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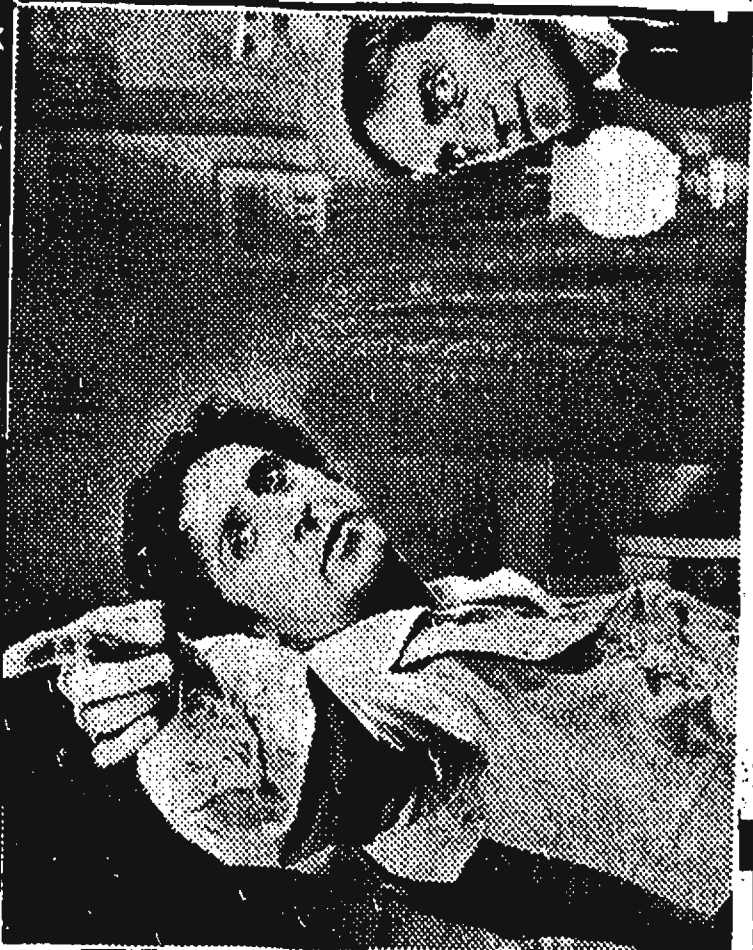
# SEMPER FLOREAT

Semper Floreat Vol 46 No. 7  
17 June, 1976  
Processed by Warwick Daily News.



Cover from Pickering

# SCHONELL



Name the two stars in this picture who are appearing in **Sherlock Holmes Smarter Brother** at the Schonell Theatre on Thursday, Friday, Saturday nights (+ Royal Flash) 24 - 26 June. Answers to be brought to Semper office, first floor, Union Bldg. Winner's names will be published in next issue of Semper.

Previous contest winners are Irene Kastrissios, Liz Cameron, John Griffin, Alan Peterson, Sue Ward, Sue Martinkovic, Bob Dennis, Janice Fewin, Radha Rouse, Paul Roden. Please call at Schonell Box Office for your complimentary pass for a Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday night.

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to read**

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The reason this issue is not quite up to standard/scratch is because we spent the last week shedding alcoholic tears as our dear friend and colleague, Annmaree is leaving.

And a special thanks to Ross Peake for all his good work!!!

# closing sale POCCO trading co.

JEWELLERY 20% OFF ASIAN CLOTHING 25% and more

CLAY POTS and all nic nacks

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# Semper Sleuth



## THE IDEA

This is a short article. It is designed to caress your aching brain, and we made it short because we know you might not like to concentrate for long anymore. If there were room, we would even space the lines way apart and do illustrations and pictures to cheer your soul. But there isn't, because it's a short article and space is money!

Our story is about a room, a little back room in the Toowong shopping centre, that used to be a quiet unhappy shy room, but is now a great big small SOMETHING.

It's a sort of something. People will call it an ART GALLERY, but our room won't mind because it loves us. Great paintings hang on its walls now, fabulous masterpieces from nobodies and anybodies. Sculpture, pottery and jewellery adorn its floor, works of art from complete strangers. Our room is a little un-Australian, because it turns up its window at the idea of profit and things are as cheap as we can make them. It's a something room because it's not an anything room, but it wants to meet everyone's everything and make art come alive in our room. Why don't you come? See if you can find it.

## CLUBS DISAFFILIATED

The Clubs and Societies Standing Committee of the Union has recommended disaffiliation of the following clubs under the terms of Regulation 13.4.2 (c):-

UNIVERSITY OF QLD HUMANIST SOCIETY  
DEMOCRATIC CLUB  
RUSSIAN SOCIETY  
UNIVERSITY OF QLD LIBERAL GROUP  
U.Q. "ROOM" STUDENT COUNSELLING SOCIETY

This matter will be discussed by Union Council at its meeting to be held on Wednesday, 21st July, 1976 in the E.G. Whitlam Room, commencing at 6.30 p.m.

TUESDAY, JULY 15

Examinations are formidable even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.

-Charles Colton

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## ENGLISH STUDENTS' MOTTO

We the willing  
Led by the unknowing  
Are doing the impossible  
For the ungrateful -  
We have done so much  
For so long  
With so little  
We have now qualified  
To do anything  
With NOTHING!

Anon.

## CONCORDE CAN STILL BE STOPPED!

People who live near the flight paths of Eagle Farm airport are thankful that evening flights cease by 10 pm. Most international flights in and out of Australia are scheduled for the daylight hours to reduce disturbance for residents. This is a feature of airline schedules - they are arranged to minimize disturbance for cities in the developed world. Who misses out? The developing countries. Flights land and take off from Indian airports at all hours of the day and night. Because of the high population densities in these cities, millions of people are affected by airline traffic - people who are too poor ever to fly anywhere. The developing countries have grown to accept this type of treatment.

British Airways were upset by the Indian Government refusing to grant Concorde rights to travel at supersonic speeds over the Indian sub-continent. British Airways would like to land and refuel Concorde in India. Because of India's high population density, there is no flight path available where a minimum of people would be affected. Concorde will disturb millions of Indians in landing then taking off. These people will not gain any solace from the fact that a few businessmen will save 12 hours on the flight from London to Melbourne, at the cost of their discomfort. This typifies the arrogance of the rich - a rich businessman must save hours of his precious time - no matter how it affects others (after all, Indians are human beings).

All efforts have been made to minimize disturbance by Concorde over Europe and the United States - now British Airways wonders why India does not grant Concorde right-of-way. Concorde is another case where rich nations have been carried away with technology. Two thirds of the world live in countries where

much could be done with the money spent on Concorde. It would be fitting if India, one of the countries that has suffered most from neglect by the rich nations could stop the wasteful Concorde being used on the London-Melbourne run.

The rich nations have given in. One wonders the inducements that won across governments previously opposed to Concorde. Mr Nixon, the Australian Transport Minister, has indicated that he welcomes Concorde. (Australian 22/5/76). If Concorde is to be stopped from reaching Australia then India must stop it. I would urge all people opposed to the Concorde for any reason to write to Mrs Gandhi expressing support for the action by her government in opposing Concorde. If enough support comes from people opposed to Concorde, she might not be so easily 'persuaded' by British Airways into granting Concorde right of way. (Mrs Gandhi should not be so easily persuaded as Mr Nixon)

## AUS STUDENT TRAVEL

There has been a great deal of publicity on the amended Air Navigation Act which has brought to a halt, by strictly enforced law, the sale in Australia of discounted fares. This does not affect the AUS Student Travel 1976 - 7 Summer Program, since it is wholly charter and group travel. The Program will be available from June 1 at all AUS Student Travel offices and from Student Unions/SRC's.

The Australian Union of Students has for 12 years been providing the opportunity for students to travel - to meet people, to learn, to expand their own awareness of the world. Because of the strong demand for this service, the 1976-7 Program is the most comprehensive ever. There are flights to get you there, special flight, train and bus concessions once you get there, tours ranging from one-day outings to three-month expeditions, student exchange schemes, and information resources to help you get the most from travelling.

The flight program is designed to get you there as cheaply as possible. For example Sydney/Melbourne to Kuala Lumpur \$220 (Perth \$190); Sydney/Melbourne to London and return \$880 (Perth \$808); Sydney to San Francisco and return \$707; Sydney to Auckland \$81.50. And these are just a few - there are hundreds of flights offered in the program.

**Eligibility** The AUS Student Travel Summer Program is for students who are currently enrolled and studying for a recognised degree or diploma at any University or College of Advanced Education or other college of higher education where the courses lead to a recognised degree or diploma.

### HE, SHE OR E

One thing that came out of the AUS Media Conference held in Melbourne recently was an unofficial resolution to di-sex the language of all student newspapers.

he/she will become -e

him/her will become -em

his/her will become -er

himself/herself will become -emself

and so as a random sample, J.S. Mill's essay on liberty will read from now on:

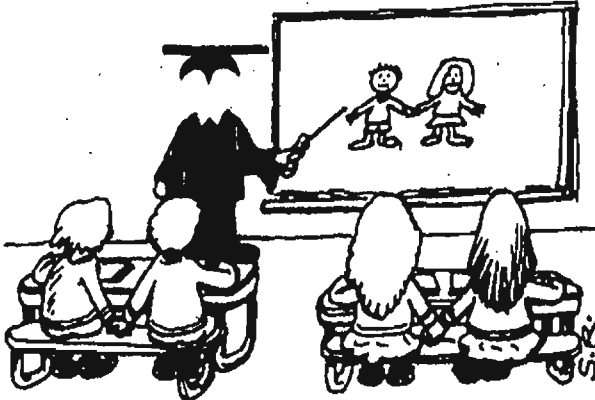
*... the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against er will, is to prevent harm to others. Er own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant. E cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear because it will be better for em to do so because it will make em happier, because, in the opinions of others, to do so would be wise, or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with em, or reasoning with em, or persuading em, or entreating em, but not for compelling em, or visiting em with any evil in case e do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter em, must be calculated to produce someone else. The only part of the conduct of anyone, for which e is amenable to society, is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns emself er independence is, of right, absolute. Over emself, over er own body and mind, the individual is sovereign...*

# human relations

Consciousness raising  
Sensitivity training  
Group dynamics

The Human Potential Movement  
4/189 Birdwood Tce, Toowong 370 7711  
Meetings Sunday 7.30 50c  
Manual available at the Uni Bookshop

### NATIONAL HOMOSEXUALS IN EDUCATION SEMINAR - JUNE 26, 27 MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY UNION



A seminar to explore and combat the anti-homosexual nature of the Australian education system.

- How and why does the education system oppress homosexuals?

- What happens to homosexuals in the education system?

- What can be done about the heterosexual bias in course structure, content and materials?

- What action can homosexuals take against the heterosexism of the education system?

#### WHO IS WELCOME?

The seminar is for all those homosexuals involved in the field of education. Secondary and tertiary students, academics and teachers and all other homosexual education workers, such as administrators, librarians, aides, public servants in Government Education Departments and others.

For further details contact:

Homosexual Collective

c/- AUS Women's Department

97 Drummond Street, Carlton, Victoria 3053.

Ph. 347 7433.

### GRADUATING THIS YEAR - WHAT TO DO? GO A.V.A. . . .

There were five of us sitting at the table in the Chinese restaurant in the small town outside Kuala Lumpur. We all worked as volunteer lecturers at the University of Agriculture Malaysia. Four of us were Australian Volunteers and Bill was a Peace Corps. The Peace Corps have 300 volunteers in Malaysia alone while Australia sends out a total 80 volunteers each year to many different countries. Usually we were lumped together with the Peace Corps.

The young waitress came over to take our order.

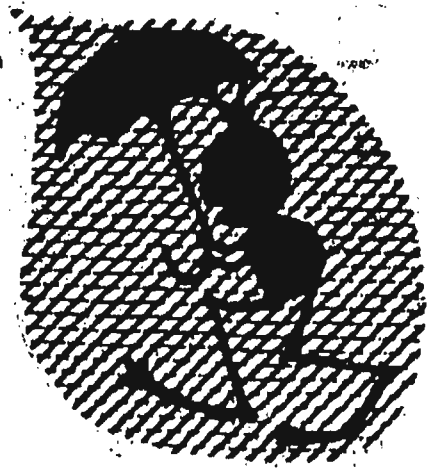
'What will it be' said Greg.

'Foo Yang Tan' Graham always ordered that. It was one dish that could call by its correct cantonese name.

'Sweet and Sour Pork' I ventured. The waitress stared at me - not understanding.

'Basi' tried Greg - the Malay word for pork. She still stared. We were going to have to learn to say 'sweet and sour' in cantonese.

The owner of the restaurant finally came over 'O.K. mate!' We had all eaten here regularly for the past 1½ years so the owner understood and even spoke 'strine'.



'Paper Wrapped Chicken,' suggested Bill.

'Bloody typical' said John. 'Rich yanks always order the expensive stuff.'

'Cashews,' said Greg. 'That will be enough. Bring us 2 large bottles of Anchor.'

The owner grinned and went out to the cook. Australians were certainly his biggest buyers of Anchor beer. Our monthly salary was \$100 Australian a month and beer was 80 cents a bottle - still we managed alright.

The beer turned up and soon we got onto the usual topic of conversation of these gatherings. Volunteering. I looked around the table. 'Why had we decided to work overseas? Travel was a major reason. Graham had travelled through Indonesia several times and was interested in Asian culture and history. Greg had graduated from Queensland Agricultural College and was managing the poultry unit at the University. John was a librarian. I was teaching Physics. The main reason for coming to Asia was for a change. We had spent 1½ years in an entirely different culture - less material-

### CAMPUS ACTIVITIES N.S.W. Regional Activities Officer

Campus Activities New South Wales (an organ of the Australian Union of Students) requires a full time officer for the administration of its activities in N.S.W. and A.C.T.

**Duties:** the administration of a cultural activities office in liaison with N.S.W. campuses, and the organisation and promotion of regional tours of concerts, films, workshops, and the performing arts.

**Qualifications:** Applicants should have experience in, and an interest in the administration of campus activities, proven administrative ability, and knowledge of and interest in cultural activities. References would be desirable.

**Salary:** Basic Wage plus expenses.

Apply in writing by July 2nd 1976 to:  
A.U.S. Regional Officer,  
c/- S.R.C. Office,  
SYDNEY UNIVERSITY,  
N.S.W. 2006

istic and more spiritual. We lived in a Malay neighbourhood and so could speak Malay.

We all agreed that over 1½ years in Malaysia had been a real learning process. This is the advantage of working in a country rather than travelling through. We had been able to contribute something through our work but had received so much more back – from our students, from those we worked with and from chance encounters. I thought of all the friends I had made through chance encounters – arriving in an unknown town – meeting someone in a cafe. Then being hosted for a week by my new found friend.

By now the meal was finished. John was just finishing his third bowl of rice. If it wasn't for an enormous black beard he'd pass for a 'local' on his skill at handling chopsticks. We went to the counter to settle the bill. One Australian dollar each – it would have been 5 dollars back home.

I climbed on the back of Greg's motor

I climbed on the back of Greg's motor cycle and thought back over the day as we bumped along the road back to the University. Nothing startling had happened. We passed an old Chinese lady pedalling a bicycle with a great load of firewood on the carrier. This is one of the everyday sights here that made living here such an experience. The sun was setting over the rubber trees – it is going to be hard to settle back in Australia after my two years in Malaysia.

Australian Volunteers Abroad enables young Australians to work in African and Asian countries for 2 years. Return fare is paid by the Overseas Service Bureau (the sponsoring body of A.V.A.) and accommodation and living allowance are provided by the overseas employer.

Literature on A.V.A. is available from the Counselling Service at the University.

## UNION EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

In these difficult economic times, students are reminded that the Union operates a free part-time employment service (Full time employment is available during semester breaks).

There is a noticeboard in the Union building opposite Union Office on which all the available jobs are advertised. Students can go to the noticeboard and look for the job they want and note the number. They then enquire at Union Office as to the employer's name and telephone number. If you are successful in getting a job advertised on the board please advise the Union that the job is no longer available.

# Almonds

## BRISBANE'S FIRST HEALTH FOOD RESTAURANT AND COFFEE LOUNGE

Situated in: ELIZABETH ARCADE  
Elizabeth Street,  
The City.

Hours: 7am - 11 pm  
MONDAY - TUESDAY  
7am - 12 midnight  
FRIDAY & SATURDAY  
12 noon - 12 midnight  
SUNDAY



Semper Sleuth enjoyed the jelly beans (especially the black ones) handed out by AUS travel when they put on their slide show. And now of course we'll have to join the new AUS dental scheme .... very clever.

## MURAL GRANT

The University of Queensland Union has available \$1,500 from the Australian Council Visual Arts Board for the painting of a mural to be placed in the Malley Refectory of the Union complex. The Union plans to invite selected artists to submit drawings for the mural.

For further information, contact the Union president, Richard Spencer.

## SHOULD ACADEMICS STRIKE

**"Australians are like lemmings. We're heading for disaster, rushing headlong into it. The action taken by the Australian railways union, though limited, is a forceful one in the direction of halting this irresponsible and lemminglike action."**

Peter Wertheim is no prophet of doom. He is a philosophy lecturer at the University and firmly believes that unless Nuclear Power and uranium mining are stopped now, our society is headed for a terrible future. Strange and unlikely combination though it may seem, there is a very distinct connection between philosophy, industrial action and uranium.

On Thursday, the 28th of May, Peter went on strike in support of the ARU ban on uranium mining. "I spent the day discussing with my students the issues involved in uranium mining. When I was not in class, I went around to all the academics I could find and told them what I was doing and why." Peter said.

"Really, the action by unionists to stop work is in marked contrast to the longstanding irresponsibility of our institutions, universities especially, which spend no serious amount of time concentrating on the issues on which the future of the human race depends." Peter said.

"Like the ARU, I am going to stop work and give time to these issues, whether anybody likes it or not. I have struck for one day this semester, and I intend to strike for two days next semester, so that we can all give some time to really discussing these issues."

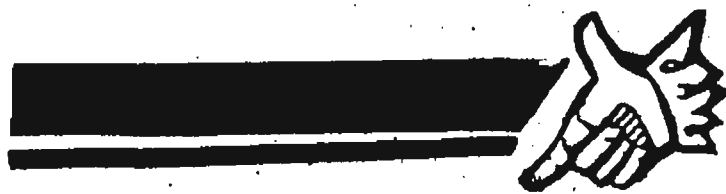
Peter invited everyone on campus to join him in the strike next semester.

The issues involved are, whether Australia should participate in one of the most dangerous industries ever devised: Nuclear power. Peter is part of a growing body of concerned students and staff on campus who are beginning to gather together to consider seriously the issue of Uranium mining and its consequences. "The meetings may be said to genuinely constitute a fair cross-section of the university population," said Mark Hayes, the Australian Union of Students Environmental officer on campus. "The first meeting was very encouraging. As far as I could tell, there were many new people there who had never come to such a gathering. Average, concerned, sincere students and staff; no raving politicians or communists. These people are very worried about what is going on." Mark said.

Further meetings will be held in Second Semester and widespread publicity will be given to the strike by students and staff against Nuclear power and Uranium mining.

Contact person is Mark D. Hayes, A.U.S. Environment officer, 1st Floor, Union Building, phone 371 1611, (leave a message).

# YOU SAID IT



## Kerr coming for satirical review

Dear Editors,

I wish to comment on the photograph, in the last issue of Semper which showed me shaking hands with the Governor General and saying "You are welcome on this campus at anytime, sir."

I wish to point out firstly that the picture was taken in early 1975, when the Governor General was a nonentity, neither respected nor disrespected and certainly before the November coup.

Secondly, I did not state any such words to him and it was wrong of you to suggest that I did. Even if I had said something like that it would be meaningless especially in the lights of the events of Remembrance Day 1975.

Brian Towler

*We appreciate Mr Towler's sentiments however a more careful examination of the photo and the context in which it was placed, would have revealed that the intention of the photo was satirical amusement. The statement written on the photo 'You're welcome on campus anytime, sir.' was coupled with the line: Organise for Kerr's Visit. The combined impact of which must have indicated that Kerr would be welcome on Campus, but at his own risk. We apologise for any embarrassment caused you by the caption and photograph.*

## Medical students in drag

Dear Editors,

There is no political or sociological activity to any notable extent on campus. While this situation continues with no avail in sight, it is hardly surprising that the Faculty of Medicine continues to perpetrate the same backward thinking and antiquated cliches of bigotry.

Reference is made to none other than that social event organized by the University of Queensland Medical Society — the one and only "Pros and Queers Night" held with apparent success and avidly reported in the latest Med. Bulletin.

While no evidence has ever been found to link homosexuality with anything abnormal or 'queer' our dearly beloved medical students are still in a victoriana wilderness. It leads one to wonder about how aware our future doctors will be if sexist situations like the one in question occur without any criticism.

I should think that better outlets could surely be found for medical students' latent

homosexual fantasies other than by attacking those people who have enough courage to recognize these in the face of immense social opposition.

I hope all the Med. students who attended enjoyed being 'queer' for the night. It would appear that UQMS has been and will continue to be hung up and 'queer' over questions of (and even their own) sexuality.

## Parghi fails economics — starves in Refec.

Dear Editors,

Would you like me to show you how to economize in this high inflationary time, in a perfectly legitimate way?

Well, here is the secret — go to our canteen; order bacon burger (49c) with egg extra (12c) — that is 61c total. You save 3c! by ordering like this instead of egg burger (46c) with bacon extra (18c) which will add up to 64c.

Gee; that's a partial economics, is it not! (Well, not fully economics because you save 61c by not ordering anything!)

Sounds good, you will say — but run fast before someone in Union Committee realizes and makes your sums equal!

P.N. Parghi

## Still more 'dole bludger' bashing

Dear Editors,

I wish to protest against articles which have appeared in the Semper Floreat, in relation to unemployment matters.

As the Federal Member for Brisbane a member of the Federal Parliament, I believe we have to be sensible about such matters and realise that this is a serious problem throughout Australia at the present time.

The government is faced with the largest ever deficit since Federation and economic measures have been instigated for this very reason.

It is a known fact that some people in the community do not want to work, they prefer to exist on Social Security benefits and monies given to those who are 'down on the beach', means less for people at University and people in that area.

Genuine people have been made to suffer and those who have been on the 'band waggon' in the past now have to justify their claims for unemployment benefits.

If you are prepared to offer constructive criticism or something to this effect, I will gladly make representation to the Minister and forward relevant information, as it comes to hand.

Peter Johnson M.P.  
Member for Brisbane.

## Branding you a nasty revisionist

Dear Editor,

It was terribly nice to once again hear from Peter Annear (Semper Vol 46, No. 6) and his courteous view of the Fourth International's understanding of their vexatious problem with those nasty Zionists. Such high minded, urbane and sophisticated revolutionary Marxist philanthropy smacks of a heightened idealism.

