'we're not truckin' around': On and off-road in Samuel Wagan Watson's *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*

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Cars and roads traverse the poetry of Samuel Wagan Watson, a self-identified Aboriginal man of Bundjalung, Birri Gubba, German and Irish ancestry.[1] The narrator/s of the poems in *Smoke Encrypted Whispers* are repeatedly on the road or beside it, and driving is employed as a metaphor for everything from addiction[2] and memory[3] to the search for love.[4] Road kill litters the poems,[5] while roads come to life,[6] cars become men,[7] and men have 'gas tanks that can't see empty'.[8] Watson's poetry has received significant critical attention and acclaim: his 'haunting, uncanny, layered poetics of history' and depiction of 'colonial degradation' have been explored, and his poems—including those featuring cars and roads—have been analysed in relation to such themes as the sacred,[9] locatedness,[10] and creative processes.[11] Given the extent to which cars and roads dominate Watson's poetry, it is notable, however, that his use of both to explore and resist 'colonial degradation' has not received sustained attention.

This neglect is even more apparent in light of the critical focus on the use of cars and roads to represent—or deny—colonialism and its aftermath in broader Australian cultural discourse, especially film. Roads were fundamental to the colonisation of Australia, and the inscription of European ownership of that space,[12] and, in some remote parts of the country, 'European incursions…were

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1   AustLit n.d., 'Watson, Sam Wagan', *AustLit: The Australian Literature Resource*, viewed 18 February 2011, <http://www.austlit.edu.au/run?ex=ShowAgent&agentId=A%28i8>

2   'back seat driver' in Watson, Samuel Wagan 2004, *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*, University of Queensland Press, St Lucia, p. 7.

3   'back road' in ibid., p. 117.

4   'scenes from a getaway car' in ibid., pp. 97–8.

5   'the dusk sessions' in ibid., p. 87.

6   'the last bullfighter' in ibid., pp. 115–16; 'brunswick st blues', p. 119.

7   'the crooked men' in ibid., pp. 19–20.

8   'midnight's boxer' in ibid., p. 34.

9   McCredden, Lyn 2007, 'Contemporary poetry and the sacred: Vincent Buckley, Les Murray and Samuel Wagan Watson', *Australian Literary Studies*, vol. 23, no. 2, pp. 153–67.

10 McCredden, Lyn 2009, 'The locatedness of poetry', *JASAL Special Issue: Australian Literature in a Global World*, viewed 15 June 2010, <http://www.nla.gov.au/openpublish/index.php/jasal/article/view/904/1754>

11 Heiss, Anita 2004, 'Rev. of Larissa Behrendt's *Home* and Samuel Wagan Watson's *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*', *Australian Humanities Review*, vol. 33 (August), viewed 18 February 2011, <http://www.australianhumanitiesreview.org/archive/Issue-August-2004/heiss.html>

12 Carter, Paul 1987, *The Road to Botany Bay*, Faber & Faber, London.

experienced almost simultaneously with cars and trucks'.[13] As a number of critics have discussed, this historical relationship of cars, roads and colonialism is deployed extensively in Australian films to allegorise and enable colonialism, as in the *Mad Max* trilogy (1979, 1981, 1985),[14] and more recently, *Japanese Story* (2003).[15] In contrast, films and television series such as *Backroads* (1977), *Wrong Side of the Road* (1983), *Bush Mechanics* (2001), *Confessions of a Headhunter* (2000), *Beneath Clouds* (2002) and *Lucky Miles* (2007) are seen to use cars and roads to represent and critique colonialism and to assert Aboriginal identity and culture.[16]

Watson's poems clearly belong in this second category of representing and resisting rather than denying or celebrating colonialism. This article explores the specific and complex ways in which he employs roads and cars in *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*. Watson clearly identifies these technologies with the settler/invader, and his descriptions of the damage wrought by cars and roads signify the devastating and ongoing effects of colonialism on Aboriginal people and culture. At the same time, his poems almost always hold out possibilities for resistance to colonialism and hope for the future. The important thing about these possibilities, however, is that they cannot be separated from the technologies of colonialism.

