

## **Into Australian Blue**

Red deserts, meager dry plains, bright light in the heat of flickering air, sand and gravel tracks, another 300 kilometer left to the next outback homestead promising diesel, coffee, fresh water... this are my days in Australia.

Endless driving straight ahead, but there's no mile without surprise. On the rights hand side a flock of emus, to the left a salt lake in gleaming white. Its surface breaks like glass walking over it. In the background shining dunes in earthy colors, melting into the incomprehensible Australian blue, a brilliant blue sky, that is only be seen here. Vanishing points disappear in the horizon without leaving a trace. Haze, scarcely perceptible, becomes a sign of changes in the putative unchangeable.

After watching at the gleaming white for some time, it reveals colors. Pink is a sign of dried out fields of alga, green indicates hidden vegetation, and with an earthy red followed by other hues, ochre breaks through the surface.

The void is sounding, the land offers its song. It is a heroic land, build up by ancient gods while singing, later preserved by the aboriginal people with paintings, rituals and recited songs of the Creation with a hundred verses.

Art works as a reconfirmation of the Creation. Until white man came. Australia was created before the very beginning of time, so aboriginal elders tell us. Ages of time can be recognized, watching the gravel and limestone mountains of the McDonnell Ranges in the center and the Flinders Ranges in the south of the continent. But light in the wind, breathing over the dry grasslands, the playful acts of the budgies along the bank, the colorful stones, the spider webs between the red blossoms of flame trees, the lost feather of a cockatoo, all of that you are, so aboriginal elders say. Sky, earth and man are not separated. Children of the rainbow serpent. Sung into being. All of us.

Hinrich JW Schueler, October 2008