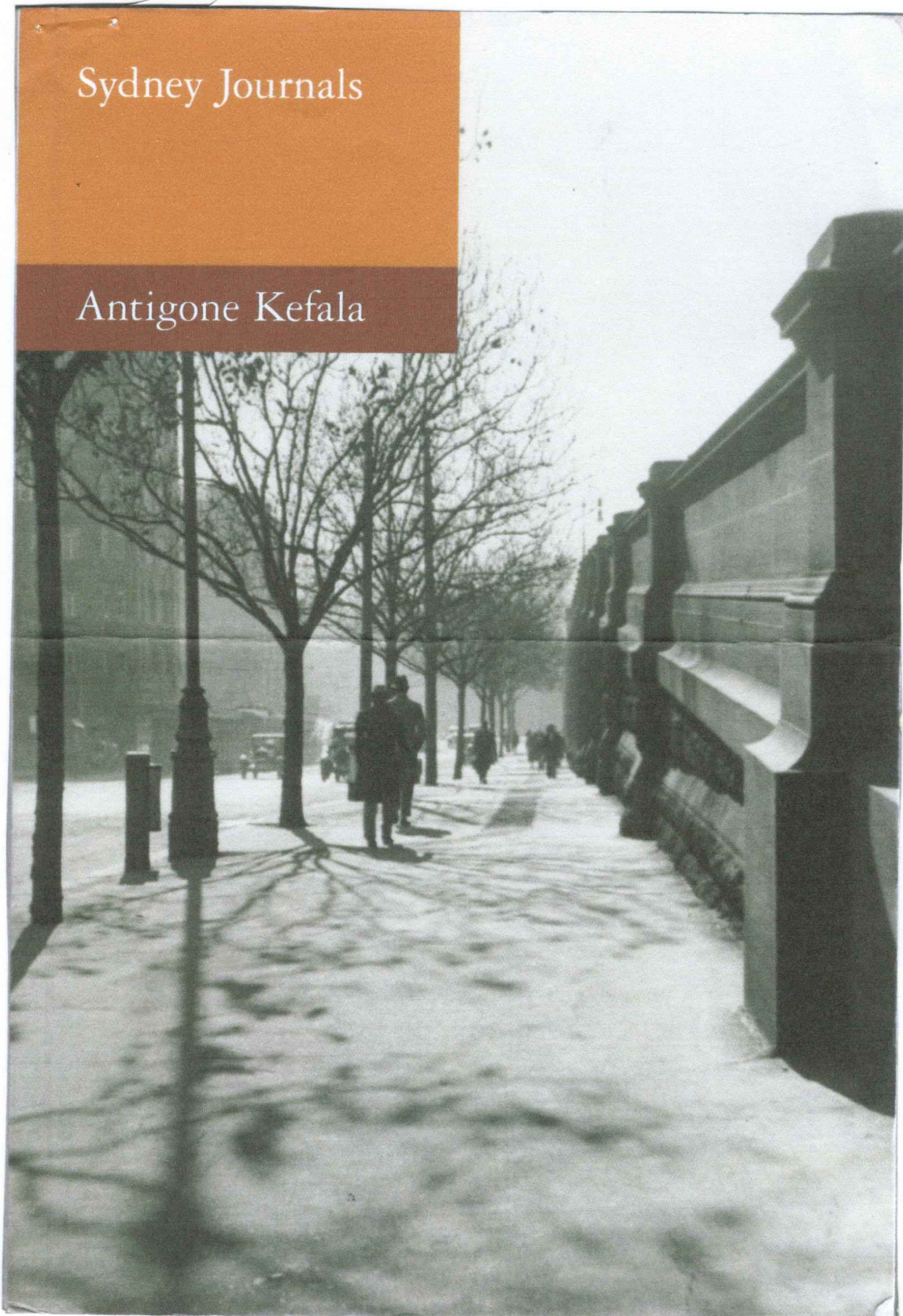


Sydney Journals

Antigone Kefala



2008

artificial kingdom made of glass, lights.

J. was saying that she is trying to live as much as possible in the present, but I said, writing is constantly about the past, one does nothing but rake it, like sand in a Japanese garden.

At Abdul's for dinner. The place cold and empty, a dark night, the whole area which before used to teem with people, now as if abandoned, the food slightly tired.

We ate quickly, talked of M.'s death, this amazing instinct for self-destruction that the whole family had. His early reviews that we used to read with Mother, an amazing mixture of erudition, sensitivity and intellectual flamboyance – so rare.

His death such a waste. The last time I had met him at a launch in a pub at the Rocks, his second pair of eyes was emerging diffidently from behind his glasses, vulnerable and shy. The fast flowing of his voice, a jagged tempo, the uncertain, slightly awkward movements of his thin limbs, his walk, swimming through the air. A vestige of a youthful, authoritative tone in his voice, the one that he used in his reviews. I was talking to him about it – 'something not acceptable any longer,' he said, 'could not be repeated.'

This amazing idea in all of us that we are indestructible, that the body will take everything and deal with it, again and again.