

Dreamtime: a Leitmotif in Australian Literature

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The attachment to a particular area of land by the Aborigines was based on their *Dreamtime beliefs* — that the land had been created for them by Ancestral Spirits who continue to live in it. This was a superstitious belief, but it was very important to the Aborigines. Through analysis, I would depict in my write up that this superstition influenced the Aborigines not only in the early ages but it continues till date and I would like to illustrate on this aspect through its reflection in literature. This may very well be explained from a post-colonial point-of-view but I insist that the voicing against repression by the Aborigines and their claim for land rights, basically arise from a strong sense of *owning land* which had been instilled into them through their *Dreaming* and *Dreamtime beliefs*. This sense of dislocation gradually gave way to their (post-colonial) feeling of *uprootedness*.

Although Aboriginal *Dreaming* is linked to particular regions of the country, physical removal is not enough to break the link, and indeed some groups have resurrected *Dreamings* in new territories. As Waipuldanya explains, they can never be separated from the land, whether they have been removed from it or not: "We all belong to the Alawa tribe and the Roper River district, but every man among us owns a particular plot of tribal ground which he calls 'My Country'. Mine is an area of sixty square miles— just south of Roper River mission. I call it Larbaryandji. I know a man who grazes his cattle there and thinks it is his".¹ Mudrooroo's *Wild Cat Falling* contains a similar belief; the runaway hero Wildcat says, "I haven't got a country ... I don't belong anywhere" and is told by an old man "You can't lose it".² It, like Aboriginality, can never be lost as long as one can make spiritual contact with it.

Sally Morgan is a forceful presence in Australian literature. Her novel *My Place* was first published in 1987. *My Place* tells the moving story of part-Aboriginal women — her grandmother, Daisy Corunna, and her mother, Gladys Milroy, who spent the larger part of their lives feeling ashamed of their heritage. To understand their attitudes we need to consider the social conditions of Aboriginal people in the periods covered by the three stories contained in Morgan's book, that is, the stories told by Arthur Corunna, Gladys Milroy, and Daisy Corunna. Daisy's dates are 1900-1983; Arthur's are 1893-1950 and Gladys' story spans the years 1931-1983, which means that the book surveys approximately 100 years of Australian race relations, specifically race relations in Western Australia where the stories are set.

The book, however, is not overtly political. Arthur, for example, touches on the issue of Aboriginal land rights when he says that "we should get our land rights because we were here longer than them, before this country was invaded";³ but Morgan does not include long polemical passages calling for Aboriginal land rights as she might have done. Rather Morgan's strategy is to present injustice and inhumanity in such a way as to force readers to recognise the extent of this injustice— and she does this most forcefully by asking us to confront the suffering of the Aboriginal characters — Arthur, Nan and Gladys—from their own point-of-view rather than from the point-of-view of an outsider. Sympathetic involvement in the story may allow readers to self-righteously condemn injustices and comfort themselves that, unlike their ancestors, they are not tainted by racism.

My Place is organised by the classic theme of the quest, a journey that is represented as both physical (literal) and symbolic. Morgan's quest for the key to her personal identity through the establishment of genealogy and inheritance is also a quest to find an authentic sense of the self. This quest begins with a need to find answers to three main secrets— Sally's Aboriginal identity, the identity of her great grandfather, and the identity of her grandfather. Many critics have called *My Place* a detective story; and one can understand why this analogy readily comes to mind, because the book is written in such a way that the reader shares the author's quest for the truth about her ancestors. We look eagerly for clues, and struggle to assess the different accounts, for example, of who fathered the author's mother and grandmother. Was it Jack Grime, Maltese Sam or Howden Drade-Brockman? As the story develops, this fact-finding mission becomes a spiritual and psychological search for wholeness.

In chapter 28, significantly titled "*Return to Corunna*", Morgan writes: It was as though we'd all been transported back into the past... We'd suddenly come home ... We had a sense of place now, ... of belonging ... We were different people now. What had begun as a tentative search for knowledge had grown into a spiritual and emotional pilgrimage. We had an Aboriginal consciousness now, and were proud of it ... How deprived we would have been if we had been willing to let things stay as they were. We would have survived, but not as a whole people. We would never have known our place.⁴(223, 227, 229, 230)

At Corunna Downs she discovers 'her place', that is to say, her place within her extended family and in connection with the traditional tribal territory and with her grandmother's country. This place is simultaneously "our place" and the shift to the plural possessive pronoun announces that the autobiographical account of growth and self-knowledge is to be read as joined to the liberation of the race, or at least the family. The journey of self-discovery is also an Aboriginal coming to consciousness. Furthermore, in ***My Place***, the confessional autobiographical style harmonises with a discourse about the search for and ultimate attainment of spiritual revelation as the ethical grounding of this new found selfhood. In the quotation above, the phrase "a whole people" is an interesting notion, and the book suggests that by affirming her Aboriginal heritage, Sally finds psychic health and *spiritual wholeness*. Indeed, the act of writing the book is represented as a healing process, both for herself and her extended family.

