



CRYSTAL BONE

Greg Lehman

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LOST ROCKS

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Loss is nothing else
but change: and
in this delights the
nature of the whole;
by which all things
are formed well.

ZnCO₃ (?)

Smithsonite is the most abundant zinc mineral in the zone of oxidation. Locally however, it is found among major fractures to a considerable depth below the water table. Some of the types distinguished by miners is described below:

'White bone', the best grade – white, solid and heavy – commonly occurs as flat scale-like masses with smooth surfaces;

'Sponge Bone' – the common porous brown and grey cellular variety;

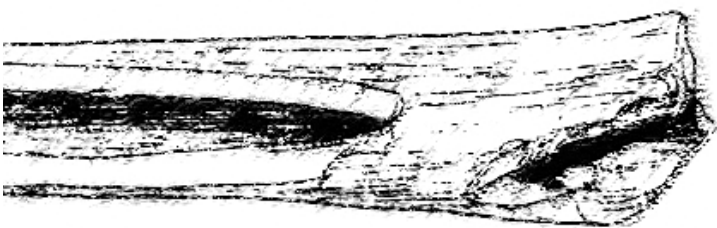
'Sheet bone' – massive to porous coatings on rock;

'Skull bone' – smooth yellowish plates and fragments.

BONE



POINT



CRYSTAL BONE

Make Places for the Young

Call up your daughters as they first see the sun
Tell them of their place on this land
Their name must be strong and its meaning clear
Their song is their path and their culture

Listen for the spirits of the land at your son's first cry
You will soon know what his song will be
His dreaming will be built by the laws of your own life
Because it is to these that he will look to make his way

Look to yourself as you grow old
Your time is no longer your own, but is for trade with
those who follow
Wisdom for respect and new stories for old
You must make places for the young.

The birth and death

of the noble savage

Ever since Europeans ventured beyond the Pillars of Hercules to the west, and the Gates of Alexander to the east, rich literary and visual traditions have grown to describe what lay beyond. The beginnings of this process blended folklore with fantasy. Actual observation was rare, or short-lived. Where it occurred, the passage of fact through generations of oral history shifted its value from documentation to literary and visual allegory. The earliest and most enduring examples are the epic Greek poems attributed to Homer.

Beyond the frontier were reputed to live primitive and barbarous tribes, but also regions of immense, fantastical wealth. It was through imagining such places and people, and experiencing the first, tentative encounters with human cultures outside of the medieval Christian imagination that Europeans began to form ideas of their own distinctiveness. The idea of Europe might be said to have emerged to describe a place surrounded by savages.

When French and British navigators and artists arrived in Van Diemen's Land, the noble savages that they found were more complex and ambiguous than those referred to in popular histories. Their depictions drew on a cultural and literary heritage

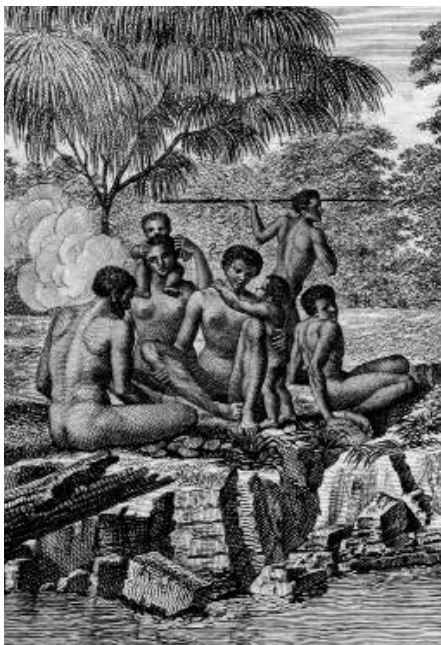
BIRTH

naïve to cultures beyond the Christian West, with a wide pallet of variations of noble savagery from which to choose. The Palawa (Tasmanian Aborigines) were initially seen as heroic and beyond servitude to civil rule and all its corrupting influences; a reflection of French disillusion with institutional power and the corruption of society by injustice and property. They symbolized a heroic and untamed nobility with sovereign rights to nature, leading a virtuous existence beyond colonial rule.

They could be a tempestuous ally, a source of natural reason, a reminder of the diversity of humanity, or a naïve child of nature. They could be a remnant of the Golden Age and, through mortality in common with the civilised European, offer hope of a return to lost freedoms. Alongside all of this, my ancestors also represented a disparate and primitive hard savagery from which Europeans could reassuringly distinguish themselves.

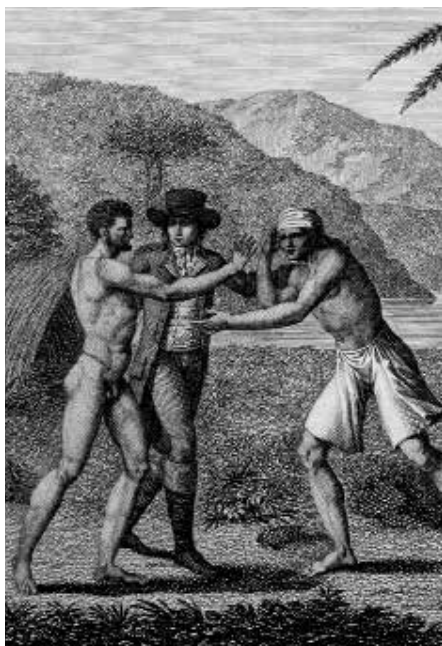
It was this aspect of savagery that excused their inhumane treatment by the colonial British, and continues to influence attitudes two hundred years later.

AND



They took their pleasure in festivals,
and lived without troubles. When
they died, it was as if they fell asleep.
All goods were theirs. The fruitful
grainland yielded its harvest to them
of its own accord; this was great and
abundant, while they at their pleasure
quietly looked after their works, in the
midst of good things.

DEATH



No man has more contempt than I
of breath; but whence hast thou the
right to give me death? Obey'd as
Sovereign by thy Subjects be, but
know, that I alone am King of me.
I am as free as Nature first made
man 'ere the base Laws of Servitude
began when wild in woods the noble
Savage ran.

OF THE



Having learned nothing (of sciences) in his infancy, he had not imbibed any prejudices. His mind, not having been warped by error, had retained all its primitive rectitude. He saw things as they were; whereas the ideas that are communicated to us in our infancy make us see them all our life in a false light.

NOBLE



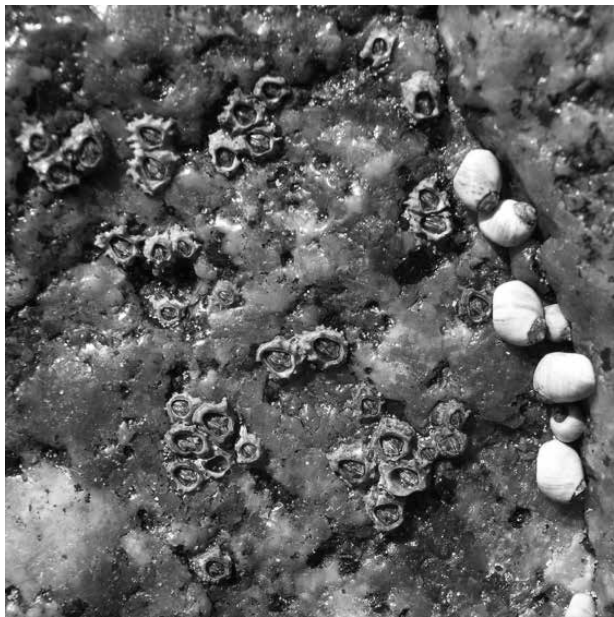
Fell in with a tribe of Natives and drove them into a small lagoon and shot several, and from there drove them to a cliff, where we shot all the others, except an old man and a woman who begged for mercy. We suffered them to go away.

