Displaced Objects, or Sittings for a Family Portrait[1]

By Chris Barry

The objects were displaced in March 1950.
They left by train.

Queues of broken histories en route to a new country, a new language, via IRO (International Refugee Organisation) and the Norwegian cargo ship, *Skaugum*, a container commissioned and on route to Australia.

Two thousand refugees/displaced persons, homogenously termed "The Balts" (Ukraine, Poland, Hungary, Czech Republics, Former Yugoslavia, Former USSR) were to disembark at Port Melbourne on 26 March 1950.

Arcadia found in the southern hemisphere.

> **Point of departure: Naples, Italy**.
>
> How did you like Italy?
>
> *Everyday was macaroni and that's all* (Krzesny/Godfather)
> *Macaroni all the time!* (Dad)
>
> **Place of arrival: Port Melbourne**.
>
> *From the ship we been loaded on the trains…straight away*. (Krzesny)
> *The ship was full*. (Mum)
> *Everyone on the ship went to Bonegilla*. (Dad)
> *The ship not for the people, just transport ship…no windows, no air, nothing*. (Krzesny)
> *Just one bed after the other, one row after the other…you could really say we were transported like cattle*. (Ciocia/Aunty)

Bonegilla's official role was a processing camp. Migrants were introduced to the Australian language and way of life, via a six-week induction, and in exchange for their free passage/labour contract were dispersed to remote locations as labourers (if male) and domestics (if female). New arrivals were dispersed to locations where they were least likely to confront or disturb the established population. A population extremely anxious and suspicious of this new influx.

> *For two years we had to go where we been told. The dirtiest and the hardest work they gave to us*. (Dad)

"It is this aspect of Bonegilla's function (realising and reinforcing an ethnically-segmented and stratified labour force) that left its indelible imprint on the lives of the majority of those who passed through. Even after they were settled into jobs, bought houses in communities, and sent their children to schools, the post-war arrivals remained *migrants* and their children *second generation migrants*." (Sluga 1994:196)

More than 300,000 migrants passed through the camp for periods varying from a few days to several years. My parents stayed at Bonegilla for six weeks. *I am a second-generation migrant*.

> How did you like Bonegilla (Australia)?
>
> *We thought it was the end of the world…there was nothing!* (Ciocia)

[1] "Sittings for a Family Portrait" title taken from C Vleesken's novel, 1988.

I wanted to go back. (Krzesny)
Everyone got the runs. (Ciocia)
Yeah, I had the runs! (Krzesny)
Custard, pudding, soups, lamb. No, we didn't like the food. (Mum)
No taste…a lot of fat. Jam and bread for breakfast. (Krzesny)
And the sandwiches all kaput! (Ciocia)
When we came out to Australia, we say, we take any job we getting. (Dad)

What were your first words in English?

Go, stay, eat, food. (Krzesny)

"In the act of migration we had ordered ourselves a very fine funeral for our identities, to be reincarnated in sewers, as factory workers, in machinery, in knots, as tender morsels for despotic men." (Cappiello 1984:5)

"…physicians nailing crates, attorneys cleaning trams". (Murray 1977:56)

There was no forklift. We had to carry 45 kilos on our back!
I worked there for 30 years. (Dad)
How did you like Australia? You like Australia? If you said No! then they getting nasty to you. (Ciocia)
In the beginning, nearly all Australian people didn't like us. No, they didn't like us. For a long time, a long time, maybe four or five years. (Krzesny)
We didn't think it hard or not hard. We came here and we were happy. We worked hard, but we were happy, because a person could make a life. (Dad)
You sticking together. We kept together—Zeler, Staniek, Misiolek, Malczewski, Sadowski. We were by ourselves. (Dad)
Very hard, because you starting up with nothing in your hand. (Krzesny)
We had to go up at two o'clock in the morning, ride the pushbike from Maidstone to Williamstown, because three o'clock we started up to work (as kitchen-hands at Williamstown Hostel). (Ciocia)
Some Australians, they were mad at us because we can't speak English. Speak English, they say! (Krzesny)

