

A D A M I N A B Y

Douglas Holleley

CLARELLEN

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C O N T E N T S

IN THE BEGINNING

POSSUM

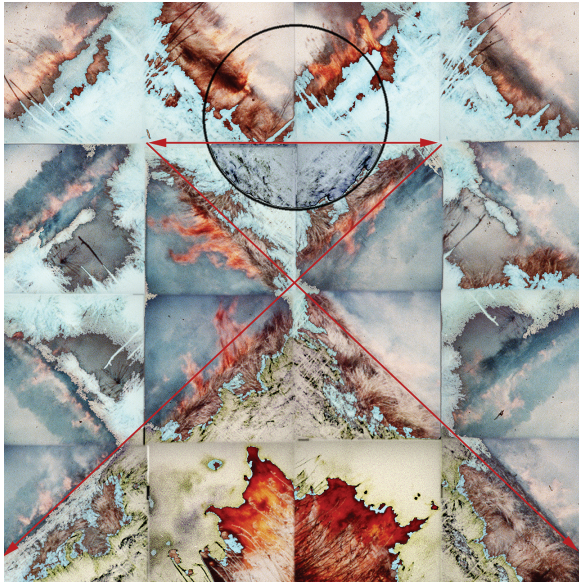
THE FIRE

THE ACCIDENT

THE REMORSE

THE FLOOD

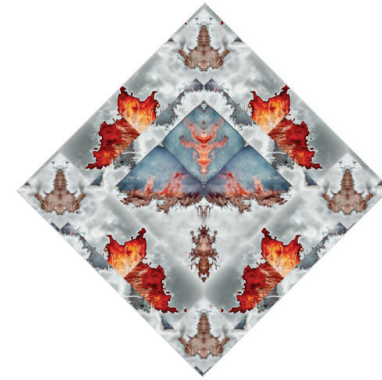
THE ARTIST



A^{DAMINABY} is the name of a town in the Southern Highlands of New South Wales, Australia. It was submerged under a dam in the 1950's during the construction of the Snowy Mountains Scheme, a project that diverted water that formerly flowed east, westward through a series of giant tunnels and dams.

Australians will have no difficulty pronouncing it, but it may look foreign to others. It is pronounced Addah-minnah-bee. As is the case with most Australian place names, the faster you say it, and the more you blur the syllables together, the more correct it sounds.

For Clare



IN THE BEGINNING

ONCE there was a time when there was no time. There was knowledge of the beginning and there was knowledge of the end. But there was nothing in between. Also in this timeless void, form had no boundaries or shape.

Deep in the earth there was a cave. Unlike on the surface of the planet where dreams roamed free and loose, creating and expending their potential in a continuous loop of becoming and undoing, in this cave they were trapped. As they slowly grew in shape and substance one

dream would collide and attach itself to another, forming clusters of increasingly complex thoughts and images. Each of these would then merge with other clusters. This process started very slowly at first but increasingly gained in speed and momentum.

There one day came a point where these dreams coalesced into a kind of cloud and began to swirl in a circular motion. Within the cocoon of the cave, they spun faster and faster in a wild, ecstatic dance. They continued to spin and grow until finally they expanded and almost filled the cave.

It was at this point that quite an extraordinary thing occurred. From the swirling mass, flowing golden strands of energy emerged, brushing the walls of the cave. These strands conducted energy in two directions. They carried the matter that was the earth to the spinning cloud and at the same time, the coalescing thoughts and dreams were transmitted back to the earth itself. The cloud rotated faster and faster until suddenly with a loud crash, the cave was filled with light. In its center there appeared the figure of a beautiful young woman with long flowing golden hair.

She stood there for a long time—without moving or saying a word—not even thinking. She raised her arms and put her hands to her

head. As she did she became aware of herself for the first time. With that, a rush of wind swept through the cave like a giant sigh, opening a passage to the world above. Her consciousness was carried from the cave with this first breath and resonated through the world.

All the swirling dreams on the surface of the planet at this very moment, found their form. The dreams of stars fixed themselves in the heavens. The dreams of water filled the oceans, lakes and rivers. Some of the dreams turned into a myriad of different creatures. Others formed the trees. More importantly, with this first breath, time itself commenced—for the first time there was a here and now. The knowledge of the beginning and the end evaporated, and turned instead into a strange mixture of memory and desire lodged deeply within the soul of every living thing.

