

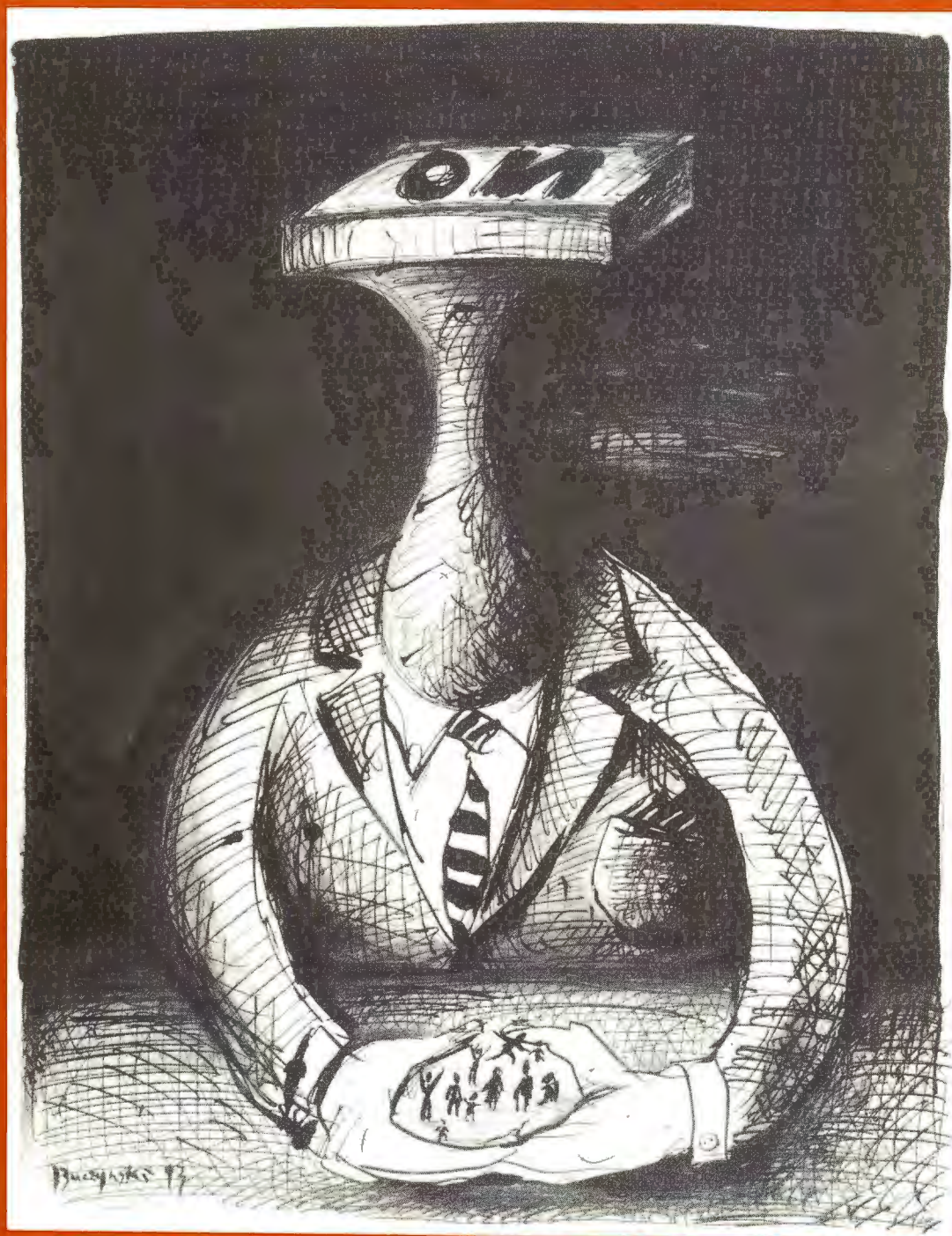
EUREKA STREET

Vol. 3 No. 1 February 1993

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Three Years Hard



The Cambodian Boat People in Australia
Andrew Hamilton

Brian Toohey on the Keynesian Restoration
Rowan Callick on mining in the Pacific

SBS
TV Guide



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EUREKA STREET

Volume 3 Number 1
February 1993

A magazine of public affairs, the arts and theology

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Back to the future...

WELCOME TO *Eureka Street* in its third year of publication. Thousands of new readers—*Modern Times* subscribers—join us this month. We hope they will continue, as regular subscribers, to support *Eureka Street's* commitment to uncompromising, independent publishing and to enjoy the reflective twist, the verve, and nerve, of our writers.

All our regulars are back (Archimedes has taken his bath to the beach but will make a principled return in March) and some new names have joined us. Paul Chadwick is filing a regular media column, Mike Ticher is writing about Australian radio, and we now carry the SBS TV program guide. For more news, move inside.

In November we promised the December issue would give details of the 1992 *Eureka Street* readership survey. Apologies for the delay; returns kept arriving well into the New Year, and we have only now been able to analyse and publish the findings.

Forty-five per cent of *Eureka Street* subscribers (an extraordinary rate of return) told us about themselves, why they subscribe, what they passionately endorse and what they strongly disapprove. The data has already been put to use in editorial planning, advertising and promotion.

Here is a sample of the facts we have gleaned:

- An average of 2.5 people read each subscription copy of *Eureka Street* and they each spend more than two hours each doing so.
- Thirty-seven per cent of our readers are female, and 63 per cent male.
- The age distribution is as follows: 31 per cent are under 45; 27 per cent are between 45 and 55; 22 per cent between 55 and 65, and 20 per cent over 65.
- Eight per cent of our readers are professionally involved in education; 12 per cent in medicine and health care; eight per cent work in the law and eight per cent are nuns, priests or religious. Our other readers are spread evenly across business, the arts, the public service, retailing and social work.
- Our readers travel: 70 per cent of them in the last twelve months, and of those, 31 per cent have travelled overseas.
- They read widely. 73 per cent subscribe to other publications. 80 per cent bought a book in the previous month, 34 per cent bought a CD and 27 per cent a tape; 53 per cent had been to the cinema, 36 per cent to the theatre, 14 per cent to the opera and five per cent to the ballet.
- 85 per cent drive cars, Fords being the most popular.

The most-read sections of the magazine were, in order: Comment, The Nation (features), Reports, and Letters.

Finally, more than a third of our readers were introduced to *Eureka Street* by a friend. Long may the practice continue! And thank you all. ■

Backtracking

AUSTRALIAN HIGHWAYS DON'T ALL LEAD into the desert but they have a way of prompting reflection. Maybe because their sheer length puts time into your hands. They are also much profaned. I have never subscribed to the view of the Hume as a tedious snake. For me it is the route home. It is also a great instructor of city eyes, subtle in its seasonal registrations.

In early summer, Paterson's Curse was doing a late surge. In one High Country paddock, north of Gundagai, two white horses swam, purple to their manes. The *Country Hour* was unlyrical but explained how this crop/curse is managed and why its reputation is so mixed.

Most of the old towns are bypassed now. If you want Ned you have to detour into Glenrowan. In Canberra the National Gallery has remembered Sidney Nolan by hanging a rare portrait of Ned Kelly just inside the front door. He is not wearing his helmet, but a circle of rough brown paint frames his face like a target.

Benalla, too, is off the beaten track. On a gleaming morning we double back into town to revisit the rose garden. Peter Roebuck is lyrical because Brian Lara is batting. We trip over a rose called Greg Chappell, and in the distance, behind a strip of botanical gardens alive with cicadas and water sprinklers, is another naturalised remnant of empire, the cricket ground, with its curator crawling over it in his dinosaur mower. Lara bats on to a double century.

Even the country news reports the lifting of Victoria's Pyramid petrol levy. In Holbrook the petrol is cheap anyway. We pull up in the middle of town and get service. 'Clean your windscreen?' No 'Sir' from the redhead lank of a boy and no 'Nice day'. 'Does it pay you to serve?' I ask his father. 'Yeah, it does. This is a family business anyway. Saves on wages. Besides, we get a lot of paraplegics around here. They all come, get cleaned

up, filled up. Don't have to get out of their cars. This is a real centre.'

On a previous trip I miscalculated and had to pull

into one of the vast complexes that flank the freeway exits to bypassed towns. I got into the truck bay by mistake and then had to circle the whole place to find the unleaded petrol. Top price. Inside the sweets and groceries were marshalled. I took from the red section and spoiled the display. The girl glanced at me but something more pressing caught her eye. 'That bastard! That bastard's nicking off without paying!' She was outside in a flash. I left my money on the counter.

The grass is green and fence-high. Ominous in summer.

Rudolf Nureyev has just died. And Dizzy Gillespie.

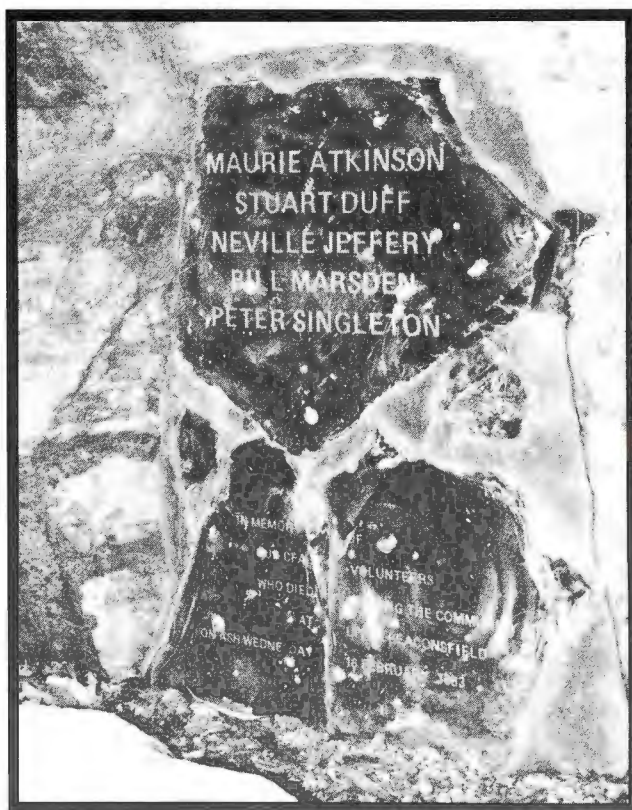
Coming into Melbourne, in the aftermath of a thunderstorm, we drive through the hill towns north-east of the

city. We get to Pantom Hill in wet dusk and notice a memorial park in the middle of town. I remember that it is 10 years since the boys of the district went out together to fight the Ash Wednesday fires. It is impossible to explain the queer ferocity of this country to newcomers. In February 1983 I tried, with a 17-year-old American exchange student. She was two days out of winter Missouri, and completely bushed. The classroom window went red, then black, as topsoil and ash dumped out of the air.

In Ireland, where the fires were exotic news, a colleague was also trying to explain, to a pub full of enthusiasts, why you couldn't simply cut a firebreak around each town. 'It just wouldn't work,' he ventured hopelessly. 'Our fires are not like that.' 'Are they not? And why not?'

You need a long road ...

—Morag Fraser



Memorial to Victorian Country Fire Authority volunteers who died on Ash Wednesday, 1983

Misplaced

From Peter Pierce

Some people resent travel writing because they haven't been to the places described; others because they think they have. Falling insouciantly into the second category in his response to my piece on Shanghai (*Eureka Street*, October 1992), Max Charlesworth is not one of those dupes who has seen the future and thinks it works; but another kind who sentimentally imposes upon the present the fantasy land that he wishes to come into being.

Patronising the Chinese by generalisation and other means is an old game. Charlesworth might not know of Gore Vidal's remark that what proved Henry Booth Luce of *Time* truly to be certifiable was his mission to Christianise China.

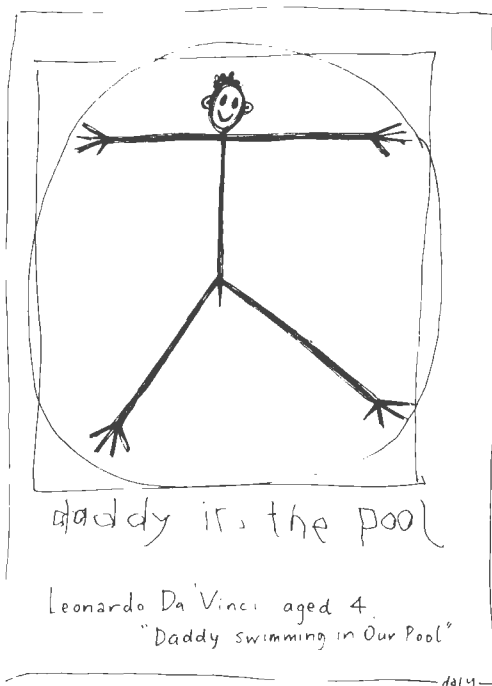
Peter Pierce
Essendon, VIC

Track record

From Gary Eastman, managing director of CollinsDove.

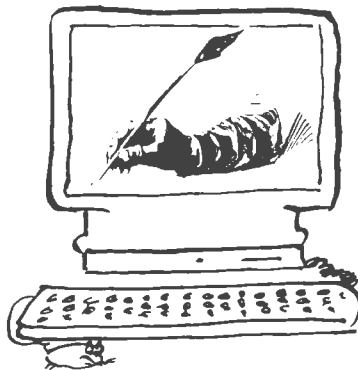
Ted Kennedy comments in his letter on the bishops' statement (*Eureka Street*, November 1992) that 'it is not insignificant that this statement is published by CollinsDove, a company acquired by Rupert Murdoch'. Given that this remark was made in the context of a critical review of *Common Wealth for the Common Good*, it deserves a response.

CollinsDove is the only religious publisher in Australia, commercial or otherwise, that publishes social justice materials. The company has consistently done so for years and has published for both the current bishops' committee and for the original Catholic Commission for Justice and Peace.



original Catholic Commission for Justice and Peace.

Eureka Street welcomes letters from its readers. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters may be edited. Letters must be signed, and should include a contact phone number and the writer's name and address.



In the past 12 months the company has published: John Molony's *The Worker Question*; Bruce Duncan's *The Church's Social Teaching*; Peter Maurin's *Easy Essays for Peace and Justice*; three books by Donal Dorr, including a revised edition of his *Options for the Poor*; an Australian edition, with Mark O'Connor, of Henriot's classic *Catholic Social Teaching*; Leonardo Boff's *Good News for the Poor*; plus early in 1993 we will publish a book on refugees and a new textbook on social justice for secondary schools.

Apart from Orbis, whom we distribute in Australia, no other religious publisher in the world includes so many social justice books in their list.

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awarded the contract for the bishops' statement on the basis of our track record, and in such a high-risk area of publishing we would appreciate a little more understanding and generosity.

Are we in turn to discount the work of Ted and his colleagues in Redfern because they are the local representatives of an institutional church that recently forced Boff from his ministry and desperately tried to muzzle the Spirit at last October's Latin American Bishops' Conference in Santo Domingo?

Gary Eastman
North Blackburn, VIC

Listed numbers

From Fr John George

Dorothy A. Lee (*Eureka Street*, December 1992-January 1993) has reduced Matthew's genealogy of Jesus to demonstrating Mary's sexual freedom from an 'ardent male' patriarchal lineage. I fully agree that Mary conceived by the Holy Spirit, but Lee has bypassed Matthew's other issues intrinsic to the genealogy itself.

First, in Jewish custom genealogy identified a person—hence the preoccupation in much Jewish biographical history for legal and/or biographical genealogy. Secondly, the powerful legal bind of Jesus and his genealogy (in virtue of St Joseph) provided Matthew with important lessons for his early church 'audience':

- Matthew situates Jesus within an extensive Jewish family tree. This message would not be lost on early converts from Judaism, still sensitive to valid Old Testament traditions and Messianic prophecies.

- The Matthean church's gentile Christians would be reassured by the surprising presence of Ruth (a gentile) within the genealogy.

- Along with the saints and heroes in the genealogy, Matthew includes men and women who had committed scandal. God achieves his purposes despite man's sinfulness. Sensitive to 'inclusivism' I mention the ladies (strangely, Lee regards them as models of faith and 'femaleness' for Mary): Rahab, who was a harlot of Jericho; Tamar, who was a seducer and adulteress; Bathsheba, who was seduced by David. So Jesus' pedigree contains

saints and sinners; later, his ministry and his church will focus on such people, be they male or female (this is emphasised by Matthew's novel inclusion of women in a Jewish genealogy).

- From Abraham to the 'deportation to Babylon', the genealogy is composed of patriarchs and kings, etc. But from the 'deportation' to the 'birth of the Messiah', most names are insignificant. Thus Matthew underlines the fact that God often chooses unlikely people to attain his goal.

In short, Dorothy Lee's 'anti-patriarchal' *reduction* lacks the wider context of Matthew's *redaction*: Jesus was not only 'Son of God' but also 'Son of David' (this is the Messianic purpose of the genealogy).

John George
Lidcombe, NSW



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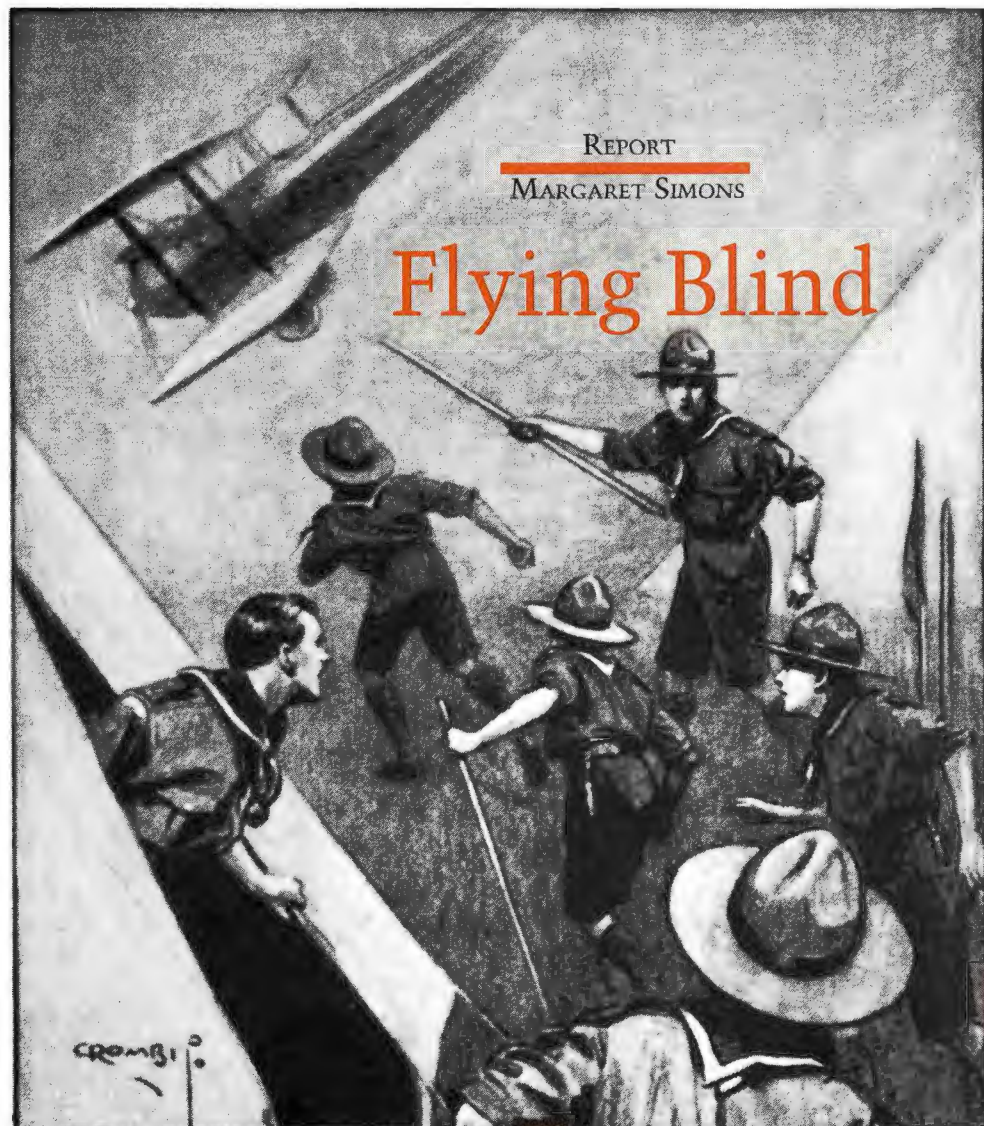
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REPORT
MARGARET SIMONS

Flying Blind

'Look!' Patrol-leader Waterford's voice rang out, as he pointed to an aeroplane descending towards earth at great speed.

A FEW MONTHS AGO an internal document recording a meeting of senior managers of the Civil Aviation Authority was leaked to the *Sydney Morning Herald*. The document recorded the managers as admitting that Australia's national air safety regulator lacked commercial and industrial understanding, was shortsighted and plagued by internal powerplays.

None of this would have come as a shock to those who had followed the controversy over the Civil Aviation Authority's handling of tenders for the Australian Advanced Air Traffic System (TAAATS). As reported in the August 1992 issue of *Eureka Street*, at \$300 million TAAATS is probably the biggest and most important contract that the new, supposedly lean and mean, CAA is likely to give out for the next two decades.

But so badly was the matter handled that the controversy, which included allegations of corruption, led

to the appointment of an independent inquiry into the matter, headed by the former Liberal MP Ian McPhee. That inquiry reported in December last year, and the resulting kerfuffle was widely reported in the mainstream media. McPhee's report accused the two CAA executives most responsible for the TAAATS process—the authority's chief executive officer, Frank Baldwin, and its projects manager, Dr Rob Edwards—of serious incompetence, and they have since been stood down.

In recent years the CAA, once an unresponsive bureaucratic monolith, has been reformed—largely by the aviator and businessman, Dick Smith, who until recently was chairman of the authority. Supposedly, the revamped CAA operates along the lines of cost recovery and business efficiency. It was Smith who hired Edwards and Baldwin from New Zealand, where they had been involved in reforming that country's aviation

authority. And, since McPhee's report was released, Smith has vigorously defended the two men, arguing that they have been key players in bringing the bringing the CAA up to date.

McPhee remarks that Smith and Baldwin are similar in that they are both determined, 'can-do' types. But a close reading of his report leaves one gasping at the gap between the CAA's practice and its market-forces rhetoric.

'I wish to state at the outset,' McPhee said, 'that the review has no reason to believe that there was any corruption in the process under examination. There were, however, many blemishes.' And later: 'The whole saga of the TAAATS management evaluation team, its findings and its minutes illustrates ... the haste and incompetence associated with the handling of the TAAATS project at senior management level. For the purpose of making reasonable findings in a responsible time frame and recommending fair, practicable and acceptable action, we did not need to inquire for explanations beyond haste and incompetence.'

THE TAAATS STORY is a long one, involving so many mistakes and hasty decisions that they cannot easily be recounted. However, the smouldering controversy flared when the French company, Thomson Radar, was awarded the contract over Hughes, which had initially been recommended to the CAA board as preferred contractor.

McPhee's analysis of this final, fatal decision, and the vital board meetings involved, reads more like fact than official report. The crucial decision was made on an analysis of technical information that was not understood by any of the people at the meeting, and which was presented in a deceptive manner.

The final choice between the two companies was to have been made at a board meeting on 7 March 1992. At that meeting, board members were presented with advice purportedly based on a meeting of the TAAATS management evaluation team held five days before.

