

'REFLECTIONS' Scene Break Down (2008)

Sc1. *Doors open to audience. AV screen showing the following:*

The screen shows an Indigenous warning dissolving between the Title of the play; 'Reflections Referendum 40 years and to the Future. And the Statement below.

'The enforcement of trust has enabled those in search of glory to stomp upon the unfortunate, crushing the outer shell but never the spirit and traditions within.' (By Graham Akhurst)

Sc2. *Graham Akhurst and Kate Pascoe take their positions on stage.*

Sc3. The AV screen begins and shows:

Section 51:

The Parliament shall, subject to this constitution, have power to make laws for peace, order and good government of the Commonwealth with respect to [then followed by 39 clauses of which Clause 26 read]:

The people of any race, other than the Aboriginal Race in any State, for whom it is deemed necessary to make special laws.

Section 127:

In reckoning the numbers of people of the Commonwealth, or of a State or other part of the Commonwealth, Aboriginal Natives shall not be counted.

(SFX: Graham's piano piece played by Kate under the above)

Sc 4. **'To Vote or not to Vote' Monologue:**
Written and Performed by Andrew Legg.

To Vote or not to Vote.

Andrew: To vote or not to vote, that was the question. I remember when I just turned 18 and I could hear my Mum saying, "You need to vote Andrew!" "To vote?" "Because you'll get fined if you don't". "I just turned 18. Who am I gonna vote for? I don't read the papers, I don't watch the news, I don't know politicians, I'm generation 'Y', why, why, why! I don't give a shit!" Besides, there's no one I feel I could of connected with ... except that singer. You know, (*start to sing*), "How can you sleep while the beds are burning", Midnight Oil, Peter Garrett, rock 'n roll. But he's in NSW. He's not a member in my area. So I had no one to vote for. No murries, no musos and no ministry mob I'd like to call mates. And no M.I.L.Fs either.

So there it was, Kevin 07 displayed through the streets.

I'm up, at 8:30am to travel 45 min back to school, now I've done my time, I'm officially a toolie. So here I am standing in line as if signing in late, and there I am thinking of an excuse to why I was late, moving closer to the lady with her book of names. She hands me a slip and it's the size of a bloody bar mat with a lot of black writing and little black boxes.

So here I am at school with my own secluded area like I'm taking an exam. Now, when it comes to exams I'm not the most prepared person. Tired, confused and eyes watching me as I make one of the most important decisions of my youth.

Where do I start? The parties? I'm good at finding parties. Now, Labor are pretty good at holding parties, for example with Beazley Snr in 1967, he sat back and had a charge with us murries, and that was before we had the right. Then there's the Ruddstar having a charge with a kiwi MP in his own backyard. Then later hitting up Club Minx where Ruddie got "low, low, low, low". "Apple bottom jeans boots with the fur the whole club is looking at her ..."

Hey, what about the greens? I like trees, so much I chose a tree instead of a telephone pole last Saturday night. The overlay hid me well as I peed south so I'm not contributing to the floods up north. Or the Australian Democrats, their motto is to keep the bastards honest, and the thinking of their 1977 candidate Don Chip has a lot to be said as he wanted to legalise porn, truly a man's man ... They just might have got my vote. What about the Liberals, it targets the middle class, "the forgotten people". I'm middle class, however it's an alliance with the USA and, although I love the Simpsons, I don't like to be dragged into a fight to finish when I didn't start.

Or the National party, they help out the rural country towns. My father's from a small country town and I enjoy going back there I mean with \$2.50 pots of beer, ya can't stop me!! However, if we focus so much on the small rural towns, what about the big towns, the big picture. So now what? Should I just walk out of my little booth, maybe look at the person next to me to see who they are voting for, nah, that's cheating, or vote for the person my mother votes for?

I mean I don't want to get it wrong and through my inexperience I could end up voting for a party that could be linked to say the likes of Pauline Hanson, whose red flame is still spitin' to burn. I mean One Nation sounds like a good name especially with us murries emphasizing on how we're a big nation, tribe, clan, family, one mob!

