

sydney  
PEN

# The Quarterly Sydney PEN Centre

freedom to write, freedom to read

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[www.pen.org.au](http://www.pen.org.au)



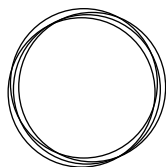
## In this issue

ELISIO CUNGUARA ● WEST PAPUA ● PRAMOEDYA ● DHAIFER JACOB ● JAMES JOYCE ● FADEEL KAYAT ● IRAQ



SYDNEY PEN APPRECIATES THE CONTINUING SUPPORT OF THE SYDNEY WRITERS FESTIVAL, AND THIS YEAR WAS ONCE AGAIN INVITED TO HOST A PANEL. ON SUNDAY 28TH MAY IN THE SYDNEY THEATRE, WRITERS CAMILLA GIBB, HENDRIK HERTZBERG, HARI KUNZRU, ANNA POLITKOVSKAYA AND GEORGE WILLIAMS (CHAIR KATHERINE THOMSON) JOINED IN A DISCUSSION ON THE 'STATE OF THE WORD' – FROM THE SEDITION PROVISIONS IN AUSTRALIA, THE PATRIOT ACT IN THE USA, THE RELIGIOUS PROVISIONS IN THE UK, INTERNET CENSORSHIP IN CHINA AND THE CONSTANT BATTLE FOR FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION IN RUSSIA.

## PEN membership



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freedom to read

DO YOU KNOW OTHERS WHO CARE ABOUT CREATIVE EXPRESSION AND THE FREE EXCHANGE OF INFORMATION AND IDEAS?

PEN Members who wish to invite others to join please note that a new Sydney PEN brochure can be requested from the Sydney PEN office. A membership form can also be downloaded from the website.

Go to [www.pen.org.au](http://www.pen.org.au) and click Join. Thanks to Terry Priest, Eva Cox, Lurdes Borralho, and Peachy Print for the new brochure.

As 2006 is the 75th anniversary of Sydney PEN, members should keep their eyes out for a major fund-raising event later in the year. More news soon.

[www.pen.org.au](http://www.pen.org.au)  
[Sydney@pen.org.au](mailto:Sydney@pen.org.au)

## PEN CUSTOMS HOUSE READINGS



Sydney PEN, in association with Customs House and the City of Sydney Library, has been presenting monthly lunchtime literary events on the first Thursday of each month at the City of Sydney Library, Customs House. Each month a PEN author is presented by the library to read from their own work and share some of their influences with the lunchtime audiences.

Readers so far this year have been Tom Keneally, Mandy Sayer, Phillip Adams and Kate Grenville. Please join us on the 6 July to hear Christopher Kremmer.

Other authors for 2006 include Linda Jaivin, Alison Broinowski, Frank Moorhouse and Rose Zwi.

**WHERE:** City of Sydney Library, First Floor Lounge, Customs House

**WHEN:** 6 July 2006, 12.45 to 1.15 p.m, and then the first Thursday of each month.



# Guest -editing this issue of the PEN

Quarterly has been a mixed experience of pleasure and pain. Working with designer Mary Temelovski has reminded me how good it is to work collegially (instead of the usual solitary lot of the freelance writer-editor). I would particularly like to thank Bruce Petty for the wonderful front cover image: drawn especially for PEN. Support from Chip Rolley, Miri Jassy, Denise Leith, Adrian Jones and Katherine Thomson have also been part of what journalists most prize: working with like-minded people in an environment of free exchange of ideas and information.

And that's where the pain comes in. At the recent Sydney Writers Festival I was lucky enough to hear Anna Politkovskaya talk at several sessions about how she experiences almost none of the above in her day-to-day work in Moscow. Her courage and determination to find and tell Russians the truth about what's happening in the "new" Russia of Vladimir Putin awed and humbled me. Her coverage of the war in Chechnya earned her the Golden Pen Award in 2000 and we are fortunate that she is - as I write this - still alive and working.

Little has changed in the former Soviet Union when it comes to suppressing press freedom, individual freedom and ruthlessly doing away with opposition. Politkovskaya's high profile in the west may have protected her so far, but as she knows only too well, her safety and life mean nothing to the powerful in her home country. She is an inspiration - and a warning to us in Australia.

Which brings me to the freedom of the press in Australia and more pain. Although we are not even close to the dire straits in which Politkovskaya finds herself and her paper, we should not be complacent. As any media observer in this country knows, a journalist doesn't have to be murdered to be silenced. As any member of the public knows, finding out what's really going on, or not going on, is becoming increasingly difficult for a number of reasons.

The continuing contraction of media outlets and ownership in Australia jeopardises press freedom; the continuing cost cutting (Nine network, Fairfax, News Corp, regional press, ABC - indeed, virtually anywhere journalists

are employed) is also a guarantee of less real news and information. Increasingly, media owners see shareholders as their primary responsibility and therefore the bald profitability of their "product" is what counts. Serious, experienced, qualified, substantial journalists (now often referred to as "content providers") are the first casualty of shoring up the bottom line. Independent journalists are few and far between these days because that kind of journalism is costly in terms of expertise and experience (large pay packets) and the resources needed to conduct investigative journalism (time = money). Younger journalists are not encouraged to go beyond the superficial; general and cuttings libraries - the old fashioned basic tool of journalism - have been scaled back, moved away from newsrooms and even destroyed. (Who needs to know what went on prior to 1974 a slashing and burning head librarian once asked a despairing reporter.)

In a political atmosphere where the Australian public seems to be numbed to the apparent inevitability of job losses, career curtailment, worse pay and conditions; and where there is a general disregard for the truth and matters of integrity in high places, it is difficult to argue successfully that senior, mainly well-paid journalists and broadcasters should not be in the firing line. But if democracy means anything to us, however, these people are our frontline defence. Insidious inroads into democratic principles are being made, daily, by our governments and the vested interests of big business. A hamstrung and diminished media is a health hazard for us all and our democracy. And it is no defence to say - never mind, we can learn all we need from the 'net. We should not be lulled into thinking this source of information is safe - just look at what's already happened with Google and China.

These are dark times but nobody should think for one minute that every torch and tiny flame all around the world doesn't count in lighting the darkness. It only takes one spark to start a bushfire, as Australians know too well. And PEN remains a mighty spark - as long as its members keep the faith and the flame. And don't ignore what's happening here at home.

DIANA SIMMONDS

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COVER: BRUCE PETTY

# PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

## Sydney PEN's incoming President writes:

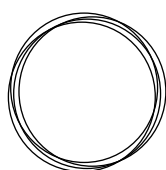
It was a great honour to be elected as the new President of Sydney PEN. I am very much looking forward to working with the new Management Committee and also with PEN members. My thanks and congratulations go to Katherine Thomson, the outgoing President, for her great work, and to the outgoing committee members for their amazing contribution. Sydney PEN has done wonderful things for an organisation run by volunteers!

The incoming committee has lots of plans, and we are hoping to involve members more in our work. We have already set up a distinguished writers panel to support Sydney PEN: Geraldine Brooks, JM Coetzee, Tim Flannery, Helen Garner, Kate Grenville, Tom Keneally, David Malouf, Frank Moorhouse, John Tranter and David Williamson all agreed very quickly to join our panel.

We have also set up a Sydney PEN Supports Australian Playwrights! program. Full details of the first events are in this issue. We have special nights for PEN members at Griffin Theatre on Friday, September 8 and November 21 with tickets available at a substantial discount. Please support PEN in these initiatives and at the same time give your families and friends the pleasure of a convivial night out at Sydney's famous Stables Theatre.

The PEN readings at the Customs House Library have been a huge success. Our June reader was Kate Grenville and the July reader is Christopher Kremmer. We are hoping to extend further our activities with writers, including readers and writers programs in schools and elsewhere, and writers in residence in a variety of places from corporations to juvenile detention centres. Writers who are interested in residencies should write to or email Sydney PEN's office, detailing, in particular, any experience or training in dealing with young people who are disadvantaged.

I hope you enjoy this issue of The Quarterly. We are planning an email newsletter as well to keep us all in contact more regularly.



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ANGELA BOWNE  
Sydney Pen President

## Sydney PEN Centre Committee

### COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT

Angela Bowne  
(PRESIDENT)  
Jack Durack  
Chip Rolley  
(VICE-PRESIDENTS)  
Clare Waters  
(HON. SECRETARY)  
Miri Jassy  
(HON TREASURER)  
Natasha Cica  
Jan Forrester  
Denise Leith  
Rebecca Huntley  
Lesley McFadzean  
Elizabeth Webby

Mayrah Butt  
(ADMIN. OFFICER)  
Peter Walford  
(ACCOUNTANT)

## Sydney PEN Quarterly

Editorial team:  
Diana Simmonds  
(GUEST EDITOR)  
Miri Jassy  
Adrian Jones  
Chip Rolley  
Katherine Thomson  
Mary Temelovski  
(DESIGN)

For submissions or  
feedback please contact  
editor@pen.org.au.