In terms of its structure and by virtue of the fact that it is a mixture of different literary forms—novel, autobiography, biography, and history—***My Place*** is not immediately identifiable as straight history. For one thing, it moves outside the conventions of continuous narrative that have governed most historical narrative. Histories are usually written by a single author, and proceed to map the cause and effect of event in a logical and chronological progression. By contrast, Morgan's book is the product of a number of different narrators or storytellers and draws on a modern form of *oral transmission*. We are told in the book that Sally taped the stories of her mother, grandmother and Uncle Arthur and then transcribed them. In interviews about the process of writing of ***My Place***, Morgan has stressed that the stories are transcribed as told by their tellers. Nan is a source of power within the family group, she is respected as *owner* of that knowledge in the Aboriginal way, and her right to this knowledge must be respected by her granddaughter. From the point-of-view of traditional Aboriginal ideas about the transmission of knowledge, the shift in the novel from the principal narrator, Sally, to her grandmother bears further consideration. According to traditional Aboriginal custom, narrators can only be partial holders of traditions and are required to defer to others who hold the rest of the sequence. Sally's story creates a context for the stories of Arthur, Gladys, and Nan to be retold, and because they are the rightful custodians of the story, their stories appear in a sequence which represents the deferment of narrative authority. Morgan suggests in the book that her Aboriginal inheritance is not only genetic, but also, that the link between her present and past is primarily *spiritual*. In terms of defining Aboriginality, the point stressed in the stories of the three women is that there is a *spirit world which has been passed down through the generations*. All three women share with their Aboriginal ancestors a belief in the spirit world in which there is no distinction between human beings, other living creatures, and the earth itself. It is a vision of wholeness and the unity of all life. This *inherited spirituality* is finally symbolized in the bird call in the last chapter, when Sally hears the song of the Aboriginal bird.

Land or description of their land i.e. *landscape*—has always been a primary motif with the Australian Aborigines and as I have already mentioned, this belief still haunts them. Many contemporary writers show their *clinging to land* through descriptions of the Australian landscape in its primal beauty or desert ruggedness. Jill Ker Conway in her work ***The Road from Coorain***, hinges on a contrast between the outback and the city — and from one perspective the landscape is one of the book's chief characters. ***The Road from Coorain*** contains some extraordinarily evocative writing about the *Australian bush*, and you would need to turn to the landscapes of Australian painters such as Arthur Boyd and Fred Williams to find the equivalent in sensory intensity. The following passages will illustrate further On the plains, the earth meets the sky in a sharp black line so regular that it seems as though drawn by a creator interested more in geometry than the hills and valleys of the Old Testament. Human purposes are dwarfed by such a blank horizon ... Its blankness travels with our every step and waits for us at every point of the compass. Because we have very few reference points on the spare earth, we seem to creep over it, one tiny point of consciousness between the empty earth and the overarching sky.

Cumulus clouds pile up over the centre of vast continental spaces and the wind moves them at a dramatic pace along the horizon or over our heads. The ever-present red dust of a dry earth hangs in the air and turns all the colours, from yellow through orange and red, to purple, on and off, as the clouds bend and refract the light. Sunrise and sunset make up in drama for the fact there are so few songbirds in that part of the bush. At sunrise, great shafts of gold precede the baroque sunburst. At sunset, the cumulus ranges through the shades of a Turner seascape before the sun dives below the earth leaving no afterglow, but at the horizon, tongues of fire.⁵

In the first passage, Conway emphasizes on the blank monotonous flatness of the landscape and her use of the epithets 'empty' and 'tiny' refer to the earth and consciousness respectively. These descriptions of the outback landscape are traditional, and as a way of looking at the terrain, they can be read as symbolic of an interior landscape, of the spiritual and psychological state of its inhabitants — derived from the perspective of an empowered observer and the *Aboriginal Dreamtim* understanding of a spirit filled landscape through which individuals access their identity.

