

DREAMTIME SET in SAND



VESNA TENODI
aka Wanjina Watchers

Contents

Foreword	2
Introduction	3
Let's sign the contract first	6
Like a dog with a bone	9
Threatening letter	10
Telling the truth is a dangerous thing	13
From euphoria to depression	15
Genuine Gina and baffled Ben	17
Artists are terorised, while the thugs get off scot-free	19
The unscrupulous ones	21
Petition: The issue	22
Sorry saga over Echo Point development clash	25
Light at the end of the tunnel – turning his life around	27
Finding happiness again	30
Article about Goomblar – The Courier Mail	31
Addendum	34
Facebook posts and comments	35

Dreamtime Set in Sand © Vesna Tenodi 2025

Cover Art: Goomblar by Gina Sinozich © Vesna Tenodi

Some parts are included under Fair Use provisions of the copyright law.



*Like grains of sand in the hourglass
once lovely Dreamtime tradition
has irretrievably seeped away...*

Foreword

People change. Some change slowly, over a long period of time; some can completely change in a heartbeat.

People are fickle. Relationships change. Allegiances change. Feelings change.

The highest laws – divine or heavenly laws – are permanent, unchangeable. ***Set in Stone***.

The earthly laws – their mundane rules and human behaviour, are fluid, in a state of flux, subject to change. Much like the sand in a desert – its landscape constantly reshaped, depending on how the wind blows. ***Set in Sand***.

You may never know why someone – who was a good friend for years, even decades – suddenly turns into your worst enemy. Or why your once ardent supporter all of a sudden betrays you, turning into a hostile opponent.

Accept the change without getting bitter, disappointed, or resentful.

Never let hate enter your heart.

Don't despair. Don't condemn. Don't accuse.

Remember that it works both ways. Your enemy can become your friend and your opponent can turn into your supporter. Once they turn – either way – can they turn back?

Yes, it is possible for one who turned from friend to enemy to turn back to friend again.

In any case, accept the reality, stay unperturbed, and keep doing what you know is right.



View of the Three Sisters from Echo Point lookout, where Goomblar played the didge every day when he was not travelling around the world.

Introduction

A few months ago I informed my Facebook friends that my good friend and my main aboriginal informant Goomblar Wylo (aka Paul Shillingsworth) died. I've known him since the early 1990s, when I first saw him playing the didgeridoo at Echo Point lookout in the Blue Mountains.

While living and working in Sydney, my husband and I loved the mountains, visiting often, and eventually bought an old, dilapidated Queen Anne style huge old mansion at 71 Lurline Street in Katoomba.

Over a couple of years we got all the required approvals from the Blue Mountains City Council, sinking hundreds of thousands of dollars into the house renovations and improvements, to bring it to its former glory. Once finished, we used it as our "ModroGorje" art gallery. Still living and working in Sydney, we'd go to Katoomba to run the gallery only on weekends.

As an archaeologist, specialised in prehistory, I was always interested in Australia's ancient people. I wanted to write a book, having already done a lot of research since my university days.

In early 2009 we were at Echo Point again, and Goomblar was there, as always, calling me to come closer, so he could play for me. When taking a break, he sat with us, and said to me: "I've read some of the stuff you wrote, you can write really well." I said "Thank you, I'm happy you like it." He then said "Would you write about me?"

I was puzzled, and he continued, saying "I'd like someone to write about my life. I feel you are the right person to do it. I'll tell you everything, if you want to do it."

At that point, we've known him for 15 years, and I was already aware he had an interesting life. But I was cautious. "That's a big ask, let me think about it," I replied.

On our way back to our house-cum-gallery – just a short walk from Echo Point and its Three Sisters lookout – I've suddenly gone weak at the knees and sat... or better to say just fell on the curb of the road, waiting for the weakness to pass. My hubby sat down next to me, saying nothing, placing a small bottle of water within my reach. He knew it was one of those moments when I needed silence.

You see, I am a psychic, a medium, or better to say a channeler – have been since 1987, when my spiritual teacher Master Ananda appeared to me, and started guiding me deeper into my psychic work, until I was ready for our monthly sessions.

I was asked to keep it a secret – the only one who knew and participated in those sessions was my husband, who was always present, was encouraged to ask questions, discuss matters of interest with Master Ananda, and recorded all our talks.

When we started transcribing the tapes and publishing Master Ananda's teaching, I asked how should I define myself and my role in those books. I was told just to say the 'translator', which was true in a way, since I was 'translating' from one realm to another.

Only much later I realised how wise was the request to keep it quiet, for a number of reasons – to protect us from wasting time and energy on other people's questions, distracting us from our work with Master Ananda, as well as because I had been working for the Australian Federal Government agencies, and my employers and colleagues might see me as being odd.

I never thought about or sought to be a channeler. But when it happened, I wasn't afraid, just confused for a while. Early in our communication, Master Ananda explained how wrong most people are – including those meddling with mediumship – believing that they can choose gods: “People don't choose gods, gods choose people”, he said – using ‘god’ as a collective term for entities and angels from higher realms.

I was honoured to become his “tool”, an intermediary, to serve as a conduit. In one of our early sessions he explained that Australian aborigines have been rapidly losing connection with the spiritual realm, and he was there to help them before they were to become completely insensitive to the “messages from above”. At his request, I started painting Wanjinjas, since those images were to represent the teaching of their gods. The original Wanjinjas were painted by highly-advanced Pre-aboriginal races. “If tribal elders fail to make a serious effort, in a few years the ancient wisdom as was passed on to the tribes will be irretrievably gone”.

Having a soft spot in my heart for aboriginal people, I embraced that task with joy and hope. I even found two sensitive artists who felt that our collaboration was guided by an inexplicable Source, and trusted me completely. First it was Gina Sinozich the painter, then it was Benedikt Osváth, a sculptor. So their artworks were a result of their high sensitivity and spiritual inspiration. Much like Michelangelo created his masterpieces.

Unfortunately, aboriginal “elders” and “knowledge keepers” were unable to recognise it, except for David Banggal Mowaljarlai... But that's another story.



Wanjinas by Gina Sinozich

So I kept my mouth shut, all until 2010 – when Master Ananda said that was the right time to reveal the source of my knowledge – as I did, in an interview for the ABC radio program “Law Report”. Knowing how poorly educated aborigines are, I kept it simple and just said “I talk with gods”, because those higher realms, celestial beings, ascended masters and angels are deemed to be godlike entities by ordinary people.

I was instantly attacked and ridiculed by both the aborigines and with them associated taxpayer-funded aboriginal industry... which goes to show that contemporary aborigines have no idea what true spirituality is and are completely disconnected from spiritual realms. Even more bizarre is seeing that aborigines can claim that anything from their lore is “sacred”, and they worship – for example – the “rainbow serpent” as their god.

That said, let me go back to that moment when I collapsed on our way back from Echo Point. Our sessions were always held after midnight, but from time to time Master Ananda has been sending me impulses which – for the better word – can be called ‘signals’, during my worldly engagements, which he’d only explains later, during our sessions. I’ve learned to read and trust such signals, and at that moment – while sitting on the curb of Lurline Street – I knew I should write not about aborigines generally, but about Goomblar specifically. His face became the face of aboriginality and – to me – the sound of him playing the didge conveyed so many hidden messages.

If you were to ask me what the most important role of a didgeridoo is, I’d repeat what Master Ananda said. The ‘outer’ answer is that the role is in its ceremonial applications. The deeper, ‘inner’ answer, is that it pierces the surface of the mundane, physical realm, goes beyond the ceremonial use, straight to the core – to the origin and purpose of the sound itself. When played by a real aboriginal didgeridoo master, the sound becomes a carrier, and the sound-wave becomes a tool for the truth.

Goomblar had some moments of deep insight, and sensed that there was more than just a writer’s curiosity in my questions.

He once told me: “You never asked me anything about our sacred tradition, about aboriginal secrets. That’s very unusual. Perhaps you yourself are the guardian of some secret and sacred teaching... I feel that you keep many secrets of your own, and guess of someone who is your spiritual teacher, and that’s cool with me. I don’t need to know.”

I kept it vague, and said “Yes, in a way...” That was partially true, because Master Ananda did request for certain parts of his teaching to remain secret, but also has been giving a lot of talks that – or parts of which – should be shared with others, some with my husband’s advanced students, and some with general public, via books.

Goomblar’s assumptions were correct. He went on saying “If I am right, would your spiritual teacher allow you to go around blabbing about it? I guess not. I’m sure you are told what you can say, and how to know when to say it and who is fit to hear it, you must have learnt to recognise who needs to know what. It seems we have much the same rule – need-to-know – there is so many things I don’t need to know, so I don’t ask why we are doing this... but there are also things I want you to know, even though I guess I’ll be accused of ‘breaching protocol’ by some... I have no respect for those among ‘my people’, they are telling too many lies about ‘sacred traditions’ which never existed.”

