



SUBURBAN TURRETS

Emma
Buswell

SUBURBAN TURRETS

Foreword | Emma Buswell 5

Delusions of Grandeur | Kelly Fliedner 6

Port Majestic Close: Ghosts and Boats
and Homes | Loren Adams 11

Author Biographies 14

TILT Program Notes | Jana Braddock 16



BELOW
Emma Buswell, *A Dog's Life*
(*Coco and Chanel*), 2022.
Hand knitted wool jumper,
polyester, wool

**'Riverside views, outdoor chandeliers
and backyard tennis courts, designer dogs,
rotating parking garages and million
dollar retaining walls.'**





ABOVE
Emma Buswell, *Trash Lamp #2*
Battle with the Bin Chicken, 2022,
Stained glass lamp, papier mache,
found glass, acrylic paint

Emma Buswell

FOREWORD

The human brain isn't great with big numbers. It struggles to a point after 1,000 and can only just conceive of what 1 million of anything might look like, mostly by conflating images of large groups of people at historic events, think John Paul II. Our brains understand the six figure shorthand but can't picture the individual components that comprise it.

Walking through parts of Applecross, filled to the bursting with multi-million dollar properties hedged into allotments by Lambos and Porsches, shielded from view with ornate wrought iron fences and sky high topiarised hedges, much of this place remains unfathomable. How to understand a level of wealth that is logically inconceivable. Its scale is slippery and always illusive. There are signifiers of its existence but wealth on this level seems abstract. There's only so many ways to spend the millions.

Riverside views, outdoor chandeliers and backyard tennis courts, designer dogs, rotating parking garages and million dollar retaining walls. These are some of the sites encountered on the walk up toward Goolugatup Heathcote. Goolugatup Heathcote is hedged against the river by luxury properties on three sides, many of which are home to some of Perth's wealthiest families.

Part of the reason for its initial selection as a site for a mental and therapeutic hospital facility, Goolugatup's lush grounds and proximity to the river have contributed in recent times to its turbulent and often political standing in both local media and parliamentary affairs at both a state and local level.

In the 1990s, the Majestic Hotel in Applecross was pulled down following several years of vacancy, and the land sold by Alan Bond to a host of property developers. In the 10 years following, a slew of mansions and luxury accommodations were established along the renamed Majestic Close, erected on the redeveloped lands where the old hotel stood.

The ghost of these events haunted the Goolugatup Heathcote site when in the late 1990s, following the closing of the Heathcote Hospital, a series of events led to the site nearly being sold off by the State Government of the time. A fierce community campaign by Applecross residents led by prominent businessman Michael Coleman established a committee; Save Heathcote Action Group (SHAG), to prevent the sale of Heathcote lower lands by the then council and the Labour State government of the time.

A complicated and fraught few years ensued in which public land owned by the Melville Council in other parts of its municipality was sold off to raise funds to redevelop the site around Goolugatup. Parks and recreational areas as well as other sites were sold off in a bid to raise the necessary funds to redevelop Goolugatup into the precinct it is now. After years of petitioning and public campaigning, an agreement was finally reached and the lands were reserved as public land and free from potential redevelopment.

Suburban Turrets takes as its inspiration the implications of the decision to redevelop the Majestic Hotel and its surrounding land, and reimagines a dark alternate present where the lower lands surrounding Goolugatup were similarly sold off to some of Australia's richest citizens. As well as commenting on the ongoing legacy of the "land improvement" initiatives brought in by the British Colony and Empire as part of a dodgy and misinformed "land grants" scheme which saw a land divided amongst people who arrived from a distant shore, already rich in assets, and with plunder on the mind.

**'There's only so many ways
to spend the millions.'**

OPPOSITE
Emma Buswell, *2 Fast I'm Furious*
(detail), 2022, Hand knitted wool
jumper

Kelly Fliedner

DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR

Goolugatup, the place of children, has forever been a lookout, and a fishing, hunting and camping ground for Whadjuk people. As it has been forever and always will be. Surrounding Goolugatup Heathcote, is Applecross, one of the richest suburbs of one of the richest cities of one of the richest nations in the world. Leafy green suburbs of manicured lawns and luxurious waterfront properties. Sparkling cars and classical statues. Reticulation and labour.

