

Cane Toad Times

Australia's Humour Magazine



Fear and Clothing Issue

Issue #9 • Summer 1988 • \$3.00

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hey guys & gals!

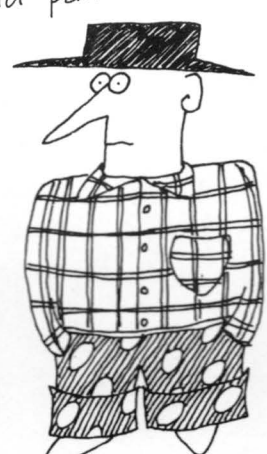
HIDE those DEFECTS!

GAURANTEDE

1. "Shoulder pads are God's gift to the woman who has a protruding tummy, or is petite but heavy..."*



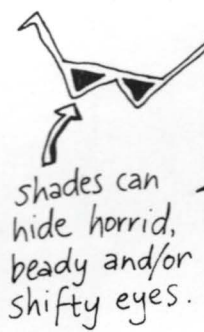
2. "Stocky men should avoid pants with cuffs!"



3. "Stay away from fads"

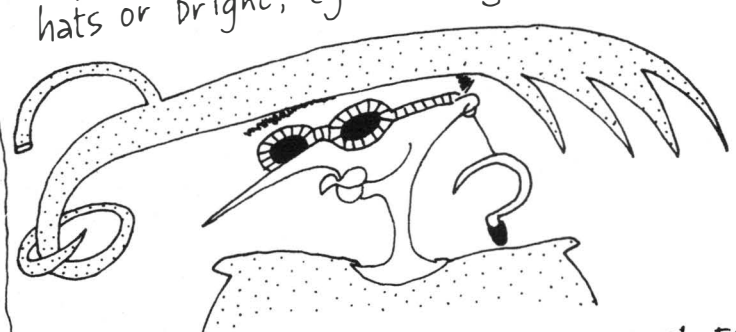


Lurex mohair socks draw attention from head



shades can hide horrid, beady and/or shifty eyes.

4. "Draw attention away from your hips. Women can wear attractive hats or bright, eye-catching earrings!"



5. "Never wear clothes that are too tight"



6. Men: be sure your necktie stretches to cover your entire stomach.

Old Y-fronts. Unsuitable as sun hat.



*HANDY HINTS ARE TAKEN FROM 'NATIONAL ENQUIRER'

Kaz

Cane Toad Times

In the future all humour magazines will be like this

Cane Toad Times

For a long time now we at the CTT have been wondering just who you are, so in a scientifically superficial way we included a reader response survey in issue #8, Cars & Romance.

Obviously most of our readers become very attached to their issues and refused to cut out the survey and send it in. It seems that if CTT doesn't include instructions to photocopy; we don't get hardly any replies, or grammar.

Anyway the upshot of this is that you've all been categorised by what is a teensy weensy sample, statistically speaking. Still, it's all your own fault, and unless you retro fill out the form all our future issues will be targeted to this sample.

AGE

While this might seem to be a rather simple inquiry, fully 16.66% of responses included no age at all. Either a lot of you don't know how old you are, or are so totally off the planet you've forgotten.

Then again, 50% of responses are aged between 19 and 34, but who's counting.

As for the reader who is 28 inches of age, try seeing a psychiatrist. To the person who said "yes", try seeing an ophthalmologist.

AIDS

Gee, you'd think that CTT readers would be much better informed on the disease of the eighties, but no 66.6%, the Devil's number, think that maybe they've got it, so be very careful about sharing your dirty CTT issues.

Only 16.6% say they haven't got it, but I certainly wouldn't be doing naughty things with them, no way.

By the way, the other 16.6% said "yes please!".

SEX

Always a favourite round the CTT office, sex doesn't seem to be as prolific as it once was, as 66.6% do it less than once a week.

The lucky, obviously fit or degenerate 16.6% are at it more than seven times a day, while the rest don't get it or want it at all.

And a good thing too, otherwise you'd never get time to read your CTT, ever.

OCCUPATION

Well at least half of you have got a job.

FAVOURITE COLOUR

These ranged from green, in really any shade, through red, or is it blue, to black with an orange spots bias. What a colorful lot you are!

STARSIGN

According to the figures, there are no Leos, Cancerians, Geminis, Pisceans, Aquarians, Scorpions, or Virgins reading the CTT.

If you astrologists want this situation redressed, send in those forms!

T-SHIRTS

Why haven't you bought a CTT T-Shirt?

Well a lot of lame excuses came to the fore here, let me tell you! Most of them pleading poverty. Don't you realise that if it weren't for TorsoShirt sales the next CTT wouldn't be printed till the year 2008? All you have to do is use \$13.99 less of food this week.

