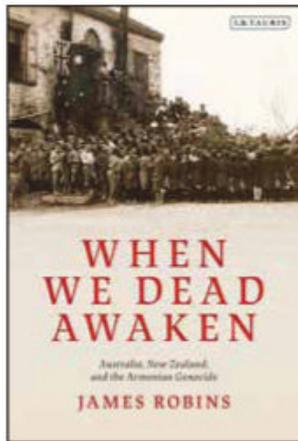


accounts of the genocide filtered back to Australia and New Zealand, they prompted a remarkable spree of relief efforts – funds were raised, food and medical relief was dispatched on mercy ships, and an Australasian Orphanage was even established in Lebanon.

The final part of the book sees Robins castigate the failure of Australian and New Zealand governments to confront Turkey over the genocide. He suggests that such reticence stems from the two nations' own processes of remembering and forgetting. They, too, are keen to present a clean and unifying foundation story, one that focuses on the heroism of the Anzacs at Gallipoli. This has led not only to a reluctance to discuss colonisation – which carries uncomfortable parallels between the treatment of Aborigines/Māori and the Armenians – but also dictated a “special relationship” with Turkey. Any attempt to broach the genocide would jeopardise access to Gallipoli for the annual pilgrimage, while prompting difficult questions about the modern formulation of the Anzac narrative.



“There is no difference between the Johnnies and the Mehments to us where they lie side by side here in this country of ours”, this has come to rest on ideas of shared chivalry and sacrifice. That Kemal was a leading protagonist in the genocide is, like the fact of the killings themselves, necessarily left unremarked.

Robins' arguments are made in a compelling fashion. I struggled a little with the occasional simplifications, frequent editorialising and seemingly random use of the past and present tense. Yet the employment of a “journalistic” style is a major contributor to the book's power. Had Robins sought to downplay his obvious passion and anger in favour of the cautious tones adopted by most academics, he may have proved less effective at communicating the horror of the genocide and the urgency of confronting it.

This book deserves to find a wide audience in Australia and New Zealand; it would be even better if it prompted their governments to reconsider how they approach the Armenian Genocide. ■

WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN: Australia, New Zealand and the Armenian Genocide, by James Robins (Bloomsbury, \$40)

As exemplified by constant recitation of the famous words supposedly written by Kemal,

[IMG_227]

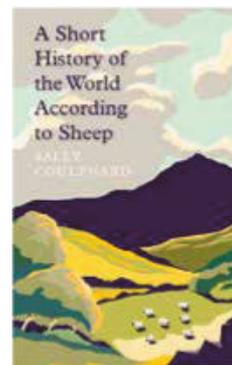
- enamel bowl rim blue
- throat of crocus blue
- magnolia-leaf green-black
- plum black
- heart of jasmine pink
- purple-aster black
- peach-skin pink
- light blood orange
- lower wings of tiger moth red
- mooncake-wrapper gold
- electric-billboard blue
- shanghai-taxi blue
- lepidolite lilac
- chrysoprase blue
- hot violet
- hot violet
- strawberry-wafer pink
- lantern-festival red
- tūi-feather iridescent green
- high-definition silver
- reflected-gasoline blue
- grass-jelly black
- wet-cormorant black
- nightriver black

Short cuts

What have those woolly beasts ever done for us? A huge amount, reckons the delightful chronicle

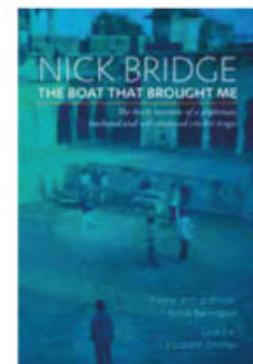
A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WORLD ACCORDING TO SHEEP, by

British nature writer Sally Coulthard (Head of Zeus, \$37.99). Fed us, clothed us and helped us win wars, she says. Changed our language, too: shoddy, fleeced, tenterhooks, sheepish, of course, all came via the ovine route. By the time of the Domesday book in 1086, sheep were the No 1 agricultural commodity. This country gets a couple of mentions, rudely undercutting UK farmers in the mid-19th century and, inevitably, Shrek.



“New Zealand always punches above its weight,” an Australian diplomat is told in Nick Bridge's **THE BOAT THAT BROUGHT ME** (Cuba Press, \$30).

“Hmm,” the Aussie replies, “it would be hard for them to punch below it.” This memoir by the former diplomat comes highly recommended by the likes of Dame Sian Elias, Alan Bollard and Terence O'Brien. The author, married to poet and China scholar Diana Bridge, writes briskly and well about his postings to London, China, India, Singapore and Canberra, among other places, from the 1970s to 1990s, and is insightful about politics, culture and our evolving place in the world.



Apart from the odd iMac in the office, the Montrose Foundry in Penrose, Auckland, remains largely unchanged since it opened in 1950 – an unfussy, hands-on,

masculine world. **MONTROSE OF PENROSE**, Grant Alexander and Solomon Mortimer's handsomely designed and photographed tribute to the place in its 70th year, acknowledges a debt to Glenn Busch's *Working Men*, from 1984, which captured the images and thoughts of men in the manual trades. Available at tinyurl.com/MontroseNZL, \$75. ■

