Vorwort der Herausgeber

Diese Ausgabe der *Zeitschrift für Australienstudien* erscheint als Doppelnummer (21-22, 2007/2008). Es ist uns gelungen, eine große und interessante Auswahl an Beiträgen von Wissenschaftern aus verschiedensten Ländern und mehr als einem Kontinent zusammenzutragen, die ein großes Spektrum von Themen im Bereich Australienstudien abdecken. Darunter finden sich kulturelle Vergleiche zwischen Australien und Deutschland, neue Ergebnisse aus dem Forschungsfeld australischer Geschichte und Literatur sowie aus den Bereichen Soziologie, Kunst, Film und Photographie. Wir haben es übernommen, nach dem hoch verdienten Rückzug von Gerhard Leitner diese Nummer der ZfA zu redigieren und herauszugeben. Wir danken ihm an dieser Stelle noch einmal für seine hervorragende Arbeit. Erst wenn man ein Projekt selbst in die Hand nimmt, merkt man, wie viel Mühe und Arbeit damit verbunden sein kann; dass sie Gerhard Leitner über viele Jahre hinweg meisterte, verlangt Respekt.

Auf die Gefahr hin, das anzusprechen, was allen bekannt ist, dass die Attraktivität einer Zeitschrift sowohl auf der Kontinuität von Bewährtem als auch auf innovativen Veränderungen basiert, sollen hier einige Visionen für die ZfA vorgestellt werden, von denen (zumindest) einige schon im Ansatz in der vorliegenden Nummer verwirklicht wurden.

Die konzeptionelle Marschrichtung dieser Publikation wird davon bestimmt, wissenschaftlich und akademisch interessante Themen aus dem weiten Bereich der Australienstudien sowie aktuelle politische, kulturelle und wirtschaftliche Themen Australiens einer breiten Öffentlichkeit zugänglich zu machen sowie die deutsch-australischen und europa-australischen Beziehungen zu reflektieren. Desgleichen wollen wir den Dialog zwischen den Disziplinen und mit Australienexperten fördern. Besonders dem wissenschaftlichen Nachwuchs soll mit dieser Publikation ein Podium für Veröffentlichungen angeboten werden; in Verfolgung dieses Ziels planen wir in Zukunft eine eigene Sektion betitelt *PhD/MA projects/neue Forschungsprojekte*.

Jede Zeitschrift bemüht sich, aktuell zu sein. Die ZfA enthält daher Rezensionen zu Neuerscheinungen aus den Bereichen *non-fiction*, *fiction*, *film* und *music*, welche in der vorliegenden Nummer mehr Raum einnehmen als bisher. Es mag überraschen, dass unter den Rezensionen gleich drei Werke der Autorin Gail Jones erscheinen – das hat mit dem Auftreten dieser Schriftstellerin bei unserer 11. Zweijahrestagung in Karlsruhe im Oktober 2008 zu tun. Aktualität kann aber auch

in einer neuen Sektion stattfinden, in der themenrelevante Veröffentlichungen aus der Wissenschaft, dem Journalismus, der Kunst und Kultur vorgestellt werden. In diesem Sinn haben wir zum ersten Mal zwei Filmrezensionen in unserer Nummer, beabsichtigen aber deren Anzahl zu steigern.

In unserer mit *Varia* betitelten Sektion finden sich: eine ausführliche Würdigung des Lebenswerkes von George Dreyfus, anlässlich seines 80. Geburtstages, drei Nachrufe, die Würdigungen der letzten PreisträgerInnen des Jahres 2007, und ein aktueller Konferenzbericht. Den GASt Dissertationspreis 2007 erhielt Andreas Gaile für seine Arbeit über Peter Carey. Eine Zusammenfassung seiner Dissertation wird in der nächsten Ausgabe erscheinen. In Zukunft werden kritische Berichte über aktuelle Tendenzen in der australischen Kultur, Wirtschaft oder Politik sowie Anmerkungen zu Forschungsaufenthalten in Australien und Reiseberichte ebenfalls in dieser Sektion veröffentlicht. Vorstellbar wäre ferner die Einrichtung einer Sparte „*creative corner/ new writing/ young talents*“ oder mit einem anderen artgemäßem Titel, in der Neuheiten aus dem Bereich ‚Kreatives Schreiben' in Auszügen vorgestellt werden.

Unter der neu eingeführten Sektion *Poems* im Mittelteil dieser Ausgabe finden sich Gedichte von Les Muray, Ken Bolton, Cath Keneally, Andrew Taylor, Tim Thorne und Andrew Peek, die hoffentlich ihr Interesse finden werden. Mit der Ausnahme des Gedichts von Les Murray, das schon einmal abgedruckt wurde, sind alle Gedichte ‚Ersterscheinungen'. Mit dieser Neuerung passen wir uns den gängigen australischen Literaturzeitschriften an. Unser besonderer Dank gilt den Dichtern, die uns ihre Texte kostenlos überlassen haben. Ob sich dieser ‚Coup' allerdings beliebig oft wiederholen lässt, muss sich erst erweisen.

Mitglieder und Leser sind gleichermaßen aufgefordert, durch Beiträge und Anregungen die *Zeitschrift für Australienstudien* zu einem nachgefragten Artikel im Bereich Australienstudien zu machen. Die hier formulierten Visionen sind ein erster Versuch, den Schneeball zu einer Lawine wachsen zu lassen. Bitte teilen Sie den Herausgebern Ihre Meinung über diese Nummer mit ihren Neuerungen mit: ohne kritisches Feedback kann es keinen Qualitätszuwachs geben.

Wenn Sie einen Beitrag senden oder ein Werk für die ZfA rezensieren möchten, dann bitten wir um frühzeitige Bekanntgabe ihrer Absicht. Für die nächste Nummer schließen wir keinen Sachbereich aus, werben aber spezifisch um Beiträge der Thematiken Religion, Spiritualität, Glaube, Freiheit. Das für die ZfA gültige *style sheet* finden Sie auf der letzten Seite. Beiträge können sowohl in englischer als auch deutscher Sprache eingereicht werden. Als Kontakt gilt folgende email Adresse: adi.wimmer@uni-klu.ac.at

Für den Erwerb von zusätzlichen Nummern der *Zeitschrift für Australienstudien* wenden Sie sich bitte ebenfalls an Adi Wimmer (Univ. Klagenfurt, A-9020 Klagenfurt, Österreich). Es würde uns freuen, könnten Sie den Bibliotheken Ihres Wirkungskreises die Subskription der ZfA nahelegen (€ 15.- pro Nummer, € 25.- für eine Doppelnummer).

Britta Kuhlenbeck, Adi Wimmer
Perth, Klagenfurt, im April 2008

From the editors

This edition of *Zeitschrift für Australienstudien* (Journal of Australian Studies) is a double edition (21-22, 2007/2008). We managed to acquire a large and interesting selection of contributions from academics coming from a wide range of countries and from more than one continent, which cover a considerable spectrum of topics in the area of Australian Studies. Issues dealt with in this edition encompass cultural comparisons between Australia and Germany, new research in the fields of Australian history and literature as well as in sociology, art, film and photography. After the richly deserved 'retirement' of former editor Gerhard Leitner, we have now taken up the task of editing and publishing this edition of the *ZfA*. Again we thank Gerhard Leitner for his excellent work. It is only after you have taken a project on board yourself, you really start to realize how much effort and work is involved in it. Gerhard Leitner's careful stewardship of this publication for many years deserves our gratitude and respect.

To run the risk of stating the obvious, the continuing attraction of a journal is based on both preserving a proven tradition (a continuation of the tried-and-tested) while introducing innovation. With that in mind, we will outline our vision for the *ZfA*, some of which has already been realised in this current edition.

Our aim is to arouse public interest in cultural and academic subject matter from the diverse area of Australian studies including current political, social and economic issues revolving around Australia and, wherever possible, to reflect on German-Australian and European-Australian relationships. We encourage contributions that focus on genres other than the literary—for example art, music, anthropology and so on. We would also welcome contributions that are not traditionally 'literary critical'—for example journalistic or creative pieces. In regard to the latter, we intend to establish a section called '*New Writing'*, in which excerpts of new work in creative writing can be presented. In addition, we would like to enhance interdisciplinary dialogue and serve as a site of discourse between

scholars of Australian studies. We will also offer a platform for publications focussing on the work of emerging academics; in pursuit of this aim we will have a section entitled "*PhD/MA Projects/Neue Forschungsprojekte.*"

The newly introduced category *Poems* in the middle section of this volume contains poems by Les Murray, Ken Bolton, Cath Keneally, Andrew Taylor, Tim Thorne and Andrew Peek, which hopefully will spark your interest. With the exception of Les Murray's poem, which has already been published elsewhere, all poems are 'new releases'. We are especially indebted to all the poets who granted us permission to publish their work free of charge. Whether we can repeat such a 'coup' in the future remains to be seen.

Our aim for a mix of critical contributions from a wide range of genres and topics combined with creative writing is consistent with current practice in all the mainstream Australian literary journals.

Every journal aspires to be at the cutting edge. Hence the *ZfA* contains a selection of reviews of the latest publications in the fields of non-fiction, fiction, film and music, which takes up more space in this volume than in previous ones. There is extensive coverage of one particular author—Gail Jones—who will be our guest of honor at the 11th biennial conference in Karlsruhe in October 2008. In a break with tradition, film reviews have been included for the first time. We intend to expand this section in future editions.

In the section under the title *Varia* you will find three obituaries, judges' comments in recognition of the last *GASt* prize winners of 2007, a tribute to the composer George Dreyfus on the occasion of his 80th birthday, and a report on a recent conference. The winner of the 2007 GASt prize was Andreas Gaile for his PhD on Peter Carey. The judges' report for this PhD is published in this edition. However, the summary of the work was not available at the time of going to press and will be published in the next edition. Critical reports on current trends in Australian culture, economy or politics as well as comments on research trips in Australia and travel stories will also be published in this section.

Our aims and visions mapped out here are an attempt to establish the directions for a vibrant and wide-ranging engagement with Australian Studies in Europe and Australia—arguably already present, but also in need of further stimulus. We would like to hear your opinion on this edition and its new suggestions, because critical feedback is essential for improving the quality of this journal.

For the next edition we will not exclude any topics of interest. However we would particularly welcome contributions revolving around key terms such as religion/spirituality/faith/policy/freedom. We strongly urge you to consider making a contribution; the future success of the journal depends on your next article! If you are interested**,** please inform us about your intention as soon as possible. For referencing you will find a style sheet on the last page of this volume. Contributions can be written in English or in German. Please use the following email address for contact: adi.wimmer@uni-klu.ac.at.

If you would like to purchase additional volumes of the *Zeitschrift für Australienstudien* please also refer to Adi Wimmer. We would appreciate it if you could consider suggesting a subscription to the *ZfA* to your local libraries (€15/single edition, €25/double edition).

Britta Kuhlenbeck, Adi Wimmer
Perth and Klagenfurt, April 2008

Essays

A Wilderness of Mirrors: Perspectives on 'the Spying Game' in Australian Literature

Bruce Bennett, University of NSW at ADFA, Canberra

Although spying is pervasive throughout Australia's history, we have had fewer examples than Britain or the USA, our senior partners in espionage, of spies or spooks who have 'come out', before or even after their retirement, and declared their hand. (A notable exception is Michael Thwaites, who supervised the defection of Vladimir Petrov for ASIO in the early 1950s. Another is Andrew Wilkie who resigned from Australia's senior intelligence agency, the Office of National Assessments, in protest against the impending Iraq war in 2003.) Yet a neglected and growing literature can be discerned that testifies to Australians' continuing involvement in spying, since the earliest explorations of our coasts (Bennett). This literature offers considerable insights into human behaviour and thought. At a time when intelligence agencies are recruiting at an increasing rate throughout the world, attention is turning to a buried part of Australia's national and international life. Along with this, we see more frequent attention to espionage not only in spy thrillers but also in essays, memoirs and novels in which espionage is an important element.[1]

The principal focus in this paper is on four novels by Australians published from the 1990s which engage significantly with 'the spying game': Ric Throssell's *In a Wilderness of Mirrors* (1992), Frank Moorhouse's *Grand Days* (1993), Christopher Koch's *Highways to a War* (1996) and Janette Turner Hospital's *Due Preparations for the Plague* (2003). Each of these novels throws light – a shimmering, refractive light – on the profession of espionage and its impact on individuals. A picture emerges of mobile, trans-national individuals engaged in clandestine activity which tests their intelligence, commitment and conscience and brings into question the causes they purport to serve.

I

The cover picture of Throssell's novel *In a Wilderness of Mirrors* shows a recognisable likeness of the author in his middle years wearing mirror sunglasses that reflect the light and prevent any glimpse of the eyes. The temptation is thus placed before the reader to identify the author with the novel's protagonist, the spy Selwyn Joynton, but Throssell warns against any such easy identification in the book's Epilogue:

> And Selwyn Joynton – there was a man like that. He is dead now, and I suspect never was my Selwyn, not wholly. Not at all perhaps; but he might have been…Not me. I never was the man he saw in the mirror of his mind. (196)

The syntax, imagery and rhythms here are deliberately elusive and bring to mind the genealogy of the phrase that serves as the novel's title. 'In a wilderness of mirrors' harks back to 'Gerontion', T.S. Eliot's poem of world weariness, confusion and spiritual desiccation. The poem's speaker partially identifies himself in the lines:

> Here I am, an old man in a dry month,
> Being read to by a boy, waiting for rain…

He has lost the ability to make real contact with others, and is left to 'multiply variety/ In a wilderness of mirrors' (37-9).

Throssell's novel does not acknowledge T.S. Eliot's poem as his source: in an epigraph he attributes the phrase to James Jesus Angleton, head of counter-espionage in the CIA who used the phrase to refer to the bewildering array of disinformation and lies fomented during the Cold War. Angleton read complex poetry, including Eliot's, cultivated orchids and is one of the 'honourable men' in former CIA director William Colby's memoir, before Colby sacked Angleton for believing in illogical conspiracy theories about CIA colleagues when there was no evidential basis for them (364-5, 377-8, 396). (A number of commentators have speculated on Angleton's tendency to see conspiracies all around him following his deception by Kim Philby, the British-born spy for the KGB.) At any rate, Angleton felt himself ensnared in what he perceived as a wilderness of mirrors, and is also credited with having popularised this phrase as it applied to the intelligence profession in the Cold War.

Throssell adapts the motif neatly to the world of espionage which his character Selwyn Joynton inhabits. Imagery of mirrors recurs throughout the novel, commencing with Throssell's dedicatory poem at the beginning to his granddaughter in which he purports to address the child while he shaves:

> Child of my child,
> In the three faced mirror you gaze
> Full of the wonder of living…

Childish wonder and innocence contrast with the man's sense of world-weary experience. In the body of the novel, the author returns recurrently to images of Selwyn Joynton, the deliberately faceless man who makes a living by seeming unremarkable, observing himself in a series of mirrors.

From his orchard in the Dandenongs outside Melbourne, Selwyn lives a cover life as a London-based international journalist with a small import business, while supporting his Italian wife and two children who live there. On one of his return visits to Australia, Selwyn looks at himself in the wing-backed shaving mirror with its multiple reflections:

> His eyes above the top of the hand towel caught the reflection of his image in the mirror: a familiar stranger, every line and plane of his face known, absorbed into the matrix of recognition; but alien nevertheless, different. Selwyn did not see the face in the mirror as himself. It was a mirror image of Selwyn Joynton, no more, like the face that had looked back at him at the Moskva – when was it? That stranger always there, watching. (Throssell 33-4)

Throssell's characterisation of Selwyn Joynton does not allow Joynton deep reflections. We are not offered an 'inner life', perhaps because he does not have one. The English-born Joynton seems to have no fixed centre, no philosophy he lives by, no place of belonging – except perhaps in the love of his daughter and her love for him. Both his wife and son seem to dislike and resent Selwyn as an interloper during his sporadic returns from secret adventures overseas. In an outburst before she is hospitalised as a schizophrenic, his wife Marietta accuses her husband of being a liar and a traitor. Both charges seem true. When Marietta dies, possibly by her own hand, Selwyn feels a vague guilt but manages to slough it off. He also feels a residual bitterness that he has failed to reform the world as an earlier youthful self had apparently set out to do. But he has always been compromised. Stated thus, Throssell's spy might seem to have the makings of a Le Carré character, but Selwyn Joynton is no Magnus Pym, or indeed George Smiley. Selwyn's flashbacks are often fleeting and insubstantial as though he himself has relegated them to a tiny corner of his mind. Elizabeth Perkins captures the figure as Throssell presents him. To her, he seems 'a minor devil dispatched from the hell of international power play' (Perkins 148). This image is attuned to Throssell's left-liberal inclinations but does not fully account for the author's apparent sympathy with aspects of Selwyn's character.

The roots of Selwyn Joynton's career as a spy are shown in his student days at university in Melbourne, where he was an anti-conscription activist during the

Vietnam war. But the 'Pom', the fat boy from England, never seems quite 'in step' with his fellow protesters: indeed, he seems to be an informer for ASIO. Later, he is 'run' from London where he is assigned by MI6 to Uganda with cover as a journalist. He refers to himself ironically as "our man in Kampala", echoing Graham Greene's *Our Man in Havana* (Throssell 71). This is the first of three undercover operations in the novel which are associated with attempted coups against socialist governments, the other two being in Grenada and the Seychelles. Throssell had visited each of these places and researched the crises: he inserts his shadowy protagonist into these neo-colonialist adventures while revealing the highly dubious and sometimes absurd nature of the British and American, and in the case of the Seychelles, Rhodesian interventions.

The actual events on which Throssell draws for his accounts were carefully researched. This is evident in the episode of the American airborne invasion of the Caribbean island of Grenada in 1983. In the novel, Selwyn Joynton is the secret emissary to the governor of the island, persuading him on behalf of the British and American governments to invite their intervention following the murder of Prime Minister Maurice Bishop. But the novel presents the American adventure from varying perspectives, with mixed motives and conflicting views on the action. A recent memoir by the actual CIA chief in charge of 'the Grenada episode' has presented the events from an entirely ethnocentric American point of view. The military were keen to intervene, Duane ("Dewey") Clarridge writes: "No one wanted to be left out of the first military action since Vietnam, but this zeal had virtually nothing to do with Grenada, and everything to do with justifying military budgets on Capitol Hill" (255). Visiting Grenada after the intervention, Clarridge was given a military bumper sticker which he placed on his own Jeep. It read: 'WE KICKED ASS IN GRENADA!' (268). The "fog of war" thinking which Robert McNamara retrospectively described in America's involvement in the Vietnam war, had apparently not lifted some eight years later, when a small and relatively harmless target could somehow restore battered military egos in the world's most powerful nation.

Why then, despite Throssell's apparent disapproval of the Grenada intervention and the others in which his protagonist appears does the author give his spy almost sympathetic attention? Is this literary tact? Or is Throssell projecting an understanding of someone deeply involved in an espionage mindset? Throssell, the son of Katharine Susannah Prichard, had in fact lived most of his adult life under suspicion of having spied for the Soviet Union. He had fought doggedly to clear his name from the slur cast upon it by the evidence of the Soviet defector Vladimir Petrov in 1954. He had made some headway. But when in 1996 the Venona decrypts of KGB cables between Canberra and Moscow were released, it became

clear that Petrov was right: his colleagues at Moscow Centre had stated that Throssell (codenamed "Ferro") had passed valuable information to the Russians (Ball and Horner 270). This still did not prove that Throssell had spied but it was sufficient for some Australian newspapers to reiterate the view that Throssell was a Soviet spy (eg *Courier-Mail, Age*).[2]

When I asked David McKnight, author of *Australia's Spies and their Secrets*, if he considered Ric Throssell a spy he said he thought that this was still an open question. He quoted Alan Renouf, an experienced diplomat: 'The door never closes'.[3] The door closed however for Throssell in 1999 when, in good health, he took his own life, in a double suicide with his wife who had also been under suspicion by the Royal Commission on Espionage. Did Throssell regret his life? From the late 1980s and early 90s when communism died and the Soviet Union collapsed, how did he see himself? Had he lived so long with the spectre of being a spy that when the mirror cleared he sometimes saw an image of himself there?

II

Frank Moorhouse's life has not been implicated in the world of espionage to the extent that Throssell's was. But Moorhouse remains one of Australia's most subtle observers of personal and political dilemmas. In *Grand Days* (1993), his novel about an Australian woman Edith Campbell Berry's induction into the complex international politics of the League of Nations, Moorhouse explores several facets of 'the spying game'. The chief site of espionage activity in *Grand Days* is the Molly Club in interwar Geneva. Here, in this trans-gendered, smoky, international setting, personal and sexual border-hopping seems not so far removed from the trading of secret information.

For Edith, an Australian idealist of her time, a crisis occurs when she discovers that her bisexual lover Ambrose is spying for the British. She reports this to her superior at the League who analyses the implications of Ambrose's spying and finds it less reprehensible than Edith had (Moorhouse 503).

I am indebted to Jane Stenning's excellent PhD thesis on moral pragmatism in Moorhouse and Lawson for pointing out the irony of Edith Berry's situation: that in "undoing a spy" – as Edith decides to do in Ambrose's case – she must "become a spy herself" (232-3). But Edith's boss at the League, Bartou, is a man of the world who observes that "To spy on a spy is no crime" (Moorhouse 504). As Stenning remarks, examining one's motives in such circumstances becomes "a vast tangle of perspectives and actions" and a coordinated response – a decision on how to act – is fraught with complications (233).

These are Edith Campbell Berry's problems of conscience. When Ambrose's spying is exposed, his situation becomes a good deal worse: he is transferred to 'Siberia' – to a desk job in an unimportant department with little responsibility, where he suffers a nervous breakdown. These are the kinds of mental and emotional pressures, often complicated by sexual pressures, that biographies of the Cambridge spies – Philby, Burgess, McLean, Cairncross and Blunt – have related in varying degrees. Miranda Carter's superb biography of Anthony Blunt, the art historian and spy, and John Banville's novel based on Blunt, *The Untouchable*, demonstrate the scope for revealing this multi-mirrored wilderness in the respective genres of biography and novel.

III

Christopher Koch transports the dilemmas of the trans-national Australian with divided loyalties to Southeast Asia in his novel *Highways to a War*. One of the important puzzles investigated in this novel is whether, in addition to his work as a news cameraman, Mike Langford, the elusive protagonist of this novel, was ever a spy. Langford's own confessional remarks to his journalist friend Harvey Drummond are delayed until the concluding section of the novel, thus drawing the reader in as a co-investigator of the mystery of Langford's life. Mike tells Harvey that at the beginning of the war in Vietnam, as a news cameraman, he had passed on items of "operational intelligence" to Aubrey Hardwick, a member of the Australian secret service whom Mike had idolised. Hardwick has told Mike that his intelligence was important and had been accepted by the CIA and had even reached the White House (390). Mike Langford seems to have passed on this information out of youthful patriotic idealism.

Hawkish in his support for the Vietnam war in its early stages, Mike Langford is reported to have said that he later became a supporter of Lon Nol and the Free Khmer movement, believing that they still had a chance against the Khmer Rouge. Mike's love affair with Ly Keang has placed him romantically on the side of the "ordinary people" of Cambodia (393). When Ly Keang disappears, Mike sets out to find her, not knowing that she has been secretly recruited by his apparent friend and mentor Aubrey to be a stay-behind spy for the Australian secret service in Phnom Penh when the Khmer Rouge inevitably take control. In this sense, she is 'used' by the Australians. Worse perhaps, she is sacrificed to a lost cause. Mike's obsessive search for Ly Keang is unsuccessful. She has been killed by the Khmer Rouge. Mike himself, we learn at the novel's end, has been crucified by the Khmer Rouge who believe, ironically, that he is a CIA spy. The secrets and betrayals on which *Highways to a War* turns are closely intertwined with the world of espionage.

The charming, ruthless and personally ambitious Aubrey Hardwick is Koch's iconic Anglo-Australian spook in this novel, for whom personal betrayals to obtain often flawed or misguided intelligence are part of the day's work. One of the founding figures of Australian intelligence under MI6's training and guidance, Hardwick seems to newsman Drummond "a little mad", like all spooks (386). Harvey observes that as one era gives way to another, reality becomes "a hall of mirrors: reality emulating some previous legend, and then itself becoming legend…" (391). Mike's dawning realisation, as he sees through the fog of disinformation and deceit, is that the Americans will not save Vietnam or Cambodia as he had once believed:

> They'll shoot through soon and leave these people for dead: leave them to the Khmer Rouge. And the politicians and the spooks will go and start a new game. (391)

Mike's pessimism is prophetic: he sees no end to secret intrigues and treachery, and it appears there is none.

The "hall of mirrors image" of intelligence is not denied by Mills, who had been Mike Langford's case officer in Saigon in the 1960s but is rather confirmed by him. When Mills is questioned by Harvey Drummond over the ubiquitous bottle of whisky, Mills admits that personal relationships are early victims of "the spying game": "My marriage went years ago", he remarks. "[I]t didn't go with the game. Seldom does. The woman doesn't know who she's married to" (429). Recalling the fate of Ric Throssell's spy Selwyn Joynton, Mills admits: "You lose your personality in the end… For as an operative, the day comes when he's not quite sure who he is" (429). The early ideals, excitement and high hopes are dashed. Personal relationships wither. Confusion and sometimes despair set in. Is this what espionage is all about?

Koch does not offer a universal prescription of 'the spying game': the particular theatre of operations in Vietnam and Cambodia that he evokes has led to the despair of many Western participants and their friends. John Sullivan, a CIA agent who administered lie detector tests on Americans as well as potential Vietnamese and Cambodian recruits to American intelligence, has described himself as Diogenes in Vietnam. He explains: "Diogenes was a fourth century BC Greek philosopher and cynic who is often depicted carrying a lantern through the streets of Athens looking for an honest man – whom he never found" (159). Sullivan sees himself as playing that role in Vietnam. In Sullivan's view, the CIA was even more blind to the situation in Cambodia than it was in Vietnam. By the end of February 1975, Sullivan says only one question remained: when would Cambodia

fall to the Khmer Rouge? (159). When Sullivan attempted to carry out polygraph tests on two potential "stay-behind" Cambodian spies for the CIA who would report back after the Khmer Rouge took over, they refused to cooperate. Their example of non-cooperation contrasts radically with that of Ly Keang in Koch's novel who meets her death while setting out to spy for Australia, having been persuaded to do so by an ambitious and self-interested senior spook. In the hall of mirrors, desires, motives and perceptions are very mixed.

The tragic historical irony that lies behind Koch's novel *Highways to a War* is that while America and its allies turned their attention after the calamity of Vietnam to Pinochet's military government in Chile and other trouble spots – cleverly incited in this to some extent by KGB masters of "hall of mirrors" propaganda – Pol Pot and his Khmer Rouge troops carried out a reign of terror in Cambodia which in three years killed 1.5 million of Cambodia's 7.5 million people (Andrew and Mitrokhin 88).

IV

We move now from Australian representations of espionage in interwar Geneva and Grenada in 1983, and Vietnam and Cambodia in the 1960s and 70s to America and the Middle East since the 1980s. Middle Eastern terrorism and aircraft hijackings provide the historical backdrop to Janette Turner Hospital's novel *Due Preparations for the Plague*. The novel draws specifically on the 1987 terrorist hijacking of Air France flight 46 and the calculated killing of its passengers, but was completed in the shadow of events in the USA now known by the shorthand expression '9/11'. Much of the imaginative and emotional appeal of *Due Preparations for the Plague* hangs on the impact of such terrorism on those who may survive, especially children. Twenty children were released before Air France 46 (code-named Black Death in the novel) was blown up by Middle Eastern terrorists. Two psychologically maimed survivors living in the United States, Lowell and Samantha, carry out the intelligence work, thirteen years after the event, that reveals CIA complicity in these tragic events.

Like other authors who appreciate the complexities and false trails of espionage and international politics, Turner Hospital employs imagery of fog and mirrors. Early in *Due Preparations for the Plague*, the young woman Samantha tries to imagine the spy code-named Salamander:

> *I spy*
> *With my manifold eye.*

> This is Salamander's morning canticle. He leans in close to the bathroom mirror and his words come back lush, fully orchestrated, thick with toothpaste and shower fog. He squints and sees galaxies: bright floating points, moons, multiple planetary rings. He has the eyes of a fly or god. The things that he knows; weighty matters of life and death, or swift death – orbit his consciousness, but he must not speak of them. (49).

This is Samantha's construction of a mysterious figure she imagines from "undeleted half lines in documents" (49). Later, this figure becomes more fully known through videotapes and encrypted journals, which the real Salamander leaves for his son Lowell Hawthorne, and the records of a psychoanalyst. Salamander emerges posthumously as an agent who had become embroiled in an elaborate game of double-cross with a Middle Eastern agent codenamed Sirocco and was fatally outwitted in 'the spying game'. The tragedy of Black Death followed. His own death thereafter was assured.

Oddly, Salamander, the CIA agent who was implicated in the fatal hijacking, emerges retrospectively as a relatively sympathetic character. This is surprising given that his wife is killed and his son seriously scarred by events which he helped to set in train. What redeems him morally, to an extent, is his realisation that his son's generation should be spared the lunacy of which he has been a part. Moreover Salamander acts on this recognition, leaving his son a sports bag in a locker filled with the evidence that will expose the plots and counterplots in which he (and his country) have been involved in an attempt to make the world more 'secure'.

Turner Hospital's approach to the creation of her American secret agent becomes apparent in her interview with Peter Birnhaum (2003, n.p.):

> *Interviewer*: Why choose such a life?
>
> *Janette Turner Hospital*: People enter that world because they are highly trained and highly intelligent and go in out of idealism – we have a way of life and a system of government that needs to be preserved. And someone has to be in intelligence work to know who is planning to attack it. So you go in with idealism, but it is the nature of the task that it requires all sorts of decisions of short-term expediency, which can get very murky.

Turner Hospital's first thought before interviewing any former agents, was that they must be "cold-blooded". However, in talking with agents and trying to imagine Salamander more deeply, the novelist thinks of him as "increasingly

tortured and anguished and unravelling, falling apart at the seams, going mad." Something of this state of mind is revealed in the psychoanalyst's reports to which Lowell Hawthorne and Samantha gain access.

The characterisation of Lowell Hawthorne's father is a remarkable feat and it seems churlish to criticise Turner Hospital for not giving equivalent depth to Sirocco, the spy from the 'other' side – as Brenda Niall claims Le Carré would have done (38). The moral and emotional complexities of life for children of spies have been captured in a recent biography, *My Father the Spy*, by John H. Richardson which shows the high psychological costs for individuals and their families of this profession.[4] Each experience is no doubt different. But Turner Hospital, like Richardson, shows the deep desire of a son or daughter to know what has previously been secret and to revalue a parent whose life has been lived in the shadows.

A typical response of former intelligence operatives to novels and films about 'the spying game' is that they fail to capture the banality and drudgery of much of this work. Yet few would reject the notion that the major challenge in intelligence work is to see a way clearly through the masses of information and multiple perspectives produced by their own institutions and those of their enemies to the 'truth' of a situation.

In this "wilderness of mirrors" a certain clarity of mind, sense of purpose and above all, perhaps, imagination are required. A perhaps surprising source of this view is the *9/11 Commission Report* which admits that "Imagination is not a gift usually associated with bureaucracies" and challenges Americans to find "a way of routinising, even bureaucratising, the exercise of imagination" in the intelligence services (344). While there may be benefits for the spy agencies in this approach, it would be an unfortunate by-product if the more free-ranging imaginations of novelists, filmmakers and others were restricted to the goals of national security in the US, Australia or elsewhere.

Novels such as those I have discussed by Throssell, Moorhouse, Koch and Turner Hospital offer unique insights from the outside into "the spying game" as an international phenomenon. They show the moral and intellectual complexities of espionage and the toll that this way of life can have on secret agents and those close to them. They show too the prevalence of spectres, screens, shadows and mirrors in a profession where 'spies' and 'lies' rhyme and truth is an open question.

A shorter version of this paper was presented at the 2007 ASAL conference at the University of Western Australia.

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1 For example, Austlit: The Australian Literature Resource notes 16 literary items with espionage as a subject for the month of March 2006. A similar number of items is recorded most months.

2 The articles in the Courier-Mail and the Age both refer to Ball and Horner's book Breaking the Codes. Peter Charlton in the Courier-Mail notes that Ball and Horner 'established conclusively that [Katharine Susannah] Prichard [Throssell's mother] had been a Soviet agent and that Throssell's role could not be clearly differentiated from hers. The Age more accurately summarises Ball and Horner's conclusion that 'it was unclear whether Mr Throssell was a Soviet agent or simply an unwitting source of information to his mother, who was a conduit to the Soviets'.

3 Interview Sydney, 19 May 2003. McKnight observed that the Petrovs had claimed that Throssell was working for the Soviets and that most of what the Petrovs said has been borne out.

4 See Richardson, My Father. The author's father 'disappears into the secret world' (p.76) from which his son tries to retrieve him. The son generalises towards the end: '[A]s time passed, he replaced his doubts with convictions and became so absorbed in his war he forgot that happiness was part of wisdom' (p.305).

Rock Wallabies and Mayan Temples: The Landscapes of the Pilbara in *Japanese Story* and the Burrup Peninsula

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There is a long and well documented history of the ambiguous relationship that existed between Australian settler society and the Australian landscape. From the Renaissance on speculation about the existence of a great south land had given rise to ideas of an upside-down place of great riches and extraordinary fertility, so that the antipodes had been written into a European imagination long before settlement. Its reality - trees resistant to European axes, land resistant to European cultivation, an interior apparently devoid of water and vegetation; in essence a land that did not yield to Enlightenment ideologies of possession, improvement and cultivation was shocking to the settlers. Here was a land where culture could not easily overcome nature, and the formulation of this realisation exists in colonial letters, diaries and jottings, in explorers' journals as well as in fictional writings. Marcus Clarke wrote famously of the "weird melancholy"[5] of the bush landscape, fascinating but threatening; later Henry Lawson described the landscape of "The Drover's Wife" with an equally famous series of negatives: "Bush all round—bush with no horizons …".[6] It is recorded too in the ways explorers named the landscape—Lake Disappointment, Mount Terrible, and ironically, Hopetown and so on.

Such inscriptions of the landscape indicate the ways an Australian national identity has been fixed to the British settlement of the land. Numerous commentators on aspects of Australian culture have pointed to the anxiety and ambivalence which seem endemic to Australian nationhood. These characteristics arguably have their origin in that experience of settlement in which the landscape, bush then desert, became what Roslyn Haynes refers to as a "psychological topography".[7] Ross Gibson used the metaphor of a "diminishing paradise" in his book of the same

name for the expectations which settlers brought with them and which receded in the face of the realities of settlement. He writes in a later book, *South of the West*, that the landscape would "define the nation". It came to be viewed as "an awesome opponent rather than a nurturing mother", sublime but intractable.[8] These views of the land assumed it was unoccupied, a view now referred to as *terra nullius*, and one which was finally overturned by the legal recognition of native title to areas of the land, first in the momentous decision of the High Court Mabo vs Queensland (1990),[9] then through the enactment of the Commonwealth Native Title Act (1993).

When gold was discovered, initially in Victoria in the 1850s, the land seemed to offer an alternative source of material wealth which could redeem the difficulties of realising the 'pastoral dream' of the settler society. And successive gold rushes, as well as mining in all its aspects became a major subject of Australian writing. The first novel of Henry Handel Richardson's Richard Mahony trilogy, *Australia Felix*, opens with a long poem which describes the Ballarat goldfields, scene of the first gold rushes. Here, enormous fortunes were made, money which built the city of Melbourne, soon considered one of the most modern in the world and tagged 'marvellous Melbourne'. The novel though seeks out the underside of the fields, in the suffering of the thousands of diggers whose only experience was extreme hardship, disappointment, disease and often death. Most significantly for my paper, it ends with a stark description of the despolation of the landscape, which nevertheless remains more powerful than its plunderers:

> Such were the fates of those who succumbed to the 'unholy hunger'. It was like a form of revenge taken on them, for their loveless schemes of robbing and fleeing, a revenge contrived by the ancient, barbaric country they had so lightly invaded. Now, she held them captive – without chains; ensorcelled – without witchcraft; and, lying stretched like some primeval monster in the sun, her breasts freely bared, she watched, with a malignant eye, the efforts made by these puny mortals to tear their lips away.[10]

All this provides a brief background to my interest in the ways these national myths, arising out of the settlement experience of the land, participate in the contemporary politics of large-scale mining of iron ore, oil and gas in the Pilbara region of North-West Western Australia. I'll take it up through a reading of the film *Japanese Story*, set partly in the Pilbara, and an aspect of the mining history of the Burrup Peninsula, also in the Pilbara.

The Pilbara is a desert landscape, and the desert, the true Australian outback, has been widely and memorably recorded by explorers and anthropologists, artists and

writers and filmmakers as well as in tourist brochures. In her important study, *Seeking the Centre*, Roslynn Haynes investigates the significance of the desert in Australian culture, where it has been seen as a wilderness to be mapped, redeemed or exploited, a recalcritrant Nature defeating human endeavour or a timeless, numinous landscape inciting awe and fear. She reminds us that while Europeans "saw in the Australian desert only an enormous absence", for Aboriginal peoples, "the whole land is semiotic, a complex web of signs, pointing beyond themselves to a spiritual meaning".[11] The land has been alive to Indigenous groups for more than 40,000 years and underpins Indigenous cultural life. This difference of view, one rational and scientific—the desert has to be made to yield—the other metaphysical—based in the idea of continual reciprocity between the land and its occupants—becomes part of the story of the contestation of land use in the Burrup Peninsula, one which is only implied in *Japanese Story*. It has been described from the Aboriginal perspective in this way: "If we lose this land we lose our culture. … What's under the earth, whether there's gold or riches, we don't want the riches. We want the land."[12]

According to Ross Gibson, "the majority of Australian feature [films] have been about landscape",[13] and *Japanese Story* has been linked to what he calls the "landscape tradition" of Australian cinema. That tradition was especially strong in the 1970s when it established Australian film as an international genre. And it took a particular shape and form. Felicity Collins argues that "the longevity of the non-urban, outback landscape in Australian cinema over several decades has perpetuated the idea that somehow the national character, forged in the bush, will always be defeated by the desert."[14] For Australian landscape cinema of the 1990s and later, however, that defeat is often presented as what Collins, writing of *Japanese Story*, calls "a barely-felt spiritual malaise" which "imbues its characters and landscapes". [15] Central to Graeme Turner's 1986 study of Australian narrative in literature and film was the idea that Australian narrative depends on "Romantic opposition between Society and Nature", which "is resolved in favour of the search for some harmony with Nature". Turner argues that while the inhospitable nature of the land renders that search "fruitless", there are "compensations in the assertion of a unique natural beauty, in the discovery of a certain spirituality in communion with the land or in the mastery of the stoical, pioneering virtues of endurance and acceptance".[16] By the last decade of the twentieth century, however, it was no longer possible to represent the land in such simple terms, and the idea that European settlement of Australia was a kind of land grab, together with the recognition that the land had been mistreated by those settlers, has given rise to a further recognition that a cultural mourning and reparation is now needed and that it must be undertaken in relation to the land and its original inhabitants.

Many of these ideas are apparent in the ways *Japanese Story* presents the landscape of the Pilbara and the central characters whose lives are changed by their experience there. It opens with a birds' eye view of a gorgeously coloured, patterned landscape, then drops to a shot of a long, new bitumen road cutting through the desert.[17] A single vehicle is on the road, driven by a Japanese visitor, a young businessman, Tachibama Hiromitsu. As he drives through this vast, remote space, he stops to photograph it and himself in it, to a background of Australian music as the Indigenous band Yothu Yindi's 'Treaty' plays. Disconcerted by his surroundings, Hiromitsu changes this to a CD of popular Japanese music. Several issues are established here: the foreignness of the visitor (who is dressed in dark suit and tie); the scale, stark beauty and apparent emptiness of the landscape through which he drives and in which he is represented as insignificant, and his discomfort with it all. Later, Sandy, a female geologist, flies from Perth to Port Hedland to join Hiromitsu and show him around the area. As they visit an iron ore plant in which his father's company has a joint interest (actually the BHP Billiton mine in the Pilbara) the film moves into documentary mode, inviting us to marvel as he does at its scale, as colossal machines scoop and crush the earth. Hiromitsu is excited by this display; even more so by the next mine they visit, five hours' driving away at Newman, where the modern technologies of mining have formed a fantastic landscape which he likens to a "Mayan temple"; the mine becomes today's equivalent of an ancient place of worship.

These scenes, with the group watching the workings of the mine, dwarfed by their gigantic scale, are a reminder of the global economy which resource ventures in this region of Western Australia are part of. They celebrate a new kind of nation building, dependent for its success on huge overseas investment. There are indications here though that this is a kind of plunder, and while the film itself does not invite the questions which arise from this scene, they nevertheless exist. Is it a good thing that the land is being used in this way, to this extent? Who is benefiting from this? What are the implications of major overseas investment in Australian industry? Further, can this fragile environment, already shown as so beautiful, sustain such an assault? These are questions which arise in an examination of the current controversy over resource development in the Burrup Peninsula.

The film returns to the desert landscape of the Pilbara as Sandy takes Hiromitsu, at his request, out into it. Now its mode is part travelogue, part road movie. There are indications that this journey will shift their relationship to each other and to the land, and the viewer can enjoy the landscape, as Sandy and Hiromitsu do, from the safety of the 4WD vehicle and the well marked road. One of the structures of the film, around nature and culture, a classic opposition basic to a range of Australian narrative forms according to Turner, has now been established. Culture has

overtaken nature at the mine, nature is powerful in the desert, but Sandy knows her way and can tell its story to the visitor, so that culture is triumphant. At a stopping point though, Hiromitsu responds to it: “In Australia you have a lot of space”, he says, “There is nothing. It scares me”. He is right to be scared, and when he demands that Sandy leave the road and head out on a dirt track Sandy refuses; “People die out in this country, often, lots of people, all the time” she warns him and they are not prepared for any mishap. Hiromitsu insists, they become bogged, she cannot free the vehicle, and they are forced to spend the night in the freezing desert. They cannot make mobile contact, have little water and things look bad. However, the foreigner works to dig the vehicle out and they escape, bonded by this experience.

In the series of scenes I’ve described Hiromitsu represents the global corporate world; Sandy a national type, lean and laconic, tough and ironic, a female version of the familiar masculine outback character of numerous novels and films. She is wary and slightly contemptuous of the foreign visitor and cautious of entering the desert environment. All this invites speculation about the ways this film takes up and shifts aspects of the landscape tradition in Australian narrative and the questions it doesn’t ask, or the story it doesn’t tell. There lie its buried politics, which are recognised in one scene where Sandy and Hiromitsu, who have become lovers and are still travelling in the desert country, sit, dwarfed by a jagged pile of huge red rocks, gazing at a rock painting of a wallaby. Their voices are hushed as she asks him: “No photos?” to which he replies “No photos”. This rather awkward scene appears to signify respect for the Indigenous culture whose land this is; yet recognition of that culture is notably absent from the rest of the film. Nevertheless, it has become a central issue among debates over the land and its use on the Burrup Peninsula area of the Pilbara.

Industrial development in the Pilbara region, including the Burrup Peninsula and the waters of the Dampier Archipelago has been supported by State and Federal Governments for the past thirty-five years. The site was chosen because it offered deep water and safe harbour facilities at Dampier, ones that are rare on the Western Australian coastline. Resource development commenced in the early 1960s, with iron ore plants, then solar salt fields. Natural gas was discovered in offshore waters in 1971, leading to establishment of the North West Shelf Project, which now exports Liquefied Natural Gas from Dampier. Increasing global demands for iron and gas as well as other minerals over the last decade and a half has resulted in an escalation of the demand on behalf of mining and resource companies for land. In 2000 the WA State Government launched an intention to acquire more land on the Burrup Peninsula and an adjacent area for the construction of a heavy industry estate.[18] This history is a brief one in contrast to

the Indigenous story of the Burrup, which has existed for many thousands of years as a sacred site for Aboriginal peoples of the area. It is marked by a remarkable collection of standing stone structures and rock engravings as well as midden, shell and grinding sites. A member of the Ngarluma Yindjibarndi group, one of the claimants to the Burrup, refers to the site as "the biggest monument to the whole of this land".[19] There is as yet no systematic scientific survey of the huge site, due in part to the difficulties of much of the terrain and to the lag in recognition of the heritage significance of the area, although of course it is known to its traditional owners.

A 2006 Submission by the Western Australian Government to the Australian Heritage Council, written in response to that Council's recommendation that the Dampier Archipelago/Burrrup Peninsula be nominated to the National Heritage List defines the potential conflict among these interests as a simple one. It contends that the economic imperative of further development is crucial to the area, and that Heritage listing of the area would have "potentially grave consequences" for the economies of the State and the nation, as well as denying the local Indigenous population the "opportunities afforded by new development in the region".[20] This document claims that adequate safeguards are in place to protect the Indigenous heritage values of the site, and that "existing State management and regulatory processes", together with "new fully funded heritage management initiatives endorsed by the State" will enable the area to "achieve world's best practice environment and heritage protection without the need for, or the complications arising from a single issue focussed National Heritage List approach".[21]

This position is at odds with that of many others involved in the debate around what the document recognises are the "conflicting land uses on the Burrup Peninsula", and avoids many of the issues that are part of that debate. My interest is not so much in the complicated history that precedes the current debate but in the ways those conflicting claims for the landscape and its use or abuse are being represented in the debate, and the politics of those representations. The State acknowledges that protection of the rock art was inadequate in the past, but contests the claim of the National Trust that 20% has already been lost due to pollution and/or removal for development. It claims that its current management role, which includes providing funding over the next two financial years for archaeological and ethnographic inventory surveys, to be undertaken by a variety of means, including the provision of expert advice, complies with its duty of care "with respect to Aboriginal heritage", reflected in the Aboriginal Heritage Act 1972. Two further management initiatives in the early stages of implementation for the Dampier Archipelago, one of which will be to establish an "environment

and heritage management coordinating body", the other to develop a heritage management plan,[22] will enhance the government's desire to support major resource development while at the same time acknowledging traditional claims to the land.

A native title body was founded in 1994 to represent the Aboriginal peoples of the Murchison, Gascoyne and now the Pilbara regions, the Yamatji Barna Baba Maaja Aboriginal Corporation. One of their Legal Officers describes their position: "In the Pilbara", he writes, "the YMBBMAC stands at the intersection of billions of dollars of new industrial and resource development with 40,000 years of culture and history".[23] Together with the Pilbara Native Title Service they led the negotiations in 2000 for State acquisition of native title over specific areas of land on the Burrup, acting as a "broker between the traditional owners and the resources industry".[24] These negotiations resulted in an agreement reached after a couple of years of intensive negotiation which has been called the "most famous" of the land use agreements achieved by a Land Council in Australia to date, and the most comprehensive. Yet although an agreement was successfully and speedily concluded with so-called "just terms" compensation to the Aboriginal groups, largely because those groups presented a united front, not letting their own internal politics interrupt negotiations, a lawyer working with the PNTS concedes that "implementation has proceeded at a moderate pace to date".[25]

Another commentator on the legal, policy and institutional context within which mineral development occurs on Aboriginal land in Australia, Ciaran O'Faircheallaigh, writes more cautiously. He describes the significant changes that have taken place in that context since the 1990s, with the enactment of the legal recognition of native title and more importantly perhaps with resource companies adopting "corporate social responsibility" policies towards Indigenous groups. But despite the changes to a situation which in the past left Aboriginal people marginalised and alienated, he asks whether these "shifts in legal frameworks and public and corporate policies" have brought about "real changes in the relationships between Aboriginal people, mining companies and the state in contemporary Australia?"[26] Noel Pearson, director of the Cape York Institute for Policy and Leadership for Indigenous people wrote recently of the "Boom and dust lifestyle" that the contemporary minerals boom has brought to the Australian people. He has good evidence that Indigenous communities are missing out on the benefits of the booming economy, taking place more often than not on their land, and argues that "the starkest contrast of benefit and burden" exists in the Pilbara.[27] He concludes "I am not an opponent of mining and in fact firmly believe that sustainable resource development is reconcilable with indigenous social and cultural sustainability in remote Australia and not a burden". Without the

opportunity such a reconciliation offers to indigenous people, he writes, they "have no future in remote Australia".[28]

The contrast between the romance of the Pilbara landscape and mining of that land presented in *Japanese Story* and the economic and political realities of the story of heavy industrial development on the Burrup Peninsula is clear, although that too has its romance. The third story of this landscape and its boom economy is that of the ancient spiritual significance of the Burrup to its traditional title holders, providing a stark contrast with the others. Each of these narratives is implicated in the other and each can tell the other something. Whether such stories can be reconciled, in Noel Pearson's terms, is not decided, nor is the question of whose representational politics will eventually dominate.

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5 Marcus Clarke, Preface to Poems, (1880), p vi.
6 Henry Lawson, 'The Drover's Wife', in *Best Australian Short Stories*, eds Douglas Stewart & Beatrice Davis, Victoria: Lloyd O'Neill, 1971, p 1.
7 Roslynn D. Haynes, *Seeking the Centre: The Australian Desert in Literature, Art and Film*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998, p 28.
8 Ross Gibson, *South of the West: Postcolonialism and the Narrative Construction of Australia*, Bloomington and Indianapolis, Indiana University Press, 1992, p 71.
9 For a discussion of Aboriginal Land Rights, see 'Blackfellas and Whitefellas: Aboriginal Land Rights, The Mabo Decision, and the Meaning of Land', Ronald Paul Hull, *Human Rights Quarterly*, 17:2, 1995, pp 1-19.
10 Henry Handel Richardson, *Australia Felix*, Ringwood, Victoria: Penguin Books, 1971 (first ed. 1917), p 8.
11 Haynes, p 14.
12 Hull, p 6.
13 Gibson, *South of the West*, p 63.
14 Felicity Collins, '*Japanese Story*: A Shift of Heart', *Senses of Cinema*, 29, 2003, p 4.
15 Collins, p 5.
16 Graeme Turner, *National Fictions: Literature, Film and the Construction of Australian Narrative*, Sydney: Allen & Unwin, 1986, p 25.
17 *Japanese Story*, directed by Sue Brooks, screenplay by Alison Tilson, distributed by World Cinema Ltd, released (US) 2004.
18 Frances Flanagan, 'The Burrup Agreement: a case study in future act negotiation', paper presented to the National Native Title conference, Alice Springs, 3-5 June, 2003, p 2.
19 In Flanagan.
20 Western Australian Government Submission to the Australian Heritage Council, March 2006, p 4.
21 As above.
22 Submission to the Australian Heritage Council, all from p 25.
23 David Ritter, '"Don't Call Me Baby": Ten years of the Yamatji Marlpa Land and Sea Council Native Title Representative Body', *Indigenous Law Bulletin*, 2004, p 1.
24 Ritter, p 4.
25 Flanagan, p 19.

[26] Ciaran O'Faircheallaigh, "Aborigines, Mining Companies and the State in Contemporary Australia": A New Political Economy or "Business as Usual"?', *Australian Journal of Political Science*, 41:1, 2006, pp 1-22, p 2.
[27] Noel Pearson, 'Boom and dust lifestyle', *The Weekend Australian*, 'Inquirer', February 3-4,
2007, p 29.
[28] Pearson, p 29.

The Flying Caseys

Carl Bridge, Menzies Centre, King's College London

The name sounds like that of a high-wire double act, and in a sense, that is exactly what it was. The show was not in the big top but on the United States and Australian political and public stages. It was 1940 and 'the Flying Caseys' were Richard and Maie Casey, Australia's first full diplomat in Washington and his consort.[29] Their task was to raise awareness of Australia in isolationist America, promote mutual goodwill, and help woo the Americans into the war. How the Caseys created 'Brand Australia' in 1940 and 1941 for the Americans is a little known story and some of what has been written is misleading.

Mostly as a result of differing biographical perspectives, Casey has been portrayed as a willing ventriloquist's doll, operated by Ian Clunies Ross, of the International Wool Secretariat, Sir Keith Murdoch, Australia's Director-General of Information, his representative on Casey's staff, Melbourne *Herald* journalist Pat Jarrett, and by shadowy figure of American public relations expert, Earl Newsom.[30] All of these played their roles, but Richard and Maie were no dummies, they spoke and acted for themselves. 'The Flying Caseys' and Brand Casey had already been created in Australia before it was exported to the United States.

The clues are to be found in the extensive press clippings scrap-books and Richard Casey's private diaries held in the Casey collection in the National Library of Australia.

Richard and Maie Casey were both aged 49 in March 1940. They were each products of upper-crust Melbourne. He was scion of a wealthy grazing and mine-owning family. Educated at Melbourne Grammar and as an engineer at Melbourne and Cambridge universities, he was a staff officer in the 1st AIF in Gallipoli and France, an Australian diplomat in London in the 1920s (where he was his patron Prime Minister S. M. Bruce's 'eyes and ears'), and a UAP politician and federal treasurer in the 1930s. She was daughter of the prominent Melbourne surgeon, Sir Charles Ryan, and related by marriage to Princess Alice, the Duke of Buccleuch, and the Victorian colonial gentry families of Chirnsides, Clarkes and Snodgrasses. After governesses and schooling in England at St George's, Ascot, she attended finishing school in Paris, and acted as companion to her brother, Rupert Ryan, while he was with the British occupation forces in Cologne and Coblenz.

Maie and Richard married in the fashionable West End church of St James's, Piccadilly, in 1926. They had two children, Jane (11 in 1939) and Donn (9). Maie fancied herself as something of a bohemian. She had attended art school in Melbourne and was an accomplished amateur artist and a patron of modern art, particularly Australian art. The Caseys purchased and brought the first Picasso to Australia in 1937.

Though Richard's seat was Corio, centred on the city of Geelong, he and Maie decided to live in Canberra, in one of the five officers' houses at the then closed-down military college at Duntroon. There Maie painted and rode her horse, Brochette, and lived the life of grazier's wife. In 1930s Canberra's very small official community, they were particularly close to fellow political couples, Charles and Hilda Abbott and Sir Henry and Penny Gullett, and to the British Resident in Australia Ernest Crutchley and his family. Characteristically, Maie furnished the house with totally up-to-the-minute modernity, with contemporary art, with what she said were the first Thonet tubular chairs imported into Australia and with simple wooden furniture designed and made by Frederick Ward of Melbourne.

When Richard was at the Treasury the Caseys were instrumental in commissioning a new set of designs for Australia's currency, introducing the distinctive leaping kangaroo penny, the ear of wheat threepence and the merino

shilling, all designed by Douglas Annand of Sydney. In 1937 the Caseys attended the Coronation of George VI and Richard the accompanying Imperial Conference, where the British press dubbed him 'Australia's Anthony Eden', for his trim good-looks, military background, immaculate Bond Street double-breasted tailoring, and political prospects as heir apparent to the Prime Minister. (Maie always protested privately that she could not see the likeness, but the comparison stuck, to Richard's great advantage.) It was while in London that the Caseys purchased , from the Paul Rosenberg and Helft gallery, their Picasso. 'Le Repos', painted in 1932, is a typically stylised, massive head leaning on feathery hands.

Finding the train trip to the capital tiresome, Richard, ever the mechanical engineer by training and inclination, decided with Maie's encouragement to learn to fly and he took out his pilot's licence in early 1938. He could then fly direct from Canberra to Corio, or to Berwick, outside Melbourne, where Maie had co-inherited with her brother a property, 'Edrington'. Richard and Maie bought a Percival Vega Gull two-seater and, no doubt with electoral publicity in mind, they christened it the 'Corio Gull'.

Richard's private flying lessons were given, somewhat irregularly, by Group Captain Frederick Scherger in an RAAF Avro Cadet at the Laverton air force base. The lessons were executed in the full glare of publicity and when Richard first flew solo he was, according to Maie, 'horrified' (I expect actually gratified) to 'find an aircraft carrying a press photographer floating off his wing-tip'. Maie's lessons, given at Essendon in a De Havilland Moth by P. G. 'Bill' Taylor, Kingsford Smith's famous co-pilot, were also self-consciously newsworthy. She was pictured in the newspapers romantically with full flying kit of leather helmet, jacket and goggles. It was Taylor who found them the Gull. Maie's interest in flying had been longstanding, stimulated in part by C. B. (Lord) Thomson, a friend and perhaps suitor, who was British Labour Minister for Air when he died in the R101 airship disaster in 1930.

To sum up: this thoroughly modern couple flew their own plane, owned a Picasso, dressed like film stars, and had royal connections. The Caseys had clearly shaped the Flying Casey Brand well before late 1939 when they were put into the hands of Keith Murdoch, Ian Clunies Ross, Pat Jarrett and Earl Newsom. They did not need Clunies-Ross's or Murdoch's prompting to make sure that the first leg of their journey to the US was a flight from Melbourne to Sydney. And they were yet to employ Jarrett and Newsom.[31]

When Richard was appointed to Washington at the beginning of 1940 he told the Australian press that as soon as he arrived in the United States he would buy a plane and destroy the illusion that 'Britons are stuffed shirts'.[32] He also arranged to have a sprig of wattle blossom on his desk on arrival, and every day thereafter. Maie, who arrived six weeks later, sailed on the *Mariposa* with a dress length of white-and-silver Australian woven wool for an evening gown so that she could be 'a walking advertisement for Australia'.[33] She also shipped with her twenty of their own Australian paintings and fifteen on loan from other collections. Maie announced as she left that the furnishings in the new Residence would be 'distinctively Australian'.[34]

The Residence and Legation were housed in the same building, 'White Oaks', an American colonial style red-brick, two-storey pile, with a white-pillared portico, built on leafy Cleveland Avenue by a speculator in 1928. Maie had her Melbourne friend print-maker Frances Burke design wood-block curtain and place mat patterns suggesting 'muted green' eucalypts. In the sitting room she hung a Rupert Bunny of the Melbourne Botanic Gardens; in the dining room Russell Drysdale's 'The Rabbiters' and Peter Purves Smith's 'The Kangaroo Hunt'; and in the wood-panelled library the Picasso and another Drysdale. She also commissioned New York resident Australian artist Mary Cecil Allen to paint a large screen with six indigo and one big red kangaroo against a pale background. Clipped Australian sheepskin rugs were placed on the floors.[35]

On his arrival in Los Angeles on the *Monterey* on 19 February 1940 Richard was hailed in the local press on cue as 'The Anthony Eden of Australia'.[36] When he met Maie and the children there a month later and the family crossed the continent by plane, the *Christian Science Monitor* welcomed 'Australia's Flying Envoy'.[37] True to Richard's word, the Caseys purchased for the then mighty sum of US$26000 a Fairchild 24 aircraft, had it painted yellow and green for Australia and had Maie smash a bottle of Australian beer on its nose and christen it 'Boomerang'. Inevitably the picture published in the *Washington Post* of Richard and Maie in the cockpit was captioned 'The Flying Caseys'.[38] It was recycled many times thereafter.[39]

The flying theme became a constant refrain over the next two years. In May 1940 Maie was reported piloting an amphibian aircraft over New York and practising landings near the Statue of Liberty. In July Richard helped inaugurate the first PanAm Clipper service to New Zealand (and on to Australia by a different carrier). 'Boomerang' was reported as sharing a hangar with the machines of enemy air attaches at Bolling Field. In August Maie was noted as one of the few women

pilots in Washington. In September she was avoiding the heat of Washington by going up to shiver at 4000 feet. In October the Caseys were taking photographs of Washington friends' mansion from the air. In January and February 1941 they flew themselves to Florida for some winter sun. And in July 1941 Casey was pictured climbing into a Catalina flying boat at a factory in San Diego, California.[40]

Before leaving Australia Casey had been instructed by Prime Minister Robert Menzies, Clunies Ross and Murdoch to contact the New York public relations expert, Earl Newsom, whose company had the contract for marketing Australian, New Zealand and South African wool in the US. Clunies Ross had written that Australia might be marketed in the US just as any commodity was, such as wool or toothpaste. In contrast to Britain, Australia was to be promoted as a new country, a young democracy with an egalitarian ethos and get-up-and-go people, in short as a smaller British version of the United States. Newsom was very useful in supplying Casey with introductions and in identifying the important journalists, broadcasters, editors and proprietors. Casey exploited these contacts energetically and to the full, as we shall see.

To reiterate, however: the Flying Casey Brand itself was already well-formed before the Caseys left Australia and Maie and Richard themselves had been its architects. What is more, they found that the same stories and angles that kept them in the news in Australia worked with the press and radio in the US as well. Moreover, stories that originated in their American activities were still good press in Australia and kept the Caseys at the forefront of the public imagination at home, too. Thus Richard Casey's very public American sojourn fuelled his (and Maie's) Australian political future.

The Caseys' nose for publicity was almost unerring and their efforts indefatigable. Besides flying and their Australianness, the Caseys played on various other aspects of their personas. On their first official visit to New York in May 1940, engineer Richard was reported for criticising the giant twelve foot in diameter copper globe suspended over the hall at La Guardia airport. He said it was 'too far north' and had 'bulges in all the wrong places'.[41] On the same visit, 'Daredevil Dick' and Maie accompanied a NYPD radio car on its midnight rounds and gained more press attention.[42] In December 1940, sartorial Richard attended Franklin Roosevelt's inauguration in the full dress navy blue and gold-braid diplomat's uniform and plumed hat, while other more sensible envoys rugged up in homburg hats and overcoats. Richard not only caught the photo pages but he also caught pneumonia.[43]

Probably at Pat Jarrett's prompting, the two Casey children were mobilised for their publicity value from time to time. In November 1940 Jane was the 'beauty' patting 'two beasts' at the Potomac Boxer Club's dog show; and she and Donn were depicted a year later exhibiting their own dog 'Dinah' at another show.[44] Donn was photographed learning to swim at the British Embassy pool and also, with Jane at his shoulder, at his typewriter composing their Christmas radio messages to be broadcast on the BBC.[45] And when Richard was offered a piece of barbecued squirrel at an event at Muskogee, Oklahoma, he found a diplomatic solution to avoiding eating it by pleading that his children were too fond of squirrels for him to be reported as having had one for dinner![46]

Apart from her flying, entertaining and some Red Cross activities, Maie's major contribution to the cause came in the form of promoting Australian art in the United States. She did this not only by hanging Australian works on her own walls, but by her involvement in a major exhibition, the Australian Exhibition of Art, which toured the eastern US in late 1941. It opened at the Mellon Gallery in Washington, moved to Yale, and then ended up at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, where 1000 people attended the opening by Richard. Sponsored by the Carnegie Corporation, it contained 300 paintings, some of which were from the Casey's own collection. Its centrepiece was Tom Roberts's evocative bushranger painting 'Bailed up!'. Unusual for the time, there were some Aboriginal bark paintings which were remarked upon. Two of the Caseys' own collection, Drysdale's 'Monday Morning' and Purves Smith's 'Kangaroo Hunt' appeared in it and these works were later donated respectively to the Metropolitan and the Museum of Modern Art.[47]

Other Casey stunts were the sending of Australian stamps and coins to the collection columns of the big newspapers and the donation of an echidna and platypus to the New York Zoo. There was a rare failure when Richard Casey endeavoured to talk Walt Disney into introducing a kangaroo and a koala into his cast of cartoon animals.[48] Richard also crowned the Peanut Queen at the National Peanut Exposition in Suffolk, Virginia, in October 1941.[49] And he supplied Vice-President Henry Wallace with some boomerangs.[50]

Assisted by Sir Keith Murdoch, Richard organised an officially-sponsored tour of Australia by ten prominent American journalists in August 1940, all of whom wrote extensively while there and afterwards. He was also so much taken by a highly successful 'Canada at War' episode of the very popular 'March of Time' newsreel that he organised for a *Time-Life* film journalist, Victor Jergin, to visit

Australia and even supplied a draft script. An 'Australia at War' newsreel, with Jergin's own different script, was duly screened in January 1941.[51]

This is not the place to analyse Richard Casey's highly effective speech-making and broadcasting in the US. Suffice it to say that he made some seventy major speeches in two years, including sixteen broadcasts, three of them coast-to-coast. He undertook six speaking tours to the mid-West – the heart of isolationist sentiment – two each to Florida and California, one to North Carolina, and many in the Washington-New York-New England triangle. Unbeknown to him, the British Foreign Office held him up privately as the ideal pro-war speaker.[52]

Discordant notes were few. In June 1941 the Washington radio political commentary show 'Merry-Go-Round' reported erroneously that Richard Casey was considering changing his name as he was sick of being mistaken for a 'Mick', that is an Irishman. The Irish of course were neutral in the war and the American Irish McCormack press were the leading Isolationists. Richard was quick to hose down the story. Then, a couple of months later, an Indiana isolationist paper accused him of 'fifth column work … propagandizing …to get us into the war'. This time he chose simply to ignore the criticism.[53]

The Caseys were a great social success and proved ideal Washington networkers. They held regular luncheon and dinner parties and 'at homes' and were assiduous attenders of those of others. Two of the great Washington political hostesses, Mrs Truxton Beale and Mrs Robert Low Bacon, were particularly supportive, as were in New York the Ogden Reids, proprietors of the *New York Herald-Tribune*.[54]

After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor rendered their public affairs diplomacy largely redundant, and the coming to power of the Curtin Labor government made the Caseys somewhat uncertain in their position, the Caseys soon accepted an offer from Winston Churchill to continue their war work from Cairo where Richard became British Minister Resident in the Middle East. This, in itself, was a rare compliment.[55] But others came from all quarters in Washington and elsewhere. Novelist, British expatriate and Washington socialite Anne Bridge contrasted the Caseys favourably with the dour British Ambassador, Lord Halifax. She praised the Caseys' 'at homes' with their 'warm and welcoming atmosphere, … good strong drinks, … cheerful gaiety, and no hint of fatigue'. She concluded that the Allied 'cause in the United States owed more to that gallant and devoted couple than has usually been recognised'.[56] The *New York Times* commented that Casey had 'brought his country closer to us than it ever has been before';[57] the *Herald-Tribune* editorial thought his departure 'a loss to this country … Rarely has a

minister from another country made as many friends in so short a time … Americans felt he was one of them.'[58] The *Washington Post* pronounced him 'one of he ablest diplomatists in Washington'.[59] And it wrote of Maie that she endeared herself to the 'petticoat press' by being 'good copy', flying her own plane, being interested in art, and 'entertaining often, and well' as well as getting involved in war work.

But the last words should be left to two Australians who were as close professionally to Richard Casey as anybody. Choosing his words carefully, Casey's old mentor, S. M. Bruce, now Australia's High Commissioner in London, was moved to write that:

> …you have put up a completely star turn performance … you have made for yourself the position of the outstanding representative of the British Empire in the U.S.A., not excluding the United Kingdom ambassador … Yours has been a remarkable performance … which has stirred even me to a point of effusive praise were such a thing in me.[60]

And Alan Watt, Casey's First Secretary in Washington, wrote in his memoirs many years later:

> It has always been my view that Casey's work in Washington and the United States generally has been underestimated in his own country. It was not easy, in advance of Pearl Harbour, to develop a favourable climate of opinion towards Australia. This the Australian Minister undoubtedly did.[61]

Australia has good reason to be grateful that the two Caseys worked their magic on the Americans. Whoever it was who was actually responsible for influencing Menzies to choose them for the task in 1939 knew what they were doing. Indeed, it appears that the key influence, as so often in the Caseys' careers, was probably Maie herself.[62] The Caseys were very much architects of their own destinies and the Washington years, which called upon all of their diplomatic, social and publicity skills, were arguably their finest hour.

