

FALL

THE
DERWENT

Phillips
and

Woodward

This score was downloaded on May 16, 2026.

Each download of this score reflects the current percentage of Energy in Storage (Hydro Tasmania) in the River Derwent system in Tasmania.

Today, the water level/energy storage capacity of the River Derwent is at 80.7%, releasing 80.7% of this hydrographic score. Each download of this score is unique and is written to be read out loud.

www.fallofthederwent.net

Prologue

Let us begin with two rivers
and a Dad not long for living.

Two daughters, one of this Dad, the other,
of a tall fellow from the shores of the River
Derwent.

The daughters set out to feel the water,
I mean, really feel it. The way that blood
feels a vein. *Before rushing it.* They walk
the Derwents from sea to source, first in
Cumbria with Dad and then Tasmania,
with the tall-fellow-vein-flowing-river.

In England's Derwent Valley, they glance
upon the mineral graphite. Find it in
Wayatinah. Then again on Cape Barren
Island. Black here. Black there. Bodies
are marked. Others, transported.
Two fathers. Two rivers. Two mines.

Then, the small matter of 'Fall'.
Something black and greasy.
A feeling that (s)mothers them all.

A
hydrographic
score

Anguilla Australis. The female short-finned eel can lay up to three million eggs but dies soon after doing so. Once fertilised, these tiny spawnings drift with the East Australian Current, metamorphosing mid-ocean from tiny leaf-like larvae into transparent glassy tubes. In a journey of three thousand kilometres, one or two might round the Iron Pot, the Derwent's farthest outpost in the shallows of Storm Bay.

Might draw their juvenile bodies into her brackish waters. Absorb the pigment of her bloodstream. Allow her to feel the touch of their blackening. Allow them to feel her feel.

WEDNESDAY

The river mouth starts at the end of our street. It's not yet the ocean. But nearly drawn. Already full of bite the way that lampreys bite. Drink the pigment of fresh water.

It's the same water that floods our thin glass skins with salt and swells the dark inside us.

It's the same water that fills his lungs that takes her breath and floods your mouth. Her mouth. River mouth. Black.

Walk down the street. Meet the edge face on. Gather armfuls of velvet weed and sedge. Tie the weed and make it smoke. Swing it gently overhead. Let the door jam breathe it long and hard.

Purify all participants.

THURSDAY

It's just after sunrise on the Alum Cliffs.
A pacific gull splayed upside down in the pit
of a broken tree. *Should have taken more care.*

Her telltale red-tipped bill bleeds orange
into the great yellow disk of the sun. All
these years of life's tethering. Osiris, god
of the dead, whispers, inside our salty
breath,

water darkens everything.

Spent bullrushes hold their heads in shame.
The five of us walk on.

FRIDAY

To the south another Gut. Then us,
the breaking water,
standing on the jawbone facing in.
Filtered through. Washed out. Gut. Gutting.

Fall's all water, mouthing off as the
seagulls swarm. Giant blocks of concrete-
shaping neck. Draw her inland from the
sea. Overhead, a porcelain sky lets slip. A
torrent of avian flight. Bombs of uric acid
fall. Frosting the rocks in bright white shite.
Fall pulls her plump lips. Taut and wide.
Lets the brackish water break all the way up
and inside. Then washes us in her saliva
to smother their excretions.

Straight ahead a tongue of land
slips between the guts. We scrape our boots
and make straight for it. Use our westward
bearings to steady the head. Leave eyeballs
fixed on sea. But it's no good. Without
our sight we soon get lost mid-harbour.

Eviscerate the organs one by one. It's good
at least to turn them over. To feel the feel of
sac and casing. To squeeze the plumpness
of their juicy forms without them bursting.
Into our kneading hands.

*One hundred years ago they dumped great slagheaps
on the foreshore. Scree-topped terminal moraines that
did little to stop the Solway's northwards drifting.*

It's nice to say out loud. Hey, you're a lung
and I'm a small intestine. It's nice to be
acquainted. To be gut. Gutting the feel.

SATURDAY

It's early summer in the southern
hemisphere northern hemisphere. Steps
that slap a steady patter. Windermere,
Buttermere, Grasmere, Here. This mouth
that caresses and curdles. Gulps and girdles.

*In his soft voice not a ripple. Not a quiver.
To fill two lungs with so much river.*

Eyes that rest with no man no fell. Dad. Foot.
Fall. Stick. Lips that kiss and curse. Lips that
don't know how to behave. How to quash.
A thirst.

*I'll walk into the night, he says. In the shadow of Cross
Fell. That's how I'll end this creature's body. That has
kept me from my children. From my wife.*

SUNDAY

We leave Dad in the forest. Beneath overcoats of Norwegian Spruce. Make instead for Barf. Through hardened belts of blueberry and heather.

From the summit of Lord's Seat, four ridges radiate. Each forge a stream. North, south, east and west, carving the full length of Bassenthwaite into view. To the right, the Vale of Keswick draws the Derwent out of sight.

We circumnavigate the pivot in difficult conditions. Allow the fierce southerly to turn our trunks. To drive our hands. Around Fall's silky neck. With all four arms we draw the rasp from Eel Crag's distant scree. Slipping her vertabrae. One by one. Into the Solway Firth.

Dad is nowhere to be seen.

Blinded by his absence, we trail a pitiful scar of ever-decreasing circles. The plantation sucking our insides earthwards. Until we are completely lost in her copse of fallen trees. Horizontal trunks levitate tributaries of shallow roots that for reasons neither of us can fathom, are unable to hold their ground.

