

For Six Month Period Ending Feb. 28, 1994
(Insert date)

Name of Registrant

AVISO, INC.

Registration No.

04220

Business Address of Registrant

1150 Marina Village Parkway, Ste. 104
Alameda, CA 94501

I—REGISTRANT

1. Has there been a change in the information previously furnished in connection with the following:

(a) If an individual:

(1) Residence address	Yes ☐	No ☐
(2) Citizenship	Yes ☐	No ☐
(3) Occupation	Yes ☐	No ☐

(b) If an organization:

(1) Name	Yes ☐	No ☒
(2) Ownership or control	Yes ☐	No ☒
(3) Branch offices	Yes ☐	No ☒

2. Explain fully all changes, if any, indicated in item 1.

N/A

IF THE REGISTRANT IS AN INDIVIDUAL, OMIT RESPONSE TO ITEMS 3, 4, and 5.

3. Have any persons ceased acting as partners, officers, directors or similar officials of the registrant during this 6 month reporting period? Yes ☐ No ☒

If yes, furnish the following information:

Name

Position

Date Connection
Ended

N/A

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Continental Route Cutback Drops Service To Nine Cities

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BY MARK ROBERTI
Associate Editor

H OUSTON — As part of the carrier's ongoing effort to return to profitability, officials for Continental Airlines Inc. last week said the airline would stop serving nine cities, shed unprofitable routes, reduce staff and upgrade its fleet.

The airline, based here, will stop serving three cities in the United States and six overseas, thereby dropping 11 routes.

Service to Bismarck and Minot, N.D., and Spokane, Wash., will end on Sept. 30, which will eliminate the Denver-Bismarck-Minot, Spokane-Vancouver, British Columbia, and Spokane-Denver routes.

Continental is pulling out of the Australia and New Zealand markets. As of Oct. 30, it will no longer serve Sydney, Brisbane and Melbourne in Australia and Auckland, New Zealand, eliminating its Honolulu-Sydney, Honolulu-Auckland-Brisbane, Honolulu-Auckland-Melbourne, Guam-Sydney and Guam-Brisbane-Sydney routes.

Continental Micronesia, which serves more than 20 destinations in the Orient and South Pacific, was not affected by the cutback.

VANCOUVER ROUTES

Service to Vancouver will end Oct. 1, which will eliminate the Vancouver-Honolulu and Vancouver-Spokane-Denver routes. Service between Newark, N.J., and Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, will cease Sept. 7.

Continental will cancel service

between Denver and Milwaukee as of Sept. 7, and it will no longer operate flights between Denver and Detroit and between Cleveland and Dallas after Sept. 30. The airline's three weekly flights between Denver and Honolulu will be halted as of Oct. 30.

The cutbacks were announced along with disappointing financial results for the period April 28 through June 30. Continental suffered an operating loss of \$4.1 million and a net loss of \$24.4 million. The additional loss was attributed to costs related to its reorganization.

The airline said it plans to eliminate 2,500 full-time jobs before the end of the year and retire 30 older, less efficient aircraft between Sept. 8, 1993, and April 30, 1994. It will accept delivery of new Boeing aircraft beginning in January 1994.

A spokesman for the company denied the route eliminations and staff cutbacks were a result of the loss. "Our desire to return the airline to consistent profitability in the future is what is driving this," said Dave Messing, director of public relations for Continental. "The modest loss we suffered was a sign that we were not achieving that quickly enough."

A 10 percent reduction in capacity was part of the airline's reorganization plan when it re-emerged from bankruptcy on April 28, though which routes would be cut was not specified at that time.

The decision to pull out of Australia and New Zealand surprised tourism officials. Continental's Messing said, "Lower-than-aver-

age yields and lower-than-average load factors combined to make the routes unprofitable."

New Zealand tourism authorities were concerned the loss of lift from the United States could hurt their efforts to increase marketshare in this country.

"This announcement has been made at short notice and without consultation with the New Zealand tourism industry, which is particularly disappointing in view of the fact that the U.S. market has been showing consistent signs of improvement since the end of last year," said Ian Kean, chief executive of the New Zealand Tourism Board.

ATC STILL OPTIMISTIC

The Australian Tourist Commission was also concerned about the loss of capacity on the transpacific routes. But Bill Baker, regional director/the Americas for the ATC, said, "Even with Continental's withdrawal from these routes, we expect to see a growth in travel to Australia this year and are confident about the prospects for 1994."

Jetset Tours Inc. of Los Angeles had taken over Continental's Grand Destinations to the South Pacific. It does not have an Australia product in the market yet, and only released its New Zealand brochure two months ago.

"It will affect us in that we won't be able to offer the program anymore," said Gary Marshall, vice president of sales for Jetset. "But the Grand Destinations is only a small part of what we do."

TRAVELAGE WEST

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Budget Cuts Force Aussie Offices to Close

LOS ANGELES — Budget constraints are forcing several of Australia's states and territories to close their tourist offices in the U.S.

Already, the Northern Territory Tourist Commission (TA-West, July 12) and Tourism South Australia (TA-West, April 5) have closed their government-run offices here. Their state governments instead have contracted with privately held firms for marketing and promotion.

The Northern Territory government has appointed the Los Angeles-based marketing firm Myriad Creative as its general sales agent. Myriad will perform the same duties as the NTTC and retain the NTTC's toll-free number, 800-4-OUTBACK, according to Al Merschen, Myriad's president.

New Wholesaler

Michael Smith, former vice president-North America for Tourism South Australia, has opened his own wholesale operation, Australian Travel Headquarters in Santa Ana, Calif. The new company will sell tours throughout Australia with an emphasis on South Australia, he said. ATH is working on a brochure, which Smith hopes will be

available by the end of September.

While ATH receives some government funding in return for representation, it will generate most of its income from bookings and private investment, he added.

Marketing Corp.

South Australia and the Northern Territory will continue to be represented in the Australian Tourism Marketing Corp., a trade organization for Australian and other South Pacific tourism interests, through ATH's and Myriad's memberships, according to Smith, the ATMC president. Three other Australia tourism entities — representing Western Australia, Victoria and Tasmania and which either closed their U.S. offices or are about to close — will no longer be members, he added.

The Western Australia Tourism Commission closed its office in Los Angeles Aug. 20. Stacy Sprowl, regional director-North America, said the WATC will continue to operate offices in Europe.

Australia Naturally, which represented Victoria and Tasmania, has split; and a new office, Tourism Victoria, will close Oct. 1, according to Cait Falck, TV's regional director. Currently, Tasmania has no representation in the U.S., she added.

"The state is in severe financial crisis, and what money it does have is going to Asia," she told TA-West.

Two States

Only two states will retain offices in the U.S.: The New South Wales Tourism Commission, which was expected to close its office here (TA-West, March 15) will focus on wholesale business, helping tour operators market their products, said Maree George, regional director-

the Americas. The Queensland Tourist and Travel Corp. has its own budget and marketing plans, which target the honeymoon, cruise and dive adventure markets, according to acting manager Megan Socha.

Meanwhile, all states and territories are expected to participate in Partnership Australia, a marketing program being developed by the Australian Tourist Commission. While details are not yet available, it essentially will be a co-op program, according to Bill Baker, the ATC's recently appointed regional director-the Americas.

"The ATC would handle trade and consumer information servicing," he said. "The states and territories would handle other forms of tactical promotions and advertising in conjunction with the ATC and private enterprise."

The ATC also will redesign some of its existing programs, such as its toll-free travel agent help line, to include information on specific states and territories, he added.

The ATC was scheduled to meet late this month to refine the program further.

— Mimi Kmet

SELLING

AUSTRALIA

Captain Cook Markets Barrier Reef Cruises in North America

THOUSAND OAKS, Calif. — One of only two overnight vessels that ply the waters of the Great Barrier Reef is being marketed to North American travelers for the first time.

International Cruise Connections (ICC) here has been appointed the general sales agent for Captain Cook Cruises, the operator of the 120-passenger Reef Escape.

Seven-night cruises depart weekly on Saturdays and Wednesdays from Cairns; three- and four-night segments can also be booked, subject to availability.

Rod Seeley, president of ICC, said the Reef Escape offers traditional cruise ship amenities and activities.

"Along with the reef itself, what makes the cruise so special is the exuberant, all-Aus-

tralian crew," he said. There are three categories of cabins, and all have air conditioning and floor-to-ceiling windows that open to outside decks.

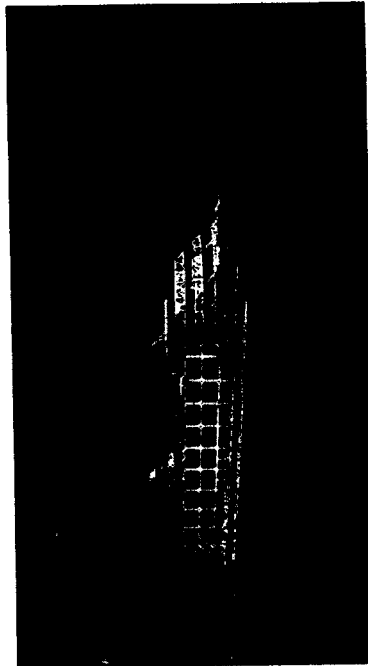
There is a swimming pool, sauna and spa as well as a boutique and library on the 204-foot-long ship.

The Reef Escape carries a glass-bottom boat, snorkeling and dive equipment and offers the services of an on-board dive instructor.

There is a \$30 charge for each scuba dive.

A marine biologist is on board to give daily lectures and he will accompany passengers on several shoreside walking tours.

Evening activities include deckside parties, where entertainment is provided by the



The 120-passenger Reef Escape has an all-Australian crew.

crew, and there is also a piano bar.

Meals are casual affairs in the single-seating dining room or outdoors on the upper decks.

The menus emphasize local fare, including fresh Australian seafood and tropical fruit.

Sailing north from Cairns, the Reef Escape calls on Cooktown, where James Cook beached the Endeavor in 1770, and then continues to Lizard Island on the inner reef.

Here travelers will have the chance to snorkel and sightsee at Blue Lagoon.

Heading southward to Ribbon Reefs, travelers will spend a day in a protected coral area where no other vessel calls.

The ship returns to Cairns for land sightseeing and then continues to Hinchinbrook Island, Australia's largest island national park.

Also visited are Dunk Island, site of a rain forest; Headley Reef, for snorkeling, and Fitzroy Island, which features a resort.

Cruise-only fares for the seven-night program range from \$1,485 to \$1,980, double.

Air/sea packages begin at \$2,785 and include roundtrip air on Qantas from San Francisco or Los Angeles, transfers and one night's pre-cruise accommodations in Cairns.

To book, call (800) 433-8747.

SELLING AUSTRALIA

Sydney's Room Glut Keeps Rates Low

Continued from Page 30

Allen said that the Sydney situation occurred because developers in the late 1980s rushed to fill a void in the market.

"Ten to 15 years ago, there was not much in the five-star category. Then Sydney proper-

ties were mostly of motel quality. Now, the product has gone from motel to a five-star [status] in a short period of time, leaving a gap in the middle for three-star properties."

It is a similar situation to one that existed in Singapore in

the mid-1980s, when room oversupply led to a drop in occupancy and rates, he said.

Allen predicted that, with international travel from Asia and other overseas markets growing steadily by a projected 10% to 12% per year, Sydney

will follow Singapore's example and recover as demand rises and supply stabilizes.

"It will not be until 1998 that Sydney will reach 80% occupancy, and that is with no new construction. We believe that the city will achieve 70% occupancy by 1994," Allen said.

There are no four- or five-star hotels planned for Sydney, with the exception of a possible four-star casino hotel, through the year 2000.

The Australian Tourism Commission, however, sees a positive from the competitiveness in the Sydney market.

"Clients are encouraged not only by discount rates [caused by the accommodations glut] but also by improved standards and value-added incentives," a commission paper said.

Room Glut Spurs Sydney Hotels To Lower Rates

BY LAURA DEL ROSSO

SYDNEY — This city has been hard hit by a hotel-building boom in the four- and five-star categories, leading to falling hotel rates and continued deep discounting.

It may take years for the hotel industry to recover, according to officials at the Australian Tourism Exchange.

But it is a buyer's market for travelers, with five-star hotels often matching the rates of three- and four-star properties.

"The major problem is that a lot of hotels came on stream very quickly," said John Haddad, chairman of the Australian Tourist Commission and managing director of Federal Hotels Inc.

Since late 1991, the Marriott Sydney, the Park Lane, Metro Inn, Quay West, The Observatory and ANA hotels, with a total of 2,400 rooms, have swelled Sydney's room inventory.

Howarth Services, a Sydney tourism and property consulting company, estimated that the city's average room rates fell by 10% in 1992, after falling almost 15% in 1991. Occupancies in 1992 bottomed out at 53%, the worst in Sydney in 20 years, Howarth said.

Michael Allen, managing director of Colliers Jardine, a Sydney-based hotel consulting firm, said the firm's data show that while the average room rate in Sydney's central business district in June 1992 was about \$151 per night, the average nightly yield was \$92.

Continued on Page 31

TRAVEL WEEKLY

NEW YORK, NY
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THURSDAY
SEP 9 1993

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Miami Herald

When traveling off the beaten path, tread softly

By LAURA BLY
Special to the Herald

At a recent international conference on the promises and pitfalls of indigenous tourism, Australian Chris Burchett told the story of an Alice Springs tour group that had signed up for an aboriginal performance after reading a brochure that touted the "haunting strains of the didgeridoo."

The trouble was, the long, hollow musical instrument is carved from trees that don't grow near Alice Springs. It isn't considered part of the local aboriginal culture, and therefore wasn't included in the program.

"So, right in the middle of the dance, two busloads of tourists got up and walked out," recalled Burchett, director of cultural affairs for the Northern Territory Tourist Commission in Darwin.

"They came to hear a didgeridoo. And when they didn't, they said [the performance] was a sham."

New attention

When the United Nations tagged 1993 as the International Year of the World's Indigenous People, it focused new attention on the economic and cultural plight of more than 300 million indigenous and tribal people living in 70 countries.

At the same time, the U.N. declaration has spotlighted the often-troubled encounters between First World tourists and Third World native cultures.

of designer jeans.

As a result, you shouldn't expect your hosts to look as though they stepped out of the pages of a tattered National Geographic — and if they do, recognize what the exchange is meant to achieve.

Collins, of the Pacific Asia Travel Association, cites the Trans-Niugini Tour in Mount Hagen, Papua New Guinea, as an example of a tour that works both ways. "There is an awareness on both sides that they are putting on a show," Collins says. "But, as it should be, there is a limit on our welcome; they show what they want to show."

"There may be blue jeans in

the back of the house, but when [the villagers] are elaborately dressed, they are wearing the clothes they still wear for ceremonial events," he adds. "Further, the money they all earn goes to buy a new outboard engine for their market-canoe."

By their very nature — small groups, off-the-beaten-track locations — many tours that concentrate on indigenous cultures tend to be expensive. All the more reason for those often wealthy tourists, says director Virginia Hadfield of the Center for Responsible Tourism, to journey as unobtrusively and undemandingly as possible.

CULTURAL VACATIONS

Getting to Capirana isn't easy. Accessible only by foot, it requires a two- to four-hour slog through dense jungle — while wearing a backpack and knee-high rubber boots. (If the water is high enough, the return trip is via canoe.)

But the handful of hardy travelers who make the journey to this remote Ecuadorian village come away with more than sore feet and local knowledge about the flora and fauna of the Amazon rain forest.

They're part of a new experiment in cultural exchange and survival.

Capirana, a village of 24 Quechua Indian families in Ecuador's Napo province, has created one of the world's few indigenously owned and operated tourism programs. Conceived three years ago as an alternative to oil, lumber and mining interests that have exploited the region, the low-key project has attracted the attention of other Amazonian tribes.

(The Berkeley-based University Research Expeditions Program has led trips to Capirana in the past and may repeat them next year; for more information, call (510) 642-6586.)

Though not every traveler has the ability or inclination to visit Capirana, interest in native cultures is booming — and a growing number of mainstream travel

companies and tourist offices are capitalizing on the trend.

In Alaska, representatives of the state's four largest native cultures — Eskimo, Aleut, Athabascan Indian and Tlingit — formed an Alaska Native Tourism Council late last year to promote everything from three- or four-hour tours designed for cruise passengers to overnight stays in remote villages.

Alaska Airlines Vacations offers a one-day, \$315-per-person trip from Anchorage to the Eskimo village of Kotzebue, about 30 miles north of the Arctic Circle. In Kotzebue, visits include a camp where village elders teach youths traditional crafts and survival skills. (Information: (800) 468-2248.)

Australia's Northern Territory provides a "Come Share Our Culture" brochure emphasizing aboriginal programs and tours. Several focus on the region's prolific rock paintings, which range from recent depictions of contact with outside societies to designs that experts estimate could be anywhere from 20,000 to 65,000 years old. (Information: (800) 4-OUTBACK.)

Overseas Adventure Travel, a Cambridge, Mass.-based adventure-tour operator, this summer offers 11 new Canadian itineraries that focus on Inuit culture in a region that by the turn of the century will become part of a new

Inuit-controlled territory called Nunavut. (Information: (800) 221-0814.)

And in the American Southwest, major tour companies such as Globus-Gateway (800) 851-0728, Maupintour (800) 255-4266 and Special Expeditions (800) 762-0003 have launched programs focusing on American Indians.

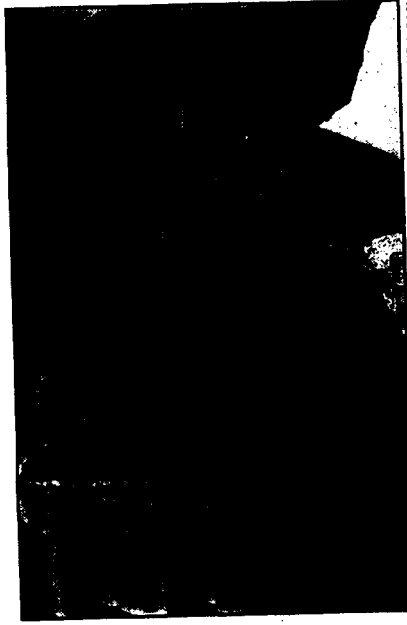
Here's a sampling of other sources that focus on indigenous cultures and tourism:

- Center for Responsible Tourism: send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Box 827, San Anselmo, Calif. 94979; (415) 259-6594. This nonprofit organization is dedicated to improving awareness about Third World tourism and encouraging responsible interaction with other cultures. The group publishes *Code of Ethics for Responsible Travelers* and a quarterly newsletter.

- Cultural Survival, 215 First St., Cambridge, Mass. 02142; (617) 821-3818. This human-rights organization, which specializes in native cultures, produces a quarterly magazine.

- *Handle With Care: A Guide to Responsible Travel in Developing Countries* (Noble Press; \$8.95, by Scott Graham).

Addresses sticky issues such as begging, haggling at markets and the ethics of traveling to countries with repressive governments.



LAURA BLY
OFF THE TRACK: Tour leader Bill Harney stands before an aboriginal rock painting in Australia's Northern Territory.

"By and large, tourism has been devastating to indigenous people," says Robert Leavitt, education director for Cultural Survival, a Cambridge, Mass.-based human rights organization that focuses on native culture.

"More and more people are looking for what they think is an 'authentic' cultural experience, but what we're seeing are facades put up to manufacture that authenticity," Leavitt adds. "It's been going on for decades in Hawaii and the Caribbean, and now it's global as well."

Getting past those facades is a difficult, sometimes treacherous passage both for native cultures and the tourists who come to admire and learn from them. Here are some suggestions for smoothing the journey:

■ **Don't let your own curiosity become invasive.** Each November thousands of tourists head for the small volcanic island of Janitzio, near the colonial Mexican town of Patzcuaro. There Purepecha Indians celebrate the Days of the Dead with a poignant, all-night vigil that combines Catholicism with the pre-Hispanic beliefs of their ancestors. And there, those same tourists have turned vigil into carnival — trampling on graves, swigging beer and sticking camcorders into worshippers' faces.

Not every breach of cultural privacy is as blatant as that at Janitzio. Sometimes, it's seemingly innocent as asking questions about long-held, carefully guarded beliefs — and expecting answers that might better come from pre-trip research.

"Good tourism must create and protect pride and privacy," says Robertson Collins, a Singapore-based consultant with the Pacific Asia Travel Association.

■ **Respect restrictions on photography and other visitor access.** Many native cultures ask visitors not to take photographs or make sketches of sacred sites or celebrations — a request that, in some cases, may be backed up with confiscation of the offending camera.

Even if you're not taking photos, be considerate of a site's spiritual or historical significance by tailoring your own behavior to that of your hosts.

In Australia's Northern Territory, for example, participants on some aboriginal tours are separated into men's and women's groups because the knowledge presented is sex-specific. On other aboriginal programs, visitors are taken to areas of special significance but are requested not to photograph or even talk about what they've seen.

■ **Find out who benefits from, and decides the nature of, your visit.** Among the questions the San Anselmo, Calif.-based Center for Responsible Tourism recommends asking potential tour operators: What percentage of the trip cost stays in the community you visit? Does the tour's pacing allow time to create or accept opportunities to interact with local people? Is there a pre-trip orientation? Most important, how much input and control does the local culture have over the conditions of your visit?

■ **Don't impose your own standards of 'authenticity.'** "Escaping to a civilization that has never seen raisins dance on TV or a Liz Claiborne label fascinates me," humorist Erma Bombeck once wrote.

"If I wanted to drink the water, speak English and eat Italian, I'd stay home."

Honorable sentiments, to be sure. But in the global village of MTV, CNN and *Terminator* videos, it's hard to imagine many places whose residents haven't seen dancing raisins — or, thanks to visiting tourists, a pair

PLATIN DEALER

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Avoiding 'ugly tourism' when visiting other cultures

By LAURA BLY

ORANGE COUNTY REGISTER

6/15

At a recent international conference on tourism, Australian Chris Burchett told the story of an Alice Springs tour group that had signed up for an Aboriginal performance after reading a brochure that touted the "thaunting strains of the didgeridoo."

"The trouble was, the long, hollow musical instrument is carved from trees that don't grow near Alice Springs. It isn't considered part of the local Aboriginal culture, and therefore wasn't included in the program."

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Among the questions asked by California's Center for Responsible Tourism of tour operators is: What percentage of the trip cost stays in the community you visit? Does the tour's pacing allow time to create or

accept opportunities to interact with local people? Is there a pre-trip orientation program? Most important, how much input and control does the local culture have over the conditions of your visit?

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■ Travel in a low-key manner. By their very nature, small groups, off-the-beaten-track locations — many tours that concentrate on indigenous cultures tend to be expensive. All the more reason for those often wealthy tourists, says director Virginia Hadsell of the Center for Responsible Tourism, to journey as unobtrusively and undemandingly as possible.

Tour & Travel News
Sept. 6

Low Aussie Prices Lure Tourists

NEW YORK — Low-priced packages are attracting attention for Australian tourism, but tour operators say most American consumers are buying up from the price leaders.

The packages are serving to change travelers' perception of Australia as a pricey place to visit, according to Ellen McNulty, president of New York-based Lynott Tours.

"People see [Australia] as an expensive destination because it is so far away and because of the amount of time you have to spend to see it," she said. "They tend to upgrade their packages, but now they are not so shocked at the initial price."

Price-oriented promotions began in March when a delegation from New South Wales visited the United States to promote the "Sydney Gold Rush" package, including roundtrip air and six nights' accommodations for less than \$1,000.

At the same time as the television show "Good Morning America" broadcasted from Australia in May, the Australian Tourist Commission, Qantas Airways and several wholesalers ran TV and print ads promoting competitively priced packages.

"The discount packages being advertised are making the phones

ring," said Greg Wren, consumer marketing manager for the ATC. "Then, wholesalers and travel agents are selling up."

The ATC and several major wholesalers have launched a series of ads promoting packages to Aus-



**THE DISCOUNT
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ADVERTISED ARE
MAKING THE
PHONES RING.
THEN, WHOLE-
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— GREG WREN,
ATC**

tralia for less than \$1,000. The ads are being placed in six trade publications and will run through Sept. 30.

In the current trend, consumers are adding to packages to create longer vacations and taking advantage of cheap hotel rates to upgrade accommodations.

"The last few months, we've seen a trend away from the cheap packages, especially in New York and San Francisco," said Nicola Douglas, president of New York-based Austravel.

Douglas said consumers are again interested in the Australian Outback, including four-wheel-drive tours of Kakadu and Umuurduk in the Northern Terri-

tory. These tours tend to be more time-consuming and costly.

"[The price leaders] let the public know that Australia is becoming cheaper," said Ian Swain, president of Ardmore, Pa.-based Swain Australia Tours. "But still, the North American traveling public is such a mature one that they know if they want to go to out-of-the-way places, there will be a surcharge for that."

U.S. DOLLAR'S STRENGTH

Swain said that the fall of the Australian dollar against the U.S. dollar is enabling Americans to upgrade and still enjoy tours that are competitively priced when compared to similar products in Europe and the Caribbean.

"We find the key words are value for money," said Gerlinda Parker, a spokesperson for ATS Pan Pacific of Burbank, Calif. "People study the offers available and buy value. They don't have to be cheap, they have to be a good buy."

ATS has been offering a promotional fare of \$1,993 for an 18-day tour of Australia, Parker said. "We found that 80 percent of those booking it are taking the optional three-day extension, and a \$200 surcharge for the shoulder season hasn't affected sales at all."

— MARK ROBERTI

**CANADIAN
PRESS RELEASES / INTERVIEWS**

AUSTRALIA

Northern Territory's Kakadu Guards Natural Terrain



Australia's Northern Territory is the least populated and the most barren area of the country. It is far from the splendour of the urban coastal communities. But its harsh surroundings reveal a magical terrain.

The Northern Territory is the "red heart" of the country — the Australia of picture books. It is a land of the untamed and the surreal. Within the territory are many of Australia's most famous parks.

Kakadu National Park was an uncharted wilderness area and well-kept secret among naturalists until local aborigines leased the land to the Australian government in 1976.

The largest national park in Australia, Kakadu unleashes 1,200 square miles of lush greenery, wet-season waterfalls, and striking rock formations. Its unique combination of six major topographical regions is one of many reasons that Kakadu is listed as a World Heritage site.

Today, ecologically, Kakadu is one of the purest areas in the world. It is home to 280 species of birds, more than 20 species of frog, 45 species of fish and 51 species of



mammals, the most popular of which are the timid kangaroo and its smaller cousins, the wallaby and walleroo. But the Kakadu's most famous resident is probably the crocodile.

Tours through Kakadu reveal a rich history. Aboriginal paintings over 20,000 years old are found at Nourlangie Rock, Ubirr Rock and various sites throughout the park. Another favourite with visitors is the hike to spectacular Jim-Jim Falls and Twin Falls. During the wet season these magnificent falls cascade down the escarpment walls and form clear plunge pools.

Other interesting excursions include the Yellow Waters Boat Cruise for a chance to sight crocodiles; 4-wheel drive adventure tours; and bushwalking treks that can last a few weeks.

The adventure continues as travellers explore the park looking for some of the world's rarest species; magpie geese, jabiru, white egrets, whistling ducks, black cockatoos, kangaroos and wallabies.

Another popular area is Ulura National Park. For here, the greatest rock in the world, Ayers Rock, attracts visitors to its unique and breathtaking surface. In fact 70 per cent of last year's visitors to the region listed climbing Ayers Rock as their goal. For a fit individual on a cool day it is a two-hour climb to the summit of the rock. The toughest part of the climb is the steep first section where the national park service has installed a chain handrail. Near Ayers Rock, and also included in Ulura National Park, are the Olgas, a collection of 36 rock mounds clustered together.

Many other parks are worth visiting in Australia's Northern Territory. Travellers should allow enough time to explore the northern city of Darwin and the central town of Alice Springs, known around the world as "A Town Like Alice."



Getting Around the Territory

The most convenient way to travel throughout the Northern Territory is by air. Small commercial air services are available to reach the more out-of-the way places while the larger carriers offer extensive schedules to all regions.

Surrounding Areas

Travellers arriving or departing from the Northern Territory might also wish to visit some of the other outback stops. In the state of South Australia lies the fabled town of Coober Pedy. Known as the opal capital of the world, Coober Pedy also has the largest underground cave-living community of Australia (possibly the world).

To the east of the Northern Territory lies the state of Queensland, home to the Great Barrier Reef. Cairns serves as a gateway to the Northern Territory, so a visit to the Barrier Reef is a natural addition to a Northern Territory holiday.

Necessary Documents

Visitors require a current passport and a visa, which may be secured from an Australian Embassy or Consulate.



Ayers Rock, Australia.



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EUROPE



been extinct until a few survivors were found in a remote, wilderness valley 50 years ago. Kapiti tours leave each day from Paraparaumu Beach, about 50 km north of Wellington. For more information, contact the New Zealand Tourism Board at (604) 684-2117 or 800-888-5494.

CANADA

The Lord Elgin Hotel in Ottawa is celebrating its 52nd anniversary this July and August with a special travel agent promotion (rate \$52 per room, per night). Located across from beautiful Confederation Park, famous Rideau Canal, and the Ottawa Congress Centre, the location is ideal for both business travellers and those on holiday. For reservations, call 800-267-4298.

EUROPE

Rail Europe has established a new rapid information service to allow direct computer-to-fax communication

between the company and travel agents. Although travel agents will still connect with reservation agents by telephone, the new Rail Europe service can quickly and automatically issue important information by fax on specific subjects such as prices, schedules, product benefits and other data. Also, the system can acknowledge receipt of fax orders. For more information, call 800-4-EURAIL.

SOUTH PACIFIC

The South Pacific joint venture between Canadian Airlines, Air New Zealand and Qantas continues to benefit travellers. Canadian Airlines aircraft operate all flights between Canada and Honolulu. Qantas and Air New Zealand operate south of Honolulu. A special transfer area, complete with lounge, duty-free shopping, and Empress Lounge was created in Honolulu. Passengers travelling to and from the South Pacific do not have to clear U.S. customs in Honolulu and baggage is checked through to final destination.

EUROPE

Lufthansa's Central Reservation Hub, based in Toronto, has a new toll free number for Lufthansa Canada. Call 800-56-FLY-LH. The airline's reservation hub operates from 8:30 am to 9 pm (Eastern Daylight Time) on weekdays and 9 am to 6 pm on Saturdays. Lufthansa sales and ticket offices in Vancouver, Calgary, Toronto and Montreal continue to provide all other services. The airline also has representatives at the international airports in all those cities, plus Edmonton.

UNITED STATES

As a result of its new partnership with Continental Airlines, Air Canada now offers non-stop service between Toronto and Houston, Texas. The schedule features one morning and afternoon flight daily year-round. Beyond Houston, Air Canada passengers now have access to more than 20 Continental destinations to the south and southwestern U.S. (including Dallas, San Antonio, Austin, Phoenix) and Mexico (including Cancun and Mexico City).

WHISTLER



Aussie Specialists have answers

When is the Adelaide Cup? What's the current temperature in Sydney? Where is the best place for white-water rafting? Travellers needing answers on Australia can call a toll-free number and be put in touch with a certified Aussie Specialist.

The Australian Tourist Commission says Aussie Specialists are travel agents who have completed a training program offered by the commission. More than 500 travel agents have completed the training program. To reach an Aussie Specialist, toll-free 1-800 333-4305 for a referral.

FILES FROM STAR STAFF AND STAR WIRE SERVICES

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AGENT CANADA

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BURRELLE'S

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Bill Baker has been named regional director, the Americas for the Australian Tourist Commission, and will be based in Los Angeles. He replaces Carole Hancock, who is moving to Sydney where she will serve as GM, operations. Baker was previously the ATC's area manager, Central and Southern Europe based in Frankfurt.

SEP 11 1993

BURRELLE'S

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Aborigines reap benefits as tourist draw Down Under

By Michael Perry
Citizen news services

KURANDA, Australia

The theatre is plunged into darkness. Guttural musical sounds haunt the emptiness.

A spotlight reveals a young Aborigine decorated in ochre paint, his body heaving as he breathes life into a didgeridoo, the long, hollow wooden tube that is the traditional musical maker for Australia's indigenous people.

A voice tells the audience of a mythical time when the Tjapukai rain forest people fought the evil spirit Gadga for magical fire sticks, as Aboriginal dancers act out the saga.

A dancer walks up to a microphone and says, "G'day." But the audience, mainly Japanese tourists, remains silent.

Another dancer asks whether the onlookers have ever seen an Aborigine. "Well, you're looking at one," he says, drawing a few laughs.

By the end of the hour-long performance — a unique mixture of traditional Aboriginal dance, education and slapstick humor — the audience is completely won over and the theatre erupts into a frenzy of flashbulbs.

Aboriginal culture is the latest tourist boom in Australia's northern state of Queensland.

"There are about 20 major attractions, from artifacts and dance groups to emu and crocodile farms and day trips into rain forests," says tourism liaison officer Glen Miller, an Aborigine from the Butchulla people on Fraser Island.

Miller says Aboriginal tourism is important to protect the integrity of the Aboriginal community — a vehicle to restore pride and provide economic independence to the country's most disenfranchised population.

"One thing Aboriginal people don't like, like white people, is to lose their dignity and become a museum item," he says.

Poor health standards, high unemployment and minimal education mean Australia's Aborigines, representing 1.5 per cent of the 17-million population, now have a life expectancy some 10 to 20 years shorter than non-Aboriginal Australia.

In Kuranda, a small tourist village on the edge of a rain forest outside the Queensland tourist city

of Cairns, the Tjapukai people are a stunning example of how tourism can benefit Aborigines.

Four years ago, the 2,000-strong Tjapukai community had little future. Tourism was unheard of. Unemployment in the town was around 100 per cent, forcing many to seek work elsewhere and leaving the rest vulnerable to alcohol abuse.

Today, the Tjapukai Dancers, which started performing in a basement, return more than \$170,000 U.S. annually through performances and associated merchandising at a high-tech, 300-seat thea-

tre, shop and restaurant complex. Sleepy Kuranda has been transformed into a major attraction for international tourists arriving in Cairns.

The Tjapukai have toured the world, playing to sell-outs in London's West End and The Savoy Hotel and festivals in Germany and the United States.

Revenue generated by the Tjapukai dance group has been used to provide housing and jobs for the community. Perhaps even more important, the group has given the Tjapukai back their pride and offered them a future.

