that as incomprehensibly genocidal as the occupied Europe wide war time complex of death camps were there would still have been a greater maniacal horror with many more millions methodically slaughtered to requite the Nazi vision even further). Gregor

noted these other grandparents who he would never know were impoverished peasants who would never really have the means to leave Russia even if they wanted too so ironically it was only in the aftermath of the Nazi invasion that their eldest son who was to be Gregor's father would have the unexpected opportunity to start a new life far away from what could be viewed as 'red fascism' after serving to fight 'black fascism.' Although Gregor's paternal family was steadfastly committed to the land it had lived on for many generations there was no loyalty to this so called revolutionary regime that was meant to have freed them from the servitude of the Tsars to only have instead new intolerable restrictions enforced upon them that made their lives just as hard and still without real freedom.

"This 'collectivisation' which they call it…to have no choice…all forced on us…in the long run it may turn out to be for the best…but I doubt it…it is such a suffocating situation we live in now and I know this may sound extreme to say but I feel we are no better…no we are worse…than the serfs of previous Tsarist times…yes…we have to give up our lives to satisfy the wants of this severe 'secular Tsar' we serve today…it is all…so burdensome…" sighed Gregor's grandfather after tentatively stating to his son those protesting thoughts which usually lay well hidden within his critical mind.

At the time many peasants deeply resented the state demand that much of the grain they produced by way of their back breaking toil was to be unfairly requisitioned to the industrialising cities which Gregor suspected had those living on the land feeling they had practically become outright serfs again when peasants in Tsarist times under the authority of the landlords on whose land they lived usually in village communes went out to the fields to produce crops firstly for the financial benefit of the landowner. *'Although the peasants were not slaves there was so much state control over their daily lives (even to the point that they could not leave their immediate region, it was necessary to have the right papers or even an internal passport which all were rarely given)…'*…as Gregor imagined *…'…that in practical terms there really would be little to distinguish their lives from the forcibly transported Africans in the United States who in the last century before the civil war had existed as outright chattel to the plantation owner or for that instance as Gregor nonchalantly thought more about it: to the remaining North American Indians and Australian Aboriginals who, having survived the respective genocides instigated by those who stole their lands, would be rounded up and restricted to living on government reserves situated on remote lands that were perceived to be of no worth and by which every aspect of their lives remained under the 'stewardship' of their colonial 'protectors'. The revolution – if it ever really was also for them in the countryside - was a betrayal, and Stalin as its present Judas (after Lenin's death*

who could be seen as the 'first Judas'), would have the so called 'unrighteous' executed, falsely accused as traitors of this 'revolution' by Stalin and his henchmen who were actually traitorous to any real, transformative ideal of securing human liberation; for many peasants any 'revolutionary prosperity' would also come at their inhumane expense while for those in the cities in the 'scientific' pursuit of speedily industrializing Russia the human reductionist mass production techniques of capitalist countries would also be adopted which before the revolution were despised. Stalin the nation's 'great protector' was surely no protector at all but rather a 'great tormentor' to those who this 'Number One' suspiciously deemed in the rural areas especially to be foremost potential 'counter-revolutionaries' such as wealthy peasants who faced not only state restrictions but also state persecutions that led to livestock and property loss, exile or execution…'.

III

It had been a very near and cynical thing for Gregor's family to also be defined as *kulaks* which is what so called 'wealthy peasants' were labelled but although they had their own house, land and some cattle this little independent world was of a relatively small dimension and still far less wealthier compared to much larger farms in this particular district in southern European Russia and with only the seldom use of hired seasonal hands outside the family network at the main harvest time the local commissar decided that for this time to overlook them. Yet if there was to be another round of 'revolutionary cleansing' of the countryside it could not be certain that the family would again escape the severest judgement in any new oppressive act of 'classiside' which would certainly demand a fresh quota of 'resistors' to dutifully be met. Gregor's family knew they were fortunate to be overlooked and while they still had enough grain for themselves after any state handover it was thought for now to nominally co-operate with the local commissar and only protest or resist as other peasant families were doing when the situation worsened.

IV

As Gregor more or less understood from his general reading that no matter the social class there was in various ways widespread peasant resistance to collectivisation ranging from a 'slow go' work approach through to the slaughter of livestock and hiding or destroying crops rather than to have them state requisitioned which along with already existing systematic inefficiencies would lead to less available grain and so there was famine in the countryside with what grain that was available still being prioritized to urban populations and with the ensuing mass starvation to be accentuated when poor harvests also occurred.

State repression would also ensue especially in non-Russian areas where collectivisation was seen by Moscow to be 'sabotaged' more so and so Gregor would learn that it would come to pass that Ukraine would have famine weaponized so as to also deal with the 'national question' whereby non-Russian 'republics' (as they really were nations but under the tutelage of Stalinist Russia) within the so called Soviet Union desired to be independent. In Ukraine in the early 1930s there would be what would be known as *Holdomor* which would lead to death by hunger of many millions and as Gregor would learn to still collect any grain for one's self rather than to procure it towards the state's now intolerably elevated quotas could also be a death sentence by way of execution; while this overall genocidal situation was made much worse when Ukrainians especially the peasants in the countryside were also officially forbidden from leaving this famished region which predictably resulted in many more unnatural deaths. (The only Ukrainians officially 'allowed' to leave Ukraine would be those wealthy peasants defined as kulaks who would lose their homes and be deported to the gulag). Gregor also learnt Kazakhstan also suffered a similar tragic fate as Ukraine with its famine also leading to millions starving to death and to be known as the *Asharshylyk* a Kazakh word for hunger.

V

As for the local commissar his general unwanted reputation as a 'lenient official' would not have him in good stead as ultimately the paranoid wrath of Stalin would reach new commanding heights in the late 1930s with the purges and show trials known as the Great Terror in which there would be over a million victims and while many high profile people were noted to fall victim to Stalin's paranoia there were also the powerless minions who could suffer a similar dark fate with this local commissar successfully accused of being 'inept', 'inefficient'…even traitorously disloyal…' by others who coveted his position and who would prove their loyalty by being overly hard line. Thankfully, for Gregor's family such lowly peasants as themselves were not to be targeted by the new commissar who in present circumstances specifically went out to arrest rather anyone from the 'intelligentsia' whose state allegiance could be successfully queried and recommended for punishment whether that be execution, imprisonment or gulag deportation. (Nevertheless, such was the increasingly oppressive psychological atmosphere that now existed any citizen no matter how politically innocent one thought to be there was still the. irrational sense – or perhaps, actually rational - that the secret police would still come to knocking on the door…as if reminiscent to suffer the unjust absurdist fate of 'K' in Kafka's *The Trial* or even of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in Shakespeare's *Hamlet)*.

VI

With this new catastrophic war escalating in crisis as the modern-day Teutons kept quickly advancing eastwards it was so with Gregor's poor peasant forebears that any strong compulsion to help resist the barbarous German invader was counterweighted by a strong sense of revulsion that they risked dying not to be free but to instead simply stay alive within a seemingly insurmountable political system that ruled over them with a different totalitarian guise. Such overbearing resentment. Yet to live they must. So Gregor's father would fight. '*Nevertheless,'* sourly surmised Gregor, *'…there truly was no real life choice when all there was before you only different devils fighting over what corner of hell they wanted your humble soul to succumb too…it was no real wonder that Stalin knew to exhort an already downtrodden populous to fight foremost for holy Mother Russia; to make it bearable that the war effort would cynically rest on the patriotic idea of fighting for the nation's survival rather than for the survival of an ideology. Such torment. To thus be motivated to risk sacrificing one's life for a comfortable illusion rather than for an uncomfortable reality-*

VII

Yet, there must still be personally some *hope* so while in the army if Gregor's father survived – for there was already terrible news of the overwhelming losses being suffered by Russia in the opening salvoes of this new eastern war – there may arise in some yet unforeseen way at war's end to honourably have a better existence. There would be an opportunity for a new life and in a fateful way that certainly was unimaginable when Gregor's father sadly went off to war. Strangely enough personal defeat would be his salvation.

"God be with you son." were the last words that were said by Gregor's grandfather to Gregor's father as they both looked westwards for only the Lord in heaven rather than any human power on earth could still be trusted to secure any personal salvation…

If Gregor would have known of such faithful words he would have been aware they were sincerely spoken by a righteous man who would have been against the persecution of the priesthood and destruction of the churches that would have been happening under Stalin at the time (and which also antagonised an already hostile peasantry). *'Yet,'* thought Gregor, *'having systematically suppressed this competing institution for the people's loyalty Stalin would then pragmatically restore the Russian Orthodox Church - yet with him still overseeing it - when he politically needed it to help harness national support for Mother Russia's survival in what would finally be*

usefully labelled as the Great Patriotic War. An official church which would stay compromised through the rest of Soviet times and which even in post-Soviet Russia had a hierarchy which would even align with the present dictatorship that eventually came to the fore to exist under the political euphemistic facade of being a 'managed democracy'…yes…an official church which, of course, also stood with the Tsars…' Gregor could not speak on behalf of his paternal peasant grandfather who if he was alive today may have a different devout view from that of the Soviet period while for Gregor he would never have faith in what he always perceived to be institutionally Pharisaic… *…'yes, have faith in 'He' who had directly experienced state persecution rather than in any modern day 'Pharisees who religiously claim to represent Him-*

Yet Gregor wondered what his grandfather would have thought of a Russian Orthodox Church which would after the fall of the Soviet Union stay aligned with the State to compromise even with the present dictatorship which eventually came to the. fore in post-Soviet. Russia existing under the political guise of being euphemistically a 'managed democracy'…? An official Church which also stood with the Tsars and which in Soviet times after first being systematically suppressed its leadership would then accommodate its soul to the atheist Stalin when he now needed it to harness national support for Mother Russia's survival in what would finally be labelled as the Great Patriotic War…? Gregor could not speak on behalf of his grandfather but he could not have faith in what he perceived to be institutionally Pharisaic *…'yes, have faith in 'He' who had directly experienced state persecution rather than in any modern day 'Pharisees who religiously claim to represent Him-*

In the beginning of his personal end as an active soldier it would simply turn out that Gregor's father in his very first battle engagement that he would be captured along with many other inexperienced new recruits who with little training and supplied with inadequate military equipment had desperately been thrown into battle as the proverbial cannon fodder-

(Gregor would soberly note that callously sending ill-trained, ill-equipped men to their deaths and so often in suicidal frontal assaults and with the lethally threatening prospect of being shot from behind if any reluctance or want to retreat was detected was a Russian 'military tradition' that would be disastrously carried out to the modern day-

'Well…' Gregor pensively surmised*…'the Russia that I now see is infected with a nationalist rhetoric being ominously embraced that harks back to the Russian Empire of the Tsars…to seek after old national glory…for there now seems to be little appetite for mass protest amongst the citizenry…to revive a*

democratic impulse that I hopefully felt had for a time come to the fore when the Soviet Union thankfully disappeared…yet, which although went on to thrive, for instance, in the Baltics and Ukraine…has gone asunder within Russia itself…which instead has harshly pursued an imperial impulse to invasively regain lost lands…

VIII

'Thankfully, Gregor's father was not shot out of hand there and then on the battlefield, mainly because there were so many of his fellow countrymen caught en masse together in a typically swift enemy outflanking movement of their not yet fully prepared defensive positions. In this case, the Wehrmacht battle hardened frontline troops were keen to only quickly hand over their many captives to rearguard units so they could earnestly proceed with their advance while the terrain directly before them was still relatively free of many Soviet defenders. It was to their credit that these particular 'green' troops with at least a sizeable smattering of experienced veterans and officers amongst them had kept fighting until their ammunition stocks had just about run out especially when defeat seemed inevitable. (After all, having been effectively encircled there was no real prospect of reinforcements coming or of being resupplied and there was also nowhere to retreat too. A total trap). With hindsight Gregor's father would realise that despite those few days leading only to a massive, wholesale defeat that he along with his many other surviving vanquished comrades had at least helped to sow the first seeds of his enemy's final defeat even though it was still only to happen years later.

(Certainly, Gregor saw some validity in the historical argument that despite so many massive losses there had still been enough delaying actions by Soviet troops who had tenaciously fought against a superior foe that eventually there was the cumulative effect of slowing down to even divert so as enough time was lost for the Russian winter to finally put a halt to the Teuton invasion; to have an increasingly exhausted invader ultimately fail to take over all of European Russia as the first heavy snows arrived. Thus it could be optimistically argued that the war was already strategically lost for Nazi Germany at the apparent zenith of its supremacy when the *Wehrmacht's* armies were at the outskirts of such major Russian cities as Moscow and Leningrad while stridently in the south was heading also towards Stalingrad and the Caucasus oil fields… *'In any case a probably galled Stalin would have not bothered to reflect that the military disasters that befell his armies in the first year of the German invasion may have possibly been averted if he had not infamously purged the military in the 1930s. Stalin should have admired that so many kept fighting when all was seemingly lost…so many Soviet armies had already been vanquished but – and thankfully for Stalin - the Soviet Union had the human power to replace its incredibly enormous human losses and a lend lease program with the United States would*

help to militarily boost its military needs while the German military up to now had no real respite from months of prolonged fighting nor the equivalent capability in human grist to replenish its successful, yet tired forces. Human exhaustion. It is what has to be overcome to secure any human victory. Yet, to have no rest, then no matter how great the previous human achievement there can only ultimately be human failure…human paralysis. A precursor to human decay…to eventuate with human death…human decline due to a ceaseless human strain…there was even assigned a rest day after six days of creation so there could be an opportunity for spiritual and physical restoration to occur so a regenerative cycle of life that could be repetitively prolonged could become possible…'…it was such wandering summations that had already gone through Gregor's mind multiple times in multiple variations as he meditated on how the mind itself can be the invisible source of visibly both human magnificence and human monstrousness).

VIIII

Psychologically, for Gregor's father while he was in the vast terrain of the Russian steppes where this eastern war reverberated through differing apocalyptic crescendos on a vast, wide front that in this opening movement was ever shifting eastwards one could sense one or another of two opposing, orchestrating human minds ensconced far away behind the frontlines in either Moscow or Berlin darkly abstract thought was with grim indifference having a direct, physical effect on the lives of many tens of millions…to impassively determine their multitude singular fates…to remain alive, or die, be taken prisoner or be executed, be wounded or mangled…for Gregor's father to instinctually theorize that whatever was seen happening around him and his response as well as the response of others was perhaps not so much dictated by whatever could be perceived as an individual decision or by direct orders that were immediately followed but more so by the intertwining reactions of tens of thousands of minds all within the vicinity of battle that mutually mirrored whatever was expected of all of them from a single mind in either capital. Two unseen wills as forceful on human action as any strong wind that can transform the terrain it blows over. To behave as if one's mind had been taken over by another which was capable of taking over every mind of his companions on the battlefield and to think of behaving in a way that was not in accordance to this higher will was as if to divorce one's self from life itself, to have one's life devoid of all meaning, and worse still to have become a betrayer to a mindful higher calling (one had to keep fighting until it was physically impossible to continue to keep doing so and only then to rationalize the possibility of surrender when it was surely clear that no more damage could be inflicted upon the enemy-

X

A tree sliced in half by lightning. Artillery fire, machine gun fire slicing human

beings in two. Yes…a human made wind. A human storm. Human devastation. Metallic. Human nature akin to planetary nature with the former affecting human history while the latter can change the face of the earth. Gregor's father to always remember a faceless corpse in the mashed dry earth…to know that this could also be his fate yet also knowing he could not personally change such a destiny…milliseconds…milli-distances…could be the difference between life and death…yet one could only stay on a prescribed course not knowing where it may lead to…not daring to make the slightest deviation for what maybe a personal moment of immediate choice may turn out to be fatally wrong, to defy fate, could be a mistake, instead to trust that fate has determined to let you live, if only for a little while longer, a paradox to still having a body that is moving that is even firing off a weapon but still with a mental paralysis abiding within it…(…to be grateful to at least have a rifle when some others did not…)…a human soul on an automated setting, not knowing if one will survive…objectively killing other objectified human beings in the name of human liberty but is really just about human survival…to only want to live…everything is perplexity…to save one's self by losing it…(…Gregor's father was fascinated by a mental rigidity as if his mind along with the minds of those he was with had been taken over by a supreme will, a mass psyche which could be assumed can be the case in regimented societies of which all armies, no matter for whom they fought for, are the most extreme example, yet this mental fortitude, was at least stopping him from panicking for it was important to hold the line while all around presently in the so called 'fog of war' the world looked as if it was falling apart, to see other men going mad, to run about aimlessly, no longer clutching their weapons, yes the enemy was bearing down on them, yet for Gregor's father his fear of death by the enemy was offset by a fear of the state he was presently fighting for, the latter dread surprisingly keeping him in check, even without a commissar in sight who would threaten to shoot any 'coward', yes to be still defending the world that had only debased him…no matter that it did not care about his life…only he cared for his life and for the lives of some of the men he had come to know in the days since his recruitment…and to stay alive he had to use the terror within him to aid him to come to grips with the terrible world he was now in…and for the first time…which actually aided and abetted to produce such terror, that now demanded him to fight to the very end, which he was only doing as it seemed to not to do so was even more futile, this iron demand working in his favour for it gave him an excuse to not act rationally, as to fear the world one lived in more so than one's personal obliteration was an irrationality which defied all normal human comprehension-

MIND COMET

XI

…as Gregor's father and his few comrades kept fanatically holding off the

enemy before them, he had to ask himself had he gone insane…? Why not lay down one's weapon…? Why not chance to live…? Deathly silence. Then came the mortar shells. Explosions bursting all around him, more tearing apart of human flesh, organs and bones…a decapitation due to an explosion in front of him…raging noises…then tripping over, which probably saved his life as more shrapnel hurtled through the air, afterwards despairing outcries that the ammunition was now nearly all used up…talk of withdrawal but to where…?...his position was finally overrun…a martial ritual move by his professional foe as the mass surrenders had by now already begun…a few last determined resistors in another trench line were shot…ordered to stand to his feet, expecting a rifle shot but instead the demand came to join up with a large prisoner column made up of regular soldiers like himself that had now just quickly formed near him...to be marched back to some rear position where upon any straggler or found out political was done away with along the way…to finally be herded with many other thousands within a large hastily built rectangular high barbed wire fence on a long flat plain…a 'plein air compound'…there he would dismally stay for weeks with many men dying of starvation in that time as little food was provided until he was marched a long distance to a prison camp with huts since built by other surviving Soviet POWs who were already there-

XII

Yet to now be able to look back to have been taken prisoner by the Germans and thankfully not shot and to then somehow survive in the following gruelling years the worst human deprivations was actually the first stroke of good luck that his father had (other than actually having the good fortune of still being alive when so many others had died) with the second stroke of luck being that it was the Allies – rather than his own army – that liberated him. Gregor understood it was Stalin's attitude to view every soldier who had surrendered to the Wehrmacht as a traitorous collaborator, for this was surely what these millions of combatants were as they had not fought to the death, even though it was quite clear, especially in the early phase of the so called 'Great Patriotic War' that they faced an invading army much better equipped and superior in its war tactics. Gregor was of the sympathetic opinion that his father and those with him had kept fighting even when they had been overwhelmingly outmanoeuvred by a superior enemy but surely when all ammunition had been spent, when much military equipment had been obliterated and it was certain no reinforcements would arrive surely it then made no sense to then literally throw away one's life in vain...to only then have a deeper life instinct that at an ultimate point of human desperation even overcome a nihilist higher command that demanded that one only die…to then have human fate carry over into the hands of the victor which could now no longer be resisted…fearfully too often surrendering Russian soldiers were mercilessly shot by their German victors…yet, Gregor's father was thankfully within a far too greater mass of surrendering men - who if Stalin had charitably

wished to note could have really done nothing else having fought to a virtual standstill - with those who captured and rounded them up only too willing to simply pass them onto rearguard auxiliaries who would march them off like human cattle to a miserable destiny anyway…such vast masses of men that were taken from the battlefield-

XIII

…over the many following months and then the years new battle reports found their way to Gregor's father by word-of-mouth from the next mass influx of captured soldiers (which as time passed did become noticeably less…) and he began to sense how the opposing mind at work against Russia's forces was an erratic one for there seemed now no sense of a singular direction in thinking so as to aim directly for Moscow which - from Gregor's father's point of view - whose capture would have been a major psychological blow - as if to display that where this opposing will seemed to have shifted its priorities to the south and then after a major loss (Stalingrad) swerve its interest back to the centre as if it was now unsure what to strike next and when to go in for the final kill but to lose badly anyway (Kursk) to find out then that this enemy's 'primary will' would have to increasingly rationalise - as the eastern front increasingly receded westwards - how victory could still be achieved…for this singular mind to wonder how to beat back an ever strengthening advancing foe no matter the cost…for such an obstinate human mind to not face up to reality…to only wishfully cling to illusion…yet Gregor's father had to also strongly caution himself that as it seemed ever more certain that what had once seemed a near impossibility i.e. a Soviet victory and that would now happen that with it the near impossibility that he would still be alive by then was not a false hope…(…yes, to defy human optimism involves superhuman caution…)…yet would being freed from German capture then mean his human liberation was then fully assured…? (…yes, to defy human pessimism involves superhuman caution-

'It was Albert Einstein who had ascertained that reality was an illusion, although - he also noted it was a persistent one…' noted Gregor, '…he may have only been talking specifically about physical reality…but there are other realities such as the political, emotional etc which also all persist and it may be objectively added all of these realities are subjectively filtered through the human mind and determined with human attitude…'.

XIIII

Gregor's father when he thought about his only day of battle in which all by the end of it would be lost he had if only maybe out of male pride seen no cause for any personal admiration in having still kept fighting, but instead to only feel deep shame that it had seemingly then all come vainly to nought, to delay the invader had not been the first goal but to fully repel him, a guilt-ridden humiliation only made worse by knowing that Stalin foully viewed every Soviet soldier who had

surrendered to the fascists was a traitorous collaborator, for surely according to this 'Anti-Comrade' – as Gregor at times liked to glibly call him - this is what these millions of 'weak' combatants were who had not fought to the death, even though it was quite clear to any military realist, especially in the early phase of the so called 'Great Patriotic War' that they faced an invading army, although not fully mechanized, was still much better equipped and superior in its war tactics. When it soon became clear that all Soviet prisoners-of-war would be repatriated to the Soviet Union it was immediately suspected by many of these captives that they would not be welcomed back as heroes who had done their duty the best they could in the most trying circumstances as well as have survived fascist captivity but rather it was more likely that an unforgiving Stalin would have them sent to the Siberian gulag for committing the national sin of surrendering rather than fighting to the death. Gregor's father felt more certain than most that this was the unjust eventuality that awaited them being certain that Stalin would never take into account that dedicated soldiers such as himself had truly been overwhelmingly outmanoeuvred by an army still mainly seen at the time as invincible and so had thought once clearly on the verge of being overrun the only sensible choice was to surrender.

XV

Mass executions, mass starvation, slave labour, to even become victims of the death camps would have up to three million die, one way out of such a hell was to become an auxiliary soldier for the Wehrmacht or even a camp guard although this Nazi manpower policy would eventually subside when it was also the case that there would be ex-prisoners who would also take up the chance to join the partisans. Gregor's father, as a Russian, was to always remain a prisoner and he could not bear to take the risk that he would possibility yet again become a prisoner this time in Siberia, he would die, he was sure of that. It had been such an effort to stay alive for this long for such a day to be free and it had also taken enormous human will to do so but he could not trust his emaciated body along with overburdened mind to endure yet again the harsh life he had already put up with for so long and with any end in sight to be surely purely be based on an arbitrary decision by Stalin who may also surely choose to have these damned men miserably live out the rest of their ill-fated lives in Siberia. Yes, to be a captive of the gulag worked to death was a more certain outcome rather than any welcoming return to his family (assuming that they too had survived the war)…a war pariah rather than a war hero…(after all it had even be stated that the death penalty was what would await those who did surrender although those who were in German captivity would have been dumbfounded if so many of them were actually executed…)…knowing what was likely to terribly happen it did at least make the decision Gregor's father had to take a little easier for his father had told him before going off to fight that he had enigmatically stated that with such an uncertain future ahead of himself, the family and the whole nation to put

himself first even if it meant there would be no immediate return to his family's village…it would not be a betrayal if an opportunity for a better life arose which involved no such home return…Gregor's father knew that this wizened patriarch would trust him not to desert (which so many others had done)as that would be dishonourable no matter even if he was mistreated by the army…(…which would surely be the case…)…as so many others had chosen to do (…despite the risk of execution or harsh imprisonment…)…and which it had also not occurred to Gregor's father to do nor had it ever occurred to personally withdraw once in battle…(…which would become increasingly hard to in any case with Stalin passing an order to have what were known as 'blocking detachments' placed in the rear to shoot down any panicking soldier who attempted to retreat…)…

XVI

It was a miracle that Gregor's father was alive, when so many others were when so many others were not, and Gregor had an inkling of what he had gone through when he saw the scene from the movie Slaughterhouse Five which had well treated Allied POWs in a German prison camp visually contrasted with starving Russian POWS in a separate compound who all typically looked like dehumanized death camp inmates. It was in such a camp that Gregor's father had survived in south west Germany where the Russian prisoners were actually a little better fed so as to effectively work with some strength as labourers before their eventual deaths.

Fortunately, near war's end. before there was any chance to evacuate the camp to march deeper into Germany as the Allies advanced there was a typical swift movement by forward units of Patton's Third Army which had the surprised German guards of this particular stalag no chance to withdraw with their 'human cattle'. The Germans only had time to think of themselves to board what trucks were available so as to fall back in time to whatever new defensive line was being established before being routed by the Americans. Unlike Allied prisoners of war who were freed, the Russians had as yet nowhere to go until after the war ended which was still a little away when they would then be provided with the opportunity to return to the Soviet Union. Yet, due to his strong sense of foreboding of what would await him back in the east - deeply sensing that Stalin would treat him and so many others as traitors - Gregor's father would not fatalistically wait around like so many others to see what would happen.

'It was the English poet W. H. Auden who once intimated that humanity lives by powers that it pretends to understand and Gregor knew that his father did not pretend to understand the powers that held sway over him but he still had to chance defying them because as for now he was like a man in a swirling river which if he allowed the strong current to take full hold of him there would only be a fatal end so with that in mind he would attempt to resist for it was truly better to attempt and fail with at least knowing one had tried

rather than to simply accept the living death that surely presently awaited him.

XVII

Historically speaking, Patton's negative view of Russians is well known mainly due to being sternly anti-Communist (even having suggested to take the fight up to them now seeing that Germany was now defeated) so he may have had little sympathy for the Russian POWS now suddenly under his jurisdiction. Nevertheless, no matter what the future held these Russian prisoners were for now simply grateful to still be alive as well as no longer being mistreated by their former captors. Although they were officially liberated men Gregor's father thought there was still no real sense of freedom of movement which not only came from there being really nowhere to go but also that the security around them although now organised by a friendly army was actually still tight. There really was no chance to roam far beyond the camp perimeters where there was forest but then came a change of American personnel with the previous experienced troops replaced by a rear unit which did not seem to be as stringent in keeping a strict eye over men who were after all not enemy personnel but nominally still allies.

XVIII

Gregor's father could not help but think that with the security not as tight with a new command in place how human beings can be the conduits of higher forces that fatefully have a hold over them which was presently reflected in an attitudinal change that also came with these new guardians having shifted from the previous mistrust to what could now be cautiously sensed as at least being guarded sympathy. It was during this 'relaxed period' that Gregor's father saw that he may have a chance to make good his escape before representatives from the Soviet Union came to 'guide' his fellow prisoners and himself back to the east (which would include going through special filtration camps where NKVD commissars would be on hand to determine their next destiny whether it be to go back to their civilian homes or to be cast out to a gulag wilderness. Thus, Gregor's father left in what was not so much classically running away but rather one day towards twilight indiscernibly blending into the surrounding dark forest as if stealthily transporting himself from one dimension of time into another knowing he would not be immediately missed. As it was by morning he would just as stealthily join a large civilian refugee column that was part of a greater mass of humanity which in previous weeks had been moving westwards to escape the 'red tide' hurtling from the east so as to find relatively safe sanctuary in already Anglo-American occupied Germany. Although he was Russian, no one would readily know this from the newly acquired non-descript uniform clothing he now wore which allowed him to pose almost chameleon like with whoever he met such as rear soldiers or officials who if they took any notice of him simply deemed him as yet another East European refugee,(perhaps a Pole seeing he was in the south

of Germany), or with his still gaunt look to any curious German civilian – whether an onlooker or 'fellow' refugee - to maybe being a camp inmate survivor such as having been cast as a 'political undesirable' by the Nazi regime. It would eventuate as the war actually came to its end that as if by some quirk of fate which could only happen in the first place due to his personal initiative that Gregor's father would finally 'wait it out' in a displaced persons camp to see what would happen to him, whether it would be a return to Russia when his sublime charade would be revealed, (with this 'fugitive' having chosen to 'hide' his identity in plain sight amid a 'forest' of crestfallen human beings, rather than instead of trying to absorb himself hermit-like within a forest wilderness) or whether he could still be seen as one of the many displaced people from the east who did not want to go back to one of the countries of central and eastern Europe which were now dismally occupied by the Russians. As one man and one who did not have any official identity papers (which was the case with many) he was vulnerable but on the other hand as one man he was also an insignificant human 'drop' in a vast ocean of lost humanity; who, for now, could not be found by anyone who may have been looking for him - which may have been the case when his disappearance was first discovered - but perhaps no more for as the months went by after war's end it would have been certain that his fellow prisoners would have been repatriated back to the Soviet Union. Gregor's father had at least been able to shed his identity as a prisoner-of-war succeeding in having the authorities believe that he had been a civilian forced labour; he also took up the suggestion of other fellow Russians he had met of still hiding as much as possible his Russian ethnicity or at least not have it be common knowledge as it was still fearfully possible that Russians could still be forcefully repatriated back to the USSR. However, while there controversially had been forced transfers soon after the war came to an end there was thankfully now an increasing reluctance by the West to keep appeasing Stalin as a diplomatic Cold War started to come more so to the fore. (East European refugee children had also been victims although there were encouraging stories passed through the displaced persons grapevine of brave refugee teachers assigned to educate, for instance, in schools for displaced orphan children, who had been successful in resolutely pushing back on such an objectionable policy guaranteeing such waifs to have a future in the West). As it had been the case that in the early days of his vagabond refugee existence that Gregor's father had once been thought to be a Pole he would at least try keep up such a fiction; as well as having already learnt some German Gregor's father as he had the time would also attempt to learn some English which seemed to be a language useful to know if he was to stay in the West; there was the vague hope that somehow he could make his way to the United States due to an emerging international refugee framework being set up to deal with the Herculean task of having to resettle vast numbers of mainly Eastern Europeans who really because of Russian occupation could not go back to their countries-of-origin while there were also many surviving Jews from the Holocaust still in camps who literally had no homes to go back too and in some cases faced the danger of local pogroms

in the regions from whence they had come from before the war (and as it is said with many actually only to finally find sanctuary with the re-birth of Israel). As it was Gregor's father was not really sure as to how he was ever going to the U.S.A. or anywhere else yet it would be the case of fate intervening when Australian emigration officials who had recently been combing the displaced persons camps to sign up Baltic peoples to come to Australia were also now willing to take on board other DPs who met their particular requirements. As it was Gregor's father who had vaguely thought there may be a chance for him to go to the United States now impulsively took up the sure opportunity presented to instead go to an unknown land half way around the world which if nothing else would also have him far away from the Soviet Union; what worked in his favour was an Australian keenness to only recruit people who had fair looks which would allow them to better blend into Australian society which still embraced the White Australia Policy. It was not so much for altruistic reasons that Australia was now taking in many displaced people (as well as encouraging people from war weary Great Britain to immigrate) but because this far away nation wanted to drastically increase its population so to better prosper as well as to better defend itself in the event of another major war after initially feeling so vulnerable and isolated in the last one due to the spectacular military advance of Japan's Imperial Army that went so far south in Asia and far out to the Pacific and which would unnervingly culminate with the bombing of Darwin and other northern towns along with a submarine attack far south in Sydney Harbour. Yes, Gregor's father was not from the Baltic countries but his fair hair and lightly tanned fit wiry body well suited the eugenic requirements of Australia's migrant policy and with already speaking some English he would clearly be a good worker and so along with several others of similar appearance and body strength he was off-handily included with the latest intake of mainly more so called 'beautiful Balts' to venture all the way to the southern hemisphere.

XVIIII

Gregor's father would meet some of the Baltic people being in the majority on the ship that went out to Australia and in what may be seen as an ironic twist he was able to speak with many of them as they knew the language of their Russian occupier which they had to learn after Stalin regained the Baltic countries as part of a secret component of the pre-war Molotov-Ribbentrop pact in which there was also an agreement between Berlin and Moscow to each take half of Poland.

(Gregor knew of course all was again lost to Nazi Germany when they mounted Operation Barbarossa but which Stalin would triumphantly regain - and much more – when the Soviet armies pushed back a depleted Wehrmacht all the way back to Berlin).

Gregor's father knew to keep up the fiction that he had been a forced labourer as it was easily apparent to his Baltic audience that he was a Russian and he was

grateful that some would speak to him as he had overheard being in earshot of some of the Balts when they spoke amongst each other of the vengeful war crimes like the mass raping of women and the mass murder of civilians that many Soviet soldiers had drunkenly committed as they methodically advanced out of Russia and into neighbouring territories and especially in East Prussia and then in the rest of eastern Germany infamously including Berlin. Although Gregor's father had not been involved in such atrocities he thought it wise to not mention he had been in the military.

XX

Gregor would learn from reading The Forgotten Soldier by Guy Sajer – - who was recruited from Alsace-Lorraine to fight on the eastern front – which was lent to him by Michael who had in turn been given the book by an old Latvian school friend which vividly portrayed how incomprehensibly devastating the Soviet advance had been which led to hundreds of thousands of deaths and as for instance how at and around the port of Memel in then East Prussia it came at huge human cost and which would give Gregor from the comfort of his sunny Drummoyne back porch an inkling of an idea of the human savagery that befell Germany in the last months of the war to equate with the human savagery that had befallen eastern Europe and the Soviet Union from the time of Operation Barbarossa which was all at such a barbarous immense scale as to arguably overshadow the human savagery that had also catastrophically occurred in the many other theatres of war of this globally widespread inhumane apocalypse-

XXI

Unlike himself being a man of the land Gregor's father noted that many of the 'Balts' he met were educated professionals and although they were grateful this chance to start life afresh had opened up to them it was worrisome to find out that their qualifications would not be readily recognised. As Gregor would learn they would after their two-year indenture would end up working with jobs which typically did not need academic qualifications which as Gregor would find out was the case with Teresa's father who although being a teacher with many years of experience would in Australia be a taxi driver. Gregor could not help but think it was both demeaning and a sheer human waste that such highly skilled people could not readily register in occupations such as those which covered the legal, health and education professions that would be immensely beneficial both for them and Australian society while also being a negative situation over the decades to come for other professionals from other countries who came to Australia's shores in later waves of migration. Fortunately for Gregor's father he did not have to face such a humiliation who knew for now that his revived strong body was what help him to find his place in this new land; although it did at first bother him that as someone who knew how to farm the land he was not

assigned to do any agricultural work in the countryside or even to work up in northern Queensland on the sugar cane fields but instead had to do building and factory work in Sydney (which in any case and which he begrudgingly knew befitted his recorded profile of being a 'forced foreign labourer' in war time Germany). It had been Gregor's father's plan to go and look for farming work after his two year work indenture period but he would meet his wife-to-be at a Russian community social event which would have him stay in Sydney which with his father-in-law's financial help would aid him in purchasing a modest inner-west home yet deliberately chosen for having an unusually large backyard so as to establish a vegetable garden which its produce would be frequently sold to a few local restaurants and greengrocers; while his years of manual work, which incidentally also included earning a deserved reputation of being a domestic 'fixer of things' in the DP camp, would eventually enable him to obtain a secure 'open air' day occupation as a roving school handyman-gardener…while his elegant wife who then spoke near perfect English would find work at a major department store in the city centre which would fortunately then allow her the flexibility to work part-time when the children were born…

XXII

Gregor was well aware that although modern day Australia had developed a 'new world' reputation of being a democratized, socially egalitarian nation - despite the genocidal foundation which underpinned this colonizing prison enterprise (in regards to this grievous matter dealing with the general historical and even to a certain extent ongoing mistreatment of the indigenous Gregor still found there was very little for him in his outlook to positively compromise on) – there was in actuality even in 'modern times' many social, economic and racial inequalities which still had to be dealt with yet he remained selfishly grateful that the union between his mother the daughter of Gregor's middle-class maternal grandparents who with their finances mainly intact had left urban Russia and when in Australia moved down from Brisbane to Sydney and his father the son of Gregor's peasant paternal grandparents in rural Russia would one day at the near end of the 1950s to bring him into existence as the youngest child having three older sister siblings; being a marital union which would not really have been possible in Russia which despite having revolutionarily shifted from its Tsarist to Soviet times he cannot help but suspect still would not have generationally, wholly shed its old world socially attitude class distinctions based on historically ingrained, aristocratic minded 'preordained' notions of 'birthright' which would traditionally exclude a 'commoner' from ever marrying someone prestigiously from a 'higher social station' (nor for a 'proletariat' to 'partner' with anyone from the 'inner-party elite' – so did Gregor believe, who was also thankful that his maternal grandparents that despite his father's lowly social status saw merit in his character-

Prometheus

Teresa again glances directly at Gregor. "It was certainly ingenious of your father to have the foresight to so stealthily get away from the Americans well before any Soviet officials arrived. To have endured such a long purgatorial pilgrimage before coming to Australia to start a new life. Dante situated his Purgatory in the southern hemisphere yet for your father as well as for my parents it was more akin to being a refashioned 'earthly paradise'. More the pity for all those diminished souls who had to face the judgement of the NKVD. It would really have been something if your father and my parents had been on the same ship but I believe my parents were already in Sydney well before your father arrived. Do you know 'forethought' is the meaning of Prometheus's name…? The Titan who presented fire to humanity…? Who would be severely punished by that 'Olympian Stalin' we know as Zeus – although that is an unfair thing to say as this supreme divinity was certainly not as arbitrarily cruel as this human monster. Although cruel he was to Prometheus who daily had his liver eaten out by an eagle while chained to a Caucasian rock. Hercules would eventually save him…your father had to save himself using his intelligence and intuition to save him with Chifley's 'populate or perish' policy providing him and my parents and so many others back then with a way out to a better future. To think that what is really only further south is Antarctica whose frozen world epitomizes Dante's final circle frozen hell where he's entrapped a three-headed Satan which I would have as Lenin, Stalin and Trotsky. Yes, there are those who sympathise with Trotsky because he was murdered by Stalin but I believe Trotsky was also as cruel after all he supported the Red Terror in the 1920s and it would be his military prowess that bore the Bolsheviks their victory in the civil war although as someone with Lithuanian heritage I also have no sympathy for the Whites for all of Russia's rulers no matter their persuasions and to this day would like to have Lithuania and so many other nations in a so called 'sphere of influence' subjugated to have their empire-

Lisa thought only of her private hell as she lay on the couch, with everyone presuming, if not asleep, to at least be resting oblivious to what the others were doing or talking about. For her listening to Teresa's ongoing monologue would have prevail in her seared mind fresh pain as she fairly compared her agonies to the agony meted out to Prometheus who had his liver ripped out by the eagle who frequented him each day. Hell. Unceasing. Until the arrival of Hercules. Yet, Lisa knew there would be no rescue for her, unless one in one's most despairing moments saw Death as rescuing her. (Yes, at least then the pain would be replaced by an eternal tranquillity…). Yet, it was not a 'rescue' she desired or, for now, sought after, to even then imagine that if Prometheus had his daily eagle for her Death comes daily to taunt her…as a blackbird…a darkness…Lisa was not asleep…but she was in

oblivion…lying dormant…to be silent, to listen…in her own dark…while the 'life of the party' kept going,

"What a brave risk to have taken."

A comment heard by Lisa who intermittently hears what is said by Teresa as well as from the others especially when due to present circumstances the word 'risk' is always recognised…so the long night went on with much anecdotal discussion and strategic game playing…an entertaining evening which had only come about due to Cat being astounded that he did not know much about RISK so had impulsively gone out to HOBBYCO to buy what for him was a novel board game. To then have Michael to invite Teresa to play it being a 'RISK veteran'. Once Teresa had agreed the usual suspects who Cat thought would also be interested were invited so in attendance were Cat, Teresa, Michael, Gregor, Master and Caterina who brought Isabella to meet up with Melissa knowing they could play with toys as well as go to sleep in a spare room; thus Lisa would also be present but due to the likelihood she would not be able to last out what would possibly be a long night it was agreed she would be partnered with Caterina in case she had to drop out. It was good this arrangement was organised as unbeknown to Cat until Teresa told him that a standard RISK game could only have a maximum six players. As expected, on the actual evening Lisa was soon not feeling well so after having teamed up with Caterina for a little while she would retire to a nearby couch to whimsically claim she would try to stay involved by being a 'U.N. observer' though maybe not a totally neutral one probably handing out some spicy advice towards the four 'men folk' rather than to both 'already superior' women.

Notably, beforehand there had been an excellent early twilight dinner which involved several various food dishes and salads brought by everyone as well a pavlova made by Margaret (who Cat had correctly estimated was not at all troubled not to be invited) as it was Lisa was highly impressed by the vegetable lasagne that Cat had prepared being of exceptionally good quality as having lived with him she was acutely aware of Cat's 'unique cooking 'skills'. It had even occurred to Lisa to diplomatically suggest to Cat to not 'trouble' himself to cook anything at all so she was pleasantly surprised with his modest culinary effort which would have been 'exotic' for Cat's lowly meal standards. To now dispassionately watch and listen to all the players who were symbolically involving themselves in the human machinations of this globe so as to be all instinctually following a deeply set primal impulse to switch and change alliances with each other no matter their personal differences – to align or betray – in order to solely achieve a self-gratifying victory which would duly result in gaining total power.

"It was Herbet Spencer not Charles Darwin who came up with the dismal phrase 'survival of the fittest." remarked Teresa as she acutely sensed the game was entering a particularly competitive phase with each player ready to unceremoniously annihilate every other challenger for global domination if given the right circumstances. "Eugenics is often associated with what we term as Social Darwinism when in actuality such a perverse elitist outlook should be properly labelled 'Social Spencerism."

For Lisa to see what was played out before her reflected the so called 'realpolitik' that occurred between nations with most of the players due to their mutually deep interest in human history to in mocking tones incessantly parrot publicly oft-quoted rhetorical terms such as 'strategic advantage' or 'regional stability' and so forth-

"We have positive expressions and ideals duplicity used as advertising slogans in an age of history where, in the last hundred years, nation states have utilized ideologies from nationalism through to communism, fascism as well as democracy to establish hegemonies not based solely on the attainment of terrestrial territory but also on the basis of capturing the mental territory of the human mind; to have political and economic systems that will have states willingly 'co-operate' with some greater worldly power who as a supreme 'guarantor' will 'guarantee' a mutual 'good' for all involved and to be a 'protector' warding off any 'threatening other' who still has a hostile desire to defy or undermine such top-down 'human good'. Imperialism as charity."

So spoke Teresa who was in full flight in discussions 'all things global' which befitted this particular audience as she realised that the likes of Caterina, Gregor and Michael, much like herself, all had individual or family backgrounds that had involved a migratory path to Australia which had proven to be a sanctuary having been motivated by a desire to escape a range of various dire political and economic circumstances that had existed in the countries from which their families had come from or had to go into self-exile never to return to their homeland. (In historical terms it was also originally the case with Lisa, Cat and Master with the only real difference between these three so called 'Anglo-Australians' and the others was that their family ancestors from the British Isles had come to Australia a few generations earlier with Master's grandparents arriving separately at the turn of the twentieth century or a little earlier with both Cat and Lisa aware that their family history went as far back as the convict times of the nineteenth century).

The Chilean

I

In Caterina's case she had come to this new land with her child born here, after unknowingly becoming pregnant with Isabella just before leaving Chile so in her first years would grow up not knowing her father who did not want to come to Australia or rather could not bear to come having been a victim of the dictatorship just as Caterina had been yet unlike her he still suffered badly from the trauma of his violent imprisonment and although he had not suffered the murderous fate of being physically disappeared he had in a sense 'disappeared' in 'mind-instead-of-body'. After years of also dealing with the trauma of that time Caterina had come to a psychological point whereby it seemed best for her to take heed of advice from a Chilean friend who now lived in Sydney - and who had come to Australia as a refugee when the dictatorship still existed and who would sponsor Caterina - that maybe it would be to Caterina's benefit who already knew English - along with French and Italian - to escape from the remnant 'demons of the past' that still sublimely haunted her in the actual physical scape not only in the city in which she lived which was the capital Santiago but also throughout the country where tragic memories would suddenly still rise up in her mind at a particular bus station or city street where a friend had been arrested or at one time even killed or to be in the countryside to only suddenly recall to her bitter disappointment where she had fearfully hid in the countryside which was actually far away from where she was now visiting. (It was only in the desert that she found any sense of psychological sanctuary where there was really nothing to remind her of that terrible past. Yet there would be that one reminder when with a friend she had gone to visit an astronomical observatory as the desert sky in this region was the clearest in the world when they both sighted from the road the ageing mothers who still ventured into such a wilderness to look for the remains of their disappeared children. For Caterina many years later when in Australia to see a Chilean documentary which would bring this distant memory all back – yet on her terms as she had chosen not to deliberately avoid this Latin American festival film - where it was poignantly alluded that these mothers hopefully looking for the skeletal remains of their murdered young adult children was akin to the hopeful astronomical search for new discoveries amongst the stars…different hopes with different fulfilling knowledgeable ends…one revelatory tragic…the other revelatory celebratory…).

II

As it was the emotional distance between Caterina and her partner was becoming greater and so it actually seemed to be a natural progression to move to different surroundings while what was extra-ordinary was not to go

somewhere else in Latin America whereby there would more or less still be familiar settings to fall back on such as with language and common cultural traits but rather to take a great psychological leap to go somewhere physically far away and fully foreign. As for Caterina's partner he would not stand in the way of her fateful decision but such an volunteer 'exile' was not for him as he still proudly sought to seek out a personal redemption by facing up to his demons rather than 'running away from them' which is how he forlornly saw what Caterina was doing although in her mind it was a realisation that such remaining final demons may never be defeated, so as to keep taunting her, to only leave her fruitlessly weary as was dismally the case with her boyfriend who seemingly would never come to the same realisation and so paradoxically for Caterina the. 'best' victory that she could hope for was to honestly admit to a personal defeat and innovatively use such an understanding as a catalyst to become a 'new creation' (for one's 'old self' can never be wholly healed). To be a new person. In a new land. With a new culture. A new language-

III

As the time of departure came closer it would be so that the widening gap of emotional estrangement occurring between Caterina and her partner was suddenly, surprisingly diminishing (which for Caterina briefly brought on doubts as to her dramatic choice). Yet, although immediately mentally burdensome, it had to be insightfully understood that such present closeness was a temporal phenomenon which would 'surely' dissipate if she reversed her decision; yet there would be a permanent reminder of this last 'springtime' blossoming of this fraught relationship with the birth of Isabella almost nine months later. Due to immediate financial and bureaucratic restrictions as well as to a few underlying psychological deliberations there would be no near immediate visit to the past; especially when there was still an imagined future to bring into reality; having to tell the parents to be patient while after the initial joy from the father it was discouragingly sensed there was only a stark return to now an even deeper self-obsessed mental darkness. Time passed. For Caterina a new anchoring psychological foundation established both financially and educationally being now qualified (thankfully some of her previous credentials had been recognised) to be a community worker in western Sydney and fortunately having a still affordable small flat to live in. (Caterina had made the astute observation that the usual modern day class based economic divide based on income seemed in what she had seen in Australia thus far seemed to be getting replaced by one based on property as housing ominously started to become more expensive and she could see the day when an 'urban aristocracy' would emerge based on a distinction between those who had property and could actually obtain more of it while there would be those with no property due to an increasing unaffordability and looking as if they never would be able to if they did not have a family network without any adequate capital. In such new feudal system as that is how Caterina

saw it she also foresaw the day as living standards severely dropped including also for a professional middle class that could not secure decent housing there could be much social unrest while, there would of course as well be the usual scapegoating-

IIII

Yet, thinking personally of her own future and that of her daughter Caterina would see about purchasing a small flat akin to what she was now living. As for Isabella she was certainly no longer a 'miracle babe' but a miraculous young girl. So perhaps, only now in the months ahead before Isabella was much older that along with now having some healthier finances would it be envisaged 'come what may' to take the risk to make a brief return-

V

For Caterina she had risen from an underworld where for a time she had endured the worst human wrongs was certainly now grateful to live where there had been no semblance of similar political tyranny. Yet, there was also for Caterina a sense of unreality to this serenity as if historically there had never been any suffering, having it being denied while any previous trauma that did still prevail was disguised. The trauma her boyfriend and herself was suffering from due to previous political persecution and torture was unseen so it could be conveniently ignored by those who preferred to view this past as 'historical' as if it had no real effect on the present; yet it was not archaeological to those who were still daily affected by such a past or rather they were its 'living ruins' although unlike maimed soldiers back from war their serious wounds were psychological, to stay undetected by those who preferred to not to seek them out to only view the physical exteriority of such victims who could on the surface look even unblemished by any psychic pain to even have an enhanced human dignity in the manner of their body posture which can be so for such survivors but below such an apparent inspirational nobility there can still be an interior human despair which although may remain subtle in its outward affectation it is still there to still deeply affect such psychically disturbed human lives as if they were physically maimed for there to be a need to recognize that there can generally speaking even be a transmitting generational trauma which can even affect a whole society as Caterina knew her at times fiery personality was – and to not for her to be used as an excuse to not take personal responsibility for most of her own behaviour – actually a symptom of such trauma to view a particular situation overly adversely for it to seem more worse than what it may actually be and to actively react in an overstated way rather than to be unearthly calm and in Australia she had seen such negative responses (while in various degrees as of course there were those who felt they had no ongoing trauma and would not blame previous political misdemeanours as influencing their personality traits) in others from her previous world being so much clearer to observe in a society that had not experienced widespread political

terror which could even psychologically damage those who simply lived trapped within its insidious domain to have never been directly affected but to know that one with a humane semblance did have to censor one's very being to stay literally alive. (For example there recently was the older Latin American nurse who had stoically confided to Caterina during a hospital routine medical check-up who had been deeply upset by a disrespectful male patient which struck a sympathetic emotional chord with Caterina that she too would have possibly been overly distressed although she knew she would have also forthrightly expressed a vicious anger to bring about due gender justice). It was on the mind of Caterina that many of the indigenous of this particularly insular country (which surprised her when she learnt many Australians did travel everywhere throughout the globe which made her wonder what was really the absorbing extent of their cultural learning on such overseas ventures…?) also lived with a generational trauma that needed to be fully recognised as existing now; although many past wrongs to be fair were acknowledged there were still their long term affects as well as present wrongs which did mostly still had to be corrected yet insidiously avoided while instead there was an excusing veneer of reconciliation to performatively masquerade any such ongoing colonized racial grievances. It was an irrational situation that Caterina was all too keenly aware as another colonial power had sanctioned what had happened to her and to so many others and now pretended it bore no responsibility and that all was resolved with no consequences remaining today…the world was perfect for those who had 'perfected' it to their 'visionary' liking…(…and to be scornful to those 'ungrateful' of such 'premier' 'progress'…)…nevertheless, for those who had to be imperiously 'improved' for the 'holy' sake of such 'paradisal perfection' to 'profoundly' eventuate there was an underworld that still devastatingly existed…yes, Caterina was genuinely grateful she had practically ascended from an abyss as she knew it was not mentally healthy to have her life solely framed by this terrible episode to instead be personally rehabilitating to remain expansively open to life's many opportunities while to also have her remain resolute to not darkly ignore those mindfully still obliviously ensnared…

VI

"Caterina is right to point out to us we who have had the privilege to enjoy a higher maxim of human liberty that has been unbeknown to many of ordinary stature in the past and which is certainly not now known to anyone who exists in any so called 'managed democracy' that has become the latest abhorrent political fashion or any other more typically regressive authoritarian state that there are many innocents such as herself who have had to brutally bear the burden of the so called 'dark side' of our 'empire of the free'!" For the seer to now look incomprehensibly at nothing in particular… "…oh to face up to the dark side so as to eventually requite a true dawn!" …as if to now be speaking only to himself 'oracle like' as if to readily not be making any immediate sense to his 'audience' which were all his guests: "Oh

how we may only look at the neon lights of our human evening!" Madness. "There is a humane need to be reminded of the high human cost that can be involved to obtain human luxury…upon which all human empires depend upon…such self-indulgence…such ignorant obsessions…'she' shall occasionally have to forcefully remonstrate against us…for our own education, so as to be enlightened, so as to change our outlook…to even change our ways…to have a final reckoning…a final 'apocalypse now'!" A pause. Yet no return to calmer breathing, to keep speaking stop-start. "Let us say no to our incessant hubris…and abominable dogmas! How is it we are so often deceptively beguiled…? We can have such corporeal minds. Oh how we must look beyond our earthly mental limits to seek out up on high streaking comets, there above us...this forever glassy sparkling black dome…to truly guide us to mindfully travel upwards too!" A loud clap. Human thunder. "Blast off! To no longer have false dawns but a real one! Yes! Let us try to save ourselves and Gaia! Let the eternal light shine! Oh to the heavens let's drink to that!" A swig of hot honey mead…'

VII

(Human Restitution)

Caterina took heed of what Cat was saying on her behalf when Michael made mention to Cat of the day there had been a visit to the busts of Latin American leaders that were situated at Central railway station to muse there should be a bust of Caterina yet for her to seriously recall how Michael had actually said on that day how there should have been a bust of Macandel an early rebel slave leader in Haiti. Michael had learnt of this maimed, one-armed escaped slave-come-fugitive voudon priest when along with Master, Lisa, Melissa, Caterina and Isabella they had all visited a friend of Michael's who lived at Austinmer a coastal town not too far below Sydney. The Austinmer host had shown her fascinated Sydney guests some voudon flags from Haiti which she had placed in a bright white wall hallway and which had prompted Caterina to openly mention Macandel to the others; so it was learnt that Macandel was amongst the first to rebel against the French colonisers before the Haitian Revolution proper which, ironically, was inspired by France's 'white slaves' i.e. the workers doing away with their aristocracy; unfortunately, as Caterina had noted, although this black slave revolt would radically succeed its surviving leaders would finally end up ruling much like the colonists they overthrew.

As an African spirit man Macandel would respectfully turn to Gaia's plants to produce poison which would be given to slaves on the sugar plantations who would stealthily add it to the meals of their French masters to kill them. Caterina surmised how Gaia had provided a natural 'weapon' to deal with those 'corporatizing vandals' who wanted to methodically enslave the planet much like the human beings kidnapped from another continent and brutally forced to rapaciously violate Haiti's pristine lands. (To think that many of these mistreated slaves would have been bitterly resigned to also knowing that they would die in Haiti; and it is said it was hoped that among many of them that maybe with their eventual unjust deaths they could then justly return as spirits to the familiar far away world of their birth).

As for Lisa she was mostly intrigued by how an one armed man who had been dismissively thought of as powerless and no real threat had been able through obtaining a knowledge of the intricacies of the natural world around him had initiated, for a time, such lethal devastation on a powerful oppressor. Nevertheless, Lisa's admiration was to tone down with the sobering realization that the way she saw it violence so often only begets violence; it was a sobering point she raised with Caterina when she mentioned that the main rebellion began soon after a major night voudon ceremony which coincidentally had a big storm 'provide' a dramatic backdrop; such was the pent up fierce hatred of the slaves towards the French who cruelly treated them that there was a violent, anarchic outpouring of outright murder, not only of plantation owners and their staff but also of their families with anyone who was white being caught, strung up or hacked to death. Women being raped and killed; with even children decapitated.

Caterina certainly agreed with Lisa's point of view that the killing of innocents by anyone even by those who have been violently aggrieved was never justified. Resistance was valid to her and armed resistance had its place when against an armed oppressor but for her 'resistance with terror' would never have a valid stake in her own moral outlook and scorned those - especially from those who lived comfortably outside any oppressive situation who idiotically romanticize terrorism as 'noble resistance'...(who would never imagine themselves as victims of such arbitrary violence). "I would choose my mother over any 'just cause' whose ideologues saw the need to place a bomb on a civilian bus to further it yet meant many innocents which could also include my mother was to also die. I'm very badly paraphrasing Camus whose quote I could perhaps state much better in French but I suppose what I am simply trying to say is that in the name of justice you cannot act unjustly." Caterina would proceed to mention to Lisa and the others that there was a revolutionary leader who did not survive this long revolution, being betrayed and captured towards the very end of it, to end up being vindictively sent to die in a prison in France. He was a military genius who had at least assured by the time of his demise that this slave rebellion would still succeed and said as much as that although he would be gone he was a 'trunk of liberty' that would surely spring up again as it had many roots.

"This 'Black Napoleon' who had once been a shepherd and so intimately knew the island's typography, effectively used guerilla war tactics that would be studied and adopted by later revolutionary leaders such as Ho Chin Min and Fidel Castro; Cat would find Toussaint Louverture which was his name very interesting as he not only knew of Machiavelli but also of Epictetus the stoic philosopher who had also been a slave. This 'Black Spartacus' as he is now more popularly known was also a fine horseman which helped him to gain a mystical reputation appearing and disappearing as if out of nowhere at vital times to even open up ways to victory

seemingly deemed improbable and was also learned in knowing about the healing qualities of herbs being familiar with the folk medicine that was commonly practiced by African slaves and Creoles alike but he did not warm to voudon for he always stayed a devout Catholic. He was actually quite a Francophile and while still relatively unknown I think it is safe to say he was appalled with the horrible atrocities that first happened at the outbreak of the revolt. Anyhow, he still joined it as he also wanted 'liberty, equality, fraternity' and his brilliance would have him become an accomplished commander who also made the effort to temper the violent excesses of the revolution which led to some French lives actually being saved. Under his prominent leadership he also introduced a military discipline to his forces that mirrored the soldiery enemy he was fighting. However, I think it is also safe to say that Gaia was also a worthy ally who helped the slave rebellion by inflicting yellow fever on a large portion of the French army sent out by Napoleon Bonaparte to quell once and for all slave resistance yet was so fatally weakened by this tropical disease that a final slave victory was assured. Yet, Gaia would lose out in the peace that with the economy so devastated that the plantation system would stay to help build up the island's finances with paid workers replacing slaves laboring on them with a strict work discipline still maintained. It had even been the case when our Black Spartacus was still on the island as much of Haiti was, temporarily by then, perhaps still a French colony in official name only and as a self appointed governor - which now fatally drew the ire of Napoleon who wanted him gone - he had also maintained the plantations while many ex-slaves had actually hoped that they could have full control over their destinies by becoming smallholders of their own pieces of land, the disappointment of some was so bitter that they actually wondered that apart from overturning the official status of being slaves for what they had been fighting for…? 'White' Napoleon's army was meant to fully regain the island to end any possibility of full independence but this was not to happen, only eventually achieving the lonely death of the one man who should no longer have been seen as a threat but as an ally who in the long run may have benefited both France and Haiti which even though would become independent this historic result for many ex-slaves would prove to be a pyrrhic victory, as competing local tyrannies rather than a widespread 'egalite' democracy took hold. Please, excuse my French pronunciation. Still, it was an incredible achievement that in relatively modern times a black slave rebellion had overthrown its white masters which was not lost on the new 'revolutionary' United States – with its still slave driven economy - and a humiliated 'revolutionary' France, still both much stronger military powers which one way or the other in the decades to come made sure an economic stranglehold would burden the island with debts inflicted upon Haiti so that it would not prosper so as to become a good example to other peoples downtrodden by colonial powers. Sound familiar…? You may beat the devil one way, but the devil can still outwit you another way, and it does not help if you take on the devil's ways to try and win outright in the first place. With Black Spartacus gone a 'Black Judas' - as I call him - took over and after independence was achieved only a year later he soon had all the whites murdered unless they could be of profitable use for the new nation. That

mass atrocity certainly would not have happened under Black Spartacus and such a senseless, barbaric action in my opinion could have only further internationally isolated Haiti. Black Judas would in turn soon be assassinated in a rebellion against him and as it was Haiti would never experience any long lasting period of peace and, as well, would suffer further economic vicissitudes when sugar and coffee eventually lost out to the new mechanical 'plantations' which were the factories of this industrial age with their 'wage slaves'...but that is another story...now we see that Gaia may finally have her sweet victory over us in this our so called masterful Anthropocene era…"

While most of what Caterina had said regarding Haitian history was ultimately of no relevance to Lisa's personal plight she had found it personally valuable to note the inference that it can be best for one's own being to avoid the 'devil's ways'. As Cat had pointed out that although in regards to oppression and war 'kill or be killed' was arguably an appropriate human maxim in specific circumstances when there clearly was no moral alternative he had also mentioned to her during one of his late-night philosophical 'discussions' of Nietzsche's warning dictum to be wary that when righteously looking into the abyss that one did not become the monster that one was fighting. It was a moral observation, perhaps not in the way this polarizing German philosopher had intended, that had acutely struck a mental chord with Lisa for she was realizing that as her body's decay was accelerating that she should not become violently embittered. Cat had wildly mentioned another Nietzsche quote that thankfully more appealed to her which basically noted if a person has chaos inside them then they may eventually give birth to a dancing star. Thus, despite the enormous difficulty of doing so, Lisa so often in a dire state of personal angst would finally realize: not to submit to any self-destructive impulse if she was to positively sustain herself through this personal tribulation even though a fatal end seemed assured; there was an emerging instinctual forbearance that it was a dire matter to personally attempt to draw on whatever regenerative life force still subsided within her, a survival strategy that had instinctively occurred as since she was a little girl it had always intrigued her by way of simple observation how Nature would withdraw her presence in Winter as if dying only to fully revive with the coming of Spring. Nature's blossoming regenerative principle was what Lisa was intuitively grasping at to adopt over the time left to her, even if it would only become more applicable for her mental fortitude, rather than for her physical self (which seemed to be heading only towards what may be euphemistically discerned as an 'eternal hibernation'). After all, the obvious alternative still remained a sharp psychological descent that would encompass all of her very being.

"To inevitably surrender to any destructive aspect of human nature is unenviably a personal curse," a typical night owl warning by Cat in relation to

the human condition while he may have also eloquently stated on some other mad evening that there can also be a malignant motivation to surrender onto innocent others a malicious desire to requite a generational destruction of them. A human genocide. "Unholy centaurs!" Cat had once yelled when looking at colonial sketches of settlers and soldiers some on horseback at rivers and cliff tops shooting down indigenous men, women and children with their rifles.

While it is Caterina as a darkly mirroring counterpoint to Macandel's terror use of poison on an oppressor, (although it may be argued he was motivated not by outright malice but by an ideal to restore human liberty to those who had it ruthlessly taken away from them) would mention during the drive back to Sydney from Austinmer how rifles would be replaced by arsenic in flour 'gifted' to indigenous peoples by Australian settlers so as to rather silently massacre them whereby there presumably would be less likelihood of any incriminating evidence especially after most of those accused of committing the well publicized Myall Creek massacre were surprisingly sentenced to death. "Yet my friends let's also not forget that the European colonies of the Americas and Australia have similar savage beginnings in that they all 'sentenced' to mass death by disease, massacre, rape or hard labour all the peoples who lived on both continents and to also use slaves to build up their so called 'new worlds' whether they be surviving indigenous, West Africans, so called criminals and political prisoners or Pacific islanders. We live not only on stolen lands but on soil that is also well soaked with blood, sweat and tears…" Caterina looks out at the Pacific Ocean, "...ah yes, I am Chilean but as I insinuate I have more than this ocean in common with you my dear Australian 'mates' than one would really like to think. May the souls of the first peoples on our respective lands truly find some spiritual solace and eternal peace. Amen." Caterina who had nominally put aside the Catholic faith she had grown up with since a little girl - yet which one may say was still instinctively and culturally ingrained in her - could still not help herself out of a strong sense of deeply felt compassion for so many murdered and persecuted innocents to cross herself with her finger and thumb pressed together and moving swiftly over her own heaving chest; while insidiously there are 'phantoms past' with a historical residue that can reside to this day there are also 'phantoms present'…so for Caterina to ruminate on new national spectres… for now Caterina ceases to speak to the others, to only ruminate…to even, episodically, to go back to a dismissed religiosity to find some guiding definition within the whirring mental contours of her deeper thinking…to even ponder within an eternal present…as if even mindfully to be outside time…to see within time…presently…another inhumane variant of domination…

(A Purgatorial Phantom Human Morality that Reverses the Divine Order to Hell)

'Warehousing offshore as if seemingly for eternity thousands of proven refugees on the foreign islands of Nauru and Manus such persecuted people to be punished for escaping terror for seeking out this great southern continent perhaps they should have

taken heed of Dante's positioning of Mount Purgatory in the southern hemisphere for it is a life of limbo they now must endure they now must live through to feel as if to be losing any chance of reaching the Garden of Eden that lies on top of this purgatorial summit I shall pray for the rapid escalation of their souls…(yes…one has no doubt that neither Manus nor Nauru are mountains but these islands are the pinnacles of a subterranean terrain that emerge above the watery depths surrounding them…to view at the Museum of Contemporary Art on two large split screens a poetic film of those on Manus to learn that although it may appear as a Garden of Eden with its lush jungle, waterfalls and pristine beaches it is actually a green Hades…the more beautiful it appears the more piercingly hellish it is to the inner psyches for all those forced against their ever despairing human wills to stay for years…without seeming end…unnourished minds devoid of any sense of freedom leading to mental deserts…yes, to psychologically deteriorate due to a lack of human liberty…no matter how much the body maybe sustained…yet the body too suffers…from medical neglect…for there to even be deaths…suicides, a drowning (…a man dying in a beautiful pool, by a beautiful waterfall, all surrounded by beautiful tropical fauna…) and even a murder of an innocent man when these human beings entrapped within a detention camp were dealt harshly during a so called riot, yet it was their lives that were threatened by those who were assigned to supposedly protect them…(…yes, there was that other documentary…a man with two dogs as an eloquent spokesperson for the damned…an Orion shining positively as a hunter after justice…)…from Dante's Cato's view who is meant to allow those in purgatory to eventually ascend to paradise…in this case all here is an inhumane inversion against the divine order where those in limbo will not be allowed to progress but rather to descend to hell…to cynically even be encouraged with obscene payment to return to their places of persecution… Manus and Nauru are islands but they are also the emergent pinnacles of subterranean ribs in the watery depths that surround them. All islands; all continents are ultimately joined together by their mutual attachment to the Earth's crust; and on this geographical skin Manus and Nauru have become stained - through human malevolent intervention - like cancer cells to accelerate the mortal process of human decay for those innocents who have been transported to them; and are required to stay on them.

(An Australian Cyclops who eats its victims entrapped within these two lesions on its body politic. A vile one-eyed monster who looks over the sea horizons like the Sun-god Ra onto its hostages on both islands but surely must eventually collapse from the undemocratic bile that is allowed to be produced and linger within the putrid giant's own internal organs).

A dormant volcano island and a coral reef one coupled through human vindictiveness to deliberately void the human spirit. Human captives to have souls – in metaphorical terms – to become as dried out as sun bleached bones.

Human wraiths on twin still-born human purgatories where upon them all paths to any heaven are blocked; where, at every desperate turn, only a way to hell is open.

A rib has no life but helps to encase and shield organs that do sustain the process of living: e.g. the heart; the lungs.

However, a ribcage can be invisibly pressed on psychologically to suffocate those same organs.

A ribcage, not of a human being, but of a crowded fishing boat used to carry desperate human beings over rough seas with the hope of arriving somewhere safe.

A calm Australian-Vietnamese artist is referencing a hazardous maritime excursion from an earlier time that had headed towards the unknown to seek a new familiar home; to only end up finding a strange destination so far away from what had been lost.

The ribs of the boat are covered with calico and on the exterior is a rolling grey great wave.

To be taken hostage by an immense sea.

(To think of another great wave at another gallery that is nearby and also not far from Central Station and is dedicated to much dissident Asian art.

The ongoing rise and fall of this giant mass of water is repeated over and over again on a large screen in a darkened room whose other walls are lined only with huge mirrors; an enormous fluid rhythm caressing forever into a reflected infinity).

Death is infinite. A human being can be infinite; if not the body, at least the spirit; at the very least: human memory.

Yes, said a French psychologist, we name streets after the dead, after the events of the past, we walk down avenues hosted by the deceased; by history, the past is amplified in our present to affect us not only in the here and now but also in influencing our future. We can be trapped if we do not break free and see with fresh insight; we have to overcome any overbearing or obsolete tradition. To be alive also means to reconfigure life; so death will not come soon enough – for to be tied only to what we only know is, perhaps, to abide by a sort of living death.

We have to loosen the mental chains; (if not totally break them). After all, life is movement.

Movement can be disabled. It is an impediment that needs to be overcome.

I continue to watch a screening at the Kader Attia exhibition at the MCA as this French psychologist speaks about phantom limbs. How people can still vividly sense an amputated arm and leg as if it is still with their body. To feel pain from where there is only empty air. The mind is so powerful; to fear nothing.

(Every nation can have its phantoms).

A strong wind is now blowing and the incessant tapping of wildly rushing air on the windscreen and car windows has Caterina again looking out the window and after this pause her thinking returns to this land. Outside the vehicle can be seen trees and bushes on either side of the highway road swinging violently, floating leaves whirling upwards in the fast flowing breeze; to have Caterina imaginatively discern due to her present pessimistic mental loitering that the land groans from the desecration committed upon it since the arrival of the tall ships; and for her, intermingled deeply with the whistling wind are human groans of the distraught spirits of so many human beings that have been intimately linked with this ancient territory and who have unjustly perished-

A butterfly suddenly lands on Caterina's arm, it is a timely relief for her to notice this small, miraculous creature to break herself away from such tragic meditation, with life there can be hope yet to also sympathetically muse on the fragility of human

happiness…how uneasy it can be to obtain in a world where for so many so much human sadness seems to still reign…yet, to then immediately see the butterfly flutter away onto one of Lisa's frail arms and to see her smile looking at the prettiness of the colourful wings and for Caterina to look at her slowly dying friend and optimistically to then go beyond and to defy all of her own worldly, bitter understanding to resolutely think, for one is ultimately resolved to keep on going for there to be goodness in the world, that where there is still life there is, wonderfully, still hope…

"As No Fixed Address sing: we have survived!" Lisa exclaims. "So far!" she mischievously adds. A laugh. "Hey Caterina!! You'll have to take me again to that wooden 'secret room' that's up the top of that out of the way staircase down at the Haymarket. Such a sanctuary. Those cool reggae bands and the really cool groovy small African crowd. Still remember the Ghana men so elegantly dressed, such a great venue that's out-of-the-way, yeah, I like it that not 'everybody' knows about it, only by word-of-mouth, trust you to know…"

(J'ACCUSE)

(At this Kader Attia exhibition to have already seen in a larger exhibition space the French anti-war film J'Accuse which has dead WWI soldiers rising up from their mass graves with this resurrected horde to march towards the living to see if their sacrifice has not been in vain. A bald 'angel of death' hovering phantom like as if a wraith mocking these dead men for in the 1938 version of J'Accuse it seems all too certain that these soldiers did die for nothing with another 'great war' to ominously soon occur again. yes, to also note the 1919 film version with joyful skeletons dancing hand in hand in a circle around battling French soldiers in a burnt out village many of whom will soon join this macabre Dance of Death. Yes, for life to murderously imitate tragic art as many of the soldiers on leave cast for the March of the Dead scene in the original version of the film were to actually die soon afterwards when they returned to the frontlines. Yes, the March of the Dead in the 1938 version to actually include many disfigured soldiers from trench warfare is 'viewed' by many large wooden heads on high stilt supports that placed throughout the gallery's wooden floor space with their deliberately ruptured faces as maimed as the soldiers they portray who suffered horrific facial injuries in the first world war. Yet, as one also thinks that although liberal democracy was saved after the second 'great war' - at least in western Europe with liberal democracy to finally emerge in much of the east after the tearing down of the 'iron curtain' – to dismally witness in recent decades only a politically corrosive betrayal of such humane values which had been salvaged at such previous high human cost with many new inhumane walls, barriers to undemocratically emerge to illiberally keep out those innocents who seek after democracy, specifically those refugees and migrants escaping from war, gang or sectarian violence, economic or climate collapse and outright tyranny in global regions which so often had already been historically ravaged by an exploitative first world colonialism. To note Gregor's remarks who after seeing this exhibition - to then tell me about it - had sanguinely produced a simple etching of three somewhat scarred refugee

heads to reflect not any visible physical injury but rather the mental suffering such escapees from death (both actual and living) have had to endure: firstly, from the hardship of leaving where they would certainly die and secondly as a result of their life saving action to only then be faced with resentment and hostility from those in safe, wealthy countries of whom refugees would have expected not such insularity and xenophobia in what can only be perceived as an unedifying, inhumane maelstrom but rather to have been intelligently understood and well-treated with dignity and compassion).

Caterina's mind further wavers

[Mockery of a Killing…]

(That other video at the UTS gallery showing in Kabul a Hazari protest whereby this much often persecuted minority was aware that the government would be diverting electricity away from their province in which two suicide bombers would explode their devices to kill ninety of the people out of over the four hundred who peacefully marched. A family waited for their young dead son to be returned to them but to no avail even when promised by doctors that this would be son. To feel mocked, for the dead to be mocked. Why do they do this…? Are we not people too…? Is this how you would like to be treated…?)

[No Overton Window in Progress…]

(A human being asks that his suffering be remembered, that the long ordeal that he and others went through, of which some are still going through, will not be forgotten. To have been left abandoned on a purgatorial island for many years when a national supreme court within its jurisdiction correctly declared their detention was illegal. Yet, despite what could be seen as an acknowledgement of responsibility by a faraway foreign governance to duly provide compensation to these innocent detainees after having arbitrarily taken away their right to control their personal destinies there was no responsible action then initiated to have such powerless individuals taken to a mainland that could be their proper salvation as one would morally expect to happen, for to sensibly assume that there would be a fulfilment of all abiding humanitarian obligations towards those who are desperately seeking sanctuary by an apparently advanced democratic nation which had freely committed itself to international refugee law; for such a rich, privileged society to abide universally to what are acknowledged as the humanizing laws of a modern civilization. No, there was only a darkly response, to insidiously put vulnerable human beings under a sort of medieval siege to force them to be shunted out from a compound of which they were technically free to leave but where upon there was nowhere secure or safe to go, yes, there were other centres that they could go yet were not of sufficient size, were unfinished so also not secured thus, despite notable exceptions, to become openly exposed to a general local hostility as noted with previous physical attacks which could now be more easily further meted out towards these men who feared that they were now being fully abandoned, as if to no longer officially exist, to become as if the living dead, to disappear as non-citizens, not only of this island but of the world,

for these men to now to be outside where they had been stationed was to face only a living death far worse than what they had already so stoically endured, (yet, it must be reiterated had led for many to a slow madness, to be mentally tortured, to have lives lost, a human craziness that can even infect the captors who are also entrapped in a prison system - yes, there are really no 'centres' only prisons - of mutual dehumanization, so they will reflexively act inhumanely towards those who must only be treated humanely, all is hell, a living nightmare…of hate…of despair…of hopelessness…of a mind, numbing purgatory…to close the mind, the soul with darkness even at the zenith of a hot, sunny bright tropical day…yes, a 'darkness at noon' as Arthur Koestler psychically intimates…)…a gulag state to purge an individual human mind of all self-belief, of all sense of self-worthiness, of all sense of self-innocence…to be in 'Eden' but to know that one is a sinner who must be expelled to the wilderness, who does not deserve to go to any real earthly paradise, to be only human trash, to understand that it is a 'mental sickness' to believe that one is persecuted, that one is in need of rescue, that one is in need of justice, of compassion, of moral restitution, when one is really better off to go back to the human darkness that one has tried to escape from, to have taken up so much personal risk, to venture across so many worlds, to only be halted at the last hurdle, to be entrapped like a rebellious Prometheus upon a hard rock, to daily suffer from psychological and physical torments daily thrust upon them, to know it is futile to argue that all that has happened is unfair, that all that is terrifyingly happening is unholy, to be abusively made to feel that one's very existence is a stain upon this human world; inhibiting its quest for perfection, so all their grievances are thus to be disregarded, yet told that one has to obey a cold hearted command that demands expulsion, to leave the only circle of Hades they have been forced to know for so many years, despite how inhospitable that it has been to body and mind, what other various hellish circles possibly lay beyond its bounds are envisaged to be even more threatening, to see a reversal of any holy order of this universe whereby a 'sinless multitude' are to suffer even further in a hellish wilderness not of their making but in which they have been put into to appease a 'sinful higher authority' who has, despite all illusionary appearances, has only devised an 'anti-Eden'…to immorally satisfy its own political exigencies…yes, a human being asks that his suffering be remembered as he explains that to explicitly force him and his fellow detainees out of their now designated illegal compound by apparently hoping to have it appear to be 'voluntarily' to a morally blinded world, to have vital resources for life deliberately cut off thus to try and keep living without water, food and electricity, yet to resist by innovation, (rather than by violence and to be truly democratic by way of consensus rather than by exclusive leadership), to collect rain water in a washed bin, to successfully utilize a generator to charge phones that can serve as a link to a world beyond their hell, to be told by anyone willing to listen (which seemed far too few) that food apparently purchased by those who sympathised with their dire situation would be locally smuggled in, as any open attempt to provide food was officially halted, to learn of the irony that the same Supreme Court that determined this compound as illegal, would also not legally sanction that basic needs be restored, at least for some after some individual parliamentarians took an independent moral stand to finally be medically evacuated to the mainland yet to be indefinitely imprisoned in sparse hotel rooms, (for this

human being to say where he stayed was windowless-

[To Count the Human Cost to be a Human Being]

I

Caterina was acutely aware that many of the migrants or refugees from her own birth country as well as other nations that she met through her emerging social circles and her community work that although there would often remain a general interest in the affairs of the countries from which they came from at the same time that except for a few exceptions - with Caterina notably being one of them - were no longer so politically inclined to instead often be more so pragmatically over-focused on materially building up their new lives; while Caterina also saw that entwined with such special effort was a keen and even often competitive interest to also build up social status which a critical Caterina knew was such a typical human ambition no matter the society or social background whether 'native born' or a 'new arrival' and which by such a universally shared societal impulse would be the social bind for many otherwise culturally disparate communities; thus for Caterina the naïve ideal of the 'noble migrant' much like the 'noble savage' was to be brutally dismissed; also for herself she did not want to be typically typecast as a fiery 'Latin revolutionary' who dogmatically supported the Left in Latin America which she feared would happen by way of Teresa when they both met each other for the first time on the RISK game night, however Teresa was to be too discerning although later on in the evening as overseas travel anecdotes between the players became the main focus of discussion Teresa could not help to mention with Caterina in mind the Lithuanian man who had given her a car lift when she was hitching a ride back to Vilnius after visiting the Centre of Europe sculpture park. Teresa had tentatively surmised that it may prove to be of interest to Caterina who had up to now made at least one passing reference of her ordeal under Pinochet that this East European 'angel-of-kindness' had during the Cold War been on an official visit to Cuba as a cadre. Caterina was intrigued especially when Teresa mentioned in her anecdote that this man had also encountered Castro and even shaken his hand. Teresa went onto make the point…"…that although it was a good thing that the Batiste regime had been overthrown and Castro should be thanked for that and there had been social improvements that otherwise would not have come about which can be seen as the upside of any revolution it is nevertheless a crying shame that with one party rule still in place all the civil rights deficiencies that can accompany such a stilted political situation and no matter the ideology which predominates will also come to the fore as the humanitarian precepts that come to be entailed as motivating factors to bring on any such positive transformative social change will stagnate…yes, to only whither on the 'people's vine' - so to speak – when not sincerely challenged so as to be always dynamically reinvigorated from within… it still will be that with any long term single-minded directive human state of affairs any previous radical idealism will lead only to entrench a stifling sterility… no matter what hostile exterior political forces are also bearing down…political orthodoxy is a death knell for the human organism…"

Caterina would not disagree with Teresa's general outlook as she was not a fundamentalist. Although she was a vocal supporter of those who worked to oust any negative foreign interference especially in that vast arena of the 'great game' that was the Global South, as well as to initiate wherever, including where she now resided, much needed social reforms, she also did not have a romanticized view of supposed radicals (as what seemed to be the case with a sizeable percentage of activists she had encountered in Australia which truly annoyed her, although her greatest hostility would be aimed at any hard core ideologue whether from Latin America or anywhere else who she knew would harshly view her as too 'moderate' or even as an ideological 'traitor' and as well as those severely strident so called local 'anti-imperialist' politicals she had also unfortunately come across who to her were sheltered ignorant dogmatists while as for the extremists who were of the Latin American far right and who invariably had an unadorned admiration of the United States, she was thankful she had no regular exchange with them for soon after she had come to Australia she had ostracized herself from any social circle where she had met such adverse people having done so to deliberately make herself 'persona non grata' when a similar minded Latin friend had received threats due to her opposing views and which one time extended to being informed that it was known or would not be difficult to find out where her relatives lived in her homeland; she also knew of a handful of local 'campaneros' whose antagonism towards the United States would never subside and to her that was understandable when the death squads that had set out to kill them had been trained and supported by U.S. administrations as it was also with her and although she had tempered her anger in recent years so as to try to be a little more discerning in regards to some of the international nuances of U.S. politics she did still remain uncompromisingly unforgiving of who she saw as the 'ultimate deathly administrator' of state sponsored coups and assassinations – Henry Kissinger – being in her view the major Washington Cold War 'overlord' at the time of Allende's overthrow with her hostility to have not subsided one iota; in turn she did have a genuine empathy towards those in solidarity circles she had come across whose similar ongoing anger brought about by their literal 'near-death' experiences, had also, at times, blinded them – although they may think it was she who was deludedly blind – to uncritically view some particularly exploitative political daemons in Latin America as well as in other various beleaguered regions of the world who could usefully internationally garner ideological support through the common usage of anti-imperialist rhetoric with hostility mainly directed at the U.S. and to whoever was seen as a 'Yankee lapdog'; it was not that Caterina would come to the defence of the U.S. but rather that in a general sense she had an understanding of justice as being universal rather than tribal so that what she saw as justifiable criticism of all great power dominance (and not just of a particular one) by which unjust actions occurred it was also so to her that any such damning criticism - no matter what apologist reasoning came what may to excuse it - could also be justifiably aimed at other states which were unjust; it had become increasingly difficult for her to spend time with anyone who could support what was clearly indefensible simply because of an ingrained, hypnotic hatred; thus Caterina especially remained especially damning of those pathetic luxurious westerners whose imbecilic wholehearted support for such authoritarian regimes was purely by way of

a warped ideological perspective that could 'theoretically' allow them to coldly dismiss the immense human cost that seemingly 'had to be paid' to secure their ongoing, harrowing existence. It was to be refreshing for Caterina when she went with Lisa, Michael and Master to purchase native plants from the Addison Road nursery to meet a Latin American woman who worked there on the weekends to find out that here was someone who was of same mind on many issues including also on environmental matters which Caterina was developing an interest in. In fact, it was this to be new friend who had spoken about being threatened in the past by those who held ultra-right views and it would come to pass that Caterina would one time go with her to a lone protest at Sydney Harbour to simply take photos of her friend holding up different big signs – actually carried by Michael who on this day, at Caterina's insistence, served the singular role of being a 'human donkey' – which called for human rights in Colombia to send moral support for those mounting protest rallies in this still fraught Latin American country that despite being nominally democratic was politically still violently volatile; for Caterina's friend to have her face not be in any photos at all so as to guarantee that there would be no reprisals locally on any family members or friends.

