SPECIAL DOUBLE SUPPLEMENT: AUSTRALIA

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FEBRUARY 1988

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

AUSTRALIA

A BICENTENNIAL DOWN UNDER

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1888 1988 NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

FEBRUARY 1988

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Australia Map

COVER: *"Ours is the best woolshed in Western Australia," brags Sandy McTaggart, here with his son Boots.* RIGHT: *Casual and confident, 11-year-old Sandra Ballard of Kurrajong exemplifies her country. Photographs by Michael O'Brien.*

Articles on Australia invariably ring the bell with United States readers—perhaps because no two nations so far apart geographically are so close culturally. Like brothers growing up in different parts of the world, family traits show through. Both nations were founded by those rejected by Europe or who had rejected Europe. Prisoners, the persecuted, and the disinherited often led the way. The crowded poverty of the masses and the social and economic gridlock of class distinctions in Europe made both wilderness colonies seem utopian—there idealists could experiment with radical concepts of egalitarian, democratic government, and hard work and intelligence were rewarded.

Word of fast fortunes and a free life also drew the adventurous and the unscrupulous to both lands. Rough, tough, and often lawless immigrants swept over the sparsely populated frontiers and their indigenous populations like tidal waves. Those natives who survived found their cultures washed away. Most have yet to accommodate to the new ways.

Last year the United States celebrated the bicentennial of its Constitution. This year Australia will remember the landing 200 years ago of that First Fleet of 11 ships carrying its human cargo of convicts. Still young as nations go, both exhibit similarities and differences as they mature. Social, economic, and racial problems of the kind thought left behind long ago surface like bad genes, but the response to them remains democratic. Both nations, for good reasons, remain favored havens for the restless and persecuted of this world.

Perhaps because all of our staff who have worked in Australia feel this special kinship, what began as an article on its bicentennial soon grew to consume this entire issue. We hope it will be a fair dinkum bell ringer.

Wilbur E. Garrett
EDITOR

AUSTRALIA

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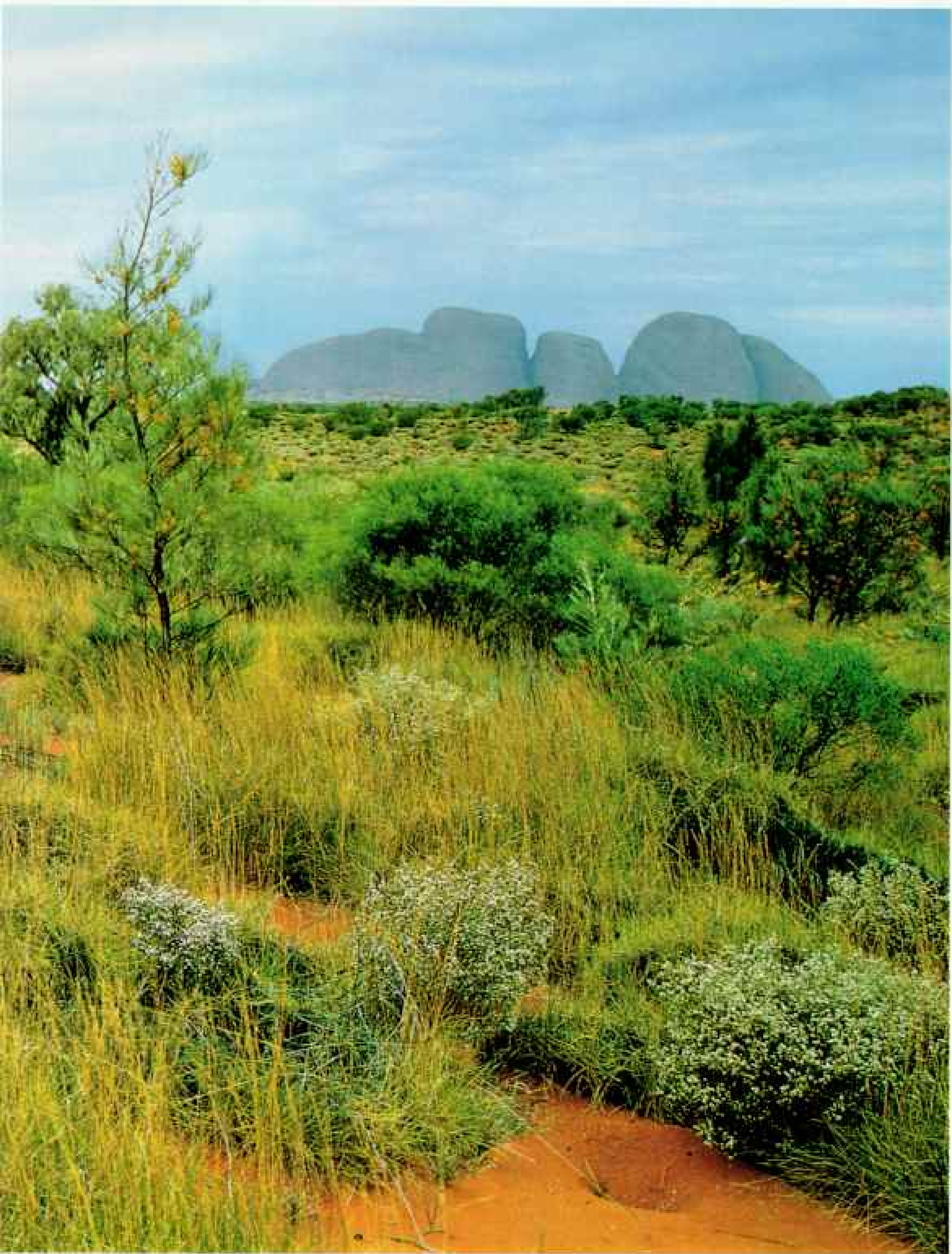
FOUNDED 1888

The Red Centre

For time means tucker, and tramp you must, where the scrubs and plains are wide,
With seldom a track that a man can trust, or a mountain peak to guide. . . .

HENRY LAWSON, POET, 1867-1922



MARK LANG, WILDLIGHT PHOTO AGENCY

Rust red sand underlies the heart of Australia, where the huge monoliths known as the Olgas shoulder above spinifex and grevillea. This old and worn continent has a look like no other—celebrated in this portfolio by poets and others, both the native born and brief sojourners to the land down under.

Kangaroo Island

In this remote part of the earth Nature . . .
a monstrous animal, as tall as a grenadier, with

Gray kangaroos grapple in the tall grass of Flinders Chase National Park on Kangaroo Island, South Australia. MITSUAKI IWAGO

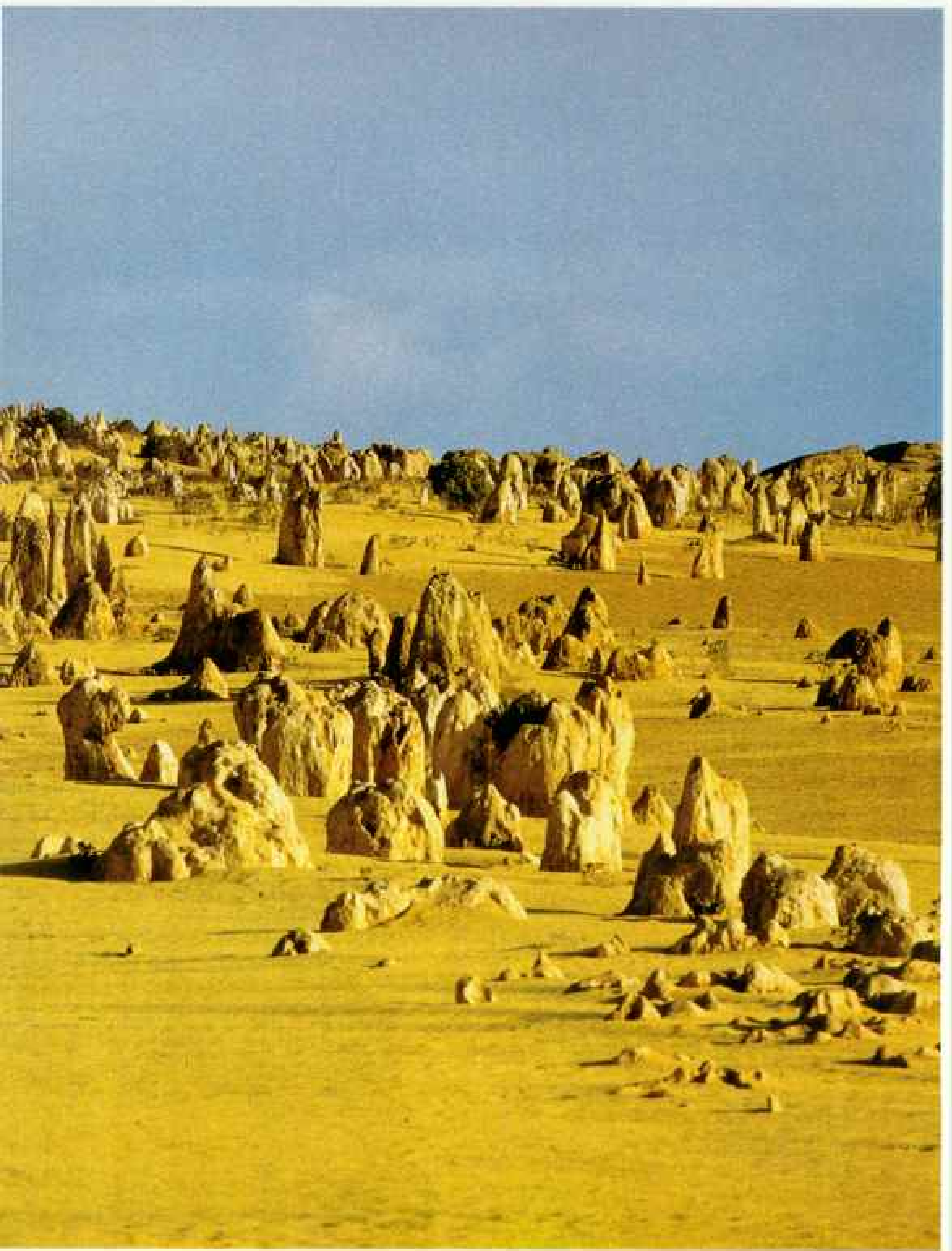
seems determined to have a bit of play. . . . She makes . . .
the head of a rabbit, a tail as big as a bed-post. . . .

SYDNEY SMITH, JOURNALIST, 1771-1845

From finger-size to man-size, limestone pillars known as the Pinnacles

The Pinnacles

In Australia alone is to be found the Grotesque, learning how to write. . . . the subtle charm



pike a barren plain in Nambung National Park, Western Australia. OLIVER STREWE, WILDLIGHT PHOTO AGENCY

the Weird, the strange scribblings of nature
of this fantastic land of monstrosities.

MARCUS CLARKE, JOURNALIST, 1846-1881

Tasmania

By channels of coolness the echoes are calling,
It lives in the mountain where moss and

Russell Falls tumbles into a tree- and fern-fringed gorge in Tasmania's Mount Field National Park. KEN DUNCAN

And down the dim gorges I hear the creek falling:
the sedges Touch with their beauty the banks and the ledges.

HENRY KENDALL, POET, 1839-1882

Great Barrier Reef

How can you convey the
of anemones, the incredible

Giant potato cod and myriad other fishes swim in for a handout from skin divers. DAVID DOUBILET

dreamlike fantasy of an undersea forest of seaweed or garden population of tropical fishes, the coral-encrusted clams?

ELSPETH HUXLEY, AUTHOR, born 1907

The Nullarbor Plain

The shining plain that is said to be
and so clear and bright

Eucalyptus and acacia stalk the Eucla Basin on the southern reaches of the Nullarbor Plain.

The dried-up bed of an inland sea, Where the air so dry
Refracts the sun with a wondrous light. . . .

A. B. "BANJO" PATERSON, POET, 1864-1941

Child of Gondwana

By JOSEPH JUDGE
SENIOR ASSOCIATE EDITOR

GLOSSOPTERIS INDICA; JIM FRAZIER, MANTIS WILDLIFE

PRESSED IN STONE for time's scrapbook, a 260-million-year old Glossopteris *leaf (above) from India's Gondwana region matches others found in South America, Africa, Antarctica, and Australia—one of several fossil clues that a mother continent once embraced them all. A sprig of 175-million-year-old kauri pine (opposite) predates the breakup of the supercontinent named Gondwana. Australia carried away flora and fauna that are now unique.*

CROSSING THE STONY, eternally flat, and baking heart of Australia—day after day of this strange otherness, these alien landscapes—one begins to lose memory of our green mother earth.

Camped at Cordillo Downs one evening, we watched a huge bone white moon rise in a sky so transparent we could read the mountains and vast plains of our satellite—and it seemed not so different from where we were.

I have never forgotten that crystal evening in the far outback. It made me understand only a mite more of the life of the first men on this island continent, men who did not see the land as strange or alien but as a life-giving fellow creature that was their other self. They never paused in their wandering relationship with it, going on constant walkabout from root to rock to spring to star.

They did not know what we now know—that Australia seems so ancient and unearthly to modern man because the entire continent has been on a planetary walkabout, moving on its present course for 130 million years at a rate of several inches a year. For 65 million of those years it has been an isolated raft, adrift like a copper shield under the southern sun, where ancient fauna has flourished that long ago died out elsewhere.

In Australia's worn terrain may be read the beginnings of life on earth and the story of fragments of the planet long, long before life began. In the west some of the oldest known rocks, more than 3.5 billion years old, lie exposed to the always dry sky. Nearby rocks contain crystals formed 4.3 billion years ago, part of earth's first crust as it cooled.

Limestone traces of the earliest known living organisms, stromatolites some 3.5 billion years old, are found in an inland reef at a place in Western Australia wryly named North Pole. They lived when the earth had a different atmosphere; in fact, they and their kind used solar energy and chlorophyll to make sugar. In the process oxygen was released—in such quantities, over so long a time, that our atmosphere was created, making possible our own air-breathing life.

Fossils are made as stone replaces bone and images are fixed in rock, as though earth were keeping a scrapbook of pressed flowers as would a Victorian lady. Not only flowers but also ferns and fish and mosses and pinecones. A particularly pretty plant, named *Glossopteris*, grew in swamps on the earth of 260 million years ago. Its delicately ribbed leaves were lance-shaped, like those of a modern laurel.

Beautiful red sandstone leaves were first found in India, in a region named Gondwana, land of the Gonds, a Dravidian people. Charcoal gray leaves and brown roots were found in a coal seam in Antarctica. When the corpses of Robert Falcon Scott and his party were found at the end of Scott's ill-fated second expedition, 35 pounds of rocks they had collected from coal seams, holding fossils of ancient plant life,

AGATHIS JURASSICA; JIM FRAZIER

SPRUNG FROM AN ANCIENT EDEN, *Australia's flora developed in isolation; its spinifex plains and eucalyptus and acacia woodlands have roots in old Gondwana. Australian botanist Mary E. White's magnificent collection of fossil and living plant photographs, published in* The Greening of Gondwana, *displays a variety of living relatives of ancient forms. The water lilies are among the earliest flowering plants and carry their seeds in an ovary. The Proteaceae family (below and opposite, center left), also a primitive group, has cousins in Africa, Asia, and South*

PETROPHILE LINEARIS; DENSEY CLYNE, MANTIS WILDLIFE

America. The banksias, named for botanist Joseph Banks, who accompanied Capt. James Cook on his voyage of discovery, dates from 65 million years ago. The heath-leaved banksia, seen from above, shows the star-burst design of the flower spike. The kangaroo paw grows naturally only in Western Australia, where it is the state flower. The Darwin woolly butt is one of more than 600 eucalyptus species on the continent. Commonly known as gum trees, the eucalyptuses range from the Snowy Mountains to the outback.

QUEENSLAND BLUE WATER LILY, *NYMPHAEA SP.*; C. & D. POLLITT, AUSTRALASIAN NATURE TRANSPARENCIES

CONESTICK, *ISOPOGON LATIFOLIUS*; DENSEY CLYNE

HEATH-LEAVED BANKSIA, *BANKSIA ERICIFOLIA*; DENSEY CLYNE

DARWIN WOOLLY BUTT, *EUCALYPTUS MINIATA*; BELINDA WRIGHT

KANGAROO PAW, *ANIGOZANTHOS*; DENSEY CLYNE

AUSTRALIA'S AMAZING ZOO stars three species of "living fossils"—the platypus and two echidnas, or spiny anteaters. They are monotremes, modern forms of the earliest mammals, which show both reptilian and mammalian characteristics. Most notable of other native Australian mammals are the marsupials, a primitive order that incubates young in a pouch instead of in the womb, as do placental mammals that dominate in other parts of the world. The marsupials show great diversity, from the nocturnal tiger cat—largest carnivorous marsupial on the

TIGER CAT, DASYURUS MACULATUS; G. B. BAKER, AUSTRALASIAN NATURE

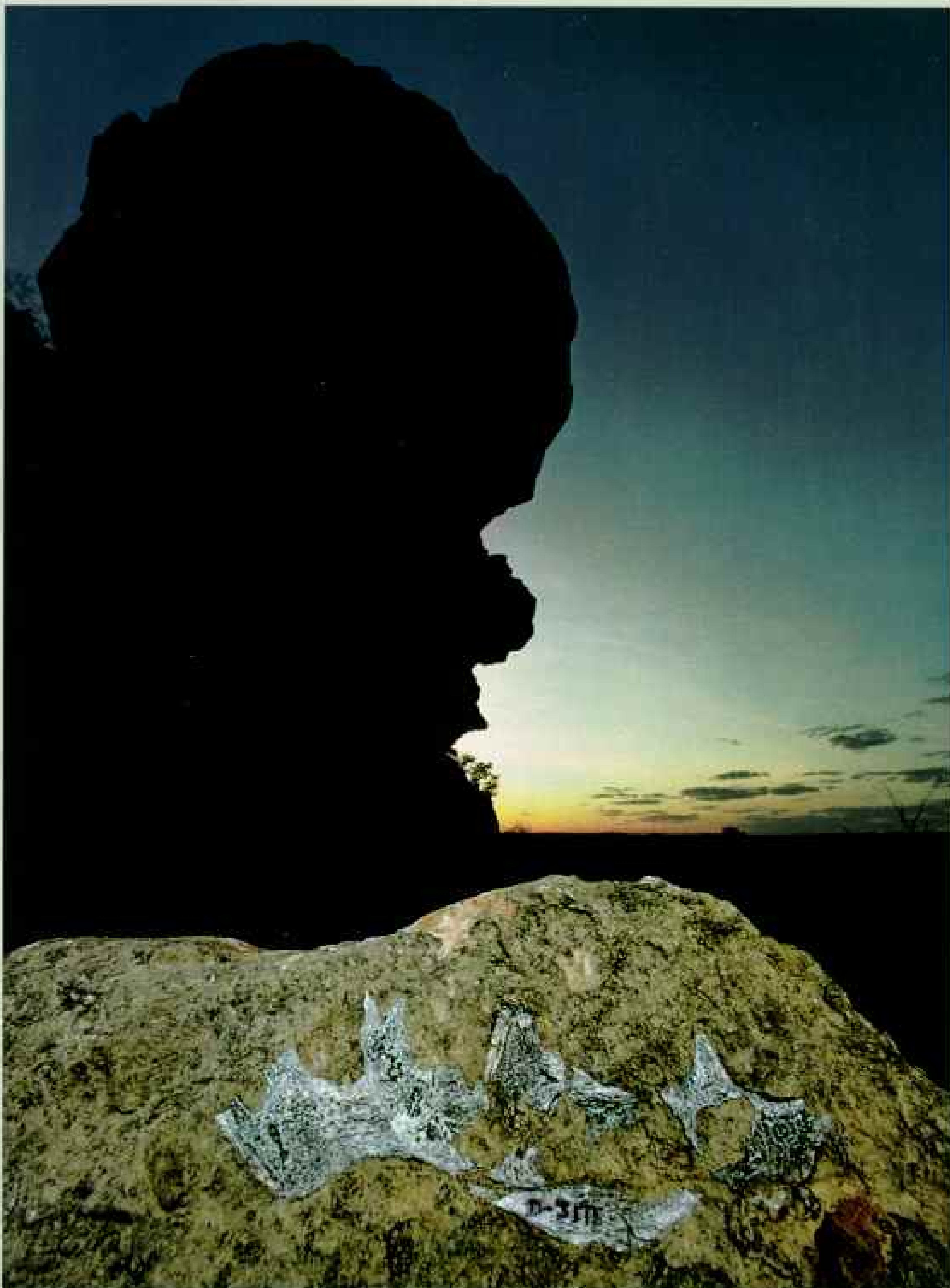
PLATYPUS, ORNITHORHYNCHUS ANATINUS; JEAN-PAUL FERRERO, AUSCAPE INTERNATIONAL

SUGAR GLIDER, PETAURUS BREVICEPS; C. & S. POLLITT

SHORT-NOSED ECHIDNA, TACHYGLOSSUS ACULEATUS; KATHIE ATKINSON, AUSCAPE

TASMANIAN DEVIL, SARCOPHILUS HARRISII; DAVE WATTS, AUSTRALASIAN NATURE

continent—to the graceful sugar glider and the Tasmanian devil, which found popularity as a film cartoon character. Yet stranger things once existed. From the limestone of Riversleigh Station in Queensland comes the 15-million-year-old jaw of a cow-size marsupial resembling a wombat (below). These rich fossil deposits have yielded 150 species of mammals never before known, including a wolf-size marsupial lion and an entirely new order of marsupials temporarily called "Thingodonta," since it has so far defied classification.



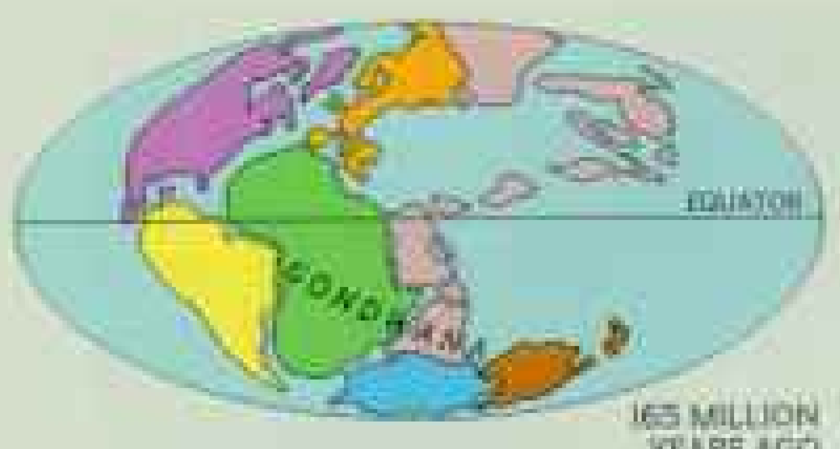
ZYGOMATURINE DIPROTODONT; PHILIP QUIRK AND GRENVILLE TURNER, WILDLIGHT

were also recovered. The fossils were *Glossopteris*, and they contributed evidence toward a theory that would soon be considered a crank idea—that continents, in fact, were on the move.

Now we know, through fossils of plants and animals, that millions of years ago Australia and southern New Guinea, Antarctica, India, Africa, and South America were all assembled into one vast southern continent named for the place in India where the swamp plants grew—Gondwana.

In time, the landmass began to fragment and the pieces, carried on separate plates, began to move, like images painted on an expanding balloon (maps, left).

During its walkabout, Australia was carrying a cargo of plants and animals that had long lived in the superland of Gondwana but would meet a new fate. Most important of these were the marsupials: mammals that deliver their young prematurely and nurture them outside, in a pouch, instead of inside, in a womb.



"THE CONTINENT *that went walkabout,*" *Australia—shown in brown on the maps (above)—was once joined to Antarctica, blue, as the easternmost part of Gondwana, which broke up into modern continents beginning 130 million years ago. Australia started on its separate way some 65 million years ago. Moving northward, the island continent was often inundated by seas, was eroded almost flat, and was an ark of strange and wonderful creatures.*

AUSTRALIA is crawling with marsupials—kangaroos and koalas and wombats but also quokkas, potoroos, wallabies, bandicoots, numbats, pandemelons, various possums, tiger cats. The famous Tasmanian devil, of ferocious reputation, continues to thrive in Tasmania.

Because so few marsupials exist elsewhere, the visitor to Australia is always surprised to discover that this mammalian form evolved into every niche that other forms fill in other parts of the world. There are, so to speak, lion and tiger marsupials, lamb and sheep marsupials, tree-climbing and ground-hugging marsupials.

Of the 16 families of marsupials, 13, with 182 species, are found only on Australia's plate; the other three, representing 76 species, are found only in Central and South America, with one cousin, the common or Virginia opossum, branching into North America. A few fossils have been found in Europe, Antarctica, and Africa. None in Asia. Scientists speculate that marsupials were happy citizens of eastern Gondwana some 65 million years ago, and Australia carried them off when it finally broke free of Antarctica.

Also on the Australian ark were creatures now found nowhere else, the strange and wonderful monotremes, of which only three species survive: the platypus and two echidnas, or spiny anteaters. Behold the platypus, with a duck's bill, webbed feet, and a beaver's tail; it lays eggs like a turtle yet has hair like a bear and nurtures its young on mother's milk, even as we do. When the first of these astounding mammals (stuffed) was shipped to England in 1798, it was denounced as a fraud; someone had obviously made it by sticking together parts of different animals!

It is an ancient, still living form from that period when mammals diverged from reptiles.

While it was still a part of Gondwana, and later during its epic voyage northward, Australia's plate was being acted on by the tidal forces of world change—volcanism, ice ages, erosion, geologic rifting and fracturing.

Toward the close of the Pleistocene epoch and the dawn of modern times, sea level was lower and a great forested land bridge existed between Australia and New Guinea. About 50,000 years ago man, perhaps descended from Java or Peking man, came across it on his long

ANCESTORS of Australia's Aborigines may have been the world's first seafarers, who came from Asia, voyaging from the Indonesian islands by raft, and trekking the broad land bridge that connected Australia and New Guinea. Waisted axheads from the Huon Peninsula date from 40,000 years ago; similar tools have been found near Mackay, Queensland, and on Kangaroo Island, South Australia. Even earlier dates have emerged from Cranebrook Terrace in Sydney. University of Sydney geophysicist Mike Barbetti (above) holds tools from the site, which dates from 47,000 to 43,000 BP, the oldest known in Australia.

journey from Asia (map, above). Archaeological sites pose many more questions than they resolve, since some are far more ancient than was suspected. At Lake Mungo, Aborigines were living at least 38,000 years ago.

To stand in a strange silence under the sweeping cliff at a place like Mootwingee and look up at the red hands stenciled there so long ago is to feel the union of men and earth that is the strongest part of Aboriginal art and thought.

Yet, for a long time, Australia was considered marginal in the thinking about early man. Now, in less than two decades, carbon dates for the continent have pushed its horizons back from a few thousand years to 20,000, perhaps 50,000.

From Australia and New Guinea (the continent they formed during Ice Age times is called Sahul) have come more Pleistocene human remains than from Europe. But the presence of different kinds of men at different sites poses questions. At Lake Mungo the human skulls are thin and fragile, like ours, while from other parts of Australia come thicker skulls. Were there two "invasions" some 50,000 years ago, or were these varied individuals from the same population?

DAVID ROBERT AUSTEN

Australia, this ancient ark—always the surprise, and always the question, and always the great and silent beauty of the land, and the oddity of its creatures, and the glory of its clouds of birds. Where there are great deserts were once seas, and where pine forests grew tropical forests now grow.

Always change.

Always the same.

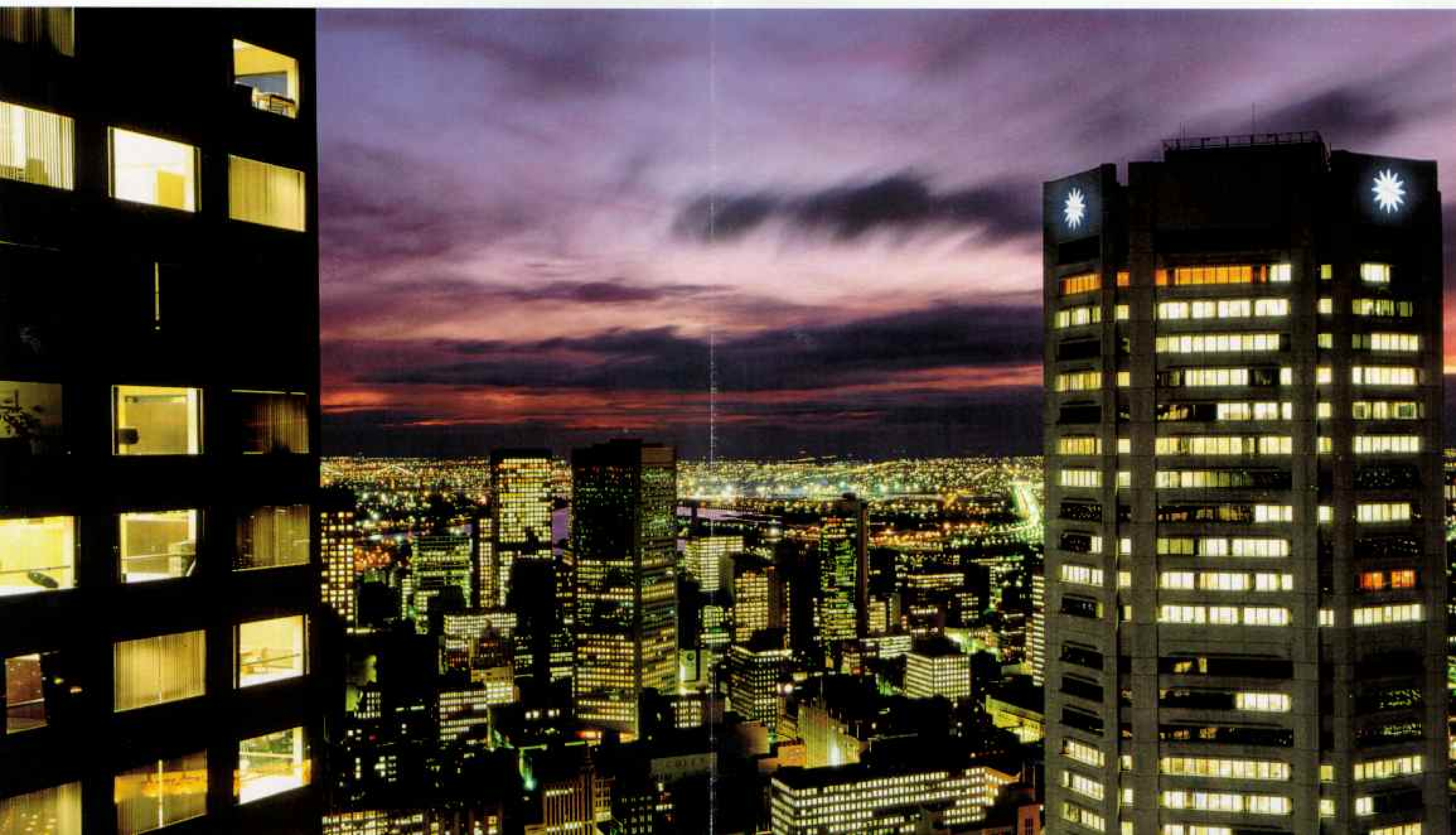
FLOCKING TO THE FINISH LINE, *windsurfers pile up on a Sydney beach during the city's annual boardsailing marathon. Paradise for surfers, Sydney is remembered by sports-mad Aussies as the site of Australia's first surfboard ride in 1915.*

GEORGE HALL, WELDON TRANNIES

Stubbies
BOARDSAILING
MARATHON
Daily Mirror

Jolted awake by its bustling Asian neighbors, the land down under is seeking new ideas, rewarding entrepreneurs, and even encouraging foreigners to have a go at such investments as a Melbourne high rise, below, built by the Pacific island nation of Nauru. Aussies take this "new" Australia in stride—with a wink and a characteristic, "She'll be right, mate."

