EUREKA STREET

Vol. 4 No. 5 June-July 1994 $5.00

H.M. PRISON PENTRIDGE

EST 1851

Open for business

Peter Norden on privatising prisons

Margaret Simons talks to **Adrienne Clarke** about science and the market

Jon Greenaway on drug research and industry

Muriel Porter on the papalisation of Anglicanism

Steven Tudor talks to **Raimond Gaita** about ethics

Issues for the 90s

Be informed by the resource series dedicated to Australian contemporary social issues and the diverse facts and views which shape them.

Issues for The Nineties – used and recommended by university lecturers, teachers, librarians, students and community educators.

- ⌘ Accessible, topical information
- ⌘ A wide range of viewpoints
- ⌘ Illustrations, statistics, reports & graphs
- ⌘ A comprehensive index & resource list

A Question of Colour
No Fixed Abode
Whose Life Is It?
Animal Rights
Deadly Habits?
HIV/AIDS
Crime and Punishment
Rich World, Poor World
Changing Roles in the Family
Indigenous Peoples
The Media in Focus
A Violent Society?
Towards a Republic?
Children in Care
Living with Disability
When Families Break Down
Human Rights
Gender & Discrimination
Civil Rights
Changes at Work
Ageing: Everybody's Future
Children's Rights
Genetic Engineering
The Body Beautiful

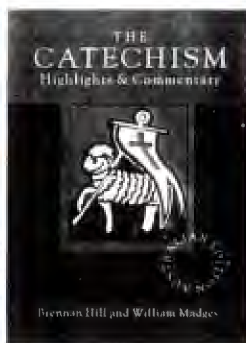
Available direct from the publisher or through bookshops and educational suppliers.
Mail or fax now for our quarterly newsletter featuring 3 new titles every 3 months.

$12.95 **each**

The Spinney Press
226 Darling Street, Balmain NSW 2041
Phone: (02) 555 9319
Fax: (02) 810 6024

THE
CATECHISM COMPANION

This is the easy to follow, easy to apply guide to the new *Catechism of the Catholic Church*. The highlights of the *Catechism* are presented and placed within the context of contemporary theological thinking — and all in inclusive-language!



The Catechism: Highlights and Commentary
by Brennan Hill and William Madges
Australian edition

ISBN 1 86371 382 4 **RRP** $18.95

CollinsDove
A Division of HarperCollins*Publishers*
A.C.N. 005 677 805

Tel: (03) 895 8195
Fax: (03) 895 8182
Mail: 22-24 Joseph Street
North Blackburn Vic 3130

ANGRY ORIGINAL STIMULATING
NEW INFURIATING ENTERTAINING PROVOCATIVE
PASSIONATE ONE-SIDED SERIOUS
SCATHING CONTROVERSIAL PASSIONATE

Backlash? Balderdash! Where Feminism is Going Right
Beatrice Faust

Fighting words!

Our Universities are Turning Us Into the Ignorant Country
Ian Lowe

The *Frontlines* series from UNSW Press now available in bookshops

$5.00 each

EUREKA STREET

Volume 4 Number 5
June-July 1994

A magazine of public affairs, the arts and theology

CONTENTS

4
COMMENT

6
LETTERS

8
PUTTING HEAT ON THE CES
David de Carvalho looks at competition.

9
CAPITAL LETTER

10
FIGURING THE FUTURE
Frank Stilwell talks to Jon Greenaway about the Budget and White Paper.

12
MAKING CRIME PAY
Peter Norden questions the privatising of Australian prisons.

15
A QUESTION OF CHILDREN'S RIGHTS
Moira Rayner argues a case.

16
INSIDE KOREA
Trevor Hay reports from Korea.

20
THE SCIENCE OUTLOOK
Adrienne Clarke, head of the CSIRO, talks to Margaret Simons.

23
ARCHIMEDES

24
SPORTING LIFE
Andrew Hamilton is back on his bike.

26
LAITY IN THE AISLES
Muriel Porter asks whether Anglicanism is becoming too centralised.

29
QUIXOTE

30
A DRUG ON THE MARKET
Jon Greenaway questions drug research; Michael McGirr visits the dispensary.

33
OBITUARY
Michael McKernan remembers Lt-Col Ralph Honner.

34
THE GOOD LIFE
Steven Tudor interviews Raimond Gaita.

42
BOOKS
Margaret Coffey reviews Penelope Leach on childcare; Michael Smith considers Peter Singer's *How are we to live?* (p.43); Peter Pierce marvels at *Australian Underworld Slang* and *Cadet Language* (p46); Paul Ormonde looks at Race Mathews' history of the Australian Fabians (p47); Andrew Hamilton briefly commends *Catholicism* (p50).

48
POETRY
Andrew Bullen discusses the poetry of Martin Johnston.

51
OPERA
Jim Davidson has been to see *Orphée et Eurydice* and *Idomeneo*.

52
THEATRE
Geoffrey Milne goes to Circus Oz.

54
FLASH IN THE PAN
Reviews of the films *Sirens; Four Weddings and a Funeral; Widows Peak; No Worries; The Lover; The Baby of Macon;* plus Ray Cassin reporting from Cannes.

58
ON SPEC

59
SPECIFIC LEVITY

This month's cover shows Pentridge Prison, Melbourne, its grim exterior long a symbol of Victorian penal attitudes. The privatisation of prisons may put a coat of paint on the bluestone and money in the State coffers; but are private owners appropriate agents of punishment and rehabilitation? *See* Making Crime Pay, *by Peter Norden, P12.*

Cover photograph by Bill Thomas.

Photographs pp4, 12-13, 20-22, 31, 46 by Bill Thomas.
Photograph p5 by Mark Strizic.
Cartoons pp10-11, 57 by Dean Moore.
Photograph p33 by Andrew Stark.
Photographs pp34, 38-39 by Emmanuel Santos.
Photograph 52 by Ponch Hawkes.

Eureka Street magazine
Jesuit Publications
PO Box 553
Richmond VIC 3121
Tel (03) 427 7311
Fax (03) 428 4450

EUREKA STREET

A magazine of public affairs, the arts and theology

Publisher
Michael Kelly SJ
Editor
Morag Fraser
Production editor
Ray Cassin
Consulting editor
Michael McGirr SJ
Editorial assistant: Jon Greenaway
Production assistants: J. Ben Boonen CFC, John Doyle SJ, Juliette Hughes, Siobhan Jackson, Chris Jenkins SJ.

Contributing editors
Adelaide: Frances Browne IBVM
Brisbane: Ian Howells SJ
Darwin: Margaret Palmer
Perth: Dean Moore
Sydney: Edmund Campion, Andrew Riemer, Gerard Windsor.
European correspondent: Damien Simonis
US correspondent: Thomas H. Stahel SJ

Editorial board
Peter L'Estrange SJ (chair), Margaret Coady, Margaret Coffey, Madeline Duckett RSM, Trevor Hales, Kevin McDonald, Joan Nowotny IBVM, Ruth Pendavingh, Peter Steele SJ, Bill Uren SJ

Business manager: Mary Foster
Advertising representative: Tim Stoney

Patrons
Eureka Street gratefully acknowledges the support of C.L. Adami; the trustees of the estate of Miss M. Condon; A.J. Costello; D.M. Cullity; R.J. and H.M. Gehrig; W.P. Gurry; A.F. Molyneux; V.J. Peters; Anon.; the Roche family; Anon.; Sir Donald and Lady Trescowthick; Mr and Mrs Lloyd Williams.

Eureka Street magazine, ISSN 1036–1758, Australia Post Print Post approved pp349181/00314 is published ten times a year by Eureka Street Magazine Pty Ltd, 300 Victoria Street, Richmond, Victoria 3121. Responsibility for editorial content is accepted by Michael Kelly, 300 Victoria Street, Richmond. Printed by Doran Printing, 4 Commercial Road, Highett VIC 3190.
© Jesuit Publications 1993
Unsolicited manuscripts, including poetry and fiction, will be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Requests for permission to reprint material from the magazine should be addressed in writing to: The editor, *Eureka Street* magazine, PO Box 553, Richmond VIC 3121.

Facing up

A COMMERCIAL NEWS broadcast in late May included as its third 'top story' for Sunday evening an item about celebrities gathering at a hamburger chain restaurant to raise money for a worthy cause. The broadcast was sponsored by the same chain restaurant. Such advertising-as-news has become so common that it escapes remark more often than not. So do the increasing number of imported, syndicated feature articles that fill up the space Australian dailies used to devote to commentary from informed local journalists and specialists in particular fields. What results is confusion about the nature and role of news-reporting, second rate and often irrelevant journalism and the homogenisation of information.

Independent publications can fight back. *Eureka Street* now boasts four regular columnists, none of whom is sponsored by a cigarette firm, restaurant chain, telecommunications conglomerate or a brand of dog food. All are experts in their field and bring a disintersted passion to the subjects they tackle.

Paul Chadwick

Paul Chadwick is one of Australia's most committed and informed media commentators. He writes every second month for *Eureka Street.*

Kerryn Goldsworthy

Kerryn Goldsworthy is a writer, a lecturer in literature and a self-confessed television addict. Each month she brings a broad cultural experience to her analysis of the latest on the box.

Moira Rayner

Moira Rayner has extensive experience of the law, human rights and equal opportunity legislation, deriving from her own practice and from work in government. She writes for us on social, legal and ethical issues.

Jack Waterford

Jack Waterford is living proof that a journalist can live in Canberra without merging with the mob. He combines a broad news grasp with an unrivalled depth of knowledge of the public service and Aboriginal affairs. ■

Photographs of Paul Chadwick, Kerryn Goldsworthy and Moira Rayner by Bill Thomas. Photograph of Jack Waterford courtesy *The Canberra Times.*

'Every mile is two in winter'

IN THE RUSH OF DAILY EVENTS, it is easy, almost inevitable, that one loses sight of the small shifts of the season, the imprints of time passing.

The Budget came and went, dove-tailing into the Liberal leadership change. Men died in racing cars, in Australia's north, in Europe. Dust fell by the tonne on Adelaide. Victoria made an ill-judged bid for the Soccer World Cup and then had to side-step into thin diplomacy. Alexander Downer called for a hatred of defeat in his party. Paul Keating made a fire-cracker speech, likening members of the Opposition to a variety of squibs, amusing the faithful while confirming the adversarial trait that gags national discussion of serious issues.

In Victoria a bill is in passage that seeks to restrict the availability of student union fee funds to certain activities in universities. Student newspapers are one such proscribed activity. Many of the nation's editors and commentators cut their teeth in university journalism, the present writer included. None of us has become a threat to national security.

Further afield, Alexander Solzhenitsyn decided to return to his homeland. From the same United States that Solzhenitsyn is leaving came alarms about the threat to world peace posed by the 'private' or Russian 'mafia' possession of nuclear arms. The Cold war has many mutations.

Here in Australia's south the parks are bronze. In another week they will be bare. George Herbert had time, and the disposition of mind, when he went his parish rounds in an English village three hundred and fifty years ago, to note the exigencies of the seasons. Perhaps it is a grace, not a bind, to understand that a mile *is* two in winter, and that we should spare the time to mark it. — **Morag Fraser**

Eureka Street notes with regret the passing, in April, of one of our foundation benefactors, Mr J.F. O'Brien. We extend our sympathy to the O'Brien family.

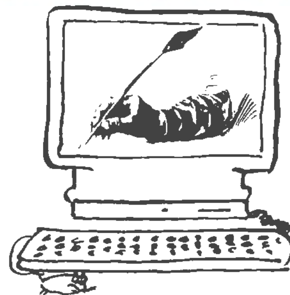
The headline quotation is one of the 'Outlandish Proverbs' collected by the poet, George Herbert, as he did the rounds of his parish. The Proverbs were published in London in 1640.

The photograph, 'St Georges Road at Northcote', is by Mark Strizic, c.1960. Courtesy City of Waverley Collection, purchased 1991.

Fraternal corrections

In our April issue, Fr Christopher Dowd OP took issue with a review of Le Catéchisme de'l'église universelle *by his Dominican confrère, Fr Denis Minns OP. Their debate continues this month.*

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.



From Christopher Dowd OP
I should be grateful for the space to address myself directly to the one and only issue which is taken up by Fr Minns in his reply to to my letter. The issue in question is the interpretation to be given to the text of *Adversus Haereses*, book 3, chapter 3, paragraph 1. I have followed Fr Minns' advice and consulted Luise Abramowski's note. I am pleased to report back that I have found therein nothing in the least bit embarrassing.

Abramowski's note is concerned mainly with the much-disputed point about whether the church in which the apostolic tradition has been maintained by the faithful everywhere (*in qua semper ab his qui sunt undique conservata est ea quae est ab apostolis traditio*) is the church of Rome (*hanc ... ecclesiam*) or the whole church (*omnem ... ecclesiam*). Abramowski argues, I think convincingly, that the basis for the necessary agreement of the other apostolic churches with Rome is their common possession of the apostolic tradition.

However, for the purposes of my debate with Fr Minns, this is not the point. Abramowski does not deal adequately with the question of the fact that Irenaeus singles out *one* of the apostolic churches, that of Rome, for special treatment or why he does this. Irenaeus himself tells us that the reason is that Rome is the greatest, the oldest and the most renowned of the churches (*maximae, et antiquissimae, et omnibus cognitae*) because founded by the two most glorious apostles Peter and Paul (*gloriosissimis duobus apostolis Petro et Paulo fundatae et constitutae*) and therefore enjoying a stronger origin or pre-eminent leadership (*potentiorem principalitatem*).

Irenaeus states that unauthorised assemblies can be confounded simply by referring quite independently to the tradition that has come down through the succession of bishops in one church, that of Rome. At *Adversus Haereses*, 3, 3, 2-3, he lists all of those bishops from the time of the apostles to Eleutherus, the Roman bishop of his own day. For Irenaeus, what is different about the Roman church is that, because of its *potentior principalitas* anchored in its superior apostolic foundation, it provides the other local churches with an autonomously-operating standard whereby the apostolic tradition can be determined. This standard is authoritative in the same way that any standard, yardstick, or criterion is authoritative. That, essentially, is my understanding of the kind of authority that Irenaeus claims for the Roman church. I do not think that paragraph 834 of the *Catéchisme* goes beyond this.

Perhaps the hub of this debate is what Fr Minns means by 'the authority of Rome over other churches', which he insists the *Catéchisme* gives Irenaeus the appearance of claiming, although Fr Minns' phraseology is not found in paragraph 834. What is actually found there is the following: 'The particular churches are fully Catholic by communion with one among them: the Church of Rome ... ' (*Les Eglises particulieres sont pleinement catholiques par la communion avec l'une d'entre elles: L'Eglise de Rome ...*) There follows three quotations from patristic sources including one from *Adversus Haereses:* 'For with this Church [the Church of Rome], by reason of its more excellent origin the whole Church, that is to say the faithful everywhere, must necessarily agree' (*Car avec cette Eglise, en raison de son origine plus excellent doit nécessairement s'accorder toute Eglise, c'est-à-dire les fidèles de partout.* The original Latin reads as follows: *Ad hanc enim ecclesiam propter potentiorem principalitatem necesse est omnem convenire ecclesiam, hoc est, eos qui sunt undique fideles).*

The *Catéchisme* rightly claims that among the apostolic churches the church of Rome is the first and decisive witness to the apostolic tradition and as such constitutes a doctrinal criterion of belief for Christians everywhere. The kind of Roman authority at issue here is certainly not of a much-later jurisdiction of government *over* the rest of the Church, which is perhaps what Fr Minns has in mind, but rather that of the more fundamental *regula fidei.* The expression which I used in my letter, 'the uniquely authoritative role of the Church of Rome *among* [my emphasis] all the other churches', seems to me to summarise well the Irenaean position.

In Irenaeus' doctrine we see one of the first glimmerings of that long process of development in self-understanding whereby the Church has gradually articulated her faith in the universal primacy and jurisdiction and the infallible teaching authority exercised by the Bishop of Rome in the service of the faithful everywhere.

Christopher Dowd OP
Canberra, ACT

Denis Minns OP replies
Victor White said of this passage of *Adversus Haereses* that it was 'perhaps the most-discussed Christian text outside the Bible' (*Dominican Studies* 1951). The reason for all this spilt ink—the literature on this subject shows a reference to the spilling of ink to be more or less *de rigueur*—is not that the interpretation of the Latin translation of what Irenaeus wrote in Greek is problematical (though it is) but that Roman Catholic apologists have persisted in attempting to claim Irenaeus as an early witness for the primacy of the see of Rome.

In 1576 the Franciscan Feuardent supposed that the passage meant that 'everyone must agree with Rome and not differ from her by so much as an inch'. Luise Abramowski's note was provoked by Dom Adelin Rousseau's claim, in 1974, that Irenaeus meant that the church of Rome 'has not only a higher dignity than all other churches but *is empowered to speak in their name to all, and to express authentically the faith of all*'. But an unprejudiced reading of the passage in its whole context shows that Irenaeus has no higher an opinion of the authority of the church of Rome than of that of any

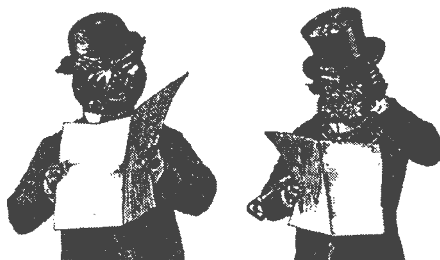
other church of apostolic foundation.

As J.F. McCue observed, in words quoted by Abramowski, 'Rome is introduced as an exemplar: it is important not because it possesses anything that other churches do not possess, but because it possesses in a clear and decisive way what any true church must possess: public transmission of teaching through the bishops back to the apostles ... In theory, any of the apostolic churches could serve as a doctrinal standard. Rome, because it is so impressively apostolic and because of its cosmopolitan character and its extensive dealings with others, is a most convenient standard' (*Theological Studies* 25 (1964) 177f).

Both Irenaeus and his opponents sought to establish the authenticity of their teachings by claiming that these had been handed on in succession from the apostles. They could not both be right. To settle the issue, Irenaeus proposed that any doctrine handed on by the apostles to their successors would surely still be taught in the churches founded by the apostles. As the succession lists of several churches show them to have been founded by the apostles, all we need to do is to identify those churches and ask whether what is taught in them is in agreement with the heretics or with Irenaeus. But, 'because it would be extremely tedious in a book such as this to spell out the succession lists of all the churches' Irenaeus contents himself with the succession list of one church only, the church of Rome, for if it is true that the authentic apostolic faith will be found in any church of apostolic foundation, then surely it will be found in this church, established not by one but by two apostles. There is then no need to set out the succession lists of other apostolic churches, because if they are apostolic what they teach must be in agreement with what is taught in Rome. The necessity is not one of moral obligation, but of logic. 'There are *in fact*, other apostolic churches, and by reason of this they *cannot* have any other kind of relationship with the apostolic church of Rome than agreement with it' (Abramowski). '*Potentiorem principalitatem*' does not refer to 'pre-eminent leadership' but to 'more excellent origin'—*hikanoteran archēn*—(i.e. two apostles, famous for their martyrdom, rather than one).

In no sense whatever can these words be taken to mean that the Roman church 'is the first and decisive witness to the apostolic tradition', that it provided other churches with an 'autonomously-operating standard' different from or superior to their control of the truth of doctrine through the succession-list of any other church of apostolic foundation. Irenaeus is not 'making a claim for the uniquely authoritative role of the church of Rome among all the other churches', and he did not intend 'to establish a special authority for one particular church, the Roman'. He was simply doing what he said he would do—taking a short-cut.

It is ironic that we could have been spared so much tedium if only Irenaeus had not chosen to abbreviate his argument in order to spare us just a little. It is even more ironic that Irenaeus, who rebuked a Roman bishop for bullying the apostolic churches of Asia in regard to the date of Easter, should continue to be misrepresented as a witness to Roman primacy, and should, yet again, be roped into the 'long process of development in self-understanding whereby the Church has gradually articulated her faith in the universal primacy and jurisdiction and the infallible teaching authority exercised by the Bishop of Rome'. For the whole point of Irenaeus' argument is that apostolic tradition does not and cannot develop. If it could, the gnostics would have been home and hosed; any difference between their teaching and that of the churches could be put down to development. As W. Wigan Harvey put it so memorably, Irenaeus made no reserve 'in favour of any theory of development. If ever we find any trace of this dangerous delusion in Christian antiquity, it is uniformly the plea of heresy'.



Fr Dowd suggests that I have imposed upon the Catechism a claim for the authority of Rome over other churches which the Catechism does not make. However when quoting 'what is actually found there', Fr Dowd coyly omits the end of the sentence: 'the Church of Rome "which presides in charity" '. If Fr Dowd supposes that by this phrase the Catechism does not intend a reference to the Authority of Rome over other churches he should follow up the Catechism's footnote reference to the first Vatican Council, which had quoted our Irenaean passage in support of the view that 'whoever succeeds to the chair of Pater obtains, by the institution of Christ himself, the primacy of Peter over the whole church'. Surely Fr Dowd has not forgotten the exceedingly dim view taken by the same Council of anyone so temerarious as to assert that 'blessed Peter the apostle was not appointed by Christ the lord as prince of all the apostles and visible head of the whole church militant; or that it was a primacy of honour only and not one of true and proper jurisdiction that he directly and immediately received from our lord Jesus Christ himself', or that 'the Roman pontiff is not the successor of blessed Peter in his primacy'?

Dennis Minns OP
Clayton, VIC

Out cold

From David Holdcroft

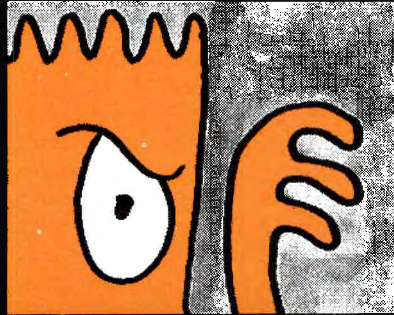
It is with some disquiet that I note the imminent closure in Melbourne of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society's Ozanam House Crisis Accomodation for men, pending an 18-month redevelopment. My disquiet stems from the fact that this event, coming as it does on the heels of the closure of Gordon House (in favour of several smaller works—a crisis facility for men is planned to open in August), and at the beginning of winter, a time when the use of such places rises, has so far evaded any coverage in the print media.

Many of the services provided by Ozanam House will remain open during the time of redevelopment. However I question the adequacy of transferring medical and accomodation facilities to the Salvation Army's Gill Memorial Hostel, an aged facility itself earmarked for relocation. In my experience, not everybody who stays at Ozanam House would be suited to The Gill Hostel, and vice versa.

Is there a place in the public arena for debate over some of the questions involved in the redevelopment of Ozanam House and, more generally, our community's responsibility to, and the nature of its care towards, the homeless?

David Holdcroft
Abbotsford, VIC

Don't be bullied.



Small boys with mass audiences are a jealous lot. If you want to share

EUREKA STREET

with someone special, ignore Bart's threats.

just

Pass it on

Do you know someone who might enjoy *Eureka Street*? We would be happy to send them copies for two months on a trial basis.

Simply fill in the form below (with their permission) and send it to Jesuit Publications, PO Box 553, Richmond VIC, 3121

Please send two free copies of *Eureka Street* to:

Name...

Address...

....

.........................Postcode...........

My name is.................................

Address...

.........................Postcode...........

Tel...

COMMENT

DAVID DE CARVALHO

Putting heat on the CES

THE WHITE PAPER PLAN TO MAKE use of community and private agencies to help the CES find jobs for the unemployed is a very good idea—in theory. Recent statistics revealed that only 17 per cent of all job vacancies are filled by the Commonwealth Employment Service. Most jobs are found through newspapers or through the informal links of family, friends, the parish, the sports club and neighbours.

Community-based agencies, being smaller, more user-friendly, less bureaucratic, and closer to these informal networks than the CES, may well provide better and more direct links between employers and job-seekers. Many community-based agencies already provide training and labour-market programs like SkillShare and Job Clubs, and would be keen to participate in the final step of actually finding work for the people they have trained.

This is where the partial privatisation of government functions can succeed, because it is offering genuine choice to unemployed people about whom they can approach for assistance in finding work. It is also a neat instance of the principle of subsidiarity put into practice: the state allowing communities to carry out those functions which they do best and which properly belong to them.

In Victoria, this kind of program is already under way. The Kennett government has funded 39 community-based agencies to the tune of $10m this year to help match the unemployed with local employers and the bodies which provide training. It seems the Federal Labor Government is following the Victorian example.

There is, however, one potential danger that could adversely affect this initiative: it involves the way in which the private agencies are funded. The White Paper states that: 'contracts with agencies could specify the outcomes they are expected to achieve (in terms of the proportion of their clients who are placed in unsubsidised jobs) and a proportion of their payment could be dependent on the agency achieving target outcomes.'

Obviously an agency would be failing if it placed no-one in work, but if the targets are set too unreasonably high, there will be pressure on agencies to deal only with those unemployed people who are most attractive to employees, that is, the recently retrenched, with experience. The longer-term unemployed and the younger unemployed person could well be pushed to the back of the queue, though new financial incentives to employers to employ them will hopefully counteract this bias.

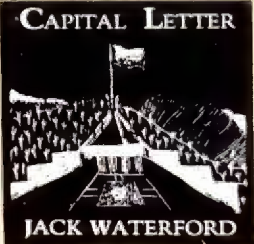
Community-based agencies who take up this task must be able to negotiate reasonable and flexible contracts with Mr Crean's department, so that they can give the necessary time and individual attention to the most disadvantaged job-seekers. ■

David de Carvalho is a Social Policy Officer with the Good Shepherd Youth and Family Service.

Abbotsford Cycles

We can look after your bicycle, from a new tube to a full service and repairt.
We can help you to make cycling more comfortable, convenient and reliable.
We sell Australian-made Pro-tour bicycles, Velocity aluminium rims, Atom and Headway helmets, and Netti clothing.

299 Johnston Street
Abbotsford, VIC 3067
Telephone 417 4022



Initiating Carmen

If Graham Richardson has Aboriginal health on his conscience then Richo himself is perhaps unwittingly to blame.

It was he who had raised the expectations, giving a clear impression that he had the funding—an extra $800 million to be spent over four years—in the bag and had a worked-out plan to spend it.

In fact it was much more a case of money first, plan second. All he had was a broad view that the existing primary care services needed a lot of extra resources, that the funding and controlling system administered by the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Commission was a disaster, that his department should run it, and that there might be scope for some big hits on particular problem areas. Moreover, his funding idea was focused on the notion that by some mechanism, probably an increase in the Medicare levy, there would be fresh funds to cover it.

But the critical contribution to the disaster was probably his parting present to his successor, Carmen Lawrence. Richo thought she was very good. Indeed she was probably the next Prime Minister and certainly the next deputy Prime Minister. This rather irritated the existing Deputy Prime Minister, Brian Howe, already the subject of gibes about his current clout and effectiveness, and a number of people who wouldn't mind being Deputy Prime Minister if Howe fell or could be pushed under a bus.

Two of these, Kim Beazley and Simon Crean, sat on the Cabinet Budget Committee. They were already full of scorn for the much-ballyhhooed woman from the west, thinking that whatever her charms and her background, the way government was run in Canberra was on another quantum level of professionalism from anything the Western Australian state government could contemplate.

So Carmen Lawrence walked into a trap. She thought a vague statement of good intentions, with some ballpark figures adding up to a very large sum, was in the bag. And she was not well briefed to defend or extend the position on the run.

Howe led the charge, running the line that spending money on actual health services was not really the point. If there were going to be any long-term changes in the appalling statistics then it would depend on improving the appalling living environment.

The other ministers ripped the submission itself apart. The existing Aboriginal medical services were getting $50 million a year. The submission proposed that they would get $150 million. That suggested, in effect, that each service would triple in size. Did they have, or could they get, the administrative and managerial resources to expand that fast and cope? Did they themselves have drawn-up and detailed plans for so expanded a role? Or would it be more cast into the sand? Had these been scrutinised by anyone of any expertise? Really, it was all fairyland stuff, wasn't it?

And what about this notion that the department set up from scratch a 70-person Aboriginal health unit, explicitly not taking any of the ATSIC bureaucracy who had been dealing with the subject before. Where was Health's expertise and where was it going to get it? Could it really be operational by July 1 and in control? Nonsense!

By the time Dr Lawrence had been done over, her $200 million bid for 1994-95 had been whittled down to $59 million—a $9 million increase. That might be 18 per cent up but it was simply not enough to deliver the change which had been promised or to meet the expectations which had been raised.

She appealed to Keating, both on the basis of his promise and on the basis of the embarrassment which would clearly befall the Government if it was seen to repudiate the raised expectations. Keating saw the political danger, and listed it for re-argument, but in fact did little to help. Indeed, he was hardly present while the matter was re-argued, though his known interest ensured that there was a full re-hearing.

In the intervening period, sources not a million miles from Howe had leaked to the press a damaging story of how amateurish and not-quite-up-to-it Dr Lawrence was. And sources not a million miles from Dr Lawrence thought it would do no harm to bring into the argument some of the voices of outrage that would scream if things became a *fait accompli*. The latter may have been bad tactics: there is at least the pretence in Cabinet that one wins arguments there on merit not noise.

In any event, the re-hearing produced an even worse result for Lawrence politically. She was told that Aboriginal health could get an extra $16 million a year but only if she found the money from elsewhere in her budget. That was really no concession at all, since ministers are always allowed latitude in rearranging the furniture. But then she was told that in any event she could not control it. Functional responsibility would remain with ATSIC. It would keep its existing $50 million and she had to give it another $25 million from her budget.

Moreover, Keating's office then leaked this result not as a triumph for her but as a result of his own intervention. Keating also did some *legerdemain* with new and existing spending commitments in the housing and environmental field, plus a pretence that existing levels of funding was fresh funding. In fact, the 'new' spending is about $140 million over four years. Brian Howe's important environmental health projects get about $15 million extra a year, which will reduce the backlog on the needed work by one per cent a year.

