of research-based articles that *The National Times* was able to do.[95] Beckett, as early as 1973, commented that 'clever writing had started to replace fact' and that contributors had adopted a certain style, imitative of the paper's best-journalists but essentially waffle. The small group of regular buyers were already vocal in their criticisms and Beckett argued the need for improvement that would necessitate expenditure on research-based articles.[96]

MacCallum believed that the readership of *Nation Review* was primarily the well educated who were interested in the details and gossip of politics and who found in *Nation Review* a paper that was more outrageous, more thorough and truthful than the establishment press.[97] Undoubtedly this view is a reflection of his own interests as it would seem that the readership was shared to a significant extent with a less conventional, educated, youthful group who bought the paper primarily for its counter-culture concerns. It is interesting how many people remember the paper with affection, as a voice of the seventies, as an expression of the optimism that prevailed in the early part of that decade and of the way it 'goosed' the establishment. Perry argued that 'people sometimes purchase periodicals as an act of self-identification in an attempt to buy entry into a class with shared ideals' and in the early years of its publication this was particularly true of *Nation Review*.[98] It was a paper that loved the game of politics but had a strong sense of how that game ought to be played. Hence its confusion and loss of direction after the change of rules in 1975. It was a paper that was more self-critical than most and, as Mayer pointed out, it had plenty to be self-critical about as it was erratic, unreliable, gimmicky, and exciting at times with 'spots of sudden insight and sensitivity side by side with appalling vulgarity and third-rate radical chic'.[99] It pushed the limits in challenging attitudes of the time; a sociological pattern that eventually caught up and further eroded the paper's role.

[95]Hepworth Interview.
[96]Beckett, 'Wombat and Ferret', p. 14.
[97]Isert, 'MacCallum', p. 5.
[98]Perry, 'Alternative Magazines', p. 10.
[99]Mayer, *Press Oligopoly*, p. 648.

ANF

Helene Chung, *Shouting From China*. Penguin, 1989, pp. 324, paperback, $16.99.

> The Tiananmen massacre has killed the West's romance with China. But to imagine that a new era of enlightenment will dawn soon in Beijing is to become infatuated once more. (p. xiv)

Shouting From China was originally released in August 1988 but, like everything written before 4 June 1989, was dated by events. Helene Chung, the ABC correspondent in Beijing from 1983 until late 1986, returned to China as a correspondent for Radio Australia in the tense week before the June massacre and collected material for this second edition. The book is divided into four parts: the first deals with Chung's everyday problems of living in an authoritarian third-world country; the second records her encounter with China as an overseas Chinese; the third is a collage of reflections on Chinese society; and the last covers the fall of reformers in the Chinese Communist Party and the repression of the democracy movement. A limited budget forced Chung to leave Beijing on 2 June, a day and a half before the 27th Army cleared Tiananmen Square. She subsequently observed the conflict from Hong Kong for a week.

The challenge for Westerners is to respond to the events in China without being overwhelmed by the spectacle of killings. Disgust is a natural response to the slaughter of unarmed civilians. Despair, however, can be paralysing. After the confusion and anger, Westerners must try to analyse coolly the brutality of a clique in the Chinese leadership. A sense of personal betrayal, of having been duped, evident in the much harsher preface to the second edition of *Shouting From China*, has underpinned a large part of the Western reaction to the crisis in China. Many Western observers have fallen back on the traditional sinophobic images. Some have responded with a nauseatingly smug assertion of Western superiority. Newspaper illustrations have employed alarmist motifs such as dragons. A cartoon in the Melbourne *Herald* on 22 May 1989, entitled, 'The Rice is Boiling Over', depicted the over-heating cauldron of China with ant-like Chinese spilling over the edges. A photograph in *The Australian* (1 October 1989) of tanks in Beijing was cast as 'the true face of China'. These images tend to depict China as intrinsically brutal. Peter Ellingsen, the China correspondent for the *Sydney Morning*

Herald and *The Age*, invoked another image: 'Walls characterise China's sublime culture as well as an inward-looking passivity that has resulted in massive suffering' (*Age Good Weekend*, 11 November 1989, p. 101). Here Ellingsen hooks into a long standing Western tradition of casting the Chinese as naturally and ineradicably passive. Assessment of contingent circumstances should not give way to almost reflexive racial stereotypes. The Chinese do not have any monopoly on brutality: a certain level of callousness and unquestioning obedience is built into military training and ethics everywhere.

Along with other Western journalists, most notably Harrison Salisbury, Chung has raced to the presses with her account of the crisis. While she sketches some vivid details of the eerie quiet in the Chinese capital in the days preceeding the killings, Chung provides few insights beyond those that have already appeared in the media. Her analysis of the possible motives of the Chinese leaders throughout the confrontation is engaging but insufficient, too hasty. Perhaps a more reflective, rounded and probing examination of the situation could have been achieved if the imperatives of the market, the rush to get onto the shelves first, had not dictated otherwise. It seems that the manuscript of the second edition was completed within a month and a half of the massacre. The new chapters, although often evocative, seem fragmentary. Michael Fathers and Andrew Higgins provide a much more detailed and coherent account in *Tiananmen: The Rape of Peking* (London, Independent, 1989).