Then, out of nowhere we hear Dad calling. Legs outstretched, He's relaxing on the brisket of a greying spruce. Fag in one hand. In the other, a crisp packet half-full of tiny berries.

Teeth smeared Prussian blue.

MONDAY

I'll wear nothing but a cotton shirt, he says. And we all know which one. Sweat stained collar. Oxford blue. Worn out but not through.

Four still lives.

One: a single white feather snags new growth on a blackberry cane. Two: On the accumulating shoreline of Tarooma's swimming beaches, a delicate lilac sea sponge catches handfuls of pebbles in its net. An ocean-dwelling ruminant's fatty membrane. Three: A stone's throw from the lilac vein, on the smooth of a vast eroded granite, an abandoned scene. After the fact. A crab shell, smashed from a height and the velvetine body of a bumble bee. It's banded torso beckons the water as it creeps towards the shore. Four: A river mouth that is not yet an ocean. A good conductor of electricity though a poor conductor of heat.

TUESDAY

In the upper reaches of the Whinlatter forest we find our souls. Just waiting.

Huge swathes of emerald toffee drip from ageing conifers. An ancient sheepfold. Disused Dam. Underfoot,

the tight grip of articulating gravel might crush a lesser man but it's the traction of attraction that seduces Dad. Leads him upwards to the soul searching canopy. This brazen jewel of Bassenthwaite's man-made water.

Whinlatter. lat.te.win.er. Watch the iron glance take cover in twisting barks and hollows.

Was there terror?

We are at one with the night. Become accustomed to the thickening matter of flight. Carbon and air. Feel the conifers standing upright. Rigid backs that almost shatter. Draw us blackwards. Moss-eating-matter.

It's the moss that holds the dew. Holds his sandals his socks his pale white flesh. It's the moss that binds fibrous matter into skin.

We stop for a moment, legs tiring. Allow our bodies to sponge the green into our open mouths into our wanting.

Now she slips her hand into the moss. Extends her fingers to the max. First, her nails then her wrist then the beautiful length of her slender freckled arm disappears.

And suddenly the ravenous field of moss sucks her body whole. Drags it from the surface and swallows it down. Masticates her stupidity.

Ties the bundle with veins and roots and belches them up to the surface. Dad takes his finger. Pokes and prods it. Then uses it

to split the skin of the moss's stomach-
bubble-thing.

She is unrecognisable.
I am bereft.

Dad just laughs.

Only pixies and elves live in there, he
sniggers. Laughing louder now.

And men who are trees made of larch, I add,
pushing him into the fell.

His thin failing legs no match for my rage.
Spit and sawdust for the night.

WEDNESDAY

Squinting, we can just make out two tiny figures posing on Fall's clavicle. Hats tilted westward, sticks and rucksacks dampening in rising spray. Fine black lines that engrave the water down a sizeable force. Making visible the potential of what comes before.

In the hold, British Captain, John Hayes enters the waters of lutruwita (lu-tru-weetah). Navigates his vessel as far up as the Fall. Son of Fletcher Hayes of Tallentire on the River Derwent, he names the water of his father's birth, on the upper reaches of the river. Throws acorns overboard. To ensure a safe and righteous passage.

Thanks to Fall, and the boulders she's amassed, it's impassable from here. The source, thinks Hayes is one tide north. For a smaller vessel it could be reached on the crest. Of one giant wave.

Der-went. The way of the oaks. Hayes names the part he cannot see. A father. He will not see. Again.











It's now we hear the squawking of the raucous cockatoos. Alarmed at the invasion of the scene. First we are three and then we are five lunging high on cliffs that fringe the river's neck, soaring above, sweeping down, looking back on Fall's beautiful glimmer. We see her arms descend from Crag and Pulpit Rocks. See her glistening dogwood eel.

Land spit. Sand spit. Tongue spit. Pride.

THURSDAY

It makes you thirsty, grief. It's the one thing
that nobody tells you.

We are at Dodd Wood. We are at Barf.
The ospreys fly between us. One side of the
valley to the other we hover on the eyepiece
of the telescope. Take aim.

They say there could be as many as three
hundred. Grapeshot ploughing the crowd
at Risdon Cove. Take aim.

Not long after Hayes maps the cove and
names it Risdon, the first massacre of
Aboriginal peoples bleeds the river.
Bleeds. The Big River Tribe.

We'd like to pay our respects, we say to
Fall. Others join us. Tread lightly on
Moomairremener Territory.

We try to slough off our English settlement
but it clings to our hollowed-out moss

dwelling with the pluck of eely-mucus.
Nothing smooths our journey. Not the
voices. Not the screams. Not our guide who
welcomes us. Breathes the black breath of
his people.

*'The leaping torrents shall not break nor mar,
But swell the stillness with the dash and fall
Of deeps that to each other from afar
Across the valley call.'*

FRIDAY

It's the one thing that nobody tells you.

How all these small things. Matter.

SATURDAY

Black. Black lead. Plumbago. The most stable and softest form of mineral carbon on earth. This greasy hydrothermal seam, famous for filling pencils. But also for lubricating car batteries and cannon balls, feels the Derwent's subterranean blackness. An underwater line-drawing machine.

Cawke and wad.

In the high fells of Borrowdale in the English Lake District, we find a single abundant plume. Grey Knotts. A rich pipe rising hundreds of vertical feet. The black lead here grows in the form of a tree. Roots containing the finest. Branches the poorest. Quality declining as their distance from the pith increases. It's a bloodline tethering hemispheres. A collective consciousness perhaps. A mining of relations.

