Rachel Fensham

Trajectories of the ‘Dead Heart’: Performing the Poetics of (Australian) Space

In this paper Rachel Fensham returns to the writings of Gaston Bachelard in order to examine the poetics of space from a non-European horizon. Spatial metaphors, such as the ‘dead heart’, that feature in historical and geographical imaginaries also evoke phenomenological dimensions in Australia. Postcolonial space however disturbs cartographic concepts in the mises en scène of theatrical performance. Fensham analyzes two recent performances that radically reimagine the poetics of (Australian) space through the movement trajectories of walking and falling. Rachel Fensham is a Professor of Dance and Theatre Studies at the University of Surrey. Her book with Denise Varney, *The Dolls’ Revolution: Australian Theatre and Cultural Imagination* (Australian Scholarly Publishing: 2005) examines the influence of women playwrights on mainstream Australian theatre, and her current research examines transmission and transnationalism in choreographic practice.

GASTON BACHELARD, in *The Poetics of Space*, invites recognition of the ways in which interior and imaginative landscapes, such as cupboards, houses, and forests, resonate in the phenomenological worlds of poets, novelists, explorers, and artists. Rich in its metaphoric dimensions, Bachelard’s poetics however symbolize a European and gendered consciousness which is geographically and historically particular. Postcolonial writers and artists, playwrights, and choreographers have to locate their imaginings simultaneously in this European poetics and in landscapes that belong to different climates, geologies and peoples. The spatial poetics of Australia, for example, include the familiar signs of Western European settlement such as the suburb, city, house and garden, but they also encompass the wide spaces of desert and beach with their own distinctive phenomenology, linguistics and history. Rather than polarize these systems of representation, I want to suggest in this essay that new Australian performance enfolds two spaces into one, both the suburb and the edge of darkness where the desert begins. In this poetics of space - peculiar to Australia and other frontier nations - the suburb and desert belong to one another, even if they remain alien and unreconciled in the national psyche or political landscape. From this complex mix of belongings, different trajectories through space, such as not walking falling, become important to the postcolonial imagination.

In terms of cultural history, the suburb and desert have developed their own genres and modes of representation. In the twentieth century, the suburb as a social space has spawned a distinctive national literature and been eulogized in film, song, art, theatre and television. It is argued that the mise en scène of Australian theatre has privileged domestic naturalism in playwright David Williamson’s inner city satires (from *The Club* to *Brilliant Lies*) and Murray-Smith’s family dramas (*Honour* and *Love Child*). On the other hand, recent Australian dance from Garry Stewart and Gideon Obarznek has located dance aesthetics in a cartoon reality not dissimilar to *Ren and Stimpy*. The full presence of the suburb, with its ubiquitous heterosexuality, mundanity and whiteness, in these productions excludes the vastness of the desert and the littoralness of ocean. As a result, the ideological shape of the dramaturgy serves a kind of false consciousness in White Australia because it cannot represent structures of feeling that exist beyond the suburban
More recently, some bold theatrical experiments, particularly in Aboriginal performance, outdoor spectacle and other epic productions, such as the Australian Opera’s *Voss* (1986) and *Batavia* (2001), have tried to engage with the ‘immensity’ and complexity of a wider Australian spatial poetics. The discourse on the desert as Australia’s ‘dead heart’ however derives from a much earlier period. The metaphor is not geographic, but linguistic and metaphoric, political and psychological, and was coined during the nineteenth century history of exploration. For Edward Eyre, Charles Sturt and Peter Warburton, the centre of Australia was a space of emptiness and desolation. Sturt could give neither European proper noun nor Aboriginal name to a desert that appeared like an ocean, ‘a perfect sea of dunes’ trackless’ as far as the eye can see.iii This image of a desert void was reinforced in the twentieth-century by scientist Cecil Madigan who renamed the Arunta Desert, or ‘Great Ribbed Desert’, after his financial backer Simpson, simultaneously erasing both its aboriginal and topographical significance with a white man’s name. His appellation of the term ‘Dead Heart’ was to become entrenched in popular white consciousness as the space at the centre of Australia.iv Today, the concept of an empty and hostile centre serves repressive purposes in political mythology. Its apparent distance from ‘civilization’ legitimates an ongoing misuse and abuse of place and persons in the desert, including the British atomic bomb tests in the 1950s on Aboriginal Land at Maralinga, and the present immigration policy of detaining Middle Eastern refugees in the Woomera Detention Centre. Perhaps it is not surprising that films such as *Priscilla Queen of the Desert* and *Rabbit Proof Fence*, or paintings by Fred Williams, allow vast stretches of red sand to signify a kind of desolate abandonment in the national psyche.