On the whole, Helene Chung manages to appraise China's leaders without losing her sense of balance, though at one point in the post-massacre version of the book she too relies upon the dragon image to portray Deng Xiaoping, a metaphor not applied to the Paramount Leader in the first edition. The dragon motif taps both Chinese and Western symbolic traditions; potentially enriching, such an image can frustrate understanding as well as add colour and deepen meaning. The dragon image can be a dangerous short-cut, providing an evocative, crisp epithet but avoiding the more laborious task of detailed analysis. Sometimes a colourful aside can be as revealing of an individual's assumptions as a declaration of intent. Nevertheless, Chung clearly acknowledges the poor human rights record of the People's Republic while avoiding totalistic depictions of the Chinese as naturally cruel and wanton. China is not a monolith though it is undoubtedly ruled at present by a regime with monolithic intentions. Chung highlights

the exciting diversity and dynamism that she found in Beijing just before the massacre: '[t]here was a curiosity which had been hidden before' (p. 262).

If the new chapters on the Beijing massacre are somewhat unsatisfying, the bulk of the book, reproduced unchanged from the first edition, is of real value. Mixing travelogue and political commentary with excursions into China's recent and remote past, Chung does not offer systematic, rigorous academic analysis but a highly readable account of someone on the spot. She provides a fascinating insight into the difficulties of foreign journalists in China:

> We were outsiders in a strange land, forced to live together in walled compounds, and without the support usually available overseas from local friends and peers in the profession...Such an artifical, confined environment heightened every experience (p. xvi).

Semi-permanent residents in another country are frequently more vulnerable to culture shock than more fleeting sojourners such as tourists. Package tours provide modern tourists with a sanitised view of another country with coaches and guides acting as a buffer between the travellers and the host culture. As a long-term visitor, Chung describes the frustrations of China, ranging from inefficient repairmen, cockroaches and food poisoning to secretive officials and unfamiliar expectations. Foreign residents have to accommodate the host culture in much more intimate ways than cocooned tourists.

Chung's attempts to understand a new culture are further complicated by her Australian-Chinese background. 'Like most overseas Chinese, I was distinguishable from local Chinese by my clothes, manner, hairstyle, and make-up' (p. 56). Her estrangement is even more pronounced for she cannot speak Chinese and has retained little of her Chinese heritage. Yet the spell of China is irresistible: visits to Singapore and Hong Kong in the early 1970s led Chung to ponder, 'what was it like to be Chinese?' (p. 66). Is Chineseness a given, perhaps biologically imprinted on an individual, or is it a construct, mediated by various social and cultural circumstances? Chung visited Chinese in Guangdong Province who had spent many years in Australia; their homes were adorned with nostalgic symbols of Down Under, model kangaroos, flags and tea towels with maps. Where did their cultural identifications lie? The most stimulating parts of *Shouting From China* deal with questions of cultural and

ethnic identity. The old European residents of pre-revolutionary Shanghai habitually regarded Westerners who tried to enter Chinese culture as imperilled; to speak Chinese, to live in a Chinese way, was to lose one's identity, even to go mad. Although China is rarely regarded today in such lurid terms, contact with other cultures is still frequently perceived in Australia with great suspicion, even foreboding. Chung affirms the possibilities of cross-cultural contact without losing sight of some of the telling difficulties. Ultimately, she concludes, 'I was an alien in the motherland' (p. 129).

Amidst the present reassessment and backlash, the task in Australia is to recognise difference without asserting that China is unknowable, so absolutely foreign as to be beyond the pale. Helene Chung confronts China face on, absorbing some of its culture and identifying its contradictions and flaws, but never losing a basic empathy and respect for the Chinese people.

Lachlan Strahan

Barry Coldrey. *Faith and Fatherland: The Christian Brothers and the Development of Irish Nationalism 1838-1921.* Gill and Macmillan, Dublin, 1987. Pp. 338. $32.00 cloth.

When looking at photographs of captured rebels from the 1916 Easter Rising, one might wonder who was responsible for fostering their first ideas of nationalism? Could the revolutionary fervour they vented as adults have been seen in their schoolboy faces? Could one pick out the future rebels in a school photograph? Could they have started that *young*?

These types of questions are addressed in Barry Coldrey's *Faith and Fatherland: The Christian Brothers and the Development of Irish Nationalism 1838-1921.* The author, an Australian, is a Christian Brother, who based this book on his PhD thesis. It attempts to assess the depth and significance of the Christian Brothers' impact on the emergence and growth of Irish nationalism. He also tries to show to what extent there was a conscious attempt by the Brothers to overthrow British rule in Ireland.

The Christian Brothers and their schools have been ignored in scholarly studies of Irish history, while their influence has been rhetorically inflated by nationalist historians and politicians. Coldrey complains that the last twenty years have produced plenty of scholarship on Irish nationalism, yet none of it mentions the influence of the Christian Brothers in anything more than an anecdotal way. So, the historical scale is balanced by heavy weights on either side of the question but the base supporting that scale has long been weak due to inadequate investigation of what evidence there remains. Coldrey seeks to strengthen that base by attacking the question in an exhaustive manner.

His success greatly depends on his use of the word nationalism and his treatment of the process of political socialisation. He sticks to the traditional, and OED, definition of nationalism, 'devotion to one's nation'; he does not see it as his place to struggle with the term conceptually. He makes clear from the outset, however, that nationalism in Irish history takes three somewhat distinct forms: constitutional nationalism, which argued for 'Home Rule' within the British Empire; revolutionary nationalism, the creed of Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet, which called for the establishment of a fully independent Irish nation-state; and romantic nationalism,