STILL IN MY MIND

Gurindji location, experience and visuality

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Indigenous people are advised that this publication includes images and names of people now deceased.

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Still in my mind: Gurindji location, experience and visuality

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cover:
Brenda L. Croft
Wave Hill, Victoria River country 2014–2016 (detail)
pigment print
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.

inside cover:
Jinparrak installation 2017 (detail)
found and hand-made objects
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.

following pages:
Vincent Lingiari, Gurindji leader, during the Wave Hill Walk-Off c. 1966
Courtesy of the estate of Brian Manning.

Vincent Lingiari, 1971, in a statement made as an introduction to the song "Gurindji Blues", written by Ted Egan and recorded by Lingiari, Egan and Galarrwuy Yununpingnu in 1971 at Natec Sound Studios, Sydney, funded through the Aboriginal Arts Board.
Courtesy of Ted Egan.

For further reading, see http://aiatsis.gov.au/news-and-events/blog/song-gurindji, and http://ia.anu.edu.au/biography/lingiari-vincent-14178.

My name is Vincent Lingiari, [I] came from Daguragu, Wattie Creek station [Murramulla Gurindji Co.].

Yalangurlu, ngurna yanana, Wattie-Creek-ngurlung ngurna yani, murlangkurra; ngurnanyjurra yani. Ngurnayini yani jarrakap-ku jangkakarni kartiya-wu, murlangkurra, well nyawa na ngurna marnana jarrakap.

That means that I came down here to ask all these fellas here about the land rights.[1] What I got [is this] story from my old father or grandfather. That land belongs to me, belongs to Aboriginal men before the horses and the cattle come over on that land where I am sitting now. That is what I have been keeping on my mind and I still got it on my mind. That is all the words I can tell you.

1. This sentence is Vincent's description of his Gurindji words. It translates as follows: *Then I came here from Wattie Creek to [talk to] all of you. I came to talk to the important whitefellas here. Well, this is what I'm saying.*

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Vincent Lingiari with Gurindji Mining Lease and Cattle Station sign 1970
Courtesy of Hannah Middleton.

Foreword

On 23 August 1966, Gurindji elder Vincent Lingiari led a walk-off of 200 Aboriginal countrymen, women and children working at Wave Hill cattle station, about 800 kilometres south-west of Darwin in the Northern Territory, in protest over poor wages and conditions. This act of self-determination galvanised national land rights actions and resulted in the return of 3,236 square kilometres of country to the Gurindji people. The Wave Hill Walk-Off, as it has become known, was pivotal in the establishment of the Aboriginal Land Rights Act (Northern Territory), which was ratified in 1976.

In August 1967, law was passed to include Aboriginal peoples in the Australian Government census, thus broadly recognising their human rights. This reform came as a consequence of the referendum that had been held on 27 May that year, in which over 90 percent of Australians voted in favour of the amendments.

Against the backdrop of these momentous semicentenaries, *Still in my mind: Gurindji location, experience and visuality* brings focus to the Walk-Off and its far-reaching impact. Curated by Gurindji descendant and participating artist Brenda L. Croft in partnership with Karungkarni Art and Culture Aboriginal Corporation, the exhibition presents a rich and multi-layered picture, retelling the story from diverse, yet interwoven, Indigenous standpoints. UNSW Galleries and UQ Art Museum are privileged partners in this innovative enterprise, and have provided the institutional framework for it, with support from the National Institute for Experimental Arts and the ARC Centre of Excellence for the Dynamics of Language.

The exhibition, which includes photographs, a multi-channel video installation, interactive digital platforms, Gurindji history paintings, and historical archives, is reflective of the strength of the collaboration between Croft, the Karungkarni artists, and Gurindji community members. Importantly, *Still in my mind* enables audiences to explore events of historical and cultural significance to all Australians and, specifically, the Gurindji people – those still living on homelands and those part of the diaspora – through the interconnected yet distinct works of each of the artists. This accompanying publication provides valuable contextual information for the exhibition through essays, vignettes, artists' statements and related images. We thank each of the contributors for their personal insights.

We extend our appreciation to all those who have assisted with the project, including the Australian Government through the Australia Council, its arts funding and advisory body, and the Indigenous Languages and Arts Program, for their generous financial support. Finally, we are especially indebted to Brenda L. Croft for her role as the catalyst and curator of this ground-breaking venture.

Dr Felicity Fenner, Director, UNSW Galleries
Dr Campbell Gray, Director, UQ Art Museum

above:
Gurindji men and sign painted for them by Frank Hardy at Wattie Creek, 1967. Standing (l–r) Bruce Peter, Sammy Pangkalis, Captain Major Lupngiari, Mick (?), Vincent Lingiari, Mick Rangiari. Sitting (l–r) Starlight Wijina (?), Roger Japarta, Joe Randall, Jerry Rinyngayarri, Rodney (?), Old Major, (Charlie) Pincher Nyurrmiari, Horace Walmun and Timmy Vincent 1967
Courtesy of the estate of Brian Manning.

right and following pages:
Petition to Lord Casey, Governor-General of Australia from four Gurindji spokesmen, April 1967 [note: (Charlie) Pincher Nyurrmiari Janama is incorrectly written as Pincher Manguari in the document]
National Library of Australia, Frank Hardy Papers, 4887/73/6.

c/- Welfare Branch,
Wave Hill,
P/B Katherine. N.T.

To: His Excellency
The Right Hon. Lord Casey P.C., G.C.M.G.,
C.H., D.S.O., M.C., M.A.
Governor-General of Australia.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

We, the leaders of the Gurindji people, write to you about our earnest desire to regain tenure of our tribal lands in the Wave Hill-Limbunya area of the Northern Territory, of which we were dispossessed in time past, and for which we received no recompense.

Our people have lived here from time immemorial and our culture, myths, dreaming and sacred places have evolved in this land. Many of our forefathers were killed in the early days while trying to retain it. Therefore we feel that morally the land is ours and should be returned to us. Our very name Aboriginal acknowledges our prior claim. We have never ceased to say amongst ourselves that Vesteys should go away and leave us to our land.

On the attached map, we have marked out the boundaries of the sacred places of our dreaming, bordering the Victoria River from Wave Hill Police Station to Hooker Creek, Inverway, Limbunya, Seal Gorge, etc,. We have begun to build our own new homestead on the banks of beautiful Wattie Creek in the Seal Yard area, where there is permanent water. This is the main place of our dreaming only a few miles from the Seal Gorge where we have kept the bones of our martyrs all these years since white men killed many of our people. On the walls of the sacred caves where these bones are kept, are the paintings of the totems of our tribe.

We have already occupied a small area at Seal Yard under Miners Rights held by three of our tribesmen. We will continue to build our new home there (marked on the map with a cross), then buy some working horses with which we will trap and capture wild unbranded horses and cattle. These we will use to build up a cattle station within the borders of this ancient Gurindji land. And we are searching the area for valuable rocks which we hope to sell to help feed our people. We will ask the N.T Welfare Department for help with motor for pump, seeds for garden, tables, chairs, and other things we need. Later on we will build a road and an airstrip and maybe a school. Meanwhile, most of our

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people will continue to live in the camp we have built at the Wave Hill Welfare Centre twelve miles away and the children continue to go to school there.

5 We beg of you to hear our voices asking that the land marked on the map be returned to the Gurindji people. It is about 500 square miles in area but this is only a very small fraction of the land leased by Vesteys in these parts. We are prepared to pay for our land the same annual rental that Vesteys now pay. If the question of compensation arises, we feel that we have already paid enough during fifty years or more, during which time, we and our fathers worked for no wages at all much of the time and for a mere pittance in recent years.

6 If you can grant this wish for which we humbly ask, we would show the rest of Australia and the whole world that we are capable of working and planning our own destiny as free citizens. Much has been said about our refusal to accept responsibility in the past, but who would show initiative working for starvation wages, under impossible conditions, without education for strangers in the land? But we are ready to show initiative now. We have already begun. We know how to work cattle better than any white man and we know and love this land of ours.

7 If our tribal lands are returned to us, we want them, not as another "Aboriginal Reserve", but as a lease-hold to be run cooperatively as a mining lease and cattle station by the Gurindji Tribe. All practical work will be done by us, except such work as book-keeping, for which we would employ white men of good faith, until such time as our own people are sufficiently educated to take over. We will also accept the condition that if we do not succeed within a reasonable time, our land should go back to the Government.

8 (In August last year, we walked away from the Wave Hill Cattle Station. It was said that we did this because wages were very poor (only six dollars per week), living conditions fit only for dogs, and rations consisting mainly of salt beef and bread. True enough. But we walked away for other reasons as well. To protect our women and our tribe, to try to stand on our own feet. We will never go back there.).

9 Some of our young men are working now at Camfield and Montejinnie Cattle Stations for proper wages. However,

we will ask them to come back to our won Gurindji Homestead when everything is ready.

6. These are our wishes, which have been written down for us by our undersigned white friends, as we have had no opportunity to learn to write English.

Yours

Vincent Lingiari.

Pincher Manguari.

Gerry Ngalgardji.

Long-Johnny Kitgnaari.

Transcribed, witnessed and transmitted by the undersigned:-

Frank J Hardy.

J W Jeffrey.

Gurindji Land Ceremony, 16 August 1975

Gough Whitlam

Vincent Lingiari and men and women of the Gurindji people.

On this great day, I, Prime Minister of Australia, speak to you on behalf of the Australian people – all those who honour and love this land we live in.

For them I want to say to you:

First, that we congratulate you and those who shared your struggle, on the victory you have achieved nine years after you walked off Wave Hill Station in protest.

I want to acknowledge that we Australians have still much to do to redress the injustice and oppression that has for so long been the loss of Black Australians.

I want to promise you that this act of restitution which we perform today will not stand alone – your fight was not for yourselves alone and we are determined that Aboriginal Australians everywhere will be helped by it.

I want to promise that, through their Government, the people of Australia will help you in your plans to use this land fruitfully for the Gurindji.

And I want to give back to you formally in Aboriginal and Australian Law ownership of this land of your fathers.

Vincent Lingiari, I solemnly hand to you these deeds as proof, in Australian law, that these lands belong to the Gurindji people and I put into your hands part of the earth itself as a sign that this land will be the possession of you and your children forever.

This speech can be found at Caleb Cluff, "Gough Whitlam – Great speeches of rural Australia," *ABC Rural*, 28 March 2007, http://www.abc.net.au/site-archive/rural/content/2007/s1883613.htm.

Vincent Lingiari

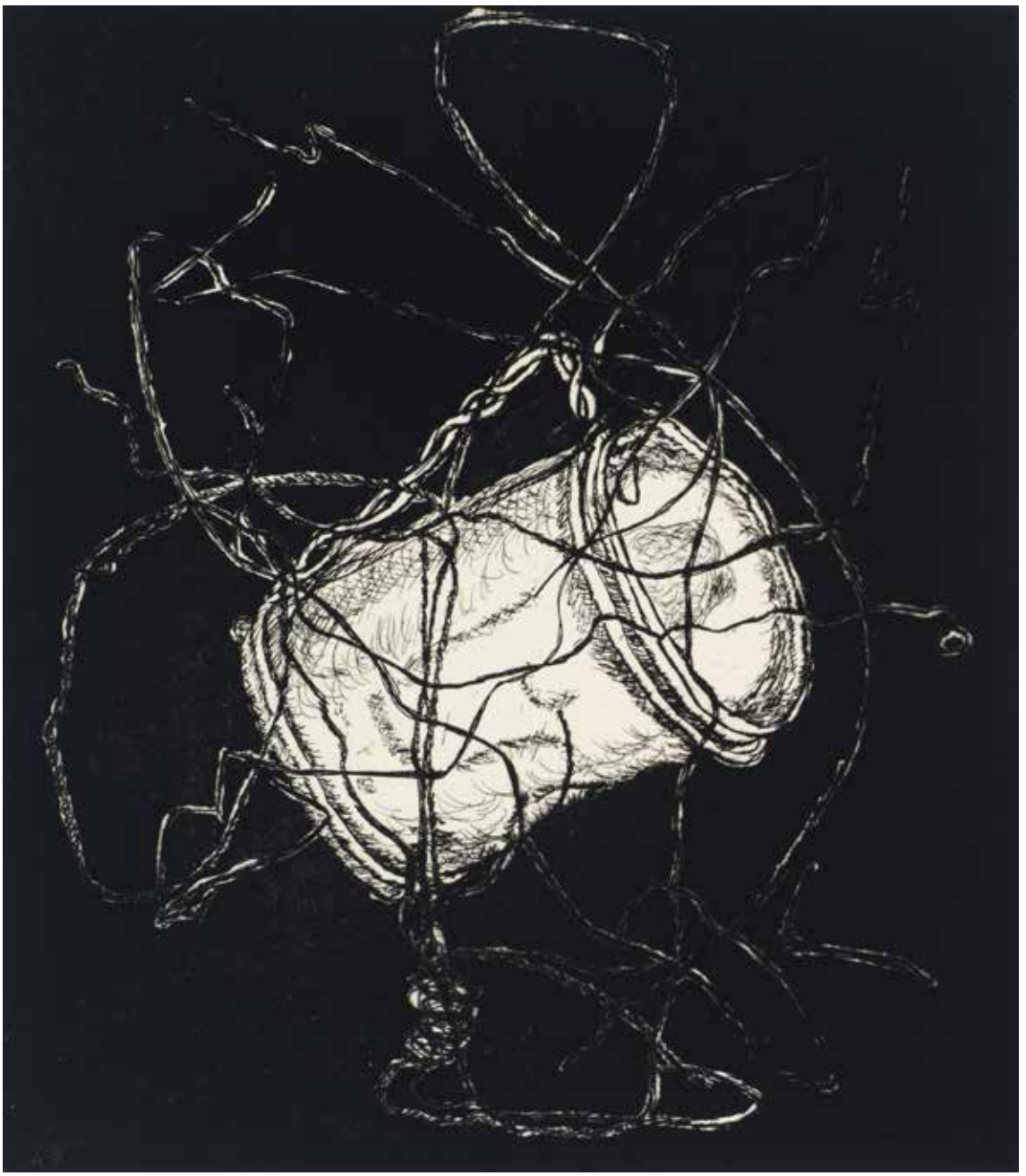
Jangkarni kartiya-ma nyawa ngungalangkulu jayingana yulu-ma. Nyamu-rlaa karrinya kartiya-wu-rni yulu jalang ngaliwanguny-ja ngumpit-ta wanyjikijak. Marrunyu ngali jimarri karru-rli ngali jimarri karru-rli. Kula-rli-nyunu jiwaj pungku. Ngulu yani jangkakarni-ma kartiya-ma murlangkurra nyawa-ma ngurra-ma ngungalangkulu jayingana wart ngaliwanguny-jirri-warla. Ngarin ngungalangkulu jayingku, yawarta ngungalangkulu jayingana marrunyu ngurlaa karru marrunyu-warla ngurlaa karru. Ngungalangkulu yikili yanana ngaliwanguny-jirri-warla lurtju-kari lurtju-kari kula-rlaayina pina ngungalangkulu ngawurturtu marnana. Punyuk ngurlaa karru ngumpin kartiya punyuk ngurlaa karru ngali jimarri kula karru-rlaa kuliwarrp nyampaka-rni ngali jimarri. Nyawa ngungaliwa linkara jayingku ngarin yawarta, kula-rlaa nyanya, bore-ma nyampa-ma ngungalangkulu jayingku mayingka nyampa-ma wire-ma everything ngungalangkulu jayingku. Nyawa jangkakarni kartiya-ma ngaliwanguny ngumpit-ku murlangkurra partarti-yirri warikkara ngulu yani nyampa yalarni kula nyampa-wu, kuyawu-warla. Ngurlaa ngali jimarri karru kartiya ngumpin nyawa karrwa-lu langa-ngka-ma kula welfare-kari-wu; kula welfare-kari-wu. Ngurra ngungalangkulu kanya, ngulu linkara kanya lurrpu.

The important whitefellas are giving us this land in ceremony. It belonged to them, but today it is back in the hands of us blackfellas all around here. Let us live in peace together as mates. Don't let's make it hard for each other. These important whitefellas have come here, and are giving us back our country. They will give us cattle. They'll also give us horses, and then we'll be happy. The [government men] came from different places; we do not know them, but [we understand] they're on our side. We want to live in a better way together, blackfellas and whitefellas. Don't let us fight over anything. Let us be mates. [Prime Minister Gough Whitlam] will present us with cattle and horses; (we have not seen them yet), [but] they will give us bores, axes, wire, all of that sort of thing. These important whitefellas have come here to our ceremony ground and they are welcome because they have not come for any other reason – just for this [handover]. We will be mates, whitefellas and blackfellas. You [Gurindji] must remember this land is yours. It does not belong to welfare men anymore. They took our country away from us, but now they have given it back.

Spoken in Gurindji, transcribed and translated by Patrick McConvell and Felicity Meakins.

left:
Mervyn Bishop
Prime Minister Gough Whitlam pours soil into the hands of traditional land owner Vincent Lingiari, Northern Territory 1975 1975
Courtesy of the artist and Joseph Lebovic Gallery, Sydney.

following pages:
Brenda L. Croft
Wave Hill, Victoria River country 2014–2016 (detail)
21 pigment prints (installation)
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.



Brenda L. Croft
Jinparrak 3 2015
(from the series 'Jinparrak')
etching and aquatint
Produced during an Indigenous Artist's Residency, Cicada Press, UNSW Art & Design
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.

home/lands

Brenda L. Croft

When you first go home, you are setting out on two journeys. First is the physical journey . . . sitting in a car and driving to meet long-lost relatives. The second journey may take a lot longer.
—Coral Edwards[1]

My father Joseph (Joe) Croft's ongoing, fractured journey home took place over many decades during his life. It has endured in the two decades since his death, as I continue on his behalf by retrac(k)ing my family's tangled kinship connections through, upon, and immersed in country.

He first returned home in May 1974, when our family travelled from the small country town in New South Wales where we lived to Darwin to be with his ailing mother, Bessie. We spent three weeks together at one of the cottages at Retta Dixon Home,[2] where Bessie was the laundress and de facto 'nana' to its incarcerated children, some of whom were my cousins. She died seven months later.

Sadly, only two photographs of my father and grandmother survive as a record of their reunion – one in black-and-white, the other in colour. Although my mother had taken hundreds of photographs in Darwin, all the films except one were accidentally destroyed during processing after we returned home.

I was 10 years old, and while some memories have faded as the years have passed, that short time remains indelibly imprinted upon my heart, mind and soul. Perhaps the deeply felt loss of those visual records are what spurred me on my path as an artist/researcher, conducting cultural archaeology into personal and public archives on my own ongoing journey, seeking 'home' wherever that may be.

Underlying much of my work is an intention to surmise if an actual place can exist for people such as myself – descendants of the Stolen Generations, many of us dispossessed of our homelands, languages, and communities.

The second stage of my father's journey home occurred 15 years later, when he drove almost 900 kilometres down the Buchanan and Buntine Highways from Darwin to Kalkaringi and Daguragu, seeking more details of Bessie's connections to the Gurindji community.

While Joe had always known that he was Gurindji, Bessie had told him during our visit that he was also Mudburra, but within our family history there were conflicting versions. Although Joe had been told by Bessie that he was born on Victoria River Downs, 71 kilometres northeast of Wave Hill in the Northern Territory, confusion existed as to whether she was his mother or his mother's sister.

This prompted my father to seek clarification from community elders at Wave Hill; however, this led to even less clarity as they believed him to be the child of another woman who was deceased.[3] Further interviews were also conducted with Stolen Generations members who had been incarcerated alongside my father in the mixed-race institutions Kahlin Compound, Darwin; Pine Creek Home, Pine Creek; and 'The Bungalow', Alice Springs. Joe recorded these interviews on audio-cassette tapes, while long-time family friend and photographer Elaine Pelot Kitchener (later Syron) documented his travels from Alice Springs to Katherine, Wave Hill and Darwin on photographic film. This research formed the foundation for what was to be Joe's autobiography, but he did not manage to complete it before he died in July 1996.[4]

above:
'The Bungalow' Anglican group of children with Father E. K. Leslie and an unknown Sister c. 1938–1939. Far left: Joe Croft, altar boy; far right: Alec Kruger, altar boy; centre: Charles Perkins, directly in front of the Sister, with his head turned to the left.
Courtesy of Brenda L. Croft.

right:
Joe Croft in new school uniform about to leave 'The Bungalow', Alice Springs, on a scholarship to All Souls Anglican College, Charters Towers, Queensland 1940
Courtesy of Brenda L. Croft.

left and previous pages:
Brenda L. Croft
Wave Hill, Victoria River country 2014–2016
21 pigment prints (installation)
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.

The third stage of my father's journey home took place following his funeral in Sydney, when my brother Tim and I took his ashes home to Wave Hill for a memorial service in the Baptist Church and burial in Kalkaringi cemetery on 22 August, the day before the 30th anniversary of the Wave Hill Walk-Off. To my brother and I, it seemed fitting that the two events were connected, as they intrinsically embodied the personal and the political.

My own journey home took an analogous path to my father's, and encompassed similar, often intangible, methods – geographical, spiritual, literal, metaphysical. After that first trip in 1974, I returned as an adult in 1987, then again in 1989. In 1991, I followed my father's trek to Wave Hill, meeting family and community members with whom he had talked and recorded interviews two years earlier.

I would drive out to the grid on the road between Kalkaringi and Daguragu at sunset, and watch the desert skies shape-shift in colour and tone as the night deepened. If I shut my eyes and listened intently, I could almost hear the echo of the conversations that Joe had recorded.

In the two decades since my father's death, I have found myself following his and our peoples' footsteps – going over the same ground time and again, retracing, re-tracking, revising, revisiting, recollecting, reconnecting. My family's layered history has always informed my creative practice, whether in visual, written or spoken presentation.

Throughout the last five years, the act of walking on, through, and over hallowed ground has seen me try to retrace the footprints of those who covered the 22 kilometres of the Wave Hill Walk-Off Track half a century ago.

I wanted to do this in tribute to those whose profound collective and communal act of courage, resilience and determination was the genesis of the national land rights movement in Australia.

I wanted to do this in memory of all those who were walked and driven off their homelands away from their families and communities or, worse, massacred on their country because of others' desire for their land.

I wanted to do this in honour of my grandmother Bessie, my father Joseph, my father's siblings who were taken. I wanted to do this for my brothers Lindsay and Tim, and for Tim's children – my father's grandchildren – Luca, Sasha and Maddie.

However, I could not do this alone, so I sought permission from family and community and was grateful when family members not only approved but also offered to walk with me, effectively guiding my way. I remain indebted to my family for their support and encouragement.

I walked sections repeatedly, sometimes in a solo act of meditation while recording the soundscape; at other times, with family members, in silence or talking, depending on the situation. I felt simultaneously released, yet compressed, by the expansive, bleaching skies, the searing heat of midday or late afternoon, or the chill of pre-dawn.

Trips took place during the dry season of mid-year, the enervating monsoonal build-up to the wet, and the torrential downpour of early rains. Blood moons rose over

Wattie Creek and Kalkaringi, lighting up the desert night in orange and red. Black cockatoos roosting at dusk by Lawi at Wattie Creek provided an avian chorus to my musings.

While walking and recording, I would sometimes close my eyes to consider what happened not so long ago, wondering what might or could have been had the *kartiya* (white people) been less avaricious in their desire for property. While the newcomers wished the land unpopulated and empty, they could not survive without the unpaid labour of *ngumpit/ngumpin* (Aboriginal people) that created the pastoral barons' wealth.

During the long hours on the road back and forth from Darwin to Gurindji country, I would listen to the interviews conducted by my father, my brother Lindsay and myself. The vehicle would feel as if it was full of all those people, now long gone and ghosts of the archives, who were keeping me company and on the right track.

I have delved ever deeper into my family's past, immersing myself in personal and public archives, each search more labyrinthine than the last, revealing increasingly fragile documents and, with the loss of elders, elusive memories.

There have been many times and places where I have felt lost: wandering in circles, stumbling, seeming to make little or no ground, or even going backwards. When I am standing on, walking in, engaging with all these aspects of country, if I listen intently, I can almost hear echoes of those recorded, disembodied conversations – perhaps they are spirit guides from the *everywhen*.

By coming home you're not just coming home to your family, you're finally coming home to yourself, to the self that is your birth-right.
—Coral Edwards[5]

In June 2014, while on a journey to document cultural sites with senior traditional custodians, our convoy stopped at a place known as No. 17 Bore. It was the first day in a fortnight of travels through Gurindji homelands with these senior knowledge-holders, who were relating stories transmitted through ancestral connections since time immemorial.

Immutable Gurindji cosmologies were revealed, alongside disclosures of colonial conflict sparked by the arrival of the cattlemen in the late 1800s. The latter accounts are steeped in blood – massacre narratives, festering wounds, carved like scarification marks into the collective, corporeal Gurindji soul.

As I stepped down from the Toyota 'troopie' I had been driving, my eyes were drawn to the rocky terrain beneath my feet. Despite the impact on the land from untold head of cattle for over 130 years, a cultural talisman caught my eye and I bent down to pick up a magnificent stone axe. My aunt Violet Nanaku Wadrill, watching from another vehicle, beckoned me over and I handed the axe to her through the window.

In my care for the time being, this axe has become my Venn diagram.[6] Whenever I feel I am losing my way – in the archives, within my research, or when creating artworks – I return to this object and the images I took that day. As I turn the axe over, fitting it perfectly within my palm, I am awed by the skill of the maker who shaped it at an indefinable moment in time.[7]

I experience a similar response when holding a handmade pannikin that I collected from the old dump at Jinparrak (Old Wave Hill Station) during a separate journey back home. Discarded between 1925, when the second station was established further away from the flood-plains of Victoria River, and the Walk-Off in 1966, the cup was fashioned from an old food tin and twisted fencing wire.

Although it is rusted, the vessel has a solidity that provides comfort in the same way that the stone axe does; both objects *ground* me in and on my journey, not only through their aesthetic sublimity but also because of their distinct cultural profundity. One has been created in the same manner since ancient times; the other has been made from necessity and available means during frontier contact, revealing the colonial impact on peoples, their lands and customs.

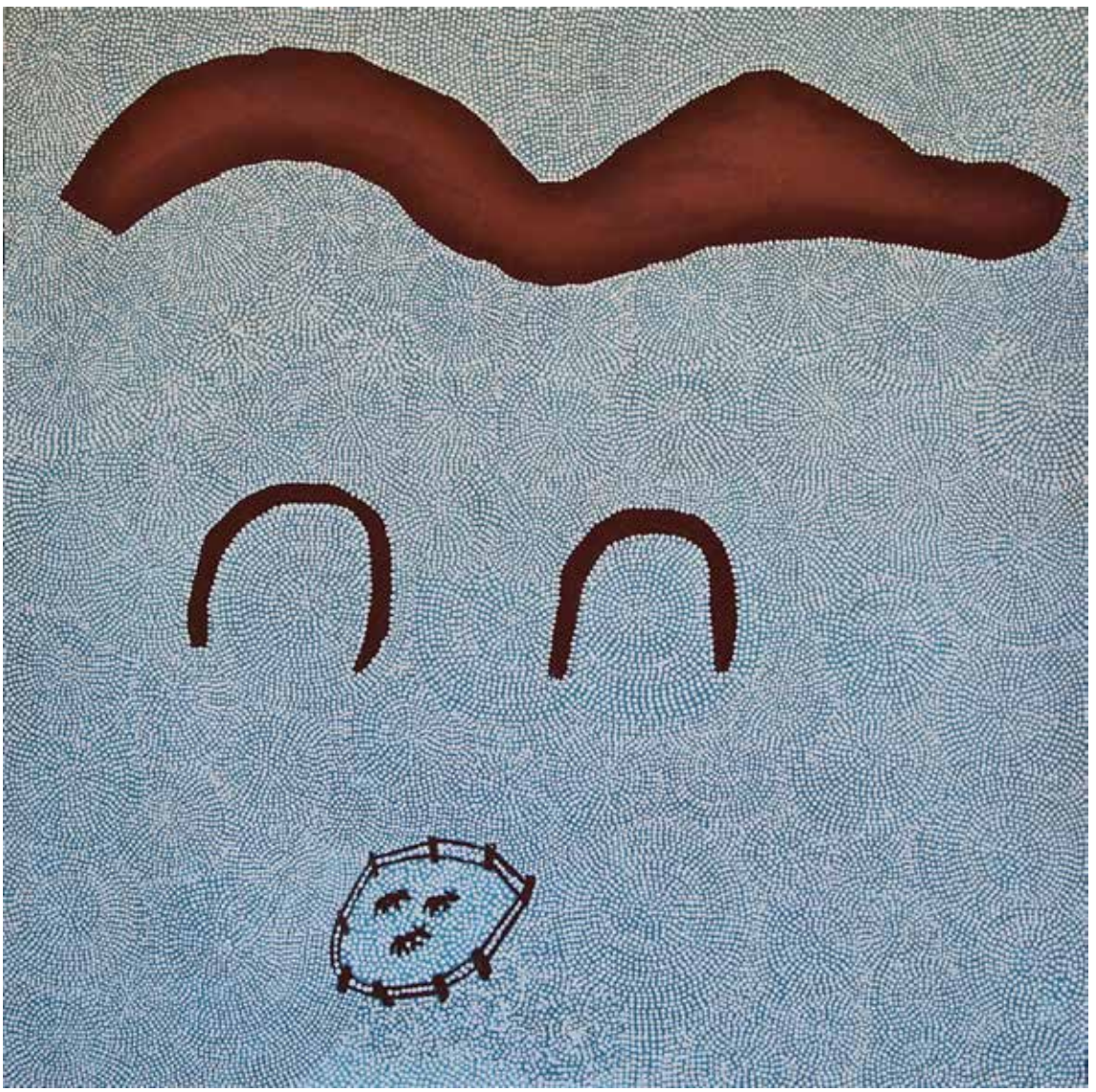
We *ngumpit/ngumpin* who are dispossessed from place, ceremony and kin are like the fragments flaked from that ancient stone tool, quarried from our homelands. Individually, we have all been chipped from that same solid piece of rock, but some of us are still making the long journey home – wherever, however and through whatever methodologies that may involve.

left:
Brenda L. Croft
Self portraits on country 2014 (detail)

following pages:
Self portraits on country 2014
13 pigment prints (installation)

Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.

