

# Chapter I

## Heading 'out the back'

### Grip of a fighter

'The wind is my hairdresser,' says Aunty Sue, stepping out into her dusty yard and letting the hot north wind rush through tangled thick black hair. A wire clothesline stretches across the dirt yard, tractors and car carcasses rust away in a nearby paddock, dogs run out madly to greet approaching cars, and in the middle of this scene Sue stands with a cigarette in a curled hand. Sue lives on a wheat farm with her white-fella husband, Gary, near the small, isolated town of Ceduna. From her yard a strip of flat, grey-blue sea can be glimpsed to the south. North of the chip-dry paddocks, 'out the back', lies a vast stretch of bush; stunted mallee scrublands roll away on sandy waves.

The task of the hairdresser is to subdue and shape hair, human hands and tools bringing this naturally occurring stuff under their control. Sue styles herself in conscious opposition to this, subverting the human will/natural forces hierarchy. She is drawn to images of wildness and rebellion, joyfully submitting to the wind, which here represents the unpredictable and powerful forces of the natural world with its capacity to overpower human designs and desires.

The philosopher Richard Klein understands smoking as 'a wordless but eloquent form of expression'.<sup>1</sup> Sue pinches her cigarettes between her thumb and first finger in a smoking style that is distinctly edgy. This is the grip of the fighter: the knuckles are bared.<sup>2</sup>

Sue embodies a kind of refusal to have her passions tamed, and a

disregard for others' expectations. She is 'against native title', despite the fact that native title legislation is designed to recognise Indigenous connections to land, and subsequent rights and interests in it. She is 'against mining' too, even if it promises the economic salvation of remote and regional Aboriginal worlds such as hers. Her experience of these complexly entangled issues will emerge in time. For now I add that for all her toughness, Sue both refuses *and* embraces. While she is locally well known for the things she is against, in this moment she also meets the wind, playfully embracing a certain wildness she believes is in us all.

### That 'outlaw one', Aunty Sue

Aunty Sue spent her childhood on the Koonibba Lutheran Mission, located approximately 45 kilometres west of Ceduna. As a young woman she met Gary, whose family has farmed in this wheat-growing district since the early years of the twentieth century; in the late 1960s they danced together to the jukebox in a Greek café in the adjacent port town of Thevenard. Sue raised her own six children (one deceased), as well as 'growing up' a host of other kids, and is now a grandmother and great-grandmother. My focus is firmly on her most recent phase of life, and her public identity as activist, 'rebel', or, as she puts it, 'outlaw one'.

Sue has a brown, sun-beaten face creased with deep smile lines; spindly stars radiate from the edges of her eyes. She also has the gift of the gab. Her warmth and humour, as well as her ability to craft a narrative and to generate insights out of ordinary occurrences, have made a lasting impression on me, as well as on many people around her.

Aunty Sue wears tracksuit pants and floppy tee-shirts. In 2007, she was awarded the inaugural South Australian Premier's Award for 'excellence in Indigenous leadership in natural resource management' and in 2013 she was recipient of the South Australian Landcare award in the Indigenous Land Management category. Sue donned 'glad rags' at the ceremony for the first award, but kept on her beloved 'trackies' beneath her skirt. She would cheerfully accept a prize for fighting

against the aggressively pro-mineral extraction policies of the very state government whose representative shook her hand, but she would not give up being herself in the moment she did so. Two favourite tee-shirts give further insight into her cheek, both given to her as presents from environmentalists. One features armed Native American Indians and says, 'Homeland Security. Fighting Terrorism Since 1492.' The other declares, 'Black by popular demand.'

## Born on the mission

Storytelling is a vital human imperative. In telling a story, distance between the storyteller and the events concerned is established. In the process, anthropologist Michael Jackson writes, a 'degree of agency is recovered', and 'a balance re-established between our need to determine the world to the same extent that it is felt to determine us'.<sup>3</sup> One of the narratives that Sue has most masterfully shaped is the story of her own life. Born on Koonibba Mission in 1951, Sue frequently says that she has 'always been a rebel'. Her siblings remember her as a 'tomboy' growing up. Aunty Sue told me:

I used to go with all the men, which was pretty much unheard of. There'd be one little girl who'd travel everywhere with the men coz all the other girls had to learn basket weaving and stuff, but I learned on the land, our culture. So I was really lucky in that respect.