"Ere, where she from?" "Ipswich?" "What the pergah mish?" " Nah, Burger, Chip and Fish!" Geez Louise... who's gonna save me? Come on Pete move to the sunshine state, the smart state (give the thumbs-up).

I remember talking to my Mum and asking her "what's your reason?" She said it's for the social justice protecting people's rights. Voice in law making - I could use my vote to change unfair laws. So the incentive to become involved

was stronger also, also with the knowledge of the 1967 referendum. I went to a private school and did history as a subject but it's weird that just a year after leaving school and going to ACPA I found out about how a group of white fellas supported us murries to fight for the right to be citizens of this land, our land. Sometimes I wonder if they thought the same way I did. About just sitting it out, but I'm glad they did fight to vote or let's just say my black mother and white father working together never would have made me and I therefore wouldn't be here in this booth about to make the most important decision of my youth.

Sc 5. **Blackfella Greeting.**

Rhythm body percussion piece
Featuring Ronald beatboxing from balcony

Sc 6. **Spirit Walkers**

SFX Spirit Walker music By Jeremy Robertson

Sc 7. **William Cooper Monologue**

Written by Graham Akhurst
Performed by Royce Smith
Live song: 'Believe in me' by Graham Akhurst

William Cooper

Royce: It ain't right not having a voice. All the policies, all the decisions that are made for the well fair of my people are made without any consideration to our opinion. We have no parliamentary member, nobody who understands our needs. Our culture is dying! All this dissolution and separateness has created this fear in the white fellas and it's been stomped into us with a racist boot. I can hear a voice screaming so loud for the world to know the truth beneath the dirt we stand.

They still treat us like savages; this is the 30's and still they treat us like animals counted with the cattle. The cattle even have more say! If one dies these white fellas loose a bit of

money, if one of us dies there is just one less black to care for. Give us the opportunity to look after ourselves, I will tell the king what's going on. I still reckon' an Aboriginal state isn't a bad idea, a place we could care for ourselves, keep our traditions and have our law enforced.

So I have decided to write a petition to the King himself, he will listen I know he will, he listened to the Maoris and now they have a say.

I leave now with pride on my shoulder, I want change. I want this world under my feet to shake. I want it to rain from above with the words of a King. To me he is hope; I have to step, take the first step and begin a journey of transformation, for myself, for my people, for this country, our country.

Singing

Graham: Believe in me x 8

Sc 8. Referendum Red Jessie

Faith Bandler Monologue

Written by Leah Purcell

Researched by Melissa Mills & Kate Pascoe

Performed by Marion Knox

(Marion (Faith Bandler) walks on mid stage OP)

Marion: As a seamstress at David Jones, I was also working with Jessie Street who was vying for a nomination in her local seat. Her last attempt she said.

(Laughter) I wasn't game to tell her I didn't know what a referendum was. But I was quick to learn. I had no choice *(pause)*. The truth was, I had women Indigenous friends. I was working to bridge white and black Australia!

(thought) It was Kathie Cochrane and her husband Bob who were approached by Alister

Campbell, under instruction by Ada Bromham, a staunch member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union...*(smile)* elderly white women stirring the pot in Queensland ... who was concerned that at their last meeting they had, thirty-five people turn up, but not one of them Aboriginal! So, Alister asked Kathie and Bob to go door knocking around the areas where the Aborigines might live; to talk about the movement and get them interested. They all politely listened, mainly the women/wives of the households, and at the end the women all suggested they talk to Kath Walker, who had a real political consciousness. Before Kath fully committed to the movement, we caught up for a little get together (*laughter*). I remember going into the pub with her and trying to order a drink but the barman said, "We don't serve coloured people here." Kath shot back...

Kath Walker Monologue

Written by Leah Purcell

Researched by Sonny Dallas Law

Performed by Marion Knox

Marion: ... "I don't want to be served a coloured person, I'd like to be served a drink."