Rather than distancing his Aboriginal narrators from cars and roads—a fantasy of a return to pre-colonial times that would, in effect, contain and constrain Aboriginal subjectivity in the past—Watson depicts them in various relationships with and critical attitudes towards these technologies. Thus, waiting by the side of the road, or moving onto or along it, expresses possibilities for Aboriginal subjectivity. One thing these poems do reject, however, is the teleological version of history implied by the linear road trip. For Watson, just as contemporary Aboriginal subjectivity cannot be separated from modern technology (or from colonialism), nor can it be severed from the past. Refusing or fearing the past, in these poems, divorces Aboriginal people from the land

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13 Clarsen, Georgine 2002, 'Still moving: bush mechanics in the Central Desert', *Australian Humanities Review*, vol. 8 (March), viewed 19 January 2010, <http://www.australianhumanitiesreview.org/archive/Issue-March-2002/clarsen2.html>

14 See, for example, Gelder, Ken 1998, '*Mad Max* and Aboriginal automation: putting cars to use in contemporary Australian road films and narratives', in David Thomas, Len Holden and Tim Claydon (eds), *The Motor Car and Popular Culture in the Twentieth Century*, Ashgate, London.

15 See, for example, Simpson, Catherine 2006, 'Antipodean automobility and crash: treachery, trespass and transformation of the open road', *Australian Humanities Review*, vols 39–40 (September), viewed 21 February 2011, <http://www.australianhumanitiesreview.org/archive/Issue-September-2006/simpson.html>

16 See, for example, Clarsen, 'Still moving'; Gall, Adam and Probyn-Rapsey, Fiona 2006, 'Ivan Sen and the art of the road,' *Screen*, vol. 47, no. 4, viewed 17 February 2011, <http://screen.oxfordjournals.org/content/47/4/425.full#fn-28>; Muecke, Stephen 2001, '*Backroads*: from identity to interval', *Senses of Cinema*, vol. 17, viewed 20 January 2011, <http://www.sensesofcinema.com/contents/01/17/backroads.html>; Probyn-Rapsey, Fiona 2006, 'Bitumen films in postcolonial Australia', *Journal of Australian Studies*, vol. 88, pp. 97–109.

and their culture. Instead, Watson insists on an Aboriginal subjectivity that is deeply connected to the past, present and future, and which gains its potency and political power precisely through these multiple connections.

Throughout *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*, Watson employs roads to symbolise colonialism and to explore its effects on Aboriginal people and culture. In 'last exit to brisbane…',[17] the road—'Boundary St/that forged black scratch'—inscribes colonial definitions and inequalities on the land. Once on the edge of the city, but now near its centre, Boundary Street was

> …the line
> the limit
> where the dark-skin were told
> DO NOT CROSS!

The road, in other words, physically enacted the separation—intrinsic to colonial discourse—of 'dark skin' from white, or here, from 'the colonial domiciles of angels and gadflies' (with gadflies connoting both people of leisure and annoying insects).

Although enacting colonial discourse, this road is clearly not a pioneering one. Watson describes it, instead of being laid over nothing, as 'scratch[ed]' upon land already inscribed by Aboriginal history and culture, such that

> …even today, at rush hour
> that tar permanently keeps the scar alive
> and the dead languages buried.

These lines resonate Stephen Muecke's description, in *No Road (bitumen all the way)*, of Australia as 'a country where the deep indigenous narrative lines have been confused by the imposition of another grid of lines'.[18] In 'last exit to brisbane…', the colonial grid, which attempts definitively to exclude Aboriginal people and meaning, in fact coexists with the buried languages that signify Indigenous inscriptions of the land. As the reference to the scar as alive indicates, this coexistence of meaning in space is also a meeting of past and present: a folding in time with an explicit political message. Although mainstream Australian society might believe it has moved away from its colonial past—that colonialism is in the past, that the scar has healed—Watson insists that

> …this boundary continues to stay true
> to its makers

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17 Watson, *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*, pp. 141–2.
18 Muecke, Stephen 1997, *No Road (bitumen all the way)*, Fremantle Arts Centre Press, South Fremantle, WA, p. 192.

> denying the junkyard dingo
> the treasures of the city
> no access to Easy St.

The distinction between Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal—while no longer physically enforced—retains its power.