Indeed I was so pleased to hear that in his view "Trotsky is the ONLY consistent socialist (i.e. revolutionary Marxist)" to whom I referred. Peter has revealed all those other pseudo socialists whom I spoke of (Simone de Buvoir, Jean Paul Satre, Paul Axebrod, Ber Borachov, Paul Johnson et al) as being dangerous Revisionists. Oh Peter, don't tell me you've fallen into the little game those nasty Russians and Chinese play. It must be such a difficult and confusing life for those people, not knowing from one day to the next whether they are Revisionist capitalist roaders, Trotskyites, Maoists, Stalinists, Marxist-Leninists, Agrarian Socialists, or just plain brand X. I mean to say what if I branded you some sort of nasty revisionist. Oh my goodness, that would not be quite cricket.

Peter, I really think that you are playing little word games. Have you ever considered that you may be so caught up with the lexicon and phraseology of your political persuasion, that the words you use have lost all meaning.

Also Peter, I thought it was a little unfair of you to say that I said things which quite clearly I didn't. Of course, I may be mistaken, because perhaps you didn't understand what I said. In fact, having read Peter's most recent letter, I wonder if indeed Peter even read what I wrote. I mean to say, I wrote the article which commenced this whole debate. It was Peter who criticized the editors of Semper for publishing it unchallenged. Tisk, tisk, why should I be uncomfortable about conducting debate through such a journal. I quite enjoy having my views compared with his. As Peter would perhaps argue, and as far as the U.N. is concerned, I'm presenting the minority case. It is to my benefit to continually raise the debate, so that people of goodwill can understand the view conflicting with the learned majority of that august body.

# LETTERS cont'd

After all, I represent the view held by those immoral nations who support the existence of a Jewish state. At least I draw some comfort from the fact that our good friend Trotsky supported a "national homeland for the Jewish people" should they wish it. Ah well, I suppose we immoral types must draw together in dark times. Yes Peter, I hate to draw this to your attention, but Trotsky in fact, and to his ever loving credit (amongst many other ever loving credits of all the supporters of Jewish nationalism) said that after the revolution he supported, as did his friend Lenin, the establishment of a national homeland for the Jewish people. In fact Peter, I'm even using your words so that no one can say I wasn't fair about this little issue.

Sad but true, the revolution still hasn't come. I suppose we little Jews can just wallow till then.

And what of friend Gromyko? Peter tells us that he's not a revolutionary Marxist because he is a "notorious anti-Semite". One may have thought, that that little tag was for many people a necessary admission qualification to the "Revolutionary Marxist; Israel bashing; Zionist hating; BUT Jew loving club". Ah strong words indeed. But debate, sometimes requires a clarification of visions and perceptions. Peter, those who hate the nation of my people hate me, or at least that's how I feel. To seek the destruction of the nation of my people is therefore not a trifling insult to be cast off as some new and more trendy issue raises its shining countenance.

Peter seeks the destruction of the nation of the Jews because his is for the Palestinians. (How arbitrary!) Recognizing Peter's internationalist vision, I must say that the all pervasive influence of international politics and international ideological movements merely tends to exacerbate the problem between Israel and the Palestinians. The resolution of the Palestinian problem is crucial, but I do not believe that by its mere resolution, the crux of the Middle East problem will be solved.

You see, I have this strange feeling that the Palestinians are a sideshow (a very attractive one) to the main event (a very ugly one). It strikes me as strange that an obviously intelligent person such as Peter could view the Palestinians as oppressed workers who together with their Israeli working class allies should unite together to overthrow the bourgeois, capitalist, neo-colonialist, imperialist, fascist state of the Jews and set up in its place a model working state where all peoples could come and go picking flowers all day every day. How nice! Except that this has got absolutely nothing to do with anybody in the Middle East except for a few of George Habash's friendly boys and their AK47-Kalashnikovs (how Revisionist). I mean to say agrarian revolution with sticks and stones is far more civilized.

page 8

The Middle East is not about oppressed workers. For a start there are hardly enough workers between the Palestinians and the Israelis and they are too weak, to even consider mounting a successful revolution. The sage Trotsky, in his own words would describe the largest potential revolutionary group in the Middle East as the class of extremely conservative peasants, a class which he deeply distrusted. In fact Trotsky while propounding the theory of permanent revolution said that there could never be a revolution in an area such as this unless there were concomitant revolutions in more economically advanced areas.

Anyhow, this was a nice discussion about irrelevancies because the Middle East is about the Jewish claim to a homeland there and the Arab complaints about an alien character in their midst. To talk about revolution is fallacious. None of the Marxist prerequisites exist, and even if they did, there is no assurance that (1) the Marxists would win, (2) they were correct (3) even if they won the battle, they would eradicate the 2000 year long yearning of the Jewish people for the rekindling of their spirit in the form of a state.

To argue that the present situation and attitude of the Palestinians in the administered areas indicates their yearning for Marxist revolution would be a marvellous joke. While some Palestinian nationalism emerged as a result of yearning for land, it is submitted that the better sociological view of the current Palestinian movement is that their nationalism is based on anti-Israelism and not for some inherent, passionate love of the land. The incitement to rebel against Israel is no good foundation to set up a new nation. The new nation, we are told would be "democratic, secular and fraternal" and would also have no philosophic roots once the Zionist enemy was destroyed.

Now Peter, the anti-Zionism which you support and the anti-Zionism which the Palestinians support are two entirely different things. Palestinian opposition is against what Einstein described as a movement "rooted in a spiritual tradition whose maintenance and development are for Jews the basis of their continued existence as a community". Zionism to both the Jews and the Arabs concerns the existence of the Jews as a community. To you, it may be some monolithic capitalist, imperialist fascist (the sacerdotal authority of the lexicon is unquestioned) movement, but that is not reality.

Sadly, this letter draws to a close. But before I go just a quick reminder on what I said about the U.N. My position has been clear and unequivocal: in a formal sense (i.e. votes cast) the numbers are against Israel. However, if you look at who cast the votes what do we find. Do we find that the people who cast the anti-Israel vote were themselves democratically elected. Some of the police states, feudal monarchies, military cliques, repressive juntas and

totalitarian regimes do conduct elections. However is it called an election when there is one candidate and all opposition are shot (if they are lucky). To this majority, democracy emerges out of the barrel of a gun and from the mouths of stooges. If the PLO decided that the world was flat, then not only would this motley crew pass such a motion with thunderous accolade, but Columbus would be decried as yet another Zionist conspirator.

To condemn Israel for being a Jewish state is anti-Semitism. To condemn Israel for being a colonialist, imperialist running dog lackey of the bourgeois Americans is an interesting slogan devoid of meaning. To seek the co-operation of Israel in the solution of the Palestinian problem and the greater Middle East conflict would be a far more rational and moral course. But of course, morality dies everywhere. If Israel dies, maybe morality will be dead.

I invite you to reply ...

Steven Skala

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# THE RODENT



Below is the edited version of a recent interview with the Queensland Premier, Mr Joh Belch-Pearson:-

Humphrey Jonathan: Mr Premier, what is the current state of play in the loans affair?

Belch-Pearson: Well, now, as we know, the Communist-dominated government in Canberra is no longer the government, but we in Queensland still have a job to do. I mean, Mr Fraser can't do it all, he's too busy with inflation, but you know the Labor government, they were the greatest wreckers this country has ever seen.

HJ: With respect, Mr Premier, you don't seem to have answered my question. I asked about the loans affair. Do you have any new information?

BP: Well, I have been arguing for a Royal Commission into this affair so we can get it all out in the open. That's my style you know, get it out in the open, not like the Communists and the Labor Party who do it in the dark. The problem with a Royal Commission is that the Queen may be busy to chair it at the moment. This could be a problem. I may have some new information, but I will reveal that at the appropriate time.

HJ: When will that be?

BP: I will tell you at the appropriate time.

HJ: Do you foresee conflict between yourself and Canberra on the Torres Strait Islands issue?

BP: It's not a matter of conflict between myself and Canberra. It's a matter of ensuring that the people of the Torres Strait remain

part of Queensland and in this I am determined, mark my words. These people have been loyal Queenslanders for many years. I visit them often, especially at election time. They regard me as their leader and I'm not going to hand them over to the savages of New Guinea, my word I'm not.

HJ: Don't you concede that the Papua/New Guinea government has any rights in this issue?

BP: Absolutely not, it's not a matter of rights, it's a matter of doing the right thing by these people, and my goodness me, I'm going to do it.

HJ: Is it not true that under Queensland law, Torres Strait Islanders are not treated as other citizens?

BP: That is typical of the Communist line, trying to distort the situation with these facts. These people are good Queenslanders and that is all that matters.

HJ: Finally, Mr Premier, what is your reaction to critics who say you are an unmitigated liar, an outrageous rogue and a pathetic fool.

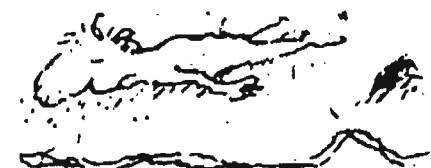
BP: It's not a matter of being a, er, those things you say, it's a matter of ..... (incoherent).

The interview then ended, with Joh's charming wife, Floh serving a delightful afternoon tea of scones and assorted pastries. As readers would be aware, Floh is practically a person in her own right and it is hoped that some time during the year, it may be possible to secure an interview with this truly amazing person.

Humphrey Jonathan



## BICYCLE BILL



One of the more pleasant and useful aspects of bicycling is touring. A bicycle tour may take a day, a weekend, a week or a month or more depending on your free time. When the urge hits you, you simply pack up your pannier bags, load up your bicycle and head off.

The bicycle club on the campus regularly organizes day trips and weekend trips and some club members are organizing week long trips during the coming vacation. The next weekend trip will be on 29th and 30th May and will be going to Samford. Details of this trip or any future trip could be obtained by contacting club secretary, Ann Tew (phone 370 1218).

During the city council elections the Labor Lord Mayor Brian Walsh promised in the Labor Party platform that they would build an experimental bikeway from Toowong to Uni.

The Labor Party won the election but Brian Walsh lost his ward and since then people have been trying to find out whether Ald. Sleeman (the new Lord Mayor) will be honouring the promise. So far, Ald. Sleeman has remained and refuses to say where he stands on the issue. One can only hope he will state his position soon. Meanwhile people can write many letters to the Lord Mayor which may help him to make up his mind.

Proponents of the bikeway are anxious not only that the project goes ahead, but also that it is properly designed. Painting a white line

down one side of Fred Schonell drive would not be a bikeway and could even make it worse for bikes. A proper route has to be found, perhaps through the backstreets, perhaps along the river bank, and it has to be designed by bikeway experts. Also if it is to be an experimental bikeway it should be able to be altered in accordance with the needs and wishes of the users. To do this adequate consultation should take place.

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# black embassy

On May 14, the Aboriginal Embassy was set up in a tent in King George Square. The tent is manned seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day, and functions as an information centre for whites, many of whom know nothing of what it is to be black. It is also a peaceful, persistent demonstration against what the blacks see as the major injustices inflicted on them by the white society.

Set out in full on the petition which can be signed there, the blacks demands are briefly:

1. Abolition of the Queensland Aborigines and Torres Strait Islanders Acts of 1971 and their regulations and by-laws;
2. Land rights;
3. Black control of Black Affairs.

Since the Embassy's inception, it has been threatened by the Nazi Party, which said it had planted a bomb there. On May 26, the Leader of the Liberal Opposition in the City Council, Alderman Syd McDonald, said that it was time the aborigines were thrown out. He suggested to the Lord Mayor, Alderman Frank Sleeman, that if the police could not shift them, the sprinklers should be turned on the Embassy. A sign which said, 'Smash the Racist Queensland Acts' was stolen.

On the whole, however, things have gone smoothly.

page 10

I asked Don Davies, a spokesperson for the Embassy why it was decided to set up the Embassy.

"Well we knew there were going to be cut-backs in all our organisations. We want land rights. There's police brutality - it's been my favour subject for three and a half years now. We'd go along with petitions. We'd go along and see the Commissioner of Police, and there was just nothing done. Now we're prepared to make this last stand here to talk to the everyday people, the grass-roots people and let them know what's going on in the place today. And I'm determined to stay here as long as we're allowed to stay here.

"We've got something like 10,000 white signatures on the petition (see box). There have been people coming along here at two and three o'clock in the morning, just discussing our problems. They get to know that we are under this Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanders Act. They didn't know it existed. It's been a real eye-opener and a shock to them.

"This Act of Parliament governs black people's lives right throughout Queensland. The power is given to one white man, Pat Killoran. That man has more power over black people than Jesus Christ himself.

"He could take us from this tent today and put us back on the mission stations. Most of the boys who are helping to man the Embassy here

are from mission stations. To get back to the missions to see their mother or father or brother or sister, they've first to approach the director, Pat Killoran, and get a permit. If he says no, and if they do sneak back on to the mission station, they can get fined \$600 or six months imprisonment without going to any court at all.

"The wages on the mission stations are something like \$25 or \$30 per week. They're living under rotten bloody conditions.

"There's a case I could tell you about on Palm Island. Five or six years ago this man, his wife and his five children were trying to live on this \$25 to \$30 per week wages. He'd go and complain every week to the manager that he wanted more money to buy more food, that his kids were starving. He used to go every week and they called him a stirrer.

"The police came at twelve o'clock one night and threw him in a boat and took him to the mainland. He's not allowed to go back without a permit from Pat Killoran. His wife isn't allowed to go to the mainland without a permit from Pat Killoran. Even mail sent from the mainland to his wife is first opened and read, and anything that shouldn't be there is scribbled out. That man hasn't seen his wife for four or five years.

"What have the police been like here?"

"The police have been round here twenty-four hours a day, especially at night. When we first shifted here they started to try to hassle us by saying, "What are you demonstrating about?" We said, "Well, there's our petition out there." They said, "Well, we're going to demonstrate about the killing of butterflies," and fucking things like this, trying to stir the blacks up. But we weren't provoked into this. We've known from long experience that the minute we make a wrong move they'd be quick to move in and start using their batons and dogs against us.

"Through the two and a half years I've worked for the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islanders Medical Service in Red Hill, I've laid something like 252 complaints against police brutality against black people. I've had witnesses. I've had statements. I've had doctors' evidence. I've had photographs. Not one of those police was pulled before a court. We want an inquiry into police crimes. We've got nothing to hide. They must have something to hide if they refuse to give us this.

*"Has Syd McDonald come over and talked to you?"*

"We invited him to come and speak to us here but he never even came across. I'd like to comment on the Lord Mayor. He's given us a go here. I've spoken to him three times in his chambers. He's helped us as much as possible. He's turned a blind eye to a lot of things. He commended us on the running of the Embassy. He's left the toilets open downstairs at nights for us to use. It's been really fantastic working with the Lord Mayor.

"If whites want to help blacks they can come along here, then go out and speak to the different unions, the unis. We're asking also if people can donate food to us here. White people can get out and talk to their friends, spread the word that there is an information centre in King George Square.

"Being black in Queensland you find it very hard to be accepted in the white world. You go to hotels and you get barred because of your colour. You go looking for a house, you get a racist landlord because of your blackness. It hurts, it hurts very much. But we're proud of our colour."

*"It must be hard to keep on being proud of your colour when all the time you're being told you should be ashamed of your colour."*

"It's very, very hard. Everything we've got now, like our black services, we've had to crawl on our bellies to get the Federal Government to finance. What makes me very angry now are the cut backs in all these organisations. They're running on skeleton staff there now. It's looking very, very bad. They're spending millions and millions and millions of dollars on the Army, the Navy and the Air Force to kill people, but to save people's lives — well, they're not worrying about that at all."

Do you care? You are probably justifiably indignant about South Africa's Apartheid policy. But here, in Queensland, we allow the equally-racist Queensland legislature to stand.

Maybe South Africa is more extreme in its racism. Or it could just be that they don't pretend to be racist, as we do. Maybe the difference between them and us is that they are more open, and less subtly racist than we are. We might not actively pursue a racist policy, but we certainly don't go out of our way to

smash racism. It comes to the same thing in the end. It doesn't really matter that we don't put signs on things, saying, 'Whites' and 'Coloureds'. Everything is already labelled, signs or not. When a black becomes State Governor, we are surprised — that's White Man's Territory.

The lesson to be learnt from the little tent in King George Square is that Queensland's blacks are just as oppressed as South Africa's.

**Jeannette Delamoir**

*Excerpts from speeches made at rally, May 14 (speakers unknown)*

Did you know — you probably didn't — that in 1974 when the Queensland Government came to the people with their policy speech, they promised a commission on aboriginal affairs in this state. They didn't say any more about it than that. They didn't really have any clear ideas about it . . . But I want to challenge the Queensland Government to say what's happened to that promise. Will they come out into the open and talk with all concerned people, black and white, about that promise? Because that might give the germ of an idea that would give black control of black affairs?

You say your society is superior to ours, but look at the contribution you've made. You've brought alcohol. You've brought diseases like syphilis and gonorrhoea. You've brought a society based on personal wealth. The difference is right before your eyes.

You would like to say that this is an aboriginal problem, that we are black, we're useless, that we cannot do any good for ourselves. And your children will be saying that about our children. We want to change a lot of things. We want to lift ourselves up because you won't lift us up.

*"Fifty per cent of Australians consider that Federal and State governments are not doing enough for aborigines", says the Gallup Poll.*

*"Only sixteen per cent think that too much is being done for them, while twenty-five per cent say what is being done is about right.*

*"There is fairly even distribution of opinion on whether aborigines should be encouraged to stay in their tribal settlements, following tribal customs, or to move as quickly as possible into European ways of life.*

*"These replies come from a Gallup Poll conducted among 2010 people, in all States and the Australian Capital Territory.*

*"The poll was conducted before the announcement by the Federal Treasurer (Mr Lynch) of changes in the Federal Government's aboriginal aid programmes.*

*"Men and women, younger people and older people differed very little in their views."*

**The Courier Mail, Tuesday June 1, 1976**

## PETITION

WE, the undersigned X CITIZENS, SUPPORT THE FOLLOWING DEMANDS OF ABORIGINES, as authorised by Members of the "BLACK EMBASSY AND INFORMATION CENTRE".

1. To ABOLISH the Queensland Aborigines and Islanders Acts of 1971 and their Regulations and By-Laws.

### 2. LAND RIGHTS NOW!

- A. Immediate ownership rights by Tribal Groups of land they are now living on.
- B. All lands that are now set aside as Aboriginal Communities should be owned and controlled by the same Community.
- C. That Aboriginal lands include TOTAL RIGHTS TO ALL NATURAL RESOURCES.
- D. That any mining or prospecting that is going on now should be stopped until Aboriginal communities are told the TRUTH about what is happening, and that every man, woman and child of that community should make the final decisions about mining and compensation - NOT the mining companies, the State Government, Church bodies or anyone else.
- E. Where land has been taken by the State Government, the Black Community should be given money as compensation.

- F. That any Crown Lands which have traditional meaning to Blacks be given back to them.
- G. That ALL SITES WHERE THERE ARE SACRED OBJECTS or SACRED PLACES be controlled by the local Elders.
- H. THAT ALL MINING AND FISHING RIGHTS AND ALL AREAS be open to the use of Aborigines without money having to be paid or other conditions being placed on us.
- I. Where an Aboriginal Tribe has been taken away from their Tribal Land and forced to live on "Yunbas" or in the cities (i.e. St George, Cunnamulla and Urban Cities such as Brisbane, Townsville, etc.) these communities be given ownership and control of land and that they get COMPENSATION.

### I. BLACK CONTROL OF BLACK AFFAIRS

- A. NO MORE FINANCIAL CUTBACKS to the Aboriginal Community Services in Queensland or any other State by the Commonwealth Government and that TOTAL MONIES ARE GIVEN IMMEDIATELY TO ALL SUBMITTED BUDGETS.
- B. We want more money made available to PROGRAMS started by the Blacks.
- C. NO MORE SACKING OF ABORIGINES EMPLOYED BY THE COMMONWEALTH DEPARTMENT OF ABORIGINAL AFFAIRS.

# Blacks fight against Rapes, Bashings

Sitting cross-legged on the lawn, the middle-aged Black man chose his words with deliberation.

"Later on that night the two of them got this young Black girl in the a park, and one of them raped her. Then she smashed a bottle and went to work on her with that, front and back.

"When she came to us we tried to get her to go to the hospital, but she wouldn't. She said she was too ashamed. I finished up taking her to a private doctor, and she needed 32 stitches. She was 18 or 19, maybe ruined for life."

Don Davidson, manager of an Aboriginal hostel in South Brisbane, was talking about the train of racist attacks, ending in a sickening rape, which has set Blacks agitating against their oppressors. Brisbane Aborigines are consumed with anger at the white assailants, the "boong-bashers" and "gin-jockeys" who beat up Black men and rape Black women in the streets and around the pubs of inner suburbs. A special hate is reserved for the "pigs", the racist cops who back up marauding whites.

"I tried to get her to put in a complaint to the police," Davidson went on, "but she wouldn't. She reckoned she'd just get more of the same in the cells. A cop had raped her in the watch-house once before."

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The incidents which have sparked off renewed protest began, Davidson explained, on April 21 at the Ship Inn, a South Brisbane pub where large numbers of Blacks drink. A fight had started when a white man, one of many who came to the Ship Inn after Black women, had tried to "rip off" a Black man's wife. Another white had joined in, and then the barman as well. The fight proceeded along the passage to the front door, which one of the whites slammed on the fingers of a Black woman with such force that her thumb-nail was torn off. At this point other Blacks joined in and "cleaned up on" the whites. When the fight died down Davidson took the woman whose fingers had been injured to a medical centre, and the publican barred half a dozen Blacks from the Ship Inn. Then later that night,

a woman was raped and sexually mutilated in a nearby park. Those who did it, the Blacks maintain were the same white men who had started the fighting earlier on.

Brawls are commonplace in this hotel, and Black women are frequently raped in South Brisbane, but this time the Black community was driven beyond endurance. On the following night a meeting was held at the Trinity Lane hostel, and Davidson led a delegation to the Ship Inn, where the publican agreed to lift the ban on the Blacks who had been barred. Pressed to reveal the names of the whites who had taken part in the fight the barman admitted to knowing one of them.

### DEGRADATION

A march and demonstration was called for the morning of April 27, but had to be abandoned when a permit could not be obtained. Police told a delegation of Blacks that the minimum notice required for a permit to march was 14 days and threatened that if any Blacks tried to march, without permission they "wouldn't get out of Trinity Lane."

At the heart of the oppression and degradation of Blacks in Brisbane is the constant threat of physical violence. This threat adds to the tensions of poverty and overcrowding, stepping them up until one of the few outlets to be had,

apart from alcoholism, is to start some violence of your own.