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[29] The standard biographies, which touch on the theme of this paper but do not fully pursue it, are W. J. Hudson, Casey, Melbourne, OUP, 1986, and Diane Langmore, Glittering Surfaces: A Life of Maie Casey, Sydney, Allen & Unwin, 1997. Richard Casey's own account is in his Personal Experience, 1939-46, London: Collins, 1962 and Maie Casey's in her Tides and Eddies, London, Andre Deutsch, 1966. These are the sources for what follows, unless otherwise indicated.

... continued next page.

[30] See Carl Bridge, 'Casey and the Americans: Australian War Propaganda in the United States, 1940-41', Australian Studies Centre, London, Working Paper No. 30, 1988; Bridget Griffen-Foley, 'The Kangaroo is Coming into its Own': R. G. Casey, Earl Newsom and Public Relations in the 1940s', Australasian Journal of American Studies, vol. 23, no. 2, December 2004; and Audrey Tate, Fair Comment: The Life of Pat Jarrett 1911-1990, Melbourne, MUP, 1996.
[31] Advertiser (Geelong), 10 Feb. 1940.
[32] Sun (Sydney), 23 Feb. 1940.
[33] Daily News (Sydney), 21 Feb. 1940.
[34] Langmore, Glittering Surfaces, p. 67.
[35] Maie Casey, Tides and Eddies, p. 69.
[36] Daily News and Los Angeles Examiner, 20 Feb. 1940.
[37] Christian Science Monitor, 22 March 1940.
[38] Washington Post, 21 May 1940.
[39] E.g. United States News, 21 March 1941.
[40] Sun (Melbourne), 3 May 1940; Washington Post, 15 July 1940; Town and Country (Washington), 1 Aug. 1940; Editor and Publisher (New York), 24 Aug. 1940; Women's Weekly (Sydney), 12 Oct. 1940; Sydney Morning Herald, 22 Oct. 1940; Miami Daily News, 2 Jan. 1941; Daily Telegraph (Sydney), 19 July 1941. Maie Casey, Tides and Eddies, p. 84.
[41] New York Herald-Tribune, 4 May 1940; New York Times, 5 May 1940; Fortune, August 1940.
[42] New York Herald Tribune, 2 May 1940; Daily Telegraph (Sydney), 5 May 1940.
[43] Casey Diaries, 20, 22 Jan. 1941, MS6150, National Library of Australia, Canberra.
[44] Washington Star, 4 Nov. 1940; Washington Times Herald, 25 Oct. 1941.
[45] Sydney Morning Herald, 22 Oct. 1940; Washington Post, 15 Dec. 1940.
[46] American (Fort Smith, Arkansas), 10 Sept. 1940 ('and 140 other papers').
[47] Langmore, Glittering Surfaces, pp. 80-1; Maie Casey, Tides and Eddies, p. 91; Casey Diaries, 17 Nov. 1941.
[48] Casey Diaries, 23 Feb. and 23 Sept. 1940, 17 and 19 Sept 1941.
[49] Times Dispatch (Richmond, Virginia), 26 Oct. 1941.
[50] Casey Diaries, 19 Feb. 1941.
[51] Bridge, 'Casey and the Americans', p. 9.
[52] Bridge, 'Casey and the Americans', pp. 7-8.
[53] New York City Enquirer, 26 June 1941; Palladium and Sun Journal (Richmond, Indiana), 15 Aug. 1941.
[54] Maie Casey, Tides and Eddies, p. 75 and p. 92.
[55] Though one American diplomat thought Churchill was moving Casey as he had been 'too successful' an advocate for Australia in Washington, Ray Atherton, cited in the diary of the Australian diplomat Alfred Stirling, 18 Dec. 1946 (I owe this reference to Jeremy Hearder).
[56] Anne Bridge, Facts and Fictions, London, Chatto & Windus, 1968, p. 127.
[57] New York Times, 21 March 1942.
[58] New York Herald-Tribune, 31 March 1942.
[59] Washington Post, 28 Dec. 1943. Also see the passage cited in Langmore, Glittering Surfaces, p. 85.
[60] S. M. Bruce to R. G. Casey, 17 Sept. 1941, cited in Hudson, Casey, p. 122.
[61] Alan Watt, Australian Diplomat, Sydney, Angus & Robertson, 1972, p. 35.
[62] Langmore, Glittering Surfaces, pp. 62-3.

Australia's First Fleet Journals and Europe's Last Frontier

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The eighteenth-century South Pacific was the last great portion of the globe still entirely cut off from the rest and open to assimilation by the latest burgeoning European imperialisms. Once exposed to new technologies and ideologies, guns and bibles, military and economic exploitation, syphilis and gonorrhoea, it provided Europeans with a final and enduring set of clichés: after the tough barbaric Fuegians (the climax of a discourse initiated by Herodotus on the Scythians) came the warlike tattooed Maori and the outrageously Venusian inhabitants of Otaheite. At first, Australian Aborigines barely entered the picture. They had experienced regular contact with northern neighbours, notably Macassan trepang fishermen and Melanesians, and had been the butt of insulting remarks in the seventeenth-century journals of Dutch navigators wholly oriented to opportunities for material profit — which were not much in evidence on the coast of Western Australia at the time. (We may note as an aside that the same coastline now fuels the Asian economic boom.) In addition, Aborigines had been involved in farcical episodes described without the slightest irony in William Dampier's best-selling *A New Voyage Round the World* [1697], the account of his bucaneering visit to Australia, and in *A Voyage to New Holland* [1703], which chronicled his subsequent, more official visit. Dampier has a significant place in British exploration of the region — and of course his travels helped generate that literary classic of cross-cultural contact, *Robinson Crusoe*. On one occasion, his companions give the Aborigines ragged, cast-off clothing, in expectation that these new-found servants will carry heavy barrels for them. When the Aborigines show no enthusiasm for hard labour, a nice European grasp of the relation of effort and reward demands that the shabby gifts be repossessed. One is reminded of the strict meaning of the expression "man" Friday (Friday too receives clothes in return for servitude). This from Dampier's first voyage. The second involves a contact situation equally out of the pages of Defoe. Attempts to capture an Aborigine in order to discover the whereabouts of water result in an absurd theatre complete with cutlass-duel, chase and counter-chase along a beach. To Dampier as to the Dutch, native Australians are literally 'miserable', i.e. without wealth, and so of no interest. Between April and August 1770, James Cook, commander of the *Endeavour*, and Joseph Banks, his gentleman-scientist in residence, textualized the meeting of Australian and European, this time on the eastern side of the island continent. But contact on this occasion was also minimal. At Botany Bay, now a suburb of south Sydney, European landing was opposed, in the first instance by two intrepid males immortalized in a sketch by Sydney Parkinson. In Queensland,

where Cook repaired his ship after a near-fatal collision with the Barrier Reef, relations foundered on a breach of native etiquette when the British refused to share captured turtles with Aborigines.

However, if cross-cultural contact had been modest up to this point, the arrival of the British so-called First Fleet of 1788 changed everything. Led by Governor Arthur Phillip, it consisted of eleven ships which reached Botany Bay after an eight-month voyage with some 1500 passengers including c.850 convicts (of which c.250 were women), c.200 marines and 40 of their wives. Shortly after, the British decided to shift to the more suitable location of Port Jackson, setting up their settlement in what is now the central Sydney Circular Quay area. Naturally the place was inhabited — by a people the newcomers referred to as the Eora (Eora in fact being the language of the region). The British wanted to build a strategic base with cheap penal labour. Keenly aware of rival French moves (having encountered two ships under the command of Jean de Galaup de Lapérouse while at Botany Bay), Phillip assessed Sydney with military eyes: it was "one of the finest harbours in the world" because in it "a thousand sail of the line might ride in perfect security" (47).

The term "First Fleet Journals" applies to material written by those who landed on the eastern shore of New Holland, which Cook had named New South Wales, in 1788. It amounts to a dozen or more currently published documents, depending on how one counts. Doubtless there are additional documents in English archives, attics and cellars. Generally speaking these are less histories than chronicles, or records of events as they happen, in short, diaries, though more often of the public and not private kind. They may include letters or be structured as letters. Their antecedents are histories of navigation and contact (Bernal Diaz's *The Conquest of New Spain*, Richard Hakluyt's *Voyages and Documents*, William Bradford's *Of Plymouth Plantation*) and, more directly, the logs and journals of recent British seamen — as well as the genre of the travel account, prompted by curiosity (Herodotus, Marco Polo) or, by the time of the Enlightenment, scientific interests. With a couple of notable exceptions, the First Fleet journals are not concerned with self-expression. To that extent they may be thought of as pre-psychology. Like those celebrated prototypes in Marcus Aurelius and St Augustine, they chart moral rather than psychological processes — that is, when they deviate from their main focus, which is factual and descriptive. Journals are kept by all military ranks, generally for practical purposes, such as the use of a memo to justify promotion or extra salary payments. At the same time, published journals are necessarily by the gentleman or at any rate officer class, and for an official or semi-official purpose. They tend to begin as diary entries or rough notes — eventually edited for wider public consumption. Clearly the process excludes the

illiterate and gives small scope to the convict and, initially, women — though there are convict letters, some by women, and, by the time of the Second Fleet, in 1790, the journal of the genteel and socially influential Elizabeth Macarthur. Particularly when intended or revised for a more general audience than naval authorities, reports from the antipodes inform people back home about places and events, eulogize or criticize the settlement project and, above all, present the author as he wishes to be seen, whether by superiors of some kind, or loved ones, or the reading public.

In the broadest sense, three options present themselves to the journal writer. He may comment on the enterprise in question, after the manner of Bernal Diaz or William Bradford. The significance of South Pacific exploration and, by the end of the century, British settlement in a continent previously unknown to Europeans is, not surprisingly, to the fore in the journals. Governor Phillip clearly thought of the colony as long-term. His official dispatches regarding its foundation (presented in journal form, with additional material from other officers, by the publisher John Stockdale), had as a frontispiece an engraving of a Wedgewood medallion, originally modelled in clay brought back from Australia, accompanied by a poem by Erasmus Darwin (Charles' grandfather), both engraving and poem extolling the future of the colony — as Hope, prophesying a city with — yes — a colossal bridge, leads Peace, Art and Labour towards it (v). Other journal writers were less convinced the project had a future, especially in the early period of near-starvation for convicts and military alike. Either way, to foreground the (undoubtedly momentous) nature of the First Fleet enterprise has, as its consequence, the fact that one will view the place and its indigenous people either as a mere *setting* or as an *obstacle* to be overcome. A second option for the recorder, however, is to foreground not the imperial project but the travel narrative, after the classical manner of Marco Polo or, closer to 1788, Dampier and Cook or, post-1788, Charles Darwin on the voyage of the *Beagle*. In this case Australia is straightforwardly matter for curiosity, including the scientific variety. First Fleet journals usually combine the two generic options of the enterprise chronicle and the travel book in varying proportions.

There is a further option, which is, consciously or unconsciously, to make use of the journey as pretext for the recording of an inner drama. This possibility by and large waits for its realization on the nineteenth century, though some of its elements exist in early journal and letter accounts, as we shall see. We may note by way of an addendum to the above remarks that, insofar as most journals focus on factual chronicling of the imperial project and descriptions of places and their indigenous inhabitants, these two elements are bound to constitute a binary of the active/passive kind. Narrative of the project concentrates less on its British

protagonists than on what it is they are *doing*; descriptions of Australia and its indigenes concentrate on the character of what is passively *there*, for European observation. In the language of Sartre and Beauvoir, the cross-cultural relationship is of the subject/object kind. Even so, there are many points in some of the journals at which the Eora assume centre stage to an extent suggestive of their lively existence independent of the anthropological eye.

In addition to the official Phillip publication [1789], journals of major interest include the following. Watkin Tench, Captain of Marines, wrote the two most readable accounts of Sydney's first four years, published in 1789 and 1793. The first of these went into several French editions and was translated into Dutch. Both were translated into German. Surgeon-General John White's journal [1790], with its expensive botanical and zoological illustrations, was a considerable success to an audience becoming increasingly fascinated by natural history. It had two French editions, as well as a German and an abridged Swedish translation. The 1793 semi-official journal of Captain John Hunter, later governor of the colony, supplemented by other matter, chiefly from Lieutenant Philip King (himself a later governor), also contained descriptions and illustrations of interest to naturalists. King's journal was not published in its own right until the twentieth century. Its author made some notable sketches of Aborigines, one of these being turned into a somewhat European-looking *bon sauvage* engraving by William Blake. A last journal published in two volumes in 1798 and 1802 had the distinction of its first, and weightier, volume being translated by Friedrich Schleiermacher. That was by the Judge Advocate of New South Wales, David Collins. While without the flair of Watkin Tench's writing, Collins' is immensely detailed as regards historical events, cross-cultural contact and natural history, including an illustration of that perplexing *ornithorhyncus paradoxus*, the platypus, and an entire series of engravings depicting Aboriginal activities, in particular a male initiation ceremony. The tone is patronizing, a little less of the Enlightenment than Tench, but it nonetheless represents an early British example of what was to become the nineteenth-century discipline of anthropology. Moreover the pictures are professional, almost certainly originating in drawings by Thomas Watling, who painted the first Australian oil landscape: a 1794 view of Sydney. Watling arrived in 1792, an artist convicted for the forgery of Bank of Scotland notes. His desperately pleading letters, aimed at obtaining a pardon, amount to a journal of the period. He was employed, most unhappily, by surgeon White, for whom he must have made many sketches.

Diary journals and letters not published at the time but now available include, in addition to King's and Watling's, a waggish account by Surgeon George Worgan; the naval log of Lieutenant William Bradley; a well-illustrated, scientifically

interesting account by Assistant Surgeon Arthur Bowes Smyth which features the first image of an emu — and of a kangaroo suspiciously (to me) reminiscent of the one painted by the famous George Stubbs at the time of Cook's voyage. There is also a somewhat hysterical diary by Lieutenant of Marines Ralph Clark, to which I shall return. Finally there are two barely literate memos kept by Sergeant of Marines James Scott and Private John Easty. However rough, these matter, since they give rare voice to people not of the officer or comparable class.

The First Fleet journals made a stir in Europe (even though they had to compete with the French Revolution), and with good reason. Naturally earlier publications in the genre had also done so, especially those generated by Cook's voyages. Cook had an immense Europe-wide reputation. On different occasions he took with him highly talented artists and well-known scientific figures such as Banks, long-term president of the Royal Society, Daniel Solander, follower of Linnaeus, Johann Reinhold Forster (referred to as "Ulysses" by Herder) and his son Johann Georg, whose work made an impact on Alexander von Humboldt (Smith:64). On Cook's second voyage, the Forsters bypassed Australia. Several French expeditions, however, visited at about the time of the First Fleet or within a few years of it. Following Lapérouse came Bruny d'Entrecasteaux and Nicolas Baudin, both accompanied by distinguished artists and naturalists. All of these generated considerable interest in Europe. But as regards Australia the 1788 British were the first to establish serious contact. The fallout for science was substantial and, as Bernard Smith, among others, has argued, it played a part in the collapse of the Great Chain of Being model of natural history and its replacement by the Theory of Evolution. I have discussed this elsewhere (2000), but it is worth stating here that the journals of White and Hunter, and Watling's letters, show awareness of a family likeness in the botany and zoology of New South Wales, which was seen as a 'promiscuous' hybridity. From Lucretius to Banks the view had been that species were distinct. The taxonomic reassessment prompted by an entirely new flora and fauna supported the idea that species had evolved from one another.

The other modern discipline whose origins are (even more closely) tied to the Pacific and to Australia is anthropology. It was, we might say, invented by the Enlightenment via the French Revolution and those behind the Baudin voyage, namely the Société des Observateurs de l'Homme. At the same time its tenets were implicit in the visual and verbal records of the British from Cook to Phillip and the early recorders of the colony. The point being that, unlike their predecessors in the Americas, Europeans in the late eighteenth century came with what we now recognize as more or less modern attitudes. Columbus saw the Caribbean as the Earthly Paradise, that's to say post-lapsarian Eden. The French and British came to the Pacific with something of the spirit of Kant's *aude sapere*.

Although contact raised fundamental theological issues for them as for the Spanish in the Americas (were these hitherto unknown inhabitants innocent of Original Sin or Fallen, i.e. Noble or Ignoble Savages?), Enlightenment ideas encouraged more detached observation. Phillip's and Tench's journals especially illustrate a humane and open attitude towards Aborigines. It goes without saying that this judgement is what they aim to elicit. Journals are not written to set the author in a less than attractive light. But even if we read between the lines, in short practise a considered hermeneutics of suspicion, Phillip and Tench emerge as well-meaning according to their lights. They accept the Eora as human equals, wanting only in technology. Thus they expose them to "civilization", e.g. offer (a select few, captured with extreme difficulty) accommodation, clothes, haircut and shave, plus English food and wine. The Aborigines, motivated by the famine/feast psychology of the hunter-gatherer, inevitably overeat. But turn up their noses at pork and, with one striking exception, dislike alcohol. Phillip reveals to them the art of boiling water, but there is disappointment in their lack of zeal in immediately adopting a European way of life. Why, asks Tench, are they not keen to take up house-building and agriculture? This when they are not, as Banks erroneously thought, devoid of curiosity, indeed evince astonished admiration at a successful leg amputation performed by a British surgeon (282)! In a way quite unlike Dampier, Tench assumes Aboriginal intelligence, at a contact moment when nineteenth-century racism has not yet come into being. All the Eora lack is a solid European education, since "untaught, unaccommodated man, is the same in Pall Mall, as in the wilderness of New South Wales" (294). It would be too much to expect an eighteenth-century Englishman to grasp the relativity of his own tribal customs.

I have discussed the situation of cross-cultural contact and its effect on the participants elsewhere (1994, 1996, 2008). Here I simply want to focus on it with reference to Tench, while also stressing the literary nature of his journal. The latter is evident to any reader and is clearly on the author's mind when he asserts that his aim is to "amuse" as well as "inform"; likewise when he self-consciously asks us not to pass harsh judgement on a military man in the role of writer (5, 6). What, as far as I know, has not been noted by commentators on Tench's structuring of his text is the genre within which he operates, which is that of eighteenth-century Sensibility. The Enlightenment represented an initial phase of the dominance of technological, libertarian, bourgeois culture. Its concept of a post-feudal civilization encouraged the expression of subjectivist individualism, something which might take forms as diverse as the cult of Feeling (whether secular or religious-pietistic) or, a little later, full-blown Romanticism. In the sphere of political science, Locke had argued *contra* Hobbes that humans in the State of Nature had Reason to guide them not to competitive warfare but to cooperation — and Rousseau took this up, stressing a natural human generosity or pity for others.

Watkin Tench operates within this model, most specifically when he records Aboriginal responses to the flogging of convicts ("strong abhorrence of the punishment, and equal sympathy with the sufferer", 222). But he operates within the Rousseau model in a more general sense as well.

When applied to the aesthetics of landscape, Sensibility underpinned the tenets of the neoclassical 'picturesque', the Beautiful as expounded by Burke and Kant. It could not cope with a beauty that awes or terrifies: the Sublime. The British of 1788 viewed Australia through neoclassical eyes, the best example, and the most self-conscious, being the genius-in-exile, *il penseroso* Thomas Watling, who sheds many ritual tears of Sentiment in New South Wales (44) — though of course he had real enough cause for misery. His Sydney foreshores are arcadian — and fearfully wild (24, 25). We may debate whether this last is to be read as a Salvator Rosa flourish or as heralding the Sublime, after the manner of Caspar David Friedrich. Either way, it is noteworthy that a sober officer like Tench cannot follow this aesthetic logic. His response to the wilderness surrounding Sydney is that it is a desert, something to be improved by agriculture — and he is meticulous in charting this development. At the point at which his journal passes from aesthetic observation to practical utilization of the land, i.e. to the taming of wilderness (from unproductive Sublime, let's say, to productive pastoral), we enter the Enlightenment discourse of Progress.

Clearly within this discourse the terrifying otherness of the Sublime cannot escape some association with the European idea of the Savage. For Tench, however, the Savage (in the form of the Eora) poses no threat. Whereas Watling, as a convict, resents courtesy shown to Aborigines by Phillip — and convict letters of the time express keen anxiety about Aborigines — an officer writing in the benevolent mode of Sentiment can afford a degree of anthropological objectivity. Tench structures his journal, much of which chronicles the phenomenon of contact, as a series of sentimental vignettes or theatrical tableaux. Instead of the celebrated set piece in which the young Werther encounters Lotte slicing bread for the children, we have a first encounter at Botany Bay. Holding an English child in his arms, Tench advances towards a group of Aborigines, baring its chest to show the whiteness of its skin — whereupon an old, "uncouth" Aborigine touches it "with great gentleness" (36). No doubt the exchange illustrates the idea of a common humanity — or, less benevolently, is intended as an allegory in which the Old, about to give way to the New, marvels at the revelation. At this stage it is still possible for the allegory to cast the European in the role of an innocent child.

Not all Tench's tableaux involve Aborigines. The description of the British landing at Port Jackson and the establishment of the settlement takes the well-worn

neoclassical form of a progression from chaos to harmonious order. However, the best examples of literary structure are episodes dealing with the Eora, especially in the second journal, where the narrative is carefully focussed on dramatic moments, with juxtaposition of episodes and elaboration of character. Here Tench's model is less the theatre of sentiment than the sentimental novel. Three of the Eora are given special attention: Arabanoo, the black man of Feeling; Baneelon (or Bennelong, as in Bennelong Point, the site of the Sydney Opera), the passionate Savage; Gooreedeeana, the neoclassical beauty. Tench's narrative is to say the very least engaging, even if it largely glosses over the horror of the effects of Europeans on the Eora. In fact within about a year of contact, smallpox had halved the local native population. This, added to a low-level warfare against the invaders which the British military could only interpret as discrete acts of violence, doubtless destroyed the fabric of Eora society. In his ignorance, Tench reads evident chaos as support for the Hobbesian view of the State of Nature as conflict. However, while he dismisses Rousseau's portrait of the savage, his treatment of the Eora is entirely in line with Rousseau — and his savage entirely, though realistically, noble. When he explains that the Eora lead unregulated lives and interact as equals, he is echoing the *Discourse on Inequality*. Likewise when he says that they are indolent and averse to work. Likewise when he characterizes them as living by their passions, the emotions of the present, and therefore as fickle, changeable as children. At the same time his account involves a level of anthropological detail which is generated by actual contact and the desire (fulfilled in hit-and-miss fashion) for accuracy. Tench's Eora emerge as individual personalities, however filtered through the European imagination. They are always named and indeed constitute the chief *dramatis personae* of the narrative. Bennelong in particular dominates with his irrepressible, to Tench humorously inexplicable, excess. He readily learns English, consumes any amount of food at the governor's Christmas table, sings dances and capers, shows off his familiarity with European gadgets to other Aborigines, orders the British barber to give him a shave, reacts with violent fury when displeased with his wife who, however, is more than a match for him. On the occasion of his meeting the British after an absence, he plays the buffoon at their expense, mimicking the voice and manners of the French cook "with his wonted exactness and drollery" — also asking after "a lady from whom he had once ventured to snatch a kiss" and "by way of proving that the token was fresh in his remembrance" planting an ironic kiss on Lieutenant Waterhouse! (178) But his chief pride is his exploits in Love and War. How did you get the wound on your hand? he is asked — and replies that he was bitten by the enemy woman he was carrying off. What did he do? "I knocked her down, and beat her till she was insensible... Then —" (160).

Bennelong is nothing if not *Sturm und Drang* and the journal deliberately juxtaposes him to Arabanoo, an altogether more decorously neoclassical savage. Agitated when captured, "extraordinarily courteous" and with a "soft and musical" voice (140), Arabanoo is filled with wonder at details of the British settlement, firmly refuses alcohol and, when handed over to the barber, begins to eat the lice removed from his head until inhibited by the disgust of his hosts. His own disgust is expressed at a public flogging of convicts. Arabanoo is "gentle", sighs at the sight of Eora fires in the distance, weeps when he is able to see some of his people again. His death, of smallpox, is given the status of a Sensibility set piece. And yet he comes to life as more than a sentimental cliché from the pages of Richardson or Sterne. Rather he is "impatient of indignity" though in the power of his British captors, independent of mind, returning an insult "with interest" and often with a humour that finds its mark. (150).

Tench includes some memorable female portraits, not least Bennelong's virago wife. But it is the lovely eighteen-year-old Gooreedeeana who moves him to a most exact physical description, with some lingering over "the firmness, the symmetry, and the luxuriancy of her bosom" (276). Gooreedeeana is characterized by "softness and sensibility" (276), she is elegantly timid, charming Tench to deep pity when she shows head scars made by a brutal husband and, on another occasion, adroit at eluding his excessive inspection of her body paint. Other journal writers give less sedate accounts of Aboriginal women. Surgeon Worgan, writing privately and therefore uninhibitedly to his brother, admits to a state of Tantalism when confronted with "*naked* Damsels". Fortunately, he adds, they are also "nauseous, greasy and grimy" and don't blow their noses when they should (47). But Worgan's letters adopt an exaggeratedly comical, rakish pose quite alien to Tench. If there is another journal of Sensibility it must be that of Lieutenant Ralph Clark, a private diary as incoherent as Tench's is structured and articulate. Clark sadly misses out on Werther's intelligence, but he has all of Werther's sufferings and more, though he survives his experience. The ultimate unwilling traveller to Australia, he sheds daily tears, thinks constantly of his beloved madonna-like wife Betsey and his little son, dreams and wonders if his highly Freudian dreams tell of dire illnesses befalling his faraway family, is wonderfully hypochondriac, inevitably seasick, loathes those "damned whores the Convict Women" (12), abstains from strong drink and is gushingly responsive to the melodrama *Douglas*, which he is reading. With Clark we are as much in the genre of the Gothic as of Sentiment. Whatever else, though, his text brings the hardships and the sheer enormity of the 1788 enterprise to sharp, intimately-realized life.

There is much more to be said about the content and significance of the First Fleet journals. To my knowledge they have not been seriously studied as literature with,

in some instances, specifically literary generic affiliations. As records of first contact they are unique insofar as contact of the kind they represent did not occur prior to the eighteenth century and has not occurred since. In the nineteenth, under the negative influences of a renewed Christian puritanism and, later, an evolutionary view which condemned the so-called savage to eventual extinction, options for cross-cultural exchange tended to close off. The moment of 1788 was as special as it was brief. Within a short time the British in Australia initiated a further enterprise, that of systematic exploitation of the country. At that point Aborigines ceased to be objects of benevolent curiosity and became obstacles to progress requiring to be removed.

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The Cultural Logic of Martin Boyd's Anti-Puritan Novels

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> My inner division … is the age-old one of the European between the Mediterranean and the north, the Classic and Gothic worlds.
>
> Martin Boyd, *Day of My Delight.*

Reflecting on his life and writing, a twentieth-century Australian novelist – who, translated into Czech, Danish, Norwegian, Swedish and Italian, has enjoyed as large a readership in Europe as in the country of his birth – confessed to being "all for sweetness and light" (Boyd 1965b:147). In this way he aligned himself with the "Hellenic" term of the Hebraic/Hellenic opposition Matthew Arnold wished resolved in happy balance. Boyd's self-characterization underlines what is abundantly apparent from the novels themselves, namely their author's dependence on a European debate of the previous century. From the post-WWI years to the 1960s Martin Boyd [1893-1972] spun narratives out of journeys between the poles of north and south. The geographical settings of these journeys are often European, until he finds his métier writing fictionalized autobiography and family history, and turns his attention to what he calls the "geographical schizophrenia" of colonials forever on the move between hemispheres (1965a:95). A member of the Australian à Beckett-Boyd family of artists, renowned from the early days of the Victorian colony after William à Beckett (brother of London *Punch*'s Gilbert à Beckett) travelled to Australia to become Victoria's first Chief Justice, Martin Boyd took up the example of his great-grandfather William's social criticism to practise an art of fiction Arnoldian in temper. His novels and his venture in the 'Italian journey' genre range over cultural ground made familiar to generations of schoolboys in England and Australia through *Culture and Anarchy*. Typically Boyd's novels provide a testing ground for Arnold's central hypothesis: "Hebraism and Hellenism, – between these two points of influence moves our world" (Arnold 1956:90).

Unlike his forebear who was never at home in Melbourne, Martin Boyd, 'native born' and growing up in an idyllic environment with artist parents who were connected through the Victorian Artists' Society to the so-called 'Heidelberg School' (named after artists' camps at Heidelberg on the outskirts of Melbourne), remembered his childhood as having taken place during a Golden Age when "Melba sang in her native land" and "Tom Roberts, Conder, Streeton and the other great Australian painters" created an exciting scene (1964:8). Later, when he turned to the writing of fiction, Boyd strove for a literary equivalent of the painting of the Australian 1890s, having witnessed first-hand Victorian Artists' Society

adaptations of impressionist techniques for the purposes of capturing local effects of colour and light. In the early novels his efforts are merely descriptive. It was only when he began to think about the nature of perception in a way reminiscent of Walter Pater that he developed a unique method of approaching his fictional subjects, one which allowed him to capture the fugitive in experience.

Martin and his painter brother Penleigh accompanied their parents on painting excursions, making of their lives an informal picnic. If Arthur Streeton and Tom Roberts in the late 1880s could celebrate a hedonistic way of life in paintings with titles like "Boys Bathing, Heidelberg" and "The Sunny South", Martin could write lyrically of the pleasures he experienced during his boyhood at the turn of the century. The Boyd children owned ponies, had the advantage of river frontage for swimming, and could hunt, fish and pluck fresh fruit from orchard trees. *Day of My Delight* recalls these halcyon days when "leisure and freedom were unrestricted" and it seemed as if they were living in "a place of perpetual sunlight" (Boyd 1965b:24-25). Given this early experience it is not surprising that the novelist's perennial focus is an enquiry into the manifestations of culture in hot climates.

Martin Boyd looked for ways in which the new country might overcome its inheritance from the culture of a colder climate to make the most of possibilities for an experience rich in sensuous pleasure. In *The Cardboard Crown* his narrator Guy Langton comments that the Australian landscape is sun-drenched and in it "one would not be surprised to see a frieze of naked Spartans" (1971a:23). In *The Montforts,* Raoul Montfort Blair is Boyd's mouthpiece arguing for a similarity between the European south and Australia:

> In Australia Raoul had associated all true civilization with the cool green countries of the north, where only hitherto he had found it. A hot climate had for him inevitably meant newness and crudity. Yet here in a climate not unlike that of districts around Melbourne, had flowered an art and culture, the greatest since that of Greece in the fifth century B. C. This similarity of climate seemed to give Australia a greater value in his eyes, finer potentialities (1975:240).

Boyd's making the classical south his touchstone would appear blinkered to a later generation, and one capable of questioning colonial assumptions. Sidney Nolan, from the 1940s a friend of Martin's painter nephew Arthur Boyd and later married to Arthur's sister Mary, observed that, when it comes to living in Australia, everything is to be learned from Aboriginal people. Visiting the outback in 1950 he wrote:

> They give you the key to the whole situation. … They show us that the country is a gentle dreaming one, the barrenness & harshness is all in our European eyes and demands. In fact one feels a barbarian at the gates (cit. in Smith:12).

A man of his times, Boyd was incapable of standing outside the Western cultural tradition to ask questions about indigenous interpretations of the land. Because he was always constructing identity within a borrowed framework, he remained ignorant of existing mythological stories. Indeed he needed to send his character Raoul back to the European south, to Italy, in order that the latter might learn necessary lessons about the "finer potentialities" of Melbourne. In acknowledging this blind spot it is interesting to note that the mature Boyd is less optimistic about the future of Australia than the young writer fired by Victorian enthusiasms. For all his reminiscing about an Australia experiencing first flush nationalism, Boyd lived most of his life as an expatriate, spending his last fifteen years in Rome, where, as a non-Italian national, he is buried near Keats and Shelley in the *Cimitero acattolico*.

As he developed his art of fiction from frivolous beginnings, Boyd began to reveal affinities with writers in the English tradition whose admiration for the Greeks matched that of Winckelmann and Goethe, to the extent that it is accurate to describe him as Walter Pater's Australian disciple. Towards the end of the first edition of *The Montforts* he has Raoul write absurdly romanticizing verses (deleted from the revised edition of 1963) about the European south in which the voice of Victorian Hellenists can be heard: "Ah, by the sapphire of Hellenic seas/Stand naked in the sun…" (1928:315). The deletion of Raoul's poems has more to do with Boyd's later embarrassment about their tone than the drift of the novel. In both editions of *The Montforts* making the most of life in a hot climate is seen in terms of a pursuit of classical values understood in the Victorian sense. This is Boyd's pre-eminent focus throughout his writing life right up to his last-published novel, a light-hearted affair which reworks the dream of the south as comedy. Here it is said of the central character that "like Winckelmann, she was forty and she longed for the south" (1969:17). The joke doubtless has its origin in Pater's comment in his Winckelmann essay: "But his hair is turning gray, and he has not reached the south" (101).

The two pilgrims undertaking their Italian journey in *Much Else in Italy* comment on their experiences in terms of opposed classical and mediaeval ideals. This evaluative scheme – which in Arnold and Pater owed much to a study of German Hellenism from Winckelmann to Heine – is encountered in many guises as the English nineteenth century, still dreaming of a Hellas conjured by Byron, moves to

its hedonistic conclusion. The polemic swings to extremes in Swinburne's pagan enthusiasms and Pater's assertion of the superiority of the Greek imagination, fluctuates in the writings of William Morris, and reaches its exhibitionist apotheosis in Oscar Wilde's *enfant terrible* parading of the fashionable pursuit of "Hellenism" (read hedonism) in the story of "Dorian" Gray. In *The Nature of Gothic* John Ruskin – indebted perhaps to Black's English translation of A. W. Schlegel – gives the terms of the English debate its geographical dimension:

> The charts of the world which have been drawn up by modern science have thrown into a narrow space the expression of vast amounts of knowledge, but I have never yet seen one pictorial enough to enable the spectator to imagine the kind of contrast in physical character which exists between Northern and Southern countries (185-86).

The scene is set for a Martin Boyd to make his own investigation of the effects of geography and climate on culture and to approach the binary of Hebraic/Hellenic within the expanded framework of a north-south opposition reinterpreted from the perspective of the antipodes.

Boyd made the most of contrasts between England and Australia for the purpose of elaborating his hellenizing, that is to say anti-puritan, stance. Beauty and pleasure are to be celebrated in the face of philistine – to use the word Arnold borrowed from Heine (1964:100) – antagonism. There is a privileging of the European south in the construction of plots which repeat the pattern of a novelist like E. M. Forster setting scenes of liberated sensuality in Italy. In one of Boyd's 1930s apprentice novels set in England, *Scandal of Spring*, a young man of English and Italian parentage has mismatched eyes: one blue and one brown. For a large part of the story his brown eye is bandaged, but at a cathartic moment complete vision is restored in an event intended to symbolize the resurgence of his Mediterranean soul: "he had returned to the beginning of the world, to a clear golden age" (1934:201). A preoccupation with the south as catalyst in the process of his characters' liberation continues in Boyd's narratives concerning Anglo-Australian families moving between hemispheres. In the long run these people are *southernized*, and whenever they return 'home', are soon lured away from their English estates in search of warmer climes. Boyd is at is best when he is writing about what concerns him most, namely the colonial predicament. The north-south binary is presented in almost algebraic form in the plots and character types of lesser novels (as illustrated by *Scandal of Spring*), while in the mature fiction it is vibrantly represented not only in contrasts of European and Australian landscapes, painterly in conception and rendering, but in a more complex and evocative treatment of character and event.

A narrative pattern informed by an Australian version of Henry James' notion of the 'complex fate' of Europeanized Americans is established early in *The Montforts*. Inevitably Boyd's colonials puzzle over their schizophrenic lives. They are periodically drawn back to Europe, to-ing and fro-ing until Raoul Montfort Blair emerges as the type of a new breed who, having experienced the call of the antipodean south, expresses views akin to Boyd's own when the novelist conflates aesthetics and ethics in an article for *Southerly*: "Italians say of a thing that is morally bad, that it is ugly" (1968:89). It was a Renaissance maxim that an Englishman Italianate is the devil incarnate; Boyd is nothing if not an Australian Italianate. Like their 1928 predecessor, *The Picnic* (a thirties novel), *Lucinda Brayford* (Boyd's World War II pacifist novel) and the Langton tetralogy (which appeared in the decade 1952-1962), all follow the fortunes of families living in a world divided between northern and southern hemispheres. The attraction of the Victorian discourse as a means of interpreting this state of affairs is irresistible. In any case Boyd draws on it in novels set in England, but when Australian-European comparisons come into play, Arnoldian and Paterian ideas about restraint and freedom to pursue beauty and pleasure acquire fresh resonance as they are exported to the antipodes. The 'south' in the European north/south binary is enlarged to include Australia, in particular Melbourne and environs. The north, however, remains the term opposed to both the European (classical) south *and* Australia.

In the Anglo-Australian novels we encounter a binary within a term of a binary: there is a south which provides the setting for a pleasurable existence, and there is a south which represents fatal passions. I shall attempt to outline the operation of the binary and its ambivalent southerly term in the Langton novels, accepted as Boyd's most accomplished work, and shall do so with reference to *Much Else in Italy*, an account of a journey in which three pieces of sculpture mark stages of enlightenment, beginning with an engagement with the Hellenic and ending with a return to the Hebraic which does not, however, extinguish the Hellenic fire. In this anachronistic book the influence of Pater – asserting that "the Greek ideal expressed itself pre-eminently in sculpture" (113) – is obvious. Boyd's emphases are precisely those identified by Richard Jenkyns as Pater's: "Pater quietly conflates two different themes, the Greeks' cult of handsome young men and the idea that in Greece mankind experienced its youth and childhood" (150). Both these ideas feed into Boyd's myth of an innocent and also youthful Australia.

In the Langton books Boyd allows himself an extended narrative of parallel lives for the purpose of unfolding the fortunes of a family reluctant to cut their ties with their English estate. The name Langton is borrowed from the first known burial in the *Cimitero acattolico* – that of a 1738 Oxford student – thus strengthening the

idea of the lure of Rome for provincials. The narrator is Guy Langton, an Australian-born aesthete who assembles his material as a set of impressions, placing "dots of contradictory colour next to each other" – as he informs the reader in *A Difficult Young Man* (1965a:26). Attracted by both the north and the south, Guy articulates an antipodean version of the "inner division" Boyd speaks of in his autobiography (1965b:239):

> Waterpark was the magnet which drew my family back … just as they might have been thrusting their roots fruitfully into Australian soil … the family [were] ... whisked backwards and forwards-to Westhill when they felt the cold, to Waterpark when they felt the heat ...

The contrast between their English and Australian homes is extreme, and at the outset of the story we have no sense of the family having "arrived" in the sense in which Raoul has become adapted to life in Australia by the end of *The Montforts.* Guy, who in a later novel will reveal the intensity of his youthful attraction to the north, articulates (in *The Cardboard Crown,* 1971) that he was "probably happier" at Waterpark

> than at Westhill, where I felt the countryside to be large and frightening with so much dead timber, with snakes and scorpions, with magpies which snapped their beaks like a pistol shot ... Sometimes in the summer to go out of doors was like entering a vast scorching oven ... (1971a:43-44).

The spectacle of opposed hemispheres begins to structure the narrative as a simple fact of geography but, in the course of the Langton books, the binary Boyd encountered in his nineteenth-century English sources will be shaped to the Australian situation and used for new, particular, and idiosyncratic ends.

In the first instance Boyd sets out to characterize what is peculiar to the Australian scene. The Montforts, newly-arrived in the colony, are dazzled by "blood-red" sunsets, confront huge ants and suffer snake bite (1975:23,41). A crinolined young woman floating through saplings to meet her lover is attacked by a magpie in an episode which might well have provided Arthur Boyd with a template for his painting of Adam and Eve's expulsion, except that at this stage the landscape in the novel is untouched by story, either biblical or classical. In other words, it is untouched by "civilization". At first glance the Australian scene as depicted in *The Cardboard Crown* also suggests malice in its rawness and unpredictability. Such a value-laden reading of the south, which draws its rhetorical power from the nature-nurture distinction, exists as an othering stereotype in European literature in, for example, Madame de Staël's *Corinne, or Italy*, where Italians are described as

exhibiting "in turn, unexpected marks of generosity and friendship or dark fearsome proofs of hatred and vengeance" (102); or in E. M. Forster's *A Room with a View*, where Italy is both a site of violence and liberation. To employ Lévi-Strauss' anthropological binary out of context, there is a discourse of a "raw" south and a "cooked" south, just as concepts of a "rude and wild" north and aspiring noble north inform Ruskin's descriptions of landscape and Gothic architecture (185-88).

Something different is at work in *The Cardboard Crown*, where the novelist is eager to avoid suggestions of an ethico-cultural either/or. If we attend closely to the Paterian impressionism of Guy's narrative we see how unlike *The Montforts* the later novel is. What we encounter is a contemplative antinomianism communicated to the reader via juxtaposed figures, scenes and stories which, whatever their diverse sources, are received by a sensibility (Guy's) open to a rich and varied experience.

It is the advantage of first-person narration in the Langton books that the south can be presented to the reader pre-interpreted by a member of the 1890s generation. The vision of a new Hellas does not await the coming of a Raoul, for a hellenizer is heard from the outset in the voice of the story-teller. As Guy elaborates comparisons with ancient Greece, a figure emerges from the landscape in this "most ancient of all lands, where the skeletons of trees extend their bleached arms in the sun, and giant lizards cling to their trunks": "in this scene the first human being I visualize is not a Spartan boy, but the small black figure of cousin Hetty". An arresting figure, a "tigress" with fierce "Savanarola eyes", Hetty sets out to seduce Austin, the husband of gentle, restrained Alice (1971a:22, 23, 37, 27), but in so doing she sets Alice on a path of self-discovery in which her senses are awakened and her relationship with Austin is renewed. A myth-maker from the moment he begins to narrate, Guy structures his story in terms of an ascent in which his characters are initiated into the mysteries of love. There is an optimistic sense that, despite misgivings about the character of the land, we are moving in a benign universe. As Byron put it in *Don Juan*, Canto 1, stanza 63: "What men call gallantry, and gods adultery,/ is much more common where the climate's sultry". With ethical considerations thus disposed of, the crudely-split, value-bearing binary of a south that is either "raw" or "cooked" collapses.

As the narrative progresses it is clear that Guy is focused on images of pleasure. In the familiar pattern of the Boyd novel, Alice finds herself in Italy where a temperate climate, Virgilian villas and Renaissance art open out new prospects. Under the tutelage of a modern Italianate Englishman, she surrenders to the influence of her surroundings:

> ... I had no conception of what beautiful places there were in the world until I came to Italy ... There is very striking scenery in Australia, and the view even from Westhill is magnificent, but it has not the same connexion with humanity (1971a:91).

Acknowledging what she has learned from the classical south, Alice names the child born out of her reunion with Austin 'Diana'.

The narrative of hellenization continues in *Outbreak of Love* where Diana, married, like Alice, to an unfaithful husband, becomes the vehicle for a new appreciation of the Australian landscape. Through his love-making, the husband Wolfie von Flugel (sic) interprets memories of his birthplace in classical terms, unveiling

> the splendid mysteries which to him were the vineyards of the Rhine and the apple orchards of Bavaria. They awoke in him intimations of a greater antique glory, the breasts of Ceres and the tumbling grapes in a Sicilian winepress ... (1971b:21).

Wolfie may owe not a little to Pater's *Imaginary Portraits* sketch of a provincial aesthete who desires an 'Apolline' awakening in Germany, with the difference that it is Melbourne and not the southern German towns – where "the overflow of Italian genius was traceable" (124) – which provides the setting for an awaited 'Aufklärung' (152). Possessed by amoral desire, Wolfie is affectionately addressed as "dingo" by his unsubtle mistress. In the main, the adulterous affair is treated as comedy by Guy intent on evoking the pleasures of *la belle époque*. Wolfie's behaviour gives Diana the freedom to pursue a friendship with still another Italianate aesthete, an Australian who has been mentored by her mother. Her guide in matters cultural turns obsessively to Italy as pivotal point in the Hebraic-Hellenic balancing act:

> ... in Italy you find all the things that have made us what we are – classicism the basis and Catholicism fused into one and the effect is tremendous. We find our place in history. That is why we can only live elsewhere, when we regard ourselves as a province of Rome. (1971b:102)

England is well off the radar: "a far outpost where the inhabitants of that damp northern island had tried to echo the religion and splendours of their true home, which for every civilized man is the Mediterranean" (1971b:102).

It is a work of fiction with faint Goethean and Paterian echoes (in preparation as *Outbreak of Love* went to press) which supplies the interpretative framework for understanding all the Langton books as an extension of the Hebraic-Hellenic debate. To the very end Boyd attempted to clarify his position in respect to the question Matthew Arnold had posed for him. Speaking of Heine's "religion of pleasure" a worried Arnold had asked: "Can a man live by it?" (1964:131). Boyd was less cautious. In a symbolic equivalent of those outbreaks of unbridled passion in the affairs of Hetty and Wolfie, the cultural pilgrims of *Much Else in Italy* receive their first epiphany at the Etruscan Museum in Rome when they are charmed by a sculpture announcing "the spiritual condition in which, in our times of health, we are satisified to be". If they have qualms about the Veii Apollo representing "too savage" a god for unconditional veneration, they receive it as a Blakean celebration of energy as "eternal delight" prompting them to continue their search for a "beauty long desired". A second Apollo has bearings on Boyd's portraits of Alice and Diana. With their discovery of the 'Apollo of Tevere', a Roman copy of a Greek original exhibited at the site of the Diocletian Baths, the travellers intuit a state in which "the body is in harmony with the serene mind" (1958:35,18,127,43).

The Hebraic-Hellenic dialectic reaches a new phase in the second and fourth narratives in the Langton sequence—novels concerning the life and personality of Guy's brother, Dominic. It is significant that Guy's memories of Dominic in *A Difficult Young Man* are filtered through the "prolonged mediaeval dream" (1965a:116) of the narrator's youth. Dominic himself – seen by Guy as a Tennysonian knight with the southern passions of a Spanish ancestor – elopes with his cousin (appropriately named 'Helena') in a dramatic resurgence of latent sympathies. For the length of Guy's narrative Dominic is engaged in spiritual warfare with antipodean puritans and barbarians who cross his path, thus evoking for us once again the central Arnoldian theme. In this book, and in *When Blackbirds Sing* (which continues the story of Dominic against the backdrop of the 1914-18 war), Boyd overwrites his elaborations of northern values with meditations on Gothic art and mediaeval religion, engaging Arnold himself (1964:128-29), as he does in the Italian travelogue (1958:144-48), on the subject of Saint Francis as a type of human perfection (1971c:70). In the youthful Guy's mediaevalism and his search for the "Memlinc ... in the cellar ... the beautiful portrait of the human face lost in the dissolution of our family and tradition" (1965a:161) there is a concession to Arnold's point that when we consider human suffering we must acknowledge that the Middle Ages' "religion of sorrow has such a vast advantage over a religion of pleasure" (1964:132).

For the soldier Dominic there is no resolution to the problem of divided allegiances as he switches loyalties from south to north, from his Australian wife to his English mistress Sylvia, suffering a mental torment whose only alleviation is found in the glimpse of wholeness afforded by visionary identification with a German boy he kills in hand-to-hand combat – in an episode which recalls Wilfred Owen's poem "Strange Meeting". The philistines and barbarians of this book are those responsible for the conduct of the war on both sides. Suggestions of a Christ-like figure at the outset of *The Cardboard Crown* are never fulfilled in the Langton books, as a projected fifth novel never materialized. Guy's presentation of Dominic at the end of his life painting a crucifix –

> the tortured body, the face hidden by hanging hair, the conspicuous genitals. It was something that could not properly be shown, except to Trappist monks on Good Friday (1971a:15)

– is contrary to the image of a redemptive beauty-for-others which constitutes the third epiphany of the *Much Else in Italy* pilgrims: the hellenized Christ of Michelangelo's Pietà – a sculpture which speaks of the religion of the early church insofar as it retains "something like the light that shone on the head of the Apollo of Tevere" (1958:57-58).

Boyd shared Arnold's critical habit and did not scruple to challenge the views of those from whom he had learned most. Considering this it seems appropriate to end by confronting the fact that he does not escape the kind of criticism which has been levelled at Arnold on account of his race theories. Although he was at pains to distance himself from eugenicists – this is seen in Raoul's rejection of his mentor Broom's desire to "breed out" the weak (1975:243) – there is enough going on in Boyd's family sagas to suggest a worrying double-talk. Ideas about improving the stock, like those articulated in *The Montforts*, circulated in Australia in the twenties and thirties, as Christina Stead's negative portraits of eugenics promoters testify. References to "race and ancestry" (1975:9) abound in Boyd and, if he manages to avoid the harshest of judgements, it is not difficult to conclude that he was indeed a cultural exclusivist for whom the Graeco-Christian story represented the entire historical horizon.

A hypothetical. What would he have thought, if like the protagonist of Morris's *News From Nowhere* – Boyd was an admirer of this utopian *fin-de-siècle* novel – he could have travelled to the future, turning up at the National Museum in Canberra in the summer of 2008 to view an exhibition of artworks from Central Australia, desert paintings of the scale and brilliancy of the Papunya people's canvases mapping their homelands in an unfamiliar dot-point technique? Would

he even recognize these works as Australian landscape paintings? Would he praise their reenactments of ancestral journeys as myths to live by? Would he recognize their 'dreamings' as potent mediations of a vibrant living culture? Would he see them as speaking of the "morning of the world" (1971a:56) in the same way as the cultivated landscape of settler Australia, which he so appreciated? Reading Boyd's novels, we may stumble on a character speculating about "cave-men" or "remote aboriginal heathen gods" (1928:308,153), but references are fleeting and their occurrence rare. Of course there is something which would astonish him still more, and threaten his entire cultural logic: *climate change*.

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Indigenous Australian Art Photography: an Intercultural Approach.

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Aboriginal art has become a big business over the last decades. This demand for Indigenous art, however, has mostly been reduced to paintings. Art photography produced by Indigenous Australian artists is hardly an issue within this context and mostly not associated with the term "Aboriginal art" in mainstream society and on the mainstream art markets. This is also, why most people, when I told them about my PhD project and the title of it, "An Intercultural Perspective on Indigenous Australian Art Photography"—they connected my topic immediately with photographs taken by Europeans of Indigenous people somewhere in the outback in Australia. Or, another common idea was that it is about art projects in which Indigenous Australian people are given cameras by Europeans in order to take photos themselves. So, in short, what people mostly connected to the term "Indigenous Australian photography" was not the view about an independent contemporary art movement and individual art projects as they are common all over the world in a variety of ways, but they mostly connected it to forms of colonization, European activities, European art. This brief example shows that for some reason, many people still connect the term 'Indigenous' with a view about people living in an indefinite, fossiled past (Langton, 1993:81), which is still a common stereotype about Indigenous Australian people, and in fact a very problematic one. Many scholars have commented on these representations, amongst them the prominent Indigenous anthropologist and head of the department of Indigenous Studies at the University of Melbourne Prof. Marcia Langton, whose research guest fellow I was for some months during my research period in Australia.

The postcolonial context we find ourselves within today – which is still heavily loaded with colonial outgrowths with political, cultural, social and economic impact – is indeed very contradictory and complex. Starting with the invasion of Australia, Europeans have portrayed Indigenous Australian people in photography, painting and film and many of these images have become widely popular in European countries. These representations have, without doubt, contributed to existing stereotyped, racist or simply wrong views, since these portrayals did not rely on actual facts and detailed knowledge about Indigenous people, but more on personal interpretations. (Smith, 2001:22-23) Langton has repeatedly referred to the problems of representations of Indigenous people produced by non-Indigenous people with – very often – no or very little inside knowledge into Indigenous cultures (Langton, 1993, 1994, 2003). There is, in fact, "a dense history of racial, distorted and often offensive representations of Aboriginal people", as Langton points out, (1994:113) and she further argues that "the easiest and most 'natural' form of racism in representation is the act of making the other invisible" and "in positioning Indigenous people as objects." (1994:122) In these racist representations, colonial photography played a key role. Much investigation has been made into the role of photography within colonisation and how the camera was used as a tool of control. Thomas Richard, for example, argues that the British colonial system was based on little military strength in relation to the large areas of colonised land and that the strength of the Empire was fundamentally based on its "passion for inventories, maps and pictures" (Wells, 2004:82). Photography and also related art exhibitions became a driving force in promoting the Empire's strength and that of the new colonies. The wider public was, of course, very interested in what was shown to them by the 'experts'. The numbers of museum visitors prove the strong interest of the public in pictures about the colonies, the land and its people: the 1851 Crystal Palace Great Exhibition in Britain had 6 million visitors; the 1924-25 British Empire Exhibition at Wembley had 27 million visitors; in Paris, in 1900, the *Exhibition Universelle* had 50 million visitors. (Maxwell, 1999:1) Clearly, these exhibitions broadly presented the colonialists' views on Native peoples of the colonies and still today the public image of Indigenous Australians is rather negative, or romanticised. To break this cycle of mis-interpretation and mis-representation of Indigenous Australian people, self-representation through art becomes a highly important tool. Since art, however, always depends on the dialogue between artwork and viewer, the way how to look at it and how to analyse it becomes an essential factor.

To avoid misinterpretation of Indigenous cultures, and to adequately deal with today's complex postcolonial situation, calls for an interdisciplinary, inter-culturally adequate and dynamic research method which is embedded within an anticolonial discourse. By this I mean a research method that transcends fields of

study and aims at a decolonisation of stereotyped constructs—which is highly important for counteracting misinterpretations of Indigenous cultures. The interculturally adequate focus has its foundations in a constant assessment and exchange of research results within an intersubjective team, as Langton and Wildburger have argued, which includes people from all different cultures that are involved in the respective projects. (Langton 1993; Wildburger 2003)

As mentioned above, photography has played a specific role in forming the views about Indigenous peoples. Instead of just telling stories in words, they show pictures which claim to show the world exactly as it is, and claim to provide proof of the world. In contrast to seeing photos as "objective views on the world", as it was thought they were for a long time, it is today commonly agreed that photographs are "culturally constructed ways of seeing." (Ryan, 1997:19) They are loaded with signs, symbols and references that have been historically and culturally established. Photographs carry a substantial load of cultural and social information and so I argue that aesthetics can be seen on two different levels. Aesthetics in the Kantian and Platonian sense imply aesthetic elements brought about by the internal, formal structure of an artwork. A second level of aesthetics can be found in the extension of traditional aesthetics and the inclusion of cultural and social contexts. Knowing the story behind the photograph and/or the cultural meaning/s embedded within it, raises the aesthetic experience to another level. In this sense, aesthetics cannot be entirely separated from the meaning of the cultural text and its connotations. This "contextualised aesthetics" (Gigler 2007), as I term it, stresses the importance of the cultural context of the artwork in relation to its aesthetics. Aesthetic experience, as I see it, is not contradictory to a contextual approach in the artwork's analysis. Also, it has to be kept in mind that art is a form of cultural self-reflection. (Zijlmans in Volkenandt, 2004:245) Similar to Hall's view of the constant transformation of cultural identities, Richard Rorty, an American philosopher, writes that each work of art is a new language which stands between the self and the reality. Language has to be continually adapted to new situations in a constantly changing world. In this way, cultural identities, and art as an expression of cultural identities, go hand in hand as they are always adapting to a changing world. (Rorty 1989:13,41)

These ideas are relevant since international art critics seem to deal with Indigenous Australian art photography in mainly three—quite restricted—ways: firstly, very often the artists are confronted with racist views that regard photography as not an 'authentic' form of Indigenous Australian art; secondly, Indigenous Australian art photography is assessed within so-called 'universal' criteria, neglecting cultural particularities; thirdly, it is evaluated only in regard to its socio-political content, neglecting aesthetic criteria, and thus devaluing its relevance as artwork. (Gigler

2007:195) This situation evidently presents a variety of underlying complex problems in the global art world, which go back to the time of Australia's invasion.

Indigenous Australian art photography developed from the 1970s and 80s onwards and there are a number of very famous Indigenous photographers today. One of them is Brook Andrew, whom I met during my times in Australia. I would like to present his artwork "Peace, The Man & Hope" in order to exemplify the above stated theoretical approach and concept of a "contextualised aesthetics".

BROOK ANDREW: "Peace, The Man & Hope"

Brook Andrew was born in 1970 in Sydney. He is a Wiradjuri (NSW) conceptual artist, lecturer and curator who works with installation, digital media, photography, sound, performance and film. He studies Visual Arts at the University of Western Sydney, worked as lecturer in Aboriginal Art and Philosophy at the Australian National University, Canberra, and he also worked on the editorial committee of the Photofile magazine. (Brady 2000a: 520)

With "Peace, The Man and Hope"[63], Brook Andrew creates an outstanding, powerful work, which includes "large scale Wiradjuri designs with political/social screen-prints" (no author, 2005). In the centre of the artwork is a photograph of the Indigenous boxing legend and rapper Anthony Mundine, which, as Brook Andrew explains, was taken in Mundine's father's gym in Redfern. Mundine has his arms held out, Christ-like. The background of this photo tells a variety of stories in their own right. Evidently the centre of attention is Anthony Mundine, who is called "The Man" and "The Black Superman" in boxing circles. By giving the title "Hope, The Man and Peace" to the artwork, Andrew emphasises Mundine's symbolic image as "The Man." Mundine functions as a positive figure for Indigenous Australian youth and is actively involved in the struggle of Indigenous Australian people. As a singer, he engages with Australian politics. The video to his first music single shows the burning of the British flag and the photo of former Prime Minister John Howard. His rap lyrics include text passages such as "I am just one man, it ain't the whole of the nation, politicians won't say sorry for the stolen generation" (McWhirter, 2007). Mundine openly functions as a political voice and, as an Indigenous and Muslim person, openly speaks about racism in Australia.

In the artwork, Mundine functions as a complex and ambiguous symbolic figure. As a boxer he stands for strength, fight, power and strong will, but also for a body which is hit and hurt again and again. Here, Mundine is represented as a superman

figure with his arms stretched out. The background design may correspond to patterns of an open coat hanging down from Superman's open arms. The zigzag design represents Indigenous cultural knowledge of Andrew's mother's nation, the Wiradjuri people. This design covers a part of the background like a big, protective coat. The two sentences, reading "Ngajuu ngaay nginduugirr" and "Nginduugirr ngaay ngajuu" mean "I see you" and "You see me" (Craswell, 2005). Through the text, Andrew makes us aware of the problems of translation, of understanding and of miscommunication per se. (Barlow 2007:30) The Wiradjuri sentences perhaps become "placeholder[s] for a complex culture that is largely beyond ... [the] understanding and awareness" of us, the non-Indigenous onlookers. (Barlow 2007: 30) One may argue that through the sentences, the informed onlooker is invited to enter an intercultural dialogue. On top of these Wiradjuri 'notice-boards', there are the images of cigarette packets carrying the fictive brand names "Hope" and "Peace" respectively. It seems obvious that "Hope" and "Peace" are important elements for the main messages of the artwork. In the context provided by the photograph, the messages "hope" and "peace" imply an open invitation to intercultural dialogues. "Peace" is usually promised but not fulfilled—what remains is "hope". What stands in between these two is man, the actual person suffering from the colonialist political structures.

An interesting detail is also the use of colours in the artwork. The words "hope" and "peace" are surrounded by the Indigenous sentences in yellow, red and black, the colours of the Indigenous flag and, on the other side, the colours of the Australian flag, blue, red and white. This can again be interpreted as a political statement about Australian politics in regard to Indigenous people and cultures.

This artwork is an excellent model case for a "contextualised aesthetics". The artistic composition of the photograph emphasises the socio-political context of the work. Interesting artistic perspectives within the photograph directly engage with the Indigenous perspective. The onlooker's attention, which is first caught by the artistic perspective, leads further to the particular Indigenous perspective represented through the text in Wiradjuri language. Brook Andrew is able to make use of elements in a double sense. The message of the photo which focuses on peace and hope for the world is written on cigarette packets. In this way, the artist combines different elements—signs of consumerism and signs of rich cultural values. He underlines the value of Wiradjuri culture which has fought to survive and keep its language alive. Global consumerism and Indigenous cultural values are thus contrasted, but also placed next to each other.

The cigarette packets symbolise a fusion of cultures, but simultaneously also a form of addiction. Human beings are addicted to notions of peace and hope, but

the contemporary world is at risk by the lack of appreciation for hope and peace. Once the cigarette is finished, what remains is the taste and the smell of tobacco and an instant urge for more. As the artist suggests, the global world finds itself in a complex situation dominated by consumerist behaviour and short-term pleasures. Contrasting these elements with the Wiradjuri culture, which has survived for thousands of years, it may be argued that the artist poses the critical question as to the deeper cultural values of mainstream society.

Marica Langton states that Brook Andrew "celebrates the postcolonial Aboriginal man as a hero of the resistance, overcoming racism with his extraordinary hard work and physical and mental focus and determination." (Langton 2005:28) I see the emphasis in this artwork on the Indigenous hero figure as a form of mnemonic device, supporting the writings of Indigenous Australian history, which presents the strong struggle for Indigenous rights. Furthermore, it shows the participation of Indigenous people in global and international issues and battles against war, racism and xenophobia. Andrew states that he is interested in how

> Aboriginal, Chinese, and other figures are absent from Australian history, its popular stories, and icons. There ain't no sandstone or cast bronze statues erected in parks or government sites commemorating Aboriginal or other Australian heroes, past or present – let alone museums of the stolen generations. Mundine in this case may be just another *scary* black man, and a Muslim too. (Andrew in Papastergiadis, Riphagen and Andrew, 2007:23)

So, Andrew gives a 'voice' to aspects of past and current history which are usually silenced.

Moreover, Andrew includes Indigenous 'insider knowledge', albeit in a few lines in the Wiradjuri language. This special Indigenous perspective leaves the "western" viewer in a marginal position. One may argue that the non-Indigenous viewer is purposely given the position of the outsider. On the other hand, the lines in Wiradjuri language are integrated in 'western' and consumerist symbols, so the artwork expresses Andrew's concern to break up stereotyped views of entirely encapsulated Indigenous cultures. Andrew makes the explicit point that "essentialism" categorises people and oversimplifies ideas, which does not help at all when trying to make sense of our complex world.

Conclusion

In this essay I have focussed on Brook Andrew's photographic work "Peace, The Man & Hope" to show the relevance of an interculturally adequate approach to art.

I argue that in order to support the artworks' potential for establishing intercultural dialogues and exchange, both aesthetic criteria and cultural contexts have to be involved. Acknowledging the social function of art means acknowledging that art is both form and content and that it unfolds its greatest powers of communication out of the combination of these two features. A purely aesthetic analysis dismisses the culture-specific contents and contexts of the photo which makes the viewer miss out on a variety of culturally specific issues. On the other hand, a strict evaluation of the photographs in respect to their historical, political and socio-cultural importance only is restricting too, since it does not do justice to the photos as works of art. Looking at the photo as a piece of art and simultaneously as an intercultural "contact zone", that offers a complex process of intercultural learning calls for an elaborate and interdisciplinary approach in regard to art analysis.

Indigenous Australian art photography constitutes a specific area in its own right also because it does not fit the common idea many Europeans have about Indigenous Australian art. This creates a challenging opportunity for people to move beyond stereotyped views and to become aware of their mostly limited, inadequate and wrong views about Indigenous Australian cultures.

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63 Photo: Brook Andrew. Peace, The Man & Hope. 2005. Screen print. 145 x 252 cm. Due to copyright restrictions the photo is not reproduced in this article, however interested people can consult Brook Andrew’s homepage for the image: http://www.brookandrew.com/

Australian Science Fiction: in Search of the 'Feel'

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This is our Golden Age – argued Stephen Higgins in his editorial of the 11/1997 issue of *Aurealis*, Australia's longest-running magazine devoted to science fiction and fantasy. The magazine's founder and editor, Higgins optimistically pointed to unprecedented interest in science fiction among Australian publishers. The claim about a "Golden Age" echoed a statement made by Harlan Ellison during a panel discussion "The Australian Renaissance" in Sydney the year before (Ellison 1998, Dann 2000)[64]. International mechanisms for selection and promotion in this genre seemed to compare favorably with the situation of Australian fiction in general. The *Vend-A-Nation* project (1998) was to encourage authors to write science fiction stories set in the Republic of Australia, and 1999 was to see the publication of several scholarly studies of Australian science fiction, including Russell Blackford's and Sean McMullen's *Strange Constellations*. Many of these publications were timed to coincide with the 1999 'Worldcon', the most prestigious of all fan conventions, which had been awarded to Melbourne. The 'Worldcon' was thus about to become the third 'Aussiecon' in history, accessible for the vibrant fan community of Australia, and thus sure to provide even more impetus for the genres' health.

And yet, in the 19/2007 issue of *Aurealis*, ten years after his announcement of the Golden Age, Stephen Higgins seems to be using a different tone:

> Rather than talk of a new Golden Age of Australian SF (and there have been plenty of those) I prefer to think of the Australian SF scene as simply continuing to evolve. There seems to be a settling going on. It isn't as if the Australian SF community is maturing…That implies stagnation or at best, an acceptance of what we are and what we can be. I still get a sense of vibrancy: Not so much that there are new worlds waiting to be discovered as new writers waiting to write them.

The invitation to the readers to enjoy the issue's "heaps of good stuff", with which Higgins ends the editorial, appears to be sober and anticlimactic after previous declarations that the periodical's aim was to promote fresh local science fiction and herald the upcoming Golden Era. In a debate on what makes some science fiction texts more 'Australian' than others, Higgins promotes writing that has an Australian 'feel', as opposed to countless texts stereotypically set in New York by Australian authors who crave international popularity at the price of losing their actual 'sense of place'.

While Australian science fiction is indeed evolving or settling, its local 'feel' and 'sense of place' is now rather different from the concrete Australian settings which such initiatives as *Vend-A-Nation* aimed to promote, as well as from the origins of the genre in Australia. What could be retrospectively termed science fiction came to Australia at the turn of the 19th century in the form of romances about lost races and – embodying some Australian sense of place – novels of immigration depicted as invasion, to which Blackford's, Ikin's and McMullen's *Strange Constellations* devotes much space (Blackford et al. 1999, "Novels of Racial Invasion", 36-48). The phenomenon is not unique to Australia: the façade of futurology or scientific romance has often made it possible to address issues and express opinions which would be difficult, shameful or unacceptable if presented in a different guise. The fear of robot rebellions of much science fiction, for instance, could be read as an outlet for the idea of oppressed social classes as non-human. In the USA, Ignatius Donnelly's futurist dystopia *Caesar's Column* (1889) described a terrible fate for America, and especially New York, in 1988, exploited and destroyed as it is by a devious cabal of ruthless Jewish oligarchs, monopolists, aristocrats and corporate barons. A vision which, thanks to science fiction, could be presented in a seemingly objective guise, meriting a note by the author that "[th]e prophet is not responsible for the events he foretells. He may contemplate it with profoundest sorrow. Christ wept over the doom of Jerusalem" (Donnelly 1890, n.p.).

In Australia, an anxiety that was freely voiced by science fiction was the fear of an Asian invasion, which is first thematized in 1888 in the serialized novel *White or Yellow? A Story of Race War of A.D. 1908* by William Lane, followed by *The Yellow Wave* (Mackay, 1895). *The Coloured Conquest* by Thomas Roydehouse (first published as "Commonwealth Conquest" by "Rata" in 1903) and *The Australian Crisis* by Charles Kirmess (1909) both present visions of an Asian infiltration of Australia. In the first case, the Japanese and the Chinese join forces to attack the continent and invade Sydney; in the second, the invasion at first takes a more surreptitious form of secret immigration by the Japanese, who then claim that their children born on Australian soil should be granted the right of stay. British authorities are presented as over-lenient in the face of a threat to Australia's integrity, but luckily there are still true Australians ready to fight, kill and die for the lost cause in an uprising which to the present reader somewhat resembles the vision of the glorious rise the of Ku Klux Klan as depicted in the fervently racist *The Birth of a Nation*. The complacent idleness of the urban elite seems a recurrent motif, countered by the patriotic zeal of outback guerilleroes.