Who cares whether Carmen was hurt in the big boys' party games. What about the Aborigines who were the meat in the sandwich? One consequence of the débacle is that there will be an extensive review of health service and a plainly failing National Aboriginal Health Strategy this year which may in fact produce a perverse result that next year overall funding levels may increase by even more than Richardson had promised. A year's delay in any real change of resource input is, however, a year's delay. And ATSIC will still be managing the show—a job they have proven singularly inept at, as almost everyone agrees. Outsiders in the Health Department will get a seat at the table to decide what is spent, but little real clout.

But then again, her Cabinet critics were mostly right. Neither Dr Lawrence nor Richardson had a plan worth speaking of, let alone a mechanism for supervising it—good intentions are not enough. What a pity, however, that rather than cooperating in devising a plan that worked, and which might have been able to tap into some of the fresh energy and enthusiasm available, the focus was on teaching Carmen a political lesson. ■

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

Figuring the future

The Budget and White Paper on unemployment show that there is a will to shift direction. ***Jon Greenaway*** *asked* ***Frank Stilwell*** *about the way the Government has gone about policy change.*

RALPH WILLIS TRUMPETED THE FACT that we are one of the lowest-taxed countries in the OECD: does this indicate that increased taxation is off the agenda?
I thought it obscene when the members of Parliament applauded in response to that claim. The other side of the coin is that we do have a very niggardly public sector and that impairs the functioning of many aspects of our economy and society.

I believe that the prospect of general repair of that damage through higher rates of taxation is remote for political reasons. However if the tax system were geared more to the ability to pay, we could deal with those problems and redress the tendencies to growing economic inequalities.

Is this budget a wishful one?
The newspapers described it as Willis' gamble. Of course the optimistic growth target may be achieved. If we do get rapid growth the budget deficit could come in lower than expected, as happened last year, but even if it went higher than projected, that would be an appropriate stimulatory response to a prolonged recession.

Is the government trying to goad industry to start investing more?
The government recurrently tries to engender a mood of confidence among business investors: predicting a high rate of economic growth, generating lively animal spirits and thereby bringing about a self-fulfilling process. Clearly that is much in evidence in the government's current policies.

Is the orthodox line of deficit reduction still controlling government thinking?
Yes, there is a continuing deficit fetishism. The deficit is the net outcome of the two major flows of tax revenues and government spending. How that balancing item comes out is always difficult to pre-plan.

The more important thing is to get appropriate structures for expenditure—spending more to repair the run-down in our public sector—and a more appropriate structure of taxation that tailors the system to people's ability to pay.

The government's reliance on growth applies to the White Paper as well. Are their forecasts of growth sufficient to reduce unemployment to the 5% target they've set?
There is one enormous problem that involves the effect of technological change. In a modern, technologically advanced economy, job growth seldom increases in tandem with output. This is the phenomenon of 'jobless growth'.

The government has not come to terms with this. That's why we have to be thinking more in terms of the redistribution of work—a shorter working week, bans on overtime, and generally more flexible arrangements for sharing out the work and incomes.

Restructuring industry is another aspect of coming to terms with a changing economy. What does the government need to do to address industry problems?
When the government announced the running together of its statements on industry policy and regional policy with the job strategy, I hoped we were going to get a new social charter comparable to that which the former Labor Government brought down in 1945.

In practice the industry policy and regional policy initiatives have been subordinated to labour market policies. The dominant thrust remains that of economic rationalism—the policies that got us into the economic difficulties in the first place.

There are many alternatives. For example, we could set up a national investment fund that draws on the pool of workers' superannuation savings and use them to finance productive investment in Australia.

That would be job-creating, and it would make the nation less dependent on the import of foreign capital. Alongside that strategy, there is an enormous potential for ecologically sustainable development. That requires systematic planning to restructure in-

dustry in ways that are both job-creating and consistent with ecological goals.

It seems the Government has decided that regional projects have to be developed on the ground. What do you think of that?
Regional self-help is cheap and therein lies its obvious appeal to the Government. What we're seeing is a commitment to regional policy without any significant financial support.

Have they forgotten the Kelty report ?
The Kelty report, I thought, would be a more potent influence. In the debate about regional policy there is an interesting dualism. On the one hand, there is strong stress on the need for regional policy to have a bottom-up character—to be sensitive to the needs of the regions as the local people themselves identify them. But equally there needs to be some co-ordination and assistance of a top-down character, and that's what seems to be lacking.

How would you assess the social justice aspects of the budget?
Some of the new expenditure items are overdue and welcome. More funding for Aboriginal health, women's breast- cancer screening and assistance for homelessness—are all appropriate policies. Although a cynic might say they simply redress areas that have been neglected for too long.

Is the 5 per cent unemployment target in itself an admission of failure?
I'm rather sad that the nature of the full employment objective has not been more carefully considered. On the one hand the 5 per cent target is probably the most that can be achieved given the Government's current economic policies. But we need to be thinking about new concepts of full employment. It's conceivable that we could have a different kind of full employment, involving more sharing of the work, more balancing of work in the public and private spheres, based on a guaranteed minimum income that would take away the stigma of unemployment and economic marginalisation.

Thinking more creatively about those more fundamental institutional changes is necessary. The government is missing an opportunity to address that broader social and economic vision.

If the growth comes through, how will that affect financial planning?
If the growth comes through, future budgets will be much as this year's—steady as she goes. I'm tempted to say 'steady as she goes on the road to nowhere'. There is one welcome sign that is illustrated by having this year's White Paper quickly followed by the Budget. We need to take that principal further and ensure that we have major, visionary public policy statements followed by a more modest exercise in financial arrangement. That would be much more sensible than past budgetary policy, which has subordinated those broader aspects of economic and social planning to the process of national income-accounting.

How exactly could a more co-ordinated economic and social policy be extended?
We need to place much more emphasis on ecological sustainability and social justice, as well as economic efficiency. The Government, the Opposition, and indeed all political organisations would claim to be seeking a balance between those goals. But in practice the social and ecological have been subordinated to the economic.

As my colleague, Michael Pusey, from *Reworking Australia* has argued,what we've seen is a situation where the economy destroys the society.

What kind of a society will the1994 Budget create?
The current trends in society are towards increased polarisation between rich and poor, between those who benefit from economic and technological change and those who are marginalised and excluded by it. I don't see anything in the current policies to reverse those unfortunate directions. This means that even if society becomes more wealthy in the aggregate it becomes more divided and less socially cohesive and therein lies a whole array of dangers. We're a long way from the situation whereby the rich have taken refuge in the suburbs behind walled enclaves guarded by private security guards,as in the United States, but I fear that is the direction in which we're heading.

Though the Government policies may be delivered with the best of intent, the policy makers don't seem to have sufficient long-term vision to see the way in which economic instruments must be used for broader social purposes. That's why I keep referring to the missed opportunity that this year's White Paper and Budget involves. ■

Frank Stilwell is Associate Professor of Economics at the University of Sydney.
Jon Greenaway is a staff writer for *Eureka Street.*

PETER NORDEN

Making crime pay

THE INTRODUCTION OF PRIVATELY-OPERATED PRISONS to Australia is a major shift in public policy, raising crucial questions about the role of the state and the nature of the social contract. These questions are not, however, being tackled in public debate.

In Australia, private prisons first appeared in Queensland, which opened the Borallan Correctional Centre in January 1990 and the Arthur Gorrie Remand and Reception Centre in June 1992. A privately-operated prison opened in Junee, New South Wales, in March last year, and the Victorian government has announced that it intends to replace Pentridge Prison and Fairlea Women's Prison with three privately-operated institutions by the end of 1996. South Australia and Western Australia are also considering the introduction of privately-operated prisons.

The private-prison industry began in the United States, but fewer than one per cent of that country's prisons are privately operated. The two American-owned companies which are introducing private prisons to Australia, however, already control nine per cent of Australian prisons, and if the Victorian proposal goes ahead this will leap to more than 20 per cent.

Four issues are central to a debate on private prisons: the responsibility of the state as the dispenser of punitive sanctions; the nature of the social contract; the record of the private companies which are tendering for prison contracts; and the public accountability and independent monitoring of successful tenderers. Such questions should take priority over the question of economic savings—a consideration that, unfortunately, tends to determine much of the formulation of social policy in Australia today.

ABOVE: Melbourne's Pentridge, a 150 year-old maximum security prison with a per capita annual operating cost of $53,443.

Photo: Bill Thomas

Government responsibility and the theory of social contract

The introduction of privately-operated prisons is redefining the obligations of the state to its citizens. The authority to legislate through Parliament, to judge according to established laws, to sentence through the courts, and to punish through the withdrawal of liberty are invested in the crown through the democratic assent of the citizens. The administration of criminal justice—and in particular, the imposition of punishment involving the loss of liberty—is widely regarded as the exclusive prerogative of the crown, and as a core function of government.

How, then, can a government hand over this authority to foreign-owned companies whose central objective is to return profits to their shareholders in the United States? Does the divesting of authority for the administration of prisons undermine the liberal-democratic system of government?

In a democracy, the citizens give authority to the crown as part of an agreed social contract. They recognise the crown's authority, through its official representatives, in the formulation, implementation and upholding of laws. The private-prison movement, however, challenges us to consider whether core functions of the state, such as the punishment and incarceration of citizens, can be divested to private authorities. The American Bar Association expressed the same concerns in a resolution it adopted when the push for private prisons was gaining momentum in the United States in 1986: 'the American Bar Association urges that jurisdictions that are considering the privatisation of prisons and jails not proceed to so contract until the complex constitutional, statutory, and contractual issues are developed and resolved.'

SUPPORTERS OF PRIVATE PRISONS in Australia have argued that in establishing prisons run by private firms the state has not divested its authority to impose punishment, but only delegated its responsibility for the delivery of the punishment. They suggest that contracting out any government service does not deny the government's responsibility or authority to provide such a public service, but only removes the gov-

ernment's monopoly over the immediate delivery of that service.

This argument appears reasonable when applied to such such services as the provision of transport, water, gas and electricity, education and health services. When applied to such core functions of the state as depriving citizens of their liberty, however, there are more complex factors to be considered.

Private companies running prisons rely on the organised use of force to control the movement and behaviour of prisoners. Not only do they exercise control over the movement of prisoners, acting on behalf of the state, but they are constantly called upon to make administrative decisions that amount to the imposition of punishment. Each day, private-prison administrators in Queensland and New South Wales make decisions about placing inmates in separate confinement, about visits from family members, about access to prison industry and prison programs, and about communication with the outside community through telephone contact.

These administrators can lay charges against a prisoner for breaches of prison discipline, hear such charges and impose punishment through the exercise of disciplinary powers. Private-prison officers exercise discretionary powers that may affect the classification of inmates to other prisons, the allocation of remissions for good behaviour, assessments of the Parole Board, and the eventual release date of the prisoner. Purists may be able to distinguish between the allocation of punishment by state officials and the delivery of that punishment by prison officials, but the day-to-day operation of a prison tends to cloud this distinction.

The *concept* of privatisation is not new, for there is a long history of involvement of church and non-profit organisations in the rehabilitation of criminal offenders. The issues raised by private involvement are more crucial, however, when the organisations seeking to take over the operation of correctional institutions operate on a 'for profit' basis.

The nature and performance of 'for profit' organisations

There are two main players in the private-prisons market in Australia: Australasian Correctional Management (ACM), and the Corrections Corporation of Australia (CCA). ACM operates the Arthur Gorrie Remand Centre in Brisbane and the 600-bed medium security prison in Junee. CCA, forming a consortium with Wormald Security and Holland Constructions, runs the medium-security Borallan Centre, for 244 inmates, in Brisbane. Both companies are competing for investments in the Victorian private-prison market.

ACM, which operates in partnership with Thiess Contractors and ADT Security, is largely owned by its Florida-based American affiliate, the Wackenhut Corporation. Wackenhut, established in 1954, has more than 45,000 employees, annual revenues of more than $500 million and assets of more than $150 million. The corporation specialises in providing industrial security and other protective services for government, business and industry. Although its Junee prison has not yet attracted significant criticism, the same cannot be said of its Arthur Gorrie Remand Centre in Brisbane. In the past two years there have been six suicides in the remand centre, and four major disturbances during which staff have had to use tear gas to regain control.

CCA's parent company, the Corrections Corporation of America, concentrates solely on the development and management of prisons. Founded in 1983, the company now operates more than 20 correctional facilities in the US, most of them minimum and medium-security institutions. Its headquarters are in Tennessee. In Australia, CCA has been accused of attempting to stifle public debate about the private prison movement by threatening legal action against people who criticise its operations.

In Australia, the Corrections Corporation of America (CCA) has been accused of attempting to stifle public debate about the private prison movement by threatening legal action against people who criticise its operations.

The company's legal representatives, Lyons of Brisbane, suggest that such criticism defames their client by harming its corporate reputation. A writ alleging defamation has been issued against a Queensland academic, Paul Moyle, and a letter threatening such action has been sent to a Melbourne lawyer, Amanda George. The letter asked George to cease such criticism and to make a public retraction of comments she had already made.

So after only four years of private-prison operations in Australia—a period during which it might have been expected that the firms involved would want to allay fears—there are signs of trouble that should alert the community.

Do private prisons offer an economic advantage?

Proponents of private prisons have sometimes used misleading cost comparisons with government-run institutions. In March, the chairman of the Victorian government's corrections committee, Ross Smith, was reported as saying that the cost of keeping a prisoner for a year at Pentridge was 'about $80,000' (*Herald Sun*, 21/3/94). He compared this with the $47,000 cost of keeping a prisoner at Queensland's Borallan Centre, and suggested that 'the main difference is that Borallan is run by private enterprise'.

Pentridge is a maximum-security prison that is almost 150 years old. The Victorian Office of Corrections' figures indicate that its per capita annual operating cost is $53,443. Borallan is a medium security prison built in the past few years.

It is these factors, rather than management by private or public enterprise, which make the crucial difference in operating costs, and loose arguments that ignore such factors raise serious questions about the Victorian government's deliberations on the future of corrections.

At this early stage it is almost impossible to make cost comparisons between privately-operated prisons and government-run institutions in Australia, yet the Victorian corrections committee intends to privatise 40 per cent of prison beds within two years.

Real comparisons need to be conducted over time and between similar institutions. Estimates of the cost of private prisons must also take into account the hidden costs to government of corporate services, and the monitoring of private-prison contracts. Even in the US it seems that there is no reliable evidence to suggest that private-prison operations are more cost-effective than comparable facilities run by government agencies.

The major commentators suggest that the only way of cutting the cost of prison operations is by using fewer resources, or paying less for the resources used. Where costs savings have been noted in the US, it is because private-prison contractors have paid lower wages or have provided fewer benefits to their employees than have government agencies. And America's prison context is dramatically different from Australia's—it has a prison population of 1.2 million, with almost one in 200 citizens being held in custody.

WITHOUT ANY DROP IN CRIME RATES, the number of Americans in prison has doubled since 1980 and trebled since 1970.

Paul Johnson, former chairperson of the American Bar Association's Young Lawyers Division, declared his opposition to private prisons because it was inappropriate to operate prisons for profit: the profit motive provides no incentive to reduce overcrowding, and no incentive to deal with the broader problems of criminal justice, including possible alternatives to imprisonment. Johnson summed it this way: 'The private sector is more interested in doing well than in doing good.'

In the US, prison privatisation was an attempt to cut costs and to avoid the consequences of Supreme Court supervision orders of state prison systems. It has failed, as the President's Commission on Privatisation recently acknowledged.

The private-prison market in the US is shrinking, so it is not surprising that private-prison operators have turned their attention towards the Australian and New Zealand markets.

Setting of standards and accountability to the community

The privatisation of prisons does have its attractions: it offers the possibility of prison reform through the building of new prisons, and an effective way of combating the resistance of prison officers' unions to such reforms. Queensland's two privately-operated correctional facilities were developed in the face of resistance to change by public service unions, but the government there failed to take full advantage of the reform possibilities.

The bargaining power of the state is at its highest during the crucial period of contractual negotiation, when demands can be made in terms of standards required for day-to-day prison operations. It is to be hoped that the Victorian government will take full advantage of such reform possibilities, if it proceeds with plans for privately-operated prisons.

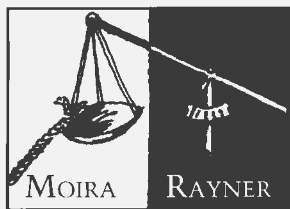
VICTORIA'S PLANS ENVISAGE THE REPLACEMENT of Pentridge with two large private prisons, one maximum-security and one medium-security, and a further maximum-security women's prison to replace Fairlea. Nowhere in the world have we seen such replacement of maximum-security facilities by the private sector. The Victorian government is certainly jumping in at the deep end, and many would say that it should learn to swim first. Few Victorians would like to see Pentridge remain, except perhaps as a museum, and it is clear that the old prison culture which Pentridge represents must be destroyed if the prison system is to protect the community effectively.

But could this not be achieved through a change in management style and training of staff? A predisposition towards the privatisation of state instrumentalities appears to be shaping public social policy around Australia, as well as a desire to cut costs; but one wonders whether the important philosophical and ethical questions have been properly considered.

Should the crown delegate its power to deprive citizens of their liberty to private firms whose major interest lies in sending profits back to the US? Although important questions are still being asked about the public accountability of state prison authorities, what confidence can the community have that running prisons for profit will make them any more accountable? In Queensland and New South Wales, the requirement of commercial confidentiality has meant that the contracts between the state and the private operators are not publicly available. Standards are poorly defined, and the monitoring of the contracts leaves a lot to be desired.

Many people want more reform of the Australian prison system, but they fear that privately-operated prisons are not the answer. ■

Peter Norden SJ is the convenor of the Victorian Criminal Justice Coalition.



A question of children's rights

No parents want their child to be sexually exploited or to undergo an unwanted pregnancy. We know how vulnerable any child is: how much more so when she is unworldly, affectionate and unaware of the implications or consequences of sexual activity: when she has an intellectual disability.

Our laws don't specifically deprive such people of freely-chosen intimacy, sexual expression or marriage. In practice many are deprived of these rights as a matter of course. Loving and responsible parents have their daughters sterilised, sometimes through tubal ligation, but more often by radical hysterectomy. Many assume that Courts authorise such procedures, but this was not always so: in Western Australia, when I was Chair of the Law Reform Commission examining the law and practice in that State in the late 1980s, we found no recorded case in which parents applied for that permission from the Supreme Court; nonetheless, a lot of girls had undergone hysterectomies.

'Sterilisation' is not an accurate term. We knew of no case where intellectually disabled boys had been castrated. Intellectually disabled young women might have healthy wombs and ovaries surgically removed, losing not only the child-bearing capacity but menstruation and hormonal functions. If they are children this raises special concerns, because though our laws assume that children aren't mature enough, and so lack the legal capacity, to protect their own interests or authorise their own medical treatment, they also recognise that a child's abilities continually develop and improve into adulthood. Non-voluntary irreversible medical procedures on children are, therefore, very significant.

The High Court has reviewed the issues, most recently in a decision handed down on 20th April 1994. The results are unsettling, and have profound implications for the rights of children.

In a 1992 case the parents of 'Marion', a profoundly disabled teenager, decided, on professional advice, that she should undergo a hysterectomy. The High Court was asked to decide whether they could authorise it, or whether a court's approval was necessary. It said that the Family Court now possessed much of the traditional protective *parens patriae* jurisdiction of the Common Law courts and that its permission was essential to sterilisation surgery. The Court also said that no child should be assumed to be incapable of consenting to such surgery on her own behalf, even if she were intellectually disabled. So the procedural protection is clear enough. But when should courts authorise surgical sterilisation procedures on a child?

Their traditional approach is to consider each set of circumstances and the 'best interests' of the child. In *Marion's* case Justice Brennan rejected this outright, saying it left the decision to 'an unexaminable discretion'. He proposed, instead, a principle based on the child's rights: the measure by which the 'impairment of human dignity' would be affected by the decision proposed.

'Best interests' or 'welfare' criteria are, logically, not criteria at all. They are self-justifying descriptions or predictions that the outcome will be satisfactory. In hindsight, many assumptions underlying 'best interests' decisions don't hold up at all: adulterous wives, for example, are not necessarily bad mothers, as courts used to believe, and our understanding of intellectual disability has also changed over time: 'eugenic' considerations, for instance, almost saw the passage of a Western Australian *Mental Deficiency Bill* in 1929 which would have sterilised 'defectives' (including mothers of more than one 'fatherless' child) as a passport from compulsory institutionalisation.

On 20th April 1994 the High Court had to decide whether the Family Court could authorise surgery on an intellectually disabled teenager to prevent pregnancy, when the NSW Guardianship Board, which also had jurisdiction, could only authorise sterilisation to save a child's life or preserve her from serious physical harm. Because 'P' was a 'child of the marriage' the Family Court had a 'welfare' jurisdiction, (as *Marion's* case had decided) but the problem was that if the Family Court authorised the operation in these circumstances it would, in effect, be legitimating surgery which would otherwise be a crime in New South Wales. The majority of the High Court found that the Family court could do so in the child's 'welfare'.

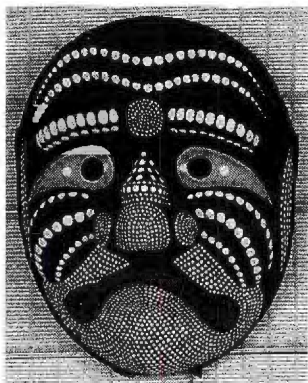
But Justice Brennan disagreed. He said that no court could override the 'fundamental principle . . . that every person's body is inviolate' and that to order a non-consensual invasion of a child's body, albeit for the child's welfare, when it was not necessary to save her life or to prevent serious bodily harm, would offend that principle. Such an interpretation would even allow the court to override parents' or even the child's own, objections. Moreover, 'the diversity of values and circumstances which would affect decisions to make sterilisation orders precludes any realistic expectation that decisions would not be made according to the idiosyncratic opinion of individual judges'—in other words, using the 'best interests' principle in the exercise of a 'welfare 'power would mean that there were no rules at all.

The Judge has raised the basic question. Where are the fundamental principles of respect for children's human rights and dignity in the 'welfare' jurisdiction of the Family Court?

It would, surely, be a bizarre outcome that a child's human rights are less well protected because her parents happened to be married to each other. Yet, as the law stands, a child's fundamental rights to bodily integrity would be differently, and arguably much better, protected by a State guardianship tribunal, or if she were (old-fashioned term) 'illegitimate' and the Family Court had no jurisdiction. We obviously need some principle for 'welfare' decisions which is objective and appropriate for all children. There is such a principle, in the *Convention on the Rights of the Child*, which Australia signed in 1990: its Preamble explicitly recognises that 'the inherent dignity and the equal and inalienable rights of all members of the human family is the foundation of freedom, justice and peace in the world'.

If the Full Court of the Family Court decides to interpret its 'welfare' jurisdiction to incorporate the *Convention*'s human rights principles, we have somewhere to move on from. If it doesn't, our attempt to establish a national family law system has become a travesty of children's rights. ■

Moira Rayner is a lawyer and freelance journalist.



Inside Korea

With world attention focusing again on Korea, it is clear how little is understood about this troubled 'hermit kingdom'.
***Trevor Hay** investigates the country behind the mask.*

On Good Friday 1994, in the Insa-dong district of Seoul, I met Brother Jean-Paul from the ecumenical monastic order of Taizé. We had some cold tea—cinnamon, ginger, plums, pine nuts and persimmon—and talked about the bitter Korean experience of conquest and subjugation—the spirit of *han*, 'national bitterness which remains unresolved', as I saw it described in *The Korea Times*. The *kayagum* (12-stringed Korean zither) produced a sound as elegant and self-effacing as the low, black-timbered tables and benches of the teahouse. I discovered later, during a concert of ancient Korean court music in Pusan, that there are 'male' and 'female' versions of this instrument.

Korea is very obviously a Confucian, patriarchal society, but it is the feminine, exorcistic and even untouchable elements—like the *mudang*, the shaman healers—that seem most native. The masque dance drama, lampooning clergy and gentry, and culminating in the burning of masks, seems like a folk protest, a manifestation of the need to shed centuries of a foreign political and social order. But whatever happens to the masks after the dance, the drama itself is Confucian—and although you will find the face of Koksi the modest, virtuous wife, Pune the concubine, and Sonbi the scholar on sale as souvenirs of indigenous culture—they are also reminders that Korea has been overwhelmed by a foreign culture.

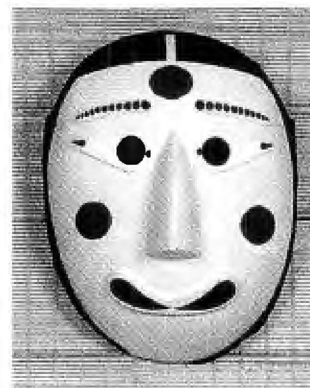
It seems that nations frequently fail to appreciate the obvious humanity about each other, because they really want to write Gulliver's Travels.

Writing in 1952 in a book called *Verdict in Korea*, an American named Robert T. Oliver described Korea as the 'thumb of Asia'. He said 'the thumb is a pictorial image for Korea if only because of its size, shape and the angle at which it projects from the great fist of continental Asia ... the thumb is the fulcrum of the hand. If the thumb is injured, the whole hand loses its power. A paralysed or amputated thumb means a practically helpless hand. The thumb is far from lovely and never the inspiration for poetic rhapsody, but by the test of practicality, it is essential.' The political alignment of this thumb, and that part of the fist still surprisingly called 'Manchuria' in South Korea, has been a dangerous preoccupation of the world's great powers throughout this century.

The current interest of China, Japan, Russia, the United States and the UN in the Korean peninsula was very evident in the newspapers during my trip in March and April. Although, to put it in perspective, the South Korean media seemed just as interested in the Uruguay Round, corruption and gangsterism in the headquarters of the Chogye Buddhist monks, the parlous state of English-language teaching in high schools and the standover tactics of Korean taxi drivers. As for the general mood of the populace, I was aware of anti-American feeling (service personnel are given constant radio and television updates on where demonstrators are gathering, in much the same way as traffic and weather reports are given here) and I witnessed one alarmingly militaristic student demonstration, directed against both the South Korean government for its failure to protect farmers and Kim Il-sung for his nuclear antics. I found myself right in the middle of this, as disciplined ranks of students advanced inexorably along a very narrow shopping street, their right arms jerking back and forth in tightly drilled short-arm jolts. I was simply trying to buy a bottle of mineral water, but I found myself propping up a young man who had suddenly reeled out of the ranks, his face and shirt shockingly bloodied. I have no idea who hit him, but there were police assembled along the roadside, carrying batons. No one seemed to take much notice of the casualty.

The meeting with Jean-Paul was the first time in several days I had managed to escape the bewildering cultural anonymity of the city of Seoul, with its conglomeration of Japanese-designed rotaries of streets and suburbs. It is not easy to find what is truly Korean in this city.

The Japanese, who occupied Korea from 1910 until their defeat in World War II, had no compunction about destroying Korean cultural monuments, since they did not regard them as 'cultural' at all—Chinese and Japanese-style palace architecture and religious monuments were mere imitations of the real thing and native culture was the stuff of painted savages.



Traditional masks courtesy Trevor Hay

Now, Koreans are wrestling with a terrible problem—what to do with an enduring, ironic piece of foreign provocation squatting incongruously in the foreground of one of its few distinctive, historical landmarks. The National Mu-

seum of Korea, formerly the Government-General of the Japanese, a neoclassical Capitol erected in 1926, is situated right across the north-south axis of the Kyongbok Royal Palace, blocking the flow of spiritual power from Korean emperors to the people and substituting Japanese political authority. And after the Japanese had left, the building became the headquarters of the joint US-USSR Commission on Korea, 1946-47. Then there was the Korean War.

I told Jean-Paul about the middle-aged woman I had seen begging in the street outside the Namdaemun Market. Her face was patched red, like a ripening strawberry, and her hands were like a melted plastic comb, with a few crooked digits thrusting up at right angles from seared, waxy knuckles. I wondered if these were napalm burns. Napalm is so much a symbol of the Vietnam War that people forget millions of gallons of it were dropped in Korea. Perhaps this woman was one of the multitude of refugees who had been caught up in the terror of occupation and re-occupation in the latter half of 1950, when whole armies surged back and forth across the north, between the smouldering ruins of Seoul and the Yalu River, exceeding unseen tactical boundaries, over-reaching and stranding themselves by turns. As a result prisoners were taken on both sides, and the nature of the Korean War changed dramatically, from a struggle to demonstrate which ideology produced the best soldiers into a struggle to demonstrate which ideology produced the best prisoners.

THOUSANDS OF NORTH KOREAN, UN and Chinese troops became captives of their respective enemies, but, perhaps for the first time in the history of warfare, the POW camp became the crucial battle zone, the place where the moral credibility of each side would be tested in the international arena. The Chinese, for example, claimed that those prisoners who had said they never wanted to go back home had been coerced, tattooed with anti-communist slogans by the Nationalists and so on, to discourage them from opting for repatriation. On the other hand, the UN claimed that these prisoners mutilated themselves because they wanted to make it plain they hated and feared communism. The UN also claimed that prisoners who had given evidence of UN use of bacteriological weapons, such as canisters of infected spiders and fleas, had been 'brainwashed' (ironically one of the most powerful words in the lexicon of anti-communist propaganda, a term first used in 1951 by the American journalist Edward Hunter, to describe a more general ideological/educational process which the Chinese themselves styled 'thought reform').