A place that Emma Buswell makes in, walks in, creates from – as part of her residency at Goolugatup Heathcote.

Applecross, this Applecross, is named after the Scottish Gaelic Applecross, a peninsula north-west of Kyle of Lochalsh in the council area of Highland, Scotland. It has been in use since the 13th century, and came here, to this boodjar with invasion, when, in 1840 Captain James Stirling laid his eyes upon it and seized it as his own. It has been passed through colonial hand after colonial hand, changing name, changing use and changing facade, an ongoing privatisation of space through complex and immoral legal systems, systems that deny heritage, that concrete over what once was in the hope that weeds don't come through cracks.

First came the clearing of forest and scrub, then some cattle and other stock, some shacks were built, then other structures, something more, something larger, something named after so-and-so's mother-in-law's family. Then a ferry and jetty and a hotel called The Majestic. "Prominent identities" came, some allied troops, the Australia II syndicate. A public space for recreation, some tennis courts, some carparks. Applecross.

Sectioned off and cut up into little allotments. Houses built, torn down and built again. Now they are often 400, 600, 800 plus square metres. Seven bedrooms, four bathrooms, five carparks. Moorish-inspired, bespoke French Provincial, in "timeless" design, panoramic views, koi pond, ideal for entertaining clients. Sumptuous bathrooms, home offices, opulent living zones, gourmet kitchens, sparkling blue swimming pools, tiered manicured gardens and direct rear access.

Individual private oasis. Desperate little gardens in the picturesque English style. Porticos and gate houses and tiled entrances and big ugly faux Grecian columns said to "ooze contemporary class". Chef's kitchens with chrome appliances, completely renovated and finished with guidance from celebrity masters. Houses with boundaries of curly wrought iron and remote garages. Houses renamed in the 'French Style' *Notre Mansion*.

These are the streets with the houses that Emma Buswell has been walking past as she makes her way from home in Niergaraup to the gallery and studios of Goolugatup Heathcote everyday. She is interested in how the residents have landscaped their properties and the decisions they've made such as plants and lawn treatments, and what this might suggest or signify, especially when it comes to demography and class. This is how "facade" can be a symptom, can be one key aspect where we see what concentrated, intergenerational wealth looks like. This is art concerned with how land is used, co-opted and changes hands in these areas, how it becomes a sediment to be excavated through critique and craft, how it reveals what has been congealed because of settler colonial capitalism. In Emma's hands, this becomes wry and good humoured, gently mocking, never angry, emerging from lived experience as a flaneur whose father has worked for 25 years as a sole trader and gardener along Duncraig Road, Applecross.

In the exhibition, there are Tiffany lamps made from collected shards of glass found on the side of the road or footpath on Buswell's way to the gallery. They may be broken bottles, brown for long necks, green for chardonnay; headlamps from crashes into stop signs and rear brake lights reversing into letterboxes; the material remnants and tangible heritage of a streetscape in thrall to cars and booze. Each day Buswell documents her journey as she moves toward the gallery, deeper into Applecross and deeper into this wealthy suburb. From her neighbourhood to Goolugatup, the glass is a marker of class, with less collected from the tidy and quiet streets where houses grow grander and landscaping matters. The lamps then become mosaiced trash, smuggled into elite spaces of the suburb, transformed



into ironically beautiful objects that poke fun at antique expensiveness. This lamp is a wholly unoriginal signifier of wealth in the domestic realm, but in Emma's hands they become storied observations of how accumulation occurs through art with their labour intensive process and gendered history.

Placed in conversation with the lamps are Emma's jumpers, six that could be worn, and one that is a grand, oversized, six metre construction. These are 1980s inspired with high saturation and luxe crafting. They are daggy and kitsch, they are retro and fun, they are conspicuous, with identifiable references to being working class, to pop culture, to the heroes of the banal settler colonial living memory that punctures the suburban amnesia occurring here.

One is covered in rhinestones emblazoned with, 'I'm a luxury' and references a famous sweater that Princes Di wore in 1982, around the same time she also wore the Jenny Kee 'Blinky' koala jumper. Moments immortalised in women's daily magazines, gossip columns, the fodder of doctor's waiting rooms and hen's party talk. With Emma, there is a paradoxical celebration and satirisation of a tragic and beloved figure of empire, a thread that harks back to Stirling, back to The Crown.