U.S.
PHOTO / INFORMATION
ASSISTANCE

By Dennis Nivens

The idea behind my trip was simple: I'd hike into the unexplored Tasmanian wilderness, find the Tasmanian tiger and take a few snapshots. Then I'd collect the

As I got off the bus with five Aussies, we met four returning backpackers. They huddled in the doorway of the tiny station looking like drowned rats with rescued-sailor grins. We smiled, giggled nervously, and went inside to register.

I set off with the five Aussies who were taking the Port Davey Track down to the coast for a two week trek. I was figuring on two weeks too, but after a day on the Port Davey Track I was head-

The rain had stopped by morning. It hadn't been raining most of the night, at least not the many times I woke up rolled over and went back to sleep, but the clouds overhead were still thick and low. I stayed in my tent for a breakfast of granola bars, dried fruit and instant orange drink, stalling deliberately to let the Aussies break camp and head down the trail. As soon as they were gone the currawongs, big black ravenlike birds with white wingtips and tailtips and piercing yellow eyes, descended to pick over their camp.

aroma wafting through the rainforest, cartoon-like, worming its way into the nostrils of some sleeping beast, dancing a hula and leading the tiger back to my campsite. I'd like to meet the self-respecting Tasmanian tiger who could resist that. That night the rain began again. It pounded on my tent hard enough to wake me up and each time I'd bury my face in the sleeping bag screaming. I'm outta here. I'm so outta here it's not even funny.

At first light it was barely raining, but it quit by eight. I burst out of the tent to the river. It was flooded, raging and murky with mud deep and slick. I stormed back into camp and stopped at the base of a tree just a few paces in front of my tent.

So this is what it had come down to: after days of rain and mud and bush-

whacking through sawgrass and scrub, I'm in the middle of nowhere staring down at a lump of soggy cat food, a perfect little cylinder with one end sliced off.

I stuffed gear into my backpack.

*Hell for me, from now on, will be
a cold wet place with bleak gray
skies, clutching bushes and
bottomless mud.*

strapped on the tent, put on my freshly dried socks and laced up my damp boots. There was a chunk of rotting log by the river. I dragged that over and heaved it into the creekbed, slung on my backpack, stepped across as far as I

could on the log and jumped the rest of the way to solid ground.

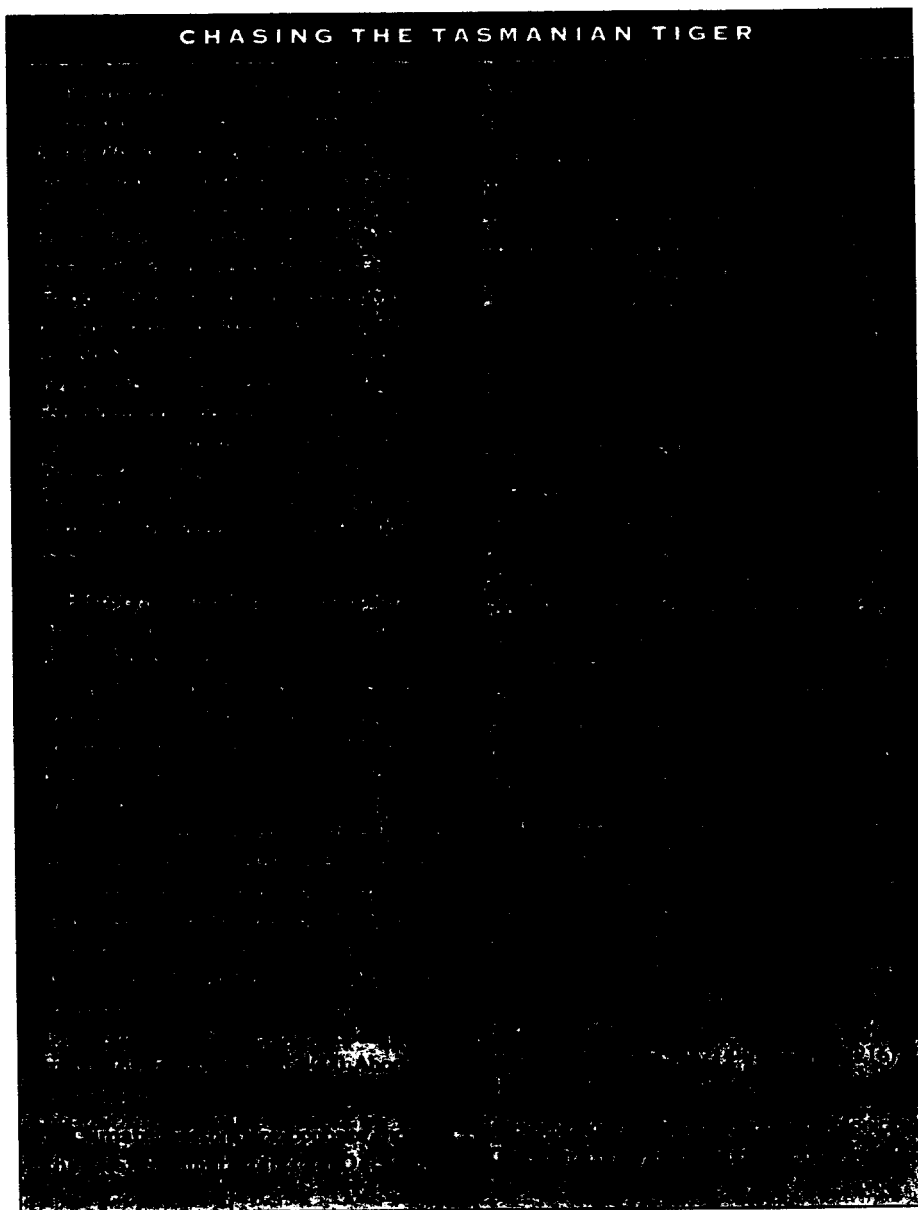
I climbed back up the ridge the way I came, picking my way through the scrub feeling like a lab rat on the second trip through the maze. A cold, stiff wind kicked in from the west and it started to rain; the ground was soggy than before and all the little creeks I'd crossed were flooded. In an hour and a half both feet were soaked.

In three hours I covered the same ground that had taken me all day; I rejoined the Port Davey Track and by noon I was back at the Junction Creek campsite. I broke for a quick lunch and chugged down half the water in my canteen. Only five miles more to the trailhead.

But Tasmania wasn't through with me yet. Minutes from the campsite the trail bent and dove steep and slick into the heart of the rainforest. The forest had been transformed; it wasn't the same place I hiked a few days earlier. Everywhere the black mud was up to my knees, and the yellow-brown clay that had been solid footing before was waterlogged and slick as motor oil. My feet slid out from under me and I grasped at tree branches, brush and clumps of sawgrass so I wouldn't go skidding down the gully.

Junction Creek was a torrent. I crossed over the cable with muddy, slippery boots and white knuckles, hugging the tree at the other end to keep from sliding back into the creek. The muddy trail up the far bank gave way under my feet; I sought out footholds on half-inch tree roots and pulled myself up grabbing handfuls of sawgrass and giant fern while slimy black salamanders wriggled on the trail ahead. I moved clumsily, slowly, from tree root to grass clump to low branch to rotten log, pulling off stretches and moves I hadn't used since my rock climbing days. I lunged for a tree branch and the pack swung wide, threw me off balance and twisted me around backwards; my feet skidded, I gripped the branch and held tight; one leg plunged calf-deep into the mud and I held on, dragged myself up one-handed, shrugged my pack into place and planted both feet on solid ground again.

The trail led up a long steep slope. I pulled myself up through mud and clay. Above me the trail was paved with quartzite gravel, and behind the trees I saw a dim light. I climbed higher, the trees parted and suddenly I was back on the tall grass plain, wind in my face, under a beautiful rainy gray sky. I broke into a rescued sailor grin. I felt fantastic. I



till had a couple miles to go, and creeks and forested gullies to cross. I'd still have to hike over hills and plains and wade through scrub and standing water, but the worst was over. Now I understood the faces of the hikers we saw at the bus stop. Back at the trailhead I stood in the rain and freezing wind flipping open the log book, signing out on the fifth day of what was going to be a two-week trip.

As for what I got out of the trip, my scorecard includes three leaches, one tick bite, multiple cuts, slashes and gouges from sawgrass and scrub, badly aching tendons on both ankles from sidestepping and skidding around all day, and a new vision of hell. Hell for me, from now on, will be a cold, wet place with bleak gray skies, clutching bushes and bottomless mud. I now know why so much of southwest Tasmania is unexplored, and will probably remain so for a long time.

I closed the log book, lifted my backpack to my shoulders and hobbled off down the road toward the campground where I will pitch my soggy tent and stave off hypothermia until tomorrow's bus.

Dennis Nivens lives in Hermosa Beach, California. He spends a lot of time surfing these days.

Beijing and Sydney lead the pack

Vying for the 2000 Olympics

By NICOLE JEFFERY

On September 23, the members of the International Olympic Committee (IOC) will gather in Monte Carlo to decide among Sydney, Beijing, Manchester, Istanbul, Berlin, and Brasília as host of the 2000 Olympic games. While Sydney remains the nominal favorite, followed closely by Beijing, the IOC ballot room has presented some surprising results over the years. Number-crunching is a speculative business at the best of times but never more so than inside the IOC. The committee's members come from 70 countries representing every region of the world. Their number includes princes, generals, nobles, judges, political leaders, former athletes, and professional sports administrators. Only four are women. After Atlanta's victory in 1990, whispers of corruption among some IOC members became a shout from the losing and disgruntled candidates. A subsequent inquiry found that indeed, among other suspect practices, IOC members had cashed in first-class air tickets given by bidding cities and had demanded travel for friends and relatives.

The IOC has tightened the guidelines governing the bidding process. Now, all air tickets are booked through the IOC; visits to candidate cities are restricted to three days; and any gifts must be worth less than \$200.

Some factors are always seen to be influential in awarding the games:

- **Universality.** The five Olympic rings represent the five regions of the world—Europe, the Americas, Asia, Africa, and Oceania—but only three have been regularly represented as Olympic host cities. There is a strong push from within the ranks of the IOC for the games to move away from Europe and the Americas.

- **Statesmanship.** The IOC sees itself as the sporting equivalent of the United Nations, only bigger. Some IOC members believe that the games can bring about peace in a region, although the 1936 Berlin games and the 1980 Moscow games failed to do so. Beijing's bid, nevertheless, appears to lean heavily on this argument, as it talks of the "opening" of China to the outside world through the Olympics.

- **Commercial considerations.** Most important are television rights and sponsors.

- **Needs of the athletes and of the Olympic move-**

ment. The security of the host city and the general organization of the games are important. Further issues that have become apparent in the present contest include environmental concerns and, with particular reference to China, human rights.

While Juan Antonio Samaranch of Spain, the IOC's president, has said that human rights are "not an issue" in the



From the conservative "Australian" of Sydney.

Sydney waterfront: An emphasis on the environment.

decision, a number of international organizations are trying to make it one. Chinese pro-democracy and Tibet-support groups have launched a worldwide campaign against Beijing. The IOC has proved itself in the past to be sensitive to international public opinion. One Olympic-watcher predicts that the human-rights campaign will play "a decisive role" in the vote.

The environment has recently become a prominent concern of the IOC. Candidate cities are required to comply with ecological legislation and actively promote environmental protection in their bids. Sydney appears to have made a smart tactical move in deciding to make that a major theme of its bid. It has placed much greater emphasis on this element than have its rival cities.

In the end, the IOC members from Asia, Africa, and South America may hold the key to winning the 2000 games. Sydney is investing considerable energy in wooing the developing nations. Says John Coates, president of the Australian Olympic Committee: "In some of these areas we are coming from behind, so we have to work hardest there." These are also the regions that Beijing believes will be its strength in Monte Carlo, and with good reason. It is common knowledge within the Olympic movement that, contrary to the rules governing the bidding process, Chinese officials are pressuring IOC members from countries to which China has given large amounts of financial aid.

Both the Chinese authorities and the IOC deny such claims, but the IOC members in question have spoken openly to their colleagues about the threats. This tactic may backfire on Beijing in the voting room. On the other hand, IOC member Phil Coles says, "China's bid is unashamedly politically driven, and that can be a strength. Because it is a government bid, there are no financial concerns. Whatever they say they will do, you can be sure they will do."

Some of Sydney's officials have close ties with African nations. Nor has the Sydney bid neglected Asia, where China is not guaranteed support. Despite the illusion of pan-Asian harmony, there are long-standing tensions and rivalries among many nations.

The most popular bidding scenario among Sydney's tacticians goes like this: Brasília may be eliminated in the first round. The European vote will be split among Berlin, Istanbul, and Manchester. They will be the next ones eliminated, with Sydney surviving through support from Oceania, North America, and Asia. Beijing will poll strongly from the outset, while Sydney will gather momentum.

In the final round, it will be Beijing and Sydney. Beijing will do better with the non-European voters; Sydney will be favored by the Europeans. Who will win? Australian officials would love to say Sydney, but they remain cautious. Unfancied candidates have won before. Istanbul, with its mainly Muslim population and geographical position between Asia and Europe, is increasingly mentioned.

"You spend a lot of idle moments on airplanes counting the numbers, but you can never be sure," Coates says. □

China's Bid

Early news from Beijing said China had secured the bid to host the 2000 Olympic Games. To help sway the IOC vote, Beijing insists that its bid will make China more open to the world—and that, as the country grows richer, with 22 percent of the world's population, it deserves its turn. Sydney, on the other hand, has a fund of \$50 million in Beijing terms to pay for its bid and has all facilities in place. It is also cheaper.

The two countries will go before the final vote at six o'clock today. The braver corporate faces of Hong Kong will have supported Beijing's bid. It will be joined by scores of other business leaders in the region. They are prepared to support Beijing even at significant cost, to the benefit of the region's economic, cultural, and political progress.

—Christine McGee, "South China Morning Post" (independent), Hong Kong

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Elegant Adelaide

by Tricia Welsh

To the casual observer, the city of Adelaide resembles a big, sprawling country town: attractive, clean, and friendly, more English and conservative than other Australian capital cities. But Adelaide does offer its residents such a gentle and elegant lifestyle, with a high quality of life and an enviable, idyllic Mediterranean climate, that those who come to know Adelaide consider the city to be Australia's best-kept secret.

South Australia's capital and chief port was named after Queen Adelaide, wife of the British monarch William IV, and was founded in 1836, its site chosen by the colony's first surveyor-

general, Colonel William Light. A statue of Light marks the spot, on Montefiore Hill overlooking the River Torrens toward the modern-day city of Adelaide.

Colonel Light has been praised for his foresight and planning of the city, which 160 years later and with a population of 1.5 million, still allows for easy traffic flow and movement on its wide streets and avenues. Laid out in a big square surrounded by a green belt of parklands, Adelaide comes alive on weekends, when various sporting activities take over. The city is accessible on foot and easy to get to know.

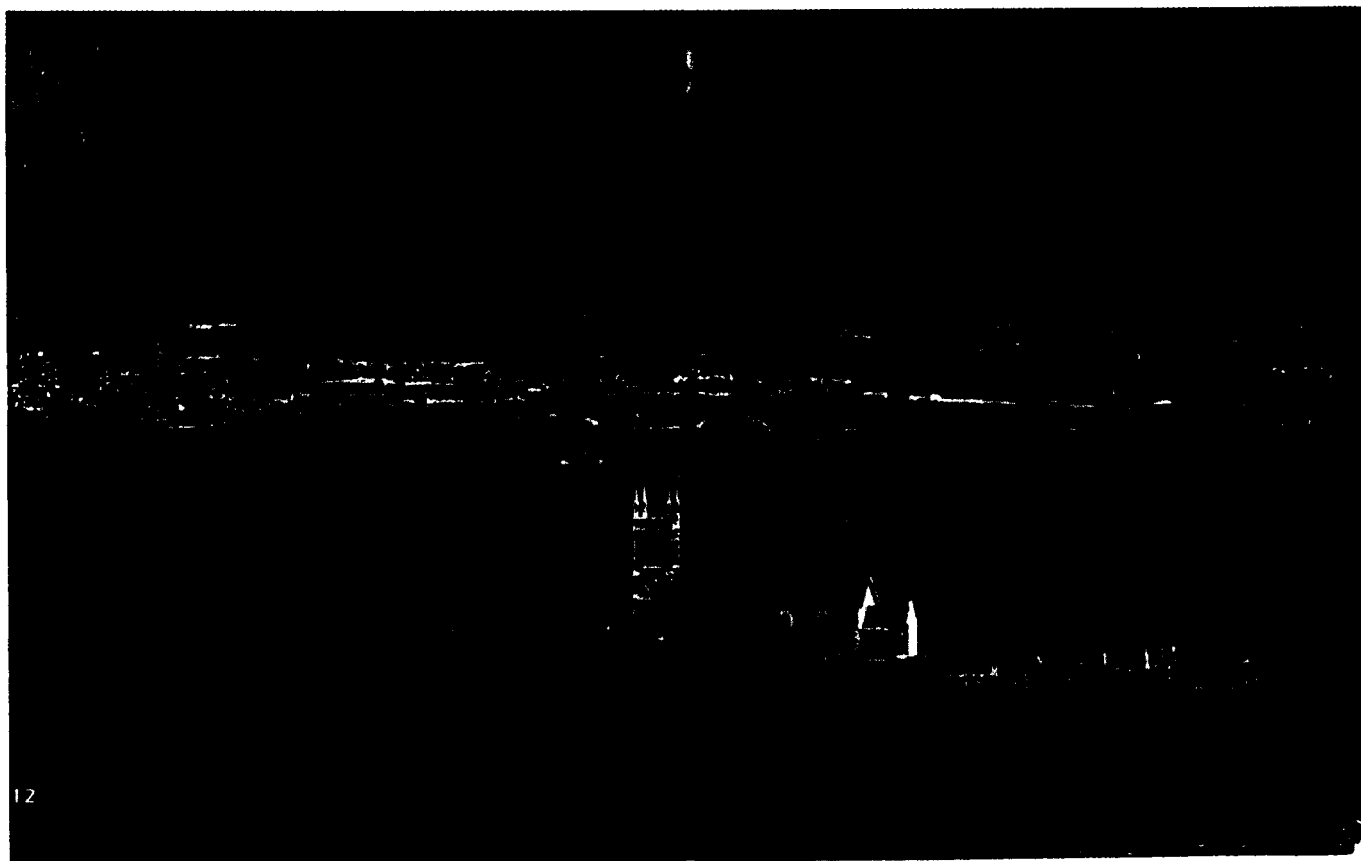
Described as one of the best examples of a planned Victorian (and

Edwardian) city, its original 1836 framework survives almost intact. The superb architecture of many of its early buildings dotting the heart of the city gives Adelaide a sense of elegance and grace. Visitors can take walking tours along busy, central, tree-lined North Terrace, a wide, attractive boulevard that houses many of Adelaide's architectural gems and a wealth of cultural treasures in the State Library, the South Australian Museum, the Art Gallery of South Australia, and the University of Adelaide.

Rundle Mall is a pedestrians-only shopping street downtown with large department stores, small boutiques,

continued on page 15

Beautiful churches in abundance enhance the character of Adelaide, which is known as Australia's City of Churches.



Adelaide, continued from page 12

flower and fruit stalls, and, quite often, street entertainers. To the east, busy Rundle Street is where to find a lunch or a casual evening meal, with its proliferation of excellent restaurants, small casual bistros, sidewalk cafes, coffee shops, and on weekends, the East End Market.

Nearby is Tandanya, Australia's Aboriginal Cultural Institute, where visitors will find a good selection of Aboriginal design work and books, changing art and craft exhibitions, and original-design postcards.

Adelaide's Central Market, behind the Adelaide Hilton on Victoria Square, is a great place to visit for its vibrant atmosphere and selection of local fish and produce. Shoppers should try the kangaroo salami and local cheeses or buy a bunch of fresh flowers.

The quaint little tram with its depot in Victoria Square is a novel way to visit Glenelg, the nearest seaside suburb. Visitors can walk along the pier, get sand in their shoes, and enjoy a glass of South Australian wine in one of the bars at the Ramada Grand Hotel at sunset.

Lipson Street at Port Adelaide is a historic precinct housing sailmakers, chandlers, a teahouse, restaurants, and a brewery serving its brews. A must-see is the Maritime Museum, which gives the visitor an idea of life below deck on the vessels that transported the early settlers to the fledgling colony.

Nearby at North Arm, the early Sunday morning markets are lively with the sale of fresh fish straight from the boats. If time permits, a drive through the nearby Adelaide Hills is a treat: quaint townships with lovely galleries, craft shops, excellent restaurants, picturesque valleys, magnificent gardens, and a great view over Adelaide on the way home.

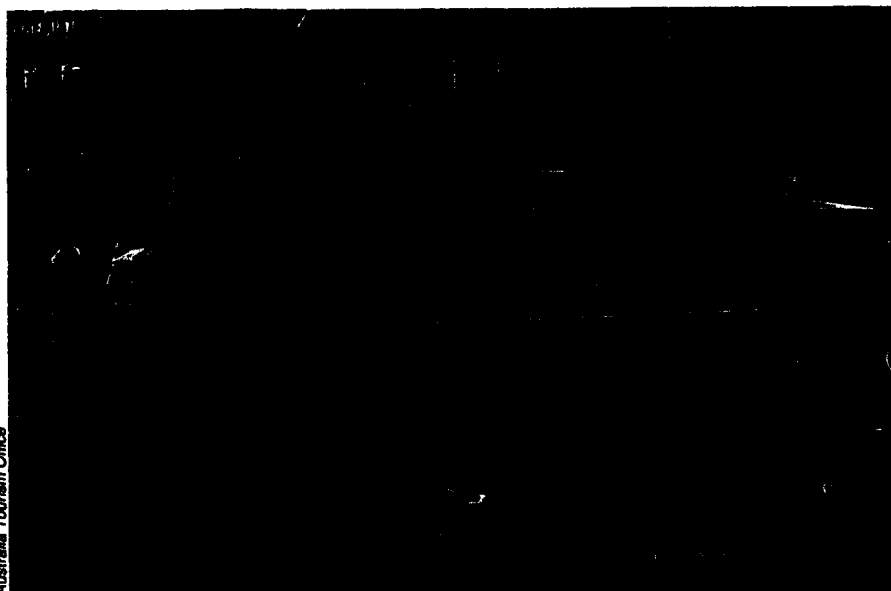
Adelaide, as well as the whole of South Australia, enjoys many labels: Festival State, because of its internationally famous biennial Festival of Arts; Home of the Australian Formula One Grand Prix, because it's the final and only Australian leg of the classic car race; Wine State, because it produces more than half of Australia's total wine production each year; and City of Churches, because they are numerous and their beautiful

architecture enhances the city's character. South Australia also receives national accolades for its many fine restaurants and reputedly has more per capita than any other state in Australia; two of them in recent years were judged best restaurant in Australia by the country's leading food and wine magazine, *Australian Gourmet Traveller*.

that it was colonized by free settlers instead of convicts. South Australians probably would boast of this fact if they were bolder and brasher, more like their counterparts in the country's eastern states.

But they don't and they aren't, and that's probably why South Australians are good at keeping secrets like Adelaide all to themselves. ■

This charming, old-fashioned tram, with its depot in Victoria Square, provides a novel way to visit Glenelg, a popular beach and seaside resort south of Adelaide.



Australia Tourism Office

Nobody sleeps during Festival time. As one wit put it, Adelaidians have two years' culture compacted into almost the same number of weeks. When Adelaide was chosen as the venue for the annual Formula One Grand Prix, this so-called conservative city was likened to "Aunty taking off her girdle" as she geared up for the razzmatazz that seemed so foreign to her image. But Adelaide's close-knit community took it in stride and today boasts a clean, tidily run, four-day Mardi Gras-style Grand Prix each October-November that drivers and devotees alike praise and place highly on the international racing calendar.

One fact that separates South Australia from other Australian states is

Adelaide's Central Market is a hive of activity, with a bustling trade in fresh produce, flowers, and local cheeses.



Australia Tourism Office

Australia

A FAIR DINKUM WORLD OF WONDER

It's almost as if the Creator made the earth and then, taking all the bits left over, added Australia. Or maybe this was where he practiced. Whatever the reason, the result is a land of extraordinary diversity and extremes, so different from North America that the only similarity is the size.

Geographically, Australia spans the spectrum from wet to dry. In the northeast, **Cape York** is carpeted from wall to wall with dense tropical rainforest; in some places only a few yards of beach away lies the unrivaled underwater majesty of the **Great Barrier Reef**.

The middle of the continent is one vast burnt-red expanse of the Outback held down by the heavy earth-power of **Uluru** (Ayers Rock and Mt. Olga National Park). Heading further south the terrain changes surprisingly from snow-covered peaks to vineyards, ending up on the island of **Tasmania**, so temperate it has been nicknamed "little England."

Thriving in these varied eco-systems are animal species so unique as to be almost unbelievable like the kangaroo, the duck-billed platypus, the emu, the Tasmanian devil and that cuddly-toy prototype, the koala.

Culturally, the country has defied the passage of time. Alive, thriving and unchanged since the Stone Age, the Aboriginal culture leads the modern visitor back 40,000 years to a primitive, proud world of Dreamtime (*their* theory of Australia's creation), natural laws and tribal customs. But

along side exists a country on the cutting edge. Dotted around the coast lie the seven major cities, complete with sophisticated shopping streets, glittering casinos and loud art-beat, all exemplified for the rest of the world in that icon of modern architecture, the Sydney Opera House. They call Australia a country of wonder simply because, even when you're there, it's often hard to believe (which accounts in part for the frequent use of "fair dinkum," Aussie slang for "really, it's true").

STAYING ACTIVE

It's not just the diverse, open terrain (Oz has the same land area as the U.S. yet only a twentieth of the population) and range of climatic zones that gives Australia its extraordinary wealth of sporting diversions. It's also the people themselves. There's something in their blood that makes them revel, and help other people revel, in their glorious outdoors.

Perhaps the most famous sporting opportunity is the acclaimed marine kingdom of the Great Barrier Reef. Both underwater and surface wonders are made easily accessible by an armada of operators offering anything from days spent **snorkeling** and picnicking around the islands of the inner reef to live-aboard luxury **dive** boats anchored on the outer edge. Resorts on the



Above: Natural sculptures on Kangaroo Island South Australia





Photo: Australian Travel Commission/Photo: J. N. N. N. N.

main islands like Hayman, Lizard, and Hamilton cover the budget gamut. But elsewhere on Australia's 22,000 miles of coastline the attractions are no less worthy, whether they be **beaches** so astounding they were the subject of a *Condé Nast*

Traveler cover story this April; or **deep-sea fishing** for black marlin and tuna.

On dry land there's world-class **skiing** in the mountains of New South Wales and Victoria (from July to September). Visitors seeking out the Aboriginal and natural charms of **the Outback** can choose between tours lasting from one hour to 18 days, and between modes of transport such as Harley Davidson motor bikes, camels, 4-wheel drives, air-conditioned limousines or canoes. **The tropical north** is opened up via a network of luxurious, yet ecologically-sensitive, wilderness lodges like Seven Spirit Bay in remote **Gurig National Park** and Silky Oaks in **Mossman River Gorge**.

Trekking possibilities in

any of the country's dozens of national parks, many of them designated World Heritage Sites, vary from boardwalked nature trails in **the Blue Mountains** two hours outside Sydney to long and remote camping trips

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A FAIR DINKUM WORLD OF WONDER

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Booking Tips

● Success in booking Australia starts with the Australian Tourist Commission's Travel Agent Manual, a comprehensive guide that lays out, through an easy-to-follow index, all the information you could possibly need from accommodation phone numbers and local tour operators to suggested itineraries for your clients. To order your free copy call (800) 888-3002.

● U.S. and Canadian visitors require a visa. A completed visa form, passport photo and valid passport must be presented or mailed to an Australian Consulate General in Washington D.C., Los Angeles, San Francisco, Houston, Honolulu, New York, Vancouver or Ottawa.

● The seasons are reversed beneath the equator, so the mildest months are September, October and late summer, late March through May. Queensland is perfect in July and August. Although the climate changes depending on the location in Australia, 60% of the country is temperate year round and averages more days of sun than anywhere else on earth. So anytime is a good time to visit.

● Flying time from LAX nonstop is 14.5 hours, and 16 hours from SFO with one stop.

● Currency: the A\$. As of June 1, 1993: U.S.\$1 = A\$1.40.

● Time zone: Pacific Standard Time + 17.

● Major international tour operators : Australian Pacific Tours, Australian Travel Headquarters, Expanding Horizons, Globus/Cosmos, J & O, Jetset, Newman's, NZCRO, Qantas Vacations, Safari-centre, Sea Safaris, SoPac, Swain.

WELCOME TO THE AUSTRALIAN THEME YEARS

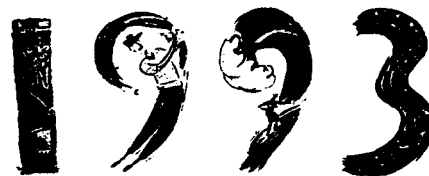
Everybody likes a celebration, and your clients are no different. So sign them up for a trip Down Under in 1993, the official **Year Of Sport**. Or, if they are active travelers, suggest a trip next year, the **Year of the Great Australian Outdoors**.

Honoring the country's national fervor for anything involving a rod, ball, engine or sail, 1993 is one long celebration of Australian sports. Thirty major events alone have been scheduled including the **Australian Rules Football Finals** (Melbourne, September 4 to 25), the **Rugby League Grand Final**

(Sydney, September 26), the **Melbourne Cup** horse race (November 2), the **Australian Formula One**

Grand Prix (Adelaide, November 4 to 7) and the **Australian Open Golf Tournament** (Melbourne, November 25 to 28). To help visitors take full advantage, there are innumerable sports-related tours. The Australian Tourist Commission has set up a Ticket Bank for the major events and will hook up any special interest operators with Australian sporting associations.

THE THEME YEARS: Each of the next three years will focus on a different celebration: Australia's outdoors (1994), art and culture (1995), festivals and good living



Play in the Australian Year of Sport.

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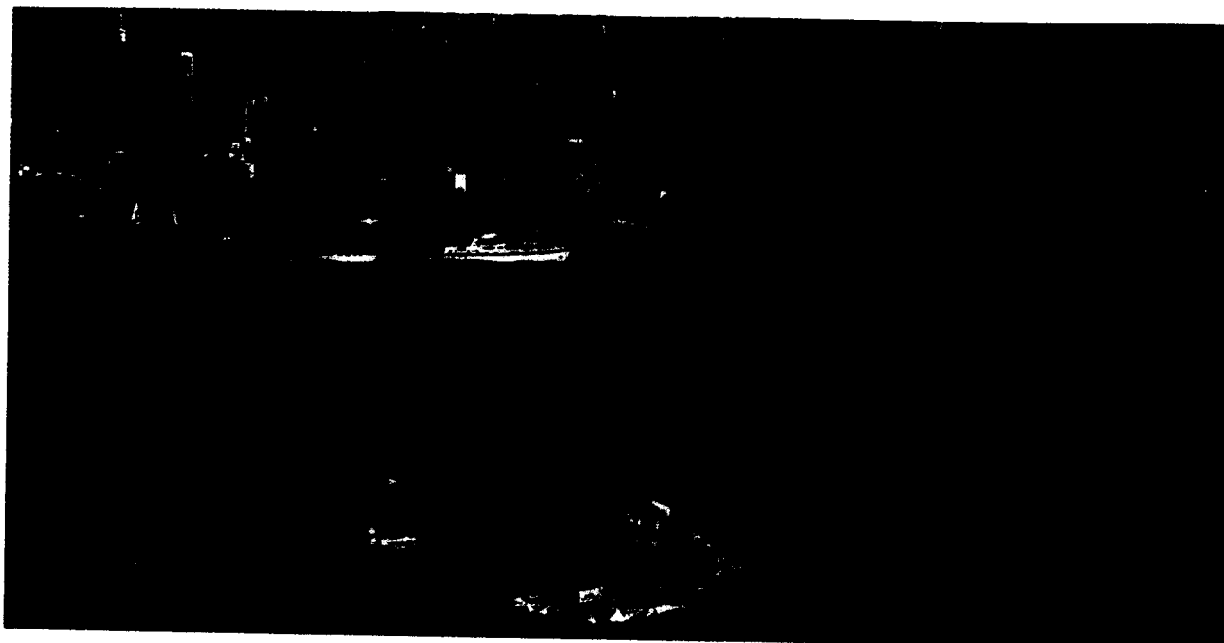
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Photo: Australian Tourist Commission



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(1996). For either a *Play In The Year Of Sport* and/or a *Discover the Great Australian Outdoors* portfolio call (800) 433-AUSSIE.

Above: A quiet picnic spot overlooking Sydney's harbor and opera house.

At right: Exploring a coral garden on The Great Barrier Reef.

ARRIVING AND GETTING ABOUT

Couples are flying over to get married, other people are coming to enjoy a week-long special-interest package, incentive groups are coming for six-days. It used to be the trip of a lifetime, now the flight time to Australia is just a case of two movies and a good book.

Six international airlines serve Australia from the U.S. and Canada: Qantas, Air New Zealand, Continental, United, Northwest and Canadian Airlines. Daily non-stop flights are offered between LAX and Sydney (SYD). Direct flights are available to SYD from SFO (with stops in Honolulu and Nadi), to Melbourne (MEL) from LAX via SYD and Auckland (AKL), and to Cairns (CNS) via Honolulu. Five other local airports — Adelaide (ADL), Brisbane (BNE), Darwin (DRW), Townsville (TSV) and Perth (PER) — take international flights from countries other than the U.S.

Internal air service is run by Ansett and Qantas

Recommended Activities

● Experiencing the Great Barrier Reef aboard a private sailing charter or a live-aboard dive-boat anchored on the outer reef. Stay in one of the luxury resorts among the inner islands. ● Taking an eco-break from the 20th Century in one of the rainforest resorts in northern Queensland or the Northern Territory. Pass the days slowly, fishing and lounging on the beach, or quickly, on a 4-wheel drive forest safari or trekking shaded paths. ● Uncovering the mystery of Dreamtime on a tour of Kakadu or Arnhemland (both in the Northern Territory) led by Aborigines. Tours run from one hour to eighteen days. ● Passing a day wandering around the museums and Victorian neighborhoods of Sydney, shopping in modern malls and the historic former-port area of the Rocks. Then, at night, set sail aboard a dinner-cruise around the glittering lights of Sydney Harbour. ● Watching the Outback unfold from your berth aboard the luxury train, the Ghan. Then, the next day, climb Ayers Rock and walk around the just-as-magical Olgas nearby. ● Uncovering Tasmania's convict past and old-English atmosphere on a drive around its coast road, linking quaint old towns like Port Arthur and Stanley. ● On any day but Sunday, driving out of Perth and meandering slowly up the Swan River to Guildford, side-tracking for random tastings at any of the award-winning vineyards. ●



Photo: Australian Tourist Commission

— both offering creative and cost-saving packages. Flying time east to west is five hours. Trains and buses are efficient long-distance travel alternatives.