As a result, POWs became crucial combatants in the propaganda war, instruments for the transmission of enduring images of China in the West and of the West in China. POWs also fulfilled the role of the old 'castaways', sojourners in an alien territory, survivors with fantastic tales of a bizarre land, of foreign barbarity and strangeness—including cannibalism. And because of 170,000 prisoners (including approximately 20,000 Chinese) held in a valley on the northern tip of the island of Koje-do, in the strait between Korea and Japan, 20 miles by sea from Pusan, armistice talks stalled at Panmunjom for two years, and soldiers and civilians on both sides continued to die, long after the battles had reached a stalemate, and there was no major military obstacle to the armistice.

I visited Koje-do, much to the amazement of colleagues at Pusan National University, who could not fathom why I would ever want to go to such a place, and were unable even to tell me how to get there. There are a few fragments of the camp in the Samsung shipyard town of Gohyun on the north side of the island, which can be reached by ferry from Pusan in about one-and-a-half hours. Halfway up a hillside between Gohyun and the fishing port of Jangsungpo on the east coast is a barren, deserted compound and a few guard towers, still bearing camouflage. In the town itself, directly behind the ferry terminal, are the remains of the walls of a camp-provisions depot. These are now just mysterious, alien piles standing bleakly in the middle of a children's playground. I had read so much about this camp, in recent Chinese accounts, and in the yellowing pages of R.F.Price's collection of the London *Daily Worker*, notably the articles by Wilfred Burchett and Alan Winnington written in 1953, about the atrocities, the tattooings, the attempts by prisoners to burn or hack off the incriminating anti-Communist slogans with which they had allegedly been branded by Nationalist Chinese and American agents.

Ultimately, 14,000 Chinese POWs opted to go to Taiwan and 6000 were repatriated to China. There are a handful of English-language accounts of persecution of those who returned to China, based on recent interviews, and these days there are numerous Chinese language publications dealing with the injustice meted out to returning prisoners and their families, particularly during the xenophobic phase of the Cultural Revolution. But if there is a truly forgotten side to 'the forgotten war' this is it.

Despite their immense significance, the POW camps have not remained an enduring image of Ko-

But the tragic errors and miscalculations of the UN forces in Korea were not the fault of US intelligence ... The fault lay rather with MacArthur's Far East Command in Tokyo, where they subscribed to the view that consistent sighting of Chinese troops in North Korea did not mean any great Chinese commitment to the war. As one officer put it, 'you would expect to find a few Mexicans in Texas'.

Korean Time Line

4,000-800 B.C. Neolithic migrations into Korean peninsula from central and NE Asia.

57 B.C. - A.D. 918 Silla Dynasty (incorporating Silla and Unified Silla kingdoms).

Silla Kingdom: - First century B.C.-Late seventh century A.D.
- comparative political and cultural independence, but increasingly influenced by Chinese culture; Buddhism state religion by late sixth century; under threat from Japanese invasion.

United Silla Kingdom: A.D. 668-918 (closely contemporaneous with Tang Dynasty in China).
- The first united Korean kingdom.
- Period of political independence but strong cultural influence from China.
- Development of a complex Chinese-style bureaucracy.
- Buddhism and Confucianism spreading, Buddhist art flourishes.

Koryo Dynasty (918-1392)
- **993-1018** Khitan (Liao) Tartar invasions; rise of Jurchen (Jin) Tartars from Manchuria through eleventh century.
- **1231** Mongol invasions—a century of strong Mongol influence.
- **1300s**—Japanese pirates raid coast.
- Neo-Confucian influence spreads.

Choson Dynasty (1392-1910)
- Heyday of Confucianism in Korea (e.g. examination system, status of women, centralised bureaucracy).
- **1418-50** During reign of King Sejong, Korea assumes its modern provincial structure and borders.
- **1592-98** Japanese invade Korea, destruction of Korean cultural treasures.
- **1627-1636** Manchu invasions, beginning of a century of Chinese Qing Dynasty influence.
- **1653** 'Sperwer' ('Sparrow Hawk') wrecked on island of Quelpaert (Cheju-do). Hendrik Hamel writes the first account of Korea for Westerners. From this period to late nineteenth century Korea closes its doors to foreigners, becomes a 'hermit kingdom'.
- Late eighteenth and early nineteenth century contact with Christianity; persecutions of Christians.
- **1905** Korea becomes a protectorate of Japan, after Japan wards off Chinese and Russian interest in Korea.
- **Japanese Occupation 1910-1945** ruthless suppression of Korean culture.

Post WWII
- **1945-1948** U.S. and U.S.S.R. military governments administer Korea.
- **August 1948** Republic of Korea proclaimed.
- **June 1950-August 1953** Korean War.
- **June 1950** Seoul captured by Korean People's Army.
- **September 1950** recaptured by U.N./U.S.
- **January 1951** recaptured by Korean People's Army and Chinese People's Volunteers.
- **March 1951** recaptured by U.N./U.S.
- **July 10 1951** truce talks commence.
- **July 27, 1953** armistice signed Panmunjom .

rea or the Korean War. Little wonder, I suppose. They were hardly glamorous. My own first 'image' of Korea consisted of wonderful jet planes—Shooting Stars, Meteors, Sabres and MiG-15s. I remember once, when I was about seven, standing near the water tank in our backyard in Port Adelaide, with my brothers. A squadron of Australian Meteors flew over, doing a victory roll. My brothers were much older and wiser than I and they told me these planes had just come back from a place called Korea, and their pilots were 'aces'. They said shooting down a MiG-15 was 'the hardest thing in the world', a great revelation to me because until that moment I would have sworn it was standing on your hands.

As it happened, Jean-Paul had been thinking about castaways and islands and prisoners too, but in connection with a much older story. The Royal Asiatic Society is about to publish his new translation (from 17th century Dutch into English) of Hendrik Hamel's journal, a description of life and manners in the 'Kingdom of Korea', as experienced by sailors of a Dutch merchant ship wrecked on the island of Quelpaert (Cheju-do) and imprisoned on the island and peninsula for thirteen years from 1653 to 1666.

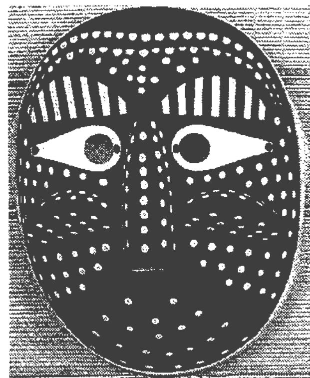
There is an existing 1704 translation by an Englishman named John Churchill, but Jean-Paul believes this is the work of a man who really wanted to write *Gulliver's Travels*, to portray an alien and bizarre realm of the imagination. He gave me some interesting examples of the way Churchill's own historical and cultural pedigree had interfered with faithful translation, but perhaps the most intriguing was his treatment of Hamel's observation that 'Koreans have the heart of a woman'.

Apparently Churchill took this to mean that Koreans were effeminate, but what Hamel really had in mind was that they had known the agony of invasion and violation and were inclined to hang themselves in the forest, to sacrifice themselves rather than suffer the attentions of their Manchu overlords. The vulnerability of Korea to the curse of foreigners, its struggle to produce intermittent cultural flowerings under constant threat of invasion of Tartars, Mongols, Manchus (to whom they still bear a striking resemblance), Ainu pirates and the US Eighth Army, has lent itself to the legend of 'the Hermit Kingdom'.

I spent two days at the Yongsan US Military Base, near the mildly lurid tourist district of Itaewon, by courtesy of Harvey Reynolds, the chief librarian at Yongsan Library. The library's *Koreana Collection* is probably Asia's largest collection of English-language reference materials on Korea, intended for the use of the US armed forces in Korea. I also visited the office of Tom Ryan, the command historian, and was given access to formerly classified documents prepared by Operations Research Office of The Johns Hopkins University, operating under contract with the Department of the Army. These were prepared between Feb-

ruary 1951 and February 1953—the period during which the armistice talks stalled at Panmunjom, over the question of repatriation of POWs—and they consist of reports derived from interrogation of POWs, such as 'Beliefs of Enemy Soldiers About the Korean War', 'Psychological Warfare and Other Factors Affecting the Surrender of North Korean and Chinese Forces', and 'Chinese Communist and North Korean Methods of Motivating Riflemen for Combat'. These are, for the most part, important but unspectacular observations which do not seem to reveal anything about China that would not have been perfectly obvious, even then.

For example, 'According to the majority of North Korean POWs, their government was fighting for the unification of Korea. In contrast, most Chinese prisoners had no opinion as to how the war had started, and a majority believed their government to be *fighting a defensive war to prevent the US Army from invading China*' (my emphasis).



Another unsurprising observation, couched in terms of the 'psychology' of Chinese soldiers is this: 'Of all weapons studied, that of napalm (and white phosphorus) was particularly outstanding in terms of evoking fear reactions. This outcome, considered in the light of assumed kill-potential of napalm is very striking'. Yes, and in the atrocious battles around the Chosin Reservoir in that freakishly cold December of 1950 even the Americans had 'outstanding fear reactions' since the tanks of napalm dropped from the air sometimes landed on them, and only those men who rolled frantically in the snow managed to survive. Others begged their comrades to shoot them. It seems that nations frequently fail to appreciate the obvious humanity about each other, because they really want to write *Gulliver's Travels*.

But the tragic errors and miscalculations of the UN forces in Korea were not the fault of US intelligence, which systematically stressed the possibility of huge numbers of Chinese crossing into North Korea. The fault lay rather with MacArthur's Far East Command in Tokyo, where they subscribed to the view that consistent sighting of Chinese troops in North Korea did not mean any great Chinese commitment to the war. As one officer put it, 'you would expect to find a few Mexicans in Texas'.

It would have been so much better if UN Command had simply used a little imagination, and understood that China felt directly threatened from the time the US Seventh Fleet took up position in the Taiwan Straits. In the light of this simple fact, the brilliant military achievement of the Inchon landing and the subsequent rapid push to the Chinese border may be seen as the beginning of one of the greatest disasters in U.S. military history. There is far more to this 'hermit kingdom' business than staying at home, destroying your ocean-going fleet, or locking up castaways. Even mercantile, adventurist 'blue-ocean' cultures, as some modern Chinese intellectuals and dissidents have romantically characterised the West, will remain hermit kingdoms so long as they continue to ignore the ordinariness of other human beings in favour of strange and fabulous tales.

In Seoul I also met Ji-Moon Suh of Korea University and Beverley Nelson of Yonsei University, both professors of English and translators of modern Korean literature from Korean to English. In an English language review of Korean literature published late last year, Ji-Moon describes an 'ultrafeminist' novel, *I Desire What is Forbidden to Me*, by Yang Guy Ja. The book was a literary 'bombshell' in Korea last year, selling half a million copies in a population of 40 million, and is about a young telephone counsellor who is sick to death of listening to tales of violence and abuse meted out by husbands.

She is sick of it because the wives do nothing about it but 'wait for their husbands to be magically transformed', while they dream of some sensitive, caring lover. So, she kidnaps the most dreamed-about male heart-throb actor of the day and sets about trying to show that in real life he is just a bastard like all the rest. It is hardly a 'politically correct' novel, since the captive turns out to be pretty much what his adoring fans imagined him to be, but the author has nevertheless been labelled an 'arch-feminist'.

In Pusan, I was reminded of the discussions I'd had about the status of Korean women, with Ji-Moon and Beverley and a number of students in the International Division of Yonsei University. I was passing a dilapidated old shop with shelves full of big, dusty jars containing a variety of snakes preserved in alcohol. I thought it might be, as in China, a cure for rheumatism, but a young woman graduate student told me Korean men regarded this liquor as 'very helpful to their sexual power'.

Her look of mild scorn, sadness and resignation would have made a perfect mask to add to the ones in the National Museum, which have been listed as national treasures. And if I had to find a name for this mask, it might well be 'han'. Perhaps all hermits, and even hermit kingdoms, have 'the heart of a woman'. ■

The vulnerability of Korea to the curse of foreigners, its struggle to produce intermittent cultural flowerings under constant threat of invasion of Tartars, Mongols, Manchus … Ainu pirates and the US Eighth Army, has lent itself to the legend of 'the Hermit Kingdom'.

Trevor Hay visited South Korea in March and April, as a participant in a University of Melbourne academic staff study project, funded by the Australia Korea Foundation. He is working with Fang Xiangshu on a novel that draws on China's involvement in the Korean War.

Profile

Margaret Simons

The science outlook

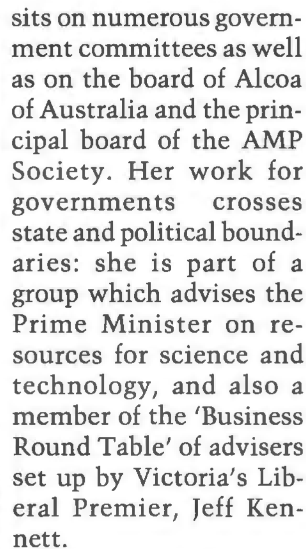
Nurturing science requires 'a shift from the ideology of the level playing-field to the realism that there never is, in any field of endeavour, an even playing-field. The whole idea is to make the playing-field uneven and tilt it in your own direction'.

Australia generates about two per cent of the world's new knowledge: an interesting and tidy figure which can be arrived at, according to the head of the CSIRO, Professor Adrienne Clarke, by surveying publications in journals and the other forums where scientists make their work public. And, when the two per cent is broken down into different fields of research, the result tells us something about the sort of nation we are. Our generation of knowledge is not uniform: we are strong in the biological sciences, accounting for about four per cent of new knowledge in this field, but relatively weak in physics, where our figure is about one per cent.

'We have had to be good at biology,' Clarke says. 'Our roots are in the agricultural community, and our country has an enormously diverse biota [the total animal and plant life in a region], with a lot of it specific to Australia. We have a very old and frail soil structure, and amazing problems of drought and flood. We have had to grapple with our environment and come to grips with our own unique problems, and so naturally we have developed a fairly high level of expertise in those areas.'

Yet even in the areas where Australia is strong, that two per cent figure—more than respectable for a developed country of its size—does not tell the whole story. By world standards, Australia is dragging its feet by when it comes to converting the development of new knowledge into technology and better practice. It is a problem that Clarke, one of the country's most powerful scientists, is dedicated to overcoming. She is a top researcher, but during the past 20 years has also demonstrated an unusual ability to bridge the worlds of politics, business and research.

Clarke is the director of the Plant Cell Biology Research Centre at the University of Melbourne, and



sits on numerous government committees as well as on the board of Alcoa of Australia and the principal board of the AMP Society. Her work for governments crosses state and political boundaries: she is part of a group which advises the Prime Minister on resources for science and technology, and also a member of the 'Business Round Table' of advisers set up by Victoria's Liberal Premier, Jeff Kennett.

Born in Melbourne in 1938, Clarke was educated at the University of Melbourne. She married midway through her PhD in 1963, and began to have children. When she was pregnant for the third time she saw her prospects of a research career recede, and she gathered all her research papers and lit a match. Luckily, as the flames caught she had a change of heart, and retrieved them. Afterwards, she relied heavily on paid child care to allow her to continue her career.

'Generally the structures of our society are not such that they support women coming back after child birth and rearing,' she says. 'It's society's problem—not specific to science.'

In her own unit a flexible grant has allowed her to encourage a number of senior women to come back on a part-time basis, and have their duties structured so they can focus on research, and achieve.

'I think society as a whole just has to come to grips with the fact that half the talent is female, and they have different talents. I am not an expert in this area but the evidence is that women are more able to nurture a group—not be so conflict-oriented—and so women can bring different skills to a group enterprise such as research.'

Since deciding not to make a funeral pyre of her career, Clarke has made the front page of the international journal *Nature* for her research group's discovery and isolation of the genes that allow plants to discriminate between their own pollen and that of close relatives and other species. Understanding, and perhaps being able to neutralise or manipulate this mechanism, has big implications for breeding new types of plants, introducing wild species into domestic crops, and helping with disease protection and the production of hybrid seed.

But Clarke has also ruffled political feathers. Since she became head of the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation in 1991, she has harped on a continuing theme: Australia has the brain power and the research capabilities, but we are not good at developing the linkages between research and private enterprise that would see Australian ideas developed and turned into profits at home.

Australia has few indigenous companies with an in-house technical capability ... 'We tend to have multinationals who buy their research wherever it is best and cheapest,' Clarke says, 'or else local companies with a very low level of scientific expertise.'

Australia has few indigenous companies with an in-house technical capability—people who have the ear of management and can talk the scientific language. 'We tend to have multinationals who buy their research wherever it is best and cheapest,' Clarke says, 'or else local companies with a very low level of scientific expertise.'

In a speech at the University of Melbourne three years ago, she took a swipe at the prevailing political ideology by speaking out against rigid adherence to economic rationalism when it came to fostering local expertise. All around us, she told her audience, the emerging economies of South-East Asia were fostering technology and science, while Australia fell behind.

Clarke said that nurturing science required 'a shift from the ideology of the level playing-field to the realism that there never is, in any field of endeavour, an even playing-field. The whole idea is to make the playing-field uneven and tilt it in your own direction. I am not advocating a return to protectionism, but to be pragmatic, to choose our playing fields and pull out all stops to tilt them to our advantage.'

Now Clarke enthusiastically supports plans for a series of tax breaks and incentives to encourage companies with technical expertise to set up in Australia. 'Obviously, we can't return to protection. We have to work within GATT. But we can have tax breaks to

LEFT: Adrienne Clarke. Photo by Bill Thomas.

'Often the smartest people are attracted back into research because the generation of new knowledge and the creativity involved in generating new knowledge is really one of the biggest buzzes you can get. As a result we have an excellent record in medical research, but we are only now turning it into something that will strengthen the emerging pharmaceutical industry.'

Adrienne Clarke, above, in her tobacco-plant reasearch nursery.

Photo: Bill Thomas

make it attractive for companies to come. We must bring in people with technical expertise and create a critical mass of people talking the same language. Once you have done that, you get those skills diffusing into the community. Other countries are offering far more than Australia in this line.'

As well, she favours the idea that the Federal Government should give tax breaks to encourage people to invest in research. For this to work, the intellectual property involved in a particular project would have to be identified and protected, so that people with money to spare could take a punt on it in the same way that they might on the horses, or on film-making, or on a mining exploration company.

So much for the links between research and commercial application. But according to Clarke there is also a malaise at the foundation of Australian science, the pure research done in universities, and this should not be left at the mercy of market forces, either: 'Basic research is absolutely the responsibility of governments. Companies are not going to fund it. By its very nature it's exploratory, speculative and expensive, but it is the best training ground for young PhD students and it's the foundation on which all your strategic and applied research is built.'

The main problem facing universities is that for many years money spent on buildings and equipment has been ridiculously short, with the result that university education has now been almost irreversibly damaged. This is nowhere more evident than in the sciences, where modern equipment, data bases and up-to-date libraries are essential for teaching and the most basic research.

Have the changes in tertiary education introduced by the former Education Minister, John Dawkins, shifted the emphasis from pure to applied research? Adrienne Clarke is hesitant about replying, but agrees that the Australian Research Council, which funds basic research projects, has started to foster links between universities and industry. 'That is very commendable, but I think it's dangerous for universities to go too far down the applied route. Commercially funded research means you have secrecy, tight schedules and you can't share knowledge or publish papers. It is not an area where universities should get too deeply involved. They can help, but that is all.'

Clarke says there are two kinds of developed countries. There are those like Germany and Switzerland, whose engineering and pharmaceutical

If you want to be *different*
then serve others with generosity,
giving all for Jesus Christ,
by proclaiming his Gospel,
living in community
with special care for the poor.

Jesuits

Please send me information on Jesuit priests ☐ *brothers* ☐
Name ______ Age ____
Address ______
State ____ Postcode ____ Phone ____

Please detach and send to:
Brother Ian Cribb SJ, Jesuit Vocations Director
PO Box 149, Hawthorn VIC 3122, Australia

J5es893

industries have a long tradition of dependence on science and technology, and where science is part of the national psyche. And there are the emerging economies of South-East Asia, which give science and technology the highest priority.

'They see that the world is driven by science and technology,and this is where they can get the advances in their standard of living. This is where the value-added component of goods and service lie. They have invested very highly and made deliberate moves to attract technology-based firms to their shores so that they can learn the technology.

AUSTRALIA DOESN'T FIT EITHER PATTERN: our history is one of colonialism, and dependence on agriculture and mining. Our people, says Clarke, are barely literate in science, yet in the future our livelihood, many of our legal concepts and our politics will all be determined by technology. If democracy is to work, Australians will need to have the language in which to debate these questions, and science and technology—including basic knowledge of chemistry and maths—should become part of the core education in schools.

Ironically, Clarke did not have the advantage of a science-based curriculum. She went to a girl's grammar school where the emphasis was on literature, French conversation and motherhood. A school trip to the Great Barrier Reef, and a view of sea creatures through a glass-bottomed boat convinced her she wanted to be a scientist, but she virtually had to teach herself chemistry until she got to university. 'It would not be very easy for someone to do that now. Things are different and the pace of change is so strong that the students need to have some proper grounding.'

Because the Australian education system has traditionally encouraged the brightest to go into medicine and law, many top scientists come from a medical background. 'Often the smartest people are attracted back into research because the generation of new knowledge and the creativity involved in generating new knowledge is really one of the biggest buzzes you can get,' Clarke says. 'As a result we have an excellent record in medical research, but we are only now turning it into something that will strengthen the emerging pharmaceutical industry.'

Australia is worse than surrounding countries at converting knowledge into practice. 'Often we have bits of knowledge that don't fit into an existing business. No one is going to pick that up. Fortunately, Australia is a nice place to live and not many people actually want to move away. I don't think, overall, we are losing brain power. People take big salary cuts to come back here. What saves us from a brain drain is our beaches, our climate and our wonderful, relatively unspoilt environment, but in the future we are going to need more than that.'

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

Locating R & D

JUST WHEN THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT HAS OFFICIALLY marked the end of the recession with a no-pain, all-gain Budget, an even longer running saga—the Sydney-Melbourne battle for supremacy—seems to be resolving itself. And science is playing a role.

Sydney has become the finance capital of Australia, but it is time for those who live round the Harbour to stop rattling the rust bucket and commiserating with Melburnians over the death of manufacturing. In return, those who dwell south of the border should no longer feel the need to retaliate with carping comments about the crass nature of Sydney culture.

For even while the recession was mortifying Melbourne, some brave souls and institutions went against the prevailing mood. They were associated with research and development (R&D). The most prominent was the CSIRO. In January last year, it relocated its Canberra headquarters not to Sydney, but to Melbourne, which has always been home to more CSIRO scientists than anywhere else. What tipped the decision in Melbourne's favour was that the CSIRO wanted to get closer to business. Sydney is the hub of finance, but the manufacturing base—albeit in high technology rather than assembly lines—is in Melbourne. The CSIRO came to meet that part of business that makes decisions about what research will be undertaken and what technology used.

And the CSIRO is not alone. In a paper on the location of Australia's R&D activity published last year, Monash geographer Kevin O'Connor pulled together Bureau of Statistics figures to show that in 1990-91, Victoria accounted for half of all government expenditure on R&D and 40 per cent of all business expenditure. The equivalent figures for New South Wales were 31 per cent and 37 per cent. All other states showed less than 10 per cent. In the area of medical research alone, Melbourne in 1991 received close to 43 per cent of funding administered by the National Health and Medical Research Council compared with Sydney's 25 per cent. Melbourne's world-renowned Parkville strip of medical research institutes pulls in the only program grant of the US National Institutes of Health that is spent outside America.

None of this is meant as a denigration of Sydney, which has its own excellent research facilities and universities and attracts more Australian Research Council money (34 per cent in 1991 compared to 24 per cent for Melbourne). But Melbourne's traditional research base continues to grow and attract associated interests. The great bulk of media, magazine and book-publishing trade has consolidated in Sydney, but three commercial popular science magazines are projected for Melbourne. All have serious pretensions as international magazines. Two have foreign backing. And while Sydney is home to almost all Australia's copyright lawyers, Melbourne has a reputation as a world centre in the law of patents, trademarks and intellectual property.

The reason for all this activity is Melbourne's traditional conjunction of R&D with manufacturing. Factories and chimneys may be in decline, but research and high technology are very much alive, and Melbourne is at the forefront of both. So let's build on that base, and forget about the negative sniping about which is Australia's premier city. New York City, like Sydney, dominates finance in the USA, but few regard bookish Boston as an inferior city, least of all those who live there. ■

Tim Thwaites is a freelance science journalist.

ANDREW HAMILTON

Snow job

EVERY JOURNEY LEADS YOU INTO a story as well as to a place. Journeys become memorable when you find that you have been deceived about the story which you enter. So Odysseus, the master of journeys, was led to believe that he was a fringe character in the story of a brief war, only to find that the gods had conned him and that he was scripted for the lead role in an odyssey.

My least forgettable journey took place on a Saturday many years ago. Stan and I had decided to go by bike to Mount Donnabuang. We had thought that, like Tobit's journey, this would be a pastoral journey through valleys and hills, that the way there would be safe and the return untroubled. Instead, we found ourselves trapped within the narrative of Job.

We had taken the college bikes — pretty simple affairs with one speed and no mudguards. Mine was more sophisticated in that it had handbrakes. The trip out was uneventful, with only one portent that the valley of the shadow of death may have lain ahead. At the Burke Road lights my brakes proved totally ineffective: a swerve on to the footpath and into a hedge, however, met this crisis adequately. The problem did not recur, for those days what few traffic lights there were between Kew and the township of Lilydale were all on the flat.

By the time we headed out of Healesville up the Mt. Donnabuang road, it was quite hot, and on the climb we became thirsty. Fortunately, there were small streams running down the gutters, fed presumably by the snow melting on the mountaintop. Pollution seemed no problem; we drank plentifully.

When we reached the top of Mt. Donnabuang, the late winter sun was still slanting on to the snow, but it was beginning to get cold. Stan barracked for St Kilda who were playing in the semi final, so we waited by a car radio until the game was finished. If it thundered out of the clear sky as we so blatantly dallied with strange gods on the high places, we did not hear it. We left the mountain top just before dark.

When you are coming down a mountain at dusk, brakes are useful, but where they are not given they can be improvised. Early on, there was no problem: if the bike was gathering speed, I just allowed it to run off into the banks of snow by the side of the road. The bike jarred as it landed on the left pedal, but it was brought effectively to a halt. Further down the mountain I simply used my sandshoe against the front tyre. It was all rough but effective, and got us uneventfully to the outskirts of Healesville. Then my left-pedal snapped off, perhaps weakened by my earlier creative styles of braking.

Not realising what story we had entered, we continued to put our trust in horses and ingenuity. We door-knocked around Healesville asking if the householders had a spare left-pedal or an old bike from which we could cannibalise it, and eventually met a generous donor.

It was at that point, we later concurred, that we erred. But in what our error consisted, on that we could not agree. I came later to realize that it was in not recognising and playing submissively our part in the story in which we had been placed. Stan, who, as this history will relate, ultimately failed in his time of testing, continued to maintain that we were mistaken in taking with us only the left-pedal and in leaving behind the chain drive and axle.

Anyway, after we had gone happily some miles along the starlit Yarra Glen road, disaster struck and it became evident that we had indeed entered the land of Hus. For my right pedal-arm cracked and became detached from the axle, so that the bike could no longer be pedalled. At the same time, the salts in the mountain water I had drunk earlier took their effect, and in one of my frequent diversions from the road I lost my belt.

NECESSITY, OF COURSE, is the mother of invention, and as anyone knows who has ridden under the stars and steered by the white posts on an unlighted country road, the mind is never more focused or creative than on such occasions, nor the capacity to overlook mere physical frailty ever more highly developed. So we scoured the edges of the road until we found a rope which supplied for belt and towrope. We took it

in turns to tow one another on the flat and up the slight rises, while we walked the steeper hills, and simply enjoyed the long down-hill run through the Christmas Hills to Watsons Creek. We climbed to Kangaroo Ground and headed safely around Reilly's corner—the sharp and then badly cambered turn owards Research, named after an earlier cyclist who had allegedly missed the turn and had flown over the fence into a dam. We were still in good spirits, confident of catching the last train at Eltham.

Then came the final disaster. The front tyre, rubbed raw by my sandshoe on the mountain descent, blew out noisily, spectacularly and decisively. There was nothing to do but walk. So we plodded the four or five miles to Eltham, arrived much too late to catch the train, and continued to walk the ten miles or so back to Kew.

By 3.30am our muscles were in spasm, our hearts low; we were thinking in lamentations, and had fallen prey to depression. Stan, I am ashamed to say, was already abjuring his cycling faith, cursing the true, two-wheeled, motorless way, and beginning to whore after four wheels, upholstered seats, engines, and all the meretricious charms of more modern gods.

Next day, Job had to meet his comforters. Half-awake at the office of the bursar, a man much practised in Jobcomforting, I was given no space for lament or complaint.

'What time did you get in last night?'

'Early.' (Meaning, relatively early in the morning.)

'I didn't ask whether it was early or late. What time did you get in?'

'Can I have a belt please?'

And the comforter, perhaps awestruck by this *non-sequitur*, which could only have come from one who had been drawn for a space into another and more mysterious world, yielded graciously to Job:

'A belt! Certainly! Here is a belt.'

So I did not have to endure my comforting. And from that day forward the bursar became, not a comforter, but a chronicler of the event, narrating to all who would listen,

'On September 4, 1962, Zig and Zag went bike-riding and got back at all hours of the night. And next morning at nine o'clock, all that Zig could say was, "Can I have a belt?".'

That day Stan turned from the true way, sacrificed to the automobile, secured a *libellus* to prove his new allegiance, and never touched a bike again. As for myself, having been tested and found faithful, I was eventually rewarded with a new bike which had effective brakes, thick tyres, two pedals, and—uncovenanted blessing—three gears. ■

Andrew Hamilton SJ has been a one-eyed Cyclops supporter ever since he saw them beat Ithaca Hellas in the World Cup quarter-final.

