

STORIES OF THE STOLEN GENERATIONS OF ULURU

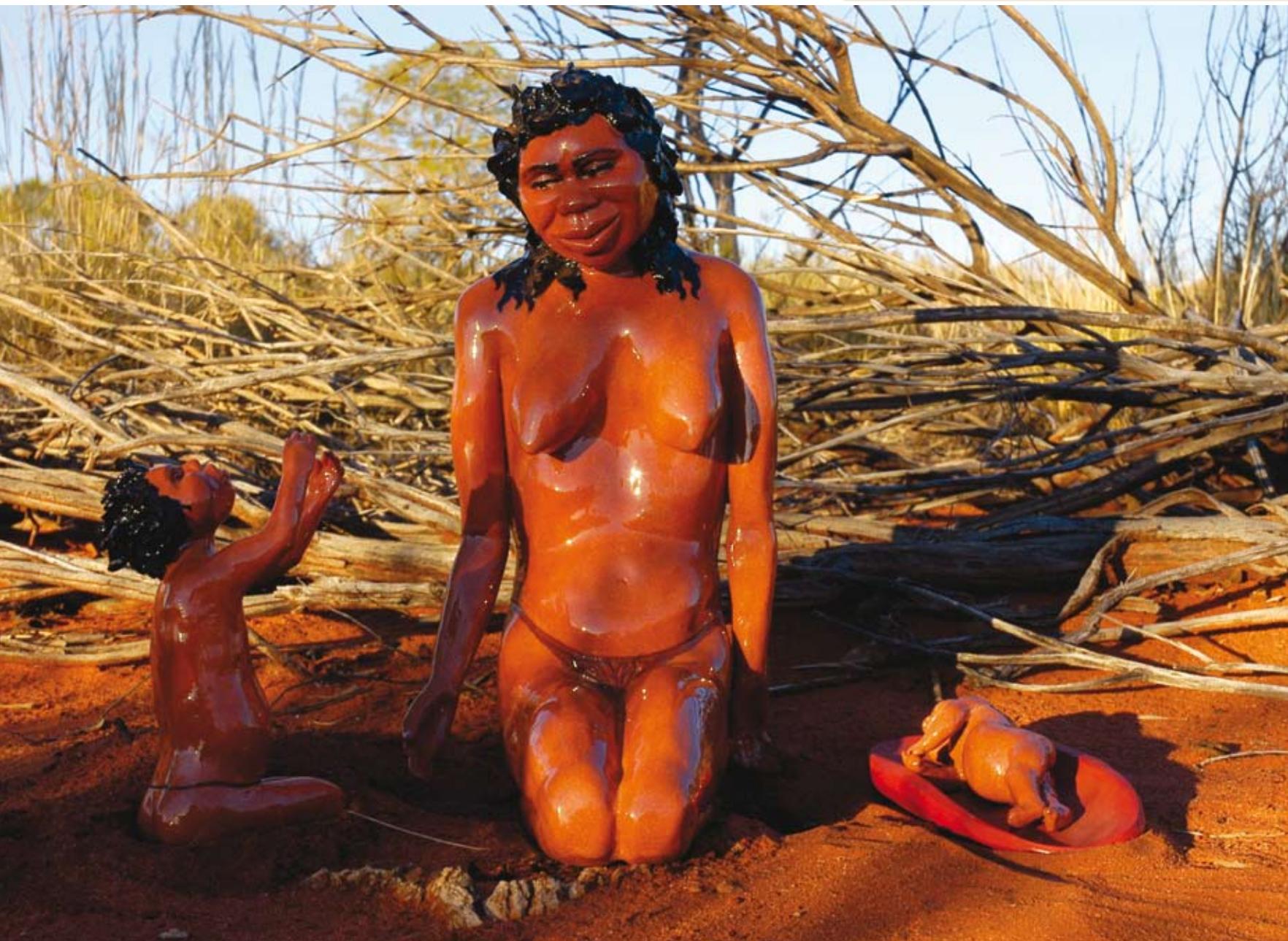
Text and images Kia Mistilis

These figurative sculptures depict stories of the stolen generations of Uluru. The stories were collected by Uncle Bob Randall, one of the traditional owners of Uluru, and interpreted by sculptor Hazel MacKinnon. They are a small fragment of thousands of similar experiences of Aboriginal peoples across Australia. It is hoped that sharing these stories will shed light on our true history and help promote understanding between indigenous and non-indigenous Australians so we can create a better future together.