How white and black histories co-exist in these different political and cultural imaginaries remains one of the most troubling political projects for Australians. Recent cultural theorists, such as Jennifer Rutherford and Ghassan Hage, have analysed the conflation of language, psychoanalysis, and national identity in both art and political discourse as constitutive forces in Australia’s political terrain. They offer ways to understand a social landscape that makes an elderly Lebanese man afraid to cross the street (Hage), or a political movement that uses the ‘ordinary’ as a weapon (Rutherford), by reading them as a national unconscious that cannot yet conceive alter-native modes for thinking responsibly about tolerance or the complexity of difference. In this context, the concept of the ‘dead heart’ in Australia acquires an almost compulsory psychopathology that erases the living or lived space of the desert by insisting upon its dual purpose as an interiority that must be both violent and violable.

While the relationship between desert and suburb exists as an opposition in most systems of logic (governmentality, geography, population, etc.), I want to suggest that, phenomenologically, this ‘interior of the country’ with its vast, apparently limitless, horizons can intensify the depths of inner
space, and the interior states of those who live within this landscape. Bachelard’s conception of the poetic realm is that rational thought cannot account for all modes of perceiving reality, and that images open up the subjective dimensions of knowledge to new ways of understanding the real. This model of an imaginative epistemology depends on the sort of breaks, discontinuities, and ruptures that have become important to poststructural theories and methodologies. A rupture that disturbs the layering of images in the psyche becomes available for sustained analysis.

Although most oft cited for his writings on the domestic, small pockets of human experience, in the last part of *The Poetics of Space*, Bachelard considers ‘immensity’. When we experience, recall, or daydream spaces such as ocean, forest, and desert, we enter what he calls ‘one-dimensional space’, in which the materiality and its proportions – or if you like, their extensions – become unified. We are in the midst of the ocean or desert as much as at their periphery once we enter them.

For this reason, according to Bachelard, the imaginative power of ‘intimate immensity’ draws us into ourselves more intensely. It permits the experience of ‘motionlessness’ since without edge, definition, and horizon we have an increase of being. 

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an expanded, intensified awareness of experience. But this ‘immensity’, I will argue, requires a falling into space that is very different from more Cartesian, cartographic, or quotidian movements in space. Falling into the desert, I suggest, produces a trajectory that destabilizes the colonial and modernist topographic imagination. Through performance, Australian dance and theatre offers insights into how these relations between the corporeal, the spatial, and the historical, in one orientation become displaced towards another.

In two recent productions, the co-existence within a field of observations of Australian space has multiple resonances. *Fiction*, choreographed by Phillip Adams and Rebecca Hilton, shows a fantasy desert becoming a psychotic domestic space, while *Still Angela*, written and directed by Jenny
Kemp, moves from a kitchen chair to the trauma of the desert as interior space. For Bachelard, the poetic imagination makes ‘the function of the real and the function of the unreal . . . co-operate’.6 The trajectory in these two works moves between two worlds, the real and unreal, the material everyday and the imaginary universe. There is an imaginative crossing of vertical-horizontal and spatio-temporal paths that function, as Patrice Pavis suggests, like vectors to link unrelated rhetorical figures with one another. Vectors rapidly shift the spectator’s perspective, and allow the material arrangements of one time-space to translate into the metaphor or image of another.7 As a performative mode, the tangible sensory effects of dislocation and relocation between horizons and places register on conscious- ness. In Fiction and Still Angela, vectoral dynamics assist the spatial poetics of a dead heart to become an alternative epistemology.

