

# We all knew, really, says German MP

BONN, March 13

ONE SPEECH stood out above the others in this week's Bundestag debate on the time limit for prosecuting Nazi murderers. It was a speech by Dr Adolf Arndt, and his words are being reprinted, repeated, discussed and weighed by thinking people throughout West Germany.

Arndt is a Social Democrat, a veteran Socialist of the older generation. Now, he is Shadow Minister of Justice and he asks for a constitutional amendment of the Statute of Limitations to enable prosecution, "for no law should promise immunity for such crimes."

He is an ungainly figure. He appeared scraggy and awkward up to that moment when he grasped the desk on the tribune. Then, suddenly, the spectacled figure had the authority of a teacher, and the chamber fell very quiet as he began.

He distinguished between "war crimes" and "mass murder." The destruction of Dresden by the allies was "a great and fearful war crime, committed in the lust for victory."

He went on: "That has nothing to do with this issue. We were not at war with Jewish women and children, with pregnant women and babies in arms. That had nothing to do with war. That was an act of murder, planned and carried out, ice-cold, by the full machinery of the State."

## Unfair foreign criticism

He spoke of foreign criticism, "Sometimes far from the mark, or unfair," and said: "I would like to express my thankfulness for this much, that the language used by Prime Minister Eshkol of Israel, and by Polish writers, is the most moderate of all. And there is a simple reason for this: these are the two peoples who suffered most. Those who have suffered most show, as a rule, most sympathy, while those who have not suffered often shut sympathy out of their hearts."

Then he spoke of another language—that used by the neo-Fascist *National-und Soldaten-Zeitung*, a weekly with a declining but still considerable circulation: "We cannot yet say, alas, that the past is not repeating itself when periodicals like the *National-Zeitung* are still published here in

Germany, reeking of poisonous anti-semitism in every line.

"When this sheet comes out with the insolent headline: 'Blackmailed to all eternity,' referring to our relations with Israel, when it carries articles about 'the Jew Ludwig Rosenberg' [chairman of the German T.U.C.], then this way of writing is just that language which my generation knows from the Weimar Republic.

"What is written in the *National-Zeitung* is the language of tomorrow's potential murderers." (When he sat down the Speaker, himself a survivor of the Resistance against Hitler, congratulated Dr Arndt for this passage.)

## The young had to learn

Towards the end of his speech, Arndt looked up with a half-smile towards the packed galleries, where few of the listeners were older than 30. The young had to learn that the right to err in politics offered no reprieve from historical or moral guilt.

Then Dr Arndt said something else, much more rarely heard in Germany: "We all knew, really. In the town of Marklissa, where I lived, we knew that they were taking the mental defectives and the cripples away from the Hephata Clinic and putting them to death.

"One knew. And there were plenty of men coming home on leave from the occupied territories of the East who in tears told their wives, their mothers, their families what they had been forced to look upon in Poland and how there had been nothing they could do. Yes, substantially it was known."

He recalled a minister of the church at a youth gathering who had said that nobody had known what was going on. "I had to tell the young people this: If your own mother, lying on her deathbed, swears by Almighty God and on the Holy Bible that she knew nothing, then I tell you that she is holding her tongue only because to have known—to want to have known—is too terrible to bear. [Loud mutters from the right-wing of the chamber.] That, I say, is my conviction. . . .

"Now I must come to my own, entirely personal, testimony. I have to say to you that I know myself to be a sharer in guilt. Listen. I did not stand in the street and scream aloud when I saw them driving our Jews away in lorries.

I did not put on the Yellow Star myself and say: 'Take me too.'

"Yet there was one exception. There were those women of Berlin, non-Jewish wives of Jewish husbands. Their husbands were rounded up and taken to police headquarters in Grosse Hamburger Strasse. Next morning, unorganised and spontaneous, these women came to the police station in such numbers that these women of Berlin forced the authorities to let their men go.

"But I know that I am a sharer in guilt. I cannot say that I did my best, and I know nobody who can say that of himself. That lies upon us like an obligation.

"And it lies, I have to say it, not only upon Germans. For years I worked as a lawyer trying to help people who wanted to take refuge abroad, and from year to year I watched Switzerland and Holland, Belgium and Britain and America shutting their doors more tightly, and the more violent Hitler's speeches became, the more extreme his threats, the more mercilessly those doors were closed.

"That, too, has to be said aloud. The inheritance belongs to us all. I have already told you things, bearing my own witness, which were too much for you and upset you. But you must understand this much: In this hour, the heart must speak.

## No playing at the Last Judgment

"And here is something which the young must learn. A nation does not live only in its present, in the moment. It lives as a continuum across generations, and that is why one may not plead: 'These things have nothing to do with me.'

"What should we do? Our duty is not only to pose the question of doing justice to convicted murderers, we must also do justice to the victims, if only by the legal declaration that here and here a murder was done.

"We do not want to play at the Last Judgment, that is not our part. Nor to pretend that this is a paganism of justice in triumph. Our task is to take upon ourselves this very heavy and, alas, these days, very unpopular burden. We must turn our backs on the mountain calamitous guilt which stands behind us. Instead, we must tie it together, confessing ourselves to be what we should be: humble clearers of a path of righteousness."

ON THE EVE of Human Rights Day, a magistrate in the industrial town of Krugersdorp, west of Johannesburg, sentenced a black apprentice mechanic to 18 months' imprisonment for drinking tea from a mug with slogans of the outlawed African National Congress scratched on it.

Ntshiwa sounded baffled when he testified about his mug, a large stainless-steel container with faint, crude scratchings on it that say things like, 'Release Nelson Mandela', 'P.W., we want our land back,' a reference to P. W. Botha, the Prime Minister, and 'Umkhodo We Sizwe', a misspelling of the name of the ANC's military wing, Umkhonto We Sizwe.

'I only used to drink out of it,' Ntshiwa said. 'I never thought it would lead to such seriousness.' He said he usually kept the mug locked in his toolbox, but once at the end of July forgot it in the canteen overnight. The factory's security officer found it and reported to the police, who arrested Ntshiwa the next day.

Izak De Uries, a lecturer in politics at Johannesburg's Rand Afrikaans University, was called as an expert witness. He testified that if individually the phrases on the mug were innocuous, taken together they constituted ANC propaganda. The magistrate, Willem Aucamp, agreed.

Interviewed after the case, the security officer, Cornelius Roestorff, 54, said he realised immediately he saw the engraved mug in the canteen that 'there was something going on.'

On 2 June, two black reggae singers, Joseph Charles, and Rufus Radebe, were imprisoned for four years for singing ANC songs at a music festival in Johannesburg. The songs had titles like 'A tribute to martyrs' and 'Freedom to Mandela.'

Two Soweto men, Jacob Mashigo and Peter Moloi, were jailed for three years and one year on 10 August for having a tape cassette with a pro-ANC song by Miriam Makeba and Harry Belafonte, and a second cassette with a message from the exiled ANC president, Oliver Tambo, on it.

The same day another black, Isaac Genu, was sentenced to

In 1987 a farm labourer, Benjamin de Bruyn appeared in court charged under Internal Security Act. Related to tattoos on his body, one of which read 'God gave me freedom but the Whites take it away - that's why I'm ANC' 3 yrs imprisonment plus the removal of the tattoos.