There are many fights at the Ship Inn. Years ago, Davidson related, the management used to keep iron bars and cricket bats handy to subdue their customers. The pub is a depressing place, its lounge furnished with the cheapest steel tables and chairs, which can be wrestled back into shape after being bent across someone's shoulders or flung across the room. The floor is bare concrete; as the night wears on it becomes littered with cigarette butts and broken glass, then foul with vomit. The fights start suddenly, with hardly a word exchanged; a couple of chairs are sent flying and two men slug it out, punching one another almost routinely, as though more from despair than anger. Or a man will throw a woman onto the floor, and kick or batter her with a chair until her relatives move into stop it.

But however much Blacks fight each other, their fighting rarely has the arbitrary malice which white thugs and cops bring with them into the Black community. Don Davidson explained how, a few weeks earlier, two white men had driven up beside him in a street near his home. "Get off the street you Black cunt!" they shouted, then leapt from the car and began beating him up. Davidson laid a complaint with Police Minister Hodges, but no action was taken. In the past three and a half years, Davidson has helped lay 150 such complaints backing them up with sworn statements and medical certificates. Not one prosecution has resulted.

## POLICE PROVOCATION

The cops themselves are among the most brutal bashers, Davidson explained, being well-equipped, persistent, and effectively immune from prosecution. Some have been on this beat for years, notorious "gin-jockeys" in their own right. Blacks are harassed frequently in and around the pubs where they gather:

"They provoke the poor bloody black-fellers every time. You go to the Black pubs about a quarter to ten and you see them there - paddy wagons, patrol cars. You go to white pubs, you don't see them there."

Many assaults take place when police catch Blacks drinking in parks. It is an offence to consume liquor in public, but many Blacks are too poor to drink in bars, and these people usually buy flagon wines which they take off the premises and share. Such people can be "done over" with impunity, since the dark is good cover, and the testimony of drunken Blacks carries little weight in court.

Nonetheless, if Queensland police are to do a proper job, they would rather have the privacy of watch-houses and paddy-wagons. Black women prisoners, especially young ones, are liable to be stripped by male police while being "searched." One practice described by Davidson is especially nauseating for its casual sadism. "They'll come into the watch-house



and say, 'You stinking Blacks, you need a wash. We'll give you a wash!' and turn the hose on them in the cells."

Racist attacks on Blacks have grown worse Davidson considers, during the 14 years he has been active in the movement. The situation could blow up any time now, he assured us. Goaded beyond endurance, fit young Blacks would fight back. Did he think there was any chance of effective mass protest, of building a political movement aimed at stopping the bashings and rapes? Davidson agreed that there are many Blacks who want to organise against their oppression, to march and demonstrate.

What are the demands that large numbers of Blacks would relate to, we asked. What are their vital, immediate needs that demand expression?

There are many things, Davidson replied, that Blacks need and want - things like decent housing, laws against discrimination, protection from police attack. But the single, most deeply felt need of Blacks is for their own land. And this long-time veteran of daily struggles, his hair now going grey, expounded it with passion and great dignity.

"If we had our own land we wouldn't have to get drunk at the Ship Inn. We wouldn't have to drink in the parks and get beaten up by the cops. We need land we can build our own houses on, so we don't get robbed by the landlords. Unless we have our own land we haven't got any real security. If we had it, we'd be able to start working out how to do things our own way."

Source: Direct Action, May 6, 1976

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# SHOOT & BE DAMNED

The T.V. camera is mightier than the pen is mightier than the tongue is mightier than the sword. If you chose a succinctly successful method of long term political indoctrination of a mass populace, the control of communication channels may well be the most effective. And when Brisbane T.V. Channel 7 News (or "Eyewitness News" if you like) attempt to fabricate news stories as overtly as they appear to do, then you begin to wonder about the credibility of the institutions, NEWS.

Channel 7 news editor, Kit de Latour takes full responsibility for sending his journos out to encourage Kelvin Grove Teacher's College students to set up a tent in King George Square. A tent to protest at the education allowance given to Aboriginal parents for their kids education. A tent designed in this correspondent's view, to mirror the racist standpoint of the public and to be a thorn in the side of the Aboriginal Tent embassy. And from Channel 7's angle, an exclusive news story that will appeal to the lowest common denominator of Seven's listening audience. Mr de Latour has apologized following pressure for the incident which took place Friday May 28.

According to Kelvin Grove President, John Frey, this is what happened:

*Two men professing to be news reporters from Channel 7 came onto campus in a vehicle marked Channel 7 Eye Witness News. These men proceeded to ask a group of students sitting in the quadrangle if they "would like to be on television". To do this they were to go to King George Square and set up a tent in opposition to the Black Embassy already situated there. The men said that they would film the students setting up the tent and then film them demonstrating against the fact that Aboriginal people received an unfair advantage to education for their children in that they received a special allowance of \$1 a day or a week for each child (they were not sure at all). When they (the gentlemen) spoke of the Aborigines, they spoke in disrespectful terms such as "Abos". Further, they said they would be able to show even more prejudice against whites if the police moved the White tent on. In reply to these statements our students joked and said that they were not very proficient at setting up tents. The men replied to this by saying that they had a simple "two man tent" that they could use. Finally, our students told the men to leave because they were proposing an extremely racist act.*

During a telephone conversation sprinkled with shouting occasional mistruths a lot of uncoordinated dialogue and exclamation marks, Mr de Latour told me he was proud of what he'd done and, by Christ, make sure you source the story as coming from 7 Eyewitness News (shouting).

Kelvin Grove students followed the incident up rather quickly and wrote complaints to the

Australian Journalist Association, the not yet operative Australian Press Council, political figures and so on. Press releases were written but not taken up by many media organs, except for a brief item on 4IP (from Australian Associated Press copy) and 4ZZZ. Channel 0 News put together a story but didn't broadcast it. O's news editor explained that intra-station news battles aren't healthy, and that under Queensland's libel laws, the truth can still be defamatory. The incident was briefly mentioned in federal parliament by the Labor Party.

The A.J.A. Ethics Committee (the A.J.A.'s disciplinary body) is at the moment considering action against the Channel 7 journalists.

Some have suggested that 7 did what they did under pressure from every Black person's hero, the Bjelke Petersen government. After all, it would have been a logical step to assist in pulling down of the tent following disguised racist backlashes from Liberal aldermen. There could have been demonstrations resulting, the police gather around, a few punch ups, and amid the fury, the tent falls down.

But that wasn't the case. More, an ad hoc decision by an ad hoc news editor to create his version of meaty news. The incident, and more importantly the motivation behind it, had nothing to do with the Black Tent embassy being moved from King George Square as it is likely to do as Semper goes to press.

The reaction to Mr de Latour's action within the Brisbane media has been one of an act of unethical journalism. Which may bely the reality of news. Although events may not be created all too often by the media; their presentation of it is always based on political presumptions, so every news story is distorted according to a camera person's or sub-editors tastes. The act of covering an incident and not others, what angles to take, what the media think the audience want to consume, what the media think the advertisers will tolerate being consumed. All involve systematic acts of political censorship.

To reprimand or not to reprimand de Latour is not the question. To know that impartial/unbiased news is impossible to create, is the question. And yet we have to rely on the media, those who greatly monopolise the communicating of information, to tell us a dangerously large amount of what is and isn't going on. What can you do?

Rob Cameron

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# rough beast — extracts 2

*The second part of a three part story. The first extract appeared in the sixth issue of Semper.*

*The story thus far:*

*The place: The U.G. Library, Uni of Queensland*

*The people: Clausewitz is the story teller's male friend and work mate.*

*Tinkerbelle is his superior a thin bony woman he hates and desires.*

*Little Dove a new staff member who is his and Clausewitz's assistant, with the air of a frightened bird, who deliberately dresses and acts innocently.*

*Now read on.*

## 6

His thumb moved uneasily, tracing the jaw-line from ear to ear. I said nothing, forcing him to move first.

It won't be easy ... Um ... cheap bastard! As if I'd fall for a trick like that.

Well, Christ, you know how she is! Mmm ... eh? I determined not to commit myself before he decided — and he looked me in the eye. With a smile, capitulated.

I'll say this for Clausewitz: he accepts that if it's war, it must be to the death.

Okay, it's on. Of course, you realise the danger (and as he said it, I knew) of being caught underneath.

Sure, buddy, but — I guess it's unavoidable. Look, it sounds stupid,

Dmn right! (Like me, he must have his joke)

but I *like* working here. Okay, call me a masochist, and wipe that bloody grin off your face. We have a great team here, and God knows the poor bloody students need all the help they can get.

Right.

So whose wide am I on? This place is slowly going under, and we all know why. So it's devotion to duty, is all. (Mind you, when I said this I believed every word of it.)

So long as you know. It's not my head on the block..

Wank away, you doggammed political voyeur! This, too, is a token of our love, that we exchange dangerous insults. And at that moment little dove came to perch in the doorway; his eyes met mine, and at once she was frightened of our rank and power. He was content to let us duel for position, watching with a sardonic smile.

page 16

Er, excuse me, um — do you have, I mean, I've done all those xeroxes you gave me last week. Is there anything else ready? ... She ran out of steam suddenly, and I gulped thickly as I saw her so defenceless. I had to get rid of her for my own peace of mind.

Yes, are you free for an hour? Good, here's the group borrowing disc, here's a Government list, rip over to Central and bring me back any of the journals you can find on the list. Can you handle that?

Yes, alright, thanks ... Her eyes pleaded for my trust and concern.

She disappeared as she had come, so suddenly that I saw — for an instant — a mirage of her form still misty in the doorway.

I can use her too — oh, thanks.

How? he asked, the crude implications of his smile masked as he bent to the struck match. I kept a straight face as he offered the flame, and ignored our helpless desires.

Simple. Wait until Tinker-bell gives her something to do behind my back, then tell her to stop that and do something else. I've got a dozen justifications at fingertip, its foolproof. Don't forget — it's a war of manoeuvre, not position —

Oh come off it!

No, I'll explain in a minute.

Okay, convince me.

— and our first task is to keep her off balance, and confused about our real position.

Right with you, baby. The way she's going, it'll be no sweat keeping my end up.

## 7

I disclaim all puffs of fancy. But it is true that this instant is a baroque image.

Around us the austere walls and marble columns rise to the patterned ceiling and soft etched lights. Through the glass, I can watch the duty shift perform their complex, formal ballet of reservations, fines, extensions and paper-clips; the stiff ritual song of the telephone counterparts their jokes and curses. Here inside the Summer Palace we sit in blissful, cool control.

My desk is an ordered confusion, ornate mess of piles, files, papers and pens. CAUTION — WORK IN PROGRESS writ large upon it, and I can assume an air of harrassed suffering at will. Her desk, on the other hand, is as neat as a new hat, even though she is opening the morning's mail all over it. Her neat, trim body moves easily beneath her neat, trim



summer frock and the back of her head is infinitely charming.

She knows I'm staring at her, but decides to ignore me for a while. I can imagine the tiny smile that is hovering on her tight lips.

I'm ready, the instant before she turns round, I'm up to my ears in lists, wearing a mask of suppressed despair.

Isn't it a beautiful morning?

Yes it is — it's so calm you can hear the gunfire miles away.

Here the what?

Well, I mean, if the coup had failed, you'd be able to hear the fighting in the city. But you can't — so we must assume the coup has been successful.

Oh! Oh, you — you rogue! She has an impish smile, and a brittle girlish laugh that shivers my spine. She's so desirable — I can't avoid laughing with her.

Aren't you satisfied with life? Her non-sequiturs are always feeble, and I've never had difficulty in beating her at that game.

Why should I be satisfied with life? Now this is the killer. She is a sweet simple woman, her sensibilities are catholic, she is beautiful and desirable, and my rhetoric stands always ready to smash her face in.

What on earth?

Face it — life is a grim joke, and God has the drop on us. I intend to get my own back, though — I'll die laughing.

For heaven's sake! —

No, for my own. No person has any value, from a universal point of view, it's only a structure we erect for our sanity's sake. You admit yourself that I'm insane —

Stop it, please!

— that I'm insane, so what's the point? At the end, nothing. A stream of hydrogen ions, a bucket of fertiliser. I find the whole thing very amusing.

How can you believe that? Such a horrible, empty, hopeless philosophy?

It's as easy as believing in anything else. And besides, have no thought for tomorrow; all the weekly tube lists are dead up to date.

Eh? It is pitiful to watch her composure crumbling, collapsing like a wet paper bag under my hobnailed words.

I said everything's under control. No sweat. Would you like to come to a party at my place on Saturday? ... I said, we're having a party at my place on Saturday night, and we'd really like you to come.

Oh Christ, the poor girl, I really do suffer with her. It's no wonder that both of us are going round the bend.



## 8

Within you and without you, life goes on. Sun shines on trees and long slender legs; the jealous wind is everywhere, touching and fondling. Leaves writhe to please in simulated orgasm.

A couple of old hands were laughing at the desk, setting up the loan stamps, horseplaying repartee. Their voices echoed through the cavernous trembling chamber; yellow morning sunlight shafted the polished tiles. The first students fluttered in, coming to rest at the catalogue like autumn swallows.

Morning, lover.

Hello, sugar. Clausewitz and I pursue our running joke: a pretend homosexual affair which really frightens Tinker-belle. It frightens me too — it could be real. In self-defence we have buried ourselves in a pink wriggling pile of girl-fantasies, reluctant to admit our deep and real love.

The signal rocket exploded in a huge silent scarlet plush of sparks. She had arrived, she — my boss, my love, my Flanders poppy — burst upon the scene in a confetti of hellos. I wished it was Friday.

I wish it was Friday.

What do you say that?

Because then I could go home and sleep, and forget this place. Because of Saturday night.

## 9

The tide was rising, and the swell broke more heavily across the reefs. I wandered out to the RAs' room, where he was sitting muttering over a pile of order cards. I made like Quick-draw McGraw with the menthols, achieving — to my surprise — the archetypal three-upstanding filters which all the ads portray.

Have a peppermint?

Ta, don't mind if I ... The quick crack of match on box, and we

bent over the orange flame like Macbeth's witches. Drawing in the first fine careless rapture, our eyes met in silent grins of Aah! That's better! With identical mannerisms born of long practice, we flicked the ash off to flake expertly into the waste-paper bin. He looked down at the glowing tip, then glanced up at me in sudden empathy.

Coming to lunch?

Why not? It's five to. Let's head off to the refec. So we uncoiled limbs from chairs, shouldered the burden of absurdity and tramped across the hall like professionals. Students sidled out of the way as the two librarians strode past with worried frowns.

We emerged from the battle of the Somme clutching ham rolls and milkshakes. The question was, where should we eat?

Where shall we eat?

And so it went on. We watched the breeze lifting the mini-skirts, and our eyes ambled among the bra-less T-shirts like bees in a field of clover.

What, old bean, do you say to the Great Court?

I say good morning. But seriously, good thinking, Batman. So we headed for the cloisters and found a good bird-watching spot.

You know there's a Senior Staff meeting on tomorrow? Right; there's a good chance of a stand-up fight over the pinching of staff by Tinker-belle and the Dragon from other groups to do their own work.

I know. I actually had the Rude Young Man working for me all day yesterday — no wonder you had a heads-down brawl with Tinker-belle!

Well shit, my group has just as much work as hers, so why should she pinch my bloody staff?

I had a sudden access of revulsion as we planned her destruction: as if he was telling me intimate sexual details about last night with his girlfriend. If she wasn't my boss, if only she worked in another branch library — then I could treat her like any other woman. I could take her out, have lunch with her, put my arms — she's blasted all that by working here.

The conversation was enfiladed by a group of girls in blue uniforms.

Hey, you know what? We're in the wrong job. We should be doing Speech Therapy — dig the dark-haired one on the right.

Yeah, right. And there's almost no males doing ST.

But there's plenty of males doing Med., which is the pasture grazed by therapists.

For husbands. Ha! Who wants to marry them, I'd like to know? Christ, the number of times I —

So suffer, you bastard! Isn't the library good enough? Clausewitz should talk, he was already in amongst the sheep there.

Good enough? Jesus, it's like a goldfish bowl full of mermaids, labelled HANDS OFF, SCUM! I shall end up a pretzel of frustration.

We talked of our first loves, our poetry, our death in the afternoon. We discoursed cynically on the tragi-comedy of life, finished lunch and had a final cigarette. We girded our loins to face the endless symphony of self-destruction called Work. The glass doors spat us coolly into the maelstrom.

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## 10

I named my desk 2001. I can fly it anywhere (especially on ephedrine). When it all gets too bad, I sit up there jockeying between the stars, crumbling the blue velvet distances. The cold, radiant band of music that girds the galaxy. I float alone, fearless, inhuman.

It's easy to get away, scot-free. She never understands. Shooting up like that, it's not natural.

Tinker-belle doesn't believe in it. She may be frightened, she may be virtuous, but either way she won't open the door. Clausewitz on the other hand is game and promiscuous (any dryad so long as she's clean) — and his lust for destruction is exceeded only by his loneliness. He flies up there too.

Aren't you listening?

Thump, shit, aagh! Crash, whammo, wheels up into the ground at 200 knots. Fuel tanks blazing in a crater. I stagger from the smoke and shock to meet her dawn-grey eyes. Where are the blankets, the hot sweet cups of tea?

I said, what jobs have you got ready to hand out?

Hand out? To whom? In a quick mental review I know all four junior staff in our group are engaged.

I've borrowed two people from other groups for the afternoon. She tried her conspiratorial smile, the old trick — I've done this, we're in it together, it's your fault, hang him for all I care. No way, baby.

Christ, what a stunt to pull! Look, see these piles? Each one at a different stage, four different people responsible and each knows exactly what she's doing next.

What about reading lists then?

Oh sure, I can always find lists to be checked. But so can the other RAs. Or are we in some kind of privileged position? I can keep this up by the hour, but no need. After all, it's in my own interests to seem to accomplish miracles against all odds, to run the group smoothly and get the work done, while Tinker-belle cops the flak for getting the other groups in a jam and upsetting my organisation. I allow myself to be pressured, accepting all the help I can get while making sure the blame is kept in the right corner.

She thinks she's won the point, professional management training versus brute shop-floor experience. Steaming twit.

Her inexperience shows easily: she goes to early tea. Clausewitz and I know better, we're not stupid. Tinker-belle is allowed to escape, avoiding the snare of my cynicism and demonstrating her political independence. Clausewitz and I don't give a damn, though we know (reliable sources) that she is working like a beaver to buttress her position with the Central heavies. She has fifteen minutes to build it up. We go to late tea. We have fifteen minutes to smash it all to bits again, and hours to go until next tea-break. Moreover, she believes wrongly that rank equals power.

We manage things better; more humble perhaps, but our protection is more assured. Ours is the last laugh, and Tinker-belle (reliable sources) winds up with egg on her face.

# Stretching Stagnation

In his Ministerial Statement of May 20, Mr Lynch did not intend to sound out public opinion by setting out a tentative fiscal policy strategy. He gave us a detailed preview of the 1976/77 Budget. No amount of public protest will change his basic approach. We are in for tax indexation, savage spending cuts, a "restructuring" of Medibank, and a restrictive fiscal policy. Let us see why his approach will perpetuate our economic stagnation.

What is the economic reasoning behind the Liberal-NCP strategy? I see two reasons. Firstly, the massive budget deficits of recent years are considered the most important cause for the excessive rates of growth of the money supply which are in turn the cause of our high rates of inflation. Secondly, fast rates of growth of government expenditure are deemed to have a "crowding-out" effect on spending decisions by the private sector. Hence, if they can restrict money supply growth to the moderate figure of 11% and vigorously cut government spending thus reducing government involvement in areas such as health and urban and regional development we shall see a resurgence of confidence and activity in the private sector. Tax indexation will be the bribe that will reduce wage demands. The all pervading goal is the reduction of the rate of inflation.

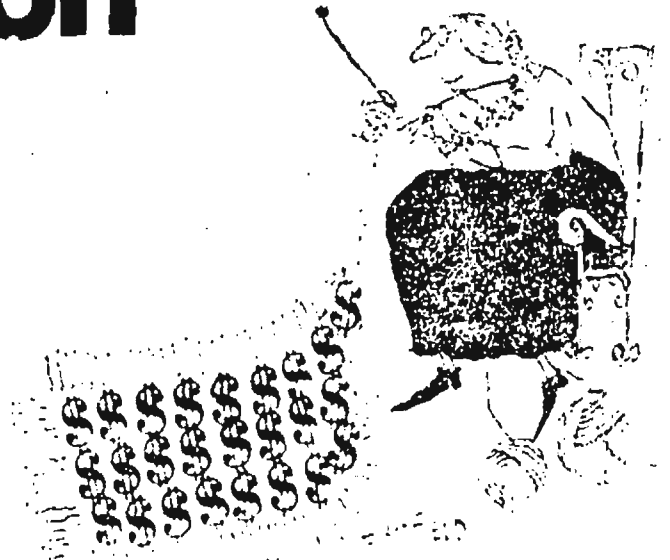
Now, why is our economic stagnation so drawn out? I would suggest two reasons. Interest rates are so high that investment is unprofitable and residential construction is depressed. The threat of unemployment is so strong that consumers are reluctant to spend. As long as interest rates and unemployment levels are so high, the economy will stagnate. Neither investors nor consumers will really start spending.

Mr Lynch has stated officially that he intends to restrain the money supply growth rate to around 11%, a low figure by Australian standards. It is a fundamental axiom of economic policy that you can control the money supply or interest rates but not both. An 11% money supply growth rate inevitably means high interest rates, forced up by the competition for loanable funds. It is also a fundamental axiom that if you cut government spending during an economic recession you create, through the operation of the impact multiplier, a drop in aggregate demand and thus more unemployment. As Mr Lynch's fiscal and monetary policies are not aimed at lowering unemployment and interest rates he is thus doomed to elongate our economic stagnation because of the reasons in the previous paragraph.

## TAX INDEXATION BRIBE

But what about tax indexation and increased child endowment? Won't they get consumers

spending again? No, because child endowment increases will be offset by increased payments for health insurance, whether to Medibank by premium or income tax levy of 2.5% or by payments to private health insurance funds. Tax indexation, which simply means an across the income tax scales reduction in average income tax rates as one progresses up the income levels compared to the Hayden average tax rates as one progressed up the same income levels, will expand take-home pay but once again this must be offset against payments for health insurance. Neither move will get consumers moving. It's a big confidence trick.



We have thus a scenario of continued economic stagnation caused by the inept and ill-conceived fiscal and monetary policies of the Liberal-N.C.P. government. By Christmas it will become obvious how foolish their policies are in getting Australia out of the recession. The poverty of their economic thinking will be manifested brilliantly. Mr Lynch might even be replaced as Treasurer.

My approach would be quite different. I would divert attention from inflation to unemployment and interest rates. The fundamental need is to reduce both. Mr Lynch said on May 20 that, without his radical restructuring of the Budget, we would have faced a deficit of \$4800 million based on forward estimates. This would be an acceptable figure for me and I would finance it largely by borrowings from the Reserve Bank. Wage inflation would be restrained by continuation of wage indexation and the introduction to a limited extent, of cuts in sales taxes. I would not introduce tax indexation. I would retain Medibank in its present form. The Australian Public Service would be allowed to grow at 1% in the fiscal year 1976/77. Monetary policy would be relaxed to allow interest rates to fall. Cost push inflationary forces would be attacked through the Trade Practices Commission and Prices Justification Tribunal. I would not allow the States to impose their own income tax surcharge. Emphasis on specific purpose grants would be maintained. Foreign investment regulations would be severely relaxed especially in the mining industry. Tariffs would not be lowered substantially on any item. Finally, I would explain to the public, in a detailed manner, my economic policy and the economic reasoning behind it, thus giving it a better chance to succeed.

