



2

HOUSEHOPPING

3

JANUARY 2009

4

Moving house

and exploring a new suburb
...

6



I follow a track up a hill
...



7



through sky and sun ...



to a summit ...





and look out over the plains
to the sea ...



10



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
...



12

aghast ... then discover
a secret and secluded beach
in the distance ...





and a track winding
down through the boulders
...



14

through fossils and rocky
outcrops ...





to a beach with no name
...



16



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 ...



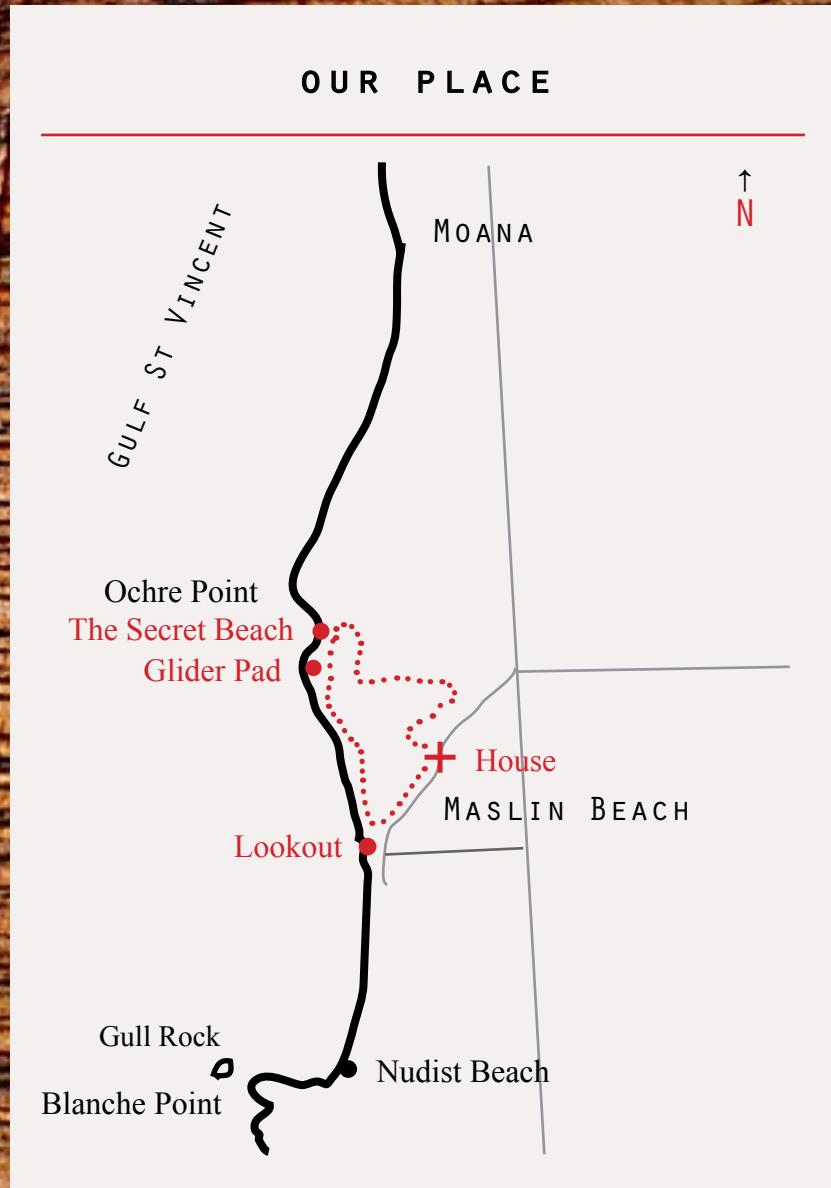


and know that she and I
are home ...

here, at Maslin Beach,
in the Gulf of St Vincent,
in Adelaide, South
Australia, where we moved on
January 10 2009 ...

20

and for today - January
15 - this is enough!



22



47 Gulf Parade,
Maslin Beach, SA 5170







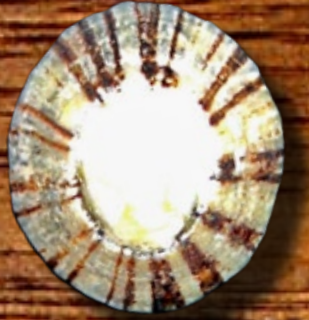
25



26



Touring and Drifting
in a Postmodern Age ...



Date: Tue, 20 Jan 2009 14:05:36 +1030
From: Samantha Schulz <samantha.schulz@flinders.edu.au>
To: Andrew Miller <andrew.miller@flinders.edu.au>
Subject: Re: pdf

AH!!!!!!!!!!!!

that's brilliant!! I love it! I love that Saph is like "the humble star of the show", guiding the way, sniffing 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 mafiosi 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...'

(Don DeLillo, *White Noise*, 1986, p. 291)

'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.'

(Italo Calvino, *Invisible Cities*, 1972/1979, p. 75)

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)