Having considered everything involved, including Goomblar’s strong intuition, a few days later we went to Echo Point again and I told him I’ll do it – under proviso that we

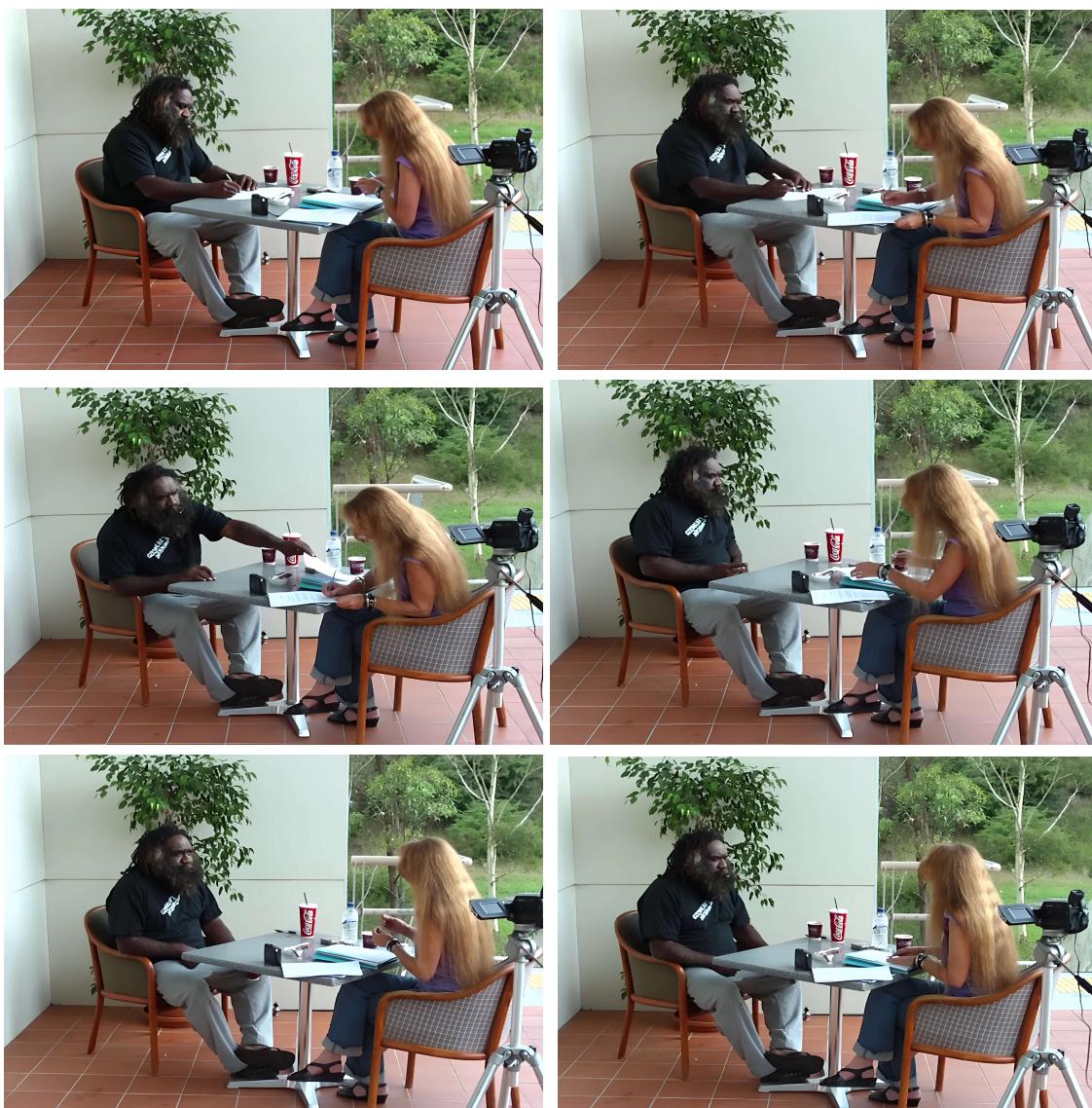
sign a proper contract before we start a series of interviews. He said “But why? We don’t need a contract... we’ve known each other for years... I trust you, you trust me, so we have each others word – that’s good enough, isn’t it?”

I said “True, we trust each other, but I am also a business woman, so our verbal agreement would not suffice, we need a formal contract if I were to invest time and energy... we have to do it properly.” He agreed.

I had the contract drafted by a lawyer friend, sent it to Goomblar, and asked him to read it and discuss it with his wife and with his business manager, for their approval. He called me two weeks later, saying they’ve read it and said our contract doesn’t need any changes, it’s all good.

So we met again and we both signed it. My husband recorded it, as he recorded most of my conversations with Goomblar.

Let's sign the contract first



Having signed the formal contract, we started our first interview



“I’ll tell you everything, where do you want me to start?”

Having those conversations recorded saved me from all the vicious people who attacked us both as soon as the book was published.

I am pretty patient, but after 15 years of being vilified I’ve had enough. I did successfully refute some of the false, defamatory claims as made by the Sydney Morning Herald and the Arts Law Centre of Australia.

But I refrained from addressing any of the vile, malicious lies about me that were constantly being spread by both the real and fake aborigines and the aboriginal industry apparatchiks. When they realised I have a proof that Goomblar indeed had said everything as I quoted in the book, those pitiful creatures started making silly claims, such as that I hypnotised Goomblar, or that one of his family members just died and I ‘caught’ him at the time when he was ‘vulnerable’, was not in his right mind – which was just another blatant lie. One of his family members did die, but long after the book was published. Or that I somehow ‘tricked him’ into saying things he didn’t intend to say. Or that he was drunk when telling me those things.

They kept smearing Goomblar, especially with that last claim. He wasn’t an angel, his early life was horrible, so horrible that he became an alcoholic and drug user, for 25 years – as he detailed in the “Dreamtime Set in Stone”. But when his first child was born he had what I would call an epiphany, a moment of clarity, and hasn’t had a drop of alcohol and was drug-free ever since. We met often during all those years of our friendship, and I know that his favourite soft drinks were Coca Cola and Fanta, and his coffee choice was always soy vanilla late.



“Yes, this is my favourite drink.”

When malicious accusations and false claims were coming at us from all sorts of people, he managed to stay strong for a while, couldn't care less for what the enemies said.



"I don't care what anybody says. It's my life, and I can tell you whatever I want."



Apart from recording, I started taking notes, to make sure I got the correct spelling of all the names of people and places he mentioned.



Goombar with his wife Abina, and with me while giving instructions to his performers



Goomblar's group of performers were kind to me, but all eventually left the mountains

Like a dog with a bone

But those enemies were unrelenting. When their violence, vandalism and death threats didn't work, they turned to their lawyers – from the Arts Law Centre and with that Centre's associated some of Australian biggest legal firms – who started sending us "cease and desist" letters and threats of legal action if we failed to do exactly what aborigines demanded, by the date they set as a deadline.

The same as the thugs, their lawyers also demanded for the book to be withdrawn from all Australian libraries and bookshops, for me to destroy every copy of it, as well as to destroy all of Gina Sinozich "offensive" art which illustrated the book, and to sign a statement I'll never do something that offensive again. If I don't comply, they threatened to take me to court.

I cannot resist to include one of such letters here again – rather than describing all the nonsense those legal firms kept sending us, all collaborating with the Arts Law Centre where the worst and most aggressive among their staff was Delwyn Everard. Like a dog with a bone, she kept sending letters to everyone she could think of, including to the United Nations, claiming our work is contrary to UNDRIP, to which we responded that the United Nations' UDHR (Universal Declaration of Human Rights) and its Article 19 trumps the UNDRIP.

This is one of the threatening letters:



8 November 2010

Level 35, St. Martins Tower
31 Market Street
Sydney NSW 2000, Australia

Mail to: GPO Box 3325
Sydney NSW 2001, Australia

Telephone: +61 2 9393 0300
Facsimile: +61 2 9267 9974

mail@sprusons.com.au
www.sprusons.com.au

BY REGISTERED MAIL

Damir Tenodi & Vesna Tenodi trading as Modrogorje
Registered Business No. BN98329500
5 Stanley Street
Amcliffe NSW 2205

CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION

Dear Sir & Madam

Unauthorised Use and Reproduction of Wandjina Imagery

We act on behalf of the Worrora, Wunumbal and Ngarinyin Aboriginal people, who are together the custodians of the Wandjina law and sites of the Western Kimberley.

For many thousands of years, the above Aboriginal people have been painting images of the "Wandjina", recognised by those people as the supreme creator and maker of the earth and all upon it, at sacred rock sites and in caves, on dance totems and bark, and now on canvas and paper ("Wandjina Imagery"). The Wandjina is of utmost importance to the Worrora, Wunumbal and Ngarinyin Aboriginal people and the Wandjina Imagery is sacred. The Wandjina is one of the oldest, most powerful and well-known subjects depicted in Aboriginal art and is well known amongst the wider community of artists and collectors of art.

In traditional Aboriginal belief, our clients are the only Aboriginal people entitled to depict the Wandjina. This right is well-known and observed by all other Aboriginal people and groups.

It is in light of the above that our clients are extremely concerned by the following:

1. the unauthorised use and reproduction at the Modrogorje Wellness and Art Centre located at 71 Lurline Street, Katoomba, New South Wales of Wandjina Imagery including in respect of the "Wanjinas [sic] by Gina" exhibition at the above Katoomba premises and the sculpture depicting Wandjina at the entry of the above Katoomba premises. Attached and marked "A" are photographs of the latter;
2. the publication entitled "Dreamtime Set in Stone: The Truth about Australian Aborigines" (of which Ms Tenodi is the author), which publication includes images of the abovementioned exhibition and is promoted and sold on your website www.modrogorje.com ("Modrogorje Website");
3. the references to Ms Tenodi as the "Wanjina [sic] CEO" on the Modrogorje Website;

3123093_1

ABN 32 712 865 217
Liability limited by a scheme approved under Professional Standards Legislation
Associated with SPRUSON & FERGUSON Patent and Trade Mark Attorneys

4. the promotion of the "Wanjina [sic] Rising – DreamArt Competition in Australia" and the "Wanjina [sic] Rising – DreamArt Competition in Europe" on the Modrogorje Website, by which competition entrants are invited to depict and submit Wandjina Imagery.

(“Offending Conduct”)

Our clients find the above conduct, and in particular, the unauthorised use of Wandjina Imagery, offensive for the following reasons:

- You are not from our clients' language or cultural groups;
- You did not obtain permission from our clients to use the Wandjina Imagery;
- The depiction of the Wandjina Imagery incorporates mouths. The Wandjina is **never** depicted in this way. This depiction is particularly offensive to our clients. The Wandjina are too powerful to be depicted with mouths – their power descends to Earth through the line seen as a nose; and
- You are using Wandjina Imagery and inviting others to depict Wandjina Imagery for commercial purposes and are thereby abusing our clients' indigenous culture.

The above unauthorised use of Wandjina Imagery appears to have been acknowledged in approximately October 2009 when Ms Tenodi contacted the Mowanum Artists Spirit of the Wandjina Aboriginal Corporation to seek permission in respect of the use of Wandjina Imagery at the above Katoomba premises. We understand that Ms Tenodi's request for such permission was refused.