HONEST AUSSIE VALUE

One of the reasons for the increase in the number of North American travelers taking the leap Down Under is good, old-fashioned bang-for-the-buck. More and more people are favorably comparing the cost of a trip to Australia with one to the more traditional destinations like the Caribbean and Europe.

The shift is partly due to an advantageous exchange rate (devaluation of the Australian dollar means that U.S.\$1 now equals approximately A\$1.40, a 20% saving over just a year ago) and partly because of a genuine effort on behalf of Aussie travel suppliers to offer great value. Tour operators have introduced special packages into Australia that include round-trip airfare Los Angeles to Sydney and six nights in a first-class hotel for less than U.S.\$1,000 (just U.S.\$50 more than the cost of a regular flight). At press time round-trip fares from LAX to SYD are as low as \$896. Internal flights have been reduced, through the use of air passes, by up to 60%.

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INTERNAL TRAVEL MADE EASY

Only when you reflect on the sheer size and openness of Australia can you fully comprehend the importance of

internal travel. Fortunately, it's easier and more inexpensive here than probably any other place in the world — largely due to the creative range of travel passes.

S O U T H
AUSTRALIA



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BUSES: Inexpensive and air-conditioned, buses fan out on regularly scheduled services to every corner of the country. At press time there are six different passes available from the *Aussie Pass*, unlimited travel within a certain time period (example: 15 days for U.S.\$420), to the *Kangaroo Road 'n Rail* pass, the same principle but allowing a combination of train and bus (example: 14 days of economy travel for U.S.\$450).

TRAINS: Australia's sophisticated train services allow easy transit and sight-seeing opportunities between local areas of interest and distant cities along the southern and eastern coasts. Sleeping berths and deluxe seating are available on the long-distance trains like the *Ghan*, the *Indian Pacific* and the *Queenslander*. Apart from the *Kangaroo* (mentioned above), rail passes include the *Austrailpass*, allowing unlimited travel within a certain period (example: seven days for U.S.\$168) and the *Austrail Flexipass*, the same but allowing stop-overs that do not use up the validity of the pass (example: any eight days travel within 60 days for U.S.\$224). Both these passes must be purchased outside Australia.

PLANES: The faster alternative, flying, is made even more affordable by flexible air passes for internal and Australia-to-New Zealand flights. Among others, Ansett Australia Airlines offers the *Visit Australia Pass*, which provides four flight coupons for U.S.\$444 (with extra coupons for U.S.\$111), and the *Down Under Discount Deals Air Pass* offering discounts of up to 60% off the full economy fare for travel within Australia and New Zealand.

Qantas has the *Explorer Pass* giving four flight coupons for U.S.\$444 (with extra coupons for U.S.\$111 up to a total of eight). The pass is good for 43 destinations throughout Australia and New Zealand. Qantas also offers the *KBD40* fares, with savings averaging 40 percent for international travelers on flights between Australian cities.

For more information on these outstanding deals contact the Australian Tourist Commission's AUSSIE HELPLINE at (800) 433-AUSSIE.

MEETINGS AND INCENTIVE TRAVEL

One of the big trends of recent years is the growing number of North Americans leaping the Pacific for incentive travel, meetings and conventions.

Sure, the allure is partly cost-related. More and more people are recognizing that Australia is now more affordable than many traditional European incentive destinations. Whereas a 5-star hotel

room in London or Paris can cost anywhere from U.S.\$250 to \$450, many of the 5-star properties in Sydney are providing rooms with harbor views for U.S.\$150, guaranteed through 1994. Based on current rates, Australia can offer a deluxe 6-night incentive package including round-trip air for U.S.\$2,800.

But the allure is mainly the country itself. Different and exciting, Australia is a proven "motivator" for incentives. Where else in the world could your incentive group be sailed off to a deserted tropical island for a white-gloved silver-service dinner?

No wonder the 1992

Incentive Travel Survey, undertaken by *Incentive Magazine*, ranked Australia in the top three preferred international destinations.

As for meetings and conventions, there is a

strong, reliable and modern infrastructure from basic facilities like audio-visuals to the convention centers themselves, most of which are under five years old. By 1995 Brisbane will have the largest convention center in the Southern

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Hemisphere. The attention begins even before you reach Australia since most airlines offer a variety of personalized onboard services for incentive, meetings and convention groups. Again, no wonder the 1992 survey of ASAE (American Society of Association Executives) members placed Australia as one of the two most popu-

lar destinations for international meetings.

For more information on booking incentive trips, meetings and conventions, call the Australian Tourist Commission at (212) 687-6300, ext. 309.

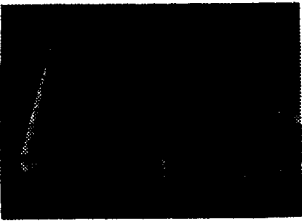
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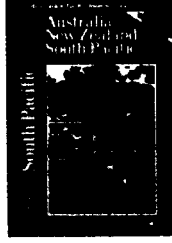
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Further reading from the Australian Tourist Commission:

- *The Destination: Australia Book*
 - *The Aussie Specialist Training Kit*
 - *The Travel Agent Manual*
- For brochure orders call (800) 888-3002.●

News + Observer
August 22 '93

Reef fishing — Down Under style

The Great Barrier Reef offers anglers some of the most beautiful and exciting fishing in the world. With an Australian twist. *UGN*

BY JOEL ARRINGTON
CORRESPONDENT

CAIRNS, Queensland, Australia — On the flight into this tropical metropolis the visiting angler begins to take the metes and bounds of the Great Barrier Reef, that beguiling geological feature he has traveled so far to fish.

The verdant city, the surrounding cane fields and mountains beyond are abutted on the east by an expanse of blue and green like none other. Over submerged reefs and between islands of coral built on the skeletal remains of ancient corals lie shades of beryl, aquamarine and indigo beyond comparison or imagination.

The GBR began forming 2 million years ago and inscribes a previous location of the Australian continental shelf. Coral, together with alternate rising and falling of the ocean level, account for its form. Only in the last 8,000 years, geologists say, has the current reef emerged.

It stretches 1,250 miles along Australia's northeastern coast, a distance roughly equal to that from New York to Miami. More than 2,000 distinct reefs hosting more than 1,500 fish species lie 10 to 50 miles offshore. The region enjoys a reputation as angling Nirvana. That, plus the drop-dead beauty and alluring emptiness of the ocean's surface, has the visitor craning his neck to take it all in through an aircraft's window and longing to be on the water.

Barry Cross can help. He runs the charter boat "Libertine" out of Cairns and, through years of experience, has developed special skills in plugging these waters for grouper-, snapper-, and jack-like species. Australians use the same



Peter McConaghie with a giant trevally off Cairns, Australia

JOEL ARRINGTON FOR THE NEWS & OBSERVER

For information

For details on guided trips with Barry Cross to the GBR, or on his estuary fishing for barramundi, contact Pathways International, P.O. Box 247, Newbury, N.H. 03255, phone 1-800-628-5060. General travel information is available from Pathways and from the Australian Tourist Commission, 489 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10117; (212) 687-6368.

names for fish as most Americans but apply them to different species. What we would call a snapper is a "trout," like the coral trout; what we would call a grouper is a "cod," like the flowery cod; what we would call a jack is a "trevally," as in giant (affectionately called GT), spotted, barred and about 35 other trevally species. Their Spanish mackerel is much like our king mackerel, and other mackerel species add to the varied mix that can strike a plug worked over a coral reef.

Cross provides all the tackle necessary for reef plugging, although you may bring your own. It had better be substantial gear. We're talking stout 7-foot plug or 8-foot spin rods and reels accommodating 20- to 30-pound-test line. You will need to cast Cross' 4-ounce chuggers maybe 40 to 60 yards. Don't bother to bring lures, since Cross will have just what you need and will put on your bill only those you lose.

You will lose some, for you will be fishing not far above hard coral. Since the fish have an instinct to head for a hole, you must get over them right away if you're to have any chance of getting the lure back.

Fishing centers on bait schools. Red-bellied and black-tipped fusiliers hold like clouds beside "bommies," the Australian name for coral heads. Learning to see bait is much like learning to see bonefish. Polarizing glasses and side-shields help, as does a hat, which you should wear against the fierce tropical sun anyway. You need to see the bait to hit the schools with your plug from distance. When the wind is up and bait is hard to find, your first cast may be your best or your only chance on a particular school.

Cross teaches well, maintaining a light atmosphere while insisting on performance. The lure must be cast to the right spot, he says, and worked properly "for the first three meters." Properly means it must be lively and simulate a distressed bait — easier said than done at that distance. The chugger must grab air and plop under rather than swim under. Cross recommends starting the retrieve with the rod tip high and gradually lowering the tip as the lure returns.

The retrieve requires strength, stamina and timing. Once you get in mind the combination of rod-tip action and reel handle revolutions that produces the cadenced, noisy retrieve, and if you can maintain horsepower to drive it cast after cast, you will do well.

Fish usually lie on the up-current side of a bommie. They change to the other side on the tidal change. Cross generally likes to position his boat over the reef so that the angler can cast into deeper water. GTs are likely to cruise deeper water and, when hooked, will run to the shallows if you let them, usually cutting you off. Positioning the boat in shallow water tends to push them deeper where you have some chance of catching them. But you can mostly avoid trevally and increase your chances for cod and trout by throwing to the shallow reef edges.

That's what we were doing at Opal Reef when Ian Urquhart cast his chugger in a spot where Cross said he had never landed a fish of the many his clients had hooked there. The water was just too shallow and the coral too sharp. That's probably why the area remains loaded with big cod and coral trout. Urquhart made a long downwind cast, turned the big reel handle once or twice to take up slack and raised the tip sharply. The plug threw a cupful of water and bobbed once beside the bommie. There came a sudden and violent strike and the big plug disappeared.

"All right, mate," Cross shouted from the bridge, "now put the vegamite to 'im."

Urquhart reeled hard while Cross backed the Libertine, roaring, toward where the fish was boring toward the bottom. Water slopped over the transom as if we were backing down on a giant black marlin offshore.

"No chance at all," Cross said, "unless we get right over that fish."

"Too late," Urquhart shouted.

But Mark, the deckie, had sized up the situation, and emerged from the cabin with a mask, snorkel and flippers. He pulled on the equipment and, while Urquhart held a firm line, picked up a short gaff and fell backward overboard.

The young man swam to the line. He took a breath, bent at the waist and dived down the line. Urquhart held steady, then a moment later shouted, "It's

free."

The flowery cod, dressed in brown camouflage, popped to the surface with Mark right behind, grinning. When he found it backed into a cavern and had poked it with the gaff handle, the fish had surrendered. After obligatory photos, we released the cod, well resuscitated, and watched it swim out of sight.

The whole incident took less than five minutes and, for me, epitomized Australian fishing. Here was a big, exotic fish captured in a remote, wild and beautiful place through quick and dauntless action. While the IGFA may not approve, we only wanted to release the fish anyway, so surely no harm was done. About the incident, nevertheless, hangs an air of lawlessness, at least in my perception. It remains unforgettable and, I think, incomparably Australian.

Fishing continues year around in tropical Australia. The most comfortable weeks are in spring (October-November) and fall (April-May). Avoid days around the new and full moons in any month, when high tides and stiff currents tend to reduce success.

Royal Orchid Plus Program Boasts Unusual Awards

LOS ANGELES — Thai Airways launched its Royal Orchid Plus frequent-flyer program on July 1, the same day Cathay Pacific, Malaysia Airlines and Singapore Airlines launched their Passages joint mileage program.

Thai is offering 2,500 bonus miles upon enrollment and double mileage awards for business- or first-class passengers on most international routes through Sept. 30. Members who enroll by Sept. 30 also will receive a free companion award of equivalent value with their first award.

Thai officials had considered joining Passages, but decided that a solo effort could be tailored to Thai's market and provide a better client data base, according to Pandit Chanapai, general manager, U.S. and

Central and South America. Thailand's appeal as a vacation destination, which will make it an attractive mileage award for both Asian and U.S. travelers, also prompted the airline to create its own program, he said.

U.S. Benefits

Unlike the Passages program, which is available only to Asian and Middle Eastern residents flying business or first class, Thai's Royal Orchid Plus program is available to U.S. travelers and coach passengers.

Thai has established a "generous" awards structure, Chanapai added. Royal Orchid Plus members can choose either free air travel or hotel and car rental packages. Special "experience awards" will offer unusual pro-



Floating market in Thailand. (Photo by Michele Burgess)

grams such as elephant treks or golf clinics, he added. Award levels begin at 15,000 miles — the equivalent of a round-trip fare

between Los Angeles and Bangkok.

Members accumulating 12,500 miles will receive priority wait-listing, an additional baggage allowance and priority baggage handling. In the future, passengers accumulating high mileage levels will be eligible for Royal Orchid Gold or Diamond memberships, offering amenities such as separate check-in and private lounge areas.

Ayers Rock Resort Undergoes Changes

By DAVID KNIBB

AYERS ROCK — The accommodations area near Ayers Rock has undergone major changes since it dropped the name of Yulara Resort last September in favor of Ayers Rock Resort.

One of the most fundamental changes at the resort, which comprises three hotels, self-contained apartments, backpacker lodging, a campground, restaurants and public services, is that the multiple management contracts for these various facilities have been replaced. South Pacific Hotel Corp. now operates all accommodations and food and beverage outlets under one management.

"We are no longer competing with each other," said a spokesman for the resort. "We now offer a free resort shuttle and encourage visitors to use all the facilities."

Thus, the Sheraton Ayers Rock Hotel is now Sails in the Desert Hotel; the former Four Seasons is now the Desert Gardens Hotel; Ayers Rock Lodge has become the Outback Pioneer Hotel; and the Yulara Maisonnets for back-

packers are now Spinafex Lodge.

Clients can now explore the resort for a variety of dining experiences that range from formal at the Sails in the Desert Hotel to a typical Australian outdoor barbecue at the tavern in the community center. Fare includes such local options as kangaroo, water buffalo, camel and bush chutneys. Concerts featuring anything from rock to Aboriginal music attract an after-dinner crowd to the outdoor amphitheater.

The change to a single management was instigated by the Northern Territory government, which owns and developed the property, as part of its plan to improve facilities and ultimately sell off 40% to private investors.

Under this plan, the resort has spent more than \$5 million in a first phase of refurbishing most of the accommodations. Desert Gardens Hotel reopened in March after a closure for repainting, recarpeting and installation of extralighting. Emu Walk Apartments opened March 1 with 24 self-contained one- and two-bedroom units. It offers reasonable rates with a three-night minimum stay.

More grass has been installed at the campground, with upgraded showers and toilets and six new trailer camping sites.

Work is continuing throughout the resort on separate themes for its three zones. In addition to the outback zone, Spinafex Lodge and the Desert Gardens Hotel will be part of a zone reflecting local flora and fauna, while Sails in the Desert Hotel is zoned for a theme of Aboriginal and European culture.

More changes are planned. The current administrative offices, which have the best views of Ayers Rock from anywhere in the resort, will be relocated sometime within the next 10 months to make room for an entertainment precinct containing a cocktail lounge and kids club. The present community center also will be relocated in favor of a convention center slated to open next April.

The resort is located 11 miles by road from Ayers Rock. No commercial facilities are allowed within Uluru National Park, which includes Ayers Rock and Kata Tjuta (the Olgas).

Plans to Establish

Thai currently is negotiating with U.S. carriers to establish at least one mileage program partner, Chanapai said. It also has formed partnerships with Avis Rent A Car and Holiday Inn Worldwide, he added. Also participating will be Diners Club Thailand, Amari Hotels and Resorts, Dusit Hotels and Resorts and Royal Garden Resorts in Thailand.

The airline will spend more than \$3 million on a summer print and broadcast campaign here, 70% of which will target the western U.S. and 30% of which will be national, according to Kenneth Gal, chairman of Italia/Gal, Thai's U.S. advertising agency.

— Lauren Cobb

On The Cover:
Balinese Woman
by William Waterfall

Santa Barbara News-Press
Aug. 29

Australia's Blue Mountains provide breathtaking views

By Carrie Peyton 6675

It's getting to be a good time for 'roos," our guide said, using the tiniest flicker of reins to turn the pony he was riding bareback. He motioned us forward into a clearing, where we stopped our horses and stared.

Sure enough, 'roos. Mobs of them. Kangaroos were grazing along the far side of the meadow, hopping through the late afternoon shadows now that the sun had eased.

We'd been riding for nearly two hours through Australia's Blue Mountains, along ridges that gave non-stop views of sprawling, empty ranges, and through eucalyptus groves that turned magical when parrots came flapping through the trees.

And it was all a short drive from Sydney, where I was midway through a seven-day tour personally conducted by an old Aussie friend who was born and raised there.

I knew from the first day that I was in for a, well... distinctive, visit. My friend Brian is the kind of guy, after all, who could actually sing the entire theme song of "Skippy the Bush Kangaroo." And who made sure I knew right off that nobody in Australia would actually drink Fosters beer.

It was Brian who had dredged up Raul, our riding guide, an ex-cowboy who still loved to tell stories about the bones and horses and marriages he'd broken. Raul also told bad jokes about New Zealanders, or Kiwis, mostly having to do with sheep. And he kept an almost straight face while I was finding out — at a gallop — just how very badly you can miss a saddlehorn when you learned to ride Western, and suddenly you're riding English.

After the ride, Raul and his partner back at Megalong Valley Farms demonstrated whip cracking, with enough precision to put out a lit candle and take cigarettes from each other's mouths. Aussie families on their Saturday outings gaped, and so did we.

Sydney visitors could easily spend a week riding in the Blue Mountains, or meandering down the Hawkesbury River, or checking out dozens of other sights and getaway spots that entertain a city of 5 million. But if you're planning a trip without your own Australian friends at hand, here are one Sydney dweller's tips on the best his city has to offer:

■ IN SYDNEY — We started exploring at The Rocks, the old waterfront section of Sydney, with cobbled alleys, trendy shops full of great art, crafts and jewelry — and touristy shops full of enough plush wombats and koalas to strain even the highest cuteness-tolerance levels.

The Rocks makes a good, low-key introduction to Sydney, perfect for getting over jet lag and

reading a few historical plaques. From the Rocks, you can walk to the ferry terminal for your first stunning views of Sydney's Opera House. For lunch with a view, try Liza Blue's, right in the terminal. Brian pronounced their garlic damper, an outback campfire bread, "not proper damper — but good."

From the ferry terminal it's an easy walk along the waterfront to the Sydney Opera House. You can take a tour or buy tickets to see (and hear) the place the way it should be seen, from a seat in the concert hall. It's often — but not always — possible to get tickets for that night's performance. We lucked into a performance by Australian jazz trumpeter James Morrison and his band.

Sydney is built around a huge harbor, and it begs to be seen by water. You can hop on ferries to nearby beaches or book a harbor cruise on one of the motorized boats that take you all the way to the mouth of the sea, but Brian suggested we forget about motors, relax, and take a tall ship. We boarded the Solway Lass, built in 1902, at Darling Harbor and had a wonderfully tranquil sail around Sydney's shores. The crew members let us clamber out on netting and take turns at steering the ship, and they pointed out plenty of city highlights. The ship leaves daily at noon and 2 p.m., weather permitting.

Back ashore, you can explore Darling Harbor, a pretty harbor-side mall junked up with souvenir stores. It's redeemed a bit by its water views and a food hall that sells great variations on the ubiquitous Aussie snack — pie. Not the "sweet" kind, but hand-held snacks filled with combinations of meat, cheese, eggs or even fish.

A word on Sydney food: It's easy to find disappointing, overpriced versions of just about any cuisine imaginable. If you like eating out, stop at a bookstore on your first day in town to buy the Sydney Restaurant Survey '93, published by Horan, Wall and Walker. At \$9.95 Australian, it can pay for itself easily on the first meal. It steered us to several great spots, including Bai Yok Thai Restaurant at 330 Pacific Highway — a real ethnic restaurant row in the Crow's Nest area of Sydney.

Darling Harbor also is a monorail stop, and it's a good place to get aboard for an elevated spin around Sydney. You can ride right around the short central city loop and get off again, which takes about 10 or 15 minutes, or just go as far as the Sydney Tower, which looms 1,000 feet over downtown. The tower itself is as touristy — and as much fun — as towers in Seattle or Toronto. Great views, good explanations of what you're seeing, and overrated food if a restaurant is involved. One saving grace in Sydney's tower is that you can skip the exclusive restaurant

and hang out in the revolving coffee lounge (Aussie for coffee shop) just below it, getting the same great view.

The tower can whet your appetite for more rambling. From it, you can see the string of three parks that make a beautiful walk through the core of the city, starting from Hyde Park and continuing through the Domain to the Royal Botanic Gardens on the waterfront. You can also pick out sights you might most like to see next, ranging from war memorials to the Parliament House to an excellent aquarium. From our perch, I was most curious about the ornate roof of the Queen Victoria Building, so we added it to the next day's agenda.

We started at Hyde Park, then stopped briefly at St. Mary's Cathedral before visiting the Art Gallery of New South Wales, which has a fine collection of European-Australian paintings, a good but small collection of aboriginal art, and changing displays of what Brian says are almost always stunning photos in the upstairs photo gallery. From the art museum, it's an easy amble either toward the waterfront and Botanic Gardens, or back through the Domain toward the city's core. We headed back, lingering in the parks and gawking at the odd, long-beaked birds that strutted through them. Then it was a quick walk over to the Queen Victoria Building, a 19th-century gem now converted to exclusive shops and great little cafes. If you've got \$300 to \$500 to spend on a designer Australian sweater, this would be the place to shop. But if your tastes are more modest, it still makes a fine spot to soak up marble, wrought iron and stained-glass Victorian elegance.

■ OUT AND AROUND — When 5 million Australians crammed into one city get to be a bit too intense, there are plenty of options for getting out of Sydney and seeing a bit of what Brian calls "the bush."

My favorite spot was the Blue Mountains, an easy two-hour drive west from Sydney. You can arrange a week-long horse pack trip here, take dozens of hikes in and around the national park, or just drive up for the day and hop on the Scenic Railway, a heart-stopping funicular that plunges from a canyon edge down into a near-rain forest, complete with towering ferns and bright red and green parrots.

A good place to start is at the Blue Mountains visitors center, where you can gaze at parrots and pick up fistfuls of brochures on the region. The visitors center is worth a stop just for its bird feeders, where we counted five separate parrot species munching away.

Hikers can take several trails that start near the center, which is perched on a cliff edge overlooking a sweeping valley and the Three Sisters pinnacles. The less ambitious can drive around the canyon rim to the railway and its neighboring monorail for a view of Katoomba Falls. Further off are caves to explore, and more hikes.

Another one-of-a-kind day trip



Australian Tourist Commission

The most famous landmark in Sydney — and probably Australia — is the Sydney Opera House, which is celebrating its 20th anniversary this year.

Sydney

Continued from Page G 6

begins about a hour outside Sydney at the Brooklyn Wharf, where you can start a dawdling trip up and down the Hawkesbury River on a ship billed as Australia's last riverboat postman.

The Hawkesbury is lined with children's camps, minuscule towns and little homesteads that aren't reachable by any road. Mail, groceries and anything else from the outside world comes by river, and the delivery service subsidizes the trip by letting tourists ride along.

If you take the 9:30 a.m. post boat trip on the Hawkesbury, you'll get back ashore before 2 p.m. — plenty of time to do more sightseeing. For convenience, we decided to make my mandatory koala-petting stop at the nearby Waratah Park, the badly aging home of Skippy the Bush Kangaroo, once the star of an Australian TV series that sounds a bit like Lassie, with a bounce. The Waratah is one of several wildlife

parks around Sydney where tourists can pet kangaroos, see wombats and Tasmanian devils, nuzzle koalas and generally be reminded that lots of critters live here that you can't see anywhere else. Unfortunately, the Waratah is still

living on Skippy's fame, and Brian and I both suggest you skip right past it and go instead to the Castle Hill Koala Sanctuary.

Carrie Peyton writes for McClatchy News Service

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Argentina: Argentina National Tourist Office, 12 W. 56th St., Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10019, (212) 693-0443.

Australia: Australian Tourist Commission, 1221 Avenue of the Stars, Suite 1200, Dept. FWST, Los Angeles, Calif., (800) 333-0199.

Austria: Austria National Tourist Office, Box 1142, Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10108-1192, (212) 944-6880.

Bahamas Islands: Bahamas Tourist Office, World Trade Center, Suite 116, 2050 Stearns Freeway, Dept. FWST, Dallas 75238; (214) 742-1886 or (800) 782-1886.

Belgium: Belgian National Tourist Office, 745 Fifth Ave., Dept. FWST, Suite 714, New York, N.Y. 10151; (212) 758-8130.

Belize: The Embassy of Belize, 2535 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008; (202) 332-9636.

Bermuda: Bermuda Department of Tourism, 310 Madison Ave., Suite 201, Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10017; (212) 818-9800 or (800) BER-MUDA.

Bolivia: Bolivian Embassy, 3014 Massachusetts Ave., NW, Dept. FWST, Washington, D.C. 20008; (202) 483-4410.

Brazil: Brazilian Tourism Board, 2441 Janin Way, Dept. FWST, Solvang, Calif. 93463; (800) 544-5503 and (212) 490-9350.

Canada: Canadian Consulate General, 750 N. St. Paul St., Suite 1700, Dept. FWST, Dallas 75201; (214) 922-9606.

Caribbean: Antigua & Barbuda Tourism Office, 610 Fifth Ave., Room 311, New York, N.Y. 10020; (212) 541-4117.

Aruba: Aruba Tourism Authority, 1000 Harbor Blvd. Ground Level, Dept. FWST, Weehawken, N.J., 07087; (201) 330-0800 or (800) TO ARUBA.

Barbados: Barbados Board of Tourism, 800 Second Ave., 17th Floor, Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10017; (212) 966-6516 or (800) 221-9831.

Bonaire: Bonaire Government Tourist Office, 444 Madison Ave., Suite 2403, Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10022; (212) 779-0242 or (800) 826-6247.

British Virgin Islands: Tourist Board, 370 Lexington Ave., Suite 311, Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10017; (212) 686-0400 or (800) 835-8530.

Caribbean: Caribbean Tourism Organization, 20 E. 46th St., Suite 400, Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10017; (212) 682-0435.

Cayman Islands: Department of Tourism, 18484 Preston Road, #102-135, Dept. FWST, Dallas 75252; (214) 335-3540.

Cuban: Cuban Interests Section, 2639 16th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20009; (202) 797-8609.

Curacao: Curacao Tourist Board, 400 Madison Ave., Suite 311, Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10017; (212) 751-8266 or (800) 332-8266.

Dominican Republic: Dominican Republic Tourist Information Center, 1101 Abraham Lincoln, Santo Domingo, D.R.; (800) 752-1151.

French West Indies: Tourist Board, 628 Fifth Ave., Room 222, Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10020; (212) 757-1125 or (900) 990-0040 at 50 cents per minute.

Guadeloupe and St. Martin: Grenada Tourist Office, 820 Second Ave., Suite 9000, Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10017; (212) 692-9078 or (800) 927-9554.

Haiti: Consulate, 259 SW 13th St., Dept. FWST, Miami, Fla. 33131; (305) 859-2003.

Jamaica: Jamaica Tourist Board, 8214 Westchester Drive, Suite 500, Dept. FWST, Dallas 75225; (214) 361-8778 or (800) 327-9857.

Puerto Rico: Puerto Rico Tourism Co., 575 Fifth Ave., 23rd Floor, Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10017; (212) 599-6262 or (800) 223-6530.

Costa Rica: Costa Rica Tourist Bureau, 1600 N.W. Lejeune Road, Suite 303, Dept. FWST, Miami, Fla. 33126; (305) 871-7038 or (800) 327-7033.

Cyprus: Cyprus Tourist Office, 13 E. 40th St., Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10016; (212) 683-5280.

Czechoslovakia: CEDOK Czechoslovakia Travel Bureau, 10 E. 40th St., 19th Floor, Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10016; (212) 689-9720 or (800) 800-8891 for reservations only.

Denmark: Danish Tourist Board, Scandinavian Tourist Boards, 655 Third Ave., Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10017; (212) 949-2333.

Dominican Republic: Dominican Republic Tourist Information Center, (800) 752-1151.

Ecuador: Ecuador National Tourist Office, Ecuadorean Consulate General, 800 Second Ave., Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10017, (212) 599-6262 or (800) 223-6530.

El Salvador: El Salvador Tourist Office, 12 W. 56th St., Suite 1700, Dept. FWST, Dallas 75201; (214) 922-9606.

Finland: Finnish National Tourism Board, Scandinavian Tourist Boards, 655 Third Ave., Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10017; (212) 949-2333.

France: French Government Tourist Office, 2305 Cedar Springs Road, Suite 205, Dept. FWST, Dallas 75201; (214) 720-4010 or (800) 990-0040 at 50 cents per minute.

Germany: German National Tourist Office, 122 E. 42nd St., 52nd Floor, Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10168; (212) 661-7200.

Greece: Greek National Tourist Organization, 168 N. Michigan Ave., Sixth Floor, Dept. FWST, Chicago, Ill. 60601; (312) 782-1084.

Guam: Guam Visitors Bureau, Box 3520, Dept. FWST, Agaña, Guam 96910; (871) 646-5278.

Guyana: Guyanese Embassy and Consulate, 2490 Tracy Place NW, Dept. FWST, Washington, D.C. 20008; (202) 265-6900.

Honduras: Honduran American

INTERNATIONAL

Italy: Italian Tourist Authority, Box 6777, Dept. FWST, Freshmeadow, N.Y. 11365; (800) 334-4477.

Japan: Japan National Tourist Organization, 122 W. 56th St., Suite 1700, Dept. FWST, Dallas 75201; (214) 922-9606.

Kenya: Kenya Tourist Board, 1000 Harbor Blvd. Ground Level, Dept. FWST, Weehawken, N.J., 07087; (201) 330-0800 or (800) TO ARUBA.

Malaysia: Malaysian Tourist Board, 1000 Harbor Blvd. Ground Level, Dept. FWST, Weehawken, N.J., 07087; (201) 330-0800 or (800) TO ARUBA.

Norway: Norwegian Tourist Board, 1000 Harbor Blvd. Ground Level, Dept. FWST, Weehawken, N.J., 07087; (201) 330-0800 or (800) TO ARUBA.

Poland: Polish Tourist Board, 1000 Harbor Blvd. Ground Level, Dept. FWST, Weehawken, N.J., 07087; (201) 330-0800 or (800) TO ARUBA.

Portugal: Portuguese Tourist Board, 1000 Harbor Blvd. Ground Level, Dept. FWST, Weehawken, N.J., 07087; (201) 330-0800 or (800) TO ARUBA.

Romania: Romanian Tourist Board, 1000 Harbor Blvd. Ground Level, Dept. FWST, Weehawken, N.J., 07087; (201) 330-0800 or (800) TO ARUBA.

Soviet Union: Soviet Tourist Board, 1000 Harbor Blvd. Ground Level, Dept. FWST, Weehawken, N.J., 07087; (201) 330-0800 or (800) TO ARUBA.

Spain: Spanish Tourist Board, 1000 Harbor Blvd. Ground Level, Dept. FWST, Weehawken, N.J., 07087; (201) 330-0800 or (800) TO ARUBA.

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Switzerland: Swiss Tourist Board, 1000 Harbor Blvd. Ground Level, Dept. FWST, Weehawken, N.J., 07087; (201) 330-0800 or (800) TO ARUBA.

Taiwan: Taiwan Tourist Board, 1000 Harbor Blvd. Ground Level, Dept. FWST, Weehawken, N.J., 07087; (201) 330-0800 or (800) TO ARUBA.

Thailand: Thai Tourist Board, 1000 Harbor Blvd. Ground Level, Dept. FWST, Weehawken, N.J., 07087; (201) 330-0800 or (800) TO ARUBA.

U.S. Virgin Islands: U.S. Virgin Islands Division of Tourism, 2655 Lejeune Road, Suite 907, Dept. FWST, Coral Gables, Fla. 33134; (305) 442-7200.

Chile: Chilean Embassy, Cultural Dept., 1732 Massachusetts Ave. NW, Dept. FWST, Washington, D.C. 20036; (202) 785-3151.

Colombia: Colombian Embassy, 2118 Leroy Place NW, Dept. FWST, Washington, D.C. 20008; (202) 387-8338.

Commonwealth of Independent States: Intourist Russia, 630 Fifth Ave., Suite 868, Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10111; (212) 757-3884. Also, Intourist General Tours, 139 Main St., Cambridge, Mass. 02142; (212) 685-1800 or (800) 221-2216.

Costa Rica: Costa Rica Tourist Bureau, 1600 N.W. Lejeune Road, Suite 303, Dept. FWST, Miami, Fla. 33126; (305) 871-7038 or (800) 327-7033.

Cyprus: Cyprus Tourist Office, 13 E. 40th St., Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10016; (212) 683-5280.

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Dominican Republic: Dominican Republic Tourist Information Center, (800) 752-1151.

Ecuador: Ecuador National Tourist Office, Ecuadorean Consulate General, 800 Second Ave., Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10017, (212) 599-6262 or (800) 223-6530.

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Guam: Guam Visitors Bureau, Box 3520, Dept. FWST, Agaña, Guam 96910; (871) 646-5278.

Guyana: Guyanese Embassy and Consulate, 2490 Tracy Place NW, Dept. FWST, Washington, D.C. 20008; (202) 265-6900.

Honduras: Honduran American



The home of Dylan Thomas in Laugharne, southwest Wales, has a collection of memorabilia of the poet who lived and worked there for many years.

Chamber of Commerce, Box 673, Murray Hill Station, Dept. FWST, New York, N.Y. 10156; (212) 683-2136 (send self-addressed stamped envelope); (312) 782-3872.
 More on next page

Fort Worth Star
Telegram



Star Telegram has JUNE 14, 1900 photo of the 99 steps to Blackhead's Castle on St. Thomas

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MAKING CONTACT

Tourist offices of the Orient

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Bhutan: Bhutan Travel Agency, 120 E. 58th St., No. 1130, New York, N.Y. 10022; (212) 838-6382.