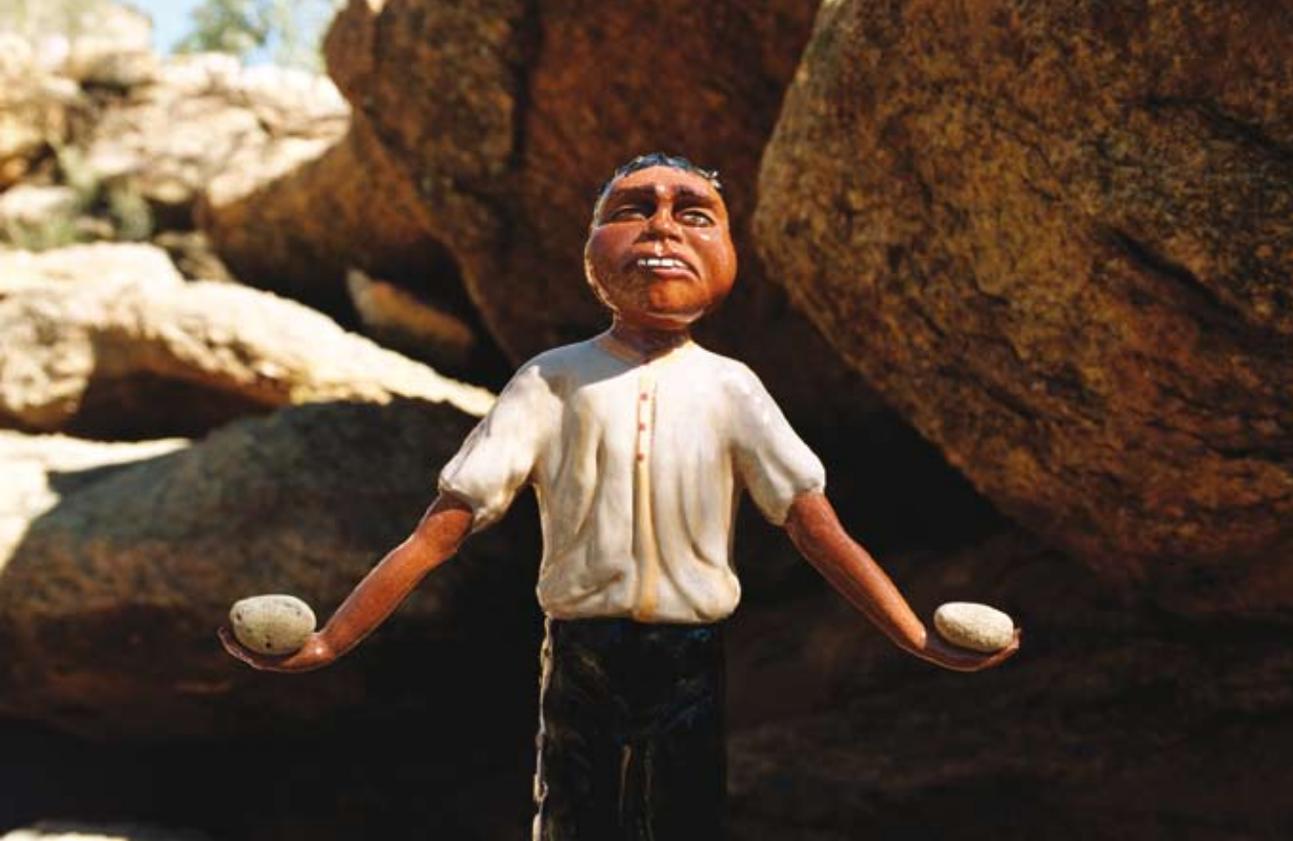
THE DESERT FAMILY: UNCLE BOB RANDALL'S STORY

"This is a memory of desert life with my family just before I was taken. That's me as a little boy, reaching up for my mother. We had a loving family to care for us. We were healthy and happy and wanted for nothing."