Sue travelled out bush in a two-wheel sulky, drawn by a horse. 'Our people have been walking that country for years so having a horse and sulky was a little bonus,' she says.

She was the particular favourite of one of her mother's younger brothers: he spoilt her 'something rotten' and gave in to her demands to go everywhere with the men. With her uncles and grandfathers, Sue went bush for days at a time. 'They took me right out the back there.'

Sue now thinks that she was taken bush for a reason:

Old grandfathers used to look after me, take me places—I think they took me there just [because] I had memory, coz I

can remember things. That's why I'm fighting now. I think they already knew that 'this one here is an outlaw'. Coz I was always called outlaw. 'Outlaw one will get a back up later on in life.'

Sue traces her current willingness to fight 'government' on the issue of mining to her childhood experiences. Her grandfathers entrusted cultural knowledge to her about particular rockhole sites, permanent water sources scattered in the scrub 'out the back there', believing she would be inclined to get her 'back up' and be willing to 'stick up for the land'. Moreover, as she explained to oral historian Sue Anderson and archeologist Keryn Walshe in 1996, her dogged 'hatred for government' stems from the fact that she harbours 'a fair bit of hatred for the system that took the brother away'.<sup>4</sup> This is a reference to her experience of 'Welfare' and the splitting up of her family after the end of the mission in 1963.

Sue and Gary's farmhouse, built in the 1950s, has thick crumbling stone walls, which keep it cool in the scorching summers. The couple is usually to be found sitting around their kitchen table, its laminex surface cluttered with condiments, foodstuffs and stacks of paper—Aunty Sue's 'piling cabinet'. The kitchen walls overflow with family photos, and the cupboards with collections of jars. There is always some kind of activity underway: fish soak in the sink before being gutted; bargain-price nectarines are stoned and stewed before being frozen; a crossword is being filled out.

Gary is a retired wheat farmer who left school at the age of fourteen and started his working life 'lumping' or loading wheat bags onto boats down on the wharves at Thevenard, the small port town adjoining Ceduna. He met Sue when he was about 20:

I thought, 'Geez, she's a beautiful girl.' And we sort of went together for a couple of years and then I married her, then we had six kids, and we're still together.

'Never had one fight,' he joked. 'We've had lots of them.'

Gary remembered that when he and Sue married:

There wasn't very many people who married dark girls; at work people used to look down on the dark people and I could never work out why but it was just the way it was ... [M]y parents were a little angry to start with, but then they fell in love with my wife just the same as I did, and they loved her.

Certainly there might have been local talk about his marriage to Auntie Sue, concedes Gary, and about their 'brown-skinned babies'. But of those who talked, he told me, 'I don't give two shits about them!'

His spirited defiance suggests that judgments were commonplace and psychic energy was required to overcome them. Another Ceduna whitefella of the same generation, who also married an Aboriginal woman in the late 1960s, boasted that he had settled the same matter among local whites with his fists.

Walking through the paddocks one day, Auntie Sue and I looked up to see a bunch of crows chasing an eagle through the sky. The eagle ducked and weaved, and the crows came at it from every side, pecking and harassing it. 'Go Crows!' Auntie Sue called out, in her husky smokers' voice.

Sue barracks for the Adelaide Crows football club, a stirrer in a Port Adelaide stronghold. But she also identifies herself with the sharp-eyed, observant crow, and refers to herself sometimes as 'an old crow cackling'.

She has a strong singing voice that is both rough and sweet. I thought she was skilled in the Situationist art of 'detournement'. The Situationists were radical French artists and thinkers of the 1960s. In Mackenzie Wark's *The Beach Beneath the Street* he explains that detournement 'treats all of culture as common property to begin with, and openly declares its rights'.<sup>5</sup> Auntie Sue delights in such acts of 'unauthorized appropriation', which produce subversive meanings. She alters selected fragments of country and western lyrics so that they become irreverent ballads about local Ceduna characters—one featuring white farmers ready with a shotgun. She taught me an amended lullaby that I sung to my own babies: *I see the moon and the moon sees me / Smiling through the leaves of the old gum tree / I hope that moon that shines on me / Shines on the one that I love.*

## Native title on the West Coast

Out bush one day Sue mulled over the fact that 'government' named the railway line that runs from Adelaide to Darwin, 'the Ghan'. And yet, she said, the government 'was locking up all those Afghans in Baxter [Immigration Detention Centre]'. 'Hang on,' Sue continued, 'why am I surprised by that?' She paused for effect. 'That's what they do to us.'