Disobedient Subjects

Your mum and I stood there, outside the Williamstown Hostel, waiting for the bus. We wanted to go shopping. And when we stood there, a car stopped, you know, and a woman called out, "Do you want a lift?" And we two said, "Oh yeah! Why not." Then first thing when we came into the car she said, "You like Australia?" And I said, "No!" For the first two years we didn't like it here at all. We couldn't talk to anybody, we really wanted to go back. She stopped the car and said, "Get out!" So we got out and then we had to walk back to the bus stop and wait for the bus. (Ciocia)

The exile/exiled state becomes a counterpoint to the main narrative. However, the main narrative(s) or national histories are generally predicated on exclusions: "Those who don't fit into the dominant historical narrative, who are not assimilated, either exist as *boundary markers*, *token figures* or are consigned *to the margins* and thus either to invisibility or to permanent opposition." (Gunew 1992:16)

In contrast, Edward Said has argued compellingly that the margin, the place of exile is often the site for healthy scepticism, where borders are breached and a useful distrust of orthodoxy and dogma is bred. "Exile is a life led outside habitual order. It is nomadic, decentred, contrapuntal …". (Said, *Grunta*, 1984:172) One could even say that the exile (or exiled state) proposes a position of interrogation into the assumptions of the dominant culture. The other creates a state of aggravation to the self.

However, the paradox of the self/other binary which exists here in Australia, is that Australia-the-continent, remains other to Europe and European civilisation. It is the Antipodes,

that which exists (literally) on the other side of the globe. “Going to the other side of the world, going to Australia, was akin to dying.” (Nile 1994:12)

Disobedient Subjects 2

Shortly after arrival at Bonegilla, my mother and Ciocia were relocated to the Williamstown Hostel without their partners. My father and Krzesny arrived some weeks later. And in the interim, a situation of *resistance (STRIKE)* took place. My aunty (Ciocia) tells the story:

> *They took us by car to an old people’s home. This was our second job in Australia. We were three women. Domestics. Your mum, me and another Polish woman, Zosia. We came with our suitcases. We didn’t know where we are, but we didn’t like it here. We wanted to be with our men—together, not separate. It was very hard to come to a new country and live apart. “I don’t want to see my husband every Sunday in the street, just.” We were married women, why should we live apart from our men. We were afraid that we would have to stay in this job for two years. So straight away we said, “No! We don’t work here”. They said something to us, we didn’t respond. Then they brought us something to eat—we didn’t eat. STRIKE! All three of us, we didn’t move. The sister getting mad. We sitting there from morning to night, until about five o’clock. There we were just sitting on our suitcases in the hall. “Send me home again (to Germany), I don’t care! I don’t do it!” Then at night, he picked us up again and brought us back to Williamstown.*

To this day, the women have no idea who, or what authority, delivered and collected them from the old people’s home. They have no idea where the old people’s home was situated—which suburb, which location, which direction?

During this time, Williamstown Hostel became an arsenal of labour: *kitchen-hands, machine-operators, cooks, waiters, dishwashers, pick and shovellers, labourers, domestics*.

> How were your quarters (rooms) at Williamstown Hostel?
>
> *Gee terrible, because you had nothing in, just bed. There was no table in, no chair in, only tin wardrobe*. (Krzesny)
> *No furniture at all*. (Ciocia)
>
> Did you have any belongings when you came?
>
> *We had a big wooden box*. (Krzesny)
> *I had two boxes, large ones*. (Dad)
> *Clothes, blankets, sheets, linen, clothes, many things*. (Mum)
> *Really just the things we really need, nothing else we had*. (Ciocia)
> *We had nothing from Poland* (mementoes, souvenirs) *because we left from Germany*.
> *We’d been labourers* (interned) *in Germany*. *We only had clothes, shirts, suits*. (Dad)
> *You have to think, during the war we lost everything. Your mum, your dad, and we too, we lost everything. We had to start from the beginning.* (Ciocia)
> *There was nothing to leave* (behind) *because we didn’t have anything*. (Mum)
> *That’s right! Some pots you brought, maybe some cups, just little things.* (Krzesny)
> *We worked in the dining room serving food, your mum, me, Krzesny*. (Ciocia)
> *Your dad, he worked on the Railway, pick and shovel*. (Krzesny)
> *We have to wash dishes and make sandwiches for the workers*. (Mum)
> *In the hostel, they all went to work, all on “contract”.* (Dad)
> *In the kitchen, we spoke Polish, Russian, German. No English*. (Mum)
> *So long as we lived in the hostel, we hardly could speak any English, none of us*. (Ciocia)
> *A few words maybe: eating, drinking, thank-you, ticket, train, how much?* (Krzesny)
> *But money, we learn very quickly!* (Dad)

