

THE FAMILY COURT OF AUSTRALIA IS DEAD

Well, not dead. More on a form of institutional life support.

It does from time to time move and twitch like something controlled by a drunken puppeteer.

Back at his den in Wentworth, John (the Undertaker) Pascoe is embalming the corpse, quietly waiting as he has been for this moment for almost 20 years.

Waiting for the call that he may announce the death and wondering where he can find a place with some lawyers in it, that may not be hostile.

Meanwhile in another part of town, Willy "Three Wigs" Alstergren is facing some dilemmas of his own.

Should he assume Titular control of the corpse before it is pronounced dead? Together with one from the Federal Court he could be Willy "Five Wigs" Alstergren.

Where would he pick to be anointed? Should he invite Daryl and Phil?

Notwithstanding these dilemmas, they both have an element of turmoil in common.

How can one appear remorseful at the passing of the corpse and laudatory of its achievements whilst personally despising it and all it stands for, and wanting to dance on its grave?

BUT HOW DID THIS COME TO PASS?

How has it come to pass that the Court has died at such a tender age of only 43 years?

Whilst it had a difficult birth and its parents passed shortly afterwards, the Court was fortunate enough to be born in an era where good public policy and proper administration meant something.

Whilst born of libertarian parents and imbued with their ideas, the Court was properly cared for in its infancy by both conservative and Labor guardians. The Court grew in strength and stature and by its late teens was plainly prepared to make a difference about the welfare of children and the financial support of them and their carers.

While this pleased some, it also upset others.

Middle class people were being called upon to support their first family. Rich people were unable to protect their wealth from the claims of their first, second

or third wife. Poor people were bamboozled by the bureaucracy of the child support and social security systems. Working people and Farmers had to pay to support children whom no longer lived with them and abusive fathers still had to pay for financial support for children they were no longer allowed to see and wives they were no longer allowed to abuse. The citizens (or at least some very noisy ones) were threatening revolt.

Then along came Daryl "Determined" Williams. He presented some marketable words supported by glib assertion and thought he had achieved something remarkable. But could not persuade the Court to interpret his words the way he did. The Court which damned his arguments by quoting them and ordered him to pay for the costs of resuscitation of those who had been rendered into a vegetative state by having to listen to his arguments.

Determined Daryl was not pleased. Daryl deliberated.

He knew that the area required further resourcing and that the combined model in his home State of WA was administratively and judicially superior. His deliberations were overborne by his determination that no further resourcing or power be given to Alastair "ALP" Nicholson.

The Federal Monkeys Court was born. More a cousin than a half-sibling of the Court.

Determined Daryl and his successor Phil "Refugee" Ruddock, proceeded to appoint many of their mates and cronies to the Court.

For more than a decade the Court suffered deprivation at the hands of its guardians whilst its cousin was over-fed on a diet of statistics, Hubris, Humbug and self-defecating swill.

Then along came a Labor government. Reviews were undertaken, and the consensus view of all the professionals and innocent bystanders was that, Determined Daryl had got it wrong and the WA Model would be the best after all.

John "The Undertaker" Pascoe suffered shivers of fear and foreboding contemplating him presiding over the corpse of the FMC as it was sucked into the glutinous void of the Court.

The Undertaker then set about being as busy as possible, accepting funerals that others didn't want and agitating for him and his cronies to be able to decide things in a way consistent with government policy.

Political turmoil intervenes, and The Undertaker and his cronies seized the opportunity to complain: No, we are not monkeys We want to be called Circus Conductors and they were.

Enthusiastic self-interest, noise, misunderstanding and gutlessness rules the day and The Undertaker survives and, by survival, ensures his superiority.

The final game is then enabled by George "The Bigot" Brandis maintaining a starvation diet whilst directing review after review, skewed to cause criticism and to accuse feeble response by the Court whilst ignoring the root cause of starvation.

In one of the last chapters of this sad tale was a palace coup in which "Saint" Stephen Thackray was removed from the complaints department in slick and gutless manoeuvre which in its timing could be likened to the assassination of Massoud by the Taliban 2 days before the September 11 New York attack. The Undertaker was able to demonstrate HR skills that Trump would be in awe of and display his ventriloquist's ability to detach the spoken word from action.

So, when contemplation is given to allocating praise/blame for bringing about the death of the Family Court of Australia, consider not just John "The Undertaker" Pascoe or Willy "Three Wigs" Alstergren. Think about and give credit where it is due to Determined Darryl, Phil the Refugee and George the Bigot. As well there are the many cronies appointed by them to the Circus. Also, the many private people who work in the public service and who find it distasteful to have to deal with people who have private problems that need to be resolved in public.

As for "Five Wigs Willy", he is simply a spectator who turned up to watch a play put on by his mates from the Reactionaries Repertory Society and is on stage because somebody else was sick on the night and one of his mates asked him to stand in.

Hopefully, dignity will be preserved as he does his only required action of attempting to walk across the stage, silent and inanely smiling whilst trying not to drop his inflated ego.

Be wary though.

Substitution of the corpse is not impossible. The Undertaker has experience in burial and deceit. It could be anybody in that coffin.

So, if you go to view the corpse at one of the many functions that will be arranged to celebrate/mourn it's passing, turn it over to make sure that it is truly the corpse of the Court.

It should be easy to discern.

On the arse of the Court you will see tattooed the unique words

"You may only enter here if by reason of your training, experience, and personality you are suitable to deal with matters of Family Law"

This is what has made The Undertaker and his cronies so jealous.

They know that they do not have that on their arses and even if they got some unscrupulous tattooist to do it we would all know it was a fake because The Undertaker and Three Wigs and many of the cronies and conductors appointed by them could never satisfy that criteria.

RIP

Family Court of Australia

In death you show us how social equity and sound public administration can be overborne by capitalism and cronyism.

From your half-siblings in Western Australia