According to numerous theorists, the liberal multicultural nation state sometimes reaches out to acknowledge, celebrate and even incorporate Aboriginality into its self-understanding, desiring to respect cultural difference.<sup>6</sup> But late liberal states also move to manage, contain and cordon off the perceived threat of difference, often in violent ways. In the case of the Ghan, Australia gestures retrospectively to honour and incorporate the experiences of a dominated people previously subject to racial prejudice and violence. Yet, as the sheer brutality of Australia's asylum seeker system demonstrates, the federal government also retains the power to manage the national space, excluding others in the present.<sup>7</sup>

Native title is an exemplary case of a late liberal settler colonial state grappling with the 'recognition' of Indigenous difference, as native title rights arise from Indigenous peoples' distinctive cultural traditions. Anthropologist Elizabeth Povinelli has brought to light the conditions imposed on the state's embrace: difference is seemingly valued but the multicultural state recoils from too much difference, or 'radical alterity', revealing its intolerance. Since the 2002 publication of Povinelli's groundbreaking *Cunning of Recognition*, the nation-state's limited romance with Indigenous cultural difference has waned. Indeed, as political theorist Elizabeth Strakosch writes, 'The progressive multicultural state that recognizes and dispenses entitlements ... already seems like a figure of nostalgia'.<sup>8</sup>

In the policy era ushered in by the 2007 Northern Territory Emergency Response ('the Intervention'), extensions and evolutions of both sovereign and disciplinary forms of state power have meant possibilities for being culturally 'otherwise' are ever shrinking, argues Povinelli.<sup>9</sup> Put more simply, the current moment insists on the integration

of Indigenous individuals into the mainstream capitalist economy, justifying coercive interventions into the lives of those Indigenous people who are deemed to lack the capacity to work.

These complex developments are beyond the scope of this work. Here I note simply that no epoch neatly supplants another. In one sense, native title might seem like a creature properly belonging to a more optimistic time—a period in which it was hoped that Mabo might come to mark a rupture in Australia's colonial history, and form part of a movement towards collective redress. In fact, as anthropologist David Martin has perceptively shown, the *Native Title Act* simultaneously evokes indigeneity in two different guises. The claims process asks Indigenous people to present their identities in a 'singular and traditionalist' mode, in order to secure native title rights. At this stage of the process Indigeneity is desired in a familiar sense, as 'authentic' and shared cultural difference. Yet the agreement-making provisions of the same act are predicated on Indigenous people partaking in interest-based negotiations with third parties. Native title claimants and holders typically seek to secure employment commitments from resource companies, business development opportunities and so on. In this moment, Indigenous people's active engagement with the capitalist economy rather than collective attachments to country is centred: indigeneity is refigured as best served by incorporation into the contemporary state and employment market.<sup>10</sup>

In response to recognition's 'cunning' or its 'trick', Mohawk scholar Audra Simpson shows that Indigenous peoples might instead 'refuse' that which they have been offered.<sup>11</sup> For Simpson, 'there is a political alternative to "recognition," the much sought-after and presumed "good" of multicultural politics'. The alternative is refusal, which Simpson says, involves 'a willfull distancing from state-driven forms of recognition and sociability in favor of others'.<sup>12</sup> Rather than making themselves recognisable by enacting the kinds of 'contortions' involved in becoming an ethnologically legible Indigenous cultural subject, that is to say the right kind of Indigenous person on whom recognition might be bestowed, many Mohawks of Kahnawà:ke direct their political energies into assertions of nationhood and questions of membership. The energies of Aunty

Sue Mob are more diffused, and the scope of their modest actions more local in scale, but Simpson's argument clearly applies.

These are my questions: What are some of the unintended consequences and unpredictable social forces unleashed by involvement in native title claims? What kinds of Aboriginal life experiences and identity formations are rewarded within the native title process? And what kinds of Aboriginal experiences of the colonial encounter—of movement, disjunction, dislocation and discontinuity—jeopardise the basis of an efficacious claim to traditional owner status? Where the answers to these questions lead to disillusionment, what does the resulting politics of refusal look like?