### strange apartheid 'crime' 11/12/83

eight years' imprisonment for having clothes in the yellow, green and black colours of the ANC and with ANC slogans on them.

Last Thursday a black nun, Sister Mary Bernard, 48, was imprisoned for four months because the police found an ANC pamphlet in her radio-gram when they searched the

Johannesburg convent where she lives. Meanwhile, a white woman, Caroline Cullinan, 30, has been charged under the censorship laws because she was found with a stock of T-shirts with slogans against rebel sports tours of South Africa. The State alleges they are harmful to race relations and so constitute an 'undesirable publication.'

Head teachers warn girls would take most places

# 'Ghettos' risk in grammar schools

**Donald MacLeod**  
Education correspondent

**T**HE TORY promise of a grammar school in every town would see girls fill most of the places and create "ghettos" of boys in secondary moderns, head teachers said yesterday.

In response to growing worries about boys' underachievement, the Secondary Heads Association, which is holding a three-day conference in Torquay, has drawn up guidelines for schools and education authorities to adapt teaching to the differing needs of boys and girls.

In a report entitled *Can Boys Do Better?*, the results of pilot projects focusing on boys' performance were set out. Since 1993 there has been a substantial gap between the percentage of girls and boys achieving five or more good GCSEs — 46 per cent and 37 per cent respectively.

No one programme has proved completely effective, although some schools have narrowed the gap using very different tactics.

Moulsham high school in Chelmsford, Essex, has been teaching girls and boys in separate classes for some years and found it improved the performance of both. Les-

## Class divide

- Boys with learning difficulties outnumber girls 2:1.
- Girls outperform boys at GCSE in all subjects except science.
- Twice as many girls get grade A in GCSE English.
- Women outnumber men at university.
- Five times as many boys are expelled from school.
- By 2000 there will be 300,000 fewer male jobs and 500,000 more female jobs.

sons are modified, with girls doing *Romeo and Juliet* and boys doing *Macbeth*.

But Thirsk School, a mixed comprehensive in north Yorkshire, is planning to seat boys and girls in pairs from the first year to avoid negative peer pressure at the start of their secondary school careers.

Peter Downes, a past president of the association and former head of Hinchings-brooke School in Cambridgeshire, who warned of secondary modern "ghettos" of boys, said he had attempted to raise awareness among his staff following the 1993 GCSE results. He held a week of boys' only assemblies and delivered a "blunt old-fash-

ioned" message about doing better in the future.

"The assemblies made an impact. The message got home to parents but the girls were upset because it appeared I was giving preferential treatment to the boys."

The gap in exam results narrowed for two years but widened again in 1996. Making a fuss had only a short-term effect, said Mr Downes.

The report said girls' aspirations were higher than ever and they seemed more focussed and able to concentrate. They also underestimated their own abilities and worked harder at school to compensate.

In contrast, boys were overconfident about their abilities, but still feared failure and peer group scorn. "The nub of the matter would seem to lie in a combination of social factors and levels of literacy," said the report.

Recommendations from the head teachers included:

- Firm deadlines, strict homework checks, and consistent sanctions;
- Staff to stop accepting lower quality work and poorer presentation from boys;
- Boys needed praise, but especially for older pupils this should not be in public (in case it destroyed their street cred).

## Society

### ECOLOGY

# Curiosity kills more than the cat

**Adrian Barnett**  
on an ecological  
tale of cat and  
mouse that has  
seen South Africa  
wreak havoc on  
a remote island

**W**HEN it comes to damaged or disturbed eco-systems, human tinkering usually does more harm than good. Like a British DIY mechanic trying to work from a Swedish instruction manual, the changes often show only how little understood the mechanism was in the first place. A lovely example of this is provided by the saga of the Marion Island mice.

A sub-Antarctic island lying in the southern Indian Ocean,

Marion is part of the Prince Edward archipelago and was once a provisioning point for whalers. House mice escaped from the visiting ships and quickly colonised the 290-square-kilometre island. With little suitable plant food available, these adaptable rodents turned to insects, especially the larvae of the local flightless moth, *Pringleophaga Marionii*.

In 1948, the South African government decided to eradicate all foreign species on the island,

including Marion's mice. The concern was that the rodents could affect the local seabird population, possibly stealing their eggs or giving an occasional severe nibbling to the young. Despite well-known failures elsewhere, it was decided that there was only one thing for it: cats would be introduced to control the mice.

Unfortunately (but characteristically), the five founding moggies switched quickly from a diet of tiny, fast-running and

largely bony introduced rodents to the more succulent and sedentary meals provided by the island's 14 species of nesting seabirds. By the mid-1970s, the island's cats, now numbering some 2,000, were killing half a million seabirds a year, with the body count increasing by around 23 per cent annually.

As the seabird numbers plummeted, ecologists began to notice changes in the island's vegetation. Studies revealed that guano and decomposing feathers from the seabirds were a major source of nutrients for the island's plants. The cats' dietary preferences were reducing the number of depositors, and so having a huge impact on Marion's ecology. To make mat-

# Society

ters worse, the cats were having little effect on their intended prey. Mice, though eaten once the birds had flown, comprised just 16 per cent of the cats' annual diet. Detailed studies of their population ecology showed that winter cold was the main controller of the number of Marion Island mice, combined with occasional population crashes when summer numbers over-reached the food supply. Cats had almost nothing to do with it.

So it was decided to trap the cats. But years of living off their wits on a cold, bleak rock had bred a race of top-flight felines and, after two years of near unalloyed failure, the scientists decided to get tough. In 1977,

with a no-more-Mr-nice-ecologist attitude, they introduced *panleucopaenia*, a highly contagious, cat-specific viral disease. Nineteen years and several hundred thousand dollars later, Marion Island

## Studies showed winter controlled mice numbers. Cats had little to do with it

was finally declared cat-free.

But, just when ecologists were considering breathing a relieved sigh and thinking that maybe a few rodents weren't so bad after all, comparisons showed that Marion's insects were much less abundant than on neighbouring

islands. Moreover, insect-eating birds, such as the lesser sheathbill and the Kelp gull, were much less common on Marion, foraged in smaller flocks and were rarely seen inland. Like the seabirds,

their guano and feathers were important in the island's nutrient ecology. Studies showed that Marion's mice were the culprits, eating up to 40 tons of insects every year.

To make things worse, the extermination of the cats

coincided with several years of comparatively clement weather. Lacking cats and cold to control them, mouse numbers soared, further driving down insect numbers, and with them the numbers of Kelp gulls and sheathbills. Now there is evidence that the mice are slowing down the nutrient recycling of the island as they eat most of the insects that feed on dead animal and plant material.

The potential ecological consequences are grave and, at a recent crisis meeting in Pretoria, it was decided to wipe out Marion mice once and for all. But, given the island's recent history, both the process and the solution are unlikely to be either quick or simple.

### AGENDA

# Pulp friction

**Lucy Rothstein** seeks a way to escape the crazy roller-coaster that is making life hard for recyclers

ENVIRONMENT

# The real politics of power

Tomorrow we vote. But let's not fool ourselves. With the rise and rise of corporations — many of which are now larger than countries — national governments and people may never have had less say, argues **John Vidal**

**F**IRST, some figures: the largest 500 companies now control 42 per cent of the world's wealth. Of the biggest 100 economies, half are now corporations and half are countries. The 10 biggest companies together turn over more money than do the 100 smallest countries. Indeed, only 27 countries now have a turnover greater than the sales of Shell and Exxon combined. Shell — the world's No 2 — owns or leases some 400 million acres of land, which makes it larger than 146 countries.