I had been aware of this white movement for equal rights for my people. I was wondering what/who was behind it, what they were going to get out of it. I tried a few different organizations, all eagerly put their hands out to bring me in to their folds and place their words into my mouth but I was chary, cagey, wary. They knew I was educated and 'a-go-getter', I was working to get my poetry published... but I needed to talk to someone that could see my apprehension from my eyes.

After I retrieved our glasses of water and took my seating direction, kindly, I walked to the back of the Lounge Bar area to sit with my South Sea Islander sister, Faith

Bandler, who spoke gallantly of this woman
she called Red Jessie.

Live Song: Referendum Red Jessie

Song written by Kate Pascoe

Sung by Georgia Cowora & Tracey Mazzone

Verse 1. This is a story of a woman I know
This is a story of a woman I know
Referendum mastermind
Red Jessie Street.

Verse 2. She saw people not colour
She saw compassion no no hatred
Referendum Strategist
Red Jessie Street.

Verse 3. Lunchtime laughter, nighttime speeches
When I was down low she'd treat me
I was black, she was white
We stood out, like day and night
Faith Bandler, Red Jessie

Chorus Jessie Street, Red Jessie Street
Jessie Strett, Red Jessie Street
Jessie Street, Red Jessie Street
Jessie Strett, Red Jessie Street
Referendum mastermind
Red Jessie Street.

Sc 9. Protesters & Placards

(Group protestors enter from U/S OP lead by Jonathan)

Protesters: Our Stories need to be told
Our Voices need to be heard
It's our right to be heard

Protesters: Our Stories need to be told
Our Voices need to be heard
It's our right to be heard
Referend'em both, end the two

(Tennille points them in another direction)

Tenille: Hey look fellas, they're opening up the gates over there!

Sc 10. Referendum Crusaders (1 minute silence)

(Protestors move to U/S OP and group)

AV Screen: List of names of people who worked on the referendum.

AV Screen: 'The dissolution, separateness and an unbecoming appears unnatural to most, but is engrained within the blood of our veins. A collective voice is screaming so loud for the world to know the truth beneath the dirt we stand.'
(By Graham Akhurst)

Live Song: Thank you

Written by Georgia Corowa

Performed by Georgia Corowa

Your present generation comes seeking
Strength and wisdom
In your memory
We will always give thanks
(repeat)

Your present generation comes seeking
Strength and wisdom
In your memory
We will always give thanks
(repeat)

There was a boy he was 17
A generation line of broken families
A world full of dreams
That he just can't reach
Can't help to think the past is catching up on him
He lives in a land that he thought was his
Stolen long ago and it's hard to fit in

There was a girl she started to dream
Future so bright she was so talented

She couldn't see a future so clear
She didn't know about her heritage
See only three generations back her people were
tricked as slaves
The truth is yet untold today's a different day

I see that look
That look in their eyes
Still their spirit soars even through genocide
Apology accepted
Freed with forgiveness
Still we ain't getting it right

Their blood runs deep
Their blood runs wide
Full of mysteries they are yet to see in life
Can't imagine why
Yet still we deny the history that we so proudly claim
Advance Australia but it ain't fair
Don't pretend that you don't care

I see that look
That look in their eyes
Still their spirit soars even through genocide
Apology accepted
Freed with forgiveness
Still we ain't getting it right

Gurrininnahmi ju ju nomi ronu (repeat x8 by
chorus)
I want to thank you ... thank you

Sc 11. Placard Dances

Protesters hold placards representing the dance moments.

11a) Placard 1: 'Don't take our children'
(Group)

Women protesters come forward, silently.

AV Screen: 10 year anniversary, 'Bringing
'Em Home'

Instrumental: Graham & Kate

Dance: Stolen Generations.

Choreographed by Penny Mullen & Leah Purcell
Dancers: Grace, Sarah, Jesse, Bobbie.

11b) Snedden Monologue

Written by Sonny Dallas Law
Performed by Jeremy Robertson
Edited by Leah Purcell

Snedden: If nothing is done, if we do not take action, our reputation, our public image, the Liberal support will be damaged among fair minded people everywhere.