To return to more concrete details: the late-2013 Federal Court decision on the West Coast resolved the largest native title claim in South Australia. The claim joined together the claims of the following cultural groups: Mirning Peoples, Wirangu Peoples, Kokatha Peoples, the descendants of Edward Roberts, Yalata Peoples and Maralinga Tjarutja (Oak Valley) Peoples. Aunty Sue Mob are 'proud Kokatha people' but they did not participate in the latter stages of the claim. Why not?

The backstory to this complex claim, and their eventual rejection of its terms, runs something like this: since the mid-1990s, the rightful ownership of this country became the subject of a bitter local contest. The turn to the colonial archive, which research for native title claims invariably involves, has seen the re-emergence over the past two decades of a near-forgotten 'tribal' category. A group of people in Ceduna have now come to identify as Wirangu. I am at pains to acknowledge that many Wirangu-identifying people are excited by the revelatory and empowering opportunities for self-discovery that native title has underwritten. Those people who understand themselves as Wirangu now assert that they are the traditional owners of the coast; Kokatha people are increasingly 'properly' understood in the anthropological literature as Western Desert 'migrants', whose traditional estates—those lands over which they can claim rights of traditional ownership—lie in the arid north, far beyond their well-known world.<sup>13</sup> Those termed 'migrants' live less than 50 kilometres from the birthplace of their grandparents.

In this book I wrestle with a political problem. Aunty Sue Mob have found their own reality being defined from the outside; a redefinition that has been so pervasive as to undermine Aunty Sue Mob's capacity to enjoy some modicum of authority on the subject of *their own understanding of themselves*. The native title system, they intuit, has reproduced the colonial dynamic in which outsiders and experts parse the 'truth' of their Aboriginal identity.

Since the 1990s, through their experience of the native title process, Kokatha people in Ceduna see themselves as having been recast as inhabitants of country that they do not rightfully belong to. There is no precise moment or dramatic event I can direct the reader to, to explain *exactly* how this happens: this was a subtle process in which the acquisition of new knowledge saw an adjustment of the significance accorded to what it meant to be, primarily, Wirangu and what it meant to be, primarily, Kokatha. Kokatha-identifying people cannot claim the much-respected mantle of 'traditional owner' over the Ceduna area, without this designation being called into question. For Aunty Sue Mob members this whole process, which I describe in more detail in later chapters, has involved much anguish as the substance of a relationship to country in which they were born and brought up—country that they have intimate knowledge of, and a strong attachment to, and in which they have lived out their whole lives—has been undermined.

Anthropologists Benjamin Smith and Frances Morphy's important edited volume, *The Social Effects of Native Title*, argues for such a shift in focus towards what they call the 'social effects' of native title.<sup>14</sup> Smith and Morphy begin by noting that the role of the native title system is in 'delimiting and forcefully re-shaping the character of Indigenous ties to traditional lands'.<sup>15</sup> These authors highlight Indigenous people's ambivalence about engaging with a system that, on the one hand, entails submission 'to the state's authority over the contemporary existence of Indigenous property rights', and prospects for securing formal recognition of Aboriginal relations with their land and water on the other.<sup>16</sup> The latter point is not to be discounted. Not only does native title provide a vehicle for securing long sought-after legal rights and interests, which can be accompanied by or leveraged for economic

opportunities, but also it is important to remember that native title claimants seek to 'affirm and promote their relationship with country'.<sup>17</sup> 'Country' for many Aboriginal people is a living entity, imbued with the presence of ancestral beings whose activities are described in the creative epoch commonly known as 'the Dreaming'. However, Aunty Sue Mob's stance on the trade-off Smith and Morphy identify cannot be understood without also grasping the impossibility of successfully opposing—in absolute terms—mining within native title-related negotiations.

### 'Too good for miners'

Just north of Ceduna lies a series of designated areas largely devoted to conservation, which are open to the public for camping and driving; they are popular spots for Ceduna locals and four wheel drive (4WD) enthusiasts. Indeed, over 85 per cent of the Far West Coast native title determination comprises national park, reserve or wilderness area, the determination area encompassing the entirety of the Yellabinna Regional Reserve, the Yellabinna Wilderness Protection Area, and the Yumbarra and Pureba Conservation Parks.<sup>18</sup> My 2008–2009 fieldwork was undertaken in the midst of Australia's richest mining boom, which, it is now widely acknowledged, has peaked. Falling commodity prices have now underwritten a transition away from investment in exploration to production. At the time of my fieldwork, however, Yellabinna Regional Reserve and Yumbarra were under intensive mineral exploration, their geological sub-stratum being especially rich in heavy mineral sands deposits.

