

MARBLE

Louisa King
Jo Paterson Kinniburgh

We acknowledge and respect the tyreddeme people of the paredarerme nation of Oyster Bay. We acknowledge their elders, whose traditional knowledge remains in and through their country. They have never ceded their sovereignty over the island now known as Maria Island.

MARBLE

Explaining Marble to a Nine Year Old:

Hundreds of millions of years ago, in time before there were even dinosaurs, there was one huge ocean that covered the earth. There was neither land, nor animal that could walk upon it. And the ocean was full of strange creatures. They were the Permian creatures and they had weird and strange names like trilobites, nautiloids, and ammonites. These animals were soft and blobby with hard shells around them, protecting their bodies from the primordial dangers of the ocean.

When these creatures died, you can imagine that the weight of their shells and bones, no longer with the movement of their body to keep them afloat, fell to the bottom of the sea and collected there. They piled up into huge layers of leftover pieces – fragments of the creatures and their lives collected together. When almost all of the creatures became extinct, they left a huge pile, that slowly got packed down and harder. It's like when you press wet sand into a bucket at the beach. The more pressure you push down on the sand the firmer and thicker the sand castle will be. It was like that but instead of pressed sand, it became so hard it formed a rock. We call this rock limestone and we use limestone to make all sorts of things from concrete to toothpaste!

MARBLE

But this new rock, limestone was still only halfway to making marble, and it had already taken millions of years.

So, the bottom of this ocean floor was a thick slab of limestone. It's very heavy down there: So heavy with kilometres upon kilometres of rock stacked on top of our Permian creatures. It got squished from all the pressures of mountains and oceans resting on top of it, and it started to sink in the earth. As it sank down the rock began to heat up! Down in the centre of the earth, what we call the core, is melted metal – mostly a metal called nickel, which is so hot it's liquid, and it heats all the rocks that get near it. Some heated rocks might get shot out of a volcano as red hot lava – a liquid rock. That's not how marble is made though. Our marble was made when that limestone rock (that was once our Permian creatures) got close enough to the hot centre of the earth that it changed its form. It was so hot that it changed everything about the rock. The limestone crystallised, that means it turned into crystals, when it was close to all that heat for thousands of years. It's those crystals that make up marble.

Then one more thing had to happen for us to see the marble. The marble had to get thrust upwards towards the surface of the earth for us to find it!

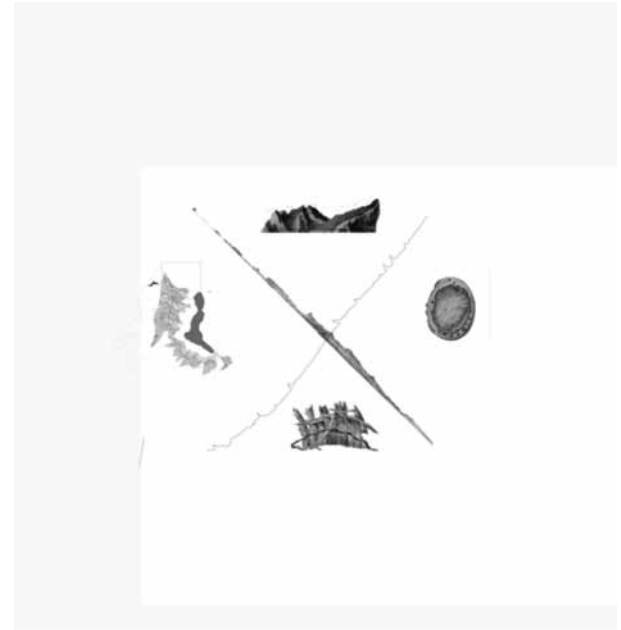
DECADES LATER

On the cliffs of Maria Island, there are millions of *Eurydesma* sp, the fossil of an ancient clam abundant in the oceans of the Permian. If you pick these creatures up, you can gaze into them, into their liveliness. Small perfectly spherical bubbles float out from within. Their last exhalations captured for us to see millions of years later. They are no longer fossil and have almost completed their transformation into limestone – leaving their animalness behind. Now you know how marble is made, you know that if it's limestone, it's only half way to being marble! And because it's on the surface, and not deep down near the earth's core, it can't become marble!

To lose marble is to lose an assembled collective. Marble holds the fragments of a number of lives, compressed together in a single location. To honour this geologic tradition, we reassemble a collective. We spatially locate our Lost Rock, drawing on a series of fragments, stories and lives – each incomplete. We find ourselves on wukaluwikiwayna/ Maria Island, a National Park that stages remnants of its multiple histories. Some of the fragments are visible: ruins of dismantled housing and abandoned industry; middens several meters deep, reinforcing the

MARBLE

dunes of the isthmus; disused post-industrial cement silos that stand sentinel over the ferry wharf; and convict dormitories refurbished as tourist accommodations. Some remnants are no longer visible, except within archives: the desecrated tyreddeme cremation site along a freshwater stream; records of the Napoleonic Wars; an upturned paraganna/abalone shell singed black; Eurocentric notes of the colonial patriarchy. We trace these layers and their performative agency through a ficto-critical practice that makes visible (Prosser, 2006) lesser-known spatial histories of Maria Island as they were lived by marginal occupants. We reflect on marble to imply the creative potential within this collective in two ways. Firstly, through ficto-critical writing practice, we acknowledge the neglected social fragments of the island that are not readily found in the published accounts of the place. Secondly, through a conversation between two feminist authors, each writing in the first person, contributing their own fragments, stories and reflections ...



MARBLE

SEAM #1

Earth and River

EARTH

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF TASMANIA MARBLE

Unfortunately, in the biosphere, the development of the mineral world still appears unnaturally slow.

Only the daily life of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions sometimes disrupts the mineral world.

Herodotus was the first to voice publicly the opinion that some fossils were not very old, even five hundred million years old. He went further also to suggest that they were some minerals are all ancestors of contemporary forms of life while others only disrupt a few phenomena and depend directly on an internal mechanism within the earth. Every day by scientific means and research, we developed new models for this phenomenon – some were proved or disproved – yet an empirical explanation of the world was still out of reach. So, geologic time, a time that covers a much larger span than human time, was invented to help us make sense of this temporal dilemma.

In geology, there are no beginning or ends. If one follows the rock cycle to find the source on the journey, following along the line of its processors, one quickly finds out that there is no terminus for which you set out, none which you arrive or which you ought to arrive. Likewise, to find the

source of Tasmanian marble would imply that something new might be emerging. But it has been said that there is no novel material left on earth. Unless it falls to us as meteorites or cosmic dust, this contact with intergalactic flows happens on average every 18 days, as every animal on earth collects this interstellar material 20 particles on their bodies every calendar year. This falling of the cosmos onto earth is important and special. for ever since the Big Bang, the earth has been recycling the same material, through its various processes, organic or inorganic, human and non-human. Over and over again.

