Trails in the Ground: Speculating on the Intimate Histories of the Bunurong Coast

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Figure 1: A layered mixed media amalgam documenting visitation of the Bunurong Coast combining an 1882 Geological sketch map of the Western Port and Cape Patterson coal fields (Krause), annotated Polaroids, and place-based audio recordings.

This yarn is framed around the trails both haphazard and deliberate, that inhabit a particular Australian region. It is a story about pathfinding, how we read the signs in the ground, in the skies, and in the waterways. How we speculate on the ever-changing meanings and the different histories that can be ascribed to those marks. It is an exploration that could be set in nearly any Australian region, but the locative case study I use is deliberately specific and intimate. The focus of our journey is an unruly coastal region in Victoria's southeast, a place often known as the Bunurong Coast.

The Bunurong Coast is the place of my birth, where I grew up, and where I now live. It is also a place that I lived away from for more than twenty years. However, during that time spent elsewhere, its scrubby heaths, its secluded dunes, and the meandering trails that run through them, stayed with me. My thoughts would constantly return there—it has always been the place of my daydreaming and reflection. It is a place that settles and unsettles me.

The deep affinity I possess for the Bunurong Coast is informed by intimate and inter-generational connections, by diverse and parochial histories, by literature, as well as by countless days and nights spent exploring the nooks, burrows and hollows of its dunes, its scrub and its trails. The idiosyncrasies and authority of the entanglement of tracks inscribed into every aspect of this place both informs and taints my views and understandings. Those marks whisper past happenings and traversings. They influence how I perceive and interact with every other place I have, and will, inhabit.

My affinity for this place does not all arise from affirmative experiences. My inhabitation of Bunurong/Boonwurrung Country results from intergenerational theft and dispossession. This land was stolen and its custodianship remains contested on multiple fronts. Like all of Australia, this is true of the lack of progress on truth-telling, reconciliation and treaties with Australia's Indigenous and First Nations peoples. However, institutional recognition amongst Bunurong/Boonwurrung's Traditional Owner groups also remains contested. The Bunurong Land Council was named as the Registered Aboriginal Party (RAP) under the Victorian Aboriginal Heritage Act in 2017 (Victorian Aboriginal Heritage Council 1) but this ruling has since been challenged by the Boonwurrung Land and Sea Council (Latimore).

I am aware that I approach this country from a position of privilege and complacency. Acknowledging the violence and wantonly unlawful theft of these lands is critically important. Equally important is my conduct as a visitor and the actions I undertake to reconcile continuing to live on, and connect with, Bunurong/Boonwurrung land, waters and skies. The complexities, silences and violence of this intergenerational conflict are embedded into the tracks and trails that crisscross this place. It is those sometimes thorny, often uncomfortable and occasionally exuberant histories I am attempting to disentangle and survey.

Ancient meaning and knowledges are encrypted into these byways—enigmatic and subjective truths that can be deciphered through research, careful observation and speculation. Aboriginal songs and dreaming are ever present, as Boonwurrung elder Aunty Fay Stewart-Muir writes: "Our way is old, older than red earth, older than flickering stars" (1–3). Much of this ancient knowledge is known only to Bunurong/Boonwurrung custodians but a considerable body of language and cultural practice has also been generously shared.

I lean into this rich and textured body of work on this walking journey, but I also draw heavily upon the deeply personal connection I've fostered with this place through a lifetime of embodied inhabitation and observation. In doing so, I take an informed and reflective ramble through a particular section of the Bunurong Coast. While doing so, I reference the prose, Polaroid photography, audio, and multimedia fusions I have created to interrogate and amalgamate the imprints, titbits, and echoes associated with this place's tracks and trails, and their histories.

It is those creative amalgams that provide scaffolding for this story. This paper is structured as a speculative walk that visits four specific locations, each containing a trail, a track, a path, or a road that provides a prompt for reflection, speculation and meaning-making. My ramble is a way to explore the everyday personal, historical and literary forces that shape and complicate this postcolonial Australian region. The overtly subjective nature of this story seems appropriate given my deliberately non-traditional approach to research.

