

‘Progress is Great ... ’

Making Sense of the Colonial Past in Outback Australia

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—A BRIEF TOUR OF THE CEDUNA MUSEUM

Over the past seven years I have been conducting ethnographic fieldwork in the small country town of Ceduna in the South Australian outback. Ceduna lies on South Australia’s far west coast, the last in a string of isolated settlements beyond which looms the desolate stretch of the Nullabor Plain. This article is both about Ceduna locals’ everyday attempts to make sense of the colonial past, and about my attempt as an ethnographer to get a grip on the past(s) of this place. I will have more to say about the relationship between ethnography and history shortly. But I begin this essay by traipsing through a particularly redolent ‘site of memory’: the local museum.¹ While living in Ceduna in 2008 and 2009 I visited this museum on a number of occasions.

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Upon entering the museum building, the visitor sees an old barber's chair with a yellowing, brown-studded leather seatback and ribbed silver footrests. A caption is attached: 'PROGRESS IS GREAT THE CHAIR REPLACED THE KEROSENE CASE IN THE BARBERS SHOP.' A wall lined with grainy, black and white images features photos of a camel team in front of the Globe Hotel, Fowlers Bay, in the late 1800s; bagged wheat being loaded on the train to be railed to Thevenard jetty in 1960; the cutting of hay with horses at Coorabie in the 1920s; a mouse plague in the wheat stacks at Denial Bay in 1917; the Waratah Gypsum Plaster Factory at Thevenard in 1959; assorted football teams and a new year's day picnic at Laura Bay in 1910—the women sitting stiffly for the portrait in long, white dresses amidst the low-lying scrub.

In the next room a cabinet contains football club medals; a watch and chain; a death penny given to the family of a man killed in World War I; sea opals; World War II souvenirs; a pocket watch; a photo of a bark hut at Laura Bay; a German hymn book. Another cabinet contains petrified wood; some chipped-off pieces of the Berlin Wall; a seahorse; 'unusual small tools' (according to the caption); some fossils; a handful of bird eggs and a collection of what I recognise as Aboriginal stone implements. A wooden school desk is crammed with Empire-Corona, Imperial 200, Remington Portable and Royal typewriters, some of them labelled with the names of their donor. Another is cluttered with rusted lamb bells and kerosene lamps. A blue galvanised iron baby's bath is captioned: 'Made by F.A. Blumson in 1947. Used by his daughters Valerie, Shirley and Reva and son Kelvin.'

Floorboards creak underfoot as the visitor moves first from room to room, then outside and into a series of sheds. These display, among other things, wheat farming machinery and a cavernous whale's skeleton which once washed ashore.

Walter Benjamin's 'angel of history' famously had his face turned towards the past. 'Where we perceive a chain of events, he sees one single catastrophe which keeps piling wreckage upon wreckage and hurls it in front of his feet.'² Inside the Ceduna Museum, the angel of history sees perhaps not a single catastrophe but certainly the past as a single moment. The relics and wreckage of this time—before now—accumulate.

The barbers' chair's insouciant caption references progress, and the museum also emphasises a point of origin, giving prominence to a copy of an 1896 petition to



Image 1: Scenes from inside the Ceduna Museum (photographs: Eve Vincent)

the Surveyor General's office requesting the 'Government grant the surveying of a Township and erection of a Telegraph office' at a landing place on Murat Bay.³ Twenty-five farmers, a grazier, a blacksmith and a master mariner signed the petition, which eventually led to the surveying of the Ceduna township in 1900.⁴ But the urge to narrate progress within the museum or, indeed, the urge to establish any kind of linear narrative, has been sublimated to the urge to accumulate and acquire. The effect is a local museum that does not narrate, but instead piles material wreckage upon which little order or sequencing has been imposed. The collecting criteria for these objects appears to be that a thing either be old, or resembles something old, and thus is designated the subject of history. In one of the sheds a Strongbow Draught bottle with green frosted glass and a faded label, circa 2000 (at a guess) takes its place in a row of opaque, chunky medicine bottles dating from the early twentieth century (again, I guess).

I loved the chaotic and irreverent aspects of the museum and went there to marvel at the jumble of objects in Image 1 and the many photos on display, bringing with me first a visiting friend and later my parents. Each time we were the only people wandering through the maze of small rooms, while a lone volunteer sat at the front desk. On one of these occasions the chatty volunteer told us she was originally from a northern European nation and had settled in Ceduna. She commented that Ceduna locals 'never visit the museum' before supplying that she herself had never thought to visit the local museum in the European town she came from.

—ETHNOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

In 1982, Eric Wolf's seminal *Europe and the People Without History* drew attention to the way anthropologists had long represented the 'so-called primitive' objects of their study as people 'without history', erasing pasts that told of complex interconnections and relations of exchange in order to sustain the image of discrete, bounded cultures.⁵ Sidney Mintz's contemporaneous insistence that 'without history' anthropology's 'explanatory power is seriously compromised' has certainly been heeded.⁶ Contemporary ethnographies invariably begin with a historical account sketching how the 'community', 'people' or place in question came into being in historical time. These are often detailed, illuminating accounts, and sometimes draw on original archival research and oral histories. And yet these

chapters, which seem to me to be organised to precede the 'real' ethnography, pose different kinds of problem. The pasts of these people or this place can be represented as all-too knowable and singular, with the effect of naturalising the reality of 'the community' or 'the people' under study—when in fact these collectivities are anthropological artefacts. When it came to researching and writing about the pasts of a place like Ceduna I found myself looking for way of blurring the boundary between what counted as historical 'background' material, the stuff which everyone could confidently know had already taken place, and the ethnographic treatment of a supposedly more dynamic, in flux and contested present.