A few more figures: just 250 companies in Britain take almost half of everything we spend. General Motors sales revenues (\$133 billion per annum) are roughly equal to the combined GNP of Tanzania, Ethiopia, Nepal, Bangladesh, Zaire, Uganda, Niger, Kenya. And Pakistan. That's more than 500 million people. Twelve of the world's most important industries — including cars, aerospace, electronics, steel, oil, computers, media — are each more than 40 per cent dominated by five or fewer corporations.

Their power is not just financial, though. They are now beginning to dictate the fundamentals of life. Just 10 corporations control virtually every aspect of the worldwide food chain; four control 90 per cent of the world's exports of corn,

wheat, coffee, tea, pineapples, cotton, tobacco, jute and forest products. The same companies that control the commodities now handle the storage, the transport and the food processing.

The growth in size and clout of some transnationals in the past two decades has been as spectacular as the fall of communism. Bizarrely, though, they are becoming more successful at centralised planning than Moscow ever was, and are beginning to make communism seem transparent. The sales of five Japanese corporations in 1991 were roughly the same as the entire GDP of the former Soviet Union. Still clinging to centrally-managed systems, Cuba would rank 72nd and North Korea less than nowhere on today's list of largest economies.

So immense are they growing, and such is their skill in leveraging markets, so grand their resources and great their political influence, that they are now effectively units of governance. Yet they have avoided, so far, the business of having to be socially accountable, and are to all intents undemocratic and unaccountable.

Power without social responsibility has led to them becoming potentially un governable, reports Andrew Rowell, in *The Green Backlash*. Rowell quotes a report by the US Office of Technology Assess-

**I**T HAS taken the horrors of BSE and the E Coli outbreak, but everyone — including the National Farmers' Union — at last wants some kind of food agency to protect us.

Needless to say, the Conservatives are least prepared to go the furthest, should they be returned to power. Their proposed Food Safety Council would still report to the Ministry of Agriculture, despite its record of failure and the £4 billion (2.5p in the pound income tax equivalent) estimated cost of BSE. Their intention is to reassure the public without admitting that their campaign of deregulation and cost-cutting

of of the

behind Labour's  
t more healthily?  
n on the radical  
the lentil tendency

pe  
Min  
expe  
esse  
worki  
recru  
manag  
base  
effec  
sect  
If qu  
or s  
**The s  
LW)**  
**Closing**  
**For an  
A4 sae  
Commun  
London N**  
St. Pan  
opportu  
Charity No.2  
Funded by

HOXT  
NJC Scale  
pro r  
Hoxton Health  
health project  
care to those ac  
The manager is  
ordination and  
including fun  
outreach work  
years' experie  
sector or hea  
interest in co  
For further c  
send a self-f  
Health Group  
N1 5LZ. Fo  
Sadler 0171-  
Closing d  
Hoxton Health  
employe

# Mice at play in moral maze

**Tim Radford**  
**Science Editor**

**W**HEN IT comes to education, privilege pays off. Laboratory mice who are given toys, more space and tastier food develop 15 per cent more brain cells than those from "poor" homes. The discovery — reported by Californian scientists in *Nature* today — is likely to trigger a new round of the nature versus nurture debate.

Fred Gage and colleagues at the Salk Institute for

Biological Studies at La Jolla took mice at 21 days old and brought them up in either "ordinary" or "enriched" environments for 40 days. They then counted the difference in neuron or nerve cell growth in a part of the brain linked with learning and memory called the hippocampus.

The differences were dramatic. On average, the middle-class mice with the stimulating intellectual life ended up with 40,000 more neurons than the poor ones. The mice were also tested in mazes: the rich

ones did better than the poor ones.

The results will provide ammunition for those who think that differences in performance at school have to do with background as much as heredity.

British neuroscientists yesterday were delighted with the message of the middle-class mice. Steven Rose, of the Open University, warned that there were dangers in comparing laboratory animals with humans. "But even so there are parallels with human brain development."

rugged taste of the Old Testament. The New Testament required a more enlightened, more refined, more loving even, strategy – ostensibly, that is. So the idea came to Man to turn his spouse into the very Mother of God, to pick her up from right under his foot where she'd been since Creation and carry her reverently to a nice, corner pedestal. Up there, her feet completely off the ground she will be just as irrelevant to the practical decisions of running the world as she was in her bad old days. The only difference is that now Man will suffer no guilt feelings; he can sit back and congratulate himself on his generosity and gentlemanliness.

'Meanwhile our ancestors out here, unaware of the New Testament, were working out independently a parallel subterfuge of their own. *Nneka*, they said. Mother is supreme. Let us keep her in reserve until the ultimate crisis arrives and the waist is broken and hung over the fire, and the palm bears its fruit at the tail of its leaf. Then, as the world crashes around Man's ears, Woman in her supremacy will descend and sweep the shards together.

'Do I make sense?'

'As always. Go on.'

'Thank you, BB. I owe that insight to you. I can't tell you what the new role for Woman will be. I don't know. I should never have presumed to know. *You* have to tell us. We never asked you before. And perhaps because you've never been asked you may not have thought about it; you may not have the answer handy. But in that case everybody had better know who is *now* holding up the action.'

'That's very kind of you!'

'That was the first part of this love-letter, the part I owe specifically to you. Here's the rest.

'The women are, of course, the biggest single group of oppressed people in the world and, if we are to believe the Book of Genesis, the very oldest. But they are not the only ones. There are others – rural peasants in every land, the urban poor in industrialized countries, Black people everywhere including their own continent, ethnic and religious minorities and castes in all countries. The most obvious practical difficulty is the magnitude and hetero-



geneity of the problem. There is no universal conglomerate of the oppressed. Free people may be alike everywhere in their freedom but the oppressed inhabit each their own peculiar hell. The present orthodoxies of deliverance are futile to the extent that they fail to recognize this. You know my stand on that. Every genuine artist feels it in his bone. The simplistic remedies touted by all manner of salesmen (including some who call themselves artists) will always fail because of man's stubborn antibody called surprise. Man will surprise by his capacity for nobility as well as for villainy. No system can change that. It is built into the core of man's free spirit.

'The sweeping, majestic visions of people rising victorious like a tidal wave against their oppressors and transforming their world with theories and slogans into a new heaven and a new earth of brotherhood, justice and freedom are at best grand illusions. The rising, conquering tide, yes; but the millennium afterwards, no! New oppressors will have been readying themselves secretly in the undertow long before the tidal wave got really going.

'Experience and intelligence warn us that man's progress in freedom will be piecemeal, slow and undramatic. Revolution may be necessary for taking a society out of an intractable stretch of quagmire but it does not confer freedom, and may indeed hinder it.

'Bloody reformist? That's a term of abuse it would be redundant to remind you I have had more than my fair share of invoking against others across the years. But I ask myself: beyond the pleasant glow that javelin of an epithet certainly brings to the heart of the righteous hurler what serious benefit can it offer to the solution of our problems? And I don't see any.

