TASMANIA: The Strange and Verdant Politics of a Strange and Verdant Island

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Like Prince Edward Island, Tasmania is a full partner, and the smallest partner, within its nation's federal compact, though its population of approximately 450,000 would fit very comfortably within any of the major cities of mainland Australia, and its capital city, Hobart, is home to fewer people than live in some of the local government areas of middle suburban Melbourne.

The island - my island - is in the shape of an inverted heart, and hangs like a teardrop off the southern coast of eastern Australia, from which it is separated by Bass Strait, a shallow but turbulent body of water. Melbourne is eight sailing hours away on a large car ferry. There is no land to the west until one fetches up against Cape Horn, and nothing to the south before one hits the Antarctic ice shelf. Tasmania is 26,000 square miles. (By way of comparison, Ireland is 32,000 square miles, larger by about a fifth.) It is "a land of innumerable streams, rivers and mountains, with a heavy rainfall on the western side . . . brought by the prevailing westerlies that blow, unimpeded, more than halfway across the southern oceans" (Robson, updated by Roe 1997: 2).

Geologically Tasmania is part of the supercontinent of Gondwanaland. The Southwest, Central Highlands and much of the West Coast remain largely uninhabited, a temperate wetland with high wilderness value, much of it under National Park, and on the World Heritage Register - about which, more shortly. 27 per cent of the state's landmass has some form of reserve classification attaching to it. It also contains prime old growth hardwood forest and areas of high prospectivity. The dominant vegetation types are rainforest, wet schlerophyll forest (that is, dense mixed forest, but dominated by eucalypts), dry schlerophyll forest (that is, more open forest, also dominated by eucalypts), open plains (and these, too, may be of various types), coastal scrub, and, in the mountains, various forms of montane vegetation. Of these vegetation types, the most ancient is the rainforest, made up of relic Gondwana species, survivors of several ice ages before the coming of humans: green, dark, wet, mysterious, lichen-shrouded places that breathe their vast age over you. It is home to few faunal species. When humans came they set about constructing game-rich environments more conducive to human habitation, employing fire as their primary management tool. The fire-adaptive plains and open eucalypt forests are thus Aboriginal artifacts - the rainforests are not. Interestingly, many of the nearest botanical relatives to Tasmania's rainforest species are to be found in faraway Chile.

Humans arrived in what is now Tasmania some 40,000 years ago. At that time Tasmania was a peninsula, joined to mainland Australia by a land bridge. The seas rose and Tasmania was islanded as little as 12,000 years ago. The Aboriginal population that was cut off from the mainland was for many years thought to be racially distinct from the peoples inhabiting the

Australian mainland – to be the remnant of an earlier wave of Aboriginal immigration into Australia from mainland Australia - but recent scholarship suggests that this is not the case. At the time of European invasion Tasmania's Aboriginal population seems to have been about 4,000 to 6,000 individuals only, divided into 12 or 13 loose groupings speaking perhaps 10 languages. Each loose 'tribal' group contained several semi-autonomous bands that were nomadic within a defined territory, and within that, the basic unit of the family or hearth group - pretty much our own nuclear family, slightly extended.

Again, the comfortable myth that has prevailed throughout most of European occupation is that this was a degenerate and relic population, heading for extinction and this anticipated extinction is, according to the historical orthodoxy, just what happened within 80 years of the coming of the European. Again, though, recent scholarship suggests that this self-serving view is mere ideology; that Tasmania's Aboriginal communities were sustainable, stable, and successfully self-regulated.

"Orthodox" history – in one of those Kuhnian paradigm shifts – has recently ceased to be the orthodoxy. It is no longer the dominant view that the Tasmanian Aborigines are extinct. There is an extremely active, robust, and articulate community claiming descent from Tasmania's "Palawa" - claiming moreover, a continuous tradition of identification as Aboriginal, and insisting on this account that Palawa society is still very much with us. As Roe observes, "every Palawa's genes are largely Caucasian, Palawa language has long ceased to be in customary use, and other cultural remains are scant and isolated." Moreover, whilst "to critics such facts expose the Palawa cause as a rort for benefits and favours; from another perspective they make its vigour all the more amazing" (Robson, updated by Roe 1997: 169) The Palawa have certainly placed questions of guilt and reparation at the centre of Tasmanian politics - and they have done so against the odds. I'll ask you to remember this observation: "against the odds."