Further, the Modrogorje Website (and the exhibition at the above Katoomba premises) suggests, contrary to fact, that the drawings/paintings at the abovementioned exhibition are "Wanjina [sic] paintings" and that the sculptures at that exhibition include "Wandjina drawings in stone". We further note that, the exhibition itself is entitled "Wanjinas [sic] by Gina".

The Offending Conduct constitutes a breach of Section 42 of the New South Wales *Fair Trading Act* 1987 in that it is conduct, in trade or commerce, that is misleading or deceptively or is likely to mislead or deceive members of the public into believing that the goods and/or services provided by you are provided by our clients, or with the licence, sponsorship or approval of our clients. The Offending Conduct is also in breach of Section 44 of the *Fair Trading Act* 1987 in that it falsely represents to members of the public that you have the sponsorship or approval of our clients or are otherwise affiliated with our clients.

Accordingly, our clients are entitled to commence proceedings against you and seek remedies including an injunction, damages and costs.

We have therefore been instructed to require the following written undertakings from you:

1. that you will immediately and permanently remove from the Modrogorje Website all uses of Wandjina Imagery including in respect of images of paintings, sculptures, drawings or otherwise;
2. that you will immediately and permanently remove from the premises located at 71 Lurline Street, Katoomba NSW all uses of Wandjina Imagery including in respect of

drawings, paintings, sculptures (including, without limitation, the sculpture depicting Wandjina at the entry to those premises) or any other form of representation;

3. that you will immediately and permanently cease the promotion and sale of the publication entitled "Dreamtime Set in Stone: The Truth about Australian Aborigines" by Vesna Tenodi and take all steps necessary to prevent any further publication of that title and any other publication which includes Wandjina Imagery;
4. that **by 5.00pm on 26 November 2010** you will deliver up to our offices all copies of the publication referred to in paragraph 3 above which are in your possession, custody or control;
5. that you will permanently refrain from all further use of Wandjina Imagery, including in respect of drawings, paintings, sculptures or any other form of representation, without the prior written approval or authorisation of our clients; and
6. that you will immediately and permanently refrain from representing to members of the public that you are associated with or connected to any or all of our clients.

Our clients require the above undertakings to be furnished to us by no later than close of business on **22 November 2010**.

The above undertakings may be given by signing, dating and returning to us the **enclosed** copy of this letter.

In the event that you fail to provide the undertakings or fail to honour them once given, our clients will take such action that may be necessary against you without further notice, which may include the commencement of court proceedings for injunctive relief, damages and costs.

Our clients reserves all their rights.

Yours faithfully
SPRUSON & FERGUSON LAWYERS

Simon D Williams
BA LLB(Syd) LLM(Lond)
Principal
simon.williams@sprusons.com.au
Encl.

Signed by
Damir Tenodi & Vesna Tenodi trading as
Modrogorje (Business Registration No.
BN98329500):

Damir Tenodi

Vesna Tenodi

Date

Again, our lawyer friend, while reading those threats, told us that actually we could sue them, because according to the “Code of Conduct for Legal Practitioners in Australia” and the “Australian Solicitors’ Conduct Rules” lawyers are not allowed to lie. So they were in breach of the rules they are legally bound to follow. The claims in their letters were false and obvious, deliberate lies. We had no intention of engaging in a court battle with any of those firms or individuals – that’s exactly what they wanted, to drag it through the courts for years as they routinely do... so we just ignored them, never replied. And never heard from them again.

But I named them and shamed them, publishing their letters, with the names and photos of the worst among them, in a number of my papers, all of which are available on my www.modroganje.com website.

When the thugs realised that their threats of further violence didn’t work, and their lawyers’ letters had no desired effect, failing to scare us into compliance, they approached the Blue Mountains City Council.

The BMCC Mayor and all the councilors were happy to oblige, and engineered the way to shut us down.

I described that morbid saga in the “Love Long Lost” book, illustrated with the photos of the Councilors and their helpers, so there is no need to repeat it here. You can download the “Love Long Lost” for free, from my www.modroganje.com website, and see them all.

Telling the truth is a dangerous thing

Goomblar Wylo suffered the same fate. Some thugs read the book, started attacking him for telling me the truth about contemporary aborigines, how ridiculous the narrative of “sacred culture” was, since the ancient, real aboriginal culture no longer exists, being replaced with invented stories about aboriginal history. The same thugs demanded for him to do whatever it takes to make me withdraw the book and destroy the artworks.

The book was illustrated by Gina Sinozich. Goomblar was impressed by Gina’s artworks, which I showed him so he’d be fully informed about the book’s content. He loved her “Wanjinas by Gina” series, as well as Gina’s portrait of him, and asked a lot of questions about her, wanting to meet that remarkable artist. As he eventually did.





While looking through the catalogue, Goomblar was delighted by Gina's art, and loved her painting inspired by him.



Gina's artwork of Goomlar playing the didge at the Three Sisters Lookout in Katoomba

From euphoria to depression

Goomblar was very honest and open with me, telling me even the most gruesome things he had experienced and some that he himself had done. On a few occasions he was tearing up... I didn't press him for more, but waited for another time for him to revisit those painful memories.



Goomblar in tears, when he could no longer talk about painful memories

When overwhelmed with his troublesome past, Goomblar decided to bring me a few hundred pages of his records, his documented past, which he obtained from a number of institutions, under the freedom of information act.

After reading all the documents I wanted to give them back, but he declined, told me to keep it, saying "You'd know how to use it, much better than I could ever do".

I included some passages in the "Dreamtime Set in Stone" book. Once it was published, Goomblar was euphoric, going through its pages, admiring its content, loving 'Wanjinas by Gina' artworks. And yet, he soon yielded under the thugs' pressure and begged me to destroy the book.

So when he joined that group of thugs during our Gina's exhibition, "Dreamtime Set in Stone" book launch, and the "Wanjina Watchers in the Whispering Stone" unveiling, Goomblar used that "scary look" to intimidate our visitors.

We had more than hundred guests inside the gallery, watching Goomblar yelling and swearing. He even assaulted our camera man, holding him in a headlock until I approached and told him "Goomblar, stop this nonsense!" He released the camera man, who was so distressed he never wanted to go to Katoomba again.

I think what Goomblar did was just an act, to pacify the thugs and get them off his back. I knew from our conversations that he can look scary, he was joking about his looks, saying he can scare people just by giving them his "scary look".

Show me one, I said. And he did. Apart from interviews at my art gallery, we had some interviews at a coffee shop, when he demonstrated how effective that look is – when some curious individuals would come too close, trying to hear what we were talking about, he'd just look at them and they'd scrambled away. Playing the bad guy worked like a charm.



Trying to look scary, then bursting into laughter.

Had I not seen him joking about it, perhaps I would be scared too. But that time he was not joking, because he himself was really scared of the thugs who pressured him.

Seeing the thugs had no intention of leaving I called the police.

One of the police officers accompanied Goomblar from the Lurline street up the hill to my gallery, to talk to me. I was standing in front of the house and the three of us spent some time in a tense conversation. Goomblar asked me to destroy the book and the artworks, because “those people” were giving him hard time. I said that was not going to happen, and Goomblar suddenly changed. He was almost in tears, and started pleading with me, while scratching his heart area – as he often did when upset or afraid of something – and said: “Vesna, they are really angry, please understand, they are now threatening to harm my children. Please do whatever they tell you to do, I am really afraid they will hurt my kids.” I said “Don’t listen to them, they are just bullies, we have done nothing wrong.” He said “I know, but how can I protect my family if they do what they are threatening to do?”

While we were talking, that small group of thugs was still standing there on Lurline street, yelling at the visitors who wanted to come in. That conversation with Goomblar – frightened out of his mind – was witnessed and recorded by that police officer whose name I am not going to mention, for his protection. The police officer finally interrupted Goomblar’s pleading, telling him: “You’ve said what you wanted to say, and you’ve heard it – she doesn’t want to do it, and she doesn’t have to, so it’s time for you to go home.” He wrote a report of that incident, but I was not able to obtain a copy from the police station.

So Goomblar left, still rubbing his chest, but got in touch with me later, when the Blue Mountains City Council started terrorising him as well.

The point is, after they started to threaten Goomblar, having a formal contract in place was a saving grace for me. And having a video and audio record of the two of us signing the contract was another nail in our detractors' coffin.

Once that contract was signed, we started a series of interviews, and Goomblar was coming to our house to play the didge and to talk to us. In one of our conversations he declared me an Aunty, and started introducing me to others as Aunty Vesna. I said I was honoured to accept the title, and to be Aunty Vesna of Wakka Wakka tribe. That particular conversation is described in the "Dreamtime Set in Stone" book, and was also video-recorded, so he or his detractors could never claim that hasn't happened.

Genuine Gina and baffled Ben

Over that year, apart from recording conversations with Goomblar and transcribing parts of our talks for the book, I also collaborated with Gina Sinozich, a famous Australian painter of Croatian origin.

Gina is famous for her naïve art – also known as folk art – and her artworks can be seen in many Australian galleries and museums, including Australian National Art Gallery in Canberra, Maritime Museum in Sydney, and Casula Powerhouse Museum also known as Casula Powerhouse Arts Centre. Its then director, Kon Gouriotis kept buying her artworks and during ten years – from 1998 to 2008 – Casula Museum amassed a collection of more than 400 of Gina's paintings and dedicated one of their galleries to her, while the National Gallery in Canberra used her artwork on their promo material.

Her art was sought by art collectors and galleries, both Australian and from overseas, but once the aborigines found her artworks "offensive", she too became a *persona non grata*.

Yes, aboriginal hate and malice destroyed many people's lives and reputations, but I am mentioning only Gina and Ben, since they were part of our ModroGorje project.

Gina was a person with exceptional sensitivity, who also – much like Goomblar – felt that there is something mysterious happening. I was telling her about Australian archaeology, its prehistory, and about Australian Pre-aboriginal rock art. Gina wanted to paint a series of anthropomorphic Pre-aboriginal figures of Wanjinas, for the "Dreamtime Set in Stone" book.