Non-Fiction: from Desert to Suburb
The Melbourne-based contemporary dance company BalletLab presented Fiction in September 2004.8 The performance was divided into two independently choreographed sequences, both theatrically abstract yet metaphorically Australian. In the first half, choreographed by Phillip Adams, a painted scrim shows a surreal Arabian desertscape — all sky blues, harems and oases — evocative of Hollywood orientalist fantasy. The second half, choreographed by Hilton, according to the programme examines ‘epic family struggle and intimate personal interaction’.9 Set within a mediated postmodern frame in which an older man sits watching television, the Technicolor image of the desert is filled with suburban nostalgia for an exotic Middle East, far distant from present political conflicts. His flimsily dressed white dancers stitch intricate patterns with their feet in a series of kitsch motifs that resemble the figures on a packet of Camel cigarettes or the picture on a Turkish carpet. The transition between this unreality, and Hilton’s scorched vision is arresting. With the galloping horses and dancing harem gone, one female dancer slithers with a lizardlike movement under the painted backdrop.
The surrogate TV spectator, actually Adams the choreographer, slowly draws back the fictional desert curtain and walks away with his hat covering his face. He looks shameful and ashamed. Two groups of dancers (each two women and one man) wearing orange costumes appear on either side of the central axis, but they blur into the bright orange walls and floor of the bare studio. (Fig. 1) Primarily interested in abstract dance, Hilton admits to an obsession with the ways in which the family operates as the ‘undeniable, inevitable structure’; and following her ‘surrender’ to the spatial story of Australian suburbia she made this work. Without delay, Hilton interrogates this reality by inserting orange picket fences down the central axis of the space. This shift in perspective exposes what is implicit, yet absent, in Adams’s work. Behind the desert fantasy is a divided suburban consciousness; and on either side of the fence we are in the copycat domestic space of the nuclear family.

The disarticulated choreography exaggerates the effects of suburban interiority on the body. The women squash themselves against the wall surface, forming odd points of contact, and the man’s head lolls about as they push him around. When the ‘father’ eventually opens his eyes, he looks perplexed. Marionette-like, each group builds a pyramid, pushing the ‘girl’ up onto the scaffolding of the couple. (Fig. 2) In this ‘house’, the two girls replicate each other’s movements. As they step out from the wall, they watch, hand over mouth, as if horrified, at the simulated sex of the ‘parents’ who have fallen on the floor. As Hilton writes:

The relationships are like clockwork, the underlying sadness muted by the strangeness of the orange, the complexity and density of the choreography and the yukky determinedly jolly music. The ‘girl’, enveloped by the ‘ordinary unkindness’ of her parents, observes the collapsing of adult social relations into adulterous repetition. In response, she abuses herself — on the one hand, we see her stuffing herself with marshmallows, and on the other, she adopts the self-imposed autism of the chronic I-pod user. Sonically, weird rasping noises are syncopated with the familiar
strains of a Neil Diamond song. The bodies are like plasticine, disjointed and collapsing under pressure, while the movements seem desultory and impersonal. The suburban bodies of this piece suffer from the inner violence that occurs when stagnant affection dissipates into compulsive sexual gratification or masturbatory solitude. If the interior, in all its over-familiarity, is a space riven with this kind of violence, then its pain has to be kept below the horizon of consciousness in Australia’s emotional landscape.

Hilton says of this work:
I conceived of my half of the piece (programme) as a depiction of an emotional winter. Working in that large orange space in the heat of summer, emotional desert began to feel more like it, and it became an incredibly rich place to collect these ideas I’d been exploring for years. The emotional resonances of space, the distance between the characters and the variety of ways those distances could be traversed.