However, despite the vital nature of that team meeting, no minutes had been taken. In fact, the 'minutes' were only written three months later, when

two worried CAA directors requested copies of these and other documents relied upon by management in making its recommendations. Of the four people who comprised the management evaluation team, only Dr Edwards attended the board meeting. The discussion took five hours of vigorous, heated and lively discussion, but no decision was made. Rather, the board asked management to write to both companies seeking further information and performance guarantees.

Already, Baldwin and Edwards had adopted an attitude of extreme haste to the TAAATS decision. This attitude, McPhee reported, had pervaded the entire culture of the CAA and infected the board. In the normal course, the TAAATS decision would have arisen again at the next normal board meeting on 25 March. Edwards had no such intentions.

On Saturday 7 March he wrote to both Hughes and Thomson and set a deadline on Friday 13 March for them to respond. When the responses were received, an emergency board meeting was called for 2.30pm on 13 March. This was done in spite of the fact that two crucial directors were known to be unavailable. Those who could attend were expected to fly to Canberra and read the papers on which they were to base their decision at the same time as watching a slide show by Dr Edwards. They were then expected to make a decision in time to catch flights out of Canberra that evening.

At that meeting, much was made of Source Line Of Codes (SLOC) figures. SLOC is a highly technical concept used to measure the size, and stage of development, of software applications. But such is the complexity of the notion, with so many variables that need to be taken into account, that a comparison of SLOC figures from different companies is fraught with danger.

In February 1992 a hasty overseas trip by the management evaluation team had been presented with SLOC figures by Hughes. Amazingly, the team did not include any experts in software development, in spite of the fact that software was the most vital part of the contract. Hughes presented the figures voluntarily, in the belief that they would reinforce the team's faith in the company's ability to meet

the contract. In fact, the team took the figures and compared them with ones provided earlier by Thomson.

The team didn't make much of the comparison but in Dr Edward's slide presentation to the crucial board meeting on 13 March, a table comparing the SLOC figures from the two companies was presented, and said by Dr Edwards to indicate that Hughes was a higher risk when it came to software development, and had underestimated the task in front of it.

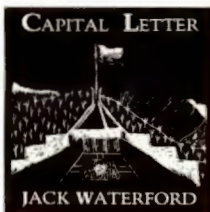
The penultimate slide in Dr Edwards' show summed up the perceived risks of Hughes, including software development, and the decision was made on this basis. Yet Hughes was a company generally assessed by the industry to be writing modern and effective software.

The vote, for one of the most important contracts the board would ever deal with, was five directors in favor of Thomson and two against. Two directors were absent. And the entire decision was based on figures that were close to meaningless, and the significance of which—or rather, *lack of significance of which*—Edwards, the only member of the management evaluation team present, did not understand. The tender process has now been reopened, with Thomson and Hughes competing afresh for the contract.

MCPHEE COMMENTS in his report that were it not for some vigilant parliamentarians, in particular the members of the normally low-profile public works committee and Senator David MacGibbon, the incompetence of the CAA management in handling the TAAATS matter would never have been revealed.

Yet at every stage the CAA resisted parliamentary scrutiny. At one stage, Edwards and Baldwin were threatened with contempt of Parliament for refusing to answer the questions of the public works committee. Fortunately, one of the results of the McPhee report is a review of the relationship between the government and its business enterprises. The precise nature of that review has yet to be announced. ■

Margaret Simons is a regular contributor to *Eureka Street*.



Each way at best

MONEY IS ON HEWSON TO WIN. Only back Labor if you can get better than 6-4. Keating may be trying harder, he may be a proven stayer with a surer grasp of of electioneering, and his opponent may have a demonstrated capacity to stumble. But Keating seems to be carrying too much weight. Labor, and Keating personally, have not yet been punished by the electorate for the recession. Keating's efforts to lead the way out of it have fallen significantly short of his promises. And, for all of the energy Keating himself is putting into getting re-elected, his frontbench seems to be running dead: it has either run out of energy and ideas or it has given up.

John Hewson is thus odds-on to win, but it will be a win by default rather than a popular endorsement of his policies. His extraordinary somersault on *Fightback!* has lightened his load but deprived his road to power of any right to be considered a crusade. The somersault may well cause him long-term problems in government but will undoubtedly help him in the campaign: his economic program is now only a tinge bluer than Labor's and the electoral contest now becomes more one of competing individuals than policies.

Labor will no doubt assert that John Hewson has a secret agenda: the complete restoration of the policies of *Fightback!* Mark I. But Hewson, who once made a virtue of being totally honest with the electorate, will not have a mandate from the people to do this. Nor will he have a mandate from Parliament, or at least not from the Senate. More importantly, it is doubtful that he would have a mandate even from his own party, let alone its coalition partner.

Labor's best campaign tactic would be to raise fears of the Hewson/Howard industrial agenda, evoking images of what Jeff Kennett has done in Victoria. This may work particularly well among the nation's public servants, who can be made afraid of losing the protection of the award system, or even of losing their jobs altogether. Hewson's difficulty in dealing with this line of attack is that the public mood has shifted since he first launched his policies. Then he could argue that the economy was in such a parlous state that drastic solutions were necessary. But the electorate, thanks in part to a dose of Jeff Kennett, has turned conservative about change. Hewson's best chance of winning is the old-fashioned one of arguing that he can manage better than the lot who have had their chance and fluffed it.

What will a Hewson government be like? Clearly, if wishes were horses it would be a lot leaner and meaner, with greater emphasis on the contracting out of services, the sale of government enterprises, a new framework of industrial relations, a more aggressive approach to microeconomic reform, a more *laissez-faire* attitude to conflicts between mining or industry and the environment, and, probably, to foreign investment. But even in

these areas, where Hewson would like to make his mark, his policies are not radically different from Labor's.

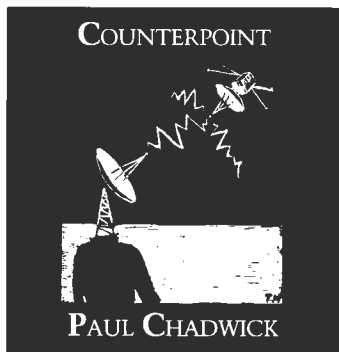
In many areas of government, policies are essentially bipartisan. The difference between Labor and Liberal over foreign affairs, defence, immigration and trade is extraordinarily narrow—a great handicap to public debate. On immigration, for example, the difference comes down to a debate about numbers. Labor stands for the existing figures and the Liberals would take a fraction less. And so bipartisan—and morally loathsome—is the policy on refugees that one wonders how a decent person could vote for either party.

Hewson would like to make big changes in health policy, but his options are circumscribed by his promises about retaining Medicare and by the fact that Labor has committed the next government to a program of hospital funding. Similarly, Hewson would like to fiddle with social security but his welfare bill will actually be higher than Labor's because of the advance compensation on the goods and services tax. And his aim of contracting out most of the community service allocation is likely to be revised once he grasps that most of the dollars do not go, as he fondly imagines, to the St Vincent de Paul Society or the Salvation Army but to big institutions that are generally captured and corrupted by the staff and service providers. Just the sort of lobby groups, in other words, that Hewson hates most.

The greatest challenge to a Hewson government comes from Hewson himself. He is incredibly narrow. For all of his economic qualifications, he has very little of an education about him—no history, no philosophy, no art, no law, no science. His speechwriters have great difficulty finding phrases for him that suggest any imagination or breadth of perspective. Hewson is less equipped for government than any modern Australian prime minister, including Paul Keating, whose formal education may have ended earlier but whose interests are far wider and whose intellectual curiosity is quite genuine. Hewson may prove to be a competent manager—a Billy McMahon, say—but it is hard to see him inspiring the nation as did a Gorton, a Whitlam, or even a Malcolm Fraser.

The Fraser years are reviled by many Liberals as a time of wasted opportunities. His broad philosophy was not radically different from that of some of Hewson's Young Turks, but he was cautious and moved slowly. And there was more. Fraser had a strong sense of human rights and dignity, some courage, and a feel for what was achievable. He understood power, how to achieve it and how to hang on to it. Which, of course, he did for three terms. Unless you can get better than 500-1 on Hewson lasting that long, don't take the bet. ■

Jack Waterford is deputy editor of *The Canberra Times*.



It pays to be in the know

GEORGE LANDAU WAS WONDERING why the registered voters of East St Louis, Illinois, outnumbered the population of voting age. Landau is a journalist on the *St Louis Post-Dispatch* with a particular knowledge of computers. He compared a list of voters' addresses with a database of vacant lots, trying to gauge the extent of illegal registration.

Then health authorities finally released to him a computerised record of 11 years of death certificates. Two hundred and seventy dead people were still registered to vote. An Admiral Wherry, tyre repair shop proprietor, was among two dozen corpses who had been regularly voting. Landau, who explains his use of databases in the *Columbia Journalism Review* (May-June 1992), also found the death certificates and his computer useful in identifying coroners who repeatedly failed to investigate suspicious deaths. They would list the cause as 'unknown' when further inquiry may have revealed abuse of a child or an elderly person.

A Connecticut journalist analysed computer records of bail applications in the state courts and disclosed such a pronounced pattern of racial bias that the chief justice set up an inquiry. This kind of enterprising use of computer databases is relatively rare in Australia. Vast opportunities for better journalism beckon.

The dark side of database compilation, access and matching is, of course, potential invasion of privacy. The media and privacy is a theme we will revisit this year in a series of columns about the Fourth Estate. The matter at hand is not use and abuse of databases, but their ownership and control. How shall we distribute the power and wealth that comes with control of these vast electronic warehouses of information?

Landau's efforts are a minor example of how databases are troves of raw material from which knowledge may be manufactured by those with a personal computer, a modem, some training and some imagination. In the US in 1991, total revenues from on-line information services were \$9.6 billion. They exceeded sales of books and journals.

The implications for a nation which is being exhorted to become a 'clever country' and to diversify its economy are plain. The House of Representatives standing committee for long-term strategies, chaired by Barry Jones, has declared that 'Australia has slipped behind other advanced nations in failing to use its intelligence/knowledge to produce brain-based, high value added goods and services.'

One of the major databases of any society is the electronically stored archive of its newspapers. The

capacity of computers to sift, sort and reorganise the material they contain will enhance their value to many. Historians, teachers and social scientists come immediately to mind.

At present in Canberra the obscure Copyright Law Review Committee is briefly the forum for a major struggle for control of the contents of Australia's newspaper databases. Whatever the committee decides, the ultimate decision will be taken by Parliament and the politicians are already being lathered by lobbyists. Australia's major newspaper publishers are trying to get the Copyright Act changed to give them control over the databases and the money they will yield.

The law at present leaves all copyright in a freelance journalist's work with the freelance, but splits copyright in an employed journalist's work between the employer and the employee. Copyright belongs to the employer in so far as it relates to publication in a newspaper, magazine or similar periodical. However, copyright remains with the employee for other purposes such as, say, use of his or her articles by a photocopied clippings service or in an electronic database. With an eye to the revenues being generated by on-line information services in the US, the publishers claim that they should hold all the copyright in the work of employees (except for collected works in book form).

They argue that employed journalists have already been paid for the work when preparing it for first publication; the publishers paid their overheads such as phone costs and travel; electronic publishing threatens newspapers' survival unless it is viewed as an extension of them; the databases are primarily just an in-house research tool to help staff; and to the extent they generate revenue, this is due to the computer's capacity, not the information itself. The Australian Journalists' Association disputes every point and describes overseas schemes where copyright is shared between publishers and employees.

LEAVE ASIDE THE industrial and legal complexities. Of greater significance are the public policy issues raised by this inquiry. (The Media, Entertainment and Arts Alliance, of which the AJA is part, commissioned the Communications Law Centre to prepare its submission on those issues.) It seems accepted that concentration of print media ownership and control in Australia is very high by world standards, and that there are risks in putting so much power into so few hands. The controversy is about how that power is used, not whether it exists. Three groups—News Limited, Fairfax and Kerry

Packer's Australian Consolidated Press—dominate the means by which newspapers and magazines are published, that is, the 'hardware'.

In these circumstances, does it make sense to change the law governing intellectual property so as to concentrate in those same few hands control of the warehouses of information, the 'software'? It undoubtedly makes business sense, as Rupert Murdoch observes in his latest annual report: 'The more we think about our businesses, and the more we look at the whole communications industry in all its facets, the more we define ourselves as a global supplier of what is now called 'software'. For us, the hardware developments that attract so much attention are secondary to our real business.'

IT IS A SOBERING PROSPECT that, through a rather arcane amendment to the Copyright Act, two or three corporations would win control of such a potentially powerful and useful Australian database. They may never doctor its contents to omit or change discomfiting material that finds its way into the initial publication in newspaper form. But they could. They might not set entry prices which exclude from access a large range of the new 'information poor', or potential competitors, or potentially troublesome academic researchers interested in scrutinising their performance. But they could.

On the other hand, if copyright remains split between publishers and employed journalists, then intellectual property law would indirectly act as a brake on the power that competition law has proved unable to check. Since journalists would control the re-use of their work in databases, they would have an incentive to ensure its integrity was protected and its availability wide. Both integrity and availability of data are vital to the economic and intellectual life of an aspiring 'clever country'. Is it time to treat the existing few publishers as 'common carriers'? Perhaps they should have to provide universal access, on fair terms, to the rich databases of newspaper archives that they are developing.

Another step towards reform that would counter-balance the publishers' strength, rather than increase it, would be for Parliament to grant journalists the moral rights that go hand in hand with economic rights under the Berne Convention and the copyright laws of many other countries. Chief among moral rights are: attribution—the right to have authorship of your work attributed to you—and integrity—the right to object to any distortion, mutilation or other modification of your work that would prejudice your honour or reputation.

Paul Goldstein, an American copyright scholar, has posed a more spacious question: to what extent is the common good served in an information age by changing the focus of intellectual property protection from coverage of information to coverage of the artificial intelligence which is used to order it? ■

Paul Chadwick is Victorian co-ordinator of the Communications Law Centre.



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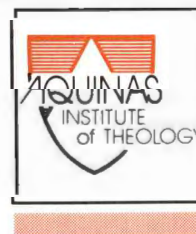
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Hello to Berlin

Damien Simonis knew Berlin well before the Wall came down. He revisited the city in December and heard the stories the Western media aren't telling.

AT A TRAM STOP on the line running under the S-Bahn train bridge in east Berlin's Karlshorst, about 20 Russian officers stand about waiting for the tram. In the dismal, wintry early evening light, the few civilians who are also waiting maintain their distance. The Russians—their uniforms still carry the Soviet hammer and sickle insignia—talk in subdued tones.

A couple of blocks away, a jeep pulls up outside the *Detskii Sad Dryzba (Freundschaft)*—the Friendship Kindergarten—and drops off a stout-looking blonde woman with her child. The vehicles of the former Soviet army now bear Russian markings. On the officers' club noticeboard is posted ... nothing. In the streets around, officers in ones and twos, many carrying briefcases, stomp home to flats that, under a new protocol signed before Christmas by the German Chancellor, Helmut Kohl, and the Russian President, Boris Yeltsin, they must vacate by the end of 1994. The Russians will take with them whatever they can.

Karlshorst, one of the Soviet army's main bases in the former German Democratic Republic, is winding down but remains a disconcerting reminder of a time that ended abruptly with reunification in October 1990. Little more than three years after the wall came down, however, not all Berliners are convinced that things have changed for the better. On the east side, posters went up calling for big pro-socialist demonstrations in January. Some people wish they could have their wall back.

Gert, a 42-year-old east Berlin electrician, is one of them. 'They (the west Germans) are dismantling everything here, even perfectly good, functioning factories. We are becoming a Sicily, and they don't give a damn.' What's so good about reunification? The West is in recession, and turmoil in eastern Europe has robbed the former GDR of its export markets. Gert is sceptical about talk of revitalising Germany's east. A friend adds that the 'Africans' are taking jobs from Germans by working for up to two-thirds less, implying that anti-foreign sentiment in such a situation is hardly surprising.

Carsten, a translator who fled the east years ago and recently returned to Berlin, observes that the east

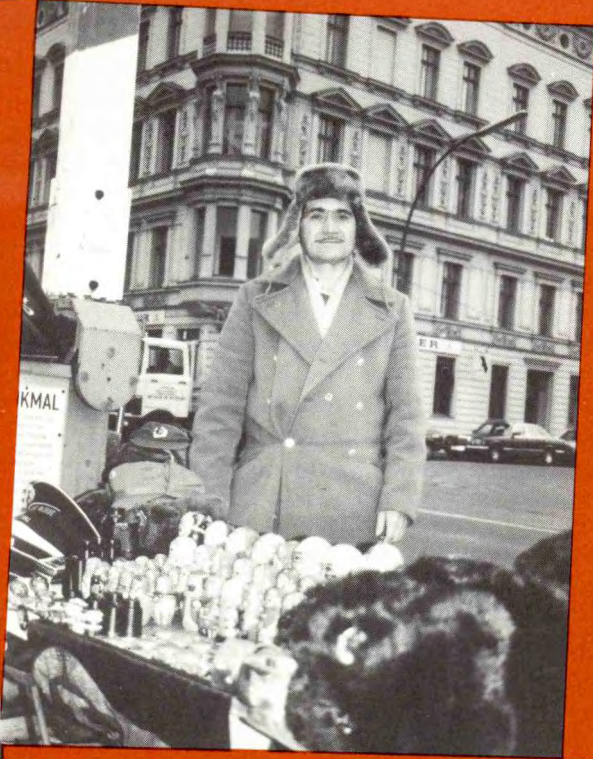
Germans are particularly good at whingeing. 'One minute they are damning the 'Wessis' (west Germans) for their problems, the next we are suddenly all Germans together, having to deal with foreigners.'

With economic uncertainty has come frustration, in the east and west of the country, and the frustration has been accompanied by violence. At least 17 foreigners died at the hands of 'Nazi-skins' in 1992. Jürgen, a successful insurance agent who lives in east Berlin's Prenzlauer Berg, is struggling to come to terms with the wave of racism. 'In all the years of the GDR,' he says, 'we never had any such experience.' Jürgen heard about the August riots in Rostock while in New York: 'I was ashamed to be German.' Ashamed, but convinced too that the media, especially outside Germany, are doing their share to make things seem worse than they are. 'The huge demonstrations against the violence go practically unnoticed, but when a few people commit these crimes it is reported all over the world.'

In the week before Christmas, as hundreds of thousands of Germans joined peaceful, candle-lit rallies (*Lichterketten*, or 'Light Chains') and protests against violence, a young Moroccan was killed in suspicious circumstances in France; an incident that rated little mention anywhere. Resurgent racism and extreme right-wing parties, such as the Front National in France and Belgium's Vlaams Blok, are a growing problem throughout Europe, but the emergence of numerous extremist groups in Germany has reawakened old fears in her neighbours.

Europe has not forgotten, and people, young and old, are pointing the finger. *Le Monde*, the left-of-centre Paris daily, carried a story in November about Germans being killed by Polish skinheads, but such reporting is rare. Carsten agrees with those outside Germany who believe that the racist violence there is more sinister





of the *Verfassungsschutz*, a body that monitors potentially anti-constitutional activities. The Republicans, who have disavowed the skinhead violence and like to think of themselves as the 'respectable' face of the extreme right, akin to Jean-Marie Le Pen's Front National in France, won 10.9 per cent of the vote in the Baden-Württemberg state elections last April. The Hamburg news magazine *Der Spiegel* commented on the observation order: 'No small measure of electoral tactics is involved, since the Christian Democrats (CDU) and particularly the CSU [Christian Social Union, the CDU's Bavarian sister party] must be worried that the Republicans will inflict

East of the Wall, where hearts are free: Teresa Brewer never sang it but this Turkish souvenir salesman (inset), who plys his trade where Checkpoint Charlie used to be, is intent on putting it into practice. The Wall itself (behind) is now only a memory, of course, but Berlin is a divided city in other ways.

than it is elsewhere. 'The failure of the state to act (in Rostock) was a deliberate political move aimed at heating up the asylum debate, and to increase pressure to clamp down on migrants.'

Last year almost 400,000 asylum seekers entered Germany, far more than in any other European country. Article 16 of the federal republic's basic law (constitution), which guarantees political refugees the right of asylum, has become one of the most talked-about points of law in the country, and in December the ruling Christian Democrat-Free Democrat coalition and the opposition Social Democrats reached a compromise on proposed changes to the law. Under the new Article 16a the flow of immigrants can be halted if neighbouring countries cooperate, and Poland, the main transit country, is being encouraged to seal its eastern and southern frontiers—especially in view of the dropping of travel restrictions in Russia on 1 January this year.

IN MÖLLN LAST NOVEMBER three Turks died in a fire started by right-wing thugs, and since then authorities have been under increasing pressure to be seen to be doing something. Several right-wing groups have since been banned and business groups have joined in, with companies in Berlin and elsewhere sacking employees for racist behaviour. Public figures express their dismay on television and politicians, at last, openly regret the developments; but some people, including Jürgen and Carsten, feel the reaction smacks of 'some of my best friends are foreigners'.

Franz Schönhuber's populist Republican Party has been put under 'observation' on the recommendation

dangerous losses on their right flank.'

For decades Germans, in the west at least, have talked about *das Bewältigen der Vergangenheit*, an expression meaning something like 'coming to terms with the past', but implying a digestion of the past to the point of not having to deal with it anymore—a hopeless endeavour, as the year's events and the reaction to them in Germany and outside have shown.

Every day, alongside reports of attacks on foreigners in the U-Bahn and elsewhere, Berlin newspapers publish appeals to show solidarity with foreigners and to join anti-right demonstrations. Anti-racist signs have appeared in shop windows and on notice-boards outside bars and restaurants. In Kreuzberg, a cosmopolitan and once working-class suburb in west Berlin, with a big Turkish population and hard up against where the Wall once stood, placards have been hung outside blocks of flats. 'We mourn the victims of violence,' one proclaims in German and Turkish.

For many, racism and being German go hand in hand, but this is not the whole story. Berlin has a tradition of religious and ethnic tolerance virtually unparalleled in Europe, and in the 18th century the city's gates stood open to Protestant Huguenots chased from France and to Jews departing Vienna. According to the left-wing historian Bernt Engelmann, Berlin's population then included Scots, Swedes, Hungarians, Finns, Siberians and even black Africans. Freedom of religion was the norm and 'old Fritz', Frederick the Great, supposedly declared: 'May the French and Turks people Berlin!'

The latter arrived 200 years later, mostly to do work no one else wanted to do. In Berlin, the Turks are concentrated above all in Kreuzberg. Angelina, 24, an un-

While Britain and France continue to devote enormous energy to the painfully slow progress to European union, Germany's attention is shifting increasingly to its navel. Added to the debate over asylum seekers and racism, and growing concerns over the state of the economy, has been a debate over Germany's role in the world.

employed single mother, says there are problems in the schools because 'some of them have 80 per cent Turks, most of whom can't really speak German. For the German kids that's disastrous, and some Germans just don't send their children there. But generally the Turks and Germans don't get on so badly here. Maybe there's more trouble in some of the other more working-class areas.'

Three years after the demolition of the Wall, no one can really believe that it was ever there. Andrea, 26, a post office employee, could once see the Wall on three sides of her Kreuzberg squat; but, after the initial excitement, its removal has made little difference to her life. 'The changes are on the other side.'

The divide was not as unnatural as some suppose. With the exception of Mitte, the centre of government, the east Berlin districts that made up the Soviet sector (known to west Berliners as 'the Zone') were working-class with a long red history. The allied sectors that eventually became west Berlin had, with a couple of exceptions such as Kreuzberg, Wedding and Neukölln, historically been the home of the well-to-do.