As Blackford and McMullen illustrate in their *Strange Constellations*, the trope continued well into the 1930s. In fact, it may be even traced a century later, the most recent specimen being John Harper-Nelson's *The Day They Came* (1998)

and Colin Mason's *Northern Approaches: Australia at Risk?* (2001), where the invasion of refugees comes from Indonesia. If ever any strain of science fiction has showed a true Australian "feel" and a "sense of place", the racial invasion trope surely should be counted as a case in point. This breed of futuristic tale made its Australian readers re-live exactly the invasion of the continent as conducted by their ancestors, and, at the same time, reinforces their identification with Australia by juxtaposing them with the Asian invaders. The identification with Australia was further facilitated by another and still extant motif which featured the continent as a special place, holding much more than meets the eye, including secrets crucial for all humanity (some of them obviously inspired by Rider Haggard). Lost races and artifacts of ancient civilizations were to be found in the mysterious interior, ranging from the last surviving Lemurians (George Firth Scott, *The Last Lemurian*, 1898) to an unknown race inhabiting a pleasant if secret region in the west of the country, whose riches – including the "Gold Reef" – naturally fall to the explorers (Ernest Favenc, *The Secret of the Australian Desert*, 1896). However, these fantastic discoveries, such as the finding of Atlantean relics (Rosa Praed, *Fugitive Anne*, 1902) not only bring the characters gold, but also add to the value, prestige and heritage of Australia, and, by extension, to the prestige of its current inhabitants.

The post-WWII publishing boom in popular literature, brought about by the demand on local popular fiction including science fiction, proved to be largely ephemeral. Initially, regulations controlling foreign exchange meant an ebb in the import from Britain and the USA, so that for some time writers of detective or adventure fiction were recruited to produce texts for such magazines as *Thrills Incorporated* (1950-52), *Future Science Fiction and Popular Science Fiction* (1953-55) and *Science-Fiction Monthly* (1955-56). However, the magazines proved to be short-lived and were destined to perish with the come-back of British and American fiction. The post-war science fiction strain describing technological apocalypse, best represented by Nevil Shute's *On the Beach* (1957), placed Australia at the world's margin, a victim of global forces. In the science fiction market, too, global forces seemed to dominate, as A. Bertram Chandler, who was to become the most popular Australian science fiction author of the era, was recruited by John W. Campbell to write for his American *Astounding Stories*. The import restrictions were lifted in October 1958 – a date which marked the decline of most home-grown science fiction intended for the local market; once the emergency had passed, most local writers ceased to attract readers. It was authors like Chandler, Norma Hemming and their successors, writing primarily for an international audience, whose names became synonymous with the 1950s-1970s in Australian science fiction.

Arthur Bertram Chandler, a British merchant marine officer and, after he settled in Australia in 1956, one of the internationally best known Australian science fiction writers, is primarily remembered for his *Rim Worlds* series, and particularly John Grimes' stories set in the Rim Worlds universe. In the stories Chandler combined space opera with his own seagoing experiences on British, Australian and New Zealand vessels and several motifs possessing what Higgins would probably call an Australian 'feel'. On the one hand, his vision encompasses the frontier atmosphere of Rim Worlds, which could be called the outback of space, a remote part of the galaxy, where spaceships maintain contact between isolated human outposts, rediscover lost colonies and survey unexplored space sectors. On the other hand, the stories feature Australia as a world power due to its role in space exploration. Several authors envisioned Australian deserts as ideal locations for spaceports, a hope embodied in the memorable travesty of "Waltzing Matilda" sung by space explorers departing from the Woomera space port in "The Mountain Movers", one of Chandler's most memorable stories.

In "The Mountain Movers" the song's optimistic point seems to be the transformation of Australia into a gateway to Rim Worlds of the universe. The short story also contains a 'lost race' motif that is explicitly Australian. On a planet now colonized by humans but once inhabited by a native race, the characters – including John Grimes, whom Chandler viewed as his own crusty, conservative and reactionary mouthpiece in the stories – discover a giant monolith strangely resembling Uluru. The monolith then turns out to be a spaceship of an ancient civilization ready to take natives "back where they belong" – as, presumably, Uluru will do for Aborigines on Earth. The main character, the Australian Grimes, does not seem to devote much attention to the prospective departure of his fellow-citizens, but worries about Australia's loss of tourist dollars once Ayers Rock disappears. Nevertheless, the image of the Rock majestically taking off in "The Mountain Movers" remains one of the most memorable images in Australian science fiction: "[the Rock] was lifting, and the skin of the planet protested as the vast ship, (sic!) that for so long had been embedded in it, tore itself free" (156). Some Grimes stories also connect to other typical themes, such as the Australian Republic, depicted in the alternative-history path visited by Grimes in *Kelly Country*, and even an alternative-history Asian invasion, which Grimes thwarts in the unpublished story "Grimes and the Gaijin Daimyo."[65] Generally, Australian themes were for now more readily acceptable to overseas publishers and audiences if they appeared in short stories rather than in novels. As the local market remained insignificant next to America or Britain, such authors as Damien Broderick, John Baxter, Lee Harding, or Jack Wodhams saw it as essential to target international rather than local audiences, however 'vibrant' Australia's fan community might seem.

In 1975 the first 'Aussiecon' – that is, a World Science Fiction Convention awarded to Australia – took place in Melbourne, and promised a chance to change the situation. One of the key points of the convention was a writing workshop held by its guest of honor, Ursula K. LeGuin. In the unanimous opinion of several writers, including Broderick, the meetings and discussions, along with some writing tips and the optimistic atmosphere of the workshop activated the community and opened new perspectives to Australian science fiction. By the time such workshops were held again by LeGuin and Gene Wolfe in 1985 at the second 'Aussiecon' in Melbourne, there was already a professional magazine devoted to science fiction, and by 1990 there were two, *Aurealis* and *Eidolon*, both active in promoting local authors. The conventions also resulted in the publication of several anthologies, such as Van Ikin's *Australian Science Fiction* (1981), Damien Broderick's *Strange Attractors: Original Australian Speculative Fiction* (1985) and *Matilda at the Speed of Light: A New Anthology of Australian Science Fiction* (1988), showcasing the writing of Australian authors. The most important ones among these were Damien Broderick, Sean Williams and the rising stars of the 1980s: Greg Egan and Terry Dowling.

Before the third Melbourne 'Aussiecon' the harvest of new authors and anthologies was more opulent than ever, including Iken's and Dowling's *Mortal Fire* (1993), Paul Collins's *Metaworlds* (1994), Peter McNamara's and Margaret Winch's *Alien Shores: The Anthology of Australian SF* (1994), Jonathan Strahan's and Jeremy G. Byrne's *The Year's Best Australian Science Fiction and Fantasy* (1997 and 1998), and Jack Dann's and Janeen Webb's influential *Dreaming Down-Under* (1998). Small wonder that Stephen Higgins would expect a Golden Age of Australian science fiction to come. Indeed, the third 'Aussiecon' brought even more anthologies (including *Centaurus*, edited by Broderick and David Hartwell, and some specialized ones, such as *Women of Other Worlds*, promoted at the 'Worldcon' itself). New authors, such as Stephen Dedman and Sean McMullen, rose to prominence. The market potential of Australian science fiction is now recognized not only by small presses, such as Aphelion or Eidolon, but also by international publishing houses: Australian Voyager imprint (HarperCollins) now dominates the market, challenged in 2007 by the launching of the Orbit Australia imprint. Of Australia's two most influential magazines in the field, *Aurealis* is now a well-established annual, although it typically contains only some ten stories a year, not counting the occasional double issues. The last issue of *Eidolon* appeared in April 2000, but the small press Eidolon Publications continues. There are now as many as five awards conferred in the field. The traditional Ditmar (first awarded in 1969) has been joined by the Chandler Award (1992), the Aurealis award (1995), the George Turner Award (1998) and, most recently, by the Peter MacNamara Award (2002).

However, for all this proliferation, Greg Egan, the most recognized modern Australian science fiction author, seems to be "international" in his subjects and interests as much as in his acclaim, and symptomatically insists on being defined as a science fiction writer without the epithet "Australian". During an Internet panel discussion on Australian science fiction transcribed by SciFi.com, Chris Lawson remarked that even such a star writer as Egan might still sell better if his novels were set in America instead of Sydney. According to Sean McMullen and Stephen Dedman, editors are reluctant to publish longer pieces with a local "feel", and those Australian authors who start international careers do so because they are "least 'Australian' in style and content" (Dedman et al, 1999). Paradoxically, the success of Australian science fiction seems to be coming at the expense of its Australian "sense of place".

A specifically Australian 'feel' remains to be found in Terry Dowling's very singular writing, which could be described as situated on the borderline between surreal fiction and science fiction. Dowling's first *Rynosseros* cycle (1990), with its daring blend of highly original language, fantasy and exotic far future imagery, returns to the concept of Australia as a world power, with cosmopolitan and metropolitan coasts, while the continent's interior is ruled by "Ab'Os", genetically improved descendants of Aborigines. Their mixture of technology, psychic powers and mysticism reminds of Frank Herbert's *Dune*, as does the complexity and exoticism of the whole imaginary world. Even though the continent in the cycle is changed almost beyond recognition, it is still permeated with an unmistakably Australian atmosphere – certainly more so than Egan's realistic writings set in actual Australian cities only a few years into the future. The two writers seem to point to two different paths in the development of world quality Australian speculative fiction, both perhaps equally unexpected a few decades ago, though neither direction precisely corresponds to the hopes of a Golden Age. As Higgins commented on modern Australian science fiction in another *Aurealis* editorial (October 1997), well after he had assessed the results of his *Vend-A-Nation* project, it is only "poor stories [that] have kangaroos in them".

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64 The famous "prophecy" was uttered during a conference sponsored by Qantas Airlines and the Powerhouse Museum in Sydney in 1996. Not long after the conference, Ellison wrote prefaces to both volumes of Jack Dann's and Janeen Webb's anthology of Australian science fiction, Dreaming Down Under, and reiterated his own proclamation of a Golden Age in the first preface. The inspirational impact of Ellison's remark is visible in Denn's introduction to the second volume (Dreaming Down Under - Book Two), available online at http://www.voyageronline.com.au/books/extract.cfm?ISBN=073226412x .
65 The story's manuscript, now the property of Arthur Bertram Chandler's Literary Estate Agents, was made available to several fans for note-taking. For a brief summary of the plot, see Steven Davidson's Rim Worlds Concordance available online at: www.rimworlds.com/rimworldsgrimessaga.htm

Mehr als fremde Augen: Anna Funders *Stasiland* und die feinen Unterschiede des literarischen Journalismus

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Das 2002 erschienene Buch der australischen Autorin Anna Funder, *Stasiland*, war in englischsprachigen Ländern wie Australien, Grossbritannien und den USA ein grosser Erfolg. In Deutschland jedoch erhielt die Verfasserin 23 Absagen, ehe ein Verlag bereit war, das Buch in der Übersetzung zu veröffentlichen. Hatten die deutschen Verlage, wie ein Rezensent schrieb, sich in seltener Einhelligkeit entschlossen, es lieber ihren Autoren zu überlassen über die DDR Vergangenheit zu schweigen (Martin, *Die Welt*, 27.3. 2004)? Oder waren mehr Momente im Spiel, die zu dieser so unterschiedlichen Reaktion auf *Stasiland* führten?

In diesem Artikel sollen zwei Aspekte untersucht werden, die auf die obigen Fragen zumindest Teilantworten bieten können. Der Erste ist die jeweilige deutsche und angelsächsische Auffassung des literarischen Journalismus – dem Genre, dem *Stasiland* zugeordnet wird. Der Zweite ist eine Gegenüberstellung der Rezeption, die Funders Buch in Australien und Deutschland erfahren hat. Man kann dabei erkennen, dass bei beiden Aspekten divergierende literarische Traditionen und medienrechtliche Richtlinien eine wichtige Rolle spielen.

Die australische Rechtsanwältin und Dokumentarfilmerin Anna Funder, die in Melbourne und Berlin studierte, arbeitete Mitte der neunziger Jahre bei einem deutschen Auslandsrundfunksender. Ihr fiel auf, dass noch sehr wenig darüber zu lesen war, wie die sogenannten ‘kleinen Leute’ dem kommunistischen Regime in der DDR Widerstand geleistet hatten. Ihre Kollegen wiesen dieses Thema als Schnee von gestern zurück. Aber Funder ließ sich nicht beirren. In einem Interview sagte sie:

> I was very interested in the stories of ordinary people, how it affected them to live in this society ... not the stories that were already well-known, of famous civil rights activists or famous – infamous, I should say – who worked for the Stasi ... I became really fascinated by the issue of extraordinary courage in so-called ordinary people. (Exploring Stasiland, 2002)

Das Resultat war ein Buch, das, wie auf dem Klappentext zu lesen ist, die *Sunday Times* als ein "masterpiece of investigative analysis, written almost like a novel, with a perfect mix of compassion and distance" bezeichnete (Funder, 2002/ 2004) und das Funder 2004 den mit 30.000 Pfund dotierten BBC Four Samuel Johnson Preis im Fach *non-fiction* einbrachte. Aus dieser Kategorisierung – einerseits *non-fiction*, zum anderen "almost written like a novel" – lässt sich ersehen, dass sich die Einordnung des Buches als literarischer Journalismus geradezu anbietet.

Literarischer Journalismus

Der Journalismus hat ausgeprägte literarische Wurzeln (Habermas, 1962/ 1990: 124-5). In Frankreich und Deutschland blieb diese Verbundenheit länger bestehen, während sich in England und den USA schon Mitte des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts der Nachrichtenjournalismus mit seinem knapperen, informativen Stil etablierte (vgl. Chalaby, 1996). Dies führte zur "objectivity norm in American journalism" (Schudson, 2001). Es war gerade dieser ‘entmannte Journalismus’ mit seinen "more or less well-balanced sentences, capable of grammatical construction, conflicting with no social conventionality or party prejudice" (Stead in Cavanagh, 2007: 13), der in den fünfziger Jahren in den USA den *New Journalism* als Gegenreaktion auf die nur Fakten wiedergebenden Sätze der Nachrichten ins Leben rief.

Bis heute ist der *New Journalism* mit seinen berühmten Vertretern Truman Capote, Hunter S. Thompson und Tom Wolfe die bekannteste Variante des literarischen Journalismus. Auch neuere deutsche Studien wie

Grenzgänger—Formen des New Journalism (Bleicher & Pörksen, 2004) nehmen ihn als Maßstab für ihre Recherchen. Dies trifft sowohl auf den amerikanischen als auch auf den deutschen literarischen Journalismus zu. Ihren Beitrag zu diesem Buch betitelt Klaus "Jenseits der Grenzen—die problematische Unterscheidung zwischen Fakt und Fiktion" und spricht damit eine der Kernfragen dieses Genres an (Klaus, 2004: 100-125). Das größte Defizit des literarischen Journalismus ist, bedingt durch seine erzählerischen Elemente, die Glaubwürdigkeit. Seine größte Stärke liege, wie Christa Wolf sagte, darin, dass er eine "Wahrheit jenseits der wichtigen Fakten der Welt" erschließen kann (Wolf in Klaus, 2004: 101). Ähnlich äußerte sich dazu schon Nance. Er bezog sich auf Capote, als er sagte: "It is a fascinating ideal: to reach a point at which the inner reality coincides with the outer and the free use of the artist's shaping power results not in distortion, but in heightened fidelity" (Nance in Haas, 2004: 66).

Insbesondere die "emotionale Anschlussfähigkeit" und die "Kontextgebundenheit" (Klaus, ibid), die durch ein neues Erstellen von Zusammenhängen in einer literarischen Schreibweise ermöglicht werden, brachte dem literarischen Journalismus gerade in den letzten Jahren wieder viele Anhänger. Literarischer Journalismus, oder *creative non-fiction*, wird sowohl in Journalismus-Seminaren als auch in *creative writing workshops* gelehrt. Während man sich in letzteren weniger Gedanken um die Gefahren eines "subjektiven dramaturgisierten Erzählens" macht (Wallisch in Klaus, 2004: 104), steht dieser Aspekt der Glaubwürdigkeit in der vom Journalismus her geführten Debatte im Vordergrund (vgl. Russell, 1999).

Laut Aucoin (2001: 5-21) sind die Hauptfragen und –streitpunkte des literarischen Journalismus "notions of accuracy, verifiability and authenticity". In seiner Studie des polnischen Autors Ryszard Kapuscinski weist Aucoin die von anderen amerikanischen Gelehrten an den literarischen Journalimus gestellten Forderungen zurück. Diese verlangen, dass in einem Text, der als Journalismus klassifiziert wird, "no composite scenes, no misstated chronology, no falsification of the discernible drift or proportion of events, no invention of quotes, no attribution of thoughts to sources" (Sims & Kramer in Aucoin, 2001: 7) vorkommen dürften. Einerseits sind diese Forderungen verständlich, da sie die Glaubwürdigkeit des literarischen Journalismus untermauern würden, zum anderen kann man nicht ignorieren, dass der *New Journalism* mit Werken wie beispielsweise Capotes *In Cold Blood* bereits eine andere normative Faktivität für dieses Genre geschaffen hat. Würden die oben genannten Maßstäbe angelegt, dann hätten sie nicht nur Ryzsard Kapuscinski oder die australische Autorin Helen Garner verfehlt, sondern auch Anna Funder. Aucoin weist diese strikten Regeln mit der Begründung

zurück, dass auch der Journalismus nur ein Konstrukt ist, der eine ‚Wahrheit' erstellt, die auf kulturell akzeptierten Konventionen basiert (Aucoin, ibid; vgl. Tuchmann, 1978; Gans, 1979; Schudson, 2003).

Man muss daher nicht nur für den Journalismus, sondern auch insbesondere für den literarischen Journalismus annehmen, dass sowohl Stil als auch Akzeptanz auf gesellschaftlichen Konventionen beruhen. Die Rezeption von Funders *Stasiland* zeigt, wie australisch-angelsächsiche und deutsche Auffassungen in diesem Bereich differieren. Gerade der Anspruch auf 'Authentizität' und worauf diese beruht, wird zum Kernpunkt des Disputs.

Deutscher literarischer Journalismus und das Aufarbeiten der DDR

Laut Roβ kam in Deutschland im 19. Jahrhundert "eine neue Art von Schriftstellerei [auf], die nicht mehr auf tradierte Ästhetik, sondern auf öffentliche Wirkung setzte und ihr Selbstverständnis, ihre Publikationsweisen und Darstellungsformen darauf zuschnitt" (Roβ, 2004: 79). Bekannte Schriftsteller, Dramaktiker und Poeten wie Georg Büchner, Ferdinand Freiligrath und auch Heinrich Heine schrieben für Zeitungen. Jedoch in der zweiten, von politischem Konservatismus geprägten Hälfte des 19. Jahrhunderts "meldeten sich kaum mehr namhafte Vertreter der deutschsprachigen Literatur zu politischen oder gesellschaftlichen Problemen in der Presse zu Wort" (Roβ, 2004: 83).

Doch die Verbindung des literarischen Journalismus mit diesem Themenfeld blieb bis ins 20. Jahrhundert bestehen, auch wenn das auf kulturelle Fragen ausgerichtete Feuilleton den Grossteil der literarisch ambitionierten Artikel absorbierte. 'Der rasende Reporter' Egon Erwin Kisch und Günther Wallraff, deren Reportagen und Bücher als 'investigativer Journalismus' aber auch als literarischer Journalismus bezeichnet wurden (Klaus, 2004: 107), ging es darum, gesellschaftliche Missstände aufzudecken. An ihrem Werk kann man die fließenden Grenzen des literarischen Journalismus verdeutlichen. So wird der von *Stern* Begründer Henri Nannen gestiftete Kisch Preis an die beste journalistische Arbeit sowie für eine engagierte literarische Leistung verliehen. Aus ihrem Werk lässt sich aber auch eines der Hauptmerkmale des deutschen literarischen Journalismus ablesen: das des 'teilnehmenden Beobachters'. "Die Reportage ist für Wallraff keine Faktenhuberei, sondern ein Mittel, verborgenen Wirklichkeiten nachzuspüren. Dafür gibt er sich als Teilnehmer in die Situationen, die er beschreiben, erforschen, erfahren möchte" (ibid). Die Frage der Authentizität kann somit für den deutschen literarischen Journalismus mit dem Begriff 'Augenzeugenbericht' belegt werden, die den Verfasser auf die Rolle des

"autoritative[n] Interpret[en] einer lediglich für ihn erfahrbaren subjektiven Wirklichkeit" beschränkt (Klaus, 2004: 108).

Dieser Standpunkt, dass nur die Person über Ereignisse reden oder schreiben darf, die sie selbst erlebt hat, findet sich auch in der deutsche Literatur über die DDR und die Stasi wieder. Die Bücher, die nach der Wende geschrieben wurden, waren entweder Fiktion, wie Ingo Schulzes *Simple Stories* (1999) oder Thomas Brussigs *Am kürzeren Ende der Sonnenallee* (1999), oder im Detail recherchierte Sachbücher, wie Joachim Walthers *Staatssicherheit und Schriftsteller* (1996). Das einzige Werk, das dem literarischen Journalismus zugerechnet werden kann, ist *Aktenkundig*, herausgegeben von Hans-Joachim Schädlich. Im Vorwort schrieb Schädlich, "Das vorliegende Buch soll die historische Wahrheit über die SED-Diktatur und deren Machtinstrument, das Ministerium für Staatssicherheit, aufklären helfen". Vierzehn Bürgerrechtler der DDR, die Einsicht in ihre Stasi-Akten hatten, ziehen, wie es heißt, "eine vorläufige Bilanz" (Schädlich, 1992: 9). Sie berichten über ihre eigene Erfahrung mit der Staatssicherheit, insbesondere ihr Erleben des Lesens ihrer eigenen Stasi-Akten und damit verbundenen Emotionen. Ihre Reaktionen auf das Lesen sind sehr persönlich:

> Als ich die Berichte las, wurden vergessene Ereignisse der letzten Jahre wieder lebendig. … Plötzlich begegnete ich meiner damaligen tiefen Sprachlosigkeit am Telefon, die ich auch jetzt noch überwinden muß. Ob es mir wohl noch einmal gelingen wird, mich mit meinem Namen zu melden? Auch heute noch habe ich im Hinterkopf den Gedanken, daß jemand mithört. (Bohley, 1992: 40).

Schädlichs Band muss auch vor dem Hintergrund der damals wie heute anhaltenden Diskussion über die Zugänglichkeit der Unterlagen des Staatssicherheitsdienstes der ehemaligen DDR betrachtet werden. Ein 1991 vom deutschen Bundestag verabschiedetes, zeitlich begrenztes Gesetz erlaubte Betroffenen, die Unterlagen einzusehen, die der Geheimdienst über sie angelegt hatte. 2007 wurde eine mögliche Auflösung und Eingliederung der Behörde in das Bundesarchiv öffentlich debattiert, ehe ein neuer Gesetzentwurf vorlag, demnach die Unterlagen weiterhin für Forschungszwecke und den Medien zugänglich sind. Das Gesetz wurde wiederholt daraufhin hinterfragt, ob bei Medienberichten auf Grund der Akteneinsicht nicht gelegentlich Dinge publiziert würden, die über das Informationsinteresse der Öffentlichkeit hinausgehen und primär aus Sensationslust aus der Privatsphäre von Opfern und Tätern berichteten.

Gerichtlichen Entscheidungen zufolge wird es immer schwieriger für die Medien, über den Verdacht von Stasi-Kontakten von Politikern und anderen Personen

öffentlichen Interesses zu berichten. "Selbst wenn die Medien eine Fülle von Indizien zusammentragen, um zumindest eine Verdachtsberichterstattung zu rechtfertigen“ (Fliegenschmidt, 2006), dass es sich bei diesen Personen um Stasi-Mitarbeiter handele, verlieren sie trotzdem häufig vor Gericht. Gerade angesehene Künstler, Sportler oder Wissenschaftler mussten sich nie schriftlich der Stasi verpflichten. Es ist der Presse somit nahezu unmöglich, auch durch viele Quellen genährte Vermutungen abzudrucken. Das bedeutet, dass die deutsche Rechtsprechung den Schutz des Persönlichkeitsrechts höher einstuft als die allgemeine Pressefreiheit (vgl. Fliegenschmidt, 2006). Allerdings war der hohe Stellenwert der Privatsphäre schon immer ein Charakteristikum des deutschen Pressekodex, der unter Ziffer 8 die Persönlichkeitsrechte darlegt (Deutscher Pressekodex, 2007; vgl. Josephi & Müller, 2006).

Die literarische Tradition des teilnehmenden Beobachters und der starke Schutz des Persönlichkeitsrechts und der Privatsphäre im Medienrecht begrenzen den Rahmen, in dem sich der literarische Journalismus in Deutschland bewegen kann. Für die Aufarbeitung der DDR Vergangenheit bedeutet dies, wie man aus *Aktenkundig* ersehen kann, dass die zu Wort kommen, die für sich selbst sprechen, schreiben und publizieren können. Die, die es nicht können, haben so gut wie keine Chance ihrer Wahrheit Gehör zu verschaffen.

Australischer literarischer Journalismus in der anglo-amerikanischen Tradition

In Australien bestand stets eine enge Verflechtung von Literatur und Journalismus. Ken Stewart (1988) argumentierte, dass in einem Zeitraum von 1855 bis 1955 ein journalistischer Publikationsstil vorherrschte: "literary Australia was largely a journalists’ Australia" (Stewart in Conley, 1998: 47). Conley listet am Ende seines Aufsatzes über Robert Drewe die Namen von 174 australischen Schriftstellern auf, die auch Journalisten waren. Zwar erfreuen sich höchstens ein Dutzend der Genannten eines grösseren Bekanntheitsgrades, aber die Liste verdeutlicht, die von Anfang an bestehende Nähe von Literatur und Journalismus in Australien. Zu den namhaftesten Autoren, die sich journalistischer Stilmittel in ihren Romanen bedienten, zählen Marcus Clarke, Katherine Susannah Pritchard, George Johnston, Olga Masters, Robert Drewe und Helen Garner (vgl. Conley, 1998; Conley, 2000; Conley, 2001/2). Die derzeit international bekannteste australische Journalistin cum Schriftstellerin ist die frühere Auslandskorrespondentin Geraldine Brooks, die mit ihrem historischen Roman *March* 2006 den Pulitzer Preis für Fiktion gewann.

Eine Form des *New Journalism* wie in den USA, der als eine Gegenbewegung zu einem reglementierten, sogenannten objektivem Schreibstil in den Zeitungen entstand, gab es in Australien nicht. Vielmehr, wie Conleys lange Liste zeigt, gab es ein 'gütlicheres' Miteinander von Literatur und Journalismus, was aber auch bewirkte, dass dem literarischen Journalismus nur wenig Beachtung geschenkt wurde. Erst Helen Garners kontroverse Schilderung (*The First Stone*, 1995) eines Skandals am ehrwürdigen Ormond College der Melbourner Universität, bei dem der *Master* des College der sexuellen Belästigung angeklagt wurde, verschaffte dem literarischen Journalismus die Aufmerksamkeit, die er bereits in den USA genoss und noch immer genießt.

Mittlerweile ist Anna Funders Buch *Stasiland* neben Helen Garners *The First Stone* und Joe Cinques *Consolation* (2004) eines der bekanntesten Werke dieser Gattung. Anders als Garners *The First Stone*, das ein heikles australisches Thema aufgriff, löste Funders Buch über die dunklen Machenschaften in einem vergleichsweise fernen und 'vergangenen' Land, die Bewunderung aus, die man einem guten Roman entgegenbringt. Die Frage nach '*accuracy, verifiability and authenticity*' wurde in Australien nicht gestellt. Das lag nicht nur daran, dass die DDR weit weg war, sondern auch daran, dass Funders Erzählweise nicht als hinterfragungswürdig angesehen wurde. Der Sturm der Entrüstung über Garners Buch entbrannte auch nicht am Genre als solchem, sondern vielmehr an der nachsichtigen Haltung, die die Autorin gegenüber dem *Master* des Colleges einnahm und die ihr viele Angriffe, vor allem von feministischer Seite her eintrugen.

Auch wenn Funder ihr Rohmaterial sozusagen dokumentarfilmerisch schnitt und die von ihr recherchierten Geschichten durch "subjektives dramaturgisiertes Erzählen" (Wallisch in Klaus, 2004: 104) wiedergab, wurde dies weder als eine Verfälschung der Gegebenheiten noch als ein Eingriff in die Privatsphäre Anderer empfunden. Gerade in Bezug auf den letzteren Punkt besitzt Australien eine andere kulturelle Tradition und eine andere medienrechtliche Situation als Deutschland. Während in Deutschland nur in der Öffentlichkeit bekannte Personen mit vollem Namen genannt werden dürfen, folgt Australien der englischen Praxis und dem englischen Recht, dass an Toten kein Rufmord mehr begangen werden kann. Man kann also über Verstorbene sowie auch über deren Freunde und Verwandten namentlich in sehr viel breiterem Rahmen schreiben und persönliche Details erwähnen, wie dies in Deutschland nicht möglich wäre (vgl. Josephi & Müller, 2006).

Diese Freiheit des Schreibens, auch über Ereignisse, bei denen die Autorin nicht zugegen war, sondern die ihr durch spätere Schilderungen zugetragen wurden, schlägt sich in der australischen Tradition des literarischen Journalismus, ob in Garners *The First Stone* oder in Funders *Stasiland*, nieder. Was Klaus über den *New Journalism* sagte, trifft auch hier zu. "[Die] Geschichten beruhen auf realen Beobachtungen, auf Fakten; die Darstellung entstammt dem literarischen Einfallsreichtum des Verfassers, der stilistischen Kompetenz der Autorin" (Klaus, 2004: 120). Sie können somit über den eigenen Erfahrungsbereich hinausgehen, einen weiteren Themenkreis aufgreifen und Bücher gestalten, die einen großen Leserkreis ansprechen.

Stasiland

Die Laudatio zur Verleihung des BBC Samuel Johnson Preises für *non-fiction*, des höchstdotierten Preises für *non-fiction* in der Welt, fasst die Reaktion der englischsprachigen Welt auf Funders Roman zusammen:

> The winner, Anna Funder's *Stasiland*, is a fresh and highly original close-up of what happens to people in the corrosive atmosphere of a totalitarian state. An intimate portrait - both touching and funny - of survivors caught between their desire to forget and the need to remember. A beautifully executed first book … *Stasiland* … gives a voice to the ordinary people of the former German Democratic Republic. The reader follows Funder as she unearths stories of astonishing cruelty inflicted on its citizens by the state. Despite the sobering subject matter, it contains wonderful flashes of humour and has been described as 'a brilliant and necessary book' which 'both devastates and lifts the heart.' (Samuel Johnson Prize, 2004)

In Deutschland dagegen gab man sich dem Buch gegenüber desinteressiert. Unter den 23 Absagen, die Funder bekam, ehe ihr Buch einen Verleger fand, gab nur ein Verlagshaus eine Begründung. Sie ließen wissen: "Dies ist das beste Buch eines Ausländers zu diesem Thema. Doch leider sehen wir uns im gegenwärtigen politischen Klima nicht in der Lage, dieses Buch zu veröffentlichen" (Knox, *Sydney Morning Herald*, 12.6. 2004).

Als das Buch 2004 bei der Europäischen Verlagsanstalt in Hamburg herauskam und Funder auf Lesereise ging, konnte man an den deutschen Rezensionen die alte Teilung zwischen Ost und West ablesen. Dies bezog sich nicht so sehr auf den Erscheinungsort der Zeitungen, sondern vielmehr auf den Teil Deutschlands, in

dem der Rezensent aufgewachsen war. So lud die *Ostsee-Zeitung* in Rostock höflich zur Lesung in der Universitätsbuchhandlung ein.

> Funder freut sich auf den Besuch in Rostock. „Ich bewundere die Arbeit von Joachim Gauck, der ja aus Rostock kommt." Ihr Hauptinteresse habe den Helden gegolten, „die sich gegen die DDR gestellt haben". Sie habe starke Persönlichkeiten mit „menschlichem Gewissen und viel Mut" getroffen. „Ich hatte das Gefühl, dass ich viele andere Leute hätte treffen können, die so gehandelt haben." (Thiel, *Ostsee-Zeitung*, 25.3. 2004)

Dagegen betitelte die *Sächsische Zeitung* ihre Ankündigung "Einstürzende Häuser und verwirrte Menschen – Heute stellt die Australierin Anna Funder in Dresden ihr DDR-Buch *Stasiland* vor". Der auf einem Interview basierende Artikel ließ bewusst die Fragen im Text, die nicht unerwarteterweise immer wieder daraufhin abzielten, wieso gerade eine Ausländerin ein Buch über die ehemalige DDR schreibe: "Muss eine Australierin uns erzählen, wie's war? ... Wie kommt sie zu diesem Urteil? Was interessiert eine Australierin überhaupt an der DDR? ... Ein DDR-Bild, das nur Opfer oder Täter kennt? ... Fragt sie sich manchmal, wie sie selbst gehandelt hätte?" (Grossmann, *Sächsische Zeitung*, 30.3. 2004)

Auch der Rezensent für das *Hamburger Abendblatt* tat sich schwer mit den Befugnissen, die er einer Ausländerin einräumen wollte, über die ehemalige DDR zu schreiben.

> Wäre das Gespräch anders verlaufen, wenn wir uns gegenübergesessen, uns ins Gesicht gesehen hätten? Vielleicht konnte es nicht wirklich gut gehen, wenn man als ehemaliger DDR-Bürger 15 Jahre nach dem Fall der Mauer von Hamburg nach Sydney telefoniert, um mit einer australischen Autorin über ihr Buch zu sprechen, das den Titel "Stasiland" hat. Schon als ich die Druckfahnen las, hatte ich den Eindruck, dass das meiste zwar stimmt, gut recherchiert und vorzüglich geschrieben ist, am Ende für mich aber unbefriedigend bleibt. (Gretzschel, *Hamburger Abendblatt*, 26.3. 2004)

Gretzschel steht dem Buch einerseits bewundernd gegenüber, kann es aber nicht als die einzig zutreffende Wiedergabe der DDR akzeptieren.

> Ich ärgere mich, weil es mir nicht gelingt, ihr begreiflich zu machen, dass ich die DDR nicht nur so, sondern eben oft auch ganz anders erlebt habe ... . Eine

> bunte Jugend, Bereiche, in denen Partei und Stasi keine Rolle spielten - ein Maß an Normalität, ein Lebensgefühl, das sich die Leser von Funders Buch, vor allem in Australien und den USA, wo es ein Bestseller ist, kaum werden vorstellen können. (ibid)

Die Kritik des Journalisten richtet sich daher eher auf die Position, die Funder gegenüber der DDR bezieht. Auch wenn der Vorwurf den Kernpunkt hat, dass die Autorin die DDR nicht selbst über Jahre gesehen und die Vielschichtigkeit des dortigen Lebens nicht erlebt hatte, geht es dem Rezensenten in erster Linie um den Inhalt und nur untergeordnet um die von Funder gewählte Darstellungsweise. Keine der Besprechungen wirft Funder vor, Dinge ‚erfunden' zu haben. Jedoch indem besonders das 'Nicht-selbst-erlebt-haben' kritisiert wird, greifen Rezensenten diesen Aspekt als die Schwachstelle von Funders Buch auf und verschreiben sich damit bewusst oder unbewusst der deutschen Tradition des Augenzeugenberichtes.

Für westdeutsche Medien, die eher Besprechungen als Interviews veröffentlichten, war es gerade "der fremde Blick, der Blick von außen, der ihr Buch auszeichnet" (3sat, 15.4. 2004). Darüber hinaus faszinierte Funders Erzählweise.

> Anna Funder wollte ein Sachbuch schreiben, dass [sic!] sich wie ein Roman liest. Wie es zum Beispiel ist, mit 16 über die Mauer klettern zu wollen. Oder wie es ist, im Verhör bei der Stasi zu sein. "Ich wollte es so so dramatisch machen wie ich konnte. Obwohl alles darin wahr ist." (ibid)

Für den nicht namentlich genannten Rezensenten liest sich "Funders literarische Reportage ... packend wie eine Entdeckungsreise in ein längst verschwundenes Land" (ibid). Ähnlich reagiert ein Kritiker der *Welt*: "Anna Funder, beschlagen in der Kunst des angelsächsischen *non-fiction writing*, muss nichts verhübschen oder verkitschen, das melodramatische Tremolo bleibt aus" (Martin, *Die Welt*, 27.3. 2004). Am intensivsten befasst sich das *taz* Magazin mit Funders Schreibweise.

> Aus Anna Funders Gesprächen und Beobachtungen ist "Stasiland" entstanden, ein spannendes, journalistisch genaues Buch in bester angelsächsischer Tradition. Das heißt: Funder tut gar nicht erst so, als sei sie eine streng objektivierende Instanz, deren einzige Funktion es ist, gründlich recherchierte Fakten zu einem Textbündel zu schnüren und mit dem Stempel "historische Wahrheit" zu versehen. Stattdessen bezieht sie ihre Neugier und den ihre Wahrnehmung bestimmenden Alltag so offen und geschickt in die Reportagen

> mit ein, dass am Ende fast so etwas wie ein erzählerischer Bogen und, tatsächlich, ein Roman ensteht. (Behrendt, *taz* Magazin, 5.6. 2004)

Für die Rezensentin hat Funders Buch einen höheren Stellenwert als die bereits erschienenen Berichte und Reportagen, "die sich mit Einzelschicksalen und Vergangenheiten Ost auf Täter- wie Opferseite befasst haben" (ibid). Selbst Werke von so eminenten Historikern wie Timothy Garton Ash hätten es nicht erreicht, "die menschlichen Puzzlesteine zu einem analytischen Gesamtbild zusammenzufügen. Anna Funders Versuch gelingt, trotz und wegen ihres klammheimlichen Fasziniertseins von dem spießigen, piefigen Unrechtsstaat" (ibid).

Fazit

Die Wertung der westdeutschen Kritiken zeigt, dass für sie die literarische Reportage, wie *Stasiland* sie bietet, eine Lücke in der Literatur über die ehemalige DDR schliesst. Durch seine Schreibweise fördert das Buch nicht nur das Wissen über das Sujet, sondern auch das emotionale Engagement mit dem Thema. Die Reaktionen von Lesern aus der ehemaligen DDR stellen jedoch an das Buch genau die Fragen nach Authentizität und Glaubwürdigkeit, mit denen der literarische Journalismus seit jeher zu kämpfen hat. Das deutsche Verständnis dessen, was eine literarische Reportage aufgreifen darf, ist eindeutig enger gesteckt als in der Australien einschließenden anglo-amerikanischen Welt.

Doch die deutsche Limitierung des literarischen Journalismus auf ‘Augenzeugen-berichte’ behält es denen vor, die sich schriftlich ausdrücken können, ihre Geschichten zu veröffentlichen. Gerade daran stieß sich Funder, die, wie sie immer wieder betonte, "the extraordinary courage in so-called ordinary people" (Exploring Stasiland, 2002), zur Sprache bringen und in die Aufmerksamkeit der Öffentlichkeit rücken wollte. Sie nutzte die Möglichkeiten des australischen literarischen Journalismus, ein eindringliches und spannendes Buch zu schreiben, das, ähnlich dem später folgenden Oskar-preisgekrönten Film *Das Leben der Anderen* (2006), die Erinnerung an ein Unrechtsregime wachhält.

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Fellumhänge australischer Aborigines – Von Gebrauchsgegenständen zu Identität stiftenden Kunstwerken

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Das Bild, das mittels der Medien über Aborigines übermittelt wird, ist in vieler Hinsicht stereotyp. Obwohl Australien in 17 verschiedene Kulturareale unterteilt wird, die sich z.B. in puncto Siedlungsweisen und materieller Kultur unterscheiden (vgl. Peterson 1999: 317), ist noch immer das Bild nomadisierender, ursprünglich nackt umherlaufender Wüsten-Aborigines vorherrschend. Insofern verwundert es kaum, dass Fellumhänge der Aborigines aus kühleren Regionen Australiens, wozu vor allem der Südosten gehört, so gut wie unbekannt sind. Auch in der Berichterstattung über moderne Aborigines-Kunst wird in erster Linie Kunst aus den Wüstenregionen hervorgehoben. Die Tatsache, dass es im Südosten Australiens ebenfalls viele indigene KünstlerInnen gibt, findet dagegen kaum Erwähnung. Für einige dieser KünstlerInnen spielen indes Fellumhänge eine zunehmend wichtige, da Identität stiftende Rolle, was sich an zahlreichen Ausstellungen in australischen Museen und Kunstgalerien ablesen lässt, in denen Fellumhänge im Mittelpunkt stehen (z.B. Koumalatsos 2001, Reynolds 2005, Connelly-Northey 2007).

Der folgende Beitrag gibt zunächst eine Einführung in die traditionelle Verwendung und Bedeutung von Fellumhängen für Aborigines. Anschließend wird der Frage nachgegangen, welche Relevanz die zu Kunst gewordenen Fellumhänge heutzutage für Koori(e)s, so die Eigenbezeichnung der Aborigines aus Südostaustralien, besitzen.

"Wrapped in a Possum Skin Cloak"[66] – Die traditionelle Verwendung und Bedeutung von Fellumhängen

Vor Mitte des 19. Jahrhunderts trugen viele Aborigines in den kühleren, gemäßigten Zonen Südostaustraliens einen mit Mustern verzierten Fellumhang. In den Regionen, die wir heute als Victoria und New South Wales bezeichnen, stellte der Fellumhang einen überaus wertvollen Besitz dar. Die meist aus dem Fell von Possums, seltener Kängurus oder Wallabys, angefertigten Umhänge dienten neben ihrer Verwendung als Regen- und Kälteschutz, der beispielsweise bei Wanderungen getragen wurde, auch als Decken und Kissen, als Schlafunterlage, als eine Art Tragetuch und Wiege für Babys und als Behälter für Nahrungsmittel und Werkzeuge. Während Zeremonien wurden die Fellumhänge in aufgerolltem Zustand als trommelähnliche Resonatoren benutzt (Wright 1979: 52-54). Für die

beeindruckenden, 2x2,5 m großen Possumfellumhänge wurden 30-40 Pelze benötigt. Einige außergewöhnliche Umhänge, die entlang des Murray River angefertigt wurden, bestanden aus mehr als 80 Pelzen, deren Beschaffung bis zu einem Jahr andauern konnte (Horton 1994: 993). Von Region zu Region gab es unterschiedliche Umhangtypen und zum Teil auch andere Tragweisen. Die Art, wie Umhänge getragen wurden, hing u.a. vom Felltyp, von der Jahreszeit und vom Alter und Geschlecht der TrägerInnen ab. Meist blieb eine Schulter unbedeckt, um mehr Bewegungsfreiheit zu haben. Eine Schnur oder ein Pflock aus Knochen bzw. Holz diente zur Befestigung. Wenn es regnete, wurden die Umhänge mit dem Fell nach außen getragen. Bei Wind und Schnee war die wärmende Fellseite dem Körper zugewandt (Wright 1979: 58-59).

Die Muster waren in die Hautschicht der Umhänge eingeritzt. Sie waren nur dann sichtbar, wenn die Umhänge mit der Fellseite nach innen, d.h. zum Körper hin, getragen wurden. Die Muster bestanden aus naturalistischen Figuren, aus Wellenlinien, Rauten, geometrischen, Zickzack- oder Kreuzschraffur-Motiven. Den komplexen Mustern kam eine überaus wichtige Bedeutung zu, zeigten sie doch den Status der UmhangträgerInnen an, ihr Totem, ihre Clan- und Gruppenzugehörigkeit sowie ihr Land (Blacklock o.J., Darroch 2007). Die Fellumhänge, die mitunter auch mit Kohle, Ocker und Fett eingerieben waren, wurden als individueller Besitz einer Person betrachtet. Es kam offenbar selten vor, dass die Umhänge an andere Personen weitergegeben wurden. In vielen Sozialverbänden wurden Tote in ihre Fellumhänge eingewickelt bestattet; manchmal wurden sämtliche Besitztümer der Verstorbenen, darunter die Fellumhänge, posthum zerstört (Dawson 1881: 62-63, Reynolds 2005: 10).

Mit der europäischen Kolonisation im 19. Jahrhundert kam der Gebrauch der Fellumhänge rasch zum Erliegen. Anstelle der Fellumhänge benutzten Aborigines fortan Kleidung oder Decken, die ihnen ab 1814 von der britischen Krone ausgehändigt oder von SiedlerInnen und Missionaren geschenkt wurden. Die Decken, die bei Regen im Gegensatz zu Fellumhängen nicht wasserabweisend waren, erwiesen sich jedoch als schlechter Ersatz. Durch nasse Decken kam es zu Erkältungen und Lungenentzündungen, die für die ohnehin durch eingeschleppte Krankheiten geschwächten Aborigines oftmals tödlich endeten (Blacklock o.J., Reynolds 2005: 13).

"Knowledge from the old people"[67] – Revival der Herstellung von Fellumhängen seit den 1980ern

Das Wissen über die Fertigung der Fellumhänge und die Bedeutung der Muster verschwand in Victoria vor gut 150 Jahren, übrig blieben lediglich ein paar wenige Exemplare in Museen weltweit. Seit den 1980ern versuchte eine Hand voll Kooris, die Tradition der Herstellung von Fellumhängen in Victoria durch Einzelaktionen künstlerisch wieder zu beleben: Kelly Koumalatsos (Wergaia/Wamba Wamba), Val Heap und Wally Cooper (beide Yorta Yorta). Sie fertigten Umhänge aus Possumfell an, verzierten sie auf verschiedenste Weise mit Mustern und präsentierten sie z.B. bei Kunstausstellungen im Koorie Heritage Trust in Melbourne (vgl. Koumalatsos 2001, Webb 2003, Sanders 2005/06, Reynolds 2005: 10-11). Der entscheidende Wendepunkt trat jedoch erst 1999 ein, als den Künstlerinnen Vicky Couzens (Kirrae Wurrong/Gunditjmara), Treahna Hamm und Lee Darroch (beide Yorta Yorta) alte Fellumhänge aus der Sammlung des Melbourne Museum im Rahmen eines Workshops gezeigt wurden. Von den beiden Fellumhängen aus Victoria zutiefst beeindruckt und spirituell bewegt beschlossen die drei Frauen, sich das Wissen über die Herstellung von Fellumhängen und die Bedeutung der Muster wieder anzueignen. Eines ihrer ersten Projekte bestand darin, die beiden Original-Fellumhänge aus dem 19. Jahrhundert detailgetreu nachzubilden. Außerdem planten sie, ihr Wissen über Fellumhänge an alle 37 in Victoria existierenden Koori-Sprachgruppen weiterzugeben (vgl. Reynolds 2005, Darroch 2007).

Wie aus Interviews mit den drei Künstlerinnen hervorgeht, setzte der visuelle Kontakt mit den alten Fellumhängen einen tiefgreifenden, ihre Identität als Kooris bestärkenden Prozess in Gang. So berichtet z.B. Vicky Couzens: "To see the cloak so close up – it was really awesome, it was really tangible. It was just like a loop to your Ancestors and you could almost hear them whispering." (Sanders 2005/06). Auch der nachfolgende Prozess des Anfertigens von Fellumhängen entwickelte sich zu einer spirituellen Erfahrung. Lee Darroch, die sich mit der Bedeutung der Muster auf den Fellumhängen beschäftigte, beschreibt ihren Prozess des Lernens von den VorfahrInnen:

> So it came to me what the designs meant but that was definitely a really spiritual thing, it didn't happen quickly, it happened over time making it. But often burning[68] into the wee hours of the night, I realised what it meant. And I realised that it was a way of making sure that the meaning wasn't lost. They passed it on so that we could say pretty much confidently when it was

> finished, this is what it means, this is what it always meant and that we could hand that on to the next generations. (Reynolds 2005: 42)

Für Vicky Couzens stellen die neu geschaffenen Fellumhänge „a key ingredient in cultural regeneration“ dar, die nicht nur ihre Identität als Kooris stärken, sondern auch Verbindungen für kommende Generationen schaffen (Usher 2006).

Wie sich an zahlreichen Ausstellungen in australischen Museen und Kunstgalerien ablesen lässt, dauert das Engagement bis heute an und hat weite Kreise gezogen. Im Rahmen des Projekts “Tooloyn Koortakay” reproduzierten die drei Frauen, unterstützt von Debra Couzens, der Schwester von Vicky Couzens, zwischen 1999-2001 die beiden Fellumhänge ihrer VorfahrInnen. 2001 wurde die Tooloyn Koortakay Collection zum ersten Mal in der Bunjilaka Gallery im Melbourne Museum ausgestellt. Nach dem Ankauf der Sammlung durch das National Museum of Australia, Canberra, in 2003, erfolgte ab 2004 ihre Repräsentation im Rahmen der ständigen Ausstellung “First Australians” im selbigen Museum (Reynolds 2005, Darroch 2007, http://nma.gov.au). In den nachfolgenden Jahren fanden weitere Ausstellungen statt, an denen sich die drei Künstlerinnen einzeln, gemeinsam oder in Kooperation mit anderen Koori-Künstlerinnen beteiligten. So wurde z.B. 2005/2006 die Ausstellung “Gunya Winyarr: Women’s cloaks” im Koorie Heritage Trust in Melbourne eröffnet, gefolgt von “Biganga: Keeping Tradition”, einer Ausstellung im Melbourne Museum in 2006/2007, die Teil des kulturellen Rahmenprogramms der 2006 in Melbourne stattfindenden Commonwealth Games war. Seit 2007 befinden sich mehrere von Treahna Hamm angefertigte und kunstvoll verzierte Fellumhänge im Besitz der National Gallery of Australia in Canberra. Mit ihren Werken nahm sie im selben Jahr auch am “National Indigenous Art Triennal: Culture Warriors” teil (vgl. Usher 2006, http://nma.gov.au, http://nga.gov.au). Das neueste gemeinschaftlich angefertigte, an Fellumhänge erinnernde Kunstprojekt ist seit 2007 im Foyer der Niederlassung der Oxfam-Zentrale in Melbourne zu sehen (vgl. Darroch 2007).

Es gibt noch weitere Koori-KünstlerInnen, die sich auf unterschiedlichste Weise dem Medium Fellumhänge annäherten. Dazu gehören z.B. Euphemia Bostock (Bundjalung), deren Werke z.B. 2003 bei der Ausstellung “Tactility: Two centuries of indigenous objects, textiles and fibre” in der National Gallery of Australia, Canberra, zu sehen waren, Mick Harding (Taungurung), der sich 2006 an der Ausstellung “Tribal Expressions Showcase” im Rahmen der Common Wealth Games in Melbourne beteiligte und schließlich Lorraine Connelly-Northey (Waradjeri), die 2007 die Soloausstellung “O`Possum skin cloaks and narbongs” in der Gallery Pizzi in Melbourne hatte. Während die von Mick Harding

geschaffenen Fellumhänge als auch Euphemia Bostocks Siebdrucke durch die Abbildung typischer Muster (Rauten, Wellenlinien etc.) einen deutlich sichtbaren Bezug zu den traditionell benutzten Fellumhängen erkennen lassen, ähneln Lorraine Connelly-Northeys Kunstwerke aus Draht und Federn nur noch von ihren Umrissen her den historischen Vorbildern (vgl. Croft 2003, Harding 2006, Connelly-Northey 2007). Allen drei genannten KünstlerInnen ist indes gemeinsam, dass sie ihre Werke als Identität stiftend wahrnehmen.

Zwischenzeitlich wurde auch Vicky Couzens, Treahna Hamms und Lee Darrochs Plan, alle Koori-Sprachgruppen in Victoria in der Fertigung von Fellumhängen zu unterrichten, in die Praxis umgesetzt. Lee Darroch (2007) zufolge wurden im Rahmen des "State-wide Possum Skin Cloak Project" viele hundert Kooris mit der Herstellungsweise der Umhänge vertraut gemacht; 35 der 37 Koori-Sprachgruppen besitzen nun einen eigenen Umhang aus Possumfell. Welch immense repräsentative Bedeutung die Fellumhänge inzwischen für Kooris besitzen, zeigte sich 2006 bei den Common Wealth Games in Melbourne. Bei der Eröffnungsveranstaltung traten Victoria Koori Elders und Community VertreterInnen aus 35 Gruppen in Possumfellumhängen auf (Darroch 2007). In den Communities werden Fellumhänge nun schon seit mehreren Jahren bei Zeremonien, Eröffnungsfeiern, Präsentationen, Taufen und Bestattungen eingesetzt (Sanders 2005/06, Usher 2006, Darroch 2007). Seit kurzem ist beim Victorian Department of Justice eine liebevoll gestaltete Geburtsurkunde erhältlich, die vom Umriss und vom Design her wie ein Fellumhang gestaltet wurde. Dass die Gestaltung der Geburtsurkunde in den Händen des Künstlerinnen-Trios Vicky Couzens, Lee Darroch und Treahna Hamm lag, dürfte kaum überraschen (vgl. Department of Justice 2007a, b).

Wie aus den obigen Ausführungen deutlich wird, haben Fellumhänge für Kooris in den letzten Jahren einen enormen Bedeutungszuwachs erfahren. Während Fellumhänge im 19. Jahrhundert für Kooris vornehmlich Gebrauchsgegenstände waren, haben sie sich mittlerweile zu Identität stiftenden Kunstwerken entwickelt, die Vergangenheit, Gegenwart und Zukunft miteinander verbinden. Leider wurde der Kunst der Kooris und damit auch ihren faszinierenden Fellumhängen weder in deutschen Medien noch in Fachkreisen genügend Aufmerksamkeit zuteil. Mit einer Ausstellung ließe sich das ändern. Für eine solche Ausstellung böte sich das Ethnologische Museum Berlin an, besitzt es doch einen der wenigen noch erhaltenen Possumfellumhänge aus dem 19. Jahrhundert.

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66 Reynolds 2005.
67 Reynolds 2005: 33.
68 Lee Darroch erwähnt an dieser Stelle das Einbrennen der Muster in die Innenseite der Pelze. Im 19. Jahrhundert wurden die Muster mithilfe scharfer Muschelschalen eingeritzt.

Kinder des Holocaust: Untersuchungen zum australischen Film *The Dunera Boys*

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1 Bedeutsamkeit des Themas

William Faulkners Satz „die Vergangenheit ist niemals tot. Sie ist nicht einmal vergangen“ (Faulkner 1960: 44) beschreibt sehr treffend die Nachwirkungen der Ereignisse des Zweiten Weltkriegs, deren Schatten noch immer über uns liegen. Während dieser Zeit ereigneten sich viele Dinge, und manche von ihnen sind auch heute noch einem Großteil der Bevölkerung unbekannt. Eines dieser Ereignisse ist die Geschichte der *Dunera Boys*. Ein Jahr nach Ausbruch des Zweiten Weltkriegs befürchtete die britische Regierung eine Invasion der Nationalsozialisten. Nachdem sie jüdische männliche Flüchtlinge als mögliche deutsche Spione verdächtigte, wurden diese als feindliche Ausländer (*enemy aliens*) inhaftiert. Hierbei handelte es sich um 75 000 Juden, wovon mehr als 2 000 mit der *Dunera* nach Australien verschifft wurden und dort, in zwei Lagern interniert, 1,5 Jahre verbrachten. (Lipman 2003).

Die Geschichte der *Dunera Boys*, der ehemaligen Passagiere des Schiffes, ist in Australien ziemlich bekannt und dort Thema von Dokumentarfilmen, literarischen Werken und Ausstellungen. In anderen Ländern jedoch weiß man wenig darüber. Eine Gedächtnisplakette außerhalb des Maritimmuseums in Sydney erinnert an die Geschehnisse (Lipman 2003). Diese sind insofern von eminent historischer Bedeutung, als diese Ereignisse einen dunklen Punkt in der Geschichte Australiens und Großbritanniens darstellen, der auch lange versucht wurde, geheim zu halten. Dies erklärt auch, warum sowohl Großbritannien, als auch Australien nicht gerne Einsicht in die Ereignisse der Verschiffung und Internierung der *Dunera Boys* geben, weshalb das *Home Office* eine 100-jährige Sperre auf alle relevanten

Dokumente erhoben hat (Pearl 1990: v). Die Bedeutung dieser Ereignisse für die betroffenen Menschen und ihr nachfolgendes Leben zeigt sich im regen Interesse an Treffen Überlebender, die jedes Jahr Anfang September, am Jahrestag ihrer Ankunft in Sydney und nur wenige Meter von ihrer damaligen Anlegestelle entfernt, stattfindet (Lipman 2003).

Der australische Film *The Dunera Boys* (1985) von Ben Lewin beschäftigt sich mit diesen Geschehnissen. Im vorliegenden Artikel wird auf die historischen Ereignisse eingegangen, sowie exemplarisch der Film *The Dunera Boys* dargestellt und interpretiert. Die Interpretation des Films erfolgt aus einem psychologischen Blickwinkel. Hierbei liegt der Schwerpunkt auf den Gefühlen der Betroffenen sowie deren Umgang mit dem durch die Schiffsreise und der anschließenden Internierung erlebten Traumas und dessen Auswirkungen. Außerdem wird auf die Verwendung von Musik als weiterem wichtigem Element eingegangen. Hierbei werden Vergleiche zu den Berichten von Zeitzeugen gezogen. Der vorliegende Beitrag greift nur einige Aspekte heraus. Eine weitergehende Darstellung der historischen Ereignisse sowie die Interpretation des Films findet sich in Konzelmann (2006).

2 Historisches Bedingungsfeld – eine Skizze

Im Zeitraum zwischen der Machtergreifung Hitlers und dem Ausbruch des Zweiten Weltkriegs im Jahre 1939, flohen ca. 100 000 Menschen aus Deutschland, Österreich, Italien und Tschechien nach Großbritannien. Viele von ihnen warteten auf eine Einreiseerlaubnis in ein anderes Land, vorwiegend in die USA. Einige von ihnen waren vollkommen in die britische Arbeitswelt sowie das kulturelle Leben integriert. Die Flüchtlinge, die nach England kamen, wurden von der britischen Bevölkerung und Regierung meist freundlich aufgenommen und als „friendly enemy aliens“ (Pearl 1990: 1) bezeichnet.

Mit Ausbruch des Krieges in England am 3. September 1939 wurden Ausländer in Großbritannien in drei Kategorien eingeteilt. Die Zuordnung wurde folgendermaßen vorgenommen: Alle, die Kategorie A zugeteilt wurden, sollten interniert werden, da sie ein mögliches Sicherheitsrisiko darstellten. Menschen in Kategorie B sollten weiterhin frei bleiben, allerdings mussten sie sich Restriktionen unterwerfen. Ausländer in Kategorie C sollten frei bleiben (Bartrop & Eisen 1990: 19). In den ersten Monaten des sogenannten *phoney war* wurde die lange Tradition der Toleranz aufrechterhalten. Die freundliche und verständnisvolle Haltung der Öffentlichkeit, der Presse und auch der Autorität blieb bis zur dritten Januarwoche 1940 bestehen, als plötzlich eine Kampagne

gegen Flüchtlinge in der Presse erschien, v. a. im *Sunday Express* und im *Daily Sketch*. Pearl (1990: 6) beschreibt, dass der Ausgangspunkt dieser Kampagne sicherlich die Armee gewesen sei, mit dem Ziel, die Öffentlichkeit auf die Internierung aller Flüchtlinge vorzubereiten. Woche für Woche veröffentlichten diese beiden Zeitungen Geschichten über Flüchtlinge, die Spione oder Saboteure waren. Diese Kampagne hielt monatelang an. So verbreitete sich in Großbritannien immer mehr die Angst vor feindlichen Agenten, die sich möglicherweise auch als Juden getarnt haben könnten (Lipman 2003).

Als die militärische Situation sich immer mehr verschlechterte, und eine Invasion der Deutschen Armee in England wahrscheinlich schien, wurden zunehmend strengere Maßnahmen ergriffen. So wurden Flüchtlinge aller Kategorien bis zu einem Alter von 70 Jahren interniert. Unter ihnen waren viele ausgezeichnete deutsche und österreichische Künstler, Ärzte, Wissenschaftler und Gegner der Nationalsozialisten (Pearl 1990: 5 f).

Unter den Internierten waren laut des *High Commissioners* des Vereinigten Königreichs in Australien, Sir Geoffrey Whiskard, 2 500 Anhänger der Nationalsozialisten, die im Falle einer Fallschirmlandung oder Invasion eine Gefahr darstellten. Außerdem gab es noch mehrere tausend deutsche und italienische Kriegsgefangene, unter ihnen auch Mitglieder der italienischen faschistischen Partei. Sir Geoffrey betonte, dass diese gefährlichen Menschen und deren Bewachung eine Belastung für Großbritannien seien, und sie deshalb schnellstmöglich außerhalb des Landes interniert werden sollten. Die kanadische Regierung hatte sich schon bereiterklärt, 4 000 Internierte und 3 000 Gefangene aufzunehmen. Daraufhin beschloss Australien, 6 000 Internierte und Kriegsgefangene zuzulassen. Insgesamt drei Schiffe sollten in Australien ankommen (Pearl 1990: 13 f). Bis zur Information der BBC, dass am 2. Juli 1940 ein Schiff, die *Arandora Star*, auf ihrem Weg nach Kanada mit 1 500 deutschen und italienischen Internierten vor der Westküste Irlands von einem U-Boot angegriffen worden war und gesunken sei, wusste die britische Öffentlichkeit nichts von der Deportierung Internierter (Pearl 1990: 14f).

3 Kurze Vorstellung des Films

Der Film *The Dunera Boys* erschien im Jahre 1985 in Australien und war später auch in Amerika und England (http://movies.nytimes.com/movie/14964/The-Dunera-Boys/overview) zu sehen. 20 Jahre nach seiner Entstehung, im Jahre 2005, wurde der Film auch zum ersten Mal in Deutschland, beim „11. Jewish Film Festival Berlin und Potsdam“, gezeigt (http://www.aviva-

berlin.de/aviva/content_Kultur_ Film.php?id=5668). Die Spieldauer beträgt 150 Minuten und unter den Schauspielern sind u. a. Stars wie Bob Hoskins (Morrie Mendellsohn), Joseph Spano (Alexander Engelhardt), Warren Mitchell (Herr Baum) oder Moshe Kedem (Rabbi Aronfeld). Regisseur und Drehbuchautor ist Ben Lewin, der am 6. August 1946 in Polen geboren wurde, mehrere Jahre in Australien verbrachte und seit 1994 in Los Angeles lebt (http://www.theage.com.au/news/film/making-it-intinseltown/2005/07/05 /1120329433568. html).

Der Film *The Dunera Boys* erzählt die Geschichte zweier Männer. Dabei handelt es sich zum einen um Alexander Engelhardt, einen Violinisten, der erst vor kurzem aufgrund der historischen Ereignisse von Österreich nach Großbritannien geflüchtet ist. Zum anderen geht es um Morrie Mendellsohn, „Kosher-Cockney"-Fischhändler aus London, der schon sehr lange in Großbritannien lebt. Alexander lernt Morries Schwester Naomi Mendellsohn kennen, und die beiden verlieben sich ineinander. Doch als der Krieg ausbricht, werden Alexander und Morrie verhaftet und zusammen mit anderen Juden an Bord der *Dunera* gebracht. Der Film erzählt die Erlebnisse ihrer Reise, die mit der Ankunft in Australien und der Internierung der Männer endet. Im Lager selbst entwickelt sich bald ein reges kulturelles Leben, wobei die Musik hier eine zentrale Rolle spielt. Morrie, der schon seit seiner Jugend Geige spielen wollte, erhält hier endlich die Möglichkeit dazu. Ihre Zeit im Lager endet, als der Krieg in Australien ausbricht.

Die Handlung des Films findet an verschiedenen Orten statt. So sind sowohl Österreich, Großbritannien als auch Australien Schauplätze, wobei der jeweilige Handlungsort durch einen Schriftzug im Film dargestellt wird. Die Sprache des Films ist Englisch, wobei er ebenfalls deutschsprachige Ausschnitte enthält. Um die Interpretation von *The Dunera Boys* zu erleichtern, wurde er von der Verfasserin des vorliegenden Beitrags in drei Akte unterteilt, wobei der erste Akt von der Zeit vor der Verschiffung handelt, Akt zwei sich auf die Erlebnisse auf der *Dunera* bezieht, und Akt drei von der Ankunft in Australien bis zum Schluss des Filmes reicht. Bei Zitaten aus dem Film oder Hinweisen zu bestimmten Sequenzen, wird in Klammern die genaue Laufzeit des Films angegeben.

3.1 Beschreibung der Ereignisse an Bord der Dunera und im Lager Hay mit Darstellung entsprechender Filmausschnitte

Der Schwerpunkt der vorliegenden Interpretation liegt auf den Gefühlen der Internierten, ihrem Umgang mit dem durch die Schiffsreise und der anschließenden Internierung erlebten Traumas sowie der Bedeutung der Musik.

Allerdings erfolgt in diesem Artikel eine Konzentration auf Ausschnitte, die die Umsetzung der historischen Ereignisse im Film zeigen. Hier stehen v .a. Reaktionen der Figuren auf diese neuen Lebensumstände sowie die Bewältigung des Alltags im Vordergrund.

3.1.1 Die Verhaftung von Alexander Engelhardt und Morrie Mendellsohn

Die Verhaftung von Alexander Engelhardt markiert einen Wendepunkt im Film. Aus der latenten Bedrohung wird nun eine konkrete. Die Kamera zeigt zwei Polizisten, die das Haus, in dem Alexander Engelhardt wohnt, betreten. Parallel dazu erklingt Niccolò Paganinis Violinkonzert Nr.2 Rondo B Minor, ein Stück, das im Film immer eine bevorstehende Gefahr suggeriert. An seinem Gesichtsausdruck kann der Zuschauer sehen, wie irritiert und verwirrt Alexander ist.