I've taken the same approach with Gina – signing a formal contract first, this time with a proviso that every painting she painted for the book and our art gallery – which we'd choose to buy, would be bought under proviso that the copyright and all other rights to those artworks would also be transferred to me. Gina had no problem with that, and created a number of Wanjina artworks as well as a number of Australian themes to which I am the copyright owner.

That had proven to be a saving grace for Gina as well. When aborigines started harassing her, Gina was distressed to the point of having a heart attack. She was also harassed by journalists who wanted to interview her about her "offensive" Wanjina paintings. To such requests Gina just told them "Vesna is the copyright owner of those paintings, so talk to her and never call me again!" and hung up on them. She was off the hook, but was still receiving aboriginal threats of violence and retribution.

Having a very sick husband, Gina was terrified of aboriginal threats, especially of the threat to set her house on fire, and she wouldn't be able to get her bed-ridden husband out in time. So terrified that – if not for the contract – she would probably destroy all the remaining “offensive” paintings, just to appease the raging mob. So having the formal contract proving that she transferred the copyright of all those artworks to me got her off the hook. Even better, she kept painting more dot-art and more “forbidden” themes, and we kept buying those later works as well.

My collaboration with Gina spanned over ten years. We also conducted several interviews, video recorded as well, in which she described how from loving aboriginal people and painting those masterpieces out of love for their tradition – she came to loath them and fear them, after being verbally abused by those thugs “protesting” in front of the gallery, and witnessing their crazy rage.

Soon after that drama with the “Dreamtime Set in Stone” book and Gina’s art, we had a similar reaction to our sculpture, placed down the hill on our property, close to the street.



ModroGorje gallery on top of the hill, and the Whispering Stone before it was carved

It was to become the “Wanjina Watchers in the Whispering Stone” sculpture, if full display so that passers-by and all the tourists could see it.

The sandstone in front of our gallery was carved by Benedikt Osváth, Australian sculptor and painter, who fell in love with the 8.5-ton sandstone block which we bought from a quarry in New South Wales.

The thugs repeated their hysterical “protest” at the unveiling of the “Wanjina Watchers in the Whispering Stone” sculpture, several months after they’ve performed their hysterics about the book and the paintings. We had a lot of guests at that event as well, and watched a small group down at Lurline Street yelling, Donny Woolagoodja among them. He flew in all the way from the Kimberley just to see my sculpture and harass us. One of

the thugs, Chris Tobin, trespassed on our property and vandalised the sculpture, in full view of our guests as well as the staff of the RSL club directly opposite our gallery.

That goes to show how brazen they were even back then in 2010, so sure that no-one would dare to stop them.

The local thugs knew where our security cameras were, and tried to stay in what they believed was a blind spot for gallery's cameras. What they did not know was that one of our good neighbours, with the house positioned down from ours, close to the street, installed hidden cameras on his windows, with a view up and down the street. So poor Donny never knew he was being filmed as well.

The same happened at the on-site hearing regarding our matter, when the group was standing two houses away from our house, believing our security cameras couldn't see them... some of our good neighbours secretly video-recorded that event, while some mixed with the group at that hearing, and audio-recorded the entire hearing. So we know what was said – which was in sharp contrast to what could be read in heavily edited official report, as published by the Land and Environment court.

Back to Benedikt. Ben was also a highly sensitive person, and felt the stone's inexplicable energy as soon as he touched it. He was working as an art teacher at Sydney Matraville High School for 26 years, as well as at several community colleges.

During that time, he completed over 60 large set designs for plays and productions, and more than 20 large murals. He taught his Matraville students how to create a large Wanjina mural – which, I assume, must have been destroyed by now. Because, much like me and Gina, he loved aboriginal people, all until they started harassing him too...

In contrast to Gina, Ben was not afraid of the thugs. "That's vigilante thing going on, aborigines are such vindictive people" he said.

The same vindictive thugs vandalised the sculpture many times, attacking Wanjinas' eyes with axes and throwing paint over it.

Artists are terrorised, while the thugs get off scot-free

Some of the thugs, including a fake aborigine Chris Tobin, were caught in the act, by the RSL club's manager, who called the police and identified him as the perpetrator. The RSL club, across the road from our art gallery, as well as a Chinese restaurant adjacent to it, were in full support of our art, loved the sculpture.

It was also good for their business, since their customers loved it; all the tourist busses who'd stop for lunch there were rushing over to have their picture taken with the "Whispering Stone". The RSL staff was catering for our events, but the caterers were also faced with aboriginal threats of violence.

After some time, the RSL club was burned to the ground, rebuilt and reopened with new management, and the Chinese Restaurant owner sold his business and run away as well.

When the story about aborigines being "offended" broke, Benedikt was fired from his job at Matraville High School. After teaching at that school for 26 years, just one hysterical call from a person who claimed to be aboriginal and to be "offended" by Ben's artwork was enough for the school director to make a decision to fire Ben.

Ben assured me that was fine by him, he's had enough anyway, and creating the sculpture was worth all the repercussions. He was not afraid of aborigines, but his love and respect for aboriginal culture also evaporated. Same as Gina, he too came to despise them after having the first-hand experience with some of the violent ones. And he created a series of paintings depicting his own versions of Wanjina, just to show he cannot be intimidated.

The same as other people were saying, Ben came to conclusion that "those people no longer have any culture, they only have hate in their hearts and violence on their minds".



Happy times of working with Ben when he created his masterpiece



Detail of Ben's art before and after it was vandalised with an axe. Once we moved the sculpture to our Sydney home, Ben repaired it and it looks better than ever.

The unscrupulous ones

When I was informed that Goomblar died, some time after having open heart surgery in November 2024, the memories kept flowing in...

I remembered how happy we both were while collaborating on the “Dreamtime Set in Stone” book, as part of our initiative to revive a dying aboriginal spirituality.

When he died, what saddened me the most was the fact that there was no proper obituary published anywhere, by anyone... even though he was a legendary performer, travelling to 27 countries, mesmerising people all over the world with his didgeridoo mastership.

And yet, he was run out of Katoomba, moving to Queensland, after being attacked by a few local thugs who didn't like the truth he told in the book.

He was also treated unfairly by the Blue Mountains City Council (BMCC), for the same reason, in a tug of war which spanned over three years.

The punishment for working with me was swift – in 2010, BMCC suddenly cancelled his permit to play the didge at the Echo Point's Three Sisters plaza, and demanded from him to lodge a development application. He was aware they already decided to run him out of town, one way or another, but complied and lodged the requested application.

Which, surprise surprise, Council rejected. The same as they rejected our Petition for keeping the “Wanjina Watchers in the Whispering Stone” in place, which was signed by hundreds of both local residents and tourists.

The Council ignored it, with Councilor Mark Greenhill saying at the council meeting when our matter was discussed: “I've heard that aboriginal people are offended. I don't need to hear anything else!” That's the same Councilor to whom I sent an email, asking him to stop aboriginal violence, only to receive his email in reply, saying “I cannot speak about aboriginal violence, because I am in support of aboriginal people”.

That bloke later became the Mayor. Ever since, aborigines knew the council will jump to meet their demands, indulging their every whim, no matter how stupid it might be.

What happened to us and to Goomblar happened to a number of other locals as well. It's always the same pattern. Aborigines tell them to jump, and they just ask “How high?”

Goomblar must have known he was fighting a losing battle with the council, seeing from our case how they enforce what aborigines want.

It's always the same routine – they set the objective first and then engineer the way to reach that predetermined decision.

The same as the locals who signed our petition, Goomblar too still had some friends who decided to stand up for his rights, and signed a petition requesting the Council's formal apology to Goomblar for all the harm and losses they've caused him. Their petition detailed the issue:

The Issue

If you have ever been to Echo Point overlooking the Three Sisters in Katoomba you might have seen Aboriginal man Goomblar Wylo busking there. Many of you have seen him playing the didjeridoo on one of his many national and international tours.

In 2010, Goomblar made a development application to Blue Mountains Council to set up a 100% Aboriginal owned, not for profit Aboriginal Culture Centre at Echo Point Plaza. This was to benefit the whole Aboriginal community.

Goomblar's application was refused on the grounds that he was not allowed to have any performances or cultural demonstrations.

Soon after, Blue Mountains Council approved a 100% **NON** Aboriginal owned **FOR PROFIT** Aboriginal Culture Centre in exactly the same space with performances approved! The new Centre is now even building a dedicated **PERFORMANCE THEATRE** with the full approval of the Council.

Goomblar tried for a year and a half to find out why. Under increasing pressure, Blue Mountains Council admitted that they had made a mistake with his application. In January a mid level Council bureaucrat sent Goomblar a letter to this effect. I personally regarded that letter as being two pages of mean spirited excuses and blame shifting. It even said that the mistake was partially Goomblar's fault because he didn't identify the correct zoning provisions either!

As a result I started this petition for a real apology... a formal one from the Mayor.

The last Council meeting ratified the bureaucrat's letter as being good enough as an apology, so that's it... they now consider the matter closed and it seems to be a case of "tough luck Goomblar".

I believe that Goomblar is owed a formal apology by Blue Mountains Council Mayor, Mark Greenhill... not just a letter full of excuses from a faceless bureaucrat.

If you would like more information feel free to contact me

<https://www.change.org/p/blue-mountains-council-nsw-a-formal-apology-to-goomblar-wylo-2>

The Council received it, but it was very low on the list of their matters to discuss, as shown on Page 243 of the Council's meeting minutes:

6. 28 August 2013 – Petition to make a formal apology to Goomblar Wylo

Petition: To request that the Mayor make a formal apology to Goomblar Wylo after mistakenly refusing his Development Application.

No of signatures: 571

First signature: R Thompson

7. 27 August 2013 – Clr Kevin Crameri OAM, Chairman, Hawkesbury River Country Council

Letter to the Mayor, regarding Hawkesbury River Country Council lead agency role in NSW Weed Program.