AUSTRALIA at



By ROSS TERRILL

Photographs by DAVID ROBERT AUSTEN

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PHILIP QUIRK, WILDLIGHT PHOTO AGENCY

"PEOPLE REMEMBER things here," said the governor of Tasmania, Sir James Plimsoll, in the magnificent sitting room of his Hobart residence. "In other places the past is diluted by so much else. There's a great continuity here of families in one place since the beginnings."

In Tasmania the Australian past stands still for a moment. This is green coastal Australia as it used to be—tranquil and virtually pre-industrial. Tasmania has an English flavor lent by its cool and rainy climate ("You get a winter holiday in the middle of summer," the locals quip defensively) and the low percentage of Irish and other non-English immigrants.

Beautiful old buildings of honey-colored sandstone seem to outnumber factories. Sunday is a day of closed shops, church bells, and family outings on winding, hilly roads.

Hobart is crisp and healthy, its houses of stone or white weatherboard with red roofs nestling between the chilly waters of the Derwent River and the inky blue hulk of Mount Wellington.

Sixty miles to the southeast, the stone prison cells of Port Arthur, on rugged Tasman Peninsula (Dutchman Abel Tasman made the first European contact with Tasmania in 1642), tell the secret of Australia's unique origin as a place of crime and punishment.

From the stunning ruins one can see the Isle of the Dead, the burial ground during Port Arthur's convict decades from 1830 until 1877, and Point Puer, home of the boy convicts (young children could be hanged in the Britain of the day), whose training in stonemasonry during the 1830s included building the thousand-seat church, with its curtain down the middle separating convict and free.

The days of compulsion at the hands of prison guard, soldier, and chaplain are not so distant. Hobart, the second oldest of the Australian cities, was established only in 1804. All four of my grandparents were already alive in Victoria when the last convict ship reached Australia in 1868. My parents were already married when the last ex-convicts died in the 1920s.

To ancient Greece and Rome *terra australis incognita* was the "unknown land of the south." Not until the 17th century did the Portuguese, with missionary intent, and the Dutch, in search of profits, approach it from the northwest.

During the Ice Age, before sea levels rose and Australia became more difficult to reach from Asia, the people who are known today as the Aborigines arrived. For tens of thousands of years the continent was theirs alone.

The British sea captain James Cook reached the east coast in 1770 and claimed Australia for the modern world. The new land was to be part of Europe—New South Wales, as Cook called it—not of Asia.

By 1859 six separate colonies, all ruled from London, had risen on the island continent. Besides New South Wales and Tasmania, the senior colonies, there were: Victoria, convict-free, founded after an entrepreneur made a "treaty" with Aborigines near today's Melbourne; South Australia, also convict-free and the nearest of the colonies to a settlement based on idealism; Queensland, which began as a place for second-offense convicts from Sydney; and Western Australia, which attempted to do without convicts but resorted to them when sheep and cattle farmers lacked laborers.

Some convicts toiled constructing roads, churches, and government buildings; others were assigned to work on private farms. The struggle between those who thought the colonies' sole purpose was to be a prison and those who had a vision of wringing wealth from the land and trading with the world was slowly won by the latter.

Not far inland from the towns were rolling pastures excellent for raising sheep. Sheep began to replace convicts as Australia's chief industry in the 1820s. With merinos, brought from the Cape of Good Hope, the colonies began to try to wipe away the stain of convictism

Author ROSS TERRILL, a U. S. citizen, was born and raised in Australia. He has written seven books, including *The Australians*, published last year by Simon and Schuster. Photographer DAVID ROBERT AUSTEN lives in Sydney and is a regular contributor to NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC.

RAVE REVIEWS are inevitable when Australian enthusiasts attend the annual Smallmakers Winetasting Dinner in Sydney to sample the wares of wineries crushing fewer than 550 tons of grapes a year. Applying new technology to Old World grapes, Australian vintners large and small are gaining a worldwide reputation.

by supplying England with thick, soft wool.

By 1850 Australia had 400,000 people and 13 million sheep. Sheep still outnumber people, and Australia's wool exports were worth 2.7 billion U. S. dollars in 1987.

Australia needed more people. That is why landowners favored continuation of the convict system—for few free settlers were ready to make the long voyage to a land with an infamous reputation. In February 1851 gold was found in New South Wales and soon after in huge quantities at Ballarat in Victoria, not far from Melbourne. Most of the colonies were transformed by the "yellow stuff." During the 1850s gold trebled Australia's population.

In 25 years from 1851 Victoria built a thousand churches and a thousand schools. Melbourne gained the broad boulevards and huge parks, the stately steps and pillars and arches and stained-glass windows that make it a gracious city today.

The term "mate" arose on the goldfields, and, in the era of the bushman portrayed in the film *Crocodile Dundee*, it remains the trademark term of address of the ordinary Australian.

AS GOLD LED ON to industrialization, the Aussie character began to form. Institutions came from Britain. Technology and entertainment often came from the United States. In 1853, at a U. S. Independence Day dinner in the British colony of Victoria, as the guests enjoyed roast beef and turkey at a Melbourne hotel, "Yankee Doodle" and "Rule Britannia" were sung. The speaker, balancing time and place, focused on the achievements of the Anglo-Saxon race: those of "the progressive child" (U. S.) and of "the gifted mother" (U.K.).

By the end of the 19th century Australia was among the world's most urbanized lands. Democracy and the labor movement too made

precocious strides under the hot antipodean sun. Without ceasing to be colonies, the six settlements won parliaments and the secret ballot.

Workers, in a land where the labor market has generally favored the seller, won power before they had time to develop class hatred. Suffrage came before the suffragettes. Australia pioneered the welfare state decades before Europe pulled down the last absolute monarchy.

In 1901 the six colonies sidled into a federation, forming the Commonwealth of Australia, without bothering to take over full sovereignty from London.

Australia paid a high price for its membership in the Western club. In World War I more Australians than Americans died in battle—though America was 20 times more populous—in France, Gallipoli, and elsewhere. During the Great Depression unemployment reached 30 percent in some Australian cities. In World War II, 30,000 Australians died.

All this time Australia had slammed the door against Asia by adopting a "white Australia" immigration policy.

I WAS A TODDLER in rural Victoria when Japan bombed the northern tip of Australia in 1942, but I remember the scare. My parents spoke darkly of Oriental barbarism, and one day excitement rose in our township when fishermen sighted a Japanese dinghy off nearby Ninety Mile Beach.

Pearl Harbor awoke Australians to the existence of Asia. The Japanese attack also pushed Australia closer to the United States.

With the Pacific world in shock, Prime Minister John Curtin told his nervous fellow Australians: "Without any inhibitions of any kind, I make it quite clear that Australia looks to America free of any pangs as to our traditional links or kinship with the United Kingdom." It was almost like a divorce and remarriage.

KEN DUNCAN (ABOVE)

"WE'RE FULL OF HOPE AND DEFIANCE," says *Peter Garrett (above, seated), lead singer for the activist rock group Midnight Oil. Also a lawyer, Garrett narrowly lost a 1984 Senate campaign protesting Australia's nuclear policy and close ties with the United States, which have brought both Hollywood (below) and joint military bases to the outback.*

"Fair Dinkum" Facts

The continent of Australia is:

- the only nation that is a continent
- the smallest continent
- the flattest
- the driest (except for Antarctica).

Which explains why:

- less than 10 percent of the land is arable
- the largest lake, Eyre (3,600 square miles), is usually bone-dry
- where a bar will do for a billabong, Australians are the greatest consumers of alcohol in the English-speaking world.

Roughly the size of the coterminous United States at 2,966,368 square miles, Australia is also among the world's least densely populated countries, averaging only five people per square mile. Thus:

- there are ten times as many jumbucks as people
- in the arid outback, where it takes 40 acres to graze a single sheep, are the world's largest stations, including Anna Creek cattle station in South Australia, at 12,000 square miles
- Australia leads the world in the export of beef and veal—624,000 tons in 1987—and is second, after New Zealand, in mutton and lamb—293,000 tons
- wool production is 30 percent of the world's entire output.

Australia is flat, the highest peak, Kosciusko, being only 7,310 feet—but its Great Barrier Reef is the world's longest at 1,250 miles, more than half as long as its longest river system, the Murray-Darling (2,300 miles).

Elsewhere are rocks, not just any rocks, but:

- the oldest known fragments of the earth's crust, from the Jack Hills, at 4.3 billion years
- 28 percent of the free world's uranium, along with coal reserves that match Saudi Arabia's oil in potential energy
- formations that supply nearly 90 percent of Australia's oil needs
- almost all the world's opals.

Small wonder that 80 percent of Australia's 16 million people (including 200,000 Aborigines) live in cities, mainly along the fertile coast between Brisbane and Adelaide. Sydney is the continent's "downtown" with 3,365,000 inhabitants, followed by competitor Melbourne with 2,833,000 and Brisbane with 1,150,000. Perth weighs in at 995,000, Adelaide at 978,000, and Canberra, the planned capital city, at 270,000.

In statistical terms, Australians have it better than most:

- per capita income, at $11,200 U. S., is one of the world's highest
- life expectancy, 76 years, is one of the world's longest
- literacy is virtually 100 percent
- workers earn from four to six weeks of vacation annually
- some 70 percent own their homes
- voting is compulsory
- which may or may not explain why Australians spend twice as much on gambling as on national defense.

Aussie blokes have dinkum reasons for thinking their land is bonzer, so shout them a drink, mate, and wish them a happy anniversary.

HOW TO SPEAK STRINE

billabong—water hole
billy—container for boiling tea
bloke—man
bonzer—great, terrific
bush—country away from the city
chook—chicken
dingo—Australian wild dog
dinkum, fair dinkum—honest, genuine
dinki-di—the real thing
fossick—to prospect for gold or gems
grazier—rancher
jumbuck—sheep
make a good fist—do a good job
ocker—basic down-to-earth Aussie
outback—remote bush
pom—English person
shout—buy a round of drinks
station—sheep or cattle ranch
Strine—what Aussies speak
swag—bedroll and belongings
tucker—food
ute—utility or pickup truck
waltz matilda—carry a swag

Yet Australia can still seem quite British. Judges wear wigs. Cricket is a religion. News and views from London are prominent in print and on the airwaves. Old admirals can be heard to call England "home." Knighthoods survive, like dinosaurs from a buried past, and are eagerly sought after by many.

Last year in Melbourne it was a butcher shop that reminded me I wasn't quite in the New World. Smelling of sawdust and blood, it featured a red neon light shining down a plate-glass window and illuminating neat rows of chops and sausages and steaks. The shop is run by sturdy family butchers in blue-and-white aprons with hands as red as sirloin, who will deliver cuts of meat in their own cars after hours.

Probably Australia will never become as American as it once was British. British influence was institutional, giving it a certain power to perpetuate itself. American influence is felt through the economy, popular culture, and technology, and is always in flux. "We are becoming Americanized only in the sense that we're becoming universalized," observed Tony Staley, a former cabinet minister. "It so happens that the U. S. is at the forefront of many things; the whole world is going in that direction."

TOO MUCH TROPICAL SUN gives fair-skinned Australians the highest rate of skin cancer in the world. To study why, Dr. Adrianna Scheibner exposes volunteers to artificial sunlight. Her research shows that long-term exposure to ultraviolet rays suppresses the immune system of an outdoorsman like Norman Hansell, who has worn an artificial nose since doctors removed a large melanoma, "the deadliest of the lot," from a nostril.

FROM THE 1960S both major political parties began to dismantle the "white Australia" policy. During that decade 86 percent of immigrants to Australia came from Europe. By the 1970s only slightly more than half came from Europe. Today the largest number—32 percent—come from Asia. One day Australia will complete the large transformation from British outpost to Eurasian melting pot.

The story of youthful Australia is one of immigration, and it will go on being so. "Do you have any Italian friends?" I asked novelist Helen Garner, who lives in the Italian quarter of Melbourne. "I don't." She looked at me over the top of her espresso cup. "If I were 20 years younger, I suppose I would."

Tomorrow it will be friends who are Chinese, Vietnamese, Filipino, and maybe Indonesian.

Meanwhile we do not yet know how the old Aussies will react if one day the foreign-born

should become not merely 20 percent as today but a majority, and if most of those should be not whites but Asians.

Beyond immigration, Australia during the 1970s underwent many changes in values and priorities, some of them associated with the prime ministership of Labor Party leader Gough Whitlam, a tall, optimistic lawyer. The nation moved from a foreign policy focused on Britain and the U. S. to one paying more attention than before to Japan, Indonesia, and China; from a prudish to a libertarian moral sense; from an amateur politics to a professional politics based on money, image, and the public-opinion poll.

In South Australia, an enlightened state still proud that it never had convicts, Don Dunstan as Labor Party premier spearheaded changes that were a harbinger of Whitlam's age of reform. "We deregulated people's personal and social behavior," he recalled in the dry, slow, courteous Adelaide way of speaking. "We felt the state has no business stopping things—nude beaches, drunkenness, sexual activities—that may shock other people but don't harm other people."

"Know Your Rights" said a leaflet on the bulletin board of my old university in Melbourne, and indeed, these days, Australians do know their rights.

YET RECENTLY the Australians have been preoccupied with an unwelcome economic revolution. Malcolm Fraser, the Oxford-educated grazier who as Liberal Party leader replaced Whitlam in 1975 and ruled until the Labor Party's Robert Hawke beat him in 1983, made a famous remark (actually a quote from George Bernard Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*) that foreshadowed the new mood: "Life is not meant to be easy."

I asked Prime Minister Hawke if the post-Whitlam stress upon rights has been sufficiently matched by a stress on obligations. "What I was trying to say to the Australian people," Hawke replied, referring to his first campaign in 1983, "was that the world no longer owes Australia anything. What we want is not going to fall into our lap the way it did before. The obligation is to work together to get it."

Over the past decade earnings from the export of products from farm and mine have been hit by falling prices. "We lost billions in national income just like that," Hawke told me sadly, snapping his suntanned fingers. An overprotected manufacturing sector finds it hard to innovate and export.

Senator Gareth Evans, minister for resources until 1987, spoke of the crisis in minerals and agriculture. "Agriculture's just shot to pieces. I mean, with existing mineral prices we could just stagger along, but in agriculture it's not possible even to do that."

Around Gardners Bay, an hour's drive from Hobart, as in some other attractive rural spots, a youngish urban element has arrived to begin a new life. At first the old established farmers did not welcome the newcomers. But with the decline of Tasmania's apple industry after Britain joined the European Economic Community and other economic ills, the farmers faced a life-style crisis of their own. For many the options were to sell out at a miserable price or to forget the farm and go on living in the house as dole recipients—and become unintentional philosophic brothers of the hippies.

Among the newcomers to Gardners Bay were British-born David Freedman and his two friends Heather Godfrey and Jenny Toogood, who all live together in a house of unpainted vertical wooden boards—built by David—which has no piped water, electricity, or lavatory plumbing.

"We were once the hangers-on," David Freedman told me. "Now the farmers are getting phased out."

But it's all been much harder work than David expected. He doesn't receive the dole (unemployment benefits)—Jenny does—for he clings to the belief in the value of self-sufficiency. "We'd rank among the poor, but really we're not," he told me.

Andrew, David's 13-year-old son, is getting bored on the land and may soon move to Hobart. He plays a guitar, powered (as are the household's lights and stereo) by a small generator, but otherwise he finds little to do among these quiet blue hills. David himself may move soon: "I will work, but not for wages."

"A REGULAR BLOKE" to voters who first elected him in 1983, Prime Minister Robert Hawke attributes his success to a strong Labor Party platform and to his wife, Hazel. A former Rhodes scholar and 1954 world beer-drinking champion, the now teetotaling Hawke has won enactment of a tax overhaul and opened the economy to foreign banks.

As SCHOOL KIDS playing sports in the 1950s, we used to shout the phrase of abuse, "You bloody old woman!"

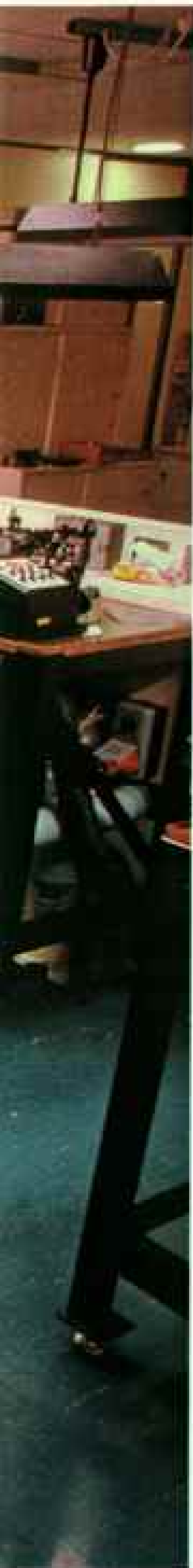
Yet male chauvinism in the land whose battle cry of democracy was "one man, one vote" is not the untamed beast of old. Rachel Faggetter, director of the National Wool Museum, as a schoolteacher in the 1960s remembers being told by an official that lower pay for females was because "they are no good four days out of the month." When we lunched in 1986, Rachel said with a laugh: "A woman tram driver nearly ran me down today; I thought, bugger it, things are improving."

In all public services—less so in private enterprise and the unions—women have attained something like equality of opportunity. In 1983, for the first time, a federal Labor Party cabinet included a woman, Senator Susan Ryan.

Assertive feminism and favors for single parents have gone too far for conservatives. Catholic commentator Bob Santamaria's pessimism about Australia's future stems from his perception of the family's erosion. Indeed one hears of excesses, as when copies of the Bible were removed from some Tasmanian library shelves on the grounds that it's sexist.

"The breakdown of the human factory is the root problem in Australia," said a Sydney taxi driver as he drove me through a squalid slum. "That factory [the family] has broken down, and the product out of it is ethically inferior."

Rowena Danziger, headmistress of Sydney's Ascham girls school, who once taught in Milton Academy near Boston, has seen educational progress and also the appearance of new flaws:



MITSUAKI IWAGO (ABOVE); JOHN RESHIGHIAN (BELOW)

GEM CUTTER'S NIGHTMARE, a lost diamond sends workers scrambling at the Perth cutting and polishing facility of the Argyle diamond mine. They eventually found the stone on a worktable beneath a tool. To minimize environmental impact and maximize quality of life, most of the remote mine's 700 employees commute 1,400 miles by air from Perth, working two weeks at a stretch. The world's largest diamond producer, Argyle mines some 30 million carats a year. Experts predict that the main ore body, tapped in 1985, will last about 20 years.

Australia also supplies 90 percent of the world's opals—many from Coober Pedy (above) in South Australia, where holes lead to both mines and underground homes. Another field, Lightning Ridge, yielded "Halley's Comet Stone" (below), a 2,000-carat black opal found during the comet's 1985 visit. Estimated value: $3,000,000.

students. Modest as the fee is, it symbolizes the end of the halcyon days of Whitlam's big spending.

Many believe that Australia needs a revamping of education. In Japan 94 percent of 17-year-olds study, and in the U.S.A. the figure is 92 percent. In Australia a mere 40 percent of that age group are students. It shows, and will show even more tomorrow.

For practical and philosophical reasons a move toward privatization of education has begun. And some Australians—together with some Asians—have caught a vision of Australia exporting education to the region.

"Many state schools are no longer very satisfying. There are discipline problems. And they've become diminished by all the 1960s stuff about not competing and not holding exams, and the idea that what you really should be doing at school is 'finding yourself.'"

In Cairns, a tropical paradise that attracts drifting youths, I ran into an 18-year-old acquaintance of mine. "I just wanted to get away," Simon said of his abrupt departure from Canberra. "I had no motivation to finish school. But I will get the motivation—and in Canberra it's easy to get through; there are no exams." Talented and easygoing, Simon spends much of his time at the beach: "I tried work in a shipyard, but it was too hard."

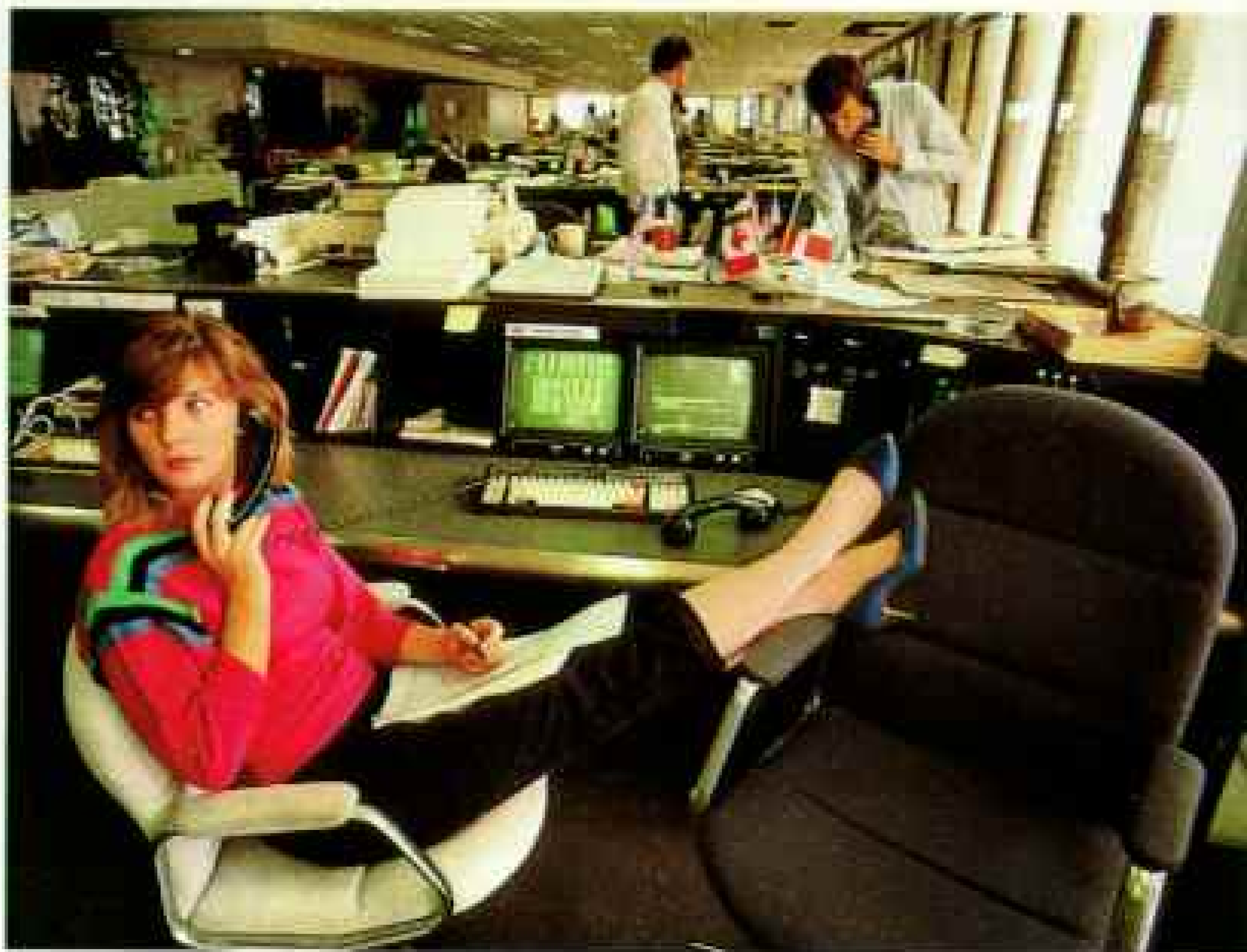
WHEN I WAS in my last year at a Melbourne high school in the late 1950s, a mere 30,000 college students existed in Australia. Today there are 180,000. In the chillier economic climate of the eighties, questions arose as to whether Australian universities—all 20 of them are state ones—were spending the taxpayers' money to good effect. The Hawke government's introduction of a small annual fee upset many

In Perth a group of Malaysian investors propelled by Bean San Goh, a mathematics professor, has entered the education export market at the secondary level by founding the Western Australian International College in a mansion high above the Swan River.

"There's now pressure on students to do well," Dr. Goh told me. "Parents are choosing private schooling in order to ensure employability [of their children]. The old egalitarianism—'Jack's as good as his master'—has been diluted to an extent."

Barry Jones, science minister in the Hawke cabinet, spoke to me in Melbourne of a link between racism and education. "The real resentment against the Vietnamese came when they started doing so well at school," he said. "They began winning exhibitions and prizes, getting into universities. For a lot of Australians that seemed like unfair competition."

The sharp changes in life-style priorities, women's status, education, and other social realms mostly have two roots. The ructions within the economy, deeply affecting the modes of earning one's daily bread, have brought changes in relationships and values. And the explosion of the "right to have rights" in



THE FAST TRACK to success at Westpac, Australia's largest bank, leads over hill and dale—as management trainees, left, found during a 12-day Outward Bound course stressing responsibility and hands-on teamwork. The fastest track of all is the foreign-currency exchange office in Sydney, where telex operator Jennifer Clowes catches her breath between frantic, million-dollar messages to Westpac offices around the world.

the Whitlam era has redrawn the social terrain.

"We don't need a bloody federal government," said the farmer who handed me a how-to-vote ticket of the National Party outside the voting booth in Townsville, Queensland. "Originally it was formed to raise taxes and do defense. It wasn't meant to double up on roads, Aborigines, and everything."

Southerners sometimes look disparagingly upon Queensland as "bananaland," a sun-drenched but cultureless haven of conservatives and moralists. Yet the 1,400-mile-long tropical state, nearly five times the size of Japan and devilishly rich in minerals and in spots to delight the tourist, may be the segment of Australia with the brightest future.

Sir Joh Bjelke-Petersen, premier of Queensland for an astonishing 20 years, has bashed the unions and provided the nearest thing to a free-enterprise climate that exists in Australia. Wrapping himself in the Queensland flag, this jovial but combative populist flies regularly to Japan to sign deals for tourism and mining projects. He likes to thank any person who moves from another state to Queensland.

"Low taxes is the crux of the matter," Bjelke-Petersen told me in his Brisbane office. "If you want growth, you've gotta let the people spend the money instead of governments spending it."

The legendary Perth mining tycoon Lang Hancock, discoverer of much of the iron ore of the Pilbara, the west's great mineral region, despises the dominant political-industrial ways of Australia. "Big-spending government is the problem," Hancock said. "And militant trade unions that are outside the law. Before Australia can really deal with Asia and the Pacific rim, we've got to bring our costs down."

He believes that Australia's strategic minerals should have made it indispensable to the world. "Russia's got mineral wealth. South Africa's got it. We've got it—but ours is in the ground, and it's going to stay in the ground, because no bastard's got the incentive to get it out!"

TO TRAVEL AUSTRALIA, and to hear one part of it speak about another, is to come upon a diversity of character. Melbourne and Sydney, the two main cities with a combined population of more than six million, love to hate each other, and while both have become great cities of the world, they do indeed differ in spirit. Moralistic Melbourne cannot let go of principles, while on-the-make

TO PROTECT a multibillion-dollar livestock industry, scientists at the Australian Animal Health Laboratory diagnose viral diseases under airtight conditions.

Sydney is content to count the numbers.

Hazel Hawke, wife of the prime minister, reflected on Melbourne and Sydney over coffee one morning in their Canberra residence. "The Opera House expresses Sydney—a wonderful, breathtaking place. Yet inside there's a lot lacking. As a place to produce opera, it's a headache. On the other hand, in Melbourne the arts complex is not stunning from the outside—it hides itself—but inside it works wonderfully."

Mrs. Hawke, born in Perth but long a resident of Melbourne, laughed, and behind her I caught a glimpse of purple and gold petunias in the winter garden of the prime minister's Lodge. "Such a difference—and I really don't know that I belong to either of them."