Auch Morrie wird verhaftet (26:03). Ein Polizist kommt zu seinem Fischstand und erkundigt sich nach Morrie Mendellsohn. Hier erkennt der Zuschauer an Morries Reaktion, dass er sich unwohl und ängstlich fühlt. Dies zeigt sich u. a. daran, dass er den Polizisten an seinen Vater verweisen möchte, da dieser sich um geschäftliche Angelegenheiten kümmert. Den Polizisten interessiert aber nur dessen Alter. Als er erfährt, dass Herr Mendellsohn senior bereits 72 Jahre alt ist, schaut der Polizist nochmals in einem Schreiben nach, in dem die Rede davon ist, nur Männer zwischen 16 und 70 Jahren zu verhaften. Hier greift Lewin die in Kapitel 2 berichteten historischen Ereignisse auf. Auch, dass die Verhafteten unvorbereitet waren, entspricht den Berichten von Zeitzeugen (Bartrop & Eisen 1990: 154). Als Morrie realisiert, dass es um ihn selbst geht, wird er auf einmal ganz kleinlaut und bittet den Polizisten um ein paar Minuten Zeit. Er scheint zu wissen, dass er für längere Zeit nicht da sein wird, denn er bittet die Besitzerin des benachbarten Marktstands, sich um seinen Vater zu kümmern. Im Polizeiauto trifft Morrie auf zwei weitere Männer. Er fragt den Polizisten nach der Identität dieser Männer, woraufhin dieser antwortet: „Enemy aliens. Germans“ (27:40). Daraufhin setzt sich Morrie neben die beiden und fragt in vorlautem Ton, woher sie kommen. Einer von beiden, Rabbi Aronfeld, antwortet ihm mit stoischer Ruhe „from Dachau“ (28:49), woraufhin Morrie die beiden ungläubig anschaut. Wahrscheinlich hatte er nicht damit gerechnet, denn sein Verhalten ändert sich plötzlich, und er schaut ängstlich umher, zieht sich zurück und scheint nachzudenken. Dem Zuschauer wird auch hier deutlich, dass er sich sehr unwohl fühlt und innerlich aufgewühlt ist. Morrie kann nicht verstehen, was er hier soll und erklärt: „I’m English. I’m not one of them“ (29:23). Des Weiteren erläutert er: „They made a mistake“ (29:36). Dies könnte eine Anspielung auf Winston

Churchills Aussage sein, dass die Verschiffung und Internierung dieser Menschen „a deplorable mistake“ (Pearl 1990: v) war. Im Verlauf des Gesprächs zwischen den beiden weiteren Insassen des Autos wird deutlich, dass sie alle für Spione gehalten werden, was in Morrie noch größere Unruhe auslöst. Er schaut verzweifelt und verängstigt durch das vergitterte Fenster. Hier greift Ben Lewin die in Kapitel 2 beschriebene Tatsache auf, dass auch Männer, die schon sehr lange in England lebten, verhaftet wurden. Bei Morrie kann man sehr deutlich die Auswirkungen des ersten Schocks erkennen, als er von den Polizisten mitgenommen wird. Zuvor hatte er seine Schwester wie ein kleines Kind behandelt, Wutausbrüche gezeigt und eifersüchtig reagiert, als er annahm, seine Schwester habe einen Freund oder Geliebten („You can tell her if there is only one bleeding virgin left in this street it will be in this house“, 12:32). Auch zu seinen Kunden auf dem Markt ist er unfreundlich und zeichnet sich durch seine raue Art aus. Außerdem bevormundet er seinen Vater, der mit ihm zusammen den Fischverkauf auf dem Markt betreibt. Jetzt ist sein Verhalten durch Unsicherheit und Angst gekennzeichnet. In diesem ersten Akt zeigt Ben Lewin sehr deutlich, dass die Verhafteten auf diesen plötzlichen Umbruch in ihrem Leben mit Verwirrung und Angst vor der Zukunft reagieren.

3.1.2 Auf der HMT Dunera

Der realhistorischen Überlieferung zufolge verließ die *HMT* (*Hired Military Transport*) *Dunera* Liverpool am 10. Juli 1940 mit Ziel Sydney. Das Transportschiff, dessen maximale Fracht 1 600 Menschen betrug, war mit fast 3 000 Menschen stark überladen. Die meisten von ihnen waren politische oder jüdische Flüchtlinge und erbitterte Feinde der Nationalsozialisten, meist Überlebende der *Arandora Star*. Einige von ihnen waren zuvor schon in Konzentrationslagern gewesen, und fast alle gehörten Kategorie C an. Manche von ihnen hatten sich aufgrund von Versprechungen freiwillig gemeldet, nach Übersee zu gehen. Über das Ziel ihrer Reise wussten die Passagiere nichts. Allerdings wurde angenommen, dass es in die USA oder nach Kanada ginge (Pearl 1990: 18 f).

Zu Beginn des zweiten Aktes (29:56) zeigt die Kamera das offene Meer und darauf ein einzelnes Schiff. Dann erhält der Zuschauer einen Blick auf dessen Deck und sieht, wie die Passagiere exerzieren und hintereinander im Kreis laufen müssen, bewacht von einem Soldaten. Sie zittern vor Kälte und versuchen, sich durch Reibung zu wärmen. Der Soldat beendet das Exerzieren mit den Worten: „Thanks a lot“ (39:41) und der Zuschauer erhält ein eher humanes Bild. Dies ändert sich aber, als kurz danach der Offizier auftritt und ihm zeigt, wie er sich den

Passagieren gegenüber zu verhalten hat. Es scheint, als sei ihm der Umgangston seines Untergebenen nicht rau genug gewesen. Er brüllt einen der Inhaftierten an: „You bastard should have been shot“ (30:59) und: „Go on, move you animals“ (31:16). Dieses degradierende Verhalten setzt sich im Laufe der gesamten Schiffsreise fort.

Die hygienischen Bedingungen sind katastrophal. So gibt es, wie von Zeitzeugen beschrieben, lange Schlangen vor den Toiletten (Pearl 1990: 24 f). Es scheinen für die gesamten Männer nur zwei Toiletten vorhanden zu sein, und manche halten das Warten kaum mehr aus. Allerdings wird der Zustand der sanitären Anlagen im Film nicht so drastisch dargestellt, wie von Augenzeugen beschrieben. Was das Schlaflager betrifft, so sieht man Menschen in Hängematten und andere an Tischen sitzend, aber die Überfüllung und die entsetzlichen Zustände an Bord, wie sie Zeitzeugen beschrieben hatten, wie beispielsweise Urin und Erbrochenes auf dem Boden und Menschen, die darin schlafen, sind nicht zu sehen (Wilczynski 2001: 48-50). Nach den Ereignissen an Bord, insbesondere dem Exerzieren unter unmenschlichen Bedingungen, bittet eine Gruppe der Inhaftierten, angeführt vom Baron, der laut eigenen Angaben in Akt eins früher selbst in der Wehrmacht war, Rabbi Aronfeld darum, mit den englischen Soldaten zu sprechen. Die Inhaftierten befürchten, dass die Soldaten gar nicht informiert seien, um wen es sich bei den Passagieren handelte (37:58). Als Rabbi Aronfeld jedoch ablehnt, da er nicht davon ausgeht, dass ein Rabbiner von den Briten respektiert wird, bietet sich Herr Baum an. Er erklärt eifrig, dass er Geschäftsmann sei und sich mit den Briten auskenne („I know them exactly and I know what they want“, 39:10). An seinem Verhalten erkennt man deutlich, wie sehr er sich durch die Ereignisse verändert hat. War er in Akt eins noch überheblich und zeigte seine Macht, als es beispielsweise um das Affidavit von Axelrod ging, oder als er bei einem Telefonanruf anordnete: „Tell him to make an appointment“ (03:36), so verhält er sich jetzt fast unterwürfig und erinnert an ein kleines Kind. Nun sitzt er auch - im wahrsten Sinne des Wortes - mit Axelrod in einem Boot. Beim nächsten Exerzieren, als die Sonne wieder unerbittlich scheint und die Inhaftierten fast zusammenbrechen, geht Herr Baum, sich den Schweiß von der Stirn wischend, auf einen der Offiziere zu, stellt sich vor und zeigt all seine Dokumente, einschließlich seines Affidavits für Amerika. Dann setzt er zu seiner Bitte an: „It’s shocking hot. Shocking. We should do this maybe in the morning or in the evening“ (40:15). Man merkt, dass ihm das Sprechen schwer fällt, was sicherlich auf seinen schlechten Gesundheitszustand infolge der Hitze und der miserablen Bedingungen an Bord zurückzuführen ist. Die einzige Antwort, die er auf seine Anfrage erhält, ist ein Fußtritt, der ihn zu Boden fallen lässt. Außerdem zerreißt der Offizier Baums gesamte Papiere und wirft sie über Bord. Baum schreit und bäumt sich auf. Diese körperliche Reaktion ist Ausdruck seines seelischen Schmerzes. All seine

Hoffnungen und die scheinbare Sicherheit für die Zukunft sind nun über Bord. Das brutale Verhalten der Bewacher erinnert an das „Stanford-Gefängnisexperiment“ von Philip Zimbardo[69] aus dem Jahre 1971, das auf drastische Weise belegt, inwieweit die Übernahme einer bestimmten Rolle selektiv bestimmte Verhaltensweisen begünstigt. So nutzten die Wärter ihre überlegene Rolle extrem aus und wurden in nur wenigen Tagen zu Sadisten, während die Gefangenen Anzeichen von Depressionen und extremem Stress zeigten (Haney, Banks & Zimbardo 1973: 5-10).

Während der gesamten Handlung an Bord des Schiffes ist immer wieder das Gebrüll der Soldaten und Offiziere im Hintergrund zu hören. Die Reaktionen der Häftlinge zeigen ihren Versuch, den Bedingungen an Bord nicht hilflos ausgeliefert zu sein, sondern etwas an ihrer Situation zu ändern. Dadurch reduzieren sie ihre Hilf- und Machtlosigkeit, die für das Erleben eines Traumas typisch sind, zumindest vorübergehend.

Der Kontrast zwischen Musik und Dargestelltem zeigt sich im folgenden Ausschnitt des zweiten Akts besonders deutlich: Die Kamera zeigt den Bug des Schiffes, wie es durch die Wellen gleitet und das bei strahlendem Sonnenschein, der so stark ist, dass die Sonne blendet. Dazu ertönt ein Walzer (36:50); die Atmosphäre scheint fröhlich und Urlaubsstimmung breitet sich aus. Dann schwenkt die Kamera um, und man sieht den Boden des Decks, auf dem sich die Sonne reflektiert und auf den Holzplanken erscheinen die Schatten der Inhaftierten, die bei unerträglicher Hitze an Bord exerzieren. Sie gehen stark gebückt, und man sieht an ihren Schatten, dass sie sehr erschöpft sind. Als dann die Kamera auf die Menschen gerichtet wird, sieht der Zuschauer, dass manche kaum mehr stehen können und von anderen Inhaftierten gestützt werden müssen. Einige können nicht mehr gerade gehen und taumeln umher. Hinzu kommt, dass der Offizier seine Soldaten dazu anhält, die Inhaftierten auf keinen Fall ausruhen zu lassen. Die Demütigung geht noch weiter, als der Offizier sagt: „They’re not human beings they’re scum. Remember that“ (37:19).

Der von vielen Zeitzeugen berichtete Toilettenmangel wird auch sichtbar, als der Baron ansteht und ihm der Schweiß über das Gesicht läuft (Wilczynski 2001: 48-50). Als er die Toilette letztendlich betritt, steht ein anderer Mann auf der Toilette und schaut durch ein Bullauge an Deck. Der Baron ist wütend und fährt ihn an, wieso er das tue, wo die anderen doch so dringend auf Toilette müssten. Als er jedoch ebenfalls nach draußen schaut, traut er seinen Augen kaum. Während der Kaiserwalzer von Johann Strauß in einer Klaviertriobesetzung mit Geige und Streichern beschwingt erklingt (42:06), sieht man, wie die Soldaten das Gepäck

der Inhaftierten durchwühlen und die Koffer mit ihren Bajonetten aufbrechen. Das Ganze hat Volksfestcharakter; die Soldaten sind fröhlich, werfen Kleidung umher, oder probieren sie an. Dokumente werden entwendet oder einfach über Bord geworfen. Die Soldaten scheinen dabei viel zu Spaß zu haben und gehen sehr unachtsam mit den Dingen um, die für andere ihr Leben bedeuten. Hier tritt wieder die paradoxe Verwendung von Musik und Handlung zutage, die die Absurdität dieser gesamten Situation darstellen möchte. Die Kamera zeigt auch auf Herrn Baum, der das Ganze durch ein Bullauge beobachtet. Seine entsetzt aufgerissenen Augen zeigen deutlich den Aufruhr, den diese Bilder in ihm auslösen.

3.1.3 Ankunft in Australien

Akt drei beginnt mit einem Originalfilmausschnitt. Dies fällt auf, da er in schwarz-weiß, und der Rest des Films in Farbe gestaltet ist. Hier ist zu lesen: „Enemy prisoners arrive“ (44:04) und ein Kommentator berichtet: „It is the first time in 40 years that soldiers from the mother country have set foot on Australian soil.” (44:18). Die Soldaten an Land salutieren, und es sind viele Menschen versammelt. Dann werden die aussteigenden Soldaten von den Menschenmassen bejubelt, die englische Nationalhymne ertönt, die Atmosphäre ist fröhlich und hat Volksfestcharakter. Ein Gespräch unter den Wartenden zeigt, dass alle davon ausgehen, die Passagiere seien gefährlich. Als erster Passagier geht Rabbi Aronfeld von Bord und trägt eine Tora mit sich. Der Stimme des Kommentators ist sein Erstaunen anzumerken, als immer mehr schwarz gekleidete Männer aus dem Bauch des Schiffes hervortreten. Auch die australischen Soldaten sind verunsichert, und das Erstaunen einiger macht sich im abrupten Aussetzen der Musik und in ungläubigen Blicken bemerkbar. Ein Fotograf läuft nach vorne, um sofort ein Foto von dieser ungewöhnlichen Situation zu machen, doch ein Polizist versucht, ihn zurückzuhalten. Diese Ankunft scheint wohl nicht dem zu entsprechen, was erwartet wurde. Dann ruft auf einmal jemand aus der Menge „murderer“ (46:47) und plötzlich werden die ankommenden Gefangenen mit Obst und Gemüse beworfen und das Orchester nimmt seine Musik wieder auf. Ein Gespräch zwischen Alexander und Herrn Baum zeigt, dass die Inhaftierten noch immer nicht wissen, wo sie sind: „I don’t think this is America, Mr. Baum“ (47:26). Dann erfolgt ein Schnitt, und die Kamera zeigt einen Zug, der gerade durch eine grüne Wiese fährt (47:36). Anschließend erfolgt ein Blick auf die Insassen. Rabbi Aronfeld und die anderen orthodoxen Juden singen Lieder. Als einer der Soldaten erscheint, versucht er, mit den Inhaftierten in einer Sprache zu reden, die keiner versteht und ist sehr erstaunt, als Morrie ihn fragt, warum er nicht Englisch spricht. Das gegensätzliche Verhalten der australischen Soldaten im Vergleich zu den britischen zeigt sich, als der gerade beschriebene Soldat an der

Schulter des Barons einschläft. Dieses friedliche Bild erscheint nach den vorherigen Geschehnissen auf dem Schiff fast absurd.

3.1.4 Leben im Lager

Der Film *The Dunera* Boys zeigt das Leben im Lager und das fast freundschaftliche Verhältnis zwischen Bewachern und Internierten. So erhalten die Bewohner des Lagers z.B. Instrumente für die rituelle Schlachtung der Tiere. Auch ansonsten findet ein reges kulturelles Leben statt. Es gibt eine Schuhmacher- und eine Uhrmacherwerkstatt sowie einen Zahnarzt, der mit primitivsten Mitteln arbeitet. Des Weiteren wurden ein Chor und ein Orchester gegründet, die von Alexander Engelhardt geleitet werden.

3.1.5 Atmosphäre im Lager und Bedeutung der Musik

Im Lager erhält Morrie die Gelegenheit, Geige zu erlernen: Das Ergebnis wird im dritten Akt des Films gezeigt. Morrie, der eine Violine in der Hand hält, und Alexander Engelhardt sind zu sehen (02:04:57). Die Kamera zeigt Morries Gesicht, das sehr skeptisch wirkt und auch, als ob ihm die gesamte Situation etwas unangenehm sei. Alexander Engelhardt bittet ihn, seine Augen zu schließen und beim Streichen der Saite an Liebe zu denken. Dieses Bild, das der Zuschauer nun im Kopf hat, wird durch das Quietschen des Bogens in der Realität zerstört. Anschließend zeigt die Kamera Morrie beim Vorspiel, begleitet von Colonel Berry am Klavier. Hier wird nun die Vereinigung von Internierten und Bewachern durch das Miteinander im Musizieren vollzogen. Morrie spielt „Eine kleine Frühlingsweise“ von Antonin Dvorák und man kann sehen, wie stolz er ist. Er strahlt über das ganze Gesicht und sieht in seinen Lederhosen richtig liebenswert aus. Auf einmal wird Colonel Berry jedoch weggerufen, da es neue Nachrichten gibt. Auch die Zuhörer beginnen zu gehen, aber Morrie bleibt vorne stehen und brüllt: „Where are you going? We ain’t finished yet you ignorant bastards!“ (02:06:32). Dann ertönt tosender Applaus und Morrie verbeugt sich. Man sieht, dass eine Radiomeldung berichtet, dass Japan Australien angegriffen hat und sich nun alle Australier bereit machen müssen. Colonel Berrys Reaktion auf die Nachricht scheint alle zu verwundern, denn er bricht in Freudengeschrei aus und ruft: „It’s on. It’s really on. It’s war“ (02:07:32). Er freut sich, dass nun endlich er und die Internierten aus dem Lager herauskommen. Langsam ziehen die Soldaten ab.

Der Film endet mit dem Blick auf ein Gemälde, das u. a. Morrie am Tage seines Geigenkonzerts zeigt. Hierzu erklingt noch einmal sein Auftritt (02:17:32). Der Blick der Kamera geht über die Dächer der Baracken hinweg, zeigt den Aufenthaltsplatz und den strahlend blauen Himmel. Nach Morries Auftritt ertönt wieder das Klatschen und sein Ausspruch: „Where are you going? We ain't finished yet you ignorant bastards?" (02:28:33). Dies möchte wahrscheinlich zeigen, dass Morries Geist hier weiterlebt. Mit dieser Szene endet auch der Film. Nach einer kurzen Pause folgt der Abspann, erneut mit der Musik des Vorspanns.

4 Zusammenfassung

Der Film *The Dunera Boys* zeigt sehr deutlich einige der von Zeitzeugen beschriebenen Zustände, zeichnet gleichzeitig aber ein etwas positiveres Bild, v. a. was die Zustände an Bord des Schiffes betrifft. Die Berichte von Zeitzeugen, wonach die Gefangenen auf engstem Raum, z. T. auf Bänken oder Tischen und im Erbrochenen der Anderen schlafen mussten, wurden nicht dargestellt. Ebensowenig die grausamen Durchsuchungen durch die Besatzung des Schiffes.

Der Film zeigt, wie die Figuren ihre Kultur und Heimat bewahren und somit den Alltag so lebenswert wie möglich gestalten und auf ihre Weise versuchen, mit der Situation zurechtzukommen. Dazu gehört ebenso das Ausüben ihrer Religion, wie der Aufbau eines kulturellen Lebens, einschließlich des Singens und Spielens deutscher Lieder und Musikstücke. Durch das Zusammenleben in einer Gruppe von Menschen mit ähnlichem Hintergrund wird das Bewahren der eigenen Identität ermöglicht. Der Film *The Dunera Boys* (1985) greift die Begebenheiten während des Zweiten Weltkriegs eingehend auf. Er zeigt die traumatischen Ereignisse des Holocaust und den Umgang der Figuren mit diesen Erlebnissen. Diese werden plötzlich gegen ihren Willen von ihrer Heimat und ihnen vertrauten Personen getrennt. Laut Voigt (2000: 14) ist „die Migration in allen Formen (...) eine den ganzen Menschen, seine Existenz, seinen Geist, sein Gemüt ergreifendes, aufrüttelndes und zumeist sein Wesen wandelndes Ereignis. Der Auswandernde oder Emigrierende nimmt Abschied für immer von der ihm vertrauten Umwelt, seiner Heimat mit der ihn bis dahin behütenden Familie, dem ihm vertrauten Kreis seiner Freunde, und der ihm bekannten größeren Gemeinschaft".

In diesem Film wird dargestellt, wie die jeweiligen Figuren ihren eigenen Weg finden, mit der neuen Situation zurechtzukommen. Ob jedoch Voigt (2000: 14) mit seiner Behauptung, dass unter den verschiedenen Formen der Migration, die Emigration „einerseits die schmerzhafteste, andererseits die beglückendste [ist],

weil sie das Leben bedeutet und eine über alles geschätzte Freiheit bringt, die mehr bedeutet, als die aufgegebene Heimat“, Recht hat, bleibt fraglich.

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69 Bei diesem Experiment sollten die Auswirkungen von Gefangenschaft auf die Psyche von Gefängnisinsassen untersucht werden. Hierzu wurden 21 psychisch gesunde Studenten per Los entweder der Rolle des Wärters oder des Gefängnisinsassen zugeteilt. Aufgabe der Wärter war es, Recht und Ordnung aufrechtzuerhalten, jedoch ohne Gewaltanwendung. Das gezeigte Verhalten ging letztlich weit über die Rollenerwartung hinaus. Nachdem die Wärter immer bösartiger wurden, musste das Experiment nach sechs Tagen verfrüht abgebrochen werden (Haney, Banks & Zimbardo 1973: 5-10).

'Connecting the dots': The Role of Psychology in Indigenous Australia

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> *"The greatest difficulty in improving Indigenous mental health is not finding data, but finding mechanisms to convince governments ... that to connect the unresolved trauma of dispossession, child removal, missionisation, racism and over-incarceration to contemporary distress is not adopting a "black armband view of history".*
>
> *The dots are on the page. There is a lack of political will to join them up."*

Relationships between Indigenous Australians and psychology have been the subject of a range of critical examinations over the last three decades, with psychology being characterised as an agent of colonialism, responsible for creating stereotypes of Indigenous Australians as primitive stone-age curiosities of low intelligence, designing education programs which have been directed at the destruction of Indigenous cultures, classifying Indigenous people as being mentally ill on the basis of culturally biased and inappropriate criteria, being actively complicit in the forced removal of Indigenous children from their families and failing to respond to the psychological distress caused by it.

While psychology has undoubtedly been involved in structuring relationships between Indigenous Australians and the broader Australian community, this involvement has typically been episodic, and has involved the application of psychological models to the confirmation and application of existing policies and practices rather than any sustained application of psychological theory to an analysis of the characteristics and effects of those policies. The lack of involvement of psychologists in Indigenous policy formulation or analysis is becoming increasingly significant given emerging evidence of the high levels of mental illness within Indigenous communities in Australia, the role of mental illness in contributing to the levels of social breakdown and violence within many Indigenous communities and the relative absence of coordinated strategies to overcome these problems.

The sources of these high levels of mental illness are described by Halloran (2004, n.p.)

> There is little doubt that in real and symbolic terms, Australian Aboriginal culture has been traumatized by the 'European invasion'. There is also little doubt that Aboriginal Australians suffer a poor state of social, psychological and physical health reflecting a general state of anxiety. … there is strong

> evidence to support the relationship between cultural destruction, cultural trauma, and the situation of Aboriginal people today.

Three major national reports during the early 1990s (The Australian Royal Commission Into Aboriginal Deaths In Custody National Report, 1991; the Human Rights & Equal Opportunity Commission's report on Human Rights and Mental Illness, 1994; and Swan & Raphael's 1995 "Ways Forward" report into Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Mental Health) identified the extent, nature and debilitating consequences of mental health issues within Indigenous communities. In the "Ways Forward" report it was noted that;

> … evidence was presented … that Aboriginal people suffered mental health problems such as depression at a very high rate, compared to non-Aboriginal people, that rates of self-harm and suicide are higher, and that substance abuse, domestic violence, child abuse and disadvantage contribute additional risk factors. (Swan & Raphael, 1995(a) Executive Summary, 1)

These reports are summarised by Eley, Hunter et.al. (2006) who note "All (three) reports acknowledge the need for increased and improved mental health services for Indigenous people and identify significant shortfalls in existing services." They further note, with reference to the RCIADIC and Burdekin report that "Both reports found that many mental health professionals have little understanding of Indigenous culture and society, resulting in frequent misdiagnosis and inappropriate treatment." These comments reflect similar concerns raised by a range of authors over the last decade criticizing the standard and appropriateness of services provided to Indigenous Australians by psychologists, arguing that psychologists operate within an ethnocentric neo-colonial Western framework and are largely ignorant of knowledge of Indigenous cultures, worldview, histories and contemporary situations. The strategies and models used by psychologists with Indigenous clients within a wide range of clinical, forensic, educational, clinical and organisational contexts have been described as inappropriate, ineffective and resting on cultural specific and inappropriate assumptions.

This paper explores the extent to which these criticisms are supported by evidence from the historical record, before examining the implications of this history for the role of psychology in contemporary Indigenous Australia.

A Brief History of Psychology and Indigenous Australians

The following discussion is based on an on-going project analysing a comprehensive bibliography of Psychology & Indigenous Australians. The

bibliography includes some 400 articles published since 1865 specifically relating to Psychology & Indigenous Australians. The patterning of these publications in Figure 1 shows the total number of publications within each 5 yearly interval from 1865 to 2005. As is apparent, there has been a dramatic increase in the rate of publication in the years from 1970 through to the present with over 50% of the total publications occurring since 1990.

Psychology has routinely been castigated for its role in creating images of Indigenous Australians as being of low intelligence. However, this image pre-dates any involvement of psychology by many decades. From the very beginnings of European settlement Indigenous Australians were stereotyped as being of low intelligence as a consequence of their assumed lowly position within the evolutionary ladder of social Darwinism. As Stuart Banner (2005, para 23) notes

> … it quickly became conventional British opinion that the Aborigines were the most primitive people in the world… Watkin Tench observed: 'But how inferior they show when compared with the subtle African; the patient watchful American; or the elegant timid islander of the South Seas.' British observers consistently ranked the Aborigines last in the hierarchy. They were 'far behind other savages,' 'the lowest link in the connection of the human races,' 'the lowest of the nations in the order of civilization.' They were compared unfavorably with the Maori, who were agriculturalists and were capable of being usefully employed by settlers, and with the Burmese and Malayans, who, unlike the Aborigines, were 'susceptible of civilization.' John Russell, the Secretary for the Colonies, contrasted the 'half-civilized' Indians of Canada with the Aborigines, who were 'little raised above the brutes.'

These attitudes, dating from 1788, precede the emergence of psychology as an academic discipline in Europe, were not based on any psychological research and were not supported any psychology publications. Indeed the first attempt to use psychology to explore Australian Indigenous characteristics can be found in early 19th century with the attempts by Barron Field, the first Supreme Court Judge in Australia and one of Australia's earliest and possibly worst poets, to use phrenology to support these early stereotypes:

> … Australian phrenologists believed that by measuring skulls they could prove that Aboriginal people were subhuman. In the words of Barron Field, the first Supreme Court Judge of New South Wales and an ardent phrenologist, 'The skull, the genius, the habits, of the Australians... have, in all of them, the degenerate Ethiopian character...'…According to Field,

> this ‘degenerate’ character precluded the civilisation of Aboriginal people, and confirmed the inevitability of their extinction” (Watson 2003).

The stereotype of Indigenous Australians as primitive and of low intelligence was well established within the first few years of white settlement in Australia, in the absence of any involvement of psychology. However, the failure of the initial missions and protectorates by the middle of the 19th century initiated the full development of the Aboriginal reserve system, the creation of official 'protection' agencies and eventually the implementation in all states of discriminatory legislation to control almost every aspect of Indigenous lives. These developments were firmly embedded in the social Darwinist beliefs about the future of Indigenous Australians, including the expectation that they were a dying race, that their passing years should be spent in isolation, protected from the rapidly developing European settlement, that these strategies were justified on the belief that Aboriginal people were intellectually incapable of becoming civilised and that their behaviour was based on instinct rather than intellect.

There was significant academic support for these views. Oldfield, writing in 1865, noted; “After 20, their mental vigour seems to decline, and at the age of 40 seems nearly extinct, instinct alone remaining”. Similarly, Wake, writing in 1872, explains the apparent contradiction between these models of black intellectual deficit with the skills Aborigines exhibited in their own environment: “The Australian natives exhibit a degree of mental activity which at first sight may be thought inconsistent with the childish position here assigned to them ... This activity results from ... the repeated exercise of the mind on the means of accomplishing the all-important end of obtaining food ... a development of the, lower intellectual faculties, somewhat disproportionate to the moral ideas with which they are associated” (1872:82).

These early writings about the intellectual capacities of Indigenous Australians provided scientific legitimation for the popular stereotypes of the day and the emerging Social Darwinist models and policies. However, again these early writings precede the establishment of psychology as a discipline, were not based on any kind of significant research within psychological paradigms and were not published within of the emerging psychological journals. Oldfield’s article appeared in the *Transactions of the Ethnographic society of London* while Wake’s “The mental characteristics of primitive man, as exemplified by the Australian Aborigines” and Dunn’s 1875 article, “Some remarks on ethnic psychology” both appeared in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*.

It is not until the establishment of the first psychology journal *(Mind*) in 1876 and the establishment of experimental laboratories (such as Wundt's laboratory in Leipzig in 1879) that Psychology begins to emerge as a separate academic discipline. Many of the early developments within the discipline drew significantly on Australian Indigenous examples in establishing psychology as an evolutionary science. Spencer, for example, in his 1855 *Principles of Psychology* placed great emphasis on the study of "the savage mind", drawing specifically on Indigenous Australian evidence while Freud also drew heavily of Aboriginal case studies in his *Totem & Taboo,* appropriately sub-titled "Some Points of Agreement Between the Mental Lives of Savages and Neurotics".

By the beginning of the twentieth century Aboriginal people had been stereotyped as primitive stone-age curiosities, had been largely constrained by legislation which denied them the freedoms accepted as rights by other Australians, and had been confined within reserves where they lived their lives under the direct control of white administrators. At the same time concepts of racial superiority were becoming well established in Australia, both in individual attitudes and in the structure and operation of the major social institutions of Australian society. These concepts were firmly based on an acceptance of the validity of racial typologies and the application of evolutionary theory to social and cultural differences. While the emerging discipline of psychology incorporated similar views it was not until the first half of the 20th century that psychology begins developing as a discipline in Australia generating a distinct body of literature exploring the characteristics of Indigenous Australians.

One of the first examples of using psychology to examine Aboriginal mental capacity can be found in Haddon's Torres Strait expedition in 1895. As part of this expedition C G Seligman had tested 'Aborigines from the Fitzroy and McKenzie River districts and found that their sensory and perceptual skills were much the same as those of Europeans. This evidence was largely ignored by later psychological research. Instead, research during this period was dominated by the development and application of the emerging field of psychometrics to identify Indigenous Australians as being of low intellectual capacity, probably for genetic reasons, such that they are portrayed as being incapable of being able to become fully functional citizens in 20th century Australia. Stanley Porteus initiated this research activity with his 1917 paper "Mental tests with delinquents and Australian Aboriginal children". This title reflected an equation of social deviance and cultural difference which characterized the next 30 years of psychometric research with Indigenous Australian children, providing strong support for the prevailing beliefs in the limited intelligence of Indigenous Australians.

Psychology was also implicated in the administration of the policies of segregation. In 1928 the Inspector General of the Insane for Victoria was commissioned by the SA Government to examine the intelligence of 39 boys and 25 girls at the Point Pearce Aboriginal Mission Station. He concluded that all 64 of them were mentally defective (Barnes, 1969). Similarly, the NSW State Psychological Clinic Annual report for the year ending 30th of June, 1929, included a discussion of "the estimated mentality of half-caste and full-blooded aboriginal children… The tests used in the study of aborigines were chiefly performance, i.e., Seguin Formboard, Porteus Maze Test." The report concluded; "Of the 85 children examined individually we found none bright by white standards. Twenty-six were average by white standards, 19 were regarded as definitely feeble-minded, and the remainder (40) as borderline and dull." The evidence from the Stolen Generations inquiry strongly suggests that throughout this period psychologists were also actively involved in implementing the forced removal of Indigenous children. As Bretherton & Mellor (2006:92) note "practicing psychologists working for welfare agencies after 1950 probably had a complicit role in many such cases".

In general, then, the psychological research being undertaken with Indigenous Australians during the first half of the twentieth century reflected the continuity between the social sciences and Social Darwinist models of evolutionary thought. The model of Aboriginal intelligence proposed by social Darwinists in the 19th Century has been confirmed by the psychometrics of the 20th century. Aborigines, and particularly Aboriginal children, were portrayed as having low intelligence, probably for genetic reasons.

Following the Second World War psychological interest in Indigenous Australians began diversifying. Psychoanalytic frameworks began emerging in the literature accompanied by a brief excursion into paranormal psychology. By 1963 there was a sufficient body of research to support Oeser & McElwain's 1963 review of psychological research with Indigenous Australians.

A further period of significant research activity emerged in the late 1960s following the introduction of the assimilation policies of the 1950s and early 1960s. Indigenous children began entering the state school system in significant numbers for the first time. At the same time, large numbers of immigrant children were also entering these schools. In both cases it was assumed that the children would become assimilated as rapidly as possible – that they would attend school and would catch measles, chicken pox and Australian culture. That is, assimilation would simply happen.

Of course it didn't. By the early 1960s problems were becoming pressing. Indigenous children were not succeeding at school with evidence emerging of high levels of truancy, behaviour problems, early school leaving and low attainment levels.

Education authorities turned to early intervention programs and compensatory education to solve the problems of Indigenous education and further the assimilation process. Compensatory education models rest very firmly on assumptions of cultural deprivation and cognitive deficit which resonated with the earlier psychometric research but required further confirmation. The decades of the 1960s and 1970s saw another increase in psychological research activity with Indigenous subjects and the application of this research to legitimate the proliferation of compensatory education (see, for example, de Lacey, 1970).

The bulk of the research was concerned with the intelligence, cognitive characteristics and psycho-linguistic abilities of the children, using standardized tests derived from overseas research undertaken with children from western cultures. To the extent that Aboriginal children performed poorly in these tests they were described as having intellectual, cognitive or psycho-linguistic deficits induced by living in inadequate, un-stimulating or culturally deprived environments. This research, and the 'deficit' interpretation of the results, provided one the major starting points for the development of compensatory education programs for Aboriginal children.

This increase in research activity coincided with two other major developments – the widespread forced removal of Indigenous children from their families and the emergence of a major debate within psychology about the impact of maternal deprivation on children.

The extent of the forced removal of Indigenous children has been widely reported and discussed following the publication of the *Bringing Them Home* report in 1997. As many as 1 in 5 Indigenous children were removed from their families, with the majority of these removals (about 80%) being girls. This removal was widespread during the two decades between 1950 & 1960 and psychologists were actively involved in aspects of this process, although the extent of this involvement remains poorly documented.

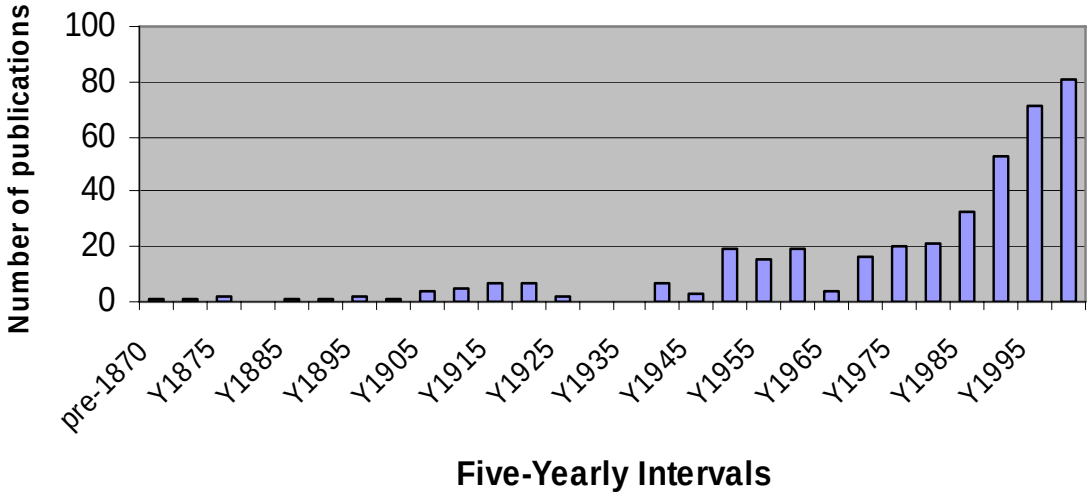
Over the same two decades there was a major debate within psychology over the impact of maternal deprivation on children, initiated by the publication of Bowlby's *Maternal Care and Mental Health* in 1951 and culminating with Michael Rutter's *Maternal Deprivation Reassessed* in 1981.

While psychologists in Australia were actively involved in this debate they failed to link the evidence or the theoretical models relating to maternal deprivation to the removal of Indigenous children from their mothers. As Bretherton & Mellor (2006:92 - 93) comment:

> Few White psychologists challenged the idea that taking Aboriginal children away from their families was in their best interests and, indeed, practicing psychologists working for welfare agencies after 1950 probably had a complicit role in many such cases... psychologists, with their knowledge of the impact of institutionalization and the breaking of family bonds and attachments, may be implicated for failing to protest against the removal of children from their Aboriginal mothers. Psychological theorizing and research … inform us that some of the consequences could have been predicted. Given the prominence of the debates on maternal deprivation during the 1950s to the 1970s, and psychologists' awareness of the complexity of psychosocial sequelae (*sic*) that tend to follow the breaking of bonds with primary caregivers, it is salutary to note psychologists' lack of concern for Aboriginal mothers and their children. … Psychology and psychologists could have used their disciplinary knowledge and social standing to act as advocates for Aboriginal children, but did not do so. While exceptional individual psychologists befriended Aboriginal people, a more empathic approach from the profession as a whole was not evident until after the publication of the inquiry report.

That is, then, during the 1960s, psychologists were aware of the potentially damaging effects of the removal of children from the mothers and families, were undertaking extensive research with Indigenous children and were actively involved in the removal of Indigenous children. The failure of psychology to identify the likely effects of these policies on the children and to undertake any kind of advocacy role remains one of the major failings of the profession in Australia**.**

Figure 1.
Total Publications in Indigenous Psychology in 5 year intervals



This period culminated with the publication of two texts; Kearney et.al. (1973) *The Psychology of Indigenous Australians* and Kearney & McElwain (1975) *Aboriginal Cognition*. These texts provided both an overview of psychological research and theory and a critical examination of the role of psychology in indigenous affairs. Neither text mentions the forced removal of children, or of the damaging effects of this removal on the children involved.

The period following the publication of these two texts saw the abandonment of the assimilation policies by the Commonwealth government, a dramatic decline in psychometrics based research with Aboriginal subjects and, as Figure 1 demonstrates, a significant increase in interest in other aspects of psychology and Indigenous Australians. While a detailed analysis of these developments is beyond the scope of the current paper some general comments on the patterning of these publications are relevant. The 1970s through to the 1990s saw significant developments in ethno-psychiatry, more critical analyses of the role of psychology in Indigenous Australia, increasing interest in exploring Indigenous values and attitudes, a low level of continuing interest in psychometrics and cognitive skills (with an emphasis on cognitive difference rather than deficit) and an emerging interest in mental health issues. Psychologists also began exploring issues of white attitudes and the psychology of Australian racism.

During the 1990s the literature continued to accelerate and diversify. Indigenous voices began appearing while psychological research into substance abuse,

violence, rehabilitation, racism and white attitudes continued, and the application of forensic psychology to Indigenous issues developed as a specialised area of study. The publication of *Working with Indigenous Australians* (Dudgeon, et.al., 2000) and the special edition of *The Australian Psychologist* (2000) dealing specifically with Indigenous issues reflect a growing interest in the role of psychology in therapeutic contexts.

This acceleration continued through the period 2000 – 2005 with some additional themes emerging including the development of guidelines for culturally appropriate psychological practices and the increased acceptance of alternative therapeutic models, particularly structured around grief and loss models. Indigenous voices are becoming much more apparent in the literature with publications by Westerman, Dudgeon, Koolmatrie. Garvey, Clark, Nolan, McDermott and others. The literature is also characterized by increasing interest in the development of cultural competence models for psychological practice, and the inclusion of such models in pre-service and in-service professional development. Psychometrics and cognitive based research have largely disappeared from the literature.

This dramatic increase in the involvement of psychology with Indigenous Australians has been generated by a number of factors. While the reconciliation process of the 1990s has been widely criticised, one of the positive outcomes was the adoption of statements of reconciliation by many professional bodies. These statements have provided a context within which professional bodies such as the Australian Psychological Society have needed to review their levels of involvement in Indigenous issues and generate specific policy statements.

Over the same period a range of public and well-publicized inquiries into Indigenous issues generated clear evidence of the deficiencies in the engagement of many professions with Indigenous clients. The *Report of the Royal Commission into Aboriginal Deaths in Custody*, the *Bringing Them Home* report and various reports on Indigenous mental health all provided critical comments on the role of psychology in Indigenous Australia. These comments have also spurred the profession to adopt a more active role.

The numbers of Indigenous students gaining qualifications within the professions since the 1970s also increased dramatically (from a very low base). Some of these early graduates are now working as academic staff within universities, while others are now in senior positions within youth services, health services, counselling, social welfare, education, and criminal justice systems creating a critical mass of Indigenous voices.

This brief historical overview clearly indicates that psychology has played a role in the construction and legitimation of colonization through the direct effects of research, through the use of psychological testing and through the participation of psychologists in the administration of policies such as compensatory education and the forced removal of children. There is also an extensive body of literature arguing that psychologists working as professionals with Indigenous clients are poorly informed about Indigenous issues, operate within a predominantly western professional model and use culturally inappropriate strategies in therapeutic, forensic and developmental contexts. However, it does need to be noted that there is virtually no research literature exploring the contexts, nature, characteristics or effects of psychologists working with Indigenous clients. This remains a major gap in the literature.

The failure of psychology to speak out on the forced removal of Indigenous children highlights a more significant issue in this history. Psychology, as a profession, has failed to actively engage in policy analysis and formulation or to undertake any advocacy role on behalf of Indigenous Australians. Psychologists have failed to use psychological models and frameworks to provide policy makers, professional staff and Indigenous communities with any sustained analysis of the psychological consequences of colonisation, the impacts of these consequences on Indigenous communities today or the need for policies to address mental illness as both a major cause and a major consequence of social problems.

Psychology, Mental Health & Indigenous Australians

The statistics on the nature and extent of mental illnesses within Indigenous Australians are not very reliable and may well be under-estimates given that Indigenous sufferers of mental illness may not attend clinics at all, may only attend when the problem is acute and may not identify or be recorded as Indigenous. However, despite these limitations, the available evidence clearly indicates that mental health is a major and growing issue. When Indigenous Australians are compared with non-Indigenous Australians

- The rate for involuntary admission to psychiatric care is 3 – 5 times higher
- The rate for hospitalisation with mental disorders due to psychoactive substance use is 4 -5 times higher
- The death rate associated with mental disorders for males is 3 times higher, but about the same for females.
- Rates for schizophrenia, schizotypal and delusional disorders are more than double

- The rates for illicit substance use are almost double the rate for non-Indigenous Australians
- Indigenous Australians are less likely to use alcohol than non-Indigenous Australians, but those who do use alcohol are more likely to be high risk users. The Australian Bureau of Statistics (2006) survey of alcohol consumption in Australia in 2004/5 notes that while a smaller proportion of Indigenous Australians report consuming alcohol in the survey period (49% compared to 62%) "…the proportion of Indigenous adults who reported drinking at risky/high risk levels was similar to that for non-Indigenous adults").
- Petrol sniffing is a major problem in remote communities.
- The suicide rates for Indigenous males are more than double the rate for non-Indigenous males. For females, the Indigenous rate is almost double the non-Indigenous rate.
- Rates of depression are widely reported as being much higher.

There is little doubt that Indigenous communities across Australia are characterised by high levels of mental distress and that these levels of mental distress contribute significantly to the levels of social breakdown within these communities. The issue is not a lack of evidence. As McDermott (2006:520) notes

> The greatest difficulty in improving Indigenous mental health is not finding data, but finding mechanisms to convince governments — ultimately, the program funders, workforce developers and agenda-setters — ... that to connect the unresolved trauma of dispossession, child removal, missionisation, racism and over-incarceration to contemporary distress is not adopting a 'black armband view of history'.
>
> The dots are on the page. There is a lack of political will to join them up.

Psychology has a major advocacy role to play in convincing governments of the need to address mental health issues as a priority. The impact of the historical and contemporary processes of colonisation on the psychological well-being of Indigenous Australians has been widely commented on but poorly documented in the research literature. As Silburn et.al. (2007:10) note:

> It is now generally accepted that both forced separation and forced relocation have had devastating consequences for Aboriginal children in terms of social and cultural dislocation and have impacted on the health and wellbeing of subsequent generations. However, until recently there has been little or no empirical data to scientifically document the nature and extent of these intergenerational effects.

There is an urgent need for psychologists to develop and apply effective models linking the psychological consequences of colonisation to the health and well-being of Indigenous Australians, exploring the cascading, trans-generational effects of trauma on Indigenous Australians as each generation responds to the trauma of the previous generation, deals with a new set of policies every generation and lives with the daily effects of poverty, the removal of children, family dislocation, domestic violence, childhood trauma, foetal alcohol syndrome, post-natal depression, racism and poor health. While there are well-developed models within psychology describing the psychological effects of trauma, these models are rarely applied to an examination of the effects of generations of trauma on Indigenous communities.

In the 1960s and 1970s psychology failed to use its understandings of the effects of maternal deprivation to speak out as a profession against the forced removal of children, failed to identify the predictable effects of these practices on subsequent generations, and failed to develop and implement therapeutic strategies to overcome these effects. Forty years later these predictable effects are now daily realities. It is important that psychology, as a profession, and psychologists as practitioners, respond to these realities in ways which they failed to do in the 1960s.

It is equally important that psychology engages in detailed analyses of the impact of these mental health issues on contemporary Indigenous communities, exploring the extent to which mental health issues contribute to violence, aggression, sexual abuse, child-rearing practices, responses to educational and health programs, and the emergence of behaviours which lead to the continuing high rates of removal of Indigenous children and the high rates of incarceration of Indigenous youth and adults.

Finally, it is important that psychology explores strategies and responses to the therapeutic needs of Indigenous Australians in mental distress. Psychology is well positioned to examine the effectiveness of a range of different therapeutic strategies with Indigenous clients. In undertaking these tasks psychology will need to question many of its current theoretical models and frameworks. How well do existing diagnostic criteria and assessment strategies extend across cultural boundaries? How do psychologists develop communication skills which effectively recognize the high levels of cultural diversity which characterize Indigenous Australians today? Does psychology need to move away from individualistic explanations based on ‘mental illness’ towards a more holistic explanations based on models of social & emotional well-being?

In exploring these questions psychology must enter into genuine partnerships with Indigenous psychologists, mental health workers, other professionals and

communities. It is important to empower them, to work closely with them and to ensure that their voices are heard. But it is equally important to recognise that psychology also has a major role to play in research, in the development and implementation of effective therapeutic processes, in policy formulation and in public advocacy. If Indigenous communities and cultures are to survive, the failures of the past must not be repeated in the future.

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Rapid Hobart - A history of acculturation

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Soccer fever grips the world every four years when the drama of the World Cup is played out. Tasmania too, had gripping soccer years in the second half of last century, mainly due to post-war migrants from Europe. The Mercury's sports reporter 'Winger' attests this with headlines such as 'Migrants' Big Soccer Role this Season' (Mercury 1/4/1958, 29) Indeed, it was migrants, particularly Austrians, who changed the face of Tasmanian soccer in the late 1950s. This essay explores the sporting history of German speaking immigrants and their children and the extent of their involvement in soccer at local levels in Tasmania. I will also show how soccer, apart from being the world's most popular game, functioned as an acculturation practice in Australia. I rely on John W. Berry's widely used definition of acculturation. Berry takes a multidimensional approach that places both cultures on different continuums indicating an individual's ability to maintain their culture of origin while adopting characteristics from other groups deemed appropriate for cultural adaptation (2005).

After the Second World War, Australia felt the need to increase its population intake. With the White Australia Policy still intact, Australia looked to Europe and signed immigration policies with countries such as Austria and Germany in 1952. In the *Encyclopaedia of the Nation* (Jupp, 67) we find that

> Australia gained the freedom to select desirable migrants (…) by means of treaties negotiated with a number of European countries, beginning with the Netherlands in February and with Italy in March 1951. Migration agreements were signed with Austria, Belgium, West Germany, Greece and Spain the following year.

This sparked a new wave of German speaking migrants to Australia, long after the first large-scale immigration wave from Germany in the nineteenth century. By the mid-twentieth century, the early migrants had settled and integrated into Australian society. Networks established by them had long since disappeared and were therefore not available to the German-speaking newcomers. As Ian Burnley notes, "While there had been significant German immigration to Australia in the nineteenth century and small-scale migration of refugee intelligentsia in the late 1930s from Germany, the post-war German settlers had to organise their own social institutions " (Burnley, 32).

While, as Stephen Alomes (2001, 130) points out, the established monoculture faced a number of challenges with the arrival of post-war immigrants from Europe, including "the multiculture of the shopping mall; the related multiculture of lifestyle diversity; and, rather less important, the multiculture of ethnically derived traditions," the new migrants faced the opposite challenge: how to gain a foothold in what they sometimes perceived as a hostile environment that rejected diversity. Some migrant groups concentrated in the inner urban areas of Australian mainland cities. European migrants arriving in Hobart during the 1950s often settled in the Springfield area where the newly released residential land afforded them cheap housing. It has been postulated that ethnic concentration "protected them from racism and discrimination, and made it easier for them to maintain and develop their own cultures, and formal institutions and informal networks of mutual aid that were vital both to newcomers and to other members of the community" (Burnley, 21).

Not familiar with cricket or Australian Rules football, the global sport of soccer provided European migrants in the twentieth century a transition from their home country to Australia. According to Roy Hay, soccer clubs "helped migrants to establish an identity that was both Australian and related to their homeland" (2002, 45). Many young European migrants enjoyed playing soccer and getting together with other people from their home-countries. Southern Tasmania had several soccer clubs with predominately ethnic identities such as Dutch, Greek, Italian and Scottish as well as two Australian teams. Like Ian Burnley, Johnny Warren also suggests that playing soccer provided migrants an escape from racism (2002, 28). Certainly, the links between sport and the social, political, economic, and cultural conditions cannot be overlooked (Polley, 4)

While on the mainland several Austrian soccer clubs had sprung up in the capital cities, Tasmania's Austrian migrant population was too small to put up its own team. The Austrian soccer player Otto Frick, for example, played with the Italian team Juventus. Otto Frick had migrated to Australia in 1954 in response to advertisements placed by the Australian government in Austrian newspapers to attract skilled migrants to Australia. Initially he worked at Butler's Gorge for 'Hoch und Tief Tasmania' and played for the 'Black Bears' of Liawenee, a German soccer team made up mainly of Hydro workers (Frick 2007). Frick was one of many young migrants from Austria who responded to Australia's drive for European migrants. In 1957 Frick met fellow Austrian Hubert Kaiser who was touring Tasmania on holiday. Kaiser and his brother August lived in Canberra and played soccer for the A.C.T. with soccer legends such as Les Scheinpflug (1994, 375), who as captain of the Australian team, achieved the first score in a World

Cup qualifier. “Many good players had arrived in Australia during the post-war influx, even though they went largely unrecognised by the Australian local community, and the quality of some of the new clubs that they formed was very high”, remembers Johnny Warren (28).

Spurred on by the success of the FK Austria Vienna team that toured Australia in 1957, Otto Frick and Hubert Kaiser decided that Tasmania also needed an Austrian soccer team. Kaiser promised to persuade some of his Austrian friends and fellow soccer players in Canberra to move to Tasmania so that a team could be founded. He kept his word and managed to entice not only his brother but also fellow Austrians Josef Deutsch, Karl Weber, Fritz Hattinger, Josef Rader and their Yugoslavian friends Ivo Krusic and H Becker to move to Tasmania for the all important task of setting up a soccer team (Rader, 2007).

The young footballers arrived in 1958 in Hobart and put up at a boarding house in Lefroy Street, North Hobart, which was run by an Austrian woman called Elizabeth Grassl. The elderly lady took care of the young men and, as a way of showing their gratitude the young footballers called Grassl ‘Mama’. It is ironic that the all-important discussions regarding a name for the newly formed soccer team were held at these digs in Lefroy Street, because an Australian Rules Club named ‘Lefroy’ (after Governor Lefroy) had existed in Tasmania since 1897 (Frick, 2007; Young , 83)

29 Lefroy Street, the building no longer exists

Photo: courtesy J Rader

The founding members considered the name Austria-Hobart, but Josef (Joe) Rader proposed Rapid after his favourite Austrian team. This was agreed upon. However, when the team’s name was registered with the Tasmanian Soccer Association the club secretary changed it to ‘Rapide’ after his favourite German team. (This club was founded in 1893 in Berlin Wedding and is now called SV Nordwedding.) His

unilateral decision to add an ‘e’ to the club’s name did not increase his popularity with the rest of the team (Young, 83). In 1969 the spelling of the club’s name was officially changed to the intended Rapid. The green and white strip of the much admired Austrian club Rapid was already used by another team and so red and white was chosen, making the team look even more like an Austrian team, since the national flag of Austria is red-white-red. The well-known German folk song ‘Oh du schöner Westerwald’ was chosen as the club’s song.

The new soccer club, called for now ‘Rapide’, was built around a group of Austrian migrants who were formerly Australian Capital Territory players and was predominantly Austrian, but German, Polish, Greek and Yugoslav players made up the numbers. Jan Zurascek, a friend of Otto Frick, became the trainer of the newly founded team. The former Juventus forward, Zuraszek, a migrant from Poland, was some twenty years older than the young Austrians. Being childless, he looked after the young players in a paternal fashion, making sure they were in bed by 10pm on Friday evenings so that they would be in top condition for the game on Saturday. The young soccer players affectionately called 42-year-old Zurascek ‘Papa’. The surrogate family set-up in the Lefroy Street boarding house made the early years in Tasmania for these young migrants safe, providing a cushion between themselves and an alien world.

Zurascek spoke good German and the training sessions were generally held in German. To instruct the Greek and Yugoslav players Zurascek used English. In the beginning any park or green field where they could kick a ball in preparation for their first public appearance, served as training ground for the young migrants. Rapide made their debut on Saturday 5 April 1958 defeating the Australian club South Hobart 2-1. Two days later the Saturday edition of the *Mercury* wrote, “A crowd of 800 saw the new Rapide club make an impressive debut. Rapide started off very fast” (*Mercury* 7/4/1958). This first win was the start of a sequence of victories over the established clubs. By 28 April, the new club earned its first headline: “Rapide still unbeaten in Div 1 Soccer”. The reporter continued that “A crowd of more than 1000 saw Rapide retain their unbeaten record in Div. 1 soccer on Saturday, with a smashing 5-1 win over Hobart Rangers at South Hobart.” Winning almost all first division games in 1958, the German Rapide player Frank Gmelch was awarded the player of the year award and later played for the Australian National Soccer team. Chris Hudson writes that Rapide’s “style of play was new to say the least, becoming known as ‘the clever’ team, for their artistry on the ball, seldom seen in Tasmania (1998, 326).

1958 Team photo courtesy J. Rader

Jan Zuraszek (Polish – Captain/Coach foundation member), **Otto Frick** (Austrian – Goal keeper, foundation member), **Josef (Joe) Rader** (Austrian, foundation member), **August (Gustl) Kaiser** (Austrian, foundation member), **Walter Nikolai** (German), **Chris Syrginis** (Greek), **Frank Gmelch** (German), **Freddie Pieper** (German), **Joe Deutsch** (Austrian), **Ivo Krusic** (Yugoslavian), **Hubert (Hubi) Kaiser** (Austrian, foundation member)

Representative sport acted as a location for identity and acceptance and it is therefore not surprising that the Rapid Hobart Club had become a weekend haven for the young Austrians as had other soccer clubs for their migrant communities. Johnny Warren's suggestion that soccer eased the way, and provided safer passage for migrants into mainstream society certainly held true for these young Austrians (216). Indeed, the weekly reports in the local papers, the crowds on the weekends and the fans, many of them female, would have contributed in no small way to the young migrants' acceptance of the foreign culture and to being accepted by the host society. The growing perception of football as a form of entertainment meant that some of the players enjoyed minor star status in Tasmania, something they would have rarely achieved in their home countries, where soccer had a longer tradition and the competition was stronger. Soccer served as a forum for public display of the New Australians' status and identity. The stadium, the 'theatre of the great', has according to Polley, "shown how different classes have assumed specific roles within individual sports, based upon wider divisions of labour and wealth, with sports serving to mirror and reproduce wider social relations" (111). What Polley writes about black immigrants to the United Kingdom also holds true for immigrants in Australia, namely that

> Sport, as a popular phenomenon, has had a significant role to play in the gradual process of allowing (black) immigrants and their children to earn some form of respect and acceptance from (white) society. The assumptions underlining this position are optimistically functional. Sport is held as a means of meritocratic

> social mobility, as well as a way in which national unity can be redefined and promoted in a multicultural setting (Polley, 142).

While adult male migrants could use soccer, a sport popular in their home country and accepted in Australia, as a cultural link, the stress endured by non-English speaking migrants was felt most by some children of school age, who migrated with their parents to Australia. Arriving in Hobart in 1957, ten-year old Othmar (Otto) Bachinger was put into an all-English speaking classroom. His father, wishing to protect his son, instructed him, to answer 'no' to anything he was not sure about. Understanding very little of what was going on in the classroom, the most enjoyable thing to look forward to during school hours was morning recess and lunch time, which meant kicking a soccer ball around the school ground with his new school mates. This pleasure was soon to end, as the constant answer 'no' created a situation where his newfound mates seemed to have turned against him and refused to let him partake in an activity, which he so much anticipated. Moving to another school, this did not happen again, even though the scenario was similar. When a Scottish boy at the second school asked Othmar to join in the soccer game, he got the impression that Othmar did not really understand what was being asked. The Scottish boy knew that a female teacher could speak German and took him to her to have his offer 'whether he would like to play soccer for the school team' translated. Othmar agreed, but later on, when the physical education teacher lined up the boys, Othmar feared that this was a selection process and that he, the foreigner, would be rejected yet again. When he received the school's soccer top with the other boys, he was so happy that he slept in the soccer T-shirt that night! It was only many years later that the rejection Othmar experienced at his first Tasmanian school was explained. Meeting up with one of the former school-mates from his first school Othmar was told that the boys were keen for him to play for the school team and, seeing that he kept refusing they in turn rejected him (Bachinger, 2007).

Rapid Hobart was never a purely Austrian or even purely German speaking soccer club. While within the soccer teams camaraderie transcended class and ethnicity, belonging to the club also meant the defence of tribal territory. The club song and the club dress strengthened the loyalty and produced an identity the players and their fans could be proud of. Soccer proved a successful vehicle for integration into mainstream society because it offered "a transcendent social, as well as visually and theatrically artistic, expression" (Alomes, 124). The euphoria created for the players by soccer in Tasmania translated to the women who supported their teams, and Rapid became pioneers of women's soccer in Tasmania. The first

women's soccer match was a charity match between Rapid and City-United, but unfortunately the outcome is unknown.

Over the years the configuration of the players and the fortunes of the club varied. Coached by Alex Sarfalvy, Rapid won the Southern Tasmanian title, the Ascot Cup and the Charles Lucas Memorial Trophy in 1961 (Hudson, 137-8). Called 'classy' by Hudson, the team still had seven German-speaking players in its first division. One of the most memorable years of Rapid was 1964 when the club won the Tasmanian's State Championship and also the Championship for the southern region. Yet this year unfortunately also saw a cultural change in the previously friendly competitions and the emergence of hooliganism. Unwilling to accept the judgement of a referee, Juventus players and supporters sought revenge at the final game against Rapid's reserve division (*Mercury*, 6/7/1964, 17.) Police had to intervene, restore calm and protect the referee. In spite of the melee Rapid won the Southern Tasmanian Premiership: 'As a result of their smashing 7-1 win – the biggest defeat Juventus have suffered in this division – Rapid deservedly won the Southern Tasmanian premiership as no other team can now beat them on points or match their fine goal average" (Hudson, 152). Still playing with some of the original founders of Rapid in the team they went on to represent Tasmania at the Australian cup competition in Melbourne. However, the curiously named "Melbourne Just" team knocked out Rapid in their match at the Melbourne Showgrounds (*Mercury*, 29/4/1968, 17).

In 1965 the founding father of Rapid Hobart, Otto Frick, became the coach of his club. By 1968 Rapid had rejuvenated itself and the team of talented young players gave Rapid a new lease of life. However, only a few of the new Rapid players were of Austrian extraction. Dubbed the 'Rapid babes' by Gordon Burnett the club "gave the most refreshing exhibition of soccer seen at South Hobart for some years…" (Hudson, 152). New and exciting times lay ahead of the now well-established club which could field a complete team with an average age under 21 years. Othmar Bachinger, the boy whose life in Tasmania was turned around by soccer, was one of the 'Rapid babes'.

Many migrants had prospered in Australia and much of their new wealth was spent on their soccer clubs. Many of the migrants had married local girls who supported their husbands' love of soccer. In some migrant families every family member supported the club with passion as player, coach, president, vice president, committee member or fund-raiser (Rader, 2007). During these glory days of soccer in Tasmania, Rapid set up its own social club in Liverpool Street which functioned not only as a meeting place after a match, but also as a night club frequented by

people not associated with soccer. Unlike many other migrant clubs, the Rapid club could not rely on a large enough Austrian migrant pool, complete with talented musicians, to offer traditional Austrian folk music on a regular basis. Hiring the well-known Bossa Nova Band 'Bob Shirley', the Rapid club became popular with many young Australians (ibid.). This meant that the social club became not only central to the lives of the migrants and their families, but it also became a meeting place for other Australians, thus helping to forge friendships outside the narrow confines of the playing-field. What Berry describes as "a relative preference for maintaining one's heritage, culture and identity and a relative preference for having contact with and participating in the larger society along with other ethno-cultural groups" was perfectly borne out by the Rapid Social Club (Berry, 296). While 'card nights' proved popular with the older migrants, 'dance nights' drew crowds from the general population. By 1968 the club expanded into the 'Rapid Sports Club' also incorporating a women's soccer team and a woman's netball team. But the heyday of the Rapid Sports Club was short lived. Poor management and internal friction led to the demise of the sports club and the premises in Liverpool Street had to be given up in 1972.

Nevertheless, two years on, the Rapid soccer team enjoyed another memorable season, winning the Ampol Cup for the first time in 1974. No doubt, the fact that the Australian soccer team had made it to the World Cup in Munich had helped soccer to become more popular and competitive in Australia. The success of Australian soccer, which rested on the presence of immigrants in the national team, also proved inspiring for local teams profiting from renewed interest. While not winning the State title in 1974 (which was won by Croatia), Rapid brought home the Ampol Cup: "After turning on a thrilling performance to win the Ampol Cup for the first time, Rapid could not match Croatia's fitness yesterday in their last rostered match. They wilted in the second half" (*Mercury*, 16/9/1974, 15.)

The Ampol Cup went to Rapid in three future seasons too, in 1979, 1980 and 1984. Soccer seemed established in Tasmania and sponsors lined up to secure naming rights. Advertising in the post-war period and the arrival of commercial television were some of the reasons that necessitated sponsorship. Rapid played in division one from 1958 until 1977 when the state wide league was established to which Rapid gained entry in 1978. The club found sponsorship from Wrest Point Casino, but had to share the South Hobart ground. Coached by the professional Ken Morton, Rapid won the Tasmanian State Championship in 1979 and 1980. Now known as Rapid Wrest Point the club joined the southern premier league, after the short-lived state-wide league folded in 1981. A similar pattern occurred in other sports as in the failure of the state-wide league in Australian Rules Football.

Giving up their red-white-red apparel, they now wore green and white, the colours of the fabled Rapid Vienna Club after which Rapid Hobart had been named. Yet this first class soccer club, dubbed the 'green machine' at that time had no longer any first-generation Austrian players and the German language had long since disappeared from the soccer field. The two Kannegiesser brothers who played for Rapid in the 1980s had German parentage, but were born in Australia. The only player with Austrian parentage Gary Schmull, was also born in Australia and, like the Kannegiesser brothers, could not speak German. Under their new name, Rapid Wrest Point added another premiership in 1982 to the club's laurels and won the Ampol Cup for the fourth time.

In the 1980s the semi-professional basis of soccer was costly and, as David Young points out, "The prize money available to clubs was insufficient to sustain the wages, transfer fees and travel money that state-wide semi-professional soccer demanded. Some clubs found themselves on the brink of collapse" (287). Hans Zoetsch, an Austrian who had played for Rapid after his arrival in Tasmania in 1960, lamented the fact that succession happened no longer by a natural evolution through the ranks within the club. In an interview with Gordon Burnett he said: 'Professionalism has ruined the game in this state, young kids who work up through the juniors and reserves aren't getting a fair go. Their place is being taken by a player simply bought from another club" (cited in Hudson, 172).

Times had changed and club loyalties were no longer paramount concerns for players as evidenced by the variety of clubs for which Karl Schwesinger had played in his long career: "I arrived from Vienna in 1961, and after coming to Hobart, I soon signed for Rapid after training with them. I have also played for Hobart Rangers, Olympia, Juventus, South Hobart, White Eagles and Clarence, with my most successful time being at Hobart Juventus in the late sixties" (ibid., 168). In the meantime Rapid's women's soccer team, dubbed 'Rapidettes,' had come of age. On July 20th 1982 a *Mercury* sports article reported that "Metro suffered their first defeat of the season at the hands of Rapid in the Women's Soccer League on Sunday and lost the ladder leadership in the process".

Lisa Rader, a daughter of Rapid founding member Joe Rader, took to soccer with gusto. In her career as a soccer player she 'bagged' a total of 24 goals and helped win Rapid the southern title in 1984 (Hudson, 238). Elizabeth Elliott remembers: "(…) one cannot forget Lisa Rader who, with her father Joe, the former Rapid full-back, did so much for the sport in the early eighties" (cited in Hudson, 240). The league title went to the Rapid women again in 1987 and Lisa Rader and Christine Kannegiesser (the daughter of the Rapid player Philip Kannegiesser) were selected

for the Tasmanian team and sent to the Australian Women's Soccer Championship in Alice Springs (Hudson, 254). However, in 1990 the first division women disassociated themselves from Rapid, and played under the name of Hobart Raiders until this team folded at the end of the decade (Hudson, 327-8).

When Soccer Australia was formed in 1994, it issued an edict banning all ethnic titles from club names. It was felt by the authorities that the continuation of old loyalties ought to be given up and clubs should be associated with local districts. David Young remarked about the re-naming of the soccer clubs:

> In the main, this was accomplished with ease: White Eagles became New Town Eagles, Croatia-Glenorchy became Glenorchy Knights and Hobart Olympia became Hobart Olympic. Only Caledonia lost its identity in this process, amalgamating with Kingborough to form the largest club in Tasmania, with over 500 players on its books (289).

However, this ruling also effectively spelled the end of Rapid. That this edict was a moot point as far as Rapid was concerned, escaped the authorities, for no first generation immigrant from Austria played for Rapid at that time. Furthermore, the word 'rapid' simply means 'fast' and does not bear any connotations for any specific ethnic group. Now known as Kingston Cannons the club relocated to Gormley Park, Kingsborough. The loss of the club's name and culture and the re-location resulted in the loss of continuity. Dropped from first division, Kingston Cannons only field second and third division teams as well as a second division women's team, which folded in 2000. In 2006, only two former Rapid players played for Kingston Cannons, and only one of them is Austrian: Othmar Bachinger.

Rapid Hobart had helped with the acculturation of two generations of migrant soccer players, and the need to keep the link to the great idol Rapid Vienna no longer seemed urgent. The decline in migrant membership and a lack of interest by the grandchildren of the migrants had further led to the decline of the club. Already the children of the migrants reconciled the two cultures within themselves, identifying as Australians and not needing the club as a shelter from an alien world. They and their children have little or no connection to the homeland of their migrant ancestors and do not speak their language. The grandchildren play cricket and Aussie rules football and have little knowledge of the important role Rapid Hobart played in their grandparents' lives. Perhaps because there was no longer a strong connection to the German speaking migrant group represented in the original Rapid soccer team, the name change of Rapid

Hobart went ahead unopposed in 1997 and the once proud soccer club lost its link to the past.

For 26 years (between 1958, the year of their foundation, and 1984), Rapid was the most successful soccer club in Tasmania winning the Tasmanian's State Championship five times (1964, 1976, 1979, 1980, 1982). Rapid were the southern region champions four times (1961, 1964, 1976, 1982). They also won the Falkinder Cup in 1969 and the Ampol Cup in 1974, 1979, 1980 and 1984 (Hudson, 405-7). The many trophies won during Rapid's glory days now gathered dust in cardboard boxes in the changing rooms of Gormley Park. At the end of the 2006 soccer season the club had to re-locate again and now plays at Sherburd Park in Blackmans Bay, about 20 km south of Hobart.