Ultimately, this story offers a highly personal yet creative response to a specific regional landscape, and the intimate associations I have to it. It traverses a specific route I have walked countless times to explore how one might do place-based history creatively and respectfully. Crucially, I also attempt to demonstrate why it is important to do these things. In this way, this essay is my small contribution to the rich and textured body of knowledge of the Bunurong Coast and to the personal essay form; an addition that might provide a model for other practitioners adopting non-traditional approaches to historically informed place-based storytelling.

A Personally Significant Place in the Region of Our Concern

The setting of this imaginative ramble is decidedly specific, firmly regional and highly parochial. It is a place of self-identification (Gibson, "Orientation" 8) and where personal meaning-making is undertaken (Plumwood). It is a tract of land, water and air located on the back roads of an unruly stripe of Victoria's southeastern coastline, sandwiched between Harmers Haven, Cape Paterson and Wonthaggi.

The isolated remoteness of this place was certainly more acute during the European invasion of Victoria. In contempt of thousands of generations of Bunurong/Boonwurrung custodianship, the Warn Marin area was appropriated as "Western Port" by the explorer George Bass in 1797. At the time of its renaming, the region was located to the west of the Victorian ports or bays known to the British. As a frontier for the colonial project, this region certainly remained at the periphery of what was then considered "civilised society" for many decades to come. As such, it attracted heady attention as a place to make a quick quid. There was coal to be dug, timber to felled, lands to be grazed, and lime to be burnt and sold. The shameful collective legacies of these activities cannot be overlooked or denied. As critical whiteness scholar Fiona Nicoll points out: "The legacy of *Terra Nullius* sticks to our shoes with the dirt as we walk over Indigenous sovereignties every day . . . regardless of the individual and family migration trajectories that have brought us to this place" (1).

A compelling nexus of historic occurrences spanning the mundane and the eccentric, through to the epic, certainly took place here. These histories have resulted in a diverse collection of archival and literary material. This encompasses bulky official tomes but also a mishmash of parochial and highly personal material. These fragments—which can be sourced from archival and literary collections, as well as from memories, personal reflection, and in the landscape itself—provide intimate and deeply moving insights. However, the act of cajoling this disparate and dishevelled collection of records and experiences into an artefact that communicates some semblance of cohesive meaning is easier said than done. What's needed are aesthetic forms deliberately created to "contain, focus and direct the forces of the past" but ones that are intentionally focused so "they can be comprehended and channelled in such a way that meanings and feelings implicit to the past might get effectively communicated to the people of the present" (Gibson, *Memoryscopes* vi).

The aesthetic forms I've created to try and make sense of this place, its layered histories and its tracks and trails, take the form of layered amalgams that combine prose, Polaroids, audio and archival snippets.

A Rendezvous at the Wreck Beach Farm Gate, Cape Paterson 38°39'07.9"S 145°35'41.9"E

I start my walk at the front gate of Wreck Beach Farm, a property that was purchased by my father's parents in the early 1950s. After they passed, my parents assumed responsibility for its care; they farmed but also nurtured it for more than thirty years. It's a beautiful tract of land that has benefited from years of rewilding, but the ground here is riddled with rutted trails worn by the repeated journeys of tractor tires, boots, livestock, and wildlife. Many of those marks are evidence of countless journeys made on a temperamental 1962 Ford tractor that my father coaxed to life each morning. They meander away in all directions, passing battered hardwood posts, wildlife trails, rusting star pickets, and rotting tangles of sheep wire—tiny monuments to the toil, triumphs, and misjudgements of some of those who have passed before.

Multiple, and often contradictory, meanings can be read into these seemingly mundane marks. They can be interpreted as an interlacing network encrypted through iteration and time. They are proof of labour. Proof of progress, some might say. They could be seen as scars in the landscape, too heavy a touch. These trails in the ground tell of journeys and indicate preferences. They betray habits and escape routes.