Likewise, language moves from word to word in a perpetual drift, material flows are encountered and transformed through an unconfined ocean of dialogue, affects and materials. To write through geology is to always diagrammatic be in form. Somewhere between, the visual & the articulable where eternal strife exists. Two worlds to occupy the same idea.

The crust of the earth known as the lithosphere is made up of many different kinds of rock, among which is marble. Strictly speaking only metamorphic rocks of recrystallised calcite and dolomite can be classified as marble. The recrystallization process produces a difference. What's essential to the difference in the stone is geographic, situated. Not purely material, but materially realised in time and space.

The option for these processors is as follows.

One requires heat only, and the other both temperature and pressure; First, the mater must make contact with heat Contact metamorphic marble (thermal metamorphism), this marble often still resembles fossiliferous limestone. It will take a polish and appear grand.

Pure 'Metamorphic Marbles': wholly recrystallised carbonate rock must follow two parallel evolutions. And true marble only occurs when Calcite and Dolomite are radically transformed either under pressure of a few thousand atmospheres or at a temperature of about 400 degrees centigrade. The potential for these two conditions to have affected the lithospheric rock of Tasmania, to me, is highly unlikely.

Colour is the geologic word is refers to as lacking purity. All impurities are transformed into stable materials: silica and clay into white or colourless quartz crystals, albite and mica; carbon, derived from organic substances, into black graphite lamellae; ferric hydroxide into red hematite crystals; graphite and hematite occasionally migrate creating new colour zones. The change occurs primarily due to heat, pressure, and the introduction of chemically active fluids.

GORDON RIVER

In these early days of the Colonie of Australia, we are observing a great interest in the use of marble. These interests, imported from Britain, along with other forms of western material 'culture,' are the aspirations of our expanding 'middling classes'.

Now, I know what you were thinking, white marble is very scarce in Australia. Some small deposits are found in Queensland, near Cairns. These are true marbles. They have undergone the 'correct' processors. They have become wholly recrystallised carbonate rock, followed either of the two parallel evolutions discussed earlier. In these places of authentic marble, calcite and dolomite have radically transformed either under pressure of a few thousand atmospheres or at a temperature of about 400 degrees centigrade. No such marble should exist in Tasmania, but somehow we found it. You see there arnt enough intrusions of crystalline calcite. There aren't regional metamorphic intrusions close enough to the surface. There are hectares upon hectares of limestone sedimentary rock, however. Kilometres thick of compacted Euredemsa. Well at least to our knowledge. So how did it get there, onto that board? Was it pure white? Well if it was, it was a lie. It was never found there. But what about here?

Limestone extends for up to 17 kilometres along the lower Gordon River. The Marble Cliff is karst—a 40 metre-high bank of limestone. In 1886 there were efforts to sell Tasmanian ‘marble’ in London, where it was hoped it would compete with Sicilian marble. And these cliffs are our last hope for securing this precious material here in Tasmania. Once located and developed to a working state, the industry will stand alongside Yule or even Carrara.

The culling of Huon pine on the Gordon River would make it accessible to access limestone quarries. The area surrounding the cliffs is particularly prone to landslides due to the high plasticity of its weathered materials. The cliffs themselves have now become susceptible. Therefore, perhaps the marble not worth the effort and a cruder extraction could become utilised for Fluxes. are substances, usually oxides, used in glasses, glazes and ceramic bodies to lower the high melting point of the main glass-forming constituents

Marble has been observed on the north-west coast and other places, which in the progress of time may become of value for a building. Hume has pointed out that on the Gondwanan plains a considerable quantity of magnificent marble of various colours can be found. As I travelled towards the interior of the island in search of the source of the Gordon, curiosity led me to investigate some of the fossil remains of those recently discovered regions. While my public duties obliged me also to study the external features of the landscape, I found a lost world captured in this static rock. It drew me in, allowing me to draw some inferences about the various changes which have taken place on the surface, and the relative levels of sea and land.

The place that I found it was right here and you will see that limestone is abundant, and in some parts of the Tasmanian territory, as in The Savage River, it passes into marble! Of which beautiful specimens have already been cut and polished by a skilful artisan from London, now established in Hobart. There has been work taken to polished samples of this Gordon River limestone, and we will have exhibited in the mineralogical exhibition at Crystal Palace in London. We will promote the material to be especially suitable for use in churches, both for altarpieces and flooring.

A few miles from Arthurs Rover, a quarry of variegated crystalline marble has been recently worked to a considerable extent producing many marble chimney-pieces, tables etc. These now ornament most good houses in Hobart. This marble occurs in blocks over greenstone and has hitherto been found only on that location. The colours of this marble are too numerous to detail here. So, I won't bother. They have mostly been used for fine vestibules and collimate decorative pieces as seen on Camden House, which demonstrates a rock texture somewhat at odds with the material presently exposed at the site. So, these records will need to be scrutinised.

There is a large outcrop at the mine area north of the Arthur River appears to be the only suitable sample site that does not require the removal of large volumes of clay overburden. There was extraction of shell grit from the beach as some stage. These shells are given to chickens as a source of calcium for eggshell production. The removal of this shell grit leaves the cliffs more susceptible to wave action moving along up along the river.

The major problem with working the stone will be its hardness. This conglomerate is siliceous, meaning full of silica – the principal constituent of sand. An ancient ocean must have lain here once. But an ancient ocean once lay everywhere, so ... Although it has a well-bonded matrix, it would still form an unusual ornamental stone, with a coarse texture of high durability and striking red colouration. A wide range of shades of red would be available although some of these 'beetroot-red' deposits might be considered too garish or loud for the market.

When selecting a boulder, it will be important to consider size. From the site, it appears that they would range from one metre to ten metres or more in diameter. Between the boulders are generally very widely spaced tectonic joints – spacings in the order of five metres or more. Whole blocks could be removed and worked from time to time. Then put back when not in use. No bedrock scars would remain to indicate that quarrying had taken place. Some of the more enormous boulders could be individually worked in the manner of a normal bedrock outcrop, which would imply that you would attend to the rock in place on the side of the escarpment.

Sometimes these Eurydesma gather together, press their bodies up against each other. They become heated due to volcanic activities. However, they fail to become pressurised. Instead of marble, they will make Magnesite, a magnesium carbonate. Beautiful karst caves will rupture those Gondwanan remnants.