We nearly stood there, with Dad, atop the excavated plume. But we took the wrong path on Greenup Edge and dropped down

Below the surface, platy crucibles grip hard,
fusing ribcage to muscle. A mouth that
doesn't know how to speak. How to love.

SUNDAY

Shepherds mark their sheep with wad to identify their flock. At the nearby monastery of Furness Abbey, learned monks shape sticks of graph-ite from mineral lumps. And writing stones take flight. They illuminate their manuscripts with lines of black and skins of sheepish parchment. Draw their flocks with all God's might. Recording palimpsests by candlelight.

A hundred years later, as Britain builds her armies to smother the world, the value of plumbago soars.

Black (as we have come to speak her name), is used to line the moulds of cannonballs. Creating rounder, smoother weapons that travel farther. And in a straighter line.

Making blackness more valuable than gold.

Theft is rife. As prices soar. And rivers flow. Guard houses made of fell-top stone are

erected at Borrowdale's mines. Miners are stripped to minimise the daily loss. A few stolen ounces of graphite worth more than a weekly pay.

Load the carronade first with powder then with broken bottles. It's coroboree. We are told. No one puts up a fight. Two bodies. Five or six. Fifty at the most. The invaders are unsure. Now nobody knows the tally. As the fragments coalesce. Fuse.

Some say it was a blank. The carronade. That made a massacre. Dad's confused.

Remove maggoty hair by salting. Dissolve the darkening air.

MONDAY

Both men and women steal and smuggle, trading black, hand to hand. The illicit moving of mineral from one skin to another leaves its mark as both colour and commodity. It is here. On the banks of the River Derwent, that the term 'black market' is born. Through the illegal trading of graphite.

Don't be so melodramatic, cries Fall.
On deaf ears.

This time we check the map, dismiss Sour Milk Gill and the marshy waste of Gillercomb. Rise up instead to Grey Knotts through the Borrowdale Yews. Four trees, two thousand years in the making. The admiration! *And don't they know it.*

snapping
brittle shins. No one picks it up (the
hunger). No one pokes it. Kicks it. Hugs it.
Licks it. They just stand and stare down at
the foot.

Let us mark them in the hold, says Fall.
For debt is debt. Forever excavates the soul,
(pumps his fist as the miners rally).

TUESDAY

Later, when the government no longer needs to grease their palms, blackness turns to graphite and the act of writing feeds the mines.

As we drink the lode of what's been written. Imbibe the richness of the given. It's an overwhelming flood of thinking-feeling. A river of more-than living that swells our bladders beyond the hold. An alchemy of carbon-slating-buoying-breaking. Lines of writing that twitch electrifying nerve. Endings on the rise. Shafts of blacklead mine our words. Shape our wars. Grease our love. A torrent.

With pencil in hand, the Assistant Surveyor, scribes the settlement at Risdon Cove. Blackness lubricates the hole. And a thriving pencil industry develops in surrounding towns.

Weapons at the ready, the British fight to re-draw. Re-write history. The Black Line runs from east to west. Their attempt to smother

I feel sick. Dad returns from another
radiation therapy

We all do Dad.

WEDNESDAY

It's 1773. The keeper of the Lodore Inn, buoyed by barge and cannon folly, draws groups of pleasure seekers to the white-crested waves of Derwentwater. French horns at the ready.

On the count of three the crews let rip. Discharge their twisting cannons. As blasts rise up and bounce the face of rocks that hold her girth in place, a 'peal of thunder', ricochets above the punters heads. Pitting skin with blacklead shimmer. Her rumbles run like bush fire. Cracking valleys. Smoking tarns. Snap. Boom. Clap. Roll.

The gentry come to hear her cry the echo of their pounding. Set their ears to breaking bones. To hear the sound of every distant waterfall. A retort nine valleys in the making.

THURSDAY

We're at the water, collecting blubber and bone. Eating sandwiches of grated beetroot and soft-boiled egg. Thin rivulets of diluted yolky-beet trickle down each arm as the red-orange mixture draws closer to the mouth.

'Dad! Watch out! A lance thrust skyward from the other shore, overshoots its mark. The southern rights are the easiest to kill. And float after harpooning. It's 5pm. *Spoonfuls of pulverised meat. Early dinner time again.*

Just lies there. Floating on the surface of Shag Bay.

He's tired, you say, let him rest. But they pick at the moss until the soil falls away.

Fall seems upset, wants Dad's heavy lump off her glistening surface. Sets his body in a swirl of eddies, furious at Dad's refusal to be taken. To hold his boy to love his wife to know his son the way a father should. She takes Dad's mouth and scrubs it out with whale fat soap and water. There's gagging

and choking. But if there's resistance,
nobody records it. Fall doesn't stop. And
the whalers do more than look on. Take his
clothes and strip him naked. *The smell
of putrefying blubber*

Drives the soap bar back and forth.

It's the whalers who set the value of water.
The value of thirst. The weight of carbon
in air, of chocolate in shares. And Fall wants
it all.

'He never had a chance'. I mutter it softly
into the palms of my hands. In the smell
of which I still find comfort.

They pin him down for as long as it takes for him to say 'I'm sorry', or 'I've messed up haven't I?' or 'I just want to be alone'. At this admission, the tainting hands now fall, release his words with triumphant jubilation. This is what they want to hear.

'Now', they all bid, 'set the price of our water!'

