From a collection of hand and typewritten pages of verse by Elizabeth Durack — loosely assembled into five parts by padc July 2010.

## V Blaze Blue Giant!

- 1 Let critics snort ... (c.1962)
- 2 Pictures talk at an exhibition (1974)
- 3 Random titles from an exhibition catalogue (1973)
- 4 The struggle between real and abstract painting (1956)
- 5 March (1956)
- 6 About Painting (1962)
- 7 Stand still that devil (1968)
- 8 Include me out! (1980)
- 9 Trying is not enough (1974)
- 10 Oh angel (1956)
- **11 I wandered in a desert** (c.1960)
- 12 A thought on life patterns (early 1960s)
- 13 Reward (1956)
- 14 Vale and Ave (1956)
- 15 Apres Suez (1956)
- 16 Blaze Blue Giant! (1956)
- 17 the rim and beyond ... a reply (1988)
- **18** Owed to a PC (1994)
- 19 Petit testament (1998)

## 6 About Painting

I would reach up and with my hand's eye tear open the imprisoning sky and twisting cloud around my fingers rip it like fairy floss across -

I would stretch out and with my heart's length wrench children from maternal arms, wind-scattering them in cloud dust to hold them there though cyclone lost, unlost.

I would, with a brush knife, prize off the domes of human heads beat up their brains in shattered skyscapes of cloud-wrack to shower them down again in rain.

Oh, I would take flight upon the mind's wing rise above earth-bound earth and, spiralling through vortices of cloud funnel float out at last upon translucency to dream to drown and, there within the Calm Eye of my own mind.

Find.

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## 11 I wandered in a desert ...

I wandered in a desert and found it peopled Dying of cold in a waste-land I kindled a fire

Bring fuel for the fire The fire of my eyes And build it up higher (Too soon a blaze dies).

Fuel of hard deserts Red as hot blood Where brittle bright green Shoots up after flood.

Fuel of the wind-torn And rain-sodden places Where the dead and the unborn Lift up their faces -

Fuel of the biting rocks Gnawing at white skies Its hard glare that unlocks Closed mouth and shut eyes.

Bring in more fuel Stack it yet higher Hot, red and cruel And hungry my fire

Fire in these eyes of mine Tend it and feed it Red in the night to shine Should the lost need it.

undated -c. 1960s

"The nearest star is 300 trillion miles from the earth ... "

"What nonsense! Why, I touched one on my way here across the common tonight." William Blake

Blaze Blue Giant! and pour forth your azure brilliance further than outer space swell and distend yourself and in the full lust of growth predatory now swallow your component star disgorge it.

And in a frenzy of insatiate appetite build up, break down your component in digestible parts to mystery gases — freeze and burn shrink and in an incalculable furnace switch helium to iron and in doing so distend again shrink and distend.

Then beyond all hope and out of all control explode in a frenetic instance now as a White Dwarf remnant of your former splendour.

Come, while I toss you to Bill Blake in the backyard after dark -

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I intuited the writing of poetry and of deathless prose that was why I got a Dedicated Word-processer in the first place. It was called a Brother but not so easy going.

I answered an ad in the local Post and a young woman came and gave me lessons. She said she had once had one and they were good when you got used to them. So I battled on through cold days and sometimes quite late at night.

Then David came from overseas:

'Get rid of that! Auntie Bet!' he said. 'It's a dinosaur! What you want is an IBM Compatible and a Hewlett Packer printer ...'

So I went shopping and when I saw that Myers was discounting an Amstrad 630 PC I asked casually as though I knew what it meant:

'Is it compatible?' Assuredly I was told and 'on special' So the thing came in -

Like having a baby I had to re-design the room to accommodate it -With the help of a carpenter and an electrician eventually it was installed. More lessons and Private Tu' of a Wednesday morning. It was into another winter now so I got a safety device against electrical storms and a power surge -I also got it inoculated against virus infection that could be deadly, I was told, particularly if one shared around. I joined an Amstrad-users Club where a lot of that sort of thing went on -I didn't care for it at all so I dropped out after only a couple of meetings. Time passed -Holding Control I pressed Home hopefully ..... and the files mounted Open Options press Alt+0 ... But the Last Used dates got wider and wider apart -Time passed. Then David's son turned up from overseas: 'Get rid of that! Great-aunt Bet,' he said, 'it's a dinosaur! 'What you want is an Apple the new LC475 so user-friendly you'll not believe ...' But all the poetry that I intuited and all the deathless prose has not materialised to date ... Then last night as I slept the ghost of Jeremy's son stood by my bed and taking me by the hand

led me to this desk:

'Get rid of <u>that!</u> Great-Grand Aunt Bet' he said, 'that's a dinosaur and, moreover <u>illegal -</u> there is no place for fuel-guzzlers in this day and age of sustainable postponement of the ultimate demise of our species

take up your pen and pencil again and turn your back on the dreadful mistakes of our far and terrible past ...'

Then the ghost of Jeremy's son faded away ... and I was left all alone with my Myers account and the latest bill from S E C W A.

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Perth, Monday July 25 1994

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