'Reform may be a dirty word then but it begins to look more and more like the most promising route to success in the real world. I limit myself to *most promising* rather than *only* for the simple reason that all certitude must now be suspect.

'Society is an extension of the individual. The most we can hope to do with a problematic individual psyche is to *re-form* it. No responsible psychoanalyst would aim to do more, for

to do more, to overthrow the psyche itself, would be to unleash insanity. No. We can only hope to rearrange some details in the periphery of the human personality. Any disturbance of its core is an irresponsible invitation to disaster. Even a one-day-old baby does not make itself available for your root-and-branch psychological engineering, for it comes trailing clouds of immortality. What immortality? Its baggage of irreducible inheritance of genes. That is immortality.

'It has to be the same with society. You re-form it around what it is, its core of reality; not around an intellectual abstraction.

'None of this is a valid excuse for political inactivity or apathy. Indeed to understand it is an absolute necessity for meaningful action, the knowledge of it being the only protective inoculation we can have against false hopes and virulent epidemics of gullibility.

'In the vocabulary of certain radical theorists contradictions are given the status of some deadly disease to which their opponents alone can succumb. But contradictions are the very stuff of life. If there had been a little dash of contradiction among the Gadarene swine some of them might have been saved from drowning.

'Contradictions if well understood and managed can spark off the fires of invention. Orthodoxy whether of the right or of the left is the graveyard of creativity.

'I didn't owe this insight to you, BB. I drank it in from my mother's breast. All I've ever needed since was confirmation. "Do I contradict myself?" asked Walt Whitman. "Very well, I contradict myself," he sang defiantly. "I am large, I contain multitudes." Every artist contains multitudes. Graham Greene is a Roman Catholic, a partisan of Rome, if you like. Why then does he write so compulsively about bad, doubtful and doubting priests? Because a genuine artist, no matter what he says he believes, must feel in his blood the ultimate enmity between art and orthodoxy.

'Those who would see no blot of villainy in the beloved oppressed nor grant the faintest glimmer of humanity to the hated oppressor are partisans, patriots and party-liners. In the grand finale of things there will be a mansion also for

them where they will be received and lodged in comfort by the single-minded demigods of their devotion. But it will not be in the complex and paradoxical cavern of Mother Idoto.'

He tossed the handwritten paper across to me, saying 'I must go,' and beginning to put his shoes back on. I stared at the paper, at the writing – elegant but at the same time, immensely powerful. He got up. I got up too and walked up to him. Impulsively he circled me in his embrace. I looked up at him and he began to kiss me. Everything inside me was dissolving; my knees were giving way under me; I was trembling violently and I seemed to be struggling for air.

'I think you better go,' I managed to say. He released me slowly and I sank into a chair.

'Yes, I'd better be going.'

And he was gone, not for now as I and perhaps he too thought, but for ever. The storm had died down without our having been aware of it. All that was left of it now were tired twitches of intermittent lightning and the occasional, satiated hiccup of distant thunder.

## Society

### CHILDREN IN CARE

# Window on a careless world

Research has uncovered a gaping hole in the level of support for young people leaving care. **David Brindle** reveals some alarming figures



Bleak outlook... for those growing up in care KEITH CARDWELL

**S**HORTLY before the general election was called, Tony Blair committed Labour to special efforts to help young people leaving care. Forthcoming research will show just how much needs to be done.

According to a comprehensive study of almost 50 projects working with more than 3,000 young people who had been in care, barely one in 10 was working full-time, more than half were unemployed and almost nine in 10 were not self-supporting financially.

Bob Broad, author of the study, says it is alarming that little progress has been made more than five years after implementation of the Children Act, which placed additional duties on local authorities to help young people leaving care. "When the state is the parent for children in care, the Government's emphasis on family, parental responsibility and self-sufficiency is a paradox which needs to be resolved."

Broad's findings, to be published in full later this year\*, follow a damning report in February by the Social Services Inspectorate on the lack of support for teenagers leaving care. Sir Herbert Laming, chief inspector of social services, views the issue so seriously that he has been staging seminars on the theme.

Some 10,000 young people leave care annually, many of them as soon as they turn 16. Having inspected after-care provision in nine sample authorities, the SSI believes that too many such teenagers are left isolated and prey to homelessness, unemployment and crime. It says nobody should be left unsupported as they learn to live alone, budget and find a job or training.

Laming has told local authorities: "Services for care-leavers are not an optional extra. The quality of service provision at this critical stage can determine the direction of the lives of these young people."

Broad, a senior research fellow at De Montfort University, Leicester, has examined the work of 46 local authority leaving-care projects in England and Wales, working with up to 3,300 young people aged 16-21 in the period 1994-96. These teams typically have five staff sharing an average caseload of 118.

Of the sample as a whole, only 11 per cent of young people were working full-time and 4 per cent part-time. Eighteen per cent were attending further or higher education, 10 per cent youth training and 6 per cent were unaccounted

Yet the survey found that 88 per cent of the young people were not self-supporting; one 19-year-old woman in further education had been receiving help of £19 a week.

Broad says the picture is not all gloomy. He praises the achievements of many of the projects, particularly one in Lewisham, south London, where unemployment among the 325 young people on the books had fallen from 36 per cent in 1993 to 26 per cent last year.

This scheme, which has been running about 10 years, has forged links with other organisations to ensure its young people get vocational guidance, career profiling, help with interviews and CV preparation, computer training and business advice. As for domestic matters, the scheme runs training flats where teenagers go to experience living independently while still in care.

Maureen Reid, the project's acting manager, says: "The atmosphere is one of friendli-

ness and continuity, which is so important for young people who may have no contact with their own family. We get them coming back up to age 23, when the younger ones can see how they have worked through the system and held their own."

Broad says it is time to build nationally on such local work. "The SSI report provides a valuable opportunity to go beyond good practice and for government to review leaving care before more young people are lost, abandoned or impoverished."

\* Young People Leaving Public Care: Life Since the Children Act 1989 will be published later this year by Jessica Kingsley.

### HOUSING

## Safe from the past

**Anne Karpf** on a special home for survivors of the Holocaust

**F**OR most people, Nazism is history. But for some, it's biography — their own. The majority of those living at the Otto Schiff Housing Association (OSHA) residential home in north London suffered Nazi persecution, escaping to Britain before, during or after the war.

Uniquely among residential homes, OSHA offers care pri-

marily for the Jewish refugee community. Although it also numbers British Jews among its 300 residents, the needs of the refugees gives it its distinct character.

OSHA's chief executive Tony Shepherd stresses the culturally sensitive nature of the service. There are no video cameras or uniformed security guards protecting the buildings. "All those things have resonances for our residents because of their past," he says.

Similarly, they strive to make the place as continental and uninstitutional as possible — with its bright, wood-panelled communal rooms, it has more of the feel of a country hotel. And because of the cultured background of most residents, the music laid on is more likely to be classical than light.

Most of the residents are German-born Jews, assimilated pre-war, but many of them are valuing Jewish ritual

### HEALTH

As people live longer, pensions and long-term care have topped political agendas. But tougher questions on quality of life and health care rationing remain, warns **Melanie Henwood**

# Playing God with old age

**R**EGARDLESS of which party is in power after tomorrow, one issue which will present a major resource challenge is increasing longevity. The recent government report highlighting the continued extension to life expectancy underlined the absence of comparable advances in delaying the onset of ill health. It appears — as the World Health Organisation has noted — that the developed world is rather more successful in adding "years to life" than "life to years".

