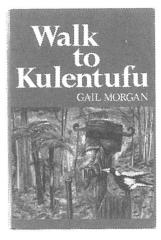
Herald). There are some omissions of a minor nature, but as pointed out in the Introduction to the publication, spaces have been left to allow for insertions. For example, Lloyd's Rep, which regularly reports Australian and New Zealand decisions of importance in the domain of commercial law might have been included in the category (b) list. Also ICJ, the abbreviation for the International Commission of Jurists, or for the International Court of Justice, could have been placed in the category (c) list. Otherwise, it would be impossible to find fault with this publication, which is the work of two perfectionists.

IGS

Walk to Kulentufu, by Gail Morgan. Pages 1-165. 1988. Australia: Dent, Melbourne. Price: cloth \$24.95.

Novels are rarely the subject of notices in the pages of the ALJ. But Gail Morgan's Walk to Kulentufu, only just published by the firm of Dent Australia, deserves to be read by lawyers for the range of insights that it provides in respect to the multi-cultural scene in Australia, so far as it concerns above all the development of a relationship of love between an intelligent and tolerant young Australian woman and a Polish male migrant, disillusioned, and with bitter memories of the past, endeavouring to accommodate himself to the strange (for him) conditions in Australia, notably in the Sydney area, Bondi and Kings Cross. There is a tragic end to the relationship which occurs in Papua New Guinea, and in that connection one can think of few novels which so accurately depict the nature of the people and of the land there. The novel divides neatly into two parts, the first concerned with Australia, the second with Papua New Guinea. Gail Morgan, by means of recording the thoughts and emotions of the Polish migrant, Wojtek, and through his dialogues with Anne, the Australian woman who treats him with undeserved tenderness, holds up a mirror for us to view our so-called "way of life", with its merits, its crudities and its negation, just the same, of all that may be repugnant in conditions in Europe, particularly the in-built political and social antagonisms and divisions. It is not without humour, as is demonstrated in Wojtek's exchanges with a travel agent in respect of his procurement of a ticket for Papua New Guinea (pp 74-80); these are riotously funny. The author has a special mastery for pen pictures. Darlinghurst Road, Kings Cross: "Youth



without exuberance. Sex without beauty. Money without value. A vast procession of ill-assorted people attempting to fit the street like Cinderella her shoe" (p 58). Life in an Australian migrant hostel: "At the hostel, life had been institutionalised and without power. They had passed each other's suffering around like a cheap synthetic blanket, keeping nobody warm. Everyone had seemed impatient for the deep hypnotic sleep into which their pasts could be buried" (p 55). This is a novel of the highest quality, reflecting a measure of sophistication which marks it out from the ordinary run of Australian literary works. A conspicuous feature is the author's superb narrative skill throughout her novel.

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