At the same time, the piece exposes the exterior, as a stark orange consciousness of nation. The sunburnt walls and bodies rupture the masculine horizon, with its artificially fabricated landscape of pristine desert, and lead to the estrangement of suburbia. In the flailing gestures, we find a nuclear family, buttressed by government policy, yet pressed flat and exhausted of significance. And with not walking falling bodies, the dancers create a ‘nowhere’ space which is disturbingly Australian. The extended spatial contiguity of the choreography changes the visible horizon of the performance space, and allows paranoid perceptions to be felt in the interior desert of the suburban house.

The Unreal: from Suburb to Desert
Jenny Kemp’s production of Still Angela premiered at the Malthouse Theatre in 2002 and toured nationally in 2004. By way of contrast with Hilton’s choreography, Kemp’s theatre creates a mise en scène of the ‘unreal’ revealed through memory, dream, and fantasy. With an ongoing artistic interest in the lived interiority of the feminine, she produces a stage world in which various elements – such as text, music and actions constructed discretely – flow together. Her characters also exist in inner and outer realities. Although Bachelard’s phenomenology of space might be gendered masculine, his conception of a ‘greater elasticity of daydreaming’ that draws house and universe together is pertinent to
the feminine dynamics of *Still Angela*. Sitting in a daydream, Angela’s trajectory between kitchen and desert takes place symbolically through a train journey that in part reflects a desire for self-realization and in part investigates the interiority of Australia. (Fig. 3) When she steps off the train for a walk, she describes the Simpson Desert as the ‘dead heart’, but is surprised to find the desert teeming with life:

Many people think a desert is a desolate and lonely place. But in the desert, by moonlight, animals that are nowhere to be seen during the day, are everywhere.

Like many gestures in Kemp’s productions, the walk signifies entry into a state of consciousness that is not mimetic of reality, but rather represents a repressed reality into which Angela later falls.

In his writing about ‘intimate immensity’, Bachelard describes the poetic experience of a vast space as one that is intensified ‘by the scale of its proportions’. While resistant to the political order that has determined the desert as empty, or void, Kemp, like Bachelard, thinks of the desert as a place which reconciles distances between inner and outer experience:

Angela … was drawn to the desert by a paradoxical need/feeling of cluttered fullness and emotional emptiness (death). This was when she started to wake up, come out of trance. The sifting that needed the space/travel to have the space/time to do this work. She becomes both empty and dead, yet full and alive.

The sounds of buzzing, of horses hooves fading away and of drawn-out musical notes, transform the space aurally from the suburb to the desert.

This noisy yet sparse spatial poetics articulates a potent political and psychic anxiety for white Australians, perhaps particularly, for women. As Kemp reflects:

There is of course the desert in the centre of Australia, which sits inside the country and inside our selves, whether you go there or not, and I think in some ways I had built up a kind of fear of going there (especially alone) – perhaps there is a touch of agoraphobia in Australia.

In Kemp’s terms, being in the desert explodes the myth of the ‘dead heart’ as outside threat. Instead of opposing the desert to the spaces of the known, she transports the spectator into repressed memories of Australia.
When the shadow of actor Mark Minchinton (playing the train guard) falls against a portal showing a filmed desert landscape – red sand, bushes and deep blue sky – he suddenly steps into a missing black history.

The actor’s own hidden Aboriginal history was part of the research subtext during the rehearsal process:

My mother would take us on long trips across the Nullarbor when I was very young and she would pull right off the road, driving sometimes for a long time straight into the desert at ninety degrees to the road to make camp. Now my mother was always a bit fearful, but it was probably mainly a fear of meeting Aboriginal people, since we were often on Aboriginal reserves. The irony of this, given my then unconfirmed Aboriginal heritage, is fairly overwhelming.17 The palpable spatiality of this fear is actively registered in a scene of the performance called ‘Trauma’. In it, the ‘decimation’ at the heart of the interior is amplified with a woman’s hysterical laughter turning into a hiccoughing scream. In the darkness of a night sky figures from Angela’s childhood find themselves falling, whether asleep or dead or ‘assembling and reassembling their intestines’.18 Choreographed by Helen Herbertson, the actors fold and fall into the ground while orienting themselves to the ‘enormity of the space’. There are the ‘facts’ of the desert, its emptiness and its lack of consciousness in white imagination, to be located within the work. But to cite written histories and aboriginal testimony, or the reality of police brutality in Alice Springs and the abstract beauty of Central Desert painting, would reinscribe opposed horizons. To not impose a landscape, the trajective of the production hovers in its reflection of experience.