Perth is the bright new star in the Australian urban firmament. Far from anywhere—almost as close to Singapore as to Sydney—it has risen to prosperity and gained the cockiness of a Dallas-by-the-sea on the basis of the northwest's iron ore, natural gas, and other resources. Breeding ground for tycoons, some homegrown, many foreign-born, pleased with itself for its role in the capture and gallant defense of the America's Cup, Perth is the home of Australia's most ostentatious new-rich.

Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, has the reputation of being sedate and rational, but nowadays reaches for a livelier image. It mounts an excellent Grand Prix car race, and the wines of nearby Barossa Valley have begun to cut a swath in the world market. On Adelaide's clean wide streets I found trendy boutiques, late-night bars in restored old buildings, and rows of cars for sale on almost every corner.

Canberra, the national capital, hardly feels like a city, but it boasts a lovely setting, lots of open space, and interesting architecture. On a crisp winter morning I watched well-dressed

IMPORTING ENTREPRENEURS like California horticulturalist Roger Dutcher and his family is the aim of the Business Migration Program, designed to diversify the economy and open new export markets. Dutcher's genetic-engineering firm seeks to enhance the productivity of plants such as the pine seedlings he holds.

schoolchildren and public servants catch clean swift buses to their gentle labors.

There are only 270,000 people in Canberra, and some Australians who move there from the bustling state capitals find it socially desiccated. A technician duplicating tapes for me in a Canberra office told me with glee that he had just won a one-fifth share in a 1.4-million-dollar lottery prize.

"Have you been trying for a long time?" I asked out of fascination at the motives of lottery-ticket buyers.

"Only since I came to Canberra three years ago. As soon as you arrive, you think about how on earth you're going to get out—I thought buying lottery tickets was the way."

The sparse Northern Territory—155,000 people in 520,000 square miles—is a frontier

beyond all frontiers. Darwin is as close to Vietnam as to Tasmania, and it feels closer. A raw, humid, cheerful place, one of Australia's few substantially multiracial cities, it cares for the future, not the past, and regards Canberra as an obstacle in its path to mining, tourist, and industrial development.

"The north coast of Australia is basically unguarded," territory Chief Minister Steve Hatton told me. "Outside of Darwin, drug runners operate with impunity." These tropical beaches are also the country's first line of defense against any turbulence—discreetly unmentioned—that may emanate from volatile Indonesia.

"THERE IS A CERTAIN INNOCENCE about being an Australian," painter Sidney Nolan said years ago, and still today I find this true. Perhaps it stems from the youthfulness of the nation—and its distance from the evils of the Old World.

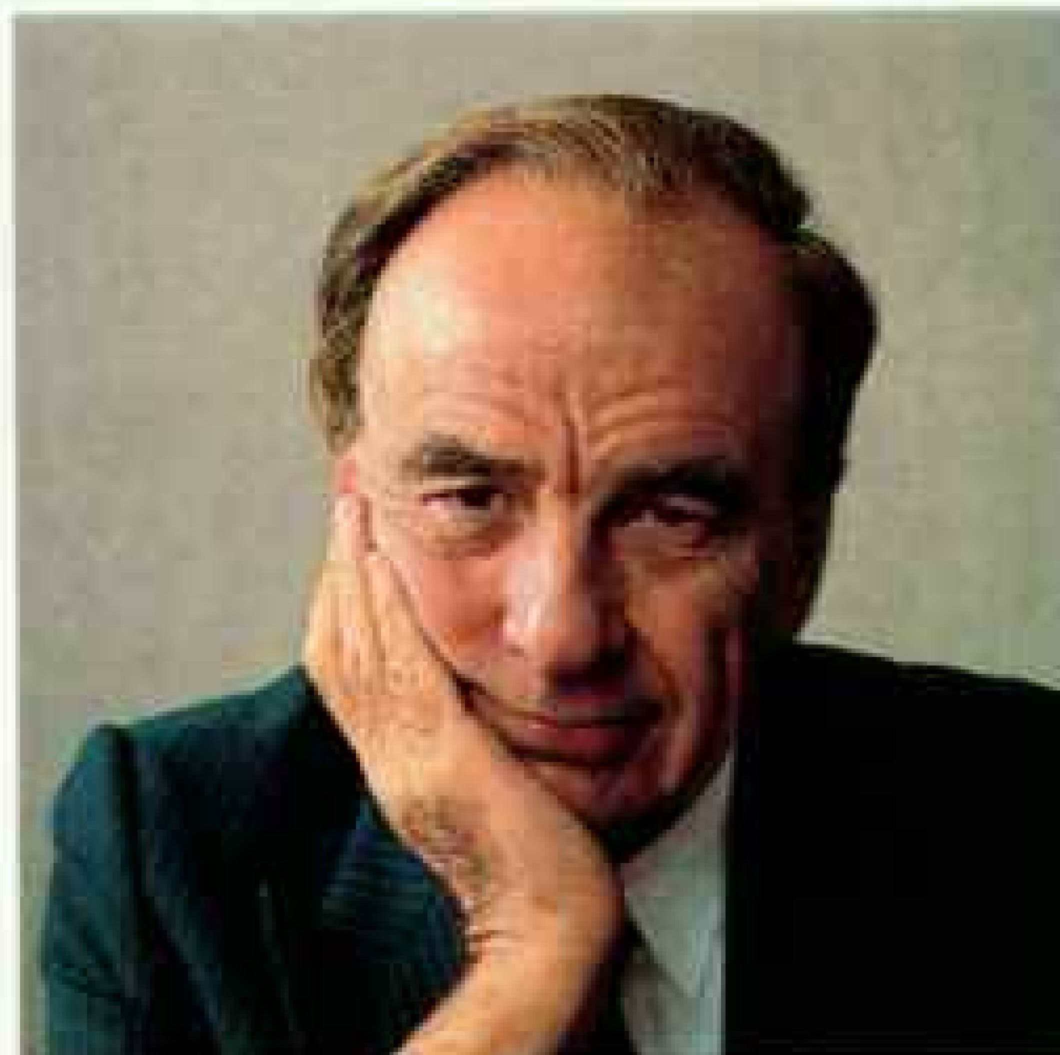
Or perhaps it results from closeness to nature. Magpies swoop down to try to take a peck at my head in a Canberra street. Sea gulls fly up from Port Phillip Bay to circle over my family's home in a Melbourne suburb. Adelaide in spring is suffused with the smell of golden wattle and gray-green eucalyptus. Downtown Hobart is five minutes from the bush.

In Sydney, checking into a local pub that offered accommodation, I proffered a $50 bill for the first night's "rent," as the lady at the counter called it.

"Jeez, I've got no change," she said. "I'll give you the $20 later." I hesitated, thinking that perhaps I should have a receipt. I needn't have worried. An hour later the cook arrived at my room with a $20 bill. "Some lovely fresh snapper just in, by the way," he volunteered as he breezed back to his kitchen.

On the other hand the "knocker" strain in Australian culture can still be found. Some conservative intellectuals dislike the philosophical emptiness they sense around them. "We used to joke that at parties you shouldn't talk about politics or religion," remarked Professor Leonie Kramer at the University of Sydney. "Now there's endless talk about politics, but still none about questions of the spirit."

I discussed the self-deprecatory side of the Australian soul with Melbourne author Bruce Grant. "Perhaps it's the convict origins," Grant mused. "Perhaps it's the sense we have of being a minor dependency of Western civilization. There's long been a sense of low self-esteem. But



Rupert Murdoch PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL O'BRIEN

at last we're becoming more confident—thank heavens."

Part of the problem is simply that Australia has only 16 million people and is far from the world's power centers. Barry Jones spoke to me of his frustrations as science minister. Australia has been a world leader in synthesizing a human growth hormone.

"But the reaction in Australia was, 'That's terribly interesting, and we're so pleased for you.' People never say, 'Right, let's develop it—here's a medical problem we can resolve for the world.' They say, 'What do the Americans think?' And if the Yanks think it's terrific, the Australians say, 'Well, there wouldn't be any point in us trying to get involved too.'"

Jones gave a bitter laugh. "Yet if the Americans aren't interested, the reaction is, 'Oh, the idea can't be any bloody good. Why bother if the Americans don't want to be in it?'"

"It gives you a kick, as an Australian going out into the world, to have successes on a larger stage," said publisher Rupert Murdoch (above),

who is probably the most influential Australian-born person now living (he became a U. S. citizen in 1985). The words not only explain the publisher's extraordinary dynamism but perhaps, as well, the inner frustration of the more ambitious of the faraway Aussies.

All the last three Australian prime ministers have asked me if I am really in America to stay, or whether, maybe, I might come back—as if implying some abandonment on my part, or perhaps expressing a certain regret at the loss of native sons.

"By the time I was 12, I was determined to leave Australia," author Germaine Greer has said, and indeed during my own years in Australia a steady flow of talent went to Europe and America. Said journalist Maxwell Newton, who years ago moved to New York City: "If I do good work [in America], people are happy about it. In Australia what I found was that if I did good work, people would be angry about it."

Yet the feelings of inferiority are receding. "Years ago I saw Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco," said New South Wales environment minister Bob Carr, "and I thought what a pity Australia can't enliven its urban areas. But now we're doing it. Look at the restoration of our state parliament, which is better than what's in Sacramento. Look at our Science and Technology Museum, which is the equal of the Deutsches Museum in Munich. Look at the Darling Harbour project. Australia's lost its feeling that it could never do anything."

GEOGRAPHY tugs against history. One senses that geography will win, but not quickly or totally. Yet already the gradual shift of the center of gravity of Australia's trade, defense, and foreign policy from Europe to Asia has produced some vivid changes.

Two Asias impinge upon late 20th-century Australia. There is poor Asia, most recently the wave of Indo-Chinese immigrants. And there is rich Asia, spearheaded by Japanese trade and investment and tourism, and including Malaysian and Chinese entrepreneurship and investment. Japan takes huge amounts of Australian iron ore and coal, bargaining toughly over prices. From Perth to the Queensland Gold Coast, Japanese have been snapping up residential and commercial property—a total of nearly four and a half billion dollars of purchases in Australia to date.

Japanese tour groups and honeymooners flock to see the penguins in Victoria and the Opera House in Sydney. They climb Ayers Rock in their white hats and impeccable shorts, and view dolphins and flex their muscles in the wide spaces of northern Queensland, photographing much, buying much of the rest.

"Japan already owns us; taking us would be a formality," said media tycoon Kerry Packer.

Some older Australians retain their anti-Japanese feelings from World War II, but these fade. "The Japanese was an atrocious bugger in the war," Sir Sydney Williams, just retired as chairman of Air Queensland, told me in his Cairns office, "but I don't bear any grudge—I'd go out to welcome any Japanese who comes to north Queensland."

Japanese businessmen with experience in Australia speak cautiously of its future.

In his Sydney office Itaru Suzuki, chairman of Mitsui Australia, told me that Australian governments have been urging him to enter manufacturing. "But I am hesitant. Businessmen complain of strikes and the unions behind them. The cultures of our two countries are different. The Japanese tend to think their work for a company is their life itself. In Australia it is a means to an end."

As the Japanese presence in Australia has grown, a Japanese school has appeared in Perth. I visited its 43 pupils and talked with four of them. All felt that their Australian friends study less hard than they do. On the wall of the lobby I noticed some words from the school song: "Black swans on a green land / We make friends in Australia / We will make our own history here in Perth."

As I drove away it was lunchtime, and clusters of kids in their bright winter clothes were eating Japanese box lunches on a lawn, each group with a teacher in its midst. The taxi driver noticed and said to me as we swung onto the highway, "You'd never see Australian teachers doing that during *their* lunch hour."

OTTO ROGGE, AUSTRALASIAN NATURE TRANSPARENCIES (ABOVE)

SACRED SITES to Aborigines of central Australia, the imposing formation called the Olgas, above, and nearby Uluru, or Ayers Rock, are among the nation's most popular tourist attractions. A growing dispute was quieted in 1985 when the area was deeded to local Aborigines, and, as agreed, they leased it back as Uluru National Park. Six of the ten members of the park's board of management are Aborigines (right). Nellie Patterson, far left, says, "We've been given back our Aboriginal spirit."

Defending Australia comes naturally to Josh Pauatjimi and Joe Bourke (left), two of some 40 Aborigine reservists training to guard the north coast. "It's because they identify spiritually with the land," says Sgt. Doug McLean.

Left to right: Nellie Patterson, Barbara Tjikatu, Reggie Uluru, Yami Lester, Tony Tjamiwa, and Peter Kanari

TO CURTAIL a kangaroo population explosion that is destroying ranch fences and pastures, "shooters" such as Queensland's Phil Capewell, left, kill as many as 2.8 million a year for meat, skins, and fur. Yet even shooters have a soft spot for the roo: Capewell's assistant cuddles an orphaned joey.

CAPE YORK PENINSULA in the far northeast thrusts like a horn toward Asia, its tip 90 miles south of Papua New Guinea. Beyond Cairns, near Cape Tribulation, Captain Cook's problems with the hazards of the Great Barrier Reef began in 1770, and farther north, in today's charming township of Cooktown on the banks of the Endeavour River, Cook beached and repaired his ship, spending more time here than on any other portion of the Australian mainland.

Cook Shire, with its river weaving like a blue thread through deep green foliage, holds 5,000 people, a third of them Aborigines, in an area almost the size of England. With Cooktown as its seat, it is the largest shire in Queensland and the second largest in the nation.

My host, a German-born Australian named Hans Looser, pointed out the Cooktown race course. "Often the grass is so high you can't see the horses—you just see the jockeys' caps bobbing up and down and hope for the best."

I went to see the former Cooktown train station, which is now a kindergarten, and later, at the shire offices, librarian Pauline Grey and a middle-aged lady who came to borrow an American novel recalled the closing down of the narrow-gauge railroad line that plied a short scenic route west from Cooktown.

"It 'appened in 1961," said the lady, "when Cooktown was low."

"Must have been a sad day?" I ventured.

"It's even sadder today to realize how much tourist revenue we're losing by not having it open. Tourists love them little trains."

One old-timer, William Russell, age 95, described a small effect of Australia's tough economic times, which Cooktown's tourist efforts seek to counter. "I started smoking at age seven," he said, "and I gave it up in 1984 because of the high price of pipe tobacco."

A major Australian growth industry in recent years has been the arts. As the world discovered Australia through works like the films *Breaker Morant* and *My Brilliant Career*, landscapes by Sidney Nolan, the novels *Voss* and *The Tree of Man* by Patrick White, and the rock songs of Midnight Oil, so too Australians found something new and exciting about themselves in the mirror of the arts.

CROCODILE LOVER Lew Bellinger of Humpty Doo, Northern Territory, once bagged crocs for a living, but turned conservationist when their numbers fell sharply in the 1960s.

Characteristically, government funding has sparked the new artistic vigor. Even David Williamson, a self-reliant artist whose popular *Don's Party* and other plays have depicted urban middle-class life, got his start with a grant.

"Without knowing I had that $7,000 for a year," he said as we chatted on the veranda of his graceful old Sydney home, "I doubt I would have had the courage to cast everything aside and have a go."

In the desert west of Alice Springs I caught up with Midnight Oil in unlikely concert. They were on a joint tour with an Aboriginal band that expressed singer Peter Garrett's commitment to Aboriginal land rights, world peace, and other causes. The bands thumped away under spotlights in the flat, dusty settlement of Papunya, as children jived and rocked in perfect rhythm before them.

Because of the new vigor in the arts, the sense of what it means to be an Australian has changed. The two-fisted male bushman has receded. Urban themes and images have crowded in upon outback landscapes.

WITH LEADING BLACK WRITER Faith Bandler, I talked of race and tradition. "I feel rather strangled by Australianism," she said. "They say we blacks are part of the Third World, but to me there's no such bloody thing as the Third World. There's only one world."

In Melbourne I heard an echo of these sentiments from Paul Cox, director of *My First Wife*, *Man of Flowers*, and other films. "The more I understand of the world, the less I want to belong to any particular country," Cox said.

"But this is an amazing country," said the Dutch-born director, who stressed the habitat. He summed up his art as an attempt "to make people more aware of their inner self. Like when we look at a tree. There's enormous strength under the earth to give that tree life. But we never see the roots, and we never think about them. You know, we admire the tree for traveling through the seasons, but where's the respect for the very roots that hold the tree deeply in the earth? It's exactly like that with people."

The feeling that Australia can't quite control its own destiny still produces cynicism and fatalism. "We are a fairly cynical nation," observed Jim Kirk, chairman of the Bicentennial Authority, "and one of the aims for the bicentennial is to try to stir nationalism."

Says Stephen Murray-Smith, who founded and still edits *Overland*, Australia's distinctive literary magazine: "No country in the world knows as little about itself as Australia."

Disagreement exists as to which date is truly Australia's national day. James Cook's arrival date 218 years ago? The first governor's hoisting of the British flag near Sydney 18 years later (the present Australia Day)? The day in 1901 when the six British colonies formed a federation of Australia? Or the unknown day far in the mists

TO REJUVENATE THEIR LAND, three generations of Speirs—74-year-old Roy, son Bill, and grandsons Sam and Tom—plant red gum seedlings on the family's 4,650-acre sheep station in Victoria. Mature trees will stem erosion and lower the water table and related soil salt level. Loggers have clear-cut sections of Queensland's tropical rain forest (bottom), nominated for protection as a world heritage site.

LEO MEIER, WELDON TRANNIES (BELOW)

of the past when the first people reached Australian shores?

"The Australian character?" mused former foreign minister Andrew Peacock. "I think it's a character shrouded in an unnecessary modesty, which then becomes fierce when prodded." Only rarely is the Australian prodded.

Australians complain about their "terrible problems" at the same time that they enjoy the luxury of not having to do anything drastic about them.

On the other hand the Australian retains his appealing candor and directness. People say what they think, even about race and religion. The language of parliament, press, and public life is close to the language of daily life.

I attended the launching party for Helen Garner's *The Children's Bach* at which the novelist said in her brief remarks: "I'm glad my parents are here tonight. This is the first of my book launches they've been to. The reason is that in the past we didn't get on, but now we do."

"The cardboard-cutout establishment is just withering away," Senator Gareth Evans told me. Today the establishment has to do mostly with merit and push. Birth and land don't matter much any more.

LEFT AND RIGHT have lost some of their meaning. Both old-line left and right sound disappointed by Australia today. Yet among a younger generation new motivations stir. Like their seniors, the young have fresh starting points and blend idealism and interests, insights and blind spots into their own social philosophy.

In the work life of the cities a sense of the need to struggle has grown. Success is less often mocked than in my youth. Even the 14-year-old girls I spoke with at Ascham School in Sydney singled out successful entrepreneurs such as Robert Holmes à Court—a Perth-based businessman who is perhaps Australia's wealthiest person—as worthy of admiration.

The reexamination of the welfare state is widespread, searching, and far from over. Some businessmen, tiring of a decade and more of capitalism bashing, are speaking up for business values and finding a pleasing response. And the immigrant flow will not in the long run benefit the trade unions or the bearers of Australia's radical traditions.

In the streets crime grows. At my home in Melbourne during the 1960s we locked the door only if we were going away for several days. According to my mother that same house is the only one on a street of 20 that has not been burgled in recent years.

On a wall in Perth I saw scrawled "Feed The Poor, Eat The Rich," and anger and despair do

FLEET OF WELL-WISHERS *accompanies Sydney's working ferryboats during the 1984 running of Ferrython, an annual race across the harbor. The finish line—beyond the white, scalloped Opera House—was literally the end for the 67-year-old* Karrabee, *far left, "last of the great wooden boats," which sank at dockside.* GEORGE HALL, WELDON TRANNIES

grow in some quarters. "School Sux," someone had written in purple crayon on a wall in the poor Sydney suburb of Redfern. During 1987 I was for the first time asked for money on an Australian street. Equally shocking to one brought up in this country, I was insulted by the beggar when I declined to offer any.

Despite skillful efforts at disciplined economic management by the Hawke government, economic crisis still shadows the face of Australia. Nothing can take away the unpleasant facts. The Australian dollar has lost 50 percent of its value against the Japanese yen in the past three years. Australia's foreign indebtedness is so huge that nearly a fifth of yearly export income goes to pay interest on it. Both the inflation rate (8.3 percent) and the unemployment rate (7.7 percent) are well above the average of Western industrialized nations. Savings are low, and business investment is even lower.

"IT'S A HARD GAME TO GIVE UP, MATE," says Toots Holzheimer, who logs a thousand miles a week hauling "anything and everything" through the lonely outback of northern Queensland. She says 20 years of dirt roads and axle grease—along with raising eight kids—have made her a realist. "And I'll probably drive till I'm dead."

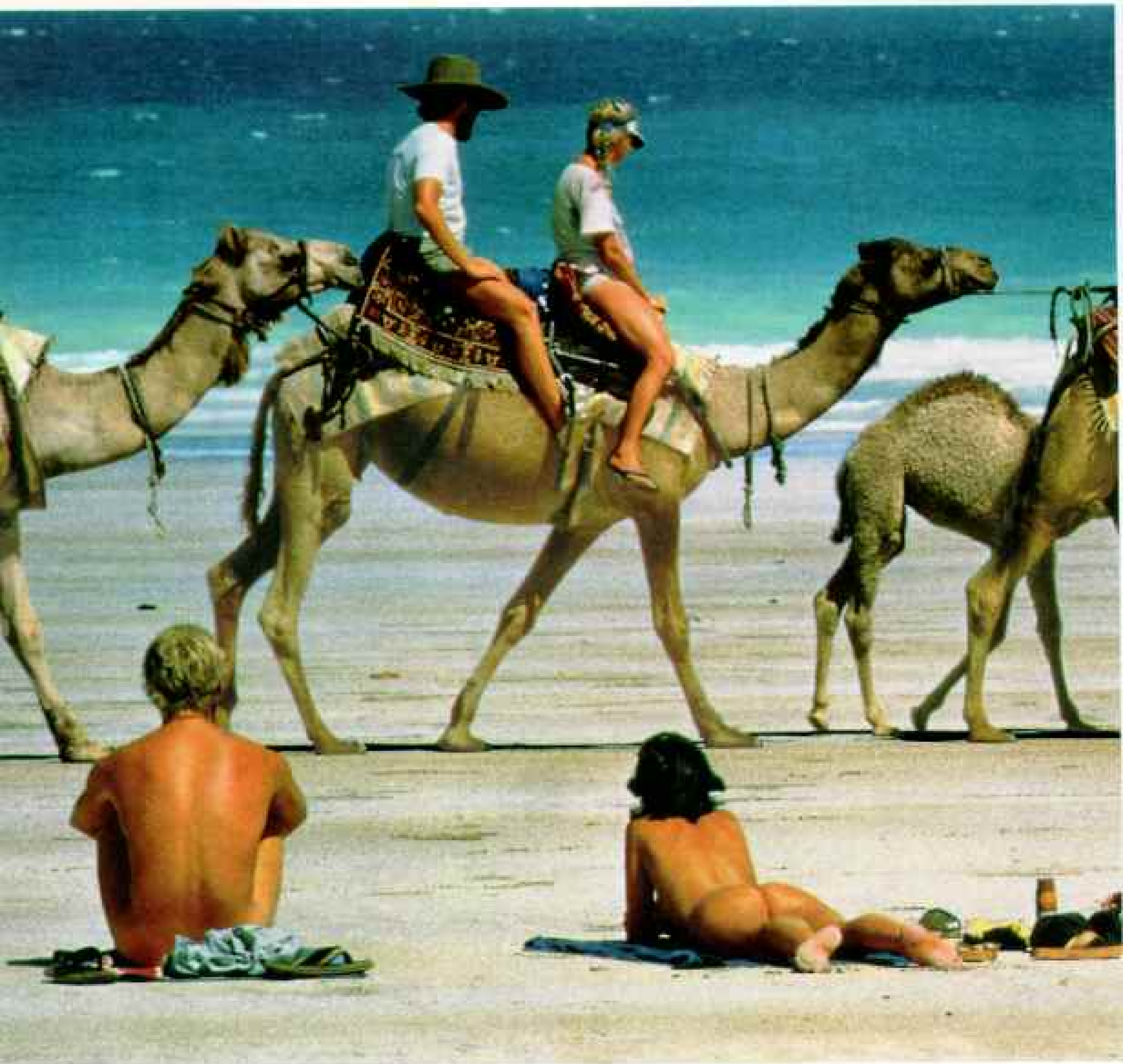
In some realms the "lucky country," as Australia sometimes calls itself, seems out of luck. The farmers are in debt. Industry labors under the disadvantages of protectionism's lull, a small internal market, and high costs. Mining has not as yet proved a panacea.

A fifth of the young are unemployed. The ratio of the number of people on government benefits to taxpayers has risen from one to seven in the 1960s to nearly one to two today—and meanwhile the population ages quickly.

For a family the purchase of an Australian-made car in 1987 cost 51 weeks' average earnings, compared with 35 weeks' in 1982.

Sir Arvi Parbo, a respected business figure, said to me in a slow deliberate tone: "If we do not act, the time will come when people won't lend us money any more—this is not economic theory, not ideology, just an arithmetic fact."

The specter of dependence looms once more.



CAMELS NEVER BAT AN EYE *at the local dress code, say those who rent them to sightseers on Cable Beach, near Broome on the Indian Ocean. Despite a quickened pace as their country enters its third century, Aussies too are a pretty laid-back lot, says author Ross Terrill. "The most Australian thing you can do is to lie on a clean, wide, beautiful beach."*

Australia is no longer in great danger of being drawn into other nations' wars far from its own territory. But, being small and much affected by world commodity prices, it cannot alone determine its economic health. Luck will be part of any economic recovery to the ranks of the world's most prosperous nations that Australia may make in the 1990s.

At their bicentennial, Australians see much

ROD TAYLOR, WESTERN AUSTRALIA NEWSPAPERS

to be proud of. They become more aware of themselves as a unique civilization. And they address with an extra determination some large unfinished tasks.

Said Creighton Burns, editor of *The Age* in Melbourne and a veteran of World War II: "More people feel they know what this country is about than did when I was growing up." A feeling exists that the future is open, that Australia still has the chance to make a better fist of things than has been done elsewhere.

In Sydney a Vietnamese immigrant talked about 1960s Saigon, then his home. "It was still quite pretty," I volunteered, having visited the city in 1965. He was silent for a while. "Yes, Vietnam's just been an unlucky country."