And with their jubilant screams trailing Dad's guts behind them. They're gone. It's midnight. The bid's been sent to Brisbane. In the darkness of the fall.

Jeans and jumpers and polar fleece leave the room with the sweet, earthy scent of the bait. *Oesophagus still burning from the weight of fat and water.*

FRIDAY

It's a hot day at Connewarre Bay. We eat biscuits. Drink tea. Take refuge beneath a casuarina tree. We're unsettled. Bad words from the previous day continue to kick and bite us, twisting onto tissue deep inside us.

I put my hand in the dirt, scratch around for something heavy to throw. I want to feel it pull the muscle from my shoulder as I swing it overhead. Be comforted by wheezing air. I want to hear it glide above the water and then PLOP, sense its spiral-sinking destitution through the dead.

Pick up the shirt. Fold your chest inside. Pull wrists through buttoned cuffs.

But it's Fall's fingers that are covered in dirt, it's Fall's outstretched hand that takes the credit for the find. It's warm and smooth and purple with chip chip edges on one side. And it's Fall who saturates the debt that's upon us.

When I do mine, it's cutting backgrounds
of sky but Fall cuts the river, scores line
after line. Three breaths in. Two out.

Ha ha ha. Hoo hoo.

I think she's laughing but the sound's
coming from the rock.

Ha ha ha. Hoo hoo.

Fall calculates her breathing with the
laughter of the rock and shapes it with the
incline of her steps. *Hoo hoo hoo. Ha ha.* I can
keep going for ever like this, she spits.

I snatch back the rock. Finish my turn.
Then place it on the ground beneath the
tree. We turn and head for Gould's Lagoon,
crunching freshly fallen acorns underfoot.
Walk open tracks and muddy foreshore,
mirroring the chocolate factory's breeze-
kissed cooling towers.

SATURDAY

SUNDAY

1. Langdale to Rossthwaite. 12 miles. Hard.
2. Honister to Fleetwith Pike. Yes. Hard.
3. Honister. Haystacks. No.
4. Whinlatter to Seat How. Barf. Pudlock Crag. Lords Seat. Yes. Hard.

7. Dodd Wood. Maybe.
8. River banks to Workington harbour. Yes. Easy. Train to Ravenglass. Wet day.
9. Blencathra. No.
10. Thirlmere to Watendlath. Boat to Keswick. No.
11. Lorton. Cocker to Cockermouth. Yes. Easy. And bits of river to Workington.

MONDAY

All night long he makes lists. Things he could have done. Would have done. Should have done. Differently. Orders them on Mohs' scale of mineral hardness. Never bought a diamond in his life.

Pretending? I ask.

Why would it do that? asks Fall.

Dad, without missing a beat,
to trick the other trees.

TUESDAY

Brewed as a purgative to treat fluxes in the stomach. The sloe is a berry that ripens and sweetens after the first bite of winter. An astringent that stimulates the metabolism. It's the devil's tree.

Fall, reaching into her pockets, suggests we carve an effigy from her lumps of steel grey lustre. A miniature that you can turn over and over in your hand. I want to rub it up and down on my smooth valley philtrum that runs from nose to mouth. But the impossibility. Of touching it. Without a mark being left from it. Renders it unfit. For such *ornamental* 'hapticality'.

In the 1950's, her Aunty Jean came here to watch the black swans ink the bay where the others built their fires. The bridge, spitting motor vehicles east and west. The gantry, Fall's gatekeeper. And muse.

The evening glistens in the distance, pulling a shimmering theatrical dazzle of a thing upon us. It's after six already and the traffic's still heavy. Wheeling boxes of flesh

and iron into the city.

But if the bridge is all motion. The water's dead still. Liquid graphite. Nothing moves in this mirror-glass of public reserve where flattened pink-green mountains repeat themselves indefinitely.

Not long before we're dodging traffic we spot a lifeless fowl swelling up the river. Half in half out. We tumble down the bank and hover, one after the other above her punctured belly. Her matted edges marrying weed and sedge. A coke bottle in a still of white feathers. *Sloe*. Take another swig of the gin. We take it in turns to run our eyes along the length. Of her dissolving neck. A time cut short when Fall picks up the bird, draws with it, an arc across the sky. Night falls as feathers scatter into tiny fragments of pulsing light.

tone.ner.muck.kel.len.ner – the Black Milky Way.

Water darkens everything.

WEDNESDAY

Fall tastes the malty liquid. Sips the field.
The insects. Drinks up the soft band of
belted galloways.

In darker days Dad reared his own. *Those
were the last beasts I had, he says.*

Averting her eyes so as not to add more
warmth to his heart-felt combustion, Fall
creates for herself

a small pool for swimming.

She and Dad settle-in to debate the finer
points of their respective pints of this
bucolic ale. He, on Lord's Seat among
staghorn and larch. She, adrift in fields
of sheep, plummeting her long fingers
into Herdwick fleece. Tufts of fibrous
black wool scratch her skin. Detect its
composition. Bull Hollow. Dromedary.
Black Snake Creek.

This is the best day of my life, announces
Fall, and they both know it can't be beaten.
They're full of beer and baking sun.

THURSDAY

Two Chinese fishermen sit side by side on the only bench this side of the river. In the distance, Mounts Dromedary, Faulkner and Lloyd draw the land up and out of view.

We three pause, use their backs momentarily, to block the morning sun. Large sheets of glassy water peel away from the men who fish in silence. Their bodies splintering our blindness inch by inch, up the valley.