Placed next to this, is the 'Better Homes and Gardens' Jumper, which portrays the popular and populist home

improvement television show with detached warmth and a winking freshness. With the tourist statues of the classical west, so reified that they are fridge magnets, postcard snaps, and garden ornaments bought on a once-in-a-lifetime trip to Europe or at the Bunnings down the road. There is a crass mash up of high and low brows, punctuated by a dog turd, a reminder that all this pretence, all this perfection, can be so easily soiled by pets and looking closely at how it came to be here. This is leisure as improvement as facade as dream, something to wake from and see in the light of day when truth telling demands more than commercial television can offer both during the soapie day and the shopping channel night.

The other jumpers in the exhibition also play with both white and blue collar aesthetics, with hi-vis and HiLux, with city scapes, with quotidian objects and curious references that introduce you to value in a new way. The oversized jumper at six meters wide has 'delusions of grandeur' emblazoned on it, a kind of motto that refers to the houses in the suburb, and functions as a negation of Emma's own practice. It brings us back to reality, to the crafted materiality of working with cast off glass, with acrylic wool, with the symbols of suburban fantasy. On it there are two stone lions, a familiar icon to anyone who has driven through nouveau riche suburbs

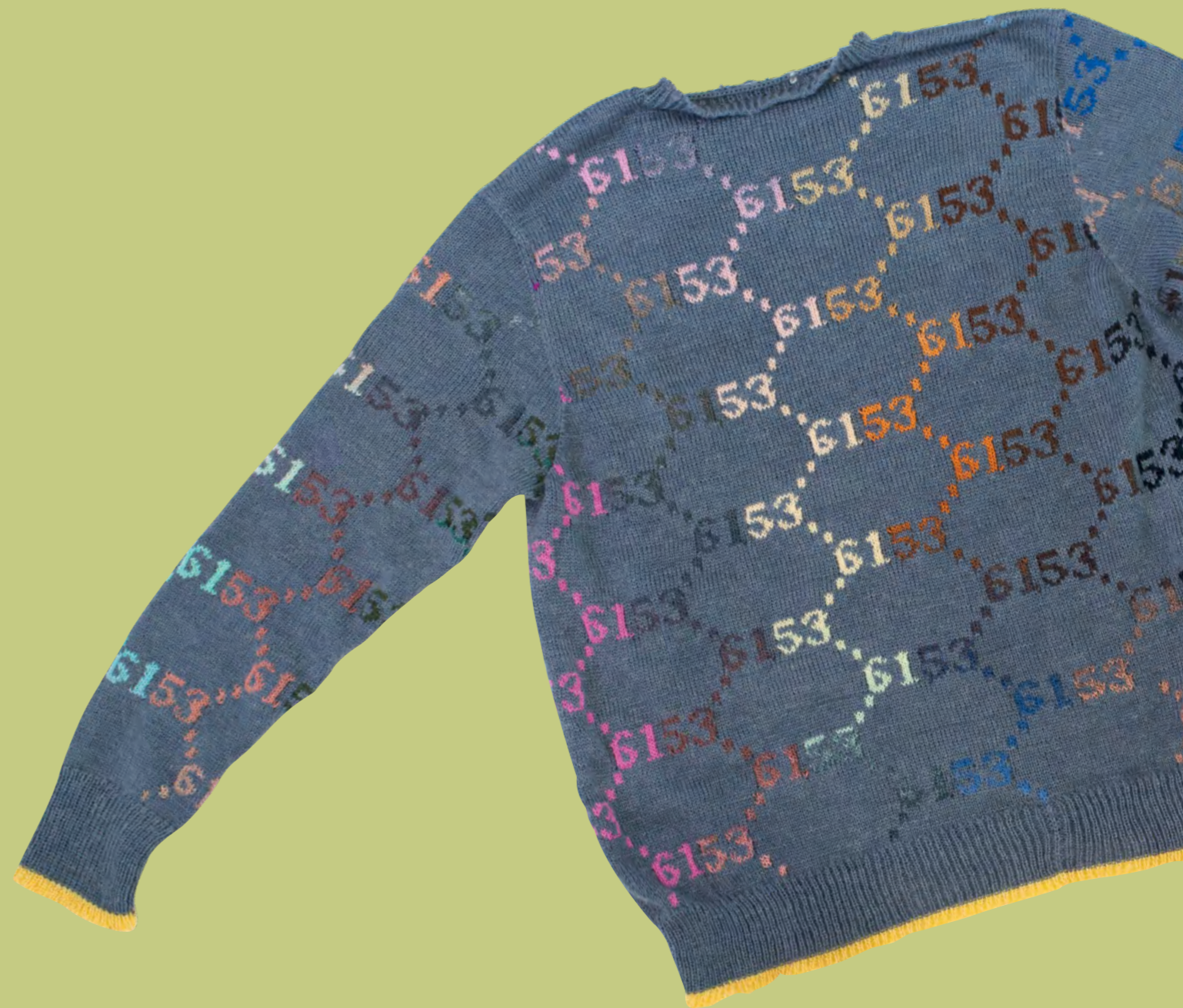
throughout Whadjuk Country. In some cultures, the lion out the front of a house represents having paid off a mortgage, a moment of completion, of arrival and freedom, from banks, from capital. In other cultures, it is a symbol of empire tattooed on sunburnt skin displayed in full splendor on backs, chests, arms at cricket matches where the lawn is professional standard and the nation shows off its power. In Emma's hands, they become domesticated, defanged of their reverential power, a kind of speaking back softly to joke at what matters, at what is tacky and cherished.