To this immigrant, and surely to many others, Australia is still a lucky country. □

Doug and Tony Andrews, station owner and son

Marcus Winter Cooke, station heir

Charlie Galloway, retired miner

Tracey Devery and Ian Barnwell, tattoo patrons

Vince Vincini, retired miner and stockman

Adele Weiss, fashion designer

J. Pike, J. Shandaliaris, ballroom dancers

M. Kerr, K. Pantall, G. Sutton, sheepshearers

Fred Brown, unemployed stockman

Wendy Hughes, actress

L. Bampton, M. West, ballroom dancers

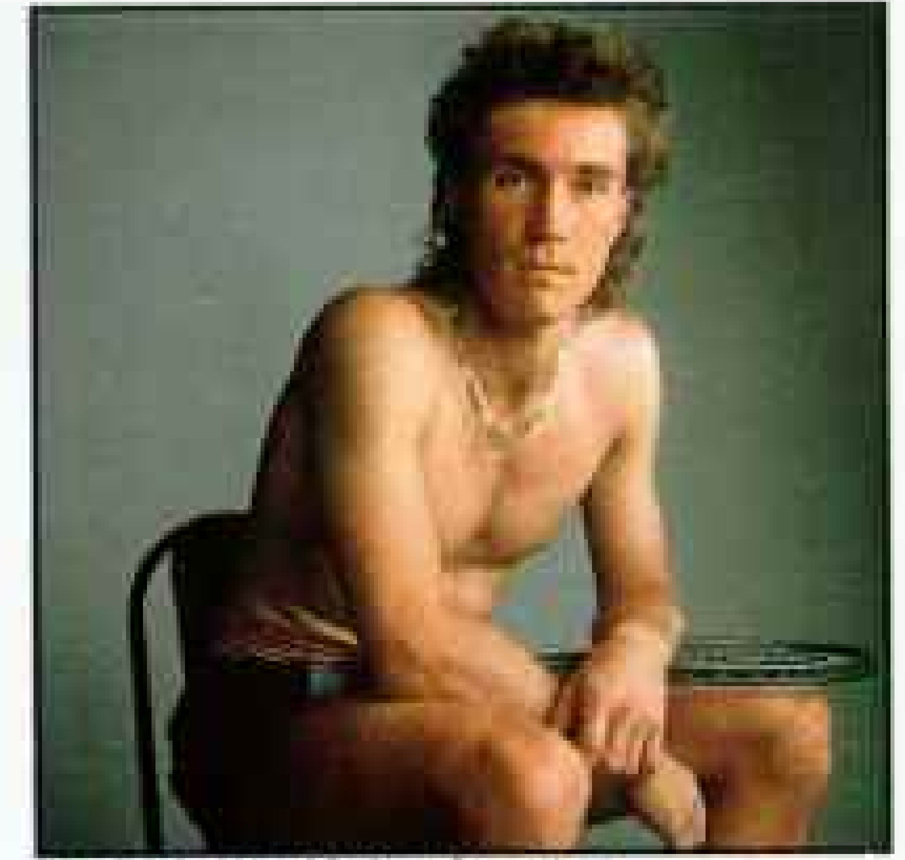
Mary Scorer, polo fan

Pro Hart, artist

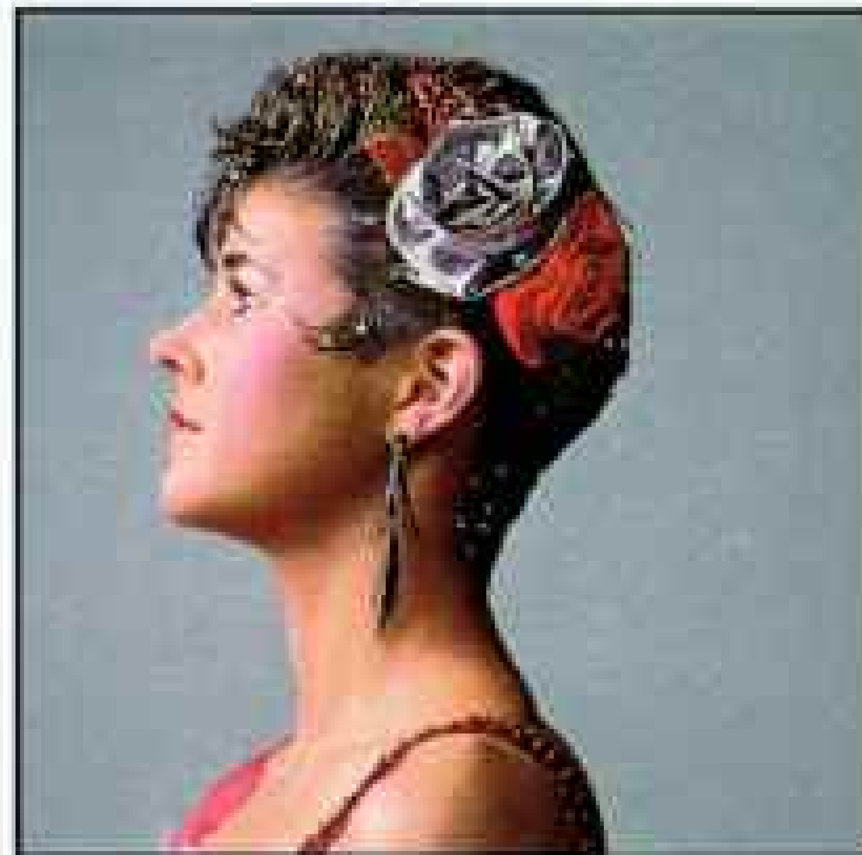
Cynthia Little, teenager

Peter Murray, slaughterman

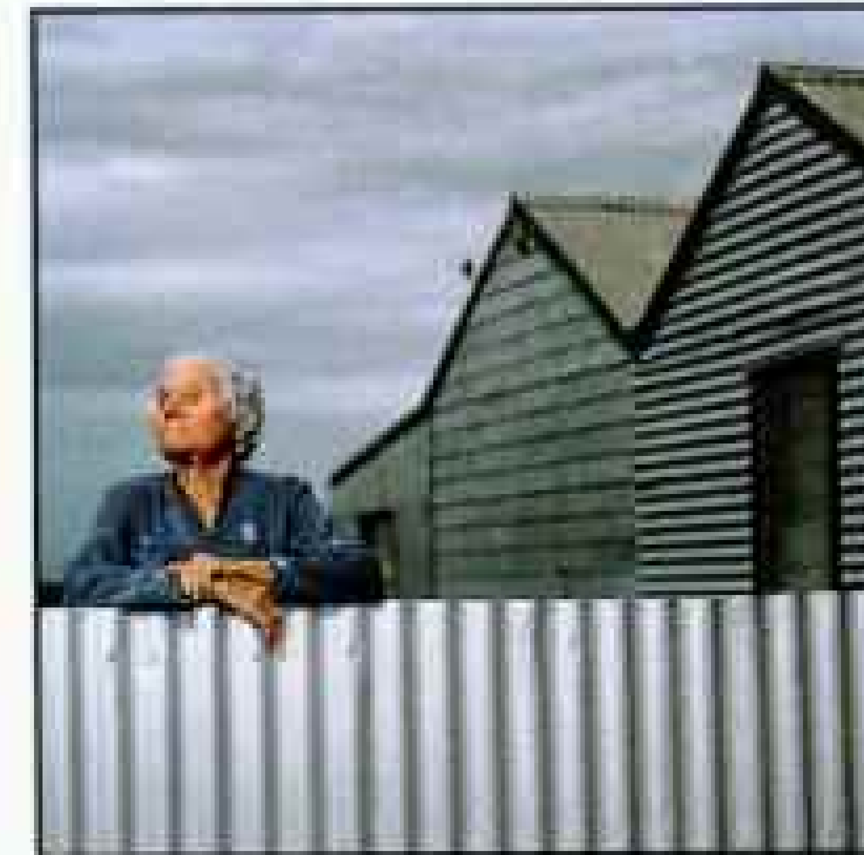
Paul Cox, filmmaker, with daughter, Kyra


Pat Cash, Wimbledon champion

Melva Lorne and Kathleen Galsworthy, golfers


Maria Pople, ballroom dancer

Horace Donaldson, station owner


Maude Trenaman, pensioner

M. Burk, R. Cameron, G. Cassidy, swimmers

Sir Francis Burt, Chief Justice of W. Australia

Daniel Wyer, surfer

Sonny Kearney, trainer; Kerry Spelo, boxer

William Sydney O'Neil, retired union official

Lilly Kiely, crossing guard

AUSTRALIANS

Photographs by MICHAEL O'BRIEN

If you'd like to
know more of me
inquire at the pub at
Tennant Creek
or at any drover's camp
or shearing-shed,
or shout any bloke in
any bar a drink,
or yarn to any bloke
asleep on any beach;
they'll tell you
about me. . . .

"THEY'LL TELL YOU ABOUT ME"
IAN MUDIE

In the track of tradition, stockman Danny Perry, 23, is the only year-round hired hand on the Murndal Estate, a 4,000-acre sheep station outside Hamilton, Victoria. Here he shares his motorcycle with his dog, Mate.

Picture text by
ELIZABETH A. MOIZE
SENIOR ASSISTANT EDITOR

POET IAN MUDIE'S lines reflect the ethnic rootstock of Australians. Running away, running toward, compelled to go, gambling to go, they were first a people thrown together. From the ranks and chains of the convicted, they walked out on the land as drovers, shepherds, shearers, farmers, cowboys. Where the land was verdant, they became "kings in grass castles" and, where it was not, stones in cemeteries tended by the wind.

Later they came as settlers and hopeful miners chasing after gold and stayed on as masons, grocers, brewers to satisfy a thirst that still ranks Australia first in alcohol consumption among English-speaking peoples. A few, like Ned Kelly, became bushrangers who, in view of the past, were romanticized and beloved.

And nearly all of them were white—Anglo or Celtic, sometimes with chin uptilted claiming bluer blood, or spreading ruddy broad over a bluer collar. From the January day in 1788 when the first convict ships dropped anchor until the last arrived in 1867, some 45,000 Irish prisoners were transported. Their progeny are prominent in much of Australia.

Others too came early. American James Mario Matra had sailed with explorer James Cook, and it was his idea to found a penal colony in New South Wales. An Italian jeweler named Brentani helped start the great gold rush of 1851 by selling a nugget to an English sea captain. Italians came in numbers to mine gold and later to cut cane in the hot north, and their descendants today are the largest group after the British and the Irish.

Followed by Greeks, who first appeared in 1829 as British convicts who had been sentenced on Malta for piracy. The gold rush brought others—from Ithaca and Kythrea and Kálimnos, island spice in the blood of an island continent.

Now, as Ross Terrill reports in the previous article, one of every three newcomers is Asian, and the demographic mix is due for another stir. But the vast majority of Australians and the matrix of their character remain overwhelmingly British and Irish.

The older among them still hup-hup-hurray on Anzac Day, while the younger go off to the movies to watch anti-imperial films like *Gallipoli* and *Breaker Morant* and tell anti-British, or pommy, jokes.

In the films, they see in the faces of actors like Mel Gibson, Olivia Newton-John, and Paul Hogan the visage that the world came to know in tennis stars like Rod Laver, Ken Rosewall, John Newcombe, Roy Emerson, Evonne Goolagong, and Pat Cash and in golfers like Bruce Crampton, David Graham, and Greg Norman.

Familiar, informal, attractive, open, but different—a kind of not-American American, a not-English Englishman. The difference is underscored by the accent, for early on classless Australia had unclipped the language and flattened out the vowels and kicked the ends of sentences up into questions, rather than shadow the downward drawl of a duke.

Its speakers are more egalitarian than the English and more unified than the Americans. The Sydney taxi driver expects a single passenger to ride in the front seat; the waitress seldom expects a tip with its vague whiff of condescension; managers are apt to wear their sleeves rolled up and ambitions down for fear of being labeled a "tall poppy."

Egalitarian, but still with the male more equal, though things are inevitably changing. The animated faces of sports fans—cheering the mayhem of Australian Rules football, Thoroughbreds turning for home, 12-meter yachts with spinnakers straining for the America's Cup—are those of men and their mates, male buddies. It is a tradition that may go back to earliest times when, as John Pringle notes, "men couldn't choose their friends; they were all in it up to the neck together."

Where does that leave the Australian woman? Often more isolated than her man in terms of the general society. She too suffers from history, when the first women put ashore were reputed to be, unfairly, the harvest of English brothels.

"Men either do not want to talk to me or do not know how," says a modern woman.

And what of the first Australians, the Aborigines who arrived 40,000 and more years ago? Stanley Breeden and Belinda Wright examine the survival of the old ways and the impact of the new, in the concluding articles of this issue.

Australians seem to be moving ever closer to a new national identity, a truly separate people composed of many parts but distinct. Malcolm Muggeridge once remarked: "To be fair to Australians, they don't afford excessive respect to anybody." But, through sports and business and politics and the arts, they are requiring more respect from the world than ever before—"a-waltzing Matilda" toward a future their forebears could not have dreamed of in their own version of the old Dreamtime.

—JOSEPH JUDGE

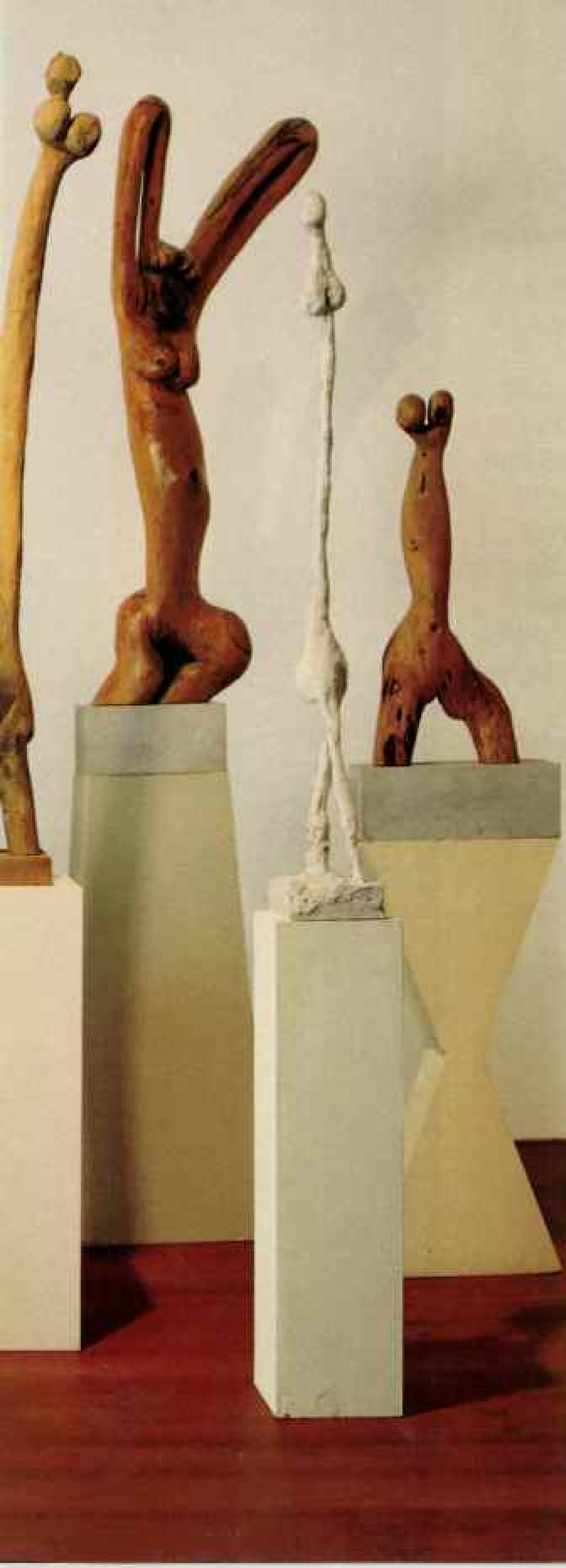
Matriarch of Murndal, Marcia Winter Cooke takes her ease in the library of the house whose beginnings date to 1838. Her son, Samuel, is the fourth generation to manage the station, one of the large estates that form the backbone of Australia's sheep and cattle industry.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN photographed the article on coal in the June 1983 GEOGRAPHIC. He lives in New York City.

"Wouldn't be doing anything else," says Rick Seymour, a slaughterman at the government-owned Homebush Abattoir Corporation in Sydney. He started at age 16, washing out the plant after school. Seymour is among the 57 percent of the nation's work force that holds a union card.

Poised beyond their years, Crista Haas and Russell Crowe, both 11, were one of 135 couples competing in a Sydney dance festival last July. Bespangled and crisp of crease, they performed the waltz, foxtrot, quickstep, and Latin and new vogue dances. Several ballroom dancing competitions are held in Sydney alone almost every weekend.

Gentlemen at their club, Maj. Gen. Allan Charles Murchison, standing, and Maj. Tony White enjoy a game of snooker at Sydney's Royal Automobile Club—the home also of the Imperial Service Club for active and retired military. During World War II Murchison rose from lance sergeant to lieutenant colonel by age 27.

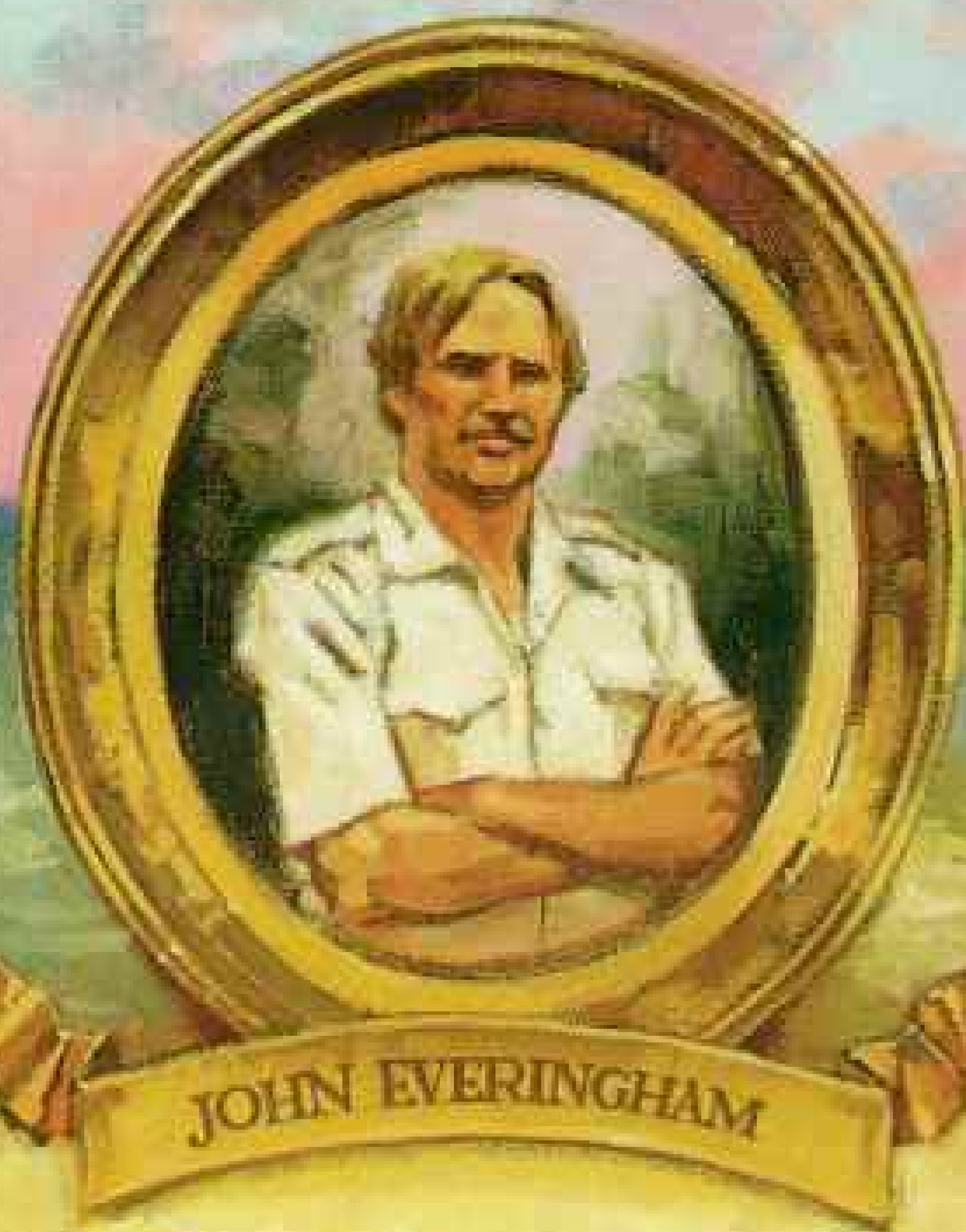


"Outrageously brilliant," a critic called Brett Whiteley, one of Australia's premier artists. Primarily known for his paintings, Whiteley poses in his studio with sculptures that include an open-mouthed shark and female figures made of mangrove wood.

Thirty-seven years a miner, Kevin Harris ends his 8 a.m. to 3 p.m. shift at the Zinc Corporation Mine in Broken Hill, New South Wales—site of the world's richest silver-lead-zinc deposit. In this land of immense mineral wealth, Kevin's family has paid a high price: "Been three Harrises killed in the mines," he says.

Dressed in whites, Joyce Coulton, left, and Melva Stephens help keep a bit of British heritage in Australia. "Lawn bowling is a very good game for companionship and sportsmanship," Coulton says. "If you win, it's a bonus." She and her partner are from Whyalla, South Australia, and travel throughout the region to tournaments.

□



Children of the First Fleet

Banished to the farthest corner of the earth, a cargo of British convicts inaugurated a nation when they landed at Sydney on January 26, 1788. One of those aboard the infamous First Fleet was Matthew Everingham, transported for stealing two lawbooks. Despite near starvation and harsh punishments, Matthew served his term and went on to settle the land. He and his wife, Elizabeth, raised nine children, the beginnings of a prolific family line. Photojournalist John Everingham here recounts his ancestor's story and visits with many of his Australian relatives.

BY
JOHN EVERINGHAM

PAINTING BY
ROY ANDERSEN

Mathew James Everingham

London,

Upon Condition, That if
personally appear at the next
holden for the City of London
of Indictment to be

THE CRIME AND PUNISHMENT of Matthew Everingham, as recorded at London's Old Bailey court, couldn't have been clearer. For attempting to pawn two books belonging to an attorney, the lad, only 14 or 15, would be transported for seven years. After three years' imprisonment in a hulk on the Thames, he became one of 776 convicts loaded into the dark holds of 11 ships that sailed on May 13, 1787. Ship's officer William Bradley painted their arrival in Sydney

Harbour after eight months at sea. Initials believed to be Bradley's can still be seen carved on a Sydney bluff.

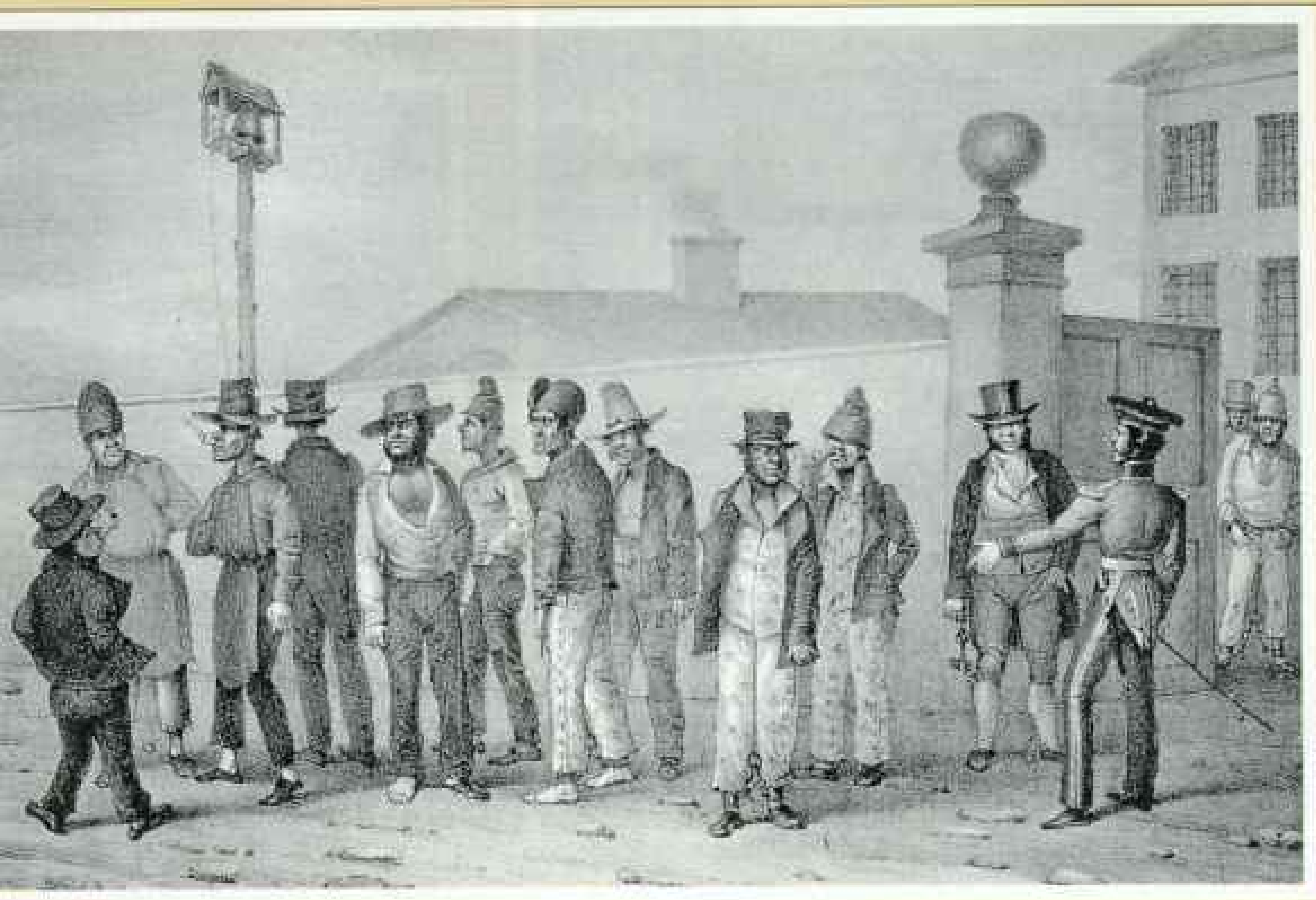
Re-creating that epic journey, a fleet of tall ships left England last July to arrive in Australia for the bicentennial celebration. The fleet here rounds Cape Horn.

MICHAEL ST. MAUR SHEIL (ABOVE); DAVID TURNLEY (LEFT); MITCHELL LIBRARY, SYDNEY (BELOW)

"A CONVICT? THAT'S TERRIBLE!" My friend's face contorted with a mix of sympathy and suppressed horror. I'd just mentioned, over the noise of a dinner party, that my ancestor had been a convict—mentioned it my Australian way, with a tinge of First Fleet pride. But he missed that, for this was Bangkok, Thailand, a royal land where rank and pride are one. "You should dig deeper," he said. "With a name like Everingham, surely you could find a lord back there." Maybe, but Australians do like their convicts.

It was July 1784, trial number 775 in London's Old Bailey court. Judge Rose passed a stern, crime-calloused look over the trembling lad of 14 or 15, charged with stealing two lawbooks.

"The prisoner's defense?" demanded the judge. The boy could scarcely brave a glance up through his matted, dirty hair.



HUMAN REFUSE in Britain, colony builders abroad, a work gang in Sydney is depicted in an 1830 lithograph. Before transporting was abolished in 1868, 162,000 convicts had been sent out to Australia. In Tasmania, where the convict system was particularly harsh, fetters and hoods, worn by recalcitrant criminals, are displayed in Port Arthur's partly restored prison.

"I was in great distress . . . ," whispered Matthew James Everingham, my ancestor and founder of a small dynasty on a far face of the earth.

"Guilty!"

"In great distress" described a large portion of Georgian London's population. England shuddered with social turmoil. The industrial revolution had created a new class of urban poor, hungry and bitter in their back-alley hovels. Crime flourished, and the elite's reprisal—the iron fist of law—was severe to the extreme.

The court transcript recorded young Matthew Everingham's penalty succinctly: "Transported for seven years."

Transported. Discarded from his motherland, crammed into the dark, airless hold of a tiny sailing vessel, *Scarborough*, Matthew and

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF AUSTRALIA (FACING PAGE); DAVID ROBERT AUSTEN

775 other petty criminals spent eight months as cargo carcasses exported to the unimaginable, farthest edge of the world.

That distant shore had seen only one other English vessel, James Cook's *Endeavour* in 1770. No land survey had been made. It was quite a shock when that First Fleet of 11 little vessels finally arrived and found the rich soil and open grassy lands of their expectations to be thin, rocky hills dense with wiry, inhospitable bush.

The convicts cut the rocky surface, but crops didn't grow. Seven of the colony's eight cattle escaped. Aborigines, though often friendly, would occasionally spear an unwary colonist. The fleet had brought two years of supplies, but more than two years later neither supply ship nor news had arrived from England. When five ships finally rounded Sydney Harbour's heads, Matthew may have been one of the jubilant rushing to greet them. While one carried some stores, others brought only convicts—another 739 pitiful mouths to feed!

The tiny settlement was stunned by the battered, starving women disgorged like listless sacks from the stinking holds of the hell ship *Neptune*, one of the Second Fleet. The dead and the near dead were dumped ashore. Some 160 had been disposed of at sea.

Among the 341 survivors of *Neptune*, Matthew Everingham found Elizabeth Rimes, about 17, whom he would marry within a year. Of our family's convict ancestress, transported for stealing a blanket and sheet, Matthew later wrote: "A most excellent woman . . . hard indeed to be found in this Colony for the generallity of them . . . disgrace the very

BY MICHAEL COYNE, COURTESY N. B. RITCHIE & SON COLLECTION, UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE ARCHIVES

name of Woman." The violence of Australia's birth left thousands more dead until the last of 162,000 transported convicts were landed in 1868.

IMMERSING MYSELF in the savagery of Matthew's times brought back my own experiences of man's readiness to justify violence against others. Matthew lived at the whim of brutal guards, ready to administer punishment—including execution—on minor pretext. My experience was war, but I understand well the convict sense that one's life is completely at the mercy of someone who would take great pleasure in the killing.

The first time I was held captive was February of 1972. The Vietnam War had spilled full-blown into neighboring Laos. I was there photographing U. S. bomb damage when Communist militia forces took me prisoner. They knew nothing of Australians or photojournalists; to them I was an American "professional bomb dropper." I was cursed at, spit upon, and marched mile upon mile with a carbine pressed into my back by a menacing guard—a nervous boy of perhaps 12 years. His hatred was obvious; so too was his eagerness to make his first kill. I survived captivity for a month, that time, by allowing a quiet submission to overtake me. My ancestor, I'm sure, survived seven years with the same calculated submission of spirit.

Despite the grueling voyage, the servitude, and one recorded flogging—25 lashes for "drunkenness and falsehood"—Matthew wrote in 1789: "I have now two years and seven months to remain a convict and then I am at liberty to act as a free born Englishman ought to do, and sincerely hope I may never more abuse that liberty, too severely have I felt the effect. I am yet but young only 19 and I think if spares my health I shall not be one jot the worse for being transported."

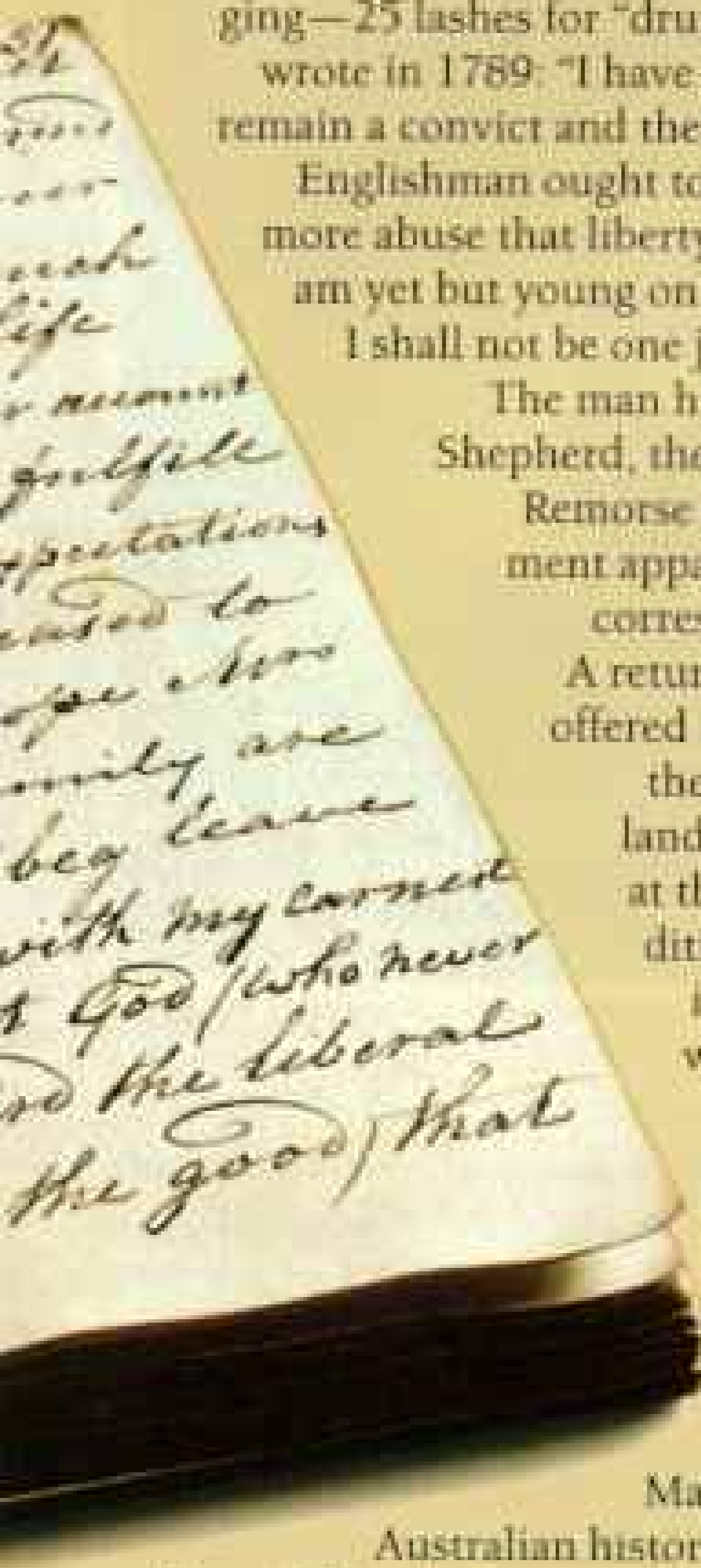
The man his letters were addressed to? Samuel Shepherd, the lawyer whose books he had stolen. Remorse at the severity of Matthew's punishment apparently prompted Shepherd to begin correspondence.