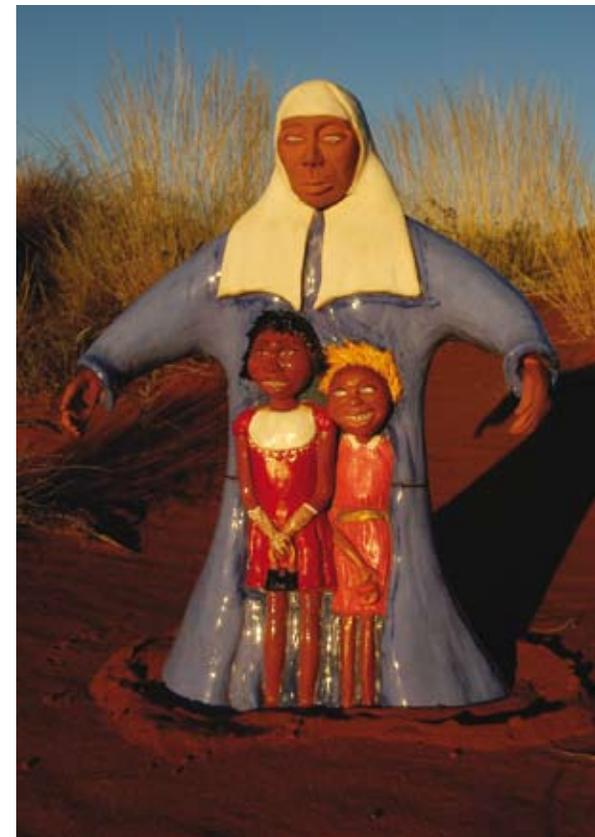
HOLDING THE STONES: HERBIE LANGFORD'S STORY

Herbie was stolen from his family during the Depression and taken to a government institution on the site of the Alice Springs Telegraph station. Like Uncle Bob Randall and the 100 other children there, Herbie was always hungry. One day he picked carrots from the garden and ate them before re-planting the tops. He was discovered and made to stand on a fence post for many hours holding two stones as punishment. Each time his arms dropped with exhaustion he was flogged.



SHE WAS DETERMINED: TJINTAWARRA'S STORY

Tjintawarra's daughter was taken to Alice Springs for treatment after her swollen finger became infected from a splinter. When she did not return after some time, Tjintawarra walked 350km to Alice Springs with only a digging stick and a billy can, determined to bring her daughter home. She found her daughter in an institution, met her later that night in the bush, and they walked 350km home. On the way Tjintawarra hunted goanna and dug witchetty grubs, and a desert finch guided them to a rockpool when they ran out of water. Tjintawarra's daughter grew up with her desert family and was never taken again.



SHOPPING FOR THE DAY: ZETA'S STORY

Nuns came to Ross River station one day and asked the Aboriginal mothers if they could take the children shopping for the day. The children happily went with the nuns to Alice Springs but there was no shopping. They were placed in a Catholic institution and then moved to Melville Island mission in the Torres Strait. After more than 40 years, Zeta was re-united with her family. However her mother, who had been told by white authorities that her daughter was dead, could not accept her, but Zeta's aunts did welcome her back and she reconnected with her tribal lands. Zeta has no bitterness in her heart towards the government, or the church. She is a deeply loving and compassionate person. Her forgiveness is inspiring and humbling to witness.