SAVAGE



My position is, that if we have anything to learn from the Noble Savage, it is what to avoid. His virtues are a fable; his happiness is a delusion; his nobility, nonsense... the world will be all the better when this place knows him no more.

TYRELORE
– ISLAND WIFE



The blue waters of Bass Strait surge strongly around a low rocky outcrop. Hardly an island, the few stark boulders are barely enough to part the slow swell and churn of the waters' deep, blue embrace. If not for the foaming wake, these rocks would be missed by all but the best of a ship's watch.

But one tired eye knows this lonely outcrop well. Stained bright orange and black by lichens, the surface is scoured by relentless wind and harsh driven brine. Their rounded mass resembles the bursting breasts of a nursing mother. In the deep crevice between them, where the wind does not reach, lays a precious shelter for the rocks' sole inhabitant.

Crouched with her back to the hard granite wall and wrapped tightly in a cloak of wallaby skin to hold the damp chill at bay, a young woman lets herself float into a quiet, dark emptiness. Her face is still soft with youth, but her russet skin is laced with scars. One of her deep-set eyes is large and dark. The cornea is tinged with blue. The iris and pupil merge as one. Her other eye is gone.

Emptiness has been her constant companion since she was left here on the rocks. She has not heard her own name spoken for months. The only time it will come to her is in this dark refuge where her mother's scream still echoes in the relentless crash of every wave, and the wild screech of every gull. This voice cries out as a young girl is dragged away across the sand. Away to where a longboat waits.

Drawing the woman back to her lonely prison, the bark of a seal drifts in from the stone platform that falls away into the swell, “Bunga,” the seal calls. “Are you there?” She turns to regard the many seal skins, piled high in the back of her shelter, and inhales their stench. Her body stiffens in a spasm of momentary panic. The ghosts will be back soon – perhaps only another night or two – to take the skins away. They will leave her bleeding again, but at least she will have some water to drink.

Bunga thinks of her sisters. They too were taken by the ghosts. She does not know if they are still alive. She has seen smoke from fires away in the distance that might be theirs. Most likely, they are also marooned on small islands like her. Like her they might also be pregnant with a ghost-child. Tyerlore. Island wives. Married to cold stone, to the sea, to a wooden club and a stone knife. Wedded to a pile of stinking skins.

Bunga rises to her feet and climbs out of her sheltering cleft. She follows a penguin track through sparse tussocks to a small rise. The wind hits her hard in the face. It blows in from a sky gushing crimson and purple. Bunga waits, as she does every morning, for a brief flash of green that may precede her first glimpse of the rising sun – a sign of what the day will bring. Away on the horizon, in the direction of the stiffening breeze, she imagines a billowing sail, stained by the sky's flaming hue. Whether or not the sail is real is unimportant. It will come anyway. As long as the seals continue to call to her. As long as she remains captive here.

Broad blades of kelp writhe and flash along the foaming water's edge, and rafts of muttonbirds skim the waves as they flash past the island in their search for krill to feed the gaping mouths of hungry chicks. Bunga picks her way across the broken shore and circles the islet, making her approach to a rock platform where the seals will be hauling their dark forms from the waves. Like the birds, they have also filled their bellies and will be tired from foraging; looking forward to slumber in the warming glow of the morning sun.

As she gets closer, Bunga drops to her hands and knees, then slides on her side through the kelp, dragging her heavy club behind her. She slows to less than a crawl and inches forward, head down. The seals will be looking for her. A careful approach can take her amongst the wary animals. The skins that curse her life now blend her scent with the surrounding seals, and Bunga's skilful mime will make her one of them.

Head down, listening intently for the barking call that first roused her, she stares at the worn crystals of granite flecked with tiny barnacles beneath her hands. Her lips part and she sings quietly beneath her breath; an old song to keep the seals calm and still. Grown now, and no longer a child, it is her Mother's voice that slips from her mouth – making words that melt into the surging foam and swirl around the seal's glistening fur. When she is close, Bunga raises her head slowly. She draws a sharp breath.

Only one seal remains with her on the rock. Unlike the dark forms that have returned to the sea, her companion is silvery white, and has fixed her in a wide-eyed, liquid gaze. She waits for a movement, when she knows that she must quickly strike. But when movement comes it is her that draws back.

A distant coastline takes shape on the horizon as the sky brightens. Bunga cannot make out any smoke from the campfires. Perhaps, she thinks, everyone is away hunting. Or maybe the wind is blowing too hard for the smoke to rise.

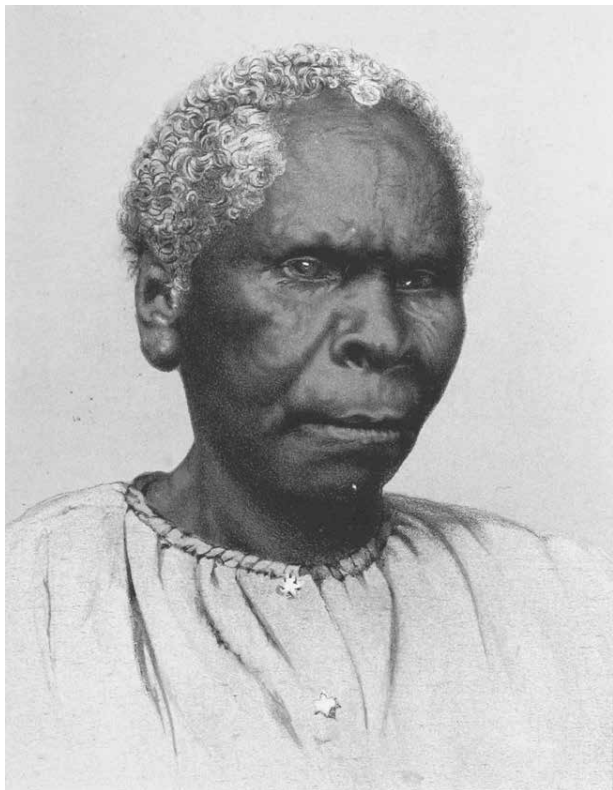
She recalls the feel of dry grass in her hands and the heat of the coals on her face. The tune of Mother's song wells up in her throat and a tear scorches her eye. Far off, the thump of her father's dancing feet echo the thud of her racing heart.

Bunga rolls the pale seal skin and bundles it tightly with a length of grass string. After refreshing the layer of seal fat on her body she picks up the bundle and wades into the heaving swell. The tide is running strong and the current will pull her toward the distant coastline. The wind is behind her and her arms and legs feel strong.

Far away, seated beside a glowing hearth, a mother sings her daughter's name, as she has done every morning since the child was lost to her.