### COMINGS AND GOINGS AND THANKS

Thanks once again to Allen and Unwin for their generous hosting of Sydney PEN's AGM. Members gathered to elect a new President and Committee of Management, have a drink together and to view the brilliant Singaporean short film, *Cut*, by Royston Tan, which was brought out from Singapore especially for the meeting. Katherine Thomson's speech as outgoing President can be read on our website [www.pen.org.au](http://www.pen.org.au). She thanked all outgoing Committee Members for the hard work through the year, and expressed particular gratitude to Sharon Connolly, who was acting Executive Director for much of last year. Sydney PEN's pro bono accountant, Peter Walford, was also warmly thanked by outgoing Hon. Treasurer, Meredith Curnow. The new President, Angela Bowne, and the new Committee of Management, were warmly welcomed by members.



**SYDNEY PEN SUPPORTS AUSTRALIAN PLAYWRIGHTS!**

PEN has arranged two theatre evenings for PEN members, friends and supporters at the SBW Stables Theatre - the only theatre in Sydney dedicated to producing new Australian plays through Griffin Theatre Company.

PEN members may buy tickets at a discounted price: \$28 each (plus booking fee of \$1.25 per ticket), a saving of \$11 on the full price of \$39. Under-30s is \$22.

**Friday 8 September 2006, 8pm - *The Emperor of Sydney* By Louis Nowra**



Griffin stages Louis Nowra's Sydney trilogy

**Directed by David Berthold**  
**With Alex Dimitriades, Jack Finsterer, Toby Schmitz, Susie Porter and Sibylla Budd.**

This is the third in Nowra's loose "Sydney trilogy" in which he explores the city's penchant for "colourful identities". The play will

be introduced by David Berthold at 7.45 and we are hoping to have Louis Nowra there too.

**Tuesday 21 November, 8pm - *Holding the Man* by Timothy Conigrave**  
**Adapted by Tommy Murphy, winner of the 2006 NSW Premier's Play Award.**  
**Directed by David Berthold.**

The play is adapted from Conigrave's iconic autobiographical novel, *Holding the Man*, which won the Human Rights Award for Non-Fiction in 1995. Tommy Murphy is one of the talented Murphy brothers who are making a name for themselves at Griffin.

The play will be introduced by Tommy Murphy and David Berthold at 7.45 pm.

Bookings: MCA Ticketing on 1300 306 776 and say you are a PEN member.  
**SBW Stables Theatre**  
**13 Craighend Street**  
**Kings Cross**  
**For more information, see [www.griffintheatre.com.au](http://www.griffintheatre.com.au)**

TELLTALE

We await him...  
 Every night  
 Little attires...  
 Are wet...  
 This father lights,  
 As usual,  
 But does not get rid of darkness  
 The man of fear steps out of death's gates,  
 Loads boxes of history  
 With wills and yells  
 The hawk, stuck to his shoulders,  
 Tells stories of exiles,  
 Prostitute spinsters  
 And how mouths eat mouths  
 His ability to fight death has haunted us  
 His blue body beats rainbow for its wonder  
 Steep foggy pillars arise from his mouth,  
 Attract the drowned  
 And drifters.  
 He walks us to immortality,  
 Us...  
 The tiny before his survivability.

DHAFER JACOB - Trans. Mohsen Beni Saeed

POET

Since war deformed me...  
 I have been patching my lineaments...  
 With words  
 And beautifying my yearnings  
 With clumsily made paints.

DHAFER JACOB - Trans. Mohsen Beni Saeed

BIOGRAPHY

*DHAFER JACOB belongs to a new generation of Iraqi poets. He was born in 1971. He left Iraq in 1997 and has lived in Sydney for seven years. Jacob has published short stories and a collection of articles in the British Arabic media. His poetry has been published on websites and in magazines.*

# PRESS FREEDOM DETERIORATING WORLDWIDE

**ACCORDING TO THE ANNUAL  
HALF-YEAR REVIEW BY W.A.N.  
(WORLD ASSOCIATION OF  
NEWSPAPERS), THIRTY-EIGHT  
JOURNALISTS HAVE BEEN  
MURDERED THIS YEAR  
AS PRESSURE INCREASES  
ON FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION  
IN MANY COUNTRIES**

**T**he report, presented this month to the Board of the Paris-based WAN on the eve of the World Newspaper Congress and World Editors Forum in Moscow, painted a picture of attacks, imprisonment and murder facing journalists in many countries.

“In the past six months, journalists worldwide have once again been the victims of harassment, physical violence and murder. A record number of journalists were arrested and imprisoned in Nepal, Belarus, and Ethiopia. Dozens more remain in prison in China, Cuba and Eritrea. Media enterprises throughout the world have been destroyed or forced to close,” WAN reported.

Thirty-eight journalists have been killed since November 2005. But that number could be even higher - press freedom monitors report that journalists are censoring themselves rather than risk their lives in Colombia and the Philippines, two of the world’s most dangerous countries for journalists, where murderers operate with impunity. Seven journalists have been killed in the Philippines and one in Colombia in the past six months.

**The report, region by region:**

## **THE AMERICAS**

With journalists behind bars in Cuba, media under threat in Colombia, and a photojournalist killed in Venezuela, the Americas have suffered a number of setbacks in press freedom.

Cuba, with 24 journalists remaining in prison,

is the hemisphere’s - and indeed one of the world’s - most notorious gaolers of journalists. Twenty-three were victims of the March 2003 crackdown on the press. Many have developed serious health problems, creating increased concern over their general well-being.

Legal attacks against freedom of expression continue in Venezuela, with a new law on social responsibility in radio and television, additional reforms of the penal code, and a spate of other new laws, decrees, rules and regulations to further restrict the independent media in the country.

In the United States, major internet companies continue to place profit ahead of principle, with Google being the most recent example of companies to have bowed to China’s censorship laws in order to gain access to its market. In February, the search engine launched a Chinese web browser which has been censored to satisfy Beijing’s hard-line rulers.

## **ASIA**

Asia remains the region with the worst press freedom record. Ongoing internal conflicts create a dangerous and sometimes deadly climate for journalists. The governments of Burma, China and North Korea are among the most repressive in the world and continually harass journalists.

In China, freedom of expression continues to be severely limited by the authorities. More than 30 journalists remain behind bars. New restrictions were also decreed for Chinese television stations: in April the country’s top media body ordered broadcasters to stop using international news footage and called for greater “political and propaganda discipline.”

In Nepal, more than 400 journalists were arrested in 2005 following the state of emergency declared by King Gyanendra, a measure which suspended all democratic rights and freedoms in the country. The independent media in Nepal played a key role in the people’s rebellion that led to the re-establishment of democracy and freedom of expression.

While the press in the Philippines is considered to be the freest in Asia, the country is paradoxically also

one of the deadliest environments in the world for journalists. In the past six months, seven journalists have been killed. Acquittal in March in one of the very few journalist murder cases to have made it to court was a blow for press freedom in the country.

### EUROPE AND CENTRAL ASIA

Elections in Belarus and Kazakhstan sparked further clampdowns on the press; ongoing challenges to press freedom in Russia have significantly marked the region this year.

Mass anti-government demonstrations in Belarus following the March 19 re-election of President Alexander Lukashenko led to the arrest of scores of protesters and journalists. During a two-week period, more than 30 journalists were arrested and detained while covering the demonstrations. Foreign journalists were also targeted by security forces.

Press freedom in Kazakhstan deteriorated significantly in the lead up to the December 2005 presidential elections. Attacks on the independent media have not waned since the beginning of the year.

Ongoing legal harassment of the press and rigid controls on television continue to frustrate press freedom in Russia. The firing of television presenters for being too outspoken is not uncommon. In November 2005, Olga Romanova, a presenter for the Moscow television station Ren-TV was dismissed for publicly protesting internal censorship at the channel. Criminal defamation is also regularly employed as a tool to harass media.

### MIDDLE EAST AND NORTH AFRICA

Bloodshed in Iraq, intolerance in Iran and the murder of a celebrated press freedom hero in Lebanon defined this troubled region in the past six months.

Iraq remains the most dangerous country in the world for journalists. Sixteen were killed in the past six months; four of whom were brutally murdered in one week in March. In all cases, the journalists were specifically targeted and ambushed by unidentified gunmen.

Locking up bloggers remains a favourite practice of the Iranian authorities. In January, Arash Sigarchi received a three-year prison sentence for “insulting the Supreme Guide” and for “propaganda against the regime”. Sigarchi has kept a political and cultural blog since 2002. Journalist Mojtaba Saminejad has been behind bars since February 2005 for posting material online deemed offensive to Islam.

The December slaying of celebrated press freedom hero and publisher Gebran Tueni in Lebanon shocked

the nation and sent press freedom spiralling backwards despite tentative, yet significant political reforms in the country. The attack on the An Nahar publisher came six months after the June 2005 murder of Samir Kassir, a political columnist for the newspaper.

### SUB-SAHARAN AFRICA

Africa faces a multitude of obstacles including civil war, lack of infrastructure, poorly developed markets and totalitarian regimes. Press freedom has deteriorated in a number of the continent’s more stable countries, such as Kenya and Nigeria. Eritrea and Ethiopia are the continent’s biggest gaolers of journalists.