II

To despair over a too-often-repeated history with many revolutionary leaders invariably imitating to differing degrees the same authoritarianism as those dictators they had rightly ousted.

As for her own country Caterina had at least found it refreshing that an elected leader with her political inclinations had somewhat broken ranks by supporting Ukraine's heroic firm resistance to Russia's ongoing invasive overtures. Caterina saw it as astoundingly hypocritical that there were leaders who always railed against U.S. imperialism in Latin America and in other world regions but did not also unequivocally protest against Russia's own revitalised expansionary version of the Monroe Doctrine which were presently directed towards many now free neighbouring nations which had previously been imperiously occupied during Soviet times as well as in previous centuries in the reigns of the Tsars and Tsarina.

III

Admittingly it was an ideological psychosis that Caterina had also noticed amongst many so called 'peaceniks' in many countries as well as in this privileged country, especially, to her surprise with many of whom to her appeared otherwise well-educated and so she thought that such privileged people would know better that the only 'peace' that would result for a Ukraine if it were ever wholly ground down by an invasive Russia would be the 'eternal one' that was 'offered' by the grave. Yes, a national death. (Yes, 'give peace a chance' is a civilized aspiration yet with those who resist peace whereby diplomacy and sanctions have had no effect to dissuade them and an surrendering policy of submission to 'keep the peace' would lead only to silent hells with warring threats only emboldened, to live only a half-life with human freedom lost to be the human cost there may be only force left with the hope

in any ensuing struggle to be victorious so as to have a resonating tranquillity for the time being with any warring threat wholly vanquished… to risk to die while fighting for the creative sake of a full life of human potential…for any sacrifice to thus not be in vain…rather than to vainly live having surrendered to a destructive life of servitude-

"Die on your feet rather than live on your knees!" exclaims Cat who puts on Edwin Starr's 'War'. "WAR!" he resolutely rolls the RISK dice. "What is it good for…? NOTHING!" Sympathetic laughter. (Black humour-

If given the chance Caterina looked forward to asking such 'revolutionary spirits' if they also believed those valiantly resisting what they saw as oppressive militaries anywhere in the world should also simply lay down their arms in the name of a nebulous 'peace'…? What of the 'revolution' they all 'ideally' aspired for to occur one day, which would also have its frightening share of lethal human violence would they be willing to leave any comfortable safety to risk and die for their worthy cause or would the human cost be 'paid' by those who they deemed as less worthy as themselves and so were 'conveniently' expendable…? If reactionary forces in her own country once more malevolently gained the upper hand would they be willing to go back with her to overcome them at real risk of their own lives…? At least there were those worldwide who in the cause of human liberty rather than for any ideological agenda willing to go to Ukraine to bravely help defend this invaded country; while decades past at least there had been those of the international left willing to go and defend the republic against Franco in the Spanish Civil War and there would also be George Orwell who would go to fight of which some of his writings struck a spiritual chord with Caterina as he saw the anarchists and the Trotskyists he fought with targeted (naively in Caterina's estimation who would lie to think that his leaning towards democratic socialism would have eventually drawn him more so to a deeper appreciation of say the German revolutionary Rosa Luxemburg who as Caterina was idealistically inclined to understand did apparently forewarned of a dictatorial bureaucratic socialism by the Bolshevist leaders Lenin and Trotsky) by Stalin who was against these leftist 'splinter factions' that the human spirit can be violently betrayed by inhuman forces from within as much as it can be violently opposed by inhuman forces from without. (For Orwell to be rightly dissatisfied with those of the western left who still stayed faithfully aligned with Stalin's Soviet Union with Caterina being equally appalled when she dismally learnt of such pathetic idiocy). George Orwell was not a pacifist when he saw there was a need to take up arms against those who were against a just world preferring an oppressive one while when World War Two was raging – which Caterina was actually not as familiar with than say the historical hostilities in her hemisphere - Orwell would be against those in Great Britain and the United States who advocated for pacifism when it was clear that to encourage an unwillingness to fight would only be to the advantage of fascism. Yes, Great Britain and the United States were also imperial powers and Caterina well understood this for the latter who at the time supported dictatorships such as Somoza's in Nicaragua but compared to these two imperfect democracies Nazism was surely a great evil whose victory in the war would extinguish all hopeful semblance

of international justice while what was unjust in the remaining free democracies would still at some time have to be dealt with there was no moral excuse to only keep focusing on their politically hypocritical sins while turning back on dealing with the ever domineering political monster that was gouging on the liberal democracies of Europe. (In fact, there were two political monsters feasting on European soil and for a short while doing so uneasily together with the other devouring beast being Stalin's Soviet Union but out of the two it was for now Nazi Germany that was the direct military threat). It was thus equally abominable to Caterina who had suffered so much herself due to a fascist cause that there were others supposedly of her political ilk who were damning the (innocent) oppressed over the (guilty) oppressor. Calling for 'neutrality' when it would only mean death would win-

[Death's Angels]

I

"Deathniks!" wildly yelled out a frustrated Caterina at a refugee rights rally when she listened to a foolish young female speaker from some obscure university action group reactively talk about 'rising up as one' to 'bring down the system' as such inciteful talk in a tranquil country that still had many democratic protocols in place grated on her nerves; that for Caterina this 'ideological Siren' was also typical of those who when it suited called out for peace except for when the nation states she felt ideologically aligned too were warmongering. Yes, such 'selective morality' appalled Caterina, who thought all aggressors should be damned no matter who they were and when it was also certain that mostly innocents would be the victims. However, it was the sheer thoughtlessness of such off-hand sloganeering which actually brought about a collective cheer from much of the crowd around her that re-triggered in Caterina the trauma she had personally gone through and was to some extent still going through even though she had been able to rescue herself from those who had literally wanted to kill her (which presently was through healing her scarred mind while at the time it was when after being administratively released from being imprisoned and harrowingly interrogated during a police general round up to then go on to hide for a while in 'plain sight' in a remote rural area far away from the capitol city) and even after building up a new life in a new country there were still too many bitter memories from her past life with loved ones lost or hurt to still have at times a decisive negative psychological effect (as to also played a role in delaying any return visit to Chile even if it would be brief and it was certain it would never permanent); in Australia still being strongly morally ambitious she recognised there were inequalities yet it was not an authoritarian state so there was no need by those who vehemently claimed it to be to speculatively revel in the spectre of bringing on a nightmare that she had lived through which was the violent past of a dictatorship in which those who had been prepared to resist became all too aware of the real, terrible sacrifice involved. Caterina bitterly knew that anyone truly interested in such a reality - rather than fantasy - had to first measure the level of political, social or military iniquity that actually existed in order to then insightfully calibrate a measured response to it. In her mind in Australia, there was no need of such inept 'revolution

speak' which sounded so offensively juvenile to her truly tortured self-

'Risk all only when there really was no other choice. In a country where democratic privileges, although under some strain, were still mainly intact, to work from such relative democratic strength within the forums that already existed to improve or be rid of what was wrong which can include repealing unjust laws and overturning unjust state practices had to be preferable than to call for the tearing down of governing institutions; as rather pinpoint reform would be of greater benefit, and more importantly: to also not provide a 'pandora avenue' for nefarious political forces that always lurked just beneath the political surface in any civil society, even in one that saw itself as strongly democratic, that would keenly take up the malevolent opportunity to populistically exploit any semblance of social disorder in order to seize sole political power.'

II

Whether they could be discerned with some certainty as either reasonable or unreasonable such were the accentuated fears frailly running through Caterina's stern mind when she made her outburst and equally so – whether she was correct or incorrect – as Caterina with some of her severest criticisms was also often accompanied by an equivalent mindful overture of self-doubt – with her present worse-case scenario it was for a fiery Caterina in this maddening moment of anger to also viciously suspect that this childish person was really only interested in using this rally i.e. to duplicitously co-opt it so as to advertise like a street hawker to a now 'captive' humanitarian inclined audience her supposedly 'superior' progressive politics which Caterina felt could really do nothing to immediately help resolve the mistreatment of refugees but by which mistreated refugees were presently being used - in a hijacking marketing ploy which would make even the most earnest capitalist profiteer proud - by this particular 'ideologically washed' false prophetess as 'human rights bait' aimed towards a 'target crowd' to bring class 'awareness' to the 'higher salvation cause' of 'all-out' revolution and by next week, or the week after, by all accounts, Caterina was certain to see the same politically immature delinquent or another ideological mimicking trojan horse 'stand in' at another rally for another cause whereby one's 'revolutionary credentials' can again be effectively publicized to yet another unsuspecting audience. Caterina would have a second outburst when at a small Hiroshima Day rally while already disappointed that this year there were no traditional Japanese dancers she would soon be aghast when a speaker spoke of nuclear stockpiles but to only rhetorically point an accusatory finger at the West when it should have also been made clear that recently it was a fear mongering Russia sabre-rattling about nuclear weapons irresponsibly using such a threat so as to lessen any risk of a stronger backlash from an otherwise initially ineffectual West over Russia's invasion of Ukraine. At this moment a Ukrainian nuclear reactor had been occupied by the Russian military which also raised the spectre of a Chernobyl like mishap. "Shame!" the crowd had shouted when it was audaciously stated the West alone was a threat to world peace and all that Caterina could think of at that moment that while it was immoral that much money went towards military budgets there would be far less justification for armaments spending to the military-industrial complex

that President Eisenhower warned about if the perception of threat levels again went down as what initially happened after the immediate end of the Cold War when defence budgets were minimized for then to have the ill-fated hubris of unilateral imperial power again come to the fore which would reach its crescendo of tragic misadventure first in Iraq and arguably then also in Afghanistan (although while there was a manufactured or at the very least an imagined threat to 'justify' the first foray there had been initially a real one for the second yet for a strategic aimlessness to come in along with not seriously dealing with a corrupt national governance and momentarily allying with non-Taliban warlords while claiming to be 'nation building' to erode all of the moral semblance that there had been for an intervention all made worse when for instance reports of special forces war crimes appropriately began to publicly emerge yet for there to be an equivalent immoral semblance with the total abandonment of the Afghan people (especially for its women and the small social advances that had been favourably achieved for them in the previous two decades) along with still useful units of the Afghan army and those Afghans who loyally helped Allied military units which would damn them all to being murdered, silenced and ruled once more by an authoritarian theocracy. Yes, Caterina was aware of all this, she was not blind, as those before her she thought to be blind, as Hannah Arendt had once said (and had been so oft-repeated by the 'philosopher Cat') that 'ideology blinds reality' for on this particular day it truly would have to be recognised that if military spending on nukes and other military arms was to be reduced (as many tens of thousands at the Sydney Palm Sunday anti-nuke rallies during the Cold War had rightly advocated for both East and West to disarm) then the real threat that exists needs to be dealt with and the moral dilemma involved to doing this by the counterintuitive policy of actually increasing military spending for Ukraine so the war can be quickly won so as to then provide equipment no longer for destruction but rather for renewal. Ukraine the country which encouraged by great powers to actually disarm itself of its nuclear armoury in the interest of world peace with the promise that Russia would honour Ukraine's sovereignty by doing so but only to be betrayed. "Don't Ukrainian lives matter?!" she shouted. "Don't Ukrainian lives matter?!" she shouted again. (To be told to reasonably settle down by the speaker). Silence-

III

For Caterina to have to comprehend human motivation to understand human commitment as well as human compliance not only to have belief but to carry out action which can differ when reality is discerned either from experience or imagination which between the two visions is a vast difference with those whose support for the damned has come by being among them as Gregor has done so as to see them as human beings while those who support the damned from afar to only imagine them with rose-tinted minds as the nobly oppressed playing their role as the human material to project their revolutionary aspirations oh glory! Glory! Glory! to have witnessed a saved soul joyously give his testimony on a stage at a gathering of the elect akin to a religious revival meeting at a rural retreat with him to cultishly announce his road to Damascus moment to see what was really the only way to human salvation over human mammon I can see!

I can see! I can see! Joy to the world! To come! For all ages! For all peoples! Human delusion a grandiose thing when revelling in false hope yes to betray your own soul by not seeing reality to not to know what is real to only want to faithfully go after a mirage not that what is sincerely desired is worthy or should be sought after but to have the human fault of not understanding the devil you wish to slay may also be the same devil in you who will use you to resurrect the worldly kingdom you wish to bring down which will be another hell on this earth rather than any earthly heaven yes to know the warning signs to avoid a vain apocalypse to steer away from the pathway of perdition to turn back to find the right road which depending on the circumstance maybe no revolutionary road but rather one that while seeking out to eliminate unrighteousness will also build on the righteousness ways that already exist to not be corrupted but instead reaffirmed to authentically move on to genuinely greater things yes it is what Caterina now seeks after the apocalypse she has painfully been through where there was no glory except in the souls of those who paid with their lives and in the souls of those who survived to carry the stigmata of their tortured selves within their broken minds and on their broken bodies to which they will spend the rest of their lives to be restored in spirit and in physique and to which there was the El Salvadoran who was thought dead yet who survived to physically go from an underworld to paradise while his mind stayed in a sort of purgatory to then return as a local leader to El Salvador for others to see he who was resurrected who of new mind and body was restored who would return to the life that with this family he had made abroad to ultimately for this ex-lawyer whose credentials were not recognised in his new country to pragmatically be a cleaner of houses rather than to remain focused on being a cleaner of humanity who in the end would not forgo the importance of what he had done as a man of resistance which had nearly cost him his life as it had cost the lives of his comrades nevertheless with the struggle over to note that the political was not always to be an end in itself but only always a means on the way to be a free human being to live in peace materially, culturally and spiritually secure to thrive rather than to stagnate as before to not be a slave human liberty must not be lost and must be regained if indeed taken away to be in communal solidarity is a matter of course whereby in principle those who seek after equality must be equal among themselves including those who will be leaders to know that privileges will be taken away if it is felt that the good of the community is becoming second to individual power and so what was acutely felt by Gregor to be a microcosm of how a possible alternative society would work was to be within a solidarity group whereby only those who had a formal allegiance to a particular point of view could be in leadership positions to even have such an inner circle on one occasion on the night of a fund raising event that even the volunteers all working hard also pay the admission which Gregor and all others of course laughingly dismissed yet to realise that within this alternative 'human farm' that beyond all the talk extolling human idealism his human worth depended on his utilitarian value which no matter its political or theocratic beliefs was the crux of every oppressive society which would prejudicially discern to segregate its population with different classes of worthiness whether that be along economic or cultural or social or gender or sexual or racial lines or by any other societally designated divide and Gregor had not expected to be made to feel like a second class citizen by those who proclaimed all should be equal when much like Orwell's Animal Farm that if these political fringe dwellers along with many others of variously different point of views ever did gain universal

power it would ominously be that their 'elect' few would invariably be 'more equal than others'. This minor experience would not be worth remembering or even to mention except that it had come to Gregor's attention that in the past hundred odd years other seemingly minor players on the political field had suddenly risen from relative powerlessness due to a particular historical circumstances that would catapult them into the epicentre of world events; to think of Lenin who in 1917 was secretly transported on a train by the Germans so as to gain the opportunity to bring down the Russian government which would have Russia taken out of the great war which the Germans thought would increase their war chances to be victorious; to think of Adolf Hitler who had before the same war been a vagrant in Vienna living in homeless shelters and relying on selling watercolours to tourists to get by to be a soldier in the war as a corporal then afterwards to suddenly begin his political ascendency by discovering he had a voice to mesmerise first his fellow party members and then a humiliated divided nation with manic fantasies that struck a mythical chord so as to have this once homeless man along with a renewed threatening rise in political violence to have within two decades become master of Europe with the lives of tens of millions to be lost to bring about his downfall while in the meanwhile millions would be murdered to have Gregor also think of the Georgian tyrant who had to directly face the vagrant's invading force and had come from an impoverished family with the decline of his father's shoemaker business to have him attend a seminary so as to find his place in the world yet to instead find his place in the world by becoming a gangster revolutionary for what was seen as the just cause of overthrowing Tsarism to face exiles to Siberia but to also rise up the Bolshevik ranks so by the time of Lenin's death after the revolution to be well placed to not only ruthlessly become ruler of Russia but also of most of eastern Europe by the end of the war with the vagrant dying by his own hand with this new Russian empire to be Stalin's legacy although only decades yet well after his own death it was to collapse with Gregor seeing that with another historical shifting of the globe's political tectonic plates there would despite the hope of a better world there would also ultimately be unforeseen opportunities for other political outsiders to remarkably gain power and Gregor would note that this would again be so in Russia where there would be economic chaos during the shift from a command economy to a highly privatised free market one leading to much social hardship along with the rise of both oligarchs and organized crime. High inflation. High unemployment. Yet no new revolution with only the fraught transition to democracy to have a president finally with greater executive powers akin to Tsarist and Soviet times. Democracy still born. To finally have a long standing ruler who had merely been an apparatchik a KGB agent who in this new order was able to climb up the political ranks in a way not possible for him in the days of the Politburo so as a previous unknown to eventually be anointed prime minister whereby after the mysterious bombings of Moscow apartments and a new 'counter-terrorist' war in Chechnya he could present himself to the people as a new saviour to successfully gain their trust to be their president with elections to only serve a theatrical role of having democracy as political choreography so human freedom can only remain an illusion yet believed to be real and as well have regular targeted follow up mysterious deaths of both political opponents and investigative journalists which would sublimely serve as a stark warning to all so as to have a ruler reek of absolute power 'destined' to 'dutifully' seek to restore with this new Russia the historical imperial power of the old one to have been a human fissure from a

broken realm which was not readily detected and summarily dealt with and who would surround himself with commanders from the security and intelligence services who would affirm his rationalisation that Russia had to be strong and not fall victim to the West and so to again make Russia strong would make others the victims such as Georgia, Ukraine's Crimea then Ukraine itself for it saw itself as having the imperial right to be a great power and to be respected as such on the global stage and to those who do not respect or even resist Russia's grand aspirations to duly suffer-

IV

"CIVILISATION DOWN!" yells Cat who rapidly gets up from his seat and spins himself around like a falling helicopter to drop down onto an Afghan floor rug.

'...much like an unsighted tiny crack in a jet liner or space shuttle that when flying or taking off in extreme weather will then cause a major catastrophe which will include the loss of human life is akin to how fortuitous historical circumstances can have nonentities...(i.e. obscure individuals of various extremist political persuasions)...yes, these 'obscurants' along with previously unknown assassins such as Gavril Princip and Lee Harvey Oswald can surprisingly end up having the most grievous effect on human history...to change the destiny of nations and so often not to the good as well as the lives of tens of millions with so many of such human multitudes to also meet untimely violent deaths and with others to suffer the worst destitution...it was not that Gregor thought the small solidarity group he was initially involved with would ever have any such large effect on society – far from it - but it gave him some insight by way of its more single-minded leaders as well with those who obeyed without question of the sort of human personalities and human rationalisations that existed everywhere in this vast diffuse world that if given the real chance could lead to enormous human devastation and ironically all often under the rhetorical claim of doing what was for the common good. Veering his political attention away from Russia Gregor would also think of another unnoticed fissure which would have a great effect on human history but on a twin level which would also involve economics and which would be appreciated by Caterina when Pinochet's Chile became a testing ground for 'shock therapy' of the so called Chicago Boys to jumpstart Chile's then faltering nationalised economy and which involved the deregulatory free market tenets of neoliberalism which up to then had not been readily adopted even though it had been hoped that in the war of ideas during the Cold War era that they would gain some traction. In this post-war era Keynesian economics with its stabilizing interventionist effect on global economics as seen with the Breton Woods accords so as to avoid the sort of speculative financial environ that could bring on another Great Depression which previously had helped to spawn the Second World War yet would eventually give way in the early 1970s a period of economic stagnation due to the oil crisis, stagflation and in the wake of the Vietnam War with its burdensome military spending for a losing United States there would also be as Gregor tentatively understood it the so called Nixon shock with the separation of an increasingly overvalued dollar from the country's receding gold reserves which would bring about the end of fixed exchange rates. Freidrich Hayek a noted advocate for the free market and known for his

1944 publication of the 'Road to Serfdom' which warned that government interventionism no matter how well intentioned could still lead to totalitarian state dominance which would have personal liberty being lost may have found it ironic after many decades in the economic wilderness it would eventually be within a dictatorship that the free market would be first granted full liberal reign yet capitalism with much less restriction would through such political advocates as Margaret Thatcher – who had met Hayek (much like Milton Friedman had met Pinochet) - and Ronald Reagan would find its 'natural' place in the West which was now in the mood to fully 'liberate' itself from the 'shackles' of Keynesian economic 'suffocating' restraint and by which an increasingly unfettered marketplace would also be infused into the East as the Iron Curtain dissolved with the dissolution of the Soviet Union; where upon there would be with its privatising 'reforms' in Russia itself the transfiguration of yet another malevolent form of human tyranny and which for Gregor and as well as for the likes of his friends such as those in attendance at the RISK night to see that neoliberalism would have any perceived notion of the tyranny of the state to be replaced by the tyranny of the market to which all human activity would become 'valued-based' on its economic worth and this would become so not only in the economic realm but so in social and cultural realms as well to have the stock market the measure of any human aesthetic including the aesthetic of a human life with public services to now have to prove their very need to even exist by way of a privatised profitability to leave those with no employment or health insurance or high education as 'human wastage' not 'worthy' of financial support if it would negatively affect national expenditures to only leave anyone achieving high financial success to be seen as having the highest human worth so as the disparity between the 'have' and the 'have nots' increased with inequality only becoming more prevalent as the decades passed and any common humanitarian sense to only further dissipate there would instead come insidiously to the fore the eugenic social Darwin 'justifications' with their overtly eugenic characterisation of the 'great unwashed' that would foully allow the 'blessed' to 'rightly' judge the 'unblessed' for their many social and economic 'inadequacies' so as to have with the dissolution of human empathy a re-allocation of human blame for human misery not on human avarice but on 'human slothfulness' to thus also see in this brutal world with its punitive new economic order whereby in general terms an increasing seepage of societal inequalities also begins to ominously erode away the relative prosperity of the middle classes (including their diminishing financial ability to secure and acquire property) the primal arousal of an inhumanly regenerative need to perniciously seek out human scapegoats to ominously have an inhumane return to the ideological degeneracy of the pre-world war two years-

"OUR MINDS WHIR!" exclaims Cat wildly-

'Yes, so it was so with Gregor as his overview of those from the most obscures deepest regions of the human abyss had opportunistically found themselves simply by way of the unpredictability of historical circumstance insanely reached the populist zeniths of unwarranted human pinnacles although in many cases they would prove more so to be akin to human pyres immolating human civilization…(…rather than there genuinely be any human progress as falsely hoped…). Gregor knowing it was best to leave those inner-city fringe dwellers of which although he may have too harshly judged most of them was

also certain that there would be at least one Robespierre among them i.e. seemingly sincerely humanitarian yet if in power to be tyrannical (…such can be any human moral blindness…)…to now reflect on this prominent historical figure of the French Revolution who was known to reference both Ancient Greece and Rome in his eloquent speeches that did always entrance his attentive audiences (,,,for Gregor to imagine Robespierre to utilize justice in the same way as Plato yet for Gregor to negatively think of how both of them were to ultimately use it for the purpose of having a harmonious society with all human elements - which may disrupt such societal perfection to be done away with which is what Robespierre was 'rationally' driven to terrifyingly do…for this man of apparent high moral standing before the French Revolution…who would resign from being a criminal judge due to his opposition to the death penalty…(such a noble stance…yes, to be such a noble man who would tell the world that the secret of human freedom lay in having people educated while the tyranny's secret was to keep them ignorant…)…yet to be the same 'revolutionary' man who as a notable member of the Committee of Public Safety during the Reign of Terror saw to it with 'good reason' that in the righteous name of justice and virtue (so these democratic principles would not be impotent) there would be the righteous instigation of a 'just' terror that would have many thousands executed (…without…at first…any proper trial and with many to also die in prison…while for it to be later thought how so many were actually innocent of being a threat to the revolution…yes, it can be said that the road to hell really is full of good intentions…)…and with this purge so great and with Robespierre ominously still speaking further of 'internal enemies' there would rapidly only be the bringing about of his own downfall…to be envisioned as a tyrant…so who, as well, was to be 'justly' guillotined-

"I'M A WANDERER!" exclaimed Cat as he looked in wonder over the RISK board to survey the possibility of a large victory to have his own worldly empire.

'…thus for Gregor to at least end up finding himself with others of equitable mind notably many being from the cohort who had ventured to Latin America who appreciated to be led by either El Salvadorans or Guatemalans and importantly as well in a definite non-token way with a sympathetic emphasis genuinely on human rights rather than on sectarian ideologies so as to limit any ulterior motivation which would only undermine moral support for those facing inhuman bestialities in the Americas to learn of the abandonment of moral support from the internationalistas who had come for instance to war torn Nicaragua in their coffee harvest brigades yet to come no longer when the Sandinistas lost power yet when ordinary Nicaraguans including the poor campesinos of the coffee fields still needed international support but to have little now forthcoming for this beleaguered country no longer had the correct credentials to 'deserve' further attention from the foreign ideologues who more so yearned exclusively for an ongoing revolution rather than to actively take an ongoing interest in those now living in a peace that had only come about by acquiescing to empire who seemingly could not comprehend how a 'necessary revolution' had now been foregone, even despite the great human cost, as if it was a 'mistake' by the people to lose faith in the revolutionary leadership, to no longer pursue the struggle and for them now disempowered in 'historical terms' to be forgotten, while the 'learned foreigners' would take on the 'historical imperative' to look

elsewhere globally to see where there was now a renewed revolutionary pulse, as if that is all that really mattered-

It was a bitter overview for Caterina to take but having re-imagined in her jarred mind those of Gregor's activist experiences which were particularly negative she thought they affirmed her wary intuition and so firmly believed her critical summation was definitely the correct one. Assurance. (Yet which had to always still be tempered with inner doubt-

This Is A Pipe

At the moment it did not interest Caterina to delve into the fraught politics of her homeland hemisphere which in part would have more or less already been common knowledge to most of the RISK players present. Thus after Teresa had mentioned being picked up by the Lithuanian driver who had been on an official trip to Cuba during the Cold War Caterina was keen to subtly steer Teresa to remain 'on task' to talk further about this visit to Lithuania as it did genuinely interest her with the Baltic region along with much of eastern Europe being a part of the world she was not really familiar with as well as being especially intrigued with this particular time when Teresa had gone to this 'land of rain' – according to Teresa this is what 'Lithuania' was commonly deemed to mean although another linguistic variation referenced the meaning as 'small river' – as it was transitioning from being an involuntary soviet bloc entity trapped vice-like into only facing east to now be a free independent nation now looking westwards to strike out a new national course. Teresa would take her cue and much like a small river would also take her surprisingly still attentive – but perhaps slightly 'trapped' audience on a meandering journey through the land of her parent's heritage.

"I was curious to see this international sculpture park at the so-called Centre of Europe as I had on a previous trip to Europe been to a somewhat similar magnificent sculpture park in the moors of northern England in the vicinity of Bradfield, Leeds, Huddersfield. I should not be remiss to say that at Bradfield by the way is an excellent photography museum which I highly recommend visiting. From memory there is an excellent display on the beginnings of television."

To keep speaking with one's memory ignited with intermingling reminiscences …to also function like an electronic series of captured still images carried on electromagnetic waves to dynamically appear one after the other not on a television screen but on a screening mind to likewise quickly fuse together in the human brain so as to become a singular moving picture with one's voice to be the accompanying sound that will travel through earthly atmosphere in similar manner to mindfully transmit unseen images…(yes, only to be imaginary ones…)…to other minds…

(Reminiscence One…)

"Anyhow, to repeat myself a little, the country road from the highway to this apparent European epicentre proved to be a few kilometres so it was on this walk back that I was able to wave down a car which was driven by the fellow who had been to Cuba, as I have previously mentioned…perhaps too tediously…I should add I was thankful for the lift as being winter the land was covered in snow and even though the road had been cleared it was still a little difficult to walk on. I could have waited for a bus but I was under the impression that it would be a very long wait for it to finally come along. In what could be only be described as a stroke of good fortune the driver could speak fluent German, a language I can also speak with a high level of proficiency, although I dare say: not as fluent as my French which is a language I have always uncannily preferred. My command of Lithuanian is exemplary but at the time in 'Lietuva' itself I was still coming to terms with my 'native' language to reach a supreme fluency and as it was, I must admit, this fellow and I were interested in communicating with each other – for practice sake - with a secondary tongue."

For Teresa's mind to be a 'terrestrial atmosphere' with the sound she could hear which was her voice tethered to the singular images that were suddenly emerging from some previous forgotten subconscious realm as if to visualise before her very eyes by way of an inner sight that was presently her psychic 'screen' and, as well, to provide the illusion of being all one moving vividly living image while also as if to be ethereally existing outside both physical time and space. Mind data. Yes, the human brain, an earthly mystery.

(Reminiscence Two…)

"Well just for this week I had gladly volunteered to stay at the local youth hostel as my cousin who is so hospitable had other guests from the countryside come into Vilnius, sadly enough, to attend the funeral of a very well respected elderly fellow partly due to the fact that in his youth he had been a partisan fighting the Soviets after 1945 through to at least 1953, which as you would know is the year of Stalin's death."

"That's very good of you…" commented the driver who was taking Teresa into the city from the sculpture park. "Some partisans, those Forest Brothers even fought for many years after '53…"

"Yes, I believe so…all of them were so brave…and tough...well…as for me going to the hostel it's the least I could do to make it more comfortable for everyone during such a time of grief. Although my cousin protested against my decision I know deep down she would agree that my 'small sacrifice' was the right thing to do for the others. I can easily afford to stay there and it was enough for this other older couple to come to the city. I will also attend the funeral which is later this week…such a gracious kindly man… which could also be said of the very friendly hostel manager, a middle-aged man long mousy hair and beard who is amazed to meet people such as myself who have come from so far away even though I am of Lithuanian background."

"Well as you know it's still 'early days' and the Baltics is still opening up to what for us is the 'outside world'. I assume he still finds it a little bit of a novelty to have any noticeable influx of tourists from the West."

"I'm a little bemused as to me he has a sort of 'Californian look' and at first I immediately thought he may have been yet another ex-pat who has come back to live here. As for me I must admit I too was curious to see who I would meet at the hostel during this short stay. As it is there are very few people there which I suppose is no surprise considering this time of year but I have still met some interesting people such as two potters, a middle-aged U.S. couple from Oregon and an adventurous young Japanese man who has been riding throughout Europe on a motorbike. However, I obviously am no typical tourist and I should say that one of the main purposes of this particular trip has been to catch up with people who knew my family which has meant not only coming to Lithuania but to other parts of Europe, where I must also admit I will be also interested in sightseeing; for instance, I had grandparents who had lived in what was then Prussia had escaped to Germany towards the very end of the second war. They are now both gone but I have visited their graves in a part of what was once only West Berlin. My parents who had lived in Lithuania proper had thankfully made their way to the West a little earlier and after the war were able to go out to Australia at the behest of the Australian government. It was looking for people like those from the Baltics with the 'right fair skin blonde look' to help bolster their population. Imperial Japan really gave them a fright so it was thought more people the better to drawn on in case there was another threat of invasion. I have a great-aunt in Hamburg who has given me a few contacts; she is a person who has lived in perpetual sadness since the great firebombing of that city. I will diverge to say that at the risk of upsetting many of my Anglo Australian friends I do damn their hero Churchill and his air force offsider 'Bomber Harris' for the deaths of so many civilians. Although one is grateful his dogged determination to keep fighting Hitler when all seemed lost was certainly the moral ingredient that was needed to eventually win the war. A 'righteous' bastard to fight a monstrous bastard so to speak…yes, in fairness one really cannot deny that England is to be very thankful when in 1940 after the defeat of France there was such a quixotically stubborn man as Churchill who grandly held his nerve to eventually lead the country to a hard fought victory while so many others at that dark time had so weakly wavered by seriously ruminating with the defeatist idea of suing for peace with such a murderous fascist regime…anyhow, as for my aunt I had to promise her that whenever I return I will visit a dock area which according to her was the only part of the city that was not burnt to a crisp. Apart from family, in Vilnius itself, one remarkable person that I have met has been a youthful accomplished printmaker who works at the Teacher's House where the British Council is situated."

"Yes, I know it, the British Council, I mean…"

"Hopefully I will still be able to meet up with her for lunch. Where? At the café in the Contemporary Art Museum. The driver said he would take Teresa close to there. He was envious that Teresa came from a country with a temperate climate. It was a usual comment. A rueful smile. He had, at least, lived in the tropics for several months. Cuba.

"A holiday…business trip?"

"No, no!" laughs the driver. "A military mission, in the seventies. I learnt Spanish, met Castro, even befriended a Spaniard who had gone to the Soviet as one of thousands of Republican child exiles during the civil war, now he writes to me as he considers his

chances of living out his final years in Bilbao. How people, the times, change. As for me I now work for a large foreign firm. It is very interesting to experience capitalism first hand. In my office is an American-Lithuanian manager out here for two years from the mother headquarters. I am also a manager but while I still have to save a little longer before I get rid of this old car the American one can easily afford to fly back to Chicago to visit family. When I signed my employment contract I had to agree not to talk about my wage with anyone or I would lose my job. All the staff had to agree to the right of our employers to do this." A sigh. "I am living better than the 'old days' and grateful for that and like everybody else nobody ever wants to go back to all 'that' but it seems so easy to lose my job. Is this what the American leaders mean by 'freedom'? To inwardly cringe. Feel uncomfortable. Speak clumsily. "I'm afraid it's the sort of 'freedom' I fear may also come to my country…alas, I'm sure it already has…such American 'liberation' makes you realise that there are many 'snakes in the grass' everywhere…"

The driver smiles. "You give me an honest answer but you should not be so hard on the snake who lives in the grass. In Lithuania we revere the green grass snake. It is a gentle reptile. No need to fear him like all those American rattlesnakes." A laugh. "As a village boy my mother told me when she was hoping to have a child she would leave a saucer of milk for the zaltys. That is what we call our green serpent. We are all pagans in this country. Christianity was only forced upon us from the Teutons six hundred years ago so we still haven't got quite used to it."

"You have so many grand churches."

"Yes, yes, but we still put sunrays on the top of most them. The sun to us is like a milk jug which shines off its rays like molten gold. Saule goddess of the sun loves the zaltys. My mother said only a few days after she saw the zaltys and left the milk out for it she was pregnant with me." Another broad smile. "I have a lot to be thankful for to our little grass snake."

(Reminiscence Three…)

"I had an unusual strange experience the last time I was at the Contemporary Art Museum café in Vilnius – the place with the silver metal and black leather décor. A young artist sat opposite me and drew a black bird on a sepia postcard of the sea. Afterwards, he got up and briefly joined some of the regulars who play chess and then he left. He had black-rimmed eyes, a black-leather coat and was unshaven. Although many of the people who frequent this café have what I call the 'inner-city look' he was highly unusual. A modern-day 'angel-of-death' at my coffee table. I don't think I would have that occur too often…"

So it was that Teresa had ominously thought at the time and thus to think now of many unusual moments which can occur more often when travelling…so it was to become Teresa's rationale to explain how at times she preferred the expected predictability of a day that merely involved staying within what was for her 'familiar territory'…(…even though in the inner city there can be what one may refer to as being 'unpredictabilities'…which can be for discussion for another time…if not for later in the evening…coherent…time…)…

"All of life is a RISK!" Cat's holy proclamation.

Lisa who was listening could not help but suddenly think that an 'angel-of-death' would soon be hovering over her; she thought Teresa's remark was a little insensitive but decided to let it go and remained silent. As it was although her eyes were closed her head on the pillow had slightly shifted towards where Teresa was sitting who actually caught a glimpse of this slight movement. Teresa then wondered if it had been 'inopportune' to have mentioned any angels of death…here too when least expected had been an unwelcome unpredictability…

(Reminiscence Four…)

'…to then 'view' the elegant young woman at the same café at the Contemporary Art Museum who would play chess and also smoke a pipe, who Teresa befriended by the accident of seating next to her during a crowded lunchtime session to have her delicious blinis meal, a potato pancake delicacy with sour cream which on this day Teresa would also have with salmon, to strike up a conversation after suggesting a particularly audacious chess move which would rapidly open up a way to a final checkmate victory. Teresa, in turn, would have a go at smoking her new friend's pipe when she offered her to try, for Teresa to find to her surprise that she enjoyed the experience which deeply bemused her as her attitude to smoking was generally quite hostile…(as it was she had not been overly impressed with her French-Lithuanian dinner party host incessantly smoke his pipe although she had to admit in hindsight the aroma had not been anywhere near as noxious as cigarette smoke…) to now have a small pipe of her own to use occasionally as a way to be whimsically provocative depending on her 'audience' to observe the response especially when she knew in her usual surrounds it would be seen as very unusual for a woman smoking a pipe and thus at times draw out some interesting discussion…

(Reminiscence Five…)

"AH! You should meet this this other Australian-Lithuanian woman who I know. Is living here for a few years. Meeting up with family that she has not seen for decades –" Again a laugh. "Are all you Australian women so beautiful?"

I jibe how Lithuanian women are far more pretty…apart from going on to briefly discussing other local myths 'Yes, I know of Perkunas the supreme fire god, he's on the matchboxes' – whenever the conversation meandered back to the 'great geo-politik' – I realised as I threaded away from the centre of this old world, I was being made aware of the eve- expanding universal circumference of another grand continent. Yet, as such historical centrifugal forces spin ever greater, I now wonder about the many others who are being pushed further along to only a darker edge. (Yes, the voiceless are kept muted). Silence. (The Spanish knew that to mention Lorca's name under Franco was a capital offence. In Nazi-occupied Poland it was also a death sentence to speak of Chopin). Tonight had been a mere enlightened hum amidst the chorus of imperial gloating. Yes, there are human mirages that confirm the Devil's worldly omniscience.'

(Reminiscence Six…)

'I, a 'prodigal daughter…' – my grandparents on my father's side although Lithuanian by blood had been 'Prussians' by state-of-birth and who would escape to the western half of Germany when the Russians took over. Have you read The Forgotten Soldier…? Gregor you have! A WWII war memoir given to you by a Latvian friend…yes I also knew of it by way of a similar Baltic acquaintance as I don't know if it is a book that is too readily known in this country so, yes, I too felt compelled to read it, to think it was written by a Frenchman who while young was conscripted into the Wehrmacht; his mother was an Alsace German and as we all know the Germans took back Alsace-Lorraine in 1940…"

"I've been to Colmar where there is the Isenheim Altarpiece by Grunewald." Remarked Gregor. "It's in Alsace-Lorraine which 'as we know' is now back in French hands but I have to admit some of the architectural styles of the houses and buildings I saw there made me kinda feel I was in Germany…"

"Yes, I have been there as well," stated Teresa, "Actually quite a beautiful place…Grunewald's crucified Christ is extraordinary…so powerful…as for this war memoir it would help all to know how there is a frightening scene set in Memel at the time which is now Klaipeda, which, to explain, was back then in World War Two an East Prussian seaport that is now a part of Lithuania. The Red Army was frightful, I have read from other history sources that the slaughtering of civilians alone can be counted into the hundreds of thousands, with practically every woman who encountered Stalin's forces was raped…many were…gang raped…such merciless depravity all rationalized as being a bloody thirst for revenge that was compounded by drunkenness and which remained seemingly unquenched as such sexual mass cruelties, especially, occurred all the way and in Berlin. It goes without saying that there was also much looting with many of these Red Army troops who apparently came from poverty-stricken regions finding it incomprehensible as to why a nation that was so materially wealthy and with such a high standard of living had saw fit to invade their material less world, thus such war weary perplexity only fuelled their revenge laden fury. Of course, other armies also rape, loot and murder yet what occurred from January 1945 through to the end of the war and even afterwards until August apparently would have up to two million German women sexually violated. It is unforgivably barbaric what happened when the German armies swept across the East yet I cannot help but think that to 'return serve' with an equivalent level of barbarism as the Russians did when they crossed over into Poland and Germany cannot at all be seen as decisively right. Human revenge is such a nasty thing. I cannot excuse it but I can understand it for I am sure I am capable of behaving just as beastly if anyone was to be bestial towards me or towards those I care for. Yet, to what moral purpose does our never-ending cycle of atrocity ultimately serve…? It serves no goal other than to leave us in an eternal state of human nihilism. A mortal nightmare that we can never wake from. To literally be the living dead. Vassily Grossman, the renowned Ukrainian born Jewish journalist who would write the novel 'Life & Fate' about the siege of Stalingrad and of men and women fatefully fighting for and against two variations of twentieth century totalitarianism…to such a searing truthful extent that his manuscript was disallowed from being published; who knew how genocidally atrocious the Nazis were to all those who they vilely believed were 'lesser peoples' – after all, he wrote his eyewitness account Hell to Treblinka which was recounted at

the Nuremburg Trials which includes speaking of the horror of wild dogs set on naked beings about to die anyway to satisfy yet even further the sadistic pleasures of the SS guards – was still troubled by the atrocities appallingly committed by the many Soviet troops when they crossed over into Poland and Germany who up to then he had so unquestionably admired for their tenacity and bravery in the face of so much suffering that occurred on the battlefield, – yes, of course there were the exceptions who did not behave badly but as an ill-disciplined, drunken mass when not fighting these now victorious troops from the East committed the mass rapes on as many German women they could collectively lay their hands on…yes, to have Grossman speak about 'the ruthless truth of war'…looting, murdering and the raping…it was something that Grossman could not at first grasp as he had believed that it was only the rear support troops that could be so vicious not the 'heroic frontline soldiers' but ultimately, surely, no such distinction could be reasonably upheld…I can only speak for myself and as one who knows all nations will readily highlight the atrocities committed against them and as far as possible much less so than what they commit on others that we have no right to destroy another human being, no matter what, and especially any human being who has not actually committed a crime but simply has had the misfortune to share the same group characteristic by way of nationality or politics of those who have committed the worse barbarities and who, of course, must be justly punished, 'just' being the key word, that we institutionally filter our merciless human madness through the law, through 'just law'…not based on any base vengeance…to at least keep ourselves as human as possible, to keep our 'righteous rage' in check so as to at least gain some glimmer of the dim possibility that we can in the future rise above our hatred so all such human cruelty can not only be suppressed, but can even one day finally cease to even exist…yes, to finally come to an end. Human justice must prevail one day, not only to keep us sane but to keep us human, to even one day for us to be truly at peace with ourselves and maybe even with each other, even if only for a little while, until any human forgetfulness or direct experience of so much previous human horror...would allow the cycle of human atrocity on each other would begin…yet again…oh look, the dice have rolled favourably for me and looks like I will gain enough territory to have a good chance to be the ultimate victor…

Let the Light Shine

As Teresa verbally 'translated' to the others what was now visually before her mind all she had not previously mentioned it had occurred to Caterina that all that had existed before the dissolution of the Soviet Union was to be rejected because it had been an alien world that had been imposed from an exterior source onto all those who did not want it but under occupation had no other choice but to 'accept' such a stifling construct that was so inhumanly manufactured or otherwise have to face being further damned.

"Let the light shine into the darkness to overcome it…!" proclaimed the prophet that was Cat.

Although in a rather different way Caterina knew about ideological suffocation but on a theocratic rather than political level as she had equally rejected the Catholicism of her youth which at the time she had no choice but to also endure without ceasing being akin to a blazing furnace upon her senses as if to be a searing light that blinded her from viewing anything else in this world; such a deeply strict religious upbringing had given her mind no room to manoeuvre to view other possibilities in approaching life; so, finally in her first year at university, when, at last, she had some real autonomy over her it there was, as if following the laws of science there was only an extreme reaction to the action of her well-meaning parents who with their overly religious approach towards their first born daughter had sincerely hoped to guarantee for her the Lord's blessings for her to have a blessed life. Yet, Caterina would personally reject it all (although it has to be said she would still appreciate those nuns and priests who she thought were truly deserving of respect who showed not just genuine compassion but also real solidarity with those who suffered or were persecuted to make themselves also have to face danger, who also seemed to take seriously the resisting social principles of liberation theology that had become prominent at the time), much like the former so called Soviet 'republics' – which were in reality: occupied nation states – had rejected it all, but in her case it so to fully embrace a human liberation without any divine imprint. Yet to also see that such materialist leaders as had been during the Cold War years had expected to be revered as if they were divine and the systems they extolled to be perfect and eternal…(…ideology as religion…)…

Colonial Hegemony

(i)

Teresa to muse on hegemony as she reflected on how Cat, Master and Lisa's descendants had migrated or maybe even been possibly transported to this country in the nineteenth century by which its last decades the full hegemony over this land by the invader was more or less comfortably complete; by which then the invader could also build up a national mythology which would allow for a wilful ignorance (as Caterina had detected) of what was terribly involved to fully conquer it…so any newcomer whether old or new could now emotionally live with the intellectual deceit that a 'British Australia' was a 'product' of the best of what European civilization had to 'selflessly' offer to an otherwise 'primordial' world (…including what was darkly 'primitive' here had also been superiorly 'tamed'…), which if her cynical summation was true - and Teresa could not help but emphatically feel that it was - one could also bear in mind the old adage that civilization itself is only skin deep - with human barbarism always lurking only too shallowly below, always ready to rise to the surface at any given time - to also still be very much terribly true…yet, for Teresa it was interesting for her to surmise that especially with many of her Anglo-Australian friends (yes, societally wise always this hegemonic generational and racial differentiation between those newcomers who came from the 'mother country' and typically much more longer ago and everyone else no matter if some of them had perhaps also possibly even arrived with the First Fleet or

even fought as Anzacs which for Teresa at least would seem to become another major qualifier of social distinction between 'Australians' and 'new Australians' to not discount the fact that the actual first Australians were those who had inhabited as well as managed this vast land for tens of thousands of years…) most of whom were – generally speaking – 'middle-class', as she also now was, that already embedded into the stable social strata of Australian society that they had little inkling of the social precariousness felt by those who came from regions of the world that had been so unstable, who would not feel comfortable in this 'new world' until as (repetitively) mentioned they too had secured themselves materially, often by way of both education to achieve a good profession or otherwise to have a good business as well as by the purchase of a home, a precariousness that Teresa had never had to so much feel herself and which the others probably did not always feel but one most certainly experienced by her parents and the parents of others (and perhaps also felt by Caterina until she was affirmed as a permanent resident on the long path to finally be a citizen) of all who had been invited to come to Australia to initially be 'human fodder' during the period of the great migration that occurred after the end of the second world war when the country wanted to build up its national potential to new heights after experiencing for itself the trauma of possible invasion from a much greater economic, military and populous modernised nation from north Asia.

(ii)

Yet Teresa also knew along with the likes of say Michael and Gregor that one had to be careful to also not fall into the paternalistic trap of stereotyping the many who came here as 'noble migrants' (which coincidentally had also been a concern for Caterina who had arrived much later) or for that matter – the 'noble refugee' - for the human character with its lethal and living im/moral core with various traits both good and bad both life-giving and foully murderous from self-sacrificing human altruism through to selfish human greed can be universally found in all members of the human race and no matter one's national background can equally come to the fore or recede depending on the particular circumstances that the human condition has to deal with at any time; thus, it could be presumed that once any social precariousness had been overcome there may with an 'averaged some' with renewed assurance be a pronounced emergence of a negative aspect of the human psyche which for instance in a typical way could be expressed by an unwarranted desire for much more material gain which after all is a far too common human misgiving and to have established citizens be all too willing to cast an accusing focus on such so called new citizens while at the same time to perversely ignore a similar accentuated avarice amongst their own. Narrow minds with blind eyes.

Cat remonstrates. "The good Lord warns us once we are free from human bondage we are to remain spiritually honourable so as to not then arrogantly fall into spiritual ignorance and greedily worship golden calves; while we must also with sound mind keep humbly looking out for the plank in our own eyes before with bad judgement look glaringly at the speck of our fellow brethren." A thoughtful holy silence. "Yet with all that said and as that good servant of the Lord the Reverend Martin Luther King Jr had once prophetically inferred we

only should always justly judge one another not on our race or our creed or many other such descriptive attributes - and dare I say as well on our incomes - but simply on our *character* which every day we solely put on moral display in this fallen human world by way of our opinions and our deeds and which can all reflect the fair - or unfair - way we treat all peoples no matter their status or ours. Hallelujah!" Yet to still have a final repost. "So often there is more to be learnt from the stranger than to be feared and so our humane differences can mutually enrich all our lives…yes, to learn new good ways that we otherwise would never know. Life *is* good."

(iii)

In terms of a nation's modern history in late 1941 and into 1942 there was a real exterior threat to all Australian sovereignty yet which had Teresa muse to herself how ironic it was that a modern nation that came into existence by invasion would then in turn be threatened by invasion and as well from another imperial power (which in this case as if to make true all the overly racist propaganda regarding a 'yellow peril').

(iv)

In turn after the threat of Japanese invasion had receded and to ultimately have a final victory; followed by an official desire to 'restock' the nation Teresa was grateful the social engineers of post-war Australia had saw fit to have blonde haired 'Balts' in refugee camps come here when it was thought there was not enough 'Brits' from the United Kingdom who wanted to start a new life so far away from war weary Europe.

(v)

In the end the country also felt it had no choice but to also allow other peoples of Europe especially from its south to also come in order to bolster up its prosperity so as to inadvertently have a multicultural Australia emerge which was a positive social development for this insular country which beforehand had more or less exclusively been a mono-culture nation.

(vi)

Nevertheless, a latent fear of foreign invasion was still hysterically pervasive and which would also prove to be racist for the only 'threat' that would come would not be in the formidable shape of an enemy battleship armada accompanied with an air armada of bombers and fighters but rather by the haphazard appearance of rickety fishing boats first filled with refugees from the Indo-China wars and decades later from other world trouble spots such as those from a far away warring Middle East. Invasions such ongoing boat arrivals were certainly not by an stretch of a coherently moral imagination but while in the 1970s and 1980s the Vietnamese and other Indochinese peoples such as the Cambodians and Laotians would, thankfully, be officially welcomed and fully supported there would during the 1990s be new retrograde government thinking when to Teresa it seems there was misplaced speculation that a grand 'second wave' maybe hovering over

the far horizon…there would then occur the grimmest irony, as Teresa saw it, of the gradual emergence of distant internment camps that could keep human beings in indefinite detention first in extremely isolated regions and then in the deep interior of this country's deserts and eventually to have with yet a more punitive government policy - which would also become bipartisan - the establishment of detention camps offshore on little Pacific islands to deal with the 'threat' of ever new refugee boat arrivals which for Teresa only brought to her mind the gulags that her parents had spoken to her about of which they had wanted to not be sent too as hundreds of thousands of their fellow country-people had been mercilessly deported to in Stalinist times…

(A Manufactured Neo-Stalinism for the 'Unworthy')

'…yet, there has been no Stalin here…far from it, despite not yet having a universal bill of rights there has been in Australia an open liberal democracy (although many Aboriginal people forcefully disenfranchised from their traditional lands would think otherwise…), Teresa's parents could not have made a better choice but to come here to evade the nightmare possibility of a gulag existence or even a gulag death, yet here now in this 'promised land' was the evidence of how an apparently highly civilised nation which had even developed in previous decades a world renowned refugee program, heralding itself towards a xenophobic abyss, for Teresa to realise that the cruel impulses that had been at work to clear the nation of its original inhabitants and which presumably had been stealthily submerged into the nation's subconscious had as yet not then fully dissipated as one would have hoped but dormantly lay to be inherited in the generations that had come after the original founders to now again come to the fore in a new mutation whereby what had been 'provocatively' established by massacre now had to be maliciously 'protected' by insidiously exiling those who had assumed they would find sanctuary in a country that so prided itself on its democratic values, values which would still exist but on an exclusionary basis as already so well bitterly known by an indigenous minority who had survived every weaponized and seemingly benign approach to be rid of them, yet to now only be left marginalised in this new foreign society that illegally inhabited the whole of their land, which would include those of the Stolen Generation who would be 'employed' as unpaid domestic workers, this would be their cynical introduction to the 'benefits' of white civilization; while there would be Aboriginal peoples rounded up and left in desert settlements to survive best as they could to end up with a paternal reliance on their overbearing white overseers, such land reserves, thought Teresa, could now be seen in hindsight as the original gulag (for Teresa to now recall her recent viewing of an indigenous documentary mainly focusing on northern Australia where it was all made worse in the Top End with a thriving indigenous economy to also falter when trade with the Moccasins had to cease around the time of Federation when they were barred from coming over the sea to the Northern Territory; needless to say despite an overriding paternalism which in its worst form would be the Stolen Generations, there were some church missions which at least still provided an opportunity for Aboriginal people to have some autonomy over their lives making a living although having to do so the 'white fella way' yet, as far as Teresa could tell at least some indigenous traditional ways still had a chance to survive as long as Aboriginal peoples could maintain some semblance of autonomy, despite no longer having any hold

over the land, to which they had an intimate spiritual, living and cultural relationship with, developed over tens of thousands of years, to only to then have in recent decades an enforced increase on white fella welfare dependency which was for them to have further cut off any cultural sense of identifying with the world that had given them individual purpose and social order so as to feel evermore rootless as outcasts from their own but now lost spiritualized material typography to thus, as such, be wholly diminished outcasts whereby they now lived within a nightmare with any previous creative life force which resided in communion with their own beings was now replaced by a 'death nihilism' that would only now utterly destroy any life meaning – to thus ironically speaking - to be 'modernised' this was the supposed 'success' of the white fella policy to assimilate the black fella to 'modern civilisation' which was, predictably, to only lead to a further anarchic breakdown of whatever social cohesion that had remained within Aboriginal communities that were already traumatized by two centuries of being relentlessly obliterated and dehumanised by a so called superior European 'culture' to then have, yet again, in recent times in the Northern Territory for fifteen years an intervening military aspect to white fella domination which also even further denied black fella law from communally empowering Aboriginal society to stay true to its cultural practices that were to spiritually embed within each individual a life enhancing sense of human dignity which was now simply being stripped away by their colonial overseers who in a final insult to injury blamed whatever social destruction that ensued due to Aboriginal peoples being racially inferior…unintelligent, fraught 'primitives' who were 'obviously' incapable of adapting to become civilized beings as now - after the many massacres – of 'charitably' being given the opportunity to do so by their European masters…); as would be known by the Chinese gold diggers who remained victimized by those who participated in the Eureka Stockade who fought for greater workers' rights but only for those who were European; and as would be known by those Pacific Islanders who had been captured and made to also work as slaves in the sugar cane fields of Queensland, which when this practice was finally ended around the time of the nation's birth at federation, the only 'recompense' that those who had been 'blackbirded' would receive was to be deported back to the islands that they came from, for their dark skinned presence was to not keep sullying this land that was 'destined' to only have the white race reside…(…for decades later…in these so called modern liberated times'…to have an insidious different sort of blackbirding whereby migrants on temporary visas coming to Australia to do such menial tasks as fruit picking to find themselves confronted by oppressive work conditions which for some would so much harm…even death…yet also fearful to be deported if they complained…to see a Pacific islander artist photographing himself carrying heavy loads as if for a spectator interpreting such a distraught image as being the hopeless labour of Sisyphus…)…yes, thought Teresa as she skimmed with her index finger some light grey dust off the dark brown oak table that the game board rested on, human civilization was of such a fine crust which could be too easily done away with…(…yes, there needed to be a final reckoning with this country's dark history, to exorcise the evil spirits once and for all…)…on this humid night for Teresa to look out an apartment window, to see the silhouette of the city skyline in the distance, but little of the harbour but to know there was Fort Denison in the middle of it, this mid-nineteenth century sandstone fortification on a small island that was actually built to repel a possible Russian invasion when the Motherland was at war with Russia during the

Crimean War, yes the Tsar's regime a vast and powerful land at the time but certainly one that was so far away that to a rational mind the fear of a naval attack could only be properly seen as wholly irrational, yes, a destructive xenophobia in the human psyche which runs so far deeper than the moral strictures needed to ceremoniously structure a humanizing civilization which only seem to run so shallow…an awful human truth that kept whirring repeatedly in Teresa's invigorated mind…poor, miserable, fearful fellow this rich, bountiful country with no Stalin yet seemingly capable at the worst of times to deceitfully behave as if it did have one…a dire thought she knew to keep to herself, except for present company, which at best only her new fellow 'migrant' friends would perhaps instinctually understand for the others no matter the earnestness of their good will had in this country had only experienced living in it with the 'master race' in full control…pity those who have not suffered, for only fools can be found in the house of laughter, while wisdom is learnt by those who have experienced human vulnerability which can come to any of us at any time and thus we should not let a malevolent hubris overtake us but rather we should take on the spirit of the Good Samaritan, for the next day it may be us who the day before were helpers, who may now need help…alas, to see Europe dreadfully infected by the 'Australian disease' desiring to resist any small boat filled with people simply seeking out to have a better life or to simply stay alive coming over the seas…when only a couple of generations ago it was a war devastated continent with its own millions of refugees…(yes, to recall a photo of a Middle Eastern woman welcoming a European refugee family during World War Two…)…how the destiny of the world and all within it turns, shifts, imbalances, recalibrates…in ever unceasing, unpredictable ways-

The Cypriot

Cat noted that Teresa was suddenly in a silent, self-reflective mood and although not quite sure what she was thinking he decided anyway to amusingly state how they were like the Olympian gods playing over the lives of mortals who for them the Trojan War was akin to being a festival game, much like this board game they were now playing for a moment's enjoyment, without any second thought to the historical monumentality and ill-fated human consequences that would belatedly result from playing with so many human lives of which many would be frightfully extinguished. How Cat laughed when he made this wryly disturbing observation, especially when he had just won a significant victory over Michael's remaining armies, for the Cypriot to now face with his next roll of the dice of losing his last territory which would effectively knock him out of the game.

Yet, Michael would not really care for although he may soon be losing and would have to opt out of the game he would take it as an opportunity to relax while the others still burdened themselves with the heightened stress of acquiring global power. Yes, although he did not identify himself too readily these days with those of his parent's national heritage, having for instance mostly friends who were non-Greek, and disinclined except for Greek Easter, to take no interest in any other such communal activity, although he was always curious to note such events as he saw on television as the throwing into water of the crucifix that would

be chased after to be 'won' by one of the many Greek male swimmers a the time of Epiphany which was twelve days after Christmas, he was never motivated to go himself, to even watch (as the fact was he was not a good swimmer), to always feel as a stranger amongst those of his supposed 'own kind', something he partly attributed to his physical appearance, perhaps to those childhood memories of when everyone at those big Greek weddings would wonder who the 'Australian family with the red haired children' were…yet, not that he was totally disinterested with his heritage and he had much sympathy and even admiration towards the generation of his parents who had at great risk come all the way to Australia to forge a new life, who, he soberly understood would have been seen as 'factory fodder', yet who worked hard, sacrificed much to victoriously secure their own political and social agency against all the structural odds…to ensure a prosperous future for the next generation, of which he was sincerely eternally grateful, it is just that on individual level he simply had much more of an affinity with those Ancient Greeks of a mythical past…his friendship with Cat, after all, revolved around reminiscing such ancients such as he had just done and although Cat's historical 'first love' seemed to be the Roman imperial stoic Marcus Aurelius Michael was always keen to point out that stoicism was a Cypriot philosophical invention, in fact, its founder Zeno, as Michael was fondly likened to think, although maybe of Phoenician stock and who would make his real mark in Athens had originally come from a region of Cyprus close to his uncle's village…as for stoicism that as far as Michael was concerned it did not surprise him that what he viewed as a sanguine philosophy had emerged on an island whose people over the aeons of history had endured one occupation after another by several imperial powers (in fact Cyprus had come from the word copper which was a mineral in abundance on the island which was so desired by so many who desired power to thus suffer the so called 'resources curse'…) yet who had outlasted them all for they had survived while so many great empires had been reduced to antique dust and of which Michael had come to appreciate in the last few years as the one event that he would regularly go to annually was the commemoration of the invasion of Cyprus by Turkiye on July 20, 1974 which with a small brass suburban band always playing before the main proceedings was held at the Cenotaph at Martin Place with a wreath laying service by many dignitaries followed by a march up to Sydney Town Hall along George Street with Michael noticing that many of the marchers were of an elderly age being of his uncle's generation. Yes, Michael was acutely aware of how RISK worked in the real world and how Cyprus had paid the price of being a sacrificial lamb in the global game that was played at the time called the Cold War-

(The Cretan)

Interestingly enough for Michael, he would note that much closer to 'home' – which was actually Australia – that Timor Leste – only a few months later after the disaster that befell Cyprus - would be the next lamb on the global power barbeque spit with

this tiny nation to be invaded by Indonesia without any really critical response coming from Australia. Thus, Michael looked over at Cat with some bemusement when he saw that his host was licking his lips at the prospect of 'dooming' his Hellene friend to night of luxuriating with beverage in hand on a comfortable chair nearby Lisa who was laid out on a sofa. As it was Nikos Kazantzakis the Cretan writer of Zorba the Greek was one of Michael's favourite writers and if he were about to lose in this game Michael would at least think to 'shoot off' at Cat a favourite quote from this favoured author due to its stoic quality…as it was Kazantzakis had once stated that all he knew that although he may be full of wounds he was still standing on his feet-

"The Underworld soon awaits you!" laughed Cat gleefully. "My Hellene 'friend' Have your ferry token for Charon at the ready!" A cheerful look over towards Teresa.

Beauty & the Beast

"Time for a break!" announced Teresa who then stood up to walk over to her handbag to procure from it a small smoking pipe and accompanying *tabac* pouch.

Unlikely as it would seem Teresa and Cat hit it off, so to speak, somewhat a case of 'beauty and the beast' mysteriously sharing a mutual attraction, (although it was clearly in this particular instance of a philosophical rather than sexual disposition…).
Cigarette smoking was definitely not allowed inside Cat's flat for the evening, especially with children in attendance (although they would spend most of the night in an adjoining room) but an unusual exception was made for Teresa who had brought along her smoking pipe and thus was 'imperially' granted permission to alight it but only by an open window even though its sweet aroma had already been adjudicated as being pleasant rather than offensive as was starkly the case with cigarette smoke. Cat, like most men, who, despite all their overt resistance to sexist assumptions, admittingly also found Teresa's pipe smoking a curious sight and he could not help but ask her as to when she had taken up… "…this 'vice'….if you don't mind me calling her habit that…"
"Yes, you would think I would be more intelligent, yet then again brilliant modern day geniuses such as Oppenheimer and Einstein who you would think would also know better about taking care of their health both prematurely lost their lives in the end to tabac smoking, interestingly both had pipes."
"Yet, it may soothe you to know that with Einstein I've read that for him he thought smoking could be a calming influence that could help an individual to also objectively judge the affairs of humanity. He would pick up cigarette butts on the Princeton University campus to take out the tobacco to put into his pipe. That was one way on saving on money. If such a great man would involve himself in such a lowly activity we should think twice before we readily judge those we see on the street who do very much the same and pick up discarded cigarettes."

"Well, when it comes to human judgement one should always keep in mind Carl Jung's succinct observation that people 'readily judge' - as you say – because they find thinking difficult."

"I like that!" mused Cat. "Jung was definitely correct to point out that…perhaps. To charitably put it in another way…many people pretty much most of the time rather ignorantly rely on what they assume rather than to actually research to find out what is fact. I will have to find his exact quote and write it down."

"Yet, you will be relieved to know that I only take up the pipe rarely, usually only to particular social occasions and although I knew your place was a flat I could not help but bring it along as the nostalgia of playing RISK like I had in Lithuania really got the better of me."

"Nostalgia is quite a strong melancholy psychic force on the human condition," surmised Cat, "…to have us behave in a way where it is belatedly hoped some fond past can be recaptured…"

"Well, it is Milan Kundera who poignantly points out – and Michael may wish to correct me – that the word nostalgia comes from two Greek words with 'nosta' implying return and 'algia' referring to suffering. Although in the Greek the words are slightly different…"

"I'm not sure what they are but I can get back to you next time I see you…" awkwardly remarks Michael for his fluency of the Greek language was weak. (As it was his uncle would always defend him by defiantly stating that when he was growing up Michael spent too much time helping out in the milk bar so he only spoke mainly English and less time bothering to speak his supposed native Greek Cypriot). "I'm sure Cat has that quote already recorded somewhere anyway…"

Cat looks up in his writings. "The exact words are 'nostos' and 'algos' and Kundera remarks that to be nostalgic is to suffer because one's desire to return cannot be requited. Yes, we cannot return to the past, but one supposes – as I do - by recalling the past it can still affect our present, even our future…"

Yes, Teresa agreed, as her heightened sense of the past has had some psychic affectation on her mood for this evening, she is privately embarrassed to have 'given in' to what is actually a frivolous exercise

"Thank you for allowing me to have a puff." Teresa says with a very appreciative tone in her soft voice. "As I have already stated it is not a regular habit and I rationalise my weakness to do so by thinking not much harm will come if it is so infrequent. I've never been a regular smoker and, in fact, have had a hostile attitude towards smoking, I've only had a cigarette once in my life, in my frivolous teens, and was thoroughly disgusted. A disgust that compares equally to my disdain of tobacco companies that peddle their poison more so to the Global South where apparently the health risks are not as well known although one dearly hopes that dire situation is now changing-"

"Well madam, which such a strong anti-smoking attitude it truly is a surprise to see you engage with such a 'death instrument…' suddenly remarked Cat.

'Remarkably atrocious indeed…" agreed Teresa. "Thus I am the 'evidence' that

human sentiment can outweigh human rationality. A living specimen of a human indulgence that occasionally puts to one side any qualm that relates to human morality…if I may dubiously say so myself…and as I have intimated the reason for my inexcusable 'moral fall' – if I be so excused at using such a highly dramatic term - is that this pipe in hand has high sentimental value as it was generously given to me by my Lithuanian RISK host as a farewell present-

(Pipe Memory on Nostalgic Repeat)

"He was inspired to do so after telling him, as I will now tell you of seeing this elegant young woman at the café of the Contemporary Art Museum in Vilnius…

…for me the café had quite the Bauhaus feel and liked going to it regularly and on this occasion that was a busy lunchtime this refined female caught my eye not because she was keenly playing chess but because of the pipe she was smoking. It seamlessly befitted her look with her black skivvy top and short black skirt with her Great Gatsby flapper hairstyle – it's the only way I can describe it of which I have also become accustomed to although I have also kept my hair short. In fact, on this day I could have been viewing someone I may have claimed to be a long lost sister….anyhow, in any case, this 'sister' was delicately holding her pipe in her hand as she pondered her next move which I noticed involved having to find some way to take herself out of a precarious game situation with a bishop in threat that if she lost it the Queen would be unduly exposed and if she was to be taken it would have her ultimately cascading towards defeat. I knew this as by an accident of the seating during a crowded lunchtime session I found myself sitting right beside her and immediately won her friendship by impromptly suggesting a particularly audacious defensive move in regards to her threatened bishop which then with the next turn allow her to proceed with a now 'rescued' Queen an innovative strategy which would soon rapidly open up a way to a final checkmate victory. I should add the 'kingly male' she was playing against would complain that he had been competing against two opponents rather than one but we both laughed and gave him short shrift with sarcastic wit as he did not seem to mind being 'outnumbered' while he had cockily assumed he could easily outwit two females. Male pride can be so feeble! We struck up quite the conversation as I shared with her some of my delicious blinis meal, a potato pancake delicacy with sour cream and mushrooms which on this day I recall having with extra salmon…come to think of it I should have prepared some for tonight. How short sighted of me. Anyhow, as it is I would, after much hesitation, have a polite go at smoking my new friend's pipe when she insistently offered to me to I try, to which I would find out to my startled surprise I enjoyed, which deeply bemused me as I have already stated my attitude to smoking is generally quite hostile…why…although, it is somewhat hypocritical of me to mention now…with pipe in hand…I had actually not been overly impressed with my French-Lithuanian dinner party host incessantly smoking his pipe although, in some defence, I must admit that in hindsight the aroma, as it also is now, was sweet….yes, to be nowhere near as noxious as cigarette smoke…and thus from him I now have this small pipe as my own…well, one supposes when the tabac is all gone, which now should not be too long I will be probably be

far less inclined to keep using it, one supposes it may then become an artefact to sweet memory…rather than sweet smoke…" A pause. "With that in mind, I must admit that occasionally I have simply had the pipe with me as a way of being whimsically provocative to any audience that I think may find it 'too unusual' that I have it…a sort of 'performance art' on my part that can lead to drawing out some interesting discussion…' Teresa then looked as if she was in a trance. It could be sensed that her chance meeting with this new friend at the café was more so a real 'true romance' and the that her now occasional pipe smoking was also a symbolic gesture in recognition of this now far away close friend. "It was an 'interesting' day at the café…"

Teresa herself seemed intent to find some meaningful way to break away from her heartfelt 'nostalgia dreaming'…(to review her discordant thoughts)…"It seems the biggest risk one can take is to move on from the past to the present…to appreciate the immediacy of life…"

Lisa would agree as immediacy for her was all that was left-

Nothing else.

Postscript.

ROAD TO HELL

[RECALL]

First Infernal Darkness

A wasted Russia much like a troubled deluded man feebly standing in the middle of a see saw that keeps swaying to and fro and as each side of it wildly swings upwards and downwards he is trying to stay upright with his ultimate fate shifting from right to left then back to the right then back to the left and so on and so on as if in the end to be as if his fate is relying on a pendulum of the gods that is swinging wildly as if in an earthquake beset onto a fiery earth by Poseidon an ancient god of earthquakes so as in the end to wholly lose his balance on this long plank and fearfully topple over to fall flat onto the shaking ground to lie badly injured hopelessly as if near death-

[FURTHER HISTORICAL TEXT WITH INTRODUCTION]:

I. Gregor to speculate to himself that Russia's modern history could have gone other ways so that such monumental tragedy could have all been avoided.

II. Gregor when for a moment left to his own thoughts to mindfully reflect - as if through a 'darkness glassly' (rather than a kaleidoscope with brilliant colours) on this tumultuous historical period knowing he can only imperfectly fall back on what he can read and not by direct experience (having not yet been born) on a harrowing world of which family relatives had lived through and of which some would finally escape

from to have him fatefully born so far away from what could evocatively seem from an insular land: an underworld. Tranquillity. Prosperity. Certainly not to be generally known by the Russian populous of 1917 [or later].

Second Infernal Darkness

It is surely always worthwhile to recall how the very first protests that sparked the February troubles were held on International Womens Day when women such as the textile workers came out onto the streets demanding an end to bread shortages; that there should also be better rations for the troops as well as even food for their children and from what one had read: women from all walks of life so not just those working women replacing the men in the factories now on the frontlines were now even calling for the right to vote. To think how many of these women had been peasants who had moved to the cities to look for work and for the first time to independently experience some semblance of gender freedom living outside the suffocating patriarchal strictures of village life; thus it can be seen as some social significance that it was the women first who came out onto the streets to rebel, followed by the men. Thus it was by the next day the already large crowds would swell to be over a hundred and fifty thousand and prove difficult to officially quell.

Third Infernal Darkness

If one took on board positive accounts the provisional government that was installed which was first headed by Prince Lvov and then after the July disturbances under Alexander Kerensky it could certainly be perceived as progressive when over the few months of its brief existence there would be the introduction of universal suffrage which also included women; an end to capital punishment; the general promotion of civil rights as well as allowing a free press to blossom. However, despite such liberal reforms this provisional government kept in place one policy that would be its ultimate fatal undoing which was to stay committed to the war. What many common Russians desired foremost was peace and it was a bitter disappointment for such a tired, war weary populous which was also so economically impoverished that there would still be no end to the fighting as especially hoped for after the Tsar's abdication. 'Peace and Bread.' It is what was demanded and when neither could be requited the Russian people would eventually look to see who else could grant these two desires to them. In the end, it did not matter who, as long as there would be an end to their intense infernal national suffering.

Fourth Infernal Darkness

Ideology is for the political theoreticians. Peace. Bread. Is for the people and it is all they really want.

Fifth Infernal Darkness

In such increasingly desperate times just as the Tsar had to leave power because of the devastating war he could return to power if he would end it. Yet, this 'Old Man' was unwilling.

Sixth Infernal Darkness

A 'New Man' would return to Petrograd who with his previous Letters from Afar and

especially now with his April Theses would include proclaiming to his fellow ideological brethren that it was not good enough to have the 'bourgeoise revolution' run its course for them at a latter stage to revolutionary reshape it into what they thought the society should be but rather that this embryonic democracy must be fully dispensed with altogether to fully give way to a perfected proletariat rule. There was to be no moderate progression but a violent swiping of the slate and from this liberated level 'tabula rasa' a fresh New Order could eruptingly arise free from the historical iron chains of any burdensome sociological class filled human past.

Everyone thought Lenin over optimistic (…perhaps even delusional…even bordering on presently being seen as a spent force by some…) but he would be terrifyingly proven to be a realist.

Seventh Infernal Darkness

If there could be a new heaven on this earth then there also could be a new hell.

Eighth Infernal Darkness

What would make matters worse for the Provisional Government - and one would think it was as if it was bizarrely looking for ways to commit political suicide - was not only that it had decided to stay in the war but it would also instigate a major summer offensive in July-July of 1917 foolishly believing that its popularity would be raised by whatever military victory was achieved.

Ninth Infernal Darkness

It has also been implied that this historically so called 'Kerensky Offensive' (Kerensky at the time was the provisional government's Minister of War) would occur to also hopefully defuse a military threat from within: the powerful Petrograd Garrison which at full strength could number 250,000 men. The Petrograd Garrison's loyalty was now under question due to the general frustration amongst soldiers - and as well as by the militant Kronsdat sailors - that Russia had not yet sued for peace. Russia staying in the war provided Bolshevik agitators - with the aid of effective, well-targeted propaganda – the political opportunity to dramatically increase their influence amongst some of the regiments of such a vital military unit. After all, unlike some other socialist parties that had chosen to work with the provisional government the Bolsheviks had refused to do so thus enabling them to increase their political capital. An increasing number of disaffected troops were ready to listen to the Bolsheviks as it could be generally assumed Lenin's party could be trusted to end the war if it ever came to power.

Yes it was an important point thought Gregor that the moderate socialist parties that had decided to coalesce with the provisional government faced the risk of losing out in the end if what – proverbially speaking - 'the masses' wanted could not be adequately achieved. As someone who saw himself as a social democrat Gregor thought it was a good thing that socialists within a parliamentary setting could have influence on social reform. Yet, it always did seem to him to be a 'poison chalice' option to try work with those who in every way were really diametrically opposed to achieving a truly egalitarian society if it meant that their own privileged social position and interests would ultimately be under threat. Idealism would have its moment in February but a classed based 'realpolitik' would surely guarantee to bring

a tearful end to such a 'chalk and cheese' coalition. Anyhow, this was how Gregor saw the matter and as he read about the turbulent events that were to come about in the ensuing months that would lead to the provisional government's eventual death knell in late October any foreboding sense of its failure seemed predictably verified. As far as Gregor could discern it seemed that it was only the Bolsheviks who implacably believed there could be no 'co-operative accommodation' between bourgeoise and working class interests and as the world kept falling apart in Russia during 1917 such a hard line stance that at first seemed an 'ideological banality' was certainly becoming to be perceived by many workers - frustrated by those soviets who still sought after a democratic compromise of sorts with a traditional 'class enemy' - as an essential precursor for real 'bread and peace' radical change to occur. Rhetoric had to become reality. It is what men and women with calloused hands and empty stomachs demanded. Thus, by the time the Bolshevik coup over the provisional government occurred the Bolsheviks had by then built up a large groundswell of workers and soldiers support - as evidenced by the significant surprise gains made by the Bolsheviks in local elections in previous months in major cities such as Petrograd and Moscow. Gregor could see how in these two cities – unlike the rest of the country which the Bolsheviks could not yet really claim that there was unqualified support for them - that this militant transition of power was perhaps seen as a sort of 'fate accompli' helping explain - to him at least - as to why it was a relative smooth one with there being little real long lasting resistance in Petrograd itself occurring at the time and it being so readily accepted; yet, of course the Right did not see it that way and militarists such as Kornilov rather than view it as a 'done deal' would not accept the Left's sole hold on power - of which under Lenin's leadership would certainly refuse to voluntarily give it up and would also in short time by way of a gathering of the soviets held at the same as the coup even outplay the other soviets to have it that it would be the Bolsheviks alone who would now rule the country – and indefinitely. Thus, it was really not too long after the immediate aftermath of the Bolshevik takeover of the reins of national government that a long, protracted civil war did result.