China (People's Republic): China National Tourist Office, 60 E. 42nd St., Suite 3126, New York, N.Y. 10165; (212) 867-0271.

Hong Kong: Hong Kong Tourist Association, 590 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036; (212) 869-5008.

India: Government of India Tourist Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, North Mezzanine, Room 15, New York, N.Y. 10112; (212) 586-4901.

Indonesia: Indonesia Tourist Promotion Office, 3457 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 102, Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; (213) 387-2078.

Japan: Japan National Tourist Organization, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10111; (212) 757-5640.

Korea: Korean National Tourism Corp., 2 Executive Dr., Seventh Floor, Fort Lee, N.J. 07024; (201) 585-0908.

Macao: Macao Tourist Information Bureau, 3133 Lake Hollywood Dr., P.O. Box 1860, Los Angeles, Calif. 90078; (213) 851-3402.

Malaysia: Malaysian Tourist Informa-

tion Center, 818 West Seventh St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90017; (213) 689-9702.

Myanmar: Myanmar National Tourist Office, 2514 University Dr., Durham, N.C. 27707; (919) 493-7500.

Nepal: Royal Nepalese Embassy, Visa Section, 2131 Leroy Place NW, Washington, D.C. 20008; (202) 667-4550.

Seychelles Islands: Seychelles Tourist Board, 820 Second Ave., Suite 900F, New York, NY 10017; (212) 687-9768.

Singapore: Singapore Tourist Promotion Board, 590 Fifth Ave., 12th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10036; (212) 302-4861.

Sri Lanka: Embassy of Sri Lanka, 2148 Wyoming Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008; (202) 483-4025.

Taiwan: Taiwan Visitors Association, 1 World Trade Center, Suite 7953, New York, N.Y. 10048; (212) 466-0691.

Thailand: Tourism Authority of Thailand, 5 World Trade Center, Suite 3443, New York, N.Y. 10048; (212) 432-0433.

Tourist Offices of the Pacific

Australia: Australian Tourist Commission, 489 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017; (212) 687-6300.

Fiji: Fiji Visitors Bureau, 5777 W. Century Blvd., Suite 220, Los Angeles, Calif. 90045; (213) 568-1616.

Guam: Trip-N-Tour of Guam and Micronesia, 846 Williamston St., Suite 202, Vista, Calif. 92084; (800) 348-0842.

Hawaii Visitors Bureau: 350 Fifth Ave., Suite 808, New York, N.Y. 10118; (212) 947-0717.

New Zealand: New Zealand Tourism Board, 501 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 300, Santa Monica, Ca. 90401; (800) 388-5494.

Papua New Guinea: Embassy of Papua New Guinea, 1615 New Hampshire Ave. Third floor, Washington, D.C. 20009; (202) 745-3680.

Philippines: Philippines Department of Tourism, 556 Fifth Ave., Suite 1M, New York, N.Y. 10036; (212)

575-7915.

Tahiti: Tahiti Tourism Board, 300 N. Continental Blvd., Suite 180, El Segundo, Calif. 90245; (310) 414-8484.

Other destinations: the Pacific Area Travel Association, 1 Montgomery St., Telesis Tower, Suite 1750, San Francisco, Calif. 94104; (415) 986-4646, provides travel information for the following Pacific Area destinations: American Samoa, Australia, Bangladesh, Republic of China, Cook Islands, Fiji, Gilbert Islands, Guam, Hawaii, Hong Kong, India, Indonesia, Japan, Kiribati, Korea, Macao, Malaysia, Micronesia, Nepal, New Caledonia, New Hebrides, New Zealand, Northern Marianas, Pakistan, Papua New Guinea, Philippines, Singapore, Solomon Islands, Sri Lanka, Tahiti, Thailand, Tonga, Vanuatu and Western Samoa.

Conde Nast Traveller

The liberation of Sydney

Take the old energy, add a new worldliness.

Sydney's Circular Quay: The Museum of Contemporary Art (the "Blue Boy" was a 1992 exhibit), the Harbour Bridge, the Opera House.

HER STORY: Sharon speaks

GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY OF SPENDING A week on a desert island with a stranger, your mind might stray to the kind of man depicted in Ralph Lauren ads. Chances are you wouldn't order a guy in a blue skirt. But that's what they gave me: Philip Weiss, my cocamper and mandatory mate, daily wrapped in a batik sarong.

He wasn't wearing it the first time I saw him, unexpectedly, in the Miami Airport. *Condé Nast Traveler* had planned that he'd go a day ahead to George Town, Great Exuma, and wait for our blind-date rendezvous at the dock, where we'd get into a boat and be taken off to Bowe Cay.

Unaware that he'd missed his connection, I spotted this lanky fellow in a floppy khaki safari hat scribbling in a notebook. Gee,

it crossed my mind, if I didn't know better, I'd almost guess that that was The Guy. Within a matter of hours, he became the only human being in my life for a week.

WHAT THEY BROUGHT ALONG

SHARON	PHIL
Windbreaker suit N	Flashlight E
Mesh bug suit N	Extra batteries U
Bathing suits E	Sarong E
Shorts, T-shirts E	Matches E
Visors, sunglasses E	Knife E
Earrings E	Fish-scaling knife N
Compass N	Map of the stars U
Knives, ax E	Black ink E
Matches, lighter E	Fountain pen E
Eyeglass repair kit U	Hardbacked notebooks U
Sewing kit U	Plenty of sunblock (SPF 30 and 45) E
First aid kit U	Sketchbook U
Flashlights E	Drawing pencils U
Granola U	War and Peace N
Pliers U	Claude Lévi-Strauss's <i>Tristes Tropiques</i> U
Candle lantern U	Bug spray E
Batteries E	Hiking boots
Camera and film U	(beach sandals don't cut it!) E
Cooking pots U	A good hat E
Water purifier N	Compass U
5-gallon water jugs U	Guide to fishes of the Caribbean U
Italian seasoning U	
Ziploc bags U	
Tarps, tent U	
Camp chair E	
Hammock U	
Bungee cords, rope E	
Raft U	
Crossword puzzles E	
Wedding ring U	
Family photos U	
Mosquito coils U	
Insect repellent E	
Moisturizer E	
Makeup kit U	
Fishing hooks N	

E = Essential N = Not useful U = Useful

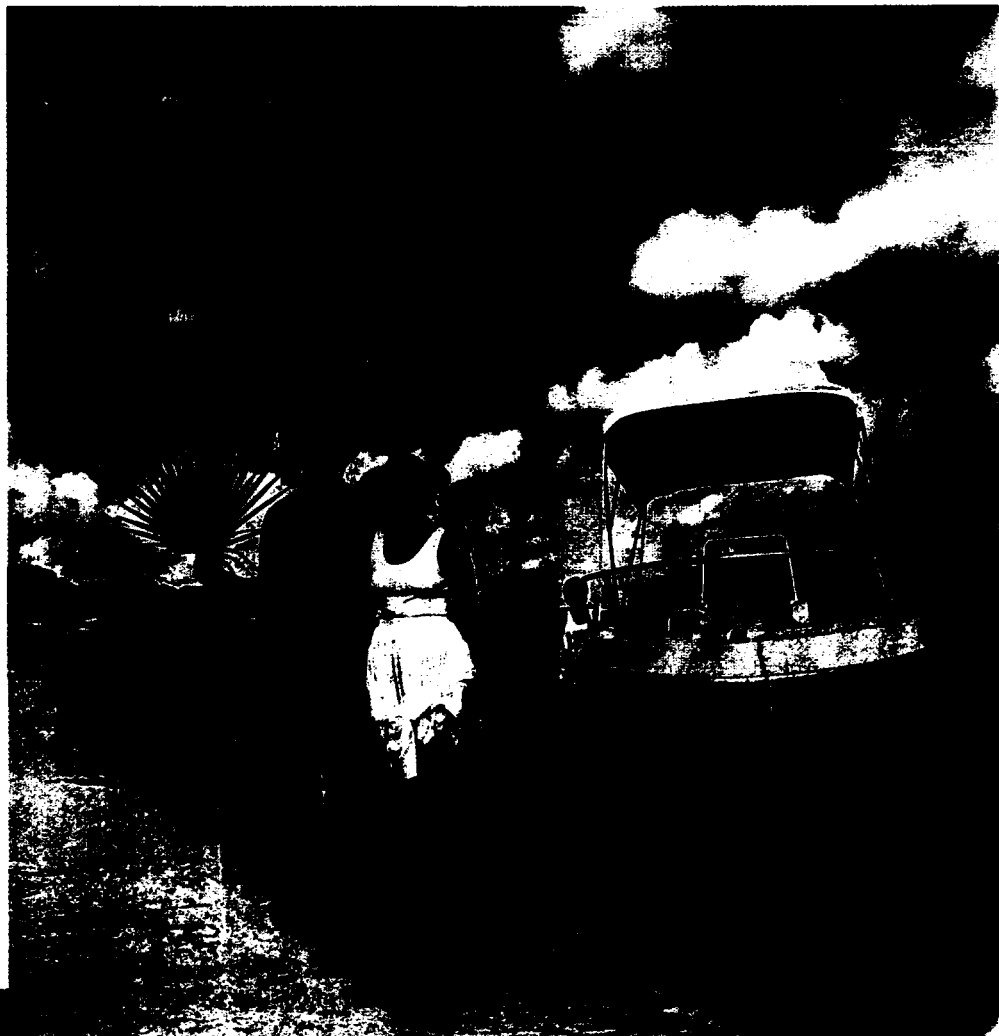
The luggage emphasized our two different wavelengths. I, embracing the Boy Scout motto, was lugging twenty pounds of excess baggage: an extra hammock and life raft, a wardrobe of bathing suits, a supply of dried soups and fruits, and a portable library of wilderness guides. Philip had brought along a brand-new fountain pen and one measly tote.

Almost spontaneously, we divvied up the chores in George Town. While I loaded up on bottled water and basics at the grocery store, he was next door at the produce stand picking out bananas, potatoes, tomatoes, grapefruit, and dozens of lemons (which he mistook for oranges) and flirting outrageously with Denzela, the vivacious proprietor.

Once on the cay, we staked our claims in the makeshift camp we found ashore. Phil generously commandeered the raggedy tent for his belongings, allotting me the newer, untorn one, our only "bug-free environment." The so-called screened hut, lined with shredded mesh, became headquarters, the living space where we cooked, read, played house.

There was never much ado about nothing to do. We took daily excursions for orientation, and on forays into the interior we located stone house ruins and a pond. We saw evidence of droppings but never found the wild goats. On day two, we walked a loop around the entire island. Phil tried to be courtly, assisting me over the sharp coral rocks and batting aside the flora so I could scramble through. Snakes slithered by on two different days, but neither (*Continued on page 152*)

BAHAMIAN GOTHIC Weiss and Hoge at rescue.





SECOND SUMMER
EST. 1973
SYDNEY

ROBERT HUGHES relishes his hometown

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAKAN EDWIGSSON



Swimming in the open harbor isn't advised—but not because of dirty water.

IN THE NINETEEN FIFTIES, WHEN I WAS GROWING up in Sydney in a house above the harbor, one of whose blue lobes showed through the glossy foliage of a loquat tree in which red-arsed bulbuls flirted at the edge of our garden, two things seemed obvious to me.

The first was that the place would never change much.

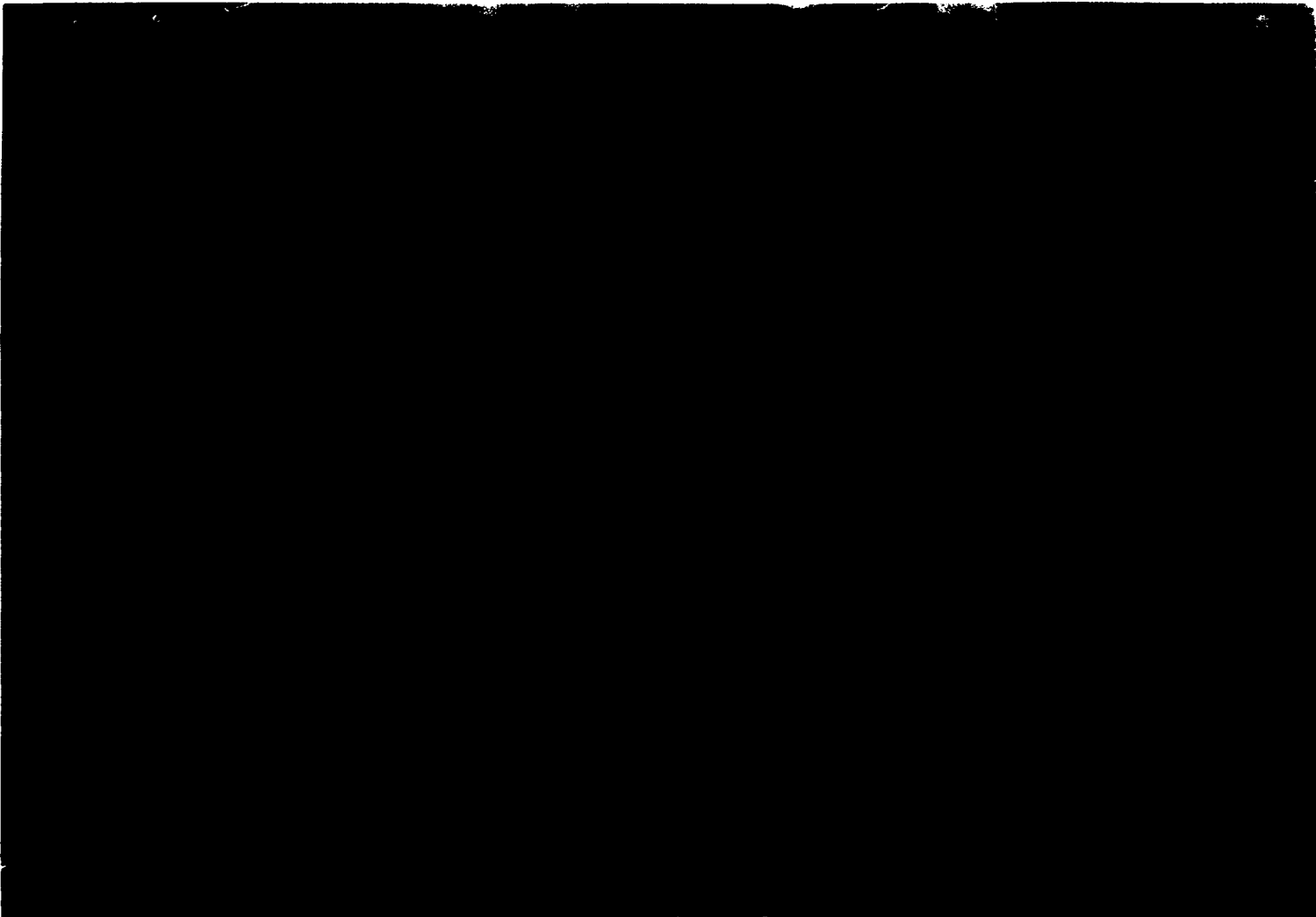
The second, also wrong, was that foreigners would never make a pretense of coming in any numbers to see it: It was too far away from the rest of the world, just as the rest of the world (known from books, names in the atlas, skimpy press stories about the revolt in Hungary or the Suez crisis) was too far away from us.

You could grow up in Sydney in those days without seeing an American, except for sailors off the Pacific fleet. Sydney was full of Americans during the Second World War—"over-sexed, overpaid, and over here"; girls wore ankle-strap shoes known as Yank-catchers. The town would fill up with them again in the Vietnam years. But in the fifties and early sixties, the Americans were so uncommon that one could pick them out easily. Once in a while, the Matson Line would decant a couple of hundred elderly tourists at Circular Quay, the ladies in billowing muumuus and their husbands in peculiar burgundy- or saffron-colored blazers. As soon as they were on the concrete, they would gaze around with mild ruminant alertness, looking for the kangaroos and platypuses they had heard so much about. Texas with cute living fossils: That was their idea of us.

As for the Japanese, the very idea of Japanese tourism would have struck any Sydneysider as ludicrous. The last Japanese visitors anyone remembered were the crews of three midget submarines that sneaked into the harbor in May 1942. Two midgets sank in deep water. The third fired its torpedoes at the U.S.S. *Chicago* but missed and sank a ferry, the *Kuttubul*, tied up for the night with thirty sailors sleeping the booze off on board. What happened to it after that remains a mystery. So much for Japanese tourism.

Not now. Apart from the fact that the Japanese, as any Sydney taxi driver will complain to you, "own half the bloody country anyhow," tourism (including Japanese) has turned into one of the chief Australian industries, and the vast majority of visitors come into the country through Sydney. Hotels have mushroomed, and Sydney has become, rather self-consciously, a visitors' city.

The provinciality that seemed to characterize Australian society, and could be plainly seen in Sydney twenty-five years ago, is all but gone. To a striking degree, the city's habits have softened. Its harsh, intolerant machismo—the bad-dream side of "mateship," which ran from the Anglophilic stuffiness of the Establishment clubs to the raucous all-male suburban pubs—has toned down. Sydney is no longer quite so keen on the ocker (Pacific redneck) image of the Australian: beer gut, thongs, nasal foghorn voice, and a truculent certainty that, short of Paradise itself, Australia is the only ticket and that the rest of the world only displays its inferiority by not neces-



No one has been eaten by a shark in Sydney in years—perhaps because of lifeguard drills like this one at Manly Beach.

sarily wanting to come here. ("Which the bastards all do, but they don't admit it.")

People worry about Ocker and would not want you to suppose that he lurks under their skin. The Australia he represents (or so people in Sydney will tell you, not without an apotropaic glance over the shoulder) is a thing of the past. However, it was preserved in "export culture" during the eighties—especially in the films that Australians made with an eye to the American market, like *"Crocodile" Dundee*—with the result that Americans still land in Sydney expecting, if not a welcoming of marsupials, then certainly the last refuge of unselfconscious masculinity.

And if they come in February, what do they get? Among other things, the gay Mardi Gras, which draws up to half a million people and once featured (right along with the leather-jacketed lesbians on their motorcycles and the blue elephant shambling along with a condom over its trunk and a sign announcing that elephants never forget to have safe sex) a truck bearing a longboat in which stood an aboriginal dancer attired as Captain Cook. "It is enough trouble being

black, let alone gay," he told the press at the time. "That is why I am determined to put this float in the Mardi Gras."

A black, gay Captain Cook? Can this be the same city as the one in which, thirty years ago, the minions of "Bumper" Farrell—the corrupt and much-feared chief of the Sydney Vice Squad—used to decoy homosexuals in the public lavatory in Martin Place? Was it from here that Sir Eugene

I became aware of a bumping: An enormous brute was rubbing its skin on the hull like a cat on a post

Goossens, head of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, fled in disgrace when "rubber articles and masks" were found by customs officials rummaging in his bags?

The answer, broadly, is yes and no.

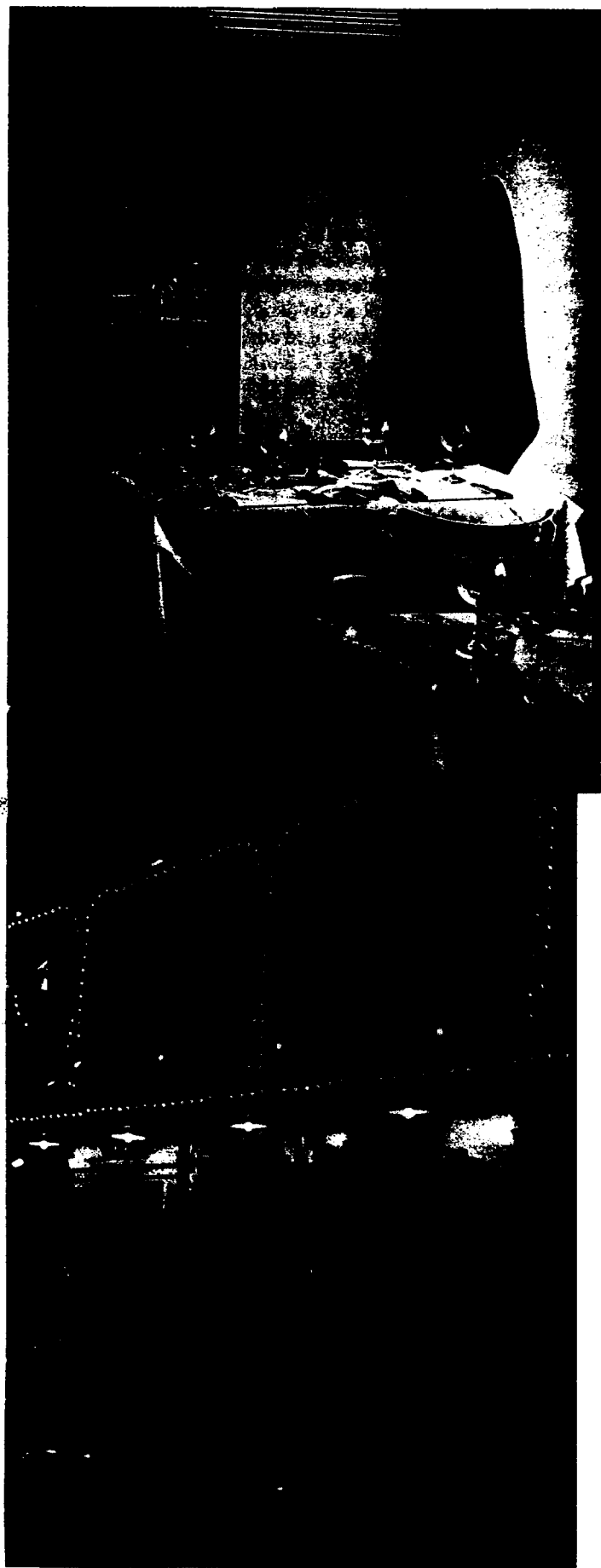
Fundamentalist religion, the motor of American moralizing in the eighties, never caught on in Australia. Hot-gospel-ing evangelists rarely crossed the Pacific from America; Oral Roberts tried once in the fifties but came up so empty that he is said to have proclaimed, on departure, that Sydneysiders

SYDNEY

“Imagine what



Matisse would have made of this"



were godless and irretrievably damned—old news to us. Sydney has a raucous lobby shoving plastic fetuses in the faces of scared teenagers outside clinics, just like America. But these clone movements have nothing like the political power they have in the United States and are unlikely to get it, because at this level, Australians—especially in Sydney—are more tolerant than Americans.

Nevertheless, the struggle between the Good and the Unredeemed runs quite deep in Sydney life: How could it not, in a city that began as a jail? Compared with America, this is still a surprisingly authoritarian society: laid-back and easy, the visitor thinks, but without a Bill of Rights or a popular Constitution (ours was couched entirely in terms of British imperial interests and contains hardly one democratic clause).

In the fifties and early sixties, Sydneysiders could put up with every sort of constraint and still tell you that they were the freest people in the world because they could knock off and go surfing at lunchtime. A residue of this feeling still lingers, and it may help explain the talismanic importance Sydney attaches to its emblems of leisure and pleasure—the sun, the harborside life, the benign blue sky, the white squeaky-sand Pacific beaches covered with tanned and glistening bodies, the wine, the beer, the prawns.

In any case, one would have to be crazy *not* to revel in them. In my twenties, having overdosed on Cyril Connolly and his nostalgic vision of Mediterranean hedonism in *The Unquiet Grave*, I was longing to leave; when I did, it took me two years of living on the coast of Italy to admit that, apart from ruins, tombs, and frescoes, much of what I had wanted on the edge of that dying sea was what I had left behind in Sydney, and some of it not as good. "Can you imagine," an ecstatic English painter remarked to me a few years ago, as we were walking from his visitor's studio in the Art Gallery of New South Wales across the green expanse of the Domain, in the blowing salt air and the high crystalline light, "what *Matisse* would have made of this if he had seen it?"

WHAT SYDNEY MADE OF MATISSE IS ANOTHER matter. It used to be the case that local art museums, wherever they were, tended to concentrate on local art, so that what one saw on their walls gave a strong impression of the culture in which they were rooted. For the last twenty-five years there has been an increasing degree of internationalization, so the same *menu touristique* of contemporary art tends to reappear all over museum walls in the West. This has never been quite so in Australia, partly because (when Picassos and Pollocks and Beuyses were relatively cheap) the museums did not want the work of European and American avant-gardes and so tended not to buy it, and partly because when taste changed in the seventies and eighties, the overseas art had become far too costly for their limited buying budgets. The same, in Sydney, was true of Old Masters. Thus, when you approach the tawny sandstone bulk of the Art Gallery of New South Wales, superbly sited on its bluff above

Let the good times roll: Clockwise from top left, harborside pool; Bathers Pavilion restaurant, Balmoral Beach; bar at the Royal Hotel, Paddington; Australian Hotel, The Rocks.

Woolloomooloo Bay, you will see inscribed on its facade in bronze letters a kind of cultural mantra: the names of a whole string of artists—from Giotto to Andrea del Sarto, Michelangelo, Donatello, Rubens, and Rembrandt—who are not, in fact, represented in its collection. This queer expression of Edwardian cultural fantasy—whistle and they will come, so to speak—used to strike us as the height of deceptive advertising. The gallery has no significant works by French Impressionists, either, because the trustees were simply too provincial to want them.

But does the visitor really care if he finds no Rubenses at the end of the long flight to the Antipodes? Of course not. He will want to see Australian art, which is represented in profusion. The Art Gallery has a superb collection of Australian Impressionists—Tom Roberts, Arthur Streeton, Frederick McCubbin—the generation of the 1880s that gave vivid form to the particular light, color, and structure of the Australian coastal bush. It is also one of the three “collections of record” (the others being in Melbourne and Canberra) of modern Australian art, from 1940 through to our *fin de siècle*. For art of the colonial period, our first century, the visitor should cross the Domain and study, or at least skim, the collections of the State Library of New South Wales, which are unrivaled. For aboriginal art, a subject of ever-increasing fascination to visitors, the place to go is the Australian Museum.

AND FOR GARDENERS, OR AMateurs, THE “GREEN museum” of Sydney is the Royal Botanic Gardens, the city’s finest Victorian artifact, surrounding the spot by the harbor where the first furrows for corn were dug and sown by convicts in 1788. A very good way to start the day, if you are an early riser and staying in one of the big inner-city hotels, is to take a taxi to the saltwater swimming pool, which opens at 6 A.M. swim a few laps and come back on foot through the gardens.

Take it easy, mate. Just a few every day and it gets like walking. Easy as walking, just like Jesus.” Thus the twenty-year-old to the founder of the fifty-year-old. It may not. Stay in the city’s lanes, where you can stop and hang on to the middle one reserved for the serious lap swimmers, who will churn over you like trucks on the Hume High-

A CITY CHANGES GREATLY in twenty-five years. The physical changes are the ones that strike the returning expatriate first. But even more striking is how much Sydney’s very language has altered. We have learned psychobabble, public relations cant, and New Age blather. One hears the transpacific words: *self-actualization*, *creativity*. Granted, the mincing euphemism that has rotted American public speech has not quite attained its full force here: In Australia the blind can still lead the blind, without obliging one to speak of the visually challenged adopting a hierarchical relationship to their peers. My Californian wife was once jolted to read SPASTIC BUS on the flank of a Sydney public health vehicle.

But the great Australian vernacular, with its sharp slang and improbable flights of metaphor, in whose pungency a rich national literature was rooted, is going, smothered by Australian TV. Sydneysiders still have their laconic habit of chopping off the ends of words and tacking on an *o* or an *ie*: “garbo” for garbage collector, “gerrie” for geriatric. But you no longer hear them complain that the weather is “wet enough to bog a duck,” that they are “flat out like a lizard drinking” (very busy), or that, when luck is bad, “If it was raining palaces, I’d get hit by the shit-house door.”

Only the accent is imperishable—high in the nose, drawling, flat, and brown. It is not, as so many Americans imagine, related to Cockney, and its origins remain an utter mystery. One knows only that it was in place, and being complained about by supercilious visitors as a “detestable snuffle,” as early as the 1820s.

Sydneysiders are what everyone says—hospitable, friendly, and curious. They were egalitarian once, and still preen themselves on that reputation, but they no longer are. Under the surface of a fraternal style, the breezy exclamations of “G’dye, mate,” and the ready approachability that visitors are apt to interpret as signs of an unworried society where divisions of class play no big part, the lessons of the 1980s bored in deep.

Not that Sydney isn’t still a genuinely civil city. Its citizens keep to standards of public behavior that simply no longer exist in any American city of four million people. A visiting American journalist, Susanna

Gaertner, wrote with amazement some months ago: “You sit on one of those benches under a splendid palm beneath a sky the colour of prewar Meissen and no one will bother you, beg, hassle, play a boom box, much less mug or rob you.”

But in the eighties, just like New York or London, Sydney learned to be obsessed with indexes of status, wealth, and power. There was serious (Continued on page 163)

Follow the sun

Given the chance, Sydneysiders would hand you their city wrapped up in a bow. To get some real hometown expertise about where to go, where to stay, and where to eat, see “In sync with summer,” opposite.

“Eat like a pig, drink like a fish, smell like a rose.” This says something about Sydney’s appetite

way. The walk back through the Botanic Gardens, acres of terraced green between the harbor and the city, whose wakening growl of traffic seems very far off, is a capsule introduction to Australian nature: thousands of species, exotic to you (and many of them to us), from tiny delicate cacti and ground covers up to the huge Moreton Bay figs with their ridged, elephant gray roots, in whose branches kookaburras laugh and colonies of white cockatoos sit squalling in the limpid early light.

Sydney

(Continued from page 142) money around in the Sydney of the fifties and even the early sixties, but it tended not to flaunt itself. In the Sydney of the eighties, as in America, wealth not only came out of the closet, but it ripped the hinges off as it emerged. People still remember a party one of the newer plutocrats threw for his daughter's twenty-first birthday. Said to have cost upwards of \$350,000, it featured tranquilized lions and tigers by the swimming pool, an elephant dropping its huge turds on the tennis court, and a level of catering worthy of the climactic orgy scene in *Salammbô*; this was thought unusual, maybe even a bit extreme, but not entirely off-the-wall.

In the eighties, Sydneysiders got used to popping flashbulbs, limos, society shrinks, lifestyle magazines, and a national credit binge. Until the real estate market lapsed into a coma in 1990, houses in the posher parts of Sydney—Vaucluse, Bellevue Hill, even Paddington—cost more than their equivalents in New York or London. But funny money is no longer king. Alan Bond, the prototypical Australian plute of the eighties, went down the tubes along with many lesser fry; only the lawyers get rich, as former moguls devote themselves to suing

one another like maddened scorpions in a sock. Businessmen look back on those lost days as on a vanished paradise, as well they might. On my last visit to Sydney, I went with a couple of such friends on a thirty-six-foot ketch for a Saturday sail down the harbor, through its incredible traffic jam of yachts. At day's end, we were beating east toward the harbor entrance, with the jagged profile of skyscrapers, once the graph of the speculative capital of downtown Sydney, silhouetted against the pearly westerling light.

"Sad sight, isn't it?" one of them said to the other.

I squinted at the setting sun and could see nothing sad about it.

"Yeah. Look at it," said the other.

"Only one construction crane. Used to be dozens of them."

"Well, that's the way it's going to be. It's normal. It's going to be normal for years. No new building. Welcome to the real bloody world, eh?"

AUSTRALIA IS NOTABLY SHORT OF the icons by which countries make themselves known. It has one famous building, the Opera House, which is in Sydney. It has the Sydney Harbour

Bridge. It has Sydney Harbour and Ayers Rock—one evoking community, the other remoteness. After that, when pressed to name their images of Australia, most Americans (at least the ones I have asked) are apt to go straight to the animal kingdom: the roo, the Qantas koala, the prawn on the barbie. One notes that Sydney has a majority, if not a monopoly, of these Identikit images. Elsewhere in Australia this is regarded as horribly unfair, but nothing, it seems, can be done about it. The harbor is the master image of Sydney's culture, both high and popular. None of the other Australian state capitals—Perth, Adelaide, Hobart, or Brisbane—has anything so identifiable, and Melbourne, as Sydney chauvinists insist, is stuck with the River Yarra, a stream so muddy that its bottom flows on its surface. The harbor is also the only thing that holds Sydney together visually. To one of the most cluttered cities in the world, it gives scale, measure, and—blessed relief—an inviolable plane of nature. It is the city's lungs and heart.

Which is just as well, since most Australians, and Sydneysiders in particular, have never given a zack (archaic slang for



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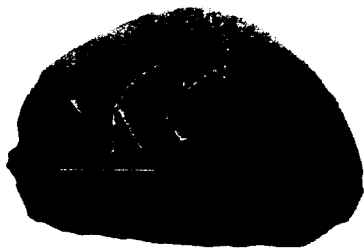
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Sydney

"sixpence," an obsolete coin of small value) for town planning or anything that smacked of visual control of the urban environment. Consequently, the parts of Sydney that look coherent today—Macquarie Street, for instance, with its remaining Georgian buildings, the Hyde Park Barracks for convicts, the Parliament House, the hospital, and the graceful town houses raised from local sandstone; or Paddington, once an area of cheap workers' terrace-housing built in Victorian times and now sedulously gentrified—are exceptions surviving amid the sprawl and high-rise eclecticism of the rest of the city. During the "naive" years of Sydney's prosperity, which lasted roughly as long as America's (a quarter of a century, from 1945 through 1970), the wrecker's ball had more say than any architect. Australia then loved a tabula rasa. If there was nothing to tear down except trees, then well and good.

But if there was actually something to tear down, then the Parthenon itself would not have been allowed to stand in the way of progress. "As beautiful as fifteen different colors of paint could make it," wrote an acerbic English lady, Louisa Anne Meredith, of a new pub she saw by the road in the Blue Mountains in 1840, comparing it to "a new toy, freshly unpacked." The spiritual heirs of that pub-keeper have been developing Sydney ever since, and have conferred on its downtown area an almost hallucinatory lack of scale and inconsistency of texture, with the looming cliffs of eighties-style "prestige" corporate buildings jammed into the small layout of what began as a straggle of Georgian mud huts.