TYRELORE

Wapperty, 1866



SELF

Ulverstone, Tasmania, 1966



We come into being with our earliest memories, or at least the ones that seem to be accompanied by a visual recollection. However, these apparent memories are often counterfeit; standing in for photos glimpsed long ago in inexpertly curated family albums. Curious collections of odd-sized snaps, usually taken by uncles visiting for birthdays, funerals, weddings and Christmas make stories of our lives. I have no idea how the photographic prints that prompted my earliest ideas of me appeared in our house. But I know from these that the family cat 'Tiddles' was almost as big as me, and that my favourite toy was a Buck Rogers ray gun, which I could fire confidently into the depths of space to warn off aliens approaching from beyond the rings of Saturn. It seems I was wary of invaders from an early age.

We did not own a camera until around 1972, when I bought a small plastic Hanimex from the corner shop. This was the same year we had the phone connected, and when Dad came home with our first car – a small green Torana in which I learned to drive.

All of my first memories conveniently correspond with photographs now residing in several shoe boxes in the spare room, remembered and now

lost, or probably imagined. No matter the disparate provenance, images such as these serve me equally. They are reassurances of a past that I can know to have once existed by the shapes and tones I have come to accept as markers of the passing of something real. A life.

These small silver-stained pictures are most convincing when they bear a resemblance; invoking deep foundational memories of the faces I formed my world around as an infant. Visiting uncles and aunts peering into the cot, older brother and sister pulling, poking and jostling order and conformity into my soft, malleable world. The most powerful imprints however, must surely be of my mother and father – one a reassuring and constant accompaniment to the nourishing breast, and the other hovering just beyond the hazy limits of my near-focussed nascent gaze. Ironically, most intriguing images are of forebears I could never have met – who speak to me of things lost, or undiscovered.

Like most of us, I have a great grandmother who died before my birth. My relationship with her is brokered by half remembered tales, and a photograph of her lingering by the railing of a steamship. The Taroona was taking her ‘over

the other side'; a journey from Devonport to Melbourne I made myself on that vessel's replacement, the Princess of Tasmania. Wrapped against the cold damp gales of Bass Strait by a well-worn kangaroo skin coat, perhaps passed down by her own grandmother, Nanna Kennedy stands as a pivot with this obscure ancestral world. Never met, but securely placed through my own Father's stories, she opens a portal to a past from which I have few mementos; a past that nevertheless looms powerfully in my imagination. Through this woman's wise, calm visage I make sense of the set of a brow, or a curl of a mouth that can be seen in the scattering of photographs marking out distant threads of a native past that exists in the shadowy, contested corners of this island's history.

These threads were woven into my childhood through the sweet and pungent aroma of baking muttonbirds on a Saturday morning, the soft, fibrous texture of cold wallaby patties in my school lunch box, and the tense, darting glances packed with provocation that accompanied any mention of the dark blood that ran behind the façade of normality so essential to the enjoyment of our small country town lives. All the complexities of human existence, packaged up in an innocent household of some far-flung colony of Britain just

two lifetimes distant from its tribal past, were on display. Yet no-one looked, and no-one asked; for fear of what might be laid bare, of questions that could not be answered, and stories that we could no longer tell.

We will never find all the pieces to put our past back together. Like countries we cannot name, or dreams we have forgotten.

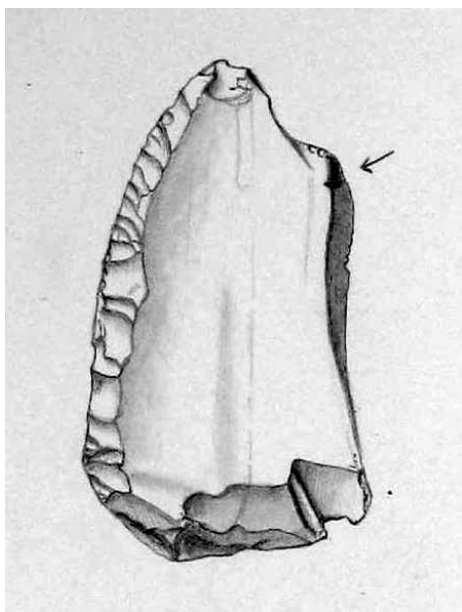
Mary Christina Kennedy (née Hearps), 1868–1954,
aboard the M.V. Taroona, 29 August, 1937.



CRYSTAL

Geographically, the physical extent of Tasmania is little different to that of Ireland, the birthplace of two of my convict ancestors, or Germany, the home of another. Australia, on the other hand, is so large that it cannot be adequately contained within the European imagination. From its very beginnings, despite the alien flora and fauna, the presence of Aborigines who stubbornly resisted efforts to remove them, and the immense distance from Britain, Tasmania established a particular identity that was different to other colonies to the north. It was somehow more familiar. More English. Tasmania seemed determined from an early date to be different to the other colonies. This meant, necessarily, being more British. Yet I do not feel the slightest bit British, and neither do the other Tasmanian Aborigines I know. We have a designated place in a story that is not ours.

6. Bellerive, near Hobart

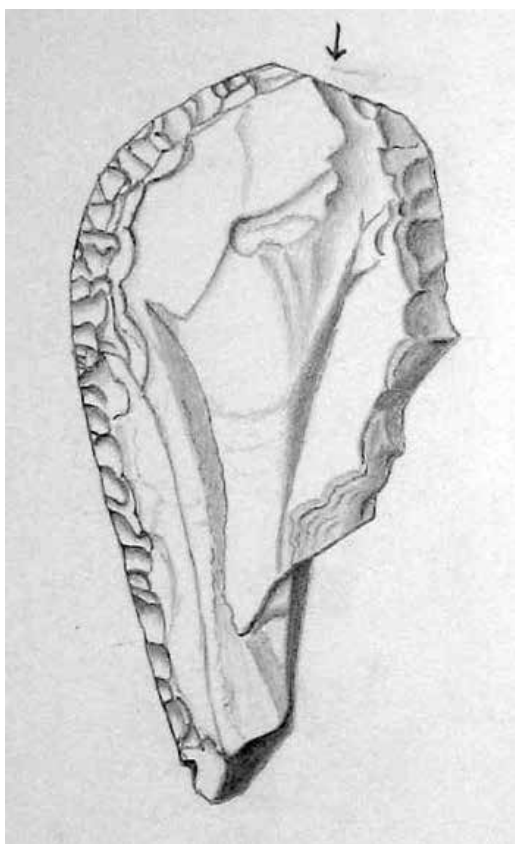


To live in Tasmania is to exist in the eye of a storm. Famed for its vast wilderness reserves, tranquil lakes and ancient forests, in recent years Tasmania has become an internationally recognized tourist venue and a destination of choice for Australians seeking escape from the clutter of urban life. The cleanest of air, gourmet produce and a thriving culture of literary and visual arts cloak both visitor and resident alike with an assurance that, of all the places in the world, this must be one of the most generous and welcoming.

The colony of Van Diemen's Land, founded in 1803 with the arrival of Lt John Bowen at Risdon Cove would seem to be a jewel in the colonial crown of Britain. But just out of sight of the tourists' gaze, beyond the comfortable lives of its citizens, the island harbours a dark and unresolved history. It is a place, like too many others, where unspeakable horrors took place in the name of empire.

Questions, if uttered, pass unheard. An uneasy and enduring silence prevails.