She walked into the world. She had no name for what she saw. We would understand the scene as being a beautiful garden where the plants, trees and animals lived together in complete harmony. However, all she knew was that she was at home. While walking she noticed a small glowing stone-like object attached to a chain. She reached down and picked it up. As she did it stopped glowing and turned into purest silver. As she watched she saw a mark

appearing in the surface. The mark was in the shape of an "A" and she heard in her mind a soft voice say a single word. That word was her name. Her name was Adaminaby.

But who was Adaminaby? It is very difficult to describe her using conventional terms. Adaminaby was not so much a person as a persona. One is tempted to simply say that she was a beautiful young woman who lived in a valley under the Southern Cross. But the fact is, things are more complicated than that.

The truth is that Adaminaby was not simply an individual that lived within a particular place. She was also the spirit of that place. To help make this a little clearer, try to imagine yourself in your favorite place. This may be your room, a stretch of beach or any little secret place that when you visit it you feel at peace and at home. Try and recall what it is that you feel when you are there. If you feel secure within yourself and at the same time at one with this place then you are beginning to understand what Adaminaby's relationship with the valley was like.

Adaminaby was essentially the caretaker of this valley. All of the life of the valley, the ebb and flow of daily existence and even the passing of the seasons, were both caused by Adaminaby and reflected in her as well. It was if she was the surface of a mirror, living simultaneously

as reality and its reflection, able to look out or within with equal fluency. Thus she was able to both walk through the valley as well as sense within herself all aspects of its health and welfare.

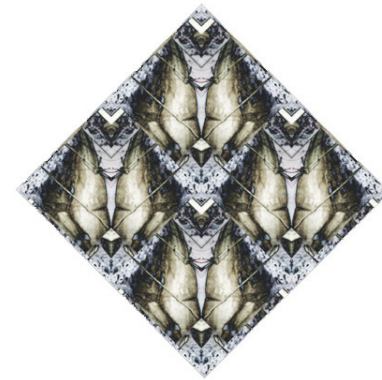
She actually had a house in the valley although it is unlikely that any normal human person could ever see it. If you could see it would look much like an English country cottage. It was quite small. There was a large kitchen with a fireplace and a table. This led to a sitting room and off this there were two other rooms, one of which she used as her bedroom and the other was there just in case. The kitchen had a door to the outside which opened onto an open porch where she would often sit in the evenings and watch the light from the setting sun flicker through the leaves of the trees that surrounded the house.

The house was constructed of hundreds of small flat stones. Each of these stones was fitted in such a way that no mortar was necessary to bind them together. They interlocked with great precision. The cracks between them were so fine it was impossible to insert even the thinnest paper. The roof was made of thatched river reeds that had dried to a golden straw color. The windows were arched and filled with a glass-like amber substance that filled the inside of the house with a glorious ethereal light.

Adaminaby's days were spent walking through the valley. As she walked the flowers and trees grew strength from her presence and simultaneously she was filled with their energy and life. On these outings the birds circled around her and the animals shyly but lovingly watched her from under the bushes and plants that grew in abundance.

Despite the fact that she appeared to be by herself she was never lonely. Her sense of belonging and inter-connectedness made such feelings impossible. Sometimes she imagined what it might be like to have a companion, particularly when she saw how the birds and other animals would form loving partnerships that lasted a lifetime. However, these thoughts quickly passed as she felt the flow of life in the valley surge through her very being. She intuitively realized that she had a relationship with the world itself that transcended even the span of a whole lifetime.

But sometimes, even so.



P O S S U M

ONE night Adaminaby was sitting in her kitchen nursing a cup of tea in her hand. It was a very still night. Even though the walls of her home were solid stone, there was a strong sympathy with what was happening in the outside world. It was almost as if the stones themselves received signals from the valley and then re-transmitted them into the center of the house. There was no sense of being cut off or being denied sensation or information. On the contrary, the carefully laid stones received their subtle messages and relayed them to Adaminaby with the precision of a laser beam.