“All nationalisms have their founding fathers, their basic quasi-religious texts, their rhetoric of belonging, their historical and geographical landmarks, their official enemies and heroes. (The

narratives of nationalism). This collective ethos forms what Pierre Bourdieu, the French sociologist calls the *habitus*, the coherent amalgam of *practices linking habit with inhabitance*". (Said, *Granta*, 1984:162) However, within this *habitus* resides the position of the other, the symbiotic, determining twin, which defines and locates the self, the dominant (imperialist/nationalist) discourse.

The identity of the other, as Homi Bhabha has shown us, is intimately related to the identity of the self, even to some degree the self's projection of its own repressed desires. But what makes the presence of the other so disconcerting to self is the perceived ambiguity of the other which lies in its appearance of both similarity and difference simultaneously. The tendency of the self is to exaggerate the other's difference, an exaggeration which arises out of the self's anxiety and uncertainty regarding its own identity. (Shapiro 1996:42-5)

Herein we see the emergence of the stereotype of the barbarian, the noble savage, the oriental, the Jew, the migrant, (and in the case of Australia, the Aborigine) who become the generic representing otherness.

Shadow monsters from the id 27.4.94

> Please excuse me, I don't mean to offend. I was just remembering the many years I've spent living in the suburbs…I remember the abuse I've heard about us being drunks, violent, unable to look after our children, immoral, lazy, bludgers who can't seem to look after themselves, and more, much, much more, too much more. It seems to me that Aboriginal people are the dumping ground for all those human traits that the non-Aboriginal community can't seem to accept in their own behaviour; all that is savage, uncivilised and even primitive (by their own definition) in their own behaviour, as can be seen in the daily newspapers and on T.V. It's like all that is repressed, pushed away to be unconsciously dumped onto Aborigines as the black shadow monsters from the id. Gordon Bennet 4.04pm (Bennett/McLean 1996).

History has been described as "an interview with the winners" (Rushdie 1988:37) and in post-colonial terms, the winners have been ruthless.

Another aspect of the self/other paradigm is *mimicry*: "The desire for a reformed, recognisable other, as a subject of a difference that is almost the same, but not quite. Which is to say that the discourse of mimicry is constructed around an ambivalence; in order to be effective, mimicry must continually produce its slippage, its excess, its difference." (Bhabha 1994:86)

Richard Bernstein cautions about the deep tendency in Western philosophy to reduce (violently) the other to the same, and the dangers of silencing the alterity (the incommensurability) of the other. The other should exist in its own singular entity and not be violated by inauthentic exoticism and self-defeating relativism and perspectivism. He urges the need to transcend our narcissism in understanding the alterity of the other. (Shapiro 1996:42-3)

Bhabha suggests that "it is by asserting the way in which ethnic groupings and communities express their cultural differences that we confront the subject of liberation". (Bhabha 1989:27)

> *When we came here, the Australian people, they didn't like us*. (Ciocia)
> *We never heard anything else, just Bloody New Australians! Always Bloody New Australians—coming here and taking the jobs away!* (Krzesny)
> *Even if you want to look private for a room, to get out of the hostel, they wouldn't give you a room. Because they didn't like us, didn't take us for full, I think.* (Ciocia)
> *They was afraid*. (Krzesny)
> *They didn't want to have anything to do with us*. (Dad)
> *And when you went in a bus and you talked your language, they screamed at us, "You talk in English, you talk in English!* (Ciocia)
> *Go back where you come from—that's what they said. That's true*. (Krzesny)

Postwar migrants belong to a specific moment in history and to that vast population of world-scattered people, who in the violence of their migration(s) left behind, or lost, their cultural, linguistic, and political bases. They re-emerge *between cultures* a place of traumatic subjectivism.