1. Coral Edwards, "Introduction," *The lost children* (Moorebank, NSW: Transworld Publishers, 1989), xxiv.
2. Retta Dixon Home (1946–1982) was established at Bagot Road Aboriginal Reserve in 1946 by the Aborigines Inland Mission (AIM). See Find & Connect, "Retta Dixon Home," https://www.findandconnect.gov.au/guide/nt/YE00023.
3. Many children were removed during those early days and their incomplete records made it difficult to know just how many and who they were. Elders whom my father spoke with in 1989 assessed that he was another child removed around the same period. From the records that I have been able to access in recent years, however, it is clear that Bessie was Joe's mother.
4. The audio recordings were deposited with the Australian Institute of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Studies (AIATSIS), which funded my father's research trip. "Oral History Interviews in Alice Springs, Wattle Creek, and Darwin, NT," Croft_J01: ID 267676-1001 SOUND-COLN, AIATSIS. A separate oral history interview is held in the collection of the National Library of Australia: Joe Croft and Peter Read, *Interview with Joe Croft* (1989), http://nla.gov.au/nla.cat-vn2188669.
5. Edwards, "Introduction," xxiv.
6. A mathematical term for a set, collection or group of things used to illustrate fixed, shared and logical relationships that exist between a few or select categories, which emanate from 'a universe'; Elizabeth Stapel, "Venn diagrams," *Purplemath*, http://www.purplemath.com/modules/venndiag.htm.
7. Part of this essay was drawn from "Retrac(k)ing country and (s)kin: Walking the Wave Hill Walk-Off track (and other sites of cultural contestation)," *Westerly* 61, no. 1 (2016): 76–82, which also discusses my reflections on the stone axe. It was written as part of my ongoing creative doctoral research project, 'Still in my mind: Gurindji location, experience and visuality'.



Pauline Ryan Kilngarri Namija
Milker yard and windbreaks at Jinparrak (Old Wave Hill Station) 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

Many of the stories that form the content of the following paintings can also be found in the written texts that comprise *Yijarni: True stories from Gurindji country*, edited by Erika Charola and Felicity Meakins (Canberra: Aboriginal Studies Press, 2016). References will be made to the particular chapter/s from *Yijarni* to which the paintings relate.

Pauline Ryan Kilngarri Namija dancing at the women's stone shelters, Jinparrak, near the site depicted in her painting *Milker yard* 2014
Courtesy of Brenda L. Croft.

Pauline Ryan Kilngarri Namija

In *Yijarni*, Violet Wadrill's story of "Weekends and station knock-off time" mentions Dolly Kartawurl, who used to work milking cows.

Nyawa na Milka Yard I bin meigim. Jeya ja jet ngarlaka; dijan ola tupa; jeya ja milka yaad. I neva pudum ola pipul sleeping hiya, nothing. Oni jiya-ja, ding, hill-side, an dijan weya wi bin sleepin, jeya-ja Milka Yard, jei bin milkimbat cow.

Wi bin meigimbat umpti, I bin meigimbat milka, samtaim I bin alburrum jem milkim cow, eberi morning, old pipul, yu nou. Olgamen Kartawurl, an jet Nyanyi, Panyawuk. Jet tubala bin jeya. Eberi morning jei bin gu, milkim kau. An wi neba abum milk, najing. Jet milk bo kartiya. Wen wi bin jidan onli wi boilem ti wi pudum milk.

An ola kajirri, wen dei binij jei gon na. Im kartimap burrum jing na - karnatiti – kartimap milk. jet bakit, yu bin siyim bakit? With a yoke. Jei bin teigimbat, yeah, an abta binij, letimgu ola milka, teigim la jet buwa, detsaid, teigimwarla. Wi bin bulurum jem, gedimbat ola partiki na. Afternoon this time, bringembek jem. Pudembek la yaad. Kaaf miself, jei bin wani meigim kaaf, an jing yu nau. Tu smal dijan, kaaf miself an bullock mother-wan miself.

Partiki wi bin getimbat, tajkarra. An wi bin gedimbat bush banana. An afta, teigim in ja morning, milkimbat jem, empty na jet buwa, kambek eberi afternoon na, bringimbek ola kau na, yeah, teigimbat ola karu, finish an Pudum kaaf mijelf and mother mijelf so milk can grow more.

And na det tu olgamen, wi bin always gon na kemp na, gubek la kemp, sidanimbat, eberi morning getap, an gon again, olawei, olawei, eberi morning gedap an gone gubek, teigimbek, gedim brekbaj na binij, eberi

This is the milking yard. Here's the hill; here are all the shelters and there's the milking yard. I didn't show how the people were sleeping there; I've just put the hillside where we used to sleep and the milking yard where they used to milk cows.

We used to empty them [the udders]. I used to help the senior women, Kartawurl and Nyanyi Panyawuk. Those two were there. Every morning, we used to milk the cows, but we could never have any of the milk: it was just for the *kartiya* (white people). Only after we walked off [Old Wave Hill Station] did we boil our tea and put milk in it.

When they'd finished milking, the women would take the milk back [to the homestead] with their shoulder yoke and buckets. Then they would take the cows to the other side of the bore and we [girls] used to go with them and we'd get *partiki* (bush nuts). We'd bring the cows back in the afternoons and put them in the yards – the calves separately from the mother cows. We split them up so that the cows could have more milk to give us. We used to get *partiki* and pound them, and also gather *kilipi* (bush banana).

We always went with those two old women. We'd stay at the camp, get up every morning again, get the milk and take it to breakfast, come back and let all the cows out to feed on the grass in the bush. Then every afternoon, we'd bring the cows back into the yard: calves together and mothers together.

We slept in the windbreaks [humpies made of branches and leaves] at the *jilimi* (unmarried women's) camp with my granny. All the young girls used to sleep there. We

brekbaj gon teigim ola kau na, teigim la jing, buj, yu nau, fidimap ola kau, ola gras binish, bek eberi aftanuun, teigimbek kaaf an all, pudumbek la yaad: mother miself, ola kaaf miself.

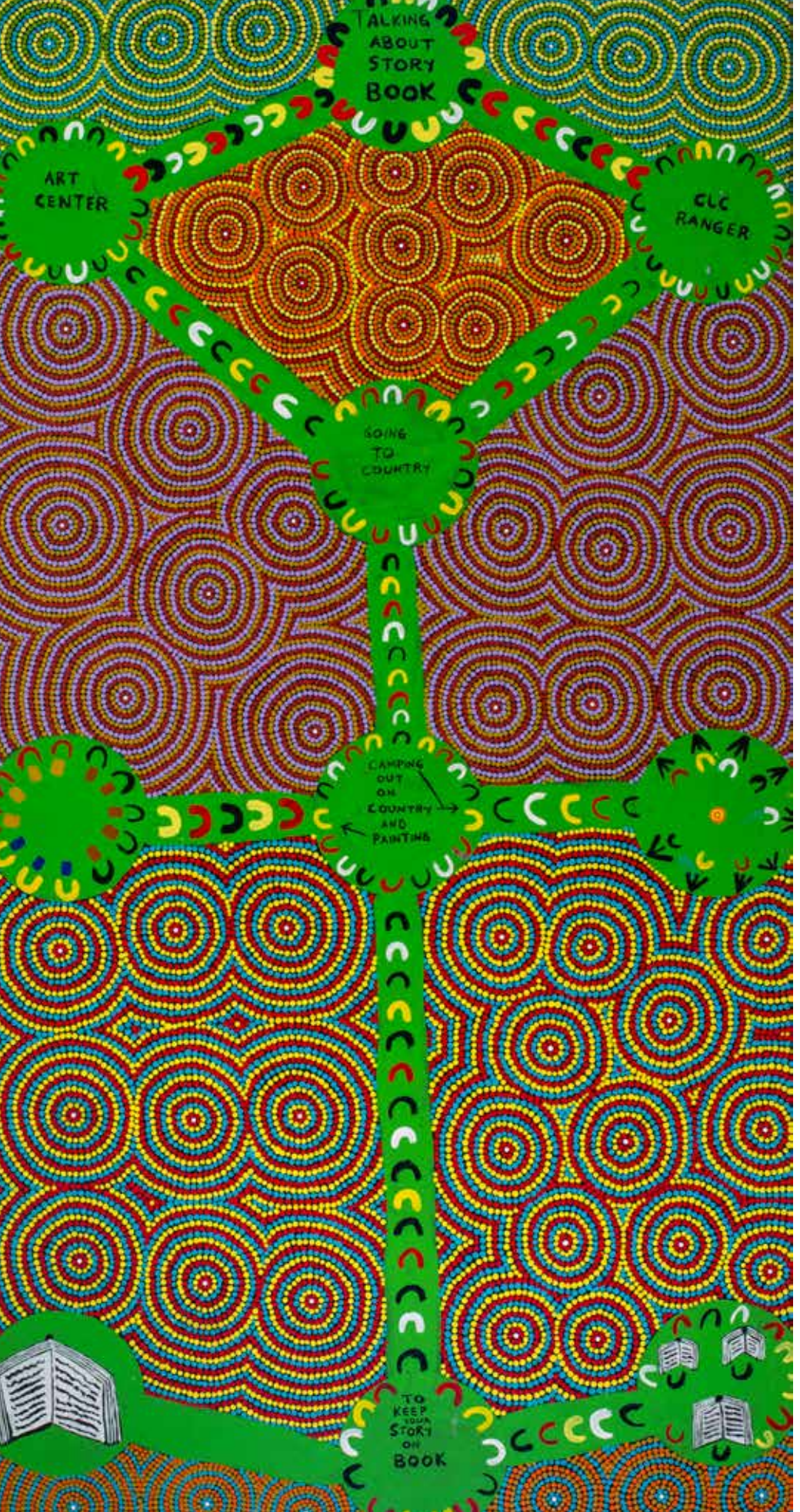
Dats da winbreik weya wi bin sleeping. Mibala bin sleeping jeya, my jaju, main tu jaju, jilimi camp. Ola yanggel wi bin oldei jilipin jeya na. Wi neva gu la … laik dislot gon na distaim gada boys mixed, you know? Yangboi, yanggel, nomo longtaim, wi neva do jat najing. An yu kan laab bo ol pipul – tru I tell you. Wen yu laab, jei kam gada bumereng.

Wen I duwim dis painting aim rili gud feeling; wen I duwim dis painting na aim jingk Wave Hill, jingkibat Wave Hill: na bobaga wi bin liib dis pleis! An bicos no haus deya na sii? No haus, no humpi. Ol pipul na wen wi luk foto, nyila ting, lota pipul bin pastawei na po ting – en tudei na jejolja lef na. Jambala gon, jambala stil laib. Jejolja left na. First time we went to Wave Hill, wit dem kid na, we bin nearly cry na.

didn't go sleep near boys like they do these days. And you couldn't laugh at older people: if you laughed, they'd come for you with a boomerang!

When I did the painting, I felt good. It reminded me of Wave Hill Station and made me feel sorry. Poor us – we had to leave this place. We didn't even have any houses there. It makes me sorry. Now when we look at old photos from there, only a couple of the old people are left now. The first time we went back [to Old Wave Hill Station] to show the kids, we nearly cried.

Josepha Nangari Nampin and Pauline Ryan Kilngarri Namija 1971
Courtesy of Velma Leeding.


TALKING ABOUT STORY BOOK
ART CENTER
CLC RANGER
GOING TO COUNTRY
CAMPING OUT ON COUNTRY AND PAINTING
TO KEEP YOUR STORY ON BOOK

Dylan Miller Poulson Japangardi

Dylan Miller's painting illustrates the process of compiling the book *Yijarni: True stories from Gurindji country*.

I come from Lajamanu, at the edge of the Tanami Desert, in the Northern Territory. I'm Warlpiri and I've lived in Kalkaringi since 2004. My grandfather used to live here and I wanted to move here and work like him because he was very well-known here for respecting and learning from others.

When I first painted the painting, I was sitting down at the art centre [Karungkarni Art and Culture Aboriginal Corporation], listening to stories. A couple of weeks later, I went down camping to tell stories and do paintings out on the country. And I was picturing it [the painting] from the start with the stories to the end with the book, the process, right through from the story to the making of the paintings and then to the book.

From the start [the top of the painting], we had a meeting to talk about the history book [*Yijarni: True stories from Gurindji country*]; the top blue, yellow and green [is] the swamp; and the green on the side [is] the river. Then in the middle, it's the rocky area, the colour of the spinifex and rock. That's when we went driving to visit places, talkin' the stories, and the CLC [Central Land Council] Rangers went with us. Then this next one is the black soil country after the rain, in the morning and in the afternoon. And the next one is the black soil plain again with the swampy parts.

The Aboriginal colours are for the Aboriginal people working with the white people, all working together for the book.

It made me feel happy to see these paintings done to go with the stories for the next generations.

Dylan Miller Poulson Japangardi
Talking about 'Yijarni' history book 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

Leah Leaman Yinpingali Namija

In *Yijarni*, Violet Wadrill's story of "Weekends and station knock-off time" and Dandy Danbayarri's "Waringarri (war parties)" mention women collecting bush food.

When I did this painting, I was thinking about how the women in the old days were treated on the station. They had a really hard life. They had to work all day and look after their families too, in terrible conditions. My grandmother Violet and my other grandmothers and aunties used to tell me about it. It made me really sorry to think about everything they had to go through.

But in the wet season, they used to leave the station and go through the bush, collecting bush food and bush medicine, which gave them a break from their hard lives.

The painting shows all the flowers and the different kinds of bush food that come out in the wet season, and how these women had the chance to just spend time together, talking and being at peace.

I had a good feeling doing this painting. I did it to pay tribute to these women, thinking about what they went through. I also wanted to think that there were good times for them too.

left:
Leah Leaman Yinpingali Namija
Gurindji, Mudburra and Malngin women finding peace by gathering bush foods and flowers during knock-off time in the early station days 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

right:
Leah Leaman Yinpingali Namija, Daguragu c. 1978–1979
Courtesy of Hannah Middleton.

Sarah Oscar Yanyjingali Nanaku

In *Yijarni*, Ronnie Wavehill's "Rainmaker destroys the homestead" and Dandy Danbayarri's "Picking up after the flood" recount the flood depicted in this painting.

Longtaim wen e bin fers Wave Hill Station hiya kanyjurra, pulngayit-tu e bin wash away nyila-ma steishin-ma en holot yaad nyawa. Wi bin lukinat book-kula en wi bin lisin langa CD, en ngayu I bin pikimat nyila na pulngayit, weya imin drandim nyawa Wave Hill longtaim. House nyila, yard nyilarra – binij, yard-ma. Imin wash-away. Jei bin marri partapartaj jeya na Wave Hill-jirri kankula.

Nyawa-ma buggy-wu wheel, tubala nyawarra. Nyawa winbreik hab-ku iron nyawarra-ma. Imin wash-away. Jei bin yurrk la mi longtaim, kajirri-yayi. Nyanawu e bin yurrk Ronnie-ngku – dat flood na nyawa.

Nyila marluka – Nutwood-ku kaku – imin gon jarrei, karlarra, Wirlki Yard, weit la im det kurraj-ku, kijikijik im. Imin gon kankula partaj, liwart – imin luk maarn na bilap. Tumaji det kartiya bin warrik im na: You can't make it rain, so-and-so, kuya. Imin gon an jei bin bilibim im na. Jet marluka bin wuukarra – imin gon kankarra. Imin buldan ngajik rein-ma nyila-ma til imin kam nyawa pulngayit jangkarni. Wash-away na Wave Hill Station. That's a good story and that's why I did the painting, from the book and CD. It bin meigim mi sad – wan marluka bin drown – holot station wash-away nyawa-ma Wave Hill.

A long time ago [in 1924], when the first Wave Hill Station was here, down by the river [Victoria River], a flood washed away the whole station and the yards. We were looking at the book [draft of *Yijarni: True stories from Gurindji country*] and listening to the stories on CD and I picked out this one about the flood that inundated Wave Hill. The building and yards – everything was washed away. The people might have climbed up onto the hill [from which Wave Hill takes its name].

Here [in the painting] there are the buggy wheels [that were left behind], and some pieces of corrugated iron that were washed away. My granny [Blanchie Bulngari] told me the story of this flood a long time ago; it's the same flood Ronnie talks about in the recording.

This old man, Michael George's grandfather, went to Seven Mile [waterhole] and waited for a rainbow snake there. He poked it and then went up to higher country [to sit out the flood], then he saw clouds gathering. It was because some *kartiya* (white man) had betted him that he couldn't make it rain. They made fun of him. Afterwards, they believed him. The flood came and washed away the whole station. It's a good story; that's why I did the painting. It made me sad though because one old man drowned. The whole station got washed away.

Sarah Oscar Yanyjingali Nanaku
Pulngayit (The Great Flood in 1924) 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

Dandy Danbayarri's "The first aeroplanes at Wave Hill Station: 1929" in *Yijarni* describes the building of the airstrip, as depicted in this painting.

Nyawa painting I bin duwim longtaim, I bin gedim brom book. Story, ngayiny jaju marluka bin tok. E bin yurrk nganta longtaim, larrpa yu no, hawu jei bin meigim road aeroplane-ku. Nyawa jei bin cleanimbatkarra yuka na. Wumara, jei bin teigimatkarra meigim road na. Nyawa-ma kuya-rni nguyi yurrk-ma, longtaim, yu no, larrpa. An nau I bin duwim, I bin duwim painting na, kuya. I bin kurru nyawa story art-centre-ngka, nyampayirla nyila CD-ngka. Marluka bin wanyji yet, nganayirla-ngka, Kalano-ngka. An wen wi bin lukinat jem nyila photo waninya wall-ta, yaungyangbala wen jei bin jap jarrwa kutitijkarra, road na nyila-ma wumara jei bin teigmatkarra. Wal I bin tok ngayu, 'Im rait, ail duwim nyawa na bat painting. Maitbi duwimbat nyawa na!' Yuka cleanimbat, wumara jakimbat, kuya. Maiti larrpa jei bin duwimbat – aeroplane road, marri - it bin make me happy duwimbat painting.

This is a painting I did a while ago; I got the idea from the book [draft of *Yijarni: True stories from Gurindji country*). It's a story my mother's uncle [Dandy Danbayarri] told about something that happened a long time ago. It was [about] how they made the airstrip [at Old Wave Hill Station in 1929] – how they prepared the ground for the aeroplane to land. Here they were clearing away the grass, and they took away all the rocks. I heard the story at the art centre [Karungkarni Art and Culture Aboriginal Corporation] on CD. The old man [Dandy] was still alive then, staying at Kalano [Aged Care in Katherine]. We saw the photos [archived from 1929] on the wall [at the art centre] of all the young people standing there in a line. That was on the clearing they'd made, where they'd taken away all the rocks. [When I saw that] I said, 'That's the one – I'll do a painting about this story.' But doing the painting made me happy.

left:
Sarah Oscar Yanyjingali Nanaku
Clean 'em up airstrip in 1929 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

right:
Sarah Oscar Yanyjingali Nanaku and Josepha Nangari Nampin, Daguragu 1970
Courtesy of Hannah Middleton.

unknown photographer
Men and boys on an airstrip at Jinparrak (Old Wave Hill Station) built for the search party looking for Charles Kingsford Smith, 8 April 1929
PIC/13952/39a
Pictures Collection, National Library of Australia

unknown photographer
Women and girls on the airstrip. Charles Kingsford Smith was found alive near Wyndam (WA) but the search party flying the 'Kookaburra' force-landed and perished, 8 April 1929
PIC/13952/40a
Pictures Collection, National Library of Australia

The subject of this artwork is the trip to locate the missing aircraft, as told by Dandy Danbayarri in "The search for the Kookaburra: 1929" in *Yijarni.*

Ngayiny jaju wen imin yurrk nyawa-ma larrpa, I bin duwim. E bin buldan jamweya jarrei kaarnirra, Cattle Creek-ta kaarnirrak nyawa, long time. Marri yingalk-murlung na waninya nyila aeroplane-ma. E bin buldan, nyila na I bin duwim painting. Ngumpin-walija-ma nganta jei bin faindim. Larrpa-ma eberiweya jei bin yustu gon kalu. Jei bin luk kuya nganta kartiya-nginyi aeroplane. Jei bin lukraunkarra-la kartiya-wu-ma. Warlakap nyila jei bin faindim nyawa na aeroplane. Long time. I bin gedim nyawa-ma story-ma brom book, nyawa-ma. Yamawurr-u jawiji e bin lukraun faindim na nyarrara la im, yawarta-yawung-kulu. Ngayiny jaja-wu na ngayu I bin duwim hiya na painting, warlakap-ta, foot-track an nyawa-ma aeroplane, buldan-nginyi, kuya. Long time na, indid? Jei neva abum ngawa, tanku-ja, marri kuya na. No ngawa jei bin jap, purrp jeya desert-ta. Kaarnirra kuya Cattle Creek-ta an jat aeroplane jud-bi call Kookaburra na indid! Nyila na jei bin pudim im. Dats-wai I bin tok, 'Ail duwim na ngayu, nyawa-ma story.' kuya. Wi bin paintimbat duwimbat nyawarra foot-track, warlakap-kula ngumpin, an aeroplane nyawa, buldan-ta. I bin feel lilbit sad, warlakap-kula-ma nyawarra ankaj weya jei bin buldan. An ola nyawa na Wave-Hill-nginyi jei bin gon warlakap. Imin 1929 indid – larrpa-nginyi. Kuya na Nawurla I bin duwim.

I did this painting about this story that my *jaju* (mother's uncle) [Dandy Danbayarri] told about a long time ago [1929]. This aeroplane came down somewhere there in the east, from Cattle Creek (Outstation) further east. It might have run out of fuel, but anyway, it came down, and Aboriginal people found it. A long time ago, they used to go walking around everywhere. They went on the search for the *kartiya* (white people) and they found it. I got this story from the book [draft of *Yijarni: True stories from Gurindji country*]. Biddy Wavehill's grandfather [Daylight Parunyja] was one of the ones who went out on horseback. I listened to my *jaju*'s recording of the story and I did the painting about how they went looking around for the aeroplane after it came down a long time ago. They didn't have water, and maybe [had] no food either. They were just there in the desert to the east. The plane was called the *Kookaburra*. That's why I did the painting like this – with the foot-tracks of the *ngumpin* (Aboriginal people) who went looking around. I had a sad feeling while I was doing this painting, feeling sorry for those who'd died. And then there were the Wave Hill mob going out to find them. It was 1929 – a long time ago. That's how I made this painting.

Sarah Oscar Yanyjingali Nanaku
Crash of the 'Kookaburra' in 1929 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

following pages:
Biddy Wavehill Yamawurr Nangala and **Jimmy Wavehill Ngawanyja Japalyi**
Aerial view of Jinparrak (Old Wave Hill Station) 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
Courtesy of the artists and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

Jimmy Wavehill Ngawanyja Japalyi and Biddy Wavehill Yamawurr Nangala

In *Yijarni*, the chapter titled "Jinparrak" (Old Wave Hill Station) contains a variety of stories from different speakers about the property.

Jimmy: Dis da history wat I bin luk ngayiny-ja mila-ngka, hau imin luk laik Wave Hill Station. Wal I bin sorta mangkuj na laik sorta bulurrumap yu no, I bin meigimbat E not a Dreamtime story – enijing laigijat onli e da history. History brom ol pipul, wal ol pipul bin yustu dali mi enijing laigijat, wal I bin ae n kipim la ngarlaka, yu no. I bin jingkibat,

I bin karrap oldtaim brom yangbala. 'I'll have to copy that station' I bin tok. I bin just meigim so pipul kin remain en lijin stori.

I bin meigim nyawa buwa, en dijan karu weya imin bon-karra, en hiya det weya jei bin nokob – yu no det wanyarri kujarra jangkarni. Ola gel ae n jidan hiya na. Wi neva gu jeya la jet tubala. Wi bin gu walik. En dijan buwa I bin meigim bikos boy-house jarrei jei bin ae n kamap dijei bo ngawa, en dijan brom big-kemp dijei jei bin kamap igin ngawa-wu, buwa-ngkurra. Dijei jei bin ae n jidan kolwajateim yu no, tupa-ngka. Dat boy-house dijan ae n pinka e someweya gon dijei.

Biddy: Ceremony place for kajajirri, nyawa-ma, weya mibala bin gu, kankarrak indid kuya.

Jimmy: Boy-house dijan na – big kemp hiya - dijan det yard en dijan na pipul bin ol walk off brom hiya ae n bulurrum det fence, gu dijei na.

Biddy: Only one bore, water, brom kemp, gada yuuk kartimap, gedimbat ngawa. Kartiya don alb mibala bo tap.

Jimmy: Kajirri bakit-jawung, gedim ngawa, teigimbek. Dijei brom boy-house kamap gedim ngawa. Nomo kartiya, imin abum tap,

Jimmy: This is the history – what I've seen with my own eyes – what it looked like at Wave Hill Station. I just improvised. It's not a Dreamtime story or anything like that. It's history from old people who used to tell me all kinds of things. I kept it all in my head.

I'd seen it from the old days so I thought, 'I'll have to put down [represent] that station.' I just did it so people can be reminded when they listen to the stories.

[Describing the painting] I put down this bore here, and over here is where the babies were born. And over here is where the women went after they knocked off for the day – under the *wanyarri* (native bauhinia trees). We [the men] never used to go near there; we'd go round the long way. And from this bore, you see the boy-house [Aboriginal stock workers were referred to as 'boys']. The stock boys used to get water from here. And from the big camp they came too. And on the other side of the boy-house, the river's somewhere there. This is where people used to sleep in windbreaks [humpies made of branches and leaves] in the cold season.

Biddy: This was the ceremony place for the women. We used to go up there.

Jimmy: This is the boy-house and the big camp, and the yard from where people walked off. They followed the fenceline and came this way [the direction of Kalkaringi].

Biddy: There was only one bore for the whole camp. You had to fetch water with a yoke and bucket. *Kartiya* didn't help us with taps.

Jimmy: One old lady used to go all the time

eberijing langa steishin, yu no. Wave Hill. Ngantipa-ma najing.

Wi bin jingkibat, wi bin meigim so pipul kin luk jet ol steishin yu no wotkain imin jidan kamparrijang, laik, bikos wen pipul bin walk off, jetlot marru eberijing, jei bin gu gada bulldozer en lodimat olat, jei onli bin libim history house, ngajikparni like for showembat, yu no? Jei bin wail maitbi, en jejwai jei bin puda grader langa jing.

I feel happy I bin meig dij history, so people can know something about Jinparrak. Det Jinparrak wi bin lib jeya ol awa laib.

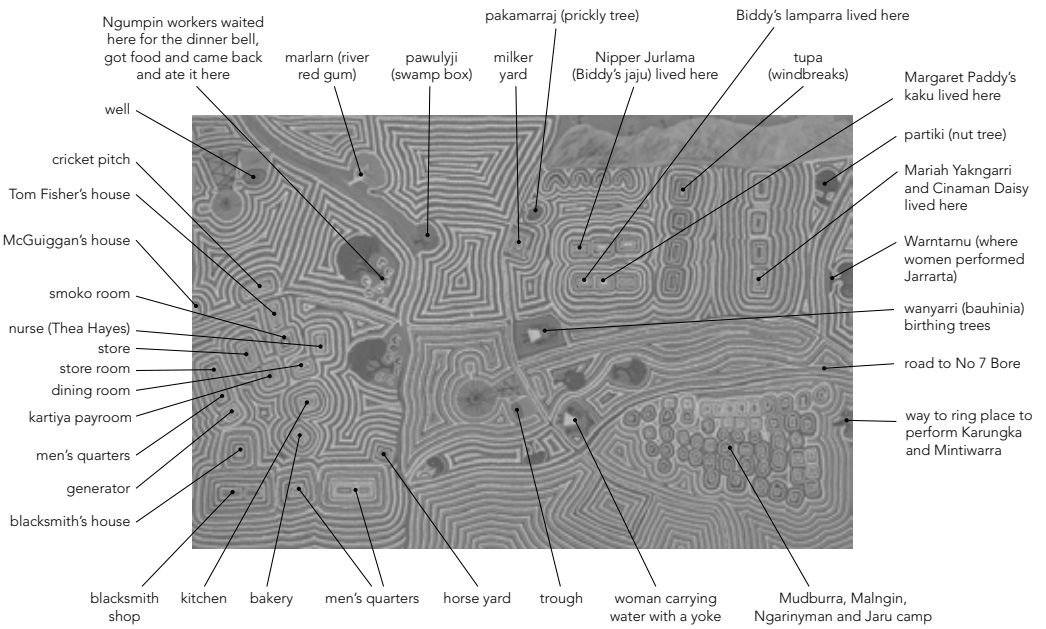
Biddy: Punyu ngu jangkarni so yubala kan luk.

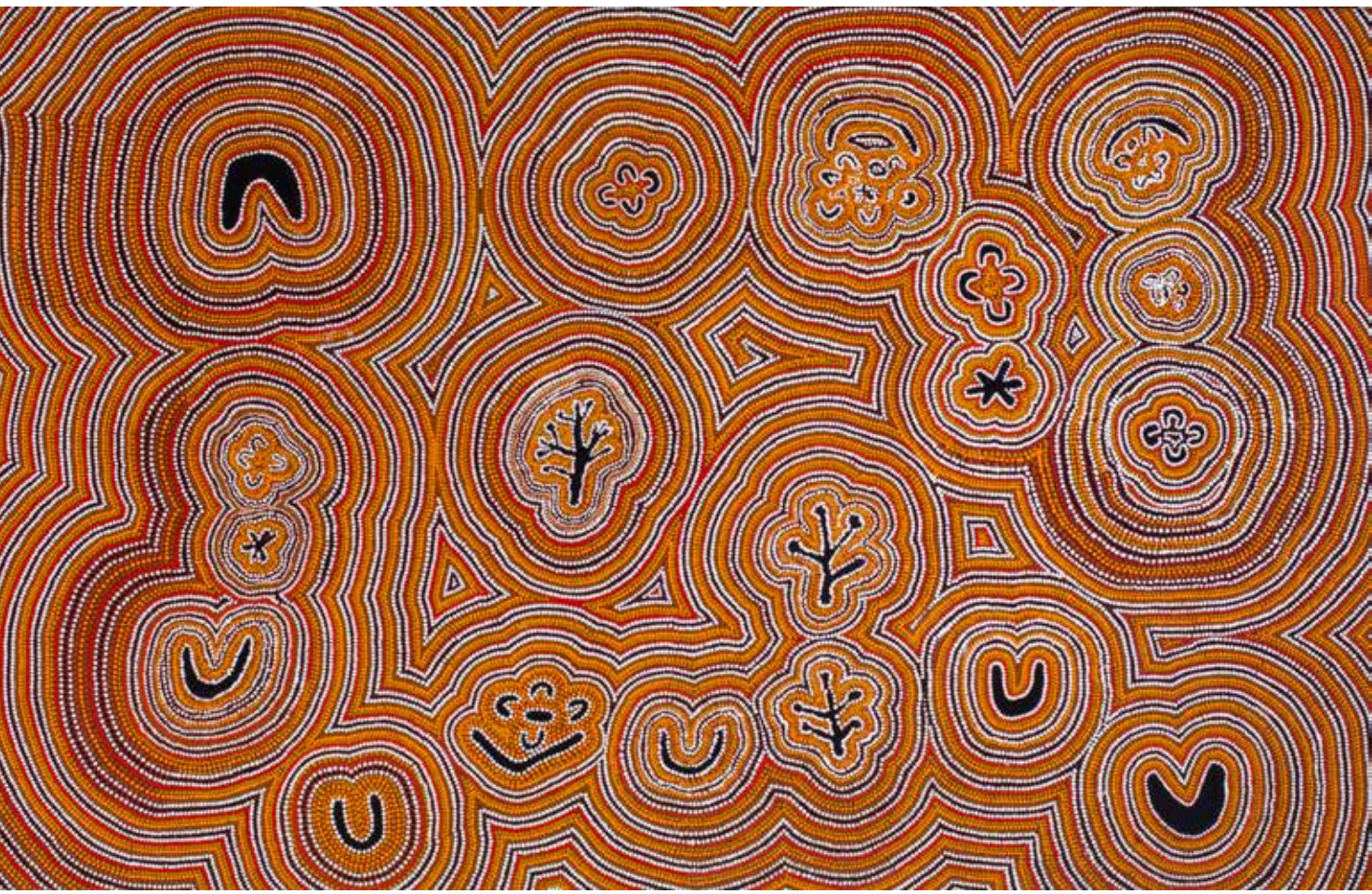
with a bucket, and [so did] the men from the boy-house. *Kartiya* didn't live like that; they had taps and everything at the station at Wave Hill.