Nevertheless, what truly caught Gregor's interest was as to why the other soviets had lost out to the Bolsheviks when soviet factions such as the Mensheviks seemed initially to be stronger. Ironically, by obtaining state power the Mensheviks and other soviets in the coalition would see support from their rank-and-file base eventually erode away. The soviets in the ruling coalition by having embedded themselves within the bureaucratic structure of government would lead to a shift away from majority attended worker assemblies to an executive level of decision making by an elevated minority leadership which increasingly estranged a rank-and-file base. Gregor could see how Bolshevik agitators would be able to occupy the democratic space unwittingly abandoned by the other soviets to build up support for their uncompromising revolutionary cause and which as one ideological result would actually enable workers to understand how it would be to their benefit to have managerial decisions come from the factory floor thus for them to envisage a new power dynamic that did actually involve having at least intellectual ownership over 'the means of production' if straight away not the capital. However, Gregor thought it ironically tragic that when the proletariat imagined they had been empowered through the ascendency of

the Bolsheviks such vestiges of grassroots democracy would in actuality be effectively curtailed; except to only serve a theatrical purpose when it became increasingly clear that real power lay with the executive rather than the assembly and the ultimate executive would be one man: Lenin. Power would become even more heavily bureaucratized under the auspices of the state and even unions would become subordinate to the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' for everyone to 'loyally' serve it including the workers who would be implored to do one's duty to work hard to increase economic productivity which even meant to subordinate one's individuality to the automaton tenor of mass production (that Gregor as artist envisaged did away with all experimental and creative lateral thinking reducing life to a dulled singularly dimensional base level of mere existence) which in another bitter irony before the revolution Lenin had pointed out was a dehumanising aspect of what was known as Tayorlism (after the name of its founder F.W. Taylor) which advocated for a 'scientific management' approach to American capitalism for this 'rational method' would be a more efficient way to uniformly make things and thus be cost saving for any state enterprise and be more profitable for any business enterprise and which Gregor perceived also included within it a 'competition dynamic' (his words) amongst the workers themselves who would hopefully focus on working harder in factories to produce more in order for some to individually achieve bonuses rather than to coalesce together to improve work and salary benefits for all. In Australia labour movements would fight back and at the time in New South Wales there would be the six week long Great Strike from August 1917 prompted by the introduction of time cards to oversee railway and tram worker productivity. This strike which extended to other industries leading to coal power blackouts and food shortages would build up such large mass support there would be regular marches and gatherings centred at the Domain which involved up to a 100,000 people. The strike would fail and along with many unions being deregistered and with workers blacklisted, losing their jobs outright or returning to work conditions worse off than before with all such draconian 'lawful' action able to happen when it was obviously seen as highly controversial and even disloyal amid a polarised community to have such a widespread strike in the first place when at the time it had occurred when the country was still at war - literally involving the blood sacrifice of many tens of thousands of Australian soldiers in France - but then for it to happen at such a dire time did also reflect the depth of hostility that must have been felt amongst ordinary people who feared to such a great extent that their work lives could become wholly managed by 'robotism' and also was it not that the war was being fought so democracy could be upheld…? For surely on the 'home front' it was being negatively perceived that the technological impositions leading to an illiberal surveillance regime being carried out by employers - apparently deeply mistrustful of the work ethos of their employees - could only be morally seen as so outright anti-democratic as to be actively totalitarian. Apparently, it was also a case of railway union members with their mass walkouts having to originally prompt its balking leadership to finally make such militant action official. A lesson which the soviets within the coalition could have taken note of at a time when they were alienating their own rank and file which in the end would lead to a rise in worker popularity of the Bolsheviks who would ultimately show their 'gratitude' for such mass support that would enable them

to achieve state power by accusing any worker who refused to accept 'mechanically' working within the strict bounds of the industrialized tenets of Tayorlism as being a 'class traitor'. "Totalitarianism indeed…" drily observed a sober minded Gregor who also could not help but think how in the 1980s much of the labour movement in Australia had also subordinated itself to a co-operative national policy under the auspices of a newly elected Labor government which would align government, business and labour to work towards improving national productivity which it was claimed would benefit everyone; in return for the unions moderating wage claims (which it was said had contributed to an increase in inflation and industrial) there would be an accent on guaranteeing social benefits such as a return to full universal health care yet Gregor would read that there were workers who felt betrayed and who also felt equally alienated with a decision making process that involved occurring more so on an executive level which would then have the rank and file then endorse - rather than to help directly formulate – already finalised policy decisions or industrial dispute resolutions with employees.

"The road to hell is full of good intentions." Gregor caustically remarked

Tenth Infernal Darkness

At the time of the 1905 Revolution the Petrograd Garrison had stayed loyal to the Tsar which aided the monarchy to survive but in February (March by the Julian Calendar) 1917 the troops of the garrison eventually sided with the mass protesters during Petrograd's food riots. Tsar Nicholas was forced to step down which thus also allowed for the Duma to no longer be dissolved by him.

(Apart from Russia's economic woes Tsar Nicholas in 1915 by taking personal command of the war also had every humiliating military setback associated with him which in the end further lessened loyalty towards the monarchy).

Eleventh Infernal Darkness

For a provisional government whose political support seemed to be ominously weakening to have any element of the Petrograd Garrison to be suspected of switching its political leaning towards the Bolsheviks was a serious matter; thus it has been argued that it stealthily planned to transfer suspect elements of the Petrograd Garrison to the eastern front under the guise of bolstering the summer offensive so as to weaken the garrison's military potential of turning against the provisional government.

Twelth Infernal Darkness

It would come to pass that 500 machine gunner crews from the First Machine Gun Regiment were to be transferred to the front. This particular unit was singled out as it was feared that it was developing strong links to the Bolsheviks due to it being stationed in a strike prone district that was in the vicinity of where the Bolsheviks were headquartered. It was an unruly militia being made up of troops who had previously sent back from the front due to disobedience in following orders an so were particularly susceptible to the anti-authoritarian sentiments of anti-government politicals such as the Bolsheviks.

Thirteenth Infernal Darkness

Such a transfer order would have been taken as an afront as the regiment which saw itself as 'defenders of the revolution' believed it would be a betrayal to move it to the front as its prime responsibility was surely to stay in Petrograd where it would be in an advantageous position to put down any threatening counter-revolutionary attempt to overthrow the provisional government.

Fourteenth Infernal Darkness

Finally with Bolshevik agitators encouraging them (independent of any direct directive from Lenin himself and it should also be noted there were also Anarchists inflaming the situation) it would come to pass that on July 3rd that thousands of the machine gunners would have a large armed demonstration which would eventually head to the seat of power of the provisional government at the Tauride Palace. Although there were still troops loyal to the government (such as the Cossacks) willing to fight for its survival as proven by the chaotic street fighting that went on during the day it still seemed all was doomed for this embryonic democracy. It could be argued that it was Lenin himself who would unwittingly save it having vacillated over whether now was the appropriate time to take advantage of the social chaos that now predominated on the streets. This ever calculating Bolshevik leader feared that such an overthrow although it would be a tactical victory would ultimately prove to be strategically premature with the country overall not yet ready to accept the Bolsheviks as new rulers. Lenin would finally decide that it was not yet the right time to fully have the 'workers revolution' and so leaderless this ideologically rudderless large disappointed wayward, brutish mob eventually lost its revolutionary energy and so, literally rained on as well by a late big storm, this revolt pettered out much to the relief of the deputies of the provisional government who had felt mostly powerless. Although it should be mentioned that this particularly tumultuous day was not without human cost as amid the looting and shooting apparently many hundreds had also died.

Fifteenth Infernal Darkness

The Bolsheviks would also come off second best as after surviving its political near-death experience the wild rumour - especially with the use of leaflets - was successfully promoted to loyalist troops by the provisional government that this revolutionary group was actually working for the enemy. Bolshevik leaders like Lenin were framed as actually framed as being traitorous German agents who for personal gain wanted to achieve Germany's goals rather than really doing what was best for Russia. (Although Lenin had received some funds from Germany and that he had famously returned to Russia with the Germans opening the way for him to head back by train from Switzerland to Petrograd it is the case that Lenin was not pursuing any revolutionary goal to satisfy Germany but to sincerely satisfy his own ideological ambitions although Germany would ultimately benefit with Lenin to be willing to end the war).

The Bolshevik leaders were now hunted men.

It seemed the revolutionary opportunity offered to Lenin but not seized by him was a mistake.

Sixteenth Infernal Darkness

Yet the bigger mistake was the military offensive unpopularly initiated by the provisional government which - after some initial success - would predictably end in what would yet be another defeat for Russia and this time with no Tsar to blame it on and so along with the waste of life and evermore mass desertions the provisional government's hold on power

would still remain precarious despite having at least survived the troublesome July demonstrations in Petrograd.

Seventeenth Infernal Darkness

Despite his apparent democratic credentials Kerensky who was now Prime Minister was a vain man. He was seemingly of the belief that the provisional government could not exist without him and in this regard one could say that much like the metaphor of Russia a man straddling in the middle a swinging see saw to keep it in balance so as to not fall there was some truth as Kerensky finally as Prime Minister would entertain himself in being the political keystone of an overarching many-factioned coalition - that was the provisional government - with for instance the Kadets and Progressists on the Right and the so called Soviets on the Left (made up of various yet differing socialist parties such as the Socialist Revolutionaries, Mensheviks, Popular Socialists, Trudoviks etc). Kerensky who as the latest 'man of the hour' grandly saw himself as a 'Russian Bonaparte' who could still heroically save the revolution. Yet there would emerge a rival from the Right a military man with a similar sense of Napoleonic self-importance whose personal grandeur was definitely 'much needed' to save the country from the present shambles it was now in. The name of this rival 'Bonaparte' was Kornilov and it was Kerensky who unwittingly appointed him as the new commander of the Russian army after the debacle of the last offensive. Kerensky had thought he had someone who would support him but it would not take long to see that actually in Kornilov was still an ever new threat. Having already procured from Kerensky before his high appointment a restoration of the death penalty on the front especially in regards to deserters Kornilov now wanted all troops in the rear if need be to face the same severe punishment. Kerensky stood his ground on this matter but he still faced the strong possibility that the ground under his feet could still revert to quicksand when Kornilov bestowed upon him to accept a new set of demands that would curtail much of the freedoms now enjoyed by both soldiers and civilians in order to solidly shift power in the provisional government away from the Soviet Left (which had supposedly politically 'captured Kerensky) and far towards the Traditional Right.

Yes, Kerensky now found himself on shaky ground indeed.

Eighteenth Infernal Darkness

A defeatist attitude was prevailing in this 'sick man' that was Russia as with the army in retreat it was wildly feared that the Germans could now even make their way to Petrograd. A military collapse seemed twinned with social collapse with an apparent upsurge in militant strikes, peasant anarchy, an increase in serious crime and so forth, it was especially the Right which hysterically argued that a 'strong hand' was needed as the 'obvious' solution to bring discipline and order to the nation. (Suppress the Russian people to save them! Kornilov to be viewed by his rightist sympathisers as the military personification of the 'antidote' that would 'heal' an ailing Russia and especially from the invasive 'bacilli' that was the Soviets!).

Nineteenth Infernal Darkness

Kornilov's ultimatum to Kerensky included 'reforms' which would allow for an end to the soldier committees within the army which had accentuated a debilitating rift of ill discipline between 'citizen soldiers' and officers for what was wanted by a fighting force which was made up of many peasants was to no longer fight and so it did not really matter

if there was to be an equalizing in their civil rights with the officers who still ranked over them if there was still the order to be given to go and fight and possibly die thus with those troops who were more mutinous minded it was better now with any increased empowerment to demand much more of what they wanted from the officers or to simply ignore them or to even kill officers or otherwise desert to leave the war to grant themselves the peace that was still not being offered to them by their leaders. Yes, for Kornilov stern measures needed to be strictly re-introduced to put rebellious soldiers in their place as had already been his personal disposition to do by having deserters executed even when this was officially prohibited.

Although Gregor thought it had to be said that as the war went on and especially after the defeat of the July Offensive which had a loss in morale becoming ever more prevalent as evidenced by mass desertions on the rise it would come to the point that officers would not dare demand have disobedient soldiers executed as there would be a likelihood that it would cause their ranks to mutiny and instead have themselves put up in front of a firing squad.

In any case Gregor thought it ironic to find out that even Kornilov himself had once also disobeyed orders although in the case of this Siberian Cossack it was to bravely stand his ground to keep fighting the enemy that at the time in 1915 were the Austrians who would wound and capture him. Yet, Kornilov would escape and in a novel way being theatrically disguised as an enemy combatant and to have on his return to be be treated as a hero rather than to be reprimanded for his original subordination.

Twentieth Infernal Darkness

For a martial mind like Kornilov's even the society itself needed to be disciplined and so he wanted to end any social anarchy with martial law including the re-introduction of the death penalty and to also bring back civil order with a ban on strikes which could also incur the death penalty on anyone unwilling to submit to the state-

To have such a mechanical readiness to kill his fellow citizens Gregor could only think that Kornilov simply wanted to establish a military dictatorship and if need be to maintain some semblance of democratic value have it disguised under a veneer of 'civil authority' with the provisional government still in place with Kerensky still nominally at the helm apparently for 'appearance's sake' yet with all real power shifted to this supreme army commander.

For Kornilov it had to be guaranteed that state authority remained firmly in the strong hands of the Right as according to him it was the only option which assured Russia did not fall fully over the precipe which is what would happen if the provisional government allowed the soviets to influence national policy. To save Russia from the Left it would be legitimate to initiate a military coup and Gregor could not help but note that this would become a common 'nation saving' impulse amongst right wing military men in the twentieth century with Spain's Franco and Chile's Pinochet immediately coming to mind.

Twenty-First Infernal Darkness

Yet Kerensky understood it would be he who would be falling to his political death (if not

also his bodily one) if he allowed Kornilov free reign as his political ascendency as well as the survival of the provisional government had thus far relied on him on doing what was certainly evermore proving to be an impossible task which was to attempt to bridge the political expectations of both Left and Right. Yet as the ideological abyss between these two increasingly polarised opposing factions ever widened Kerensky would have perhaps understood that with only a 'devil's choice' now facing him: (i) to give in to Kornilov or (ii) side with the Soviets to somehow still save the revolution (as well as to save himself and his leadership perhaps also being on top of mind) was really merely a 'choice' on what complexion a new tragic round of social chaos would befall the nation: whether it be 'imperial' or 'anarchic'.

Gregor would then come across in one reading in particular an absurdist miscommunication in which it maybe argued played an accidental yet significant role in helping to determine the future of Russia. Truly, a moment of DADA akin to the hallucinatory actions and nonsensical recitals played out at the Cabaret Voltaire in Zurich when anti-art DADA first came to the cultural fore in 1915 with its apparent illogic a logical moral response to the human madness mass slaughter of the trenches. For Gregor to even playfully think that Lenin had once lived on the same street and perhaps may have even malevolently witnessed a riotous performance.

Twenty-Second Infernal Darkness

[i]

Kerensky would be visited by a madman who in the guise as sympathiser forewarned Kerensky that Kornilov not only sought for his political death but definitely sought as well his physical obliteration.

[ii]

Yet it was the man before Kerensky who was more likely to be an 'angel of death' - to view a photo portrait of V. N. Lvov Chief Prosecutor of the Holy Synod of the Russian Orthodox Church. 1915-1917. Yes, it is true: a fallen angel can appear as an angel of light although in this unholy case here was someone with the stereotypical large physique of a sea buccaneer or circus wrestler with a bald head, distinctive beard and large moustache although in this gelatin image the chief prosecutor is well dressed wearing coat over suit sitting cross legged with hands gracefully together one softly on top of the other sensitively resting one knee to almost as if to make one believe that despite such an overall commanding presence what is really here in view is a 'gentle giant'; yet, instantaneously to dismiss such a beneficial thought with those manic piercing eyes sternly staring straight back at the camera from a slightly down angled head as if to browbeat the photographer and onwards the viewer to thus ultimately sense in this over-confident pose a forceful, provocative intimadatory Rasputin like rapture which will only celebrate and call for what is humanly insane to destroy all human normalcy to do away with all human civilization while remaining impeccably clothed and 'civilized' in manner to disguise all true, demonic intention.

[iii]

Insanity.

[iv]

Madness. For Lvov to spuriously take advantage of a now fraught Kerensky who having once entertained illusions of grandeur to be the redemptive leader for a broken nation (although one must not dismiss the dictatorial hubris of that other 'national saviour' Kornilov) was now pathetically beset by a paranoia that he would fearfully be politically crucified – or worse – for not leading the nation to any promised land of peace, milk and honey but to have it remain in a land of the damned where war and starvation still prevailed.

[v]

Yet Kerensky in turn believing he could in delusionary way use this impetuous emissary for his own self-centred political ends not knowing that Lvov was perhaps only motivated to deceitfully lead Kerensky not to any premier salvation but only to an ostracizing damnation.

[vi]

As one version of the historical narrative goes Lvov resigned as Chief Prosecutor in the aftermath of the troublesome so called 'July Days' apparently being supportive of Kerensky who became the new leader of the provisional government. Yet for Lvov only to only to his undying chagrin to see that he would not be invited by Kerensky to join his cabinet yet worse still being overlooked in favour of his deputy who would in due course eventually become the new Minister of Religion.

Gregor could suppose that Lvov would have coveted such a high ranking position for himself thus for Gregor coyly envisage for Lvov to only instead become within his own, jilted insane mind a 'minister of devilish manipulation'. Thus from everything that Gregor had anecdotally read about Lvov he was – whether rightly or wrongly - ready to assume that he had a troubled mental state which for Gregor explained that everything Lvov crazily did made total 'sense' especially when viewed from the point of view of him wreaking a disguised malicious vengeance on Kerensky. "Work politics" Gregor had once wryly muttered to himself.

Hate.
Beware the human heart fluid with [hidden] malice.

[vii]

Kerensky had already seen his authority ebb away at the Moscow Conference which he had called for in August with the hope of building up the political centre to shore up support for his otherwise diminishing tenure on power. Yet, it was clear from the beginning that this was a forlorn ambition when the right and left sat opposite each other in the Bolshoi Theatre to soberly view a repeat of the polarising image of the Duma's opening in 1906 in which the delegates of the socialist parties in worker and soldier apparel as if they had just come straight from the factories and battlefront with the representatives of the parties of the middle class, industry and commerce wearing their tailored coats as if they had come straight from the opera and salons.

[viii]

As for the Bolsheviks were nowhere to be seen having boycotted this event as well as to advocate for strikes which would lead for instance to there being no working trams. Cafes and restaurants were also shut down including the buffet at the Bolshoi Theatre-

For Gregor to learn that the delegates had to attend to their own food and drink made him wonder if the bourgeois at this governmental gathering gained any inkling as to what many ordinary Russians were bitterly experiencing as they endured waiting in long bread lines while the economy remained in ruins…?

[viiii]

Nevertheless, at the Moscow Conference it was Kornilov who was seen as the 'star of the show' with the right exuberantly welcoming him and with Kerensky when on the podium boorishly unable to work the crowd in anyway that would defer him from being even more sidelined. It was clear the right now saw Russia's future tied to a military strongman (although ostensibly still within the 'democratic apparition' of the provisional government) while the left certainly lost confidence in Kerensky's leadership-

It was becoming clear to Gregor that any centrist approach to nationally govern was losing sway especially towards the extremities of the right as could be immediately witnessed in Moscow in the aftermath of the populist verification of Kornilov's personal ambition to lead the nation; so much so that Gregor thought that if Kerensky still delusionly saw himself as some sort of messianic 'Russian Moses' (although Gregor knew that Kerensky wildly envisaged himself as a modern day Bonaparte) then all he could look forward to if he walked down a central aisle separating the two increasingly polarised factions of the provisional government was to face the dire prospect of having either a 'white sea' on his right or a 'red sea' on his left flood over him or even to be simultaneously swamped by both so as to be historically drowned out as a has been rather than as Kerensky hoped which was to be praised as a 'national saviour' who could take the country with him always finding an incredible miraculous akin to 'messianically' keep 'walking on water'.

Thus with such mutual folly both from Kerensky as well as from the Right in mind it was at this point in his readings that Gregor sensed how for Russia as its world was again going to fall apart he could not help but think of the Dadaist Hugo Ball who once caustically typified this anti-art movement as akin to madmen as gladiators dancing in a nihilist space…a void…as if to typify the full demise of civilisation…for it to end with all morality gone…as if for Gregor to see a faction riddled Duma to also basically be insane…with its competing opposite worldviews to always be ceaselessly irreconcilable…to have only political madness…to have whatever governance that still remained to be split asunder and to have hurtling political splinters to first stab into men's faces to enter into their eyes to make them blind and to then explode in men's brains to make them mindless and to have these splintered, deformed beings to turn not towards each other for aid but only to turn to each other to destroy each other…to leave only a pile of human corpses…a mangled humanity so that those who did

not attend could come and sweep away the human mess to polish the floor of all its blood and membrane and then claim to start again the human world anew and to allow no more human perversity to have its way to destroy again the human fabric but of course Gregor knew that it was not so but it may have as well as been for the Duma could no longer exist as a functioning political entity that could benefit Russian society and it was only a matter of time that democracy would perish and it was only a matter of time that it would be determined as to what the character of the dictatorship that would replace it would be whether it would be White or Red although at the time of the Moscow Conference this was not yet envisaged or even to be predicted and Kerensky the political clown of this political circus would still by twist of fate by the deviousness of the madman Lvov end up having one fantastical trick up his sleeve by which he could cling onto keeping supreme authority or so he magically thought for although the Bolsheviks who had not been part of the nonsensical comic political theatre within a real theatre of the Moscow Conference it was they who would eventually stand most to gain even though the provisional government did not literally tear itself apart but by the very threat of the possibility of it doing so an enough psychosis would take shape in the minds of enough men that the Bolsheviks then outcasts would enter the political void that was imagined taking shape to proclaim themselves to be able to save Russia from disaster to only have in the immediate future a civil war to viciously occur to only have brought on the bloodletting and the deaths of millions which it may have at one delusional historical point been fruitlessly hoped Russia could avoid but which Russia would never avoid beyond its darkest fears beyond its wildest nightmares for all involved would be pitiless yes no pity would be shown to mercilessly make good the dream each leading 'gladiator' had whether they be Red or White of what was best for Russia to only leave it in the end in a worst state and still with no real liberty-

[x]

After the Moscow Conference back in Petrograd Kerensky who was now politically more akin to being a 'non-swimmer' tentatively just 'treading water' a desperate Kerensky now sought by way of the fateful visitation of a lunatic to astutely keep his 'head above water'; to no longer face drowning but to even be the veritable 'ship's captain' of Platonic anti-democratic expert allegory that with him still at the helm as national leader he could guide the good ship Russia through treacherous waters to reach the desired goal of national restitution.

Gregor could now only think of disparaging marine metaphors such as 'leaky boat' and 'ship of fools' as he focussed on Kerensky's plight and his fantastical inclination that he could still be the 'man of the moment' to pivot Russia to 'safe harbour'. Yet to only visualise a man up to his knees in water on a sinking vessel in shark infested tsunami waters trying to scoop out the sea and when this proves impossible to then attempt to plug the gaping hole in the smashed, shipwrecked hull below his drenched feet only with rags while all along while involving

himself in this fruitless Sisyphean exercise also refusing to admit that the shoreline or beach head that he is aiming for in between a series of large piles of big jutting rocks at the bottom of towering cliffs does not consist of solid ground but only quicksand-

"Not waving only drowning!" callously laughed Gregor who could not help but lose all empathy for a pathetic political figure who increasingly appeared to him to be someone who although was nominally a democratic socialist seemed only interested in saving himself through the guise of saving the government not so that while still in its democratic embryonic stage it could avert being taken over by anti-democratic forces from either the left or the right but only so that he could 'save it' to have himself installed as an unrivalled authoritarian leader.

'A democratic embryo to only be dictatorially stillborn. The road to hell is filled with bad intentions with Kerensky's misguided ill intent to have at the end of this malevolent road the gates of hell fully open up so there could be a dictatorship instigated by someone else that would deviously build itself upon the slogan of 'all power to the soviets' only to have even the soviets murderously subordinated to the power of one man who having never done a day's labouring in his life still saw himself as the 'premier proletariat' who could save the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' from all who threatened to tear it down both from within and from without. (Yes, to clearly to be speaking only of Lenin and while in this caustic way should one thus suppose him to have been only an elitist 'reactionary revolutionary'…?). Reactionaries. Kerensky. Kornilov. Two men who reacted to the political and military threats that faced the provisional government especially after the July Days that could lead to its downfall. Two ego-driven rivals who each thought that they were more deserved and capable than their opposite to save Russia from itself and that Russia could only be saved if they were all powerful like the Tsar who was ousted. A political cycle of negative return. In an effort to become a parliamentary democracy the historical anti-democratic forces within Russia were still of such a cultural magnitude that authoritarianism was still able to prevail. Yet, tragically, Kerensky and Kornilov were not 'Bonapartes' but only 'John the Baptists' who would open up the way for the Russian people still psychically seeking for a 'new Tsar' and *to* be *saved from Tsarism* they *would eventually accept someone who would prove when it was all too late was far worse than any Tsar of recent times could be*; w*ho perhaps best understood the historical forces that swirled in the national psyche that always called for a strong hand to take control of the reins of power* and *in turn had to become strong enough to do away with all other competing aberrations of this strident national will. An iron fist. To survive against the Whites. To survive against the peasants. To even survive against the Kronsdadt sailors who had genuinely believed in utopia. No, dystopia was the only way to secure the new future. To have a world in flames to be left to suffer in silence so it may still exist. A terror so refined there would be peace through self-control. Otherwise there would only be the end of one's personal existence. Thus better to suffer than to die. A compromise that effectively left one half alive but it was better than not* to *be alive at all. That was all that one could hope for. This was all the peace on earth that could be grasped for those who had only known war. Bestiality. Peace was a stable while democracy was a luxury. Human fulfilment was*

only for dreamers. The body had to be fed before the soul. A life of hardship. It was all that was known for a nation that for so long had been a nation of serfs. The provisional government under the hand of Prince Lvov had tried its hand at liberal reform only to find that the masses still only cared to have satisfied the most base of human wants: peace, land and bread. (Yes, what real point was there to stay in a war for 'national honour' when one would only be 'honourably dead' because this war for you that was about nothing that really mattered to you had not yet come to an end?). There was no room for human ideals. Only human comfort. Human culture could then come to the fore but only when the basic necessities of life could be requited. It is really no different than what all human beings want but unlike other countries where upon various different degrees of liberalisation had occurred in Russia there had relatively been none. Thus a base instinct was still to the fore and anyone who could satisfy the most base demands could have full control. This was the human tragedy that befell the nation and which in many respects can still befall a nation if not well versed in liberal ideals.

Such interior 'mental talk' with its instantaneous raw assumptions - certainly being Gregor's first thoughts that had impulsively 'come to mind' - as he further read of a Kerensky who Gregor imagined as the actual human personification of a distressed Russia: as a toppling man on a swinging see-saw who having lost his balance flails out his arms at guardrails bizarrely imagined in the air to hold onto power; yet, which of course only exist in his self-serving mental hallucination and so will predictably fall as the physical forces of political gravity warrant - no matter what one foolishly conjures up in one's distraught mind to defy all reality.

[RUSSIA ANTI-POLITICS TO EQUAL = DADA ANTI-ART]

KERENSKY [QUERY] TELEX: MESSAGE RECEIVED?
KORNILOV [REPLY] TELEX: MESSAGE RECEIVED.
KERENSKY [QUERY] TELEX: RESPONSE VALID?
KORNILOV [REPLY] TELEX: RESPONSE VALID.

- Gregor's type-written paper note to himself produced on his orange antique manual typewriter.

Twenty Third Infernal Darkness

Gregor could see from the readings of various historians that what passes to be called the Kornilov Affair which occurred after the Moscow Conference that there is yet for a definitive interpretation to be agreed upon which would satisfy all interested parties from the point of view of their differing politics or historiographies. To Gregor this historical episode was nonsensical enough to befit being labelled an absurdist performance piece of Dada 'art' that was held on a national scale which should have been mutually admired by all of those back in Zurich at the Cabaret Voltaire. In summary Kerensky who was in a weak position and Kornilov who seemingly was in a stronger position would nevertheless in the power politics between them inadvertently open up the way for the Bolsheviks to gain the necessary popular support which they had been lacking to eventually gain national power only a few months later. In what may be viewed as a misunderstood confusing communique between Kerensky

and Kornilov there would occur a different perception of reality that would lead to an unpredictable outcome for the nation. In short, Kerensky would become convinced that Kornilov would be marching onto St. Petersburg to usurp him from power while Kornilov may have thought of himself as marching onto St. Petersburg to not stage a coup but to save Kerensky from a coup that was being initiated by the Soviets. Although it is contested that it was truly Kornilov's intention to gain power as feared by Kerensky who would actually call upon the Soviets and for them to receive armaments to come to the rescue of the Provisional government and who would even have Bolshevik prisoners even as high ranking as Trotsky to come to its aid. Thus Gregor in his readings could visualise for himself how the Kornilov would face the Soviets thinking that they were the enemies of the provisional government while they were actually its defenders while he would have been equally viewed by the Soviets as the enemy of the government rather than as a defender while the actual reality of what was Kornilov's true motivation may have been to march on St. Petersburg may have only come to light if he had been victorious which in the end was not to occur so if he had come to save the provisional government or to overcome it he failed in his mission while there is even a belief by some on the left that the whole exercise was political theatre organised between Kerensky and Kornilov which Gregor may see as possible if it was mutually determined that such a ruse would allow Russia to fall under full military control so as to dispense with institutional democratic procedures all together which as Gregor saw it is what Kornilov actually desired but it was to be the case from Kerensky's point of view he would want to be the nation's leader. Yet it seemed clear to Gregor that Kornilov's martial march on St. Petersburg was not really desired by Kerensky and calling on the Soviets to come to his defence clearly showed how weak the provisional government had become and as to where true power now really lay with the Soviets being successful in this unexpected role of being saviours which was to allow them to favourably lay the groundwork for their eventual well known takeover later in the year. Kerensky in asking for help from the Soviets was actually committing an act of political suicide with his political position to only further weaken with his further self-inflicted internal eroding of Russian democracy by establishing a five person directorate which also involved the unpopular decision to keep Russia in the war a commitment to prove further counter-productive with increasing Russian military losses which would have the Germans taking Riga in nearby Latvia while for the Bolsheviks who proclaimed themselves as being anti-war they would see their membership rise from 14,000 to 250,000 by September's end with a militia of 100,000 comprising of ex-soldiers and factory workers. Certainly, after the July Days, the fortunes of the Soviets had turned around and the failures of both Kerensky and Kornilov (who by September was arrested with his supporters and imprisoned in Byhkov although after the Bolshevik takeover he would be involved with the Whites in the civil war only to eventually be killed in April 1918) to become ultimate heads of state would now unwittingly guarantee political success for Lenin-

[FURTHER HISTORICAL TEXT ANALYSIS AWAITS].

CAT'S MEDITATIONS [II]

The further random musings of this inner-city prophet which are truly endless of which will always come to the fore when he is often alone staring out from his flat window at what passes for human civilization that comes

into his commanding view.

'From my point of view,' nonchalantly thought Cat, typically late at night and after listening to all that the 'risky' likes of Teresa, Caterina, Gregor and Michael had to say'…there is a social relativity to human morality as seen when millions were welcomed to Australia's distant shores after a major war even though they were to serve a utilitarian social function they would still in the end after their two years of servitude be able to live and prosper at their own behest. Australia would even sign up to international refugee agreements in good faith to be a humanitarian role model, yes, a good world citizen taking in its fair share of the dispossessed. Yet, many decades later it seemed there would be a sense of regret that it still had to abide as a signatory to help the world's lost as they now domestically had become a political liability for human morality to be overtaken by political expediency and so those who as victims of war had once been welcomed were now to be punished for being the very same thing who in their powerlessness could still be persecuted although it would now be in a different way, to perversely serve the role of being scapegoats to soothe a disturbing insularity that felt threatened – not with hard evidence but only by populist rhetorical persuasion - by those escaping from danger who had chosen to arrive here irregularly as if in subterfuge to all of the country's national security and well being…(to mindfully go over past musings and discussions)…to see that there is an unholy, human price for all such persecuted people who are to still have their freedom denied, (yes, to be inhumanely serving as human shields, as so often suggested…so as to callously signal to any redeemed child of God…(for all who seek rescue of their lives from evil are holy!)…who, like the original so called 'chosen people' (…who, universally speaking i.e. to go beyond any reductionist reversion to human tribalism…that any of us can now thankfully be seen as 'chosen' - to be seeking after salvation by crossing what is for such souls searching for freedom an unknown sea; yet for them to still damningly be denied entry into this continent…(…this vast, southern promised land…)…for domestic political self-interest is to hold sway over any international law…or moral law…or divine or human ethic…to even be forced away by any government devised infernal premise when it no longer suits the Australian government to have them there…instead to have a state bureaucracy of inhuman callousness…to force them out with intimidation, with threats, to even have in the pacific island gulag to finally physically close down the superstructure around them…to force them out into the neighbouring wilderness (which so many find hostile) which will not sustain them…with literally only having the shirts on their backs…to face both a new physical and mental harshness…(to even be pettily denied a packet of cigarettes)…for Australian officialdom to wash its blooded hands of all responsibility of these human beings which it originally placed onto these damned islands (such treachery, such malevolence) to even offer dispirited Rohingya refugees (among others of different nationalities but they were among the first persecuted unfortunates to come to mind) large sums of money to

'voluntarily' return to Myanmar which at the time hundreds of thousands were fleeing foe their lives to go to Bangladesh-

AUSTRALIAN CYCLOPS

''The colonised land of the White Australia Policy. With its infamous racist bogey Yellow Peril cartoon…" A slow, excited inebriated voice (yet with sobered mind, if not sober body). "A caricature of an Asian man's head with octopus-arms wildly protruding from it to depict how from cheaper labour to disease through to drugs and criminality will all be devilishly utilised to immorally undermine the 'British goodness' of Australia's 'supreme values'. For 'British Australians' to be genuinely in shock with the Fall of Singapore. To have it argued that for Australian minds the barbaric, criminal spirit of this Mongolian Octopus would be channelling itself through the Japanese Imperial Army which was viciously, methodically advancing southwards to this salient British outpost of Asia. An invincible Asian military force infamously known, for instance, for the Rape of Nanking now dramatically potentially terrifying a small largely insulated, European population with its worst racial prejudices of the many peoples living in the vast land mass directly to the north evermore seemingly verified-

Soon after the surprise Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour in December 1941 in the Australian Parliament John Curtin would mention that no invader would land in Australia without first having rallied against it every man…for this new settler nation would always only be the home of the 'sons of Britishers' (no mention of British daughters) who came to this far away ancient land 'in peace' so as 'to establish in the South Seas an outpost of the British race.' With Australia's laws to proclaim 'the standard of White Australia' and to mention there has been no intention to offend other races but that such laws have been implemented for 'economic and sound human reasons' and if Australia was to change in any way it would do so freely and not in response to a foreign aggressor.

(As a general aside to think how the 'human politic' always favouring positive transformation encouraged from being inculcated from within rather than from any outward imposition which, depending on the particular circumstances, is both a strength and a weakness. On a human level at least it is perhaps true that to desire the best change from someone or from a whole world it is better to inspire rather than to domineer…).

"Yet 'modern' Australia was itself founded by way of an invasion whereby those from a far away land came to these 'fatal shores' by boat loaded with the 'human trash' of their own gutters. Yes, human beings viewed as garbage to be tossed away. Transported for no other reason than being poor; forced to steal to simply stay alive. So I was taught in primary school; when in actuality some of those to be transported to Australia were actually socially progressive minded now imprisoned as political prisoners. What I also wasn't taught were the massacres of the indigenous. There they were in my text book. Black. Naked. Women. With their digging sticks. Black men with beards. Holding spears. 'Primitives'. To be seen as having no civilization. Except for their Dreamtime. All those explorers we learnt to see as heroes. Taming the hostile land emptied of people for sheep and farming. To make Australia prosperous for itself and Mother England. Going on school excursions to Macquarie House out in western Sydney at Parramatta. Here in the city there is a stature of Governor Lachlan Macquarie at Hyde Park. (It looks so gaudy).

Who thought he knew how to tame hostile natives. A true 'professional'. Who ordered they be killed and even strung up to be on show to put fear into all the other blacks if they did not respect the God given right of the new colony to take over their lands." Yes, to present a cynic's point of view: "The historians today arguing if Macquarie had carried out genocide. This 'civilized' man. Who brought 'old world civility' to the new colony." Yes, to even be sarcastic: "As if to say that maybe the indigenous only got 'what they deserved'. Yes, to the victors always go the spoils and the vulgar rationalisations to defend their bloody conquests. I imagine the many indigenous dead under the ground where the statue of Lachlan Macquarie stands. (Too many from the nightmare time of 1788…). I wish to ask them what they think of him and all the other governors. Was it 'fair' what happened to them? That they were killed by 'civilized men' who would claim they only did so in 'self-defence'? To defend their new world against 'barbarian incursion'. So goes the logic of empires in so much of human history."

(What is civilization?).

"I saw on television recently the 'good men and women' of Australia's bureaucracy defending Australia's record human rights record to a United Nations committee."

(To just theatrically 'ticking the boxes' on the world stage).

"All serious concerns were to be duly dealt with through the cleansing process of so much 'diplomat-speak'; everyone so polite; truly civil; softly speaking into microphones; a pause for a drink of cool, clean filtered water to collect one's thoughts or even one's public…as well as self-deceptions."

(Yes, to also filter the truth so it becomes palatable for human consumption).

It was all a 'misunderstanding'. Manus. Nauru. An Aboriginal woman dying in a prison cell whose' crime' had been that she had not paid a parking fine; unfortunate; processes will be improved; aberrations in a quest for a greater good. Australia is really good. To think otherwise is only fantasy.

(Yet what is 'fantastic' is real).

Locking people up for many years and with no end in sight for them is fantastical. It 'has to be done'. It is what we 'know'; like stringing up dead Aboriginals to bring fear into the 'natives'; so as to defend what is good; a 'necessary' evil. The cruel means are 'justified' by the end goals: 'civilization' at last. All can then enjoy the 'fruits' of a nation's labour. Even the first Australians who have been told what is good for them; who can window dress this 'paradise' with their costume performances before the grand finals, the national anniversaries; with their smoking ceremonies for overseas dignitaries who in turn know how to be paternalistically humour towards their mainly Anglo-Australian hosts by saying "mate" and "put a prawn on the barbie" and other outdated glib expressions of a bygone anachronistic, so called egalitarian age (yes, which has only been so for those of mainly British stock or of similar racial or cultural human vintage); while these often more powerful visitors will offer ask in return for the local hospitality subordinately meted out to them for the mineral resources of this mainly desert nation to be used for other motherlands in far away places; for new incursions; for new empires; as long as we get a lot of take home pay and pats on the head from the real adults of this world, yes, in return, for selling out the national soul; what does it matter…? The corrupted apologists of the political and managerial class ask: "To be happy comes at a (Faustian) price. We all know that. We deserve it. Yes, we are good. That is what civilization is: to know that your way of life is truly comfortable; to eat well;

to sleep well; to be entertained well." Do not disturb. Do not let anything – like highlighting a nation's many self-compromising sins until a state of soul searching is needed to be reached – destroy the national myth; the imperious dreamtime of hyenas.

(What did a U.S. officer once say? "The Australians are our Ghurkas.")

The apologists (again): "As long as we are daily amused, everything will be all right. Yes, life can be awesome. It is a 'truism' we must never forget; culture can become our anaesthetic; to not only stop any pain but disguise it so we don't have to deal with it in the first place."

(Yes, First Nations peoples know how those who stole their lands can deviously manipulate their own culture within a marketing veneer incessantly aimed to divert attention away from the barbarisms that has been committed against them; but they can be clever too and use Welcome to Country as a real value cultural asset to have it entered into the colonial mind as to who it is who really owns this country which has been stolen; how First Nations people can identify with as well as soulfully regain within them a sense of personal and tribal place with their lands which has been forcibly taken from them; to not allow such public ritual merely serve a trojan horse token purpose for the benefit of the white fella who has thieved ownership of the lands but in the public space to be a moral weapon to erode away any illusionary semblance of 'moral' foundation the white fella believes in which gives in the white fella mind a sense of rightful entitlement to have what is not really legitimate to own; to give true moral impetus to the black fella's claim of rightful ownership of this vast ancient territory. To see Caterina, Michael, Gregor, myself and others in a group photo next to a display of the Uluru Statement at the First Nations Yabin Festival at the park next to Sydney University on Survival Day. A document that was meant to provide an opportunity for First Nations peoples with a national moral capital ceaselessly rising for them due to the tireless advocacy of indigenous activists and their allies to have a real advisory constitutional voice to the federal parliament that goes beyond any symbolic role so real improvements can be made. (Alas the referendum would fail. Alas it was also miserably proven that due to there being no bipartisan approval so called historical racist prejudices against Aboriginal people were not so historical after all. Yet, it was also troublesome that it was not understood by some supporters of this referendum that some constituents did not vote yes not because they were against improving Aboriginal democratic rights but simply because they had no real understanding of the historical grievances suffered by Aboriginal society especially from those who had only been in Australia for a short while and so did not understand how essential it was to make this constitutional change which was not to give further power to the government or to have their democratic rights somehow lessened as they may have been deceived by political charlatans to believe but to give further power to those who had been disempowered for so long. To have gone to western Sydney to hand out leaflets and have a well-educated Iranian woman in a chemist who sincerely asked in still stilted English what was it all about who in the end despite being sympathetic to the Aboriginal cause may have still made a cautious decision to vote no while the leaflets themselves did not seem adequate from language issues with limited series of translations which showed up an insular ignorance of the diverse cohort to explanations which although had the correct information there was at the same time between the lines that still expressed an inherent paternalism that still very much existed throughout Australian society that could ultimately only work against the

best interests of the referendum. There was a definite need for more long term educational groundwork that had not been realised and which would have made a difference). Although the order of priority was up for some argument amongst indigenous peoples the calls for a Voice, Treaty and Truth were all vital if 'black fellas' were to at last to see some everlasting restorative justice from their 'white fella' colonisers who had inflicted upon them so much violence, murder and land theft. Makarrata was thus such an important principle to come into authentic realisation after any dispute which involved ritualistically bringing on a lasting peace between peoples after such a major tribulation as the dispossession of a whole continent. As the elder said at a pre-match ceremony of a game held during the annual rugby league indigenous round surely the crowd he was speaking too was mature enough now to deal with the truth of this modern nation's foundation which cost so much in human terms for the peoples who had been originally residing here for tens of thousands of years and who despite all the killings, the massacres, the wholesale destruction of their society that had occurred in the previous two hundred years had not given up on their identity and culture they still remained the longest living culture on the planet. As it was most of the friends in this photo would especially suggest that along with the Uluru Statement and all that is entailed with the need of a referendum and so forth was still the immediate need of closing the gap regarding education, justice, native title, water rights, employment, cultural, health, housing and other such basic human rights indices that also the many royal commission recommendations that have been still born now for decades, to put an end to Aboriginal deaths in custody would finally, at last, be implemented and that land rights laws be in place to put the onus back on mining and fracking gas companies to justify why Aboriginal lands should be disturbed for their gain along with securing the safety and integrity of ancient sacred sites. Also of importance was to rewrite the history so as to acknowledge not only the stealing of land but the genocidal criminalities committed and how what is viewed as 'history' is really not the case with many of the sins committed in the past are still being committed today in various other 'thematic ways'; that the underlying systemic evils are yet to be fully broken down; to be actually ground into dust like a captured murderous weapon that is finally manacled to the point that it can never be used again on anybody in any shape or form. That was a good day to see the musician Joe Gaia with band performing on the main stage. A yearly Aboriginal festival held on a national day which for First Nations peoples holds no cause to be celebratory; to remember when it was originally held at La Perouse as a Survival Day event and seeing the likes of a young Archie Roach and Ruby Hunter. To now think of another when Bruce Pascoe the author of Dark Emu providing fresh insight into Aboriginal culture and agriculture (which helps to emphasise the strong human link there was to the land which supersedes the incorrect colonial notion of 'indigenous temporality' to it in order to justify the 'civilised' 'permanency' of foreign occupation) was sighted traditionally dancing with his regional tribe in a nearby space amongst the many stalls and tents that dotted the crowded park with many people mingling amongst them or standing or sitting around the performance spaces, discussion tents or even dancing in front of the main music stage with big screens to the side.

(Yes, to think now how Michael would one day ask at an indigenous writers' event he went to with Caterina that at least in Cyprus while any justification for the territory under Turkish occupation could be disputed it could be agreed by both sides that a certain town

actually existed before 1974 and that other Cypriots did live there while indigenous people in Australia had to argue that their sacred sites or lands now all occupied actually existed in the first place and they had 'ownership' of it for any link to the land has even been denied to First Nations people as if the land itself did not even exist until mapped down by white hands).

For any true democracy to exist the minority voices of any society must be given equal standing to the majority groups that can otherwise so easily drown them out and shout them down. To thus face remaining voiceless. No voice. A megaphone must be handed to those who would otherwise not be heard. Who can even die in silence. Or in the most grievous scenario can be sent to their deaths. Unnoticed. Whether that be an indigenous person who is locked up as abandoned or a refugee who is psychologically coerced to agree to return to a land of persecution. There are also the living deaths. As if a living person is inside a closed coffin as if a corpse. A real nightmare. Pushing. To suffocate. Screaming. Unheard. Unseen. Ignored. Trapped. A locked, immovable impregnable barrier. Hard. Strong. No one to come to break down such a locked chamber. Yes. The mind is pressed in badly. In such a way. High anxiety. Trauma. Yes. There are deaths. Sometimes followed by the media perversity of officially sanctioned crocodile tears. Yes. To weep. To play down the inevitable inhumanity as if it was an aberrant 'anomaly' rather than a planned strategy-

To note a lack of any moral sense also identified by human beings even in ancient times. To fear any inhumane authority. An ascendant malice which can also be of a divine dimension. Merciless. To look well beyond the Sun god Ra - as previously alluded too - and to Set the Ancient Egyptian god of chaos who tricked Osiris the lordly god of order to climb into a coffin to then seal him in it; to trap in order to murder by having the living Osiris in the coffin thrown into waters and drown; thus Seth to obtain ultimate power by such divine corruption of the universal good. Isis, Osiris's beloved, would find him and hide his body in the long grasses of the Nile to later perform the rituals that will send him to the Afterworld. Yet Seth would discover this secret place to then spitefully compound his original malevolence by ruthlessly cutting up the body of his rival brother into fourteen pieces and spreading them everywhere throughout the land to never be found so Osiris would remain eternally incomplete. Yet Isis, with the aid of other such divinities as Nepthys, Thoth and Anubis would diligently find each piece to then sow together and then be wrapped up and under a full moon would bring life to a deathly recomplete Osiris. Again alive and grateful for being so Osiris still recognised that having died he could no longer reside in the world of the living so travelled to the Afterworld to rule there. Isis would have a son Horus who would restore justice to the living world by defeating Seth.

However, after the death of one's physical being one's soul then embarking on the journey to the Afterworld there would be two main judgments that must be deal with in the Hall of Truth: the first being to satisfy forty-two divine judges of one's spiritual worthiness which could be accomplished by way of the Book of the Dead and then secondly to face the weighing of one's heart with the soul hoping for it to be in balance with the feather of the goddess Ma'at which represented truth and justice; if the heart was heavier than the feather it would be devoured by Ammit who had the head of a crocodile on a body which was an amalgam of both the hippopotamus and lion. With the heart obliterated the soul would remain forever troubled cast out into a realm of darkness

from which there was no return. Righteous souls could proceed to be with the gods in the Field of Rushes which one may intimate are akin to the long grasses of the Nile (which one may also wish to note was brought into being by the respected crocodile god Sebek) while in essence this 'field of reeds' was an eternal reflection of the good life that one had left behind and thought to be lost forever including one's house, family, pets, relatives, trees, streams and there was the responsibility to also live the same life including tending to one's crops yet with the promise of not enduring a failed harvest. It must be noted Osiris the gracious lord of the Afterworld was also a divine representation of resurrection having overcome death so too under his divine stewardship a mortal being could live an eternal life which was a perfection…an 'eternal springtime'…without pain, sorrow, hardship or tribulation in this paradise underworld.

No nightmare. No sharp reptilian teeth to come down and clasp and tear asunder one's heart. A piercing fear. To read of the earthly gods not in a hall of truth, but rather in an office of lies offering a Rohingyan refugee no new life but rather the finances to return to the same hell on earth that one had strived at great risk to escape and journey away from. To be sordidly intimidated to return to Rahkine state on the north west side of Burma – (now more commonly known as Myanmar due to an arbitrary military junta regime decree) where there is - as historical circumstance would have it - Ramree Island where it is claimed in early 1945 hundreds of Japanese soldiers savagely lost their lives to crocodiles after these men were trying to traverse marshes to outmanoeuvre a British-Indian attacking force. To view such a historical event as a worldly antithesis to the mythical Field of Reeds of Ancient Egyptian religion. The howls and screams of devils in a political chorus that demands that innocent people be returned to earthly hells; to see in their ongoing suffering a domestic political benefit. Disowning all moral responsibility to meet any international humanitarian obligation-

MIND COMET
MIND COMET
MIND COMET
MIND COMET

SUBCONSCIOUS REPETITION OF THE UNJUST CASE OF THE DAMNED: AS IF TO GUARANTEE HAVING IT SEARED ON THE MIND LIKE REPEATING MATHEMATICAL TABLES TO NOT ONLY REMEMBER THEM BUT TO UNDERSTAND THE ABSOLUTE NATURE OF THESE UNIVERSAL CALCULATIONS & TO UNDERSTAND IN THIS CASE THE ABSOLUTE NATURE TO OMNIPENTLY DEHUMANISE HUMAN BEINGS TO MENTALLY IMPRESS UPON EACH POWERLESS INDIVIDUAL DESIGNATED NUMBERS THAT ARE TO BE MEMORIZED TO TAKE AWAY THEIR HUMAN IDENTITY & HUMAN DIGNITY FOR ONLY THESE DIGITS CAN BE USED TO OPPRESSIVELY DENOTE THEIR VERY NON ENTITY EXISTENCE THAT THEIR NAMES NO LONGER MATTERED THAT THEY NO LONGER HAD ANY MORAL WEIGHT THAT THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH HAD BECOME THAT A FAR AWAY DISTANT GOVERNMENT LIKE SOME DIVINITY IN THE SKY WAS THE FIRST CAUSE BEHOLDER OF ALL REALITY FOR THEM & THE REALITY WAS THAT THEIR LIVES COULD BE DISPENSED LIKE CHAFF IN THE WIND IF IT SO CRUELLY SUITED THE POLITICAL WILL FOR ONLY IT WAS WORTHY OF LONG LASTING EXISTENCE & THEIR CALLOUS TREATMENT WOULD SERVE THIS PURPOSE

To reiterate yet again in one's ever fatigued mind which at times reverberates with the same despairs…(yes, to repeat the accusation…no objective observation…)…that an unholy, human price is being traumatically paid by all these persecuted people…to still have their freedom denied so as to serve as the oft-repeated proverbial human shields…(as the analysis goes)…to callously signal to any other metaphorical redeemed 'child of God'…(…yes, who, like the original so called 'chosen people' seek salvation, crossing over for what is for them, an unknown sea…yet, to still be denied entry to this continent…this vast, southern promised land…(…yes domestic self-interest does hold sway over any international law…)…yet to even be forced from these infernal premises when it is locally deemed intolerable by local court to have such detention places to stay in existence as has been the case with Manus)…thus for the Australian government to not take these innocent people to the mainland but to force them out into the neighbouring wilderness which so many found hostile, which will not sustain them…to literally have only the shirts on their backs…to have Australian officialdom to wash its bloodied hands of all responsibility of these human beings which it originally placed onto these damned islands…(such treachery, such malevolence)…Manus officially closed and to have these desperate people unofficially linger from the public eye…to be as living ghosts…(…to even discover as if sifting through other infernal circles of fifty innocents to have been moved for several months by PNG with seemingly Australian acceptance and with minimal Australian media focus to an immigration centre within a prison for common criminals known as Bomana for several months…)…the numbers only to ebb when placements are provided like a slow drip feed to a dying patient to other nations…to the United States…finally to New Zealand…yet still too many remain abandoned who need to be properly aided…belatedly a 'political problem'…that must finally be resolved, yet not on any humanitarian term but rather by what is cynically seen as a necessary political recalibration…yet to have those fortunate few who were able to come to Australia on medical grounds due to a rare parliamentary outmanoeuvre by independent voices which provided a humane opening for a little while until it was firmly closed again by a reinvigorated, revengeful government…but unfortunately for those able to come to the mainland they were to stay spitefully locked up for many months in hotels…(…as seen in Melbourne…)…to have them become enclosed de facto institutional detention prisons…to only then to again be finally released slowly when the changing political situation demanded it as refugees became more so a political liability rather than an asset…(yet to still live in limbo on temporary visas to be arbitrarily renewed to have no medical rights no work rights etc…)…nothing human, only political calculation…human life is of no interest…only ambition, only power…in all this foul time for the Australian politic to not even register or admit that much of the overseas oppression still occurring to this day which has led to so many multitudes of innocents seeking after sanctuary is an ongoing legacy of earlier colonial criminalities…yes, to again remember learning the Australian authorities to even offer dispirited Rohingya refugees large sums of money to 'voluntarily' return to Myanmar which at the time hundreds of thousands were desperately fleeing for their lives from the Myanmar military to Bangladesh-

“MIND WAVE OF TRIBULATION!”

‘Muslim Rohingya have historically had ethnic links with Burma’s Arakan region of the Rakhine State that goes back hundreds of years when Muslims from various social backgrounds and of different nationalities first started to settle in this north west coastal area of Burma which also borders Bangladesh. Yet the Rohingya are commonly negatively viewed in this predominantly Buddhist nation as the descendants of those Bangladesh migrants who were brought in during British colonial rule to work as a cheap farm labour force; so strong is the national prejudice against the Rohingya that they are pejoratively labelled illegal migrants and thus it is also no surprise that the Rohingya are singularly the only ethnic group since post-war independence which have been denied full citizenship rights. Now, with its long standing military rule (apart from a very brief period of a somewhat fraught democracy under Aung San Suu Kyi - ‘The Lady’ whereby the military proverbially held a threatening sword of Damocles over it having not totally given up on political power and would eventually intervene to resume full state domination) with a strong Buddhist-Burmese nationalist emphasis helping to provide a ‘rationale’ to discriminate against all other ethnic groups it has certainly had the harshest antagonistic effect against the Rohingya which has allowed an already ‘natural’ national resentment against the Rohingya to easily periodically give way to open hostility with often fatal results and which finally has resulted in the brutal expulsion of hundreds of thousands of Rohingya into neighbouring Bangladesh which from a Burmese xenophobic perspective is where they seemingly ‘rightly belong’-

“Human memory is long and with it human prejudice.”

‘The Rohingya had fought with the British against the Japanese hoping that they could be granted an autonomous region for themselves but this aspiration was never realised and would stoke further anger against them by nationalist Buddhists even though during the war nationalist sentiment would turn against the Japanese - who were initially seen as promising national independence - with the Burmese pragmatically choosing to fight with the British so as to eventually negotiate the nation’s freedom from them. The Rohingya used as a cheap labour force by their colonial masters then betrayed of a homeland by them after being used to also help fight in a war against a new foreign occupier only ultimately to be persecuted by those who finally gained independence from the British. A Rohingya person choosing to escape from a country they thought one’s own yet which has denied one of all one’s human rights eventually venturing to a strange country to the far south which was assumed to be a liberal democracy where one’s human rights would be eventually guaranteed and secured only to be offered the ‘right’ to return to the nightmare that one had so dangerously and courageously chosen to leave. To complete such cruel irony to realise one was remaining a victim in a country recently colonised by the same country that had sent one’s forebears to work in the country that refused one’s birthright to be a citizen of it and now one was being refused again to be seen as claiming a legitimate right to safety as stipulated by international law to all those fleeing from lethal danger and oppression. To be psychologically torn apart with the refusal also of there being any guarantee that other family members maybe able to join one if ever successful in being able to stay in Australia. Yet, if so to first have to also endure a psychological limbo with no immediate guarantee of permanency; to live without any official support and yet in detention before having to endure these other barriers only to be given the enticement to return to hell. To have no name. To fully strip away a human soul. To see no life incantation. Only to have a roll call from a book of the living dead whose names have been replaced by the boat number they crossed over to some new unexpected nether limbo world now filled to the brim with mind scarring experiences. A numbing nightmare. A

hall with a bright cold light, shining down on the tormented individual, yes, no holy light. No hoped resurrection. To see one's heart weighed against not some feather of justice but by a paper tower of bureaucratic documents and legal codes which aim to bury you alive until you scream out in resignation and defeat to plead to take your chances again in the hades you already know so well, to have a skirret of faith that maybe there will be a way to still survive, that maybe one is mistaken, that the world is not so cruel, as it seems so now, no, all is confused, to not know, to be made to feel that one does not know what is real, to trust only in the architects of the unreality that is now around you, to scream inside, truth is illusion, hope is transitory, only despair outlasts all, to have faith in fear, the only psychological driver of human action that is being left for you to commit too, to be forced to choose what is against your best interests, your soul is weighed down, your heart downcast, into the dark nothingness you may go too, devoured, a demonic result-

For some, at last, after the long journey, after the humiliations, after the chilling sense of even being near death…(…yes, so close…)…after the lengthy passage of horrid time through limbo, to finally reach the desired afterworld, to renew one's life, to have again what has been so desperately lost, relief, to be happy, to try to really live again, to be by the river of life, to drink its water, gathered with others, loved ones, survivors, helpers, to see the sun shine down, at last with a just light…others, still too many others not so fortunate…to only have reached an antithetical afterworld more cruel even than what awaits those devoured by Ammit, where there is no tranquillity, to have literally unjustly arrived at it through a premature physical death, not self-inflicted as the public legal record often suggests, but officially pre-meditated, by political design, darkness…

(Ammit, a fearful creature but also who can be viewed as ultimately just, meting out a dire fate to those who it has been correctly deemed as deserving of existing in such an eternal, unsettled nihilist realm…)…to fear such a just soul is so unfairly only eternally troubled, in a spiritually dark anti-world…yes…for such sad wraiths a deathly silence, no spiritual peace…an everlasting nightmare…for there to be no holy light, no warm life-healing sun-

The Crucified

I

From the beginning there has been the discrimination against the other it seems it has always been the way with human beings which is a cursory thought that passes my mind while viewing screen prints of the biblical creation of the world which are by John Coburn situated at a chapel on the grounds of Sydney University; and I am doing so while listening to a visiting speaker from England talk about the mimetic theory of Rene Girard. We may desire something due to subconsciously mimicking someone else who also wants the same thing. Yet on a conscious level we may believe that our interest is original and coming from within ourselves. (As is pointed out modern advertising certainly works on this mimetic principle as it constantly works at implanting artificial desires into our minds). If the mutual object of desire is not available to all then competition will arise which in turn may lead to violence if human frustration trumps

any human acceptance in not achieving one's goal; unrequited desire can lead to a requited hatred towards those who impede the acquisition of our aspirations. We are not to blame ourselves but rather to accuse someone else; any unreasoned human judgement can lead to the notion of the scapegoat whereby someone or some other group is unjustifiably blamed for the shortcomings or 'evils' that have 'befallen' the actual accusers. Nevertheless, all against one served the social function of uniting everyone against an exterior threat that was seen as disruptive to the group; dealing with the scapegoat either through execution or exile would allow for a 'cleansing' reattribution of social harmony. Violence aimed at one who had become a sacrificial lamb, freed everyone else from suffering a similar vindictiveness. Repeating this social procedure in some ritualistic symbolic fashion would help to avert further violence as it became incorporated into the ongoing cultural memory of the group and from generation to generation; yet, it would often mean an 'other' would also continue to endure blame to maintain social cohesion and to avoid social disintegration. (Social truth above moral truth). A dedicated elite of any group would have to take ownership of such ongoing social expectations to instead help guide the group towards what is the best purpose for all including those who need assistance and so should be welcomed whether they be from our own kind or are outsiders rather than for all of them left to be outcasts; but - as has often been the historical case – a society can be untrustworthily managed by a sole leader (or sole organization) for personal gain, especially in the strengthening of one's supreme power. To have a descent into a human hell of our own volition when safeguards are dismissed; and especially when there populistically arises a paradoxical human antipathy towards human demagogues who claim they will grant us what we wish as long as we give them all power over us. Dictatorship as a democratic will. Human absurdity.

II

The myths of the world incorporate a central figure who is not innocent and must be a blood sacrifice to return the universe to a just equilibrium. Within this chapel it is inferred there was an inversion of this scapegoat principle with the Christ whereby it is clearly depicted that he was without guilt but had guilt accorded to him. An innocent scapegoated (to eliminate by secular imperial means his perceived 'blasphemous' threat to the 'religious' elite). To have us accept our blame in persecuting the blameless. To recognise a common humanity much in the same way that the humanity of those considered as slaves was recognised as a first step towards working to their eventual emancipation.

The Great America had revolted to free itself from the yoke of empire. Yet it is mentioned that white landholders had convinced the white poor to fight for American liberty as they were all of a higher status that deserved to be granted the opportunity of securing an individual prosperity that would not be afforded to the Afro slaves upon whose shackled labour would be the actual foundation of the new republic. Only whites would reign supreme and even for the poorest 'American' there was the eugenic virtue of still being one of the chosen who could inherit this 'new world' (of which millions of slaves would be excluded from ever having the same inherent right; to which millions more of those who had already been on this continent for thousands of years would be driven to annihilation due to an undue vile invasive supremacist presumption inherent with the

Iberian to Gallic to Nederlanders to the Albion colonizers that they too could never have any worthy place in this emerging 'civilization' which had made it abundantly clear that what is holy is only white).

(Moral hypocrisy heaped above ever more moralistic hypocrisy).

Bribery. Corruption. Greed.

The foul 'economic need' of a vast global military-industrial complex for never ending war; (Eisenhower was sadly right). The atomic explosion tests on the Marshall Islands which left so many dying horribly of cancers; human beings as expendable guinea pigs to be tested on; much like the case made by some that Hiroshima was atomized in the morning - when people were going to work - just to see how many people could be killed by a single A-bomb. (More A-bombs were being prepared to be dropped if Japan did not surrender).

Rotunda As Found Object

To sit inside a well-built rotunda in a suburban park or in an Eden-like garden oasis that it is the Royal Botanical Gardens by the city harbour. To be sheltered from both Apollo's strong, stabbing sunrays or Zeus's thunderous temperament when it rains. (Yes, it is Apollo who is Zeus's favoured son…). A temporary respite but a welcome one until the little journey one has embarked on to escape the surrounding urbanized scape can be completed. Yet, to not notice where one was until a sultry day with its sudden downpour of heavy rain, the surprise in discovering this dry oasis to make it not only a welcome relief for the body but also for the mind.

A rainy day. A rotunda. To sit in. At the Royal Botanical Gardens where I have been many times with Lisa, Melissa and Michael. To let one's meandering mental state to do its usual wander. To think of a previous Japanese haiku poem which presently helps provides some solace…yes, to think how culture can work like a protective sanctuary…yet more so being for within us…nevertheless, to have only been prompted to think, this time, in such a metaphysical way for in this garden pavilion of this harbour side 'garden of Eden' was a homeless Central Asian middle-aged man who hospitably welcomed me to come in out of the thunderstorm and sit inside on the empty benches until the rains ended when the sun would burst out again from behind the grey clouds. Here was 'Adam' who was perhaps not too different from the original Adam of the Levant or Mesopotamia who sat with his books and plastic bags filled with his items and food and listening to his music on a portable music player. One would not want to idealise him, for to be without a home is to not to be romanticized as some arduous 'character building good'; no, not at all, for a physical home is a human necessity which every person must have a right too but at this particular moment between my host and myself one could see how there is a truth in '…home is where the heart is…'; he - this material-less Good Samaritan - was 'at home' and I, his grateful 'guest' was far away from any semblance from home; perhaps not 'down-and-out' like George Orwell had been in London or Paris but there was a strong desire to head back to my flat by which going through the gardens from down Circular Quay to Woolloomooloo had simply meant to be a shortcut. The pelting rain. The man smiled, lay down within his blankets to rest. So back to my musing…tilting back my black cowboy hat…yes…human movement can be the embodiment of human freedom…while here in this pavilion built only for human rest rather than as a human

residence there is thus no such illusion of permanence; although a human sense of permanent existence maybe utilized by my homeless host-

Political Human Cannibalism

...to be whistling Hotel California…as the rains go on…like a tropical monsoon…on Nauru the refugees are housed in tents…and yes they cannot leave…and yes there is a human bestiality that can never be killed off…which keeps heinously re-emerging as a new nightmare in ever new foul forms from a vile dark aspect of the human psyche that knows no empathy…a political survival instinct usurps all human consciousness…thus these human beings are to stay detained…like rotting flesh…to miserably ward off others of their fine ilk…a political human cannibalism where the victims are devoured in a timeless living death…with some of those who will only rehabilitate themselves of their mental anguish by meting out with one's own hands one's physical annihilation…a nihilist peace…an obliteration of the body to release a vanquished soul…and yes there is no way to escape the political mirrors eternally reflecting only false sparkling mirages to provide illusionary glimmers of hope yet to only painfully lead to further bitter disappointment…to erode a human being just a little more each time…to become a hollowed out organic shell…yet still alive…left with only performing to be a human being without being left to really being one…living human shields…what may have been deceptively portrayed initially as a sort of intermediary heaven is finally seen for what it really is a: a tropical hell; devouring all who enter into it to be detained. Howling. Souls. Yes, there may as well be eagles coming down to gouge at their innards every day…there is no one to save them…so many to say they must be saved…but no one is actually coming…no civil rights Hercules to storm the beaches with the Argonauts and with Orpheus to keep them all musically in step until they madly rush the detention site to: Free The Refugees! No, there's just this slogan daubed on white thin, narrow calico sheets at rallies thousands of kilometres away demanding their government who holds them captive to free them and bring them to the mainland; which their immediate desensitized captors cannot see or hear these outcries from so far away but see the tents perhaps made of the same calico although of a heavier category…yes there are calico corridors from which can be heard from the hell dark the parched voices welcoming newcomers but with pity in the heavy hearts of those who lie stiff as to be corpses…the humid air…a humid decay…a humid forever…for whom a mission bell tolls is for the one who is no more…a tinkering sound to be as if to be the measure of another life ended…caused by the endless monotony of this hellish circumstance…yes, there are still many detainees who still live but all have innocent souls which are withering…it is only a matter of earthly time when eternity will be finally reached…from here to eternity…when can the good life presently take hold again…? God help those if it never be so-

Domain Protest In The Shadow of a Banal Evil

I another time find myself on a sunny wintry Sunday afternoon at a small gathering of people at the Domain. Apparently, a coalescing of farmers, environmentalists and indigenous. A gold painted two-metre high model of

weight scales had reflected blinding sunrays into my eyes. (What trick of Apollo was this…?). It made me notice even more the hundred odd people standing in a semi-circle by this large gold scale which on closer inspection had the word JUSTICE written down its long pivot arm. I then took note of all the signs such as LOCK THE GATE and one other: WE LIVE IN A SOCIETY NOT AN ECONOMY. As I took a flyer handed to me while still on the path it became apparent that these people were protesting against the disintegration of small communities in the countryside that were literally under siege from various coal companies. As I saw the scales were tilted towards INJUSTICE with a large lump of coal in one of the two dishes I suddenly sighted Caterina who signalled with her palm to have me stand beside her on the grass. (Apollo's entrapment of me was now complete). Some of those around this pair - who were standing towards the front - wondered if this new demonstrator with his large black cowboy hat was actually another one of the country speakers who had travelled to Sydney. Rather, it was actually a case of the gods wanting me to be made aware of the gross corruption of a state which, although was professing to be a democracy, was deliberately failing in its first responsibility: to protect its citizens. This 'naïve observer-come-participant' was shocked to learn of the apparent collusion between Company and State that would allow more open cut mining while disregarding the legitimate concerns of those people who would be directly negatively affected by such corporatized environmental vandalism. An Aboriginal elder (who I first mistook as a farmer due to his stocky appearance and broad rimmed hat) humbly spoke of being arrested by the police while exercising his civil right to defend his property at a picket. This elderly man who may well have been a farmer (I would not find out) but who had obviously worked on the land had made it clear he had no political affiliations and that he had never before had an interest in taking up political action and was only motivated now by what to him were clear acts of injustice by the powerful aimed against his township. To seek help. To keep standing. After many attempts to be cut down. To not let seemingly indestructible forces destroy him or the community he belonged too. Bullish, brutal forces which could even call upon a government to change its laws when the judicial process decided against their foul cause; for everything that is meant to stand for human decency to be restrained and stripped down by an insidious overarching evil that at the same time was mockingly, publicly declaring that all of what it was doing was actually for the good of all. To wrongly accuse those protecting their land - and every living being on it including the wildlife - of being 'ungrateful' for not acquiescing to the 'obvious progressive benefits' of corporate empire. To me this vile, morally repugnant state of affairs took on a further clarity when I considered the war exhibition I had just seen at the State Library. Having gone there to view Michael Riley's black & white portrait photos of Aboriginal Murris living in Moree which were tucked away in a back annexe on the top floor I an avid historian decided to also have a thorough look at the historical colour-tinted photos of World War One trench fighting which were on display in the main exhibition halls. One dramatic

picture of a long spurt of fiery red orange plumes from a flamethrower over no man's land was followed by an aerial photograph of a vast wasteland pockmarked with enormous shell holes. I was taken aback when I read the little twigs I could see were actually the remains of large tree trunks. Terrain where there had once been a forest had been laid to waste by heavy bombardment to leave a barren expanse filled only with dark craters. Their circular blackness - imagined in my furious mind - as the entrances of deep portals which led the many damned down to a horrendous Underworld. Yet, here was I now listening in the Domain to claims of how mining companies were wanting to deliberately invest in ever expanding open cut mines that would also result in such wastelands. For what? To dig up a fossil fuel that the planet was already climatically warning humanity that its overuse would spell out for present civilizations their premature doom? Yet I deduced there are many Captains of Industry – like many World War One Generals – who would be methodically ready to threaten the futures of whole ecologies and the futures of many people for short term shareholder company gains. For I know what is happening in the nearby Hunter Valley to the Liverpool Plains and in the Southern Highlands is occurring elsewhere in Australia and in many parts of the world and often in murderous fashion. (I had immediately thought of such 'tucked away' places as nearby West Papua which I had become interested in after watching on the national broadcaster the second series of a drama called The Code which was bringing attention to a 'silent genocide' happening in a region with a huge copper mine which was usually out-of-view of the world's mass media. Yet, to also in due course to also learn of the oligarchical extraction of the land for industrial palm oil involving the deforestation of large tracts of the rainforest and a further sidelining of the indigenous peoples who already lived under Indonesian occupation). Decimation. Extinction. Yes, red rivers…of innocent human and animal blood…of the earth's toxic waste…I could not help but think that here were people in New South Wales having to deal with a high level of malevolence that was often only attributed to the worst tyrannies that were often in the so called underdeveloped world…the demonstrators all yelled out VIVA! in defiance of the powerful forces wanting to crush them; who all symbolically proclaimed a new township at the spot where they stood: behind the state building whose offices were working against them. To have hope. To hold onto hope. To have a new city of steadfast righteousness rise up from the old one being withered by disgusting greed. I knew it was all one could ask for as I looked up at the large concrete building behind them. Like the side of a large battleship with all its little windows; where within each one a little task was being performed during the business hours of the week. Where individual consciences could be allayed that what was being performed was of no significance in the greater scheme of things. Yet, as a recent tele-movie on Adolf Eichmann had reminded me a great evil can be diffused through a large bureaucratic structure. Not so much a silent majority working towards a totalitarian end but rather a blinded one as it was working with only little bits of innocuous

information and to then be distracted by immediate little rewards or compliments for their little jobs well done. (I take a moment to reflect how, after all, Josef Goebbels' personal secretary had recently explicitly said it was 'just another job' to type down in a Berlin office the daily public deceits of a genocidal regime. A dutiful office worker who had a real sense of work pride in being the fastest typist, no matter for whom or for what she was being so efficient for, which would aid in the efficient daily murders of millions of which she would claim she knew nothing about - although her boss knew of only too well. Can such a supposedly naïve woman who would be considered a star performer in any mindless bureaucracy – each with only a vast hive of 'little minds' - be considered responsible in a criminal way for what was actually done? Who never questioned that what she was helping to facilitate as undeniable truth was a pack of lies? That it was more bearable to live within a promoted delusion than face up to any agonizing reality? The worst truth being these human beasts who would willingly swallow the whole world to satisfy their grotesque, infantile appetites were only powerful because they had inculcated a whole population to live and die for their lies through both fear and desire; through a 'survival instinct' conditioned willingness for each individual to do his or her 'little job'; to achieving 'little goals' working with others without really dwelling on or understanding whether the greater consequences were truly good – or bad. "Ignorance is strength…"). Looking further up the building I considered that only in the top strata was the full picture ever really known and it was up there that at anytime for their convenience effort would be made to keep all those below in the dark.

(Human principles are always at stake).

To try to understand that a great principle at work for any successful undemocratic process is the one of: 'out of sight, out of mind' for not many in the big cities - where there were the biggest populations and therefore where there was the most political human capital – would be aware in any great detail of what was happening to their fellow Australians in the bush; (still a mythical, sacred realm in the national conscious of many Australians which would make it readily harder to believe that anyone would choose to deliberately desecrate it).

For I bleakly wondered at the time why there were only a relative handful of people at this demonstration when there should have been thousands as there was at a recent rally against other undemocratic machinations of the state government. Many people would certainly fully support the people of Bulga and other small towns and nearby regions like the Pilbara in their David and Goliath struggle with the mining juggernauts, a fight which many Aboriginal communities always constantly faced. Yet, of course, there would be optimistic days when, for instance, one would also see on one occasion the Domain filled to the brim with tens of thousands of people demanding action on climate. Yes, to stoically take the long term view to understand the ebb and flow of human attitude and behaviour shifting between apathy and paralysis to demonstration and activism…to discourage the former and encourage the latter).

"To know thy truth…" I had muttered to myself, "…to set you free." An often stated mantra which I still see as a foundation principle to work with when against any form of despotism: from the fully totalitarian one under strict military government control to the neoliberal corporatism occurring within a weakened democratic state; and which I feel this community as well as myself presently had to face up too in one's 'backyard'. I had belatedly come to the despairing conclusion that the law did not always work for what is just but for what is most convenient; and if one is to force positive change it is not by prompting a sense of a higher moral good in those with the power to do so but by applying pressure on their base sense of political survival to eventually see it would be politically expedient for them to be perceived by their constituents as doing the right thing, which for the present would best serve their own short-term interests. Further along the political discourse they could attempt to place the interests of the corporates above those of the people as they would know political fortunes do always change especially if what is a strong grassroots resistance now eventually wanes. (Certainly, it is my personal conviction that those in the right must know they have to always remain ever vigilant. For there is never a final victory…to also understand that the powers-that-be rely on keeping people feeling impotent so they will not see any advantage in resisting; effort had to be made to have people realize that community resistance can be effective even though it may take time to bear forth any decent result).

After the demonstration I had bid farewell to Caterina who was heading down to the Royal Botanical Gardens where Isabella was picnicking with a close friend of Caterina's and her own daughter and son. I continued on my way and stopped at the Art Gallery of New South Wales to see the Sunday afternoon free film which on this day happened to be Werner Herzog's The Enigma Of Kasper Hauser. Afterwards it was a walk home but with a diversion to a nearby Woollahra gallery where there was an exhibition of German Expressionist prints that had been recommended to him by Caterina.

"Thanks for reminding me! Gregor had mentioned it to me but funnily enough it had slipped my mind! Say hello to Isabella! Great that your friend was happy to entertain her while you went to this demo! Yes, come around if you both can to catch up with Lisa and Melissa! They are still staying with me a little longer before they go off to their suburban arcadia!"

An Otto Dix etching of a field filled with piles of dead soldiers; a desolate crater filled landscape akin to a moonscape. George Grosz drypoints of emaciated German veterans wearing tattered uniforms and without limbs begging on city streets; juxtaposed with well dressed, sneering cigar smoking, obese war profiteers with bowler hats. A woodcut of a prophet with a sad, sullen face by Emile Nolde. An etching of a mother with a dead soldier son by Kathe Kollwitz. An Erich Heckel woodcut of a man with both his hands on a deeply furrowed forehead. It is all despairing. Yet it is all true. I finally reached home thinking that although there had not been a recent global war of the same apocalyptic magnitude as World War One the same inhuman dynamics which brought it

about; and would resurface again with even more brutal power afterwards and beyond - as bitterly expressed in these early twentieth century prints - are still in play today, (as the demonstration he had stumbled upon in the Domain had shown). To bitterly think the only people who could now afford to buy these confronting prints with their decimated human beings were those with the financial and political capability to most often – if they choose – to socially attack them-

Children laughing.

"Hello Cat! I took up your offer! Seeing you said Lisa and Melissa would be happy today to just stay home and have a long lie down instead of going on one of your extraordinary educational tours! I dropped off my friend and her children and thought why not come now?! I am still in the area - although I have just come from Clovelly! Lisa made us cups of tea and Isabella is showing Melissa her latest children's book. It's a Bhutan story about four different animals co-operating with each other instead of fighting! A fable even for the grown ups!"

"Did you see on the news how a bird befriended an orphaned deer?" I query. "I've also seen on the internet a cow licking a cat to get its fur clean and an owl and a cat be friends etcetera. All this inter species friendliness makes me think of Koko the gorilla who was friends with a cat. She was so upset when the cat died. I can show you a video on the computer of an orangutan helping a little chick from drowning in a pond! There's also another video of an orangutan being good friends with a dog! We'll have to sponsor a baby ranga!"

I joined the others and listened to Isabella tell this story about harmony as her mother turned the pages. A bird, rabbit, monkey all standing on each other's backs on top of an elephant to get to apples high in a tree which they could all share. To suddenly think of Bhutan's Happiness Index based on the same co-operative impulse of attempting to do what was best for everyone and not just for the few. Yet, to me, in my present disillusioned mood, whatever social excellence was going on in this little monarchic mountain Shangri-La was to me a total exception to the overriding situation that in many so called modern 'democracies' increasingly anxious populations felt shut out from any true participatory process; it felt any 'option' was to choose between which political elite seemed less bad rather than being good; such an impotent mood would often open the way for extreme simple 'solutions' to popularly come to the fore which often involved diverting the hostility of many who felt increasingly insecure away from those with the most authority onto those with the least power. I know there had been genuine reformers who had brought on much social good and they also would always rise up but I also feel the cycle of human history is often more often than not spent having to deal with such harsh, predatory impulses as revenge; hate; conquest; greed which seemed to be among the dominant, evolutionary default positions of the human race.

"Let's watch BABE!"

Lisa, despite all her appearances to look cheerful in front of her daughter, again

looks very sullen after the visitors had left and Melissa had been put to bed. I know that at the start of the day that Lisa was in a depressed mood and that it would be best to venture out alone. (Although in the end this decision had brought to Lisa unexpected company which did lift her spirits for awhile). Yes, I thought, the cruel health card handed out to Lisa by fate is clearly damaging her day-by-day. Her life incrementally being put into disarray. To finally be cut short. To become far too early another depository to the nothingness that awaits us all. Always ever sensing a primal desire within her to howl. At all the unfairness. Yet I also feel that any resemblance of a new reality that I may come across could also be of some benefit to Lisa in some yet unimagined way. (One does not know. Although any reality to be considered could be all encompassing). At least, by all appearances, Lisa still appreciated my company. (If perhaps not all of my domestic habits).

