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NO TURNING BACK

Fair-skinned and blue-eyed Aborigines at the Bagot conference surprised Territorians who generally accepted the old assimilationist definition that: 'an Aborigine is a full-blood Aborigine and those persons who live in an Aboriginal society and are fully integrated into those societies'. However, despite their scoffing, urban Aborigines in Darwin were impressed by the fearlessness of the southern blacks who sided with traditional people. Some locals, like Bob Randall, Vi Stanton and Richard Shields made public affirmation of their ancestry while their peers looked on self-consciously.

Gradually the Labor government's ideal of black self-determination was encouraging a pride in Aboriginality after years of shame and guilt induced by using methods best labelled 'brainwashing'. *Bunji* tried to counter these decades of forced divisions, but as the early editions showed, black consciousness had been slow in reaching the north:

Do not call each other yellerafella or blackfella, we are all black brothers or black sisters, said a report from Katherine, above a poem implying that fence-sitters would soon need to take sides.

*Have you got a house bunji, and a car?
Maybe Bunji you're football star.
But the day is coming and its not far,
When you must decide, bunji, who you are (Bunji 6,1972).*

Bobby Secretary asked, 'Some their grandmother black. Some are part of the Larrakia, some part of the Brinkin. Why 'half-caste' people don't help? They are Aborigines, they go to school, they learn, they read and speak English' (*Bunji* 5, 1972).

Minor scuffles and arguments had been reported on the Coconut Grove housing project for months. In December 1972, *Bunji* noted briefly that *Richard Rankin chased away some surveyors. Next day they came back with a police escort.* A year before, my submission to Brisbane had suggested 'a possible showdown if land is required for development'. Now, three weeks after the conference blockade, a survey team began extending the 'Allamanda Gardens Estate', a provocative act with a predictable reaction.

Fred was building another house, noisily hammering nails when he noticed the intrusion. His version of what happened next is recorded in Cheryl's book (Buchanan 1974):

Fred went inside and said to Bobby, 'It looks like they are pegging out a flaming road on your land Bobby'. They both marched out and said

to the joker, 'What the devil are you doing here?' He said, 'What does it look like mate?' Bobby and Fred were pretty upset and so pulled out the pegs. The builders said that they were committing an offence and said that they'd call the coppers. When the coppers came Fred said to them, 'Look, he can see this sign here. He's not silly is he? This is an Aboriginal land claim under negotiation with the Land Rights Commission. You know, "Buy or build at your own risk"'.

Expediently, police and surveyors withdrew, leaving the road unpegged. Fred then walked down to Ludmilla to share the news with me and seek advice. I could only give him the telephone numbers of the *Northern Territory News* and an independent filmmaker and suggest the half-dozen residents obstruct the work after calling the media. We were running out of ideas.



The Kulaluk residents in July 1973, at the camp behind the drive-in. Standing left to right: Jackson Lee, Richard Rankin, Fred Fogarty. Sitting left to right: Violet Adams, David Daniels, Bobby Secretary, Johnny Wavehill, Gabriel Secretary. Photo Bill Day.

Fred looked sceptical. Being a man of action he would not wait defenceless for the certain return next day of the surveyor and possible reinforcements. Obviously the law was of no help. The Kulaluk people had been abandoned to their fate.

Previously we had complained about these subdividers pushing over coconut palms to gather nuts, chainsawing a swathe through the mangroves and removing tonnes of beach sand for fill (Henderson 1984, 16–17). They seemed to be 'a law unto themselves'. Next the threats to shoot people and now blatantly ignoring the signs. After Judge Woodward's visit a letter had been sent pleading for a stop to the development. Gordon Bryant had promised to investigate. Scores of angry chanting demonstrators had no effect.

Next morning the surveyor arrogantly drove his truck into the claim area, disregarding the signs and shouts from the camp. He parked in full view of the people who had defied him the day before and began unloading instruments as his men gathered wooden pegs uprooted during the clash. The weekly newspaper *Nation Review* (19 July 1973) described the inevitable consequences:

On Friday Aborigines started to march towards subcontractor Paul Croker and his men. Croker said that the Aborigines were approaching the workers in single file carrying the Gwalwa Daraniki flag. They threw firebombs into Croker's truck followed by lighted matches. As the workers fled, one was struck twice with a dog chain. When the police arrived, one of them is also alleged to have been struck.