A return to England, ships permitting, was offered by the colonial governor when Matthew's term expired—or, alternatively, land on which to settle. "I turned settler at the Ponds," Matthew wrote, "on condition of his supporting me 18 months in provisions and clothing . . . pretty well inured to hard work and having an agreeable partner. . . . The first Six months every thing seemed to run against me my crop failed my Daughter died and my wife hung on my hands very Ill . . . the whole Colony was almost Starving. . . ."

The 50-acre land grant awarded Matthew at Parramatta was the 12th in Australian history. It was hard farming.

He and Elizabeth eventually moved and set the family's roots in the serene, fertile valley of the Hawkesbury River to the north.

The Australian colony was just eight years old. All attempts to

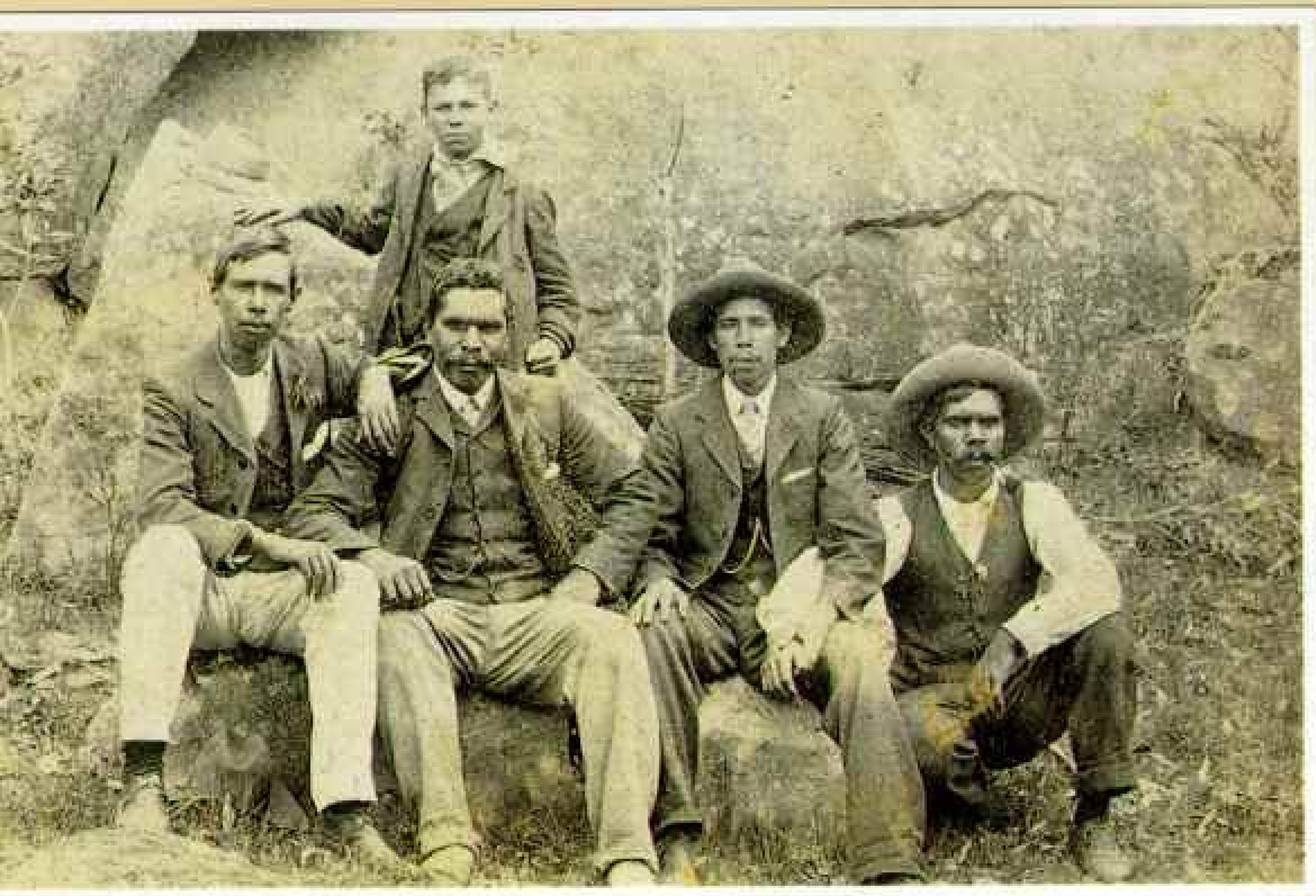


REPENTANCE for his crime abounds in the letters that Matthew Everingham wrote to Samuel Shepherd, the London attorney from whom he stole the two lawbooks. Chronicles of hardship and hope, the letters spanned Matthew's early life in Australia and testify to the strong bond that developed between the former plaintiff and defendant. Because Matthew was one of the few convicts able to read and write, the letters offer a valuable perspective on conditions in New South Wales in its first years. The original letters, probably cross-written in horizontal and vertical lines to conserve paper, were later copied in England.

cross the mountain barrier that walled Sydney on the coastal plain had failed. But Matthew and two companion explorers tackled the mountains by a new route. The awe of Australia's great untouched spaces that emerges from his writings rings familiar. Seven generations later it's a primary emotion, next to family, that constantly draws me back to that vast and lonely, soul-soothing continent.

In the Everinghams' rough pioneer hut below the mountains, nine children were raised on corn, damper bread, and the fear of God. A pious evangelism set son George to become one of the first Australian-born preachers, and for generations colored the family tree.

A corrupt military government bled former prisoners, now "emancipist" settlers. Floods bankrupted the Everingham farm. Aborigines swept out of the bush, spearing both Matthew and Elizabeth before sacking and torching their home.



"THEY HAD FLASH," it was said of the champion Sackville cricket team, which boasted three Aboriginal Everinghams, photographed around 1912: Sidney, far left, Dick, far right, and Charlie, second from right. All were descended from a son of Matthew Everingham who cohabited with an Aborigine.

The Everinghams survived, and more. Matthew had written to Samuel Shepherd in England in 1796 that for "the many comforts we enjoy here, much more than we deserve and the melancholy account we had here of the affairs of Europe (if true) we have great reason to thank the Almighty."

Life in the colony had become so attractive by 1820 that paupers in London were committing crimes in hope of being transported. Free settlers followed, working farm by farm with emancipists. Bonded convicts, assigned to both, shared their food and houses, and sometimes their daughters. Betsy Everingham married her brother's servant, convict Charles Butler, later hanged for murder, reminding me that not all convicts were harmless victims of brutal laws.

Aborigines attacked more European intruders on their Hawkesbury territories. The settlers fought back with muskets, but their cruelest weapon is said to have been poisoned flour. Within decades remnant blacks clung pathetically to the fringes of white society. By most accounts Matthew's son John, a loner, at home with the bush and the Aborigines, fathered son Ephraim with Mildred, a black, grafting an Aboriginal branch to the family tree.

Only the newborn egalitarian spirit that set Australia apart from class-conscious Mother England would permit the next step in Matthew's life: At age 47 he was appointed district constable.

On Christmas Day, 1817, he and another policeman were sent to seize a rum-smuggling ship on the river. Matthew was on board guarding the abandoned ship. And there begins a family argument unsettled to this day. Did he fall overboard and drown because he had taken a nip of the cargo? "Christmas Day," say some, "why not?" "Granny told me he was hit on the head by the rum smugglers. I'll swear to it," 92-year-old Herman Everingham avers.

Two things make Matthew the best documented of the First Fleet convicts: First, he could write; then there's Val Ross. This 53-year-old historian is a woman of the 20th century whose life is tied to a man of the 18th—her ancestor Matthew Everingham. Val's four books on Matthew and his descendants cost her 15 laborious years. For about 7,000 Everingham descendants spanning Australia—more than 90 percent of them from Matthew's issue—the newly popular game, "find the ancestor," is now as easy as flipping pages.

BLACK AND WHITE, the Everingham descendants are scattered throughout Australia. Thanks to Val Ross's genealogical spadework I have been able to track down many of them:

□ There's Adam Everingham (page 244), the boyish, dynamic Sydney chef and restaurateur who dropped out of school at 15, yet plans to become a millionaire—and probably will—from marketing what he calls the world's first infallible soufflé mix. Chef's Soufflé sold more than 70,000 servings in the first six months in Australia. Adam is now being wooed by London agents, and million-dollar contracts are being discussed with U. S. interests.

□ Cattleman Hubie Everingham calls Alpha home. Just a railhead in a dusty space carved out of the brigalow scrub in central Queensland, Alpha is the only town I'm ever likely to see where the Smiths and Joneses combined are outnumbered by my relatives.

"Nobody 'round here picks a fight with an Everingham," insists Hubie, his face as matter-of-fact straight as a crooked nose allows. Hubie's reputation is pure Wild West, earned with 32 broken bones. He's fallen off a windmill, rolled three cars, been rolled by horses, and in his younger days was no stranger to brawls at the local pub. Wires and steel plates hold bones together, and recently he had open-heart bypass surgery.

"And still," bemoans wife Joan, "he drinks like two fish."

□ John Everingham (how strange to share the same name with another!) is prowling the small dairy-farming town of Kyogle with a slogan hung around his neck. It's election day, and he wants to advertise his own concerns. The sign says, "For God and the Family."

John's a dairy farmer, but says he is compelled to work "to see godly principles established in Australia. I'm grieved by the loss of Christian ethics. Australians are following the self, not God."

COURTESY FLORENCE JACKSON

A THIRD-GENERATION Matthew, "Pepper Mat," is seen with his bride, Sarah Jones, in a wedding picture from 1854. By then there were so many Matthews in the Everingham family, they needed nicknames to distinguish them.

COURTESY GLEN RYLE

JOHN EVERINGHAM, BLACK STAR

When the farm started interfering with his mission to spread the word of God, he began selling off land. In 1981 his calling took him to Hong Kong. There he and an international group of volunteers loaded a million Bibles aboard a barge and sailed for the Chinese mainland. When they hit the beach on their nighttime smuggling mission, 10,000 Chinese Christians were waiting.

"Everinghams are either as ungodly as you can get, or else are very holy men," summarizes John the preacher.

□ When Dr. Doug Everingham was being sworn in as Australia's minister of health in 1972, he refused to "swear by Almighty God." "I'm a practicing atheist," he told me. He took an oath instead. The 64-year-old physician's strong dislike for "the personification of the force of nature . . . as God" has made him a vocal opponent of organized religion. Today, semi-retired, he remains committed to community health, birth control, and abortion on request.

□ Paul Everingham, a still young 43, was a get-things-done Alice Springs lawyer of only 35 when he became chief minister of the Northern Territory—as vast as three Californias; its 150,000 people, though, are well outnumbered by wild buffalo, camels, and huge crocodiles that feast from time to time on their human neighbors.

"I built three towns," he tells me, just three days after retiring undefeated, "but you can't see the things I'm most proud of. I got self-government for the territory and updated the 1860 criminal code; it's now the most modern in the country."

□ Had not Dianne Everingham been a product of the 1960s and '70s cultural upheavals, I'd never have found her in Sydney. Dianne and her "mate" of 11 years, Stan, parents of two children, have never married. Nor has she changed her name. "We think of it as a lifetime relationship. But we're aware other things can happen," says Dianne.

□ Kathleen Everingham is being given her farewell from life in a solemn service at the old church close by Matthew's original land grant at the Ponds. Yet it is her mourning sister who reminds just how thoroughly this "convict" family has infiltrated every nook of the nation. Alma Everingham is also the Roman Catholic nun Sister Mary Francis Regis.

ON THIS SOCIAL PATCHWORK that a convict's offspring have sewn over Australia, where do I fit in? Representative, I believe, of Australia's future directions—growing closer to our Asian neighbors than our relatives in far-off Europe, through travel, trade, and, yes, through the mixture of culture and race.

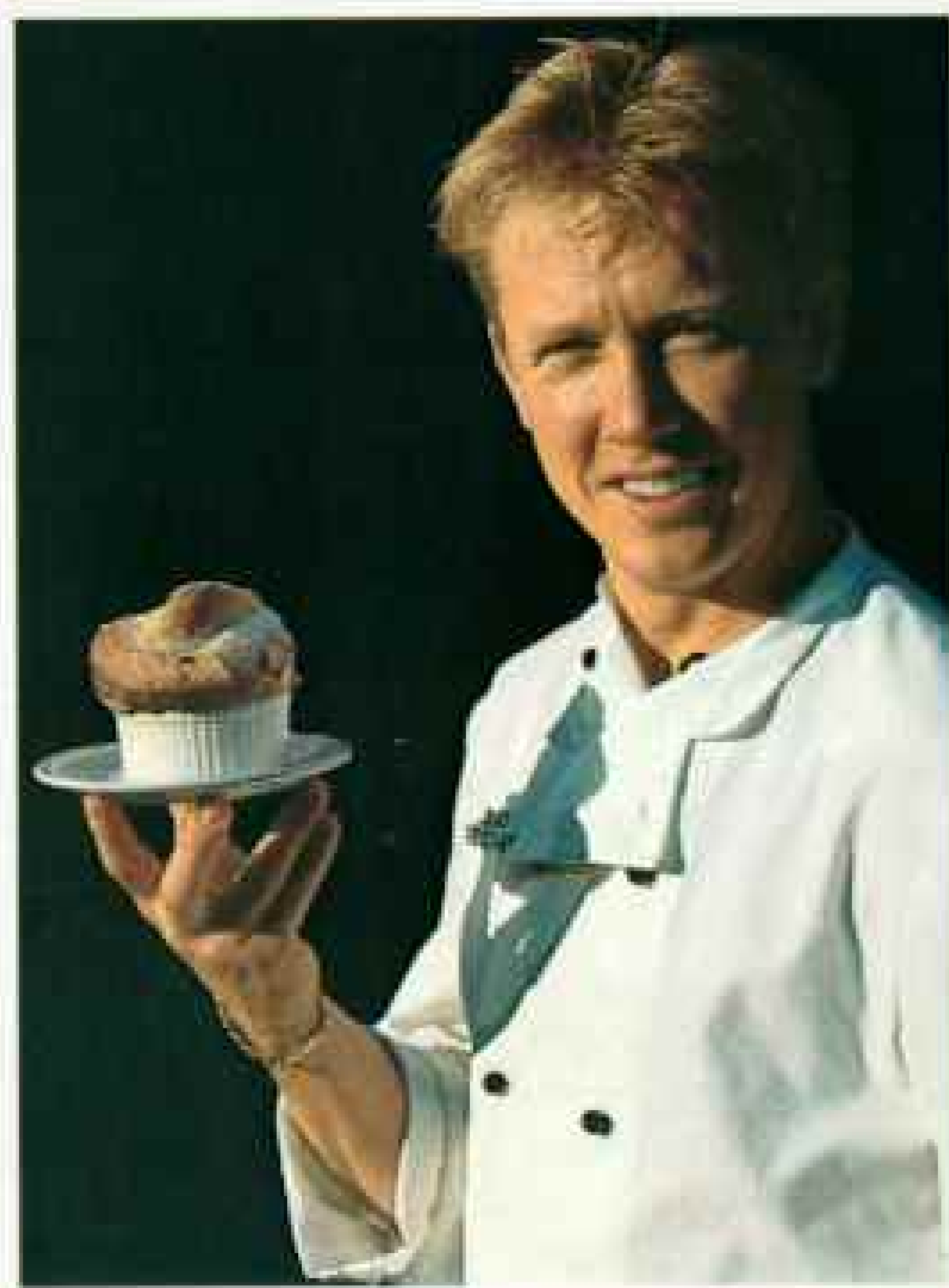
That brings me back to the Bangkok dinner party, and my friend's concern for my heritage. There were prominent Lords Everingham in the 14th century—one of them was the keeper of Sherwood Forest. Are they my direct ancestors? Maybe.

But I'm Australian, 20th century, and I'm proud that at least one ancestor was a First Fleet convict. ◆ ◆ ◆

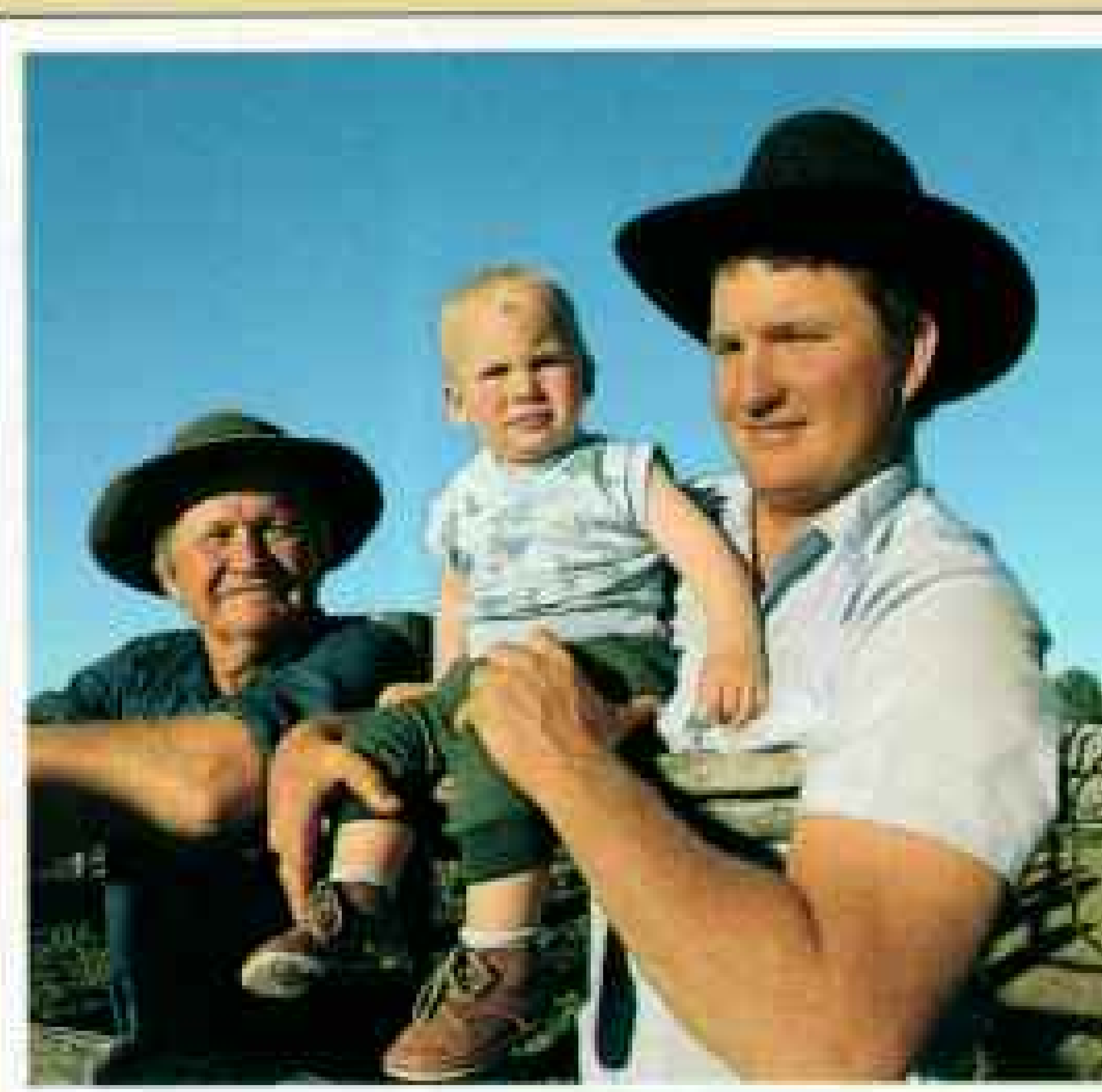
BRANCHING OUT from the Hawkesbury Valley near Sydney in the 1860s, many Everinghams sought greener pastures in the subtropical river valleys of northern New South Wales. Near Taree, tall forests provided timber for a family coach-building business (top) early in the century. Today, near the Queensland border, two Everingham families grow bananas and fatten cattle along Terania Creek (left).

George and Joan Everingham

Rick Everingham



Adam Everingham



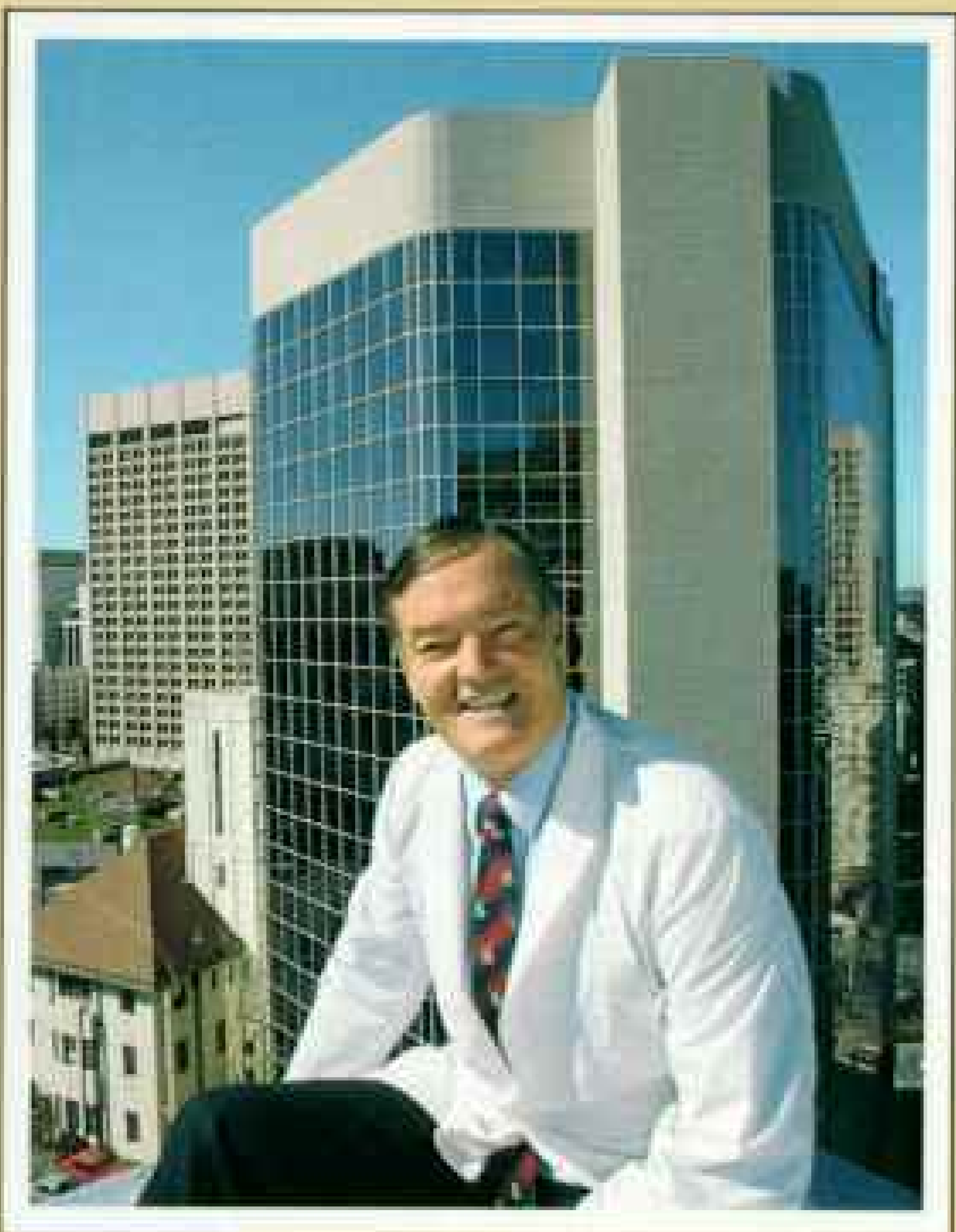
Dick, Damon, and Bevan Everingham

SPANNING THE CONTINENT, Matthew Everingham's descendants today number some 7,000. Upholding the family name on the Hawkesbury River, Bert Everingham builds race boats. He and his two sons have broken several Australian speed records. "We're lucky if the Hawkesbury goes five years without a flood," he says, alluding to the reason why many Everinghams migrated. Some went west to the rich grazing lands of the Queensland outback near Alpha. Working alone, Dick Everingham and his son, Bevan, raise cattle on 36,000 acres of scrubland, which they must continually clear with a bulldozer.

Members of the Bridge family, descended from Matthew Everingham's eldest daughter, ran cattle across the continent to the Kimberley region of Western Australia. Proud of that heritage, which included an outlaw bushranger or two, state parliament member Ernie Bridge—seen at an Aboriginal land rights ceremony—is equally proud of his mother's native ancestry. The

Bert Everingham

Wayne Everingham



Bill Everingham

Ernie Bridge

DAVID ROBERT AUSTEN (ABOVE); JOHN EVERINGHAM

first Aborigine to hold a cabinet seat, he is also the lead singer in his family band, which has released four albums of Australian bush ballads.

Other Everinghams include Wayne, whose father, Ray, runs a banana plantation in New South Wales near Lismore; and Adam, a Sydney restaurateur, who hopes to make a fortune with his packaged soufflé. Like many Everinghams he interviewed, the author notes that his parents, George and Joan, seen here feeding parrots at a Queensland nature preserve, are "totally devoted to the outdoors. Mother goes bodysurfing on Brisbane's beaches; well-meaning young surfers often try to rescue her."

Renowned Brisbane artist Rick Everingham says, "I have a nice feeling that I come from good convict stock," and hopes those visiting World Expo 88 in Brisbane later this year will drop by his studio. Bill Everingham, a plastic surgeon in Brisbane, remembers: "When I was a boy, it wasn't fashionable to claim convict ancestry. Now it's become very fashionable." □

Photographs by

MARY ELLEN MARK

Sydney's

Changing Face

"There is a laid-back and generous feeling in Australia, and the new immigrants have picked up that attitude. . . . They gave me access to their lives."

THE SIGNS THAT HANG above Sydney's sidewalks announce the changing flavor of Australia's largest city. Sydneysiders who eat their lunch on the move now have their choice of Lebanese spiced lamb, Indonesian pork *sate*, and Italian pizza—as well as a cup of English chips.

Australia has always been a land of immigrants. Aborigines arrived from Southeast Asia at least 40,000 years ago. The British came in 1788, followed by Germans, Chinese, Italians, Greeks. Perversely for a nation that long regarded new settlers as the keys to success and security, the government pursued a "white Australia" policy for almost three-quarters of this century. Only since 1973 have immigrants been welcome without regard to race, nationality, or religion. Today some 20 percent of Australia's population of 16 million is foreign-born. Asians lead in the number of new immigrants—paralleling Australia's growing awareness that its economic future is tied to its region. Current national policy also gives precedence to refugees and immigrants with family members already living in the country.

Award-winning photojournalist Mary Ellen Mark took her cameras to the suburbs of Sydney, seeking the faces of Australia's first immigrants and the latest. She was welcomed to weddings and funerals, schools and homes. In the community of Cabramatta, called "Vietnamatta" by some Sydneysiders, she photographed these Vietnamese brothers in their apartment, the wall adorned with a clock in the shape of their homeland.

"The oldest brother, Hai, 28, on the right, was raising all the younger kids. Wearing identical pants is Khai, 18, with his girlfriend Uyen. Their friends would come over, and they had this wonderful clubhouse, sort of a crash pad for young Vietnamese," Mark recalls. But like many refugees from authoritarian regimes in Southeast Asia, this household is wary of strangers. They refused to give Mark their last name when she visited, and later efforts to contact them were unsuccessful.

In the following pages Mark's photographs and comments capture the reality, the joy, and the hope of Sydney's ethnic communities.

—ELIZABETH A. MOIZE

"I wanted to photograph people who were immigrating to a country because they had to. This woman at the Sydney airport had just arrived from war-torn Lebanon."