Glossary

AMPOL CUP: founded by the AMPOL company, first held in Victoria on a few occasions around the time of WW II. In the Fifties the Cup was extended to other states.

CROATIA: here the name of a Tasmanian football team.

FALKINDER CUP: The South's Premier Football Cup competition from 1913 until 1970.

NORTHERN PREMIER LEAGUE : Top level football league in Northern Tasmania. Tasmania was divided in two leagues, the second being the „Southern Premier League".

PREMIERSHIP: League champions

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Billy Blue, the Old Commodore

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Billy Blue was the first ferryman at Sydney Cove. It is from him that the landmark Blue's Point takes its name. Universally known as "the old commodore", Blue was celebrated as a kind of mascot for the fledgling colony of New South Wales. His portrait, executed in 1834 by J.B. East, hangs in State Library of New South Wales. East was a painter of some renown who had exhibited at the Royal Academy and his painting captured a tall, graceful man with intelligent eyes and a beatific smile, dressed in rag-tag clothing with a cloth bag slung over his shoulder and carrying a carved stick. He has positioned his subject beside Mrs Macquarie's Chair in the Domain, an obvious acknowledgement to Blue's patron, Governor Lachlan Macquarie, with distant harbour views to remind the viewer of Blue's position as the commodore. It is an arresting picture in many ways, but the most remarkable thing is that the old commodore is unmistakably a man of the African diaspora.

Blue arrived in New South Wales as a convicted felon in 1802. He was a very black man and some believed he came from the West Indies.[70] On his death, Blue was thought to be aged somewhere between ninety-seven and ninety-nine. Many years after his death, his children revealed that he had told them his native place was New York.[71] Much of Blue's early life story was provided autobiographically. In 1823, he addressed several petitions to Governor Thomas Brisbane, where he recounted that prior to transportation to New South Wales he had spent his adult life in the service of the King, as part of the British military forces gaining and losing an empire from the Seven Years' War to the Revolutionary conflagration. In a second version of the petition he amplified the claim by adding that he was twice wounded. Nine years later, he explained in his own words to the Magistrate's Court that he had served in America with both General Wolfe and General Howe.[72] Dubious as his claims appear to be, Blue was unlikely to be telling outright lies. The colony of New South Wales was packed with veterans of the British army, both as convicts and soldiers, many of who had served in the campaigns in America and Europe mentioned by Blue. Governor Lachlan Macquarie, who showered Blue with favour, was a veteran of the War of Independence. This unlettered black man was, almost certainly, involved in some of the most significant military engagements of the eighteenth century. At the end of the American Revolution in 1782, Blue would have been among the 9000 black Americans who left with the British forces, probably working as a seaman for the Royal Navy during the Loyalist evacuation of 1782 and 1783. He fetched up in Deptford, an impoverished maritime district of London geared towards servicing the needs of the Royal Navy, and in close proximity to Greenwich. Many merchant ships moored off Deptford, even though the cargo had to be unloaded up-river on the north side of the river where the customs houses were. Even before the American Revolution, Deptford had a noticeable black presence and in the period immediately after the American Revolution, the two Deptford parishes registered a tenfold increase in the number of black adult baptisms.[73]

It was a desperate predicament to be in England in 1784 when the labour force was swamped with demobilised soldiers and sailors. The black refugees from America who flooded into the city had no support networks on which they could draw, and their situation was worsened because they did not fit easily into the existing framework of the Poor Laws.[74] Blue joined an indigent black community eking out a precarious existence without access to poor relief. The bitter winter of 1784-85 was especially cruel for those struggling to survive on whatever could be begged, borrowed or stolen. Poor Law restrictions were relaxed in some parishes to allow

starving black people access to food and shelter, but it was too little, too late. In December 1784, three young black men died in a workhouse in Wapping.[75]

The plight of indigent black people in London became a matter of public concern on January 5, 1786, when the *Public Advertiser* reported that a gentleman had authorized a baker in the city to dole out quarter loaves of bread to "every black in distress." That same gentleman was taking subscriptions to assist him in this purpose. Five days later he and several other prominent and worthy individuals, including the chairman and a director of the Bank of England, met to form the Committee for the Relief of the Black, which then sought help from the government to replace the food relief with a direct payment of sixpence a day, paid weekly out of Treasury coffers. Blue was one of the first to sign on for the bounty of three shillings and sixpence, travelling across the river to Mile End to collect it. He was listed as number 50 of the 659 people to whom payments were made throughout August 1786.

A decade later, Blue was working seasonally as a lumper on board the ships that carried merchandise from the West Indies. Lumpers unloaded the cargo of the merchant ships that moored side-by-side in the Thames in tiers of seven or eight. They were among the lowest paid workers in London; ship-owners did not even provide them with food or drink, requiring them to go ashore unpaid for their food breaks. All cargo was offloaded onto lighters and taken to the riverside warehouses. This involved the lifting and swinging of heavy loads, manipulating the packages with winches and cranes, hauling on ropes. It was a tough job for any man, let alone one in his fifties, but Blue was still strong and vigorous. Indeed, ten years later he was described as "a very Hercules in proportion."[76] Compensation for the poor lot of the lumper was the toleration of small-scale plundering, referred to in the business as drainage, spillage or leakage; hence the other connotation of the word "lumper"—a pilferer of cargo. A couple of regular trips ashore during the day for sustenance gave lumpers the opportunity to relieve the cargo of small quantities of merchandise, which was customarily regarded by all parties as an element of the wage.[77] Generally, merchants allowed up to two per cent of the shipped weight to disappear as spillage. It was a fine balance. Small quantities regularly taken were acceptable, but larger amounts *were* regarded as plunder, which was how William Blue came to grief.

In his deposition, Blue explained that as well as being a lumper, he traded in Deptford as a chocolate-maker. Prior to mechanization, chocolate was produced by grinding cocoa beans into a paste. The paste was then mixed with sugar and spices to form a bar. The bar was not eaten; it was melted into hot water and

served as a drink. More expensive than coffee, it was also a more potent stimulant, especially if the sugar level was high. For the labouring poor, there was strong demand for a quick, hot drink that boosted energy while suppressing hunger. Furthermore, chocolate making was a simple, if laborious cottage industry, so long as the ingredients were readily available. It is quite possible that Blue lumped on the West Indian ships that imported cocoa beans from plantations in Jamaica. For 80 lb. of sugar, another 100 lb. of cocoa ground from a large quantity of beans was required. This would have produced as much as 180 lb. of chocolate—nothing less than a serious commercial enterprise. Blue was the type of lumper of whom West India merchants deeply disapproved: someone engaged in vertical integration, able to create a commercial opportunity from lowly, life-threatening labour on their ships. Evidence to the parliamentary committee heard tales of a lumper who kept a mistress and a horse, even though common knowledge had it that lumpers were unable to survive without dipping their hands into the cargo. Blue alluded to the customary rights of spillage when he protested on arrest that while he had taken the sugar "all the lumpers had some sugar", too.[78] He was singled out because he took too much, too often. Four times on September 26, as he was leaving the ship to go ashore the mate had taken from him a 20 lb. bag concealed under the voluminous smock worn by Blue. Two days later, Blue was arrested at a pub on the docks. When the case came before the Kent Assizes, the judge and jury were reasonably well disposed to the defendant, although they did not believe that Blue was guiltless. He was not acquitted, being found guilty of one charge of stealing sugar and sentenced to seven years transportation to New South Wales.

Blue's vertical integration as lumper and chocolate-maker cast doubt upon the claim he made in his 1823 petitions that he had spent his whole lifetime in His Majesty's Service prior to sentence. He appeared not to be in His Majesty's service in September 1796, when England was engaged in an exhausting war with France. Blue was over fifty-five when the French Revolutionary War began and was thus too old to serve. But there is evidence that he served the King in another capacity. Much later in his life in New South Wales, Blue gave the explanation for the nickname by which he was universally known: "I got the name of the Commodore for being in charge of the old *Enterprise* at Tower-hill".[79]

HMS *Enterprise* was a hospital ship moored on the Thames just below the Tower. From December 1793 to 1806 it was also used as a receiving ship for impressed sailors. At first glance there would seem to be little connection between employment related to these activities and the appellation "commodore," except that the term also had a non-naval connotation in 1790s' London. The "commodore" was the name given to the man in charge of gangs of men labouring

in the warehouses lining the Pool of London and was also used by seamen to describe the leader of a gang of sailors ashore. In this context, it is apparent that Blue must have been in charge of one of the press gangs of the *Enterprise*. There were about eight such gangs in operation, made up of local men known for their strength and aggression. It was disreputable, casual work, but it could be profitable. The leader or "commodore" of the gang answered to a Navy Board employee who carried the rank of Lieutenant and who paid in cash for each man pressed into service. From 1793, business was brisk and the money earned would have been good. During the period prior to Blue's arrest, the musters of the *Enterprise* list some 34,000 men held for a day or so, before being transferred to their ships.[80]

Lumping was casual, seasonal work, so doubtless Blue was employed at both jobs. In September 1796 he may have lost one of his sources of income. From the beginning of 1796 there was a sharp drop in the returns from the Impressment Service. Prime Minister Pitt's introduction of the Quota Acts, required each city to provide a set number of men for service. London' s quota was achieved largely by reprieving convicted criminals of serviceable age if they agreed to serve. The number of impressed men on the *Enterprise* in 1796 was less than half what it had been in previous years. By the time the Impressment Service returned to strength, Blue was a member of a different gang: the chain gangs put to work raising gravel from the bed of the River Thames.[81]

After nearly five years on the prison hulks, Blue finally embarked on the *Minorca* for New South Wales. He arrived in Sydney to find a town of 2,200 adults, of whom only forty per cent were convicts under sentence, the majority being emancipated convicts, soldiers and free settlers. The colony had weathered several bouts of famine to become almost self-sufficient in food, but it remained entirely dependent on the importation of household necessities such as tea, sugar, tobacco and soap as well as manufactured goods and spirits. Once Blue attained his freedom in 1803, he moved into a small house located in the steepest part of the Rocks, a jumble of ramshackle dwellings linked by a web of steep footpaths sprung up along the ridge above the dazzling harbour that was fast becoming Sydney's commercial centre. Housed within the hotchpotch of one- and two-roomed huts was a growing population of tradesmen and labourers, as well as enterprising men and women who ran from their homes bakeries, laundries, forges, pubs and shops. Below them, at the edge of Sydney Cove, more imposing commercial enterprises were taking shape—solid stone wharves and warehouses.

At the time Blue moved into the Rocks half-a-dozen ships that had sailed from London, New York, Providence, Calcutta, Madras and China were at anchor in the cove. Once their merchandise was unloaded, their holds were refilled for the return leg with whale oil, sealskins and timber. In the shadow of these large sailing ships, which represented the infant colony's lifeline to the outside world, there were several smaller colonial vessels that plied the coastal routes between Sydney, Newcastle and Hobart. Among the hulls of these sea-going vessels, a plethora of small craft bobbed and weaved over the water, transporting people and goods hither and thither. In this unregulated watery space, Blue sought to make his mark, setting himself up as a waterman, ferrying passengers and goods from ship to shore and back again. He was one of about twenty-five self-employed watermen plying their trade in and around the cove, most of whom were emancipated convicts.[82]

By July 1804, Blue was living with Elizabeth Williams, a woman of about thirty, who arrived at the end of June on the female transport *Experiment*. Governor King encouraged free men to look for partners among the new arrivals as a way of accommodating the relatively small number of female convicts arriving in the colony and, if the Irish political prisoner Joseph Holt is to be believed, the governor' s *modus operandi* revealed his penchant for vulgarity to poor advantage. When a female transport ship arrived, Holt reported, King instructed the bellman to ring the bell through the town and announce that "if anybody wanted mares or sows that they should be served out to them".[83] Whether or not such crude insensitivity facilitated the coupling, there can be little doubt that Blue took up with Elizabeth Williams straight off the ship. They married on April 27, 1805, and their witnesses were Edwin Piper, a convict with Blue on the *Minorca*, and his wife Dulcibella, who came free. Blue's daughter, Susannah, was born shortly after.[84]

From his work in the cove Blue could look up and see his house. On the morning of 31 July 1805, he was "tugging at the oars" when he sensed something amiss at home. He hurried to his house to discover his wife had been raped, or so he said in his charge against a man named Daniel McKay. The case was heard by the judge advocate, who was assisted by a bench that included the collector of the jail fund, John Harris, a man who held other important colonial positions. Blue explained to the bench that on the day in question he was "looking towards his house he saw his wife struggling with someone". On rushing back to the house, he found his wife "walking about with the baby in her arms" and she told him that "McKay had carnal knowledge of her without her consent". Elizabeth Blue maintained that McKay called at her house and after some conversation pulled her to the floor and

raped her. Dulcibella Piper was visiting at the time, and her testimony contradicted this, claiming only that McKay "took [Elizabeth] by the waist and she fell down and some conversation passed between them". George Darling, who claimed to have been with McKay at the time, supported her evidence. If a rape had occurred, he must have seen it, he said, emphatic that he saw no such thing. A neighbour gave evidence that he overheard the incident and further reported that McKay wanted to send Blue to gaol and that Blue was looking for revenge. Finally, Chief Constable John Redman reported that Blue told him that, on entering the house, "he saw his wife lying on the floor with her petticoat up"—a different story from that offered to the court.[85]

McKay lived close to Blue. He made his money retailing spirits in a public house that was kept by his convict wife, who had arrived with Elizabeth Blue on the *Experiment.*[86] This man was well placed to threaten Blue with gaol: he was the town gaoler, possessing a well-deserved reputation as a hard man. John Harris was a close business associate of McKay and the witnesses were all indebted to him one way or another, and had good reason to give overly consistent testimony that contradicted Blue's evidence. The *Sydney Gazette* reported that the case against McKay was dismissed and concluded that the attempt to frame the innocent McKay "left no doubt that Mr Blue's centre was several shades darker than his superficies."[87] But there were significant people in Sydney who regarded Blue's challenge of McKay as a sign of his moral integrity. One of them was the new governor, William Bligh. One of his first actions in the colony was to remove John Harris from all his offices and to incarcerate McKay in his own gaol.[88] Bligh, who was not known for his soft heart, explained that he had removed McKay "out of motives of humanity".[89] Blue by contrast suffered no retribution other than the scorn heaped upon him by the *Sydney Gazette,* and his economic and social standing saw a marked improvement. The *Sydney Gazette* of 2 August 1807, carried an advertisement that William Blue was 'the only waterman licensed to ply a ferry in this harbour'.[90]

But where Blue found grace and favour with the new governor, few others did. On 26 January 1808 Bligh faced his second mutiny when the New South Wales Corps placed him under arrest. For a day or so soldiers were kept busy escorting people to the barracks to sign the ex post facto petition imploring the military to arrest Bligh. Among the 150 signatures, written in neat and fluent letters, was the name 'William Blue.' Someone had forged this name, probably without Blue's knowledge or consent, since he was completely illiterate and could sign only his mark. Rather than join the chorus of assent, Blue was more likely to have kept his

head down and his opinions to himself, waiting for the inevitable recriminations to begin.

Indeed, Blue emerged as a winner from the new order that took shape when Lachlan Macquarie stepped ashore on the morning of December 31, 1809. On August 17, 1811, he announced that Blue was appointed the watchman and water-borne constable of the cove.[91] With the new position came a hexagonal stone house at the edge of the governor's domain, where Blue and his growing family lived rent-free for the next eight years. [92] Blue employed an assistant for his ferry business, but he himself was always at the oars when it came to ferrying the governor and his family about the harbour. By 1814 it was well known that he had become a favourite of the Macquaries. Blue personified the governor's vision of the reformed convict, the figure who would become the backbone of the orderly and respectable society he aimed to create in New South Wales: a hard-working entrepreneur who had, with all propriety, married his convict partner and bestowed legitimacy upon his children. Yet there was something more profound in the governor's friendship with this illiterate ferryman; a bond of shared experience between the professional soldier and the "sable veteran". [93]

Blue was never too shy to boast of his military service in some of the most extraordinary campaigns of the eighteenth century and his intense fidelity to His Majesty's cause would certainly have endeared him to the governor. Macquarie began his military career aged fifteen, and he saw service immediately in America. It is feasible that both Macquarie and Blue were caught in the dreadful siege at Yorktown and were among the lucky few evacuated by ship to New York. Even if Macquarie had never before set eyes upon Blue, it was enough that the "old commodore" was able to recount stories about soldiers who had shared the bombardment, starvation and ignominy of Yorktown, for a unique bond to be forged between them. Blue provided a glimpse of this relationship with Macquarie in evidence he gave at a court case in 1832. He and the governor "were always together", he explained, and it was a relationship of equals: "I was just the same as the governor. He never countermanded any orders of mine … he built the little octagon house at the corner of the domain for my especial accommodation". The sense of intimacy was captured in Blue's observation that "the Governor had a bit of the 'old brown' in him."[94]

This reminiscence also provided Blue with the opportunity to describe the exchange in 1814, when he asked the governor to give him land for his ferry terminus at Millers Point:

> "Please your honour", says I, "I want a landing place". "Well come," says he, "Show me the place". And so, when I showed him the place, "Jemmy", says he to [Surveyor] Meehan, "run the chain over the Commodore's land". Lord bless you. We were just like two children playing.[95]

Blue ended the intriguing vignette by dissolving into laughter, which might have encouraged the magistrates to think it was a piece of tomfoolery. Not so. In the colonial secretary's correspondence, dated April 23, 1814, a letter from Macquarie instructed that Blue should receive a grant of eighty acres of land. Other evidence locates the land in question at Millers Point. In January 1817, Blue received another eighty acres on the opposite side of the cove, now the landmark called Blues Point. These grants made him a relatively substantial, and very well appointed, landowner, while the number of his little ferry boats had grown to seven.[96]

Blue had clandestine sources of income in addition to his public duties, ferry business and farms on his land either side of the harbour. This became apparent in the early hours of the morning of October 10, 1818 when Chief Constable John Redman apprehended Blue as he was rowing his boat toward the wharf of a well-known spirit dealer. The police had been informed that someone was illegally to land spirits that night and a plan was hatched for four constables to lie in wait near the wharf. About three o'clock in the morning the waiting constables noticed a flurry of activity as one of the ships at anchor in the harbour was lit up and the sound of tackle was heard, suggesting "the people on board the ship were getting something over the side". Half an hour later the lights were extinguished and the rhythmic splash of oars drifted over the water toward them. Intercepting the boat, the constables discovered the man at the oars was none other than Billy Blue. Lashed on either side of the bow, level with the gunwales, were two barrels each containing 120 gallons of rum. Later that day, one of the constables visited Blue at his house, trying to persuade him to inform on the person who had inveigled him into carrying smuggled goods. Blue drew the side of his hand across his throat in a quick motion, saying "I would suffer this first".[97]

The *Sydney Gazette*'s report of the case hummed with outrage about "this unfortunate man Blue … a man of colour with a very large family, who has been very much indebted to the humane feeling with which his Excellency the governor has for many years been pleased to view him". In the editor's view, the crime "was more than usually criminal", as Blue was a constable, appointed "for the purpose of *detecting* or *preventing* smuggling". After inveighing Blue's manifest

delinquency, the editor changed tack to observe that a small player with as small a fortune as Blue had "a vast deal more of personal character at stake than his trifling profits", implying that Blue was the victim of the entrepreneur who possessed the capital, contacts and infrastructure to run a successful smuggling enterprise. The reader might presume that the identity of such a person was suspected, but the pity was, the editor lamented, that Blue steadfastly refused to give any names. Having been caught red-handed, he was inevitably found guilty of "aiding and assisting in illegally landing a quantity of spirits, with intent to defraud His Majesty's revenue of the duties".[98] On October 24, he was dismissed from his government positions and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.[99]

On the face of it, his determined silence might be read as the loyalty of a member of the criminal class to his accomplices. However, a glance at the commercial world of Sydney in 1818 suggests a rather different reading. The captain of the suspect ship had come to the attention of the authorities before for engaging in contraband trade. At the time of his first offence, his employer had been a business partner of D'Arcy Wentworth, the superintendent of police and a magistrate to boot. Wentworth was one of those who sat upon the bench in judgment of Blue. Another of Wentworth's partners was Alexander Riley, whose brother Edward had recently arrived in Sydney as agent for the importation of Bengal spirits. As well as the partnership with Riley, Wentworth had a longstanding commercial arrangement with the third magistrate, Simeon Lord, described by a previous governor as a notorious smuggler. Any of these merchant traders had good reason to smuggle large quantities of Bengal rum into the colony: they would profit hugely from the evasion of duty. So, many of plausible contenders for smuggler-in-chief were sitting before Blue, passing judgment upon the man and his crime and one or more of them was relying upon his integrity. As the hand across the throat signified, he knew silence was the most sensible strategy for long-term survival and comfort, if not prosperity. As it transpired, the magistrates submitted the case to the governor with a forceful recommendation for mercy. Blue suffered no custodial sentence, though he was evicted from the pleasant stone house.[100]

In his disgrace, Blue still possessed his ferry business and his land. He even managed to regain the friendship of the governor in the few short years before Macquarie's recall in February 1822. Once Macquarie quit the colony, the sharks began to circle Blue's enterprise. A wealthy free settler successfully demanded of magistrates Edward Riley and D'Arcy Wentworth that the ferry be put in the hands of more a trustworthy person. Blue fought back with a petition to Governor Thomas Brisbane, on 28 October 1823, protesting the gentlemen's use of "arbitrary power" and emphasizing his age and his illustrious military record. On

inquiry, the colonial secretary was persuaded by the argument that the north shore was a magnet for escaped convicts, ships' deserters, and stolen goods, and that Blue was "the principal agent in carrying into effect this system of plunder, smuggling and escape".[101] Yet Blue persisted in asserting his rights and on 25 January 1825, the *Sydney Gazette* announced he had regained use of his ferry service.

In addition to the ferry fees, Blue sold oysters and his farm's produce as a pedlar. Elizabeth, his wife of twenty years, died in 1824, leaving him with six children to support. In March 1827, Blue claimed he was barely able to put food in his children's mouth and he petitioned the governor to take his sons into an apprenticeship at the shipyard: as carpenter and shipwright. When this was refused it was the wealthy merchant Simeon Lord who stepped into the breach, taking both boys as apprentice weavers, even though Blue was too poor to purchase their indentures. Perhaps Lord recalled with gratitude Blue's stubborn silence in the smuggling case nine years before.[102]

It was around this time that Blue took to walking about Sydney wearing a travesty of a naval uniform with a top hat, twirling the carved stick he always carried and calling out in a peremptory fashion to all and sundry that they must acknowledge him as "the commodore". Blue was far from senile however, as he showed in 1827, when he won a writ for £12 against a Sydney gentleman for unpaid ferry fees. Nor did the magistrate's bench think he had lost his wits when it issued a summons against him for harbouring a runaway convict in early July 1829. Blue received a hefty fine, which he could not afford, or gaol *in lieu* of payment, but he was saved from incarceration by a wealthy neighbour who paid the fine.[103]

Understanding, perhaps, that notoriety was his best defence, Blue increasingly became ostentatious in his displays of eccentricity. On December 15, 1829, the *Sydney Gazette* noted that "Billy Blue, the Commodore of Port Jackson, has of late grown uncommonly eloquent; scarcely a morning passes without a loud oration from his loyal lips, descanting on the glories of the standard". He had also adopted the habit of boarding ships that arrived in the harbour wearing his tattered uniform and top hat, to welcome the captain in his official capacity as commodore. As such, Blue expected to receive "suitable homage from all of His Majesty's subjects, as befitted a man of his position", so the *Sydney Gazette* explained. Twirling his stick and declaiming "True Blue forever", the old man demanded that men salute, children doff their hats and women curtsy. Any who failed to respond

suffered a cascade of salty abuse. This highly subversive performance, calculated or not, had the curious effect of endearing Blue to all levels of Sydney society.[104]

Not everyone was prepared to indulge this disreputable, aged black man. An outraged correspondent to the *Sydney Gazette* on October 31, 1833 made a unkind pun about the "*black* guardism of Billy Blue" when expressing his resentment at "this sweep [who] made use of such language as must have shocked every modest person."[105] He demanded it was high time a stop was put to "this *crying* nuisance", so that respectable people could walk the streets without being insulted. Immediately the editor and several other correspondents sprang to the defence of Blue, as a "privileged person" who meant no harm.[106] Equally, the author Alexander Harris took it in good part when Blue told him, with "a fatherly sort of authority" that he had rowed across the harbour a good many times that day, so Harris must pay the fare to row himself to Sydney, and Blue would pull the boat back again. With bemused good humour, Harris accepted this odd bargain, reflecting that the old ferryman was "considered to possess a sort of universal freedom of speech".[107]

In 1834 Baron von Hügel landed in Sydney to be confronted by an old black man standing in the middle of the street with a sack over his shoulder, "saying something crazy in a loud voice at every passer by". Addressing one passing gentleman, Blue called out: "[w]ho is that long legged beauty, Your Honour? I won't say anything to your lady". To another pedestrian he was slyly conspiratorial: "[n]ot a word about the pig". On enquiring about this disreputable apparition, the European aristocrat could scare believe his ears to be told that this was "the old commodore whom Governor Macquarie appointed port captain".[108]

Within days of Blue's death on 6 May 1834, the *Australian* newspaper announced that East's fine portrait of the old commodore was on public view and "ought to be preserved in Government House or some other institution".[109] Two colonial newspapers wrote affectionate obituaries, but it was the *Sydney Gazette,* where Blue had been often vilified, which produced the most glowing tribute. The paper dedicated two full columns to "the gallant old commodore", extolled Blue as a founding father of New South Wales, whose memory would be "treasured in the minds of the present generation, when the minions of ambition are forgotten in the dust". Indulging in high-flown prose, the editor told the readers of the *Sydney Gazette* that "the reign of Billy is coeval with the foundation of the colony"[110]. For the modern historian it is utterly incongruous that such extravagant praise, of the use of the word *reign,* and of a commemorative portrait meant for government

house should be reserved for a disreputable ex-convict and multiple offender who was poor, illiterate and black as the ace of spades. It runs counter to everything our national history would lead us to expect. The story of Billy Blue is a fine example of how an individual life, examined in grainy detail, can confound what we historians like to think we know about the past.

[70] Blue's convict indent said he was a sailor from the West Indies, however this was a misreading of his indictment where he was charged with stealing from a West India ship. He was by no means the only man of African descent in Sydney. A dozen had arrived in the First Fleet in 1788 and several more came on subsequent transports, almost all of them from America. For black settlers in colonial Australia, see Cassandra Pybus, Black Founders: The Unknown Story of Australia's First Black Settlers (Sydney: UNSW Press, 2006) and A Touch of the Tar: African Settlers in Colonial Australia and the implications for issues of Aboriginality (London: Menzies Centre for Australian Studies, 2001).

[71] Susannah Scofield, granddaughter of Blue, provided a document, now lost, stating that Blue had told her father that he was born in New York. This account was reproduced in The Star, September 21, 1808.

[72] Blue's later claims are made in evidence given in the civil case Martin v. Munn, reported in Sydney Gazette, October 25, 1832, n.p.

[73] There is no doubt that Blue was baptized, but I have not yet found his baptismal notice. He was probably baptized in America.

[74] It is possible that the operation of the Poor Laws explains why some of the black refugees got baptized, which, in effect, attached them to a parish.

[75] For the death of indigent blacks see Stephen Braidwood, Black Poor and White Philanthropists: London's Blacks and the Foundations of the Sierra Leone Settlement 1786–1791 (Liverpool: Liverpool University Press, 1994), 32.

[76] The quote from an early newspaper report is given without a source in Meg Swords, Billy Blue (Sydney: North Sydney Historical Society 1979), 10.

[77] My understanding of lumping and customary pillage owes much to Linebaugh, The London Hanged: Crime and Civil Society in the Eighteenth Century (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 1992), 416–25. He suggests that in the mid-1790s there was a crack-down on informal wages with customary rights becoming criminalized. My reading of the Old Bailey records does not fully support his thesis. There are very few prosecutions for lumpers in this period; nearly all the trials for plundering and pillage come from the East India warehouses.

[78] Indictment of William Blue, Kent County Archives (KCA), Q/SIW 422

[79] Deposition of William Blue, September 29, 1796, KCA Q/SB 225.

[80] To find the use of the terms 'commodore' I went through the Old Bailey trial records for the decade 1790. For the records of the Enterprise see National Archives of UK, (NA) ADM 102.208, ADM 36/15418 to ADM 36/15428.

[81] The records of Old Bailey trials also suggest that the press gangs in London were less aggressive in the period 1796–97. The number of reprieved criminals failed to fill the shortfall, especially as they were drafted into the West Indian regiments where they died like flies. Nevertheless, the press-gangs continued to take huge numbers of men off the streets.

82. For shipping in Sydney Oct.–Nov. 1803, see Historical Records of NSW, vol. 5, 288.
83. Peter O'Shaughnessy, ed., *A Rum Story: The Adventures of Joseph Holt Thirteen Years in New South Wales*, 1800–1812 (Sydney: Kangaroo Press, 1988), 89. Alan Atkinson gives credence to this story in *The Europeans in Australia: A History* vol I (Melbourne: Oxford University Press, 1997), 267.
84 Marriage and baptism register of St Philips, Sydney.
85 Trial of Daniel McKay, Judge Advocate's Bench, 17 August 1805, State Records of NSW, (SRBSW) R 656, 601.
86 Daniel McKay arrived on the Royal Admiral in 1792. In 1810 he petitioned the colonial secretary for amelioration of sentence for his common-law wife, Judith Quinlan, from the Experiment.
87 Sydney Gazette, 18 August 1805.
88 Harris to King, 25 October 1807, Historical Records of NSW, vol. 6, p.343
89 Bligh to Castlereagh, 30 June 1808, Historical Records of Australia, vol. 6, p. 533. The men were immediately reinstated after Bligh's arrest.
90 Blue's ferry was the first of its kind in the port; Sydney Gazette, 2 August 1807.
91 Notice, August 17, 1811, SRNSW CS SZ758 (Reel 6038), 226.
92 "The Humble Petition of William Blue …", November 17, 1823, SRNSW CS R6045, 4/1735, 151.
93 Description of Blue as a 'sable veteran' from his obituary, Sydney Gazette, May 8, 1834
94 This was not a racial reference, but expressed the sense that Macquarie shared some of the qualities of poor folk. In the argot of late eighteenth-century 'a brown' was a copper halfpenny.
95 Quotes from Martin v. Munn reported in Sydney Gazette, October 25, 1832.
96 For Blue's various grants and appointments: "Return of Horned cattle from the Government herd", SRNSW CS R6048, 4/1742, 42, and R6045 4/1735, 151.
97 Case against Blue, Court of Criminal Jurisdiction, "Informations, Depositions and Related Papers," October 10, 1818, SRNSW COD 445, SZ795, 421–35.
98 Sydney Gazette, October 17, 1818.
99 Judge Advocates' Bench of Magistrates, Minutes of Proceedings Bench Book 1815–21, October 24, 1818, SRNSW R 659, SZ775, 147.
100.Wylde to Macquarie, October 16, 1818, SRNSW CS R6047, 4/1741, 47–50; Wylde to Macquarie, October 30, 1818, ibid., 76–77.
101 William Gore to Edward Wollstonecraft, 23 September 1824, SRNSW, CS R6056, 4/1765; Blue's petitions to Governor Brisbane are 28 October 1823 Reel 6017; 4/5783, pp. 438-40 and 17 November 1823, SRNSW, CS R6045, 4/1735, 151; Colonial Secretary to Wollstonecraft, 6 December 1823, SRNSW R6011 4/3509 p.
102 "The Humble Petition of William Blue…" to Governor Brisbane, August 12, 1825, SRNSW CS R6062, 4/1782, 86; "The Humble Petition of William Blue…" to Governor Darling, March 12, 1827, SRNSW Box 4/1926, item 27/2898.
103 SRNSW R852, 4/6431, 23 and 25. Quote from the Sydney Gazette in Swords, Billy Blue, 45; Sydney Gazette, July 9, 1829.
104 Swords, Billy Blue, 39; other descriptions from Blue's obituary in the Sydney Gazette, May 8, 1834.
105 In this sense the term "sweep" is used to denote the lowliest of any street life.
106.Sydney Gazette, October 31, 1833.
107 Alexander Harris, *Settlers and Convicts, or, Recollections of Sixteen Years' Labour in the Australian Backwoods* (Melbourne University Press, 1964), 90
108 Extract from Baron von H□el, *New Holland Journal*, in Tim Flannery (ed.), *The Birth of Sydney* (Melbourne: Text Publications, 1999), 251.
109 *Australian*, 8 May 1834.
110 *Sydney Gazette*, 8 May 1834

Tripping Over Feathers: Beginning a Biography of Janaka Wiradjuri (Joy Williams)

Peter Read, Australian National University

> It's not fair, Pete. If I start crying I'll never stop. I never will. Sometimes I'm so frightened of dropping a cup. Or tripping over a feather. Because if I trip I can't [get up], I can't do it. And they're not going to take me out of the world like that.

Doretta Williams was born in Cowra NSW in 1920, of the Wiradjuri Aboriginal people. At the age of seven she and two sisters were removed from their mother and placed in the Cootamundra Training Home for Aboriginal Girls. At the age of sixteen she was sent into domestic service and in 1942 she began working as a housemaid in North Sydney at a Rest and Recreation establishment for soldiers. On 1 January 1943 she fell pregnant to a soldier of the Sixth Division. Her daughter Eileen, later known as Joy, was born in September. Three weeks later Eileen was taken to the Bomaderry Children's Home managed by the Aboriginal Inland Mission. When Joy was four, in part due to overcrowding in the Home, the Bomaderry matron asked that she be transferred to the Lutanda Home managed by the Plymouth Brethren. There Joy grew up. When she was about twelve, she was told that she was of Aboriginal descent. Isolated, and aggressive and believing herself unattractive, Joy had a sad and lonely upbringing.

On leaving Lutanda at seventeen she began training as a nurse. Drifting, or drawn, to Kings Cross she became a sex worker, drug addict and a member of the Rosaleen Norton cult of paganism. Several convictions for sex working and petty crime were followed by a twelve months sentence in which the judge made a Court Order allowing her, if she wished, to attend a psychiatric hospital instead of jail. Between 1959 and 1961 she was admitted, or admitted herself, seven or eight

times for treatment. A child Julianne was born to her and adopted to become the third successive Stolen Generation child. Joy returned to Kings Cross to drugs and prostitution, but also now to take part in political movements such as helping to organise the Freedom Ride, sit-ins, Green-Bans and the struggle to close the maximum-security prison Kotingal. In 1973 she met her mother who came briefly to live with her, but through Doretta's drinking, Joy herself became an alcoholic. Through Doretta also she met her Wiradjuri family and, while never returning to Cowra, 'became' an Aboriginal in the full sense of knowing who she was, and wa recognized as such by the inner-city Aboriginal community. Hoping for something better than Kings Cross (and also, perhaps, to avoid a compulsory Alcoholics Anonymous attendance order) she moved with her son Ben to Nowra 150km south of Sydney. In the early 1980s she contacted Stolen Generations Link Up to reunite her with her Cowra family. Oomera Edwards, Co-Ordinator, and I, at that time Link-Up's only two staff, took her to Cowra to introduce her to her family. Though Joy returned later for several months, her relations were not close. Feeling herself exploited by some Erambie residents, she never returned after 1990. Remaining in Wollongong, sober but still addicted to drugs, she held a number of professional positions in Aboriginal health organizations. She completed a BA and in 1991, an MA, specialising in creative literature. She began a passionate and long lasting affair with a married man.

In the 1990s she began a court case against the Aborigines Welfare Board and the State of New South Wales alleging that at Lutanda she had been denied bonding attachment and so developed Borderline Personality Disorder and a propensity to substance abuse. A long series of hearings culminated in 2001 in the High Court of Australia's dismissal of an Application for Leave to Appeal against the NSW Court of Appeal's decision not to find against the judgement on the principal claims. [111] That is to say, she lost comprehensively.

At about the same time Joy asked me to write her biography. We completed some fifteen hours of taped conversation and I began reading the very extensive biographical materials which had been gathered for the Hearings. Though troubled by many health problems, her last few years were the most fulfilling. Now known by the community as Auntie Joy, she lived in a flat owned by the Aboriginal corporation, was a senior member of Stolen Generations Link Up Governing Body and an elder of the Wollongong community, proudly free of all illegal drugs, alcohol and medications, and widely respected both for her poetry and her failed court case. In 2006 she died. She is buried on top of Doretta in Narooma Cemetery, where her mother had spent most of her life. I resolved then to begin the biography which had for various reasons stalled in the previous three years.

The first difficulty is my inevitably limited understanding of the circumstances of her life. It is true that I have some 2000 pages of biographical material, two books of poetry, 100,000 words of transcribed interviews of Joy and other members of her family, any number of people whom I can now interview, and twenty five years of friendship with her. It is true also that I have spent most of my academic life reading archives about, interviewing and working closely with Aboriginal people, especially the Stolen Generations'. But I am not a woman or an Aboriginal. I have not had a child adopted, or been removed from my family. I have never been unloved or thought myself unattractive, been institutionalised, or held in jail or mental hospitals, been a sex worker, or a poet, an alcoholic or a drug addict, attempted suicide; I have never sued anybody or lived on the streets. Can I ever know enough about Joy to write a biography? Does the fact that you *like* writing biography make you a better better biographer? Does one need to get inside the mind or feelings of one's subject? I plan to circulate the biography manuscript to half a dozen people who shared these experiences, and who knew her well, and incorporate their comments into the final draft.

The second problem is that a significant member of Joy's family has insisted that the existence of this person be not acknowledged in the biography in any way whatsoever. I understand the reasons for this request and respect them. I must therefore find a way to avoid mentioning this person while remaining true to Joy herself. Interested in the 'Scenes From A Life' method of biographical writing since completing my *Charles Perkins A Biography*, I believe that such a structure will enable me to omit that person in a way that a full biography could not faithfully do.[112] Let me discuss some possible scenes from her life and the issues involved in each.

North Sydney, 1942: five months before Joy's birth

At the main Hearing, discussion took place before the Judge as to whether Joy had been forcibly removed from her mother, so to become a classic Stolen Generations matter. No documentary could be produced by either plaintiff or defender.
Early in the Hearing this exchange took place:

> HIS HONOUR It is correct to say that [Mr Hutley, Williams's lawyer] does not maintain that this particular plaintiff, to use the expression, is a member of the stolen generation, whatever that expression might mean. Is that correct?
> ADAMSON: Quite, your Honour. The plaintiff's primary case is that the plaintiff's mother made an application to the Board under s7(2). …

> HIS HONOUR Because the plaintiff's case is that her mother surrendered control of the child to the Board.
> ADAMSON Yes, pursuant to an application. …
> HIS HONOUR: And in fact it is done at her behest.
> ADAMSON: At the plaintiff's mother's request, quite, your Honour.
> HIS HONOUR: Am I also correct in saying that the plaintiff's case is not that the Board in any way sought to remove the child, but that the mother requested the Board to take control of the child, for reasons best known to the mother?
> ADAMSON Yes, that's right and it appears that that occurred on or about 12 October 1942. (9-12)

No doubt Joy's lawyers decided that the case for her wrongful removal as a stolen child, in the total absence of records, could not be sustained. The judge made this determination:

> The primary submission [for Williams] was that there was no unlawful removal detention or taking of the plaintiff at any time and that there was no factual removal of the plaintiff in the sense of her having been 'stolen'. If there was a removal, or taking it was pursuant to the mother's request for the Board to do so. She applied or asked the Board to take control of the plaintiff and the Board acceded to her application.

It is certainly possible, and I believe it probable, that a good deal of moral pressure was placed on Doretta to relinquish her child, backed by the assurance that the Aborigines Welfare Board had the power to remove Joy from her in any case, should she resist. In this first scene I will recreate an alternative hypothesis. The Board's Child Welfare Irene English Officer receives a call from Joy's employer that Doretta is late for work, often is found sitting down, has become withdrawn, and seems a little plump around the middle! Mrs English visits Doretta, ascertains that she is pregnant, admonishes her, explains the impossibility of keeping her child.

Lutanda, 1955

The second scene should take place at Lutanda itself. These were the years most crucial to the Hearing. Her legal team had to establish that Joy had both experienced and manifested psychological disturbance (namely, Borderline Personality Disorder) during those years and, more generally, that the Aborigines Welfare Board had abdicated its fiduciary duty in not monitoring her mental health

while she was an inmate. [113] During the 1970s and 1980s Joy claimed physical and sexual abuse as well as psychological: being beaten with a strap, being made to stand naked in a corner, having her collarbone broken by being thrown against a wall, and being injected with a sedative. She also made these claims to me in an interview, but at trial her lawyers conceded that such abuse probably had not occurred; rather, her claims were in themselves a potent demonstration of serious mental disorder.

Joy also claimed that she learned of her Aboriginal descent only when it was thrown at her in anger by a Lutanda official when she was 12 – that Doretta did not want her, she was Aboriginal and a drunk. Joy too, she was told, had 'mud in her veins'. Her Court Statement of 1994 read :

> Joy was told that she was such an ugly baby that her mother had given her away and been sterilised. She was also told that her mother was a drunk. She said she 'nearly died of shame' when she found out that she was Aboriginal, and for a time tried to cover her face with her long hair. [114]

Many hours were spent at trial determining whether the staff knew that Joy was Aboriginal, and if they did, whether this knowledge had contributed to her deteriorating psychological state. Most of the surviving staff and some of the former inmates denied they knew. At least one staff member, however, knew. She told two interviewers working for Joy's legal team:

> Did [Joy] got on well with the other children?
> Yes, she seemed to get on all right with the other children. But if there was any trouble you knew that Joy would be at the bottom of it?
> Did you know that Joy was an Aborigine?
> Joy wasn't very Aboriginal. Her father was white. But we didn't know who he was or who her mother was. No relations ever came to the home to see Joy. We tried to find out what happened to her. We suspected that her mother had abandoned her as a baby. The records said she was Aboriginal but let's face it they are different to us. You could tell from looking at her. They live in filth, don't they? They never get rid of it, it's there and it's there for good. What would she have been like if she had been brought up on a reserve? ... It's not nice reading in the paper all of these lies. She's trying to get herself money. Because it was the Aboriginal in her.

This unrecorded statement, whose sentiments are so bitterly familiar to Aboriginal people (and historians), was allegedly made by a former staff member, and compiled from notes made by the two interviewers. It was rejected by the Court as not a true record.

This second scene I envisage taking place on the day that Joy was angrily informed that her mother was Aboriginal and that like her, Joy had 'mud in her veins'.

Kings Cross, **1960**

One of the more bizarre of the scenes from Joy's life will take place in Kings Cross, then the most Bohemian centre of Australian life and one of the most disreputable. The elements I need to weave into the narrative include sex working for money, sex work for affection, constant changes of abode, minor crimes like burglary, arrest and imprisonment, amphetamine addiction, social activism such as the campaign to save inner-city housing, being raped by police, constructive social work for the Aboriginal Freedom Ride and the drop-in centre the wayside Chapel, her first encounters with public speaking, poetry and folk-singing, the stirrings of a positive recognition of her Aboriginality, the search for her mother, and overall the excitement and novelty of Kings Cross for drop-outs like herself. These were some of her memories:

> So I was living at the Cross, homeless most of the time, in flophouses and so on. That's where I met Koori women. Flophouses, 6d a night or nothing, it depends on who had the money. A little group of us would sleep on floors, girls and boys, all homeless, long before the Cross became a drug centre. Or bus stops, I remember I used to sleep at the Darlinghurst Fire Station. Rape was the order of the day usually too. When I used to pick up blokes for a room for the night, that's all it was, that's all it was for. You couldn't say no.

Pretty bad memories? Yes they are. Very traumatic memories. A social worker, missing most of this, reported after interviewing her,

> This girl was seen at the above Clinic on 30th August. Joy seemed to have a resigned attitude, which at times gives way to the underlying resentment about her illegitimacy and lack of home and relations and her won lack of success and self-esteem. She has little motive or hope for constructive satisfaction. Her own discontentment and emotional problems seem to have interfered with

> adjustment in employment. … She gave as her Vocational Choice live-in domestic work in the country. This may be a possibility, if she is placed in a home where standards are not too high and class distinction not too obvious. She needs the help of an adult who can give her genuine interest and understanding. She may have some artistic talent (drawing or music) on interest that could give her satisfaction. [1960]

Yet there is another side to her life at this time. Joy was to an extent involved with a pagan cult conducted by the artist Rosaleen Norton, known as the 'witch of Kings Cross'. Artistically Norman Lindsay's bacchanalian creations were among her inspirations. Her paintings appeared on many café walls, while her followers sometimes appeared in grotesque masks on the streets. She fostered a cult of artistic, though not entirely serious, paganism complete with demonology, bestiality, satyrs and fauns, black masses and erotic drawings. Joy was reluctant to discuss this part of her life, and following that lead I did not ask her much about it. But I think that Joy, very much more intelligent, musical and artistic than the health workers were aware was drawn to the excitement and naughtiness of it all. I have reason to think she took it more seriously than many of the other adherents of the cult.

I am therefore pondering a scene involving Norton which will encapsulate many of the other elements of her Kings Cross life. Norton's pagan rituals seem a much more constructive and lively way of presenting Joy's life in Kings Cross than one based, for instance, on the interview which produced the report of 30 August above.

North Ryde Psychiatric Centre, 1962

Joy attended psychiatric centres eight times over two years, on many occasions signing herself in voluntarily. I envisage a scene set during one of Joy's periods in the early 1960s.

An important element in psychotherapeutic thinking was known colloquially as Confrontation Therapy, in which a group of half a dozen inmates, attended by a psychiatric nurse, discussed the issues and problems of one member of the group. Joy found these, she told me, very destructive, 'You went in feeling good, everyone would ask you questions, and you'd come out feeling rotten'.

After each session the official would write notes on each individual. Typical entries for Joy run

> 5 July 1963 Stated in Group that she was under 'hypnotic influences' and that a male friend had hypnotized her… the group suggested that she have sedation, which was given'
> 31 May 1964 …would like to have a special group before she is discharged. Said she wanted the group to 'dig deep'' and to 'get stuck into me'. Joy claimed she would answer any questions that the group asked.
> 16 July 1964. In small group strongly indicated she would take her own life after 4 September. Is very depressed by the loss of her daughter born on above date and who was adopted out.
> 5 August 1964. Appeared very depressed this morning in big group. Joy feels her talents aren't fully appreciated as the group felt that she didn't write the ward note she presented.

The issues which she confronted in Group and Small Group recurred again and again: her frequent wrist-slashing (which she admitted were intended more for attention than suicide), her relationship with her husband Kevin, the future of Julie-Anne, her feelings of ugliness and self-hatred, her attempts to find work outside that was not sex work. This was the entry for the 2nd of November 1962:

> Kevin and she came to group. Julie-Anne discussed. Joy described her daughter as being 'shuttled back and forth like a raffle ticket. 'Joy has no affection for the baby, it can be adopted or a foster home or something - !'. Kevin says he is certainly <u>not</u> going to care for it either. …There was a general verbal attack on the parents for the shocking neglect of the child!...Joy says she 'bitterly regretted' marrying him.

After more research in 1960s psychiatric practice, and possibly some interviews with former psychiatric nurses, I hope to recreate a small group session in which the issues in her life at this time will be explored by other inmates in as realistic a manner as I can manage. One of the difficulties will be to reproduce the changing emotions which Joy exhibited through many sessions: threatening suicide, finding a new job, ambivalence about her relationships, and most important in her later life, her tempestuous relationship with her baby both in the womb and until years after her adoption. Did she agree to her baby's adoption? The records suggest a medication-induced affirmative. Joy told me in a formal interview that such was the state of her mind then, she could not be sure what really had happened. 'I get

confused about what's written in the hospital notes and what I know. It twists your mind. Is that colonisation?' Many years later, after being reunited with Julie-Anne, she wrote this poem to her:

Poem for Julie-Anne

My arms are empty, but at least I know
I gave you life and I gave you a name.
Though your skin is fair don't be shamed.
Julie-Anne, Julie-Anne, I didn't give you away!

Meeting Doretta, Nowra, 1973

The judge also found that the plaintiff's mother at no time between 1942 and 1960 made application to the Board to have her daughter released to her care. Technically that was true. After 150 years of psychological as well as physical colonization, very few Aborigines had the self confidence or the knowledge to engage a lawyer to make application to recover their removed children. It was much more common, though, for parents to write to the Board requesting information on their whereabouts, or their return. Doretta did so, too. In 1956, when Joy was fourteen, Doretta wrote to the Child Welfare Officer in which she asked, among other points, **"**And could you please tell me if I could go and visit my daughter as I would like to see her." Irene English replied**:** "I was quite surprised to hear from you, and often wondered what had become of you." Followed some sentences about how to manage a medical bill from the Condobolin Hospital, she wrote "With all good wishes to you, Dora, for this coming year, and thanking you for your Christmas greeting." English had answered each of the several points of Dora's letter: except one.

Several times in the early 1970s Joy had been told that Doretta was living near Narooma, on the south coast of New South Wales. In 1972 she sent a mother's day card to the post office. The following year Joy met a *Herald* journalist who agreed to take her to Narooma. There she asked the whites – not the Blacks! – where Doretta lived: it seemed she used to live with Jimmy Little, (the father of the well-known singer) on a property owned by a Ken Richards. Old Jimmy had died but Doretta had been allowed to stay on in the tin hut if she helped to pick the beans and potatoes. Peering through the window, Joy could see her Mother's Day card above the fireplace. Why had Doretta not contacted her, she wondered. But she wasn't there. She was in hospital in Nowra. Back they tracked, stayed in a pub overnight. Next morning, 'all prettied up' Joy asked the matron if they could see Doretta.

- Hello Eileen
- Hello Mum

Her mother's first action was to slap her and ask why she had not come back to visit her earlier. In the course of conversation all day Joy learned that she had been found behind the Bodalla pub suffering from alcohol poisoning, Alzheimers, malnutrition and neglect. Joy's recollections of the time are among the saddest in here life:

> I still find it hard to talk about mum. Part of me still believes what the Home said, that she didn't want me. And yet the majority knows that it isn't true. The big majority of me. … If she had not been a drinker I might not have been one either. I didn't drink much before I met Mum. When I brought home my first bottle of booze, I got into a better mood where I could handle my mother, and when she was drunk she seemed to be more accepting of me. And I [kept on] drinking when Mum came to live with us too. With Mum, drinking developed into a competition I think. And when we got into it we started being loving to each other. Maybe the only time we were ever close.

The scene I imagine will take place either meeting Doretta, or perhaps during a drinking session during which, in Joy's memory, Doretta resolutely refused to reveal anything of her past.

Kangaroo Valley, 1982

At the same time Joy was in the midst of the second passionate affair in her life. Her lover, married at the time, has agreed to discuss the relationship with me, and I shall do this shortly. The affair was important, not least because it drew from Joy her finest poetry. While most of the works in her two books of poetry are heartfelt but a little predictable, it was in the following poem that she rose to unclichéd high passion, subtlety, lyricism, technical assurance and concision.

Kangaroo Valley Man

This is the best of the half dozen poems dedicated to him.
Next time you're making love in the morning and
I know you love to make love the same night
Anyway, next time you make love to your wife or your
Lovers, remember, I'll be there!
I may be there as the proverbial fly on the wall
Or moulded in with the folds of your Sheridan sheets,

Perhaps I'll be there as part of the sunshine streaming
Into the room or watching by the glow of moonlight.
Be assured, dear heart, just get this message quite clear
I might be content (for now, patient, sweetheart)
To remain in the space for you've allocated for me in your life –
But I'm gonna come roaring right back into your soul
Just when you least expect me. (Aha!!)…
You never said I was frigid and I know I
Ain't got the body of a twenty-five year old
Saint! (or did you say nun?)
But, listen, my darling, can you hear my soul screaming?
Did you enjoy our drives out to La Perouse beach with
Loud military music that made you feel like the man you've
Always wanted to be – of yes, and with Jenny!
I've heard it said that you like my legs,
And I've heard it said that you know that I love you and
(Oh yes, what's the big deal about age fifty five?)
Should I drink Scotch and maybe cheap rum to
Encourage your kisses? Bugger the smoking!)
One day I'll have millions and I'll build you your
Fireplace and give you 'nice' tiles for your bathroom
Made in Italy, of course! – have huge cedar beams
Let's see, what else is written on your wife's list?
Oh yes, thank you for your 'thoughtful sex'
(Gord, what the hell's that?)
I know you prefer our imaginative passion!
You 'look good' to the public and lie to our children.
Oh, I believe you when you say your life is not easy!
Cause just let me tell you, dear heart, neither is mine!
I ain't got no French design label jumpers –
I never needed clothes from you
I only ever needed you.

I shall perhaps set this scene during one of the lovers' conversations.

Erambie Aboriginal Station, 1985

In 1985, following the establishment of Link Up in 1981, and through the widening network of her extended family met through Doretta, Joy decided to return to her Erambie, near Cowra in central New South Wales. Her intention was to meet her many first and second cousins and further to embed her Aboriginality in real places and real relationships. It was from Erambie that so many of her family had been taken, over several generations, though the policy of child removal.

In the book Joy will need a passage in her own words. Unfortunately the interviews that Joy and I made in 2000-2, when Joy was taking marijuana (and possibly other substances), are rather incoherent. The following interview was made much earlier by Oomera Edwards and I in 1986, just a year after she had returned to Erambie, for a book of the experiences of 'Link-Uppers'.[115] Though, unknown to us, she was drinking heavily, her memories and reflections were lucid and sharp. This passage reveals also the courage which the Stolen Generation members need to return to their communities after a lifetime of negative propaganda against every aspect of their Aboriginality.

> You never forget [the trip home]. Never forget it. Oh God, even just down to Canberra. That wasn't too bad, because I was still more or less in my territory. I thought, yeah, I can get off at Bateman's Bay and just come back. I knew the whole thing was going to be different. There's not much in my life, there's not very much that I've finished, but this I was determined to. Because I had had enough – I hate the word 'consciousness raising', but I've had enough of that to know that my children had a right to their family.. Even if I didn't have the right, my children did. Even if it [Erambie mission] is RS, and even if it doesn't live up to my expectations, that's where I'm going.
>
> Saw Coral [Oomera Edwards] at the bus station, that was reassuring. Going back to her flat, that was nice. No, it was better than nice. It was lovely. Nice and calming. I remember I was as nervous as a cat on a hot tin roof. And that carpet. I'm surprised if there is any left of it. Just talking to Coral for hours and hours, and I was delaying. Delaying the inevitable too. Hoping the morning would never come. Desperately hoping the morning would never come.
>
> I'd had a look at home on the map, and Ben and I had followed the road up, and I had a vague idea where Cowra was. The closer we got to Cowra, of course, was worse. … I was little again, and it was very much like the car, the Bomaderry car, the welfare car that took me from the Home to the station. I thought, 'Oh God, it's just like a bad movie happening all over again'. And by the time we got to that signpost I was almost suicidal, 'To Cowra'. I would have given anything to turn around. I think I asked her to turn around, or asked her to stop, or something. And then I was asking, who was I going to see? Did they know we were coming? …
>
> Oh God, and then Val. … And her face. That's when I started feeling not ugly no more. It was like I crawled into that house and I waked out. There was a shock having a face put on a body. And she was nice and warm. All over her,

> all around her was warm. I often think about how they would have felt too. We had half a million cups of tea. …
>
> Richard stood away from me for a while … I didn't know how you were supposed to relate to male cousins, or Aboriginal men for that matter. I don't have to stand away from him and he doesn't have to stand away from me any more, and we both understand anger because as the youngest in the family that was taken away, he knows he can't make up for the past. Neither can I, and I think that Richard and I particularly do now is talk about some sort of future for our children.

The passage from which this is taken will need a commentary, and it will be a sad one. Val died a year later, and while Richard remained a friend, Joy's learning to become an Erambie Aborigine embedded in her close family (as opposed to a south coast Aborigine without strong kinship ties) ended in disillusionment. Joy's family education began the next day when she spent eighty dollars filling up her first cousin's Janey's fridge with food and lollies, only to find most of it distributed round the whole reserve several hours later. She charged this to experience but after one or two later short visits, when she found some of her family too affected by alcohol to make any real connection with her, and after she was robbed, she vowed never to return. And she did not.

Wollongong, 1995

Given its importance in her life, one scene should encompass the development of identification of herself as an Aboriginal. In the 1950s the only Aboriginal she had heard of, she said, was Albert Namatjira. In 1970 she watched the Aboriginal boys diving for coins at the La Perouse Reserve and congratulated herself on not being like 'one of them'. Until she met Doretta in 1973, she remained an unattached and unfixed Aboriginal, mixing with her relatives in inner city suburbs without knowing who they were. Meeting her mother, then, brought the double gift of fulfilling her lifetime dream, and also, rather unexpectedly allowing herself to be slotted into to the same kinship system. Her poem 'Jus like me ma man, jus' like me ma', written in the mid 80s, expressed her pleasure in this:

> I reckon I'm the lucky one
> 'Cause I've been told an' told
> Again, that, in many ways, I'm
> Jus' like me ma, 'jus like me ma.

In the mid-1980s, returned from Erambie, Joy signed herself 'Joy Williams Wiradjuri'. In 1987 she began keeping scrapbooks of press cuttings of contemporary Aboriginal news, a period of 'really hating whitefellers'. In about 1995 she began to call herself 'Janaka [blossom] Wiradjuri'. By 2000 in Wollongong she enjoyed the courtesy title granted to elders of 'Auntie'. In an interview of 2003 she told me:

> I'm still in Koori [Aboriginal] spirituality, very much. Wattle tree, what's the wattle tree there for? There'll be a new one in your yard. …My wattle tree is Wiradjuri Williams wattle tree, goanna totem with the wattle tree flowering. Never grow it, never plant it or grow it ourselves. If it's growing there it's supposed to be. That makes me happy.

When and where should this difficult scene be set? The most creative literary period in her life, lasting some ten years after she met her Cowra family 1983, expressed most graphically her sense of Aboriginality, more in the feeling or what she had lost, and hatred for the colonizers, rather than a real pride in her own descent. They are taken from her unpublished ms. 'Wiradjuri Woman Valley Man Love', written as the main part of her MA thesis in Creative Writing.

> We will turn as turn we must…
> And cut clean off the hand that fed us
> Poisoned flour, poisoned wine,
> Told us lies, raped and abused us
> We will turn, we will turn!
>
> I am black – I've been reared on your hatred –
> Believe me and don't underestimate me – 'cause
> I've been reared on your hatred and lies,
> I hate you with all my Blackness
> Black hate that will burn out your eyes!

One of Joy's most quoted poems was 'Dora Me Mum' which depicts her in the Home in Goulburn, her brain ruined by alcohol and neglect, in an institution.

> So pale and fragile is Dora, me mum,
> With stooped over shoulders she shuffles along
> Whiteman's insanity.
> …
> To all the gubb [white] missionaries who sued and abused her
> Just remember two Koories
> Will have their revenge as

We track you by night – or maybe by day –
Armed with our boondies…..
We'll see if you bleed.

That was the end of the version for at least a decade. But evidently in the last few years she revised the poem to include, as the final lines

But to gentle gubbahs who've loved us and care
We'll shelter and feed you
And say to you softly,
We know you cared!'

Such an emotion of forgiveness appeared very rarely in anything else that she wrote. Did it represent a change of heart? This scene will be one of the most difficult to construct: Joy's Aboriginality was never fixed.

Wollongong, 2004

There are several possibilities for the last scene: as guest of honour at a Wollongong 'Sorry Day', visiting Julie-Anne, or as guest of honour at a Wollongong Sorry Day in the 2000s. Currently I am drawn to some moments in my own later relationship with her. Every two or three months from 2000 I would drive from Canberra to arrive at her flat about eleven. Camomile tea which she always had ready for me; another interview, or when we'd finished them in 2004, we'd talk about the book of poetry by Link-Up clients which she and I were preparing. Television blaring, hundreds of books on Aboriginal subjects in the bookcases, Jingles the part-Skye terrier leaping on and off the bed, Prozac the cat wandering round the kitchen looking for food, the huge Aboriginal flag and the cross from Doretta's coffin on the wall. By twelve we were off to Woolworths for shopping. I'd slip the 'Invalid Parking' sticker onto the dashboard, park as close as possible to the entrance to the shopping complex. Joy leaning on my arm, we would push the trolley round Woolworths: food for Jingles and Prozac, chocolates, lollies, tea, bananas, apple juice, custard, milk, grapes, and always three packets of Horizon Blue cigarettes. Back to her flat where I'd make the tea, persuade her to turn down Oprah on the television just a little; lunch discussing the children and why they were not in contact with her. By two she would have to lie down because of back pains, but exultant that she was taking no alcohol or marijuana only a few recommended prescription drugs.

A day before she died, stricken with lung cancer, I went to see her at the Shoalhaven District Hospital. She wanted to smoke, so carrying her handbag and supporting her shuffling gait, I pushed along the drip regulator outside to the smoking area. There we had our last conversation. Back in her room when it started getting cold, one of my clearest memories was of her hospital bag. All that it contained was her glasses case and notebook and a nightie doubtless bought for a dollar at Vinnies.

Don't be sentimental here, Peter: remember how she manipulated her interviews with you as she had learned to manipulate everyone.

Will it work? Several obvious weaknesses in the 'scenes from a life structure' are emerging. One is the difficulty of carrying a lifetime's changing emotions in a single scene: her attitude to Aboriginality is a clear example. Another is that certain key events in her life may have to be referred to only peripherally, such as her reunion with Julie Anne. A third, an issue common to other styles of biography, is how to deal with periods in her life of which Joy may have been most proud, but which are ostensibly more difficult to write about interestingly. Such a period occurred in the 1990s when Joy was the regional Aboriginal Community Liaison Officer. Nevertheless her life did end in a kind of climax which I shall try to reproduce. Especially within Link Up, Joy was much celebrated. Two Wiradjuri friends Barbara Nicholson and Marie Melito-Russell – both past presidents of the Link Up organization – wrote poems in her honour.

Perhaps all stolen generations lives are epic lives. As they grew up, Auntie Joy, Auntie Marie and Auntie Barbara barely knew the word Aboriginal, let alone the Wiradjuri people. Each, after immense difficulties, came home to their identity. Marie Melito-Russell wrote

> We share the same talents, poets and writers,
> We don't take crap from anyone, we are both fighters
> We are strong women, we are Wiradjuri
> And we will always be friends, my joy and me [116].

Barbara Nicholson wrote,

> How could they do that to any human being
> And still call themselves just?
> How could they deprive you
> Of the care of your mother

Your Wiradjuri Dreaming
Then blame you for your poverty.
Your acid wit, your fire in the belly,
Your determination to 'get the buggers yet'. …

You had the courage to take on the State
All the way to the High Court
You had the intellect to go to University
And attain four degrees,
You had the creative flair
To write beautiful poetry
And the tenacity to get it published.
You were not to be messed with
Proud Black Wiradjuri woman.[117]

111 Williams v Minister Land Rights Act 1982 and Anor S246/200 (22 June 2001); Supreme Court of New South Wales Common Law Division, Joy Williams v The Minister, Aboriginal land Rights Act 1983 and Anor, before Mr Justice Abadee, 26 August 1999
112 P. Read, Charles Perkins A Biography, rev. ed., Penguin 2001
113 Some of the characteristics of Borderline Personality Disorder relevant to Joy were defined at the Hearing as: frantic attempts to avoid real or imagined abandonment; a pattern of unstable or intense interpersonal relationships; marked and unstable sense of self¸ impulsiveness in areas that are potentially self-damaging (sex and substance abuse); self mutilation; mood instability; chronic feelings of emptiness; inappropriate, intense anger (trial 27-8)
114 Doretta claimed that she found out years later that at the time of Joy's birth she had indeed been given a clandestine (and illegal) hysterectomy.
115 Published as Coral Edwards and Peter Read, eds, The Lost Children, Moorebank: Doubleday, 1989; this extract is drawn from pp. 133-5
116 Marie Melito-Russell, 'My Joy', in Janaka Wiradjuri, ed., Life Love and Pain, an anthology of poems written by Stolen Generations Link Up, Link Up 2007, p. 1
117 Barbara Nicolson, 'The Joy I knew", in Janaka Wiradjuri 2007, pp. xi – xiii

Vom pittoreskem ‚Dreaming' zum Albtraum. Über das Scheitern der Selbstverwaltung von *Aboriginal Communities.*

Adi Wimmer, Universität Klagenfurt

> Sexual Abuse of Aboriginal children was found in every one of the 45 Northern Territory comunities surveyed for the *Litte Children are Sacred* Report. It was the straw breaking the camel's back, driving the Howard government's decision to intervene (Dr Brendan Nelson, 14 February 2008)

Im Oktober 1994 war ich Mitorganisator einer australistischen Klagenfurter Studienwoche, zu der wir einige ReferentInnen australischer Universitäten gewinnen konnten. Eine ungarische Kollegin stellte die Frage, was es mit den Gerüchten auf sich habe, es gebe in den Familien von Aborigines viel an

häuslicher Gewalt, auch sexueller. Die Antwort der australischen Kollegin fiel schmallippig aus: das seien lediglich Lügen von weißen Rassisten. Nichts daran sei wahr.

Neun Jahre später nahm ich in Portugal an einer Tagung der European Association for Studies of Australia teil; das Tagungsthema lautete „Australia – Who Cares?" Xavier Pons hielt ein Referat mit dem Titel „Who Cares about the Aborigine", welches in seinem Tenor völlig auf der Linie einer „Trauerarbeit" und Aufarbeitung weißer Fehler lag. Aber gegen Ende seines vielschichtigen Vortrags erwähnte er Missstände innerhalb der *Aboriginal Communities*, so zum Beispiel sexuellen Missbrauch von Minderjährigen. Er provozierte damit eine heftige Gegenreaktion einer Kollegin der UWA. Man möge sich mit Anschuldigungen dieser Art zurückhalten, war ihre Meinung, denn sie würden nur den Gegnern einer liberalen Aboriginepolitik in die Hände spielen. Eine indigene Kollegin der UNSW sekundierte: Gerüchte über sexuelle Gewalt in Aborigine Kommunen würden gezielt ausgestreut, um von der 200-jährigen sexuellen Ausbeutung von Aboriginefrauen durch weiße Siedler abzulenken. Im Anschluss an die Tagung kam es aber dann noch viel dicker: die australische Kollegin der UWA verlangte von der EASA, sich für das Referat von Xavier Pons zu entschuldigen und zu beschließen, zukünftige Referate über Aborigines vor jeder Tagung vorlegen zu lassen, damit bei Bedarf auch zensuriert werden könne; und sie gab bekannt, dass einige ihrer australischen Kolleginnen im Vorfeld beschlossen hatten, sich den Vortrag gar nicht erst anzuhören, „lest they be compromised by it."