- 243 -

PRECIS OF SELECTED CORRESPONDENCE

Item 31, Ordinary Meeting, 17.09.13

Attachment 6 - Petition regarding Goomblar Wylo



Recipient: Blue Mountains Council NSW, Michael Begg, Robert Stock, Don McGregor, Daniel Myles, Chris Van der Kley, Romola Hollywood, Geordie Williamson, Brendan Luchetti, Mick Fell, Mark Greenhill, Brendan Christie, Anton Von Schulenburg, and Rob Thompson

Letter: Greetings,

I urge Blue Mountains Council Mayor Daniel Myles to make a formal apology to Goomblar Wylo after mistakenly refusing his Development Application for an Aboriginal Culture Centre at Echo Point Plaza in 2010

Goomblar's supporters kept trying:



Blue Mountains City Council
<https://www.bmcc.nsw.gov.au> [PDF](#)

⋮

**Business Paper Ordinary Meeting -
Blue Mountains City Council**

Sep 17, 2013 – Petition: To request that the Mayor make a formal apology to Goomblar Wylo after mistakenly refusing his Development Application. No...

But there was no formal, public apology from the Council. Instead, the Council directed him to make it public himself. The same as they never released letters of support for our art gallery, ignored our petition, and decided not to quote what all the witnesses giving evidence in our favour said in their letters and at the on-site hearing.

The same tactics, by the same bunch of councilors, advised by the same fake aborigine Brad Moore – so-called “expert advisor” in all things aboriginal employed by the BMCC, the same deliberate lies.

This is what the BMCC wrote in their “apology”, only after Goomblar told them he’ll take them to court. But that apology was just another insult... oh, but “their staff took responsibility for their part of the matter”. The same bunch of perfidious bureaucrats engineered the way to destroy Goomblar’s life just as they’ve done to so many locals.

Council’s “apology”:

The Blue Mountains City Council communicated an apology to Goomblar Wylo in 2013 regarding the failure to identify the correct development permissibility for the Three Sisters Plaza. The apology was made after a Mayoral Minute that acknowledged the “unfortunate nature” of the matter and the staff’s responsibility for any part they played in the refusal of Mr. Wylo’s application.

Apology details: The apology was communicated by Council staff **directly** to Goomblar Wylo.

Reason for apology: It was in relation to the “unfortunate matter” of the development application for the Three Sisters Plaza, specifically the failure to identify the “alternate power of permissibility” early in the process.

Council's position: The Council accepted that “all parties” involved would prefer the alternative power had been identified sooner and stated that staff took responsibility for their part in the matter.

Publicity: The Council stated that if Mr. Wylo wished to make the apology public, it was up to him to do so.

However lame, the BMCC issued that so-called apology to Goomblar in 2013, for all the harm they’ve done to him and his reputation, just to prevent him from taking them to court. The same people at the BMCC never issued an apology to me, my husband, Gina and Ben, for even greater injustice and all the damage they’ve done to us.

Their machinations and lack of conscience are a good example of what the Cancel Culture and Wokeism turned Australia into, with their toxic ideology.

I am not vindictive, so I hope those perfidious, conscienceless people, would eventually wake up and find a way to live with themselves.

We left the Mountains and rented out our Katoomba house in 2012.

Goomblar left shortly after us, moving his family to Queensland. That’s when the local rag, Blue Mountains Gazette, wrote about his case. There are some errors in their article, such as the council **publicly** apologised to him (wrong). And it was not “**development clash**” – the Council set him up, in a devious way. I’ve heard a number of horror stories by the Blue Mountains residents as well as business managers who had their companies destroyed, some occurring long before our case – which goes to show that the same pattern against non-aboriginal Aussies has been repeated for many years now.

Blue Mountains council in sorry saga over Echo Point development clash

Blue Mountains Gazette, 9th of April 2013

by Brenda Cunningham-Lewis

Blue Mountains City Council may be on the receiving end of a large claim for compensation by a disgruntled former resident, Aboriginal performer, Goomblar Wylo, because of allegedly incorrect zoning decisions.

The council has already publicly apologised to Mr Wylo, 47, after refusing his application for an Aboriginal performance space and a shop at The Three Sisters Plaza at Echo Point three years ago and later allowing another group to operate a similar business. “Mine got knocked back and the other people got approved,” Mr Wylo told the Gazette over the phone from his new home in Queensland.

Up until late last year Mr Wylo had called the Mountains home for 15 years, regularly busking outside Echo Point to tourists and spruiking the Blue Mountains at various Sister Cities events. Now he says he is “disappointed” by what he calls “council’s incompetence” and wants compensation.

A campaign on the internet to bring about the apology was started by Mr Wylo’s friend Rob Thompson who had advised him on technical issues relating to the fit-out of his planned Katoomba shop.

It garnered more than 500 supporters and led to the apology being presented as a mayoral minute at council’s March 12 meeting. It comes after protracted legal debate about the issue and may also lead to council being forced to remove two photographs of the indigenous performer’s (meaning Goomblar’s, at his request) artworks (meaning photos and banners of Goomblar) from council chambers, because the apology was deemed insincere and “somewhat liberal with the truth” (such an understatement).

Mr Wylo says he is seeking legal advice and compensation to the tune of “hundreds of thousands of dollars” in lost income and expected earnings. He said the council also does not have his permission to hang his photographs anymore and wants them returned.

The dispute stems from a development application between 2010 and 2011 for an Aboriginal performance space, gallery and shop in the basement of the Katoomba plaza in the popular tourist zone of Echo Point.

Council said the application was made “following the refusal of a similar proposal for Aboriginal cultural performance, art gallery and shop and a separate koala exhibit by the owners of the Three Sisters Plaza”. Council said these applications were subject to two unsuccessful appeals before the Land and Environment Court and a third to the Court of Appeal.

Mayor Daniel Myles told the council meeting the issue was “contentious … council are obliged to assess applications before they are given them … impartiality must be respected, particularly in the post-Wollongong era and I congratulate the staff in the way they handled this issue.”

Mr Thompson, who helped Mr Wylo with the application, said he was told by the town planner that there could be no Aboriginal performances or ticketing in an area zoned retail sales.

“The planner said the most he could allow in a retail area would be the occasional didgeridoo demonstration to potential purchasers, which would be an ‘ancillary’ use. Soon after another planner approved Farid Nayerhabibi to have 56 performances per week with up to six dancers and a ticket entrance fee to the new centre as an ancillary use to retail.”

“It was only in mid 2012, well after these events happened, that BMCC realised that the land was zoned Heritage Conservation and that this meant an Aboriginal Culture Centre could have been approved without any restrictions.

“About a month and a half ago one of the town planning staff sent a letter to Goomblar reluctantly admitting the mistake. There has been nothing since. It was because of this mean-spirited bureaucratic letter that I started the petition for a formal apology.”

The report for the mayor was compiled by council’s customer services director Lee Morgan and signed off by the general manager Robert Greenwood.

The report says “BMCC staff acted in good faith in relation to the assessment and determination of all the applications relating to the applications for aboriginal performances at the Three Sisters Plaza.

“With respect to the failure to identify the alternate power of permissibility, as noted above, by all parties engaged in the preparation and assessment of multiple applications and in the running of appeals over the last four years, the council’s staff have apologised to Goomblar, to the extent to which their actions contributed to that outcome. The council’s failure to identify the alternate power does not absolve all of the other parties, including any person giving advice to Goomblar, from their respective responsibilities in the matter.

“The council accepts that this has been a most unfortunate matter. With the benefit of hindsight it is fair to conclude that all parties who have been engaged in the submission and assessment of development applications over recent years, in relation to the Three Sisters Plaza, would prefer that the alternate power of permissibility had been identified early in the court and assessment processes.

“The staff of the council have already taken responsibility for any part that they have played in relation to the refusal of Goomblar Wylo’s application, notwithstanding the efforts that they made to secure the amendment of that application and to identify a basis upon which it could have been granted development consent. An apology in this regard has been communicated by council staff to Goomblar. If Mr Wylo wishes to make the council staff apology public, then that is purely a matter for him and the council has no objection to him taking that course of action.”

In his letter to Mr Wylo, Lee Morgan said “consultants acting for the owners of the Plaza identified a heritage conservation area provision that, after close consideration by the staff of the council, provided the power to grant consent ... therefore the owners of the Three Sisters Plaza lodged a new development application in November 2012 seeking approval to operate a separate performance space in the basement and consent was granted in December 2012.”

Goomblar Wylo has complained about a series of dealings with the council. He wants his pictures removed from council chambers and is in the process of obtaining legal advice so he can gain compensation from council to the tune of “hundreds of thousands of dollars” in lost income and expected earnings.

Light at the end of the tunnel – turning his life around

Goomblar was naïve to believe that – if he were to do as the Council requested – he'd be able to run his business.

So he lodged an application as they demanded, and hoped for the best. It took a while for him to realise he had no chance of being treated fairly by Council's corrupted bureaucrats, and decided to move with his family to Hervey Bay on Queensland's Fraser Coast, to start anew.

He reinvented himself, and joined the local law enforcement as the Police Aboriginal Liaison officer.



Photo: Supplied

New police liaison officer ready to help community

A POPULAR indigenous member of the Fraser Coast community will put his knowledge and understanding to good use as a new police liaison officer.

