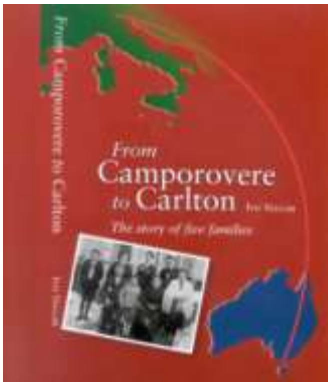
interview with ivo vellar

ivo vellar talks to paolo baracchi (italian historical society) about his books *from camporovere to carlton. the story of five families* and *adventures in two worlds. my battles with the d word*

Professor Ivo Vellar MD MS FRCS FRACS was born in 1934 in Camporovere (Vicenza). He migrated to Australia with his family in 1938. After a distinguished career as a surgeon and a professor of surgery, he retired in 1999. Since then, he has published several books on the history of medicine and, in 2008, two books on the Italian migrant experience in Australia.



the books

What induced you to write *From Camporovere to Carlton*?
I've always been interested in history and in biography particularly. I enjoy reading about people. What was it that actually made a person do what that person did? That led on to an interest in my family. My motivation in writing its history was that if I didn't do it, it was going to get lost because no other members of the family were interested. So I did it. I did it late in the piece. Looking back on it, I realise I should have done it a whole lot earlier because I would have had more material.

What about the process of putting the book together?
I found the stories interesting, but I also like the work of researching and writing. I love writing. My training in the art was writing all the articles about surgery. So the nuts and bolts I knew; I had a fair idea of what it was all about. I didn't find writing difficult. The research is difficult because it's time consuming and I was never trained in how to do historical research: I had to find that out myself.

Ten months later you published your autobiography, *Adventures in Two Worlds*. What is the relationship between the two books?
What I didn't put in the book about family history, I have put into the autobiography. One difficulty of course is that, having more or less completed it, you start remembering things that you haven't put in and you just wonder what to do. Also, it is difficult when one has to deal with faults and problematical issues, like I have had in my life.

In your autobiography, you talk frankly about your feelings and also your weaknesses.
True enough, I didn't find that difficult: all I did was to tell it as it was. We're human. We are not robots and we are not perfect.

On what it is to be human, talking about the support you received during a serious illness, you say that you "discovered late in the piece the meaning of John Donne's aphorism 'No man is an island'".
Well, look, most of my life I've been a loner. People usually have found it difficult to adjust as migrants to a strange land and that applied to me. I was a bit precocious and very sensitive, and we were thrown into a war in which we were the enemy aliens and I reacted, some people would say abnormally – to racism, for example. Some people said that, yes, they knew about the racism, but it didn't bother them. Well, it bothered me. You see, I was never able to discuss these matters with anybody.

I found myself reading your autobiography as literature, as a life-story which provides certain insights on the human condition, rather than as history.
I feel more comfortable being judged by my peers as a surgeon rather than as a writer.

carlton

Both books contain lively memories of life in Carlton. When did you live there?
We lived in Carlton from the day that we arrived here, on the 26th of December 1938. Soon after we went to Tasmania; six months later we came back to Carlton. In 1952 we moved from Argyle Square to Lygon Street.[1] I think I mentioned the bed bugs in my book. Our home in Lygon Street was used as a boarding house and one family who was living there refused to move out. So my father said, Well, if you don't move out we are going to move in! As soon as we moved in, we began to take the place apart: we stripped off all the wall paper, and killed all the bed bugs. It was quite amazing because their daughter was a university student and I just couldn't believe it. We stayed there until the early 70s, when I bought a house near my sister

[1] Both in Carlton.

and her family in North Balwyn. I bought it for my parents, and I lived there with them. Ill health was starting to get them and I think they were happier to have a doctor in the same house.

Fig. 1 *18 Argyle Place North, Carlton, the Vellar family home prior to moving to 242 Lygon Street, Carlton in 1952. Photo taken in 2008. Image courtesy of Ivo Vellar.*

Was the expression "Little Italy" current at the time?

Yes. The reason behind that was the shops. There were a lot of Australian shops as well; there were also some Greek shops: cafés and the famous Greek fish and chips shops. There were also the "watering places": my uncle and his friends used to go to the Bowling Green Hotel. That was an Australian custom that they acquired: late in the afternoon, they would go there to talk and have an odd glass; and then they would leave.