11c) Placard 2: 'Equal Pay'

(Marion crosses OP to PS with sign)

AV Screen: Wave Hill Walk off.

Dance: Ringers Coroboree

11d) Placard 3: 'What life is mission life?'

(Ailsa crosses OP to PS with sign)

AV Screen: Mission Life footage

Live Song: 'The Silence'

By Kate Pascoe

Dance: 'The Silence'

Choreographed by Penny Mullen

11e) Placard 4: 'Referend'em both. End the Two.'

Snedden Monologue

Snedden: People are wanting change. Let's support this proposal for a Referendum. It's what the Australian people are protesting. It's in the Liberal Parties best interest to take action.

11f) Placard 5: *'Give equal rights throughout
Australia.'*

AV Screen: Freedom Ride

Dance: Swim dance

11g) Snedden Monologue

Snedden: We cannot ignore the Australian people and these political Indigenous groups; they are gathering immense support from influential professional people.

If we do nothing our country stands in danger of being stigmatized; as is South Africa in failing to observe the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

11h) Placard 6: *'Don't just count us let us count.'*

(Protestors enter from U/S OP)

Dance: **Protest Krump bashin'**

Live Song: 'The Truth beneath the dirt we stand'

By Graham Akhurst

It's amazing how you fight to survive through the history of all time.

And I'm fed up with yahoos
My people are in pain
But hey they say we're not to blame
Hey they say we're not to blame

It's amazing how you fight to survive through the history of all time.

And I'm fed up with yahoos
My people are in pain
But hey they say we're not to blame
Hey they say we're not to blame

As the lightning crashes down from the storm
It's burned a hole in our homes
We lost our peace, lost our pride

Lost our place
But they never took our faith
But they never took our faith

As the lightning crashes down from the storm
It's burned a hole in our homes
We lost our peace, lost our pride
Lost our place
But they never took our faith
But they never took our faith ... or our rage

Sc12. Song: RISE

Performed by Royce Smith and Caleb Stanley
Written by Royce Smith
Extra verse by Caleb Stanley
Music by Kaylah Tyson, Caleb Stanley & Royce
Smith

Get up get up
Everybody rise up
My name is Royce, R O Y C E I'm Torres Strait, Kanakan
and Aborigine
My people lived happily by the sea, I feel their
spirits every day lookin' after me
I ask them to give me strength the full length of my
life
I dream of being in peace with you every night
I respect mother earth and all the beauty she contain
I dread what ahead but I hope you remain
Because things ain't the same as it was before
Before the wars before invaders came to our shore
They hurt us so bad can we ever get it back?
A sense of belonging with no weight on our back
We lack motivation to get a proper education which
stopped my relation (expectation) and our nation
From achieving, liberation, we're the most feared
because we're misunderstood the original
Australians who ain't treated very good
What the hell is going on why hold my people down
That's our ground where u walk we were here before the
crown
When we lost our land fells like we lost our spirits
For years we've asked for justice but still no one
will give it

You can't hold us down forever no we're gonna rise

You can see it in our eyes now we don't believe your
lies
Injustice can't last forever
You can't hold us down if we all stand together
Yeah
Ooh yeah

You can't hold us down forever no we're gonna rise
You can see it in our eyes now we don't believe your
lies
Injustice can't last forever
You can't hold us down if we all stand together
Yeah
Ooh yeah

We stayin' strong my people best believe
If there's help in need then we need help indeed
We stay strong and lead, and still succeed and achieve
even though we bleed
From disrespect we receive
It's a new millennium with same situations
All throughout this nation same situations
All throughout this nation same discrimination
Still the same racial segregation niganar accusation
Blazin' interrogation victimization is what we're
facin'
This land we own this our home but get no recognition
Look through my vision I blame the politicians
But listen stop dissin' we always under suspicion
Missin' and wishin' most our people weren't caged in
prison
But we never fall not at all that's for sure we stand
tall
All for one and one for all we rise up even more
Just because you see a lot of struggle in our eyes
My people stayin' strong and we always gonna rise