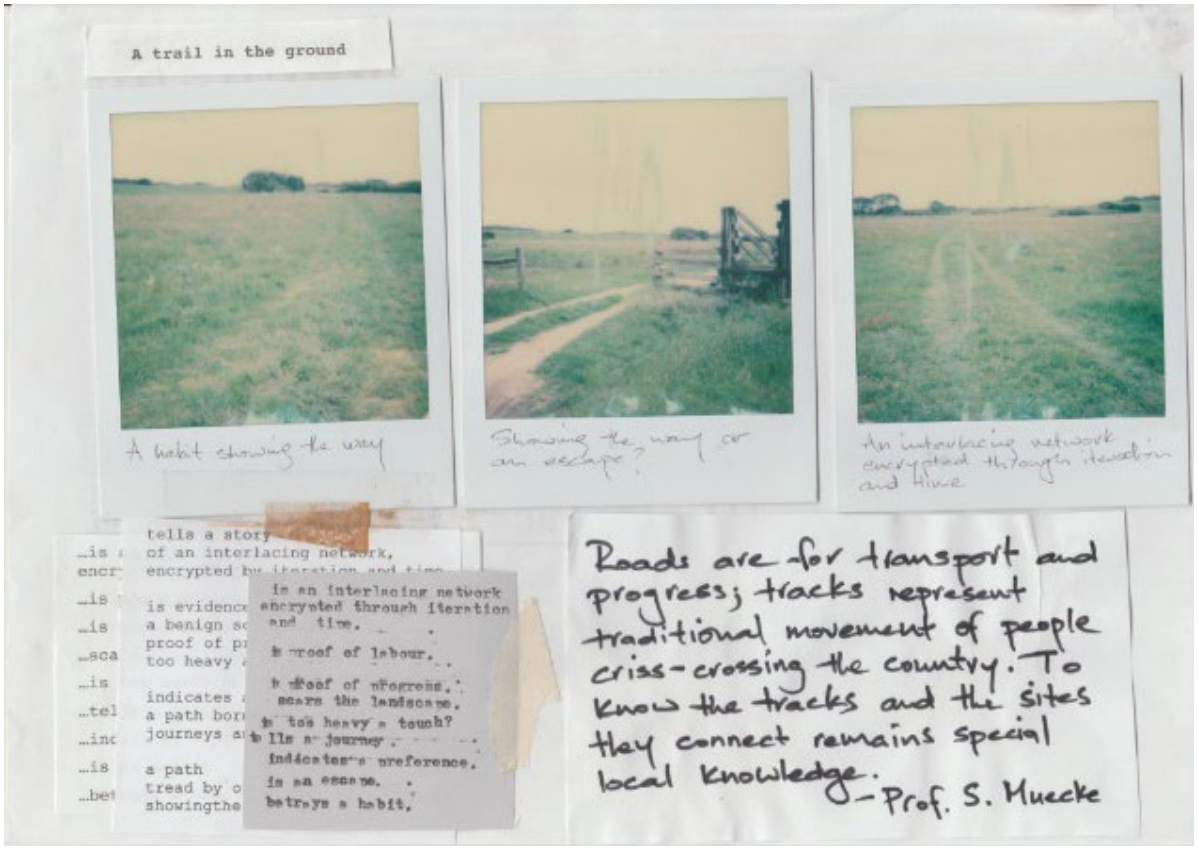

Figure 2: A layered mixed media amalgam documenting the tracks and marks inscribed into the ground at Wreck Beach Farm. Compiled by the author.

The furrows inscribed by my family's agricultural practices are evidence of an intergenerational connection to place but they are also evidence of conflict with the land itself. Walking the rises and heaths of Wreck Beach Farm, or nearly any other farm in regional Australia for that matter, you are quickly confronted by a conflict between industrialised agricultural practice and the limits of the natural world.

This conflict can be observed via damage and disfigurement inflicted upon the lands and waterways—slag heaps covered in thistles and ragweed, collapsed mine shafts, drained waterholes, and erosion lines. But in many cases, the marks of agriculture can be seen not so much as blemishes; rather they are symbols and representations of repeated and returning journeys. They are also often indications of consideration and thoughtful curation. In some cases, these marks are enhancements, encouraging reminders that the land, the waters and the skies were meant to be traversed, cared for and observed.