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Not counting whispers that the Portuguese may have been hereabouts in the early 1500s, European interaction with the island now known as Tasmania officially commenced with its so-called "discovery," in 1642, by the Dutch explorer, Abel Jansz Tasman, who named the island, not after himself – that was done later – but Van Diemen's Land, after his boss in the Dutch East India Company. European visitation increased markedly in the second half of the nineteenth century, and Hobart was eventually founded as the second European colony in Australia - second after Sydney – when fears that the French were about to establish a permanent presence in the Great South Land led, in 1803, to the shipment of some of Sydney's most incorrigible convicts under a young junior lieutenant to found a settlement on the Derwent River in Van Diemen's Land. This was not a colony in the normal sense of the word, though. This was to be a prison – and like all prisons, a place of rigid, totalitarian control – and thus it remained for over a quarter of its European history. Much of Tasmania's character can be explained by this history.

It gives rise, for instance, to the phenomenon labelled by the historian, Henry Reynolds (1969), "the hated stain" – the collective shame of a community built upon the depraved dregs of the British prisons. Transportation of British convicts to Van Diemen's ended in 1853. In symbolic

burial of the shameful past the island was renamed Tasmania – and the first post-convict generation pursued a priggish respectability with the sort of determination a subject people might pursue liberation. It achieved a narrow-minded gentility that perseveres today. In the 1860s to 1890s it saw the appalling silent tragedy of aging ex-convict couples ostracized by their families, their very existence denied by their children to their grandchildren. Whole fake genealogies were constructed. My own family's story can serve as exemplar – it is repeated, with variations, across the island. One of my convict ancestors was a heinous criminal, a stealer of apples and "two pr. Trousers" who obviously deserved to be transported as a 15-year-old to Point Puer, the prison for juvenile offenders at Port Arthur. He was to raise a large family at Port Sorell on Tasmania's northern coast, and his eldest son, my great-grandfather, subsequently reared his own large family a mere 30 miles further up the coast. Though himself no saint, he raised this family in complete ignorance of the existence of their emancipist grandfather living within easy visiting distance. When, after sorting out the genealogy from archival records, I was able to tell my nonogenarian great-uncles that, whilst they were growing up, their ex-convict grandfather was alive and living nearby, one responded: "the old bloke [his father, the convict's son] used to tell us he was the one who come out [*sic*] from England. We used to wonder, though. He spoke as broad Australian as we do . . ."

Burying the past in this fashion has had immense consequences for the Tasmanian psyche, and all of it negative. One is that most Tasmanians have no knowledge of any forebears they cannot personally remember. When I first came to Prince Edward Island, I was astonished to find how much genealogical knowledge people routinely carry in their heads. The contrast with my own island could not be more stark. And I was envious. Unlike Prince Edward Island, it seemed to me, Tasmania is a society more than normally vulnerable to the blandishments of myth and ersatz history, because a base of shared, *authentic* story is not in place.

When gold was discovered across Bass Strait in Victoria in the 1850s, only a year after transportation of convicts stopped, Tasmania went into economic dormancy, and stayed there. With progress largely passing Tasmania by, the island has been left a heritage of virtually unchanged Georgian villages that, in their picturesque Englishness, stand in sharp contrast to the elemental living drama of the wetland forests. Hobart itself, until it was worked over in the name of urban planning in the 1950s and 1960s, had the potential to be the great Georgian city of the world.

This is the "up" side of a stable but non-dynamic economy based upon resource extraction (timber and mining) and primary production (with a politically and socially powerful pastoralism uppermost, but also dairying, fishing, and orcharding) that has persisted to the present day. In the 1930s a Labor Party government set up a powerful state energy corporation, the Hydro-Electric Commission, colloquially known as "the Hydro,"and embarked on an ambitious program of borrowings for building dams in the wilderness. Though it was to bring on a massive debt crisis in the 1980s (the best explication of the process by which this debt was accumulated has been provided by a former Premier; see Lowe 1984), the program was successful in the short term, with several ore and wood-product processing industries successfully attracted to the island in the 1940s and early 1950s by the promise of cheap and abundant energy. Now that plant is simultaneously reaching the end of its competitive life, a looming crisis only offset in part by the

island's continued reliance upon resource extraction and primary production, and the rapid growth, since the 1970s, in tourism-generated hospitality industries.