One could compile quite a *sottisier* of Sydney's flashy blunders in urban design, every one of which has been promoted as a leap into the future and as marking yet another tide of fashion that rippled across the Pacific to cast its secondhand detritus on our shores in the eighties. It is hard, under the circumstances, to name one's least favorite Sydney building. Mine would probably be the Centrepont Tower—a ridiculously overweening space needle webbed with guy cables and ruining the once-agreeable scale of the midcity skyline with its rise.

But there is also some very serious new architecture in Sydney. Its risen star, among the younger generation of architects—those who entered professional life in the 1960s—is Philip Cox. His main work in the eighties was the development of an enormous site at Darling Harbour in Sydney—an industrial wasteland—into exhibi-

tion and conference centers, an aquarium, a maritime museum, malls, and other amenities, buildings that carry their size with a subtly lyrical optimism full of complex allusions to maritime structures in the spirit of the Opera House downharbor.

And for the last ten years, with the mania for new signature buildings on the wane, Sydney has done fine things for itself in preservation and conversion. Its star projects include the Queen Victoria Building on George Street, an extravagant Romanesque palace converted, with great tact, into a shopping mall; the fine Victorian arcades that run between blocks in the inner city; the onetime-slum dock district of Woolloomooloo; and, perhaps best of all, the whole Paddington area, which has the most fetching concentration of ornamental cast-iron work outside of New Orleans.

THE NATURAL PLACE FOR THE visitor to begin is Circular Quay, maritime hub of the city. The ferries churn out and in, stopping in a backpedaling froth from their screws. Today, there are also Jetcats, closed shells that scoot down the harbor at forty miles an hour. When you go, do not take them. Get on one of the older boats and sit outside. The trip down the harbor—past the unfolding headlands and islands to the immense sea gate of the Heads, beyond which lies eight thousand curving miles of ocean to America—takes thirty minutes and is worth every second of it, because the harbor is such a spectacle of nautical democracy. Especially on weekends, its water swarms with thousands of craft—from kayaks and cockleshell sailing dinghies through catamarans and eighteen-footers under their bustling press of sail, up to the big ketches and the gin palaces of local plutes; a dazzle of bunting and white triangles leaning under the wind, every hull stuffed to the gunwales with sun-flushed Strines (local for "locals") waving their stubbies and tinnies. Only from the water can one truly appreciate the blue, branching arm of the Pacific that Captain Arthur Phillip, its discoverer, called "the finest harbor in the world, where a thousand sail of the line may ride with the most perfect security."

The ferries dock between the two chief emblems of Sydney: to the west, the great arch of the Harbour Bridge, roaring and resonating with traffic invisible from below, which vaults from the south to the north shore of the harbor in a single span and was our emblem of modernity before the Opera House—our second emblem—went up.

Jocosely known as the Coathanger or the Toast Rack, it is the largest rigid single-span bridge in the world, and when it opened in 1932 it was the largest construction project ever undertaken in Australia. Like Rockefeller Center in New York, its building went on through the depths of the Depression and became an immense symbol of social survival. All around, Sydney was static, decaying, hopeless: a city of unemployment lines and soup kitchens. But the bridge gave thousands of people work, and was known as the Iron Lung, because it kept people breathing. Whether by coincidence or by design, when seen from afar it is a solar emblem. Its mighty arch ribbed with vertical columns is an engineer's version of the badge on the Australian Army hat—the rising sun of Australia. Its four pylons—now reduced in scale by the sheer size of the office blocks around its south and north approaches, but in their time among the highest secular structures in Sydney—are Art Deco versions of Mayan sacrificial step pyramids, structures dedicated to the cult of the sun.

The New South Wales government paid for the bridge. Thirty years later, it began

its second huge emblem, the Opera House. Australia—with reason—has been proud of its operatic tradition since the 1890s, when Nellie Melba, its national nightingale, the great soprano from Melbourne, climbed to the peak of fame at La Scala and Covent Garden; by the 1960s, when the construction of this immense prestige object began in earnest, Sydney had a major opera company, and Melba's emblematic role had been assumed by Joan Sutherland, or, as her Australian fans call her, Wonderlungs.

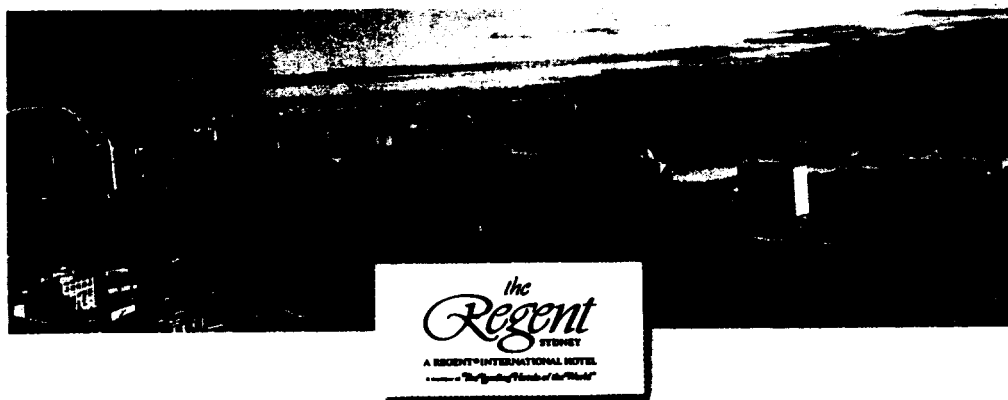
Opera meant prestige. It needed a home, and there was an international competition for its design. It was won by an unknown thirty-eight-year-old Danish architect, Jørn Utzon, whose name would acquire a painful, two-edged celebrity in Sydney. Australian public cultural projects are often slowed up by angry, reflexive criticism: Why aren't those millions going to health care or old-age pensions? With the Opera House this reached heights of asperity, because opera was undoubtedly an "elitist" art, and Australians, who dote on elitism in sport, have trouble with it in other fields and use the word as a stick to bash ambition with.

Utzon, a quiet beanpole of a man, had never been to Australia and had no idea what was waiting for him. He soon found out, landing at the center of a hellish political imbroglio between some politicians who wanted the building up right now and damn the cost, other politicians who wanted to slash the budget, and his own ideas of design.

His Opera House was a brilliant poetic conception, the kind of metaphoric leap toward nature that hardly existed in architecture thirty years ago: Its form suggested blown spinnakers, birds' wings, seashells, all that was appropriate to the great port. Its small, remote cousin was Eero Saarinen's TWA terminal at Idlewild (now JFK) Airport, but it is utterly unlike its stodgy corporate-state American counterparts of the sixties—Lincoln Center in New York and the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C.

In retrospect it seems extraordinary that Sydney, whose architectural tastes tend to be conservative when not blatantly vulgar, should have taken a flier on it—but Australians *are* gamblers. No one really knew how to build it or (even after nine years of planning and seven years of

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Sydney

construction) how to finish it.

Those complex membrane shells would be difficult even with today's computer modeling. Thirty years ago, with engineering not far out of the slide rule era, they were a nightmare. Nor did Utzon's own inexperience help. He resigned halfway through the job in 1966 and limped back home, dropping a postcard to a friend: Postmarked Yucatán, it read, "The ruins are wonderful so why worry? Sydney Opera House becomes a ruin one day." He never saw it completed.

Finished by a Sydney architect, Peter Hall, the Opera House was opened by the Queen in 1973. It had taken nineteen years from the first sketches and had cost \$102 million, fourteen times its projected budget, most of which was paid for by the profits from a state lottery. Utzon was lionized by most Sydney writers, artists, and architects in the sixties, but in functional terms the building was, and remains, far from satisfactory. Some of Utzon's original aims were never fulfilled. It is only an opera house by the skin of its teeth. You cannot produce Wagner or large-scale Verdi in it, for instance, because the main theater became a concert hall.

Nevertheless, the \$102 million turned out to be a spectacular investment. In the year the Opera House opened, Gough Whitlam's Labour government was in power, and Australians were beginning to feel the oats of cultural identity after long decades of dependence, first on England, and then, in the Vietnam years, on America. What were we? Transplanted Brits or second-rate Yanks? The main thrust of Whitlam's cultural politics was to assert that, yes, there was and should be a specifically Australian identity, that we could create a culture of our own across the board, from "popular" to "elite."

One omen of this was the Opera House; another, in 1973, was the award of the Nobel Prize for Literature to the novelist Patrick White. Thus the Opera House—the only building erected in the entire history of Australia that the rest of the world had ever been interested in—was seen, no matter whether it "worked" or not, as a totem, assuaging insecurities, something "for the ages." Through it, we could watch others watching us. And most Australians, who couldn't care less about reverberation times or scene changing and who had no intention of going inside the thing, continue incessantly to use its outside—its steps, the immense plinth on which it rises above the harbor—as a logo, a platform from which to view the harbor, or (half-consciously) as the biggest environmental, site-specific

sculpture south of the equator. An inversion, yes; but you are in the Antipodes now.

I F YOU LOOK STRAIGHT OUT FROM Circular Quay, past the Opera House, you see a third building on a little island: Fort Denison. It was built at the time of the Crimean War to repel the Russians, who never came. But if its military history is nil, the symbolic power of the rock under it is considerable. In the 1790s it was known as Pinchgut, and on it "desperate" convicts were hanged until the seabirds stripped their bones, and "refractory" convicts were marooned until the sun broiled them into submission.

What is now Circular Quay is, in fact, the place where European settlement in Australia began, on January 26, 1788, when Captain Arthur Phillip brought his eleven sea-battered vessels to anchor and his men began ferrying their freight of convicts ashore—in all, more than seven hundred souls, including children who had been born on the long voyage from Plymouth. This squadron, bearing to banishment in the unknown Antipodes what all right-thinking people in England regarded as the dregs of criminality, is known to Australians as the First Fleet. About 160,000 people would be exiled to Australia over the next eighty years, most of them arriving in Sydney—until transportation there was abolished, under popular protest, in 1840—and many others going to Van Diemen's Land (modern Tasmania), until "The System" shut down there in 1853.

At the time the first whites came floundering off the longboats, a little stream rippled down into the harbor here, through a gully of tree ferns. This was the embryo colony's freshwater supply, known as the Tank Stream. Because the naval and marine officers' tents were pitched east of it, and those of the convicts and guards to the west, a lasting social division was set up in Sydney: To this day, the rich live in the eastern suburbs beyond Kings Cross—Paddington, Edgecliff, Double Bay, Point Piper, Bellevue Hill, and so on, out to Vaucluse—and the not-rich west of the line.

Who were they, these most unwilling of pioneers, the first convicts who provided the reason for the new colony and the labor to build it? It used to be a cherished Australian myth that our Founding Fathers were innocent working-class rebels against a grindingly unfair political system. Also, that our Founding Mothers, the convict women, were prostitutes.

Neither is true.

There was not one political prisoner on the First Fleet. Nor were any women on it

transported for prostitution, since whoring in George III's England was no more a criminal offense than it is in Sydney today.

Almost all of the 736 prisoners, like the many thousands more to come, were small-time offenders against the property laws. They had stolen ribbons from shops, cheese from pantries, cucumbers from gardens, horses from stables, razors and watch parts from their employers. Most were in their twenties, theft being a trade for the young—and the young and strong being needed to make new colonies. They had only one thing in common: They had been caught, swept up in the broad, inefficient net of the late-eighteenth-century system of English criminal justice and turned into the guinea pigs of a social experiment whose outcome nobody, from the crown to the courts, could predict: "Thieves, robbers and villains, they'll send 'em away/To become a new people at Botany Bay."

Today's "new people" are only marginally composed of convict stock—perhaps a quarter of a million people in Sydney (but, significantly, no one really knows how many) can claim direct descent from transported Irish or English convicts. What happened to New York in the 1890s hap-

pened to Sydney after 1945: Its social structure and cultural habits were transformed by a surge of government-sponsored immigration from Europe.

The "reffos"—or "New Australians," as they were politely known—are now old Australians, and the person next to you in the Bondi bus is much more likely to be the scion of a shopkeeper from Skopelos, a veggie farmer from Palermo, a Hungarian machinist, a Lebanese accountant, or a Vietnamese lawyer than the bearer of an English horse thief's genes. Although the bulk of immigration continues to be English and Irish, Sydney has a wide mix of minorities, one of the smallest being the aborigines—or Koories, as they call themselves—several thousand of whom live in Sydney, mostly congregated in the terraces of Redfern. None of these people—and especially not the aborigines, for whose race and culture the white invasion of Australia was a genocidal disaster—have any reason to want to commemorate convicts.

This does not, of course, mean that traits were not passed down the cultural line. Ever since its convict days, Sydney has remained a Barbary Coast, a seaborne Mahagonny of hustlers, swifties, thugs,

and hoons and lairs (pimps and dandies), where astoundingly crooked deals were matter-of-factly hatched over the Tooheys lager (or, latterly, the Hunter Valley chardonnay), between raw wealth and the "pollies," our elected representatives; and where the police force has retained a reputation for graft and heaviness. But the combination of "native" amnesia and "migrant" indifference has meant that there is no monument to the convicts in Sydney, not even a wall with the 736 names on it.

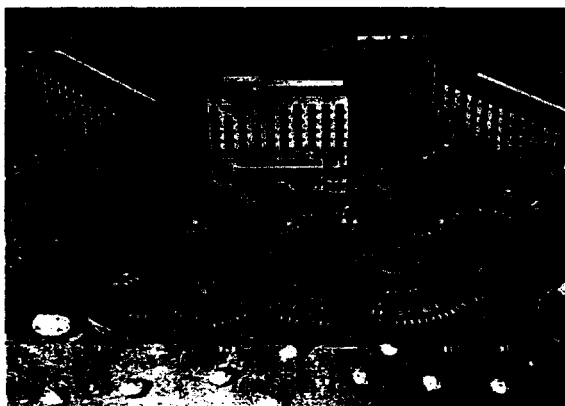
The effort of amnesia, working its way out through the social pores, produced a mind-set that *always* preferred the new to the old and rarely enjoyed the Australian past for its own sake. Hence Sydney has only one exception to the national dearth of good monuments, and it commemorates not the "shame" of convictry but the blood sacrifice that was thought to have redeemed it. This is the Anzac War Memorial, which stands in Hyde Park in Sydney and is one of the most beautiful Art Deco ensembles in the world: another Mayan sun temple, whose red-granite steps lead up to a first floor with a wide circular well. You peer over the edge of the parapet, and there below, laid in crucifixion on a sword,

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Sydney

is a naked bronze soldier, borne up by grieving caryatid figures of his mother, sister, wife, and child and seen against a burst of formalized bronze flames set in the marble floor. This coup de théâtre is the work of Rayner Hoff, whose death in 1937 at the age of forty-three deprived Australia of a potentially major artist. Here you sense, as nowhere else, the veritable cult of death that rose out of Australia's appalling losses in World War I, when its men were used as shock troops at Gallipoli and elsewhere and suffered the highest casualty rate of any army in the war—64.8 percent killed or wounded, as compared with 47.1 percent for the British and some 54 percent for the Germans. Traumatized by their losses, every town in the country put up its war memorial, but none with such a tragic pietà as this.

THE PLACE MOST REDOLENT OF convictry—and even here its whiff is faint—is on Dawes Point, the spit of land that runs out into the harbor from the west side of Circular Quay, from which the bridge makes its jump. It is known, from the sandstone ledges to which it clings, as The Rocks. From the early 1800s to the end of the century, The Rocks had a lurid reputation as the Clap Alley of the South Pacific. It was a hive of foul shanties and shebeens bearing such Dickensian names as The Sheer Hulk and The Black Dog. Here was sold colonial rum laced with tobacco juice and vitriol to give it a bite. (In the 1830s, four and a half gallons of distilled spirits were drunk for every man, woman, and child in Sydney. People wanted oblivion; few thought it was the Best Town in the World then.)

But among the mellow, sun-struck alleys that clamber up and down The Rocks, there are reminders of the convict past that cannot be effaced; they are carved in the very bone of the headland, and the most evocative of them—if you pause to look at the pick marks in its high walls and reflect on what they mean—is the Argyle Cut, hewn straight through the sandstone of Dawes Point to link the docks on its west side to Circular Quay. Many of the nineteenth-century houses of The Rocks—now containing bookshops, restaurants, and opal vendors, along with boutiques selling souvenir T-shirts and (for the urban jackaroo) R. M. Williams rabbit-felt hats and Driza-bone bush raincoats—were built with stone mined from this slit of punishment.

A particularly good hotel, the Park Hyatt, follows the curve of the waterfront, and from its balconies you have one of the

best takes on the harbor a visitor can get. In the early morning, a working replica of Captain Bligh's *Bounty* is docked beneath your window, with the Opera House right behind it; ferries with the names of the First Fleet convict ships—*Fishburn*, *Lady Penrhyn*, *Supply*—bustle in to dock in the opal light; and there is a tinny screeching of red rosellas arrowing through the gray girders of the bridge behind. The best place to have lunch at The Rocks is a Chinese restaurant called the Imperial Peking. Reserve ahead if you want a table by one of the windows overlooking the water. Sit and gobble your salt-and-pepper mud crab. Drink your Pooles Rock chardonnay (although beer is perhaps better with this unequaled, quasi-ritual dish), and watch the sun spots move across the white shells of the Opera House. You will not be sorry.

The milder heir of The Rocks was the Cross. Kings Cross, on a ridge to the east, around the curve of Woolloomooloo Bay, began as a site for the big mansions of the 1840s and '50s but became Sydney's bohemia in the 1930s and acquired a louche reputation: The sleaze was there, the nightclubs and whores, with most of Sydney's once-minuscule subculture of druggies. Its little hole-in-the-wall restaurants and coffee shops, from the Arabian in the forties to Vadim's in the early sixties, were shunned by good suburbanites but were hospitable to writers, artists, and other misfits, who found subdivided rooms in its old mansions and in the tall Victorian terraces along Victoria Street, their back windows looking on the panorama across Woolloomooloo to St. Mary's Cathedral. Woolloomooloo, down by the docks, was then the proletarian id of the Cross. Its streets were run by a formidable network of hoons and madams, the most famous of the latter being Tilly Devine, née Matilda Twiss (1900–1970), who ran two generations of girls with a strong maternal hand and withstood no fewer than 204 charges of prostitution, assault, and malicious wounding.

The old Kings Cross came to a grinding close in the late seventies, with Vietnam and the drug epidemic. It ceased to be the locus of the "soft" bohemia that I gravitated toward, like hundreds of other vaguely arty kids, when I got out of school. Today, the Cross is dirtier, harsher, fifty times more dangerous, and riddled with crack. One is not tempted by the needle-tracked teenage whores along their specified strip in William Street, or by sex shops and strip shows, with their loudspeakers blasting over a pavement crunchy with broken bottles: "Point yer erection in our direction!"

EAT LIKE A PIG. DRINK LIKE A fish. smell like a rose." Glimpsed on the side of a deodorant delivery van in Bridge Street, this motto says something—to put it mildly—about the Sydney appetite.

We know about Australian wines by now. They are often much better than California wines, and always cheaper. But nothing is more surprising to the visitor than Sydney food. In the fifties most of it—except Chinese—was the gastronomic pits, a wilderness of steak Diane and watery ravioli relieved only by the frilly-shelled, delectable Hawkesbury oysters, which, being served raw, no culinary intervention could wreck—unless you used the ketchup they were served with.

By the early sixties, when I left for London, things were changing because of the European influx and (at home) the ecumenical influence of Elizabeth David. By the start of the eighties they had really begun to move, and today there must be a score of places in Sydney whose food is in every way as serious, inventive, and respectful of its ingredients as any restaurant's in New York City or California.

For though Sydney has no deep tradition of fine cookery, it has sublime ingredi-

ents—particularly in seafood, which is best viewed at the Pyrmont fish markets: among crustaceans, for instance, not only the spiny crayfish and the formidable two-pound mud crab but the Balmain Bug, the yabby, and six or seven kinds of raw prawn. So, too, with meats and vegetables, and even cheeses. And the temple of Australian cooking—a plain, airy restaurant in the middle of the national park where the Hawkesbury River enters the sea north of Sydney—is the Berowra Waters Inn, run by Gay Bilson, whom one would call the Alice Waters of Australia if such comparisons were worth making.

But the chief index of Sydney's popular pleasures are the beaches. Nowhere else in the world, except maybe Honolulu, is urban space so integrated with beach culture. You can't "read" Sydney without its beaches; the relationship of city life to beach life here is fundamental.

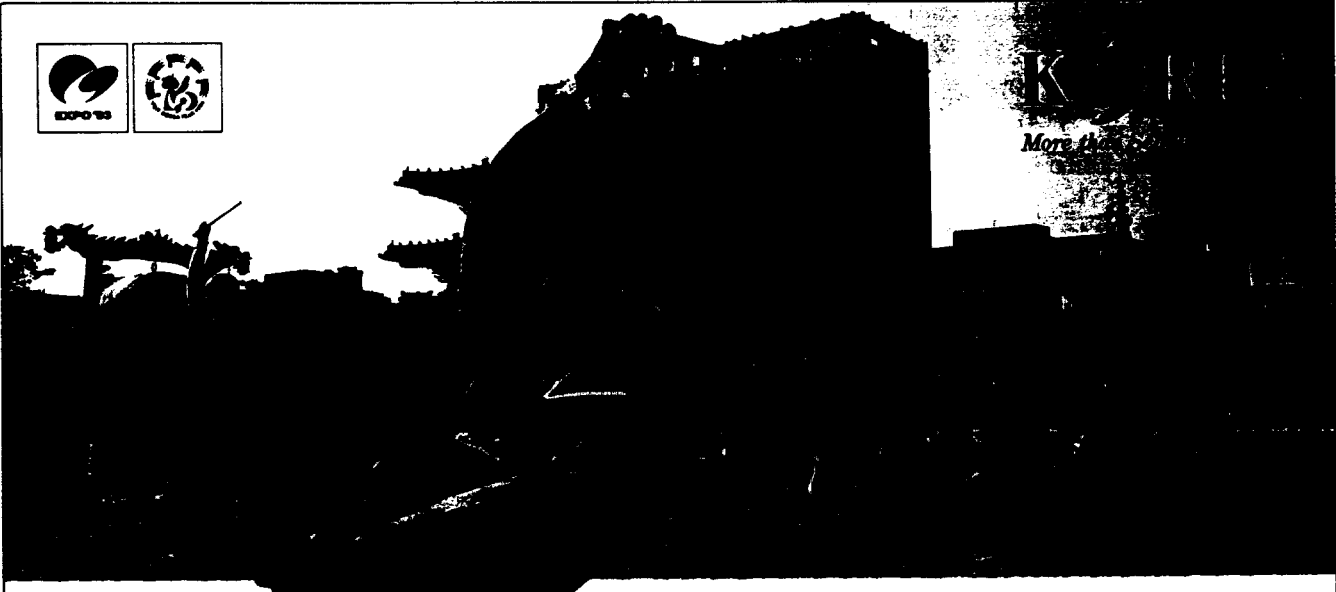
To Sydneysiders, the beach and the city are culturally adjacent, and only the thinnest membrane of use—the act of shucking one's shoes, slipping on a pair of thongs, and grabbing a towel—separates them. Going for a quick dip is not an event. It is something people do at

lunchtime. Not until the sixties, when surfing really took hold among Australian kids and established its own elaborate subculture of tribal loyalty and daring, did Australians start looking for empty beaches, away from the flats and bungalows.

Those who want still water go to the public beaches around the harbor—little coves, each with its blond meniscus of sand covered with oiled bodies slowly turning mahogany under the fierce barbie of the southern sun: Camp Cove, Seven Shillings Beach, Lady Martins Beach, Parsley Bay, Watsons Bay on the south side; Shell Cove, Little Sirius Cove, Taylors Bay, Chowder Bay, Clontarf, Forty Baskets Beach, and Manly on the north. Many are topless now, some are gay, and no one cares.

The Pacific beaches are another story: They are where the big waves come in. The best known is Bondi, where ocean surf meets suburban scurf: rundown hotels and fish-'n'-chipperies all along the back, and in front a wide, baking curve of sand where Sydneysiders gather by the thousands to worship Helios. But they also go to Tamarua and Coogee and other beaches south, each of which has its particular character and wave pattern to challenge



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Sydney

the surfboarders; and to the northern ones,
of which the most popular are Palm Beach
and Whale Beach.

AND WHAT ABOUT THE SHARKS?
The very thought of the gray nurse, the
tiger, the thresher, the hammerhead,
and so on up the scale of anxiety to *Carcharodon carcharias*, the great white itself,
has always scared the bejesus out of visitors.
The harbor beaches have sharkproof nets.
But the sharks are there. Once, forty years
ago, bobbing at anchor in a dinghy while
hand-lining for red bream in the channel
that goes around the tip of Point Piper, I be-
came aware of a scraping and bumping that
was out of sync with the slap of the little
waves, as though the hull were against a log.
Turning around, I saw the tip of a dirty-
gray fin sticking up a good foot above the
gunwale: an enormous elderly brute rub-
bing its skin on the hull like a cat on a post.

One must refrain from swimming in the
open harbor. On the ocean beaches, of
course, there are the lifeguards, Sydney's
surf police and swimming wardens, who
keep nit for sharks—from beach towers,
and now by radio link to spotter planes—
and practice their rescue routines in long,
light mahogany skiffs rowed out, with in-
souciant skill, into the combers. No one has
been eaten by a shark in years. You are in
much more danger from the undertows and
rips, and of course from the increased UV
levels in the sun's rays: This is where the Big
Hole in the ozone layer makes itself felt.

The shark bulks large in Australian
iconography because it is the continent's
only large animal that is in any way danger-
ous to human life. The nearest thing to the
spectacle of a public hanging in Sydney is
the weighing station at Watsons Bay, where
the big game boats tow in their catches and
where crowds of people converge, silently
licking their ice creams, to watch the giant
malefactors dangling—eight-hundred-
pounders or more, blood streaming from
their gill slits and gaff wounds but still alive
enough to take a tooth-crunching swipe at a
post as they are hauled clear of the water.

At such moments, one gets a flash of the
sheer otherness of Australian nature, an
otherness that is generally benign but still
shows itself through chinks in Sydney's ur-
banity. It has always mocked, and some-
times defeated, attempts to impose an En-
glish or European mask on the place. I went
to lunch a couple of years ago with some art
collectors who lived in an exquisitely re-
stored Victorian manse on a western arm of
the harbor. Sun, chardonnay, ice buckets,
prawns—served in a shady garden where
boronias and creepers cascaded over the

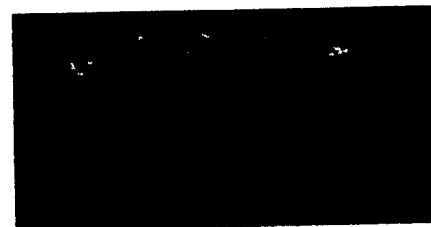
rocks, between whitewashed walls. A lot of
trouble had been taken over that garden
since the hostess and her husband had come
back from the Aegean. "Sometimes," I
heard her say from a nearby chair, through
my postprandial drowse, "it makes me feel
as though I'm in Greece." At that moment,
a shadow passed and I looked up: Flying
foxes, fruit bats three feet across, were pass-
ing low overhead, their black, leathery
wings cranking archaically in the sun.

"Oh yes, Greece," her husband agreed.

"Of course, Greece," I muttered, watch-
ing the pterodactyls sail out of sight in the
dazzle above the yachts. □

Contest

"WHERE ARE YOU?"



The location of the July photo, above, is Cuernos del Paine ("The Horns"), Patagonia, Chile.

COMPETITION RULES (SEE PAGE 111)

1. No purchase necessary. Entries for *Condé Nast Traveler's* "Where are you?" contest must be written on postcards. Each entry must state the entrant's name, address, and telephone number and identify the place shown in this month's "Where are you?" contest feature by specifying the castle and country.
2. Entries must be sent to:
Condé Nast Traveler's "Where are you?" Contest
P.O. Box 1929
Riverton, N.J. 08077-7529
Each month's entry must be postmarked no later than the 20th day of the month and be received by the last day of the month on that issue's cover.
3. Only one correct answer will be registered per entrant per month. Contestants who have one registered correct answer at the end of the contest period (March through December 1993) will have one entry in the Grand Prize drawing; contestants with a total of two registered correct answers will have two; and so on.
4. One Grand Prize winner of the "Where are you?" contest will be chosen, on or about February 25, 1994, in a random drawing of qualified entries that have correctly identified locations in the "Where are you?" contests published in 1993.
5. The Grand Prize winner will receive a trip for two to one of the destinations featured in the "Where are you?" contest. The Grand Prize will include accommodations for the winner and his/her guest for seven days and six nights, air transportation from the major airport nearest the winner's home, and hotel transfers.
6. The "Where are you?" contest is open to readers of *Condé Nast Traveler* 18 years of age and older, except for employees of Condé Nast Publications, participating promotional agencies, contributors to *Condé Nast Traveler*, and the families of any of the above.
7. *Condé Nast Traveler's* "Where are you?" contest is subject to all federal, state, local, and provincial laws and regulations and is void in the Canadian province of Quebec.
8. For a complete set of the rules, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Rules, *Condé Nast Traveler's* "Where are you?" Contest, P.O. Box 1929, Riverton, N.J. 08077-7529.

October 1993

PUBLIC RELATIONS & PROMOTIONS

- Total Advertising Equivalency \$4,834,695.00
- Number of Media Releases Issued 5
 - New Managers Appointed
 - MCI Staff
 - Site Award (to Aussie Press)
 - Aboriginal Tour Overview Release
 - IT&ME Photo Cap
- Number of Journalist Interviews Given 38
 - 35 Abo-Road Show Interviews
 - Merrillee Crocker - Travel Weekly w/BB
 - Mark Roberti - T&T News w/AS
 - Gordon Mott - Wine Spectator
- Number of VJP Visits to Australia 5
 - Valmai Howe/David Elkins
 - George Hobica
 - Peggy Person
 - Steve Payne

News Bureau/Media Liaison

- Fact-checked information for Australia features scheduled to run in Modern Bride, Forbes and Travel/Holiday.
- Provided slides to three trade publications - Recommend, Travel Weekly and Canadian Traveller - for upcoming features on Australia.
- Sent information and photography to Tennis Magazine for upcoming "advertorial" feature.
- Provided Consumer Travel Reports with Australian hotel information.
- Provided information and slides of the Gold Coast and surrounding areas to Copley News Service.
- Wrote release on Christmas in Australia highlighting the "Silly Season" theme.

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FEB-5 1993

- Wrote release on results of *Conde Nast Traveler* survey naming Sydney the friendliest place in the world.
- Developed new media/information assist form.
- Fulfilled 560 requests for information or photography.
 - 507 Abo/Eco press kits and media alerts
 - 53 regular inquiries including:

1. The Rotarian
2. Memphis Magazine
3. Recommend
4. Skyward Marketing
5. Farm & Ranchg Guide
6. Billboard Magazine
7. Iris Friedman, freelancer
8. Copley News Service, Brian Alexander
9. Consumer Reports
10. Russ Leadabrend, freealancer
11. Tennis Magazine
12. Tina Silipski, Meeting Planners Magazine
13. Arlene Creary, Acacia Films
14. Corp. Meetings & Incentives
15. Lance Evans, Daily News Sun
16. KWHY-Channel 22
17. Marilyn Prupas
18. Jim Standing
19. Canadian Traveker
20. EDI Group
21. Forbes
22. Jeff Hays, freelancer
21. Phillis Hochman, freelance
22. Hemispheres
23. Mini Magazine
24. Norbert Wu
25. Travel Holiday
26. Travel Weekly
27. F.Y.I.
28. David Bruce, TV producer
29. Mark Roberti, Tour & Travel News
30. Columbia Syndicate
31. Smart Money
32. Modern Bride
33. Bob Bone, freelance
34. Australian Business Review
35. CNN

36. San Francisco Chronicle
37. Margo Pfeiff, freelance
38. Lillian Veccharelli
39. Gordon Mott, Wine Spectator
40. David Falconer, freelance
41. What's Cooking With Burt Wolfe
42. Michele Curzi, Tour Hebdo
43. Joe Scholnick, Capitol News Service
44. Islands
45. Ellen Henke, garden writer
46. Carolyn Thornton, freelance
47. Jonathan Siskin, freelance
48. John Penisten, freelance
49. PATA Travel News
50. San Jose Mercury News
51. Joan Storey, freelance
52. Beverly Shaver, freelance
53. Ross Terrill, freelance

VJP

Worked with 25 journalists during the month, either to invite them to visit Australia or to coordinate their itineraries and plan their upcoming trips. Made revisions to the current program plan and updated the VJP database with current articles and advertising equivalencies. There were five VJP visits to Australia in the month of October. Journalists worked with included:

1. Janet Brooks, freelancer
2. Sunday Edition, Canada-TV
3. Michael Gray, freelance
4. Amy Smith, freelance
5. Jeff Miller, freelance
6. Susan Burdick, freelance
7. Jeff Greenwald, freelance
8. James Gaffney, Mature Life Features
9. Joan Maiman, Regal Publishing
10. Toby Saltzman, freelance
11. Jeremy Ferguson, freelance
12. Valmai Howe and David Elkins, Doctor's Review
13. Peggy Person, Mature Outlook
14. Ken Hoffman, The Houston Post
15. Barbara Rosenberg, freelance
16. Jacki Wilson, producer, International Wine News
17. Marjorie Gage, Country Living
18. Paradise Adventures
19. Steve Payne, Toronto Sun
20. James Standing, freelance

21. David Wishart, freelance
22. George Hobica, TAB newspapers and freelance
23. Michael Justice, freelance
24. Keith Tuber, freelance
25. Peter Greenberg, The Home Show

Promotions & Special Activities

Aboriginal and Environmental U.S. Tour

(14) Citrus

- Completed the final two weeks of media appointments for the Aboriginal-Ecotourism U.S. Tour in Washington, D.C., Atlanta, Florida, Arizona and California.
- Made more than 1,300 phone calls during the campaign to secure media appointments and media attendance at the events.
- A total of 35 print and broadcast interviews were arranged including:
 - seven trade media interviews
 - 12 consumer media interviews
 - eight radio interviews
 - eight TV interviews
- Arranged for approximately 40 media to attend the receptions throughout the tour.
- Made follow-up calls to more than 60 print and broadcast media who interviewed and/or met with representatives of the Aboriginal-Ecotourism U.S. Tour.
- Wrote a comprehensive report of the program.
- Generated \$626,774 advertising equivalency to date, with additional results scheduled to come in over the next few weeks and months.

