

# I SING Now October 21 2009

Written by  
**BRIAN A CARTER**

## **AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY**

IN MY LANGUAGE...  
LIKE IT OR NOT.....

If you only read English and you are given a book written in Russian....You will not understand!

If you know little about gardening you may not understand a gardening book immediately if one is offered to you. A book on brain surgery, dental, cyberspace may puzzle you also. They will be in a strange language....You will need to desypher, learn, take time to read and understand or gradually learn a new language in order to enjoy the good message.This is the same with my books in my language in the subjects or moments described. Read again...give it time. Some sadly may be so narrow, they will require ten years to understand a new message. Those who care will take the time mmmmm.

I SING NOW

BRIAN A CARTER

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
"A USEFULL LIFE" .....

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## INTRODUCTION

Why do I have to apologise to the earth all the time for humanities violence to each other, cruelty to earth's creatures generally for fun or stupidity. Depriving the earth of oxygen and life by catastrophic removal of vegetation (trees). Damage and contamination to our waters, soils and atmosphere. This book is an apology to the future generations of life, but in doing so I hope it will inspire the young now and the young to come to believe that the things that matter on the earth are worth saving and can be saved. We can have a gentle, natural masterpiece, with limited fracture in five hundred to a thousand years..... still. We are the planners and the ones who can act!!!. We must take time to plan or intrude, carefully, gently, forever, not for just the next five minutes. Patience all caring and calm, will produce a certain future. This autobiography is to show the young, that because previous and many of the current generation are responsible for the decline in atmosphere, soil, water, ozone depletion, natural balance and quality, several have worked for forty to fifty years to inform, warn and practice desirable corrections. My story is one of those stories. The degree of desirable change to now, over the last thirty five years is incredible. If you think it is environmentally bad now, you should have seen it thirty five years ago !! If we can achieve the same extent of change to the balance we need over the next forty years, all will be well. Let the cynics and the fatalists wallow in their own perjury. We do not have a second earth to go to, this is our only one. It

would only be foolish humans in an impatient civilization that would run with..."Ah well when this planet is bugged we can plan to shift to another one". Take another good look, we have the most beautiful, diverse, stunning planet in the known universe. Fools don't deserve such a paradise.

I have endeavored to establish my credentials here in order to invite readers to then read my supportive book going forward and titled "Life is---be ready". The young must be clear about the mistakes of the past, to go clearly and safely forward with useful solutions. Those that plundered only, must be acknowledged with the change that is needed. Exploiters must say sorry and be available with all their resources to now go forward with these new "Earth gentle "ways. Predictions by the ever present doomsday philosophers can and will be avoided. Let's trick the Gods in the middle of their game and make them all proud for a change. I received truck loads of criticism along the way but continued on. Many people wanted me and still do, to fall into a hole. What they don't realize is that I can make a hole very comfortable! Individuals can make a difference. History has shown that every generation thinks it will be the last. This is often a self-interested excuse to degrade everything to suit their own purpose and take and never give. It is sad that human beings, especially Western societies require pending or experience catastrophe with erratic economics, before fear and insecurity brings the challenge of change closer. This book will be loved by those that care and matter. It won't matter to those who don't care.... All must care to prevent suffocation of all. Forty years ago some to several cared, then thousands, now billions care, billions are aware. I never planned any of this, I had no model, no images for my life. All just landed as I progressed from one year to another, from one delivery to the next. I wasn't programmed or educated, I wasn't guided and I will just fall over the line. One circumstance creates the next. But I tried and did pretty bloody well, and so will you young

people...mmmmmm. All cultures have accepted self-centred greed in many forms and are easily spoilt if offered more. Some were not that lucky or chose simplicity with the earth. All humans have compassion and usually rise above all, following catastrophe ... The young will go forward with confidence as the plundering generations go peacefully to the ground. Balance and correction will spill over the earth in a gentle flow of persistent cohesive dreams, as the earth settles into a natural slumber with all its children of the earth. The trees, the air, soil, rock, water, and creatures and plants of all kinds.... All life...It has been started by a few, built on by many, now embraced by millions to billions...A proverb of mine.... "Time takes care of everything ...even money if given enough time". If we do not succeed, money won't help and those survivors will be replaced by earth's continuing evolving practices which will bring a new earth with or without humanity in one spit or long sneeze. I defy the Gods and their game plan to test us all the time, they, knowing historically, we fail all the time. When we get the chance to show our qualities for the Gods, greed with power develops with violence and we crash within a hundred years or so. Let's trick the Gods and become their wholesome pride and joy on this earth by coming together with the earth and it's spirits. The young will go on, the young will not allow such a catastrophe.... The Gods, the earth, the universe, humanity, with sanity, common sense, a future will shine together.

We learn everything about everything when you can talk to everybody, see everyone without anyone's prejudice.... or the secrets of the earth and the universe. Writing this book has been a shaky journey held together by eight or nine disciplines I had written on a piece of paper pinned on the front door, that kept falling on the floor so I ultimately left it there on the floor staring up at me several times every day to remind me.