The title of Muecke's book—*No Road (bitumen all the way)*—references a story told to him by his friend Grace. Asking an Aboriginal man if there was a road to his community, Grace received the reply: 'Road? No road…NO ROAD. Bitumen all the way. Bitumen aaall the way.'[19] To the Aboriginal man, the bitumen leading to his community is not a road; a road is made of dirt. Muecke uses this story to emphasise the coexistence of Indigenous and non-Indigenous meanings: one person's road is another person's track. In contrast with Muecke's metaphor of the road as the site of multiple, ongoing epistemologies, Watson's description of 'dead languages buried' might seem despairing. In a sense, it is. The death of these buried languages is intrinsic to Watson's insistence on the continuing effects of colonialism: the colonial inscription of the land has had an irreversible effect on the languages that once produced the cultural meaning of that place. The positioning of these languages beneath the scar of colonialism is also an insistence that the relationship between epistemological systems is hierarchical; the white boundary is clearly pre-eminent, in contemporary Australian society, to Aboriginal meaning.

But at the same time as Watson insists on the real death produced by colonialism, he holds out hope for the resurrection of Aboriginal culture. Even though they are dead and buried beneath colonial inscriptions—every day, even twice a day, 'at rush hour'—these old languages 'escape in the bitumen heat-haze' and rise from the dead. This is not an idealistic resurrection on Watson's part: these dead languages 'fall on deaf ears'. But there is a sense that, in this repeated rising from the dead, and in the words of the poem, the inscription of Aboriginal history and culture continues. And as everyone who lives in a hot place knows, given enough heat and enough traffic, bitumen will eventually melt and crack.

These same themes—the exploration of colonialism and its effects in relation to the road (and in this case, the car) and a folding together of past and present—feature in 'a verse for the cheated'.[20] In this poem, Watson draws an analogy between a childhood 'growing up on the southern fringe of the Sunshine Coast' and the experience of colonialism, presented in terms of the influx of tourists. These tourists 'arrived in their brand-new cars that sparkled/upon a strip of

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19   Ibid., p. 18.
20   Watson, *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*, pp. 27–8.

bitumen that we regarded as a petulant beast'. The thrust of this strip of bitumen into the community mirrors the colonial mode of entry into and occupation of Aboriginal land.

Petulance—connoting childishness as well as insolence—might seem an unusual way of describing colonialism. In using this word, however, Watson puts a specific, subversive spin on Australian colonialism. The tourists (the European invaders) are childish—and ignorant—in respect to the land they have entered. While they claim absolute access to this space, their use of distant—or foreign—epistemological frameworks for understanding means they can never fully know the land. Thus, they buy

> …postcards of pristine beaches
> that were nowhere near us
> and purchasing painted coral stolen from hundreds of miles away
> and branded with the tag, MADE IN TAIWAN.

Their 'odd hunger for visitation' cannot be translated into knowledge by these symbols and they 'soon left as tourists'. As well as challenging the validity of colonial assumptions about Australia—the idea that a land, inhabited for a very long time by multiple nations, could be proclaimed unoccupied, *terra nullius*—this charge of childishness reverses the colonial idea of an 'adult' European culture arriving to civilise and improve a 'childish' native culture.

In their childishness and ignorance, the visitors cannot really see the deaths of the young Aboriginal people (symbolic of destruction of community and culture) caused by the road—symbolic of colonialism: 'its greedy black claws lubricated on the nectar of broken dreams.' They treat these deaths as part of the tourist experience, taking photographs of the crosses by the side of the road that mark sites where people have been killed or injured, and constructing an idealised version of the life they suppose the Aboriginal 'kids' are living— 'carefree' in their 'haven'. The folding of past and present, enacted through the analogy of colonisers and tourists, is continued in the symbolism of the roadside crosses, which inscribe into the present—and onto particular sites—a record of past horrors as well as a warning of potential present and future danger. The tourists are depicted as deluded and callous in the distanced and idealised view they take of these crosses. But at the same time, in personifying the road itself as the killer, Watson perhaps shifts some blame from the individual tourists/ colonisers to the system itself, which, in the form of the road, has become part of the landscape—or the psychology—of Australian society.

While 'a verse for the cheated' insists on the continuing impact of colonialism for Aboriginal people, it also presents some hope for a future that escapes these

power inequalities. While characterising the road as the cause of deaths, and the destruction of culture and community, the poem ends with the road as the future:

> …the recalcitrant animal
> prepared to deliver us on our future paths of success
> and to pick a few off on our way.