We thought about it and we decided to make the painting of the station so that people can see what it was like in the old days, because when people walked off, the station people went over everything with a bulldozer. They only left their buildings – maybe for history. They must've been angry and destroyed our camp. [Note: The camp was, in all likelihood, razed to destroy evidence of the poor conditions.]

I feel happy that I've created this piece of history so people can know something about Jinparrak where we'd lived all our lives.

Biddy: It's nice and big so you can see it properly.





Connie Mosquito Ngarmeiye Nangala
Jarrarta Yawulyu (Women's ceremony) 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

Connie Mosquito Ngarmeiye Nangala (1940–2016)

Nyawa jidan karrinyana, jintaku girl and nyawa naja gel and faya jeya, warlu kanyjurra and ngumpin-walija jei jidan-ta an nyawa kuya-rningan weya ola ngumpin jidan. An nyawa winbreik, and faya, an jei ola gel langa winbeik jidanjidan na, jeya faya. Nyawa ngumpin jintaku im jidan langa faya kiken, an nyawa karnti I bin meigim warnyarri, an najawan wanyarri jeya, an nyawa najawan wanyarri, an nyawa jei jidan nyawa wan gel an men, an nyawa, nyawa-ma kuya-rningan jei toktok na, jidan, an faya jeya, an nyawa jei jidan eberiwei, maitbi toktok ngulu marnana, an nyawa faya, indid, yeah, an warlu-rningan nyawa, an nyawa, jei jidanjidan. Nyawa jei jidanjidan, kuya, nyila-ma kata.

Nyawa-ma pleis-ma jadei na kaarnirra, Jinparrak-kula wen I bin pudembat, Wave Hill Station. Weya im eberiwei karnti nyilarra, wanyarri, yuwayi. An weya wi jidan jeya la jat wanyarri nyawangka jidanjidan na, worker, weya wi kamap brom work jidanjidan murlangka wanyarri-la kuya jangkarni-la, kuya. Nyila-ma kata, nyawa-ma wanyarri-la-rningan, kaarnirra, ngarlaka nyila, ngarlaka kuya yapakayi, nyawa-ma kata winbreik-ma, an jidanjidan toktok. Kipimbat yu nau gel olabat nyampayirla wen jei bon karu-wu, nyawarra-ma, nyawarra-ma, yuwayi, wen jei bon gel yu nau, jei karu, kipimbat jeya na ola gel, kuya, nyawa-ma kata, an wi dalim olabat, nyila-ma gel na nguyina marnana, don yubala go eberiwei wokinraun – stop wanpleis, kipim, yu nau, yubala stop kuyarra karu-yawung kuya, jei jap kwait den kuya. Ngulu karrinyana wanpleis na nyawa-ma kata, jidanjidan, jabi? Jei gan laik walkinraun, yu nau wen jei bon beibi, kuya. Yuwei, jadei-ma kata.

Weya wi meigimbat, aim propa epi bo det painting yu no, tumaji wi bin lib jeya, yu no. Jinparrak-ku-ma. Yuwayi – kuya.

[describing painting from top-left corner, counter-clockwise]

Here there's a woman and another woman with a fire. And over here are the men: they're sitting where all the men stay. And this is a windbreak [humpies made of branches and leaves] with a fire, and they're all sitting around the fire. A man is here sitting by the fire too. This tree I put is a *wanyarri* (native bauhinia) and so is this next one here. There's a woman and a man and in the same way, they're talking by the fire. All around here people are sitting and talking around the fire too. That's how they're sitting here.

This is at Jinparrak, Old Wave Hill Station. There are a lot of *wanyarri* trees everywhere. When the workers [female domestic servants] came from work, we would sit under this big *wanyarri* here. And here to the east is another *wanyarri* by this little hill and all the windbreaks where we would talk. We would keep the young women there and when the babies were born, they would stay there. We used to tell them: 'Don't go walking around; stay here with your children.' They would stay peacefully at that one place. They shouldn't walk around when they've just given birth to a baby. That was over there.

When we do these paintings, I feel really happy, because it's where we used to live, you know, at Jinparrak. That's how it is.

Ena Oscar Majapula Nanaku

Nyila-ma, ngayu-ma I bin duwim nyawa na – Freedom Day one. I bin gedim idea myself. Nyila-ma ngayiny ngapuju. Nyila, weya im gadim karnati, jurlurl, ngawa nyila-ma tjakimbatkarra toilet, kartiya-wu. Nyila-ma bucket-kari najawan, soapy-water-yawung, nyila najawan-kari-la laik, dirty water na. Im yujtu teigim walik, longwei e yujtu gon to naja house, laik meinwan, kartiya-wu laik jekaru, yu no, mein quarters, en da manager house, en den naja quarters again, da's two, bottom one en top one. Im cleanimbat nyila-rla-wu na, toilet, yalanginyi-ma e yujtu teigem walik. E yujtu gon – na dat toilet again: tjakim, wajim, tjakim, wajim oni olawei e yujtu gon rait-raun.

Kujarra tubala bin work: kajirri-ma kujarra. Najawan ngayiny ngapuju, najawan, yea nyawa na ngayiny ngapuju step-one like wen tubala bin gon laik, marri one husband – det tu kajirri. Naja kajirri, im neim Lena. An diswan ngayiny ngapuju im neim Judy. Teigimbat tjakim longwei karlarrak, langa big creek, throwem in jeya na, kambek. Wan house yujtu be jeya, nyila na haus wen I bin meigim. Yalangka jei pudim walyalyak bakit na, en det karnti karnati, laik cleanwan na bakit kujarra pudim walyawalyak nyila na libim, toilet-ta. En nyila-ma kartiya nyila-ma, jekaru yeah wan. Jupu I bin meigim kartiya laik, im gadim het na wartan-ta. En tree nyila det jeim tree blekwan, yu no, wanyarri, jiingi. Nyila-ma jidanjidan-ta, tupa, yu luk, nyampayirla winbreik, eberi kolweja-ngka, faya en jidanjidan-ta-ma worker na kajajirri, yanggel jei yujtu liwart bo work. Eberi morning, gedap kemp-nginyi kam, meigim faya, abum brekbaj, en jidan, liwart bo

This is the painting I did about Freedom Day. I came up with the idea myself. This is my nana [Judy Kutuwumpu], the one who's carrying the yoke and buckets to get the dirty toilet water from the *kartiya* (white people) and chuck it away. One bucket was for the soapy water and the other for dirty water. She used to take it right around, far from the main building to the jackaroos' quarters, to the manager's house, and then to the top and bottom quarters. She used to clean out the toilets and take it right around, chuck it far away and wash the toilets, over and over again.

There were two of them working. The other one was my other nana [Lena]; they were both married to one husband [Butcher George]. They used to take the buckets a long way to the west to the big creek, throw out the contents, and come back. One building used to be there – it's here in the painting – it's an outhouse. They used to put the clean buckets in there.

There's a jackaroo [in the painting] just as a symbol. That *kartiya*'s got a hat in his hand. And the tree is a *wanyarri* (native bauhinia). Here [on the left] are the windbreaks [humpies made of branches and leaves], where people would sit by the fire in the cold season. The women and the girls used to wait there for work. Every morning, they would come up from the camp, make a fire, have breakfast and stay there, waiting for work. The footprints are where the two ladies [Judy and Lena] went: all around.

work. Nyila na, jet foot-track nyila na, kajirri kujarra olraun.

En nyawa-ma karnti na, tree, tree, dislat tree, det wanyarri na, yu no najasaid la creek, wen jei liwart bo work. I bin lisin brom story, I bin yapakayi. Jei bin jas dalimbat mi story na. Kartiya yujtu meigem work laika sleib, tjakimbat, olarun.

I bin hepi duwimbat painting but imin meig mi sorry, laik wen yu work hard bo kartiya. You know they didn't used to get paid. They used to work for sugar and tea-leaf, flour. Every Friday they used to get rations: tea, sugar and tobacco.

I was happy doing this painting, but it made me feel sorry for the hard work they did for *kartiya.* You know, they didn't used to get paid. They used to work for sugar and tea-leaf, flour. Every Friday they used to get rations: tea, sugar and tobacco.

previous pages:
Ena Oscar Majapula Nanaku
Ena's ngapuju *[nana] carrying toilet waste for kartiya at Jinparrak* 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

below:
Ena Oscar Majapula Nanaku 1970
Courtesy of Hannah Middleton.

Serena Donald Narrpingali Nimarra

Violet Wadrill's story of "Weekends and station knock-off time" in *Yijarni* describes women digging for soak water.

My mum [Violet Wadrill] and Biddy [Wavehill] told me stories about when they went out bush, and how they used to dig for water in the dry river bed – you know, soakage water. When they walked off Jinparrak [Old Wave Hill Station], they had no water. From Jinparrak, they walked all the way to Gordy Creek, and Gordy Creek was dry, so they had to dig for water. They got water out for the kids and for themselves [to drink].

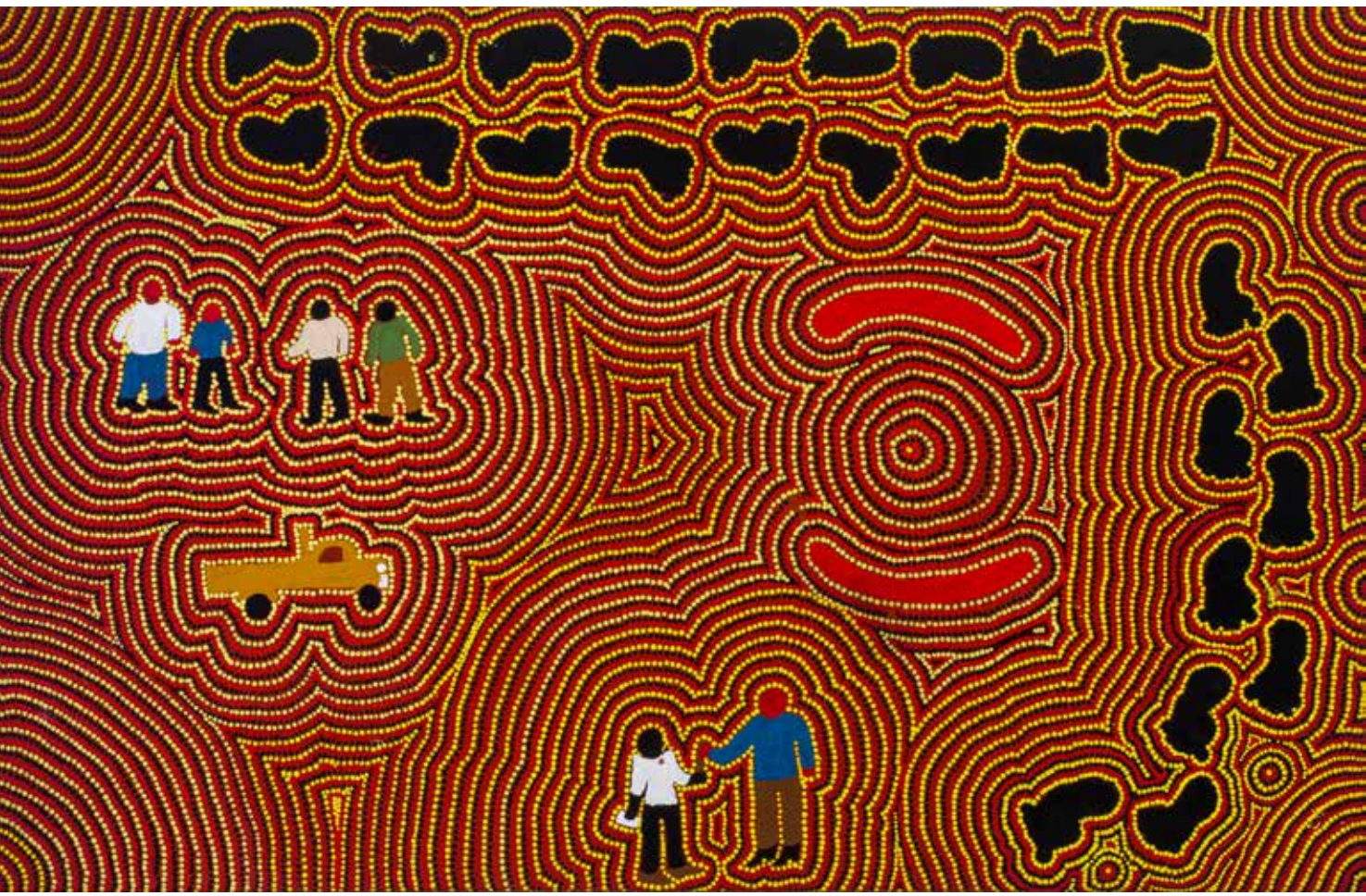
So I decided to paint that story. When we had that re-enactment in 1984, we dug for water at Gordy Creek, and we got some water. There was a big mob of us. I was only 14. I was surprised when I saw that the first time.

I love painting. When mum tells me a story, I do a painting on that [topic]; even our Dreamings – my Dreaming, my mum's Dreaming. I do paintings about the wild pigeon (*yawarlwarl*) and grass seed (*ngurlu*). I feel happy when I'm painting, and it's a true story.

left:
Serena Donald Narrpingali Nimarra
Women digging for soak water at Ngurlma (Spring Creek) as young girls watch on and learn 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

top right:
Biddy Wavehill Yamawurr Nangala digs for soak water at Ngurlma 2014
Courtesy of Penny Smith.

Biddy Wavehill Yamawurr Nangala and Violet Wadrill Nanaku at Ngurlma 2014
Courtesy of Penny Smith.



Michael George 'Nutwood' Tulngayarri Japalyi

In *Yijarni*, Vincent Lingiari's "Events leading up to the Walk-Off" tells the story depicted in this painting.

I did this painting about something that was very important for Gurindji people. The people didn't like the way they were treated at Jinparrak, Old Wave Hill Station. So, Vincent [Lingiari] had to walk up to the Vesteys, *kartiya* (white people). The Vesteys were the owners of the station. And he [Vincent] told them they weren't going to work for them any more; he told them that he'd take his people away. He walked in to the Vesteys – that's why I put that [set of] footprints there. And after he talked to them, he went back to the camp, and gathered all the people – that's what the [other] footprints are. Then they started walking from there. They collected their boomerangs and spears. They were walking to Kalkaringi, following that fenceline from Jinparrak to Gordy Creek. And from Gordy Creek – we have a rest there [when we walk it today] – and then walk off the black soil plain, past that grid, and straight down to the river, where the Vic[toria] River is. That's the meaning of that dot painting that I've done. There are two [red shapes] that are boomerangs. And those two white men standing there on the left are the manager [Tom Fisher] and the Vesteys' owner. On the right-hand side are Vincent and one of the Gurindji people. That's when they were talking about [how they were going] to leave, to walk off from Jinparrak, from the Vesteys.

When I finished this painting, it made me feel really happy. I took it to Sydney [for people] to have a look at the history of the Gurindji people, because Gurindji people were the main people: Vincent changed things. So, we've got everything now: education, a shop, health, good accommodation. In those days, we didn't have anything: no good things, no medication, no school. On the housing side, there was nothing. It was real hard. So, when we went to walk off, I put two [sets of] footprints: one for Vincent walking to Vesteys and then walking back to the camp, and collect[ing] all their [things]. That's what the two red boomerangs are, with spears, all the weapons and we all walked to Karungkarni hill, that's by Kalkaringi. And after that, I did [i.e. painted] the handover to Vincent Lingiari from Gough Whitlam. That's the story.

Michael George 'Nutwood' Tulngayarri Japalyi
Handover with Gough Whitlam and Vincent Lingiari 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

Violet Wadrill Nanaku
Men and women sitting together and talking at Lipanangku 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

Violet Wadrill Nanaku

The story about how people lived here is in Topsy Dodd's "Living in the Victoria River bed" in *Yijarni.*

Ngurramala marlarluka kajijirri ngulu karrinyani yalangka-ma, kanyjurra, nyawa kanyjurra. Ngurra ngulu karrinyani yalangkarni. Ngurra karrinya tartpu larrpa-ma, ngurramala karrinyani yalangka na. Ngurrawiti wanyjikijak-ku, ngu ngantipanguny, tupa marrimarri karrinya murlangka kanyjurra ngulu – jarrwa. Warnkuk nyawa, Police-Hole-ta kanyjurra kuya, im Warnkuk jadan.

Nyawa na ngurna pirrkap mani, ngayiny painting, ngurna ngurruj punya nyila na, ngurra. Yarti kujarra (murrkun ngu rili-ma). Nyawa kujarra-kari ngulu yuwani: warlu, nyila kamurra-la, nyila narranyjana, tupa; narrinyjila nyila; yawu.

Nyila pawulyji kujarra, ngurrawiti. Murluwu-ma ngurra-ma, ngantawi-ma murluwu-ma, papart ngulu waninya nyawarni kayirra compound-ta. Ngantipanguny jawiji nyampa, jaju ngunyarri, waninya ngulu purrp. Nangari-wu pungki-wu too: jaju, jawiji. Ngawa-ma karrawarra ngulu karrinya, kanyjurra, compound-ta. Nyawa na nguyina yarti-waji. Pirrkap ngurna mani. Ngayu na ngurna yuwani: wartayi! Nguyilu ngungu na. Marntaj kuyany punyuk yuwani, yarti-waji-ma nyila-ma. Nyununy-ma jawiji, jaju-wu, nyampawu, ngunyarri nyila-ma yarti-witi: pawulyji kujarra-ma. Kuya nguyi marni. Yalangka na ngurra-ma.

Punya ngurna karrinya kawurru: ngayiny kawurru, punya ngurna karrinya, nyamurna nyila-ma pirrkap-ma mani, nyawa-ma, ngayiny-ku nungkiying-ku. Yijarni – punyu ngurna karrinya kawurru ngayiny-ma, nyamurna pirrkap mani nyilarra-ma, yalangka-ma.

All the countrymen – the old men, old ladies – used to stay down here [at the Victoria River bed]. They stayed right there. It was a narrow place a long time ago and people used to stay there. It was a living area for quite a way [down the river]. We had our windbreaks [humpies made of branches and leaves] there and everything, for a lot of people. Warnkuk is the name of that place at Police Hole, there further down [downhill from the interview place at Kalkaringi].

This is what I put in my painting. I depicted that camp. There were two big shady (*pawulyji*) trees [and a third further down]. I put the two trees, a fire here in the middle, a windbreak there [above], a turtle and that fish.

It was a living area, that place. They all used to come and stay down here: a lot of people used come and stay to the north at the [welfare] compound. Our grandfathers, grannies, great-grandparents, they all came and stayed there – Nangari Pungki's [Marie King's] grandparents too. This is what the picture is about. I did it and people said: 'Wow!' They liked it. 'It's well done that painting about your grandfather, granny, great-grandmother and whatever other relatives, and those two *pawulyji* trees.' That's what they said. 'It's really that place!'

I felt good when I made this picture. I had a contented feeling when I painted it, thinking about my relatives. It's true – I felt good when I showed these things at that place.

Ena Oscar Majalpula Nanaku, Sarah Oscar Yanyjingali Nanaku, Biddy Wavehill Yamawurr Nangala, Violet Wadrill Nanaku, and Connie Mosquito Ngarmeiye Nangala at Tiniwanypa (Clear Hole) 2014
Courtesy of Penny Smith.

Resilient spirit

Penny Smith

For my *kapuku,* Connie Mosquito Ngarmeiye Nangala (1940–2016)

17 December 2016
Today is one of remembrance. The people of Kalkaringi and Daguragu are observing a Sorry Day in honour of the passing of an artist, Connie Mosquito Ngarmeiye Nangala, whose painting depicting scenes of 'life in the blacks camp' hangs in *Still in my mind*. She was a very special *kajirri* (old woman) and, according to the skin name bestowed on me by the old women, my nominal *kapuku* (sister). Family and friends gathered by her bedside during the night to comfort her in her last hours. A Gurindji/Mudburra woman, Connie's spirit embodied resilience, courage, grit, determination, and the capacity to forgive. These same traits distinguish each of her artistic peers.

Born on Jinparrak (Old Wave Hill Station) in 1940, Connie suffered a life of adversity, pain and sorrow. Yet, in the six years that I knew her, she always radiated joy, humour, compassion and intellect. She brought up many children, black and white.

Connie and the *kajirri* and *marluka* (old men) of her generation are the reason for the existence of Karungkarni Art and Culture Aboriginal Corporation, which I have had the privilege of managing since we formed it together in 2011. Their overwhelming desire to tell their stories through paint, word, ceremony and song forms the core and strength of this organisation. The older artists exhibiting in *Still in my mind* are from this unique group of people who spent much of their young lives working as stockmen and domestic servants on Wave Hill Cattle Station. The younger artists are direct family for these elders.

When I first met Connie, we sat together on the ground outside the Kalkaringi Store and talked. She refused to enter Kalkaringi's fledgling art centre. Scarred by her experience of *kartiya* (white people) as the carpetbaggers – untrustworthy, unreliable, corrupt and incompetent – she was wary of being fleeced by an unscrupulous 'art dealer'. Aboriginal people in the area have a history of being deceived and persecuted by the ruthless men of the Vestey Company and the even more brutal men who ravaged the region before Vesteys. The events that comprise *Yijarni: True stories from Gurindji country* illuminate the reasons behind generations of mistrust. It took 12 months of convincing Connie for her to enter the art centre and start to paint. From then on, she never missed a day there until her final hospitalisation.

Her first painting was a representation of *mintaarraj*, a water lily that grows in nearby waterholes. The completed canvas is a symphony of exhilarating colour, magenta, oranges, yellows and greens. How is it that a woman who suffered such hardship could create such a mesmerising expression of joyous colour, texture and movement on a blank canvas with a few pots of paint, a tatty brush and a small stick?

In the recesses of her mind were many memories, distinct fragments, recollections of stories and a lifestyle from days gone by. Her paintings resurrected those stories, restructuring the past. The painted design, in this case a botanically accurate cross-sectional sketch of the flower, stem, bulbs and roots of the waterlily, is one of a series of means through which to enable the transfer of knowledge to younger generations of Gurindji. Throughout the days and weeks that the artists produce their paintings, they are visited by daughters, sons, nieces and grandchildren.

Through this social interaction, details of the symbolic narrative are described and translated. The younger generations learn which designs they are permitted to paint and which are taboo.

Sadly, Connie was one of a finite and shrinking group of Aboriginal men and women who form the thread linking the younger generations and the wider world to a truly fascinating and complex culture and history.

As children, they were taught by their mothers, fathers, and their elders to observe keenly; they were taught to listen in a way that ensured they would remember vivid details; they were taught to remember so that they could accurately relate their people's stories and knowledge to their children. They had no recourse to written language, no photography to aid memory. They were totally reliant on their capacity to remember and retell through song, yarn and the ritual of ceremony. Some of these stories may have existed for many generations, possibly thousands of years.

By the time Connie was born, life for Aboriginal people in the Victoria River District had already changed irretrievably. The immense cattle stations had wreaked havoc on the land – decimating water sources; all but annihilating grasses, plants and trees bearing seeds, fruit and nutrition; eradicating native animals; and almost extinguishing cultural law and practice.

Because the cattle stations no longer required the Aboriginal labour force during the wet season, they ceased the supply of rations, took back clothing, and dismissed the workers. For Connie and her peers, this meant a return to the land and to the traditional practices of hunting and fishing, and gathering food and medicine from the bush. Using their ingenuity to survive on the diminishing resources still available to them on the land, the tribes travelled to safe places along the rivers. Arrival of the rains signalled that it was time to commence the rituals associated with ceremony.

Had the extreme conditions of the wet season not been so unproductive for the pastoral industry, the station work may have continued and Aboriginal people of the Wave Hill region would not have had the opportunity to maintain such a strong connection to their traditional culture. Although much has been lost with the passing of each generation, surviving custodians of knowledge desperately want to see the stories and culture continue.

Painting on canvas is one contemporary medium through which Gurindji elders choose to pass on their stories, and the art centre assists in this. Providing these artists with a few tools, canvas and some acrylic paint enables them to unlock a treasure trove of knowledge. As the artwork flourishes so too does the discourse around the subject matter. The dot-painting style of the Gurindji artists is precise, rhythmic and methodical. Days and often weeks are consumed in the completion of a painting. As they paint, artists tend to speak together about their artworks in Gurindji language rather than the more conversational broken English or Gurindji Kriol that exists in the region. This is presumably because it allows them to more faithfully reveal the depth of information held within the sophisticated symbolic representation of the painting design. 'Hard' Gurindji language is a key to unlocking past references and connections. By working communally, the group's discussion and banter frequently corrects uncertain

information and recovers lost language. At times, the most powerful information held within the painting cannot be represented visually, lest dire consequences follow.

Indigenous people everywhere are renowned for their strong oral traditions and the encoding of information through dance, ritual and the singing of navigational tracks through the land. As indicated by the research of neuroscientists Edvard and May-Britt Moser, recipients of the 2014 Nobel Prize for Medicine, the human brain associates memory with place, and more specifically, a sequence of places within the landscape.

Indeed, returning to the land is a great inspiration for the Gurindji artists.

When the Karungkarni troop carrier leaves the narrow bitumen highway, it follows a red dirt track. Conversation in the back of the 'troopie' becomes more animated. Accents become thicker, less English and Gurindji Kriol are spoken, and there is an outpouring in hard Gurindji. Occasionally, a song in Gurindji language resonates from the passengers in the back of the vehicle; the tapping of two fingers represents the action of ceremonial clapsticks. Laughter, gestures and insider jokes are directed at the *kartiya* who were the key figures of their shared history. No longer around, these cruel white men are still clearly visible in the minds of the men and women.

To produce the series of artworks for the history book *Yijarni* and the subsequent exhibition *Still in my mind,* the Karungkarni artists travelled the dirt tracks of the vast cattle station along with storytellers, traditional owners, rangers, family and the project team. They witnessed firsthand each significant location where events described in the book had occurred. As they walked through long grass where their ancestors fled, scraped their fingers in sand to elicit clear water, and caressed stained rocks where men, women and children were burned, so memories returned of their daily life and their fears before the Wave Hill Walk-Off. In the intimacy of the surrounding landscape, the storytellers confirmed details of new information with the listeners.

The *Yijarni* project concluded with a three-day artists' camp at a long-favoured campsite at Warrijkuny (Sambo Rockhole) on the Victoria River. Here, a string of deep waterholes endowed with beauty offer a rich source of food: fish and turtle are plentiful, birdlife is abundant, and paperbark and cluster figs grow along the banks.

Listening to oral recordings became a powerful stimulus for the artists' creation of their paintings. As they sat silently around the fire in the rocky riverbed at Warrijkuny, lit only by the moon and the Milky Way, the recordings in their own language brought to life associations from their past, including the characters and events from the stories. Some of the stories of their experiences of station life were too grim to record in paint, and possibly still too raw for them to depict. Once again, the most powerful narratives are not being depicted through visual representation in paint, but they, like my *kapuku* Connie, are certainly not being forgotten.

Gurindji images on my mind

Hannah Middleton

The image most Australians know of the Gurindji Wave Hill Walk-Off is Prime Minister Gough Whitlam pouring earth into the hands of Vincent Lingiari. The images in my mind from 47 years ago are often different, revealing the complexities and contradictions in an image seen from different perspectives.

That picture is true but there was and is a human dimension, real men and women in struggle, which always comes into my mind.

The initiative, consistent courage, dignity, perseverance, patience and determination of the Gurindji to win the struggle for their land was amazing. Bribes, trickery, delaying tactics, threats and every other manoeuvre that could be dreamed up did not deter them.

Lingiari was a strong leader of his people. But I remember him from when I was at Daguragu and suffering from sharp homesickness; he sat with his arm round me and told me stories of the cattle camps of his younger years until I cheered up.

There are only two people in the iconic image, but the Walk-Off had other leaders not pictured here. Not enough is known of Pincher Nyurrmiari, the strong, respected law man, a traditionalist who loved jokes; or Long John Kijngayari, the hawk-faced disciplinarian who would slip me money to play cards; or Donald Nangiari, the cattle boss who loved horses. And there were others too, of course.

The Gurindji men had lost their jobs on the cattle stations: abused and exploited as they were, they had had huge pride in their skills and had been able to move across their land constantly. Now they were sitting down and were sometimes depressed and demoralised. They were heroes, but they were human.

They were the ones who met the constant stream of government representatives, and yet always remained courteous, patient and implacable.

Officials often brought a bribe and/or threat. The Gurindji senior men would listen politely, encouragingly. The officials would brighten, thinking they were succeeding. When they had finished, Lingiari or another leader would thank them and then explain simply why they wanted their land back. They would never be moved from their agenda, their vision of the future. And the officials would leave crestfallen.

Where are the women in that iconic image? Missing, as they are throughout almost all the narratives of the Walk-Off. Yet, when I lived at Daguragu, they were the strongest.

The women still had their many tasks – cooking, cleaning, fetching wood and water, washing, caring for children, and so forth. They were solid about staying at Daguragu, staying on their land.

And their dreams and hopes were rooted in these realities. They wanted access to more baby clothes and shoes. They wanted mirrors in the shower blocks and double beds. They wanted a communal laundry and a communal kitchen. They wanted a water tap in every house. And they wanted flowers to make Daguragu pretty.

The image of Whitlam and Lingiari shows no flowers. There are still none in 2017. But one day, there will be flowers at Daguragu.

