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Orange Segments

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The Beginning

In the beginning, there were no beginnings, merely connections. Since then, the earth/nature (she, her matter) has been pa(i)red like an orange into four carefully divided quarters: earth, water, fire, air. This is man's fascination with sums - geometry. The orange is not, however, easily regular; there are segments, some small, some larger, juice squirts up into the eye stinging, and the orange has webbed layers of fine white peel which interconnect. Insects burrow into the orange, seed and grow. Black-fly dance across its pitted surface. The humid acrid smell of the orange permeates the nose, the skin. In the beginning, there was no beginning at all, merely connections, but the pressure to create a narrative was great. So, this story is a story about segments which have never really been segments at all. This is a story about words. This is a story which by definition, tradition, should have some kind of narrative line. This story is anthropocentric by the very nature and his-tory of its language, this story is eurocentric by the very nature of its language . . .

I looked closely at my left hand, for the right held the pen and the right hand holds the world. My left hand print which spirals lines which cross over and interlink on the tips of my fingers, loop and mesh and follow intricate designs. It seemed that everywhere fine lines connected each finger, and the thumb. Passing my tongue over my left hand I tasted out ridges of musty salt and those fine lines, which when pushed against, frictioned. In the beginning there were no beginnings, merely connections. At one moment the real was experienced as nature small and intricate a micro-biology of small drops slow-ly-fall-ing into colours fine. At the same moment the wind was huge swept me across an open plain across and onto a hot silent rock which hummed out insect movement and sounds. Insect-movement-sounds. Connections. This story takes place in Australia, a land which does not easily regularly bend into neat segments with ruled dividing lines of geometry. This narrative doesn't exist, it defies time and space, syntax. Journal entries, however, are from the real not the imaginary, they belong to his-tory: a time and space.

Chance Energy Fire

30th April. - At half past 5 o'clock I arose early to the smell of wood smoke emanating from the horizon, the smoke evidently the result of a large bush

fire. We breakfasted immediately, made up camp, and bore N.N.W. and then pursued our route over continued ridges until past 2, when we crossed a marsh with a small stream running to the southward. I, leaving the men at the place for bivouacking, came to a small opening, where I had an extensive view of successive ridges from N by E. to S.E. by S. The smoke we observed by day was replaced by the light of fires in the distance by night. Men very tired; the surface was a mixture of siliceous sand and clay in the dales, having large fragments of granite rock and iron stone thickly scattered upon the ridges, in many places almost entirely bare of low vegetation; the same trees, generally of immense size, the largest hollowed out at the root by fires.

REMARKS. The endless fires made by the natives are apt to communicate to the dried grass and underwood, and spread in such a manner as to endanger everything that cannot bear a severe scorching. Course E. half S. distance eighteen miles; wind N.N.W. with squalls.

Fire is synergy energy sun lightning energy . . . they say fire can move at immense speeds fed on by the blue-tongued lizard and the right direction winds. Australia is a country sun burnt bush burnt into the universal genus eucalyptus to plants which produce seed pods which only open under extreme heat hot fire energy smack-pot-explode open onto a cleansed ash-bed which accepts covering the seeds. The ash-bed effect is a multiple complex. The fire-stick burning of the Aborigines made early in the dry season while the dew still lies flames smoke chimneys out from broken branches. Grey ash ember glow orange hearts. The fire crackles down smacks races across the canopies above the blue bush burnt smell smoke spirals up thick and the heat orange yellow red up high into the air wind. From the mouths of dragon twigs fire sears out consuming the oils and gases contained in the plant. Energy released from the twig stick fire-stick branch.