Dass die Beziehungen zwischen den Kolonisatoren und den Ureinwohnern Australien von 1788 bis ca. Mitte des 20. Jahrhunderts keine von gegenseitigen Respekt und Toleranz gekennzeichneten waren, ist schon oft beschrieben worden. Auch die Missetaten der Eindringlinge sind weitgehend bekannt, wobei die systematische Zwangsadoptierung von Kindern aus rassisch gemischten Verhältnissen den wichtigsten australischen Diskurs der 1990iger darstellt. Ein parlamentarischer Untersuchungsausschuss wurde im Jahr 1995 eingesetzt; dieser veröffentlichte am 25. Mai 1996 ihren Abschlussbericht (gemeinhin als „The Stolen Generation Report" bekannt), und ein Jahr später wurde der 25. Mai zum ‚National Sorry Day' erklärt. In den Magistraten von ca. 4000 australischen Städten wurden sogenannte ‚Sorry Books' aufgelegt, in die man sich eintragen konnte. Der Höhepunkt dieser Bewegung war zweifelsohne ein Demonstrationszug über die Sydney Harbour Bridge am 25. Mai 2000, an dem sich eine Viertelmillion Menschen beteiligte. Doch leider ist diese Bewegung mittlerweile völlig versandet (es sei denn, sie wird durch die Aufsehen erregende „Sorry" Rede des neuen Premierministers Kevin Rudd vom 13. Februar 2008 wiederbelebt.)

Dass Premierminister John Howard sich nicht überwinden konnte, als oberster Repräsentant Australiens ein einfaches „sorry“ zu sagen, sorgte zwar für gehörige Irritationen, aber die massive Kritik an ihm aus allen Lagern – einschließlich des früheren konservativen Premierministers Malcolm Fraser – schienen Howards Versagen aufzuwiegen. Das Schlagwort von der „Reconciliation“ war in aller Munde, und für eine kurze Zeit – zwischen der Veröffentlichung des Reports 1997 und der Tampa Affäre Ende 2001 war die Frage der ‚Vergangenheitsbewältigung’ bzw. einer Aussöhnung mit der indigenen Bevölkerung der wichtigste öffentliche Diskurs. Man glaubte sich auf dem richtigen Weg. Das sollte sich in den ersten Jahren des neuen Jahrtausends ändern.

Nuggett Coombs

Seit ungefähr 1980 bilden die selbstverwalteten Aboriginekommunen (die meisten in Queensland, aber es gibt sie mit Ausnahme von Victoria und Tasmanien in jedem Bundesstaat) ein zentrales Element der Aboriginepolitik australischer Regierungen. Dass es zur Gründung dieser autonomen Siedlungen kam, geht in nicht unerheblichem Ausmaß auf das Wirken von H.C. (‚Nugget’) Coombs (1906-1992) zurück. Coombs war einer der einflussreichsten Administratoren Canberras; seine Karriere als Regierungsberater erstreckte sich von den 1930ern bis weit in die 80iger Jahre. Auch als Buchautor war Coombs erfolgreich, und seine Studie über die Zukunft der Aborigines war ein heiß diskutiertes Werk. Neben seinen Ämtern als Gouverneur der Commonwealth Bank, des Direktors des Australia Council oder des Chancellor der Australian National University ist vor allem seine Gründung und Leitung des „Council for Aboriginal Affairs“ zu erwähnen, dem er von 1968 bis 1976 vorstand. In dieser Funktion hatte Coombs großen Einfluss auf alle Regierungen von Gorton bis Hawke. Am überzeugendsten wirkte er anscheinend auf Gough Whitlam, der es ihm überließ, das „Aboriginal policy“ Papier der Labour Party für den Wahlkampf von 1972 zu schreiben (Wikipedia). Whitlam vertraute Coombs Vision über die Zukunft der Aborigines; umgesetzt wurden seine Pläne einer radikalen Autonomisierung für Aborigial-Communities erst unter Bob Hawke. Coombs Überzeugung war es, dass Aborigines ein Recht darauf hätten, ‚anders’ zu sein und ihre Kultur unbeeinflusst von außen leben zu können, und weiters befand er, die von ihm angestrebte Autonomie sei vom Staat zu finanzieren.

Wie Piers Akerman (2007, website) etwas polemisch aber sachlich korrekt schreibt, bestand die Politik von Coombs im Wesentlichen in einer Rückkehr zu einem idealisierten Lebensstil, wie er vor 1788 und der Invasion durch britische Kolonisatoren herrschte:

> Coombs and his band of supporters believed Aboriginal Australians would be better served if they were isolated in remote areas and forced to reinvent the hunter-gatherer lifestyle they had begun drifting away from with the arrival of European settlers, domesticated animals, farmed crops and a monetary system.

Diese Politik des ‚laissez faire in der Wildnis' war schon 1980 eine verfehlte. Mit dem technologischen Fortschritt (Satelliten-TV, das Internet, Video und DVD, Mobiltelefonen) wurde sie völlig unsinnig. Coombs wurde 1992 zu der von ihm maßgeblich gestalteten Autonomiepolitik interviewt. Wenn man das Interview liest, ist man ein wenig überrascht, wie wenig präzise die Leitlinien dieser Politik dargelegt sind. Coombs ist sich zwar sicher, dass das System der Bevormundungen geändert werden musste, hatte aber darüber hinaus kaum weitergehende Vorstellungen. Hier die m.E. zentrale Passage:

> (…) what we have to do is to accept the fact that Aborigines are different. They do have a different way of seeing the world and understanding it, they have a different vision of what the place should be like. They are autonomous their – by their nature yes a fundamental thing in Aboriginal society that what Judge Blackburn described it as a society which is run by laws not by men – or women. And I think that's important, they – nobody, no Aboriginal has the right to tell any other Aboriginal what he must do, or should do. Autonomy's - autonomy is fundamental to their ways of thinking now … (*Sic*, www.australianbiography.gov.au/coombs/interview)

Dass Coombs sehr verschwommene Ansichten über die Art und Weise hatte, wie sich Aborigines nach der Selbstverwaltung ihr Bildungssystem organisieren sollten, wird aus einer anderen Passage desselben Interviews klar:

> (…) starting with the education of how they are changing the way in which children, from the very beginning, are introduced to the world and to the ... and learn how to be Aborigines or to ... and those are – those things are very important and I, yeah so that as I say this is one area where, not because of our - I think our policies are almost universally wrong in relation to Aborigines. (*Sic*, ibid.)

Ungefähr ab 1980 wurde die Coomb'sche Doktrin der kulturellen und ökonomischen Autonomie in den entlegenen Regionen des Nordens, vor allem auf der Cape York Halbinsel, umgesetzt. Das Unterfangen hatte die Unterstützung auch der konservativen Parteien, was ich als einen Ausdruck der

fortschreitenden Romantisierung der Aborigines deute. Die Folgen waren katastrophal. Was Coombs nicht in Erwägung gezogen hatte, war die ökonomische Basis dieses neuen autonomen Lebens. Es gab keine, und da die Aborigines selbst keine neuen, alternativen Ideen dazu entwickelten, lebten sie alle von Sozialzuwendungen, oder ‚sit-down money', wie sie alsbald genannt wurden. Langeweile, Müßiggang und Perspektivenlosigkeit machten sich breit, der Alkoholismus griff um sich, und damit gingen sexuelle Übergriffe auf Frauen und Kinder einher. Wenn man in den 90igern australische Kollegen auf den Alkoholismus von Aborigines ansprach, erhielt man immer dieselbe Antwort: „yes it is a problem, but not more so than in the white community." Man verschloss die Augen vor den Tatsachen und bewies artig ‚cultural sensitivity.' Als Kevin Rudd in einem Radiointerview Ende Februar 2008 den Alkoholismus von Aborigines als eine „epidemic that is starting to get somewhat out of control" bezeichnete (zit. Pearson 2008:26), war dies „a breakthrough in recognition of the scale of the problems created by alcohol abuse" (ibid). Wenn betrunkene Aborigines ihre Häuser demolierten, dann baute ihnen die Verwaltung neue. Die durchschnittliche Lebensdauer von Sozialhäusern in den *Aboriginal Communities* von Queensland beträgt 8 Jahre; die von Sozialbauten außerhalb hingegen 50 Jahre (Koch 2007). Daraus entwickelte sich unter den Indigenen ein kollektives Gefühl der Folgenlosigkeit des Handelns. Die weiße Polizei (wenn sie überhaupt präsent war) mischte sich nicht in häusliche Gewalt ein, auch die Verfolgung von Vergewaltigung und Kindesmissbrauch lag in der Sicht der Exekutive in der Eigenverantwortung der *Aboriginal Communities*. Leider waren die Männer, die diese Verbrechen begangen, auch die machtvollen Stammesälteren. Eine kollektive Dysfunktionalität war die Folge, ein Zusammenbruch der Werte und Normen, und der ist den kleinen Machtcliquen anzulasten. Diese Eliten hatten die Möglichkeit, jede Kritik zu unterbinden. Es gab keinen investigativen Journalismus, denn die *Aboriginal Communities* hatten es in der Hand, Besuchsrechte auszustellen – oder zu verweigern. Akademiker wussten von der Misere, waren aber oft durch ihre Unterzeichung des unseligen ‚Ethics Code' dazu verpflichtet, nichts Negatives über die Kultur der Aborigines zu veröffentlichen. Sozialarbeiter konnten unschwer mundtot gemacht werden, indem man ihnen androh, sie als „rassistisch eingestellt" zu diffamieren – worauf sie in aller Regel von den Behörden außerhalb sofort abgezogen wurden und zuweilen auch noch mit disziplinären Maßnahmen zu rechnen hatten (vgl McKenna, 5). Erst vor kurzem hat ein australischer Spitzenpolitiker (der frühere Vorsitzende der Labor Party Warren Mundine) diese Verschwörung des Schweigens angeprangert und seine Partei aufgefordert, „to have courage in challenging the old guard." (Robinson 2008:1). Natasha Robinson zitiert in ihrem Bericht auch den früheren Minister für *Aboriginal Affairs* Mal Brough,

dass „political correctness“ die Arbeit der Reformkräfte behindert habe und weiterhin behindere.

Zur Ehrenrettung der australischen Aboriginal Studies Akademiker muss man anmerken, dass es ein Anthropologe namens Peter Sutton war, der im Jahr 2000 mit einem Referat betitelt “The Politics of Suffering“ den ersten bedeutsamen Schritt zur Erhellung der geheim gehaltenen Zustände setzte (Sutton 2001, Rintoul 2007a:6). Wie er in einem ABC Interview 2007 angab, seien ab 1999 immer mehr Gerüchte über Gewalt gegen Frauen v.a. in den Cape York communities in Umlauf gekommen:

> It began really with the status of victimhood as it were of women in Aboriginal communities, particularly in Cape York Peninsula. That was about 1999. (…) The issue's been brewing and brewing to the point where the pot has really gone over. But people are struggling radically with this now and really having to rethink. (Sales 2007)

Um sich aber das Ausmaß der Dysfunktionalität genau so bewußt zu machen wie das totale Versagen vieler ‚weißer’ Behörden, ist es notwendig, einige repräsentative Fälle darzustellen.

Am 25. Mai 2005 (d.i. der ‚National Sorry Day’) wurde in Araru (Coburg Peninsula, NT) eine 27jährige *schwangere* Frau von ihrem Mann zu Tode geprügelt, weil sie sich geweigert hatte, ihm ein Glas Wasser zu bringen. Sie hatte 29 Mal bei der Polizei Anzeige wegen Misshandlung erstattet, ohne dass ihr Mann ein einziges Mal festgenommen worden wäre. Ein Psychologe hatte das Jahr zuvor ein Gutachten zu diesem Fall erstellt, in dem er den gewaltsamen Tod der Frau – korrekt – vorhergesagt hatte. (Nowra, 2007:41)

In Darwin wurde 2002 ein ähnlicher Fall aktenanhängig. Ein Mann hatte seine Frau bewusstlos geprügelt und ging am Ende seiner Brutalitäten schlafen. Am Morgen stellte er fest, dass sie tot war. Bei seiner Vernehmung zeigte er keinerlei Reue und sagte: „I thought she would eventually wake up after I’d bashed her, she usually does“. Er erhielt eine Haftstrafe von 2 Jahren (ibid. 44)

Das ABC Programm *Lateline* (2007) zitierte eine Darwiner Oberstaatsanwältin, welche die Ergebnisse einer Untersuchung zu den gegenständlichen Missständen angestellt hatte, folgende Ergebnisse: „The panel appointed by the Teritory Government says there’s sexual abuse of children in almost every Aboriginal community in the NT, possibly in all of them. It says alcohol and pronography are

fuelling the problem. There's abuse against indigenous children as young as three."

Ein Fall, in dem die Medien zu einer Verschärfung einer Strafe beitrugen, ereignete sich im Juni 2004 in Yarrillin (NT). Ein Mädchen war im Kindesalter einem Mann als Frau zugesprochen worden. Als sie das 14. Lebensalter erreichte, beanspruchte er sie, obwohl er verheiratet war. (Nach australischem Bundesgesetz ist das ‚Schutzalter' 16 Jahre.) Die Mutter des Mädchens war verstorben, und die erziehungsberechtigte Großmutter überantwortete das Mädchen dem 55-jährigen Mann. Er schleppte sie in seine Hütte, wo er sie 2 Tage lang vergewaltigte und sodomierte. Obwohl die Schreie des Mädchens im ganzen Dorf zu hören war, schritt niemand ein. Schließlich gelang ihr die Flucht, und nachdem ihr niemand in der Familie beizustehen bereit war, wandte sie sich an die Polizei. Der Richter verurteilte den Mann zu *einem Monat* Gefängnis. Aufgrund des gewaltigen Medienprotestes ging der Staatsanwalt in die Berufung und die Strafe wurde auf 3 Jahre erhöht. (Nowra, 47)

Gering fielen die Strafen auch bei noch viel abscheulicheren Sexualdelikten aus: Als ein 2 jähriges Kleinkind so schlimm penetriert wurde, daß ihre Vagina zerriss, erhielt der Täter nur 4 Jahre und 6 Monate Haft. Bei einem ähnlichen Fall in Hermannsburg entstand dieselbe Verletzung eines nur 7 Monate alten Mädchens durch digitale Penetrierung; das Strafausmaß betrug 5 Jahre. Man muss diese Strafen im Vergleich zu einer Serie von Vergewaltigungsdelikten sehen, die sich 2004 in Sydney durch muslimische Männer ereigneten. In diesen wurden Strafen zwischen 15 Jahren (der Täter war unter 18) und lebenslänglich verhängt. Ein ganz aktueller Fall aus dem Jahr 2008 betrifft einen pädophilen Mann, der mehrere Knaben zwischen 5 und 9 Jahren zu Fellatio zwang und bei seinem Prozess behauptete, er habe sie nur in übliche Sexualpraktiken der Aborigines eingeweiht. Die Richterin setzte den Mann frei und gab ihm drei Monate, um diese angeblichen Stammespraktiken zu beweisen!

Ein gewichtiger Grund für die unverständliche Milde liegt an einem wohlgemeinten Report, dem über die *Deaths in Custody* aus den Jahren 1992 – 1996, veröffentlicht durch das *Australian Institute of Criminology*, Canberra. Der Report empfahl der australischen Justiz, bei der Verhängung von Haftstrafen gegenüber indigenen Männern besonders vorsichtig vorzugehen – übersah aber, dass die Selbstmordrate unter Aborigines ohnehin mehr als doppelt so hoch ist wie in der weißen Bevölkerung. Ein ganz ähnliches Syndrom ist unter Sozialarbeitern festzustellen. Vernachlässigte und misshandelte Kinder von oft schwer alkoholkranken Aboriginefrauen werden nur zögerlich aus ihren lebensbedrohlichen Verhältnissen gerettet, weil man sich nicht dem Vorwurf

aussetzen will, schon wieder eine *Stolen Generation* zu produzieren. Durch das Zögern sind leider schon viele Kinder zu Tode gekommen, was fast immer vertuscht wurde.

Die Behörden, vor allem der Justizapparat, sind auch in anderer Weise mitschuldig. Von Beginn der Autonomie machten sie sich die Empfehlung von H.C. Coombs zu Eigen, *customary Aboriginal law* als Milderungsgrund bei Straftaten zu erachten. Dokumentiert ist ein Fall bereits aus dem Jahr 1980, als ein Aboriginemann namens Ivan Panka wegen lebensgefährlicher Verletzung seiner Frau, u.a. durch vaginale Penetrierung mit einem Stahlrohr vor Gericht stand. Er verteidigte sich damit, es sei Stammestradition, eine Frau zu bestrafen, „when she is cheeky to her man". Der Richter schrieb in seiner Begründung: „Rape is not considered as seriously in Aboriginal communities as in white communities" und „the violation of an Aboriginal woman's integrity is not nearly as significant as in the white community" (zit. Nowra, 30). Eine derartige Urteilsbegründung kann nur als skandalös empfunden werden.

Ab 2001 begann der Vorhang des Schweigens, Risse zu bekommen. 2004 war ein erster Höhepunkt der Berichterstattung über die endemischen Missstände, durch den auch weitere Teile der Bevölkerung sensibilisiert wurden. Zum ersten Mal brachen Sozialarbeiterinnen ihr erzwungenes Schweigen über die systemische sexuelle Gewalt. Die geschockte Öffentlichkeit erfuhr, dass es in fast jeder selbstverwalteten *Aboriginal Community* eine kleine Machtclique gibt, die sich das Geschäft mit dem Alkohol ebenso aufteilt wie die Verfügbarkeit von jungen Mädchen und Frauen, und die jeden Versuch eines Aufdeckens mit dem probaten Mittel verhindert, den Sozialarbeitern das Zeugnis von „Rassismus" oder zumindest der „Insensibilität" auszustellen, was sofort zu ihrem Abzug aus der betreffenden Siedlung und möglicherweise sogar zu ihrer Entlassung führte. Die anderen Bewohner wurden entweder durch Gewaltdrohungen eingeschüchtert oder durch Alkoholgeschenke gefügig gemacht. Aber immer noch sahen die Zentralregierung wie auch die Verwaltung der Bundesstaaten untätig zu.

Seit 2004 sind eine ganze Reihe von offiziellen ‚Reports' sowohl auf Landes- wie auch Bundesebene veröffentlicht worden; auch die Medien (ABC ‚Lateline' ist hervorzuheben) haben sich daran beteiligt. Man kann aus diesen Unter-suchungen eine Reihe von Grundstrukturen kondensieren, welche dringende Gegenmaßnahmen erfordern. Nowra hat sie wie folgt zusammengefasst:

> The rate of domestic assault in indigenous communities is eight to ten times that of non-indigenous communities (7).

> Aboriginal boys are ten times more likely to be sexually assaulted than boys in the general population and the sexual abuse of girls is so widespread that one-third of thirteen-year-old girls in the NT are infected with chlamydia and gonorrhea (7).
>
> Viewing pornography is commonplace and children are constantly exposed to it (37).
>
> In Western Australia, sexual assault by Aboriginal men increased ten-fold between 1961 and 1981 (30).
>
> The number of murdered Aboriginal women exceed[s] those of indigenous men who died in custody (31).
>
> In a 2006 survey of indigenous men in Queensland and the NT, 10 percent of participants had been raped before reaching the age of sixteen. (…) A further 15 percent said they were victims of attempted forced anal sex (53)
>
> In the mid-1990s, indigenous children made up about 4% of the Australian population but comprised 34 percent of children in care (55)
>
> In Queensland indigenous children are up to 45 times more likely than non-indigenous children to be admitted to hospital for assault (81).

Erst im Juli 2007 kam es zu einem politischen Eingriff der Regierung Howard, der von der einen Seite als Eklat, von der anderen als längst überfälliger Befreiungsschlag gegen die systemische Gewalt gegenüber Frauen und Kindern empfunden wurde. Das Ministerium for Aboriginal Affairs (geleitet von Minister Mal Brough) hob die Autonomie der *Communities* auf, so wie sie drei Jahre vorher den ineffektiven und korrupten ATSIC aufgelöst hatte. Am 21. Juni erklärte Minister Brough, Australien könne „die Schande des sexuellen Missbrauchs von Kindern in den indigenen Siedlungen“ nicht mehr ignorieren. Er kündigte eine massive Intervention einer *task force* bestehend aus Polizei, Medizinern und Juristen an. Auf Bundesebene stimmte die Labor Party unter Kevin Rudd dieser Intervention zu, auf der Ebene des Bundesstaates aber gab es massive Ablehnung durch die Labor Regierung der*Northern Territories.* Seither ist es laut Presseberichten zu Verbesserungen gekommen, wenngleich nicht überall. Die Flut an zum Teil wirklich entsetzlichen Enthüllungen hat auch alle, die sich für die Beibehaltung der indigenen Autonomie aussprachen, in die Defensive gedrängt. Zum ersten Mal ist aber auch eine tiefe Spaltung im Lager der politisch aktiven Aborigines aufgetreten. Die Minderheit, welche eine

Zurücknahme der Interventionspolitik fordert, tritt allerdings wesentlich lautstärker auf als die moderate Gruppe um Marcia Langton und Noel Pearson.

Die Intervention des damaligen Premiers John Howard wurde von allen Aborginefrauen begrüßt. Am meisten begrüßten ihn die Sozialarbeiter, welche quasi an der Front des Geschehens waren und an der bisherigen Untätigkeit der Justiz und Sozialbehörden fast verzweifelten. Opposition gab und gibt es von Personen aus dem traditionell ‚linken' Lager, und von fundamentalistischen und auf Totalkonfrontation ausgerichteten Aktivisten wie Gillian Cowlishaw (2003; vgl dazu eine überzeugende Replik von Sutton, 2005) oder Mike Mansell (zit. Rintoul, 2007b). Diese Leute, die jede Diskussion der Missstände abwürgen wollen, tragen eine Mitschuld an der langen Verschleierung des Gewaltsyndroms, und Peter Sutton bezeichnete sie unverblümt als ‚Faschisten', die man nur bekämpfen könne (2008). Widerstand kommt auch von ideologisch versteinerten ‚Linken' aus meiner *baby-boomer* Generation, die ihre Positionen nicht mehr verändern können oder wollen, weil damit auch eine Erosion ihrer eigenen Biografie und ihres Denkens verbunden wäre. Typisch dafür ist die Reaktion der Labour Regierung der Northern Territories auf das Drängen von indigenen Frauen und den Medien auf ein Verbot von Alkoholverkauf in Zentralaustralien. „We've tried almost everything" wird der 64-jährige Hermann Malbunka zitiert: „all them bloody mongrels, even the little kids, they've started drinking" (Kearney 2007). Obwohl bekannt ist, dass Alice Springs (mit einem indigenen Bevölkerungsanteil von 25%) eine um 70% höhere Alkohol-konsumrate als der Rest Australiens aufweist, lautete die offizielle Reaktion aus dem Darwiner Amtssitz der Regionalverwaltung, man müsse zuerst die Auswirkungen von kürzlich erlassenen Alkoholeinschränkungen erheben., bevor „anything more drastic" (ibid.) in Betracht gezogen würde.

Nachsatz

Optimisten hatten gehofft, dass nach der Flut an Enthüllungen über die dysfunktionalen *Aboriginal Communities* keine weiteren Fälle von Kindermissbrauch mehr vorkommen würden. Dass dies eine naive Hoffnung war, zeigt ein besonders abstoßender Fall sexueller Gewalt, der sich im November 2007 in Aurukun, einer indigenen Siedlung an der Ostküste der Halbinsel von Cape York ereignete. Der Fall wurde einige Wochen lang sehr heftig in den australischen Medien debattiert.

Ein zehnjähriges Mädchen wurde von neun Tätern vergewaltigt, sechs davon waren unter achtzehn. Das Mädchen, Tochter einer alkoholkranken Frau, war von den Behörden aus dieser Siedlung entfernt und Pflegeeltern in Brisbane übergeben

worden. Als eine entfernte Verwandte des Mädchens starb, entschied die „Child Safety“ Behörde, sie müsse an der Bestattungszeremonie teilnehmen, und so wurde sie mit einem Kleinflugzeug nach Aurukun gebracht, wo sie in den darauf folgenden Tagen mehrfach vergewaltigt wurde. Ihre Verwandten machten keine Anzeige, weil sie damit gleich mehrere junge Männer der eigenen Familie an die Polizei ausgeliefert hätten. Und so gingen die Übergriffe immer weiter, ein typisches Muster. Darauf lief das Mädchen zur örtlichen Sozialarbeiterin, die ebenfalls keine Anzeige erstattete. Lediglich ein Gesundheitcheck wurde gemacht, und da erwies es sich, dass das Mädchen mit Gonorrhoe angesteckt worden war. Selbst dann fragte die Sozialarbeiterin nach, ob Gonorrhoe auf nicht-sexuellem Weg übertragen werden könne, und als ihr die entsprechende Antwort erteilt wurde, zeigte sie den Fall noch immer nicht an. Die Anzeige erfolgte dann von Brisbane aus, „eher zufällig“ wie ein Kommentar der Zeitung *The Australian* vermerkte. Aber auch dann reagierten die Behörden äußerst zögerlich. Die Polizei stellte die Identität der neun Vergewaltiger fest und erhielt auch rasch Geständnisse, nahm aber niemanden in Haft. Im Prozess beantragte der Staatsanwalt bedingte Haftstrafen. Der Strafrichter hielt sich an den Antrag. Kein einziger der Täter wanderte ins Gefängnis. Dass sie nie in Haft genommen wurden und sofort in ihr Heimatdorf zurückkehren konnten, bestätigte den Einwohnern von Aurukun, dass unter den herrschenden Verhältnissen Aboriginemänner „von jeder Verantwortung für ihr Tun entbunden sind.“ (“Opinion“, 2007(b):18). Noel Pearson, der einflußreiche Leiter des „Cape York Institute for Policy and Leadership“ sieht gravierende Auswirkungen dieser jahrelangen „Laissez faire“ Politik auf das moralische Empfinden: „In abgelegenen Kommunen gibt es kaum einen Zusammenhang mehr zwischen dem Verhalten der Menschen und ihrer Umgebung; unverantwortliches Verhalten bewirkt keinerlei Reaktion durch die Gemeinschaft oder die Verwaltung“ (2007).

Man könnte meinen, im Licht der aufgezeigten Missstände seien alle Beteiligten, also auch die Sprecher der Aborigines, für ihre radikale Beseitigung. Weit gefehlt. Der langjährige Vorsitzende des ATSIC, Geoff Clerk, wurde selbst der Vergewaltigung in vier Fällen angeklagt. Drei davon wurden als verjährt zu den Akten gelegt. Im Dezember 2007 wurde Clark, nachdem er alle Instanzen und Rechtsmittel ausgeschöpft hatte, schuldig gesprochen, 1971 zweimal eine Massenvergewaltigung der 14-jährigen Carol Ann Stingel angeführt zu haben, aber lediglich zu einer Geldstrafe von 20.000 Dollar verurteilt (Uebergang, 2). Mit hohlem Pathos bezeichnete Clark das Urteil als "the lowest point in the history of this country" (*Wikipedia*: Geoff Clark). Die Fälle waren seit 2001 rechtsanhängig, und dennoch wurde Clark 2003 als Vorsitzender von ATSIC in seinem Amt bestätigt.

Wie im Vorhergehenden aufgezeigt wurde, konnte sich ein System strafloser sexueller Gewalt nur durch die Abwesenheit einer Öffentlichkeit und durch eine institutionelle Zensur entfalten und halten. Es sollte daher eine Selbstverständlichkeit sein, dass recherchierende Journalisten Zugang zu allen *Aboriginal Communities* haben. Dieser freie Zugang ist aber bis dato immer noch verwehrt, sollte aufgrund eines noch in der letzten Regierungszeit beschlossenen Gesetzes am 18. Februar eintreten, wird aber von politisch Akademikern und einzelnen Labour Politikern nicht für notwendig erachtet. Die neue Ministerin für *Aboriginal Affairs* Jenny Macklin hat lediglich eine Lockerung bei der Ausstellung von Besuchsberechtigungen für Journalisten angekündigt (zit.in "Opinion", 2007a). Es soll also weiterhin keine offene Berichterstattung über die Entwicklung der selbstverwalteten Aboriginesiedlungen geben, was man vielleicht in China und Nordkorea erwarten würde, aber nicht in Australien. Und Michael Mansell, Vorsitzender des Aboriginal Council in Tasmanien verlangt – unbeeindruckt und lernunfähig – die Behörden mögen sich total aus den *Aboriginal communities* zurückziehen, was eine Rückkehr zu allen Übelständen bedeuten würde. „Das schlechte Verhalten in diesen Kommunen", so wird er von Stuart Rintoul zitiert, „ist eine direkte Konsequenz der andauernden Einmischung von Weißen, was zu einem Zusammenbruch der indigenen Autoritätsstrukturen führte" (Rintoul 2007b).

Ein Ende der Verdrängungen ist noch nicht in Sicht.

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Poems

As Country was Slow

for Peter

Our new motorway
is a cross-country fort
and we reinforcements
speed between earthworks
water-sumps and counterscarps,
breaking out on wide glimpses,
flying the overpasses –

Little paper lanterns
march up and down dirt,
wrapped round three chopsticks
plastic shrub-guards grow bushes
to screen the real bush,
to hide the old towns
behind sound-walls and green –

Wildlife crossings underneath
the superglued pavement
are jeep size; beasts must see
nature re-start beyond.
The roads are our nature
shining beyond delay,
fretting to race on –

Any check in high speed
can bleed into gravel
and hang pastel wreaths
over roadside crosses.
Have you had your scare yet? –
It made you a driver
not an ever-young name.

We're one Ireland, plus
at least six Great Britains
welded around Mars
and cross-linked by cars. –
Benzene, Diesel, autobahn:

they're a German creation,
these private world-splicers.
The uncle who farmed our place

was an Arab of his day
growing fuel for the horses
who hauled the roads then.
1914 ended that. Will I
see fuel crops come again?
I'll ride a slow vehicle

before cars are slow
as country was slow.

Les Murray (2006)

Anthrax Street, Lafayette TN

"People stand back when they read the name
of the street on my checks," she said.
"They should change it to America Street
or Freedom Street. They think I'm a terrorist."
Which makes her, I guess, a terrorist suspect
and therefore permanently guilty
of having been a suspect, despite her smart clothes,
her hair as blond as anthrax.

To protect the immune system of the social body,
close the post offices, the schools, the courts.
Prescribe a sixty day course of Cipro –
or bomb Afghanistan? Prevention beats cure.
One street might be just spore-sized
against the victim spread to shining sea,
its mass awaiting destruction,
cutaneous or inhaled, but we all know...
They should rebadge. America spores,
freedom spores (and there'll be fries with that)
will reassure when we pay by cheque
that the nation has a healthy balance.

Tim Thorne (2007)

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spider, man

In London this summer the spiders are swarming
as Earth warms up like an Aga
thuggish Indian ladybirds, bigger and tougher
are ousting the sweet English girlies
They'll have to find something else
for the spines of kids' storybooks
Australian spiders continue to thrive
but our birds are hard-pressed, crows

tweaking fruit through hairnets on trees
in good times they stick to carrion
Obscurely worried, we walk fretful dogs
by moonlight, beneath jacarandas frothing
with the usual blueburst, passing
the usual huddle of cars, dragon-breath
quenched for the night; they rouse in us
as yet, only a mounting peevishness

Catherine Keneally (2007)

A Doctor Calls

Kookaburras in the gum tree, mother and fledgling
Junior's cute in that standard baby way, blunt of beak,
chubby where the olds are lean, fluff instead of feathers
ma and pa are hooked, they chaperone, they watch her diet
Buses rumble in the next street, one of which is mine
but I'm waiting for this call, bathers in my lap
reminding me to stop for a swim on my way home
from work, where my schedule is loose

the thought of that ride to town, half an hour or so,
makes me squirm; some days I achieve absence, travel
in a brown study, but not today. Christmas is coming
our plan to ignore it dispelled by our chick's return

from her trial flight. We'll have a tree, do Farmers' Market,
aim for jollity, short of a Christmas truce with the bad guys

My baby, storm-pummelled, limps home from the tropics
to hole up in her redecked nest, red and black like an

Oriental hotel, with white touches for mourning.
A daily ale at the Avoca is a plan, while food,
yours, mine and ours, resumes centre stage - *à propos*,
The Doctor calls - I try for kookaburra cheer

Catherine Keneally (2007)

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from**: *Rumori***

Down in the windy park the leaves all turn
over at the same time—it's the climate
explaining the weather to the workers

—***The Romans,*** *John Tranter*

I shut the windows to the apartment.
A famous painting by Boccioni, that I love—
because I love the idea I suppose, but also

its domestic & feminized form in the picture—
is *Street Noises Invade The Apartment*:
a woman (mother, wife)
leans over a balcony or window sill
& all the activities of the street
'penetrate'—through the walls, through her & the opening.

It was an embarrassingly large number of years (decades?)
before it finally twigged for me
that where it said on the slide, or reproduction,

"rumori", the word did not mean "rumours"
(or "suggestions") but "noises". Futurism:
so deadly—*or* loveably—clunky

in its 'execution' of ideas.

But they *are* like rumours—hints, ghostly

callings—the noises from the street here.
Shutting the windows reduces them to a rumbling, pleasant
background. I will open them again later. The view

reminds instantly of the densely housed rise
up Kings Cross from Wolloomooloo.
(From somebody's
flat you saw that—Sal's old place? an architect's office I visited?
The same view
you saw more distantly from the Art Gallery.)
Or—
a Sydney city beach suburb's view. Bondi. But the Trastevere
area is more built up, the styles more various—

'30s' thru to now, the ornamentation more particular. What else?
White features less often. A huge
salmon pink number is dominant on the left. Otherwise

tans & yellows, some shades of orange—stepped & ranked
down to street level—where you peer down from our patio:
at *Station Pizza*, small shops, garden walls. Trees occur

at more frequent intervals than in the equivalent view in Sydney
& a different sort—tall dark pines, cypresses (which must
always *spell* 'Italy'), olives &, more surprisingly, wild,
exuberant-looking palm trees. Our first morning
I was particularly struck by the closest palm, that grows
near an angled junction of roads opening out

onto the main road beneath. The tree fills & overflows
its space. So 'twenties' it reminds me
of a Roy de Maistre painting—that I assume exists.

(Am I thinking of a flower piece, or a quite different view?)

I decide it will make a drawing—in
my mind's eye I can see it looking like
de Maistre, Kirchner, Matisse—& also Brett Whitely.

(Though how, if I'm going to do it?)

How will it look, when it's done?
The hill overall reminds me of Grace Crowley
Her picture called … *The Italian Girl*? Probably not.

Tuscan Landscape, maybe—but a hill
of similarly graded cubist planes.
Cath comes home, has a sandwich, cup of tea

& goes to bed—to nap & read—before
we visit Pietro, our 'third Italian'. We have at last begun
to make contacts here—after days & days
of adventurous walking—along the Tiber
& into town—through ruins & monasteries & parks & villas
Vespas, ambulances.

"Goethe's Foreboding," the latest
TLS is headed. I've scarcely read him—& should.
The picture one has—a cross between Mme Recamier
& Oscar Wilde. *Rising to the occasion of his picturing,*
all that is on his mind. *Not* foreboding. He
worried about The Poet's Place In Society. Or his
own? At the Protestant Cemetery, despite

the signs that promise it, we fail to find him.
We find Gramsci.

Ken Bolton (2007)

Greener

The grass is greener
where rosellas
graze pine kernels

from last summer
and no breeze, no,
not the slightest

movement in the air
except a cricket's song.
The sky, pure duck-egg.

Wattle and wild thyme.
Leaves paint themselves
on trees.

Andrew Peek (2007)

When the rage comes

The explosive device
lands on the beach:

how blue the sky is,
the little girl tells her father

before they're blown up.
Pass my hat, the mother

instructs her son
and is torn limb from limb

by a white flare of TNT.
Under trees, by a stream,

other families lay out
olives and scented tea,

arrange tables and chairs,
slide around bends in a truck

or load up a donkey
—no bazookas, no lobbed

shells screaming in,
—only such acts, only

crystalline moments like these
save us, when the rage comes.

Andrew Peek (2007)

Dinner by the river

And midway through the first course
of pickled fish in the restaurant
by the river that night
slid a black on black
barge
under the brilliantly lit
bridge

silent
unmanned
unlit
Souls
destined
for the underworld?
I ventured
to my friend but he said
it was only coal

That silent
burden of blackness was not
only coal
it was smuggling history
through southern Poland
it was dragging me back
to the nineteen forties

to when there was less light

to when my friend
hadn't been born

to when the bridge
was a broken arch

to when carbon
had another meaning
falling like soot

Andrew Taylor (15 October 2006)

Driving to the airport

Last summer
southern Poland
a Porsche 4 wheel drive

the Merc couldn't be moved three months
because of the ice
shirtsleeves now
Would you like to see
the lake? She was swimming
somewhere beyond the trees

water rippled with her swimming
the lake was on our way
to the airport

the Porsche manoeuvred the jolty track
through woods a plane
mirrored her progress

though we couldn't see her.
We parked and walked down
to the lake shore

sandy but blotched with ashes
of picnic and other fires
her footprint captured within it.

I remember glimpsing a roadsign
to Auschwitz
as we left the lake

Andrew Taylor (12 October 2006)

Reviews

Non-Fiction:

Chris Bonnor & Jane Caro: ***The Stupid Country: How Australia is Dismantling Public Education.*** Sydney: University of NSW Press, 2007, 238 S. ISBN 978 086840 806 4.
Rezensiert von **Peter Posch, Universität Klagenfurt**

> *Australia is beginning to pay the price for short-sighted policy and funding arrangements. An unhappy future has already arrived for many Australians, and many more won't have access to quality public schools in the years to come. Anxiety, self-interest and the loss of community and the subsidisation of school choice have all combined to change schools and education. We have forgotten, why public education was established, and embraced the forces that threaten its contribution to Australian democracy, stability and prosperity. The book challenges the notion that private schooling delivers something better, and raises the very real possibility that, as it is currently structured and funded, it may be delivering something worse.* (197)

Das Buch widmet sich einem komplexen und zugleich brisanten Thema: den Auswirkungen des Privatschulbooms in Australien. Bereits bei Erscheinen hat es eine heftige öffentliche Diskussion (vgl. z.B. http://www.onlineopinion.com.au/) ausgelöst – was auch eines der Ziele der beiden Autor/innen war. Chris Bonnor war Präsident des NSW Secondary Principals Council, Leiter einer High School, Lehrbuchautor und ist Kommentator für Bildungsfragen in führenden Medien. Jane Caro war Sprachrohr der Lobbygruppe Priority Public und ist u.v.a. Werbetexterin, Kolumnistin und politische Kommentatorin in Rundfunk und Presse. Diese Kombination sichert dem Buch Insider Informationen über das System, eine differenzierte Einschätzung vor allem der medialen Präsenz des Themas in Australien und gute Lesbarkeit. Es handelt sich nicht um ein wissenschaftliches Werk im engeren Sinn, wohl aber um eine gut recherchierte Analyse vielfältiger Aspekte, unter denen das Verhältnis zwischen öffentlichen und privaten Schulen gesehen werden kann. Die zentrale Botschaft wird rasch klar: Die Autor/innen sehen in der einseitigen staatlichen Bevorzugung privater Schulen eine ernste Gefahr für das Bildungsniveau und die beruflichen Chancen des sozial schwächeren Teils der Bevölkerung.

Als privat gelten Schulen, in denen eine private Einrichtung den entscheidenden Einfluss auf die institutionellen Angelegenheiten der Schulen hat. Die Mehrzahl der privaten Schulen haben eine religiöse Institution als Träger (zumeist die katholische Kirche). In finanzieller Hinsicht sind sie allerdings in hohem Maße von staatlichen Zuwendungen anhängig. Während die öffentlichen Schulen von

den einzelnen Bundesstaaten finanziert werden, erhalten die Privatschulen einen erheblichen und wachsenden Anteil der operativen Kosten (zwischen 40 und 80%) von der wesentlich reicheren Bundesregierung – ohne die Auflagen erfüllen zu müssen, die für öffentliche Schulen gelten. Australien wurde damit das Land mit der höchsten Differenz zwischen Finanzierungshöhe und Regelungsdichte.

Der Trend zu den Privatschulen begann in den 70er Jahren, als Ölkrise, Inflation und Arbeitslosigkeit das Vertrauen der Bevölkerung in das soziale und wirtschaftliche Leben erschütterten. Die Sozialpolitik und das Bildungswesen kamen unter Beschuss und die Ideologie des freien Marktes (Stichwort: Thatcherismus) führte zu einer Reduktion der Verantwortung des Staates (u.a.) für das Bildungswesen und zur Auffassung, Probleme ließen sich am besten durch Verstärkung des Wettbewerbs lösen, indem Bildung wie jedes andere Produkt behandelt und die Bürger/innen primär als Konsument/innen gesehen würden. Im Sinne dieser bildungspolitischen Orientierung finanziert die Bundesregierung die individuelle Wahl privater Schulen ohne Rücksicht auf den Bedarf und die Höhe des verlangten Schulgeldes und weitgehend ohne entsprechende Auflagen. Auf diese Weise sollen der Wettbewerb zwischen Schulen gefördert und die Optionen für die elterliche Schulwahl erweitert werden.

Wahlmöglichkeiten entstehen allerdings nur für jene Eltern, die es sich leisten können, ihr Kind in eine Privatschule zu schicken. Die durch sinkende Schülerzahlen bedingten Schließungen von Schulen treffen zudem eher die finanziell schlechter gestellten öffentlichen Schulen, weil die privaten Schulen durch die finanziellen Ressourcen der Bundesregierung gestützt werden. Eltern werden dadurch zunehmend gezwungen, ihre Kinder in die teuren nahen Privatschulen oder in weiter entfernte öffentliche Schulen zu schicken. Aus der Sicht der Autor/innen besteht damit die Gefahr, dass das Schulsystem auseinander driften könnte: in eines für die Reichen und eines für die Armen.

Trotz des relativ hohen Schulgeldes schicken mehr und mehr Eltern aus der Mittelklasse ihre Kinder in private Schulen. Der Anteil dieser Schulen ist in Australien auf 33% gewachsen. (Zum Vergleich: auch in Österreich gab es jüngst einen starken Trend zu Privatschulen, aber der Prozentsatz liegt bei ‚nur' 9.5%). Die Belastungen der öffentlichen Schulen haben dadurch zugenommen. Als Beispiel wird die Situation der öffentlichen High Schools im bevölkerungsreichsten Staat Australiens New South Wales dargestellt: Die öffentlichen Schulen werden von 62,5% der Schüler/innen besucht. Dazu gehören 79% der Kinder und Jugendlichen mit Behinderungen, 80% der Kinder

aus armen Verhältnissen und 91% der Kinder von Immigranten und indigenen Familien. Damit sind auch die sozial bedingten Unterschiede zwischen den Schulen gewachsen. Zur Stützung dieser Feststellung werden einschlägige PISA Ergebnisse zitiert: Die überdurchschnittlich guten Leistungen der australischen 15-Jährigen lassen sich in weit höherem Maße durch die soziale Herkunft erklären als etwa in Finnland oder in Kanada. Für die Autor/innen ist dies ein Hinweis, dass das Bildungssystem nicht nur unfair sondern auch „dumm" (vgl. den Titel „the stupid country") ist: Da sich die Begabungen über die Bildungsschichten verteilen, würden viele Talente in der Bevölkerung vergeudet. Was dabei von den Autor/innen allerdings verschwiegen wird, ist dass Australien im Hinblick auf den Zusammenhang zwischen Testerfolg und sozialer Herkunft immer noch besser dasteht als fast alle europäischen Länder.

Die Flucht von Eltern, die es sich leisten können, aus den öffentlichen Schulen hat aus Sicht der Autor/innen recht unterschiedliche Gründe. Einer besteht in der Erwartung, dass die privaten Schulen bessere Leistungen erzielen und damit die Kinder besser auf die Ansprüche der Arbeitswelt vorbereiten würden. Ein anderer Grund ist die wachsende Angst der Eltern um ihre Kinder, einerseits weil das einzelne Kind mit der Verringerung der Kinderzahl wichtiger geworden ist und andererseits weil die durch die Liberalisierung mitbedingte allgemeine Unsicherheit über die Orientierung in der Gesellschaft zugenommen hat. Eine Strategie der Angstreduktion in der Bevölkerung sei das Bestreben, Kinder in homogene Gruppen zu geben: reiche zu reichen, intelligente zu intelligenten Kindern, Katholiken zu Katholiken, etc. Es fördere den Glauben, dass für das einzelne Kind die private Schule besser sei als die öffentliche Schule.

Von den Privatschulen wird auch die Übernahme von disziplinären und erzieherischen Aufgaben erwartet, zu denen sich viele Eltern nicht mehr in der Lage sehen. Die z.T. großen finanziellen Opfer, die damit verbunden sind, verstärken zudem die Auffassung, sich nicht mehr als ein bis zwei Kinder leisten zu können.

Ein weiterer, aus der Sicht der Autor/innen besonders wichtiger Grund ist der höhere Anteil von Kindern und Jugendlichen mit Verhaltensproblemen in öffentlichen Schulen, der durch die selektive Schülerrekrutierung der Privatschulen gefördert wird. Auch ideologisch motivierte Botschaften in den Medien würden ihr Image negativ beeinflussen: so der Vorwurf der Wertneutralität, geringer Flexibilität und auch von Leistungsmängeln, obwohl die australischen Schüler/innen im internationalen Vergleich (PISA) zu den leistungsmäßig stärksten zählen. Auch das Fehlen evaluativer Daten aus den

privaten Schulen (sie sind nicht gesetzlich verpflichtet, welche zu liefern) würde die Meinung fördern, sie seien besser.

Gewisse Mitverantwortung an der problematischen Situation weisen die Autor/innen auch den öffentlichen Schulen zu: Sie hätten die Ansprüche einer zunehmend wohlhabenden und ängstlichen Mittelschicht nicht gesehen und die Lehrergewerkschaften hätten eine viel zu starre Position gegenüber nötigen Reformen eingenommen. Auch dies hätte zu Wettbewerbsvorteilen der privaten Schulen geführt.

Mehrere dieser Erwartungen, die mit der gezielten Förderung privater Schulen verbunden werden, werden von den Autor/innen kritisch kommentiert. So wird die Annahme, dass die privaten Schulen zu besseren Leistungen führen, durch die Forschung nur bedingt bestätigt. Die Autor/innen verweisen auf amerikanische Studien und eine Untersuchung des Australian Council for Educational Research, nach denen die an den Rohdaten erkennbaren besseren akademischen Leistungen der Privatschüler/innen fast verschwinden, wenn demographische Faktoren (u.a. der soziale Hintergrund) berücksichtigt werden. Sie verweisen zudem auf eine Studie, die zeigt, dass bei heterogener Zusammensetzung der Klassen die leistungsschwächeren Schüler/innen von den leistungsstärkeren Schüler/innen profitieren, während umgekehrt kaum negative Effekte auf die Leistungen der fähigeren Schüler/innen aufgetreten sind.

Das stärkste Gewicht legen die Autor/innen auf die Feststellung, dass die öffentlichen Schulen und der durch sie erreichte Bildungsstand der Bevölkerung einen erheblichen Anteil haben an der Entwicklung einer stabilen demokratischen Gesellschaft mit wachsender Prosperität für die gesamte Bevölkerung, da sie der unvermeidlichen herkunftsbedingten Ungleichheit gegensteuern und auf evolutionärem Wege Klassentrennung und Klassenprivilegien überwinden würden. Die einseitige Förderung der Privatschulen würde im Gegensatz dazu wieder die Klassengesellschaft stärken und das bisher Erreichte gefährden. Es sei in hohem Maße auf die Einführung öffentlicher Schulen zurückzuführen, dass die bei Charles Dickens beschriebenen dramatischen sozialen Verhältnisse des 19. Jahrhunderts überwunden werden konnten: "*...we fail to associate the filthy, consumptive, starving little road sweeper with a world where most of the poor did not go to school*." (161)

Nicht zuletzt sprechen auch wirtschaftliche Überlegungen aus Sicht der Autor/innen für eine Stärkung öffentlicher Schulen: Zu den beiden wichtigsten „economic capacity constraints" Australiens werden die zu schwache

verkehrstechnische Infrastruktur und der Mangel an qualifizierten Arbeitskräften genannt und letzterer in direkten Zusammenhang mit der vergleichsweise zu geringen Investition in öffentliche Schulen gesehen. Zudem sei der Widerstand gegen Privilegien wie gegen Korruption eine fundamentale Voraussetzung für eine effektive und vitale Wirtschaft.

Welche Alternativen werden von den Autor/innen angeboten? Ihre Ausgangsthese ist *„the right of all children to reasonable access to quality, free and secular education"*. Mit "reasonable" ist gemeint, dass die Distanz zur Sekundarschule nicht zu groß sein darf. Mit „quality" ist gemeint, dass es sich um eine gut ausgestattete Schule handeln muss; mit „free" ist gemeint, dass kein Kind wegen der finanziellen Situation der Eltern ausgeschlossen werden darf; mit „secular" ist gemeint, dass die Schule allen Kindern unabhängig von ihren weltanschaulichen Bindungen zugänglich sein muss. Schulen gehören aus der Sicht der Autor/innen zu den „commons", zu denen neben sauberer Luft, frischem Wasser und intakter Umwelt auch Büchereien, Spitäler, die Rechtssprechung und Transport gehören. Die Ressourcen, die von der Gesellschaft aufgebracht werden, sollten daher auch dem gemeinsamen Reichtum (zu dem die öffentlichen Schulen gehören) zugute kommen. Wenn von diesem Prinzip ausgegangen wird, dürften die privaten Schulen allerdings überhaupt keine öffentlichen Mittel erhalten. Die Autor/innen sind sich aber bewusst, dass etwa ein Drittel aller australischen Schulen private Träger haben und daher nicht auf sie verzichtet werden kann. Sie sollten jedoch nur in dem Maße öffentlich unterstützt werden, in dem sie sich dem „common good" verpflichten. Der Dienst an einer bereits privilegierten sozialen Gruppe sollte hingegen nicht staatlich gestützt werden.

Kritisch kommentiert wird ein verbreiteter Vorschlag, ein allgemeines oder auf spezielle Zielgruppen beschränktes Gutscheinsystem einzuführen. Die Befürworter von „vouchers" argumentieren in erster Linie mit Wahlmöglichkeiten für die Eltern (choice) und Marktgesichtspunkten: Wettbewerb und von Konsumenten gesteuerter Markt sollten der zentrale Mechanismus für die Organisation einer Gesellschaft sein. Die zitierten Studien zeigen allerdings, dass ein solches System in Ländern mit großen Unterschieden zwischen Schulen die Situation eher verschlechtert, da es die privaten Schulen weiter verteuert und die „social divide" vergrößert. Die Autor/innen weisen auch darauf hin, dass in vielen Fällen nicht die Eltern die Schulen, sondern die privaten Schulen die Schüler wählen, die sie aufnehmen. Dies sind in den meisten Fällen Kinder mit vorteilhaften Voraussetzungen, während schwierige Kinder abgewiesen würden.

Die aus der Sicht der Autor/innen sinnvollste Maßnahme zur Verbesserung der Situation und zur Abwehr eines durch das Bildungswesen geförderten Zweiklassensystems besteht in einer Änderung des Finanzierungssystems, nämlich darin, dass die Lehrer/innen der privaten Schulen vom Staat bezahlt werden und zwar in dem Maße, in dem sie Aufgaben der gesamten Kommunität erfüllen. Genauer: Nach einem „composite index", der u.a. den sozialen Hintergrund und die Fähigkeiten (bzw. Behinderungen) der aufgenommenen Schüler/innen erfasst, sollten den privaten Schulen Lehrer/innen vom Staat finanziert werden. Ein solches System würde aus der Sicht der Autor/innen die privaten Schulen daran hindern, die fähigsten Schüler/innen abzuziehen und damit die öffentlichen Schulen zu schädigen.

Weitere Vorschläge, um die Wettbewerbsnachteile gegenüber privaten Schulen auszugleichen, sind eine engere Kooperation zwischen öffentlichen Schulen, um die Vielfalt und Attraktivität der Angebote zu erhöhen, die Verbesserung der Öffentlichkeitsarbeit, Erweiterung der Autonomie, individualisierende Angebote usw.

Das Buch ist in seiner Analyse der komplexen Thematik außerordentlich differenziert. So werden z.B. trotz der säkularen Grundhaltung der Autor/innen die historischen Leistungen der katholischen Privatschulen, die sich in der Vergangenheit in hohem Maße um die ärmeren Bevölkerungsschichten gekümmert haben, gewürdigt (vgl. Kap. 8). Die grundlegende Überzeugung der Autor/innen von der enormen gesellschaftspolitischen Bedeutung öffentlicher Schulen und ihrer Bedrohung durch bundespolitischen „surplus of (market) ideology and a deficit of sound evidence" durchzieht allerdings das Buch wie ein roter Faden und führt zu manchen recht zugespitzt erscheinenden Formulierungen. Die pointierte Darstellung als gefährlich angesehener Entwicklungen ist Ausdruck einer hoch entwickelten gesellschaftlichen Sensibilität vor allem auch angesichts der weit überdurchschnittlichen Leistungen der australischen Schüler/innen im internationalen Vergleich. Während die Stärken und Schwächen öffentlicher und privater Schulen und die Problematik des zentralstaatlichen Finanzierungssystems in den ersten neun Kapiteln sorgfältig herausgearbeitet werden, fehlt eine ähnlich differenzierte Auseinandersetzung mit den Optionen für die Zukunft. Das primäre Interesse der Autor/innen war jedoch offensichtlich, zunächst die öffentliche Diskussion über dieses Thema zu stimulieren. Und das scheint ihnen gelungen zu sein. Trotz seiner Fokussierung auf die australische Situation ist das Buch auch für europäische Leser/innen eine reichhaltige Fundgrube von Befunden und Überlegungen zu einem überaus aktuellen Thema.

Gerd Dose and Britta Kuhlenbeck, eds. *Australia: Making Space Meaningful.* Tübingen: Stauffenburg, 2007, 203 pp. € 40,-. ISBN 978-3-86057-756-1, (KOALAS Vol. 7)
Reviewed by **Tony Simoes da Silva, University of Wollongong**

> *Landscape is not simply formed by geology and geography, but by personal emotion.* (Elizabeth Jolley)

Australia: Making Space Meaningful, edited by Gerd Dose and Britta Kuhlenbeck, brings together papers presented at the Ninth Biennial Conference of the German Association for Australia Studies in 2004. Thematically and methodologically the essays range from straightforward surveys of literary texts to a case study of the transformations undergone by an inner-city suburb in Sydney and an analysis of Tracey Moffat's photography. Perhaps because of its diversity, the collection works especially well at foregrounding the complex ways in which individual and place interact, and the importance of textual representation in this process.

Throughout, two key ideas unite this collection: the first, the sense of an emotional negotiation with place and landscape by a diverse body of individuals across historical periods; contributors such as Gerhard Stilz, Tony Hassall, Greg Manning, Alex Miller, Ihab Hassan, Vera Alexander and Anja Schwarz all examine how earlier settlers saw Australia as a place to which they had forcibly travelled and to which they could relate only by comparing it to what they had left behind; how, for more recent arrivals the alienation relates to a perception of dominant meanings of Australian place and space from which they feel excluded; finally, how, for Indigenous peoples Australia is both home and exile, at once a place they know intimately and not at all. For example, Stilz's analysis of a large body of poetry shows compellingly how emotionally conflicted the settlers felt, caught between the opportunities afforded by the new place and haunted by the familiarity of the old.

The second intellectual thread in the book is the assumption that "there is no place without a history; there is no place that has not been imaginatively grasped through song, dance and design, no place where traditional owners cannot see the imprint of sacred creation." (Deborah Bird Rose in Plate, 2007:103) This is an aspect explored with unique depth and insight by Cassi Plate herself in her essay, though one developed also in Uta Daur's piece on Tracey Moffatt's photography, Britta Kuhlenbeck's reading of Tim Winton's *Dirt Music*, and Alex Miller's meditation on his relationship to Australia as physical place and imaginative setting for his novels. Interestingly, moreover, Miller shows in his essay how closely similar the

concerns of contemporary Australians remain to those of earlier settlers, particularly in their interaction with Aboriginal Australia.

In *The Wide Brown Land: Literary Readings of Space and the Australian Continent*, Hassall also develops this issue, noting that much twentieth-century writing reuses almost wholesale the vocabulary which in the nineteenth century depicted Australia as an empty place from which little intellectual and emotional nourishment could be gained. The point he makes with reference to the writing of Patrick White, Thea Astley and David Malouf is one pursued also by Elizabeth Webby, who traces representations of natural and cultural environments in contemporary Australian film to work produced by the Scotsman Hugh Watt, notably *The Overlanders* (1946). Webby proposes that, its present critical obscurity notwithstanding, Watt's melodramatic treatment of Australian landscape continues to exert a strong influence on modern Australian cinema. Although their scope and intention differ greatly from Rose's, both Webby and Hassall uncover in their respective essays aspects of the 'imaginative grasping' of Australia by successive waves of settlers.

Perhaps not surprisingly given the event from which the essays evolved, much of the writing reflects an interestingly 'German' feel to it, either in the body of allusions made or in the perspective adopted. In many cases this results in especially rewarding essays, such as those by Anja Schwarz, Britta Kuhlenbeck and Norbert Platz, though occasionally in somewhat reductive examinations of certain cultural aspects of Australian society. Schwarz's essay on the beach and Australian national identity is both passionate and rigorous in its approach, tackling the hegemonic fusion of the beach with a more or less undeclared Whiteness meticulously and persuasively. The readings it offers of other critics too are informed and pointedly critical, the critical insights on particular examples especially illuminating. In contrast, in "Beyond Centre and Margin: Representations of Australia in South Asian Immigrant Writings" Vera Alexander seems so concerned with noting the unease of recent arrivals to Australia about their host country's understanding of place and space that she overlooks to consider how strongly it resonates with earlier views of Australia as an 'empty and meaningless place'. For however self-consciously they may do so, and I am not sure that this is the case, both Adib Khan and Chandani Lokugé create in *Seasonal Adjustments* (1994) and *If the Moon Smiled* (2000) narrators whose perception of Australia as place and space often is tiredly clichéd. The irony is that the challenge to see 'difference differently' seems as daunting to new arrivals as it did to the earlier ones, regardless of ethnic descent. She is on safer ground when discussing Yasmine Gooneratne' *A Change of Skies* (1991), a much more nuanced narrative,

perhaps because the author seems genuinely interested in cross-cultural exchanges rather than in sanctimonious recrimination.

To my mind Melanie Fasche and Boris Braun's study of Sydney's suburb of Newton in terms of a disappearing cultural moment is also a little affected by nostalgia. 'Gentrification' is one of those terms that cry out for Bourdieu's critical attention in its appeal to power masquerading as class and taste and beauty but it is also merely one of a series of steps in the palimpsest-like transformation of place that any society undergoes. Indeed, in Australia, much of the cultural memory erased by processes of 'gentrification' often is simultaneously a painful reminder to Aboriginal Australia of the violence of colonisation. Newtown was once upon a time ghetto for the rich, then a ghetto for the poor, more recently for gay and lesbian people, increasingly a cultivated enclave for the privileged service classes. What else is new? Beneath each successive stage remains the destruction wrought by colonial invasion on Aboriginal Australia; bemoaning the loss of Newtown as colonial artefact seems hardly the way to account for the complex histories of human interaction invested in physical space.

A richer response to the mutually generative relationship between self and place in Australian society is expressed in Alex Miller's essay, reflecting at once the viewpoint of a (fairly) recent arrival to Australia (from England) and of an artist. Miller's ongoing dialogue with Australia as place *and* space is all the more meaningful because he neither mythologises Indigenous cultures nor reduces mainstream Australia to a cultural desert in the way that even much of the writing by other recent immigrants does. At the heart of Miller's *Journey to the Stone Country* (2001), the writing of which the essay addresses, is an implication that 'New' or 'recent' arrivals would do well to consider also their own role in the ongoing processes of spatial and cultural transformation that frequently reaffirm the dispossession of Indigenous Australians. That may not be easy, for often they are reacting to what they see as White Australia's inability to accept them for who they are, but it should be the price of admission and enjoyment of a country that remains remarkably generous with its offer of a place to many and sundry. How one lets go of feelings of fear and alienation is crucial to Australians' sense of belonging, and equally to the nation's ability to make amends for the wrongs of the past. The essays collected in *Australia: Making Space Meaningful* constitute a significant intervention in this process.

Clive Forster. ***Australian Cities. Continuity and Change.*** Oxford University Press, 2004**,** 3. Auflage, 236 Seiten, £ 18.99 (pb.), ISBN 0195517342.
Rezensiert von **Boris Braun, Universität Köln**

Das Werk, das bereits in der dritten, nun stark überarbeiteten Auflage erscheinen ist, liefert eine didaktisch ansprechend aufbereitete Einführung in die Entwicklungen, die derzeit für die australischen Städte prägend sind. Es ist insbesondere für *undergraduates* an australischen Universitäten geschrieben, bietet aber auch für einen europäischen Leserkreis, der an Australien oder an den aktuellen Debatten um weltweite städtische Entwicklungen interessiert ist, eine lohnenswerte Lektüre. Dabei ist das Buch aber keine umfassende Einführung in die Geographie australischer Städte. Es konzentriert sich fast ausschließlich auf die internen Strukturen der fünf größten australischen Verdichtungsräume Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Perth und Adelaide. Die Entwicklungen in kleineren Landstädten, den neuen Zentren des Tourismus an der Ostküste und selbst die australische Hauptstadt Canberra werden nur am Rande angesprochen. Auch die Geschichte der australischen Stadt und des ungewöhnlichen Siedlungssystems wird nur in einem knappen Überblick behandelt. Der Autor sieht die 1990er Jahre mit ihren Globalisierungs- und Liberalisierungseinflüssen als eine maßgebliche Wegscheide in der Entwicklung der australischen Großstädte. Folgerichtig räumt er aktuellen Diskursen um internationale Wettbewerbsfähigkeit, Privatisierung, Fragmentierung, sozialräumliche Polarisierung und ökologische Nachhaltigkeit breiten Raum ein. Die aktuellen Entwicklungen in den Großstädten werden dabei konsequent im Kontext ökonomischer, gesellschaftlicher und politischer Veränderungen interpretiert.

Das Buch weist aber auch einige Schwächen auf, die leider für große Teile der australischen Stadtgeographie kennzeichnend sind. So wird in Tabellen und Diagrammen fast ausschließlich bereits bekanntes Zahlenmaterial des Australian Bureau of Statistics präsentiert, und die kartographischen Darstellungen sind nicht immer gelungen. Auch wird die Welt außerhalb Australiens und des anglophonen Sprachraums nur unzureichend wahrgenommen. Damit wird an einigen Stellen die Chance verspielt, in einem internationalen Kontext die Besonderheiten in der Entwicklung australischer Städte noch deutlicher herauszuarbeiten und – wo notwendig – zu relativieren.

Trotz dieser Einwände ist Clive Forsters Buch aber zweifellos eine der derzeit besten Möglichkeiten, einen kompetenten Einblick in die aktuelle Entwicklung von Australiens Metropolen zu gewinnen. Detaillierte Hinweise auf weiterführende Literatur sowie ein ausführliches Stichwortverzeichnis runden das Werk ab und machen es zu einem empfehlenswerten Einstieg in Geographie und Planung australischer (Groß-)Städte.

Anne Jacobs, ***Alien Roots: A German Jewish Girlhood: From Belonging to Exile*****.** Melbourne: Makor Jewish Community Library, 2006, 411 pp, numerous illus., A$ 30.00. ISBN 1876733683.
Reviewed by **Marion Spies**

The book under discussion was published as part of the 'write your story program' in which memoirs of ordinary Jewish people are brought to the attention of the public; musings, which in the first place were meant for the children and grandchildren of the authors. Anne(marie) Meyer Jacobs (1918-1982), born in Hannover, Germany, living in Australia, mainly in Melbourne, from 1940 to 1982, put her memories of her German girlhood to paper in the 1960s. Her children took the initiative to get them published.

Anne grew up in a wealthy, secular Jewish family in Hannover, with a grandmother living close by, who had come from Australia to marry a German. This fact later on made it possible for Anne, her brother Klaus, her mother and her grandmother to emigrate, and they were reunited in Melbourne after the war. Mainly because of their father's long illness and only secondly because of political unrest, the children were sent to a boarding school in Britain, and Anne later went to a convent school in Belgium. Shortly before the war she rejoined her brother in London.

We can discern three narrative strands in the book: Anne's children (in the preface and epilogue), young Anne in Germany, Britain and Belgium from 1923 to 1937, middle-aged Anne in Australia. In the preface Anne's children interpret their mother's story as one of "displacement, loss and renewal". (3). For them, everything which had happened to their mother in Germany is "different" and, in a metaphorical sense, "indecipherable" (3). For Anne, her children represent Australian readers, for whom she sets out the alien ways of Germans before the Second World War.

In the book the word "alien" has a threefold meaning: First, in the title, it refers to an Australian reader's notions of pre-World War II Germany, which is alien to him due to its old world culture. Anne tries to decipher this alien-ness. Second, when Anne is about 12 years old, her parents ask a Jewish teacher to explain to her what Judaism is all about. Anne resignedly comments that this teacher's endeavours were quite useless, because the Jewish God and religion remained "alien" to her. This confession has wider, political, implications later on: Because Anne is convinced that she is different from other Jews (she is talking about Eastern European Jews), she and her family hesitate to leave the country until it is almost

too late, thinking that Hitler's persecutions do not concern them. She never learns. She still holds the conviction that she is different when she is writing the book. One has to admit, though, there is nothing "Jewish" about this girlhood, apart from one remark by Anne that the Meyer family did not have a Nativity scene under the Christmas tree. Anne herself calls her Jewishness "incidental" (353). Third, the word "alien" is used by the British authorities, when Anne is trying to get a work permit and is regarded as "enemy alien" (271). In the book, Anne tries to show that over the decades she overcame the last kind of alienness and finally turned into an Australian; how she found the "renewal" she was craving for after the loss of her German identity.

One of Anne's goals is to explain alien Germany to Australian readers. She begins doing so right from the start. Although she is (supposedly) just five years old, she sounds like a high school student, an attitude which she keeps up for the rest of the book. This can for example be seen in her use of words, especially when she is contrasting then and now, Germany and Australia. For her, everything is "either black or white" (118), mainly black; thus, German words are "ugly" (31), the German script is "a horrifying collection of difficult scrolls and loops" (35). And she does not really explain much about Germany; the feelings of the people, for example, were and remain a mystery for her: "It is difficult to rationalise the irrational, the intangible..." (136). Her scant_understanding becomes particularly obvious when she recounts the bickerings within her own family and when she tries to explain the political situation in Germany in the 1920s and 1930s.

The Meyers' style of living was typical for the German *Großbürgertum* before the war: music lessons, "sadistic" (35) governesses, lavish entertainments, haute couture, going to Spas (in the style of Aharon Appelfeld's *Badenheim 1939*), "old world formality" (72) and fairly strict rules of behaviour for the children. It is here that 'Anne, the Australian' stresses difference most: Compared to the more relaxed Australian lifestyle of the 1960s, she brands what in fact was quite usual in German circles (even after WWII) as unnatural, overly restrictive, antiquated. Among those items were for example the *Herrensalon* and the Grand Piano, as well as the fact that children were not allowed to speak at the table unless spoken to and that children did not have dinner with their parents. What Anne has to say about German secondary schools is not particularly objective, either. She sounds very self-important when she writes about the education she and her brother got (or rather, did not get) in Germany. This is particularly so in case of her English lessons, although the reader slightly wonders how she can judge them, having repeatedly stressed that throughout their childhood she and Klaus stubbornly refused to learn one word of English from their English-speaking relatives. For Anne, the supposed shortcomings of German school curricula have more serious

consequences as well: She blames the gullibility of Germans to Hitler's ravings on their lack of political education.