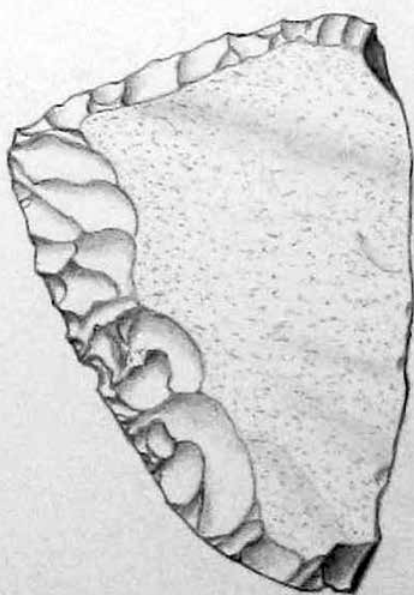
7. Oatlands



It was within a year of the first European settlement that the die had been cast and the fledgling colony took its first confused steps toward conflict with the Palawa nations whose lands were to be occupied. On 3 May 1804, the British at Risdon Cove had their first encounter with a large group of Aborigines. The group, which included women and children, was 'probably on a hunting expedition'. In Bowen's absence, soldiers opened fire. Estimates of the number of those killed were as high as forty or fifty.

Over the next few decades, as the number of settlers increased and the colony's livestock required more expansive areas to graze, conflict with Aboriginal families inevitably increased. This culminated in Lieutenant Governor George Arthur issuing a series of proclamations leading to the colony being placed under martial law in 1828, and calling for Aborigines to be expelled by force from the settled districts 'by whatever means a severe and inevitable necessity may dictate.'

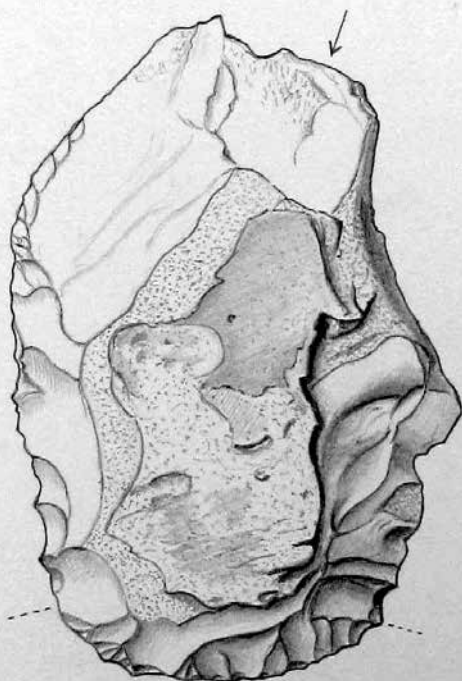
15. Spring Bay, East Coast



Arthur's proclamations were originally intended to exclude large parts of the island that remained unoccupied by European settlers at that time; providing a resort for Aborigines driven from the areas targeted for pastoral development. However, 'its popular interpretation and overall effect was to provide legal immunity and state sanction for the killing of Aborigines wherever they could be found'. The resulting slaughter became known as the Black War and soon came to the attention of Sir George Murray, Secretary of State for the Colonies. He wrote to Governor Arthur:

The great decrease which has of late years taken place in the amount of the Aboriginal population, renders it not unreasonable to apprehend that the whole race of these people may at no distant period become extinct. But with whatever feelings such an event may be looked forward to by those settlers who have been suffering by the collisions which have taken place, it is impossible not to contemplate such a result of our occupation of the island as one very difficult to be reconciled with feelings of humanity; or even with principles of justice and sound policy; and the adoption of any line of conduct, having for its avowed or for its secret object the extinction of the native race, could not fail to leave an indelible stain upon the character of the British Government.

58. Syndal (native quarry)

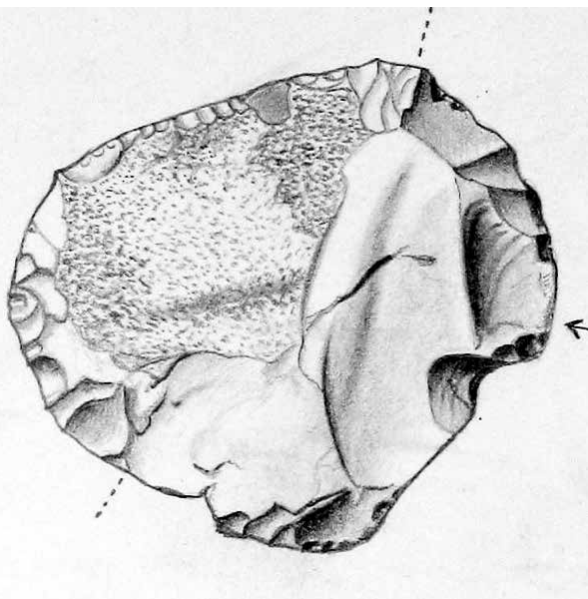


Sir Murray went further, instructing Arthur to ensure that criminal prosecutions were undertaken against anyone committing murder against Aborigines. The Governor's response was to ignore the directive and embark on a vast military campaign, which became known as the 'Black Line'; forming an armed human chain across the settled districts in order to sweep every Aboriginal person at large onto a peninsula, from which the survivors could be then removed into permanent detention a remote island in Bass Strait.

Arthur also engaged the services of a London builder, George Augustus Robinson, who had learned some Aboriginal language with which, he assured the Governor, he could conciliate the natives and bring an end to hostilities. This strategy, like the Black Line, was aimed at removing Palawa families from their Country to a place where they would no longer threaten settlers. Ironically, it was Robinson's dedication to creating a record of his endeavours that now provides the most extensive first-hand account of Tasmanian people and their experiences during this time.

Robinson's own record attests to the singular events that unfolded in Tasmania,

20. No location given



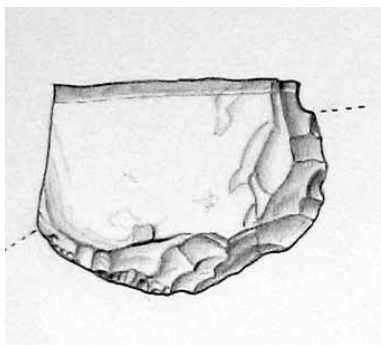
The system adopted towards the Aboriginal inhabitants is, I believe, quite unique, history does not furnish an instance where a whole nation has been removed by so mild and humane a policy.

Colonists referred to this policy as ‘extermination’. It marked the beginnings of Tasmania’s experience of ethnic cleansing and a genocide that is denied to this day.

Sir Murray displayed considerable prescience in his dispatch to Governor Arthur. The ‘indelible stain’ proved to be a permeating influence on perceptions of the Van Diemen’s Land colony from the time of these events; perceptions that endure to the present day.

Within a single generation of British occupation, approximately ninety percent of Aborigines alive at the time of British arrival were dead. Over the course of the nineteenth-century, as the colony ‘mopped up’, a lasting legacy was inevitably forged, and the peace and tranquility of the island’s wilderness came to be underpinned by a ghostly silence. There seems to have been no other conceivable response to such an unspeakable history. For today’s Tasmanian Aboriginal people, the silence of places that were once home to our

50. Kelso, West Beach

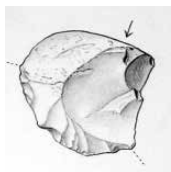


ancestors remains torn by an anguished cry for understanding and justice.