Two geological provinces meet in this region. The Gawler Craton underlies the greater part of South Australia; the Eucla Basin extends from the western Eyre Peninsula into Western Australia. The Gawler Craton is prospective for uranium, gold and copper deposits, among other minerals, and the Eucla Basin is prospective for heavy mineral sands, among other minerals. BHP-Billiton's gargantuan Olympic Dam uranium and copper mine, located near Roxby Downs, is part of the Gawler Craton Basin.<sup>19</sup>

The passing of the *Native Title Act* in late 1993 ushered in a period in which group names, often called 'tribes' in Ceduna, emerged as ascendant and were then codified. This period, roughly the mid- to late-1990s, coincided with the beginnings of increased interest in mineral exploration in the region.

As I have summarised elsewhere with Tim Neale, native title provides claimants and holders with no rights to veto or consent over resource extraction or development. However, most third party land uses, such as mining, trigger opportunities to negotiate compensation or 'benefit' packages with developers.<sup>20</sup> Legal scholar David Ritter calls this a 'native title market', whereby Indigenous groups have their consent to trade.<sup>21</sup> Third parties are delivered security and a 'social licence' to operate; state and territory governments benefit from royalties and infrastructure investments; and Indigenous stakeholders secure some mix of financial payments, employment targets, training, preferential procurement policies, and so on. In Australia as well as internationally, the mining industry has made much of its embrace of a new era of 'agreement-making'; however, as Ritter points out, such agreements are now mandated by law in Australia.

In Ceduna in the 1990s a situation emerged in which numerous mining companies were seeking exploration rights in the region. These companies were, it is now alleged, impatient to identify and enter into negotiations with the relevant native title claimant group, just as these groups were in the very process of forming and their members consolidating an understanding of their identities in primarily 'tribal' terms. These processes unfolded in tandem, resulting in much confusion and division.

The Yumbarra Conservation Park, which lies most immediately north-west of Ceduna, was controversially 'reproclaimed' in 1999, from a single-use conservation park into a multi-use park, in order to allow exploration and mining to take place within the park. How did this park's conservation status come to be downgraded? Environmental campaigners Greg Ogle et al explain that 'aerial geological surveys in the 1990s revealed a large anomaly under the surface of the Park of a type which have been found to be highly mineralised elsewhere in

the Gawlor Craton'.<sup>22</sup> The mining industry lobbied to have Yumbarra 'opened up' while conservation groups campaigned to 'maintain its strictly protected status'.

The South Australian Liberal government's 1999 re-proclamation was opposed by Labor in opposition. However, when Labor came to power in South Australia in 2002 it proved reluctant to reinstate Yumbarra's status as a single-use conservation park, despite nothing ever having come of the anomaly. Instead, then Labor premier Mike Rann appeared to offer a sweetener, proclaiming a 500,000-hectare portion of the Yellabinna Regional Reserve a wilderness area, and banning mining and exploration in the northern corner of this reserve.<sup>23</sup> Regional reserves were, in themselves, new categories of reserves designated in 1987, which explicitly provided for mineral exploration and mining to take place in areas simultaneously recognised to have conservation value.<sup>24</sup>

In Ceduna I was told, 'Nobody was going to dig anything until the mining companies decided that they could make a buck and the state government decided they could make a buck.' Then, these parties said, 'Let's have a look at those blacks over there and see what they think? We might get some greedy ones ... who want to make a buck as well and screw the rest.'

Many Indigenous groups across Australia stand to potentially benefit from the right to negotiate statutes contained under the *Native Title Act*. A majority of the mines in Australia are adjacent to Indigenous communities whose ties to kin and country make their populations the ideal workforce, it is argued, for projects located far from the nation's major urban centres.<sup>25</sup> However, as American anthropologist Kirk Dombrowski points out, this Indigenous habit of 'staying behind' contrasts with global rural-to-urban movements, and has been underwritten in Australia, Canada and elsewhere by successful land claims which have, in turn, fed the 'voracious appetite of capital for the raw material basis of modern manufacturing'. Today, the poverty in remote Indigenous communities is too often naturalised as a cultural phenomena, according to Dombrowski, obscuring the fact that while life at these economic and environmental peripheries has become 'marginally

more possible', this state of affairs has facilitated massively profitable mining projects.<sup>26</sup> Further, it is clear that Indigenous groups with greater political and economic resources routinely achieve more equitable agreements in this profoundly inequitable contractual landscape.<sup>27</sup>