> Did I ever fit in? When we arrived in Australia in the late 1950s it was impressed upon us that we had to become integrated, become indistinguishable from the Anglo-Australian majority. The Dutch were considered model migrants! We threw off our own culture and became invisible. (Vleeskens 1992:191-5)

"We must never forget the violence of migration." (Papastergiadis 1992:149-161)

> Exactly 30 years after arriving here, I boarded a plane, flew again over the red deserts of Aboriginal tribal/lands…and the oceans and continents that had separated me from my own land. I felt an incredible sense of relief as we descended over Schiphol. The feeling became even stronger when I caught the train to The Hague and walked through the streets of Scheveningen, my birthplace. I felt a load slip from my shoulders and walked and walked. Took in. Took in my country. Took in my being. Took in my culture. Never to be lost. Never to be stolen from me again. I knew who I was…Dislocation from one's culture and land is like murder. (Vleeskens 1992:191-195)

What is it that's inherently (and fundamentally) missing for Vleeskens? A sense of place; a sense of history; a sense of belonging? A place to define one's *difference* perhaps?

Vleeskens, like many migrants, has never felt "at home" in Australia; his surroundings, his environment, have not provided him with a satisfactory body image, "a mothering space that both nurtures him and helps him to define his own difference". (Carter 1992:9-18)

Paul Carter calls such nurturing spaces *haptic spaces*, those (spaces) that satisfactorily externalise our deep emotional need for community; a place to belong and feel whole; to embrace and inhabit; places that speak to us. To experience the built environment *haptically* is to experience the place you live in with your body. (Carter 1992:9-18)

The majority of Australian suburbs and towns are laid out in the *non-haptic* form of a rectangular grid. The grid effectively becomes the social mechanism for passage, it facilitates progress, growth, the dispersal of people and the provisional nature of suburban occupation.

> The grid permits newcomers to occupy a new country without embracing local manners or local topography. It is a means of articulating human presence in the absence of a mutually intelligible language (a tradition of occupation, a background of shared values). Each person, each property owner, knows where s/he stands, even if s/he stands nowhere. Similarly, neighbours can enter into a kind of dialogue, even if they have neither language or culture in common. (Carter 1992:9-18)

The gift of the grid therefore, is occupation: it offers no *haptic* integration of place and belonging.

> *This was something again. We all lived in the hostel, together. And then, one day an agent, he came to the hostel selling blocks. Everybody looked for a cheap block. Ardeer, in the beginning, was the cheapest land—I think fifty pounds. And that's why you have so many migrants in the area. Ardeer, in the beginning, was all New Australians.* (Ciocia).

> *Graham Street (Newport) was a lot of migrants: Kwiatkowski, Wolski, Gavor, Lotiska (Latvian woman), Ruski (Russians). All mixed-up.* (Dad)

A lot of people building first the bungalow; living in the bungalow; and then starting up to build the house. (Krzesny)

My land cost two hundred pounds. When you were born we had (built) the whole house. The floor, the plaster, but no electricity. Not finished. The front door and back door is what we had, nothing else. We cooked and boiled water on the primus. I know someone from Hansen Street (North Altona)—his name was Niemietz (German). I paid him (the builder) five pounds per day, but I earn only ten pounds per week, maybe. (Dad)

After 18 months we bought a house in Maidstone. We didn't build. We bought an old one, a very old one. Wooden. Weatherboard. We had no garage, nothing. No big backyard just a very small one. There was a bungalow next to the house. We rent the bungalow to Bobrowski, some friends of us. Polish. He had a wife and son. They had no place to go, so he came to me. In this street we were the first ones there—the first migrants. (Ciocia)

Our neighbours, they were Australians…they hardly talked to us. Because we couldn't speak English anyway. Few words, you know, don't go very far. We lived in this house for three years. (Krzesny)

The psychic deprivation experienced by the migrant is not only *haptic* but also *linguistic*.

The instability (one) experiences arises from a sense of not being *at home in language*; (one) does not *dwell* in language, language does not *shelter* (their) innermost thoughts. Language, like architecture, is a means of structuring reality. The naming of things, like the imposition of perspective, is a means of defining one's own place and identity (Carter 1992:9-18).