Images and memories

Lyn Riddett

A warning: I was told quite a few times at Daguragu: 'Nangala, you think too much in your brains...'

I eventually understood I was being taught: 'Let things happen; feel things; absorb the experiences here; listen to what we have to teach you; stop asking so many questions (!)'

I'm hoping I will not do too much thinking in my brains here.

Beginning with what comes to mind, what is then in my mind, not (importantly) on my mind.

Arriving at Wave Hill Settlement after a two-day flight from Melbourne in a small plane; standing under a casuarina outside the school, leaning against a fence, exhausted and amazed, watching the hubbub as Frank Hardy and other companions from the trip talked to the men who had come from Daguragu to greet them; a man (later identified as Yana) came up to me and gave me his infant son to hold. Day one of a whole new life...

Sitting on the ground in our camp, morning tea time, and my granny Bul [Blanche Bulngari] teaching me who I am and how I relate to other people at Daguragu and elsewhere in the country, and how to address people correctly – 'you call 'im ... that bin because he your uncle...' and so on, until everyone was placed and I was placed properly in relation to them.

Camping at No. 1 Bore on Wave Hill Station with my grannies, Bul and Pincher [Nyurrmiari]– in a cold bleak time on a black soil plain – Bul's country, she so wanted to go there and sit down for a few days. We forgot the matches! Bul taught me how to make fire with two sticks.

On another piece of high ground to the west of Daguragu, early evening, people spread around in small family groups. We watched Wadiril carry fire between two sticks from one camp fire to another – it was windy!

Another camp-out, during the time the VRD [Victoria River District] mob fenced a big horse paddock for Vincent, cold weather time. The women made a wonderfully dry wet-weather camp: dug channels in the ground to carry water away from the swags; laid grasses down under the swags to help keep us dry. It rained for days.

After the first visit, flying from Wave Hill Station to Darwin on a Connellan plane, flying over the country, hearing the children singing the songs they had sung at the Darwin Eisteddfod. To the west of Daguragu, a tree on a hill...

left:
Hannah Middleton with unidentified woman 1970
Courtesy of Hannah Middleton and
State Library of New South Wales

below:
Josepha Nangari Nampin and Lyn Riddett, Brisbane, December 1970
Courtesy of Lyn Riddett.

Tanya McConvell, her son Adam, and Tommy Ngalnguny at Nangkurru [Nongra] Lake, a salty lake near the top of the Tanami Desert c. 1975
Courtesy of Patrick McConvell.

Big things at Daguragu
Remembering the Gurindji strike

Tanya McConvell

The people at Daguragu had all been fighting for a safe base, one that nobody could take again, for people from different groups. They had built an amazing village: there was shelter, a central eating and meeting area, a store, a bakery, showers, toilets, gardens and a cool room. They had drawn up town plans for housing compatible with their social organisation. There were no straight rows – why live in lines? There were plans for a sports ground, and a school with their own teachers, and a clinic with their own nurses, maybe even their own doctor. They already had a women's centre. They had attracted the attention, through the student campaigns in the south, of people working on solar power. The place was going to be powered by the sun and they were going to trial solar-powered motorbikes to get around the bush.

Already on this piece of taken-back land, everybody had a job. There were cleaners, gardeners, shop assistants, cooks, bakers, garbos, teachers, musicians, artists, story-tellers, comedians, childcare workers, nursing assistants, horse-breakers, drovers, ringers, jackaroos, jillaroos, meatworkers, butchers, fishers, shooters, mechanics, carpenters, fencers, builders and miners. They were the Murramulla Gurindji Mining and Cattle Company – there just wasn't a boss. They wanted control of their collective economic relationship with the occupier. They knew they had to have some sort of relationship. English had been no problem; they had already added it to the four or five other languages they spoke. The stupid press in the south had been surprised – impressed – that Captain Major Lupngagiari could crack jokes in English. Peter Nixon from the Department of Aboriginal Affairs had reacted to the people's demand for their land with the suggestion that they should buy it – then it would 'really' belong to them. A journalist in a press conference during the campaign suggested that option. Lupngagiari said maybe the people could pay the cattle station owners a little flour, sugar and tea; after all, that was what *they* had got for it!

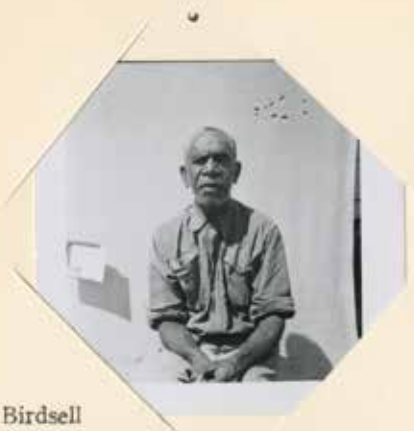
There are so many stories from this time – some funny, some sad. The women had been surprised to see milk dribbling out of my titty. They had never seen that happen with a white woman. They didn't tell me straight away; they were very polite. And they had fed every white child on every station, so they thought we didn't have any milk. We laughed together, but the bosses had milked them – literally. After I'd been there a while, they asked me if I knew why some women only had one baby. You can guess what was happening. People were forcibly taken to the hospital, forcibly given anaesthetic, forcibly given caesareans. Then their tubes were tied. As a result, women were hiding their pregnancies from nurses at the Wave Hill settlement.

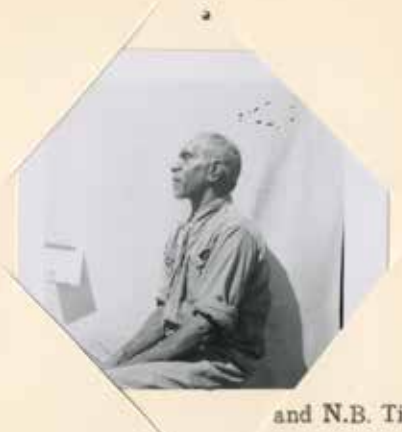
There was this time when I was sitting down with Pincher Nyurrmiari and I discovered that everybody was calling the UK 'Big England'. I couldn't really argue, but I managed a few weeks later to get a map of the world. I showed them England and I showed them Australia. Pincher laughed. From then on, it was called 'Little England'.

I had work, too. I could read and write English, so I could read letters and take down what people wanted to send. I could add numbers, so I could work with the young women so they could run the store themselves. They taught me to fish, so I could contribute to the fresh food supply. I could work with the health workers doing colour codes for names, medicine and doses.

It was an amazing place.

No R 1317 Name Jack Bongiyari Sex M Age (55-60) Effage F.B.





J.B. Birdsell and N.B. Tindale

University of California (Los Angeles) and University of Adelaide
Anthropological Expedition, 1952-1954

Loc. Inverway Tribe Djaru x Kaviondji Date 13 April, 1954 Remarks (over)

No R 1337 Name Monkey Marngi Sex M Age (28-29) Effage F.B.

J.B. Birdsell and N.B. Tindale

University of California (Los Angeles) and University of Adelaide
Anthropological Expedition, 1952-1954

Loc. Inverway Tribe ¼ Wanajira Date 16 April, 1954 Remarks (over)

× ½ Walpiri × ¼ Djaru

The carbines were talking English

Violence and language in the colonisation of Gurindji country

Felicity Meakins

It's no use mincing matters, the Martini-Henry carbines at this critical moment were talking English.

—Mounted Constable W. H. Willshire describing a killing that occurred in 1894 at Black Gin Creek, southern part of the Victoria River District.[1]

The statement by Willshire cited above recognises that aggression and language were intrinsically linked in the early days of colonisation. The wave of violence that hit the Victoria River District in the early 1860s was accompanied by an equally devastating wave of English language imperialism. The languages of this region – Gurindji, Ngarinyman, Bilinarra, Mudburra and Malngin – were irrevocably transformed by English and indigenised varieties of English, such as the pidgin spoken on the newly established cattle stations. This change in the linguistic landscape of the Victoria River District mirrored the shift in the use of Australian languages underway across the entire continent. Today, of the approximately 300 languages that were spoken at first contact, only around 18 remain strong.

First contact with *kartiya* (non-Indigenous people) in the Victoria River District was a brutal period. Wave Hill Station was established on Gurindji land by Nat Buchanan in 1882, and the first murder documented by pastoralists occurred shortly after. Buchanan's son, Gordon, recorded in his 1933 memoirs that Sam Croker shot a Gurindji man in the back for trying to take a bucket in the early 1880s.[2] Killings of individuals and groups increased as more and more Gurindji land was taken for grazing. Many deaths were justified as retaliation against the Gurindji for spearing cattle. The establishment of the Gordon Creek Police Station in 1894 did little to stop the violence. Willshire, the first policeman posted there, arrived from Alice Springs with a murderous reputation, and his brutality continued unchecked. The attitude to the Gurindji and other Indigenous people in the region changed in the early 1900s when station managers realised they were a potential source of free labour. By 1901, Wave Hill Station had a 'blacks camp'. The station afforded the Gurindji some peace, but managers provided Gurindji workers and their families with no pay, little food, substandard accommodation, and poor access to water and sanitation. Children with European fathers were taken away from their Gurindji families from 1911 onwards, some never reunited. These injustices provided the catalyst to the 1966 Walk-Off from Wave Hill Station.

This period had a devastating effect on Gurindji and other languages. Most obviously, Gurindji lost large numbers of speakers to the killings. In addition, pidgin English, which later developed into Kriol, became the lingua franca among *kartiya* and *ngumpit* (Indigenous people), but also between different *ngumpit* groups. Language also played a more subtle role in the early colonial enterprise in descriptions of the first encounters. Through language and its associated literacy practices and technologies – letters, diaries, newspaper editorials, telegrams and radio – *kartiya* controlled how *ngumpit*, and encounters with them, were perceived by the new nation. Early frontiers were

left:
Norman Tindale
AA346/4/22/1 Inverway Station sociological data cards R1317 Jack Bongiyari [Old Limbunya Jack Pingkiyarri Jurlama] 1954
South Australian Museum

AA346/4/22/1 Inverway Station sociological data cards R1337 Monkey Marngi [Thomas Monkey Yikapayi Jungurra] 1954
South Australian Museum

often constructed as places of violent inevitability where death and assimilation were unavoidable consequences of racial superiority and economic necessity. English, and its mastery, was just another weapon in the colonial artillery that ensured that Indigenous perspectives remained silent.

In *kartiya* accounts, depictions of *ngumpit* ranged from heartless cannibals to a people dying from their own evolutionary inferiority. Euphemisms for the violence, such as 'dispersal' and 'punitive expeditions', were commonplace. Choices in sentence structure also favoured the perspective of early colonists by downplaying their actions. For example, descriptions of massacres, such as the quote from Willshire above, gave voice to the weapon rather than acknowledging the agency of the person wielding the revolver or rifle. Another example comes from Gordon Buchanan's memoir: 'The rifles spoke in a resounding crash – and in a flash the darkies camp was tenantless.'[3] The common use of passive sentences also concealed the identity of perpetrators. For instance, in another account of a murder at the hand of Sam Croker, Buchanan says 'they found a large party of black marauders, who made off when they were fired upon'.[4] No mention of Croker or others are made in such sentences.

More recently, a number of anthropological and historical commentaries from Deborah Bird Rose,[5] Darrell Lewis,[6] and Ronald and Catherine Berndt[7] privilege the Gurindji perspective through extended quotes and interviews. For the first time, Gurindji voices can be heard in writings on this period of history. However, because these accounts are given in Kriol or pidgin English, which is not the first language of Gurindji people, they are often halting and fragmented, and require intense interrogation to be understood. By contrast, in the 2016 book *Yijarni: True stories from Gurindji country*,[8] Gurindji commentators give accounts of colonial times in the richness of their own language. *Yijarni* contains compelling and detailed oral accounts of the decades of massacres and killings, stolen children, and other abuses by early colonists that led to the Walk-Off. English translations are provided to broaden the audience for these accounts.

Viewed through Gurindji eyes, first contact was catastrophic. The euphemisms favoured in *kartiya* accounts are all but absent in *Yijarni*. Descriptions of events by Gurindji commentators such as Pincher Nyurrmiari, Ronnie Wavehill and Jimmy Manngayarri are painfully candid. Verbs such as *wapurr* (take over, invade), *kujilirli* (massacre, slaughter), and *wurlatarr* (exterminate, wipe out) are employed in accounts of the early colonial days. *Kartiya* themselves are sometimes labelled as *kaya* (monsters) and *puka* (rotten). More subtly, other uses of language, such as pronoun dropping, also reveal the Gurindji estimation of the new arrivals on their country. Similar to *-s* subject agreement in English, Gurindji pronouns are word endings that cross-reference subjects and objects in sentences; for example, 'The man$_{SUBJ}$ dig-s$_{SUBJ}$ a hole.' Equivalent pronouns in Gurindji mostly cross-reference human actors, but are also used in other genres such as *Puwarraja* or Dreamtime narratives to confer higher levels of sentience to inanimate objects and animals. In the case of stories involving perpetrators of violence and other injustices, these pronouns are often dropped, which has the effect of denying perpetrators their humanity. These pronouns are regularly absent in stories in *Yijarni* about the invasion of Gurindji

country, the Stolen Generations, and early station life; arguably, their omission conveys the savagery and animalism of many early colonists.[9]

Another use of language in the colonial narratives of *Yijarni* can also be interpreted as reflecting the morality of characters; in this case, language switching between Gurindji and Kriol in dialogues. Erika Charola, co-editor of *Yijarni*, notes that exchanges between *kartiya* and *ngumpit* in *Yijarni* can involve *kartiya* speech reported in the Gurindji narrator's most formal English, and *ngumpit* speech reported in Gurindji.[10] Although the choice of languages seems natural given the ethnicity of the interlocutors, a deeper moral mapping of 'good' and 'bad' to Gurindji and English respectively may be at play. In one story told by Dandy Danbayarri, there is an exchange between a sympathetic *kartiya* policeman and a *ngumpit* police tracker, where the policeman reprimands the tracker for unnecessarily killing another *ngumpit.* In this dialogue, Dandy unexpectedly uses English to report the police tracker's speech, while the policeman's words are delivered in Gurindji. The choice of language for the *kartiya* and *ngumpit* dialogue seems unnatural unless the languages are seen to represent more than just the ethnic origin of the interlocutors, and a rather deeper moral code.

Which language to use and how to use it have been powerful choices in constructing Australian colonial history. Accounts of events in the Victoria River District have been dominated by the *kartiya* perspective. Up until recently, the use of English, the language of the colonial elite, has acted to exclude Gurindji voices from discussions of the past. Consequently, *kartiya* commentators have been able to control how events were interpreted, skewing historical accounts in their favour through selectively chosen words and sentence structures. In doing so, they were perpetuating the authority of the colonisers by justifying their actions. The power of language to shape history becomes more obvious when *kartiya* and *ngumpit* accounts are read alongside each other. The different uses of language by *kartiya* and *ngumpit* narrators illustrate the role of language in influencing how history is understood. If Australian history is to be truly represented from an Indigenous perspective, then the inclusion of Indigenous voices is clearly not enough. Rather, historical accounts must be given in the first languages of Indigenous historians and witnesses. In many cases, this is now English, but in many other cases, they are the first languages of Australia.

1. W. H. Willshire, *The land of the dawning: Being facts gleaned from cannibals in the Australian Stone Age* (Adelaide: W. K. Thomas Co., 1896), 41.
2. Gordon Buchanan, *Packhorse and waterhole* (Sydney: Angus and Robertson, 1933).
3. Ibid., 162–163.
4. Ibid., 37–38.
5. Deborah Bird Rose, *Hidden histories: Black stories from Victoria River Downs, Humbert River and Wavehill Stations* (Canberra: Aboriginal Studies Press, 1991).
6. Darrell Lewis, *A wild history: Life and death on the Victoria River frontier* (Melbourne: Monash University, 2012).
7. Ronald M. Berndt and Catherine H. Berndt, *End of an era: Aboriginal labour in the Northern Territory* (Canberra: AIAS, 1986).
8. Erika Charola and Felicity Meakins, eds., *Yijarni: True stories from Gurindji country* (Canberra: Aboriginal Studies Press, 2016).
9. Felicity Meakins, "Not obligatory: Bound pronoun variation in Gurindji and Bilinarra," *Asia-Pacific Language Variation* 1, no. 2 (2015): 128–161.
10. Charola and Meakins, *Yijarni*, 215.

(Charlie) Pincher Nyurrmiari Janama,
Patrick McConvell and
Adam McConvell 1974
Courtesy of Patrick McConvell.

I was born in England...

Patrick McConvell

I was born in England and I went to the School of Oriental and African Studies (SOAS), University of London, to do my Bachelor of Arts (Honours) in Anthropology and Linguistics from 1966 to 1969. A few years later, I became aware of the strike movement at Daguragu, after Cheryl Buchanan[1] came to SOAS and gave a talk that focused on land rights and the strike movement in 1973. The talk by Buchanan was very much in my mind when I applied for the job at the (then) Australian Institute of Aboriginal Studies. On receiving my application, the person in charge of the linguistic research programmes at Australian Institute of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Studies, Bob Dixon, said, 'We'll send you to Broome.' Then he changed his mind a while later and said, 'No, no. You won't go to Broome. ... I want you to work on Mudburra, so you'll go to Elliott.'

So I went to Elliott and started work on Mudburra. I just camped by the side of the road and got to know some of the Aboriginal people [who] came and talked to me. I got the tape recorder out and started work. Elliott was a heavily racist joint at the time. One of the Aboriginal guys who had been talking to me came up to me one evening and said, 'What do you reckon about this place, Elliott? Good or not?' I didn't like to say anything because it was his home. There was a silence and then he said, 'No good, hey?' I said, 'Yeah, I think you're right.' He said, 'You want to go to a good place?' I said, 'Yes.' 'Yeah, well, I know a good place. Daguragu.' So we hopped in the car and we went and that was it. I rolled into Daguragu.

Over the years, the government has always tried to pull back on funding and support for Daguragu and it's always been kind of resisted by the community. When I was there in the 1970s, people wanted to have a school at Daguragu. And that was opposed by the government because the school was already being built up at Kalkaringi. And all the government people wanted to put everything into Kalkaringi. I never saw it quite the way Frank Hardy saw it, but I know there was a feeling among people that they shouldn't give up on Daguragu because it's an important place for a number of reasons.

At one stage, Daguragu was quite thriving: it had a big shop, a bakery, a childcare and a health centre. It had more or less everything that Kalkaringi had, but it was gradually whittled down over the years.

They thought they were going to have a Daguragu station. It was going to be run by blackfellas in the blackfella way. Of course, that wasn't allowed. The federal government at some stage stepped in and said, no, you've got to have a cattle consultant. But those in the community were saying 'we can have our own people doing all jobs'; they did think – and quite justifiably – that they knew about cattle. They wanted to run things sort of through a family system. The cattle consultant came in and said, 'No, look, the budget only allows for nine workers on this station. Because we have to pay each one of them award wages and so on.' ... I could understand where he was coming from. The federal government brought in a white cattle manager ... quite a reasonable bloke in a number of ways ... but he'd be saying, 'This is the way we've got to do it', and in the end some people just walked away and said, 'If that's the way they're going to run it, I don't want to be in it.'

1. Cheryl Buchanan, a Guwamu (Kooma) woman, is a long-standing Aboriginal rights activist, writer and publisher. She was involved in the Aboriginal Tent Embassy in 1972 and has lectured extensively on Indigenous rights.

17 Gurindji men with their signboard which Frank Hardy wrote at the request of Vincent Lingiari and Pincher Manguari

top:
Gurindji men with their signboard which Frank Hardy wrote at the request of Vincent Lingiari and Pincher Nyurrmiari 1966
Courtesy of Robin Jeffrey and the estate of Bill Jeffrey.
[Originally reproduced in Frank Hardy, *The Unlucky Australians* (Melbourne: Thomas Nelson (Australia) Ltd, 1968), in which (Charlie) Pincher Nyurrmiari Janama was incorrectly identified as Pincher Manguari.]

Galia Hardy, Alan Hardy, Keir Reeves, Peter Hudson, Shirley Hardy-Rix, Ben Mountford, Brian Rix, 50th anniversary of Wave Hill Walk-Off, August 2016
Courtesy of Benjamin Mountford and the Hardy family.

He found a connection with the Gurindji

Alan Hardy

In 1966, my father Frank Hardy came to the Northern Territory to escape debt, uncertainty, and writer's block. He found a connection with the Gurindji. And history tells us where that led.

I read his book *The Unlucky Australians* and was aware of his enormous efforts on behalf of the Gurindji. However, as a typically self-absorbed young man of my time, while I loved and admired my father, my life issues were far more important to me than my father's work for the Gurindji. I had no connection with them.

My father passed away in 1994. It was at his funeral that I first made my own connection, when Mick Rangiari and Michael Paddy came all the way to Melbourne to be with us. Mick greeted me with great warmth and emotion, hugging me like a long-lost son. I was initially taken aback but quickly responded to his deeply genuine feelings. It opened my connection to the Gurindji, Daguragu and Kalkaringi, the Victoria River and Wattie Creek.

My wife Galia and I visited later that year on the first of many visits I have made with family and friends over the years.

I have many fond memories of those times.

I recall sitting on the dry bed of the Victoria River with Mick a couple of months after Frank's funeral. Mick, in his always spotless white shirt, told Galia and me that my father was here with us now. We couldn't see him but he could. It was a very emotional moment. I still get a shivery feeling when I think about it. He also told us that Frank, since his passing, sometimes came to him while he was having his shower, always smoking his pipe.

I recall being taken to the sacred place at Seale Gorge by Mick and Billy Bunter. I remember Mick calling out in language as we got close to tell the spirits he was bringing us in; would that be okay? An extraordinary experience.

So, while my visits have been many, they have been spread over 20-plus years. My involvement with the Gurindji people and their land, beginning with my father, has resulted in a connection I feel more strongly than ever.

I know my father felt that his work fighting for the Gurindji to reclaim their land was the most important thing he ever did. I don't have his special brand of political and literary skills, but beginning with him, and because of him, my family and I have a connection dating back to 1966. It's still going strong – over 50 years later and counting.

In 2006, I wrote the following text to accompany artist Peter Hudson's powerful triptych *The Storytellers* that portrays Frank, Vincent Lingiari, and singer-songwriters Kev Carmody and Paul Kelly:

> Author Frank Hardy came to the Northern Territory to restore his spirit and find the ability to tell stories that he had lost. He found his spirit with Vincent and the Gurindji and he told their story to the world which helped the return of their lost land. Paul Kelly and Kev Carmody put the story to music. So a new generation now know how the small miracle happened.
>
> From little things big things grow.[1]

1. Peter Hudson painted these words onto a small board that was placed alongside the triptych; it is now part of the work. The painting was exhibited in 2006 in Hudson's solo exhibition *(Ownership), 40th anniversary of the Wave Hill Walk-Off* at Caloundra Regional Gallery, Queensland. For more information on Hudson, see https://www.peterhudsonart.com/index.html.

Vincent Lingiari and family, including his son Victor Vincent and wife Topsy Dodd Ngarnjal 1975
Courtesy of Rob Wesley-Smith.

I heard Vincent Lingiari make that comment…

Rob Wesley-Smith

I heard Vincent Lingiari make that comment when Whitlam dribbled sand into his hand, but the 50th-year anniversary of the Wave Hill Walk-Off, aided by Charlie Ward's book *A Handful of Sand*, has brought the Gurindji back into my mind.

My wife Jan and I read Frank Hardy's book *The Unlucky Australians*, so in late 1970, we went down to Daguragu. When we drove into the Daguragu camp, these figures from his book emerged, invited us to stay, and we just hugged each other in delight.

We got to know these old leaders and generous mother figures who looked after us so well, and some kids, and we read and wrote letters for them.

I recognised that photos taken in those years would be valuable archival records, but some were lost during Cyclone Tracy in 1974. Many Gurindji who came to Darwin stayed with us, including the first students at Kormilda College, five girls, and Vincent and Blanche – she had never seen Katherine, let alone the sea.

The first Murramulla Gurindji cattle company directors were Moira Gibbs, Brian Manning, and myself, just to get it started. The first cattle for Daguragu came via the Gurindji giving me $2,000 to buy some. Transport was extra, but my department head Barry Hart agreed we could use the farm truck.

We witnessed the first use of their prized brand GDT (Gurindji Daguragu Territory). Barry also agreed to transfer the cattle that were no longer wanted from Katherine Experiment Farm to Daguragu. Jerry [a cattleman/Rinyngayarri] took me on a horse ride to see them.

Another supportive senior public servant, Bill Tinapple, was determined to drill the bore for Gurindji and Wave Hill close to Daguragu, despite administrative pressure. And the crucial PR support of *NT News* editor Jim Bowditch shouldn't be forgotten.

Abschol people, like Rob and Kay Oke, Jean Culley and David Quin, did a lot to pioneer support for the Gurindji. Jan and I were there when an Abschol delegation arrived hoping to get on the record a statement of support for a 'no lease' position. After some discussion, they left, and Vincent said: 'Let's apply for the lease.' We wrote it together in front of the crowd.

Judge Dick Ward said 'It looks OK', and the lease came back to Daguragu, and we got thumbprints on a typed version, which was sent to Vesteys as well as the government. It was a step towards proper land rights, as without a legal title, the government would not put in a water supply, health clinic, school, and other services.

I marvel about what the Gurindji achieved with the measured, wise counsel of Vincent, the more adventurous Pincher Nyurrmiari and Mick Rangiari, Captain Major Lupngagiari, and the others. I feel privileged to have known them all.

A blast from the past

Brian T. Manning

There was an expectation amongst Aboriginal workers that the 1965 application to vary the Cattle Industry Award by the North Australian Workers Union would at last grant them wage justice and remove laws which arbitrarily denied them equal value for equal work.

For a seven-day week, working from sun-up to sun-down, Aboriginal pastoral workers in the Northern Territory were paid around 3 pounds 6 shillings ($7.00) when white workers were paid around 23 pounds ($46.00). In addition, Aboriginal workers were to be fed in accordance with a schedule in the Wards Employment Ordinance, which provided for an adequate and varied nutritious diet.

Daily fare in the Wave Hill stock camps consisted of dry-salted beef, dry bread, tea and sugar. Employer advocates asserted that most Aboriginal workers were merely hose-holders, an inference that they were only capable of watering the vegetable garden on the station and therefore were not deserving of the same wage and conditions as non-Aboriginal workers.

Contrary to the argument expounded by many of the employers that Aborigines either couldn't handle money or alternatively had nothing to spend it on, there was eager anticipation amongst Aboriginal communities who would be able buy up on consumer goods: radios, record players, records, stockmen's outfits clothes and toys for their wives and kids and maybe even a second-hand motorcar when the travelling hawkers came round. In fact, many station stores stocked consumer goods and operated credit accounts, which dissipated what wage accumulation Aborigines might accrue.

Aborigines were arbitrarily bound to employers by a system of institutionalised poverty. Needless to say, in March 1966 when Arbitration Commission President John Moore handed down the decision that Aborigines should be paid equal wages but not for almost three years (to allow pastoralists breathing space to prepare for the change), they were variously dismayed, disappointed and downright angry.

The Northern Territory Council for Aboriginal Rights (NTCAR) was formed in December 1961 with a majority membership of Aboriginal people who were wards of the state/territory, with non-Aboriginal supporters. The organisation supported Aboriginal struggles for equality and actions against discrimination.

The Council for Aboriginal Rights had pressed the North Australian Workers Union (NAWU) to act on equal wages for all Aboriginal workers. The Cattle Industry Award, in which the NAWU was a respondent, covered the largest number of Aboriginal people.

Dexter Daniels was the NTCAR nominee to the position of Aboriginal Organiser in the NAWU. Bitterly disappointed about the outcome, he took the decision as a personal failure to deliver the goods as he had been building up the expectations of stockmen during his organising trips.

Dexter was in favour of widespread strike action in protest and on 1 May 1966, Newcastle Waters stockmen went on strike. When news of the strike hit the press, southern trade unions responded with financial support – wages struggle was an issue with which unionists easily identified. The main exploiters of skilled Aboriginal labour were the large absentee landlord holdings: Vesteys' Wave Hill and Australian

Estate's Victoria River Downs – at that time, the two largest properties in the Northern Territory.

At Wave Hill, NTCAR members Darwin wharfie Nick Pagonis and Roper River men Dexter Daniels and Clancy Roberts found Vincent Lingiari eager to take action; however, all the stockmen were away at the annual Vesteys' Negri Picnic Races near the West Australian border and no action could take place until their return. Nick wrote out a couple of telegrams for Vincent to send when the Gurindji decided to strike.

At that time, I was between jobs, waiting to pick up a casual job on the Darwin Waterfront and I had a small truck. NTCAR agreed that I should go with Dexter; official Union Organiser, Tiwi Man; Robert Tudawali, former football great and star of Charles Chauvel's film *Jedda*, who was Vice-President of NTCAR; and Kerry Gibbs, 14-year-old student son of NTCAR stalwarts George and Moira Gibbs.

We set out early the following morning and managed to get south of the Willeroo turnoff where we camped for the night. The road from Willeroo to Wave Hill was in the process of being rebuilt with a major upgrade under the federal government's National Beef Road development scheme. It was a horror stretch consisting of a series of temporary, heavily corrugated diversions, which could not be driven at great speed with my overloaded small truck. We crawled along most of the way between 15 and 20 miles per hour. We did not reach the strikers' camp in the dry bed of the Victoria River until 9.30 that night.

I will never forget the reaction to our arrival – there were nervous cries of 'Cudeba, cudeba [Kartipa, kartipa]!' [an old] Gurindji word for 'whitefellas'. White ringers from the station had been cruising the area, hoping to entice some of the women from the camp. In the tense atmosphere, this was harassment. As I turned onto the riverbed and drove slowly towards the camp, the people realised it was not a ringer's vehicle. An excited young Aboriginal lad climbed up onto the running board and called out that it was Dexter Daniels.