Hermann, a 30-year-old English literature student, is one of those who secretly long for the Wall: 'West Berlin was a cosy, provincial place, with lots going on. Now it is an imperial city again.' It was also, he admits, a totally subsidised city, with numerous incentives to live and invest there—including a waiver on military service for all those who could show proof of residence. The subsidies and the cosiness are gone, 'and', laments Hermann, 'the traffic has become so bad.'

One of the hottest subjects of debate in west Berlin is the traffic, though by the standards of many big cities it is hardly overwhelming. Protests against integrating the two Berlins' road systems with ring roads and the like have unleashed a furious response from the 'Wessis'. Next to placades denouncing Nazis are posters exhorting: *U-Bahn statt Autowahn*—Trains, not car craziness.'

Neon has come to east Berlin. As the old, mostly government-run stores disappeared, western stores moved in, among them the Kaiser's (sic) supermarket chain. At Checkpoint Charlie, once the only point where foreigners could cross into the comfortless grey of Friedrichstrasse in Mitte, the huge East German control station has been swept away. All that is now to be seen is a large placard: 'The American Business Center at Checkpoint Charlie is being built here, beginning 1993.' Nearby, the British Bookshop is doing a roaring trade, and further up Friedrichstrasse the United Colours of Benetton have established themselves.

Not only the big chainstores have moved east. Turks in west Berlin have been quick to fill a gap in the east Berlin market by opening up kebab takeaways all over. Many U-Bahn and S-Bahn stations have been transformed into bazaars, where everything from contraband cigarettes to CDs can be had.

Whatever the fears that Germany will slide into deep recession, Berlin is undergoing an unprecedented building boom. The Berlin Senate revealed in December that 20 billion marks had been invested in 1992 alone. Senator Wolfgang Nagel crowed: 'Berlin is going to experience the building boom of the century in the years to 2000 (in which year, coincidentally, Berlin hopes to stage the Olympic Games) and become the 'Crane Capital'.'

When Berlin was cut in two, industry and commerce fled. It is coming back. In a symbolic move the *Deutsche Bundesbahn* (German Federal Railways) has announced that it will move its headquarters from Frankfurt/Main to Berlin, prior to merging with its incongruously named eastern counterpart, the *Deutsche Reichsbahn* (German Imperial Railways), in 1994.

While Britain and France continue to devote enormous political energy to the Maastricht saga and the painfully slow progress to European union, Germany's attention is shifting increasingly to its navel. Added to the debate over asylum seekers and racism, and growing concerns over the state of the economy, has been a debate over Germany's role in the world. Helmut Kohl's Christmas present to the nation was a decision—taken after parliament went into recess—to send German troops to Somalia. The opposition claims this contravenes the basic law, which forbids the dispatch of German combat troops beyond the Nato area.

And, in the continuing attempt to master its past, Berlin has been hosting the trials of some of the GDR's leading lights. The most conspicuous of the accused, until charges against him were dropped in mid-January, was Erich Honecker, the 80-year-old former head of the communist state. Honecker, assumed to be ultimately responsible for the deaths of east Germans who were shot as they tried to flee to the West, had been facing 13 counts of manslaughter. The question of his guilt, however, was overshadowed by the moral implications of subjecting a cancer-stricken, one-time victim of Nazi imprisonment to a trial he would probably not have survived.

As federal authorities dithered over prosecuting Honecker, the Berlin Senate began a furious debate about whether or not to name a street after west Germany's greatest socialist, and the father of *Ostpolitik*, Willy Brandt. Brandt died in October, and the rule on naming streets stipulates a minimum wait of five years after the subject's death. The senate, however, seems unable to tarry in 'digesting' even that part of Germany's history.

■
Damien Simonis is *Eureka Street's* European correspondent.

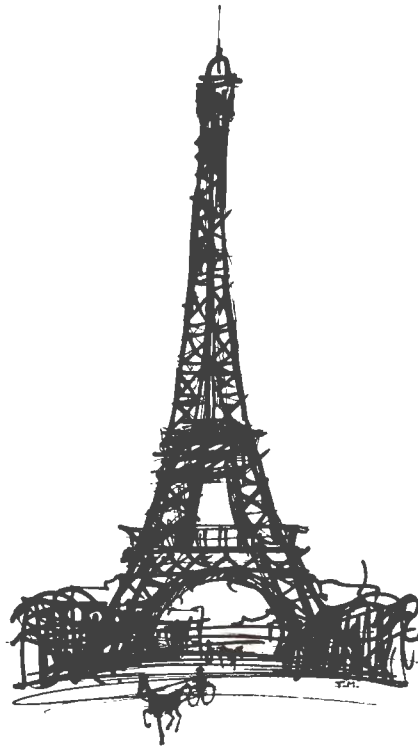
Paris on the trot

SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO, the trotting meeting at Vincennes required—of a youngish Australian—the suspension of disbelief and a set of nail-clippers. The latter equipment was necessary to bet, because the *cours* and *cheval* numbers had to be clipped from a card. Credulity was essential because in France (as once upon a time in Australia) races were still ridden at the trot (*monté*) as well as being driven (*attelé*) in the fashion familiar to us.

These Euro-days at Vincennes, an all-tote system dispenses with the clippers, although it has not hastened the posting of dividends. The dilapidated hippodrome of the mid-1970s has been renovated. Punters now mill in a heated auditorium from which they can bet and watch the races; listen to *Ain't She Sweet* on the piped music channel; feast on a 'trotting burger' (\$8), dine at Le Sulky or Le Paddock, all without stepping outside into this freezing fog.

Vincennes is situated in the wood of that name, east of Paris, near the confluences of the Marne and the Seine, and Euro-Disney. To the west, the Bois De Boulogne is home to jumping and flat racing, at Auteuil and Longchamps respectively. The new year's day meeting at the Vincennes Hippodrome featured ten events, the most valuable of them the Prix Du Croise-Laroche, worth \$135,000. The morning began with a delicate snow flurry. The temperature never edged past -4C, although the sun made a brief, apologetic entrance, at 3pm, after the fourth.

Paris-Turf was this punter's guide to proceedings. An estimable daily, which even covers show-jumping (imagine that in the *Sporting Globe*) *Paris-Turf* is solemnly exhaustive—and not much help—as a form guide. Its idiom is the macaronic one of international racing. Horses need to be *trouvant un lot* to be a chance. Apprentices are *lads-jockeys*, a *dead-heat* is just that, while *la ligne droite* is where the horses finish. Abbon, my fancy in the main race, was grudgingly praised: *'Il peut avoir son mot à dire'*. Being a five-year-old, Abbon had no choice but to be named A... According to French trotting rules, all six-year-olds' names begin with V, seven-year-olds' with U, eight year olds' with T.



Other aspects of racing at the Hippodrome are less regulated. When the 18 runners came out onto the back dirt track for the mounted trot, they competed for room with horses being driven in preparation for later races, and with tractors temporarily smoothing the surface. Trying to warm up, horses steamed in the cold. The race began satisfactorily, so that the false start man could scurry back to the fence with his red flag.

Ridden demurely along, by jockeys whose aching buttocks made them grimace with every bound, the horses passed the grandstand to the generic groans and cheers of punters. Many sported scarves that were Burberry copies, a sartorial gesture which might not take hold at Moonee Valley. The race-caller gave a diffident and enfeebled commentary, defeated not so much by this comic spectacle as by technology. The TV van that raced the ambulances and stayed just across the inside rail from the horses, outdid him with the brilliant, distracting images it relayed to the giant in-field screen.

After two mounted trots and one *départ à l'autostart*, the French proved that they could also stage a boat race, when Alexane was allowed to go out to a big lead and was never challenged in the Prix D'Angoulême. By this time I had put the day's expenses down to experience. Fortunately this kind of racing is not idly known as the 'Red Hots'. In the big race, one horse was soon distanced, another was pulled up just before it hit the grandstand rail. The two favourites, Vanilie and Akarad Boy, were left clear with fifty metres to run. Then one broke, and the other went out in sympathy. While they crossed the line first and second, under the unforgiving rules of this game, both were disqualified. Along came Abbon at 14/1, his number and curious path to victory being semaphored just before I tore up my ticket. Schooled, it seems, in the old-fashioned taciturnity of the Australian horseman, Abbon's driver, J.C. Monclin, remarked merely that this was not a bad way to start the new year. Heading back to Montmartre Square for the day, I could only agree. ■

Peter Pierce is *Eureka Street's* turf correspondent.

How not to fund research

The system for allocating research funds in Australia's universities simply isn't paying off.

JOHN DAWKINS MADE THREE fundamental changes to tertiary education. First, he abolished the binary divide between universities and colleges of advanced education. Secondly, he encouraged tertiary institutions to amalgamate to form large, multi-campus universities. Finally, he changed the way research in universities is funded. The first two changes are the most conspicuous. The re-badging they led to is visible from the street. The third change is the most important, for the oldest reason in the world—money. It is also where he went most seriously wrong.

Before the abolition of the binary divide between universities and CAEs, the bulk of the money for research went to the tertiary institutions then called universities (the pre-Dawkins or pre-1987 universities) as opposed to those called advanced colleges (and institutes of technology), and most of that money was divided among them according to staff and student numbers. This was achieved principally by making the per capita element in funding for universities much higher than the per capita funding for the colleges.

Significant monies were competitively allocated by central committees—the Australian Research Grants Committee, and the National Health and Medical Research Council (NHMRC), for instance—to particular major research projects, and some account was made of the different needs of different disciplines (research in chemistry needs more money than research in pure mathematics), but the basic carve up was in terms of size.

The philosophy behind this approach was that all staff at a university should be involved in research, and

that, in any case, university-level teaching goes hand in hand with research; accordingly, a certain percentage (often nominated as 33 per cent) of each staff member's salary should be thought of as a grant for research. The system was easy to administer, and attractively egalitarian (at least for those in the institutions then called universities!). It was indeed one reason for the absence among Australian universities of the pecking order so distinctive of the university systems of, for instance, the United States and Britain.

This system could not survive the abolition of the binary divide. The disparity in the research performance and research needs of the different institutions now called universities is too marked for it to be sensible to assign most research funds on the basis of size. Also, Dawkins and his advisers (particularly his advisers—the concerns that follow were particularly urged by those in the public service and academe advising the then Minister of Education) objected to the way the old system tended to militate against concentrating money in areas of research strength. They did not like its egalitarian cast, and the way it gave student demand a major role in determining the allocation of research funding.

A major factor in settling staff numbers in universities is student demand—if a lot of students want to study Italian, then more teachers of Italian are needed. Hence any system which, in effect, treats a certain percentage of a staff member's salary as money towards research automatically gives student demand a major role in the allocation of research funding. Finally, the old system was not competitive enough. The advisers wanted more carrot and stick.

WHAT DAWKINS AND HIS ADVISERS sought was a system for allocating research monies between the tertiary institutions, now all classed as universities, that discriminated between them on the basis of research performance, and that encouraged concentration of research effort in areas of strength. They came up with the following: the money the pre-Dawkins universities would have got under the old system for running

One of the best ways of ensuring that money is well spent is to attach a penalty to spending it badly. It has been widely remarked that one of the big problems with governments picking winners is that the pickers are not risking their own money.

expenses (equipment and, mainly, salaries) is significantly reduced by cutting their recurrent grants (by around \$65 million in 1991)—the notorious clawback. (Student to staff ratios at the pre-Dawkins universities have increased sharply during the past 10 years.)

Most of this money is placed in a central fund controlled by a body created in 1988, the Australian Research Council. A small percentage goes to the NHMRC—to the justified annoyance of those universities that do not have medical schools and so are in the position of contributing to a fund that they cannot realistically access.

The bulk of the money that goes to the ARC is put up for competitive bidding by individual staff members under the Large Grants Scheme (a misleading name—anything over \$15,000 counts as a large grant in the humanities, anything over \$25,000 in the sciences). The remainder of the money is then distributed to the universities on the basis of the overall success of their staff members in attracting large grants.

In addition, there are substantial separate funds for research infrastructure (libraries, animal houses, and the like), and a research component in what is called the relative funding model for university operating grants. Again, how much money a university gets under these latter two heads is largely determined by the success of its staff in attracting large grants (and grants through Commonwealth granting bodies in general, but the ARC large grant performance is the most important element). (For a detailed summary of the current system, see 'Funding the fabric', ASTEC occasional paper no. 14, Feb. 1991.)

What is so wrong with this system?

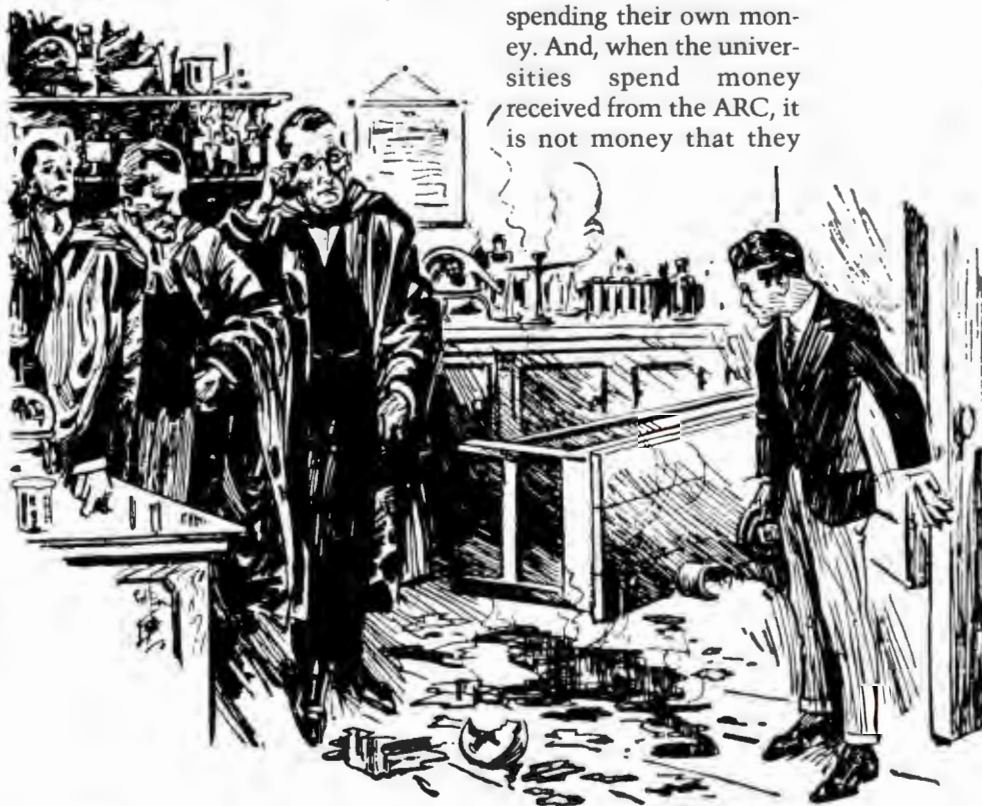
- It encourages expensive research over cheap research. Universities now employ people to go around to staff with strong research records urging them to apply for grants, and they hold meetings at which staff are urged to think of research that costs more rather than less, and, in any case, costs enough to qualify for a large grant. And the universities really have no choice in the matter. Each has to try and snare as much money as possible by way of large grants, and Commonwealth grants in general, because of the implications for its overall share of the research cake.

- It encourages undue concentration on what others will think of your research, and on what is 'in vogue'. The same people who drum up applications spend a good deal of time discussing, not what they, or the potential applicants, think is the most important research waiting to be done, but what the ARC, its advisory panels, and its assessors, will think. Novelists are rumoured to write books for the Booker prize committee; it is a com-

monplace that academics write research proposals for the ARC panels. This has had a very serious effect on university autonomy in research. Although the government regularly declares that it fully supports universities making their own decisions about the direction of their research, the system it has put in place has had exactly the opposite effect.

- It takes the pain out of making mistakes. One of the best ways of ensuring that money is well spent is to attach a penalty to spending it badly. It has been widely remarked that one of the big problems with governments picking winners is that the pickers are not risking their own money. The ARC, its panels and assessors (and Commonwealth granting bodies in general) are not

spending their own money. And, when the universities spend money received from the ARC, it is not money that they



'The system gives enormous power to a relatively small group of academics ...'

could have spent elsewhere. Although there is a sense in which bodies like public universities never spend their own money, they sometimes spend money that they could spend elsewhere, and that is an important source of discipline. Economic rationalists can agree with old-fashioned liberals in valuing autonomy.

- Too much money is handed out too quickly on the basis of too little information. The ARC, its panels and assessors, have, of necessity, to evaluate a very large number of applications in a comparatively short period of time. Often the applications are in areas in which they are not especially expert, and often the applicants are not well known to them.

- The system gives enormous power to a relatively small group of academics—those on the ARC, and its advisory panels. Universities which are poorly represented on



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**Crime and Older People will
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- . **The development of victim support associations for older people**
- . **The abuse and neglect of older people.**

The aims of the conference are to identify and develop national crime prevention strategies and policies for older people; and to examine approaches to enhance the quality of life of Australia's older people.

The conference will be held at the Hyatt Regency Hotel, North Terrace, Adelaide, from February 23 to 25, 1993.

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the panels or which do poorly in the competition often complain—usually, but not always, off the record—of bias. I know of no evidence of bias—the universities that do well in the competition for funds are, by and large, the universities you would expect on general grounds to do well—but it is human nature to think that the people at your university are just that little bit better on average than those at another university, and it is undeniably a feature of the system that it is very much in the interests of your own university that it should do well in the grants competitions.

- The system is devaluing teaching in universities, particularly in the former colleges and institutes. With the abolition of the divide, their remit includes research and post-graduate training, but the only way they can get the needed funds is by boosting their position in the research grant league table. Good teaching is irrelevant to this.

- There is also a political problem with the present system. It has far too many losers. One result of the drumming up of grant applications is that there are many more applications, including very worthwhile applications, than there are grants to hand out. From 70 to 80 per cent of all large grant applications will fail. Hence, each year, instead of getting good publicity for supporting research, the government gets bad publicity for the number of worthy projects that fail to receive support.

What should be put in place of the present system?

A simple return to the old system is out of the question—the money is not there for per capita research-level recurrent funding for all universities. What we need is a system that preserves the element of performance-based ranking in the present system but which achieves that ranking by direct evaluation of the research performance of each institution rather than by the success of its staff in attracting grants handed out by independent bodies. That way each university, when disbursing funds to support individual research projects, would be subject to the discipline that comes from spending money that it could spend elsewhere; would be assigning funds on the basis of a close acquaintance with the research and researchers involved; would be rewarded for finding cheaper ways of doing a given job; and would be making its own decisions about research policies.

There would still be a role for the ARC, but a reduced one, akin to the role once played by the ARG. Some projects, particularly but not exclusively in the sciences, require support beyond the resources of any individual university, and it is appropriate that they should be subject to an externally run, competitive bidding system.

And, of course, someone would have to take responsibility for the performance-based research ranking of the universities! ■

Frank Jackson is professor of philosophy in the Research School of Social Sciences at the Australian National University.

A spat over the Spratlys

ON THE FACE OF IT, the paths of those ancient rivals, China and Vietnam, should be converging. In December last year a visit to Hanoi by China's Prime Minister Li Peng—the first head-of-government visit in two decades—seemed to mark a new spirit of co-operation. China handed its Vietnamese hosts a modest \$US14 million in aid, and treaties were signed covering economic, technical and scientific collaboration between the two countries, each of which is trying to make market economics fit the mould of its Stalinist politics. Tensions over Cambodia are subsiding, so both nations' leaders solemnly pledged peace—and diplomats in the region scarcely believed a word of it.

The reason why many officials in Kuala Lumpur, Singapore and Canberra fear that a shooting war between the two northern neighbours is a possibility as the decade continues can be found 1000 kilometres south of mainland China, in the Spratly Islands. The archipelago comprises about 600 small islands, reefs and cays scattered across the South China Sea. In themselves, the coral specks have little value. But speculation that oil deposits off Vietnam's south-east coastline may have their counterpart under the Spratlys means no potential claimant to the area can afford to take chances.

The Philippines, Malaysia and Taiwan all assert sovereignty over some of the islands, with personnel on a dozen of them, and Brunei's claim is solely to its territorial waters. But China and Vietnam, with 30 islands occupied between them, have more extensive aims. Vietnam bases its claim to the archipelago on the fact that in the 1930s France linked the islands to its Indochinese colonies. And China's interest, oil or no oil, reflects an unstated desire to become the regional superpower after the United States withdraws—Beijing claims not only the islands but the entire sea, right up to the coastal waters of Vietnam, the Philippines, Brunei and Malaysia.

'China is remaking the empire after a period in which it has had a kind of international pariah status,' said a senior official in the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade. 'They're thinking about their role 50 years on. China sees itself as the pre-eminent power in Asia in the next century ... in the leadership there are notions of grandeur ... they see themselves as better than Japan next century.'

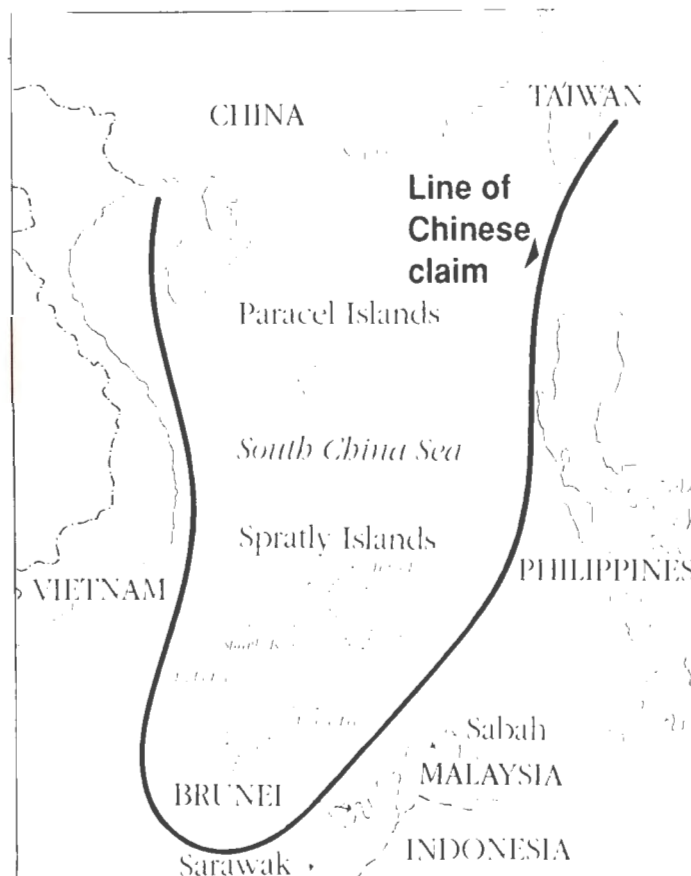
Whether or not the general analysis holds true, there can be no doubt that China is serious about the Spratlys. It has installed aircraft-refuelling facilities in the Paracel Islands, an archipelago halfway between Hain-

an island and the Spratlys, which it seized by force from South Vietnam in early 1974. And blood has already been spilled over the southernmost of the disputed islands, which the Chinese know as Nansha and the Vietnamese as Truong Sa. In March 1988, the Chinese seized six islands, in the process sinking three Vietnamese ships and killing 72 sailors.

All the claimants talk of a negotiated settlement to the question, while continuing to fortify their own fragments of the jigsaw puzzle. Asia has become the home of that previously threatened species, the arms race, with Asian nations spending \$86 billion on defence in 1990. Not only China, but Taiwan, Malaysia, Indonesia, Singapore, the Philippines—and, of course, Australia—are beefing up either naval or air power or both.