Fires mark trees ring-bark trees the burning is always blacker on one side facing down the hill or the wind-face side. Australia's flora and fauna have fire-specific traits like the beetle-blue which steers to heat by infra-red sensors. Fire is not a singular event the fire collects an entire food chain the fire stings the eyes water is produced and blue waves reflected light are created in the rock pools water gurgles rises up to meet the orange movement quick crabs salty below on ledges the water swirls spirals up around the edge vortex blue reflected light patterns repeated spiral across my face like hot orange fire smoke the light increases again a light becoming brighter and brighter sun. Fire winds fire winds fire flumes above the canopy synergy many Australian vascular plants flower bloom after a fire tracks a new shoots or multiple shoots punch through the ashy crust shooting later green. Lightning cracks in sheet-fork onto the black horizon storm before and sometimes in the afternoon a humid dust taste sky blue grey my hair is standing on end up. Synergy energy sun lightning movement. Energy can also be found in hot orange stripes of bees in swarm who lace lines into the sky movement the basic substance of life. Trees are movement too energy the wind

propels the trees the waves on the beach life is not simple not compartmented into neat segments separated. On the land, in Australia, where even the stones seem to burn fire energy is not confined to the flame.

Contradiction Earth Land Solid

Stone is the most expressive material. It is a frozen sea grained with waves. It is evidence of form, and memory of movement. Land may be solid but in Australia it moves with the wind and the water. In Australia the land is sculpted by the air the wind moves soil and sculpts the sandstone into form. Across the distance of space time marked out into places the land changes varies like shifting sand itself. It is not static; it moves with the seasons, with the wind changes drops in atmospheric spirits. Change. It is not solid at times like a salt lake looking hard but not solid not water not stone the insect trapped inside become crystallised jewels ants across the hot red desert reptile sand patterns tracks across the red yellow hot sand energy from the sand the wind textures moving ripples across its face that changes to blue sea every so many European years . . . marsupial moles swim through the sand the landscape is fluid like sand swimmers water. The lizard's leather skin textured like dusty water reflections desert camouflage.

Red heart of energy dust rock solid hot pillars the deserts of central Australian plains of stone which meet the sea meet the rivers meet the swampy mud-like vegetation which defies the eye but sinks convincingly low like mobile land the lines becoming less and less clearing the land damming the clearing the trees away bridging the gap is European-man's attempt to make it work into lines of geometry but the bridge foundations are convincingly carried away up-stream. But this land expansive fertile but not without the wind the sun water and fire. The fire is put out by ice solid water solid quickly melts into liquid the sky small pebbles of ice fall loudly down marble down onto the earth and white over the soil melting becoming fluid again from the sky. Islands today barren yesterday silver scrub with naked branches of witches hair twist and gnarl over the tracks around them while in other places edges they are thin tall silver grey and below the peeling bark orange gums ghost gum like shifting away in the haze of the morning.

This story is losing its narrative chain like waves on a beach flowing backwards an under current which pulls back grains of beach sand shells weed back out to sea and further. This narrative is flowing backwards in a spiral out. Segmentation do-e-s-n-'-t work in des-cr-ip-t-ion of solidearthwaterfireair. The air touches the water moves the land into transformation the land rolls out weedy carpet under the waves in reefs. In moments there is no distinction merely contradictions.

September 17th. - Rainy weather and blowing hard from the N.W. At 6, launched the boats; Mr Dale and a party of twelve set off to walk to the is-

lands; found a river from the late rains had risen upwards of two feet; twenty minutes past 6 started, and arrived at the islands by 10 o'clock.

REMARKS. On going up the river, found the water perfectly fresh about half way between the distance we bivouacked and the islands, on coming down, passed over the flats without touching, and Mr Dale informed me that many parts of the banks were much flooded in the course of his walk. The iron stone, so abundant up in the mountains, was found to possess distinct magnetic polarity.