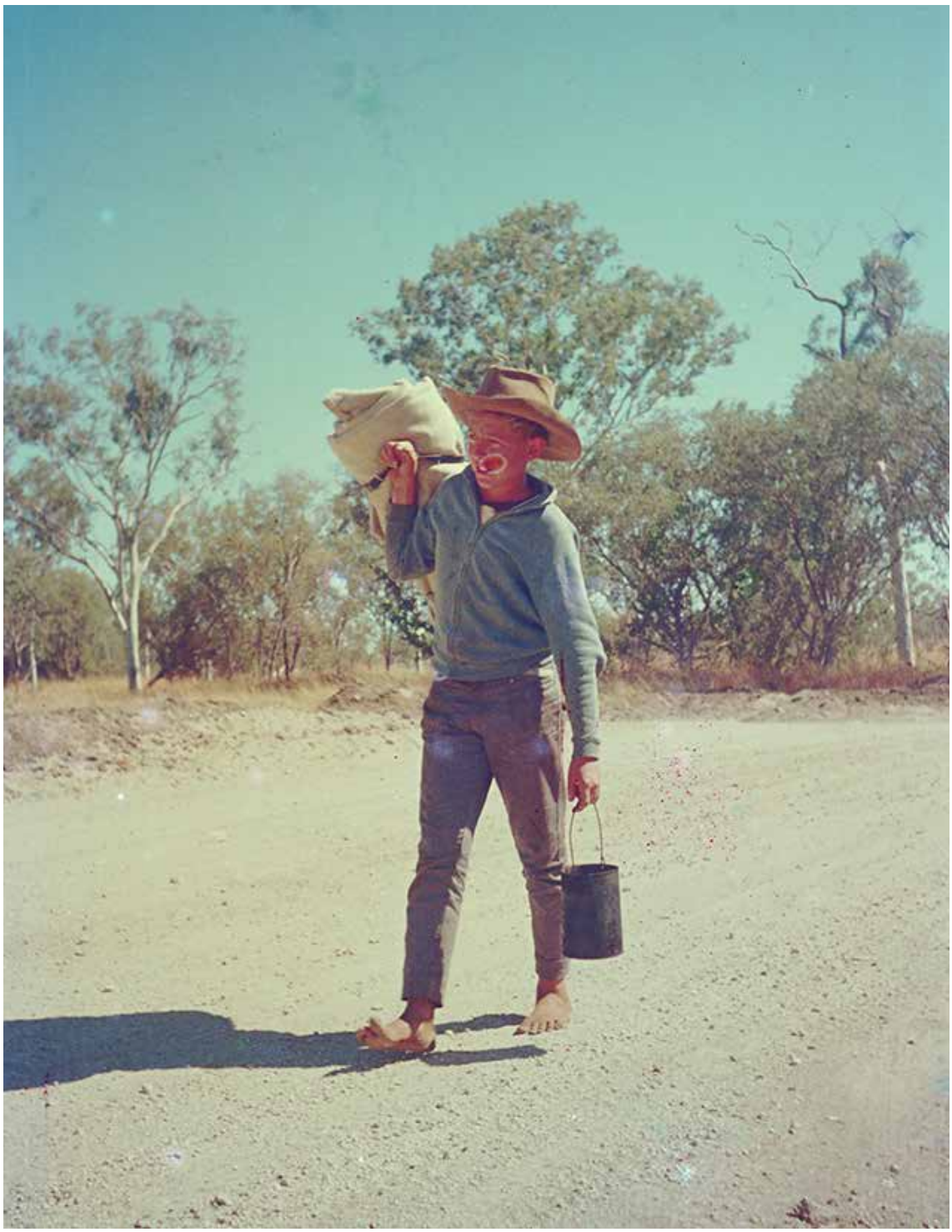
The nervous cries changed to loud and excited cheers from a swelling crowd around the truck. I could actually sense their relief in the realisation that they were no longer on their own as they had been on a prior occasion and the promise of support was now a reality.

That was when I first met Vincent Lingiari, a quietly spoken, dignified man who spoke with the confidence of a leader. 'It's good to see you. We been waiting for you fellas.'

Edited excerpt from "A blast from the past: An activist's account of the Wave Hill Walk-Off", 6th Vincent Lingiari Memorial Lecture, 23 August 2002, Charles Darwin University. The unabridged lecture can be found at http://indigenousrights.net.au/__data/assets/pdf_file/0011/384149/f81.pdf; further information on Vincent Lingiari Memorial Lectures can be found at http://www.cdu.edu.au/indigenous-leadership/vincent-lingiari..

Brian Manning, Jack Phillips, Jimmy Wavehill, 45th Gurindji Freedom Day, Kalkaringi 2011
Courtesy of Karyn Gaede.

Bedford truck en route to Wave Hill 1966
Courtesy of the estate of Brian Manning.



Kerry Gibbs, 14 years old, with swag en route to Wave Hill 1966
Courtesy of the estate of Brian Manning.

In the riverbed at dark time...

Kerry Gibbs

In the riverbed at dark time, I think we scared them, until Dexter [Daniels] spoke to the strikers. I don't remember if I met any of the Gurindji mob when they came to Darwin, but dad [George Gibbs][1] knew Captain Major [Lupngagiari] in the early 1950s.

I went in dad's place because there was some tension between Paddy Carroll and him because he had stood against Paddy the year before. Brian [Manning] was told, 'If George Gibbs has anything to do with this, forget NAWU [North Australian Workers Union] support.'

It really was the Northern Territory Council of Aboriginal Rights (NTCAR) that did the pushing of Paddy through Dexter Daniels being the NAWU representative. Dexter had told NTCAR about [striker] Billy Jampijinpa Bunter's letter to NAWU.

My mum [Moira] told me I had to ask all three men [Dexter Daniels, Robert Tudawali and Brian Manning] for their permission to go on the trip. I had been on many trips before to Roper, Beswick (later known as Bamyili, now known as Barunga) [80 kilometres southeast of Katherine] with Roper community representatives Philip Roberts,[2] Clancy Roberts, Davis Daniels [Dexter's brother] and many others.

Once at Roper, Davis took us to White Lily Billabong because Welfare found out I was there, but they never caught us. The photos I took were sent to the *Tribune*,[3] then sent to the United Nations, as were the ones I took of Wave Hill Station when I walked back with Victor Vincent[4] and a group of men to bring Old Man [Vincent] to the river [Victoria River].

The humpies on the place were worse than any I had seen – bits of tin held together with wire, water in rusty old oil drums – but later that year, I went to Pigeon Hole[5] and other VRD[6] [Victoria River District] outstations.

I met Gus George at Camfield [Station]; he was a stockman who became famous when my photo of him was published around the world. We are the same age and his mob [people] came back to the Common[7] and stayed there.

When I see that photo, it makes me feel so lucky to have gone on such an adventure that changed the lives of so many people. It wasn't just what was happening to people there and the government turning a blind eye. I heard it so many times: 'They're only blackfellas.' I remember when Aboriginal people could not vote or were not even counted on the Census. Coloured[8] people had to have permission to have a drink of grog and carry a 'dog tag', as it was referred to.[9]

I am so lucky to have met so many black, white, brown, brindle, all extremely strong [in terms of character] men and women, who gave [their] all for the struggle for freedom and human rights in the twentieth century. I still remember the faces of those people when I lived in the strikers' camp; that was my family.

Over the last 50 years, until the NT Intervention [Northern Territory National Emergency Response of 2007] was enforced, so much had been achieved through self-determination, but [lack of] education is still a major problem. I feel that 40 years of the NT Land Rights Act[10] has done fuck all, as Aboriginal people still don't control their land; the government – be it state or Commonwealth – overrule any Aboriginal community.

Give the power to the people, please. I'm so sorry [but] it makes me sad for my country; we still haven't moved that far forward. The Bedford Truck in the National Museum of Australia is a gift from the oppressed people to all [Australian] people.

It may remind [Australians], through the [poor] condition it is in, of the hard job it has done [over the years], carrying the hopes and aspirations of not only Aboriginal peoples but also slave labour – seamen and pearl divers, anti-uranium protestors, being the radio link to Freedom in Timor Leste, plus transporting dead bodies of victims after Cyclone Tracy when it was commandeered by the local police.

1. George Gibbs and Brian Manning, both members of the Communist Party of Australia (CPA), along with George's wife Moira, were instrumental in establishing the Northern Territory Council for Aboriginal Rights (NTCAR). 'Gibbs was secretary of the NAWU's militant waterside workers' section, whose executive had a CPA majority. Manning was a wharfie and secretary of the CPA branch. The Darwin waterside workers had maintained their strong support for Aboriginal peoples' rights that began in the 1920s.' Excerpt from Terry Townsend, *The Aboriginal struggle & the Left* (Sydney: Resistance Books, 2009), cited in "Brian Manning (1932–2013) and the Gurindji 'walk offs'," *Links International Journal of Socialist Renewal* (2013), http://links.org.au/node/3581.
2. Philip Roberts (Waipuldanya), an Alawa man from Roper River, was President of NTCAR in 1965 and NT Secretary of the Federal Council for the Advancement of Aborigines and Torres Strait Islanders (FCAATSI) from 1967 to 1972. He was also known for being the subject of Douglas Lockwood's book *I, the Aboriginal* (Adelaide: Rigby, 1962).
3. *Tribune: The People's Paper* was the official newspaper of the CPA, which was published by the Central Committee of the Communist Party from 1939 to 1991.
4. Victor Vincent was the son of Vincent Lingiari.
5. Pigeon Hole community was established by former Indigenous workers from Pigeon Hole Station and is located about 450 kilometres west from Katherine. Language groups in the community include Bilinarra, Mudburra, Ngarinyman and Gurindji.
6. Victoria River Downs station, also known as 'The Big Run', was established in 1880 and is currently owned by Heytesbury Pty Ltd.
7. The [Drovers'] Common was also known as The Settlement, or more commonly as Kalkaringi community.
8. 'Coloured' is vernacular used in a non-pejorative manner by many Territorians to refer to Aboriginal people of mixed heritage.
9. In 1943, Exemption Certificates were introduced, which were referred to derogatively by Aboriginal people as 'dog-tags'. The Certificates exempted some Aboriginal people from restrictive government legislation but prevented them from consorting with Aboriginal people who were not exempt from these laws.
10. The Aboriginal Land Rights (Northern Territory) Act 1976 was the first attempt by an Australian government to legally recognise the Aboriginal system of land ownership and put into law the concept of inalienable freehold title. See also Central Land Council, "The Aboriginal Land Rights Act," www.clc.org.au/articles/cat/land-rights-act/.

following page:
Axel Poignant
Aboriginal stockman, Central Australia c. 1947, printed 1982
Cibachrome print
PIC P183/1
Pictures Collection, National Library of Australia
Courtesy of Roslyn Poignant.

16th Vincent Lingiari Memorial Lecture

Larissa Behrendt

Fifty years ago, Vincent Lingiari led a walk off from the Wave Hill Station. It was an action that has become one of the most significant political moments in contemporary Australian history – one that not only had deep symbolic value but also had a profound intellectual base.

The concerns of Lingiari and the 200 Gurindji stockmen, house servants and their families who walked with him were twofold.

Their poor working conditions and unequal pay formed one key reason for the strike. Lingiari's actions were a call for equal treatment and an end to exclusionary and discriminatory practices.

From their camp at Daguragu (Wattie Creek), the Gurindji sought the return of their traditional land so they could establish their own cattle station. This was not just an articulation of sovereignty and traditional custodianship, but an agenda that sought the Gurindji's self-determination and ability to take control of their own resources and their own future.

These notions of access to equal opportunity and rights within Australian society and the claims of Indigenous identity, self-determination and nationhood are two interweaving strands of a political agenda that is as important today as it was in August 1966.

Vincent Lingiari would have barely recognised some of the aspects of the world in which we live today, a world shaped by his vision of inclusion into the broader Australian community. We have Indigenous doctors and surgeons, Indigenous lawyers, Aboriginal medical services, Indigenous entrepreneurs, Indigenous PhD graduates, Indigenous professors and Pro-Vice Chancellors, and Indigenous people elected into the parliament in increasing numbers.

Without the contribution of the Gurindji people and their actions at Wave Hill – with their demand for equality that was not just heard nationally but also around the world – the ability to capture opportunities within the broader Australian community would not be so easily attained. But this is not the whole picture.

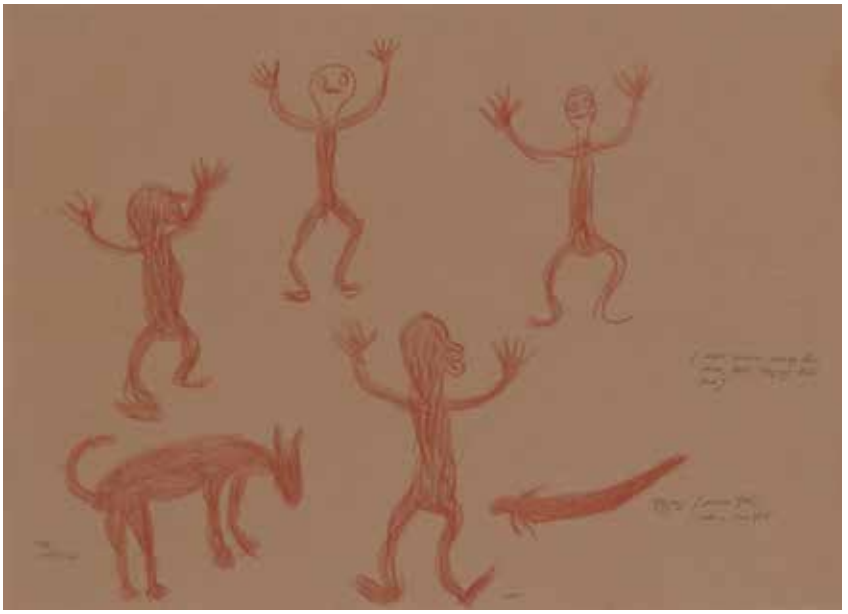
Although the punitive and draconian conditions that faced Lingiari back in 1966 are gone, equal access to opportunities within Australian society still remains elusive for too many Indigenous people and discrimination is still too rife.

This is not an emotional observation but one that is backed up by the facts. On average, Indigenous people still die 10 years younger than other Australians. Sixty percent of Indigenous students finish high school compared to 86.5 percent of non-Indigenous Australians. The employment rate for Indigenous people is 47.5 percent; for all other Australians, it is 72.1 percent.

On statistics not covered by the 'Closing the gap' agenda, 60 percent of the people in the juvenile justice system are Indigenous – and most of them have not been convicted of crime but are on remand.

Currently, suicide is the fifth-leading cause of death for Indigenous people and accounts for 5.2 percent of all Indigenous deaths compared to 1.8 percent of non-Indigenous deaths.

At this time, Indigenous people are four times more likely to be homeless than non-Indigenous people; although they represent 2.5 percent of the population, they



unknown artist
Drawing of public but dangerous sorcery in the Seale George area involving the kinyang *[eel-tailed catfish]. Also depicted are people dancing* wajarra *[public corroboree] and a* murlukurr *[spirit lion]* 1944
crayon on brown paper
R. M. and C. H. Berndt Collection, Berndt Museum
Acc. no. 2017/0014
Courtesy of the Gurindji community.

Crocodile Paddy Marlatulung Janama (dates unknown, *jawiji* [great-uncle] of Biddy Wavehill Yamawurr Nangala)
Kinyang Dreaming sorcery related to Seale Gorge 1944
crayon on brown paper
R. M. and C. H. Berndt Collection, Berndt Museum
Acc. no. 2017/0011
Courtesy of the Gurindji community.

make up 9 percent of the total homeless population.

These are compelling statistics but behind them are very human stories.

Images on ABC's *Four Corners* during July 2016 of Dylan Voller hooded and restrained, of children in solitary confinement without running water, and of children being tear-gassed by guards showed a level of brutality towards these young men that shocked the nation.

This was no isolated incident and it was revealing.

It was revealing of the inhumanity with which young people are treated within the system. And I don't just mean the shock of those individual images but the fact that they speak to all the times that these acts of brutalisation are not seen and the fact that they are reflective of a system that is entrenched with indifference to the young people within it – a system that sees Aboriginal children as a problem that needs to be contained and controlled.

In her book, *The new Jim Crow: Mass incarceration in the age of colourblindness* (2010), civil rights lawyer Michelle Alexander argues that the over-representation of African Americans in the criminal justice system is a new form of segregation. She describes it as 'a stunningly comprehensive and well-disguised system of racialized social control that functions in a manner strikingly similar to Jim Crow', the former laws used to segregate black and white Americans.

When looking at the increasing rates of over-representation of Indigenous people in Australia, it is hard not to draw comparisons. Western Australia imprisons people for non-payment of fines, the Northern Territory has introduced paperless arrests, and bail laws across the country disadvantage the homeless – even if they are children. These measures all have a disproportionate impact on Indigenous people, adding to the number of them being locked up for minor and poverty-related offences, mostly without a conviction because they are ineligible for bail and so they sit in prisons for months and months on remand.

I would assume that the men who were caught on camera mistreating the young boys in Don Dale Correctional Centre would not treat their own children that way. I would assume that they would not treat children outside of that detention centre that way. So at what point did they stop seeing those young men as human?

There is no doubt that a brutal system dehumanises both the people it is controlling and those who are administering it.

But in searching for answers as to how this can happen, one needs to look at the society that produces such state apparatuses.

Furthermore, because these events took place in the Northern Territory, you cannot dismiss the impact of the Northern Territory National Emergency Response (NTER), commonly referred to as 'the Intervention'. You cannot understand why Don Dale happened without looking at the Intervention and the attitudes it hardened and the disempowerment it reinforced.

The measures brought in by the NTER included police powers to raid homes and search cars without a warrant and 'star chamber powers' to force people to answer

Smiler Kartarta Jangala
Drawing of three warntingarna *or* yuungku *[skeleton ghosts]. They came after* karu *[young children] left behind after collecting* ngarlu *[honey] and* kilipi *[bush bananas]* 1944
crayon on brown paper
R. M. and C. H. Berndt Collection, Berndt Museum
Acc. no. 2017/0013
Courtesy of the Gurindji community.

Peter from Wave Hill Station
Drawing of a kartiya *[whitefella] after a* wamala *[pre-pubescent girl]* 1944
crayon on brown paper
R. M. and C. H. Berndt Collection, Berndt Museum
Acc. no. 2017/0002
Courtesy of the Gurindji community.

questions without a lawyer present. Police were given mandates that allowed them to treat Indigenous people differently from non-Indigenous people.

The Intervention also introduced the quarantining of welfare payments on a 'BasicsCard', which led to an effective and visible apartheid: there were separate queues for Indigenous people in supermarkets and Centrelink.

Because the measures introduced as part of the Intervention specifically targeted Indigenous people, the Racial Discrimination Act 1975 and Northern Territory anti-discrimination legislation had to be suspended to prevent them from applying and, as a result, these laws failed to protect Indigenous people from discriminatory practices.

This suspension of important measures of protection against discriminatory impacts of policy was justified on the basis that it was designed to protect women and children.

While the alleged paedophile rings that were used as an excuse for the Intervention were subsequently found not to have existed, what is a reality is that the state continues in very real ways to abuse children.

It is an irony that the state imposed such draconian measures on Indigenous communities and families – including Indigenous women and children – ostensibly to protect them from child abuse, but then commits such brutal acts upon them.

These issues are complex. But clearly, the circuit breaker to these systemic, entrenched problems lies in reviewing their root causes and doing more at the front end to support Indigenous communities and families, especially parents and mothers; in looking at diversionary programs for young people; in supporting programs that assist with combatting drug and alcohol abuse; and in investing in education, including a serious rethink about the way that schools roll out education to Indigenous people.

These steps are not just to ensure that Aboriginal children do not end up in detention; it is also to ensure that Aboriginal families are supported, so that the number of Indigenous children in out-of-home care decreases and that a larger number of the children who do have to be removed from their immediate families are placed in the care of extended family members.

The forced removal of Aboriginal children by the state has increased by more than 500 percent since the release of the *Bringing them home* report (1997). Sixty percent of the children in Don Dale were in out-of-home care when they were picked up by the police and put into prison. And this is not just a Northern Territory problem; it is a national one.

It is too easy to blame Indigenous parents, and it was a key part of the Intervention propaganda. The question being asked by politicians, the media, and by large parts of the wider Australian community was 'Why don't Aboriginal parents get their children to school?'

What we do know is that the factors most likely to discourage Indigenous students attending school are the culture of the school and the quality of the teaching.

So the question to ask isn't 'Why don't Aboriginal parents get their children to school?'; rather, it is 'What can schools do to make their environments more conducive to the teaching of Aboriginal children?'

If that was the question asked, answered and acted on, a solution might be closer at hand. Those answers would include improving the relationship between the Indigenous community and the school; involving more Indigenous community members with the life of the school, breakfast and lunch programs, and an Elder-in-residence program; hiring Aboriginal teachers and teacher's aides; and implementing a curriculum that engages Indigenous children in their learning.

What was never made clear when the NTER policy was rolled out was how punitive welfare measures, increased criminalisation of alcohol consumption, and additional policing powers are supposed to address those structural problems within the education system.

Aboriginal parents became the scapegoats and the underlying issues were not addressed.

So we have a situation today where school attendance rates are down. We have seen an increase in recorded attempted suicide and self-harm by 400 percent and an increasing rate of Indigenous people in prisons, including a tripling of the incarceration rates of Aboriginal women.

More money is spent on criminalising alcohol and substance addiction than in rehabilitative and education programs. Homelessness and domestic violence faced by Indigenous women makes them vulnerable to having their children taken away from them.

Rather than giving Aboriginal parents the scaffolding to assist in rebuilding their lives and their families, we further punish them for their disadvantage and poverty by removing their children. Aboriginal parents are once again demonised.

What we know from the images from Don Dale is that no matter what the circumstances are that lead Indigenous people into the juvenile justice system, once they are in that system, it makes them worse, not better.

Governments of all colours and on all levels continue to underinvest in infrastructure and services in Indigenous communities.

The NTER was rolled out by the Howard Government but it was Labor Minister Jenny Macklin who implemented the 'Stronger Futures' legislation that continued the failing policies of the Intervention for a further 10 years.

That policy framework needs to be considered a failure and we need to return to an evidence-based approach to work towards real shifts in Indigenous disadvantage.

None of what I am saying is profound or new. Frustratingly, we have had a well-researched, thoughtful, evidence-based road map set out not once, but twice. What I have said above about solutions repeats the findings and recommendations of the Royal Commission into Aboriginal Deaths in Custody (RCIADIC) (1987–1991) and the *Bringing them home* report.

So I want to turn now to road maps and answers, and I will start with the following observation.

The entrenched systemic disadvantage of Indigenous people is difficult to break. But, however bad and hard it is, it is not as bad or as hard as it was in 1966 when the Gurindji took a stand.

One thing their action reminds us of today is how much change can come from fighting for what you believe is right and from standing by your convictions.

The Gurindji understood that they were best placed to determine their own future and to use the resources that could support their community. And in this vision lies an important key to overcoming Indigenous disadvantage today. It is also a key to ensuring vibrant Indigenous communities and a continuation of Indigenous culture.

This year marks the 25th anniversary of the RCIADIC and the 20th anniversary of the *Bringing them home* report. A key recommendation in both of those reports was the notion of self-determination.

Among a cluster of recommendations under the heading of 'Self Determination', Recommendation 192 of the RCIADIC states:

> That in the implementation of any policy or program which will particularly affect Aboriginal people the delivery of the program should, as a matter of preference, be made by such Aboriginal organisations as are appropriate to deliver services pursuant to the policy or program ... Where no appropriate Aboriginal organisation is available to provide such service then any agency of government delivering the service should, in consultation with appropriate Aboriginal organisations and communities, ensure that the processes to be adopted by the agency in the delivery of services are appropriate to the needs of the Aboriginal people and communities receiving such services...

Couple in their tin humpy, Daguragu 1970
Courtesy of Hannah Middleton.

This isn't 'self-determination' as an abstract principle. It is self-determination as a concrete approach that places Indigenous people centrally in the development of policy, the design of programs, and the implementation of service delivery.

The *Bringing them home* report put it in these terms:

> Our principal finding is that self-determination for Indigenous peoples provides the key to reversing the over-representation of Indigenous children in the child welfare and juvenile justice systems of the States and Territories and to eliminating unjustified removals of Indigenous children from their families and communities … not a single submission to the Inquiry from Indigenous organisations saw intervention from welfare departments as an effective way of dealing with Indigenous child protection needs.

Again, Indigenous people are here placed at the heart of the development of policy, the design of programs, and the implementation of service delivery.

This approach is not ideological; it is evidence-based. Concrete reasons explain why the research consistently shows that Indigenous people's central involvement in policy, programs and service delivery results in better outcomes for Indigenous people.

Indigenous people are much better placed than non-Indigenous people to understand the issues in their own communities. They are much better placed to understand the priorities. They are much better placed to understand the interconnectedness of issues and to take a holistic approach. They are much better placed to deliver a service in a culturally sensitive way to their clients.

This is borne out by the way in which organisations such as Aboriginal medical services and Aboriginal legal services understand the links between issues such as homelessness and mental illness in a way that non-Indigenous organisations working with Indigenous clients do not.

Indigenous people are better able to use their networks and connections across the sector and across organisations to work towards stronger solutions to intractable problems. They know the people in their community, so they know which children are not attending school and they know which people are not seeking proper medical attention. They are better able to access those who would fall through the gaps of mainstream services.

All of this is common sense but the evidence of what works to improve socio-economic outcomes for Indigenous people – especially in the area of health – backs it up.

One of the key problems with the approach taken by the Intervention that remains a complete policy failure was the way in which the Indigenous expertise on the ground was dismissed, overlooked and, even worse, treated as part of the problem rather than part of the solution.

This dismissal of Indigenous experience and knowledge within the Indigenous community was evident in the way in which the design of the Intervention – completed in Canberra – did not seek to be informed by what people working on the ground in the Northern Territory knew.

Fly-in, fly-out medical checks undermined Indigenous community-controlled health organisations and were far less effective at accessing the truly marginalised within the community.

People working on the ground who had made their communities dry, who had pioneered breakfast and lunch programs within schools, were never consulted about what might work best in their own communities even though they were seasoned at finding workable, common-sense solutions.

One of the most heinous by-products of the failed Intervention approach was the way in which it undermined the confidence, agency and capacity of Indigenous people the Northern Territory.

Indigenous capacity has been further undermined by the most recent approach to Indigenous funding, the Indigenous Advancement Strategy, which continues the trend of the government funding non-Indigenous NGOs to do work that was previously being done by Indigenous community organisations. Typically, the first thing these non-Indigenous NGOs do is ask the staff from the Indigenous community-controlled organisation (that is facing closure due to the loss of funding) how they do the job.

Furthermore, the decision to no longer fund the national Indigenous representative body, which is fully elected by Indigenous people – the National Congress of Australia's First Peoples – is a further sign of the dismissal of Indigenous people's attempts to create their own structures and voices.

This all points to a trend that, even though the evidence shows that Indigenous control is central to success, there are continual attempts to undermine Indigenous capacity – sometimes overtly, sometimes subtly.

Self-determination cannot happen without Indigenous capacity and agency.

That capacity needs to be built.

This might seem like a fanciful assertion, given the fairly depressing state of affairs I have outlined.

But I have seen communities rebuilt and a key part of that has been the capacity building not just of the community but also of individuals.

In 1998, the Ngarrindjeri people in South Australia went through a fractious event. The proposed building of a bridge split the community when some people claimed the proposed development would destroy a significant sacred women's site and other members of the community refuted that claim. The fight was tenacious, ugly and public. In the end, the bridge was built and the site destroyed.

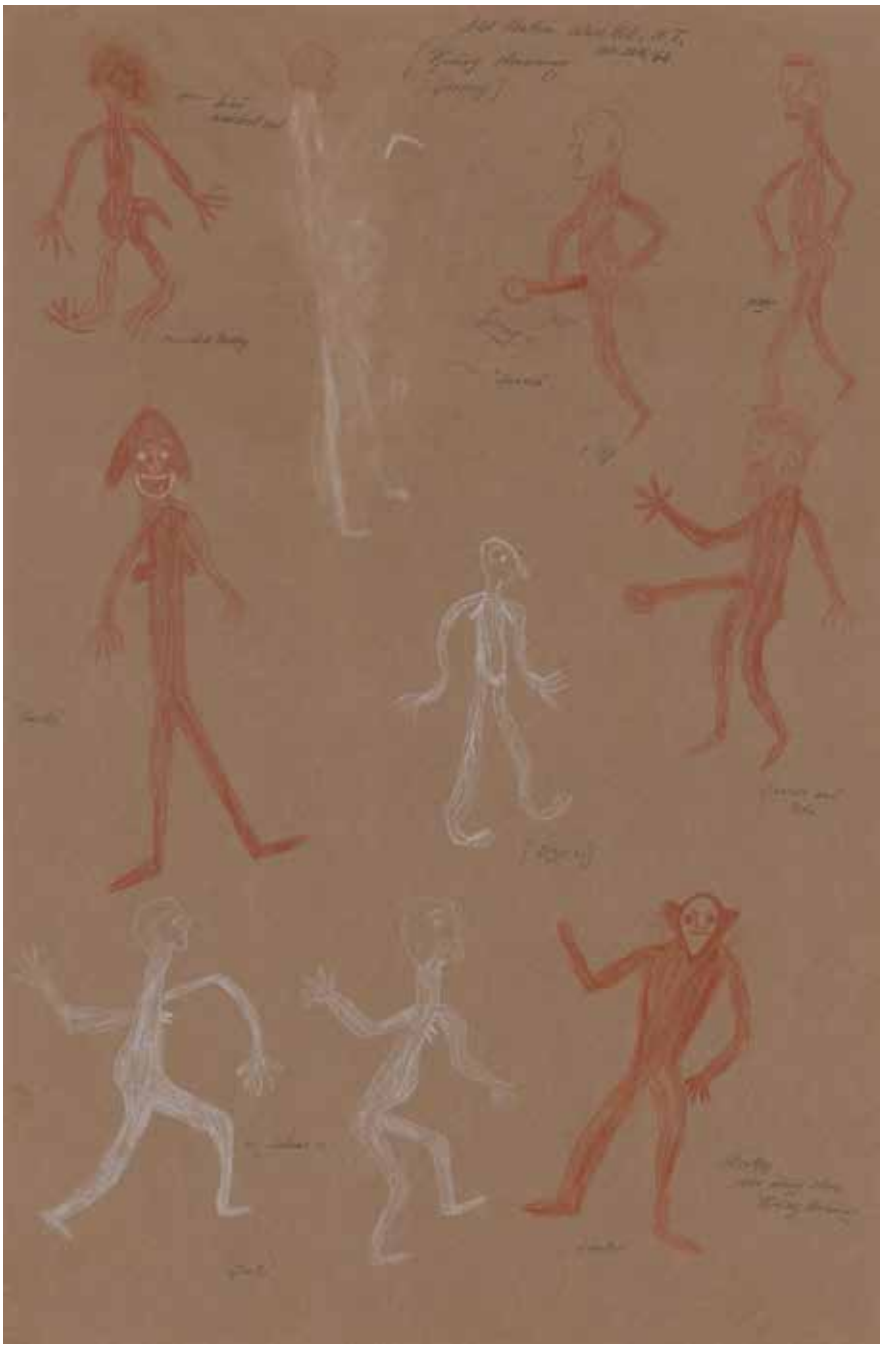
For many, these events would have signalled a new era of fresh wounds, resentments and divisions.

But the Ngarrindjeri did something extraordinary.