Neither in the preface nor in interspersed comments on her later years in Britain and Australia do we learn much about Anne's relationship to her own children, only that she seems to have been a very easy-going mother. Here again, she stresses the contrast to her relationship with her own mother. However, it must have been a tortured one; throughout the book, Anne's pronouncements make it hard to decide whether Anne or her mother Margaret is more bitchy. Remarks such as: "My mother had no understanding of children and - unlike my father - no fondness for this section of humanity" (29), "... her total refusal or inability to praise or compliment me in any way" (30) are balanced by self criticism: "[I] was self-willed, bossy and thoroughly unlikeable" (36), "nicely negative and antisocial" (197). Klaus is seen as a shy, taciturn boy who suffers intensely from the pranks of his school fellows. Grandma Alice, 'the Australian' is sketched as an independent, self-willed outsider. Excepting Anne, it is only her father who appears as a round character, and Anne totally adores him. Therefore, many little incidents and everything he did for his children are lovingly put to paper. Obviously, his daughter still bemoans his short life (his painful death is recounted in detail), and by writing about him wants to make sure that she does not forget one single instance; neither his love of flowers nor his delight in good food. It can be doubted, though, that these eulogies are of interest outside the family circle.

Apart from writing a memory of her father, Anne might have something else in mind when she uses the pattern mentioned above: She probably modelled her family portrait on that of Anne Frank. Some parallels that are particularly obvious are Anne Jacob's precociousness and her arrogance when judging others. But this book is not at all full of intertexts; Anne never leaves us in doubt that she is not the bookish kind, and there is just one literary allusion: Anne compares her convent school to a *Doll's house*.

Like I have just said, Anne is making judgements all the time; on her family, but also on the political situation. She does the latter to keep a promise she made early in the book: To tell a story in which national occurrences have "personal repercussions" (21). However, she somewhat reverses her dictum, following this pattern: family incident(s) and what they teach us about the general situation in Germany. This is a good idea, only its execution is poor. To my mind, this is because of two things: Even the older Anne of Melbourne does not really know (or remember) that much about the situation in Germany in the 1920s and 1930. So (in addition to spelling mistakes) there are factual errors, both concerning the private and the public sphere, errors such as taking all German Protestants for Lutherans and describing the flag of the Weimar Republic wrongly. But what is worse is her naive textbook style when she tries to talk European politics to an Australian

reader. Talking down is putting it mildly! She is also very condescending when she lectures about Germans:

> … the majority of Germans were content, not knowing nor caring that their country was heading towards total autocracy. ... the millions who did not want liberalism, did not want to think for themselves and guide their own destinies, the millions who only wanted unity under a leader who would give them what they craved (173).

Anne's only excuse (was she aware of it?) is that even at a later stage in life she includes herself among those who do not want to think for themselves.

In keeping with Anne's naive look at life was her firm conviction *as a child* that nothing bad could happen to Jews in Germany because "German justice and German institutions were fair and incorruptible" (301). This attitude is at odds with references she makes of Jews being murdered. She knows better, but like a stubborn child refuses to believe it.

When it comes to politics, Anne of Melbourne probably tries to be fair to her younger self and presents facts but does not interpret them, since, like she says, she does (or did) not know enough. Her comment on a Hitler rally in Hannover is a case in point:

> I do not know whether the things he said were the excited outpourings of a sincere fanatic or deliberate rhetoric, coldly calculated to rouse his audience to a fever pitch of unquestioning devotion. All I can remember, as I listened to the ranting blaring from the loudspeakers, was my surprise that his Austrian accent sounded so foreign to my north-German ears (158).

This continual schoolgirl attitude – affected or not – spoils Anne's book for me.

Tim Winton's Narrative of Belonging: Revisiting Australian Identity through Europe in *The Riders*

Sarah Zapata, University of Zaragoza

The Riders, Tim Winton's popular novel published in 1994 and short-listed for the Broker Prize in 1995, is largely based on Winton's personal experience in Europe while working on his previous novel *Cloudstreet* (1991). Winton together with his wife Denise and their son Jesse travelled around Europe visiting France, Ireland and Greece during the late eighties. Unlike his earlier fiction, *The Riders* is set in Europe and deals with the story of an Australian family that decides to settle down in Ireland after having been travelling around Europe for a couple of years. The novel begins with the main protagonist, Fred Scully, refurbishing the cottage they have just bought in County Offaly, Ireland, while his wife Jennifer and their seven-year-old daughter Billie return to Australia to sell their Fremantle house. However, on the day that Jennifer and their daughter are due to arrive, only Billie turns up at Shannon airport, forcing Scully to come to terms with the fact that his wife has deserted them. The greater part of the novel focuses on Scully's attempt to find his wife. Thus he heads off with his daughter on a tour around Europe, visiting all the places where they had been before. Finally, he does not find his wife, so by the end of the novel he abandons the search and returns to their cottage in Ireland in order to start a new life with his daughter.

The purpose of this paper is to explore the way in which Tim Winton's novel, *The Riders*, enhances a certain construction of Australian identity by establishing a set of contrasts between Australia and the European continent. I also intend to explore how Winton's novel tackles a very recurrent theme in Australian literature: the centrality of the land and belonging in defining identity.

The Riders portrays Scully's journey through Europe searching for his wife in a way that seems to stress the cultural and historical differences between the two continents, emphasising the sense of displacement and emotional dislocation felt by the protagonist for being in an unfamiliar, alien environment. In an interview, Winton commented on the impact of his visit to Europe in terms of displacement:

> When I got to Europe I knew the moment I set my foot down that I wasn't European. I'd been brought up all my life to think that I was a European. I'm not even faintly European. I looked at the glories of Europe from behind a smoky glass. It was like this huge gulf; I admire but it wasn't hugely connected with me. I felt torn, almost, like torn out of the soil from home. Then when I came back I knew what was going on. I knew if I stayed away too long I'd be adrift, and I felt like I was going to wither up and die. I knew this is where I belong. I know my continent, I know my country, I certainly know my landscape as to what it means to me. (Hefner 1991:23)

This experience in the old continent made Tim Winton realise how the Western Australian landscape gives him his bearings and a very strong sense of belonging. As he acknowledges: "I'm connected to the land and the landscape and the sea, and the colour of the light, and the smell of the eucalypts, the whole thing. I wouldn't say it's a kind of new Aboriginality, I wouldn't even feel that I had to even chase after the term, but it's a feeling of belonging" (Hefner 1991:23). In an interview with Eleanor Watchel Winton explains Scully's psychological and emotional displacement in the following terms: "If you take him out of his landscape, you put him twelve thousand miles from home, in the wrong climate, it's winter, everything's wrong. So nothing that he'd taken for granted in his life, nothing that props him up as a person, is left" (1997:76).

Cut off from his familiar environment, Scully feels dislocated and undergoes an identity crisis. The portrait of Scully as an Australian with a strong sense of place and belonging reveals Winton's commitment to place, the local and the community in his work. The novel brings to the fore how place and the land give Scully a sense of identity, of who he was in the past, who he is at present and who

he will be. Since the very beginning the novel sets out Scully's homesickness after two years in Europe:

> In the hedge beside him two small birds wheeled in a courting dance. He recognized them as choughs. He mouthed the word, resting a moment and rubbing his hands. Choughs. Strange word. Two years and he still thought from his own hemisphere. He knew he couldn't keep doing it forever. He should stop thinking of blue water and white sand; he had a new life to master. (1994:11)

This scene clearly shows how Scully constantly recalls his life back home in Australia with nostalgia and longing. However, the narrative focuses on his unsuccessful attempts to accommodate his Australian identity within a hostile European background. His sentimental longing for his homeland is also revealed the day he receives mail from home, in Western Australia. His mother's postcard which "showed the Swan River at dusk with the lights of Perth budding against a purple sky" (55) and another card from his daughter move him deeply. *The Riders*, through Scully's experience, also offers a particularly interesting treatment of displacement, placing the European continent as the strange and harsh land, something commonly applied to Australia. The novel presents an Australian man attempting to come to grips with the old continent, reversing thus the usual literary and historical tradition which depicts Australia as the strange new land to be discovered and conquered. For Scully, it is Europe, not Australia, which is not only odd but also decadent and deteriorated.

Throughout the narrative Winton attempts to articulate a model of Australian identity for Scully by means of a set of contrasts between Europe and Australia. Two sets of values are constructed in opposition to each other. Europe stands for civilization, culture, historical monuments, sophistication, artificiality, elite and hierarchies. In contrast, Australia stands for wildness, nature, the land, naivety, authenticity, working-class and democracy. Within these binaries, Scully's wife, Jennifer, could be read as a counterpart to Scully. Her European artistic aspirations and her pretensions to high culture are set against Scully's working-class, practical and naïve Anglo-Irish Australian identity.

Scully's feeling of estrangement and his inner tension and turmoil due to the disappearance of his wife is reflected on by his comments on the several European cities they visited. He stresses the different conceptions of the land in Europe and Australia. He claims that Europeans are influenced by architecture and, on the contrary, Australians by the land. For instance, he compares the natural surroundings of his native country with the historical monuments and architecture

that characterise Europe: "Scully had long thought that architecture was what you had instead of landscape, a signal of loss, of imitation. Europe had it in spades because the land was gone, the wildness was no longer even a memory. But this … this was where architecture became landscape" (49). As the narrative develops, Scully insists on the image of Europe as a country anchored in the past: "Here the wildness was pressed into something else, into what had already been. And out there beneath the birds, in the gibberish of strokes and lines and connections of the valley was his new life" (51). In contrast, Australia is represented as a new country open to the future: "In Australia you looked out and saw the possible, the spaces, the maybes" (51).

Scully's journey could be read as an odyssey in quest of the truth. His journey begins in Greece. His image of the country is exclusively negative since he tries to establish a parallel between Greece and Australia: both countries are islands, sunny places with a similar geography. He also mentions that Greece "is like Australia invaded by the Irish" (73), a place where "nothing works and no one gives a shit" (73). He recalls how he worked for a stonemason humping granite up a hill while Jennifer tried at painting. Scully travels to Hydra, where he meets a group of British expatriates who settled on the island. One of the expatriates, Arthur Lipp recalls Scully and his family as "those strange Australians" (120), "the original innocents abroad" (120) and "A family of primitives" (121). Furthermore, he defines Scully as "my little convict mate" (133) with "primitive manners" (136) and Australia as still "the colony". Lipp somehow despises Scully because "he was just unnaturally sanguine and goodnatured to the point of irritation […] so easygoing as to appear lazy" (120). Alex Moore, another expat in Greece, defines him with the "patience of Job and the face of the Cyclops" (163), acknowledging that there's "[s]omething terribly provincial in that kind of niceness" (163). Scully feels somehow intimidated, misunderstood by the expats, and in their presence he feels "the complete farmboy, the toolslinger, the deckhand" (131). Consequently, the meetings that Scully has with European people enhance and heighten the cultural differences with Australia reasserting Scully's Australian identity. In the novel, the Europeans are portrayed as arrogant, unpleasant, snobbish and hierarchical people that disapprove of Scully's innocent, vulnerable and good nature creating a stereotype for him as a "working-class boofhead with a wife who married beneath herself, a hairy bohemian with a beautiful family, the mongrel expat with the homesick twang and ambitious missus, the poor decent-hearted bastard who couldn't see the roof coming down on his head" (10).

From Greece Scully and his daughter travel by ferry to Brindisi, in Italy, and then to Florence, where he receives a telegram from Jennifer to meet her in Paris. In

Paris, Scully also suffers the hostility and arrogance of the French. For him, Paris was a "damn place" (71), "a black hole" (72), where he did "shit work all day so [Jennifer] could write" (72). To Scully it is just "a place, a town whose traffic noise and street fumes reached him at a faint remove" (260). He perceives visible signs of decadence and perversion everywhere. For instance, when Billie needs to go to the toilet, they go into a café whose owner was "a fat man with earrings and peroxided curls" (263). Billie cannot find the ladies' room, since there are men in both rooms. The problem is that it is a homosexual café and Scully thinks it is not a very appropriate place for his daughter, since he sees degeneration everywhere. The fact that the city is built on the catacombs, mines and cemeteries also stresses the metaphor of death implied in the history of the French capital. They felt the hostility of French people towards them. As Billie recalls, they were not happy in Paris "where no one liked them and the sun would never go down at night" (207). Before changing the setting to Amsterdam, Billie develops a fever and Scully decides to phone Marianne, one of Jennifer's friends when they stayed in Paris and for whom he worked for a while. When Marianne, whose name should represent the national leitmotif of 'Liberty, Equality and Fraternity', sees Scully with Billie she is very reticent to help them, but finally she calls a doctor for the child. Suddenly, Scully recalls how he told "redneck stories against himself and his country" (278) to Marianne's friends, who "were amusing yuppies, handsome, curious and unlike people they'd known before" (278). As he acknowledges: "For a while he felt almost exotic at Marianne's parties, but it wore off in the end, playing the part of the Ignoble Savage" (278). Although Scully criticises and judges European decadence, this scene shows how he sometimes tries to cling to some sort of 'national identity' perpetuating the myths about Australia and the Australian people.

As Scully negotiates the old, unattractive historical buildings and landscapes within Europe, he is also trying to come to terms with his own identity and with his wife's desertion. Scully's impressionistic descriptions of Amsterdam, another place where Jennifer might possibly be, are even worse and more disapproving than those of Paris. The depiction of Amsterdam's central station highlights the extremely critical treatment given to the various European cities in the novel:

> Ghetto blasters and guitars reverberated in every corner. Junkies and drunks lay nodding in hallways. […] A madman in fluorescent tights shrieked at his own reflection in the windows of the closed-up Bureau de Change. Hippies of seventeen and eighteen who looked German to Scully swilled Amstel and laughed theatrically amongst themselves. […] The air was warm and foul with

> body odour, smoke and urine so that the street air was a sweet blast to be savoured a second or two. (326)

In Amsterdam, Scully shows clearly visible signs of mental as well as physical deterioration. In Scully's words the city is "the Auschwitz of the mind, the place you'd never dreamt of going, the hell they said wasn't real" (340). Their stay in Amsterdam echoes Dante's descent into hell, distorting Scully's mental state leaving him wandering like a Jew around the city. It is Billie that puts order to Scully's shattered life and makes him regain control of his life. Scully and Billie do not find Jennifer in Amsterdam, so they decide to return to Ireland, which represents their new homeland. The novel brings to the fore the way in which the hostility of the European cities and their historical backgrounds stress Scully's depiction as an outcast, an alien or outsider in the old continent. As Igor Maver argues in his article "Tim Winton's 'European' Novel *The Riders*" (1999), Winton presents Europe "as a symbol of personal defeat, social decadence and spiritual and physical deterioration" (1999, 102).

The physical journey of Scully searching for his wife not only becomes a search for meaning but also for identity, since all the experiences he has to go through make him confront and accept his Australian identity. This quest for identity is encoded in the novel's narrative. In *The Riders*, Winton clings to the Anglo-Celtic voice which has been dominant within the construction of the Australian national identity for centuries, in order to ground Scully's white Australian identity in Ireland's historical past. Scully's trip of self-discovery into the recognition and the reassertion of his roots and his sense of belonging to his mother country is made through the establishment of similarities with Ireland. Scully's empathy with Ireland is made patent in the novel. The circular structure of the novel, which begins and ends in Ireland, is also relevant. Ireland provides him with a home. The opening description of the bare hill where Scully's eighteenth century peasant cottage stands reminds the reader of the pastoral, bucolic Irish countryside. There is also a gothic castle in ruins near Scully's cottage that stresses the mysterious atmosphere of the place. Winton's Ireland has nothing to do with contemporary Ireland; it is a rural, mythic and pastoral Ireland. As Jennifer Rutherford states in her article "The Colonising Victim: Tim Winton's Irish Conceit", unlike the European cities Scully visits, Ireland "floats, unattached and uncontaminated by European snobbism, inauthenticity and elitism" (2001:158).

In *The Riders*, we, therefore, find Ireland as "buttress, as ally, and as homeland" (156). In Ireland, Scully finds recognition, welcome and hospitality. For instance, he makes friends with the local postman, Pete-the-post and spends happy moments

with him fixing the cottage. Similarly, Ireland and Australia share an attitude, an affinity to nature and landscape. Scully feels nostalgia for eucalypts, the Australian sea and sky. The novel constantly emphasises Scully's need to go back and belong to the Australian land.

The opening pages of the novel are reminiscent of the Australian colonial tradition. Scully is repairing a cottage "older than his own nation" (1994:4). Scully is renovating his house; he is transforming old into new. He is shown mending the place he owns with his bare hands. With this image Winton seems to recall the British colonisers who built up the Australian nation, making a new country. On the one hand, Winton offers the image of an Australian "colonising" an ex-colony. While Scully is clearing the mildew, refuse and decay, he remembers his life back home. He starts singing the only Irish song he knows, *The wild colonial boy*, whose lyrics epitomise the figure of the bushranger: "a native son, who, carrying the stain of an Irish rebel tradition, defies the law" (Rutherford 2001:157). This song also makes reference to colonial Australia.

On the other, Winton also attempts to draw another connection with Ireland by showing both Ireland's and Australia's shared status as colonial 'Other'. According to Rutherford, by borrowing Ireland's status as a victim of colonisation Winton denies Australia's real history of colonisation and the history of cultural Aboriginal dispossession in Australia in order to reassert the legitimacy of white Australian narratives of national identity. Winton identifies both countries as the colonised other emphasising the fact that both are subject to the oppression and marginalisation by Europe. In *The Riders*, Europe and England are featured as the colonisers of Australia and Ireland in order to reverse the traditional image of white Australians as colonisers. Winton attempts to reverse this by depicting Scully, an Australian in Europe, as a victim of colonisation. One day Scully receives a postcard from his daughter, who is still in Australia. The picture represents the Round House in Fremantle, an old jail that was built on the beach to welcome the convicts before they were sent to Rottnest, an island off Perth, in the nineteenth century. This aspect of Australian history could be read as a metaphor for the present situation of Scully in Europe, who is abandoned by his wife and trapped in a place he first bought for her sake. Reversing the traditional representation of convicts in Australia, Scully is like a convict sent to Europe. He is imprisoned in the old continent, thus reversing history. The postcard's key sentence, "Do not Fall off the edge Scully" (56), is also very telling since it anticipates Scully's descent into hell during his journey around several European cities.

In conclusion it could be said that Winton's novel *The Riders* endorses a very particular kind of Australian identity grounded in the Anglo-Celtic tradition. Winton articulates a version of Australian identity that favours naivety, vulnerability and practicality and forges a new narrative of belonging by drawing a parallel between Ireland and Australia. The novel also brings to the fore the intimate relationship of Australians to the land, and how place and identity give Winton's characters a strong sense of belonging.

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Jane Landman: ***The Tread of the White Man's Foot. Australian Pacific Colonialism and the Cinema, 1925-62*****.** Pandanus Books (Research School of Pacific and Asian Studies, The Australian National University), 2006. vii +268 pp. A$ 34.96. ISBN 1 74076 206 1.
Reviewed by **Franz Kuna, Universität Klagenfurt.**

For reasons of defence (against Asian powers and European expansionist interests), the exploration of resources and, last but not least, national self-realisation Australia devoted considerable political energy, in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, to the colonisation of what used to be called 'the

attainable Pacific' - territories that were either politically vulnerable or not yet colonised by European powers. Jane Landman's study concerns itself with Australia's colonialist engagement with the Torres Straight, Papua and New Guinea in the context of Australia's early belief in the powerful role of culturalist propaganda for purposes of achieving desired political aims. Australia's cinematic engagement with 'available' Pacific territories is an early example of the involvement of a whole cultural industry, above all the cinema, in the business of underwriting the (political) wisdom of annexing desirable territories. By supporting the Pacific colonialism of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries Australia's film and cultural politics make an early start with what later, since the 'revival' period of the seventies, became the declared policies of the arts in Australia: to provide the *raison d'etre* and icons for the business of identity quests and nation building - in Stuart Cunningham's words, to adopt a "second-order" role in support of more or less problematical political agendas (Landman 3).

During the interwar years of the last century Australia was battling with three major problems: the consolidation of the young Commonwealth, the gradual emancipation from the motherland (including Britain's colonial activities in the Pacific) and the quest for national identity through more or less peaceful visions (the Coral Sea as 'a Queensland lake') and protectionist policies. A curious mix of political, economic, social and culturalist discourses was applied to such acts as the annexation of Torres Straight islands in the late nineteenth century and the incorporation of Papua and New Guinea (a British colony from 1888 until 1906) as an Australian protectorate after Federation. All these colonialist acts were accompanied by a rhetoric of appeasement borrowed from such notions as 'the white man's burden' or the apparently desired 'tread of the white man's foot', and colonial administrations went as far as seeing in these acts a possibility to prevent the injustices perpetrated against Aborigines and "to earn expiation" from "the rest of the world".

Between 1925 and 1957 thirteen Australian films were produced that were set in the Pacific, all designed to support, in various degrees, the colonial project. Landman's study focuses on eight of these films, including one time favourites such as *Jungle Woman* (1926), *Hound of the Deep* (1926) *Lovers and Luggers* (1937), *King of the Coral Sea* (1954) or *Walk into Paradise* (1956). She presents her involved topic, versions of 'colonial cinema' from interwar to postwar, in three sections. The first section is devoted to "the social regulation of cinema exhibition in Australia in the context of the racialised national and imperial concerns driving the charged public arguments of the interwar years" (16), tracing these concerns into Australia's administration of Papua and New Guinea until the early 1960s.

The section also contains an exhaustive treatment of the policies and practices of cinema censorship for indigenous audiences from the 1920s to 1962 against the background of "the colonial administration's conflict with commercial film-makers over the role of cinema in the 'colonial project' and the Department of Territories' subsequent commissioning of its own documentary production" (17). – Section Two considers Australian 'South Seas' productions of the 'imperial' interwar years, focusing on Frank Hurley's 'Empire cinema', the early achievements of *Cinesound* (famous for its documentaries during World War II) and quite generally on the colonial and racial stereotypes of these films. However, the best of these South Seas productions not only display the unavoidable formulae of the imperialist ideology but also achieve a well-calculated balance of 'generic' and 'documentary' elements and a spectacular representation of native landscapes and peoples in their own right. The section concludes with an interesting discussion of the collaborative efforts at the time between commerce, the film industry, the Department of Territories and the Territory Administrations in order to minimise conflicts between production teams and politicians, conflicts which otherwise would have seriously undermined the attempt to persuade the cinema to serve the 'colonial project'.

But to what extent, and in whose estimation, could the 'colonial cinema' (in itself a confusing and misleading enough term) be judged as furthering the colonial cause? Landman asks the crucial questions in the 'Conclusion' to her study: "How is that cause understood in the differing contexts of the colony, the nation (Australia) and Britain? How do such varying sites of reception inflect filmic meaning? Who is the implied audience of such cinema - the subject people of colonial regimes? A national, British, or other international audiences?" (227) Answers to these questions depend on the players to whom they are addressed. Whilst government agencies and cultural politicians will assume that artistic productions can be influenced and regulated in terms of desired political objectives, artists and producers tend to deny any such direct relationship between art and politics or use government rhetoric for the simple reason of gaining financial support. As Landman's close analyses of the interrelationship of colonial governance, production and reception discourses, and similar approaches to the 'revival period' (the 70s), show it is not advisable to anticipate too close a relationship between policy thinking and the texts and critical discourses apparently resulting from it. Cultural policy is not in a position to produce desired cultural products just like that; it is not even able to set up inspiring frameworks for the production of texts or to "generate and inspire images, myths and narratives which can be seen to refract back to national audiences" (Cunningham, 97). This is not to say that policy thinking is useless. But its role, function and status needs to be redefined. Policy thinking needs to be thought of not so much in terms of an

applied cultural politics (with the ability of creating desired texts), but more in terms of an independent discursive formation with the purpose of contributing to the general need for expressing the 'political unconscious' of a specific period and (as far as critics and audiences are concerned) to provide a context for the understanding of the 'symptomatic' meaning of texts. In this respect policy is of more interest 'after the fact' than before it. Before it may either condition or alienate prospective sponsors and practitioners, at best it may motivate important social groups in the direction of desired cultural goals, but it will not in any way determine the direction of artistic developments, to say nothing of the production of individual works of art. Landman's study is both an exhaustive account of the interrelationship, even interdependence, of politics and art during a politically sensitive period - the change from colonialism to postcolonialism - and an important contribution to cultural studies methodology: the question of how to combine the analysis of political agendas with policy, production and reception studies in order to tease out meaning as complex as the ideological implication of art.

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Libby Robin. How a Continent Created a Nation. Sydney: UNSW Press, 2007**,** 259 S; A$ 39.95. ISBN 978-0-86840-891-0.
Rezensiert von **Julia Seipel, Carl von Ossietzky Universität Oldenburg**

Es erscheint völlig selbstverständlich, dass die Konstruktion der australischen Nation von der einzigartigen Natur des Kontinents, der zugleich das Staatsgebiet darstellt, beeinflusst wurde und immer noch wird: eine junge Nation, die sich als *settler society* in einer Landschaft entwickelte, die einem großen Teil ihrer Mitglieder fremd erschien, umgeben von Tieren, an deren Existenz nicht selten gezweifelt wurde und von Pflanzen, die sich aufs beste den oft extremen klimatischen Bedingungen angepasst haben. Vieles von dem, das die weißen Siedlerinnen und Siedler nach 1788 in der australischen Natur vorfanden, zeigt Verhaltensweisen, die so gar nicht dem entsprachen, was in den europäischen Wissenschaften als natürlich vorgesehen war. Dies legt für die Herstellung einer nationalen Identität ein hohes Maß an Identifikation mit dem Besonderen nahe. Andererseits war Australien lange Zeit sehr eng mit den europäischen

Herkunftskulturen, insbesondere mit *Mother England* verbunden. Dies gilt auch für wissenschaftliche Denkweisen und Überzeugungen. Aus diesem Konflikt zwischen Natur und Kultur bzw. Wissenschaft, zwischen Altem und Neuem, Belebtem und Unbelebtem, so argumentiert Libby Robin in *How a Continent Created a Nation* sehr präzise, bildete sich eine nationale Identität Australiens und dieser Prozess dauert bis heute an.

Der Schwerpunkt des Buches liegt in der Zeit des europäisch kolonisierten Australiens und auf europäischen Diskursen zu Natur und Wissenschaft. Demzufolge spielen Diskurse der Aboriginal People eine geringe Rolle. Ihr Wissen über das Land wird von Robin jedoch immer wieder anerkannt und insbesondere für die Gegenwart und Zukunft in politische Überlegungen und Programme einbezogen.

Wissenschaft ist ein wichtiges Verbindungsglied zwischen Umwelt und dem Verstehen der eigenen Umgebung. Diese Nahtstelle untersucht Robin, indem sie Tiere, Pflanzen und Landschaften wirkmächtige Positionen in der Geschichte Australiens zugesteht (S. 2) und nutzt sie, um ein breiteres Verständnis für die Besonderheiten der australischen Geographie und Natur zu vermitteln. Dies ist auch ein politisches Ziel in Zeiten, in denen die Ausbeutung natürlicher Ressourcen und der Natur an sich immer drastischere Folgen zeigt. An dem historischen Wendepunkt, an dem wir uns heute weltweit befinden, müssen, so Robin, Geisteswissenschaften wie Geschichte und Wissenschaftskritik in der Umweltpolitik Raum finden (S. 213ff).

Libby Robin arbeitet als Historikerin am *Centre for Resource and Environmental Studies* und verfügt über langjährige Erfahrung als Kuratorin am *National Museum of Australia* und anderen Ausstellungsorten. Diese Verbindung von wissenschaftlicher Theorie und Darstellungs- und Vermittlungspraxis zeigt sich in ihrem Gespür dafür, welche 'Erzählungen' die komplexen Wechselwirkungen von Umwelt, Naturwissenschaften und ihrer Reproduktionen von Natur für die Leserin und den Leser nachvollziehbar machen.

Dies beginnt mit dem verworrenen Weg, der die *Golden Wattle* zu einem Nationalsymbol machte und dem Einfluss der Naturwissenschaften auf schulische Praktiken – vom Schulgarten bis zu Exkursionstagen, die der Naturbeobachtung und insbesondere ornithologischen Studien gewidmet waren (Kapitel 1). Die Geschichte der Erforschung von Schnabeltier und dem *Queensland lungfish* stehen in Kapitel 2 für die Bemühungen, diese 'seltsamen' und als 'rückständig' bezeichneten Lebensformen sinnvoll in ein wissenschaftliches Raster einzugliedern, in dem sie nicht vorgesehen waren. Diese Erzählung wird im 4.

Kapitel fortgeführt, das Robin den Debatten um die Einrichtung naturwissenschaftlicher Ausstellungen und eines nationalen Museums für Landschaft, Fauna und Flora widmet. Kapitel 3 wendet sich einer Lebensform zu, deren Existenz in der Entwicklung der australischen Natur nicht vorgesehen war, dem Schaf und seiner Bedeutung für Australiens internationale Beziehungen, die weit über das Wirtschaftliche hinausgeht. In Kapitel 5 und 6 beschreibt Robin verschiedene Expeditionen in die Trockengebiete im Zentrum und den tropischen Norden Australiens und die Versuche, diese Gebiete nach europäischen Standards nutzbar zu machen. Sie führt die Auseinandersetzung mit diesen extremen geographischen und klimatischen Landschaften jeweils auf einer internationalen Ebene weiter und setzt sie in Relation zu Politiken und einem nationalen Identitätsgefühl, die in den weit entfernten, europäisch geprägten Zentren der australischen Politik und Wirtschaft bestimmt werden. Kapitel 7 greift die Umweltpolitik und den Gedanken des 'Erhaltens von Erhaltenswertem' in der Natur heraus. Dieses Kapitel leitet auch von der vor allem historischen Verortung der Erzählungen auf die Gegenwart über, deren Spuren auf dem Weg in eine nationale 'Heimat' das 8. Kapitel folgt.

Das Besondere an *How a Continent Created a Nation* ist die präzise historische Quellenarbeit, die jedoch nicht vor Analysen des Gegenwärtigen und Prognosen für die Zukunft zurückschreckt. Ein stärkerer Einbezug von kulturwissenschaftlichen Theorien zu Nation, Nationenbildung und nationaler Identität hätte die Bedeutung von Diskursen zu Natur und Wissenschaft an einigen Stellen erläutern können.

Was Libby Robin in großer Sorgfalt und unterhaltsamem Stil vorlegt, ist nicht nur die Geschichte und Gegenwart der wechselseitigen Verbindung von Landschaft und Natur mit Wissenschaft, nationalen Politiken und Identitäten in Australien. Dieses Buch regt an darüber nachzudenken, wie andere Nationalstaaten und Nationen durch andere geografische Gegebenheiten, Natur- und Kulturlandschaften begründet und geprägt wurden.

Penny van Toorn. ***Writing Never Arrives Naked. Early Aboriginal Cultures of Writing in Australia.*** Aboriginal Studies Press**,** AIATSIS**,** 2006**,** 280pp., A$ 39.95 RRP. ISBN (13) 978 0 85575 544 7.
Reviewed by **Nadja Lüdemann, Hamburg.**

In this academic study van Toorn, a senior lecturer in Australian Literature and Australian Studies at the University of Sydney, investigates the different cultural

circumstances and institutional settings in which Australian Aboriginal people produced written texts. The book covers the time span from the early colonial era to contemporary Aboriginal writing. In nine chapters, various aspects of Aboriginal writing are discussed and completed by a short conclusion.

Most importantly, Penny van Toorn challenges the established view that Indigenous oral traditions and cultures have become redundant after the introduction of Western cultures in Australia. Instead, she claims that the Indigenous people of Australia are engaged in a complex interplay between their own culture and the practices introduced by the British settlers. This led them to the development of a new culture of reading and writing. In this matter, vital questions arise: At the outset of *Writing Never Arrives Naked*, van Toorn asks questions such as "What counts as writing?", "What counts as authorship?" and "Who counts as Aboriginal?" Her aim is to leave behind "Eurocentric concepts of authorship" by including other genres such as fiction and poetry.

In *Writing Never Arrives Naked*, Van Toorn effectively tells the story of how the European culture of reading and writing – which was introduced by the British – mingled with the oldest living cultures in the world. The first chapter entitled *Encountering the alphabet* characterizes three distinct cultures of early Aboriginal literacy: those based on individual black-white collaborations, those that developed without European guidance and those that emerged on missions and reserves. In the second chapter, *Sky gods and stolen children*, Penny van Toorn illustrates how Aboriginal children were taken away from their families. The white authorities justified their removal with teaching them how to read. As van Toorn describes, there is a connection between the early history of the stolen generations with the early history of Aboriginal literacy: The first Indigenous Australians who were able to read were stolen children – and the first Indigenous author was Bennelong, a 'stolen adult'.

In 1796, Bennelong dictated a letter to a steward. It was the first piece of writing authored by an Indigenous Australian. Chapter 3 deals with this letter in detail and states that it is a "product of inter-cultural entanglement". In the following chapter *Borderlands of Aboriginal writing* van Toorn discusses how Aboriginal people and colonists used each other's writing systems in accordance with their own desires and traditions of inscription. This kind of writing 'cross-borders' between different categories of writing. Traditionally, primitive beginnings of writings have been located in a pictographic stage while the final stage has been claimed to be one of 'writing proper' by using the alphabet. While Indigenous peoples were said to be fixed at the pictographic stage, Europeans had apparently invented the alphabet. Penny van Toorn suggests that these 'borderland zones' are spaces of

exchange in which writing can precede literacy and the line between writing and non-writing becomes unstable.

Chapters 5, 6 and 7 deal with mission and reserve cultures. One region van Toorn selected is Tasmania, until 1856 called "Van Diemen's Land". She examines a time when the Indigenous peoples of Tasmania first engaged with the Bible and were observed by colonial officials who regarded the Bible as a tool for assimilation. Another mission discussed is Lake Condah Mission Station in south-western Victoria. In this context, van Toorn analyzes the ways in which writing worked as a performative medium in Victoria from the mid-1870s to the early 20th century.

Chapter 8 entitled *Early writings by Aboriginal women* engages with the effects of colonialism on Indigenous women. Here, Van Toorn asks questions such as "What roles did Aboriginal women take up as readers and writers in colonial Australia?" and "What social functions did their writing perform?" The role of women in the writing process is discussed in detail and it becomes clear to the reader that women addressed colonial officials on a wide range of issues and that they were writing mainly for themselves and their families rather than for larger community groups. The last chapter traces the connection between contemporary Indigenous Australian literary practices and the cultures of literacy that developed in the colonial period. The focus is on a series of moments in history when Indigenous and non-Indigenous cultures became entangled. From this, questions like "How do the social relations within which Aboriginal people write, publish and read books today differ from those that prevail in European book cultures?" and "How have Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal people gone about the process of making books together?"

Historically, books have functioned as an imposed technology of power. Van Toorn gives a detailed account of how books were icons of Western civilisation as well as an instrument of oppression. She discusses the Indigenous viewpoint which regards oral narratives as more reliable than books, as well as the problems which arise when oral narratives are transformed into books. Another interesting aspect of this chapter is the gap between Western and Indigenous authorship: While in Western cultures any person writing on any subject who can find a publisher is called the author of a book, and any literate person is potentially a reader, in traditional Aboriginal societies the giving and receiving of information is regulated by kinship networks, age etc. Penny van Toorn concludes chapter 9 by giving an account of her own work as an editorial assistant for the Aboriginal author Ruby Langford Ginibi.

Writing Never Arrives Naked is an all-embracing informative book which deepens our knowledge of the history of Indigenous writing in Australia, and at the same time highlights innovative aspects of contemporary Indigenous literature and literacies.

Shortlisted for the Victorian Premier's Literary Award for Non-fiction, 2007. Special Commendation for the Walter McRae Russell Award, 2007, for best book of literary scholarship on an Australian subject, published in the preceding two calendar years.

Reviews

Fiction:

Lily Brett: *You've Gotta Have Balls*. New York: William Morrow, 2006, 275 pp. $ 19.95, ISBN 978006050569.
Reviewed by **Adi Wimmer (University of Klagenfurt)**

Opening the pages to the latest Lily Brett novel is like meeting old friends. The main character is Ruth Rothwax, an Australian citizen living in New York. She is about 50 years of age and runs a successful "writing business." That is to say, she writes stylish letters for customers that are flung all over the United States, and she designs innovative greeting cards. The business is apparently so successful that she can employ two assistants and still make loads of money. She even has some German clients, which elicits her comment "Germans are very fussy. As fussy as Jews" (267). Well, Lily Brett (who was born in a German DP camp in 1946) is entitled to ambiguous feelings about the country of her birth.

In her previous novels, there were other names and slightly different professions for "Ruth", and the narrative situation was that of a first-person narrator, but the essentials are always the same. There is her quirky father Edek, who has recently moved from Melbourne to New York after his wife Rooshka's death. This too we remember from previous novels – Edek moved to New York in *Just Like That*, and in *Too Many Men* father and daughter travel to Poland in order to re-view the holocaust's history and geography. Ruth's (and Lily Brett's) parents are Polish survivors of Auschwitz, which has featured prominently in all her other novels, essays and above all, her poems. Lily Brett is likely to drop a holocaust reference without any warning, for instance on p. 29: "Edek and Rooshka were always surrounded by the dead. And Edek and Rooshka had hundreds of dead". In the background, there is her husband David, a successful painter (Brett's real-life husband David is indeed a successful artist) and her three children.

Very much in the foreground is New York, a city that is almost presented as an additional character. The narrative is littered with references to real streets, real locations and real restaurants, and also some prominent real people. Stephen Spielberg and Luciano Pavarotti make brief but important appearances; in a previous journalistic piece it was Bette Midler. It is all supposed to add to the authentic 'feel' of the story. Which only takes off after about 50 pages: A year prior to the narrative's time, there had been a visit to Poland by Edek and Ruth, and there they met two hotel waitresses. Somehow they managed to befriend Edek, which Ruth suspects it has mostly to do with Zofia's impressive bosom. Ruth, however, (and Lily Brett) are flat-chested. Quote: "Zofia wasn't fat. Just solid. Very solid. Zofia had very large breasts – her breasts looked wilful. … Zofia seemed to wear only very short, very tight skirts and plunging necklines. Necklines that, from one day to the next, appeared to be plummeting dangerously" (22). Ruth develops a comical obsession with those breasts. She out-obsesses any male sex maniac. Even her husband reproachfully tells her she "is a bit preoccupied with Zofia's breasts" (167). Here are some examples.

> [Walentyna] was no match for Zofia, who, with laserlike precision had focused her breasts and her attention on Edek (86).
> She looked as overloaded with energy as she had in Poland. Almost obscenely energetic. … Her breasts were firm and pointed. As if they were making an announcement. A large announcement (89).
>
> Zofia's breasts, which were barely contained in a short, tight black top, moved when Zofia moved. They almost sprang out without any help, several times (113).
> Zofia looked boldly into the camera. As did her breasts (191).

The reader is surprised when Zofia's age is revealed: she is 69. Hardly a realistic age for a Marylin Monroe bust, methinks. At the end of their Polish stay, Ruth discovers Edek has slept with Zofia. Though she is a tad discomfited by her father's virility, she thinks the episode will be of no consequence. Wrong – because Walentyna and Zofia have meanwhile both won green cards in the annual green card lottery and now turn up in New York. Ruth's resentment of their intrusion is considerable. Not only do they manage to steal her father's heart, to impress her husband David, to win over her children, they also embed themselves in her father's apartment, persuade him into opening a restaurant, and they have the nerve to *like* Ruth when she treats them like Polish dirt. Zofia and Walentyna are great cooks, and Edek is a great raconteur and manager, and so their joint enterprise, a Lower East Side shoe-string Polish restaurant specializing in meat balls (aptly called 'You've Gotta Have Balls'), a project that Ruth dismisses out of

hand as impossible to succeed, is a runaway success. There are lines of customers after only three days, Stephen Spielberg and many of his film crew dine there, Pavarotti turns up, the food editor of the *New York Times* writes a glowing report (titled "What Balls They've Got!"), they feature in several tabloid newspapers and the three of them even make it onto the cover of the *New York Magazine.* To complete the clichéd happy ending, Zofia and Edek get married. To add some realism, Lily Brett supplies us with four meat ball recipes in the novel's appendix (one of which I have tried out: delicious!)

You've Gotta Have Balls will possibly be enjoyed more by male readers than by females. The customary themes that we men are fascinated with are all there: how to handle a husband, how to deal with sex and passion, but most of all the theme of how women interact with other women. One female character claims that men are better equipped than women to handle friendships; men see companions in one another, women rivals. And anyway, men and sex (not necessarily in this order) are the most important ingredients in a happy woman's life. We have not heard that theory for a long time and are duly flattered. And what a lot of discussion it engenders amongst the female characters! Ruth sets out to disprove it by forming a women's debating society – and fails. Most of her friends are more willing to invest time in their partners than in female bonding. This discursive stream however only dominates the first 40 pages. When Zofia and Walentyna arrive on the scene it is more or less abandoned, which adds to the impression of an unbalanced narrative. It lives on in a curious way through Zofia's breasts, whom the flat-chested Ruth comes to see as an unfair advantage to ensnare her father, and a counter-feminist weapon.

The real hero of this story is the 87 year-old holocaust survivor Edek. Of course, we have met his rugged and quirky individualism before, not only in previous Lily Brett stories but also in Art Spiegelman's character Vladek, the central protagonist of his cartoon narrative *Maus*. Since she has not experienced Auschwitz, Lily Brett – and this is typical for second generation Jewish survivors – is constantly demonstrating her admiration and respect for the generation that did. It should not really surprise us that some of this "respect-paying" borders on the neurotic. In her autobiographical novel *Just Like That* (the German title is *Einfach So)* Brett's first-person narrator admits of an irrational resentment of every American who drives a Mercedes, and muses that all Jewish people should keep up a collective resentment of Germans. In her generation, this respect has assumed many forms and guises that were provocatively called the "holocaust industry" by historian Norman G. Finkelstein: efforts to prove the complicity of Swiss banks in the holocaust, the feverish accusations against Kurt Waldheim, and more recently, the exposure of Polish anti-semitism before and after the war. In regard to the last example Lily

Brett has made a substantial contribution in her 700 page narrative *Too Many Men*, which must be read in tandem with this novel. But on the whole, Brett leans more towards Roberto Benigni's comic mode of weaving holocaust memories into her narrative than Eli Wiesel's straightforward historical accounts.

With a punning title like *You've Gotta Have Balls,* the dominant tone has got to be a comic one. Funny moments there are a-plenty, for instance when 69-year-old Zofia starts telling Ruth how she and Edek (who is 87, remember) manage to have "great sex": the secret is she wraps her legs around him. Because sex, as Zofia reminds Ruth, is "very good for the heart and the liver and the kidneys" … "and the skin too". Ruth is not comfortable with that information, and when she discusses it with her friends Sonia and Teresa, a hilarious conversation develops about when, where and why to wrap female legs around – whom: husband, lover, or doorman? And while they are about this 'serious' subject, we are treated to a discussion of how important for female pleasure is the shape and size of penises. Ruth is alarmed by her friend Sonia's admission that she covets Zofia's "sex of the leg-wrapping kind." Sex with her husband is only mediocre, she tells her, and that "almost anyone, short of a rapist, sticking his dick in me would feel pleasurable." Prudish Ruth finds this information alarming. Ruth cannot remember whether she ever wraps her legs around husband Garth. She must phone him at once:

> "But have I wrapped my legs around you"? Ruth said.
> "Of course you have wrapped your legs around me," Garth said.
> "When?" said Ruth.
> "I can't give you the exact time and date," said Garth. "Sometimes you wrap your legs around me, sometimes you lie flat, sometimes you have your legs in the air."
> "Really?" said Ruth. "I feel much better knowing that" (203).

This dialogue is followed by Teresa's information on how to choose the best sperm bank if you want to get pregnant. Did you know there were sperm auctions, sperm sales and discounts, sperm catalogues and sperm birthday presents? I didn't either. But in New York, nothing seems impossible.

There is, however, a sense of sameness in this novel which begins to grate on any Lily Brett fan's nerves. Her narrative heroines appear in various shapes and guises, but they are always born in Germany to holocaust survivors, were raised in Melbourne, and have emigrated to New York, where they do extremely well in various fashionable professions. There is the memory of an ever-sad mother, there is an artist husband, and most importantly, there is the quirky father. Edek is just too good to be true. I remember how my own father slipped into dementia well

before Edek's age, how his bodily functions deteriorated and how difficult relations were with him until he finally died in his nineties. None of this applies to Edek who seems to have a sexual appetite like a teenager and a performance like James Bond, and whose grasp of business matters is on a par with Bill Gates. Brett writes for a certain market, and that market is now open for stories about the elderly because the geriatrification of western societies is a huge social problem which we do not want to countenance. But as an escapist novel it is in a class of its own.

John M. Coetzee. *Diary of a Bad Year.* Melbourne: Text Publishing, 2007, 178 S., ISBN 978 192114563 6.
Rezensiert von **Adèle Garnier, Universität Leipzig**

Mit *Diary of a Bad Year* bietet der Literaturnobelpreisträger J.M. Coetzee eine feinsinnige Reflexion über Realität, Fiktion und Autorenschaft, die sich von der eigentlichen Erzählung über die Textdarstellung bis hin zur Frage des Literaturgenres erstreckt.

Die Hauptfigur des Werkes ist ein zweiundsiebzigjähriger, berühmter, aus Südafrika stammender und in Sydney lebender Schriftsteller, der von seinem deutschen Verleger gebeten wird, an einem Essay-Band mitzuwirken, das sich mit „what is wrong with today's world" (S.20) auseinandersetzen und im Englischen „Strong Opinions" heißen soll. J.C., so die Initialen des Protagonisten, beauftragt seine junge und unbedarfte Nachbarin Anya, diese Essays abzutippen. Langsam kommen sich der einsame Autor und die sich ihrer Reize bewusste Schreibkraft näher, indem sie über die Themen der Essays debattieren. Diese Annäherung führt J.C. dazu, weitere, persönlichere Essays zu schreiben – die allerdings nicht zur Veröffentlichung im erwähnten Band bedacht, sondern Anya gewidmet sind, während die junge Frau die Beziehung zu ihrem Freund Alan, einem selbstsüchtigen Investmentbanker, allmählich kritischer betrachtet.

Diese Geschichte wird jedoch nicht linear erzählt. Stattdessen setzt Coetzee eine konsequente Erzählform ein, die zwangsläufig eine literarische Reflexion über die Mehrstimmigkeit ermöglicht: die Seiten des Romans sind zerteilt, die Typographie der einzelnen Teile unterscheidet sich leicht. Im oberen Seitenteil befinden sich J.C.s Essays, in der Seitenmitte dessen Stimme als Ich-Erzähler und im unterem Teil die Erzählstimme Anyas, auch in der ersten Person wiedergegeben. In den zwei letztgenannten Strängen werden die zur Veröffentlichung gedachten Essays von J.C., Anya und zunehmend auch von Anyas Freund Alan diskutiert, der sich einen heimlichen Zugang zu J.C.s Texten verschafft.

In den „Strong Opinions“-Essays werden in einem belehrenden, besseren Zeiten nachtrauernden und teilweise ironischen Ton Politik, Gesellschaft und Kultur kommentiert. Die australischen Asylgesetze, das Gefängnis von Guantanamo, aber auch die Misshandlung des Schlachtviehs oder die Beschränkung der Kunstfreiheit ziehen den Zorn des Schriftstellers auf sich. Zur Untermalung der Empörung wird in gewährter Essaytradition der klassische Bildungskanon mobilisiert.

Der zweite Essayteil ist vielmehr Anlass zur Selbstreflexion. Der körperliche Verfall des Schriftstellers wird mehrfach thematisiert, aber auch erfreulichere Alltäglichkeiten wie das Erscheinen eines „magpie-in-chief“ auf dem grünen Streifen vor seinem Apartment-Haus. Der Ton wird nachdenklicher und weniger herablassend.

Leitmotiv fast aller Essays bilden Überlegungen zum Zusammenhang zwischen Realem und Repräsentiertem. So wird die australische Asylpolitik als „spectacle of deterrence“ gedeutet, die darauf abziele, die Wähler von der Wirkung der dargebotenen Abschreckung zu überzeugen. Die Frage einer formalen Entschuldigung bei den Aborigines für die Kolonisierung Australiens wird ebenfalls als politische Inszenierung ohne reale Bedeutung interpretiert. In einem provozierenden Essay sinniert J.C. über die Ächtung der Repräsentation sexueller Beziehungen mit Minderjährigen in der Kunst, vor allem im Film. Die Darstellung habe nichts mit realen Ereignissen zu tun, die Ablehnung dieser Repräsentation sei vor allem auf das falsche Verständnis der Freiheit der Frau durch die feministische Bewegung zurückzuführen. Im zweiten Essay-Teil erinnert J.C allerdings an einen Freund, von Beruf Fotograf, dessen Sexualleben mit der reinen Vorstellung des Erotischen erfüllt gewesen sei.

Der thematische und stilistische Veränderungsprozess, der jenseits dieses Leitmotivs erfolgt, ist Gegenstand der zwei Ich-Erzählstränge im mittleren sowie unteren Seitenteil. J.C. und Anya lernen sich, wie aus beiden Ich-Perspektiven zu entnehmen ist, als gegensätzliche Menschen kennen: er alt, grüblerisch und einsam, sie jung, bodenständig, dem Konsum und der Gegenwart zugewandt. Allerdings verbindet beide eine gewisse Außenseiterposition in der australischen Gesellschaft. Der Schriftsteller nutzt nicht selten sein Herkunftsland Südafrika als Referenzrahmen, seine Nachbarin ist zur Hälfte philippinischer Herkunft und hat ihre Kindheit in internationalen Bildungsstätten verbracht. Im Laufe der Diskussionen über die Essays entfaltet sich der Facettenreichtum Anyas. Sie kritisiert die „Strong Opinions“ Essays als langweilig, altbacken und weltfremd. El Señor, wie sie J.C. nennt, solle eher über sein Leben und seine Träume schreiben. In den Debatten mit ihrem Freund verteidigt sie jedoch zunehmend die Ansichten

des Schriftstellers, dessen einsamer Lebensabend sie stark berührt. J.C. setzt sich mit Anyas Kommentaren auseinander, weshalb er anfängt, die zweite Essay-Reihe zu schreiben, die auch mit der Schilderung einer seiner Träume beginnt.

Hier bringt Coetzee die Autorenschaft als Thema in die Romanerzählung ein. An einer Stelle fragt Anya, ob sie denn in den Essays auftrete. J.C.s Antwort: sie sei „everywhere und nowhere" (S.144), und habe seine eigene Perspektive auf seine Ansichten verändert statt diese Ansichten selbst, die sich lange vor ihrem Kennenlernen verfestigt hätten. Für die deutsche Erstausgabe der „Strong-Opinions"-Essays beharrt J.C. darauf, diese „Feste Ansichten" zu nennen und nicht „Meinungen" wie ihm sein deutscher Verleger empfiehlt, da „Opinions" auch vergänglich und veränderbar sein könnten.

Die Auseinandersetzung mit der Frage des Realen, der Repräsentation und der Autorenschaft innerhalb der Erzählung bildet eine Spiegelung, eine *mise en abyme* des Werkes selbst. Die eingangs erwähnten Eigenschaften des Schriftstellers sind größtenteils auch die Coetzees, auch wenn der aus Kapstadt stammende Autor nicht in Sydney, sondern in Adelaide lebt und etwas jünger als seine Romanfigur ist. Zudem hat J.C. wie Coetzee einen Roman namens *Waiting for the Barbarians* geschrieben, und anlässlich einer öffentlichen Lesung dessen in Canberra die Anti-Terror-Politik Australiens mit den Zuständen im Südafrika der Apartheid-Zeit verglichen – der reale Vorfall wurde in den australischen Medien diskutiert. Die Nacherzählung dieses realen Ereignisses im fiktiven Kontext stellt die Verfasserin vor die Frage, ob die Reaktion der Figur, die von der Heftigkeit der öffentlichen Kritik überrascht ist, auch die des Autors selbst sein könnte – Coetzee selbst interveniert selten in den Medien. Die Entscheidung über den realen Gehalt dieser Aussage liegt hier in der Tat beim Publikum.

Dieses Spiel mit der Autorenschaft kann als Überspitzung von Coetzees Roman *Elizabeth Costello* verstanden werden. In diesem verfasst die gleichnamige Figur, eine Literaturprofessorin, zornige und kulturkritische Essays, die zum Teil in der ersten Person wiedergegeben werden und die Frage aufwerfen, wie sich hier der Autor selbst positioniert. Allerdings bleiben in *Elizabeth Costello* die Essaypassagen in der Fiktionsstruktur eingebunden. Biographische Ähnlichkeiten zwischen Coetzee und dessen Romanfigur sind auch viel deutlicher in *Diary of a Bad Year* zu erkennen. Die Raffinesse des Romans liegt also in der Konstruktion einer Figur, deren Ansichten durch ihre bloße Existenz ins Wanken geraten. Wie soll man den Ausführungen des J.C. zur scharfen Trennung zwischen Realem und Fiktivem und zur Dominanz der Absicht eines einzelnen Autors zustimmen, wenn der Text selbst nicht zwischen Fiktion und Realem unterscheidet und wenn die Essays des Schriftstellers J.C., wie in den Erzählungssträngen gezeigt wird, derart

von einer anderen Person, nämlich Anya, geprägt sind? *Diary of a Bad Year* ist somit auf ganz unterschiedlichen Ebenen lesenswert: durch die ergreifende Geschichte, die sich zwischen einem alten Mann und einer jungen Frau abspielt; durch eine innovative Erzähltechnik, die den Leser herausfordert und schließlich mit der gekonnt gestellten Frage nach Authentizität, die Coetzee, nicht zum ersten Mal in seinem Oeuvre, offen lässt.

Richard Flanagan. ***The Unknown Terrorist.*** Atlantic Books, 2007, 320pp., plus notes. A$ 24.95 (pb.), ISBN: 978 1 84354 598 9.
Reviewed by **Paula Kreiner, Universität Klagenfurt, Österreich**

My first reaction to reading *The Unknown Terrorist* was a sense of overwhelming sadness for what Australia, the country of my birth, had become in the late Howard era. At the same time I felt that his story was simply too exaggerated. A second reading made me much less certain of this.

The novel is set in Sydney, Australia, in the grip of an unrelenting heat wave and unbridled materialism. It is not a pretty sight. The city is smug and self-satisfied. Its gods, money and success, provide a superficial glow of prosperity. Beneath this veneer of prosperity, the city's underbelly is ugly; social disintegration rife. As shown by Flanagan's frequent references to skin riddled with illness or disease in the novel, social disease continually disrupts the superficial gloss. Self-complacency becomes tainted with fear at the beginning of the novel as terrorist bombs are discovered at the Homebush Olympic Stadium.

The heroine is Gina Davies generally called 'the Doll', an exotic looking, 26 year old pole dancer in King's Cross who hopes for better things. After years of saving she is a few days short of achieving her dream of a deposit on an apartment as the novel begins. A one night stand with an attractive Middle Eastern stranger, Tariq, changes everything. Wrongly accused of being a terrorist, the Doll's life over the next three days descends into a hellish vortex beyond her control with a suddenness that pulls the reader into the story at a breathless pace. A relentless trial by media occurs with TV stations, shock jocks and tabloid newspapers vying with one another to produce the most sensationalised take on the story. Grainy security film footage of her and Tariq entering his apartment is linked first with scenes of the recent bomb scare at Homebush and subsequently with scenes from the Twin Towers, Madrid, Beslan, London and Baghdad, creating a visually compelling, if totally spurious, logic of cause and effect.

The initial means of the Doll's catastrophic misfortune is Richard Cody, regular customer at the Chairman's Lounge, where the Doll works, and whose sexual advances she rejects the night before the 'unknown terrorist' story explodes. Cody is a conceited, middle aged, has-been current affairs anchor man facing demotion at 'Six', a News Corporation-like commercial television station. He is desperate to be the centre of his image-driven botoxed media world again, and sees in the Doll's story his professional and personal salvation. The first to recognise her when the initial grainy footage is televised, he also recognises the story's potential. Truth, justice and journalistic integrity are sacrificed to the greater need of personal fame. Where the Doll's story lacks dramatic elements Cody embellishes, implausible details become plausible when explained by so called experts, facts are created out of dubious proof supplied by a manipulative ASIO keen to ensure anti-terrorism propaganda does not lose its impact.

In the media-cum-security frenzy that follows, the Doll at first tries to ignore the story as irrelevant, as a joke. After all, as her friend Wilder says "This is Australia, not Nazi Germany" (252). Panic, despair, resignation and finally anger set in. The Doll, as her none too subtle nickname suggests, is dressed up and her image manipulated to become the unknown terrorist. As a result of her experiences the Doll begins to see herself as a kind of ritual sacrifice necessary for the relief of a fearful populace numbed by endless terrorist threats. She understands that until recently she too had been the same, implicitly believing stories presented by those in authority. "To her horror she saw that, as she had never cared or wondered or questioned, nor now would anyone care or wonder or question the stories they heard about her" (186).

The Unknown Terrorist could simply be read as a thriller in the classical sense of the word: as a tense, exciting, tautly plotted sensational novel where the action is swift and suspense continual - plus sex and violence. Flanagan's book has all these elements and more. It parodies modern Australia within the thriller genre with its exaggerated cinematographic presentation of contemporary consumer culture, grasping materialism and tabloid scaremongering. It is loud, vivid and entirely in the reader's face. The narrative is spliced with advertisements spruiking products, seminars, lifestyles, etc. 'Congratulations Australia' yell the shock jocks, pandering to a xenophobic population, as they compete with the barrage of advertising and brand names for the reader's attention.

What sets Flanagan's novel apart from formulaic thrillers is the relentless sense of anger and sadness, almost despair, that accompanies the reader page after page. This is a book with a political point to make. For all its title, *The Unknown Terrorist* is not so much about terrorism per se as a critique of how the fear of

terrorism is manipulated and exploited, how spin is presented as truth and in particular how hard-won civil liberties are being eroded in the name of national security. While Cody is the means of the Doll's nightmare, it is the novel's broad backdrop of mind-numbing fear, political manipulation and an acquiescing populace that ultimately provides the substance for her tragedy. Flanagan does not mess about in repeatedly making his point throughout the narrative. As one of the vote hungry politicians in the novel, in a vein that is entirely reminiscent of G. W. Bush, says. "Either you are with Australia or you are no longer Australian and have lost your right to the rights of other citizens" (158-159) It should come as no surprise that Flanagan dedicates his book to David Hicks, Australia's first Guantánamo Bay detainee.

But it is the very force with which this attack is made that raises some doubts. There are no dissenting voices in the novel as the Doll's tragedy unfolds. Flanagan depicts a world without checks and balances. This is why I struggled when first reading the book as disbelief kept undermining the narrative. The novel seemed too one-sided, too exaggerated. Like the Doll's friend Wilder, I thought in "Australia things always get sorted out in the end" (250). I kept asking why the Doll simply didn't go to the police to clear up the problem. In the narrative itself, this is not a possibility for her. She is a character utterly alienated from society and its institutions. Everything she sees and hears reinforces her belief that there is no way out for her:

> The chorus of radio and television, the slow build of plasma image and newspaper and magazine photograph, the rising leafstorm of banners and newsflashes not only made an error impossible to rectify, they made errors the truth, the truth became of no consequence, and the world a hell for those whom it randomly chose to persecute (290).

Hyperbole acts as a device reminding us that such devasting errors need not only apply within the fictional world of Flanagan's narrative. In this context it is worth sparing a thought for Mohamed Haneef and Izhar ul-Haque and their subsequent detention under Australia's new terrorism laws. While charges against both were subsequently dropped, the presiding judicial officer in ul-Haque's case was particularly scathing of ASIO methods, accusing ASIO officers of false imprisonment and kidnapping. The process of judicial review in Australia still works well, but Flanagan's novel is a timely reminder in this post 9/11 world not to be complacent. Neither should we be complacent about other laws recently passed in Australia such as the APEC Meeting (Police Powers) Act or the Law Enforcement Legislation Amendment (Public Safety) Act, originally set up to deal with the Cronulla riots with a 2 year sunset clause and now extended *indefinitely*.

While the erosion of freedoms, truth and integrity are key issues in the novel, ultimately *The Unknown Terrorist* is about love, the utter hopelessness of the human condition without it, and, as Flanagan writes in his postscript, a fear that "love is never enough, but it is all we have" (316). It is this that accounts for the all-pervading sense of emptiness and despair in the book, for the oppressive inevitability and horror of the Doll's fate. It is this fear that love may not be enough that provides the real tension in the narrative. There can be no hope for someone like the Doll rejected by the very society that should nurture her. She is someone denied love, someone alienated from love. Flanagan's Doll – an echo maybe of Sonja Buloh in his earlier novel *The Sound of One Hand Clapping* - represents all those who are excluded by society, all those denied love, affection, and companionship.

Flanagan unmistakably lays the blame on Australia during the Howard era. "They kept on for a few minutes more, kicking him as if he were to blame for everything in that dirty dead decade they were all condemned to live through, a sack of shit that had once been a man, in a place that had once been a community, in a country that had once been a society" (280). This is possibly the most appallingly poignant passage in book. In the dock is a society suffering from such spiritual malaise that is condones suffering and tragedy. Also accused stands an ugly city lacking in generosity and empathy for its fellow human beings. A populace deadened to the suffering of others by their misguided pursuit of material wealth. A populace so numb to real emotion that they are unable to or simply disinterested in distinguishing reality from fiction. "Some watched something on television and afterwards couldn't remember whether it was sport or reality TV or a documentary on Hitler" (225). Even beauty and art have been reduced to commodities, to be bought and sold like everything else.

While the book is set in Sydney, Flanagan is clearly commenting on the whole of Australia. The text itself is pointedly Australian in its use of slang, place names, and products ensuring the reader's attention remains focused on contemporary Australia only. While a case can be made to draw parallels with world-wide trends, I do not believe this is Flanagan's intention in localising the story so unequivocally in Sydney. The Doll's story is the vehicle by which Flanagan angrily attacks an Australia he despairs of. The reader is forced to face up to some unpleasant truths about Australia without the option to relativise in any way. The SIEVX tragedy is a case to point. This was a time when significant parts of the country chose to look the other way. As they did when it was time to say 'Sorry' to Aboriginal people. This is the whole point of the book. As Flanagan himself said "I wanted it to be one of those books people read in one or two sittings and feel

like they had been in a car smash and their life ever after is a little changed. I wanted […] that people once more begin to think and question" (ABC Radio National, 2006).

Reading the book *is* like being in a car crash. There is no relief at the end of the story, no happy ending, not even a glimpse of hope, just an incredible sense of *horror vacui*. Flanagan tempers this stark nihilism to some extent in his postscript to the novel. Love may never be enough he writes, but it is all we have to "balance the horror of life". Power and money atrophy life. "Love, to the contrary, fills man with the universe," offering a purpose to life in our connectedness with one another. (316) Nonetheless, it is a bleak book.

The November 2007 federal election result is hopefully an indication that this bleakness is set to pass, that more people in Australia are beginning to think and question again, that the country has regained "the ability to recognise that in the suffering of one might be the future suffering of us all and some diminishment of our own humanity" (Flanagan, ABC Radio National, 2006).

Gail Jones: *Sorry*. London: Harvill Secker, 2007, 217pp., £12.99. ISBN 9781846550539.
Reviewed by **Catherine Schwerin, University of Hamburg**

On first encountering the title of Gail Jones' novel *Sorry* one is tempted to respond with scepticism at what appears to be a cash-in on a national and personal tragedy that has become a source of fiery debate in Australia in recent years. A fleeting moment of suspicion – the author has misappropriated an issue to gain attention. Wrong! The title is of course a blunt allusion and suggests a political stance towards the dispossessed Aboriginals that is at the same time waving a red rag at the bull representing those who are in fear of retribution spilling over onto them. But there is more to the word "sorry" than meets the eye, just as there is a lot more to this book than the sceptic might expect.

It is important to have some idea of the political and historical background to the events reflected in this story in order to understand what the title conveys. "Sorry" itself is an overused word in mainstream Australian, just as in other forms of standard English. It is an ostensibly polite, empty phrase tossed in quickly to appease, the quick apology to avoid confrontation. At the same time it can be a difficult word to utter when one refuses to acknowledge or represses one's own blame or when the sense of shame is deep. Yet there is also another aspect of this

word that is specific to Aboriginal usage and which inevitably made it the catchword of the whole issue of guilt and shame and reconciliation. In Aboriginal usage, "sorry" refers to more than just an apology. It is more closely related to the word "sorrow" and also used in the phrase "sorry business", which relates to death, grief and mourning and their associated rituals. As such it is a much more emotional word than in general usage and highlights a sense of loss, particularly in a community sense.

It is no wonder then that this word, in all its facets, was chosen to designate the day of national mourning recommended by the *Bringing them Home Report* published in April 1997, which was inaugurated on 26 May 1998. Many Australians still vividly recall the Sorry Day of the year 2000, when all over the nation marches for reconciliation took place, with around 250,000 people joining the walk for reconciliation across the Sydney Harbour Bridge. Howard of course refused to apologize on behalf of the nation.

So the "Sorry" of the title alludes to the shame and blame, regret and sorrow of a nation. However, the author does not presume to artificially construct an Aboriginal voice. The narrative is told from the perspective of Perdita Keene, a white woman reflecting on her years growing up on a cattle station in the remote outback of Western Australia in the 1930s and 40s. This is where her father, the frustrated and embittered English anthropologist Nicholas Keene, has come to live. He is employed by the Chief Protector of Aborigines to do fieldwork on the tribes near Broome and thus to indirectly contribute to the policies that involve the indignities that they become subjected to. He is accompanied by his disconsolate, unstable wife, Stella. Their daughter, Perdita, who is wise beyond her years, is for them "a mistake, a slightly embarrassing intervention". Stella is appalled and distraught by the conditions she is forced to live in, out there in the vastness of a harsh environment. She finds solace in her obsession for Shakespeare, thus neglecting her daughter. Nicholas finds the child distasteful. Perdita is isolated and unloved.

The barrenness of Perdita's family relations stands in stark contrast to the warmth and welcome she finds in the Aboriginal community: "If it had not been for the Aboriginal women who raised me, I would never have known what it is like to lie against a breast, to sense skin as a gift, to feel the throb of a low pulse at the base of the neck..." (4). Perdita develops deep friendships with the deaf-mute Billy Trevor, son of the cattle-station owner, and Mary, the "half-caste" Aboriginal girl called in to look after Perdita during her mother's absences in a lunatic asylum and on whom Perdita looks as a beloved sister. Mary has been brought up in a convent, a "removed" child. She has the advantage of some education, but enjoys none of

the rights or protection that a white child would. The fact of her removal, however, is not made into an issue in the narrative; it remains an incidental fact, as does the reason for the disappearance of the two Aboriginal girls Sal and Daff (32).

The story is also by way of being a murder mystery that, although eventually solved, remains without the satisfaction of justice being restored – the wrongs remain because of silence. Indeed, the narrative opens with the descent of silence on the protagonists on the day Perdita's father dies:

> A whisper: sssshh. The thinnest vehicle of breath.
> This is a story that can only be told in a whisper.
> There is a hush to difficult forms of knowing, an abashment, a sorrow, an inclination towards silence. My throat is misshapen with all it now carries... I think the muzzle of time has made me thus, has deformed my mouth, my voice, my wanting to say...
> 'Don't tell them,' she said. That was all: *don't tell them* (3).