Sydney Week/ARTEXPRESS

- Attended the opening of the ARTEXPRESS exhibit on Oct. 7 in San Francisco.
- Generated coverage for the event in the San Francisco Chronicle, San Francisco Examiner and the Oakland Tribune. In addition, arranged for two radio interviews on radio station KGO and KSFO, which later had to be cancelled, due to schedule conflicts. Also arranged for a PSA to run on KPIX-TV from Oct. 4-11, and for CNN-TV to cover the opening.

- Wrote a report on the project for the ATC and New South Wales Tourism.

Sydney 2000

- Submitted all activities in report format for the Sydney 2000 Special Promotion.

Wine Experience

- Chermerdene Jordan attended the "pedigree" wine tasting for the media, and made several calls to media about the event.
- Arranged for Gordon Mott, features editor of the Wine Spectator, to meet with Amy Shearer during the Wine Experience.

Broadcast Assist Project

- Had several follow-up discussions with the Nashville Network about the possibility of them taking a show to Australia this spring.
- Brainstormed other broadcast assist ideas with the ATC account group. Identified Entertainment Tonight, Oprah Winfrey and network prime time specials as targets.

"10 Years" Project

- Developed lists of questions and media program ideas for implementing the "10 Years Later" ATC U.S. business media feature.

ATC Managers Meeting

- October manager's meeting at the ATC Los Angeles Oct. 4-5.

List Requests

- Developed Christmas card and gift lists.
- Prepared guest list for Sydney 2000 parties at the New York Consulate and Washington Embassy.

PUBLICATIONS & INFORMATION

Newsletters

Fair Dinkum

Wrote survey response summary recommending discontinuance of the publication.

Meetings & Conventions Update

Had story-planning session with Andrea Williams for the November-December issue.

USA Advertising Equivalency

Media Releases/Interviews	\$ 56,432.00
Photo/Information Asst.	\$2,739,132.00
Visiting Journalist Program	\$1,339,566.00
U.S. Aboriginal Road Show	<u>\$ 626,774.00</u>

TOTAL US ADVERTISING EQUIVALENCY \$4,761,904.00

Canadian Advertising Equivalency

Press Releases/Interviews	\$ 27,618.00
Photo/Information Asst.	\$ N/A
Visiting Journalist Program	<u>\$ 9,440.00</u>

TOTAL Canada Advertising Equivalency \$ 37,058.00

Special Promotions - Sydney 2000 \$ 35,733.00

TOTAL North American Advertising Equivalency \$4,834,695.00

A . V . I . S . O

AVISO INC
MARKETING COMMUNICATION

AUSTRALIAN TOURIST COMMISSION

CLIPS REPORT

OCTOBER, 1993

INTERNAL SECURITY
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**AUSTRALIAN TOURIST COMMISSION
CLIPS REPORT
October 1993**

U.S. VISITING JOURNALISTS PROGRAM

AUG	22	THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN (PORTLAND, OR) (S-450,000) "Bidding G'Day to Kangaroos" by Stanton H. Patty	\$23,140.00
SEP	93	RECOMMEND MAGAZINE (MIAMI LAKES, FL) (MO-43,021) "Destination Australia; Summer Down Under" by E. Rampell	\$18,348.00
SEP	09	TRAVEL WEEKLY (SECAUCUS, NJ) (BI WEEKLY-21,198) "Captain Cook Markets Barrier Reef Cruises in North America" "Room Glut Spurs Sydney Hotels to Lower Rates" by Laura Del Rosso	\$18,900.00
SEP	12	THE PRESS DEMOCRAT (SANTA ROSA, CA) (S-100,400) "Cruising Down Under" by Jeff Miller	\$23,336.00
SEP	15	ARIZONA DAILY STAR (TUCSON, AZ) (D-90,000) "Australian Cookery is a Delightful, Exciting Surprise" by Kit Snedaker	\$15,340.00
SEP	19	DESERT SUN (PALM SPRINGS, CA) (D-47, 352) "Australia: Where there is good wine, there is great food" by Kit Snedaker	\$2,232.00
SEP	19	EAGLE (READING, PA) (S-111,337) "As Wild West of Australia, Perth is familiar, exciting" by Kit Snedaker	\$4,318.00
SEP	22	THE ADVERTISER NEWS "Australian Tour offers real taste of aboriginal life" by Carolyn Thornton	\$N/A
SEP	22	NEWS-TIMES (DANBURY, CT) (D-37,901) "Wine: It's in the bag (or box)" by William Clifford	\$92.00
SEP	26	SUNDAY ADVOCATE (STAMFORD, CT) (S-41,137) "Adelaide: Gastronomic heart of Australia" by Kit Snedaker	\$14,748.00
SEP	26	GREENWICH TIME (GREENWICH, CT) (S-14,216) "Adelaide: Gastronomic heart of Australia" by Kit Snedaker	\$14,748.00

U.S. VISITING JOURNALISTS PROGRAM (CONTINUED)

SEP	26	LOS ANGELES TIMES (LOS ANGELES, CA) (S-1,515,220) "Crocodile Park" by Ross Terril	\$352,908.00
SEP	26	LOS ANGELES TIMES (LOS ANGELES, CA) (S-1,515,220) "Rocky Road" by Jeff Miller	\$190,864.00
SEP	26	LOS ANGELES TIMES (LOS ANGELES, CA) (S-1,515,220) "Into the Outback" photo by Susan Burdick	\$405,216.00
SEP/ OCT	93	ISLANDS MAGAZINE (SANTA BARBARA, CA) (BI-MO- 170,000) "Tasmania" by Ellen Alperstein	\$27,532.00
OCT	01	NEW YORK POST (NEW YORK, NY) (D-437,962) "Adelaide's daring dishes" by Kit Snedaker	\$46,240.00
OCT	02	STANDARD-FREEHOLDER (CORNWALL, ONTARIO, CN) (D-18,310) "Perth is Australia's 'Wild West'" by Kit Snedaker	\$2,008.00
OCT	03	ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS (DENVER, CO) (S-429,816) "Get Your Fill of Reef Madness from Aboard Rollicking Riverboat" by Jeff Miller	\$50,716.00
OCT	03	ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS (DENVER, CO) (S-429,816) "Australian Landmarks act as religious symbols and tourist attractions" by Joe Scholnick	\$50,716.00
OCT	10	GRAND RAPIDS PRESS (GRAND RAPIDS, MI) (S-196, 960) "Reef Trip Options as Plentiful as Fish in the Sea" by Jeff Miller	\$6,932.00
FALL	93	HAWAII THE BIG ISLAND UPDATE "Uluru National Park, Australia" by John Penisten	\$ N/A
OCT	93	FAR EAST TRAVELER "Outback Oasis" by Jeff Miller	\$ N/A

U.S. VISITING JOURNALISTS PROGRAM (CONTINUED)

OCT	93	BLACK ENTERPRISE (NEW YORK, NY) (M-250,000) "Vintages from down under" by Eunice Fried	\$55,752.00
OCT	93	TRAVEL HOLIDAY (NEW YORK, NY) (10X YR. - 550,000) "Bargains of the Month - Australia's Coast" by Arthur Frommer	\$15,480.00

CANADIAN VISITING JOURNALISTS PROGRAM

JUL	10	CANADIAN TRAVEL PRESS WEEKLY (TORANTO, ON) (46xYR-14,000) "New Queensland Guides are for Travellers who can't leave car at home" by Jim Dominey	\$9,440.00
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U.S. PRESS RELEASES / INTERVIEWS

AUG	93	DIVERSION (NEW YORK, NY) (M-176,313) "Down Under Time"	\$5,964.00
SEP	93	CORPORATE MEETINGS & INCENTIVES (NEW YORK, NY) (M-48,000) "Bill Baker named regional director of the ATC"	\$1,432.00
SEP	93	TRAVEL WORLD NEWS (NORWALK, CT) (M-41,000) "Bill Baker named regional director of the ATC"	\$1,656.00
SEP	06	TOUR & TRAVEL NEWS (MANHASSET, NY) (W-48,000) "Low Aussie Prices Lure Tourists" by Mark Roberti	\$11,984.00
SEP	16	TRAVEL WEEKLY (NEW YORK, NY) (BI-W-21,198) "Tourist Officials Down Under Target U.S. Market" by Laura Del Rosso	\$16,164.00
SEP	19	DALLAS MORNING NEWS (DALLAS, TX) (S-809,188) "Visiting indigenous cultures: Tread Softly in the Global Village" by Laura Bly	\$11,666.00
SEP	19	TIMES HERALD (PORT HURON, MI) (S-38,893) "Groups Cash in on Interest in Indigenous Cultures"	\$5,844.00
SEP	25	CHICAGO TRIBUNE (CHICAGO, IL) (SAT-621,665) "In Australia, true Aborigine Tours" by Steven Morris	\$56,580.00

U.S. PRESS RELEASES / INTERVIEWS (CONTINUED)

SEP	27	TRAVELAGE WEST (SAN FRANCISCO, CA) (W-36,000) "ATC's Baker Stresses Ausie Specialist Program"	\$13,116.00
SEP/ OCT	93	CHICAGO LIFE (CHICAGO, IL) (BI-MO-60,000) "Travel News" by Scott Bauer	\$728.00
OCT	03	HERALD-SUN (DURHAM, NC) (S-61,967) "Tread Softly in the Global Village" by Laura Bly	\$928.00
OCT	03	THE SAN DIEGO UNION-TRIBUNE (SAN DIEGO, CA) (S-41,584) "Good Third World Tourism Protects Pride and Privacy" by Laura Bly	\$16,676.00
OCT	08	NAPLES DAILY NEWS (NAPLES, FL) (D-41,972) "Down Under at the Ritz"	\$2,800.00
OCT	10	TAMPA TRIBUNE AND TIMES (TAMPA, FL) (S-384,468) "Aborigines see benefits in tourism" by Dorothy Smiljanich	\$18,224.00
OCT	10	PALM BEACH POST (W. PALM BEACH, FL) (S-245,810) "Groups cash in on indigenous interest" "Tread Softly when Visiting Indigenous & Tribal People"	\$772.00 \$2,316.00
OCT	10	TIMES LEADER (WILKES BARRE, PA) (S-45,337) "Aborigines pitching in for tourism" by Steven Morris	\$2,632.00
OCT	10	SUNDAY STAR-LEDGER (NEWARK, NJ) (S-720,174) "The Plight of Tribal Cultures" by Laura Bly	\$13,876.00
OCT	10	SAN ANTONIO EXPRESS NEWS (SAN ANTONIO, TX) (S-277,789) "Aborigines Become Active in Australia Tour Industry"	\$6,884.00
OCT	15	THE OUTLOOK (SANTA MONICA, CA) (D-28,000) "Plea for Attention" by Nick Madigan	\$5,826.00
FALL	93	GOURMET (NEW YORK, NY) (M-806,304) "Eco Tourism" by Pat Bell	\$5,388.00

CANADIAN PRESS RELEASES / INTERVIEWS

AUG	16	MARKETING (TORONTO, ON, CN) (W-14,000) "Clients"	\$218.00
AUG	28	SATURDAY STAR (TORONTO, ON, CN) (ST-799,407) "Australian Travel can be a Challenge"	\$15,076.00
SEP	08	ORANGEVILLE BANNER (ORANGEVILLE, ON) () "Autumn Great Season for Travel" by Vincent Egan	\$ N/A
SEP	11	CALGARY HERALD "Agents up on Down Under"	\$1,656.00
SEP	16	TRAVELWEEK BULLITIN (TORONTO, ON, CN) (BI-W-7,400) "Australia still has strong interest in Canadian market"	\$3,588.00
SEP	23	CANADIAN TRAVEL PRESS WEEKLY (Toronto, ON, CN) (Y-46,000) "ATC Hasn't Forgotten Canada, Director Says" by Bruce Parkinson	\$7,080.00

U.S. PHOTO / INFORMATION ASSISTANCE

AUG	93	WINE ENTHUSIAST MAGAZINE (HAWTHORNE, NY) (BI-MO-75,000) "Australian Wine Tour"	\$22,992.00
AUG	25	INDIANAPOLIS NEWS (INDIANAPOLIS, IN) (D-96,083) "Australian countryside captivates" by Marge Hanley	\$22,408.00
SEP	93	CONDE NAST TRAVELLER (NEW YORK, NY) (M-700,000) "Chelsea Down Under" by Lee Tulloch	\$114,176.00
SEP	93	CONDE NAST TRAVELLER (NEW YORK, NY) (M-700,000) "The Liberator Of Sydney- Take the old energy, add a new worldliness" "Sydney"	\$1,620,304.00 \$342,500.00
SEP	12	ORANGE COUNTY REGISTER (SANTA ANA, CA) (S-400,375) "Even Novices May Enjoy a Reef-Life Adventure" by Michael Perry	\$47,428.00
SEP	26	PRESS-ENTERPRISE (RIVERSIDE, CA) (S-170,296) "Distinctive Down Under" by Carrie Peyton	\$32,188.00

U.S. PHOTO / INFORMATION ASSISTANCE (CONTINUED)

SEP	26	BEAUFORT GAZETTE (BEAUFORT, SC) (S-9,490) "Exploring Australia filled with interesting side trips" by Carrie Peyton	\$2,308.00
SEP	26	LOS ANGELES TIMES (LA, CA) (S-1,515,220) "A Walk Around the Rock" by Catherine Foster	\$9,008.00
SEP	26	STAR TRIBUNE (MINNEAPOLIS, MN) (S-687,027) "Australian Tourist Commission"	\$2,660.00
SEP	26	BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE (BOSTON, MA) (S-812,021) "Indoor Cricket World Cup"	\$1,132.00
SEP	27	CITIZEN REGISTER (OSSINING, NY) (D-6,338) "Relaxed lifestyle makes business easy Down Under" by Jane Lasky	\$1,224.00
SEP	27	REPORTER DISPATCH (WHITE PLAINS, NY) (D-48,248) "Relaxed lifestyle makes business easy Down Under" by Jane Laksy	\$1,224.00
SEP	27	DAILY ITEM (PORT CHESTER, NY) (D-9,374) "Relaxed lifestyle makes business easy Down Under" by Jane Lasky	\$1,224.00
SEP	27	DAILY ARGUS (MT. VERNON, NY) (D-7,147) "Relaxed lifestyle makes business easy Down Under" by Jane Laskly	\$1,224.00
SEP	27	DAILY TIMES (MAMARONECK, NY) (D-5,810) "Relaxed lifestyle makes business easy Down Under" by Jane Lasky	\$1,224.00
SEP	27	STAR (PEEKSKILL, NY) (D-6,496) "Relaxed lifestyle makes business easy Down Under" by Jane Lasky	\$1,224.00
SEP	27	DAILY NEWS (TARRYTOWN, NY) (D-3,800) "Relaxed lifestyle makes business easy Down Under" by Jane Lasky	\$1,224.00
SEP	27	HERALD STATESMAN (YONKERS, NY) (D-24,700) "Relaxed lifestyle makes business easy Down Under" by Jane Lasky	\$1,224.00

U.S. PHOTO / INFORMATION ASSISTANCE (CONTINUED)

SEP	27	STANDARD-STAR (NEW ROCHELLE, NY) (D-11,076) "Relaxed lifestyle makes business easy Down Under" by Jane Lasky	\$1,224.00
SEP/ OCT	93	GOING PLACES (TAMPA, FL) (BI-MO-866,000) "The Wonders Down Under" by Lucy Haines	\$20,148.00
OCT	93	HEMISPHERES (GREENSBORO, NC) (MO-437,699) "Someplace That's Green" by A.G. Pollard Jr.	\$56,112.00
OCT	93	WRITING "Ayers Rock"	\$N/A
OCT	03	EAGLE TRIBUNE (LAWRENCE, MA) (S-60,200) "How to do business in Australia" by Jane Lasky	\$1,200.00
OCT	10	SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER-CHRONICLE (SF,CA) (S-707,881) "The singular spirit of Sydney, Australia" by Jan Morris	\$115,920.00
OCT	10	NEW YORK TIMES (NEW YORK, NY) (S-1,735,706) "Down on a Down-Under Farm" by Andrea Anderson-Ribadeneira	\$294,640.00

SPECIAL PROMOTIONS - SYDNEY 2000

JUL	10	CANADIAN TRAVEL PRESS WEEKLY (TORONTO, ON, CN) (Y-14,000) "Winning Olympic Bid Means Huge Boost To Sydney Tourism"	\$2,360.00
SEP	24	TRAVEL MANAGEMENT DAILY (NEW YORK, NY) (D-N/A) "Australia's Tourism Industry was gleeful over Sydney's upset victory"	\$2,572.00
SEP	30	TRAVEL WEEKLY (NEW YORK, NY) (BI-W-21,198) "As Host of Olympics, Australia Sees 10-Year Tourist Boom"	\$15,592.00
OCT	04	TRAVEL AGENT (NEW YORK, NY) (W-52,132) "Let The Games Begin"	\$1,700.00

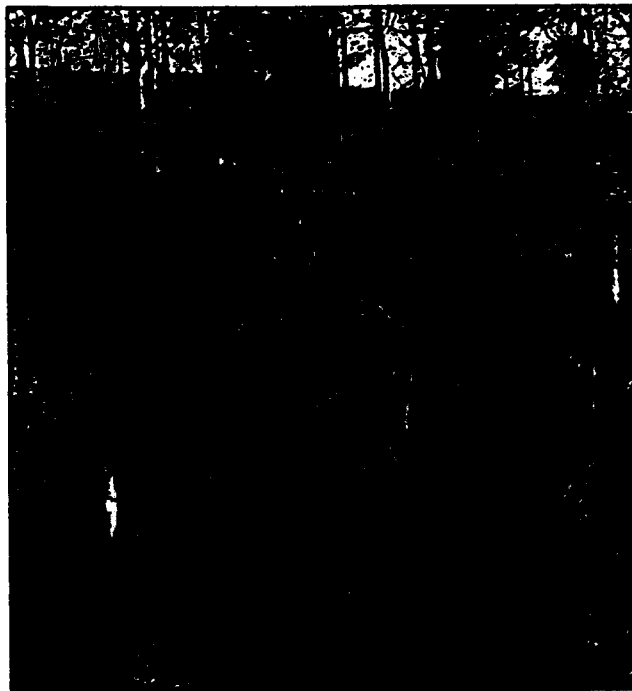
SPECIAL PROMOTIONS – SYDNEY 2000 (CONTINUED)

OCT	04	TRAVEL TRADE (NEW YORK, NY) (W-36,000) "Sydney Wins Right to Hold Olympics"	\$684.00
OCT	04	TRAVELAGE WEST (SAN FRANCISCO, CA) (W-36,000) Australia's Tourism Industry was gleeful over Sydney's upset victory	\$1,157.00
OCT	11	TRAVELAGE WEST (SAN FRANCISCO, CA) (W-36,000) "Tourism Wins with Sydney's Olympic Triumph" by Mimi Kmet	\$7,716.00
OCT	23	WINNIPEG FREE PRESS (WINNIPEG, MB) (D-161,577) "Departure Taxes Should Take a Hike"	\$3,952.00

U.S.
VISITING JOURNALISTS PROGRAM

Bidding G'day to kangaroos

An ace guide introduces visitors to the bush's signature wildlife



STANTON H. PATTY

A curious family of kangaroos pauses in a field of golden grass to check out equally curious human visitors.

“It's the real Australia, not one of the concrete jungles with a batch of souvenir shops.”

Sel Nichol,
Australian bush guide

By STANTON H. PATTY

B⁶⁶⁷⁵ RISBANE, Australia — They say that Sel Nichol can spot a koala in the fork of a gum tree at 200 yards while driving at freeway speed.

He also knows where to find birds that sing like bells and frogs that can quench a desperate hiker's thirst.

Nichol is a bush guide in Queensland. His territory is known around here as “the green behind the gold” — the rain-forest country that hangs like an emerald curtain in back of the resort strips of Australia's Gold Coast.

It's a magical place, with waterfalls, twisting country roads, vast cattle spreads, sweet mountain air and some amazing critters.

“It's the real Australia, not one of the concrete jungles with a batch of souvenir shops,” Nichol says.

That's not to say that the Gold Coast doesn't have its share of attractions — 25 miles of sandy beaches, 300 days a year of sunshine, luxury hotels, golf courses, theme parks and a 24-hour casino in a non-stop holiday town called Surfers Paradise. The area is a favorite with tourists from Japan.

Brisbane, the capital of Queensland state, is an hour's flight north of Sydney. Surfers Paradise is a 50-mile drive south of Brisbane.

Nichol's company — G'day! Australian Bush Tours — collects passengers both from Brisbane and Gold Coast hotels. His rig is a 6-wheel-drive, air-conditioned Toyota Land Cruiser, built especially for the stony mountain roads.

And then it's off to see the wonders atop the rim of the Great Dividing Range. That's the chain of ancient mountains that runs like a wall down

the east side of Australia.

The route wends through the cliffs and gullies of the near wilderness behind the Gold Coast. Sections of the circuit travel private roads. Nichol has the keys to gates along the way.

Nichol and his wife, Isabel, have won a record batch of national and state tourism awards since starting G'day! in 1987.

“We've never advertised,” Nichol says. “Word of mouth does it. We're already booked well into the next year.”

The word is that Nichol can sight wildlife when his passengers might as well be blindfolded. Visitors are able to see plenty of kangaroos, koalas and other Aussie animals in zoos. But there are few chances to find them in the wild.

Ⓐ Please turn to
AUSTRALIA, Page T6

The Sunday Oregonian
Aug. 22, 1993

AUG 22 1993

BURRELLE'S

Australia: Local folks stir extraordinary tales

■ Continued from Page T1

"Not a problem, mate," Nichol says.

It is midmorning, near the little farming town of Boonah, when Nichol stops the van.

"Roos," he says — "right over there."

He points to a patch of golden grass, where a family of sun-bathing kangaroos is camouflaged like jungle commandos on maneuvers.

One slow step at a time, and the guide manages to place his passengers within a few yards of the kangaroo mob. The curious roos rise from the grass, pose for snapshots, then hop away.

A few minutes later, Nichol pauses again.

This time a gray kangaroo, maybe 6 feet tall, is standing by the road, arms folded, like a showoff bodybuilder. He seems to be daring strangers to enter his domain.

"Can be dangerous," Nichol says. "They have a tendency to slash an opponent from neck to toe. We'll go on."

And then it is tea time.

Nichol parks in a mountain-rimmed pasture. Isabel Nichol serves tea and cookies from the tailgate. He talks about some of the characters he knows.

One is Nell Bowley, age 93. She runs a spread of 100 or so cattle by herself. "And she's a crack shot," Nichol says.

Sometimes, with a small group, Nichol drops by Bowley's place so they can meet the hardy rancher.

Not far away is the grave of a cranky frontier woman suspected of slaying her second husband with an axe. The charge never was proved. But even her family shunned the old lady. They buried her in a lonely grave far away from the farmhouse, out of sight, but not out of mind.

Nichol also tells of Australia's aborigines — "extraordinary people"



STANTON H. PATTY

Sel Nichol, guide extraordinaire, wears a traditional Australian bush hat known as an akubra, which is made from rabbit pelts.

he calls them. The aborigines were nomads who had been roaming Australia for perhaps 60,000 years before Europeans claimed the continent.

"Early settlers viewed them as primitives," Nichol says. "But many of those first settlers died of starvation, and the aborigines didn't."

"They even knew about natural medicines taken from trees."

Australia always has had some amazing trees. There is one that gives nectar so sweet that residents spread it like honey on bread. Another produced a material almost identical to a man-made high-tech plastic used in the aerospace industry. And then there is the Antarctic beech, with 15,000-year-old specimens still around. These trees were old when the Roman Empire was new, Nichol says.

Lunch with G'day! usually is

taken at country hotels. The Nichols prepare picnics on request but think it's best to avoid dining with flies and other bugs at mealtime.

After lunch, the van crawls up a steep road in Spicer's Gap, deep inside Main Ridge National Park.

In a glen of gum (eucalyptus) trees, passengers hear an unearthly sound: Birds are chiming high-pitched notes, like the pings of a submarine's sonar system. The musicians are Australian bellbirds, yellow-green forest birds about 5 inches long. There are dozens of them in the trees of Spicer's Gap.

And then the travelers hear the call of a kookaburra, the Australian bird with the jolly laugh.

"Its laugh is a lovely way to start the morning," Nichol said.

Farther up the road, at a lookout point with a rock formation known as the Governor's Chair, the visitors meet up with a rather disorganized Boy Scout troop that just has completed a five-mile mountain hike.

"Never again!" a youngster says.

"It was bloody awful."

What about that lifesaving frog that can quench a thirst?

"It's here," Nichol said.

"It burrows in mud. You can dig it out, if you're really thirsty, and squeeze water from the frog right into your mouth."

"It works, but I must say that it isn't much fun for the frog."

■ **DETAILS:** Cost, including lunch, is \$95 Australian from Brisbane; \$120 from the Gold Coast. Departures are 8:30 a.m. Wednesdays and Saturdays year-round. Vans return to hotels about 5:30 p.m.

For information: G'day! Australian Bush Tours, P.O. Box 614, South Brisbane, Queensland, Australia 4101; (07) 891-5544.

General information: Australian Tourist Commission, 2121 Avenue of the Stars, Suite 1200, Los Angeles, Calif. 90067; (310) 552-1988.

Stanton H. Patty, a Vancouver, Wash., writer, is the retired assistant travel editor of The Seattle Times.

Destination Australia

2675
The continent-nation Australia offers a cornucopia of summertime attractions (remember, summer at the antipodes takes place during our winter), from pristine nature to sophisticated city life to an intriguing indigenous culture. You might want to create your own FIT packages with some of the following information. For more information, request *Destination Australia* from (800) 685-5172, and for questions, try the Australian Tourist Commission at (212) 687-6300 in New York, (213) 552-1988 in Los Angeles.

Explore by camel. Australia is the size of the Lower 48, but a largely empty continent of varying terrain and only 17 million people. One unusual way to explore its deserts is by camel. Would-be "Lawrences of

Australia" can do so in South Australia with Outback Camel Company or near Alice Springs with Frontier Camel Tours. Rides range from one hour to a 25-day camel safari.

Kakadu is to Australia what Yellowstone is to America. The 7,457-square-mile national park is noted for its rare mixture of six distinct topographical regions, including lush rain forest and a unique wetlands ecosystem. Excursions reveal aboriginal rock painting and wildlife such as cockatoo, kangaroos, water buffalo, wallaby and crocodile (the Four Seasons Kakadu Hotel is even shaped like a crocodile). Famous Ayers Rock, too, is in the Northern Territory. Contact its Tourist Commission at (800) OUTBAC.

Unusual animals. Australia's exotic, bizarre wild kingdom

Five-star hotels abound in scenic Sydney.

Maxine Cass

can be seen at the Healesville Sanctuary and Featherdale Wildlife Park, only about an hour from Melbourne or Sydney. Clients can see Tasmanian Devils, parrots, wombats, ostriches, platypus, pelicans, dingoes, emus, kangaroos, sloths, kookaburras and koalas. Featherdale can be visited as part of an Australian Pacific coach tour to the Blue Mountains' National Park, with its famed Three Sisters rock formation; vistas of Jamison Valley, the Aussie Grand Canyon, from a revolving restaurant; and the Scenic Railway, said to be the world's steepest.

Life's a beach. Dive, snorkel and cruise at the world's largest coral reef, that's the Great Barrier Reef; hang ten at Surfers Paradise; have fun in the sun on the Sunshine Coast or Gold Coast, Australia's Waikiki, with 20 miles of sandy beach and Jupiter's Casino. Queensland Tourist and Travel Corp., (800) 333-6463; (310) 788-0997.

Aboriginal culture. Aboriginal Cultural Tours, led by aboriginal guides, introduces visitors to aboriginal lifestyle and takes them on expeditions through the Manyallaluk Dreaming Place and Katherine Gorge National Park, Northern Territory. (800) 423-2880.

Queensland's Kuranda Rain-forestation also shows off its aboriginal culture and a World Heritage ecosystem. On a boat ride through a rain forest, clients can see pythons, turtles, plus corroborees, which are festivities where Pamagirri tribesmen tell Dreamtime tales, dance and play the didgeridoo. Clients can learn how to throw boomerangs

and shoot arrows from the experts.

South Australia-based Osprey Wildlife Expeditions features "intimate encounters of the wild kind" and aboriginal guides on various packages.

Melbourne. Melbourne and Sydney are world-class cities that mix Old World charm with modern panache. There's thriving arts, dining, shopping and sports, plus first-class hotels. The Victorian Arts Centre, with its distinctive Eiffel Tower-like design, puts on top theater, ballet, opera and symphony.

Melbourne is sports mad, and during summer months cricket matches draw 100,000 spectators. There's Lygon Street for fine Italian dining; the Spanish Quarter has clubs moving to a Latino beat. Shoppers enjoy venues like Queen Victoria Market. Tourism Victoria, (310) 553-6352. The Regent, with great Melbourne views, is a deluxe hotel atop a downtown high-rise. (800) 545-4000.

Sydney. Stretched along dramatic harbors, Sydney is among the world's most spectacular cities. Numerous boats—including the Bounty used in Mel Gibson's flick—ply Sydney Harbor, dominated by its signature Opera House and Harbor Bridge. New South Wales Tourist Commission, (310) 552-9566.

Sydney has a number of five-star hotels, such as the elegant Park Lane, overlooking Hyde Park and the Harbor, and classy from the spacious Grand Lobby with four marble columns to the health spa on the 22nd floor with whirlpool, pool, and glass ceiling providing vistas of the Sydney Harbour and Sydney Tower looming directly above. (800) 338-1338.

Recommend Magazine

Sept '93

SELLING

AUSTRALIA

Captain Cook Markets Barrier Reef Cruises in North America

THOUSAND OAKS, Calif. — One of only two overnight vessels that ply the waters of the Great Barrier Reef is being marketed to North American travelers for the first time.

International Cruise Connections (ICC) here has been appointed the general sales agent for Captain Cook Cruises, the operator of the 120-passenger Reef Escape.

Seven-night cruises depart weekly on Saturdays and Wednesdays from Cairns; three- and four-night segments can also be booked, subject to availability.

Rod Seeley, president of ICC, said the Reef Escape offers traditional cruise ship amenities and activities.

"Along with the reef itself, what makes the cruise so special is the exuberant, all-Aus-

tralian crew," he said.

There are three categories of cabins, and all have air conditioning and floor-to-ceiling windows that open to outside decks.

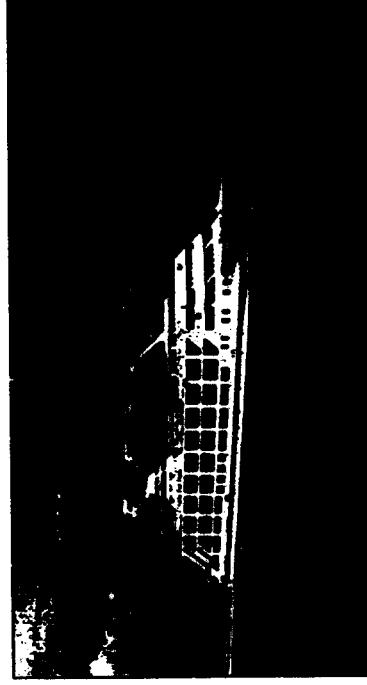
There is a swimming pool, sauna and spa as well as a boutique and library on the 204-foot-long ship.

The Reef Escape carries a glass-bottom boat, snorkeling and dive equipment and offers the services of an on-board dive instructor.

There is a \$30 charge for each scuba dive.

A marine biologist is on board to give daily lectures and he will accompany passengers on several shoreside walking tours.

Evening activities include deckside parties, where entertainment is provided by the



The 120-passenger Reef Escape has an all-Australian crew.

crew, and there is also a piano bar.

Meals are casual affairs in the single-seating dining room or outdoors on the upper decks.

The menus emphasize local fare, including fresh Australian seafood and tropical fruit.

Sailing north from Cairns, the Reef Escape calls on Cooktown, where James Cook beached the Endeavor in 1770, and then continues to Lizard Island on the inner reef.

Here travelers will have the chance to snorkel and sightsee at Blue Lagoon.

Heading southward to Ribbon Reefs, travelers will spend a day in a protected coral area where no other vessel calls.

The ship returns to Cairns for land sightseeing and then continues to Hinchinbrook Island, Australia's largest island national park.

Also visited are Dunk Island, site of a rain forest; Headley Reef, for snorkeling, and Fitzroy Island, which features a resort.

Cruise-only fares for the seven-night program range from \$1,485 to \$1,980, double.

Air/sea packages begin at \$2,785 and include roundtrip air on Qantas from San Francisco or Los Angeles, transfers and one night's pre-cruise accommodations in Cairns.

To book, call (800) 433-8747.

Room Glut Spurs Sydney Hotels To Lower Rates

BY LAURA DEL ROSSO

SYDNEY — This city has been hard hit by a hotel-building boom in the four- and five-star categories, leading to falling hotel rates and continued deep discounting.

It may take years for the hotel industry to recover, according to officials at the Australian Tourism Exchange.

But it is a buyer's market for travelers, with five-star hotels often matching the rates of three- and four-star properties.

"The major problem is that a lot of hotels came on stream very quickly," said John Haddad, chairman of the Australian Tourist Commission and managing director of Federal Hotels Inc.

Since late 1991, the Marriott Sydney, the Park Lane, Metro Inn, Quay West, The Observatory and ANA hotels, with a total of 2,400 rooms, have swelled Sydney's room inventory.

Howarth Services, a Sydney tourism and property consulting company, estimated that the city's average room rates fell by 10% in 1992, after falling almost 15% in 1991. Occupancies in 1992 bottomed out at 53%, the worst in Sydney in 20 years, Howarth said.

Michael Allen, managing director of Colliers Jardine, a Sydney-based hotel consulting firm, said the firm's data show that while the average room rate in Sydney's central business district in June 1992 was about \$151 per night, the average nightly yield was \$92.

Continued on Page 31

TRAVEL WEEKLY
Sept. 9, 1993

SELLING AUSTRALIA

Sydney's Room Glut Keeps Rates Low

Continued from Page 30

Allen said that the Sydney situation occurred because developers in the late 1980s rushed to fill a void in the market.

"Ten to 15 years ago, there was not much in the five-star category. Then Sydney proper-

ties were mostly of motel quality. Now, the product has gone from motel to a five-star [status] in a short period of time, leaving a gap in the middle for three-star properties."

It is a similar situation to one that existed in Singapore in

will follow Singapore's example and recover as demand rises and supply stabilizes.

