

**Viewing and Listening to Indigenous Embodied Knowledge: A Close Reading of *Whispering In Our Hearts: The Story of the Mowla Bluff Massacre*.**

This is a draft of an article by Romaine Moreton and Therese Davis. It is one way to read this film but not the only way. If you'd like to quote from this work, please refer to the published version: Davis, Therese, and Romaine Moreton. "Indigenous Performance of History, Loss and Remembrance in *Whispering In Our Hearts: The Story of the Mowla Bluff Massacre*." *Interventions*, vol.15, no.2, 2013, pp. 211-223.

In September 1916, a small group of Australians were engaged in the ongoing and largely unspoken, unrecorded war of the Australian colonial frontier. On this particular occasion a white pastoralist named George Wye was speared in the leg by an Aboriginal man (name unknown) in a dispute at Mowla Bluff cattle station in the West Kimberley, a remote area in far north-western Australia. Europeans invaded the Kimberley coast in the 1860s looking for land for grazing cattle and sheep, and up until the late 1920s there were regular violent attacks by pastoralists in this area and acts of Aboriginal resistance.<sup>1</sup> In this instance, the spearing of Wye resulted in violent reprisal by a several police constables and pastoralists: the massacre of eleven Aboriginal men and an unknown number of women and children from the Nyikina, Mangala and Karrajari peoples - the traditional owners of the Mowla Bluff area who, reportedly, were not involved in the original dispute in any way.<sup>2</sup> A belated police investigation found that there was no evidential basis to support accounts supplied by surviving Indigenous witnesses that the massacre had occurred.<sup>3</sup> In short, in the two years between the massacre and the investigation,

the bodies of the victims had been destroyed and dispersed. This article draws on Romaine Moreton's work on Indigenous phenomenology and her curatorial notes in Australian Screen online to ask what happens when the bodies of victims of massacre disappear? How are these physically 'traceless' victims represented in our histories? Covered over by white investigators, the massacre of the men and women at Mowla Bluff was officially erased in the colonial record, becoming one of the many chapters of Aboriginal history missing in the Australian national history. Our article examines how the filmmaker, Mitch Torres, adopts and adapts film technology as a means for transmitting Indigenous embodied ways of knowing the truth of this event in her collaborative documentary *Whispering In Our Hearts: The Story of the Mowla Bluff Massacre* (2001).

Victims of the Mowla Bluff massacre were not forgotten by their Aboriginal descendants. For the past ninety years or more Aboriginal song and oral stories about this and other massacres have been transmitted from one generation of the victims' descendants to the next as embodied knowledge, what Carol Martin calls 'a whispering in our hearts' (*Whispering in our Hearts*, 2001). In October 2000, descendants returned to Mowla station for a special memorial service to publicly acknowledge their loss. The event was driven by one man's determination to have victims of war properly recognized. Without state funding or official fanfare, John Watson, a Nyikina elder from Jarlmandangah, worked with Broome-based Aboriginal community officer and Labor party

candidate Carol Martin to devise and build a small monument that marks the site of the massacre and honours those killed there.

As an Indigenous community historian and intermediary between his people and the wider society, Watson enlisted his filmmaker granddaughter, Mitch (Michelle) Torres, to videotape the commemoration and direct the subsequent historical documentary *Whispering In Our Hearts: The Mowla Bluff Massacre* (Australia, 2001)<sup>4</sup>, made in collaboration with the Nyikina, Mangala and Karrajarrri peoples. Torres is known as a committed filmmaker, actor and writer, and her works show great depth and integrity in speaking on behalf of Indigenous peoples long denied a voice in Australian history.<sup>5</sup> As a filmmaker, Torres is very much a 'cultural insider', one of the growing number of Indigenous filmmakers whom community's have actively encouraged and trained up to use their vantage of inside experience to tell Indigenous histories from within an Indigenous worldview. As with Indigenous filmmakers globally, the notion of an Indigenous worldview is deeply philosophical and tied to Law. Randolph Lewis argues that well-known Canadian Indigenous filmmaker Alanis Obomsawin's films 'rest on an unstated epistemological foundation: a profound respect for native ways of knowing and remembering'<sup>6</sup> So too this film draws on Indigenous remembrance. As Romaine Moreton has suggested, *Whispering in Our Hearts* is highly significant because it not only sheds light on what Deborah Bird Rose calls the 'hidden histories'<sup>7</sup> of Aboriginal Australia. It also 'exemplifies the clash between Indigenous oral history and Western written history'.<sup>8</sup> In doing so, it introduces a wider audience to the spiritual dimension of this and other Aboriginal histories. Our aim is to show how *Whispering In Our Hearts*

resonates with a philosophy of Indigenous remembrance designed to ensure a lasting cultural future for the community's young ones. At the same time, it appeals to non-Indigenous peoples to understand the community's attempts to heal in the aftermath of atrocities inflicted upon them.