Much of the political heat

generated over the ageing of the population has focused on the twin challenges of long-term care and pensions. But, increasingly, other matters need to be addressed: first, questions about quality of life in later years; and second, issues about the rationing of health care in old age.

It is important to maintain perspective. Alarmist accounts of the demographic timebomb fail to recognise that the rise in life expectancy should be cause for celebration rather than despair, and the fact that the majority of older people continue to be fit, healthy and independent and do not end their days in nursing home care.

Among older people living in the community, 90 per cent of women aged over 65, and 94 per cent of men, are able to manage to have a bath, shower, or an all-over wash without any help. Even among those aged over 85, this is true of more than three-quarters. Similarly, the majority of older people are able to get out and about on their own, although the proportion unable to do so increases significantly among the very elderly.

Recent reports suggesting there has been no delay in the onset of ill-health are disappointing. Other

## Nobody should lack support as they learn to live alone

for. However, 51 per cent were unemployed — more than two-and-a-half times the average joblessness rate at that age.

Housing emerged as one of the biggest problems, with one in 20 of the young people living in bed-and-breakfast accommodation. Two thirds of the projects said availability of help with rent costs through the housing benefit system had worsened, 30 per cent thinking it had worsened "significantly" rather than merely a little.

Taking in all 10 kinds of financial support for care-leavers, 42 per cent of the projects considered that provision had worsened. Just 12 per cent thought it had improved.



# G2

## Parents

What to do if your toddler is labelled a problem child

8

## Style

Haughty but nice: meet blue-blooded model Honor Fraser



## Arts

Michael Billington: is bureaucracy killing the theatre?

12

## Plus society

Pull out section with 44 pages of jobs

The Guardian Wednesday November 12 1997 Portrait 4 • When 5 • Inside story 6 • N&Q 17 • Crossword 18 • TV & Radio 18/20



# Julie Burchill on art, immorality and the threat to children

# Death of innocence

What has happened to our sense of moral outrage? **Julie Burchill** is sick of images celebrating paedophilia being marketed as art

**T**here has never been a better time to be a child molester. In the old days, you'd have to lurk around playgrounds in a shabby mac, with only a few sherbet lemons or a fictional puppy in your pocket with which to tempt your prey. Now, though, the parti-coloured pleasures of Swinging Britain Mark Two can all be yours; all part of the paedophile experience.

First, you can take the object of your desire to the Royal Academy and let him or her gaze upon the works of James Rielly who, according to the official Sensation programme, paints "hilariously grotesque" pastels of two-headed girls with men's faces, fat boys with four arms, twin boys with four eyes each, family portraits featuring children showing their knickers and men "flashing" in parks. Groovy, baby! While you're there, get a load of the Chapman brothers' fibreglass girl children, who were lucky enough to be given penises for noses and anuses for mouths. Fab!

If you're lucky, Adrian Lyne's remake of *Lolita* will be released by then, and you can both watch Jeremy Irons playing a character of whom he spoke thus: "I always thought Humbert never grew up sexually, and when the two of them are together I'd like it to be like two kids rather than him being the dirty uncle — that they were right together despite him being 40 and her 14... this man has been fucking her, but he's also a very good father. He obviously loves her. I think it will make people re-address what paedophilia is. At the moment we see it very black and white, as dirty old men raping little girls. Girls practise on their dads. So what are men supposed to do? I was hoping that when *Lolita* comes out, there would be a big debate." Yay!

And if it's *really* your day, there might be an exhibition of the American photographer Sally Mann's work somewhere. Mann has taken hundreds of black and white pictures of her naked prepubescent daughters over the years, which strangers may look at for a small fee. This gives you the ideal excuse to reassure your little friend: "Look! She's a lady! She's a mummy, and that's her daughter! So it must be all right!"

When you finally get your little angel home, while you're slipping into something comfortable (not her, that's for later), you can leave a copy of the *Face* on the coffee table for her to flick through — the August issue, featuring many a fleshy portrait of boys and girls not yet old enough for secondary school, barely dressed and heavily rouged.

Better still, if the kiddie is bright, it might like that Blake Morrison book

wherein Morrison writes of getting an erection when his daughter sits on his lap. After all this the poppet will be pretty sure that everybody's doing it and will barely raise a squeak when you shove your rancid, raddled old cock up her, probably giving her one of the hundreds of sexually transmitted diseases inflicted on children each year, like the baby girl of six months who came to the attention of social workers when it became apparent that the running sores covering her sex organs were the result of syphilis.

Ah, but they love it, don't they? Child sexuality and all that. They're playing with themselves from the moment they find it! Yes, but on the other hand, so are dogs.

When they suffer extreme non-specific excitement, dogs frequently attempt to shag one's leg. In any reasonable court of law, this would pass as provocation. However, nobody would put forward the existence of mutt sexuality as an excuse for adult human beings to go out and have it away with the nearest Borzoi. More specifically, I bet Jeremy Irons wouldn't star in a film as a man who has an affair with his dead wife's dog.

Children, on the other hand, are sexy. Well, it had to happen. Nazis have been sexy, cripples limping about in callipers have been sexy, cars have been sexy, rapists have been sexy; sexy is, after all, the shopping trolley that ate the world, and all of us merely swatches of taste-thrill sensuality sitting on the shelves waiting to be sampled. Who can blame a man for wanting to pick up a packet of cute, bite-sized Varieties rather than wanting to take a whole, big, boring family-sized packet of Shreddies home?

That's easy: women can blame them. It's our job.

Men feel no embarrassment whatsoever about instructing women how to treat unborn, unviable foetuses, so why in the world do we stand back and allow men such say over the children who come out of our own bodies? Who died and made them kings? Or even, as in the case of so many excuses for male humanity, emperors with a million (in their dreams) concubines? Women should extend the same zero tolerance towards depictions of children as objects of sexual pleasure as they do towards the idea that the rape of adult women is in some way "sexy".

The idea now being put about by some mad anti-feminists, that women are equally capable of child abuse, is simply rubbish; statistically, the interesting thing about a Rosemary West or Myra Hindley is that we know their names. Imagine trying to recall the cursed names of all the men who have murdered children over the past 30 years! It's also worth pointing out,

**Killer watch ... a security guard at the Royal Academy, London, in front of Marcus Harvey's portrait of Myra Hindley, made up of children's hand-prints**

PHOTOGRAPH: PAUL VICENTE

because tabloid newspapers are stupid and tend to forget these things, that West and Hindley were not examples of rogue feminists run riot, or examples of women in their new Girl Power mode being "deadlier than the male" (always a favourite headline when total female violent crime statistics edge up from 2 per cent to 3 per cent, leaving men's total violent-crime offences, God bless them, holding steady in the 1990s) but examples of the completely feminine woman: someone for whom

the man they love's word is law (as that filthy old sexist Aleister Crowley said, love is the law; bloody convenient when you're a pair of spooning sociopaths, no?) even when it extends to the rape and butchery of children — even, in West's case, her own daughter. On the contrary, even the most die-hard masculinist knows in his heart of hearts that when he instructs his young child, male or female, on what to do if it should get lost, he says: "Go and ask a lady; not a man, unless he's

a policeman." It is a fact that, whether heterosexually or homosexually, men want to have sex with children in a way and on a scale women don't — in the same way that men want to have sex with farmyard animals, blow-up dolls and Venetian blinds in a way women don't. Despite the loaded propaganda of recent years — women enjoy sex as much as men — it remains a fact that men like sex, any sex, more than women do. Women just tend to like it at first. Then they get bored.



thing to do with sex. In Georgia in the Soviet Union, only women past the menopause were allowed to be on a jury for sex crime cases: no young women and no men at all, on the basis that they were likely to be slaves to their hormones. It's certainly worth thinking about.

