

Vesna
Tenodi

DREAMTIME

**SET
IN
STONE**

The truth
about
Australian Aborigines

As requested by the Those-Who-Know

Includes conversations with Goomblar Wylo
and DVD with Goomblar's didgeridoo music

Waking to Dreaming

I wake to Dream, and take my waking slow.
I feel my fate in what I cannot fear.
I learn by going where I have to go.

I think by feeling. What is there to know?
I hear my being dance from ear to ear.
I wake to Dream, and take my waking slow.

Of those so close beside me, which are you?
God bless your Land! I shall walk softly there,
And dream of going where you want to go.

(variation on Theodore Roethke)

FOR THE HEART OF THE MIND

I dedicate this book to the Aborigines.

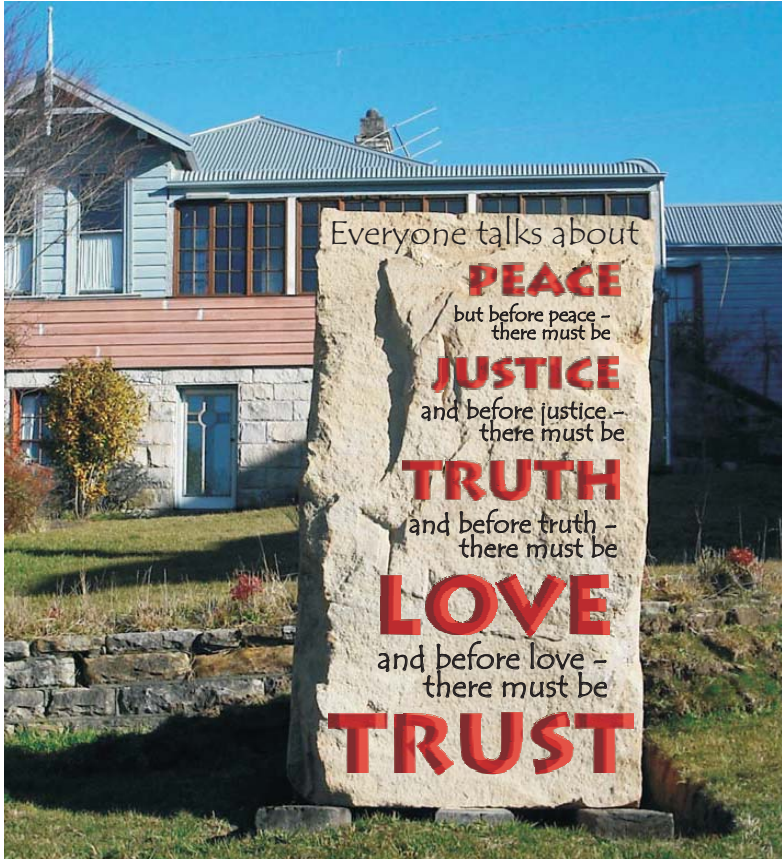
I dedicate it to the Aboriginal people and to the Aborigine in each of us.

And to those with different sensibilities, who wish to become immune to the aggressive noise of today's world, to change their lives and start resonating with the higher rhythm, closer to the noble, intended way of living.

Such an Aborigine in each of us is the heart of our mind, the deepest, most ancient, most original, most genuine—and the most estranged part of our own being.

The AbOriginal in each one of us is the part of our being we understand the least, neglect the most, sometimes ridicule and often abuse, ignoring its rights and denying its existence.

The part which, just like the Australian Aborigines, is in danger of dying out.



Everyone talks about

PEACE

but before peace -
there must be

JUSTICE

and before justice -
there must be

TRUTH

and before truth -
there must be

LOVE

and before love -
there must be

TRUST

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TIME TO SPEAK OUT—THE ARTIST'S STATEMENT

I paint Wanjinias because that's the central part of Aboriginal spirituality. If someone said I should stick to my own tradition, I'd tell them it's all the same. Spirituality is one, God is one—call him what you will. There is the same wisdom in all of the world's traditions.

What I know about the Aboriginal people really upsets me. Watching documentaries and seeing what poverty their remote communities live in, it's horrible.

Then I see their cave paintings and rock carvings and I get inspired. Whatever I read and learn about them prompts a response, an artistic one.

I know what I'm doing and I know it is right. I know their Wanjinias have no mouth, but I paint most of my Wanjinias with a mouth, sometimes with a smile. I give them mouths, because they need to be heard. They've been mute for too long. They say it's time to speak out.

Gina Sinozich