The Aborigines said that the firebombing was part of their struggle for land rights. Croker estimated the damage to his truck at more than \$1,000. Equipment worth more than \$600 was damaged as well, and the interior of the cabin was burnt. Police have charged three Aborigines over the incident.

David Daniels and Bobby Secretary were charged with disorderly behaviour, with Fred Fogarty on more serious charges.

Fred looked a formidable sight in the rear, wearing an army tin helmet bearing the words, 'Look Out!' painted in white across the crown. Dog chains were wrapped around his massive hands and a travel bag loaded with molotov cocktails hung from his shoulder. (Helmet and chains were kept for protection when breaking up late night drunken fights in the camp.) Several police were struggling to restrain Fred when the photographers arrived to snap shots of the arrest and of flagbearer, Mary Kunyee (*NT News* 7 July 1973).

After a brief court appearance the men were then released on bail. In the courtroom corridors Wes generously offered to pay for two Kulaluk spokespersons to fly immediately to the Labor Party conference at Surfers Paradise. There they

could lobby for a freeze on further work at the subdivision. In fact the government was preparing to pay the developers a sizeable compensation to defer their plans.

Cheryl Buchanan was one of several young black activists who had remained in Darwin after the Bagot conference in June. She was part of the family at Kulaluk by now, and volunteered to leave for the Gold Coast with Fred on the next flight. After a rushed journey they were able to meet several Cabinet Ministers and Gough Whitlam.

'If you have been 104 years without your land, a few more won't hurt' the Prime Minister told Fred. 'By that time there will be nothing left!' said Fred. On the same day Kulamurini was convicted and fined. 'You know you can't take the law into your own hands,' the magistrate growled. Bob was wearing his red headband. (Bunji July 1973).

Since the Kulaluk firebombing the Gwalwa Daraniki has had so many letters and telegrams that we cannot answer them all. The seven samples printed in September came from Christian, union, black and student groups with renewed



Fred Fogarty is arrested after firebombing a truck at Coconut Grove, 6 July 1973. Photo courtesy of the *Northern Territory News*.

interest from overseas indigenous peoples' organisations. Closer to reality, *Bunji's* grassroots readership was shaken by the violence.

Shocked reaction greeted the release of the first report of the Aboriginal Land Rights Commission in early August. Commenting on his Kulaluk meeting with the Larrakia, Judge Woodward had written: 'When I met them I was told there are some eighteen members of the tribe now left...but there are more who identify as Larrakia because of maternal links. They have told me that the whole of Darwin is built on Larrakia country...' Wondering if Kulaluk 'may have belonged to a different clan', the Judge questioned 'whether they should be free to choose the particular site in a developing city such as Darwin', although he 'welcomed further submissions on the question of principle involved' (Woodward 1973, 26).

Bunji replied, *It is true that refugees are not free to choose where they will live. They live in concentration camps. The Woodward Report means that lawyers are going to make big mobs of money trying to make land rights fit into white law. It is not justice to almost wipe out a tribe and then judge them by anthropology books that tell only a small part of Aboriginal history (Bunji August 1973).* In the previous month, the newsletter had pointed out: *We have told Judge Woodward that there are over one hundred living people who identify and are identified as Larrakia.*

Aborigines were tiring of having their identity defined by white rules. In Darwin the Gwalwa Daraniki said they 'did not even believe that the tribes should have to establish or prove traditional claims to the areas where they now live' (Buchanan 1974, 23). In the *Australian Financial Review* (6 August 1973) the race relations officer employed by the radical Australian Union of Students was critical of the Commission for making land claims a privilege rather than a right.

Despite the apparent setbacks in the first report, spirits remained high at the annual general meeting at Kulaluk. Debate was often chaotic, in several languages and continued until a unanimous decision was reached and recorded in the minute book. On this occasion, it was resolved to show Cheryl and an East Coast activist, Bob McLeod, the sacred Gundal site, without the permits required by the occupation forces.

Peggy Wilson told everyone about Gundal. She spoke her Larrakia language. As the widow of the Tiwi actor Tudawali, Peggy spoke many languages.

'Order! Order!' Fred said, 'speak English!' The people laughed.

'You do not need permission, that is your father's place, Bobby,' said Violet. No-one was scared. Even the army cannot stop the tribes. Next day, on July 31, thirty members of the Gwalwa Daraniki marched into the army barracks.