You can't hold us down forever no we're gonna rise
You can see it in our eyes now we don't believe your
lies
Injustice can't last forever
You can't hold us down if we all stand together
Yeah
Ooh yeah

No follow me now my people all us lets roll

We're takin' our stand an havin' our say and gonna
show
No one can break us down or can ever get us low
Cause 24/7 we risin up my people let's go
This no surprise open ys eyes where what ya seein' now
better
Recognize the picture more clear now
Cause we on the rise cruisin' 5th gear now
So realize our goals are more near now
We gonna rise up better late than never
We can do anything if we all work together, like rise
up over injustice and oppression
Make sure that we're moving in the right direction
Ask this question when you see me, do you only see my
colour?
Do you see any hope for my sisters and brothers
Cos I do, you see the fire in our eyes, it's still
proof in our hearts we're still striving to rise

You can't hold us down forever no we're gonna rise
You can see it in our eyes now we don't believe your
lies
Injustice can't last forever
You can't hold us down if we all stand together
Yeah
Ooh yeah

Sc13. Hey, how ya goin'?

All: Hey, how you going?
 Do you see any hope for me?
 Do you see the integrity?

 Do you see me becoming a university scholar?
 Or a Prime Minister instead?

 Do you see my strength and determination?

 Hey, how ya going? Do you see me?

Sc 14. A.B.O

Written by Ronald Cora
Performed by Ronald Cora
Backing by Teila Watson

(Cheerier enter)

We see you, we hear you, we down with that!

We see you, we hear you, we got your back!

(Ronald beat boxes from balcony following cheering)

Australian Black Original

Australian Black Original

I said Australian Black Original

A B O! Whoa!

(Ronald and Teila enter)

This the A.B.O, a race individual

This be how I roll when I get lyrical

Non stop and hip hop flow bounce to the beat

ya'll

A.B.O is Australian Black Original

I'm an individual and myself at least

A proud Aboriginal from the burbs of South East

It's only game that I spit and I'm rollin' legit

North South East West people know me as Triks

J2bf is my click comin' down like a tone of

Bricks. You know how triks rocks when I be poppin

of my beatbox mix. All the battles I win I bust

flows every minute my lyrics be stable and the

turn tables I spin. It's all these rations are

hatin' but not stopping me I write my own lyrics

and do the corroboree if you a hater on triks

then its your falut bruz just because I'm an

individual that sticks to my culture you know it

ain't no thing murri hip hop I sing I'm a brother

always ready to roll or bang when I be doin' my

murri hip hop I stick to my basics this goes out

to all the haters that are racist.

This the A.B.O, a race individual

This be how I roll when I get lyrical

Non stop and hip hop flow bounce to the beat

ya'll

A.B.O is Australian Black Original.

Now you know how I roll when I bust this murri

flows I'm always in a hurry puttin' tracks in

studios I'm sick of these people bein racist

callin us abo's so I showed them the real deal

how murri hip hop goes at the time they were bein racist it was fisical they was gamin I was good I was straight lyrical it was one hit smack fall my rap stays original I'm a young black individual Australian Black Original. People judge the murries and the book by it's cover thinking we all do drugs and alcohol and bash one another but we ain't like that we got respect for each other where we not related but we still classed as sisters and brothers. Triks way of hip hop this is an invitation you don't need a degree to rap or any qualification I'm just steppin' representin' for this murri hip hop nation we'll have a celebration when we get some reconciliation.

This the A.B.O, a race individual
This be how I roll when I get lyrical
Non stop and hip hop flow bounce to the beat
ya'll
A.B.O is Australian Black Original

Indigenous blackfellas always step to the mic and hollower black yellow red WHAT that's my colours that I be representin' loud and proud murri hip hop I shout that's what I'm about ever sense I been keepin' clean makin' up own styles and my own leans cause be how I roll I put the tricks indigenous no conciliation to haters I make my rap crisp it was discrimination that got me in to this it only gave me inspiration to kick it as triks I could bust a free flow to a didje and clap sticks it's such a multi-cultural nation that I never call quits.

