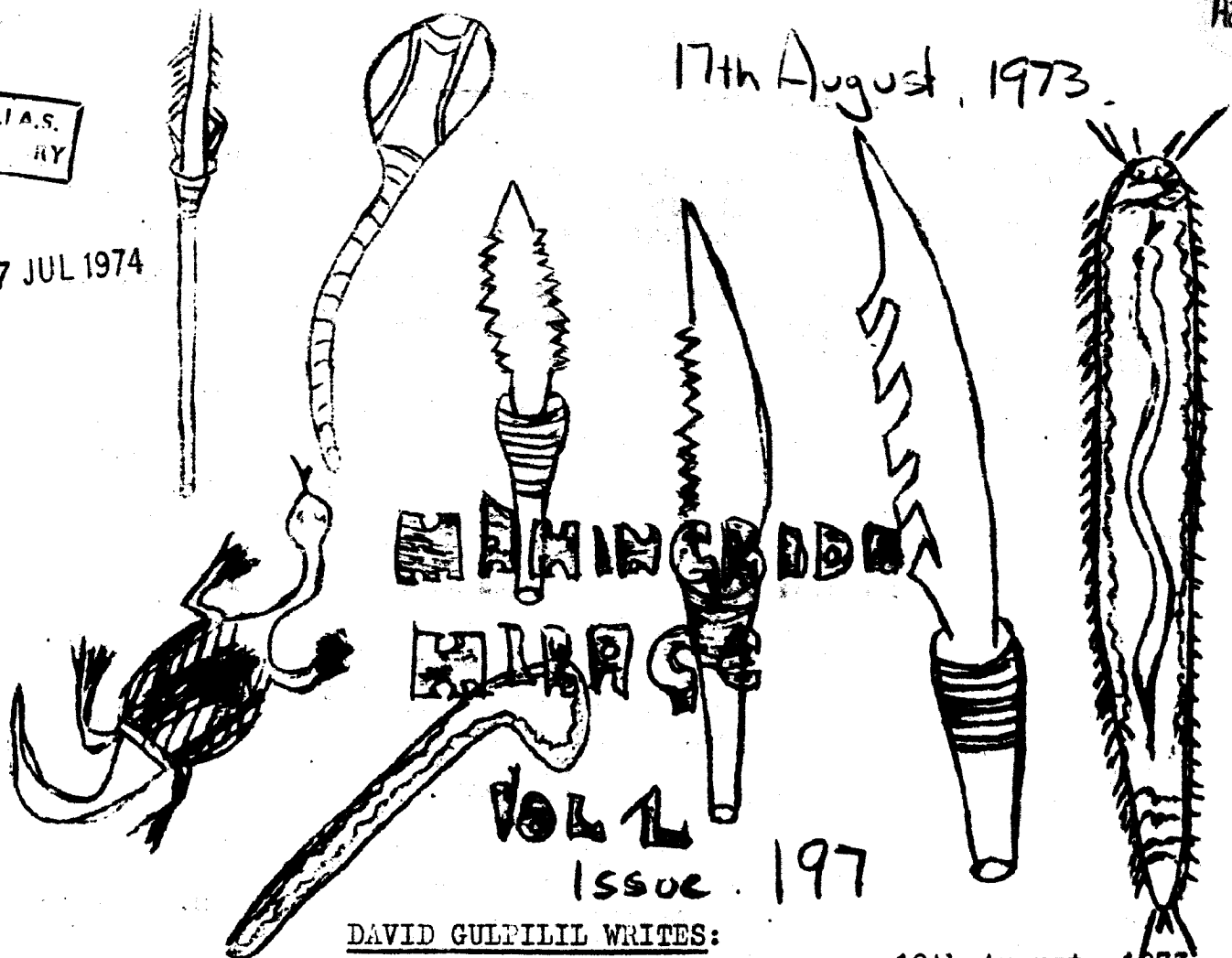


AALS

17th August, 1973.

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DAVID GULPILIL WRITES:

10th August, 1973.

Today we are leaving to return to Sydney via Darwin. I hope Tony and Wolf enjoyed themselves. It was the first time they had come to Amhem Land. I gave to Tony Hide my Grandfather's skin group, Wamus and to Wolf Kress the skingogroup Balang. Because Europeans gave me my name, David, so I have giben them Aboriginal names.

Dick Djuluil and Paddy Fordham Wanburubawanea., acted in the film with me and also his family too. I would like to give my thanks to them for helping me. Also my thanks to the people of Maningrida.

I was glad to see my parents again but it is not time for me to stay with them. I must return to Sydney to finish all my Film School Study.

I will be coming back with Dick Barndalil and Lester Bostock (The National Black Theatre Leader) for the Maningrida Festival in September.

+ + + + +

My name is Tony Hide. I am English and my job is making the sound for Films. I came to Australia to teach at the Australian Film and Television School. At the school one of the students was David Gulpilil from Maningrida Northern Territory. David invited me to come to Maningrida to help him make his film and to stay with his family. Now I have been here to stay with his family, for seven days during this time I have learnt many things about life here in Maningrida and look forward to coming back. I would like to give my warmest thanks to David's family and to the Aboriginal Council for their kind help and permission. I would also like to thank Mr. Jack Mirritji for patiently answering so many questions about the Aboriginal way of life.