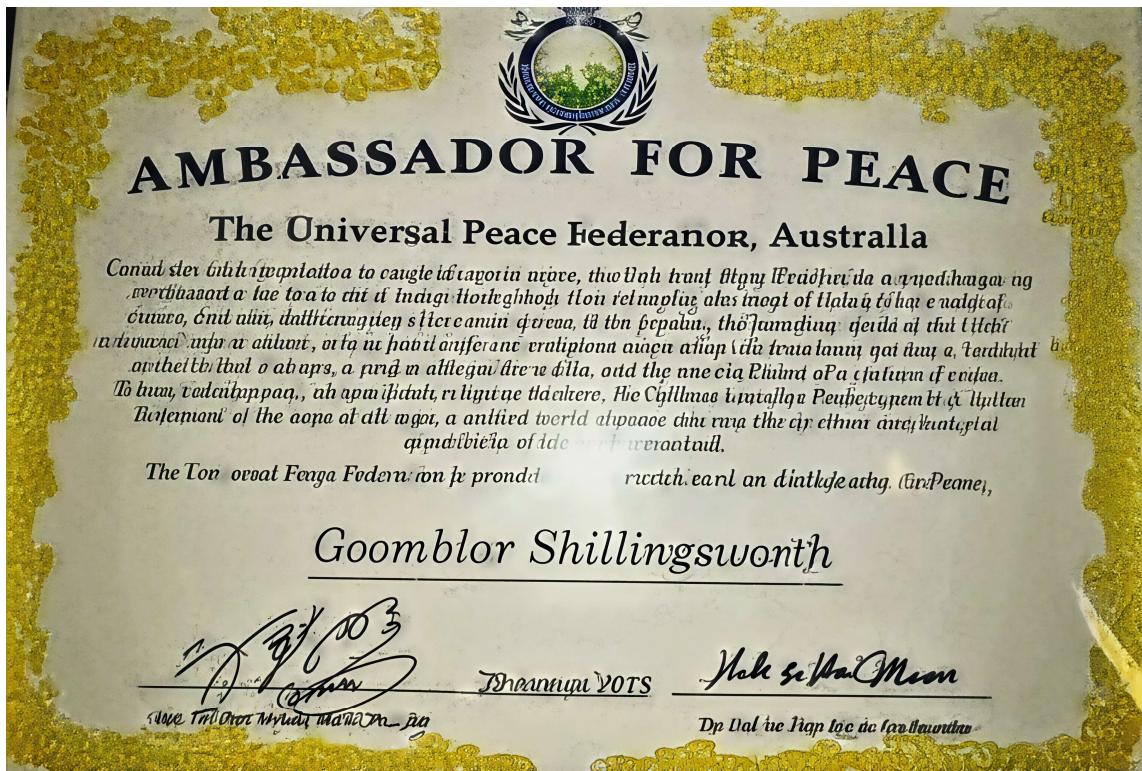
By Haydenjohnson

less than 2 min read May 30, 2014 - 11:00AM

FRASER COAST
Chronicle



Police liaison officer Goomblor Wylo is excited to be working beside Hervey Bay police officers. Picture: Alistair Brightman





For his excellence in helping the community, Goombalar received well-deserved acknowledgement.

Photos: Supplied

Finding happiness again



Goombalar with some of his family (Photo: supplied)



I hope he was able to play the didge for as long as the sickness allowed him.

<https://www.couriermail.com.au/news/queensland/fraser-coast/goomblar-wylo-discovers-the-gangalida-people-in-doomadgee/news-story/b99d5df154536bf2d73cf77a9daa603f>

Goomblar Wylo discovers the Gangalida people in Doomadgee

A PARCHED environment of browns, yellows and reds disappears into clear blue skies at the horizon outside of Burketown.

Courier Mail: By Mcrawley, November 24, 2012

Fraser Coast

A PARCHED environment of browns, yellows and reds disappears into clear blue skies at the horizon outside of Burketown, the silhouette of a solitary figure in the distance the only interruption to the vast emptiness.

This silhouette shifts its feet and inhales the air to better understand its surroundings. Closer inspection reveals a thickly-built Aboriginal man, wild-looking, 40-odd, dreadlocked and bearded. His eyes, brown as oak, speak of stories old and true from a time almost forgotten.

When he drinks coffee his big, bushy moustache soaks up the milk's foam. And, when he plays the didgeridoo, spirits from a country spanning some 40,000 years dance to its sweet tune.

His knuckles are scarred white from a youth spent fighting the same torment his people still struggle under today. He's a big man, much bigger than he looks at first impression, and he carries the scent of sweet tobacco.

He will eye you up when you meet, show you how the Aboriginals, the old-time Aboriginals, spoke with spirits to better learn about the person standing before them.

It's the connection he – Goomblar Wylo, born in Cherbourg, and who lives on Queensland's Fraser Coast – has with this land. He is a proud Aboriginal, proud of where he comes from, and equally, proud of his people and their culture.

It's that passion that brought him to Burketown in the first place, carried him like an addiction he could simply not refrain from following.

It brought him to this very spot where he stands, 400km north of Mount Isa and 1300km south-west of Cairns, but more importantly, just 100km from a rich vein of Aboriginal missions that include the infamous Doomadgee.

Originally the trip was about chasing the Morning Glory – a rare meteorological phenomenon that occurs in these parts from August to November.

It's a cloud that can stretch over 1000km and can rise up a kilometre or more.

Often, it can be seen only 100 metres from the earth's surface, racing at speeds of 60kmh across the sky. It is cylindrical in shape, moaning like a monster as it rushes by.

Goomblar was invited by a team of documentary film-makers as their spiritual guide; he came with experts from various fields, all hoping to crack the cloud's code.

"Basically my job was as the cultural person, to liaise with the different tribes because there are about five tribes there," Goomblar says.

“(Film company) Baddog Productions were very sensitive to the cultural things and didn’t want to step on toes. I was also there to talk to the scientists as an Aboriginal person to give a better insight to the culture.”

We should get one thing out of the way now before we tell the rest of this story – Goomblar can’t reveal the Morning Glory’s secrets.

He had arranged to meet an elder who knew of its treasures but, as is often the case with a culture that completely disregards time, the elder never showed to share its tales with him.

So instead, this becomes about the journey of an Aboriginal man, rather than the destination. And, about a culture that he sees as being ignored.

“I know why I went up there for really, it wasn’t to go and look at the cloud and that, I just knew there was some other reason to go,” he explains.

“In many ways, a lot of Aboriginal people are suffering; I learnt a lot while I was up there in that month. The Government has let them down, the white people have let them down, and they have let themselves down.

“There’s no leadership, there’s no looking forward, there’s a problem there but if you live in that community and talk about it everyone will stop talking to you, we call that the cult, it’s a traditional thing.”

Goomblar heard the spirit world calling many moons before he arrived in Doomadgee and met the Gangalida people.

They were the same spirits that directed him to a stage with Xavier Rudd to play his didgeridoo in front of tens of thousands of people; the same spirits that propelled him towards the antics of Johnny Knoxville and the Jackass crew; and the same spirits that took him to the top of the Sydney Harbour Bridge, his body white with paint, eyes blazing, where he became the first Aboriginal man to tell Dreamtime stories to an audience of more than 20 million.

This trip north was as much about education as adventure.

Much like his ancestors did, he and wife Abina wanted to show three of their boys, Murrandah – meaning warrior, Burung – mountains, and Gula – Koala, their country.

First stops were Biloela, Rockhampton and Woorabinda to see family and heal old wounds.

Goomblar had been taken from his mother at just four and sent to an orphanage in central Queensland.

He learnt when he was much younger to let his anger go but the pain lingers.

There were other stops too, near Longreach and Cloncurry, and smaller towns in between.

But the spirits pulled towards Burketown country and the Morning Glory more than any other, they were pulling him towards Doomadgee and the Gangalida people.

When he speaks of it he mentions sadness, false truths, worried elders and the running water that brings turtles, barramundi and bream for its people to eat. But it’s his tears that say more than words ever could.

The elders worry because young ones are losing their way. Doomadgee may be known as a “dry town” – a no-alcohol town – but he says its inhabitants live anything but “dry” lives.

It's there the black market thrives – as it did in America in the 1920s under similar laws – Goomblar says people pay \$180 for a carton of beer.

He says there are sites outside of town that reveal the horror, where empty bottles and cans cover sacred earth that once helped create dreams.

“When you come into Doomadgee there's a place called Family Tree and there's bottles, cans, filled knee-height all around the place before you go into the mission,” Goomblar explains.

“It's gotten to the old people, they're scared, they want something to be done.

“People are profiting from it big time, people are making a lot of money from it. They (the elders) are crying out for help.”

Many ways, a man can wrestle with his conscience – Goomblar doesn't wrestle with his, he listens, he listens and acts.

His boys go to church; they learn the Sunday songs and learn about the Lord's ways.

On weekends he might take them bush where they find wood to craft into didgeridoos, it is there they learn the ancient ways too.

He teaches them to listen to the bird calls, hear the song of the trees, he teaches them to listen to the purity of nature.

When it comes time to leave he grabs my phone from the table that we've been talking at and cups it between his hands.

“What is your favourite flower?”

“I'm not sure,” I say. “I guess I like the jacaranda as it blooms in spring on the hillsides in Brisbane.”

“When was the last time you saw that?”

“A couple of months ago.”

“Do you remember what it smells like?” he continues.

“I guess so.”

“Here, smell that,” he says, rubbing his hands over my phone and placing it under my nose. “Can you smell it?” his eyes widen in anticipation like a crafty child up to mischief.

“Yes,” I say. I did smell something; I smelled the scent of jacarandas painting hillsides in spring. I smelled Mother Nature at her sweetest.

I guess, sometimes, you've got to believe in those types of fantasies, don't you? At least, sometimes you do if you want to experience real change.

Addendum

I include this Addendum as a tribute to all the big-hearted, benevolent non-aboriginal Australians, as well as to those few reasonable aborigines. Reading through their comments I was delighted to see how kind and magnanimous so many of them are, holding no grudge against aboriginal people as a whole, expressing sadness for Goomblar's death.

It's a fact that aborigines – both real and fake – have been extremely mean-spirited, angry, violent and nasty to non-aboriginal Aussies for the last quarter of the century.