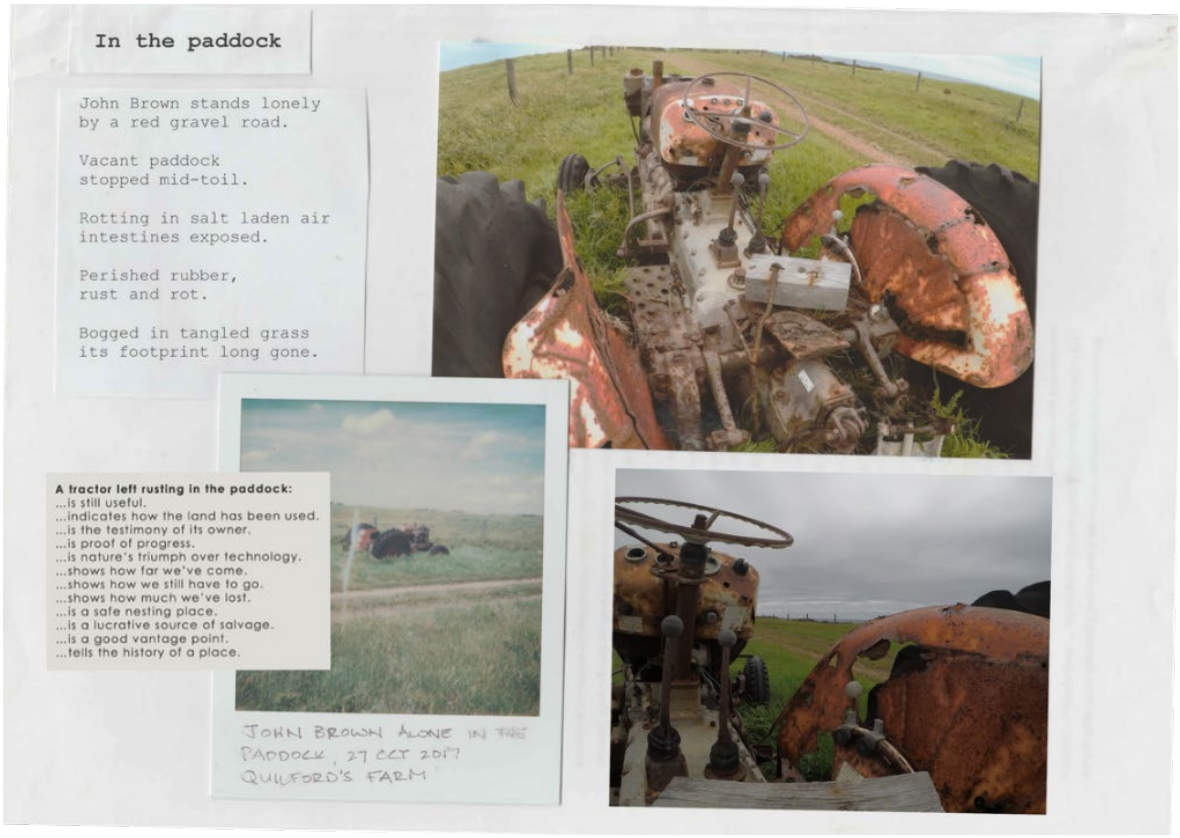

Figure 3: A prose- and Polaroid-based speculation examining a tractor abandoned to the elements on Bunurong Coast farm. Compiled by the author.

Heading Down Old Boiler Road a Ways, Toward Harmer's Haven
38°39'29.5"S 145°35'22.9"E

I leave the Wreck Beach farm gate now and head southwest towards the ocean. It is a route that takes me toward the Yallock-Bulluk Marine and Coastal Park. As I amble along the potholed redstone gravel of Old Boiler Road it seems sensible to check in with some well-credentialed writers' reflections on traversing Australia's backroads. For example, Banjo Paterson wrote extensively of Australia's early Federation roads: "There is nothing very granite-like about the roads in Australia, worse luck. Ruts and loose metal, sidelings and sand drifts, washed out creeks and heart-breaking hills" (6).