It is a sobering fact, such is the relative sexual temperance of women, that a prepubescent girl child is safer from sexual assault spending the night under the roof of a pair of strange lesbians rather than in her home with her own father. This taboo being so correctly and widely in place, nothing gives men more of a kick than women being complicit in this most explicit sickness; and if children — the care and protection of whom has always been the direct province of women — can be used as the human sacrifice which proves how she loves him, all the better.

**W**hile in no way equating Sally Mann with Hindley and West, I would say that a woman who can take photographs of her naked seven-year-old daughters and let them be seen by strangers is a very strange woman indeed. Not to mention a woman who is violating a very basic right to privacy. Nicci Gerrard, in the Observer, wrote of "a young girl asleep on a sheetless mattress; the girl is naked and sprawled and her arms are flung up. There is a stain on the mattress. She looks like a prostitute, with her lover just departed, not like a little girl fast asleep, who has just wet her bed." Are the men who fuck prostitutes "lovers"? Really? When a man beats up a prostitute, is that a lovers' tiff? It is not extreme to say that with a mother like Mann, you'd wet the bed too.

I am not a delicate woman, but the idea of this middle-aged American broad prowling around her not-even-adolescent, sleeping, naked daughters with a camera, and photographing them for commercial gain and the eyes of strangers, literally makes me want to vomit. Where is the right to privacy there? Or doesn't it count, because they're her children? This is the way a lot of men think about the rape of their own daughters, too.

This male lust for female complicity in the exploitation of children is now only the love that dares to speak its name, but even feels quite happy justifying its starring role at this year's Royal Academy big show, the aforementioned Sensation.

This is Marcus Harvey (whose current work-in-progress is a painting of Adolf Hitler patting a young child) talking about that portrait, made from hundreds of handprints of a child: "It's a terrifying image, and I realised I had been attracted to it lots of times, just pulled in by it. It's quite exciting... I was very aware that the pull of the image was a sexual thing and that this is part of the taboo that increases its appeal. The whole point of the painting is that photograph. And I really don't want to get beyond that... I know enough to know that she probably didn't do any of the murders, that she was just in a relationship where she was too attached to the man who was doing it to extricate herself... This is the crucial issue: she didn't do the murdering, but she was a female who ignored her motherly instincts. That is her great crime. I think there's a lot of sexual appeal to men, and definitely to women as well."

There you go, then. I trust that you, as I was when I read this, are speech-

less. They say a picture paints a thousand words, but alongside the obscenity of this statement, the obscenity of Harvey's painting pales in comparison.

What a tender word picture Harvey paints of his Myra here. We have Myra the Real Woman, standing by Her Man even unto Saddleworth Moor and beyond. And we have Myra the Love Goddess, who secretly, secretly, in our heart of hearts, we all want to shag. Myra! She's Every Woman! She's Three Times A Lady! The words "Speak for yourself, sicko," come to mind here. But if Harvey has performed any useful function in his life, it has been, unconsciously, to reveal in all its gory glory the pathology of men who find child assault and murder "quite exciting".

But these are the days of the politics of Why Not? Perfect for the tiny minds of painters and printers and sculptors and stuffers, perfect for the ageing, dirty-minded children such as Damien, Dinos and all the boys and girls at the Saatchi Nursery for Wayward Youth. These are the days in which the most obscenely oppressive images are not challenged, but actually celebrated as some sort of liberation.

These are the days when "Smack My Bitch Up" by the Prodigy can be

**If you are a child in pain these days, you will certainly be seen. But you won't be heard. No one is listening**

written of as a great work of art, though it is rather interesting that a song called "Smack My Paki Up" might more likely have found the lads faced with a blanket ban by the pop press because there should be No Platform For Fascists. These are the days when a song by the Wu Tang Clan which depicts a bowel evacuation upon one's girlfriend as a fitting finale to the act of love can be described by the New Musical Express as "blackly humorous". These are days when Jean Baudrillard can muse over the beautiful symbolism of taking a woman out into the desert and killing her... When Damien Hirst's butchery skills pass for art... When Larry Flynt, who has made his pile peddling images of women being, among other things, raped, killed, drilled through the genitalia with jackhammers and fed through mincing machines, can be portrayed as a hero of free speech.

When popular culture generally, in fact, is no longer the repository of the most enlightened instincts of man, but of the most oppressive: this is nothing to do with freedom. This is to do with men saying, as they say every time they rape, buy pornography from a sweet-shop, speak obscenely to women in the street, virtually "rape" pro-censorship feminists on the Internet — "I can do whatever I like." It is an issue not of self-expression, but of the continuing power of men and the way they eroticise the powerlessness of women, and now children, in order to feed it back to them as something sexy — as a grotesque sort of compliment.

We are all of us in the gutter, said Oscar Wilde, but some of us are looking at the stars. These days, some of us appear to be looking down the drains and loving the view. It is only natural

that Hirst and his mates see the world as a filthy, malign, corrupt place and none of the creatures in it worth protecting or respecting; they look in the mirror quite a lot, after all.

But I see no reason why they should be able to move the goalposts of what is and what is not acceptable as entertainment in an allegedly civilised society. They hardly seem up to the job. Some things should simply not be seen, and some things should simply not be written, because they are bricks in a wall of affectlessness which eventually blinds society with spectacle and makes it less sensitive to such issues as the ongoing sexual war against women, and against children.

Perhaps artists should get out more. Personally, I would like to hire a small bus and take a select group of people on a little outing. I'd like to take Blake Morrison, Sally Mann, Jeremy Irons, Jake and Dinos Chapman, Marcus Harvey, the editor of the Face, James Rielly and anyone else who thinks that the sexual assault of children is in any way aesthetically appealing, funny, quite exciting, forgivable, forgettable, understandable or — worst of all — "complex", to a former council chamber in a small town near Chester, where more than 300 grown-up survivors of alleged sexual abuse have born witness against the 148 adults who sexually assaulted them as children. Last month in the Guardian the lead-in to the story by Nick Davies, read thus: "The tribunal of inquiry... has been in progress for eight months. Day after day it has unravelled one of Britain's darkest scandals. So why haven't you heard about it? *No one is listening.*"

These adult witnesses were once seven-year-old children shut in cupboards under the stairs by their foster parents; raped anally by foster brothers. "We never had a childhood. We didn't know what childhood was about." Children who were literally made sex objects; in dormitories, in sick bays, in staff rooms, in baths, in cars, in sheds, in tents, on the towpath of a canal; with foster parents, with residential workers, with social workers, with anyone who wanted them.

**T**he 32 seats that have been reserved for the media have stayed empty. So have the three long rows of chairs reserved for the public. No one is listening. Too busy, probably, reading books, looking at paintings and sculptures and watching films in which the sexual abuse of children is shown as aesthetically appealing, funny, quite exciting, forgivable, understandable or complex.