During my research and one finger typing for one to two hours a day at the Nambucca Heads library, I visited Mum and Dad

in earlier and later days. I felt Jean and Bert watching and guiding with words and music. My kids when young were real again and difficulties in relationships, passions, idealism, raised my emotions and fears. Fear of addressing difficult times dealt with before, that I realized I relished. Discoveries and achievements. Four to seven pages a day one finger typing, often for lost moments in capitals or losing a full two hours work about six times and having to do it all again, being very patient and diligent with it all. Maintaining my seven disciplines patience, practice, perspective, priority, pain, persistence, planning that I applied at the same time to guitar practice and painting Australia in my travels on canvas. I was almost machine like, in that two years.... I wrote three books.... "Life is—be ready", "I sing now" and another poetry book by pen."Let the trial begin". Learnt to play guitar to a good early novice level allowing me to put chords to my own songs. Got better with my bongos, started learning the Harmonica my mother had left me. Mum would be very happy about that. Produced some more songs of my own and some seventy new paintings as well as eight hours a week in the garden. Growing some vegies, bush walking and enjoying Karaoke at several venues as well as Muso's night at some hotels. All often lost in the frustrating missing time of vagrant empty creative space, when nothing seems to happen but everything does. The time when the outcome of a "started painting" is unclear. The moments when some great words are following you around but out of your grasp. The need to be just yourself so ideas gravitate uncomfortably or like a bullet to you with bright leaps and connection. I hope you like the fun, drama, passion, idealism, personal journey, need to change with all the seven disciplines as a guide.... with whistle, sing, enjoy .The book is about the welfare of the earth, belief, persistence, a poem and a song. I love to sing.....I sing now. Mmmmmm.

## CHAPTER ONE - My Arrival

According to my father I was his last Sunday morning lay in!! That was until my younger brother was born some eight years later and took over that dubious honor ... My sisters and brother Graham, believe we heard StePHENs conception as Dad and Mum yelled and giggled all night with Dads body partly painted in the morning. This was irregular as all was normally quiet till Dad farted as he got up about six am every morning. Dad always showed his appreciation for Mum's cooking at this time!

It was Merbein west, near Mildura (Sunraysia) on the great Murray river near where it joins the Darling river. Australia on the border of New South Wales and Victoria ..... To that time my mother, father and three children lived in a weatherboard house supported by white ants standing shoulder to shoulder holding the house up ... according to Dad!.

28th June 1942 Mildura base hospital just as the second world war was about to get really serious I was born to "Blockie" parents (growing grapes.. sultanas. currants. walthams, gordos), almost forty acres (sixteen hectares). Grapes, channels, dams, belah trees and white ants. Dad (Bert) was a great worker except when he got into a yarn with a cuppa tea and some of Jean's(Mum's) home baked biscuits or cake .... a great musician, good sportsman, a funny man, a great reader and genius with crossword puzzles. A Clerical man and a bit of a grump as he grew older, but always undone from grumpiness with a hug and humor.

Mum was the best Christian I ever knew, she never preached just set an example, she helped anyone she could anytime. Jean had the most beautiful operatic voice I have ever heard and loved to sing anywhere anytime. A woman of those early times, she gave up classical (operatic) singing training to look after a husband and raise a family. Mum worked hard on the block, prepared meals, attended to kids as well as looked after Dad with none of the home appliances available today .....

My birth was average.. Mum was very good at it by the time I arrived. I think we were nearly all "oops" as were mine later on as a partner . Mum and Dad had two girls three years apart, then five years later two boys eighteen months apart, then Stephen nearly eight years later 'Oops" ....

My parents have always been two of my heroes .... they sold up and left Merbein West to go to Melbourne (the big smoke) with three boys and one daughter left unmarried, to give us all a better chance at a career. Rosalie was in love and destined to go home to Merbein to her Stan. Valerie had already married her Colin. This shift was to give their three boys greater opportunities in life as a "Blockie's" life had always been a struggle. Both Mum and Dad had struggled thru the depression and now wanted more for their children. Mum was from a jolly family of thirteen (the Lees), Dad from a more serious family of seven (the Carters).

Mum had a six, seven, eight, nine and then eleven pounder (Kids) and as Mum was the worlds greatest fisher.. person I ever knew, this terminology was very normal to all of us and our friends. The ten pounder got away Dad always lamented. Mum had her own worm patch for over sixty years and would catch fish where no one else could.

## **CHAPTER TWO – Primary School Days**

Here I am at the age of eleven, grade six and layed up at home recovering from a stab wound--This resulted from bullying at school on a young bloke in grade six aged fourteen and not quite as quick as everyone else. After getting pushed around most nights by others, he threatened one evening after school to stab everyone. Having been kept back to clean the dusters (another trumped up form of bullying from the grubby principal) he came outside to do so and was again verbally harassed and teased by these three or four individuals. He went back inside, then returned with a large pair of scissors threatening to stab his tormentors. I approached him pleading with him to put the scissors down ... He resisted, so as I tried

to disarm him as one of his only supporters..... I had tried to stop the bullying on a couple of occasions and been pushed around myself so focused on dinking him home on the bike afterwards in his unstable state..... He brought the scissors down around behind me as I tried to hold him and stuck it into the front of my neck, missing my jugular vein by a fraction of an inch.. Amazingly his and my stories matched, all the others who were there at the time told different stories ....