There is no going back, the poem asserts, to a time before colonialism, so any 'future paths of success', although they will differ from the road, will be achieved via it, however intractable and dangerous that journey might be. It is along this road—the road of past colonialism but also of future opportunity—that the protagonists in many of the other poems travel or, in some cases, beside which they break down.

A number of Watson's poems show Aboriginal people and culture left by the side of the road. In a particularly bleak poem, 'a bent neck black and flustered feather mallee',[21] Watson imagines Aboriginal culture as road kill: a 'deadened crow with eternal lockjaw' claimed by 'bitumen madness'. As in 'last exit to brisbane…', here, beneath the bitumen is a land inscribed with prior meanings and spirits: 'this is someone's land/played host to someone's lust.' But instead of a daily resurrection of Aboriginal culture in the 'heat haze', this poem is soaked in tears and blood:

> …tears
> fallen into the blackened tar and earth
> blood soaked earth through massacre
> war
> and plague.

It seems that without the heat—of expressed anger, perhaps—the 'black feathers', though they 'scatter the highway', cannot release that which is buried by the road. The despair is overwhelming and leaves the

> …frozen bitumen spirits
> locked forever in the heat and tar
> sealed forever
> like the constant anger
> and sorrow within.

Being left by the side of the road is not, however, always a metaphor for destruction and despair. 'we're not truckin' around'[22] represents the side of the road as a sensible site of refuge from and refusal of the lunatic route forged by

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21 Ibid., p. 36.
22 Ibid., pp. 90–1.

colonialism. In this poem, the 'Invader' attempts to 'mimic creation/and plough through this land/inventive/but blindfolded', with colonialism thus figured as both the forced creation of a road and the movement along it. As with the analogy of colonists and tourists in 'a verse for the cheated', this depiction of the 'Invader' as a crazy driver brings the colonial past into the present and insists on its ongoing effects and destructive potential. '*where'd ya get ya licence*' and the implicit reference in the title to 'fuckin' around' are comments on the irresponsibility and dangers of such driving.

Despite this humour, the road is clearly shown to intrude on and marginalise Aboriginal culture:

> the bitumen vine of wandering impetus
> drove right through the bora-ring
> …
> forcing us to stand out on the shoulder of the road
> looking for a lift.

But instead of 'lusting/that 18-wheeler of a lifestyle', the Aboriginal people in this poem have become

> …used
> to feeling a kinship
> with the discarded and shredded
> black pieces of truck tire
> on the fringes of the big road.

The fringes are thus transformed from a place of exclusion to one of kinship through connection with others on the margins. Rather than jumping on board with the 'Invader'—and mimicking the headlong movement of 'you lead-foots' along the 'highway' towards an 'encroaching absalom'—the narrator might 'just pull up a seat on the shoulder' to await the crash that is the inevitable result of driving blindfolded.

Kinship by the side of the road is also the theme of 'hotel bone'.[23] The hotel in this poem sits 'idle on a vein' of a street and houses

> …asylum seekers
> Iraqi, Indonesian, Sri Lankan
> and one crazy Aboriginal…who lives with a typewriter.

Unlike the asylum-seekers, the Aboriginal writer/narrator has citizenship: 'my longevity was guaranteed before I was born/in the 1967 referendum.' But this legal ruling has not changed the position of Aboriginal people in Australia,

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23   Ibid., p. 77.

'where multi-culturalism is in an airline format/first-class, business and economy seating'. Thus, the narrator must remain with the other people, excluded by Australian society and relegated to a place where 'white faces don't come…/ until they've been classified unfit for duty'. This common marginalisation from white society is, however, the very source of the solidarity and belonging the narrator finds at 'hotel bone':

> a haven from Saddam, Suharto, the Tamil Tigers
> and One Nation
> this Hotel Bone;
> it is hard
> it is reachable
> it is home.

An alternative to either death or kinship by the side of the road is proposed in 'kangaroo crossing'.[24] This poem depicts 'the dreaming'—in the form of the kangaroo—'that suddenly crawls onto the road'. Rather than becoming road kill—or simply waiting by the side of the road for the destruction of the 'Invader'—this eruption of Aboriginal culture from the margins seems and perhaps seeks to destroy the driver:

> …takes it
> out of the living—
> the ones who fantasised constantly on their own immortality
> behind the wheel.