In the beginning when you get a form, we couldn't fill it in. We had to get help to fill it in. (Ciocia)

When I built our house, when I didn't know what something was called, I ask someone and wrote it down, on a piece of paper, and when I went to buy wood, I could use English words. (Dad)

You couldn't say what you want, or what that's called. You just point with the finger. (Ciocia)

Always you write your name down on sheets of paper. (Dad)

But what happens if your own name is unstable? When pronunciation(s) and spelling(s) remain inconsistent, difficult, strange to the (Anglo) ear? When mispronunciation(s) trigger improvisation(s), innovation(s) and invention(s). How does one establish a sense of place; a sense of identity; a sense of home?

"His name was a swag he shouldered, a means of travelling from one human situation to another, but it no longer provided him with a house of his own, a place from which he could speak." (Carter 1992:9-18)

M-A-R-C-Z-A-K
M-I-S-I-O-L-E-K
S-T-A-N-I-E-K
M-A-L-C-Z-E-W-S-K-I
Z-E-L-E-R
S-A-D-O-W-S-K-I

Adaptability and self-effacement become the migrants only recourse and it is interesting to note that these same virtues were inscribed and integrated into Aboriginal cultures. Survival relies on adaptability.

P-I-O-T-R---M-A-R-C-Z-A-K becomes
P-E-T-E-R---M-A-R-C-Z-A-K
A-M-E-L-I-A---G-L-I-Z-I-E becomes
A-M-E-L-I-A---M-A-R-C-Z-A-K
M-I-E-C-Z-Y-S-L-A-W---M-I-S-I-O-L-E-K becomes
M-I-C-K---M-I-S-I-O-L-E-K
A-N-N-A---S-T-R-A-S-S-B-E-R-G-E-R becomes
A-N-N---M-I-S-I-O-L-E-K
K-R-Y-S-T-Y-N-A---M-A-R-C-Z-A-K becomes
C-H-R-I-S-T-I-N-E---M-A-R-C-Z-A-K becomes
C-H-R-I-S---B-A-R-R-Y

My godfather (Krzesny) has a funny story regarding his name *MIECZYSLAW*, a name which could not provide a home or shelter for his identity. His (Polish) identity remained culturally displaced, nomadic, invisible even, as he travelled across towns, countries and hemispheres.

At the beginning of the war, Poles were removed from their country and interned in Germany as forced labourers. My Aunty (Ciocia) tells the story:

> *When he went to Germany they couldn't say MIECZESLAW or MIETEK, they couldn't pronounce the name, so they called him MARTIN*. (Ciocia)
> *They called him the wrong name, the wrong translation.*
> *"We didn't care how we been called. We just took it."* (Krzesny)
> *And when he came to Australia, they called him MICK*.
> *They all told him straight away, "Oh well, we call you MICK—short." This was short.*
> *And when he came to Apax in Geelong Road (Brooklyn), in the factory, the first time, he said his name was MICK.*
> *The Boss said, "We cannot call you MICK—we already have one here—so we call you HARRY!"*
> *"Alright, you call me HARRY!"*
> *They just gave him a new name.*
> *He worked there for about ten years. This was the next job after the hostel, making rubber belts and leather belts for the machines (machinery).* (Ciocia)
>
> Why didn't you say to them, "My name's not HARRY!"
>
> *It was too late. I couldn't speak properly and explain them anyway. There was not anybody that speak my language. Anyway, I was happy with HARRY, I like it anyway. It was nice.* (Krzesny)
>
> *But when he came to Sims Metal in Brooklyn, he said, "My name is MICK", and then he stayed MICK. In those days, they changed a lot of names.* (Ciocia)

"In the migrant environment, the desire to make sense of the world suffers a double set-back. The provisional nature of occupation undermines that sense of place which is so essential a foundation, we are told, of an integrated psychic and emotional existence, while the provisional nature of language undermines the migrant's attempt to map his/her surroundings, to place over it a firm semantic grid" (Carter 1992:9-18). Is it any wonder then, that the migrant dreams of other belongings, of other (imaginary) homelands…