As a descendant of well-known Tasmanian Aboriginal chief Manalargena and his daughter Woretemoetyenner, I have spent most of my life since adolescence looking for ways to understand their world. Documentary fragments available in the historical archive are few, and there exist only a handful of colonial paintings and photographs of Tasmanian ancestors born before British invasion. However, these together with artefacts displayed in museum cases, made it clear that these original Palawa were a people with a unique culture, and about which I knew too little. Their distinctness was usually rationalised as a result of ten thousand years of isolation from continental Australia following the end of the last Ice Age and the rising of sea levels that created the island that we now know as Tasmania.

My early studies were aimed at trying to understand the physical world in which they lived; how they influenced their ecology and responded to a dramatically changing environment. Learning about the botany, zoology and biogeography of the island seemed a necessary step in the absence of the sort of cultural teachers I craved. Men and

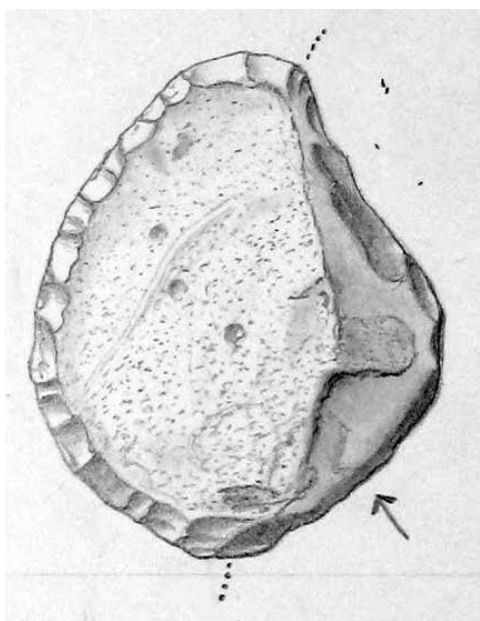
54. Sandhills, North Down, East of Devonport



women like Manalagena, Woretemoeteyenner, and her sister Wapperty had been hunted from the Tasmanian landscape, and the rich detail of their ancient culture accumulated over a thousand generations seemed almost lost. I needed to know about the indigenous traditions of the island I recognised deeply as my home. This was, by default, a necessary way of making sense of a contemporary Aboriginal Palawa language in my family.

Any journey on foot in Tasmania will inevitably bring reminders of the generations of our ancestors who also walked the land. Stone tools are strewn across the country as mute reminders of the millions of men, women and children who made every mountain, valley and shore their home through ages so vast that they cannot be imagined. These places cannot be forgotten.

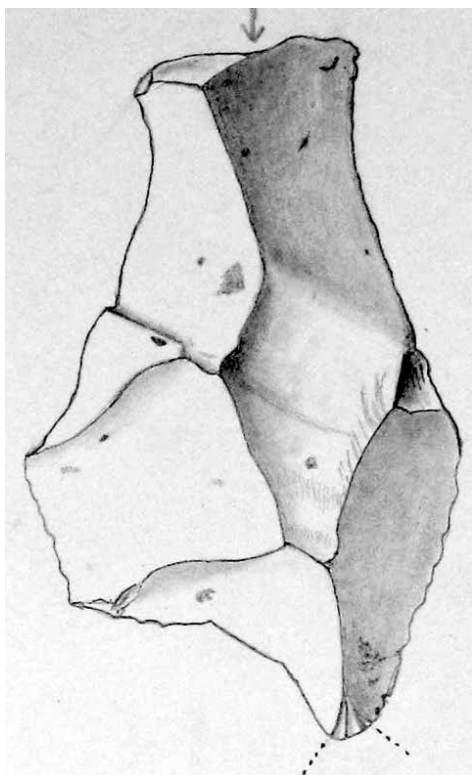
While these reminders of a more elegant technology and a simpler life are still to be found in the landscape, a great many of them have been removed. Aboriginal living places found close to the cities and towns of Tasmania have fallen prey to the practice of archaeology. In a craze that spread from Victorian times, the thirst for relics of exotic worlds drove amateur and professional



collectors into the field to gather up the ‘flints and stones’ left behind by hundreds of generations of unbroken ancestry. These stone tools were created and discarded as Palawa followed the advance and retreat of glaciers over 50,000 years. The most recent of these were strewn ahead of an advancing imperial tide that has yet to ebb.

Just as my tribal ancestors suffered a systematic, bodily removal from their country, so too were hammer stones, ochre grinders, hearth stones, knives, scrapers and spear-shaping implements swept up from where they reposed; some for far longer than the monoliths of Stonehenge have stood. Removed from their existence as part of a vibrant cultural landscape, resting amongst fire-crafted grasslands, stone quarries and villages of bark and grass huts, these finely crafted tools now accumulate in the cardboard boxes of a thousand collecting institutions scattered across the world.

To find these is to want to bring them home, to return them to their place of origin – in some small way to set things right. But they cannot be returned to their place of departure. The traces of origin have faded and records of their locations too poorly made.



BONE

Bregma:

The anatomical point on the skull at which the coronal suture is intersected perpendicularly by the sagittal suture. Known as the anterior fontanelle during infancy; normally closing during the first 36 months of life.

When Europeans finally met again with my Palawa ancestors, after parting ways on a distant continent a hundred thousand years before, they responded with primal urges as old as those early days when all of us shared a common hearth. The urge to kill. And the urge to take up the bones of those we desire to possess.

In 1772, Marion Du Fresne gave orders to fire a fusillade against those who dared to order him away from their shores with stones and spears. François Péron, on finding a tomb on Maria Island in 1803, tore it open to expose and collect the contents. In response to the presence of the French on Van Diemonian shores, a British occupation party was despatched and set up camp at Risdon Cove. This was the site of the first recorded massacre of an unknown number of Tasmanians by cannon and musket fire. The remains of the dead were collected by Doctor Mountgarett and the bones sent away to be studied.

BONE

Thus, the killing and collecting began. Men of science intent on salvaging the earthly remains of those whose fate was sealed by a manifest destiny declared in the name of a god unknown to them. Wherever the slain might fall, their skulls were hoarded and sold, or traded for favours amongst the nineteenth century scientific elite. Today we scour the archives to find our kin. It is a task that will take generations, but must be done. We must fill the spaces that have been left behind. These bones are part of Country, and must be returned to make it whole.

Before Death

Some echoes of my culture come to your ears
through the perverse records of men
who sought to extinguish our ways.

Or the labours of some who
through learned fascination
have dug into the past
and into our dreams.