IN THE SPRATLYS, some of the beach defences are of the cocktails on the terrace kind—Malaysia has opened a tourist resort on the island of Layang Layang, and the Philippines last year threatened to follow suit on one of its islands. As Von Clausewitz might have said, war is simply a continuation of sunbathing by other means.

But, despite some posturing—last year the head of the Philippines armed forces threatened to fight to defend his country's claim—it is the dispute between China and Vietnam that counts. China is the only claimant capable of launching an invasion of the Spratlys, and Vietnam is the only claimant capable of putting up even a token defence. According to the Foreign Affairs official quoted above, however, there are two non-military factors putting pressure on China to refrain from



China is remaking the empire after a period in which it has had a kind of international pariah status ... in the leadership there are notions of grandeur ... they see themselves as better than Japan next century.

—AUSTRALIAN FOREIGN AFFAIRS OFFICIAL

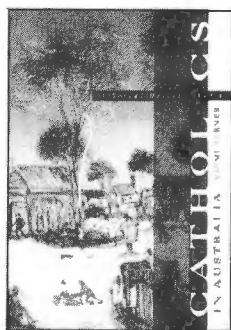
force. The first is a question of prestige. Would the country's role and standing be hurt by making too harsh a stand over what may end up being simply what they appear to be—specks in the sea? The second is more practical. South-East Asian capital is helping to fuel the economic boom in southern China—would aggression cut off that line of supply?

If that leverage were effective, a settlement could be reached whereby China maintained its assertion of sovereignty while in practice making compromises, along the lines of Australia's muted claim to Antarctica. In the short term, however, China continues to press its case. In February 1992 it passed a law claiming all the islands. Then in May it hired an American company to explore for oil in an area between the Spratlys and the Vietnamese coast, an area Hanoi says is its own. In June, China 'invaded' an islet claimed by Vietnam and installed troops. If Beijing is not engaged in provocation, it is certainly attempting to strengthen its hand at any negotiating table.

In a recognition of its weaker position, Vietnam has accepted that other claimants may have a case and has suggested talks by all parties under the auspices of ASEAN, the regional organisation to which three claimants already belong. This has proved to be good diplomacy but poor geopolitics—China continues to argue, from a position of strength, that it is only interested in bilateral negotiations.

That is why there were plenty of smiles at the Hanoi summit—but on the Vietnamese side the grins were fixed. Li Peng was talking about peace, but on his terms. Such a 'friendly' relationship can be precarious. As Panama discovered with the US, and the Baltic states with the former Soviet Union, when a big neighbour gives you a hug, it can sometimes crack your ribs. ■

David Glanz is a freelance journalist.



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Pit stops

Pacific island governments continue to see mining as an easy path to prosperity, but in reality the road is not so smooth.

ONE OF THE IMAGES that will blur into a cliché in this Year of Indigenous Peoples is that of the subsistence farmer or hunter stoutly barring 'multinational' mining corporations from land held by the clan for millennia. The Coronation Hill episode is the great marker of such tensions in Australia, a land whose symbols and values have formerly owed much to its heroic mining past. The Eureka rising was, among other things, a demand for freedom to mine.

The issues relating to mining in Australia's immediate neighbourhood, the South Pacific, are no less complex or controversial. In the era of exploration the excitements of El Dorado had led Westerners to expect that the more remote the island, the more likely it was to contain precious metals. The Solomon Islands were named, in 1567, for their expected gold, not for fresh wisdom. Then, as the Australian and New Zealand gold rushes petered out towards the end of the last century, hopefuls and desperadoes made their way north, chiefly to Fiji, Papua New Guinea and, of course, the Solomons (some have taken the same route since the 1987 stock market crash).

In some cases, mining helped pay for services provided by colonial administrations that would otherwise have depended on copra plantations for local revenue. The great exception was phosphate, which derives mainly from decomposed marine organisms and is found on—indeed, comprises—coral islands, often merged with guano. Australia's wheat industry, and New Zealand's dairy industry, were built on the phosphate of Nauru and of Ocean Island (Banaba). New Caledonia's nickel was once judged to be a major reason for France's determination to hang on to that territory, and the development of a copper mine on Bougainville was fast-tracked to give PNG a substantial source of revenue, enabling Australia's comparatively rapid withdrawal from its colony.

Today the impact of mining can no longer be hidden. Banaba was eventually evacuated altogether and Nauru is a notorious moonscape, even if its population was, for a time, the wealthiest per capita in the world. In Fiji, the Vatukoula gold mine continues to struggle with labour and land problems; Ok Tedi, in PNG's



Western province, has attracted environmentalist criticism; and Bougainville, one of the world's biggest pits, has been closed since mid-1989.

Yet the independent countries of the region are investing in mining and oil as never before. Despite PNG's manifold other problems, the country's Prime Minister, Paias Wingti, has developed something of an obsession with the industry. Fiji, too, is eager to follow suit, and plans for Placer Pacific Ltd to develop a major copper mine at Namosi, in mountains west of Suva, are well advanced.

Mining may be a headache, but it offers the theoretical opportunity to gain a rapid infusion of capital, to develop export income and to revive stagnating economies. PNG, even since the Bougainville rebellion, has organised investment roadshows around the world to stimulate fresh interest in oil and minerals. The PNG budget for 1993 anticipated raising 83 per cent of export income from mining and oil drilling (PNG became an oil producer in mid-1992, after 75 years of exploration). The wide-eyed theme of PNG's multimillion-kina stand at last year's World Expo in Seville was 'PNG: the El Dorado of the South Pacific'. Mining corporation conquistadores, however, might be forgiven for feeling somewhat confused by the more recent statements of Wingti and his Minerals Minister, Masket Iangalio, who have criticised each of the major miners in turn and announced their aim to buy bigger stakes in

PNG's mines—or at least, in the successful ones.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA was the country in which the resource rental tax was introduced by Professor Ross Garnaut, who then brought it to Australia. It has become a model applied by the UN for fair deals between miners and developing countries. During the 19-year life of the Bougainville mine, for instance, 67 per cent of profits were thus retained in PNG; though diverting scarce government funds into such speculative ventures as mining may, by comparison, be considered irresponsi-

ble when other needs are pressing. PNG's 20 per cent of the Ok Tedi copper mine has only now, after 10 years, slowly begun to reap dividends.

Fiji, under Ratu Sir Kamisese Mara, wanted to get into the act, too. Two years ago Mara, as military-installed Prime Minister, made a deal with his Malaysian counterpart, Dr Mahathir—they share an antipathy to Australia—to nationalise the wholesale supply of petroleum, with a new, state-owned oil company obtaining all it needed from Malaysia via Esso. The Fiji government now concedes that the exercise was a failure, and has had to pay out \$F4 million to Esso in compensation and has lost a further \$F3 million in other costs. The lesson is not so much that island governments can't take on the multinationals—though that is a part of it—but that they have to work carefully through their priorities: what services should such governments be providing for their peoples, and how are they to be provided most efficiently and fairly?

During the past 15 years government services in PNG have been declining in rural areas, despite rapid population growth. And one way to restore services has been to devolve responsibility for them—and in effect to devolve authority also—to mining and oil companies. Mines Minister Iangalio has complained that the Porgera gold mine—the biggest in the world outside South Africa—is 'heavily-fenced and guarded by dogs' and 'really looks like South Africa'. The real apartheid in PNG, however, is increasingly that between the wealthy political elite and the rest of the population.

Wingti and his Deputy Prime Minister, Julius Chan, stress that they wish to foster a prosperous PNG bourgeoisie. Mining spinoffs appear the most likely route, and landowners are in the best position to get there. Under Rabbie Namaliu as Prime Minister, after the Bougainville rebellion began, PNG shifted rapidly from an ownership and royalties regime, which stressed the role of the state in channelling resources returns fairly around the country, to a system based on negotiations among landowners, miners and governments. This has

Clearing land at the Ok Tedi mine, Western province, PNG. Photo: courtesy of The Age.

greatly increased the rewards offered directly to the landowners, but it also means that landowners in areas with no commercial prospects receive very little, and the state must forgo much of potential revenue. This development has seen mines become mini East India Companies, sovereign within their own leases, on which they provide schools, roads and clinics and keep order, even if they are pilloried by the government which is their co-owner.

It is difficult to see how such a step can actually lead to the sort of economic 'take-off' to which many in the South Pacific still aspire. Given that Australia's top mining companies are widely regarded as among the most efficient operators in their field, given the location of the island countries, and given the accelerating appetite of East Asia for resources, a trading pattern has developed that can keep income circulating—and economic dependency growing—within the Asia-Pacific region. Mining provides few jobs, and it remains to be demonstrated whether any of the island countries, from Nauru to PNG, can transform their resources income into sustainable development.

The question of land ownership and control is the key. Indeed, this is what identifies indigenous peoples. Perhaps the least fashionable proposition that can be made in this special year is that which Bougainvillean Bishop Gregory Singkai suggested to me after the rebellion had begun: that people should examine the possibility of commercially trading their land. For the fact is that 'subsistence affluence' is no longer an attractive option, or indeed an option at all, for many islanders. Rapid population growth and the concomitant pollution, and aspirations of Bougainvilleans for wider opportunities, including improved education, encouraged the bishop to ponder the indigenous heresy of selling land as freehold. But such an option remains remote. Indeed, every miner expects the children of the landowners with whom an agreement is struck to return 15 years on, to demand a fresh settlement.

Island cultures have proved remarkably resilient in the face of change, eschewing not only the role, but also the appearance, of victims. Like other indigenous peoples, Pacific islanders are aware of the extent to which their cultures have always been evolving, and materialistic. And now mining offers, for some of them, a chance to acquire new possessions at the pace they want. This is a divisive and dangerous process but because there are no clear alternatives it will persist, despite the current controversies.

Even Mick Leahy, a rough diamond from Sydney who led the first patrol into the PNG Highlands seeking gold, and instead found a million people previously uncontacted (that 'first contact' has been powerfully chronicled by the film of the same name), was moved to note in his diary in 1933: 'Good country, good climate, good kanakas. Too good to find gold in.' ■

Rowan Callick is a journalist with the *Australian Financial Review*.

Excluded middles

The recession is heralding a long-term change in Australia's workforce.

THE 'LAWS' OF ECONOMICS have proved to be embarrassingly unreliable of late, but one at least has been reaffirmed: that a trend is accelerated when the economy goes into recession. That is exactly what has been happening in income distribution and the structure of the workforce. Income distribution became more unequal through the 1980s, and this was driven by the decline of middle-income jobs and the growth of low-paid and part-time work.

The widening gulf between upper and lower income groups during the 1980s is documented in a paper published last year by Professor Bob Gregory, of the Australian National University. Gregory's paper shows that one in four male middle-income jobs has disappeared since the mid-1970s, effectively becoming a low-paid job, and this trend has shaped the dispersion of living standards. In the 15 years to 1990 (see graph), 70 per cent of the 1.4 million new jobs created were in the bottom 20 per cent of the wage distribution. Only 150,000 were in the middle 50 per cent but 240,000 were created in the top five per cent.

Gregory's paper, 'Aspects of Australian Labour Force Living Standards: the Disappointing Decades', charts the disappearance of traditional 'male breadwinner' jobs. Relative to the population growth, the number of such jobs in the middle 60 per cent of the wage distribution has declined by 25 per cent during the 15-year period, and the bottom 20 per cent has grown by 15 per cent. In other words, nearly all the job growth since the mid-1970s for males has been in low-paid jobs.

The job losses for male middle-income workers, says Gregory, are on a scale that 'has never before occurred in our history'. The implications of his findings are two-fold: they confirm the disappearance of the middle class, and suggest that those formerly so described are displacing those who were already low-income and unskilled. Gregory talks about a new social group whom he calls the 'working poor'—a group that is low-income and is forced to rely on casual and part-time work.

A total of 270,000 male full-time jobs have been lost since the peak of the job market in 1989, whereas almost 100,000 male part-time jobs have been created in the same period. These figures suggest that employers are 'reshuffling' their employees—sacking males in

full-time jobs and then taking some of them back as low-paid casuals.

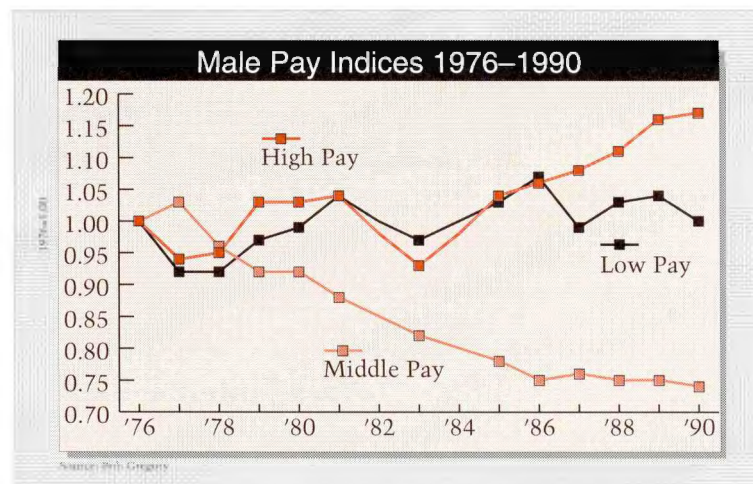
A study published in the latest issue of *Treasury Economic Round-Up*, 'Compositional Changes in the Labour Market', reveals a marked change in the traditional division between 'male' and 'female' work, and full and part-time jobs. Full-time employment for males has declined by almost five per cent in the present recession. There was also a decline in the previous recession, but what is different now is the growth of part-time work. Part-time work for males rose by 11 per cent between September 1991 and November 1992, compared with a rise of 2 per cent in the recovery after the 1983 recession.

The trend for females is similar, although the growth in part-time work has been less dramatic. This, of course, raises the question of whether male workers are taking what have traditionally been seen as 'female' jobs; and, if that is so, what is happening to the women who would otherwise had taken these jobs? 'Since June 1990,' the Treasury study says, 'there has been no employment growth in the "traditional" male full-time industries of manufacturing, construction and wholesale and retail trade. Instead, the largest contributions to male employment have come from part-time employment in the wholesale and retail sector, community services, construction, recreation, personal and other services.'

A study by Professor Peter Saunders, of the Centre for Social Policy Research at the University of NSW, examines income distribution during half a century from 1942 to 1989. The paper, 'Longer Run Trends in the Distribution of Income In Australia', indicates that income distribution was remarkably stable for the first four decades but deteriorated markedly in the 1980s. Between 1981-82 and 1989-90, the share of income for the top 20 per cent of families grew from 44.1 per cent

to 46.9 per cent, and the distribution for the top 16 per cent of individuals rose from 20.7 per cent to 28.1.

Saunders' paper shows that Australia's distribution of income is now almost the same as it was in the 1940s, despite the massive expansion of redistributive measures in the postwar period. In 1942, Saunders says, wel-



fare spending was largely confined to the age and invalid pensions, accounting for 1.5 per cent of gross domestic product (GDP). By 1989-90, the social security budget was three times that amount, 5.4 per cent of GDP.

'Thus, even in relation to the growth in national income', argues Saunders, 'spending in social-security transfers rose more than threefold over the period, with no apparent overall affect on income distribution. This is all the more surprising when it is remembered that virtually all social security payments are income-tested, specifically for the purpose of increasing their vertical redistributive impact.'

Paul Cleary writes for the *Sydney Morning Herald*.

Graphic: Paul Fyfe

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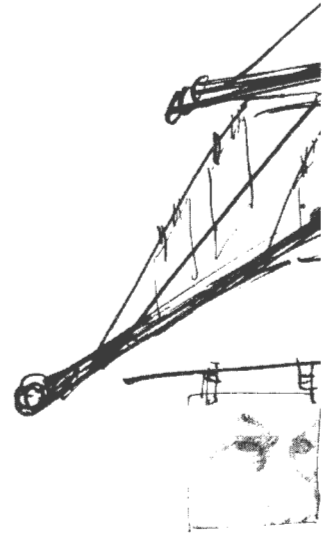
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Three years hard

Andrew Hamilton chronicles Australia's dealings with the Cambodian boat people



He assembled those who pleased him both from far and near, and made himself the tribunal. I was summoned by the same Cyril, who assembled the council, by Cyril who presided. Who was judge? Cyril! Who was accuser? Cyril! Who was bishop of Rome? Cyril! Cyril was everything.

—NESTORIUS, ON CYRIL OF ALEXANDRIA'S PART IN THE COUNCIL OF EPHESUS, AD431

ON 28 OCTOBER 1989 a small boat left the Cambodian port of Kompong Som with 26 people on board. They were setting out on a dangerous journey, by way of Singapore and Indonesia, on which many other boats had never made landfall. A month later the boat arrived at Pender Bay, near Broome, and on 29 November three men went ashore in search of water. They were met by two members of the Djarindjin Aboriginal community, who informed Coastwatch. The next day officers arrived and escorted the boat, subsequently dubbed the *Pender Bay*, and its occupants to Broome.

The Cambodians sought asylum in Australia, claiming that they were refugees from political persecution in their own country. They were the first arrivals in the first significant influx of 'boat people' since the 2000 asylum-seekers who fled Vietnam between 1979 and 1981. Although the total number of Cambodians has not exceeded 600 over three years, they have received a very different reception from that which the Australian government gave to the asylum seekers of the previous decade.

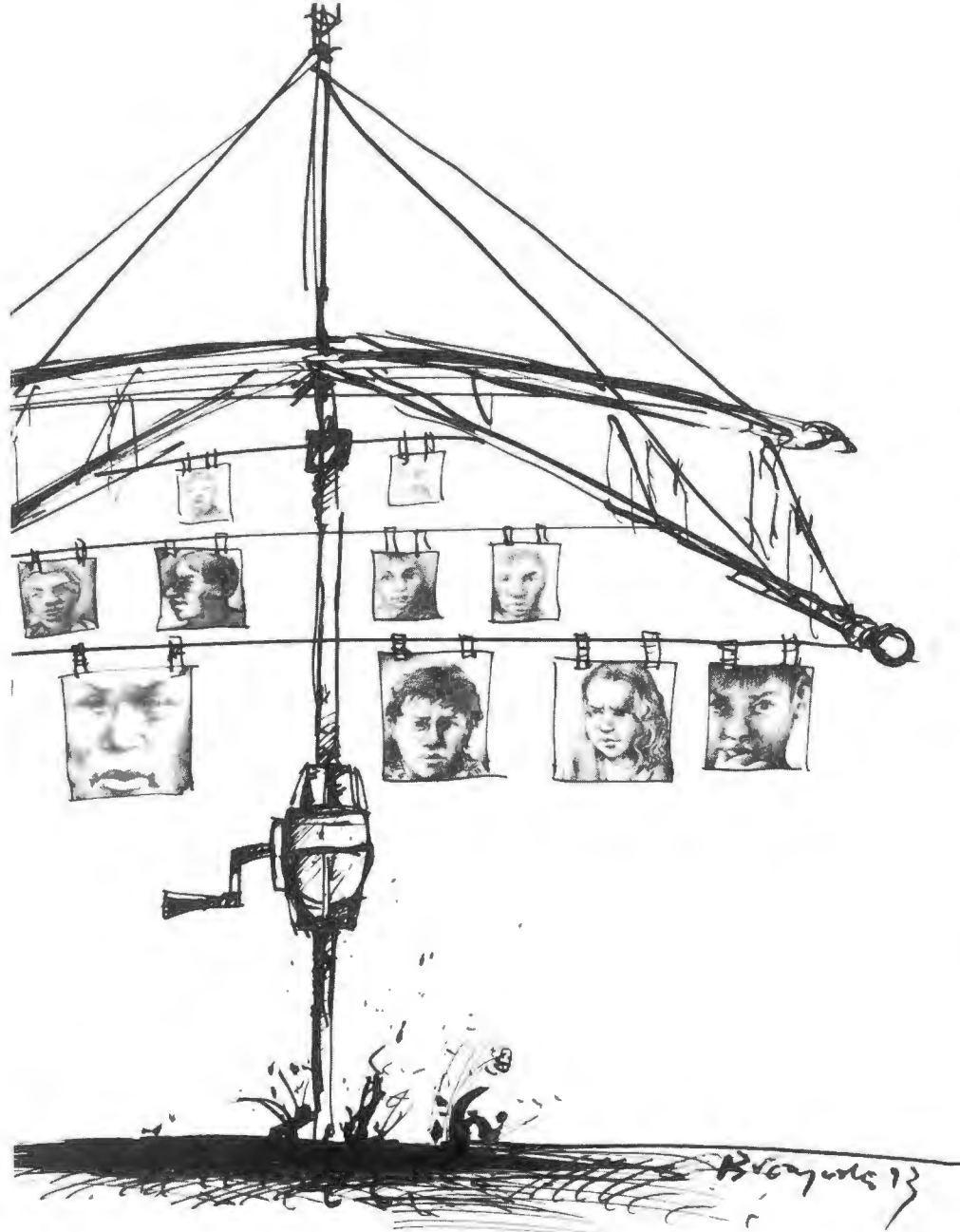
Three years after their arrival, the first group of Cambodians is still in custody, most recently at Port Hedland. Their continued detention was sanctioned by a special Act of Parliament, which decreed that 'no court

may order their release'. The history of the boat people and their reception in Australia merits sustained reflection.

Painful experience of life in Cambodia had made them flee. Most had suffered the disruption and horror of the years under Pol Pot, but had also found oppressive their life under the Hun Sen government. The intense fighting between the Cambodian factions, the practice of conscripting even 14-year-old children to fight, their fear that the Khmer Rouge would again take power in Cambodia, the corruption which had grown with economic liberalisation, and the often violent prejudice against those of Vietnamese or Chinese origin, were some of the memories that they brought with them. These experiences inevitably also affected their experience of life in Australia.

In Broome the Cambodians were questioned by officers of the Department of Immigration. The latter did not offer them legal representation, nor did they mention in their report that the three men had landed on 29 November, despite a Customs report and the information given by the Cambodians themselves. This fact was salient, because it was seemed that those who had landed were 'illegal entrants' and not 'prohibited non-entrants' (see box), and therefore not liable to continued detention. When the Cambodians later applied to be treated as illegal entrants, they were told that their claim was implausible because it had been made late and did not appear in the departmental file.

On 1 December the Cambodians were taken to a farm building at Willie Creek, where they completed their applications for refugee status before two officers of the Immigration Department and Cambodian inter-



preters. The officers who filled in the forms did not inform the asylum seekers of their right to legal assistance. On 13 December 1989, the same officials interviewed the Cambodians about the material in their applications, and promised confidentiality. But on 6 June 1992 a report containing this confidential material, with attribution to a senior official, appeared in the *Sydney Morning Herald*.

On 21 December 1989 the asylum seekers were flown to the Villawood Centre in Sydney. They were next interviewed by officials of the Department late in April 1990, and on 19 June the DORS (Determination of Refugee Status) committee rejected their claim for refugee status (see box). That refusal, however, was not communicated to the asylum-seekers. In the meantime, the Cambodians had been brought into public discussion in ways that appeared to prejudge their case, and to affect their subsequent treatment. On 7 June 1990 *The Australian* reported the then Prime Minister, Bob Hawke, as saying: 'These people are not political refugees ... We have an orderly departure program. We're not going to allow people just to jump that queue by saying we'll jump into a boat, here we are, bugged the people who've

been around the world.'

Thus it was claimed that the Cambodians were not refugees but economic immigrants and queue-jumpers. In fact there was no queue they could have joined, for there was no orderly departure program from Cambodia and therefore no process by which they could emigrate to Australia. In the same article *The Australian* also reported that government officials would visit Cambodia to seek to arrange the orderly return from Australia of Cambodian displaced people and the boat people. Later that month Chinese students, who after the 1989 Tienanmen Square massacre had been promised that they would not be returned to China against their will, were offered temporary residence in Australia for four years. The anxiety that they might be removed from Australia at the end of that time led most later to apply for refugee status.

