In my teenage years I began to visit the edges of the Pilliga country. My earliest view came from the heights of Mt Kaputar one spring, I was about sixteen. When I first saw the distant peaks of the Warrumbungle range in my mind’s eye I went back to some distant world before we imagined anything. I saw vast creatures emerge from the earth and make the forms of the landscape over vast stretches of time.

Travelling beside the Pilliga I am aware of the sense of space that exists. It is as though there is some sleeping giant right there beside me. Ancient ribs of stone, fur of cypress, eucalypt and wattle. But this is no beast, this is our Australian Pan, we cannot let his tune be subdued, or lost in the rush to create wealth.

When the mining giants drill and excavate the fabric of our land there is physical damage. There is also a greater spiritual damage, we cease to belong to the land. This is the European industrial mind exported and dominating this fragile land and making economic need greater than the need of the land. There is no need greater than to look after the Pilliga Scrub and to manage its resources wisely and with care. There are greater resources in the Pilliga than some rotten old coal seam gas. Let the coal seam gas stay in the ground where it is meant to stay. Above all we need a future in which little creatures like the Pilliga Mouse can live unthreatened by industrialisation.