Johnny Mailer (carrying the Aboriginal flag) and Cheryl Buchanan (right) lead the Knuckeyes Lagoon people into the Larrakeyah Army Barracks, 31 July 1973. Photo Bill Day.

The military police could not turn the people back. Five police wagons followed behind. The tribes sat down at the end of the point and Johnny Mailer sang a tribal song. One day Gundal will be ours again (Bunji August 1973).

Jack and I had left at the MP's request but the others, including a strong Knuckeyes Lagoon contingent, demanded traditional rights of usage and pushed through the distraught sentries. It wasn't until 1981 that the Aboriginal Sacred Sites Protection Authority extracted from the army a concession of limited access for Aborigines to the Gundal site on Emery Point.

Young Nowra Aborigine Bob McLeod hesitated to join the Gundal protest although he was known for his angry anti-white diatribes. A talented musician and lyric writer, Bob fought discrimination wherever he found it during his season in the north. Six months later he took a hostage at gunpoint in the Canberra Department of Aboriginal Affairs until persuaded to surrender by Charles Perkins (Harris 1979, 46).¹

In August 1973, he was pictured with twelve others delivering an unusual letter to the Darwin Crown Law Office (*NT News* 16 August 1973). Painted on the inside of an odorous hide, the message asked the police to enforce the 'Cleanskin Act', prohibiting American-owned Tipperary station from mustering unbranded cattle on an Aboriginal reserve.

Harry Wilson and Bill Parry claimed the cattle belonged to their Unia Association. They claimed Tipperary helicopters were driving stock over the unfenced boundaries, pre-empting the final Woodward Report. Speaking in Darwin,

Harry told how he had found graded roads and aviation fuel dumps well inside the Daly River Aboriginal Reserve, where the association intended to start their cattle company. It was an ongoing problem reported in the first *Bunji*. Now Topsy Secretary sketched Harry and Bill's story in comic strip form for the cover of the August edition (*Bunji* August 1973).



While Aborigines were waiting for the final report of the Aboriginal Land Rights Commission, an American company started mustering unbranded cattle on the Daly River Aboriginal Reserve. The cover of *Bunji* August 1973, tells the story.

British justice poorly serves blacks, yet they are unwillingly involved in its processes far more than most Australians. Thus Fogarty supporters returned to the Mitchell Street courts for the preliminary hearing of the firebomb case, holding a camp-out under the avenue of tamarind trees and sleeping under tarpaulins bedecked with the red, black and gold flag (*NT News* 8 September 1973). Patrolling police thought the little children should be home in bed, but conditions were better under the protesters' tents than in their unserviced hovels.

Inside the courtroom, the police had fourteen witnesses. 'The blacks from Kulaluk pulled out all the pegs for the new road,' said a surveyor. 'That was on Thursday July 5!'

'You must have known there would be trouble the next day,' said Fred's lawyer. 'Why did you have a rifle in the front of the truck? Didn't you see the signs?' (The signs said 'Larrakia Land Claim, Keep Out!')

'That is not their land!' said the surveyor.

'After 40,000 years?!' shouted Fred.

'Please keep quiet Mr Fogarty,' said the magistrate.

After all the story was told, the magistrate, Mr McCann, decided to send Fred's case to the Supreme Court to be heard before a jury. This was a great victory for Kulaluk because the police did not want a jury trial but Mr McCann said, 'Such a serious conflict between sections of the community should be considered in the Supreme Court'. Now what will happen to Fred for defending our land?' (Bunji September 1973).

South from Lameroo, pale crumbly cliffs are hidden in haze and red glows of untamed fires smoulder across the night horizon. Beyond glistening mica sands and the circumcision place at Daramangamani, the dispirited Wagaitj people held the wooded hills of the Cox Peninsula now studded by the gigantic masts of Radio Australia transmitters. There they intermarried with the Larrakia, offering refuge to remnants of the recognised owners.

All the Kulaluk mob took a trip across the harbour. Bruce Potts was sitting on the wharf. He had no money for the ticket. 'No free rides,' said the captain.

At Belyuen, Imabul told us the story of all the Larrakia dreaming. 'All around Delissaville is Larrakia place' said Imabul. 'The Wagaitj people born here now, they look after Belyuen.'

'Wagaitj, Larrakia together', said Tommy Lippo. Harry Singh showed us a map. 'Judge Woodward came here two weeks ago. This is the country we asked for', said Harry, 'all the way from Charles Point right down to the Wagaitj Reserve and all the islands'.