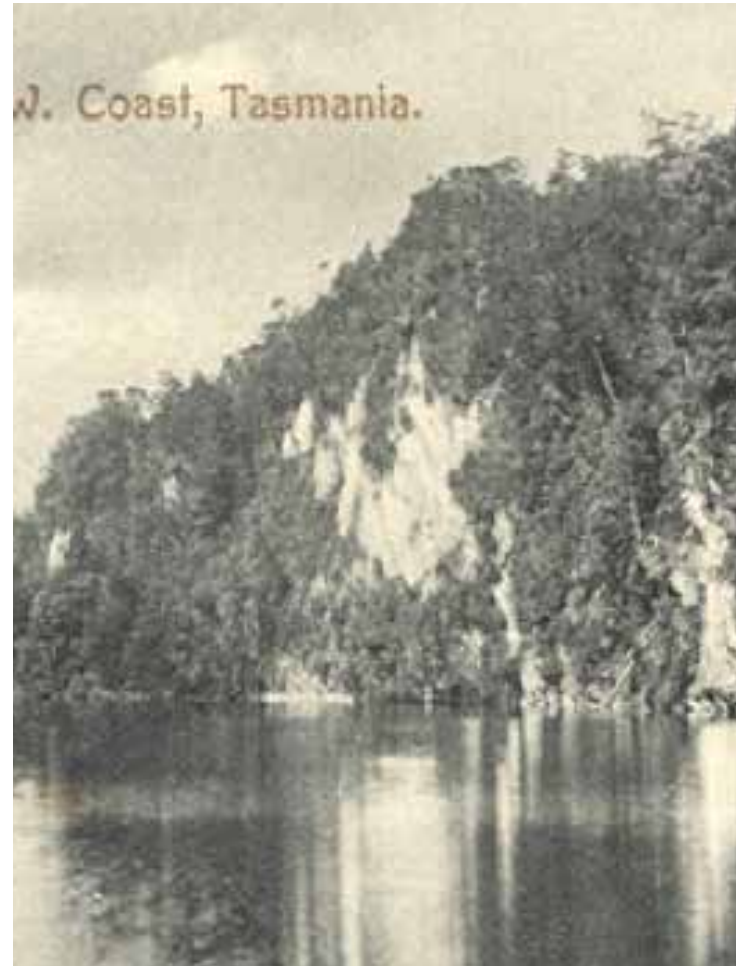
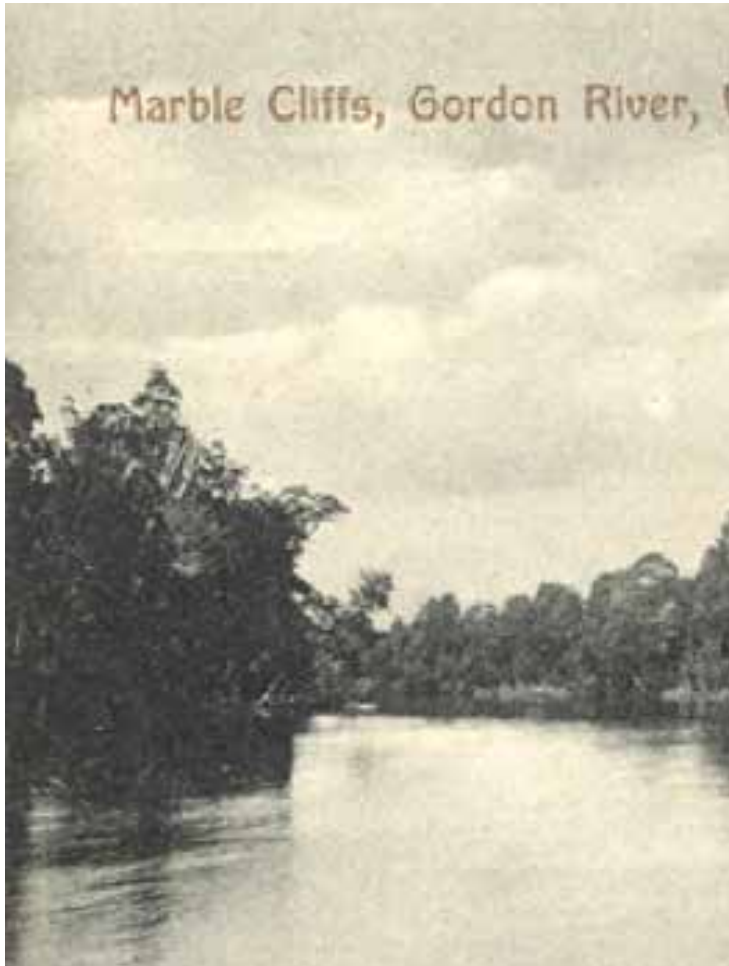
Extensive deposits of magnesite, are found on the 15th October 1987 in a belt of deformed Proterozoic rocks, known as the Arthur Metamorphic Complex, in northwestern Tasmania. Some forty-seven kilometres southwest from this location, vast reserves of magnesite have been identified and are currently being evaluated.

The bulk samples taken to date have come from a series of small magnesite pinnacles at the areas, and there is now a need to open a large face to supply large volumes of magnesite of different grades and textures for additional test work and market evaluation studies. But the rock varies considerably in colour, cream, dove, white and variegated red. So the test pits will be challenging to evaluate. Costeaming is the process by which miners seek to discover metallic lodes. Some say they are looking for gold here too. It consists of sinking small pits through the superficial deposits to the solid rock, and then driving from one pit to another across the direction of the vein, in such manner as to cross all the veins between the two pits. Back and forth through the marble, looking for even more precious matter.

Landscapes, like stories, are nothing without their processes. Moments, sensations and transformations gather together to form an interlocking mosaic. The operation gathers together a space between the story and the forms.

Direct experience of a geologic present move with ease beyond the comfortable aesthetics of deep time and rocks, it is not just a rock-filled geologic past that tells the story. Deep time and rocks hold within them elusive phantoms which we can project our stories onto. But resist the temptation of this potential eraser which distracts from the violence that the language of geology has sanctioned. The Anthropocene prognosis only reinforces that enlightenment voice upon which these cultural and ecologic violences were carried out, in the name of marble, gold, oil, water.

White Geology.



MARBLE

SEAM #2
Maria Island with
John McNannie
& Tekartee

He never even asked her name.
He just decided that he would call her Maria.

If I am generous, I might say this is his nickname
for her.

As he introduced her to others he used only this
name until everyone just called her that.

#mariatoo

He wrote it into the documents about her, and
similarly entitled his drawings of her.

She is not Maria. If you listen she will tell you, but
you must care enough to ask.

Perhaps she is wukaluwikiwanya.

For those who belonged to and cared for this country, oral histories were a central cultural repository, a site of powerful socio-cultural linkage between generations. For tens of thousands of years on this island storytelling was for the appropriate context, shared in confidence with those chosen to receive the narrative. These histories are not ours to disclose, or to find, and neither should we consider them material for publication in journals or university library shelves. Our problem then is that we also refuse to perpetuate erasure. This is not for the sake of completeness of our volume. It is because if we seek more equal and loving futures, this future is written, dreamed and told with and by the tyreddeme of the (Oyster Bay) paredarerme.