In Kenya, press freedom has declined sharply this year. On March 2, heavily armed police raided the Kenya Television Network and forced it off-air. Another raid was carried out on the printing house of *The Standard* newspaper, the country’s second largest daily, where police seized and burnt thousands of copies, disabled the printing press and confiscated equipment including computers. Three

## **Africa faces a multitude of obstacles including civil war, lack of infrastructure, poorly developed markets and totalitarian regimes.**

*Standard* journalists were arrested and have since been charged with publishing “alarming statements.” It is thought the raid was prompted by a story claiming that President Mwai Kibaki had secretly met with one of Kenya’s opposition leaders.

Nigeria, which after the fall of the military regime in 1999 became home to one of the most diverse and professional newspaper markets in Africa, continues to face a number of problems including attacks on journalists, legal harassment against the private media as well as threats and censorship.

The situation for press freedom in Zimbabwe has continued to worsen in the past six months. President Robert Mugabe’s regime has forced more than 90 journalists into exile; those that remain work under severe pressure.

*The Paris-based WAN, the global organisation for the newspaper industry, defends and promotes press freedom worldwide. It represents 18,000 newspapers; its membership includes 73 national newspaper associations, newspapers and newspaper executives in 102 countries, 11 news agencies and nine regional and world-wide press groups.*

# PRAMOEDYA ANANTA TOER

HE INSPIRED GENERATIONS OF INDONESIANS WITH HIS NOVELS AND HIS INDOMITABLE SPIRIT IN FACING PERSECUTION, CENSORSHIP AND IMPRISONMENT, WRITES MAX LANE, FORMER AUSTRALIAN AMBASSADOR TO INDONESIA AND LIFELONG FRIEND OF THE WRITER

Indonesia's greatest novelist Pramoedya Ananta Toer died aged 81 on April 30. In the days before, text messages and emails had warned Indonesians that he was seriously ill. Many gathered at the hospital and later at his home where they sang songs of struggle or prayed. He was buried at Karet Bivak public cemetery.

I first met Pramoedya in 1980 after reading his novel *This Earth of Mankind*, which I later translated. Subsequently I discovered an earthy, stubborn man who deeply loved Indonesia and the revolution that created it, its history, and its people. He wrote more than 40 works, including novels, short stories, plays, history books, literary criticism and more than 400 newspaper essays. He translated Gorky, Tolstoy and Steinbeck, among others. He often quoted the Dutch novelist, Multatuli: "It is the duty of human beings to become human."

Pramoedya's early works (novels, short stories and essays) were explorations of the facets of humanity exposed in time of war and revolution. He himself took up arms against Dutch colonialism in 1945, was captured and spent almost two years in jail. By the mid-1950s, when he saw that the ideals of the revolution - justice and prosperity for all - were not being realised, he turned to exposing the revolution's betrayal through corruption and elitism.

In the late 1950s he started on the path that made him unique in Indonesian culture and politics and which paved the way for the six great historical novels of Indonesia's pre-history. He immersed himself in history, gathering every kind of source. He also portrayed for Indonesians the origins of their



radical past in the confrontation between humanist ideals and Western colonialism at the turn of the 20th century.

A story from a former student of his symbolises his understanding of humanity. The student was given an assignment to interview a designated source about a prominent political figure. He ignored his source as being too insignificant and, instead, interviewed a colleague of the politician, to little effect. Pramoedya set him to do the assignment again as instructed. When he did the student realised the wisdom of Pramoedya's advice. The source of much rich information was the politician's barber!

In the late 1950s, as corruption and elitist contempt for the people grew, Pramoedya joined the tens of millions of Indonesians who supported President Soekarno's call for the nation to concentrate on completing the revolution. Until his death, he remained a committed supporter of Soekarno, a man he considered able to unite Indonesia through ideas, not weapons. Pramoedya wrote prolifically for the independent left-wing daily paper, *Bintang Timor*. He polemicalised against what he saw as imported salon

Danny Lim (<http://danlim.twofishy.net>)



art, which ignored the struggle to bring ordinary people to power. But mostly, he wrote about history, about people who he thought official history had forgotten or had misunderstood. His writings about the late-19th century feminist Kartini, turn-of-the-century novelists, later communist novelists and, most of all, about the first indigenous Indonesian newspaper editor, Tirta Adhisuryo, were extensive.

His open support of Soekarno and the Left saw him imprisoned when General Suharto took power in October, 1965. He was seized at his home; his library destroyed and his home confiscated for the personal use of army officers. He spent the next 14 years in prisons: never charged and never tried. After four years in Jakarta and a brief stay in the horror prison on Nusakambangan island, he was shipped with thousands of others to Buru, a sparsely inhabited island about one third the size of Bali, in eastern Indonesia. The trip to Buru and other experiences on the island are evocatively recounted in the collection of essays, *A Mute's Soliloquy*. It was not his first imprisonment after independence: he had been jailed for a year under the orders of the military in 1960 for writing a book defending the Chinese community against scapegoating and discrimination.

### **He was seized at his home; his library destroyed ... He spent the next 14 years in prison: never charged and never tried.**

During the first years on Buru, books, pen and paper were banned for prisoners. Men were killed for nothing more than holding reading matter so Pramoedya told and re-told some of his stories, starting with the epic story of Sanikem, the 14-year-old Javanese girl sold by her father to a Dutch businessman as a concubine. In his story she overcame this horror to stand above her Dutch oppressor, a woman of great character, a successful business person and teacher of the ideals of the enlightenment.

It was this story which provided the framework for Pramoedya's novel *This Earth of Mankind*, the first in a series of four novels, followed by *Child of All Nations*, *Footsteps* and *House of Glass*, inspired by the life and times of Tirta Adhisuryo, the man Pramoedya considered the pioneer of Indonesia's national awakening. These are rich and humane works; gripping and revolutionary. They are great Indonesian stories but their voices have resonated around the world. *This Earth of Mankind* is now into its fifteenth reprinting in English. It was Brian Johns, then at Penguin Books, who took the risk in the 1980s of being the first mainstream publisher

of Pramoedya's works. In the United States there is widespread adoption of his work in world literature courses and it has been translated into more than 50 languages.

In Indonesia, the novels were first published in the 1980s, almost immediately after Pramoedya and thousands of other political prisoners were released. In a stunning act of defiance, Pramoedya and fellow ex-political prisoners, Joesoef Isak and the late Hasyim Rachman, both journalists, established a publishing company, Hasta Mitra, to publish Pramoedya's works. People rushed to the small house used as the publisher's office to buy the books. Hasta Mitra was able to demand the highest sales margin of any publisher in Indonesia. But Suharto later banned the books; again and again, after each volume was published. Anthologies of turn-of-the-century short stories were also banned because Pramoedya had edited them. Later, three student activists were given long prison sentences for selling the books from a folding table.

Pramoedya's books remain banned in Indonesia, as well as unstudied in the schools. (The equivalent of keeping Steinbeck out of US schools or Dickens out of British schools.) But they are in all the bookshops

and are sold at every activist or public cultural event. And he kept speaking out in public against corruption, for justice, for the victims of repression and for revolution.

However, neither Indonesia nor the world has yet fully appreciated his contribution. The four novels that began with *This Earth of Mankind*, now known as the *Buru Quartet*, represent a great literary achievement. Yet they are just part of the series of six novels and one play that make up his fictional presentation of Indonesian history. *Arok* and *Dedes* along with *The Current Turns Back (Arus Balik)*, set in earlier periods of history, are also wonderful novels. *Arok* and *Dedes* will be published in English later this year.

Pramoedya is survived by his second wife, Maemunah, with whom he had five children. He had three children from his first marriage, and there were 16 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. His books are now published in Indonesia by a company run by a daughter, Astuti.

**A version of this obituary also appeared in the *Sydney Morning Herald*.**

## Culture of impunity

### TRUTH IS NOT THE ONLY CASUALTY OF WAR AS JOURNALISTS IN IRAQ CONTINUE TO DIE, WRITES DENISE LEITH

For at least two years the Bush Administration has attempted to shift the blame for the American public's growing disillusion with the war in Iraq to the press by claiming that not only does the press focus on the negative but in the words of US Deputy Secretary of Defence Paul Wolfowitz, they "sit in Baghdad and ... publish rumours". Like the Nixon Administration before it, as approval ratings for the war decline, the current administration and its supporters' vitriol against the press only increases.

According to the International Federation of Journalists (IFJ) and the BRussels Tribunal, 127 journalists and media workers have died in Iraq since the start of the US-led occupation in March 2003. This makes it the deadliest conflict for journalists ever. Twenty-two have died so far this year. Iraq is also one of the world's biggest marketplaces for hostages, with more than 42 journalists and media workers kidnapped in three years. Five of these have been executed while the fate of three, reporters Reem Zeid and Marwan Khazaal, and their

assistant, Salah Jali al-Gharrawi, who were abducted in Baghdad on February 1, 2006 remains unknown.