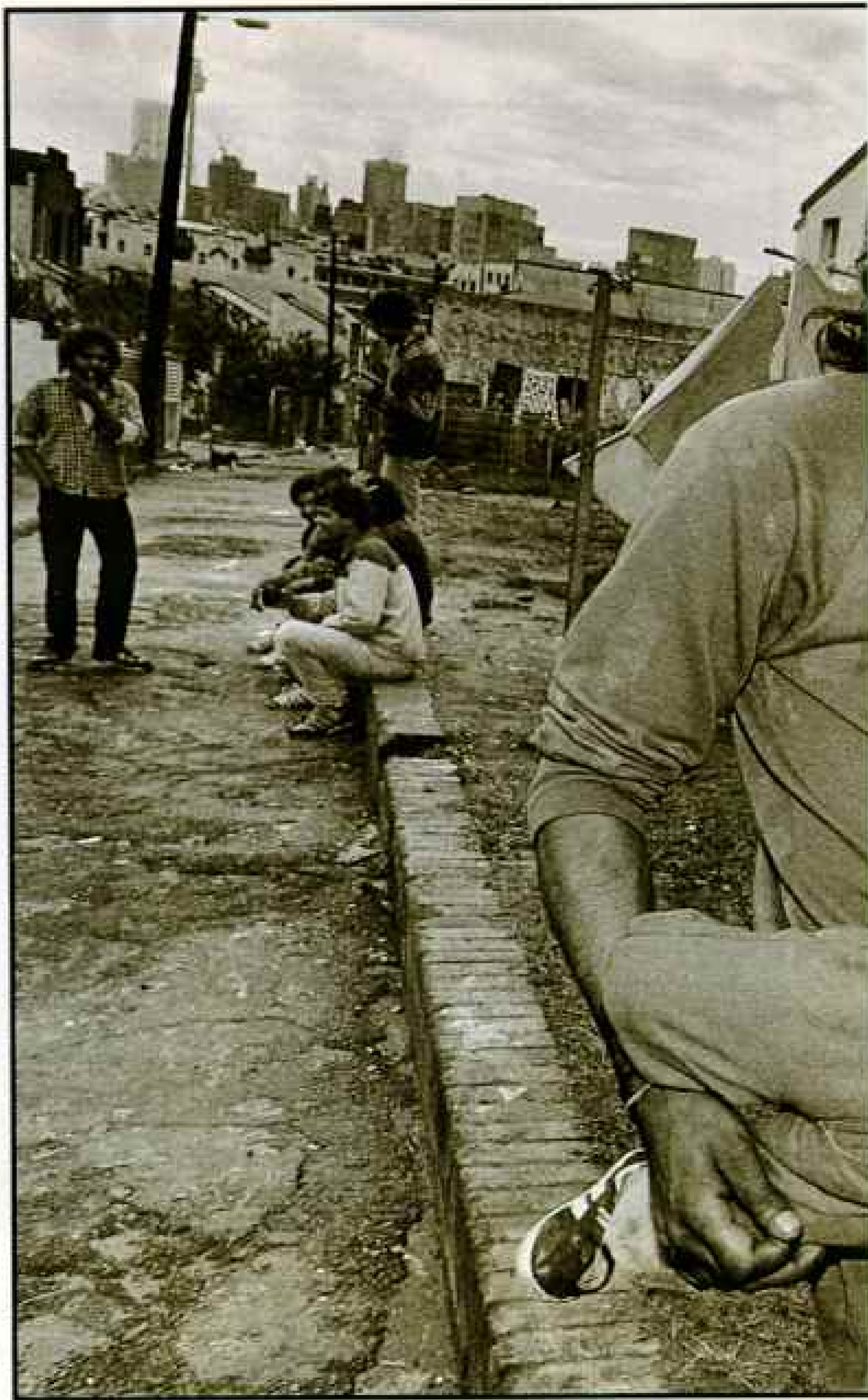
OVERCOME WITH EMOTION. Amal Malas is greeted at the airport by her fiancé, Walid Elmobayad, right, who came to Sydney two years ago. Some 50 members of her family—originally from northern Lebanon near Tripoli—already live in Australia; 40 remain in Lebanon but would be welcome under present Australian policy.

"These young Maltese girls, posing in front of their parents' wedding picture, go to a school with an amazing ethnic mix."

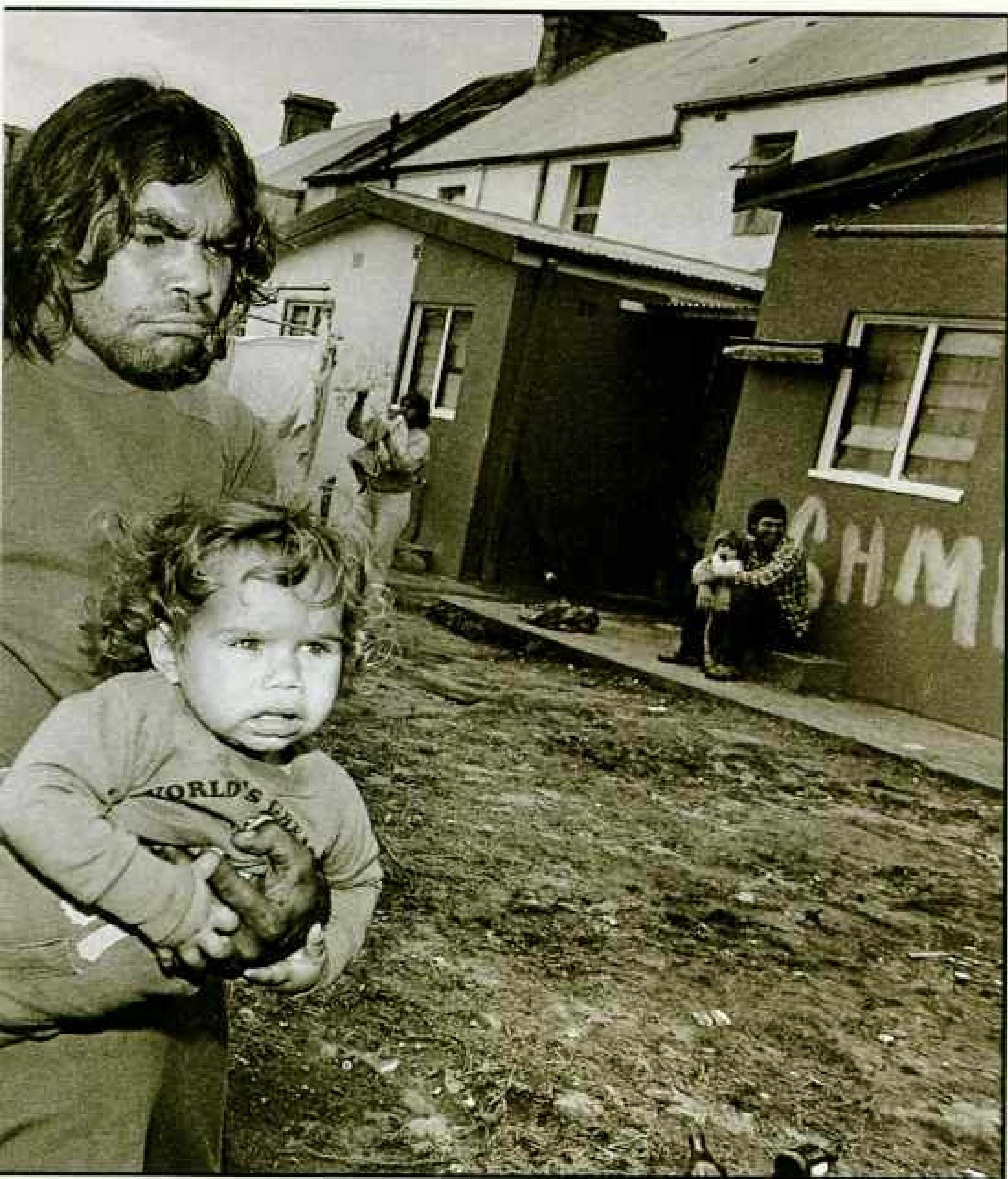
PROUD IN THEIR UNIFORMS, Tanya, left, and Sonya Tonna attend St. Mary's Primary School in Erskineville, where half the students are from minority ethnic groups, including Southeast Asians, Lebanese, Portuguese, Italians, and Greeks.

"These sisters of the bride were waiting to be presented to the guests. I loved the Lebanese. They are very warm. Each family is an enclave unto itself."

ENGULFED IN FINERY, maid-of-honor Lody Elhlou, right, and bridesmaid Gloria will join the reception line greeting guests at a suburban wedding. Originally from Tripoli, the Elhlous have been in Australia for 22 years.



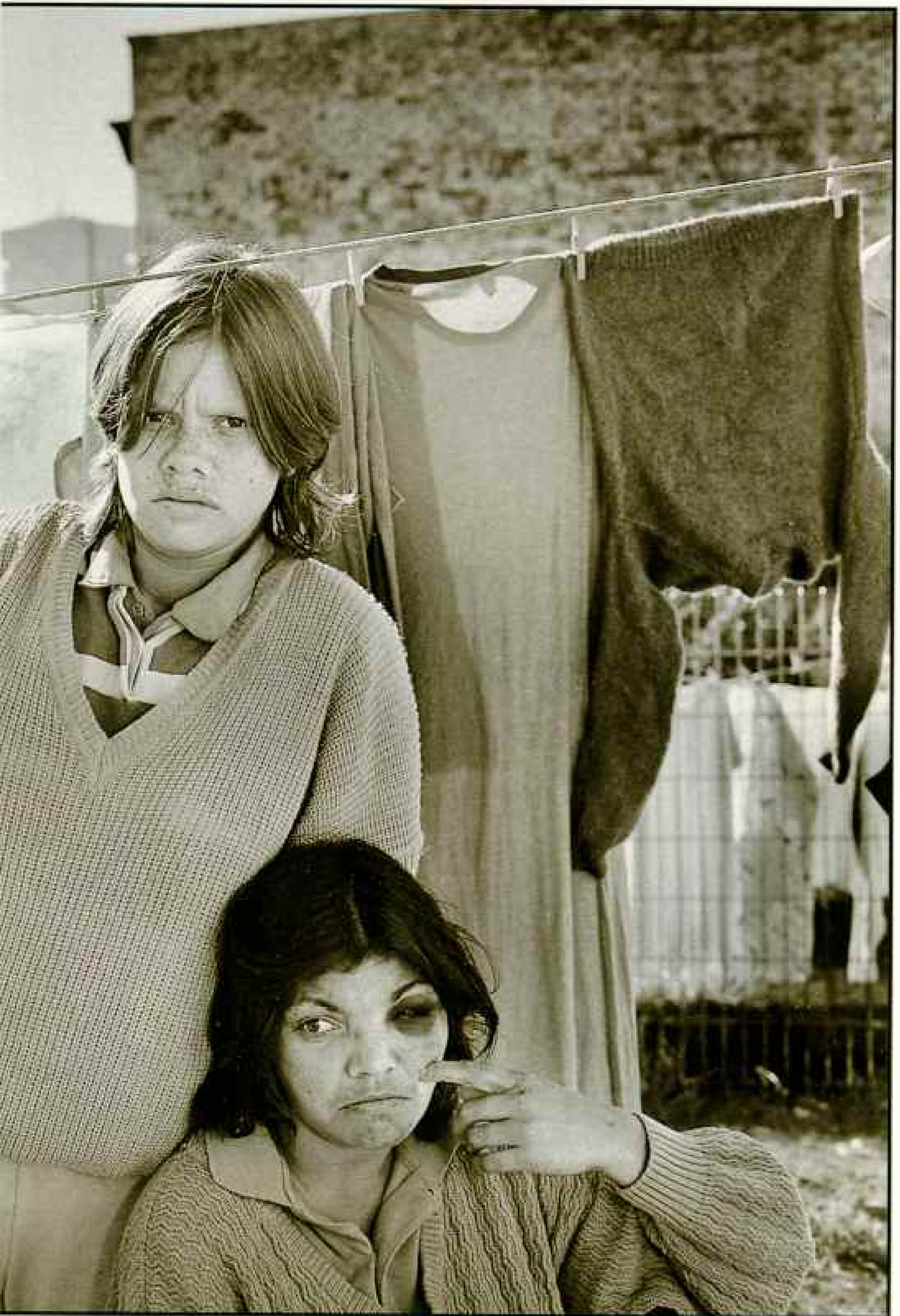
"He looks angry, but he is just playing with the kid. It shows how pictures can lie. Despite the degradation of the area, Redfern has a lot of force and power to it."



IN THE HEART of Sydney's Redfern district, Aborigine Charlie Coffee playfully grabs his cousin Mickey Hickey. "We were just muckin' around," Charlie said. Reminiscent of New York City's South Bronx, this section of Redfern wears a facade of decay, graffiti its primary art form. Yet cheerfulness pervades—until late afternoon, when alcohol takes its toll and 200 years of oppression rises to the surface.

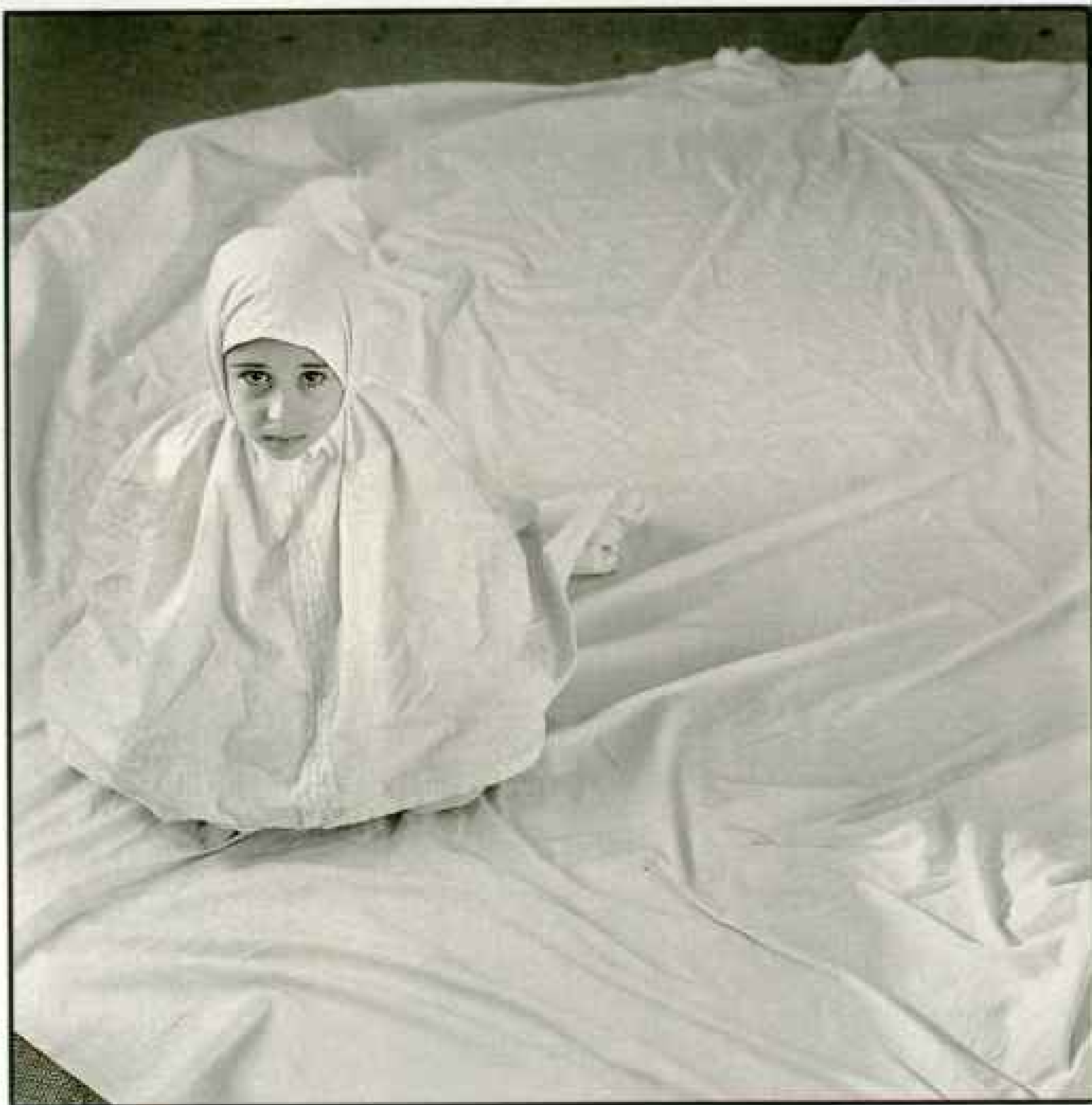
"The girl with the black eye tore at my heart. She had been kicked in the face by her boyfriend. It seemed symbolic of what can happen to women, particularly in a group that is underprivileged and suffering—the way a lot of urban Aborigines are."

SAD ACCEPTANCE seems to wash the faces of black-eyed Marilyn Cargill and her friend Rene Riley, passing time in the back alleys of Redfern. Although there seems a growing awareness throughout Australia of the injustice done to Aborigines, along with a recognition of their land claims, both urban and rural residents struggle to survive with dignity. Their life expectancy is 56 years, infant mortality is triple the national rate, and unemployment is six times as high.



PLAYING TO HER AUDIENCE, *Irene Sifniotis entertains her father and grandfather, center, following a dance performance by Greek children who attend an afternoon school to study their ancestral language and history. Sydney is home to some 100,000 Greeks.*

"The exuberant Greeks. After a recital of Greek dances and lots of wine and beer, it began to get wild and funny."



"One of my surprises was the Muslim school, with girls wearing head coverings. This five-year-old sits on a prayer sheet."

AN ALTERNATIVE to secular and Christian schools, the Nur Muslim Primary School was established in 1983. In addition to standard subjects, students learn the Koran and Arabic. Local resistance has forced the school to move nine times, sometimes to private homes, once to a tent.

"Mother Michaila was born in Russia in 1898. She told me she had dressed as a boy to fight in World War I, where she lost an arm. Pictures of Jesus cover the walls of her convent room."

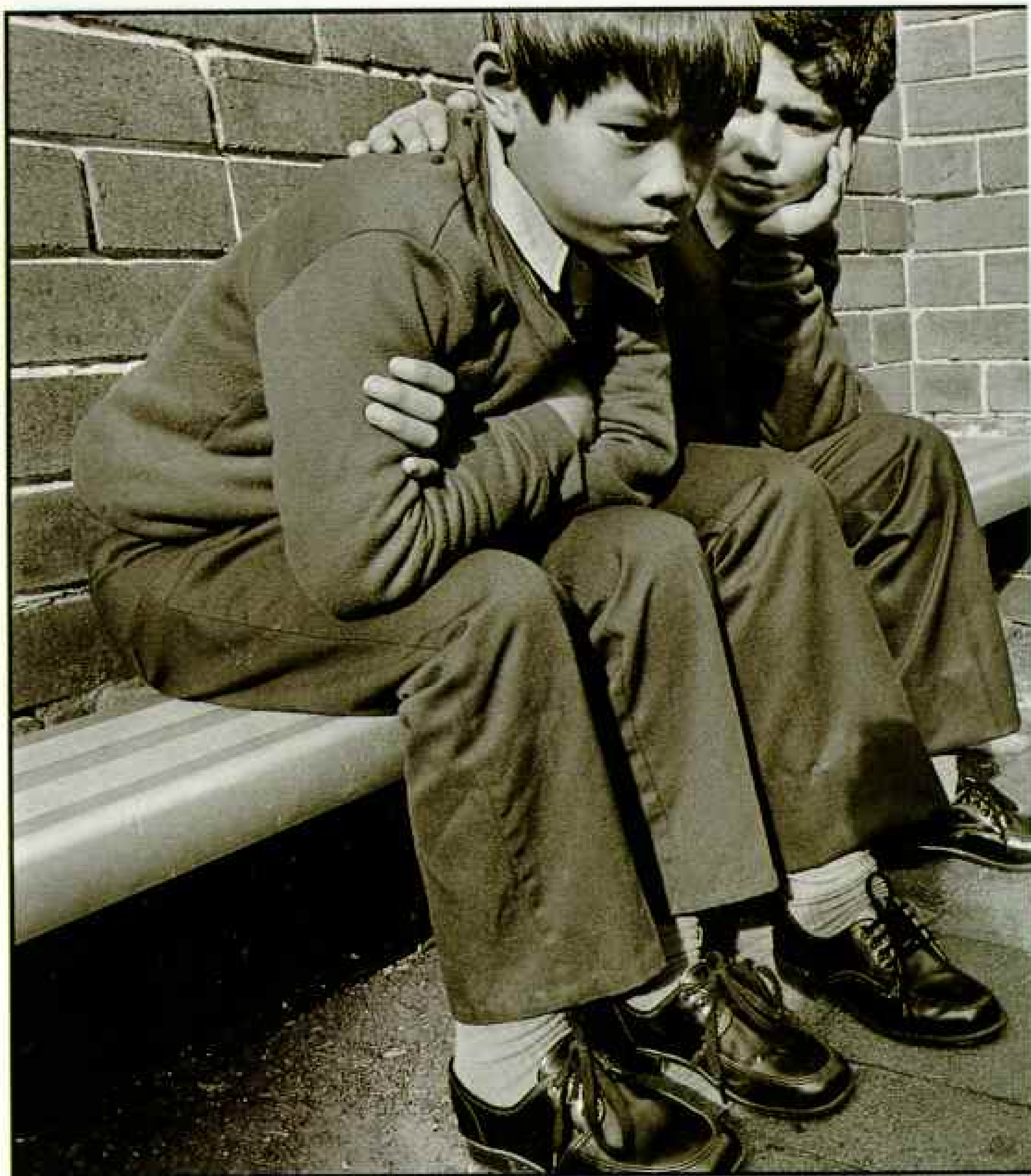
A NEWCOMER to Australia, Mother Michaila arrived via Germany and Brazil at the Russian Orthodox convent in Kentlyn in 1979. The community numbers 13; four women have joined in the past two years.

"I always feel strange going to a stranger's funeral. Both family and patients grieved for Yang Chan Rong, a Chinese herbalist and acupuncturist, who was one of the boat people from Vietnam."

A TIME OF SORROW *unites new immigrants and Australian friends. At the funeral of Yang Chan Rong, 53, his eldest daughter, Ling Xiao, carries his picture, his son David Ling Zen a bowl of joss sticks. Mr. Yang's family was originally from Canton, China, but lived in Vietnam for 36 years. In 1978 the Yangs abandoned their possessions and fled. Half the family found sanctuary in Malaysia, and—after 17 months in a refugee camp—emigrated to Sydney.*

"I found many newcomers wanting desperately to fit in. When this little girl grows up, she will undoubtedly have a strong Australian accent."

CHILD OF TWO CULTURES: *Cradled in the arms of her father, Bounarith Mao, six-month-old Leeka wears a Western-style dress for the wedding of her aunt in the suburb of Carramar. The family fled the "killing fields" of Kampuchea in 1980, arriving in Australia a year later via Thai refugee camps. The wedding of Sopheap Mao and Pong Chettra Keo blended Australian and Cambodian, the bride wearing both traditional and Western wedding attire for the Buddhist and civil ceremonies. Sopheap made six dress changes during the day-long celebration.*



CONSOLED by his new friend Normie Rowda, immigrant Sherwin Torres faces the consequences of not yet learning English. He did not understand when a fellow student asked for her ball back, and in the resulting tussle he fell in the playground. English is quickly picked up in school. Adults make slower progress, often facing waiting lists for classes to learn the language of their new homeland.

"I thought this Filipino boy who had just started attending St. Mary's Primary School was homesick, but he was upset because a girl had taken a ball away from him."

By STANLEY BREEDEN

Photographs by
BELINDA WRIGHT

The First

Rock, tree, and man are one in Nipper Kapirigi's heart. He and his Aboriginal people, the Gagudju, have leased their Northern Territory

Australians

lands to create Kakadu National Park for the benefit of all. Its wildlife is depicted in magnificent galleries of Aboriginal rock art, testimony to the continent's ancient culture.

Born in the Dreamtime, the complex Aboriginal creation saga, creatures still hunted by some Gagudju adorn a frieze in the Djuwarr area. Internal anatomy of a huge python and three barramundi, or giant perch, is revealed

in a painting style called X ray, begun about 9,000 years ago. The park's earliest works may be 35,000 years old. Its total of some 5,000 rock-art sites makes Kakadu one of the earliest and richest museums of human creativity.

WE COME UPON the rock suddenly. It towers above us, weather-beaten sandstone 500 yards in circumference and 75 feet high. Strange beings, fish, and other animals stare down from the walls, images in red and yellow ocher painted by a long-forgotten artist. A human skull and other bones lie in a small cavern.

This is Malangangerr, in Australia's Kakadu National Park (map, page 274), continuously inhabited for more than 23,000 years. Only ten or twelve years ago people still lived here—an Aboriginal people called the Gagudju.

Looking carefully at the floor of the cavern, we see stone spearpoints, scrapers, and the bones of the animals the people hunted. Overlying these objects are more recently used artifacts: beer cans, plastic bottles, and corroded batteries.

On the walls, beside finely drawn paintings of fish and an echidna, or spiny anteater, are crude images of goats, pigs, and buffalo, brought here for the first time about a hundred years ago—dramatic evidence of one culture's retreat in the face of another.

In the silence of the now empty rock complex, the spirit of the old inhabitants is still palpable. The ashes of their last fire seem fresh. But the Gagudju have left Malangangerr and now live elsewhere in the park. Many have relinquished their ancestral lands altogether.

We feel an almost overwhelming sense of loss, for the Gagudju's culture—a remnant of one going back 40,000 years or more—may well disappear over the next few generations, a casualty of human movement and dimming memories.

My wife, Belinda, and I spent 18 months in Kakadu filming a National Geographic Television Special.* During that time we discovered something about the Gagudju's way of life, how they viewed nature and their environment. The people slowly befriended us and told us what they call "their story."

For the first seven months we filmed and photographed only the wildlife: a pair of white-breasted sea eagles at their nest from a blind on top of a 60-foot tower, huge crocodiles catching fish in a billabong, flocks of hundreds of thousands of geese feeding in a marsh, flying foxes squabbling noisily in their daytime roost.

We sat in blinds for hours, sometimes days. We stopped to look at flowers and saw how the brilliant green-and-orange lorikeets extracted their nectar. We fished a little. At the galleries of paintings we tried to make sense of the many figures and patterns. So we became immersed in the Gagudju's world. And all the time we were being watched and appraised by one of the world's most observant peoples.

I give you this story.
This proper, true story.
People can listen.
I'm telling this while you've got time.

BIG BILL NEIDJIE IN *AUSTRALIA'S KAKADU MAN*

THEN ONE DAY as we drive toward the East Alligator River, one of the elders stops us. It is Big Bill Neidjie—white haired, tall, and imposing. In his deep, rumbling voice he says, "I been watching you. You have plenty time to sit and watch animals, think about things; just like Gagudju."

We reply that it is really the only way to get to know a place well. In the course of the conversation we ask him about the animals and the rock paintings. Getting into his car, he says, "You come to my place, Cannon Hill. We'll talk about things. I'll tell you my story." Then he is off. The ice is broken.

The next day we go to Cannon Hill, to Neidjie's camp out on the floodplain. He is sitting cross-legged under a shady tree. Several houses where his large family lives stand around a clearing.

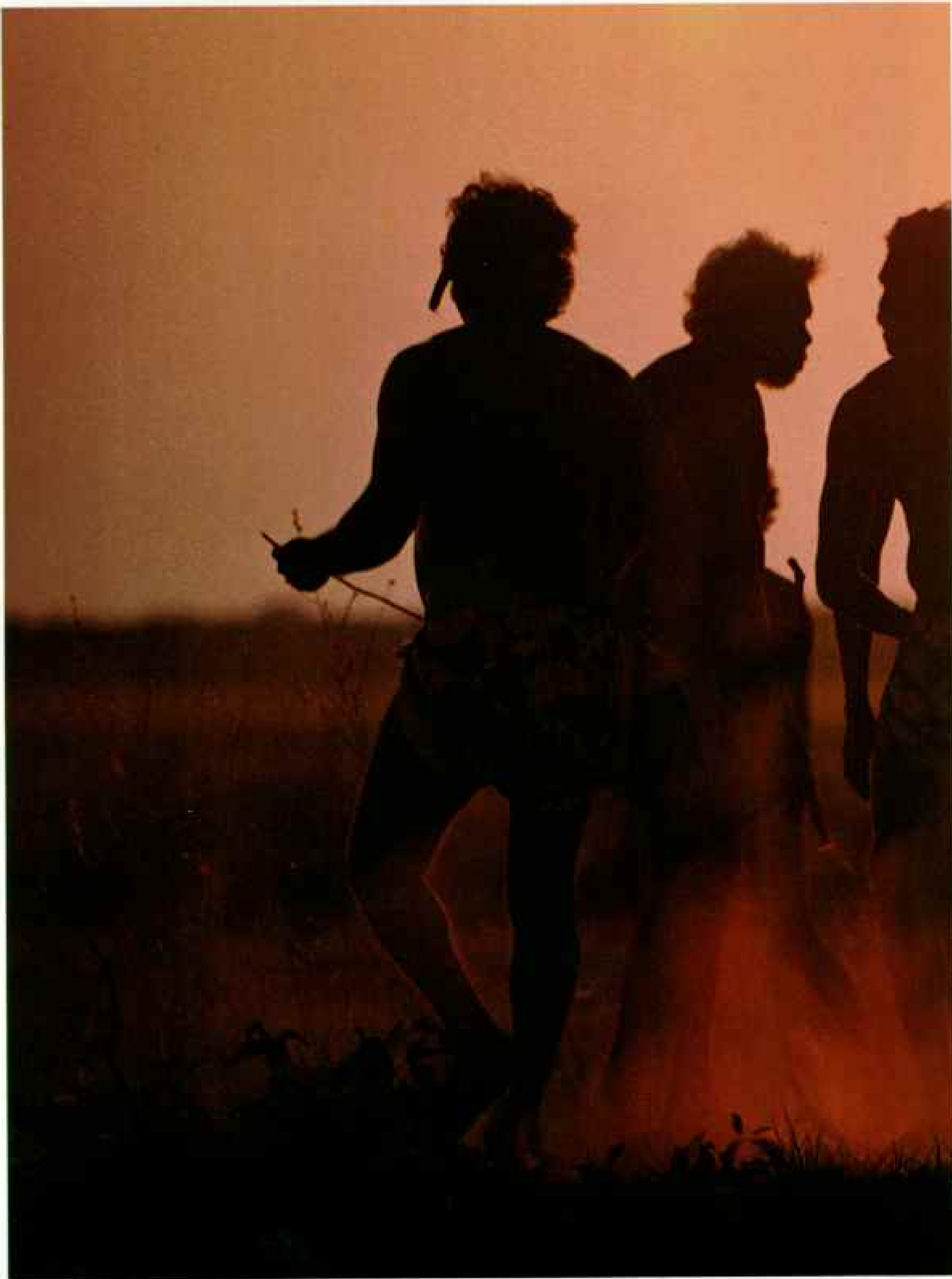
On that day and many others we spend with Neidjie, we talk about the Gagudju's culture, their way of life. Neidjie also introduces us to other elders, and we talk to them about aspects of their "story." They show us special paintings and sacred rocks and water holes.