CHURCHES AND SOCIAL JUSTICE
A Conference on
"The Church's Political Role in Modern Australian Society"

Topics to be discussed include:
Religion and the Political System
Religion and the World Economic System
Churches and the Shape of the Political Order
Churches and their impact on Social Welfare Policies
The Rural Poor

Speakers include Archbishop Peter Carnley, Professor Graham Maddox, Senator Christabel Chamarette, Ms Marise Sacco, Mr Robert Fitzgerald, Dr Bruce Duncan, Dr John Moses, Professor John Moloney and Dr Trevor Hogan.

Venue: Earle Page College, University of New England

Duration: Evening of Friday 23rd September through to Afternoon of Sunday 25th September.

For Further Information and Registration Forms:
Mr Philip Raymont
Earle Page College
University of New England
ARMIDALE NSW 2351

Tel: 067-732283
Fax: 067-733321

YOU ARE NEEDED!

We are looking for people with skills and work experience who would spend time living and working in partnership with people in developing countries such as Papua New Guinea, Oceania and Africa.

You need
- a Christian concern for people
- to be prepared to accept a challenge and work in a team
- to be at least 21 years of age and in good health

You are able to commit yourself to a term of 2 or 3 years

We have placed more than 1500 volunteers in developing countries over 30 years

We offer
- a challenge to you as a volunteer
- the fulfillment of working for the church and for people as you share your faith and skills
- a sense of belonging as a PALMS volunteer
- a preparation before placement and support while on the field and after returning from the field

Interested? Contact
PALMS co-ordinator
PO Box 54
Croydon Park NSW 2133
Tel. (02) 642 0558

MURIEL PORTER

Laity in the aisles

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, George Carey, has announced plans for the biggest conference of Anglican bishops ever held. In 1998, 800 bishops will converge on the campus of the University of Kent, near Canterbury, for the 13th Lambeth Conference. For the first time, all assistant and suffragan bishops, as well as the diocesan bishops who normally attend, will be invited to this once-a-decade episcopal jamboree.

The conference will be nearly double the size of its predecessor in 1988, and will cost almost twice as much. The budget has been set at one and a half million pounds sterling, though that is only the beginning. Incidental expenses, such as travel costs, and bursaries for the many Third-World bishops whose own dioceses cannot afford to fund their participation, will make the next Lambeth Conference a costly exercise for diocesan budgets around the world.

While the churches of the communion have been preoccupied with the question of women's ordination ... clergy and laity have been inexorably losing ground as power has concentrated in the hands of the bishops.

The Lambeth plans are the most striking evidence to date of the major, if subtle, power shift that has occurred in the worldwide Anglican communion during the past two decades. While the churches of the communion have been preoccupied with the question of women's ordination during that time, clergy and laity have been inexorably losing ground as power has concentrated in the hands of the bishops. In particular, a fledgling attempt at real international power-sharing between bishops, clergy and laity—the Anglican Consultative Council, created in the early 1970s—has been silently but terminally eroded.

The cost of the 1998 Lambeth Conference is just one of many concerns for those who oppose what will inevitably be a triumphalist display of episcopacy. For though there will be women bishops present this time—just five of them so far—the conference will obviously be overwhelmingly male. On those grounds alone, it is scarcely representative of a church where women often constitute as many as 60 per cent of worshippers. And, being restricted to bishops, it offers no representation to the clergy or laity, and so is a denial of the concept of synodical government that has become central to the ecclesiology of modern Anglicanism.

Archbishop Carey justifies calling this three-week-long conference of bishops as a response to the 'strong desire on the part of the bishops to meet together for mutual support'. The conference, he has said, will 'seek God's will for the future of the communion'. What he has not said is that, by calling the conference, he has completely disregarded strong views voiced only last year by representative laity and clergy called to a meeting of the Anglican Consultative Council.

When the council met in Cape Town in January 1993, many members spoke against a large-scale Lambeth Conference, or indeed any kind of episcopal conference, on the grounds that it was not properly representative, and that it conveyed the image of a hierarchical church out of kilter with modern society. Some called instead for an alternative event, such as an Anglican congress, that would offer greater representation of Anglican views across the spectrum.

But although they will be disappointed that their views have been ignored, few will be surprised.

For the Anglican Consultative Council, a brave attempt at genuine international representation when it first met in 1971, was a great idea that has never been allowed to fulfil its potential. And the bishops themselves have been directly responsible for its emasculation.

The idea for the council grew out of the lay ministry movement of the 1960s. While the Second Vatican Council was discussing what it called 'the apostolate of the laity', the Anglican communion was also seriously investigating the role of the laity. Explorations begun at the1958 Lambeth Conference were followed up by the Anglican Congress held in Toronto in 1963. This vast, representative, and highly influential meeting was only the third such congress held this century and sadly, none has been held since.

'Ministry' was identified as one of the major topics for the next Lambeth Conference, in 1968, and a series of essays on lay ministry was commissioned as part of the preparatory process. One outcome of the conference was the formation of the Anglican Consultative Council, designed to be a representative international body composed of bishops, clergy and lay people, to act as a kind of standing committee for the Anglican communion between the 10-yearly meetings of Lambeth.

It was a brave, exciting, radical move. Until then, an appointed group of bishops known as the Lambeth Consultative Body had carried out that function. In retrospect, however, it is surprising that it took so long for a more representative body to emerge, for the Anglican Church had first created elected synods of clergy and lay people 100 years earlier. They were actually invented outside Britain by far-sighted bishops who believed that they needed to share at least some power with the laity if they were to depend on them for essential financial support. In the colonies, they lacked any other major source of continuing finance.

The Anglican Consultative Council could not of course be a synod. The Anglican communion is what its name suggests, a network of autonomous Anglican churches which nevertheless retain close and valued links. The Archbishop of Canterbury, as Primate of All England, is formally no more than a 'first among equals', though in practice his influence is immense. The calling of the first Lambeth Conference, in 1867 at Lambeth Palace, the London headquarters of the Archbishops of Canterbury, began the rise of the Canterbury star internationally. Today, especially in Third-World countries, its aura is positively papal.

The newly-created council was designed to be the international forum for this Anglican communion and most importantly, it would comprise bishops, clergy and laity in roughly equal numbers. Its terms of reference were unavoidably woolly, but they indicated an active role for the council in advising the communion on a wide range of issues, from internal matters, to world mission, to ecumenical activity.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, as Primate of All England, is formally no more than a 'first among equals', though in practice his influence is immense.

The Anglican Consultative Council's first major reference in fact was the big one. At its first meeting in Limuru, Kenya, in 1971, it was faced with the question of the ordination of women. The 1968 Lambeth Conference, anticipating moves on the issue before it next met in 1978, directed that any church intending to ordain women in the meantime, should first ask the advice of the new council. Bishop Gilbert Baker of Hong Kong was quick off the mark, and sent his proposal to ordain women priests to the Limuru meeting.

Hong Kong had in fact already ordained the first Anglican woman priest, Li Tim Oi, back in 1944. That ordination, however, had been carried out secretly in Japanese-occupied China, and was later roundly condemned by everyone from the Archbishop of Canterbury down. Undaunted, Hong Kong now sought to proceed publicly. By a narrow majority, the council decided that it was acceptable for any bishop to ordain women as long as he did so with the approval of his synod or province (national church). Furthermore, the council would 'use its good offices to encourage all provinces of the Anglican communion to continue in communion with these dioceses'.

It was all Bishop Baker needed. By November that year he had ordained two women priests. By the time the next Lambeth Conference was held in 1978, there were many more women priests—in the United States, Canada and New Zealand. The council's initiative had been a watershed. But it is entirely possible that by that very act it sowed the seeds of its own demise. Though on the instructions of Lambeth, a representative body had nevertheless exercised leadership on the most contentious issue to come before the church this century.

DURING THE '70S THAT FIRST COUNCIL displayed its real independence by openly questioning the future of Lambeth. Should there be another Lambeth, now that there was a representative world body to discuss Anglican matters, and if so, what kind would it be? Some members—like their successors in 1993—called for a meeting not restricted to bishops. The challenge was so real that the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Michael Ramsey, vehemently rejected the notion that Lambeth was obsolete. 'The present Anglican Consultative Council ... is no substitute, and was never designed to be a substitute, for the Lambeth Confer-

'Is there an answer?' asks Muriel Porter. 'Only if the bishops consciously and corporately commit themselves to power-sharing.' Archbishop Runcie (seated) at the Lambeth Conference in 1988. Many observers saw the conference as a highlight of Runcie's episcopate.

Photo: Jane Brown

ence,' he declared in 1973. It is clear that a major power-play between Canterbury and the new council was already under way.

With such an opponent ranged against them, the proponents of a different style of world Anglicanism had no chance of success. Like their successors in 1993, they lost. Lambeth would go ahead in 1978 on the bishops-only model. But in even raising the issue, the council had proved itself to be a dangerous agent of change. It is not surprising that the body that would quickly take over the Anglican Consultative Council's role as the Anglican communion standing committee, was formed the year after the 1978 Lambeth Conference. A meeting of all the Anglican primates (presiding bishops of the national churches) was called in 1979, and has been held every two or three years ever since. The meeting is supposedly informal, for mutual fellowship and inspiration, and nothing more—rather like Lambeth. But cynical observers would now claim that the primates have 'hijacked' the Anglican Consultative Council. Decision-making for the communion is now effectively in their hands.

A PAN-ANGLICAN OVERSIGHT.

The first Lambeth Conference as Punch *pictured it.*

Although the council remains the sole legally constituted and registered body in the Anglican communion, and in that capacity is the only conduit for all financing within the communion, its ability to lead the communion in any sense, as it did so pre-eminently in the 1970s, has been whittled away during the past decade or so. The real decisions are now made either at the primates' meeting, or through informal conversations between some or all of these 32 national church leaders. Contentious issues now go to the primates, not the council, for advice, leaving the council with an increasingly frustrating struggle to find a meaningful role for itself.

So members of the council discover, often by roundabout means, that council decisions have somehow mysteriously been changed. Recommended budget projections, meeting timetables, even meeting venues for the council itself and the bodies that it funds, such as Lambeth and the primates, agreed at the last council meeting in Cape Town, had all been changed even before the council's own standing committee came together in England earlier this year.

By whom? The Archbishop of Canterbury, it seems, in consultation with the secretariat of the Anglican Communion and some of the primates. And because the council is in the end only able to advise, there is not much that even strong-willed elected lay people and clergy can do in the face of a determined, permanent, primatial, church leadership. Perhaps it is time the charade was ended, and the council disbanded.

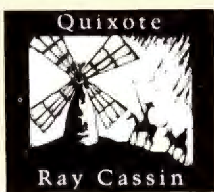
When the bishops gather from around the world for the Lambeth Conference in 1998, the 40 or so non-episcopal members of the council will be invited and allowed to speak, but they will have no vote—a token participation, at best. So bishops alone will effectively 'seek God's will' for the rest of the church. It is a measure of the changed climate that the Archbishop of Canterbury does not realise how inappropriate it is to suggest that the future of the communion can be discerned by the bishops in isolation. It cuts across the modern theological consensus of the importance of the laity in the total mission of the church, as well as the Anglican Church's own practice of synodical government. The new climate is almost papal in style.

Even at the local level, in Australia, a similar concentration of power in the hands of the bishops can be discerned. The laity and clergy are increasingly losing influence in the face of a rapidly-growing episcopate. The proliferation of assistant bishops, appointed by diocesan bishops with little or no consultation, has resulted in an embarrassing excess of bishops in some places. If for some reason they need to move on from their assistant role, they prove difficult to place, and so often end up taking the leadership positions once held by priests or lay people.

Bishops now head up Anglican mission and welfare bodies and other church-related organisations around the country. And because outside bodies become used to dealing with episcopal leadership at that level, the possibility of anyone other than a bishop being appointed later becomes increasingly remote. Through their annual meeting and in informal contacts, Australia's bishops are increasingly becoming a powerful, united body exercising disproportionate influence over a supposedly synodical church. Cynics have dubbed them 'the bishops' club'.

Is there an answer? Only if the bishops consciously and corporately commit themselves to power-sharing, so that they might enlist the clergy and laity in the joint seeking of God's will for the Anglican communion. But they have already tried that once before, and look what happened! The Anglican Consultative Council nearly got out of hand. It was a nice idea, but ... ■

Muriel Porter is a Melbourne journalist and historian. She was the Australian lay representative to the Anglican Consultative Council at its last meeting in Cape Town in 1993 and was elected to the council's standing committee, which met recently in England.



People who live in glass houses

'IT'S YOUNG MR GRACE!' A STOOPED ancient barges past us, proffering only a brief grimace in exchange for this uncomplimentary greeting. Unlike the other Mr Grace's employees, we have *not* done very well. But our boorishness is unlikely to bother the stooped ancient for very long, since his business is not with the likes of Quixote and his friends. This ancient is headed for a meeting of shareholders, the shareholders of a great and powerful company that, no doubt, has been making him a very rich man for a very long time. We watch him forge a path through the common ordinary shareholders, and then turn towards the separate dining room reserved for extremely powerful, nabob-type shareholders and directors. Sancho, (who is wiser in the ways of the world than Quixote and Quixote's Beloved, Ms Celia Lang) informs us of the identity of this stooped ancient, and the three of us pause to marvel at the man we have just insulted. Not the ancient himself, for we have never met him, and not at his wealth, for that is a matter of paper begetting more paper. We are admiring the capacity of one man to be a living, breathing icon.

Celia drowns an expletive with a mouthful of mineral water. 'He looks like the mean old shit in *The Simpsons* who owns the nuclear reactor. Except he's got a few spinal problems as well.'

Sancho and I concur. 'Yeah, an' he looks like Ebenezer Scrooge, too.'

'An' Silas Marner an' ...'

'Silas *who*?'

'Some literary miser. Or wowser. Or wanker. Or all three. Look, trust me, I've been to a doctor. And I'm pretty sure this guy's a dead ringer for Silage, or whatever his name is. I'd be even more sure if I'd actually read the book, but it wasn't on the course that year. I just saw the title on someone else's reading list and it's stuck with me ever since.'

The three of us digest this for a minute. It is complex. It is convoluted. And we're not sure which of us has said it. It probably doesn't even make sense, but at this time of the morning sense is a relative concept. Well, all right, sense is a relative concept at any time of the day, but at breakfast it's a *tiresome* relative concept.

I am distracted from this conflation of the stooped ancient with various fictional misers when the steam from a battery of cappuccino machines begins to fog my glasses. The coffee-scented mist clears as I gaze up towards more glass, a great canopy of it suspended from girders over my head, but the morning sun stabs through the canopy and vision blurs again.

Blinking, I indicate the plaza in which we are sitting with a sweep of the arm. 'It's ugly, this place. But it works. As a space that unites all the human activities around it, I mean.'

Sancho and Celia inform me that, other things being equal, they'd prefer to address themselves to such imponderables as the relation between *Silas Marner* and the stooped ancient. They do not need a lecture on aesthetics, or on architecture with a human face, or even one on architecture with a stooped, ancient or cappuccino-fogged face.

We force down nine or ten rounds of toasted sandwiches, as blotting paper for the previous night's indulgence, and lurch towards our own task in the great glass-canopied plaza. We are attending a press conference at which the names of Australian competitors in a great foreign film festival will be announced. To reach this civilised event, we must first mingle with some more shareholders, and then with a half-dozen or so police officers.

When we get through the shareholders we realise that the police are protecting them, not the film people. The police eye my backpack with some consternation, then wave us through as we are recognised by the organisers of the press conference. Sancho, who can be extremely perceptive even after a night's indulgence and nine or ten rounds of toasted sandwiches, opines that the police must be expecting a demonstration against the mining company whose AGM has coincided with the press conference. In confirmation of this insight, a distant throbbing announces itself from the street. Just outside the shelter of the glass canopy stands a small group of protesters, hammering away at a set of bongo drums. There are fewer protesters than there are shareholders. In fact, there appear to be fewer protesters than the number of toasted sandwiches we have just ingested. But you can make quite a lot of noise with bongo drums.

The press conference begins, and among the VIPs who have been paraded for inspection by the assembled press is a famous TV presenter. Specifically, she is famous for presenting a cartoon show about a carrot-eating rabbit and a hapless black duck with a speech impediment, and for making this sexy. I whisper to Celia that, without the benefit of TV makeup, the famous presenter does not look particularly alluring. In reply I receive a withering look, and am advised that Ms Presenter *is* wearing makeup, of a subtle and understated kind. Then My Beloved follows Ms Presenter to a buffet laid with coffee pots and yet more plates of sandwiches, and engages her in conversation.

VARIOUS EXECUTIVES TELL HOW PLEASED they are to be associated with the two Australian films entered in the film festival, each of which appears to be a series of jokes about ABBA and their music, such as it is. An earnest ABC journalist at the front of the room becomes engrossed in questioning the film-makers about ABBA, and the rest of us become engrossed in the rhythmic thud of the drums outside. Sancho and I wander outside again, to watch the police and the protesters watching each other. A trickle of shareholders from the meeting in the next room is doing the same. Sometimes, a drumbeat makes more sense than all the breakfast conversations in the world. I find myself wondering about the possibilities of a film in which Ebenezer Scrooge and Silas Marner are characters. Or maybe one in which Ebenezer, Silas and a cabaret troupe of stooped ancients start an ABBA revival. *Money, money, money* ... um ... *makes the world go round* ... ■

Ray Cassin is the production editor of *Eureka Street.*

JON GREENAWAY & MICHAEL MCGIRR

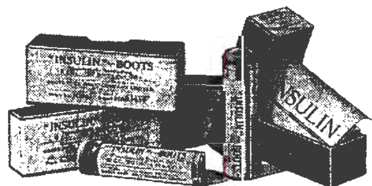
A drug on the market

ALWAYS IN THE PURSUIT of a good conspiracy theory, the Hollywood machine churned out a particularly nasty tale of cover-up and collusion in *The Fugitive*. The story revolves around a clinician who is in cahoots with a pharmaceutical company and who suppresses negative data on a drug in exchange for the lustre of fame and fortune. While Harrison Ford, as a crusading surgeon, is able to bring everyone to justice on screen—he uncovers the corruption of his colleague while proving himself innocent of murdering his wife—the reality of research fraud is far less dramatic and not so neatly resolved.

The ABC's *7:30 Report* recently aired a story on the former head of the Endocrinology Department at the Royal Hobart Hospital, Dr Gordon Senator. Senator was discovered to be appropriating moneys supplied to the hospital by Wyeth Pharmaceuticals for the clinical trial of a drug designed for the treatment of diabetes. Senator was squirrelling these funds into a private bank account. He was also on the payroll of the company as a consultant.

Charges were laid against Dr Senator by the Department of Public Prosecutions after Senator's locum discovered the misappropriation of funds. They were dropped when Wyeth pulled out, claiming that it was possible that Dr Senator would pay the money back at a later date.Following the report, the Minister for Health Roger Groom (no relation to the premier), called for a departmental inquiry into Dr Senator's conduct, the results of which are yet to be tabled in the Tasmanian Parliament.

The most disconcerting aspect of this case is not Senator's appropriation of funds but the consultancy payments received by him from Wyeth Pharmaceuticals while he was supervising the clinical trial of their drug. The close relationship between the medical and pharmaceutical industries is one consequence of the search for new and more effective drugs. Over time, a system of protocols has developed, to ensure that medical research operates independently. But like the separation of powers in Westminster government, the system can easily be jeopardised.



Then as now: Boots' own manufacture. From Chemist and Druggist, *1924*

Drug research is crucial to the operation of the pharmaceutical industry. Last year, $230 billion was spent worldwide on prescription and over-the-counter drugs. As the Royal Australasian College of Physicians quaintly points out in its guidelines for the relationship between the pharmaceutical industry and physicians, concern arises from the fact that, 'both groups are paid for what they do, and the profit motive will always be fodder for ethical debate'.The College also states that 'An investigator should not derive any direct personal benefit from the conduct of a pharmaceutical industry sponsored clinical trial.'

There will always be some individuals bereft of scruples. But what are the implications for clinical research of both their fraudulence and the way it is handled?

Paul Komesaroff, of Melbourne's Baker Medical Research Institute, denies that a natural conflict of interest exists between the medical and pharmaceutical worlds. Komesaroff is a member of the hospital's ethics committee and a philosopher and endocrinologist by training. He argues that medicine is dependent upon drugs, and consequently a common purpose exists— to develop safe, effective pharmaceuticals. Nevertheless, he adds, tension arises at the point of the clinical trial: 'The problem is when values of the market place tend to override the values that are inherent in clinical medicine.'

THE FUTURE OF A DRUG DEPENDS on the assessment by peak bodies of data collected from such clinical trials. The results of research conducted in institutions around the country are sent to the Australian Drug Evaluation Committee. A.D.E.C. collates the results. It is then up to the Therapeutic Goods Administration (T.G.A.) to decide, on grounds of safety, quality and efficacy, whether the drug concerned should be registered.

Results from a trial in which a clinician has acted unethically and has falsified results—for whatever motive—could well influence a decision made by the T.G.A.

An ethics committee is the principal means whereby a hospital or institution can supervise the conduct of a clinical trial. The committee must approve a drug trial before it can take place. It is the body that hears any questions of impropriety in the handling of research projects.The proposed drug trial can either be referred to the hospital, after it has been cleared by the T.G.A., or tendered by the pharmaceutical company.

One advantage of this system of scrutiny is that ethics committees are comprised not only of the medical fraternity but also of lawyers, philosophers, clerics and the lay community. As Komesaroff says, 'It's not just a bunch of doctors saying OK to their mates'. A committee can also decide, if it feels it necessary, to deem a clinical trial inappropriate for their institution even though it has received support from the T.G.A. Since ethics committees answer only to themselves they have the potential to operate in the best spirit of a review body. In the absence of peak bodies of ethical review (The Australian Health Ethics Committee has no teeth) individual hospital ethics committees also ensure that the system has checks and

Photo: Bill Thomas

Pre-Prozac

COME NEXT FEBRUARY, Duncan Reilly will have been standing in the same pharmacy for sixty years. In 1935, he began his apprenticeship in the shop in Gertrude St, Fitzroy, which now carries his name. The inner suburbs of Melbourne were different then.

'Just over the road there,' he says, looking across into what has since become a high-rise housing estate 'that used to be the worst slum in Melbourne. There were houses there without running water. They had to depend on water coming through the gully trap. People used to go up to the Fitzroy football ground where they could get in for 3d. That was literally the only amusement they could afford.' You get the impression that the shortfall must have been made up by entertaining characters. Mr Reilly has seen them all. He's been a local magistrate and mayor.

'I remember when the police used to come through the shop wanting to use the toilet out the back. They only wanted to nab the SP bookies in the lane. So I always told them they could go and use the toilet in the pub.'

Reilly has seen vast changes in pharmacy itself. When he started, they sold sticking-plaster instead of bandaids and there was no such thing as shampoo. 'Some people would get soft soap and alcohol made up on prescription but most folk just used barsoap. Now look at it.' Like every pharmacy, Reilly's would be a different place without its dazzling range of haircare products.

There've been changes in the approach to nearly every condition, except the common cold for which the treatment is still basically the same as in 1935. Reilly brings out a fifty-year old bottle of his own cough elixir and then points to his current stock on the shelf. Only the bottle has changed. Mental illness, on the other hand, has seen a proliferation of possible drug therapies. 'We used to use a sedative such as phenobarbitone for mental disorders. It was really the same thing we gave people to help them sleep. Just a sedative. Now we have mood-changing drugs.' He disappears again for a moment and comes back with a blister pack of the celebrated Prozac. 'Like this,' he says. 'One tablet a day. In a way it's frightening. But for a victim of depression, it might be a godsend.'

Reilly doesn't get unduly excited about a fad drug such as Prozac. 'Medicine is like clothing,' he says. 'It comes in eras. This is the Prozac era. Some time ago we had the vitamin-therapy era. The main thing is that the client understands what it is and what it does.' Reilly says the fundamental change in pharmacy is from a 'wet dispensary' to a 'dry dispensary'. 'We hardly make anything now. It all comes pre-packaged.' Does this make the pharmacist little more than someone in the middle? 'On the contrary, all these medicnes can be quite bewildering to people. Nobody in a supermarket is going to take time to explain how a drug works. That's what I'm here for.'

Duncan Reilly doesn't know where to start recounting the highlights of his career. 'Just take one fellow who used to come here,' he says, telling the story of an ugly character on the streets of Fitzroy. He always carried a weapon and people were terrified of him. 'But he never gave me any trouble,' says Reilly. 'He'd come in here and after a time he'd start blubbering. He'd call me 'father'. Then it'd turn out that all he'd want would be a piece of soap. I never minded. Not at all. This is one of my bugbears. That even today when we've got plenty, that poverty should still be with us. I mean, what's a cake of soap between friends?' ■

Michael McGirr SJ is a consulting editor at *Eureka Street.*

balances. There is also some safety in their containment within individual institutions: if a poor decision is made by a committee its repercussions are not felt beyond the walls of the particular institution.The benefit of having trials conducted in various, localised environments, is that data produced by questionable research methods can be balanced by results presented to A.D.E.C. from other institutions conducting similar trials.

But where the strengths lie so too do the weaknesses. The isolation and independence of ethics committees means that the system of review can be corrupted by an individual of stature to suit his or her purpose.

John Jefferis is a senior administrator with the American pharmaceutical manufacturer Pfizer, a multinational with a $7 billion a year turnover. He regards the relationship between a drug company and a research institution as a contract.

'You approach the clinical trial and your interaction with the investigator or the investigating unit on a business basis. Where these things always go wrong is when someone does it on the old-boy network.' Jefferis believes that pharmaceutical companies should monitor data and check for any aberrations.

Through this process it can become apparent to the companies themselves if there is evidence of unethical and fraudulent behaviour on the part of clinicians. 'We've had situations where researchers have turned in results and they haven't even seen the patients.'

In the conduct of the trial at the Royal Hobart Hospital, Dr Senator saw only a handful of patients. Most of the work was done by the department staff. To avoid this, argues Jefferis, strict protocol must be adhered to in the handling of a trial. If a suspicion of wrong-doing exists, resolution can be problematic because censure usually begins and ends with peer review. Jefferis notes that ethics committees can be influenced by reputations, the 'how can you review God?' mentality.

Dr Brian Martin, from the Science and Technology Studies Department, Universtiy of Wollongong, believes that the power structure of science is such that bringing poor research and fraud to account is extremely difficult.

Writing in the scientific journal *Prometheus*, he points to practices which vary from shoddy science to outright fraud. The former can include anything from obscuring poor results to being wrongfully credited with authorship. The latter is often in the form of extensive plagiarism and the publication of false data.

The minor cheating is usually tolerated while the more fraudulent behaviour is noticed but frequently unreported. As Martin says, those who are aware of such behaviour are reluctant to make allegations because of the confrontations this entails. Moreover, administrators do not wish to damage the institution's reputation. If it is more than obvious that the researcher has acted poorly then he or she is quietly pushed out. Accountability is only brought forward when misdemeanours become public knowledge.

How can the processes of clinical research be made more accountable? If peak bodies and unified systems of review are introduced, damage may be done to the fragile environment of independent research. On the other hand, if nothing more is done to address dishonesty and fraud, then what occurred at the Royal Hobart Hospital can continue elsewhere without appropriate sanction.

The Hollywood-sensational view of the pharmaceutical and medical industries combining in wholesale subterfuge is a fanciful one. This is not to say, however, that we should not be concerned about the relationship. The benefit gained by a drug company from research conducted into one of its drugs is measured in purely commercial terms. For the hospital, drug research is not just a source of revenue; it also provides opportunities to train people in clinical skills, to discover new methods of treatment, and disseminate information. As the proportion of funding supplied by drug companies grows, medical research moulds itself around the priorities of the pharmaceutical industry.

While the National Health and Medical Research Council will spend $121.6 million on medical research in 1994, the pharmaceutical industry is likely to spend more than a third of this amount on clinical trials and institutional research.

Since 1987 the total spent on research and development by the pharmaceutical industry has grown from $6.7 million to $70 million annually. The Australian Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association estimates that if current trends continue, the industry will be outlaying in excess of $900 million on research in this country by the end of the decade.

This rapid growth has come about because of government initiatives over the last six years, which have included tax concessions and a streamlining of the drug-evaluation process. The success in attracting drug-research programs will undoubtedly have repercussions for medical research in this country. Hospitals will increasingly develop the facilities for drug research and clinical trials will be more common.

John Jefferis estimates that in the United States drug companies spend more on research than does the federal government's grant body, the National Institute of Health.

He explains that the extent to which institutions in America rely on drug company funds is indicated by the canvassing Pfizer is subjected to by institutions offering their research facilities for a drug trial.

cont. p33>

MICHAEL MCKERNAN

I TOLD ONE OF OUR Voluntary Guides the other day that Ralph Honner had died and immediately regretted my lack of tact. The guide gave me such a look of genuine loss and pain that it was as if she had lost a friend. And yet I think that, like me, the guide had not known Ralph Honner personally. Such was his stature in Australian military history, such was his reputation as a leader of men, that his achievement deserves celebration.

Lt.Col Ralph Honner 1904-1994

Strangely, few of those who have caught the Australian people's imagination as military heroes have been fighting soldiers. We properly pay tribute to Simpson and to 'Weary' Dunlop as we celebrate their care for the wounded and their bravery in conditions of the greatest difficulty. At times we seem to want to ignore the wars that engaged them.

Ralph Honner was a fighting soldier. Enlisting in the militia before the Second World War, he was appointed Captain with the 11th Battalion in 1939 and saw service in the North Africa campaign at Bardia, Tobruk and Derna. Gavin Long, the official historian, described Honner in these early days as 'an exceptionally cool and resolute leader'. Honner was caught up in the débacle in Greece and for his work in helping to organise the retreat was awarded the Military Cross.