This the A.B.O, a race individual
This be how I roll when I get lyrical
Non stop and hip hop flow bounce to the beat
ya'll
A.B.O is Australian Black Original

Sc 15. Classroom Drama.

M1: Where's this teacher?

M3: He's on murri time, eh.

They place their chairs in position. They wait.

Enter FEMALE 1.

F1: I was sittin' behind this old blackfella on the bus today. Yeah he was a little charged up but he was sittin' quiet and these kids were lookin' at him, screwing their noses up and laughin.' I just couldn't believe their audacity.

M3: So what did you do?

F1: This.

(She takes off her black over coat and reveals she is covered in black, yellow & red clothes)

F1: And sat right next to him.

F2: Did anyone apologise?

F1: What do you think?

M1: Hey yeah, what ya's reckon about that?

F2: Sorry?

M1: Yer.

F2: What!?

All: The apology!

F2: Sssooooorrrrry.

M1: I reckon it should be a holiday?

F3: Trust you.

M1: Nah, I'm serious. Because if we have an Apology Day holiday...

F2: Then little kids are going to ask about it.

M2: And they can learn about why we are having a holiday.

- F1: You'd hope.
- M1: Yeah, their parents, they'd be able to tell them about what happened and what brought about this holiday.
- M3: How can you be sure the truth will be told?
- M1: Well you can't, but you'd hope that something would be explained.
- F1: The kids would probably go home and teach their parents.
- M3: That's right my sister!! (*big noise*)
- F3: Don't take this the wrong way, but I think you're stained with negativity sometimes.
- F1: I don't look at it as negativity. I see it as ... motivational. Because of this fair skin, I see racism straight out.
- F3: As I do, with the 'Mob' hatin' me because they see this fair skin.
- M3: Well they might be hatin' you because you look white but at least you know where you stand, because when you're my colour, with green eyes, you're not black enough to be black and you're not white enough to be white.
- But surely we as a nation can move forward without the stigma of the stereotype. That labels us and limits peoples thinking and understanding of what we want as individuals.
- F3: Someone took a smart pill this morning.
- M3: And the moving fast pill too 'cause I got here on time.

They laugh.

M2: One thing that we can all agree on is, that no matter what colour you are, or who you calls you names, racism hurts right?

Pause silence as they contemplate and agree.

M1: And anyway, does it come from someone whose words were worth listening too?

F3: Why can't we all be grey?

F1: You are, ya alien.

F3: ET go home

M1: Quick ET, get on my bike and I'll save you!

M2: Live long and prosper (*gives Star Trek hand greeting*)

F3: That show got cancelled. (*add Klingon speak*)

They laugh.

F2: It's all so confusing. My mother won't tell me who my father is. I was African American 'til last year.

Pause.

F1: I witness racism this morning.

F2: I haven't blatantly experienced it.

M3: From both sides, not liking my green eyes.

M1: You're not a real one but you're a cool Abo, you're a cool boong.

M2: And this is from your friends, right?

**Sc 16. LiveSong: 'Blood and Bone'
 By Graham Akhurst.**

Verse: There's a sheet of glass on my window that I can

not see.

If my eyes were truthful in the winter maybe I
could breath.

There's a story to every human being through my
window.

Wish I had time, time, to shoot the breeze.

Chorus: I've never seen black or white only blood and
bones
These racist taunts have never hit my home.
My history is black and white and my futures
grey.
But that's okay I've got to move forward any way.
Got to move forward anyway

Sc 17. Classroom Drama (cont.)

F3: Is there such a thing as 'how to be black'?

F1: I don't think you can learn it. You have to grow
up with it. Those values have to be around you.

F2: Yeah, I learnt about acknowledging 'country'
because I went to a protocols workshop.

M2: True.

F3: Shame.

F1: Deadly.

M3: Ch'air.

F2: Hey, I'm trying. Maybe that's why I came here. To
ACPA.

M2: What do you mean?

F2: To find answers.

M2: To what?

F2: Me.