The second passage (and there are many other passages like it) develops a visionary strain which has been traditionally associated with the Australian landscape, especially the desert. Conway has said that she began the

book with landscape "because people aren't really comprehensible unless you understand the environment, and the kind of disaster that was so destructive to my family was an environmental one". What is unique about **The Road from Coorain** is the personal experience it relates of growing up on the Western plains of New South Wales, and the disaster referred to here is the appalling drought of the early 1940s which wreaked havoc on many dry land farmers of southeast Australia. The tale Ker Conway narrates is a familiar tale of the battle to survive in a harsh and unrelenting environment. She describes the bleak realities of a life totally dependent on a capricious nature, where dust storms blot out the sun for days on end and droughts last five years. The fierce drought drags on, silting up the fences and killing sheep by hundreds, and eventually it leads to her father's death. Emphasis is placed on the way this environment shapes character. Ker Conway gained from growing up in a harsh outback environment a tough, strong aspect and the concomitant virtues of courage, determination and persistence. These strengths can also be a form of emotional repression, as when young Jill is told not to cry at her father's death because crying is weak and wrong.⁶

Ker Conway's text supports, the *codes of Dreamtime identity*, by which Conway means the mythology of the bush. The phantasmagoria of that wild dreamland termed the *Bush* interprets itself. The bush ethos is characterised by rugged individualism, the loner dealing with the physical hardship, and the following passage well illustrates Ker Conway's self-consciousness about this stereotype: The bush ethos which grew up from making a virtue out of loneliness and hardship built on the stoic virtues of convict Australia. Settled life was soft and demoralizing. A 'real man' despised comfort and scorned the expression of emotion. The important things in life were hard work, self-sufficiency, physical endurance, and loyalty to ones' mates.⁷

The chapter then goes on to sketch the gendered division of labour belonging to this lonely and hard farming life. Conway appears to challenge stereotypes of the heroic nationalist type — reinforcing the *Dreamtime image of maleness*. Conversely, it might be argued that as a historian, Ker Conway is interested in the way Dreamtime myths and images have a tangible effect on the lives of individuals.

There are therefore, echoes of an Aboriginal primitive man in the midst of the contemporary Australian nature. This sense of belonging is reflected in their poetry too. It becomes very explicit in **We are going**, a poem by Oodergoo Noonuccal (Kath Walker):

We belong here, we are of the old ways.
We are the corroboree and the bora ground,
We are the old sacred ceremonies, the laws of the elders.
We are the wonder tales of Dreamtime, the tribal legends told.⁸

The Aborigines still try to define themselves and their contemporary culture in terms of their *Dreaming* and *Dreamtime beliefs*. Thus Dreamtime, through its various tenets occupy a great part of their culture still and this gets reflected in their literature, as also in paintings and oral tradition. **The Last of His Tribe** is a very significant poem by Henry Kendall. This poem, like many others, have repeated references to traditions and ancient rituals — and the entire poem is woven in a Dreamtime ambience:

The Wallaroos grope through the tufts of the grass, ...
Where the boomerangs sleep with the spear:
With the nullah, the sling, and the spear. ...
The Corroboree warlike and grim,
And the lubra who sat by the fire on the logs, ...
And gleams like a Dream in his face —
Like a marvellous Dream in his face?⁹

Corroboree is the Aboriginal ceremonial dance the performance of which is described as follows:

... presently with a sudden peculiar inflection of the voice, a number of men sprung from behind trees, holding in their hands a tuft of lightened ferns and bark, which they deposited on the ground; the partial illumination revealed the white and yellow lines painted on their bodies in forms of skeletons, which the sable skin, whenever exposed was lost to view in the obscurity of night. It was a *dance of Death*. ... The whole thing bore evidences of having been arranged with an eye to startling effectiveness; the painting, the sudden appearance from behind the trees, the fires, the extraordinary feats of muscles testified to the pains and time devoted to this sole amusement. I was told by a medical gentleman that many years ago he witnessed a dance in which two figures were introduced daubed over with spots of paint and that the performance was a representation of the sufferings of the blacks under the smallpox.¹⁰

Corroborees are part of Aboriginal culture. They were not simply dances, but were highly significant events and belong to the Australian Aborigines. The further reference in Kendall's poem to *wallaroos* (large, brownish-black Kangaroos), *boomerangs* (a musical instrument used in corroboree), the *nullah* (Aboriginal hard

wood club) and *lubra* (an Aboriginal woman) reaffirms my proposition. Thus time and again, we get evidence of how *Dreaming* and their *Dreamtime laws* still influence the Australian Aborigine (be it through his storytelling tradition or visual arts or even literature) and this sustains them: ".../ The spirits of his Dreaming keep him strong".¹¹