It was in Papua New Guinea, however, that Honner made his reputation. Ordered to take control of the 39th Battalion in July 1942, Honner confronted a group of young soldiers, many of them not yet 20 years of age, who had been called together in late 1941 and given training by a nucleus of First World War officers. As a militia battalion the 39th was looked down on by AIF Battalions, and action would test the men and the quality of their leadership.

Sent into battle in late June 1942, the 39th was the first militia to confront the Japanese on the Kokoda track; Honner's men performed magnificently, holding the Japanese advance until reinforcements arrived. The fighting was appalling, the risk of defeat ever present and the losses terrible.

The 39th gave their loyalty to their commander and he never let them down. His personal courage was extraordinary and his men knew that he would not ask them to what he would not do himself.

An incident of command shows the quality of the man. He had a problem company in his battalion but rather than deal it, as Honner said, the 'final lethal act of contempt' by withdrawing it, he placed the company in the most dangerous sector, 'the post of honour'. It was a courageous tactic, rewarded when the men involved fought doggedly to cast off any slur of cowardice. It was also typical of Honner's approach to his soldiers.

One of the truly great Australian images from the Second World War is that of Honner leading his men on parade after the most bloody and important fighting on the Kokoda track. Only 180 men had survived to parade and as Honner stood before them he saw 'pallid and emaciated men with sunken eyes and shrunken frames'. He also saw, as he recorded, 'no hangdog look, only the proud bearing of tired veterans who had looked death and disaster in the face, and had not failed'.

Later the Battalion fought at Buna and Gona, often described as the most savage fighting in which Australian soldiers have ever been involved. Again the 39th served gallantly and Honner led with distinction. When he was wounded in the leg a sergeant sought to rescue him, but Honner ordered him to leave off instead to warn the nearest company that the enemy was close at hand. He would only allow stretcher bearers forward when he was certain that they would not become a target for Japanese fire. Evacuated to Australia, Ralph Honner's fighting days were over.

This then, is an account of a fine Australian soldier and military commander. Like so many other brave Australians, his work done, Honner resumed his civilian life and, for the military historian, slips from sight. The military aspect may have seemed for him no more than an interlude in a long life of work, of family, of community, faith and patriotic endeavour. But Ralph Honner has left a legacy of bravery, of skilled leadership and achievement which have made this nation a richer place. ■

Michael McKernan is Deputy Director of the Australian War Memorial.

Photo: Andrew Stark

As the amount of investment in pharmaceutical research in Australia moves into line with other O.E.C.D. countries, we ought to be concerned whether the system of ethics committees and peer review is adequate. Furthermore, will other forms of medical research be compromised? The government's pledge to raise research and development spending to 2 per cent of GDP by the year 2000 must extend to medical research—one-off grants aside—if an imbalance in favour of drug trials is to be avoided.

Perhaps not only issues of accountability should be considered but also what kind of research culture we should be nurturing. ■

Jon Greenaway is a staff reporter for *Eureka Street*.

ETHICS

The good life

Steven Tudor interviews Raimond Gaita about the business of moral philosophy

Raimond Gaita has taken three year's leave from King's College, University of London to become foundation Professor of Philosophy at The Australian Catholic University's Institute of Advanced Research. In 1991 he published Good and Evil: An Absolute Conception, *which Alasdair MacIntyre described as 'an outstanding contribution to moral philosophy which puts the rest of us to the question by its account of what it is to have a serious sense of good and evil and of how moral philosophy ought to proceed'. Included in the wide-ranging discussions in the book are some very sharp, even barbed, criticisms of 'applied' ethics. Gaita is critical of philosophers who seek to speak with academic authority in forums outside the university on moral and political issues of public concern. Yet Gaita is also a columnist for* Quadrant, *and writes frequently, from a committed standpoint, on issues of public concern. Intrigued by the apparent tensions, I asked Raimond Gaita about his views on the role of academics, especially moral philosophers, inside and outside the academy.*

ABOVE: Raimond Gaita Photos pp34 and pp38-39 by Emmanuel Santos

TUDOR: *YOUR BOOK IS CALLED* GOOD AND EVIL: An Absolute Conception. *What does such a conception involve?*

GAITA: In *Good and Evil* I argue that the concept of evil is *sui generis*; that to speak seriously of evil is not merely to say that something is terribly bad or terribly wrong. I emphasise and try to detail the connections between a particular way of speaking of evil as a distinctive moral category, and goodness of the kind we see in someone like Mother Teresa; and between both and a conception of the preciousness of each human being. Those who are religious might express the latter thought, or something akin to it, by saying that all human beings are sacred. I argue that this should be the primary focus of a conception of absolute moral value.

Does this absolutism mean, for example, that it is always wrong to kill a human being, or to let them die?

I do not believe that it entails the more common conception that there are actions which are forbidden whatever the consequences. And one may argue for exceptionless moral principles without having any sense of good and evil as I am speaking of it. If one does not have it, then one can say little that is serious about the idea that life is sacred.

In your book you clearly go beyond the traditional academic concerns of analytical moral philosophy. And yet you equally clearly distance yourself from 'applied ethics'. What was your intention here?

Reviewers have been agreed that *Good and Evil* speaks (as Brenda Almond put it) to 'real people and their deeply serious moral concerns'. It was my hope that it would, and that it would reveal, in its practice as much as in what it preached, that the ancient belief that moral philosophy should be practical need not be realised only in what is now called 'applied ethics'. I hoped that it would reveal, by its example as much as by its professed argument, the inadequacy of the distinction between meta-ethics and normative ethics, and of the conception of applied ethics that is shaped by most versions of that contrast.

Y*OU ARE QUITE CRITICAL OF APPLIED ETHICS in your book— indeed, of the applied ethicists themselves. You say that many of them have 'extended the arrogance and insularity of the worst kind of academic professionalism beyond the academy. Generally they show no fear or even slight anxiety at the responsibility they have assumed: they have no sense of awe in the face of the questions they have raised, and no sense of humility in the face of the traditions they condescendingly dismiss. They are aggressively without a sense of mystery and without a suspicion that anything might be too deep for their narrowly professional competence. They mistake these vices for the virtues of thinking radically, courageously and with an unremitting hostility to obscurantism'.*

These are uncommonly sharp criticisms for an academic work. How does your absolutist conception of good and evil shape your criticisms here?

The belief that human beings are sacred is fundamental to the conceptual background of much of what preoccupies applied philosophers. However, the characterisations of what it might mean have, in my judgment, often been inadequate, sometimes to the point of being grotesque.

That is important to my criticism of the actual effects of applied philosophy on our culture. I believe that it has not merely diminished, but has actually debased, our understanding of what it discusses, and that it has proposed for serious consideration things that are evil even to believe, let alone to do.

However, there are two things that I should make clear. First, not all my objections to applied philosophy are of this practical kind, and most of them do not depend on the particular conception of absolute value that I attempt to articulate and defend. Secondly, these objections apply to a considerable extent to moral philosophy itself. I had not seen this so clearly when I wrote the book. My opinion of applied philosophy is, in large part, an expression of my opinion of moral philosophy more generally—of its subject matter, of the kind of understanding it seeks and what is necessary to achieve it. To oversimplify, it depends on a conception in whose light the disciplines that mark moral understanding appear, at critical points, to be closer to those found in literature and in literary criticism than those found in science or in metaphysics.

I'd like to return to these 'disciplines of thought', but for the moment could you expand on your practical objections to practical philosophy?

Supporters of applied philosophy tend to talk about the responsibilities of philosophy, eternally conceived, to the problems which we now face. But it is not the Platonic form of the philosopher who sits on committees. It is academic moral philosophers whose sense of what is at issue has often been distorted by a discipline that has been widely lamented as barren, and by the fact that academic life and the institutions which serve it have been degraded almost beyond recognition.

Over the past 15 years or so we lost not only our universities, but the living use of a concept of a university with which to characterise an historically deepened and rich conception of the life of the mind and its associated conception of teaching. That is no small loss. Its dimensions may be indicated in the fact that universities are now more likely to undermine whatever idealism students have on leaving secondary school than they are to nourish and deepen it.

That is the background to the emergence of applied philosophy. It is not a rebellion against that background, nor even, for the most part, mildly critical of it.

Now, without any irony, philosophers call themselves professional ethicists and offer their services to doctors, businessmen and politicians, unembarrassed by the fact that they preach abroad a reflective concern for the ethical dimensions of certain practices which they failed themselves to exhibit at home. One needn't be a Jeremiah to be gloomy about the consequences for our culture. It might have been different if our culture were more robust, and if intellectual life outside of the universities were more serious and vigorous, for then academics would properly be held to account.

But isn't some sort of address to 'real life' required if moral philosophers are 'to have something to say'?

Life is, at the moment richer than many moral philosophers would seem to believe it to be, but it may not always be so. Philosophers may eventually help to make it as thin as the concepts with which they describe it.

It is possible to be an academic knight while being shallow, foolish and wicked. None of these failings is an obstacle to deserved distinction as a moral philosopher.

It is naïve to believe that a barren moral philosophy would be redeemed, deepened or enriched by going 'applied'. One can, of course, imagine circumstances in which moral philosophy might have been humbled and deepened by contact with what people call 'real life'. But given what I said earlier about the nature of academic practice, the decline of the universities and the pretensions of moral philosophers to an expertise they can have only if they distort their subject matter, it is not surprising that those circumstances are not ours.

Life is at the moment richer than many moral philosophers would seem to believe it to be, but it may not always be so. Philosophers may eventually help to make it as thin as the concepts with which they describe it. Life and a thin theory of it will then meet at a dismal point of equilibrium.

A crucial element to your criticism of applied philosophy in Good and Evil *is that having something serious or worthwhile to say on ethical and political issues requires moral wisdom, or some sort of moral authority, but that this must be clearly distinguished from academic mastery of a subject. If philosophers are not necessarily 'lovers of wisdom' after all, if their academic training has nothing to do with the development of wisdom in your sense, then what exactly does mastery or expertise in philosophy, specifically moral philosophy, amount to?*

Analytical philosophy has a characteristic way of thinking. To a large degree it can be taught and is what examiners look for. It is rigorous and it aims to be free of jargon and to find expression in clear and simple prose. The critical concepts that matter to it are: true, false, and those that mark the forms of valid and invalid inference. These are not the only qualities of mind which are valued, but others, such as, for example, imagination, are valued as means to the generation of thoughts whose cognitive content can be characterised independently of them.

ANALYTICAL PHILOSOPHERS ARE JUSTIFIABLY PROUD of their intellectual rigour and of the fact that they can teach it to their students. It saved philosophy from the decline into obscurantism which now disfigures many of the subjects in the humanities.

The critical and epistemic concepts that mark this form of thinking give content to one form of objectivity and to its associated form of impersonality. It enables one rightly to award first-class honours to someone even when their work reveals them to be shallow, foolish, gullible and wicked. That fact is important to our understanding of the nature of academic disciplines, of what it is to master a subject or discipline, and of the kind of objectivity required for the assessment and treatment (promotions, etc.) of those with whom one radically disagrees. It is essential to the ideal of a liberal university and to the concept of academic freedom that partly defines it.

But you believe this objectivity and rigour are insufficient for wisdom and so ought not be exported to public discussions of moral and political issues?

It is natural to think that it would be good if the rigour that characterises this kind of thinking were more prevalent in public discussions. It is natural to think that its fruits in moral philosophy should be shared with a wider community. And if one believes that this kind of thinking and the appropriate enabling virtues of character and imagination are, together, adequate to moral philosophy, then, given other reasonable assumptions, one will believe that they justify applied philosophy.

The difficulties I mentioned earlier will then appear to be manageable. Certainly they will not seem of a kind that would prevent applied philosophers from doing more good than harm. From this perspective, it will appear that professional philosophers with credentials from good universities are particularly well-qualified to think clearly about moral matters. They have elaborated, clarified and tested arguments whose potency was sometimes diminished by muddle, rhetoric, German academic prose or other maladies. How, then, could it be a bad thing to spread the analytical method and its results beyond the academy? Indeed, it looks to be irresponsible not to do so.

Some may wish it were so. But it is not. If one reflects on the actual critical terms with which we assess good and bad thinking about many matters of value, then it becomes apparent that they are more numerous than I had suggested earlier. For example, we criticise some thoughts for their tendency to pathos, or because they are banal, or sentimental, and so on.

So, as with Hamlet, the hub of your criticism is that there are more critical concepts in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in analytical philosophy—the kind of criticism Iris Murdoch made when she complained that 'we have suffered a general loss of concepts, the loss of a moral and political vocabulary'.

Philosophers in the analytical tradition have not given their serious attention to this broader range of critical concepts. For reasons that go deep in the subject, they are assumed to name states that diminish or enhance our capacity to formulate propositions whose primary dimensions of assessment are truth and falsehood, and whose cognitive bearings upon one another are described in logic textbooks. The prototypes guiding this assumption are states like drunkenness, which may cause cognitive failures whose character may be specified independently of drunkenness or any other similar state.

Suppose, however, that these concepts mark modes of assessment which are primary, and that, indeed, concepts of truth and falsehood as they apply to many matters of value are at least interdependent

with them. Sometimes this will show itself directly, as when we criticise a thought for being, for example, banal or sentimental. At other times it will show itself indirectly when we realise that the work of imagination, or the effort to be objective and to 'see things as they are', take different forms in moral philosophy than they do in some other areas of philosophy or in science.

The point here is that certain virtues and vices of character which may at first appear to stand in purely causal or instrumental relation to cognitive states, are, in fact, essential to the characterisation of the critical and epistemic concepts necessary to both moral thinking and to moral philosophy.

Those concepts are especially important in the discussion of the examples which are necessary to moral philosophy. No moral philosophy can be better than the examples which explicitly or implicitly set its problems, sustain it and to which it must be answerable. And no example can be better than its description. More often than not, those descriptions reveal failures which can only adequately be characterised by means of the critical concepts I mentioned earlier.

May not applied philosophy, then, try to develop the kind of rich conceptual resources—and the attendant wisdom—that you refer to?

I do not believe that it can, as a discipline. I think that the kind of thinking whose character derives from such concepts cannot be taught in the same way as can the kind of thinking which is the boast of analytical philosophy.

Certainly those concepts are seldom invoked in the assessment of academic achievement. That is why it is possible to be an academic knight while being shallow, foolish and wicked. None of these failings is an obstacle to deserved distinction as a moral philosopher. If they were, then our examining procedures would lack the kind of impersonality that is fundamental to our understanding of objectivity and fairness and, thereby, to the ideal of the liberal university.

Nonetheless, there must be disciplined, discursive reflection on what we call morality; reflection that is shaped by, and answerable to, the philosophical tradition.

Therefore, there should be something like moral philosophy in all universities. But its status as a discipline will be suspect and unstable, in a way that is true of English, and for similar reasons.

If it goes one way, it will tend towards a thinness which invites parody by anyone who remembers that there are more things in heaven and earth, etc.

If it goes another way then, at critical points, it will be vulnerable to obscurantism and high-minded posturing. Thought whose logical character is determined by certain moral virtues is particularly vulnerable to the corresponding vices. It is easier to avoid muddle than it is to avoid sentimentality.

There are doctors and parents who are faced with decisions about whether or not to take severely handicapped and suffering new-born babies off life-support systems. Given that these things are happening, is it not appropriate that the actions here be governed by some sort of community consensus on what should be done? What is the place of moral philosophy in the development of that consensus?

I DO NOT SEE WHY WE MUST STRIVE FOR A CONSENSUS. The divisions in our culture are deep. If we press for consensus, then it is likely that we will characterise those divisions in ways which distort and trivialise them. The pressure to consensus, which comes from the perceived need to seek legal resolutions of certain pressing moral dilemmas and disagreements, favours just those concepts which dominate the barren part of moral philosophy, and which lead to serious mischaracterisations of the nature of our dilemmas and disagreements. Applied philosophy has flourished partly because it draws on the barren part of moral philosophy, and partly because the pressure to formulate public policy protected it from the kind of reflective, meditative attention which might have revealed its inadequacies. Mystery does not recommend itself to committees.

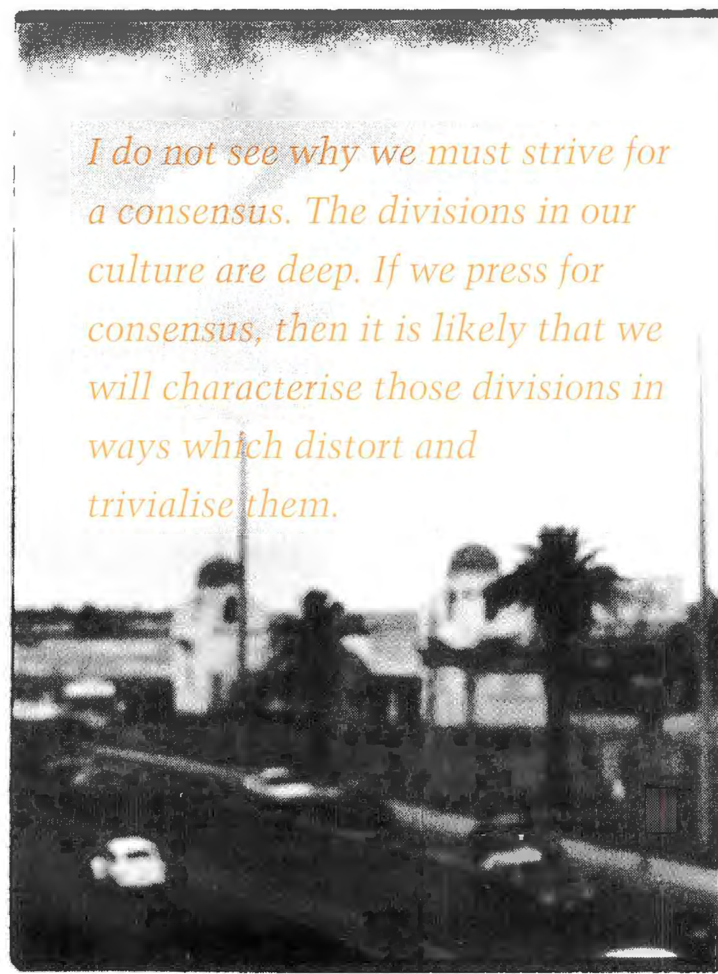
To be sure, things are different when there is no pressure to form that consensus because it already exists to a considerable extent. If it exists against a cultural and intellectual background respectful of mystery, with a deep sense that there are more things in heaven and earth than we are likely to make sense of in any moral theory, then many of the points I have made will lapse or need recasting. Such could be the case in, for example, a bioethics centre attached to a religious institution. However, if the members of such centres were to take themselves as answerable to the debate outside their institution, or feel that they should formulate what they say to maximise its engagement with applied philosophy in the secular mainstream, then the points I made will become relevant again.

Is there a concession to cultural relativism in your reference to cultural divisions?

No. I take it to be uncontroversial that respect for our fellow citizens requires that we seriously try to understand what they believe, which in turn requires that we do not force alien forms of expression upon them. We do that, unwittingly, when we press for a consensus that we will achieve only if we settle for a reductive view of what our problems are and, more seriously, of what it is to have a moral problem.

If ethics committees on hospital boards and the like ought not to strive for community consensus (and perhaps they have sometimes done so more in an effort to pass the moral buck?), what ought they be seeking to do?

Analytical philosophers are justifiably proud of their intellectual rigour and of the fact that they can teach it to their students. It saved philosophy from the decline into obscurantism which now disfigures many of the subjects in the humanities.



I do not want to say in any general way what they ought to be doing. But I would make two points. If there is no such thing as moral expertise, no such thing as moral knowledge in the sense which would make some people morally knowledgeable, if moral problems are not of the kind that lend themselves without distortion to resolution by committees, then that is how things are and it is no good wishing it were different.

Secondly, my view is not that we are in urgent need of such committees but that, sadly, we cannot have them. My view is that a wish for them could only be based on a misunderstanding of what it is to have a moral problem.

Even if philosophers have no particular substantial moral wisdom to impart, do they, perhaps, have some skill in clarifying issues of public concern? This model of philosophers clarifying and tidying up people's thinking has long been influential—amongst philosophers, at least!—and draws largely on the image of Socrates as the inveterate examiner of his fellow Athenians. As Hannah Arendt put it, 'the role of the [Socratic] philosopher is not to rule the city [like the Platonic philosopher] but to be its "gadfly", not to tell philosophical truths but to make citizens more truthful.'

Arendt talks about 'the role of the philosopher'. We have not been talking about 'The Philosopher' ideally conceived, but about academic philosophers. Now let's read her sentence like this: 'The role of academic philosophers, heirs to a largely barren subject, produced in their thousands by institutions in decline ... is to make citizens more truthful'. It doesn't sound nearly so edifying.

IT IS IMPORTANT TO REMEMBER that although Socrates protested that he was innocent of the charge of corrupting the youth, he did not (as do nearly all academics) deny that it was a charge that might appropriately be made against a philosopher. For him to do so would have been inconsistent with his sense of the responsibilities which defined his vocation to philosophy.

That is essential to understanding the kind of sobriety he demanded of himself and his interlocutors when he insisted that they must stand behind their words. Each had to speak for himself, from a self whose authenticity partly constituted, and was partly constituted by, forms of truthfulness, sobriety and responsibility. Their interdependence gave Socratic inquiry its distinctive intellectual discipline. That is why the dialogical form of Socratic inquiry was essential to the logical character of the critical concepts which mark its successes and failures. It demanded a kind of seriousness, which could only be required of a self considerably more substantial, more personal, less punctual (as Charles Taylor puts it) and more essentially and fully human than the one hypostasised as the bearer of professional academic responsibilities.

Perhaps that explains something which would otherwise be quite baffling, namely, that there are countless examples of academics whose professional truthfulness is beyond criticism, but who are quite careless with truth in public life. Academics tend to condescend to the standards of truthfulness in public life, but those standards are, I think, more seriously demanding of the whole person than are the standards of truthfulness governing professional integrity. That is why academics are often so light-headed in public life. If they so readily become intoxicated with power, or more likely, with prestige, then it is because the virtues associated with the professional definition of their practice are not sufficient to keep them sober in public. Though it may sound paradoxical, that is because those virtues are at once too worldly and not worldly enough. Be that as it may: academics do not have an honourable record in public life. And anyone who thinks of himself or herself as a professional gadfly is in need of a large dose of Socratic irony.

PERHAPS PROFESSIONAL PHILOSOPHERS OUGHT NOT, then, to pose as Socratic gadflies, but may there not still be some scope for neutrally *clarifying or laying out issues of public concern—at least within the scope of those critical concepts whose skilful deployment you said was justifiably the pride of analytical philosophy, namely 'true', 'false', and the names of the various modes of valid and invalid inference?*

I don't think that there is much of interest in moral philosophy which is in that way neutral. But of course

those analytical skills are not excluded by the larger range of concepts that I have emphasised. Those skills will show in the application of those concepts.

Are philosophers, then, qua *philosophers, not even to go near moral issues of public concern?*
Not if they pretend to be experts about morality and moral thinking. But just as there must be moral philosophy despite the difficulties inherent in the subject, so there must be (and anyhow will be) philosophical discussions of public affairs.

Why 'must' there be? You do think that philosophers have something to contribute?
I say there 'must' be because these problems have recognisable philosophical dimensions which are not only discussed in the philosophical tradition but are often a product of that tradition.

But academic philosophers should acknowledge that the mastery which enables them to examine and to teach may rightly be judged to express and rely upon a form of intelligence that may be a handicap as much as it may be an asset.

They should consent to be judged by critical concepts which are fundamental to their subject matter, but which, as I have said, render the disciplinary character of their subject problematical.

They will then think of themselves as amateurs—in the non-derogatory sense which Peter Steele is fond of marking—thinkers who are engaged, who really are in *medias res*, and whose understanding of their engagement makes them realise that their subject matter defies that kind of mastery which would justify a claim to expertise. Ideally they will constitute a community of thinkers who will seldom find it appropriate to wear whatever professional hats they may have, but whose discussion will show, sometimes for good and sometimes for ill, that they have such hats. *But it will be their common engagement as amateurs* that determines the standards whose light will reveal when their professional training shows for good and when it shows for ill in their discussions. And as with Socrates, these standards will be, in ways that are interdefining, standards of intellectual rigour and standards of responsibility.

One hopes that it will show for good. But if it does, then that will mean, won't it, that philosophers are demonstrating some wisdom in what they say—and *that that wisdom is non-accidentally related to their being philosophers, insofar as wisdom develops (as you argue in your book) out of how one has lived one's life? And their lives have been academic ones.*
You are quite right: the academic life is itself a kind of life. But an important distinction needs to be made which overlaps with the distinction between expertise and wisdom. It is the distinction between academic life conceived as a profession or a career and academic life conceived as a vocation.

MOST PHILOSOPHERS CONCEIVE OF THEMSELVES as professionals. The concept of a vocation is seldom even taken seriously these days. I think that the concept of an academic vocation centres on a serious sense of the love of truth, and, with that, on a sense of the obligation to reveal what a life lived in service to such love might be.

But, of course, one wants to know whether talk of love of truth may be taken seriously, or whether its place in our intellectual and spiritual history has merely been a rhetorical distraction from forms of motivation whose substance is better expressed in the concepts which define academic professionalism. At the crux, we can only know by reflection on what is shown to us in examples which give force and authority to our ways of speaking of the love of truth.

So academics' obligations, as academics, are restricted to their role within the university? They have no public responsibilities?
They do. They are obliged to protect the university, as a public institution, from the political and public pressures and temptations which would undermine it as a space in which a disinterested love of truth may be visible to each generation of students. That is the only responsibility which clearly devolves on them as academics.

Its acknowledgment and enactment is the most important contribution academics can make to the wider intellectual culture. It may be in tension with the more 'worldly' political and communal responsibilities which preoccupy most applied philosophers. It is, I believe, no accident that applied philosophy

Over the past 15 years or so we lost not only our universities, but the living use of a concept of a university with which to characterise an historically deepened and rich conception of the life of the mind and its associated conception of teaching.

flourished when we began to lose the idea of an academic vocation and the concept of the university which went with it.

In your book you argue that it is an essential part of the concept of moral wisdom that a morally wise person is someone whose life is marked by the presence of evil—and that means that they will fear not only doing evil, but also thinking evil thoughts. Can you explain that further?

I have argued that there are some things one ought to be afraid even to think, in the sense of seriously entertain. I believe that when they think about it most people will agree. A certain sort of rhetoric with which most of us have grown up inclines us to think it an outrageous and dangerous thing to say. This is because we imagine that we believe that to be free of dogmatism we must be prepared to think anything to which reason compels us.

But hardly any of us really believes it. Hardly anyone would find it strange to fear becoming a certain kind of person. Yet the kind of person we are is to an important degree determined by what we find morally unthinkable. And if it is wicked seriously to entertain certain thoughts, then it will not be different in philosophical contexts. Philosophy does not provide a respite from morality in which thinking evil thoughts ceases to be evil.

Isn't this way of thinking liable to abuse by unreflective dogmatists?

Of course there are dangers of dogmatism. That goes without saying. To present that as a decisive objection to the kind of position I am outlining is not to understand it. There is a telling joke about a person who had a mind so open that his brain fell through. Critical thinking, genuine critical open-mindedness, is nothing without judgment. That depends, in crucial part, on what we are not prepared even to consider. Of course we will sometimes fear to consider things we should not fear, and in the name of sobriety we will sometimes defend dogmatism. But fear of dogmatism should not deprive us of the concepts with which to characterise sound judgment and which alone can keep the radically critical intelligence in tune with reality.

Granted that there is a danger of thinking evil thoughts if one engages in applied ethics, how should that affect such research? The danger is not sufficient, surely, to warrant closing down research centres in applied ethics or banning courses and lectures, as certain groups in Germany have tried to do—and with some success: for example, in their disruption of Peter Singer's lectures in 1989. If you were a vice-chancellor, what would be your policy with regard to such centres and courses?

I would not close them down nor even discourage them, for the reasons I gave earlier when I spoke about the kind of objectivity which is fundamental to the liberal university, and because nothing I have thus far said rules out some role for institutions such as the Monash Bioethics Centre. As for the events in Germany and Austria, if I am not wrong about the facts, they raised two distinct issues—that of academic freedom and that of freedom of speech in the political realm. Arguments in favour of one are not necessarily arguments in favour of the other. Someone could heckle Singer, or even prevent him from speaking at a town hall meeting on euthanasia, while protesting, without inconsistency, at any attempt to prevent him from speaking at a university.

But do non-academics have any guarantee of the kind of freedom you grant academics? I assume you would, in an effort to avoid a certain academic élitism or paternalism, allow non-university members, people neither students nor teachers, to have such meetings in university rooms (with the protection that that implies), rather than in besieged town halls?

Just as there need be no inconsistency in preventing Singer speaking on euthanasia at a town hall meeting and protesting at any attempt to stop him lecturing in a university or at an academic conference, so there need be no inconsistency in preventing him from speaking at the town hall and protesting at the banning of his books, or at his exclusion from other public forums, or even from other town halls on other occasions.

Political freedom is a complex phenomenon. There are few abstract rules or principles concerning it that could be applied in a relatively simple way universally across cultures. Something may be a threat to freedom in one political culture, but not in another. I believe that the conditions which nourish real political freedom are delicate and may easily be lost, but it is a mistake to think that one respects that delicacy by fearing for freedom whenever someone is prevented from speaking.

Politicians are sometimes heckled and pelted with tomatoes. It would generally be a mistake to think this to be a threat to freedom, or even a sign that free speech was imperfectly realised in our culture. It's a matter of judgment. It has, however, been generally, and I think rightly, agreed that things that would not count as an abridgment of political freedom might count as an abridgment of academic freedom.