I've been able to see for myself the way Aboriginals live in the bush - hunting with gun and spear, fishing, finding food and water. I have tasted for the first time turtle and wild duck and water from the paperbark as well as eatin water lillées, from the billabong. I also visited Nangalala and met David's parents and sister, eat with them and tried to understand as many words of Jininga as I could.

Tony Hide Wamud.

BANK, POST OFFICE TELEPHONE.

The Progress Association presently operates all 3 facilities, and I believe it is time a few facts were made public concerning these important functions, particularly in view of the rudeness and discourtesy shown to our ~~service~~ operations during the past months.

The Association is a reluctant operator of all 3 services, did not seek to vies them and has consistantly endeavoured to obtain proper Banking and Postal services.

There are obvious disadvantages in conducting them within a busy store and whereby they must be tailored to the hours of store business, we are inadequately recompensed for the expenses incurred do infant subsidize them in the interests of the community. I do not believe we should be expected to subsidize or conduct these essential communal services and certainly cannot much longer do so.

Public opinion should be sought to bear on responsible authorities to implement acceptable standards of Banking and Postal procedures.

The Radio Telephone is a private telephone installed by and maintained by the association. All are welcome to use it within reasonable hours, including emergencies at any time, but surely a Public Phone should be available in the town.

It seems neither the Banking or Postal people express concern for the community welfare, we were advised in writing to close both services during the Mrs. Dickfors' absence for two weeks. We continue to provide the best ~~advise~~ services during busy store hours serving the community within our capacity and respectfully suggest it is high time the community expressed any concern through your respective departments.

G. Bagshaw

P.S. There is a requirement of approximate six hours for banking demand daily. Add the Post Office and continual telephone interruptions and it is far from easy.

+ + + +

KILLING WITH A HOLLOW LOG.

If a person's relative has been killed, and that person knows who did it, then he must kill that man as apay-back.

First, he would look for a special tree from which he could cut a hollow log, like a short didgeridoo, and he would clean it and polish it inside and outside, and then put it up in the fork of a tree to dry.

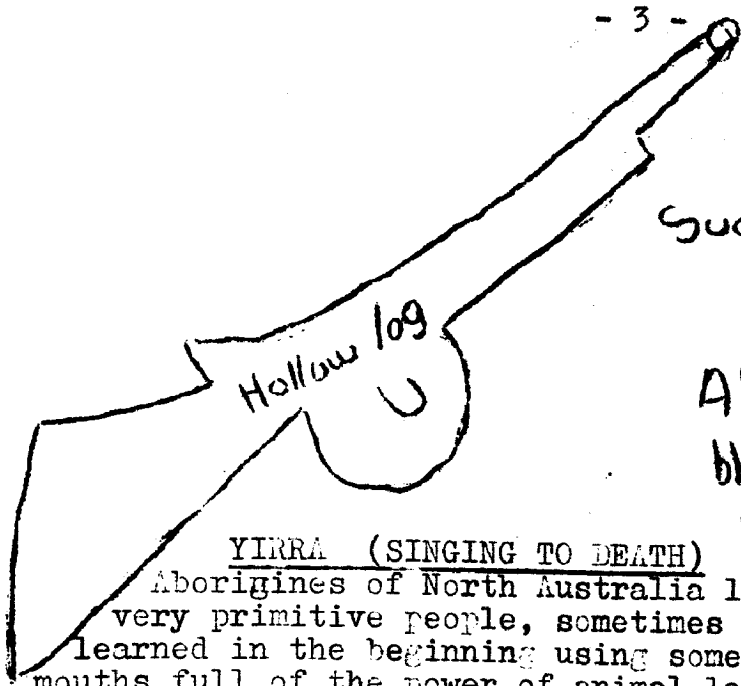
While it is drying, he goes around the camp and collects anything which belongs to the man he is going to kill (clothes, blankets, even his faeces), and takes them back to the hollow log which, by this time, has dried out. He packs the things from his victim into the log, along with some leaves and flowers and grass. Then he puts a lid on each end, which he sticks with wax, and puts the whole lot in the sea.

When he does this, the owner of the things in the log will become very sick, his belly will swell up, and after a while he will die.

Once again, I haven't seen this done, but I was very frightened when the people told me about it.

Jack Miritiji.

+ + + +



Sugar bag man  
Honey bee



Aboriginal languages of  
black magic would be carried  
on

YIRRA (SINGING TO DEATH)

Aborigines of North Australia lived for many many years as very primitive people, sometimes killing one another. They learned in the beginning using some poison songs, with their mouths full of the power of animal languages to hypnotise the people of other tribes whom they wished to kill, or even, sometimes, their own relatives and countrymen.

If they wanted to kill someone, they would get a sharp blade of grass and rub it in his mouth until blood came. Then, with it in his mouth, he would say the words of ~~bleed-in-his-mouth~~, the death song (hirra) and then spit the blood out, and the death song would be carried on the wind to his victim.

However, if he changed his mind about killing the person, or if someone persuaded him not to, then he could wash his mouth out, and the victim would be alive and well again.

Although I know all this, it is only because I have been told. I have never seen it done.

Jack Miritiji.

+ + + +

T H E      A L E      T A L E

Me black fella have custard brain. Where I learn custard brain? I not know. I hear someone say custard brain. I think it good say. I say. True story. Custard....bastard.... them words different?

Me black fella one day, drink them three cans of beer at night. Dis good friend have mobs of them beer. My friend (with mobs of beer) he another black fella, give the beer. Good story. I no ask where beer come, I only love beer. I drink them. He really good fella. Then another story. That police fella, him with a cage on his truck, he take this my friend. You know, he who give me them beer. Then this police fella also get me. I not know. Something he said... receiving stolen goods... Crime.. what this mean? I only drink beer. I no stealief. And then this police fella say me I gotta go to cort. What cort mean? Ah... he thinking of police place with a real big white fella call worship. What worship mean? Funny business this cort. I not know what they talkin' about. Them big words. I want talk but them big talk better I am quiet. I no read or write and I told to see this your worship fella. Then in this cort, why dem man put hand on book and say somet in' like..."truth nothin but the truth"... what this mean. This book. I see book before with this fella who tell about a friend Jesus, for all, Godd story this friend for all. Then this worship fella ask if black fella go to church. This fella who holds book and talks friend told black fellas swearing bad business. What this mean? Why this worship fella tell them black fella to swear. I know better swear. True story. Black fella no go church but he tell true story. What Christian mean? Christian no drink beer? Then we black fellas love beer no Christians. True story.

Then this worship fella say I pay um \$41.00 for drinking beer my

friend give me. Suspender sentence... what this mean? But I pay. I get um pay welfare \$36 fortnight. I pay um \$41.00. Where I get more for pay fine? POOR BLACK FELLA.

B.F.

+ + + +

Dear B.F.,

I am sure that if you apply to ABTF, you will be given the money to pay the Suspender sentence.

Editor.

+ + + +

### H O S P I T A L      N O T E S.

Frank Balgana arrived back from East Arm Hospital after treatment there.

Lina Araminba returned home to Harold Richaras, Joanne and Johnathon after a long stay at East Arm Hospital. She had gone to Gadji for 3 weeks to visit her husband.

Bulldozer Fred was sent into Darwin on Thursday 9th after blowing his gun up in his face at Kapunga.

Dulcie has returned from Darwin Hospital after investigations, is well now.

Agnes Warambala took her sick baby Emma into Darwin on Saturday, she had a bad chest.

Lena Ujabilla was evacuated on the Medical plane on Monday, with her baby Paula who had a bad chest.

Margaret Dawamal is kept very busy in the Infant Health Clinic, weighing and measuring babies, giving immunisations, talking to mothers about feeding babies, making up milk mixtures, checking bloods and giving hookworm medicines. Following Dr. Blakes' visit is now teaching the Mothers how to tap baby's chest to make them cough.

Dr. Blake, the Children's Specialist was here on Monday and Tuesday. He saw a great number of children with bad chests.

He and Dr. Jacobs were a very good team.

Sr. Betty had a trip to Darwin to see a Doctor and do some shopping.

Sr. Marc with C is in London now, he sent us a post-card, said he visited no 10 Downing St., to pay his respects, but he did not meet the Queen as she was out somewhere. He sends his regards to all his friends.

+ + + +

### PERDONAME SENOR.

Sleepy afternoon.

Sweltering heat.

Somber, uncomprehending faces,  
Blank looks.

Voices in monotonous drone - inaudible.

Suppressed giggles - audible.

Curiosity tickled.

A struggling fan - windless.

Cases on beer - windfall.

An eternity of UNDEERABLE BEER OOZING BOOZE! (Ho Hum!)

Fag anyone? (Y?A?W?N!)

"Screw it off!" a growl - a scowl  
Me? What? Which? Where?  
Groan - courtesy is not a law.  
Children - the court Adjourns.  
Wait!! Bow before you leave.

C'est Bon.

Noche Azul.

+ + + +

Dear Editor, - Typist, compiler, proofreader, distributor, printer,  
ad infinitum -

So they think the Mirage has deteriorated to a school paper.  
Has it ever been better before? Forgive me for my ignorant query.

So they don't think Mirage is worth reading? Big deal! What  
is worth reading? They don't have to read. It's good enough that  
they subscribe.

They say contributions are badly written - why don't they scribble?  
Instead of squabble? Why don't they staff you instead of stuff you -

You're hard working. You deserve peace not piece of mind - if  
you don't mind.

Be gald they talk bad about you. Bad talk is better than  
none at all.

A Kin Keen Supporter.

+ + + +

Dear Supporter,

It is people like you that give us peace of mind. You are a  
keen stirrer, and we'll support you all the way!

Editor.

+ + + +

**Maningrida Mirage**

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Maningrida Mirage NT Maningrida Community

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