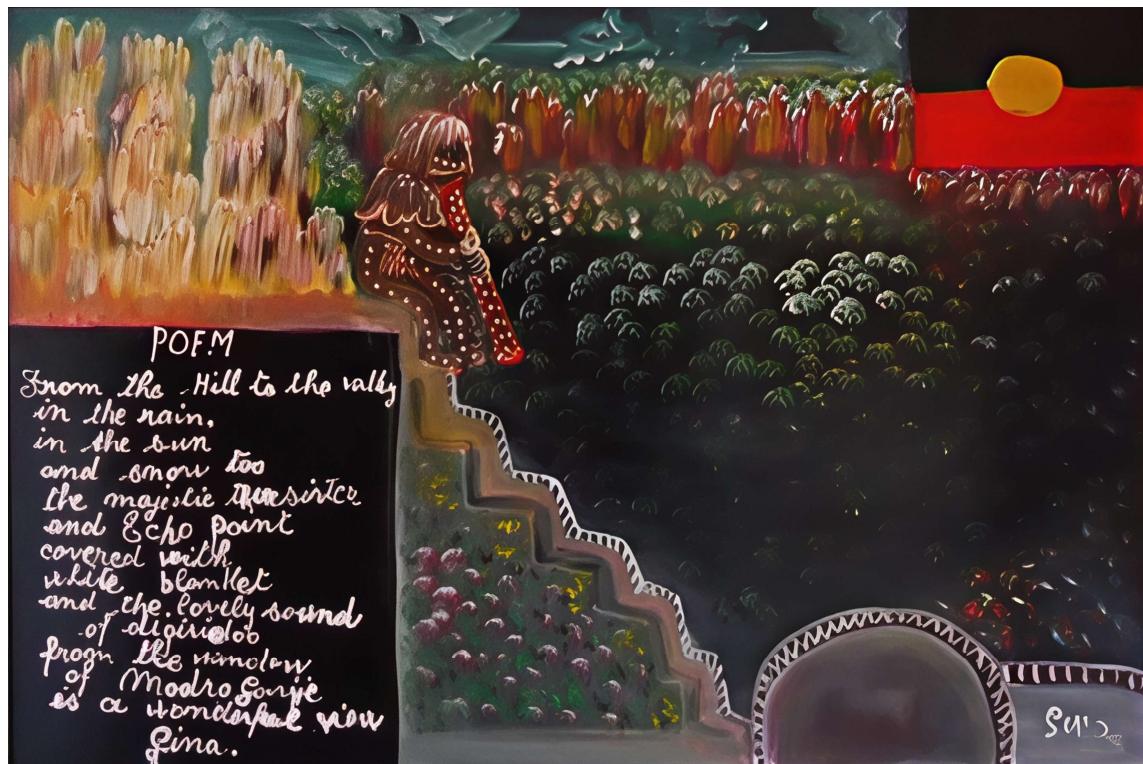
It's an indisputable truth that the monstrous, malicious, taxpayer-funded aboriginal industry has been steadily ruining our once great way of life and eroding our society.

And yet, a number of Australians are still willing and able to recognise that sometimes, once in a while, there is a real aboriginal person, who – by their attitude and behaviour – deserves our love and respect.

Such as well-known and highly regarded Anthony Dillon, part-aboriginal man; when the thugs on my FB page objected and reported me for calling them thugs, Anthony replied to them, saying "When people behave like thugs, they should be called thugs".

Cancel culture and Wokeism brought us to this point – at which the aggressive aboriginalisation of our country seems to have become unstoppable.

I believe the current state of affairs, with aborigines being the most over-privileged, pampered and heavily taxpayer-funded minority, reached its peak. The tide has to turn.



One of Gina's paintings, from the time we still had some illusions about aborigines

Facebook posts and comments

From [Jacinta Speaks For Me](#) Facebook page, which shared my post on 10 August 2025. The page captions were:

The real truth tellers are silenced and brushed aside by the insidious aboriginal industry that has Australia divided like never before.

Our condolences [Vesna](#), RIP Goomblar 🌸



In the original post on my FB profile, I said:

I was recently informed that my good friend and informant Goomblar Wylo (aka Paul Shillingsworth) died, some time after having open heart surgery in November 2024. I remember how happy we both were while collaborating on my book “Dreamtime Set in Stone”, published in 2010, as part of our initiative to revive a dying aboriginal spirituality.

Apart from a number of our recorded interviews, Goomblar has given me a few hundred pages of his personal papers, documents and notes, asking me to keep those for possibly another book, saying: “You’d know how to use it, much better than I could ever do”.

What saddened me the most is the fact that there was no proper obituary published anywhere, by anyone... even though he was a legendary performer, travelling to 27 countries, mesmerising people with his didgeridoo mastership.

And yet, he was run out of Katoomba, moving to Queensland, after being attacked by a few local thugs who didn't like the truth about contemporary aborigines and the aboriginal industry, as he told in the book.

He was also treated unfairly by the Blue Mountains City Council (BMCC), for the same reason, in a tug of war which spanned over three years.

In the end, the BMCC issued an apology to Goomblar in 2013, for all the harm they've done to him and his reputation.

The same people at the BMCC never issued an apology to me, for even a greater injustice they've done to myself.

In memory of Goomblar, I am putting together bits and pieces of what was happening until his death.

He deserves a proper tribute, in a form of a book or an exhibition – or both.

So I'll be away for a while, going through my archives and selecting the most appropriate material.

For those interested in the "Dreamtime Set in Stone" – it's available on Amazon:

<https://www.amazon.com/Dreamtime-Set-Stone.../dp/B08QYRBD2V>

Stay well, stay true, always 

The post attracted 1.3K reactions and 97 shares on [Jacinta Speaks For Me](#) page, and 111 shares on my FB profile.

Here are some of the comments on [Jacinta Speaks For Me](#):

[Vesna Tenodi](#)

Many thanks for sharing, [Jacinta Speaks For Me](#) 

[Greg Eddy](#) They certainly don't like those like do tell the truth and neither do our media or politicians. Was the same with the Secret Women's Business at Hindmarsh Islands 30 years ago! Those that chose to tell the truth were treated so badly by their own people and the media.

[Adele McCormack](#) [Greg Eddy](#) it makes me so angry that lies from aboriginal people is so readily accepted as if it's not important that they lie so often.

I was debating on the net over Hindmarsh Island lies and he said but the court ruled that it wasn't proven that they lied. I reminded him that neither was it proved that they told the truth. When I reminded him that some old woman pointed out that their grandmothers had never mentioned secret women's business on Hindmarsh Island the original women admitted that some men had made them make the claim because they didn't want a bridge which would encourage development on the island.

He actually thought that explained it.

[Gary Ney](#) [Adele McCormack](#) And those "that some men" mostly were white men in the law profession trying to make a handy sum of money. The aim was to file a huge compensation case and the lawyers would be the main benefactors with a group of Aboriginal men getting the rest. That story was rife at the time and believed by many as I still do as I had contact with people from people in the area at the time.

Marilyn Stanley Adele McCormack The old lady you talk about who blew the whistle on the Hindmarsh island fiasco was Dulcie Wilson (RIP) She was a Christian indigenous lady who I lived with when I was 18 years old for awhile. She was also best friends with my future mother in law. She was a beautiful kind soul and her deep Christian faith was paramount to her. When she heard about her cousins telling this nonsense "secret women's business" she knew that this was NEVER said by their grandmother like they stated, as she too spent mutual time with her. After it was exposed, Dulcie was ostracised by not only her own people but white folk too, and even some white Christian Ministers. She had to leave her home for awhile due to threats made. It was a sad and traumatic time for her. Finally, the truth came out and she was met by our PM at the time John Howard who apologised for what she had endured just for telling the truth. She spent the rest of her life in Millicent SA where she was a Salvation Army officer who proudly played her tuba in the SA Band. I know she will now be an angel in heaven RIP Mrs W. 

Adele McCormack Marilyn Stanley I always had great respect for her standing up to speak the truth. You were so lucky to have known her personally.

She would no doubt be very upset by the constant lies being spread with nothing to challenge the lie as anyone who could has now passed away.

But WE can remember the truth and those who had the courage to tell it.

I can only imagine what "truth telling" there would be if we allowed that to come to pass. I was told of another lie easily proven wrong and although I realize it's only hearsay it rings true as something that would have happened.

The Newcastle freeway out of Sydney was being widened and pillars of rock - deliberately left for that purpose were being removed. A group of aboriginal descendants said that one particular piece had to remain as it had been a place of secret men's business.

They made a mistake of claiming that the tree on top had carvings sacred to men's business.

Soon after that claim an engineer who had worked on the job produced a photograph showing no tree at the time the roadwork was completed.

Proving no men's business or sacred tree markings could have been on top of the pillar of rock in the middle of the freeway.

It came down and there was nothing said by anyone about it.

Proven liars just to cause trouble

Marilyn Stanley Adele McCormack. In the Hindmarsh Island scam the 2 cousins who started it were alcoholic no-hoppers yet Dulcie never took a drink in her life. She rang my Mum before going to court and asked her to pray for her as she said it was something big and political and she couldn't discuss it further. Dulcie was later interviewed on A current Affair and I cried when I saw it. She looked exhausted and broken. She later told my Mum that the blatant lies told in the court were unbelievable, even an Anglican Minister gave testimony saying what these drunks said were absolutely true. It was nothing more than a cash grab for so many people black and white.....makes you wonder what was in it for the WHITE Anglican minister.

Adele McCormack Marilyn Stanley poor Dulcie. I probably saw her on A Current affair as I used to watch it back then. I've always felt proud and sort of felt like I knew her. (likely because she came into my lounge room)

Greg Eddy Marilyn Stanley she was a lovely lady and so well respected in the community. You wouldn't have found a person with a bad word to say about Dulcie. Millicents citizen of the year in back in 1986.

Adele McCormack Greg Eddy I have often thought that this drive to divide must be driven by lawyers after yet more money. If not you would think that some legal experts would be challenging such things. Just because it's unAustralian.

Vesna Tenodi Greg Eddy Yes, the Hindmarsh Island bridge case is another one which should never have happened. The owners, Tom and Wendy Chapman, were dragged through the courts for ten years. I spoke with their son Andrew, and he told me that - even though they won in the end - it was a Pyrrhic victory... They lost hundreds of thousands of dollars, and suffering all the stress his family was decimated, never to recover. All their suffering was a consequence of one ridiculous aboriginal lie.

Ray Bowles Typical of our society today they don't like the truth for fear of showing them and selfish behaviour towards the decent people

Maria Orosz I met Gombla, (that's how he introduced himself) at the Three Systers lookout in Katoomba. He was a kind and intelligent person. He heard that, between ourself we spoke Hungarian and he talked to us in Hungarian language, he could make a good conversation and also he knew about the Hungarian history. What a surprise it was! He cheered up our day!

R.I.P dear Gombla!

Debra Jordan I'm so sad to read of this! Sadly it is the way the world is going now, the truth is being hidden everywhere & those who can a cashing in on the made up truths

😢 RIP old mate, you walked the talk, thank you ❤️

Roger Seeney Thanks for sharing Jacinta. I had close Aboriginal friend whose views were the same.