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And finally, in introducing my island home, I should not neglect Tasmania's unique political system, a bicameral Parliament in which the *Lower* House is based upon multi-member electorates – rather than the Upper, which is more normally the case in bi-cameral parliaments of course. Until recently the Lower House, the House of Assembly, consisted of 35 members, based upon five electorates, each returning seven members. Voting is compulsory (as it is throughout Australia) and takes place according to Tasmania's own unique Hare-Clark electoral system, a complex process of preference distribution based upon a single transferable vote (as in Malta) where election is secured by reaching a quota of valid votes cast. That quota is determined by dividing the number of valid votes cast in the electorate by the number of seats to be filled, and adding one. Votes are reallocated as preferences from both the bottom and the top. Any candidate in excess of a quota of first preference votes will have his/her second preferences distributed as a proportion of a full vote in accordance with the percentage margin of that candidate's vote over the quota. For example, if the quota is 10,000, and a candidate scores 15,000 first preference votes, that candidate's second preferences will then flow to other candidates as .33 percent of a full vote. When there is no surplus over quota left for distribution, the candidate with the least number of votes is excluded, and their second preferences are then distributed at full value. Any candidate able to secure 10 to 12 per cent of the vote after the distribution of preferences could, in a seven-member electorate, expect to be elected.

In contrast to the complexity of the system that pertains in the House of Assembly, the Upper House is based on single-member electorates, using a preferential voting system. It is also the most powerful Upper House in any Westminster-sourced democracy in the world, because it has the capacity to dismiss the government and dissolve the Lower House without itself having to account for its actions at the polls: there is no mechanism, that is to say, for a double dissolution. And it is dominated by aging, ultra-conservative men nominally sitting as independents.

An economy devoid of dynamism, a persistent cargo-cult mindset that yearns for a single whopper industry that will turn sleepy hollow into a thrumming engine of industry, an elite based upon old pastoral money, an unimaginative, intellectual conformity that has remained constant since the totalitarianism of convictism, a robust and in-your-face indigenous movement, an electoral system that conduces to minority representation, and a magnificent temperate wilderness – these are the contrary ingredients that fashioned, against the odds, Tasmania's extraordinary, volatile politics.

Remember that earlier "against the odds"? It is against the odds because of the contrast this volatile politics makes with the political culture that went before it. Until the mid-1970s, Tasmanian politics was a drab and colourless affair, characterized by an extraordinary level of stability – "extraordinary" because the Hare-Clark electoral system would seem, on the surface, to conduce to instability. The most striking characteristic of what we might call the "pre-green" political decades is the marked absence of any ideological content. There was no pronounced value cleavage and, consequently, no ideas content to speak of. Thus the civic skills, deemed by

such as John Stuart Mill to be crucial to the proper functioning of democracy, ossified – and politics joined sex and religion as topics unfit for polite dinner-table discourse. With politics thoroughly debased, Tasmanians became unpractised in public debate and analysis, and administration was more electorally potent than politics, with parties appealing to the electorate on the grounds that, first, we can make the trains run on time, and, second - we can make the great dream happen. Because, remember, a politics of administration notwithstanding, this was a politics with its passion: that dream in which the island at the end of the earth is transformed into an insular Ruhr Valley in the southern seas.

It is not difficult to see where this leads. First, if dispute over first principles is conspicuous by its absence, and if the civic skills are in decay, and if the electorate primarily expects from its leaders a *technocratic* capacity, it follows that the electorate will be attracted by a strong leader, a political godfather who can promise that: "if you elect me, you can forget all about the distasteful and stressful business of public affairs until the next inconvenient election." Long-standing Labor Premier, Eric Reece, served this need through the 1950s, the 1960s, and into the 1970s.

Second, it considerably dampens electoral volatility. As the Australian Labor Party had been the original creator of the Hydro-Electrical Commission, it was able to cash in on the formidable electoral asset of being viewed as the "natural" party of hydro-industrialization, whilst the Liberal Party had little option but to adopt the meek and ineffectual "me too" stand. The Labor Party itself was technocratic and rigidly controlled from the top. Its technocratic ethos required the centralizing of political power in the hands of a small coterie of skilled bureaucrats and part strongmen – notably the Premier and holders of development portfolios – and this became the locus of political power. For its part, "The Hydro," too, acted as a partisan player in the electoral process. As the tight hegemony of hydro-industrialization cracked and came under electoral challenge in the 1970s and 1980s, "The Hydro" took to intervening directly – and tellingly - in election campaigns.