Pause.

M1: You have to come from a Mission.

M3: Not even, it's what you claim, it's what you hold inside. I'm middle class so because I haven't experienced hardship or because my mum's got a good job and my grandfather has worked hard all his life that I'm not black because I haven't experienced struggle street?

F2: No. It's unfair and hurtful.

M2: We have a socially diverse race.

M3: We have an evolving culture.

F1: We adapt to the environment, that's why we survived for so long. That's why we can still connect culturally.

M1: Yer. But the physical traditional stuff is gone for some. But culture ... is a belief now.

M2: I never grew up culturally strong. I got a cousin, but he won't tell me things. If I ask he shows me a contemporary version and that makes me feel like a tourist to my own heritage, it's my birth right. Out of my whole family I am the strongest in wanting to know, to learn.

F1: I believe you do have to earn that right. And in time, when you are spiritually ready, it will come.

M1: Let's lights some candles.

He sits cross legged on his chair and holds his hands in mediation pose. She throws a pen at him. He catches it.

M1: My white light surrounds me.

They all laugh.

F3: When I was a little girl my uncle, who was a painter, sat me down and said to me, '...if I know who I am then I can't be broken by any ones words ... respect my black side and white side. We have to because how can we be strong in understanding

ourselves. And when people judge us, they won't break us. It'll hurt. We'll get angry.

But as long as I know and respect who I am, then hopefully people will respect me for being me.

Sc 18. LiveSong: 'Respect'

By Kate Pascoe

Back vocals by Tracey Mazzoni

(Tracey onstage near Kate)

I can do anger
I can do shame
I can feel outrage at the shattered glass.
'Cos there's so many pieces,
And so many people - to blame

And

I can feel connected to you,
I can feel connected to you.
I can feel connected
And you will be respected
Cos' I am connected to you.

Sc 19. Masterpiece of Dreaming

(Ailsa enters from C/S OP. Howie comes up behind her from U/S OP.)

Ailsa: I have a black and white stripe smeared across my heart. To feel divided in this country is a common occurrence I face each and everyday. A man appears in my mind. Uncle has returned to teach me my final lesson. He says, "Reflecting on the past, walking in the footprints of before, is essential for all new paths we take. Follow the rays of the new dawning and dreaming. This I teach you now. This I give you. Do unto it as you will.

To know ones self is a testimony to ones will;
our will to accept the skin, the heritage, the
bloodline. Because if you don't understand and

appreciate your past, how can you appreciate and
accept your future.

My mind is suddenly calm and free.

Sc 20. LiveSong: Freedom

Written by ACPA Students

Edited by Leah Purcell

The freedom of life, richness of our culture
I can express my heart have feelings to the world;
The right to have my say: and be heard for my people.

Culture at its best
People living free,
My dreaming to be whatever I want it to be
A purpose to live: a life for me.
A heart to fill with-

Pride
Rights
Happiness
Confidence, friendship and family!
Life
Free will
Freedom
I have freedom, freedom to choose; freedom of choice.
Strong voice
I know my passion and my calling
Because I see a need

Culture at its best
People living free,
My dreaming to be whatever I want it to be
A purpose to live: a life for me
A heart to fill with-
The freedom of life, richness of our culture
I can express my heart have feelings to the world
The right to have my say and be heard for my people
The right to have my say and be heard for my people
The right to have my say and be heard for my people
The right to have my say and be heard for my people

SC 21. LiveSong: I wonder/Here I am

Written by Edwina Yasso

I used to wonder
As a little child
Where did you come from?
Why were you in our lives
But now I've come to realize
That you will always be

And I wonder
Why you can't see me
Cos here
Here I am
Do you see
Do you see through me
Cause I've been here all the time
And I've been waiting for you

And I wonder
Oh and I wonder
If you can see me
Cos here
Here I am
What can we
What can we achieve
Cause if we work together
Our vision will be clear

One people one future
(repeat x 8)

Sc 22. Music: **Movin' On**
Written by Tracey Mazzoni

BOWS

THE END