An author, I have my own complicated histories: my family's Indigeneity in colonized lands, forced removal from saltwater homelands, slavery, escape to a far-flung colony and silence. A past that negates and violates, traded bodies that geology underwrote is one I want to avoid. I am not aboriginal Australian, and writing about the experiences of the tyreddeme, I am mindful of my role as an adopted mixed race West African Ngati Pakeha. To counter the subjective records of European explorers, I must consider the ongoing colonisation of country, to which I consciously

and subconsciously contribute, as I still benefit from unceded sovereignty. For traces, I am forced to consider the records of the French explorers to lutruwita (Tasmania): D'Entrecasteaux (1792) and Baudin (1802) in particular. Arriving before British colonisation, they left a notably French perspective on the documents of the island, and on transcriptions of tyreddeme language. François Peron accompanied Nicholas Baudin to Maria Island as a scientist, undertaking the first ever commissioned anthropological report there. He brought an *a priori* concept of the 'noble savage' onto which he projected his own anxieties. His writings were performed: a performance in which the truth is obscured by Eurocentric fantasies of his own superiority. His written material is the epitome of arrogance, and is not the version of events that I wish to perpetuate by giving further space to his voice, but in all of his self-aggrandising he does something productive for me. He affords me glimpses of the quotidian lives of the people he encountered. I wish to reorient the records, to displace the European exceptionalism within them, permitting them to bear witness to a people embodying their full sovereign status.

I can introduce tekartee but will not tell her story for her – it is not my place to speak for her, but it is important that we understand what has happened and do not erase it. Centring the person is a very colonising way of telling the story. Instead, I will consider the way she exists as a part of-, with- and on- Country.

By listening to her Country,
Walking on her Country and
Talking up her Country,
We acknowledge her story more fully
(Foster, Kinniburgh & Wann 2019)

nimene means ‘to make a knot’ It is one of the tyreddeme words recorded in 1802. This language is infused in the rocks of Country, but hardly referenced in the colonial archive.

Nimene: A topology is the theory of knots, of entwined lines that turn back on themselves. Not to turn back making loops in something akin to a dialectic. Instead extending outwards, becoming the vectors of a territory of infinite scale. That they might meet new entities and concepts. To form something new, we make ourselves vectors. Vectors that extend out, emanating into a space of immanence. If we do not move in this way, how will we find new futures.? To hold ourselves in the present. To take the past, care for it, pause with it now. A rewriting of history might be possible if we can develop a technique to revisit our primordial selves trapped in a past place.

From a list of the Maria Island Convicts (Rieusset, 2007), the fourth name down the list on page fifty was convict number 185, Police Number 139. No Height, Hair, Eyes or Age entries were logged. It stated simply that he was tried in 1826, arriving via the ship 'Andromeda' in October 1827. He left Maria Island when it was decommissioned as a convict prison on 20 April 1832.

John McNannie is a man of many stories – not all of them true.

The war hero convict: they also call him Mackie. In the months before he died, Mackie confided his life's story to young Wesleyan missionary assigned to Port Arthur, Reverend John Manton. His story was published as an allegory of a pilgrim's rediscovered faith after the uncharacteristic lapse in judgement. You can download a scan of the entire book and read of how he was a fine soldier with a commendable record and held in high esteem by his regiment. He was promoted to the highest rank an enlisted officer can attain.

Tekartee, a young Loontiteermairreloinner child, was from the place they now call Little Swanport. It is just across the water from Maria Island. She must have seen the island, known it before she was abducted by John Herrin. A little girl.

Orthographic drawings of the Maria Island convict dormitories from 1830 can be viewed on site outside the barracks. John McNannie lived there in 1830: Index Number 185, Age 34.

There are no records to say which bunk he inhabited.

The abstraction of the drawing overlooks that haptic thrill when you roll over in the night and your warm skin meets hard clay. The reincarnated molecules of mud, formed into bricks by convict hand, are still where they laid them. The doors in the drawing hold fast in position. Mine swings open regularly of its own accord: 'The ghosts of convicts absent from barracks' returning before dawn — if caught, they spent a week in chains for their troubles, while my punishment was a dreamless night. After a thorough check of the closing mechanism, it was too unsettling for sleep.

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Con J McNannie. Single. No children. Rev. John Manton reports he was married. A John McNannie did marry Elisabeth Gentles on 28 June 1812. Our Mackie was 16.

Three years later, before our John was transported, Elisabeth gave birth. Mother and child are recorded as still living alone together in the 1841 census, seven years after John died. Was the child, Jean, Mackie's daughter?

Dear Maria

You felt their bodies, imprinted on your muddy surface. Up here in the screening of eucalypts they experienced a freedom to be, together. Absent from the convict barracks they whispered starlight wishes onto your breeze. We walk here, marking the mud with our boots, where your slurry once clung to the backs of trousers and coats.

The burial site was located above a freshwater spring, where two intersecting fault lines create the pathway for the aquatic ascent to the surface.

On a little bluff under 'long-haired' lemuna (casuarina trees) stood the palewadege (funerary pyre): The first on the island to be desecrated by a European. To write about it without acknowledging him or his acts is difficult. We only

know the dimension and shape of the hole that was dug, the position of the body and that it was a cremation site because he desecrated the structure. We know the proximity to a fresh-water spring, and its approximate location because of his lack of respect for cultural practices other than his own and his sense of entitlement to explore other peoples' Country. We do not know how much of what he described was secret business, not for writing in archives, and if not secret, how much he missed that would better contextualise his reports. And so, when asked to describe his discovery, I choose to do it in the following way: The cultural practices of the tyreddeme are such that they demonstrate care, gentleness, ritual and a finely tuned relationship of humans to their country/ Country when it comes to death. Using precisely cantilevered timber poles with interwoven bark, thatched grasses and fine timbers, over a flat granite stone, the tyreddeme enact a careful configuration of materials to surround the cremated body of a family member.

The salts from the ground rise up to the walls making the bed room a grotto-like chamber of sparkling crystals. The walls have been layered horizontal increments to a depth of 200mm above the floor and extend the full length of the bedroom. Detailed excavation of the floor confirm a marine origin 2.3 billion years old.

The remnants of the tyredemme dispersed in the soil of the island lay also in the middens. The traces now pulverised. The last molecules here, a dust on the sheer sides of the vast cement silos. They hold together your city, glue your bricks one to another, smooth your roads, and hold your water supply in our concrete arms. Nothing in Hobart is untouched by the trace of the tyreddeme.