Human Delusion

'Damn you Apollo. You gave Priam's daughter the gift of prophecy so as to seduce her into sleeping with you. Cassandra, who had also been a priestess of your own deity, vowing to stay a virgin, still resisted you so you cursed her that whatever true thing she said to humankind would not be believed. No one would listen to her when she proclaimed that Paris's entanglement with Helen would bring on Troy's downfall; that like the priest Lacoon she forewarned the Wooden Horse would spew out Greeks to destroy the city. Hera, an ever revengeful wife of Zeus would kill off Lacoon and his sons with serpents so the Trojans would go on believing that Achaean 'salesman' Simon who would lie to the Trojans that the Greeks had left. After the inevitable destruction of Troy Agamemnon would take Cassandra as his own. This proud Mycenaean king would not believe his beautiful slave when she prophesized that he would not be returning home to spend his days peacefully with his wife for an adulterous Clytemnestra would instigate his assassination. Cassandra too would be killed, to go to the Elysian Fields.' (I stretch out my hands and twist my body like the famous Lacoon sculpture as if my torso and arms are wrapped by snakes. "The delusions of empires ensnare us! We are entwined to their abdominal destinies!"). 'Agamemnon was deluded about his own invincibility…the Athenians equally as delusional in carrying out the momentous folly of their imperial expedition to Sicily... thousands cheered for the men in a grand flotilla of triremes who were really only going to their military doom. Arrogance. Overconfidence. Pride. To blind any true vision. The hubris of Great Powers. As mentioned before leading to debacle. e.g. Russia. 1812. Russia. 1941 to 1945. Vietnam. (1946-1954. 1955-1975). Iraq. (2003-2011…). Afghanistan. (1979-1989. 2001-2021). Ukraine (2014/22) to give only a few examples…yet the latest starting dates (and in two parts for a war that actually began in a half-hearted recognised piecemeal way many years before a recognised full scale invasion) and there will seemingly always be globally new starts…despite any latest ends-

Both hands now covering a disconsolate face. Madness. An esoteric perspective gyrating in a whirling mind. 'What is true? Only that which is not of this world? Untainted? Untarnished? By any physical realm…which is invisible? Particles intelligently creating time and consciousness within a mass energy matrix of gravitons and photons…mental solarizations metaphysically moving backwards and forwards across negative and positive time fields…memories emerging ephemerally in the mind…to reminiscence on a past event to visualize a future to bring into fruition…to literally at the same time create past, present, future as they appear. To dwell on the interplay of two separate events synchronizing as a meaningful coincidence…sign of God…mental interaction…occurring in no linear fashion…timeless experiences within time to unify action from the subconscious to consciousness…
contours…
symbols…
daily…
life…
language…
experience…
black holes…
memories…
atoms…
of God. Energy. Matter. Light. As waves…
particles…
Einstein…
the Hindu anu…
atom within atom…
the essence of an intelligence also extending into the inherent building blocks of the largest cosmic body…
anu…
equivalent to Brahman…
a wise holy Indian 'magician'…
to whom all things owe their existence…
creator of all consciousness…
in many forms. Anu, this ancient Verdic term now being used to describe a tiny pulsating structure visually resembling a heart…
ten spirals of electrons…
other small particles…
nestling on top of each other…
wound within them tinier spirallas. A dynamic cluster of energy. An Eagle Nebula on a subatomic level…
an anu if unravelled would be a circle of immeasurable circumference…made of the tiniest dots. An ethereal smoke ring. Beyond all vision. An indestructible atom. A big bang. An explosion of innumerable chemical combinations. Spiritual. Crystals. To be cosmic music. Movement. Direction. In no straight lines. Sound ripples in the cosmos…(…proof that we do not exist in states of non-existence…yes…that the universe is never really empty…)…circles…logic…to feel…(solid touch)…new

possibilities. Not just in dreams…(which are always silent). There are eleven known dimensions on the tiniest levels of the fabric of the universe…consciousness to survive as an entity at death…our spirit…a…quantum entanglement. (Lisa a lonely star floating sustained as part of the eternal sea). The froth of existence. Trillions of bubbles. Absolutes of nothing…as if in a flowing liquid…immaterial energy stranding together a solid reality; like the water on the potter's wheel…smoothly allowing the clay to be moulded into any shape…the form the signature of the maker's mind…at every zero point of these creative 'vacuums' may emanate quantum gravity fields each even more dense in their energy levels than what is contained in the whole of the cosmos-

Mind Ordinance

A look at other clandestine 'mind bombs' in another black hard cover notebook with red corner tips that is kept well hidden in a cardboard box on top of a bookshelf; the nickname 'Pandora's Box' is scrawled in black texta across the top of it, as if to infer that despite all the troubles of the world, as written down, there is the long term view that possibly…somehow…hope can still prevail.

'Auschwitz. Human beings with tattooed numbers. Yet there is nothing but wrath wreaked on those who dare to make such a dire comparison between the mass death camps (as well as the Siberian gulags) of the European continent and these two tiny Pacific island detention centres (which in all relevance may also be compared with the original concentration camps set up by the British in the Boer War in which many tens of thousands of civilians died due to the appalling living conditions). Yes, there is no official extermination program. Yes, the numbers interned on Manus and Nauru for many years are incredibly miniscule compared to the many millions interned to only immediately die during the short life of the Nazi regime; yet I can only think that even at the beginning of this hideous tyranny there were very few who were directly exterminated and only those who already suffered being generally socially ostracized such as the severely mentally ill or severely disabled; with political 'malcontents' such as communists, homosexuals, gypsies and the Semites to be rounded up in large numbers but not yet killed wholesale. It was not until the dizzying height of Nazi hubris in 1942 when the war seemed all but won that the Final Solution was given its full systematic go ahead although it cannot be denied that many had already been exterminated as the Wehrmacht fantastically pushed its way east deep into the Soviet Union. There was no fear of recriminations so the supposedly all powerful in Berlin put in full process the culmination of a racist theory that demanded the death of a whole religious 'sub-race' and which would enslave if not wholly kill other sub-races such as the Slavs etcetera. Racial suprematism. In full bloom. Human doom. Unthinkable. (After all in the pre-war years the severest critics of the Nazi regime would have still not imagined the methodical gas chamber genocide to come. Who in their right mind could have envisaged such a calculated descent into human depravity…? A rule of thumb has to be one must never underestimate the very unlimited potentiality of human evil). Any seed is tiny. Yet the ground in which a seed grows plays a major part in how well it succeeds. The National Socialist dictatorship of 1933-1945 was fertile soil for those who believed in their eugenic notions of

greater and lesser versions of the human race. Australia is not a dictatorship. Yet for those that have been entrapped on Manus and Nauru islands and for those asylum seekers whose freedoms are still severely curtailed on the mainland Australia is a dictatorship in all but name. The immoral political motivations that brought about the deaths of millions during the nightmare years of World War Two and in so many other genocide instances of European supremacist colonial rule in Africa, Asia, Australia, the Americas that are insidiously not as well recollected (especially so in the 'Anglosphere') are still self-evident even though the result has not been on the same vast scale. Manus and Nauru are not death camps and yes it could be seen as a grievous insult to the millions who were industrially murdered to say so but it is still morally legitimate to point out that unjust deaths have occurred on these two island detention camps for them to be cancers on the Australian politic which have not been yet allowed to spread with the harmful effect on Australian democracy still corralled to these tropical gulags – but one may think: only just. It was the British maverick politician Tony Benn who so soundly said that what the government wrongly does to refugees is what it would do to everyone if it could get away with it. A bleak view of governance but so dismally true when one looks at how those with the least power in society have to face up to the worst punitive aspects of governmental regulation that, in many cases – in these days of heightened rule-by-privatisation – have been outsourced to a private system that only aims to profit for itself through its dictatorial 'service' to the disenfranchised. The unemployed are forced to submit to a micro-managing regime that infers that those dispossessed of any occupation really have only themselves to blame and are forced into accepting daily officially-sanctioned violations on their integrity to prove that they must be willing to accept any odious official 'solution' to their present hardship and to achieve any so called satisfactory result on the barest welfare income that is well below any acceptable measure of the poverty line. To have to apply for so many jobs that it is cynically accepted will not be achievable to obtain; simply to satisfy some mean spirited populist political imperative that anyone without a job does not really want one when it is only the too few who truly fall into this negative category; when there are only too few occupations available for the too many who really want to return to a truly liveable income. It is truly amazing that this ideological magic trick that has the jobless at fault rather than placing blame on the prevailing economic situation of the day which is so often the responsibility of business and government is performed over and over again and always believed. Yet the scapegoats have no voice; they have lost control of their lives and, as I have read, have no control over the world that grinds them down into submission and pathologically blames them for their unwanted misfortune. It is a miserable situation whereby those who suffer are tormented by a powerful overbearing political, social, economic self-serving system for the most powerful which so easily and pathologically washes itself of any guilt (or self-responsibility) and which has so often initiated such a persecution of the weakest and which also so often prolongs it; thus I am acutely intrigued to find that a Kurdish journalist in that underworld known as Manus Island unwittingly echoes political maverick Tony Benn's sentiments by correctly recognising this misfortune of the powerless as being similar as to what he too experiences in his unjustifiable long-term entrapment by the same crushing authoritative demons. (Yes, I have to agree that in the Ken Loach film

I, Daniel Blake the ageing character Daniel Blake who has had a heart attack but is denied the welfare benefits that he is entitled too despite the medical evidence which proves his case and the imprisoned Kurd journalist who in prophet-like is serving as the moral voice for a country that has lost its moral sense both suffer from the same dictatorial system). Daniel Blake dies. Ultimately, more on Manus and Nauru will also die. To lose one's health; to lose one's sanity; to finally become only disposable human wastage is what becomes the ultimate aim of any uncaring regime. It does not matter to each individual victim if they are only one of a few or one of millions-

'Certainly, it is so my mind keeps wandering…often to be incoherent…like some drunkard…(oh how I like my Jack Daniels!)…yet still always striving to seek after some cogency…to unite all that I think seamlessly…(yet, seemingly an improbable ambition)…how I like that Japanese poet monk Yoshida Kenko who wrote down his 'random thoughts' for all to read in the many centuries to come…

…(…yes, I sat in the rotunda on that wind swept rainy day…(an elderly woman was reading her book…a young female traveller viewed the city map in her Sydney brochure…while the Central Asian homeless man was having a cheerful argument with an elderly Asiatic visitor with fast food and drink spread out between them on the bench that ran along inside all of the square perimeter made of the metre-high walls of this otherwise wooden garden pavilion and which together formed its firm base)…I stood within the dry, square empty space by which at the front of this solid shelter one entered by to be under its high roof and looked down pass the green fields below me to see a large garden pond…it was so tranquil where I stood…to be in meditative mood while only a few inches in front of me the wind squalled and the rain teemed down to form as if a grey curtain to hinder my view…yes, the human soul can be quiet when well protected, to be inwardly serene, I could not help but pretend that I was at some Japanese garden and envisioned the calmness of a Basho haiku, yes I was within a haiku poem and while within it I was at peace…

"Culture…oh so resonant for thy soul…"

'I heard a haiku but it was not Japanese but one written at an exhibition of found objects at a council gallery whereby the objects on display on a large white back wall could be taken down and used as drawing instruments with many of these objects being old abandoned pieces of wood with charcoal attached to them at one end. I watched two street poets take turns in writing a poem on an old typewriter and listened to them express their views of the world, with their minds they were trying to fight against the automaton nature of this modern, ordered too logical world, to hark back to human randomness…to human spontaneity…to human life…it was one of these poets who wrote the haiku so announcing to the world how he found the artist who had turned discarded objects into objects of aesthetic beauty which could be used for renewed purpose was an inspiration to him. Her artwork is what the world needed. To be made new. Especially that which was rejected. To me the rotunda was a found object within which what was renewed was my very spirit. I ventured back out into the rain thinking it is in the miniscule, in the everyday, one can find resurrection…

RESURRECTION

'Michael told me how of a late teen schoolgirl who on a wintry mid-week afternoon was abused at a council oval by a teenage boy from a neighbouring school because she was wearing the hijab. The girl had come back crying after picking up a volleyball that had rolled towards the oval fence during a game with other students. At the same time a group of schoolboys were walking past to go do some other sport activity at another part of the same sports field. When it was explained to Michael and the teachers he was aiding through a female aide translating on the girl's behalf the boy was pointed out as being one of a small gang who had verbally abused the girl before while walking to school. (Michael thought it telling that the two young female sports teachers from the other school that were both apologetic and sympathetic to this fearful Muslim schoolgirl were both of Aboriginal background; they were both so emphatic that racism must not be tolerated and were backed up by an Aboriginal liaison elder working at this high school who had come over to provide some further support…so much affinity). Here was a young Syrian refugee who did not understand why this derogatory abuse was happening to her in a first world country that had promised her safety, weeping intensely, wanting only to hide, who now had to be profusely promised that someone would always accompany her to and from school, where she desperately needed to learn English so as to have a real chance of making her own way in this foreign land. Yet, this already traumatised girl, by way of the disgusting dog whistle rhetoric being promoted by politicians who saw benefit in it for themselves had metaphorically turned her and so many others like her into 'human bait' to be dangled out for the racist mongrels now emboldened to go directly to her way, which in this case was a mere pup who had adopted mirror-like the bigotry of the adult curs rearing him, (Gregor had told Michael and I he had seen an art class filled with troublesome male teenagers in a South Coast high school yell out abuse about the local indigenous – like a pack of yapping dogs – to strongly voice their displeasure in having to do an Aboriginal art program which was specifically designed to hopefully enlighten them. "I can only speculate but I'm sure all that hate came from their parents." Darkness would remain…a malevolent bitter harvest being sowed with so much innocent 'human chaff' scythed down…only hatred reaped…); nevertheless, months later, in the late spring, on some obscure mini-golf course by a main road passing through what seemed to be an out of the way suburb in western Sydney bordering some flat rural terrain this same Syrian girl – no, young woman – would eventually cement within herself the self-reassurance she so needed by way of skilfully outplaying the cocky Chinese boy who had been odds-on favourite to win the finals match. After holding up her newly won trophy for the obligatory victory photo she would tell Michael with her ever improving English that she had enrolled in a hospitality course at technical college as this term in the intensive English centre was to be her last. It was commented on in passing how far she had progressed since that dreadful day on the school oval which then led her to mention the kindness shown towards her by staff and friends since that shocking inhuman episode. Rebirth-

If I were to write a haiku – or something in similar precise, limited fashion – as I so imagined I may on that rainy day in the rotunda it would be to see this young, maturing woman much like the carp who the Japanese revere as a representation of the strong determination and resilience needed in overcoming life's untoward tribulations as this fish has to swim upstream to reach its final destination-

Young outcast woman

Strive against the hostile current
To not only survive
But to thrive

One human life typically deeply affected by the grand historical maelstroms of this present age – that exist in every historical age to affect the next generation and so on – yet only typified by the countless multitude of small scale interactions – both positive and negative – that occur between all human beings. To cast my mind on those Dutch paintings that have scenes of everyday life in the foreground while an apparent ordinary family that one can barely sight small scale in the background is actually that of Christ with his human parents…so much of what is viewed as commonplace or is unnoticed can actually be momentous with far reaching effect ad infinitum in both time and space yet (I repeat myself) we need to open our eyes to an eternal vision (which culture plays its part) to recognize what is so often unseen and beyond any narrowed down mental comprehension (or even misunderstanding or fear)…while one also thinks that what is viewed as grandly important at the time – that is above the ordinary events of everyday life and with celebratory status – may only be a mirage as so much that what is on public display and valued because of its elitist deification is really banally political or cultural propaganda…empty of human value (except that which can be found in the marketplace)…that in the end will prove to be without spiritual substance…to be ephemeral to what is essentially truly humanist as typified by this young woman's life which is based on authentic life principles whose anonymity – which is the case for so many billions – is no excuse to devalue her; yes, for me her unholy treatment can be viewed as a microcosm of the historical turbulence that violently intrude upon our common humanity and which must always be overcome-

(*To drift the eyes a little further down the page and turning to other pages*).

DESCENT

'To study a newspaper clipping of the massacre of peaceful praying worshippers at a mosque insidiously live-streamed by the foreigner white supremacist perpetrator who had drawn on one of his automatic weapons a black sun neo-Nazi insignia; so many past racial atrocities scrawled all over his instruments of death; how easy it is to resurface historical demons that one had envisaged in the last few decades at least had been exorcised from any universal darkly body politic to only yet again lethally and without rationale or mercy run amok. In those moments of deepest pessimism one cannot help but feel that for those too few only a false peace ensues in this land in which I live by which whose increasingly stony, ever browning ground still has within it latent hostilities that are yet to be resolved (and that duly need to be immediately) as these prejudices strongly bud again to sprawl across the national psyche like evasive alien vines, never cut down, but bountifully watered by a self-serving politically inspired nationalist rhetoric. Firewater. No green shoots just choking weeds. Michael had told me how everyday he would see on his way to work a now ignored protest rally poster on a Redfern telegraph pole that gradually became more weathered over the many months being about a local Aboriginal boy who suffered a terrifying death – falling to be impaled on a fence – while riding his bicycle when chased by the police. Fading poster. Fading justice. (Yet to horrifyingly learn only the other day how an indigenous schoolboy innocently on the way home being murdered in full daylight beaten to death by a vengeful pack of white youths weaponed with a metal pole and

machete who had callously meted out their blind wrath on an innocent boy falsely accused of a misdemeanour because of the colour of his skin…a few smashed car windows from the day before wantonly to incite this barbaric act with no semblance of reason but fully with unhinged maniacal prejudice…yes a car window foully deemed 'worthy' to be 'reason' enough to end a young indigenous boy's life…a vigilante atrocity happening not in the U.S.A.'s Deep South where a black man or boy could once be lynched for simply glancing at a white woman the 'wrong way' but in so called modern day 'reconciliatory' Australia…). Myall Creek. It was said that the absentee property owner on whose land this infamous atrocity occurred was an 'enlightened man' as he had made the pragmatic decision to develop cordial relations with the local indigenous – rather than instigate an outright war – so as to best protect his cattle. Too much livestock was being lost as tribes were driven off their land which was the source of their livelihood and way of life by landowners who cleared it for their own profitable use; thus forcing these tribes to raid livestock to survive. White settlements would also be attacked leading to the severest mass killings of Aborigines to take place in retribution of the death of any white settler. Henry Dangar was known to have adopted a humane approach to the indigenous by choosing to take into account their needs but after the wanton killing of so many of them by his trusted employees he would side with every other landowner who wanted them to be acquitted of their heinous crime. Many Sydney people along with the Sydney Morning Herald editorial which mirrored the prevailing public sentiment also desired the freedom of the eleven accused taken to trial for the killing of 'black savages'. After all, to kill such human vermin was seen as a necessity of the colony's future that should be applauded by higher colonial authorities who had no right to judge these men unto death; through the persistence of the prosecuting counsel the Irishman John Plunkett who bravely and immediately initiated a second trial after the first trial resulted in a mass acquittal; seven of the accused would eventually be found guilty and hanged. Although I commend early nineteenth century British justice for this rare instance to rightly condemn most of these 'low caste' convict and former convicts for murdering First Nations people I do perceive overall, that what apparently looks like a civilized approach by those with real economic power in the colony– as is the case with Henry Dangar – is not really so when it is not truly inspired by any philosophical belief in the common good but rather because of a mere business decision that involves maintaining power at a reasonably low cost and which simply becomes unreasonable when that cost rises and something has to be done before a perceived 'threat' to one's wealth base could be realised. A sense of humanity is not involved in any compromise and what appears to be the surrendering of some power to a weaker group is only a veneer and thus like some automatic reflex action any leeway to those deemed as clearly inferior is immediately revoked – and by violent means if necessary (despite the extra cost – if not counted in human terms but certainly so in material expenditure) – if any real power as well as wealth looks as if it may be possibly lost. So it has been the case when in this present age the politics of fear needs to be re-employed to keep power strongly with the tribe that has staked its dominance over Australia since 1788 which has also involved its literal whitewash of history to hide its crimes as any invader duly does to defend its purpose for the furtherance of empire (as Caesar with his self-glorious write up about his taking over of Gaul so clearly shows); the empire of the mind also needs to be conquered in any physical invasion so in the history books are the plaudits for those who actually carried out the most horrific acts. There at the Macquarie Street entrance of Hyde Park stands a recently installed statue of Governor Lachlan Macquarie who had done so much to economically build up the still young colony but of whom I had also recently come across historical articles stating he was prepared to

mount punitive raids against warring Aboriginals. Although Governor Macquarie had remarked the lives of children and women should be spared he had also made clear that if Aboriginal men resisted being taken as prisoners of war then they were to be shot. Macquarie wanted the bodies of dead Aboriginal warriors to be hung from trees which could be in clear view of other 'natives' so as to strike terror into their hearts. He hoped the indigenous population would no longer resist the expansion of the colony. Yet there would be the massacre at a gorge at Appin resulting in fourteen dead (so was the official count) where women and children were killed either being shot by soldiers or falling into a deep ravine. There had been no chance for any of the victims to surrender as initially they had all been asleep. Three dead males were strung up and beheaded. The heads of these Aboriginal men would be taken back as macabre trophies to Sydney and eventually end up half a world away at Edinburgh University. Human beings treated like animal specimens in anatomy departments with these particular violated heads only finally returned to Australia a hundred and seventy five years later. In researching this appalling mass atrocity one was to learn that it was under the time of Governor Gipps that the Myall Creek massacre trial took place and Gipps was willing to see justice carried out at a time when the ever expanding colony was becoming more difficult with frontier settlements preferring to take all matters into into their own hands – including the ruthless extermination of so called 'troublesome' Aboriginal tribes – with little fear of any interference from 'out-of-touch' government officials in far away Sydney. Further research would unveil that the governorship of Gipps had come after that of Governor Bourke who had set in motion humane reforms that would eventually accelerate the end of transportation in 1840. Bourke had looked to uphold the fair treatment of convicts which included putting a legal limit on the number of lashes that a magistrate could order to be meted out on an offending convict as punishment. As it was, at the time of Bourke's arrival in 1831 there was no limit and he had it capped at fifty lashes. Convicts could be assigned to property owners thus forming a sort of slave class of cheap labour and Bourke attempted to stymy this abuse of the convicts by stating only up to seventy could be assigned to work for a single employer and that those convicts who became emancipated could enjoy virtually the same rights as any free settler including as well the legal ability to acquire property. Education in the colony also became a major priority to Bourke and Gipps would also take an interest in enhancing educational opportunities for the colony. Bourke's progressive attitudes were predictably much resisted by establishment forces (although he found an ally in Plunkett who at this time had been sent to New South Wales as Solicitor-General); one may also presume that Bourke may have been disappointed in those men who had been brought to the colony as prisoners of which many of whom would have most probably endured brutal mistreatment, had in turn callously murdered innocents of a supposed 'inferior race' (like Gipps, Bourke was also Irish born and so would have known only too well how the English saw themselves as superior marking out the Irish in the Home Isles as 'lesser beings' to even have laws in place that relegated Irish Catholics to a second class citizen status). Although, it is a historical irony that it was under such a man as Bourke that the incorrect legal precept of terra nullius came into full effect when John Batman went about renting Aboriginal land by way of a treaty where Melbourne would eventually be founded. Governor Bourke annulled this treaty with a proclamation that claimed all land was already owned by the Crown. Indigenous land possession rights over what under British law was now understood as 'empty land' were thus automatically nullified; even though the House of Commons in 1837 recognised in a report on Aboriginal relations that Terra Australias was populated by Aboriginal tribes (although 'uncivilized') at the time of British settlement. (While it may also be seen as

another historical irony that it was John Batman who had negotiated a treaty with the local indigenous as after all he should be infamously remembered mainly as a mass murderer as being a bounty hunter in Tasmania directly involved in the massacre of many Tasmanian Aboriginals who it should be noted defiantly attempted to defend their lands. As for this treaty on the mainland it was the handing over blankets, axes, scissors, flour, mirrors and shirts to the local Kulin people who were pleased to acquire yet who– through an obvious mismatch as well as misunderstanding of cultural expectations – may not have fully understood that by accepting what they viewed as useful objects they had unwittingly agreed to 'allow' many hectares of land on which they traversed for their own purposes to now be used by the English coloniser).

(To think now of a discussion between Michael and Gregor at Bronte beach of which I was also present).

WHITE FELLA TREASURE ISLAND: WE CALL THEM PIRATES OUT HERE

"You know Michael the land and the sea have the shoreline as their meeting point. Two hundred years ago we came here from 'out there' beyond the horizon. Like aliens. I was reading somewhere that a lot of historical paintings show the shoreline and the ocean from the point of view of where we are standing now. The first colonial artists actually painted shore scenes from the point of view of coming in to see the land from the English sailing ships. Yet they can be empty scenes with no people. To accentuate the myth of a 'new world' like the so called New World of the Americas when in fact there was no 'terra nullius' as Australia, like the American continent, - as we all know – already had civilizations on them that were thousands of years old. Then there are leisure scenes from the nineteenth century which shows only Europeans on these lands. As if to say we rightly own it. As if all that is out there was already in our possession and it is alright that we now possess this land too. Not revealing any hint of the previous indigenous owners nor their blood that was spilt when we conquered their land for our exclusive use. A green-blue sea. With no red hue. A successful sea journey meant only the transportation of new arrivals which spelt only doom for the original inhabitants. Yet there were many shipwrecks…and so 'Old World blood' was also spilt into these same seas. A watery morgue for all, right where land and water meet; where old life had always emerged to become new on terra firma. Evolution. Discovery. Conquest. Sanitization." Gregor smiling, grimly. Knowing he is becoming darkly philosophical, recalling now forgotten terrors. Yes, a historical darkness blinded out by bright sunny vestiges; to culturally worship at the shoreline the Sun's life invigorating qualities, above anything else. "I like that Daniel Boyd painting We Call Them Pirates Out Here at the MCA which has Captain Cook with an eye patch coming to shore as well as a skull on the British flag…"

'Yes, a dark history yet to be fully revealed.'

'Hunting down Aborigines was euphemistically called a 'bushwhack' then after the Myall Creek trial a new euphemism emerged: 'to disperse' as a sort of national silence came into play whereby poison 'gifted' in flour to Aborigines became an increasingly more common method for genocide rather than outright slaughter; thus no one could be readily blamed for any mass death of Aborigines. Lack of evidence.

No trial. No record. Yet the 'evidence' is there to see in today's negative political universe which because of historical denials that have helped to hide the truth, to distort the truth killings that mostly go onto to this day within supposed official 'protective spaces' as police lockups are not to be seen through a historical lens that can clearly focus on the ongoing violence perpetuated on the indigenous since the very beginning of white fella 'settlement'. Protection. The white fella has only worked at 'civilizing' the Aboriginal race, yes that to me seems to be the main historical narrative that is to be believed. Aboriginals needed to be 'saved' from the 'primal darkness' of their own 'uncivilized' ways and it is by way of this dominant racial view set by the 'above white fellas' and that any ensuing hostile Aboriginal attitude to White Australia must be understood as an inferior people gracelessly expressing a lack of gratitude to the clear historical fact that with the arrival of an obviously superior civilised race who by way of its scientific and technical innovations has led to real human progress to truly happen on this Great South Land. Truth is always determined by the victor. Anything not accepted is a lie and those who refuse to accept what is ordained to be the truth and believe what has been discounted and to be forgotten are liars. It is a lie that a police officer beat an Aboriginal man to death in a prison cell…in the name of protection half-caste children were stolen from their mothers for nearly a hundred years and in recent times under the false premise of 'Aboriginal child protection' a military incursion into regional indigenous communities in northern Australia occurred…all possible because the genocide that led to the near decimation of Aboriginal society is not highlighted, only the acts of 'protection' and for it to be let known that any harm committed to Aboriginal people was not intended, but the nation will apologise for past 'mistakes' such as in the case of the Stolen Generation, although there will be no financial recompense in much the same way that indigenous stolen wages are still to be returned to generations of Aboriginal workers who worked for white bosses were left in poverty, who many will die before the money owed to them is ever given back, whose descendants should claim the right to have what was rightly earned by those who came before them. When at times the demand for equal wages was gained, it would mean the loss of jobs for Aboriginal workers, who then faced only unemployment, further poverty and a lack of self-respect that would lead to despair. Alcoholism. Domestic violence. Unemployment. The resulting symptoms of a society that had been brutalised in all manner of ways over many generations-

(A Cultural Deliberation)

That etching by Gregor which so amused Michael of an elegant Cyclades figure sculpture from Ancient Cyprus with a food chain chicken bucket placed crassly on its refined head, worn as a dunce hat like those seen by the cheering crowds at one-day cricket games and to title it 'The End of Civilization'-

'To read dystopian literature to understand how there is a state desire to have by different means a narrowing of all thought – most famously either by way of Huxley's numbing joy or Orwell's numbing terror or as is so often the case a mixture of these two principle mass stratagems – to make it incapable to even think in any higher order as well as to also to not have the words to articulate what maybe instinctually surmised as

incorrect or wrong or abusive so rebellion will become nigh impossible…especially when it is not even possible to intellectually surmise that one is oppressed in the first place…yet, what is maybe worse than to be oppressed by the state is to oppress one's self-

…as it is said by others: there is fragility, with ourselves as humans…with our ecology…both the human and Gaia's…with the 'modern' urban especially affecting the natural world-

'…to envisage a rainbow is a circle but we rarely see all of it unless at times at some very high vantage point…otherwise the horizon interferes with our view in the same way our mental horizon can interfere with our view of the full infinite spectrum of the universe…circles…to have watched Tibetans in ceremonial gear including wearing wide brimmed decorative head gear and large skull masks dance surrounded by many Tibetans in a square surrounded by small temples and buildings during Tibetan New Year in Xiahe which can be seen as being part of Outer Tibet (although the official map would denote it as within China) and by way of one's ignorant western eyes to superficially view this ritual performance as a 'dance of the dead' being a rhythmic, mesmerizing performance which went for five hours…to be hypnotically as in psychological unison with the heartbeat with the universe…to escape time…and space…birds circling…the large no enormous…thanka…the Sunning of the Buddha…unravelled down a large hill in the chilly morn in front of tens of thousands of Tibetan nomads and many priests…trumpets blowing…to be viewed briefly then stored in human memory for another year….wilderness…(…it is what Neil Murray sings…)…

To think of the multi-channel 'Douno Elegies' exhibition once more…

…a lone man walking in a white ice wilderness…a linear dark dot…or walking in a line to the edge of the screen in the multi-channel installation…there he is in multiples as if in one dimension of space and time yet in many all at once…alone…(abandoned…?)…

…and again…

…walking towards a destination which is not made visible but would have to be a sanctuary, to survive, to live, for another day…a white abyss…yes, an abyss is dark…but in the everyday that is only so in our minds…for we do not live in an everyday darkness…(…yet, as Hamlet once deduced nothing is good or bad but thinking makes it so…)…from the abyss to arise to new living, life enhancing insight, is this our hope…?

…and yet again…(my mind is a multi-channel-

Yes, (…and yes again…) to come across a quote from Rilke with its Nietzsche-like overtone who talks of even living within the abyss so that paradise will turn back from its theologically presumed eternal residence so as to thus rather abide within you in this mortal here and now…(…to now predictably think of the Berlin angels with their long winter coats in Wings of Desire…)…by which the angels shall praise-

…will my mind ever end…? (yet this human will to only cease when extinct-

MIND APPENDAGE

MIND PLEISTOCENE PERIOD

staring into the void a mind as a video tape there's nothing wrong with me! there's something wrong with you!" i shall trust no one's judgement other than my own pointing generally towards a window as if in silent seering conversation with the outside world yes yes rahab a prostitute who hid spies in she was worthy the universe is our eternal womb a storm prevails outside a storm in my mind king lear yes he went insane when the public claims of loyalty to him were proven to camouflage private treason the 'good tyrant' had his world turned upside down and in this topsy-turvy upheaval of the natural order his mind was unhinged the genius of to reflect the inner turmoil of a king with a mighty storm yet our society also faces a similar holocaust we will fall into madness mad colour a radiation wavelength affects here's a sepia photo of an aerial coffin in yeah they hang the coffin high up on a pole he is a shaman beneath it kangzilla centrepoint tower looks tiny next to that oversized souvenir it reminds me of the kangaroo at the end of channel 7s transmission when it would pull a curtain down over seid it helps me get to sleep was telling me about a movie where these monsters had mangled the harbour bridge & smashed the opera house i really like this big etching of the brick factory chimney stacks over that large hill at park see those two small figurines of an adult & child flying a kite? i can easily imagine they are & me all that open space i can just feel it go beyond the frame a cat with bird's wings a fish tail & webbed feet i love this woodcut got it off a friend she also does prints its called metamorphosis an ice crater a leafless tree birds flying across a grey-blue sky the birds flew out of the tree as pressed the shutter he was on the way to a temple that had a flame that emerged from water a thin wisp bearded thinly dressed pilgrim approaching this holy site i identify with this old man the back of the heads of two men in a car the old dashboard can be clearly viewed these two guys are pilgrims of a sort met these two magicians in bay they noticed him taking photos with his big agfa & asked him to go with them to heads he drove up in their sixties black valiant where he took photos of their performance has showed photos of two magicians doing rope tricks balls coming out of their mouths etcetera they were from i always think of the star hotel while he was up north i rang & had him go & see blue they talked about ian fairweather stayed overnight in bangalow he also met this artist in his shop-come-café in heads that i had introduced to heads is a really nice sleepy old town we all hope it stays that way i also wanted to go to this pie shop in lennox head it sells the best pies on the north coast & a siren at bronte gordons bay holiday snaps two female street performers outside the northern hotel on the main footpath dressed in pink leotards one is sprawled out in mid-air with her stomach resting on the feet of the two raised legs of another woman lying on the ground the flying woman has her arms & legs all sticking out like a star an age of aquarius shopfront with a 306oseido horse flying amongst the stars took that in nimbin a guy nearby called out click-click in a sarcastic way not very friendly he wandered if people were sick of tourists this cosmic looking café walked into had an edgy violent feel to it didn't bother to stay a laugh he still buys nimbin cheese a colour photocopy of a postcard of a nude mr universe standing on a stone podium in a park in a north german town called rides around without any clothes on his bicycle apparently he likes the sense of freedom riding naked gives him many of the locals love him spotted on his bike at the railway station after hitching from cologne to meet friends whom he'd met in an etching of a primal statuette of a nature forest flute player mourns i like this one of a woman playing the lute here are three more prints the creation of the world boy garage sales markets op shops second-hand furniture stores factory outlets street festivals all big favourites you will have a lot of stuff due to your mother being a magpie like that white seashell toilet seat that red plastic carton holder you always use to pour the milk was bought by me at surry hills markets yes you remember them from twenty years ago & still don't know why such a useful thing ever went out of fashion if you remember a lot of nights after you first arrived & could regularly baby sit there was the chance for me when the body was willing to see a lot of music mainly at the excelsior & evening star also going down to the caringbah inn for dave warner he was really wild & threw a beer glass on stage one saturday night & i even went as far as the mona vale hotel to see the angels shaking his head saying i was always so frantic no static life yes i am a collector of milliseconds irregular jeans odyssey jeantown enjoying the ambience & majestically sitting on the sofa of the hippo lounge at s st central railway admiring the black & white photo of zulu woman in an frame with pointy brightly coloured triangles & then eyeing the rest of the stylish décor those stylish photos of women in the eatery in newtown being with buying a second-hand russian samovar for only $20 at rozelle markets going to sideways café at the back of hill at another café in having cheap pasta in a friendly newtown restaurant on the second floor on a humid night amidst the simple décor looking down at the goings on in king street at the fifties fair at rose seidlers house in the winter solstice festival at feeding the ducks at burwood park going to the to the see the hoodoo gurus seeing sci-fi films at the hotel where we also went to a memorial concert for alan as well as listen to lovelock one night rave on about his off-beat suburban upbringing laughing as ron qantock comically opens his sisters exhibition sticks at the road gallery hotel hat party for cup going restaurant saying not happy don't pay slow service but good food herbalist will find out what is wrong no need to tell him the centre to see harris the dr. smith of lost in space & shaking hands with the robot watching from the porch of the rowers club a blistering sun turning the white hulls of the boats-in the river below all golden always willing to frequent the waterways & parks around & rozelle fish & chips at bronte at the cliff in royal national park where gittoes is putting on a light instillation ocean foods best fish'n'chips in the universe by the memorial for the new south who went to fight in the boer war on top of observatory hill a spot where it had been family friendly to see the fireworks over the harbour bridge on a previous new years eve watching on pay tv with master the west indies slog the aussie bowlers for six & listening to the 702 abc radio commentary exploring the undulating ridges around mt. bowen a spring walk to the carrimoor cliffs in royal national park little marley big marley on one remembrance day going out to regional galleries such as at hazelhurst in gymea to si in the big garden & to the regional gallery viewing these drums doing prints at the willoughby art centre driving back to bjs in glebe for dinner looking at buitrons indigenous images of poor peasants in newtown looking at art from western park liking a painting of a railway seat at station going for a quiet drink at the park hotel on a rainy evening to surprisingly come across a fully packed comedy night of nights! starring many big name comedy acts going to the side-on café to see third world solidarity films at the roomies artspace exhibition in hut 43 addison road to see the many paintings & drawings done by the so called street people of the city who through no fault of their own have been pushed towards the margins of society acutely recognising how they have regained a common sense of human dignity & self-respect duly deserved through their own self-expression listening hayes & perry keyes at the rose of on a wednesday night watching him again at the laughing clowns record shop gig at the bowling club helping feed the joeys & koalas at featherdale wildlife centre at the murri art shop on road buying hand painted aboriginal hand cards watching the old arab outside a pizza place in harris park before going on a bus tour of historical indigenous resistance from the riverside theatre to to then see an aboriginal urban play also having visited macquaries house reminiscing about a primary school excursion to the same place returning to the south coast to see gows away! at the hall at the basement marvelling at the jazz fusion guitar work of michaels cousin & reminiscing when it was a cheap venue to go on sunday nights in its pre-renovated days thinking of the time had played when there had only been a small crowd of about thirty people for a late show going to the exhibition opening at the studios in lennox street at newtown perception & reality at the day of the dead party at the south hut in road with all the large skeleton figurines & coloured paper cut-outs of skulls walking through hyde park when there were poster-size photos of sydneysiders hanging on banners looking with at an evening shot of football fans in auburn cheering at an outdoor screen as a player scores a world cup goal never keeping still one saturday night to be at some retro fifties dance at redfern r.s.l to only end up at 1am at the seabreeze disco by tom uglys bridge at at franks pizza place in seeing the hippos at the bridge hotel samba at darling harbour at an a capella refugee benefit night at this old stone-brick church at thus remarking about the café at the gates of salvation & voices of the vacant lot dancing to the cover band with those two afro women the anonymity of death thus to be living intensely could often feel the fear the phone calls at midnight i miss going to the it was always open i could leave cats place & go to that café i could be just like oseid in the café of broken dreams annoying nowhere around here i can walk off my insomnia i would love a miso soup at iku right now in glebe drive me to aba pastry in hill or that late night eatery in enmore or even to yeeros no! lisa the phone was slammed down as if to exist outside time & space the world stayed still through these eyes it was without time because it seemed each day was the same time passing in a still world timeless using hills hoist old poles to hold up a shade cloth waiting for godot saw this play max was very comic helped to make play like pantomime that worked well with the incidental music i also saw him in the tempest was magical i went to an exhibition opening of his paintings in the same days stay in we saw the bangarra dance company a program was sent to she always liked going to street looking over the wide stretch of water from the abbotsford boat club while having a sunset dinner calling it swan lake in front of the fountain theseus pulling back the head of the minotaur y the horns beside a winged waverly cemetery white angel looking over the sea black minotaurs on the cliffs a large carved wooden totem next to a row of six foot high angel wings made from corrugated iron in a park overlooking the ocean a large wooden horse a wooden wall troy at balmoral beach by the rotunda watching -by-the-sea sprawled on the grass as a drowning lady fenwick looks like bob hope danny and the deep blue sea a comically screwed up face with a fist aimed at danny on this theatre poster at an outside table of the oyster bar situated on the walkway to the opera house enjoying the harbour view i walked off with a friend of caterinas who had returned from the thai-burma border she worked with some medical group in refugee camps after a year of living alone this street party felt too big for her also caterina & i had met her at that big bookshop on street that sold thousands of cheap books & came back to this party on the bus so i already got to know her a bit the students translated for where they learnt out in western had lived in for a few years before coming here i got on well with them they thought the were much friendlier than the landed at sidetrack theatre it was about the way refugee kids feel went with a casual teacher from work agreed the classroom scenes with the students struggling to learn were perfect the overhead projector sheets looked like ones we had used sounds good you would have liked this teacher at the moment she is working in an orphanage in the another gypsy like a pause in hindsight i should have taken you up to the family dinner of where i did a stint as a teachers aide again for a couple of months in a big dinner is put on by the teachers of the intensive language unit all sorts of food from all over the world is brought along by the kids lots of music & dancing afterwards there are lots of leone students learning 306oseido there at the moment & they're really good dancers as you can imagine however this wizened fifty-something thai aide really writhe & elegant would just move smoothly & superbly around the dance floor a really amazing woman a great sense of humour as well as very compassionate a stand out she understands how these students feel having to live so far away from their

first homes we got on well collecting free mulch with master at the community nursery inside the centre with all its old army barracks we bought a 307oseid frangipani to put beside the outside toilet we found out that in the old days frangipanis were planted next to the outhouse to provide a fragrant aroma for the guy who had to clear it out it was a bit of practical suburban trivia that really impressed us michaels father & his tomatoes cucumbers & lettuce that latin plaza at central railway knees bent so the head is at the same level as juan azurduy de padivio (1780-1862) a bolivian female guerrilla fighter shaking the hand of the benito juaz (1860-1872) he said there should have been a bust of macandel who led a rebellion in writer alejo carpenter had turned him into a butterfly cat is standing next to simon bolivar (1783-1830) according to cat he was called the of south looks very serious as he stands beside jose marti (1853-1895) revered in cuba like augusto sandino in hey bust-er! a giggle that's what i yelled out after these photos were taken after going to the monthly markets at reserve we intended to go to the ama building at the quay to see legs on the wall only a few days later was my final coming to the hospital i am with caterina town hall caterina was all excited talking about how the companeros heralding their now acclaimed peacemaker! in her words lisa it is like displaying the full glory of the heaven! yes! a second coming! i used to hear her say how many comings to this hospital bed? too many too many i whisper going to the kings cross festival master suggested we go fishing what he meant was we see eva trout who performed on the day they nearly made it big in the states but at the final step were overlooked by the promoters steph all brilliant unknown performers the most vulnerable & disadvantaged people in our society were crucified with us at the department of security six weeks i cat my fellow employees & the poor were stood down historical amnesia has redeemed the federal government instigators of such a shameful state crime yet such is the luck of those with power & such is the misfortune of the valueless cat still hopes the meek will not be forgotten bangarra ship of fools three penny opera mother courage the fifties fair at rose siedlers house in the winter solstice festival in feeding the ducks at burwood park at a buffet at the holding up the discount offer that is on the back of a supermarket receipt getting one of the two dollar discount lunches off a cheerful take-away lady metro at the end of the day watching paris green at the on monday nights chatting to penny the trumpet player who works behind the sando bar on other mondays shopping for health foods at russells on glebe pt. road seeing the mighty reapers the accapella group voices of the vacant lot then spurs for jesus with cat outside the wilderness society shop in the city donating money into the bucket of one of their volunteers in the koala outfit listening to a free band outside a surry hills record shop at elizabeths bookshop in newtown looking at the weekly drum media to see what musics on graces camera shop on road in kings cross at the end of the street is a good spot to see the new year fireworks over the harbour bridge driving by the misspelt of beauty salon at stretched out at maundrell park in after a lunch at café the vanguard a beer at the white cockatoo hotel pigeon ground records & clothing at camperdown buying old records at the small book & music shop next to the warren view hotel at several swimming pools parks cinemas beaches shops pubs cafes festivals etcetera the room of the muse café in summer hill the old pub in como near the georges river always wanting to go to so many different places so many day trips the koala park at pennant hills the lion park near dam old town the hunter valley vineyards mt. bowen & surrounds the river having a milkshake at the oak on the pacific highway watching the a-league with master at avoca beach theatre to see an officer & a gentleman at gerringongs town hall to see the remake of herbie the love bug mudgee berry caves the large rainforest garden at meadow cottage the hindu temple at parramatta park in the nearby shopping centre at a street lined with restaurants in the spacious gardens of hazelhurst art gallery at gymea in the gardens after visiting another regional art gallery in to look at aboriginal works casulas reverse garbage skipping around with in the large exhibition space of this converted powerhouse to dash around all the little parks neighbouring the waterways at rozelle & never keeping still one saturday night to be at some fifties retro dance at redfern r.s.l ending up at 1. a.m. at the seabreeze disco by tom uglys bridge at popping over to see the hippos at the bridge hotel the wilderness photo in the outhouse on the top floor of the multi-storey car park used in strictly ballroom cheerfully dancing in between twin nephew & niece all three children pretending they are running on the spot in the living room swaying their arms to & fro together moon walking like i had once seen at a nightclub with these black & white film clips from the twenties of these negro dancers who seemed to be running on thin air above tables the dead can also dance here is playing on a fred flintstone car made of junk parts outside the gallery a junk art exhibition was on with in between life size replicas of a silver emu & a silver pelican both made up from pieces of household utensils such as knives & forks bopping with the rap dancers in a lane at the bankstown bites festival watching a strummer dancers in traditional dress folk singers people reading recipes written on skirts & t-shirts hanging on a clothesline an artist making a landscape out of food on the footpath western union money transfer to the middle east south book clubs kaleidoscope an exhibition by the homeless in the church at the markets buying a home-made cup with a spaceship design viewing a sitcom on the abc about a radio station with a guy walking around with one of those mobile phones from the eighties as big as a brick in surry hills with cat looking at country & western paintings by frank gohier in the end a canvas with a comic book cover with a cowboy on the ground shooting at a herd of cattle with a hamburger as well as fries & a can of coke on either side of him super-size for an extra 5c two pistols in the top left hand corner western no. 625 20 cents outside a collectors shop in in the shopfront is a large bruce lee mannequin inside are glass cases from the floor to the ceiling filled with assorted comic book memorabilia wind up toys battery operated robots it is all cluttered like cats mind that little park nearby an oasis the afternoon sun on our bodies while we lay on the grass like that other small park in across the road from that building covered in murals a sanctuary saved by green bans that warehouse nearby where all the props are kept for mardi gras in with one of the motorcyclists who had leapt on stage with harley davidsons in a p.a.c.t play of the merry wives of a birthday brunch for caterina in the back garden of the bar italia that is when a bird flew out from under the coat was wearing another miracle according to cat said it may have something to do with travel maybe the travel of the soul i quip it was impressive listening to four violinists enthralling commuters in station with the four seasons buying cheap movie tickets at the uts union bookstore two bottles of wine for the price of one at a summer hill bottle shop at liqourland for more discount wine at gairie & in royal national park boys diving off the cliffs into the water below a whale spotted offshore deers at gairie walking to burning palms then in wolli creek walking around from nanny goat hill to those jutting boulders which had known since childhood as the dinosaurs an overhanging cave which used to be used as shelter by homeless people in the great depression by the rock pool throwing up in the air with a blanket held up by a few punters in master's backyard drive around the cliff face by the sea watch out for falling rocks the firefly café in fish & chips on beach the owner an acquaintance from the past beam me up scottie sitting on the back porch of the scarborough hotel viewing the sea the oceanic café at central railway by the rodeo rider on the horse the logo of odyssey jeans with having two steaks for the price of one at black stumps in the ugg boots shop on the way up to the blue mountains passing a weatherboard haunted house in with an old thirties dodge outside telling me how his young cousin with school friends set up a haunted house to scare another school mate at an exhibition at the tap gallery where a female painter does a performance piece seeing an amateur play there graffiti school murals buskers inside the walkway under central railway a wind tunnel we called a time tunnel i think all my photos are snapshots of millionth of a second time frames of my life a woman playing a harp in the tunnel the big discount books store going up street odd hours smash repairs car problems? pink slip drive-in service rust repairs passing by the kirk gallery an ex-church in surry hills watching dance wildly shaking his head at a typical suburban party going to beverly hills cinema where there are always tickets for $6.50 with in fletchers photographics in the city where an old school mate is a manager therefore he can get mates rates on developing film first draft gallery near council for the arts st. st. stephens st. johns with cat & seeing perry keyes & band playing at a cowboy band night at the hotel ashfield we would go there all the time with master especially to the nursery after the local one in mimosa street closed that checkout woman is named helen has a very dry wit as would say a regular suburban helen of troy at the cricketers arms in fouveaux street looking at old beanie clad aboriginal women on the television being hugged by an wilderness society koala collecting donations pointing to free the yagoona 3 spray painted underneath a rail bridge on the bankstown line yet would develop a negative view of one them seeing he supported awhat he thought were authoritarian regimes at a yoga class in a large studio space on the first floor of a building on a corner in street newtown where the wooden beams & old wooden floorboards can make a person feel they are in at the walkabout gallery in newtown going to see a movie with caterina at a theatre by fox studios the hotel a meal at emads tom mann theatre people for nuclear disarmament nadas authentic restaurant in street cat at hobbyco buying airfix models & at napoleons military bookshop to look at cardboard war games at his place with his collection of coca-cola bottles from all over the world with faeries elves medieval singers & handmaidens at a middle ages winter festival at unsw the renaissance players at university a large ring of sails in the park next to central bands playing for the winter solstice at metro watching bowie sing he is afraid of americans on a screen at the riverside theatre at parramatta to go on a bus where an aboriginal elder tells everyone on the bus of the local aboriginal resistance & see a play in a suburban backyard at blacktown dealing with the racial & domestic issues of four young black youths at cornstalk bookshop going to see a play where used to work with refugee children in a demountable to see kamikaze kate about a schoolgirl who has the ghost of a soldier under her bed walking through wolli creek yes see these acacias they will die in a few years but for the moment they provide some cool shade for that eucalyptus sapling which will eventually tower over the wattles & outlive them many times over yet for now they protect the young tree i am weak but i can still protect you to give you the chance to outlive me many times over see this woman at the nursery she is planting new trees giving new life to this exhausted ground talking for a long time to the latino nursery woman yes life is complex & which always has many sides you have to look long term at the roots the way things in life develop different strands intertwine you have to rise above slogans sound bites the nursery was a great practical example of think globally act locally hope can always rise up from barren soil that was the day we saw those paintings in the gallery telling me how he refused to be ripped off with his bus fare in a small town in ghansu province there he was fearlessly demanding some justice off the dodgy rep of the bus company while surrounded by a crowd of local people who thought he was a russian was an that day naidoc week landmine action week that greens no free trade postcard with the man not the human fossil but the guy with the shopping bags standing in front of a column of tanks free? printed in the corner that home-made pocket book of sub-stations a greens election poster covered with a residents sticker saying the elections over all political groups should now pull their signs down on enmore road seeing perry keyes bowling club saying in the taxi business that putting my finger up in front of melissas amused face master laughs wally lewis the queensland captain signing tongue-in-cheek his $1 cheque to the queensland state-of-origin ref barry gomersall turning down the television volume & listening to the abc cricket commentary to roy & h.g. comment on the cup the grand final the state-of-origin the dream the dream machine swimming team oarsome foursome iron man to win the tour de seven times the seven hills of rome shouts cat you can overcome them all he says to me he says that aurelius considered time to be a river head poked through a hole in the large cardboard that master uses for his pass-the-ball competitions ballgirl! it's what i shouted when took this snap at that barbeque talking about hot summer nights when he would stay up all evening to well past midnight with his cousins & sister dancing to rock n roll in the living room i think of hot august night by neil diamond was also was telling people how speedie would yell out fresh b-b-q chickens! from the front of the shop & go down to the earlwood hotel to sell hamburgers pulled out a charcoal chicken from under his jacket down the guts! you stupid silly thing! champion! that's what his uncle would say to people playing the pinnies apparently he would put red crosses on twenty cent coins he personally used to play the pinball machines with so they'd be returned to him by the pinball man but he would then put red crosses on every coin hoping to get them all back hey here is something else a quirky photo at pancake on the rocks pointing to large black & white fake photos of spaghetti growing on trees yes if you dip the roots of a native plant in seasol before planting it will help overcome the shock m.a.d. make a difference

sustainable art & design centre gregors etching of people flying kites at park towering in the background silhouettes of three of the high stacks of the brick factory all looming on top of the big slope playing that party game where you stick a name on your forehead & from the hints of everyone else has to figure out who you are i guessed i was life is a mystery you know my name bette midler or rita so was very surprised to be erin brokovitch who is also a very sassy woman what did cat say? an outcast honest-to-god mary able to think outside the square to expose the insidious moral bankruptcy of an apparently respectable corporate goliath cat claiming the so called respectable swiss in a referendum decided to keep gold gained through crimes against humanity that was in their banks to secure the national money standard rather than release it to finance humanitarian causes in the third world what did manne write in the magic mountain? the philistine middle-classes is what manne said barked cat it was his favourite novel at the time constantly quoting from it while walking around his house philosophising as usual while on the television are very muscly afghan body builders on sbs russian news cat says our minds are like computers data which is the raw facts enters into the computer system which is our minds & input from the stimuli around us put into the system & our brains process the information i put on headphones & listen to maisy star as he rambles on about the human contradiction of taping the footy show while going off to see a motherwell exhibition in i like in his book of quotes comments like what one does is what counts not what one has the intention of doing by & the most wasted day of all is that on which we have not laughed by sebastine chamfort i laughed a lot when we went to the roller skating rink in having a karaoke night with some of caterina's friends restaurant hill said i should go with him to this big karaoke restaurant in listening to miles davis that hall in the back of newtown where i went to a benefit that thin woman in black clothes with short blonde hair dancing & singing so harmoniously on a brightly lit stage in a dark hall going to see the beasts of bourbon at the gaelic club in surry hills one time walking past parliament house the litter of a recent protest it is encouraging to hear that there's been a successful protest rally to stop parking meters being put in at many eastern suburb beaches walking along the s war memorial in hyde park looking at sacrificial sculpture of crucified soldier the naval gun pointed up oxford street go venus! i like how she came from a set down to win eating bright yellow lolly bananas while looking at a female accordion player outside newtown station being told by how a little tough gang leader at a half-way went to bed with a teddy bear & sucking his thumb while looking at video of the wild ones with marlon brando bikies laughing in street with those large old fashioned hair dryers on their heads atlantic recording studio bayview avenue earlwood on this street the spaceship house on the hill cat saying when he saw apocalypse now it was during a conscription scare when china had invaded a woman turned to him at the end of the movie & said good luck he once told me that wilde looking at the flowers on the walls from his death bed said either that wallpaper goes or i do the mahatolla queens from r.s.l alan memorial evening at the hotel told me on one anniversary of momentous san fransisco 1955 reading of howl he was at a demonstration outside the hermitage organising a trip to the van staled & could feel the eyes of the other backpackers staring at him however the van finally drove off here i am outside a middle eastern corner shop in that place makes the best falafel roll in at corell's café in newtown speed's milk bar 1960s 1980s a glazed tile with a milkshake maker older cousin did that there's rows of tiles next to the newtown neighbourhood centre a community artist invited the public to drop into the hall & decorate them he was & wore these long flowing black robes this mate of gregors is a social worker for council looks like a punk rocker he has been able to get a small grant to have young artists paint murals on the signal boxes in king street in surry hills murals on some of the phone booths & i by a signal box in earlwood painted all over with kites flying in a park also in by two large silver mailboxes both shaped as rocket ships the café in with all the confectionery from the sixties the same guy behind the counter like a living ghost mao & more a movie on sbs about villagers beating their cruel colonial masters at their own game of cricket so no longer having to pay a harsh land tax for three years then leaving all together from the humiliation of defeat yes shiva the cricketer another movie with well dressed cheerful gangsters singing: very very good very very bad! a exhibit at an art college exhibition at the fishermans wharf aboriginal burial poles also on display now its all office space & apartments viewing the sharks at the aquarium at markets early saturday morning to buy flowers & vegetables always water directly onto a fern not just on the ground around it buying cloth from the borneo stall at paddys markets playing with rainmaker listening to the grains falling inside this sealed wooden tube wearing chocolate brown woollen peruvian poncho filling up with soil the old fifties pots with kangaroo & wattle imprints in master's backyard many zebra finches amongst the grevilleas picking up a kitten just born one of master's cats the proud mother of the litter at an exhibition of masks from places like new guinea death masks checking out discount records & cds paper plane throwing contest at a multicultural day buying an jumper at a south shop at the top of glebe point road passing t.j.andrews funeral parlour on enmore road on the way to newtown station i had heard it had a good reputation & was inexpensive need to consider i get a card with at a large rally in martin place with thousands for the freedom of going to a racla talk on a tuesday night at la pena telling us how he was once in the back of a army truck & he & the troops kept looking up at this cliff they had stopped under thinking it was a perfect spot for a contra to drop down a grenade listening to bob dylans the master of war goes to fremantle he sees the art centre pinnacles those cave concerts the blind cavefish weekend trip down to staying at the youth hostel sign that is by a kiwi artist knows who lives at a flat at the back of a church in newtown we visited him on one of our many newtown excursions he used to live in a boarding house in surry hills saying some boarders are encouraged to do an art exhibition happening soon had a queen album before they were famous police use capsicum spray on michaels neighbour to arrest him over a domestic on eve the police laugh welcome to howards police state the night of the black fez! an intimate poetry gathering with candlelight at the curiosity café in have you ever noticed how the media get to disaster areas ahead of any relief or relief again millions may die in another world flu outbreak at a birthday party with everyone wearing large folk hats made of foam from reverse garbage a small stone sculpture of an angel by a local sculptor in gregors garden a few of us trying to repeat with this mind over matter experiment from the school yard lifting someone up with a group of class friends only using our fingertips & i wearing our sunglasses in the backyard having afternoon tea around that old garden table yeah we are looking very much like the stereotypical aussie suburbanites telling me how his uncle was waylaid in cairo for ten days on the way to because the ex-destroyer he was on needed to fix its propeller his aunt was described as having fair hair in her british passport i've never had a passport i told neither has he migrants stayed in barracks in the countryside for up to two years when they first arrived to some of them the large gum trees seemed like dead mens fingers tells me one of his lifts up to my place on the north coast was with this westie family in this old black falcon which had orange flames painted on the hood he was told by the driver there was an axe in the boot if there was any funny business another guy offered him a block of hash i remarked how i had been with cat once at a café up at the cross & we saw the owner remove some gear hidden behind a removable piece of skirting board wearing these home-made bangles made from decorative safety pins which i used to sell with another friend years ago looking at an exhibition called saltwater dreaming at the post office café in the painter saying how there is a great spirit who looks over all us from the milky way drawing on her spirit guides for inspiration i would have liked to have seen king lear at the centre with cat saw billy bragg at the roxteth pub in glebe with master going to the kiama blowhole paris paintings & drawings at road a birdbath at masters made from a drainpipe with bowl on top amidst the star gardenias master saying how peter sterling had said that was more than a coach but also taught him what sort of person he should be lots of backyard philosophy raving on about how 95% of people seem to live in the mainstream that it only takes 3% of any group in the community to be psychologically considered as influential watching a doco on which had four inmates who escaped disguised as ss guards to maoris doing the haka in the trenches scaring the germans pets in new city committing suicides from high rises remarks that henry moore was amazed at how made his masterful sculpting seem so effortless seeing fellini doing a film with elegant extras at roma rail station mercilessly with the captain as davros lisa relieved to hear how nurses are going to get more money off new federal govt to get them back so present nurses not overstressed seeing the backsliders at rozelle listening to a woman customer singing in a newtown pizza place a powerful carmen ballad everyone entranced including the waiter tv programmers often display a wicked in house sense of humour juxtaposing shows one after the other like russian revolution followed by road to utopia with bob hope & bing or place offbeat show which has mild connection on an important holiday at bizarre this restaurant with flowing curtains & lanterns come down from the roof photos of goddesses caterina & master at a picnic in park mother & child up king st on an old double-decker bus from tempe bus museum laughing with while watching a dog jumping through hoola hoops at a neighbourhood kids birthday party reading dog trumpet lyrics about suburb life woman with umbrella plays cricket at hughes park with master james tells the wrestle hold killer kowaski was famous for was the claw holding melissas hand as she excitedly points at inspector gadget at abc bookshop in queen building had to rush from mary martin bookshop st to make sure would catch him in time with arm of the sesame street cookie monster around her shoulder while on a rocking car it turns out father a painter large traditional landscape paintings in the long narrow living room done by him the sanctuary of empty space on those uncluttered canvases objects floating in space as explained to me one time on the back porch considered shapes near top of canvas seemed lighter to him like they could be falling apart closer to the bottom same shapes seem more dense constrained heavy seeing two films on video over two nights & feeling like am in suddenly going up from palm beach to to give those magicians travelling around in an old valiant the photos took of them performing their tricks at heads to live intensely sometimes feeling too much fear those late night calls to that little rustic friendly café in rozelle with all the postcards & travel posters & specialist coffees gelato wanting to go for a midnight coffee at the café in the vicinity of the cross nighthawks to feel like one of the lost souls in hopper's painting of diner late at night that version with likes of bogart & boulevard of broken dreams seeing the backsliders large balls of fireworks over enmore park on day to end the festival giant slide at gough park at tempe chatting to that old couple playing backgammon on the front porch of their little redfern terrace that family in tempe offering us green tea in their living room with large traditional paintings by the father after we had pulled over to give their car a battery start haunting music of nick drake took his life too soon listening also to dog trumpet sinead o'connor's music while painting flowers on shopfront windows of home of michaels doctor friend she helped eating haloumi cheese at town hall seeing a 'beatrice' in her full glory with the full adulation of the latin community that encircles her buying prawn rolls at the fruit shop meals at the hang listening to a recording of three men in a boat at cat's place the spiritual transience of night drinking red wine from bottles with hermitage labels from at the cat & fiddle in rozelle to see underground theatre in a small stifling basement four actors expressed the loves they craved for with powerful voices these simultaneous agonised utterances echoing the despair in the car that night finally released from this infernal space to ascend to the main level where the gadflys were playing despite the crowd having a dance while it was still possible the moustached guy in cougar poster at martin place the spiritual significance of batiks on the back porch at place walking through campsie shopping centre with its huge variety of small businesses so many shop signs in different languages so many different languages spoken on the street a suburb of babel one-person play in a small attic above a café in sreet king lear theatre with harris doctor smith in lost in space cat shaking hands with the robot danger! danger! dr smith! organised by lisa which stands for lost in space we all laughed yelling out lisa the space cadet! carmen those other productions of medea & landed at sidetrack theatre refugee children learning had said the assyrians thought people were friendlier in those short & sweet plays in newtown ariel talking about his play death & the maiden at the wharf theatre caterina says ariel is another word for catching the ferry to cockatoo for free during the biennale but only wanting to go and see cockatoo island as most of the art was at moonlight cinema in centennial park starlight cinema in pioneer park at leichhardt water fools spectacular street theatre with large effigies enormous woman wearing a bell shaped 19th century dress on a monstrous pennyfarthing bicycle fireworks rhythmic chiming music fireboats devils mythic beings wizards a female spectator with her leopard skin umbrella a man riding a bicycle across the water woman with

babe in pram crossing waters...gods & angels in battle flames an exploding head a large floating bed barges a mini car driven around the darling harbour waters ilotopie those colourful hot air balloons with faces on them at homebush bay listening to the furious pace of new harlem musicians in the domain while playing a huge movie screen jutting out of the harbour waters down by the botanical gardens harbour opera house.behind magnificent to see classics the great escape before sunrise considered many of his prints as positives based on his memories like negatives in his head said he has been breathing out with all his travels now he was breathing in recording them & his memorable vignettes of life back home all these positives he is doing in his life now from the negatives stored up from the first half of his life cat was so inspired that he went on to write a great review in his quotes book about gregors art thus he went on to mention that gregors carved zinc & copper plates are the absolute forms from which these prints are their mere shadows as we are only shadows of the absolute human form created by god those art market dealers who ask printmakers to scratch through a plate to destroy it ti raise the investment value of the available prints are as morally grotesque as those other cultural barbarians who pursued the burning of books which we all infamously know led to the scratching out of human life woe to the moneylenders & those who heed these vandals who abuse the temple that is each human life or that each life is a work of art oh yes yes yes yes yes yes hey sera sera hey sera sera hey sera sera hey sera sera hey sera moving gallery haikus on the trains to read so it cannot be denied that it surely does seem as if one unjust catastrophe after another can suddenly befall us that truly is as if so much of life is not fair- us second wind is willpower absolute power must be dispersed do not allow oppressed to become new oppressors war & peace star dies 81 on awaye! aboriginal open air play in muslim designs on surfboards at casula nri indigenious all stars play nri all stars picked by public aboriginals had war cry to rival nz maori haka afl indigenious players recruited by kevin sheedy do much for social cohesion life force yoga means union guardian articles cia secret rendition domestic flotsam on bondi diff mistaken as installation 5,000 trapped soldiers die in night at fromelle worst western front anzac loss corporal adolf hitler there guantamo bay an illegal archipelago acid rain first environmental harmful symptom of carbon economy tamils marooned on oceanic viking ieds hbo films 50 years ago volunteers given exotic south poison to stop breathing to test cpr landline phone rip off rents nt no speed limit debate b.u.g.a.u.p. graffiti campaign against cigarette billboards true protest amparo means protector young nietzche found shopenhauer's then obscure book in bookshop liked it boxing and chess cooke's weekly letter to dooque interviews lovelock on football on sat morn rn late night live phillip adams hosts talk on bankruptcy of 8th largest economy in world it is paul keating when still unknown visited john lang tree farm nov 28 solidarity latino fiesta town hall trojan horse was echo chamber cyberspace is also that due to high speed internet access it too can be trojan horse i hear on car radio on way to former bourke street bakery now in german female bank manager helps poor clients transfer money from rich accounts camels invade nt town person can survive in outer space for about 10 seconds before going unconscious won't die for up to a minute breathe out in this situation 2001 portrays this more accurately than most sci-fi films skype was invented by octopus uses coconut shell cups to protect itself from predators sea organism can go through wire mesh reconfigure itself like something out of terminator bacteria paul the psychic octopus who picked all world cup winners in south including the winners spain socialize sean choolburra is an aboriginal comedian a larrikin hero role model for his people liberal revolutionary ideals corrupted by imperial power human rights activist helen bamber shocked how in this consumer society concerns of asylum seekers not considered people in stayed there until 1960 they had nowhere to go nuclear fusion is essence of life is to americans what was to aboriginal smoking ceremony space beer security man stolen millions of euros he was guarding disappeared a national hero fa leeds 1 man u 0 mars rover lasting years eureka stockade robbin island anc prisoners took football played seriously lucretus argues why fear death when you will not exist to allay ancient fear of suffering in underworld the professor said on classic fm that sadness leads a person to see things a lot more clearly than when happy great souls leave a lasting influence meditation saw how deathbed one may not grasp life due to worrying about death 309oseidon309sh chose in a referendum to use money gained from who stole the wealth from victims placed in swiss banks be used to top up nationsl gnp rather than hand money over to be used for international humanitarian causes alleviate global poverty a television show about the powerless having power a woman who was one of 309oseidon309's first taxi drivers in '70s had to put up with men getting out of her cab refusing to be driven by her won $100,000 on hot seat milionare saying german e-boats were torpedo boats her daughter said she deserved money had hard life victor gruen made first shopping mall latino woman in had a baby daughter said had died in house fire but mother thought she was kidnapped at five year olds party was able to get hair samples of child she thought her daughter after dna was proven her daughter had been taken away in housefire was alive so was happy reunion and mother's faith was rewarded moby dick was a commercial failure in are automated elevators so orthodox jews don't press buttons on the sabbath which is work modern here is sometimes i like to stare at this print & meditate the one next to it is called cat says life is a shadow play this puppet hopes there will be a tree of life at the end of her act here's a sepia photo of an aerial coffin in yeah they hang the coffin high up on a pole he is a shaman beneath it kangzilla centrepoint tower looks tiny next to that oversized souvenir it reminds me of the kangaroo at the end of channel 7's transmission when it would pull a curtain down over it helps me get to sleep was telling me about a movie where these monsters had mangled the harbour bridge & smashed the opera house a cat with bird's wings a fish tail & webbed feet i love this woodcut got it off a friend she also does prints its called metamorphosis an ice crater a leafless tree birds flying across a grey-blue sky the birds flew out of the tree as pressed the shutter he was on the way to a temple that had a flame that emerged from water a thin wisp bearded thinly dressed pilgrim approaching this holy site i identify with this old man the back of the heads of two men in a car the old dashboard can be clearly viewed these two guys are pilgrims of a sort met these two magicians in bay they noticed him taking photos with his big agfa & asked him to go with them to heads he drove up in their sixties black valiant where he took photos of their performance has showed & i photos of two magicians doing rope tricks balls coming out of their mouths etcetera they were from huh i always think of the star hotel while he was up north i rang & had him go & see blue they talked about ian fairweather met this artist in his shop-come-café in heads that i had introduced to heads is a really nice sleepy old town we all hope it stays that way i also wanted to go to this pie shop in lennox head it sells the best pies on the north coast & a siren at bronte. gordons bay holiday snaps two female street performers outside the northern hotel on the main footpath dressed in pink leotards one is sprawled out in mid-air with her stomach resting on the feet of the two raised legs of another woman lying on the ground the flying woman has her arms & legs all sticking out like a star an age of aquarius shopfront with a 309oseido horse flying amongst the stars took that in nimbin a guy nearby called out click-click in a sarcastic way not very friendly he wandered if people were sick of tourists this cosmic looking café walked into had an edgy violent feel to it didn't bother to stay a laugh he still buys nimbin cheese a colour photocopy of a postcard of a nude mr universe standing on a stone podium in a park in a north german town called rides around without any clothes on his bicycle apparently he likes the sense of freedom riding naked gives him many of the locals love him spotted on his bike at the railway station after hitching from cologne political idealism involves imposing a perfect system on society and getting rid of what is wrong this also means of disposing wrong human beings who are imperfect for the system mcmansions an unknown napoleon just missed out on going on la perouse's ill fated south pacific voyage in people turn on their headlights to warn other motorists of police in the vicinity to catch motorists doing anything illegal while driving rows of surfboards in surfboard exhibition at casula powerhouse with islam designs sprayed onto them golden aussie comic revolutionaries! austen teychus! norman gunston! kath & kim! mavis branston! aunty jack! sandman! chris lilley! vince sorrenti! john saffron reg ketovich! bazza rude! ron quintock! john dark! will 309oseidon! roy & h.g! strop! luigi the unbelievable! graham kennedy! always for the underdog! undermining television! o auntie jack will tear your bloody arms off! go for the jugular! 309oseido cooper of the aboriginal league protested against kristalnacht with protest letter to german consulate dispossessed understand suffering people's oppression much of world did little deforestation should stop first no animal in nature is homeless many people are listen to cricket on abc 702 with sound down on channel 9 watch inspiring rapid fire century by west captain watch last wi wicket to fall with inconclusive edge on his cricket bag dogs scared on ny eve ancient philosopher proved to materialist peers could make money if he wished bought olive presses before bumper harvest then sold them at profit due to high demand but preferred a life of philosophy gorillas under threat due to fighting in areas where they live for minerals used in mobile phones shane & simon katich both stranded at same pitch end of neither seemingly willing to give up wicket for other bizarre looks like individual self-interest above mateship universal kitchen design principles make appliances interchangeable just have one electric motor & add-ons 7-67 at tea ny scg test vs hardwood tough tolstoyian view of history big people walk around singing carols it is a curse to be favoured by the gods for they can easily also turn against you if you displease them we know the future we will die but what do we with such knowledge but pretend otherwise deny our mortality drinking glasses shaped so hands won't warm wine or liquor fingers be below actual bowl that holds liquid we live in world of no craft but cheap commodity reality doesn't meet expectation to misread reality to seek him here they seek him there scarlet pimpernel german fighter pilot guided a stricken u.s. bomber out of danger said be dishonourable to shoot it down the enemy pilots met decades later became friends the accusation of admiralty coverup helped great coax usa into ww1 civilian lives expendable moore is secretive wont be interviewed for a documentary about him accused of having double standards marx never took up engel's offer to visit factory marx thought essence of human life was struggle 309oseido harsh to females his weeping women yet his against this war crime act by the also ominously points out how many civilians can die from aerial attack 309oseido sacred rage demographics as well as psychicgraphics marketing plays on emotions reading listening involves imagination modern technological communication devices seem to blunt the mind from the gap on nyes to see fireworks from harbour down rest of waterways annual thirty year released cabinet papers big sculptured rock at big marley the beach in royal national park in a mere 15 seconds rare metals like gold are formed the symmetrical lattice of molecules that form every solid vibrates at such an astounding rate that it can impede particles from moving through it at their maximum speed, thus as the forming brain cools after the first cellular explosions that brought it into existence an incomprehensible multiplicity of neurons are allowed to internally evolve so as to communicate with each other at their swiftest a peace based on fraud will lead to war as certain as the good lord prevailed against the devil's tricks & temptations during his forty days it is in the wilderness that we learn all things 'in new orleans parents use hired voodoo skeleton men to scare their children to do the right thing with their lives the mind is beyond any human project to measure it as james discovered light is an electromagnetic wave different colours corresponding to the different speed of the vibration of each light wave. from the slow pulsations of red to the furious oscillation of blue life is a mystery our souls around each thought a sea of molecules that work like the loose collection of electrons around the inner core of metal atoms in prostitutes are labelled night butterflies they are maligned though in this conservative society there is a checkpoint in all our minds for a way out or a stop to the diverse thoughts in our minds with so many mental tours of duty or deviance & mental barriers built up or to rip down all is psychological warfare with us to struggle for power & survival mental berlin airlifts with us to deal with & overcome oh i proclaim in the time of the sandinistas many believe pm olof palme was killed by the cia due to his support for the revolution only three pools amount of gold discovered in all of human history extravagant learning to coach costs stifling technical development in soccer criminal medical experiments on third world people such as in and india economy from the 309osei means managing the house and ecology means managing the earth the poet versus the rationalist. yet a case of the boundless versus the bound the pen is mightie 'after all, that most famous of modern knight errants don disingenuously said the pen is the tongue of the soul brain plasticity death is obliteration...it is not a persona.. it is absolutely nothing an individual is dissolved don't be overconfident people who lived a thousand years ago built structures that have lasted until today without

the knowledge of the universe that we now have of its long existence their world was no more than the village green & the awareness of the life of the universe was of it being in existence of only a few thousand years but they had a long term range of life while we have no excuses & we build ugly monoliths, shopping mall:s that will last no longer than fifty years civilization is being destroyed by our shopping habits the rise of the department store the journalist on his tv show put on the speakers the despairing voice of his friend the doctor who lost his daughters in a bombardment it was the hand of god said the journalist which inspired him to see the need for the whole world to hear by our insular short term view of an immediate self interested prosperity we literally drive ourselves to death thankfully we have an intellect that has the potential to aspire above our physiology which the scientists may have overlooked & philosophically speaking in some ways the quest of civilization is to deal in a positive way with the dynamic & tensions that exist between that dichotomy set up in the western tradition by the ancient greeks between mind soul spirit & body a dynamic potentially tense but a tension that can be also positive if 'liberated' in a knowledgeable way to have a creative harmony between all aspects of the human condition hubris to the greeks was to self promote oneself at risk of attracting the lightning wrath of the gods seeking power for power's own sake is an immature impulse the silence although beckett infers without space there is no time if time was an electrical field like cyberspace then we could easily move backwards & forwards within it in this modern world we may fear the silence of being alone with ourselves in a room the interior self is submerged by noise behold lisa who has blissfully gone to the eternal silence! we are little nickelodeons in the great cinema known as the universe that doctor who was a prisoner in a wwii german camp and tried out vitamins on his fellow prisoners in a way that has since been used to bring in many life saving drugs ever since product placement in movies has taken over the goldfish is a symbol of freedom in archaeological ruins put civilizations in perspective ego to dictate over others is unjust this made-up world is stacked up on a pack of lies spiritual value is more important than material value seeking power is only justified if to a good end for all society a hard act to follow media information fractured i want with 310oseido to join a crowd in some flash dance! it can be said my mind is my & i must stay on guard duty to protect civilisation those students & backpackers knocking on the door selling overpriced art produced by some other artist, it seemed like a racket but these doorknockers were the exploited we must not accept any present injustice & not accept that it is hopeless to overturn it no matter how monumental the terrible situation appears to us for we see how the abolitionists fought against what appeared to be a hopeless cause i remember seeing a small protest group against apartheid who everyday stood at square in witha sign that said how many days nelson mandela was in imprisoned on robbin island i thought their cause was unwinnable but we see that nelson mandela became president of an apartheid free south we see how east timor also became free from occupation ramis-horta did not give up & there are other examples one must continue to try for it is only self-defeating to say all is hopeless morality is based on the doing not the result the world is made up of hoovervilles strauss's death & transfiguration for lisa the muse can leave one for awhile which proves we are human beings & not machines i have always appreciated victor hugo's divergent explanation of the paris sewers in les miserables we have turned the earth into an open sewer! inner contentment is what one should seek above happiness men like napoleon are faced with their waterloos as a changing world outwits their genius insurance companies legally silence their victims artists take advice & work underground & unknown with no one knowing what you do the modern art market is akin to the market in the holy temple which desecrated this holy sanctuary & defiled the spiritual presence of the lord for mammon has taken over & like jesus who drove out the moneymen the same must be done now to cleanse art of its pimp art dealers so it may return to its shaman spiritual purity thus be rid of the art blasphemers & their objectionable pedantic ways for the true artist is not a bureaucrat or a decorator of walls but a spiritual person who has visions of the eternal unseen values of the heavenly paradise demystify art! three cheers to artistic freedom! no matter the cost! there was as the two-bit night club singer who walked away from his chance to do the big concerts & gain wider fame the true artist seeks a discourse of genuine humanity with his audience to not be suffocated by petty draconian art market rules that enslave the creative spirit & subdue it to mammon with its obscene over inflated prices so called art that is intellectually vacuous devoid of spiritual quality a real artist lives in the real world a fraudulent cultural propaganda to verify the overconsumption of the ever growing middle classes art is joy not investment murdochracy & wilful blindful ignorance the us soldiers in 310oseido thought they were seeing frank but it was the frog sonata how many people travel to the third world & a re politicized by the experience? the multiple energies of nature when the great artist dies the vultures will come to pick over the 'art relics' that are left for their financial gain ceres & vesta the two protoplanet asteroids in our solar system the western notion of so called 'uniqueness' must be challenged life is meaningless but life per se has meaning what is essential is to live a just life...what is the real point of worldly success? the mind ever whirring around the same circles the idea of a long lasting reforming grassroots social movement like there was with the emergence of the trade unions is more difficult in a more atomized, individualistic modern hyper-capitalist world despite social networking as society is more psychologically apart with individuals more like gas particles rather than together like a solid with the paradox of human beings like particles whirring in cyberspace being brought together but still whirring on their own little puny axis rather than on a larger social one we who have much should show compassion to the beggar rather than social wrath we should recognize those on the margin who are violent may have been first taken to the edge by the mainstream's ostracization an artist must do his artist for god not for the art market denormalize eternal, infernal, spiralling downward mind levels fortunately cyber space can be used on occasions to organise group protest & bring people together shoulder to shoulder in solidarity in real space but more often than not the default position the farming of wild grasses led agriculture which eventually led to cities citopia is solidarity in trivialities down deeper and ever deeper down! the status quo presenting good art to the pimps of the art world is like the proverbial throwing of pearls to swine falsehoods ever whirring' geoengineering may affect the third world do not be bullied art market edicts human architecture should be for human tranquillity the global south woman spoke about the ethical degradation of the west while there has also been an ethical degradation of the global south with dictatorships and managerial democracies on the rise get rid of cars & put in eco friendly small sky train capsules i like to listen to the blues blue is a feeling that pains the heart lisa little girl blue sing the blues away conscience objectors in wwi in more than one first assumes 92 elements known by their colours make the cosmos shopping opened up the world for women hattie carroll a martyr of u.s. race relations who will remain remembered in civil rights folklore by song about her lonely, unjust death the soldier 310oseido manning incarcerated by his own government for leaking documents in the same spirit as the photocopying of the pentagon papers is a true hero for liberty the mind travels through space to supercede the mind ernie pyle the war correspondent who was the g.i.s friend ira hayes what did your country really do for you after you helped raise the u.s. flag on iwo jima? remember the proud native indians running bull geronimo the great usa that had white male citizens in the deep south in the 1960s capable of burning down a church with 1,500 afro-american citizens inside let us never forget those who have lost their lives to end global economic inequalities if the labor party had spent more money educating outer western then maybe these people if they were more educated would not have such bigoted, narrowminded views on issues such as climate change & refugees the rise of empires a military tsunami awaits all of us!. liberate the human spirit not enchain it big mal stands up for what he believes in leaders scared to meet dala lama because of china told me that his work was sometimes so dark becase he had covered over like a veil a final tone of deep black on top of the tonal work he had done before (like covering over an undercoat of paint so it could not be seen but which gave the work its depth relying on what cannot be seen much like stating that our mortal perception can only go so far & that we have to rely on our mind's perception to perceive what cannot be seen mystery is beauty do we live in a bootleg universe? deep time having to use the human imagination to see with the mind's eye yes the eternal depths of the universe to rise above the mundane instinct imagination comprehending the spiritual beyond knowledge & our intelligence which is often limited by only comprehending seen physical reality intellectual authority of the artist's work to give it substance innovative people do not want to be restricted community supporting the individual the inner soul to prevail extraordinary secret rendition the new bottom line of our democracy to be heavy of heart indefinite detention without trial military commissions kangaroo courts circumstantial evidence there are some art dealers who tempt artists like satan who tempted jesus in the desert with worldly riches & power jesus & adonis triple aaa rating downgrading for u.s. will lead to economic global calamity beckett said no space no time seeing taxi on the dark side watching slavechef there are many dimensions to explore when visiting a new land look below the glossy surface to an underlying matt the battle of 42nd street on crete where the anzacs killed many germans & which the first aboriginal soldier to become an officer stays unheralded he was refused the opportunity to be in the occupation force to japan the jewish women who knew they were going to be shot after falling pregnant after being raped or used as sex slaves asked the driver to take them around the town as a goodbye the syndrome where hostages start to sympathise with their captors is like us who sympathise with those in power who have taken captive of our live, it is the paradoxical psychological crux of modern democracy chasing cars by snow patrol like chasing the wind the true worth of a piece of art is in its intellectual property the art collector said modern art is a window into the unknown in the monoculturalist soldiers who don't like any other culture including dutch or local are not good mentors compared to the multiculturalist orientated soldiers restaurant is food that restores opened by 310oseid chefs out of jobs after the revolution with aristrocratic households gone an image is a icon not a product an artist must find his or her own voice & to help us see differently & to help evolve the mind to create a sensation to be singleminded with single aim & within so to be multiple minded china's tiger economy still has most of its population impoverished while 2,000,000 indian slum kids still die every year magic realism would confound the scientists the best chicken wrap i have ever had was in in the blue mountains beyond the food was so fresh. heavenly my karma can overcome your dogma friendship is the secret to a long life urban crisis the mind can be so strong it can need a lot of hammering to introduce something new major c.h. douglas and social credit olive oil can go a long way to wash off enamel spray paint it's the mind that can really suffer in prison even if the body can have all its physical needs met. to never have enough money can feel like being in prison yellow by cold play yes the stars can shine for us all night becoming day is such a subtle thing dawn dusk sun moon don't dig it up asteroids the name of the café is altitude delicatessen suburb awning signs on display at leichhardt library collected by a local archaeologist in the dead of night before the building was demolished or re-use kodak etc it is the archaeology of a lost world apartments everywhere after sputnik initiated nasa a brief roundup of a tiny proportion of the many hostilities and atrocities occurring in the world & which include military buying armaments from nations who will claim to be global defenders of human rights. yemen civilians killed by military hardware supplied to arabia from the west while yemen's who are supplied by iran committing war crimes in an ongoing civil war which also has yemen children starving to death in their many thousands an unheralded genocide in sudan school children kidnapped by islamist militants farmers killed by far right extremist jewish settlers in the west bank surviving of kibbutzim massacres starved beaten sexually assaulted by their hamas captors in gaza while some still murdered druze massacred thousands of children stolen by the russian military and sent to russian missiles bombing civilian apartments in and for the russian military to have been previously known to have bombed hospitals in women sold as sex slaves by isis in their captured territories of the middle east to have a caliphate a television image of the 310oseidon310s resistance fighter holed up in a house fighting off until his death the many national guardsmen who have surrounded him yet he to be morally betrayed by a leader who would eventually seek after national power solely for himself too many revolutions eating too many of their children at what cost would the greater state be prepared to take on those who feel they have the greater justice? it is what smaller powers have always counted on when defying a larger enemy. it is what lee vouched on the north could make enough rifles in two months that the south could make for the whole war so to wear down the industrial might of the north would never be possible, so it was hoped instead to wear down

the fighting will of the union if great casualties could be inflicted on his foe it was not the result of a battle that mattered but the ever growing number of war dead yet the south's cause was not just and the war would be lost only to continue by guerrilla tactics by those who would not accept the intrusion of the victors onto the confederacy to erode the human will from within its soul if the physical strength of the body cannot be defeated. what does it take to reconstruct a vanquished soul when it does not want to be reconstituted? the united states would find it would take over a hundred years for it too really come to terms to bring on equality for afro-americans which to this day has yet to be fully achieved which nfl players kneeling during the national anthem can attest too the united states would find the human cost of war on its side too great in and after the so called cold war the other wars of incursion into smaller nations that would follow an imperial giant worn down cezanne came across nature's unity a hundred years earlier scientists seem amazed by the self-regulatory uniform patterns of nature moving unconsciously between predicated order & chaotic unpredictability saved survivors from the titanic momentum is the god of sport politics war & life jews hiding in berlin during the nazi tyranny were called u-boats berlin allowed many freedoms to attract new arrivals to populate it when it was founded the arab spring the future remains a surprise financial! generation to gene-ration we live in a post-truth world foreign owned land for food don lane said don't tell him the score to the superbowl when he walked into the café yes we do need the help of our friends the groupthink behind the bay of pigs white house decision historically correction from errors are often peer based by those on the coalface rather tan from the top along with that exhibition of snowdome houses the paintings of old cars abandoned in the desert jesus defines a friend as someone ready to give one's life watching the columbine campus massacre doco the world has gone mad and this madness endures p.i.g.s. ireland spain debt ridden countries facing austerity measures who need union support without being crippled by the elites who caused the crisis cadel evans still going for the ultimate prize to gloriously win third time lucky despite being runner up twice the minority tea party the extreme right-wing economic fundamentalists of u.s. politics holding the nation to ransom to cause economic meltdown of & the world those women who still look for the remains of their disappeared loved ones in the desert like the nearby astronomers who look for new stars in the vast cosmos a human being has 50,000 billion cells kept telling the ack ack to fire on the even though no planes were hit illusion can be good for morale & later be transferred to become reality the celestial was in the holy city ceaselessly as the noble doctor who lost his daughters in an attack in gaza said in the lateline interview with ali moore it is not where you are but who you are thus it seems what matters as to who you are is that you pursue justice for happiness will then surely follow to overcome all grief despite the losses astronauts like to go & see their own spacesuits which they have most affinity with rather than with the space vehicle virtual world government essential in globalized world history culture wars love to overcome all hate & bitternessa sullen look i read what an old man says in a concentration camp we represent the crowning achievement of our dying civilization for our cruel oppression shows that man has not even be able to live up to his own feeble sense of right failing even our own moral consciences & legal apparatus humanity has fallen into the severest tyranny like i have said, the barbed wire fence has become the symbol of our age & upon it we have desecrated worse of all our minds & personalities writers agreed to write propaganda for the military & government in world war one including the likes of kipling & welles while the philosopher went to prison for six months for he was against the war people forget the socialist revolution put down in 1918-19 in which had had enough of the war & led to the counter-revolutionary murders of & rosa luxemborg it seems the howard government had a deliberate policy to dehumanize asylum seekers in any elitist attitude of the few presumed to be better than the many is the kernel of fascism pornography simply means writings by prostitutes who would well understand human nature better than most people endless new comedies of an empty age like & andy's gap year & swift & shift couriers gods are diffuse compared to the gods the abc cuts cultural shows showing its commercial dumbing down is reaching its logical conclusion forgoing all independence there are people who get into politics and activist groups due to their own sense of self importance the god complex an artist must follow his own conscience & be conscience of following his artistic ideals to build upon what has been achieved before to arrive at what is yet to be gained many disasters have increased casualties due to people panicking and not staying calm so for example instead of an orderly exit there is a stampede and people are crushed in this seizure of frightened herd mentality always best to stay calm in workers are brought in to make clothes so there is a made in label but the workers are paid low wages as if they were back in china two speed multigear economy! within my mind is the history of the world! funeral oratory speech by pericles in the landscape we may perceive the universe synthesisia & brain colour association neuroplasticity our elastic brain shuts down as we die neurolaw the brain speaks to different parts of itself neuroimagery the brain lives in its own secret way cues the ruined two thousand walls in peru whose space between the towers the sun would rise over the year in a different one to progress from the summer solstice to the winter solstice the band of mysterious man size holes in the ground in the peruvian desert will the icc bring back the timeless cricket test we are made of carbon which comes from stars hiv bikerider's inspirational involvement in bicycle race across america due to its social inequalities was destroyed by fire & brimstone & for the same reason the human race will be destroyed by climate change due to its ongoing inequities there should be a salary cap on house prices like there is in sport so as to iron out social inequities to view the u.s. as cynically supporting the islamist mujahedeen who were resisting the afghan government which was imposing reforms onto a rural population which was only arousing resentment which the same would happen when the u.s. came etc and the u.s. seeing the opportunity for to be drawn into its own war yet wanted a quick war to stabilize a pro-russian faction of government the u.s. taking advantage of the situation in any case a cynic may argue the people of was not a real consideration of either or the us and this also goes for those who only criticize the u.s. for its imperialist response as do they think an authoritarian government is really worthy to remain? a false moral response to critique against the u.s. when in actuality there is only an overarching amorality in regards to the behaviour of both the u.s. and while wanted a regime on its border that was friendly to it the u.s. was using as a 'thorn in its side' without any real foret hought as to what would result whether in lives lost in or what it would be like to have an islamist insurgency succeed and to hubristically think it would be grateful to the united states to then automatically fall into line to support united states interests. the united states would have also not really assumed the soviet union would fall but merely be weakened but the war in would help bring about the end of the soviet union and when the soviets left us interest lessened without realising it had sowed the seeds of 11 as during its hyperpower period it shifted its strategic interests to its responses to the 311oseido and to the middle east after saddam invaded #stopadani human people corralled together to make signs on bondi beach newtown park and throughout the land to be seen from the air. in this rising age of renewables governments willing to give money to an company with a poor environmental record for a coal mine that may forever pollute the artesian water basin and destroy the great barrier reef it is because no bank is willing to finance such a potentially disastrous project which will employ far fewer people than publicly claimed and which will make large profits through the use of overseas tax havens thus divorcing from its fair take it is the legislation of human corruption on an unprecedented scale to secure short term political power it is the way of the world aukus instead of many submarines have more drones which is more applicable to twenty first century warfare where has shown to innovate over superior russian military hardware cynicism hypocrisy recalling how it all made good sense when at high school in a senior economics class to be told how in west business management would work with union representatives on company boards of the steel and coal industries in what was officially called a co-determinant policy which the schoolboy thought sounded good in principle if workers could really benefit as well as sorting out any issues which would normally inevitably escalate towards an industrial dispute artist as shaman can move between the spirit world & the material world the rare value of a strativarius violin medieval multiple rocket launcher was very effective south sudan a new country henning mekell who wrote the kurt wallender crime novels notes the banality of evil the urbenmesch mentality of the new trojan asteroid in earth's orbit for last 10,000 years in the present self consumption industrial western consumer capitalist context it is all abut me watching dial m for murder on the television and g for greed on the stockmarket nrl & afl have turned their games into sideshows for advertising with games having to extend pauses for ads scipio the roman commander went over the rooftops of carthage to overcome the defences the iss above us carthage was destroyed cypriot village houses had solar panels on their roofs in the eighties from tragedy can come hope humanitarian architectural design for the third world carbon cling wrap recalling for the human spirit older german woman at the mali who admired neitzche as an all encompassing truth use of recycled cheap materials & local knowledge somali refugees gang raped while leaving famine area the imperfections of the world signify to a creator for if everything was perfection then the universe would only be following a mechanical formula the evolution of the planet & the development of every species & of every individual organism including us works within the process of this universal creative process conversely what is static & is stillness is death without end the astronomers do say that the more we look into finding truths in the universe the more we are left to answer new questions that emerge from discoveries life has taught me to be cautious miracle comeback win by souths over we must live in the present and as tielhard de chardin has said we are spiritual beings living human experiences the quest of knowledge is never ending ad infinitum breaking up into new splinters we must continue to reconfigure reality to suit the purpose of our sense of satisfaction in life's worth. road toll a skateboard rink opens yet it would no longer be there with the swift victory of the who would close down such a westernised facility de to wrong us decision to pull out and democracy minded afghans as well as all girls to women to a terrible fate afghan girls educated by internet 311oseidon breed transparent goldfish national parks is one 311oseidon good idea royal national park bushwalks to be listening to haunting melancholy music it is good for your health to walk the dog regularly & even better by the river the beatles ballads timeless culture should lead to eternity tracy is her name the big icafest in the afternoon as a communal act of remembrance and the seahorse a symbol of power and strength associated by ancients with poseidon & he would thus give sailors a safe passage to the underworld-