A similarly active attack on colonialism occurs in 'night racing',[25] in which driving facilitates a reversed invasion of the white suburbs.[26] In this poem, a car-load of young Aboriginal people is

> night racing through the suburbs
> of white stucco dreaming
> the menacing glow of the city's tainted body behind us
> as the custodians of the estate domiciles
> spy through the holes in their lace curtains
> at the howl of our twin-cam war party
> drowning out the dying heartbeat of this captured landscape
> our small bodies shivering a *techno* pulse

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24   Ibid., p. 88.
25   Ibid., pp. 99–100.
26   Where this poem enacts a reverse colonisation, 'cribb island' describes an Aboriginal family '[w]andering through [the] deserted houses' of an abandoned white community: 'we were the first Aboriginal people to analyse the remains of the first Europeans to be cleared from this soil' (ibid., p. 151).

This invasion of the white suburbs, enabled by an appropriation of precisely that technology—the car—that produced the suburbs in the first place, is specifically figured as a challenge to the 'dream' that place represents: of individualised land and homeownership, nation-building and middle-class respectability. Like Boundary Street, this dream and the 'settlers' sacred sites' are built, not on an absence, but upon a 'dying…captured landscape'. The 'howl' of the car's engine and the techno music shatter the silence that has enabled this dream to continue—'breaking the silence of the settlers' sacred sites/enveloped in shadows when not haunted by the silhouettes of urban myth'—with these youth treating 'the bitumen labyrinth' of the suburbs 'with the same contempt as laid upon us'.

This reverse colonisation speaks directly back to a history of colonial power predicated on the right of the settler/invader not only to enter and occupy Aboriginal land, but also to control the movement of Aboriginal people, as demonstrated by the history of missions, travel passes, the Stolen Generation and, more recently, the Northern Territory Intervention.[27] As Probyn-Rapsey argues in relation to Australian film, the 'strategic appropriation' of cars and roads by Aboriginal people challenges this historic dichotomy of white mobility/ Aboriginal immobility at the same time as it rejects colonial constructions of Aboriginal people as 'off-road' and separate from technology.[28] These speeding, car-driving, techno-music-listening Aboriginal hoons are about as far as one could get from the archetype of the non-modern, non-urban Aborigine, and their vitality ridicules the idea of Aboriginal people as a 'dying race'.

While the poem obviously revels in the fantasy of reverse colonisation—and identifies with the vitality these youth embody—there is a dark side to the 'night racing'. In terrorising the white suburbs, the Aboriginal youth are unaware that their music and the howl of the engine further suppress the landscape's 'dying heartbeat'. And while they appropriate the car for their own purposes, they are also driven by fear. The poem ends with the assertion that the

> …darkness and the dreaming…cradles us too
> like the Earth Mother did the warriors of old
> but we're too scared to look behind us or in the rear-view mirror
> to catch a wink from Voodoojack
> and his perpetual black grin.

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27 In requiring Aboriginal people to use 50 per cent of their income at designated community stores, this legislation 'seriously restrict[s] the capacity of affected individuals to travel or migrate to different areas of the country', as the Law Council Review of the legislation asserts. Law Council of Australia 2008, *Review of the Northern Territory 'Emergency Intervention' in Regional and Remote Aboriginal Communities*, Northern Territory Emergency Response Review Board, Law Council of Australia, Canberra, viewed 15 August 2008, <http://www.lawcouncil.asn.au/shadomx/apps/fms/fmsdownload.cfm?file_uuid=6A21A8E5-1C23-CACD-2213-AA87E5303B4E&siteName=lca>, p. 16.
28 Probyn-Rapsey, 'Bitumen films in postcolonial Australia'.

The dread of looking backwards—which is emphasised by repetition ('behind us or in the rear-view mirror')—signifies fear of the past. Although not lacking anger at what has been done to Aboriginal people, the youth, because they do not understand their cultural history—the ways of the 'warriors of old'—cannot appreciate and care for the land on which they drive.