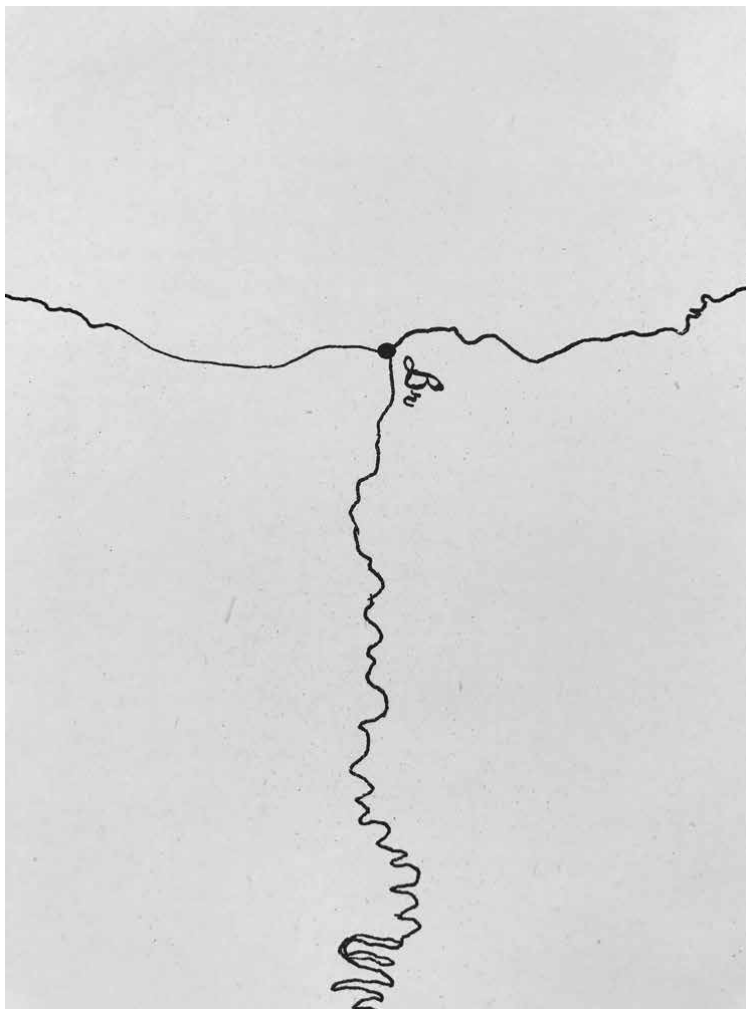
Do they understand that they are not welcome;
that their efforts are like blackmail?

Why offer tantalising fragments to us
when they are ill gotten?
By no rite.
Just opportunity
and theft.

The truth that is spoken by the wind
is also spoken by the moon,
and is as clear as the land is bright
when that moon's light is full.

This truth is no echo
and leaves no echo in its wake;
it is always present.

Inscribed "dug up in Mount Direction, Risdon.
Presented by Mr. T. E. Gage, 1871".



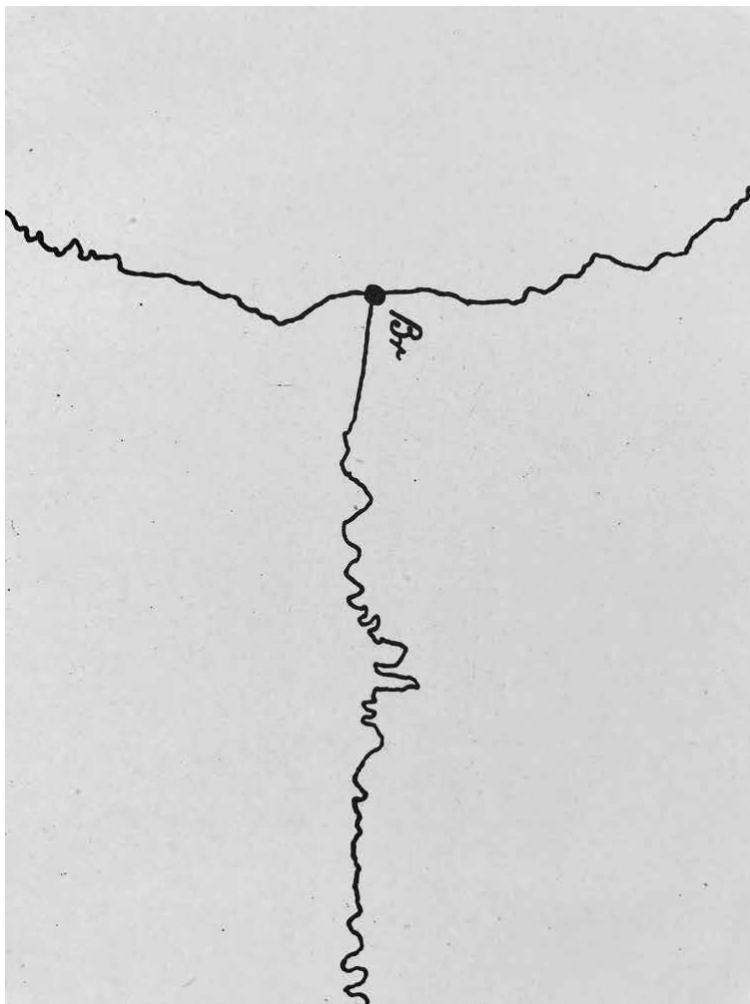
BONE

I call to the ancestors
so that their spirits might make these words plain
and we can go to our deaths in good time.

Not by the means of those
who would take our bones away.

But by the will of nature
And our own Country's ways.

Obtained from the New Norfolk District.

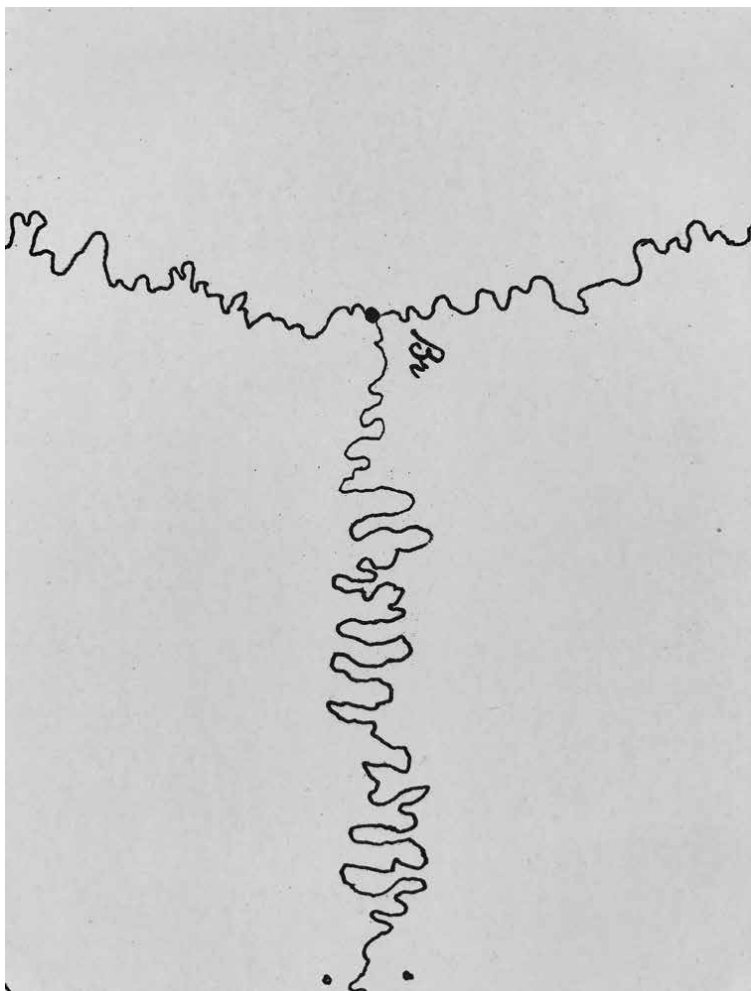


Unlike

Unlike the living
I remember the Dead.
Cast in stone
they are silenced
with head stones that decay

Unlike my memories
Unlike the grass
that softens the outline
of the graves.