I think it does not go too far to suggest that there was not a functioning democracy in Tasmania in these years. There was no democratic culture in the broader community. There was an ossified parliament lacking such basic Westminster institutions as a record of debate, that treated crucial Westminster processes with careless contempt, and that had abrogated several of its most important functions to a small mandarinate.

That, then, was the nature of Tasmania's chronically stable politics. No one will be surprised to learn that this was a stability in which I placed no store whatsoever. We now have, in its place, political *instability*. And we are much the richer for it.

Two things occurred to effect this fundamental change. Firstly, the radicalizing experience of Australia's unpopular involvement in the Vietnam War, and the election to Canberra of a visionary Labor government with an inspirational leader, brought a large number of younger, less traditional - and less manageable - radicals into the Labor Party. These were people with little in common with, or time for, the old ways of "Electric Eric" Reece.

The second factor to change this old non-politics forever, and the more important factor, I think, was the sudden and unpredicted coming of the greens, or the "conservation movement" as it was called back in the 1970s when it burst upon the political stage.

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The catalyst for this political sea-change was Lake Pedder - "the jewel in the crown" of the southwest wilderness, a shallow lake surrounded by button-grass plains and fringed south and west by the Frankland Range. Its outstanding feature was a 5km beach of fine-grained pink-tinted white quartz sand. It was spectacularly beautiful – and in 1972 it was drowned to create a back-up storage impoundment for a Hydro-Electric power scheme on the upper Gordon River. Its drowning created Tasmania's environmental politics.

With the mobilization of vigorous opposition to hydro-industrial hegemony in the form of the abortive campaign to save Lake Pedder, Tasmanians were suddenly faced with disputation about first principle and with alternative visions to the old hegemonic dream of hyper-industrialization. It was a painful experience, and remains so, for there is still fierce resistance to the notion that politics is something that can be discussed over the dinner table without offending good taste, and resentment of the "ratbags" who forced an end to the comfortable civic laziness of the past remains strong. Through the 1980s Liberal Party hard man, Robin Gray, cashed in on this, openly assuming the mantle vacated by Electric Eric, the long-standing former leader of his political *opponents*. But this was yesterday's politics, and a major effect of the coming of the politics of the environment has been that the old complacent technocratic anti-politics will not again command the field unchallenged.

I do not wish to suggest that what has occurred is a comprehensive "greening" of the Tasmanian community. But no community anywhere in the world has had the exposure to green values and aspirations that Tasmanians have had. Tasmanian politics has been continuously dominated by environmental issues since the Lake Pedder campaign – I know of no other political system in the world where this is the case. Along the way Tasmania spawned, in 1972, the world's very first green party, the United Tasmania Group. The ideological fulcrum around which Tasmanian politics has swung for three decades is thus to exploit or to preserve, and the environment movement, as a consequence, is philosophically, tactically, and organizationally skilled – in the 1980s it was at the international frontier in this respect.

All this began with the Lake Pedder campaign – which was lost. But the lessons learned were remembered, and the formidable political movement I have just described fine-honed its skills in the successful struggle, which began in the late 1970s, to prevent the Franklin River going the way of Pedder.

These were the most momentous times in the political history of Tasmania. The Labor Government of Doug Lowe, elected in 1979 with a huge majority, disintegrated over the issue. Lowe, responsive to the idealism within the new, younger membership of the party, opened up its structures. And on the issue of the proposed Franklin Dam – an issue imposed upon him by "The Hydro" which, in accordance with the power vested in its Act, presented the proposal direct to parliament, by-passing the relevant minister, Lowe himself – Lowe attempted to find a win-

win position by canvassing alternative schemes that would have avoided the flooding of the Franklin. Most of his parliamentary colleagues were old-school Labor, though, and they turned on him. Here's how novelist James McQueen describes it:

Seldom in the history of Australian parliamentary institutions can such a concerted campaign of abuse, ridicule and obstruction have been aimed by members of a government at their leader. Holgate [soon to replace Lowe as Leader and, briefly, as Premier] spoke seldom in the house, and attended as little as possible. On one occasion he narrowly missed being named for swearing at the government whip. Polley [still, 30 years later. an ALP member of the house of Assembly] screamed at Lowe and taunted him both inside and outside the house; his opponents stuck "Flood the Franklin" stickers conspicuously above their seats in the house; government members refused to leave the dining room, despite repeated appeals by the whip – without them there was no quorum, so the opposition members stayed out too, while an embarrassed premier sat almost alone, with the bells ringing continuously. By then the atmosphere had degenerated into an appalling shambles, with members lounging in shirtsleeves, often drunk, throwing rubbish, shouting cruddities (1990: 47; see also 1983).