The fear of the Aboriginal youth in 'night racing' is very different to that experienced by 'the lone riders' in 'skeletons in the trunk'.[29] These drivers I interpret as the kin of the crazed semi-trailer 'Invaders' in 'we're not truckin' around'; and the bodies that have 'overcrowded' their homes and are 'starting to appear/in the trunk' are the ghosts of those who have been damaged or killed by their reckless driving. This is guilt-induced fear, and the irony, of course, is that with the bodies in the trunk, escape by driving is impossible:

> the lone riders can't escape the tunnel vision
> cruising until the rubber subsides
> and the bitumen is
> no more
> this is an endless midnight run for the driver
> through the white of the eyes.

The Aboriginal youth in 'night racing' have nothing to feel guilty about, but the effect of their refusal to fully face and acknowledge the past is the same as for 'the lone riders': a headlong, compulsive movement forward that can never escape or make up for the damage that colonisation has produced.

Given the association in *Smoke Encrypted Whispers* of frenetic movement forward with a denial of the past, it is perhaps no surprise that the collection ends with the narrator coming to a standstill and claiming a home. This cessation of forward movement is represented in the form of the poems: they are still in free verse but, where earlier poems were stretched across and down the page, the final poems are in prose blocks, squarely on the page and somehow resolute and determined in that positioning. What is particularly forceful about the final poems in this collection is the specific place where the narrators claim a home: on Boundary Street—the site, in Watson's oeuvre, of the original scar of colonialism. 'darkroom'[30] begins: 'I had to grow up someday…so I moved to Boundary Street, West End, in the last residence on the old bitumen line.' 'snapshots'[31] ends with the protagonist watching 'a group of Aboriginal adults and children welcome strangers to their country…[d]uring a street festival', 'dancing barefoot on the black tarmac of Boundary Street, where only 40 years ago their ancestors would have been shot at'.

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29 Watson, *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*, p. 136.
30 Ibid., p. 156.
31 Ibid., p. 168.

Discussing the 'trope of the road' in American film, Pamela Robertson describes home as its 'structuring absence': 'If the road movie is in some deep sense about the road itself, and the journey taken, more than about any particular destination, it is still a genre obsessed with'—and, she argues, reliant upon— 'the concept of home'.[32] Robertson thus describes a relationship between home and road where home is always the point of arrival and/or departure, although that point might not be represented on screen. This is not the case in Watson's poems. For the Aboriginal people he depicts, home is much more complicated: it is not somewhere else, waiting out of shot; home has been destroyed and stolen and, in particular, buried and overwritten by the process of colonisation that the road represents.

All of the poems I have discussed explore the idea of home. Some show the resurrection of a buried home in the eruption of the past into the present. Such eruptions, however, are fleeting, and when they pass, the colonial inscription of the road again overrules the land. In some poems, the narrator constructs a home based on kinship with other marginalised and, not incidentally, homeless peoples: with the refugees in 'hotel bone' or with other 'discarded…black pieces of tire' in 'we're not truckin' around'. Such connections are important, not least of all for what Delia Falconer describes as the 'new roads in and out' of 'nationalism' that 'globalization' enables.[33] Based on common homelessness, however, these nomadic communities cannot offer what Watson in 'night racing' calls the connection to 'the Earth Mother' experienced by the 'warriors of old'.[34] In asserting a home on Boundary Street, the narrators of these poems not only claim the right to move through and disrupt a colonised space—as the Aboriginal youth do in 'night racing'—they also claim this space as their own. The home they build there keeps the scar of colonisation in sight and under foot, and thus insists on the continuing importance of the past to the present. In building on the scar, these narrators are asserting a new and future relationship to that colonised place, based on connection with and belonging to the land, as well as links with the wider Australian community. 'Grow[ing] up', for Watson, does not mean forgetting colonial history; but it does mean not allowing that history to determine the present and future for Aboriginal people in Australia.

32   Robertson, Pamela 1997, 'Home and away: friends of Dorothy in the road in Oz', in Steven Cohan and Ina Rae Hark (eds), *The Road Movie Book*, Routledge, London, p. 271.

33   Falconer, Delia 1997, '"We don't need to know the way home": the disappearance of the road in the *Mad Max* trilogy', in Steven Cohan and Ina Rae Hark (eds), *The Road Movie Book*, Routledge, London, p. 252.

34   Watson, *Smoke Encrypted Whispers*, pp. 99–100.