We had been vaguely aware that the culture had lost much of its vigor. But it came as a shock to realize that the five elders we came to know, and a few others besides, alone know everything that remains of the Gagudju's ancient culture. This knowledge has never been written down. It exists only in the minds of these few elderly men. They are the library of the Gagudju.

Big Bill Neidjie was the first to approach *(Continued on page 276)*

NOT A PAINTING, Gagudju elders insist, an image often called the owl man by non-Aborigines was really made by Djawok, a creator being who assumed the form of a cuckoo and left his outline on a rock. Many masterpieces line the walls of this gallery, Yuwenjgayay, revered as a Dreaming site. Tradition holds that painting at such places kept alive the power of the Dreamtime.

*"Australia's Twilight of the Dreamtime" will air on PBS TV on Wednesday, February 10.



FIRST PAGE of the book of time might have recorded this powerful scene, as Gagudju and neighboring Aboriginal peoples join in a corroboree. These ceremonial dances often reenact great deeds of the creator heroes or historical events such as hunts.

Although young people show less and less interest in their cultural roots, and fewer than a dozen Gagudju elders remain to nurture them, many Gagudju who lived outside their traditional lands moved back into the park after it was created in 1979.

KAKADU NATIONAL PARK

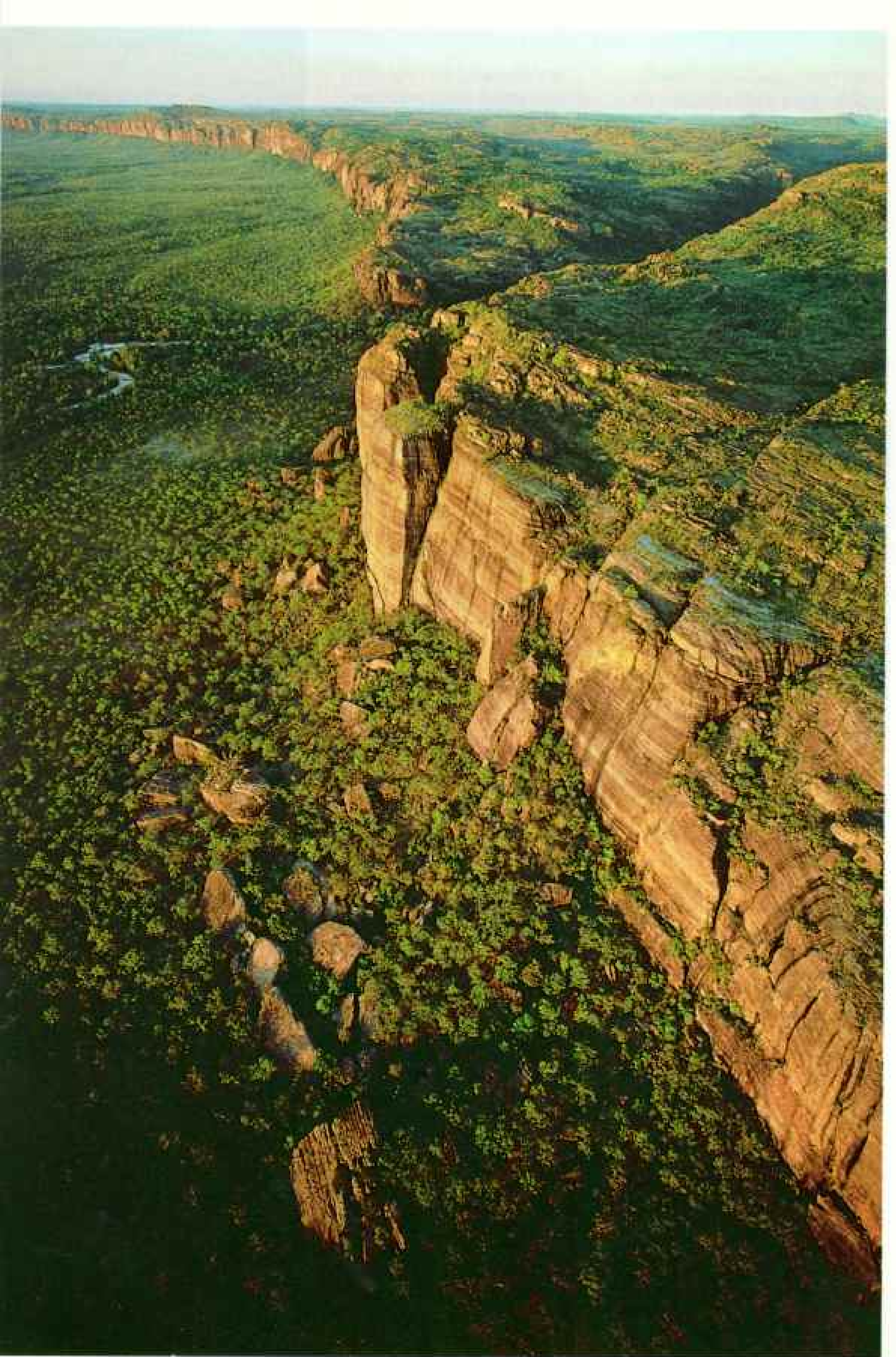
UBIRR
MALANGANGERR
ARNHEM LAND PLATEAU
Ranger (uranium mine)
MT. GILRUTH
Cannon Hill
Swamp
East Alligator
Jabiru
Park Headquarters
Pt. Farewell
Field I.
Area subject to inundation
NOURLANGIE
DEAF ADDER
ARNHEM LAND ESCARPMENT
453 m 1,486 ft
PARK BOUNDARY
N
Namarkon the lightning man
South Alligator
West Alligator
Flying Fox Creek
Kakadu Holiday Village
Cooinda
SLEISBECK
CORONATION HILL
EL SHERANA
Area subject to inundation
UNPAVED
Conservation Zone
Mary River
Rock-art complex
Mineral deposits
Aboriginal outstation
Vegetation shown within park only
This map does not show Aboriginal sacred sites

HONORED with world heritage site status and approaching the size of Alaska's Denali National Park, Kakadu—its name derives from the word Gagudju—sweeps over 6,600 square miles of the Australian Continent's Top End. Near the park's eastern edge rears the Arnhem Land Escarpment and Plateau (opposite), 1.6 billion years old. The jutting cliff face at upper center is a site known as Lightning Dreaming, made sacred by Namarkon, the lightning man.

Habitats include fractured rock plateaus, eucalyptus woodlands, floodplains, billabongs, and tidal flats. Within thrive some 50 species of mammals (including a large marsupial population), 75 of reptiles, and 275 of birds—about a third of Australia's bird species.

Spurring Kakadu's creation was the discovery of uranium deposits within these lands. The Federal government excluded them from the park but has so far allowed only one mine to operate.

Ancestors of the Gagudju came to Australia from Southeast Asia, island hopping when the sea level was lowered by an ice age. Mirroring a Stone Age scene, Nipper Kapirigi (below, at right) watches Bluey Ilkirr cleave a knife from a quartzite block in his left hand, hammering with a stone in his right. Of a total Gagudju population of 330, fewer than half live within the park.



us. Then came George Namingum, gentle and courteous, yet a good man with a spear. On some points of memory Namingum called on his brother, Nipper Kapirigi, a slight, straight man with a prophet's face framed by gray hair and beard. Then there was Big Bill's cousin Felix Iyanuk, singer of song cycles. Finally, there was the artist Bluey Ilkirr, younger than the other initiates, but a creative link to the paintings we could see.

Through their generosity of

To understand the Gagudju is to understand their Dreamtime—to us a very complex concept, to the Gagudju a simple one that explains the cohesion and interdependence of all living things.

"Dreaming" and "Dreamtime" are direct translations from the Aboriginal words but, in fact, have little to do with dreams as we know them. Dreamtime refers to the beginnings of life and its continuation into the future.

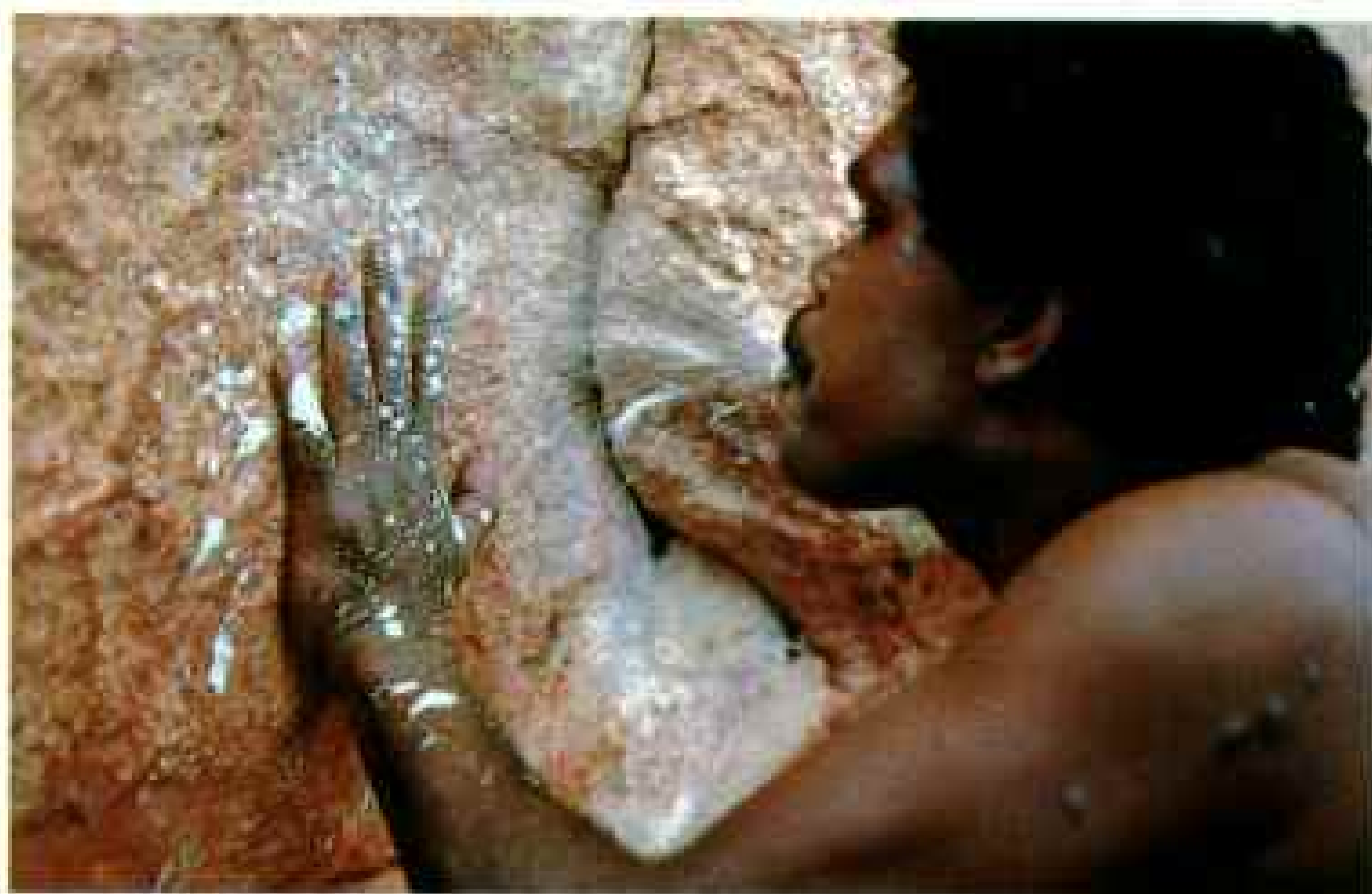
The late Silas Roberts, an Aboriginal leader close to the

spirit these men opened their living library to us. They told us about Marrawuti, the sea eagle, who snatches away the spirit when a person dies; about Djuway, the bowerbird, who keeps the initiation ceremonies; about Ginga, the crocodile, who got the lumps on his back when he was blistered in a fire. . . .

These elders speak limited English. But even so, their words, spoken softly in short sentences, have a poetic directness. Neidjie has said, for example, "First [white] people come to us, they started and run our life . . . quick. They bring drink. First they should ask about fish, cave, Dreaming, but . . . they rush in. They make school . . . teach. Now Aborigine losing . . . everything."

Gagudju, explained it this way: "Aboriginals have a special connection with everything that is natural. . . . We see all things natural as part of us. All the things on earth we see as part human."

THE GAGUDJU creation story is as follows: Long, long ago, before the Dreamtime, before time could be counted, the world had no shape; it was soft and wobbly. Then, at the beginning of the Dreamtime, Warramurrungundji came out of the sea. A female being in human form, she created the land and gave birth to the people. She gave them their languages. Other creator beings came—Ginga, the giant ancestral crocodile, made the rock country; Marrawuti, the



A SON MAKES HIS MARK *near a sacred site called Hawk Dreaming. Jonathan Yarramarna (above, at right) prepares to leave a signature of his hand upon these sandstone walls in the shadow of Garrkine, the brown falcon, who taught the people how to catch fish and prepare them as food.*

Yarramarna's father, a Gagudju elder known as Big Bill Neidjie, here mixes white clay with water to make a pigment for the ritual, which he also performed as a youngster. Yarramarna sprays a mouthful of pigment around his hand to create a stencil on the rock face.

Although this gesture falls far short of a full Gagudju initiation ceremony, which has not been performed for more than a generation, Yarramarna nonetheless demonstrates a commitment to his past. Evidence of such continuity, prints made elsewhere by hands coated with ocher (opposite, above) are among the oldest rock art in the park—and the world.

*R*IDING ROUGHSHOD *into Aboriginal culture, a mounted European may depict a member of John McKinlay's party, which scouted the Northern Territory in 1866. Ludwig Leichhardt, the first white man to write of the region, reported in 1845, "The natives flocked around us from every direction."*

sea eagle, brought water lilies in his claws and planted them on the floodplain.

Once the great spirit ancestors had completed their creative acts, they put themselves into the landscape, where they remain to this day. Warramurrungundji is a white rock in the woodland, Ginga is a rock outcrop textured like a crocodile's back. These places are called Dreaming sites and still contain the power and energy of the Dreamtime.

In all these things, Neidjie stressed, all living things are as one. He said, "Earth our mother, eagle our cousin. Tree, he is pumping our blood. Grass is growing. And water. And we are all one." He added that when the ancestral beings had completed their creation, they told the people: "Now we have done these things, you make sure they remain like this for all time. You must not change anything."

Thus the people were charged with the custodianship of the land and all living things. It is what the Gagudju call "looking after the country." The Dreamtime then is the cohesive force that keeps man and his environment in harmony. It has done so for perhaps 2,000 generations. Life is as bountiful in Kakadu now as it ever was.

Because they are an integral part of nature and the land, because they *are* the land, Aboriginal people cannot understand why anyone would want to alter or destroy it—what would amount to killing the life-force. As one of them said, "White man got no Dreaming. Him go 'nother way. . . . Him got road belong himself." To the Aborigines it is a road contrary to nature and leads to eventual destruction.

To tell us their story, Neidjie and some of the other elders took us to special and sacred places where few outsiders have been.

One day George Namingum takes us to Kakadu's outstanding gallery of rock paintings at Yuwenjgayay. Namingum, like all the elders, does not know his exact age, but he must be in his 70s. He is soft-spoken, but scars across his nose and cheek tell of a hard life in the bush and on cattle stations. Seated in our car, he directs us along a rutted dirt track, then on faint wheel marks heading toward the escarpment. For miles we drive through the open eucalyptus woodland. Then the country opens on a treeless plain, and before us we see towering sandstone rocks.

With barely perceptible hand movements, Namingum guides us across dry, steep-sided creek beds, ever deeper into the escarpment. Abruptly we hit a termite mound, then ford a stream over slippery boulders. Once more we are surrounded by trees. Finally the woodland ends at a wide sandy stream shaded by the weeping foliage of tall paperbark trees. The banks are steep and made of loose sand. Even our four-wheel-drive vehicle cannot deal with that. From here we must walk.

All three of us are glad to hear the songs of honey eaters. Panting and sweating with the effort of carrying heavy equipment up the steep slope, we find ourselves at last at the base of a sheer, 600-foot cliff, and staring at us from eye level are hundreds of figures—people, spirits, kangaroos, cranes, goannas, echidnas, and everywhere fish. Painted in red and yellow ocher and white clay, the gallery—which is more than 200 feet long—is alive with all the creatures, real and imagined, from the bush. We are transfixed.

We sit quietly on some large rocks. Above us the pure notes of a white-lined honey eater's song echo off the rock face. "Ah," says Namingum, "that's the spirit of a woman calling out for her lover.

"See that big barramundi fish

over there?" he says eventually. "That was painted by my cousin Najombolmi." We move closer to the paintings, and Namingum tells something about them. The act of painting, together with certain rituals, ensures that the animals will always be available both as food and for the people's Dreamings, their totems.

These rock paintings of Kakadu—and there are many thousands—are among the wonders of the world. Anthropologists and archaeologists estimate that the oldest artwork dates back at least 20,000 years—and some say 35,000. This artistic tradition continues, but nowadays Aboriginal artists paint mainly on bark. Painting on rocks virtually ceased about 15 years ago.

Namingum says that the earliest paintings—delicately brushed images of man and animals—were not done by people. They were painted by the mostly friendly and shy Mimi spirits. "The Mimis showed Aboriginal people how to hunt kangaroos, how to paint, and many other things. You ask my brother Kapirigi—he knows."

BLUEY ILKIRR is one of the last painters still working in Kakadu. He lives deep in the bush with his wife, Susan Aladjingu, and a number of relatives who come and go. They have a pickup truck and sometimes go into town for supplies. But they prefer to live off the land, to hunt and to gather their food in the old way. Casual visitors are not welcome, but Aladjingu and Ilkirr too had heard of us and sent word that we could come and see them.

When we arrive at their place, the two of them are sitting in the shade of a bough shelter. Somehow they knew we were coming, although we had not made contact with them. Aladjingu is busy making a basket out of pandanus fronds. In her lap she has a baby wallaby she is raising. Ilkirr smokes his pipe. Soon we are talking as naturally as if we have known each other for years.

Aladjingu is full of fun and laughter. Ilkirr has a more quiet sense of humor. He is not as old as the other initiated men we have met. He is trim and vigorous. We talk and talk. About animals. About the old days when they lived entirely on bush tucker. Finally we say that we would like to watch him do a painting. He agrees.

VIEW OF OUTSIDERS changed in a hurry after the aliens began to impose their will on Aboriginal culture. In Ubirr gallery a white man's portrait is interpreted by Big Bill Neidjie as "standing with hands in pockets, telling us what to do."

"But it will take a long time," he warns. "You come back day after tomorrow. We'll go to Flying Fox Creek. The best stringybark is in that place."

As we leave, Aladjingu gives Belinda the baby wallaby. "You make him grow big, then bring him back and we'll eat him," she says and then laughs and laughs. The wallaby lived with us for many months until one day we let it go in the wild—a long way from Ilkirr's camp.

THE STRINGYBARK TREES, a kind of eucalyptus, are magnificent—tall and straight. The bark is a traditional building material for wet-season shelters—and a perfect "canvas" for Ilkirr (pages 290-291).

Two months after we watch him select and cut a stretch of bark, we drive up to Ilkirr and Aladjingu's camp. He is busy trimming a piece about five by three feet in size. Arranged beside him are his brushes, a grindstone, ochers, and a can of water.

"I thought you would be coming today," he says with a big smile. Using a wide store-bought brush, Ilkirr covers the bark with deep red ocher. "That ocher is the same as blood, and blood he give life to animals in the painting," he explains.

Next he grinds white clay for his new pigment. "All night I been thinking, thinking," he says, "what to paint, how the lines must go. I will paint animals of East Alligator Dreaming." With sure movements he outlines a crocodile, then a barramundi. No hesitation, no mistakes, nothing to copy from. The stems, leaves, and a flower of a water lily twine through the composition.

Now the difficult, time-consuming part begins. The

white shapes must be worked over with very, very fine lines making up a variety of patterns, each with its own meaning, all of them invoking the power of the Dreamtime.

Four months elapse before Ilkirr puts the last line on the last animal, the barramundi. His masterwork is complete and his spiritual task accomplished. It is the act of painting that connects the artist with the Dreamtime: Once it is completed, it has no further significance. But in the modern world it has value. A painting of this size and artistry can be worth more than a thousand dollars.

DJUWARR is an imposing rock about 400 feet high. The ocher colors of its fissured and fractured face glow in the evening light. The rock and its perfect reflection in the pool below seem to be alive.

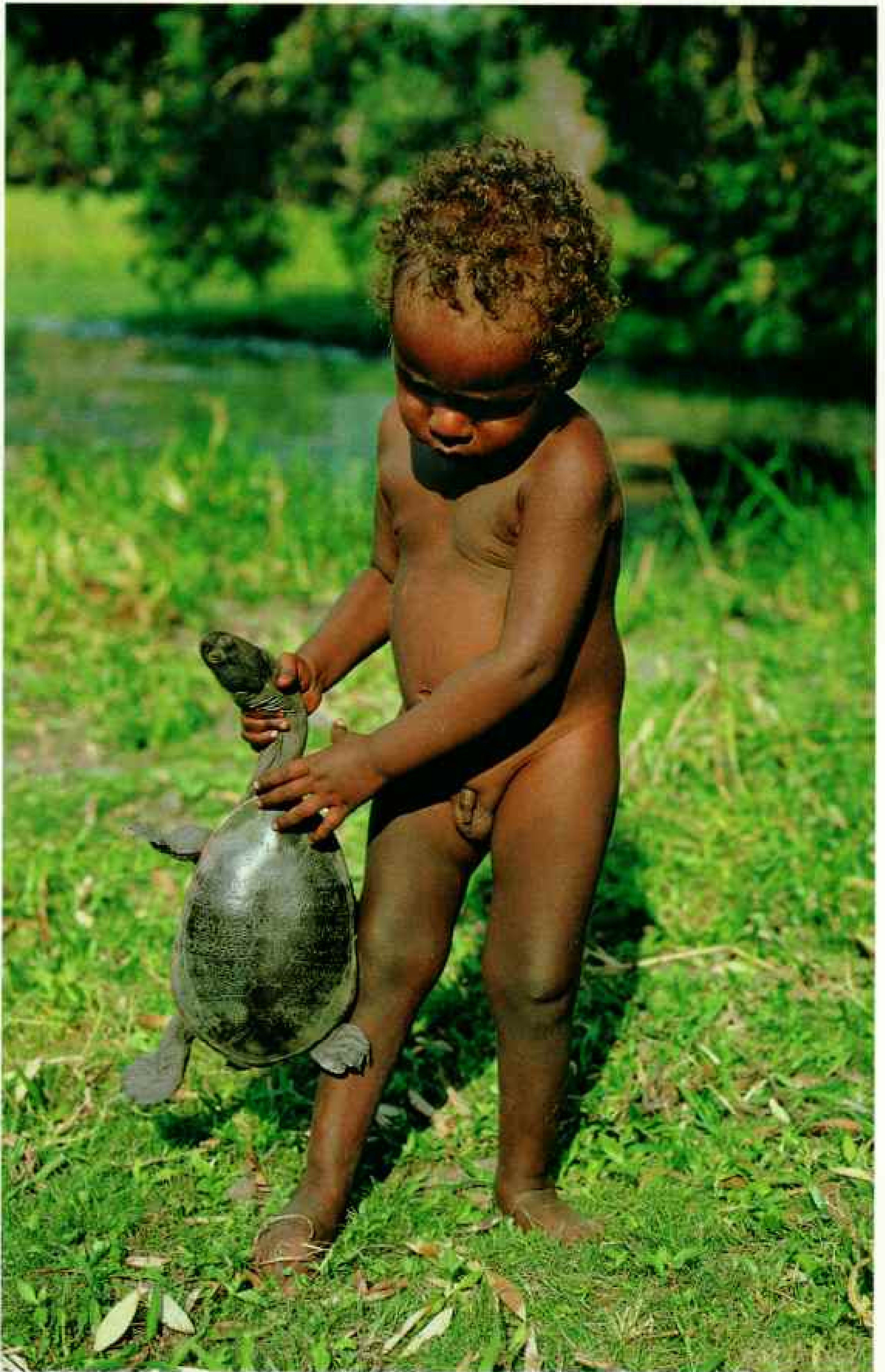
We have come to this special place with Namingum's brother, Nipper Kapirigi. The rock stands at the entrance to a deep canyon of great importance in Gagudju mythology. As soon as we arrive, Kapirigi, a somewhat frail figure with gray hair and long beard, steps onto a prominent boulder, holding a spear. Facing Djuwarr's glowing face, he speaks to the rock and the canyon in a ringing voice, like a messenger from another world. In his own language he announces his presence to the spirits there, asking their permission to enter and saying that he has brought two friends. It is eerie to hear our names echoing down the canyon.

The formalities over, Kapirigi

CAT'S CRADLE DESIGNS teach Gagudju children the shapes of their traditional world. In an open-air classroom, women form a turtle with bark twine. A lizard, crocodile, crab, water lily, canoe, and lightning bolt are also among the some 250 patterns in their repertoire. Having learned his lesson, one feisty youngster seizes a long-necked turtle (Chelodina rugosa) *caught by an adult and destined for roasting. The same species is documented in rock art (right).*

While whites generally speak of just two seasons for Kakadu—the Wet from November through April and the Dry from May through October—the Gagudju traditionally have recognized six seasons that cycle around the ecology of their land, and they have shifted their camps accordingly. When a certain plant flowers, for instance, they know that stingrays will be fat and ready for harvesting.

So strong is the Aboriginal bond to the land that, through oral history, some groups apparently still know the locations of sacred sites now under the sea that were exposed during an ice age.



takes us to the base of the cliff and shows us where Almudj, the rainbow serpent and one of the creator beings, split the rock and forced her way through. She then followed the creek upstream and came to rest in a deep pool below a waterfall.

"Almudj still lives in that pool," Kapirigi says. Almudj is one of the most important beings to the Gagudju. She created hills, stone archways, and deep pools. Every year she brings the wet season and a renewal of life. She can then often be seen standing on her tail as the rainbow. Rock paintings of rainbow snakes may go back 10,000 years. Some experts believe that Almudj is the oldest continuously revered religious symbol in the world.

As we return to camp, the last light paints Djuwarr in its brightest colors. The normally effervescent Kapirigi is in a reflective mood. Like all the elders he is worried about the future, who will succeed him to look after Almudj and observe the rituals. He fears retribution if the life-force is broken, if the country is not looked after. We ask him, "What about your children and grandchildren—don't they want to learn about the Dreamtime?"

"No," he answers. "They are not interested. When I pass on, no one will know these stories." After a long silence he adds, "I can teach a good man, but there is nobody." It is almost dark now. Tiny bats wheel and turn after insects. Like an omen, one brushes my cheek with its soft wing as it snaps up a mosquito. Down the canyon a sea eagle calls from its nest. Kapirigi's face brightens. "That's Marrawuti; he's the boss around here." For the time being at least, God is still in his heaven.

The next day Kapirigi takes us on a walk up the canyon, along a running stream full of fish, turtles, and an occasional freshwater crocodile. The canyon ends in austere rock walls; a waterfall trickles down one face, and below it we see a still, black pool. "That's where Almudj lives, down there. You got to be careful and not bathe here, or fish, or speak loudly. And don't throw stones into this pool. A few years ago I bring an archaeologist fella here. I told him the same. Don't throw stone. But he laugh and throw a big rock in the pool, right there. That night a big storm come up and wash away his camp. And that was in the dry season too." Kapirigi laughs—but quietly. On the way back we rest on a sandy beach.

"See those caves," Kapirigi says. "That's where Mimis live."

Kapirigi now tells us that these elusive spirits live inside the rocks. They are so thin that the slightest wind will break their long necks. Only when it is calm do they come out to hunt and paint. If anyone comes or a breeze springs up, they blow on the rocks, which then part to let them enter and close behind them again. People must be careful, Kapirigi says, for sometimes the Mimis will lure them into the rocks and then lock them up.

"When do the Mimis come out?" we ask.

"Every evening, but we can't see them. They leave messages. Like this leaf, or a painting."

The moment seems right to question Kapirigi about his view of the next world. "If men can become animals, and animals men," we ask, "when we die, do we become animals?"