"It will not be until 1998 that Sydney will reach 80% occupancy, and that is with no new construction. We believe that the city will achieve 70% occupancy by 1994," Allen said.

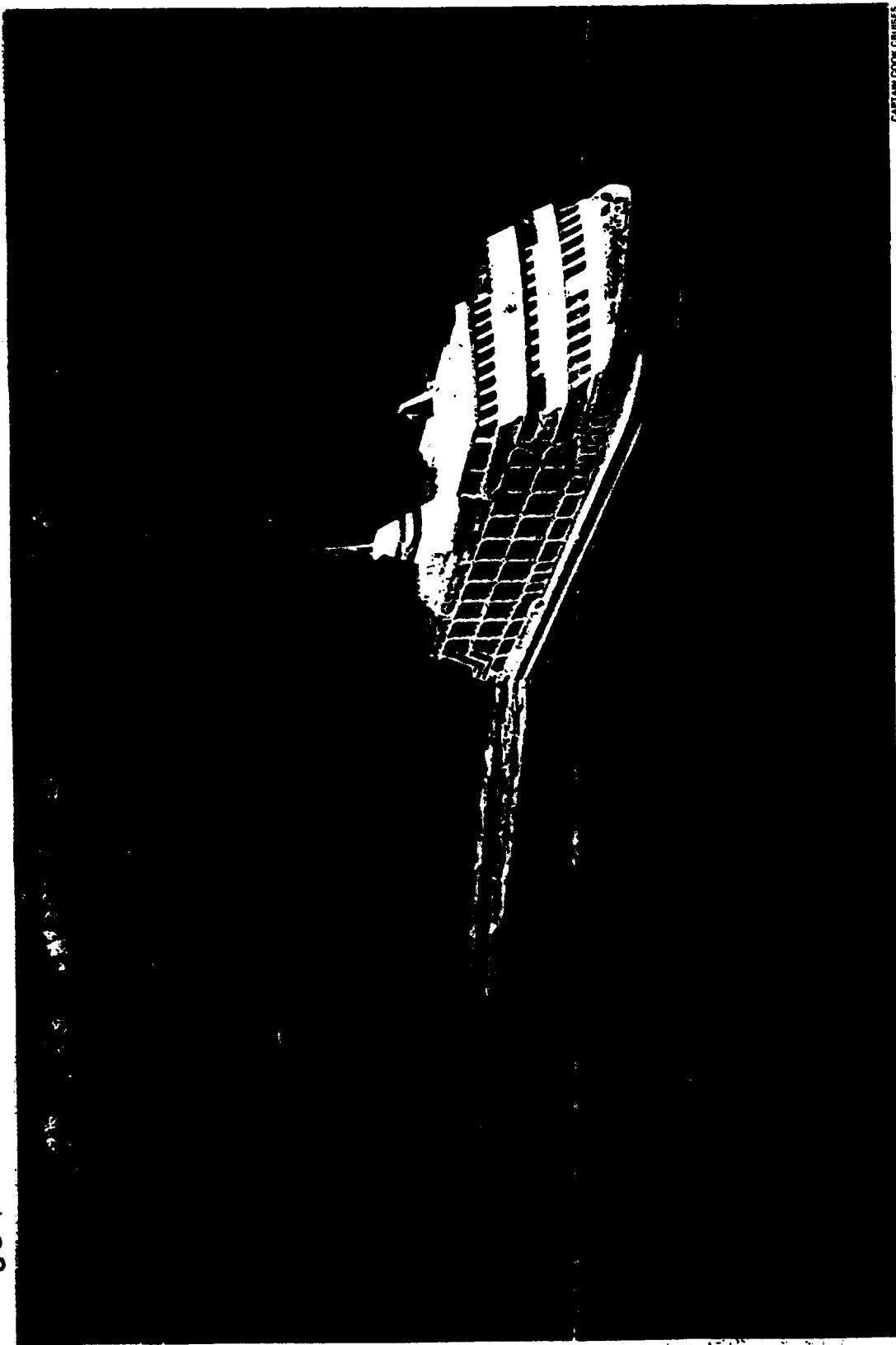
There are no four- or five-star hotels planned for Sydney, with the exception of a possi-

ble four-star casino hotel, through the year 2000.

The Australian Tourism Commission, however, sees a positive from the competitiveness in the Sydney market.

"Clients are encouraged not only by discount rates [caused by the accommodations glut] but also by improved standards and value-added incentives," a commission paper said.

6675



CAPTAIN COOK CRUISES

The Reef Escape is an ex-riverboat converted to ocean-going vessel that plies the waters of the Great Barrier Reef near Cairns.

CRUISING THE REEF DOWN UNDER

The Press Democrat
Sept. 12, 1993

By JEFF MILLER
Special to The Press Democrat

In water as clear as a freshly washed window, orange-and-white-striped clown fish duck in and out of swaying coral, a sea turtle glides by just out of reach, and bright, surreal colors dance across coral palettes.

Viewing Australia's Great Barrier Reef — via snorkeling, diving, or in a glass-bottomed boat — can be the experience of a lifetime. Unfortunately, it can take a lifetime to sort through all the reef-trip options available from Cairns — the major jumping off point for most visitors. One of the newest — and most luxurious — options is a three- or four-day cruise aboard Captain Cook Cruises' "Reef Escape."

This ex-riverboat, now converted to ocean-going vessel, holds a maximum of 126 guests and offers those with limited time a way to experience the reef, sample some of the reef's 600 islands, and enjoy an intimate cruise — all in one trip. Because the Reef Escape was built for river cruising, it has a flat-bottom and the boxy, square-sterned look of a riverboat, although it does have a pointed bow.

While it's been refitted for ocean travel, the ship still does feel rough seas more than larger vessels, so be forewarned. Most times, however, the sea between the coast and the reef is relatively calm.

Rolling decks notwithstanding, the Reef Escape is a good way to gain an appreciation of the

Great Barrier Reef — both the three-day Joseph Banks cruise and the four-day James Cook cruise stop at various islands as well as anchor near the reef for closer looks.

Named after Cook, the famous English sailor/explorer,

The Great Barrier Reef — with its varied marine life — is one of the world's wonders.



AUSTRALIAN TOURIST COMMISSION

and Banks, his botanist, both cruises are round trip from Cairns and can be combined for a seven-day trip. The Banks cruise goes south of Cairns and includes stops at Hinchinbrook Island, Australia's largest island national park; Dunk Island, a rain forest isle, and Fitzroy Island, a continental island close to the coast.

Opportunities are given for island walks, snorkeling, diving and glass-bottom-boating. The four-night James Cook cruise sails north of Cairns for a stop at Cooktown, where the famous captain spent more than a month repairing his ship, the Endeavour.

Passengers of the Reef Escape can wander around the sleepy little village, take a 1 1/2-hour guided tour, or visit the fascinating history museum.

From Cooktown, the ship steams northwest to Lizard Island for a 1 1/2-day stay. One of the northern-most Great Barrier Reef islands, Lizard, is where Cook finally spotted a way out of the reef after climbing the island resort — boasting a maximum of 64 guests, 35-45 staff and 23 private beaches.

While Reef
See Cruising, D6



JEFF MILLER

Even swimmers enjoy the glass-bottomed boat tour, which includes commentary by the ship's marine biologist.

Cruising

Continued from Page D1

Escape passengers aren't allowed in the resort, they are treated to a full day on two different beaches that have wonderful coral and marine life. In the morning, the ship's crew sets up beach tents, a mini-bar, water sports equipment and floats for swimmers on a fingernail strip of white sand.

In the afternoon, they shift it all to a second spectacular beach. The third day is spent anchored at Ribbon Reef Five on the outer fringe of the Great Barrier Reef. With no beach in sight, just the coral lying below the surface, the crew establishes snorkeling areas with floats and ropes, and runs continuous tours in a glass-bottomed boat.

Even swimmers find the glass-bottomed boat worth it — both for the hypnotic gazing as the reef slides along beneath their feet, and

for the excellent commentary by the ship's marine biologist.

The reef is truly one of the wonders of the world. Snaking along Australia's northeastern coast for more than 1,500 miles, it is the largest structure created by living creatures. Six hundred islands and 2,900 individual reefs — some close to shore, others 150 miles away — are home to 350 species of coral, 10,000 types of sponge, 4,000 kinds of mollusk and more than 1,500 varieties of fish.

These statistics translate into incredible experiences — touching the velvet smoothness of a giant clam's mantle, watching the bird-like motions of stingrays, or following the antics of black-and-white striped humbug fish (some no longer than a fingernail).

Everywhere the reef dazzles, from the neon blue of star fish and the canary yellow of staghorn coral, to the fire-engine red and forest green of parrot fish. After a rewarding but tiring day on the reef, the ship is waiting. For a small vessel it's well-appointed, with an elegant piano lounge and dining room, large picture windows, a small stern-deck pool and a top-deck sunning area.

Especially nice is a metal platform on the stern that can be raised and lowered into the ocean — allowing for easy and safe transfer from ship to glass-bottomed boat. All accommodations onboard are air-conditioned and open directly to outside decks, giving each room a light, airy look, but also making some passengers feel there's a lack of privacy.

The food is plentiful and good, although not on a par with the finest cruise cuisine, while the fresh-faced, enthusiastic staff provides excellent service. After sailing all night from Ribbon Reef Five, the Reef Escape glides into Cairns early the next morning. Passengers staying on for the three-night Joseph Banks cruise have a day to shop in Cairns. Those disembarking look back with a little regret — most will not only miss the luxury and service, but will envy those who are getting another look at the magnificent Great Barrier Reef.

The Press
Democrat
Sept. 12, 1993

Tips on taking a cruise to the Great Barrier Reef

■ **Getting There:** Cairns International Airport has direct international service from North America, connecting service with major Australian cities, and flights for domestic airlines, Australian Airlines and Ansett.

If you want to start your vacation in the Great Barrier Reef, you get on the plane, try Cairns.

■ **Weather:** The season is the best time to visit in the tropics, the summer months. The weather is humid days over 100, but the humidity is not too bad.

Their winter (our summer) is the best time to visit in the 80s or 90s. May through the summer months, the weather and visibility with the Great Barrier Reef.

■ **Accommodations:** The Reef Escape, cabin (two beds), stateroom (more room, two beds), deluxe stateroom (a little more room, two beds, double or queen bed).

There doesn't seem to be a difference between the stateroom and deluxe stateroom.

■ **Shipboard dress:** Cairns is a tropical island. Wear during the day is a light shirt and shorts. Necessary for cool nights.

Evenings, smart casual shirts with trousers, and a jacket is not out of place. Each cruise.

■ **Prices:** Listed in Australia. Occupancy and include all meals, drinks, and a glass-bottom boat trip.

Not included are drinks, souvenirs, and a Joseph Banks three-night cruise. \$924; and deluxe stateroom. \$1,050. Cruise: cabin, \$1,050; stateroom, \$1,430 (valid through 1993).

■ **Snorkeling and diving:** Snorkeling and diving equipment, everything you need.

Certified scuba divers, equipment provided.

■ **Further information:** In Los Angeles, (310) 552-1111. Commission, Los Angeles. Cruise Connections.

For the free Destination Australia brochure, call 1-800-368-1262.

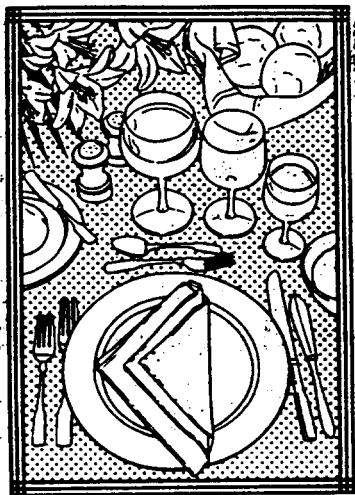
CHUCK MILLER

Eating Down Under is a total surprise. Australia is having such a passionate love affair with food that it's putting out some of the most exciting meals in the South Pacific.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in Adelaide, South Australia, where it all began. Thai, Vietnamese, Middle Eastern and Italian restaurants jostle *tapas* bars and Greek tavernas up and down that town's Rundle Street.

Inside these eateries are menus that offer an international potpourri. Such truly creative chefs as Andrew Fielke at Red Ochre Grill use French techniques with Asian spices, one moment, the other way around the next.

So concentrated are culinary juices in this area that Stephan Downes, Australian food pundit, once called it the gastronomic capital of the country. He's backed off from that but only because some of



the best chefs no longer are stuck in their own kitchens but free-lance all over the country.

One reason for this depth of field is that Adelaide is the gateway to such lush, green valleys as the Clare, Eden and Barossa, which support several hundred wineries. Where there's wine there is always good food. Add to that the abundance of fresh produce from the cool south and the tropical north.

Most important of all, however, is the fact that this bit of Australia is home to some eclectic eaters. People here are closer to Asia than Europe; they are travelers who first tasted Indonesia and Malaysia in the '60s and early '70s and came home hungry for more.

"Australian cookery is a delightful, exciting surprise"

Cheong Liew, a Chinese from Kuala Lumpur, gave them that when he arrived in Adelaide in the early '70s. He opened Nediz Tu and recklessly applied Asian cooking methods to European food. Lamb's belly, for instance, might be blanched Chinese style, deep-fried, dipped in cold water and then steamed in a reduced beef stock with red wine. Don't tell him East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet.

Californians believe East met West in their kitchens and called it Pacific Rim, but not until a good five years after Cheong got rolling. Then it was Jeremiah Tower at Stars and Ken Hom, cooking teacher and cookbook author, who brokered East-West cuisines into something Pacific during a culinary free-fall in San Francisco.

Consequently, the United States is still a step behind. Today laksa, Malay comfort food of rice noodles in coconut broth, is a common snack in Adelaide. Try to find it anywhere in trendy California or the rest of the country.

Australians have taken this spicy mix of East and West seasoning and techniques so to heart, they make it at home. Supermarket shelves are piled with the fixings: packets of Thai curries, Vietnamese and Chinese sauces. Butcher shops showcase ready-to-cook skewered satays and meat cut for stir-frying.

Culinary literacy is what Australian food writer Cherry Ripe, calls this acceptance of hybrid Asian and Western dishes.

Amen, I added after trying it recently in restaurants, guest houses and wineries in both South and West Australia.

Chef Tony Ford in Saltram winery's simple café in the Barossa Valley, for instance, surprised me with an antipasto of kangaroo, sugar-cured chicken, marinated octopus, red pepper, pickled vegetable and garlic olives. With a Pinnacle Shiraz, this lunch makes tracks. Kangaroo, rare, is beef with character.

Chicken stood as tall as a ham, and cured meat meant pungent emu or venison salami.

What good home cooks can do with this range of motion is extraordinary. Diane Barron-Davis, who runs Olivet House with her husband Howard, wrapped smoked salmon around a spicy Thai salad as the opening gun of a home-cooked meal. That salmon was grown in Tasmania and smoked close to Adelaide by Richard Harris of Springs.

A dry Petaluma Riesling '92 didn't falter beside it. Yes, that winery is named for the California town. Its owner went to the University of California at Davis. Australian Rieslings are another surprise; dry and complex, they punctuate almost any meal and deserve star treatment.

Diane Barron-Davis called the main course "a warm lamb salad," but that hardly describes mache lettuce topping mushrooms on top of tender, rare bits of lamb. All of this on a dab of aioli. In support, a Henschki '90 Shiraz.

Then local goat cheese and brie with prunes, dates and lavash bread (Middle Eastern crackers) and a quince tart with both King Island cream and vanilla ice cream.

David Hay and Michael Speers of Thorn Park Country House even schedule cooking classes for guests in their big kitchen. Thai salads, Elizabethan spatchcock, Italian caponata are comfortable companions at this dining table.

This is the kind of eating available from one end of Rundle Street in downtown Adelaide to the other. Wander into any eatery and you would be hard pressed to order a bad meal.

The Universal Wine Bar, newest on the block, puts pea and prosciutto soup on its menu and adds a hint of chile for a surprise. With a warm lentil salad encouraged by shallots and radicchio, this was a perfect post-18-hour-flight meal. Water, I was pleased to discover, is now served on every table in this country, just as it is in the States.

A few doors down, Mezes, all white tile, is Mediterranean, although its name is Greek for appetizers. Skordalia (Greek garlic sauce made with potatoes), tzatziki (cucumbers and garlic in sheep's yogurt) and taramasalata (mullet roe with bread crumbs and garlic) is the advance guard.

Mains of kangaroo, beef tartar, rabbit and soft-spoken sweetbreads are just some of the possibilities. Winemaker Andrew Garrett brought his '90 chardonnay to this meal, and I confess I found it as good as California's.

Creme Catalan, an unusual menu entree, is *creme brulee* to the max. A subtle rosewater ice seemed more Middle Eastern, more subtle, a better choice, perhaps.

Red ochre grill on Gouger Street goes one step farther and adds more native Australian ingredients to the mix. "Kangaroo fillet with *guan-dong* (native plum) chile, glaze and choy sum," one menu item reads. Emu medallions with emu wontons and five-spice glaze is another. Or perhaps a pizza with octopus, artichoke, sun-dried peppers and capers.

Focaccia and a paté of emu gave forth a deep bass note. Juniper chutney added accent. Warrigal, a native spinach, in an oatmeal pastry became a punched-up spinach quiche. Fettuccine with yabbies, local crayfish, and mussels in a tomato sauce spoke more Australian than Italian. Macadamia nut toast laced with chocolate icing was a delight. Wattle seed cappuccino reminded me of weak cocoa, however.

Adelaide's romance with food is no secret to the rest of the country. All the world loves lovers. Perth, geographically Australia's Los Angeles, is just beginning to have the same feelings. King Street Grill sees nothing wrong with a Thai pasta salad and ravioli in coconut milk. Neither did I.

San Lorenzo, however, one of the best restaurants in the country, is pacing the pack. Owner/chef Gary Jones apprenticed in Claridge's in London and did five years in France. He refuses to make up dishes just to show off such hot ingredients as sun-dried tomatoes and pine nuts. His menus illustrate exactly what Australia is up to.

Listen to this seven-course degustation:

Braised squid stuffed with crab and pork were bedded on a reduced wine sauce. A slight after-burn suggested chile. Garlic spoke with authority. Salted cabbage quenelles added variety. A twice-cooked goat-cheese soufflé had been baked one day, covered with mozzarella the next and heated with a salamander. A coating of melted cheese covered a tender soufflé.

A small black (blood) pudding balanced itself on a circle of Madeira sauce. Pig's trotters boned and turned into medallions leaned on a scoop of mashed potatoes as fine as chiffon.

A Goundry Windy Hill dry, dry '92 Riesling was the perfect counterpoint. Local scallops, butter tender, transfixed by grill marks came with marinated artichokes in green fresh olive oil. Scallops were just firm enough to release their secrets at each bite.

A tiny lamb chop, a bit of lamb tenderloin rolled around stuffing, a lamb sweetbread breaded said all there is to say about that meat. Peeled fava beans and garlic mashed potatoes lifted everything to sublime.

Gibbsland blue cheese was iced with puréed quince, giving it the wickedness of cheesecake. By now I've sipped a mighty Peel Estate '87 Shiraz and moved to a '90 Bartoli Botrytis Sémillon.

Polenta tart on a radiant raspberry coulis sported ice cream, the whole thing covered by a spun-sugar cage. Saffron *creme brulee* had threads of saffron in it. The custard was thick but, blessedly, not sweet.

Finally, one perfect tuile, one per-

fect homemade truffle.

It's a meal worth flying 14 hours across the Pacific and four hours across Australia for.

Having said all this I have to confess there are still some pockets of less-than-ideal British cooking left. Meat pies ranging from the ridiculous to the down-right awful are eaten as snacks. The most infamous of these, the Pie Floater, originated in Sydney, sold from Harry's Café de Wheels since 1942.

Late nighters in Adelaide belly up to a pie cart parked in King William Street for the same thing, a small meat pie floating in a bowl of pea

soup. Ketchup or vinegar are optional additions.

I want to label this whole lash-up Australian cuisine, but common sense prevents me. This kind of cooking is a moving target, still evolving. Australians are courting food, cooking for all they are worth. Chefs encourage small truck farmers to grow precise vegetables and fruits and use this produce with Asian flavors so close at hand.

What appears on Australian tables is new all right, but this romance is still too young to tell if it's a passing fancy or a solid relationship.

A few more restaurants like San

Lorenzo, a few more home cooks like David Hay or Diane Barron-Davis and it's safe to say the best of Asia and the Western world is the best Australian cuisine.

If you go

Getting there: Qantas has direct flights to Sydney daily. There is no "U" in that word because the name originally was an acronym for Queensland and Northern Territory Aerial Services Ltd. Continental also makes direct flights.

Staying there: Hotels generally are priced about the same as they are here, although the Australian

dollar is about one-third less than the American. Bed and breakfast inns range from \$50 to \$250 a night, depending on the place. An excellent lunch is \$10. Splendid dinners go over \$50, with wines.

Getting around: Driving on the left isn't as tough as it seems. Although there is great public transportation, trains and planes, renting a car and driving around makes the most sense.

Kit Snedaker is a free-lance food and travel writer.

"Australian cookery is a delightful, exciting surprise"

Arizona Daily Star
Sept. 15, 1993

DESERT SUN
PALM SPRINGS, CA

SEP 19 1993

BURELLE'S

Australia: Where there is good wine, there is great food

By KIT SNEDAKER
Copley News Service
Eating Down Under is a total surprise. Australia is having such a passionate love affair with food that it's putting out some of the most exciting meals in the South Pacific.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in Adelaide, South Australia, where it all began. Thai, Vietnamese, Middle Eastern and Italian restaurants jostle tapas bars and Greek tavernas up and down that town's Rundle Street.

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that offer an international potpourri. Truly creative chefs, such as Andrew Fielke at Red Ochre Grill use French techniques with Asian spices, one moment, the other way around the next.

One reason for this depth of field is that Adelaide is the gateway to such lush, green valleys as the Clare, Eden and Barossa, which support several hundred wineries. Where there's wine there is always fantastic food.

Chef Tony Ford in Saltram winery's simple cafe in the Barossa Valley surprised me with an anti



Taste of the world

pasto of kangaroo, sugar-cured chicken, marinated octopus, red pepper, pickled vegetable and garlic olives. With a Pinnacle shiraz, this lunch makes tracks. Kangaroo, rare, is beef with character.

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As Wild West of Australia, Perth is familiar, exciting

667 5
■ This sparkling town, the state capital, is closer to Indonesia than it is to the east coast of its own homeland.

By Kit Snedaker
Copley News Service

July is midwinter in Australia. That's not hard to remember, but the idea that north is tropical and south is cold Down Under is tougher.

I still have to stop and think about which is which.

As for the size of the place, until you've flown over it, four hours from one coast to the other, it's impossible to picture Australia.

Oz, as the country is sometimes called, is almost the size of the United States.

Flying from anywhere on the east coast of Australia to Perth, geographically Los Angeles Down Under, is like flying from New York west to Los Angeles.

I got off the plane blinking. Perth looked like a small, clean Los Angeles or maybe San Francisco.

Even though it's Australia's Wild West, like Los Angeles or San Francisco there wasn't a single pair of cowboy boots on anyone. No hitching posts, stagecoaches or bucking broncos, either.

This sparkling town, the state capital of Western Australia, is closer to Indonesia than it is to its own east coast.

I knew I was in the West, though, because people talked about the big gold rush at the end of the last century.

Dozens of wineries crush and bottle near here in the Margaret River region, and the food is that exquisite mix of Asian and European called, in California, Pacific Rim.

If that isn't convincing, the weather is.

July in Perth made me homesick for January in California. Same bright, cool sunshine, same length days, same dry, crisp air.

I wasn't surprised to find stores and guest houses done up with tinsel, wreaths and red and green streamers.

"We have two Christmases," June Sear, a free-lance guide told me

"One comes in December, as usual, but it's too hot for a proper Christmas dinner or even carols. So when it's cool, like this, we put up the decorations and celebrate with turkey, a beef roast and plum pudding."

Perth also claims to be home of the original Pavlova, that soft meringue dessert garnished with passion fruit.

Chef Bert Sachse, working in the town's old Esplanade Hotel, created it to look as white and frothy as the prima ballerina's tutu. Now it's the country's national dish.

The new Esplanade Hotel in Fremantle, the capital's port, looks as though it's been there forever. Actually, it was spiffed up in 1987 when Australia defended the America's Cup won in San Diego.

The whole town of Fremantle was spiffed up for that occasion and still looks as though someone is going to tie a bow around it any minute.

Cafes line the streets, a big bookstore fronts on Market Street, and the mother of all markets stands on the corner of Henderson and Market.

Everything from T-shirts to tea, boots to bananas, spills out in bins under one sprawling roof.

Both Perth and its port front the Indian Ocean, but the capital city is edged by King's Park, a swath of green preserving a large hunk of virgin bush land.

The park isn't just for show. Locals were all over it soaking up sun in its meadows the day I drove through.

With all that sunshine Perth likes to be called the City of Light.

Likes it so much that the night John Glenn's spacecraft orbited Australia all of Perth sentimentally switched on its lights. The town wanted to show him somebody was home and "leaving the light on for him."

That flamboyant gesture is pure Wild West, something you'd expect from Los Angeles.

Another, not-so-flashy symbol of the West is the Benedictine monastery just north of the city at New Norcia.

Like the California missions, Holy Trinity was set up by Spanish monks in 1846 to teach the aborigines and ended up as a self-contained village. It still crushes its own olives for oil and grinds flour in the old mill, but rents its bakery to a local bread maker.

When the school ran out of funds, the monks offered the dormitories as a sort of bare-bones B&B.

Guests get full board and

EAGLE
READING, PA
SEPT. 19, 1993



Copley News Service

Settled more than 100 years ago as a mission, Holy Trinity near Perth, Australia, is now a bed-and-breakfast inn.

lodging, with unbelievable peace and quiet. I thought suddenly of the great American novel I plan to write when I can get away from it all.

If they like, guests may join the brothers at prayers six times a day, but it's not required.

Rooms, single and twin, are simple; board is home-cooked and includes monastery bread baked now by The Gourmet Grocer, Kingsley Sullivan.

Sometimes he commutes a couple of hours from his store in Perth to New Norcia at 2 a.m., bakes and is home in bed by 8 a.m. or 9 a.m.

"Perth is just getting a food mentality," Sullivan says. "When my wife, Chrissie, and I started, no one even wanted goat cheese."

Sullivan persisted, making his own mayonnaise, rolls, brownies, muffins and meat pies. In just 2½ years, the store has become a foodie destination.

"When I heard the monastery was going to close its bakery I raced up there," he said, "and cut a deal with them. Then came back and learned to make my own sourdough starter from grapes."

He doesn't add any yeast or butter.

Everything from macadamia-nut oil (from Queensland, up north) to Moroccan pickled lemons, cactus paddles and Italian mascarpone gets house room on his shelves.

Sullivan is right about Perth's new food mentality, Gary Jones, chef/owner of San Lorenzo restaurant, discovered.

He refused to gild his dishes with pine nuts and sun-dried tomatoes just because they were the hot ingredients of the moment.

Instead Jones, a stubborn Yorkshire man who apprenticed in French kitchens, created his own Asian/European mix.

Salt cod pie, his menu reads,

garbure of venison with duck confit and bacon, twice-cooked Kervella goat cheese soufflé, Moroccan fried chicken with couscous, spicy tomato sauce and chickpea chips — the combinations are dazzling.

Eggplant tahini with preserved lemons, polenta tart with cabernet jelly and muscat ice cream — amusing, creative, one splendid dish follows another.

Even the staid Sheraton in Perth kicks up its culinary heels.

Peter Tischhauser, chef for the River Room serves crocodile ravioli in a cream sauce, buffalo and emu.

What makes Perth most familiar to Americans, however, is its wine country.

The Margaret River region, south of Perth, is like Northern California 25 years ago. Hundreds of small wineries turn out chardonnays, dry Rieslings, cabernets and shiraz that wear international gold medals.

EAGLE

Sept. 19, 1993

IF YOU GO

Copley News Service

■ **Getting there:** Qantas has direct flights to Sydney daily, and either Ansett Airlines or Australian Airlines fly east to west.

Continental also flies to the east coast for west coast connection.

■ **Where to stay:** Hotels are generally priced about the same as they are here, although the Australian dollar is about one-third less than the American.

The Lodge, Grange Road, Nannup, WA 6275 — Rates from \$70 Australian for a single to \$130 for a queen. Dinner is \$35.

Gilgara Homestead, RMB 300, Margaret Rover 6285 — Rates from \$100 for a single to \$320 per couple for weekends.

The Monastery Guesthouse, New Norcia, WA 6509 — Rates, \$40 per night including full board.

Esplanade Hotel, corner Marine Terrace and Essex Street, Fremantle, Western Australia 6160 — Rates from \$150.

■ **Getting around:** Driving on the left isn't as tough as it sounds. Although there is great public transportation, trains and planes, renting a car and driving around makes the most sense.

Eagle

Sept. 19, 1993

Greetings from **AUSTRALIA**

By Carolyn Thornton

Carolyn Thornton's writing has taken her all over the world, but she calls Hattiesburg home. Her articles and photos have appeared in hundreds of publications.

The Advertiser News Sept. 22, 1993

Australian tour offers real taste of aboriginal life



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD, it's the men who wear makeup. Here men of 16 Mile Camp decorate one another in preparation for a Corroboree ceremony while tourists look on. (Photo By Carolyn Thornton)

"You have to eat it all at once," Rod Steinert advised as the English tourist nibbled on a two-inch long, finger-thick, white and wiggling wicket grub. "You're losing some of the juices that way."

She followed instructions, popped the entire grub into her mouth, swallowed, and described the experience for the rest of us: "It's a little like eating a raw oyster, although sweeter, not fishy tasting."

We were seated around an open fire at 16 Mile Camp on the Tropic of Capricorn near Alice Springs, Australia, where Rod Steinert's Aboriginal Dreamtime and Bushtucker Tours gave us a true taste of Aboriginal culture. While most visitors to Alice make the pilgrimage from there to Ayers Rock, sacred symbol of the Dreamtime people, few make the effort to understand the Aboriginals.

In fact, first impressions of Aboriginals encountered in Alice Springs are somewhat dubious. Many appear homeless, plagued by alcohol problems, and live on government subsidies. Yet to the Aboriginals living at 16 Mile Camp, those who live in town are not true Aboriginals, which they define as one who knows the law and lives by it. Color or race alone are not determining factors. Steinert's tour (daily from Alice Springs) provides such insights and explanations as this, which not only dispel preconceived notions but create a healthy respect and awe for these people who thrive in such a harsh landscape.

Australia is the driest country in the world, with Alice Springs at its center. Rainfall there is a mere 6" to 10" annually with temperature ranges of over 120 F in summer dropping to 32 F at night. Yet Aboriginal natives have lived in the area of Alice Springs long before the water hole for which it was named was "discovered" in 1871 on the Todd River. However, Steinert is quick to point out that the Aboriginals weren't Australia's first people; they migrated there probably from central India during the Ice Age.

"There were 300,000 aboriginals living in Australia when the white men came," Steinert said. The elder of 16 Mile Camp, who is 72 years old, remembers when there were no white men living in his world, and all the people were living off the land. "He has lived through man walking on the moon," said Steinert. "That's a time jump of 10,000 years."

Steinert became involved with the Aboriginal culture a quarter of a century ago when he went to school with two Aboriginals and became interested in their nutrition. Later he lived in the bush with a family for three years cumulatively.

The Dreamtime and Bushtucker Tour begins with a boomerang throwing demonstration. "Our boomerangs come back," Steinert said as Jabroola moved into position, "because we go get them." In fact, the oldest returning boomerang was discovered in Poland and those used in the Alice area were introduced by Europeans.

"It's the world's louisiest weapon," Steinert said. "Instead of going straight, it has less impact as it diverts around...But it could be used for rounding up wildlife." He described how noises from simultaneously thrown boomerangs startle birds to fly forward, away from the sound and directly into the flight path of the weapons, allowing the hunter to drop the birds over land instead of in water.

Once Jabroola had retrieved his boomerangs and several of us had tried our own tosses, with less success, we picked up canvas camp stools and followed Steinert on a nature walk. He pointed out termite

mounds (the woody caviar for Aboriginals), saltbush (whose berries are such a powerful and immediate laxative that you pick a relief spot before eating the berries), and likely sites to dig for frogs

(another Aboriginal delicacy). Aboriginals will only dig when they know frogs will be there, otherwise it takes too much energy — energy which must be conserved for survival.

The search for food played up the fact that Aboriginals live in groups of 34 because the food supply in the bush isn't dense enough to feed larger numbers. "All food is shared," Steinert said. "The hunters and gatherers are the last to eat so that those who eat will have strength to gather food for the others the next day." For the Aboriginals at 16 Mile Camp it requires six square miles to support one person. We were offered a sampling of tiny seeds that looked and tasted like sand — food items that all but the Aboriginals would have discounted as inconsequential.

Throughout the tour participants were encouraged to take photos and ask questions. "Aboriginals know 90 percent more about us than we know about them," Steinert said. "They want you to know them." We photographed and talked while members of the 16 Mile Camp family worked on carving and painting boomerangs, adding finishing touches to paintings of dot art, and using hot sand from a cook fire to bake a rabbit in its "jacket."

While Steinert explained the Aboriginal culture, which he defined as "predicament, circumstances and environment," the men of 16 Mile Camp decorated one another in preparation for a Cor-

roboree ceremony. They use commercial paints and cotton balls today in place of the harder-to-find bird feathers and native dyes. These sacred dances normally last seven
→Continued on Page 11A

Greetings from Australia

→ Continued from Page 4A

days and eight nights with certain aspects that can only be revealed to those who have been fully initiated into the family. But we were treated to a sampling with the women and children chanting and dancing to the Snake Dreaming Corroboree.

"There's a lot to be said for celibacy out here," Steinert said later as we sat beneath a shady thatch roof and dined on billy tea and damper bread that had been cooked on an open mulga wood fire, "because getting food expends energy, as does propagation. These people are a family, but not as we understand family." Marriages are arranged by mothers and grandmothers of the girls, usually by the age of puberty because reproductive cycles are shortened by bush living. Since not many single men were available, it became customary to take many wives. There are eight marriage groups with strict laws against intermarriage. Uncles and aunts are the disciplinarians.