After the journey into a ‘decimated’ interiority, Angela sits on her kitchen chair with a renewed sense of place:

Outside me is the night sky the universe the big picture on the train past the trees past the hills into the desert past oceans of landscape 5 into the suburbs the backyards
the backyard
the house
the rooms
the floors the walls
chairs tables
the people
then back out again
out the window
up out into
nowhere
everywhere
the ant
the horse
the human.

Transformed by an outside, Angela has become con
nected with both the expanses of the ‘universe’
and the smallest creature on
her kitchen floor. In this altered conscious
ness, the scale of spaces and things appears
relational rather than axiomatic, and the psy-
che and the social become integrated.

According to Bachelard, we need an incredible
expansion of space in order to intensify the
field of perception: ‘All the universe that
bears the mark of the desert is annexed to
inner space.’ Through this annexation, the
diversity of images in a poem or a perfor-
mance becomes united in the vastness of ‘inner
space’. In Still Angela, with the movement of
not walking but rather falling, the use of light-shadow
and the contrast between cacophony and
breath, the spectator can concentrate on the experience of multiplicity
in the desert. The intensified loss of hori-
zons therefore portends the density of Australian space.

**Phenomenology of Not Walking Falling**

In his discussion of the writer Phillippe Diolé, Bachelard refers to the actions of ‘wandering’ in
the desert, however this notion is far too romantic to encompass the fraught experience of
traveling in the Australian desert. Perhaps he is rather closer to the mark when he writes that
Pierre Loti ‘questioned the immense horizon of sand’. As these two performances
demonstrate, the interior-exterior
relation of suburb and desert has an uncertain topography and
trajectory; it also requires different spatial practices of
bodily movement. If an expanded correspondence between the spatial imagin-
ary of suburb and desert is ‘psychically innovating’, then I propose that movement connections
between the
feet and heart also choreograph the
phenomenology of postcolonial Australia.

Embodied space is mobile, transitory and fragile in its
physical reality; spatial metaphors transmute under the pressure of the foot. For this
reason, the multidimensionality of walking
can be physical and aesthetic as well as
articulate and political; it manufactures and
organizes space by subjecting movement to
the order of the pathway. When we walk, the feet take us forward,
rolling slowly, yet linear and horizontal,
helped by the eyes leading us on. Falling by way of contrast
is an action in vertical space, it is not topographical,
architectural nor structural. Like walking, it is
a physical practice, a psychic orientation,
and a political understanding that suddenly
transforms the stability of a particular hori-
zon. When we fall, the eyes lose focus; the feet fold over one
another, the body is suddenly indirect and malleable, cha-
otic and subject to gravity. The kinesthetic
awareness may be barely conscious, but these actions
physically register the poetics of a space,
bringing place into being through bodies that traverse them.
The interior of white Australian con-
sciousness takes its shape in the desert, I
would suggest, by being open to this experience of
falling from one reality to another, from one
state of being to another. It happens through
‘not walking falling’. FN

Walking and falling, of course, have their
own spatial theorists. For Michel de Certeau,
the trajectories of people walking in the city
provide a counter rhetoric to hierarchical
systems of power under modernism. ‘Pedes-
trian movements,’ he argues, ‘are not local-
ized, it is rather that they spatialize.’ FN Urban
passers-by coordinate pathways as they move
between the discrete positions of A and B. Their improvisatory
steps lead to a proliferation of spatial stories,
or conditions of possibility, within an established
architecture. Thus the everyday
practices of walking constitute 'habitable' spaces
resistant to the forgetting of corporate structure. FN