BY THE TIME the Cambodians from the *Pender Bay* were first rejected, they had still received no legal assistance. Members of the Khmer community in Australia, disquieted by the effect of the seven months of detention on people so vulnerable, and distrustful of

the assessment process, made contact with the NSW Legal Aid Commission. This initiative followed the access to lawyers that had been gained by other groups of Cambodian refugees in Darwin and Melbourne, through the Jesuit Refugee Service.

In Darwin, where 79 Cambodians were detained in June, some lawyers had volunteered to work with the Cambodians through the Darwin Support Group for Cambodians. They were not funded for the work, and had to work in their spare time. In Melbourne the Refugee Advice and Casework Service was permitted in July to review eight Cambodian cases that had already been processed, and found that the interviews that its lawyers conducted varied in substantial ways from those obtained by the department. This result was inevitable given the reliance of both groups of interviewers on interpreters, and the asylum seekers' natural fears.

After the request by the NSW Legal Aid Commission, the Immigration Minister permitted its lawyers to review the cases, whereupon they sought leave to make further statements. So it was in September, almost a year after their arrival, that the Cambodians of

Continued p27



Legal labyrinth

THE ADMISSION INTO AUSTRALIA of any non-citizen or 'alien' is governed by the Migration Act, which has been amended several times since it was introduced in 1958. Under the act non-citizens generally have to obtain a visa (while overseas) or an entry permit (upon arrival). In straightforward cases, non-citizens—other than permanent residents of New Zealand—who enter Australia without authorisation become 'illegal entrants' and are liable to mandatory deportation after 28 days.

Amendments to the Migration Act in 1989 provided that when an authorised immigration official took non-citizens into custody *immediately* upon arrival, they were deemed not to have entered Australia. The legislation placed no conditions on the detention of these 'prohibited non-entrants', although it envisaged that every effort would be made to deport them on the next available craft.

This provision for summary removal contrasted sharply with the provisions that governed the arrest and detention of 'illegal entrants' who had 'entered' the country. Until a deportation order was made, illegal entrants had the right to be presented every seven days before a magistrate, who had the power to order their release under certain conditions.

The provisions for detention and prompt removal worked well enough in the case of stowaways found aboard foreign vessels; they were not designed to deal with asylum-seekers, whose claims cannot be resolved within a matter of hours or days.

It was a matter of dispute whether the Cambodians who arrived in Pender Bay were 'prohibited non-entrants' or 'illegal entrants'. In May 1992 lawyers acting for them raised the question of their status in an attempt to secure their release on conditions. In response, the government amended the Migration Act to place the legality of their continued detention beyond doubt, and the Cambodians and their fellow detainees were given a special title—'designated persons'. This legislation was challenged in the High Court, and in November 1992 further legislation abolished the distinction between 'illegal entrants' and 'prohibited non-entrants', eliminating the fiction that the Cambodians have not entered the country.

Because the Cambodians have sought asylum as refugees, they are subject to the laws and procedures governing the determination of refugee status. Australia, as a signatory of the UN Convention relating to the Status of Refugees, is obliged to grant refugee status to anyone who meets that convention's definition of a 'refugee'—i.e. to any person who 'owing to a well-founded fear of being persecuted for reasons of race, religion, nationality, membership of a social group or political opinion, is outside his country of nationality and, owing to such fear, is unable or unwilling to return to it.'

When the Cambodians arrived in 1989, the Australian system for determining refugee status operated outside the Migration Act, which made it clear that

refugee status was ultimately to be decided by the Immigration Minister. In practice the minister was advised by a non-statutory body known as the DORS ('Determination of Refugee Status') Committee, which employed a secretariat of seconded Immigration Department officers to interview applicants.

New procedures were devised in 1991, under which an Immigration Department case officer would assess an applicant for refugee status on the basis of his or her application form, to decide whether the claim was manifestly unfounded. If not, the application was studied in detail, taking into account the form, an interview with the applicant and information about conditions in the country from which the applicant had fled. The officer's recommendation was the basis for the final decision, made by the minister's delegate—who was also a member of the Immigration Department. (In May 1992 these procedures were modified to reduce the paperwork involved.)

The Immigration Minister retained a discretionary power, in some cases, to grant residence on specified humanitarian grounds. These grounds seemed to be slightly broader than those governing refugee status, although policy changes made in 1991 suggested that border claimants such as the Cambodian boat people would not have been eligible, on strict guidelines, for humanitarian consideration.

A Refugee Status Review Committee was also established in 1991. Applicants whose claim had been rejected at the primary stage could appeal to the committee, which again made its recommendation to the minister's delegate. The committee was chaired by an officer of the Immigration Department, with other members from Foreign Affairs and Trade, the Attorney General's Department, and a community representative nominated by the Refugee Council of Australia. A representative of the UN High Commissioner for Refugees was present as an observer.

Refusal of refugee status, or any adverse decision made against claimants for refugee status by the minister, was open to judicial review by the Federal Court or the High Court. Such a review could consider only the legality of the decision, not its merits, and challenges to the legality of the decision could be brought by anyone in Australia who felt aggrieved by it.

The chief objections to this application and review process were that it was under the control of the Immigration Department at all stages, and that its decisions were based only on written submissions.

The legislation introduced in November 1992, however, goes some way towards meeting these objections. The review process is now to be conducted by a Refugee Review Tribunal, one member of which will hear each case. The tribunal is appointed by the government but independent of it, the tribunal's decision will be final, and applicants for refugee status will be entitled to an oral hearing. ■

From p25

the *Pender Bay* finally received their first visit from lawyers. The interviews both in Melbourne and Sydney, however, proceeded slowly because of the shortage of lawyers and interpreters and because the department did not fund even a single lawyer for the work until one year later. As a result, the lawyers had to work with the refugees in their free time.

In Sydney, moreover, the department had not informed the lawyers that their clients' cases had already been considered by the DORS committee. It was not until February 1991 that they were able to seek from the department the documentation relevant to their cases. Some of this documentation turned out to have been lost. By this time the Cambodians' first year in captivity had ended.

THE SECOND YEAR THAT the Cambodians spent in detention was characterised by further delays in assessing their cases, and by abrupt interruptions to their lives and cases caused by movement from place to place. The concern of community groups about their treatment and prospects was handled by assurances that all was being done in a proper way, and that the minister would not exclude the possibility of amendment to the regulations to allow those already in Australia to apply for continued stay on humanitarian grounds.

In 1991 new procedures for determining refugee status came into force (see box). The applications had to be reassessed by a case officer, and at the end of April the asylum seekers' lawyers were allowed two weeks to reply to these assessments. On 15 May 1991 the applications for refugee status were rejected by the minister's delegate. The delegate was the same officer who had interviewed the applicants and written out their applications. The Cambodians at Villawood were not informed till 20 May that their applications had been rejected, and the manner of communication was brutal.

The Cambodians were summoned without warning to a meeting and surrounded by a dozen or so immigration officials wearing handcuffs in their belts. They were told through an interpreter that their claims for refugee status had been rejected, that they had 28 days in which to appeal, and that they would be sent to Darwin. They were also given a letter of rejection in English, which was not translated. As a result of this communication all believed they were to be returned to Cambodia. They were given a quarter of an hour to pack a few of their belongings, were denied permission to speak to the other detainees or to make phone calls, and were then forced onto the bus that took them to the airport.

The Cambodians' lawyers were informed only one hour before the move, with no provision to see their clients. The reasons given for this move was that their cases had been now heard, that the accommodation at Villawood was needed for other purposes, and that after this primary rejection it was proper to detain the asylum seekers in a place with greater security. It was the first of many moves for the Cambodian detainees. In August, after some instances of asylum seekers leaving the hostel without permission, the Cambodians in Melbourne were sent to Villawood, which had now apparently become a secure place of detention.

The move followed limited consultation, as a result of which the department agreed to fund access in



Sydney to the legal advisers of the asylum seekers. The Cambodians had been despatched abruptly before dawn, with monitoring and without the use of force, but without being given prior warning. One of their lawyers had been informed the afternoon before, but had no opportunity to see her clients. Those who protested that the procedures followed in Sydney were traumatic and destructive for people whose lives in Cambodia had been plagued by brutal governmental intervention, were informed that these were normal procedures for moving people held in detention!

WHEN THE ASYLUM SEEKERS from the *Pender Bay* arrived in Darwin on 20 May, however, they were housed



in tents at Curragundi, which was later described in a draft report by the Human Rights Commission as primitive and totally unsuitable accommodation for asylum seekers. On 6 August they were moved to Berrimah, in accommodation once used by a youth hostel, where they joined Cambodian asylum seekers from another boat. In Darwin, despite the disruptions caused by their removal from access to the lawyers in Sydney, the legal processes continued.

On 13 August the regulations for seeking refugee status from within Australia were changed to put a time limit of 28 days for making application. A week later additional funds and staff were made available for processing claims. The Cambodians were aided by lawyers from the Northern Territory Legal Aid Commission. But the processes continued to suffer from delays. Although the Legal Aid Commission had been assured that the review committee would begin hearing the *Pender Bay* applications in July, no meetings were held till the end of the year.

MEANWHILE THE IMMIGRATION DEPARTMENT and some others had been considering sending all 'prohibited non-entrants' to Port Hedland in WA. Spokesmen claimed that the site offered greater security, would provide a single location for processing all applicants, was in the region where most boat people would land, and—surprisingly, given its isolation—would be less costly to run. Critics of the move also noted that Port Hedland was isolated from media attention, was close to an international airport, and would make the asylum seekers' access to experienced legal assistance more difficult.

In August the department entered into negotiations with the Refugee Council of Australia to provide legal aid for the asylum seekers who would go to Port Hedland, but then abruptly broke off negotiations on the grounds that these services needed to be put out for tender. Subsequently, however, the Refugee Council received a letter dated 20 September, in which it was asked to submit a proposal to process some 85 people. The submission was to be made by 27 September and the advisers had to be ready to begin work on 1 October. When these conditions understandably failed to arouse interest, the department resumed negotiations with the council. Again the process was delayed and the refugees' detention prolonged by a further month.

In October 1991 all the Cambodian asylum seekers, with the exception of those from one boat who remained in Villawood, were sent to Port Hedland. For the Cambodians, this was yet another traumatic move to an isolated place. By now they had been imprisoned in Australia for almost two years, and their fears grew that they would soon be deported to Cambodia. At a time when they most needed their legal advisers, they were once again separated from them.

Early in 1992 the Human Rights Commissioner visited the Port Hedland facilities, as at other times did representatives of the Refugee Council of Australia and

the Australian Council of Churches. Each body, in its report after these visits, strongly criticised the site. Although the physical environment, administration, food and primary education were generally judged to be adequate, the reports noted that the asylum seekers were not permitted to leave the camp, even to walk along the adjacent beach; that—in contrast even to the punitive camps in Thailand—the asylum seekers received no vocational training; that the department had employed no interpreters apart from those working with the lawyers; that the camp offered almost no access to the local community; and that, in their isolation the Cambodians were further separated from relatives and friends in Australia, both by distance and by the cost of phone calls. The lack of adequate counselling, recreation and



opportunities for cultural experience were also criticised.

The report of the Human Rights Commissioner also questioned whether detention and the conditions under which the asylum seekers were housed were consistent with Australia's obligations under the human rights conventions to which it was a signatory. By the time these visits took place, the asylum seekers had completed the second year of their Australian captivity.

FOR THE CAMBODIANS, the third year of their detention has been dominated by the final rejection of their applications for refugee status. For the Australian community, 1992 has been a year of controversy about legal process and special legislation. It began with the denial of refugee status to the people of the *Pender Bay* on 5 December 1991. The Cambodians themselves, however, did not hear of this rejection until late in January, and then only through the Northern Territory Legal Aid Commission. The latter, although removed from its clients by the move to Port Hedland, was informed of the rejection in a letter dated 22 January 1992. A week later the commission replied by letter to the Refugee Status Review Committee, asking it to reconsider its decision and to allow a reasonable time for the asylum

seekers to obtain legal counsel. The Refugee Council was then contracted to provide legal advice to all the detainees at Port Hedland, and its lawyers began interviews on 4 February. Despite the inadequate conditions for working with clients and processing their claims, the lawyers managed to complete their work by 3 March, and sent the responses to the minister's delegate. This delegate was also a member of the Refugee Status Review Committee, and so had recommended to himself that the refugee status be refused.

On Sunday, 5 April the director of the Refugee Council and the lawyers in Port Hedland were told that the final decisions of the minister's delegate would be handed down the following morning. The lawyers were asked to attend a briefing on 6 April at which it was

for the name of the lawyer who had helped them to obtain the injunction, and then asked him to sign a piece of paper with a few typed lines on it. It was neither read nor translated. He refused, as did the second, and when one of them informed the lawyers, the interviews ceased.

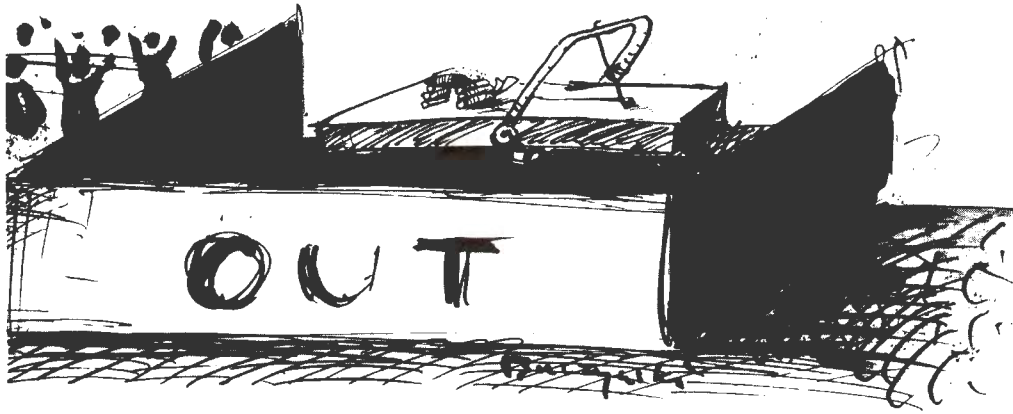
After a complaint was made, the minister explained that the officer had approached two persons to provide confirmation in writing of information which had been given orally earlier in the day. The detainees stated to a lawyer that they had provided no information earlier that day. On 13 April the minister ordered that the delegate's decisions be withdrawn and the final stages of the decision-making process be carried out again, because a defect had been discovered in the procedure. The next day the court case did not proceed, and the minister agreed to pay costs. Neither the detainees nor the lawyers were told what the defect was.

IN THE LIGHT OF THE history that I have recounted, one cannot but wonder what, in the eyes of the department, would count as defective, and whether it would have been noticed without the appeal to the courts.

When the detainees abandoned their proceedings in Darwin,

counsel for the minister agreed that in order to expedite the process, an updated file on Cambodia would be made available to the detainees' lawyers within two weeks, with the latter to reply equally expeditiously. The material was not provided until 12 weeks later, on 12 July. The detainees, however, wished to continue the Federal Court proceedings to seek release from detention. The grounds for this appeal were that the mistake that continued their detention had been made by the government, that community groups of good standing had asked that they be released into the community under their guarantee, and that three of their number who had landed in Australia before the boat was apprehended had in fact been wrongfully detained. The St Vincent de Paul Society had previously offered to support all these detainees. The case was to be heard in Melbourne on 7 May.

Two days before, however, the Migration Amendment Act had been introduced into Federal Parliament. It was passed with the support of both major parties and the Governor-General signed it the next day. The act was directed especially against the boat people. It struck out grounds for their appeal by grouping together as 'designated persons' all boat people who had arrived in Australia between November 1989 and the end of 1992,



confirmed that the applications had been refused and that preparations were being made to deport the detainees. Later the same day, the detainees were handed their letters of rejection.

Although the department refused to give adequate notice of the intention to remove them, the detainees, through the lawyers of the Northern Territory Legal Aid Commission, obtained an injunction in the Federal Court in Darwin to prevent the decisions being implemented. This was followed on 7 April by proceedings in the same court seeking review of the delegate's decisions, and an extension of the injunction for another week. These proceedings were initiated on behalf of the 15 applicants from the *Pender Bay*. At the same time similar proceedings were initiated in Sydney on behalf of 11 Cambodians from another boat who had also been rejected.

Then a bizarre episode occurred, which is perhaps a cameo of the Cambodians' experience in Australia. Four of the detainees, one of whom had been suffering from psychological problems, were called separately to a meeting with immigration officials. Their lawyers who were present in the same building were not informed, and the four detainees were not permitted to speak to one another. The officials asked the first of them



whether they had been apprehended before or after they landed. Furthermore, even if the courts were to order the release of 'designated persons', the act give the department the power to detain them immediately afterwards. The act thus retrospectively deprived the detainees of any possible effect their appeal may have had.

DESPITE ITS SUPPORT by both major parties, this legislation was controversial and on 6 and 7 August the High Court heard a challenge to it. In next month's *Eureka Street* I shall consider the issues raised by this legislation, for they illustrate the character of Australian immigration policy towards onshore asylum seekers. Here I shall merely summarise the arguments made by both sides.

The legislation was strongly criticised on the grounds that it contravened Australia's commitments under human rights covenants, that it at least indirectly involved racial discrimination, and that it retrospectively restricted effective access to the courts. But the minister, and many other politicians and commentators, supported and defended the legislation aggressively. They argued that Australia had to send to the nations of our region a firm signal that people who arrived by boat could not expect to be released into the Australian community. According to this argument, the need for the signal was created by the involvement of lawyers and the courts in Australia's refugee determination.

The part played by lawyers was said to be particularly reprehensible, because they had found employment and profit by delaying the assessment process intolerably, and in doing so had fostered the impression that patient asylum seekers would eventually be allowed residence in Australia. Proponents of the legislation also found fault with community, church and ethnic groups for the pressure that they had tried to bring to bear on the government.

It was further argued that if Australia did not send a firm signal to its neighbours, it would risk being overrun by a flood of asylum seekers who would be an intolerable drain on the Australian taxpayer. Finally, some claimed that to accept the Cambodians' claim for refugee status would contradict the premises on which the peace process within Cambodia was based. Support for the peace plan meant that it was in the interests of Australian foreign policy to minimize rather than exaggerate the dangers of life in contemporary Cambodia, and so argued against the acceptance of the boat people as refugees.

By October there were reports of attempted suicides and of forced feeding in Villawood and at Port Hedland, and renewed public criticism by the minister of the lawyers and agencies representing the asylum-seekers' interests. On 30 October the Auburn District Hospital, to which three of the detainees had been taken after a periodic hunger strike, was declared an annexe of the Villawood Detention Centre. This measure enabled them to be fed forcibly to prevent their premature

death on Australian soil. In November new amendments to the Migration Act, including procedures of refugee determination, were introduced into Federal Parliament. Early in December 60 Cambodians received notice that their claim for refugee status had been rejected, and again won an injunction against deportation until the rejections had been challenged in the Federal Court.

On 8 December the High Court handed down its decision on the amendments to the act that been introduced in May. The court upheld the legality of the detention of the boat people after 5 May but declared that they had been unlawfully detained prior to that date; it stated that the minister and officials of the department were liable for that detention.

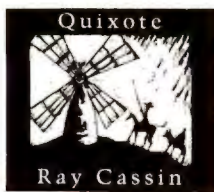
Proceedings were immediately introduced to claim compensation on behalf of some of the asylum seekers. But on 16 December legislation was passed in the House of Representatives that effectively restricted the amount of compensation which any court could pay the asylum seekers to one dollar per day. Earlier the same day it had been revealed that a parliamentary committee had authorised the payment of \$65,000 to the Speaker after he had fallen from a bicycle.

MEANWHILE, ON 24 AUGUST 1992 the first Cambodian asylum seekers had celebrated their thousandth day of their Australian captivity. The cost to the Australian taxpayer of keeping them in unproductive detention is conservatively estimated at \$30 million dollars. But the human cost to the Cambodians has been beyond calculation. There is abundant psychological evidence drawn from the refugee camps of other nations about the effects of detention, particularly unmerited detention, on human beings. It causes depression, diminishment and a despair leading easily to suicide. Those who worked closely with the Cambodian boat people in Australia have been able to confirm the accuracy of these findings. ■

Next month

*The issues raised by the
Cambodian experience.*

Andrew Hamilton SJ teaches at the United Faculty of Theology, Parkville. He has been working with the Jesuit Refugee Service since 1983 and has been chaplain to the Cambodian community in Melbourne.



Nymph can't hack it as a muse

A FILE OF JAPANESE TOURISTS, camera-hung and guidebook-clutching, trundles into the bar. Before they can ask the obvious question, three deaf women sitting near the door decide to answer it for them. The women interrupt their sign-language conversation, and three right hands that a second ago were saying something like 'You wouldn't believe what he did next' are suddenly thrust towards the ceiling, index fingers uppermost.

The Japanese gaze solemnly at this weird Australian *kabuki*, unsure whether they are being invited to photograph it. Then understanding dawns: *Chloe* is not here in the saloon but upstairs in the bistro. The Japanese trundle out of the bar and climb the stairs in search of Jules Lefebvre's painting, no doubt wondering all the while what is supposed to be so special about it.

They shouldn't, of course, because there isn't anything special about it. At least, not as a painting. *Chloe* is an unexceptional late 19th century nude who could only have become notorious in primly Presbyterian 19th century Melbourne. Her notoriety was not a matter of how the artist formed her, but of how she was received by a bar full of sweating males intent on drinking as much as possible before six o'clock.

But now the drinkers include females intent on helping tourists in sign language, and *Chloe* herself has been consigned upstairs, surrounded by more tourists who would probably rather look at the nudes in the glossy magazines on sale at the news-stand outside the pub.

Which is not to say, as my drinking companion is insistently telling me, that she isn't still worth a buck. 'Well, maybe to the pub,' I concede. There's all those tourists. But I can't imagine that they stay longer than one drink. Still less that they come back.'

His face contorts into something approaching an Arthur Daley leer. He has been practising it for at least as long as I have known him—we once worked together on Melbourne's primly Presbyterian morning broadsheet—but has still not got it quite right. But I know what's coming next. He will not actually say 'Have I got a great job for you' but that will be the gist of it.

And it is. 'What do you think of this for a title? *Chloe: The Movie*.'

'Unwatchable. As unwatchable as *Phar Lap: The Movie* or *Bradman: The Movie*. As stupefyingly unwatchable as *Menzies: The Movie* or even *Calwell: The Movie*. People are tired of that nostalgia stuff. Frankly, I think you've got only marginally more chance of selling *Chloe: The Movie* than you would have of selling *Snedden: The Movie*.'

He raises an eyebrow. This gesture is more convincing than his Arthur Daley leer. 'You maybe tired of it. Indeed, to be perfectly honest I am tired of it. But

that's not the point. People, most people, still pay to see nostalgia. Why, saying that no one would want to see *Chloe: The Movie* is like saying that no one would want to see another film about Ned Kelly.'

This time I raise an eyebrow. My gesture must be effective, too, because he leaves poor dead Ned alone and gets back to *Chloe*. 'You write it, I'll sell it and we'll both be rich. You can have her working behind the bar here at Young & Jackson's, during the opening of the Great Exhibition by Lord Melbourne ...'

'Lord Melbourne was dead when the Exhibition opened. And he never visited Australia. More importantly, neither did Marie.'

'Marie?'

'The model for *Chloe*.'

'Oh.' He drops the name of a columnist for the primly Presbyterian broadsheet, who supposedly maintains that Marie died in an upstairs room at Young & Jackson's. Of a broken heart, of course.