Were the customers of the pubs mainly Anglo-Saxons?

No, they came from all sorts of ethnic backgrounds. The school in Carlton was St. George's, and they had a lot of Italians. The students were 99% Catholic: there were the Irish Catholics and there were the Italians, and they got along very well: there was no abuse, no problems.

It is said that Carlton had a "village character".

That is correct. The people we knew all came from the same village, more or less. They had the village attitude because they knew each other quite well when they were in Italy and they continued being close when they came here. But family ties were more important still. When we came here, we stayed with my mother's sister in Faraday Street.[2] Then we went to Hobart to stay with my father's brother. When we came back again, we stayed in Argyle Square and then in Lygon Street. The distance between the two homes was eighty metres perhaps: literally a stone's throw away. And then Carlton had the *bocce* court, Savaris', and the bars. They used to come down there on a weekend, all mainly from the Veneto: some from the mountains and others from the *pianura*. They knew each other at work.

What work did your father do?

My father worked as a concreter with his brother in law and with another man who was also from near Asiago, so they were both related and tied in geographically. My uncle was the businessman of the trio. They had a truck and they used to work doing footpaths, *terrazzo* and things like that. And when we went to Hobart, they worked on the Wrest Point Hotel.

What language did they speak?

They spoke Veneto dialect. But they also had enough English to keep the business going. My father was out here for the first time from 24 to 28-29; he picked up his English then. He wasn't fluent, but he could manage. My mother when she arrived didn't know a word of course, but she picked it up at work. She was more outgoing than my father. My father was a real Vellar, a *montanaro*. Now, we had shops like Valente in Lygon Street – he too was a Veneto – and he was literally a stone's throw away from where we lived. He had what they called a "continental" grocery: he used to have the *salsicce* hanging from the ceiling and all that sort of stuff. So my mother didn't have to go very far to do the shopping!

Fig. 2 *European internees possibly at Hay Internment Camp (NSW), c1940. The photo includes Girolamo [Momi] Pangrazio and Ettore Bortolotti. In the background are the tin huts the men were confined to.*

Did your family interact with non-Italians or with Italians from other regions?

The only interactions they had were at work. But outside of that, socially, no. It was always with relatives. My mother had cousins, sisters and brothers here. The only one who had wider social connections was an uncle of mine, Andrea.[3] He used to run the Italian Waiters Club, and a cousin, Zio Rosso,[4] and another brother of my mother's, Momi,[5] were doing counter lunches at hotels. They had quite a big thing going. Momi and Andrea had been in New Guinea, where they were arrested during the war, and Momi ended up in South Australia in the famous camp, Loveday. And then there was my uncle Giovanni Cera: he played at Australian functions and he had a lot of contacts with Australians. Their connections were a lot broader than my father's, because my father really was the type of person that went to play *bocce* with his Veneto mates on a weekend. During the week he worked with his brother in law

[2] In Carlton.

[3] Andrea Pangrazio.

[4] Domenico Pangrazio; he was called "Zio Rosso" because of the colour of his hair.

[5] Girolamo Pangrazio.

and other close friends from Asiago. So it was always boxed in, a closed society.

What is your connection to Carlton today?
It has changed completely and to me it's a foreign land. When I walk down Lygon Street I can't help comparing it with what it was like. In those days it really had a village atmosphere. Perhaps that was also because we are talking about the war and the immediate post-war period: Italians were not popular then and it was important to have somewhere where they could feel at home.

values

You were very close to your parents. Which values did they transmit to you?
Well, there's hard work, honesty – and the fact that they never had loans. They never went to a bank to get money: they always believed in paying their debts immediately. That was something that was passed on to me along with the rest of it. That was always regarded as a facet of the *montanaro* attitude. They did not want to get into debt, unlike some of their acquaintances who never hesitated in getting in debt by what they regarded as huge amounts of money. And they'd say, "Look what's going to happen to him!" What they meant was, they're going to get ill and then they're going to be in real trouble. The fact that they did not borrow from banks is one of the reasons that was always given as to why they never got on in business.

Was thrift an important value?
We were very careful with money: we didn't throw the money around, with the exception of my uncle Andrea of the Italian Waiters' Club. He was regarded as a sort of *bon vivant*: he was different to all the others.