I have had anger welling tolerance of bullies ever since.

I will tolerate genuine ignorance, even some stupidity. I fear nothing at all now but am very cautious of poisonous snakes, great white sharks, crocodiles, bloody idiots and liars ... The bullying did stop after the stabbing and I believe it was quite an event at that time ... although hushed up.

At that time we had a head master who thrived on action rather than gentle words or even teacher psychology to deal with trouble..!!!!!!

The big strap was always ready and often used.

There was a headmaster who I idolized ... Mr Hickey who loved gardening so he and I would often wander around the school yard and talk gardening ... they were good times.

These were the years when most primary schools in the rural areas had individual garden plots for each child to learn how to grow vegies, flowers and fruit trees. Two hours gardening every Friday afternoon was part of the curriculum. The garden plots were near the flagpole where we sang the national anthem every Monday morning, "God save the queen". After I turned about twenty seven I would change my thinking and quietly salute and /or toast kangaroos until we gained our own Australian National anthem..

I was kept back in grade three and my Mother informed me that the reason was.... "The students coming up from grade two next year might struggle a little so they are keeping a grade three student on for another year to help them along" mmmmmmm ... I love that woman.. The temperatures would climb into the forties so paper spit balls which had been made

and shot up onto the roof during cooler winter months, would all drop down together on the first hot day. The shelter shed was the meeting place for learning from others about growing up, which we all enjoyed and "Relievo' the prison release game played in primary schools everywhere. The school had a marvelous wild bird egg collection that was a great source of fascination to a kid who loved gardening and all wild creatures, especially following tracks in the sand till I often found the creature they belonged to. Sports were very much the foundation of school life and were enjoyed at different levels by many. I had a few accidents other than the stabbing at school. I broke my arm slipping on the wet asphalt, put my foot in the spokes of my brothers bike while getting a dink to school. I would usually walk to school and loved throwing stones into the palm trees which would release hundreds of starlings. Miss Kemp who was a teacher at the school for some time, lived at our home while teaching. I remember coming home one night from school and noticed a large pile of sand tipped against the four cornered wooden clothes line post.. this was to much for me so I went inside, changed my clothes, ran at the sand heap, dived, cleared the sand pile and hit a corner of the red gum post head on. It bled profusely. Mum gathered me up following some high level screaming from myself and ran with me to where Dad and Miss Kemp were. Miss Kemp said" No he wont need stitches" .... I believe to this day that crash on the head decided what I would be for the rest of my life. I still have the scar. I was to write and perform a play in 2001 titled "A poet's journey", based on the outcome of that incident. The school was near the railway line to Yelta station and had a general store nearby. A Sugar gum plantation was always a joy to me. There was some bush on the boundaries with the Headmaster's residence on another side. Two small ovals, basketball rings and usual double swings which I would swing as high and far out as possible ,then slip off at the furthest point and keep a record of my distance. Then try and break that distance all the time. I loved

the swings and wanted to be a gymnast one day. The school had the monkey bars as well.. The toilet was quite a long way from the school building. The school classroom's made up mainly of two rooms. The toilet could keep you from class for at least fifteen minutes. There was generally two teachers but occasionally three (probably a trainee). The school was some two kilometre away from home so was a comfortable walk. My memories of Hypol each day to keep us well, Castor oil if we were crook, Bex tablets which I could not take so regurgitated them behind the bed. Aspro like Bex tablets and gas for serious dental work, that found me being chased by Lions accross roof tops to escape, only to wake up on the surgery floor fighting the buggars. I was in love with many of the girls at school but was probably shy and obnoxious. Many times there were circumstances of.. "You show me yours and I'll show you mine" was threatened or discussed ,but never carried out as I remember. A woman in neck to knee underwear in the Woman's weekly was the only glimpses of sensuality for us in those times at that age or swimmers at the river or swimming pool at Merbein ... These were awfully ignorant times for me as my body changed ... Many poorly informed discussions about these developing urges were to confuse us all in those days.

### **CHAPTER THREE - My parents, Bert and Jean**

Dad and Mum as I knew them were the best parents I could wish for. Hard working, honest, creative and funny. They were the most honest people I have ever known on earth. It rubbed off onto all of their children. Dad played many instruments including Piano, Organ, Piano accordion, Cello, Violin, Banjo that I knew of. He also conducted Church choirs and often played musical favourites for singalongs at several licensed clubs. Dad's humour was legendary although he only tolerated a crowd for no more than twenty minutes. This produced a proverb of mine.... "There is only a certain period of time a crowd can tolerate a clown and there is only a certain amount