I did not want to narrate the past as 'a chain of events', something agreed upon or stable. Benjamin called for historians to 'stop telling the sequence of events like the beads of a rosary'.⁷ Taking heed of this call, I join Paul Carter in resisting the urge to write as if 'the past has been settled even more effectively than the country'.⁸ I wanted especially to convey that the past is subject to as many everyday conversations and contestations about its substance, significance and meaning as are present events. An 'experiment' was called for.⁹ My interweaving here of the past and present—of the unsettled nature of the colonial past as it is made sense of in the present—draws inspiration from writings by Katrina Schlunke, and cultural theorist Chris Healy's early work, which sketched the myriad ways in which Australia's colonial past is made meaningful in the present.¹⁰

In criticising historicism, Benjamin perceived that the causal connections between events are ascribed from the perspective of the present. Certain events and experiences are only retrospectively designated as historical in nature. Cultural historian Greg Dening pointed out that 'all that has happened'—the entire, inchoate accumulation of everything—produces moments 'almost indescribable'.¹¹ Instead, as soon as the present moment becomes a past experience, it 'is transformed into symbols that are exchanged'. The past takes the form, for example, of 'reminiscence, gossip, anecdote, rumour, parable, report, tradition, myth'. All these forms are social, or as Dening prefers, 'public'. 'For an expression to have shared meaning, it must be possessed of some system which can be recognised'.¹²

This article brings to light multiple forms of public expression, possessed of systems of shared meaning, about the past. These forms are mostly small-scale and vernacular, but also overlap with larger-scale registers of meaning as local

understandings are refigured by national debates about the colonial past. With Denning I believe that 'history cannot be divorced from the circumstances of its telling'.¹³ And so I plait together here information about Ceduna's past, drawn entirely from secondary sources, with ethnographic material about how contemporary locals make sense of that past, as they find a way to dwell in the particular and unstable 'landscapes of memory' they inhabit.¹⁴ Much of the historical detail I relate here was first mentioned to me, however obliquely, in conversations, interviews and anecdotes over the course of my fieldwork. I explore both Aboriginal and white people's engagement with and interpretation of past events, and the affective dimensions of this engagement. I am interested in people's investment in knowing various things about the local past, in the contradictory desires, attachments and injuries that condense in things known about the past, and how the past comes to make some sort of contingent sense in the present. Richard Martin's recent essay in this journal beautifully illustrates the benefits of an anthropologist adopting an interdisciplinary approach to dealing with the 'historicity of the present'.¹⁵ I hope to make a contribution in a similar vein.

There is, as mentioned, an experimental aspect here. I play with the museum's abandonment of continuous time: proceeding, pausing, backtracking. There are three moments or sites, in particular, in which the past forces itself into view in the present, and where the significance of the Nunga past is variously and often passionately constituted. I linger over and zoom in on these sites.

One is the museum, to which I return at the close of this essay. I argue that the museum ultimately involves a community of white locals staking a proprietary claim to the local past. 'Progress' is a great joke, but only some are laughing. Later I turn to consider one of the key sources used in the writing of this piece, *Survival In Our Own Land: 'Aboriginal' Experiences in 'South Australia' since 1836*.¹⁶ I treat this book both as a valuable source of information about the past and as an object of anthropological import in the present. I am interested in this particular work's materiality as well as its claims and problems. I discuss the ways in which *Survival In Our Own Land* belongs to the time of its own creation and original publication—the late 1980s—as well as the ways the rendering, reproducing and reading of an account of the Aboriginal past can be experienced as intimate and heartfelt. Further, I argue that this book's perspective on the colonial past has important implications

in the present, as the editors orient South Australian Aboriginal people towards the north of the state, perhaps unwittingly affirming the perception that colonial contact corrupts 'authentic' Aboriginal identities. And I begin with a small local event, a candlelight walk commemorating the invasion of the Australian continent. In this moment, national history debates rub up against local perceptions of the contemporary relevance of the early colonial past.

—'THAT WAS THE DAY THEY INVADED AUSTRALIA': THE CANDLELIGHT WALK, 26 JANUARY

In 2008, Aunty Joan, a senior Aboriginal woman with whom I work closely, and some urban-based environmentalists who have become involved in supporting her anti-mining efforts, organised a candlelight walk on the evening of 26 January. As is well known this date is designated by the Australian state as 'Australia Day' and widely celebrated as such. It is commemorated by many Aboriginal people and their sympathisers as 'Survival Day' or 'Invasion Day'. The walk was not an isolated event: individual greenies with whom Aunty Joan has pursued a political alliance have links with the South Australian branch of Australians for Native Title and Reconciliation (ANTaR) through progressive social and political networks.¹⁷ ANTaR SA members organise monthly 'Candlelight Walks for Peace and Justice', which in their present incarnation call for a treaty and bill of rights. Ngarrindjeri activists from southeast South Australia initiated these walks in 2000 and extra efforts are made to draw together crowds of people to walk in Adelaide each year on 26 January.

Aunty Joan remembers the 2008 Ceduna candlelight walk as an exciting 30-person strong event. On the evening of 26 January 2009 I headed down to the Ceduna foreshore for the second walk of this kind. In the car park I found Aunty Joan and her cousin, Aunty Cecilia, on their mobile phones trying to rouse more relatives. After a brutally hot public holiday all who were called upon complained that they were tired and, one said, sun-struck after spending the day on the jetty 'crabbing'—dangling pots on long ropes down into the water and leaving them on the seafloor to ensnare blue swimmer crabs. Someone else said they were 'too knackered to come'. 'We're knackered too,' commented an unimpressed Aunty Joan after she got off the phone.

Those of us who had gathered in the twilight decided to walk regardless of our small number. Aunty Cecilia gave a short earnest speech: 'We are walking for peace.

Once you have peace, you can have justice.’ Aunty Joan amended this as we walked along the foreshore, ‘Once you have peace, you have justice, and then you have FREEDOM,’ she boomed out, more riotous than righteous. The sun had sunk beyond the water to our left, and we walked a short length of the foreshore in the dark. Wind kept blowing out the flickering candles in our silver lanterns, which we had made from scrubbed-clean canned tomato tins, with bent wire handles. ‘The forces of nature are too great for us!’ sung out Aunty Joan, re-energising an event that was proving anticlimactic.

Our party of walkers comprised eight adults (four members of Aunty Joan’s family, three greenies including me, and one local hippie), six Nunga kids and my one-year-old baby, Ned. When we reached the jetty we bumped into some young Nunga women walking around in the cool night with their toddlers. I didn’t know them but they were family and were happily incorporated into the photo taken for, and featured in, the next *West Coast Sentinel*.

In the days leading up to the walk, we had circulated a small flyer in Ceduna advertising the event. A greenie named Rhiannon and I agonised over the wording of this flyer. We wanted to intervene in a hegemonic narrative about the nation’s beginnings and a linear story of progress but feared alienating a local audience that we assumed would be hostile to our message. In the end, in close consultation with Aunty Joan, we settled on ‘Australia Day means different things to different people’.