This hankering for granite-like certainty seems a common refrain in the Australian colonial canon. Permanency and fixed meanings are not something I observe or desire here on the Bunurong Coast so it seems apt that the unkept state articulated by Paterson persisted on these coastal roads well into the 1970s. As long-time Wonthaggi resident Frank Coldebella recounts: "The unmade coast road was a narrow track—longer, windier and very rough, with deep rabbit and wombat holes" (1).

Ramshackle huts dotted the bays of this coastline from the early 1900s into the 1970s. Those shacks—cobbled together with flattened kerosene tins, salvaged timber, appropriated hessian and driftwood—provided weekend and, in some cases, permanent, retreats for the region's coalminers and families. The tracks used to access those coastal huts from the town—and the people that traversed them—were inclined toward walking.

Figure 4: A suite of annotated Polaroid-based speculations on walking Old Boiler Road and Wreck Beach on the Bunurong Coast. Compiled by the author.

As Frank (again) reminisces:

> Even after cars became common, some of the old people preferred to walk to the beach. The track crossed paddocks, wound through woodlands and skirted wetlands. This slow pilgrimage was part of the ritual, allowing the mind to leave behind the town's clamour. The thin line of blue sea coming into view was a moment of pure joy. (2)

From where we are located, we only have to wander half a mile down the road to reach the network of coastal dunes that marks the edge of the Yallock-Bulluk Marine and Coastal Park.

The first storytellers of this place have walked the tracks and beaches of this coastline for millennia. Middens teeming with bleached shell fragments from generation upon generation of Bunurong/Boonwurrung king-tide feasts can be seen throughout the dunes that lie ahead. Conceptualising Australia's roads as spatial narratives encompassing multi-layered historical and contemporary inscriptions, Australian historian Kiera Lindsey suggests that roads lend themselves to multiple acts of traversing. By thinking of them as spatial and temporal narratives, we can trace the process through which previous trajectories have inscribed meaning onto a road, a track or a trail. Not only that, as travellers and observers, we can also be writers of these spatial narratives (152).

In this way, the tracks and trails of this place can be read as after-effects of repeated journeys, remembrances of happenings and travel. We heard Frank Coldebella's recollections on walking the bog tracks, so following Lindsey's cue to consider infinite layering of journeys taken, let us now consider longtime Wonthaggi resident Jim Longstaff's reminiscing (in a 1982 recording) on navigating the sandy rises and swampy hollows in the 1920s to get to the same beach we're heading for:

> There was an easy walking trail from the town to the Wreck Beach. But only in the summertime, in the wintertime it was different. It's hard to visualise now, but there was a series of sand hills, then every hole was a swamp in the wintertime. You had to wade through the swamp or work your way around to get out there. Probably because of all the swamps out there, it was great snake country. I can

> always remember my dad, he was like the Pied Piper. I'd say to all of my mates at school that "Dad's taking me to the beach on Saturday," so they'd all tag along. Dad would always be walking out in front and he'd always take his snake stick with him. Rarely would a day pass that he didn't kill one snake, and some days he'd kill three or four. (Longstaff)

Across Australia, the process of white settlement saw the traditional walking tracks made and used by Indigenous peoples appropriated by explorers and then the generations of settlers and pastoralists who followed. Paths became tracks, then roads and highways. This is certainly the experience here on the Bunurong Coast. The early geological surveys and maps of the area often chart the well-worn walking routes of the Bunurong/Boonwurrung, denoting them as "Black tracks" and "native trails" (Krause). Those routes were often accompanied by annotations noting their suitability for the roads, skiplines and tram tracks that would be used to log the blackwood forests, mine the coal seams and open the land up for farming. Unsurprisingly, many modern-day roads follow those same routes.