In the fossilised rock there is a vegetative detail pressed finely. Ancestral Forest. The leaves tend to be larger and softer in places of green rain forest where moss meets the tree and covers the rock into the green grey pool of river really flowing stagnant. The are fine fronds which gently pull-fan over you as you walk by. But nobody really walks by except the insect which pod below the leaves and gather moss mold. The narrative takes a soft turn into a green light. In the green light small jelly fungus orange poisonous reach up for the light slight umbrellas swiftly return valuable nutrients to the soil. The noisy pitta bird's eyes blue-over with safety membranes as it holds a snail in its bill and smashes its solid shell on a stone piece of wood. Frogs are a favorite in fairy tales, but this isn't a fairy tale. Nevertheless, the damp forest floor provides the ideal living conditions for frogs. In the forest there are also the small furry marsupials which scatter leaf mulch. European-man lives on land man lives on solid land. European-man likes to know solid no risk of unknown into uncanny. At times after rain the plains change from dust red into green colors vibrant spurt peas red and many other colours yellow-pink. The wildflowers seed which wind blow into a floating waving mass of white fluff collected by animals food. At these moments the earth shifts like a clean cloud of movement.

Tuesday 6 Nov. - Immediately after breakfast this morning I proceeded by water along with Capt. Allman and Lieut. Wilson to see a most beautiful tract of forest land within a mile of settlement, situated between the river and the creek, particularly well adapted for cultivation, and forming a Government Agricultural Establishment on a large scale. I landed on it and walked over part of the ground, which produces at this moment very fine herbage, and grass of very fine quality fit to be mowed down for hay.

We rowed up the Hastings as far as the westernmost end of Rowdon Island, which is about 15 miles above the settlement of Port Macquarie; we then returned and landed on the south bank of the river a beautiful rich tract of forest land, where we remained for an hour and a half to rest and refresh our boat's crew.

The whole of this river, as far as we went, is very finely wooded on both banks, is a noble stream of water, and of sufficient depth to admit of small vessels of 30 tons navigating it as far as the western end of Rowdon Island. We saw some natives at a distance, but we were not near enough to speak to them. They have lately manifested a very hostile spirit towards our people here, by

frequently throwing spears at the men employed up the river in procuring rosewood & cedar, on one of which occasions a very useful man was killed, by a spear passing through his body, of which wound he immediately died. This violent attack and treachery only took place about a fortnight ago, since which the natives have been very shy, and never came near the settlement; concluding they would be severely punished if caught, for their treacherous cruel conduct.

You feel it. This story is anthro/euro/centric by the very nature and history of its language, this story is anthro/euro/centric by the very language of its nature.

13th Nov. - Resumed the journey at 6.20 a.m., steering south down the water course; at 9.20 came to a pool of rain-water and camped. This part of the country is very poor and scrubby, with large Moreton-Bay ash-trees, the soil formed by the decomposition of sandstone and conglomerate, with intervals of schist and trap-rock.

Expansion Air Wind

It's a natural filtered light which blows hot across the plains. In Australia the land is sculpted by the air the wind moves soil land sculptures the sandstone into form. A single band of cloud crosses a polaroid blue sky. The wind moves vast quantities of soil seed water. Couriers. Birds are carried on the wind the air carries seeds land the land. Bird bones are light fine and there are many water birds. Twisters blow circular spirals of dark dust with quiet centers. Wind fuels the fires across into the fire-stick-farmed land. On the solid rock which quietly hums with the movement of insects it's a rock which quietly breathes movement and the sound of silence. A silence which has the wind behind it and the hum of insect whispers. Across the hot silent rock the wind calms in-t-o- a slllooww motion of brok-en syl-lab-les and the tick-tock beetle-fly with dry paper wings tocks resonate and with an echo like the rock. The rock is climbed to view a volcanic rock geology geometry.

I can smell the end of this story closing in on a breeze shifting molecules through the air I can smell the final beginning on the water currents like a shark smells blood and fish oil and the struggle of a failing narrative miles and kilometres some distance distance away. This story is coming to a close. This narrative is unwinding to a beginning.

1st June. - The channels on the western side of the plain were very irregular, some times completely lost on the level surface, and again collecting into large hollows, with box-trees on the banks, in which fine sheets of water still remained, some 100 yards wide and more than a mile in length. We therefore did not experience so much inconvenience with regards to the supply of this necessary element as from the absence of sufficient grass, and the all but impracticable

nature of the mud plains.