In Ceduna in the 1990s claimants found themselves in a highly pressurised situation with many forces in play. I have been told that this period presented an opportunity for those Nungas who previously knew little about their genealogy or seemed to have a minimal interest in the Aboriginal past. Most Aboriginal people in Ceduna today can trace Wirangu, Kokatha and other antecedents. However, people came to express their 'tribal' identity in singular terms—although this is not always the case—and bitchy criticism is directed at those who 'can't make up their mind about who they are'.

It was put to me with great venom that 'those who didn't know what their tribal group was' ended up, around this time, 'picking one'. And, it was alleged, these decisions were primarily strategic: 'You pick the one, probably, pick the one that's got the dollars, or the one that's got the big mouths.' Cynicism attends many of the personal decisions made around this time of the Wirangu's (re)emergence or, in anthropologist James Weiner's terms, their 'elicitation'.<sup>28</sup> Anthropologist Ben Scambary describes a similar situation in the Pilbara, where individuals might seem to divide their allegiances between language groups on an ad hoc basis. However, closer examination reveals these shifting identifications involve decisions made with regard to many factors, including 'positioning oneself to be in receipt of resources associated with the native title claims process or mining agreements'.<sup>29</sup>

The resolution of the Far West Coast claim in 2013 clarified exactly the extent and nature of the native title still held in this region. But years before, in December 2007, the Far West Native Title Group had already signed an Indigenous Land Use Agreement (ILUA) with Western Australia-based Iluka Resources, which covers a mine called Jacinth-Ambrosia.<sup>30</sup> Sue tags this an 'Illegal Land Use Agreement', and remains a vehement opponent for the mining proposed in this region. At the event of the signing of the agreement, Aunty Sue Mob members staged a silent protest at the local oval, dramatising the fact that their

opposition to the coming mine was not being listened to. 'We don't have a political voice,' Sue told me. 'We don't have any rights at all because we won't join up with native title.'

In 2010, Iluka began mining and processing the mineral sand zircon at the Jacinth-Ambrosia site on the far western edge of the Yellabinna Regional Reserve, approximately 200 kilometres north-west of Ceduna. Iluka, one of the largest tenement holders of exploration licences in the region, has certainly not assumed the role described elsewhere, in which maintenance of roads, and provision of essential services, for example, might become the responsibility of mining companies rather than a reduced neoliberal state.<sup>31</sup> Iluka has, however, a visible presence in local life, acting as a major sponsor of both whole-of-community and specifically Indigenous events and initiatives.

Zircon is used in ceramics, such as floor and wall tiles. Here, the lives of outback residents become caught up with global processes: the rapid urbanisation of China makes profitable the mining of minerals trucked through Ceduna: 'uneven and awkward links' such as these are the interconnections that make contemporary global capitalism.<sup>32</sup> Jacinth-Ambrosia has a predicated life of ten years; under the agreement with the native title group, Iluka has a target of 20 per cent Indigenous employees, which the company states has been met since 2012.<sup>33</sup> This mine is in the Eucla Basin. Other significant deposits, including of uranium, have been found 'out the back' but at the time of writing no other project has moved beyond the 'feasibility study' stage. Mining hovers around the edges of this story: a possibility, prospect or threat that now recedes as the boom peters out. Indeed, in early 2016 Iluka announced it would suspend activities at Jacinth-Ambrosia as a result of this downturn; the suspension began in April 2016 and will remain in place for 18 to 24 months.<sup>34</sup>

In sum, Auntie Sue Mob perceive that those Ceduna Nungas who are most enthusiastic about mining, and are best positioned to benefit from it, are those who earlier fully embraced the native title claims process. She accuses some Aboriginal people of being willing to give their 'signature', or 'sell the land', 'for a few pieces of silver'. Those who are thus inculpated are sometimes called 'mining mob', sometimes

'native title mob'. Again, there is no right of veto over mineral projects afforded under the *Native Title Act*, and negotiations can become both ugly and wearisome. 'Native title mob' and 'mining mob' remain synonymous in Aunty Sue Mob's usage.