Humour is of course at the heart of Buswell's critique of 'facade' and its ongoing, sprawling existence. There is a colloquial, even intimate, way of talking around subjects. A backhanded dig at having a 'fair go' and making it. A comment on pop aesthetic, and the constructed and careful marketing of the royals, of this whole enterprise. Slippery, and highly critical of this kind of wealth, it can be read as an exhibition that is about

class with intersections into colonialism, gender and ecology. A comment upon the suburb that immediately surrounds the gallery, a kind of placemaking with care that ironises facade and superficiality, that does not need to keep up with the Joneses.

All of this is entered into a political reality that is local, state and national. A housing crisis. Rental crisis. Tax revenue crisis. Inflation crisis. Deaths in custody crisis. Climate crisis. Moment of crisis. Walking through these suburbs that have benefited from tax and other policy for decades, one cannot help but think of what was once here and how others live, just across the water, just across the boundary. How others live might just be the question the viewer asks themselves while they are here. Emma's answer to that is subtle with insight, good humour and warmth. The politics of that reality and what comes next surely depends on mowing the lawn – thinking about where to begin, without delusions of grandeur, with simply common sense.

BELOW
Emma Buswell, *2 Fast I'm Furious* (detail), 2022, Hand knitted wool jumper



'Humour is at the heart of Buswell's critique of 'facade' and its ongoing sprawling existence.'



OPPOSITE

Emma Buswell, *Delusions of Grandeur*, 2022, hand knitted wool and acrylic jumper

Loren Adams

PORT MAJESTIC CLOSE: GHOSTS AND BOATS AND HOMES

The document arrives on a trolley. There are other documents on the trolley, but this one has a satin gold cover and is spiral bound along its short edge with vivid blue plastic. I move to it like a bowerbird, and I waste exactly six minutes trying to decide whether the precise colour of the spine is cobalt or royal blue or something else. A square logo and the italicised words “*Bond Corporation*” are centred on the front cover in the same shade of probably-cobalt; below this, a smaller all-caps outline of the words “PORT MAJESTIC” fades into gold.

Inside, a stark white title page carries the outline font into monochrome, announcing “THE MAJESTIC “A” (DEVELOPMENT).” The next page is an aerial photograph: along the right edge, orange-and-white suburban rooftops and splotches of shrub are scattered across a nose of golden earth, which pokes through white sand into brackish water. With a little help from Google Maps, I learn that the earth is Point Dundas (Moundauo/Moondaap), the biggest rooftop is the former Majestic Hotel, and the water is the Swan River (Derbarl Yerrigan)¹. A Preamble on the third page reveals that: “This brochure describes and illustrates a development concept which Bond Corporation Pty. Ltd. intends to construct on the Majestic site.”²

The document is one of two proposals put forward by Alan Bond’s eponymous Bond Corporation between 1980 and 1984 for a new mixed-use property development upon the 2.76 hectare site of the former Majestic Hotel on Fraser Road in Applecross.³ Contained in this speculative “waterfront village”⁴ are 200 strata-titled residential units – a 20-storey tower, plus a spread of lower-density housing – and a sweeping semicircular marina at the tip of Point Dundas.

