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Writer/s: Helen Idle

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We sat at a long table. We had entered the circular shaped Great Room through a small wooden door cut within a pair of much larger doors. The door latch was opened with a worn brown metal ring, the size of a small plate. We each stepped over the wooden frame and into the vast circular space. The light of the day fell down on us from the windows high above.

The room smelt of book must. The old library room appeared to be leaning in and down towards the centre. The lines of books went up and up, shelf by shelf to the top. Tilting my head back hard, I could see up to the highest balcony, and the final shelf of the room, empty of books. Here was the balcony that held the jars.

We were here to look into the jars and find what truth they held. To read the jars and contents, to use them to make a judgement. We would examine each carefully and scientifically. We were here to verify and check and catalogue.

Each of us took our assigned seat at the table. I looked at the others carefully, one at a time, taking in the features of each person, holding their faces and bodies in memory. Looking for small identifiers to remind me of who was who; wondering what they could really see and how they used looking.

Seated opposite me, on the long edge of the table, was a younger woman with her head down. She was not listening. Her name was spoken: 'Eileen?', she didn't look up. The table breathed in, leant back into their chairs and were stilled by her distance, mesmerised by her focus on herself.

Eileen sat looking down to her belly button, showing between her silver green midriff top and her hip-hung white skirt. She was lost in her own body world. Her long auburn hair curtaining her from our gaze.

Slowly she turned the silver navel ring around, watching it move through her skin. Painless, but not without sensation.

*Eileen watched as her skin pulled, and slackened. She was pushing the ring through the hole in her body, sliding the silver, segment by segment, slow as a worm sliding into the soil, moving through the earth. Hidden, revealed, hidden, revealed. She stopped.*

*Eileen rested her hand on her belly. She closed her eyes and dreamt of the full moon jar. In her memory dream she could see the huge belly-like, full moon jar. The hypnotic surface a creamy moon colour with craters dented grey and brown. The neck small, and the body wide. She longed to put her arms around the full moon jar, pressing it into the crevices of her elbows. To rest her face on the neck. To gaze into its depths.*

*Her fixation with her own body and the full moon jar unhooked her from the table. She drifted up and away from it, floating high into the domed ceiling above,*

*through the dusty daylight streaming out of windows, to land softly, dreamily, on the high balcony. The highest smallest balcony, a silver inner ring lining the circular room.*

*As she looked down from the balcony Eileen felt a soft breeze drift over her. Blowing in and across, whispering, in waves. The whispers were enchanting, they drew her to them. She turned and pointed toe to heel, one at a time, along the balcony edge. The oval-shaped recess at the back of the balcony near a small door lit up in the passing cloud break. The recess held a collection of different shaped jars.*

*Eileen heard the whispers from the jars. They softened as she approached. The closest jar was tall and smoky pink-brown with decorative rope shapes sitting proud on the surface. It absorbed all particles of light into itself and reflected nothing. The lid lightly sealed. She leant toward it, putting her ear closer. Despair seeped out of the pink jar and crept into her. It was slow and long. She breathed out to move it on away from her.*

*A flash of red from another shelf reflected passing sunlight. This jar—strong and bold and red and green and square and squat. The noisy patterns held the rage of grief within. She felt the heat of unseen deaths with the palm of her hand. The heat of fear and pain held her still and close.*

*Eileen pulled away to lean on the balcony edge and looked over to the table below.*

*She turned her head to the rising breathe of whispers behind her and as she did she caught sight of a smooth creamy curve in the dusty sunlight. Eileen moved forward and as the sun moved into the north window she saw the full moon jar. Her dreamt-of moment.*

*She leant in toward it and was filled with desire. The full moon jar was unsealed and its contents spilled out toward her. It resonated with the promise of healing. It spoke of truth and lives not lived. It held hope. It said back to her 'we are here', 'we are real', 'look for us'.*

Eileen looked up from her navel gazing and spoke to me over the table, 'Did you say something?'

'Yes, I did. I was asking you if you think objects have lives of their own like, can they tell stories? I so want this investigation to mean something real. Do you think the jars have the power to make a difference? If they can change anything? If they can really give hope for a new life?'

Eileen raised her hand from her belly and rested it on the table. She pointed up to the top of the room, toward the jars.

'Look into the full moon jar first.'

*Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Helen Idle.*