One back turns in such a way as to cause no grievance to his companion.

*Who maintains his stare on their share of the water.
A human-leeching-glistening sight-line to the source.*

*shapes these days in a fanfare of oxygenating
daytime telly.*

Fall, now a river. Now a leech. Now a hook
on a line on a rod on the arms of a man
who walks with the night in a sweat-stained
cornflower collar. Black lipped. Tight
lipped. Union is strength.

A river settles its own cairns underwater.

FRIDAY

It's early-morning and the heat is rising between rows of hops that string this neck of the river. A low slung body with a million threads turning wetland into cobble.

At first light we hear the news. The value of confectionery shares is on the move. Once it was the Quakers who churned the milk and cacao. Now it's an Illinois multinational. Hands in the honey pot of Fall's sweet-tooth smile.

While chocolate executives mitigate risks. We negotiate access through the hopfields. Just shy of Bushy Park and one hundred and fifty years before them, Ebenezer Shoobridge erects his Text Kiln. Foretells in stones of clotted cream, the capital of physical labour and the godly debt of will.

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

“Union is strength.

quotation marks in each of his hand-carved
trysts. “Trust in the Lord and do good.

Ebenezer’s mill pond is dead still. His Text
Kiln a smooth and hollow crucible emptied
out of words that were once cooked and
fused. Lines of text. Strings of uppers and
lowers. Words that slump and falter as the
heat rises.

*“Protect yourself. Take solace when offered.
Listen for the telephone.*

We walk up-river, watch the past flow
towards us. God is love. But it’s the sun
that beats us into the ground. Not God.
Not debt. Not the night-time hunting with
English hounds. It’s the sun that melts the
chocolate and threatens to bring the whole
bloody thing crashing down.

Downstream the future rages. Until it’s
captured by the dam.

Night sweats that feed the monster. Wander her
tributaries. All day long.

SATURDAY

Blue nylon strings fasten earth to sky.
Kentdale, Kings, Jungle. Text lump. Text
slump. Strings of words that meet the
breath head on. Hops. Sucking sweet acrid
kisses from the sun. When the rows run out,
we leave the lines, climb the ridge to Triffits
Neck. To the west, the hops in single file
march orderly disruption to the valley. To
the east, the Derwent snakes and hugs. *Slides.*
Gentle. Rapids. We're all here, lest Fall, who's
bathing with the river.

We're half way up the hill when one of us
sees something. Others don't have eyes for.
At our feet, a rock-hard-palm-sized-yellow
gold-spud. A grinding stone.

SUNDAY

Helvellyn. Skiddaw. Grasmoor. Blencathra.
In the lift of these surrounding fells. Thirty
three standing stones form a circle. An
axe-making meeting place. For tribes of
neolithic people.

At Castlerigg, we set our spines into the
sun-kissed faces of megalithic circle. To feel
the touch of that spud-rock seep from skin
to skin.

MONDAY

A black jay slits the sky, yet nothing falls.
Not the coral. Not the kelp. Not the
stifling overhead.

There are no apparent witnesses. No crime.
Just a fall and a river. And a forest full of
leeches. Who see nothing.

Caah-tah-cah
-caw.

On the western banks of leeawuleena,
Aurantiporus pulcherrimus, flame-red
woody pore fungi, bleeds. Gut-wrenching
pools of the stuff. Into the upper Derwent.

TUESDAY

“The earth is the Lord’s and the fulness thereof.

I don’t want a funeral. Just burn me. And scatter me from the bridge.

The bridge?

The one where we threw my mother. Remember?

I don’t think I was there.

Yes, you were. You held her in your arms and shook her to death. Right after I opened the tin.

Dad, I wasn’t there.

You were.

I wasn’t.

Well, you’ll want to ‘go’ there too I’d imagine.

Dad (rising slowly), lifts his head from the pillow. Starts to giggle, infectiously.

What if I land on a rock or my eyelashes
get stranded on an overhanging tree?

I wouldn't leave you in a tree.

Dad, you'll be dead.

WEDNESDAY

We owe each other everything.

Debt mutating
Mute making. Union
is strength.

We owe each other
to hold it
in the mouth.
To keep it from spilling
into everything.

THURSDAY

Is this how it feels? They wonder.

No one picks it up. No one pokes it. Kicks it. Hugs it. Licks it. They just stand and stare down at the foot. All the eyes in the world don't make it move. But somebody must have eaten it. Someone digested its flesh. Dad retches. Sweet baccy tar. It lands near the foot but not (thank Christ) on top of it. Like a glacier, his bile sucks up all the tiny pebbles in its wake. This lunge seems to animate the foot but it's only the glacier that moves. Ice retching. We retreat, but softly this time.

*Twelve thousand years ago, the ice melts, the sea rises
and the waters completely surround them. lutruwita
separates from the mainland and with her moving,
five hundred generations of peoples flesh and retch
and hug and kick.*

Still the maggots gorge.

FRIDAY

An echidna in an ants nest.

Tell me. How does it feel. Fall. Fell. Falling.
English cheddar on wholemeal rye. Mouth
feel. Better still the golden syrup. Your
teeth. So little do your mumbles make.
Caah-tah-cah-caw. So *little*. Does your
mouth.

A young miner by the name of Butson is sentenced to fourteen years for stealing, amongst other articles, fifteen pairs of shoes and 1lb of black lead from a shop in St. Agnes. Complexion fair. Head, medium large. Hair, whiskers and visage – reddish, thin and long. A colostomy bag. They have difficulty changing. Poor you. Eyes, hazel. Nose, small. Mouth, small. Chin, medium size. Arrives Hobart on the 16th February 1833 aboard the ship, Circassian.

SATURDAY

I don't like the way they slice the stoneground bread.

It's an instability in the shape of Gulliver
that forces dam management to tether their
hold. His body unresponsive yet light as a
feather. Is now the right time to touch him?
It's the one thing that nobody tells you.

*Changing from see-through larvae into glassy tubes
we absorb the river's greasy pigment. Elvers now, we
move upriver. Start to blacken. Start to shiver.*

The dogwoods howl. Drag our mucus-covered bodies overland. Too late! We hiss and slither up and over, bypass her concrete barrage.

Did she tell you there's a catheter coming?

A hunting party gathers. We dig our souls into softening ground, lulled by the slow grind-grinding of dogwood spear on sandstone.

When did our legs become so thin?

Fall fixes her reflection in the mirror.

Fold your chest inside. Pull the blankets overhead. Make a cave over the telly. We love you. We love you. We love you.

Run.

Dad, recoils, can't tell which is hounds tooth or shattering rib. Which is eel. Which is feel.

Run.

SUNDAY

You put a glass of water on the table.
You think it's doing nothing.
But it's always looking
for a way out.

MONDAY

A Victorian era attraction, once thought to be the largest free-standing rock in the world, offers visitors a hand shake for good luck. For a small fee, an old lady crawls underneath a hidden hollow and up inside the giant rock. Shares her hand through a hole drilled where the base kisses wet-green lakeside soil. Exchanges her luck for the value of their touch. *For the value of their water.*

TUESDAY

Just past the fish farm near Wayatinah Dam we cross a small wooden road bridge on the river. Downstream a trickle. Upstream bone dry. Not a drop of Fall's moisture. Not a speck of mirror sky. Just a run of smooth round boulders snaking up the valley. *We might have three years, says Dad.* Overhears the nurses in the corridor in the riverbed in the drainage canal.

Dad, it's totally impassable.

We just want to slip inside. This vacuum of missing water. Strip off our clothes and bake our skin. Against her sun-kissed boulders. Drink up her absence. Let it spill.

WEDNESDAY

Liapootah. Catagunyah. Repulse. Here.
Tarraleah. Tungatinah. Wayatinah. Here.
Fall skips the rhyme. *Picks up each word that
we did plunder.* To save a language. From
murdering hounds. *Grey Knotts. Shag Bay.
Sour Milk Gill.*

The woodstave pipeline is a blistering gland.
Takes the hooping blood. The excrement
and urine. Leaks the language from his soul.
Draws the corset of her breathing.

As pressure builds, exposing rivers steepen.
And tumbling rocks gain traction.
Turnagain. Thunderbolt. Misery. Here.
The nomenclature's confusing.

Aggregates of concrete solidify. The naked slopes and gorges. As we walk we talk. We tend their smooth, taut facets. Pocketfuls of damp moss at the ready.

It's too much for Dad. He's back in his room with the telly. *We'll take him to the sluice, say the nurses.* Flush the elvers loose.

THURSDAY

Caah-tah-cah-caw.

Caah-tah-cah-caw.

Dad, names his second boy Thor.

He takes me by the hand
and draws me close.

Don't go, he says,

I don't know what to do.

I don't know him

the way that I know you.

I don't know how to love him.

Yes you do.

There's not much time now Dad, I say.

Not much time for this delay.

Soon you won't be able

to love him at all.

FRIDAY

This is the larch, the king of trees, harks
Fall. Drawing us closer. This is how it
speaks. Dances its tip back and forth. A
caddisfly before the bite. We crook our
necks. Meet the folded tip of the larch head
on. But it's the eucalypts that greet us. The
larch long gone.

They look exhausted these wretched
bleachings in bone-weary crust. We walk
between the broken trees, trunks shattered
beyond repair. Fall slips ahead. Three
breaths in. Out two.

'Hoo hoo hoo. Ha ha'.

Her upward cooing licks the stones into a
frenzy. Unleashes a wave of pure adulation
in the parch-parching river bed. Here
everyone's dying of thirst.

Do shades of deathless black exist?
Our brittle ankles.
Snap.
Snap.
Snap.

We clamber over missing roots. Drive hard
in shifting bedrock. Knuckles and boulders
and dirty fingers cling to the earth like
fistfuls of clenched money. This earth,
once under water, reveals the futility of
inexperienced holding.

Light the fires. Bleach the floors. Wrap the
body in clotted waffle.

SATURDAY

Dam, catching Fall unawares, tears gutfuls of laughter from histories drowned and blackened. And spits them hard at Fall.

Fall, too quick for the powerful container, scrapes most of the laughter from where it lands on the bleached linoleum floor. Mixes it with yet more chemicals and drives it (sniggering) through Dam's stomach.

The only pinch of fat left wanting.

Tiny cracks split suddenly at first and then the penstock opens. Osiris. God of the dead. *Embalm our perishing bones.*

SUNDAY

Fall drives the spike of her stick through the dry lake bed to where it's brown turns black. On her knees carving wedges from the lake. She's a miner in a seam of credit.

She takes her knife and cuts the lode. Cuts the tumour from the earth. This thing a hundred thousand years in the making. *We didn't get it all, they say.* The scale too overwhelming.

She scrapes what she can from the roots that feed the touch of something on his chest wall. Scrambling in sticky black. She kneads this thing into ball after ball. Mixes them with water. Harden quickly. Grape shot of the finest quality.

In her pack these hand-made lumps weigh heavy. Start to pull her pale white feet into the clay. Soon she's walking on her knees. And then her hips. In twenty steps it's her ribcage that she's riding.

It hurts, says Dad. Doesn't it.

With his next breath, the lake begins to fill with water. Begins to fill her veins, her heart, her lungs. And now her walking ribs are full of juicy marrow.

The dogwoods howl.

Fall runs with the pack.

Around the dinner table, three sticky balls tumble out of Fall's belongings. She makes us touch them. Feel the release of gushing water. She takes the first ball. *Wants to drink up all Dad's pain.* We follow. Push it into the palm of our hand. Add spit. Pinch and squeeze with thumb and forefinger. Until the material starts to behave. The way a man's heart should. Arm-deep in gritty lumps of clay we squeeze until thin walls appear. Crack and almost fall apart. Spit and pull the edge back over.

Work and turn. Work. And turn. Until the tumour's hollow. A singing mouth. A pair of lips. A beautiful vessel for blowing.

Ocarina.

MONDAY

to make you safe. In your cocoon. Under the blankets with the telly.

We're on a gravel path now, heading up Mount King William. *You're on the edge of Park Fell.* One thousand metres above the lake we're walking on an old sea bed. Five hundred million years of holding. And now, the brachiopods shatter. One by one.

Our tarnished hands.
On your bed sheets.

TUESDAY

Sixteen chains south east of Dover Point, a seam of 'splendid' graphite erupts its lode onto the beach. *Suggests the existence of a large body at a depth.* Emerges in three to eight foot stagings.

Out of the land.
The prostate. The colon.
The lung. The bone. The brain

This is truwana.
Black land.

Black snake.
In a quiet four foot coil
Marks the spot

Close to high water mark.
In 'good working country'.
Just watches us

Black Snake Road.

Blackmans Bay.
Blackwells Gully.

As we break left
Slip between the tea tree
And wild cattle dung

Black Beck.
Black Crag.
Blackhall Gully.

Blackhorse Gully.
Blackstone Point.
Black Bobs Rivulet.

Just stand and stare
In dumb struck awe
down at the wood-lined shaft.

Black Hill Creek.
Black Gully Creek.
Black Hill. Blackboys Opening.

We wade through the spoil dump. Fine grained tailings of quartzite. Black and graphitic slate. A glossary congealing all this blackness into one. Lump. Plug. Place. One catastrophic mineralising event.

Black Snake Rivulet.

WEDNESDAY

Under the Waste Lands Act of 1870, The Tasmanian Blacklead Mining Company get a foothold on Cape Barren Island. In Launceston's Daily Telegraph, they advertise for tenders. To sink a shaft one hundred feet.

No liability where island waters meet.

Eight men work the mine. In troublesome water. Ninety eight feet they dig with windlass and buckets. Pull out of truwana a greasy haul of carbonaceous matter. The ocean overwhelms the mine. Time and again with salty water. They send back to the mainland for reinforcements.

He is no longer able to feed himself.

Spoons in. Buckets out. Men pick the eyes out of the black-gold seam. Out of our falling-corvid-father-blood-stream. Birds fly. Lambs flee.

A bag of the graphite is sent home to England to test its native value. We try

to call Dad but they say he's no longer speaking.

It's okay. We've seen what we came to see.
Black snake. In a quiet four foot coil.

It's left to our guide to lead us back. He picks a line across the black. Does not wander. Does not sway. We draw a line that slips and shimmers through piles of abandoned ballast. These men who carry rocks of varying sizes. Peel them from the bowels of their vessels. Between the ankles. The sheets. The wooden seats.
Just to stay afloat.

The weight of granites, slates and quartzites.
Assaying expectation.

We take off our shoes and socks. Wade through the Dover River. Our guide doesn't bother. Brings the brackish water up to his lips and smothers it all over. Turns mid crossing and heads upriver. Five minutes later we reunite. In a grove of native Xanthorrhoea.

THURSDAY

Not far from here the fires are raging.
The air is blackening ochre.

When we spot a hollow in the girth of a
tree. We beg Fall to climb inside. To fold
her body tall and thin. Climb in, we jeer.
Climb in!

With ocarinas drawing breath we place our
fingers over the holes. Over the hollows
in every branch. Over the roots. The nuts.
The fruits. Let our bodies fold into the bark.

The only pinch of fat left wanting.

We take the telephone. Use it's sound to
hold what's left of Dad's hand. No one says
a word. Just glistening metallic lustre. This
is the touch.

This is the smoke that smothers the forest.
leeawuleena, the shimmer. This is the feel

before it's felt.

Through the mouthpiece of the clay
of the whale
of the yellow eyed mullet.
We draw the rage through shaft and hold.
Draw fire to the chimney.
Flush these veins of eel and oak.

I am the father of thunder, she cries.

Fall of the Derwent is a fictiōnella. The walks came first. One after another. Then came the Fall.

– Justy Phillips and Margaret Woodward.

NOTES

- 9 — ‘lat.te.win.er’ – blacklead: Plomley, N.J.B., *A Word-list of the Tasmanian Aboriginal Languages* (Launceston: N.J.B. Plomley and the State Government of Tasmania, 1976), p.166.
- 23 — ‘The leaping torrents shall not break nor mar,
But swell the stillness with the dash and fall
Of deeps that to each other from afar
Across the valley call.’:
Maude E. Williams, *The Hills are calling*, in *Poems of Lakeland: An Anthology*, compiled by Mrs. Ashley P. Abraham (London & New York: Warne, 1934), p.60.
- 28 — ‘Shoot the black devils down’: John Pascoe Fawkner, in *John Fawkner’s Reminiscences of Early Hobart Town 1804–1810*, ed. John Currey (Melbourne: The Banks Society, 2007), 23–24.
- 29 — ‘The illicit wad would turn up in the hostelries and ale-houses of Keswick, creating a thriving black market. (It is thought that this expression derives from the dealing in stolen black lead).’: Ian Tyler, *Seathwaite Wad: and The Mines of the Borrowdale Valley* (Carlisle: Blue Rock Publications, 1995), p.90.
- 42 — ‘hapticality’: ‘He is asking about a way of feeling through others, a feel for feeling others feeling you. This is modernity’s insurgent feel, its inherited caress, its skin talk, tongue touch, breath speech, hand laugh. This is the feel that no individual can stand, and no state abide. This is the feel we might call hapticality.’: Stefano Harney and Fred Moten, *The Undercommons: fugitive planning & black study* (Wivenhoe; New York; Port Watson: Minor Compositions, 2013), p.98.
- 43 — ‘tone.ner.muck.kel.len.ner – Black milky way’: Plomley, N.J.B., *A Word-list of the Tasmanian Aboriginal Languages* (Launceston: N.J.B. Plomley and the State Government of Tasmania, 1976), p.408.
- 62 — ‘vertically-hewn walls of naked stone are dangerous traps for novice explorers’: Wainwright, A. *Castle Crag 3, The North Western Fells: A Pictorial Guide to the Lakeland Fells* (London: Frances Lincoln, 2005).
- 74 — ‘Splendid samples of graphite were previously obtained from the claim, and indications point to the existence of a large body at a depth.’: ‘Black Lead Claim’ in the *Launceston Examiner*, Tuesday 15 August 1899, p.2.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Dedicated to Bart and Terry.

With heartfelt appreciation to; Ben and Helen Phillips; Roddy Neithercut; Pippa Dickson, Jodi Newcombe, Jonathan Kimberley, Brendan Walls, Lisa Campbell-Smith, Sarah Jones, Amanda Robson, GASP; Paul Mylecharane, Public Office; Girmame Ayele; Andrew Catchpole, Kate Hickey, Greg Carson, Roger Hills, Paul McNabb, Bob Horne, Hydro Tasmania; Liam Doyle, Telstra; Christine Coughanowr, Derwent Estuary Program; Oliver Ward, Hop Products Australia; Jude Abell, Island Magazine; Cullen Butters, Olivia Grimsdale, Pennicott Wilderness Journeys; Kylie Lau, Mineral Resources Tasmania; Jacinta Jacobson, Focal Printing; puralia meenamatta (Jim Everett), Aaron, Molly and Jolie Everett; Colin Maier, Clare Larman, Wendy Rimon, Brenden Brown, Helen Tyzack, Wendy Morrow, Mr. Plunkett, Gerald Ellis, David and Marie Hearle, David Howell, Bob Shoobridge, Julie Gough, Helen and Tim Tabart, Greg Lehman, Rachel Rose, Mark Wilsdon, Fin McShane, Samara Constable, Joe and Annie Kaczmarski, Antonia Aitken, Meg Walsh, Jeremy and Felix Parker, Gill Ward, Daniel Reid, Simon Reid, Mary Scott, Bill Hart, Ruth Hadlow, Pasqual and Luiz Daos-Kadati, Nadine Kessler, Mish Meijers, Jerry de Gryse, Varcha Sidwell, David McGeown, Yvette Watt, Tony and Lenny Woodward, Janet Stary, Chris Cottrell, and Lucy Bleach; Stefano Harney and Fred Moten, *The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning & Black Study*.

This research has been greatly enhanced by LISTmap (Land Information System Tasmania).

Fall of the Derwent is a published event commissioned and presented by GASP (Glenorchy Art & Sculpture Park) Tasmania, as part of *Swimmable: Reading the River* 2015–17. www.gasp.org.au

GA SP ART PROJECT

The commission also includes: *Black Market Symposium* (2017); *Fall, now a river. Now a leech. Now a hook on a line on a rod on the arms of a man who walks with the night in a sweat-stained cornflower collar. Black lipped. Tight lipped. Union is strength* (2016); *A river settles its own cairns underwater* (2016) and *Walking the River(s) Derwent* (2015–16). Documentation of the complete fictionella can be found at www.fallofthederwent.net

Images on pages 21 – 28 document the Fall of the Derwent, a series of previously impassable rapids on the River Derwent, a short distance upriver from the settlement of New Norfolk, Tasmania. It is the site from which the colonial artist, George Frankland made a delicate drawing of the same name ‘FALL OF THE DERWENT’. Later engraved by Thomas Bock and printed by James Ross in *The Hobart Town almanack for the year 1830*.

This unique score is coded by Girmame Ayele.

Printed in Hobart by Focal Printing. Typeset in Requiem Text, a font designed by Hoefler & Co.

Published by A Published Event. Hobart, 2016.
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ISBN 978-0-9953932-0-2

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This project has been assisted through Arts Tasmania by the Minister for the Arts; and by the Australian Government through the Australia Council, its arts funding and advisory body.

Supported by



Australian Government

Australia
Council
for the Arts



Tasmanian
Government



The Ian Potter
Foundation