Perdita's speechlessness after the traumatic events of that day symbolises the unspeakable nature of the events that the silence conceals. She is only ten years old when she witnesses how her father, Nicholas, is stabbed to death. He had a brutal streak and obtained his sexual gratification from forcing himself on the Aboriginal girls working at the station. Mary, Perdita's sister-friend, confesses to the crime and is imprisoned, while Perdita subsides into speechlessness, completely blocking out all memory of the event. The varying grades of speechlessness in the story take on an allegorical significance, representing the varying degrees of knowing and acknowledgement that a society can demonstrate. Billy, who also witnesses the crime, is mute and thus cannot speak, Mary consciously chooses not to speak, Perdita is so traumatised that she either loses her ability to speak at all or cannot articulate without stuttering. Stella chooses to subside into a "feeble minded" state, restricting her saner utterances to the beauty of Shakespeare's words or theatrical imitations of it. Although bit by bit, with the gentle help of the Russian speech therapist Dr Oblov, Perdita manages to peel back the skin of the past and rediscover her voice. What is revealed ultimately returns to the unspoken sphere and remains a secret. And Perdita misses her own opportunity to say that she is sorry: "Although it was offered, there was no atonement, there was no reparation. That was the point, Perdita would realise much later, at which, in humility, she should have said 'sorry'... She should have said `sorry'" (p. 204). Silence maintains its hold. The narrative reflects how silence can manifest itself in many forms and stem from many causes.

Not only are speech and the inability to communicate features of the narrative, but also modes of communication themselves. The written word, for instance, plays a role as consoler to both Stella, with her pathological identification with Shakespeare, quotes of whom she uses to articulate her emotional state or to rage against her own impotence, and Perdita, who immerses herself in her books. Ironically, later on she manages to regain her voice only by quoting her mother's Shakespeare. She regains her voice by uttering constructed phrases, words that initially are not her own. Billy lip-reads to orient himself in his silent world, communicating with gestures in response to the voiceless words, for him mere movements of the mouth. When Perdita loses her ability to articulate, she communicates by writing notes on a notepad, and later when Billy starts to learn sign language, she learns it, too, in order to be able to converse with Billy's wife, Pearl, who is a deaf-mute as well. When Mary also learns sign language from a fellow inmate at the prison, the four friends find a mode of communication that frees them from the spoken or written word, furnishes them with "embodied tokens", a private space and "the secrecy of their meanings". This switching of modes presented in the narrative contrasts the beauty and control of artistic composition and "high culture" with the everyday insufficiency of words, with their incapacity to truly frame the literally unspeakable. As Jones herself puts it, it demonstrates "language in excess and language in deficit" (Cawston 2007).

The stifling events in this narrative are underpinned by reports of the War as both a distant and a lived experience, subtly hinting at other crimes and other inhumanities that remain "muzzled" and unarticulated. This puts the events on a more universal plain: "My father had been killed when the siege of Leningrad began... This was during Stalin's scorched earth policy; and it was when Jews were ordered to wear yellow stars" (100). Perdita associates the grief of these far places with her own misery, and again with the incapacity to articulate it:

> I was filled with wild loneliness, guilt and grief. I thought I would die for all that remained unexpressed. There was a murder of Jews at Kiev... with indecent, childish misunderstanding, I attached emotionally to the name *Kiev*, thinking it was special enough to contain my vast, private woe (102).

The individual events of this private fate assume historical proportions and the silences of past atrocities emerge in an almost palpable form.

Finally, the body as the site of the exercise of control and the involuntary expression of deeper emotions emerges as a theme. Nicholas vents his frustration and compensates for his sense of inadequacy by raping the station cook and later Mary, objectifying their bodies and making them instruments of his will.

Conversely, Mary's position does not allow her the opportunity to resist the debasement or remove herself from the source of her abuse. Thus she is not the proprietor of her own physical self. Perdita's horror and sense of guilt are physically expressed when her throat constricts and her mouth refuses to articulate her words in response to the events she has witnessed. And Nicholas' body becomes the object on which outrage and resistance are ultimately carried out in the most violent of terms, uniting those present in "such a deformity of fellowship" (194), particularly the two girls: "The sticky stuff of my father's life bound us like sisters" (3).

Jones' writing has been accused of being contrived and self-conscious at times. Certainly, *Sorry* is well structured, not a word appears to be wasted, and the symbolism is deliberate and thoughtful. Yet there are no jarring notes, constellations that might seem improbable in reality are arrived at with a naturalness in the text, and the language is haunting, lyrical and flowing. Although the title leads us to expect some kind of overt political preaching, this is never the case. It examines the themes of memory and forgetting, of speech and silence, of retribution and reconciliation, without overtly politicising the matter. Ultimately, the overwhelming impression that this novel leaves is one of sincerity. And if an individual fate is contingent on so many silences hindering the opportune moment to utter the words, then what difficulty must a whole nation have? Gail Jones' novel allows us an insight into the silence and gently reminds us to take the opportunity to say "sorry" while we can.

There is an appropriate postscript to this review. On 13 February 2008, the newly installed Australian government under Prime Minister Kevin Rudd finally found the words to say Australia's 'Sorry'. After much deliberation a formal apology was issued to the Indigenous peoples of Australia (see my reference to the website below.)

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Gail Jones. *Der Traum vom Sprechen*. Aus dem Englischen übersetzt von Conny Lösch. Hamburg: Edition Nautilus, 2006, 222 Seiten, € 22,- ISBN 3-89401-491-1.
Rezensiert von **Arno Rußegger, Universität Klagenfurt**

Man möchte es kaum glauben, doch es geht das Gerücht um, die Moderne sei erzählbar geworden! Man möge dabei bloß an Gail Jones` Roman *Der Traum vom Sprechen* denken, der – nach einigem Erfolg im anglo-australischen Raum – 2006 auch in deutscher Übersetzung erschienen ist.

Wenn man solches hört, beschleicht einen freilich nicht nur Begeisterung, sondern zugleich ein gewisses Unbehagen, vielleicht besser: eine Melancholie darüber, wie einfach es zu sein scheint, den Schwung eines neuen Jahrtausends zu nützen, um das Bedürfnis zu befriedigen, Bilanz zu ziehen und zusammenzufassen, was in den letzten hundert, hundertfünfzig Jahren geschehen ist, auf welchen soziokulturellen Grundlagen und unter welchen technischen und ökonomischen Rahmenbedingungen; und weiters daraus einige Paradigmen zeitgenössischer Lebensführung abzuleiten, diese dann als wesentlich hinzustellen und schließlich zum kompositorischen Unterbau eines Stücks Literatur zu machen, das angesichts der Ideen und Zielsetzungen, die es tragen, von erstaunlich geringem Umfang ist.

Denn während etwa die großen Schlüsselwerke zu Beginn des 20. Jahrhunderts – aus den Schreibstuben von James Joyce bis Thomas Mann, von Franz Kafka bis Robert Musil (und vielen anderen) – bekanntlich meist aus dicken Wälzern bestehen, von denen einige nichtsdestotrotz Fragment blieben, benötigt Gail Jones für ihre Art von Resümee einer ganzen Epoche nur ungefähr 220 Seiten, um folgendes Szenario zu setzen und vollständig zur Durchführung zu bringen: Alice, eine junge Frau und die (wie die Autorin) aus einer größeren Stadt im westaustralischen Hinterland stammende Protagonistin, beschließt, nach Paris zu reisen, um dort eine Poetik der Moderne zu verfassen. Wir erfahren nicht, ob es sich dabei um ein genuin wissenschaftliches Projekt handelt oder ein rein persönliches Abenteuer; beides wäre, real betrachtet, auch nicht recht plausibel. Eher drängen sich da schon Vergleiche mit jener anderen, einstweilen noch berühmteren Alice auf, die erst ins absurde Wunderland gelangen musste, um sich selbst erfahren zu können. Unsere Alice Black hingegen träumt von Kindheit an, Astronautin zu werden, um auf diese Weise für sich einen Raum zu erschließen, in dem eine Versöhnung von Technik und Menschlichkeit möglich wäre. Kaum in Europa angekommen, trennt sie sich endgültig von ihrem Liebhaber Stephen, der ihr nach Paris gefolgt ist. Nun ist sie frei von allen Bindungen, die sie bisher eingeschränkt haben, vor allem von den Eltern und der schwer an Krebs erkrankten Schwester Norah samt Familie. Alice stürzt sich in ihre neue Arbeit.

Exemplarisch beschäftigt sie sich mit allem, was dem Dasein in einer Weltmetropole Ausdruck verleiht und die Wahrnehmung der heutigen Welt strukturiert, von den Kondensstreifen der Flugzeuge am Himmel bis hin zum eigentümlichen Licht der Fernsehapparate. Mit besonderer Vorliebe wendet sie sich Phänomenen und Dingen zu, die unserer alltäglichen Aufmerksamkeit entgehen, weil wir uns längst daran gewöhnt haben. Eines Tages trifft sie Hiroshi Sakamoto, einen Überlebenden der Atombombe, die die Amerikaner im August 1945 über Nagasaki gezündet haben, und freundet sich mit dem Mitsiebziger an. Wie Alice ist er sozusagen Privatier, ein „unabhängiger Gelehrter", der noch dazu ganz ähnliche Interessen verfolgt, indem er nämlich an einer monumentalen Biografie über Alexander Graham Bell, den Erfinder des Telefons, schreibt. Fortan ist es Mr. Sakamoto, der Alice in vielen Gesprächen, dann auch in E-Mails, Briefen und Telefonaten ein völlig geändertes Verständnis von technologischem Fortschritt, dessen Gefahren und deren mit Hilfe feinsinniger Erörterungen eröffnet. In seinen Worten werden Erfindungen (beispielsweise das Zellophan, das Radio oder Kopiergeräte), deren Nutzung uns heute ganz selbstverständlich vorkommt, auf ihre ursprüngliche geistige Kühnheit und den ästhetischen Wert zurückgeführt, der ihnen innewohnt. Nicht von ungefähr ist er ein meisterhafter Kenner der Kunst des Haikus. So gelingt es ihm, seinen Erfahrungen eine eigene Zauberkraft abzuringen, die ihre Wirkung auf die zivilisationsüberdrüssige Alice nicht verfehlt. Sakamoto liefert ihr immer mehr Stichworte für die Analyse, deren Abfassung eigentlich sie sich zur Aufgabe gestellt hat.

Die persönlichen Geschichten der beiden Menschen verflechten sich mit Reflexionen und essayistischen Passagen über generelle Themen der neuzeitlichen gesellschaftlichen Entwicklung, sowohl im Positiven als auch im Negativen. Aufgrund der Intensität dieser Beziehung ist es für Alice schließlich intellektuell kaum zu ertragen, als ihr kranker, hinfällig gewordener Mentor nach Japan zurückkehrt. Sie folgt ihm, besucht Tokio und Nagasaki, doch Sakamoto stirbt bald darauf an einem Schlaganfall. Für Alice bedeutet das den Verlust ihrer Inspirationsquelle und existentiellen Orientierung, eine Katastrophe, hätte sie die Lehren, die sie in Auseinandersetzung mit dem Mann bezogen hat, nicht auch ihrer Schwester vermittelt, womit deren Genesung beginnt. Dass Alice am Ende erfahren muss, ein adoptiertes Kind und leiblich mit Norah gar nicht verwandt zu sein, rundet ein Bild ab, das in seiner inneren Gebrochenheit typisch ist für die Darstellungsweise von Gail Jones. Sie sucht die Komplexität, ja oft sogar Widersprüchlichkeit unterschiedlicher Sichtweisen auf ein und desselben Sachverhalt, um sie in gewandten Übertragungen und Vergleichen wieder aufheben zu wollen. Wenn das bis in die kleinsten sprachlichen Formulierungen und Wendungen von lyrischer Prägnanz hinein gelingt, macht es einen großen

Reiz des Buches aus; in den übrigen Fällen liegt darin aber auch der Anstoß für manche Wichtigmacherei, in der die Erzählinstanz gerne schwelgt.

Der „Traum vom Sprechen“, den der Titel beschwört, erhält auf diese Weise etwas durchaus Zwiespältiges. Einerseits sind der Kommunikationswissenschaftlerin und Universitätslehrerin, die die Autorin im Brotberuf ist, sämtliche Formen zwischenmenschlicher Interaktion und Informationstechnik ein zentrales und legitimes Anliegen, dem sie in vielen interessanten Facetten nachgeht, bis hin zu den neuesten Mitteln der Telekommunikation. Andererseits kann sie sich mitunter nicht beherrschen, in mehr oder weniger drögen Abhandlungen, die nur vordergründig als Teil des Gedankenaustausches von Alice und Mr. Sakamoto motiviert werden, ein Wissen vorzutragen, das so wirkt, als sei es eins zu eins aus einem Konversationslexikon entnommen. Der Traum, einmal alles Wahrhaftige sagen zu können, wandelt sich dann zu einem erkenntnistheoretischen Alptraum, in dem Trivialität, Naseweisheit, Moralismus und didaktische Über-ambitioniertheit durcheinander geraten; die Bemühungen um eine Remythisierung der Moderne, die dadurch bewerkstelligt werden soll, dass man den immer perfekteren und effizienteren Maschinen und Einrichtungen Gesichter und Schicksale zuordnet, führen sich selbst ad absurdum.

Die ungleichen kulturellen Voraussetzungen zwischen Australien und Europa sind offensichtlich doch nicht so ohne weiteres zu überbrücken und verleiten aus hiesiger Sicht zu einigen Verkürzungen. Denn was für das eine Publikum zu erklären und instruktiv aufzubereiten ist, müsste für das andere eher in Frage gestellt werden. Eine Symbolik etwa, die Paris als naives Sinnbild für die Philosophie der Aufklärung oder postmodernistischer Theorien wählt, ist mindestens ebenso diskussionswürdig wie das Motiv der Atombombe, wenn es den Holocaust, der bei Jones gar keine Rolle mehr spielt, als extremsten Ausdruck für die dunkle Seite der Aufklärung völlig verdrängt.

Die anfänglich gehegte und von der ersten Kritik erweckte Erwartung, der Autorin könnte gelungen sein, woran sie ihre Figur Alice letztlich scheitern lässt, die dasselbe poetologische Programm verfolgt, erfüllt sich letztlich also nicht – was dem Roman allerdings zugute kommt. Gail Jones` Lust, alles verstehen zu wollen, ist anachronistisch; insofern hat ihr Roman die Moderne tatsächlich hinter sich gelassen. Ob sie ihr damit allerdings gerecht werden kann, bleibt offen, auch wenn sie für ihren Text ein hübsches Ende findet.

Gail Jones. *Sixty Lights.* London: The Harvill Press, 2004, £14.99. ISBN 1-843-43195-5.
Reviewed by **Adi Wimmer, University of Klagenfurt, Austria.**

An unmistakeable characteristic of this remarkable narrative is its postcoloniality. Set in the second half of the 19th century, it recounts, in *Bildungsroman* fashion, the journeys of Lucy and Thomas, orphaned siblings of eight and ten years respectively, not from the UK to Australia, but the other way around, from southern Australia to England, then to India and back to England. Enough colonial space to roam around in. The time frame on the other hand is more restricted: we meet the main characters after their mother's death in childbirth and their broken-hearted father's subsequence suicide in their childhoods, and only a dozen pages later we are casually told, in a flash-forward, that Lucy will die (of tuberculosis, that 19th century killer of so much talent) aged 22. The journeys of the in-between years which are also journeys of personal and cultural self-discovery are only made possible because of Queen Victoria's empire, which has spread Lucy's family out over three continents.

Lucy is born in Australia, but she is never consciously described as having an Australian identity, nor does she herself possess any emotional ties to any mythic landscape. Perhaps that is because her mother instilled a love of literature in her; Honoria Strange knows *Jane Eyre* virtually by heart. Or perhaps it is because of her maternal grandfather who married a Chinese lady. Ten years after leaving Australia, Lucy suddenly remembers her half-Chinese cousin Su-Lin, and the wonderful Chinese games she knew. Or perhaps it is the influence of their uncle Neville, a spice merchant based in Bombay, to whom their father entrusted them before killing himself, and who has to be got from India before they can be 'transported', in the reverse direction, to Victorian London. But their situation there is a precarious one. Neville is caught embezzling funds and loses his job, and so the children have to be apprenticed. Lucy's second job takes her to India; Neville's old friend, the curiously named Isaac Newton, is offering the job of housekeeper and companion to the 17-year old Lucy, although what he secretly hopes for is a young wife. In this plan he is thwarted by Lucy's inexperience as she is seduced by a dashing Captain during the long voyage out to Bombay. She conceives, her lover typically absconds, and Isaac Newton discovers the *gravitas* of an unwed pregnant mother's predicament. Unlike the physicist, this Isaac is unable to disentangle the prism of Lucy's source of inner light.

In London, Lucy is re-united with her former Australian carer Mrs Minchin and she finds another partner, the painter Jacob, who earns our immediate love when he responds to Lucy introducing herself as "Mrs Isaac Newton" by exclaiming

"Aah, prisms! Whiteness shattered! The spectrum revealed!" She also has a career of her own as a photographer, discovering the nuances of light and how to trap them on photographic paper. As Lucy (her very name suggests light) becomes first a photography trainee in Bombay and later a free-lance photo artist we observe her observing the world in light and images. Her first job is with an "albumen" manufactory; she and twenty other women produce photo-sensitive paper. In her diary and with reference to that work she records "that the sky was the colour of a sheet of photographic paper, drenched in wet egg-white, a bright screen, gleaming lightly as it hung to dry" (101). On her arrival in India she "knew at once that this world had a denser pigmentation: colours were brighter, more strident, and more adhesive to their objects" (121), and she concludes that the "delectable visibility of things was her aim and her vocation." This only spells out what announced itself earlier: that like the albumen paper she produces as a 14-year old, she is photosensitive. She is also a master of the *mis-en-scene*: her diary is entitled "Special Things Seen" and will later be supplemented by a section titled "Photographs Not Taken." Her brother Thomas shares this passion; when he is employed by the "Mr Martin Child's Magic Lantern Establishment", one that allows him to experiment with mirrors, lenses and other optical devices, he is so pleased that light seems to burst from his pores: his eyes are "fired up and aglow … like twin gas flames at an 8 o'clock magic lantern show" (98). But light is not always positively connoted: on board the ship that takes her to India her seducer arouses Lucy's interest with an explanation why the sea seems to glow in the dark; "it's bioluminescence" as he explains. That is his only attractive feature, but innocent Lucy swoons and sees an opportunity to explore the magic of her own body. During the moments of intimacy she senses that William Crowley "cannot quite see her" while she records every detail of his body.

The first time we get a glimpse of Lucy's mind we are told of a violent dream she has of a man carrying a mirror and falling off a high scaffold. The dead man lies on the ground amidst the shards of glass and is illuminated by fractured light. That's what this narrative is too – fractured – as we learn of the context to this episode much later. A reviewer has described the layering of background stories in the first half of her novellas overdone, but is that feature not typical for all postmodern novels? As Richard Flanagan once wrote, "that a book should never digress is something I have never held … The only people who believe in straight roads are generals and mail coach drivers" (*Gould's Book of Fish,* 164). In any case, once Lucy discovers pain and betrayal, and learns that one must leave one's mark on the world by becoming something special, the narrative meanderings of the novel's first half are reined in. In the final three years of her life she touches everyone around her, and we wonder what she might not have achieved if she had only been allowed to live the average life-span of her time. Her diary records a

host of luminous images: a fire-work factory where most of the employed youngsters are missing one or several fingers; a bristle factory whose female workforce troops through the gates with sickly-red blistered hands; the curious reflection of her own face in a brass door knob. Interwoven with that feast of images are numerous references to Dickens (whose traumatic childhood shows a number of parallels with Lucy's), George Eliot, or William Thackeray as reminders that this is after all a Victorian setting, something that her postmodern stylistics does not always convey. When her dreaded death came, I shed a few private tears, just like her once-again bereaved brother Thomas, who feels "unmanned" and a boy again, "naked with a candle, fearing what might be screened unbidden on mirrors or in dreams" (249). The door is closed on the narrative with yet another remarkable image, that of the five-year old Ellen coming to her mother's death-bed, standing "in a dusty diagonal beam of light, her small hand on the door, her attitude curious, sensing, with an innate and precocious delicacy, that she had glimpsed something private, something she should not have seen." And then the child takes "a step backwards" … "and pull[s] shut the door."

It is a sensuous feast to read this highly *literary* novel; the words skip and bounce, they glitter like morning light on a mountain river, or like a chandelier at the opera, and the unexpected multiple meanings they assume indeed resemble the rainbow prism which Isaac Newton discovered. If light and capturing it in images is the novel's main concern, then the second most important is the power of fiction, which Lucy aptly calls a "metaphysical meeting space" that is not meant to entertain or divert, but to provide knowledge. And if you were wondering why the novel has such a curious title, well, there are sixty chapters in it, each one a guiding light. At times I felt enchanted by Gail Jones' narrative art in a manner only effected by the elegantly intricate prose of Patrick White or Thomas Mann. Kerryn Goldsworthy has described Jones' style as "ornate and bejewelled", and the Sydney Morning Herald reviewer as "hypnotically poetic". I take comfort from such nourishing praise, knowing that I am not alone in my admiration.

Janette Turner Hospital. Orpehus Lost. Harper Collins, 2007, 350 pages; $32.99, ISBN 978-0-7322-8441-1.
Reviewed by **Helga Ramsey-Kurz, University of Innsbruck**

Beauty is dangerous …. It is a trap

When a new novel by Hospital finally appears one is always surprised: by the enduring freshness of her mode of telling, its swiftness, its smartness, its

sensuousness, and by the persistent novelty of the insights this telling affords. Invariably, these happen unexpectedly like sudden explosions of dreams, suspicions, premonitions or fears into truths one feels one could have predicted from the beginning, but the plausibility of which is obvious really only in retrospect. Inevitably, therefore, there is mayhem as well as shock before some sense of certainty, however transitory, takes shape. This certainty results from the sudden luminosity reached in Hospital's finales, perfectly calculated, expertly orchestrated all of them, and yet never contrived.

To get to these *finales* is an adventure – even if we have had warning of what to expect. Reviewers of *Orpheus Lost* have primed us to anticipate another novel like *Due Preparations for the Plague* and quite unlike *Oyster*, her last extensive fictional return to Australia. The profoundly disturbing exploration of religious fanaticism Hospital submits in *Oyster* (1996) is a reckoning of sorts with the past, notably with her fundamentalist upbringing in Queensland. In *Due Preparations for the Plague* (2003) this reckoning is suspended and Hospital's enduring preoccupation with questions of faith expressed in much broader terms such as those of international terrorism. Understanding, like Hannah Arendt, the need to undo the tantalizing anonymity of evil, Hospital gives faces and names to it and thus, additional emphasis to her conviction that neither religion, nor ideology, nor personal trauma can ever account for, let alone justify terrorist actions. There simply is no license to kill that anyone has the right to issue or seize. There only is a license to die. And it is this license that the hostages portrayed in *Due Preparations for the Plague* claim for themselves.

The perfect dignity with which Hospital invests their dying is perhaps the most remarkable accomplishment of *Due Preparations for the Plague*. It affords a treatment of the theme of international terrorism so exceptionally sensitive that it has been only a question of time when critics would start to attest Hospital special authority on the subject. This duly happened with the release of *Orpheus Lost* by HarperCollins in May last year. From the start reviewers welcomed Hospital's return to the issues of suicide bombing and religious fanaticism, drawing comparisons between *Orpheus Lost* and such novels as Don DeLillo's *Falling Man* and John Updike's *Terrorist*, as well as with works by Graham Greene and Joyce Carol Oates (Craven, 332). Other comparisons, for instance with Hanif Kureishi's *Black Album*, with Salman Rushdie's *Shalimar the Clown*, and, of course, with David Malouf's *Child's Play*, seem no less far-fetched.

And yet, to label *Orpheus Lost* as a continuation of *Due Preparations for the Plague* is to do it an injustice. It is to deflect from its exquisite musicality, from its labyrinthine design, from the rare sense of place it conveys and from the

undemonstrative virtuosity with which Hospital weaves a story of love and loss. To say the very least, it is to ignore that, as the author tells us, she did not intend *Orpheus Lost* in the first place as yet another modulation on the theme of international terrorism, nor as a book as dark as *Due Preparations for the Plague* (Greiner, 341-2). In her own terms, her latest novel is "a contemporary reworking of the Orpheus-Eurydice myth, but with a feminist twist, since the Eurydice character goes searching in the underworld (of detention camps) for the Orpheus character" (Personal communication).

No reworking of the Orpheus-Eurydice myth could do without some form of at least temporary eclipse. Still, the darkness into which we are drawn is different from the seedy and sinister dimness in the exclusive night club Chien Bleu, where the female protagonist of *Due Preparations for the Plague*, Samantha Raleigh, works as a stripper – to goad her audiences not only with bits of clothing she throws at them but also with allegations of an international conspiracy whose masterminds she knows to be present and listening. Such knowing is not possible in the kind of darkness through which Hospital has her Eurydice character pass (or drift, rather) in *Orpheus Lost*. Though also a temptress and a brilliant mathematician to that, Leela Moore acts her part by instinct rather than design. If there is at all a design that is hers it is not like Samantha's to trap and undo but to free herself from the smallness of her home town (ironically named Promised Land), and her lover Mishka Bartok from the many confinements in which she sees him caught, sometimes erroneously so: his Australian past, his obsession with music, and, later, his imprisonment in an underground detention camp in Iraq.

The latter is not the only subterranean setting of the novel. The narrative opens with a flashback to Leela's and Mishka's first encounter in a subway tunnel- Leela hears a violin "weeping music," sometimes alone, sometimes with a tenor voice "sorrowing along," and is mesmerized. So are other passengers; so is the reader – by the sound effects Hospital's text echoes and their almost perplexing immediacy:

> She was letting the music reel her in, following the thread of it, leaning into the perfect fifths. Crowds intruded, echoes teased her, tunnels bounced the sound off their walls – now the music seemed to be just ahead, now to the right – and two minutes in every five the low thunder of the trains muffled all. The notes were faint, they were clear, they were gone, they were clear again: unbearably mournful and sweet. (5-6)

Following the melody, Leela catches her first glimpse of Mishka Bartok. Quickly they become lovers and as such re-experience the sense of connectedness and

belonging they lost when they left home, South Carolina for Leela, Queensland for Mishka. Suddenly, however, Mishka begins to disappear, at first for a night, then for whole stretches of days. The unfolding mystery takes a new turn when Leela is detained for interrogation and told that her partner Mishka Bartok might not be the son of Hungarian Jews who survived the Holocaust and emigrated to Australia after the war, but Mikael Abukir, involved with a Muslim Youth Association which has ties to Hamas and to assorted extremist groups. There is also evidence that Mishka has been consorting with Jamil Haddad, a suicide bomber killed in the last of a series of terrorist attacks that have been occurring in Boston.

From here the narrative's descent into darkness accelerates. Leela's trust is shaken, and her vision literally and metaphorically blurred. She begins to spy on Mishka, but his moves make no sense to her. This intensifies her nervousness, which effectively spills over to the reader, who, unlike Leela, follows Mishka on his nightmarish journey to Beirut and Baghdad. Despite the confusion and bewilderment into which we are steeped we always feel that the writer knows exactly where she is taking us. This is comforting in light of the horrors Hospital now unravels. So are Mishka's intermittent imaginary returns to Queensland. They form a beautifully crafted countertenor to the challenging tonality of the thriller-like main plot – powerfully evocative of Mishka's sense of belonging to a world in which there is music in abundance. His childhood home, "Chateau Daintree" is a triple-decker mansion somewhere between Cairns and Cook Town, built by Mishka's grandfather from his idea of refuge, "fusing details well suited to equatorial wetlands with Hungarian memory and dreams of safety and imperial Hapsburg fantasies" (158). There are extravagant European flourishes perfectly out of place in the tropics, such as a second story perched high on tree-trunk stilts and adorned with a turret and gabled windows. There are staghorn ferns and rainforest undergrowth intent upon swallowing the entire construction and orchids climbing up the veranda posts, across the roof, up the turret and down again across the gabled windows.

Especially when trapped indoors during the wet season, Mishka would think of himself, his grandparents and his mother "as figures inside a music box" (159). For always someone would be playing music at Chateau Daintree, especially after dinner, while the others would listen rapturously. For Mishka this would feel as if they were all "inside the light, inside the golden circle," around which "heavy drapes of rain," would flash "white and silver like roped silk" (161). Thus cocooned in curtains of seasonal rainfall, Mishka would witness moments of irresistible charm, which Hospital conjures in visual details elegantly assembled as loving close-ups of her characters. Light is cast on Mishka's mother, for instance, as she points out "the shredded rainbows of moonlight and the ribbons of candle-

glow" tossed and tangled about "in the fluted wall of water beyond the veranda eaves":

> "Isn't it beautiful?" she asked, fanning herself and then setting the fan down on the table and taking hold of her cotton shift at both shoulders and lifting the garment slightly away from her body and shaking it, ventilating herself. She lifted and lowered, lifted and lowered her dress. She picked up her fan and waved it languidly back and forth. "When light is scattered," his mother said, "it multiplies itself." (162)

"Like music," grandfather Mordecai would add with the touching modesty of someone who has suffered greatly and yet never lost his love of beauty.

This love is more than a form of escapism. For Hospital, it clearly is the only possible answer to the disenchanted who, like Leela's childhood friend Cobb Slaughter, believe that "life's shit" (339) or to religious fanatics who, like Mishka's father, hold that beauty is a dangerous abomination. Contaminated by suspicion, Leela fails to see the power of the passion Mishka has inherited from his grandfather. While Mishka keeps appealing to her by singing Gluck's aria *Che farò senza Euridice?*, she falls silent, becoming like Euridice, guilty, that is, of betrayal. "I turned away from him. I froze him out," Leela will admit later, realizing that this was also Euridice's error: "[S]he never answered, and Orpheus, apprehensive, looked back. Game over." (269)

This, however, is not where Hospital's novel ends. We are reminded that games, like music, can be played again and again and always with the chance of a different outcome. The incalculability of this chance is the player's greatest asset and, naturally, his adversary's greatest fear. It is an extravaganza people like Jamil Haddad cannot afford. After all, chance only puts at jeopardy the ghastly spectacles they devise. Their choreography must do without playfulness and thus also without creativity. Predictably, it is dull, so dull that eventually its increasingly routine execution numbs its "audiences". People learn to live with terrorist actions as they do with traffic accidents: "You know they could happen any time, but you believe they will always happen by someone else" (29). The possibility of being killed in a suicide bombing cannot stop them from travelling on the subway. A few bars produced on a stringed instrument and a tenor voice can, though. This seems so obvious, so natural that we barely think twice about the way a whole crowd of commuters are held spellbound by Mishka's play at the beginning of *Orpheus Lost*. The plausibility of the scene creates a certain risk that we overlook the wonderful irony surfacing here, the first blow Hospital delivers at the spectre of international terrorism. This does not really matter though: texts too

can be played or read again so that even those readers carried away by the tempo at which the plot of the novel evolves will eventually be caught up by its gravity and sense the need to pause and listen for the trains racing through Hospital's text under the surface mostly, yet still loud enough for the warning they carry to be heard also above: *Beauty is not dangerous. But here's the real trap: It is dangerous to ignore it*.

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Alexis Wright. *Carpentaria.* Giramondo Publishing, 2006**,** 520 pp., A$ 29.95.
ISBN 1 920882 17 0.
Reviewed by **Nadja Lüdemann, Hamburg.**

In 2007, the Aboriginal author Alexis Wright, a member of the Waanji people from the highlands of the southern Gulf of Carpentaria, won the Miles Franklin Award for her monumental novel *Carpentaria*. It was the first time that the country's most prestigious literary prize was awarded to just one Aboriginal author: In 2000, Kim Scott's *Benang* shared the prize with Thea Astley's novel *Drylands*. Interestingly, it took a while until Australian readers warmed to this novel which spreads over more than 500 pages. Published by the small literary house Giramondo *Carpentaria* has now become a literary sensation – it is in its sixth printing. All major Australian publishing houses had rejected it.

The novel is centred on the precariously settled coastal town of Desperance, a township in the Gulf country of north western Queensland. It tells the story of the powerful Phantom family, lead by Norm Phantom, and their battles with the white officials of Uptown and old Joseph Midnight's Eastend mob. One of the major themes of *Carpentaria* is the dispossession of Aboriginal lands by white newcomers, like by an international mining company.

Another topic is the power of stories. The official version of the region's history doesn't mention the Phantoms or the Great War of the Dump that divided the Pricklebush people and set Eastsider against Westsider. Also, lost ancestral stories

as well as tribal tensions are a silence in the narrative. For the Pricklebush people, it is an important business to travel their country in order to find the old people, collecting stories of their past. Meanwhile, the white officials and the neighbouring Gurfurrit mine debate about whether to erect “a giant something or other” in the middle of the town.

Besides Norm Phantom, there are many other characters who enrich this powerful novel: There is Angel Day, Norm’s wife, the queen of the rubbish dump; the visionary Mozzie Fishman roaming the country in battered Holdens and Fords in search of ancestral resting places. There is Elias Smith, a white man who walked into Desperance from the sea with no memory and no name; there is a town mayor called Bruiser; and a local policeman who goes by the name of Truthful.

The story of old conflicts over land and belonging includes violence and murder – for example, when little Aboriginal boys are flogged by the town mayor and then, in shame and despair, hang themselves in their cells. But it is also a story of hope. It is sad and at the same time it is funny. Many of the characters are mythical figures battling not only each other and the white residents of Desperance but also spirits and devils of the sea and the land.

There are rumours and Dreamtime legends, ancestral tales and biblical stories of epic proportions. There are folktales, superstition and magic. By including all these different genres, Wright gives voice to the silenced and marginalised, and makes their stories heard. At the same time, these stories relate them to their land and their past, their laws and their culture.

With her novel, Alexis Wright underlines the importance of the oral tradition of story telling that challenges the dominance of European written history and its version of the past. For her, storytelling has been a central impulse for creating the novel. In an interview, Alexis Wright talks about this process: “The book needed the right voice and rhythm. I wanted the reader to believe in the energy of the Gulf country, to stay with the story as a welcomed stranger, as if the land was telling a story about itself as much as the narrator is telling stories to the land.” She found the voice for her story one day in Alice Springs in Central Australia. “I was walking over a footbridge behind two elderly gentlemen and hearing them talk and that's when I thought 'That's the way I have to write this novel'. It reminded me of the way people talk up in the Gulf. Kind of musical” (O’Sullivan 2006).

Music played an important part during the writing process of *Carpentaria*. Alexis Wright wrote most of the novel while listening to music: “One of my intentions was to write the novel as though it was a very long melody made of different

forms of music, mixed somehow with the voices of the Gulf." It is a voice which is closely related to the region Alexis Wright has set her novel in: "The musical tone in the narration really belongs to the diction of the tribal nations of the Gulf. It is a certain type of voice that is unique to the Gulf region." (When reading the novel, one can imagine the sound of music which inspired Alexis Wright to create a book by writing in a "storytelling way". Reading the book is like listening to someone speaking, telling a story. She breaks all the rules of grammar and syntax to take us along on a great torrent of language.

It took Alexis Wright five years to complete *Carpentaria*. The result is a vast story which picks out storytelling as one central theme. After her first two books – the non-fiction *Grog Wars*, a study of alcohol abuse at Tennant Creek, and her first novel, *Plains of Promise, – Carpentaria* is another essential part of voicing unheard stories and challenging Western versions of 'reality' and history.

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Reviews

Film:

***The Tracker* (2002) and *Ten Canoes* (2006)** directed by **Rolf de Heer.**
Reviewed by **Kira Eghbal-Azar, M. A.** (cultural/social anthropologist)

Both films take the viewer into the Aboriginal past. *The Tracker* (running time 90 min.) is about the violent racism of the white settlers. Whereas *Ten Canoes* (running time 91 min.) is, at its core, a film adaptation of an Aboriginal dreamtime myth. Both films were directed by Rolf de Heer, who also wrote the screenplays. He was born in the Netherlands but grew up in Australia. He is one of Australia's leading directors and is very interested in Aboriginal issues (www.tencanoes.com.au/tencanoes/info.htm).

In *The Tracker* an Aboriginal man, "The Fugitive" played by Noel Wilton, is accused of being the murderer of a non-indigenous woman; the time is 1922. Therefore white men set out with the help of an Aboriginal tracker in order to arrest the suspect. The group consists of "The Fanatic" (Gary Sweet), "The Follower" (Damon Gameau), "The Veteran" (Grant Page) and "The Tracker" (David Gulpilil).

The Fanatic is a deliriously racist policeman who doesn't hesitate to kill 'Abbos'. The Follower is the assistant to The Fanatic and a trainee. He first follows the orders of The Fanatic, who leads the group. But the Follower has doubts which later on lead to a rebellion. The Veteran is an old farmer and not really interested in the mission. But he behaves as the others expect him to. The Tracker reads the tracks of The Fugitive and the three white men not only in literal terms but also in moral terms.

As the parts were not assigned personal names but character descriptions, it is clear that only what they stand for in this colonial period is important. This is a very good method of transporting the message of the film that this kind of incident happened many times, that many people were involved and that these people had similar attitudes. But the viewer must be aware that this is a generalisation. In this regard the dialogue is used to demonstrate the policy of assimilation and the body of thought behind it. The Fanatic functions as the personification of this thinking.

The film starts with a canvas of an Australian landscape which fades into a real landscape. The merging of painted and real scenes is characteristic for this film. While the viewer can see the paintings he can still hear the sounds that provide information of what is happening at the moment.

Painted landscapes are also characteristic for this historical time. They were in vogue in white Australia. A few years later the first famous Aboriginal artist Albert Namatjira (1902-1959) said "I can do the same" and started to paint Australian landscape like white artists such as Battarbee and Gardner did (Jones 1992:98-101).

The Tracker is a cross-border commuter, a traveller between the indigenous and non-indigenous world like the painter Namatjira was in art (compare the title of Jones' article cited above). The film itself is a kind of road movie. The paintings in the film are used for the most brutal scenes, which address one of the main themes of the film: violent racism. The other main theme of the film is the co-existence of two laws in Australia: white law and Aboriginal law. An example is the punishment of The Fugitive by The Tracker, who gets his authorisation from an Aboriginal tribe. They found out that The Fugitive committed a crime, having sex with a woman who is not of his skin group – although that is not the crime for which he was pursued by the Fanatic.

The Tracker was nominated for 17 awards at the annual AFI Ceremony and won 15 in various categories. Included was David Gulpilil for best actor; he won a further three awards (two Australian, one from the Philippines) for his role. Gulpilil is from Maningrida in Arnhem Land. He also played a tracker in *Rabbit*

Proof Fence (2002) and is the storyteller in *Ten Canoes* (www.imdb.com/title/tt0212132/). David Gulpilil is an extraordinary actor who manages to convey a special kind of Aboriginal humour. This distinctive type of humour is given place in both films. In *The Tracker* the humour is used to cope with aggressive racism and in *Ten Canoes* the Aborigines laugh about themselves. They even make faecal jokes. One of the hunters in *Ten Canoes* describes the fart of another hunter in front as "silent, but killing".

In *Ten Canoes* a storyteller leads us in Aboriginal past and tells us two stories that are linked together. The background story is about a group of men who hunt the magpie geese and forage for their eggs in the swamp. While hunting the leader Minygululu (Peter Minygululu) narrates a Dreamtime myth to his younger unmarried brother Dayindi (Jamie Gulpilil). Dayindi desires for Minygulu's third and youngest wife a dreamtime myth of their ancestral past. In this myth, which is the main story, we have the same situation as in real life: Ridjimiraril's (Crusoe Kurrdal) younger unmarried brother Yeeralparil (Jamie Gulpilil) desires Munandijara (Cassandra Malangarri Baker), who is Ridjimiraril's youngest of three wives.

The background story, which is about the historical past, is shown in black and white, whereas the central story which is about the ancestral past is presented in colour. This is an appropriate instrument so that the viewer can differentiate between the two.

A special feature of *Ten Canoes* is that all actors are amateurs. That gives the film its authenticity. The film works because the myth is narrated as a story which is embedded in another one. It is told to the brother in order to let him find out the wisdom of it. It also works because the viewer can learn something about traditional Aboriginal life, like hunting or how to make a canoe.

Both films function in their specific way and show the viewer parts of Aboriginal past by using a very vivid narration style. They are recommended for anybody interested in Aboriginal Australia.

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Der junge Leichhardt und Wir. Leichhardt Land an den Spreewaldfließen, den Seen und in der Heide. DVD, produziert von dos-Film in Auftrag des Amts Lieberose/Oberspreewald, 2007. 21 Minuten, € 12.-
Rezensiert von **Adi Wimmer, Universität Klagenfurt**

Ludwig Leichhardt (1813-1848?) wurde als sechstes von neun Kindern im Dorf Zauna an der Niederlausitz geboren. Sein Vater trug den Titel „königlicher Torfmeister", war also für die Inspektion der Torfabaustellen in der Moorlandschaft um den Schiloch See zuständig. Die Anstellung verschaffte ihm einen gewissen Wohlstand, der es ihm ermöglichte, seine Kinder in die (damals schulgeldpflichtige) Grundschule von Zauna zu schicken. Diese DVD stellt seine Jugendjahre in Zauna, Cottbus und Trebatsch dar, bis zu seinem Weggang 1833 an die Universität Göttingen, von wo er kurz darauf nach London und 1841 weiter nach Australien zog.

Der Erzähler dieser Geschichte ist sein um einige Jahre älterer Schwager Schmalfuß, ein Porträtist, der in Cottbus das erste Daguerrotypieunternehmen startete, und 1842 an Ludwig ein Foto seiner Eltern nach Brisbane sandte. Die Zwischentexte werden von Bernd Marx, einem „Leichhardtforscher" gesprochen. Damit wird eine narrative Spannung zwischen zwei historischen Ebenen erzielt. Der junge Ludwig war ein körperlich schwächelnder, aber geistig äußerst aufgeweckter Junge. Großen Einfluss auf sein späteres naturwissenschaftliches Interesse hatte Pastor Rödelius, sein Grundschullehrer. Dieser Pastor unternahm mit seinen Schülern ausgedehnte Streifzüge durch das Moor und führte sie so in praxisorientierter Manier in die Botanik und allgemeine Biologie ein. Später verwertete Leichhardt viele dieser Kenntnisse in seinen peniblen Aufzeichnungen über die Flora und Fauna Nordaustraliens. Der damaligen Lehrmeinung nach war auch Leichhardt der Ansicht, Naturstudien seien in erster Linie zielgerichtet auf die Lenkung und „Veredelung" von Natur zu führen, um einen größeren Nutzen für den Menschen zu erwirtschaften. Nach der Grundschule kam er in das Friedrich-Wilhelm Gymnasium von Cottbus, das er, so wird behauptet, infolge seiner hervorragenden Leistungen „in der Hälfte der vorgesehenen Zeit" absolvierte. Tatsache ist allerdings, dass er das Abitur 1831 absolvierte, also mit normalen 18 Jahren. Seine Gesamtnote lautete „mit vorzüglicher Auszeichnung". Seine Jahreszeugnisse, von denen einige zitiert werden, trugen hymnische Kommentare seiner beeindruckten Lehrer. Dass sich Leichhardt mit seiner Emigration auch dem preußischen Wehrdienst entzog und bei einer Rückkehr deswegen eingekerkert worden wäre, wird einige Aufmerksamkeit geschenkt. Seine Familie war deshalb in Sorge und wandte sich wegen eines Pardons an einen örtlichen Aristokraten, der wiederum Friedrich Humboldt kontaktierte; gemeinsam erzielten sie beim König eine schriftliche Begnadigung – allerdings unter der

Voraussetzung, dass der zurückkehrende Leichhardt nachträglich den Präsenzdienst antrete. Wie wir wissen, kam es nicht mehr dazu. Leichhardt selbst quittierte seine ‚Begnadigung' mit einem spöttischen Schreiben an den Vater, der nach all den Anstrengungen (und Kosten? – es dürfte Schmiergeld im Spiel gewesen sein) wahrscheinlich davon wenig begeistert war.

Die DVD beeindruckt durch wunderschöne Landschaftsbilder der Niederlausitz und durch ein angenehmes Erzähltempo. Sowohl der fiktive Schwager wie auch der Historiker Bernd Marx sprechen ihre Texte mit großer Eindringlichkeit und verweisen immer wieder auf Leichhardts späteren Ruhm, der leider mit dem Tod erkauft wurde. Ergänzt wird sie durch eine separate Diashow mit nochmals beeindruckenden Fotos des australischen Kontinents, in der sich sämtliche ‚Klassiker' (von Uluru bis zu den 12 Apostles, vom Barrier Reef bis zum Wave Rock) wiederfinden. Dass Ludwig Leichhardt der „beliebteste Deutsche" in Australien sei, mag dahingestellt sein, und die Distanzangabe der ersten Expedition von Jimbour (NW von Brisbane gelegen) nach Port Essington von „mehr als 5000 km" ist eine kleine Übertreibung. Aber dies sind Nebensächlichkeiten; die DVD kann zur Anschaffung empfohlen werden.

(Zu beziehen beim Amt Oberspreewald, Touristeninformation, Kirchstr. 11, 11913 Straupitz)

Reviews

Music:

George und Jonathan Dreyfus
Kinder-Matinee in der Deutschen Staatsoper Berlin
Rosemarie Gläser (Dresden)

In der Reihe „Erzählmusik“ der Deutschen Staatsoper Berlin (Unter den Linden) fand am Sonntag, dem 4. November 2007, im gut gefüllten Apollosaal eine Matinee für Kinder im Vorschulalter statt, in deren Mittelpunkt Musikstücke von George Dreyfus zu den Kinderfilmen *Sebastian the Fox* standen. Obwohl der Komponist selbst anwesend war, stand dieses Mal sein jüngster Sohn, Jonathan Dreyfus (Jahrgang 1987) als Hauptakteur auf der Bühne: als Geiger, Dirigent und Erzähler des Programms *Sebastian's greatest adventures.* Ausgewählt waren vier Episoden der in den sechziger Jahren in Australien sehr beliebten schwarz-weißen Stummfilmreihe von Tim Burstall mit der Musik von George Dreyfus, die ursprünglich stimmungsvoll von einem Fagottquartett gespielt wurde. In dem Berliner Programm waren die Ausführenden sechs ausgezeichnete Instrumentalisten des Hauses unter der Mitwirkung von Jonathan Dreyfus.

Der Fuchs, der mit den Menschen seinen Schabernack treibt, aber durch seine Schlauheit immer wieder ihren Nachstellungen entkommt, wird in den Filmen als eine Handpuppe oder eine Marionette gespielt. Gezeigt wurden die Episoden

- *The Swagman* („Der Landstreicher", dem der Fuchs seine Mahlzeit stiehlt),
- *The Doll's House* („Das Puppenhaus", wo sich der Fuchs häuslich einrichtet, nachdem er das Spielzeug der Kinder herausgeworfen hat),
- *The Showman* („Der Impresario" auf einem Jahrmarkt),
- *The Animal Catcher* („Der Tierfänger", dessen eingesperrte Tiere der Fuchs befreit).

Mit viel Einfühlungsvermögen und musikpädagogischem Geschick gelang es Jonathan Dreyfus auf humorvolle und warmherzige Weise, die vier- bis sechsjährigen Kinder in eine lebhafte Interaktion einzubeziehen. Fast beiläufig lernten sie einige englische Vokabeln aus den Anfangsstrophen der Liedfolge *Sebastian the Fox,* die John Dreyfus in seiner Muttersprache vortrug und deren Kehrreim sie begeistert und lautstark mitsangen. Als Erzähler präsentierte er sich in einem geläufigen Deutsch, wobei er gelegentliche grammatische Fehler charmant überspielte. Die Kinder konnten sich durch den eigenen Eindruck überzeugen, wie schwierig die deutsche Sprache für einen Ausländer sein muss.

Von besonderem Wert war die Art, wie Jonathan Dreyfus die sieben Musiker vorstellte. Die Mitwirkenden demonstrierten ihre Instrumente, indem sie darauf jeweils kurze Melodien vorspielten: das Klavier (Bettina Hanke), die Flöte (Thomas Beyer), die Klarinette (Hartmut Schuldt), das Bariton-Saxophon (Karola Elßner), das Fagott (Mathias Baier), das Schlagzeug (Andreas Haase/Pedro Gonzales) und die Violine (Jonathan Dreyfus). Dieser geschickt eingefügte Teil des Programms erinnerte in seiner Intention an Benjamin Britten's Orchesterstück *The Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra* von 1945. Als Gesamteindruck erlebten die etwa 150 im Apollosaal anwesenden Kinder und Erwachsenen eine eingängige und kurzweilige Musik und eine harmonische Verbindung von Film- und Tonkunstwerk.

Die Veranstaltung, die erste von drei Angeboten, war nicht zuletzt eine Präsentation der Musikerfamilie Dreyfus aus Camberwell/Melbourne: Der Vater, George Dreyfus, komponierte die Musik; der Sohn, Jonathan Dreyfus, führte sie als Geiger und Dirigent auf, und die unter den Zuhörern anwesende Mutter, Kay Dreyfus, die als graduierte Musikwissenschaftlerin und Musikerin auch komponiert hat, konnte sich über den ersten Auftritt ihres Sohnes in der deutschen Hauptstadt, an dessen Erfolg sie in ihrer persönlichen Bescheidenheit keinen geringen Anteil haben dürfte, besonders freuen. Mit dieser Matinee hat die „Erzählmusik" in der Berliner Staatsoper einen weiteren Höhepunkt zu verbuchen.

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Notes

Bruce Bennett "A Wilderness of Mirrors: Perspectives on 'the Spying Game' in Australian Literature"

[1] For example, Austlit: The Australian Literature Resource notes 16 literary items with espionage as a subject for the month of March 2006. A similar number of items is recorded most months.

[2] The articles in the *Courier-Mail* and the *Age* both refer to Ball and Horner's book *Breaking the Codes*. Peter Charlton in the *Courier-Mail* notes that Ball and Horner 'established conclusively that [Katharine Susannah] Prichard [Throssell's mother] had been a Soviet agent and that Throssell's role could not be clearly differentiated from hers. The *Age* more accurately summarises Ball and Horner's conclusion that 'it was unclear whether Mr Throssell was a Soviet agent or simply an unwitting source of information to his mother, who was a conduit to the Soviets'.

[3] Interview Sydney, 19 May 2003. McKnight observed that the Petrovs had claimed that Throssell was working for the Soviets and that most of what the Petrovs said has been borne out.

[4] See Richardson, *My Father*. The author's father 'disappears into the secret world' (p.76) from which his son tries to retrieve him. The son generalises towards the end: '[A]s time passed, he replaced his doubts with convictions and became so absorbed in his war he forgot that happiness was part of wisdom' (p.305).

Delys Bird "Rock Wallabies and Mayan Temples: The Landscapes of the Pilbara in *Japanese Story* and the Burrup Peninsula"

[5] Marcus Clarke, Preface to Poems, (1880), p vi.
[6] Henry Lawson, 'The Drover's Wife', in *Best Australian Short Stories*, eds Douglas Stewart & Beatrice Davis, Victoria: Lloyd O'Neill, 1971, p 1.
[7] Roslynn D. Haynes, *Seeking the Centre: The Australian Desert in Literature, Art and Film*, Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998, p 28.
[8] Ross Gibson, *South of the West: Postcolonialism and the Narrative Construction of Australia*, Bloomington and Indianapolis, Indiana University Press, 1992, p 71.
[9] For a discussion of Aboriginal Land Rights, see 'Blackfellas and Whitefellas: Aboriginal Land Rights, The Mabo Decision, and the Meaning of Land', Ronald Paul Hull, *Human Rights Quarterly*, 17:2, 1995, pp 1-19.
[10] Henry Handel Richardson, *Australia Felix*, Ringwood, Victoria: Penguin Books, 1971 (first ed. 1917), p 8.
[11] Haynes, p 14.
[12] Hull, p 6.
[13] Gibson, *South of the West*, p 63.
[14] Felicity Collins, '*Japanese Story*: A Shift of Heart', *Senses of Cinema*, 29, 2003, p 4.
[15] Collins, p 5.
[16] Graeme Turner, *National Fictions: Literature, Film and the Construction of Australian Narrative*, Sydney: Allen & Unwin, 1986, p 25.
[17] *Japanese Story*, directed by Sue Brooks, screenplay by Alison Tilson, distributed by World Cinema Ltd, released (US) 2004.
[18] Frances Flanagan, 'The Burrup Agreement: a case study in future act negotiation', paper presented to the National Native Title conference, Alice Springs, 3-5 June, 2003, p 2.
[19] In Flanagan.
[20] Western Australian Government Submission to the Australian Heritage Council, March 2006, p 4.
[21] As above.
[22] Submission to the Australian Heritage Council, all from p 25.
[23] David Ritter, '"Don't Call Me Baby": Ten years of the Yamatji Marlpa Land and Sea Council Native Title Representative Body', *Indigenous Law Bulletin*, 2004, p 1.
[24] Ritter, p 4.
[25] Flanagan, p 19.
[26] Ciaran O'Faircheallaigh, "Aborigines, Mining Companies and the State in Contemporary Australia": A New Political Economy or "Business as Usual"?', *Australian Journal of Political Science*, 41:1, 2006, pp 1-22, p 2.
[27] Noel Pearson, 'Boom and dust lifestyle', *The Weekend Australian*, 'Inquirer', February 3-4, 2007, p 29.
[28] Pearson, p 29.

Carl Bridge "The Flying Caseys"

[29] The standard biographies, which touch on the theme of this paper but do not fully pursue it, are W. J. Hudson, Casey, Melbourne, OUP, 1986, and Diane Langmore, Glittering Surfaces: A Life of Maie Casey, Sydney, Allen & Unwin, 1997. Richard Casey's own account is in his Personal Experience, 1939-46, London: Collins, 1962 and Maie Casey's in her Tides and Eddies, London, Andre Deutsch, 1966. These are the sources for what follows, unless otherwise indicated.

[30] See Carl Bridge, 'Casey and the Americans: Australian War Propaganda in the United States, 1940-41', Australian Studies Centre, London, Working Paper No. 30, 1988; Bridget Griffen-Foley, 'The Kangaroo is Coming into its Own': R. G. Casey, Earl Newsom and Public Relations in the 1940s', Australasian Journal of American Studies, vol. 23, no. 2, December 2004; and Audrey Tate, Fair Comment: The Life of Pat Jarrett 1911-1990, Melbourne, MUP, 1996.
[31] Advertiser (Geelong), 10 Feb. 1940.
[32] Sun (Sydney), 23 Feb. 1940.
[33] Daily News (Sydney), 21 Feb. 1940.
[34] Langmore, Glittering Surfaces, p. 67.
[35] Maie Casey, Tides and Eddies, p. 69.
[36] Daily News and Los Angeles Examiner, 20 Feb. 1940.
[37] Christian Science Monitor, 22 March 1940.
[38] Washington Post, 21 May 1940.
[39] E.g. United States News, 21 March 1941.
[40] Sun (Melbourne), 3 May 1940; Washington Post, 15 July 1940; Town and Country (Washington), 1 Aug. 1940; Editor and Publisher (New York), 24 Aug. 1940; Women's Weekly (Sydney), 12 Oct. 1940; Sydney Morning Herald, 22 Oct. 1940; Miami Daily News, 2 Jan. 1941; Daily Telegraph (Sydney), 19 July 1941. Maie Casey, Tides and Eddies, p. 84.
[41] New York Herald-Tribune, 4 May 1940; New York Times, 5 May 1940; Fortune, August 1940.
[42] New York Herald Tribune, 2 May 1940; Daily Telegraph (Sydney), 5 May 1940.
[43] Casey Diaries, 20, 22 Jan. 1941, MS6150, National Library of Australia, Canberra.
[44] Washington Star, 4 Nov. 1940; Washington Times Herald, 25 Oct. 1941.
[45] Sydney Morning Herald, 22 Oct. 1940; Washington Post, 15 Dec. 1940.
[46] American (Fort Smith, Arkansas), 10 Sept. 1940 ('and 140 other papers').
[47] Langmore, Glittering Surfaces, pp. 80-1; Maie Casey, Tides and Eddies, p. 91; Casey Diaries, 17 Nov. 1941.
[48] Casey Diaries, 23 Feb. and 23 Sept. 1940, 17 and 19 Sept 1941.
[49] Times Dispatch (Richmond, Virginia), 26 Oct. 1941.
[50] Casey Diaries, 19 Feb. 1941.
[51] Bridge, 'Casey and the Americans', p. 9.
[52] Bridge, 'Casey and the Americans', pp. 7-8.
[53] New York City Enquirer, 26 June 1941; Palladium and Sun Journal (Richmond, Indiana), 15 Aug. 1941.
[54] Maie Casey, Tides and Eddies, p. 75 and p. 92.
[55] Though one American diplomat thought Churchill was moving Casey as he had been 'too successful' an advocate for Australia in Washington, Ray Atherton, cited in the diary of the Australian diplomat Alfred Stirling, 18 Dec. 1946 (I owe this reference to Jeremy Hearder).
[56] Anne Bridge, Facts and Fictions, London, Chatto & Windus, 1968, p. 127.
[57] New York Times, 21 March 1942.
[58] New York Herald-Tribune, 31 March 1942.
[59] Washington Post, 28 Dec. 1943. Also see the passage cited in Langmore, Glittering Surfaces, p. 85.
[60] S. M. Bruce to R. G. Casey, 17 Sept. 1941, cited in Hudson, Casey, p. 122.
[61] Alan Watt, Australian Diplomat, Sydney, Angus & Robertson, 1972, p. 35.
[62] Langmore, Glittering Surfaces, pp. 62-3.

Elisabeth Gigler "Indigenous Australian Art Photography: an Intercultural Approach"

[63] *Photo: Brook Andrew. Peace, The Man & Hope. 2005.* Screen print. 145 x 252 cm. Due to copyright restrictions the photo is not reproduced in this article, however interested people can consult Brook Andrew's homepage for the image: http://www.brookandrew.com/

Dorotta Guttfeld "Australian Science Fiction: in Search of the 'Feel'"

[64] The famous "prophecy" was uttered during a conference sponsored by Qantas Airlines and the Powerhouse Museum in Sydney in 1996. Not long after the conference, Ellison wrote prefaces to both volumes of Jack Dann's and Janeen Webb's anthology of Australian science fiction, *Dreaming Down Under*, and reiterated his own proclamation of a Golden Age in the first preface. The inspirational impact of Ellison's remark is visible in Denn's introduction to the second volume (*Dreaming Down Under - Book Two*), available online at http://www.voyageronline.com.au/books/extract.cfm?ISBN=073226412x .

[65] The story's manuscript, now the property of Arthur Bertram Chandler's Literary Estate Agents, was made available to several fans for note-taking. For a brief summary of the plot, see Steven Davidson's Rim Worlds Concordance available online at: www.rimworlds.com/rimworldsgrimessaga.htm

Sybille Kästner "Fellumhänge australischer Aborigines – Von Gebrauchsgegenständen zu Identität stiftenden Kunstwerken"

[66] Reynolds 2005.

[67] Reynolds 2005: 33.

[68] Lee Darroch erwähnt an dieser Stelle das Einbrennen der Muster in die Innenseite der Pelze. Im 19. Jahrhundert wurden die Muster mithilfe scharfer Muschelschalen eingeritzt.

Miriam Konzelmann "Kinder des Holocaust: Untersuchungen zum australischen Film *The Dunera Boys*"

[69] Bei diesem Experiment sollten die Auswirkungen von Gefangenschaft auf die Psyche von Gefängnisinsassen untersucht werden. Hierzu wurden 21 psychisch gesunde Studenten per Los entweder der Rolle des Wärters oder des Gefängnisinsassen zugeteilt. Aufgabe der Wärter war es, Recht und Ordnung aufrechtzuerhalten, jedoch ohne Gewaltanwendung. Das gezeigte Verhalten ging letztlich weit über die Rollenerwartung hinaus. Nachdem die Wärter immer bösartiger wurden, musste das Experiment nach sechs Tagen verfrüht abgebrochen werden (Haney, Banks & Zimbardo 1973: 5-10).

Cassandra Pybus "Billy Blue, the Old Commodore"

[70] Blue's convict indent said he was a sailor from the West Indies, however this was a misreading of his indictment where he was charged with stealing from a West India ship. He was by no means the only man of African descent in Sydney. A dozen had arrived in the First Fleet in 1788 and several more came on subsequent transports, almost all of them from America. For black settlers in colonial Australia, see Cassandra Pybus, Black Founders: The Unknown Story of Australia's First Black Settlers (Sydney: UNSW Press, 2006) and A Touch of the Tar: African Settlers in Colonial Australia and the implications for issues of Aboriginality (London: Menzies Centre for Australian Studies, 2001).

[71] Susannah Scofield, granddaughter of Blue, provided a document, now lost, stating that Blue had told her father that he was born in New York. This account was reproduced in The Star, September 21, 1808.
[72] Blue's later claims are made in evidence given in the civil case Martin v. Munn, reported in Sydney Gazette, October 25, 1832, n.p.
[73] There is no doubt that Blue was baptized, but I have not yet found his baptismal notice. He was probably baptized in America.
[74] It is possible that the operation of the Poor Laws explains why some of the black refugees got baptized, which, in effect, attached them to a parish.
[75] For the death of indigent blacks see Stephen Braidwood, Black Poor and White Philanthropists: London's Blacks and the Foundations of the Sierra Leone Settlement 1786–1791 (Liverpool: Liverpool University Press, 1994), 32.
[76] The quote from an early newspaper report is given without a source in Meg Swords, Billy Blue (Sydney: North Sydney Historical Society 1979), 10.
[77] My understanding of lumping and customary pillage owes much to Linebaugh, The London Hanged: Crime and Civil Society in the Eighteenth Century (Cambridge, UK: Cambridge University Press, 1992), 416–25. He suggests that in the mid-1790s there was a crack-down on informal wages with customary rights becoming criminalized. My reading of the Old Bailey records does not fully support his thesis. There are very few prosecutions for lumpers in this period; nearly all the trials for plundering and pillage come from the East India warehouses.
[78] Indictment of William Blue, Kent County Archives (KCA), Q/SIW 422
[79] Deposition of William Blue, September 29, 1796, KCA Q/SB 225.
[80] To find the use of the terms 'commodore' I went through the Old Bailey trial records for the decade 1790. For the records of the Enterprise see National Archives of UK, (NA) ADM 102.208, ADM 36/15418 to ADM 36/15428.
[81] The records of Old Bailey trials also suggest that the press gangs in London were less aggressive in the period 1796–97. The number of reprieved criminals failed to fill the shortfall, especially as they were drafted into the West Indian regiments where they died like flies. Nevertheless, the press-gangs continued to take huge numbers of men off the streets.
[82]. For shipping in Sydney Oct.–Nov. 1803, see Historical Records of NSW, vol. 5, 288.
[83]. Peter O'Shaughnessy, ed., *A Rum Story: The Adventures of Joseph Holt Thirteen Years in New South Wales*, 1800–1812 (Sydney: Kangaroo Press, 1988), 89. Alan Atkinson gives credence to this story in *The Europeans in Australia: A History* vol I (Melbourne: Oxford University Press, 1997), 267.
[84] Marriage and baptism register of St Philips, Sydney.
[85] Trial of Daniel McKay, Judge Advocate's Bench, 17 August 1805, State Records of NSW, (SRBSW) R 656, 601.
[86] Daniel McKay arrived on the Royal Admiral in 1792. In 1810 he petitioned the colonial secretary for amelioration of sentence for his common-law wife, Judith Quinlan, from the Experiment.
[87] Sydney Gazette, 18 August 1805.
[88] Harris to King, 25 October 1807, Historical Records of NSW, vol. 6, p.343
[89] Bligh to Castlereagh, 30 June 1808, Historical Records of Australia, vol. 6, p. 533. The men were immediately reinstated after Bligh's arrest.
[90] Blue's ferry was the first of its kind in the port; Sydney Gazette, 2 August 1807.
[91] Notice, August 17, 1811, SRNSW CS SZ758 (Reel 6038), 226.

[92] "The Humble Petition of William Blue …", November 17, 1823, SRNSW CS R6045, 4/1735, 151.
[93] Description of Blue as a 'sable veteran' from his obituary, Sydney Gazette, May 8, 1834
[94] This was not a racial reference, but expressed the sense that Macquarie shared some of the qualities of poor folk. In the argot of late eighteenth-century 'a brown' was a copper halfpenny.
[95] Quotes from Martin v. Munn reported in Sydney Gazette, October 25, 1832.
[96] For Blue's various grants and appointments: "Return of Horned cattle from the Government herd", SRNSW CS R6048, 4/1742, 42, and R6045 4/1735, 151.
[97] Case against Blue, Court of Criminal Jurisdiction, "Informations, Depositions and Related Papers," October 10, 1818, SRNSW COD 445, SZ795, 421–35.
[98] Sydney Gazette, October 17, 1818.
[99] Judge Advocates' Bench of Magistrates, Minutes of Proceedings Bench Book 1815–21, October 24, 1818, SRNSW R 659, SZ775, 147.
[100].Wylde to Macquarie, October 16, 1818, SRNSW CS R6047, 4/1741, 47–50; Wylde to Macquarie, October 30, 1818, ibid., 76–77.
[101] William Gore to Edward Wollstonecraft, 23 September 1824, SRNSW, CS R6056, 4/1765; Blue's petitions to Governor Brisbane are 28 October 1823 Reel 6017; 4/5783, pp. 438-40 and 17 November 1823, SRNSW, CS R6045, 4/1735, 151; Colonial Secretary to Wollstonecraft, 6 December 1823, SRNSW R6011 4/3509 p.
[102] "The Humble Petition of William Blue…" to Governor Brisbane, August 12, 1825, SRNSW CS R6062, 4/1782, 86; "The Humble Petition of William Blue…" to Governor Darling, March 12, 1827, SRNSW Box 4/1926, item 27/2898.
[103] SRNSW R852, 4/6431, 23 and 25. Quote from the Sydney Gazette in Swords, Billy Blue, 45; Sydney Gazette, July 9, 1829.
[104] Swords, Billy Blue, 39; other descriptions from Blue's obituary in the Sydney Gazette, May 8, 1834.
[105] In this sense the term "sweep" is used to denote the lowliest of any street life.
[106].Sydney Gazette, October 31, 1833.
[107] Alexander Harris, *Settlers and Convicts, or, Recollections of Sixteen Years' Labour in the Australian Backwoods* (Melbourne University Press, 1964), 90
[108] Extract from Baron von Hügel, *New Holland Journal*, in Tim Flannery (ed.), *The Birth of Sydney* (Melbourne: Text Publications, 1999), 251.
[109] *Australian*, 8 May 1834.
[110] *Sydney Gazette*, 8 May 1834

Peter Read "Tripping Over Feathers: Beginning a Biography of Janaka Wiradjuri (Joy Williams)"

[111] Williams v Minister Land Rights Act 1982 and Anor S246/200 (22 June 2001); Supreme Court of New South Wales Common Law Division, Joy Williams v The Minister, Aboriginal land Rights Act 1983 and Anor, before Mr Justice Abadee, 26 August 1999
[112] P. Read, *Charles Perkins A Biography,* rev. ed., Penguin 2001
[113] Some of the characteristics of Borderline Personality Disorder relevant to Joy were defined at the Hearing as: frantic attempts to avoid real or imagined abandonment; a pattern of unstable or intense interpersonal relationships; marked and unstable sense of self¸ impulsiveness in areas that are potentially self-damaging (sex and substance abuse); self mutilation; mood instability; chronic feelings of emptiness; inappropriate, intense anger (trial 27-8)
[114] Doretta claimed that she found out years later that at the time of Joy's birth she had indeed

been given a clandestine (and illegal) hysterectomy.

[115] Published as Coral Edwards and Peter Read, eds, *The Lost Children*, Moorebank: Doubleday, 1989; this extract is drawn from pp. 133-5

[116] Marie Melito-Russell, 'My Joy', in Janaka Wiradjuri, ed., *Life Love and Pain, an anthology of poems written by Stolen Generations Link Up*, Link Up 2007, p. 1

[117] Barbara Nicolson, 'The Joy I knew", in Janaka Wiradjuri 2007, pp. xi – xiii