For a number of reasons I think that anxieties about freedom that are based on the belief that certain types of action constitute the thin edge of the wedge are often more justified in academic contexts than they are in a political culture such as exists in Australia and England. (I am not sure about Germany and Austria). But obviously, someone who is forced to flee the platform in the town hall under a barrage of eggs and tomatoes does not thereby have the right to speak at the university.

In your book you are critical, in particular, of Peter Singer's work in applied ethics. I don't imagine that you would want his books actually censored, but do you, then, positively welcome his work as contributions to debate, even though you disagree strongly with them?

I am not *especially* critical of Singer. In fact I think that he is a complex figure and is in many ways genuinely the kind of public intellectual that I have been commending. Nonetheless, I am dismayed at the respect accorded to some of what he says—to some of the beliefs he expresses and the reasons he gives for them.

SINGER SINCERELY BELIEVES THAT WORK of the kind he has been doing will make the world a better place. He (and others) have succeeded in making it a world in which philosophers have led the way in urging a relaxation of the conditions under which we find it permissible to kill people; in which, for example, most philosophy students seriously wonder whether it is permissible to kill young babies for much the same reasons as it is permissible to have an abortion. This dismays me and frightens me.

Clearly this division between people like Singer and people like me is a very serious one. But if you believe that the world would be better if Singer were more persuasive, and if you believe that it would be better because it would be more compassionate, more just, more rational, etc., then you must accept, as proper to the discussion of these things, the possibility that a contrary judgment might seriously be advanced. You must then accept the terms which are appropriate to its expression.

Once such claims as Singer's have been made, it is naïve or uncomprehending of the kind of divisions they cause, to think that the narrow range of critical terms that mark analytical philosophy, and which largely determine our sense of academic proprieties, will be adequate to their discussion.

If one insists that discussion should be answerable only to those terms, one will not, as some may hope, impartially preserve the conditions for rational and open discussion; one will be favouring a particular account of what there is to discuss and the methods and terms appropriate to it.

So you welcome work such as Singer's so long as it is understood that it may legitimately be appraised using the substantial critical terms you have referred to. But given that you have appraised Singer's work using such critical terms as 'arrogant' and 'aggressively without a sense of mystery', that might give some the impression that you don't really welcome it.

I don't welcome it. However, it has dimensions which can be assessed by those narrower concepts which give analytical philosophy its distinctive character. There is no doubt, according to those concepts, that he is deserving of his distinction. My acknowledgment of that gives the sense—or, rather, one sense, for there are other, political senses—in which I believe that his work is a 'legitimate' contribution to the debate.

However, as I have been at pains to emphasise, there are other dimensions of assessment. It is foolish to think that in a divided culture such as ours moral philosophy could be substantive without being volatile, divisive and sometimes offensive to some people. It is irresponsible, in the way I implied earlier when we spoke of Socrates, to be indignant at the claim that one corrupts students if one succeeds in getting them seriously to speculate about whom they might kill when, for example, the economic circumstances get tough.

To insist, in such circumstances, that *qua* philosopher, one should be accountable only for the clarity of one's thinking and things of that kind; to deny that one is, even as a philosopher, fully answerable as a human being to other human beings, is to be intoxicated by the rhetoric that has supported an edifying, but distorted and certainly unSocratic, fantasy about what it is seriously to care for the truth and to seek it courageously.

OF COURSE, MANY PEOPLE THINK *they* could never think something evil, or be evidence of cultural decline. University-educated people who are praised for their visionary compassion are likely to believe it least of all. It seems to me that Singer's response—and the response of many who sympathised with him—to the events in Germany and Austria showed a failure to understand this.

Central to your position, then, is the distinction between different critical vocabularies appropriate to different forums, a narrow one for academic debates, and an expanded and richer one for public debates. Is there not a danger, though, especially in moral philosophy, of the richer—and more divisive—vocabulary seeping into and disrupting, even corrupting, the traditional academic proprieties that you have praised?

What I have said might incline one to think that, for the sake of preserving academic proprieties, it would be better to avoid this kind of discussion—better if moral philosophy did not touch on such divisive issues. I do not believe that can be done.

The task then—it will not be easy, but I believe that we must succeed in it—is to acknowledge the nature of the division and the critical and moral vocabulary which defines it, while at the same time respecting the conventions and proprieties which underpin academic freedom. ■

There is a telling joke about a person who had a mind so open that his brain fell through. Critical thinking, genuine critical open-mindedness, is nothing without judgment.

Steven Tudor is a student in Law and a post-graduate student in Philosophy at the University of Melbourne..

Books

Margaret Coffey

All in the family

The first thing to be said about Penelope Leach's book is that it is not about daycare. She has assuredly some things to say about daycare, but her subject is much wider than the appropriateness of organised child minding for the infant offspring of mothers in the paid workforce.

With the fluency of passion, the command of the very well-researched and the humanism of a liberal who continues to believe that human society can be perfected, she addresses something which ends up troubling most of us at least some of the time—especially those of us who work and have them—and that is the way we think about and care for children.

The book is not another *Baby and Child.* (Leach's influential manual of babycare advice published in 1977) although for some extended passages such as those on breastfeeding it does immerse the reader in the sort of dizzying difference you associate with your first visit to the obstetrician's part of town.

It is, rather, a critique of the way in which economic and social changes in the post-industrial West have strained parenthood, short-changed children and led societies to fail emerging generations. It sort of serves the matter of children as *Small is Beautiful* served the environment. (That strikes me as not a bad comparison: one of the points about the book is the way it fixes on the singular human baby as a kind of ecological unit. As she says, a baby is a 'major pragmatic and narcissistic investment'.)

In that sense it is different from, and more useful than, the material now around which focuses entirely on the psycho-sexual aspects of relations between women and men and children. In an interestingly gloomy way, Penelope Leach has us all economic objects, inexorably commodified, our values improvised in a context of constant contradictions.

The fact that 'we live to work'—

Children First, Penelope Leach, Michael Joseph, 1994. ISBN 0 7181 3813 9 RRP $29.95; **Living Decently: material well-being in Australia**, Peter Travers & Sue Richardson, Oxford University Press, 1993. ISBN 0 19 553360 7 RRP $24.95

even most of those who are unemployed—distorts relationships between children and the parents who must limit their availability to them, and act in their public lives as if they were childless or genderless.

One of the problems with women's greater access to employment and education is that it has been achieved in terms which often do not acknowledge adequately that women give birth and breastfeed and provide primary care to infants. Neither, of course, do those terms acknowledge that the men to whom they have applied for so long, are also parents.

That's how daycare enters the picture. Penelope Leach is not against mothers working. She is not interested in retrieving or reinvigorating some atavistic notion of 'mother' or 'father', but rather in responding to all the advantages our historic moment offers us with the idea of 'the parent'. There is no comfort in *Children First* for anyone given to nostalgia for 'the family' in its idealized nuclear, mum-at-home sense, and she calls the notion of full-time exclusive motherhood a 'careless idea'. She has a great deal to say, for example, about ideas of discipline associated with 'traditional' views of the family. But of all the options available to working mothers, she is most critical of full-time professional daycare for children under the age of three, most especially infants. Infants need focused and intimate attention, and if it is not available from mother, it is most properly given by the other parent or an extended family member or—in the nearest approximation to these alternatives—by family daycare. (That is, the generally local-government-sponsored scheme where women mind babies and young children in their own homes. Often training and activities such as playgroups are provided). Leach admits that the research findings about the impact on children of full-time day-care are not conclusive, but she is arguing anyway from an understanding of the developmental characteristics of children set against the real circumstances of day-care. Daycare, for example, puts under-threes in groups when they are really not ready to play with other children or respond to group discipline; it puts infants with staff in a ratio of—at the very best—3 to 1. In short, daycare has emerged as the large enterprise it is in response to the requirements of work and the economy and not the requirements of the children.

It is true, of course, that in decrying trends in the West, Penelope Leach is speaking across an awful lot of variables. Her Australian critics have pointed out that in Britain and the United States daycare is nowhere nearly as well-organised and regulated as it is in Australia. But all those 'prominent working mothers' and 'female government ministers'

and 'experts' (that's what *The Australian* called them) who responded angrily to Leach's book did us a disservice, even though they were speaking out of an acute awareness of the effort it has taken to achieve good-quality daycare: their defence of daycare obscured the larger themes and the sheer existential difficulties which preoccupy Leach and a good many women and men who have or who want to have children.

It also obscured the deep pessimism which forms the background to Leach's manifesto. Much of *Children First* is taken up with concern for 'values', their communication to children and the 'apprenticeship' of children to the adult world they will take over. Her Australian critics did not say so but it is probably true that they and other Australian parents feel far more confident that they share values with the people they ask to mind their children. This is partly a consequence of the way in which daycare is organised in Australia but it is also surely a reflection of the differences between Australia and Britain and the United States.

What some of those differences might be, emerges in *Living Decently*, a study of material well-being in Australia which offers an account of more generally-shared 'satisfaction' than might be evident in studies of British society. Neither 'baby' nor 'child' appears in the index but it is nevertheless an interesting book because it describes a way of assessing our condition, whether rich or poor, without relying just on information about the income we earn, or don't earn. Measuring poverty or inequality becomes a more complex matter, which is not to deny the importance of income. It's an encouraging book, not least because it finds, in how we are, a reality which contradicts prevailing judgments of doom and gloom.

With all Penelope Leach's constructive and lively suggestions to deal with the problems—indeed, the crisis—she discerns, the trust she puts in 'commitment to social science and human relations' is notat all encouraging enough. Is that all there is? ■

Margaret Coffey is a producer and presenter for ABC Radio National.

MICHAEL SMITH

Back to basics

How are we to live? Ethics in an age of self-interest,
Peter Singer, The Text Publishing Company,
Melbourne, 1993. 1 86372 101 0 RRP $24.95

PETER SINGER'S TASK in this book is to confront the most pressing practical question we can ask ourselves: how are we to live?

The question is pressing for all sorts of reasons, but for Singer it is pressing in the main because the world at large faces major problems that will be solved only if we in the West change the way in which we live, and do it fast. To this end he documents and explains the extent to which social injustice on both a national and an international scale, the various major environmental problems we face, and the widespread maltreatment of non-human animals, can all be seen to be caused and sustained by the Western way of life of consumption and acquisition that most of his audience enjoys, a way of life that we continue through our own choice, a choice Singer wants us to reconsider and reverse.

Getting us to do this is, of course, no easy task. It is especially difficult if most of us are motivated primarily to increase our own welfare and that of our children. For on that hypothesis, to the extent that we have concern for people generally, such concern will be relatively weak. A life of consumption and acquisition may have all sorts of bad effects on others, effects that we may regret, but what reason do we have to change our life if it does so well by those who primarily concern us?

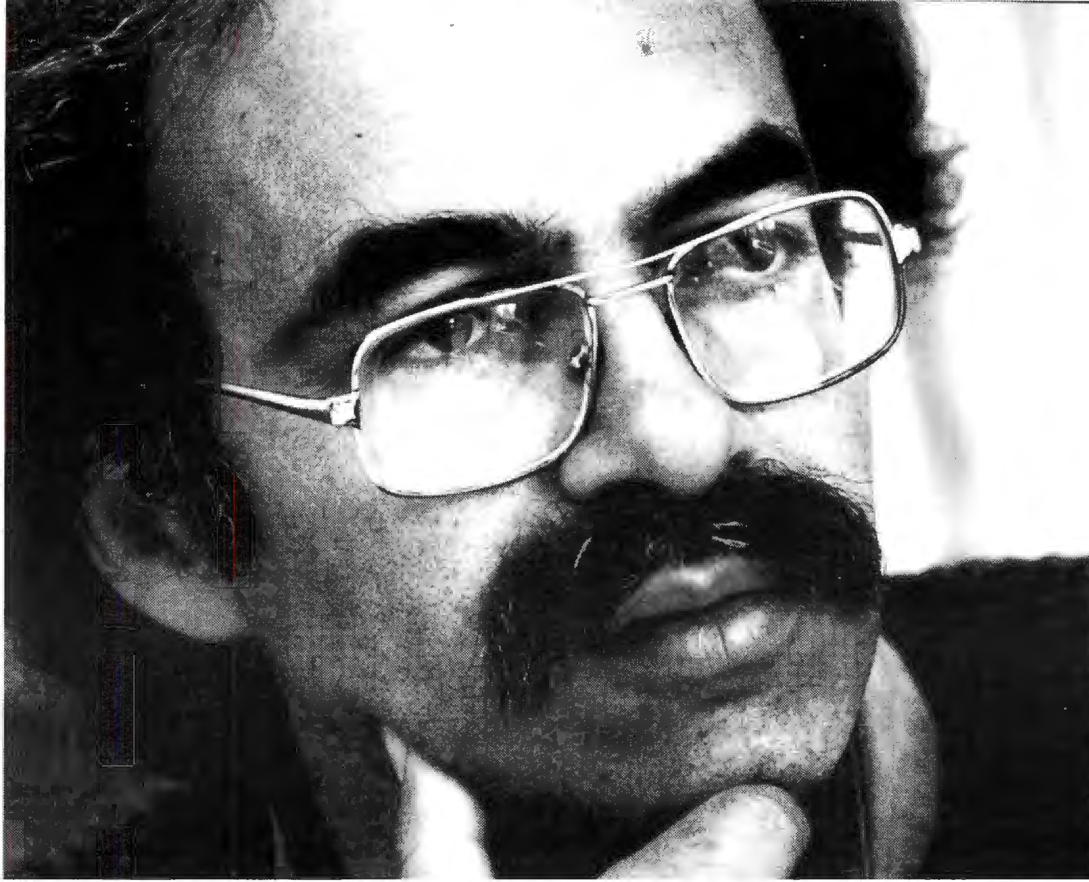
Singer's response is to challenge the assumption that the Western way of life does do well by those who primarily concern us. He cites psychological evidence which purports to show that consumption and acquisition do not in fact increase our welfare. The reason why is a quite general psychological phenomenon called 'adaptation' or 'habituation'. After having consumed and acquired material goods we adapt to our new level of material well-being—that is, we lose the sense of contrast with our old state—and, pretty soon, we end up feeling no happier than we felt before.

According to Singer, this explains why psychologists find that despite big differences between the levels of wealth in various nations, the people of those nations do not enjoy correspondingly different levels of happiness. He therefore sees no reason to agree with commentators who claim that there has been a decline in our standard of living. For even if there has been a decline in the material comforts we enjoy, this will not correlate with a long-term drop in our levels of happiness. And nor, therefore, does he see any reason to favour economic growth; for economic growth simply adds to the world's environmental problems and problems of social justice while doing nothing to increase our level of well-being.

If we accept this much of Singer's argument then the stage is set for his more positive claim. If consumption and acquisition will not increase our level of well-being, then how should we live? Singer's answer comes in two parts.

FIRST, HE ARGUES THAT we are not exclusively selfish by nature. We are capable of reasoning, thereby taking a more impartial point of view, and of finding ourselves motivated by what we discover from that viewpoint. Thus, when we reflect, we see that everyone has needs and aspirations much like our own, needs and aspirations that, in some cases, are far more urgent than our own. Singer encourages us to undertake such reflection, and to let ourselves be moved by the impartial sentiments and sympathies such reflection engenders.

The second part of Singer's answer takes the form of a promise: that a life devoted to solving the problems of the world *will* bring



Singer is one of a large group of philosophers who thinks that there is no fact-of-the-matter as to how we should live our lives.

lasting fulfilment, in contrast to the *ennui* of a life of consumption and acquisition. Though his evidence for this is largely anecdotal, the stories he tells of the ways in which people's lives have been changed for the better by getting involved in community-spirited activities certainly have a ring of truth and familiarity. And certainly, just as he argues, we do seem as a matter of fact far more likely to find fulfilment by engaging in such tasks than we will by taking the 'inward turn', a life of reflection on our own personalities (as in psychoanalysis) or a life whose sole aim is self-validation (as in the numerous self-help manuals that purport to help us work out 'our own' priorities, ignoring the claims made upon us by others). For by engaging in a life of service to the world at large we will gain the satisfaction that comes from knowing that we have done what we can to make the world a better place, a satisfaction which is nourished by the tangible differences we make to people's lives.

In part, then, the aim of *How are we to live?* is to empower us. Singer wants us to recognize the extent to which we can give great benefits to others at little or no cost to ourselves. We can donate blood; we can change our way of life so as to decrease the negative impact we have on the environment; we can boycott the products of companies that cause needless suffering to humans and to non-human animals by, for example, buying cosmetics from companies that refuse to exploit animals in their research and development; we can buy modest cars rather than luxury cars, so leaving us money to donate to charities; and so on. And, in Singer's view, once we change our lives in these ways we might well find that we are prepared to do even more. We might join an environmental group and spend time and energy attending meetings and protests and perhaps even—as with those who helped save the Franklin River in Tasmania—going to gaol for our cause. We might sell our house, join a famine relief agency and travel to India or Africa to work as a volunteer. We might donate significant parts of our income, perhaps 50%, to charity. And so on.

But though the aim is to empower us, the effect is, I think, to leave us wondering how much, if anything, is enough in the way of service to the world at large. In part Singer's book has this effect because he paints the alternatives in so stark a fashion. Many of us who are not engaged in a life of meaningless consumption and acquisition, and who have not taken the 'inward turn', are not particularly engaged in a life of service to the world at large either. For example, many of us find it personally rewarding to play a particular sport, to raise our family, to teach and do research in a particular subject, to listen to good music, to watch movies. These seem to be valuable activities, but their pursuit requires time and material resources.

We may therefore find Singer's argument against meaningless consumption and acquisition unconvincing as an argument against our way of life. If so, then even if we agree with him that the world at large is in bad shape, we will want an argument for changing our way of life that acknowledges the extent to which we would be giving up something of value in changing our way of life, something Singer doesn't really acknowledge. We might think that he therefore hasn't successfully responded to the particular dilemma that we face. *How much* of our time and resources are we permitted to spend on the admittedly valuable activities that we find personally rewarding when the world at large is in such bad shape, and so makes a claim on our time and resources as well? Singer is not especially concerned with these questions of balance and weighting. But these seem to me to be among the most fundamental questions we face when we ask ourselves how we should live.

There is another reason why *How are we to live?* might fail to empower us as well. Singer devotes part of his book to discussing what the question 'How should we live?' means, and how answers to it are ultimately to be justified. But ironically, what he has to say is, I think, less than convincing, and potentially undermining of the book's force for some of his audience.

Singer is one of a large group of philosophers who thinks that there is no fact-of-the-matter as to how we should live our lives. When he tells us that we should try to make the world a better place, he is not telling us that to suppose otherwise is to be in error or mistaken in some way. The situation is simply that when Singer thinks about the needs and

Photo of Peter Singer courtesy The Text Publishing Company

aspirations of sentient beings generally, he finds himself caring for all such creatures, and when he acts on that concern, he finds the life he leads personally fulfilling. But there is nothing rationally compulsory about having such cares and concerns upon reflection. Rational people may differ. In this book, then, Singer is simply recommending that we give his preferred way of life a try. His bet is that we will find it rewarding too.

I have two worries about this approach to ethics. The first is that those who follow Singer's advice are bound to see themselves as making a bet too. But by Singer's own lights, it may just so happen that they, or Singer, are idiosyncratic, and that the bet therefore doesn't pay off. When his readers reflect, they may end up having a different pattern of preferences from Singer's. It may just so happen that the sort of life they find most fulfilling and rewarding contributes nothing very much to the well-being of the world at large. Perhaps they find themselves wanting most to work for a local football club, or to raise a family, or to run a family media empire, or to become a reclusive hermit, or whatever. And if they do, then Singer must admit that they can quite rationally ignore his advice.

This brings me to the second problem I have with Singer's account of what we are up to in answering ethical questions, a problem that seems to me to go much more to the heart of his project. Can those who deny that there are right and wrong answers to ethical questions agree that there is a forum in which issues of practical importance get debated with a view to their rational resolution? In a way they can, but in another way they cannot.

They can agree that there is a public forum in which different people give their recommendations and try to convince others to follow their recommendations as opposed to those of someone else. And they can even agree that reasons may be given as to why particular people should follow one recommendation as opposed to another. If someone wants, say, a life of personal fulfilment, and for whatever reason she will not find it by following a particular recommendation—perhaps the recommendation to make the world a better place—then that is a reason for her not to follow it. But in another sense they cannot agree that this is an arena in which disagreements about practical matters are rationally resolved. For, at bottom, their view is that such disagreements do not permit a rational resolution. When it comes to practical matters what we are each trying to do is to convert people to the way of life that we prefer and so recommend. At bottom, then, the outcome of such a forum is determined by power—the power to cause others to have a preference for the way of life you prefer, never mind about what they prefer— not by reason.

This seems to me to be a wrong-headed and lamentable view of the nature of ethical debate. It is wrong-headed because, as Singer's own work indicates, there do seem to be compelling reasons that can be given for certain ethical claims. If you can benefit someone greatly by changing your way of life at little or no cost to yourself, then you simply should change your way of life. To refuse would be unreasonable. This claim would, I think, find widespread agreement. And if this is right, then humility should surely counsel us to suppose that even where widespread agreement on ethical matters has not been found as yet, agreement may yet be found through more in the way of discussion and debate. Singer in effect concedes this as well when he talks about the progress that has been made in the debates over slavery, women's rights, worker's rights, and so on. This is why I said that his own views about the nature of ethical debate are somewhat ironic.

Moreover, this no-rational-resolution-possible view of disagreements on practical matters also seems to me to be lamentable, for those who hold this view are unable to see the real value that lies in public debate on practical matters. They can admit that public debate on practical matters is valuable as a means of converting people to their own favoured view. But what if the views up for discussion are all controversial and conversion is difficult? As I have already said, it seems to me that Singer's own view that we should devote our lives to making the world a better place is controversial in just this way. What we need, in such an event, is a way of testing these different views against each other in a rational way. On the assumption that ethical questions permit a rational resolution, public deliberation can itself play this role. It can help us to decide answers to ethical questions. But the no-rational-resolution-possible view precludes us from thinking of public debate in this way as a forum in which we can learn the truth about ethical matters by talking to each other.

This seems to me to be a wrong-headed and lamentable view of the nature of ethical debate. It is wrong-headed because, as Singer's own work indicates, there do seem to be compelling reasons that can be given for certain ethical claims. If you can benefit someone greatly by changing your way of life at little or no cost to yourself, then you simply should change your way of life.

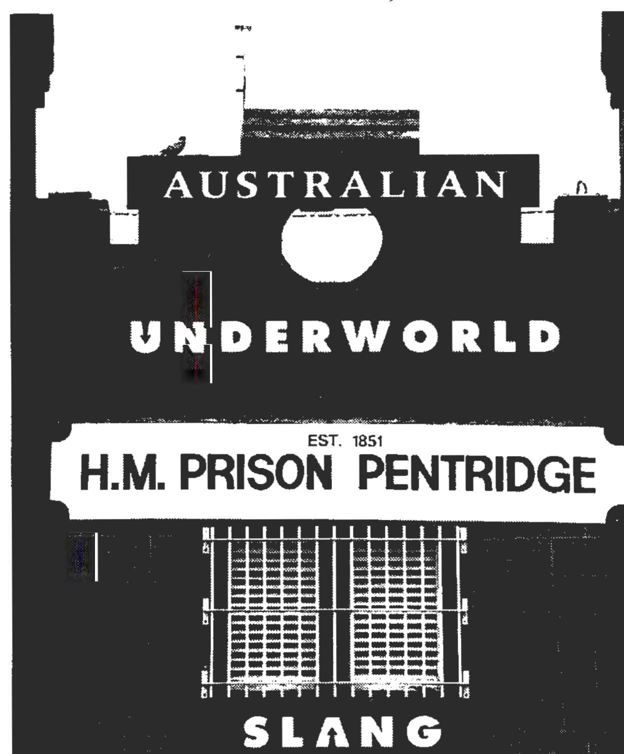
Again, this is ironic, as Singer has perhaps contributed more to public debates on practical matters than almost any other person alive. Indeed, the lasting value of *How are we to live?* will surely lie in the impact it has on such debates. It would, however, be a pity if those who read *How are we to live?*, and who are left unconvinced by the answer it provides to its title question, took Singer at his word about the nature of ethical debate and so drew the conclusion that their own favoured answer is one that stands in no need of rational reassessment and justification. It would be much better if they followed Singer's actions, rather than his words, and saw themselves as holding an opinion that needs constantly to be tested in the public arena to see whether it is an opinion worth keeping. For only so will they inch towards a answer to the question, 'How are we to live?'. ■

Michael Smith is a Reader in the Department of Philosophy, Monash University.

Peter Pierce

Words from inside

These rich and splendidly executed contributions to the study of Australian language are narrowly focused. For *A Dictionary of Australian Underworld Slang*, Gary Simes drew on two glossaries compiled in New South Wales prisons in mid-century: by the conscientious objector, Ted Hartley, in 1944; and by 'Thirty-Five', a former school-teacher doing life for murder, in 1950 and 1955. Bruce Moore's *A Lexicon of Cadet Language* concentrates on the linguistic habits of cadets at the Royal Military College, Duntroon, between 1983 and 1985. He illustrates not only terms which were



'Duntroon-specific', but others used more intensively there than in the wider community. Both Simes and Moore deal with special languages that are to a degree secret, and which therefore are ways of asserting membership of an embattled group. A special fascination in the two books

A Lexicon of Cadet Language, Bruce Moore, Australian National Dictionary Centre, ISBN 0 73151377 0 RRP $22.50
A Dictionary of Australian Underworld Slang, Gary Simes, Oxford University Press, ISBN 0 19 553499 9 RRP $39.95

is how each defines itself in relation to its own members, and to the Australian society to which it uneasily relates. Each is concerned with the language of what Goffman, in *Asylums*, called a 'total institution': on the one hand a prison, on the other, a military college; each with the kinds of socialisation that follow the loss of all that had given security to those who enter them.

On cursory inspection, the cover of *Underworld Slang* depicts a military parade. In fact it is Nicholas Caire's photograph of a morning assembly at Pentridge in 1896. As Moore observes, in *Cadet Language*, 'the clink' was the preferred cadet term for the Royal Military College. Prisoners and cadets would alike experience forms of incarceration, torment, abuse, while forging—at least in language—means of defence against them. In exaggerated fashion they could live out the national melodrama: be characters in the tale of a persecuted nation, beset by predators, against whom it reacts with a defensive savagery.

In his long introduction to *Underworld Slang*, Simes discusses the literature of crime, particularly the development of lexicons of cant, or criminal slang since the mid-fifteenth-century collection, *The Deceptions of Beggars*. Praising Sidney Baker's *The Australian Language* (1945), Simes still notes how incomplete is our understanding of the influence of underworld slang on general Australian usage. Yet one is drawn rather to the exotic or vanished terms that he collects. Place-specific slang always speaks poignantly of lost connections. Who now thinks of the rough territory between King's Cross and the Docks as the Burma Road? Or speaks whimsically of male prostitutes as College Street solicitors? Ostensibly innocuous words can carry the strongest charge: 'copper', wrote Hartley, is 'the most insulting term in use'. According to him also, the sadly fading epithet 'pie eater' was 'the most popular term of abuse in common use'. One no longer hears of 'barbered broads' (trimmed playing cards), or the 'badger game' (theft through sexual enticement) or of prisoners being 'japanned' (converted by the gaol chaplain), but Simes and his sources are to be thanked for giving them this second life.

Perhaps because of the reserve of Hartley and 'Thirty-Five', *Underworld Slang* is not rich in sexual references. It has 'boy in the boat', for clitoris, and 'buttered bun', meaning—since the seventeenth century—'to go second at intercourse'. By contrast, *Cadet Language* is sodden with terms for sexual conduct. Instead of the relatively genteel 'buttered bun', Moore's cadets prefer to 'go slops'.

How abuse becomes routine, enervated, self-impoverished, is one of the phenomena to which Moore's work draws attention. Hence formulations yet more vile are called forth to answer cadets' needs to arm and armour themselves against contempt and rejection.

When reaching climax with a 'grogan' (an especially ugly, but sexually available girl), cadets are encouraged to yell (to/of themselves) 'atrocity!' Female genitalia are 'where the chainsaw bit'. There are seven pages of 'fuck' compounds in *Cadet Language*; 'Abuse, terms of' runs to hundreds of entries.

Women, Aborigines, New Zealanders (whose future officers are educated at RMC), Tasmanians and red-heads notably, if unreasonably, are victimised. So too are all the companies of the cadet corps by members of the other companies. Intestine hostility is evidently encouraged almost to the same extent as antagonism towards those out-

side the corps, especially 'accas', 'greenies' and 'poofters' (the 'two per cent', in the slang under-estimation by corps members of their homosexual strength).

Moore is a droll and erudite guide through this thicket of incorrect speech. As an English academic he may have transmitted the 'acca germ' which 'attacks the acca-immune system of a hitherto normal and healthily unacademic cadet and frenzies him with the sudden urge to do some academic work'. Moore was at Duntroon in 1983 when a second bastardisation scandal (less severe than that of 1969) hit the college. His essay-length entry judiciously covers the rites of passage that bastardisation involved, in ways that explain its relation to the linguistic practices which his lexicon investigates.

While Simes had two glossaries to hand, Moore's gathering of evidence was more difficult and protracted. Questionnaires were circulated; supplementary interviews conducted. Both Simes and Moore document the yearning hatred of inmates in institutions for the things of value in a world elsewhere. Australian lexicographers, readers and writers should be grateful for their labours, for the deft intelligence that they have brought to material by turns funny and horrifying, ultimately bleak. ■

Peter Pierce teaches in the Centre for Australian Studies at Monash University.