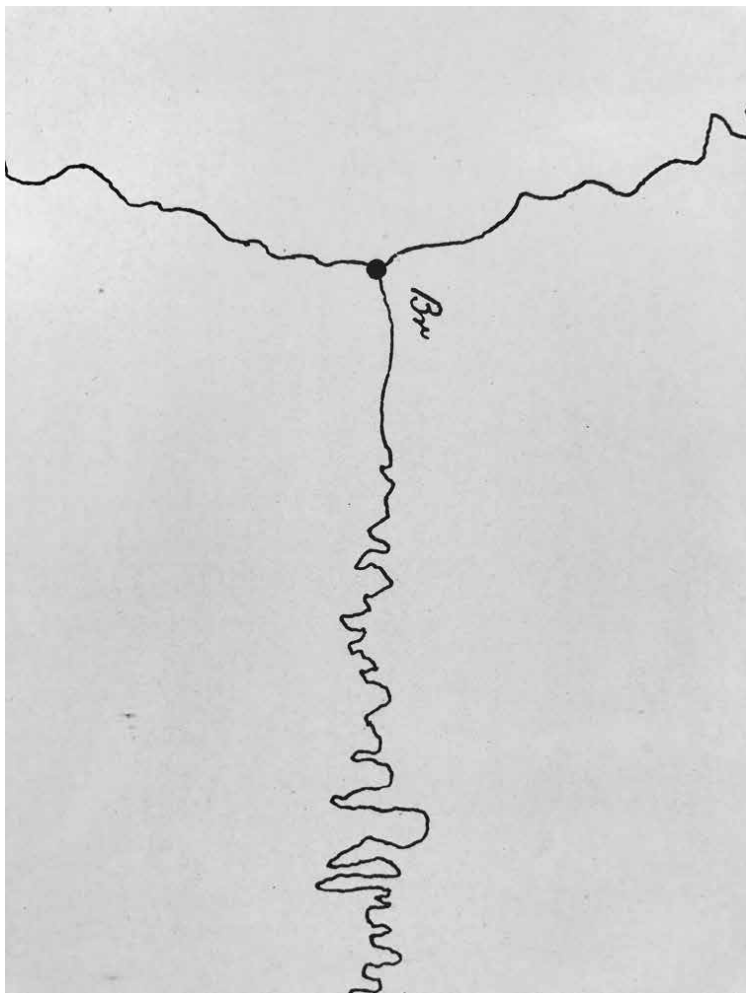
Inscribed "Found on Pavilion Point, in the Domain, 1856".



Life's Quiet Companion

Death, life's quiet companion,
keeps close to every word
that is spoken on funeral day.
Life too, speaks its peace
and says "our time is not our own".

Inscribed from "Dyer, East Devonport".



The Blow

The tide has left a littered shore.
A storm came up while I was gone.
In the night. My eyes shut firm.

It's a risk I take to close these eyes.
On days that I have lived.
On years. And generations too.

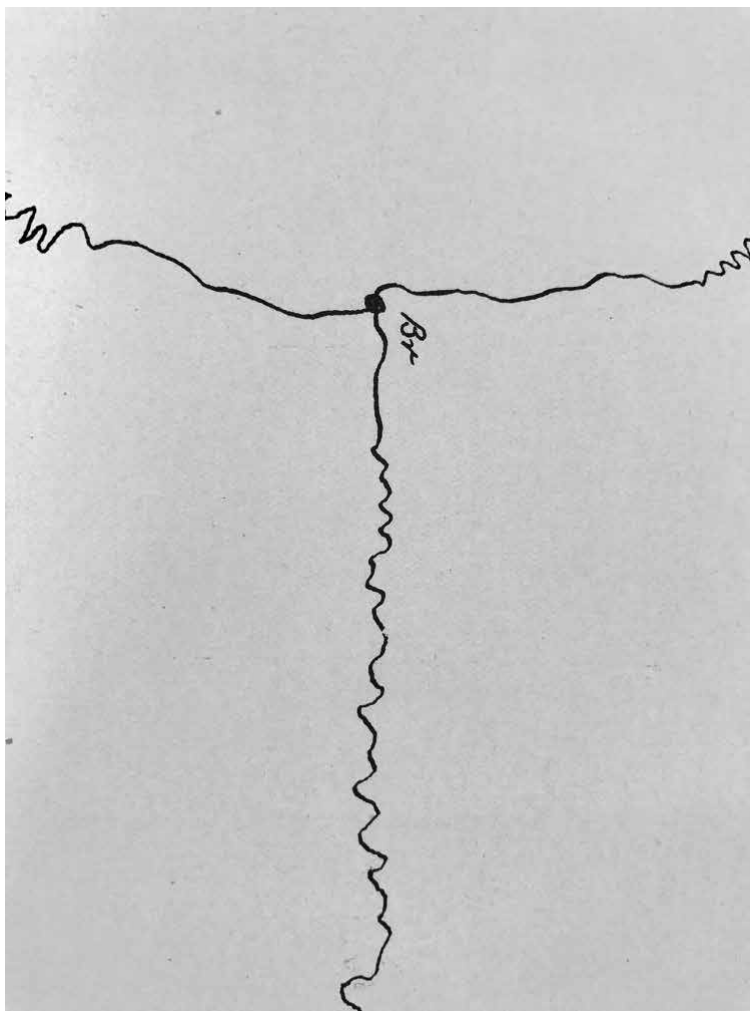
With rest I fade away.
I crumble, tired, into the earth – my mother's breast.
To rest. To rest.

The shore is strewn with planks and oars.
Chests still locked and casks split wide.
Ahead a seal lies dead. Roughly flensed.

Another, they stretch away along the strand.
Off to the point where a fire smoulders and slowly dies.
"Is this my work?" I bellow low.

That voice is lost to howling air.
An accursed wind that's stiff and cold.
A Westerly blow.

Mr. E. Cotton, Kelvedon.



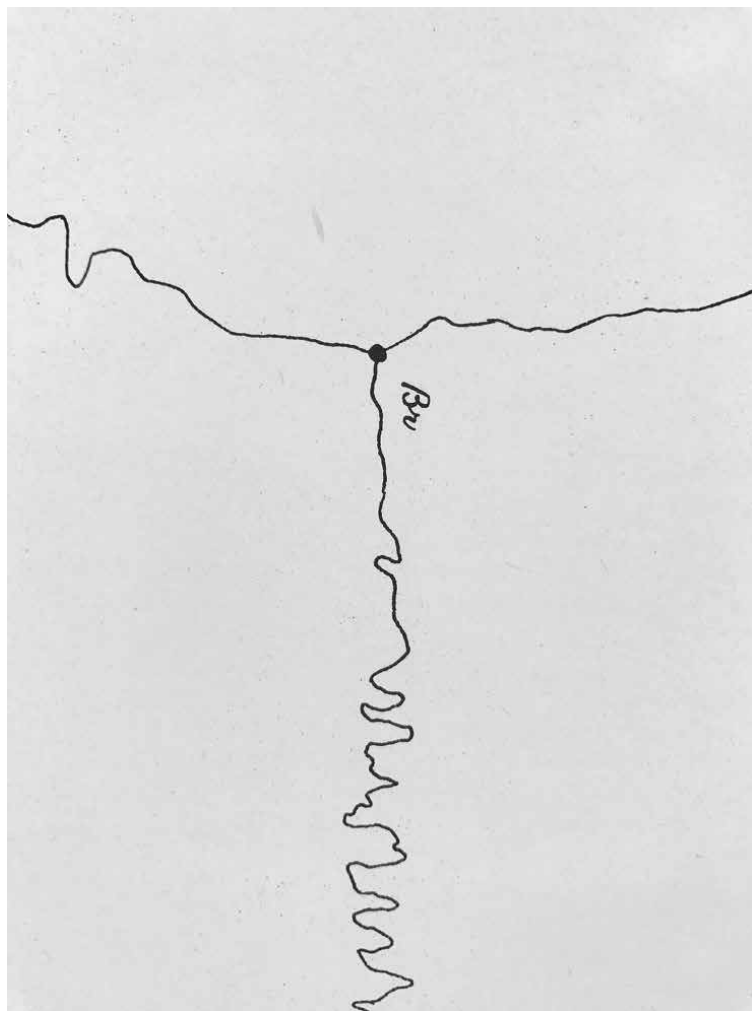
BONE

The crows they crouch and hug the dune.
Fixed upon a setting sun, they cast a glance.
And see this lonely soul.