I am here for the ghost of Alan Bond – ‘Bondy’ – the businessman and former Australian of the Year, who was heroized for bringing the America’s Cup sailing trophy to the Royal Perth Yacht Club in 1983, before declaring bankruptcy and being jailed for corporate fraud in the 90s.⁵ He has become the slippery subject of my research; both mentor and tormentor, always

straddling the entrepreneurial and the criminal. Bondy is the Kevin Bacon of Western Australia: everyone here knows someone who knows someone who knows something about Bondy – and this makes his exploits difficult to pin down. Truth and rumour are impossibly intertwined; myths gather momentum and are memorialised through repetition. And so, I am in the State Library of Western Australia digging for truth in a Bond Corporation property development brochure. (But then, isn’t all of real estate a fiction?)

Eleven sparse pages of matter-of-fact text lead to ten pages of (unattributed) schematic architectural drawings. A hole has been crudely cut into page 24, partially revealing a sepia-toned photograph of a Mediterranean riverfront scene. The remaining white paper is annotated with the words “SWAN RIVER,” and for a second I am coaxed into believing that Applecross could be *just like* a Mediterranean riverfront – perhaps all it takes is the right property developer. In two more full-bleed photographs of Mediterranean scenes, timber dinghies are tied up along a dock and an alfresco dining area sits beneath a canopy of vines. I flick back-and-forth between the photographs and the 20-storey tower section drawing, trying to reconcile the scale shift.

There are other documents, too. Buried in a subsection of a two-volume *Environmental Review and Management* report, I discover that Bond Corporation only technically held the title for the Majestic site from April of 1981 until July of 1982 when it was transferred to a Sydney-based grocery company, Walton Stores (Interstate) Limited – of which Bond Corporation held a controlling interest.⁶ And by 1986, development applications were being submitted by another wholly-owned Bond Corporation subsidiary called Hawkvale Pty. Ltd.⁷ There are always companies-owning-companies-owning-companies-owning-property, *ad infinitum*, in Bondy’s cruel game of Corporation Inception.

Trawling through newspapers, I learn that the Melville City Council rezoned the site in June of 1984 to conditionally allow a maximum of 80 units and

a building height of 35 metres, disappointing both Bondy (who, by then, had already downsized his vision to 120 units) and the Melville Ratepayers Association (who did not want any density at all).⁸ By December the same year, there were whispers of a possible State-government buyout.⁹ And amid this ongoing planning approval stalemate, the Majestic Hotel was used by the Australia II sailing syndicate as a training camp for the 1987 America's Cup defence.¹⁰

In the end, though, none of it mattered – not the peekaboo paper cut-outs of sepia-toned Mediterranean scenes, not the nesting doll of corporations, not even the willingness to compromise on tower heights and unit counts. After more than half a decade of unsuccessful planning negotiations, in November of 1988 Daily News reported the sale of the Majestic site to Tokyo-based businessman Hiroto Miyamoto for \$17.1 million.¹¹ The Majestic Hotel building was demolished the following year.¹² Bondy's Port Majestic vision was never realised.

Nevertheless, bound between gold-and-cobalt covers in the State Library of Western Australia are 31 pages of deeply flawed but hopeful speculation about what might have been; ghostly possibilities for boats and homes, stacked up and strewn across the Applecross waterfront.

It is April of 2022, and I am standing at the northern edge of the Swan River, looking towards Point Dundas. In the distance, the flat sweep of Applecross is punctured by a cluster of four multistorey towers. Since I left Western Australia in 2008, the Raffles Tower has gained a triptych of tower-friends, its once-controversial 17-storeys now dwarfed by taller neighbours. Bondy's Majestic Tower would have been dwarfed by now, too.

Later that morning, I stand on the Applecross jetty with my back to the sun so that the ghost of Bondy's semicircular marina is in front of me. A sign shouts, "BERTHING FEES APPLY AT ALL TIMES"; another exclaims, "Not for general rubbish!" Here we are, nearly half a century later, still "paying for the public life"¹³ amongst all our special trash. There is nothing spectacular about the view – except perhaps the spectacular failure of imagination it takes to extrude title boundaries into fortress walls for enormous faux-Mediterranean McMansions on a street called Majestic Close.