WITAPUNA

John McNannie saw five total lunar eclipses in his lifetime, two in the northern hemisphere, bookending his military career, and three in the southern hemisphere doing likewise for his convict exile.

Apr 29 1801 20.03 (17.39–21.40am), age 6

First was in Glasgow seven years before he enlisted.

This time of year the tyreddeme were on the island, the women gathering paraganna (abalone) and crayfish. It was a year before Peron and Baudin's visit.

Feb 15 1816 00.22am (23.29–1.15am), age 20
Second was months after discharge from the army and the
amputation of his arm,
 at a time when Aboriginal women were slaves to
 the sealers on Maria

Mar 19 1827 5.47am (4.56–6.38am) and
Sept 11 1827 7.47am (6.58–8.37am), aged 31
Third and fourth in quick succession marked the first weeks of
convict exile,
 and exile for tyreddeme from their country, and his
 first exposure to reports of warfare and massacre.

Feb 04 1834 3.06am (2.14–3.58am), aged 38
Fifth just weeks before he died,
 and three years after Tekartee died on Maria Island.
 He made his escape through Manton. Abalone were
 not being much fished.

Aug 1 1834 5.37am (4.47–6.27am)
over the Isle of the Dead,
'no stone marks whereabouts he slumbers ...' (Manton, 1845, 10)
What would have been his sixth total lunar eclipse instead
accompanied John
 and the tyreddeme into the afterlife, foreshadowing
 bad things they had already lived.

‘the white men tie them and then they flog them very much, plenty much blood, plenty cry ...’ citing Bulrer from Robinson’s journal (Plomley, 1966, 240)

Scattered between the areas of fragments are strange orange sponge rocks. If you were to stand on these rocks you would leave a footprint, however if you come back the next day, the rock would have returned to its former morphology.

Women didn’t usually fight, but when they escaped the sealers, they led the attack in a doubling: resistance against gender roles that no longer fit, and refusal to be denied the status of person, by assuming mantle of warrior.

the sunlight streams down through the surface
of the water burning my eyes. free floating. a
limestone plat- form reveals itself. i grab instantly,
and strongly. i run across the subſtrate, and under
a rock. you should see the speed at which i can
move when motivated.

Peron named me Haliotis Rubra Conicopora.
the blacklip abalone.
i already had a name for millenia before.
i am paraganna.

i live on the periphery of my interior. neither
inside nor outside, in an intimate engagement
with a geologic partner. sometimes, my companion
fractures againſt the force of the water, becoming
suspended. i take in its matter, making it my own.
i emanate the moſt minute ſtriae of increment,
mother of pearl. an iridescent display of brilliant
colour that only i see. i prefer to be horizontal, but
sometimes out of necessity i will turn 90° and face
upwards towards a blue abyss. the sky is said to be
about 50 miles above the earth, give or take a mile
or two. sometimes I can see oranges and reds.

*Sep 16 1830 Maria Island Nov 01 1832 Port Arthur
MacKie was twice ſtripped of the role 'Overſeer' for neglect of
duty. The firſt charge is ambiguous; the ſecond is for allowing a
convict in his charge to abscond without reporting it.*

Maria Island was the island where convicts who offended elsewhere were sent. While there John McNannie was charged with the following:


*April 8 1829. Ma Island
Stealing from J.W. Shuttleworth a Silk Handkf U/G
– to be [hamp] two years to
Maria Island (GWG & TDL)
It is signed by Superintendent Thomas Lord.*

He wanted to stay when his sentence to Maria was served.

Beneath a turgid moon on the long two-day march to Waterloo, back when I had two good arms he spoke to me of infinitesimal things - molecules he called them, the likes of which I had never imagined. Now his ghost comes back to me in the dark, and I think of his molecules. There is not a single one that comes between you and I, so pressed together in the soil of this island: tonight there is neither metal around my ankles, nor the wooden board between our bunks pressing on my ribs. Here, under the same moon and countless exiled stars, holding you, I am free.

Pre-inscribed lines
Drew her, drew me
To the place of dreams

Through time
Leaked soul light unseen
One into the other

'I ... call for love'  a mode of action that can re-

orient the system by embracing our potentia as feminist subjects ... It is crucial then to reactivate our passions to rethink what we love and why we love it; in other words, what moves us.' (Libe García Zarranz, 2017, 48)

On the surface my breathing rate is slowed and deepened, as my mind focusses and my body experiences a shift. An inhalation to fill the lungs, followed by a second overfilling, i bend at the waist and gravity propels my body down, into its submarine state. These are 'transposable moves' (García Zarranz, 2017). I am oneiric, slow and purposeful, my mind in contrast sharply focussed on paraganna (the abalone): thinking and acting, becoming marine.

Desire is not postulated, it is actualised. For the abalone diver, I do not simply acquire the 'object' of my desire: I want to become the 'object', to become animal, actualized through the performative action of the hunt. Feminist theorist and philosopher Rosi Braidotti suggests desire is wanting to become those things around you in the world, perhaps even ultimately to become all of the things around you. To make such a transcorporeality, trans-species, and transmaterial union with the world is the mechanism of Braidotti's cartographic thinking. With her,

I am open to plastic transformations. I locate the characters of the archives, and make connections between them, their spaces and their desires. How did they move, and what moved them?

Alongside his escape, John McNannie exercised refusal of the choice permitted him: he refused to be denied love or desire. His convict record is testament to regular night-time absences from barracks. When caught he was sentenced to periods of a week or two on the chain-gang, arduous for a man with one arm, but there are occasions when no sooner did he complete his sentence than he was charged again with the same offence. These absences were not simply to drink - the superintendent of the Island was known to imbibe with his charges, accused on several occasions of drinking with them late into the night. McNannie's 'absences' are written up to avoid mentioning the unmentionable: that the convicts in their same-sex accommodations were having sexual relationships with each other.

Colonial law held homosexuality as punishable by execution. Convict refusal to be denied desire came therefore with significant risk, but many maintained loving partnerships. Sex in the dormitories was a feature of convict life, but on Maria Island, so too was absconding for the night with a lover. The solitary confinement cells provided a surprising alternate space of seclusion. These cells were supervised by a designated convict 'overseer,' whose role it was to supervise isolated inmates. On Maria Island John McNannie was the overseer. He considered it his position not only to oversee, but also to overlook –

providing space for relationships. Refusal of the rules is an assumption of agency and rejection of strict adherence to the role assigned. The historian Catie Gilchrist (2004) describes this as the 'spatial-sexual dynamics of resistance' (34) and the disruption to spatial-somatic mechanisms of control on Maria Island.

We can only assume that the island commandant also overlooked the convict sexual practices, or at least refrained from reporting them. During both convict periods on the island (1825–1832, 1842–1850) there is little mention of the extent of 'transgression' until James Boyd, former Pentonville prison warden, arrived in 1845.