John Drew

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# AUS Student Travel

AUS Student Travel is a service department of the Australian Union of Students. It was established to meet the demands of students to travel overseas and to meet those demands in a positive way. That is because AUS believes that travel is a positive and productive venture for students to undertake. Travel is a valid and valuable aspect of education and affords you an excellent opportunity to be involved in a personal educative process. As well, by the increased understanding of other cultures and peoples which you gain, and the personal contacts you make, you can build cooperation and friendship between people of various cultures.

This sort of "cultural exchange" cannot be gained from the inside of a Hilton or by riding in a taxi. It comes for the traveller who is interested in building a genuine rapport with an appreciation of the country which he/she is visiting - it doesn't come for the tourist who is committed to exploiting that country. To help your participation in this cultural exchange AUS Student Travel has attempted wherever possible to provide a range of services such as tours and accommodation in conjunction with the travel organisation owned by the students of the country which you're visiting. As well, AUS organises a series of seminars in Australia for students travelling to Asian countries. These seminars provide you with an opportunity to discuss cultural and political aspects of the countries which you intend to visit, with students from those countries, who are studying in Australia. If travelling to Asia this summer, you'd be well advised to participate.

When boarding an AUS flight, all student members must be able to produce evidence of student status: either an Australian Student Card or an International Student Identity Card. Therefore an AUS Student Travel office cannot issue or release an AUS charter flight ticket without sighting a student card.

## AUS ASSOCIATE MEMBERS CLUB

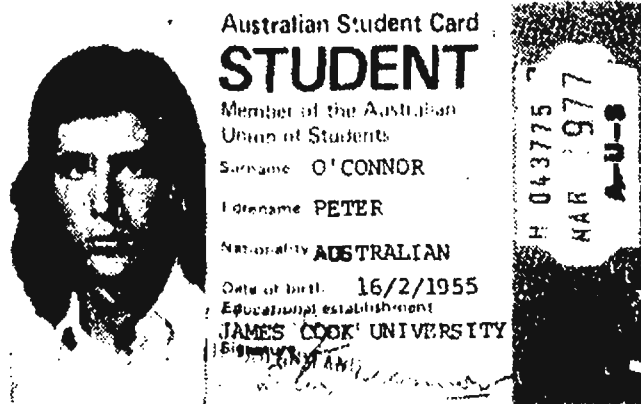
Don't lose touch with AUS. When you conclude your studies at the university or college you are attending, you are eligible to join the AUS Associate Members Club. All past students

and graduates are welcome, but joining is restricted to within three years of termination of study. The joining fee is \$5 plus \$5 for each two years membership. Although Associate Members are not eligible to fly on the AUS student flights, a special Associate Members Travel Program is operated each year. The Associate Members Card is compulsory for boarding. Applications for membership may be made at any AUS Student Travel Office.

## AUSTRALIAN STUDENT CARD

On enrolment at a university or CAE (affiliated with AUS) you are automatically a member of the Australian Union of Students and you are automatically entitled to your Australian Student Card free of charge but you must apply early by:

1. completing an application form;
2. attaching a passport size photo;
3. having the application form stamped by Student Records at the college or university where you are enrolled.



The Australian Student Card -- get yours early!

## INTERNATIONAL STUDENT IDENTITY CARD

This costs \$1.50 and is available on application to your student union, to all full-time students currently enrolled at a CAE or university. Since it is effective from October to October, don't apply for this too early - but it's a great asset for obtaining student concessions overseas, particularly in Europe, e.g. student flights within Europe, student trains and ferries, art galleries, cinemas, student accommodation etc.

To obtain your International Student Identity Card (ISIC):

1. complete an ISIC application form
2. attach a passport size photo
3. obtain the verification of your full-time student enrolment from Student Records at the college or university where you are enrolled, and take it to your student union which will issue your ISIC for \$1.50. But for it to be effective over the summer vacation wait until mid August. The ISIC is valid for 12 months from October.

## STUDENT GUIDES

All AUS Student Travel offices carry stocks of student guides. We regret both stock and cost variations due to overseas suppliers and shipping delivery. We will provide them at the lowest possible cost to you.

Anticipated stocks are:

Student Guide to Asia . . . . .	\$3.00
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Let's Go Britain and Ireland. . . . .	\$3.80
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## ELIGIBILITY

AUS Student Travel is for students who are currently enrolled and studying for a recognised degree or diploma at any university or college of advanced education or other college of higher education where the courses lead to a recognised degree of diploma.

Some flights are restricted to students who have not reached 30 years of age at commencement of travel. The restricted (under 30) flights are clearly specified.

Spouse and dependent children (to the age of 18) of an eligible member, provided they are accompanied by that member on the same flight, are also eligible to travel at the AUS fare.

Please note that children who have not reached 12 at the time of travel will be charged 50% and infants who have not reached two at the time of travel will be charged 10% of the published fare. However, the number of children and infants at 50% and 10% fare is limited to one per adult passenger. Any additional children must pay full fare and any additional infants must pay half fare.

## T.E.A.S. QUESTIONNAIRE

Dear Student,

In order to assist us with submissions to the Federal Government regards TERTIARY EDUCATION LIVING ALLOWANCE we request that you complete this questionnaire and return it to the ground floor of the Union Building.

Students not receiving a T.E.A.S. ALLOWANCE should also complete this questionnaire.

**YOUR NAME IS NOT REQUIRED**  
**PLEASE CIRCLE ALTERNATIVES WHICH ARE APPLICABLE**

- |  |  |                       |                    |                   |
|--|--|-----------------------|--------------------|-------------------|
| Q.1 Age  | A<br>(17-20)                             | B<br>(21-24)          | C<br>(25-28)       | D<br>(28 -)       |
| Q.2 Student Status   | Full-time                                | Part-time             | External           |                   |
| Q.3 Are you presently studying for your...?  | First Degree                             | Second or other       |                    |                   |
| Q.4 Are you in receipt of a TEAS allowance   | Yes                                      | No                    |                    |                   |
| Q.5 Have you ever obtained a loan to help finance your education?  | Yes                                      | No                    |                    |                   |
| Q.6 If so:   | Less than \$500                          | \$500 - \$1000        | \$1,000 - \$1500   | Greater than 1500 |
| Q.7 Was this loan from...?   | Bank<br>Credit union<br>Building Society | University            | Parents            | Friends           |
| Q.8 Accommodation - do you live....?   | At home                                  | Away from home        |                    |                   |
| Q.9 Are you presently seeking employment?  | Full-time                                | Part-time             | No                 |                   |
| Q.10 Have you ever dropped study and/or changed student status because of financial difficulties?                          | Yes                                      | No                    |                    |                   |
| Q.11 If no, are you presently considering dropping study and/or changing student status because of financial difficulties. | Yes                                      | No                    |                    |                   |
| Q.12 What is your Faculty  | Arts<br>Dentistry                        | Science<br>Architect. | Engineering<br>Law | Medicine<br>Other |
| Q.13 If single, what is your weekly cost of living?  | Less than \$30                           | \$30-\$40             | \$40-\$50          | Greater than \$50 |
| Q.14 If married or de facto what is the weekly cost of living of your family.  | Less than \$50                           | \$50-\$60             | \$60-\$70          | Greater than \$70 |

Thank you

# T.E.A.S

## T.E.A.S. CAMPAIGN

The Union's T.E.A.S. campaign is gathering momentum. Early in 1975, the Williams Committee recommended an increase from \$31 to \$42 per week. Taking inflation into account \$50 per week would be a reasonable minimum at this point of time.

Not only is T.E.A.S. inadequate but it is also inequitable with education becoming possible only for the rich. Students with affluent parents are often able to be supported while the poorer ones are forced to leave. But the system also discriminates against the rich by its assumption that affluent parents and their student children enjoy good relations. This is often not the case.

At this stage it is important to follow up the present attention given to T.E.A.S. by the press. Students should write to or ring the media outlets and the following politicians.

Senator Neville Bonner  
Senator Stanley James Collard  
Senator Malcolm Colston  
Senator George Georges  
Senator James Keefe  
Senator Ronald McAuliffe  
Senator Kathryn Martin  
Senator Charles Maunsell  
Senator Glenister Sheil  
Senator Ian Wood

*It's your allowance so do what you can and write to the above politicians c/- The Senate, Parliament House, Canberra.*

Richard Spencer  
President



# & CUTS

NEWSPAPER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND UNION, PHONE 371 1611 (EXT 26), TELEX: UNISTUD

## SEMPER FLOREAT

UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND UNION, ST. LUCIA, 4067

Dear

We write to you concerning the Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme which, as you are doubtless aware, is administered and funded by the Australian Government. Since 1975, the highest payment level of the scheme has been frozen at \$31 per week, though this year the actual weekly payment is slightly less – payment is \$123.08 per month or \$30.77 per week.

The Scheme's payments are worked out on a means test which is rigorously applied to parent's income. You will understand from this that the popular view that "the government is paying all those university students" is just so much rubbish. In fact, in 1974, of 18,851 full time Tertiary students in Queensland, and only full time students are eligible to receive payments, 2,973 students received the maximum payment of \$31 per week and 4,952 students received some level of assistance, ranging from \$30 to \$1 per week. The partial payment is because students either do not qualify for the full allowance under the means test on parents income or they live at home and are thus not entitled to the full "away from home" rate. So, in 1974, only 7,925 tertiary students received some level of assistance. The category Tertiary of course, includes students at Technical Colleges, Teachers colleges and other Colleges of advanced education as well as universities. In 1975, of 20,875 full time Tertiary students in Queensland, 3,584 received the maximum payment and 5,651 received partial payments under the scheme. Thus in 1975 only 9,235 tertiary students received assistance.

We feel that the present level of payments for TEAS is inadequate. It is below the poverty level of Australia, and it is certainly not enough for a student to live on.

An average 20 year old student living away from home has to pay between \$12 and \$16 in rent in a shared house, more in a flat. Food bills must surely amount to \$10 per week which leaves between six and four dollars to pay gas and electricity bills, buy clothes and books, pay train fares and go to the movies/rock concerts. You will surely agree with us that the payment level is inadequate and must be raised.

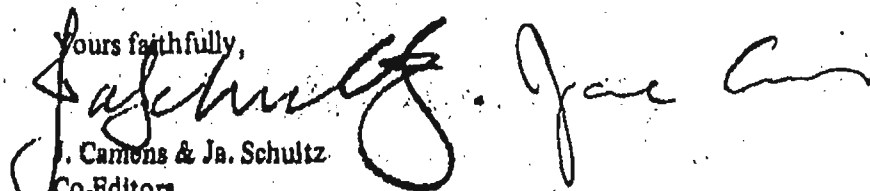
In 1975, the Williams Committee of the Education Department recommended that the TEAS full payment be raised to \$49 per week and indexed every six months. Nothing was done about this recommendation. In 1975, the unemployment benefit rate was raised to \$38.75, full TEAS rate is now set at a level well below the dole. We would like to see an immediate rise in the level of TEAS payments to at least the levels recommended by the Williams Committee in 1975.

The Treasurer and his Department are at present working on the budget for the coming financial year. We feel that a rise in TEAS payments and provision for six monthly indexation ought to be included in it.


We would welcome your opinions on the adequacy of present TEAS payment levels, and in the case of your agreeing with us that they are inadequate, we would welcome your advice as to whether you will be working to bring about a rise in payments.

We point out that your reply is likely to be published.

Yours faithfully,



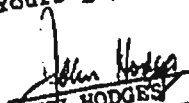
J. Camens & Ja. Schultz  
Co-Editors  
Semper, '76



**PARLIAMENT OF AUSTRALIA  
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES**  
 17th May, 1976.

AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT OFFICE  
 AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT CENTRE  
 295 ANN STREET  
 BRISBANE, QLD 4000  
 TEL. 25 0122

Messrs. J. Camens & Ja. Schultz,  
 Co-Editors,  
 Semper '76,  
 University of Queensland Union,  
 ST. LUCIA, 4067, Q.

Dear Sirs,  
 Thank you for your letter recently received concerning the inadequacy of the Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme. I wish to advise that I have recently written to the Minister for Education Senator the Hon. John Carrick, drawing his attention to this matter as I have had other representations from individuals concerning this same subject.

Yours sincerely,  
  
 JOHN HODGES  
 MEMBER FOR PETRIE.

  
**PARLIAMENT OF AUSTRALIA - THE SENATE**  
 DEPUTY LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION

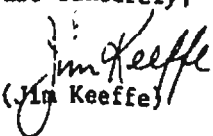
25th May, 1976.

Ms. Ja. Schultz,  
 Co-Editor,  
 Semper Floreat,  
 University of Qld Union,  
 ST. LUCIA. Q. 4067.

Dear Ms. Schultz,

Many thanks for your letter of the 5th May concerning the Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme. I note your grievances and sympathise with you.

There is no need for me to draw to your attention the fact that under the Whitlam Labor Government education expenditure increased tremendously. However, the recent statement by the Treasurer, Mr. Lynch, would seem to indicate that education, as with so many other Portfolios, will suffer financial hardships for the coming triennium.

Yours sincerely,  
  
 (Jim Keefe)

P.S.  
 I note that replies may be published, and I would be most happy to submit a detailed statement for your publication, should you require it.

AUSTRALIAN  
TELEGRAM

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 Time 11:55a  
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ST LUCIA  
 1976  
 10-10-76

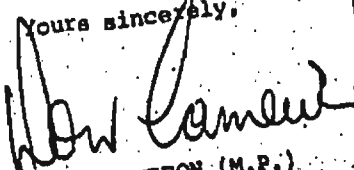
AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT OFFICE  
 AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT CENTRE  
 295 ANN STREET  
 BRISBANE, QLD 4000  
 TELEPHONE 225.0122

10th May, 1976

J. Schultz,  
 Editor,  
 Semper Floreat,  
 University of Queensland,  
 ST. LUCIA, Q. 4067

Dear Mr. Schultz,

I acknowledge receipt of your recent undated communication in relation to the Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme. I have forwarded a copy to the Minister for Education, Senator The Hon. J.L. Carrick, and when I have a reply from him I will naturally be in contact with you again.

Yours sincerely,  
  
 D.M. CAMERON (M.P.)  
 Member for Griffith

AUSTRALIAN POST OFFICE  
TELEGRAM

ACKNOWLEDGE RECEIPT YOUR LETTER RE TEAS STOP HAVE REFERRED MATTER  
 TO OPPOSITION SPOKESMAN ON EDUCATION MATTERS SENATOR WRIEDT REGARDS  
 ... BILL RAYDEN MP  
 (SEMPER TEAS WRIEDT)49





PARLIAMENT OF AUSTRALIA • THE SENATE

LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION  
Parliament House,  
CANBERRA,  
A.C.T. 2600

8 June 1976

Messrs. Carmens & Schultz,

Mr Hayden has passed on to me your recent letter regarding the Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme.

I appreciate the various points raised in your letter and would agree that the payment level is inadequate and must be raised.

As the Labor Party believes in equality of education for all, I will be working towards exposing the problems and anomalies which exist in the present scheme in order to bring about a rise in payments to relieve some of the unnecessary hardship being experienced by many students at the present time.

Yours sincerely,

*H.S. Wriedt*

(K.S. Wriedt)



PARLIAMENT OF AUSTRALIA  
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

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SOUTH FORT, QLD 4215  
TEL 31 4848

10th May, 1976.

Ja. Schultz  
Co-Editor,  
Semper 76,  
University of Queensland Union,  
St. Lucia. 4067

Dear Sir/Madam,

I wish to acknowledge your circular letter to Mr Robinson which he will no doubt answer more fully in time. However at the minute the Minister has taken your letter to Cabinet discussions to see what can be done.

In the meantime I have sent photostat copies of your letter (which explains the situation very clearly) to all branches of the Liberal Party in this district. The problem is that most people do not understand (a) that T.E.A.S is meantsted and (b) that the amount paid is less than the unemployment benefits.

I would suggest also if you have not done so you send a copy of your letter officially to Mr C.J. Puplick, Federal President, Young Liberals, 47 Quirk St., Deo Why, as soon as possible.

Kindest regards,

Yours faithfully,

*Patricia Shaw*

(Mrs) Patricia Shaw  
McPherson Electorate Secretary.



MINISTER FOR EDUCATION

PARLIAMENT HOUSE  
CANBERRA A.C.T.

18 MAY 1976

Mr D. M. Cameron, M.P.,  
Member for Griffith,  
Parliament House,  
CANBERRA A.C.T. 2600

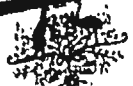
Dear Mr Cameron,

I have received your personal representations of 10 May, 1976 on behalf of Mr J. Schultz, Co-Editor of Semper Floreat, the University of Queensland's newspaper concerning aspects of the Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme.

I will write to you on this matter as soon as possible.

Yours sincerely,

*J.L. Carrick*  
J. L. CARRICK



PARLIAMENT OF AUSTRALIA  
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT OFFICES  
842 PUTHVEN STREET  
TOOWOOMBA, QLD 4360  
TEL 078 32 4144  
078 32 4904

OFFICE OF TOM McVEIGH, M.P.  
MEMBER FOR DARLING DOWNS

May 11, 1976

Messrs. J. Camens & Ja. Schultz  
CO-Editors  
Semper  
University of Queensland Union  
ST. LUCIA 4067

Dear Sirs,

Your renced letter of no date has been received. The contents have been noted.

Yours sincerely,

*D.T. McVeigh*  
D.T. McVeigh, M.P.  
MEMBER FOR DARLING DOWNS

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# Carrick cuts the cake

The Honourable Senator Carrick dropped a small bomb with the release of this education statement in the Lynch-Treasury mini-budget splurge. In his speech Carrick states categorically that several aspects of education spending and procedure will change dramatically, in order to prove that this government can keep its promise of not reducing education spending and at the same time slashing it in real terms.

One of the most significant aspects of his speech were that the universities will now be funded on a rolling triennium system. In the past The Australian Universities Commission worked out the needs of the universities, reported and accordingly they were granted the money for the following three years — giving a reasonable scope for planning. Under the new system "as each year is completed, plans for the remaining years of the triennium are reviewed and up-dated and initial proposals made for a new third year."

Professor Sir Zelman Cowen said: "The rolling triennium doesn't give us anywhere near the capacity to plan. Because the growth factor is restricted to about two percent, and the index to compensate for inflation is being made more stringent, we could have the situation where inflation eats away our real growth.

"In 1976, the universities as a whole received \$512 million (in December 75 terms), in 1977 it is going up about \$12½ million and there are certain earmarked charges already, programmes already committed to, for instance a National Maritime College, third year courses at Griffith and Murdoch Universities, new medical schools, new vet schools and the new university Deakin. As well this university has a salary cost for 1977 at least \$780,000 greater than for the previous year. Without some inflation compensation we will be worse off.

"If this doesn't happen there will inevitably be cost cutting measures everywhere — staff, resources, student numbers. No austerity drive can be a completely negative thing, it does force you to re-examine your own procedures. If the universities were starved of funds, care would have to be taken to ensure that standards don't drop, which could mean that we will have to reduce the number of students, which is not overall a desirable thing although I don't want to see this university just growing, it may be more desirable than to lower the standards."

One of Carrick's slugs which was quite unexpected was the announcement that fees for "students taking a second and higher degrees apart from recognised combined courses and first degrees plus professional diplomas" would be re-introduced. Unfortunately nobody seems to be quite sure what is qualified as a second degree, is an honours degree a second degree for instance. What's more even the universities are uncertain as to what the fees will be, whether they will be paid to the government, whether they will be nationally determined; or whether they will be paid on a formula basis for each uni, do student who begin their post-graduate studies under the old system have to pay fees from now on, do people who have received post graduate awards have to pay fees out of their awards. Nobody seems to know. It has been suggested that the education package was decided upon by Treasury without consultation with the Education department, that Lynch pushed it through cabinet and then Carrick delivered it, and the reasons for all these and other questions was quite obviously that the Treasury didn't really know very much about the field.

Nevertheless and although Carrick promised in the Senate that this was not the beginning of the re-introduction of fees, it does begin to raise the question of whether tertiary education in this country is once again going to become the preserve of the wealthy. Especially with the stagnating Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme about which Carrick said "A close examination is being made of the general conditions of eligibility for the Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme to see how, consistent with the maintenance of the general principles of the scheme, those conditions might be modified to achieve savings." A statement like that makes one query promises which have been given to reassess upwards the allowances in the budget ... maybe Treasury will take a strong hand with that too.

Although there is talk of fee payment by students in postgraduate courses the ironical situation is that fees have never covered the cost of educating students, the sum of \$800 which have been mooted by some would hardly be significant when considering the cost of a year's education — however for the person of Post-graduate award receiving about \$62 a week it is quite a sizeable amount of money.

So education once again becomes elitest, while the universities fight a losing battle to maintain standards ... and to understand the minister's statements, especially when he says things like: "I have achieved estimated savings of over \$80 million in 76-77 ... I emphasize that there will be further growth in the real level of Commonwealth expenditure on education in 76 - 77". Pity about all those promises to start new projects this year. And inflation must be an awful bore ... although it does sometimes let you have your cake and eat it too.

Julianne Schultz



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# why go to disneyland

## when we've got

# hutt river province



His Excellency, Mr. Hawes, put on his official hat, lifted his chin, and posed beside the super absorbent cotton tea-towel upon which was drawn a map of the HUTT RIVER PROVINCE (for sale at \$2.50)

"Most Australians when they think of foreign travel tend to think of going by ship or plane. Now here is one foreign country they can drive or walk to" said Mr Hawes pointing to the map.

Hutt River Province, for all of you who aren't quite up on contemporary Australian history, is a thirty square mile patch of dirt in north Western Australia which seceded from the rest of Australia in 1970. Yes, why go O.S. when there's Hutt River Province, just 370 miles north of Perth?

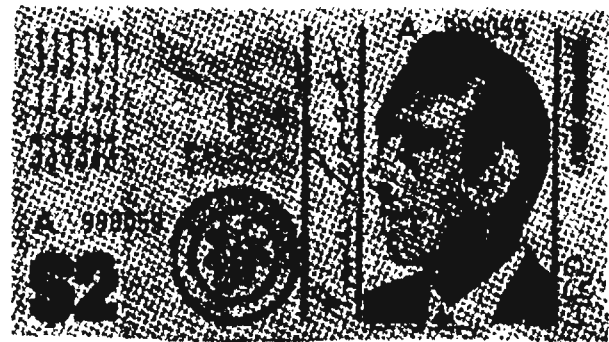
Mr, Hawes, a former nuclear physicist, who now runs a tourist business at the Gold Coast, was recently appointed Agent General in Queensland for Hutt River.