For the migrant English acts not as a means of self-expression, but as a language in the absence of a language of one's own. "English provides a vocabulary of signifiers that, while they have no deep resonance for the speaker (no poetic power), enable him/her to go through the motions of speech." (Carter 1992:9-18)

However, this English emerges *broken*, *broken up*; becomes a *broken English* (and not necessarily *pidgin*). Perhaps it doesn't carry the romance of *pidgin/pidginising*, albeit both somehow reflect each other. This broken language remains *fragmented, provisional*, *reconstructed, tenuous*. It emerges from the desire *to fit in; to adjust; to modify*; *to enable*. It

emerges out of the desire ***to survive***. “Broken language is perceived as symptomatic of subjects not yet assimilated (rendered the same) or naturalised.” (Gunew 1994:71). “Speaking English, the migrant may not be able to say anything significant but s/he can at least signify the desire to speak”, to articulate his (her) need for a speaking place—to be heard. (Carter 1992:9-18)

> *Brenda and Fred, they teach me one word every day. They were very good to us.* (Ciocia)

In the migrant environment, self-definition, or subjectivity, generally resides within the *abject*. According to Julia Kristeva, the *abject* is an ambiguous area surrounding borderlines. Subject-formation (identity) is threatened by instability—the instability created by separation from the mother: that which links food, meaning and language and entry into the symbolic order. It is a place where meanings are lost; a state of *in-between*; it remains *ambiguous*; it becomes a *composite*. There is nothing familiar in the *abject*. (Kristeva 1982:4) Sneja Gunew suggests that, in Australia, *foreign languages* function in a predominantly Anglophone context as the *abject*. “Words are feared because they cannot be assimilated, and words in another language emphasise the split within subjectivity.” (Gunew 1994:62)

> Suddenly everything in our lives reduced to the most simple elements unplaced in a country that belonged to other people, a lack of knowledge or intimacy with the landscape, a disconnection in ourselves in what we had been or experienced before, **a cut**.
>
> The change had a profound effect on the family, on its structure, it broke the unity we had known in Romania, each one was thrown out of the group, made to rely much more on their own resources. The struggle underlined both one’s intrinsic vulnerability, as well as the family’s inability to offer much support, and re-arrange the world for us. Not that is had been able to do this in Romania, but there it had not been asked by circumstances to prove it. (Kefala 1988:77)

Identity can no longer be located or returned to the point of departure, the point of origin. Shelter is found partially through the haphazard processes of putting together the bits and pieces; the significant and the arbitrary are pieced together by repetition and translation (Papastergiadis 1992:155). Ingenuity and improvisation become the creative processes that attempt to redeem the migrant. John Berger calls this “the bricolage of the soul”. (Berger 1985)

However, bricolage sets-up its own disruptive and discursive position. It becomes visible when one can *trace* the origins of the different pieces making up the whole. The Bricoleur never exchanges one set of meanings for the other. S/he leaves the two (or more) representations half complete and in a sense, a mixture of conventions and discourses emerge, albeit in a discontinuous, fragmentary whole. Bricolage, as a life, is generally found on society’s fringes.

Broken English stands as a bricolage of *standard* English; it becomes the *bastard* version, the *mongrel: language fallen from grace.* However, “*Bricolage*, in any form, sets-up a double-vision, it forces the juxtaposition of forms, and new meanings must emerge.” (Muecke 1984:148-52).

Improvisation then becomes another disposition of bricolage. The ability to co-exist with ambiguities, stand-in-signs, and the adaptability to embrace hybridised sounds and forms: these are the faculties and traits that give the migrant environment its complex meaning (and tenacity).

> *After the “contract” was finished, we were very happy. For the first time we felt free. We didn’t have much good time before the war. In the war we had no good time. So really, this was the first time you could feel free and say, “Oh well I’m happy!” Never mind how much I work, I want to work that I get somewhere. From then on we feel good—better. All of us. Soon you had your house, you achieved something.* (Ciocia)

“Identity is formed at the unstable point where the “unspeakable” stories of subjectivity meet the narratives of history, of culture.” (Hall 1987:44-6)

> I walk along the street I lived on 30 years ago, stop outside the house from which my family migrated to Australia. It is pouring, and icy rain mingles with teardrops rolling down my cheeks. This is the first time that I have returned to the land of my childhood and I feel that I am a stranger here. I do not know how to fit into the society. The basic knowledge one gains through living in a place is missing. I stand here, frightened like the ten-year-old child that was forced to leave (Holland). No! More frightened, because I suddenly become aware that I am a stranger in Australia, as well as in my native Holland, that I am no longer able to wholly fit anywhere. (Vleeskens 1992:191-5)

Endnotes

All quotations from my family members appear in italics and are from interviews with Piotr Marczak, Amelia Marczak, Anna Misiolek and Mieczyslaw Misiolek, recorded in June 1997.