Do you have the same attitude to money?
Yes. It was really a second nature to me. And that's one of the reasons why I never did what the Anglo-Saxons did: they used to go to parties and all that. I never did. Which means that most of my pastimes involved me, like writing and reading. I was a voracious reader. Before the war ended an Australian man who was partial to the Italians bought me a Meccano set; and that was absolutely fantastic because you could build anything with it, and I used to spend all my time building bridges and what have you. My pastimes involved me in the singular, and that was one of the reasons I used to find it difficult mixing with people, especially the Anglo-Saxons. Another reason was the baggage I carried from the war period and the post-war period. Italians were not popular and I was on guard all the time. And that stayed with me. I had very few friends amongst the Anglo-Saxons. As a matter of fact, I never went out to cultivate friendship with them.

Did you inherit your father's reserved personality?
Yes. But my mother was also like that. Very much a private person. We were not regarded as people that were outgoing, as show-offs and things like that. We did not admire that kind of personality at all.

Was education important for your parents?
Both my parents emphasised the importance of an education as a stepping stone to a career. As they never had the opportunity of advancing beyond a primary education, they made sure their children would, although I must admit that my mother considered that her daughter should marry rather than pursue further education.

Fig. 3 *Ivo Vellar and his mother Mariska, September 1997. Ivo had just been awarded the MD (Doctor of Medicine) by the University of Melbourne. Image courtesy of Ivo Vellar.*

Did you and your parents have different ideas about the role of women?
My sister was under the impression that males were given all the opportunities and females weren't. They were expected to get married, have children and run a household in support of the breadwinner, who happened to be a male. I tried very hard to convince her to continue her education, but she used to laugh at me. Because none of her friends went on to tertiary education, she decided that she was going to join the workforce too. I am sure that, had she decided to continue her studies, our parents would have not stood in her way. She would have easily coped because she was the most intelligent of the Vellar children. Our mother too, given the opportunity, would have obviously succeeded because she had a natural ability in the use of words and she wrote poetry. This was inherited by my sister and by her daughter, who did a Law Arts degree and is now a lawyer.

Can you tell us something about the emotions involved in growing up in an Italian family in Australia during the 1940s and 1950s?
We were very, very close as a family and I was able to appreciate very early on in life what my parents had to do, the life they had to lead and the sacrifices they made. I was very appreciative of that – more appreciative than a lot of other people. Another very important thing for me was that as an Italian – for I have always regarded myself as Italian – I really wanted to show the others what the Italians could do. I realised very early on in the piece that the Italians were looked down

upon by many as an inferior race. I went out of my way to prove that wrong.

becoming a surgeon

How did you decide to become a surgeon?
If someone says, "Look, did you have a burning desire to do medicine?", I've got to be honest and say no, because I had no idea what it was like. Unlike many of my colleagues, I had no relatives who were doctors, dentists or even scientists. When I was doing my secondary schooling at St Kevin's, I was interested in becoming an agricultural scientist. I was talked out of that by one of my teachers, who said: "Why not do medicine?"

Were you the first member of your family to go to University?
I was the first with my cousin Giancarlo who is a year younger than I am. He was in Italy and he did law. Giancarlo had a brother who was older than him, and he had entered the Seminary; after a couple of years, he left and began an Arts degree at Padua. The war came, he was put into the armed forces, got tubercolosis and died. He was the first of my relatives who actually went to a University.

Fig. 4 *Graduation photo, December 1957. Left to right: Fortunato Vellar (Ivo's father), Antonietta Cera, Ivo Vellar, Mariska Vellar (Ivo's mother), Francesca Vellar (Ivo's sister), Flores Pangrazio (Ivo's cousin). Image courtesy of Ivo Vellar.*

What was your parents' attitude to your education?
They were entirely supportive. When I finished and managed to get a degree, my brother, who is ten years younger than me, decided that he was going to do medicine too. He was also supported. We were supported to the extent that I was never forced to work outside, whereas some of my contemporaries were in paid part-time jobs. On one occasion, when I was ten, my mother wanted me to become a paper boy, and I refused. That year I came fifth in the whole of Victoria and I got equal first in Christian doctrine, believe it or not. I think that from that point onwards they thought: here is a future priest on the way! One day the Headmaster at St Joseph's asked me whether I was interested in becoming a priest, and I said, "When I decide I'll let you know." I wasn't interested. Now, it was almost typical of Italian families that if they had three sons, one would become a priest, one would become a lawyer and one would become a doctor. Well, no attempt was made to force me into anything.