'When he's prepared to write that story I'll take it seriously.'

He waves a hand dismissively. 'You can work around the details. We'll have Banjo Patterson spending up big in the saloon, Henry Lawson drinking Penny Black in the front bar ...'

'I think Lawson was more interested in shepherds than in nymphs.'

'Er, quite. Anyway, you can have Tom Roberts and Arthur Streeton upstairs beating on her door. She, of course, will be played by Sigrid Thornton because Sigrid's in all those historical dramas.'

'But she always wears a lace dress and hides behind at least one wagon wheel. *Chloe*, in case you haven't noticed, isn't famous for what she wears.'

'We can workshop that with Sigrid. Anyway, *Chloe*/Sigrid, poor girl, will have a tempestuous affair with each of these selfish bohemians and end up committing suicide because she has been used and abused by them.' He drains his glass and places it on the bar with a flourish. 'Now what do you think of that scenario?'

'It stinks. And it's your buy.'

He orders two pots and sulks. The street door swings open and in marches another file of camera-wearers and guidebook-clutchers. The would-be producer, the reluctant writer, the three deaf women and the barmaid all rise and point towards the ceiling, repeating the ritual of half an hour ago.

He watches the Japanese leave and fashions his face into an even worse imitation of Arthur Daley. 'Have I ever mentioned my idea for a great little karaoke bar called Café Sumo?'

'No, but I think you're going to.' ■

Ray Cassin is production editor of *Eureka Street*.

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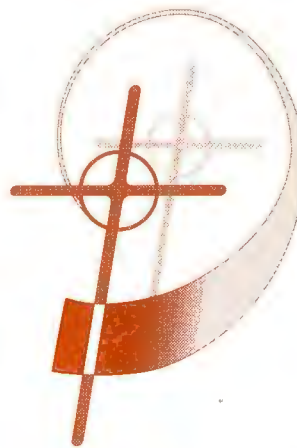
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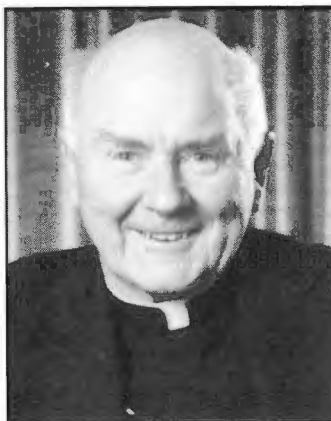
E MADE GOD OUT to be a bastard,'

Monsignor John F. Kelly used to say. Not publicly, of course, for he was a man of decorum. And, although he produced the new Christocentric catechism that eradicated the punitive tone of its forerunners, it is significant that he used 'we', not 'they'; cherishing as well as superseding traditions, he took his share of responsibility for the past as well as the future, much as one has to do for the Fall. He had a fund of waspish *mots*—too many, probably. Most were original but there were also those relished from his methodically wide reading. One he was fond of came from the *Marum* column in the *Catholic Worker*: 'If the Americans had dropped contraceptives instead of atomic bombs on Japan, the protests of the bishops would have been deafening.' It is hardly surprising that 'John F.' was not raised to the episcopacy, in spite of his pastoral gifts.

John F. was born in Mansfield, Victoria, in 1910. His father, Edward (rather than Ned), was a farmer and publican, his family typical of those that produced the first cohorts of priests trained at Corpus Christi College. He passed the Leaving Certificate at Seymour Convent and from there went to become dux of St Patrick's, Ballarat, in 1927. Archbishop Mannix ordained him in 1935. In 1940 he joined the Catholic Education Office and became its director in 1955, when schools were bursting from the postwar baby boom and immigration. He became diocesan censor in 1959 but was not made a domestic prelate until Archbishop Simonds insisted on the honour in 1966. From 1968 until his retirement he was parish priest at Deepdene where, perhaps to the surprise of some contemporaries, who feared his irascibility and his tongue, he was revered by his curates and his parishioners. In 1973 he was asked to establish the National Pastoral Institute. He died with full faculties on New Year's Eve.

John F. was respected not just for his humanity and erudition but for his prescience. In his panegyric Bishop J.P. O'Connell recalled accompanying him on a European tour, to prepare for the writing of his two catechisms. It was far from one-way learning: the experts at the Lumen Vitae Institute in Brussels thanked John F. for teaching them so much. The sort of jibes later made about the Australian bishops at Vatican II would have been misplaced: John F. certainly had heard of the 16th century Reformation, and much beyond. Inspired by theologians like Henri de Lubac and Karl Adam, he had quite early shaken off the combative post-Suarezian theology of Corpus Christi. In the '30s he was an avid reader of Canon Cardijn and Jocist literature, and helped to guide the Young Christian Worker movement.

He gave a great deal of time to YCW pre-Cana conferences, preparing people for marriage. He detested



John Francis Kelly
1910-1992

Jansenist attitudes to conviviality and sex. John F. tackled this problem at its source. Patrick Crudden, his successor as Director of Catholic Education, writes that he was especially concerned that 'nuns, who were responsible for so much of religious education, were mainly uneducated for their task and overeducated in pious practices and puritanical morality. One consequence was that nuns of good will were creating havoc in young lives, especially of young women going into marriage. John F.'s greatest achievement was to turn all this around by providing the nuns with new insight into scripture, theology, morality and the

nature of their mission in the church.' However, says Crudden, he was not a typical director of education. He 'had no defined philosophy of education yet he stood far above his contemporaries ... At all times his work was pervaded by a highly developed sense of justice. He fought a long, hard battle to obtain a fair wage for teachers. He invariably became angered at any sign that people in religion infringed the rights of others.' [*Communique*, the Deepdene parish magazine, 11 July 1985]

But John F. was a complex man: both a prayerful reader of the mystics and a scathing, at times even scurrilous, gossip. He was particularly witty about authoritarian bishops who imagined that they had received political wisdom with the pallium. He resented the Movement deeply, and the banning of the *Catholic Worker* because it insisted on the right of Catholics to vote for any political party other than the Communists. Although he was himself basically apolitical, he had a profound knowledge of Australian Catholic history, and I am indebted to him for his encouragement (and criticism) in the writing of a more realistic than usual appraisal of Archbishop Mannix for the *Australian Dictionary of Biography*. A devotee of Jane Austen and Henry James, he also kept up with Graham Greene, and just before his death was reading Boswell and David Marr's *Patrick White*.

John F. was not without faults. He was prickly as well as gregarious. Crudden tells how he wriggled on chairs till they broke because someone was talking too loudly or too unwisely across the room. These were small matters to the many friends to whom he left a small gesture of hospitality in his will: 'It is my wish that my trustees provide a final repast for all those who have assisted me in so many ways over the years, at which any malt whiskey or other liquid of redeeming qualities is to be savoured.' Unfortunately the guests will miss his bright conversation. ■

James Griffin would like to thank three of Mons. Kelly's friends for supplying reminiscences: Michael Costigan, Val Noone and, especially, Patrick Crudden.



Polymaths make the best maths: Keynes with George Bernard Shaw, Cambridge 1936.

THESE TWO BOOKS have a lot more going for them than the fact that their publication comes at a time when politicians around the globe—our own John Hewson included—are once more taking Keynes' remedies for unemployment seriously. The great strength of both biographies lies at a more fundamental level of reminding us that Keynes unashamedly regarded economics as one of the moral sciences. His central message was that human behaviour could not be modelled on the same principles as classical physics or understood by *a priori* reasoning in which people are reduced to mathematical objects.

Despite the renewed political interest in his work, the neo-classical approach rejected by Keynes in the 1930s is once again dominant in academic journal articles written, as he put it, by theorists resembling 'Euclidean geometers in a non-Euclidean world who, on discovering that in experience straight lines apparently parallel often meet, rebuke the lines for not keeping straight as the only

remedy for the unfortunate collisions which are occurring'. The hegemony of the 'Euclidean geometers', however, is coming under attack from within the profession and from members of a wider public increasingly unconvinced of the merits of making the leap of faith required to embrace neo-classical economics. Fortunately, given this context, both books are by professional economists with a rare feel for the history of ideas.

Skidelsky's 700 page effort is the second of a three volume biography. Moggridge, who edited over 30 volumes of Keynes' papers, manages to wrap up his subject in a single 900 page volume. Although long, neither book should intimidate those not readily absorbed by the intricacies of economic debate. Both authors cater for the general reader by recognising that Keynes is rich meat for a biographer writing in an era when many economists would regard their life's work complete if only the loquacious, the lonely, or the indigent were taught the value of a dollar by the

introduction of 'timed' local phone calls.

A product of Cambridge at the turn of the century, a serious student of classics, mathematics and philosophy with a side interest in such medieval figures as Abelard and Heloise, Keynes was a different sort of economist. Although as fluent in contemporary economic techniques as any of today's breed, he never lost his love of English literature, theatre, and art. A member of the Bloomsbury set, he disappointed many of its members by marrying an 'outsider', a member of the Diaghilev dance company, Lydia Lopokova. He juggled jobs in Cambridge, Whitehall, and the City of London, at the same time as keeping up a formidable scholarly and journalistic output.

DESPITE SOME PRESENT-DAY columnists' dismissal of Keynes as a leftwing 'planner', Skidelsky's subtitle is actually a reference to his subject's role as a 'saviour' of capitalism who strongly opposed both Stalin's

In good company again

Maynard Keynes: An Economist's Biography, D.E. Moggridge, Routledge, London, 1992. ISBN 0 415 05141 X RRP \$59.95

John Maynard Keynes: The Economist as Saviour, 1920-1937, Robert Skidelsky, Macmillan, London, 1992. ISBN 0 333 37138 0 RRP \$49.95

Russia and Hitler's Germany. As Keynes saw it, 'It is certain the world will not much longer tolerate the unemployment that, apart from brief intervals of excitement, is associated—and in my opinion inevitably associated—with present day capitalistic individualism. But it may be possible by right analysis to cure the disease while preserving efficiency and freedom.' Elsewhere, he spoke of the need to marry efficiency with morality, but he was talking from the viewpoint of a Cambridge patrician rather than a reformist in the mould of a British Labour Party 'planner'.

Nevertheless, he was an ambivalent 'saviour' who was never completely comfortable with capitalism's 'love of money' or the way it destroyed the 'beauty of the countryside because the unappropriated splendours of nature have no economic value'. This distaste, however, did not deter him from making a lot of money for King's College as well as for himself and for pet projects such as a new theatre at Cambridge.

Amid all this he found time to write several biographical sketches, including one on Newton, whom he admired as possessing the unrivalled 'muscles of intuition'. Nevertheless, he could see no point in trying to ground economics in principles similar to those of gravity. Instead, when it comes to human behaviour, Keynes stressed it is 'as if the fall of the apple to the ground depended on the apple's motives, on whether the apple thought it is worth falling to the ground, whether the ground wanted the apple to fall, and on the mistaken calculation on the part of the apple as to how far it was from the centre of the earth'.

Both authors recognise the importance of Keynes' early *Treatise on Probability* to his understanding of the world and to his later attack on the misuses of statistical techniques in many econometric studies. Moggridge's book is particularly strong on this topic, which lies at the heart of Keynes' emphasis on the role of uncertainty in human affairs as distinct from the determinism inherent in models copied from Newtonian physics.

As Moggridge points out, Keynes saw little in the physical world—let alone in human society—that exhib-

ited the sort of regularity required by standard probability theory. In a criticism that can be seen as a precursor to some of the tenets of modern chaos theory, Keynes considered probability techniques as really only applicable to data that meet the strict conditions of games of chance, in which particular events do not alter likely outcomes. For Keynes, as for the chaos theorist, small changes can produce large effects. For the neoclassical economist, faithfully mimicking steady state physics, small changes only produce small disturbances before the equilibrium path is again restored.

ACCORDING TO KEYNES: 'The atomic hypothesis that has worked so splendidly in physics breaks down [in economics]. We are faced at every turn with problems of organic unity, of discreteness, of discontinuity—the whole is not equal to the sum of the parts, comparisons of quantity fail us, small changes produce large effects, the assumptions of a uniform and homogenous continuum are not satisfied ... The fact that our knowledge of the future is fluctuating, vague and uncertain, renders wealth a peculiarly unsuitable subject for the methods of classical economic theory.'

He also insisted that room needed to be left for non-numerical factors, such as 'inventions, politics, labour troubles, wars, earthquakes, financial crises'. And, in a comment highly relevant to the rational expectations theory which has mesmerised many present-day economists, he said: 'generally speaking, in making a decision we have before us a large number of alternatives, none of them demonstrably more "rational" than the others, in the sense that we can arrange in order of merit the sum aggregate of the benefits obtainable from the complete consequences of each. To avoid being in the position of Buridan's ass we fall back therefore, and necessarily do so, on motives of another kind, which are not "rational" in the sense of being concerned with evaluation of consequences, but are decided by habit, instinct, preference, desire, will, etc.'

To many readers, Keynes' remarks about the folly of copying models from an outdated physics which ignore uncertainty might seem entirely un-

exceptional. But his warnings have been ridiculed by present-day economists of the rational expectations school who have been so influential in inculcating the view that governments should do nothing to help those who are unemployed. The equilibrium models built by this school remove uncertainty from human behaviour by the simple expedient of assuming that we can have perfect knowledge of the future. Accordingly, all human expectations should, on average, be rational. Unemployment then becomes a voluntary choice, or, at best, the product of an information breakdown.

In a further twist, the rational expectations school has promoted the Policy Ineffectiveness Proposition, which claims that government actions can only have adverse effects on the economy. If policy succeeds, it can only be because people make errors about the consequences of government policy.

The rational expectations school scoffs at Keynes' explanation that the 1930s depression was a result of a lack of effective demand that could be alleviated by government spending. Instead, its members see the 30 per cent rate of unemployment during the depression as an aberration in which workers voluntarily left their jobs in the highly implausible expectation of getting another one. For the fervent believers in rational expectations, the turn-around in employment in the 1940s was not the result of wartime spending but of a sudden and mysterious outbreak of mass rationality about the future.

Although the economic models developed by Keynes and some of his followers are open to serious criticism, his central insight that economics will not automatically come into equilibrium at full employment has lost little of its force.

What both these excellent biographies underline is that this insight—and the accompanying desire to recommend some form of corrective action—came from Keynes' treatment of economics as one of the moral sciences, rather than as a silly parody of Newton's mechanics. ■

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Doing life in Sydney

WHEN THE '20s WERE OVER, Mary Gilmore took a flat in the heart of Sydney's Bohemia. There, overlooking the main drag of Kings Cross for 30 years, she maintained a steady stream of commentary on the world beneath her window, becoming, as the years crept by, both a Dame of the Empire and an oracle for all the world to visit.

In 1989 I happened to notice a 'For Sale' sign in the window of 1/99 Darlinghurst Road, the flat she had once occupied. I contacted the agent and had myself shown through as a prospective buyer. The place was being used by a company to house short-term visitors to Sydney and had been refurbished as anonymously as a motel suite. It was only when I got to Gilmore's window and looked out that I realised that the streetscape opposite, above a strip club and Kentucky Fried, was much the same as it had been 60 years before. If you look above eye level, Kings Cross shows its age.

Peter Kirkpatrick's account of literary life in Sydney's '20s is peppered with such discoveries. It finds one of the most storied sculptures of the period, Guy Lynch's *Satyr*, still sequestered in the botanic gardens; it stumbles into Wilmot St, once an artery for cafe culture but now a clogged little alley under the feet of the Cooper's and Lybrand building; it settles briefly in the Metropolitan Hotel, the only pub still standing out of the hundred formerly patronised by artists and journo.

Kirkpatrick teaches at the University of Western Sydney, a place remote in time and space from the streets of Bohemia. Are people such as his students, who are mostly from Sydney's western suburbs, likely to be sympathetic to the offbeat society he writes about? 'One thing the Bohe-

The Sea Coast of Bohemia: Literary Life in Sydney's Roaring Twenties, Peter Kirkpatrick, QUP 1992 RRP \$16.95 ISBN 0 7022 2432 4
Catch Me if You Can: The Life and Times of Darcy Dugan, Rod Hay, Sun Australia 1992 RRP \$16.95 ISBN 0 7251 0705 7

mians did,' says Kirkpatrick, 'was to see the places they inhabited as their own. They more or less dreamed

out here. They learned not just to accept others' ideas of what a place should be like. Whereas, out here, people are constantly being fed stereotypical images of what the suburbs have to be like.'

Until the '20s, Kirkpatrick observes, writers and artists used to get away from the suburbs for a night's drinking and then escape again in time to catch the last train or ferry home. This pattern continued, but the '20s also saw the 'reinvention' of the city and the Cross as places of permanent escape.

The Sea Coast of Bohemia unearths dozens of writers and eccentrics, vestiges of whose careers now survive only in the occasional anthology, or as asides in biographies of those few of their contemporaries, such as Kenneth Slessor and Christopher Brennan, who achieved lasting fame. Among them was Geoffrey Cumine, who had the words 'To Let' tattooed on his forehead, which occasioned Brennan to remark 'Obviously unfurnished'. Another was Anne Brennan, gifted daughter of the Great Man and allegedly the victim of his incest. Her sad life leaves unanswered the question of how it was possible for a woman to enter Sydney's rather boyish Bohemia other than as 'muse' or 'whore'.

One who came closer to providing an alternative role for women is the all but forgotten Dulcie Deamer. At one stage Deamer's fiction was among the most widely read in the English-speaking world. And she had the knack, moreover, of turning her whole life into a work of art, thus escaping conventional expectations. In 1923 Deamer appeared at the Artists' Ball in a dog-tooth necklace and leopard-skin dress that became legendary. She did the splits on cafe tables and in



themselves into areas like the Cross. They created the cafes and bars they wanted.

'There's still a model in that for

*Allegory of the cave:
Dulcie Deamer as
cavewoman, in her
leopard-skin dress.*

1925 was crowned Queen of Bohemia in a mock ceremony at Theo's Club—a position she held undisputed for the rest of the period.

Yet it is clear that Deamer was nobody's fool and, like Madonna, she created her own image. Unfortunately, having used an image to escape she became trapped in it. In 1950 she again appeared in her leopardskin at the Trocadero, expecting to be hailed as a living legend but finding herself unknown and ridiculous to an embarrassed group of younger patrons.

IF DULCIE DEAMER was the queen of dreamworld, Darcy Dugan was the one-time king of a world of nightmare. Rod Hay's biography is a sympathetic account of a man who spent 43 years behind bars. Dugan grew up in the '20s, which may have been roaring elsewhere but were screaming in his native Newtown. Hay attributes much of what was to come to Dugan's upbringing and especially to his father, who unaccountably later seems to have taken every opportunity to support Dugan in jail.

Dugan's escapes from custody are legendary. He cut through the roof of a paddy wagon and then of a prison tram, he picked the lock of his handcuffs while he was sitting in court, and he had nuns unwittingly bring a file into Grafton prison. Hay plays up these achievements, as he does Dugan's sexual adventures. And he spares no detail of what doing life was like in Grafton. Nor should he. If only a fraction of what is said here about Grafton is true, then society has been protected by a prison system that is far more culpable than the inmates of the system.

Even so Hay's book, unlike *The Sea Coast of Bohemia*, does not look much beneath the surface. There is a lot in both Dugan and the prison system that is simply not explained; Hay has his story to tell and that comes first. And it is easier to lionise an individual like Dugan, or Ned Kelly, than to explore a complex subculture in the way that Kirkpatrick does so engagingly.

Like Deamer, Dugan played the game too long. In spite of his efforts on behalf of prison reform and the Wayside Chapel, he also found he had no

other game to play. So at 60 he agreed to be part of a hold up and shuffled into a police trap. It was a disappointing final fling. Equally disappointing was his discovery, once back inside, that a drug culture had scrambled prison hierarchy. In the '80s Dugan was no longer the personage he once was.

In 1989 I was teaching in a school and invited some former prisoners from Glebe House to speak to the students. To my surprise, Darcy Dugan came with them. By this stage he was already suffering the effects of a couple of strokes. Bernie Matthews, Dugan's friend and one of the sources for this biography, introduced Darcy as the last man to be sentenced to

death in NSW. Dugan said nothing.

One of the students asked the obvious question: 'Were you glad to have the sentence commuted to life?' The rest of the kids erupted in laughter. Dugan said nothing. Later, as Darcy walked laboriously out of the school, members of the staff joked about checking the valuables. But one of them said it was impossible to believe that that little man on a stick had once held Sydney in the grip of terror.

It wasn't the same Sydney. ■

Michael McGirr SJ is a regular contributor to *Eureka Street*. His story *The Silver Screen* was runner-up in the 1992 *Age* short story competition.

BOOKS: 3

ROD BEECHAM

The jury's still out

Trials in Power: Cain, Kirner and Victoria 1982-1992, Mark Considine and Brian Costar (eds.), Melbourne University Press, 1992. ISBN 0 522 84537 1 RRP \$19.95

The Fall of the House of Cain, Robert Murray and Kate White, Spectrum Publications, Melbourne, 1992. ISBN 0 86786 147 9 RRP \$9.95

THE FINAL PHASE of the Victorian Labor government, like that of the Whitlam government, was dominated by unrelenting media coverage of a series of apparent 'scandals' and 'disasters'. As with the Whitlam period, it will probably take many years for a balanced picture to emerge, when passions have cooled and more evidence is available. In the meantime, books are appearing and suffering, like the titles considered here, both from partisanship and from unsupported assertion.

Considine and Costar are modest about the essays they have collected, acknowledging that 'it will take sev-

eral years before the full significance of all the pressing detail from this decade (1982-92) can be sifted and weighed conclusively' (p281). They state, nonetheless, that Victorian Labor created 'one of the most talented, innovative and honest governments of the modern era' (p1). But this is too adventurous when advanced without comparisons with other governments, clarification of the areas in which the editors look for innovation, and an explanation of what they mean by honesty in government.

Murray and White are antagonistic to the Cain and Kirner administrations. Unfortunately, their book argues no coherent case, is damaged by a repeated, misleading conflation of events that occurred over widely-spaced intervals (the political and economic climate of Victoria in 1990 was vastly different from that of 1983), and takes arguable opinions to be self-evident truths. An example of this is the authors' reference to 'the trust in Canberra government typical of the postwar era' (p135). If this trust existed, the results of referenda held since



1 9 4 5 indicate that it was of a severely limited nature. Both books discuss the faith Labor placed in management specialists and its systematic appointment of such people to senior positions in the public service. The number of occupied positions in the Senior Executive Service (SES) rose from 69 in June 1983 to 721 by June 1990. This spectacular rise is partly explained by the translation of senior positions in the service to SES positions, but the number of senior positions itself rose from 390 to 832 over the same period: a 113 per cent increase. It would be interesting to see total departmental staffing levels for these years.

Murray and White claim that 'While the Government was building up a team of super managers in the public service it was cutting funds, jobs and services at the coal face' (p 30). This, however, is not true. The cuts occurred in the wake of the financial blows sustained between 1988 and 1990, not 'while' the managers were being appointed.

SES numbers themselves declined after 1990.

BOTH BOOKS TALK ABOUT what Mark Considine calls a 'fetish' for 'extensive and painful bureaucratic reorganisations' (p197), and I am inclined to believe that such reorganisations—presumably intended to increase efficiency—became a substitute for the effective delivery of services; but much more investigation and analysis than either book provides would be needed to prove this.