[AD INFINITUM]

"*MORE* MIND NEGATIVES!" screams Cat. "Yes! They can go on *forever*! No alpha and omega…which can weigh heavily on the ephemeral psyche…oh *heaven* help this mortal coil…eternal paradise awaits. Maybe…with this mind

space odyssey alone *is* our true hope!" Clasping with both hand's one's head with furrowed brow like a Blakean prophetic figure. "I keep *searching…always* searching…" *'…beyond the immediate world of every individual is a vast worldly realm within which exists a human dynamism that ebbs and flows with multiple human decisions and by which with those made by those who govern over the earth can potentially be much like the sun which shines upon both it and humanity to wholly underscore the destinies of many billions of individual human lives with the background hum of such a human cosmology shaped by human actions that go far back before they were ever recorded or studied being much like the background hum of the universe with its pulsating gravitational waves that affect the course of every astronomical object of which the earth too is also an object within this immense cosmos which in scale is a particle yet which is unique and still valuable as is every life upon it no matter the living form and no matter the scale that so every 'human particle' amid the great schema of human endeavour is worthy of human reverence which matters when so many have disappeared unnamed and without a trace to be as if they had never lived yet their lives although unknown affect present human destinies which in turn will affect the human world past present and yet to come for all the living what essentially needs to be also understood is individual human independence is really an illusion as really there is a human dependency whether known or unknown whether willing or unwilling for each human being is dependent on the myriad human interactions that intertwine all human existence together and by which with such human understanding it can also be that the historical intersection between any individual destiny and societal power that will lead to influence a present circumstance may also be examined-*

ETERNAL RECURRENCE

Silence Can Be Deadly

'Most of the Myall Creek murderers were hanged which stunned many colonists who could not actually believe in a world whereby the actual life of a 'savage' indigenous person could really be seen as of the same human value as their 'civilised' selves so as to then be in a sort of collective catatonic shock and so in dire response there then came as mentioned before a different sort of national silence whereby poison 'gifted' in flour became an increasingly more common method for genocide rather than outright slaughter so no one could be readily blamed for the mass deaths of indigenous peoples. Lack of evidence. Yet to say again and again and again *ad infinitum* the evidence is certainly there for all to see in today's negative political universe with the ongoing historical denial that is invisibly layered upon to this very day to hide the obscene truth. Yes, to have a hallucination of peace based on a silent genocide which is not being truly revealed for with poison becoming a favourable means of mass killing a massacre could remain unrecorded. A whole country's prosperity founded on a lie; that it has always been at *peace* with itself. There was no evidence otherwise. To be content with itself by being

content with having an infantile avoidance of what is the reality. A nationalist mainstream history with heroes – they are promoted – but also with falsehoods – they are hidden. Perhaps waiting for the moment that it will be mature enough to have revealed. Waiting…oh always waiting…little Johnnie…are you ready yet to take away your newly washed hands from your eyes to look at the human butchery which your daddy cold bloodily committed...?...oh…that is not the wind blowing but human screams. A young country, yes, still very much adolescent, to be besieged with an ever increasing number of nationalist narcissists stridently vocalising their psychopathic prejudices onto the nation's impressionable mindset to make it venture even more cautiously than before towards a much needed adult maturity…yes, the human brain does not fully develop until it is twenty five years old and Australia in global historical terms can sometimes feel like an entity that is not much past twenty-one…the first flush of youthful, encouragingly rebellious, liberating exuberance now gone…suppressed by an anti-progressive, historically denying cultural impulse which in recent decades has politically come to the dominant fore that has helped to maintain a self-inflicted historical amnesia which aids the politically insane who go on striving to try and control everything…nevertheless in some grand display of national cognitive dissonance the beguiling myth of an egalitarian classless society clinically, desperately persists. There were some in power who were sane but now they are gone. To yearn for their return; to herald in some new political prophet who is genuine who is not a self-serving populist who is a true visionary for the good of all. Alas, I see no one coming over the horizon. The sun sets. Darkness. There is only The Great Dictator. To appease my political depression. A comic. (How bitterly ironic and is also a North American). Chaplin. With the square moustache. Officer hat. Officer black tie. Officer uniform. Who proclaims as if speaking for this generation when really he was speaking to an earlier generation burdened by fascism many decades ago which seems to be only fully re-emerging as ominously seen with the scapegoating of a threatening 'strange other' for economic ills usually being a social cohort with no social power such as newly arrived migrants and which such unevidenced irrationality even extremely leading to insanely seeing the unannounced arrival of refugee boats as being a direct national security threat so as to madly call for turning them back with no humane sensibility at all towards these vulnerable 'foreign strangers'. In the Arafura Sea. In the Mediterranean. Where despicably there are European countries willingly choosing to adopt with some elation the hard line refugee boat policy at first mainly adopted by Australia. No brave new world but an insidious one whereby deals can be made with countries to become barriers to stop the flow of a human mass attempting to reach safety from the Global South to the Global North, in Europe to have hard line populist leaders who have found their political stars rise including in countries whose own people had once fled from tyrannies; to have refugees left languishing on islands and humanitarian ships saving refugees crossing the Mediterranean Sea able to face prosecution while other countries refuse entry to those seeking sanctuary; to be tarnished with the label of 'economic refugees' to justify such calculated inhumanity. To note refugees risking their lives to cross the dangerous jungles of the Darian Gap which links the South Americas to the Central Americas yet to be only the beginning of an arduous journey to find final sanctuary in North America. To note also in other parts of the world many refugees languishing in vulnerable living situations in the Middle East in Africa and also in Indonesia for years and without rights-

History is full of lies.

(History is full of truths.
Yet ignored).

During the covid pandemic lockdowns the essential workers in western Sydney who kept the nation's vital supply chains open at personal medical risk to themselves were highly praised but then readily forgotten when the endemic was over and it could not be helped but noticed that when mentioned in news articles nearly all had non-Anglo names (interestingly, to the overly cynic observer except for most of the managers interviewed). An example of how migration is positive for a nation (if not always for those particular 'low rung' migrants who lack political, economic and social power) but when economic bad times occur in the national business cycle this social reality is conveniently ignored for a politically exploitative populist scapegoat narrative (and those who are politically exploited may then also face racial abuse). It can be inferred the psychological root of human inequality is bound around the societal psychic leveraging in social hierarchies of having one type of person as being better than another person type; with the former to be societally perceived as 'deserved' while the latter is 'underserved' to thus 'justify' the social privileges that are granted to the former but which if deemed too 'costly' to upkeep can be unquestionably denied to the latter; in terms of human geography this human fault line to be the tectonic cause of much social division which needs to be humanely bridged to bring on not only social unity and social cohesion but social equality as well-

How many an acclaimed white explorer in school text books really relied on their Aboriginal trackers and the goodwill of the indigenous tribes of the lands they went through in order to unwittingly open up the country for further exploitation by these locust-like marauding foreigners. To think of so many main roads and highways are actually laid down where originally were Aboriginal tracks some following song lines that stretched across the whole continent both east-west and north-south.

Xenophobia. A colonial people that in the mid nineteenth century actually built up an island fortress in Sydney Harbour because of a sincere belief that as a loyal colony of the British Empire the Russians who were warring with England during the Crimea War may sail all the way down from their vast country to attack it. It takes a sea invader to understand the threat of an invasion coming over the ocean. Thus the need to dehumanize your supposed foe even when the 'enemy' are desperate refugees who have only chosen to head towards you in flimsy fishing boats is because of the misplaced notion that because you have been a welcoming, civilized nation in the past you shall be so again in the present. The uncivilized can takeover. It is the case in Australia. Yet the barbarian is not necessarily some bestial apparition dressed in a fascist black uniform but rather in business outfits which confer a sense of well-ordered civility and reasonableness and so who reasonably choose to dehumanize those they claim to protect only to establish for them a tyranny-

Utilitarian Humanism

To have social cohesion because it is pragmatically useful not because it is morally correct so as to have the rhetoric of equality to disguise the reality of hierarchy. It is what Gregor thought to be the national essence of everything that was wrong in Australian society. Not what was right. As there was much that was right in Australia. It was an exemplary good country for anyone able to fully access and enjoy its many benefits. Yes, it truly was the land of milk and honey for them and not the land of poisoned flour. It was what was wrong that mattered to Gregor. So what was still wrong could be overturned so as to have more of what was right; especially when Gregor suspected that Australian democracy could become too complacent and face the political danger of devolving. As it was Gregor was already of the belief that for some of Australia's citizens it had never really been the land of the 'fair go' which clearly had been the case for first nations people who only in relatively recent times had even been bestowed by the colonizers the 'privilege' of being citizens in their own conquered land; to also think of Australia's internationally lauded labour movement which emerging from such a colonial society that had forcefully transplanted itself onto foreign territory that its deserved rightful quest for proper labour rights as had first proceeded in the nineteenth century would have initially a tribal, exclusionary aspect with anyone who did not seem to have the desired personal characteristics that either typified or exemplified the implicitly 'superior' European character of the new colony would not be readily accepted as 'civilized' and thus could not be allowed to be justly integrated and worse could not even be perceived as 'properly human' as had been historically the case for the original indigenous population of which a large percentage had been thoroughly wiped out either by disease or massacre or dislocation-

[A Latent Memory]

(Yes, a white (fella) Eureka Southern Cross)

'...then again Mediterranean peoples had already been coming to Australia since the nineteenth century including during the gold rush era which drew fortune hunters from most parts of the world. As it is it would be the Italian writer, composer and budding revolutionary Raffeollo Carboni who would famously speak out at the 1854 Eureka Stockade that under the Southern Cross flag all those who would rebel would do so united no matter their skin colour, their faith or from what country that they came from. Raffeollo Carboni would write about his time on the goldfields which out of curiosity Gregor would skim through his book about Eureka after sighting a worn modern paperback reprint at a second hand bookshop towards the lower end of Newtown's King Street in the vicinity of St. Peters. Gregor had just parked his car and was going to join Michael, Lisa and Melissa who were flying a kite in Sydney Park. Thus, Gregor could only spare a few minutes and he was especially interested if in this modern reprint there was any mention about the Chinese on the goldfields. In the short time he had there was one passage that very much took Gregor's attention whereby he learnt of the Italian Raffeollo Carboni who mentioned to gold diggers that some his possessions had been stolen from his tent but wanted to emphasise that he did not think it was either the Vandemonians or Chinese who had

committed this crime. Gregor memorised the name of the first group whom he had never heard of before only to find out – when he finally got back home after an enjoyable sunny afternoon of kite flying and stopping off at a local café in King Street with the others – that his encyclopaedia on modern Australian history would inform him that 'Vandemonians' referred to hardened convicts who had previously served on Van Demiens Island with the name also doubling up as 'demon'. Gregor could not help but think that the Chinese diggers were not seen as any better and wondered if Raffeollo Carboni in his little speech was trying to educate his fellow rebels that any democracy had to be all inclusive including also those who were not of European stock. After all, it had occurred to Raffeollo Carboni that among most of the diggers that he encountered it was not democracy for all that was top of mind with them but rather to simply have what were unfair and corrupt state grievances placed upon them overturned. Any democratic sensibility came mostly from those diggers who had been Chartists in England who had sought for liberal reforms as well as those European diggers who had come out to Australia in the aftermath of the 1848 revolts on the Continent plus amongst those North Americans still imbued with the American Revolutionary spirit of 1776 which Gregor thought would also make them especially hostile to the corrupt, overbearing rule on the goldfields by the authorities of this British colony. Yet still, on the main the Chinese diggers and certainly not the Aboriginals upon which their stolen land was being dug up for gold were to be given any democratic credence amongst the complaints of the diggers. In fact, while European diggers would gain rights after the 1854 Eureka Stockade rebellion for the Chinese diggers there would be only further legislative strangulation which officially would be the racist precursor to the White Australia Policy after Federation and would have the strong backing of the newly formed political organisation for the workers: the Australian Labor Party. In his further readings Gregor learnt that there was also an element of jealousy associated with the hostility towards the hard working Chinese diggers who would work collectively to achieve a higher level of success on the goldfields and who would also find gold in areas that had been abandoned by their European counterparts. Gregor thought it strange that some of the other gold diggers did not actually learn from the practices of the Chinese diggers but instead chose to only scapegoat and bully them as if to *be too proud that people who they deemed to be 'naturally inferior' actually had superior techniques when it came to discovering gold. The 'rugged individualism' ethos so historically venerated and still generally looked up to this day could from Gregor's point of view only lead to a crass competitiveness when he thought co-operation and working together was something that would really be of greater benefit and to be equitable to all; especially when it was becoming more difficult to find gold which instead there was only increased resentment towards the Chinese. (The 1861 Lambing Flats Riots at goldfields near Young in NSW was to bear testimony to the hostility that 'invading' Chinese workers had to deal with while Gregor also noted the act of kindness of one farmer who gave sanctuary on his land to the victims of these riots so as to escape further harm. As it was while state troopers belatedly came to the defence of the Chinese miners there would later on be a state law passed that would severely limit Chinese immigration to New South Wales which would be a legislative precursor to the federal Immigration Restriction Act of 1901. While there is the famously known Eureka flag there is also a racist banner from this time which has a southern cross emblem in the centre surrounded by the words Roll Up, Roll Up, No Chinese. Interestingly, Gregor only became aware of it after going to an exhibition at an exhibition mainly revolving around the Lambing Riots at a contemporary Australian Asian Art tucked away at the Haymarket; which, as Gregor sardonically noted much like lesser known historical aspects of main national narratives can also be tucked away so as to be less easily found). It surprised Gregor to find out that Rafeollo Carboni*

had lived with an Aboriginal tribe for a short while but it did not surprise him that this Italian adventurer would venture back to Europe using some of the gold he had as payment and to eventually arrive back at the Italian peninsular where in another chapter of an eventful life as a true patriot he involved himself in Garibaldi's expedition of the thousand to southern Italy in the democratic quest for Italian unification. Although Raffeollo Carboni was not at the Eureka Stockade at the actual time of the 300 strong police trooper shock attack (surprisingly, there was only a hundred and fifty diggers as the threat of being attacked on a Sunday seemed low) he had played an influential role being recruited by the Irishman Peter Lalor who as rebel leader recognised his revolutionary aptitude especially had him work with the foreign nationals amongst the gold diggers willing to resist. As it was although many thousands of diggers were willing to protest against the heavy unjust burden of the licence system it would turn out that there were two opinions on how to garner reform: one moderate, the other forceful. Thus it would be about a thousand diggers (along with women who had found some semblance of social emancipation due to the goldfields having jobs such as in towns to bring in income to their families when the male head of the household could not do so when not finding gold) who would be prepared to actual fight but as it was only a relative few could really defend themselves with rifles against any government assault so it was no surprise that the troopers won so easily with the battle only going twenty minutes yet the murderous carnage that followed with men bayoneted and so forth certainly amounted to the equivalent of war crimes. It was a sickening massacre which a second-in-command even willing (as Gregor wanderingly thought like the leading helicopter pilot at My Lai over a century later who was even prepared to shoot at U.S. soldiers to save the lives of Vietnamese villagers) willing to protect some diggers so they would not be bayoneted. Gregor wondered that if this is what the militia was prepared to do to its own kind what on earth did it get up to the Aboriginal population which to this day remains terribly unknown…? Peter Lalor the leader of the Eureka Stockade who would have his arm amputated while in hiding after being shot at by the troopers in this brutal assault which had amongst the outnumbered diggers over twenty losing their lives (whilst it should also be noted that the government forces also lost six men). Although a military defeat it would become a political victory for the gold diggers with the punitive licence system abandoned and amongst the reforms would be the paying of a levy only by those who actually found gold. Peter Lalor would go from being a hunted rebel to end up as a respectable member of the Victorian Legislature and while sympathetic to the Eureka miners which included they gain compensation his advocacy for democratic principles would not extend to voting for full white male suffrage which did occur in 1867. The men Peter Lalor led at Eureka would have also felt betrayed when he voted for a land bill that privileged the wealthy. Gregor would be both surprised and shocked to find out that Peter Lalor the great hero of the Eureka Stockade would as a company director would work against the interests of striking workers at a mine to the extent of employing Chinese workers to take their place of which in turn whose interest in them went no further than using them as strike breakers. It is said that the oppressed can become the new oppressors which a vehement Gregor rightly saw was perfectly the case with Peter Lalor who although in the strictest definition of the word he was not an oppressor per se he did for his own purposes use these powerless Chinese workers to work against those he had once championed and of whom he had claimed to be of their cohort. After all, to Gregor there clearly was an exploitative employer tactic at work here which also compelled Gregor to believe that Peter Lalor held an exclusionary view when it came to labour rights in regard to Chinese workers. As for the Chinese workers Gregor

was prepared to sympathetically give them the benefit of the doubt that they probably had no real choice but to gain what work they could and they certainly did not owe the Australian worker any solidarity for no working class solidarity had ever been shown towards them but rather only intolerance and abuse. Yet, with Peter Lalor, in terms of Australian history he is only remembered for the man he was rather than also for the man he became which in Gregor's eyes was so symptomatic about the country as a whole which did not face up to what he saw as present day elements of moral decay in terms of an ever persistent xenophobia and returning economic inequalities, relying instead to falling back on the overarching national myth that it had been and still was an egalitarian society which overall always gave a fair go to all; as far as a cynical Gregor saw it that glowing national estimation could not be further from the truth-

"For many a human being one can only tolerate the personal myth of what they are rather than what they may actually be so as to live satisfactorily with one's mortal self on this long lasting earth!" The inner-city prophet raising his hands up into the air as well as looking upwards and not at any mirror. "Anais Nin!" Cat yells. "Yes! You were right to say we view everything not as they are but as we are!" Cat spins on the spot. "The world we see is an illusion if we are so self-deluded!"

In post-war Australia with its upsurge in migration to help assure its future national survival there now had to be a corresponding attitudinal recalibration to the good within a protectionist-minded labour movement that was to override an up-to-then nation-wide suspicion towards the non-British worker who would often be arbitrarily accused of being 'human capital' methodically used by 'industrial capital' to lower wages and other labour standards. To Gregor what was to now be in play (as Cat had already inferred) was a sort of utilitarian humanism whereby there was now a cautious acceptance of a large influx of migrants because they were to be viewed as being pragmatically useful in meeting Australia's then seemingly urgent economic and defence needs; while, as if almost by default as an afterthought, these many 'new Australians' could in turn humanely and materially benefit by living in a country which after a world war was attractive to go to with it being relatively safe and secure with no major land wars having been fought within it since the suppression of indigenous resistance in the last century.

...such migrant workers would still have to 'earn the right' by hard work to be respected as well as having to parrot local customs and sayings ('hey mate!') which initially excluded any onus on those who already lived here to enter into any reciprocal cultural exchange with 'new arrivals'. To feel that multiculturalism would have to take decades to move pass the token stage in many areas of Australian life – i.e. beyond the theatrical stage of folk dancing carnivals and exotic culinary eat-outs with, for instance, real labour rights when for instance the particular needs of say non-English speaking migrant workers began to actually be appreciated and had to be securely met and which there is an ongoing need for them to be helped out as adaptive illegal avenues for exploitation and wage theft especially in the gig economy terribly persist to this day. Nevertheless, despite there still being shortcomings a strongly politically minded Gregor did feel that as migrant groups gained

integrative social power they had successfully pushed back on the sublimely held assumption by superior minded Anglo-centric Australians that they should only see themselves as grateful 'guests' who should 'know their place' and not 'take over' from their 'hosts' in any way who had supposedly in the first place 'generously' let them into the country. Yet with that thought it was also the case that although in the nation's parliaments both state and federal that ever more people of various cultural backgrounds had become legislative representatives there was still a long way to go to reach a political equilibrium with a still strongly prevailing Anglo-centric outlook towards the body politic as still evidenced by it being predominantly white and if one is from a diverse or indigenous background to become a parliamentary member there is a likelihood despite the best of intentions that to rise up the ranks to have to mainly abide to a major party outlook that is still predominantly Anglo; not that Gregor thought there was anything intrinsically wrong with modern Australia maintaining a national vision of itself that was based on its original British foundation but that in building up from this mono-historical base that it become possible to equivalently enhance multiple outlooks for a diverse society which Gregor ideally envisaged involved a shift away from comparing the political body to a human body whose nervous system relies solely on the human brain with the head controlling the body which is the only possibility for most animal life forms to one whereby intelligence can be organically dispersed in a widespread way that has no one central neural point as can be found in the way plants communicate with each other through the soil as well as providing nutrients which involved for instance a sharing or symbiotic relationship between different species such as fungi with trees through a multiplicity of organic white threads that unite them altogether not to have one organism dominate over another but to protect each other and to mutually thrive. Thus to have co-operation to ascendant over competition so instead of political hierarchy which culturally and legally keeps this former colony's British heritage as dominant there can also arise a symbiotic equilibrium whereby the white fella can still has his historical legacy duly recognized but as well maturely relinquish his masterful claim to be the sole arbiter of the nation's destiny that only stifle's it but to allow for an incorporation of other viewpoints that have also settled into this country so there is no longer one superior perspective with this human based neural political, cultural, spiritual, economic, educative and social network to allow for a multi-faceted transmission of many various ideas that would conceptually have as the 'soil' through which it dynamically exists the restored historical reality of this ancient land's long lasting indigenous occupation which has done so much to first transform it to human will but to have done so where there was a balance between the environment and humanity which can provide the desired template of such a new human foundation that as already stated would not be based on any singular human entity being in control but of a multiplicity of human entities working together-

Gregor knew that this idealised fully decolonized utopia that he hoped for was not really an original idea as it had already been wisely practised by the many hundreds of indigenous peoples of this land who despite their diverse customs and language groups had known to co-operatively live in relative harmony with each other and the land for tens of thousands of years and Gregor also thought that such an inspiring civilising heritage also suggestively ran through the Warumpi song White Fella Black Fella which he firmly believed should inspirationally be Australia's national anthem.

"Hey! That one white fella in the Warumpi band is Neil Murray!" announced Michael as he loudly sang alongside Cat on the RISK night while having on the record player the Warumpi's debut album Big Name, No Blankets. "Yeah, it doesn't matter what colour we are we can all get along together!" Michael finishes off some home brew beer brought along by Master. "It doesn't matter if we 're all of different races or religions or what are names are!" Stomping his empty glass onto a coffee table. "We can have different changes as long as all of us brothers and sisters are true fellas!"

"Yes holy brother" agreed Cat. "…'cause that's all that really matters!" A smile. "Yet with that said were this country to be a republic I would always have as a holy right a First Elder as head of state!" To also finish off his glass of home brew beer. "Remember what Voltaire observed which is how appreciation is a wonderful thing for to admiringly note what is excellent in other people can potentially therefore also belong to us as well! AMEN!"

MIND FRAGMENTS

To look over at Cat and his vast array of books and on his table and desk and in some of the shelves his many notebooks and other writing scraps to think of a remark made about Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz the solitary genius polymath who was born in Leipzig in 1646 whose brilliance stemmed across so many disciplines (with perhaps Leonardo da Vinci of the High Renaissance to rival him with the Italian not only an artist and scientist but also engineer, architect, inventor and draughtsman) and with his interests being so varied he left many notations unfinished with his most notable work being in the area of calculus which he independently developed at the same time as Isaac Newton while it is Leibniz's symbolic language that is being used to this day – to study continuous change which with Cat is in literary terms is to study the ongoing change not of the universe but of his mind which is in pulsating interchange with the world and the cosmos as well as with his fellow humanity involved in aligning with universal infinitesimal gradations of reality as epitomised in such immeasurably tiny cosmically electro-magnetic rhythms akin to a Blakean grain of sand instilled within a Blakean eternal hour so as to keep having an ever far reaching cerebral and cosmic quantum effect on his thoughts and the universe's gravitational texture for an individual soul to always be transformed by the energy of this cosmic realm known as the universe yes, the energy of both bodies with their mortal and eternal variances to be in unison with each other and along with the gravity wavelengths of the universe there is also the electromagnetic rhythms of the earth to further intercede, unite and align with Cat's mind for his spiritual dynamism with his organic self to have in turn an everlasting lingering effect on a multidimensional world of which he too and all other living beings are also a part which stretches from this terrestrial earthly realm to the extra-terrestrial realm of the stars-

"To have heaven in a human soul when in perfect alignment with the heavens," Nevertheless, for a hot sweating Cat still to state. "Yet to be discordant with the creation all around us and beyond us is to only 'perfectly' invite within one's paradoxical self an 'imperfect hell'. Beware unholy derivatives!" A howl. "Universal and human contradictions!"

History is Sisyphus

Yet with the universal rhythms that have precious life move forward and for the precious universe to preciously advance there is amidst the arcs of destiny that can be both fortuitous towards what is either good or bad to have as well with the latter providence an ill-fated cycle of human history that can have humanity return to a tragic point which it had hoped to never come back too or even humanly had thought feasible could even ever again occur and even at a different earthly point which was otherwise not envisaged as being possible to lingeringly repeat for instance the worst war crime; thus to speak only of relative recent human history since 1945 to the present of which in all that time there had been many wars to follow on from a great global human inferno it had been that many migrants as well as refugees felt that despite what hardships they may yet have to endure Australia at the very least would be safe to live in yet it would come to pass that it would eventually not be the case with both ancient and modern human strife to bring about a massacre of innocents on a famed emblematic modern day Australian shoreline to have as its victims those who thought that such an unthinkable atrocity could never occur so far away from war torn territories where human barbarism had far too often become the norm and which these latest sufferers of an inescapable heartrending destiny had hopefully thought and with great relief they had left far behind…(…yes, such was the vehement tragic irony to have thought to have gone as far away as possible from harm's way both historical and recent - yes, to the very ends of the earth - yet to eventually only directly end up in harm's terror gunsights…yet to think also of other Holocaust survivors who well into their autumn years had been massacred in a new genocide on an apocalyptic October day in the land of the Levant that they had so long ago sought refuge…)…for all of humanity to have to bitterly realize by yet another inhuman cruel interruption and this time occurring where it really was least expected that permanent peace anywhere in any human environ may still always dismally remain an illusion-

I

Relying more so on suburban folklore than on any academic study Michael was of the belief that ethnic communities had an almost unsaid agreement that if they had been or were even still enemies in the lands they came from they would not violently bring forth such enmity in

this country which was to be unequivocally seen as neutral territory. As for himself, Michael still remembers in the one year he went to university before deferring that he had met a Turkish Cypriot student with whom there was no animosity and were collegial enough for this fellow Australian of Cypriot background to occasionally give Michael lifts in his car on the way to university. It was an amicable enough association and really, with common human sense prevailing, there was no reason for it to be otherwise if one maturely put aside the mutual acrimony that existed in Cyprus between the two communities (as well as the deep historical mistrust that Michael also knew was harboured by some local Hellenes towards the local Turkish community; to learn off another Turkish Cypriot acquaintance who along with other male compatriots kept by Greek Cypriots of how a tractor was preparing the ground by his bi-communal village which was to be a mass grave but saved by the prompt arrival of Turkish troops, yet for Michael to know that after the Turkish invasion many Greek Cypriots had also been 'disappeared' and to still be missing to this day…). Looking at recent Cypriot history where upon there had been heightened intercommunal violence between Greek and Turkish Cypriots whereby in different incidents either side was to blame for the spilling of innocent blood. (Although Michael casually wondered if in raw mathematical terms there was a disproportionate level of vulnerability on the Turkish-Cypriot side simply due to being the minority group on this now fraught island). Although Cyprus over thousands of years had been occupied by many empires it was only during the Ottoman occupation of a few hundred years that there was a direct policy of transmigration that had Turkish people settle permanently on the island; yet, by the twentieth century these Turkish 'outsiders' had become a distinct ethnic group - being Turkish Cypriots rather than as being only Turkish - so as to claim to have a right to permanent residency on Cyprus as much so as the Greek Cypriots whose stay on Cyprus could be traced back at least three thousand years. Michael could see the Turkish Cypriot point of view as Anglo Australians who had only been in Terra Australis for two hundred odd years saw themselves as having a distinct nationality much separate from their British background and which they could afford to have becoming in the majority population wise with the original indigenous peoples definitely becoming the minority group due to conquest and genocide. However, for Turkish Cypriots they were the minority and Greek Cypriots historically had become determined that along with other Grecian regions which were still under foreign occupation that they be liberated and unite – or 'enosis' - with Greece which had liberated itself from the Ottomans in the early nineteenth century and which would happen with Ionian islands and with Crete in the early twentieth century. Cyprus stayed under Ottoman rule into the late nineteenth century to then only be administratively ceded to the British who would gain outright control at the start of the first world war when Turkiye became an enemy. Greek Cypriots still has an ongoing interest in enosis with Greece and hoped that the British would not be an obstacle to this ambition but when it was clear that London would maintain its hold on the island there was a demonstrative hostility towards this latest colonial power which would directly turn violent in the 1950s with the emergence of an extremist guerrilla group known as EOKA which would campaign against British colonialism as a nationalist first stepping stone towards union with Greece a political goal which befitted its somewhat unusual far right nationalist political character. Yet for Turkish Cypriots any union with Greece would disadvantage their minority interests and so along with 'enosis' there would eventually emerge a parallel Turkish political impetus for 'taksim' which (i) was to have a northern land partition of the island for Turkish Cypriots to live in free from any direct Greek control especially if there was any successful union with Athens and (ii) so for Turkish Cypriots to be aligned with Turkiye which could also offer the Turkish Cypriot minority (20%) protection from any hostile behaviour from an overwhelming Greek Cypriot majority (80%). Thus, to avert enosis Turkish Cypriots preferred British rule to remain and

due to such different national aims for the island's future the two communities eventually entered into an ongoing cycle of intercommunal violence and rioting with both sides at different times to bear the blame for atrocities that were also committed. Interestingly, EOKA did not at first target Turkish Cypriots with its sole aim to force the British to leave although Turkish Cypriots employed by the British into its police force would eventually be targeted by this Greek Cypriot paramilitary force which would only stoke inter-communal violence and further drew the ire of Ankara to become a greater threat to Greek Cypriot interests; (until then only Greek Cypriot communists – EOKA's ideological opponents - had more chance of being killed by EOKA along with any local seen as collaborating with the British). Ultimately, neither enosis nor taksim would be achieved when finally by diplomatic means rather than by violent persuasion – a weakened EOKA agreed to a ceasefire in 1959 - Cyprus achieved independence in 1960 with the British able to secure territorial sovereignty with two bases which would allow it to maintain an important strategic position in relation to the Middle East (one may even be tempted to quip that if Israel was the U.S.'s aircraft carrier then southern Cyprus was Great Britain's). Yet, there was Greek Cypriot dissatisfaction with a constitutional arrangement that seemed in the interest of protecting the minority rights of Turkish Cypriots still gave them too much political say; Archbishop Makarios in 1963 proposed amendments which were opposed by Turkish Cypriots leading to more intercommunal violence which would lead to U.N. intervention in 1964 and to Turkish Cypriots withdrawing to enclaves for their own security, especially after violent clashes in late 1963 - sparked by the deaths of two Turkish Cypriots by Greek Cypriot constables in Nicosia due to an issue over identity cards - in what was known as 'Bloody Christmas' which led to nearly four hundred Turkish Cypriot deaths as well to the displacement of at least another twenty-five-thousand of them (while on the Greek Cypriot side there were approximately under two hundred deaths). The power sharing arrangement between the two communities was no more with Greek Cypriots administratively gaining the upper hand. In 1967 when a Greek military junta took over government in Greece there was a further rise in ethnic violence which would even briefly involve the Turkish air force; yet, ultimately there was no major Turkish intervention - which could have also led to a war with Greece – all due to U.S. 'shuttle diplomacy' pressure which did not want a war between two supposed NATO allies (and which would steadfastly remain its position ultimately to the disadvantage of Cyprus). Ironically what would eventually lead to the Turkish invasion of July 1974 was at first not another massive round of intercommunal violence but rather a coup backed by the Greek military junta with the Greek Cypriot national guard and 'EKOA-B' which attempted to overthrow Archbishop Makarios who had realistically abandoned enosis between Cyprus and Greece. (Welcomed by Michael as it was a disappointment for him to find out Archbishop Makarios had been prominently entwined with EOKA). The coup would ultimately fail, the Greek military junta would collapse, while (as if being a damning self-fulfilling prophecy from the Hellenic point of view) it was only a 'taksim' of sorts that was achieved (notably the area occupied apparently lined up with what Turkish Cypriot nationalists had wanted) and while there was this Turkish enforced partition of the island in the north it was correspondingly also so that enosis on an island now desolate again of its full autonomy to have certainly become a national ambition that now could never possibly be realised; to become a dream-like political illusion, an imaginary distant mirage; yet, which as Michael understood was no longer fully proposed by many Greek Cypriots whose focus was now to have the island politically whole; for enosis to be marginalised only being seriously mentioned by the extreme far right of Hellenic politics-

While Cyprus was to stay disunited Michael thought at least the fraught attempts to come to a satisfactory political solution between two mistrustful communities had not descended into a return to full scale violence with diplomatic means no matter how fraught remained the chosen path to reach a satisfactory solution. Michael though that even though nothing had yet been achieved at least the island had been spared the terror bloodshed of the Levant which as yet had also mutually achieved very little except to viciously re-invigorate a heart-rending cycle of human suffering that seemed to only become worse and which was emblematic of the curse of Sisyphus that whenever it seemed that a possible solution would finally be reached it would again all fall apart to only be followed by yet further violence that only lessened the chances for any future resolution; yes, at least in Cyprus there had not been so many politically motivated vain deaths although it has to be said there had still been a few hostile acts of which had tragically led to lethal outcomes such as when a young Greek Cypriot man in 1996 had been shot dead by Turkish troops for trying to replace a Turkish flag with a Greek one at the U.N. buffer zone during a protest over an earlier death of another Greek Cypriot man by a Turkish mob.

Another expression of protest had been the Greek Cypriot Women Walk Home women's marches that mainly happened in the 1980s. Although the first such march had occurred in 1975 in the year following the invasion and involved 30,000 women who stated they were marching in peace and who headed towards a checkpoint in the direction of Famagusta. Michael understood these marches to be a mass act of empowerment which helped to also activate necessary change for women too often passively portrayed as only grieving for those who had died or gone missing or who had become refugees in their own land. In the 1980s such Women Return marches involved greater risk bypassing UN peacekeepers and facing up to the Turkish military whereby on one overly hostile occasion they faced beatings. Yet although such marches did not keep proceeding they were still creative acts of disruption that did show some promise of crossing the divide between the two split nationalities as epitomised in the 2020s when both Greek Cypriot and Turkish Cypriot women from starting points on both sides of the divided island marched in hopeful bicommunal solidarity towards the buffer zone calling out for reunification, equality and solidarity…for Michael to think now of a black and white photo at a Don McCullum State Library exhibition of a Turkish Cypriot woman her face expressing deep anguish with hands also tightly clasped together to be desperately grieving for her deceased husband killed in inter-communal violence and conversely for Michael to also recall the two older grey haired Greek Cypriot women who he would see at the annual Cyprus wreath laying service at the Martin Place Cenotaph in the city always nobly holding up together between the two of them a large placard with many square photos against a white background of people from the same village who had all gone missing after the Turkish invasion with the question where now were these thousand souls…?

III

For Michael to then ponder about a political yin and yang to have opposite forces at work with an emphatic female yin having to face being cancelled out by a destructive male yang. 'Not 'opposite' but opposing for there was no balance only chaos.' (In his mind Michael corrected himself). To be rid of empathy is to descend to barbarism. (So inferred Hannah Arendt). No civilisation. For with the years passing Michael could not help but notice that there was now a new extreme voice which advocated for enosis yet which at first cleverly drew the attention of people by focusing on corrupt politics and drawing itself away from the violent actions of those of like nationalist mind in Greece. History turns. Around. Around. Around. Michael hoped that there would not be a vicious return to a policy of division when it seemed

so clear to him that a policy of unity was all that guarantee peace and security on the island. To finally have a universal accommodation whereby all Cypriots no matter their ethnic background could live side by side without fear of reprisal. Symbiosis. To evolve towards a superior way to live through mutual learning rather than to hatefully fall back on mutual ignorance which would lead only to ashen earth.

IV

"The Turkish are people too…" Michael's uncle had gruffly reminded him after news reports of a large earthquake in Turkiye which was so devastating with tens of thousands of deaths that there was an urgent need for international help with Greek rescue teams also offering to help. Humanity.

'..while there seemed to be one community which had over the last two thousand odd years regularly received universal scorn with hatred aimed at it not just from one other opposing community but from many; it was what came to Michael's mind when he looked at the hatefully ripped down posters of Israeli hostages who in their country at the merciless hands of a terror group and its cheering supporters which were based in neighbouring Gaza had just been through the largest massacre of Jews since World War Two when then during the Shoah many millions of other Jewish innocents had irrationally and hatefully been mercilessly shot or gassed in Nazi occupied Europe.

Madness.

In the many decades since 1945 to have the humane call 'never again' to miserably ring hollow throughout the globe due to many other genocides occurring to various peoples in several regions while to ponder once more how the people of Israel after so many decades had again suffered from a genocidal action-

COMPARE THE PAIR

Michael to ruefully think: *'EOKA and Hamas both vicious to disastrously bring on only further tragedy-*

V

Bitter tears. A vicious reignition of hatred. For Michael to understand that no matter how much there can be a mortal attempt to outmanoeuvre fate it was fatefully so that humanity was often so entrapped within a tormenting historical cycle that was akin to the ill pre-determined divine destiny of Sisyphus who had to roll his infernal rock upwards to reach the verge of the completion of his hard task where there was also the fulfilling promise of divine redemption to only have the merciless force of gravity have the rock descend to the lowly point of first beginning to start again the long task of pushing this rotund heavy granite burden upwards that perhaps this time a requited hope can finally be achieved, to be released, to be free, to have an end to this divine tyranny, such is this mortal hope, that will only remain unrealised, no matter what is attempted, no matter the resolve to head off any human sense of finality of only having ill fate still come your way, yet still it comes, as if unavoidable all along, as if no human attempt would have been good enough, to be futile, human futility, human despair to be only assured, yet one must live with hope for Michael to re-interpret the myth of Sisyphus for himself as one that was not about an unceasing degeneration but rather to come face to face with the unceasing need for human regeneration for a human being or for a human race to understand there will always be failure but that it can be followed by a renewed quest to strive again to regain what has been lost to aim always for what is good, to have no regrets or tears or fears but to say again that what must be aimed for again and again is to seek after

the heights yes to reach the high ground far away from the abyss to progress upwards away from human nihilism to human creation-

VI

Human inspiration. (For Michael to imagine for the goodness of his soul). 'Yes, for Sisyphus and his eternal struggle to rather be an ongoing role model for we all know that we will die but for this knowledge to be an inspiration to live life to the full, with abundance so the eternal is in the here and now that death shall have no victory that death is only to be the inspiration for life to be the ultimate conqueror…idealism yes…even to be naïve but surely more goodness shall be espoused than to prolong with a mortal defeatism…let us live on…in full light…until the final darkness…with life satisfaction-

VII

Human growth. (For Michael did not want to stare back at the abyss). ' Yes, for we know that human civilizations grandly rise and for them to then abysmally fall, yet we know that there can be a whole inspired renewal of a creative struggle to overcome all self-inflicted human destruction…for new unforeseen human possibilities to arise akin to the ashen Phoenix which we can again and again aim for towards the eternal horizon which we may never finally reach but we know will always be worthy to strive for to be like grand Moses who will after his long sojourn will look towards the promised land which he knew from Mt. Nebo he would never arrive at but which he knew promised human progress for the only alternative for humanity which still remains undesirable no matter what hardships may still lie ahead is human slavery-

"Life is *not* absurd *but* human absurdity can make it *so*!" madly exclaims Cat who finishes sculling his once full beer glass. "Oh reason…have *faith*!" He feels compelled to add.

A video to show to his risk game audience. *Godzilla Minus One*. "I saw this profound movie only last night!" Another longneck beer bottle is opened. The beer glass is again full. "All is wild!" The beer glass is now half empty. "All in the good Lord's timing! To *know* to speak about this holy film this very next night! Hallelujah!" A twin slap of the knees with open palms. Then a laugh. As if mocking himself, yet serious. "The majesty of human illusion that needs to be torn apart! To see what is real before our eyes other than what we think is real in the finite range of our mortal vision! Eternal vision is needed not human blindness! Delusion reigns! Strip it apart! Atomic white before our eyes! Atomic universe beyond the darkness all are atoms the stars us all are particles that go forever and beyond what is real and unreal and to the inner deep of our minds and to the inner deep of our spirits all beyond our bodies which will be vaporised by atomic time to leave only mental eternal apparitions of ourselves! We are born not knowing of this world then we are born again when we know of all worldly things we live we die we spirit we memory we no more we remembered we forgotten we-

Tears. Cat is crying. "The world is crying. Salvation for the world is needed. We must find our true selves! We must find truth! We are lost and we must be found by

ourselves and by each other to live we all must live to the full to enjoy the purity of life-

Forever. Peace. Liberty. Words running through Cat's mind. He now only wants to verbally recall what he had originally intended to speak about. "Minus one!" He announces. "Less than zero!" He proclaims. "No ground zero but a starting point that is even lower! A nihilist negative! It is where a post-war Japan after the two atomic ground zeros of Hiroshima and Nagasaki would find it's defeated self to be when Godzilla would mount an attack on Tokyo which already lay in ashen ruins with a 100,000 of its people as well immolated by a fire bombing which its main instigator admitted that if he had been on the losing side then he would have stood committed before a righteous court as a war criminal! How often is so called human 'morality' appropriated by the victors! Such is human power. Human shame to all of us! Oh! Atomic victory! We will become atoms! The final zero is death! Death had come to Tokyo now death would come again from an ocean subterranean!" It was becoming clear that Cat was losing himself in his own chaotic mind. It was perhaps Michael who understood this best of all but like the others he too looked mesmerized at the prophet who rambled on to seek out meaning from his loud exhortations and his rhetorical repetitions which at times did not make immediate human sense. To keep speaking how a proud warrior nation was compelled to surrender after being devastated by atomic war. To have had the atomic vaporisation of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Yet for the atomic war to not yet be finished with Japan. Already at a zero low point the nation to now feel that it has gone to a devastating 'minus one' stage both in terms of morale and capability. Godzilla already a formidable dinosaur a prehistoric reclusive to be transformed by atomic explosions at Bikini Atoll to become a primal raging gigantean for all the world to see which could also formidably regenerate if hurt. "Oh bikinis! A grin. "How explosive!" Mad laughter then a mournful look of sorrow. "Mass carnage!" exhorts Cat as he manically speaks of Godzilla tearing buildings and battleships apart and crushing human beings. "Yet there are those who will show that the human spirit can also regenerate! Who recognise past sins of both themselves and of their country which must be overcome that redemption must be found to fight monsters to not become monsters themselves but to find their humanity instead." A startled look. "Oh Nietzsche!" Slamming down the beer glass. "This *is* superhuman!" Lifting up the beer glass. "This is what we must become new creatures to recognise our mistakes to be born again! Oh! Humanity must be born again and again like as with every new generation for here may we find the true meaning of regeneration to be new ourselves and to have a new society that is better than before that so we no longer never stay cruel and bestial!" A frown. Deep fleshy crevasses on the forehead. "Yet we keep on being cruel and bestial but we must still never fully succumb but keep fighting on to bring out our better selves we have no choice but to keep striving towards a good horizon! Godzilla regenerates after every blow to make himself ever new again and stronger but we can still resist him and ultimately have victory through enlightened mind over dark matter so that even then we can then resist ourselves to be laterally capable of an ever bounding moral regeneration!" Mania.

Abounds. Vivaldi's *Four Seasons* is played on the record player. "We reap what we sow! There is the bountiful harvest when the moist ground is fertile with the many seeds we have oh so gloriously planted! To live! We live! Yet comes the bleak day when there is only stony ground and our living seeds go to waste! To die! We die! No more sunny days!" A primal scream. "Sanity to lunacy!"

[SO]

'So 'it' went on in the middle of the night when the (metaphysical) shadows of the (immaterial) mind can take over from the (sunbathed) glare of (organic) vision.

"Nevertheless, all that can be seen by our eyes and our mind can still yet be as if we are physically and psychically blind without human comprehension." So the prophet proclaims.

...so instead to have human interpretation when divine instruction is not available-

...so instead to have no ode of joy but an ode to doubt, to mystery over revelation-

...so it…the world…may all go…so friends…so, so, so…so long to all that-

...so time will tell-

...so to have my thoughts elliptically drone on...(upwards and downwards)…a mindful spiral-

...so for human activity in its energy and in its lethargy to be as if akin to the regular earthly cycle of the seasons which can reach the zenith of high summer shining days and descend to the winter depths where there can be an overwhelming darkness…(alas human excitability)…(alas human exhaustion-

...so it was with the Late Bronze Age collapse when many civilizations residing in the eastern Mediterranean or thereabouts such as in the Levant would all suddenly decline…the Myceneans, the Hittites, the Egyptians, the Canaanites, the Cypriots, the Minoans, the Assyrians, the Babylonians…intertwined…either indirectly or directly…as if akin to the globalized trade and cultural web of the modern day…thus to suffer all as one from natural catastrophes such as earthquakes and long droughts as well as from foreign intrusion when peoples from the western Mediterranean who coincidentally were also suffering from widespread environmental degradation sought to save themselves by migrating seawards en masse to the east…to be sternly portrayed as invaders and while there would be fighting it seemed that if one preferred to take a sympathetic view that survival rather than annexation was the main motivation for their eastward incursion…yet there was to be no promised land and Ramesses III would after defeating them on two occasions have them absorbed into both Egypt and the southern Levant where perhaps there was a symbiotic effect by which the Canaanites would independently be lost to history to have a new people the Philistines emerge who would be formidable military opponents to the Israelites who would also reside in the land of Canaan-

...so what mutually occurred to all these ancient societies over say a hundred or so years was a relatively sudden apocalyptic downfall with human achievement to be overcome by human devastation-

...so it is tempting to envisage that perhaps there was only an overbearing human pessimism…to paralyse human progress in a universal way…yet with archaeological hindsight it seems there still was for these badly disturbed societies to have enough

semblance of human optimism…although uneven…so as to historically note again a recurring cyclical cultural springtime of human restoration-

…so despite the destruction of all that was majestically built up…despite this material loss…for there to still be a visionary sense of new possibilities…to go beyond any mere sense of human survival but to have an ideal belief in a real return to human ascendency…despite all that was lost to still have real hope that all could still be regained…to bear witness to a human resurrection which would not just be one of restoration but to go further-

Opening up an already open window even further on this hot night. "FURTHER!" yelled Cat. "Scribe it on our foreheads and put it on the front of not just one bus but on all buses so we all know every day at every hour on the timetable of human history that there's really nothing in our way or that is there no bridge too far we have to cross on the road we all have to commute on to really bravely make a better world! There is no end in sight to stop at…yes only *infinity-*

'…so as to ascend to a higher level of human development…akin to Sisyphus reaching once again the near zenith of the high slope that he was rolling up his boulder-

"Yet…*yes*…there is always a downfall!" Worrisome eyes groping out at the night view of the bright white dots of the city lights. "No matter! After every hill there will be another valley but we *must* keep going again even though we know there will again be another dark descent! For at least with ever more acquired experience we will also know that there will also be once to look forward to discover as we once more proceed upwards is a new enlightenment!" A sigh of relief. "Human accomplishment will thus never end."

[Time will Tell…]

'…the Phoenicians of whom it can be said can be seen as having first been the Canaanites of the northern Levant would prosper in the aftermath of the collapse that brought down the empires around them for they were not to unduly suffer from the worst of this epoch changing apocalypse and so this race of people which would also initially provide for us the foundational symbolic script of the written alphabet could opportunistically take advantage of their somewhat miraculous good fortune so for instance open up sea trading routes across the Mediterranean with previous international maritime trade routes having been disrupted thus for those who were innovative they could amid a catastrophic environ seek out a way to enhance their lot rather than allow themselves to also be ruinously overwhelmed and so too would it be for the Cypriots who were now unable to readily import tin from other lands like Turkey and Central Asia with Afghanistan being the furthest so as to mix with the copper so readily available on the island after all Cyprus the island's name evolved first from the Ancient Greek then to the Latin with all the time the terms utilized having linguistic references to the island's abundance of the metal copper would also innovate by using their long standing

metallurgical expertise to locally shift to producing iron to actually stimulate the oncoming of the iron age-

"Slow and steady wins the race!" wildly announces Cat and it is even guessed he maybe referring to the Risk game as by employing a long view strategy which has involved a combination of beguiling diplomacy and military stealth he is presently in a commanding position. "Patience is a virtue!"

'…in the Aegean there would be a so called Greek Dark Age which would last four hundred years a long duration which may have been unexpected when one has in mind for instance the architectural grandeur that was brought about beforehand such as the Lion Gate yet although recovering from the collapse at a slower pace there would eventuate a Hellenic cultural blossoming that would incredibly birth to the world the Homeric literature of the Iliad and the Odyssey and then to finally see in the fifth century the maturation of an alternative political process that replaced the old worn aristocratic order with the radical newness of citizen democracy although there was no universal suffrage at the time it is a political heritage which has brought on much needed ever evolving liberal democracies to emerge in modern days and it is said the first Olympiad in ancient times signals the ceasing of this Archean dark period which is an activity which little interests me except it is to be remembered that during these games there is to be a general truce between all states who participate which makes one think that here is a political maturity which recognizes the supreme value of peace over war-

"*The Rock* of ages!" cries out the prophet.

'Where are we? Where are we? Are we here yet? Are we here? Where is the world we used to see with equanimity? With innocence? With peace? Oh, where are we? Please tell us? Please tell us all?'

"There so much information in *this* age nevertheless there is so little knowledge!"

'The building blocks of civilization have to be redone all again with the Aegean in literal terms the architectural skills that lay dormant, latent were only to come back to the fore with the Periclean rebuilding of the Acropolis after the Persian Wars with the Parthenon that white marble columned vessel of architectural splendour to typify an optimum human ingenuity whose monumental magnificence would have been unimaginable in the wake of the Late Bronze Age apocalypse yet the human potential is always there if not yet visible thus human capacity awaits for human culture to bring forth to the fullest what always lies dormant in the human psyche thus any historical point of human habitation including also of the present must never be unduly underestimated if on the surface there appears to be no clear evidence of human achievement for disparate elements which may even at first be misperceived as signatures to chaos may yet be still vibrantly coalescing so as in the future come together and hence being fully integrated spur on human advancement after human rupture…yet, also human decline does also exist…human chaos which only leads to human nihilism is real-

"*Human* curses!" comes the cry in the night. "We curse ourselves let alone what damnations befall us from the gods! We must take the blame! When need be which is far too often!"

'I am frantic for I understand that human adaptation is essential for human survival but it will not happen if we do not admit it must occur before any crisis becomes out of hand yet for instance our technics disguises us from the real scale of the ecological threat that has been enveloping over us in recent decades and will now accelerate to its true magnitude like a tsunami hurtling towards what by all appearances is still a calm shore yet the slight incremental rise on the horizon which even Sisyphus may sight as gradually heightening at each time he reaches the top of the steep slope to catch a glimpse before having to head back down to roll back up his already fallen heavy stone…an exhausted body like an exhausted civilization may not have enough sense to understand the danger that can befallen it although for Sisyphus the gods may intervene on his behalf to detour any ecological threat such as a surging ocean so his wasteland underworld terrain is not submerged…so as to protect the eternal endlessness of the meaningless punishment they have inflicted upon this once cunning powerful mortal to even sight how meaningless it is to pursue power on earth which is mortal and thus not lasting to disappear along with one's corpse all into the dust of this very earth with its underworld where one may find no tranquillity if having to face divine retribution from wrathful divinities…so immortally suffers 'calculating' Sisyphus nevertheless when yet for us still alive with no undesirable thought of any negative aftereffect who hubristically believe to still be so cunning as to still defy Gaia will certainly only have the same eternal damnation await our morally grotesque selves which can be final with no prospect of cyclical regeneration for the whole human race if the planet burns much like what happened after the asteroid hit the earth that wiped out the premier species of that time the dinosaurs…while if we were to disappear Gaia would not see it as any great loss for the planet and all its nature can definitely live without us and to still go through climatic transformations which will allow the life forms able to adapt to still exist and as for the climate catastrophe that now presently comes it is not a catastrophe for the planet but only for us and while other life forms may also fall victim and in their billions the survivors will know how to change to make such mass tragedy to not be in vain as it will be in vain when the human race still clings onto old, archaic ways…yes…what have we learnt from the latest global pandemic which when looking at its international affect there was for instance a great strain on global supply chains as if to mirror what drastically happened in the Late Bronze Age collapse forcing countries to see the local need to become more self-sufficient while on a domestic level it was suddenly seen as essential to provide a much higher level of income support to many to both individuals and to business who would otherwise be financially suffering as well as to maintain social cohesion by averting social chaos as well as to recognize the important integral economic role workers in supply chains and delivery systems who had to keep working despite the ongoing daily risk of infection so that for a while their social status was actually raised which included the many who were also casuals yet with the passing of this worldwide medical trauma which cost millions of lives there has only been a reversion to old habits with social benefits politically returning to poverty levels and many casual workers often no longer afforded the high esteem they briefly held during this medical crisis with all the economic difficulties which

come with less recognition of their underpinning value for it to seem as if the whole pandemic episode had been a momentary illusion only to be remembered now by those who had been directly affected with loved ones dying well before their time for collective amnesia to now settle in with many others as if it is so that a full catastrophe must take place whether it be historical or ecological or even cosmic as with that long ago asteroid for a self-indulgent species such as the human race to make the proper reset not only to survive but to also advance to see that it must have the gods violently hurtle asunder humanity's achievements not only to be punished for expressing hubris but for the sake of the human species that it realise that whatever is achieved cannot come at the expense of causing an imbalance to the planet's harmony-

Looking at the stars of the night sky at least those that can be seen that are not smothered by the light pollution of this industrial age. Gasping thoughts.

'...this stony earth with its fragile air on its cosmic sojourn in the universe...yes let it be known that the planet itself and all life upon it must exist in balanced unison...all with each other...to naturally stay true to itself...so Gaia may not be scarred...so there be no pain no tears...no unnecessary death...to realise there is a precariousness to the planet's existence...which must be heeded...so life on it will endure...will not become extinct-

"Do you all know that it is said that by the end of the century that it will be so hot in the Northern Territory that it will be unliveable…?"

'...yet there is no foresight to comprehend that the people of the Northern Territory will have to move to the south in their many thousands like internal climate refugees while those who stay will have to live so artificially that they may as well be colonists on Mars...the red planet...where they live in their air-conditioned cubicles will be mapped out all in red-

"Tojo never made it to Darwin but as now we really do nothing we may as well now really bomb it now ourselves!" A laugh. "We rebuilt Darwin after Cyclone Tracey but what can we really build that will be really good enough to really fend off Gaia – a whole universe's goddess!

'...there was Kotoku Wamura the Japanese mayor of the village of Fudai who had a floodgate built which would save his fellow villagers from the next Great Wave which he was certain would come one day...yes he had witnessed before Hokusai's wave with all the surging froth happening not once but on two occasions and so knew that with the natural cycle...which mysteriously was so often beyond the finite comprehension of most human beings...that it would happen again...he was mocked for having a defence sea wall built but when a tsunami did eventually come again and which would devastate much of the coastline with many deaths Fudai was saved. The mayor had previously died but those who had mocked him would now bow in reverence at his grave-

"You think I am talking crazy! That I am mad! Yet I ask all ye who doubt where today is the great foresight that we need to save our city! All there *is* – is…is to save the status quo!" Pointing to Michael. "Find me *Roadhouse Blues*

squire and put in on the record player!" A sudden wild but true realisation. "OH OUR CIVILISATION! WE'VE TAKEN OUR HANDS OFF THE WHEEL!"

Michael laughed. "Oh prophet I will look for the holy album!"

'...well...what have we learnt...? Nothing...after the last global pandemic there was soon a return to old ways there was no long lasting adaptation such as localising the acquisition of necessary goods after the long quarantining breakdown of the world economy and of the immobilisation of the world population to reveal that migration is essential to societies so as to negate a xenophobic instinct that irrationally seems in this vile populist age to be so readily returning...yes...in so many ways there has been no necessary adaptation on a revolutionary structural level of the global economy with even new technologies brought on by the climate crisis to still exist and be delivered in old business models....so often still exploitative of both most of the planet and of much of humanity...on another tact domestically to note positive changes in work practices have not been maintained to see casual workers becoming dispensable again when for a time it was acknowledged that they needed some level of ongoing support income even when not daily working...the long lasting potential of an adequately worked out universal basic income underpinning elemental work, health, education and housing rights could have been properly realised...(yes...to realise egalitarian principles...)...yet the world only recedes to its human winter when for a brief time there had paradoxically by way of crisis to force on a necessary yet positive societal re-management there briefly had been a summer heat at work to fire up the human psyche-

"Clichés drive my mind…driving all our minds only to oblivion!"

'...there is only rupture...worse still to have no admission that we are fragile...the Myceneans with their mighty structures left in the end for a desolate time to only eat the dust...to have the technological advancements of recent centuries to bring on a human hubris that does not recognise any such underlying fragility whereby a perfect storm of natural catastrophes and human chaos can bring an unprepared civilization down like a collapsing house of cards...yes to reiterate do not build your foundation on sand sayeth the lord, for no matter how grand your world it too will come to dust, if only in the end by time if not by ecological fury or ill human will, have we not learnt nothing to see how so many past glorious cultures have only as their physical legacy stone ruins...? To understand what has only lasted is what is educatively transplanted from mind to mind over the many generations...as if to make true Cicero's observation that all that really matters for each life is to have a library and a garden-

"I want to BREATHE!"

'...yet for the human psyche now in the audacious name of civilizational progress to deliberately allow humanly manufactured artificial intelligence to take over from its ephemeral self to mechanically re-organize not only human behaviour but human society...humanly organic culture to become digitized algorithmic artifice-

"I dream of an imperishable citadel in the air!"

'...yet to arise above all our teknos...with its mathematics which we rely upon and which underpins the physical realm...to cast our spirits to the kingdom of heaven...which defies time and space...to be eternal beyond all relativity...to have seen a citadel on this earth upon a floating rock! Yes, that is defiance! To everything that bounds us down...there it is in Jerusalem...(yes, for it to be, for me, the new Jerusalem...)...in the Israel Museum an unearthly The Castle of the Pyrenees by Rene Magritte...(...this promised land...)...(...yes, exhibited in a museum room...)...(...yet humanity is a living entity...)...(...only when an aspect of it perishes does it dwell...if not in an earthen grave or tomb...in such refined interior stillness...)...(...to have its efforts registered for the next human generation...)...(...otherwise humanity to thrive in an ever shifting exterior...with a tempestuous surface...with a shifting cosmic sphere...)...(we as creatures of the natural terrain...which we dearly rely on, which we attempt to master...)...there is a large rock in the sky...unlike our built 'rocks' which remain earth bound...no matter the multidimensional extent of human imagination...(...while here is the human imagination at work on a two dimension plane...)...yet which the divinities still emphatically attempt to keep within their limits...I cannot but believe that the kingdom of heaven can be upon a floating rock! Yes, I see this stony castle as God's domain which goes beyond all human understanding (...and beyond all referencing to this world). No more horizon...(...which still references to the finite...)...to thus have no beginning nor end...to infinity...no start, no finish...also no up, no down...yes, to have Sisyphus's rock now floating upwards in the air...to have no more cursed human effort...Sisyphus also floating...to defy all earthly gravity...(...to have only the gravity of the universe...which abounds in all directions...)...yet to have the underworld dissipate...to be beyond all things...to go beyond all darkness...all light...the rock in the sky...there is Sisyphus fortified in the stony citadel...a new abode...not only to view the mountains with their high slopes below...to no longer have to scale...nor descend...to have...new...freedom-

"Yes! To have turned water into wine!" Cat is now looking across the flat with far away eyes.

Yet to now look at human history through the lens of quantum theory which one may suggest can even defy normal scientific observation to venture into philosophical or even spiritual modes...for to defy gravity and other such actions not necessarily possible in the scaled up physical realm in which we nominally exist and experience the world which usually abides by the theoretical norms of general relativity...(...I say usually as any miracle is surely a counterpoint reaction to the physical norm...)....while in the miniscule quantum world surely all things are possible...which could even be drawn upon for a resurrection body to walk through walls to be the visible evidence of the invisibility of an overarching dynamic unifying energy that brings together the more visible realm of general relativity with the more invisible sub-atomic quantum world-

"Oh the transubstantiation of the human soul with human history!" Mind gasping.

'Thus while one may argue to see human history made up of its multitude millions...why billions...of individual human actions it can...(if one so wished)...also view it through

the dual spectrum of a light wave-particle reality…(to have a historical observation of human reality to correspond with a scientific observation of it)…to bring forth a higher plane observance which actually takes into account not only what materially results from human action but psychically also as well the human motivations that deal wholly with the human spirit…(unobserved light is like a wave yet when light is observed it can be like a straight line)…our visionary interaction can affect the ephemeral nature of the universe… (our spirit can commune with the universal spirit)…thus to bring change…if we align our spirit to the good surely we can bring on good change in the world -

"Glory!" (The mind still gasping).

'Sisyphus going up and down his slope…always the same way…as if following a straight line…but his undulating movement symbolizing an oscillating wave. It is his 'great wave'…(as if following a wave particle mode)…yet for him to still mortally see his history of ceaseless eternal movement in a cyclical way-

"To have alternative views so as to admit too as well as reflect the alternatives that can exist."

'The Greek king Antiochus IV of the Seleucid Empire whose epicentre was in Syria would in 164 BC see the Holy Temple in Jerusalem won back by the Maccabees…(…to no more be a temple to Zeus…). These Jewish fighters had resisted the Seleucid attempt to Hellenise the Israelites which was to include the worship of the Greek gods while having as well to renounce the one holy Yahweh. The temple's menorah a many branched candlestick was lit but only had oil for one day but amazingly it would last for eight days and so the religious holiday known as Hanukkah with its eight branch candlestick came into being; I have read it denotes dedication and is associated with the rededication of the Temple thus symbolizing the defeat of oppression…to have the gaining of human liberty and religious freedom…for me at least I sensed there was a somewhat cyclic historical irony…and in a rare good way…that it would be an Australian man originally from Syria who would at great risk of his own life deliberately attempt to disarm one of the two local ISIS terrorists continually shooting to mercilessly kill Jewish attendees at a Bondi Hanukkah event-

Gasping.

'…this overbearing monarch of the great Alexandrian tradition was nevertheless seen as a madman and human madness was righteously overcome…'

Ever gasping.

'…although history may be seen as moving in repetitive pattern…or in rhymes…and whether it be cyclically or in some other fashion as there may still be many variations that are not necessarily pre-determined by a common yet still diverse humanity there can be amid so much mesmerising focus on what is wretched may still see light emerge over darkness in unpredictable ways to be humane amid evil which provides hope for ourselves who may otherwise feel trapped in an ever ongoing Sisyphean cycle of human tragedy-

Solace in quiet breath.

'In the hideous depths of trench warfare in a shell hole a badly injured British soldier found solace while hoping to be rescued by reading in the original Ancient Greek Aeschylus's Prometheus Bound. A wounded man who may have died who would one day become a Prime Minister. (Although one may not have necessarily shared all of his political leanings one still appreciated his stoic character). There was the calm stoicism of the Great Depression mother famously captured by the photographer Dorothea Lange with hand resignedly settled on chin and who decades later in later elderly life would have medical ailments and only then for her to finally gain albeit indirectly some financial benefit from her previous pictorial familiarity which she rightly felt had always been unfairly denied; yet for many people who now knew the identity of this once anonymous poignant figure to generously donate towards her health costs…thus for there to be a good end to a fateful circle historically brought into silver gelatine being.

MIND COMET

Stillness.

'Lone particles being human beings who individually are affected by the grand epochs of history yet at the same time for every affected individual to minutely have as observing participants a modulating quantum effect on these same momentous moments on humanity's seemingly entwined atomic levels and broad probability fields for various unpredictable individual actions to coalesce to paradoxically bring on a predictable mass event dynamically followed on by further unpredictable behaviours to give unforeseen shape and direction to the same as well as to other major historical human movements…(yes, to focus on an individual one may see in microcosm a whole epoch…a human being as archetype…for a generation or even for a whole civilization…to musingly ruminate on a wave particle theory of history…)…('It is so what Thomas Manne says in his Magic Mountain that a person not only lives out one's life as an individual being but also whether mindfully or unmindfully the life also of the world they are historically living in along with everyone else in existence at the same time.')…we live this epoch…while in terms of a strict binary existence there are overall generally speaking only two human worlds as Zeus had pointed out to Prometheus which was either one devised on slavery and another devised on freedom whereby Prometheus would organize a pathway that is rough, craggy and uneven to be difficult to cross yet which eventually smoothens out so is the road to self-determination and a rewarding human defiance that overcomes the harshest circumstances while the other road is initially smooth being easy and comfortable to traverse but ends up being treacherous and overly difficult which makes it the pathway to slavery whereby one has to submit to the elements just as one may have to submit to an overbearing authority. Knowledge, freedom, empowerment and progress can be responsibly arrived at but can involve initial sacrifice and hard effort while to forgo one's autonomy for a life of ease becomes a curse when free will is forgone and becomes desperately impossible to regain. To defy the gods to be a free thinking being or to be a toy of the gods and become an unthinking, enslaved automaton. Ironically for Prometheus a harsh Zeus would have him cruelly bound upon the rock for his spirit of defiance who would provide for humanity the gift of fire that is beholden with embracing technology that has become an intrinsic marker to human advancement although it has also led to a Pandora's box such as with the atomic bomb

which can only lead to whole self-destruction of the human race as well as much of the planet's surrounds as well as to have industrial technologies that can cripple Gaia's life enhancing environment. To have reality not faced up too with a preference to submit one's mind to numbing yet pleasant illusions…to think of such a great writer as Dostoevsky who would state that human beings did not want to know what was true but rather to believe what is only comfortable to be truth; for reality to be to be seen as burdensome…as heavy as Sisyphus's rock so better to put one's faith in hallucinations…(to be insanely deluded that what one is pressing on is a feather…)…to 'rent illusions' as remarked upon by another great writer Kafka and denote this as 'human happiness'...for there to be human souls borne down by suffering but it is also the hopeful case that there can be resurrection not only for individuals but also for civilizations…all transfigured anew…and epitomised with the seasons whereby spring will follow winter and so one reads for one's own comfort the inspiring words of Camus who defiantly noted that amid winter time there was within him an invincible summer…after all he would also say that when one has overcome their despair they will have found their depth which one may take it to mean that they understand what lays resourcefully within them to overcome what may otherwise annihilate them…to seek after a life affirming inner solitude which from what I understand is what Rilke seemingly aspired too (…to walk within one's self…) and is the same singular aspiration for many others while Proust understood to seek beyond what is available in physical space such as a place who sought out as a final destination (for me applicable to human destiny) to be able to see in a new way, (yes, to have new vision…it is what I endlessly seek, newness without end…)…(…there is the snowdrops poem by Louise Gluck which mentions despair and how then winter has its meaning…to have no expectation of survival of the earth itself keeping one down, to feel that one will not awaken again, to think now of a human being as a seed with the promise of life but which the promise may not be realised, yet there will come the light of spring, to risk then to feel joy, with a new world coming into being, for the mention of its raw wind, to know new seeds will be borne by the air, to hopefully land not on stony ground but on good soil so there can always be resurrection, to always have hope, to nullify despair…seeds of hope, for humanity, for myself…for all of us…green shoots emerging from black soil)…to go upwards (although there can always be a downwards)…psychologically, spiritually…(materially but only for a while as time will deteriorate all physical things…while along with the body, the mind too can go away…perhaps there is only the soul, fully immaterial with no dependency, with no ultimate need for body can be eternal…)…there is above reason the imagination which as William Blake saw it was to be in touch with divine revelation that is connected with all that is alive and for me can be alive even beyond death which can be the case with true art which survives beyond the mortal creator…to have mortal imagination become divine…in line with divine imagination which is beyond all limits, takes in all possibilities to be never ending…life without limits…for there also to be forgiveness…so imperfect can be transmuted to be perfect…light…purity…peace…(to change tact slightly and think now of Nikos Kazantzakis who in hoping for nothing and fearing nothing he was free…let us remember though that while we live in a fraught dimension of human time and space that has its many fractures, its incremental infractions and fragments that are literally both incendiary and psychologically traumatic with human history pulsating with human breakages to take into account a

sanguine Gramscian observation that when old worlds die and new worlds are still writhing to be born it can be an opportunity for human monsters to fearfully rise up when there are power vacuums in any such intervening time periods when normal governing has broken down-

"Voltaire tells us life can be a shipwreck but he also says we can still sing in the lifeboats!" Cat's arms bent as if holding imaginary oars. Marching around the flat. "Row, row, row the boat! All join up behind me!"