At the walk Rhi told me that she handed the flyer around at a casual backyard barbeque earlier that day, drawing defensive and non-comprehending responses from Nungas and whitefellas alike. She recounted that a young Nunga woman, known to us both, commented upon reading the flyer: ‘But we’re all Australian. I mean we’ve got a lot to celebrate.’ We laughed at our own failed efforts but also admitted our unease. The flyer called on all Ceduna residents to ‘come together’ to walk. I want to expand on our Nunga friend’s rejection of its invitation to recognise herself as a ‘different’ kind of person, for whom we imagined Australia Day would necessarily hold a ‘different’ meaning.

Our flyer drew on an implicit, general belief, shared by Rhiannon, many Australian progressives and me, in the importance of ‘acknowledging’ the history of violent dispossession that attended the British claiming of the continent. Our flyer, reflecting this belief, oriented its Aboriginal readers to 1788, inviting them to

recognise themselves immediately and primarily as the invaded, and positing Australia Day as a celebration belonging to the invaders. Many Aboriginal people *do* see the history of violent dispossession as intrinsic to their subordinate position in the contemporary social structure, and contemporary whitefella–blackfella relations are made some sense of as relations between invader and invaded. But Aboriginal people may also refuse this formulation, or at least its explanatory power, and instead foreground other aspects of their identity and collective past.

Past and Present, anthropologist Jeremy Beckett’s 1988 groundbreaking edited collection, analysed ‘the past as the principal currency of exchange’ in contemporary constructions of Aboriginal identity.¹⁸ The contributors dealt largely with the relationship between contemporary Aboriginal subjects and the pre-contact Aboriginal past, utilising ‘authenticity’ as an analytical category. The case I describe has more to do with politicised uses of the colonial past rather than the construction (and self-construction) of the authentic Aboriginal cultural subject—a distinction, I am aware, that cannot be easily maintained when many of the political gains Aboriginal people have won, such as land rights, depend on Aboriginal people demonstrating that they remain such authentic cultural subjects.¹⁹ But the distinction serves a purpose for now. I suggest that the relationship between Aboriginal political subjects and the colonial (rather than pre-contact) past is better grasped by turning, not to Beckett et al., but to political theorist Wendy Brown’s compelling critique of identity politics.

Brown’s key insights are about the ways in which politicised identities are condemned to assert their political claim ‘only by entrenching, restating, dramatising, and inscribing [their] pain in politics’.²⁰ This pain cannot ever be overcome, without risking having to give up the political claim that rests on it. In Brown’s terms, our flyer figures Aboriginality as a politicised identity marked by ‘a past of injury’.²¹ The impossibility of transcending this hurt gives us some insight into why some Aboriginal people are less interested in drawing on their collective ‘past of injury’ than in orienting themselves to a more recent past of assertion, achievement and recognition.

Many Aboriginal people in Ceduna see themselves as unproblematically included in the category of ‘Australian’ in the present, enjoying universal citizenship rights that older generations of Aboriginal people fought hard to secure. Their

historical consciousness is oriented less to 1788 and more to the civil rights struggles of the 1960s, however vaguely these are alluded to. They convey respect for the efforts of recent generations but are also, in some cases, patriotic and nationalistic.²² Aboriginal people may well desire to assert themselves, then, as doubly possessed of citizenship status, rather than as marginal and injured; they are both 'proud to be Aboriginal' and 'proud to be Australian'.

Moreover, the binary relation between the invader and the invaded fails to speak to a historical and contemporary experience of intimacy between black and white in this country town, where complex racial entanglements as well as tensions give social life its meaning.²³ According primacy to the terms invader/invaded as the basis for contemporary identity categories simply does not make sense to many local blackfellas who share their homes, beds, surnames, workplaces, the football field and the netball court with local whitefellas.

My impression then, on 26 January 2009, was that our pamphlet had failed, firstly, to unsettle local complacency about the origins of Australian society in dispossession. We had also reproduced a version of history that was intended to foreground the Aboriginal experience but which also failed to resonate with some local Nungas. A week later, however, a Nunga friend of mine named Keesha, a stylish and self-possessed young woman, initiated the following exchange by talking first to my baby. 'Hey, Neddy I seen you in the paper.' I understood that she referred to the short *Sentinel* article about the walk. Then, turning to me, she asked, 'What was that for?' I started to reply but she continued, cutting me off:

Yeah coz I was in Adelaide and I was getting out of the taxi with my cousin—she has real fair skin—and she goes 'Happy Invasion Day!' (laughs). And I go, 'What you say that for?' and she told me that was the day they invaded Australia. Oh my gosh, I never knew that.

In response I quoted from our flyer (cringing as I spoke out loud words meant for print), 'Well that's it, Australia Day means different things to different people.' Keesha nodded emphatically, 'It does.'

Keesha seemed emboldened by the reshaping of the national narrative in such a way that it centred on the experiences of Aboriginal people and vested Aboriginal people with moral authority. In some cases, then, Brown's critique is penetrating: Aboriginal people do not wish to be condemned only to restate, dramatise and

reiterate a past marked by injury, intuiting that they will be find themselves trapped in endless rehearsal and repetition of their pain. But in Keesha's case, far from being overly familiar, the event confirmed very recent and startling revelations about the past—indeed about the fact of there even being such as thing as a historical narrative that told of an Aboriginal past that was the legitimate possession of Aboriginal people. This revelation in turn produced revelations about contemporary social forms and relations. Keesha noted that her cousin was fair-skinned, a detail associated, in this instance, with sassiness and confidence. More significant is the fact that they were in Adelaide, a city with a history of Aboriginal political action, and where an assertive, even oppositional kind of political consciousness is more readily available to Nungas than it is in Ceduna. For Keesha, her cousin's bold and empowering assertions were affirmed on her return home by the news of our local event.

—POINTS OF ORIGIN: INTERPRETING THE FOUNDING OF THE STATE OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA

While 26 January marks the establishment of the British penal colony of New South Wales in 1788, the European invasion of South Australia in 1836 occurred a half century later under quite different circumstances. A private, commercial company established the colony and distributed land on a systematic basis to free citizens.²⁴ In Britain much debate preceded the convict-free South Australian experiment. Promoted and designed by ambitious capitalists and social reformers such as Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the colony came into being at a time when humanitarians dominated the British Government's Colonial Office. Previously active in anti-slavery campaigns, these officials expressed concerns about Indigenous people's rights in land and insisted that Indigenous people be regarded as British subjects.

The influence of these contradictory social forces can be seen in two pieces of legislation, both of which are variously cited in the present as 'foundational'. The first of these is the *Waste Lands Act, 1834*, which authorised the establishment of a free colony and set out the plan for 'systematic colonisation' by claiming land described as 'waste and unoccupied'.²⁵ *Survival in Our Own Land* centres the story of colonialism on the Waste Lands Act, emphasising the injustice of its presuppositions and effects and rebutting the notion that the lands now known as 'South Australia' were either unoccupied or unused.²⁶ The editors, like other historians of the era,

contested the long-held colonial fiction of *terra nullius*, a land without owners, which was, of course, the legal notion overturned by the High Court's 1992 Mabo decision.

Besides the Waste Lands Act, another 'founding document' accorded prominence in the present is an 1836 Letters Patent, which defined the exact boundaries of the Province of South Australia. A stipulation stated that nothing in the Letters Patent:

shall affect or be construed to affect the rights of any Aboriginal Natives of the said Province to the actual occupation or enjoyment in their own Persons or in the Persons of their Descendants of any Lands therein now actually occupied or enjoyed by such Natives.²⁷

More recently, South Australian Aboriginal activists and ANTaR SA have seized on the 1836 Letters Patent, devoting considerable energy to raising public awareness of its existence and its expansive provisions. The candlelight walks, for example, were originally loosely conceived of as part of a Letters Patent 'campaign'. Activists highlight the recognition of Aboriginal rights in land that existed in 1836, insisting that this 'foundational' document should be 'honoured'. For activists who today formulate Aboriginal claims in reference to the Letters Patent, the colonial past is magically recast from a site of injury to a site of potential redemption and justice. New possibilities for future trajectories are opened up by this use of past documents. The provisions of the Letters Patent were rightly seen by the editors of *Survival in Our Own Land* as being 'in conflict' with the commissioners' commercial venture, and as such were quickly overshadowed, with the result that only a number of small reserves was created.²⁸ *Survival in Our Own Land* sees instead the Waste Lands Act as shorthand for the colonial past: the origins of South Australian society lying, unambiguously, in arrogance, insult and injury. It is now time to consider this book in more depth.

—*SURVIVAL IN OUR OWN LAND: A BOOK 'TREASURED IN MANY HOMES'*

Survival in Our Own Land is a hefty, large format book—a solid sort of a thing—with a facsimile of the black, gold and red flag stretched across the length and width of its bold cover. In the foreword to the original edition the chairperson of the Aboriginal Executive Committee, which commissioned the volume, acknowledges that

controversy surrounded the committee's involvement in South Australia's official sesquicentenary events and projects.²⁹ The all-Aboriginal committee was criticised by 'dissenters' for taking part in a series of state-sponsored undertakings that marked 150 years since the establishment of a permanent British settlement in 1836 at Pattawilya, or Holdfast Bay, the site of present day Glenelg. However, explains chairperson Vi Deuschle, the committee sought an opportunity for Aboriginal people to 'express their views in their own way' and to tell the story of Aboriginal-European contact in South Australia 'in their own words'.³⁰ To this end, the committee commissioned non-Aboriginal writer Christobel Mattingley as an editor and researcher, and committee member Ken Hampton as co-editor, of an extensive account of the history of Aboriginal South Australia since 1836. The outcome is a volume still in print, written from an Aboriginal perspective.

Mattingley and Hampton weave together archival material, poetry, oral histories recorded as part of assembling the book and existing historical scholarship into a series of thematic essays. The book, said Hampton, contains 'feelings' as well as 'facts'. Hampton elaborated, stating the work 'is an expression of "Aboriginal" feeling about the loss of birthright'.³¹ A highly charged, passionate account of the world-shattering effects of colonisation and dispossession follows. The publication of *Survival in Our Own Land* clearly belongs to a particular historical moment. In the year of Australia's stupefying celebration of the Bicentenary, colonial violence and the destruction of a whole way of being was defiantly inserted into public discourse, disrupting the confident narrative of nation-building. And it was not just the content that was important. My initial interest in the book was sparked by the deeply personal relationship people seemed to have with it as an object.

In the preface to the fifth edition Mattingley stated:

Nungas have taken *Survival in Our Own Land* to their hearts. It is treasured in many homes. When it first appeared people sat up all night reading it, or slept with it under their pillow.³²

Mattingley describes Nunga readers' intimate relationship with this telling of their own history: 'For many Nungas it was cathartic. For many months after it was launched in 1988 people rang to share their stories with me.'³³ *Survival in Our Own Land* is still closely engaged with in my experience. A copy sat on Auntie Joan's sister Auntie Vera's shelf and when I commented upon it she became extremely animated,

incensed about an incorrect caption on an early photograph of a Koonibba Mission football team (Aunty Joan and Aunty Vera both grew up at Koonibba). I did not take this expression of discontent to signal alienation from the work, however. On the contrary, Aunty Vera assumed ownership over the volume, accepting that it told a story that belonged to her and seeing herself as in conversation with its creators, rather than granting them the status of authoritative authors. When Rhiannon saw the copy I had borrowed from the Ceduna library lying around my Denial Bay home she told me resolutely, 'I LOVE that book'. 'Goonyas [white Australians],' notes Mattingley, 'were moved to tears by the stories and haunting photos.'³⁴

I also grew interested in the kind of political work *Survival in Our Own Country* does, as it assumes a responsibility with gravitas—to make sense of South Australia's colonial past in its present (the late 1980s). First, to make this work speak with a Nunga voice to its Nunga readers was no simple task. The term 'Nunga' is deployed throughout the book as a category that unifies Aboriginal people across time, and across the state now named 'South Australia'. The narrative speaks of 'our people,' 'our culture', 'our grandfathers'. The invaders, across time, are 'Goonyas'. And yet the involvement of a non-Indigenous figure, Mattingley, was central to the book's production. A short note speaks directly to the difficult question of having a non-Aboriginal writer assume an Aboriginal voice. Writing about 'Our Christobel Mattingley', Ken Hampton says:

Christobel Mattingley was chosen ... as the editor/researcher for *Survival* ... because of her empathy with our people and her experience as a researcher and writer. We're pretty proud of her determination and doggedness against the odds in putting this book together ... Her ability to gain peoples' confidence, to make them confident enough to expose of themselves what hasn't previously been said, is terrific. She has been able to see through our eyes the effects of Goonya authoritarianism upon us as a people. She has become one of us.³⁵

Anthropologist Philip Batty has discussed the ways Aboriginal people working within Aboriginal organisations can 'lease' their Aboriginality to non-Aboriginal organisational workers, and in doing so authorise them to act.³⁶ In the passage above, Mattingley is firstly claimed as 'ours', implying she has outsider status but is respected and held close. Then, through her demonstrated identification with Nunga

experiences, she is leased a kind of Aboriginality as she is authorised to speak, becoming, temporarily, Aboriginal and 'one of us'—or, if not wholly Nunga, at least more Nunga than Goonya. For her part, Mattingley thanks Ken Hampton for making *Survival in Our Own Country* 'so truly and distinctively "Aboriginal"'.³⁷ Complex machinations are at work here. The dichotomous relationship that structures the book is undone before being quickly re-established, to allow the book to exist.

The power of this work does not reside solely in its searing voice. *Survival in Our Own Country* reproduces colonial documents in full as well as a substantial body of powerful photographs. I am always drawn to one taken 'about 1930' in the Tomkinson Ranges in the far north-west of South Australia. It features two lean, naked Aboriginal men helping push a loaded utility truck out of a bog. Prospector Michael Terry, whose photograph—and truck—this is, captioned the image as follows: 'An hour before this photograph was taken these ... blacks had never seen a "wheelbarrow" as they dubbed the expedition truck.'³⁸

The photograph also bears a kind of counter-caption, generated as part of the process of collating the book. Alex Minutjukur comments that this is a photograph of 'nikiti tjutangkuya untuni' or 'naked people pushing'.³⁹ In this case Minutjukur's caption does not make moral comment on, contradict, refute or expound on the original (as happened elsewhere in the work). The process of selecting, publishing and explaining each archival photograph is, however, established as dialogical: the significance of each image in the present is brought into view. In many cases this takes the form of naming, where possible, Aboriginal subjects whose individual identities were not recorded in the process of photographing and storing these images. The reproduced photographs were an especially valued aspect of the publication, according to Mattingley, who relays: 'I have heard of some, desperate to obtain a photo of long lost family, who have torn a page or cut the photo out of a borrowed book.'⁴⁰ For the editors of *Survival in Our Own Country*, images from the colonial archive are redeemed in the present, as they were repurposed by the descendants of those who were photographed. Here, the Tomkinson Ranges men, who look quizzically towards the camera and whose matted hair marks them as initiated men, remain anonymous figures in the annals of history and Minutjukur's relationship to them is not explained.

The second kind of political work *Survival in Our Own Country* does is more problematic in my view. The image that so commanded my attention is emblematic of an encounter that the editors constantly return to in telling the story of Aboriginal South Australia. The photo illustrates the fact that many Aboriginal people in the north of the state were *nikiti* and only vaguely cognisant of the existence of vehicles in 'about 1930'. Throughout the volume the editors stressed the vastly differing experiences of Nungas in the south-eastern, more densely settled area of the state, since 1836, and Aboriginal people in the remote north-west, some of whom did not encounter white people until nearly a full century later.

Survival in Our Own Country posits the latter group as extremely 'fortunate' to have enjoyed traditional life, largely undisturbed, for this longer period. The book reads largely as an account of loss, with the north represented as a reservoir of culture, strength and renewal. Indeed, Minutjukur's caption reminds the reader about the existence of contemporary Aboriginal worlds in which Indigenous languages still predominate (even if the word *nikiti* is probably a Kriol version of 'naked'). In consistently contrasting loss with undisturbed continuity, *Survival in Our Own Country* mutes more complex tensions arising from the radically different experiences of contact contained within the same state borders and subject to the same legislation.⁴¹ More significantly still, rather than sketching the multiple ways of being Aboriginal that emerge as the result of divergent historical experiences, the editors reproduce a narrative that holds that contact with white people, ways and worlds should be regarded as tainting the Aboriginal experience and corrupting Aboriginal identities. This is the dynamic that Jeremy Beckett's contributors were writing against: the construction of pure, traditional ways of being Aboriginal as against a lesser way of being Aboriginal.

—NARRATING PROGRESS: THE CONTEMPORARY LANDSCAPE TAKES SHAPE

Regardless of the provisions of the 1836 Letters Patent, historian Peggy Brock shows that Aboriginal societies in South Australia, as elsewhere, were affected in specific ways by the alienation of land for specific capitalist developments.⁴² On the west coast a remarkably short pastoral period, beginning in the 1860s, ended in the late 1880s when smaller blocks of land were taken up for agriculture.⁴³ A permanent European presence was established by 1860 when the squatter W.R.

Swan founded the pastoral station 'Yalata', west of Fowlers Bay.⁴⁴ The Ceduna Museum holds a photo of the Yalata homestead as well as the cracked, leadlight glass window from above its door; a handwritten note is sticky-taped to the window: 'this run ran over 120,000 sheep at its peak'. That peak was in the late 1880s.⁴⁵

The late Clem Eckermann, a former pastor at the Koonibba Lutheran Mission, pointed out in his historical memoir that the early era of establishing the pastoral economy was labour intensive and Aboriginal people were engaged as builders, well-sinkers, fencers, shepherds and outstation keepers.⁴⁶ Eckermann wrote that 'no strife' arose over access to watering grounds; in fact, interestingly, wells tapped into the underground basin 'made considerable new sources of supply available to the Nungas'.⁴⁷ Eckermann mentioned the spearing of the explorer John Darke at Waddikke Rocks in 1844 as a rare example of a violent encounter on the west coast.⁴⁸ In the process he omitted references to several violent clashes recorded at the time and easily available to the most casual reader.⁴⁹

The desire to render the history of dispossession uneventful and consensual is consistent with other white locals' attempts to trivialise Aboriginal resistance as passive and ineffectual. In the lounge-room of the building housing the museum, local histories are stacked higgledy-piggledy on the shelves for the museum visitor to browse while sitting on rock-hard couches. E.E. Lutz's memoir of his years on the west coast of South Australia, between 1893 and 1961, provides one such example. Of the Aboriginal people who gradually 'came in from the bush, loaded with spears, boomerangs, waddies etc', Lutz says:

They looked rather savage and made one feel a little jittery ... Although always well armed, it was surprising how soon their courage vanished! When for the first time, two natives saw a man on a bike riding towards them, they headed for the scrub, thinking 'muldarby' (devil) was chasing them!⁵⁰

Lutz presumes to access Aboriginal people's consciousness, infantilising them and portraying them as representing no real threat to the European taking of the country. He uses the phrase 'time marches on' as a refrain throughout his memoir, casting dispossession as an inevitable effect of history, rather than a fact of history—a historical process, involving the conscious actions of human actors.

Subdivision of larger pastoral properties for agriculture—mostly wheat cropping—in the late 1880s, used the land much more intensively than pastoralism ‘and represented a formidable attack on Aboriginal ritual and economic activities’. By the turn of the century the food supply situation was critical.⁵¹ The period was marked by more frequent violent encounters between Aboriginal people killing sheep for food and shepherds and the new farmers and their families.⁵²

Aboriginal people feature frequently in the reminiscences of old settlers from this period, collected in a local oral history publication.⁵³ There are two notable things about the part Aboriginal people are cast in these ‘pioneer tales’. First, Aboriginal people are always in subservient roles, either calling on settlers to ask for tea, sugar and clothing, or helping white settlers become established on the land by doing odd, menial jobs. Second, while these contemporary tales are careful to recall and set down the names of any families or identities who had a presence on the west coast in the nineteenth century, they never name Aboriginal individuals, just call them generically ‘natives’. It is striking that many of the white surnames celebrated in this collection are now surnames strongly associated with Aboriginal families in Ceduna, presumably because Aboriginal people adopted the surname of white families with whom they had an association and also because of blackfella–whitefella marriages.

Even those things that appear most solid and taken-for-granted in the present—the names of places, the relationships between places—are contingent rather than historically preordained, making the present haunted by other possibilities. I lived in the quiet backwater of Denial Bay, just out of Ceduna, and was surprised to learn it was once the area’s main town. According to a sign near the bay’s jetty, the township takes its name from an incident in 1802 when Matthew Flinders landed at this spot hoping to find fresh water. His wish was denied. Nungas take some satisfaction from the inscription of a whitefella’s thwarted hope in a landscape dominated by street names that honour white ‘pioneers’ or mangle local Indigenous words. William McKenzie, one of the newcomers allotted a run



Image 2: The remains of 'Mac's' home (photograph: Eve Vincent)

under the new land distribution system in 1889, took up holdings situated about three west of present day Denial Bay.⁵⁴ The ruins of his homestead are pictured in Image 2, above.

It seems to me that the cairn erected to direct attention to the existence of these crumbling remains on a lonely back road represents, in part, an attempt to inscribe, as Tony Birch puts it, an anxious 'I was here' in the landscape.⁵⁵ The inscription firms up the European hold on an inhospitable and sparsely populated region, and guards against doubts about the legitimacy of the colonial project. Throughout the 1890s, McKenzie established a small village on his run, which boasted a blacksmith's shop, post office, saddlery, slaughter yards, several cottages and a large home with a dining room that catered for fifty people.⁵⁶ The museum features a 1953 sketch of 'Mac' at his homestead—McKenzie died in 1906, so presumably the drawing is based on a photograph. McKenzie is featured with a thick beard and braces; he stands, hands in pockets, by a solitary tree. 'NOTE PET CROW!!' jokes the caption: a bird perches on his shoulder.

'Mac's town' was the social centre of the district but its functions eventually shifted to Denial Bay, which in turn was superseded by Ceduna. Ceduna's dominance was assured by the building, in 1920, of a deep-sea port at Thevenard, then a separate town adjacent to Ceduna but now effectively a suburb of Ceduna. Thevenard came to be associated with a Greek fishing community.⁵⁷

Local historian Jim Faull describes the long period from 1888 until the drought of 1928–1930, which coincided with the depression, as the 'hopeful years'.⁵⁸ After this period, the population on the west coast began to retract. Faull documents the rise and demise of many other localities in the area: sites of social life—wool shed dances, congregations and small schools—that now stand deserted. Such sites of desertion—spooky stretches of road; ghost towns; the places left behind in the wake of destruction or abandonment—have claimed the attention of many Australian writers and scholars.⁵⁹ The fascination these sites exert is bound up with contemporary disquiet surrounding the violent legacy of dispossession. The west coast is dotted with such 'landscapes of abandonment'.⁶⁰ One of the contributors to the local history collection laments the decline of the locality of Mudamuckla, saying:

The wheat sheds, sale yards, passenger train, the store and all the sports facilities are gone. Recently the hall which had been the focal point for so many people for fifty-seven years was demolished because of storm damage and white ants ... I know we must accept progress but I am sad to see the small centres lose their identities.⁶¹

This reading of 'progress' in a narrative that speaks only of decline is telling. The determination to narrate progress most often takes the form of valuing the quality of 'perseverance'. When Megan Poore conducted anthropological fieldwork in Ceduna in 1996–07, she focused on white modes of belonging to the town. Poore documented the attachment of 'old locals' to stories of their families' 'pioneer' pasts.⁶² These stories often revolved around physical endurance, a quality demanded by the toughness of the environment. Images of pioneers 'doing battle with the heat, the sandflies, the poor soil, the isolation (even mallee roots!) are invariably evoked', writes Poore.⁶³ And, while their descendants are admired, Poore perceives that the achievements of past pioneers are linked to an admiration of their own qualities of endurance, as farmers who continue to hang on in marginal country that lies beyond South Australia's 'Goyder Line of Rainfall', which was surveyed in

1865 and continues today to mark a boundary between arable land suitable for agriculture and semi-arid country.⁶⁴

—BACK TO THE MUSEUM, BY WAY OF CONCLUSION

What happened in the past is left behind in what Denning called 'sign-bearing relics'.⁶⁵ This includes, but is not limited to, material remains. Their meanings are 'reconstituted' in their present.⁶⁶ The past is reached at within and in relation to the present. How the past is represented in public discourse is shaped by the political and social conditions of the specific time in which a particular version of past events circulates. These conditions determine which versions are more or less 'available' to contemporary actors. There are layers upon layers here: in this essay I have produced readings of the readings various social actors have themselves produced about pasts that in many cases have an immediate and intimate relation to, and bearing on, their own lives. How, then, am I to understand the meaning of the Ceduna Museum's collection of remnants, as their meanings are reconstituted in the present?

After the craziness of the first two rooms, described earlier, the museum visitor encounters more coherent displays, dedicated loosely to themes. One room has a domestic focus and features a collection of long dresses, curtains, chamber pots, a pram for twins, baby nightgowns, a washing basin and jug. A small room is dedicated to the nurses and staff of the Bush Church Aid Society, while another catalogues local shark attacks. Then there's the room devoted to a defiant display about the Maralinga nuclear testing program. This room includes photos and maps of the Maralinga township; a tribute to Len Beadell, who surveyed the testing site; and a letter from the South Australian Health Commission, which is blue-tacked to the wall and reassures visitors that none of the material on display has unsafe radiation levels. The display does not mention the long-term dislocation of southern Pitjantjatjara people from their traditional country, which was contaminated by nuclear tests but it does celebrate the boost to the local economy from visiting army personnel. If I conjured up Benjamin's angel of history on entering the museum, here he is another creature entirely, looking towards the past but determined not to see it. In the age of European fascism, Benjamin's angel watched modernity's catastrophes accumulate. The Ceduna museum cannot see the catastrophe of



Images 3–5: In the back shed of the Ceduna Museum (photographs: Eve Vincent)

colonialism, nor does it take seriously the catastrophes of the atomic age. While I hope I have conveyed that I found much to enjoy in the displays, eventually unease took over. The Aboriginal past has a limited presence within the museum. There is slightly more in a back shed, where a collection of slender, hand-crafted spears and other artefacts hangs on nails (see Images 3–5, above). A typed note is pinned to the wall telling the visitor that these are ‘very, very old’.

Historian Tom Griffiths has explored the proliferation of Australian local museums since the 1960s, sites of history that jumble objects of significance and in which ‘place and affiliation become pre-eminent’.⁶⁷ He quotes Paul Carter’s explanation of the juxtapositions and non-sequiturs that abound in such museums: ‘In local histories the place ... is a means of unifying heterogeneous material, or lending it, rhetorically at least, a unique identity.’⁶⁸ In the Ceduna Museum, the explanation centring on place holds true to some extent but does not explain items such as the pieces of the Berlin Wall, brought back to Ceduna by a local who presumably visited Germany in 1989.

It is the captions or tags—literally the ‘signs’ borne by these material relics—that point to the museum’s significance in the present. Where Griffiths accords pre-eminence to ‘place and affiliation’ and Carter stresses place, within the Ceduna Museum affiliation is paramount. Little effort has gone in to identifying or dating the ‘what’ of the museum, but great care has been taken to note down the ‘who’: the name of the person who donated each object is frequently on display. Photo captions include question marks and approximations, the photographer is noted, but also, wherever possible, the donor, as in the caption for the baby bath’s quoted earlier. And the barber’s chair original label about progress has the addition ‘Donated by C.J. Nicholls’.

The material in the Ceduna Museum is unified through a process of constructing a community of ‘locals’ whose names mean something to each other and who have ‘deep’ roots in the colonial past. Paradoxically, the audience of locals to which the collection speaks are precisely those people who, because of the security of their belonging to Ceduna, would ‘never think’ to visit the museum, as the volunteer perceived. My sense of the version of the past available through this museum is that it is a past that belongs to a community of named whitefellas. But, as I have tried to show, this community’s hold on their sense of the singular past is

partial and insecure, as the pasts of this place are subject to sometimes intense, sometimes irreverent contestations in the everyday present.

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—NOTES

¹ Pierre Nora, 'Between Memory and History: Les Lieux de Memoire', *Representations*, no. 26, 1989, pp. 7–24.

² Walter Benjamin, 'Theses on the Philosophy of History', in Hannah Arendt (ed.), *Illuminations* Schocken Books, New York, 2007, p. 257.

³ Jim Faull, *Life on the Edge*, District Council of Murat Bay, Ceduna, SA, Adelaide, 1988, pp. 162–3.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 164.

⁵ Eric Wolf, *Europe and the People Without History*, University of California Press, Berkeley, 1982.

⁶ Sidney Mintz, *Sweetness and Power: The Place of Sugar in Modern History*, London, Penguin Books, 1985, p. xxx.

⁷ Benjamin, p. 263.

⁸ Paul Carter, *The Road to Botany Bay: An Essay in Spatial History*, Faber and Faber, London and Boston, 1987, p. xx.

⁹ As called for by Stephen Muecke in 'Experimental History? The "Space" of History in Recent Histories of Kimberley Colonialism', *UTS Review*, vol. 2, no. 1, 1996, pp. 1–11.

¹⁰ Katrina Schlunke, *Bluff Rock: Autobiography of a Massacre*, Fremantle Arts Centre Press, Fremantle, WA, 2005; Chris Healy, *From the Ruins of Colonialism: History as Social Memory*, Cambridge University Press, Cambridge and Melbourne, 1997.

¹¹ Greg Denning, *Performances*, Melbourne University Press, Melbourne, 1996, p. 41.

¹² *Ibid.*, pp. 36–7.

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 50.

¹⁴ Healy, p. 2.

¹⁵ Richard Martin, "'Reading the Leichhardt, Landsborough and Gregory Explorer Trees of Northern Australia', *Cultural Studies Review*, vol. 19, no. 2, 2013, p. 232.

¹⁶ The editors make heavy use of inverted commas throughout the volume, marking terms and concepts that were imposed on people and lands with the advent of colonisation. This includes, at all times, 'Aboriginal' and 'South Australia'. Christobel Mattingley with Ken Hampton (eds), *Survival in Our Own Land: 'Aboriginal' Experiences in 'South Australia' since 1836*, Australian Scholarly Publishing, Melbourne, 2008 (first published by Wakefield Press, Adelaide, 1988).

¹⁷ ANTaR formed in 1997. Originally called DON'T (Defenders of Native Title), the group arose in opposition to then prime minister John Howard's 'Ten Point Plan' amendments to the Native Title Act, and now consists of state branches that campaign on various issues to do with reconciliation and recognition. For more historical background see <www.antarvictoria.org.au/pages/antar-vic-history.php>. ANTaR has a largely non-Aboriginal, middle-class membership.

¹⁸ Jeremy Beckett, 'Introduction', in Jeremy Beckett (ed.), *Past and Present: The Construction of Aboriginality*, Aboriginal Studies Press for the Australian Institute of Aboriginal Studies, Canberra, 1988 p. 1.

¹⁹ See for example Jane M. Jacobs, 'The Construction of Identity', in Beckett, pp. 31–43; Francesca Merlan, *Caging the Rainbow: Places, Politics, and Aborigines in a North Australian Town*, University of Hawaii Press, Honolulu, 1998; Elizabeth Povinelli, *The Cunning of Recognition: Indigenous Alterities and the Making of Australian Multiculturalism*, Duke University Press, Durham, 2002.

²⁰ Wendy Brown, *States of Injury: Power and Freedom in Late Modernity*, Princeton University Press, Princeton, NJ, 1995, p. 74.

²¹ Ibid.

²² In January 2010 my dear friend Aunty Vera, who lived around the corner from me in Denial Bay, treated me to tickets to the Australian Open tennis tournament in Melbourne. At the women's single final, after I mumbled my way grumpily through the national anthem, we disagreed about the function of nationalism. I was disturbed by the proliferation of flags and frenzied chanting at the event but Aunty Vera maintained that to 'celebrate being Australian' didn't involve denigrating, or 'being against' others. It was Jessica Mauboy, a young Indigenous woman and former Australian Idol runner-up, who sang the anthem. 'She's a Nunga!' Aunty Vera told me, a fact invoked to bolster her position that Australian national pride and assertions of Aboriginal identity should not be regarded as mutually exclusive.

²³ See Gillian Cowlshaw, *Blackfellas, Whitefellas, and the Hidden Injuries of Race*, Blackwell, Malden, MA, 2004.

²⁴ Peggy Brock, 'South Australia' in Ann McGrath (ed.), *Contested Ground: Australian Aborigines under the British Crown*, Allen & Unwin, Sydney, 1995, p. 208.

²⁵ Mattingley and Hampton, p. 3.

²⁶ Ibid.

²⁷ The document is reproduced in full on the ANTaR SA website at <<http://antarsa.auspics.org.au/category/news/2010/09/read-the-letters-patent-of-19-february->

1836> (accessed 12 July 2012). Historian Henry Reynolds usefully explains the relationship between these two documents, and the schism between the South Australian Commission (the company promoting the venture) and the Colonial Office. The commission effectively drafted the Waste Lands Act and had it rushed through parliament in haste, a process roundly criticised in humanitarian circles. However, before the commission could dispatch the first boatload of colonists to the colony, the Colonial Office was required to issue a Letters Patent, and in it they attempted to enshrine Indigenous property rights. Reynolds argues that the Commission, from the outset, 'aimed to outwit the zealous reformers in the Colonial Office'. The Waste Lands Act was never amended, as the Colonial Office desired, and in terms of the Letters Patent, the commissioners were in a position to interpret what constituted 'occupancy'. The commissioners worded their own promises carefully. 'The leading figures knew all along that they would claim, on arrival in South Australia, that Aboriginal property rights, even the right to occupation and enjoyment, did not exist.' Henry Reynolds, *The Law of the Land*, Penguin, Melbourne, 2003, pp. 127–52.

²⁸ Bill Edwards, 'Aboriginal Land Rights' in Mattingley and Hampton, p. 79.

²⁹ Mattingley and Hampton, p. ix.

³⁰ Ibid.

³¹ Ibid., p. xi.

³² Ibid, p. iii.

³³ Ibid.

³⁴ Ibid.

³⁵ Ibid., p. xiii.

³⁶ Philip Batty, 'Private Politics, Public Strategies: White Advisers and their Aboriginal Subjects', *Oceania*, vol. 75, 2005, pp. 218–19.

³⁷ Mattingley and Hampton, p. xiii.

³⁸ Ibid., p. 8.

³⁹ Ibid.

⁴⁰ Ibid., p. iii.

⁴¹ Jacobs, pp. 31–43.

⁴² Brock, 'South Australia', pp. 208–9.

⁴³ Faull, pp. 55–7.

⁴⁴ Ibid. p. 37.

⁴⁵ Ibid., p. 49.

⁴⁶ Clem Eckermann, *Koonibba: The Mission and the Nunga People*, Openbook Howden Design & Print, Adelaide, 2010, p. 11.

⁴⁷ Ibid., p. 12.

⁴⁸ Ibid., pp. 13–14.

⁴⁹ Faull, pp. 313–14.

⁵⁰ E.E. Lutz, *Memoirs of 68 years Spent on the West Coast of South Australia, 1893–1961*, also available at the Ceduna Area School's Local History Collection, no date, p. 33.

⁵¹ Peggy Brock, *Outback Ghettos: Aborigines, Institutionalisation and Survival*, Cambridge University Press, Melbourne, 1993, p. 65.

⁵² Faull, pp. 317–18.

⁵³ Lyn Dayman (ed.), *Pioneer Tales of the Far West Coast*, copy held in the Ceduna Area School Library Local History Collection, 1989.

⁵⁴ Faull, p. 86.

⁵⁵ Tony Birch, "Death is Forgotten in Victory": Colonial Landscapes and Narratives of Emptiness', in Tracy Ireland and Jane Lydon (eds), *Object Lessons: Archaeology and Heritage in Australia*, Australian Scholarly Publishing, Melbourne, 2005, p. 186.

⁵⁶ Faull, p. 86.

⁵⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 390.

⁵⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 283.

⁵⁹ See for example Perrie Ballantyne, 'Unsettled Country: Reading the Australian Ghost Town', *Journal of Australian Studies*, vol. 70, 2001, pp. 33–8; Ross Gibson, *Seven Versions of an Australian Badland*, University of Queensland Press, Brisbane, 2002; Peter Read, *Returning to Nothing: The Meaning of Lost Places*, Cambridge University Press, Cambridge and Melbourne, 1996.

⁶⁰ Tony Birch, "'Come See the Giant Koala": Inscription and Landscape in Western Victoria', *Meanjin*, vol. 58, no. 3, 1999, p. 61.

⁶¹ See Dayman.

⁶² Megan Poore, 'Being Ceduna: Survival on the Far West Coast of South Australia', PhD thesis, Department of Archeology and Anthropology, Australian National University, 2001, pp. 71–3.

⁶³ *Ibid.*, p. 70.

⁶⁴ See Donald Meinig, 'Goyder's Line of Rainfall: The Role of a Geographic Concept in South Australian Land Policy and Agricultural Settlement', *South Australian Geographical Journal*, vol. 104, 2005, pp. 105–14.

⁶⁵ Denning, p. 42

⁶⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 43

⁶⁷ Tom Griffiths, *Hunters and Collectors: The Antiquarian Imagination in Australia*, Cambridge University Press, Cambridge and Melbourne, 1996, pp. 220–1.

⁶⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 221.

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