This experience of exile has been a continuing theme, as many have been forced off their ancestral lands. Australian novelist, Tim Winton, once suggested that the Aborigines have a "capacity to discover *spirituality* in the land, to dream visions and see the numinous in the midst of the country".¹² Tim Winton's novel ***Cloudstreet***, reiterates this sense of exile when he says that they (Pickles family) feel "the big emptiness of the house around them, almost paralysing them with spaces and surfaces that yield nothing to them. It's just them in this vast indoors".¹³ They struggle to feel at home in that "great continent of a house".¹⁴ An Aboriginal man, a guardian angel, makes occasional appearances throughout the story with a message of the importance of belonging, both to family and to places. Quick Lamb has a dream in which he sees his family, other people he doesn't know, birds and animals, "all moving behind a single file of other people the colour of burnt wood." The Aboriginal seems to perform many of the same actions that Christ performs in the Gospels and that, in Goonan's words, his "message on the importance of family is consistent with the Gospel emphasis on the importance of community". The characters in ***Cloudstreet*** are called by their experience and by the guidance of the Aboriginal man, to see the deep connectedness of all human beings with each other and with the land, and to live in accord with this. Thus a theology surfaces. But the theology of ***Cloudstreet*** seriously takes on board Aboriginal spirituality. Rather than creating an adapted theology for Australia using occidental categories, it starts with the spirituality of the people who have lived here for over forty thousand years. It speaks of God as the 'numinous in the midst of the ordinary', not as a God out there, distant and beyond human existence. It reminds me of Bonhoeffer's notion of a religion-less Christianity, "I should like to speak of God not on the borders of life but at its centre, ... not where human power gives out, on the borders, but in the centre of the village:

If we are to adequately respond to this sense of divine abandonment in Australia, then we must begin with a theology that recognises God 'with us'". What the Aboriginal people experienced in exile was a feeling of being cut off from those places that opened them up to their God.

Thus the *Dreamtime beliefs* become the internalized codes for the Australian Aborigines and shows how life should be experienced. We feel the echo of a same theme in Bruce Chatwin's novel ***The Songlines***. "In my childhood," Bruce Chatwin recalls in the opening pages of ***The Songlines***, "I never heard the word 'Australia' without calling to mind the fumes of the eucalyptus inhaler and an incessant red country populated by sheep... I would gaze in wonder at pictures of the koala and kookaburra, the platypus and Tasmanian bush-devil, Old Man Kangaroo and Yellow Dog Dingo, and Sydney Harbour Bridge. But the picture I liked best showed an Aboriginal family on the move". The exotic images remained with Chatwin into adulthood, urging him to seek, almost obsessively, the remote, arid corners of the world—Kashmir, the Sahel, Tierra del Fuego, the Sudan—where his earlier books of travel and fiction were set. His wanderings made him the most authoritative English desert rat since Charles Doughty and T. E. Lawrence, and his gifts as a writer assure ***The Songlines*** a permanent place in English literature. Said to be Bruce Chatwin's best work, ***The Songlines*** pays homage to the nomadic spirit that prompted his own peripatetic existence, with an exploration of the "labyrinth of invisible pathways which meander all over Australia",¹⁷ the *Dreaming-tracks* or *Songlines* of the Aborigines. At the peak of his storytelling form, Chatwin weaves memoir, history, science, and philosophy into an Australian Outback travel tale of brilliance and beauty. The late Bruce Chatwin carved out a literary career as unique as any writers in this century. Part adventure story, part philosophical essay, this extraordinary book takes Bruce Chatwin into the heart of Australia on a search for the source and meaning of man's restless nature.