For Michael to smile but to think of the evening when he had met up with Lisa when there had been that moment when he had joined in with another imaginary row boat experience. The past as haunting.

Cat stops. Arms in air. "Hurrah!"

'Nothing is in isolation including our lives and all our lives are entwined and the way we interpret and observe how each life and all lives are lived can affect them in the same way by simply observing the quantum world can affect it. The past as well of what we say of it of that is of what is accentuated or placed into recession affects not only how we remember but how differentials in our remembrance can influence what happens now to also shape the future. Memory. Forgetting. Our lives to be understood within the times in which they occur in which we both participate in and affect to have a continuum that is broad that form ripples, waves like on the surface of a pond except our pond is this whole watery planet and its shorelines with the historical currents also traversing over the continents and for there also fluidly to be flowing patterns in human history to have this planet as a quantum particle in terms of the vast scale of the universe that we are dust on a piece of dust yet as living beings we remain valuable to understand how precious it is to organically exist to understand from the omniscient point of view of the divine that when even the smallest creature falls to die it is noticed. (I repeat to myself as if in incantation. Every life matters. Every life is important. No life is in isolation and all life works together to have a web of life that has its impulses of which we are all apart and which we participate in formulating what is what will be and what will become-

"God's cowboy wants some Leningrad Cowboys music! They too sing *Those Were The Days*! I'm sure with intended irony!" Break out the Finlandia vodka!"

'...in 1941 during the long siege of Leningrad the fateful decision was made to save the largest seed bank in the world by which there would be those who were protecting it would starve to death rather than fall for the temptation to eat of any of the crop food that would've saved their lives. To sacrifice one's life for a conversation legacy that would literally bear fruit for later efforts to further secure and diversify the world's food supply. Life is a seed and the human mind as well is a seed that in the interest of moral replenishment must also be nourished and which may also involve sacrifice so it is not overcome by 'stony thoughts' that will malign it-

"To be ascetics for our minds as well as for our souls…" Cat suddenly whispers.

'...the mind seems less nurtured today as we live now in an increasingly discordant world of many competing narratives often underpinned by deceptions that have led more so to

insane beliefs to have a fragmented world with the truth in fragments to have a moral panic akin to what was expressed in Arthur Miller's The Crucible which I cannot help but reference again upon which with its dramatization of the Salem witch hunts that led to the unjust legal murder of several innocents…(which can also be seen as theatrically reflecting as dramatic metaphor the authoritarian madness of political accusations that occurred in the Cold War era in the U.S as if to be a reawakening of the Red Scare whereby this time McCarthyism had many innocent U.S. citizens wrongly blacklisted due to a malign perception that they were traitors…today more so is malign…more so with false accusations in which innocents often powerless are venomously scapegoated to account for human failures…when we should all take account of ourselves)…on the other side of the human ledger all I can think of with mixing thoughts stabbing in the dark is the chorus words of the Rock by T.S. Eliot to understand that this poem is a literary counterpoint to Sisyphus's physical burden although it has a sense of despair that like in his poetic wasteland can align with the travesty of a useless labour that in secularized fashion only allows a nihilist sense of the absurd to prevail yet in the slight references to the seasons and to other cyclical possibilities there may be found spirited antidotes to human damnations a sort of sublime projection of hope despite where in reality there may be none in the world as it is seemingly now but whereby the cruel world can still ideally still be something else to be resplendent when moral imagination overcomes real grievance although there is human failure and the victory of death as well as the human fear of it yet in the desolation there can still be a striving turning to what corresponds to the earthly seasons that there can be regeneration for decay to be followed by healing then regrowth over any devastation unlike in any post-apocalyptic scenario presented in the modern day that sees only human bestiality come to the fore as if this all that will be maintained to have nihilism be ascendant…(yes, those darkly post-apocalyptic movies…there also being the literary lord of the flies which has a marooned humanity reduced to the worst tribalism when in reality a group of castaway Tongan boys stranded for nearly two years on an island instead adopted a spirit of co-operation to actually help them to survive…)…which for no gain for no hope with no call for harsh rock to be transformed into gleaming temple …(yes, for the rock to be temple…)…to re-invigorate a solid remedial spiritual or psychological foundation from the shining fragments of inhuman crisis to have life glow again there is as poetically suggested a prevailing ignorance which leads only to an intellectual death and when the books are burnt there can come later the burning of human beings a great evil always arises when the ignorant become powerful which as the Afro-American writer James Baldwin mentions can be a ferocious enemy of justice nevertheless amid all the fragments we may seek out the whole so that our human night with its sorrows can become day whereby once more joy can prevail…while in regards to the multi-faceted views of human history that can possibly be perceived it could be surmised there is as well the biblical progression of a linear cord from garden to the city with a balancing umbilical connection by which to allow for an equilibrium between the two yet we who now live in the city that is this modern world are in a worldly way now divorced from the garden and human arrogance may lead to a new catastrophic winter for both us and the garden that we were given responsibility to care for to which we are yet to fully comprehend which may be of such a greater scale that renewal maybe a far more fragile process to achieve than whatever had been experienced before -

Cat holds his head with both hands. Cold sweat. A hot temple. He knows his thoughts have become mechanically repetitive which he knows can be a danger when it is not new solutions that arise but only old dissolutions.

'To be organic is to thrive. We should leave the past alone. Not go back to it. Leave it alone-

To think about time.

'…to reference the idea of 'return' and 'time' as mused by T.S. Eliot in his poems the 'Four Quartets'. '

'To see everything for the first time.' Cat looks around the room including quickly glancing at Lisa.

'…significantly there is the paradoxical idea of returning to a previously visited place to see it 'for the first time.' (Yes, as Eliot would say…). While to meander to a more philosophical level to state for each individual there has between the 'first time' and the 'second time' a passage of events that allows for the 'second visitation' to resonate with increased awareness which perhaps was lacking in the original visit. One's 'getting of wisdom' is perhaps brought about by time weathering on the mind through memory as a 'mental residue' of physical experience. Human comprehension leads to spiritual revelation and thus in turn human vision is renewed to allow a supposed known reality to appear 'anew'. It is not necessarily so much that what was perceived before is to be negated but rather that any 'truth' that has earlier been envisaged is deepened. With that said one may pensively argue that T.S. Eliot saw time - as we mortals experience it - as contesting with eternity but rather once could see time as leading to a union with eternity: through the immateriality of the human mind consciously striving to be in contact with a spiritual realm beyond any physical dimension; that is ever constant and beyond any ongoing degradation. To perceive the invisible in the visible. Human memory can work as a bridge between what is seen and not seen and between time and experience – those so called temporal qualities of reality – form the basis of human reminiscence. Thus, in the same way we do not know what is 'white' without also knowing what is 'black' we will not know the timelessness of 'eternity' without first understanding the mortal condition we presently live in. As to measuring any emerging insights this could be evaluated by revisiting by way of the cycle of time the different starting points – both physically and mentally – that have served as consequential 'life markers' in one's existence. The notion of a 'pendulum of time' thus resonates as the mind swings back from the present to past memory that can seem as equally real as the ubiquitous 'eternal now' and to then through prophetic vision to envisage the future yet to come. Life's trajectory may not need to bend along some fatalistic, locked in course but can be manoeuvred by taking in what has become before to help us make today a differing, unpredicted response…thus through what originally are temporal memory images through the evaluative process of human thought one can come to meditate on a few universal realisations…to have the 'arm of time' wafting back and forth across the deep

dark hues of a mindful immeasurable connecting synaptic landscape that is all between human experience and human memory and human realization.'

To think about nature.
It's order.
"Mesmerising…"

[CIRCULAR THOUGHT ONE]

'…in nature regular patterns such as those known as fractals can be discerned to give credence to the notion that there is an underlying organised order to creation. In the case of Platonism its metaphysical framework would presumably have natural regular forms as to be mere attempts at imitating the ethereal 'Absolute Forms' to which visible reality apparently corresponds too. It may also be suggested that what at first sight appears chaotic and random in natural phenomenon is actually the playing out of natural forces that work at shaping Nature as if doing it in an aware way. Unless one is mistaken it is possible to design mathematical models to even predict what such natural energies can do and to comprehend what they have done. The universe has the equal contributions of the 'randomness' of quantum theory and the 'predictability' of the theory of relativity mysteriously working upon it in an intertwine way by which humanity is yet to understand and which is equally a micro as well as a cosmic ir/regular process that can for instance lead the artist, musician, philosopher, architect, mathematician, engineer, scientist, astronomer as well as the theologian to see as worthy to explore.'

Nature and the human sense.

[CIRCULAR THOUGHT TWO]

'Nature is a mystery. The human soul is a mystery. A relationship between the two entities seems to exist and one is motivated to at least attempt to consider its ultimate significance so as to perhaps more fully perceive what means to be human, yes to be fully human as finite beings in an infinite universe which allows us to also be 'infinite' through the human imagination as soulfully reflective of nature's earthly and cosmic dimensions.'

"To seek out new horizons…" another enigmatic whisper.

'…yes…it was William Faulkner who said something along the lines that to head out to new horizons one had to first be out of sight of any shoreline…likewise one may also like to take into account to perceive visionary horizons beyond the exclusive binary logic of Aristotle (up/down, in/out, etcetera) so as to also see the endless possibility of multitude combinations that could exist. Quantum mechanics allows us to take a more lateral approach to reality. It is so not so much as to wholly dismiss binary logic (as it has its role to play) but to see how a more dynamic reasoning is also boundlessly available – so as to fully open the Blakean 'doors of perception' – for our eyes those 'windows to our soul'.

THOUGHTS AS FALLING LEAVES

Fantasia

'History is uncertain. Every prediction will be proven wrong. Our interpretation of what we observe can be incorrect. Where it is thought there will be chaos will be order. Where it was thought there would be order will be chaos. All things are unpredictable. Only in hindsight will we know what happened although even then we may be wrong as history can not only be written by victors but also by those who will try to shape the present by reshaping the past. I look at an image on a television screen or in a newspaper and try to believe that seeing is believing but what I see may not only be ideologically cropped by my mind but it may also be physically cropped by a media editor who may cut out elements to distort the meaning of what is viewed. What may even be intended as an act of well-meaning to focus on what is seen as true will become an intended act of well-meaning that will instead focus on what has become a lie. What is a lie becomes easier to believe than what is presented to disprove it. What is unreal is taken for granted. What is real is doubted. Evidence is not accepted it can be refuted when ignorance is stronger than knowledge. When foolishness is stronger than wisdom. When hate is stronger than forgiveness. When revenge is stronger than love. When information is disinformation. When trust can no longer exist with suspicion stronger; when complex narratives are reduced to simplistic repetitive rally slogans. When detailed explanations are reduced to few word soundbites. When projection of an ideal no matter if it is false becomes more valid than the presentation of any verification that is true. We are damned. We are insane. Moral panic over moral calmness is the delusional vogue. The measured prophet who soberly speaks the truth is stoned to death and then his martyrdom is opportunistically monetized by the faithful as reputation sells. The charismatic false witness who flamboyantly speaks untruth is praised and to be given power while his worship is monetized far more. Money talks. Values silenced. Cynicism prevails. Ethics are suppressed. Life is cheap. Death is profitable. Objectivity is denied. Subjectivity is ignored. Incendiary, insidious negative emotion to rule over positive, well thought out humanist reason. When a misplaced tolerance only allows a grievous malevolence to not only linger but eventually dominate and in monstrous ways unexpected. We become polarizing and toxic with each other. Empathy to be extinguished to have barbarism become rampant. Assassins of democracy to portray themselves as victims. To have scapegoats hanging from cell hooks. Where is it all going too…? When will it end…? Not at the open field where the human spirit can rove and be joyous but rather at the deepest abyss to be trapped where the human spirit is sorrowful and immobilized-

MIND COMET

(What is Representatively True…?)

'Yes, it is the way of the world when to go back to T.S. Eliot (yet again) it is intimated in The Chorus of the Rock (yet again) that with an increase in the acquisition of information and for it to be far more available it will not necessarily follow there will also be equivalently a measured and maturing acquisition of far more knowledge. It is often surmised now is an age of image over text and so what is garnered to be information is apparently more so from the visual than from literacy with it even being the case that when language is involved it is so that for instance on the daily news the accompanying over voice omniscient commentary to any moving picture will now so often override the long format written voice of the wordsmith which involves greater attention and even perhaps the studious involvement of greater conceptual thought but is losing its once premier cultural status in an increasingly voyeuristic spectator world overflowing with visual data and which may, except for the still existing long format in-depth documentary, will often superficially lean towards simplistic spectacle over detailed complex analysis in any limited time itemized explanation of crucial events which often in harsh reality are multidimensional; thus to generally have a one dimensional media tsunami submerging any other journalistic point of view that does not shallowly examine the world…only vividly…in high contrast.

[That Mental Aperture the Human Mind]

There is as is inferred by the media theorist Vilem Flusser (someone not known until his small book Towards a Philosophy of Photography was found merely by chance in a second hand bookshop) to emerge a history defining difference in human perception between image and reality:

f /2.8

...if one has interpreted him correctly that our minds maybe 'magically' entranced by the technical image which is the photograph, film or video which are products of mechanical visual producing apparatuses such as the camera, videocam etcetera which of themselves are products of a mass production industrial age which by modern day happenstance has allowed the image to dominate over the word. (While before the camera there was only the image that could be produced by human hand; while also as if a precursor to the increased handing over of human contemplation to artificial intelligence we have with the viewer's belief that what the photograph presents to its unsuspecting audience is wholly accurate; thus, we have so lowered the mental guard on our critical facilities as to instantaneously accept what is visually presented as being unequivocally real).

f/4

We live in a ubiquitous visual landscape from the streets to the palm of our hands. To see a captured moment originally by way of gelatine and by digital means is to have it escape time and space to be beyond any linear perception of reality. It is magical. The moment can be viewed and psychologically experienced again and again and it is assumed that at each new viewing which is outside the actual context of when the moment was originally captured it may also be argued that was is perceived as real can have a new 'reality' added to it or even its original reality taken away depending on the situation in which it is viewed again so in the end if any end exists for what can be eternally viewed there may be a multitude series of 'realities' with every fresh viewing and every fresh audience who looks at it due to the time and space filters that are incorporated in the analysis for while the image can now exist

outside human history its spectators may still be trapped within it living in the age which they are or if they are contemporaries of when the image is taken they may still apply a differing historical filter depending on their knowledge or ignorance of the situation that is visually presented to them. Thus reality, like it is said for beauty, maybe in the eye of the beholder rather than in the subject matter that is 'realistically' portrayed by photographic means of which is assumed being a technical image is an objective one when compared by an image that has been subjectively devised by an artist's hand.

f/5.6

(To mentally sigh).

f/8

Nothing may be real while it is thought all is real or all is real while it is thought nothing is real. Such can be the extreme and as well as paradoxical overriding modern day philosophical and political dilemma. To trust or mistrust perception with each particular circumstance which may involve an acquisition of knowledge which is not always possible to acquire and which of itself may be problematic in relation to what can be historically verified to be true. One human action or human thought or human statement accompanied by a multiplicity of human interpretations which one day will rely on The Party or the Corporate or the State or some other top level hierarchical absolutist entity to ironclad manufacture 'one truth' for the 'good of humanity' while alternatively there is the individual will solely wanting to explore and study what is recorded to ascertain beyond reasonable doubt what is a fact and what is fiction when so many overbearing competing ideologies and powers on one's self want to dictate otherwise-

Cat's mind goes numb as he sees his competing subterranean thoughts go down multitude mind avenues in a mental descent towards psychological abysses that will nihilistically derive for him only meaningless results when he is actually in search of *meaning*.

f/11

"TRUST AND BELIEVE!"

f/16

'…looking yet again into the media theory of this Czech Jewish exile who looking over his life it was seen he was born in 1920 in Prague and who during the second world war would have close family members die in the Nazi death camps and in 1939 having gone to England not long after Czechoslovakia was betrayed by the Munich Pact Vilem Flusser and his wife would eventually live in Brazil although at life's end he would die in France in a car accident in 1991 having left Brazil during the time of the military dictatorship in the early 1970s which at the time his employment along with others of his philosophy department at Sao Paulo university was curtailed and it could not but be helped by Cat to speculatively theorize without any affirming evidence if the pulsating emotional labyrinth that Vilem Flusser had most likely lived through which had involved escaping from and traversing through inhuman dark spaces on at least two occasions had acutely given him deeply impressionable insights into how any oppressive human reality can be positively obscured by ideal visual imagery…"…that mesmerizingly attempts to stupendously hide any such inhuman harshness…" to be looking at

himself approaching midnight standing in front of a wardrobe mirror with colourful neon city lights sighted through an open flat window reflected behind him… "…with a bright headlight effect that paradoxically blinds such an ideologically stunned audience that is left momentarily paralysed until it is too late to politically move out of the way before falling victim to what it had initially so hypnotically embraced-

Luminosity. A human magic of the dark arts.

In prehistory a two dimensional image relying on human memory served to record for the human brain a three dimensional physicality plotted with human vision. The eye sees. The mind interprets. (Memory is past tense). (Vision is present tense). Two-dimensionality is an indirect reality. Three-dimensionality is a direct reality. Human experience ascertains what is either life giving or life ending. Human morality (if derived from human experience) determines what is good or bad (from what enables life or withdraws life). What the mind interprets provides human meaning. Human values that provide morality come from meaning. In the beginning the image was the word before the word existed. There was only the experience and the memory to understand to know the unknown. A visionary and psychological parallelism to come to truth. Image as theoretical symbol. Vision as real sensory data. Memory as abstract ideal. Experience as sensory human action. Emotion as unseen sensation. What humanity views as representative of reality can in of itself be eventually viewed as reality itself so as to have reality perceived by way of the image rather than the image as interpretative of reality. For what is real is not only the worldly object which is pictorially identifiable by way of image but also worldly opinion which can be pictorially infused by way of humanised imagery. Human prejudice. Human hierarchy. Human power. All societal conceptual aspects of human reality which can be denoted in symbolic constructs to verify their legitimacy if so befitting to advance the elite cause of human supremacy over all else as well as competitively over other 'lesser' human beings. To thus reiterate: the image no longer a symbol of reality but utilized into shaping it. A subjective possibility that has become so much more attainable in a technical age whereby the image now as photograph is directly a reflective so called objective image of what one sees with one's own eyes. (Then to have the side-thought – yet another one - the camera cannot lie or so it seems which is the propagandist's dream and inversely is a nightmare for whom the propagandist wants to demonise as an inauthentic human being whether it be for instance a vulnerable political scapegoat or enemy military combatant; who is to be made devoid of all human qualities; to be undeserving of all human sympathy to even be stereotypically 'validated' as akin to being an unfeeling inanimate object not only so as to accommodate human derision but also if it suits the propagandist's purposes of human extermination. Thus, a false objectivity weaponised as an aggressively attuned instrument of hate to terrifyingly achieve an inhuman ascendency).

Towering in the night shadows this philosophizing scribe thus scribbles away on a piece of paper out of frustration various 'mind notes' which in the end because he has been so hurried are not decipherable. Human language cannot capture the essence of any human recall and so he thinks of the sculptor Alberto Giacometti as it was once shown to him by Gregor his recent discovery of a whirring of lines done by Giacometti that with its many circular thin markings outlining heavy cast eyes, mouth, nose, forehead all within a lean oval thickset outline to wildly form the frenzied apparition of a human head which may even have been a self-portrait; to have Gregor informing Cat that for Giacometti it had sullenly occurred to him that while bringing into existence such a kinetic

drawing one can be mindfully enveloped with how the human brain can be absorbed with billions of thoughts encased within the human head…

'…a psychic pulsating universe as brilliant in its incomprehensible variant number of formulating human possibilities - therefore as well an insurmountable number of human realties - to magnificently be as equally incomprehensible to the human mind as the multitude of heavenly bodies which exist in the universe's seemingly eternal night sky.'

For Cat there is for him *always* eternity…to repetitively think of…the ongoing endlessness…of a never ceasing…appearing reality…either/or…psychic, earthbound, cosmic).

'A photograph may not actually represent what is actual but it may rather be symbolic in a way usually regarded to be only the pictorial domain of such hand-made images as a painting, print or drawing in which it is more recognizable to identify that there has obviously been human intervention between what is presented as real to what is real. Thus it maybe suspected that a photograph can be deceptive in that it appears to visually provide an accurate portrayal of reality with any human involvement only seeming to involve the tenets of observation such as the position chosen (front, back, side on, diagonal) rather than of manipulation which would involve a distortion of reality similar as what subjectively occurs in a painting no matter how objective the artist may try to be. Thus we may deeply appreciate the photographic skills of a premier photographer while simultaneously believing that what has been achieved is an enhancement of reality which we admire rather than to consciously believe what has been 'captured' is deliberately unrealistic. The camera lens cannot lie it can only show us what is true in the same way we perceive to be true when we view in present time and space our whereabouts for all the camera has done is simply apprehend for us for our later consideration a representation of what reality there was in time and space when the photograph was taken. A photographer no matter the level of technical skill still only points at reality and does not devise it. As a general rule there can be the implicit trust that a photographic image is an objective portrayal of reality in a way that an image which involves direct human gesture (in a photo it is indirect) cannot as accurately portray what exists in 'real life'. A hyper-realist artist may disagree as also it can be argued that a photograph can be technically manipulated by collage or omission to add or take away real details or even by light to overtly disguise or highlight real details which also did not exist in the actual moment of time and space in which the photograph was crystallized by silver gelatin or digital pixels. Yet it is accepted when it is discovered that such direct human involvement is a falsification of reality motivated for instance for some propaganda purpose which has behind it either political or commercial intent but it may less likely be the case to the casual viewer that a genuine photograph can so readily serve the same deceptive political, commercial or even theatrical role. Theatre is an illusion of reality when done well while a photo when achieved well can only be an embodiment of the real; so one may think and on a seemingly transparent overt level where everything seems so obvious to the viewer who intrinsically has full knowledge of the subject matter that has been photographed this point of view can be accepted while it may also be argued that on a sublime level another photograph of equal genuine technical bearing may not actually be presenting the same full disclosure of reality; although, it may be thought so if what is shown aligns with what one already believes reality to be which may also as well be a slanted or partial reading of the world in much the same way the slanted angle and deliberate cropping chosen by the photographer may actually more so align towards a human sensibility of what to particularly interpret as real rather than what the reality may actually be.-

Cat as if speaking to no one in particular, "…it can be the case that what is presented as seemingly realistic to the eye can yes…be *filtered*…by the mind to come to an interpretation of what is viewed that is different."

II

'…the mind playing its role to define what is real which may be different from what is observed.'

Thus this revelatory proposition going over again and again in Cat's restless mind. (It is like as if an Ancient Greek Chorus is in his subconscious to psychically prompt him to deeper thought).

'…one of the Managua photos that Gregor had shown me when he was there during the Central American wars is of a large group of Nicaraguan males working together to repair the dilapidated footpath of a local street which perhaps had been in ruin sine the devastating earthquake that hit Managua back in 1972 well before the revolution in 1979 but which apparently helped spark it due to the dictator's thievery of much aid money…all the men appear cheerful and willing to work together and despite the war to do what was worthy to directly still improve the material standard of where they lived with their families. Gregor pointing out in the photo a tall, good humoured Englishman from northern England who he had befriended while in Nicaragua who could best explain to this then fresh-faced Australian who was still on a steep learning curve as to what was happening in this struggling country; this 'guide' who had also come to help out best he could of whom Gregor remembered fondly had a real humanitarian fervour about him that went far beyond any ideological premise…what Gregor saw in this one scene of collective effort helped to positively verify for him that an underlying democratic ethos was becoming all pervasive and which stood in stark contrast to the uncivil actions of Reagan's so called 'freedom fighters' who in this imperiously supported civil war had as well murderously targeted hospitals and schools to undermine the rehabilitative gains of a revolution that for all intents and purposes Gregor did believe had as a decisive aim to empower the Nicaraguan people, for them to mutually carve out an independent course to their own destiny…this photo would be seen in this positive way until decades later Gregor felt the gnawing need to somewhat philosophically revise what he thought he had chemically captured as he learnt at a time when this political centrifugal drama on the global stage from those distant decades had now become an archaic memory, almost to the point of now being historically irrelevant to anyone not in the immediate geographical vicinity of this pained isthmus between two continents even to those foreigners who had once been so ideologically attentive towards it but who now narcissistically only dismissively saw it as a historical ghost where in Nicaragua the emancipatory ideals of a revolution which would eventually be defeated by gigantean exterior forces that devastatingly pressed in so deeply hard into this liberated land as to not be still resisted a battered country that would in present times be betrayed by a former leader of the revolution who would for his personal self-aggrandizement dictatorially become yet another caudillo at the oppressive expense of a downcast people of whom this authoritarian strong man had populistically insisted he would one day democratically enrich…to now learn how in the 1980s there had initially been the establishment during the war of the so called Sandinista Defence Committees which depending on one's preferred ideological point of view can see such a grassroots network organization positively as participatory democracy in action or negatively as a

'trojan horse embedding' of the party's will over the general populous which to Gregor became more apparent when he learnt that while the committees could help to meet community needs they could also serve as a neighbourhood watch to sight citizens with counter-revolutionary sympathies which Gregor could not help but think would ultimately mean being arrested at worst while 'at best' for anybody just not interested in becoming involved in defence committee activities would probably lead to certain rights and privileges being denied…at least as Gregor told me that by the mid-1980s and which by then this photo was taken in 1986 there were apparently to come into place democratic reforms of the committees with a power sharing base with a horizontal format to replace what had become an unwanted top-down power approach and to even change 'Sandinista defence' to 'community development'…although hoping this was all so as Gregor had not really followed up on such details over the years but assuming such reforms had happened he could not still help but wonder now if some of the people he had seen working so enthusiastically at repairing the footpath were doing so out of a sincere revolutionary zeal or because they feared they would be socially or politically ostracized…? Nevertheless, it had been a positive moment and Gregor would say that he could not help but feel that there was with everyone in this group photo a genuine desire to do what was best and it did not matter that their effort could be framed in a political way, which is something that may have only mattered to some and it still impressed Gregor that there had been this collective action which he thought could be positively promoted in the often increasingly sterile atomized environ of local suburbia… "…it really wouldn't hurt to have the occasional street party at least around Christmas time…"…collectivism as a positive social mechanism was something Gregor had to give some serious thought especially when the communal ideal of the co-operative would be seen as having an equalizing social benefit in somewhere like Australia or in other democratized societies to think positively of 'artist collectives' or 'food collectives' or 'work collectives' etcetera which can all provide beneficial mutual support while it may readily not be thought so by many people who had harshly lived without democracy behind the Iron Curtain…"…for I know…"…and Gregor then read out what he had once noted down for future reference after speaking to his father and other East European emigres of his generation…"…that in say the Soviet Union and especially in Stalinist times the seemingly productive notion of 'collectivism' along with the term 'collective' had insidiously only become a dystopian euphemism for involuntarily stripping away independent, individual rights to force people – particularly the peasants – to be burdened to make unreasonable, untoward material sacrifices supposedly for the 'good of all' which was really about state exploitation leaving many ordinary people all worse off…while to not 'volunteer' to 'put others first' was to then risk having everything you had taken off you…as to be 'selfish' was to be a 'parasite' and being 'ideological traitors' according to the Bolsheviks meant you 'only deserved' to have nothing, to starve, or to be deported to exile or even worse still, to simply be executed…"

"It was Thucydides who said how the regular meaning of words can change to suit the state of affairs…and from how I take it for it so often so to be for the worse…to deceitfully disguise what is foul…yet I believe we can also restore words to their first better meanings…to not ignore the way they were once used to 'justify' past sins…but to overcome the terrifying stripping down of their original meaning which was once good to historically then be associated with something that was horrifyingly bad but by giving back their original good meaning by associating them with what can now be a good action then we can have a victory over such a terrible past…so it does not have the final say…yes, to always be looking towards human resurrection rather than to dwell only on

inhuman crucifixion…hallelujah…". So spoke Cat in a mystical way to Gregor to encourage him (…if not also to encourage himself and perhaps even others).

III

Nothing is real. All is real.

IV

(Well Intentioned Human Hells)

-alpha-

War is immoral and modern war machines make it ever more so magnifying human butchery in incalculable ways that were unimaginable in yet still earlier terrifying warring eras which have inevitably always cursed humankind which paradoxically along with its wretched tribal destructiveness also has in equal parts its universal creative characteristics perhaps best epitomised in the High Renaissance genius of Leonardo da Vinci who along with his scientific and artistic achievements which were for the good of humanity he would also excel as a designer of much mass death war machinery (even though he once said of war as being a 'bestial madness') which even if not put into practice showed the proficiency of the human mind to excel not only in devising heavenly objects of artistic beauty for human contemplation to advance human civilisation but also devising hellish objects of barbarous death for human power to advance human cruelty. Human satisfaction either/or empathetic and monstrous. Human sanity. Human insanity. Human utopia. Human dystopia. Human moral courage. Human immoral savagery. Human compassion. Human brutality. Human forgiveness. Human revenge. Human understanding. Human accusation. Human care. Human indifference. Human curiosity. Human denial. Human healing. Human sadism. Human hate. Human love. Human life. Human death. So it goes on with the differing character binaries of the human condition and so it goes on knowing it was really all so more complex to think how there has also always been an attentive interest in human discovery for ongoing human knowledge to overcome human ignorance, superstition and prejudice which would also for instance be for the betterment of human medicine while human invention has also been utilized to negatively spur human destruction which ironically when peace would return after war some of the innovations devised in war could at least as a sort of civil compensation be positively applied for human creativity…yes…to see how the Promethean gift of fire could benefit humanity when used wisely as a civilizing element or be used to humanity's cost when used foolishly as a destructive force-

-beta-

Leonardo along with drawing up his multi-barrelled cannons would also envisage multi-barrelled guns which would be a conceptual precursor to the Gatling gun of the nineteenth century which would initially find some use in the American Civil War whose inventor a doctor with humanitarian intent fancifully thought that its relatively much higher magnitude of repetitive firepower over single fire rifles would actually save lives as less soldiers would be needed to achieve a similar desired level of firepower from a much larger soldier battle formation while the devastating level of firepower that the Gatling gun provided could hopefully dissuade wars from being fought due to the much higher human cost that would eventuate from the use of such a rapid fire machine gun.. Instead, it was used in colonial wars

to devastating effect on resisting local populations and when much more efficient mass killing machine guns would follow such as the Maxim gun and later the Vickers gun not only would there be less wars but when the great powers turned again to fighting each other there would also be much higher casualty rates as so frighteningly occurred in the First World War which brutally reduced battles over large areas between opposing well entrenched armies into bloody scenarios for industrial scale mass slaughter.

-gamma-

As a historical footnote Gatling would regret his mass killing invention which apparently had once been quixotically proclaimed as a weapon of peace (so believing – which one cannot help but uncharitably think was while being in some sort of nonsensical hallucinatory state of full absurdist delirium - it would be a deterrent assuming a bloodlust humanity would finally be aghast…alas, it would at last take mid-twentieth century the genocidal scale of the atomic bomb for humanity to at least self-instinctually take pause to start seriously thinking about the ever increasing moral perversions of its dramatically unceasing 'advances' in war technology).

-delta-

Gatling was also of the optimistic opinion that with the introduction of smaller armies there would also be less soldiers suffering and dying from war associated diseases. Nevertheless, the Great War would have armies in their many millions and it is a pity that Gatling's grand hope that armies would become smaller did not happen as one disease in particular would spread through the trenches which would lead to a post-war medical catastrophe that would take more lives lost than in the war itself yet which as I see it is strangely not commemorated with the same vital sense of historical grandeur as is the case the 'glorious war dead'. One theory has it that at the time of the war it was from Kansas that this deadly influenza virus originated from being a zoonotic disease spreading to humans from poorly kept sickly farm animals with pigs particularly mentioned. When poor Kansas farmers joined up to fight this infectious disease first spread throughout the United States when they went to training camps from where it went to surrounding areas then it was spread to Europe in the trenches and from there everywhere. This deadly flu is unfairly called the Spanish Flu as Spain was not fighting in the Great War so its existence was not kept hidden unlike in the warring nations who with misguided intent did not want it to be readily known to their people who may become frightened by an 'unseen enemy' which may turn their already war fatigued minds away from what still needed to be done to defeat their human enemies yet in the end to keep up national morale during the war at the very beginning of the outbreak simple preventative measures such as wearing masks were not immediately introduced so there would dreadfully result when by even towards war's end mask wearing was finally encourages the spread of an easily transmissible disease throughout the nations would by then end up inevitably taking far more lives in the forthcoming post-war years than what were brutally lost during the war. Human regret. Human blindness.

-epsilon-

While the mass death rates of the Great War are tremendously recounted from generation to generation in the vain hope that war would be seen as the immoral human act that it is (to have once been thought as the 'war to end all wars') while new wars are initiated anyway with the 'second great war' only twenty-odd years later to lead to far more deaths including as well not only of soldiers but also of many millions of civilians (notwithstanding the millions

who were also directly murdered in the Holocaust) which vastly outnumbered the civilian death toll between 1914-1918 of the first world war although many millions of civilians would still die with an Ottoman initiated genocide of the Armenians also occurring with a death toll of at least a million while afterwards in this region there would be the wars between Greeks and Turks in which hundreds of thousands of more civilians would needlessly die; while globally tens of millions of civilians would die afterwards from the flu which these days seems almost like an afterthought to have a historical amnesia settle in which has only been highlighted with the recent coming of such new zoonotic plagues as the A.I.D.S, and Covid viruses. One cannot help but think it is a pity that war morale was not pragmatically put to one side so as to have dealt with the influenza outbreak much sooner which would have surely globally saved many lives…

(Historical Forgetting and Indifference)

It seems there is an historical amnesia over the Armenian genocide infamously commented on by Adolf Hitler who rhetorically asked who in his time remembered it as if to hideously assure himself that when he would initiate the mass murder of European Jewry it would also be a 'forgotten historical episode' after a war which he presumed would win to also then slant the historical record to the victor's 'righteous' benefit. It was vowed the Shoah would not be forgotten so such a high methodical large scale level of mass murder of a particular group of people which in 1944 brought in the word 'genocide' by Polish Jewish lawyer Raphael Lemkin would for all good international intent was to 'never happen again' but like the global continuance of warfare there would also be the unseemly ongoing global continuance of genocide in the post-war era (not only of deliberate mass killing of ethnic groups and local populations but also of other terrible variants involving cultural extinction as well as of so called ethnic cleansing) such as from Cambodia to Guatemala, the Balkans, Bangladesh, the Congo, Rwanda, Biafra, Darfur, Ethiopia, Sri Lanka, Suharto's Indonesia, East Timor, West Papua, Maoist China and in Chinese occupied East Turkestan and Tibet; in Myanmar; in Syria along with other war ravaged regions of the Middle East as well as in Russian occupied Ukraine and worse still to even have the term cynically weaponised to suit the propaganda purposes of those bad faith actors who of themselves had committed genocidal acts. (To have as well indigenous peoples globally remind so many colonizing nations of the historical great loss of life and escalated human suffering through massacre, disease, rape, displacement and enslavement that horrendously occurred over many previous centuries at the bloodied hands of 'righteous' settlers including of course in Australia and the oppressive legacy of discrimination that can still acutely include loss of life, family, kin, land and culture no matter officially the too often 'well intended' cosmetic attempts at reconciliation with actual real reform having too often to be fought for and still on the domineering terms of white fella law and never for any ongoing or historical rectification occurring willingly from the colonizing society-

"Plague, war is still amongst us! We have betrayed ourselves! To thirst for good yet are parched by evil!"

V

Everything can be believed. Nothing can be believed.

VI

For the ideologue and theocratic fundamentalist there is no evil in one's iron-willed mind. There is only certain good intent to be rid of the evil that is in another human mind and thus to inevitably have the 'moral' need to be rid of the human body in which it exists. Human righteousness. If it is so that a human idea that is a threat can never be

extinguished then at least kill the human body in which it is thought. Human exorcism. So the righteous person knows what is good and knows what is evil and needs no outside instruction from anyone else who is in any case 'inferior' to do what is correct and as well not do what is wrong. A law unto one's self with one's own all-knowing surety or divinity as lone witness. Human morality as human survival. Public accusation and execution to result. No self-reflection to occur-

VII

In a cave on a bare wall with the darkness lit up only by flame an image of a bison is produced with three human figures holding spears beside it with a spear also inserted into the bison presumably having been thrown by one of the figures. A pictorial record a hunting event which may serve a ritual role while it may also simply serve the role of describing what happened to pass on information as what was involved for not only those who were there but also for those who will also be on the next hunt. To see the scale of the beast that must be downed the minimal number of personnel that are needed to kill such a large prey and the weapon used to succeed in killing it. Where the beast may also be found could also be recorded and also what time of day if for instance a landscape is provided and the position of the sun in the sky overhead although such information may simply be provided orally with knowledge of the territory outside the cave already well known thus not necessitating the need to have it pictorially depicted. One may speculate as to any religious purpose the image may have served or whether it was simply demonstrative but whether it was brought into existence for a mythical or actual role it may be at least ascertained that the image and whoever drew or painted it was believed and that what was shown was treated as being true. The very ongoing existence of the audience looking at this image may have relied on understanding its details so there could be no room for error or deception which could lead to fatalities. To trust what is visually presented as fact. A primal human response which still lingers to this day even in this supposedly more sophisticated pictorial realm of the digital photographic image. Human truth for human survival. (Human deception as human rationalisation-

'…human irrationality instead of common sense (or even a healthy well balanced discerning reasoned scepticism) to come macabrely to the terrible fore thus to deny to have a morally authentic reality be understood…instead for it…in the broad daylight of a world overcome by a never ceasing display of imagery…to paradoxically…be obscured, for it to be even taken down…human reality abolished…for ideological illusion…to instead be in its place…to view an image by way of our assumptions rather than to at least look at the possibility of having our belief system challenged and fairly to have it forensically scrutinized so as to see how real even our basic claim to being unbiased truly is, to see how prepared we are to change our minds when all evidence that we can justly have faith in points the other way from what we have thus far fundamentally believed, woe be to us if we still believe what is unbelievable-

VIII

'…ideology to create an automatic response in the same technical way a camera can create an automatic image and to have the image correspond with the ideology to bring on the desired automatic response yes to make a human being behave automatically so as to no longer be a human being but an automaton thus to have organic emotion

subordinate to an inorganic machine; metal above organism; technology above humanity; a machine world in which to have humans be machines; to have a machine trained human eye when shown a dead corpse labelled as an innocent to then illicit an emotional response out of pity such as rage so as to have hate towards the reason that the innocent is dead for the moral duty of the observer to now extract revenge on behalf of the defenceless corpse which will certainly be much easier to bring about if the corpse is a baby or a child or woman or elderly person who are all obvious victims of enemy malice never mind the possibility that that there may have not been any deliberate intent but that the deaths of such innocents may have been due to other factors that may be seen as inevitable in the deadly chaos of war but yes the deaths of non-combatants are inexcusable and so much easier to proffer a desired hostile response which has no sense of legal justice based on judicial reason even when it is certainly clear an atrocity has undoubtedly been committed but rather a so called evolutionary natural justice based on irrational revenge thus for the self-righteous who see themselves as above any moderative law of war a reflexive outburst of violence to be the automatic response yes to have no insight to instead only have an automated primitivism especially by technical means to have only valued the executor's technique Orwell's hate session par excellence-

VIIII

"Human doubt." Cat fears. "Can be the end of us." Another troubling thought. "Always there is deception." Yet such is his troubled mind other nightmare alternatives which the human condition can negatively encounter come to the fore. "To trust what is a lie is also what may lead us to human destruction. Always there is…" A mindful nihilism. "Our *end*-"

Human despair.

'All in all to have the real seem imaginary and so for the imaginary to therefore to become real and to still not be the truth but there for a lie to be trusted. To be deceived as if unbearably lost in a human labyrinth while always still faithfully taking the wrong turn to go only deeper into a human darkness to be further away from any illuminating light leading openly towards was is true that opens the mind for it to be liberated, instead remaining trapped, turning this way and that, no Adriene thread that can help one to discover what is the right path to what is really the way for the mind's salvation from every deception…to be in a labyrinth to search for a way to truth to be attempting to venture away from a minotaur who lies who may devour you in the darkness if not even being physically a real creature but still not a mythical one but an existing real mental one that will annihilate your mental sense of critical perception that will disallow you to understand what projection is valid or what projection is invalid to know or not know, to only want you trapped, in doubt, to never see the light of day-

MIND COMET

[DRY LEAVES]

Prelude

'...yes...it is by way of Hannah Arendt's observations of the beginnings of totalitarianism from which I gain an understanding that those who narcissistically seek after total power over the so called 'masses' have their propaganda to befit their lies (often both outrageous and raging) to overwhelmingly become the only political reality worthy of being both noticed and respected (...and absolutely nothing else...) to be extremists who scorn what are for others are the facts because for them it is only they with power who will 'validate' what is a defining fact (...and absolutely nothing else...) to be a truth teller is to be powerless for those in power can accuse you of being a blasphemer no matter what evidence you present to back up what you claim and what you know to be true for there is really only one ultimate truth which is that power shapes reality (...and absolutely nothing else-

{I/A}

...it was Susan Sontag who once aptly pointed out that ten percent of a populous were always instinctively cruel while there was another ten percent who were always intrinsically compassionate which always left an in-between casually susceptible eighty per cent to be generally persuaded towards either an immoral or moral end-

[in conclusion: what is truth?]

…when it came to totalitarianism it often involved for its own security have its power form a self-serving reality by propagandistically carrying out a manipulation of the truth or rather to have the death of truth with a birth of lies with facts therefore dismissed that threatened the supreme authority of narcissistic vain leaders who wanted total control who opposed any truism that pointed towards their personal demand of enforcing their singular version of what was real which ironically in the political sense could be deemed as the actual truth-

{II/B}

'...it was Aeschylus who coined the famous observation that in war truth is the first casualty-

{III/X}

'...I had mentioned to Gregor that one should take into account that often with what was deemed to be true there was an opposing view which as the old storyteller Aesop had apparently advised was best to also take into account before immediately judging what was actually factual certainly in all fairness a wise course to take which Gregor was in full agreement with but he reminded me that so often in the political realm where disinformation was rife there was the ethical danger of granting equal moral value to what was argued to be true but was evidentially a lie which as he saw it can only disrespect what is the truth to which I also agreed and to which I also added in reply that the pity is that so often in the political sphere although as well in many others a human dogmatism which has as its basis absolute belief which will filter out all evidence that defies what is believed with an equal sincerity to that of the opposing view so that what is sensibly seen by one as evidential truth is seen by

another as an evidential lie to which there only results an irreconcilable polarisation often with an accompanied hostile tribalism which can only blindly seek to overcome preferably rhetorically (at least) rather than violently (at worst) those who cannot see what is true from their point of view so at least I pointed out to Gregor that if only on a personal level one should take heed of a mental corporeality that can overcome a psychological circular labyrinth decisively without real end that leads us only back to uncritically strengthening any confirmation bias rather than to seriously query to have it broken down to helpfully filter if really need be our perception of the world that transfigures closer to what humanely justice maybe materially thus to make an admission of one's own ignorance has to be the first step to gaining trusted knowledge this to be a sincere realisation which in philosophical terms takes us back before any so called 'Socratic unknowingness' which I would argue was a rhetorical ploy by an arrogant thinker who would appear to be personably humble when in fact he 'rationally' thought he was intellectually above everyone else (especially the labourers of his strongly hierarchical society despite its nascent democracy) who he 'logically' assumed could not at all recognize their own 'greater' ignorance for it was a pre-Socratic philosopher such as Xenophanes who acknowledged that even with the knowledge one gains believing it to be true that one should always still maintain a scepticism that reality can always be more than what can ever be humanly discerned (with any absolute truth a philosophical luxury which can only be entertained by the divine) so as to always be open to a flexible way of thinking that can critically offset a mental decline fixated towards uncritical dogmatism my mind whirling like a spinning dervish falling back to what I had previously read from other notable observers of the human condition to validate my presumptions there is trustworthy Niccolo Machiavelli who insinuated that an intelligent person was someone who was aware of one's ignorance resigned to note as well human superficiality to be impressed by surface shine rather than to what should surely be sought after is to look beyond appealing appearances to thoroughly examine if there is any underlining substance truly worthy of intelligent consideration, steadfast loyalty or sacrificial commitment as it can be discerned wisdom is never to be found in any house of laughing fools while anyone who is wise is forced to stay silent so as to not incur the wrath of those who are not only ignorant but who then even foolishly see themselves as 'all-knowing' even though it is frightfully so clear they have glamorously preferred to 'knowledgeably' embrace transient illusion over any foundational reality alas one can only frown for how many can be willing to be like Fyodor Dostoevsky who did wonder if it was better to know what is true even if it meant personally suffering rather than to remain deluded yet exultant while on the other hand even Kafka did wonder if it was best to keep to his illusions for at least they could be kinder to him when the truth could be so harsh yet to further personally ponder we can all be living in a historical state of delusion even while sincerely seeking out reality for as Voltaire astutely observes we are all beings of the times we live in and very few of us can raise our minds to think beyond to even mention how the human species is so wretched that those who walk along what is a well worn path will throw stones that will venture a new road for me to also muse on how what is so accepted today is often only to be viewed as absurd tomorrow or even visa versa after all for many discoverers of what is sane have lost their lives victims to the insanity of the world they have lived in yes it is true what Voltaire has also said that history itself so venerated can simply be the lie that everyone has conveniently agreed to uphold yes as the Polish poet Wislawa Szymborska wrote of which I found out by accident her two lines the abyss does not divide us but instead surrounds us I yearn for Oceanus the divine circling river of life to have T.S. Eliot scribe the river as a god how the river is in us the sea to be all around us water is life and life must always flow to stay still is to be damned and it is the damned who stay still in their minds never to proceed to what is fresh wallowing instead in what will eventually become stagnant

to be with what is crystal clear Rilke knew the soul will freeze as if being in Dante's final hellish circle if one's spirit does not move on keep moving yes at least aspire to go to the promised land even if it is feared it will not be reached the other way is a guaranteed damnation while bereft of certainty there is only the human maze in which one can nightmarishly lose all direction to not know if one is advancing or receding to feel as if going one way only to be really going along another it is Paul Valery who had me understand how to have to deal with a mix of what is true and what is false can be far more toxic than having only stated an outright lie my mind whirring with linguistic bombast a thriving kernel of actuality nightmarishly mutating to a hollowed out chamber echoing within it only stunted illusions the blind leading the blind in utter inhuman darkness mental depravity all inauthentic but seen as ideally real even liberating until trapped to have a fatal end not only false hope extinguished but all hope vanquished to have no reason for existence for all to be meaningless to throw one's self at the electric wire all that nihilistic neon to disguise why it really matters to be alive to sustain life to help have life to avert human destruction to avoid human pain life can be meaningful pleasurable until the right end human joy ode to joy symphonic tribulation within the cellular membrane of human living to strive for without hubris without shallowness without despair without fear without toxicity without monsters although there will always be monsters human ignorance will guarantee to read how in this so called modern century the philosopher Slavok Zizek says of ignorance today that unlike before it is organized and dangerous being aligned with power ignorance is strength in a way George Orwell may have never thought it could be so and worse still for those who believe themselves as 'well learned' to actually be the most ignorant of all while we who know we are unlearned must then deal with the ill-informed zeitgeist of this illiterate glistening algorithmic driven age who dearly know of so called Brandolini's Law whereby it is so much harder to prove that something is not true with it being so much easier to state and popularize a falsehood that politically works to accentuate stereotypical preconceived misinformed prejudices for deep analysis to be overawed by shallow sloganeering for negative human emotion to overrule positive human intellect to come now to note even Nietzsche's argument that differentiates between true prophets and those who are false yet the former can sophistically can make themselves to appear as deeply knowledgeable as those who actually do have multi-layered insights into complex matters especially in regards to those human affairs which can only be really understood by examining a historicity that can be equated if need be to studying the various geological levels of the earth's crust to go from the surface down to the lowest depths of archaeological evidence to gain a comprehensive understanding of human action to be unfiltered by contemporary hostile viewpoints that literally only want to undermine any accurate historical record that will work against their deliberately false politicized framing which has become ever more so possible in an increasingly visual age of image distortion where upon textual literacy is culturally becoming a lesser priority as a trusted valuable source in terms of vitally seeking out profoundly important information the word has been lost to have visual idolatry instead of visual trust my mind whirrs again to keep looking at Nietzsche that in the literary sense at least the true prophet will always speak clearly to be transparent and well understood to avoid an elitist mystification of what should be mutually known to all to build up all to not tear down anyone while to hide supposed knowledge behind opaque passages of what may be critically deemed as intelligentsia jargon to actually disguise what is an incorrect simplistic idea appear worthily complex to provide it with an academic integrity where none really exists to be deliberately unfathomable to stealthily make an 'ordinary' person wrongly feel inadequate when in reality there is nothing to comprehend and what only needs to be understood is a great duplicity is being presented which may only be resolved if there is a desire to personally delve into the matter at hand to thoroughly sound

out intricately, well researched points of views to come to some intelligent understanding that preferably ascends any mystification or otherwise when looking at the alternative scale of a propaganda epoch also intellectually denounces any simplistic 'verification' that 'explains' what is actually not real to not be drawn in by a lie which unfortunately the inattentive mind may so easily be trapped to do so a 'mind darkly' drawn away from any mental enlightenment that can reveal what is real and also discern what is a mirage especially visually for after all to verify at least the Nietzschean critique that is against an intellectual sophistry that has 'clear waters muddied' so that what is shallow may appear deep there is again Hannah Arendt who suggests that totalitarianism itself does not firstly endear the committed ideologue who is fundamentally committed to 'the cause' but rather the individual whose apolitical mind it subjects to mould who can be controlled when an appropriate mental state is reached that can no longer discern between what is true and what is illusion to physically live in a mental quantum philosophical quandary of an authoritarian devised post-truth world the abstract can rely on its metaphysical quality to have authenticity so too can oppression when it can rely on abstractly authenticating its legitimacy by having the oppressed mind accept that only the state which oversees all of what is of the known world is the only supreme authority that can be trusted to know what can only be supremely real including the social relations of the human beings which exists within the societal space that the hierarchy in place must be final so that proper order can exist that must never be questioned that one is rightly punished if the perfected harmony in place is ever 'selfishly' disturbed that human existence works best when all are 'selfless' that those in control are wise who serve not for themselves but for everyone so in actuality the first are last and the last are first which in political terms is really all a pack of lies when to trust and obey is really a human devised blasphemy equivalent in such any dictatorial society to the solid metal motto above the gave entrance at Auschwitz work sets you free freedom only in death when all is still to have a still mind is what I seek but not a deathly one for myself or for anyone else to knowingly be against truth is a human blasphemy where does my mind wander to no longer to bother with so called 'both sideism' other than to agree how in recent times the climate change deniers should not be given equal time as the scientists who correctly claim it is true with most science findings backing them thus valid evidence discounting invalidated hypothesis yes enough with the false equivalences where is my mind going when there are two opposing views of reality it can only be suggested that only one truth can exist at any one time although Niels Bohr who appreciated quantum physics with all its paradoxical properties also appreciated how as against any simple truth whose opposite obviously had to be untrue there can be profound truths whose opposite can also be deeply valid such are their underlying complexities in the realm of science light can be both wave and particle while in the realm of human paradoxes freedom in societies can be enhanced by the legal bounds within which liberty will exist while without bounds freedom can give way to chaos by which liberty will cease to exist while ancient philosophers may especially appreciate both the omniscience of divine fate and omnipresent human free will can both as seemingly opposing truths exist intertwining to direct personal destiny and the historical alignment and discord of whole societies individual and national wills working hand in hand in the name of the gods or even in the name of no god as it so happened to be so prominently in the first half of the twentieth century however in terms of human datum to envisage a truth existing in multiple times in multiple ways while inversely trying not to also succumb to the post-modern dilemma which depressingly suggests no truth can really exist at all yet to be alive is true yes to live is true to breathe to feel to experience being living is all true so it is also possible to know things and to unknow other things and to know that in living there is also the foreknowledge that there is also death although when dead we will not know is only possible while one is still alive this is the ultimate knowledge the ultimate

contemplation to wonder about but there are other wonders to think about before there comes the moment when there will be no personal thought when there will be only a human void to be with the universal void which all human life will be a part of with all human death as is now with Lisa who can contemplate us from the stars nevertheless there is time beforehand to focus on all things metaphysically eternal of all things nihilistically absolute while still in the time on earth Gregor wants to focus on what is real and not real in this human tormented world which we see on the news daily which seems to be a significant matter of determining the scale of influence in the global sense of events actual or fabricated to seem actual or otherwise rumoured to have occurred which can still take on an obsessive importance to be on a media global centre stage human tragedy human folly in the meanwhile to seek for historical resolution yet all predictably unsolvable to be no human solution instead to be waiting for a 'saving godot' whether on national or international levels with polarizing issues only leading to a furthering emotionally tearing apart of human beings or even in a literal sense dissuading any possibility of a final unity to overcome terror and displacement to have instead only further terror and further displacement in a small wood cabin studio Gregor shows me his latest etching which is of two upright rectangles side by side which both have within them images with double exposure photographic effects and so it is explained to me by Gregor that he has been experimenting with a tonal transfer method that allowed for photocopier toner to be transferred to zinc etching plates involving acetone which can simply be accessed with nail polish the toner on the etching plate would work as a block out when placed into a copper sulphate bath which I am told is much safer to use than nitric acid mixed with water with Gregor to add that although with copper a ferric chloride mixture was what had to be used as a substitute anyhow I listen politely as I am not so interested in the technical aspects of any of these etching processes which I see deeply intrigues Gregor and as he speaks I focus more intently on the image before me which with its two parts is about the size of an A4 paper sheet it is also explained that there is a preference to do etchings on a small scale due to the increasingly high expense of zinc and copper as well as the heavy labour involved in wiping off etching plates the excess ink to make them ready for printing and as it is etching inks especially the high quality French brand Charbonnel are also expensive so being able to use less ink for each print was also preferable and as it is Gregor mentions off the cuff how he finds it 'interesting' that those art critics who actually have no practical experience with art making seem too often to overlook many of the practicalities involved which influence the decision making of artists that can include the scale of an artwork, art materials which will be used art style even subject matter etcetera I remark that although I know little about art when it came to critics it was Ernest Hemingway who said something along the lines of the literary variety that they were of a ruthless type that would watch a battle from the safety of a high place and afterwards venture down to shoot to kill anyone who had survived yes Gregor agreed and said Hemingway's accurate observation could also be applied to many art ones as well and as he speaks I study the left panel of his new etching and I see a small crying Palestinian child being frantically pulled from the rubble of a bombed out building by both male civilians and uniformed rescue workers who are also taking note of the high human cost as there are also corpses around them while superimposed over this war scene of urban devastation is Picasso's Guernica the famous anti-war painting which depicts the German bombing of this Basque town during the Spanish Civil War which infamously led to many civilian deaths while on the neighbouring right panel is a wall beside an inner-city shopfront depicting the ripped up and torn down A4 size photos of Israeli hostages who were captured on 'October 7' when without warning Hamas from Gaza invaded Israel massacring over 1,200 people of which many were civilians such as those living in neighbouring kibbutzim as well as attendees at a peace music festival while superimposed over these maliciously

vandalised posters of these Israeli hostages is a Baroque era painterly depiction of the Slaughter of the Innocents by an artist I do not know but of whose subject matter I well understand for I can make out uniformed men with swords (of whom I assume are soldiers) attacking babes with anguished mothers looking on.

'…there were even gliding human vultures-

{IIII/Δ}

'...when it came to the machinery of war it could be definitely said that aerial weaponry had brought a new far reaching lethal dimension to human warfare once again one can firstly look back at Leonardo da Vinci as a precursor to the advantage of utilizing the sky in military strategy among his many inventions and concepts Leonardo saw the merit of aerial reconnaissance although he did not have the means to practically initiate such a venture although he did mindfully initiate various extraordinary flying machine designs which would prophetically prove to be the conceptual precursor to eventual human flight such as his 'aerial screw' a vertical lift off invention which aerodynamically suggested the helicopter and one may argue his observations of bird flying including their winged gliding methods had some influence on the Wrights brothers of whom it is said did look back at previous aeronautical research to finally develop a successful human-made aircraft design yet it could still be argued that for Leonardo to even have thought of pursuing a city map view from the air was a radical idea which he would achieve building on cartographic methods already known including those developed by Leon Battista Alberti who was influential in regards to Renaissance art theory with his further development of the linear perspective technique first employed by the architect Filippo Brunelleschi while also diligently using a surveying compass known as the bussola for painstaking work on building angles etc. In military terms such a commanding bird's eye view' as in Leonardo's time or 'satellite' view as in modern times of a city map would be particularly useful for a defender to better prepare for an attack while such a cartographic exercise of a fort city would certainly have been beneficial for the attacker as has been the case in modern warfare which has enabled air weaponry to be so effective which has certainly terrifyingly proven to be the nightmare aspect of humanity's long held aspirational dream to one day fly yet in military terms a dream turning into a nightmare that would distinctly take its first darkly shape with the WWI military observer and fighting planes over the trenches which could also fly down to strafe and bomb the puny beings below them with the first heavy bombers developed beforehand were the German zeppelins that actually had bombarded Great Britain to ominously for the first time bring the war well away from the military battle lines to the civilian home front even though it is not as if civilians were ever immune from the ravages of war, far from it as human history would show that many a military victory over an opponent would often involve besieging a city and waiting for its occupants to starve and then after its defeat have men executed or if 'fortunate' to be kept alive only to be enslaved along with the city's women and children and of the women many of them may have first been raped by the pillaging victors otherwise there may just be outright massacres with all civilians killed simply because they are being perceived as opposite in some way by their hostile captors who even unthinkingly at times seem to have simply killed for the pleasure of it…to have even babes split against walls and even ripped out of ripped up wombs to look specifically at Europe for relatively recent atrocities committed on civilians there is for instance in the Thirty Years War there was the infamous sack of Magdeburg in 1631 in which up to twenty five thousand people were slaughtered in a single day by a Catholic League army and it should be noted that the garrison of this Protestant city was no more than two and a half thousand it was a war that

was seen as akin as the Black Death with the devastation caused and which would eventually bring about the Treaty of Westphalia from which would germinate the modern sense of the nation state which in turn would mutate to the worse bloodlust tribal power aspects of nationalism leading me to direct Gregor to read George Orwell's essay Notes on Nationalism whereby an extremist loyalty to one's state can rise above any sense of morality to excuse any savagery committed for the good of the nation I then cast my mind to what Michael had told me of what had happened in the aftermath of World War One there flared a war between the Greeks and Turks which I have already come across that occurred in the years between 1919 and 1922 in the coastal region of Anatolia which historically had a Greek presence that can even be traced back to ancient times with the war reaching its climax at Smyrna on the Aegean coast where the Turkish finished pushing back a previous Greek inland advance and took this city now called Izum as it was on the retreat the Greeks scorched the land, burnt villages and many thousands of Turks were to die which all enraged the advancing Turks who when they reached Smyrna they in turn killed and even raped Greek civilians and ultimately there was a great fire that lasted for many days it is said led to the deaths of a hundred thousand people so violently wreaks the revenge cycle of massacres on civilians which one has seen played being out throughout human history between various tribal, religious and ethnic groups and which in this part of the world would tragically continue in places such as Cyprus and the Levant in the coming decades while it was Gregor who would distract me to talk of the Cossacks of the Khmelnytsky Uprising against the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth in the mid-1600s in territory mostly comprised in modern day Ukraine would include in nearly a decade of devastating conflict the estimated killing of a hundred thousand Jews which would include the slashing open pregnant women's wombs to kill off the foetuses and there would be more pogroms in the 1700s notably in 1768 there would be a massacre of three thousand Jews who had fortified themselves inside a synagogue in Uman all to be slaughtered by marauding peasant and Cossack rebels known as the Haidamacks whose leader modelled himself on the rebels of nearly a hundred years before and in besieged Uman the Haidamacks would in the end kill up to twenty thousand Jews and Poles and antisemitism a murderous racism prevalent throughout Christian Europe for so many centuries would continue unabated in the centuries to genocidally culminate in the Holocaust during World War Two but which would still even continue even after this generational mass atrocity for the surviving Jewish diaspora to still feel unsafe yet on both occasions and not to downplay some examples of the many countless mass barbarities carried out on innocents they knew had occurred in the varied lands of their ancestors I had the Hellene and the Slav to also consider of how even here in Australia from so many other continents bearing so much historical savagery for there to be the anecdotes of recent barbarities of an otherwise supposed benign English conquest which is historically untrue as to have indigenous babies buried in the ground to have only their heads exposed to be ripped off by the colonizing ancestors of Albion yes war has always atrociously affected whole populations not just the soldiers on the battle lines there can be no doubt and what also pervades from antiquity to this day is the human tribalism that inevitably keeps on pitting humanity against itself yet on the other hand many battles away from such urban areas or anywhere else with many civilians including even in the modern era would solely only involve opposing military forces with no or little risk to civilians who would be away from the battle zone thus civilians with no invading enemy in sight could feel relatively safe until the day when a war came within their vicinity although in the meanwhile civilians could still indirectly suffer due to severe economic pressures brought about by the war leading to food shortages, energy blackouts, rationing of essential goods, disease, starvation and so forth which could also be brought on by naval blockade as has so often historically happened but yet the direct savagery of war could still be averted with no enemy military still in sight however, when the domain

of war expanded beyond both land and sea to the air then all notion of a safe space has disappeared and not only regionally or nationally but also with the frightening development of the nuclear missile the whole globe has literally become a theatre of war with nuclear war the global population can be potentially besieged by an all-encompassing deathly radioactive cloud polluting the sky with no escape at all possible-

{V/E}

'…in regards to H.G. Wells I have only read War of the Worlds which has the Martians with their advanced weaponry seemingly invincible to be all powerful against the human race with its inferior nineteenth century war ordinance but yet in the end these aliens would be defeated by an invisible biological nemesis provided by Gaia herself which was the planet's microscopic bacteria of which the Martians had no bodily immunity it is said that the Martian invasion can be seen as a parallel with the coloniser invading a territory occupied by a supposedly 'indigenous' population which had no answer to the superior weapon technology of the invader as apparently the decimation of Tasmania's Aboriginal population by British colonists was one inspiration for writing about a ruthless alien invasion that the novel was perhaps an 'imperial satire' with the British who despite their empire which globally the sun never set on it found themselves in the vulnerable position of the 'natives' much like they had to conquer in so many foreign lands and which they would have to even employ guerrilla tactics to at least try to harry such a superior military alien force, at least the novel could at least illicit sympathy to see imperial colonisation from the indigenous point of view who despite their supposed technological inferiority their resourcefulness and bravery against much greater material odds could still be greatly appreciated yet it is the indigenous who have died and in genocidal proportions to diseases introduced by the coloniser who had also killed so many with the sword and gun rather than for the coloniser to suffer in any such plaguing way so if War of the Worlds was a critique on colonisation it was at least correct to point out how it is only military technique in regards to its potential to bring on wholesale human extermination that brutally differentiates between which peoples can be imperiously deemed 'superior' or 'inferior' and in H.G. Wells' time it is possible he would have also been acutely aware of how war inventions of the new industrial machine age such as the 'civilising' Gatling gun which further lethally multiplied the military advantage of colonial forces over any indigenous resistance which would be decimated-

{VI/Ф}

'…might is 'right'…

{VII/Г}

'…otherwise I had on television in my childhood only seen on films loosely based on the ideas in H.G. Wells novels such as the War of the Worlds starring Gene Barry which I have found out was made in 1953 and the Time Machine with Rod Taylor which was made in 1960 while only recently I have discovered that this renowned science fiction writer had written in the early 1900s a story about a global air war which was eerily prophetic as it mentioned opposing enemy airship armadas that could bomb whole cities which would lead to whole civilizational collapse which although science fiction in 1905 was a global threat that became a reality not so much in WWI but truly so in WWII with the carpet bombing of cities by high altitude bomber fleets which was then followed up with the wartime development of the atomic bomb to then be used twice on Japan to finally bring on by an apocalyptic action that came

from the air the war's end without the need for a seaborne invasion which may have involved a loss of life in the countless millions although it was still remarkable in the most frightening amoral way that hundreds of thousands of lives had anyway been lost by these two powerful epoch changing bombs a horrific result yet still as if to briefly 'verify' the same horrendous illogic as with the absurdist invention of the Gatling gun that with the immense severity of the high human cost that could be singularly incurred by such a super weapon then all-out war would now be seen as an unthinkable exercise as if to somehow for the scientific minds that had been rationally involved to make good the moral dilemma of having methodically brought into existence such a genocidal force that could just as easily be later co-opted by a pathological human irrationality as against any hostile bacterial pathology which may insidiously emerge from the earth's natural world to plague the human race whereby there can instead mysteriously lie unhindered within the various neuron membrane layers of the human brain with its pulsating effervescent communicative network of signalling synapses which arguably may even be in alignment with the electromagnetism of the earth but otherwise whose incandescent psychological messaging will thrivingly intercede with the nerve ending components of the human spinal cord to ultimately have a fateful widespread mental transmission throughout the human body that will stupendously bring about as if for one mad moment that the human mind itself had been implicitly impregnated by a harmful virulent virus hatefully leading to a total loss of instinctively survivalist self-control yet which will still paradoxically calmly bring on a suicidal human action as surreally epitomised with the casual synchronised turning of multiple nuclear keys insanely resulting in the wholesale mutual self-destruction of all human civilization thank goodness for men such as the Soviet officer Stanislav Petrov a lieutenant-colonel in 1983 who ignored system warnings of a U.S. nuclear missile attack intuitively deducing there was a mistake seeing it was only a few hot spots rather than hundreds which would have surely been the case for an all-out nuclear first strike and he was to be proven correct that what had been registered as heat flares from incoming missiles was actually a rarity of sunlight hitting high altitude clouds thus a nuclear war by mistake had been averted while during the U.S. naval blockade of Cuba in the October Days there was also the case of Soviet second-in-command Vasili Arkhipov on a submarine that had faced U.S. depth charges as an attempt to have it surface but only had a now highly emotional submarine commander want to let off a nuclear torpedo at the American naval ship believing hostilities had now begun the two superpowers yet Arkhipov refused to agree to let the attack proceed defying the supreme commander and a political officer who also had authority in the decision making process fortunately Arkhipov's veto was the correct choice for as yet there was no nuclear war and as it was his calm disposition in such a tensely hostile moment may have actually avoided one both Soviet officers have been claimed in saving the world from unnecessary nuclear destruction while to mention also how paradoxically during the Cold War due to the overwhelming realization that nuclear war would bring on mutual assured destruction or M.A.D whereby very little would survive and whereby there would certainly only be a pyrrhic victory for either side for both sides would have had their national entities reduced to nuclear ash there had despite a few near misses such as with the Cuban Missile Crisis been no such wholesale atomic conflagration although there had in its stead been many proxy wars between the United States and the Soviet Union which would also include genocidal massacres so anyway the general hope of ending all war would still remain unrequited and which would still be the case in the foreseeable future with the worse possibility now that a nuclear strike from a rogue actor could one day be feasible-

'...Gaia to have the last laugh…'

{VIIII/I}

'…I would have films based on H.G. Welles mixed up with films that were actually based on earlier Jules Vernes novels which would be about grandiose human adventures to achieve its mastery over both the cosmos and the planet such going on a rocket to the moon and journeying to the centre of the earth and it is no surprise for me to find out that they were in tandem seen as the fathers of science fiction writing and it is interesting for me to think that when it came to English language nineteenth century writers there was Oscar Wilde who wrote The Picture of Dorian Gray (which I have read) and the poems of William Blake (which I have read) who both had Irish blood in their veins (although I think Blake was only half-Irish) but anyhow from what I understand were labelled as 'British' by the English ruling elite when wanting to claim them as their own much like the Russians would claim a painter like Kazimir Malevich as their own who was actually born in Kiev or how some actors here are called Australian when they are actually from New Zealand anyhow that's how empires and 'big brothers' work when it comes to culture to claim what was not theirs as their own if it would improve their grandiose sense of stature to make them appear as more civilized than what they actually may be which makes me think how by going from dim memory there is that nightmare scene in Peter Greenway's The Draughtsman's Contract when in two aristocratic masked men in particular who speak so eloquently while at the same time with others burning out the eyes of the hapless draughtsman to then viciously beat him to death and then nonchalantly throw his broken body into water. It is an exquisite killing scene which shows for me how human barbarity can by rationalising sleight of human rhetoric be almost excused as if what had occurred was really only an illusion a trick of the eye like a good pictorial piece for how could a civilization with its fine veneer of urbane magnificence with its articulate linguistic presence and refined artistry truly ever be based on such 'perfect gentlemen' who have brutally carried out the worst acts of human violence on multitude innocents in both near and distant lands, to have actually achieved such worldly 'high standing' upon a bloody foundation of enslaved beings and massacred corpses…?

Human cruelty.

God help us.

There is Oliver Twist asking for more workhouse soup which is all I really know of Charles Dickens the writer of social ills along with an endless array of reruns at Christmas time of Mr Scrooge which in any case is a good moral story while my appreciation of say Jane Austen going no further than seeing a film version of Sense & Sensibility to have only gained some literary sense of that societal demon that is male patriarchy is to have read at school Thomas Hardy's Tess d'Urbervilles an ill-fated woman inescapably unfairly doomed to only have a tragic end much like Lisa-

{X/ K }

'...male patriarchy. The cylindrical bomb as a grotesque symbol of such masculine manufactured hierarchical power. Humanity as well as the earth forcefully impregnated by bomb blasts as if raped. (Inversely to have human beings sheltering underground as if in protective maternal wombs). Total war would come fully in the second great apocalypse of the twentieth century. (The first one was in hindsight just a dry run with this 'war to end all wars' that although had incredibly cost tens of millions of lives was really just tragically paving the way for a war that could show how it can become possible to end instead all humanity). It was finally seen how there was now the capability for war with it now fully

venturing into the spatial dimension of air for it now to be an inescapable bestiality no matter where one lived. It no longer mattered that one was far away from any frontline as those living in the so called home front of whom the majority were actually civilians who could now directly and actually far more impersonally also be war casualties (with survivors to be homeless, losing livelihoods etcetera and as well possibly becoming refugees).'

{XI/Λ}

'...in 1940 there would be the Battle of Britain which late in the year would lead to the London Blitz and the bombing of many other UK cities such as Coventry and Liverpool for several months going well into 1941 by the Luftwaffe's bombers which along with the dogfights between British and German fighter planes which were a major part of the Battle of Britain it would be that for a time the major theatre of this world war was no battleground but the sky over a civilian domain.'

{XII/M}

'...historians may note that war in modern times was not wholly reliant on the battle skills and military strategies of the opposing forces but also on the economic capacity of the nation those forces fought for to stay at war.'

Thus, anything that had to do with war productivity could be targeted so those who worked in war industries faced becoming casualties while there was the military rationalisation that it was war equipment, factories etc and not personnel that were directly targeted. However, when precision bombing of specific targets was realised by a disappointed War Cabinet to be very difficult or too costly in losses due to weather, technical limits, enemy defences it would as if by 'sleight of hand' implement an 'essential' shift to night time 'area bombing' whereby a whole city was for all practical purposes now deemed to be an 'economic facility' - rather than just various aspects of it which when the U.S.A entered the war its bomber fleet would fly by day to still mainly try out specific targeting - and what was euphemistically called 'dehousing' was included in this new bombing policy with the many blocks of houses of an enemy's workforce now also becoming valid military targets which also certainly would have further raised the moral risk for much higher civilian casualties to occur and a further rationalisation could take place whereby any increased human suffering could be 'analysed' as legitimate if it could help lead to breaking the war will of the enemy populous as well as lowering the fighting morale of the soldiers on the frontline who would learn even by direct experience of the enormous devastation that was happening on the home front and which they were impotent to halt and from the Allied point of view if a 'short term' heavy loss of enemy life could help shorten the war thus apparently saving many lives in the long term so be it and perhaps to even argue thus a consequential civilian loss of life was in fact even 'strategically favoured' as 'the right thing to do' if it did mean crippling the enemy's economic spine with any accompanying psychological paralysis to work together to to forcefully bring down a powerful foe who had already unequivocally proven to be unethically ruthless in its invasive pursuit of totalitarian control over the democratically inclined nations of Continental Europe the war priority to be that this so called 'master race' had to terribly experience the enormous harm it had callously inflicted thus far on 'lesser peoples'-

Hot sweat. "…for vengeance is mine and mine alone to *inflict* onto the unrighteousness who deserve no forgiveness but only wrath for the suffering that they have *inflicted* on all innocents! Let *ruthless infliction* instead reign upon *THEM*!" sternly stated Cat. A forlorn look. STILL! Everything jars! Amorality reigns!"

'...of course there was also to be Operation Barbarossa in the high summer of 1941 the Hitlerian invasion of Stalin's Soviet Union whose equivalent authoritarianism along with only two or so weeks after Nazi Germany's invasion of western Poland there was to also be Stalin's equally illegal unprovoked invasion of eastern Poland which that also included the Katyn Forest massacre of 4,500 Polish officers all of this war criminality to be 'pragmatically' overlooked by a seemingly ambivalent Great Britain (as well as later the United States which would set up a Lend-Lease program for the Soviet Union) in order to rely on this 'strange bedfellow ally' to first vanquish Nazism-

A/MORAL OBSERVATION ONE

Rightly or wrongly (as if one is sometimes not completely sure on determining what is the difference …) it was as if Cat was imitating what he harshly suspected to be the primal mindset of the War Cabinet and Bomber Command elite. His maddened mind runs wild. *'Let the ritual practices of Baal be victorious! Yes! Sacrifice to Baal all there can be not just the first born but all the born from the land of our enemy! In this land of Canaan they worship this warrior deity of storms so we will generously imitate him with the mother of all devastating whirlwinds! To make their land evermore so fertile! Yes! We are evidenced based as scientific as one can be for we know that every action forcefully demands a reaction and thus we are as clinically moral as possible as we saw what the Luftwaffe did in Warsaw and Rotterdam and with tis strafing of refugees and saw firsthand what happened in London and Coventry! We've been perfectly given on a platter drenched with blood of so many slaughtered innocents piled so high the excuse to return the killing in kind! Winston and Arthur elbow through elbow in a dance of the macabre loitering in a little circle over Cologne, Hamburg and Berlin slapping their hands and knees oh what a lovely war! Let's give it to 'em! We'll eat the crocodile not feed him! We'll watch him thrash from side to side! Asphyxiate him! Burn him alive!'* So it goes with Cat as he steps hard around his flat with the others on the RISK game night looking on mystified trying to make sense of his accusatory anarchic antics.

A/MORAL OBSERVATION TWO

However, clearly after Dresden there was some national invocation that the Allies had irrevocably ventured into a Nietzschean abyss whereby in fighting a monstrous regime one's own supposed pious national character also faced becoming fully monstrous thus the need to claw back out from the nightmare precipice of any such immoral abyss; to maybe not forgive thy nation's morally tarnished enemy but at least to fully redeem one's own national soul that was dangerously sliding towards mirroring the enemy's 'original sin'-

A/MORAL OBSERVATION THREE

'…it was even the case that the political class as epitomised by Churchill's original kept memo (it was meant to be destroyed but the order was ignored) which queried the 'terror bombing' that there now be a cynical distancing from a military strategy that was becoming ever more difficult to morally justify especially when even though it could not yet be predicted when the war would be over it was apparent it would be won and so there was no real point to add further tragedy on a guaranteed-to-be-humiliated enemy if as well moral ruination also befell the 'pure victor' who had fought the war firmly believing to have done so with the ethical advantage of having always stood on what was high moral ground studiously overlooking a foe deep within an immoral crevasse thus no accusation of unholiness at this late stage of this apocalyptic conflict should now be given the opportunity to provide some unwanted credence that the victor could in some ways be as equivalently immoral as a deservedly vanquished impure foe-

A/MORAL OBSERVATION FOUR

'…war is amoral and infamously 'a racket' but both opponents have to believe their cause is a moral one to justify the killing and this psychological suspension of a moral reality can never be philosophically queried if military victory is to be achieved-

A/MORAL OBSERVATION FIVE

'…to believe to be fighting a just war by being a valiant defender who has no real choice but to kill an unprovoked aggressor who it is believed wants to kill to dominate-

A/MORAL OBSERVATION SIX

'…in this first phase of WWII with Great Britain now all alone the War Cabinet felt it had no choice in its now 'just war' but to mount a bombing campaign against Nazi Germany as it would take many years to envisage the possibility of a cross-channel invasion to take a land campaign up to the Reich. A daunting prospect which before the eventual entry of the United States into the war would have seemed to be a Herculean if not impossible task to yet carry out. At least attacking the Reich from the air could be for Great Britain an act of resistance defiantly bringing the war to the Nazi leadership which at the time must have felt it was invincible which dismally would become increasingly so after further setbacks in the Mediterranean with the fall of Greece and Crete and with the then real prospect that Egypt and then British Mandate Palestine could yet also still fall to the Afrika Korps while the U-Boats in the Battle of the Atlantic also enormously had for now the upper hand. Certainly, to harm Nazi Germany itself as much as possible would not only be a retributive act for all the human suffering that the Reich had brought onto Europe thus far but in pro-active military strategic terms it could be the beginning of the way to carry out the first blows that may realistically have a damaging effect on a military giant that had already callously shown a tyrannical willingness to abusively fight below the belt…so the fightback too could be done so with no holds barred-

A/MORAL OBSERVATION SIX

'…for Britain's Bomber Command there was the hardcore belief that a strong enough air campaign could not only bring the tyrannical giant to its knees but could also powerfully knock it out to make it unnecessary to have a long hard fought land campaign which would also entail many battle casualties-

A/MORAL OBSERVATION SEVEN

'…yet as it would turn out Bomber Command would have over 55,500 killed from a fighting force of 125,00 men an incredibly high death rate of 44% while there would also be the injured (over 8,000) and those who became prisoners of war (nearly 10,000); no matter what one thought of the morality (or lack thereof) of this bombing campaign these were frightful casualty figures and it is argued that for a time in the first few months of 1944 it was far more dangerous to be an airman over Nazi Germany than a WWI soldier at the Somme yet for politically expedient reasons due to the raised controversy around the bombing of German cities especially after Dresden the service and high sacrifice of these men were not officially recognized with any medal after the war with a many decades wait to occur before some recognition belatedly came-

A/MORAL OBSERVATION EIGHT

'…to have once seen a documentary of the bombing campaign which at one point showed a boisterous post-war reunion which was probably in the 1970s of Luftwaffe fighter pilots who had fought against the Allied bombers and with the interesting claim made that they belonged to the only fighting unit which could escape the war guilt that coloured all other WWII German fighting forces as they were exclusively involved in attempting to mostly save the lives of German civilians who would be killed in their tens of thousands by Allied bombing raids…(much like what could also be said about the 'too few' RAF pilots who bravely fought in the Battle of Britain-

Cat's effervescent lateral mind predictably diverges.

{i/α}

'...there is an Allied offensive at the beginning of the Second World War which seems to have become a footnote to its history which involved a relatively brief French penetration into western Nazi Germany when a large portion of the Wehrmacht was still committed in the east having invaded Poland.

ANTI-DAVID & ANTI-GOLIATH MIND DIRECTIVES

I. Firstly, it should be mentioned that Germany's generals were appalled that the invasion of Poland would mean leaving the border with France practically defenceless with only a small number of divisions stationed there and practically no tanks but Adolf Hitler was of the opinion that if the Allies did declare war they would not mount a full scale invasion of Germany due to French military thinking having been so invested in the defensive merits of the Maginot Line. To go from outright defence to outright offense would not be possible. It can be seen that the invasion of Poland was a foolhardy risk that paid off for Hitler and his willingness to go against any conventional strategic point of view would only bolster his view of himself as a grand strategist which in turn diminished his view of his generals (which if one looks ahead would eventually work against the regime during the course of the war when and especially in the East crucial strategic decisions would turn out to be war losing mistakes having Hitlerian hubris override sound military logic (otherwise Nazi Germany may have still had a good chance to win the war); while already shifting the attacking focus directly away from the R.A.F. battle capacity to the cities decided by Hitler after Bomber Command's futile attack on Berlin was to prove counterproductive for Nazi Germany who would miss the opportunity to gain full control of the skies and as it also turned out the 40,000 civilian deaths that resulted from the Blitz handed Bomber Command the moral excuse when finally fully capable in later years to wage its own massive campaign of terror bombing on German cities).