On the practice and ethics of visiting Country, Stephen Muecke discusses the paradoxes of visiting Indigenous lands as a non-Indigenous Australian. Researchers, he suggests, are inevitably in the business of stories, but as visitors in Aboriginal Country, visiting protocols apply. A key approach to reconciling this conundrum involves maintaining an "aesthetic attitude of respectful visitation" (Muecke 91). It is an approach that requires paying heed to visiting protocols and maintaining impeccable behaviour. This is something we will attempt to embrace on this amble. While doing so, it is worth reflecting on Muecke's thoughts about traversing roads as opposed to travelling trails: "Roads are for transport and progress; tracks represent traditional movement of people criss-crossing the country. To know the tracks and the sites they connect remains special local knowledge" (84).

The Aboriginal knowledge of this place is not for me to tell. That said, I do possess an intimate connection and deeply personal local familiarity with many of the tracks and sites that inhabit this place. In that awareness and knowledge, I try to remain attuned to the violence of settlement and to acts of colonial appropriation and erasure.

Australia's lands, waterways, skies, and the archives that relate to them offer a beguiling canvas, as Gregory Day highlights: "I think I know this or that part of the bush—specific places where I have walked all my life—until I am reintroduced to them all over again by a new noticing" (59). On this journey, we are tracing and retracing the process through which the modern-day roads of the Bunurong Coast came into being. This presents opportunities to focus on—and perhaps re-centre—that which has been pushed to the margins and erased. The traversings that have been encrypted into these routes over millennia—by the Bunurong/Boonwurrung, by more recent visitors, and by animals, plants and the elements—and the importance of those diverse histories—is brought into greater focus.

Making Our Way to the Beach Via the Wreck Beach Carpark
38°39'25.7"S 145°34'51.0"E

I wander a couple of hundred metres down the road to the carpark that services the stunning crescent bay lying at the heart of the place I have been yakking on about. Wreck Beach is the name by which this place is currently known. This place has borne witness to three shipwrecks and a beached whale whose jawbones now adorn the façade of a nearby pub. A weathered bluestone cairn on the verge of the scrub was placed to commemorate the explorer William Howell's "discovery" of black coal in 1826. My grandfather was amongst those who advocated for its placement in the 1970s.

Figure 5: An annotated Polaroid documenting the memorial in the Wreck Beach carpark (L). A photograph of the unveiling of the plaque commemorating the discovery of coal near Cape Paterson in Victoria, taken in 1977 (R).

The brass plaque the group commissioned cited Howell's name incorrectly (he was named as Thomas Howell, not William). The replacement plaque was jimmied years ago and the scrub is slowly reclaiming that hilariously parochial monument to colonial endeavour.

I now walk through the scrub down to the brackish creek that separates us from the ocean. Rude huts built in the early 1840s by the coal exploration team that worked those seams once stood on this creek. Those huts and the nearby dunes were the site of an 1841 confrontation between a group of Tasmanian Aboriginals dubbed the "Van Diemen's Land Blacks" in reportage of the group's alleged "outrages" (*Colonial Observer*; *Port Phillip Gazette*; *Sydney Herald*), and a European whaling party, which left two of the whalers, William Cook and Yankee, shot dead. The Aboriginal group—Tunnerminnerwait (Parperloihener clansman), Planobeena (a Tasmanian Aboriginal woman from Port Dalrymple), Maulboyheenner (a *bungunna* (leader) from the north-eastern Tasmanian region known to his people as Nalebunner), Truganini (a Tasmanian Aboriginal woman of Bruny Island) and Pyterruner (a Tasmanian Aboriginal woman) (Land 6–7)—spent the following weeks and months between fight and flight, raiding homesteads across the Westernport district while evading parties of mounted Border Police and squatter posses. Their ultimate capture led to the first executions in the colony of Victoria: the hanging of Tunnerminnerwait and Maulboyheenner in January 1842 (Roberts; Land; Stevens).

Because of these occurrences, Wreck Beach has a layered and complex atmosphere. But there is also so much that can be read into the landscape itself, in the marks on the trees, in the impossibly big sky, in the natural soaks and the brackish creek. The tracks and trails that inhabit the skies, the seas and the sandy soils offer as rich—if not richer—sources for imagination and creative speculation.