Boyd's first report sexualised the geology, the geography of the island by articulating the 'unnatural crimes' of the convicts. When he testified to finding eight men in an embrace in the dormitories, Maria Island became the site where the wider sexual paranoias of Great Britain were played out.

Archives speak of the pungency and eyesore of decomposing whale carcasses and the scruffy huts of the land-based sealers and whalers on Maria Island. They were there before the penal settlement, and some remained at Haunted Bay on the island's south-eastern coast while Mackie was incarcerated. It was an industry that spawned respectable businessmen in the Australian cities, whose names still designate streets and suburbs: men who made their start on the islands off

Tasmania. Aboriginal women lived and worked with them. One, who spoke of the interracial arrangements on these islands in the measured language of Australian politics, described ‘the custom of the sealers ... was that every man should have from two to five of these native women for their own use and benefit.’

(Sealer and businessman James Kelly, cited in Plomley, *Friendly Mission*, p. 23)

These sealers and land-based whalers kidnapped, raped, tortured and murdered, all without consequence. (Merry, 2003, 80). They abducted prepubescent Aboriginal girls – children – so they would not have to be bothered with pregnancies or children when they raped them. (Clements, 2014)

The anxieties and paranoias of the empire about the island’s spatio-sexuality were selectively applied on Maria Island. Same-sex liaisons between consenting adults: an outrage that incurred punishment, created headlines, and changed prison architectures. Institutionalised rape of women and children: overlooked, barely reported – as long as the women and children were Aboriginal, the practice was out of sight and the perpetrators were contributing their seal and whale products to the colony’s economy.

From the time he arrived on Maria Island John McNannie heard stories of the atrocities of genocide. Once he bore witness. Maćkie knew the sealers who lived down at Haunted Bay. He had glimpsed them with their Aboriginal slave women a couple of times, but on this day he got a closer look at how they lived.

March 11 1831. It was the time of year when the tyreddeme would have usually been on the island. This year he had not seen one of them. He was there when a member of the group sailing up to Bass Strait with Robinson died while they were stopped at Maria. They wrote her name as Weybermueninner, but called her Tekartee. She was only about 22 years old, her body scarred by the sealers who had taken her as a child to the Bass Strait for 'their own use and benefit.' She had lived most of her life as a tyreelore (island wife) to several sealers, traded between them for skins. It was just three months to the day since she had arrived at an Aboriginal settlement, finally 'freed' from the sealers, that she died.

She hadn't been baptised so they couldn't permit her to be buried with Christian rites. Culturally, she should have been taken to her own country for a ceremonial cremation, her ashes covered. Robinson's records suggest she was not returned to her own country. It seems she was interred on the island according to English custom, overseen and overlooked by a mob of convict strangers.

Is this what John McNannie was escaping when he told John Manton his redemption story?

The island's eurydesma-limestone is not etched with her name, and she was not admitted to the island cemetery.

MARBLE

SEAM #3

Maria Island Marble

MARBLE OF MARIA.

The survey expedition to make a new type of map.

The map should extract a clear cartographic image of the island.

The map will be a diagram. A diagram that can be read as a map.

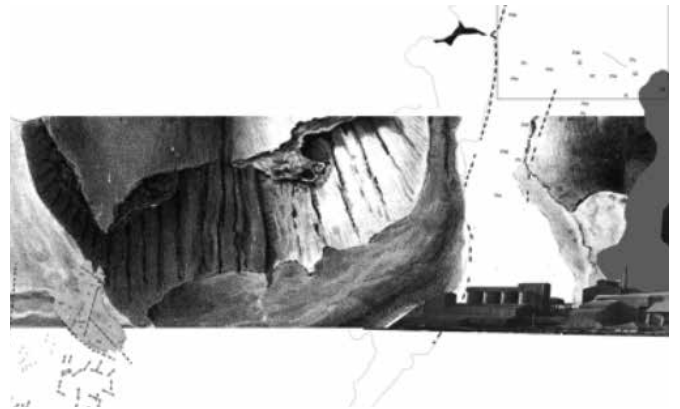
The map must capture our time spent on the island.

Our time on the island. But also, all times of the island. All grounds and all times.

The group of geologists were assigned to find precious stones on Maria. As mentioned previously in the text, Marble has now been declared impossible on the island of Tasmania, or its surrounding islands. As demonstrated on the Gordan River expedition, the Eurydesma failed in marine beds that underlie the west coast of the island, to successfully collect in large enough numbers. A further failure occurred in the daily life of earthquakes and volcanic those that were needed to make eruptions to disrupts the mineral world. The disruptions that make marble – these events being that Herodotus had foreseen. These

disruptions depend directly on an internal mechanism within the earth, as suggested earlier and would need to have been captured by other forces if not those of the planet.

Could it be said then that perhaps a collective's effort from Eurydesma could replicate such a disruption? Might then we find marble? Maybe then an expedition should be taken to Maria Island, to the largest colony of Eurydesma to be found anywhere else on this lithosphere. The party would search for the main bed of mass extinction where the Eurydesma had collected in their massing – disarticulated at the bottom of the ocean.



The geologists left the following field notes as a document of their first day exploration

Day #1

Today we began to make the first detailed geological map of presence - Marble

To do this the group will need to carry out the first stages of analysis ...

- Make the first geological map for the Eurydesma, do this by interpreting the whole of their being, figures and materials
- supplement listed and discussed various fossil assemblages from Maria
- discuss the extent and quality of these faunal fossil
- both systematic and chaotic studies of Eurydesma will need to occur
- locate the point of transition as the Eurydesma become Marble



The group inspect the large outcrop near the Isthmus where The Late Palaeozoic glaciation which can describe the spectacular ice-rafted clasts we saw near the base of the Cliffs.

The Eurydesma was an opportunist animal which rapidly colonized sediments derived from rocky shorelines. Like the kangaroo, the duck-billed platypus, and Neotrignia – is one of the major novelties discovered here in Australia in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. These mark radiation of evolution in sea creatures. In all animals. They mark a transition from one world to another from fluid to solid ground.

Physically the Eurydesma was a large (up to 16 cm), globose – having the form of a globe they were spherical.

They held a bivalve that had massively thickened umbones (up to 5.8 cm thick), this the part where the two shells are vaguely defined. It is the most prominent, the highest part of each valve of the shell of a bivalve mollusc.

The Eurydesma has a single generous posterior muscle, a rudimentary hinge.

They open and close themselves, to breath, eat and mate.