"I should imagine that this is one of the most sort after posts in world diplomacy," His Excellency said. "I am a great admirer of Prince Leonard, ruler of the province," (This figures as Prince Leonard has been more successful at ripping off the tourist than any Gold Coast businessman ever dreamed of.)

Hutt River Province, according to Mr Hawes, has been recognized by the Australian Government, in an official letter which demanded that the people living in the province repay all social service benefits as from the date of secession. Prince Leonard now hands out his own social benefits at a rate much higher than the Australian Government.

"What beats me," said Mr. Hawes, "is why historians haven't given the Hutt River Province more prominence in the way it has affected Australian history. People don't realise, for example, that it was Whitlam's attitude to Hutt River that caused his downfall and finally his expulsion from power....."

"Whitlam, as you may be aware, wasn't too keen on recognising Prince Leonard and when he got short of money he went to the Arabs. Now if he had only gone to Prince Leonard HE could have lent him any amount of money ..... after all Prince Leonard virtually prints it up by the bushell basket-full. If only the guy had had the decency to recognise him," sighed Mr. Hawes.



Hutt River has its own currency ("which is very good to leave as a tip somewhere" Mr Hawes assured) and also prints it's own postal stamps. "If there happens to be any left over from the domestic use of the country Prince Leonard will sell them to collectors ... and as it happens there have been quite a few left over in recent years. About a million or so."

If this seems like a lot of stamps one must take into account the number of people in the province all of whom love to write letters. "I couldn't give you an accurate figure," Mr Hawes puzzled, "because there hasn't been an official census since secession. Any figure I give you could be out by a thousand or two." He thought some more. "About 30, I think."



Mr Hawes continued: "If Prince Leonard weren't such a nice guy he could lease Hutt River to the Indonesians for a missile base or something. But, of course he wouldn't do that: One of his exciting titles is Defender of the Faith, so he tends to do whatever is just and right.

"One of the first buildings he put up was a church, and he's not likely to be growing marijuana or inviting the Russians, or anything like that."

In fact, Prince Leonard passed a law which successfully destroyed any ideas of Utopia by legislating that all Australian laws at the time of secession would carry on in force, unless negated or modified by him. And the only laws he has revoked so far are those relating to excise duties and taxes. No one in the Hutt River Province pays taxes, either to Prince Leonard or to the Australian Government.

"There's a proposition in front of the United Nations right now that all land locked countries be given a corridor to the sea. Bolivia, for instance, feels this very badly." Mr Hawes continued in earnest. "The Hutt River Province is similarly afflicted. Although you could in theory

take a canoe down the Hutt River when its in flood, it is very hard to do shipping. Prince Leonard's idea is to have a tax free port there where people can come and buy grog and cigarettes, cameras and tape recorders. But he has a tax free haven there now as it is."

Prince Leonard has tended to curb immigration to date but, Mr Hawes says, "He is now preparing for an expansionary move and I dare say you'll find it becomes one of the biggest population centres on that side of the island."

And what did Mr Hawes see as the general significance of the Hutt River Province on the rest of Australia?

"Well, it's just that any accurate maps on ashtrays of Australia from now on should have a little hole in the north western corner - where Australia isn't."

Jane Camens

STOP PRESS:

Tuesday 8 June, 1976, Mr Hawes was knighted by Prince Leonard

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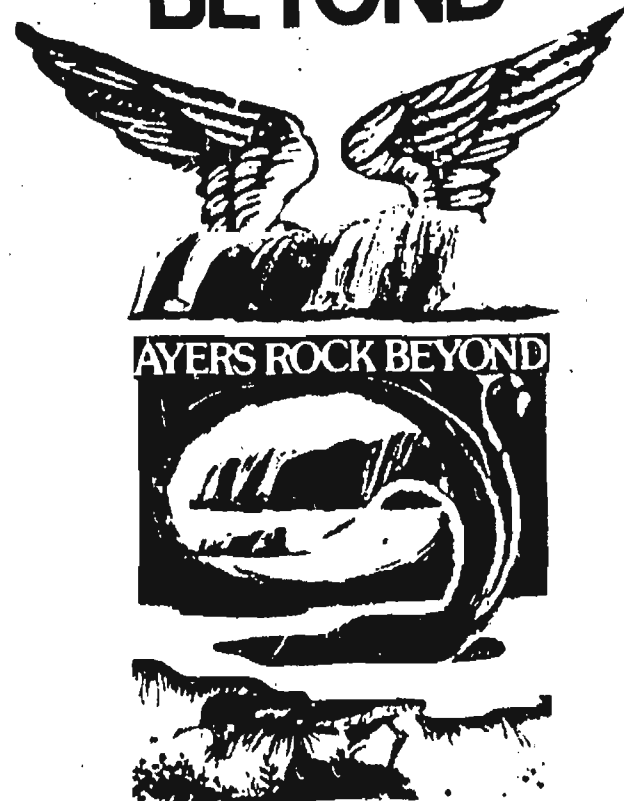
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# and they left only footprints...

Very little is known about Fraser Island's original inhabitants, the Butchowla tribe. From what the historians, anthropologists, interested laypeople and a few of the survivors have been able to piece together the tribe numbered some two to three thousand people until its dissolution.

By 1904, a little over 100 years after the coming of the Europeans the Butchowlas had been hunted out of their tribal grounds and finally packed off to the Yarrabah and Palm Island missions. The Butchowlas ceased to exist as a tribal group and lost their home, brutal treatment by "civilized" standards and well out of proportion to the attacks they had made on the intruding whites.

Given the recent publicity about Fraser Island, particularly the making of a film by the Australian director Tim Burstall about Mrs Eliza Fraser, after whom the island was named, the fate of the Butchowlas will be aired after years of silence. Unfortunately, it is too late now to help the Butchowlas. Mrs Fraser's story parts of which are riddled with inconsistencies, was a Victorian melodrama: white heroine suffers fate-worse-than-death at the hands of black devils. Hopefully Burstall's film will explore the myth and teach us something about ourselves. However, after his previous triumphs - "Alvin Purple" and "Alvin Rides Again" - I have grave doubts. As almost all of the islanders had been done away with prior to filming, the intrepid film-makers ironically had to fly in aboriginals from Mornington Island. Strangely enough, there are at least three descendants of the hapless Butchowlas left alive, Isaac and Bill Owens, and their sister, Mrs Ross.

Last year Isaac Owens told his story to a group of white men who constituted the "Australian Government's Commission of Inquiry into Sand Mining on Fraser Island". To many his statement was just an interesting sideline to the main body of evidence submitted to the Commission; a bit of local colour (no pun intended). Yet behind his simple words, spoken without malice or too much bitterness, we can sense something of the tragedy that engulfed his people. For the sake of brevity I have edited Isaac's statement, his account of his many trips to Fraser Island to work for white bosses who employed him. As a purely formal consideration I am required to say that the statement was submitted as evidence to the Commission but that the options expressed in this article are not to be construed as those of the Commissioners.

The history of Fraser Island's treatment at the hands of its new owners is not a particularly inspiring one. At one stage we would perhaps have passed off our neglect as ignorance. We did not realise that the incredible beauty of the place could be defaced so efficiently or that its status as one of the great natural wonders of the world could be nullified within the span of one generation. Now, however, there is no excuse. Sandminers, foresters and the ever-hungry tourist developers are aware of the special nature of the place and must justify their activities on the basis of (a) the public interest - the national wealth, local employment etc; and/or (b) that the degree of damage done to

## STATEMENT OF GARY ISAAC OWEN (born 18th June 1915)

*My father was a Fraser Islander. He was one of the Butchowla tribe ... There are very few aborigines left who have the same kind of family association with Fraser Island. Only the Owens and now they have almost gone. There are only three of us left. Apart from myself, and I am a bachelor, there is my sister, Mrs Ross and my brother Bill.*

*There were once many aboriginal people from Fraser Island, but they were taken off Fraser Island to Yarrabah and Palm Island missions. I do not know of any other aboriginals who have a continuous family association with Fraser Island.*

*However, during my lifetime association with Fraser Island, I have picked up a number of different bits and pieces about the history of the aboriginal people.*

*Contrary to a number of opinions, there was only one tribe on Fraser Island - the one batch of Butchowlas - ran right through from Hock Point to Sandy Cape. They all used the same language. It was the one tribe right through ...*

the island is small. That revegetation (ravaging followed by renovation) will succeed and "restore" something of the island's natural beauty. As the commissions hearings have shown, both arguments are dubious, to say the least and fall flat in the light of what Fraser Island has to offer us: beauty, serenity, and peace. Can this brave new world we are making give us as much? If it cannot then we should at least set areas like Fraser Island apart, perhaps as sad reminders of what we have lost. This we can do by setting the place aside as a national park, yet not even that would ensure its lasting preservation. As wilderness becomes a scarce commodity, more people use the national parks and even the most careful management cannot ensure that human pressures will lead to a steady degradation of a delicately balanced natural environment. Besides, Lake Pedder was in a National Park and it is now under some fifty feet of murky water - part of a hydro-electricity scheme.

Fraser Island is not the first example of the long-term, and, I would argue, essential values of natural beauty, being bypassed in our seemingly never-ending search for short-term economic advantages. It would be immoral and cynical in the extreme to destroy one of this land's, and perhaps one of the world's great scenic wonders before people are aware of what they may lose, let alone experience what it has to offer.

*My first visit to Waddy Point and to Indian Head was in 1932/33. I was employed by George McLiver and Wyn Bagnell, mustering cattle and horses in that area. One or two miles off the beach were the feasting places of the native people and many mounds were to be seen in feasting areas. Also ceremonial and bora rings were seen.*

*All the areas of special ceremonial significance, that I know of, are fairly close to the beach, no more than two miles, because the people didn't go too far away from the beach. They liked to hang on to the beach to get their food and they just went back into the hills a little bit. They also went into the forest areas to get some fruits and nuts, but they also managed to get a lot of honey. They didn't only get the honey out of the trees, they got honey from the grass sticks. There is a lot of honey in grass sticks and in the bottlebrush. I've sucked bottlebrush. But wongs were the main food. So they would go out to the beach and have a feed of wongs and then come back inside again, and perhaps on the inside of the island they would have a feed of fish and crabs, and pearl shells - those big flat shells. The native people didn't*

# FRASER ISLAND

And this is precisely what is happening at the present time: despite the deliberations of a Federal Inquiry, the pleas of conservationists, and the steadily increasing interest of Australians and people overseas, the bulldozers, mining dredges, and chain saws are droning steadily onwards. The real-estate developers hover in their wake, waiting to grab what is left, shire councils see potential rate payers where once there was something infinitely more valuable. And as if this were not enough, tourists now visiting the island are not aware of how to use the place – they litter, carry away native ferns and orchids, churn up the foredunes with dune buggies, trail-bikes, and four-wheel drives. Occasionally they even manage to start bush-fires. This only highlights the need for an integral land-use plan for the island and National Park management is an option many people are considering: a larger National Park than the pitiful joke on the northern end of the island, the end that the foresters and sandminers feel they do not need.

In an age when we are remaking the world in our image, when almost every land area on the face of the earth bears the mark of our presence, it is essential that every nation state should set aside large areas of natural wilderness before it is lost forever, or at least for our span. For this image of ourselves, the human race as it exists and sustains itself at this time is one that poses, at the very least, grave doubts about



confine their activities only to the outside beach, but they wandered around to the inside areas of Fraser Island as well. I have seen a number of Bora rings. There are two big ones, one little one and one big one, at Wabby Lake. It's right on top of the hill, or right to the side of it. It's a great big fella. Even if it is overgrown, I would still be able to see it, because the mounds were very high. If I could get to the lake, I would be able to take you to the bora ring. There are supposed to be Bora rings at Yidney and Bogimbah, but I haven't found those ones yet. The bora rings can be identified, because they are like a circus ring.

The special significance of the bora ring, was that only men could go to them. Young fellas and they would put these young fellas through the mill, fix them up, do everything. They were very sacred sites. The women of the tribe were not allowed near them.

I never did come across any burial ground, but there could have been some around there where they used to bury them, but the only place that I know that they used to bury them, they'd dig a hole for them, was at Bogimbah. That's near the old mission station.

There was a settlement for native people at Bogimbah Creek, or near the mouth of Bogimbah Creek, and the settlement was also used for people from the mainland. When this settlement was finished, the people were removed by a boat called the "Aramac" to Palm Island and Yarrabah. This was the sorry ending to a very fine race of people ...

I do not like to see the Island as it is now, being knocked about, the way they're doing. All of my old friends have gone and the Island is not like it used to be. The beach is different. Dirty, with bottles, cans of beer, and bottled beer and rubbish. Joves, it's terrible! I don't know! On the back beach specially. I do like this side around Moon Point and that. That's not spoilt by people, but there's too many people around the island. It's going to be like Queen Street in Brisbane, I think, before long.

Even though there were two or three thousand aboriginal people before the white man came, they weren't knocking it about like the people are now. They didn't throw everything about like they do now on those beaches. There's cars running up and down the beach. All we left was a few footprints .....

our future. No one can tell us whether the juggernaut we have set in motion can maintain itself and create a world that is a healthy and sane place to live in. The future we are creating out of what we have now is the source of a profound uneasiness that has come over the proponents and functionaries of the most sophisticated technology the world has ever seen. If nothing else is clear then we can be sure that what we will leave our descendants will amount to more than footprints in the sand. To paraphrase Kenneth Keniston:

"Our collective and individual future, then, will inevitably be shaped by us, whether we choose inaction and passivity, regression and romanticism, or action, imagination and resolve. People cannot escape their historical role by merely denying its existence. The question is, therefore, not whether Australians will shape their future, but how they will shape it."

For further information on the Fraser Island issue contact the Union Environment Officer, Mark D. Hayes; or the Queensland Conservation Council, 99 Mary St, Brisbane (phone: 221 0188); or the Fraser Island Defence Organization c/- John Sinclair, 50 Mary St., Maryborough.

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# another satirical article on joh bjelke peterson

Notice is hereby given of the 6th Ordinary Meeting of the University of Queensland Union Council to be held on Wednesday July 21st at 6.30 pm in E.G. Whitlam Council Room (formerly J.D. Story Room).

The following non-voting Union positions will be appointed at the 5th Ordinary Meeting of Union Council.

## APPOINTMENTS

### (a) Non-voting positions

1. Finance Advisory Committee - 1 member
2. Clubs and Societies Standing Committee - Liaison Officer.
3. Hospitals Area Committee - 1 Therapy Rep
4. Union Theatre Committee - 1 member
5. Accommodation and Housing Com - no more than 5 members
6. Union Health and Welfare Committee - 7 members
7. Education Standing Committee - 2 members (who must be members of Faculty Boards and no more than 2 from the same faculty)
8. Incoming Delegations Officer
9. Drafting Secretary
10. AUS Standing Committee - 1 member of Council.

11. Assistant Electoral Officer, St Lucia (full-time) Area
12. Assistant Electoral Officer, St. Lucia (part-time) Area
13. Assistant Electoral Officer, Hospitals Area
14. Assistant Electoral Officer, Turbot St Area
15. Union Dinner Convenor
16. Union Festival Convenor

### (b) Faculty Board Representatives

1. Two student representatives on the Board of Asian Studies.
2. Three representatives of post-graduate Arts students on the Arts Faculty Board
3. Two undergraduate students from the Department of Architecture (one being from B. Des. St. and one from B. Arch)

## POLICE CLAMP DOWN ON DRIVE

Driving down Sir Fred Schonell Drive on Wednesday 19th, the two lanes of traffic were moving unusually slow, even for this, the height of the morning rush-hour.

The reason became apparent shortly afterwards. Looking ahead, there were police marching up and down the pavement, barking in their walkie-talkies and waving ticket books around. Even worse, pulling up every driver in the left

lane. Was it a snap inspection of our innocent students for that rare weed, or something else - recruiting volunteers, maybe?

Not on your life. People were being slapped with tickets for driving two abreast down the Drive. Apparently, they expect you to wait in single file, all the way down the drive, waiting for your turn to approach the Uni.

In double-file, cars are piled up to two-thirds the way down Sir Fred Schonell Drive.

With one lane, single file, we'd be lucky to get on it to start with. And all this because a dotted line doesn't appear between the two lines of cars.

It's high time the authorities took some time out to paint in an "official" separation between the lanes and to erect "No Standing between 8 - 9 am" signs on the inbound route, instead of victimizing and collecting revenue from poor students who are trying to make the best use of a poorly-designed road.

The police should have the intelligence to realise that bailing up slow-moving students does not make the traffic move more efficiently or more safely. Their energies would be better put to ask the council to improve road markings on the drive, instead of having a field-day harassing students.

Only the astute will see the satire

## ELEVENTH BRISBANE FILM FESTIVAL July 12-21

The Eleventh Brisbane Film Festival has again assembled a series of programmes of outstanding films from many lands. Among feature films so far confirmed are the following, all of course being screened for the first time in Brisbane, most new to Australia, and some having their world premieres.

### YOUTHQUAKE

U.S.A.

A documentary feature on the youth of the world in the seventies who have turned to music and old religions in their search for meaning in life. Recently completed, and shown only to the Hollywood Foreign Press Association, who gave it their Golden Globe Award. "Youthquake" will have its world premiere at the Festival.

### THE WHITE WALL

Sweden

Harriet Andersson won the best Actress Award at the recent Moscow Film Festival in this story, directed by Stig Bjorkman, of a day in the life of a woman.

### XALA

Senegal

### POINT OF NO RETURN

Canada

### HELP! THE DOCTOR IS DROWNING

Netherlands

### STREET OF JOY

Japan

### SHINING RED STAR

China

### ADOPTION

Hungary

### TEST PICTURES

New Zealand

### PROMISED WOMAN

Australia

TALES OF A THOUSAND  
AND ONE NIGHTS  
NJANGAAN  
DIMANA KAU IBU  
INDEPENDENCE DAY  
ILLUMINATIONS

Czechoslovakia  
Senegal  
Indonesia  
U.S.A.  
Australia

## APPLICATION FORM

To: Brisbane Film Festival, 41 Fortescue St., Spring Hill, Qld 4000

Ticket No  
(Office Use)

Name .....

Phone .....

Address .....

Postcode .....

I enclose \$18.00 for a full subscription and a stamped self-addressed envelope for a return of my ticket. I certify that I am 18 years of age or over.

Signed

Make cheques payable to Brisbane Film Festival  
(Application Form available American Bookstore)

# DLP dies unwept, unhonoured,

In 1974, it was possible to blame Vince Gair for the DLP's wipeout at the Double Dissolution election. The argument ran that he had precipitated the demise of the party by accepting the Whitlam government's offer of the Ambassadorship to Ireland. By this action, he had thrown the party into disarray, undermined its credibility with the public and damaged relations between the DLP and the coalition. By being a party to Whitlam's cynical move to gain control of the Senate, he had done a great deal to worsen relations between the Australian and Queensland governments and had demonstrated that his party was untrustworthy by being prepared to engage in shabby political tricks. Similarly, the way in which he was heavily criticised by his fellow Senators, particularly Little and McManus, suggests that they were aware of the irreparable damage he had done the party and that they were cognisant of the amount of lead he had given them to carry in their electoral saddlebags.

It is, of course, naive to relate something as complex as the decline of a political party to the actions of one individual, even to one as prominent in the DLP as was Vince Gair. As the sociologists' dictum has it, "Monocausal explanations of complex social phenomena are always suspect," so it is in this case. Gair assuredly did not cause the decline of the DLP. He may have hastened its eventual eclipse, although even this judgement is open to question. What cannot be disputed is that his exit from the party was symptomatic of the problems which it had experienced in the recent past.

The reasons for the collapse of the DLP are complex, and embrace both short and long term factors. These were brought to a head by the departure of Gair and the manner in which he chose to leave. In brief, these reasons relate to DLP policies, to its electoral base, to the political environment within which it had to operate after the 1972 election, and to the internal state of the party. All deserve some investigation in order to come to an accurate assessment of why the party passed into electoral oblivion in the mid 1970s.

## IDEOLOGICAL PARTY

The DLP, formed from the split in the Labor Party which ran its course from 1954 to 1957, was the closest example Australia has yet had of an ideological party (apart from the various communist parties). However, all parties, even ideological ones, need to have tangible goals and a focus for attention in order to give substance to political aims and credence to their ideological concerns. The DLP met this need by stressing anti-communism as central to its policy concerns, defining its policies in light of its anti-communism obsession. In this way it could oppose the amalgamation of left wing trade unions, warn against civil disobedience

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and the manifestation of protest politics, oppose the new politics which concentrated on the environment, women's issues, sexual liberation and the like. Most of all, its stance of anti-communism enabled it to adopt a hawkish defence and foreign policy involving enthusiastic support for American and Australian involvement in the Vietnam war, approval of the US alliance, advocacy of Australian possession of nuclear weapons, and support for forward defence in Asia. The party was opposed to disarmament, fortress Australia, detente and the seeking of an accommodation with communist powers in S.E. Asia.

So enthusiastic was the DLP's commitment to these positions that, when such stances ceased to be the major issues of Australian foreign policy, the party was left without a role. The growing unpopularity of the Vietnam war in the late 1960s, the shift in U.S. foreign policy vis-a-vis Russia and China, the promulgation of

the Nixon Doctrine on S.E. Asian security, detente and the unwillingness of Liberal governments to fight elections on the basis of Right Wing foreign policy all robbed the DLP of its role as the credible advocate of a hard line, anti-communist oriented foreign policy. Indeed, so marked had the change in such areas become by 1972, that the DLP did not attempt to use anti-communism as an issue in the elections that year. Rather it sought to do battle with the ALP on the grounds that the latter would, if elected, flood the country with pornography and introduce abortion on demand. Hence, if those issues which had been its major concern were, by 1972, irrelevant, it is hardly likely that they were capable of revival for the 1974 campaign. The DLP's *raison d'être* had all but vanished as it approached the 1970's. Anti-communism was no longer capable of sustaining the party, either as an issue, or as a political tactic. The DLP looked and sounded like a relic from the politics of the 1950s.

The DLP's electoral base had always been potentially unstable, with the degree of instability varying according to the type of election the party was contesting. In Senate elections during the 1960s it typically polled a higher vote than was the case in House of Representatives elections. Its strongest support always came from the states of Victoria and Queensland, with it polling well, on occasion, in Tasmania, and Western Australia, but the party always found it difficult to make headway in New South Wales and South Australia. The DLP fared best in Victoria and Queensland because it was in those states where the Labor split had been greatest, and hence there was a stronger political base of support to build from. Also the Roman Catholic hierarchy was more sympathetic and more supportive than in other states where the Bishops were either neutral (as in South Australia) or openly hostile (as in New South Wales).