When it was time to go, a white man came out in a little bus. Everyone had to pay one dollar to go nine miles to the ferry. We heard that people who cash cheques at the hotel have to spend half the money first. The new shop back at the refugee camp at Belyuen is not open much, not even on pay day.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' said the same white man who drove the bus, 'the Mandorah Inn presents for you the dancers of the Wagaitj tribe'. All the tourists came over to 'the black side' of the hotel to see the corroboree (Bunji September 1973).

Donations after the national publicity also enabled Fred and Bob to make a flying visit to Roy Marika and his people at Yirrkala, comparing notes before Fred's trial.

Fearing insurrection, Gordon Bryant asked his land rights and legal adviser, Gareth Evans of the University of Melbourne Faculty of Law, to go to Darwin and find the facts before Cabinet considered Woodward's final report (Henderson 1984, 19–22). Evans, later to become Foreign Minister, tried to find a compromise where 'no politically embarrassing precedent would be set for the resolution of land rights claims by fringe-dwellers in the southern states'.

Evans realised the Kulaluk campsite now had symbolic significance 'both to Darwin Aborigines and nationally'. In four days he interviewed all parties, making a comprehensive report, which was overlooked when Bryant was suddenly replaced as Minister by dour ex-union official, Senator Cavanagh. Experiencing the dumping of his careful research in a game of ministerial musical chairs, Evans may have felt the frustration Aborigines learn to bear. Gordon Bryant was known personally to blacks; after only ten months he was gone.

Would a 'black parliament', the National Aboriginal Consultative Committee, be any better? *There are so many white politicians, a few more black*



Fred Fogarty's sign at the second Aboriginal Embassy opposite Parliament House in Canberra, November 1973, reads: 'Remember the Larrakia Tribe, Kulaluk, Darwin NT land rights claims. Kulaluk for Larrakia 700 acres. We wuz robbed. Land rights now'. Photo Australian Foreign Affairs and Trade Department.

ones will not hurt. We can be sure they will be better than Rupert Kentish. Maybe NACC election night on 24 November was just an excuse for another party (*Bunji* November 1973).

After the voting, Bagot hall was bursting at its cypress seams for another rage by the Reflections. Old, young, pets and all, enjoyed the music which may have been cancelled without a hacksaw to cut the stout padlock barring entry. The council was not going to make it easy.

Rivalling the insipid NACC, another Aboriginal Embassy now defied Canberra by-laws with Fred an active member. His neat signs and slogan, 'We Wuz Robbed', adorned the canvas walls and the tables where he distributed information or prepared reports for *Bunji* in his 'boy from the bush' parodies: *'Big mobs of people come to talk about land rights. Lot of whitefellas in big cement building over the road. Not much that mob. Too much noise. Drunk plenty. Fight plenty. No good that mob. Even white boss Whillam say, "it's what they get in their guts"'* (*Bunji* November 1973).

Fred returned from the Embassy for his first Supreme Court appearance carrying with him a bundle of 'Land Rights on Trial, Defend Fred Fogarty' posters, to be pasted around town and, at his insistence, on the glass courthouse doors.

Famous criminal lawyer and QC, Frank Galbally from Melbourne, had been appointed to defend Fred. Whether by the new Aboriginal Legal Aid Service or someone higher is not clear. Important names would have been embarrassed or called as witnesses if Fred had defended his right to use reasonable force in believing the land was protected from development. Instead Galbally persuaded Fred to use mistaken identification as his defence. Land rights would not be an issue in a common criminal case.

Bunji (December 1973) tried to cover the disappointment: *Let the courts be filled with black brothers like Fred Fogarty and Kevin Gilbert! Their court cases will become a part of our wonderful history, like Tuckiar, Namarluk and Namatjira.*

Slogans were quickly changed when the case was postponed, leaving Fred unsure of his future: *Thirty black brothers and sisters sat outside the courthouse waiting for the trial of Fred Fogarty on February 18. Inside the court Fred was wearing his red head-band. Many times he told us, 'I am not guilty but I am happy to go to gaol for my people'.*

The trial of Fred Fogarty was over in three minutes. It was adjourned indefinitely (forever?). The government was afraid to take the people of Kulaluk to court. All our friends in Australia must now cry out, 'Withdraw all charges against Fred Fogarty now !' (*Bunji* February 1974).

Freed on bail, Fred was more value to his people, and to the Treasury, than as a felon at taxpayers' expense. Using a government grant, the Gwalwa Daraniki

employed Fred and casual helpers to temporarily house every member before the worst downpours of the wet. Secondhand materials were gathered in the gleaming new vehicle to build functional showers, laundries and accommodation. Where the bureaucracy was unwilling or unable to act, the association found practical solutions in direct action. Proudly members tidied their grounds, filling rubbish bins with glass and cans for Fred's regular pick-up service (*NT News* 30 October 1973).

In January and February the balanda (white man) flies away to his house in the south. Not the tribes of the Gwalwa Daraniki. January and February were hard months for us. We were making shelter for every member from the heavy rains. There were funerals and ceremonies and meetings. There were arguments too. Work side by side to make the black tribes strong again (Bunji February 1974).

Two old ladies died in those damp, dripping months. Firstly, *Karamanak, Kulaluk was her home and Darwin is her country. She died a refugee in her land.* Secondly, *Gurinyee, who cried when she saw Gundal after forty years. Gurinyee helped the Larrakia get information for Judge Woodward. She knew her country and language. Now she is dead.* Fortunately a small part of the irreplaceable knowledge of these two wiry old Larrakia ladies had belatedly been recorded by linguists.

Dolly's grandson, Johnny Fejo, wanted the public to share the smoking of the spirits of the dead, a ceremony usually open to relatives and friends and held weeks after the funeral. Many whites wandered down the unfinished road to the camp watching as Dolly's clothing was burnt and the ashes stomped into the earth by Tommy Lippo's painted dancers, to the throb of the didgeridoo. Bright cotton textiles fluttered over a bordering line as the troupe filed through the huts waving thick smoke with green-leafed branches. Relatives queued to be flicked by smoky leaves then doused with water. The spirits were at rest.

Even in death we are wards of the state complained *Bunji*. Members who died in poverty often lay in the morgue for months or were buried without mourners. A meeting at Japanee Beach decided 'to bury our own dead'. *With a welfare funeral we do not know what is going to happen. The members of the Gwalwa Daraniki cannot afford a private funeral. The brothers and sisters of Knuckeyes Lagoon drove to the hospital, they were looking for the body of their friend. When they came to the funeral directors there were twenty police around the building. Let the Gwalwa Daraniki bury their own dead, our way (Bunji March/April 1974).* Others saw this demand as a backward step to the days when blacks were barred from cemeteries and compelled to use unadorned bush graves.

Talk of potential race violence dominated the media. 'White stirrers' were the target of the right. In the cattle country town of Katherine, 'rights for whites' groups were formed. Spokesperson June Tapp of Killarney station (*Nation Review*

18 April 1974, 804) pointed at 'white ratbag types, like the editor of a black power magazine called *Bunji*'. June believed, like many white Territorians, that 'race relations in the Territory have always been good'. As the cattle barons of the outback said (Gunn 1908, 200), '*the giving of a hint when a hint is necessary, will do much to keep [blacks] fairly well in hand*'.

The *Sydney Morning Herald* (11 February 1974) in a syndicated article, 'The Man Who Wants Martyrs', more accurately captured my 'white broker' role, although I never said I wanted martyrs:

A charge often levelled at Day is that he is pushing the Aborigines along faster than they really want to go, and worsening the problem with inflammatory language. 'I suppose they wouldn't be going so fast', he said, 'but we don't aim to put ideas into their heads that they haven't got already. I see myself as a sort of public relations man, I get an idea of what they want and I say, 'This is the way you can get it''. But then Day is a stirrer and proud of it.

Stoning cars at Alice Springs was the only violent public display of black anger that the media could find, although mental violence was done to a race by the threats of another election, defeat for Labor and the reversal of the land rights process on the eve of the release of Commissioner Woodward's findings. After so much preparation and input, such a set-back was unthinkable.

If the Liberal-Country Party wins the next election on May 18 it will be no good throwing stones. Here is how to make a little petrol bomb, just in case. This little bomb does not cost much but it can do a lot of damage. We hope you never have to use it. But we want land rights and there can be no turning back to the old days now. Vote Labor. A diagram covered half the back page of a two-page election edition (*Bunji* March/April 1974).

Roy Mudpul and his followers from Railway Dam trudged up the washed out track, past the joss house, to the union office for the May Day parade. John Waters, the youthful Labor candidate, begged Roy not to distribute the copies of *Bunji* clutched to his side. It was a reasonable request, knowing the mileage the opposition was getting from the sincere words on the front page, *We should do everything we can to help John Waters win the voting for the Labor Party*.

Criminal charges were threatened but never made, although Syd Chase from the disbanded Special Branch took sample prints of the lettering from the vintage *Bunji* typewriter. Hysteria continued with reports of the newsletter being given to high school students and even fanning revolution at race meetings in the northwest of Western Australia! (*NT News* 23 May 1974; *West Australian* 14 October 1974).

ADVERTISEMENT

VIEWS ON THE NEWS

BUNJI and MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR PROBLEMS

Last Sunday, Bunji again came into the local news. Many people now think the Editor, Mr William Bartlett Day, should be stopped, because his views are not in the best interests of Aborigines or Australians.

Aboriginal affairs are now of international interest, because the Woodward Report recommends that the multi-million dollar Palm Valley gas deposits be given to the Aboriginal people, and Arnhem Land Reserves be converted to "freehold" land and given to the Aboriginal people. The mining rights, as stated, are confusing to everyone. If this massive wealth is to be given to the Aborigines, then people of honesty and integrity must assist and administer Aboriginal Affairs. The Labor Party Minister has stated their policy to be disastrous, so it would be disastrous to continue to leave future decisions in the hands of Labor and Labor supporters.

The following is a sample of Mr Day's stirrings in Bunji: "In Alice Springs the tribes have been throwing stones at cars. If the Liberal and Country Party wins the next election on May 18th it will be no good throwing stones. Here is how to make a little petrol bomb, just in case . . ."

The article then tells how to make the petrol bomb with a diagram. Bunji continues: "This little bomb does not cost much, but it can do a lot of damage. We hope you never have to use it but we want land rights and there can be no turning back now. VOTE LABOR."

Also: "We should do everything we can to help John Waters win the voting for the Labor Party. All tribes march on May Day this Monday 6th. Free bus from Bagot to Town on Monday morning — leaving 9.20 am. Be outside the Union Office in Wood Street by 9.45 am for the march."

If this is Labor's way, then God help us.

We do not believe the Aboriginal people are concerned with the above, so the "white" stirrers should be stopped.

Bunji and the Labor Party's "disastrous" policies have not been clarified and most people are wondering what is going on. Everyone should condemn the making of petrol bombs. We are most concerned with our young people who have already worked out how to make "more effective" petrol bombs. These publications must cease.

You can put a stop to this lawlessness by voting Liberal-Country Party on May 18.

Vote [1] SAM CALDER

Authorise by Sam Calder, 71 Gap Road, Alice Springs.

Bunji became an election issue in the 1974 federal elections. The sitting member for the Northern Territory, Sam Calder, quoted from the April edition in this attempt to embarrass the Labor candidate.

Capitalising on public fears and prejudice, sitting member Sam Calder headed an election advertisement, '*Bunji* and Multimillion Dollar Problems'. After quoting the petrol bomb article, Calder commented, 'If this is Labor's way, then God help us. These publications must cease. You can put a stop to this lawlessness by voting Liberal-Country Party'. Calder also made revealing remarks on the 'international interest in Aboriginal affairs since the Woodward Report' (*NT News* 15 May 1974).

No bombs disrupted the elections, Whitlam won the double dissolution and the impressive final report was accepted as the basis for a Bill on land rights. 'Kulaluk', said Woodward, 'has become something of a symbol of the stand Aborigines are now making against the tendency to put their interests last in any consideration of land usage'. Referring to the subdivision land, he wrote: 'I believe that the government should now proceed to the acquisition of this general area...the intent of my recommendation is that the major part of the area now vacant should be resumed. This will demonstrate clearly the government's willingness to give effect to reasonable Aboriginal aspirations to land'.

Nine pages unfolded the shameful history of Bagot Reserve. Railway Dam was 'a case where Aboriginal wishes should be met' and at Knuckeyes Lagoon 'the general principles outlined should be applied'. By 1976, Woodward hoped, there would be 'no Aboriginal groups living in sufferance on Crown lands' (Woodward 1974, 50-64).

VICTORY TO KULALUK, proclaimed *Bunji* (May 1974) in banner headlines with premature optimism. The faceless pharaohs were not about to let go before even greater powers intervened.

NOTE

1. Charles Perkins, a senior black public servant in the Department of Aboriginal Affairs, had been suspended for criticising his minister and State politicians.