

Last Word

Robyn Backen 2010

Last Word was a moment by the waters edge at Bundanon on Saturday 25 September 2010. At dusk a mythical body floated down the river, Japanese flute pulled her towards the crowd. The tree line rock face offered a place for the *echo* of two voices to be sent out and then received back – simple messages and notations of a farmer’s daily life.

Thanks to:

Cecil and Richard for their wonderful river welcome; Jim for his wealth of knowledge and generosity; Michael and Regina for their voices; Tess and Garth for a chance to collaborate and Fiona for being (more than) there.

Jack Weir Diary September 1931 (edited extracts from diary)

<Female/R E G I N A: Echo weather>

< Male/M I C H A E L: Echo Mr Weir Diary entries>

is anyone here
here....here

Who is there
Who...who is there

Had some rain

strong ploughing across creek
working at launch
brushing

ploughing

It rained ...filled all the tanks

leg a bit sore

Fine this morning

Raining at evening

Had six inches since yesterday – river up 4 feet

Fine day

Working at launch

I sharpen saw
Got wireless set

Fine day

Wife laid up with cold

Wind very strong

Went to Dr
Working at launch

Sharpened saws

80 bags corn
Went to Dr
Ploughing

Looks like rain.....Had storm

ploughing
shooting and pulling staghorns

build tool shed
Lads went fishing at night

Lads went after staghorns
Went to Dr
Carpentering

ploughing
Nowra - got Baby Christened

ploughing
Lads fishing
killed snake - skinned it
Pony dead

Windy

Dance at Bomaderry
ploughing up gully
Percie Young buried today

ploughing
Got some eggs
ploughing
planting potatoes

Hot day

Killed pig
Made Bee box
Went fishing

Rained at night

Went to Nowra

Raining all day

Nice day

Lennie took boat up river
Mrs Richards Dead

Beautiful fine day

Not a cloud all day

Mrs Richards Buried today
Carpentering
Barb wire on garden

Raining tonight

Mack sick

Raining

Ploughing

Ploughing

Ploughing

Light rain