

The pillar of rooms

A crack opens up in the city. The black wall of buildings lifts up as though it's hinged. The light which has been hidden streams through the crack.

The sunset, the red sky over Glebe, the twilight. Walking alongside the big dusty windows, bathed in the glow of it. The slow darkening. Looking at it from an unseen position. Unknown, untested, unorthodox.

The vastness of the sky, the smallness of the city. The small dot on the map of the world. The seething self-absorption of this microdot. Our world - a few streets, some buildings, a couple of trees and bushes, a small group of people, some machinery, a collection of objects.

The fold where your arm lies along your chest. Gentle and soft. The pores of your skin close up. The lines and markings. Vast as the markings on sand dunes.

A sudden rushing forward, a convulsion. An ectoplasmic collision. Water meets water. Light and air bubbling through and cleansing the liquid.

The pillar of rooms is filled with music and singing voices. One room is perfect and stable, one with no central space, only peripheries, one containing the ruins of the past, and one which has survived erosion. The rooms of the psyche. The symbolic spaces which contain us. The complexity of the simplest movement.

Conversation around the table under the light. Why do so many Left and alternative groups persist in maintaining hierarchical structures which duplicate those of the establishment. Look at our history of failure to survive, to achieve our aims. Resting on the laurels of a previous generation who fought hard and invented new solutions.

This is the tail end of the previous dissident movement, using its power to suppress the current dissension, while the forces on the Right are massing, more powerful now than in feudal times and much more adaptable.

And what are we going to do about it. How can we see our way clear through all this pea soup kind of thinking. And what is this pap they call excellence. We don't have to buy it.

Meanwhile, he walks back into the space. He flings open the doors which open onto the open air. A cool current of air blows in. The northeasterly breeze off the sea blows softly past the wreckage of figures. Everything stands as we left it. A feeling of change is just beginning.