Who in the name of God was the clown who first put forward the idea that getting rid of censorship would go hand in hand with a more caring, compassionate society? It hasn't. As censorship has retreated, only the society of the spectacle has advanced; only the society in which the atrocity can be made into art, and therefore stops being an atrocity because it is no longer "real".

With the sexual abuse of children, this tragic trend has reached its sickening climax. The Victorians proposed that children should be seen and not heard, and today our society still holds true to this principle, with art as its willing alibi and accomplice. If you are a child in pain these days, you will certainly be seen; you will be seen, shown and eventually stored away in a warehouse by those nice Saatchis. But you won't be heard. No one is listening.

This article appears in the current issue of the Modern Review, £2.95.

## Pass notes

No 1119

### Blue Nun



**Age:** Ooooh! No need to get all posh. This is Blue Nun, not some vintage Château Wotsiface.

**Age:** Very stern. All right, the label was created in the thirties by a German wine importer, Walter Sichel, who rightly recognised British resistance to anything unpronounceably foreign, like Liebfraumilch, or BMW, or Messerschmitt, come to that. Not quite sure why he plumped for a nun. I thought it was Italians who went in for that kind of thing. Proved very popular, though, very popular. Next?

**Appearance:** Good question, most sharp. Look up there: they're changing the old girl. New label, designer blue bottle instead of the old brown one, not so sweet to taste.

**Why?** Sales of German wines here have been falling because everyone, for some reason, has switched to that appalling new world chardonnay. Funnily enough, this decline went hand in hand with a reduction of the number of nuns on the bottle, from six to three to one in the eighties, so old Walter must have been on to something. What happened to that pipe tobacco, Three Nuns, by the way? My grandfather was very keen on that. Makes you think. And I'm not sure about this revamp, if the nun will forgive the word.

**Why?** Well, the old stuff was pretty trendy, actually. Wayne Hussey, of the Mission, late Goth band, used to live on the stuff. And what about Alice Nutter of Chumbawamba? She has blue hair and dresses as a nun. And what about Alan Partridge?

**Alan Partridge?** Come on. Alan Partridge. The chat show host. A-Ha! Brilliant. His failure to get a second series ranks among the world's great mysteries, up there with the Creation, the axing of Tinky Winky and exactly what Bobby Moore was thinking about when he gave the ball away to that nippy little Polish winger in the Wembley World Cup qualifier in 1974.

**What's happened to him?** Who? Bobby, or the Pole? Bobby's dead, I'm not sure about the Pole.

**No, Alan Partridge.** Search me. Could be living in a motel near Norwich for all I know. Now, come on, join me in a glass. There. What do you think?

**Most likely to say:** "Is that the time already?"

**Best suggestion if new strategy fails:** Change the name. Cool Nun? Singing Nun? Hun Nun? Trevor Nunn? Take your pick. Cheers.



That's why three-quarters of all divorces are brought by women; because once the novelty's worn off, sex is revealed as basically the same old shit — being poked around. It's crap in the dentist's chair and it's crap in bed — which only shines up a treat when there's a new, unknown quantity involved. As Valerie Solanas so rightly said, it is because men are sexually incontinent that they are morally incontinent, and therefore probably not fit to make policy or law on any-

**Portrait** Seventeen years ago Marion Bayliss learned that her husband had perished in a giant freighter lost off the coast of Japan. But only now, writes **Lisa Buckingham**, is she close to discovering what really happened aboard the Derbyshire

# Sunk without trace

It seemed routine. Ships were always late reaching port. But by the time Marion Bayliss heard there was going to be a delay her husband Curly had already been dead for nine days.

That was 17 years ago. Only now is the truth beginning to emerge from a campaign to uncover why Curly and 43 others came to be sucked under the towering, typhoon-driven waves off the Japanese coast in a ship which was smashed into fragments.

The sinking of the Derbyshire shouldn't have happened. This 169,000 tonne behemoth of the oceans was only four years old. She was regarded as invincible. But the sea has a way of confounding such claims. As with the Titanic 68 years earlier, the sinking of the Derbyshire established its own ghoulish claim on the record books: it was the largest merchant ship ever to sink. And its loss has sparked one of the longest quests for answers ever mounted in the maritime world.

Cargo shipping is known to be one of the most cavalier industries in the world, with lives seemingly sacrificed for profit at an alarming rate. But unlike the Derbyshire, most of the ships which sink are old, badly maintained, or sail under a flag of convenience which means they can use often poorly trained Third World crew. The conveyor-belt of deaths on the workhorses of the sea rarely hits the headlines: attention is only really gripped if there is a huge oil spill and devastation of coastal wildlife. Yet some 300 seafarers die each year in this anonymous carnage. And when the toll is counted, those responsible for the ships often show themselves hopelessly inadequate to their task.

Mrs Bayliss had to hear on the radio that her husband's ship was not only delayed but that contact had been lost and the search was being called off because of bad weather. When she telephoned Bibby Line, owner of the Derbyshire, an anonymous voice read her a press release about the sinking. She was left to presume Curly's death. Although she received some compensation and a

memorial service was held, the shipping line never officially told her that her husband, father of her three children, had perished.

The authorities were similarly mealy-mouthed. The sinking of the Derbyshire was blamed on the will of God. Those left behind suspected the hand of Mammon.

It took Mrs Bayliss six years to get over the immediate pain of coping with the loss of her partner while raising three teenage children. Then a radio programme prompted her to get in touch with other families of the Derbyshire's dead. And no sooner had she made contact than something else they had all dreaded happened: one of the Derbyshire's sister ships, the Kowloon Bridge, broke up in November off the coast of Ireland.

What had been an attempt to discover why 44 bodies were more than two miles down in Japanese waters

suddenly became a much wider campaign to reveal what looked like huge design faults in some of the world's largest ocean-going cargo ships.

There had always been doubts that such gigantic ships, filled with gruesomely heavy and often volatile cargoes, would be able to withstand heavy weather. Now it seemed that the crews of the Derbyshire and her sister ships had been at even greater peril on the sea.

Finally an official inquiry was launched. Mrs Bayliss commuted between her home town of Corby in Northamptonshire and Church House, behind Westminster Abbey, to sit through the seemingly interminable proceedings. The episode, she says, was made worse because of the appalling treatment meted out to some of those giving

evidence. Her experience cannot have been helped by the struggle to cope with a full-time nursing job and a mother-in-law in the latter stages of dementia.

The grinding emotional and physical toil of that time laid Mrs Bayliss vulnerable to a muscle disease which has left her needing sticks to walk.

Almost no one now has any faith in the verdict of that investigation which decided that evidence involving the Derbyshire's sister ships could not be taken into account, even though one had sunk and three others had developed structural faults. What increased scepticism was the fact that all the ships had been built by the Swan Hunter shipyard, which had been privatised a year earlier.

The Derbyshire Families Association (DFA), where Mrs Bayliss acts as secretary, became convinced that the Government had an interest in a cover-up. As the owner of the shipbuilder, the Government would be

responsible for any compensation which had to be paid if negligent design or construction was found. Such doubts in other industries would have created something of a *cause célèbre*. The DFA came to accept that it was up against a powerful conjunction of industries — shipbuilders, ship operators and insurers — which would fight any changes in the status quo.