Infinity Water Liquid

Water falls from the sky. Water falls from the sky solid in hail flaky in snow when the sky in Australia opens. The sky is full of water. As water swirls into a fresh pattern when you put a stick in the current pattern emerges from the only possible place, from the moving material. The sky turns to water. In Australia where land becomes gushing mud within hours. The cloud veiled across the sky dump huge. Frogs surprise from below time capsuled sleeping for years in a desert which turns into an inland sea. Tongues of water move across the dust into mouths of lakes. Sparks an abundance of fishes. Rocky gorges fine waterfalls energy the water is rising like heat. In the spike rushes which line the banks of water river swamp pig-nosed turtles break out as water seeps their porous shells. Similarly, crocodile calls land to water strong flood current flood patterns the sediments are replaced by water. Tears from kangaroo eyes. Leads to palm trees to fish and permanent pools.

Monday 4th Nov. - At 6 a.m. left Government House at Sydney. We reached and got on board the Nelson at 7 o'clock and found our accommodation clean, neat, and comfortable.

By one o'clock we had completely cleared the Heads and got out to sea, steering our course about north east, so as to get a good offing before dark; the wind being about north by east and blowing a fine fresh breeze, which occasioned much motion. We sat down for dinner at 5 p.m. but none of us were much disposed to eat.

Tuesday 5th Nov. - At 7 o'clock this morning we were nearly abreast of Jarvis Bay, about 80 miles to the southward of Port Jackson, and the wind being at this time blowing against us from the southward. We accordingly made directly in for the land and anchored in Jarvis Bay at 1 p.m. under the lee of Bowen Island, in six fathoms of water, and most excellent safe anchorage.

Bowen Island is separated from the southern shore by a very narrow channel, with a reef of rocks all the way across and over which a heavy surf breaks constantly. Bowen Island is about three quarters of a mile long from north to south, and covered with honey-suckle and other smaller trees and shrubs. There is also a small lagoon of very good fresh water on the west side of it very near the beach; and upon the whole it may be called a very pretty island. But tho' there is tolerable good verdure, the soil is sandy and bad.

After remaining for about an hour on Bowen Island, we crossed to the south shore of the mainland in Jarvis Bay, and walked there for another hour, along the sea shore, picking a few shells as we went.

The distinction between imagination and reality is effaced like the southern edge of Australia worn almost totally flat and repeatedly invaded by the sea. Patterned opal the sky reflects the ocean currents. There is a clam with lips which spurts out sperm into the oceans (later it will release eggs). Ruled by the tides. Oceanic currents. Molluscs like flowers anemones like fingers. Clouds of oxygen form below the foam of the surf breaking over the beach. Oxygen enmeshes into the water. In the story the narrative should be working to some point but the point here is connection and not some grid format connection but in the places where the kelp green flesh crosses the bull kelp sea-ward-smooth. Submarine forests.

The sea breathes colours of banded octopus with eyes which speak community. There is coral orange into a bright fan the connections are boney. Coloured mermaid purses roll softly back with the bottom current. There are spiralled bottom dweller shark-egg-pods which band orange stripes. Some fine things float by in long streamed ribbons of transparent Chinese lanterns jellyfish clear. The narrative is underwater breathing with bubbles and uniformity blue cool and warm currents which swim into suddenly cold. If the narrative flows on keeps the movement controlled and predictable the sharks pointed white won't be attracted to the struggle and kill.

There are coloured fish school fish schools of fish light shifting in a pattern of water current. This narrative will never could never end the connections are infinitely on. The hiss of a land snake sea snake the pound of waves on the beach sand. . . there is a starfish multicoloured of bumps which pattern like an out-of-world into space imagination of hues and colours in degrees which are purple-yellow-nodule-oranges . . . this narrative fa-ll-ing short.

References

The author has found the following texts useful in the composition of this narrative:

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