Although press freedom in Iraq has, at times, been taken hostage by the armed rebellion the US has been involved in its own media propaganda war within the Iraqi press to skew reportage of the war. At the same time US troops have accepted responsibility for the deaths of 15 journalists and 21 media support staff since the war began. Yet in most cases, relevant military investigations have not been carried out or, if they have, the outcomes remained classified. Findings from the two investigations that have been released have not, according to the Committee to Protect Journalists (CPJ), credibly addressed questions of accountability. Despite claims that soldiers opened fire indiscriminately and arbitrarily during a number of these incidents, no US soldier has ever been prosecuted.

It has recently come to the world's attention that the US military has also arrested and imprisoned Iraqi journalists (at least seven in 2005) holding them in violation of the Geneva Convention; incommunicado and without due process of law for inordinately long periods. To date no journalist held by the US military in Abu Ghraib, Camp Bucca or Guantanamo Bay has been charged, although the military has indicated that it may bring charges against a journalist working for CBS held in Abu Ghraib for

over a year for "instigating a crowd" in Mosul before his arrest. Disturbingly, a number of those who have been released claim they were tortured while in detention.

While the US military has refused to investigate allegations of torture it has recently assured the CPJ that it will expedite cases of detained journalists in Iraq.

Sydney PEN remains concerned that a culture of impunity may exist, or come to exist, within the US military through its failure to adequately and openly investigate all incidents of murder or imprisonment, or deal with individuals arrested in an open and expedient manner. The ramifications of such a culture on issues such as journalists' safety and the public's right to freedom of information and freedom of speech in Iraq or any future conflict, is of grave concern.

Sydney PEN will keep its members informed of its concerns and work on this issue in the future.

#### For further information please visit the websites for:

IFJ: <http://www.ifj.org/default.asp?Index=3936&Language=EN>

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# A Dusty Road To The Underground

BY ELISIO CUNGUARA



**M**auro toils in a South African gold mine with no word on his family for the last six years. It's November 1985 and his 34th birthday has just gone unnoticed. His wife back in Mozambique, Marta, doesn't know exactly what he does in this foreign land other than "he works". He followed in his father's footsteps when he came here soon after his village was hit by a major drought, in September 1979. Scores of Mozambicans have been flocking here for the past four generations. His father came in 1960 when the Witwatersrand region supplied one-third of the world's gold yield; he died of tuberculosis 18 years later. All that's left of him is a sepia picture Mauro carries in his wallet.

In a monotonous dormitory hangar where 230 miners cram into steel frame bunk beds, cockroaches and other crawling creatures creep up the walls. Mauro wakes up, stretching his arms as he yawns. It is the dawn of another day, perhaps a better day, but at Witsburg & Rand Mining Co, he has grown hardened to dimming his optimism in the hole in the ground in the hope of sending his sons to school. He dons his steel-capped boots as the loudspeaker blares the daily call to the pit.

Today he isn't going to the mess, where for more than ten years Siphso has been working as a miner-chef. A round-faced Zulu, Siphso's trademark "take one only" is most of his English vocabulary. He reminds fellow miners to go slow on the gruel that he scoops out of a huge drum into tarnished aluminium bowls as miners file past. Make no mistake! Whenever a miner tries to squabble with him over gruel, he underpins his rationing line with "when all's said and done ..." then his entire vocabulary is nearly used up.

Siphso is a likeable fellow though, especially when he whistles Zulu tunes, but Mauro can't stand him. Last week a scuffle broke out when Mauro dared to take two bowls. Siphso lifted him by the collar, leaving him swimming in the air. When Siphso dropped him, he was soaked in gruel - and humiliation - before his peers. Mauro punched his cleft chin, sending him flying across the mess. Now Mauro is having his sour-sweet sorghum porridge with a few other miners by an abandoned shed outside the mess where they are joined by owl-eyed sex workers.

His stomach full, he walks into the cage that takes him and 13 others 2.9 km down into the earth. The cage is lowered wildly, and jams for a few seconds. Mauro's brow puckers in fright

but as the foreman next to him glances at him, he grins as if everything is under control - he can't risk yielding his macho face and perhaps lose his job. The cage starts again with a jerk and Mauro tightly clamps his fingers to the cage mesh and composes himself when the cage comes to an abrupt halt at the bottom of the shaft, shaking off a cloud of dust and choking the crew. They pretend to pay no heed, as usual. Down here, the air is thick and heavy. As he gasps, breathing silica dust, he shuffles through miniature burrows that grow tighter and more sinister but somehow he manages to squeeze his thin body through with the aid of his already bat-like vision.

From this dark world, gold emerges, and its sparkle glosses over the misery involved in digging it out. Still, Mauro hopes for winds of change. The huge ventilation pipes are choked today due to what management calls "forces beyond our control", and the temperature soars to 44°C, 10 above the surface. His sight is shaded with dust and his uniform is awash with sweat. His head reeling, he literally feels the earth move under his feet as the walls around him vibrate with resounding stubbornness. The ageing dust-curling equipment is screeching and the smell is sour.

For five hours he shovels ore. His eardrums throb with the thump of pressure jackhammers echoing in narrow tunnels. At midday, he downs his tools and races to the cage where his foreman can't wait to get to the surface before he lights his cigarette. When he has gulped his cabbage soup, Mauro returns to the mine where the back-breaking tasks of digging ore and loading skips fill five more hours.

At the end of the shift, the cage climbs to the surface. Mauro is dead on his feet and his eyes are dazzled by the sun. He goes for a communal shower in a large open wing where twenty or so nozzles jut out of the ceiling and the steam reeks of machinery chemicals. His shower is quick for he considers himself clean as long as mine grit is off his skin. Then he puts on his greasy overalls again and goes to a nearby slum in search of some amusement. It is Saturday and he drinks through the night.

When his spirits hit rock-bottom Mauro still manages to see Marta's brown eyes. She sustains him from dawn to dusk in his labour for the meagre \$80 monthly earnings that amount to putting a meal on the table and sending his two boys to school in alternating years so neither of them lags behind. The one staying at home helps Marta rearing and selling chickens. Witsburg

& Rand, which can still profit even if Mauro and his co-workers only churn out one part of gold to 290,000 parts of debris, isn't considering a pay rise just yet.

The weekend is done with. It's a foggy Monday morning and the mine doctor summons miners early before the call to the pit. Dr Botha places them in a single file. Mauro's turn comes. He shows his name tag. He takes his overalls off for chest x-ray and lung function tests; and is told to come back in five nail-biting days. He's back now. Diagnosis? Chronic silicosis, caused by a build up of silica dust in his lungs. It scars his lung tissues and he feels as if his lungs have been dipped in battery acid. Irreversible and fatal. But Mauro is kept in the dark about this. Dr Botha deems him "fit to work". His report card simply says "OK" and he is sent back to work. He sweats day after day, year after year with silicosis.

Fifteen years down the track he can increasingly manage to make ends meet. He even buys stereos to send home so that Marta can resell them. He bought

**MAURO DRAGS HIS  
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OF SNORING MINERS  
GREET HIM**

one two weeks ago, drawing undesirable attention. In the middle of the night, two thugs broke in through the window and snatched it from under his bed. He hounded them through a labyrinthine slum where they blended into the night. Hopeless. On his way back to the dormitory, he hears the sounds of isicathamiya, blasting out of a makeshift tent pub.

Mauro yields to the tune and walks into the teeming pub where he bumps into Tutu, an old friend, who pours him a few too many glasses of Lion beer. Mauro starts telling him of his endless woes. In Dlamisu Town everyone seems to have their share of Witsburg & Rand melancholy. Tutu tells sad news of a cousin who has just died of a mine-related lung disease, though not quite sure what it was as there was no official inquiry. He recounts how the cousin was routinely tested by the mine's doctor who continually reported him "fit to work".

Mauro drags his feet back to the dorm, taking short shallow breaths. When he opens the dorm's door, a symphony of snoring miners greet him. He sat on his bunk, pondering the condition of his lungs. He can't sleep and asks a fellow miner to make a reward notice for his stereo, with a woollen blanket bounty. He posts the notice on the trunk of a jacaranda tree, the dorm's noticeboard. The next morning, the notice is splattered with gruel and he points the finger at Siphon.

He resents these clashes and when they happen, he

thinks of home where the atmosphere is less tense. Dlamisu Town, encircled by squatter wards, folks share gossip at a central water tower where they try to work out how to move to Johannesburg. Many locals only want to see Dlamisu Town through rear-vision mirrors. Mauro has mixed feelings. For the last two years, he has been living through harsh tiredness and pain in the chest. Homesickness starts to kick in and he links it to his ill-being.

It's been 25 years since he left Mozambique. He vividly remembers Mafimbu village in Sofala province. In Sofala, coastal plains ascend to the west and meet a chain of flat hills and highlands that peak at the majestic Mount Chiruvu near the western border with Manica province. Some of the more than two million landmines scattered in Mozambique, a legacy of the civil war that ended in 1992, now dot this otherwise pristine landscape. Only Estrada de Poëira, or Dirt Road, links Mafimbu to the outside world. With fondness, he recalls the communal bonfires in Mafimbu where the bus stop is the de facto town hall. There is no hospital anywhere near. Villagers go about their daily affairs under a startling navy blue sky. Draped cloth-clad women balance firewood and water pots on their heads with grace, while men chew the fat after long days of farm labouring.

When Mauro left Mafimbu, Marta owned a stall where she sold hens and boiled eggs at the Tchungamoio, literally, the brave hearts' street market. She starts at 5am and finishes at 8pm against a background of deafening clatter. She knows everyone and recognises all money bills by colour. She moves her goods on a two-wheeled handcart. And occasionally, her hens take wing and she painstakingly searches for them all the way across Mafimbu.

His twins, Zé and Galinha, adore movies at the matinee but can only afford to go to Beira every three years. In this country where President Samora Machel's collectivist spirit is rife, there is no shortage of ingenuity. Youngsters in Mafimbu pool their money to buy a return bus ticket and a movie pass for one of their peers, usually a gifted storyteller. At the end of the session, this storyteller returns to Mafimbu to recount the story, usually sagas of Cuban revolutionary souls or heroic tales of Soviet grandeur, with such detail that Zé and Galinha are drawn into it as if they are in front of the screen.

Friends from Mafimbu tell Mauro that not much has changed, except of course, Samora Machel is dead. When his presidential aeroplane crashed in October 1986, so did communism in Mozambique, the year after. "Time is money" replaced "unity and vigilance" as a popular maxim. Mauro wonders whether these



changes mean much to his family. His lungs are getting worse. His gullet is encrusted with dust. He is constantly breathless while working. Witsburg & Rand is concerned he will become a burden. It's the beginning of another week and early in the morning the loudspeaker calls him to the office. What could it be? Last time they summoned him to the office was nine years ago when the foreman told him he would have to work faster' otherwise he would lose his free bed in the dorm. This time however, the foreman tells him he is no longer fit to work and gives him \$1000 to go.

Mauro is drowning and Witsburg & Rand is throwing him both ends of the rope. Even if he can find work elsewhere in Dlamisu Town it will be manual labour. Home, is the only way. He farewells Dlamisu Town's not so golden streets to return to an almost unknown world. Three miner friends, lost for words, gather by his bunk as Mauro packs.

Mauro sighs as he waits for the bus that will take him and loads of other Mozambicans to Ressano Garcia border crossing. Buses don't run on timetables; they come when they come, and with luck, theirs will come today. They wait three hours as buses come and go. His inability to read doesn't hamper him as he simply looks at who is boarding which bus. When the bus finally arrives, it stirs dust, coating travellers' garments. Crowds jostle and squeeze in, sitting close together. Mauro is wearing his earth-brown suit with a handkerchief tucked in his left breast pocket. A

Portuguese  
fort of São  
Sebastião.  
Mozambique  
Photo:  
F Rigaud/  
Travel-Images.  
com



standing passenger in a singlet finds himself rubbing his fuming armpit on Mauro's shoulder.

"My name is Jaco," he says. Jaco is also a miner. He's been away for 14 years. Goats bleat on the roof rack. Suitcases overhang. They cross the border with no skirmishes after \$20 is dropped in a customs officer's pocket. At sunset the bus stops and Mauro and Jaco get off. Though his memory is still clouded by Dlamisu Town's dusty mines and their gloominess, Mauro swiftly feels on home ground again, Mozambican soil. It smells different as south-east trade winds sculpt ripples on emerald, sweet-smelling maize fields. They walk to a roadside shack and knock on the door. His eyes sleepy and worn, an old man greets them. They simply reply "xilalassane", and the host opens the door and unfurls a straw mat on which they sit. All for the trade of one woollen blanket they down pints of the pineapple homebrew and listen to marrabenta through the night. The next morning a pickup truck honks by the roadside and they jump on the back.

It is pouring and they head towards Mafimbu, wrapped in plastic sheets. They cross the Limpopo River and the rain fails to hide this breathtaking sight. They ride a further 200 kms to Sofala province where they take a left turn onto Dirt Road. The quest for employment has taken tens of thousands of Mozambicans along these roads to the underground underworld of South African gold mining where they perish from mine-related illnesses or accidents. Mauro and Jaco are heading in the opposite direction this time as Jaco talks about opening a shop once he gets to Mafimbu. The wheels furrow the silt-streaming road behind. Eventually they become stuck in the mud. Four wandering drunks come to their rescue, scooping mud from under the wheels and placing gravel for some grip. They reward the helpers with a chequered woollen blanket. The gang goes off to xilalassane shacks to barter it for more brew.

Finally the truck finally reaches Mafimbu and Mauro unloads his suitcases. The rain is gone and the midday sun streams across the village. Mauro hands the driver a woollen blanket and they shake hands. With no further ado the truck drives off with Jaco the only passenger. Silent fluttering butterflies mesmerise Mauro's senses. The thatch roof shack he built before he headed out to the mines still stands unscathed

against the rainbow. There's no one around. He is bewildered. What will he tell his family? Why did he come home so early? What happened to his job? The future? Marta is scrupulous and will want to get to the bottom of things. He finds it hard to come to terms with revealing his illness.

Slowly, a blurry frail feminine figure emerges from the horizon, skilfully balancing firewood on her head, hands-free. It's Marta, he recognises her. Twenty-five years haven't dimmed the sparkle in her eyes. She recognises him too. In tears, she drops her load and runs towards him with stretched arms. How he has changed. His hair has greyed, he is wasted and feeble. They hug as she closes her eyes in a daze. Her bliss overcomes her yearning to say a word. Seconds later, she tells him that their son Zé, now 35, left for South Africa two weeks ago "to work alongside father". Galinha is getting ready to follow suit. Mauro remains speechless.

News of Mauro's arrival spreads like wild fire. Marta slaughters three goats for the occasion. In Mafimbu, all guests are gatecrashers: relatives and neighbours arrive through the afternoon, they follow their noses and swarm in. She hasn't received this many guests - nearly 300 - since her father-in-law passed away, 26 years ago. One of the drunks who helped when the truck was stuck turns up with his own xilalassane jug and marrabenta cassettes. The March 2000 catastrophic floods are now four years past, the entire village finds even more reason for jubilation.

The red sun is setting. Mauro and Marta haven't really spoken yet; as custom dictates, they will talk after the get-together. He is still uneasy and hopes a few pints of xilalassane will help. He helps himself to more and more, until he is as blind as a bat and breathless. Then he lurches from his rocking chair onto a reed mat and stretches out. His lungs fail. The sun sinks beneath the horizon and he breathes his last. No one knows why. The cause of his passing is a mystery in his own village.

*ELISIO CUNGUARA is a 30-year-old Mozambican writer who has been in Villawood for nearly a year. Because of his pro-democracy activities in Mozambique he is seeking refugee status in Australia as he fears persecution should he return. Sydney PEN has written in support of his case to the Minister for Immigration, Sen. Amanda Vanstone.*

*Elisio continues to write and, in his time here, has studied Australian literature. He is very interested in indigenous culture and would like to visit and write about the outback. He is a member of Sydney PEN.*

Nets by the church of Santo António. Mozambique  
Photo: F Rigaud/Travel-Images.com



# PEACE

could be a word  
fading on a lake

or a daylight straying in dusty roads  
could be a nightfall shattering in cups

It could be a war with no name  
or a hat

could be a weeping lamp  
in a farewell waving hand  
a colony  
of gods breeding wheat  
in their sheaths

could be with no feathers  
or wings  
or beard like the day-old snowman

could be cold like a pickled nectarine  
or hot like a dying star

could be a spike of corn bowing  
on a closing door  
a springtime  
tearing wine on a broken moon

could be a farm of moaning trees  
or black bones on a marble stand

could be however some pears in a glass jar  
or a firebrand in a sleeping palm

could be a shivering star ... that once  
under a shivering sky  
darkness ... that once  
forgotten under a hot mad sun

It could be a book that dead  
only have that one

FADEEL KAYAT, Sydney 2006

*FADEEL KAYAT is an award-winning poet and journalist. He lived in Baghdad until 1996 and has lived in Sydney since 1998. He has published two collections of poems, The Caravan (1993) and The Shadows of Black (1999).*



Beauty is in the eye of the beholder:  
Chinook with Humvee and dust.  
Photo: SPC Cassandra Groce  
<http://iraqpictures.blogspot.com>

# WORDS ARE DANGEROUS



Transmigration is pushing Papuan highlanders from their traditional lands and farming traditions.  
Photo: Kal Muller [www.papuaweb.org/gb/foto/muller/ecology/01/endex.html](http://www.papuaweb.org/gb/foto/muller/ecology/01/endex.html)

DENISE LEITH PN WHY WEST PAPUA IS SO SIGNIFICANT TO JAKARTA



River expeditions are social times for villagers despite rising fuel costs.

Photo: Kal Muller  
[www.papuaweb.org/gb/foto/muller/ecology/01/endex.html](http://www.papuaweb.org/gb/foto/muller/ecology/01/endex.html)

Words were dangerous in Suharto's Indonesia: books were banned, newspapers closed and journalists and writers were threatened, imprisoned and murdered by the government. Today the Suharto dictatorship is long gone and a former military general, Susilo Bambang Yudhoyono, is a reformist president of a functioning democracy where press freedoms abound. That is, until the word Papua is mentioned.

While the "loss" of East Timor was a national humiliation, Papua is of far greater political, economic and ideological significance. Formerly part of the Dutch East Indies, it is considered by Jakarta to be an integral part of the republic so that its loss, unlike that of East Timor, would be seen as threatening the legitimacy and unity of the Indonesian state.

A land rich in natural resources, Papua is home to Indonesia's biggest taxpayer and an essential source of revenue to a cash-strapped economy: the giant Freeport gold and copper mine. Most importantly, because Jakarta has always relied on the Indonesian military (TNI) to maintain unity across the disparate republic and because it has only ever been able to finance 30% of its budget, TNI has been encouraged to participate in business, both legal and illegal. Today, in Papua, the Indonesian military is involved in virtually every economic enterprise, including illegal logging, gold panning and prostitution, while continuing its intimidation and stand-over tactics to source funds.

Quite simply, Papua is Jakarta's treasure chest and the military and meddlesome foreigners cannot be allowed to trifle with it.

Yet Papua is also a land of Melanesians who have struggled from the beginning against what they consider to be a violent and illegal occupation by masters who are a cultural and spiritual world away.

According to the West Papua Institute for Human Rights Study and Advocacy (ELSHAM), Indonesia's security forces have been responsible for more than 100,000 extrajudicial killings in Papua. ELSHAM cautions that this figure does not include individuals who have disappeared, or been tortured or raped. Although these numbers have been contested by Jakarta it does agree that for decades Papuans have suffered at the hands of its military. Yet no high-ranking officer has ever been found guilty of human rights violations or held accountable for his men's actions in the province.

On November 10, 2001, West Papua's first democratically-elected leader and outspoken independence advocate, Theys Hiyo Eluay, was invited to dinner with the commanders of Kopassus, the military brigade with a violent reputation stationed in Papua since the mid-90s. At some point during the evening Eluay was strangled by his hosts and his body dumped. The murder, as intended, was taken as a warning to all those advocating independence.

Only after sustained international pressure were a number of military personnel taken to trial. Seven low-ranking soldiers were sentenced to between three and three and a half years for Eluay's assassination. Their commanding officer was acquitted. At the time Major-General Sriyanto, the Kopassus commander in Papua, described having to "contain himself" after hearing of the convictions for he was "saddened that some of my men ...had become victims". The commander of Kostrad (also stationed in Papua to maintain law and order) declared, "I don't know, people say they did wrong, they broke the law. What law? ... For me, they are heroes because the person they killed was a rebel leader." However, the murder and the military's responses only served to inflame tensions on the island.

For years Papua was the "forgotten province" with little information reaching a largely disinterested international community. In 1995, however, the first report detailing systematic violations of human rights by TNI was released by the Australian Council

for Overseas Aid (ACFOA) and investigated and confirmed by Allan Taylor, the Australian ambassador to Indonesia at the time. Since that time ELSHAM staff have operated under constant surveillance and intimidation. During his investigation into Eluay's murder in 2002, John Rumbiak, the West Papuan author of the ACFOA report and ELSHAM supervisor, was forced to live in exile because of death threats from Kopassus.

While newspapers and the publishing industry are flourishing in Indonesia today, books on Papuan culture and history remain banned. The latest of these is the book by Papuan historian and theologian, Reverend Dr Benny Giay on the Eluay murder: *The Events Surrounding the Kidnapping and Murder of Theys Eluay 10th November 2001*. According to Dr Giay and his associates, not only has he been repeatedly terrorised by the military but those who stock his book do so under threats and intimidation.

Since its incorporation into the republic, Jakarta has always tried to limit the free flow of information from the province and for the past two years has banned foreign journalists. The official reason for the ban is that by reporting on Papuan resistance western journalists encourage calls for independence. In a letter to President Yudhoyono, Human Rights Watch warned, perhaps belatedly, that this policy would create a climate of impunity where

the armed forces and police could "commit abuses, unreported and away from the public eye."

Jakarta has for some time been highly sensitive to discussions within Australia on Papuan issues, complaining about the writings and activities of a number of individuals and groups. It has also encouraged Canberra to list the Papuan nationalist group, the OPM, as a terrorist organisation, a move that might make it difficult for Australians and Papuans who advocate a peaceful settlement to the Papuan issue to continue to speak publicly.

Indonesia's sensitivity intensified, however, after Canberra granted temporary protection visas to 42 West Papuans. In response the Indonesian intelligence agency, BIN, which is linked to TNI, together with the country's Foreign Affairs Commission, released their "enemy list" detailing "prominent" Australians and organisations accused of supporting Papuan independence.

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Included in the list are senators Bob Brown and Natasha Stott Despoja, Prof. Stuart Rees, director of the Centre for Peace and Conflict Studies at Sydney University, and Sister Susan Connolly from the Mary MacKillop Institute. Many of those on the list speak about human rights violations in Papua, not independence.

After the “enemy list” was made public the Indonesian Department of Education instructed academics and institutions to cease contact with Deakin University. While Deakin was not included on the list, according to Damien Kingsbury, Jakarta was unhappy with articles written by a number of its academics, including himself.

Recent events are not the first time, however, that freedom of expression in Australia over the issue of Papua has come under attack from Jakarta. In 2003 RMIT bowed to pressure from the Indonesian ambassador, Imran Cotan, to cancel a scheduled conference on Papua organised by RMIT’s Globalism Institute and *New Internationalist* magazine. At the new venue, Trades Hall, senators Bob Brown and Andrew Bartlett noted that they had also received personal representations not to attend from Ambassador Cotan. According to the organisers, the Indonesian Embassy was invited to send an official and to present a paper but refused. Instead, a man who introduced himself as a student but was later identified by conference organisers as Muhammad Baruhan, second secretary from the Indonesian Embassy in Canberra and an Indonesia Protective Security Intelligence officer, filibustered every question time.

In April this year, to appease Indonesian anger and to support Yudhoyono’s reformist government, Prime Minister Howard moved the processing of Papuans offshore while cautioning Australians who advocated independence for Papua, or those who might encourage asylum-seekers, that they were “out of step” with Australian sentiments and that their words and actions were “not helpful”.

This month (June), Theo Sambuaga of the Indonesian Foreign Affairs Commission is expected to lead a cross-party delegation of parliamentarians to Australia to raise the asylum-seeker question with the Prime Minister and to discuss the thorny matter of public discussion of Papuan issues within Australia.

Sydney and International PEN take attempts to suppress the freedom of expression and intimidation of writers seriously. We are monitoring these issues closely in both Australia and Papua.



## WEST PAPUA MORE TERRIBLE

**IN AN EMAIL WRITTEN TO PEN ON MARCH 30, SOCRATEZ SOFYAN YOMAN, PRESIDENT OF THE FELLOWSHIP OF BAPTIST CHURCHES IN WEST PAPUA DESCRIBED CONDITIONS IN WEST PAPUA AND PLEADS FOR AUSTRALIA'S CONTINUED SUPPORT**

Currently situation in West Papua After and before Abepura Incident on 15th March 2006.

Currently Situation in West Papua More Terrible and More Worst.

On 15th March 2006 the BRIMOB [military] and Indonesian Police attacked, arrested, torture, the students who are involved even not involved on demonstration. Specially, student and people come from highland. The BRIMOB and Police brutality destruction students dormitory and all students properties were crack down. Students becomes homeless, hopeless and went down their motivation and spirit to continue their study. Because many times they get the same pressure from BRIMOB, Indonesian intelligent. Almost 200 students from Highland are still hiding on the jungle or forest because they very fear to return to their dormitory. They are lost their opportunity to get the best education for their fate and future. This dangerous situation has happening in West Papua. Lost life and lost future.

On 15th March 2006 a car owner of the President of the Fellowship of Baptist Churches of West Papua, Revd. Socratez Sofyan Yoman, was crack down by BRIMOB and Indonesian Police. I took this car and I put it in car repair to repairing it, but yesterday on 30th March 2006 at 14.30 the BRIMOB and Police intelligence came to took this car and brought to police office. This is intelligent work for terror and intimidation to public or churches leader to stopping my work for humanitarian protection for long time I and my people struggling. They will not and they



never stopping my struggling for human dignity, justice, peace, equal life, protecting human being and fundamental rights.

On 16th March 2006 the BRIMOB block the public road in Kotaraja and Skyline. They stopped each public or private car and transportation.

When they saw the passengers the Papuans specially people from Highland the police and BRIMOB arrested them and kicked them, torture them, beaten them and blood their mouth, their nose, and serious injured. This is happen without questions and any reasons. But, the migrant passengers the same car they left them and go free. Very clear RACIAL DISCRIMINATION AND RELIGIOUS DISCRIMINATION was creating by Indonesian self in West Papua.

The Indonesian very success creating hontal and vertical conflict even was creating hate feeling between migrant and local people and Papuan Coastal and Papuans Highland. Highland people became special target from Indonesian intelligent. The evidence or fact is when each incident happening in West Papua, for example.

[Regarding] Abepura [incident] 2000 people come from Highland were attacked, arrested, tortured, killed and crack down all their dormitory and properties. On 16th March 2006 the BRIMOB and Police arrested and tortured and cut stomach Dany Hisage (22). Dany died in Public Hospital Abepura on 18th of March. Two worker from hospital reported [to] me on 11.00 o'clock in the night. I and my staff came to see his body in Hospital. His body without dresses and I and my staff found dresses and we put on his body. His body very serious injured. Nobody, his closed family, and his father and mothers did not come to see his body. Because three Indonesia intelligence still there to watch his body. But, I and my staff came took his body and buried him. Leader of MRP [Papuans Representative Council], Mr. Agus Alue Alua, bought the box for put the body and buried.

The Indonesian migrant dominate economically in West Papua and the Papuan as owner of the Papua Land were becoming marginalize on their own land. The Papuan no get freedom, no liberation to work even not go to freely. On public market and public shopping centre and public road no space for the Papuans, specially people from Highland. But, for the [Indonesian trans-] migrant they actually get more and more freedom for walking, for working and for speak and what else, if they want. Because they get the best and

strong protection from Indonesian intelligence, military, and police. The Indonesian intelligence, military and police without uniform dominate in every corner of city, town and villages in West Papua to spy the Papuan's activities.

The Papuan live under very strong pressure from Jakarta. The Papuan very feared, no freedom, no justice, no peace. I would like to quoted what Mr. Herman Wanggai said from Chrismas Island, Australia, "Yes, in West Papua the situation now is very risky, a very bad situation because you know every way in West Papua, especially in Jayapura town, the military take over every place, district and especially in university. They come to university to find out who are West Papua activist." This statement is very absolutely correct. Our brothers and sisters in Australia do not hesitate to help us to bring out Papuan from suffering. You should be saviour our fate and our future. You will be our best friends now and forever before our Lord Jesus Christ Coming the Second Time.

The finally, I would like to quoted what Mr. Senator Bob Brown said [to] the Australian Government, "The Australian Government should be in the United Nations lobbying for decency, that is for motion of 40 years ago, that the Papuans [be given] self determination. They are not part of Indonesia, never were, never wanted to be, never should be."

Very finally, on behalf all Papuans I would like to thank you very-very much to the Australian Government, the Australians, the Australian Immigration Department very genuinely, friendly and kindly was giving temporary protecting visa for 42 Papuans. This is very wise decision and representative [of] protection for the Papuans fate and future. The Papuans grand children for the future will never forget the Australians. God Bless abundantly the Australian Government and the Australians and Australia Country forever.

#### **APPEAL TO INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY:**

1. For solve West Papua problem only one way. Genuine dialogue and peaceful negotiat[ion] between three parties: (1) Papuan; (2) Indonesian; and (3) International Community (mediator/ negotiator).
2. An urgent need the Papuans is International humanitarian intervention and International Peace Keeping Forces coming in West Papua.

# At the Friend in (Learned) Hand

Sydney PEN sponsored a Bloomsday revue at the Friend in Hand hotel, Glebe on June 16. Co-producer MIRI JASSY goes on a Joycean ramble through *Ulysses*, censorship and dodgy pillow talk

**READ** in isolation, the naughty bits in *Ulysses* challenged by the 1932 censors sound like a litany of literary vignettes from a glossy monthly devoted to gender-dysphoric kinky erotica. Joyce strayed into hardcore territory with graphic images of Bloom as the master Bello's willingly fisted slave (pp. 538-9). What gender is Bloom at this point? Who can say, but Joyce's everyman becomes every-body in this eyebrow-raising episode of the longest book with the longest shelf life in 20th century world literature.

Named for the Homeric (anti-)heroine who turned Odysseus and his cabin crew into pigs, the Circe chapter crowns Joyce's *Ulysses* as the epitome of his dirty derring-do. Every Bloomsday since 2001, I have combed Circe for the least retch-worthy, most entertainingly saucy excerpts to be shared aloud with the audience. Circe is written in the form of a screenplay and every character in *Ulysses* gets a cameo, so there are plenty of roles to go round. It's impossible not to revel in the crowd's surprised laughter when Buck Mulligan diagnoses Bloom's puzzling, multi-gender symptoms as "virga intacta".

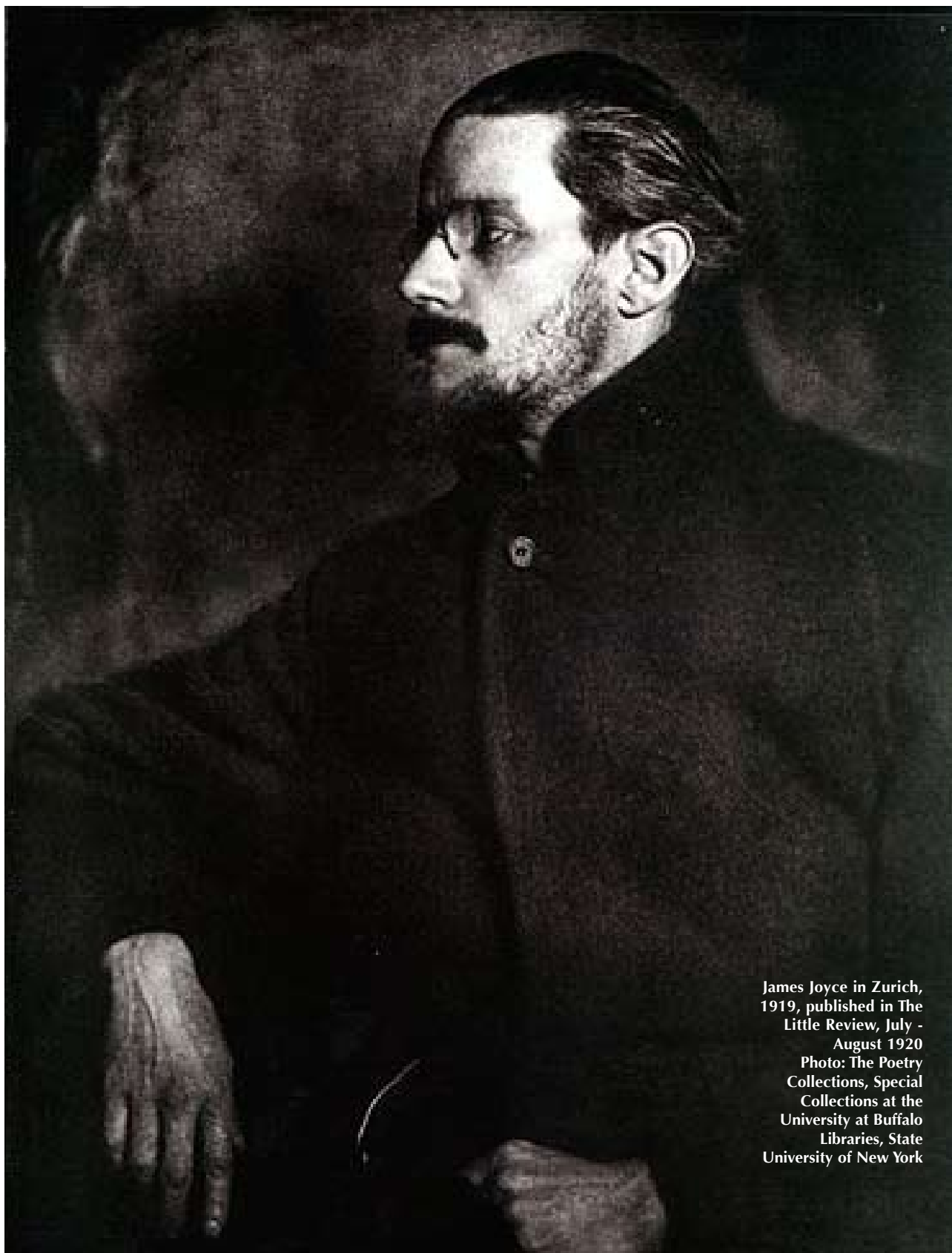
Yet, every year I censor Circe. I'm not the first. Ezra took his Pound of flesh-fixated passages from the Calypso episode, featuring Bloom's famous morning trip to the dunny. Offal connoisseurs should feel relieved that Pound left this chapter's memorable micturic imagery intact: "Most of all he liked grilled mutton kidneys which gave to his palate a fine tang of faintly scented urine."

And then there's the judge. Only for this book - devoted to impotence, infidelity and pyrotechnical masturbation - could one of the four judges presiding over its US trial for obscenity be named Learned Hand, an upstate New Yorker and one of the fairest wigs on the bench. Aptly named and gifted, Joycean readers could learn much from Learned Hand about the hairline cracks that emerge when Art is scooped from the Obscenity it's purported to wallow in. Hand left more than 100,000 documents in his own handwriting to be archived after his death in 1961,

some thirty years after he ruled in favour of *Ulysses* in the New York Court of Appeals.

Paul Vanderham's argument in *James Joyce and Censorship* is that James Joyce wrote under the shadow of censorship throughout his writing life. Refer to the chronology below and you'll see the proximity within which Joyce wrote the first burbling episodes of *Finnegans Wake*, marked for their obscurity and veiling of sexual and bodily issues. My *Finnegans Wake* reading group keeps meeting the recurring tableau of the flasher of Phoenix Park surprising the two weeing washerwomen. This alone should be reason enough for governments to reconsider the strictures of censorship placed on literature. Turn the screws any tighter and we'll end up with libraries full of Finnegian Wanks. Explicit sexual content alone was not the only thing from which censorship sought to protect Western democracies in the 1920 and 40s - including Australia. Seditious intent was sniffed in Joyce's playful caricatures of the British monarchs of the day. *The Little Review*, containing snippets by "this creature who writes this *Ulysses* stuff", was noted on the Lists of Subversive Literature WWI under the Trading with the Enemy Act of 1917. That year - of the Russian Revolution - Americans were also warned: "Reading Mr. Joyce is like making an excursion into Bolshevik Russia". Vanderham's book on James Joyce and censorship is a terrific read on the subject of the legalising of *Ulysses* in America but an equivalent book about Australia's treatment of the twice-censored *Ulysses* would be welcomed with Penelopian open arms.

**JOYCE** assumed he'd end up with the predictable round of nerds (guilty) and career academics and he got 'em, but only after a reality battle with the door bitches on duty at the culture club. One Joyce's Art is another's Obscenity, which is why the average Joe has been named Joe Blow, ephemeral as Bloom's fart (*Ulysses*, p. 279). Joyce crushed the barriers enforcing human solitude like tinnies for the recycling bin so that,



James Joyce in Zurich,  
1919, published in *The  
Little Review*, July -  
August 1920  
Photo: The Poetry  
Collections, Special  
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essayed George Orwell, "When you read certain passages in *Ulysses* you feel that Joyce's mind and your mind are one, that he knows all about you though he has never heard your name, that there is some world outside time and space in which you and he are together."

**T**ogetherness or community is perhaps the hardest ideal for writers to uphold, as their time is most profitably spent in solitude. Joyce was forced to work in company when his eyesight failed, although who would not want Samuel Beckett for their personal secretary, who laughed at the right moments out of genuine amusement as well as politeness. *Ulysses* dragged the epiphanous Daedalus away from gazing at his own Portrait and flung him headlong into the jostling brothels of Nighttown only to meet Bloom, and a community of two booklovers formed. Exchanging Greek and Hebrew they read backwards and forwards, just as the Wake was handed down from the top of Finnegans' shaky ladder on the proviso that the entire world with all its languages attempts to solve its puzzles together, like Sydney commuters with flat-battered Ipods trapped for a hours on a Cityrail train with only the one crossword between them. The crossword to end all cross words, *Finnegans Wake* followed *Ulysses* in its ability to unite nations in opposition to a common enemy in a feat of literary anarchism that Joyce joked deserved the Nobel peace prize. *Ulysses* said YES to life and the *Wake* repeats that multilingually, multisyllabically and with a thirst for company that the wine bars of Paris couldn't quench.

Explaining PEN as the Amnesty International for writers is to invoke the freedom writers enjoy to choose to spend their time working alone. When that state is forced upon them due to exile, imprisonment or detention, or when their writing is controlled through force, or when their writing is suppressed, a sense of community is needed before the triage of a quiet room, a ruthless editor and publishers can be set up. Making Bloom the life of the party every Bloomsday and creating the Wake that is more like a board game pitched to the IT geeks' singles scene than a book, Joyce has become a forum for booklovers to form active communities. 2004 marked one hundred year's of Molly's blissful solitude, and our sense of community as vocal defenders of the freedom to read and write. With freedom comes responsibility (thanks, Delmore Schwarz) which is why I censor the filthiest bits of *Ulysses* come Bloomsday in order not to destroy said sense of community in one foul (sic) swoop.

## CHRONOLOGY

- 1904 - JJ's first date with Nora Barnacle on June 16.**
- 1914 - JJ begins *Ulysses*.**
- 1918-1920 - edited and serialised by Ezra Pound in *The Little Review*; US Postal authorities deny *The Little Review* access.**
- 1921 - JJ completes *Ulysses*. (February 21) Editors of *The Little Review* fined and *Ulysses* banned from further publication in the US. Publication of *Ulysses* in Paris under Sylvia Beach's imprint, Shakespeare and Company.**
- 1924-1927 Episodes from *Finnegans Wake* published in transatlantic review and transition.**
- 1928-1931 the Anna Livia Plurabelle and Haveth Childers Everywhere episodes from *FW* published in New York and Paris.**
- 1930 - Publication of Gilbert's critical study, James Joyce's *Ulysses*.**
- 1933 - (December 6) Judge John M. Woolsey, US District Court, rules *Ulysses* not obscene and may be published in the USA.**
- 1934 - Random House publishes US edition of *Ulysses*.**

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## Report from the AGM of the Sydney PEN Writers in Prison Committee, May 31, 2006

The Writers in Prison Committee of International PEN was set up in 1960 to provide a formal mechanism to help persecuted writers. The most common form of persecution is imprisonment, often combined with torture and deprivation of visits from family, denial of medical care, intimidatory beatings and murder, sometimes officially sanctioned.

The Writers in Prison Committee of International PEN works on behalf of such writers, provided they do not use or advocate violence. There are 100 or so PEN Centres throughout the world, more than half of which, including Sydney PEN, have Writers in Prison Committees.

The most common form of action is writing letters to the governments concerned but we also lobby our own government to campaign for the release of detained writers elsewhere and for investigations in the case of torture and killings. From time to time our Committee also appoints a Sydney PEN member to write to the families of such writers - we call them Honorary Members - and, where possible, directly to the writers themselves, providing encouragement and hope. Sydney PEN member Dr Derek Whitehead has taken on the often seemingly thankless task of looking after three such writers, two in Cuba and one in Vietnam.

With a small team of researchers, the International Writers in Prison Committee documents and reports to Centres like our own. It gets information from a range of sources and seeks independent confirmation. Sources include press reports, reports from individuals and from other human rights groups, embassy officials, academics, prisoners' families, lawyers, friends and exile groups. It works with international NGOs such as Amnesty International and Human Rights Watch and it reports directly to the UN Committee on Human Rights.

In the six months to December 2005, there were reports of more than 600 attacks on writers in almost 100 countries. Sydney PEN has intervened, during the past twelve months, on behalf of writers in Europe, the Former Soviet Republics, Turkey, Morocco, Ethiopia, Sierra Leone, Congo, Algeria, Iran, Iraq, Syria, Kurdistan, Saudi Arabia, Tunisia, China, Cuba, Mexico, USA, the Philippines, Vietnam, Bangladesh, Afghanistan, the Maldives and Burma. It was not all bad news and we learnt of the release of writers, on whose behalf we had campaigned, in Vietnam, Bangladesh, Iran, Turkey and the Maldives.

We have decided our efforts might be better employed on behalf of writers closer to home, however, such as West Papua, Indonesia, Malaysia, Vietnam, Burma, the Philippines, Thailand, Afghanistan and China, which run the risk neglect in favour of more obvious "hot spots". There's little doubt there will be plenty of scope for us in these areas in years to come.

This was a decision in principle and not intended to preclude involvement elsewhere in the world. We also encourage volunteer letter writers to pursue any interest they might have in writers in other parts of the world.

Sydney PEN is a voluntary organisation and we know the time of all our members

is limited. The Committee is therefore very grateful for the efforts of volunteer letter writers who have responded to requests from time to time. We anticipate that as we become more familiar with cases in the local area, there will be more requests to volunteer letter writers.

Writers are people like us, with families and children and careers to worry about, with the usual human frailties - bad teeth, knees, eyesight or bowels - for whom life might have been difficult enough even if they had never stood up to be counted. The most astonishing thing about them is that they go on "speaking truth to power" when they must know, and be as afraid as any of us would be, of what is likely to happen to them.

We owe it to less fortunate writers, born into countries which do not enjoy the liberties we have come to take almost for granted, to use the privileges we have on their behalf. In helping them, in no matter how small a way, we remind ourselves what a precious privilege it is we enjoy and also of the need for vigilance in our own country.

I am also personally grateful to the members of the WIP Committee: Chip Rolley, Denise Leith, Caroline Lurie and Sara Dowse, for their efforts during the year. I must also express my personal appreciation for the work done by our President, Katherine Thomson, whose efforts in co-ordinating the PEN Committee, organising our Strategic Planning days and generally overseeing all activities have been quite remarkable. So also has been the work of our Executive Director, Sharon Connolly, who went well beyond the call of duty for us. I should also put on record the WIP Committee's particular thanks to Avant Cards who underwrote and organised the successful distribution of postcards calling attention to our work.

It is too much to hope, I think, that the need for our help will decline; indeed all of the indications are that it will be greater than ever.

**Jack Durack - Chairman  
WIP Committee**





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