Would your parents have been happy if you had decided to become a priest?
Put it this way: they wouldn't have been unhappy, not at all. Because the first cousin of my mother was an archbishop.[6] So, yes, it was not unexpected of me because of my academic performance, which had always been very high.

What role did religion play in your life?
None in my professional life. In my personal life it did. But it's interesting, because I've always maintained that a lot of it would be intuitive. I mean, no-one had to tell me that something was "Catholic teaching" for it to dictate my behaviour as a doctor. I could realise myself what was right and what was wrong.

Did you feel under pressure to achieve?
No. I had an academic bent for a long, long time: I liked studying, I liked reading and all that sort of thing. Rightly or wrongly, everyone expected me to perform and I kept performing, so more or less I was fated to go along that sort of line. They never, ever had to say to me: "Look you are not working hard enough." The way I performed, I gather, made them happy – made them happy, made me happy. The other thing that was important to me was that I did what I wanted to do, and I could claim that I did it myself. I didn't have to depend on other people. In those days we didn't have any problems about going to the University: it was the era of the Senior Government Scholarships, the so-called Commonwealth Scholarships. In my first year I performed very well and I came first in biology. I'd never done biology before, but I took to it like a duck to water. And then in my second and third year we did anatomy, which was a real disgrace. It was a do-it-yourself course, which didn't bother me.

Were there many sons of migrants among your fellow students?
In the Medical School at the time there were many Anglo-Saxon students, but then there were a few sons of migrants. I remember there was a Balt who was very clever, and he was in the same year as I was, and then there were a handful of Greeks. There were very, very few Italians at that stage. I think there might have been beside me another one.

What role did your Italian background play in your professional life?
I used to be called down to the casualty department quite often to interpret when I was a resident at St. Vincent's and I'd say, "Well what's the patient?" And they'd say, "Oh it's an Italian." So I'd go down and I'd find out he was Greek. I don't speak Greek. I have only a few words. And by using a few words and sign language I could get a history out of them. And I used to say, "Well, by the way, the person is Greek, not Italian, but you wouldn't know the difference, would you?" When they found out that a patient couldn't speak English, many of my colleagues wouldn't make much effort before saying, "Ah, I give up!"

[6] Andrea Pangrazio, Archbishop of Gorizia.

Were migrant patients treated differently?

I found that migrants were often treated badly. Unfortunately, some of the patients were malingerers and that produced the infamous expression "Mediterranean back". Now, I'd say, "Well, if you would like to call that Mediterranean back, I've seen many cases of Australian back! I also can tell you that some of those were genuine sufferers and they were treated appallingly by you."

racism

What was it like to be the son of an Italian migrant family during the war years?

Italy entered the war in 1940 and my father was then got hold of and was sent to Geelong.[7] My mother was working as a cleaner to make ends meet because there was no other income. At that stage there were two of us and my father was away from home and it was tough.

What was the atmosphere at school?

The school I went to, St. George's, was a working class school. I didn't get any problems there for the simple reason that there were quite a few Italians. The problems happened later on. But it wasn't at the secondary school only. During the war the Herald and the Sun always used to have cartoons; and they were mainly about Hitler and Mussolini – "Musso", as he was called. And my father used to cut them out every day. They made Mussolini look like a buffoon of course, saw-dust Caesar, and how he wanted *Mare Nostrum* (that's the Mediterranean), and they used to make him look like an ape with the jowl, fat and whatever. They were highly critical, but they weren't racist. I didn't mind that at all. But many Australians at the time had a real thing against the Italians, who were regarded as inferior in every possible way to the bronzed Aussies, not up to the mark of the heroes of Gallipoli and Anzac. They were people you had no time for: they were cowards, physically they were small, they carried knives, they weren't courageous, their war service was appalling, and on and on it went. I used to feel this very keenly because I had at secondary school no real Australian friends who had more of an international outlook, because we lived in Carlton, and Carlton was mainly home to the Italians – and then there were the Australians, who were mostly working class Australians, who were very insular and uneducated.

What happened in the post-war years?

The war played a large part in developing the negative attitudes. Then in the post-war period there was a lot of Italian migration and there was a lot of negative articles written about Italians in the newspapers, and this made things harder. And also one must admit that there were knifings. Of course these incidents were given deliberate prominence, but they never pointed out that they almost always commenced with provocation. The assailants were usually the Australians, not the Italians.

What was your attitude to racism?