Books: 4

Paul Ormonde

The Fabians

From Bernard Shaw to Gough Whitlam

Australia's First Fabians—Middle Class Radicals, Labour Activists and the Early Labour Movement, Race Mathews, Cambridge University Press, 1994. ISBN 0 521 44133 1 RRP $29.95(pb), $80.00(hb)

THE PUBLICATION OF Race Mathews' book on Australia's early Fabians provides, for the first time, a scholarly analysis of an important thread of philosophical linkage between the British and Australian labor traditions. Links between the two traditions are clearly intrinsic given the strongly British cast of the ALP's early membership and of its leaders—J.C. Watson, Andrew Fisher, Billy Hughes—none of them Fabians as such. But there has been little specific focus on it other than through the lives of individuals.

Mathews, with his lifelong commitment to Fabianism and his career as a federal and state Labor politician, is probably the only person who could have written such a substantial book.

It is an important publication not only because of its illuminating factual substance but because of its underlying message—that society needs its true believers—in this case the Fabians of Britain and Australia. They were (and no doubt remain) a motley human mix of practical visionaries, arrogant intellectual élitists and domineering egotists, but united by the certainty that society is reformable providing reformers do not lose their faith. Despite all their failings, it would be a desolate world without them.

The book has a significant side-effect—one probably unintended by the author: it highlights many of the key non-Irish Catholic taproots of the Australian Labor Party. This is important documentation, given the strong public focus, particularly in recent years, that Irish Catholic influence in the Labor Party has received. The English Fabians had few Catholics among early members. Overwhelmingly, Fabianism was an English institution and, as such, reflected English social idealism from religious, agnostic, and non-religious sources. The Catholics were a minor influence compared with Anglican, Methodists, Congregationalists and other Protestant groups who—unlike many Catholics—felt few inhibitions about associating themselves with an avowedly socialist organisation.

MATHEWS TAKES FABIANISM from its English beginnings late in the 19th century to what he sees as its antipodean flowering in Gough Whitlam's modernising of the Australian Labor Party and leading it back to office in 1972. 'Among Australian Fabians, I am Maximus,' Whitlam once declared in self-parody. Curiously, in a work of such precision, Mathews does not seem to think it necessary to raise the question 'Why is it called Fabian?'

The Fabian Society took its now seemingly pretentious name from the Roman general Fabius Cunctator whose creative tactics of avoiding pitched battles enabled him to defeat superior forces. That's as the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* briefly explains it.

The author's own thoughts might have been interesting. Revolutionary Marxism was the stuff of pitched battles—Fabianism was the politics of quiet permeation. The British Fabians, led by such intellectual luminaries as Sidney and Beatrice Webb and George Bernard Shaw, set out to permeate the Conservative and Liberal Parties with socialist ideas.

Once a viable Labor Party emerged they focused their efforts there, and subsequently affiliated with it. Shaw saw the Fabians as becoming 'the Jesuits of socialism' They were unashamedly middle-class and exclusive—the left-*glitterati* of London. Trade unionists who were attracted to the society were haughtily marginalised by Shaw with the comment that 'cultural segregation is essential, indiscriminate fraternisation fatal.'

The Fabian socialism which came to the Australian colonies in the 1890s found more egalitarian soil. Australia's first Fabian was an Englishman, William Archer, who joined

the London Fabian Society from his home in Victoria. He did not start a movement here. The first effective antipodean Fabian Society was founded in South Australia by a crusading young Anglican priest, Charles Marson, who arrived in Adelaide in 1889, already an active member of the London Society.

He put a moral earthquake through staid Adelaide society with denunciations such as this one on the treatment of Aborigines: 'Their tribal organisation broken up, their game all killed, their lands annexed, their sons made slaves of, and all by people who talk about the love of Christ and profess piety.'

It was a matter of hushed comment that, within months of his arrival, he entertained an Aborigine to tea.

Marson broke with British Fabian tradition by actively courting working-class recruits—and promoting a unity of middle-class intellectuals with the labor movement, the Single Tax (Henry George) activists, and other socialist elements. The Society declined soon after his return to England in 1893.

A Fabian Society was formed in Melbourne in 1895—but was dogged by its close association with Harry Champion, a former English radical intellectual, who soon after his arrival here made an ill-judged intervention on the side of the employers in the watershed Maritime Strike of 1890. He was never forgiven by unionists.

MATHEWS DRAWS A PARALLEL between the destructive effect of Champion and Shaw's exclusivist views in Britain, concluding that 'Fabian societies have succeeded to the extent that they have been included by and inclusive of the labor movement, and resisted separation from that movement.'

In the decades from 1890 to 1910, Australia had four Fabian Societies—in each case the instigator a London expatriate.

Distinguished early Australian Fabians included Bernard O'Dowd, Nettie and Vance Palmer, Tom Price (first Labor Premier of an Australian colony: South Australia), Frederick Eggleston, Walter Murdoch and John Latham, though Latham later determinedly shed his Fabian idealism and joined the conservative side of politics.

The first Whitlam Ministry was rich in Fabians Frank Crean, Jim Cairns, Lance Barnard, Lionel Murphy, Clyde Cameron and Tom Uren. Bill Hayden wrote and lectured for the society. Other political notables identified as Fabians by Mathews include Arthur Calwell, the two John Cains, Bob Hawke, Don Dunstan, John Bannon, Neville Wran and Bob Carr.

Despite their tribulations, Fabian Societies in Australia and Britain have been think-tanks of incalculable value for the Labor Parties. Through Mathews' book we see more clearly than before that, human flaws notwithstanding, the mark of the Fabian is a passion for social justice pursued through a faith in gradualist and civilised processes. ■

Paul Ormonde is a Melbourne writer. He was founder of the Pax peace movement in the 1960s and was a member of the editorial board of the *Catholic Worker* from 1959 until its last edition in 1976.

POETRY

ANDREW BULLEN

The codebreaker's pilgrimage

Martin Johnston: Selected Poems & Prose, Edited by John Tranter,
University of Queensland Press, St. Lucia, Queensland, 1993. ISBN 0 7022 2521 5 RRP $22.95

AS LONG AS WE KEEP journeying, we are all Odysseus. This is truer of Martin Johnston than of most, and not solely because Johnston, from childhood on, passed so much of his life in Greece. After his family returned to Australia, he went back there twice during his brief life. His personal journeying came to a sad close in 1990 when he was only forty-two. The untimely deaths of his famous parents, George Johnston and Charmian Clift, and of his two sisters gave his life a tragic undertone; this was a family beset by self-inflicted pain. Greece lived darkly in Johnston's imagination, but it was buoyantly there too. His daunting erudition and sparkling intellect give his various writings a richness and lightness that revitalise whatever tradition he uses. In a special way he draws sustenance from Greek history and legend from the beginnings right through to modern times.

So here he is, a one-eyed and blinded Greek-island dweller abjuring his connection with Odysseus in opening lines of 'The Homecoming (Cyclops Song 4)':

> Well, what *was* Odysseus good at?
> (1) making things (2) lying
> neither a skill I've any use for. Don't talk to me
> about subtlety. I've travelled too,
> smelt caique-decks' tar and goat and onions in milky dawn winds,
> snoozed hunched in my fur on offal wharves, and remember
> prayer-flagged cairns, moon-priestesses and pig-myths
> on steppes beyond the writ of American Express.

Here he is, juxtaposing ancient and modern, his tone ranging as easily and briskly as one supposes his own conversation did, and showing how there's life in the sonnet form yet. The poem concludes with an ironic nod to T.S. Eliot, his earliest master, as all six of the *Cyclops Songs* make an oblique bow to John Berryman's *Dream Songs*. Johnston has enough confidence in his own powers to rouse the spirits of mighty figures. Berryman's *Dream Songs*, whatever else they do, reveal an unforgettable voice and in this alone

move his work to the centre of contemporary concerns, enough perhaps to nudge Robert Lowell aside. Surely Berryman taught Johnston to loosen his own voice and trust more in this than in the heavy pressure he originally put on the innumerable and dense references, a pressure which sometimes makes his earlier work airless. Now there is an ease of voice that makes his last book, *The Typewriter Considered as a Bee-Trap*, a fully mature work.

We do not have enough, but his distinctive voice we do have, and nowadays voice is virtually everything. Johnston's debt to Berryman is also acknowledged in the sadly incomplete essay 'On Berryman's Elegies', which happily Tranter has salvaged for us. Like Berryman, Johnston's playful mastery with voices and with tradition shows him a 'trickster'—Odysseus still, even when taking the Cyclops' part.

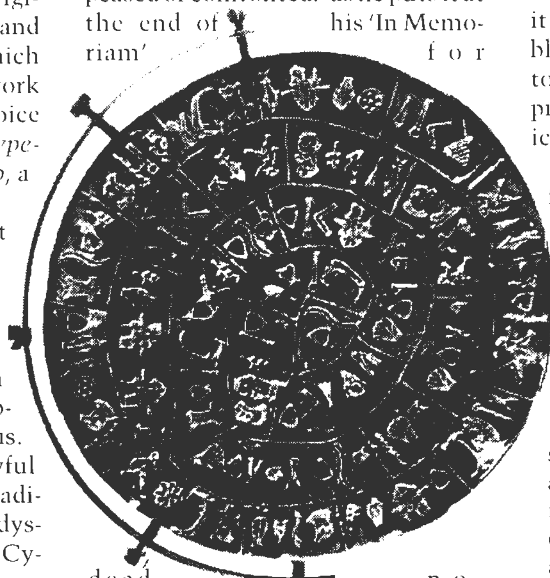
Cyclops for his part has the measure of Odysseus, as he tells us in the first song:

> I knew
> perfectly well what 'Noman is hurting me' meant.

Wearing the mask of Cyclops, Johnston gives us ten words full of pain and hidden revelation. Putting a telling distance between himself and pain was an early habit in his poetry: the title poem of *The Sea-Cucumber* is an elegy for his father, although dedicated to Ray Crooke, and 'Letter to Sylvia Plath' is nevertheless 'i.m. C.C.' for his mother.

It is striking how much of Johnston's work is *in memoriam*. If this distancing is the only approach one can bear, indirection, like tacking, is a way of getting there. Johnston's sustained practice of translating folk songs and the modern poetry of Greece is another indirect way of homing in, as are the chance illuminations given by the art and history he finds as a tourist.

Of the many ways of journeying, Johnston's usual mode is that of a wanderer, with all the advantages that implies for range of reference and voice, and for ease of movement, for quicksilver effects. There may be times when the voice in these poems has something of the drifter. There are certainly times when the voice is that of a man driven to search for verse that must be appeased or confronted: as he puts it at the end of his 'In Memoriam' for dead poets: 'where the blood pours out the dead come to the feast'. Odysseus too knew this.



Less anxious but earnest nonetheless, search is the whole point of 'To the Innate Island'. Here, as the title proclaims, Johnston's outward journeying is all inward.

A long work of twelve parts, it is his most considerable and characteristic poem. That a relaxed journey, even a touristy dawdle, can be the unnoticed preliminary for an occasion of great personal significance, has notable exemplars in the climactic canto of Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and A.D. Hope's 'A Letter from Rome'.These two are given their moment of disclosure at Lake Nemi, south of Rome and the *locus classicus* for Fraser's *The Golden Bough*.

For his part Johnston, like and unlike, tells us this loose sequence 'rummages around various versions of—as it happens—Greece. It is searching, as hindsight reveals, for the Phaistos Disc; finds it; fails, however, to decipher it'.

Australian poetry, at the very least from Christopher Brennan's 'The Wanderer' onwards, is footsore with the search for meaning. Even if, as Hope's poem terms it, 'The Intervention' happens, its significance is usually unclear. Indeed often enough Australian poets fear that to name its significance is to jeopardise the experience.

If something 'religious' happens, it is best to remain as silent as possible. One could argue, moreover, that to get it right, one should get there properly, and that requires the asceticism of a pilgrim.

The asceticism of watching with full attention, which is a kind of waiting, is shown, for example, in the eleventh part, 'Water-Garden Snapshots':

> Or think of the moment
> most poignant in the
> process of
> parting
> suggested by a water-drop's
> almost less than momentary
> moment's defiance
> of gravity, the point
> at which its top goes
> convex, as it splits
> off from what is becoming the next
> drop.

He knows when to break line, does Martin Johnston; and how to move to and fro between wry humour and intense statement:

> The boat is loaded
> with a second-hand phrenological head,
> a smuggled ikon of the Last Judgement,
> an insufficient supply of hard-tack,
> a postcard of the Disc of Phaistos, gold on blue.
> In the inner garden which we never visit
> the boat seems to be coming in, rust-red sail,
> the cat a cloud behind the bay-branches.

Maybe in the intense moment of each line, a postcard carries as much significance as one could desire, or hope for.

As to decipherment, the Phaistos Disc eludes decipherment from the scholars, Ventris [Michael Ventris, who cracked Linear B] and all, let alone Johnston.

It fits effortlessly into the reticence and unknowingness of Australian poetry:

ABOVE: the Phaistos disc, discovered 1908 and still undeciphered. From the Mansell Collection.

Books in Brief

Catholicism, revised edition, Richard P. McBrien, Collins Dove, 1994 ISBN 1863713158 (hb) 1863713144 (pb) RRP $69.95 hb, $49.95 pb.

RICHARD MCBRIEN'S THIRD and most recent edition of *Catholicism* bears comparison with the *Catholic Catechism*. It offers a comprehensive account of Catholicism; this is the third edition; it contains over 1,200 pages, and this third edition incorporates his responses to dialogue and to criticism of the first two editions.

In style it has some advantages over the Catechism: it respects contemporary English usage instead of returning to archaic and non-inclusive usage. In addition it is freed from the challenge and burden of being a universal treatment of catholic faith, and so reads more easily than the Catechism.

The latest edition retains the virtues of the former editions. McBrien is comprehensive, and his theological framework, which owes much to Karl Rahner, enables him to engage with his culture in a positive way. His theology is not dominated by tragedy or by the call to radical discipleship. In addition, his approach represents the middle ground trodden by most theologians, and therefore represents a broadly Catholic theology.In addition, McBrien places influential catholic theologians both of the past and present against the issues on which they have made substantial contributions

His latest edition contains a splendid introductory chapter on Catholicism, and he shows himself familiar with the latest developments in issues which have recently become sharply topical, for example the place of women in the church.

What some may see as the defect of these virtues is the blandness of McBrien's account. But it is a survey, and is not to be read for original or surprising insights. As a theological map, it rightly highlights the main roads at the expense of scenic tracks. As a readable, modern and comprehensive survey it has no current equal in English. ■

Andrew Hamilton SJ is a theologian and teacher.

the Disc dropped through the collapsing floor
into time, where we think we look at it
through glass in the museum—but opaque
and impermanent as a carbon-column, lost
the key, the scales, the music.

Whether this makes it a 'vehicle' that says nothing or suggests everything, as some see the Australian landscape, the poem, may be precisely because it is so rich in indirection, nevertheless presents the Disc powerfully. As the poem goes, if not Johnston's comment on it, cracking the code is not the point.

I have said enough to affirm my enjoyment of and regard for this poem, but Tranter's introduction indicates that there is controversy over its value, with no less a figure than Les Murray finding it 'wonderfully rich, evocative and vivacious, but I fear you've left the poetry out'. Johnston's work generates discussion of the best sort.

IF NOTHING ELSE, TRANTER'S generous selection of Johnston's work presents us with the material that somehow will have to settle on the Australian cultural landscape. It is already clear that Johnston resists easy classification. He is not quite an expatriate, or if he is, one wonders which country he's expatriated from.

He is not quite a foreigner resident in Australia, and one suspects he would be more than that in Greece also. Is he a Greek poet writing in English? It would be intriguing to watch a Greek critic try to place him. The book stirs up the dust on him.

Certainly, however hard he is to place—like Odysseus again, and however tyrannised or blest he was by distance, John Tranter has paid pre-eminent tribute to his dead friend and fellow-poet in ensuring that what we hear of Martin Johnston is at the very least a telling voice. ■

Andrew Bullen SJ, is a poet and teacher, and Rector of Jesuit Theological College, Parkville, Victoria.

Opera

Jim Davidson

Embracing opera

Orphée et Eurydice (Gluck); *Idomeneo* (Mozart); Australian Opera.

For a long time Gluck's *Orpheus* was the earliest opera still regularly performed. Then, overtaken by the expansion of the baroque repertoire, it was neglected for a time and undervalued. Its tone was too elevated, its pace too static.

The current Australian Opera production has been shaped by this view, and is a determined attempt to refute it. Instead of Orpheus being presented as the spirit of music—perhaps even with a suggestion of androgyny, as when Shirley Verrett would perform the part, her long limbs and brown skin serving to differentiate her—there was David Hobson, an idealised Everyman, handsome and sexy. Indeed this production (more than most) was about a boy setting off on a difficult journey to claim his girl.

Certainly it was not about a contrast between the realm of the blessed spirits and the underworld, for our age has abolished both Heaven and Hell. This production even managed to merge them: some of the gyrations of the almost unstoppable dancing were apparent in both places. The underworld, in fact, had its teeth drawn: instead of a writhing chorus, loathsome and menacing, half a dozen dancers provided contortions while the others were ranged lugubriously around the stage. The whole group joined in only at the end of the scene, for the Dance of the Furies: in view of the large slitted hinge of the set, this could have been called the Dance of the Cheese Gratings. And, despite a suitably ineffable eerie blue light for Elysium, a post-modern touch intruded with a carved O loves E on the central tree trunk. Had that graffiti been on the wall of the underworld scene, it would have come close to turning it into a nite spot.

Still, the production was carried by the superb performance of David Hobson as Orphée. It is a huge and taxing high tenor role, this French version of 1774, but I have never heard him sing better. The French language and the declamatory style seem to bring out the best in his voice. Occasionally there was strain in the high notes, but everywhere else there was an almost blade-like definition, plus some low notes of surprising strength. Hobson's appeal to the Furies had a lilting surge to it which was singularly effective. Towards the end of the evening he began to tire, but fortunately was adequately matched by Amanda Thane's compelling Eurydice, hurt and distraught that her husband will not look her in the eye. (There were some nice stage movements here, too, with Orpheus being metaphorically tugged back across the stage every time Eurydice questioned him.) Thane may have thrown away her great Elysian aria, taken too fast for my taste, but hers was a memorable performance. The Amor, Miriam Gormley, sang prettily, but not with the tarty manipulativeness the music of the great aria with oboe clearly invites.

Gormley also sang, at short notice, as Ilia in *Idomeneo*. The general view has always been that this is a Gluck opera by Mozart (it was composed while the older man was still alive). For a long time the work shared Gluck's neglect, being regarded as a barely stageable curiosity. But by the early seventies there were some—given the curious shifts that occur from time to time—who were prepared to describe it as Mozart's best opera.

While each of the four productions I have seen has been better than its predecessor, I never expected any to surpass that of the Victorian State Opera in the late seventies. But this, as might have been expected, is exactly what Christopher Hogwood gave us. In his hands the score pulsated, here lyrical and there insistent, a strong sense of dynamics informing the whole. If the strings were somewhat overpowered by the vast space, then at least this had the effect of emphasising the tone colour contributed by the other instruments—further banishing any lingering sense of the static.

There were some outstanding performances. Rosamund Illing as Elettra was suitably fiery, singing strongly and boldly but also touchingly when required; opposite her was Kirsti Harms as Idamante, sufficiently forceful and focused to make this breeches role convincing. Miriam Gormley brought warmth and colour to the role of Ilia, so effectively that one soon forgot her last-minute inclusion. Others sang ably, although Anson Austin did not seem comfortable in the name part.

This production was in the Australian Opera's 'Drottningholm' style, brought from Sweden by the late Goran Jarvevelt and Carl Friedrich Oberle. *Cosi Fan Tutte* done in this manner, with a cavernous space, soft colours, and superb costumes, was given a real cut and polish, yielding many new insights. But here a recycling of the set from *La Clemenza di Tito* did not have quite the same happy effect. While one nowadays fully expects a monster to be deconstructed, done with lighting if not exactly with mirrors, it would have been pertinent to have the sea more evident than as a rippled lighting effect seen through a vast rotunda. This set was all space and boardwalk, walls and cornices; Mozart as a many-pilastered thing.

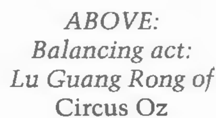
In one sense this tugs the work in the direction opposite from the one in which Mozart himself was going. *Idomeneo*, with its general lack of ensembles, is for him a work of unusual linearity. But what is fascinating about the third act, where the music suddenly reaches new heights, is that even when the composer follows the prevailing form most closely—complete with a Gluckian voice of Neptune—his individuality keeps bursting through. It is as though at the very moment of mastering the conventions of *opera seria* Mozart gives notice he will abandon them. ■

Jim Davidson teaches Humanities at the Victoria University of Technology.

LEFT: David Hobson, as Orphée, Saint Sebastian-style. Photo courtesy The Australian Opera, by Kiren Chang.

GEOFFREY MILNE

Thrills and skills



ABOVE: Balancing act: Lu Guang Rong of Circus Oz

Photo: Ponch Hawkes

CIRCUS AUSTRALIA LTD (better-known by its trading name of *Circus Oz*) was formed in 1978 out of an amalgamation between the Pram Factory-based Soapbox Circus and the Adelaide-based New Circus. Since that time, it has largely fulfilled its aim 'to reinvent the circus form and [to] take it in a completely new direction', as notes in various programmes have put it over the years. Much of *Circus Oz*'s work certainly exemplifies orthodox circus performance. Trapeze work, clowning, acrobatics of many kinds, juggling, balancing, stilt-walking, high-wire and slack-wire have all been part of the circus over the years, although there have never been any animals.

However, *Circus Oz* incorporates a range of additional influences and techniques in its work, and in many cases these *are* new to Australian circus. They include Chinese acrobatic techniques, elements of indigenous culture, a greater than usual emphasis on music (in which almost all *Circus Oz* members over the years have been pretty well-equipped), plus a range of influences derived from the new comedy. The musical influences are principally from rock 'n' roll, but recent shows have broadened out from that base, while the clowning blends pure circus slapstick and knockabout with Brunswick Street (or Comedy Store) style) stand-up comedy, plus the kind of satirical, socio-political material popularised on television by the likes of Max Gillies and others.

There have also been some uniquely Australian elaborations on the traditionally physical circus stock-in-trade, like a superbly executed lawn-bowls sequence, once used for further social satire. In short, an evening with *Circus Oz* in its most typical 1980s style was like a combination of traditional, family-oriented circus, vaudeville, gymnastics, political (almost Weimar-style and certainly left-wing) cabaret and Peking Opera, with all the skills of the above together with the technological paraphernalia and upfront impact of a rock gig.

The circus performs regularly all over Australia, mostly in its own well-equipped tent but also in indoor venues including orthodox theatre buildings. Indoor venues have included the Melbourne Town Hall (for the inaugural Spoleto Festival in 1986 and again in 1989), the Playhouse in the Victorian Arts Centre (in 1987) and theatres in Alice Springs, Mackay, Townsville, Cairns and Darwin in 1988. The circus has also toured with considerable success overseas, including performances at the Olympic Arts Festival at Los Angeles in 1984 and extensive international touring in 1987, 1988 and 1990; it was one of a handful of Australian companies to perform in major arts festivals in South America in 1992 and 1993.

Circus Oz has its administrative and rehearsal base in an old military drill hall in suburban Port Melbourne. It has maintained a strong ongoing relationship with the Nanjing Acrobatic Troupe in China, beginning with a three-month joint training project at Albury in 1984, when Nanjing acrobats worked with *Circus Oz* and the Flying Fruit Fly Circus. Further training was acquired in China in 1985 and in Australia in 1989. Intensive training with French and Russian teachers has followed in more recent years.

One of the outcomes of *Circus Oz*'s Chinese connection (in addition to the general enrichment of its performances) was a unique collaboration with Playbox Theatre Company on the production of Thérèse Radic's play, *Madame Mao*, in the George Fairfax Studio of the Victorian Arts Centre in 1986. The play dealt with the rise and fall of Jiang Qing, widow of Mao Zedong, and it focused—very interestingly, at times—on the way Mme Mao used theatre as a propaganda tool. Accordingly, the production employed a number of circus tricks (and *Circus Oz* personnel) to highlight the theatricality of the text. In particular, the Nanjing techniques helped provide useful metaphors to underline specific parts of the action. Pole-balancing, for example, was used to illustrate the relative levels of power enjoyed at any given time by the characters, expressed in terms of their relative height up or down the poles. The most enduring memory of this technique, however, was the group bicycle image in which a beleaguered Chairman Mao pedalled his way around the stage carrying the whole of the Chinese population (as it seemed) on his shoulders.

THE CIRCUS IS STRUCTURED as a collective, with an astonishing 21 members in 1990. Multi-skilling in the collective is often quite remarkable;

in most shows, everyone seems to play in the band at some stage and the musicians perform in the air and on the ground. The riggers are often seen in the comedy sketches and the trapeze artists are involved in the rigging; the tumblers act, as the company programme puts it, and the actors tumble.

In the 1990 show, for example, there were four different kit-drummers in the first half hour and the musical director (Julie McInnes) played drums, saxophone and guitar before she got to her main instrument, which happens to be the cello. At one point, founding member and then artistic director Tim Coldwell played two trumpets simultaneously while, at another, two people simultaneously played one cello. The only people who don't appear to perform in the circus itself are the administrative staff.

Circus Oz has received moderate but mostly rising levels of funding from the Performing Arts Board of the Australia Council and the Victorian Ministry for the Arts, now known as Arts Victoria, together with support from the City of Melbourne and various corporate sponsors, including Qantas for some years and now the paper manufacturer, Sorbent.

Nevertheless, there have been some financially rocky years: losses were reported on the Melbourne and Adelaide productions in November and December in 1990 (when the economic recession's effects were increasingly being felt all over the Australian entertainment industry) and a Sydney season, scheduled for January 1991, was cancelled. The same year, however, saw the circus back in the air for its fourth visit to the U.K. and back home for the Melbourne International Festival. Recent funding grants—including a just-announced 'Playing Australia' allocation of $269,515 for a massive Australian tour next year—have guaranteed the organisation's survival and buoyant spirits for the foreseeable future.

Circus Oz arguably reached its artistic peak in its tenth anniversary show in 1988. That show revealed considerable growth in the strength and maturity of a number of the younger performers who had joined in the previous years. Increasing skill in the Chinese elements (especially the prodigiously difficult hoop diving) was combined with a splendid use of humour and comedy. The trapeze act, for example, became not only a display of grace and skill but also a vehicle for some inspired clowning. Furthermore, the incorporation of the traditional acts and apparatuses into dramatic sketches was becoming increasingly assured. The trampoline apparatus became the site for a biting sketch about the Bicentenary celebrations, while another sketch involved the audience in a portrayal of the arrival of the First Fleet in the form of an invasion. The 1988 show was probably the one in which the circus' skills and politics were most effectively combined.

By 1990, THE CIRCUS HAD changed somewhat, with an almost complete emphasis on entertainment. There was virtually no sign of the political edge of previous years, although the skill level and the entertainment value of a very slick, professional production remained very high. Tim Coldwell was quoted as saying at the time (in the Melbourne *Herald*) that 'There is no point preaching communism on this side of the world anymore; there is not even much point preaching it on the other side...'

The most recent show—seen already in Sydney earlier this year and then in Melbourne for the Comedy Festival, and destined for further touring as the year goes on—seems to have maintained the entertainment-first policy. The new Artistic Director (Sue Broadway) has engaged long-time circus-member Stephen Burton as Guest Director to combine a very lively bracket of acts, based on some of the circus' most confident apparatuses and comic and musical inventiveness, into a kind of situation-comedy structure.

The premise is of a seedy café (Café Oz) bedevilled by vaguely incompetent staff, demanding guests and a bizarre time-and-motion inspector, in which all the acts and apparatuses are given a kind of comedic *raison d'être*. While some of this works reasonably well—a wonderfully funny plate-spinning act and a breath-takingly skilful Lu Guang Rong balancing on umpteen layers of glasses and cups on trays on a restaurant table are certainly enhanced by the café setting, for example—much of it falls flat because the company's less-developed naturalistic, TV-style comicacting technique does not match their often formidable circus skills.

On the other hand, some of the newer circus members are outstanding in the air and in a variety of ground-based balancing acts (in particular the redoubtable Lu Guang Rong and the brilliant Anna Shelper, who is developing into a very worthy successor to Theresa Blake) as well as in the well-established area of anarchic comedy. Here, I especially liked Cheryl and Charlene (Lisa Small and Nicci Wilkes) as a pair of cowgirls on a motorcycle, rounding up a trio of feral supermarket trolleys disguised as prize bulls. This is rare sport indeed, and it makes great fun out of the animal-taming acts of traditional circuses! There is also terrific stuff done with fire and with a staggering range of cycles.

Other recent innovations include a trend towards increased skills specialisation. The decision to focus, for example, on a core band of three (who are really only musicians and who play some lovely music composed by Irine Vela) is one which I thought worked very well. (Needless to say it wouldn't be *Circus Oz* if they didn't.

MY FINAL AND BEST MEMORY of this year's show is of another marvellous new act, in which the three musicians are hoisted, still on their chairs, into a kind of free-floating mobile which soars rhapsodically over and around the central space, while playing a bitter-sweet, Erik Satie-like air of great poignancy.

Perhaps the new-look *Circus Oz* should concentrate on performance art work of this inspired kind in future and ditch the less-successful stituation comedy stuff. It would certainly add another string to their already distinctive—and distinguished—bow. ■

Geoffrey Milne is head of the Theatre and Drama Department in the School of Arts and Media, La Trobe University.

Blue mountains

Sirens, dir. John Duigan (Village). Norman Lindsay had his shortcomings. He was a racist. He was anti-semitic. He was sexist. He was a manipulative father. And he was a moral bully. For 50 years he lived at Springwood, in the Blue Mountains, where he attempted to embody his understanding of the artist as a Nietzschean *übermensch*, presiding over mere mortals and fêted by an inner circle of disciples.