The Songlines is beautiful, elegiac, comic account of following the invisible pathways traced by the Australian Aborigines. Chatwin was nothing if not erudite, and the vast, eclectic body of literature that underlies this tale of trekking across the outback gives it a resonance found in few other recent travel books. A poignancy, as well, since Chatwin's untimely death made ***The Songlines*** one of his last books. Part adventure-story, part novel-of-ideas, part satire on the follies of *progress*, part spiritual autobiography, part passionate plea for a return to Aboriginal simplicity of being and behaviour, ***The Songlines*** is a seething gallimaufry of a book. My analysis there by shows how *Dreamtime codes* are the centre point of their literary themes. Hal Zina Bennett's novel ***Spirit Circle*** speaks the same. The original vision for the novel came to her during a hypnosis session. In the vision she was transported back in time to an ancient but very sophisticated village high on the mountains. She was shown how the people lived and was tutored in parts of their religion. Following this vision,

she had a series of dreams with a medicine woman and shaman who told her about the evolution of what she called the 3rd, 4th and 5th worlds. In the 5th world they develop spiritual awareness and skills for a way of life based on mutual empowerment and a deeper understanding of our relations with ourselves, each other and the planet.

However, before that they will face great strife, with the Earth herself protesting human cruelty and indifference to the sacredness of life. It is a prophecy filled with much hope and much grief, yet one that speaks clearly to our times.

In crafting the story for those lessons, it came to her that the protagonist should be a woman who is immersed in her career and who had a very modern, scientific view of the world. She is, however, unwittingly drawn into a very different reality when she goes in search of her missing father— a rather kooky tabloid journalist— who has vanished after pursuing a rumour of UFOs at a sacred Indian site in New Mexico. This novel opens new ground because it includes a section in the back of the book for integrating the wisdom that is passed along to the protagonist through Mongwa, a medicine woman who belongs to a secret society of Australian Aboriginal shamans. The book is then an excellent introduction to the Australian Aboriginal belief of Earth-based spiritual traditions which unfold invisible dimension. And with this *land lore*, comes the Aboriginal notion of *story and storytelling*.

The Aboriginal notion of *story* is not only their formal linkage but, more interestingly, their thematic focus. Bill Neidjie's **Story About Feeling** gives the unity of functions in this *story*, it is more accurate to say that form/thematic elements coalesce here. This is a story about story (which is also feeling):

This the story. You can't split im,
you can't change im, you can't do anything.
This story you got to keep im... in your feeling.¹⁸

In **Laying Down** storytelling is again both the central organising category and the means of cultural expression :

Listen carefully, careful
and this spirit e come in your feeling
and you feel it ...anyone that.
I feel it... my body same as you.
I telling you this because the land for us,
never change round, never change
Places for us, earth for us,
star, moon, tree, animal,
no-matter what sort of animal, bird or snake...
all that animal same like us.¹⁹

These poems thus lead us out from our own limited order into a more inclusive and insightful way of conceiving the Australian Aboriginal world. The result is a remarkably mechanistic, static, syntactical view of Aboriginal culture.

Mudrooroo's **Master of the Ghost Dreaming** is a novel about a mapan and elder, Jangamuttuk, who is attempting to restore his people to health and rescue them from the paternalistic good intentions of the Superintendent of the Government Mission for Aborigines (he is called Fada *father*, throughout by his charges, the famous painting, *The Conciliation*, reproduced on the cover of this issue, depicts his historical counterpart, G.A. Robinson). In the ceremony that begins the novel the twenty or twenty-five surviving adults of the more than a hundred originally taken to an island off the coast by Fada are performing a dance designed by Jangamuttuk to rid his people of Fada and Mada and to allow the remnant to return home. The dancers are painted to resemble —*ghosts*—and their body painting had been designed to signify Aboriginal fashion. In the last chapter of **Writing from the Fringe**, Mudrooroo writes "Now, since the works of early Aboriginal writers who emphasized message and accessibility, Aboriginal writing has developed towards a spirituality interested in using and exploring the inner reality of Aboriginality in Australia".²⁰

This is an accurate description of the way Mudrooroo's own writing has moved, and is wholly in accord with traditional culture, which is utterly permeated by religious thought and practice. Despite his wariness about traditional culture's tendency to stasis, then, he sees in it the potential for a dynamic Aboriginality.

Of necessity, then, Jangamuttuk's *Dreaming*, his ancestral being or totemic ancestor, is the European, just as others' *Dreamings* are the *Willy Wagtail* or the *Shark*. When as a small boy, he arrives back in camp after seeing a European ship, "the ol' fella knew right away that I had been gifted, that I had received my callin', my Dreamin', that Ghost Dreamin' which is so powerful when you use it right".²¹ This permits him to use the designs of the Europeans, their music, their ideas, and to adapt them to his purposes, because he understands their power. Thus the antidote is made of the original poison. Since Jangamuttuk is, apparently, one of the remnant survivors of the extermination of the Tasmanian Aborigines, he has no *home* culture to return to. This situation resembles Mudrooroo's and at some level, that of all contemporary Aborigines. Nonetheless, unlike many of his companions, he does not despair. "Jangamuttuk still believed that the old ways could be saved from the hands of

the ghosts". In a strange land and out of the group of sick and demoralized people, he must construct a syncretic version of Aboriginality that has the sole political end of curing his people of imported sicknesses and ridding them of paternalism. Rather than pining for the homeland he has lost, he seeks places of power on the island, finding a few *ancient* nodes that flickered in his awareness. These he accepted as the footprints of his *Dreaming Ancestors* who had passed through the island.

