Stores Respect of Conving and Supporting life fly fuestors lived on the banks of Garlyan where they fished, swam, drack water British Children and Died

Welcome

Well walk the Tideline Beforen the Freshwater Salt Water and the hand True book to the hand and water through Prayers, Commony and Replanting Native Energy is Atways leased You are Walking on Spiritual Occupied You are Walking on Spiritual Occupied You are Walking on Our Ancestors Listen to the Waters and the Land Earth and Water as a living Being as an Agency having a Relationship with me/you alpstream in the Headwater (Grain) We need to Restory our Ego-Systems. We are All connected with Nature We are Part of Nature 1ts Recipincal You Give-You Recieve

becoming something else—unstating and dissolving our watery selves, to feed the liquid hunger of new lively desires. While the source of a river often captures a common imaginary, how are we to think its ending? The end of the river is also called the mouth.

Visually, this dark, round opening is the part of the park that most satisfies the idea of the beginning of a river. NONE OF THIS FEELS LIKE THE BEGINNING. The start of the Cooks River is ambiguous. Maybe it is the mouth of the recessed into the concrete retaining wall. Perhaps it is the little gutter adjacent to the rain garden, or the muddy ground-patches where the origins.

hand, they seduce us with this.

begins can tell us awful lot about with these small dark patches are the

Despite their mythology, origins are rarely straightforward, and often contested. An origin doesn't emerge discretely, from itself; an origin is the result of a something deviating, paths converging, someone rebelling.

As French philosopher Gilles Deleuze would say, "the sole origin is difference," meaning: something can only begin by becoming different.

Feminist theorist Donna Haraway corroborates this: "the simple and obvious point," she tells us, "is that nothing is self-made, autocthonous, or self-sufficient." Every body of water begins in another body, which flows there obdies before that: human bodies ingest reservoir bodies,

The many ground-patches where the begins in and there would is and, origin stories are prone to self-fulfilin.

anachronous, after all. We only see the beginning

travelled downstream, and turned to look back over our.

that's how I got here. Tracking a trickle retrospectively to its sou.

figuring out a question from the perspective of the answer.

Feminist theorist Donna Haraway corroborates this: "the simple and obvious point," she tells us, "is that nothing is self-made, autocthonous, or self-sufficient." Every body of water begins in another body, which flows the bodies before that: human bodies ingest reservoir bodies,

The minist have to be about the perspective of the answer of the perspective of the answer of the answ

We might call this hydrological time. As novelist Toni Morrison reminds us:

"everything is now." All times find confluence in the river.

And yet, we still go in search of beginnings. Origin stories have their value, but they are as compelling as they are dangerous. On the one hand, they seduce us with the promise of meaning. How something begins can tell us awful lot about where it ends up. But on the other hand, origin stories are anachronous, after all. We only see the beginning once we have already

STRATHFIELD GOLF CLUB

Next to a petrol station in Yagoona, I saw the river travelling underground; a dark line of water receding into a concrete tunnel. In the upper reaches, I lost the river several times. I walked from Graf Park, through Yagoona, along Rookwood Road. With the river in mind, the flow of traffic looked like a current. Following train tracks, power lines and weedy grass, I stopped walking to look around. My chest tightened. I felt like being stationary made me conspicuous. I noticed and turned a blind eye) to a discarded translucent pink plastic bag on the nature strip full of belts and dildos.

STRATHFIELD GOLF CLUB

Next to a petrol station in Yagoona, I saw the river travelling underground; a dark line of water receding into a concrete tunnel. In the upper reaches, I lost the river several times. I walked from Graf Park, through Yagoona, along Rookwood Road. With the river in mind, the flow of traffic looked like a current. Following train tracks, power lines and weedy grass, I stopped walking to look around. My chest tightened. I felt like being stationary made me conspicuous. I noticed (and turned a blind eye) to a discarded translucent pink plastic bag on the nature strip full of belts and dildos.

we refuse to end. This is all a kind of God trick, and as Rose points out, "We are nothing like gods." 10 But what is the alternative? Rose concludes that the "problem of imagining an end that actually is an end entails ethics." For Rose, following the work of James Hatley, "contemplating the ethical dimensions of

I'm not so sure. How easily "an end that actually is an end" slips into talk of repair. Are we not swept right back into the current of never endings – fixing and patching our hope for a future, any future, still hovering in Rose's zone of the incomplete? Finitude is so hard to fathom.