A canopied aluminium dinghy slips into view and glides towards Point Dundas: it could have been going to Port Majestic marina, but it is not because no such place exists.

BELOW
Emma Buswell, *Hi Luxury*,
2022, Hand knitted wool
jumper, polyester, wool



'Everyone here knows someone who knows someone who knows something about Bondy.'



1 For consistency, I have used the WA Heritage Council's InHerit database when spell-checking Indigenous place names.

2 Bond Corporation Pty. Ltd., "Port Majestic: The Majestic 'A' (Development)," estimated early 1980s.

3 The number of (unsuccessful) proposals put forward by Bond Corporation prior to 1984 is noted in Volume 1 (1-4) of Kinhill Stearns, "Point Dundas Proposed Mooring Area: Environmental Review and Management Programme" (Victoria Park, WA: Bond Corporation Pty. Ltd., May 1984).

4 Bond Corporation Pty. Ltd., "Port Majestic," 4. These words are also ominously contained in scare-quotes in Kinhill Stearns, "Point Dundas Proposed Mooring Area: Environmental Review and Management Programme."

5 See, for example: Paul Barry, *The Rise and Fall of Alan Bond* (Sydney: Bantam Books, 1995); Alan Bond and Rob Mundle, *Bond* (Sydney, NSW: Harper Collins, 2015).

6 See Volume 1 of: Kinhill Stearns, "Point Dundas Proposed Mooring Area: Environmental Review and Management Programme." Bond Corporation's commissioning of this report (and its implications) is also described in: "Circular Quay in Majestic Plan," *The West Australian*, July 11, 1984, 3.

7 "Majestic Site Plans Blocked," *The West Australian*, November 12, 1986, 22.

8 Helen Mulrone, "Majestic Gets New Zoning," *The West Australian*, June 27, 1984, 3. These rezoning conditions also required new developments to retain a 15-metre public foreshore reserve and provide a minimum of 30% of the land for publicly accessible open space.

9 Janet Wainwright, "Mayor Seeks Talks on Majestic," *The West Australian*, December 19, 1984, 4.

10 See, for example: "Inns and Hotels in Melville: Number 4," *Melville Historical Society Newsletter*, March 1991, 7; "The Majestic Hotel:

A Look Back in Time," *About Melville*, July 2002, 5.

11 Martin Saxon, "Bond Corp Sells Hotel for \$17.1m," *Daily News*, November 25, 1988, 1.

12 The 1989 demolition is noted in: "Inns and Hotels in Melville"; "The Majestic Hotel."

13 This phraseology originated with Charles W. Moore, "You Have to Pay for the Public Life," *Perspecta* 9/10 (1965): 57-106, <https://doi.org/10.2307/1566912>.

Acknowledgements: My research into Bondy is being undertaken within the Melbourne Centre for Cities at The University of Melbourne under the gentle guidance of Michele Acuto and Hélène Frichot, thanks to an Australian Government Research Training Program PhD Scholarship. Many thanks to the State Library of Western Australia.



SOPHIA CAI

Sophia Cai 蔡晨昕 is a curator and arts writer based in Narrm/Melbourne, Australia. She currently teaches as a sessional lecturer in Critical and Theoretical Studies, Victorian College of Arts at the University of Melbourne, while also maintaining an independent curating and writing practice. Sophia is particularly interested in Asian art histories, the intersections between contemporary art and craft, and feminist curatorial methodologies and community-building as forms of political resistance.

Recent curatorial projects include Sincerely Yours at West Space and Arts Project Australia, Home is More Than a Place at Hamilton Gallery with NETS Victoria, and The Four Letter Word at Artbank as part of its Emerging Curators Program. Her ongoing project Disobedient Daughters has been exhibited at Metro Arts (2018) and Counihan Gallery (2021), and was accompanied by a printed catalogue with newly commissioned writing by 10 Asian-Australian writers. Sophia has delivered public programs and talks at the National Gallery of Victoria, the Museum of Contemporary Art Sydney, ACCA, Craft Victoria, Monash Gallery of Art, RMIT and more.

sophiacai.info

KELLY FLIEDNER

Kelly Fliedner is a Boorloo-based writer and curator interested in the convergence of critical and creative discourses surrounding contemporary art, and how to respond to local practice and politics. She works as a consultant for arts organisations on research, programming and language, and occasionally works on design and illustration projects, including for interior and architectural firms.