Walking in the city invigorates space by filling it with all
manner of ambulatory bodies. It can
be imagined singly or collectively: the
solitary walker carves out an intense spatial
meditation and a mass of bodies walking
together gathers energy like a herd. For this reason,
protest marches have been effective, because they
gather momentum on a horizontal plane,
taking possession of the streets.
Walking, especially with feet in sand, can be disrupted by
falling, thus leading to a different consciousness.
The postmodern theorist Paul Virilio writes:
I think that we can’t see the world any other way
than as a fall into the world. This is not a meta-
phor. Our human vision depends on gravity, that
is to say on the fact that one does or does not fall.
Horizontal movement, walking, is a way of falling
from one foot onto the other, and in the same way, the perspectival vision that we have of the horizon is linked to the fact that we fall into the horizon. For Virilio, a change in horizon represents a practical shift that includes a subjective awareness of the weight of the body and its relationship to knowledge. Instead of seeing, the experience of falling cannot happen without becoming deeply aware of the weight of the bodily mass, of the internal organs, and feeling the peripheral loss of coordination. But through falling a subject can experience the trajectory, not in a pathway, but as a terrestrial, who belongs to the earth with all the responsibility that implies. As Virilio explains:
Philosophically speaking, between the subject and the object what's always missing is the trajectory. . . . We have to reinvent the being of trajectory, to re-discover its meaning, the trajective or trajectivity. The being of the trajectory can be reinvented if we restore gravity’s force, its reality-producing power. We are beings of gravity. Falling thus represents both a rupture and a shifting of perspective that establishes an almost involuntary opening towards the ground. In terms of speech acts, walking is the volume given the locutionary act whereas falling is the density of an utterance. They have different ethical consequences. And if we consider the performative production of space it is rarely a neat arrangement, like walking. Performance is more often, as Virilio suggests, like free fall; it is trajective and potentially reality producing. The dance theorist Gabrielle Brandstetter argues that falling in postmodern dance represented an epochal shift in Western aesthetics. In Western concert history, the concept of falling first appeared in modern dance when dancers began to use the idea of fall and recovery to work with a floor surface rather than stay suspended above it. But it was not until the experiments of New York post-modern dance that a conception of palpable weight began to govern the experimental possibilities of movement. Falling, according to Brandstetter, instigates ‘the paradox of disturbance’ that can be present even in the most ordinary movement of walking. It is the point at which the body slips out of control in which the potential for another movement arises. This shift in alignment has nothing to do with alienation, nor is it about parody and its related conventions. Rather, Brandstetter suggests that in
the conjunction between the known and the repeatable as habit, the point of unlearning can be contained – so it is the function of falling to precipitate the unknown, ‘foreign’ movement in the body and for a new aesthetic principle to emerge. Instead of a dialectics that regards the old, the known, as the object of criticism, spatial theory suggests that not walking falling allows for a change without direction and without a stated object to be present in the poetics of performance. The diagram below suggests moreover that this phenomenological shift in spatial poetics moves from the colonial horizon of Australian space to that of a post-colonial ex-centricity.

[Diagram to come.]

**The ethical heart**

In the two productions I have analysed, the trajectory from suburb to desert is active and embodied, although Hilton’s work is more mimetic and descriptive and Kemp’s more symbolist. In different ways, interior space, understood as psychic and social, is connected with exterior space understood as political and geographic through the human body walking and falling. Falling out of suburbia therefore requires a displacement of the organs, a movement in a sense into free fall towards the desert.

This dynamic has, I would argue, implications for a symbolic corporeality that makes the heart an essential organ of nation. If we think of this bodily organ as a living thing in the country, then the ‘dead heart’ invokes a disturbing mode of national consciousness. Let us recall the hanging head of the man who pulled back the curtain in Hilton’s (non-)fiction; he displays an affect without support, a kind of embarrassed deadness towards others.