II. Secondly, a look into an example of the retrograde sunk cost bias theory: when war did breakout between the Allies and Nazi Germany the appeasement instinct had really not yet been fully extinguished. Notably, now that war had been declared the Allies missed a strategic opportunity to take full military advantage of the *Wehrmacht* being in Poland by which a major Allied victory on German soil itself could have decisively offset Nazi Germany's initial success to fulfil its *lebensraum* and eugenic ambitions in the East. It does not seem to be common knowledge that a limited invasion of Germany actually occurred for a couple of weeks in early September in what is known as the Saar Offensive which had the original aim of taking some military pressure off Poland. According to one reading of the events of this very early period it was the case that apparently such a military exercise was only initiated as a 'political maneuver' to minimally satisfy the treaty demands of the alliance that England and France had entered into with Poland. Although war had been declared there was no national desire to risk heightening hostilities with Germany so as to escalate to the devastating magnitude of the Great War. With so much effort spent on the Maginot Line an ingrained defensive posture that had ensued in the past ten years stymied France from thinking totally 'anew' so as to immediately take up the offensive opportunity openly presented to them which *if* fully committed (and that is a big 'if' as would've also meant being willing to possibly take higher casualties etc) could have had France capture the industrial Ruhr thus prohibiting Germany's capability to produce the arms needed to mount a successful offensive war (despite Germany's brilliant use of its 'lightning' battle tactics known as *blitzkrieg*). Confidence versus caution are perhaps the two oscillating aspects of the human condition when instilled within any military philosophy can lead either to victory or defeat when correctly (or incorrectly) applied. For the French to have suffered from 'sunk cost bias' whereby they suffered from a strategic paralysis

that revolved around not being willing to admit that it had been false economy to so costly sink all their effort into a defensive military barrier when it would have also been beneficial to develop an effective offensive strategy which if it had existed could have been put to good effect in 1939. Instead a WWI static mindset was at play to fight what would be a new war of fast maneuver. A strong German counter-offensive by troops returning from Poland would have probably ousted the French and any accompanying British troops from Germany but any ultimate German victory in western Europe may have then not only been delayed but may have been seriously hindered from occurring at all. Thus in one alternative historical scenario (for many can be envisaged) Hitler's 'stroke of genius' invasion of Poland may instead have been perceived as an unmitigated disaster that would have possibly led also to his downfall from power – and six years of needless human catastrophe and the deaths of tens of millions human beings also to be thankfully avoided (although Stalin would have also secured the Baltics and the eastern half of Poland which was invaded by him on September 17. 1939. An invasion apparently slightly delayed as Stalin wondered if there would be a major thrust by the Allies in the West yet proceeded when he saw what would turn out ineffectually to be feint which gave him more confidence to act. To have after the war German generals such as Alfred Jodl at the Nuremberg Trials and Siegfried Westphal remark the Allies had missed a real military opportunity to quickly turn the war to their favour whereby there could have at the time been a probable German collapse in the West with 110 combined Allied divisions against only 23 German ones). As it was the Maginot Line was a 'false dawn' for the French anyway as the *Wehrmacht* would avoid it altogether by invading France by going through the Ardennes Forest which had been mistakenly thought to be impenetrable. (An ill-fated assumption that would even be challenged by the French themselves when during war games in 1938 it would show up that it would take only a few days rather than a few weeks for enemy armor to go through the Ardennes Forest. However, such a military discovery would not have the French seriously entertain the forethought of an enemy main thrust through the Ardennes instead to still wholly put their faith in a major German offensive going through Belgium as the Maginot Line was designed to force the Germans to do and which could be more easily defended against by a major build up troops which instead would be made redundant by an enemy that as exemplified in the Battle of Sedan would both outflank and entrap them and race across France to reach the English Channel. Thus what has remained to be only historically evident is a limited military imagination based on wishful thinking on the part of the French that wanted the Germans to behave as they predictably expected them to do rather than realistically perceive and prepare accordingly the possible option that the enemy would come up with a lateral alternative way to successfully attack them. There would not be the heroics of a successful Allied defense but rather of the British troops escaping from France to England at Dunkirk. In the First World War the Germans would lose after spending four years in France while at the near beginning of the second one the Germans would be victorious in the Battle of France after only six weeks. Thus what is perceived as cold hearted, calculating *realpolitik* can have a highly charged emotional aspect to it that can actually 'blind' one's mental state from obtaining a full clear vision in regards to a long-term policy or immediate crisis which can thus lead to a wrong, ill-fated decision that works against what one was hoping to achieve and even worse – in a military situation - to give your opponent the advantage. (As Napoleon once quipped – do not interfere with your enemy when they are making a mistake).

III. Thirdly as an aside to think how the French army with British political support should have forcefully resisted in 1936 the remilitarization of the Rhineland by Nazi Germany as the relatively small military force involved could have been easily pushed back by a superior French force (accompanied with a British auxiliary if need be) which would have been a humiliation for the Germans and to have even possibly led to the downfall of the regime which was still embedding its full control over German society. (After all, the small German force that marched in was ordered not to resist if faced by advancing French troops). However, although this audacious German action was deliberately breaking clear conditions of the Versailles Treaty there was no real appetite for the already defensive minded still war weary Allies to initiate what would have possibly been a costly

military confrontation with Germany with the general mood also being that the Versailles Treaty had been too unfair on the Germans. However, emboldened by the success of this risky venture which helped Germany as a former European power to regain lost status and which showed up that for now anyway that the Allies did not really have the political will to effectively resist it would be that Hitler would then proceed to carry out his other territorial demands such as with the Sudetenland and *Anschluss* with Austria which would all eventually lead to the invasion of Poland. There is a good chance the Second World War could have been avoided if the process of appeasement had not begun with the Ruhr in 1936 and in hindsight if there had been a major military clash between the Allies and the *Wehrmacht* it would have been a small price to pay when one thinks of the second great war that was to terribly come with its horrendously high loss of human life not just on the battlefield but also on home fronts and death camps to malignly plunge the modernist human soul into a deeper immoral abyss.

(To mindfully return)

IV. Soon after the Battle of Britain the British officer Hugh Dowding who had guided the RAF to success would be ousted from his command in what may argued be viewed as him unfairly becoming a victim of
a colluding variant of the sunk cost bias theory on two opposing internal fronts from other British officers. Universally speaking to go beyond the realm of military thinking it was a matter of flowing thought patterns dealing with stilted ones: to have what was subtle and symphonic against what was brutal and monolithic. (Dowding's Fabian Fighter Strategy vs (i) Bomber Strategic Bombing (ii) Big Wing Fighter Strategy). Dowding had employed innovative tactics whereby small groups of fighters could immediately disrupt German air missions while at the same time not commit his whole force to always conserve his own losses to the increasing frustration of the *Luftwaffe* which falsely believed its enemy was imminently on the cusp of a full collapse that never came and for the Luftwaffe to eventually be ambushed on September 15 when Fighter Command came out in greater force to deal with a large enemy air armada that was to suffer heavy losses for this surprised chagrined foe - which thought it would be enticing what was supposedly little left of the RAF's fighters to desperately fend off a large attacking bombing force - to only have to decisively put to rest the possibility of ever soon gaining full command of the skies over southern England as well as the channel inevitably leading to the 'postponement' only a few days later of Operation Sea Lion.

V. Hugh Dowding had masterfully employed what would be seen as a sublime Fabian approach to deal with a formidable enemy which up to then had been overwhelmingly victorious in western Poland (for the Soviets as secretly pre-arranged with Hitler would occupy the eastern half), the Low Countries, Norway and France. The Fabian Strategy references the Roman leader Quintus Fabius Maximus who avoided pitched battles against Hannibal preferring to wear down his genius enemy through small scale harassment, scorched earth and severing supply lines to take advantage of being on one's known territory to outwit a strong foreign invader who yet will hopefully become increasingly estranged and isolated in a landscape that he is yet able to fully control; such a long term stealth approach was taken up after Rome had lost two battles and it would succeed after fifteen years having logistically weakened Hannibal who also could not secure allies or lash out a final blow on the Romans so as to eventually lose out on the peninsular. However, there had in between been an interim period when Rome was impatient with Fabian's attrition tactics to have a return to traditional fighting which would have Hannibal secure a brilliant victory at the Battle of Cannae. Innovation versus tradition. The Romans after a traditional huge loss returned to innovation while the British after an innovative huge win returned to tradition.

VI. To Churchill's personal chagrin Dowding's strategic foresight to make sure Fighter Command was sufficiently robust enough to deal with a large enemy airforce had involved during the Battle of France finally convincing the War Cabinet to not commit to the French request for more valuable

fighter aircraft be sent over to only be lost in what was increasingly apparent was a lost cause. Although Dowding's stance would prove to be the correct one Churchill's disappointment was such that when it came apparent that Fighter Command's relative inability to deal with finding and shooting down Luftwaffe night bombers in the pitch black darkness over England during the Blitz which mainly occurred after day air space had been secured it was opportune for Dowding's adversaries within the RAF to have him ousted and his loyal new Zealander subordinate Parks sidelined to supposedly allow for strategic 'new thinking' to take over even though processes were being sought out to improve the RAF's radar capability to thus better find the Heinkel bombers which were for a time bombing London with impunity and as well to have twin engine two seater planes such as the Defiant and Blenheim (which with two men could also better spread the task load to find with onboard radar and greater firepower to attack keenly sought out German bombers; thus effectively taking over from daytime single seat fighters like the Hurricane and Spitfire that ineffectually could not really sight the enemy at night) yet which in any case Churchill who although he proudly had publicly lauded the 'few' of Fighter Command to astonishingly achieve an impossible victory for 'the many' against an until then seemingly all powerful *Luftwaffe* would still acquiesce to the removal of Dowding the hero of the Battle of Britain.

VII. Ironically while Dowding never really sought after any decisive singular battle over the skies of southern England as if ideally to have Fighter Command overwhelm a large swathe of the *Luftwaffe* like Heaven's Angels downing the Rebel Ones as if to cast a 'Lucifer Goering' into Hades the opportunistic September 15 fight would metaphorically prove to be an 'aerial Cannae defeat' turning point for the *Luftwaffe* as afterwards there was an admission of defeatist frustration that the RAF was still very much an effective fighting force by which not only was Operation Sea Lion called off but bombing raids would switch to night assaults to avoid the too difficult to replace heavy losses of daytime raids in order to still try bring Great Britain to heel and if not to at least make the British suffer for their defiance.

VIII. Bomber Harris was convinced that the bombing campaign of his enemy had failed because the *Luftwaffe* was set up in a way that it did not necessarily fight as an independent force but rather as a support auxiliary to the already two established arms of the military the army and navy In Great Britain during the interwar years the army and navy saw the air arm as a junior partner and were even of the opinion to have aircraft as adjuncts to their own services while it was Air Chief Hugh Trenchard who worked at keeping the airforce an independent military arm which for awhile would find itself in colonies playing out for the British Empire a cost-effective policing role. Significantly, it was Trenchard after the WWI Zeppelin attacks on London who would formulate strategic bombing as a forthright response to be a core reason as to why the airforce had to be a stand-alone force. Unlike the navy and army which could even be vulnerably struck at by an enemy airforce one's own airforce could strike back not only at any opposing enemy sea or land force but also in 'pro-active defence' of the nation with development of bombers one could go one step further by going deep into the enemy's territory to strike at his industrial capacity to stymy his ability to fight as well as there be a negative psychological effect on the enemy's home front morale which could also debilitate his offensive war effort.

VIIII. Fighter Command had seemingly single-handily shown that a strategic bombing campaign was not viable but it was believed by the seemingly acrimonious single-minded proponents of strategic bombing that the *Luftwaffe* had simply not done a 'proper job of it' and Bomber Command with the 'proper equipment' would show how it should be 'really done' to destructively bring a country to its knees to win not just a battle but a war.

X. While a meticulous imaginative Dowding was both methodical in his approach and far sighted in his preparation to aerially and technologically well defend the British isles it does seem that his overbearing opponent really had no equivalent well thought out overall offensive plan to really

uniformly countenance this single minded Briton with the *Luftwaffe* having to literally 'wing it' to act strategically as a wholly separate fighting force with no experience on how on its own to overcome an opposing air force as the *Luftwaffe* was mainly set up to work in a supporting offensive role as it had so effectively done in the Polish and Western campaigns with *blitzkrieg* that simultaneously involved an orchestra-like combination of air, infantry, artillery and armour battle tactics to dramatically achieve quick all-encompassing victories thus to only be generally speaking it has been critically claimed that it was in an ad hoc way that it attacked as an independent military component first attacking channel shipping then the airfields and then the cities lashing out one way then another way while with uncritical incorrect intelligence and faulty assumptions (which apparently included not fully understanding the overall importance of the 'Dowding system' as amazingly even though it was pessimistically - perhaps even incorrectly - believed by Goering that the radar towers could not be permanently knocked out there was still no persistent attacking of these innovative communication masts so essential for the good working of the British air radar defence that played such a vital warning role for the RAF to co-ordinate its counter-attacks) to always be wrongly believing that the RAF was soon to collapse anyway. (It is as if a stoic Dowding knew that all he had to do was calmly stay his hand to overcome the erratic swaying fist swings of his incompetent overconfident foe).

XI. In the Battle of Britain the defending fighters were organised into four main groups covering different geographical areas and between 11 Group leader Air Vice Marshal Keith Park a highly competent Dowding disciple who had the responsibility of south-east England and 12 Group leader Air Chief Marshal Trafford Leigh-Mallory there would be a clash between two different ways to engage the enemy whereby park complained how Leigh-Mallory was not providing sufficient protection of the south east airfields which was part of 12 Group's overlapping remit and as it is Leigh-Mallory and his squadron leader Douglas Bader (known for amputations on both legs after an inter-war air crash brought about by a criticized predilection of flying low a polarizing figure who although was brave was seen as an arrogant self-absorbed man) had a preference for what was called the Big Wing tactic whereby several squadrons would fly up together in a large formation to engage the enemy. However, it often took too long for these fighter formations to form into a 'big wing' while in the meanwhile the enemy had carried out the bombing mission and the main purpose of intercepting the enemy was to stop his mission from being carried out which 11 Group was achieving with its Fabian approach and wanting 12 Group to reinforce its small squadron tactics. Apparently, the achievements of the Big Wing tactic when it came into play were at times exaggerated although a larger force would have been intimidating for the *Luftwaffe's* ME 109 fighters to deal with (although perhaps as well if able to first gain the upper hand also finally relish the opportunity to have a big dogfight with these otherwise 'hard to catch' defenders) and due to internal RAF politicking the illusion of its grandiosity would also play its disgraceful role in the diminution of both Dowding and Parker who would rather take note of *Luftwaffe* ace such as Adolf Galland who found it frustrating that Parker's 'small target' strategy made it difficult to sight groups of British fighters before it was too close to a bomber fleet while a much larger formation would as it could be imagined would obviously be much easier to see from a distance well before it was too late to best protect the slower Heinkels. The British nation can be grateful that the main decisive phase of its lone battle was won when Dowding and Parker were insidiously taken out of their key roles to let the 'cowboys' then have their way which after the Blitz was mainly over by May, 1941 (with the *Luftwaffe* mainly going back to prepare for its more familiar supporting role which would now be to align with the army in its upcoming high summer offensive against the Soviet Union) RAF Fighter Command would hubristically mirror back over the channel the previous *Luftwaffe* 1940 offensive on Great Britain including also its failure. In what became known as the 'circus' going out on 'rodeos' Leigh-Mallory who had taken over from Park and Bader were apparently in line with William Sholto Douglas who was the new commander to replace Dowding and being aggressive minded sought to take the war back to the Germans with the main aim to mount over mainly over northern France big enough medium bomber missions accompanied by many fighters

that would entice a Luftwaffe response with its fighters which the RAF could then shoot down. As it was the limited bombing campaign was mainly ineffectual with Fighter Command's own losses not justifying whatever lesser harm it was doing on the enemy. Experienced pilots were also being lost being killed or captured including Douglas Bader who would become a prisoner of war and even the excuse that some *Luftwaffe* planes were being drawn away from the Eastern campaign did not seem to be a good enough justification with these sorties seemingly revealing more the alpha male mindset that now dominated the RAF's higher echelons and while the Germans apparently saw their enemy's circus campaign as nonsensical yet unfortunately for them when their seemingly irrational foe was technically capable a great lasso was to come their way to metaphorically wring their necks whereby if it be unforgivably argued by some of the harshest critics that a moral blind fury of revenge was what may have truly motivated leading officers like Leigh-Mallory of Fighter Command and Arthur Harris of Bomber Command under the auspices of a War Cabinet led by Winston Churchill it was to be devastatingly magnified with the soon to be large scale bombing of many German cities with up to thousand plane raids with twenty thousand citizens of Cologne to be the first to be slayed in May 1942.

XII. What was an absurd overture above enemy territory on the other side of the channel would in a different European theatre of the war have a logical reset with General James Doolittle who led the 15th Air Force in Italy would have the escort fighters of bomber groups to deliberately fly ahead to hunt down waiting enemy fighters which proved to be an effective tactic as well as to stay pro-actively on the offence also allow them to have a freehand in attacking enemy targets on the ground including railways and factories overlooked by a bomber force.

XIII. Military expediency over moral liability it seemed that Leigh-Mallory who would eventually take over from Douglas was assigned the role of preparing the ground for the upcoming Normandy invasion which involved the bombing of railway links etc in rural areas with villages and townships whereby there would inadvertently occur high French civilian casualties Leigh-Mallory still thought it important to put such concerns over such fatalities to one side to help ensure the success of the invasion which perhaps from a cynical point of view was not so much about the liberation of France which could be caustically seen as a military by-product along the way to defeat Nazi Germany. It is said that up to 20,000 French civilians lost their lives in relation to the Normandy campaign which apparently was only officially acknowledged in D-Day commemorations after many decades in the first quarter of the twenty-first century. As for Leigh-Mallory a cruel twist of fate would befall him as he would not see the end of the war to die in an airplane crash in the French Alps in August, 1944 on the way to take command in South-East Asia and which was caused by bad weather yet which it is said he overruled the pilots' fears so the flight went on and after his untimely death ironically it would be the previously ousted Park that would replace him-

To. Be. Blinded! Morally! Physically! Leading. Always. To. Destruction!'

"Human arrogance is a curse!" observed the inner-city prophet. '*Oh, these damning thoughts-*

The. Human. Condition. Spirals. Downwards.

Tears. "So *too* is human revenge!" *'All is awry-*

An. Eye. For. An. Eye. A. Tooth. For. A. Tooth. Which. Is. A. Well. Known. Yet. Presently. Misunderstood. Principle. That. Originally. Goes. All. The. Way. Back. To. The. Code. Of. Hammurabi. Although. To. Mainly. Become. Known. Through. Old. Testament. Application. &. Which. Was. Intended. To. Limit. The. Level. Of. Retribution. On. An. Offender. So. If. An. Eye. Had. Been. Injured. Equivalently. No. More. Than. An. Eye. Be. Injured. Or. Rather. For. There.

To. be. Monetary. Compensation. Due. To. The. Injury. Caused. In. Return. To. Rather. Than. Maliciously. Have. The. Whole. Body. Be. Decimated. Whether. Judicially. Or. Literally. Thus. Proportionality. Being. Brought. To. Justice. Which. Has. Become. Lost. With. A. Wrathful. Vindictiveness. Replacing. Measured. Discernment. In. Regards. To. Punishment. For. Rather. Blind. Injustice. To. Have. An. Excuse. To. Take. Hold. It. Is. Unholy. To. Have. This. Principle. Of. Proportionality. Distorted. To. Allow. For. Total. Revenge. Total. War. Attack. London. Attack. Berlin. In. Return. Attack. Coventry. Attack. Cologne. Only. Leading. In. Escalation. To. A. Cycle. Of. Violence. That. Can. Be. Without. End. Until. There. Is. A. Complete. Annihilation. Of. One. Person. Or. Of. A. Civilisation. Death. Without. Measure. To. Have. No. Limit. Except. Due. To. Technical. Capability. To. Kill. As. Much. As. Possible. Beyond. Anything. To. Account. What. Was. An. Original Grievance. To. In. The. End. Bring. A. Moral. Grievance. To. One's. Self. A. Self. Injury. To. One's. Own. Soul. To. Die. Within. While. Still. Bringing. On. An Immense. Dying. Of. Your. Enemy. In. The. Multitudes. To. Indiscriminately. Punish. As. Well. The. Innocent. Indiscriminately. To. Only. Invoke. Hosea. 8. To. Have. Paraphrasing. Accusatory. Talk. Of. One's Enemy. To. Reap. A. Whirlwind. Of. Desolation. After. Sowing. A. Wind. Of. Destruction. Yet. While. Those. Who. Had. Sowed. From. The. Sky. Seeds. Of. Death. Onto. The. Ground. Were. Deserving. Of. Judgement. Yet. The. Empty. Wind. The. Wreaking. Whirlwind. Which. Hosea. Spoke. About. Was. An. Admonition. Not. Against. Thy. Enemies. Of. Yahweh. But. A. Warning. Against. His. Own. People. Who. As. God's. Chosen. Were, Disloyal. In. Particular. The. Northern. Kingdom. Of. Israel. Named. Ephraim. Unfaithful. Idolatrous. Unequal. In. Society. To. Be. Involved. In. False. Worship. Akin. To. Putting. One's. Hope. In. Terms. Of. Human. Illusion. What. Had. Worth. Yet. In. Divine. Reality. Was. Worthless. To. Be. Left. To. Reap. Only. Death. Everlasting. Without. Redemption. An. Ultimate. Nihilism. Beyond. The. Cycle. Of. Growth. That. Is. Living. Which. Can. Regenerate. Life. Instead. We. To. Choose. To. Sow. Nothing. To. Reap. Nothingness.

"What absurd thinking! We chase after the *nothing* that is really our moral emptiness to attempt to catch and embrace it planting our hope in what is not there believing in consuming *nothing* we will grow, survive, thrive! Instead we die! No fulfilment! Yes, only to be void! Moral delusion!"

While. Worse. Still. To. Hollowly. Claim. To. Righteously. Be. Doing. All. That. Is. Disloyal. To. God. All. That. Is. Insulting. Painful. Hurtful. To. Yahweh. Yes. All. That. Is. Nihilistic. To. The. Lord. To. Blindly. Do. What. Is. Apocalyptically. Blasphemous. In. The. Name. Of. The. Lord. Woe. To. Anyone. Who. Disobeys. God. While. Claiming. To. Be. Doing. Thy. Will. It. Was. By. Such. A. Blasphemy. That. Thy. Son. Was. Unrighteously. Crucified. A. Damning. Crossover. To. Imperiously. Seed. Hard. Steel. Shells. Onto. Molten. Asphalt. Yes. To. Gather. No. Harvest. Only. Burnt. Ground. Burning. Bodies. Hades. An. Inferno. Of. Our. Own. Making. The. Fall-

"Do not play God! Do not in such unholy instance pretend to even be a follower of God! We are *nothing*."

War. Cabinet. Pharisees. Bomber. Command. Pharisees. To. Justify. To. Be. Cleanly. Holding. Onto. The. Moral. High. Ground. When. In. Fact. What. Will. Be. Done. In. Practice. Is. To. Discredit. God's. Edict. Of. Proportionate. Retribution.

"To rightly fight the godless do not become unrighteous!"

It. Is. Right. To. Bring. Catastrophe. On. A. Pitiless. Foe. Unceasingly. Committing. Evil. Acts. Yet. Let. Us. With. Proper. Motivation. Not. Corrupt. Ourselves. Not. To. Be. Anti-Christs. Where. Is.

Love? To. Overcome. Evil. Let. There. At. Last. Be. Humane. Restoration. No. Immoral. Antithetical. Reign-

"My mind is chaos!"

The. Battle. Of. Chancellorsville. April. 30. To. May. 6. 1863. Robert. E. Lee. Decisively. Won. Against. An. Indecisive. Union. Army. A. Little. Over. Twice. The. Size. Of. His. 60,000. Against. 133,000. By. Taking. A. Somewhat. Familiar. Yet. Still. Audacious. Risk. With. The. Involvement. Of. Perfect. Timing. Of. Splitting. Up. His. Forces. & Which. In. This. Encounter. Included. The. Tactic. Of. An. Outflanking. Movement. Led. By. Stonewall. Jackson. Who. Unfortunately. For. Would. Cost. Him. His. Life. Several. Days. Later. After. The. Victory. With. His. Right. Arm. Having. Been. Hit. By. Friendly. Fire. To. Be. Amputated. To. Die. From. Pneumonia. A. Sorrowful. Lee. Felt. It. Was. If. He. Had. Lost. His. Own. Arm. Yet. Lo. It. Would. Have. Been. Better. To. Lose. One's. Arm. Than. Have. A. Victory. That. Only. Could. Only. Further. Diminish. A. Nation's. Soul. If. The. Continuance. Of. Slavery. Was. To. Result. Yet. Ultimately. Lee's. Confederacy. Would. Lose. The. War. &. He. Would. Surrender. To. Ulysses. Grant. Fully. Bodied. Yet. The. Spirit. Of. The. Confederacy. Would. Still. Linger. In. Various. Mutations. In. The. Decades. To. Come. For. Instance. With. The. Jim. Crow. Laws. Segregation. Rampant. Lynching. Inequality. Would. Dishonourably. Prevail. For. The. Afro. American. The. Rise. Of. Civil. Liberties. For. The. Descendants. Of. The. Nation's. Slaves. Would. Have. To. Rely. On. Another. Master. Strategist. A. man. Of. Non. Violence. Yet. Would. Use. The. Violence. Of. His. Enemies. To. His. Good. Cause. It. Is. Said. Martin. Luther. King. In. His. Deliberations. Would. Have. His. People. Go. To. Counties. In. The. American. Deep. South. Where. There. Would. Be. The. Greatest. Resistance. To. His. Holy. Venture. Of. Leading. His. People. To. The. Promised. Land. Of. Equal. Civil. Liberties. To. Selma. To. Birmingham. To. Montgomery. To Danville. All. To. Highlight. The. Deep. Racial. Divide. That. Still. Existed. Undermining. The. Myth. Of. The. United. States. Being. An. All. Encompassing. Democracy. To. Bring. The. Nation. To. It's. Moral. Senses. Through. Moral. Force-

{XIII/N}

'...to go to and fro...now, in regards to Dowding's Fabian strategy which can be associated with asymmetric fighting...yet to go a little way back in modern history another perhaps clearer more contrasting example is it could be argued that in the American Civil War the greater industrial strength of the North would always be a distinct advantage over the South which had an agricultural base that would not be viable enough to sustain a war economy especially when the North also had imposed a naval blockade. I recall reading that Robert E. Lee knew that the best way chance the South had of winning the war was to wear the North down psychologically with as many casualties as possible so that the will to keep fighting would ebb away so much so that inflicting heavy human loss on the Union rather than an actual Confederate battle victory perhaps mattered to him more; (it is said the North Vietnamese won the war over the United States knowing it could never match the United States in terms of military technology but instead despite a massive loss of life could still sustain an iron will to keep fighting that simply outlasted the war will of a greater military force when it thought its own political, material and human costs for little real gain was becoming to high). However, the Union would still be victorious and although it was not really a new development of war that economic factors could play a role in determining a victor the Industrial Revolution with its unprecedented astronomical development in the upscale manufacture of the machinery of war which would also include as well an upscale in the technology of that war machinery including also of its rapid transportation did really mean that in conventional wars between modern states each nation's industrial strength and technological capacity really did matter as much as overall military strategy; the supreme example would have to be

the technological development of the atomic bomb which was able to bring about a swift end to the Pacific War which otherwise would have involved a U.S. invasion of Japan yet like Robert E. Lee (who lost out) and like the North Vietnamese (who won) one could see how a severely depleted Japan would have still hoped with a similar attrition military strategy to at least make an industrially superior enemy pay such a heavy human price that it could negotiate an eventual surrender with honour rather than the humiliation of unconditional surrender and occupation yet a new super weapon brought into calculation the real prospect of the possible total annihilation of its core national existence which - despite a hard core militarist faction that insanely wanted the war to go on - Japan's Emperor was not personally willing to risk having happen. Sanity prevailed. As for guerrilla war it is remarkable that an opponent with less material capability can still win whereby if it is not able to gain a military advantage it can still gain a psychological and political one often working on the fact that those who they fight against may not be as committed to fight against the cause as they are committed to fight for; such a cause maybe for national liberation against a foreign occupier or if a civil war or revolution if could be an old fashioned struggle involving oppressed versus oppressor along say ideological, theocratic or racial lines yet in 1940 the psychological and political struggle in military terms between a nominally superior force and supposedly inferior one was that of an isolated island nation having to tenuously hold its nerve against a supremely strong foreign power now trying to forcefully break it and feeling very confident it could so with the real threat of invasion having already caused this island's expeditionary army to evacuate the neighbouring continent of which its own supremely victorious army had just so easily masterfully conquered most of its western half. A guerrilla army usually can creatively sustain its capability to hold out to a superior military force because it can make best use of geographical features such as mountain or jungle terrain it can successfully hide in or escape to after making 'hit and run' strikes. England in 1940 after its hit and run venture in France had as its geographical advantage the English Channel which now in military terms functioned as a castle moat and the only reason the Wehrmacht hesitated to chase after what was presently for it still easy prey was the threat that any seaborne force it sent across this nuisance moat may befall disaster by being attacked from the air. Humanity which had for so many aeons fancifully hoped to fly like a bird to eventually successfully achieve the ability to do so at the beginning of the twentieth century would ironically find only a mere four decades into this century the sky becoming the predominant space of battle over both land and water by which human history was to have a major directional change in its global course.

{XIIII/Ξ}

'…an accidental intersection between geography and technology would have in human history the first pivotal moment of a war whereby its outcome would be based on what happened between opposing combatants solely fighting in the sky-

{XV/O}

'…yes with modern air warfare involving planes, missiles, drones nowhere or anyone is safe on the planet. Yet at least if one is outside a war zone it is somewhat expected that no air attack will come; if in a warzone it is expected that if the so called 'rules of war' are followed one is also safe, especially if one is a non-combatant, has an occupation of no military value and works or resides in or near a place or area that is also of no military significance; although there is the caveat that mistakes in targeting can happen which can still cost lives; so when the bomb sirens blare one still goes to the bomb shelter…when civilians are killed in residential areas or at a neutral space such as a school or hospital then depending on how

one chooses to view such a lethal event it may be determined to be either (a) a tragic miscalculation due to technical failure or human error ,or (b) it actually is demoralizingly a deliberate calculated war crime. A polarizing, propagandized media environment which can also be psychologically suffused with unconscious bias and as well with further partisan disinformation and 'false flag' accusations can come into dire effect to overall hide or distort reality to such a mutative extent that the truth of the matter is not immediately known and may never be known for days, weeks or even ever depending on the investigative discovery and accessibility to evidence that can be utilized to provide a definitive, objective answer as to whether it was (a) or (b) and which also in turn both politically and philosophically can bring many other diverse moral queries into historical play-

{XVI/Π}

'...it is interesting to learn that Hitler and his ludicrous air marshal Goering had wanted to avoid bombing civilian areas not on any moral grounds of course but because they wanted to avoid any escalation which would have not benefitted the immediate aim to be rid of the R.A.F so the invasion code named Operation Sea Lion could proceed unhindered across the channel. The Luftwaffe would target RAF airfields (including destroying planes on the ground as successfully happened in France) to nullify the battle effectiveness of the RAF and although it was put under enormous strain the adaptable resilience of the RAF never actually reached an irredeemable breaking point; nevertheless, when the Luftwaffe switched from attacking airfields to cities it was still a welcome relief for British command as the RAF could now better recover...perhaps, if only in hindsight, a strange situation which one may reasonably allude points out the irrationality of a dictatorial mind that would allow raw hatred to overseer reasoned logic ...which one presumes a sober minded ancient such as Thucydides the recorder of the Peloponnesian War would muse that war is always really a primal act not motivated by human logic but rather is in defiance of it...yes, for in fact, this industrial age apocalyptic war was the fraught result of human madness and despite all the analytical analysis of war strategy that one may wish to dispassionately delve into, ultimately major strategic decisions would still often be made not with human reason and cautious humility in mind but rather with human illusion and blinding hubris irrecoverably at the fore-

{XVII/P}

'...yes, escalation was not desired by the supreme leader of the Reich but fate would play its hand just at it had at Troy when the Greeks were pushed back to their boats by the Trojans by where they would face a crushing defeat as Zeus supreme god of thunder had forbidden the other gods to help the Greeks although he did at first at this time briefly take pity on them when Agamemnon prayerfully pleaded to him and so at first sent an eagle as a sign of encouragement that they would not die that day but still the Greeks could still ultimately face defeat so thankfully for them there would be divine intervention by way of a sympathetic Hera who would erotically distract Zeus and then have Sleep have him go to sleep which allowed Poseidon who is god not only of the sea but also of earthquakes to encourage the Greeks to overcome their defeatist mood and by doing so would have the Greeks finally force the Trojans back to Troy so as to no longer be a direct threat and although it cannot be confirmed that any ancient god had come to aid the English it was as if a fateful invisible hand had played its part on their behalf (although it would have devastatingly seemed to be the reverse at the time) when on one night German bomber raid there was a navigational error which led to central London where there were no military value targets being accidently bombed but which would not be seen as such by the victims who as is a common mutual psychological feature of war

were now convinced their enemy was capable of committing the most heinous war acts and so conveniently in an act of defiance a retaliatory raid was instigated on Berlin which although would prove to be militarily ineffective would still very much be of great significance as an outraged Adolf Hitler would - despite his earlier restraint to not target civilian areas (he had actually been upset that central London had been mistakenly bombed) - now called for an escalatory all-out bombing campaign on London and other cities.

{XVIII/ Σ}

'...as it goes while one reads of Zeus having an eagle appear to Agamemnon to temporarily reassure him and the other Greeks there is also the familiar version whereby he has a young deer dropped by the eagle at an altar which will be sacrificed by the Greeks in honour of Zeus having been heartened that this supreme Olympian deity had for now spared them from the worst fate and so heartily resumed the fight believing they would not be defeated and as it was in late 1940 and early 1941 in Great Britain over 40,000 civilian lives would be sacrificed on the altar of total war which then had the Blitz as its epicentre and which significantly was a far higher number of war dead than combatant casualties which in the case of the RAF there would be approximately two and a half thousand killed including well over 500 pilots yet a frustrated enemy despite its large air armadas of bombers relentlessly inflicting much material damage and human suffering on this isle could not have it submit to sue for peace nor be able to degrade its air force so instead plans for a seaborne invasion would be 'postponed' so as to focus on preparing its Aryan crusade into Slavic Russia which would also involve the Luftwaffe as this 'holy war' was what truly interested Adolf Hitler with the war in the West one may surmise having really been for him an unforeseen distraction that had belatedly drawn him away from his malevolent primary goal to racially purify Eastern Europe.

{XVIIII/T}

{i/α}

'...civilians have unjustly been victims in war throughout human history yet what could be argued as extremely different with Nazism is that there is the civilian who would never be viewed as a neutral bystander but as a pivotal threat to the new order which was the genocidal case with the Jews in all of the occupied territories and in Germany itself while in the East the military campaign would not just be about territorial gain with all the usual benefits that come with imperial expansion but uniquely there would also be the radical ambition to not spare the mainly Slavic populations who were all viewed by the insane Aryan mind infected with the Nazi bacilli as subhuman like the Jews; thus the war in the East would also be one of human annihilation with innocents en masse either starved, executed or enslaved so as to firmly establish the 'lebensraum' i.e. living space for new German colonies.

{ii/b}

'...it may be argued that unlike the European colonization of other lands which had indigenous populations who by default were either religiously or scientifically viewed as inferior (depending on the historical period of 'discovery') and so without much moral qualm were exploited, exterminated, enslaved, raped, disenfranchised and so forth having to suffer all the well-known colonial sins that have occurred globally in the last few hundred years and while it is said the Nazis took interest and justification for their supremacist racial theories in the manner the wide expanses of the American West was opened up which involved the subjugation, territorial confinement and widespread killing of the American Indians on which

they could model their own supremacist recalibration of the Slavic East there was the difference that the selective persecution of certain cohorts of the European population first had to involve an ideological process of dehumanization for human beings who would not have automatically seen as inferior as with the case of 'primitives' on other continents-

'…with the Jewish diaspora it was really only a rhetorical matter of restoking a vicious antisemitism that had in any case always been violently rife throughout Europe for many centuries including in the East where significant pogroms in the Russian empire had occurred as recently as the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries which had helped bring to mind among Jewish emigres to at last work at securing for themselves a homeland to be safe from all persecution-.

{iii/g}

'*…the Nazis would welcomingly gain ideological succour from an increasing eugenic outlook in the United States that historically occurred during the nineteenth century and which in the early twentieth century would gradually find legal validation in state law and ironically espoused as progressive which amongst several 'scientific' measures that were introduced would help to secure superior hereditary strands in American society so that for instance it would gratefully aid in stymying any overbreeding of the 'uncouth' lower classes; and so there developed, for instance, an interest in immigration racial restrictions such as actively excluding peoples from 'inferior' lands such as Eastern Europe; forced sterilisation of the 'imbecilic' as well as criminals and to even 'kindly' entertain the possibility of a painless death for the 'mentally retarded' whose 'burdened' lives were seen as having no value not only for society but really also for themselves and as it is it would actually be the mentally ill along with the disabled who would be the first to be 'mercifully' euthanized in Nazi Germany to thus begin an unspeakable process of exterminating 'undesirable' human beings which would genocidally lead to the Holocaust. There was also Nazi interest in the American South apartheid Jim Crowe racist laws which involved segregating the former American negro slave class (of the pre-civil war era) from American white society still viciously 'purely' seen as 'masterful' which was all to the former's social, economic, educational and political disadvantage and so to be reprehensibly mirrored in Nazi legislation during the 1930s with German Jews methodically losing all their citizen, work and property rights to become wholly excluded from German society with the final step of their mass social ostracization to be their merciless transportation to the death camps. Notably, with the Anti-Semitic Nuremberg Laws of 1935 not only the political rights of Jews were stripped away but it became prohibitive for Jews and non-Jews to marry so as to deliberately end the 'polluting' of Aryan blood thus further significantly shifting Jewish religious identity to one of race which befitted the abhorrent eugenic undercurrent of Nazi ideology who foully saw the Jewish race as a substandard, parasitic strain of humanity which 'rightly' needed to be totally eliminated as suggested in the title of these laws i.e. for the protection of German blood and German honour. Thus a group of people who once had enough status to be seen as good enough to fight in Germany's armed forces in World War One were now reduced to being outcast aliens in their own land; eugenic 'science' was a pseudoscientific analysis of the human species based on crude biological parameters and unchallenged social prejudices so as to 'objectively' allow for a 'natural' hierarchy to exist between different members of society which was much like the 'dark side' of the Enlightenment which more or less carried on in secularised fashion the religious division which had already been set down by colonizing nations when the official Church had paramount authority whereby indigenous peoples were seen as lesser human beings (when they were seen as human beings at all) which gave permission for the 'blessed' to treat the 'heathen' unequally with often cruel results as so well documented in the present*

day even when the indigenous would become members of the Church which at least gave them a chance to save their souls (although in the case of Australia is probably not yet as generally known as surviving indigenous people would like). Thus to reiterate the Jews of Europe could through similar pseudo-scientific principles of an insidious racially reductionist ideology - which paradoxically presented itself both theatrically and symbolically as a quasi-religious political movement - so as to illogically 'verify' the absolute historical 'correctness' of its insane beliefs would be executed, starved, enslaved, disenfranchised of social, cultural, political and judicial agency as well as to lose employment and property rights and so forth as if they too despite normal appearances (which would also be eventually dealt with via shaved heads and striped uniforms to emphatically complete the dehumanization process) were colonised indigenous peoples…lowly, persecuted 'primitives' underserving of any mercy from the 'morally' ascendant 'civilized'-

Cat's mind keeps falling in on itself with the ephemeral burden of its many abject thoughts on human prejudice and the persecution it induces going into a tailspin…

'…what do I see in my mind's eye…? I see other ruinous aspects of the doomed landscape that is human history…it looms below my searing mental vision…the desolation of ruined buildings…of ruined human souls…to take into account the variations of human judgments…a mixture of an oscillating mental symphony of high ideals and counterweighting prejudices…to be uplifted, to be pulled down…a solemn soliloquy…like the afternoon rain on a humid day…to be darkness after and when there had only been a glaring sunlight…to furnace the earth…to furnace the mind…thunder…wind…the drizzle of life…splashing the human ruins…to squander human achievement…to be nothing…to have all been for nothing…bent rusting rail…bent white-gleaming bone…all is bent, nothing…corpse smell…(…what did Voltaire infer…that prejudice is the 'reason' of fools…so he said…)…(…my attention back to what I focused on beforehand…)…death smells…the wide polarizing range of a very human moral spectrum…yes, to have paradoxical variations of an ethical theme that are categorically dealing with what is just to the unjust…perhaps according to each circumstance for there to be seen how evil can be a human universal quality when there is no moral oversight…human dogma…(…to think of Nietzsche's remark that the most dangerous form of blindness is to believe one's point of view is all that is real…)…yes, to be fundamentally certain you know reality…human delusion…everything to be seen in context so they say…the moralists…the apologists…the philosophers…the commentators…the historians…the street talk…the high flying talk…the talk behind closed doors…the media savvy-…(alas)…human morality, it is what is lost in every war…it is all a glimpse what we see, what we feel, what we believe, what we doubt, what we know and do not know…to be told what is true…all is undefined…therefore to really seek out sharp definitions…which are in good focus…for there to be principled guidelines…to not be deceived, yet it can be so…in the moral haze of undefinable chaos…still, to at least try to be assured…through the possibility of perception…yet…in the maze to feel out the contours…oh, the labyrinth again…moral blindness…revealed…oh…morality…only to be ultimately redefined at funerary oaths by those who are the victors…to rationalise what had to be achieved by brutal means…to defeat an enemy…for there to have been no mercy…no quarter shown…to kill or be killed as the eternal saying goes…yes, to have 'the aggressor' already in the nerve-wracked mind ready for 'righteous' slaughter…who is always to be stereotypically portrayed as 'immoral' or 'unholy' or 'barbaric' or 'weak' or 'undeserving' and so the marketed litany of negative descriptors are forcibly rolled out…so any complexity in regards to actual human reality is

blindly screened out…in a victorious human mind which is also instinctively relieved to be still existing can be wanting to not only savour through the human senses the sweet sensation of a final victory but as well to exude mastery over the vanquished…so to have any moral sensibility in the mind of the beholder…morality associated with revenge…from the west would be the carpet bombing of German cities…to destroy wholesale the enemy's war infrastructure…yet to have a relentless human wrath with civilians in their tens of thousands to have their flesh and bone pulverised with stone and mortar…a fallen world burnt by fire and buried by dust in the name of the war effort…there had been a nascent moral sense that civilians should not be targeted by aerial bombing but at the start of the war when the German blitzkrieg both in Poland and the West involved the bombing of civilian towns culminating in the strafing and bombing of fleeing refugees then the soldiers at Dunkirk there would begin a moral revisionism that would rationally allow for military targeting to occur without the moral inhibition that civilian casualties would also be incurred…although civilians in the vicinity of military targets were killed during bombing raids marking perhaps the first instances of that military rationalisation that would be termed 'collateral damage' as previously mentioned it would be after a London civilian area was mistakenly bombed that there would then be a bombing raid on Berlin as if to finally signal a new 'moral normalcy' that as 'rightful acts of retribution' to attacks on its own civilians the enemy's civilian population was now also not necessarily off limits in bombing campaigns if the demoralisation of German society as a legitimate war aim would result in significantly weakening the German will to fight. However, it was not as if the civilian population was officially directly targeted but rather euphemistically in what became known as 'area bombing' whereby a large zone of a German city was bombed to maximize the possibility of destroying infrastructure associated with the enemy's military effort such as factories etc including the spread out sprinkling of cottage workplaces to manufacture war parts which had developed in an attempt to minimize production loss just as the British had also first done when bombed (to even have some war production go underground) yet it was really no big leap of the military imagination that with a large bombing zone a high civilian casualty toll could be envisaged (while there was a general national sentiment that it would have been improper if German lives were seen as more valuable and thus on humanitarian grounds deserving of being spared when many British lives had already been lost due to Luftwaffe bombing raids…if one side was not prepared to abide by the rules of war to its advantage then why should the other side abide by the rules of war to its disadvantage…? Let the non-compliant side also experience the barbarity it unleashes on others so it too may suffer and it may come to such great harm that it will surrender (…for the 'honourable' side will never be brought to its knees by the 'immorally depraved'…as it was as a sort of linguistic 'moral screen' within the minds of those who were 'pragmatically' willing to exterminate civilians they were seen not automatically as innocents but instead automatically as 'workers' which thus made them as legitimate to target as 'organic extensions' of the metal components of the enemy war machinery producing the weapons to be used to kill Allied military personnel in the many tens of thousands…surely the enemy's workers were aware of this…? Thus on what moral as well as strategic grounds should enemy labourers be allowed to continue their work that grievously harms the Allied good cause to righteously overcome the evil scourge that was Nazism…(…of which as well the German population had become enamoured with…)…? To thus comprehensively win the war…to put such a scourge to rest once and for all…? To 'educate' the Germans of the folly of their loyalty to those deathly black uniformed henchmen who led them who had brought about so much murderous wickedness to the world…the Lancaster bomber as holy sword to strike down not thy foe with deadly blade but those who unholy made it…thus to make thy enemy empty-handed…well…what more noble cause could there truly

be…? Did not Jesus state that at the commencement time of the Last Judgement he too would come with sword…? By Jove-

"War is the brutal breeding phenomenon for human madness!" exhorted the inner-city prophet.

'…in the first world war there was societal panic following the first Zeppelin attacks over London as they would have been a surprise while twenty odd years later in the second great war the possibility of an air attack would have been while albeit daunting a more familiar prospect although the much greater intensity would have been a shock yet populations would have the shock pass to psychologically adjust and behaviourally adapt to yet another new vicious modern war reality by which there really was no everyday practical option but to stoically persevere when above ground in between raids as well as hope to survive if thankfully able to be underground during a bombing raid which at least in London it could be argued the tube tunnel network was to some extent the city's protective 'secret weapon' to counter the incessant Luftwaffe bombing which perhaps helped to keep bomb casualties lower than fearfully predicted…in the end British morale was not broken but while the Blitz with its intensity lasted for months it was relatively still much shorter than the long term heavy bombing of Nazi Germany which more or less with an interim period of less bombing in the months leading up to D-Day lasted for many years…thus there was far more opportunity for German morale to be whittled down which to some extent did happen although no final breaking point was finally reached which would result in a collapse of war production or to have regime overthrow or there to be any rising popular pressure on the war leadership to sue for peace and as it is there was still prevailing to a sufficient extent a general stoicism mirroring what was expressed by the opposite civilian populations that had directly experienced the Blitz …yet in any case it must have been known that in a totalitarian state which could even make tighter its secret police control over the populace as well as further centralize it's 'people's court' to have harsh sentences and executions by judges sympathetic to the regime to be more efficiently and regularly carried out being so heavily weighted towards meting out Nazi injustice especially when it has come to historical light that as the war looked increasingly lost the regime did not want the 'defeatist unrest' of 1918 to be repeated; not even the slightest semblance of resistance was to be tolerated which would increasingly likely occur in urban areas that had been more heavily bombed and amid regions in good range of BBC radio broadcasts which what was secretly heard would have offset the regime's propaganda which of course was so heavily slanted in providing a promising, positive outlook in regards to the course of the war being a psychological bulwark that desperately needed to be maintained with even some of the war leadership recognising the serious potential for Allied bombing as it escalated enormously over time in tis forceful attempt to undermine the war economy and to further erode civilian faith in winning the war…as it was in 1944 Goering thought the war was likely lost after the first sighting of U.S. bombers over Berlin with fighter escorts which had long range drop fuel tanks making them capable of accompanying these B-17s…while Albert Speer thought that Germany could not survive several more bomber raids with the ferocity of what occurred at Hamburg. Yet, Germany would survive partly due to the Allies not from wanting to do so could so readily repeat or carry out six more 'Hamburgs' (six being the knockout number in Speer's estimation) with the Allies to Harris's annoyance also for a time shifting their main strategic focus to the upcoming Normandy invasion which from the German perspective although there would be some respite for its German cities there was a corresponding emphasis on decimating German aircraft production (although Albert Speers would try to even have

manufacturing go underground) which would enable the Allies to achieve air superiority over the Normandy skies as well as to breakdown the Luftwaffe's defence capabilities over German skies and as it was the Luftwaffe would lose up to then its lethal potency especially with its tactic of head on attacks to avoid most bomber firepower yet with increasing fuel shortages, fewer fighter pilots as well as there being less available aircraft these combined deficiencies that could not be compensated by any superior battle skill would all help to further swing the balance of airpower heavily in favour of the Allies. The 'miracle' jet fighters which saw some action towards the end of the war could not do enough to turn the air war back to the Reich's favour with the new blitz campaign involving the 'vengeance' rocket V1s and V2s would only have the counterproductive effect of spurring on the Allied bombing campaign that would have its devastating climax with Dresden with the Reich ever lurching towards total defeat as it impotently faced unstoppable Allied and Soviet armies on two land fronts.

[A. Ultimately, overpowering land victories were still necessary rather than by an all-out air bombing assault was needed to win the war which although it still played an integral part for instance opening up a de facto second front with military resources such as 88 millimetre guns used for flak air defence rather than for fighting tanks and much manpower drawn away from battle fronts even up to a million at the height of the bombing campaign although it must be said women are included in this number to this defying Bomber Harris's hubris assertion the war could be won by sustained strategic bombing alone.
B. It is notable though that if the Axis powers had actually won the war (and it was a merciful they did not although there was no national mercy for the countries of Eastern Europe which now found themselves under Stalinist Russian occupation) in such an instance if Allied officers had been tried as war criminals it would likely have been two air force men in such an Axis victory court; firstly so called 'Bomber Harris' who commanded the Allied bombing campaign over Europe (although it was at the behest of the war cabinet) and secondly his American counterpart Major General Curtis LeMay who brought on the infamous incendiary bombing of Tokyo in March 1945 which left over a 100,000 Japanese civilians dead. (As it was both men at different times after the war stated that it would not have been an injustice if they had been put on trial while it is significant no German was put on trial over any bombing campaign as it would have been an admission that there had been criminality involved in a war action which the Allies also adopted). Bomber Harris who had matter-of-factly mused on how the foolishness of the Nazis to sow a bombing wind would be equivalently met and much more by the reaping of a bombing whirlwind was to be the inhuman lightning rod for all the controversial zeitgeist of an Allied air campaign which it is said may have caused – apparently (when one seeks out general information on this terrible matter) due to incomplete surviving records -average of hundreds of thousands etc with the exact numbers may never be really known etc between 350,000 to 600,000 civilian deaths (including over 70,000 children) which is a horrendously high death toll even though it is still incredibly dwarfed by the huge numbers in the many millions involved with the genocidal mass murder of European Jewry along with many millions of others who also died in the death camps or under German captivity such as three million Russian prisoners of war who perished (one can't help but feel the lesser number seems to be preferred by those who downplay so much mass killing from the air; it is disappointing that George Orwell seemed to have seen it as a sort of 'military realpolitik' that civilians across a wide range of ages and of both genders were to die by so called 'aerial bombing' – what has been claimed as a euphemism for terror bombing - rather than for instance that enemy deaths could only realistically be restricted to men of military age); yet, still for so many hundreds of thousands of civilians dying by way of a military air campaign whose major aim was to cripple the enemy's industrial war effort signals a 'moral vindictiveness' that should be seen as a moral iniquity even though it is argued that in regards to the so called rules of war at the time such devastation was still seen as an appropriate moral reflex when one took into account the air campaigns of the Germans which also included a criminal adventurism towards civilian population. ("…a job which had to be done…"…the excuse given by the British officer on the BBC broadcast which mentioned the bombed out ruins of Berlin on the day of the end of the war)
C. The rules of war. (War as a 'sporting game'…?) The cynic may say as if war could have a moral code. When war itself is immoral. Yet at least like trying to hold back the insurmountable 'natural tide' that is human cruelty is a noble Sisyphean task which despite so much regular failure is surely always worth

pursuing if for no other immediate reason that if it cannot wholly restrict the barbarity at least it can be measured in order to help keep properly attempting to severely limit so much untoward human suffering-

'The sixth commandment 'thou shall not kill' it is argued by some should read 'thou shall not murder' (…so as if then to make some killing justifiable…) while for Voltaire any of the semantics do not seem to really matter when the killing or the murdering is in the multitudes and accompanied with the blaring of trumpet sounds…such as it is so in war whereby in the modern era the number of deaths can be in the hundreds of thousands and escalating into the millions and for the good…as if not just for survival or for defence or for the upholding of a particular set of civic values or civic way of life but actually to slaughter for an even much higher moral cause that can perhaps even be beyond any human reality to even as if to be of a divinely absolutist stature so as if to denote to not do so is to simply delinquently invite without the greatest resistance a greater immorality to be greatly victorious…(oh yes, to reiterate that by not killing first to then only have evil reign over what is 'the good' as well so as to inhumanly extinguish what is humanly pure…it is with the infamous Milgram and Stanford Prison experiments that one belatedly discovers that the results have been misinterpreted and that it was not readily about blind obedience to harmful orders but even more so about believing that what was to be achieved by following what a leader commanded even if that command was to immediately bring on human suffering was in the long term for 'the greater good' for human progress (what could be more progressive than thoroughly dealing with those who would impede it…? Yes, turn the dial to the next level of shock…) so to eliminate whole cities with the nominal aim of destroying the war capability of the enemy can be seen as a noble aim which can even 'morally' supersede that during this erstwhile destructive process tens of thousands of innocents in the area that will be bombed will - yet even if only as a strategized afterthought with no ill deliberate intent - die to achieve this war aim which after all, is solely about good overcoming evil. Goodness must prevail for the thousand bomber raids are not even to be typified as a 'lesser evil' to bring doom to a greater evil but are rather to be seen as akin to the heavenly angels that accompany the lord of hosts who passes his 'last judgements' from one bomber raid to the other on the many unrepentant below who if they were truly good would demand of their leaders to sue for peace to put an end to a war which had brought about a high level of mass killing that had never been witnessed in human history before never mind that in a totalitarian state that the will of the people counted for nought that even if there was a common desire to overthrow the regime that there was not the capability to do so that instead there was only the inverse effect to have what was being done unto oneself be done to those committing harm that a vicious unending cycle of human violence and revenge that so often accompanies human history would also have (as already mentioned so may not need repeating but repeated anyway as the modern mind is becoming increasingly short on memory) the Nazi regime vengefully unleash its V1 and then V2 rockets onto London which in terrifying turn would further help to bring on the supposed 'moral crescendo' of the Allied bombing campaign (as if it really needed any further 'spurring on'…) which would ultimately include the immense destruction of Dresden which although over the decades the number of those killed has been gradually downgraded from high propaganda levels to steady at 25,000 is still as having not really served any effective strategic purpose as its rail transport infrastructure meant to be destroyed on Soviet request so as to impede German troop movement to the nearing eastern front as well as cause chaos to the westward movement of an ever increasing refugee population would be restored within four days to also increasingly add to the emerging moral query as to whether the bombing of this urban cultural emblem mainly left untouched up to now by the ravages of war had at all been necessary. All this is information. To be informed. About the historical premises in

relation to learning about the predilections of human mass death. The corpses which have been piling high on top of each other since the inhuman beginning of human historical time; which has not been about creation but about destruction. The rise and fall of empires and the accompanying slaughters and the violent reduction of cities to rubble and ash. For the Allied annihilation of Dresden as to be in historical terms a sort of sublime reference to the Roman annihilation of Carthage which was methodically reduced to mere dust to be left without a trace as if it had never existed with both cities with their wholesale destruction as if to epitomise as apocalyptic climaxes to long apocalyptic human conflicts. Apocalypse. The end of all things. In Dresden the bodies swept up by a fire wind that seemed as physical as the walls it was vaporising to nothing like the human bodies that were melting to nothingness to the human bodies asphyxiating in the buried air raid shelters like the human bodies burnt alive in raging hot waters like the human bodies that were screaming with pain to then go silent to the human bodies that literally became dust to the human bodies that joined together to become entangled bones stripped of all flesh for eternity like all the human bodies that were dying somewhere else on the battle lines or in other burning cities or in the death marches from the increasingly abandoned death camps as if to have this global war as the climatic culmination of all the wars preceding it where there had been the same disturbing scenes of human-on-human-cruelty with so many innocents to be the bloodied grist of such barbaric human reality yet afterwards to have only more wars more massacres more human macabre-

Raw. Death. It. Is. All. Raw. Meat. Bone. Sinew. Hopeless. Bomb. Areas. Methods. To. Maximize. Human. Misery. It. Is. All. Tragedy. Power. Plays. Great. Games. The. Rules. Of. War. Keep. Changing. To. Allow. More. Deadly. Things. To. Happen. War. Happenings. My Lai. Bodo League. Katya. Bucha. Operation. Gomorrah. About. The. Fire. Bombing. Of. Hamburg. Forty. Thousand. Dead. The. Pass. Over. Of. Thousand. Bomber. Raids. Clean. Shiny. Unmarked. Doors. Burnt. To. Ash. The. Angel. Of. Death. Hovering. Above. The. Supposed. Unrighteousness. Extinguished. Dresden. First. Surprisingly. Bombed. On. Shrove. Tuesday. Yes. To. Have. Been. A. Costume. Carnival. Then. Again. Bombed. On. Ash. Wednesday. To. Then. Only. Have. Black. Shrouds. As. Appropriate.

(A delicate red chalk drawing of a tranquil small group of trees beautifully done by Leonardo da Vinci inexplicably comes to mind).

[DARKLY LATENT RANDOM FRAGILE PSYCHIC FRAGMENTS LIKE RIPPLED SUN BURNT BROWN LEAVES ON THE TOWERING CANOPY OF A TALL MANY BRANCHED TREE THAT IS OTHERWISE AT ITS MANY UNDULATING LOWER LEVELS STILL ALL GREEN STILL PULSATING WITH LIFE THE SPRING OR AUTUMN SUN IS LIFE GIVING IN SUMMER LIFE PARCHING IN WINTER EVERYTHING IS IN HIBERNATION FOR REBIRTH BUT A TOO LONG HIBERNATED MIND MAY INSTEAD ONLY DIE NO REBIRTH ONLY REDAMNATION DANTE'S FROZEN LOWEST CIRCLE OF HADES-

'UTOPIA'

'…the ideal is ephemeral…an illusion…there is no human perfection…still there is …still…no uniformity…yes, there is still only…desperation…stillness…(..stilled thoughts…silently floating…metaphysically in the mind…all disparate…sometimes repetitive…yet it is all as if to be a mental illusion…& all wordings appearing as if to be side by side & together & separate at the same time…while this may not truly be so…yes all the text that I see in my mind is STOP-START…yet to still have to make sense…of it all…to discern…to grasp…from what is obliquely presented…for me…as for all of us…to attempt in-depth to increase one's understanding of things beyond the shallow…above the superficial-

…I to remonstrate with one's inner self…to have a series of mind data entries as if to form a new mental web…to capture hitherto unknown information…to further delve into the undercurrents of history that although maybe now commonly ignored or even unknown can still have a subconscious effect on present human action and policy…and as if as well conceptually to formulate alternative historical premises which can be reliable…so as to ascertain other intertwining dimensions of human reality that have previously not been perceived…thus to allow the material human brain to explore psychological depths that have not been explored before…thus abstractly to even endlessly arrive at a new vision of what is multi-dimensionally real…(perhaps)…to have knowledge…to thirst for -

God. Is. Good. God. Is. Kind. God. Does. Not. Invite. Evil. Into. The. World. Yet. Evil. Comes. By. Humanity's. Hand. Which. Should. Not. Deflect. Responsibility. Onto. An. Omniscient. Divine. Being. Whether. Existent. Or. Not. To. Avert. Or. Bring. On. Evil. But. Rather. Own. Up. To. The. Admission. That. It. Is. Through. Humanity's. Own. Choice. That. Evil. Is. In. The. World. &. Keeps. It. In. The. World. &. Only. By. One's. Own. Good. Conscience. That. Evil. Can. Be. Denounced. &. Brought. Down. &. Not. To. See. An. Acceleration. Of. Death. As. A. Good. In. Any. Way. But. To. See. It. For. What. It. Really. Is. As. A. Denunciation. Of. All. That. Is. Good. That. Even. If. It Is. Necessary. It. Must. Never. Be. Seen. As. Preferable. If. There. Is. The. Choice. To. Somehow. Avoid. It. To. Always. Allow. First. Chance. For. The. Saving. Of. Life. To. Be. The. First. Option. For. Any. Killing. That. Unavoidably. Must. Occur. To. Not. Be. Heralded. With. The. Resounding. Praise. Of. Trumpets. But. With. The. Mournful. Sorrow. Of. Human. Weeping. That. So. As. To. Kill. Or. Be. Killed. To. Never. Be. A. Default. Human. Law. But. One. Of. Last. Resort. Only. Reached. Through. A. Methodical. Process. Which. Involves. Moral. Clarity. Rather. Than. Grievously. By. Moral. Ignorance. Which. Relies. On. A. Moralizing. Rhetoric. That. Can. Be. Immorally. Hollow. Rather. Than. On. Having. Any. Moral. Substance. Retribution. As. Justifiable. Harm. To. Those. Who. Have. Done. You. Harm. Vanity. Of. Vanities. Thus. Mercy. As. Weakness. (?). Yet. Without. Mercy. All. Is. Monstrous. Blood. Lust. Prevails. Retaliate. Blood. For. Blood. A. Pound. Of. Flesh. For. A. Pound. Of. Flesh. It. Is. What. Human. Revenge. Maniacally. Demands-

[RAW DATA. Always. The. Researcher. To. Personally. Interpret. From. What. One. Understood. From. What. One. Had. Found. Out.]: At. the. Time. Of. World. War. Two. When. It. Came. To International. Law. It. Seemed. That. Any. Normal. Accepted. Semblance. Of. Morality. Could. Be. Legally. Suspended. When. A. Criminal. Grievance. Had. Been. Committed. So. That. In. Turn. A. Harsh. Punishing. Strategy. Would. Righteously. Be. Methodically. Carried. Out. As. If. To. Dissuade. Further. Barbarity. Whole. Peoples. To. Be. Exterminated. On. The. Continent. Human. Sacrifice. For. A. Eugenic. Deity. Yet. Firsthand. It. Would. Not. Be. For. What. Was. Being. Done. At. Auschwitz. Which. In. Any. Case. Came. Later. In. The. War. That. Vengeance. Would. Be. Wreaked. On. Nazi. Germany. Which. Beforehand. It. Should. Also. Be. Remembered. Over. A. Million. Victims. Would. Be. Shot. Before. The. Gas. Chambers. Became. Fully. Operational. In. Any. Case. A Human. Wrath. Was. To. Befall. From. The. Sky. On. This. Particular. Continental. Fascist. Nation. Which. Had. Been. Aggressively. Servicing. This. Deified. Beast. Of. An. Ill. Willed. Racist. Supremacy. But. Rather. For. What. Had. Already. Been. Done. On. London. Every. German. Civilian. To. Suffer. In. Righteous. Response. To. The. Suffering. Brought. On. British. Civilians. As. Many. Of. The. Peoples. Of. The. British. Isles. Sought. From. The. Air. When. It. Was. Not. Yet. Possible. To. Achieve. By Land. For. What. They. Thought. Was. A. Just. Verdict. To. Nightly. Have. A. Thousand. Glinting. Swords. Of. Damocles. Searing. Down. From. The. Sky. On. Those. Who. Thought. Themselves. All. Powerful. To. Know. In. Reality. Their. Quest. For. Supremacist. Racial. Domination. Was. To. Bring. Upon. Them. Only. A. Retributive. Last. Judgement. That. Was. Not. For. One. Apocalyptic. Night. But. For. What. Would. Seem. Like. An. Everlasting. Unholy. Darkness. That. Was. To. Culminate. With. The. Horrendous. Climax. That. Was. Dresden. In. Which. Everything. Went. To. Perfection. With. The. Perfect. Weather. With. The Perfect. Line. By. Line. Bomber. Formation. With. The. Perfect. Total. Lack. Of. Anti-Aircraft. Gunnery. &. German. Fighters. Which. Would. Allow. The. Bombardiers. At. Last. To. Not. Hurry. To. Take. Their. Time. To. Pinpoint. Aim. Without. Panic. &. For. The. Planes. To Conveniently. Fly. Low. To. Achieve. The. Holy. Task. At. Hand. With. Uniform. Perfection. All. The. Necessary. Elements. To. Have. The. Most. Successful. Air. Raid. In. The. War. Would. Occur. On. This, Night. Which. Would. Maximize. The. Destruction. Of. A. City. By. Which, To. Only. Accentuate. The. Controversy. Of. Whether. This. Bomber. Raid. Should. Have. Occurred. At. All. Nothing. Was. To. Save. This. City. In. Which. American. P.O.W. Kurt. Vonnegut. Would. At. Least. Be.

Saved. By. Being. Within. Slaughter. House. Five. While. Outside. All. Was. Flame. &. Slaughter. All. Was. Rubble. &. Human. Waste. Culture. Gone. Humanity. Gone. Civilisation. As. Dust. To. Save. Human. Civilisation. A. City. By. Morn. Devoid. Of. Human. Voice. Voiceless. Silence. Simmering. Rene. Magritte's. *'Voice. Of. Air'*. Three. Large. Silver. Balls. With Dark. Narrow. Slits. Through. Their. Centres. Floating. High. In. The. Sky. Above. A. Peaceful. Natural. Landscape. Large. Oversized. Metal. Objects. So. Too. Are. Bomb. Payloads. Human. Made. Foreign. Objects. Defying. The. Laws. of. Nature. For. Magritte. These. Balls. Typifying. The. Bells. On. The. Collars. Of. Horses. Of. His. Childhood. Now. Grown. Large. In. The. Human. Imagination. Sprouting. Like. Plants. Dangerous. On. The. Edge. Of. An. Abyss. The. Slits. Typifying. Mystery. A. Reference. To. The. Unknowable. Tinkering. Night. Sounds. In. The. Decade. To. Come. To. Be. Drowned. Out. By. The. Whistling. Sound. Of. Clustered. Explosives. Dropping. From. The. Sky. The. Real. Of. A. Deadly. Surreality. What. Is. Unknowable. Is. If. One. Will. Still. Be. Alive. When. Silence. Returns. The. Human. Imagination. Producing. Not. Mystery. But. Terror. To. Defy. The. Laws. Of. Morality. Metal. Sirens. Hell's. Bells. No. Festive. Bells. No. Peace. Only. The. Slaughter. Of. The. Innocents. The. Screams. Of. Anguish. Death. Is. Tranquil. The. Dead. Are. Silent. The. Deadly. Peace. Of. Empire. Picasso. Had. Painted. *Guernica*. Which. Pointed. Out. The. Brutal. Horror. Of Aerial Bombing. On. Civilians. It. Would. Have. Been. Apt. If. He. Had. Been. Commissioned. To Do. An. Equivalent Art. Work. Based. On. Dresden. To. Bracket. This. Particular. Period. Of. European. Aerial. Terror. From. The. Spanish. Civil. War. To. The. End. Of. World. War. Two. Before. The. Arrival. Of. The. Atomic. Age. Gregor. Had. Stated. As. Such. For. In. Modern. War. Although. There. Was. An. Interest. In. Avoiding. Civilian. Casualties. To. Veer. Away. From. The. Human. Tragedy. Typified. As. So. Called. Collateral. Damage. Even. If. Cynically. Only. For. Convenient. Political. Reasons. Although. One. Likes. To. Sincerely. Believe. That. One. Can. Be. &. Even. Remain. Humane. There. Had. Still. Come. Into. Play. Mathematical. Acceptable. Ratios. Of. Civilian. To. Combatant, Casualties. Which. Especially. In. Urban. War. Were. Seen. As. Unavoidable. While. From. A. More. Critical. Point. Of. View. There. Would. Also. Be. The. Accusation. Whether. From. Naïve. Or. Nefarious. Or. Genuine. Intent. That. Such. Civilian. Deaths. Could. Still. Be. Much. Lower. Or. Even. Nought. That. There. Were. Even. Instead. Innocents. Deliberately. Targeted. Especially. When. A Non. Military. Establishments. Were. Bombed. Such. As. Schools. Hospitals. Or. Apartments. As. If. To. Echo. The. First. Accusations. Made. Against. The. Germans. Who. Due. To. Navigational. Error. Had. Accidently. Bombed. Central. London. For. The. First. Time. Which. After. A. Retributive. British. Raid. On. Berlin. Which. As. Already. Noted. Would. Lead. To. The. Blitz. On. London. &. Other British. Cities. Which. Brought. About. An. Escalating. Civilian. Death. Toll. Not. That. The. Accusation. Against. The. Luftwaffe. Was. Without. All. Reason. Even. Though. On. This. Particular. Occasion. It. had. Been. A. Genuine. Mistake. For. The German. Air. Force. Already. Had. A. Criminal. Reputation. For. Bombing. Civilian. Areas. In. Poland. &. Western. Europe. Wherever. The. *Wehrmacht.* Had. Already, Invaded. &. As. Well. To. Have. Even. Strafed. Non-Combatants. So. It. Goes. To. This. Day. That. An. Attack. On. Civilians. As. To. Whether. It. Was. A. Tragic. Mistake. Due. To. The. Unforgiving. Complexity. Of. War. Or. Whether. It. Was. A Deliberate. Act. Of. Terror. Which. Can. Even. To. This. Day. Can. Also. Deserve. A. Harsh. Retributive. Response. Can. Be. Partly. Determined. By. Whoever. Carried. It. Out. Involving. What. Was. Already. Thought. Of. Them. In. Terms. Of. Political. Framing. To. Have. Sympathy. Or. Hostility. To. The. Cause. That. Led. To. The. Particular. Horrendous. Action. &. The. Cause. Of. It. Human. Judgment. Human. Perception. If. Truth. Does. Die. In. War. There. Certainly. Can. Be. No. Objectivity. To. Only. Have. Subjectivity. As. The. Literary. &. Visual. Ammunition. Of. The. Psychological. Weapon. Of. War. Which. Is. Propaganda. Which. Can. Even. Ironically. Use. What. Truth. There. Is. Which. Has. Survived. An. Ideological. Labyrinth. Of. Cynical. Deception. Of. Battle. Smoke. &. Fractured Mirrors. To. Also. Serve. Such. A. Supposed. Higher. Human. Cause. As. The. Acquisition. Of. Power. &. Always. All. In. The. Noble. Name. Of. Good. Where. Is. God? Where. Is. He? He. Is. Nowhere. He. Has. Abandoned. The. World. This. Lost. World. Thus. Put. Your. Faith. In. The. Humanly. Powerful Who. Have. Divine. Qualities. Who. Will. Offer. Milk. Honey. Sweet. Not. Sour. Who. Promise. Deliverance. From. All. Tribulation. From. All. Suffering. Who. Ask. Of. You. To. Seek. Out. What. Is. Evil. To. Kill. What. Is. Evil. To. Destroy. The. House. Of. Evil. May. It. Burn. Asunder. In. Flames. May. Its. Builders. Burn. Asunder. With. It. So. Nirvana. Can. Come. So. Tranquillity. &. Peace. & All. Goodness. Can. Come. So. The Ash. Of. What. Is. Destroyed. Produces. Fertile. Soil. For. A. New. Land. For. New. Hope. For. New. Destiny. To. Be. Invigorated. To. Be. Restored. On. The. Ruin. Of. Others. Who. Deserve. Nothing. Who. Will. Be. Nothing. A. So. Called. Decadent. 'Positive. Nihilism'. Have. You. Read. Arthur. Koestler's. *'Arrival. &*

Departure'? No. Matter. I. Found. It. By. Providential. Accident. One. Hot. Sunny. Day. In. A. City. Beachside. Second. Hand. Bookshop. Always. These. Accidental. Discoveries. Of. Second. Hand. Things. I. Already. Knew. This. Author. Having. Read. *'His. Darkness. At. Noon'.* &. 'The. *'Sleepwalkers'.* Thankfully. All. Books. Read. Before. I. Learnt. Of. His. Personal. Moral. Failings. Which. May. Have. Then. Put. Me. Off. From. Reading. Him. Nevertheless. I. Only. Mention. This. Book. Now. Due. To. The. New. World. Offered. To. The. Main. Character. A. Doubting. Young. Man. A. Sort. Of. Accidental. Resistance. Fighter. Who. Has. Survived. Torture. Recuperating. On. Neutral. Territory. Who. Has. The. Selfish. Chance. To. Go. To. The. Promised. Land. That. Is. A. Still. Neutral. America. Yet. Will. Ultimately. Forgo. It. To. Go. By. Parachute. To. Land. Somewhere. In. An. Ominous. Darkness. Behind. Enemy. Lines. Yet. Beforehand. To. Meet. Up. Briefly. In. This. Neutral. World. With. An. Opposite. Number. A. Confident. Well. Spoken. Fascist. Like. The. Tempting. Devil. In. The. Wilderness. Who. Can. Offer. One. An. Earthly. Kingdom. Yet. It. Is. Really. Only. Dust. To. Be. Bitter. In. A. Thirsted. Mouth. Yet. In. The. Meanwhile. The. Illusion. Is. Grand. The. Proverbial. Yet. Ultimately. Untouchable. Incendiary. White. Light. At. the. End. Of. The. Long. Dark. Tunnel. That. Historically. Is. Human. Authoritarianism. Before. The. Psychologically. Exhausted. Young. Man. Who. Had. Already. Suffered. Much. In. This. Fallen. World. To. Do. What. Little. He. Could. To. Rectify. It. To. Feel. As. If. He. Had. Betrayed. It. Like. Some. Fallen. Adam. Although. His. Only. Real. Fault. Was. That. He. Was. Human. Nevertheless. He. Was. To. Have. Presented. To. Him. By. A. Devil. Who. Presented. Himself. As. A. Representative. Superhuman. To. His. Singular. Audience. This. Sardonic. Hero. Who. Surely. Was. No. Christ. But. Surely. Had. An. Egalitarian. Sensibility. To. Offset. The. Elitist. Hierarchical. One. Of. The. Demon. Who. Would. Argue. That. By. Curated. Biological. Means. Which Would. Also. Involve. The. Inhuman. Methodical. Mass. Deadly. Pruning. Of. All. Humans. Who. Were. Of. A. Biological. Deficiency. Of. Those. Deemed. Anarchic. Like. The. So. Called. Neurotics. Of. Radical. Circles. Who. Will. Be. Summarily. Done. Away. With. Those. Deemed. Nomadic. Like. The. Gypsies. Who. Were. To. Be. Sterilised. &. Which. Would. Also. Include. Those. Beings. Who. Adhered. To. What. Was. Deemed. To. Be. &. Then. Be. Gone. An. Inferior. Levant. Theology. As. If. This. Was. A. Mental. Infestation. Which. Actually. Held. Back. Their. Actual. Racial. Development. Which. If. Still. Left. Unchecked. Could. Threaten. The. Whole. Species. Thus. The. Essential. Scientific. Need. To. Isolate. &. Exterminate. What. Was. So. Obviously. A. Lesser. Form. Of. Life. Which. Supposedly. Just. Had. To. be. Done. For. The. Overall. Good. Of. The. Human. Race. For. The. Ongoing. Future. &. Further. Superior. Development. Of. What. Is. Earnestly. Good. Had. To. Be. Secured. &. To. Do. So. Certainly. Involved. Doing. Away. With. All. That. Was. Bad. Both. Biologically. &. Psychologically. So. The. Deluded. Superhuman. Said. That. In. The. New. Pure. Blood. Paradise. That. Was. To. Now. Surely. Come. As. So. Stated. The. Supremely. Confident. Vile. Voice. That. The. Largest. Tribe. Fatefully. Situated. In. A. Central. Geographical. Position. Will. Overcome. The. Other. Tribes. Just. As. The. Prussian. Tribe. Had. Overcome. The. Then. Lesser. German. Ones. From. Being. A. Former. Historical. Battleground. To. Now. Be. A. Visionary. Springboard. Especially. Towards. The. Decadent. East. To. Devolve. All. Other. Tribes. To. Non-Existence. To. Have. A. New. Biology. For. The. Human. Race. Purified. Of. All. Its. Inferior. Imperfections. As. Had. Been. Started. Previously. With. The. Elimination. Of. The. Insane. There. Will. No. Longer. Be. Any. Need. Of. Asylums. In. This. Pure. Human. Universe. To. Come. For. All. Will. Be. Good. All. Will. Be. Pleasure. No. Pain. No. Discord. Only. Harmony. Regulated. Of. Course. So. There. Shall. Be. No. Longer. Any. Return. To. Negative. Evolutionary. Diversions. Instead. To. Maintain. Only. A. Narrow. Path. To. Racial. Supremacy. To. Only. Keep. Alive. In. The. Short. Term. A. Slave. Class. Needed. To. Build. The. Necessary. Infrastructure. For. The. New. Order. That. Would. Be. In. Europe. & Up. To. The. Ural. Mountains. Of. A. So. Called. Former. European. Russia. Then. It. Too. This. Temporarily. Useful. Subhuman. Work. Force. Could. Be. Necessarily. Liquidated. Along. With. Any. Other. 'Human. Surplus'. For. Every. Region. A. Rationally. Calculated. Amount. Of. Human. Labour. Will. Be. Worked. Out. To. Meet. Its. Needs. A. Planned. Blessed. World. That. Has. Done. Away. With. All Inferior. Ideology. With. All. Misguided. Human(ist). Thought. With. All. Pity. &. Guilt. & Remorse. Fully. Obliterated. The. Devil. Of. The. Wilderness. As. Modern. Artist. Primary. Colours. For. A Primary. Human. Race. To. Have. A. Blue. Line. Representing. Electrical. Power. From. Norwegian. Fjords. To. The. Dnieper. Dam. A. Red. Line. To. Represent. All. The. Movement. Of. Raw. Materials. &. A. Yellow. Line. Representing. The. Rational. Calculated. Exchange. Of. Goods. Produced. &. Every. Ratio. & Radius. Of. Human. Organization. For. Industry. For. Labour. For. Every. Aspect. Of. A. Now. Cleansed. Cultured. Human. Existence. To. Efficiently. Work. Around. These. Pristine. Elegant. Lines. To. Have. A.