## TYPICAL VOTER

In Victoria and Queensland the typical DLP voter was a young (under 45) Roman Catholic in a skilled blue collar or lower white collar occupation; who had attended convent primary and church secondary schools; who had married within the faith; who was devout in adherence to traditional beliefs; was a regular church attender; belonged to at least one church club, and had most of his friends involved in church centred activities. Such an individual was likely to have been a member of one of the sodalities in his youth and to have come from a home where there had been a tradition of Labor voting prior to the split. Voters of this type therefore, constituted about 75 per cent of all DLP voters. In addition, there was a

# Unsung

sprinkling of migrants, usually from East European countries who had left the homeland as a result of a communist takeover, and who were attracted to the DLP owing to its virulent anti-communism. A third group were ex-Liberals, usually Protestant, but irregular church goers, higher in terms of occupational status than Catholic DLP voters, and who utilized the DLP as a non-Labor alternative when feeling sufficiently disenchanted with their normal party.

This last group of protest voters represented something of a bonus for the DLP, but the party could do little to consolidate this support since such voters were responding to factors beyond the direct control of the DLP. By the early 1970s, even the solid core of the DLP vote was beginning to disintegrate. The advent of Vatican II had legitimized a degree of religious and political heterogeneity in the Roman Catholic Church unknown in the 1940s and 1950s, while liberal Catholics, who had always been among the DLP's severest critics, were increasingly seen within their sub-culture as having been justified in rejecting the nation that support for the DLP was a hallmark of a good Catholic. The influence of Vatican II broke down the link the DLP had forged in the minds of some of its potential supporters that Catho-

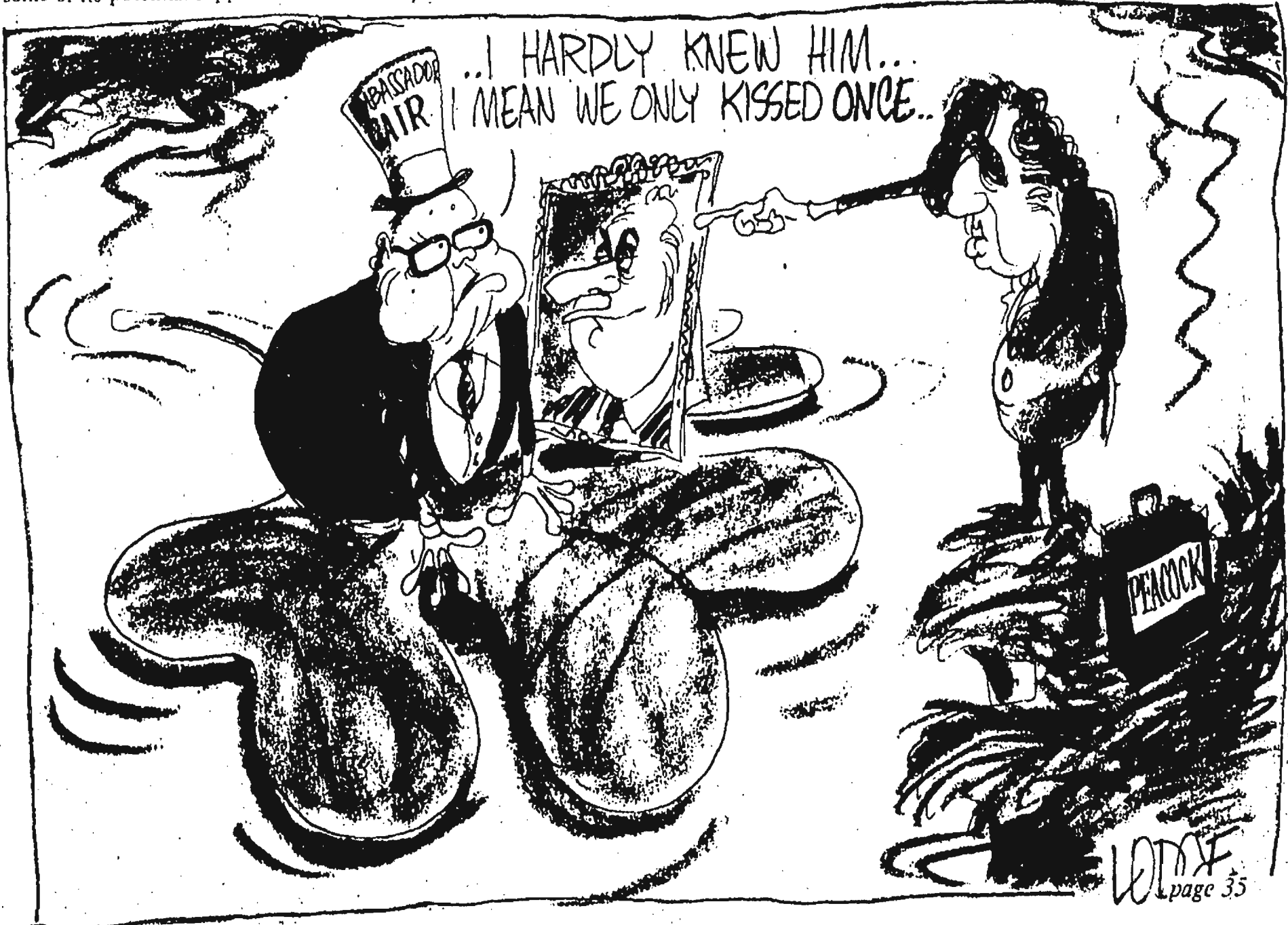
lics should be against communism, that the DLP was the only totally anti-communist party in Australia, ergo that Catholics should vote DLP. With the Vatican moving towards Catholic-Marxist dialogue and a rapprochement with East European powers, the cloak of legitimacy which some bishops had placed around the DLP was beginning to look decidedly threadbare. Again the Gair Affair represented a manifestation of the profound change which had taken place in the Catholic sub-culture as liberalising influences within the church paralleled, and reinforced, the decline of strident anti-communism as a viable political issue in the wider electorate.

The third major element in the demise of the DLP was the changed political environment within which it, along with the other political parties, operated. After the 1958 House of Representatives election, when the party collected 9.4 per cent of the vote, the DLP succeeded in its basic objective of excluding the ALP from office by passing DLP second preferences to the coalition. In close elections, such as 1961 and 1969, these preferences saved the government from defeat, while in 1958, 1963 and 1966, the DLP helped widen the margin between the two major parties. In the 'half



term' Senate elections of 1964, 1967 and 1970 the DLP gained sufficient seats to hold the balance of power in that House. In this period then, the party was at the zenith of its power and influence.

However, in one sense the party was too successful. By relentlessly excluding Labor from power, it only hardened the latter's determination to succeed, without the rapprochement which the DLP demanded as the price for the cessation of hostilities. Simultaneously, the LCP was lulled into a false sense of security, believing that its electoral base was impregnable. The 1969 election showed how precarious



ious the DLP-LCP alliance actually was in the face of a resurgent Labor party, and that the coalition had to make the running on new issues if it was to regain electoral initiative. Its dilemma was that the more it tried to liberalise its policies in order to respond to changed circumstances and expectations in the electorate, the more it fell under DLP pressure and hostility as its minor ally tried to keep foreign, defence, labor and other policies firmly in the 1950s-1960s frame of reference. Being a small party, the DLP could afford the luxury of prolonging the issues and the political style of the Cold War, but the coalition was chiefly concerned to maintain itself in office and therefore needed to develop new responses and initiatives. With the dilemma unresolved, the LCP went down to defeat in 1972. One little commented upon feature of that election was that the DLP vote also began to decline at a faster rate than at any time prior to that election.

## PROGRESSIVE EXCLUSION OF PARTY

With labor in power after 1972, the basic political aim of the DLP had failed. The DLP had spent the past seventeen years warning of the dire consequences to Australia should the ALP come to power. When these predictions failed to materialize, it lost credibility accordingly. More importantly, the DLP failed to come to terms with the shift in the style and content of politics which was exemplified by Labor's victory. The party's foreign policy positions of support for conscription and Vietnam, opposition to the recognition of China and its seating at the United Nations were swept away. The party had completely failed to re-assess its foreign policy assumptions in the light of major new developments in international relations, and thus had no answer to the new developments in this field which were opened up by Whitlam's policies.

It was out manoeuvred also in domestic politics. Its policy of state was undercut by Labor's needs policy, while its concern with decentralisation was accommodated by Labor's support for growth centres and regional development. In short, the political battle front which the Party had done so much to delineate through the 1960s had advanced radically to such an extent that the DLP was left far behind. The DLP was left in an alien and hostile political environment in which it did not even know what questions to ask, let alone possessing any facility to supply the answers.

The final factor was the state of the party itself. By 1974, the DLP was bereft of ideas and talent. Its leaders were also its senators, and all were veterans of ALP machine politics of the 1950s. Despite its comparatively youthful vote, it had been singularly unsuccessful in recruiting and training a new generation of political cadres. Its Parliamentary and party leaders had monopolised the positions at the apex of the party throughout its lifespan, while only in Victoria was there anything like a viable

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VINCE GAIR

youth organisation, led for the most part by the offspring of the leadership. The DLP might claim to be a young party, but it constantly exhibited a severe case of hardening of the arteries.

As the content and style of political debate underwent a change in the early 1970s, the leadership increasingly lost touch with electoral reality. Gair, once its prime vote winner (particularly in Queensland), looked and sounded hopelessly out of touch when on the stump in 1972. McManus had no vote winning potential, while Little's constant braying about com-

munist and the evils of permissiveness struck no responsive chords in the electorate. Kane's only concern appeared to be with death duties and union militancy, hardly the vibrant issues of the time. The state of the party's leadership plus its failure to define the issues and propagate solutions exemplified the stagnant state of the party at large and its rusting electoral machinery. It had exhausted itself in terms of personnel, ideas and finance. It was beached, with no prospect of being re-floated.

The tensions within the party which had become manifest prior to the 1972 election spilled over into the Parliamentary party in 1973. They culminated in the unceremonious dumping of Gair as leader in October when he was forced to step down by McManus. Far from resolving matters, this piece of machine politics only served to exacerbate further the internal tensions as the conduct of intra-party affairs degenerated into bitter personal disputes and acrimony. In such a state of decay, the corpse began to twitch frenetically. Gair accepted the patronage Whitlam offered because he had nothing else to lose, McManus had already taken it from him. When his colleagues remonstrated with him for taking the job, he is reported to have retorted, "I've carried you bastards for years, now you can all go to buggery!" There is little doubt that he meant what he said.

Thus, rather than killing the DLP, Gair rather interned it. McManus, faced with the most momentous decision of his brief leadership, blew the opportunity in a fit of personal pique and hatred against both Gair and Whitlam. He lined the DLP up behind the coalition in denying Supply to the government... before he had a firm commitment from Snedden over the issue of joint tickets for the Senate. The latter saw that association with the DLP was no possible advantage to the LCP's grab for power and did what all his predecessors had shrunk from doing — jettisoning the DLP. That party retaliated by nominating House of Representatives candidates only in Victoria in a bid to deprive the coalition of preferences, and hence victory. The ploy rebounded against the DLP as it effectively precluded the party from having its Senators from New South Wales and Queensland re-elected. The continuing swing to Labor in Victoria, plus the increasing polarisation of the electorate between the major parties wiped it out in Victoria. The 1975 election so far as the DLP was concerned, served only to confirm that it had been relegated to the political fringe.

The DLP's epilogue occurred in Victoria in 1976. The party's support at the state election fell from 7.6 per cent to 2.4 per cent. In Labor seats DLP voters left to support the ALP; in marginal and Liberal seats they deserted to the Liberals, while in National Party areas they swung to that party. The end had come in the state where it had all begun. The DLP's death throes had been prolonged, but it was finally at peace — unwept, unhonoured and unsung.

# A BUSTED COURTROOM SCENE

## IN COURT part 1

The first thing that physically hits you as you walk into the South Brisbane Court House is the crowding. People – police, the occasional private lawyer, the duty solicitor, accused – start filtering in at about 9.30. By ten, the narrow corridor connecting Court No. 1 which is to the right of the entrance and Court No. 2 is packed. No. 2 where the "bulk appearances are held (except for the drunk parade) is jammed with offenders, press people (usually a pimply faced cub reporter who mostly doodles on his pad) police prosecutor, police (arresting officers and others) and friends of the accused. The proceedings are conducted across a hearing range of about six feet between the "Bench", the raised platform where the Magistrate sits and the large table set down at ground level in front of the bench where the prosecution and defendants present their sides. If you stand some three feet behind the large table you can witness a series of repetitive motions involving the Magistrate and the characters for and against, without hearing a word.

On Wednesday morning the 21st of March, Justin Wallis arrived at the Court House about 10 a.m. It was a beautiful clear morning. Like yesterday had been a warm clear day. A good day to get busted. The kind of day that gets you sunbaking out back watching the river roll past your Highgate Hill backyard. Sucking lazily on a joint, dreaming about what you would do if you were rich. Wallis thought it was a perfect set-up for a bust. Too perfect.

L.A. from some Students' Legal Aid Scheme showed up at about 10.10. They reviewed the strategy which had been agreed to by Justin the night before. At least L.A. had got him out of the Watch-House. 'Yeah, I'm ringing on behalf of a lady who's just informed me about his arrest.' 'Wallis ... Wallis ... J, Yeah ... drug charge.' The duty sergeant shuffled through an enormous pile of papers. 'She his wife or something?' 'Well, I'm not sure ... I understand she's his defacto.' 'Yeah ... well ... she pregnant or something?' 'Look ... she is pretty worried about him. I understand that they live together ... she's asked me to try and arrange bail. What about letting him out on a self bail?' 'Well ... I don't know ... he was found with cannabis sativa ... 2 grms ... well ... look, I'll tell you what I'll put him out on a \$150 recog.' 'Great ... yeah, that's good ... self recognizance ... yeah ... there's no worry ... He'll be fronting in the morning ... OK ... thanks a lot.' What a relief. Three hours in that place made you sick.

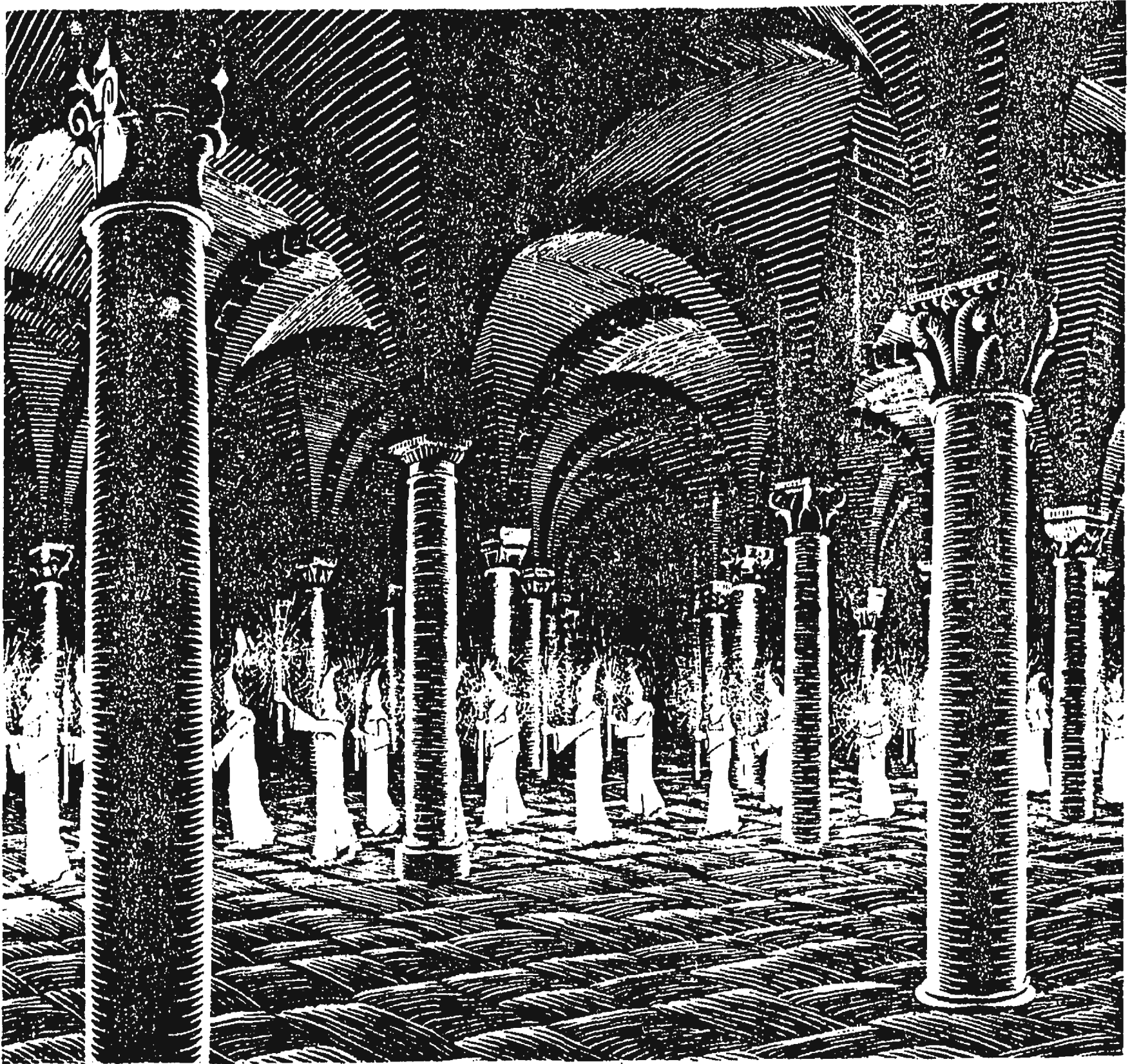
They walked down the narrow corridor to No. 1 running the gauntlet of what appeared to be (except for those in uniform) assorted criminals. Some in their boxer shorts and tattooed arms, bored looking – they'd hacked this scene before. As they entered the room the L.A. guy did a quick bow, Justin, walking on, nearly bumped into him and then reacting made a perfunctory bow. They sat behind the large table waiting for a proceedings to finalise.



'Well you see, your worship, he'd been drinking for a few hours ... and this guy bumped him on the arm as he was leaving.' The duty solicitor drawled on reminding you of a southerner out of an all American caste movie. He's a retired solicitor with spectacles which hang half-way down his nose. Gives the appearance that he's peering over the top of them instead of through them. The accused, a burly set guy of about 28, having pleaded guilty, is just sitting there, non-committal, unshaven, in open-necked short sleeve shirt, while the duty solicitor is making out that smashing a plate glass wall isn't all that heinous; circumstances in mitigation. 'So a fight developed your worship ... He'd been pushed ... and he broke the window during the fight.' 'Who broke it?' The Magistrate is pretty sharp, he wants to be satisfied that all the elements are there. 'Oh the defendant did, your worship ... No reasonable doubt about that.' So these two guys were rolling around punching into one another and they push each other into this wall which breaks. So one gets lumbered with the actual breaking. But the Magistrate is still pretty sharp onto the guy's drinking. He wants to be satisfied that this guy is criminally responsible. 'There must be an intention ... this is wilful destruction.' 'Oh yes' The duty solicitor is swaying back on his heels inviting an imaginary aged and myopic audience seated in suspended galleries to mutter affirmation at his gestures. 'He was drunk all right but he had the necessary intention, your worship,' he casts a knowing nod of his head. Scratch another crim.

## THE CRIME part 2

Soon as that case finished the L.A. Guy confronted the prosecutor. 'Look Wallis is ready to go ... Yeah, guilty plea, can you pull it forward?' 'Yeah OK'. The prosecutor is a really decent guy. So long as they're ready to go he'll take them out of order. So Justin with this L.A. guy on his right sits down to the left of centre of the large table. The prosecutor calls 'Justin Wallis, your worship, No. 27.' The L.A. guy jumps up and says 'If your worship pleases I seek leave to appear



for the defendant.' (He's not a solicitor but says he's a law student from a Students' Legal Aid Scheme at the University.) 'Yes ... OK' The magistrate appears to be writing 'I give you leave to appear as agent.' The magistrate appears to be sorting papers and then, in a rapid burst of monologue reads the charge. 'Justin Wallis ... you're charged' (L.A. whispers to Justin 'stand up') 'with being in possession of a dangerous drug ... Indian hemp (cannabis sativa) ... not being licensed or authorised to be in possession ... how do you plead?' L.A. jumps up and says, 'I'm instructed to enter a guilty plea, your worship.' The magistrate writes, the prosecutor stands up. 'Your worship, on the afternoon of the 20th, a Detective Crony in company with Detective Albert spotted a long haired youth in Elizabeth St., the City. Suspecting that he might have drugs they searched and questioned him. Upon obtaining his home address they accompanied him there where a search of the defendant's room revealed a plastic bag containing 2 grms of Indian hemp - cannabis Sativa - marijuana - grass. He thrusts a botanist report into the hands of a clerk who hands it to the magistrate. The L.A. guy has already inspected it. The report reveals that the "grass" is really "grass" and not lucerne. They jailed a guy over a large bust just recently and it turned-out when the report was completed that it was real grass. Very

embarrassing. The prosecutor rambled on 'the defendant admitted that it was his and stated that he doesn't smoke very often. No previous convictions.'

The prosecutor sat down and started attending to a pile of briefs. L.A. stands up, coughs a little to get the magistrate's attention, gets an eye contact and says 'Well your worship ... the defendant ... Wallis ... is 22 years of age. He is presently on a working holiday ...' Hell. What's this got to do with smoking. Wallis is just an average guy, well, he's a pretty good guitar player. He eats, sleeps, fucks, gets shitty, buys after-shave and goes on working holidays. He's not just a dope smoker. Smokes nicotine - drum, drinks with his meals, usually rose. I mean, he's never been in trouble. TROUBLE. This counts for an INDICT-ABLE - one lousy joint - 2 grms. Comes from a solid middle class background. Sure, he's getting into a few freak trips ... you know ... finding himself.

The magistrate looks bored. He's heard it all before. Circumstances in mitigation. Background, family, schooling, occupation, pleas for leniency. He ruffles through some papers. You're sure he's checking a

list of first-offence, simple-possession penalties. He looks Wallis in the eye, 'I read the literature ... and for what it's worth I believe marijuana's not addictive ... it's not habit forming ... but I believe it creates deep psychological dependence.' You know, like motor cars and fem-fresh and cocktails before returning to Jack Nicolson's demise at the hands of sanity. Psychological dependence. 'I'm imposing a \$200 fine ... do you wish time to pay?' So the L.A. guy asks for a month and a scurrying buzzing commotion envelopes the room — preparation for another case.