I'm afraid Lindsay may have won another disciple in John Duigan. *Sirens* does tell a reasonably attractive story, about a stuffy English clergyman (Hugh Grant) who tries to persuade Lindsay (Sam Neill) to withdraw from exhibition a nude portrait of a crucified Venus, for which the model was Lindsay's second wife, Rose (Pamela Rabe). On arrival in Springwood, the Rev. Campion takes himself to the dunny with Spengler's *The Decline of the West*; his very proper wife (Tara Fitzgerald) explains to one of Lindsay's models (Elle Macpherson) that he doesn't like to waste time.

A train derailment prolongs their stay, however, and Mrs Campion is gradually thawed in the company of Lindsay's models; when he takes the liberty of depicting her nude on one of his canvases, she declares it 'a good likeness'. On the way home she even manages to get a cheeky grin out of her husband, and all is well. My reservation is that such a rose-coloured marriage encounter is most unlikely to have taken place under Lindsay's auspices.

The film has an international audience in mind: it is dotted with furry wombats and koalas, the kind of iconography of the Australian bush that Lindsay didn't much like. But Duigan certainly knows how to point a camera—the mountains look great—and there is some marvellous comedy and irony in the script, much of it centred on the dynamics of an isolated rural community. Having decided, however, that you can demonstrate human freedom by taking your clothes off, Duigan has clamped the lid back on the real moral questioning that sustained his earlier films, *The Year My Voice Broke* and *Romero*.

After World War I, and before he promoted himself beyond the human race, Lindsay drew a cartoon showing Jesus seated at the right hand of the Father. The caption reads, 'And what did you do during the war, daddy?' Let's have a film worried about *that*. **—Michael McGirr SJ**

Eureka Street
Film Competition

Tell us what the benignly bespectacled Hugh Grant is thinking, and we'll award two tickets, to the film of your choice, to the most lovably eccentric answer. Send entries to *Eureka Street* Film Competition, PO Box 553 Richmond VIC 3121. Our April winner was Alison Strong of Carlton, VIC, who thought the caption was: 'Tinman and Strawman don't seem too sure about this here new-fangled cosmetics-testing on animals.'

Four seasons

Four Weddings and a Funeral, dir. Mike Newell (independent cinemas), teases you away from the notion that romantic comedy is mostly disposable pap. Newell (*Enchanged April* and *Dance with a Stranger*) cleverly establishes the decadent tone of an English 'society' wedding, setting the film's theme of love and commitment in ironic relief, and the script by Richard Curtis (*Black Adder* and *Mr Bean*) gently but observantly pokes fun at wedding rituals. Indeed, Curtis even takes a swipe at his own brand of humour when Rowan Atkinson makes a cameo appearance as the bumbling Father Gerald, the celebrant at wedding number two.

The film's joyful irreverence is propelled by the determinedly single Charles (Hugh Grant) and his circle of friends. Charles, who spends most of his life extricating himself from embarrassments involving past loves, seems impervious to the wiles of the opposite sex until he has a brief encounter with Carrie (Andie McDowell). He pursues this serene, elusive American from one wedding to the next, ably assisted by the chaotic Scarlett (Charlotte Coleman) and his silent but sharp-witted brother, David (David Bower).

Four Weddings' greatest strength, however, is its depiction of the relationship between Gareth (Simon Callow) and Matthew (John Hannah). Gareth is as flamboyant as the waistcoats he wears to each wedding, and Matthew teaches Charles the importance of being true to his own feelings. His clarity cuts through the farce of marriage mayhem.

Even the most cynical among us might leave the film thinking that love isn't dead in a pragmatic age; but we won't expect it to come in a nice flip-top, forget-me-not pack, either. **—Jon Greenaway**

Peaks and troughs

Widows Peak, dir. John Irwin (independent cinemas) tells the story of an idyllicly set town in Ireland circa 1925 where the women of secure social status have outlived their considerable energies as watchdogs of the town's public and private morals. Over them presides a particularly redoubtable and rich widow (Joan Plowright) who also prevails in archetypal fashion over her only son, Godfrey (Adrian Dunbar). One woman, Miss Catherine O'Hare (Mia Farrow), is under sufferance as a member of the group; the reason for her irregular situation is revealed when

an irresistibly sophisticated, monied and young widow, of English background, moves into the town (Natasha Richardson). A diverting comedy of manners I think you would call it: unbidden progeny of *The Importance of Being Earnest.*

The script was written by Hugh Leonard who is to Ireland what David Williamson is to Australia, except that his output is prolific and diverse (it includes heaps of TV adaptations, novels, autobiography) and he is better known internationally.

Of course, the world finds it easier to plug into stock Irish characters and themes because it has had a lot longer to become familiar with them. Hugh Leonard shares David Williamson's unerring capacity to pick up on topics of the moment. I can't tell you what the one in this film is without spoiling the experience for you but, given that the script has been around for ten years, it is certainly *au courant*. Put that in the pot with lashings of verbal and pretty-as-a-picture settings, excellent performances (Joan Plowright stands out), and mystery, murder and a final twist to the story, (never mind Mia Farrow to inspire vulgar curiosity), and you have a winner.

But to tell the truth it's a pernicious film underneath it all. Hugh Leonard says he wanted to write a women's story and that he wrote this out of the feminine side of him. He has actually written a very traditional 'Irish' story where the blame is hung on a few clichéd pegs—matriarchy and the church in collusion—and real men get off scot free. And I do have a sense of humour.

—Margaret Coffey

Worries shared

No Worries dir. David Elfick (Greater Union, some rural and independents). This is a funny, very sad but mercifully unsentimental film about refugees to the Australian coastal cities: White Australian refugees driven from their properties by the eighties rural crisis after generations on the land and Vietnamese refugees, escaping war and famine by sea.

Through the eyes of a rural Australian, eleven-year-old Matilda Bell, *No Worries* traces the dismantling of a small, happy sheep farming community as weather, government policy and the banks force the mass shooting of stock that can neither be fed nor sold, humiliating farm sales and the final lonely exodus, family by family, Matilda's included, to the coast.

It is rare to find a film that focuses on a child's experience of the loss of home and friends without dissolving into mush. But Matilda's direct, affectionate gaze gives even the most gut-wrenching scenes a pragmatic, positive edge.

When Matilda joins her new city school, grieving and deeply cultureshocked, it is the Vietnamese refugee girl Binh who can connect with her. *No Worries* does not just show the best of the Australian bush character in the face of ruin, it places the whole refugee experience, which we tend to see as foreign and alien, securely in the heart of Australian culture. The girl from the land and the girl from the sea have felt the same.

Good rural scenes, a great script and authentic characters, especially Matilda, played brilliantly by Amy Terelinck, make *No Worries* (rated G) genuinely good movie going for everyone.

— Jane Buckingham

Quiet coup

The Lover, dir. Jean-Jacques Annaud (Hoyts). The task of transferring the Marguerite Duras novella to screen presents certain challenges, and a major one is how to deal well with the erotic content. The advertising would have you believe that it's something like *9 1/2 Weeks does Saigon* but it mercifully avoids the softporn traps it could get into. The love scenes are lovely—lyrical, erotic, involving one in the story without brute voyeurism

The other challenges include finding actors who can portray the young Duras, her lover and her gothically dysfunctional family with sufficient depth and sharpness, conveying the chaotic richness and squalor of 1920's Saigon and somehow letting the extraordinary strength and poignancy of Duras' experience imbue the whole. Well, the cinematography and art direction are wonderful: the enormous wide shots of the Mekong are like a steamy Canaletto. Some of the casting is inspired: the dry, Gauloise-stained voice-overs of the incomparable Jeanne Moreau, the ravaged face of Frédérique Meininger as Duras' mother, are brilliant.

Unfortunately, the casting fell down with the selection of Jane March to play the young Duras. Her sulky prettiness is without the *gravitas* required for the part, and she never convinces as a brilliant budding author, capable of objectifying her difficulties into writer's craft. A young Moreau was needed. Tony Leung, however, is marvellous as the rich young Chinese lover, vitiated by his wealth, unable to fight conventions that part him from the only strength in his life: his passion for her. To watch his face as he sees her is to believe in a kind of quiet *coup de foudre.*

—Juliette Hughes

Stale meat

The Baby of Mâcon, dir. Peter Greenaway (independent cinemas). When Peter Greenaway was in Australia last month promoting *The Baby of Mâcon*, his television appearances happened to coincide with the screening of an interview featuring Dennis Potter. Potter, the dynamo of British television, the man behind *Pennies from Heaven* and *The Singing Detective*, is dying of cancer. His long talk with Melvyn Bragg will almost certainly be his last public statement. Potter is himself afflicted with all of the pathologies that batten upon his characters. His skin itches, his hands are claws, his body stutters. But he is cantankerously so much more than the sum of his mortal afflictions. He is also, and consciously, the embodiment of one possible direction in which British culture might go.

The contrast with Greenaway could not have been more marked. Greenaway professes, and his films evince, a fascination with sex and death. He is the anatomist of

incorrorrigible folly, the exponent of entropy. Potter, his life ebbing out of him, is compelled by his own mortality, passionate about the life that goes on outside of the shell he inhabits. He sees his work as continuous with political and social processes. He has the vocational obsessiveness of a man who wants to change the world. But he's also savagely and self-reflexively funny. Greenaway is clever, schooled, and ironclad with theoretical explanation. But you'd hardly call him a wit. His films and his analysis of them suggest the other turn that British culture might take.

The Baby of Mâcon has many of the familiar Greenaway trademarks: it is multi-layered, visually gorged, and shocking. It opens with a prologue from a sexually coy version of one of the four horsemen of the apocalypse: a powdered and parched figure, cowering over his own genitals, recounts the evils that blight the counter-reformation countryside of Mâcon. His words are distorted but his tongue is unforgettable: a quivering and coated lump of offal.

A baby is born to a warty, bald monster of a woman. The court audience (this is a play within a play within a film, of course) cheer, barrack and marvel at the birth. The child's virgin sister pretends to be his virgin mother, and exploits the baby's apparent power to restore fecundity to the land and people. She draws the attention and finally, the vengeance of the church, which, in this script, brooks no competition. Seduction, disembowelment, rape-to-death and the child's dismemberment follow.

What to make of it all? The film's contrived structure foxes response. The characters are set up to repel, the church-as-patriarchal-villain is a cardboard thing here. The exploited child is ambiguous from the start—manipulated out of innocence into the kind of knowing sexuality familiar in pre-Raphaelite painting. Atrocity piles on atrocity but none of it seems to matter very much. *The Baby of Mâcon* is more about jaded appetite than the moral outrage to which Greenaway lays claim.

—Morag Fraser

RAY CASSIN

Nobody can like Cannes can

The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert dir. Stephen Elliot (Cannes Film Festival). Australia's main offering at Cannes this year is essentially a one-joke movie, but at least the joke is a good one. It is not the joke implicit in the film's theme, i.e. the plight of two transvestites (Hugo Weaving and Guy Pearce) and a post-op transsexual (Terence Stamp) who find themselves surrounded by homophobic rednecks in places like Broken Hill, Coober Pedy and Alice Springs. Nor is it the joke in the casting against type of Stamp and Bill Hunter (the rugged Aussie bushman who falls in love with Stamp's character, Bernadette). No, *Priscilla's* real comic triumph is an hilarious spoof of that silly, pretentious, overrated icon of Australian cinema, *Picnic at Hanging Rock*.To watch three drag queens, resplendent in their *Les Girls* headdresses and tailfeathers, mimic the vacuous schoolgirls of *Picnic* as they ascend a barren outcrop in the middle of nowhere, was to think, briefly, that *Priscilla's* other tediously obvious gags were worth sitting through. As Clint Eastwood, who was president of the Cannes jury this year, might have put it: *Picnic* has had it comin' for a long time.

Not that Clint, Catherine Deneuve, Kazuo Ishiguro and the other jurors had to decide *Priscilla*'s merits, for it was part of *Un Certain Regard*, the festival's B-team of films which are included in the Official Selection though not as competitors for the *Palme d'Or*. But artistic unevenness has never been a commercial hazard in the cinema, and if hype alone can make a success of a film, then Stephen Elliott and the Australian Film Finance Corporation should be confident about *Priscilla*'s prospects. The film was unleashed on festival goers at a midnight screening, attracting pretty much the sort of audience it will need when it is released commercially: not the earnest *cinéphiles* who attend daytime screenings in Cannes, and not the tuxedoed glitterati who attend early evening sessions; just people who want to, well, party. And a party was what they got, complete with drag queens all tinselled and tasselled for the occasion.

The hype was appropriate, and honest, for there are two gatherings in Cannes each May. There is the *Festival Internationale du Film*, the artistic prop, and running concurrently with it, the *Marché International du Film*, where the world's distributors and exhibitors come to buy and sell—though not, as a Melbourne independent exhibitor who comes here each year assured me, to haggle. The industry's gradations of power are too clear for the *Marché* to resemble any textbook model of a market.

In the case of *Muriel's Wedding*, the other Australian film attracting attention from festival crowds (though as part of Director's Fortnight another sidebar to the main event), hype and merit happily coincide. Miramax snapped up the North American and British rights to *Muriel*, ahead of competiton from Goldwyn and New Line, and like her androgynous sister, *Priscilla*, she was pronounced hot by the traders along Cannes' boulevard of beaches and hotels, the Croisette.

Bill Hunter also has a key role in *Muriel*, both films have considerable fun at the expense of ABBA songs (a diplomatic achievement, given that ABBA insisted on reading the scripts) and both are the work of writer/directors. (In *Muriel's* case, P.J.Hogan—and if you think his use of initials instead of his given name is an affectation, consider the identity problems facing a rising Australian film maker named Paul Hogan).

But the similarities are accidental, for *Muriel* manages, as *Priscilla* does not, to be consistently funny while telling a simple morality tale, whereas *Priscilla's* attempts to make serious points—about tolerance of minorities or differences between city and country—come over as jerky and episodic, a series of interruptions to the drag-queen gags.

The visual humour in *Muriel* uses rapid takes and close-ups that are

reminiscent of *Simply Ballroom*, and, like that film, *Muriel* is a kind of variation on the Ugly Duckling theme. Its targets are those of any coming-of-age story—the pitfalls of friendship and family life—but it also takes a swipe at the tackiness of Australian coastal resorts, the greater tackiness of the wedding industry, and the repellent tawdriness of a political life that consists in mates doing one another favours. (One of the film's best jokes presumably requires the acquiescence of a former Australian Prime Minister in being depicted as part of this process. That the man should allow himself to be made the butt of satire in this way makes a wonderful joke within the joke, with the second joke confirming the first.)

In the official competition, commerce is also intertwined with critical acclaim, with one sometimes taking the shine off the other. One of the features of this Cannes festival was a strong Italian presence, with four films by Italian directors contending for the *Palme d'Or*. It has been twenty years since there have been so many, but if you suggested to Italian critics here that this signalled a revival in their national film industry, they threw up their hands and bemoaned the fact that so many of the Italian films screening, in and out of competition, were in fact Italian/French co-productions. The French, they muttered darkly, throw money around because they want to run everything. 'So what?' one wanted to reply. After all, who paid for *The Piano* ? It is an age of co-productions, but pointing out that cultural identity doesn't necessarily mirror financial sponsorship will not soothe the raw nerves of a chauvinist.

CHAUVIN WAS A FRENCHMAN, and for their part the French happily acknowledge that they are throwing money around, and that the aim is to rival the traditional dominance of Tinsel Town. It is a sort of cinematic postscript to the GATT negotiations, and in this vein the Gallic hype-merchants have directed most of their attention to Patrice Chereau's *La Reine Margot*, a costume drama adapted from Dumas *fils*' novel about the conflict between Catholics and Huguenots in 16th century France, starring Isabel Adjani in the title role. It is lavish in the Hollywood style, and almost gleefully violent. Plot and character are somewhat eclipsed by the camera's concentration on the pale bare flesh of Ms Adjani and the bloody, lacerated flesh of almost everyone else, but audiences, in France at least, loved it. *Margot* opened in cinemas around the country the same week it screened at Cannes, and is taking money by the bucketful at the box office.

One of the not-quite-Italian films that upset Italian patriots was Guiseppe Fornatore's *Una Pura Formalita* , which pits Roman Polanski, a literary-minded police inspector against Gerard Depardieu, an amnesiac author he is interrogating. It is a philosophical puzzle as much as a detective story, and both engrossing and demanding to watch.

Another serious contender for the *Palme* was *Trois Couleurs Rouge*, the conclusion of Krzysztof Kieslowski's trilogy evoking the three colours of the French flag and the three parts of the slogan of the revolutionaries of 1789.

Like its predecessors, *Rouge* is not about the political aspects of liberty, equality and fraternity but about the sources of human association and moral feeling. It is both postmodern and traditional; profound but never abstruse.

The *Palmier*, however, was not to surface until the closing days of the festival. Quentin Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction*, like other American offerings such as the Coen brothers' *The Hudsucker Proxy*, proved that the transatlantic commerce in movie ideas is not just one-way. If the French have been acquiring Hollywood-style marketing techniques, the Americans are wallowing in post-modernist theory; both *Pulp Fiction* and *The Hudsucker Proxy* are finely crafted pastiches, the former of the low-brow thrillers of the '40s and '50s, and the latter of the small-man-as-hero films of Frank Capra and Preston Sturges (though Tarantino's film has a contemporary setting).

Pulp Fiction, however, proved popular with festival audiences as well as with the jury, and if *Hudsucker* left both lots of viewers cold it was perhaps because in the Coen film one never gets past the technical virtuosity of the pastiche to engage with the characters. Tarantino, on the other hand, presents credible characters who develop in the course of the film, and though all the Tarantino trademarks are present in *Pulp Fiction*, (it is extremely violent), the film is nonetheless a vast improvement on his earlier films, *Reservoir Dogs* and *True Romance*. I have written less than sympathetically about Tarantino's work in previous editions of *Eureka Street*, but, though the jury's choice for best film at Cannes '94 is not mine, I happily concede that my criticism of Tarantino's earlier films cannot be applied to *Pulp Fiction*. **—Ray Cassin**

More matter, less heart

KERRY O'BRIEN AND ANDREW DENTON, interviewing controversial film director Peter Greenaway on consecutive nights in May for their two quite different programs, took pretty much the same line with this purveyor of images of rape, dismemberment, cannibalism and assorted bodily wastes. Both Denton and O'Brien went into terrier mode: fearless defenders of common decency, nuggetty little rovers in the football game of life, small boys in the crowd bravely hinting to Mum that the emperor has no clothes.

Greenaway was bored out of his skull by this line of attack, a response he made no attempt to hide. It was disquieting to watch two of the best interviewers on Australian television, confronted with the task of talking to so complex and perverse a subject about the more disturbing aspects of his work, floundering in Greenaway's chilly air.

Almost as if the producers had predicted that the boys would need all the help they could get, both *Lateline* and *Denton* made generous use of the technical resources that television has to offer. *Lateline* had multiple styles of presence: pre-recorded interviews with erstwhile anti-censorship agitator Richard Neville and university lecturer Barbara Creed; a four-way hook-up with Greenaway, film producer Sue Milliken and writer-director Ben Lewin all looming down from large screens like refugees from *Saturday Night Clive*; and the live, 'real' O'Brien in his usual moderator's chair. The following night, *Denton* provided an elaborate Greenawayesque set, all black and red and gold, minions gliding about in the background with flickering torches and flowing robes, camera angles and focus parodying Greenaway's own directorial style–all of which quickly became irritating, and clashed nastily with the black aggression of the conversation.

Meanwhile O'Brien, spluttering slightly in a rare if brief betrayal of his own feelings, was reduced to asking questions like 'But where do you draw the line?' Of the six people on the *Lateline* screen that night, Ben Lewin came across as by far the most open-minded, likeable and sane, courteously resisting the edgy, anti-intellectual tut-tutting by which he was surrounded, and getting more interesting comments out of Greenaway than anybody else did. Barbara Creed, while intellectually unexceptionable, seemed unable to get out of tutorial mode and make a few concessions to the medium; while the best and indeed only positive thing about the interview with Richard Neville was that by comparison it made Sue Milliken look quite good. '*Ai* think,' he said at one point, pseudo-British orotundities well to the fore and humour wholly unintentional, 'it's a lort of pretintious *crep*.'

Denton, the following night, hinted brattily that some might say Greenaway was a hypocrite and a fraud, and resorted to various shock tactics to try to jolt him out of his *sang-froid*, which didn't work. How did Greenaway like the set, Denton asked. 'It's very *clean*,' said Greenaway suavely. 'My sets are usually much dirtier than this.' Denton seized the large silver fruit bowl on the table and tipped it over, sending pomegranates and pineapples rolling and bumping across the table and splat onto the floor. 'Oh. Well, here, have this,' he said. 'Have some, *please*. It's all *rotting*, especially for you.' Greenaway gazed, glazed, into the middle distance and made no reply.

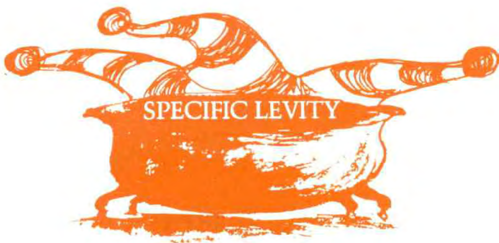
Shortly afterwards, during a conversation about screen violence and the varying levels of seriousness with which it can be represented, Greenaway pointed out that Disney characters are always beating each other up with no apparent ill effects, '... whereas, if *I'd* made that movie, Donald Duck would have been in hospital for at least six months, he would have had brain trauma, and he would have remembered the experience for the rest of his life.' Denton couldn't wait to jump in. 'If *you'd* made that movie,' he said, his voice cracking slightly, 'Donald Duck would have had his *guts* eaten out by *Mickey Mouse* in front of his *children*!' This time Greenaway's very British eyebrows travelled all the way up to the crown of his head and started back down the other side.

Both interviewers were, in short, surprisingly and unwisely rude; they then seemed surprised when Greenaway responded accordingly. The moral of the whole thing seems to be that when people are affronted, nauseated, disquieted or disgusted, when their own particular bodily anxieties are conjured up and then simultaneously confronted and denied, their IQs drop by about fifty points. Even Denton, normally sharp as a little icepick, seemed unaware that his own impending new fatherhood just might be colouring his attitude to a man whose latest film features a dismembered baby. Ben Lewin was the only person on either show to speak about the importance of private anxieties in individual responses to Greenaway's work, or to indicate a willingness to believe that some distinctions can be made among the propositions, 'This is a bad film', 'Greenaway is a bad man', 'Greenaway is a wanker' and 'I feel sick.'

ASTONISHINGLY NEITHER DENTON NOR O'BRIEN seemed able, much less willing, to articulate the possibility that one might want to represent appalling human behaviour in art for reasons other than a morally bereft desire to titillate, disgust or shock. Greenaway's attempts on both programs to answer seriously the questions about violence and bodily mayhem were largely ignored. Nobody except Ben Lewin attempted any real conversational exchange; Denton and O'Brien simply sat waiting for him to pause for breath so they could sink their teeth back into his ankle.

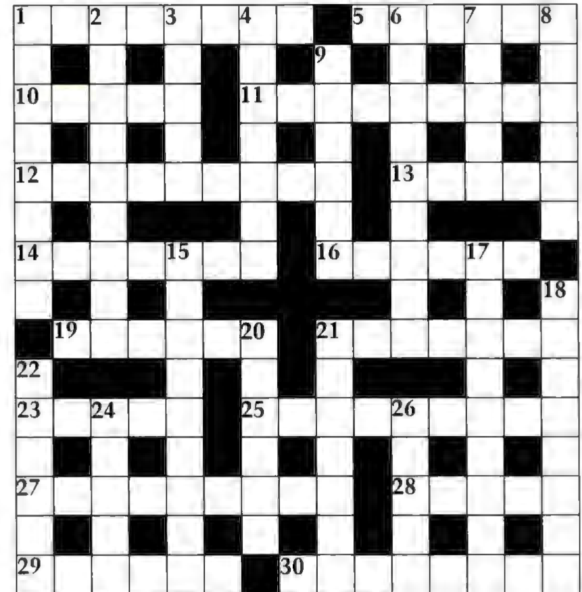
'Have you ever noticed,' asks one Helen Garner character of another, 'that Australian men, even in their forties, dress like small boys? They wear shorts and thongs and little stripey T-shirts.' That's what it was like. Denton and O'Brien, each in his own way a sophisticated creature as a rule, had turned up intellectually clad in shorts and thongs and little stripey T-shirts to an occasion clearly calling for black tie. ■

Kerryn Goldsworthy is a Melbourne writer and teacher.



Eureka Street Cryptic Crossword no. 24, June-July 1994

Devised by Joan Nowotny IBVM



ACROSS

1 Month when unruly mob never gathered. (8)
5 '... days hath September' (6). (Special clue: complete the rhyme in 10-across, 21-across, 1-across.)
10 Some sap Riley fooled on the first day of this. (5)
11 Re-order ace signal to provide relief. (9)
12 Being quite composed, Alan truly acts without artificiality. (9)
13 Rifts unfortunately occur when there is rivalry for this position. (5)
14 Overcame turning bus, being owed 500. (7)
16 Suitable soup for a simpleton. (6)
19 Kind offer of juicy steak. It's probably 15-down. (6)
21 Girl, in addition. (4,3) (See 5-across.)
23 At home, dog could run into trouble. (5)
25 Jesuit poet followed direction to spring, and wrote 'The Burning Babe'. (9)
27 Found mention of 2002 ducks in unfinished notice rearranged. What a disturbance! (9)
28 Words in Club oath contain reference to submarine. (1-4)
29 Nun's awful distress was without beginning or end. (8)
30 Doctor nicely ordered roller-shaped object. (8)

DOWN

1 To take your spirit undiluted on the Loch indicates a tidy state. (8)
2 Vile brat! 'E wrecked the arrangement! A real menace, and rightly so called! (9)
3 Ethical change allows dentist to roam around left tooth. (5)
4 Girl shed blood and felt empowered. (7)
6 To be transported by air! Such elevated ideas are somewhat pretentious! (9)
7 About title—going up the social ladder, perhaps? It's part of the step required! (5)
8 In social circles, at first you are cultivated—having these sailing ships! (6)
9 Lost in music, anyone can imagine a romantic ravine. (6)
15 Is 19-across's steak not quite finished? (9)
17 To obtain property tenure, pehaps he'll do sea plots rather than country ones. (9)
18 Do retail involvements make one a worshipper of false gods? (8)
20 In Nauru stickseed cultivation is characteristic of the country. (6)
21 In June, Roy arranged his trip. (7)
22 Bits of spicee pie? Spelling's more than a bit off! (6)
24 French novelist celebrated in Inca music. (5)
26 Time I spent with nymph of paradise! (5)

Solution to Crossword no.23, May 1994

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

Don't be fobbed off with a substitute—for the real thing fill in the Eureka Street *subscription form.*

EUREKA STREET subscription form

Please send me *Eureka Street:*

for one year ($45 for 10 issues, or $40 conc. for pensioners, students and unemployed.) ☐ **for two years** ($80, or $75 conc.)

Name...

Address..

Postcode................Country......................Tel..........................Date......................

Enc. chq/money order ☐ Or debit: Bankcard ☐ Visacard ☐ Mastercard

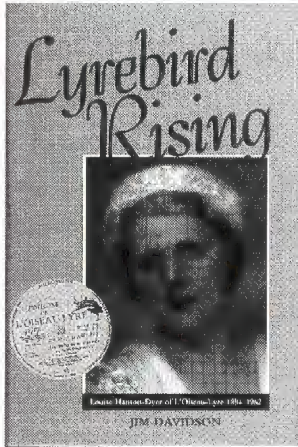
Card no: ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Card expiry date .... Signature ....

Post orders to: Jesuit Publications, PO Box 553, Richmond VIC 3121. Payments in Australian currency only.

Melbourne University Press / EUREKA STREET

special book offer



***Lyrebird Rising* is Jim Davidson's biography of Louise Hanson-Dyer, the society patroness who left Melbourne in 1927 at the age of 43, settled in Paris and and founded the renowned publishing house and record company, *L'Oiseau Lyre*.**

Bruce Williams described the book in May's *Eureka Street* as 'meticulously researched ... eloquently written and generously appreciative of both his subject and of the music.'

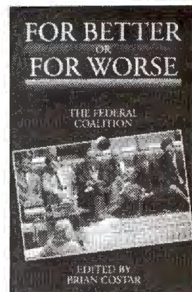
We have three copies of this superb book, each worth $49.95, waiting to be sent off to anyone who can tell us what kind of music was published by *L'Oiseau Lyre*. Please mark your envelope '*Eureka Street*/ MUP book giveaway'.

Congratulations to the winners of *The Road to Coorain*: Marie Hegarty, Meadowbank, N.S.W; Rod Lacey, Ballarat, Vic; Monica Cotter, Roseville, N.S.W; Paul Saxby, Kempsey, N.S.W; and Sr E. Herscovitch, St Lucia, Qld.

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE

The Federal Coalition

Edited by Brian Costar



Is the federal Coalition out of touch with reality? How does the Coalition marriage work? Does it work? Can it resurrect itself from the ashes of successive election defeats?
A range of politicians, political commentators and academics address these and other issues, prompted by the federal Coalition's loss of the 'unlosable' 1993 election.
Incisive, accessible and challenging, *For Better or For Worse* should be read by everyone who wants to understand the federal political scene today.

RRP $24.95 Paperback
Melbourne University Press

CCI make protecting your home and family as easy as calling 008 011 028

Call 008 011 028 now and find out more about CCI House and Contents and Childrens' Accident Insurance. You'll find the service personal and attentive, the rates competitive and making a claim easy right from the start. For honest protection for your home and family call the Church's own insurance company - CCI Insurances.

CCI Insurances
Catholic Church Insurances Limited A.C.N. 000 005 210
324 St. Kilda Road, Melbourne, 3004