Well. Uniformed. Regulated. Aryan. Heaven. On. Earth. A. Beautiful. Patterned. Colour. Scheme. For. Beautiful. Well. Proportioned. People. No. Blemish. No. Scar. Only. A. Dazzling. Human. Hive. Now. Covering. New. Empty. Space. Emptied. Of. All. The. Human. Refuse. That. Had. Previously. Disgustingly. Inhabited. It. The. Devil. Of. The. Abyss. Glorying. In. A. Euphoric. Vision. Of. Fields. Of. Vibrant. Human. Grandeur. &. Technological. Energy. To. Replace. Fields. Of. Putrid. Human. Waste. &. Archaic. Backwardness. Little. Asylums. Gone. Replaced. By. A. Vast. Human. Asylum. From. Normandy. To. The. Urals. A. Vast. Superior. Human. Madhouse. To. Last. The. Proverbial. Glorious. Thousand. Years. &. To. Occupy. This. Grandiose. Insane. Schema. The. Devil. So. Filled. With. Pride. In. Such. Good. Work. That. Has. Recently. Started. &. Which. Will. Proceed. Into, The. Immediate. Future. Stated. To. His. Lone. Still. Sane. Human. Audience. That. A. New. Breed. Of. Human. Aristocracy. With. Foul. Talk. Of. Elite. Guards. Who. Must. Follow. Strict. Eugenic. Protocols. To. Ensure. Superior. Breeding. Which. Reminded. Me. Of. Plato's. Obscene. Marriage. Festivals. Which. Although. Were. Meant. To. Fatefully. Be. Random. Selections. By. Way. Of. Lottery. Were. Actually. Socially. Engineered. By. A. Behind. The. Scenes. Selection. Process. With. No. Input. For. Any. Mutual. Consent. By. Both. Partners. Of. The. Auxiliary. Guardian. Classes. A. State. Arranged. Marriage. To. Maintain. A. High. Genetic. Level. To. Secure. The. Future. Of. The. Perfect. Republic. Which. From. The. Woman's. Point. Of. View. At. Least. Maybe. Akin. To. State. Sanctioned. Rape. Within. A. Supposed. Utopia. Whereby. The. Personal. Interests. Of. The. Individual. Are. Subordinate. To. The. Interest. Of. What. Was. Commonly. Good. For. The. State. To. Maintain. A. Perfected. Harmony. Which. Is. Seen. As. Evidence. Of. A. Just. State. Yet. Ultimately. To. be. More. Alike. To. An. Authoritarian. One. While. The. Devil. Said. There. Would. Be. A. Card. Index. System. Introduced. With. Matching. Hereditary. Traits. In. Mind. To. Control The. Nation's. Special. Breeding. With. State. Approval. Needed. For. Any. Partnership. To. Go. Ahead. The. Ascendency. Of. The. Master. Race. Will. Not. Mean. Human. Freedom. But. Human. Submission. &. I. Can. Only. Think. How. In. That. Scene. From. The. Movie. *Europa. Europa.* Which. Has. Hitler. &. Stalin. Briefly. Dancing. Together. Which. Comes. To. Mind. Due. To. The. Perfect. Ideal. Children. In. The. Background. A. Brief. Marriage. Of. Hell. With. Hell. Hitler. Would. Have. For. His. Next. Dance. Partner. After. Dispensing. With. The. Molotov-Ribbentrop. Pact. To Invade. The. Soviet. Union. With. Operation. Barbarossa. To. Be. Dancing. With Plato. To. Integrate. His. Philosophical. Vision. Of. A. Well. Ordered. Anti-Democratic Republic. Into. The. Genetic. New. Order. To. Be. Especially. Established. In An. Over. Run. Eastern. Europe. Whose. Conquered. Civilians. Are. Not. To. be. Tolerated. With. Their. Extermination. From. A. Large. Area. Of. The. Face. Of. The. Earth. Now. In. The. Spacious. Hands. Of. The. Master. Race. Actually. Being. The. Ultimate. Military. Objective. It. Was. Not. A. Second. Great. War. That. Was. In. Process. But. A. Great. Pogrom. That. Was. Taking. Place. The. Devil's. Kingdom. Was. Being. Established. Whereby. Human. Slaughter. Was. The. War. Aim. The. Killing. Of. An. Enemy. Would. Not. End. As. Would. Usually. Happen. When. A. War. Was. Over. But. It. Would. Only. Be. Accelerated. It. Was. Not. A. Conventional. War. That. Was. Happening. In. Which. Annihilation. Would. Occur. Due. To. Military. Action. While. Wanting. To. Achieve. Victory. The. Victory. Was. The. Annihilation. Only. Limited. Now. By. Opposing. Military. Forces. For. The. Adherents. Of. Total. War. Total. Victory. Meant. Not. Just. The. Cessation. Of. Hostilities. But. To. Then. Have. The. Full. Freedom. To. Accelerate. The. Mass. Murder. There. Would. Be. No. Peace. Only. Apocalypse. Without. End. At. Least. Not. Until. The. Soil. Soaked. With. Human. Ash. Would. Replenish. The. Bloodied. Earth. With. New. Fertile. Growth. For. Only. The. Devil's. Children. Who. Were. To. be. The. Only. Human. Beings. Left. Who. Were. Still. Genetically. Working. Towards. Absolute. Biological. Perfection. Would. Serenely. Enjoy. This. *Lebensraum*. 'Eden'. The. Devil's. Good. &. With. All. That. Was. Barbarously. Done. To. Achieve. It. To. Be. Forgotten. Buried. Into. The. Subconscious. By. A. Heroic. Narrative. Of. Selfless. Sacrifice. Such. Universally. Is. The. Historical. Amnesia. &. Distortion. Of. All. Empires. No. Loving. All. Encompassing. Everlasting. Genesis. As. Divinely. Intended. But. Always. Cyclically. Deathly. Human. Ones. Instead. &. Always. Only. 'Enriched'. By. Scapegoated. Innocent. Victims. (Ironically). Demonised. Who. Are. Enslaved. For. Utilitarian. Purpose. Or. Murdered. &. With. Only. A. White. Washed. Human. Cleanliness. 'Morality'. To. Exist. No. Toleration. No. Liberty. Initially. To. Me. The. Name. Fabian. Had. Only. Been. Familiar. By. Way. Of. The. Fabian. Society. Which. To. Me. At. Least. Was. Superficially. Socialist. Leaning. Yet. Thought. To. Bring. About. Social. Change. Not. By. Revolution. But. By. Way. Of. Infiltration. To. Have. Social. Transformation. Come. From. Within. All. So. Sensibly. Noble. Which. One. Could. Not. Really. Morally. Dispute. To. Be. A. Worthwhile. Bloodless. Strategy. At. Least. On. A. Surface. Level. Until.

One. Looked. Deeper. Into. What. Such. Advocates. As. George. Bernard. Shaw. Actually. Believed. For. Me. To. Explain. The. Matter. In. A. Crude. Way. Thus. Not. Being. As. Nuanced. As. One. Would. Like. As. My. Burdened. Mind. Is. Labouring. From. The. Heavy. Weight. Of. Sisyphus's. Stone. Which. Has. Me. Not. Able. To. Process. All. Of. Human. Absurdity. As. Accurately. As. I. Would. Like. I. Am. An. Intellectual. Failure. This. I. Admit. However. I Will. Still. Try. To. Strive. To. Not. Also. Be. A. Moral. Failure. Which. May. Not. Be. Possible. Human. Despair. Human. Confidence. Where. Is. It? I. Simplistically. State. Thus. Much. The. World. Of. Appearances. Can. In. The. End. Be. Deceptive. Intellectual. Appearances. Can. Also. Be. So. Much. Like. With. Shaw's. Play. *Pygmalion*. Which. On. The. Surface. It. May. Be. Interpreted. That.it. Seems. To. Be. A. Play. About. Societal. Liberation. Yet. One. May. Argue. Beyond. The. Theatrical. Veneer. It. Was. A. Statement. About. Social. Engineering. The. Working. Class. Would. Be. The. Human. Grist. Through. Which. Shaw's. So. Called. 'Life. Force'. Would. Be. Revitalised. Believing. That. In. Evolutionary. Terms. The. Upper. Class. Was. Becoming. A. Deadened. Carcass. To. The. Living. Spirit. Yet. One. Cannot. Help. But. Feel. That. The. Lower. Classes. Could. Live. On. Their. Terms. But. Must. Adopt. The. Higher. Tenets. Of. Human. Civilization. As. The. Eugenic. Likes. Of. Shaw. Saw. Fit. &. Showed. How. It. Was. Possible. To. Transform. Any. Undesirable. Uncouth. Lower. Being. To. An. Agreeable. Social State. Of. Human. Sophistication. Who. Can. Be. An. Appropriate. Biological. Vessel. With. Others. With. The. Raw. Human. Dynamism. That. Too. Can. Be. Satisfactorily. Transformed. For. The. Breeding. Purpose. Of. Bringing. The. Human. Race. To. A. Higher. Advanced. Level. Of. Social. Development. That. Is. Demanded. By. The. Ever. Going. Evolutionary. Quest. For. Superior. Life. This. To. Be The. Human. Resurrection. From. Old. Hypocritical. Aristocratic. Carcass. To. New. Noble. Working. Super. Body. Organic. Vitality. Of. The. Human. Species. To. Increase. An. Equal. World. By. Elimination. Of. The. Inferior. To. View. A. Speech. By. Shaw. Who. Speaks. Of Human. Beings. Who. Should. Argue. The. Case. As. To. Why. They. Should. Proceed. To. Live. What. Usefulness. May. They. Still. Serve. In. Any. Advanced. World. To. Be. 'Kindly'. Disposed. If. Not. So. A. Selection. Process. Which. Morally. Speaking. Grotesquely. No. Different. Really. Than. That. Of. Auschwitz. Ironically. Shaw. Had. Admired. Stalin. Who. Had. Visited. The. So. Called. Workers. Paradise. Which. Was. Really. A. Workers. Hell. Perhaps. All. That. He. Would. See. To. It. To. Be. Refined. Was. To. Speak. In. A. Refined. Way. To. Suit. The. Refining. Or. Sterilizing. Of. The. Biological. Material. Of. Damned. Inferior. Human. Souls. Ironically. In. The. Name. Of. Being. Progressive. Yet. Of. Course. A. Revolution. Of. Humanity. Could. Not. be Entrusted. To. The. Proletariat. But. To. A. Supposedly. Higher. Social. Class. Nevertheless. The. Thought. That. A. More. Scientific. Age. Would. Bring. A. More. Rational. Age. Can. Be. Dispelled. For. The. Irrational. Mind. Which. Still. Very. Much. Existed. &. Now. In. Pseudo. Scientific. Ideological. As. Well. As. Still. In. Superstitious. &. Rigidly. Theocratic. Terms. Now. Tremendously. Had. The. Excesses. Of. Mass. Destruction. &. Mass. Execution. Now. Available. By. Previously. Unimaginable. Technological. Developments. H. G. Wells. Who. Idealistically. Had. Socialist. Leanings. Yet. Criticised. By. The. Likes. Of. Orwell. &. Others. Perhaps. Unfairly. For. Having. A. View. Of. The. World. More. Edwardian. Thus. Outdated. Who. Had. Flirted. With. Some. Of. The. Same. Ideas. Held. By. Shaw. &. Other. Supposed. Forward. Thinking. English. Gentry. Who. Would. Even. Solve. The. Jewish. Question. By. 'Naturally'. Having. All. Semites. Assimilated. Out. Of. Existence. By. A. Higher. Order. Breeding. Process. Along. With. All. Others. It. Would. Be. Saw. Fit. To. Subsume. To. The. Ideal. Of. A. Non. Discriminatory. Universal. Humanity. Although. A. Lot. Of. Discrimination. Would. Be. Involved. To. Reach. Such. A. Supreme. Biological. Point. Yet. For. Welles. Who. Seems. To. Illicit. Polarizing. Responses. Towards. Him. Much. Like. Socrates. This. Anti. Democratic. Thinker. Mainly. In. Regards. To. Various. Levels. Of. His. Overall. Outlook. Who. Also. Is. Both. Highly. Appreciated. & Deeply. Criticized. Historically. By. Various. Philosophers. Through. The. Ages. Through. To. Modern. Times. For. Me. With. Socrates. His. Dismissiveness. Of. Democracy. To. Not. Seek. Reform. But. Abolition. Is. A. Negative. Telling. Point. Along. With. His. Dismissiveness. Of. The. Labouring. Classes. Having. Any. Intellect. Worthy. Of. Merit. Along. With. Other. Intrinsically. Elitist Attitudes. & So. Forth. While. For. Wells. From. What. One. Has. Only. Casually. Read. To. Have. Also. In. Literary. Terms. Equally. Been A. Polarizing. Figure. If. One. Reads. Various. Contemporary. Opinions. Having. Both. His. Fair. Share. Of. Admirers. &. Detractors. But. To. Which. I. Cannot. Judge. But. Have. Some. Liking. To. One. Characteristic. Of. Being. Seemingly. Willing. To. Change. His. Mind. Whether. To. The. Good. Or. Bad. Is. Up. To. One's Ultimate. Opinion. Of. Him. Nevertheless. Who. At. Least. Would. Follow. The. Science. So. To. Speak. Who. Would. Leave. The. Fabians. Revoke. Any. Interest. In. Biological. Eugenics. After. All. His. Books. Were. Finally.

Banned. By. The. Nazis. Yet. Was. Also. The. Man. Who. Along. With. Aerial. Bombing. Tanks. Germ. Warfare. Also. Predicted. A. World. Brain. Thus. Akin. To. The. Global. Internet. He. Also. Predicted. The. Atomic. Bomb. Which. Inspired. The. Nuclear. Physicist. Leo. Slizard. After. He. Read. Wells. 1914. Science. Fiction. Novel. *'The. World. Set. Free'*. Of. The. Necessity. Of. A. Nuclear. Chain. Reaction. To. Have. An. Atomised. Explosion. Would. Understand. With. Scientific. Progress. There. Must. Also. Come. Ethical. Progress. To. Avoid. Humanity. From. Self. Destructing. Who. Stated. How. Civilization. Was. Actually. A. Race. Between. Education. &. Catastrophe. As. Isaac. Asimov. Would. Later. Intimate. Of. How. Sadly. In. Modern. Life. Science. Was. Gathering. Knowledge. Much. Faster. Than. Human. Society. Was. Gaining. Wisdom. Although. H.G. Wells. Idea. Of. A. World. Governing. Body. Would. Always. Be. Fanciful. In. An. Age. Of. Global. Superpowers. His. Ideas. Would. Inspire. An. International. Recognition. Of. Universal. Human. Rights. &. The. United. Nations. Humans. Must. Adapt. To. Survive. A. Central. Theme. I. Try. To. Revive. In. My. Mind. Daily. It. Is. The. Same. For. Whole. Civilisations. To. Not. Stay. At. Some. Fixed. Point. No. Matter. How. Pinnacle. It. May. Be. To. Change. Is. To. Not. Only. Survive. But. To. Cyclically. Thrive. Amen. While. Arthur. Harris. Was. Not. A. Ready. Made. Man. For. Adaptability. Thus. To. Let. Wanton. Destruction. Remain. His. War. Policy. When. It. Could. Be. Seen. There. Were. Possibly. Other. Approaches. Which. Could. Have. Been. More. Fully. Explored. Or. Tried. Out. Much. Earlier. To. Help. Break. The. Back. Of. Nazi. Germany's. War. Economy. Which. Could. Have. Also. Resulted. In. Far. Less. Civilian. Casualties. In. May. 1943. During. An. Air. Campaign. Period. Of. A. Few, Months. Known. As. The. First. Battle. Of. The. Ruhr. There. Was. The. Famed. Dam. Buster. Raid. On. The. Industrial. Ruhr. Using. Skipping. Stone. Like. Bouncing. On. The. Water. Barrel. Bombs. Hurling. Into. Dams. Which. Would. Flood. The. Immediate. Valley. Vicinity. &. Disrupting. Hydro. Electricity. Powering. For. The. War. Industry. To. Cause. For. At. Least. A. Few. Months. A. Lowering. Of. Production. Until. September. However. Only. Two. Of. The. Three. Dams. Were. Properly. Breached. Limiting. What. Could Have. Been. Much. Greater. Damage. Nevertheless. There. Was. As. Well. Much. Human. Loss. With. Up. To. 1,600. Lives. Lost. With. A. Thousand. Actually. Being. Forced. Labourers. Mostly. Women. Brought. In. From. Eastern. Europe. Also. Fifty. Three. Airmen. &. Out. Of. Seventeen. Eight. Lancaster. Bombers. Were. Lost. Which. Along. With. Being. Hit. By. Flak. Included. One. Bomber. Hitting. Electrical. Cables. During. The. Incoming. Mission. Flight. Which. Gives. An. Idea. How. Low. The. Planes. Were. Flying. A. Barrel. Bomb. Found. Intact. Was. Dealt With. By. A. German. Bomb. Disposal. Officer. Heinz. Schweizer. Who. Due. To. His. Dangerous. Duties. &. New. Ways. To. Deal. With. Bomb. Defusing. Would. Be. Awarded. Both. The Knights. Cross. &. Iron Cross. He. Was. Used. By. The. Nazis. For. Propaganda. Purposes. Which. He. Apparently. Distanced. Himself. From. & At. War's. End. He. Would. Save. The. Lives, Of. Over. A. Hundred. Political. Prisoners. From. S.S. Execution. By. Claiming. He. Still. Needed. Them. To. Help. Out. For. Bomb. Disposal. Work. &. With. Them. Surrendered. To. U.S. Soldiers. In. 1946. Having. Returned. To. Soviet. Zone. German. Territory. He. Was. Shot. Dead. By. A. Drunken. Soviet. Soldier. In. Many. Respects. The. Mission. Was. A. Failure. In. Overall. Terms. Of. Any. Long. Term. Strategic. Effect. On. The German. War. Economy. Yet. It. Was. A. Successful. Propaganda. Exercise. Showing. Off. What. British. Military. Expertise. Could. Ingeniously. Achieve. To. Have. A. Much. Needed. Tremendous. Psychological. Effect. For. British. War. Morale. While. The. Germans. Worriedly. Saw. The. Long. Term. Potential. Of. What. Had. Initially. Happened. To. Become. A. Real. Disaster. For. The. War. Effort. If. The. Damage. Already. Done. Was. Not. Quickly. Rectified. Thus. Albert. Speer. Was. Surprised. There. Were. Never. Any. Follow. Up. Raids. To. Disrupt. The. Repair. Work. The. Dam. Raid. Had. Been. Very. Costly. To. The. RAF. As. The. Ruhr. Was. One. of. The. Most. Heavily. Defended. Areas. Of. Germany. &. There. Was. No. Desire. To. Risk. Further. Bombers. & Aircrews. Yet. One. May. Argue That. Future. Missions. Would. Not. Have. Needed. To. Take. The. Same. Low. Flying. Risks. Using. Conventional. Bombs. From. Much. Greater. Heights. Which. If. Not. As. Precise. Would. Have. At. The. Very. Least. Still. Disrupted. &. Slowed. Down. The. Rebuilding. Of. The. Dams. Finally. Putting. Real. Critical. Pressure. On. The. Ruhr's. Industrial. Base. Which. Could. Have. Become. A. Crisis. After. All. It. Was. Estimated. To. Support. Sixty. Percent. Of. The. German. War. Economy. As. It. Was. In. Hindsight. There. Was. A. Sublime. Effect. Of. The. Raid. On. The. Course. Of. The. War. As. Many. Thousands. Of. Slave. Labourers. Working. On. The. Atlantic. Wall. As. Well. As. An. Immense. Amount. Of. Concrete. For. It. Were. Redirected. To. The. Ruhr. Which. Meant. Delays. In. Maximizing. The. Effectiveness. Of. This. Coastal. Defence. Barrier. &. This. Monumental. Diversion. Of. Human & Material. Resources. Would. Work. To. The. Advantage. Of. The. Allies. When. The. Normandy. Landings. Were. To. Finally. Occur. A. Little. Over. A Year. Later. Up.

Till. Then. The. Civilians. Lives. On. This. One. Raid. Was. One. Of. The. Highest. Death. Tolls. &. Should. Not. Be. Devalued. In. Anyway. Yet. When. The. Area. Bombing. Of. German. Cities. Reached. Full. Scale. It. Would. Not. Be. A. Matter. Of. One. Or. Two. Thousand. Dying. In. One. Evening. But. Ultimately. Tens. Of. Thousands. While. As. Well. The. Overall. Strategic. Cost. To. The. German. War. Economy. Was. Also. Mixed. So. As. To. Still. Be. Open. To. Debate. To. This. Day. While. The. Civilian. Death. Toll. Was. To. Reach. Into. The. Hundreds. Of. Thousands. Far. Exceeding. The. Tens. Of. Thousands. Of. Lives. Lost. On. British. Soil. Which. Should. Also. Still. Be. Seen. As. A. Moral. Revulsion. The. Taking. Of. All. Innocent. Lives. Must. Always. Be. Avoided. Militarily. As. Possible. Yet. Innocent. Lives. Are. Always. Lost. Such. Is. The. Immoral. Dictum. Of. War. To. Take. Regard. Of. Ernest. Hemingway's. Comment. That. No. Matter. How. Much. One. Thought. That. War. Was. Necessary. Or. Justified. It. Is. A. Crime. There. Is. No. Precise. Morality. &. Imprecise. Carpet. Bombing. Was. Perhaps. The. Best. Example. Of. The. Imprecise. Morality. Of. An. Ever. Ongoing. Aggression. The. USAF. Which. Mostly. Attacked. Germany. In. The. Day. Overconfidently. Believing. Its. B-17. Superfortresses. Could. Better. Defend. Themselves. Against. German. Fighters. Was. Initially. More. Committed. To. Precision. Bombing. Having. As. Well. A. Superior. Bombsight. But. Was. Also. Taking. Heavy. Casualties. As. First. Experienced. By. The. British. &. It. Was. Realised. That. Along. With. Much. Poor. Weather. To. Bring. On. Even. Blind. Bombing. Especially. In. Regards. To. So. Called. Secondary. &. Last. Resort. Attacks. Which. Would. Even. Have. Bombers. Dropping. Their. Ordinance. Like. Mindless. Beasts. Onto. Fields. Or. Villages. Which. Had. No. Relation. To. Anything. That. Mattered. To. The. War. Effort. To. Mindlessly. Cause. Damage. Or. To. Kill. Without. Reason. Innocents. The. Ideal. Sought. After. Could. Not. Be. Matched. In. Reality. Thus. Despite. A. Post. War. Narrative. Which. Would. Even. Be. Promoted. By. Hollywood. That. Precise. Bombing. Was. A. Dominant. Feature. Of. USAF. Policy. In. Practical. Terms. When. One. Looks. At. Primary. Documents. Area. Bombing. Would. Also. Occur. When Long. Range. Escort. Fighter. Planes. Were. Introduced. The. USAF. Then. Heavily. Bombed. Germany. With. Less. Losses. Yet. Beforehand. It. Took. The. Destruction. Of. Many. Bombers. &. The. Accompanying. Massive. Loss. Of. Life. To. Have. USAF. Planners. Finally. Accept. The. Real. Need. Of. Long. Range. Fighter. Escorts. Which. Apparently. Could. Have. Been. Introduced. Much. Earlier. They. Would. Also. Help. Accelerate. The. Demise. Of. The. Luftwaffe. Yet. From. What. Understands. There. Had. Been. A. Stubborn. Belief. That. Well. Armed. Bombers. Could. Deal. With. Enemy. Fighters. To. Singularly. Achieve. Air. Supremacy. Theory. Versus. Practice. Human. Lives. Lost. Until. The. Correct. Realignment. Occurred. Yet. In. Bomber. Harris's. Mind. There. Was. Always. Only. One. Praxis. Which. He. Inflexibly. Stayed. Too. Which. Was. The. Ongoing. Carpet. Bombing. Of. German. Cities. While. Precision. Bombing. Had. Also. Been. Tried. By. Bomber. Command. It. Was. Actually. Before. His. Time. &. He. Disliked. The. Prospect. Of. Any. Return. To. Such. A. Focused. Policy. Which. Would. Be. A. Diversion. Away. From. His. Seemingly. Cyclops. Approach. To. Military. Strategy. Which. Is. To. Say. Was. A. One. Dimensional View. Which. Would. Not. Take. Into. Account. Variations. That. Could. At. Least. Be. Explored. To. Take. Into. Account. Unexpected. Possibilities. Rather. Than. To. Hold. Onto. Forgone. Conclusions. It. Was. A. Matter. Of. Being. Overruled. Or. Initiatives. Coming. Not. From. Him. But. From. Others. That. Significant. Choke. Points. Of. The. German. War. Economy. Were. Specifically. Targeted. &. Which. It. Would. Prove. Could. Quantitively. Damage. The. Enemy's. War. Effort. The. Dam. Buster. Raid. Was. One. Such. Case. &. Although. Factories. Were. Destroyed. By. Flooding. What. Was. Of. Greater. Importance. Was. To. Deny. The. Ruhr. Of. Hydro. Electricity. Which. Powered. The. Very. Machines. Producing. Instruments. Of. Destruction. To. Be. Used. Against. The. Allies. Bomber. Harris. Could. Have. Instructed. Himself. To. Look. Not. Only. At. The. Prophetic. Doom. Of. Hosea. But. Also. The. Fabulously. Famous. Old. Testament. Asymmetric. Encounter. Of. David. &. Goliath. Whereby. The. Young. Man. Knew. To. Strike. At. The. Nerve. Centre. Of. His. Gigantean. Foe. Knocking. Him. Unconscious. With. A. Single. Slingshot. Smooth. Stone. Blow. To. The. Forehead. To. Then. Severe. The. Head. It. Would. Be. Have. Been. Useless. To. Have. Attacked. The. Body. Being. Incredibly. Strong. Which. Could. So Easily. Absorb. All. The. Kinetic. Force. Of. His. Assailant. No. Matter. He. Be. A Shepherd. Boy. Or. Seasoned. Warrior. The. German. War. Economy. Was. Able. To. Absorb. All. The. Pain. Afflicted. Upon. It. By. Heavy. Allied. Bombing. Even. At. It's Worse. To. Even. Regenerate. What. Was. Lost. When. There. Was. Enough. Respite. Between. Each. Blow. Which. Was. Often. The. Case. In. The. First. Early. Phase. Of. The. Bombing. Campaign. Before. It. Mainly. Subordinated. Itself. For. The. Purposes. Of. The. Normandy. Venture. In. Early. 1944. Yet. There. Was. Some. Adventurism. In. Assaulting. A. Specific. Throttle. Point. Of. The.

German. Economic. Body. To. Aim. At. Strangling. Its. Manufacture. Of. Ball. Bearings. Which. Were. Vital. In. All. War. Machinery. Machine. Guns. Aircraft. Tanks. Submarines. Torpedoes. Artillery. In. Essence. Anything. That. Needed. A. Revolving. Component. Take. For. Instance. A. Tank. Which. Would. Need. Ball. Bearings. So. It. Could Turn. Its. Turret. In. Fact. In. Battle. To. Aim. For. The Turret. Ring. Of. A. Heavily. Armoured. Tiger. Tank. Could. Paralyse. Its. Turret. Gun. Movement. Enough. To. Then. Have. The. Advantage. To. Aim. For. Other. Weak. Points. At. Its. Hull. To. Fully. Take. It. Out. Of. Action. Thus. Akin. To. Aim. For. A. Warrior. To. Aim. At. The. Narrow. Clear. Point. Between. An. Opponent. Heavily. Protected. With. Full. Face. Helmet. &. Full. Frontal. Body. Armour. Much. Like. It. Was. For. Achilles. Who. In. His. Duel. With. Hector. Who. Was. Wearing. His. Seemingly. Invincible. Armour. Divinely. Made. By. Hephaestus. The. Olympian. Divinity. Of. Fire. Metalwork. &. Craftsmanship. Achilles. Knew. The. One. Vulnerable. Spot. Was. One. Such. Slight. Opening. Between. Helmet. & Body. Armour. Where. The. Neck. Could. Be. Penetrated. By. A. Well. Directed. Spear. Thus. It. Was. The. Way. That. Brave. Moral. Hector. Came. To. An. End. Brought. Down. So. Skilfully. By. This. Wild. Divine. Man. Beast. Yet. It. Would. Take. More. Than. One. Conventional. Blow. To. Bring. Down. An. Enemy. Nation's. Economy. (While. It. Would. Be. Proven. That. One. Atomic. Blow. Could. Bring. Down. A. Nation's. Will. To. Keep. Fighting.). Yet. To. Aim. At. An. Enemy's. Economic. Bottlenecks. It. May. Not. Straight. Away. Cause. The. Opponent. To. Fall. It. Would. At. Least. Have. The. Head. Of. The. War. Machine. Which. Could. Be. Said. Was. Albert. Speer. Minister. Of. Armaments. To. Stop. Metaphorically. Swivel. Around. To. See. How. To. Deal. With. The. Next. Dangerous. Threat. Or. Even. From. Where. It. May. Be. Coming. From. So. As. To. Then. Have. A Chance. To. Go. In. For. The. Final. Kill. &. In. This. Case. Or. Rather. Beforehand. For. The. Body's. Nervous. System. To. Be. Paralysed. So. For. A. Still. Torso. With. All. The. Other. Organs. For. Life. Within. It. To. Now. Be. Easy. Prey. For. Slaughter. It. Was. Identified. By. Those. Who. Wanted. To. Do. Just. More. Than. Belt. Body. Blows. Into. The. Whole. Armoured. Urban. Terrain. Of. Nazi. Germany. That. Following. On. From. What. Had. Been. Achieved. By. The. Dam. Raids. That. Now. Ball. Bearings. Transport. Oil. Were. Three. Main. Key. Points. Of. The. German. War. Economy. That. Could. Be. Further. Targeted. To. Be. Effective. In. Paralysing. A. War. Machine. Already. Under. Much. Strain. Now. Fighting. On. Two. Major. Land. Fronts. In. August. 1943. The. USAF. Would. Involve. Itself. In. Its First. Major. Raid. Into Germany. &. Expressing. An. Interest. To. Attack. Precise. Targets. The. Raid. Would Have. Two. Parts. Firstly. One. Fleet. Of. B-17s. Going. To. Schweinfurt. In. Bavaria. Which. Was. The. Centre. For. Ball. Bearings. Production. &. Secondly. Would. Be. Another. B17. Fleet. To. Head. To. A. Messerschmitt. Factory. At. Regensburg. There. Was. No. Fighter. Escort. To. Fend. Off. The. Relentless. Onslaught. Of. German. Fighters. That. Faced. This. Schweinfurt. Regensburg. Raid. Thus. There. Would. Be. Heavy. Losses. With. Fifty. Planes. Lost. From. A. Combined. Fleet. Of. Three. Hundred. &. Seventy. Six. In. Total. &. With. The. Bombing. Of. The. Messerschmitt. Factory. To. Be. More. Successful. Than. What. Was. Achieved. At. Schweinfurt. Which. Was. Actually. The. Main. Target. Although. There. Would. Be. Damage. Causing. A. Reasonable. Drop. In. Ball. Bearing. Production. It. Would. Only. Be. Temporary. With. It. Reported. That. Production. Levels. Were. Being. Restored. &. With. Reserves. Coming. Into. Play. With. Ball. Bearings. From. Sweden. &. Also. To. An. Extent. From. Another. Neutral. Switzerland. Thus. When. Able. To. Do. So. There. Would. Be. A Second. Raid. In. October. Which. Was. Far. More. Successful. Yet. At. The. Mercy. Of. Many. German. Fighters. Sixty. Bombers. Were. Shot. Down. Out. Of. Two. Hundred. &. Twenty. Two. &. To. Be. Known. As. Black. Thursday. Thus. Deterring. The. Prospect. Of. Another. Attack. In. The. Near. Future. Much. To The. Relief. Of. Albert. Speer. Who. Thought. The. Allies. Should. Have. Pressed. On. With. Further. Attacks. So. As. To. Achieve. A. Final. Knock. Out. Blow. Yet. None. Came. So. In. The. End. The. German. War. Machine. Would. Not. Readily. Suffer. From. These. Raids. &. The. USAF. Would. Not. Venture. Into. Germany. Again. Until. It. Could Gain. Long. Range. Fighter. Escort. Till. The. Following. Year. While. Bomber. Command. Would. Stay. Focused. On. Bombing. German. Cities. Which. A. Surprised. Albert. Speer. Thought. Was. A. Strategic. Mistake. Who. Thought. Such. Direct. Attacks. On. Ball. Bearing. Production. &. To. Then. Diversify. With. Attacks. On. Germany's. Synthetic. Fuel. Plants. Would. Have. Then. Been. A. Major. Strategic. Win. For. The. Allies. For. Despite. All. The. Human. Loss. &. Material. Damage. Caused. By. The. Attacks. On. Cities. &. All. The. Human. &. Weapon. Resources. Which. Still. Had. To. Be. Diverted. From. Frontline. Army. &. Airforce. Units. Germany. Could. Still. Materially. Survive. &. Stay. In. The. War. With. Morale. Still. Relatively. Intact. Especially. When. The. Respite. Provided. When. The. Bombing. On. Germany. Mostly. Stopped. During. The. Lead. Up. To. Normandy. The. German. War.

Economy. Would. Also. Be. Able. To. Extraordinarily. Increase. Its. Production. Levels. To. New. High. Levels. By. Mid. 1944. If. There. Was. A. Head. For. The. Allies. To. Aim. For. With. One. Slingshot. Or. Spear. It. Would. Have. Been. Albert. Speer's. Who. Already. Had. To. Maintain. The. Economy. Of. A. Nation. That. Was. Only. Initially. Resourced. &. Designed. Well. Enough. To. Fight. Short. Wars. Not. The. Protracted. One. It. Was. Now. In. As. Well. As. Facing. Two. Fronts. Fighting. Against. An. Emerging. East. West. Powerful. Alliance. Who. Amid. Such. A. Continental. Conflict. Had. To. Now. Also. Keep. Innovating. Adapting. Germany's. Industrial. Base. Diversifying. &. Spreading. Out. Manufacturing. To. A. Smaller. Harder. To. Hit. Scale. To. Even. Shift. Some. Of. The. Production. Base. Underground. To. Exhort. Any. Vital. Rebuilding. To. Be. Quickly. Done. To. Defy. All. Allied. Expectations. As. Was. The. Case. With. The. Ruhr. Dams. So. As. To. Overcome. The. Many. Setbacks. Germany. Had To. Face. From. Allied. Bombing. Which. Would. Mostly. Stay. Possible. Until. There. Was. The. Relentless. Maelstrom. On. Germany. From. The. Air. That. Would. Mainly. Resume. In. The. Latter. Half. Of. 1944. &. Go. On. Until. The. End. Of. The. War. Yet. With. Its. Frightening. Climax In. Regards. To. City. Bombing. On. Dresden. In. Early. February. 1945. Infamously. Many. Internal. Refugees. Moving. Back. From. The. Intense. Fighting. Of. The. Ever. Approaching. Eastern. Front. To. Be. Killed. While. It. Was. Argued. That. Dresden. Had. Become. A. Military. Transport. Hub. Which. Validated. Its. Targeting. To. Meet. Soviet. Requests. For. Military. Support. So. The. Argument. Goes. By. Those. Who. Defend. This. Raid. Yet. It. Is. Always. The. Case. In. The. Name. of. Military. Necessity. So. Many. Innocents. Sacrificed. With. Dresden. A. Clearer. Example. Due. To. The. Moment. It. Occurred. Although. It. Could. Not. Yet. Be. Foreseen. That. The. War. Would. Only. Proceed. For. Only. A. Few. More. Months. It. Was. More. Certain. That. The. Reich. Would. Be. Defeated. To. Make. What. Occurred. At. Dresden. Seem. All. To. Unnecessary. Thousands. Of. Lives. Lost. When. It. Should. Not. Have. Been. The. Case. Yet. So. This. Tragedy. Of. Unnecessary. Death. Had. Been. For. Six. Long. Years. For. War's. Appetite. Demands. Innocent. Deaths. It. Is. The. Iron. Law. Of. War. That. Human. Cruelty. Runs. Amok. That. Unleashes. A. Blood. Frenzy. In. The. Human. Psyche. That. In. Peace. Time. At. Least. When. There. Is. Some. Time. To. Reflect. On. Human. Barbarism. There. Are. Noble. Attempts. To. Bring. Into. Play. Moral. Codes. To. Temper. The. Absolutist. Immorality. Of. War. Total. War. Unravelling. To. Unravel. All. Good. Intent. &. Thankfully. For. The. War. To. Come. To. An End. To. Allow. The. Human. Race. To. Recover. At. Least. For. Its. Own. Increasingly. Maligned. Mind. Some. Moral. Sense. Yet. The. Crescendo. Of. Human. Barbarity. In. Those. Last. Few. Months. May. For. A. Long. While. Yet. Remain. Unparalleled. In. Human. History. From. The. Final. Slaughter. Of. German. Civilians. By. Allied. Bombing. To. The. Forced. Death. Marches. Of. The. Survivors. Of. The. Nazi. Death. Camps. To. The. Soviet. Onslaught. On. The. Citizens. Of. East. Prussia. To. The. Raping. Of. German. Women. Which. Would. Continue. All. The. Way. Into. The. Battle. Of. Berlin. When. By. Then. The. War. Already. So. Clearly. Lost. There. Should. Have. Been. Some. Diplomatic. Recourse. Taken. To. Save. Lives. Yet. Surely. I. Cannot. Help. But. Suspect. There. Would. Still Be. For. Some. A. Maniacal. Human. Desire. To. Destroy. To. Kill. To. Seek. Out. Revenge. To. Commit. Murder. When. There. Would. Be. No. Consequence. To. Defile. Another. Human. Being. For. Personal. Pleasure. When. There. Would. Be. No. Consequence. Human. Brutality. Would. Have. Its. Last. Pound. Of. Flesh. To. Mutilate. Or. Succour. Before. A. Supposed. Civilized. Peace. Was. To. Prevail. The. War. Was. To. Come. To. A. Bitter. End. Yet. While. The. War. Was. Clearly. Lost. There. Would. Still. Be. Apparent. Supposed. 'Miracles'. For. The. Despotic. Deluded. Minds. Of. The. Nazi. Hierarchy. To. Cling. Too. The. 'Miracle'. Death. Of. FDR. Being. Manically. Compared. With. Irrational. Euphoria. By. The. Likes. Of. A. Deluded. Goebbels. To. The. So. Called. Miracle. Of. Brandenburg. When. During. The. Seven. Years. War. Frederick. The. Great. Was. Saved. From. Certain. Defeat. When. In. 1762. The. Russian. Empress. Died. With. The. New. Tsar. Peter. III. Who. Held. Frederick. The. Great. In. High. Regard. Withdrew. From. The. Alliance. Against. Him. Thus. Averting. Military. Disaster. In. Early. April. 1945. For. The. Nazis. To. Now. Desperately. Believe. Grand. Fate. Had. Divinely. Intervened. Again. &. That. The. Western. Allies. Would. Now. Come. To. Their. Senses. To. Breakaway. From. Their. Alliance. With. Stalin. To. Join. With. Nazi. Germany. To. Defeat. The. Ideological. Scourge. Of. Bolshevism. Yet. Truman. Was. No. Tsar. Peter. III. & The. Winning. War. Against. Nazism. Would. Persist. To. Its. Inevitable. End. Beforehand. Had. Been. The. Miracle. Weapons. V1s. V2s. Meeseerchmitts.26s. The. Human. Ingenuity. To. Produce. Rockets. Jets. Yet. Only. To. Accelerate. Human. Death. To. Have. Even. Had. A. Stuttering. War. Economy. To. Have. Its. Last. Gasp. Before. Its. Death. With. Apparently. A. Final. Peak. In. Late. 1944. Yet. Ironically. An. Ever. Increasing. Manpower. Shortage. To. Have. Been. Compensated. By.

Foreign. Workers. Previously. Brought. In. By. The. Millions. While. Their. Countries. Were. Occupied. To. Also. Be. Working. As. Dispensable. Slave. Labour. Unto. Death. Including. As. Well. Prisoners. Of. War. &. Even. To. Have. Political. Prisoners. Be. Put. To. Work. Who. In. Earlier. Years. When. The. Reich. Was. At. Its. Peak. Of. Inglorious. Barbaric. Glory. They. Would. Have. Been. Automatically. Executed. Now. Given. A. Bitter. Reprieve. While. Recalcitrant. German. Soldiers. Of. Often. Questionable. Political. Persuasion. Would. Be. Assigned. To. Frontline. Penal. Battalions. Where. They. Would. Not. be. Expected. To. Survive. Long. A. Dance. Of. Death. For. All. Which. If. The. Reich. Did. Not. Bring. Them. To. Eternal. Oblivion. For. Some. It. Could. Come. By. Way. Of. Allied. Bombing. Still. Claiming. Destroying. The. Enemy's. Workforce. Was. An. Imperative. Yet. Within. That. German. Workforce. Were. Also. The. Forced. Foreign. Labourers. Who. Fatalistically. Also. Faced. The. Same. Risk. Of. Personal. Annihilation. From. The. Air. So. Stands. The. Moral. Accusation. That. The. Machinery. Of. War. Is. Inhuman. It. Makes. No. Distinction. As. To. What. Is. Maniacally. Consumed. Into. Its. Many. Parts. To. Satisfy. A. Human. Yearning. To. Be. Victorious. To. Have. Vanquished. Yes. Victory. By. Any. Means. Thus. For. The. Proponents. Of. Area. Bombing There. Perhaps. Was. An. Inner. Satisfaction. In. Viewing. Newsreels. Of. Bombed. Out. German. Cities. Skeletal. Outlines. Of. Buildings. Humiliated. People. Foraging. Amid. Dust. &. Rubble. As. If. This. Is. What. Had. To. Be. To. Teach. The. Lesson. Do. Not. Try. This. Again. Yet. The. Humiliation. To. Lose. Such. A. Major. War. Can. Be. Lesson. Enough. For. It. Perhaps. May. Have. Still. Been. Worth. The. Effort. To. Still. Try. To. Win. Efficiently. Rather. Than. Blindly. As. If. Stabbing. In. The. Dark. So. A. Morally. Pedantic. Critic. Dismissive. Of. The. Adulation. That. Bomber. Harris. Still. Receives. Among. More. Patriotic. Sectors. Of. The. British. Public. Who. Think. He. Was. Hard. Done. By. Churchill. &. Others. Who. Did. Not. Want. To. Take. Responsibility. Of. The. Terror. Policy. Of. Area. Bombing. Of. Which. It. May. Be. Said. Bomber. Harris. To. Give. Him. His. Due. Stood. By. His. Airmen. Who. Did. Not. Receive. The. Same. Level. Of. Recognition. As. The. Other. Armed. Services. Even. Though. In. Percentage. Terms. They. Suffered. The. Highest. Casualties. Who. Along. With. Great. Sacrifice. Their. Bravery. Could Not. Be. Questioned. Yes. To. Have. Survived. The. War. Against. Great. Odds. Only. To. be. Politically. Sacrificed. By. Those. Who. Should. Have. Been. Blamed. For. Any. Controversial. Strategic. Decisions. In. Regards. To. The. Air. War. Nevertheless. In. Regards. To. More. Specific. Targeting. In. Say. Latter. 1944. After. A. Hiatus. Whereby. There. Was. No. Fully. Expansive. Bombing. Campaign. Over Germany. When. The. Focus. Of. The. Air. Raids. Were. Temporarily. Switched. To. The. Preparation. Of. The. Normandy. Invasion. It. Was. Seen. During. The. Normandy. Air. Campaign. How. Focusing. On. The. Transport. Systems. Worked. Remarkedly. Well. For. Instance. In. Exceptionally. Paralysing. The. French. &. Belgian. Railway. Systems. Apparently. Exceeding. Expectations. From. Which. It. Could. Be. Deduced. &. In. Practice. Would. Be. Proven. To. Be. True. An. Equivalent. Concentrated. Approach. On. The. German. Transport. System Especially. In. Regards. To. It. Railways. Roads. &. Canals. Would. Surely. Have. The. Same. Wholescale. Damaging. Effect. On. The. German. War. Economy. To. As. Well. Devalue. German. Military. Strength. On. The. Frontlines. A. View. Already. Long. Held. By. The. RAF's. Air. Marshal. Tedder. &. With. The. Empirical. Evidence. That. The. Pre-Normandy. Invasion. Bombing. To. Back. Up. His. View. He. Was. Able. To. Stymy. A. Cycloptic. Focus. On. German. Cities. Which. Would. Still. Be. Bombed. Anyway. &. Bring. Into. Play. A. Targeted. Policy. On. German. Transport. Post. Normandy. Which. Albert. Speer. Would. Fear. Having. Stated. Once. How Transport. Governs. All. Much. Like. The. Nervous. System. Is. Needed. For. The. Body. To. Act. From. What. Is. Determined. By. The. Impulses. Generated. From. The. Brain. After. All. Although. Production. Levels. For. Coal. For. Synthetic. Fuel. Steel. Iron. Energy. Could. Be. Restored. It. Was. Difficult. To. Get. It. To. Where. It. Needed. To. Be. Used. An. Increased. Focus. On Attacking. Oil. With. That. Said. It. Was. Not. As. If. Oil. Had. Not. Been. Already. Strategically. Targeted. Especially. After. The. Casablanca. Conference. In. Early. January. 1943. As. Whereby. There. Would. Be. The. First. Major. Raid. In. August. 1943. On. The. Ploesti. Oilfields. In. Rumania. Which. Was. A. Major. Source. Of. Crude. Oil. For. Nazi. Germany. Notably. Of. Such. Major. Significance. That. Guaranteeing. Oil. From. Rumania. Had. Been. Seen. As. An. Important. Measure. Even. Before. War. Broke. Out. &. By. 1943. Their. Significance. Only. Accentuated. When. The. Sixth. Army. Was. Defeated. At. Stalingrad. Which. Denied. Nazi. Germany. Access. To. The. Caucasus. Oil. Fields. However. Any. Air. Raid. On. Ploesti. Would. Come. At. A. Heavy. Price. As. They. Were. Well. Defended. With. Many. Flak. Guns. &. Fighters. &. As. Well. With. The. Employment. Of. Steel. Cables. Tied. To. Balloons. Which. Could. Strip. Plane. Wings. Of. Low. Flying. Aircraft. To. Shreds. &. So. It. Was. That. Hundreds. Of. U.S. Airmen. Would. Lose. Their. Lives. &. With. Over. Fifty. Aircraft. Lost.

As. 177. B-24. Liberator. Bombers. In. What. Was. Known. As. Operation. Tidal. Wave. Flew. From. Far. Away. Libya. To. Inflict. Damage. On. The. Oil. Fields. That. Unfortunately. In. The. End. Only. Had. A. Short Term. Negative. Effect. Leading. Eventually. To. Further. Anglo-American. Missions. From. April. Through. To. August. 1944. Mainly. Starting. From. Much. Closer. Allied. Controlled. Territory. On. The. Italian. Peninsular. In. Which. There. Was. Accompanying. P-51 Mustang. Fighter. Support. &. Involving. This. Time. High. Altitude. Area. Bombing. To. Destroy. All. Facilities. In. The. General. Area. Yet. Still. Equally. Met. With. An. Intense. Defence. Response. From. Axis. Forces. To. Still. Lose. Over. Two. Hundred. & Thirty. Bombers. As. Well. As. Over. Thirty. Fighters. Depending. On. What. Accounts. One. Read. &. With. Over. One. Thousand. Seven. Hundred. Killed. In. Action & Over. A. Thousand. To. Become. Prisoners. Of. War. Overall. Losses. Were. Twice. As. High. Than. What. Was. Suffered. In. Missions. In. The. West. &. Germany. Yet. There. Would. Eventually. Be. An. Eighty. Per. Cent. Downturn. In. Oil. Supplies. For. The. German. War. Effort. &. As. It. Was. Rumania. Would. After. A Royal. Coup. Against. The. Dictatorship. Of. Antonescu. &. As. The. Soviet. Forces. Also. Came. Ever. Closer. Would. Have. Rumania. Leave. The. Axis. To. Join. The. Allied. Cause. Thus. Nazi. Germany. Would. Have. To. Fall. Back. On. Coal. Based. Synthetic. Oil. Production. To. Maintain. Its. Armies. In. The. Field. &. To. Ongoing. Armaments. Manufacturing. Which. Would. Also. Be. Targeted. As. It. Was. Thus. For. Instance. The. Luftwaffe. Was. To. Desperately. Suffer. From. A. Lack. Of. Aviation. Fuel. To. Make. It. Militarily. Ineffectual. No. Matter. How. Many. Planes. It. Still. Had. To. Also. Have. A. Debilitating. Effect. On German. Troop. Movements. In. The. Normandy. Campaign. With. Motorized. Forces. Unable. To. Properly. Manoeuvre. To. Have. Even. Had. A. Packed. Together. Elite. Panzer. Division. Wiped. Out. From. Aerial. Bombing. Much. Later. The. Wehrmacht. Counter. Offensive. On. The. Western. Front. Famously. Known. As. The. Battle. Of. The. Bulge. &. In. Which. One. U.S. Soldier. Kurt. Vonnegut. Would. Be. Captured. To. End. Up. Enduring. The. Bombing. Of. Dresden. Leading. To. His. Writing. Of. Slaughterhouse. Five. Would. Falter. Due. To. A. Lack. Of. Fuel. Supplies. Of. Which. A. Lack. Thereof. Everywhere. Would. Stymy. All. Of. The. German. Military. It. Is. Disputed. To. This. Day. As. To How. Effective. The. Allied. Bombing. Effort. Had. On. Shortening. The. War. &. So. Forth. But. It. Does. Seem. Even. By. Post. War. German. Accounts. That. The. So. Called. Allied. Oil. Campaign. Which. Did, Escalate. Towards. The. Last. Years. Of. The. War. Did. Have. A. Catastrophic. Effect. On. The. German. War. Effort. Which. Was. Even. Admitted. Post. War. By. Bomber. Harris. Who. Had. Always. Preferred. The. Option. Of. Area. Bombing. German. Cities. Yet. Which. It. Is. Still. Contested. When. There. Were. Still. Differing. Production. Peaks. In. Latter. War. Years. Including. With. Aircraft. Production. As. To. Whether. This. Actually. Debilitated. The. German. War. Economy. Enough. Also. Including. As. Well. Its Accompanying. Terror. Effect. Which. Also. Strongly. Brought. Into. Question. The. Morality. Of. Such. Widespread. Bombing. Which. Led. To. So. Many. Civilian. Casualties. As. Well. As. Possibly. As. Some. Critical. Observers. Would. Argue. To. The. Deaths. Of. Bombing. Crews. Which. May. Have. Also. Been. Avoided. Certainly. After. The. War. The. Moral. Issue. Of. Civilian. Deaths. From. Aerial. Bombing. Would. Be. Revisited. Although. It. Would. Still. Be. So. That. In. The. Korean. War. Anything. From. Several. Hundred. Thousand. To. Maybe. Up. To. A. Million. Casualties. Would. Result. Directly. &. Indirectly. From. U.S. Bombing. Yet. That. War. Would. Still. End. Hostilities. With. A. Draw. While. The. Massive. U.S. Bombing. Campaign. Throughout. Indochina. From. Vietnam's. Ho. Chin. Minh. Trail. To. Laos. To. Cambodia. During. The. Vietnam. War. Years. Would Not. Be. Enough. To. Avert. A. U.S. Defeat. The. Direct. Civilian. Death. Toll. Would. Officially. Be. In. The. Tens. Of. Thousands. Rather. Than. In. The Hundreds. Of. Thousands. Although. Overall. The. War. Violence. In. This. Area. Stretching. Back. To. The. War. With. The. French. In. The. Fifties. Would Result. In. A Death. Toll. That. Could. Be. Counted. In. The. Millions. If. One. Included. As. Well. The. Genocide. That. Would. Occur. In. Cambodia. With. The. Rise. Of. The. Khmer. Rouge. Which. The. So. Called. Secret. Bombing. Of. Cambodia. Would. Help. Prompt. There. Would. Be. What. Is. Known. As. Democide. Which. Meant. The. Killing. Of. Civilians. By. Their. Own. Government. Or. In. The. Case. Of. Vietnam. Whereby. U.S. Forces. Allied. To. South. Vietnam. Would. Inadvertently. Kill. Civilians. By. Bombing. &. Artillery. Fire. To. Destroy. The. Village. To. Save. It. Scenario. Which. Also. Brings. Up. The. Brutal. Reality. Of. The Lethal. Impersonality. Of. Mechanized. Warfare. Which. Can. Arbitrarily. Cause. So. Much. Death. As. Differentiated. From. The. Purposeful. Outright. Murdering. Of. Civilians. As. Happened. At. My. Lai. Although. For. The. Innocent. Victims. There. Is. No. Recompense. That. Their. Deaths. Were. Not. Deliberately. Sought. After. Being. The. Accidental. Collateral. Damage. That. Simply. Was. In. the. Way. Or. In. The. Vicinity. Of. Where. The Enemy. Was. &. For. No. One. To. Have. To.

Take. Responsibility. In. A. Modern. War. System. That. Orders. Death. Through. A. Sterile. Bureaucratic. Process. That. Commands. A. Certain. Zone. To. Be. Militarily. Commandeered. Believing. An. Enemy. Well. Versed. In. Subterfuge. &. In. Such. Immediate. Surroundings. It. Is. Also. To. be. Believed. That. There. Are. Those. This. Same. Military. Is. Meant. To. Be. Fighting. For. To. Also Be. Harmed. The. Impersonality. Of. Machine. War. Which. Came. Into. Its. Own. In. The. Twentieth. Century. &. Evermore. To. Be. Perfected. In. The. Twenty. First. Century. World. War. One. Artilleries. Massacring. An. Enemy. That. Would. Never. Be. Seen. To. Bomber. Fleets. As. Artilleries. Of. The. Air. Massacring. Those. Unseen. Below. Them. To. Perhaps. Live. With. The. Thought. If. One. Allowed. One's. Self. To. Think. About. It. All. That. If. Civilians. Had. Been. Killed. One's. Own. Bombs. Had. Not. Been. The. Cause. Even. Though. It. Was. Becoming. A. Familiar. Realisation. That. With. Area. Bombing. Only. A. Small. Percentage. Of. Bombs. Ever. Actually. Hit. The. Intended. Target. War. By. Percentages. Whereby. There. Was. A. Greater. Percentage. Of. Unintended. Death. To. Militarily. Come. To. Terms. With. Such. Ongoing. Tragic. Consequences. So. That. Necessary. Military. Operations. Could. Proceed. By Speaking. In. the. Mathematical. Language. Of. Ratios. Whereby. There. Could. Be. Ascertained. By. Some. Arbitrary. Moral. Dimension. A. So. Called. Acceptable. Rate. Of. Death. Between. Non-Combatants. &. Combatants. When. It. Was. Deemed. Impossible. To. Make. A. Distinction. In. An. Active. Zone. Of. To. Perhaps. Even. Live. With. The. Thought. That. When. That. Active. Zone. Was. A. City. Centre. The. Obligation. Was. Really. On. The. Enemy. To. Have. Already. Put. In. Place. The. Protective. Infrastructure. Such. As. Bomb. Shelters. So. There. Would. Not. Be. Deaths. Of. Innocents. Yet. Even. If. So. The. Furies. Of. Modern. War. Would. Still. Find. Out. With. Towering. Fire. &. Melting. Steel. Where. The. Innocents. Hid. If. Not. Deep. Down. In. the. Bowels. Of. The. Earth. To. Still. Be. Burnt. Alive. Or. Crushed. By. Stone. Or. Asphyxiated. By. Burning. Air. To. Have. In. Vietnam. To. Find. Out. The. Enemy. By. Unleashing. Agent. Orange. So. As. To Chemically. Take. Away. The. Foliage. Of. The. Country. That. Once. Again. One. Was. Meant. To. Protect. So. The. Enemy. Would. Be. Exposed. Yet. In. the. End. For. Foe. Friend. & Even. Soldiers. On. One's. Own. Side. To. Become. Victims. Of. A. Default. Biological. Warfare. To. Even. Be. Burnt. Alive. By. The. Burning. Petro. Chemical. Of. Napalm. Which. Was. First. Used. In. World. War. Two. In. Flamethrowers. In. Sicily. Then. In. The. Pacific. On. Japanese. Cities, To. Bring. Incendiary. Death. From. The. Air. To. Perfection. There. Was. Even. An. Attempt. At. Biological. Warfare. Whereby. Anthrax. In. Linseed. Cakes. Was. To. Be. Dropped. Onto. Fields. In. Germany. Where. Cattle. Grazed. So. As. To. Infect. Them. To. Wipe. Out. Meat. &. Milk. Supplies. &. To. Make. People. Sick. Yet. When. Tested. On. A. Scottish. Island. It. Was. So. Successful. The. Soil. Itself. Was. Infected. To. Lethal. Levels. For. Both. Humans. &.Animals. So. Much. So. The. Island. Was. Unsafe. Until. 1990. While. Operation. Vegetarian. Itself. Was. Not. Carried. Through. As. Operation. Overlord. That. Is. the. Invasion. Of. Normandy. Was. Mounted. In. The. Meanwhile. Total. War. Such. As. It. Was. While. One. May. Argue. That. Carpet. Bombing. Had. Its. Place. Drawing. In. Enemy. Military. Resources. That. Could. Have. Been. Better. Utilized. On. The. Frontlines. &. Although. Precision. Bombing. Was. Still. On. A. Steep. Efficiency. Curve. It. Would. Seem Finally. That. Targeting. Ball. Bearings. Oil. Transport. &. Other. Specific. Aspects. Of. The. Nervous. System. Of. The. German. War. Economy. Could. In. The. End. Pay. Off. Greater. Dividends. To. Assure. Allied. Victory. Although. Bomber. Harris. Had. Often. Dismissed. Such. Raids. As. A. Panacea. Distraction. A. Cure. All. They. Were. Not. To. Him. Yet. Focusing. On. Economic. &. Military. Bottlenecks. Did. Have. A. Proven. Strategic. Place. Which. With. Also. Possibly. Leading. To. Lesser. Civilian. Deaths. Although. They. Would. Also Still. Occur. As. Seen. In. The. Dambuster. Raid. They. Could. Also. Hold. Stronger. Moral. Authority. The. Flyover. Filming. Of. Ruined. German. Cities. So. Much. Waste. Yet. In. the. Decades. To. Come. To. All. Be. Rebuilt. With. A. Peace. To. Last. Despite. The. Overhanging. Threat. Of. Nuclear. Devastation. In. The. Cold War. Years. As. If. It. Had. All. Been. An. Unreal. Nightmare. War. As. Nihilistic. Conceptual. Art. Emphasising. The. Destructive. Nature. Of. Human. Nature. Rather. Than. Its. Alternative. Creative. Aspect. To. be. Soberly. Meditated. On. At. The. Graveyards. Of. Its. Human. Victims. Whether. They. Be. Soldiers. Or. Civilians. To. Hope. For. That. It. May. Never. Happen. Again. While. As. Surely. It. Does. Happen. Again. For. There. To. Really. Be. The. Need. To. Change. The. Very. Mind. Set. Of. The. Human. Race. To. View. In. the. Cold. War. Period. The. Social. Sculpture. Approach. Of. The. German. Artist. Joseph. Beuys. Ironically. Who. Had. Been. In. The. Luftwaffe. As. A. Rear. Gunner. On. A. Stuka. Dive. Bomber. To. Have. Survived. A. Crash. In. The. Crimea. Although. Having Survived. Suffering. Serious. Injury. A. Human. Emblem. Of. Being. A. Destroyer. To. Be. Destroyed. Yet. Still. Existing. To. Then. Be. A. Creator. To. Hope. For. Human. Creation. To. Overcome. Human.

Destruction. Not. Only. Of. Itself. But. Also. Of. The. Environment. Of. Which. Humanity. Too. Often. Utilized. Corporatized. &. Could. Even. Militarize. So. As. To. Only. Suit. Its. Own. Functions. Joseph. Beuys. Had. Claimed. That. Everyone. Could. Be. An. Artist. So. According. To. That. Redefinition. Of. The. Human. Matrix. Bomber. Harris. Destroyer. Of. Worlds. Was. Also. An. Artist. A. Conceptual. One. Who. Produced. Works. Which. Would. Survive. In. Human. Minds. Rather. Than. On. Stretched. Canvases. An. Antithetical. Artist. Of. The. Destructive. Kind. Who. Reduced. Human. Reality. Down. To. Rubble. Heaps. A. Concrete. Ashened. Forest. Of. Ruined. Buildings. Once. Magnificent. Now. Monumentally. Vandalised. Beyond. All. Recognition. The. Bomb. His. Signature. Tool. Of. Choice. To. Bring. About. His. 'Destructs'. As. I. Cat. The. Art. Critic. Call. His. Non-Art. Work. That. Is. The. Opposite. Of. Constructs. Which. Would. Be. A. Built. Up. Art. Work. Like. The. American. Skyscraper. Perhaps. Which. One. May. Say. Can. Be. Viewed. As. In. New. York. A. Modern. Day. Tower. Of. Babels. Reaching. Towards. The Heavens. Of. The. Skies. To. Signify. A. Human. Progress. Of. Sorts. Aspiring. Towards. The. Divine. As. If. To. Be. Like. The. Divine. At. Least. The. Divine. Epitomises. Creation. The. Universe. Itself. An Act. Of. Conceptual. Art. For. It. Is. Impermanent. In. Eternal. Terms. To. Disappear. To. Physical. Nothingness. Cosmic. Explosion. Mortal. Explosion. All. With. Debris. Of. Different. Sorts. Nothingness. Morality. Reduced. To. Nothing. In. War. This. Has. To. Be. A. Known. Fact. Lost. In. The. Debris. The. Carnage. The. Barbarity. Human. Anger. Human. Fear. Human. Sorrow. Human. Emptiness. Within. The. Remnants. Of. Cities. One. Can. Envisage. The. Tall. Lean. Human. Figures. Of. The. Sculptor. Alberto. Giacometti. The. Human. Body. Reduced. Down. To. Wiry. Dimensions. As. If. Existing. As. Personifications. Of. A. Modern. Human. Nothingness. Yet. Not. Devised. By. Him. Yet. Rather. For. This. Viewer. To. Reflect. That. Humanity. Must. Come. To. Terms. With. A. Self. Inflicted. Human. Void. The. Ruins. Must. No. Longer. Be. Real. To. Have. To. Become. Only. Bitter. Memory. In. the. Restoration. Of. The. Human. World. In. The. Attempted. Return. To. Human. Civilisation. The. Former. Luftwaffe. Airman. To. Make. His. Claim. For. Human. Regeneration. The. Human. Psyche. To. Go. Through. Liberating. Revolutionary. Change. Through. Human. Creativity. Artist. As. Healer. To. Overcome. The. Anti-Artist. As. Destroyer. Even. Though. He. Too. Had. Previously. Been. An. Angel. Of. Death. From. The. Sky. Yet. To. Attempt. Despite. His. Own. Fraught. Humanity. To. Still. At. Least. Attempt. To. Shamanistically. Veer. Towards. Human. Transformation. Which. Human. Society. Universally. Does. Still. Need. To. Do. To. Allow. Nature's. Growth. To. Embrace. The. Human. Spirit. To. Sculpt. Society. As. A. Communal. Work. Of. Art. Away. From. Unnatural. Forces. Meaning. Those. Elements. Of. The. Human. Order. That. Not. Only. Deny. Growth. But. Lead. Only. Towards. Decay. To. Have. A. Joycean. Return. To. The. Subconscious. Which. Likes. Ulysses, Is. Homeward. Bound. To. A. Sense. Of. Sanctity. In. Regards. To. Life. Ulysses. A. Fraught. Moral. Figure. Himself. In. Many. Regards. Which. Joseph. Beuys. According. To. His. Critics. Is. Also. So. Even. With. His. Reclamation. Of. Ithaca. Ulysses. Had. To. Resort. To. Violence. &. Capital. Punishment. To. Secure. With. It. Any. Possibility. Of. Peace. This. Is. The. Moral. Tension. Of. The. Human. Race. Yet. It. Is. What. Also. Must. Be. Understood. To. Overcome. Any. Naïve. Illusion. Of. A. Pure. Human. Goodness. Human. Ruination. Always. So. Readily. Applicable. To. Human. Behaviour. Human. Ruins. Chiselled. Pock. Marked. Harsh. Stone. The. Hardened. Human. Heart. For. Beuys. To Repose. To. Soft. Materials. Such. As. Felt. As. The. Antithesis. Of. What. Is. Hard. To. Symbolically. Signify. The. Transformative. Possibility. Of. Both. Individual. &. Social. Change. Which. Can. Organically. Occur. Harking. Back. For. Himself. His. Own. Mythical. Healing. Restoration. Of. Being. Wrapped. In. Felt. By. Nomadic. Tatars. To. Bring. Warmth. To. Him. To. Have. For. This. Storyteller. With. His. Always. Worn. In. Public. Felt. Hat. This. So. Called. German. Man. Of. Sorrows. An. Insulated. Protected. Soul. A. Spiritual. Anecdote. Like. Many. Others. Apparently. Which. It. Is. Said. To. Be. A. Fabricated. Fictional. Event. Devised. By. Him. Rather. Than One. Based. In. Any. Historical. Actuality. But. Nevertheless. To. Still. Have. Symbolic. Relevance. Like. Any. Myth. It. Would. Be. So. That. At. The. Kassel. Documenta 7. In. 1982. Beuys. Would. Have. A. Large. Triangular. Spread. Out. Pile. Of. Rough. Hewn. Granite. Thick. Posts. Each. Perhaps. A. Metre. Long. Which. For. Older. West. Germans. May. Have. Been. Seen. As. Reminiscent. Of. The. Ruins. Of. Bombed. Out. Destroyed. Buildings. From. The. Apocalyptic. War. Years. &. On. Each. Long. Rock. Was. Spray. Painted. A. Golden. Hare. Which. Apparently. Was. Symbolic. Of. Flesh. Incarnate. With. Spirit. &. Each. Of. These. Granite. Posts. Were. To. Be. Environmentally. Usurped By. One. Of. 7,000. Oak. Trees. Each. To. be. Planted. Over. The. Next. Few. Years. Until. 1987. One. Year. After. The. Artist's Death. The. Last. Tree. Planted. By. His Son. Helping. To. Alleviate. Nature. Under. Human. Threat. To. Have. Nature. Be. Supreme. To. Be. In.

Harmony. &. Balance. To. Overcome. Hard. Human. Ruin. With, Soft. Natural. Rebirth. Or. This. Is. How. I. The. Inner. City. Prophet. Views. This. Vast. Lengthy. Performance. Art. Exercise. That. Was. To. Outlive. The. Artist. Like. The. Medieval. Cathedrals. Like. Gaudi's. Barcelona. Towering. Flamboyant. Church. Every. Forest. Is. A. Cathedral. Of. Nature. Which. Should. Be. Reverently. Seen. &. Respected. As. A. Sacred. Space. It. Is. Said. That. The. Trees. May. Take. Up. To. Three. Hundred. Years. To. Bloom. To. Full. Growth. To. Have. Gregor. For. Master. On. His. Birthday. Who. Is. Always. Involved. In. Bush. Generation. At. His. Nearby. Beloved. Stotts. Reserve. To. Do. An. Entertaining. Etching. Of. Joseph. Beuys. Piloting. A. WWII. Bomber. Flying. Over. A. Row. Of. Apartments. Dropping. A. Row. Of. Trees. As. Environmental. Ordinance. To. Reclaim. The. Land. Below. For. Gaia. Master. Was. Bemused. To. Have. A. Garden. Of. Eden. Replacing. The. Many. Storied. Towers. Of. Babels. A. Utopian. Vision. Which. Disappears. With. The. Dust. Of. Ongoing. Conflict. A. Long. Lasting. Peace. Was. Hoped. For. After. The. Breakage. Of. The. Berlin. Wall. Representing. The. Fall. Of. A. Tense. Global. Bilateral. Divide. Yet. There. Was. To. Be. Only. New. Conflagrations. Deadly. Imperial. Hubris. To. Reoccur. Along. With. A. Rise. Of. Militant. Terror. Death. As. Spectacle. Throughout. A. Multi. Lateral. Globe. Yet. Ongoing. Centrifugal. Historical. Forces. Whirring. Through,. The. Centuries. To. The. 2ist. To. Always. Reengage. With. Their. Long. Term. Epicentres. At. Particular. Junctures. Of. The. Global. Human. Landscape. Thus. There. Would. Occur. A. Shift. Away. From. The. Tragedies. That. Were. Afghanistan. Iraq. Syria. Yemen. Nigeria. Congo. Ethiopia. Sudan. Myanmar. Haiti. To. Name. But. Just. A. Few. Modern. Day. Inhuman. Nightmares. With. Afghanistan. Especially. To. Be. A. Major. Disaster. From. The. Perspective. Of. The. West. With. A. Devastating. Return. Of. The. Taliban. To. Other. Such. Invasive. Ripples. &. Defensive. Counter. Ripples. That. Was. Prevalent. In. Both. Ukraine. &. Other. Points. Of. The. Levant. Such. As. Gaza. Israel. Lebanon. Iran. To. Also. See. New. Features. Of. Modern. War. Emerge. Which. In. A. Way. Could. Be. Seen. As. Developments. Of. The. Ongoing. Ever. Increasing. Industrial. Scale. Mechanization. Of. Warfare. That. Had. Been. Occurring. Since. The. Last. Century. Which. Involved. Ironically. Moving. Away. From. Any. Human. Scale. To. A. Greater. Inhuman. One. if. That. Was. Already. Possible. Metaphorically. Speaking. Hand. To. Hand. Fighting. Replaced. By. Drone. Robotic. Ones. Bringing. Also. Conceptual. Shifts. To. Any. Immediate. Sense. Of. Personal. Human. Responsibility. It. Is. Known. With. Firing. Squads. That. One. Of. The. Marksmen. Has. A. Rifle. That. Within. It. Is. A. Blank. Rather. Than. A. Real. Bullet. So. The. Whole. Squad. Can. Live. With. The. Illusory. Thought. One. Or. The. Other. Was. The. Individual. Who. Did. Not. Cause. The. Person's. Death. In. Case. It. Played. On. One's. Mind. &. Felt. Guilt. Even. Though. It. Has. Been. Surmised. That. A. Blank. Does. Not. Really. Cause. The. Same. Recoil As. Happens. With. A. Real. Bullet. One. May. Also. That. Flying. Many. Thousands. Of. Feet. Above. A. City. To. Drop. A. Payload. Of. Bombs. One. May. Also. Try. To. Live. With. The. Thought. That. With. So. Much. Death. As. Well. Caused. Below. That. One's. Bombs. Were. Those. Of. The. Always. Small. Percentage. Of. Any. Air. Raid. That. Did. Hit. A. Legitimate. Target. &. It. Was. The. Bombs. Of. Others. That. Led. To. The. Massacres. Of. Thousands. Of. Civilians. Caught. Up. In. The. Inflicted. Hades. Below. To. Cut. One's. Mind. Off. From. What. One. Was. Terribly. Causing. Being. So. Far. Above. To. Actually. See. The. Burning. Bodies. Of. The. Hellscapes. So. Often. Brought. About. By. Area. Carpet. Bombing. To. Go. On. Raid. After. Raid. After. Raid. Facing. The. Trauma. One. Caused. As. Well. As. The. Trauma. One. Also. Had. To. Personally. Deal. With. That. The. Mission. One. Was. Now. On. May. Also. Be. The. One. That. Would. Lead. To. One's. Instant. Personal. Death. To. Also. Be. A. Lethal. Statistic. Machine. War. As. Impersonal. War. It. Was. Hannah. Arendt. Who. Pointed. Out. How. What. One. Becomes. In. Such. Wars. With. An. Industrial. Scale. Use. Of. Weaponry. Is. To. Be. A. Mere. Cog. Within. Wheels. Of. Slaughter. Stripped. Of. Humanity. Of. Nominal. Values. Such. As. Honour. Or. Courage. An. Impersonal. In/Human. Nothingness. To. Be. Human. Bacterium. To. Die. Without. Meaning. Life. As. Meaningless. In. War. A. Perverse. Nihilism. Is. Always. At. Work. Only. To. be. Magnified. In. The. Machine. Age. Crushing. All. Semblance. Of. What. It. Is. To. Be. Human. Tens. Of. Thousands. Dying. Overshadowed. By. An. Empty. Spectre. Of. Indifference. All. Is. Amoral. In. War. In. Terms. Of. War. Targeting. Of. The. Worst. Sort. Can. Be. That. Of. The. Bombing. Of. Hospitals. By. Russia. In. Syria. When. It. Was. Supporting. The. Assad. Regime. Along. With. The. Deadly. Practice. Of. Double. Tapping. When. Those. Who. Would. Come. To. Help. Those. Caught. Up. In. The. First. Missile. Strike. Would. Themselves. Be. Hit. In. A. Follow. Up. Second. Strike. There. Would. Also. Be. The. Use. Of. Barrel. Bombs. By. The. Regime. Itself. Along. With. Applying. Chemical. Warfare. On. Civilians. &. To. Also. Be. Infamously. Known. For. Its. Torture. Centres. With. Their. Thousands. of. Victims. While. One. May. Think. Also. Of. The. Iranian.

Regime. Capable. Of. Executing. Its. Citizens. In. The. Tens. Of. Thousands. Exporting. Proxy. Armies. Such. As. Hezbollah. Hamas. On. The. Borders. Of. Israel. Militant. Parts. Of. Its. So. Called. Axis. Of. Resistance. Which. Also. Includes. The. Houthis. In. Yemen. Resistance. Against. What? Human. Decency. According. To. The. Humanitarian. Mind. Of. This. Inner. City. Prophet. This. God's. Cowboy. After. What. He. Had. Learnt. About. October. 7. The. Use. Of. The. Term. Resistance. An. Insult. When. The. Majority. Of. The. Slaughtered. Are. Not. Opposing. Military. Personnel. But. Defenceless. Non. Combatants. Not. A. Modern. Battle. But. A. Modern. Pogrom. Yet. For. Those. Who. Murderously. Carried. It. Out. To. Be. Believing. What. They. Were. Doing. Was. To. Holily. Cleanse. The. World. In. Order. To. Extend. A. Just. Good. As. If. Harking. Back. To. The. Scientific. Findings. Of. The. Milgram. Experiment. Yes. To. See. As Good. To. Induce. Terror. On. Who. They. Saw. As. To. Who. Were. The. Unjust. The. Unworthy. Of. Any. Divine. Grandeur. All. A. Brutal. Belief. Harking. Back. To. Primal. Subterranean. Impulses. Of Historical. Proportions. Historically. Centred. In. The. Levant. From. Ancient. Times. To. Now. To. 'Righteously'. Have. The. Bringing. Of. Death. By. Barbaric. Means. Not. From. Afar. But. Close. Up. Eye. To. Eye. For. An. Eye. For. An. Eye. To. Understand. From. A. Wizened. Middle. Aged. Israeli. Commentator. Who. Wanted. To. Share. Local. Historical. Perceptions. &. Knowledge. To. Those. Foreign. Outside. The. Region. Of. The. Philosophical. Mindset. Of. Such. Fundamentalist. Militants. More. Commonly. Referred. To. As. Jihadists. With. The. Historical. Decimation. Of. The. Ottoman. Empire. &. The. Ongoing. Historical. Rise. Of. The. West. Including. Mainly. By. Way. Of. Great. Britain. &. France. Of. Its. Colonial. Advances. In. Much. Of. The. Territory. Where. Ottoman. Dominance. Was. Receding. Including. The. Levant. Egypt. Algeria. Sudan. As. Well. As. There. Also. Being. A. Separate. Rising. Shift. Post. War I. To. A. Modernising. Secularism. As. Seen. In. Turkiye. Under. Atatürk. The. Hero. Of. Gallipoli. Who. Became. Leader. Of. The. Country. Thus. In. Response. There. Would. Emerge. A. Reformist. Islamist. Impulse. To. Radically. Bring. About. A. Revival. To. Overcome. What. Had. Been. Lost. &. Again. Become. A. Strong. Force. As. It. Had. Been. In. The. Past. To. Match, The. West. Which. When. One. Thinks. Back. To. Centuries. Past. To. The. Time. Of. Scholarly. Glory. It. Maybe. Argued. It. Was. More. So. The. Case. Of. Persians. Under. Islamic. Domination. Which. Achieved. It. While. It. Is. Interesting. To. Learn. That. Saladin. The. Nemesis. Of. The. Crusaders. Was. A. Kurd. With. A. Modern. Day. Regenerative. Aspiration. There. Would. Also. Be. Accompanying. Political. Overtones. However. In. The. Latter. Years. Of. The. Nineteenth. Century. While. The. Ottoman. Empire. Still. Existed. As. Although. In. Decline. It. Would. Only. Actually. Fully. Collapse. During. World. War. One. There. Would. Already. Be. In. The. Levant. Stirrings. Of. Islamist. Concern. With. A. Noticeable. Increasing. Jewish. Influx. To. The. Region. Due. To. The. Rise. Of. Pogroms. In. The. Russian. Empire. Now. Led. By. A. Reactionary. Tsar. Alexander III. After. The. Assassination. Of. His. Reformist. Father. Alexander II. In. 1881. Including. In. The. Western. Region. Of. The. Russian. Empire. Known. As. The. Pale. Settlement. Where. Jews. Were. Officially Restricted. To. Live. While. There. Were. Also. Pogroms. Occurring. In. The. South. Although. There. Were. Jews. Escaping. To. The. Levant. Far. More. Chose. To. Go. To. America. While. Maybe. Up. To. 30,000. Jews. Went. To. The. Levant. Where. There. Was. A. Minority. Of. Jews. Already. Living. There. While. To. The. U.S.A. It. Is. Said. There. Were. Up. To. 1.5. Million. Jewish. Emigres. To. Increase. An. Internal. Population. Of. Jews. That. Was. Perhaps. Already. Half. A. Million. Survival. Rather. Than. Ideology. Spurred. Jewish. Migration. Although. The. Ottoman. Empire. Had. Become. Wary. Of. The. Nationalist. Aspirations. Of. The. Jews. Going. To. To. The Levant. Who. In. Any. Case. Despite. Restrictions. Were. Obtaining. Land. By. Legitimate. Means. Such. As. Purchasing. It. From. Wealthy. Absentee. Land. Owners. Who. Could. Be. Living. As. Afar. Away. As Beirut. Or. Damascus. &. Often. At. Inflated. Prices. Often. Becoming. The. case. To. Be. Able. To. Do. So. With. Both. Jewish. Philanthropic. &. Jewish. Corporation. Help. While. The Terrain. Itself. Which. Was. Acquired. Was. Often. Deemed. Worthless. For. A. Reason. Being. Of. Rocky. Or. Sandy. Soil. As. Well. As. Swampy. Being. Malaria. Ridden. With. Such. Land. Then. Transformed. To. Often. Become. Adequate. For. Agricultural. Cultivation. While. Such. Land. Was. Also. Purchased. In. The. British. Mandate. Years. Whereby. There. Would. Also. Eventuate. Purchase. Limitations. & Migration. Restrictions. There. Would. Also. Be. Such. Dormant. Land. Sold. To. Jews. In. Coastal. &. Valley. Areas. While. Tensions. Would. Arise. When. Many. Communal. Property. Minded. Poor. Or. Indebted. Arab. Tenant. Farmers. Known. As. Fellahin. Who. Often. Were. Not. Permanent. Landholders. Living. On. Land. Officially. Owned. By. Wealthy. Others. Yet. Often. On. Behalf. Of. Such. Tenant. Farmers. Suspicious. Of. An. 1850s. Ottoman. Land. Reform. To. Register. Ownership. Which. Could. Lead. To. Burdensome. Taxes. &. As. Well. To. Avoid. Possible.

Military. Conscription. Which. Could. Be. Required. By. Land. Owners. Thus. Although. Traditionally. The. Fellahin. May. Have. Had. Communal. Generational Use. Of. The. Land. They. Were. On. Without. Formal. Ownership. As. Now. Required. Under. Ottoman. Rule. They. Were. Displaced.

From. Cultivated. Land. Sales. Which. Inevitably. Would. Cause. Heightened. Resentment. Against. The. Jews. Who. Preferred. On. The. Main. To. Only. Have. Their. Own. Kind. Work. The. Land. Together. One. May. Say. Much. Of. The. Original. Tension. In. Relatively. Modern. Times. Between. The. Two. Groups. Went. Along. Economic. Rather. Than. Religious. Lines. As. Looking. Back. In. Time. Jews. As. A. Minority. Already. Living. In. The. Levant. Had. More. Or. Less. Been. Tolerated. By. A. Majority. Arab. Population. Which. Of. Itself. Would. Swell. During. The. Time. Of. The. British. Mandate. Palestine. Due. To. Heightened. Technology. Economic. &. Investment. Activity. Brought. About. By. The. Increased. British. & Jewish. Presence. That. Did. Lead. To. An. Increase. In. The. Standard. Of. Living. That. Was. Attractive. To. Arabs. Living. In. Neighbouring. States. Thus. A. Complex. Picture. Arises. With. An. Array. Of. Both. Societal. Positives. &. Negatives. Affecting. All. Who. Lived. In. The. Levant. Which. No. Simple. Historical. Narrative. Can. Adequately. Depict. From. The. Inner. City. Prophet's. Point. Of. View. It. Was. Surmised. That. The. Proverbial. Wisdom. Of. Solomon. Was. In. Order. To. Come. To. A. Reasonable. Summation. Which. He. Would. Still. Cautiously. Attempt. To. Explore. As. If. Being. Someone. Traversing. Through. The. Dark. To. Reach. A. Light. Without. Stumbling. To. Be. On. All. Fours. &. With. A. Head. Wound. A. Blakean. Nebuchadnezzar. Human. Madness. In. the. End. To. Come. To. The. Fore. Human. Tyranny. To. Lose. One's. Mind. Is. To. Be. Feared. Yet. It. Seems. To. Be. The. Case. That. For. The. World. Regarding. The. Levant. A. Divergent. Mind. Oscillating. Between. Differing. Polarising. Records. Of. The. Past. To. Various. Shapings. Of. Framings. Of. The. Present. Yet. To. Still. Try. To. Make. Sense. Of. It. All. As. If. Looking. Through. A. Dark. Glassly. To. Understand. That. Although. There. Would. Eventually. Be. A. Local. Perception. To. Harshly. View The. Diaspora. Jew. From. Russia. As. An . Invader. Interested. In. Taking. Over. Land. To. Exploit. Rather. Than. As. A. Refugee. Fleeing. Persecution. Returning. From. Exile. To. Secure. Land. To. Be. Safe. Not. Colonialism. But. Self. Determination. There. Was. Not. An. Interest. To. Escape. Conflict. In. Order. To. Enter. Into. Conflict. Elsewhere.

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