### THE BUST part 3

What a bastard Jake getting picked up in town like that. Jake doesn't even suck lifesavers. So they'd escorted him home like chaperons on a nervous first date, only they knew the game. 'We have an ever so reasonable suspicion that there are drugs on these premises.' Justin had just finished making coffee for himself. Cathy was at work and Graham was off somewhere. What luck, his first sicky and he gets busted. 'We'd like to search your room ... no we don't need a warrant we have a statute, you know ... the Health Act.' HEALTH, well being. Justin's heart began to race, he leads them to his room. Detective Albert is not much older than Justin with shoulder length blonde hair. 'We're not from D.S.' (the drug squad bust boys are conservative in appearance) 'What's in here?' He tips the rubbish bin upside down on the floor, a standard opener for the search men. Justin watches not saying anything. He knew he had a joint tucked away in one of his shirts. Saving it since he couldn't afford another deal just yet. Shit the tall one's starting to go through the clothes. With triumphant satisfaction Det. Crony produces the bag with a rolled joint in the bottom. 'Whose shirt is this then?' Albert's sneering OH holy is my law abiding arse tone goaded Justin. 'It's a friend's ... he was staying here a few days ... he left some clothes and other stuff.'

Albert's face takes on a cunning look. Now that kind of story might get him off this one. If he doesn't cop it a magistrate might find a reasonable doubt. Albert tries a subtle tack. 'Look Wallis, everybody smokes these days ... we know it's yours so why don't you come clean ... you're from New Zealand right? ... your buddy told us you've only been here a few months.' Wallis is drawn into conversation, the tension begins to ooze out of him. 'Yeah I was brought up on a farm in the south country.' 'Did your parents smoke ... a lot of parents do nowadays.' Justin's face takes on a thoughtful expression. He begins reminiscing. 'No ... Dad was real straight ... Mum took valium ... she's a pretty nervous sort ... Dad was always standing over her.' 'When did you start getting into this scene Wallis ... school? ... Uni?' Albert keeps dropping questions and Wallis is responding fluidly. 'I went to A.G. college for a year and then dropped out ... the kids at A.G. were really straight ... I mean they played the game ... they played along with the system ... just pretend games ... well ... life might be one big game but I decided to bum around ... work here and there and dig some other scenes.'

Detective Crony is poking around the room. Albert picks up the shirt he has left lying on a dresser table. 'Now what about this shirt Wallis ... it's in here among your other clothes.' Albert tries to be as smooth as his patience will allow. 'Well look, man', Wallis had developed a confidence which was completely lacking when the joint was first discovered. He unfolds his arms taking on a more aggressive stance 'You can check, some other clothes are there and they don't belong to me.' It was true, a friend had left some clothes and other valueless items.

Albert's patience contrived of police practice not of disposition, gives way. 'Look Wallis ... I'll push your bloody head through that wall ... I've been in this game two years and that's the lousiest excuse I've ever heard.' Wallis is suddenly menaced and frightened. 'I wanna contact a solicitor.' He is backing away from Albert, Crony, from behind, pushes him forward. His bravado is gone. 'Look Wallis ... I'll push your head through the bloody wall ... we know it's yours ... you know it ... everybody smokes ... right? ... not just at the freak parties but the high society ones too ... sure, we bust the doctors too ... now I'm tired of playing around with you.' Albert's pimples, below his jaw, now distended and discolored, made his boyish face look even younger. Wallis squirmed uneasily, he said 'Yeah ... all right ... it's mine.' Albert grabbed him by the arm 'OK ... you're under arrest ... let's go ... we're going down to head-quarters and then to the watch-house.'

Wallis thought that it was a beautiful morning. Too beautiful to be spent fronting at this shithouse court. Christ what a game this is. The court house jutting nakedly above a low building on its right is flanked by the South Brisbane Park on its left. Like a ghostly nemesis uttering incongruous omens at the Brisbane River which meanders past it some twenty meters in front. As Wallis walked towards the entrance he noticed three dero's lying — seemingly paralytic — in the park under the shade of a large jacaranda tree. An empty wine bottle responded to a reflexive foot movement and rolled off down the gentle grass slope to lie with its cousins.

Robert Paul



## Where were you?

Pictured above is a section of the crowd on that spectacular two-night farewell at the Reefer Caberet, December 30 31 1975.

Circled is Melvin Schwartz, the most vocal and articulate person amongst the drug-numbed celebs and ordinary street-type crazies present on those two memorable nights. Eyes still glazed with rock-shock days later, Melvin described the event as the greatest event in Australian rock 'n' roll history.

Well, where were you? If you didn't make it in person you can still hear what happened to Australian Rock on "A Reefer Derci" — the live two record set from Mushroom, at the special price of \$7.95."



L 45657/B.

# THE

## FILMS

### ALL THE PRESIDENTS MEN Warner Bros Village Twin

Robert Redford's foray into the real world in his movie of Robert Woodward and Carl Bernstein's book about the beginning of the Watergate investigation, *All The President's Men* is an unqualified success.

The movie with Redford playing Woodward and Dustin Hoffman as Bernstein deals with the Washington Post's investigation of the Watergate scandal starting from the breakin by burglars funded by the Campaign to Re-elect the president into the Democratic headquarters in the prestigious Watergate building in Washington.

Redford was first attracted to the idea of the book when the story first began to break in the pages of the Washington Post while he was filming *The Candidate* — another movie about American politics. After seizing on the idea he pestered the Post offices trying to get a feel for the movie he hoped to produce. With the release of the book of the period he bought the film rights and began to work on a screenplay. This brought with it the associated dangers of romanticising about the workings of newspapers and journalists and the power associated with the demolition of a government. And it was only after some time and near despair that William Goldman's final script was decided upon.

In the production of the movie meticulous care was taken to reproduce the Washington Post's super modern offices — they had tried to film the movie in the actual Post offices but this caused too much disruption and so a replica office was built near by. So much the replica in fact that several newsmen from the Post when seeing the movie could scarcely believe that it was not the real thing.

Two other points on the production of the movie. First the lengths to which the producer of the movie went to get actors who were

as similar to the real people as possible is remarkable — mannerisms, characteristics, ways of dress and speech are apparently consistent with the real people. The other technical aspect worth of comment is the technique used throughout the movie of interspacing television news telecasts of the characters in action. For example Gerald Ford announcing that Richard Nixon had received the Republican nomination for the Presidential election and so, Nixon being sworn in and saying that he would do all within his power to uphold the constitution of the US of A and so on, and then the final scene of subsequent news items culminating in Nixon's resignation and Ford's swearing in ceremony.

However, as fascinating as these aspects are, the implications of the content of the movie are even more significant.

The story of two unknown journalists who through constant pushing and proding find a story behind a seemingly innocent breakin, and whose work subsequently leads to a change of President, would surely be a prime target for romanticising. However as I have already said the script was pored over to prevent this happening, and it does not occur. Throughout the movie is delightfully restrained.

The reporters are not shown as supermen out to get the forces of evil, and despite the star qualities of Redford and Hoffman, they remaining "two hungry young journos out to get their story" ... little did they know.

The making of a movie of such a national embarrassment so soon after the event is an interesting study in itself. Political movies are not usually successful in the Western World, but this movie has been packing them in the States, with queues up to ten blocks long. Whether this will serve as a national reminder of the shortcomings of the American system or to exacerbate national guilt is a difficult question to answer. The impact of the movie in this election year in the US is also an interesting subject to pursue — especially as Ford features in some of the television newsclippings. When a system is open to such abuse people must feel a little uneasy.

As a study of journalism the movie is particularly interesting. From my limited experience with newspaper offices and journalists in Australia it seemed like a reasonably accurate portrayal, although the chances of an Australian journalist being given such scope is scarcely believable, but the dedication, and the nature of the work were all characteristic — even if





# ARTS

they seemed a little too good to be true. Everything seemed just a little bit too perfect, but nevertheless the point is driven home without too much superfluous moralising. (Except for one part where the editor, Ben Bradlee (Jason Robards) urges Woodstein on saying that "all that is at stake is the first amendment of the American Constitution" — a bit heavy handed but it only happens once.)

After seeing such a movie it would be possible to go to great lengths in discussing the shortfall of investigative journalism in this country and the reasons for this. One could also go on at great length about the 'purity' of Australian public life, the deterioration of the American political system and on and on and on. But it would be better for you to see the movie yourself.

The distributors of the movie are worried that people won't go and see it because it is an essentially political movie. I think that this fear is unfounded (although maybe I'm biased). Rather it moves on the screen like a gripping detective movie, all the more horrifying because every member of the audience knows that it is real. Besides with people like Redford and Hoffman in it how could it fail.

It is at the Village Twin now. As a side note, it will be coming to the Schonell with Richard a satire on the life of Nixon from boyhood to Presidential maturity. I suggest that you go and see it twice.

**Julianne Schultz**

## **CADDIE** Australian Film Commission Albert Cinema 2

After all the raves critics had been giving this movie for the past few months I could hardly wait to go and see Caddie. But I left the theatre sorely disappointed.

Although there were some fine moments, when one gained an insight into the position of women in the 1930s and Sydney life at that time, I felt that the movie was unnecessarily heavy handed — some of the lines are just so incredibly clichéd it was embarrassing to watch, and at other times the dialogue is so sparse that you don't really feel any great identification with the characters.

The story is about a Sydney woman who leaves her husband in the 20s taking her two children with her, and looking for a job to support them with. She eventually finds work as a bar maid and supports them for some time, before putting them in a children's home where she visits them on Sundays. She has a hard life and on the whole the movie is quite moving (no pun intended), however, I felt that something jarred. Possibly it was the combination of weaknesses in the script and the structuring of the film, which has those archtypical ploy of a card saying ... Spring a Few Years Later ... and so on.

Nevertheless, it is a worthy film and it is good to see that it has had such widespread support — with funding from the Australian Film Commission, International Women's Year, Channel Nine Network and Roadshow.

Helen Morse in her role as Caddie is quite convincing, having worked as a barmaid for some time before filming to get the feel for the role, it's just a shame she has to come out with those clichés.

Maybe I'm reacting in the wrong way, maybe I just expected too much from it. It is a moving, sad movie full of insights into the time — but somehow something jars.

**Julianne Schultz**

## **LES VIOLONS DU BAL** Schonell Theatre (Wed-Sat June 19)

Now French movies are not usually high on my list of things to indulge in. I've seen quite a surfeit of surrealistic French movies with their existential philosophies to go out of my way to see any more, and when this movie started rolling I thought 'Oh no, here we go again!' As it starts with a keen young man trying to interest a producer in a screenplay he has written in black and white what's more. But then I realised what was happening, it was a movie about a man wanting to make a movie about his haunting childhood with the movie (in colour) interspersed with black and white film of the traumas he was going through in trying to make it ... if you can understand what I mean. And although it may sound cumbersome — especially considering it is subtitled in English — it's not. In fact it is extremely compelling viewing.

The story is about a French Jewish family during the Second World War seen through the eyes of a nine year old boy (who is not your average nine year old brat, but absolutely adorable.) The father and brother have escaped to England, the sister Nathalie leaves her home for Paris, pregnant, in search of girlish fantasies and the mother (Marie-Jose Nat) and grandmother (Gabrielle Doucet) and Michel (the nine year old) endeavour to escape to Switzerland in a movie without violence and in which nobody dies.

The whole movie is populated with beautiful people — the people in the colour childhood fantasy part of the film, being consistently more beautiful than those in the black and white section.

Although you may be annoyed with the first few minutes stick with it and a beautiful whimsical movie emerges, which will leave you breathless, and holding back the tears.

I take back all those nasty things I've said about French movies.

**Julianne Schultz** page 41

# BOOKS

## THE HEEL OF ACHILLES

Artnur Koestler  
Picador-Pan Books  
London 1976 \$2.95

My first introduction to Koestler came from a rather hurried reading of the second book of his trilogy "The Ghost in the Machine". Koestler has written with an incisive and fearless pen on issues regarded as too speculative for serious academic consideration. He has been described as a "jack of all trades and master of most of them". He spent a harrowing period in a Spanish gaol listening to the roar of Royalist guns executing nationalists and never knowing when his turn would come. He got out, and wrote a best seller about it called "Darkness at Noon".

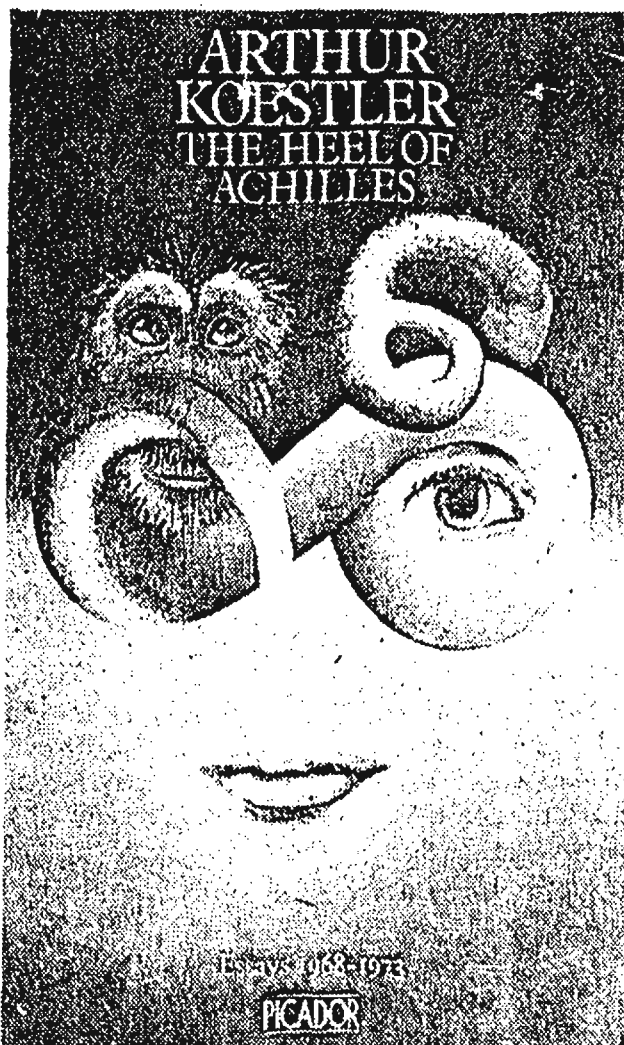
This book is a collection of essays, book reviews and a collection of longer pieces on anything from parapsychology to Ghandi and interesting areas in between. Like most book reviewers, myself included, Koestler takes journalistic licence to present his own weird ideas on the topics considered by his luckless victims. This he does admirably. He only reviews books about things he is interested in — mainly the predicament of man. Consider his treatment of Charles Reich's thing "The Governing of America" — how the U.S. was becoming "hip" by an unlikely Ivy League Professor.

"One wonders how it came about that such a muddle-headed book has been at the top of the American best-seller lists for several months." A review of a review! How one wishes to believe Reich is right; but alas he cannot be for history wears a bloody face. Nasty, Nasty: "Now King David was old and stricken in years and they covered him with clothes but he got no heat." So they put him to bed with a beautiful young virgin Abishag the Sunamite and he lay in her bosom to warm his old bones, but that was all that happened. Never has the Abishag complex been so rampant as among faculty members of American Universities at the dawn of Consciousness III. Parapsychology, philosophy, Gordon Rattray Taylor, Desmond Morris and Gaugin are subjected to the eye of this Austrian expatriate. But Koestler is no mere iconoclastic cynic; he has found himself on the very edge of modern thought, through his investigations of quantum physics and para-psychology and aspects of Extra Sensory Perception. The opening chapters of this hotch-potch of miscellany by one of the sharpest minds of our time is titled, the "Heel of Achilles". Man's weak point is in his head. Koestler has the gift of words which he uses like an intellectual can opener, prizing the cap off our minds with the subtlety

page 42

of a gorilla. Naturally he doesn't like us and says so in ten magnificent pages "The Faceless Continent". He describes us as one of "the most philistine societies of our century." Stirring stuff — take heed cretins!!

The final essay in this book is titled "Mahatma Gandhi: Yogi and Commissar: a Re-Evaluation". Some years ago, Koestler wrote a book titled "The Yogi and the Commissar". This document has in itself proved to be most valuable in understanding the present situation — the political leader of the future will combine elements of the holy man and the political prag-



matist. He felt then that Gandhi epitomized his yogi cum Commissar. Presently, he re-evaluates his former example and finds the picture much changed. In conclusion he says: "when all is said, the Mahatma, in his humble and heroic ways was the greatest living anachronism of the twentieth century; and one cannot help feeling blasphemous though it may sound, that India would be better off today and healthier in mind, without the Gandhian heritage."

Most stimulating and worthwhile reading.

Mark D. Hayes.

## THE PUBLIC IMAGE

Muriel Spark  
Penguin Books

I ventured into the world of commercial television (viewing) for 58 minutes recently.

The program title is irrelevant, but at the time I thought it could not possibly be worse than an indescribably boring assignment. It was — exceedingly poor — ending with a totally predictable syrupy reunion of the 'happy couple', after being rescued/re-united by the ageing, nonchalant bachelor after whom the series is named (that leaves you quite a range).

The theme of stereotypes and superficiality continued but proved more absorbing, when I read *The Public Image*, by Muriel Spark.

To actress Annabel Christopher, her public image is everything. Her press agent has created the image of a 'tiger lady', who publicly confines herself to refined English smiles. Her admirers are fed a constant stream of photographs of herself and her husband 'in love'.

In fact Frederick thinks she is stupid and her life meaningless. He is a would-be actor who is never considered for any parts in plays he is prepared to accept.

Annabel's comprehension of acting was playing herself, just as if she was having her photograph taken. She became skilled at this. 'She realised she did not need to be clever, she did not need to perform, she only had to be there in front of the cameras.'

Their relationship is shredded almost beyond repair when they move to Rome. Fans of paranoid soul-searching will find pages of absorbing reading here, although not quite in the realm of Isadora Wing. Frederick stages a scandal in an attempt to destroy her public image. He invites the rowdiest people he can muster to a party at their new apartment. They duly crowd in to the flat, to the horror of Annabel, who now has an (inevitable, it seems) baby.

While the contrived orgy proceeds, Frederick takes a fatal plunge into the catacombs. He had previously written several letters proclaiming his wife to be a mind torturing bitch'. So Annabel's career appears shattered.

I can appreciate the irony of Maughan's strong-willed Liza of Lambeth fading away, but I've always thought it was rather weak and sentimental.

But there is no need for cynicism here. Perhaps the public image will remain unassailed, perhaps not. But I know that Annabel will prevail.

Ross Peake

## THE HOTHOUSE BY THE EAST RIVER

Muriel Spark,  
Penguin Books Ltd, Harmondsworth,  
1975.

"Hothouse" must be Muriel Spark's most wholesome novel yet. Nobody sleeps with their sister, mother, brother, father etc. The main character, Elsa, is a treat. Her apartment is overheated; she calls her analyst a "guidance director"; she sells daughter Katerina to a shoe salesman for \$1500 (US) and throws over-ripe tomatoes at son Pierre's production of Peter Pan which features middle-aged actors at

the Very Much Club of Advanced Theatre.

Actually Elsa and husband Paul were killed by a V-Z bomb in London during World War II. This does not prevent them turning up in the 1970's in New York, where naked policemen are protesting outside the United Nations building and their Puerto Rican maid throws the afternoon tea tray onto the carpet before trying to jump out of the window.

Elsa's friend Poppy (Princess Xavier) has a sheep and silkworm farm on Long Island. She takes newborn lambs into her bed and wears silkworm eggs under her lapping breasts to keep them warm. The sight of newly-hatched silkworms wriggling across Poppy's flesh is too

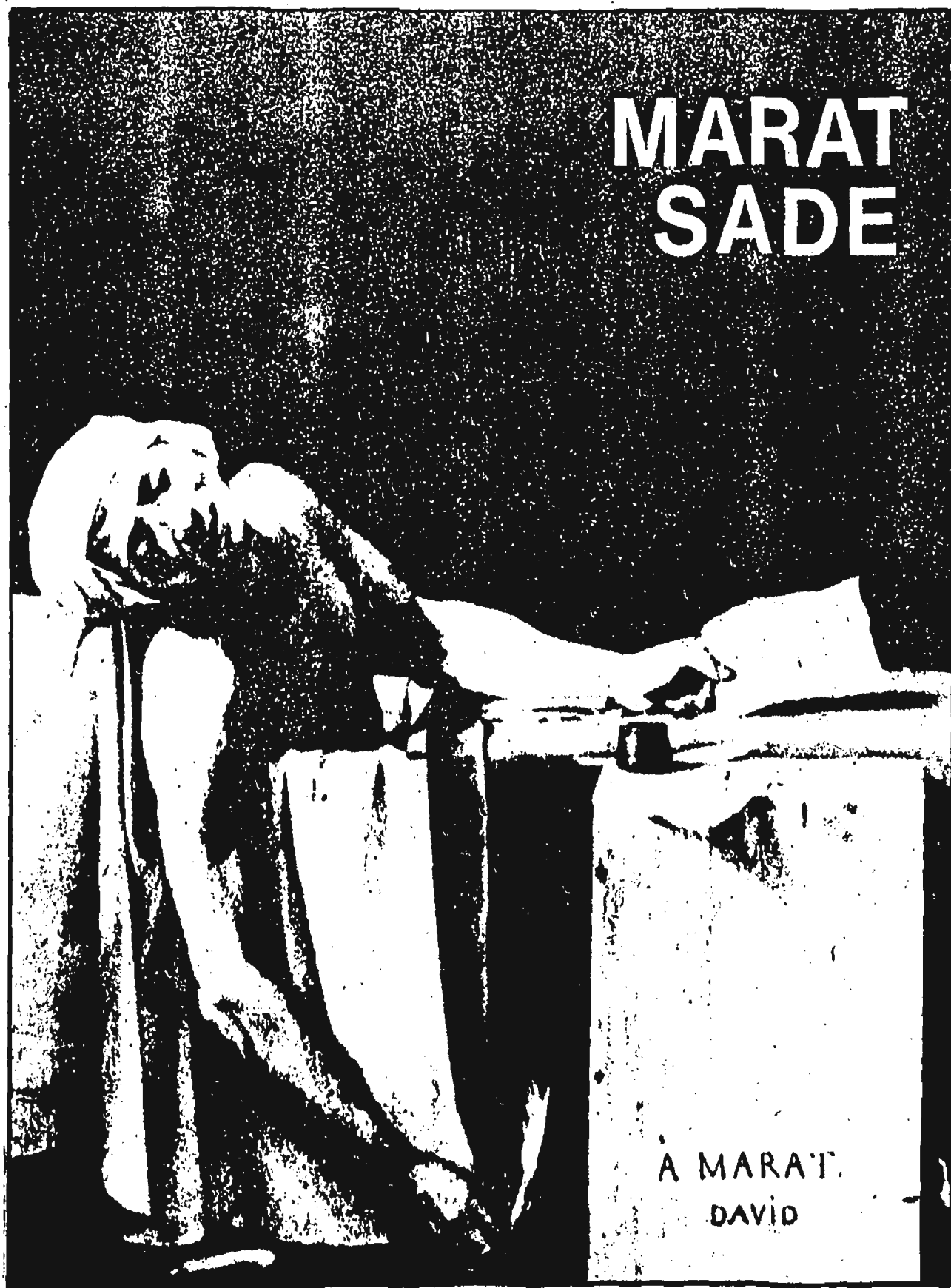
much for the guidance director.