Labor's approach to public transport, for example, may prove to have been flawed by an undue faith in management and the assumptions of the managerial culture. The Cain government enlarged the establishment of the Ministry of Transport by nearly three hundred to coordinate the new Metropolitan Transit Authority, State Transport Authority, Road Safety and Licensing Authority, and Road Construction Authority. Bureaucratic expansion, to be fair, was accompanied by the purchase of new trains and trams and the commencement of development projects, but the subordination of transport policy to the economic direction of the Department of Management and Budget led, by 1985, to an emphasis on 'efficiency' and 'cost reduction' that translated into attacks on jobs and services.

Rosemary Kiss tells this story in *Trials in Power* (pp159-69). But her discussion is too brief to allow conclusions to be drawn. One might argue that the policy approach was justified by union intransigence. There has been a lot of criticism of the work practices of the transport unions in Victoria, practices that Kiss describes as 'mind-boggling' (p167).

But she gives no examples, and when one considers, for instance, the state of disrepair into which equipment on Melbourne's railway system has fallen it seems less likely that the Labor government's failure to rejuvenate public transport was due entirely to union obstruction. A government that can restructure a ministry but not fix a signal box would appear to have eccentric priorities.

One area in which the facts are already too clear to admit of more than one interpretation is the mental health field. Neither book addresses Labor's mental health policy although John Cain refers proudly to 'the relocation of intellectually disabled residents from institutions' (Considine

and Costar, p276). This policy was ideologically driven, insensitively carried out, and distressing to many of those directly affected.

THE IDEOLOGY, IMPORTED FROM the US, rejects any form of non-family accommodation for disabled and disturbed children. Bob Riddiford, president of Community and Institutional Parents' Action on Intellectual Disability, says that 'Moving residents out of institutions has taken most available funds and left little for those with critically urgent needs such as disabled people still living with aged parents. There are hundreds in this precarious situation.' The word 'institution' became a synonym for 'bad'—which many institutions were but, equally, many were not—while 'community' meant 'good'.

The Intellectually Disabled Persons' Services Act 1986, which employs the word 'community' 18 times, at no stage defines it and, as Riddiford points out, 'An intellectually disabled person living in a fine suburban house with a swimming pool and generous support services; one in a Ministry of Housing flat struggling to cope with the demands of daily living in isolation; and one living at home with parents sharing an overwhelming burden, were all described as "living in the community"'. Labor's intentions were undoubtedly good, but the plight of a 'deinstitutionalised' disabled person today can be quite as serious as that of a resident of the most notorious institution.

The issues that generated so much adverse publicity for the government in its final term are not discussed satisfactorily in either book (the exception being an outstanding essay by Mark Considine on WorkCare. On the VEDC, Kenneth Davidson's otherwise thorough and convincing essay on Labor's economic policy offers no analysis, while Murray and White spend many pages tracing the history of bad debts, quoting liberally from *The Herald-Sun* without spelling out what they acknowledge in passing—that the VEDC's problems stemmed from a combination of the now-notorious 'climate of the eighties', the stock market crash of 1987, and insufficient clarification of the rela-

tionship of the VEDC to the government.

The failures of Tricontinental and Pyramid can be attributed to similar causes. Neither book questions the wisdom of selling the State Bank, a decision that that bank's former customers are regretting, as the Commonwealth Bank does not provide as high a level of service, particularly in the housing loans area, which was the State Bank's great strength. But it will take many years for the debate on these issues to be settled. ■

Rod Beecham is a freelance reviewer with a background in banking and information systems.

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Concise History of Australia, Russel Ward, UQP 1992, ISBN 0 7022 2386 7 RRP \$14.95.

This book, as the author's preface concedes, is a revision of his *Australia Since the Coming of Man*. The duller, politically correct, title of this new version is a pointer to his aim in writing it: Ward is anxious to dispel the misapprehensions of those who still believe that Australia was entirely created by bushy-bearded white males of democratic temper who habitually wore broad-brimmed hats and flannelette shirts. Women figure prominently here, as do the Aborigines whom the men in hats dispossessed and the Asians whom they strove for so long to keep out.

But, whatever the title or emphasis, in this as in all his work Ward remains essentially the author of *The Australian Legend*; his subject is less the making of a nation than the growth of our sense of being a nation. And, with republicanism on the political agenda once again, that is the best reason for reading what may be the last programmatic work we have from this old warrior of the humanist left. —**Ray Cassin**

The Irish in Australia, Patrick O'Farrell, (revised edition), NSW University Press, Kensington, 1993. ISBN 0 86840 181 1 RRP \$29.95

The first thing that strikes you about the post-1950s 'new Irish' in Australia, in Ireland itself and in all the other places across the world where you meet them, is how well educated they are. We saw the Australian media stand open-mouthed in astonishment last year during the visit of the Irish president, Mary Robinson; her liberal education and articulate views cut through every 'bog Irish' stereotype.

Patrick O'Farrell comments on 'the change in tone and temper' that has resulted from modern Irish education in the revised edition of his classic *The Irish in Australia*. And he emphasises the other

thing that strikes you about the 'new Irish': the religious element is missing. They are the products of a new, secular Ireland. This leads O'Farrell to ask the question '[Are] the Irish without religion really Irish? [Is] a secular Ireland a possibility; or rather [is] it a jarring, untenable contradiction?'

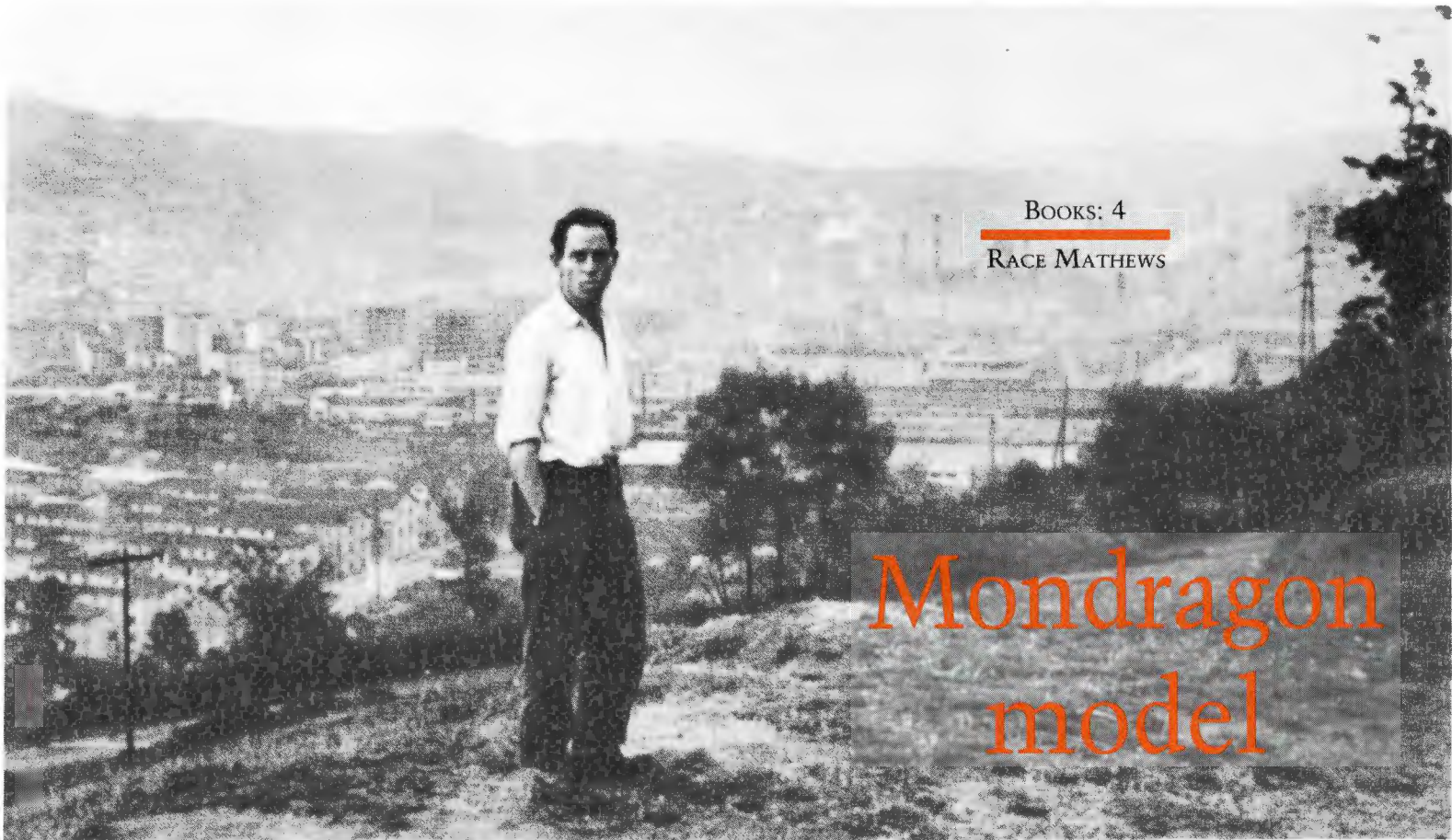
O'Farrell suggests that the answer to this question is to be found by asking another question: 'Who are the "new Irish"?' They are the people who have left Ireland since 1960 because of economic conditions in the republic or because of the troubles in the North. They are generally young, well-educated professionals or tradespeople who have little interest in settling in Australia (or anywhere else). So, unlike the Irish who came as migrants between 1788 and 1940 and become such a major part of the development of Australia (while retaining, of course, a romanticised vision of 'holy Ireland'), the 'new Irish' are characterised by constant fluidity and mobility.

I am not certain that O'Farrell answers his question about whether there can be Irishness without religion. But he articulates many things about the modern Irish diaspora that, after 26 years of a priestly ministry that has involved meeting many 'new Irish', made a lot of sense to me. —**Paul Collins**

God's Politician, David Willey, Faber and Faber, London, paperback edition 1993. ISBN 0 571 16668 7 RRP \$16.95

David Willey is a BBC journalist who has covered Vatican affairs since 1972, and this profile of Pope John Paul II is journalistic in both senses of the adjective. In the good sense, because it simply, forcefully and critically conveys what makes this pope different: that he is a man of the East. Everyone knows that Karol Wojtyla is the first Slav to be elected pope, but it is still hard for many in Western Europe, the Americas and Australia to understand the historical baggage that Wojtyla carries.

Willey's book is also journalistic in the other sense of the term. What is one to make of this passage, sandwiched between an account of the Pope's cool relations with Oscar Romero and a report of a papal visit to Brazil: 'The largest country in South America must figure in any book of religious or secular superlatives; it has the largest Roman Catholic population in the world, as well as being the world's leading coffee and sugar producer, containing the world's longest river, the Amazon, and being surrounded by the world's biggest rain forest, where lurks the world's longest snake, the anaconda.'? Gosh.—**Ray Cassin**



BOOKS: 4

RACE MATHEWS

Mondragon model

I BEGAN HEARING about the industrial cooperatives at Mondragon in Spain more than a decade ago, and even then the accounts of their success in overcoming massive unemployment and boosting productivity were dazzling. In 1985 I visited Mondragon and saw for myself that what was being said was true.

The appearance of two authoritative studies of the cooperatives—*Making Mondragon: The Growth and Dynamics of the Worker Cooperative Complex*, by Bill and Kathleen Whyte, and *We Build the Road as We Travel*, by Roy Morrison—has now made details of what has been going on at Mondragon widely available. Morrison's title is an apt quotation from the work of the founder of the Mondragon cooperatives, Jose Maria Arizmendiarietta.

The Whytes' report is the result of a 17-year study for the Cornell University school of industrial and labour relations, on how the cooperatives came into existence, their initial spectacular growth, the response to recession in the '70s and their triumphantly successful restructuring and resumption of growth in the '80s.

The essentials of the Mondragon story are simple. Mondragon is a small town in the Basque region, which since

Making Mondragon: The Growth and Dynamics of the Worker Cooperative Complex, Whyte W.F. and Whyte K.K., I.L.R. Press, Cornell University, 1988. **We Build The Road As We Travel**, Roy Morrison, New Society Publishers, Philadelphia, 1991.

the Middle Ages has principally engaged in producing steel. In the 1930s the regional economy was devastated by the Spanish Civil War, and poverty and massive unemployment remained endemic well into the 1950s.

At that point a handful of townspeople established an industrial cooperative, *Ulgor*, using hand tools and sheet metal to manufacture paraffin-fired heating and cooking stoves for the local market. What has developed from that small beginning is a group of more than 100 industrial cooperatives, with a workforce of 21,000 members and, in 1987, sales of about \$US1.57 billion. No Mondragon worker has ever been made redundant, and more than a third of the group's output is exported.

The success of the cooperatives stems from the fact that every worker is a stakeholder, who shares equally in the profits—or losses—of the cooperative of which he is a part-owner. His rights as a member include participating directly in the making of the policies of the cooperative, which then delegates the day-to-day conduct of its affairs to a manager hired on contract.

As Morrison and the Whytes illustrate clearly, these entitlements, and the obligations that go with them, are taken seriously.

If the story had no more to it than that the Mondragon cooperatives, like some worker cooperatives in other countries, might have had short lifespans. The key difference, over and above the checks and balances laid down by Arizmendiarietta, is that shortly after the inception of the group they started a bank, the *Caja Laboral Popular*. It is now the 13th biggest savings bank in Spain, with assets of \$US3 billion, a staff of 1200 and 180 branch offices and assets of \$US3 billion. The bank has made the cooperatives self-sufficient and provided them with comprehensive financial services and skills. It is a 'secondary' or 'support' cooperative, governed jointly by representatives of its staff and the affiliated industrial, or 'primary', cooperatives.

The bank, in turn, has given rise to further support cooperatives. For example, since members of cooperatives are classified by Spanish law as self-employed and therefore ineligible

for pensions, health care and other welfare benefits, the group has had to develop a social security system of its own through the *Lagun Aro* support cooperative. *Ikerlan*, the research and development support cooperative, keeps the group abreast of technological and scientific advances, and at the time of my visit was specialising in machine tools, artificial intelligence and robotics.

The group's university of technology, the *Eskola Politeknikoa*, is a support cooperative, as are its school of business administration, the *Ikasbide*, and the 40-odd *Hezibide Elkarteak*, or primary and secondary schools. The 6500 students taking degree courses at Mondragon, and the 3500 taking other types of training, can where necessary pay their way as members of a cooperative of their own, *Alecoop*, which produces, among other things, teaching machines. The Mondragon group includes six construction cooperatives, eight agricultural cooperatives, 15 housing cooperatives and 271 *Eroski*, or cooperative shops and supermarkets.

After the establishment of *Ulgor* in 1954, the Mondragon cooperatives experienced spectacular growth. The expansionary phase ground to a halt in the '70s, in the face of the first oil price shock and a recession that was felt far more keenly in Spain than in most other parts of Europe.

In the '80s, faced with continuing financial stringency and Spain's imminent entry into Europe, the group conducted an exhaustive reappraisal of its position. The Whytes offer a fascinating account of how the members were able to work their way through to agreement on the necessary changes, and how they emerged strengthened from the process. It is an object lesson in the capacity of ordinary people to understand, adopt and adhere to difficult decisions.

As stakeholders, the Mondragon workers expect high standards of wealth creation from those to whom the governance and management of the cooperatives is delegated. Unlike shareholders in conventional corporations, they are in a position both to monitor performance on a day-to-day basis, and to develop informed views about the need for improvements. The outcome is seen by many as being an

'institutionalisation of entrepreneurship', but the fears of state-socialist critics such as Beatrice and Sidney Webb—that the interests of producer cooperatives would necessarily be incompatible with those of consumers, and therefore of the wider community—have proved to be unfounded. The difference is owed substantially to the adherence of the cooperatives to Arizmendiarietta's principle of *equilibrio*—of balance in the relationship of individual cooperatives with one another, of industrial cooperatives with support cooperatives, and of cooperatives, both individually and collectively, with the communities of which they are a part.

As the Whytes say: 'In the discussion of important decisions, the word *equilibrio* appears again and again as the justification for any action proposed. The basic idea is that life in a cooperative should not be carried on as if it were a zero-sum game in which some win and some lose. There must be a balancing of interests and needs; we hear it said that technological imperatives must be balanced with social objectives and that the financial needs of the firm must be balanced with the economic needs of members.' Morrison sees *equilibrio* as the key to a successful integration of human freedom and community.

The '90s find the Mondragon cooperatives expanding once again. Membership, the number of cooperatives, earnings and exports are all up. New markets are being acquired. A random selection of current products includes industrial robots, heavy earth-moving machinery, tugs, fishing-boats and other small ocean-going vessels, buses and motor coaches, machine tools and hydraulic presses, refrigerators, washing-machines and other white goods, furniture and hi-fi systems. As before, the productivity of the cooperatives is far higher than that of comparable private businesses in nearby areas, and signs of dysfunction, such as absenteeism, are spectacularly lower. Clearly, somebody is doing something right.

There is a compelling case for Australia to pay attention to how the Mondragon community has gone about tackling problems that in many respects are similar to our own. It is

possible for us to learn from what has been accomplished at Mondragon without necessarily setting out to adopt the model in its entirety. What stands in our way is our endemic incuriosity.

Early in the life of the Cain government, I sent each of my fellow ministers a copy of *Mondragon: An Economic Analysis* by Henk Thomas and Chris Logan, then the only substantial account of Mondragon available, in the conviction that there were insights in it that could help us to reinvigorate the Victorian economy and build a fairer social order. There was never any indication that they had been read, and no acknowledgements were received.

To the best of my knowledge, no current Commonwealth or state ministers have ever visited Mondragon, nor has Mondragon ever been included in the itineraries of any of the innumerable delegations from the ACTU and individual trade unions that have undertaken overseas study tours and fact-finding missions in recent years. It would be nice to think that Paul Keating and John Hewson have *Making Mondragon* and *We Build the Road As We Travel* among their current bedside reading, and intend to include Mondragon among their ports-of-call when next they are abroad. In the meantime, some of the time and energy the rest of us are devoting to deploring our present predicament could usefully be diverted to working out how the Mondragon experience can be applied to Australian realities and requirements, and seeing that it is done. ■

Race Mathews is visiting fellow at the Monash Grad. School of Management.

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Once bitten

Bram Stoker's Dracula, dir. Francis Ford Coppola (Hoyts). I do not know where Bela Lugosi lies buried. But, if there is justice in this world or the next, I trust that no one has yet driven a stake through his heart. May Lugosi rise from the grave to give Coppola and screenwriter James V. Hart the fanging they deserve.

It is easy to make a silly vampire film. Most of the successors to Tod Browning's *Dracula* (1931), which starred Lugosi, are extremely silly. But it is a real achievement to make a dull vampire film, and this Coppola has done. The elements are still there—pining virgins, ghoulish seducers, death made erotic—but Coppola puts his faith in special effects, breaking the first rule of this kind of story: horror must be felt before it is shown.

Ignore any nonsense you may have heard about this being the first faithful screen adaptation of Bram Stoker's novel. (Browning's film was based on a stage play by Hamilton Deane.) For the Dracula whom Coppola gives to us (Gary Oldman) is not at once loathsome and alluring, as Stoker has it, but a pitiable Romantic hero.

This Byronic bloodsucker comes undone, literally as well as metaphor-

ically, in the great scene in which he tells his intended bride, Mina Harker (Winona Ryder), that to share his life she must share his blood. He slashes his chest, she descends on the wound with much gleeful slurping and gurgling, he begins to moan and writhe orgasmically and ...

I shall not relate Mina's banal comment which ends this encounter, so that *Bram Stoker's Dracula* may hold some surprises for those who have not seen it. Suffice it to say that the outcome brings to mind Oscar Wilde's comment on the death of Little Nell: that one would have to have a heart of stone to think of it without laughing.

There are some compensations for these inanities: Anthony Hopkins

Eureka Street Film Competition

Francis Ford Coppola is threatening to do to Frankenstein and his monster what he has already done to Dracula. Tell us what the monster would think of this development and we'll award two tickets, to the film of your choice, for the answer we like best. Write to: *Eureka Street* Film Competition, PO Box 553, Richmond, VIC 3121. The winner of November's film competition was Finbar Feeney, of Kew, VIC, who thought Herod was saying to Salome: 'Waddya mean our relationship has gotta be Strictly Ballroom?'



makes a witty Van Helsing, and Tom Waits is a plausible Renfrey. But basically, Coppola's *Dracula* sucks.

—Ray Cassin

Verdi lives

Lovers, dir. Vincente Aranda (independent cinemas). Is there such a thing as operatic realism? I can think of no better term to convey the twin achievements of Aranda's extraordinary drama of divided loved, passion, murder and victimhood: it moves,

cinematically and thematically, in operatic waves.

Paco (Jorge Sanz), a demobilised soldier in Franco's army, is to marry Trini (Maribel Verdi), a virtuous housemaid, but is embroiled in a passionate affair with his landlady (Victoria Abril), which leads to crime and death. We first glimpse Paco and Trini's relationship in a church scene that could come out of Verdi. The denouement, almost unbearably intense, takes place on a bench in the rain in front of another church, and is filmed in a way that is at once stylised and tender, formal and relaxed. Throughout the film, the force of destiny is foreshadowed through the pasts of the two women: Trini's mother threw herself under a cart when her husband was unfaithful; Luisa, it seems, murdered her husband.

Yet among all this there is a remarkable fineness of detail. Trini is not just a victim, doomed by her past: in Verdi's performance she is an engaging, determined woman, whose every action and gesture tells us more about her. Abril is equally fine as Luisa: arrogant and insecure, sexually dynamic, but, in different ways at different times, she lives out nuances of emotion for us on the screen. The minor characters, too, are superb—Trini's employers leaven the film with a little humour, and it's easy to imagine that the film deals with them at much greater length than it does.

The only real disappointment is Sanz as Paco, but I suppose it would have been hard to find as good an actor as the others, and still have someone who looked like an Iberian James Dean.

—David Braddon-Michell

Eureka Street readers may be interested in:

Percy Jones **Priest, Musician, Teacher** by Donald Cave

A collection of memoirs, reflecting the astonishing breadth of Percy Jones's interests and recording and his devotion to the priesthood and to music.

Melbourne University Press,
rrp \$29.95

Formula flop

Honey, I Blew Up the Kid dir. Randal Kleiser (Greater Union), is a cynical, money-grubbing exercise that elicits gurgles of delight from kids aged nine and under. The film's cartoon-style slapstick will keep the very young amused although not enthralled. Accompanying adults may emerge looking like glazed donuts, and teenagers will have to be dragged kicking and screaming to see it.

It's the sequel to *Honey, I Shrunk the Kids*, a surprise hit from the Disney studios a few years ago, and is akin to *Home Alone II* and *Batman Returns* in being very thin on the ground for anything new. The first film told how a genial and eccentric inventor (Rick Moranis) accidentally shrank his kids, and two from next door, to thimble size. The kids had adventures in the tradition of television's *Land of the Giants*—crossing the jungle-size back lawn, fighting off monster ants and almost being chomped by Dad after falling into a bowl of cereal—before being re-zapped.

The reverse happens in the sequel, which is as stale as the original was fresh and lively. There's the regulation teen romance and a dash of goodies and baddies, and the little ones will just love to see a toddler, 50 feet tall and rising, trash the Las Vegas casino strip. It's better fun taking the kids to *Aladdin*, *The Jungle Book*, *Beauty and the Beast* or another of the Disney greats.

—Mark Skulley

War in peace

A Few Good Men, dir. Rob Reiner (Hoyts). The recruiting slogan of the US Marines is 'All we want is a few good men'. This film is, in subtler ways than its setting, about who the good men are, and about how they are to be known. There are no battle scenes, and nobody is at war—except in the sense that for some people warfare is unremitting, and rage their meat and drink.