They realised that if they, as a community, could not find a better way to operate, make decisions and decide disputes, there would be no Ngarrindjeri.

So over the next decade, they went through a process of nation building – working together to build a governance structure from the ground up that they could participate in, and that reflected their values and their preferred way of doing things.

Under the radar, away from the spotlight, they built the Ngarrindjeri Regional Authority (NRA), which provides a forum for community discussion, consultation and decision making.



Crocodile Paddy Marlatulung Janama, Peter, Sunrise and **Smiler Kartarta Jangala** (dates unknown)
Ten men and women 1944
crayon on brown paper
R. M. and C. H. Berndt Collection, Berndt Museum
Acc. no. 2017/0001
Courtesy of the Gurindji community.

Not only has this transformed the community, but it has also been inspirational to see individuals transformed by the ability to participate in a meaningful process, where their opinion matters and where they can take some responsibility for decisions that will have meaning for their families.

What the Ngarrindjeri have achieved through the NRA is an indication of what Aboriginal communities can create – on their own, without a government agenda or framework or timeline – when given the space and respect to do things their way.

The NRA is now a mechanism for the community to be a lead driver in heritage protection and resource management on their traditional lands. It can negotiate with governments and other entities on its own terms.

And one party that has been very excited about the NRA is the South Australian government, which has come to appreciate the benefits of a community interface that can provide legitimate feedback, that can provide a legitimate consultation process, and that can assure community buy in.

As with the Gurindji, the Ngarrindjeri know that they are the best people to control their resources and make decisions about their future. As with the Gurindji, the Ngarrindjeri know that self-determination and agency will lead to the best outcomes for Indigenous communities.

In his vision for the future, Lingiari saw not just the importance of socio-economic equality, but also recognised the importance of strong Indigenous communities and cultures. This is an important message that we need to remember.

I have argued that a key problem is the undermining of Indigenous agency. But there is another key problem with the current approach taken by policy makers – an approach that permeated the language of the NTER and continues to block effective solutions today.

Today, policy makers will often claim that Indigenous cultures are part of the problem.

I will give two practical examples that show the positive influence of Indigenous cultures and how they can create positive outcomes. Both are in the area of Indigenous education.

Educationalist Chris Sarra, who has just been named NAIDOC Person of the Year, developed a method to engage Indigenous children with their schooling during his time as principal of Cherbourg State School.

He took a dual approach. He built the self-esteem of his students by engaging them with their culture. This would build their pride and build their confidence. At the same time, he focussed on their educational outcomes – their academic performance – and to this end, he changed the general expectation that is often placed on Indigenous students that they would perform badly with expectations that they would perform well.

The combination of self-confidence from a strong grounding in culture and the high expectations of academic performance led to excellent results from his students: an increased attendance at school and improved academic outcomes. There was no better way to increase the students' sense of self-esteem than to strengthen their pride in their Indigenous heritage.

unknown artists
Woven dilly bag with handle c. 1970
wool
Collection of Karungkarni Art and Culture Aboriginal Corporation. Gift of Lyn Riddett, 2017.

Dilly bag n.d.
knitted wool with cotton gauze handle
C. H. Berndt Collection, Berndt Museum
Acc. no. 05906
Courtesy of the Gurindji community.

Bilingual language programs have also shown results in engaging students in school and in improving outcomes. These programs are intensive and expensive but they work.

They work because they require the teachers to immerse themselves in the community in order to be fluent in the language, so the relationship between the school and the community starts to grow. It requires an Aboriginal teacher or teacher's aide in the classroom, further strengthening the link between the community and the school.

Children learn to read and write in their own language, so they are better able to read and write English when they come to learn it as a second or third language. It makes learning English easier.

And it makes for a more engaging classroom for a child who understands the Aboriginal language being spoken in their home. It is much harder to engage a child who does not completely understand everything in the classroom because it is being said in their second, third or fourth language.

In my time as a researcher, I have found that the best ideas to solve intractable solutions do not come from bureaucrats and politicians. They come from community people who are at the coalface. As in the case of the Ngarrindjeri and the Gurindji, local people know what the most effective solutions are to their problems. Moreover, they find the ways to keep their culture and languages strong. They find the best ways to protect their lands and water. They find the best ways to keep their communities healthy and resilient.

Vincent Lingiari and the Gurindji people who walked with him changed the Australian political landscape. But their wisdom, the rightness of their actions and their vision for how to build a healthy, sustainable and vibrant future for Aboriginal people in Australia has as much wisdom for us today as it did when the Gurindji took those first revolutionary steps in 1966.

11 August 2016
Charles Darwin University

My first crime … was being born brown…

Maurie Ryan Japarta

My name is Maurie Ryan Japarta. My Aboriginal name is Jimbran, given to me by my mother's brother, Uncle Mick [Rangiari]. I was born 65 years ago, near Wave Hill Station, which we call Jinparrak.

I was born under the birthing tree. The attendants were my grandmothers and my mother's sisters and relations. … The birth date given to me by Native Affairs was the fourth of July, America's Independence Day. … When I was born, I wasn't given a birth certificate; I had to get that about 25 years ago, when I got a passport.

My first crime, like 2,000 other children in the Northern Territory, was being born brown … my father was an Irishman, Michael Patrick Ryan (Paddy). My mother was Mary Tudwell, who was Malngin, Gurindji and also four other groups on the Victoria River … that extend into Western Australia.

All I knew about my dad was that he … carried the mail from the cattle station to the police station and he was there for a while and then, when I was removed by the patrol officer Ted Evans…

My uncle Mick and mum told me that my father moved on. I was removed when I was three-and-a-half … one main regret in my life is not hugging my father and telling him I love him. I never got that chance because I was removed under the policies of the Commonwealth of Australia.

I was picked up at what was called Policeman's Waterhole in 1952, just below the bridge at Kalkaringi, where we always celebrate the Walk-Off … I got picked up by a Native Affairs Patrol Officer whom I met again about 15 years later, when he was the president of my football club in Darwin, The Wanderers.

His name was Ted Evans and he picked me up along with a young girl, my cousin, who was one-and-a-half years old, Bonnie Hagan … As you've seen in *Rabbit-Proof Fence*,[1] my mothers chased the vehicle up to the hill, but it took me to Katherine, to Darwin where I was given needles, medical tests…

Well, in the mid-1980s, he [Ted] used to come to the football and we used to get beaten, never won a game for five years at Wanderers. And the team was made up of people from Bagot and remote communities and from across the harbour at Darwin [Belyuen community at Mandorah].

And what happened, one day Ted was crying and I said, 'Ted, funny game' and he said, 'I've got to tell you something that's bothered me for many, many years' … he looked at me with tears in his eyes and said, 'I was the person who removed you.'

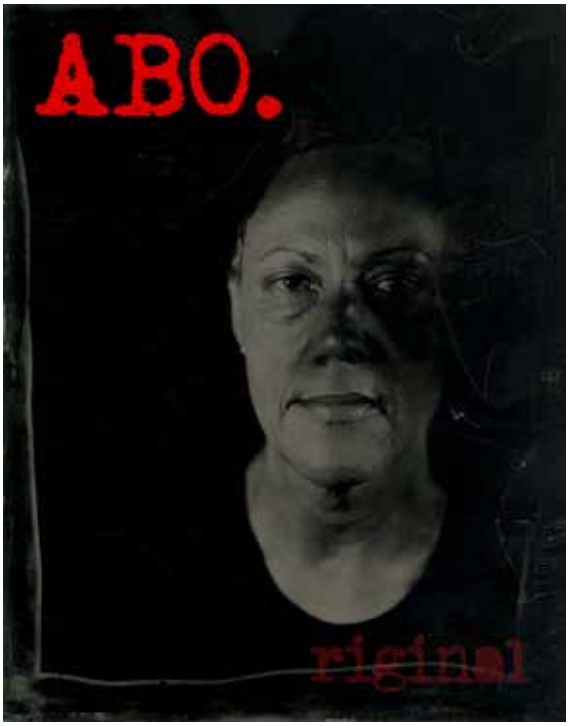
I just hugged him and said, 'Ted, it's alright; it was part of your job.' That had been the last time he'd ever removed a child. He'd resigned from Native Affairs after that.

Many years later … when I was in the army in 1967–1968 … that was a time when my grandfather, or one of my grandfathers, [Vincent] Lingiari, Uncle Mick [Rangiari], and Donald [Nangiari] had come up to Darwin and I accidentally ran into them, but they knew who I was. … That's when I first met them because I'd been away, incarcerated in these institutions for 18 years.

That law was created by the federal government. … the ordinance and policies were created by the federal government. … they still have a legal and moral obligation to 2,000 children.

1 *Rabbit-Proof Fence* (2002), directed by Philip Noyce, is an adaptation of *Follow the Rabbit-Proof Fence,* by Indigenous author Doris Pilkington (St Lucia, Qld: University of Queensland Press, 1996).

Kerry, Gibbs, Brian Manning Jr and Maurie Ryan Japarta, 'Gibbsy's Automotives', Stuart Park, Darwin 2015
Courtesy of Brenda L. Croft.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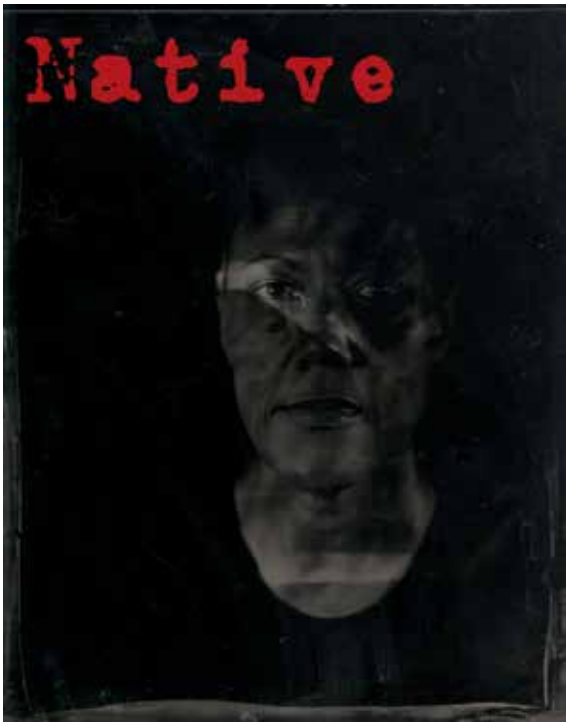
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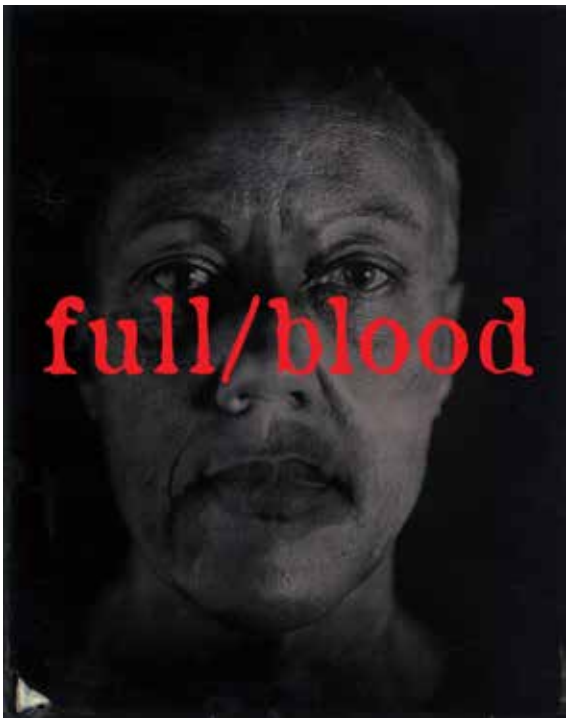
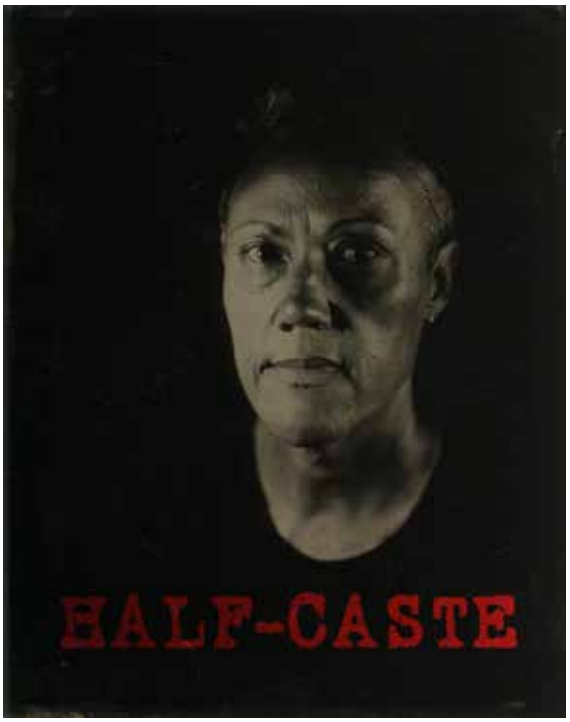

full/blood


HALF-CASTE

clockwise from top left:
Brenda L. Croft
ABO.riginal 2016

Native 2016

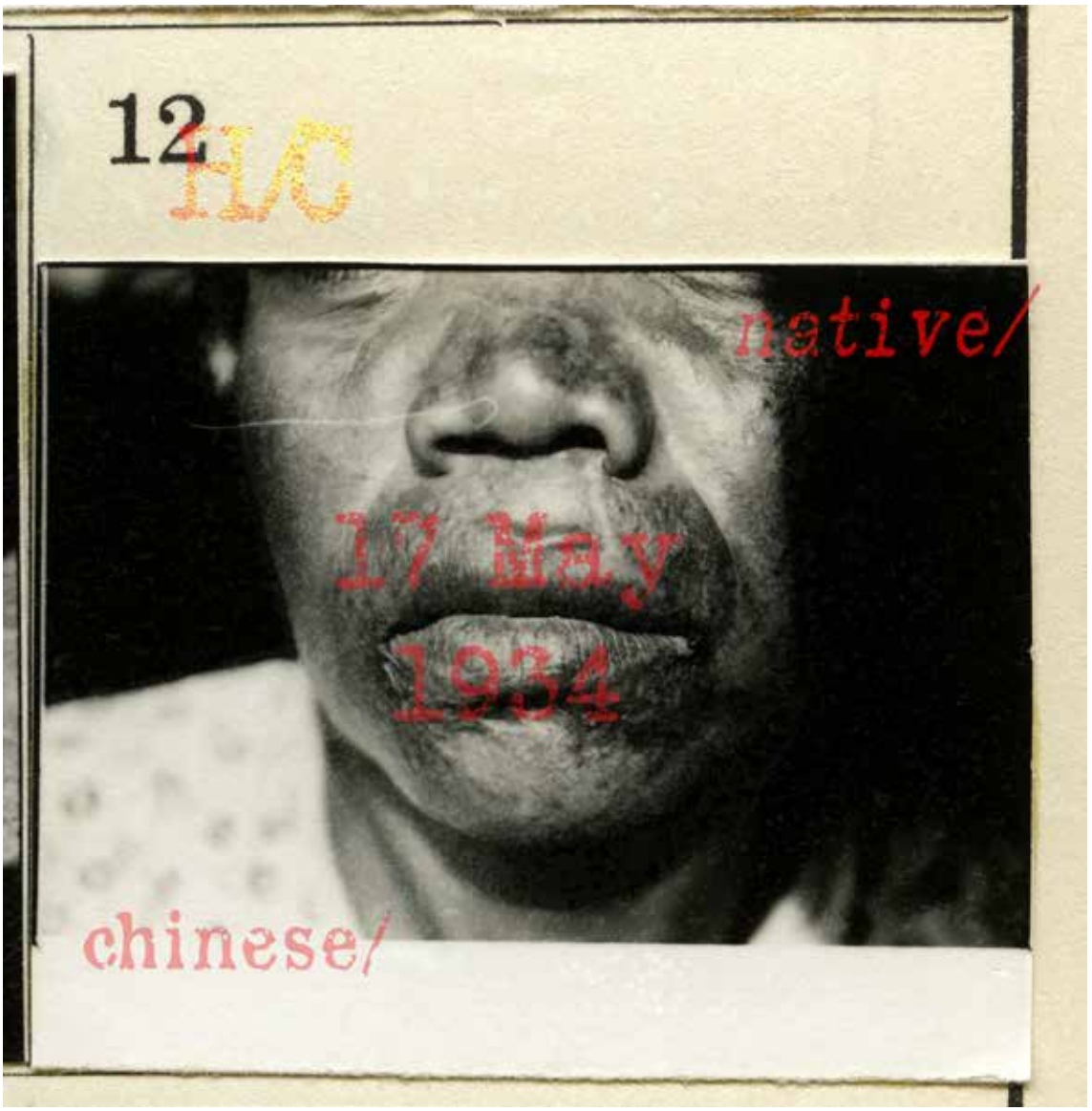
quarter/caste 2016

octaroon 2016

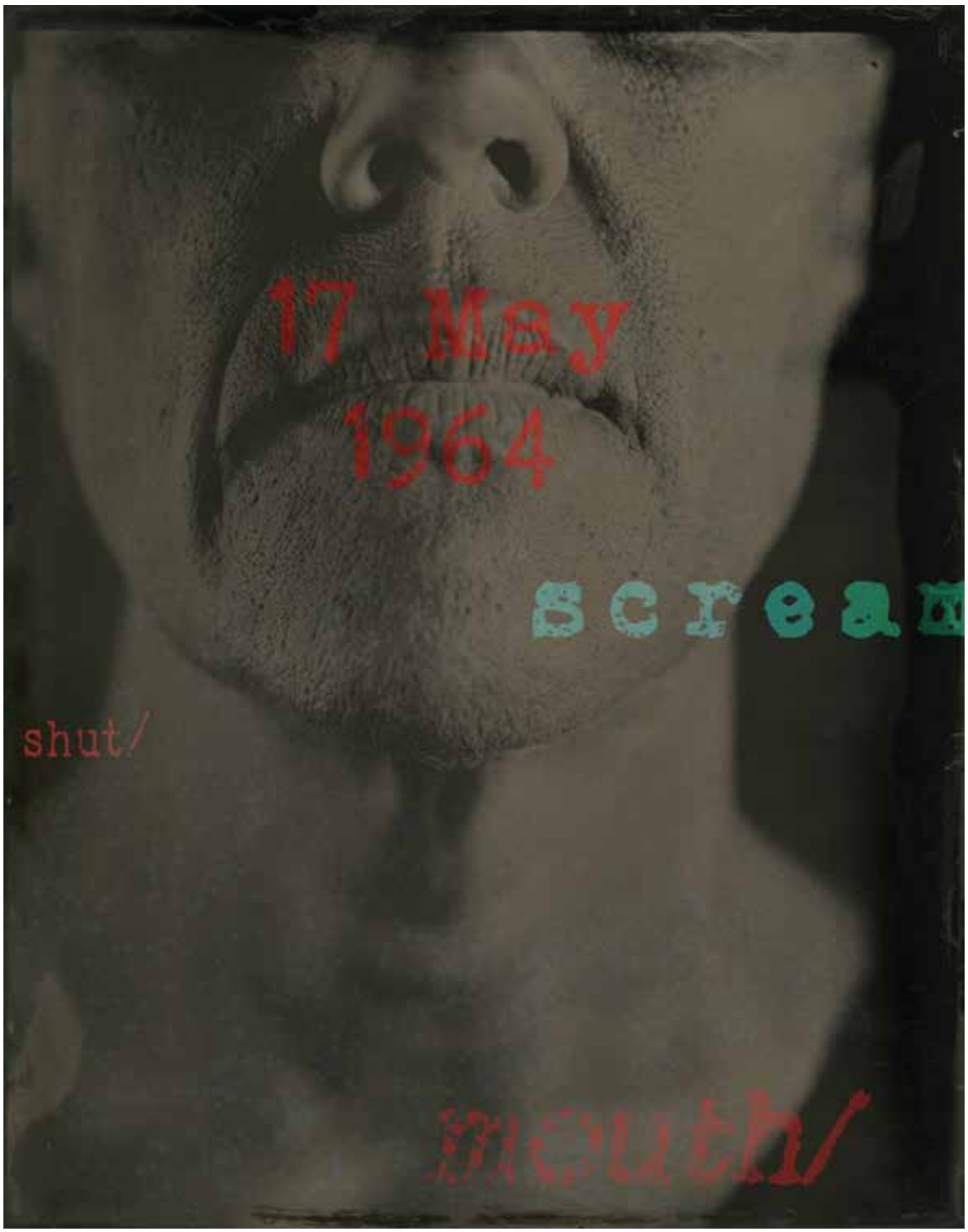
HALF-CASTE 2016

full/blood 2016

(from the series 'blood/type')
pigment prints
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.



Brenda L. Croft
shut/mouth/scream 2016
(from the series 'blood/type')
two pigment prints
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.


17 May
1964
scream
shut/
mouth/

The living earth

Minoru Hokari

I was born and raised in Niigata on the Sea of Japan ... I had always told myself to follow my heart – to do only what I truly wanted to do.

I found myself wishing earnestly to live among Indigenous Australians and to study their culture and history.

From Sydney to the Aboriginal community in north central Australia where I was going to stay was at least 6,000 kilometres each way. I headed out on my motorcycle down the desert highway, under the scorching sun, in near 40°C heat, day after day ... In the desert, I met almost no one.

Standing alone in the middle of a landscape that lies flat in every direction, I realised that the world is made up mostly of sky. The bold earth seemed to bear – to embrace – the full weight of the enormous sky.

It was on January 10, 1997, that I first met the Gurindji people, with whom I would come to enjoy a long-lasting relationship.

The first thing that the Gurindji people demanded of me was to learn their language. I was learning the language as fast as I could. After a while, they gave me the name 'Japarta'.

I had heard about the importance of religious ceremonies to the Gurindji community. So even though I had been living in [Daguragu] for a while and had become accustomed to life there, I didn't dare ask lightly to participate. ... one day, one of the elders ... said, 'You've been living here for some time now. It's about time you were allowed to participate in a ceremony.'

Word was that a community far down south was preparing for a grand ceremony. The village was abuzz with rumours about the ceremony, said to be the largest ever ... I learned that the Daguragu elders had been invited ... by people living 1,200 kilometres to the south.

'Do you want to join in on the trip to the ceremony?' the elders asked. I was deeply, deeply grateful for their invitation. I had been given permission to join an expedition of a scale that they themselves had never experienced ... we just drove through the southern Tanami Desert.

During the day, we sang the songs of the country as we drove; at night, we sat around the campfire and prepared for the planned ceremony. Again and again, the cars got stuck in the sand, and we all had to dig out the tires and push.

I was exhausted and beginning to wonder if we would ever arrive – when the radiator blew a hole and water came spurting out. If I were to keep driving, the car would overheat and break down. There were two choices: Use the 20 litres of emergency water for coolant and pray that I make it to our destination, or wait for help and keep the emergency water for drinking.

Things weren't looking so good...

In the distance, I heard the rumble of a vehicle. Help had arrived at last. The earth had not abandoned me.

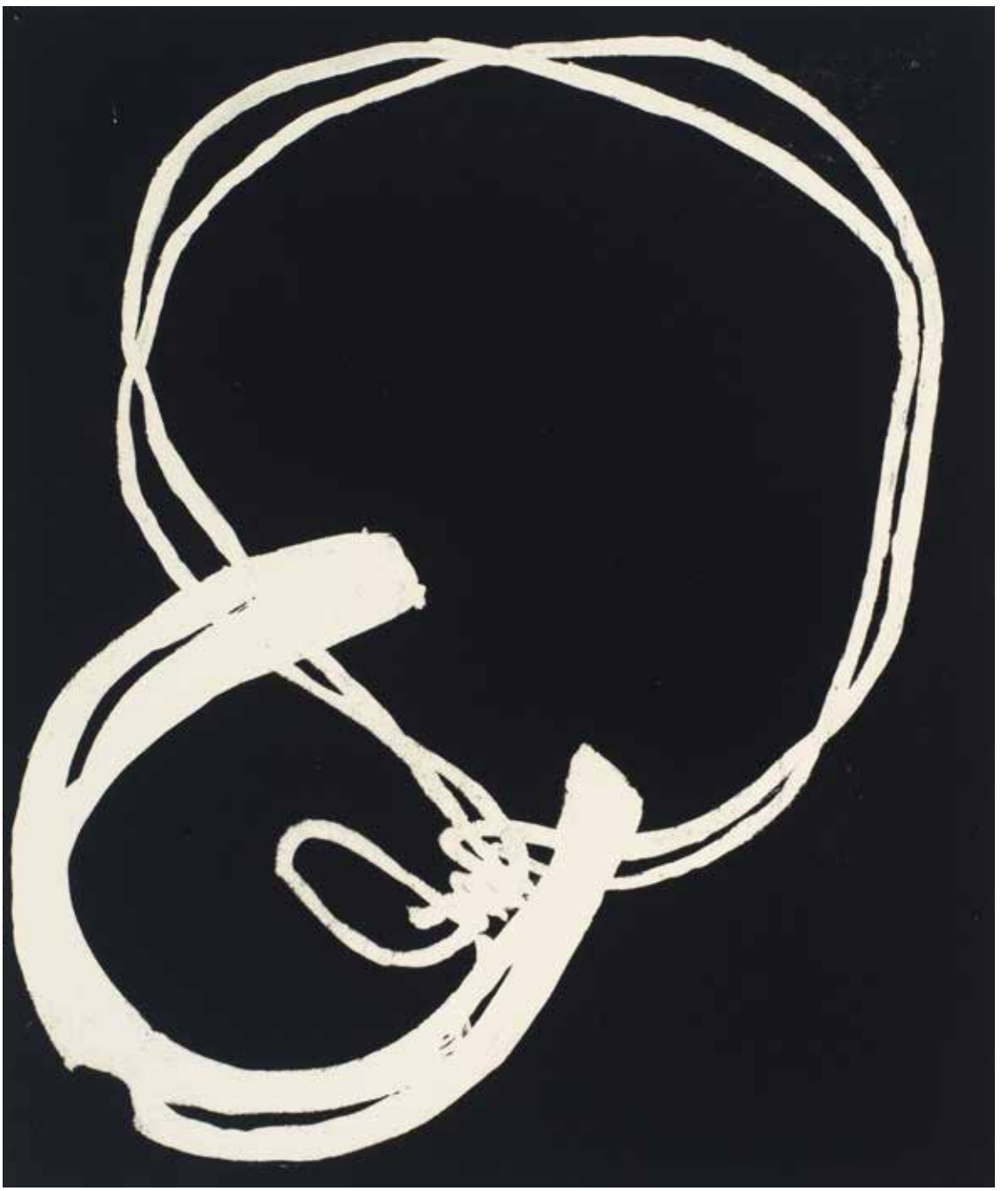
Once, a Daguragu ... elder asked me, 'Do you know why you came here?' 'Because I wanted to learn about Aboriginal culture and history,' I answered. But the old man looked into my eyes and said, 'It's because the country called you here'.

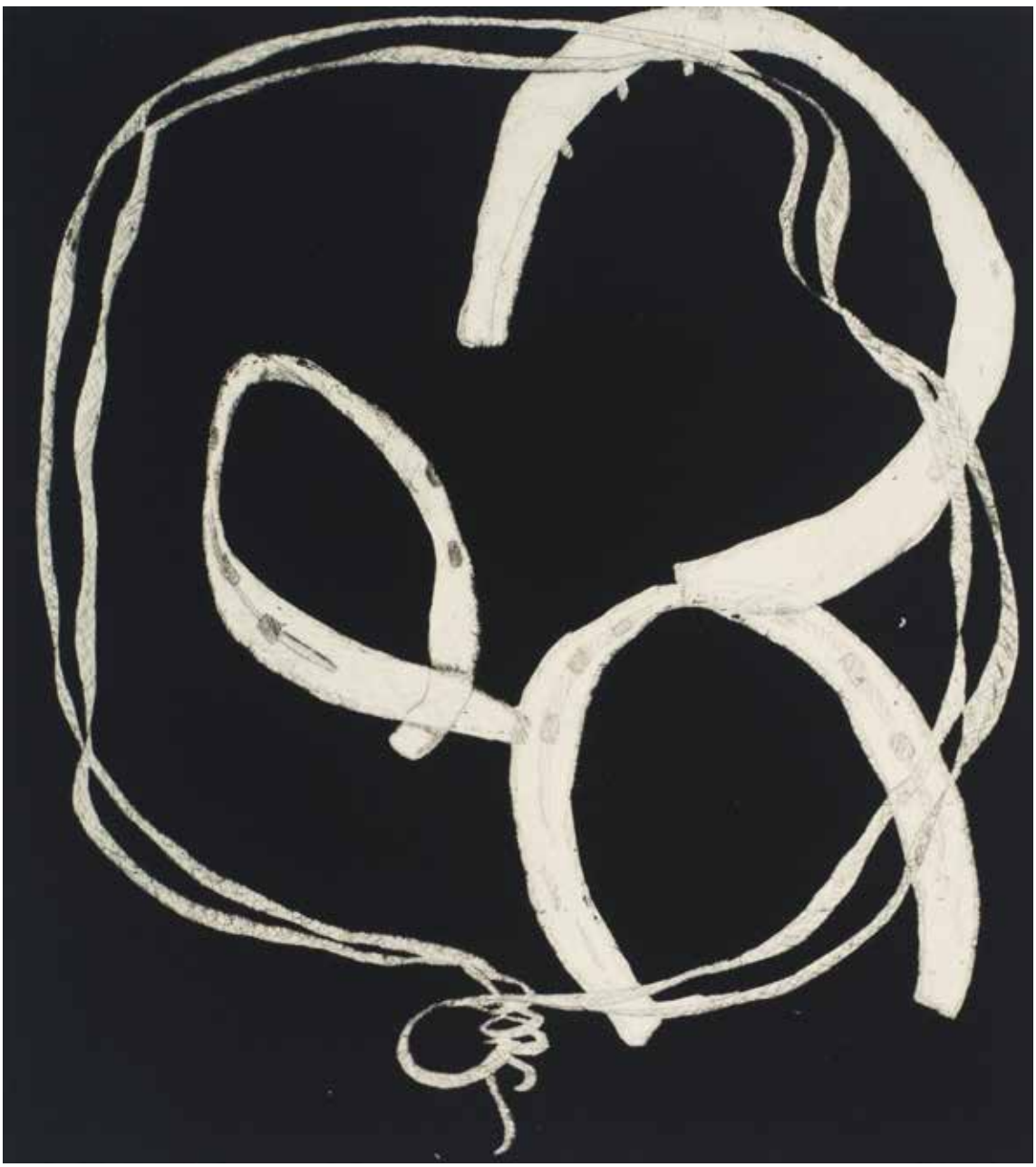
Then he laughed heartily. In the face of the Aboriginal landscape, this living earth, the 'reasons for visiting' that I could offer were pathetically meaningless. The elder told me again and again: 'The earth will show you how to follow the right path.'