Paul is sleeping with his analyst, Miss Armitage. Naughty Katerina sends her mother this poem about them: I do no longer love my wife/ I love Miss 'Armitage instead/And wish to be with her in bed/My wife has come to middle age/Not so Miss Annie Armitage/From which you rightly do infer/I like to be in bed with her.

This gives you an idea of the good stirring social comment in "Hothouse". Read it if you feel like a break from Angola, Timor and other such heady stuff.

V. Ailsa Redman

# THEATRE



## MARAT SADE

Striking is a word that may be applied to La Boite's production of *Marat Sade* as you enter to take your seat you pass through the iron gridded door and are admitted to the asylum of Charenton.

The inmates sprawl, huddle or pace about the central platform which also accommodates Marat and his bath. In the uniformity of their ill-fitting grey and white striped suits, the inmates are a pathetic picture of humanity.

The play within a play is in honour of Marat and his efforts to help the poor and oppressed during the French Revolution. Yet Marat is jeered by the poor with the constant refrain, "Marat we are poor ... and the poor stay poor."

While the production generally is good, at times it lacks zest and the acting flags. Murray Cullen as Marquis de Sade lacked the necessary energy for a spirited performance. However Ken Parker (Jean-Paul Marat), Kerry Morris (Simonne Evrard), Beverly Wood (Charlotte Corday) and Greg Katahanas (Jacques Roux) gave creditable portrayals.

Susan Paxton as the Herald deserves mention. This role required a clear speaking voice and an intimate level of communication with the audience. Susan fulfilled these qualities adequately.

Last of all the patients of Charenton must be commended for their unswerving continuation of their various maladies throughout the play.

Sue Dennis

## WAITING FOR IBSEN

The Camerata Theatre is a new and growing group of people dedicated to the staging of important plays that are rarely seen by Brisbane audiences.

The company's first production "Waiting for Godot" was staged in April at St. Paul's Anglican Church Hall, Taringa. There, in Moggill Road, almost hidden in a maze of one way streets, the play attracted capacity and near capacity audiences for each of its seven performances. And the company is now in rehearsal for Ibsen's "Ghosts" which will open at the same venue on June 18th.

When the Beckett play was first staged in Paris nearly a quarter of a century ago, it was to start a controversy which still hasn't quite abated, though the play is by now a standard piece in the repertoire of world theatre.

Likewise, Ibsen's play caused an enormous outcry (or perhaps it would be just as true to say, an embarrassed silence) when it first appeared. But if Beckett's audiences in the early fifties were confused by the characters and non-events of his play, Ibsen's audiences (including readers; for it was not performed for some time) were outraged because there was far too much in his play that was all too clear.

The published script became the type of book that the text itself refers to; it was considered to be a loathsome, insidious, free-thinking piece of work, and those who read it did so "within their own four walls".

The theatres of Scandinavia rejected it and it received its first performance in Chicago the year after publication. Another year had to elapse before the play was performed in Europe. But public readings were conducted in obscure places, and audiences flocked to them. One group of actors who wanted to take the play on tour were stopped by the authorities, the guardians of public morals bound by the same conventions that destroy the characters in the play itself. "... the dead ideas and absolute beliefs that are our inheritance."

In Germany, it was to be five years before the play was given even a private performance (1886), and when it was staged in Paris in 1890, it became the first known production of any Ibsen play in France.

"Ghosts" is, in many ways, a sequel to "A Doll's House" which, largely because of the strong feminist theme which the playwright treats so understandingly, has become one of the most frequently revived of Ibsen's plays in recent years. It was widely performed in Ibsen's time, too. But then it was a much more controversial piece of work - after all, it was no right that Nora should leave her husband at the end of the play - her duty is to him and her child-

ren. Ibsen was virtually forced to write a happy ending for the play to satisfy some German theatre managements; if he had not done so, they would have written their own and probably done a much less satisfactory job.

So, then, Ibsen had to write "Ghosts". Nora, as we have seen, went through with her plans to leave her husband and children. In "Ghosts", Ibsen introduces us to Mrs Alving, a woman who had decided to leave her husband many years before, but was persuaded, against her better judgement, to return to him and follow the path of duty and obedience; so that, nearly thirty years later, (when the action of the play takes place) people's lives are still being ruined as a result of that decision, because they are forever trapped in the past.

In the Camerata Theatre production, Coralie Hartley plays Mrs Alving and Greg Dempsey plays Oswald, her son. Direction is by Bill Weir.

The play opens on Friday 18th June. Subsequent performances are 19, 29, 25, 26, 27, June, and 2, 3, 4 of July.

Phone 3701361 for bookings.

## THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL

The names of the characters are a good indication of the seriousness of the play. Sir Benjamin Backbite, Lady Sneerwell, Mrs Candour, Snake, Joseph Surface and to a lesser degree Lady Teazle, are the scandalmongers. Lies, insinuations and pure fantasy are bantered about by these characters without a care for the reputations they are despoiling.

The Queensland Theatre Companies school for scandal is certainly scandalous. No one is spared from the menace of the tongue-waggers. The centre points for the gossip are Charles Surface and his roguish behaviour, and Sir Peter Teazle an old bachelor who has married a young wife.

Lady Teazle (Miss Poole) is the thorn in the side of Sir Peter. However Lady Teazle's application to be fashionable, (she was a simple country girl before her marriage), proves to be her downfall, a downfall which results in her new love for Sir Peter.

Miss Poole is roquettish and alluring as Lady Teazle and is an excellent foil for the more sober, though spirited character of Sir Peter (Mr. James). Mr James' excellent portrayal is appreciated by the audience, who laugh at the appropriate time.

A host of other notorious dramatic personalities comprise the cast - Miss Wilson, Mr Cameron, Miss Howson, Mr Kowitz, Mr Hedge etc, as well as Brunie (an Australian Maltese Cross terrier).

However, scandalmongers by necessity may need to whisper and mumble, but there is no call to do so in this production. This fault marred parts of the performance and after all we wouldn't tell about what happened to you know who.

Both males and females were costumed in exquisite taste. Mr Ridewood is to be complimented on this and also the striking set which was a marriage of the old and modern.

Sue Dennis



# RECORDS

## DAVID BOWIE "Station to Station" RCA Records APL-1327

Bowie unveiled some drastic changes in "David Live" and "Young Americans" and although there were hints in "Diamond Dogs" they came as a rude shock to many of the faithful. It was a calculated leap from his established rock position directly into the mainstream of Philadelphia soul. To my ears, the sudden transition seemed a disaster of some proportions, even though it firmly implanted him in the lucrative US market.



So it was with trepidation that I put on "Station to Station". Amazingly, the authoritative material and crisp production have all the markings of success, heralding a triumphant return to assured well-poised presentation. The record employs a simple but definite structure with three tracks a side, opening with a rock piece, then a soul song and ending with a rock ballad. The first tracks on each side contain clues as to the album title's meaning. "Station to Station", one of Bowie's longest songs at ten minutes, begins with a train crossing from one speaker to the other. But the more important aspect is the phasing of the noise to stimulate tuning into a broadcast. This is strengthened by "TVC 15" (presumably TV Channel 15). The lyrics, though difficult to decipher, appear to concern a girl trapped in another dimension after crawling into Bowie's television set. Perhaps it signifies his growing fascination with video-tape and cinematic processes. (The cover photo comes from "The Man Who Fell to Earth", in which he starred.) More likely it refers to his disenchantment with his record alter-egos.

This idea is supported by the vocals on "Station to Station" which start three minutes into the song with the line, "The Return of the Thin White Duke". Arguably, Bowie is the duke, but originally it was a pseudonym for a rather unfortunate rocker called Vince Taylor,

who inspired Bowie's most successful and persistent persona, Ziggy. (Taylor was so engrossed with his own charisma that he fired his band and preached to his audience in a white robe — a kind of rock and roll suicide which got him committed to an asylum.) In retrospect, Bowie cast off the suffocating mantle of Ziggy with his soul experience. Now the duke confidently returns to rock, dismissing "Young Americans" as "relentless plastic soul".

The proof is, of course, in the music, which is undeniably great. "Station to Station" builds up slowly but powerfully, then suddenly roars off into a straight-forward hyper-active work. "TVC 15" pounds along in similar fashion, except that it begins with a barrel-house piano blues and features backing vocals that could have been lifted from Ringo. These, with "Stay", indicate the immense debt owed to Earl Slick for his searing guitar work.

Side one's companion to "Stay" is "Golden Years". The shortest track, it is one of the best singles to be released in a long time. It is a sensuous experience with Bowie's crooned vocals sliding over the whole range and incorporating sudden highs and lows. It is laden with elegant melodrama, yet has a heavily accented rhythm that makes it ideal dancing music. The rock ballads, "Word on a Wing" and "Wild is the Wind" are given some pace from the rhythm section but the vocals hark back to his first album.

An energetic but eloquent record, "Station to Station" is Bowie's most direct work to date, in which he is dependent on a lower profile to convey the music. It will no doubt provoke endless discussion as to where he is heading. However, it is sufficient to say that Bowie has definitely returned, and with a vengeance.

Bill Holdsworth

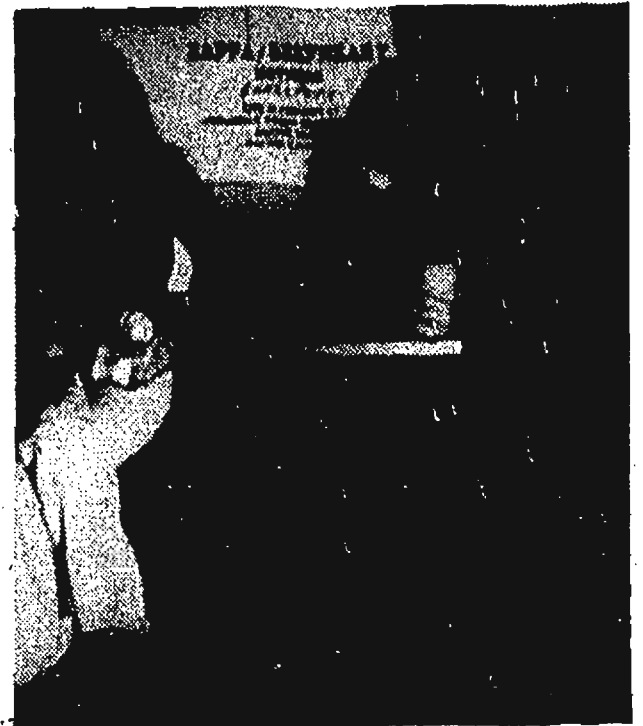
## "ONE SIZE FITS ALL" Frank Zappa Discreet Records DS 2216

## "BONGE FURY" Zappa/Beefheart Discreet Records DS 2234

Each successive album for Frank Zappa confirms how erratic his genius can be. On one release, he can be totally absorbing and on the next, boringly self-indulgent or just plain nasty. His irregular outpourings of talent necessitate a sample hearing before each purchase. This is no more clearly displayed than in latest releases.

In "One Size Fits All", Zappa appears to be more aware of his potential audience in that the record is a more coherent, saner work. Of course the music is just as challenging in its unpredictable variety and the topics just as nonsensical or satiric. But that manic obscene edge has been exchanged for a more accessible perspective, so that little real effort is required to appreciate the results. What Zappa does within these confines is still inventive and quick-witted, with a couple of exceptions ("Po-Jama People" and "Evelyn, A Modified Dog").

At the best of times, it is difficult to categorize Zappa's music because he draws upon a diversity of styles with both satirical and serious intentions. On this album it ranges from Black Sabbath somnambulism to blistering Mahavishnu Orchestra jazz. So Frank goes heavy and uses this album to indulge in some guitar heroics. His sardonic vocals are balanced and controlled, particularly on "Can't Afford No Shoes" and "Sofa No 2" (which is sung in German). Other vocals are handled by Napoleon Murphy Brock (e.g. on "Florentine Pogen") and George Duke (e.g., on "Inca Roads", which parodies Von Daniken's theory).



"One Size Fits All" lacks the corrosive quality of earlier work but is nonetheless a fine album. It is certainly far more inviting than "Bongo Fury" which is of interest if only because it is the first collaboration between Zappa and Captain Beefheart for five years — i.e., since the magnificent "Willie The Pimp" from "Hot Rats". However, it is difficult to be complimentary about this reunion. There is some great music in the set but a number of factors are cause for concern, in particular Zappa's writing and Beefheart's vocals.

Where he once fired angry derisive shots with deadly accuracy, Zappa now adopts an indiscriminate scatter effect, relying solely on the unsavoury nature of his lyrics to carry the

charge. It only serves to trivialize his talent almost to the level of delinquent exhibitionism. When Flo and Eddie were with the band, such material passed as juvenile fun. Here it degenerates into hostility and cynicism, directed mainly at women, as is indicated by "Debra Kadabra", "Carolina Hard-Core Ecstasy" and "Advance Romance".

Zappa usually relies on vocal gymnastics to embellish his material with a variety of effects and styles. But Beefheart's rambling incomprehensible gravel voice has little variation, bulldozing its way through the material so that, for me, his vocals very shortly become unendurable. His ravaged voice seems incapable of lyrical expression — they may as well have asked Wolfman Jack to sing. Only one song befits his voice and is consequently listenable, this being "Muffin Man", a track approaching the standard of "Willie the Pimp". Beefheart's own contributions, "Sam with the Showing Scalp Flat Top" and "Man with the Woman Head" are haphazard word improvisations, which is calls poetry and which are the album's low points.

Overall, the music is skilfully wrought, with everything from a ZZ Top parody to jug band blues to silent movie piano. But to uncover the enjoyable facets of the album means wading through some banal and insubstantial material. "Bongo Fury" is a real test of faith for Zappa fans.

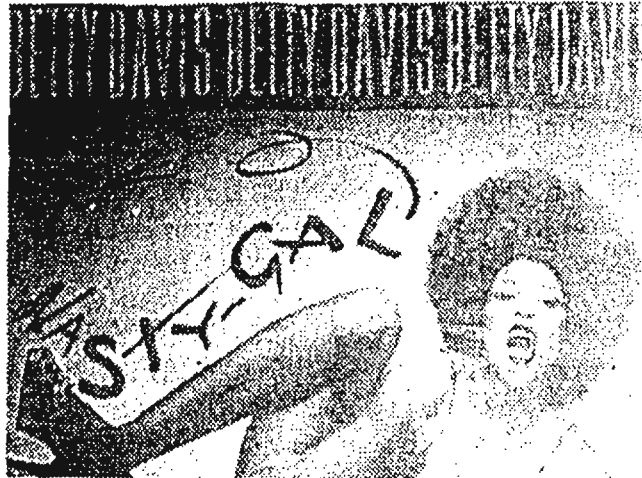
**Bill Holdsworth**

**CROSSFIRE**  
**"Crossfire"**  
 Harvest Label SHVL 616

Crossfire belong to that world-wide spate of bands that have rediscovered the joys of experimental jazz and mixed it with electricity. With roots in music like that of Soft Machine and Weather Report, Crossfire are the best of such bands to emerge in Australia. Unlike the rock inclined Ayers Rock, they prefer cooler, more refined sounds (although this is not to say they are fragile or without flair). With only one vocal track, the album is ideally relaxing and introspective. Each work expands and evolves gradually, relying on neither decibels nor heavy-handed directional changes for impact.

4ZZZ have been spreading the word about this band through the Joint Efforts and justifiably rate them highly. This record has been sitting in the stores for a while now and a little more support would not go amiss.

**Bill Holdsworth**



**BETTY DAVIS**  
**"Nasty Gal"**  
 Island Records L 35753

All three of Betty Davis' albums have cultivated a bitch image which has gotten her into trouble with the press and women's groups. Her posturing, her tough assertive voice, and the explicit lyrics are the elements which make up this provocative stance. Davis writes her own material and uses a highly professional outfit to churn out some solid funk (or, as she says, "fernk, y'all").

"Nasty Gal" begins entertainingly but it gradually wears down and becomes tiresome. "You And I", jointly written with ex-husband Miles Davis, is the one attempt to instill variation into the record. It fails because its sweetness is totally out of character, and it also establishes that she has a limited voice when the growl is dropped.

**Bill Holdsworth**



**THE CHIEFTAINS**  
**"The Chieftains"**  
 Interfusion Label L 35689

If you thought Irish music was epitomized by Val Doonican and the Irish Rovers, then think again. The Chieftains are folk giants in their homeland but their only real exposure here was in the soundtrack to "Barry Lyndon". Formed over 15 years ago, the band has triggered a new wave of affection for this kind of music.

Even on self-penned works, the band aim to uphold the purity of Celtic music. To this end they are virtuosi on an arsenal of old instruments such as tin whistles, fiddle, harp, bodhran drum, concertina and uilleann pipes. But their exacting professionalism has not dampened their enthusiasm for playing. Their cheerful gusto has delighted and exhausted many an audience. This, their fifth album, shows why. It is crammed with dizzy jigs, warm melodies and jovial reels. The music is dextrous, refreshing and extraordinary.

The sensitivity and vigour of the Chieftains, their constant sensual flow, are captivating. If you have leanings toward original folk music, you owe it to yourself to listen to some of the best.

**Bill Holdsworth**

# FOOD

## THE TWO LIONS 673 Ann Street THE VALLEY

We all had those searing childhood experiences I suppose. You know the sort of things that the shrinks tell us will leave permanent scars on our psyche. I think my psyche probably resembles a motorcyclists knee — sort of gouged and purple. Most of my experiences are memorably forgettable ... like my introduction to Italian food.

At the time I was a fresh faced youth of sixteen winters (I was given a religious upbringing) innocent of the pleasures of pornographic movies and the demon grog. But in my greed I resolved to earn some money during my school holidays by a little tobacco picking. Ah, the folly of youth! Not only did the bastards work you six and half days a week for a total of sixty dollars but they fed you on spaghetti. Now spaghetti may be okay for the first couple of meals ... but spaghetti ... three times a day ... seven days a week? We ate it flat, we ate it round, we ate it in shapes, we ate it with sauce, we ate it with meat, we ate it till I swore that if I ever had to speak to another strand of spaghetti again I would force feed the whole bloody lot back down the bosses throat. Apart from the spaghetti-problem the domestic habits of my employer were causing me some alarm. He had a disconcerting habit of chasing his wife around the house armed with a caneknife and dressed in an old pair of underpants. As this ritual invariably occurred just before bed, I can only assume that his sex life left nothing to be desired. I stood it for three weeks and decided to return home to Mum before my bowels went on strike or I got involved in some sordid sex triangle.

It took massive transfusions of steak and eggs before I was even capable of whispering into her attentive ear the details of the whole disgusting affair. Many months elapsed before the whole nightmare faded in my memory. Endless nights tossing on a yellow sea of macaroni. Fearful days at the supermarket as my mother eyed bunches of dried spaghetti. Frightful hand to fork combat with the dreaded yellow peril.

Ah the memory of those tortured days is with me still, but an understanding lady, as usual, has done much to erase these horrific memories. When I first met her I was being slowly rehabilitated from my anti-spaghetti crusade. I had given up going into supermarkets maliciously breaking up packets of the stuff and was actually up to eating a pizza. So while my problems with spaghetti were over, my problems with this particular lady had but begun.

The problem began some months ago at a less than sober party. As usual I was lying drunk on the floor and during the course of the night the needs of the flesh, enflamed by the demon grog led me to commit a cardinal sin. Raising myself on an empty flagon, I assaulted her in a most intimate fashion. Representations from the Community Standards Association force me to be less than frank, but I can assure you that the assault was both well aimed and sexist. Since that momentous night relations with that particular lady could best be described as strained. Indeed I have been receiving unsigned letters on Semper notepaper threatening all sorts of vile surgical operations on a particularly favourite piece of my anatomy.

Naturally, I became concerned when the particular lady involved asked me to dinner. But it was all innocent. It was her own sweet way of saying sorry and my paranoid fears of a bloody operation underneath a spotty restaurant table proved groundless. Knowing as I do the standard of cleanliness that most restaurant knives have I was more than thankful.



The restaurant this dear sweet woman had dragged me off to was a new one to me. It went by the rather surprising title of 'The Two Lions' As I spent a good proportion of my time seeing double I felt the name was more than appropriate. The restaurant concerned is right in the Valley and is only a few feet from Brunswick Street. As she was driving and left the car in the parking area opposite all I had to do was brave the traffic crossing Ann Street.

Having arrived in one piece I set about mending stockings so to speak. By the time Lino, who runs the place had finished plying the good lady with a few stiff drinks she was consenting to almost anything.

Fortunately, it is licenced so you can drink on to the reasonable hour of midnight if you have the money or the staying power. (The restaurant has a pleasant bar and there is a dining room attached.)

'The Two Lions' has two menus. There is a full Italian one with the usual dishes and a few unusual ones based on veal thrown in. There is also an after ten two dollar special which is pretty good. There is a choice of four dishes ... Chicken Mexican, Beef Stroganoff, Spaghetti Bolognese and Spaghetti Carbonara. For a further two dollars fifty you get a carafe of house wine thrown in. Not bad for when the muni-chies strike.

But the lady insisted on going cultured ... anyway it wasn't ten yet. After dragging her away from the bar I sat her down and we got stuck into the food. The appetizers consisted of a combination of Antipasto Vesuvio and Assortitomisto Continentale. For those not real good at the old Italian the result was a plate of savoury meats and cheese. In the centre was an assortment of sea food in a very pleasant sauce. By now the atmosphere was getting quite friendly.

But we were at an Italian restaurant so it was mandatory we have a go at the Minestrone Soup. For sixty cents, compared with the two dollars for the appetizers, it was good value. Lino assured us it was home made and I definitely sighted a genuine vegetable in it. As a matter of fact it was quite a feast for sixty cents and if you want a cheap warmer on these long winter nights it would do nicely.

For the main course I ventured a return visit to the old spaghetti. This was Tagliatelli Marinara for three bucks. To my long remembered tastebuds it seemed a little overcooked but the sauce was great.

A by now complacent lady opted for the Scalopine Vesuvio which is a veal based dish covered with a rich tangy sauce. The servings were splendid and by the end of the meal the now completely subservient lady was ready for almost anything. I ventured another feel under the table and was greeted with a most unpleasant glare ... ah well there are limits I suppose. Over all the old Two Lions is not a bad place. It has a sort of average Valley look about it and serves better than average Italian food at a better than average price. Most main courses cost less than three dollars unless you have a taste for prawn cutlets, and if you have a taste for them then there is no hope anyway.

Depending on how much you tuck into you could probably get out for around the ten dollar mark which is not too bad these days. Apart from that it looks smooth which means even though it might cost only a little it keeps the ladies impressed. They even have real napkins on the tables which is a pleasant change. Next time you go mad from study trot the lady along. Just be careful of the nightmares.

Sam Whittenbar



(Mr Sam Whittenbar is a sexist shit and we print this article just so everyone can see for themselves — Ed.)

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