Not only is traditional Aboriginal culture thoroughly religious, but it is also a culture that does not base its self-construction on the nature/culture split. Aboriginal culture sees the world as a sign system, created by the Ancestors. In a traditional Aboriginal sense, the world is made of signs. One may not know more than a fraction of their meanings, and not all their meanings are of equal significance, but the presumptive principle is that there is no alien world of mere things beyond the signing activity of sentient, intelligent beings. The land is marked by the *Dreaming Ancestors* in ways that particular Aboriginal people can read. Or, to put it in another way, "a Cape York man once said, 'The land is a map!'"²² Mudrooroo is importing ideas as adding to traditional ways of understanding the world — a world of representations, rather than a world of rationally-comprehensible objective fact.

Notes

- [1]. Diane Bell, **Daughters of the Dreaming**, Melbourne: McPhee Gribble, 1983, p. 43-44.
- [2]. Colin Johnson, **Wild Cat Falling**, Sydney: Angus and Robertson, 1965.
- [3]. Sally Morgan, **My Place**, New South Wales: 1987, p. 173-234.
- [4]. Sally Morgan, **My Place**, New South Wales: 1987, p. 173-234.
- [5]. Conway, Jill. *The Road from Coorain*. New York: Knopf. 1989. p. 94.
- [6]. Jill Ker Conway—in an interview with Dagmar Strauss, Facing Writers, ABC Television, 1989.
- [7]. Conway, Jill. *The Road from Coorain*. New York: Knopf. 1989. p. 146.
- [8]. Oodergoo Noonuccal (Kath Walker), *We are going*, **The Arnold Anthology of Post-Colonial Literatures in English**, (ed.), John Thieme, Arnold, London:1996.
- [9]. Henry Kendall, *The Last of His Tribe*, **The Arnold Anthology of Post-Colonial Literatures in English**, (ed.), John Thieme, Arnold, London: 1996.
- [10]. Louisa Atkinson, **A Voice from the Country--November**, Sydney Morning Herald, Canberra: Mulini Press, 19 January, 1860.
- [11]. Henry Kendall, *The Last Tribe of his Tribe*, **The Arnold Anthology of Post-Colonial Literatures in English**, (ed.), John Thieme, Arnold, London: 1996.
- [12]. Tim Winton, **Cloud Street**, (Ringwood: Penguin, 1996), p.18.
- [13]. Tim Winton, **Cloud Street**, (Ringwood: Penguin, 1996), p.161.
- [14]. Tim Winton, **Cloud Street**, (Ringwood: Penguin, 1996), p.89
- [15]. Tony Kelly, **Theology in an Australian Context**, *In Discovering an Australian Theology*, (Homebush: St. Paul Publisher, 1988), p. 53.
- [16]. Bruce Chatwin, **The Songlines**, (Canberra: JBCE, 1988), p. 89-111.
- [17]. Bruce Chatwin, **The Songlines**, (Canberra: JBCE, 1988), p. 95.
- [18]. Bill Neidjie, **Story About Feeling**, edited by Keith Taylor (Broome: Magabala Books, 1989), p. 144.
- [19]. Patricia Baines, **A Litany for Land**, in Ian Keen (ed.), **Being Black: Aboriginal Cultures in 'settled' Australia**, (Canberra: Aboriginal studies Press, 1988), p.240.
- [20]. MudroorooNarogin, **Wrting from the Fringe: A Study of Modern Aboriginal Literature**, (Melbourne: Hyland House, 1990).
- [21]. MudroorooNarogin, **Master of the Ghost Dreaming**, (Sydney: Angus and Robertson), 1991.
- [22]. John Fielder, **Postcoloniality and MudroorooNarogin's Ideology of Aboriginality**, Span: Journal of the South Pacific Assoc for Cwltth Lit and Language Studies Number 32, (Jenny de Reuck& Hugh Webb), 1992, p.43-63.