Then in 1994 an expedition funded by the International Transport Workers' Federation located the wreck and photographs confirmed the gut feeling of the campaigners — the Derbyshire had disintegrated as it sank and had not fallen victim to a freak wave. Lord Donaldson, then Master of the Rolls, said there should be another expedition.

Before that, in the summer of 1994, Mrs Bayliss had made her own journey to Okinawa in Japan — the streak of land closest to the point at

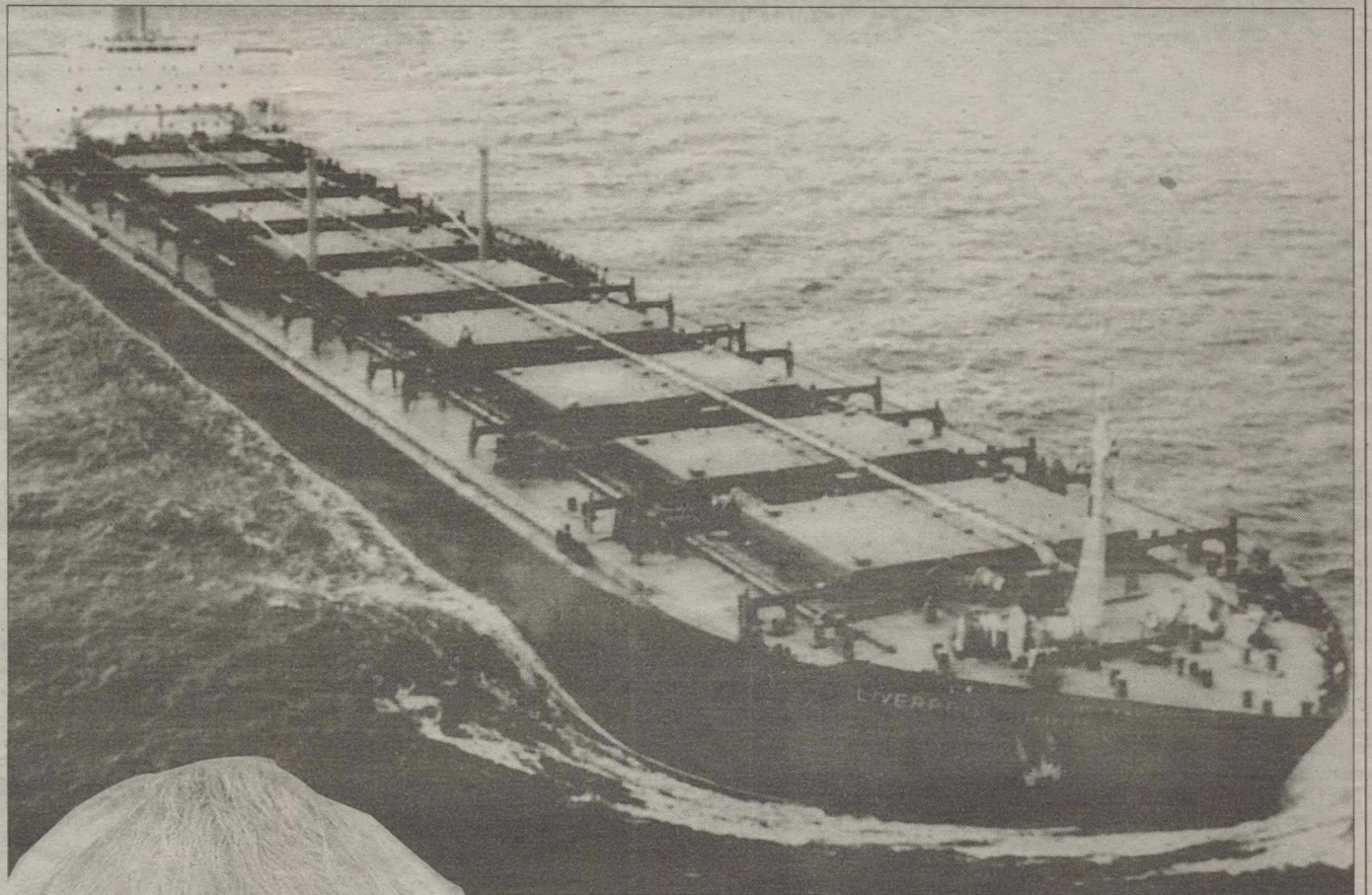
which the Derbyshire sank. "I said goodbye to him then," she says. "I want to be able to let the ship go too. I won't keep campaigning, I know that now."

She denies she is a courageous woman, but clearly she is. She has also developed a dogged patience after all this time. She says she now trusts that the outcome of the latest investigation will provide satisfactory answers. The investigation took 49 days last summer and produced some 135,000 photographs of the wreck and 1,000 hours of videotape.

She regards it as crucial that the shipping world learns from the outcome of this inquiry and the "needless" loss of the Derbyshire, just as she felt compelled to campaign and to use her experience of loss to become a bereavement counsellor. "I would find it very comforting to think that because of the Derbyshire there will be some changes — possibly design changes or changes in attitudes, so no shipowner can ever say again that a shipwreck cannot be found."

Like the other relatives, she has no grave to attend. This year her 14-year-old granddaughter Vicki came with her to London for the annual memorial service for seafarers at which entries in a memorial book at London's All Hallows By The Tower replace tombstones. But she says an inquiry which provided answers would help put a line under their loss — albeit 17 years too late — which is what a funeral would have done. "We will have to wait and see what the outcome is but I have faith that they will do their best," she says. "That's all we've got because we have had lots of lies and cover-ups and conflicts of interest and that's difficult to get out of your head."

What could present an appalling difficulty for Mrs Bayliss and the other Derbyshire families would be if the inquiry concludes that there is a case of negligence for the shipyard to answer. "I have given a great deal of thought to this and quite honestly I'm weary. I really hope I don't have to face the issue of compensation."



Mystery of the deep . . . Marion Bayliss has campaigned for years to discover the fate of the Derbyshire (pictured above, before it was renamed)





**Collection Number: A3299**

**Collection Name: Hilda and Rusty BERNSTEIN Papers, 1931-2006**

***PUBLISHER:***

*Publisher:* **Historical Papers Research Archive**

*Collection Funder:* **Bernstein family**

*Location:* **Johannesburg**

**©2015**

***LEGAL NOTICES:***

**Copyright Notice:** All materials on the Historical Papers website are protected by South African copyright law and may not be reproduced, distributed, transmitted, displayed, or otherwise published in any format, without the prior written permission of the copyright owner.

**Disclaimer and Terms of Use:** Provided that you maintain all copyright and other notices contained therein, you may download material (one machine readable copy and one print copy per page) for your personal and/or educational non-commercial use only.

People using these records relating to the archives of Historical Papers, The Library, University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, are reminded that such records sometimes contain material which is uncorroborated, inaccurate, distorted or untrue. While these digital records are true facsimiles of paper documents and the information contained herein is obtained from sources believed to be accurate and reliable, Historical Papers, University of the Witwatersrand has not independently verified their content. Consequently, the University is not responsible for any errors or omissions and excludes any and all liability for any errors in or omissions from the information on the website or any related information on third party websites accessible from this website.

This document is part of the *Hilda and Rusty Bernstein Papers*, held at the Historical Papers Research Archive, University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa.