Sequence of Events in Bunji

The Age of Acquarius seemed distant to a twenty-eight year old ex-school teacher working as a labourer for the Nedlands City Council, a Perth suburb, in 1969. When Bill Day heard radio reports of hippies living on Darwin's Lameroo Beach, he decided to join them. After a bus ride to Port Hedland, where he had worked as a taxi driver a year earlier, Day hitch hiked north to Darwin.

Casual work was plentiful in a city supplying the huge mines across northern Australia. In the evenings the hippies spent their pay in riotous beer gardens beside Aborigines enjoying the freedoms of their newly-won citizenship rights. However, it wasn't long before the local council moved to end the prolonged occupation of the inner-city beach at the base of jungle-clad cliffs.

Although Day organised protests against the eviction threats, it was the October storms which cleared the beach. With a well-paid job on the Darwin wharf, Day stayed on for the rainy season and was joined by Polly Wharekura, a Maori who had met Day in Perth. Their first child was born in December that year.

Working with veteran activists in the holds of coastal traders began a political transformation for Day, who began following the 1970 Gove Land Claim Case, then proceding in the Darwin Supreme Court. While researching for an article on the local Larrakia tribe, then apparently close to extinction, Day met a Larrakia elder, Bobby Secretary, camped in a humpy behind the Paspalis Drive-in Cinema at Coconut Grove - a northern suburb.

After the Gove land claim was dismissed in May 1971, a coalition of town camps began a series of well-publicised protests for land rights, including the raising of their flag to claim Darwin. This group adopted the name 'Gwalwa Daraniki', meaning 'our land' in Larrakia. Their claims and activities were documented by Day in a newsletter called 'Bunji' (friend).

Land rights was an election promise of the Whitlam government which came to power in December I972. To celebrate, Day organised a rock and roll dance in the old Darwin town hall to the music of an all-Aboriginal band , 'The Reflections'. Later in I973 the appointed Aboriginal Land Rights Commissioner, Mr Justice Woodward, visited Bobby Secretary and his followers at their camp known as Kulaluk. There the Commissioner could see the new subdivisions which threatened the land claims.

One month later three Aboriginal men were charged when a surveyor's truck was firebombed and police and workers were attacked on the subdivision through Kulaluk. A Queensland Aborigine , Fred Fogarty, was released on bail until his trial in the supreme court, defended by Frank Galbally QC. Fogarty was sentenced to six months jail but was released when Cyclone Tracy demolished the prison.

A week before the cyclone, in December I974, the Kulaluk claim of 300hectares was approved by Cabinet in Canberra. Unfortunately this decision had not been announced and the claim was handed over to the Interim Land Commissioner to hear in May I975. Judge Ward's favourable findings were in turn overlooked when the Whitlam government was dismissed in November that year.

The promised Land Rights Act was passed by the Fraser government who left a final decision on the town claims to the NT government , due to be granted self-government in I978. It wasn't until September I979 that the title to Kulaluk was handed to Bobby Secretary., now refered to as 'the traditional owner'.

In the meantime, both Fogarty and Day had constructed picturesque camps on the Kulaluk lease. Despite their dreams for the future, they were kept busy opposing deals made by the title holders, the Gwalwa Daraniki Association. Day received an eviction notice after he had blocked several schemes to develop the land. He fought these for his last two years on the lease.

Bobby Secretary died in I984, shortly after Darwin City Council dredging machines dug a network of drains across the Kulaluk wetlands. Fred Fogarty died mysteriously five months later. When Fogarty's buildings were demolished before his funeral, Day decided to leave Kulaluk in disgust.

On the streets of Sydney, in destitution reminiscent of 'the last of the Sydney clan', Day connected with his own inner supressed feelings and learnt the secret of recovery from messages in the 64 editions of his newsletter BUNJI. After two years of therapy in New Zealand, reunited with Polly and their two children, Day was able to return to Perth. After two more years working as a security guard he visited Darwin again where he met a young Aboriginal man he knew as a boy at Kulaluk. The book ends with an emotional reunion

SYDNEY MORNING HERALD

SMH 12/2/74 11 February 1974

The man who wants martyrs

Bill Day is looking for martyrs. He would like to see people prepared to sacrifice their lives in the cause of Aboriginal advancement.

But then, Day is a "stirrer" and proud of it. "Our object is to stir, we want people to see that these people are human," he says.

If he wanted, he could claim the title of Darwin's most active black militant. Except for one thing. He's white.

~~Twenty-seven~~ 28-year-old Day does most of his work in the shanty towns and fringe camps around Darwin. He and Fred Fogarty, a part-Aboriginal from Queensland, are the driving forces behind Gwalwa Daraniki — it means "Our Land" in Larrakia — an association dedicated to improving the lot of Aborigines and winning land rights.

As they drive the association's little Datsun truck — bought with a grant from the Department of Aboriginal Affairs — through the streets of Darwin, they make an incongruous pair: Day tall, fair-skinned and dark-haired, with his good looks slightly spoilt by a nervous smile which hovers continually around his lips; Fogarty short, brown and nuggetty with close-cropped, dark curly hair.

But they make a good team. Day does the paperwork and organisation, Fogarty provides the physical authority necessary for work in the camps for transients, where violence is never very far from the surface.

When Day was chased by a drunk with an axe one night it was Fogarty who stepped in and felled the axeman.

Day became involved in the Aboriginal land-rights battle almost by accident.

After what he described as a typical suburban upbringing in Port Hedland, Western Australia, Day worked for a while as a taxi-driver. But the life didn't satisfy him, so he took to the roads.

"I went overseas, travelling through Asia, meeting people with many different cultures and ways of life," he says.

He came to Darwin to try life with the hippies on Lameroo Beach. But the charm quickly faded.

"They haven't got a viable thing going," he says now. "They haven't the fortitude to make anything of it. They're parasites on nearly everyone."

So he turned to the land-rights battle.

In 1971 Day took up the cause of the Larrakias, the tribe on whose land Darwin is sited. The last remnants of the once 200-strong tribe were scattered among the camps and settlements of Darwin.

But the tribal leader, Bobby Secretary, with a hard core of five or six Larrakias, was camped on a few acres of land at Kulaluk — the white Darwin suburb of Coconut Grove.

Developers had started work on the land and it was about to be subdivided into housing blocks when Gwalwa Daraniki moved in.

They put up signs warning prospective buyers that this was tribal land and that they bought it at their own risk.

The situation flared into violence in July last year when a surveyor's truck parked at the claim was burnt out and there was a struggle with police.

The dispute is now before the Land Rights Commission — and the Larrakias are still there.

Since the flare-up, no further work has been done on the subdivision, and the Federal Government is paying compensation to the developers to keep out.

Kulaluk itself is only a few acres. It is not big enough to support even the 13 remaining full-blood members of the Larrakia tribe.

But to Bill Day it is much more than just a little piece of suburban land.

"I see this as a symbol," he says. "It's a thorn in the flesh of the white man. It has made them think about the problems of the Aborigines.

"I don't know what we'll do with this land if we get it. I wouldn't really like to see it built up with suburban houses — that's what they were about to do when we started this claim.

"But we haven't really thought about it yet. The important thing is recognition of these people's rights."

The people at Kulaluk live the typical life of the fringe-dweller. They are housed in three galvanised-iron huts with earth floors and the minimum of furniture.

But Bobby Secretary is happy.

"This is my land," he says. "I've lived here all my life and I'm going to stay here. I'm not going to let the white man push me around any more."

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 if we weren't doing it they wouldn't be going along so fast," he says. "We try not to put ideas into their heads that they haven't got already.

"I see myself as a sort of public-relations man. They get an idea of what they want and I say: 'This is the way you can get it.'

"Take the sit-down on the Bagot Road pedestrian crossing. They'd been sitting talking about it but never did a thing.

"As soon as you suggest something, people say: 'Great, let's go.'

"I don't think they would have thought: 'Let's stop the traffic,' but they jumped at the idea.

"Of course, it's not like a demonstration down south where you say to everyone: 'Be outside the Town Hall at 10 o'clock and we'll have a march.' We have to pick them all up and take them around or they wouldn't be there."

Like nearly everyone else in the field, Day has his own idea of what is best for the Aborigines:

"My aim is to form a community which prospers as many white people are trying to do down the Queensland coast. The Aborigines can't fit into a capitalist society.

"They won't break up into nuclear families and compete with each other. There can be no boss with the Aborigines.

"I think they could be self-sufficient. I don't think they want to be prosperous. They don't talk about ... Mr Hyacinth Tungutalu ... don't have much interest in material possessions. Give 'em a tape-recorder, a record-player, a radio — they'll be wrecked in a week or two.

"Our main aim is to see they get their land rights. That is such a hard job that we haven't seen past it yet."

Day believes that violence in the Territory is bound to increase: "But I don't think it's organised violence. It would be better if people were more organised — there might be more direction to the violence.

"Quite frankly, we say to people: 'Don't go smashing each other on the head, go and smash down a shop or chase off these white fellows who come down looking for your girls.'"

Day has been toying with the idea of forming some sort of secret society to bind the Aborigines closer together.

"Politics and that sort of thing are too dry to really get the Aborigines interested," he says. "They need some kind of mystical ties with the land. If some sort of cult could spring up, that could be the way things could move."

The name he has had in mind for the society is Mau Mau. But he denies any intention to commit mayhem on the scale of the Kenya rebellion of the 50s.

Day discounts the possibility of organised violence by Aborigines against whites. "I don't think anyone's got the organisational ability to do the co-ordinating," he says.

But spontaneous violence could break out any day, he believes: "We'd like to see a few people prepared to sacrifice their lives. We might have to have our own Wounded ...

...EXPO 74: YOUNG CAMPERS' CL...

Flower-power teacher leads protest

DARWIN: Bill Day left Perth in search of hippies and flower power and found Aborigines and land rights instead.

It was 1969, and the former teacher-turned-beatnik arrived in Darwin and found a hippie community on Lameroo Beach.

"I was looking for something different to the middle-class suburbia I had grown up in and hated," Bill, 43, said.

"I had been a school teacher, but that wasn't the job for me.

"I am one of the old beatniks and I liked the hippies' talk of love and flower power," he said.

Sympathies

Bill lived on Lameroo Beach for six months and organised his first demonstration when the council acted to move the squatters.

But it is his efforts on behalf of Aborigines for which he is better known in Darwin.

In the early 1970s, Bill's Aboriginal sympathies put him on the wrong side of some of the white community in Darwin.

"I ran the risk of being bashed by whites whenever I walked the streets in those days," Bill said.

For the past five and half years, Bill has lived a rough, but near idyllic, existence in his

☐ Bill's bedroom . . . primitive but comfortable.

From LEONIE BIDDLE

primitive but picturesque home of grass, sticks and other materials on Aboriginal land near the city.

The land, known as Kulaluk, belongs to Aborigines of the Larrakeah tribe. It is land which Bill helped them fight for and win in 1974, and he sees himself as its keeper.

He has staged more than one public protest to ensure it is not mismanaged or its natural environs damaged.

Bill is a man who loves a cause and the days when he could mobilise between 50 and 200 Aborigines for a picket are remembered whimsically.

Ironically, Bill's latest battle is a legal one against the Aboriginal managers of Kulaluk who are trying to have him evicted.

Bill revels in public protests and remembers his first with relish.

"It was when the council tried to kick us off Lameroo Beach. There were about 300 of us living there and I organised a mass protest. It was great.

"It was my first protest and I really enjoyed it. I had been travelling overseas at the time of the Vietnam demonstrations and it seemed like everybody but me was involved in protests."

Bill's wife, a Maori, joined him after the beach interlude and they moved into a caravan attached to a house.

"We ran a hostel for travellers and I started a monthly newsletter which supported land rights and other Aboriginal claims," Bill said.

"Between 1971 and 1975, I was working flat out getting this land (Kulaluk) for them."

Bill took up the Aborigines' cause because he said that, as an outsider himself, he sympathised with their situation.

"My first impression of Aborigines when I came to Darwin was that they were outsiders in their own country and, probably because I am an outsider too, I sided with them," he said.

Bill said he did not know that much about Aborigines when he first arrived. "I was amazed when I found out they didn't speak English and that they had their own languages," he said.

Bill's hostel blew away during Cyclone Tracy and he turned his hand to another cause — running the Peoples' Bookshop which sold radical literature and supported the Fretelin movement on Timor.

"Things were really quiet on the land claim front because of the cyclone. The place was being rebuilt and there were no demonstrations or local movements," he said.

In 1979, after his wife returned to New Zealand, Bill moved to Kulaluk with their two children.

Pressures

They lived in a caravan while Bill built his camp.

It does not have the luxuries of electricity or hot water on tap.

Bill cooks over an open fire and his water supply comes from a nearby well that he sank.

"It seems an idyllic life but it is physically hard and there are pressures on me to leave," he said.

"I know I will leave some time because I don't intend to spend the rest of my life here and I will be happy to go, once I know Kulaluk is in good hands."

Darwin's causes

Sunday Times 1985

Blurb

This is a book to take Australia into the twenty-first century. Before reconciliation is possible, Australians must share the experience of being Aboriginal during 200 years of conflict between black and white. Bunji has a message of recovery and healing, contributing to the emergence of a truly national identity for a new millennium.

In 1969, Bill Day travels north to discover himself amongst the hippies, but meets the Aborigines instead. In a dialogue with a mysterious voice he calls 'Bunji', Day becomes immersed in the grievances and losses of the Larrakia people and their allies. In the process his own inner conflicts are resolved and he discovers a spiritual peace. Reborn, he returned to Perth in 1989 where he is now a full-time university student.

Published by Aboriginal Studies Press (AIATSIS)
GPO Box 553, Canberra ACT 2601
Fax (06) 2497310

~~Price $24.95 (illustrated)~~
New Price $19.95

Discovery of The Self in 'Bunji'.

The story of Bunji can be read in many ways. On one level it is the story of a prolonged campaign for Aboriginal land rights against great odds. On another level the book is the story of one man's journey to discover himself through his involvement in that struggle. 'The finished pearl is the main thing,'Bill Day writes to Stewart Harris (xviii), using an archetypal symbol of the Self. Similarly the story revolves around a 'vital psychic centre' (Jung I964:200) represented by Old Man Rock which appears to call Day to the task of self-discovery.

Bill Day identified with Aborigines because he saw them as 'outsiders' like himself (4). He is oppressed by an internalised 'white man', while the Aborigines become what Lattas (I992:57) has called the'unconscious realm of meaning' which is repressed and must be regained to re-establish wholeness of the self, and the nation.

> The historical violence inflicted upon Aborigines by the white colonisers is thus rendered as a violence inflicted by the white man against the spiritual-sacred part of his psyche (Lattas I992:57).

When an unseen 'bunji' calls from the night (I4) Day cannot communicate because he is still a'whitefella'. Bunji then begins a process of initiation into what it means to be a 'blackfella', until in the final chapter, 'blackness descends' on Day (I70). The Aboriginal experience, representing an essential part of Day's psyche, then allows Day to respond to 'One greater than I ... waiting to be called'(I73). Healing can then begin.

Day's acceptance of the need to change begins as he travels north'attracted to the alternative lifestyle '(2). Despite the warning of the dangers in this, indicated by the reference to the Manson cult(I), there is a new freedom closer to nature where Day and the hippies 'rubbed wet clay on [their] bare bodies' (2), bonding body to land.

The activity, the swirling tides, and the storms all indicate a time of psychic upheaval. This is followed by Parap's 'orientation tours' beyond the suburban subdivisions into a less familiar, slightly threatening neglected region representing the edges of the subconscious. Here the original people survive, although they have been forgotten and Day compares their plight to 'the last of the Sydney clan ' who died over one hundred years earlier (5). Indicating how little has changed since then, Day is not aware that he must relive that childhood trauma, which he does sixteen years later as a destitute on the streets of Sydney, wrestling with his reawakened inner pain.

The necessity for the past to be connected to the present before healing can take place is shown by the design of the flag. It is red at one end for'the old people' and red at the other end for 'our blood'(I9). The tree in the centre of the flag indicates growth from 'the decaying heaps' of the jungle fowl nest which incubates the fowl's eggs.Like the intrusion of memories from the subconscious, the cry of these birds can still be heard from the forest(I0).

Land equals body and the fight for land rights is the fight to reclaim the body. The land has been 'gang-raped' by the white man (xxiii)whose 'brainwashing' has internalised the abuser. Like the slaves who are made'to feel they are no good' (I6), Day's ego must be strengthened by slogans such as 'This is our (my) land'and 'We should say in a loud voice,"Not guilty!"'

Within the body, or psyche, there is 'an ancestor', or repressed past, which needs to be remembered, In the first poem (8), 'brave old people died for this land'but their bones remained buried in the sand. There are numerous similar calls to remember the 'brave

ancestors' who were the victims of violence. This is the 'true history' which is 'never read, but the black man keeps it in his head' (20). However, the withholding of these events becomes a guarantee of the unasailable integrity of the Self, as expressed in the poem 'Iron may bend and wood may break, but memories they cannot take'(I69).

In the years of activism, there is not much observable personal growth as Day endeavours to forge a unity of his fractured Self. His intense opposition to mining indicates the threat to the work of redefining the personality. Memories brought to the surface too soon could be destructive and, like uranium, a danger to the next generation - signifying the development of the inner child. Although Bunji constantly stresses the need for unity , it admits that 'now we drink and fight each other'(8), just as Day drinks to excess. The male animus and the female anima are also at war symbolically at war as Bobby and Bessie confront each other with Day in the centre(7). In the last chapter the Madonna and child represent an archetypal nurturing anima figure.

Bunji nourishes that part of the psyche that is faithful to the true Self and will'stay in our country' (22). To love the land is to show self-respect as the 'one who looks after the place' (I32). This is contrasted with the traditional owner concept ~~who~~ which is defined by others from a mythical past not susceptical to change. Day is aware that he must change and revalue his past rather than become fixated upon it.

By I979, when the possession of the land is won, Day shifts even deeper into unknown regions. He parks his caravan where the land has been mined, representing a wound to the psyche which he can begin to heal by planting trees and creating a new chilhood

memories. Other memory traces take the form of creatures of the forest or sea, at first only leaving tracks but then gradually emerging into consciousness. When a bushfire sweeps across the land, a symbol of intense feeling, the 'rubbish and wreckage of years of abuse lay exposed and ugly' (I20). Although the damage to the psyche is now acknowledged, 'the deepest forest was not burnt' (I20) and the ~~rest~~ burnt area would regrow, with some help.

Pretence can now be abandoned as even the old banyan tree, 'a landmark for generations',collapses(II9).Day's later interest in family history revealed a pattern of neurosis extending over four generations. There is no power in the white ash which remains and self-planted trees now 'enfold the scarred earth' (I72).

Coinciding with Day's growing interest in Marxism, the example of the fish trap is given as a structure which ensnares free swimming creatures. Marxism shares with psychoanalysis an emphasis on what lies behind the outward structure. Only when all outward structures are demolished is Day able to take revolutionary new directions in his life. The overturned boat, by the 'wobbled movement' of his friends, is seen as a warning of a lack of balance as Day comes to see himself as a 'crazed eccentric'(I64).

As the inner child develops at the beachside camp, Day can begin to grow towards maturity. Although the story of Sammy is as factual as the rest of the book, its position in the story reflects the connection to the neglected child within. Sammy emerges from his mental prison and becomes fully human, to the extent that he surfed in 'crashing waves'(I62). Kwork Kwork's children are sent to break the drought and bring growth to the parched land (I6I).

As repressed memories and unpleasant aspects of the Self reach the surface they can be dealt with, for Day is now a 'battle-scarred pig dog' (I67) unlike the'domestic dogs that bounded yapping into

the bush'(I67). The years of campaigning have prepared Day to slay his dragon/pigs while the 'white cross'(I66) indicates a spiritual power strengthening him.The death of the 'black-bristled beast'(I67) in I988 occurs as Day is'confronting his past one day at a time'(I74) - a suggestion that he is a member of Alcoholics Anonymous.

After all the structures which Day has built aroundhimself have been demolished, the land is left 'spotless' (I72), the past is buried or burnt and'without looking back'Day is ready to travel to Sydney where he must experience his original pain for a resolution to occur. In the depths of his despair, the messages from Bunji are understood at a deeper level. Day can now communicate with the 'blackfella' within,while accepting that he is a 'whitefella' without. The quest ends with a symbolic coming together of the previously divided Self as Day and the Aboriginal man hug in the traditional greeting for 'long separated friends'(I75).

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NOTE: All page numbers for Bunji are from the unpublished manuscript.

Post 17th April '90

Old Boronians remember Nedlands' golden era

A real-life episode of *Neighbours* has been played out in Boronia Avenue, Nedlands.

People who spent happy years there in the 1940s, 1950s and 1960s went back to relive what they call the "golden era" on Saturday, April 7.

It was a time of barefoot children in patched pants; street bonfires on November 5 — Guy Fawkes day; carol singing; do-it-yourself children's clubs; camping out in backyards; the Miss Boronia contest and The Boronia — their own newspaper.

Those years between the war and the time that sex, drugs, rock and roll swept over the suburbs seem to have been of harmless healthy fun — as well as home brew, diptheria and polio.

Bill Day, a Boronian who helped to organise the reunion at the home of his parents Bill and Bess, said there had been a general air of friendliness.

'We used to play cricket on the road, there was so little traffic," he said.

Danger

"There was more danger of getting splinters in your feet from the jarrah kerb than of being run over."

Boronia Avenue was in the mortgate belt of the 1940s with many young families and not much money.

Bill says, "There was a real territorial feeling. It involved only the families in houses Numbered 1 to 24 between Karella and Carrington Street.

"Now children's lives are much more organised for them after school hours. We amused ourselves, and of course, there was no television or videos."

The reunion drew 40 people from as far away as Albany, Bunbury and Denmark.

They recalled japes like the time a group silently top-dressed the lawn of one house overnight as a good turn for the owner sleeping unaware inside.

Several of them were adament that they really did see a "mummy" — a figure covered in white bandages — as they walked through the cemetery.

In those days, the cemetery was mainly bush and a great playground for Boronians and other locals.

Bill said the reunion was unashamed nostalgia and enjoyed so much that old Boronians are talking about arranging a picnic so they can meet each other's families.

They had old copies of their home-made newspaper and Miss Boronia 1956 — Merril Bulstrode (now Cole) — was there looking as glamorous as ever.

Comparing old copies of the Boronian: a scene at the recent Boronia Street reunion.

The Boronian written and printed by children offers some fascinating insight to life in Nedlands in the 1950s.

The December 1956 issue reported:

That residents had been asking Nedlands Council for 14 years for a footpath;

That the governor's car had crashed into a lamp post; and

That an American family had moved into the Harrison's house while they were in England.

A fierce Page One report focussed on the culprit who destroyed the annual bonfire.

It said: "On the Saturday night before bonfire night, the Boronia Ave bonfire was burnt to the ground. Mr Simpson rushed bravely outside at about 12.30 and found a cop already there.

The next morning many citizens with a typical Boronian spirit, rebuilt the bonfire to a greater size than ever before.

When our reporter came on the scene, he saw Bill Day, sweat pouring from his face, hauling huge logs, (indeed a lad to be proud of).

After rebuilding it, a watch was kept over it by some volunteers of the street.

Naturally, you are thinking that it was a pretty rotten thing to do and wondering who would be the rotten person who did it.

Well you can stay at ease because 'The Boronian' is going to expose the person who did it, in other words, the CULPRIT.

He has admitted that he burnt down our bonfire which was not the only one he had burnt, down for he, with a mob of holligans, (really bodgies) had burnt down 14 bonfires that night.

It was none other than the well known bodgie of the street CENSORED."

There was also an advice column:

"Dear Aunty,

Recently I have been embarrassed to see my next door neighbour gardening in kahaki shorts.

I am worried because he insists on wearing his long woollen underwear under them.

We have known each other for such a long time, it would be a pity to break our friendship. What can I do?

Larry the Lag

Dear Larry,

As usual you are insane with jealousy, because you haven't got the nerve to do it yourself.

I suggest you think over how jealous you have been.

Aunty Agnes

And sexism, was rampant...

"MISS BORONIA IS ON AGAIN

At 4.30 o'clock on probably the 1st of February Miss Boronia for 1957 will be decided.

It will be held at the same place as last year, that is on Days' front verandah.

Entries close on January the 25th. The entry fee is sixpence.

LAND RIGHTS NEWS

a newsletter for aboriginals and their friends.

NUMBER 18

JANUARY 1978

What will be the outcome?

7th April '90

Boronians remember Nedlands' golden era

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Well you can stay at ease because 'The Boronian' is going to expose the person who did it, in other words, the CULPRIT.

He has admitted that he burnt down our bonfire which was not the only one he had burnt, down for he, with a mob of holligans, (really bodgies) had burnt down 14 bonfires that night.

It was none other than the well known bodgie of the street CENSORED."

There was also an advice column:

"Dear Aunty,

Recently I have been embarrassed to see my next door neighbour gardening in kahaki shorts.

I am worried because he insists on wearing his long woollen underwear under them.

We have known each other for such a long time, it would be a pity to break our friendship. What can I do?

Larry the Lag

Dear Larry,

As usual you are insane with jealousy, because you haven't got the nerve to do it yourself.

I suggest you think over how jealous you have been.

Aunty Agnes

And sexism, was rampant...

"MISS BORONIA IS ON AGAIN

At 4.30 o'clock on probably the 1st of February Miss Boronia for 1957 will be decided.

It will be held at the same place as last year, that is on Days' front verandah.

Entries close on January the 25th. The entry fee is sixpence.

Dispatched to the cellar in the sky

IF perchance I should be struck down by a bolt of lightning soon after finishing this week's column ... and duly dispatched to that great cellar* in the sky ... I won't be disappointed at all, if it turns out to be a bit like the cellar at Karriview Wines.

I'm not sure whether it's possible to have a cellar up above, or indeed whether I am destined to be dispatched 'up above' or 'down below', but wherever I end up I'm still hoping it's a bit like the Karriview cellar. To my mind, their cellar contains elements from both options - in particular, some beautiful nectar of the lofty gods in the form of Karriview Chardonnay and Pinot Noir. However, once inside the hallowed walls, one can't help but notice the huge furnace - the quality of which would not be lost on the fella with the trident - which dominates the room.

Although I don't think Bruce and Mary Day - the forces behind Karriview - would call it a furnace, more likely a pot-belly stove. But made out of scrap iron from the old Midland Railway Workshops, and weighing in at 250 kilograms (a quarter of a tonne) this is no ordinary pot-belly. It's a monster.

It's also just one of many features of the cellar sales outlet at Karriview - set overlooking the Day's two hectare vineyard on the karri-lined Scotsdale Road, near Denmark - that makes a visit there almost mandatory for every wine lover in the region.

Of course the other, more important, reason is to sample the two Karriview wines - they are both simply superb and are another testament to the wine-making skills of John Wade, the magnificent environmental conditions we have here in the Great Southern and the 'never say never' attitude displayed by Great Southern vignerons who have taken up the challenge of growing grapes with little or no past experience.

"... a huge furnace - the quality of which would not be lost on the fella with the trident ..."

Such is the case for Bruce and Mary.

They purchased the 46 hectare property in 1982 in partnership with Rob and Catherine Day, Richard Manser and Francis Day. The partners planted their first vines - the two hectares of chardonnay and pinot noir - in 1986 and went on to pick their first crop of grapes in 1989.

In 1993 Bruce and Mary assumed full control of the enterprise, leasing the entire operation from the other partners.

Bruce manages the vineyard, does the marketing, cellar sales and other day-to-day necessities of small-scale wine production, while Mary, who nurses in Albany, takes care of the books.

Somewhere along the way they have managed to build their magnificent cellar sales facility, using huge logs and beams from an old traffic bridge that spanned a creek near Mount Lindsay. A communal building effort involving all of the partners, the cellar was opened to the public for the first time in 1990. A former woolclasser, Bruce said he was a city kid who always wanted to do somethingin the field of farming, so trained as a woolclasser.

"I ended up working in shearing sheds, where I was still envious of those who were outside working on the farm."

That envy led to the purchase of the Scotsdale Road block and the planting of the first vines. But the ceremonial first vine didn't go into the ground until after Mike had worked for about three years at Goundrey Wines.

"Mike Goundrey told me once, after I had asked him about planting vines, that if just one per cent of the people who asked him about vines actually planted them, the whole area would be covered in vineyards," said Bruce.

"I took that up as a sort of personal challenge," he said.

"So we planted our vines and just followed the progression through to producing our own wines."

The Days planted their rows of vines in a true Burgundian style - 'ultra close' together - meaning that all operations will almost assuredly have to be carried out by hand. And Bruce wouldn't have it any other way.

"We try to do things as traditionally as possible," he said.

"I like to see the whole operation progress from start to finish."

Bruce said they have no plans to expand, preferring instead to continue to produce good quality wines in relatively small quantities, which gives the Karriview wines a degree of exclusiveness.

Remarkably, their inaugural Chardonnay was judged Best Chardonnay and Best White Wine at the 1990 and 1991 Mount Barker Wine Shows. The 1990 Pinot Noir was awarded a gold medal at the 1990 Melbourne Show, while the 1991 and 1992 Pinots received gold medals at consecutive Mount Barker Wine Shows.

Karriview wines are marketed locally, predominantly from the cellar door, as well as through outlets in Perth, Sydney and Melbourne. Like many boutique wines, the demand for Karriview wines is ever-increasing, largely through word-of-mouth recommendations - including glowing accounts from some of the nation's most respected wine writers and judges.

Some time back James Halliday wrote that the Karriview wines were still only available from the winery, 'but well worth the effort'.

Many of those who have 'made the effort' to take the drive out along the picturesque Scotsdale Road have returned time and time again. So much so that many of Bruce and Mary's customers are now friends, and many 'old friends' now devout fans.

Although there are only two types of wine produced, some previous vintages are still available so fans and other buyers have quite a bit to muse over. However, with demand growing, previous vintages are selling out - leading to increasing demand for the newer wines.

Bruce said that when you've only got two wines to chose from, it's important to try to save past vintages to provide a choice. So which would he choose?

FULL Bottle

Wine with Richard McLellan

Vigneron's selection

Although his first choice was the 1992 Pinot Noir, the chalk board on the wall of the cellar said it was 'sold out', so on to his second personal preference: the **1992 Karriview Chardonnay.**

"It's a very complex wine," said Bruce, "which does some wonderful things in your mouth.

"Mary hates selling it. It's her favourite too and she would love to hang on to it all.

The Chardonnay has a golden hue, with melon, citrus and peach elements to its bouquet. On the palate it is dry, full-bodied and complex. The complexity is brought about by its rich fruitiness, distinct woody characters, elegant acidity and long, lingering finish.

It's a real mouth-filler - soft, round and mellow - and sure to be still drinking well in the next century. As my teenage kids would say ... 'wicked!'

(*Cellar n. underground room; wine-cellar, place in which wine is kept, person's stock of wine.)

SYDNEY MORNING HERALD

SMH 11/2/74 11 February 1974

The man who wants martyrs

Bill Day is looking for martyrs. He would like to see people prepared to sacrifice their lives in the cause of Aboriginal advancement.

But then, Day is a "stirrer" and proud of it. "Our object is to stir, we want people to see that these people are human," he says.

If he wanted, he could claim the title of Darwin's most active black militant. Except for one thing. He's white.

Twenty-seven year-old Day does most of his work in the shanty-towns and fringe camps around Darwin. He and Fred Fogarty, a part-Aboriginal from Queensland, are the driving forces behind Gwalwa Daraniki — it means "Our Land" in Larrakia — an association dedicated to improving the lot of Aborigines and winning land rights.

As they drive the association's little Datsun truck — bought with a grant from the Department of Aboriginal Affairs — through the streets of Darwin, they make an incongruous pair: Day tall, fair-skinned and dark-haired, with his good looks slightly spoilt by a nervous smile which hovers continually around his lips; Fogarty short, brown and nuggetty with close-cropped, dark curly hair.

But they make a good team. Day does the paperwork and organisation, Fogarty provides the physical authority necessary for work in the camps for transients, where violence is never very far from the surface.

When Day was chased by a drunk with an axe one night it was Fogarty who stepped in and felled the axeman.

Day became involved in the Aboriginal land-rights battle almost by accident.

After what he described as a typical suburban upbringing in Port Hedland, Western Australia, Day worked for a while as a taxi-driver. But the life didn't satisfy him, so he took to the roads.

"I went overseas, travelling through Asia, meeting people with many different cultures and ways of life," he says.

He came to Darwin to try life with the hippies on Lameroo Beach. But the charm quickly faded.

"They haven't got a viable thing going," he says now. "They haven't the fortitude to make anything of it. They're parasites on nearly everyone."

So he turned to the land-rights battle.

In 1971 Day took up the cause of the Larrakias, the tribe on whose land Darwin is sited. The last remnants of the once 200-strong tribe were scattered among the camps and settlements of Darwin.

But the tribal leader, Bobby Secretary, with a hard core of five or six Larrakias, was camped on a few acres of land at Kulaluk — the white Darwin suburb of Coconut Grove.

Developers had started work on the land and it was about to be subdivided into housing blocks when Gwalwa Daraniki moved in.

They put up signs warning prospective buyers that this was tribal land and that they bought it at their own risk.

The situation flared into violence in July last year when a surveyor's truck parked at the claim was burnt out and there was a struggle with police.

The dispute is now before the Land Rights Commission — and the Larrakias are still there.

Since the flare-up, no further work has been done on the subdivision, and the Federal Government is paying compensation to the developers to keep out.

Kulaluk itself is only a few acres. It is not big enough to support even the 13 remaining full-blood members of the Larrakia tribe.

But to Bill Day it is much more than just a little piece of suburban land.

"I see this as a symbol," he says. "It's a thorn in the flesh of the white man. It has made them think about the problems of the Aborigines.

"I don't know what we'll do with this land if we get it. I wouldn't really like to see it built up with suburban houses — that's what they were about to do when we started this claim.

"But we haven't really thought about it yet. The important thing is recognition of these people's rights."

The people at Kulaluk live the typical life of the fringe-dweller. They are housed in three galvanised-iron huts with earth floors and the minimum of furniture.

But Bobby Secretary is happy.

"This is my land," he says. "I've lived here all my life and I'm going to stay here. I'm not going to let the white man push me around any more."

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 if we weren't doing it they wouldn't be going along so fast," he says. "We try not to put ideas into their heads that they haven't got already.

"I see myself as a sort of public relations man. They get an idea of what they want and I say: 'This is the way you can get it.'

"Take the sit-down on the Bagot Road pedestrian crossing. They'd been sitting talking about it but never did a thing.

"As soon as you suggest something, people say: 'Great, let's go.'

"I don't think they would have thought: 'Let's stop the traffic,' but they jumped at the idea.

"Of course, it's not like a demonstration down south where you say to everyone: 'Be outside the Town Hall at 10 o'clock and we'll have a march.' We have to pick them all up and take them around or they wouldn't be there."

Like nearly everyone else in the field, Day has his own idea of what is best for the Aborigines:

"My aim is to form a community group as many white people are trying to do down the Queensland coast. The Aborigines can't fit into a capitalist society.

"They won't break up into nuclear families and compete with each other. There can be no boss with the Aborigines.

"I think they could be self-sufficient. I don't think they want to be prosperous. They certainly don't have much interest in material possessions. Give them a tape-recorder, a record-player, a radio — they'll be wrecked in a week or two.

"Our main aim is to see they get their land rights. That is such a hard job that we haven't seen past it yet."

Day believes that violence in the Territory is bound to increase: "But I don't think it's organised violence. It would be better if people were more organised — there might be more direction to the violence.

"Quite frankly, we say to people: 'Don't go smashing each other on the head, go and smash down a shop or chase off these white fellows who come down looking for your girls.'"

Day has been toying with the idea of forming some sort of secret society to bind the Aborigines closer together.

"Politics and that sort of thing are too dry to really get the Aborigines interested," he says. "They need some kind of mystical tie with the land. If some sort of cult could spring up, that could be the way things could move."

The name he has had in mind for the society is Mau Mau. But he denies any intention to commit mayhem on the scale of the Kenya rebellion of the 50s.

Day discounts the possibility of organised violence by Aborigines against whites. "I don't think anyone's got the organisational ability to do the co-ordinating," he says.

But spontaneous violence could break out any day, he believes: "We'd like to see a few people prepared to sacrifice their lives. We might have to have our own Wounded

EXPO 74: YOUNG CAMPERS' CI

Flower-power teacher leads protest Darwin's causes

DARWIN: Bill Day left Perth in search of hippies and flower power and found Aborigines and land rights instead.

It was 1969, and the former teacher-turned-beatnik arrived in Darwin and found a hippie community on Lameroo Beach.

"I was looking for something different to the middle-class suburbia I had grown up in and hated," Bill, 43, said.

"I had been a school teacher, but that wasn't the job for me.

"I am one of the old beatniks and I liked the hippies' talk of love and flower power," he said.

Sympathies

Bill lived on Lameroo Beach for six months and organised his first demonstration when the council acted to move the squatters.

But it is his efforts on behalf of Aborigines for which he is better known in Darwin.

In the early 1970s, Bill's Aboriginal sympathies put him on the wrong side of some of the white community in Darwin.

"I ran the risk of being bashed by whites whenever I walked the streets in those days," Bill said.

For the past five and half years, Bill has lived a rough, but near idyllic, existence in his primitive but picturesque home of grass, sticks and other materials on Aboriginal land near the city.

□ Bill's bedroom . . . primitive but comfortable.

From LEONIE BIDDLE

The land, known as Kulaluk, belongs to Aborigines of the Larrakeah tribe. It is land which Bill helped them fight for and win in 1974, and he sees himself as its keeper.

He has staged more than one public protest to ensure it is not mismanaged or its natural environs damaged.

Bill is a man who loves a cause and the days when he could mobilise between 50 and 200 Aborigines for a picket are remembered whimsically.

Ironically, Bill's latest battle is a legal one against the Aboriginal managers of Kulaluk who are trying to have him evicted.

Bill revels in public protests and remembers his first with relish.

"It was when the council tried to kick us off Lameroo Beach. There were about 300 of us living there and I organised a mass protest. It was great.

"It was my first protest and I really enjoyed it. I had been travelling overseas at the time of the Vietnam demonstrations and it seemed like everybody but me was involved in protests."

Bill's wife, a Maori, joined him after the beach interlude and they moved into a caravan attached to a house.

"We ran a hostel for travellers and I started a monthly newsletter which supported land rights and other Aboriginal claims," Bill said.

"Between 1971 and 1975, I was working flat out getting this land (Kulaluk) for them."

Bill took up the Aborigines' cause because he said that, as an outsider himself, he sympathised with their situation.

"My first impression of Aborigines when I came to Darwin was that they were outsiders in their own country and, probably because I am an outsider too, I sided with them," he said.

Bill said he did not know that much about Aborigines when he first arrived. "I was amazed when I found out they didn't speak English and that they had their own languages," he said.

Bill's hostel blew away during Cyclone Tracy and he turned his hand to another cause — running the Peoples' Bookshop which sold radical literature and supported the Fretelin movement on Timor.

"Things were really quiet on the land claim front because of the cyclone. The place was being rebuilt and there were no demonstrations or local movements," he said.

In 1979, after his wife returned to New Zealand, Bill moved to Kulaluk with their two children.

Pressures

They lived in a caravan while Bill built his camp.

It does not have the luxuries of electricity or hot water on tap.

Bill cooks over an open fire and his water supply comes from a nearby well that he sank.

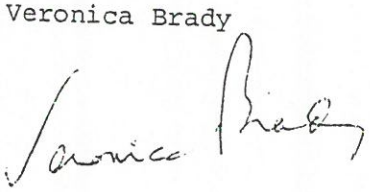
"It seems an idyllic life but it is physically hard and there are pressures on me to leave," he said.

"I know I will leave some time because I don't intend to spend the rest of my life here and I will be happy to go, once I know Kulaluk is in good hands."

Sunday Times 1985

Someone has said that history is usually written by the winners. In Bunji Bill Day reminds us of the other side, of the story of Aboriginal people struggling against oppression and the white people who stood with them. It's a heroic story, lively, often irreverent but inspiring to anyone who believes that the most important issue for us as Australians is to come to terms with the Aboriginal story of the last two hundred years and respond to it as Bill Day and his friends did, with a demand for justice.

Veronica Brady



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Forms of Everyday Resistance in BUNJI: a story of the Gwalwa Daraniki Movement.

Accounts of Aboriginal resistance have concentrated on the guerrilla warfare of violent confrontations or the more recent protest movements. While such expressions of black oppositions to invasion are important, other forms of resistance are not recognised in the records of the state and ruling classes. These forms of struggle ,requiring little or no coordination, avoid direct confrontation. They can usefully be grouped together as forms of 'everyday resistance'(Scott 1986). This article concentrates on the less obvious examples of everyday resistance given in Bunji (1994), rather than tactics of protest which are well documented in the book.

Spurred on by a mining boom, the number of new houses and flats in the Darwin area doubled from 1967-68 to 1968-69, while the population increased by 70% (Statistical Summary 1974:70). Almost two thirds of the population in 1970 had less than two years of residence in Darwin (ibid:24). In this environment many newly enfranchised Aborigines equated their right to drink with their rights to citizenship (Sansom 1980:49-50). They therefore resented the restrictions maintained on reserves like Bagot which had recently been drastically reduced in size to make way for a new subdivision.

The official doctrine of assimilation was symbolised on the reserves by 'transitional housing' in stages towards the ideal of integration into a European lifestyle. The illegal town camps on vacant land defied these policies and the restictive drinking rules of the reserves. Aborigines like Nipper Rankin who had been given as examples of successful assimilation began to turn to the camps as the global resurgence in black pride subverted the influence of government policies.

The subculture of the camps, ably described by Sansom (I980)[I], largely prevented the penetration of state authority while the camps' freedom from permit regulations opened them to outside influences. Such autonomy was rarely seen in Aboriginal communities of the time , as noted in Stewart Harris's foreword. The sites were in defensible positions and maintained traditional associations with the land. The camps thus provided a natural link to the growing land rights movement.

The camps were tolerated by Darwin authorities who had not interpreted the symptoms of everyday resistance. When the protests began the authorities were caught by surprise. However these protests had limited aims of survival and autonomy, unlike the more radical aspirations of the elites who guded them. Perhaps past experience confirmed Scott's thesis that those who participate in revolutionary movements seldom benefit from the resultant structural changes. Indeed the story told in Bunji illustrates that in the long term, the result was a deeper penetration by the state and capitalism, albeit under black leadership.

To be defined as resistance, a consistent pattern is required, says Scott (I986). Examples of these patterns are: not attending court; not paying fines; bushland burials of Bobby and Kathy Secretary; premature deaths('freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose'); food gathering; self-help housing; dress style; not attending school; use of personal and place names; language; humour; role models and acting to fit white stereotypes. In Bunji a military terminology is often used to put these strategies into context. The Gwalwa Daraniki members thus became the shock troops who 'fall at an early age' leaving 'gaps in the ranks'. The dead join the 'honour roll' and their remembrance was likened to Anzac Day with allusions to the Chinese long march. Although these expressions help put history in black terms, by exposing the unacknowledged everyday

resistance they invited countermeasures by the state , rather than the 'safety of anonymity' described by Scott (I986:8).

Apart from the rapid development of the city, another factor in the growth of resistance was the 'breakdown of institutions of repression'. The arrival of the hippies reflected the social change and increased mobility which challenged old structures in colonial Darwin. In the centre, at Canberra, the long-reigning Conservatives provided weak leadership while the rigid discipline of the reserves crumbled under the gaze of media and civil rights activists. The introduction of television in the north gave a new 'shaming' power to Aborigines who could bring their grievances to the nation through politically aware 'brokers' who helped co-ordinate public relations.

State control of Aborigines was also weakened by the intrusion of private enterprise with a less class-conscious work force than the old public service regime. The patronage system also collapsed following citzenship for Aborigines, leaving those who had attached themselves to white families, like Bruce Potts and Norman Harris, without the special relationship which previously existed.

A more diversified administration also gave blacks a tactical advantage as predicted by Sansom (I985:89). The Aboriginal exploitation of a pluralistic administration of federal, territory and local government as reflected in Bunji probably accounts for the eventual remarkable victory in the Kulaluk land claim. Another example described in the book is the blocking of planned transient camps using appeals to the Conservation Commission over the Department of Community Welfare.

Structures erected by Aborigines on vacant land became a symbolic claiming of the land, in white terms, whereby 'Building signifies settlement, the establishment of a relationship with the land, usually an assertion of ownership of the land '(Ferrier I987:43). While buildings were not needed traditionally to prove a connection with the land, there was a rising awareness of the importance of buildings to defy the image of the 'nomadic' Aborigine. However, when the television reporter described the rustic toilet as 'a symbol of hope' he probably refered to the ideal of progress and sanitation rather than land rights aspirations. The presence of buildings also gave substance to claims for plumbing, electricity and other services. In Canberra, the Aboriginal tent embassy was an extension of the use of unauthorised structures to make a statement.

Naming of sites using traditional names was a long-standing form of resistance passed down the generations. Even sites without traditional names could be given names like 'Low Down' or 'Japanee Beach'. The meaning of these mental maps was shown in Bobby Secretary's comment 'If I give this land away' — despite all appearances the land is seen as Aboriginal land, making the term 'fringe-dweller' inappropriate for Darwin at least.

The use of Aboriginal personal names is also a resistance to white attempts to define the colonised. Aborigines who have accepted Anglicised easy-to-spell names held onto 'language' or 'bush names', also called 'blackfella names'. Bobby was Kulamurini, a name that was unknown to authorities. Vi Stanton gave a classic example of everyday resistance when she described the passing of skin, totem and dreaming categories to the children inside the compound. Prince of Wales, a name for the son of King George, naturalised his name to Prinswel, while maintaining his bush name.

Before drunkenness was decriminalised, the courts and prisons were full with Aborigines on minor charges or who had not paid fines. Those who did not appear in court on the appointed day had warrants issued for their arrest. Despite this, a large number of Aborigines stayed away from court until they were rearrested and then served their time in gaol.This was an obvious form of protest which even so was not recognised until publicised in Bunji. However, it is doubtful that going to gaol was viewed as the martyrdom Bunji claims it to be. Scott (I986) warns of this romanticising of everyday resistance and Bunji makes clear the destructive effects of alcohol on its users. Premature deaths caused by alcohol were largely the cause of the movement's decline and lack of continuity.

Humour has been a traditional form of resistance amongst Aborigines. The lofty symbols of Justice on the courthouse walls were subverted by the joke 'Five dollar fine, pay up'. Typically, humour avoids direct confrontation. An example is the letters of Fred Fogarty where parliament is described as the undesirable neighbour and the heroics of action movies is mocked. Another letter showed that it was Fred who maintained the prison walls .

Both hippies and Aborigines uaed dress as a form of resistance. In Bunji, frequent reference to bare feet illustrates one example. 'No thongs' bars were also seen as a form of segregation by keeping out the largely barefooted Aborigines. Before the May Day march the successful boxer, Norman Horrace, removed his polished shoes and white shirt to identify with his people. Another man was described as out of place in a tie at the Woodward meeting where Fred's alarm clock added a satirical touch.

Use of bush tucker ,apart from often being a necessity, is a symbol of resistance (Povinelli I99I). Gathering and eating of food maintains the connection to the land, provides an independent economy and emphasises traditional rights. There are parallels with the use of fires for light, heat and cooking -- indeed the 'politics of fire' , the conflict between black and white use of fire, explains the lapsing of burning practices in land management. In Bunji the children are taught food gathering skills and use the resources of the land, while it is the women who found the marijuana plantation and Fred's body. Economics was the defence of the Kulaluk claim rather than sacred sites, as showed by the dispute between a canal housing estate and the importance of the mangroves for food gathering.

Sansom (I980:30-34) describes styles of language which 'the fringe people use to flag their independence'. This differs from the 'high' language used to communicate with most whites. Language style can be used to consolidate diverse language groups, as when Fred called the meeting to order and asked that they spoke English. However, as the negotiations became more technical, there was a demand for younger people who could 'speak English good'. Bobby Secretary also lamented that 'half-caste people' a weren't more involved because they had a command of 'high' English.

Traditional beliefs were are part of the resistance as shown in the acopalyptic references to dreaming sites which held great powers , greater than those of the whites. Goodpeel claimed that 'Yarandee' had the effect of a guided missile and Rev Terry Djiniyini warned of the supernatural dangers of misusing the land. Although these beliefs were an effective morale boost to resistance, the same beliefs can also work against it. An example of this was Johnny Fejo's belief that young men died 'because the ceremony is not done right way', despite the given evidence of poor health services.

Hobsbawm (1959) described how 'social banditry' folk heroes become symbols of resistance. In Bunji the story of Nemarluk was used as an inspiration to resistance. Nemarluk twice eluded police for months , once after planning a successful escape from the Darwin gaol. Notably, Bob Mcleod named his newsletter 'Son of Nemarluk'.

Reflecting the alleged conservatism of the peasants, the Gwalwa Daraniki at first showed indifference to the government approval of the Kulaluk lease. The people prefered to 'wait and see', having heard this story many times before. Such sceptiesism should not be interpreted as indifference. When Knuckeys Lagoon defected believing that Day was 'trying to start a war', it reflected their limited aims. Similarly the Kulaluk people rejected Day's visionary plans and prefered to concentrate on domestic issues.

Earlier, Fred Fogarty fell back on a defensive form of everyday resistance by acting the 'dumb blackfella' at his trial. This stategy successfully persuaded the judge Fred had 'been used'. When June Tapp claimed that 'race relations' have always been good in the Territory', she proved the effectiveness of this non-threatenig play acting by Aborigines to please whites. Open hostility only brought savage reaction like the threats of shooting.

Other examples can be found in Bunji which show that the unorganised everyday resistance described by Scott was a survival tactic by Territory Aborigines which was exploited by the modern protest movement. Alone, everyday resistance could not have achieved land rights but its part in that struggle should not be overlooked.

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FootnoteI By taking 'mobs' out of time to examine their structure as a process, Sansom (I980:260) depoliticises them.