The blow chills all who walk this shore.
To ponder days gone by.

Old grandfather. His voice it flurries in my lea.
Too quiet for me to know his words but loud
enough for me to dream.
Of his dark face and knotted hair.

Has disappeared from the Tasmanian Museum in Hobart,
and is not now available.



Father

Bungana sits.

The fire stirs its ashes
 and he with small
 breaths
 helps Purgara to rise with the heat.
 From embers and flames.
 To rise into the air.
 To begin his story.

For which Bungana waits.

Up

and up he rises
 to the height of a man.
 He sees now what men see
 but moves much
 more swiftly.
 So fast that only those
 who know him
 will see him as he passes
 or recognise him when he speaks
 Purgara's touch will chill
 or warm.

His voice is the voice of
 the trees
 the rocks and the
 seas.

With him he carries many things.
He will take only what he wants.
He has no need.
He is the wind.

An old man's time
is measured
by his son's shifting purpose.
He must wait.
The child that he has
created
from a fire
will make his own time
and outlast
the father.

CRYSTAL

BONE

To the women in my bones
and the children in my heart.

NOTES

- 1 Reynolds, H. (1995). *Fate of a Free People: A Radical Examination of the Tasmanian Wars*. Ringwood, Victoria: Penguin Books.
- 2 Turnbull, C. *Black War: The Extermination of the Tasmanian Aborigines*. (1996). Melbourne: Landsdowne Press. (pp. 246).
- 3 Boyce, J. (2008). *Van Diemen's Land*. Melbourne: Black Inc. (pp. 266).
- 4 Onsmann, A. (2004). 'Truganinni's Funeral', *Island*, 96. (pp. 40–41).
- 5 Ryan, L. (2012). *The Aboriginal Tasmanians*. St Lucia: University of Queensland Press.
- 6 Robinson, G.A. (1966). *Friendly Mission: The Tasmanian Journals and Papers, 1829–1834*. Edited by N. J. B. Plomley. Launceston: Tasmanian Historical Research Association.
- 7 Hoorn, J. (2007). *Australian Pastoral: The Making of a White Landscape*. Fremantle: Fremantle Press. (pp. 81).
- 8 Breen, S. (2011). 'Extermination, Extinction, Genocide: British Colonialism and Tasmanian Aborigines', in Rene Lemarchand (ed.), *Forgotten Genocides: Oblivion, Denial, and Memory*. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press.

IMAGES

Pages 4-5

Adapted from 'Bone point made on the fracturegemid-diaphysis shaft of a left tibia of macropod, probably *M. rufogriseus*'; from Figure 2, Bone Cave artefacts, 'New Archaeological Data from the Southern Forests Region, Tasmania', by Jim Allen, Richard Cosgrove and Steve Brown, *Australian Archaeology*, No 27 (1988).

Pages 15-21

Details from *Peñe des Sauvages du Cap de Diemen*, pl. 4; *Sauvages du Cap de Diemen preparant leur repas*, pl. 5; engravings by Jacques Louis Copia, after Jean Piron. From Jacques-Julien Houtou de La Billardiere, (1817). 'Relation du voyage à la recherche de La Pérouse'. Paris: Chez Dabo.
– Author's collection.

Pages 23

Femme di Cap de Diemen, engraving by Jacques Louis Copia, after Jean Piron. From Jacques-Julien Houtou de La Billardiere, 'Relation du voyage à la recherche de La Pérouse', (Paris: Chez Dabo, 1817), pl. 6.
– Author's collection.

Page 26

Unnamed (barnacles on granite).
– Author's collection.

Page 35

Wapperty, engraving 'Last of the Aborigines (Lady) Tasmania', Standidge and Co., from *The Cruise round the World of the Flying Squadron 1869-1870, under the command of Rear Admiral G. T. Phipps-Hornby*. Compiled by J. B., with the assistance of Henry Cavendish, (London: J. D. Potter, 1871), p. 187. Public Domain, released to Flickr Commons by the British Library.

Page 39

Ulverstone, Tasmania, 1966.
– Author's collection.

Page 43

Mary Christina Kennedy (née Hearps).
– Author's collection.

Pages 47-61

Stone tools; sampled from *Stories in Stone: an annotated history and guide to the collections and papers of Ernest Westlake (1855-1922)*, Series 14 – ‘Plates of the Westlake Collection of stone implements by Henry Balfour, Pitt Rivers Museum, University of Oxford. Reproduced with permission. <http://www.westlakehistory.info/viewer/WEST/item/WEST00339>

Locations reinstated to drawings as captions; sourced from *Stone Implements of the Natives of Tasmania*, by Henry Balfour FRS, Curator of the Pitt Rivers Museum 1891-1939. Draft manuscript and notes.

– Reproduced with permission.

<http://www.westlakehistory.info/viewer/WEST/item/WEST00334>

Pages 67-77

Cranial normæ; details from *Dioptrographic Tracings in Four Normæ of Fifty-Two Tasmanian Crania*, by Richard J. A. Berry, Professor of Anatomy, University of Melbourne; and A. W. D. Robertson, Victorian Government Research Scholar in the Anatomy Department of the University of Melbourne, *Transactions of the Royal Society of Victoria*, Vol. V (Part 1), 1909.

Selected provenance details referring to collector and location of collection (where recorded) reinstated to drawings as captions.

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ADDITIONAL NOTE

Earlier versions of the prose poem *Tyrelore – Island Wife* (c. 1802) appeared in 2008; 'A Snake and a Seal', in Sally Morgan, Mia Tjalaminu and Blaze Kwaymullina, (eds), *Heartsick for Country*, (North Fremantle: Fremantle Press, 2008); and 'Writing Our Lives', in Thomas, S., (ed.) *Colonial Afterlives*, (Hobart: Salamanca Arts Centre, 2015). The poem will continue to be reworked and to reappear as an ongoing project of seeking a place for unknown and unwritten histories of Palawa (Tasmanian Aboriginal) women in contemporary Tasmania.

COLOPHON

Crystal Bone is one of forty mineral recompositions commissioned by A Published Event for *Loſt Rocks* (2017–21).

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Only one seal remains with her on the rock. Unlike the dark forms that have returned to the sea, her companion is silvery white, and has fixed her in a wide-eyed, liquid gaze. She waits for a movement, when she knows that she must quickly strike. But when movement comes it is her that draws back.

ISBN 978-0-9953932-8-8