MARRICKVILLE

HOW BEAUTIFUL THIS PLACE MUST HAVE BEEN (NEVER/ENDING) Caught in the currents of a queer hydrological time, it bears remember in that origins, like endings, are also a question of what Donna Haraway would call "situated knowledges." Time is not an abstracted universal container in which all bodies orient themselves, forever facing forward. There is no temporal God-Trick either, whereby some omnipotent being would hover above this earthly fray, and look down on our bodies and their labours, evenly meted out along a yardstick of objective temporal units.

and the water. Seeing the river like this is uplifting. It

We know there are worlds that have come before this one, but we too

often forget that these worlds are still very much alive. For some
world is ending, never/ending.

shifter. This resilience is astounding, but never/ending must be utterly exhausting. A body (or a country)'s permanently interrupted sleep shows up in van Neerven's poem as "rivers with no beds." 16

thind the cricket oval. I can't help feeling like it would have been a strength that the river didn't take the car under. It's a pretty shallow, by at the edges. In the middle, it could hide a car, but here on the concealment is partial, and it's the type of hiding that draws

Like trying to hide by covering your eyes. Everyone can see it.

GOUGH WHITLAM PARK

The misting during hybrides half whereapply gover share wedged, boot fairs, the transport of the misting of the production of the misting of the

TEMPE BASIN

My head is resting on a life jacket. I've got a sleeping bag over me and I am lying on a camping mat spread out on the bottom of the boat. The water is dust, it's about nine-chirty pm. The boat is rocking a little, swinging from side to side. There's a visual effect that has caught my eye. My still kness moving against the backdrop of the landscape as the boat makes gende ares and takes me with it. There is a slippage between standing still and moving. There is a cement water reservor that looks like a giant golf tee and dark silhouettes of a few Norfolk pine tree a gainst grey sky. Someone's bedroom light just went out. One lies a partnernt light reflecting on the direction of the night, sounded like it was probably for the best.

I'm sleeping through one full tide cycle. Like counting sheep, I think through people who have crossed my path and helped me with the project. I woke up in the middle of the night. The sky was fill of even, have busined set streets that flank it. My nose becomes accustomed to the word of the night is stell up over its banks, or stealthily rises up through the crossed my path and helped me with the project. I woke up in the middle of the night. The sky was fill of even, have busined set were no cars on the highway.

I'm sleeping through one full tide cycle. Like counting sheep, I think through the water loads a secret that holds and silver, and there were no cars on the highway.

I'm sleeping through one full tide cycle. Like counting sheep, I think through the cockatops, pelicans, and river rocks made sharp by molluse shells that won't let go. Colours shift from slates to shalk to char black. All of this coalesces as a contact zone of the river and me. My body learns to pay attention, and to witness. I pick up garbage and say hello to my

hereafter. But water is also of the

'eminist critic Gayatri Spivak once

'and us. It is the wet heart of a

'infathomable,

'of this sopping intimacy,

'is river,

fishy

'all

BOTANY BAY

With an oar in each hand, I am moving out of the mouth of the river. I see a

plane coming in. A little while later the sound hits me, immense. The water,

as I round the head, is moving in small waves, but it feels powerful; the push
of the ocean behind it. I think of Moby Dick. "We gave three heavy-hearted
cheers and blindly plunged like fate into the lone Atlantic." 24 Except, I am
not plunging like fate into the lone Atlantic. I am rowing, very slowly, by

myself, out of the Cooks River.

The sandstone rocks that make up the headland are dotted with people
sitting perfectly still looking at their lines in the water. I can see a school of
fish under the boat...maybe 20 of them? They look like a handful of glitter.

Moving ground the large rocks, my hoat feels like a twire. I row towards the called planetarity. — it is both of us and beyond us. It is the wet heart of a wild gestational system that produces endless, unfathomable, unknowable, difference. At the frayed edges of all of this sopping intimacy, the end of the river is also another world.

It is night again, and the moon has risen. We are all made of this river, these stars, this sky. We are all spilling out from the same murky, fishy beginnings, and coursing with the same movements that will push us all eventually back out to sea. We are drenched in one another. But even these excruciating material intimacies cannot grant us full access to each others' worlds. Nor should they. This restraint is also a kind of intimacy.

Pshhp. The river parts its lips for another mullet-shaped exhalation, and seals them up again, as though nothing had passed.

MOUTH

The end of the river is also called the mouth.

This talk is supposed to be about endings, but if find myself circling, cycling, recycling-coming back to the same place, negotiating where to begin, and how to end. There is something that if don't want to let go of, listead of ending, just keep rearranging.

Delouze and Guattari define a body by its capacity to affect and be affected. In other words, a body endures whatever it can until it disorganises itself irreversibly, then it is no longer a body. "I think this must be related to Haraway's definition of origins a semerging from the "fraught histories of consequential relationships." Like its origin, and often a struggle, just as its coming not being is always a negotiation, and often a struggle, just as its coming to an end.

It is our Responsibility and as the Traditional Caretakers the sour Responsibility to HEAL the Waters Responsibility to HEAL Annuals ourselves and community. The Annuals ourselves and community a How do we and the Waters Land, Annuals Recover from this Trauma? A How do we go about achieving Tustice for the Waters?

We spend time and having Responsibility With Goodypor to Listen, Care for and Speak for In Harmonious and Recipercal in Relations hips

To Honour the Secred Connection Between People and Water

Its about Respecting Natural Laws
In order to ensure the Continued Existence of All Creation

The river ends as the ocean.