Excerpts from Minoru Hokari, "The living earth: The world of the Aborigines," trans. Kyoko Uchida, *Conversations* 6, no. 2 (Summer 2006): 47–79. Reproduced courtesy of the Hokari family.

above:
Minoru Hokari with senior Gurindji men at Daguragu c. 1997
Courtesy of the estate of Minoru Hokari.

following pages:
Brenda L. Croft
Jinparrak 1, 2, 4, 5 2015
(from the series 'Jinparrak')
etching and aquatint
Produced during an Indigenous Artist's Residency,
Cicada Press, UNSW Art & Design
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and
Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.





Brenda L. Croft
Jinparrak installation 2017
found and hand-made objects
dimensions variable
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.

Brenda L. Croft
Retrac(k)ing country and (s)kin 2017 (stills)
two-channel video, sound
editor and advisor: Rob Nugent
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney;
and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.

Brenda L. Croft
Retrac(k)ing country and (s)kin 2017 (stills)
two-channel video, sound
editor and advisor: Rob Nugent
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney;
and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.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Yuki Hokari Sim
Embracing Japarta 2013
wool
Collection of the artist

A message to the Gurindji community at the 50th Freedom Day Festival

Yuki Hokari Sim

Hello, everyone, I am Yuki Hokari, Mino's sister – Japarta's sister, Nimarra.

Congratulations to you all on the 50th anniversary of the Gurindji Walk-Off. Twelve years after Mino's passing, I know for certain that he is there with you today.

I wonder if you know that in 1996 Mino had sent letters to 10 different communities asking for permission to visit. Seven communities ignored his applications, two rejected them. The only community that approved his request was the Gurindji. Old Jimmy [Manngayarri 'Kurrajnginyi'] told Mino: 'Country brought you here.'

Mino knew that it was his mission to tell the world about the Gurindji stories and teachings. He wrote in his book:

> In Canberra, Greg Dening once advised me not to write a thesis for three examiners, but to write a book to change the world. This may be what the Gurindji elders expect me to do. All I know is that the Gurindji people spent a lot of time with me – and this is not because they were dedicated to my academic career. They perceived me to be a person who could bring their stories to a wider audience.

Only a few days before his passing in 2003, he finished writing the Japanese version of the book. It was published in 2004, followed by the English version in 2011. We also paired the pictures that Mino took in Gurindji country with excerpts from his book for a photography exhibition, which has been shown four venues in Japan, with plans for more.

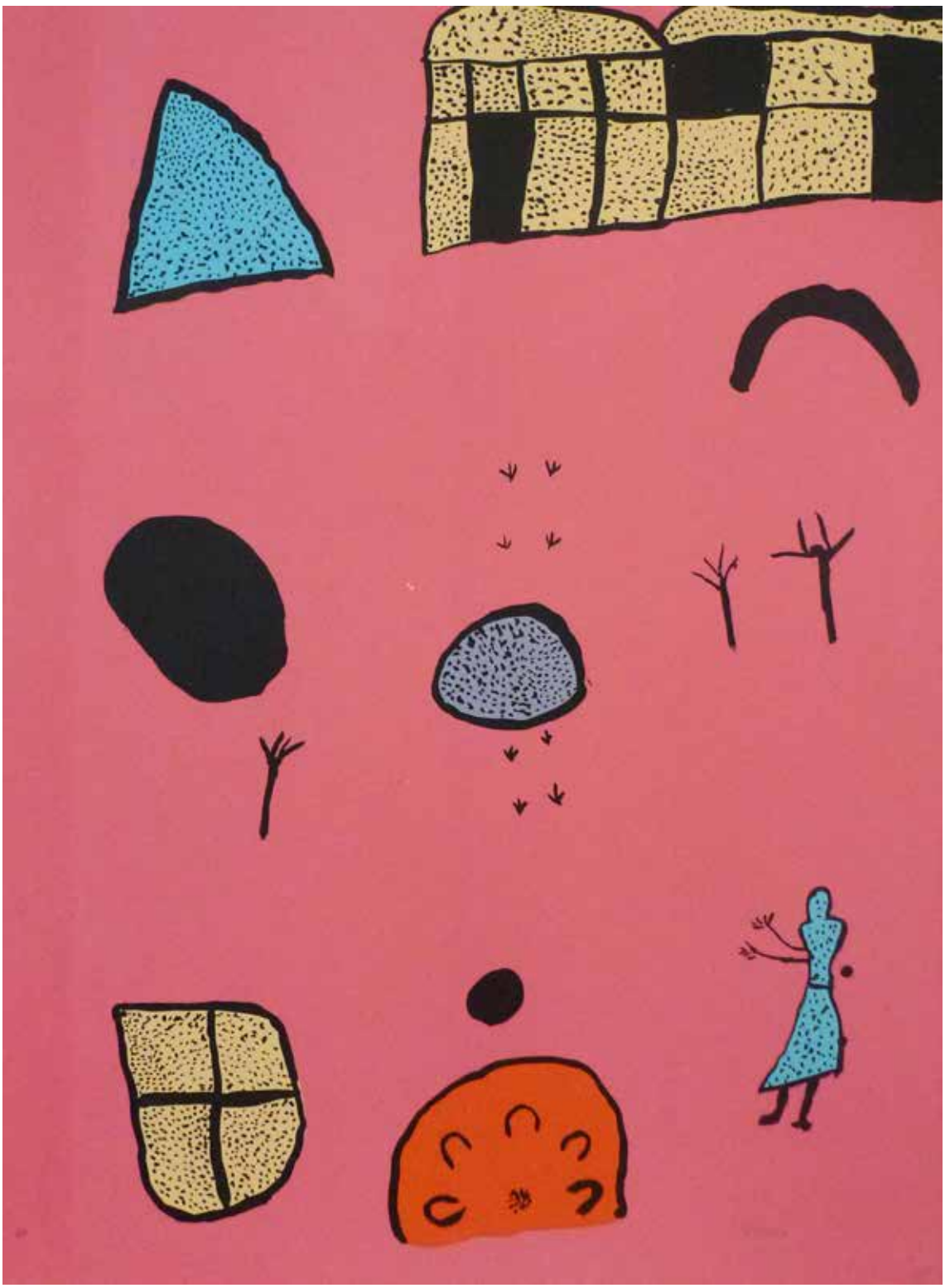
I am always thinking about how to reach out to more people around the world on behalf of Mino and you all, and I believe that any profit from Mino's work should be returned to Indigenous Australians. Central to that effort is the Minoru Hokari Memorial Scholarship at the Australian National University, which supports young scholars studying Indigenous Australians and their culture through fieldwork. I am happy to report that we are very close to reaching the target balance that will enable the fund to provide a $5,000 scholarship every year in perpetuity.

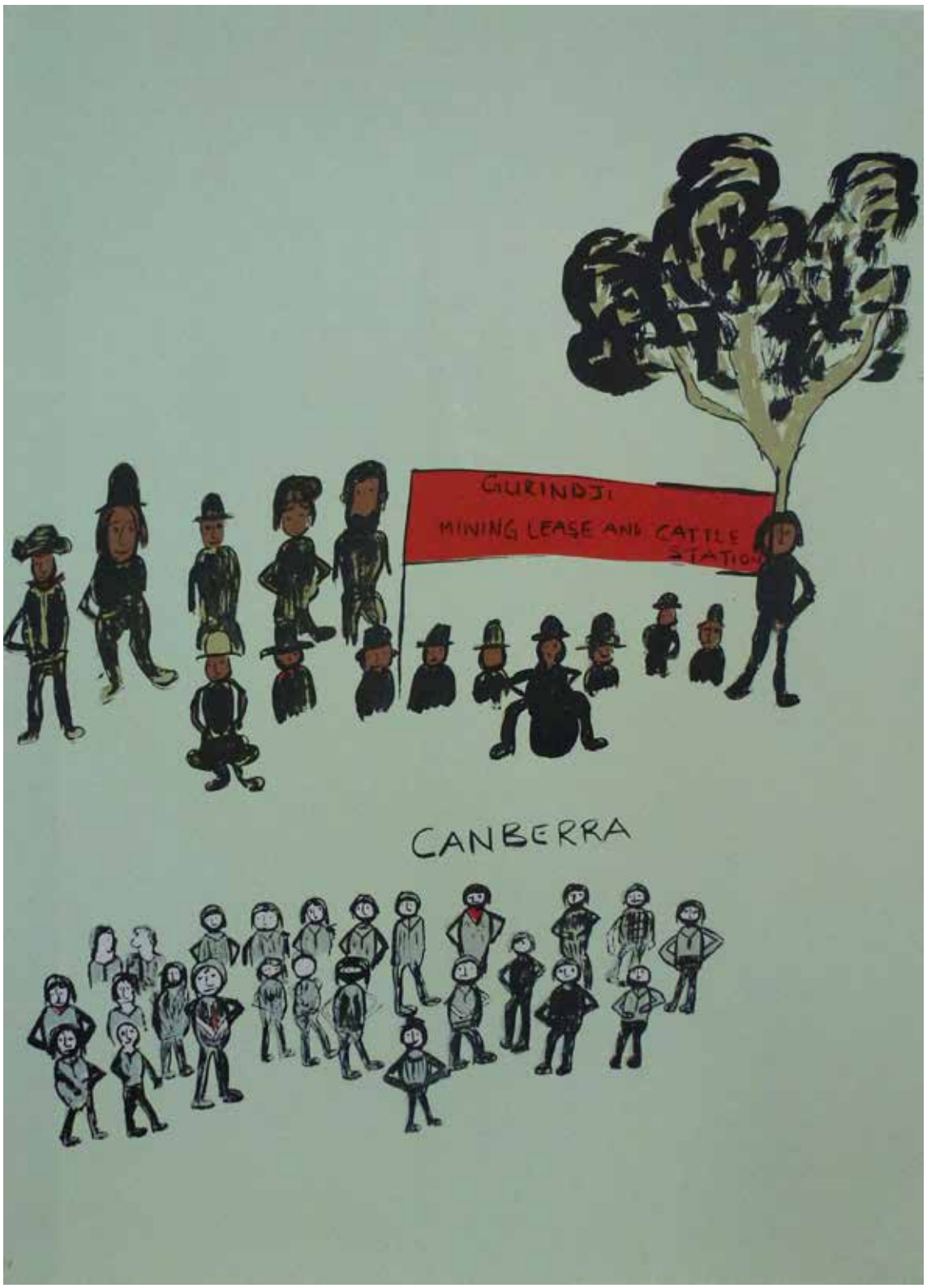
Mino's fund is very special in that it is supported by many donations, big and small, from all over the world.

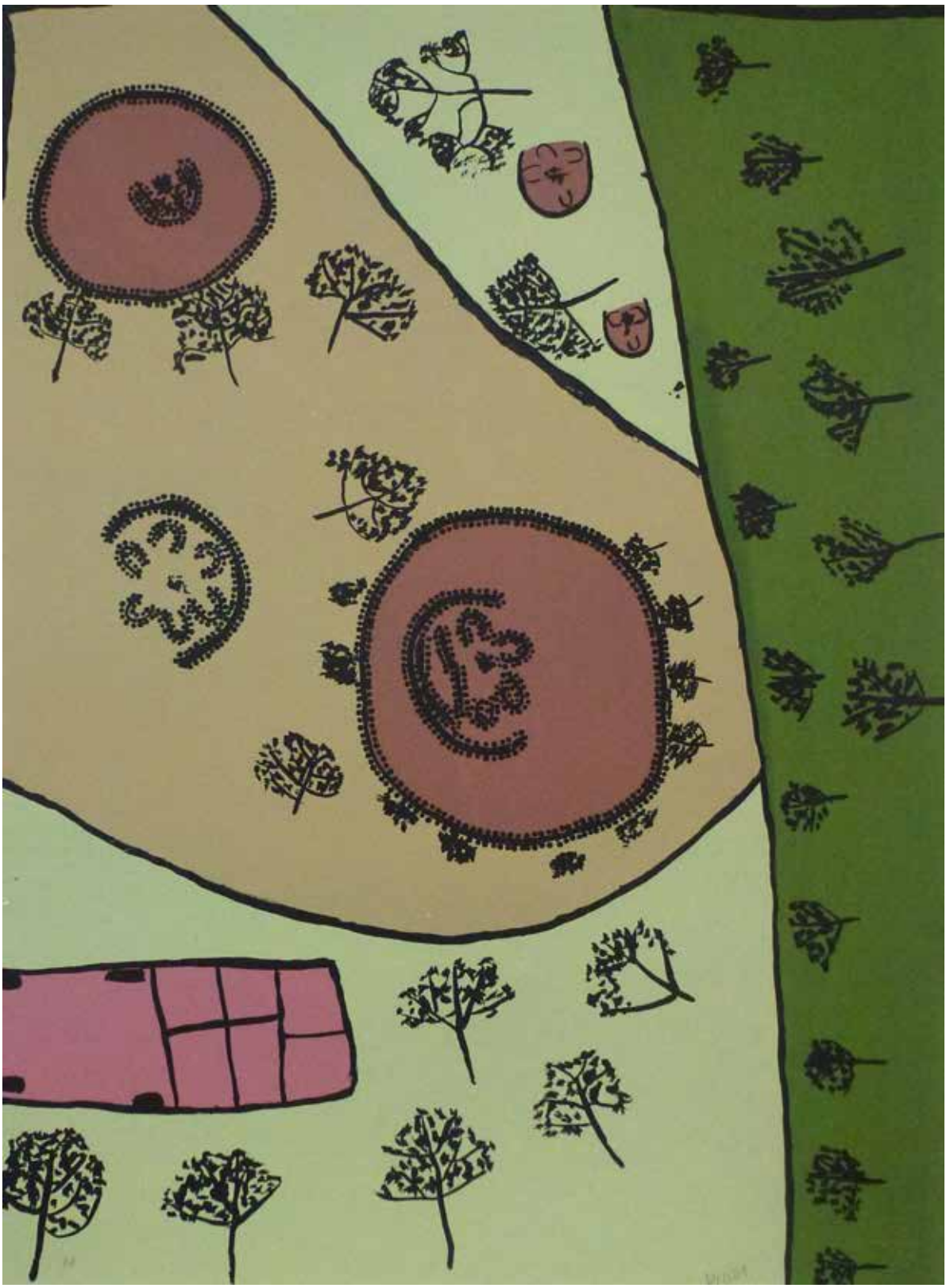
As part of my fundraising efforts for the fund, I also create knitting designs under the private label 'Nimara & Japarta'. Knitters all over the world gather at one website called Ravelry and come across my designs, learn about Mino and his work with the Gurindji community, and donate to the scholarship fund by purchasing the designs. Thus, each of my knitting designs carries the stories of Mino and the Gurindji people.

On Mino's behalf, I will do everything I can to disseminate his work – what he learned from you – and [to] reach as many people as possible and for as long as possible. That's what Mino and I can do to return the favour of your accepting Mino into your country.

Congratulations again, and thank you so much for allocating time for Mino during this important event.




GURINDJI
MINING LEASE AND CATTLE
CANBERRA



The Wave Hill/Jinparrak/Canberra Centenary Exchange

previous pages:
Violet Wadrill Nanaku
Humpy house, Jinparrak 2013
screenprint

Rachael Morris
Gurindji Mining Lease 2013
screenprint/lithograph

left:
Biddy Wavehill Yamawurr Nangala
Jangana (Little Possum Dreaming) 2013
screenprint

right:
Jimmy Wavehill Ngawanyja Japalyi
Biddy country 2013
screenprint

Violet Wadrill Nanaku
Ration 2013
screenprint

Courtesy of the artists and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

5716

left:
Michael Terry
A man painted up for Wangka, a ceremony learnt from Daly River people. He is talking with Michael Terry at Wave Hill Station. Despite harsh conditions on the station and continuing killings, ceremony was still practised and shared among Aboriginal groups, Northern Territory 1925
PIC/8847/6/57
Pictures Collection, National Library of Australia

right from top:
Michael Terry
Stockyards at the original site of Wave Hill Station just after the devastating 1924 flood, Northern Territory 1925
PIC/8847/6/47

Stockyards at Wave Hill Station just before they moved the station to Jinparrak, Northern Territory 1925
PIC/8847/6/48

Stockyards at Wave Hill Station, Northern Territory 1925
PIC/8847/6/49

Pictures Collection, National Library of Australia

above:
Jimmy, King of Wave Hill c. 1937 (film still)
from "Camping, Cattle Mustering in Outback: Wave Hill Station"
Movietone News
Courtesy of National Film and Sound Archive of Australia.

left:
unknown artist
Aboriginal breast-plate 'Jimmy – King of Wave Hill'
c. 1930
brass
Purchased 2008, Museum and Art Gallery of the Northern Territory

Polly Lajayi Namija, wife of Long Johnny Kijngayari,
Lawi, Wattie Creek c. 1973
Courtesy of Lyn Riddett.

List of images

Selected artworks from the exhibition

Measurements are in centimetres, height x width x depth.

Brenda L. Croft (1964–)

Self portraits on country 2014
13 pigment prints (installation)
each print 42.0 x 59.5 cm
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.

Jinparrak 1–5 2015
(from the series 'Jinparrak')
etching and aquatint
Produced during an Indigenous Artist's Residency, Cicada Press, UNSW Art & Design
33.5 x 30.0 cm each
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.

Wave Hill, Victoria River country 2014–2016
21 pigment prints (installation)
each print 59.5 x 84.0 cm
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.

ABO.riginal 2016
(from the series 'blood/type')
pigment print
110.0 x 90.5 cm
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.

full/blood 2016
(from the series 'blood/type')
pigment print
111.2 x 90.5 cm
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.

HALF-CASTE 2016
(from the series 'blood/type')
pigment print
110.0 x 87.0 cm
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.

Native 2016
(from the series 'blood/type')
pigment print
110.0 x 88.3 cm
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.

octaroon 2016
(from the series 'blood/type')
pigment print
110.0 x 91.0 cm
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.

quarter/caste 2016
(from the series 'blood/type')
pigment print
110.0 x 92.0 cm
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.

shut/mouth/scream 2016
(from the series 'blood/type')
two pigment prints
91.0 x 89.5 cm and 110.0 x 89.3 cm
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.

Jinparrak installation 2017
found and hand-made objects
dimensions variable
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.

Retrac(k)ing country and (s)kin 2017
two-channel video, sound
duration 0:20:00, looped
editor and advisor: Rob Nugent
Courtesy of the artist; Stills Gallery, Sydney; and Niagara Galleries, Melbourne.

Serena Donald Narrpingali Nimarra (1970–)
Women digging for soak water at Ngurlma (Spring Creek) as young girls watch on and learn 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
96.0 x 151.0 cm
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

Michael George 'Nutwood' Tulngayarri Japalyi (1957–)
Handover with Gough Whitlam and Vincent Lingiari 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
90.9 x 142.0 cm
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

Yuki Hokari Sim (1967–)
Embracing Japarta 2013
wool
64.0 x 134.0 cm
Collection of the artist

Smiler Kartarta Jangala (dates unknown)
Drawing of three warntingarna *or* yuungku *[skeleton ghosts]. They came after* karu *[young children] left behind after collecting* ngarlu *[honey] and* kilipi *[bush bananas]* 1944
crayon on brown paper
53.3 x 38.0 cm
R. M. and C. H. Berndt Collection, Berndt Museum
Acc. no. 2017/0013
Courtesy of the Gurindji community.

Leah Leaman Yinpingali Namija (1971–)
Gurindji, Mudburra and Malngin women finding peace by gathering bush foods and flowers during knock-off time in the early station days 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
86.0 x 140.0 cm
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

Dylan Miller Poulson Japangardi (1989–)
Talking about 'Yijarni' history book 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
103.0 x 199.5 cm
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

Connie Mosquito Ngarmeiye Nangala (1940–2016)
Jarrarta Yawulyu (Women's ceremony) 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
91.0 x 143.0 cm
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

Ena Oscar Majapula Nanaku (1957–)
Ena's ngapuju *[nana] carrying toilet waste for kartiya at Jinparrak* 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
95.0 x 144.0 cm
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

Sarah Oscar Yanyjingali Nanaku (1964–)

Clean 'em up airstrip in 1929 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
45.5 x 60.0 cm
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

Crash of the 'Kookaburra' in 1929 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
45.5 x 60.0 cm
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

Pulngayit (The Great Flood in 1924) 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
45.5 x 60.0 cm
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

Crocodile Paddy Marlatulung Janama (dates unknown, *jawiji* [great-uncle] of Biddy Wavehill Yamawurr Nangala)
Kinyang Dreaming sorcery related to Seale Gorge 1944
crayon on brown paper
37.3 x 57.4 cm
R. M. and C. H. Berndt Collection, Berndt Museum
Acc. no. 2017/0011
Courtesy of the Gurindji community.

Crocodile Paddy Marlatulung Janama, Peter, Sunrise and **Smiler Kartarta Jangala** (dates unknown)
Ten men and women 1944
crayon on brown paper
37.3 x 57.4 cm
R. M. and C. H. Berndt Collection, Berndt Museum
Acc. no. 2017/0001
Courtesy of the Gurindji community.

Peter from Wave Hill Station (dates unknown)
Drawing of a kartiya *[whitefella] after a* wamala *[pre-pubescent girl]* 1944
crayon on brown paper
53.2 x 38.0 cm
R. M. and C. H. Berndt Collection, Berndt Museum
Acc. no. 2017/0002
Courtesy of the Gurindji community.

Axel Poignant (1906–1986)
Aboriginal stockman, Central Australia c. 1947, printed 1982
Cibachrome print
41.0 x 31.0 cm
PIC P183/1
Pictures Collection, National Library of Australia

unknown artists

Aboriginal breast-plate 'Jimmy – King of Wave Hill'
c. 1930
brass
32.0 x 33.0 x 2.0 cm
Purchased 2008, Museum and Art Gallery of the Northern Territory. TH2008/0004

Dilly bag n.d.
knitted wool with cotton gauze handle
44.5 x 17.3 cm
C. H. Berndt Collection, Berndt Museum
Acc. no. 05906
Courtesy of the Gurindji community.

Drawing of public but dangerous sorcery in the Seale George area involving the kinyang *[eel-tailed catfish]. Also depicted are people dancing* wajarra *[public corroboree] and a* murlukurr *[spirit lion]* 1944
crayon on brown paper
38.1 x 53.4 cm
R. M. and C. H. Berndt Collection, Berndt Museum
Acc. no. 2017/0014
Courtesy of the Gurindji community.

Woven dilly bag with handle c. 1970
wool
52.0 x 17.5 x 1.75 cm
Collection of Karungkarni Art and Culture Aboriginal Corporation. Gift of Lyn Riddett, 2017.

Violet Wadrill Nanaku (1942–)
Men and women sitting together and talking at Lipanangku 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
90.0 x 150.0 cm
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

Biddy Wavehill Yamawurr Nangala (1942–) and **Jimmy Wavehill Ngawanyja Japalyi** (1935–)
Aerial view of Jinparrak (Old Wave Hill Station) 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
96.0 x 150.0 cm
Courtesy of the artists and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

The Wave Hill/Jinparrak/Canberra Centenary Exchange

Rachael Morris
Gurindji Mining Lease 2013
screenprint/lithograph
56.5 x 76.5 cm

Violet Wadrill Nanaku
Humpy house, Jinparrak 2013
screenprint
56.5 x 76.5 cm

Violet Wadrill Nanaku
Ration 2013
screenprint
56.5 x 76.5 cm

Biddy Wavehill Yamawurr Nangala
Jangana (Little Possum Dreaming) 2013
screenprint
56.5 x 76.5 cm

Jimmy Wavehill Ngawanyja Japalyi
Biddy country 2013
screenprint
56.5 x 76.5 cm

Courtesy of the artists and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

Additional Images

Mervyn Bishop (1945–)

Prime Minister Gough Whitlam pours soil into the hands of traditional land owner Vincent Lingiari, Northern Territory 1975 1975
Courtesy of the artist and Joseph Lebovic Gallery, Sydney.
© Mervyn Bishop/Department of the Prime Minister and Cabinet.

Mervyn Bishop (centre) with Gurindji stockmen (Horace Walmun standing on Bishop's left) and boys at Gurindji Mining Lease and Cattle Station, Murramulla Gurindji Social Club, 16 August 1975 1975
Collection of Brenda L. Croft.
Courtesy of the artist and Joseph Lebovic Gallery, Sydney.

Pauline Ryan Kilngarri Namija (1947–)
Milker yard and windbreaks at Jinparrak (Old Wave Hill Station) 2015
synthetic polymer paint on canvas
Courtesy of the artist and Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation.

Michael Terry (1899–1981)

Stockyards at the original site of Wave Hill Station just after the devastating 1924 flood, Northern Territory 1925
PIC/8847/6/47
Pictures Collection, National Library of Australia

Stockyards at Wave Hill Station just before they moved the station to Jinparrak, Northern Territory 1925
PIC/8847/6/48
Pictures Collection, National Library of Australia

Stockyards at Wave Hill Station, Northern Territory 1925
PIC/8847/6/49
Pictures Collection, National Library of Australia

A man painted up for Wangka, a ceremony learnt from Daly River people. He is talking with Michael Terry at Wave Hill Station. Despite harsh conditions on the station and continuing killings, ceremony was still practised and shared among Aboriginal groups, Northern Territory. 1925
PIC/8847/6/57
Pictures Collection, National Library of Australia

Norman Tindale (1900–1993)

AA346/4/22/1 Inverway Station sociological data cards R1317 Jack Bongiyari [Old Limbunya Jack Pingkiyarri Jurlama] 1954
South Australian Museum

AA346/4/22/1 Inverway Station sociological data cards R1337 Monkey Marngi [Thomas Monkey Yikapayi Jungurra] 1954
South Australian Museum

unknown photographer

Men and boys on an airstrip at Jinparrak (Old Wave Hill Station) built for the search party looking for Charles Kingsford Smith, 8 April 1929
PIC/13952/39a
Pictures Collection, National Library of Australia

Women and girls on the airstrip. Charles Kingsford Smith was found alive near Wyndam (WA) but the search party flying the 'Kookaburra' force-landed and perished, 8 April 1929
PIC/13952/40a
Pictures Collection, National Library of Australia

* * *

Bedford truck en route to Wave Hill 1966
Courtesy of the estate of Brian Manning.

Biddy Wavehill Yamawurr Nangala and Violet Wadrill Nanaku at Ngurlma 2014
Courtesy of Penny Smith.

Biddy Wavehill Yamawurr Nangala digs for soak water at Ngurlma 2014
Courtesy of Penny Smith.

Brian Manning, Jack Phillips, Jimmy Wavehill, 45th Gurindji Freedom Day, Kalkaringi 2011
Courtesy of Karyn Gaede.

Couple in their tin humpy, Daguragu 1970
Courtesy of Hannah Middleton.

Ena Oscar Majapula Nanaku 1970
Courtesy of Hannah Middleton.

Ena Oscar Majapula Nanaku, Sarah Oscar Yanyjingali Nanaku, Biddy Wavehill Yamawurr Nangala, Violet Wadrill Nanaku, and Connie Mosquito Ngarmeiye Nangala at Tiniwanypa (Clear Hole) 2014
Courtesy of Penny Smith.

Galia Hardy, Alan Hardy, Keir Reeves, Peter Hudson, Shirley Hardy-Rix, Ben Mountford, Brian Rix, 50th anniversary of Wave Hill Walk-Off, August 2016
Courtesy of Benjamin Mountford and the Hardy family.

Gurindji men and sign painted for them by Frank Hardy at Wattie Creek, 1967. Standing (l–r) Bruce Peter, Sammy Pangkalis, Captain Major Lupngiari, Mick (?), Vincent Lingiari, Mick Rangiari. Sitting (l–r) Starlight Wijina(?), Roger Japarta, Joe Randall, Jerry Rinyngayarri, Rodney (?), Old Major, (Charlie) Pincher Nyurrmiari Janama, Horace Walmun, Timmy Vincent 1967
Courtesy of the estate of Brian Manning.

Gurindji men with their signboard which Frank Hardy wrote at the request of Vincent Lingiari and Pincher Nyurrmiari 1966
Courtesy of Robin Jeffrey and the estate of Bill Jeffrey. [Originally reproduced in Frank Hardy, *The Unlucky Australians* (Melbourne: Thomas Nelson (Australia) Ltd, 1968), in which (Charlie) Pincher Nyurrmiari Janama was incorrectly identified as Pincher Manguari.]

Hannah Middleton with unidentified woman 1970
Courtesy of Hannah Middleton.

Jimmy, King of Wave Hill c. 1937 (film still)
from "Camping, Cattle Mustering in Outback: Wave Hill Station"
Movietone News
Courtesy of National Film and Sound Archive of Australia.

Joe Croft in new school uniform about to leave 'The Bungalow', Alice Springs, on a scholarship to All Souls Anglican College, Charters Towers, Queensland 1940
Courtesy of Brenda L. Croft.

Josepha Nangari Nampin and Pauline Ryan Kilngarri Namija 1971
Courtesy of Velma Leeding.

Josepha Nangari Nampin and Lyn Riddett, Brisbane, December 1970
Courtesy of Lyn Riddett.

Kerry, Gibbs, Brian Manning Jr and Maurie Ryan Japarta, 'Gibbsy's Automotives', Stuart Park, Darwin 2015
Courtesy of Brenda L. Croft.

Kerry Gibbs, 14 years old, with swag en route to Wave Hill 1966
Courtesy of the estate of Brian Manning.

Leah Leaman Yinpingali Namija, Daguragu c. 1976
Courtesy of Hannah Middleton.

Minoru Hokari with senior Gurindji men at Daguragu c. 1997
Courtesy of the estate of Minoru Hokari.

Pauline Ryan Kilngarri Namija dancing at the women's stone shelters, Jinparrak, near the site depicted in her painting *Milker yard* 2014
Courtesy of Brenda L. Croft.

Petition to Lord Casey, Governor-General of Australia from four Gurindji spokesmen, April 1967 [note: (Charlie) Pincher Nyurrmiari Janama is incorrectly written as Pincher Manguari in the document]
National Library of Australia, Frank Hardy Papers, 4887/73/6.

(Charlie) Pincher Nyurrmiyarri Janama, Patrick McConvell and Adam McConvell 1974
Courtesy of Patrick McConvell.

Polly Lajayi Namija, wife of Long Johnny Kijngayari, Lawi, Wattie Creek c. 1973
Courtesy of Lyn Riddett.

Sarah Oscar Yanyjingali Nanaku and Josepha Nangari Nampin, Daguragu 1970
Courtesy of Hannah Middleton.