Jack S Vanderland Thank you for that information. He was a great Aboriginal but not accepted, such a shame.

Lillian Beaumont Thank you for sharing and I will look forward to reading the new book.

Adele McCormack Lillian Beaumont me too.

Wendy Reiser Jacinta Speaks For Me Jacinta, you would understand that Lucifer slithered into Eve's mind, then she influenced Adam and the Fall from God occurred, Satan has been filling the world with lies by twisting God's Word just enough to keep God's family from knowing and understanding the TRUTH.

Satan is the god of the world whereas God built the universe and is the God of the Earth and ALL that is in it ✨🙏✨

Satan knows that his time is short so he's ramping up his destruction of God's Creation but we know that God is in charge, not as a dominator but as King Jesus who is returning to judge the world 🙏✿🙏 in His Righteousness 🙏✿🙏

Catherine M McComiskie Thanks for sharing Jacinta Speaks For Me

Donna Helmrich Oh, that's very sad. May he RIP.

Suzy Crawford What an amazing man he was and certainly deserved better.

Louise Wilson That is so sad. He sounds like a good person who ruffled feathers with his truth telling.

Bang Clutterham Goombla from Blackheath, sorry to hear, was a nice bloke R.I.P

Lorraine Nisbet I will definitely be reading this book. Thank you 🙏

Alan McCullough Vale Goomblar

Rob Condie Paul (goomblar wylo) was my neighbour in QLD for many years. Much love and respect brother RIP

Jen Rossi Thank you Vesna Tenodi. Looking forward to your tribute to Goomblar.

Vesna Tenodi Jen Rossi 

Lisa Flenley-Wilson R.I.P.

Gigi Paris Too little too late 😢

Trish Anne Flores Sounds as if he led a very fulfilling life. God Bless him.

Brad Greenland Rest in Eternal Peace  Goomblar, respect Warrior 

Lisa Jayne Rest in love and peace Goomblar  

Jerome Francis Drew Thanks for the share. I think buying that book is a great idea.

Ken Sparrow You wait and see the plastic Aboriginals pass, those in parliament, the millionaire ones, they'll make the headlines for sure, guy's like GOOMBLA the real blackfella hardly any recognition at all yet he entertained hundreds of thousands of people! R I P Goombla

Margaret E. Davis R.I.P.

June Folley God Bless may he RIP

Pauline Wood-Bradley Rest in peace Goomblar. There is an old saying in the media, "Never let the truth get in the way of a good story" seems this is true for the government & local council too.

Adele McCormack Pauline Wood-Bradley and of the aboriginal industry today.

Peter Muscio Not sure this is the same man or not but I think so. Years ago (maybe 25 or so), we, my family and I, were visiting the blue mountains and saw an Aboriginal man dressed in traditional manner, playing a didgeridoo not far from the three sisters viewing area. He was truly a master of the Didge. We wandered over and listened for some time and the gentleman spoke to my three kids telling them about the didgeridoo and the animals who's noises it could replicate. I thought the man was a great, whilst speaking to my children telling stories and using the didgeridoo to add sounds as he went. My three were enthralled, captivated by his "performance". I am not sure if this was Goomblar Wylo, however from the photo and the text mentioned in this post I suggest it was him. What a great Australian, Rest in peace Goomblar Wylo.

Vesna Tenodi Peter Muscio I am sure it was Goomblar - back then he was the only one who was playing the dige at Echo Point every day. And was there until the end of 2012, when he and his family moved to Queensland.

Jacqueline Louridas R.I.P   

Jan Fleming Thank you so much for sharing. I remember talking to Goomblar at Echo Point quite some years ago. So sad to learn of his troubles and that he has since died. 😢

Alwyne Holman So sad, some people are so disrespectful.

Kevin Redfern Sad news.

Sue Curr Dear Vesna, his spirit is with you. God bless.

Vesna Tenodi Sue Curr Yes, I know 

Paul Magann So very sorry for your loss, RIP Goomblar.

Rosalie Wagg So sad

Peter Young RIP Goomblar.

Marg Austin You didn't deserve to go through that Goomblar, R.I.P. my friend, good luck Vesna!  

Vesna Tenodi Marg Austin 

[Lois Harper](#) Rest in Peace Goomblar.

[Merelyn Roughley](#) Disgraceful. I met and spoke to Goomblar Wylo at Katoomba he was a talented, gentle man, who deserves respect and recognition. Shame on the Blue Mountains council!

[Adele McCormack](#) [Merelyn Roughley](#) I spoke to one didgeridoo player at the blue mountains once in the '90s. I asked him what was the true Dreamtime story about the three sisters because I'd read two different versions.

He said he didn't know, as he wasn't from the area, but said "my guess would be that some tour guides just made them up".

[Judith Gange](#) So sad that the Honest Aboriginals are overrun by the Greedy Parasites who are Corrupted by the Easy Money that they can Swindle from the government! Wake up and Investigate all those Aboriginals with Large Bank Accounts!

[Vesna Tenodi](#) [Judith Gange](#) And all those Land Councils which are getting taxpayer money, even though a lot of them have only a P.O.Box as their address. No staff, no names, no office... and no questions are asked because that would be "offensive" to them.

Some of the comments left on my profile:

[Vesna Tenodi](#) The third edition of "Dreamtime Set in Stone: The Truth about Australian Aborigines, as requested by the Those-Who-Know":

<https://www.amazon.com/Dreamtime-Set-Stone.../dp/B08QYRBD2V>

[Robert Turgeon](#) So sorry for your loss... Blessings. Love his music 

[Amadeo Dujmović](#) So it is true, my sincere condolences.

[Les Power](#) If I can assist or support your efforts in any way Vesna please let me know.

[Vesna Tenodi](#) Thank you, dear [Les](#)  Yes, we are both fighting the same good fight, in different ways. But, despite everything, it's important to keep hope alive 

[John Killick](#) R.I.P Goomblar

[Mary Singer](#) A fine illustration for a book, Goomblar the Giant Myth Destroyer and Vesna the Friendly Little Helper.

[Vesna Tenodi](#) Thank you, dear [Mary](#)  It's the old photo, on the back cover of the "Dreamtime Set in Stone". Love your description of Goomblar as the Myth Destroyer - will use it in my tribute to him, if you don't mind 

[John Singer](#) It is not only the Nation's loss but the loss extends to the Nation's history and understanding. Thank you Vesna for trying to preserve it.

[Vesna Tenodi](#) Thank you, dear [John](#), for understanding our intention was to stop the falsification of our history. It was bizarre - for telling the inconvenient truth Goomblar was viciously attacked (and so was I) mostly by the fake aborigines, as well as by some of his own people. They threatened to harm his children, and made death threats to me. That also shows that wokeism was already in full swing such a long time ago, and is still snowballing. Am happy to see that you and [Mary](#) are also fighting the good fight 

[Min Joyce Abraham](#) RIP 

[Wael Alshehabi](#) Great story.

[Višnja Havelka](#) Oh, žao mi je, moja iskrena sućut...

[Mariza Dujmović](#) My condolences, dear [Vesna](#). Rest peacefully Goomblar Wylo.

[Vesna Tenodi](#)

https://youtu.be/xQ_Q9aJ5vOE?si=oahvyUNaw8FAsA3R

Goomblar Wylo at [Vesna Tenodi](#)'s ModroGorje Gallery, reading Master Ananda's words:

Goomblar Wylo at Vesna Tenodi's ModroGorje Gallery, reading Master Ananda's words

[Bruce Richardson](#) Like the wonderful Aboriginal people I went to school with played sport with and worked with in a time when we were all Australians rest in peace champion.

Campaigns for Justice

Feel for you. I met Paul when he was running Indigenous program in Redfern. A powerful presence, that's for sure. May I ask what the Blue Mountains Council did to you and when. We have a mayor now who is quite arrogant and he has been around since 2012. Thank you.

[Vesna Tenodi Campaigns for Justice](#) Thank you  The BMCC council manipulated the planning law in order to shut down my ModroGorje art gallery at 71 Lurline street. That started in 2010 when Daniel Myles was its major and dragged on for more than two years, with Mark Greenhill as its mayor. Myles couldn't even be bothered to find out what it was about, and on the ABC radio said "That stone is from the Kimberley and must be returned to Kimberley". It was not about the stone (bought from NSW quarry) but about the images carved on the stone. Mark Greenhill was despicable - I sent him an email asking to stop aboriginal violence and vandalism, and he replied: "I cannot speak against their violence, because I am in support of aboriginal people". So, according to him, violence is okay when perpetrated by aborigines. I still keep that email, so he'll never be able to deny it. I described some of those events in "Among the Hostiles" paper, you can see it on my website: <https://modroganje.com/publications/among-the-hostiles/>

[Campaigns for Justice](#) [Vesna Tenodi](#) Well, I think many people are starting to see Mr Greenhill in a different light.

[Briona Jo](#) May he RIP. What a wonderful person he sounded. So sorry for your loss & to hear of his death.

[Colin Bruning](#) Rest peacefully Goomblar Wylo. [Vesna](#), I wish you well in your endeavours.

[Gloria Fu Keh](#) may his soul rest in peace.

[John Joseph](#) Condolences. RIP

[Lily McVeigh](#) So sorry [Vesna](#) 

[John Allen](#) RIP Goomblar. Would an obituary now be fitting. Or perhaps timed for this coming November. One year on. I did that for my Dad. It would be fitting for Goomblar. kudos to you [Vesna](#), for keeping Goomblar in your thoughts... and in ours. 

[Vesna Tenodi](#) Thank you, dear John  I am in no hurry, since it should be a proper tribute to Goomblar, and there is so much material I have to go through 

[John Slater](#) A very sad posting dear [Vesna](#)!  I remember from your previous posts that your good friend here was a great collaborator with regard to your extensive work over the years. My thoughts are with you, his family, and all colleagues. Treasure the memories! x  

[Vesna Tenodi](#) Thank you, dear [John](#)  Yes, we should treasure the memories of good people and happy times we've had 

[Božo Hokub](#) Dear [Vesna](#), you are a really an extraordinary good and honest person! Have a good and peaceful weekend 