G Bennett and I McLean, *The Art of Gordon Bennett*, Craftsman House, Roseville, 1996.

J Berger, *The White Bird: Writings by John Berger*, Chatto and Windus, London, 1985.

R Bernstein, “Incommensurability and Otherness Revisited” in *The New Constellation: The Ethical/Political Horizons of Modernity/Postmodernity*, England, 1991.

H Bhabha, “The Other Question”, in *Screen 24*, vol 6, 1983.

H Bhabha, “Identities in Parada”, in *Marxism Today*, June, 1989.

H Bhabha, “Of Mimicry and Men”, in *The Location of Culture*, Routledge, London, 1994.

R Cappiello, *O Lucky Country*, University of Queensland Press, St. Lucia, 1984.

P Carter, “Lines of Communication: Meaning in the Migrant Environment”, in S. Gunew and K O Longley (eds), *Striking Chords: Multi-Cultural Literary Interpretations*, Allen and Unwin, North Sydney, 1992.

J Clifford, “The Others: Beyond the ‘Salvage’ Paradigm”, in *Third Text*, vol 6, Spring, 1989.

S Gunew, “Introduction” in S Gunew and K O Longley (eds), *Striking Chords: Multi-Cultural Literary Interpretations*, Allen and Unwin, North Sydney, 1992.

S Gunew, *Framing Marginality*, Melbourne University Press, Melbourne, 1994.

S Hall (ed), “Minimal Selves in Identity”, in *L Appignanesi, ICA Documents no 6*, ICA, London, 1987.

A Kefala, *European Notebook*, Hale and Iremonger, Sydney, 1988.

J Kristeva, *Powers of Horror: An Essay in Abjection*, Columbia University Press, New York, 1982.

J McQueen, “Joseph in Transit” in *Uphill Runner*, Penguin, Melbourne, 1984.

S Muecke, K Benterrak and P Roe, *Reading the Country: Introduction to Nomadology*, Fremantle Arts Centre Press, Fremantle, 1984.

L Murray, *Ethnic Radio*, Angus and Robertson, Sydney, 1977.

R Nile (ed), *Australian Civilisation*, Oxford University Press, Melbourne, 1994.

N Papastergiadis, “The Journeys Within: Migration and Identity in Greek-Australian Literature” in S Gunew and K O Longley (eds), *Striking Chords: Multi-Cultural Literary Interpretations*, Allen and Unwin, Sydney, 1992.

S Rushdie, “Minority Literature in a Multi-Cultural Society”, in K H Petersen and A Rutherford (eds), *Displaced Persons*, Dungaroo Press, Sydney, 1988.

E Said, “Reflections on Exile”, in *Granta*, no 13, Granta Publications, London, 1984.

E Said, *The World, The Text and The Critic*, Faber and Faber, London, 1984.

R Shapiro, “Ethics, the Literary Imagination and the Other: The Hand that Ought or was Imagined to have Signed the Paper”, in R Nile and G Turner (eds), *Fabrications: Journal of Australian Studies*, number 50/51, 1996.

G Sluga, “Bonegilla and Migrant Dreaming” in K Darian-Smith and P Hamilton (eds), *Memory and History in Twentieth-Century Australia*, Oxford University Press, Melbourne, 1994.

C Vleeskens, “This Eternal Curiosity: The Search for a Voice in the Wilderness”, in S Gunew and K O Longley (eds), *Striking Chords: Multi-Cultural Literary Interpretations*, Allen and Unwin, Sydney, 1992.

C Vleeskens, *Sittings for a Family Portrait*, Post-Neo Publication, Melbourne, 1988.