Lowe was ousted in the inevitable palace coup, but one of his last acts, done without reference to the party, and virtually as an afterthought - for it is certain that Lowe didn't appreciate the significance of what he was doing - was to forward a nomination of Tasmania's Southwest wilderness to Canberra for listing by the United Nations as a World Heritage property. Meanwhile, the new Liberal government of Robin Gray, determined to push ahead with the dam, met resistance on a new front, in the form of massive passive resistance in the streets, in the forests, and on the rivers themselves, as Australians rallied to fight for the Franklin. In the nearby town of Strahan, river blockaders were trained in techniques of non-violent resistance. Australia had seen nothing like it, and the Franklin Blockade dominated the national media. The dam was finally stopped when a newly elected Labor government in Canberra pledged to use the foreign affairs power it possessed under the Constitution to enforce its treaty obligations under the World Heritage Convention – and it did so. In a close vote, the High Court of Australia subsequently upheld the Commonwealth's position against a challenge from the State of Tasmania (Sornarajah 1983).

I have said that the Franklin River campaign dominated the national media - and it did, for almost three years. But, with the tumultuous campaign to save what was called at the time "the last wild river," *international* attention focused upon Tasmania. Never before had a single wilderness preservation campaign attained global stature. But this "moment of time" preoccupation with and upon the Franklin River obscures the fact that the Franklin was not an issue without historical context, but simply the most dramatic instance in an unbroken environmental debate, that has honed an increasingly sophisticated and ideologically informed environment movement.

I want to close with some observations upon the capacity of a politics of the environment to completely redraw apparently entrenched patterns of political allegiance. The emergence of such a politics is particularly bad news for parties of the democratic left, whose constituency these days consists of an uneasy mix of old categories of industrial labour – in the case of the Australian Labor Party, an influence institutionalised through formal affiliation of trade unions

with the party, and, hence, formal representation within party decision-making processes – and articulate, comparatively affluent, middle-class professionals, usually public-sector employed.

Environmental politics significantly sharpens the latent uneasiness that exists between these disparate support categories. In Tasmania it found the Labor Party ill-equipped to cope with the tensions exacerbated by environmental politics. Labor has proven unable to comprehend the *ideological* wellsprings of a green commitment, assuming "environment" to be a mere single issue, not a touchstone with the capacity to generate its own stand-alone ideological take on social existence. Sociologically, too, there are intractable problems. The professional component of Labor Party support is *precisely* the social group that finds an ecological perspective most compelling. If Labor does *not* embrace the greater part of the green agenda it risks losing the very people that provide the social base for the party's considerable post-1970s success, Australia wide. But to the extent that it *does* embrace that agenda, much of its traditional blue-collar support base will desert it.

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This is what happened in Tasmania in the 1980s. The most significant shift of allegiance wrought by Tasmania's politics of the environment stemmed from the massive anger on the part of resource-extracting and industrial labour to "greenies," and the suspicion that the Labor party, post Electric Eric, were more than a little tainted with the verdant poison. "Doze a greenie," and "the only true wilderness is between a greenie's ears" were common bumper stickers in the mining and mill towns in the 1980s. In the 1982 state election those communities deserted Labor *en masse* for the party of the old class enemy, and there they stayed through several elections, only returning when Labor, in the late 1990s, unambiguously opted for its traditional constituency over its new one, and returned to a traditional develop-and-damn-the-consequences stance – albeit the frontier of what constitutes development has, in the emerging post-industrial age, shifted somewhat, even in the island at the end of the earth.

In 1989, after seven years of Robin Gray's Liberals, the ghost of the old godfather politics was put to rest when five Greens were elected to the 35-strong House of Assembly – gaining the balance of power in the process. In scenes of extraordinary turbulence, both within and outside Parliament, Labor entered into an arrangement unique in Westminster-system history – a minority government, sustained in office by a formal Accord which guaranteed ongoing Green support except in exceptional circumstances, and which delivered in return considerable policy concessions to the Green agenda – but which was not a coalition.