The answer is unequivocal:

CROCODYLUS POROSUS, 16 FT OR MORE

HALIAEETUS LEUCOGASTER, 30-34 IN

MASSIVE JAWS of a saltwater crocodile crush a barramundi, a fish also favored by a white-breasted sea eagle (above). To the Gagudju, the crocodile is Ginga. Once, in the form of a man, he caught fire and rushed into the water, turning himself into a crocodile with a legacy of blister-like bumps. The eagle, known as Marrawuti, snatches away a person's soul at death and brought water lilies to the floodplain. The seeds of the red lily (right) are a traditional Gagudju food.

NELUMBO NUCIFERA, 8-10 IN

CHLAMYDOSAURUS KINGII, 28 IN

FEROCIOUS BLUFF achieved by raising loose skin around the neck is the frilled lizard's main defense against predators. The Gagudju call him Gundamen; he was punished by the elders with this outlandish appearance for breaking the law.

In contrast, a male lotus bird (facing page, top left) displays a tender response to a threat by carrying his chicks, tucked under his wings, to safety.

Master of elaboration, the male great bowerbird builds an archway adorned with trinkets such as snail shells and bits of bone to impress a prospective mate. The Gagudju

IREDIPARRA GALLINACEA, 9 IN

NEPHRURUS ASPER, 4 IN

CHLAMYDERA NUCHALIS, 14 IN

MACROPUS BERNARDUS, 4 FT

TILIQUA SCINCOIDES INTERMEDIA, 18 IN

call him Djuway, "a cheeky fellow that steals your bones." For such displays, they regard him as the keeper of ceremonies.

Lacking the protection of eyelids, a knob-tailed gecko must constantly lick its eyes clean.

Rare and shy, black wallaroos inhabit the rock country of the Arnhem Land Escarpment. Many of the park's outcrops and hollows are believed to have been created by an ancestral kangaroo.

Gurri, the blue-tongued lizard, is thought to have bruised his mouth in a head-first fall among the rocks. He brought social organization to the Gagudju.

"No, we don't. When we die, we're finished." For the Gagudju, paradise is here and now, and looking around at Djuwarr that is not difficult to accept. But for paradise not to be lost, it must be kept pristine through ritual and through visits like the one we have just made with Kapirigi.

NEIDJIE'S COUSIN and close friend Felix Iyanuk holds a special place among the Gagudju. He is the only one who still knows the complete song cycles and funerary rites. Once when the two elders took us to a small sacred cave, Iyanuk sat down and beat a slow rhythm on a pair of song sticks and sang. His still-strong voice carried through the cavern as other voices must have done for centuries before him. The songs completed, Iyanuk told us: "Only me and Neidjie know this song now. But he is without voice, you see. When I am sick or something is wrong with me, they got nobody. This is probably the last time I sing this song here."

When a Gagudju dies, he is wrapped in a sheet of paperbark and then either buried or placed on a platform high in a tree. A year or so later, the bones are recovered, painted with red ocher, and ceremonially placed in a small cave. The formalities must be done correctly to liberate the person's spirit. But again only a few people know the proper way, says Iyanuk. "Only me and Neidjie know. Nobody else know the song and what kind of dance. Sometimes I think about this, and I cry before I go to sleep. Because nobody is coming after us."

The reason that is usually given by the elders as to why the younger people are not learning the traditions is that they are not interested in their heritage. But among the Gagudju there is a small group of young men and women who are very much concerned about looking after their country. These are the Aboriginal rangers of Kakadu National Park—their tribal lands. Every two years or so a group of them go through an intensive, live-in

training course that teaches them not only about their own culture but also about modern park management. Neidjie's son Jonathan Yarramarna is one of the trainees.

We catch up with Jonathan one day as he visits his father. He is a robust young man with a charming smile. At first he is very shy, but over the months we get to know him better and come to appreciate his ready wit and friendship. We soon realize that the combined expectations of his elders and the park service have put an uneasy burden on his shoulders.

As Jonathan says, "There are two sets of laws for us here—Aboriginal law and government law. That means we have to look after the country in two ways, which is pretty hard for us." After a few moments he adds, "But we can do it." Whenever he can, Jonathan goes to his tribal lands around Cannon Hill to hunt and to learn from his father.

We accompanied Neidjie and Jonathan early one morning to a special and important site, an outcrop of sandstone called Hawk Dreaming. Halfway up its slope is a gallery not only of special mystical significance but also of personal importance to Neidjie. He spoke at length to Jonathan in their own language about the spirit of Garrkine, the brown falcon, which resides here. On the sandstone, among images of fish and spirit beings, was a small hand stencil outlined in white. Neidjie turned to us with a smile. "I made it when I was young fella, maybe eight or nine years old, when I came here with my father." Later Jonathan, accompanied by his father, put his hand stencil on the rocks close to Hawk Dreaming, a symbolic commitment to his heritage.

HIDDEN GALLERY depicts a freshwater crocodile. The reptile's eggs, such as those from a nest discovered by Nipper Kapirigi (below), are eaten hard-boiled. The dwindling ranks of the Gagudju elders were further reduced when Kapirigi died last April.

Before we were finally to leave Kakadu, Neidjie wanted all of us to go deep into the bush to Djirringbal, a place where the Balanda, the white people, seldom go. It is a place where the Gagudju once made their stone implements, where there are rock paintings, pools, and landforms made by Ginga, the saltwater crocodile.

WE ALL SET OFF one warm September morning—Neidjie, Kapirigi, Ilkirr, Jonathan Yarramarna, the other Aboriginal trainee rangers, and Belinda and I. Iyanuk and Namingum are not well and cannot come.

To all of them it is a journey into their living culture. Their boisterousness and good-natured humor bubble over as we have never seen it before. For this one day sadness and frustrations slip away.

We drive along a faint bush track for an hour or more, but walk the last few miles, emerging from a small patch of rain forest to find ourselves at the base of a smooth quartzite rock face 700 feet high. All of us are awed and silent to begin with, as we look up and then at the paintings in front of us. An exquisite image of a kangaroo is surrounded by symbolic and sacred designs. The irrepressible Kapirigi is the first to rush forward and exclaim about the paintings. Ilkirr, more quiet and thoughtful, marvels at the skill of the artists and recognizes the designs of various clans. Neidjie's calm voice rumbles an occasional comment. The trainees watch quietly and listen.

Below the paintings is a pile of what appear to be freshly chipped stones. The chips are spread over a large area. It was once a quarry where the Gagudju made their stone scrapers, knives, and spearpoints for hundreds of generations. It looks as though the last tool makers have

*M*ORNING CASCADES *through weeping paperbarks on the floodplain as Jonathan Yarramarna, leaning on his fishing spear, surveys his clan's traditional lands. Only one thing could intrude upon such an idyllic scene—the knowledge that nearby lies a uranium deposit that one day may be mined.*

only just left—but, in fact, the place has not been used for about 40 years.

Ilkirr, with some forceful advice from Kapirigi and Neidjie, shows Jonathan and the others how to strike a core rock with another stone to make a sharp knife. Kapirigi demonstrates how such a knife was used to pierce his nose. He puts a stick through his septum to prove how effective it was.

On our way back we stop at a circular pool of clear water. Jonathan builds a small fire to make some tea, and Neidjie begins talking to the trainees. "See that waterfall? That's where Ginga, the big crocodile, cut through rock. That's just one story you must learn. All these stories together tell of the earth, the animals, and Aboriginal people. The old people, they know this. That's why for thousands and thousands years this country not change. We learned from our fathers and mothers. They said, 'You sit down and listen.' If we talk or try run away, we get spear. We sit. We listen. Slowly it all come into our heads. And then at last ceremony you are proper man. That is what you must learn, that is what we losing. We are old men now, we have not got many years. If you don't learn now, in 20 years' time you will cry because you don't know your story. But too late then. We will be gone."

Seldom if ever have the younger Gagudju heard anything like this. It makes a deep impression. We too are deeply moved, both by Big Bill's speech and also by the trust he and the others place in us, involving us in their lives and very view of the world.

When we finally had to move on from Kakadu, we left a small tape recorder with Jonathan. Perhaps inspired by his father's eloquence, Jonathan and the other trainees went with Kapirigi to an area deep in the escarpment. For hours Kapirigi talked, in their own language, about the Dreamtime stories connected with that very special place. Jonathan recorded it all and so made a significant step in preserving the Gagudju's heritage.

A few weeks later, and seven months after our memorable journey to Djirringbal, Kapirigi died. His body, wrapped in bark, rests high in a tree overlooking Djuwarr rock. He never did teach a good man. His brother Namingum died five months later. As Big Bill Neidjie said,

Rock stays,
earth stays.
I die and put my bones in cave
or earth.
Soon my bones become earth . . .
all the same.
My spirit has gone back to my
country . . .
my mother.

* * *

The First Australians

Living in Two Worlds

By BELINDA WRIGHT and STANLEY BREEDEN

ROCK PAINTING in Kakadu virtually ceased more than a decade ago. But a few artists still create Dreamtime images on bark, and we were befriended by the most skillful painter, Bluey Ilkirr, and his wife, Susan Aladjingu. They let us witness the painstaking creation of one of his works.

Ilkirr used a long forked branch to scale a stringybark tree (left), from which he chopped out a 15-foot-long collar of bark. At home, weeks of curing and flattening followed. When a smooth piece of bark was ready for painting, Ilkirr coated it with red ocher and outlined animal designs in white pigment. Then he filled in shapes such as a wallaroo (right), adding intricate lines made with a grass-stem brush so fine that he could not work in a breeze. After four months of off-and-on work, the masterpiece was complete, worth a thousand dollars or more to a collector of Aboriginal art.

"Home" to Ilkirr and Aladjingu is a fairly free-floating concept. They often stay in a lean-to a few yards away from their new open-plan house (top right) in one of several sites called outstations scattered throughout the park. They use their two rooms mainly for storage and live in open areas under the roof; there is no water or electricity. The house, their Toyota pickup, and other

ALL BY BELINDA WRIGHT

services are provided by the Gagudju Association, which distributes and invests 3.3 million Australian dollars (U. S. $2.2 million) annually in uranium royalties for the Gagudju. Ilkirr is not a Gagudju—although they consult him on tribal matters—but Aladjingu is, and as an adult receives $2,000 a year for life.

Thus, materialism has invaded their lives. They enjoy listening to Aboriginal folk music and Australian country and western tunes on their radio-cassette recorder. Ilkirr wants a two-way radio "because everyone else [in a few outstations] has one."

But despite the Gagudju's relative prosperity, they share the

afflictions of all of Australia's 200,000 Aborigines, survivors of 200 years of persecution and disease. Their population has fallen by a third since the late 18th century; many Aboriginal groups have vanished altogether. A sign of hope came late last year when Prime Minister Bob Hawke sought a "compact" of understanding with these dispossessed Australians.

In Kakadu, Ilkirr and Aladjingu still enjoy living off the land, hunting for bush tucker such as turtles, fish, snakes, goannas, and yams. Those things, unlike machines that break down, have not lost their value.

ALL BY BELINDA WRIGHT

FOR YOUNGER GAGUDJU, the adjustment is harder. Trying to meet two cultures halfway, Jonathan Yarramarna (left, at center) practices Australian Rules football in Jabiru, the town within the park that serves the uranium industry.

Yarramarna's dream of turning professional was ended by a car accident near the town of Alice Springs. But there he found another dream, a young woman named Sharon who had recently returned to her native Australia from Canada. She became his wife. At home their daughter, Natasha (Tasha), celebrates her second birthday (below left)—a sign of change, since most Aborigines do not know their birth date. Visiting the camp of her grandfather, Big Bill Neidjie, Tasha gets on famously with a friend named Reginald (right).

Although Yarramarna left school at age 16, he has been trained as one of a handful of Gagudju park rangers. Balancing the world he works in with the world of his elders can sometimes be a dilemma. He is at home patrolling the bush and does some interpretation for visitors—but not much. Like all Gagudju, he is wary of the mass tourism encouraged by the Northern Territory. Some officials predict that by 1990, 200,000 people a year will flock to Kakadu—although all but two of its rock-art complexes are closed to the public.

EXOT

So now I've got to teach my children . . . how to learn Aboriginal way. That why I write this book. . . .

THOSE ARE THE WORDS of Big Bill Neidjie, from *Australia's Kakadu Man*, the book he wrote with anthropologist Stephen Davis and Allan Fox, formerly of the National Parks and Wildlife Service. Bill autographs copies for tourists in the Border Store, a shop run by the Gagudju Association just inside the park boundary.

Bill is a keeper of Gagudju philosophy, and his book speaks with simple eloquence of the law, the land and how to take care of it, and the two worlds of the Aborigine and the white man. Bill is also one of the special people in anybody's world—someone you have to notice. A big man who speaks slowly in a deep, gruff voice, he also has a sense of humor, with which he sometimes tested us in subtle and not-so-subtle ways. Once when we were visiting, he pulled up to his camp with a dead water buffalo in the back of his truck. "Ah, Belinda, got 'em good tucker here. You cook 'em!" he said, and handed her an ax. And she did it. She chopped it up, and we built a big fire and boiled the beast.

Although Bill is passionate about preserving his kind of knowledge, he does not object to the white man's variety. At Jabiru Area School, one Aboriginal student gives her input to another learning a computer game. Bill hopes that the young, after gaining an education needed to survive in a foreign culture, will have a change of heart and turn around. And that is why he wrote his book—to give them something to come back to. ☐

BOTH BY BELINDA WRIGHT

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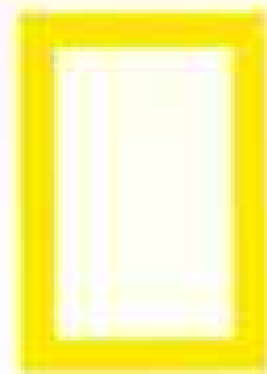

Partners in preserving the natural world

ENDANGERED SPECIES like the rabbit-eared bandicoot of Australia (right) have long found a friend in the International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources (IUCN). Among its many activities, this unique organization publishes the authoritative "red data books," which monitor the status of threatened animals around the world.

BOTH BY JEAN-PAUL FERRERO/ARDEA LONDON

Composed of 592 members from 117 countries, the IUCN this month celebrates 40 years of conservation leadership. Its members include grass-roots organizations as well as high-level government agencies in both developed and developing nations. This past year, I am proud to say, the National Geographic Society was accepted for membership, joining such organizations in the United States as the National Park Service, the Smithsonian Institution, and the National Audubon Society.

The central purpose of the IUCN is to help nations take advantage of natural resources without destroying those that are irreplaceable. Recognizing that people suffering from hunger, poverty, and disease cannot make endangered wildlife their top priority, it promotes economic improvement through the sustainable use of natural resources.

From its headquarters in Gland, Switzerland, the IUCN operates six international commissions of experts on topics such as national parks and protected areas and species survival. It maintains computer centers in Cambridge and Kew, England, and Bonn, West Germany, to monitor wildlife and natural areas. And in 1980 it published the *World Conservation Strategy*, offering specific guidelines for national and regional conservation policies.

Our membership in the IUCN is a natural extension of the Geographic's century-long concern for the environment. Over the years the Society has supported the creation of Redwood, Sequoia, Canyonlands, and North Cascades National Parks in the United States, and the Gombe Stream National Park in Tanzania. Through our magazines, books, and films we have stimulated public awareness of conservation issues such as acid rain, wildlife smuggling, and poaching. By sustained funding of research programs, now exceeding five million dollars annually, we have widened the world's knowledge of endangered species from mountain gorillas to black-footed ferrets.

As a member of the Society, you can take pride in this tradition, just as you can look forward to our new participation in world conservation. As the members of the IUCN gather in San José, Costa Rica, this month to plan activities for the next few years, we will be there to represent you.

Gilbert M. Grosvenor

PRESIDENT, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

ON DIRK HARTOG ISLAND OFF WESTERN AUSTRALIA, A RESEARCHER RELEASES A RARE BANDED HARE WALLABY.

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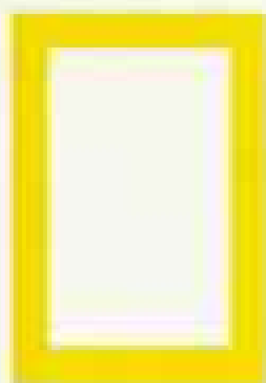

Members Forum

Women of Saudi Arabia

I was overjoyed to see the cover article on women of Arabia in the October 1987 issue. As an 18-year-old Saudi woman studying in the United States, I try to explain the situation of my sisters to Western friends, often without success. This article said almost everything I wanted to say and then some. People do not realize how much more the veil means to us than a covering. Saudi Arabia would not be Saudi Arabia without the veil.

IZDIHAR MANSUR
Troy, New York

I have just returned from Saudi Arabia, where I encountered heightened criticism of the Western press stemming from your October article, specifically the pictorial coverage. Some pictures caused great offense, in particular those of Princess Jawharah's banquet and the aerobics class. The main objection was that Jodi Cobb took those pictures on the understanding that they were for personal record only or without the knowledge of her hostesses. She abused the hospitality and betrayed the trust placed in her by those who opened their doors, possibly out of regard for Marianne Alireza. I feel that she could not have agreed to the published pictures.

H. ST. JOHN ARMITAGE
East Horrington, Somerset

Jodi Cobb and Marianne Alireza made it clear to all that the photographs, such as this one of Mai Yamani in Jiddah, were for publication in the GEOGRAPHIC. Mrs. Alireza's opinions were also sought during picture layout. Many women pictured have not only expressed their pleasure with the photographs but also requested prints.

Your article glossed over many of the realities of women's rights in Saudi Arabia. I spent several years there as an American wife to a Saudi I met in graduate school in Ohio. It wasn't until we set up housekeeping in the kingdom that my Saudi realized the full extent of his power over his family. Under Islam, he was allowed to beat me in front of our children to encourage discipline. Since our marriage contract did not address my future rights to divorce or alimony, I had no religious or legal right to separate myself from my abusive husband. I fled with my two children and filed for divorce in the States. My ex-husband then kidnapped our toddlers, even though Islam grants a woman custody of minor children. In 1983 I was allowed to reenter the kingdom to be near my children, yet police would not enforce written decrees by various ministries granting me visitation rights because my ex-husband would not agree to them.

There are 47 American-born children held in Saudi Arabia under similar circumstances. The government is losing control over individuals who take the law into their own hands.

KRISTINE UHLMAN
Arlington Heights, Illinois

A fine article, but the veil and ways of culture must not be presented as something the Saudis must do away with. Women of our Western culture would be shocked if Saudi women advised them to wear the veil. All cultures have shed blood to retain their identity. If change comes from within, by their women, let them deal with it as they may.

SPYROS CHIONOS
Windsor, Ontario

Having lived in Jiddah, Saudi Arabia, for four and a half years, I know that this is a very difficult subject to tackle. Marianne Alireza knows the subject well, having been there off and on for 40 years. When I met her a few years back, I was surprised at her love and enthusiasm for the Saudi people. I asked her how she had obtained a visa. She smiled and said, "No problem; I just cabled the king." It's amazing she could write a book banned there and write this article, also no doubt banned, and still freely come and go.

MARTI IATRIDIS
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Epilogue for *Titanic*

I was one of those who said that I wouldn't mind if they somehow brought the grand ship up or brought up an artifact for museum viewing. I've changed my attitude because I've now seen her as whole as she can be—thanks to the composite photograph and the paintings by Ken Marschall (October 1987).

JOANNE M. AYAN
Victorville, California

Why, oh why, do you torment us with complicated foldouts?

From the depths of the lumpy chaise lounge
There came a muffled curse.
She was trying to fold the GEOGRAPHIC
The same as it was at first!

DENISE P. HARTZELL
Chesapeake, Virginia

Outer Banks

Charlie Cobb has shown us, in one of the best articles I've ever seen about the Outer Banks (October 1987), that you don't have to live here for a lifetime to recognize the dangers of being "awash in change."

ALTON BALLANCE
Ocracoke, North Carolina

Why, in the name of sanity and conservation, does any state authority allow 6,000 swans a year to be slaughtered (pages 506-507)? These birds are very intelligent and pair for life. Each January it is one of my greatest pleasures to go to Sir Peter Scott's Wildfowl Trust Reserve in Welney, Norfolk, United Kingdom, to see the swans who fly 6,000 miles from Siberia to winter here. Last January there were some 6,000 of them, about the same number permitted to be slaughtered for amusement in one state in the U.S.A.

MARJERIE PRESTON
Bushey, Watford

On the Atlantic flyway, North Carolina was visited by 53,000 swans in 1986, a number that overcrowded its refuges.

In discussing Ocracoke you neglect the British Cemetery with its graves of four British seamen washed ashore after their ship, the H.M.S. *Bedfordshire*, was sunk by a German submarine during World War II. The "Beds" had been based at Ocracoke, and its 37-man crew welcomed by local families; some crewmen even opened bank accounts. After the Beds was torpedoed, debris and four bodies washed ashore. Local citizens furnished lumber for caskets and buried them.

JOHN E. BEISEL
Elizabethtown, Kentucky

"Doc" Edgerton

Why no mention of the work of Gjon Mili in your article on Doc Edgerton in the October issue? As an avid reader of *Life* magazine in the late 1930s and '40s, I was under the impression that Mili was the pioneer in high-speed photography.

H. D. BENTLEY
Torrington, Connecticut

A friend and colleague of Doc's, Gjon Mili led in the application of Edgerton's new system of lighting to magazine photography.

Smell Survey

Congratulations on the recent smell survey report (October 1987). The charts are fascinating in themselves and clearly demonstrate your conclusions. Appreciated is the mention of questions that arise from this type of survey and acknowledgment of the limitations of the conclusions. It is a very credible and professional article on a very subjective area.

ELISE WIDLUND
North Bergen, New Jersey

Among the bits of horse lore that an old cavalryman friend told me was that the finest pacifier for a fractious, bad-tempered horse was sweat. The men would rub their hands in their armpits and let the horse sniff. The result was invariably a much calmer animal.

MISS G. HUTCHISON
Auckland, New Zealand

As a rifle company commander in 1967, I operated in the mountainous rain forest of Vietnam, where our senses became acutely developed, especially the sense of smell. We all became human bloodhounds. We could track the enemy along trails and determine his relative proximity by two characteristic odors. The first was a curious mixture of camphor and woodsmoke that permeated the enemy's uniforms and equipment. The second was the smell of destroyed vegetation, since animals rarely destroy vegetation. Often the point man discovered the enemy with deadly accuracy, using just his nose.

COL. J. W. RIPLEY
FPO San Francisco, California

As a research psychiatrist with the East Orange VA Medical Center, I work with many Vietnam veterans who complain that their traumatic memories are triggered by specific odors. I would be interested to receive survey data.

HILLEL GLOVER, M.D.
East Orange, New Jersey

We received dozens of requests for complete smell survey data from researchers ranging from graduate students to fragrance manufacturers, to a lawyer litigating cases involving odorizing agents in the gas industry, to doctors like yourself. The data has been transferred to seven computer-ready magnetic tapes, available at below cost to qualifying researchers. Contact National Geographic Society, P.O. Box 37138, Washington, D. C. 20013

Letters should be addressed to **Members Forum,** *National Geographic Magazine, Box 37448, Washington, D. C. 20013, and should include sender's address and telephone number. Not all letters can be used. Those that are will often be edited and excerpted.*

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Sarah Purcell

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On Assignment

THE IDEA bloomed late, growing out of a single story by Australian-born Ross Terrill about a bicentennial in his native land. It got bigger and more elaborate, until the Editor decided to "give it a go" (to borrow an Australian phrase) and devote this entire issue to the land down under.

ELIZABETH A. MOIZE BY DAVID ROBERT AUSTEN

MARY ELLEN MARK AND FRIEND BY DAVID LITTSCHWAGER

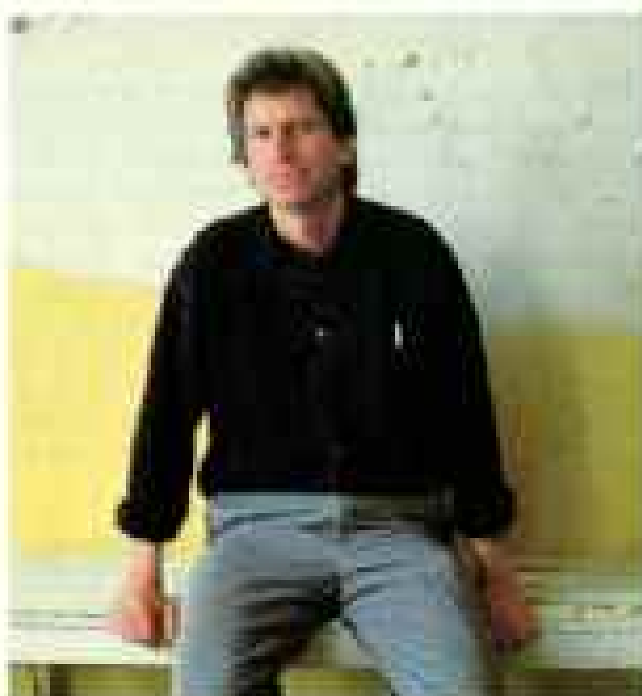
SUSAN WELCHMAN, CONSTANCE H. PHELPS, SUSAN A. SMITH BY MARIA STENZEL, NGS STAFF

JOHN EVERINGHAM AND FAMILY BY JOHN EVERINGHAM

ABIGAIL TIPTON AND ANNE JAMISON BY DAVID ROBERT AUSTEN

GEOGRAPHIC staff set up an "outpost" in Sydney last summer and free-lancers fanned out: New Yorkers Mary Ellen Mark—famous for her award-winning photo essays—and Michael O'Brien, who specializes in personalities, Bangkok-based journalist John Everingham, photographer David Robert Austen, who covers Asia from a Sydney base, and writer-wildlife photographers Stanley Breeden and Belinda Wright. Their rapid-fire coverage was directed by illustrations editor Susan Welchman, while Susan Smith, director of photographic support services, tracked the processing of 2,000 rolls of film.

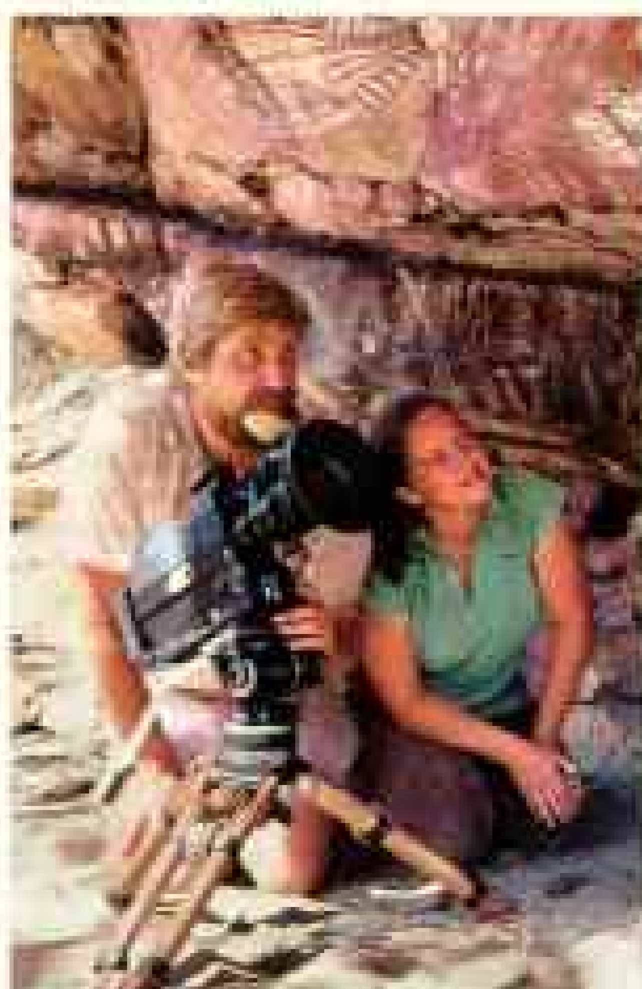
ROSS TERRILL, RIGHT, WITH RUPERT MURDOCH BY IAN CHAPMAN



MICHAEL O'BRIEN BY SEBASTIAN HOLLINGS

In Washington, D. C., layout designer Connie Phelps shaped their creative efforts into this collector's issue. Then researchers Abby Tipton and Anne Jamison took the words and pictures back to the source for a final check. The group logged some half million miles by air and 50,000 more by car. Senior Assistant Editor Betsy Moize, who edited all illustrations text, summed up: "We decided that Australia was a great place to visit—and we *would* like to live there."

DAVID ROBERT AUSTEN BY R. A. WYNNE



STANLEY BREEDEN AND BELINDA WRIGHT BY BELINDA WRIGHT

Bridled Nail-tailed Wallaby **Genus:** *Onychogalea* **Species:** *fraenata* **Adult size:** Length of head and body: male, 51-70cm; female, 43-54cm; tail: male, 38-54cm; female, 36-44cm **Adult weight:** Male, 5-6kg, female, 4-5kg **Habitat:** Shrubland and grassy woodland in central Queensland, Australia **Surviving number:** Estimated at 1,000 Photographed by Hans and Judy Best

Wildlife as Canon sees it

One of the greatest roles of photography is to record and preserve images of the world around us worthy to be handed down as a heritage for all generations. A photograph of the bridled nail-tailed wallaby captures the graceful motion of a species that until the late 1970s was thought to be extinct.

Once ranging from central Queensland to northern Victoria, the bridled nail-tailed wallaby now exists in only one colony inhabiting an area of 11,000 hectares. The wallaby is a nocturnal animal, resting by day in a shallow nest scratched out beneath a bush or tree, and is extremely shy and difficult to observe. It evades detection by lying prone in long grass or crawling out of sight under low shrubs. The remaining population requires continued management and protection if the bridled nail-tailed wallaby is to survive. Like all endangered species, its future depends on mankind's ability to live in harmony with the natural world.

An invaluable research tool, photography can help promote a greater awareness and understanding of the bridled nail-tailed wallaby and how it lives within its natural environment.

And understanding is perhaps the single most important factor in saving the bridled nail-tailed wallaby and all of wildlife.

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