### **I: Hidden History: 'no longer nameless'**

The film begins with a song about the massacre shared by the Nyikina, Mangala and Karrajarri people of Western Australia. Deep sounds of Aboriginal claps sticks resonate and a chorus of men and women sing this powerful song of remembrance, translated in English and subtitled on screen as: 'The rib bones are scattered all around. A lot of people were killed here'. The accompanying image is a wide shot of Mowla Bluff country. Contrary to the vivid reds we might expect to see in this spectacular part of the Great Sandy Desert, this opening 'point of view' shot presents a grainy black and white view that combines with the rapid, animated movement of the mobile camera to propel us across an open landscape, weaving us through long Spinifex grass and circling giant ant hills hundreds of years old. As the camera approaches the horizon, the screen fades to white and then dissolves to the second shot – the black typed print of a police report titled 'Alleged Shooting of Aboriginal Natives', dated 18 October 1918. Later we learn the document refers directly to this place of the anthills, this place where 'the rib bones are scattered all around'. The sorrowful singing is replaced here by a dramatic reading of the police report, which bluntly states how in 1918 a Broome police officer, Constable Melrose, began a belated investigation into 'alleged' shootings of native men at Mowla Bluff. He did so after a local fisherman reported meeting two survivors of the attack who were

later treated by the local doctor and found to have bullets in their bodies. This account then cuts to the first colour shot of the film – Widgee Henry, a Karrajarrri woman, who solemnly recounts the history she has been told by her ancestors about the massacre: ‘All our grannies, aunties, mothers, fathers, fathers-in-law, uncles. They shot them. Karrajarrri and Mangala peoples. That’s all. They shot them’.

The film continues to unfold in this way, juxtaposing Indigenous oral accounts and European written records. But unlike many historical documentaries where these various sources of information are fitted together like jigsaw pieces to tell the ‘whole’ story, the shuttling of oral and written accounts serves here to reveal absences and contradictions in the written record. Torres uncovers the inconsistencies between Broome Police Constable Jury’s journal entries about the event in 1916 and the Indigenous eyewitness reports recorded by Police Inspector Drewry in 1918. Both the historical eyewitness reports and contemporary oral histories consistently refer to missing women and children, but police accounts from the time of the massacre make no mention of either. The 1918 accounts of the surviving witnesses’ testimony explain in detail how the bodies of those killed were systematically disappeared, ‘absolutely destroyed’: first they burned the bodies and later they crushed the remaining bones and scattered them. Oral testimonies by members of the community bear witness to this account, with many people testifying to having seen or been told about the scattered rib bones, while both the eyewitness reports from the time of the massacre and contemporary interviews recount the names of the victims, pointing to a crucial contradiction in the investigation. In 1918, upon reading

Drewry's report, Inspector Houlahan from the Police Commissioner's office in Perth replied by telegram: 'If the natives named have not been murdered as alleged, then there should be no difficulty in finding them'. The then police Commissioner of Western Australia also added: 'In view of the Inspector's comments, I should be glad to know if there is any possibility of locating the natives'. We learn that local police chose, however, not to pursue this directive, and the inquiry was promptly closed.

The interviewee's oral histories allow viewers to understand the role of violence as an integral part of colonization and how, in Rose's words, 'white occupation of the continent depended on the appropriation of Aboriginal-owned land, the loss of black lives and appropriation of Aboriginal labour'.<sup>9</sup> For example, speaking about working conditions on the station, community member Peter Clancy says:

We worked. Cutting the posts, fencing, building the yards, riding horse, fix the windmill, fix the trough, fix the tank. Hard work before. We only got trousers and shirt. This one, no money, nothing. And tobacco and bush hat. That's all.

Edna Hopiga and Widadong Mulardi, senior Karrijarri women, state how they also worked hard for no pay, or, later, very little. They also speak publicly for the first time about their lived knowledge of sexual exploitation of Aboriginal women by pastoralists at the station, while John Watson sums up the kind of racist violence his people has endured in this way:

At the time, I can remember, like many other people who lived at the station, who were born at the station, we were like dogs and cats to [the

pastoralists]. We were nobody to the whites. Even if you didn't do anything, you'd get shot, you'd get killed. If you didn't do what the whites wanted you to do, you'd get killed.

Yet, there is more going on in this film than just making this previously hidden or 'silenced' story audible. As Rose argues, this kind of silence can only be truly overcome if non-indigenous people are willing to listen to Aboriginal histories on Aboriginal terms. This kind of listening requires non-Indigenous people to become attentive to the ways in which Aboriginal oral histories are 'embedded in an Aboriginal sense of space and time'.<sup>10</sup> As she puts it, these histories

... break through silence and distance, provoking [non-Indigenous people] to think more about the ways in which the Australian settler society, and the western world generally, constructs history. Where this provocation occurs there is a space for reflection, and it is here, I think, that we can all begin the process of healing the wounds of the past.<sup>11</sup>

Indigenous filmmakers, through works such as *Whispering In Our Hearts*, are creating precisely the kind of space for what Indigenous songwriter and performer Dr Lou Bennett refers to as 'wise listening'. While the film presents in many ways as a conventional historical documentary, the first third of the film is noticeably discordant because rhythmically the three sources of information drawn upon are very different. We notice a tension between forms of Indigenous voices - song, speech and story - and the white voice that announces the bodiless text and authority of the police service/colonial law. The oral accounts of the story filmed on location enable a deep connection with place

that written accounts do not, and historically it is precisely this closed off nature of written accounts that goes towards securing their authority over Indigenous voices, bodies and landscapes. The dramatic reading of the police record in *Whispering In Our Hearts* is steeped in the Western notion of linear time, which favours scientifically measured 'clock' time over experiential senses of events. The blunt tone of voice mimics the segmentation and strict chronological ordering of time in legal discourse lending it an illusory sense of objectivity as it lists the 'facts' and makes causal links between events. Like all positivist history, the report is written in the belief that its supposed scientific calibration of evidence can reveal the true cause of the event. Ultimately, this kind of text produces a static, deathly form of historical truth, the past rendered as a non-place that is sealed off from life, tomb-like.

Indigenous filmmakers are contesting these sealed-off historical texts and inserting new knowledge based on their historical experience and recorded in their performative and embodied 'records'? Colonial documents are normally imbued with the authority to override the many temporal realms co-existing in the Indigenous testimony, which is inclusive of the spiritual. So with Indigenous attestation transmitted through devices such as song, the idea of the witness account is extended and inclusive of the spiritual realm, concurrently rendered unseen within western historicity. In this film, the rhythm and tone of the oral histories is paramount, enhanced by the editing. The often discordant interweaving of the film's sources creates what Moreton calls 'temporal breathing spaces, openings between the textual and phenomenological dimensions of the Indigenous storytellers' accounts'. The testimonies of Widgee



Henry and others are not personal memories (in the western sense) but performed in the complex and highly formal manner of Indigenous oral history. Widgee Henry solemnly recounts the victims' relation to herself: grandmother, father, brother, and so on. While her performance is highly composed and dignified it is also deeply felt and embodied. The pain of recollection can be clearly seen and heard in this act of remembering and retelling, registered on her face and in her voice, her breathing pattern. This is a recorded instance of an embodied way of knowing historical truth. It is formed in and through temporal relations based on experience and kinship and reflects Indigenous cosmological and cultural values, that is where all things – sentient and non-sentient – are understood in relationship to each other. For example, within this Indigenous worldview the ant hills that fill the frame in the opening scene are an aesthetic expression of a profound interconnection between humans and their environment, present and past. Nothing is random in the framing of this landscape, while the ancestors are shown great respect as they are remembered and 're-named' in and through this film as a vivid demonstration of Indigenous law and historiography.

## **II: Loss: 'searching for the rib bones'**

In addition to the central narrative of the massacre, the film cuts back and forth between scenes of John Watson returning to the site of the killings as well as sites of other frontier murders from this period. Watson travelled with Mitch Torres and another elder, Peter Clancy, to these sites by helicopter, a journey that allowed Indigenous cinematographer Allan Collins to shoot a series of spectacular aerial images of the rugged, deep ravines and bluffs of the Edgar

Ranges. These shots locate the space of the story for non-Indigenous viewers. Most importantly, directed by Watson and Clancy, the shots accrue significance as an Indigenous act of narrative emplacement, that is, as direct reference to 'country'.<sup>12</sup> As the craft circles toward the ground, Watson gestures toward the wide open spaces beneath them and expresses his hope for the trip: 'My feeling is that they are still there', he says, speaking of the rib bones. He also explains how he has been compelled to make the journey: 'This is one of my dreams, that I always wanted to find. I wanted to find these places [where members of his family were killed].' A long shot gives respectful distance to the two elderly men as they undertake the physically and mentally arduous task of combating written documented history by trying to uncover traces of the scattered bones and chains buried in this vast landscape. Peter Clancy acts as guide, naming the country to which he and Watson belong and which he clearly knows so well as embodied knowledge. But the topography has changed, altered by time, floods and cyclones. There is no visible trace of the massacre to be found in this visit to this site. So the men move onto a second site, locating a water hole where two of their kin were killed in a related massacre. Again, physical evidence of the killings eludes them, leaving Watson frustrated. 'I'm searching', he says, 'really searching, to find real evidence'. Peter Clancy is less perturbed: 'Blackfellas know how many people were killed. We have their names'. But Watson's frustration is palpable: 'I'm going to come back with camels. This rushing, you know, it's starting to wear me down!'

As incredibly painful as it is to watch this scene of two elderly men forced to search for material evidence to prove what they know to be true, it is precisely

this image of the land's failure to yield the bodily remains of the those who lives were lost that allows us as viewers to identify and thus empathise with the men's traumatic experience of the remembrance of the unrecognised murder and disappearance of kin. What we are saying is that the film visually rehearses the violence of disappearance by transmitting the experience of traumatic loss indirectly as an experience of searching for that which cannot be seen, cannot be recovered, leaving a terrible unfillable hole in your heart. The film allows us to understand what loss feels like. What it also shows is the traumatic nature of this loss, a loss that recurs, like a nightmare. First there is the killing of eleven men or more and the subsequent disappearance of their bodies, 'absolutely destroyed' as the surviving eyewitnesses reported in 1918. This is followed by the state's denial of this atrocity, a second act of making the dead 'disappear' through a cover-up by the then investigating police. This is followed by the 'disappearance' of women and children.

Yet the story does not end there, in the past. Most disturbingly, we also learn at this point in the film that the violence of the cover-up continues to be perpetrated against the community. Following the men's journey to Mowla Bluff, the film connects the present and past when it shows a recent letter addressed to the filmmakers from the then current office of the Commissioner of Western Australia Police Service. The letter formally states the following: 'We request that in the interest of future good will, you note and you publicly acknowledge in the documentary that the WA Police service has reason to believe that the massacre allegations are as false as those of Forrest River'.<sup>13</sup> Watson responds to the letter on camera in this way: 'We can't say anything more. They've been

cheated of their lives at Mowla Bluff, and a lot of people say that. It doesn't matter what the police say. They're just trying to cover this up, like they've been covering up many things.' Once again, spoken word is pitted against written word and Indigenous historical experience is officially erased.

But not everything is lost. At this point where a story of loss might ordinarily end in a 'tragic impasse', as film critic Adrian Martin puts it, *Whispering in our Hearts* makes a sudden departure from convention, returning us to the sounds of the song we first heard in the opening scene. As Martin asks, 'When there is no evidence what remains to be done? Well the singing of the song, the story is what is done – the constant renewed, precious process of its retelling'.<sup>14</sup> Here the film again displays an Indigenous worldview as it breaks free of the temporal constraints of both conventional historical documentary and western historicity: the story from the past becomes a message in the present, a song that is sung to the audience to indicate that the massacre occurred. This is by no means an ethnographic record of the performance of a song. The telling of this story in this direct, purposeful way brings the event into the present time of the telling, making it an embodied experience for the people telling the story, and by invitation for us too, the audience. This kind of experience has a spiritual dimension. Listening attentively we can learn how the song speaks for/through the murdered ancestors. We learn how it gives evidence of the things they witnessed as spirits at Mowla Bluff. In Police Inspector Drewry's report, as cited in the film, one of the Indigenous eyewitness accounts demonstrates this way of doing history: 'Some time after, Bunganna and Gunamurra (referring to two of the men who were killed at Mowla Bluff) came to us and told us that the police

and the whites were raking up the bones and burning them up. I never went back to that place'. In other words, the eyewitness attribute their knowledge of the event not to a living eyewitness but to the dead as spirits. This is because in Aboriginal law this is their story. In keeping with this law, *Whispering In Our Hearts* powerfully 're-enacts' this account from an Indigenous spiritual perspective; shot in the black and white stylised manner of the film's opening sequence, the re-enactment in this second act creates a spirit point of view, giving voice/presence to the ancestors. Past and present are further aligned as the re-enactment cuts to an interview with Stephen Possum who explains: 'That old man, Larry Jungai's father, was watching, as a spirit, and so he got this song. Possum then sings the song direct to camera in language, subtitled in English as 'The rib bones are scattered all around this area. A lot of people were killed here'. At this point in the film, viewers can come to understand that from the very first scene this film has presented us with a history that originates with and *belongs* to the spirit dead, it is their story, animated in the opening shot through the mobile camera in a manner that extends the law that allows the community's elders' remembrance of the story through song and the creation of a remembrance/performance space, a space which in non-Indigenous terms might be best described as an experience in which the past and the present coincide, bringing the living and the ancestors together.

### **III: Remembrance: 'sun rises on the memorial'**

The final act of *Whispering In Our Hearts* documents the community's staging of a commemorative service in response to the state's continued denial of the massacre. The scene begins at day break, marking 'a new beginning for the

community', as Watson suggests while setting about to build a concrete monument that he says will help the younger generation to know what happened and thus ensure their future connection to their history and culture and land. Whilst setting a brass plaque in place on the monument he passionately explains partly to his granddaughter Torres, who is interviewing him, but also knowingly to the wider audience he anticipates, the rationale behind his work:

They've got things like this for white people. For us, for our Black people, we remember, but many young people won't know nothing about what happened if we don't tell them, and show them, and put this up for them.

That's why I want people to come here, for this thing.

The shape of this concrete monument borrows from a number of European icons of remembrance – the cemetery, the headstone and, most closely, the cenotaph or empty tomb, a type of public memorial made popular in Australia following World War I when governments and local councils built them in city centres and town parks across the country in remembrance of Anzacs (Australian and New Zealand soldiers killed in that war). Watson's knowledge of this European tradition of marking lives lost in war – lost soldiers – directly honours his ancestors by returning their spirits to country while also symbolically recognising the bigger picture of the thousands of Aboriginal people who were killed in the frontier wars of the colonisation of Australia. The film also borrows from the Anzac discourse of remembrance in a closing inter-title: 'Lest we forget', clearly invoking the Anzac commemorative ritual of reciting the fourth stanza of Laurence Binyon's poem *For the Fallen* or *Ode of Remembrance*.

No doubt these images will resonate strongly with Australian and other viewers, cleverly drawing a parallel between Australians at war in Europe and frontier massacres. But while the commemorative service at Mowla station signifies a convergence of cultures it also transmits Indigenous cultural specificity and difference through its revival of Indigenous remembrance and phenomenology. The memorial is not just a symbolic record. The making of the film is a healing process of bringing people together for collective memory – in this case the community's first gathering at Mowla Bluff (their country - traditional lands) in many years. The current WA police commissioner's office's request for 'good will' is actually an injunction 'to forget the past', and furthermore, a directive to Indigenous bodies to deny what is felt, known and understood. Moreton argues that from her perspective watching this film, this directive resonates with the colonial historical ambition to annihilate Indigenous phenomenology, rendering it silent and invisible in light of western documented history. What we can see is that the film counters this through the filmmaking itself, which creates this special occasion of remembrance and a healing of hearts and country.

The purpose of remembrance, as Watson says, is to ensure a future for their younger generations through instruction on how to remember properly, that is as part of Indigenous law and a worldview of balance, symmetry and reciprocity. 'This is not a church service', says Watson as he gathers the community together for the ceremony. 'We are putting our people in proper order', he adds, as the men assemble to one side, the women to the other and children gather around the women. The monument becomes a powerful catalyst for the community's

collective memory, outpouring of grief and transmission of law to younger ones, while the experience of viewing this documentary, of connecting to Indigenous phenomenology as well as story, can prompt us viewers to experience the multisensory nature of Indigenous remembrance. That is to allow ourselves to enter the temporal breathing spaces between what is said and what is transmitted through bodily movement, emplacement and the rhythms of speech. We're not suggesting anything mystical here, simply that learning to listen and watch attentively is a different and profound way of doing history, a different way of thinking about how events are sensed in space and time and inscribed in the land for recollection.

## **Conclusion**

*Whispering In Our Hearts* is a powerful instance of Indigenous performance of remembrance, a compelling reference to an ongoing Indigenous presence that contests and challenges the colonial ideology of Indigenous absence and disappearance. As the film's titles scroll across the final scene we see that night has fallen on the gathering at Mowla station. The group are sitting in a circle on the red sandy ground. A huge campfire is blazing and the newly built monument is behind them, hidden in the shadows of the night. At this point, the soundtrack returns us once again to the film's opening shot: the deep resonant sounds of the song given to the living by the ancestors. The community gathered around is singing the song, keeping it alive, creating a circle of confidence into which the audience is drawn.



*Whispering In Our Hearts'* expression of Indigenous forms of remembrance is not, however, a singular case. This work is also found in many other Australian Indigenous films, including fictional pieces such as Romaine Moreton's short film, *The Farm* (Australia, 2009)<sup>15</sup>, in which real world constraints of film production undergo a series of temporal interruptions through the employment of real world characters, people with memories and experience of the real or actual place in which the film is set (a method seen and understood by insiders but also open to attentive outsider viewers). By employing Indigenous perspectives and applying cultural principles, these films and others unsettle conventional representations of the colonial past through experimental techniques of temporal and spatial interruption that make full use of the medium of film by bringing these stories into the present tense – the now, the here – a space where re-enactment becomes an enactment, where representation becomes an experience of collective recollection. What these and other Indigenous films generously offer the wider community is not only new historical knowledge about Australia's colonial past, knowledge that has been hitherto hidden. *Whispering In Our Hearts* uses techniques and conventions of both Indigenous storytelling and western filmmaking to achieve a cinematic experience that creates something temporally porous, a breathing space between past and present, asking the audience to become involved and active in the process of remembering. It a powerful gift to audiences about the possibility of negotiation between the mind and the embodied whisperings of the heart.

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## ENDNOTES

<sup>1</sup> See: Robert Lewis and Ronin Films, *Whispering in Our Hearts: The Mowla Bluff Massacre: A Study Guide* (Melbourne: Australian Teachers of Media (ATOM), 2008). Mary Anne Jebb, *Blood, Sweat and Welfare: A History of White Bosses and Aboriginal Pastoral Workers* (Perth: University of Western Australia Press, 2002). Bruce Scates, "A Monument to Murder: Celebrating the Conquest of Aboriginal Australia," *Studies in Western Australian History* 10(1989).

<sup>2</sup> Lewis and Ronin Films, *Whispering in Our Hearts: The Mowla Bluff Massacre: A Study Guide*, 7-8.

<sup>3</sup> Jebb, *Blood, Sweat and Welfare: A History of White Bosses and Aboriginal Pastoral Workers*.

<sup>4</sup> Mitch Torres, "Whispering in Our Hearts: The Mowla Bluff Massacre," (Australia 2001).

<sup>5</sup> For more information on Torres' productions, see *Australian Screen Online* <http://aso.gov.au/titles/documentaries/whispering-our-hearts/>, retrieved 20 October 2018 . The three sections of this essay build on Romaine Moreton's curatorial notes on *Whispering in Our Hearts* at ASO. Clips of scenes we refer to can be viewed on ASO – see URL above.

<sup>6</sup> Randolph Lewis, *Alanis Obomsawin the Vision of a Native Filmmaker* (Lincoln and London: University of Nebraska Press, 2006), 184.

<sup>7</sup> Deborah Bird Rose, "Hidden Histories," *Island Magazine* 51(1992).

<sup>8</sup> Romaine Moreton to Australian Screen: Australia's audiovisual heritage online, <http://aso.gov.au/titles/documentaries/whispering-our-hearts/notes/>. (December, 2013)

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<sup>9</sup> Rose, "Hidden Histories," 14.

<sup>10</sup> Rose, "Hidden Histories," 15.

<sup>11</sup> Ibid.

<sup>12</sup> For an account of the Australian Indigenous notion of 'country' or traditional land, see Tom Calma, "Essentials for Social Justice: Land and Culture – Economic Development," in *Department of Environment, Water, Heritage and the Arts - NAIDOC Week Celebrations* (Canberra, Australia, 2008).

<https://www.humanrights.gov.au/news/speeches/essentials-social-justice-land-and-culture-economic-development> (December, 2013).

<sup>13</sup> The Forrest River massacre occurred in Western Australia in 1926. For more information about this event, see Green (1995).

<sup>14</sup> Adrian Martin, "Whispering in Our Hearts," *Rouge*, no. 6 (2005).

<http://www.rouge.com.au/6/whispering.html> (December, 2013)

<sup>15</sup> Romaine Moreton, "The Farm," (Australia 2009).