"Babies were precious," Steinert explained, "because they were someone to pass on information of oral history (such as Dreamtime stories)." The Dreaming is the Aboriginal story of creation, plus it encompasses everything with which a person has been associated — the laws of nature, totems or spirits, and tribes. Wherever anything significant occurred, the geographic location or nearest landmark was named for a Dreaming spirit.

As we prepared to depart, Steinert said, "Aboriginals wish people the best of health. You can be born with it. You can eat it, and drink it. And we wish it to you."

IF YOU GO:

The Dreamtime & Bushtucker Tour (AUS \$59, adults, \$39 children) is one of several Rod Steinert Tours offered daily from Alice Springs. Bookings can be arranged through your hotel, AAT King's Australian Tours (089) 52 5266, or directly with Rod Steinert Tours, PO Box 2058, Alice Springs, N.T. Australia 0871. (089) 555 000. FAX (089) 555 111.



ALL DRESSED UP: This aboriginal is decked out for a Corroboree ceremony, a sacred dance which normally lasts seven days and eight nights with certain aspects that can only be revealed to those who have been fully initiated into the family. (Photo By Carolyn Thornton)

Wine: It's in the bag (or box)

WINE RACK

By William Clifford
NEWS-TIMES WINE WRITER

Wines that come in boxes? Yes, they've been around for a long time.

I wrote about them many years ago, following a visit to Australia, where they first became popular.

The wines are actually in airtight polyurethane bags, protected by stiff cardboard boxes. As you draw them off one glass at a time through built-in taps, the bags collapse, keeping harmful oxygen out.

But box wines never really caught on here, until now. Today this modern package is helping more and more people to enjoy a simple glass of good plain wine.

And it's about time. What other product meant for frequent use is burdened with such obstacles as corkscrews and heavy breakable containers?

Wines in boxes cost less than in bottles — as little as 33 cents for a five-ounce glass when you buy the five-liter size (equal to 6½ regular bottles) for \$11. Franzia is the leading brand, by far, and the winery offers many varieties.

For example, generic blends are called chablis, burgundy and vin rose. These are Franzia's lowest priced. Then, for a couple of dollars more, Franzia produces varietals including sauvignon blanc, cabernet sauvignon and white zinfandel. Most expensive of all is everybody's favorite, chardonnay.

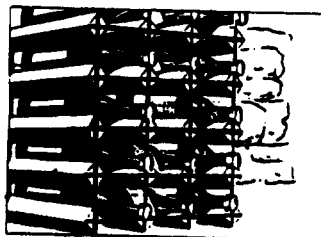
Now let's go to the other extreme, to wines that cost a bundle (\$40 or so a bottle), wines for collectors. Recently I had the opportunity to taste a decade of vintages of Joseph Phelps' famous Insignia blend, all at one sitting. Insignia is Phelps' bow to Bordeaux, his signature/insignia wine.

Phelps made his first Insignia the year he built his stunningly stylish winery, in 1974. (It was released in 1978).

Each subsequent vintage has been different. This is because of changes not only in the weather and source of the grapes, but also in the blend of grape varieties and in the winemaking.

When I drank the 1975 Insignia 10 years ago, I was surprised to learn that it was 86 percent merlot (like some pomerols). In later years, cabernet sauvignon predominated, varying from 50 to 85 percent, blended with smaller amounts of merlot and cabernet franc. Winemaking techniques have also varied.

Of the vintages 1980 through 1989, my personal favorites are the deep, classic 1980; the rich Medoc-style 1985; and the elegantly balanced, tightly structured 1989. A barrel sample of 1990 suggests that it may be another 1985.



Opinions differ on the 1986 and 1987, which were bottled unfiltered. This allowed a strain of yeast called *Brettanomyces* to induce aromas described as wet blanket, wet dog, or barnyard, and tastes with a touch of bitterness.

Palate perception varies, and many great wines carry minor suspicions of these qualities. Some respected critics have rated the 1986 Insignia highest of all.

Selecting favorites among Phelps' many other wines is difficult because they all show such high quality and distinction.

I have most recently enjoyed the 1990 Merlot (blended with 9 percent cabernet franc), 1991 Chardonnay, and 1991 Sauvignon Blanc (21 percent semillon). Subtle and very drinkable, they substantiate winemaker Craig Williams' remarkable blending skills.

Ever since 1974 Phelps has included syrah (the authentic one, not petite syrah) in his stable. Now he has added three more Rhone-varietal wines, one red, one rose, one white. The red is a rich, spicy blend of five grapes, mainly grenache and mourvedre, that he has named for the Rhone wind, Le Mistral.

The rose, also spicy, dry (unlike most pinks), and enticing, is Grenache Rose. The white is a rare, floral viognier. Imagine honeysuckle and lychee in a dry wine. All do honor to the good taste and fine bottles of Joseph Phelps.

If you don't own a brandy snifter, you can drink Armagnac in any wine glass, large or small. But you might like to buy the special deep-seated glass that fits so nicely into your cupped hand, to savor this great spirit.

Calling it a snifter is appropriate, for old Armagnac deserves to be slowly sniffed or inhaled, then tasted only a drop or two at a time. An ounce of it can last for an hour, or

The wines are actually in airtight polyurethane bags, protected by stiff cardboard boxes. As you draw them off one glass at a time through built-in taps, the bags collapse, keeping harmful oxygen out.

even for a whole evening of good conversation.

One of the leading Armagnac producers, Sempe (pronounced sam-pay), now supplies such a large assortment of ages and fancy bottles that few stores carry them all. But they can be ordered. The youngest, called V.S.O.P., costs about \$40.

Remember, this can give you 25 pleasurable evenings — don't waste a drop.

Sempe 15-Year-Old, an Armagnac for connoisseurs (about \$60), shows more complexity, depth and smoothness.

Then comes the older Grande Reserve in a prism bottle, designed with the optical illusion of three snifters inside. As the bottle is emptied, the snifters disappear. Such tricks cost real money.

Also very costly are Sempe's three Limoges mini crowns and large Baccarat glass crown. Rarest of all are the vintage Armagnacs dating back to 1900.

Plan ahead — these make splendid gifts for Christmas and anniversaries.

To sample Sempe in a restaurant, look for a chef/owner from Gascony (the home of Armagnac) such as Washington's Jean-Louis at the Watergate.

In New York you can find it at Charles Palmer's Aureole, at Keen's Chop House (a venerable bastion of fine spirits — do they still have my clay pipe of 40 years ago hanging from the ceiling?), and at the white-hot "modern ethnic" wunderkind, BOOM.

In San Francisco they serve Sempe at Kuleto's, where the whole city and its parade of visitors go for imaginative Italian food at all hours of the day.

News - Times
Sept. 22, 1993

① Sunday Advocate
② Greenwich Time

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Adelaide: Gastronomic heart of Australia

By Kit Snedaker
Copley News Service

Eating Down Under is a total surprise. Australia is having such a passionate love affair with food that it's putting out some of the most exciting meals in the South Pacific.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in Adelaide, South Australia, where it all began. Thai, Vietnamese, Middle Eastern and Italian restaurants jostle tapas bars and Greek tavernas up and down that town's Rundle Street.

Inside these eateries are menus that offer an international potpourri. Truly creative chefs, such as Andrew Fielke at Red Ochre Grill use French techniques with Asian spices, one moment, the other way around the next.

So concentrated are culinary juices in this area that Stephan Downes, Australian food pundit, once called it the gastronomic capital of the country. He's backed off from that but only because some of the best chefs no longer are stuck in their own kitchens but free-lance all over the country.

One reason for this depth of field is that Adelaide is the gateway to such lush, green valleys as the Clare, Eden and Barossa, which support several hundred wineries. Where there's wine there is always good food. Add to that the abundance of fresh produce from the cool south and the tropical north.

Most important of all, however, is the fact that this bit of Australia is home to some eclectic eaters. People here are closer to Asia than Europe; they are travelers who first tasted Indonesia and Malaysia in the '60s and early '70s and came home hungry for more.

Cheong Liew, a Chinese from Kuala Lumpur, gave them that when he arrived in Adelaide in the early '70s. He opened Nediz Tu and recklessly applied Asian cooking methods to European food. Lamb's belly, for instance, might be blanched Chinese style, deep-fried, dipped in cold water and then steamed in a reduced beef stock with red wine. Don't tell him East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet.

Californians believe East met West in their kitchens and called it Pacific Rim, but not until a good five years after Cheong got rolling. Then it was Jeremiah Tower at Stars and Ken Hom, cooking teacher and cookbook author, who brokered East-West cuisines into something Pacific during a culinary free-fall in San Francisco.

Consequently, the States is still a step behind. Today laksa, Malay comfort food of rice noodles in coconut broth, is a common snack in Adelaide. Try to find it anywhere in trendy California or the rest of the country.

Australians have taken this spicy mix of East and West seasoning and techniques so to heart they make it at home. Supermarket shelves are piled with the fixings — packets of Thai curries, Vietnamese and Chinese sauces. Butcher shops showcase ready-to-cook skewered satays and meat cut for stir-frying.

Culinary literacy is what Australian food writer, Cherry Ripe,

calls this acceptance of hybrid Asian and Western dishes.

Amen, I added after trying it recently in restaurants, guest houses and wineries in both South and West Australia.

Chef Tony Ford in Saltram winery's simple cafe in the Barossa Valley, for instance, surprised me with an antipasto of kangaroo, sugar-cured chicken, marinated octopus, red pepper, pickled vegetable and garlic olives. With a Pinnacle shiraz, this lunch makes tracks. Kangaroo, rare, is beef with character.

Chicken stood as tall as a ham, and cured meat meant pungent emu or venison salami.

What good home cooks can do with this range of motion is extraordinary. Diane Barron-Davis, who runs Olivet House with her husband Howard, wrapped smoked salmon around a spicy Thai salad as the opening gun of a home-cooked meal. That salmon was grown in Tasmania and smoked close to Adelaide by Richard Harris of Springs.

A dry Petaluma Riesling '92 didn't falter beside it. Yes, that winery is named for the California town. Its owner went to the University of California at Davis. Australian Rieslings are another surprise; dry and complex, they punctuate almost any meal and deserve star treatment.

Diane Barron-Davis called the main course, a warm lamb salad, but that hardly describes mache lettuce topping mushrooms on top of tender, rare bits of lamb. All of this on a dab of aioli. In support, a Henschki '90 shiraz.

Then local goat cheese and brie with prunes, dates and lavash bread (Middle Eastern crackers) and a quince tart with both King Island cream and vanilla ice cream.

David Hay and Michael Speers of Thorn Park Country House, even schedule cooking classes for guests in their big kitchen. Thai salads, Elizabethan Spatchcock, Italian capponata are comfortable companions at this dining table.

This is the kind of eating avail-

able from one end of Rundle Street in downtown Adelaide to the other. Wander in any eatery and you would be hard pressed to order a bad meal.

The Universal Wine Bar, newest on the block, puts pea and prosciutto soup on its menu and adds a hint of chili for a surprise. With a warm lentil salad encouraged by shallots and radicchio, this was a perfect post-18-hour-flight meal. Water, I was pleased to discover, is now served on every table in this country, just as it is in the States.

A few doors down, Mezes, all white tile, is Mediterranean, although its name is Greek for appetizers. Skordalia (Greek garlic sauce made with potatoes), tzatziki (cucumbers and garlic in sheep's yogurt) and taramasalata (mullet roe with bread crumbs and garlic) is the advance guard.

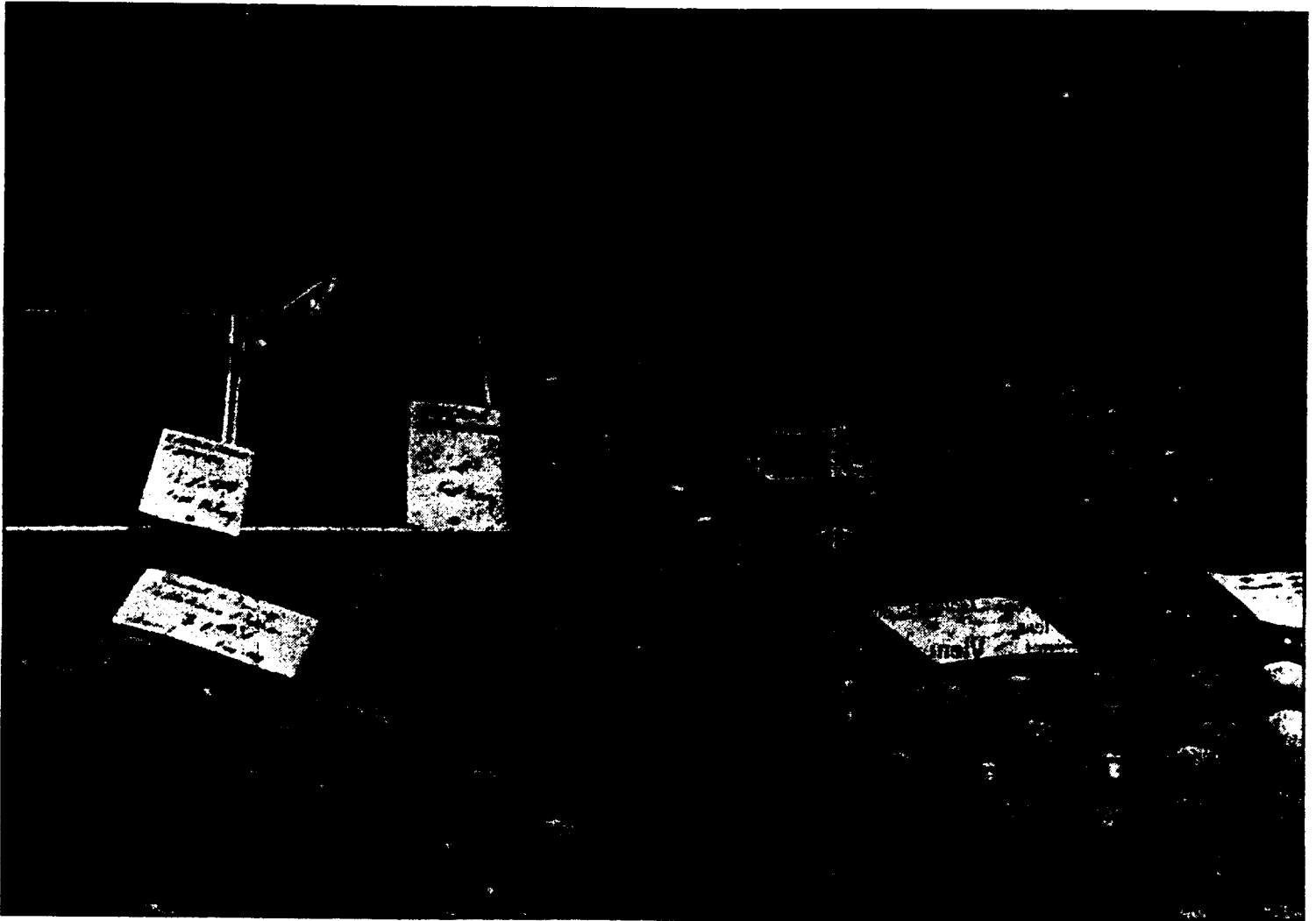
Mains of kangaroo, beef tartar, rabbit and soft-spoken sweetbreads are just some of the possibilities. Winemaker Andrew Garrett brought his '90 chardonnay to this meal, and I confess I found it as good as California's.

Crema Catalan, an unusual menu entree, is creme brulee to the max. A subtle rosewater ice seemed more Middle Eastern, more subtle, a better choice, perhaps.

Red Ochre Grill on Gouger Street goes one step farther and adds more native Australian ingredients to the mix. "Kangaroo fillet with guandong (native plum) chili glaze and choy sum," one menu item reads. Emu medallions with emu wontons and five-spice glaze is another. Or perhaps a pizza with octopus, artichoke, sun-dried peppers and capers.

Focaccia and a pate of emu gave forth a deep bass note. Juniper chutney added accent. Warrigal, a native spinach, in an oatmeal pastry became a punched-up spinach quiche. Fettuccine with yabbies, local crayfish, and mussels in a tomato sauce spoke more Australian than Italian.

Macadamia nut toast laced with



Fresh produce from the tropical north and cool south is the reason that the food in Adelaide, Australia, is so good.

Kit Snedaker/Copley News Service photo

chocolate icing was a delight. Wattle seed cappuccino reminded me of weak cocoa, however.

Adelaide's romance with food is no secret to the rest of the country. All the world loves lovers.

Perth, geographically Australia's Los Angeles, is just beginning to have the same feelings. King Street Grill sees nothing wrong with a Thai pasta salad and ravioli in coconut milk. Neither did I.

San Lorenzo, however, one of the best restaurants in the country, is pacing the pack.

Owner/chef Gary Jones apprenticed in Claridge's in London and did five years in France. He refuses to make up dishes just to show off such hot ingredients as sundried tomatoes and pine nuts. His menus illustrate exactly what Australia is up to.

Listen to this seven-course degustation:

Braised squid stuffed with crab and pork were bedded on a reduced wine sauce. A slight after burn suggested chili. Garlic spoke with authority. Salted cabbage quenelles added variety. A twice-cooked goat-cheese souffle had been baked one day, covered with mozzarella the next and heated with a salamander. A coating of melted cheese covered a tender souffle.

A small black (blood) pudding balanced itself on a circle of Madeira sauce. Pig's trotters boned and turned into medallions leaned an a scoop of mashed potatoes as fine as chiffon.

A Goundry Windy Hill dry, dry '92 Riesling was the perfect counterpoint. Local scallops, butter tender, transfixed by grill marks came with marinated artichokes in green fresh olive oil. Scallops were just firm enough to release their secrets at each bite.

A tiny lamb chop, a bit of lamb tenderloin rolled around stuffing, a lamb sweetbread breaded said all there is to say about that meat. Peeled fava beans and garlic mashed potatoes lifted everything to sublime.

Gibbsland blue cheese was iced with pureed quince, giving it the wickedness of cheesecake. By now I've sipped a mighty Peel Estate '87 shiraz and moved to a '90 Bartoli Botrytis Semillon.

Polenta tart on a radiant raspberry coulis sported ice cream. The whole thing covered by a spun-sugar cage. Saffron creme brulee had threads of saffron in it. Custard was thick but, blessedly, not sweet.

Finally, one perfect tuile, one perfect homemade truffle.

It's a meal worth flying 14 hours across the Pacific and four hours across Australia for.

Having said all this I have to confess there are still some pockets of less-than-ideal British cooking left. Meat pies ranging from the ridiculous to the down-right awful are eaten as snacks. The most infamous of these, the Pie Floater, originated in Sydney, sold from Harry's Cafe de Wheels since 1942.

Late nighters in Adelaide belly up to a Pie Cart parked in King William Street for the same thing, a small meat pie floating in a bowl of pea soup. Ketchup or vinegar are optional additions.

I want to label this whole lash-up Australian cuisine, but common sense prevents me. This kind of cooking is a moving target, still evolving.

Australians are courting food, cooking for all they are worth. Chefs encourage small truck farmers to grow precise vegetables and fruits and use this produce with Asian flavors so close at hand.

What appears on Australian tables is new all right, but this romance is still too young to tell if it's a passing fancy or a solid relationship.

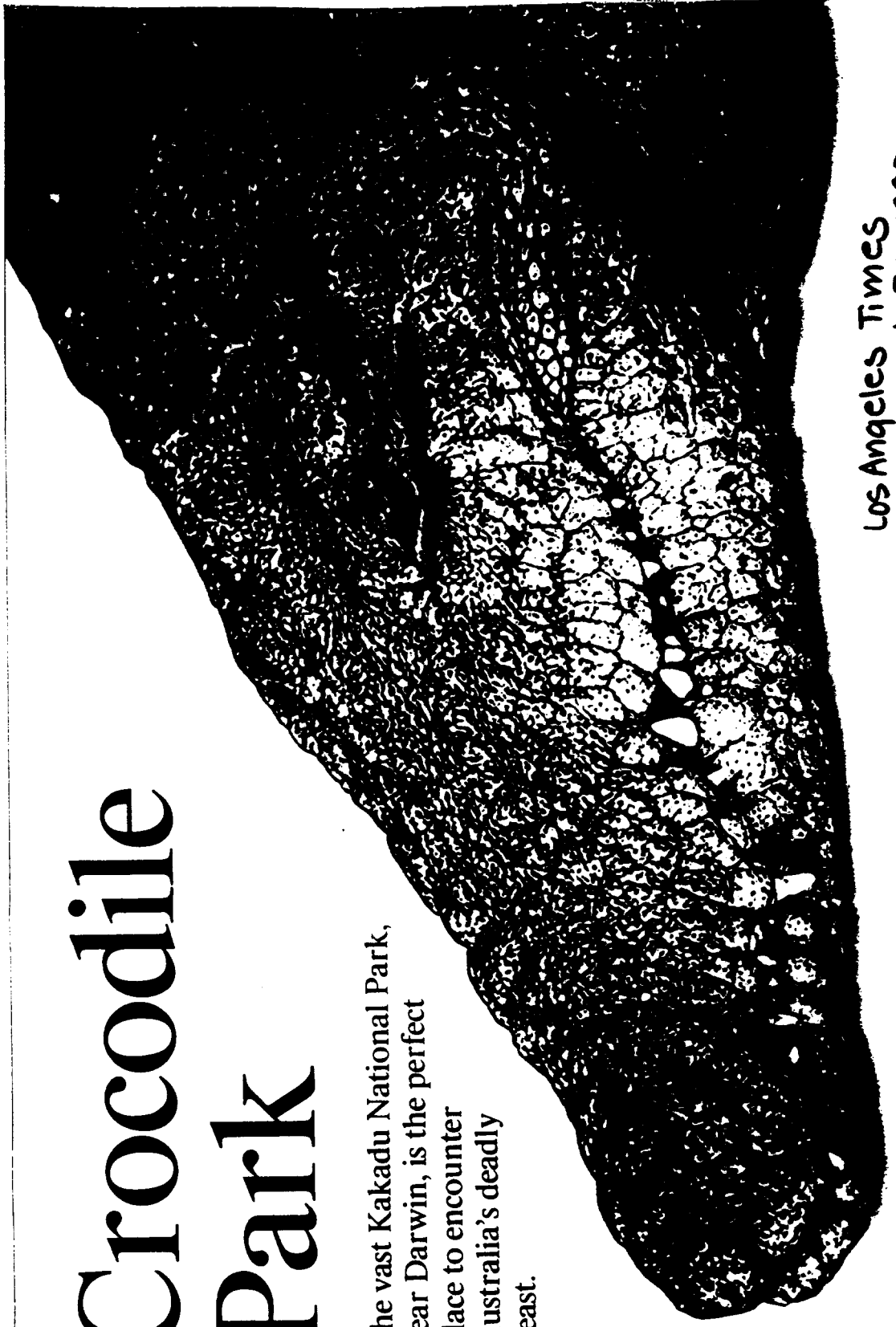
A few more restaurants like San Lorenzo, a few more home cooks like David Hay or Diane Barron-Davis and it's safe to say the best of Asia and the Western world is the best Australian cuisine.

Kit Snedaker is a freelance food and travel writer.

Destination: Australia

Crocodile Park

The vast Kakadu National Park, near Darwin, is the perfect place to encounter Australia's deadly beast.



Los Angeles Times
Sept. 26, 1993

6675
By ROSS TERRILL

DARWIN, Australia—This humid, cosmopolitan community—named after Charles Darwin, who based part of "On the Origin of Species" on data gathered near here—is the capital of Australia's Northern Territory, the main city in the country's so-called Top End. It has a distinction of another sort, too: As the gateway to Kakadu National Park, about 150 miles east, it is also the capital of Australian crocodile territory.

Kakadu is a dramatically varied 3,600-square-mile complex of landscapes and ecosystems owned by the Gagudju Aborigine tribe (*Kakadu* is another version of their name) and leased to the Australian national parks and wildlife service. Declared a World Heritage site by UNESCO, the park is a treasure house of Aboriginal art, with rock paintings found at more than 120 sites, many of them open to the public.

It is also rich in natural wonders. Its flora and fauna include about 1,000 varieties of plant life and several hundred kinds of reptiles, birds and mammals. Its land formations are as striking as anything found in the American Southwest—among them a remarkable 300-mile-long escarpment that marks the edge of the Arnhem Plateau.

The dominant physical presence at Kakadu besides rock (both painted and natural) is water. Frequent rainfall throughout the summer (the months of December through March) has given the park an immense network of rivers, lakes, estuaries, tidal flats and swamps. These are home to about 50 or 60 species of fish. And they are home to crocodiles galore, both the freshwater and the saltwater variety. The latter are the deadly ones.

Much of "Crocodile Dundee" was shot in Kakadu, and crocs are a big draw here. The park welcomes as many as 200,000 visitors a year, from Australia and elsewhere, and the reptiles are inevitably high on the must-see list.

Crocodiles are sacred to the Gagudju, who identify Ginga, a giant mythological croc, as a spirit ancestor of their tribe. According to legend, Ginga was originally a man-god who helped create the rock formations of the area. One day, though, he accidentally caught fire—and when he rushed into the water to extinguish the flames, he was transformed into a reptile.

I once traveled through the waterways of Kakadu National Park with a zoologist who works in the area. Our little metal boat, heating up like a saucepan on the stove beneath the bright Top End sun, putt-putted through warm, reedy water. A platypus ran along the grassy bank beside us. Then the zoologist spotted a crocodile and brought the boat to a halt. He pointed to what looked at first like a log—just like in the movies. Then the log slowly came alive, poking its ugly head up into the hot afternoon air. For a moment it wriggled its leathery hips like a belly dancer. I was mesmerized.

"A woman was recently attacked here by a croc," the zoologist drawled. I looked at the 12-foot reptile again, this time more warily. "She was a woman professor from Sydney," my guide continued. "She was canoeing and the croc chased her. When the park ranger

staff found her a few hours later, her buttocks and thighs had been severely bitten. Lucky to survive, actually."

I was pleased when he started up the boat again and we moved on. We chugged past freshwater mangrove swamps, saw giant anthills—like Gauld-*esque* sandcastles—just beyond the riverbanks and glided under paperbark trees, ghostly in their blue-silver hue, as if moonlight was upon them in midafternoon. It was a stunning landscape—but, even in the heat, the thought of an attacking croc gave me a chill.

Australians are ambivalent about crocodiles—a reflection of the strange role the myth of the outback plays in the urban Australian mind. During another of my visits to Australia, a 24-year-old American model, Ginger Meadows, was attacked and killed by a

crocodile while standing under a waterfall near the charming pearl fishing town of Broome, in Western Australia, in the far northwest tip of the continent. I was in Sydney at the time and observed local reaction to the tragedy with some interest.

Urban Australians, for the most part, seemed shocked that a tourist's visit could so quickly turn deadly. At the same time, I thought, some also displayed a tinge of resentment that an American could spoil the outback's carefree image with careless behavior.

In the outback itself, of which the Northern Territory and Western Australia are the broad back, Meadows' death was not considered particularly unusual. Just a few weeks earlier in the Northern Territory, a local man had been "taken" by a crocodile as a busload of horrified tourists watched.

The event was regretted, of course, but it ultimately provoked no more furor than arises in Los Angeles—or Sydney—when a pedestrian gets struck and killed by a speeding car. In northern Australia, locals know better than to step into crocodile-infested waters—just as in L.A. or Sydney they know better than to cross the street without looking both ways first.

The outback is real, but to many Australians it also has the quality of a myth; it is something to fear. The neat, red-roofed, suburbs that surprise visitors to Australia—who perhaps expect the outback to begin at the Sydney airport—might be seen as a defensive reaction to the 'untamability' of the harsh surrounding habitat. "The trimmed gardens of the suburbs show a paranoiac fear of nature," Australian novelist Helen Garner once remarked

to me. "They try to keep nature at bay, to keep it out of the cities."

Yet they certainly don't want it to disappear altogether. About 80% of Australia's citizens are urban dwellers. They would not know how to survive in the outback. They have never been threatened by a crocodile. Yet the *idea* that they are surrounded by a largely unclaimed wilderness is of great importance to Australians.

Crocodiles are big business in the Northern Territory. Not only do crocs draw tourists, they also yield skins that sell for \$250 or more apiece, and end up as shoes, wallets and purses in Tokyo, Milan and New York. There is also a market for crocodile teeth.

In Kakadu National Park, it is even possible to stay *inside* a crocodile—to stay, that is, at the 812-foot-long, 110-room Gagudju Crocodile Hotel.

Guests arrive at the crocodile's mouth and step into a lobby within its jaws. Guest rooms run along the reptile's sides, overlooking a billabong (pool) in its belly. The neck holds a restaurant. The four feet are emergency exits.

Inside the beast is a shop selling local crafts and a gallery filled with historical artifacts from the area (provided by the Northern Territory Museum and Gagudju Assn.) and photographs of inaccessible Aboriginal rock art.

Tours of the park can be arranged at the hotel, as can cruises through the Yellow Water wetlands and along the South Alligator River.

There's obviously something kitschy, even surrealistic, about sleeping soundly within the body of a crocodile in the middle of croc territory—but there's something oddly reassuring about it as well. At least you're inside the croc and not outside.

Melbourne-born Terrill is the author of "The Australians" (Touchstone and Simon & Schuster), among other books.

GUIDEBOOK

The Crocodile File

Getting there: Qantas and United Airlines have daily nonstop flights from Los Angeles to Sydney, and there are connecting flights on to Darwin on Ansett Australia. There are also connecting flights on Qantas from LAX to Cairns and on Qantas and United Airlines to Brisbane, with connections to Darwin on several carriers. Round-trip fares from Los Angeles to Darwin start at \$1,346. From Darwin, the most practical way to get to Kakadu National Park is to rent a four-wheel-drive vehicle in Darwin and drive the 150 or so miles to Kakadu—especially since you'll need such a vehicle to explore the park independently once you get there.

Where to stay: Gagudju Crocodile Hotel, Flinders Street, Jabiru; tel. 011-61-89-

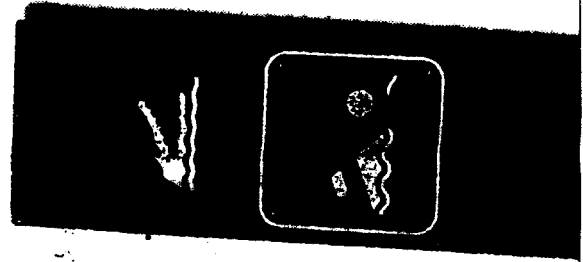
792-800, fax 011-61-89-792-707, reservations (800) 225-5843. Rates: \$115 double per night. There are low-cost campsites all over Kakadu, but because of wildlife and extremes of weather, these are recommended only for experienced campers.

Exploring Kakadu: Visitors to the park are advised to contact Kakadu Park Headquarters, Box 71, Jabiru, N.T. 0886, Australia, tel. 011-61-89-799-101. Entrance fee to the park: about \$4.

For more information: Contact Northern Territory Tourist Commission at (800) 468-8222.

Crock warning: Symbols give a mouthful of reasons for not swimming.

—R.T.



ALLEN DEEVER

Rocky Road

With the Help of a Land Cruiser, the Outback Opens Up Into a Wonderland of Rock Art, Oases and Dramatic Canyons

By JEFF MILLER

ALICE SPRINGS, Australia—Clambering up into our four-wheel-drive Toyota Land Cruiser on the first day of our Australian self-drive desert exploration, we felt like characters in a Mel Gibson "Road Warrior" movie: There was nothing between us and the harsh outback but our *machine*.

We named the thing Tonka. On the dry, paved roads of Alice Springs, frankly, it was hard to imagine that we'd ever need such a monster. Gigantic tractors have bigger tires; earthmovers have lever controls. We were told that the "bull bar" bolted to the front was protection in case we hit any water buffaloes. Any *what*?



JEFF MILLER

Cruising: Palm Valley track.

Later, though, deep in the outback, we grew to appreciate our substantial, hard-working friend.

When we decided on a self-guided, four-wheel-drive adventure into Australia's red center, it was

obvious that the outback capital of Alice Springs (pop. 25,000) in the Northern Territory was the perfect jumping-off point. Located near the exact center of Australia, and the only major town for 500 miles in any direction, Alice offered not only a good base for our projected explorations, but a major tourist attraction—Ayers Rock—within a day's drive.

While Ayers Rock (which the Aborigines call Uluru) and its companion massive rock formation, the Olgas (Kata Tjuta), lived up to their advance billing, what really made our vacation memorable was our "discovery" of three other special places, accessible only by four-wheel-drive: the lush, prehistoric Palm Valley; the peaceful setting of the Ewaninga Aboriginal rock carvings, and the

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ALLEN DEEVER

Walkabout: A day hike in the shadow of the Olgas.

dramatic cliffs of Kings Canyon.

We started our four-wheel-drive adventure with a bold first stop: Alice Springs' visitors' center. It's a must for self-drivers, not just for detailed maps but for informa-

tion on current road conditions, which can change quickly in this region—sometimes with dire consequences for the unprepared.

Our first foray into the outback was a day trip to Palm Valley, about 100 miles southwest of Alice. Starting on a paved road—Aussies call it *bitumen* (pronounced "bitch-a-men")—we soon got the hang of driving on the left and shifting with the left hand.

The countryside, with its scrub trees and bushes, distant buttes and multicolored mesas, reminded us of New Mexico and Arizona, but here the palette was a fiery red soil, forged in a climatological furnace that can reach 120 degrees. Sixty miles from Alice, the pavement faded to a wide, relatively smooth dirt road. At Hermannsburg—an Aboriginal community with facilities for travelers—a sign warned "4WDs Only." The road narrowed after that to what looked like an abandoned animal track, and Tonka rarely got out of first or second gear. As he clawed his way over boulders, we hung on rather helplessly, tossed from side to side,

like balls in a particularly fierce pinball game.

At one point, we came to a narrow, fast-moving stream where a rock ledge submerged in knee-high water was the only way across. Deeper water on both sides of this natural bridge made it a tightrope fording. As I slowly pulled out onto the ledge, the water grabbed at the tires; one careless move on my part and Tonka would have been a houseboat.

When we reached Palm Valley, which is part of Finke Gorge National Park, we found it startling—a tropical oasis in the heart of a desert. Permanent underground water and protective cliffs have nurtured and sheltered remnants of a prehistoric rain forest here—mostly red cabbage palms (the seedlings resemble cabbages) and palm-like cycads.

We parked Tonka and set off to explore on foot. Flat river rock, worn smooth by eons of seasonal flooding, offered us natural pathways past reflective pools and through thick stands of palms.

Please see **FOUR-WHEEL**, L19