Kelly is currently the Collections Officer and Art Consultant for the Australian Government's Artbank initiative in Western Australia, and a Board Member of the Perth Institute of Contemporary Art. Previous roles include working as an editor for Tura New Music and working on a history of that experimental music organisation to be published in 2023. Along with Melissa McGrath, she is one of the founders of Semaphore, a volunteer run publication about art from Western Australia.

kellyfliedner.com

LOREN ADAMS

Loren is an interdisciplinary designer and spatial technologist with a background in architecture, fine art fabrication, computational design, robotics, and public policy. Previously, Loren led the Computational Design Specialist team at Grimshaw Architects in Melbourne and was the inaugural Coordinator of the Melbourne School of Design Robotics Lab. Across these positions, she developed a fascination with the role that computing paradigms play in the way we measure value or success in the built environment. She enjoys working with A.I. and exploiting the clumsiness of mis-calibrated reward functions when systems are overloaded with ambiguity.

She is currently working as a graduate researcher through the University of Melbourne's Centre For Cities undertaking a PhD which explores the role that computation, regulation, and stories play in evidence gathering and case making within socio-spatial practice.

lorenadams.me

EMMA BUSWELL

Emma Buswell is an artist, curator and designer fascinated with systems of government, economics and culture, particularly in relation to constructs of place, identity and community. Her current work takes its inspiration from the matrilineal hand craft and knitting techniques passed down from her grandmother and mother, as well as a contemplative investigation into the nature of kitsch, ephemera and national identities.

Buswell has run a variety of artist-run spaces across Perth and Fremantle and exhibited and curated exhibitions across Australia. Currently the Fremantle Arts Centre Exhibition and Engagement Coordinator, Buswell was resident at Fondazione Antonio Ratti, Como, Italy in 2011 and participated in the 2015 Australia Council for the Arts Venice Biennale professional development program. In 2020, Buswell's work was the focus of a solo exhibition at the Art Gallery of Western Australia and in 2021 she was an exhibiting artist as part of Perth Festival and Love in Bright Landscapes curated by Annika Kristensen at ACCA. She is the 2022 TILT artist at Goolugatup Heathcote.

emmabuswell.net

BELOW
Emma Buswell, *Trash Lamp #1*
Amber Alert, 2022, Stained glass
lamp, papier mache, found glass,
acrylic paint

Jana Braddock
Curator and Creative Lead
Goolugatup Heathcote

TILT PROGRAM NOTES

TILT is an ongoing program that invites established artists to respond to the many layered history of Goolugatup Heathcote and the surrounding area. This site has been an important Indigenous site for thousands of years more recently though from 1920s to the 1990s it was known as one of the most important mental health hospitals in Perth. The affluent riverside suburb of Applecross surrounds the manicured gardens and heritage buildings of the site. The Goolugatup of today is home to a thriving cultural precinct and contemporary art gallery.

For TILT's 14th year, we invited Emma Buswell to explore the site's history. Her response to the program was influenced by long walks through the suburbs surrounding Goolugatup. When we invited Emma to be involved with the TILT program, we knew she would bring a unique spin to the interpretation to the site. Her work on this project is ambitious, her connection to site personal, and her reflection on class and inequity poignant. Her extraordinary elevation of found and discarded road rubbish to high art in her Tiffany lamp lead lighting is masterful.

Working with Emma over a year of research and experimentation has been a privilege, and I am thrilled to help share her unique project with audiences.



Goolugatup Heathcote
58 Duncraig Road, Applecross WA 6153
(08) 9364 5666
goolugatup-heathcote.com.au
Open daily 10am – 4pm.

Goolugatup Heathcote acknowledges the Bibbulmun people as the Traditional Owners of the land on which we stand and pay respect to the Whadjuk people, and Elders past, present, future.

Goolugatup Heathcote nagolik Bibbulmen Nyungar ally-maga milgebar gardukung naga boordjar-il narnga allidja yugow yeye wer ali kaanya Whadjack Nyungar wer netingar quadja wer burdik.

GOOLUGATUP
HEATHCOTE

City of
Melville