With two marines on trial for murdering one of their comrades, a young naval lawyer (Tom Cruise) defends them. He needs to be cajoled out of his

own life of clever languor, and a defence team mate, played by a surprisingly plausible Demi Moore, brings the game up to him when he had been looking for nothing more strenuous than a few easy pitches and 10 minutes' plea bargaining. Assistance from others ranges between the provocative and the inconsiderable.

The briefly-appearing but all-determining marine colonel commanding the base at Guantanamo, Cuba, is another of Jack Nicholson's monstrous incarnations—exacting, plausible and ultimately deranged. Although the long courtroom encounters with others are dexterously brought off, it is clear from the first that engagement with this militant reductionist will determine the denouement. And so, *mesenfants*, it does.

This is a film of gloss without glitz, an 'entertainment' as Graham Greene called his earliest novels, but not an amusement. A blockhead offers a profound sentence in it, the most troubling thing in its tensely maintained length. I came out of it wondering why we have been glad to model the processes of the law on the militancy of feral narcissists. Nobody has cleared that up for me.

—Peter Steele SJ

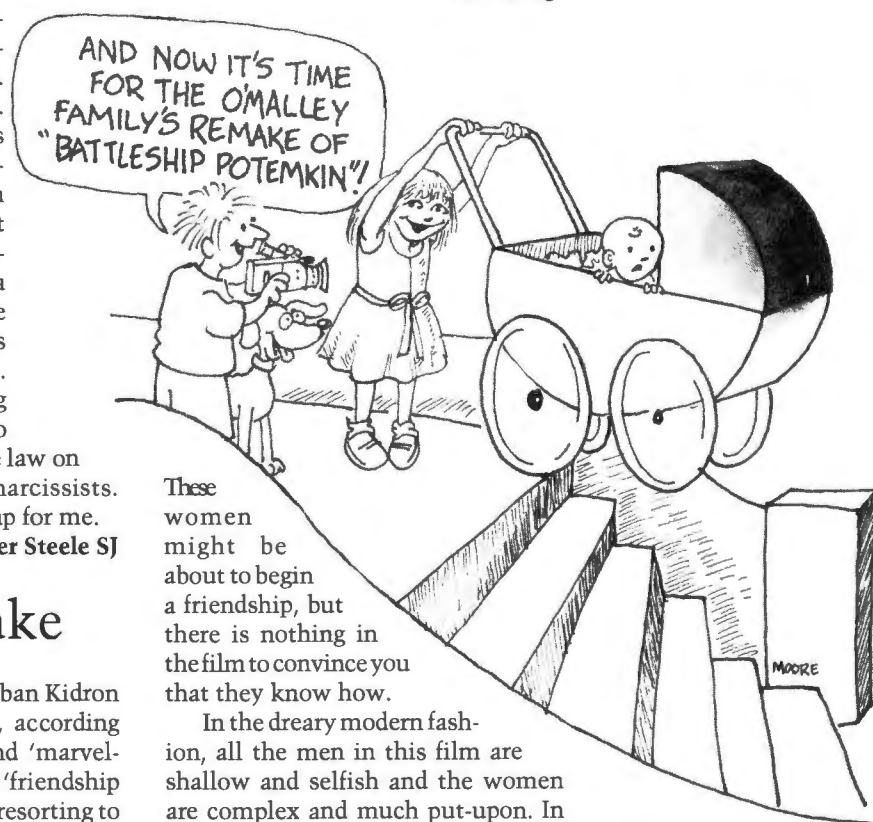
Double take

Antonia and Jane, dir. Beeban Kidron (independent cinemas) is, according to the publicity, 'rare' and 'marvellous' because it portrays 'friendship between women without resorting to the shopworn male fantasies of lesbianism and/or violent jealousy'. The publicist must have reckoned her best chance of success lay in convincing the public this was a highbrow *Thelma and Louise*. If that is what the film is trying to be, it doesn't work. Which is not to say that it isn't a witty film, with some fresh humour as well as stale jokes done well.

Imelda Staunton, as the passionate misfit, Jane, manages to look frumpish in a dozen wonderful ways. Her friend Antonia (Saskia Reeves) is the cool beauty who feels hollow

inside. The two women, who never confide in each other, reach crises in the same year and relate their lives to the same unhelpful therapist. Antonia pinched Jane's boyfriend years ago and married him. Jane is tired of being a doormat, and her lover can't get aroused unless she reads Iris Murdoch novels aloud. Antonia finds her guilty feelings emerging as fantasies about Jane as a noble resistance fighter, and herself as a Nazi.

It's all good fun to watch, but when Antonia and Jane finally sort it out, in a way that is meant to show the strength of their friendship, neither the embrace nor the resolution are convincing.



These women might be about to begin a friendship, but there is nothing in the film to convince you that they know how.

In the dreary modern fashion, all the men in this film are shallow and selfish and the women are complex and much put-upon. In this and other ways, the film reaches no greater depth than *Thelma and Louise*, though it has more pretensions. Antonia and Jane are funnier, but *Thelma and Louise* knew a lot more about taking care of each other.

—Margaret Simons

To advertise in

EUREKA STREET

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Series

Drop the Dead Donkey

Each episode of this sitcom, set in a TV newsroom, is made a few days before going to air in Britain and arrives soon after in Australia. The idea is that the script can thus exploit current news stories, which it does to great effect. For example, a jaded news

editor says in passing: 'Oh, nice item on Yugoslavia. I particularly liked the bullet-ridden pram.' The show attempts more by way of peeping under the covers of TV journalism than *Murphy Brown* would ever dream of. It's also very funny. Screens every Tuesday at 8pm (7.30pm Adelaide).

A TV Dante

A series of bite-sized pieces of Dante, directed by Peter Greenaway, was screened last year. This new series of 10-minute instalments, directed by Paul Ruiz, uses Santiago de Chile as a setting for *The Inferno*. John Gielgud reads with quiet menace but such a rich collage of images is more confusing than frightening.

Perhaps confusion is a big part of what Dante did mean by eternal suffering. Even so, by depicting Santiago as *The Inferno*, Ruiz implies that hell is the worst this world has to offer. I'm sure that Dante had more in mind than that.

Screens every Thursday at 11pm (10.30pm Adelaide).

More than a Game

A series that takes a harder look at the culture of sport than does the endless, dreary excitement of Nine's *Wide World of Sports*. The program on 14 February, *Who's in the Control Room?*, looks at the impact of TV on our attitude to sport, from the time Wimbledon was first televised in 1937. Its generalisations are familiar but the evidence makes hearing them again worthwhile.

The program shows how the 1966 World Cup soccer final, which Eng-

land won, became the world's first 'shared TV moment'. And how *Pot Black* was developed specifically for the advent of colour TV and created a new spectator sport in the process, in the same way that the smiling face of Olga Korbut at the '72 Olympics created a wave of enthusiasm for gymnastics.

With the US hosting soccer's 1994 World Cup, we can expect to see the game played in four quarters. Why? Advertising. And, if this was not the reason that cricket overs were reduced to six balls, I've certainly never heard any sponsors complain.

More than a Game screens on Sundays at 7.30pm (Adelaide 7pm). The program on 7 February looks at sport in the former Soviet republics, and that on 21 February, *Whose Game Is It, Anyway?*, looks at ways of restoring sport to its participants.

Reel to Real

Paul Byrnes, former film reviewer for the *Sydney Morning Herald* and director of the Sydney Film Festival, hosts a weekly panel discussion in which various talking heads discuss the deeper issues of cinema. Byrnes is an affable host but this is probably the type of conversation you're better off having with friends, so you can get high on your own jargon without putting up with other people's. Screens every Sunday at 11.15pm (10.45pm Adelaide).

Film

Life is a Long Quiet River

A wonderful film in which all the people talk French. Screens 11 February at 8.30pm (8pm Adelaide).

Music

Two works rarely seen on TV will appear this month. Verdi's *Te Deum* is part of the *Siena Concert* on 1 February at 8.30pm (Adelaide 8pm). Pergolesi's 18th century opera comedy *The Amorous Friar* screens on 3 February at 7.30pm (7pm Adelaide).



The winner and the loser: Abraham Lincoln and the President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis. 'The Civil War' screens on Tuesdays at 8.30pm

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The Civil War

If you missed any or all of Ken Burn's stunning documentary on the American Civil War first time around, then here's your chance. Even if you're only interested in photography. The success of the series is not only that it found a wonderful storyteller in Shelby

February

Documentaries

Wild by Law

In 1934, Aldo Leopold bought a worn-out farm on the American dustbowl and set about to restore a prairie and raise a family. The farm languished but the book Leopold wrote, *A Sand Country Almanac*, is still beloved of environmentalists. Leopold is one of three characters whose efforts way back then on behalf of the wilderness are explored in this engaging film.

Wild by Law uses historical footage to let some eccentric personalities speak for themselves. It shows how Roosevelt's public 'conservation' works wreaked havoc on the environment, as did the high-minded tourism to national parks that flourished in the '30s. The film also includes an interview with one of Leopold's sons, who has thrown off his father's legacy and now says that greenies are selfish. There is plenty of evidence here to the contrary. Screens 1 February at 7.30pm (7pm Adelaide).

The Story of Thanh

'I can never understand Americans. First they come to Vietnam. They killed my family. They injured my neck with a grenade... Then they tried desperately to save my life. Today I'm an American too. Does that make me crazy?' The war in Vietnam is still throwing up poignant stories. Thanh, orphaned in an indiscriminate raid on his village, was evacuated to the US at the age of 12 in 1968. He weighed 13kg.

This documentary traces Thanh's attempts in adult life to make sense of such torn beginnings. He gets a job in a high-tech medical factory making artificial body parts. Through a veteran's association, he meets the captain who was attacking an area three miles from his village at the time his family died and finds that this veteran, too, is a haunted man. 'I just see the name of that damn village', the captain says, 'and I start reaching for a gun'. In 1980 Thanh visits his village again, and in

1990 is married there in a traditional ceremony. Fr James Jones, the Episcopalian priest who had adopted Thanh, goes with him, as does Elizabeth Farnsworth's film crew. They are the first Americans in the area since 1973.

The Story of Thanh prises open, with great sensitivity, a number of wounds—and doesn't treat the problems of refugees, soldiers repatriated to the west, refugees returning to Vietnam and westerners revisiting Vietnam as though they were all entirely separate. 'I wish there was a pill I could take and be like everybody else,' says Thanh, 'and not have a history like mine, not have a story to tell.' I, for one, am grateful for the story. Screens 5 February at 8.30pm (8pm Adelaide).

Seasons of a Navajo

The film-makers lived in a Navajo community for a year and a half. The result is a gently paced encounter with Chauncey and Dorothy Neboyia, both in their 70s, whose stories add gravity to the simple rhythm of their lives. Sitting in a sweathouse, Chauncey speaks of a time when the Holy People, symbolising thought and language, gathered in a sweathouse to sing the universe into being. Navajo culture is matrilineal: at one stage, the Neboyias' relatives come 250 miles from Phoenix for the *Kinaalda*, the coming-of-age ceremony of their daughters, which lasts four days. Screens 8 February at 7.30pm (7pm Adelaide).

A Matter of Principle

The pick of the month—a documentary with substance. It explores the plural marriage subculture spawned in the US last century by the growth of the Mormon church. After the church's founder, Joseph Smith, was lynched in 1844 he was succeeded by Brigham Young, who led the pariah community into the Salt Lake Valley. Young, who had at least 27 wives and may have had 56, upheld his right to this 'celestial marriage' on the basis of the 'revelation' proclaimed by Smith.

Together with a closed economic

system known as the 'united order', plural marriage allowed the Mormons to create their own sealed, theocratic society within the American mainstream. Yet the Mormons gradually sought rapprochement with other Americans and in 1890 another 'revelation' conveniently ended the practice of plural marriage, paving the way for Utah to attain statehood in 1896.

A group of fundamentalists was not ready to bow to external pressure, however, and the church split. To this day the Apostolic United Brethren seek to establish closed communities in which polygamy can be practised in peace.

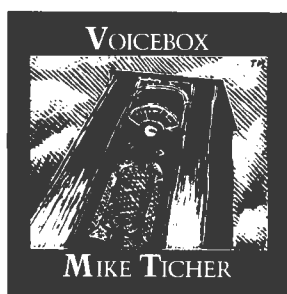
A Matter of Principle takes us to Colorado City, founded in a desolate region in 1985, where the purpose of plural marriage is explained in terms of children—of raising up 'a righteous posterity' that 'walks quietly in the shadows of society.'

There are interviews with Albert Barlow and his wives, who have celebrated 50 years of marriage. Barlow was arrested in a famous raid on Shortcreek, Arizona, in 1944. In spite of the fact that photographs of children being taken from their parents caused a backlash in favour of the pluralists, Barlow served 12 years in jail. When the police moved in, the whole community, he recalls, started singing *God Bless America*. That kind of irony is oft-repeated in *A Matter of Principle*.

The broader question of the right of a church, or any community, to become a law unto itself is intriguing. Something to talk about next time they come to the door? Screens 12 February at 8.30pm (8pm Adelaide).



Never mind, it's only a game ... isn't it! 'More than a Game' screens on Sundays at 7.30pm



Outstations of empire

There is a corner of your radio dial which is forever England.

I KNOW THE ABC only has three staff on over the summer break, and it's probably not their fault that the biggest story on some days is the one about the farmer from Gunnedah whose blue heeler smokes a pipe. But it's no good. Every morning, and I'm sorry deep down in my ungrateful Anglo heart for it, I can't help testily interrogating the radio: 'When are they going to put the real news on?' The Real News, of course, is the BBC World Service News.

The World Service is one of those rare British institutions that seems to have survived more or less unscathed from a different, less vulgar age. Perhaps not quite the age when BBC radio announcers were made to wear dinner jackets while they were reading the news (or were the sort of people who wore them anyway), but not too long after. It seems almost laughable now that the World Service was originally set up to inoculate the subjects of the empire with British values. The appropriate medium for that purpose today would be a tacky commercial FM station that credits its listeners with an attention span of approximately 30 seconds. But who on earth would think that it was a desirable objective anyway?

Among its more endearing idiosyncrasies (of which there are many), is the World Service's steadfastly un-British insistence on taking a genuine interest in events that go on not only outside Britain, but in the remotest corners of the globe, far removed from the strategic concerns of the major powers. Sometimes this interest can be taken almost to the point of wilful obscurity. I once heard a news bulletin that began: 'There has been another government reshuffle in Nepal.' Regular listeners, of course, were already up to date on the first government reshuffle in Nepal.

It's hard to get away from the imperial connection. The World Service is surely one of the two unequivocal benefits bestowed on Britain's subject peoples by the Empire (the other being cricket). And the link remains, in that it still seems to be staffed largely by the best and brightest of the English

upper middle-class (with a healthy leavening of Scots)—the sort of people who 100 years ago would have gone out to India as decent administrators in a genuine spirit of service, and spent a lot of time worrying about the welfare of their servants.

Now the Hughs and Pamelas doggedly chronicle the dismal array of half-forgotten postcolonial disasters, such as the grotesque dictatorship of the nonagenarian Dr Hastings Banda in Malawi. Long-standing correspondents such as the famous Mark Tully in Delhi are the human evidence of a truth that would have horrified the patriarchs of the fledgling BBC—the World Service has Gone Native.

Luckily, however, no one in the higher echelons either of the British government or of BBC management seems to have realised this. Or possibly they have, but because they imagine that, since only foreigners and dogooding expatriates listen to the World Service, it is of little consequence anyway. Whereas the domestic BBC television and radio services have come under repeated attack from recent Conservative governments for their alleged leftwing bias, so that news style has been steadily compromised as a result, the only charge levelled at the World Service is that it's a waste of money. But periodic funding cuts haven't noticeably altered its quaint ideas about fairness, accuracy and attention to detail in news reporting. Infotainment it's not—unless your idea of fun is cataloguing human-rights abuses in Peru.

LAST YEAR'S INCIDENT involving Radio National presenter Richard Ackland was a clear demonstration that the standards of the dinner-jacket era have not been entirely dissipated. In a casual chat with Ackland, a Scottish newsreader agreed that she would have preferred that the Major government hadn't been re-elected. As a result, she was disciplined by the BBC, and the presenters of the 10-minute World Service bulletin on Ackland's *Daybreak* program have since been required to maintain a polite

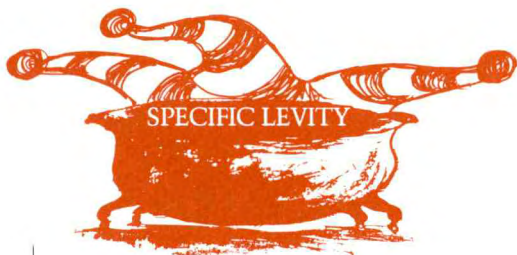
silence in the face of his persistent attempts to engage them in banter.

Of course the World Service is more than just news. It also has what surely must be the best request shows of any radio station in the world. Typically they feature selections from Gilbert & Sullivan requested by a primary schoolteacher in the Dominican Republic, or pleas from someone in the foothills of the Himalayas for a medley from *South Pacific*. Even more impressive is the *World Leader Phone-In Show*. The guest is announced a week or two before the program goes out, so that listeners have time to send in written questions. Those lucky enough to be chosen are phoned from London on the appropriate date and their question is relayed to the guest, resulting in bizarre cultural exchanges: 'On the line now we have Ernest from Lagos. What's your question for Vytautas Landsbergis?'

Sport, too, is a crucial meeting-place for millions of listeners whose only other point in common is the ability to understand English. Transmitting the British football scores to the thousands of expatriates who have made the tough decision to divorce themselves, at least temporarily, from Britain's cultural lifeblood is still the single most important function of the World Service.

This vital task is entrusted to the capable hands of Paddy Feeney, whose incessant public-school affability masks a real commitment to his tension-wracked and sleep-deprived audience. No matter how stressful the time pressures, he never fails to acknowledge the anguish of the exiled fan. 'I've had a letter from Peter in Hong Kong this week,' he'll say, 'and I'm delighted to be able to tell him that Huddersfield Town have won for the first time in 10 games.'

After tuning in for an extended period of time it becomes clear that, just as the World Service itself is only tenuously connected to the realities of modern Britain, so most of its listeners are also, at the very least, somewhat eccentric. I often get the feeling that most of the people who both



Eureka Street Cryptic Crossword no. 10, February 1993

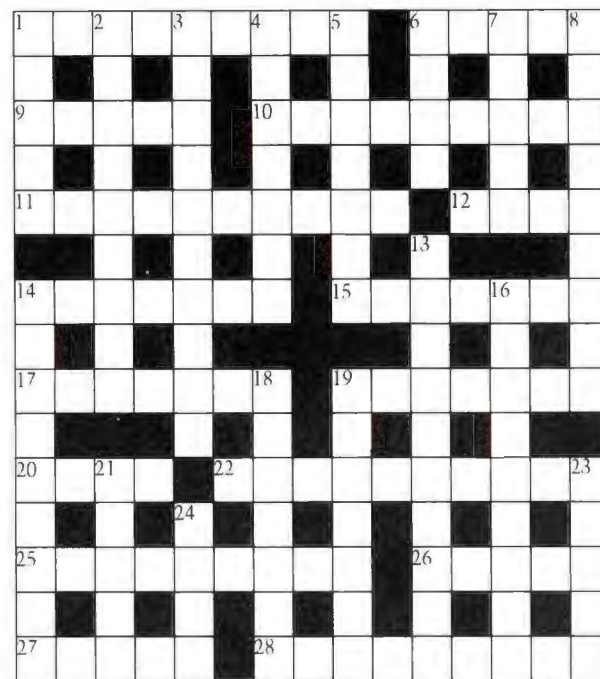
Devised by Joan Nowotny IBVM

ACROSS

- 1 Others love to call for refurbishing. (9)
- 6 Train the trainer. (5)
- 9 It's funny to have a business with a male in charge. (5)
- 10 As a mere toy, does she unlawfully ply a night trade? (9)
- 11 That's a fine CD—free from fuzziness and discordance. (10)
- 12 Counsel friends to find the ego within. (4)
- 14 Indicates that bridge opponents first study the Hebrew scriptures. (7)
- 15 The head cleaner. (7)
- 17 An eagle on the motorway—confused at the distance travelled. (7)
- 19 Hold the limit. (7)
- 20 It smells and sounds as if the eyes don't have it. (4)
- 22 What a turbulent feeling—red anger about the new site for the factory. (10)
- 25 The insect chirping with some irritation could be a boon on the outfield. (9)
- 26 My heart aches so badly within me, that I could not call it a game. (5)
- 27 In many long-legged ladies' wardrobes, you'll find this material. (5)
- 28 Deliberate about trying to conciliate around the end of August. (9)

DOWN

- 1 Hurried to say the bill was in the red. (5)
- 2 Unfortunately, a slim fine was imposed in the penultimate game. (9)
- 3 In Canberra, possibly, RSL hero may be honoured with such a concert. (10)
- 4 I am a journalist hoping to grab some attention. (7)
- 5 Takes a quick look and strikes as 25 across would do. (7)
- 6 Quote the position for the listener. (4)
- 7 Endless serial rearranged to appear. (5)
- 8 'Is the wolf nigh?' he first cried in bewilderment. Such pretentious language! (9)
- 13 The magi, in fact, somehow produced a song of praise. (10)
- 14 Order man coined word with the third vowel replacing the second. (9)
- 16 For a cent, maple syrup is available by arrangement. (9)
- 18 It was a mistake to go up speechless and include a rest and recreation break. (7)
- 19 Applauded the toast? (7)
- 21 The salesman in Gillespie loves to deliver one. (5)
- 23 Does she mix up these concoctions without a man? (5)
- 24 The baseless monarch may be a blood relation. (4)



Solution to Crossword no.9, December 1992-January 1993

I	C	E	B	E	R	G		C	L	I	M	B	E	R		
N		L		S		A		A		C		E		E		
T	R	U	M	P	E	T	E	R		O	P	E	R	A		
A		S		E		E				N		R		S		
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T		V		A		R		A				U		U		
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S	C	H	O	O	L	H	O	L	I	D	A	Y	S			
P		E				E		E		I		A		G		
R	E	A	R	W	A	R	D	S		C	O	W	E	R		
E		R		A				N		T		N		A		
S	T	I	C	K		S	C	A	R	I	F	I	E	D		
S		N		E		A		K		V		N		E		
O	R	G	A	N	I	C				E	M	E	R	G	E	D

produce and listen to World Service programs would really be quite happy if the past 50 years had never happened, that television had never been invented, let alone personal computers and other unsettling harbingers of modernity. Certainly the theme music to most programs hasn't changed at least since the Queen ascended to the throne. And how else can you explain the existence of a pop music program called *A Jolly Good Show*?

Unfortunately for Australia, short-wave reception of the World Service is often haphazard, even if you listen to

Waveguide, a program devoted to letters from listeners recommending the best frequencies in different parts of the world. However, in Sydney and Melbourne it's relayed through 2RPH and 3RPH (Radio for the Print Handicapped) overnight. (RPH is a radio experience in its own right, but that's another story). You can also invest in a special World Service radio, which for \$50 deposit and \$99 per year guarantees crystal clear reception 24 hours a day in Sydney, Canberra and Melbourne—contact on (02)9573777. I must admit I'm tempted.

New listeners should be warned, however. The World Service persistently misleads its audience in one respect, and I can only fear for the millions of people who tune in to learn English but have never been to Britain. I refer, of course, to the statement that regularly precedes news bulletins: 'This is London.' It's not. It's a tiny island, not even marked on most maps, that has only a nominal connection with the real London of 1993.

Mike Ticher holds badge no. 1 in the Paddy Feeney Fan Club.


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