When I was a ten year old, I don't remember any instances of racist abuse because all our dealings were with Italians. Later on, at school I was with Italians mainly, and this never happened. It was only in public that the possibility arose. When I was sixteen the first indication of my attitude towards racism happened at the bike racing track at Essendon. Later in my life one of my colleagues said that I was "dangerous if provoked". I had a high threshold, but once that was reached I reacted accordingly. And I did on that occasion, when the fellow behind me at the races began to use the D word against the Italian cyclists. For what? For what reason? There was no particular reason, just because they were Italians.

So what happened?

I stood up, turned around and I said: "If you say that again, I will disfigure your face."

In the book you say that you were more surprised than your father was.

My father didn't know what to do because he was a retiring type. And I used to think about what would have happened if we had a physical altercation: what would he have done? But what happened was that they left. And that's when I thought, "Well, this is what they are like!"

What changed for you after that episode?

Before that, I used to avoid getting into any kind of altercation. After that incident, I reacted. I never went out looking for trouble: I always reacted when an insult was being directed, not at me but at everyone who was an Italian. I was always apprehensive whenever I was out in public that one of them was going to make derogatory remarks, because then I would have to confront them.

It must have been difficult to live on edge.

Well, what were the alternatives? The alternative was to shrug it off, just pretend that I wasn't an Italian, because they never realised that I was an Italian: because we didn't look like stereotypical Italians, they found it difficult to work out who we were. That would have been an easy way out, but it wasn't an honest way out – and that was the thing that really concerned me after the age of sixteen. The incident at the Essendon bike track was not the only one. Similar events occurred when I was a fourth year medical student, when I was a final year student, after I had graduated and was a resident medical officer and when I had become a senior member of the surgical staff. These incidents came about when both medical and non-medical staff at the hospital took me for "one of them", a non-Italian, and used the D word to disparage the Italians. When I confronted them, they all became very apologetic. My reply was that I would treat them with the contempt they deserved.

What did other Italians think of your attitude?

I was criticised because it was claimed that I was too sensitive and that I reacted when other people would laugh off these things. People said that my attitude was not right, I should have

[7] To work extracting salt from sea water, as part of the war effort.

turned the other cheek. But unfortunately that never happened. I used to erupt. I was never able to say, "Well, let me give you a lesson about what the Italians are really like." On the other hand, when you are dealing with redneck louts, you probably don't get very far with giving lessons.

Australia has become a multicultural society: what problem does racism pose today?

What has happened is that the matrix of society has changed from a homogeneous society to a totally multicultural one. And as the previous society, which was entirely Anglo-Celtic, has become diluted more and more, the ability to relate to different persons has developed. And people travel more and come back home realising that the world is a much bigger place than Australia. But to say that racism has gone completely – I think no, it hasn't. What has happened is we haven't had a war for a while, and Australia has really never undergone a period in which people were fighting each other for jobs: by and large, there was work for everybody here. I am convinced that, given the right circumstances, some people will react in exactly the same way. And they have, because look at what happened up at Cronulla. And with every new ethnic group, certain behaviours of the established population surface again, particularly if you get the alcohol level rising a bit. And you see it against the Muslims now.

The mainstream attitude towards Italy and Italians has changed a lot since the years in which you were growing up. Many people would say that it is "cool" to be Italian.

Sure, there has been a change, but it's more superficial than it looks. At the end of the day, Italians are still popular for singing, spaghetti-eating, all this sort of stuff. The positive messages on Italy in the media concentrate on ephemeral things: fashion, food, sport. Someone says eating is culture. Open to definition. But then it stops there. They don't concentrate on the important things, on the achievements in the scientific and cultural field. And it is not enough just to mention what the migrants have achieved. The media should have gone all out to highlight the positive contribution of the migrants to Australia, in every possible way, and repeated that over and over again. But they never did that. The popular media never gave a big headline that the old attitude was wrong. This is why I think that racism has never really been addressed in the media. Sure, the overt racism is no longer there, especially against the Italians; but I maintain that it is there to be resurrected whenever. All you need to do is have a major international sporting competition and the popular press is at it again with the anachronistic jingoism. They love pointing out the fact that Australia athletically punches above its weight. But then again, what about intellectually? The facts about education in Australia are depressing: it's gone backwards.

identity

Was your Italian identity determinant in your interests and cultural development?

