Difficult Conversations

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The town of Bourke, in far north-western New South Wales, is unceded Barkindji Country, and home to 27 other language groups. Bourke became a centre for Western pastoral and agricultural industry following white colonial settlement in the 1830s. By the late 20th century, the once-booming wool industry had been superceded by cotton, with cotton one face of a cut-throat industry of water harvesting and trade. From early in the colonial period, traditional and totemic trees in this area, as elsewhere in Australia, were massacred, and ceremonial sites destroyed, in an effort to rid the land of evidence of Aboriginal ownership and Aboriginal ways. Human massacres also took place, usually unprosecuted and often still unacknowledged (Ryan et al 2017–2022). Legal fiction abounds. The white poet Henry Lawson, who lived in Bourke for some time, famously wrote that ‘if you know Bourke, you know Australia’ (Barnes 2017, p. 35), but much of Aboriginal experience remains unseen and unremembered by white settler Australia.

Barkindji Country is a place of Women’s Dreaming, which means Women’s Law – the law of matriarchy, which both women and men help to carry out. Barkindji Country is the resting place of Mungo Lady, who was cremated some 42,000 years ago, to emerge again in 1968 (Roberts, Russell & Bird 2018). Country holds the bones and stories of ancestors, and at times returns them to us.

We wrote the poem ‘Woman’s Country’ during and after a recent research visit to Bourke, in a rare period of flood. Much of the previous 25 years (particularly 1997–2009 and 2017–2019 (Bureau of Meteorology, 2022)) had been marked by dire and ongoing drought, exacerbated by industrial water theft and overuse, alongside climate change. Among the consequences are great strain and grief for Aboriginal communities as they see their rivers, here the Barka (the Darling), emptying, threatening the continuity of life, culture and Dreaming. When asked ‘What is a river?’ in our research discussions, traditional owner Wayne Knight answered, ‘That river is our spiritual lifeblood’ (Knight 2022). We heard that when the river was empty, Barkindji children, drawing on their own knowledge of Country, asked ‘Where does the Rainbow Serpent sleep now?’

Although the return of a flood period replenishes Country, the exploitation of water continues, and the children’s question continues to haunt Barkindji people’s visions of the future. It is estimated that 20–30% of the current floodwaters are being diverted to industrial dams, often well beyond legal quotas (Davies 2022). This water will never reach deep into Country to replenish trees, billabongs and rivers ahead of the next drought.

Bourke – on the edge of the desert – could be a hard place to live for those who came to take it, because of heat, water, weather and distance from Sydney, and because of colonial determination to rewrite the laws of Country. Racist violence and oppression has been a feature of white presence in the town since colonisation. Women’s Law continues, but is continually threatened, too. Where cultural continuity is repressed and broken, more violence floods in. Although anecdotally we are told that the town has one of the highest police-citizen ratios in Australia (town or district-level data is not made publicly available), methamphetamine (‘ice’), alcohol and other drugs are readily available. Often it appears they are easier to access than services and resources to support individuals, and to support the maintenance of cultural ways that protect and guide. Regardless, these
Figure 1. Floodwaters at North Bourke. Women’s country, river overflowing. Image: J. Crawford (2022).
cultural ways continue, due to the efforts of all who carry them forward. The intensities we experience in Barkindji Country are alive in our relationship to one another and to Country itself. Some of these take voice in this poem.

**Woman’s Country**

*W*: Voice as a woman

*V*: Voice as a man

*V*: Voices

*Also speaking are Whiteness, Blackness, Country, the Law*

*M* in Bourke,

writing

still on the road,

out on the track

windin back on ghost wind

touchin spirits

glimpses of family

the living and others who have passed

flash shadows

bloodstains on cemented paths

black earth country beneath my feet

lookin at Barka

shadow places everywhere

dark places where love found life

shadow places where life found death.

things fade.

I walk where the old man walked

on ceremonial ground

dancin up dust

from day to night

•

near the courthouse,

trade

echoes float easy on night breeze

you’re still on my mind

woman’s law, this place

girls rush across

flashing eyes long enough

ask the unspeakable question.

like little ghosts

they disappear into shadows.

morning brings tired old voices

Barka grows wilder

stretching herself with new life.