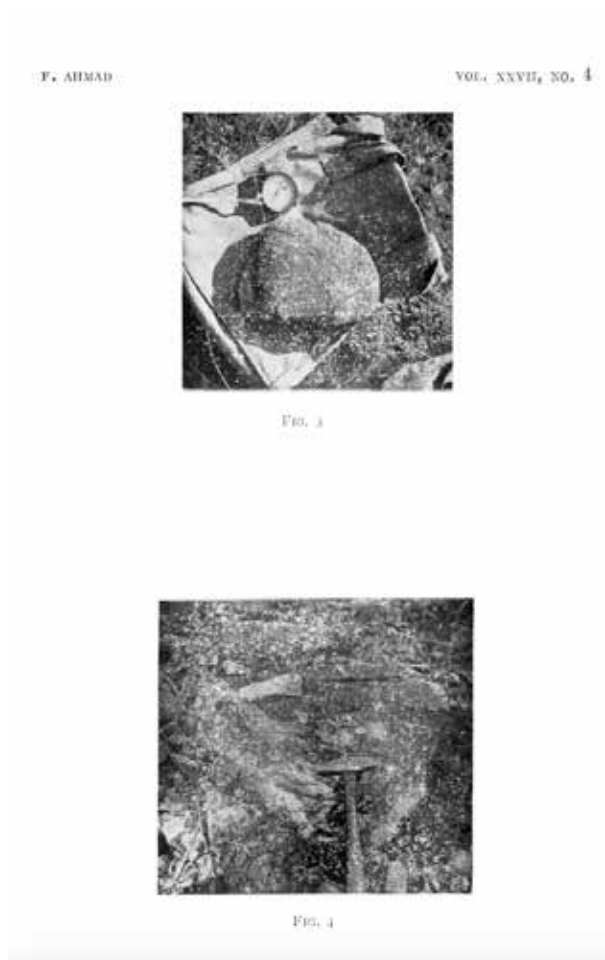
They have a tooth in the right valve and corresponding.

The socket in the left plug, a thick simple wholly posterior ligament.

The tooth is used to communicate as well as breath, eat and mate

The living shells were elaborately decorated with radial light and dark, beautiful colour bands. It is known that the relatively thin outer shell layer of Eurydesma are finely prismatic. The colour will transfer to the marble. We expect the marble to hold brilliant and expansive hues.





Above specimen found at Four Mile Creek, the centre of the island. The *Eurydesma*. It must have drifted of course from the its original bed.

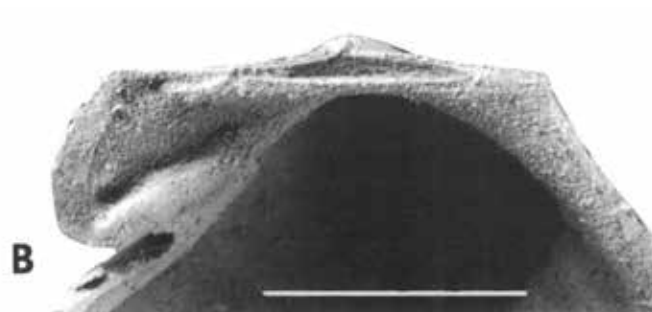
Day#2 – in search of the Basel Beds

Mapping today was at a scale of 1:15840 and 1981 at a scale of 1:50000

The primary geological structural Silurian Devonian Mathinna Beds. Here the shells are sandwiched between granitic rocks.

Along the east coast of the north island we saw an inaccessible cliff along the east coast of the north island. These must be the Basel Beds.

The group will need a charter boat and four-wheel drive to fully access the Quaternary deposits of the isthmus.



Day #3

The Maria Quadrangle covers a land area of 97 km² embraces the Maria Island together – the island from Triabunna, Hobart.

The magnificent sequence of rugged scenic beauty with much great geomorphology. Botany, and animal and bird.

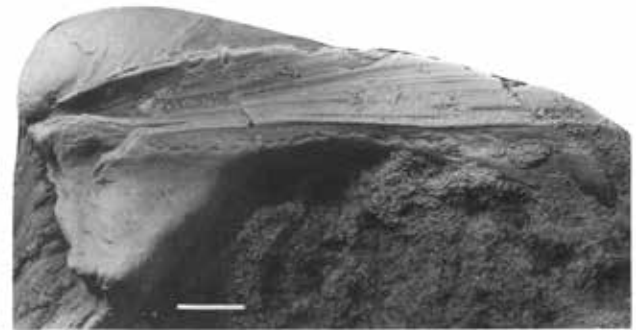
Geologically. The area is spectacular. Indeed geology essentially provides the basis for landforms, soils, vegetation and wildlife.

We expect to find in the Basal Beds Late Palaeozoic glacio-marine rocks and extraordinary fossils – the finest of its kind anywhere in the world.

But the Basal unconformity is not exposed – this is a problem for us – they vary widely in character from place to place and range in thickness from a few meters to as much as 110 m – how will we locate their disruption.

The Basal Beds constitute the most variable of all the stratigraphic units – if we flow these around the island, we are sure to meet the mass graves. A great extinction, like no other one ever known.

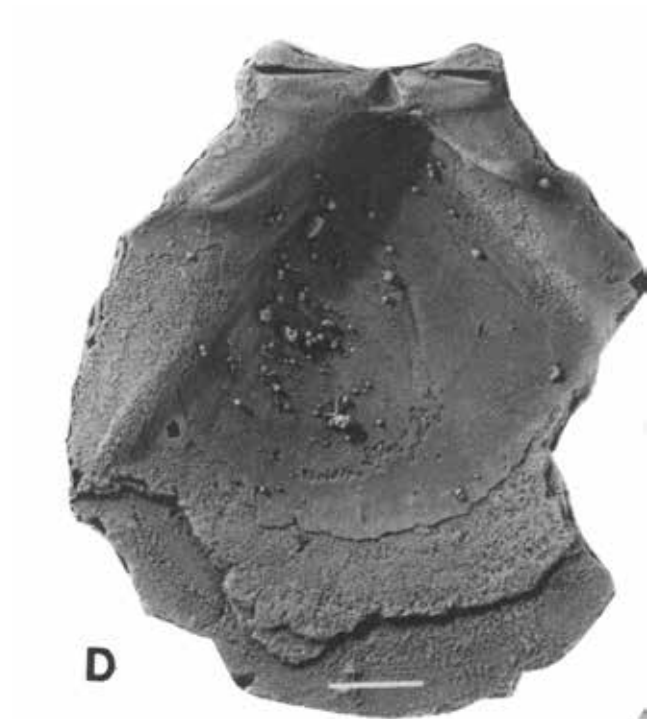
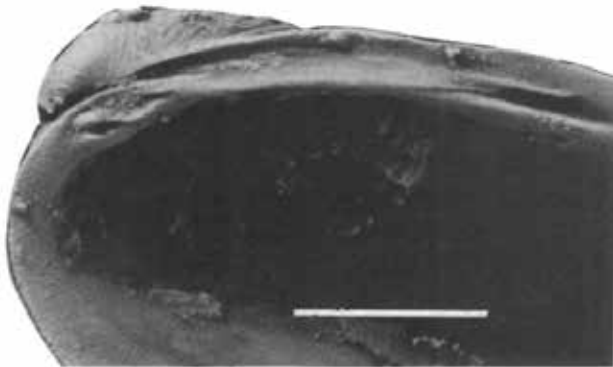
The most easily accessible development of the Basal Beds is at the Fossil Cliffs 18878551. A little over one-kilometre north-east of Darlington. We will set out in the morning at first light.



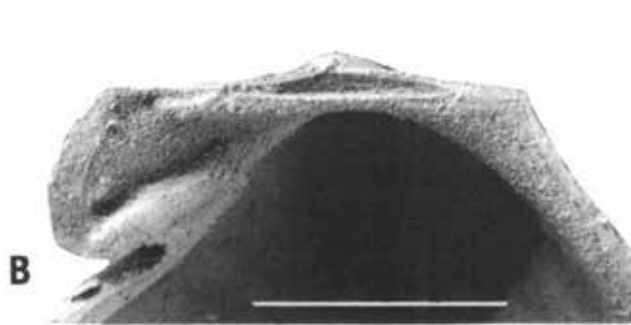
Day #4

The Basel Beds.

And the lowest beds observed consist of about 5m of essentially thick bedded, laminated, calcareous, silt stone and impure limestone with few clasts and bryozoans parallel with the bedding interbedded with thinner and more irregular bands of pebble-rich quartzose.



Granule.



Conglomerate with many broken fragments of *Dellopelell* and fewer *Eurydesma* and spiriferids.

There is a wave-washed beach at the base of the cliffs – both eroding the limestone, exposing our potential find and creating a hazard for our decent

Limestone are also present! Follow the limestone formations.

Fig.

limestone bed contains a granite boulder almost a meter in length and has

granite clast

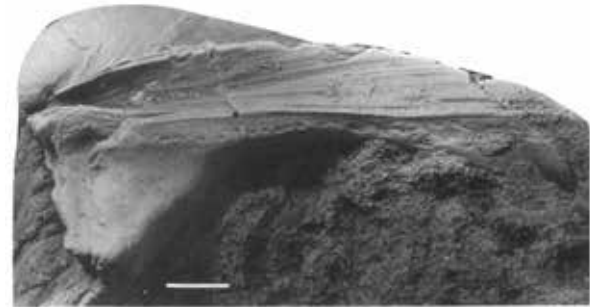
angular debris.

a long sub-rounded axis

almost vertical.

Winnowed and broken

Fossils are abundant



The base is uneven and much winnowed. It disrupts and crumples the bedding under our feet.

We saw thick bilaminar colonies of *Stellopora* parallel to the bedding. Fossils are abundant. The *Eurydesma* are disarticulate and rolled to a greater or lesser degree.

MARBLE

But the encrusting bilaminar and stick stenoporids are in growth position on Maria, as if not disturbed. Why then is the Eurydesma so disturbed?

On the map we note potential for dark-grey to black marble with white veins, fossils

Fossils, bedding, cleavage, folding, veins, stylolites

Marble of Maria

Marble

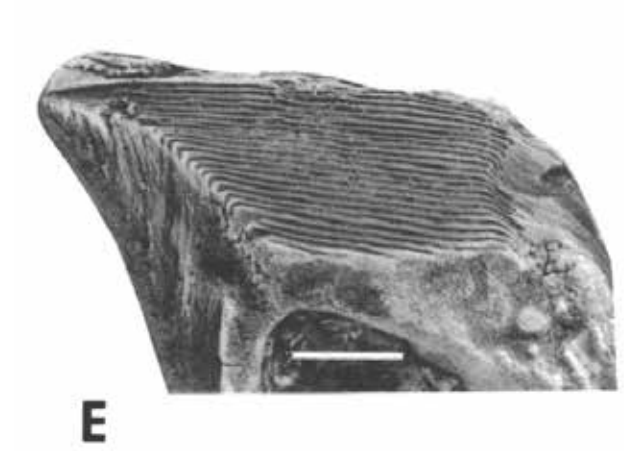
Very attractive

Altered

Pure

very colourful

pebble, cobble and boulder



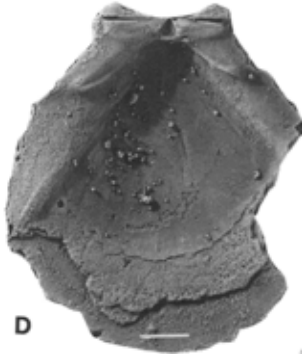
quartzite and granite.

mica schist.

black slate and off-white limestone

Day # five

As a group, we navigated and traversed a network of boundaries, faults, sills, inclines and synclines, wandering, as the rocks themselves did, at different speeds and tempos. As we moved our feet pacing revealed a folding



Of all the tempos of the walking and co-formation of this landscape we encountered. It was through rhythms and the deep-paces which allowed for commune with the hidden bodies beneath.

On that final day, we set out to walk a known track on the island. There was an idea that walking with the maps might provide a method for making and making what? What needed to be made anew? We went out there to subvert something.

Our strangely still embodied Cartesianism of the landscape. Our assumptions about the formation of the marble. The marble that we carry around with us still. It is heavy it weighs How can we internally deconstruct this? How does our view of this place make a representation of our privilege? The map we eventually made did not read well anymore, and it made poor navigation. We will, therefore, throw away spatialities that fail to make meaning. We want to wade through mud rather than walk on a uniform stratum.

Marble

Uniform. fine – medium grainsize
with irregular interlocking
grain

boundaries

Coarse. grainsizes some interior

but grainsizes of greater than 1 mm diameter
commonly result in poor performance

The geologic was potent during our walk. For
conversations were Permian in nature. We followed
material hints that the island gave us as we walked.
Allowing one from concrete works where as we
suggested 'ground the ground to make the walls'
and the legacy of tuberculosis spores that might
fill the air.

Must be free of open seams, cracks, pits or minerals.
Must be free of excessively hard minerals, must
be soft.

As the fragments of Permian sea life settled in
trenches, accumulating the traces of their lives, the
material was laid for a future marble. The collection
of these remnants, fragments of existence had to
coalesce in one place before being pressed together
and forged into their future.



COLOPHON

Marble (II) is one of forty mineral recompositions commissioned by A Published Event for *Loſt Roĉks* (2017–21).

The palawa kani language has not been used in this document, as it is for lutruwita aboriginal peoples, which we acknowledge and respect. All language used is drawn from Plomley's records, which we acknowledge is a contested source.

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