I was always interested in the visual arts and music; the Italian contribution is fundamental in both. That was very important for me. My father, when he was out here in the 1920s, went to

Fig. 5 *Ivo Vellar, 1967. In that year, Ivo was appointed the second assistant in the University Department of Surgery at St Vincent's Hospital, Fitzroy. Image courtesy of Ivo Vellar.*

see a touring Italian Opera company and heard Toti Dal Monte. There was only a handful of *paesani* then, and they used to go along to see them perform. He was not an educated man, but he had an interest in classical music. There were lots of things that made me proud of what the Italians had done in the arts. It was remarkable that many of my colleagues were utterly ignorant of this contribution, and yet they would regard themselves as racially superior to everyone else! That belief was based entirely on ignorance. And also I was very interested in Italian football.

Did you follow Italian football even before the television era?

Yes! Do you remember when the Torino got wiped out in that aeroplane crash?[8] I knew all about that. I used to read all the magazines I could. I used to read the latest arrival from Italy because there was always an endless stream of migrants that came from the same village: there were always cousins or friends coming down. I read everything I could get my hands on. And I used to see the Italian national team playing on newsreel. In the post-war years the Italians at one stage drew with England when they played in London. To me that was an important day: I was proud to be an Italian.

You have maintained a strong Italian identity throughout 70 years in Australia.

That's right. Some would say: You've never assimilated. Some people get all worked up about it. I would say: Why bother? Is it that important?

[8] 1949.

What was it like to uphold your Italian identity before multiculturalism?

I've been criticised because I have refused to let go of my cultural roots. Despite the pressure to assimilate, I've never lost my roots. That was the driving force in the interview I gave in the *Herald* when I did final year medicine.[9] That rocked some of my Australian friends and relatives. I think they were of the opinion that migrants should know their places, they shouldn't be outspoken. Some of them regarded themselves as cultured because they used to go to all the symphony concerts and that sort of stuff, but I think they found it difficult to actually appreciate the Italians: they never warmed to them. They really found it hard to see beyond the cliché of Italians as people who went around singing and eating spaghetti and knifing people. That is what I was up against then, and that experience has formed my life. Even now, some of my close friends and younger relatives find it difficult to understand me.

Can you tell us about the evolution of your Italian identity over time?

I left the *altopiano* when I was four; I went back in 1960 when I was 26. Italy had changed a great deal in the meantime. But it was interesting: when I went back, there was no change at all because I felt I was going home. It was an incredible attitude. I was speaking worse Italian than I do now, which is bad enough: I was speaking dialect with an accent that was really Anglo, and all my habits were not Italian, and yet it didn't strike me as foreign at all. It was quite amazing.

Italy has changed a lot since 1960: do you still feel at home there?

Yes, I do. I used to go back for a month at a time, and as an adult I could see the defects: you had corruption, and you had the trains that didn't run on time, and the toilets were dirty and so on. It was not perfect. So what?

Do you feel at home in Australia?

I feel at home in Australia, but only as a professional. My social contacts with Australians were never far reaching. Now, would that imply that in my view the majority of Italians are perfect and therefore they can't be criticised? Of course not. You have people with problems among the Italians too because that is the human condition. If you frame that question this way: "Do I feel perfectly at home in Australia, and relaxed?", the answer is no. Because I am not an Australian and I never will be an Australian.

The word "Australian" is used today as meaning both "Australian of Anglo-Celtic descent" and "citizen of multicultural Australia". Do you feel Australian in the latter sense?

Well, it's difficult because I do not regard myself in either camp. I am definitely not and Anglo-Celtic Australian, and I am much broader than the other camp. What am I? I am an internationalist. Or, I'm human. With all the contradictions, the faults, all the foibles of a human being. But would you say that racism is an integral part of being human? The answer is no, definitely not. That's acquired by upbringing, education, you name it – the lot. I don't think they've found the racist gene yet!

In your life you have crossed not only continents, but also social classes.

I was a product of the working class and my associations have been with the working class. I've met all sorts of people, but I just take them as I take them, not as they take themselves. I am not into tugging on the forelock, scraping the ground and all that, definitely not. I take people as human beings and I treat them the way I think they should be treated. It doesn't bother me what they think about what I do, what I am. All that doesn't bother me at all – except if they behave as racists. I am what I am. ★

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[9] I.V. claimed he was a 'new Australian' and that he retained his Italian sentiments 19 years after migrating to Australia.