And then the fun started. Those fundamental first principle differences to which I have alluded rapidly asserted themselves, and suspicion and ill-will abounded. I was involved as the Senior Political Advisor to the Minister for Environment and Planning – which is to say, on the Labor side – and I can attest that the climate set in place by the Premier's Office was one of manipulation, non-cooperation, and obfuscation as far as the Greens were concerned. Small wonder that the Government collapsed in acrimony without going full-term. Deep hatred between the two forces persists to this day, and no repeat of the failed collaborative experiment is anywhere in sight. In 1994 the Greens again won the balance of power, and with Labor

refusing to negotiate, entered into a less formal arrangement with the Liberals which, against the odds, proved somewhat more stable than the Labor-Green Accord.

But it, too, collapsed in 1998 when Labor and Liberal, finally recognizing that as parties of capital they have more in common with each other than either has with the Greens, jointly staged what I view as a constitutional coup and slashed the size of the Tasmanian Parliament from 35 to 25, thereby raising the bar to election by raising the quota. In the ensuing election, which Labor won outright, Green representation was reduced to just one in the new, leaner 25-seat House. What should have been a model for export to the rest of the world – Tasmania's extraordinarily fair, generous, and workable democracy – was thus martyred in the cause of political opportunism. To again situate myself in all this, I was a vocal critic of the coup, to the extent that I remain high on my erstwhile comrades' list of demons. I take some comfort from knowing it to be a very long list.

I have spent some time talking about the electoral consequences for the democratic left of a politics of the environment. I should briefly talk about the Greens themselves – they are, after all, the established third force in Tasmanian politics; one of only three stable presences on the Tasmanian political map.

In the 1990s the Greens were less radical and ecological politics generally were less volatile than in the 1980s – a consequence of the transfer of Green energy from the rivers and the forest barricades to parliament. At the same time, there are characteristics endemic to a green commitment that work against predicability and order within electoral politics.

Other actors in the political system express frustration over the Greens' apparent unwillingness to abide by the referee's decision – courts, parliament, commissions of inquiry, election results. But the values of the green movement are drawn from the ecological insight of the interconnectedness of all life, with a consequent ethic that stresses eco-impartiality and that rejects our species' assumption that the earth is ours to dispose of as we will. In terms of liberal democracy, then, there are deemed to be limits to the right of the democratic majority to dispense with the living space of other species, as a democratic majority is only a register of human preferences, and there is a larger community of interest with a stake but no say in human deliberations.

Similarly, the parliamentary behaviour of the Greens evinces hostility to the interest-brokerage and compromise that is the essential currency of liberal democracy. There can be no question, they maintain, of trading the vital needs of species not party to the electoral compact with the secondary wants of some humans. They draw bottom lines where other democratic actors do not, and they do this, not out of cussedness, but because that is what their first principles *prescribe*.

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One final observation. My long introduction to Tasmania was not gratuitous, but necessary to contextualize the extraordinary politics I've tried to describe. But – perhaps it is not so

extraordinary. Much of the tension involved in resource politics will be familiar, and as I've described it you will have been saying to yourself, "yes, yes, just like X."

But one of the great things in studying these phenomena within the confines of an island is that all the complexities and nuances get distilled down. It is all much more *stark.* In Tasmania, the cleavage between green values and the dominant productivist paradigm represents a bifurcation that is ongoing – that has, in fact, run through Tasmanian history from its very beginnings.

In the very first months of European settlement, Governor David Collins, faced with an empty Commissariat and the imminent starvation of his people, released and armed the convicts and despatched them into the bush to find game. Evidence suggests that many formed stable relationships with the local Aborigines, learned to dress and hunt in an Aboriginal way, and were, in fact, *aboriginalizing* when they were ordered back to barracks. Many delayed returning; some never did and were declared outlaw. Historian James Boyce has argued (1996) that a dissident, mostly underground Van Diemonian tradition has existed since that time, standing ready to prick the complacency of that smug, priggish, anti-intellectual gentility upon which I've already remarked. The Greens – and the reassertion of indigeneity – are, Boyce argues, merely the latest manifestations of this ongoing conflict within an island culture.

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