Serena Donald Narrpingali Nimarra, Leah Leaman Yinpingali Namija, Brenda L. Croft Nangari, Violet Wadrill Nanaku, Warrijkuny Artists Camp 2014
Courtesy of Felicity Meakins.

Tanya McConvell, her son Adam, and Tommy Ngalnguny at Nangkurru [Nongra] Lake, a salty lake near the top of the Tanami Desert c. 1975
Courtesy of Dr Patrick McConvell.

'The Bungalow' Anglican group of children with Father E. K. Leslie and an unknown Sister c. 1938–1939.
Courtesy of Brenda L. Croft.

Vincent Lingiari and family, including his son Victor Vincent and wife Topsy Dodd Ngarnjal 1975
Courtesy of Rob Wesley-Smith.

Vincent Lingiari, Gurindji leader, during the Wave Hill Walk-Off c. 1966
Courtesy of the estate of Brian Manning.

Vincent Lingiari with Gurindji Mining Lease and Cattle Station sign 1970
Courtesy of Hannah Middleton.

Wave Hill Walk-Off Track
Courtesy of the Australian Government's Department of Environment and Energy.

Karungkarni Art and Cultural Aboriginal Corporation artists' portraits

Biddy Wavehill Yamawurr Nangala 2014
Courtesy of Penny Smith.

Connie Mosquito Ngarmeiye Nangala (1940–2016) 2014
Courtesy of Penny Smith.

Dylan Miller Poulson Japangardi 2014
Courtesy of Penny Smith.

Ena Oscar Majapula Nanaku 2014
Courtesy of Penny Smith.

Jimmy Wavehill Ngawanyja Japalyi 2014
Courtesy of Brenda L. Croft.

Leah Leaman Yinpingali Namija 2014
Courtesy of Brenda L. Croft.

Michael George 'Nutwood' Tulngayarri Japalyi 2015
Courtesy of Penny Smith.

Pauline Ryan Kilngarri Namija 2015
Courtesy of Penny Smith.

Sarah Oscar Yanyjingali Nanaku 2010
Courtesy of Penny Smith.

Serena Donald Narrpingali Nimarra 2016
Courtesy of Penny Smith.

Violet Wadrill Nanaku 2014
Courtesy of Penny Smith.

Contributors

Prof. Larissa Behrendt is a Eualayai/Gamillaroi woman who holds the Chair of Indigenous Research at the Jumbunna Indigenous House of Learning at the University of Technology, Sydney. She has published numerous textbooks on Indigenous legal issues and two award-winning novels. Larissa is a Walkley-nominated filmmaker and is the host of *Speaking out* on the ABC local radio network.

Mervyn Bishop was born in Brewarrina, New South Wales, in 1945. His life-long passion for photography was inspired by his mother, a keen amateur photographer. In 1963, he secured a four-year cadetship with the *Sydney Morning Herald*, completing a Photography Certificate Course at Sydney Technical College during this time. Bishop was Australia's first Aboriginal press photographer, and was named News Photographer of the Year in 1971. He commenced work with the Department of Aboriginal Affairs in 1974 and during his tenure took the iconic image of Gough Whitlam pouring soil into Vincent Lingiari's palm at Daguragu on 16 August 1975.

Erika Charola is a linguist and ESL teacher who has worked with Indigenous people in the Victoria River District, Northern Territory, since 1996. Erika worked for Diwurruwurru-jaru Aboriginal Corporation, facilitating a Gurindji language program at Kalkaringi School (1996–2000). She also worked with neighbouring languages across the district and as an interpreter-trainer for Kriol–English. Erika co-authored the *Gurindji to English Dictionary* (Batchelor, NT: Batchelor Press, 2013) and undertook extensive documentation of Gurindji stories that form the basis for the book *Yijarni: True stories from Gurindji country* (Canberra: Aboriginal Studies Press, 2016). She recently worked in ESL support roles for Education Queensland and is currently employed at Kalkaringi School.

Brenda L. Croft is a descendant of the Gurindji, Malngin, and Mudburra peoples of the Northern Territory and also has Anglo-Australian, German and Irish heritage. She has been involved in the contemporary arts/cultural sectors for three decades as an artist, curator, educator/researcher at regional, national and international levels. During this time, Brenda has undertaken creative practice-led research, working collaboratively with her family and community. *Still in my mind: Gurindji location, experience and visuality* is an outcome of Brenda's doctoral research through the National Institute for Experimental Arts, University of New South Wales (UNSW) Art & Design, where she is an Adjunct Research Fellow. From 2012 to 2015, her research was supported by an Australian Research Council Discovery Indigenous Award, and in 2015 she received an Indigenous Arts Fellowship from the Australia Council and a R. M. and C. H. Berndt Research Foundation's Postgraduate Scholarship Award.

Serena Donald Narrpingali Nimarra is a Malngin/Gurindji artist who was born at Kalkaringi in 1970 to Violet Wadrill Nanaku, also a successful artist and storyteller, and Donald Nangka Jurlama, a leader in the Wave Hill Walk-Off. Serena grew up at Daguragu and her traditional country is on Riveren (Kurlungurru) and Inverway Stations. Serena completed media studies at Batchelor Institute, winning the Harry Wilson Memorial Award (for broadcasting). She worked on the Central Land Council (CLC) Indigenous Ecological Knowledge project, producing an animation of the Rainbow Serpent story. A former member of the CLC Murnkurrumurnkurru Rangers, she is passionate about Gurindji language and culture, and has recently been working with elders on Gurindji stories and knowledge.

Michael George 'Nutwood' Tulngayarri Japalyi is the son of George Karlipirri Jukurtayi. Born in Katherine, he grew up at Jinparrak (Old Wave Hill Station) and was aged 10 at the time of the Wave Hill Walk-Off. In the 1970s, he worked at stock camps on various local cattle stations, then in the 1980s and 1990s for Daguragu Community Government Council in a variety of roles. He commenced painting in 2014 after attending Gough Whitlam's funeral. He paints to reflect on history and his connection to country, and to honour his father and his grandfather Tinker (the rainmaker who caused the 1924 flood that washed away the first Wave Hill Station at Victoria River).

Kerry Gibbs was 14 years old when he travelled with Brian Manning, Dexter Daniels and Robert Tudawali in Manning's 1960s Bedford TJ Series truck, taking supplies to the Gurindji strikers. Kerry's parents George and Moira established the Northern Territory Council for Aboriginal Rights (NTCAR) with Manning in 1961. NTCAR played a major role in supporting the Walk-Off. Gibbs and Manning were brothers-in-law and remained lifelong comrades. After Manning's death, Gibbs was made custodian of the iconic Bedford truck, which he donated to the National Museum of Australia in 2016.

Alan Hardy is the son of author Frank Hardy. A three times AFI Award–winning television producer, Alan is now retired and lives in Melbourne. He produced *All the Rivers Run*, *The Henderson Kids*, *Embassy*, *The Wayne Manifesto*, *Neighbours*, and *The Sullivans* along with many other popular TV drama series. Alan has written an unproduced screenplay based on his father's well-known book, *The Unlucky Australians*.

Minoru 'Mino' Hokari (1971–2004) was born in Niigata, Japan, and received his bachelor's and master's degrees in Economics from Hitotsubashi University, Japan, and a PhD in History from the Australian National University, Canberra. Through fieldwork, he came to see it as his mission to bring Gurindji stories to the world, and his PhD research revolved around his experiences of living with the Gurindji people. Sadly, he died of cancer in Melbourne; two of his books have been published posthumously.

Yuki Hokari Sim is Minoru 'Mino' Hokari's sister. Since Mino's passing, Yuki has been committed to making his work and life known to the world through a website, memorial scholarship funds at two Australian universities, and photography exhibitions. In addition, her 'Knit to Fundraise' project has connected people around the world to Mino's legacy. She lives in the United States with her husband and two children.

Leah Leaman Yinpingali Namija is a Gurindji artist who was born in 1971, making her among the younger member artists of Karungkarni Art and Culture Aboriginal Corporation. Having grown up with her family at Daguragu, Leah is particularly close to her aunt Serena Donald Narrpingali Nimarra, and together they previously worked for the CLC's Murnkurrumurnkurru Rangers. Both women are active members of the Kalkaringi Church. She has worked closely with her grandmother Violet Wadrill Nanaku to learn about bush medicine, and Leah's highly sought after artworks often reference bush plants. She also works as a translator and transcriber and is fluent in several Aboriginal languages of the Northern Territory.

Brian Manning (1932–2013) was a lifelong socialist and trade union activist, with membership in the Communist Party of Australia (CPA) and Maritime Union of Australia. He helped establish the NTCAR in 1961, and co-founded the NT Trades and Labour Council. Renowned for garnering support for the Gurindji community during the Wave Hill Walk-Off, he took supplies to the strikers in his 1960s TJ Series Bedford truck on numerous arduous trips throughout the nine-year-long land-rights fight. The truck was donated to the National Museum of Australia in 2016 to mark the 50th anniversary of the Walk-Off.

Dr Patrick McConvell is a member of Honorary Staff (Associate Professor), Australian National University. In 2012, he was awarded a Discovery Outstanding Research Award and the R. Marika Guest Professor, University of Cologne. Patrick worked extensively with the Gurindji and associated communities at Daguragu in the early 1970s. With Felicity Meakins, Erika Charola and Gurindji elders, he co-authored the *Gurindji to English Dictionary* (Batchelor, NT: Batchelor Press, 2013).

Tanya McConvell lived and worked in the Daguragu community from 1974 to 1977. Since then, she has worked in a diversity of roles: teaching mathematics at Strelley Station community-run school, Pilbara, WA, (1978–79); teaching ESL in School of Australian Linguistics, Batchelor, NT (1979–80); teaching mathematics, Aboriginal Taskforce, Darwin Community College (now Charles Darwin University) (1980–81); providing training, Aboriginal Development Commission, Canberra (1982–83); and acting as coordinator, Aboriginal Centre, Canberra College of Advanced Education (now University of Canberra) (1986–87). For 20 years, she worked as a community-radio journalist with 2XX, Canberra, recording interviews and making documentaries on social justice and human-rights issues, broadcast locally and across the country.

Felicity Meakins is a Senior Lecturer at the University of Queensland. She is a field linguist who specialises in the documentation of Australian Indigenous languages in the Victoria River District, Northern Territory, and the effect of English on Indigenous languages. In her capacity as a community linguist and academic, Felicity has facilitated language revitalisation programs, consulted on Native Title claims, and conducted research into Indigenous languages for over 16 years. She has compiled grammars, ethnobiologies, bilingual text collections, and dictionaries of traditional Indigenous languages and has written numerous papers on language change in Australia.

Dr Hannah Middleton was born in England in 1942. She graduated from London University in 1964 with a degree in African Studies. From 1970 to 1971, she lived at Daguragu with the Gurindji and completed her PhD on the Aboriginal land-rights campaign. After teaching at UNSW, she edited the newspaper of the CPA and later became CPA General Secretary. A longtime peace activist, Hannah has written on Indigenous issues and the environment, including *But now we want the land back* (Sydney: New Age Publishers, 1977).

Dylan Miller Poulson Japangardi is a Warlpiri artist and member of Karungkarni Art and Culture Aboriginal Corporation. Currently aged 27, Dylan has been a painter at the art centre since 2013. He and his wife Narelle are both employed at Karungkarni as art workers where they assist the other artists and work closely with Penny Smith. In 2014, they attended training in digital archiving with the Indigenous Remote Communications Association in Canberra. In 2015, Dylan was selected to participate in the Association of Northern, Kimberley and Arnhem Aboriginal Artists' Art Worker Extension Program.

Connie Mosquito Ngarmeiye Nangala (1940–2016) was an Indigenous Knowledges custodian from Daguragu who was born to Mary Jarrngali Nangari and Joe Jumngayarri. She married Joe Mosquito (Kevin Wara) and worked on Kunawa (Cattle Creek Station) as a cook. Nangala was a dedicated artist whose paintings were highly sought after. A committed member of Karungkarni Art and Culture Aboriginal Corporation, she was always enthusiastic about participating in site visits, and in sharing cultural knowledge with younger community members.

Ena Oscar Majapula Nanaku is a Gurindji artist who was born in 1957. She lives at Daguragu and is an Indigenous Knowledges custodian and dedicated artist member of Karungkarni Art and Culture Aboriginal Corporation. Ena has participated in several Gurindji language projects.

Sarah Oscar Yanyjingali Nanaku is a Gurindji artist who was born in 1964. She lives at Daguragu and is an Indigenous Knowledges custodian. Sarah is a dedicated artist member of Karungkarni Art and Culture Aboriginal Corporation and a director on its board. She has participated in several Gurindji language projects, including research with linguist Patrick McConvell, co-authoring an academic paper with him. She has also spent many years working at Kalkaringi School as an Assistant Teacher.

Lyn Riddett lives in Canberra. Life in its present form began the day she arrived at Wave Hill Settlement in August 1970 and met the Daguragu mob for the first time. Since then, the author says, nothing has been simple! The complexity has, however, been marvellous – and very challenging.

Maurie Ryan Japarta was born in 1948 at Jinparrak (Old Wave Hill Station) to Gurindji woman Mary Dundaro and Irishman Patrick Ryan. In 1952, Maurie was removed from his family and community and taken to homes in Darwin, then Croker Island, not seeing his mother again until he was 24. A steadfast advocate of Aboriginal rights, he stood for the seat of Stuart for the Australian Democrats in 1981 and founded the First Nations Political Party in 2011. He has worked with numerous Aboriginal organisations, including Kalkaringi Education Council (Chair), Kalkaringi Community Council, CLC (Chairman) and NT Stolen Generations Aboriginal Corporation (Chair).

Pauline Ryan Kilngarri Namija was born at Jinparrak (Old Wave Hill Station). As a young woman, she worked as a domestic servant at Wave Hill and Cattle Creek stations. In 1966, Pauline and her husband were among the Walk-Off activists who moved to Kalkaringi/Daguragu with Vincent Lingiari. Now living in Kalkaringi, Pauline started painting at Daguragu at the Art and Craft Centre in the 1990s. A founding director of Karungkarni Art and Culture Aboriginal Corporation, Pauline's direction and participation in women's business/culture is a significant aspect of her life.

Axel Poignant (1906–1986) was born in Leeds, England. Migrating to Australia in 1926, he commenced work as a photographer in 1933, covering a broad range of subjects: portraiture, Australian society, dance, theatre, mining, and logging. He later extended his range into cinematography. From the 1930s to the early 1950s, he documented Aboriginal people and communities in Western Australia and the Northern Territory. Poignant returned to England in 1956. His work is represented in the National Library of Australia, the Art Gallery of Western Australia and the Art Gallery of New South Wales.

Penny Smith assisted artists in forming the Karungkarni Art and Culture Aboriginal Corporation in 2011, where she has been manager ever since. In 2016, she also directed the art, culture and heritage program for the 50th Anniversary Gurindji Freedom Day commemorative event. Penny's expansive art career over the last 35 years has included owning and operating an art gallery; working as a Visual Arts Manager for events such as the Woodford Folk Festival and The Dreaming; as well as extensive work in art project management, public art, festival art and installations, and community workshop facilitation. She is also a practising artist.

Michael Terry (1899–1981) was born in Gateshead, England. He served in the Royal Naval Air Service, Armoured Car Section, from 1917 to 1918, before migrating to Perth, Australia, where he became a noted author and explorer. Terry led numerous expeditions to Central Australia and the Northern Territory from 1923 to 1935, and visited Wave Hill Station in 1925 shortly after the flood and prior to its relocation to Jinparrak. He died in Annandale, Sydney, in 1981.

Dr Norman Barnett Tindale (1900–1993) was born in Perth, Western Australia. An anthropologist, archaeologist, entomologist and ethnologist, he was employed by the South Australian Museum from 1918 to 1933. Tindale began working with Indigenous communities while on his first expedition to Groote Eylandt (1921–1922), during which he met Maroadunei, a Ngandi songmaker from Arnhem Land, Northern Territory. Maroadunei introduced Tindale to the concept of 'tribal boundaries', establishing that Indigenous Australians were linked to their country by culture, kinship and language. In 1974, Tindale published his research, collated during subsequent expeditions around the continent, in the treatise and accompanying map *Aboriginal tribes of Australia, their terrain, environmental controls, distribution, limits and proper names*. He died in Palo Alto, California, USA, aged 93.
Biography adapted from "Tindale, Dr Norman Barnett (AA 338)," South Australian Museum, http://www.samuseum.sa.gov.au/collections/information-resources/archives/tindale-dr-norman-barnett-aa-338.

Violet Wadrill Nanaku was born in 1942 near Pantarrjang on the Victoria River. Her *kaku*'s (father's father) country is Jutamaliny (Swan Yard) on Limbunya Station, which is Malngin country. She grew up at the Wave Hill Welfare Settlement (called the Compound) and Jinparrak (Old Wave Hill Station), working there when she was older. Violet is dedicated to documenting Gurindji language and culture, and has contributed to a Gurindji dictionary and ethnobiology. Passionate about maintaining her culture, Violet paints her traditional country, Jutamaliny, and her Dreaming, *ngarlu* (bush honey), and makes artefacts such as *kawarla* (coolamons) and *kurturu* (nullanullas).

Biddy Wavehill Yamawurr Nangala was born c. 1942 on Jinparrak (Old Wave Hill Station), where her mother and father worked in the stock camp. Biddy worked in the stockmen's quarters when she was a young woman, combining stock life with customary practices, including *wajarra* (corroboree) and *jarrarta* (women's ceremony). There is a strong demand for Biddy's artwork and she and her husband Jimmy participated in the Canberra Centenary/ Wave Hill exchange with Megalo Printmaking Studio, Canberra, in 2013. She has been a key knowledge holder on several language and art projects and is a founding member artist and director of the Karungkarni Art and Culture Aboriginal Corporation.

Jimmy Wavehill Ngawanyja Japalyi was born in Katherine in 1936, living on numerous stations where his father worked. As a young stockman, Jimmy met his wife Biddy at Jinparrak (Wave Hill Station). When the Wave Hill Walk-Off took place, Jimmy and Biddy were working on Limbunya Station, but left to join the Wave Hill strikers. A skilled artist, Jimmy often collaborates with Biddy and both participated in the Canberra Centenary/ Wave Hill exchange with Megalo Printmaking Studio, Canberra, in 2013. Jimmy is renowned for making traditional artefacts. He is a founding member artist and director of Karungkarni Art and Culture Aboriginal Corporation.

Rob Wesley-Smith grew up in Adelaide in a family who was always concerned about human rights, especially in relation to Australia's Indigenous people. He went on to study Rural Science at the University of New England, New South Wales, in the 1960s, where he mixed with other social-justice activists. Rob's later work in the Northern Territory was an opportunity for him to learn from Aboriginal people. Reading about the Wave Hill Walk-Off prompted him to drive down from Darwin to Daguragu to offer his assistance to the cause. He became good friends with many Gurindji community members, both at Daguragu and in Darwin. Rob's main actions at Wave Hill were in the first half of the 1970s, after which the East Timor independence movement occupied most of his attention.

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Courtesy of Brenda L. Croft and Felicity Meakins.

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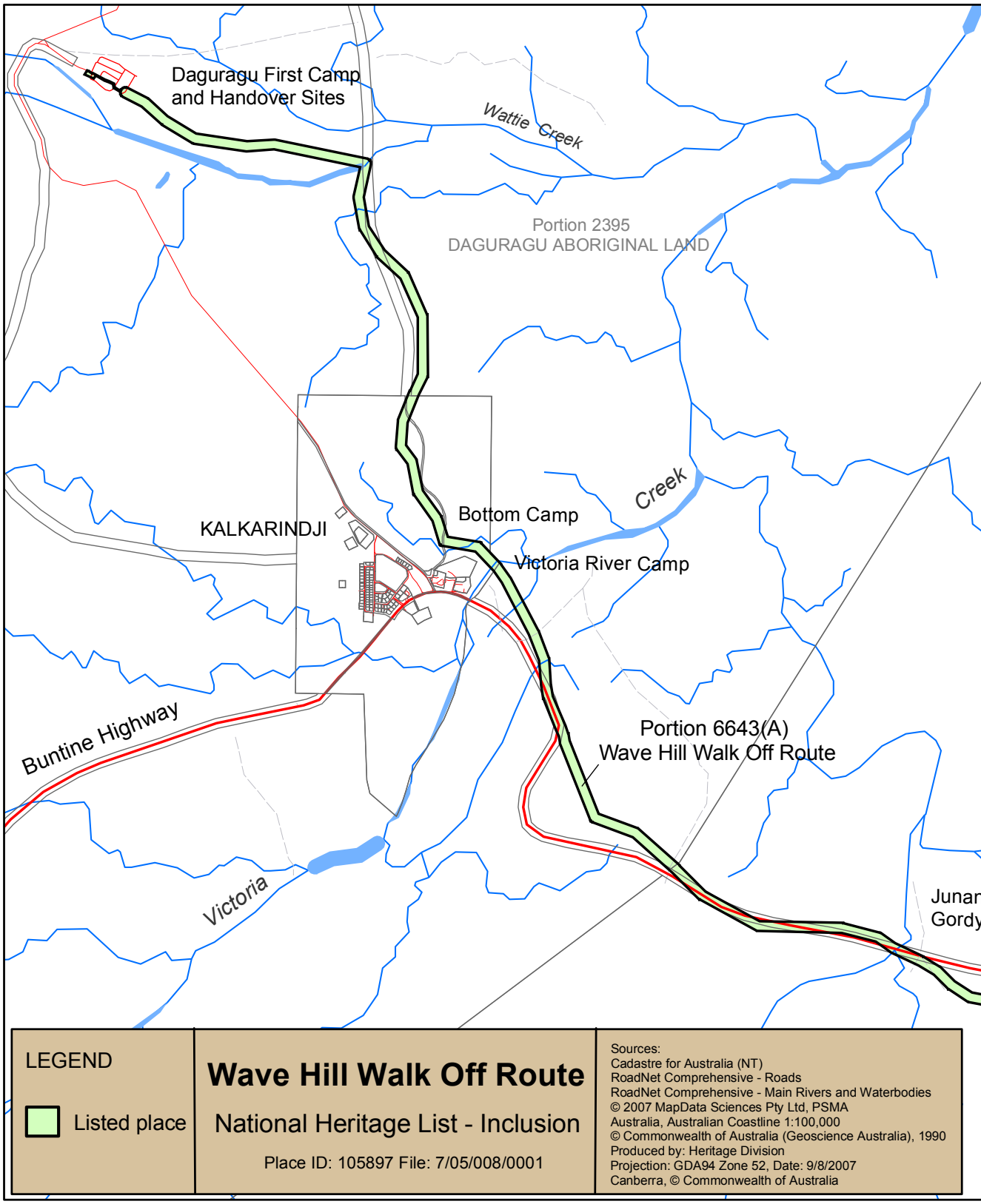
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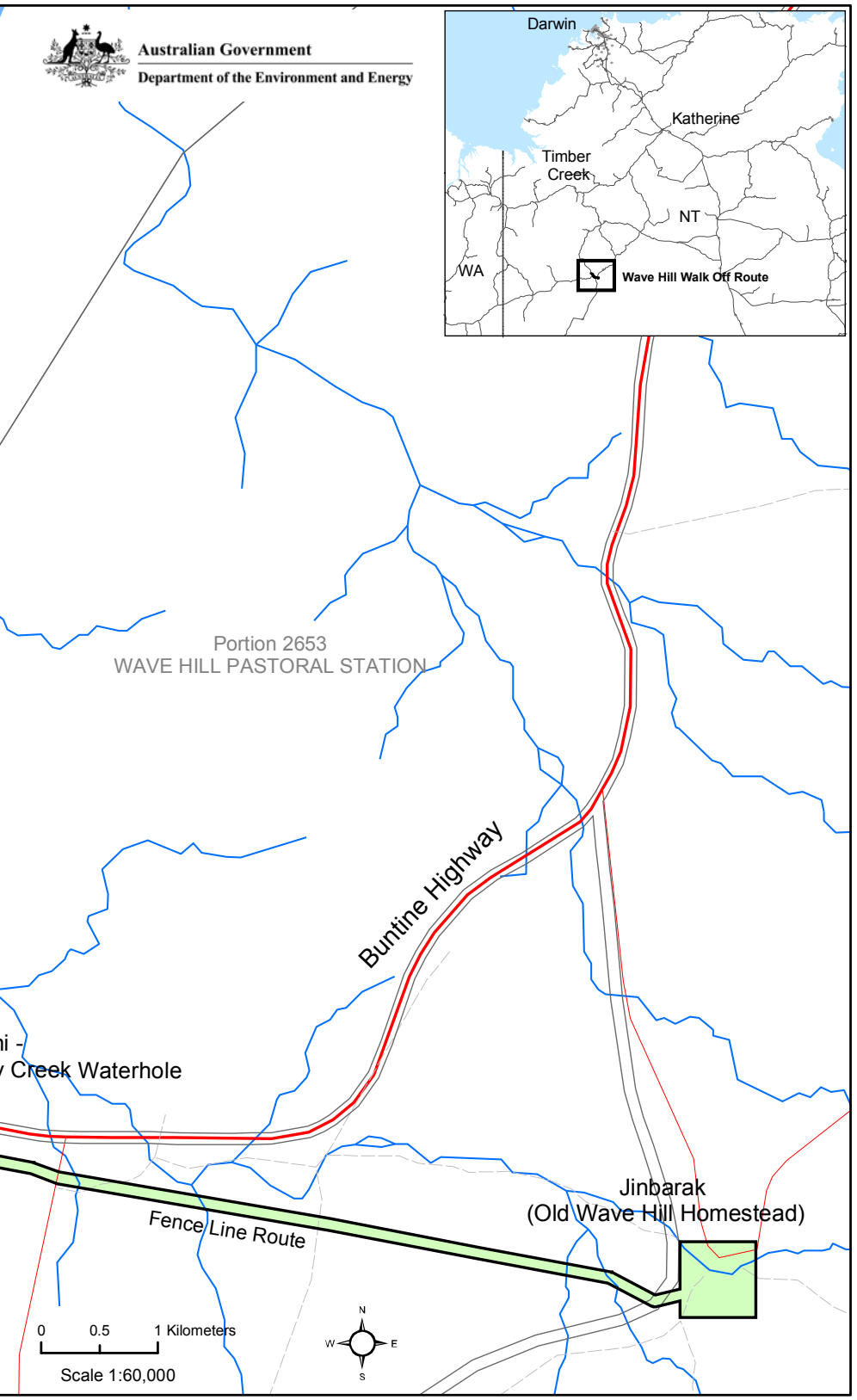
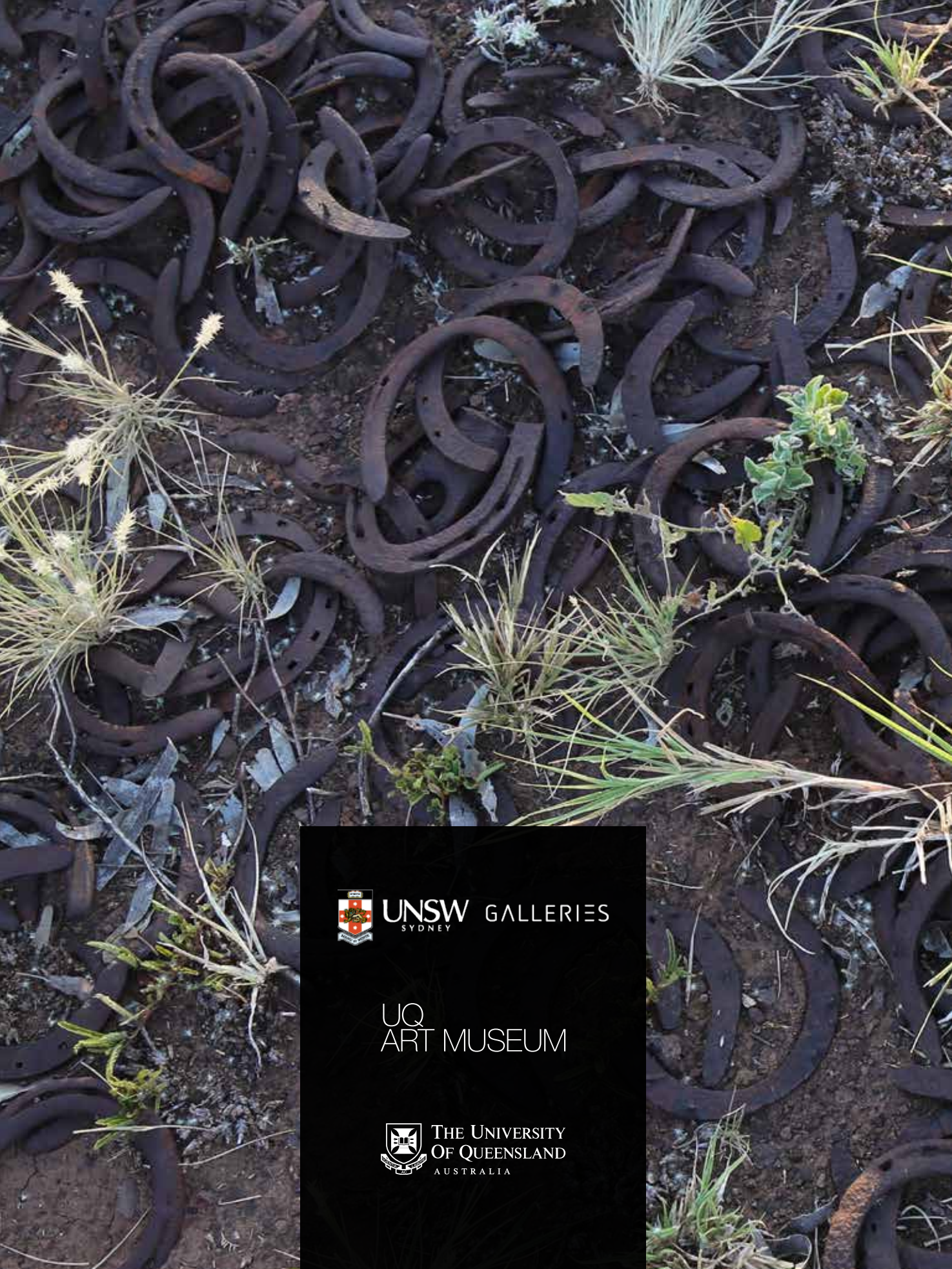


Wave Hill Walk-Off Track
Courtesy of the Australian Government's Department of Environment and Energy.

Mervyn Bishop
Mervyn Bishop (centre) with Gurindji stockmen (Horace Walmun standing on Bishop's left) and boys at Gurindji Mining Lease and Cattle Station, Murramulla Gurindji Social Club, 16 August 1975
Collection of Brenda L. Croft.
Courtesy of the artist and Joseph Lebovic Gallery, Sydney.



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