HouseHopping
JANUARY 2009
Moving house
and exploring a new suburb

...
I follow a track up a hill...

through sky and sun ...
to a summit ...
and look out over the plains to the sea ...
to the shark patrol and cliffs on the horizon...

then follow the ridge to a hang-glider pad (otherwise known as 'the edge of the world') and look down ... and marvel ...

aghast ... then discover a secret and secluded beach in the distance ...
and a track winding down through the boulders...

through fossils and rocky outcrops ...
to a beach with no name
...

a secret beach with rocks and waves ... and a track winding back ...
‘through blizzards and desert heat, across torrents, through narrow passes’ ... to a beach of shimmering light ...
and watch Sapphire sniff
and survey
the sultry spray ...
and know that she and I are home ...

here, at Maslin Beach, in the Gulf of St Vincent, in Adelaide, South Australia, where we moved on January 10 2009...
and for today - January 15 - this is enough!
47 Gulf Parade,
Maslin Beach, SA 5170
Touring and Drifting in a Postmodern Age ...
that's brilliant!!! I love it! I love that Saph is like "the humble star of the show", guiding the way, shifting the air; the faithful sidekick who never really gets the kudos, but in your version, she's the only one with actual, visual air-time! I can quite clearly see that your phd research is FAR MORE interesting and engaging than MINE!

Quoting Andrew Miller <andrew.miller@flinders.edu.au>:

> Hey Sam,
> > I'm back online. I went out a bought another mobile internet usb stick and
> > re-entered the matrix!
> >
> > Check out the pdf attached - just a little 'memoir' piece I might use in
> > this
> > year's PhD work. See what you think!!
> >
> > Andy
> >
> > Andrew Miller
> > Flinders University
> > English / Education
>

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... What do you get when you cross a mafioso with a postmodernist? Someone who will make you an offer you can't understand ...
1 'At North Farm' by John Ashbery
We start our lives in chaos, in babble. As we surge up into the world, we try to devise a shape, a plan. There is dignity in this. Your whole life is a plot, a scheme, a diagram. It is a failed scheme but that’s not the point. To plot is to affirm life, to seek shape and control...


You reach a moment in life when, among the people you have known, the dead outnumber the living. And the mind refuses to accept more faces, more expressions: on every new face you encounter, it prints the old forms, for each one it finds the most suitable mask.


That’s what it all comes down to in the end, he said. ‘A person spends his life saying good-bye to other people. How does he say goodbye to himself?’

(Don Delillo, *White Noise*, 1986, p. 294)

For the written to be the written, it must continue to “act” and to be legible even if what is called the author of the writing no longer answers for what he has written, for what he seems to have signed, whether he is provisionally absent, or if he is dead, or if in general he does not support, with his absolutely current and present intention or attention, the plenitude of his meaning, of that very thing which seems to be written “in his name.”

(Jacques Derrida, ‘Signature Event Context,’ *A Derrida Reader*, 1991, p. 91)