I note this in the wildlife trials that breach the barbed wire fences and crisscross the walking trail that we are following to get down to the beach. The course they chart is guided by primal instinct, cunning and convenience. They operate as routes for entry and escape. They track between hunting grounds, water sources and the safety of dens, warrens and nests. These trails embrace instinct and intuition. They provide safety and convenience of access. They follow the natural contours of the land.

Mixed-media amalgams and Polaroid photography are techniques I use to interpret the bone-weary refrains of this place. The handwritten fragments I append to them attempt to contextualise and elucidate. These compilations reflect my felt experience of the Bunurong Coast. Their weathered, have-to-squint-to-make-it-out look and feel echoes how I encounter and perceive my birthplace.

The Outlook from the Wreck Beach Dunes
38°39'30.4"S 145°34'48.7"E

Figure 6: A suite of annotated Polaroid-based speculations documenting the Wreck Beach on the Bunurong Coast. Compiled by the author.

Now that I am making my way along a winding scrubby trail that leads from the carpark down to the beach, it seems apt to borrow from the sentiments of Adam Lindsey Gordon's "vigorous tale in verse" (*The Mail*) "From the Wreck." Gordon's poem traces an epic 18-mile steeplechase through the wild coastal trails made by two stockriders "riding for their souls" to summon relief for the survivors of a passenger steamship that lay wrecked on a submerged reef. In the opening passages, the riders—Alec and Jack—are urged to "look sharp" and "ride straight with the news." Poignantly, they're also pressed to

> Make sure of the crossing place; strike the old track,
> They've fenced off the new one; look out for the holes
> On the wombat hills. (17)

It is instruction that speaks to intuitive local knowledge and a deeply intimate familiarity with the terrain. A desire to traverse the near cuts, be sure of the crossing-places, strike the old track while ignoring those fenced-off new ones is what resonates with the speculative journey undertaken in this paper. Not only does the place I walk towards share its name with the one in Gordon's poem but his descriptions of traversing wild coastal trails seem pertinent to the route we're charting:

> In the low branches heavily laden with dew,
> In the long grasses spoiling with deadwood that day,
> Where the blackwood, the box, and the bastard oak grew,
> Between the tall gum-trees we gallop'd away—
> We crashed through a brush fence, we splash'd through a swamp—
> We steered for the north near "The Eaglehawk's Nest"—

> We bore to the left, just beyond "The Red Camp,"
> And round the black tea-tree belt wheel'd to the west—
> We cross'd a low range sickly scented with musk
> From wattle-tree blossom—we skirted a marsh—
> Then the dawn faintly dappled with orange the dusk,
> And peal'd overhead the jay's laughter note harsh. (18)

These vivid passages speak of the familiarity and skill—both learned and innate—required to traverse the winding trails, overflowing river fords, and the haphazard tracks of Australia's coastline. I also acknowledge that the epic masculine qualities of Gordon's poem will not be everyone's cup of tea. The frenzied urgency of the steeplechase it charts, the unashamed admiration for the reckless daring of the stockriders Alec and Jack, and the elegiac valour of the blood-hued filly who ultimately serves as the poem's tragic hero were memorised by readers of previous generations but are now largely forgotten.

At the Threshold of Land and Sea down on Wreck Beach
38°39'31.4"S 145°34'46.4"E

After cresting the dunes I reach the threshold of land and sea, where the brackish creek cuts through the dunes and meets the sea. The long arching bay is flanked at either end by rock platforms and rolling swells. Standing here prompts consideration of the migratory paths that track through the skies and the waters of this place. From May through to October, the waters of this coast form part of the ocean highway traversed by Humpback Whales, Southern Right Whales, and Orcas as they migrate from Antarctica to the warmer waters up north for calving.