Aunt takes to talk of night things

of being sung to the charm

of a clever man

•

*W* you be a pedestrian light,

green: walk now

walk quick

don’t run

signalling

from the door of the chemist

your face as calm as a mother’s

I cross

blood pilot

calls behind me

wings out at full stretch

•

*V* whisper

Mooda-Gutta

•

*W* young men fly the streets

blood pilots with cut faces

turn me female

turn me glue-footed

back on myself

•

*V* I cross the road when I see them coming

I check both sides of the street before I get out of the car

I get back in the car when I get that feeling

I lock the doors; wind up the windows

*W* although

six kinds of bird are singing their songs

and the breeze is gentle in the red river gums
that run long fingers through the water's flow
and the sunlight's strong
on the stricken and on me

red-tailed black cockatoos cry welcome
women's country
river overflowing

departure halls fill up with mobilized soldiers
and we go too, me and these men,
my friends, traveling companions,
into the mouth of our violence
carried on through each checkpoint
weaving back all the while

suck the milk, they call
to each other
on the verandah, on the street
in the studio, in dreams
suck the milk!
suck the milk, they call to the sunset
to the inundated trees

& each
approaches the milk, enters the milk
laps, & sucks, &
breathes in the air
sweetness of night flowers
all of music, all philosophy

I was born to woman’s country woman’s dreaming
woman’s law
creation stories.

embraced in women’s dreaming
we are held, raised up
take our women’s name, our mother’s name,
ot our father’s.
aunties, too, become mothers to us.
it’s all a woman’s embrace –

plants, animals, water,
life.
all woman’s country
and woman’s dreaming.

rain comes, the ground is soaked
floodwater rises
earth slips
not all the bones are in the right place

whisper
Mooda-Gutta

I'll be country
you be country too
I'm in the milk and the milk's in me

night comes earlier and earlier

there he is
by the bowling club gate
reeling in place, rolling a smoke
bung eye, bleeding cheek
will I slip past unseen
ghost on black ice
a chill

some dance some night kardatchi man
from out of town plucks one hair from her head. 'If I want you, you'll come.'

where else would she go but the police?
trust held out in her hand. dragonfly. 'can you help me. he said he'd sing me.' where would she have gone, but for the police?
rows of the silenced. rows of protectors
cut down. to the police: 'listen: he took my hair.'
Figure 1. Floodwaters at North Bourke. Country is a full belly. Image: P. Magee (2022).
hunger
sly things happen on the sly
there is violence in threatening breaths,
and young men with blood faces
screaming into the night
hungry, craving... nothing is not enough,
everything is never enough,
everywhere the hunger,
and the law can go and hide like the slimy
dog it is
it's never there when you need it, anyway.
hide and slide, you dogs,
catch and kill your own out here,
the weak ones are targets and desired, the
naive
try look tough, even while you're pissin in
your boots,
walk straight, walk fast, don't turn back to
fight–
blood everywhere

I've touched that tree,
where she was.
tears run with Barka
they are not different gamoo

woman's law, this place
filled and overflows on
woman's dreaming.
country is a full belly
humming with life

little bug bangs the drum
crawls in me
can't get out
I'm reading my phone
on the floodplain at night
in the joyous proliferation

I'll be here
dragonfly
floodplain in flood
one drop of rain
alive

stories, whispery voice
Mooda-Gutta!
warning sign, stampede horse.
Mooda-Gutta!
waterspout ... sounds like petrol on fire –
don’t cross there! Mooda-Gutta
don’t say it

standing at the door of the dark hospital
ringing the bell
me and these men, my friends
I'll be a jumping bean and you be two
chairs
I'll be the dark and you be the eyes
I'll be here when you hold my arm

but the bug will die in here
whole body kicking
against the drum

I'll be an orifice
I'll be a cell

bang my head
bang a way in
Notes:


Gamoo: water.

Kardatchi man is one term Barkindji people use for a cleverfulla, clever man or dthingagulla.

About Mooda-Gutta (or Mundaguddah), Kunya artist Brian Smith writes the following:

I’ve heard it described as a serpent, sometimes even heard it connected to the rainbow serpent story, and it’s definitely got connections up in Kunya country, where my family came from. But all the rivers around here, the Warrego, the Paroo, they all have clans and people that belong here and they are all represented in Bourke, and they all have a story about the Mundaguddah. It may have different stories associated, but when you say that one word, it always means the same thing, ‘stay out of the water’.

Those stories are important to our mob, and they kept us alive. In the simplest way, don’t be near a dangerous place, like the river, without supervision. The sculpture [Andrew Hull’s sculpture of Mundaguddah] has a gaping maw-like mouth and thousands of teeth like a cod, it could swallow you whole. (Smith, 2022)

References


Knight, W (2022) Interview with P Collis, P Magee and J Crawford, Gundabooka 12 September.