A lack of political heart, or shame about the desert, is exemplified in political events. Faced with the erosion of indigenous Australian rights to social services and political representation, the celebrated Aboriginal footballer and activist Michael Long began walking to Canberra in December 2004. He was demanding proper attention should be paid to his people, but the question emblazoned on his T-shirt – ‘where is the love?’ – was embarrassing. When he stopped the walk half-way,
falling if you like, many politicians tried to dismiss his Long Walk as a symbolic gesture. But this walking ‘the blackfella way’ with a mob of friends was a departure from suburbia towards the desert which refused to allow the void to become despair.

Earlier that same year, Cecilia Rau, the middle-aged Australian daughter of German immigrants, walked away from her suburban family. Suffering from delusions, Federal police locked her up as an illegal alien in a desert detention centre. This fall into an abject state echoes the trauma of Still Angela. What is remarkable in these two events is that a citizen’s walk out of the suburb becomes so easily a fall by not walking from A to B. These spatial trajectories show how ordinary people also slip into the ‘dead heart’, the spaces of wilful - sure in the nation.

Performance pieces illuminate the sensuous poetics of Australian space without setting out to be political interventions. As they define paths in an exterior landscape, both intimate and vast, theatrical productions can open up an interior that is palpable because embodied. I would argue that Hilton and Kemp have produced a spatial poetics in which an audience will experience an Australia that is at times deeply disturbed, - catatonic in some respects, traumatized in others – when fearful of falling.

Travelling towards the dead heart is to fall into consciousness of a European social and imaginative failure to acknowledge an indigenous or postcolonial ecology of space. An altered poetics of space is felt, then, at the point where the earth rushes towards us, the heart enters the mouth, and we have to pull the cord – perhaps when white Australians meet the desert? Dropping from fiction to fact in an ontological sense changes the horizon, and leads towards a different sense of Australia. By not walking falling, falling could be an act of love.

Notes and References
EDIT 1. In postwar Australia, the propinquity of middle class consciousness to brutal modernity was asserted in the suburb, as immortalized in Robin Boyd’s The Australian Ugliness (Melbourne: Cheshire, 1961).

ADD FN. The problematic tensions of staging Australian space have been addressed in two recent books that include multiple examples of theatre and performance that interrogates the history of different landscapes. See Joanne Tompkins, Unsettling Space: Contestations in Contemporary Australian Theatre. (London: Palgrave, 2006); and Gay McAuley, Unstable Ground: Performance and the Politics of Place. (Brussels: P.I.E. Peter Lang, 2006).


EDIT 3. Philip Jones, ‘Naming the Dead Heart: Hillier’s Map and Reuther’s Gazetteer of 2,468 Placenames in North-
Eastern Australia’, in Hercus et al., op.cit.
   Maria Jollas (Boston: Beacon Press, 1969),
11. Performed by dancers Tim Harvey, Brooke Stamp, and Joanne white; and Ryan Lowe, Claire Peters, and Carlee Mellow.
13. Still Angela, 10 April 2002, with the following cast: Lucy Taylor, Natasha Herbert, Margaret Mills, Felicity McDonald, Simon Wilton, Mark Minchinton, and Ros Warby.
ADD FN. Bachelard, p. 205.
ADD FN. Bachelard, p. 204.
ADD FN. I borrow this term in part from the name of the Australian rock band Not Drowning Waving.
DELETE 25. ‘The commands to which a state subjects its citizens go way beyond repression in the face of the transgression of law but get instantiated in the very incorporation of what spans the productive citizen from the regimentation of labour to the identification of desire.’ Critical Moves: Dance Studies in Theory and Politics (Durham: Duke University, 1998), p177.
DELETE 26. The 2003 federal election was won by the Howard Liberal government on the promise that interest rates for housing loans would not increase.
DELETE 27. Alice Cummins, email correspondence, April
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In Luis Hercus, Flavia Hodges, Jane Simpson (eds.) *The Land is a Map: Placenames of Indigenous Origin in Australia* (Canberra, ANU and Pandanus Books, 2002).

Philip Jones, ‘Naming the Dead Heart: Hillier’s Map and Reuther’s Gazetteer of 2,468 Placenames in North-Eastern Australia’, in Hercus et al. op.cit.