These same waters offer a byway for the epic migration that Victorian freshwater eels make at both the start and end points of their existences. At maturity, eels transform in preparation for the spawning migration they will make. After a period of voracious feeding and significant growth, they depart these waters and return to the place of their birth. Quickly seeking the ocean's depths, they make their way north against the current in total darkness. They expend their life reserves to reach the Coral Sea, where they spawn and die so that the cycle can recommence. Wailwan/Kamilaroi architect, scholar, and educator Jefa Greenway highlights the power of the metaphor of the eel's journey:

> Not only do the eels transmogrify when they move from salt water to fresh water and back again, their migration patterns also connect in a global sense. Water stories and water bodies connect through time and Country. This is a story which can resonate with anybody. The eel migration enables us to have a sense of pride, to celebrate connection to the oldest continuing culture in the world. (Comte and Greenway)

The ancient intergenerational migration of the eel—and the similarly epic airborne migrations made by the shearwaters and muttonbirds of this coastline—offer a glimpse into the elemental magnetism of this place. The instinctive and intuitive pathways they find also highlight the ridiculous folly of the colonial compulsion to impose systematic order, borders and control over the byways of the Bunurong Coast.

It's not just the epic migratory journeys and the grand historical happenings that have occurred here at Wreck Beach that are important. The mundane and the ordinary experiences that have taken place here are just as special. Wreck Beach has always been a popular weekend retreat for Wonthaggi residents. Day trips have been enjoyed. Long meandering walks have been made. Sandy picnic lunches have been eaten, tens of thousands of hours have been whiled

away rockpooling and sunbathing. Hands have been held, tears shed, and kisses have been exchanged.

This was especially true in the years following the establishment of the town of Wonthaggi. In the first decades of the 1900s, entire families would walk to the beach and back each and every weekend through the summer months. Local resident Ricky Pryor, who grew up as one of eight children in a Wonthaggi household, describes the regular pilgrimage (which is about four miles each way) with vivid detail:

> From when I were six year old, my father used to take me, and all us kids, out to the Wreck of a Saturday crayfishing. We'd walk there and back. And on the Sunday, all the families of Dunn Street—wives, kids, fathers—all used to go out to the Wreck for the day out. All walking. And they had what they called a "halfway tree" there, and you'd all sit down and have a rest on the way there and back. I remember all us little boys, walking out with dad, with our bags on our backs and our little fishing lines in our hands. It was fantastic. (Pryor)

Joe and Lynn Chambers also describe the appeal of trekking to this beach with great eloquence:

> "Let's go to the Wreck" was a hot weather call "The Wreck" meant long, haphazard unplanned hours of climbing, sliding, rolling, swimming, diving, fishing, wandering, kite-flying (there was no shortage of wind), lazing and talking well away from the adult constraints and concerns of town. "The Wreck" was freedom. (Chambers 1)

It was also a place of great abundance. Wreck beach has long been a popular spot for fishing and cray fishing. In an interview recorded back in the 1980s, longtime local resident Arthur Featherstone told a gobsmacking yarn about crayfishing by hand in the 1920s:

> The Wreck Beach, there was plenty of crays out there. One day there, I went out on the rocks. I had bit of cord and a sinker or two in me pocket. Anyhow, I cut two or three muttonfish off the rocks. I cut a hole in them, put them on the cord, then dropped it down in front of a hole where the crays generally are. Anyhow, this hole I got into, the darn thing was full of crays. I'd never seen so many crays in the one hole, before or since. We got eighteen crays out of that hole. We couldn't carry them all home. (Featherstone)

Featherstone was a man of a different generation. His story shows the abundance of this place. In my opinion with the benefit of hindsight, he and his peers unthinkingly took too much, but it must be acknowledged that what was taken was often shared generously. That said, taking without thought is not something we are looking to do on this visit. Our aim on this journey is to tread lightly, to listen and learn. That still leaves us with so much to take away.

The End of My Ramble

The journey I have shared today not simply a "retreat to place" (Massey)—a visit to a walled off, singular and representational location that's closed off to those we parochially perceive as outsiders. That is not what is to be found in this magnificently complex place, nor in the tracks that riddle and enrich its ground and waters. Instead, what can be seen is an intricate ecosystem comprising of complex webs of deeply personal relationships between humans, animals, the elements and the place itself.

When you take the time to properly and respectfully ponder the embodied meanings that can be read into the marks that surround us here on the Bunurong Coast, you glimpse fluidity and mutability. Never finished, never closed, always in the process of being made, these tracks are speculative and ever-changing events. They are performances that can be reimagined, interrogated and retold in infinite ways.

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