

was composed of three simple categories: the killers, the victims, and the bystanders.' In this way, 'indifference is always the friend of the enemy, for it benefits the aggressor'. By contrast, he remembered the US soldiers who liberated him from Buchenwald, to whom he would 'always be grateful' for their righteous rage at what they found. And, moving from the past to the present, he welcomed the 1999 intervention by NATO in Kosovo, against Serbian forces who were attempting to cleanse the region of its ethnically Albanian population. For Wiesel, the dangers of indifference must always persist, but so do the means to avoid them. He concluded that 'we walk towards the new millennium, carried by profound fear and extraordinary hope'.

FIFTY-FOUR YEARS AGO TO THE DAY, a young Jewish boy from a small town in the Carpathian Mountains woke up, not far from Goethe's beloved Weimar, in a place of eternal infamy called Buchenwald. He was finally free, but there was no joy in his heart. He thought there never would be again. Liberated a day earlier by American soldiers, he remembers their rage at what they saw. And even if he lives to be a very old man, he will always be grateful to them for that rage, and also for their compassion. Though he did not understand their language, their eyes told him what he needed to know – that they, too, would remember, and bear witness.

... We are on the threshold of a new century, a new millennium. What will the legacy of this vanishing century be? How will it be remembered in the new millennium? Surely it will be judged, and judged severely, in both moral and metaphysical terms. These failures have cast a dark shadow over humanity: two world wars, countless civil wars, the senseless chain of assassinations (Gandhi, the Kennedys, Martin Luther King, Sadat, Rabin), bloodbaths in Cambodia and Nigeria, India and Pakistan, Ireland and Rwanda, Eritrea and Ethiopia, Sarajevo and Kosovo; the inhumanity in the gulag and the tragedy of Hiroshima. And, on a different level, of course, Auschwitz and Treblinka. So much violence; so much indifference.

*'Indifference can be tempting –
more than that, seductive'*

What is indifference? Etymologically, the word means 'no difference'. A strange and unnatural state in which the lines blur between light and darkness, dusk and dawn, crime and punishment, cruelty and compassion, good and evil. What are its courses and inescapable consequences? Is it a philosophy? Is there a philosophy of indifference conceivable? Can one possibly view indifference as a virtue? Is it necessary at times to practise it

Taken from: 'The Perils of Indifference'
Elie Wiesel; 12 April 1999

simply to keep one's sanity, live normally, enjoy a fine meal and a glass of wine, as the world around us experiences harrowing upheavals?

Of course, indifference can be tempting – more than that, seductive. It is so much easier to look away from victims. It is so much easier to avoid such rude interruptions to our work, our dreams, our hopes. It is, after all, awkward, troublesome, to be involved in another person's pain and despair. Yet, for the person who is indifferent, his or her neighbours are of no consequence. And, therefore, their lives are meaningless. Their hidden or even visible anguish is of no interest. Indifference reduces the other to an abstraction.

Better an unjust God than an indifferent one

Over there, behind the black gates of Auschwitz, the most tragic of all prisoners were the *Muselmänner*, as they were called. Wrapped in their torn blankets, they would sit or lie on the ground, staring vacantly into space, unaware of who or where they were – strangers to their surroundings. They no longer felt pain, hunger, thirst. They feared nothing. They felt nothing. They were dead and did not know it.

Rooted in our tradition, some of us felt that to be abandoned by humanity then was not the ultimate. We felt that to be abandoned by God was worse than to be punished by Him. Better an unjust God than an indifferent one. For us to be ignored by God was a harsher punishment than to be a victim of His anger. Man can live far from God – not outside God. God is wherever we are. Even in suffering? Even in suffering.

In a way, to be indifferent to that suffering is what makes the human being inhuman. Indifference, after all, is more dangerous than anger and hatred. Anger can at times be creative. One writes a great poem, a great symphony. One does something special for the sake of humanity because one is angry at the injustice that one witnesses. But indifference is never creative. Even hatred at times may elicit a response. You fight it. You denounce it. You disarm it.

Indifference elicits no response. Indifference is not a response. Indifference is not a beginning; it is an end. And, therefore, indifference is always the friend of the enemy, for it benefits the aggressor – never his victim, whose pain is magnified when he or she feels forgotten. The political prisoner in his cell, the hungry children, the homeless refugees – not to respond to their plight, not to relieve their solitude by offering them a spark of hope is to exile them from human memory. And in denying their humanity, we betray our own.

Some among the Aboriginal community still pursue compensation claims, however, though thus far they have had little success in court.

Rudd's willingness to apologize formally has clearly resonated beyond Australia, perhaps most notably in Canadian Prime Minister Stephen Harper's apology on 11 June 2008 to Canada's equivalent of Australia's stolen generations – the children forced into Indian Residential Schools since the 1870s. And in 2009 Rudd apologized to another group of often mistreated Australians – the generations of child migrants from Britain.

I MOVE: THAT TODAY WE HONOUR the indigenous peoples of this land, the oldest continuing cultures in human history. We reflect on their past mistreatment. We reflect in particular on the mistreatment of those who were stolen generations – this blemished chapter in our nation's history.

The time has now come for the nation to turn a new page in Australia's history by righting the wrongs of the past and so moving forward with confidence to the future. We apologize for the laws and policies of successive parliaments and governments that have inflicted profound grief, suffering and loss on these our fellow Australians. We apologize especially for the removal of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander children from their families, their communities and their country. For the pain, suffering and hurt of these stolen generations, their descendants and for their families left behind, we say sorry. To the mothers and the fathers, the brothers and the sisters, for the breaking up of families and communities, we say sorry. And for the indignity and degradation thus inflicted on a proud people and a proud culture, we say sorry. We the parliament of Australia respectfully request that this apology be received in the spirit in which it is offered as part of the healing of the nation.

. . . There comes a time in the history of nations when their peoples must become fully reconciled to their past if they are to go forward with confidence to embrace their future. Our nation, Australia, has reached such a time. That is why the Parliament is today here assembled: to deal with this unfinished business of the nation, to remove a great stain from the nation's soul and, in a true spirit of reconciliation, to open a new chapter in the history of this great land, Australia.

. . . The hurt, the humiliation, the degradation and the sheer brutality of the act of physically separating a mother from her children is a deep assault on our senses and on our most elemental humanity. These stories cry out to be heard; they cry out for an apology. Instead, from the nation's Parliament there has been a stony, stubborn and deafening silence for more than a

Taken from:

Kevin Rudd 'To the stolen generations I am

sorry...' 13 Feb 2008

Darwin Larrakia fight for the land

By Denis Freney

"The Native Affairs said, 'We are going to close the old compound. Where do you want to pick the place?'"

"My grandfather picked the place at Kingtable."

"My father and all his brothers, they said no and they picked Kulaluk because the Woolnas camped there."

"White man's name is Bagot."

"People been come everywhere then. Hooker's Creek, Roper River, even Nutwood Downs, no matter what tribe, they come one place today, Bagot."

"That's the place named properly Kulaluk. 'Belong to Larrakia, Moolna, Minija, the same like we."

"One day I don't know what they going to do there. I never find out yet. If the government take Bagot reserve, what am I going to do?"

"The Councillors, they supposed to help the people. If the people want to keep Bagot, I don't know what they going to do, it's up to them."

"Me only got small tribe."

This is Koolamurinee's story. Koolamurinee is also known as Bobby Secretary.

17/11/71 p. 7



ABOVE: Second from left, Bobby Secretary 46, and at left his wife. Right, a Larrakia elder and

His story is printed in "Bunji", a roneoed news-sheet that circulates in Darwin among the tribes there. It tells of the struggle of the Larrakia tribe for a part of their land at Kulaluk. The Larrakia were the original inhabitants of the Darwin area. Now there are only thirty of them left.

On July 9 this year, twenty Larrakia people

*In days gone by we had no fear,
We fought the whites with club and spear.
Brave old men died for their land,
Their bones are lying in the sand.
When white men gave us wine and beer,
We put away our club and spear.
Now we drink and fight each other.
The white man is laughing at us, brother.*

—A poem from "Bunji".

marched from Kulaluk to Darwin. They carried signs which read: "Who killed one thousand Larrakias?" "We love our land," etc.

After the march, Koolamurinee said, "We wanted to show the town how we feel. Next time we hope everyone in Bagot will join us."

The Larrakias are fighting to keep the land at Kulaluk, which is situated between Bagot Reserve and the local drive-in theatre. Already there

song man and didgeridoo player who is teaching the Larrakia songs to a young Aboriginal teacher. have been placed in the ground at Kulaluk for housing sub-division.

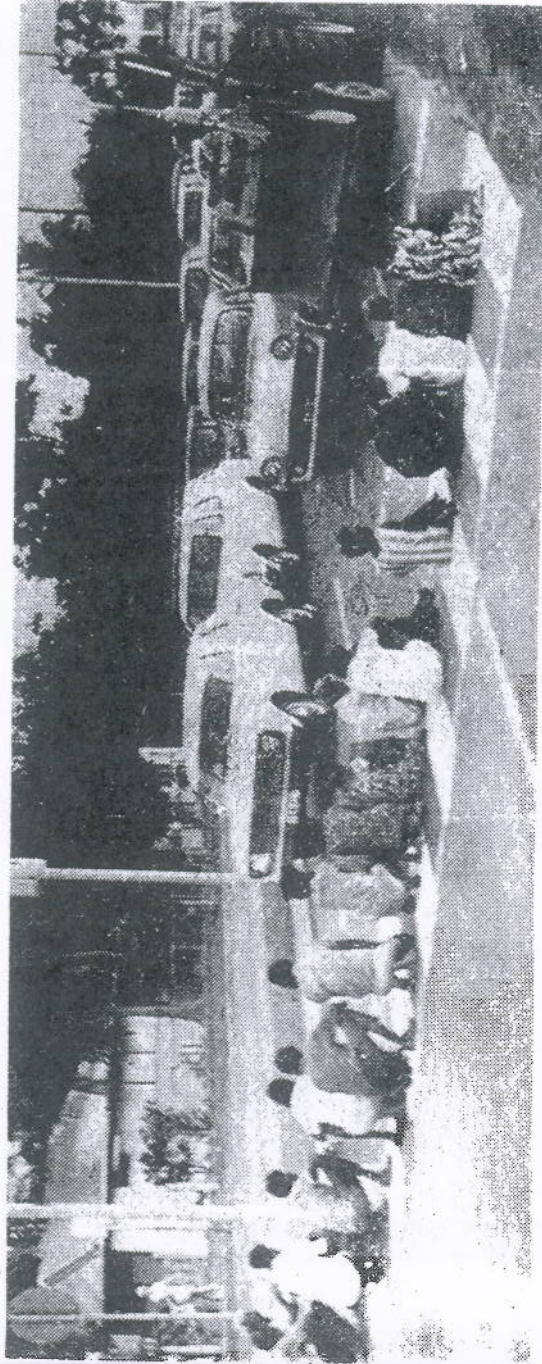
Kulaluk is a sacred place for the Larrakias. When he was a small boy, Koolamurinee came there with his father and hunted goanna and possum and other food. The old people would not tell where the water was, but it was always there. Now Koolamurinee, aged 46, has returned. He has found the water—a tiny hidden spring. He dug it out and now it has formed a water hole.

The Larrakia have invited other tribes to come to Kulaluk. They have joined with the Brinkin and Wagait tribes, who are also fighting for their land near Darwin.

Harry Wilson, of the Brinkin people, said, "This is our country, it belongs to the Brinkin, not the Mission. No one will kick us off. Never!"

The fight of the Larrakias is part of the resurgence of the tribes in the Northern Territory. It is a fight not only for land, but for pride and self-identity.

"Bunji" has at the top of each issue the slogans: "We are proud of our language!"



The photo above shows the demonstration held by the Larrakia people in Bagot street, a main street in Darwin, on November 1. The Larrakia sat down on a pedestrian crossing (above) and blocked traffic for 15 minutes before they were moved on by police. Last week the Larrakia held a further demonstration in Darwin, this time

raising their flag above the court building in Darwin. Bobby Secretary said that if Captain Cook had raised the British flag in 1788 claiming all of Australia for the British Crown, the Larrakia could raise their flag in Darwin reclaiming their seized land back. In October, the Larrakia also staged a similar sit-down protest in the streets of Darwin.

Economic & spiritual needs

PETER EEDY, from Sydney, has contributed this article to TRIBUNE. Without necessarily agreeing to all he has written, we are publishing this article in the hope that readers may find it thought-provoking, and contribute their ideas on its contents.

Are the working class unhappy because they possess little material wealth, or is it the spiritual life that they lead in capitalist society that causes their unhappiness?

If we were able to give every worker in Australia a free house tomorrow, would he be any happier? Only for a few days, then he would have to go back to the assembly line, where he was alienated from his work, alienated from

his workmates. The meaninglessness, the absurdity of his work would still be the basis of his unhappiness.

The Australian worker is miserable not so much because of his economic poverty as because of the alienation, the unfulfilled life he is leading. I have a house, a car, clothes, food and some leisure time; I earn \$100 a week, but I was happier living in a tent in southern France, existing on bread, cheese and grapes than I am in our affluent society. According to recently published statistics, Australia (not India or some poverty-stricken South American country) has one of the highest suicide rates in the world. We have 1 million alcoholics in Australia, i.e. one in every 12 people. We have the highest road accident death rate in the world. Our value of human life must contribute to this in some way. No one can claim that it is the poverty of the country, it is the affluence.

I am a revolutionary now, not because of economic exploitation, but because of the psychological and cultural exploitation of my life. A comrade once said to me: "If a man becomes a revolutionary because of economic needs, he is reducing man to purely an animal (economic determinist). If he becomes one out of spiritual reasoning, he is not forced, he chooses to be a revolutionary." The worker may cease being a revolutionary if his material needs are satisfied, but the spiritual revolutionary will remain so until the new man, the full man, the communist man is created.

Those who attack the "middle class" in the Moratorium may be attacking the cream of a developing revolutionary force. Mao, Fidel, Che, Lenin, Trotsky and Marx all came from the middle class. They were revolutionaries not for material reasons, but for spiritual reasons. Their programs for revolutions were based on economic needs; ours for the present time must be based on more spiritual needs, namely cultural and psychological. The workers could have far more meaningful lives with the same amount of

And "Bunji" gives some other good advice to the tribes:

"Money spent on grog is wasted. We need that money to fight the government for our land. Leave grog for the white man. He made it."

"Bunji" also gives advice to those arrested: "If you go to court, maybe you don't understand. You can ask for someone to talk for you in English. Ask for an interpreter."

"Is your name Jacky Pineapple? Use the name your father gave you. We must be proud of our names. Namarluk was proud of his!"

"Remember to say NOT GUILTY; it is your right."

The Larrakias have an elder who is teaching a young Aboriginal teacher the Larrakia songs. He also plays the didgeridoo, which he made himself. "We made the didgeridoo. All the others copied from us," he said.

The struggle of the Larrakia people is one with the struggle of the Gurindji, the Yirrkala (at Gove), the Nungumbooya (at Roper River), and the Goulburn Islanders.

"Down south people want to hear our voice," writes "Bunji". And up north, the Larrakia and the others wait to hear our voice. In Sydney, on December 3, there will be a March against Racism and for Aboriginal Land Rights Now. You can add your voice then. This will be only the beginning of a mass campaign in 1972 to support the Larrakia and others.

material wealth if social relations could be changed, e.g. ownership of the means of production, workers control of factories, student/teacher control of schools and universities, people's army, people's courts, people's police force; free medicine, free education. A highly efficient, clean, safe, public transport system to bring people together communally, not separate them as cars do; more collective living and communal culture.

The content of the mass media has played on our values. We live in one of the most geographically isolated countries in the world. Since our population is only 12 million in such an immense land, real news does not always occur. This does not mean that newspapers stop functioning, on the contrary, news is created by them.

We are indeed suffering spiritually. If marxism is going to develop in this country, a study of the psychological and cultural make-up of the Australian working class will have to be made, in both historical and contemporary terms.

PDF JPG DXT Cite Buy

to 'Smiler' Fejo, the black 'who and trailed Nimuluk, murderer of five Japanese pearl... miles across trackless North Australia and had brought him back to Fanny Bay Gaol. And grinning, pitch-black 'Smiler' Fejo is as good a soldier as a blacktracker!

eat of a tropical jungle of palms and thick undergrowth I saw men of an A.I.F. Field Ambulance unit working over what seemed to be a group of sandy, fern-covered hills hidden beneath the trees and completely invisible from the air or from 20 yards away on the ground. Beneath those hills was a tremendous subterranean advanced dressing station, with operating theatres, stretcher rooms, underground pits for ambulances, communication trenches, kitchens, and offices, all furnished and sandbagged.

These A.I.F. camps the men have become amazingly versatile. They have learnt to make anything from a new road or a modern laun-

soldiers.

I spoke to 'Smiler' Fejo, the black-tracker who had trailed Nimuluk, murderer of five Japanese pearl... miles across trackless North Australia and had brought him back to Fanny Bay Gaol. And grinning, pitch-black 'Smiler' Fejo is as good a soldier as he was a blacktracker!

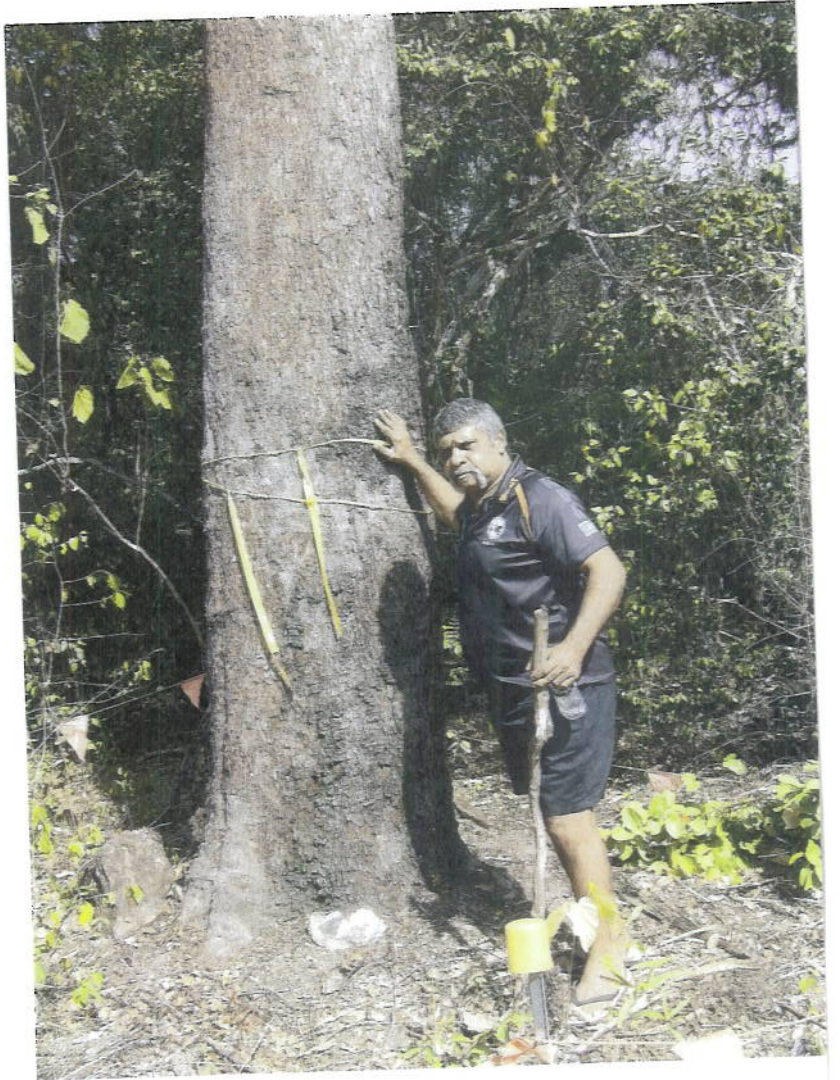
In the heart of a tropical jungle of palms and thick undergrowth I saw men of an A.I.F. Field Ambulance unit working over what seemed to be a group of sandy, fern-covered hills hidden beneath the trees and completely invisible from the air or from 20 yards away on the ground. Beneath those hills was a tremendous subterranean advanced dressing station, with operating theatres, stretcher rooms, underground pits for ambulances, communication trenches, kitchens, and offices, all furnished and sandbagged.

IN these A.I.F. camps the men have become amazingly versatile. They have learnt to make anything from a new road or a modern laun-

beaten most league teams in Melbourne I spoke, too, to the few aborigines who are on the strength of Australia's Army. They are likeable chaps, always smiling, although some of them are not keen on hard work. The soldiers call them the 'Boongs.' They get 6/ a week and do fatigue work of various sorts, and you will find their thumb-prints on the pay-sheets with their names alongside—'Charley One, Charley Two, Charley Three, Charley Four, Charley Five, Charley Six, and Black Charley.' They're all as black as each other, and I have yet to discover why Black Charley receives special identification! One of them is a lance-corporal, and no captain is prouder of his pips than is the 'O.C. Boongs' of his solitary stripe.

Sometimes they reluctantly take off their khaki uniforms, grab their spears, daub themselves with the mud markings of their tribe, and give a demonstration that convinces the diggers that a wooden spear can be as effective as a .303 in the hands of the right person.





How far will you go for JUSTIST ? ①

My name is Eric Fejo, my mother is of the Wurrumungu; I am Larrakia from my father / Grandfather.

~~With~~ To cover the 3 components of this Consultation, ~~I would like~~ This is how I will present my opinion.

←

After the bombing of Pearl Harbour, a military unit was formed in DUNS called the 'Black Watch'. My grandfather; his brother we among the hand full of Abo. men that were part of this unit. They were based at Larrakia Barracks, which is a Mens Ceremony ground. They allowed the military to have access to this Area because back then the Army did NOT have women. This Unit was the forrunner of NORFORCE. / Noicom.

In the Late 1960's, early 1970's the RAAF used to do live bombing on Islands that are sacred to the Larrakia. A group of Men including some of my father brothers whom I call fathers camped on these Islands while live bombings were being carried out. ^{Eventually,} Because of the Courage of these

men, these bombings ceased. (2)

In the early 1970s, fed up with how Establishment were treating them, A Larrakia Senior Elder, with a group of Countrymen, came to almost the same place we are at today, the Old law Courts. & raised the new Larrakia Flag. Claiming Larrakia Country Back for the Larrakian. That date 10/11/1971. That Flag was then taken ^{by a Fen} to Canberra & the Abori Tent Embassy. & was flown proudly there for 28 yrs.

In 2002 group of Country men myself included went to Sydney & Canberra National Museum & repatriated 87 Ancestral remains. While doing this Francesca (Abbillo) the Curator of the Museum gave me the Flag. I Hold it Proudly before you My Countrymen.

Please bear with me.
(I have consulted & advised AAPA for 15 yrs.)

It was at the handover on the lawns of ~~the~~ Canberra Museum ~~that~~ the word of the day was RECONCILIATION. I said ~~to~~ it there & I ~~and~~ stand by it today, For Aust to Achieve

Reconciliation, the Real Aust history needs to be in the Aust curriculum.

Please bear with with.

I have consulted AAPA for 15 yrs. Struggling to protect every inch of Country that is so important to me.

One of the points, I believe this Forum should look at in regards to Recognition. is full & proper consultation with ~~the~~ all parties before ground disturbance." As I see it, before the 2012

elections, AAPA was the sole Authority to give out work clearances. In Oct 2012, ~~the~~ the new NTG took away ^{some} authority from AAPA & gave Legislato to NT Heritage. In my experience NT Heritage do not consult ^{custodians} did AAPA. Because of this, I believe,

Organisation that are supposed to represent TO's don't, they follow the Law of the day.

An example of this just recently was were a Native fowl's nest & a ~~Bloodwood~~ Milkwood & Bloodwood tree were destroyed, even though Both the TO's ~~body~~ rep body & the Developer ~~were~~ were pleaded with to deviat' the line. One Blood wood ~~is~~ that was Not on the

clearway has survived this unnessacerry (4)
destruction. I went ~~to~~ to the site ;
showed a local ~~expert~~ ^{TREE expert} on trees ; how old
they are (he is endorsed by NT Enviro (tn.)
this Expert gave the surviving tree's age as
being as young as 600 yrs old ; possibly
even 1400 yrs old.

What has happened here cannot be
changed.

I am NOT Anti Development ; I am
certainly NOT PERFECT.

But I do know that ~~All eyes~~ in this
neck of the woods, All eyes are on the
development of Cox Penicillar. (The Area of
Kenbi Land claim).

What has happened with ~~the~~ native Habitat
our Cultural Heritage. CAN NOT BE ALLOWED
TO HAPPEN AGAIN.

oo by adopting words borrowed from the
Indian, Chinese ; Phillipine Constatutions in
regard to Cultural Heritage. I can believe

That is one possible way to get the Aust masses in support of Recognition of Aust First Peoples & OUR CULTURAL HERITAGE. (5)
Using Sights of Significants, special Places, Sacred Sites, Song Lines to educate the Aust public because I believe the majority of Aust no matter what Creed actually care about Country.

To get this message out there, we have to ~~use~~ utilize every resource we can i.e. Sporting fraternity, Music fraternity, the Unions, every possible means we can. I believe most Aust don't care about Blackfellas. But most of them do care about the State of the ENVIRONMENT.

(I go back to ~~my~~ ~~the~~ How FAR will you go for us)
~~As~~ I believe All Countrymen agree that INDIGENOUS RECOGNITION IN THE AUST CONSTITUTION HAS BEEN A LONG TIME COMING

~~So, I ask again.~~ Quote Elle Wiesel
Speech 12 April 1999

~~So, I say this~~ Quote Kevin Rudd
Speech 13 Feb 2008

So, I share this with you.

Before the Bombing of DWN, A number of Japanese pearl divers were murdered in DWN. A man tracked this murderer ~~1000~~⁶⁰⁰ miles one way, found this murderer & brought him another ~~1000~~⁶⁰⁰ miles return trip for JUSTIST. Bare foot.

This man was my Grandfather's Brother (He knew this was the right thing to do.)
I have been Black listed for making a ~~stone~~^{stone} on what I know is right.

I ASK AGAIN.

HOW FAR WILL YOU GO FOR JUSTIST.