FAVOURITE TOPIC

Some fine responses here. We liked "the Cane Toad Times of course", a lot.

Sex, drugs and rock'n'roll predominated in over 55% of responses, so we know where you're coming from, and where you've been.

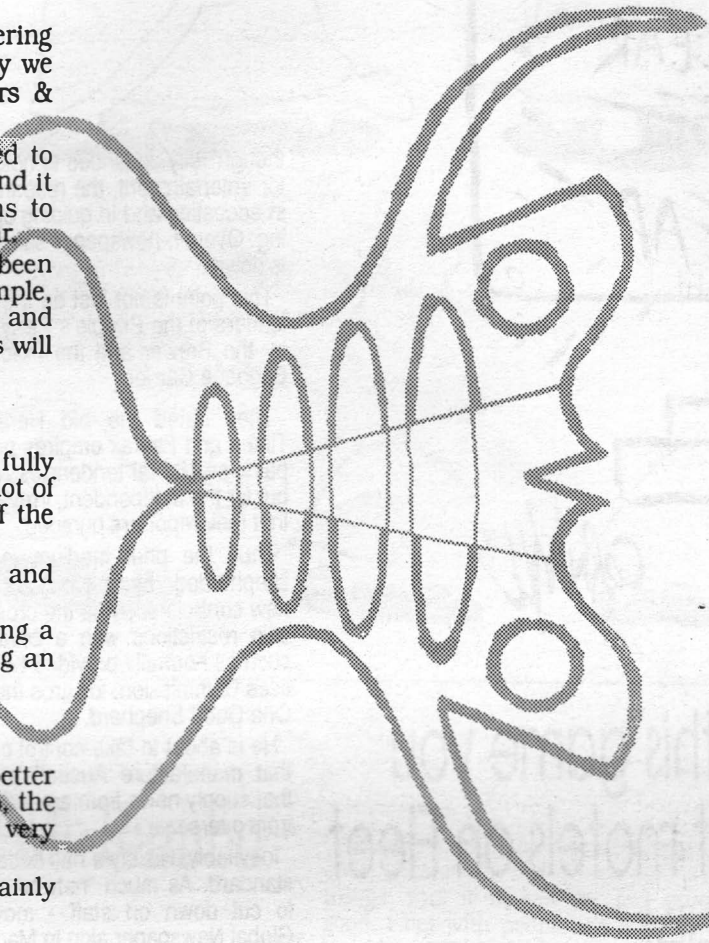
ADVERTISING

How much stuff would you buy from potential advertisers?

Hmmm... You may have noticed that the CTT does not, in fact, have any ads at all, but given the current stock market situation, we've been considering it.

33.33% want to buy "heaps" of stuff, 14% wanted three bits of stuff, 20% did indeed notice there are no ads in the CTT, while the rest of you don't want any thing to do with it.

Our best people are working on it.




ToadWORLD

Where we report on and analyse the world for the benefit of future generations. We've got the Toads' eye view on the Fitzgerald Inquiry, Rupert Murdoch, Hypermarkets, nazis and a special farewell to Joh Bjelke-Petersen. Plus the return of Big Things.

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ToadSTRIPS

This quarter, a double page Killer Greely by David Tyrer, more jottings from Cornwall, Shakespeare and Damien Ledwich plus new stuff from Kaz Cooke, Brian Peterson, and Winifred Belmont.

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ToadTALES

There's a fine selection of summer reading in our short story zone. We never really knew what to do with short story thingos before, so we thought, hang it all, we'll give them their own section. Read a cautionary christmas tale and Clifford Clawback on fear and loathing, the getting of job interview wisdom, the yuppification of Sydney and much much more.

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ToadSELL

All the merchandise that's fit to be flogged. The one-stop shopping warehouse of simply-must-have apparel and entertainment. Our simple buy now, pay now system could see you behind the cotton weave of a life-saving "I am not an American" Torso-Shirt complete with read-at-a-distance Arabic text, or in front of the long awaited Toadshow blockbuster, "Hound of Music - The Video". Browse in the comfort of your own home.

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ToadTESTS

Slow down. Reading Hazard ahead. The world is a bizarre place and here's the documentary evidence. This issue features the second biennial really-hard Rocking Horse trivia quiz.

28 

ToadSPEAK

Hobbyhorse city. The demented ravings of people who are mad as hell and want to write about it. This issue features the welcome return of Anthony Kitchener to these pages with sage advice on how to set up a second board company. We also react to the DSS Review Squad, Murdering Monthly, Rambo and the Australia Council.

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The magazine that gets laughed at

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THE CANE TOAD TIMES

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OUR COVER

Michael Long photo by Jo Greenwood. Toad in hand by Matt Mawson. Graphic by Kaz Cooke from "Hide Your Defects". Compiled by Damien Ledwich.

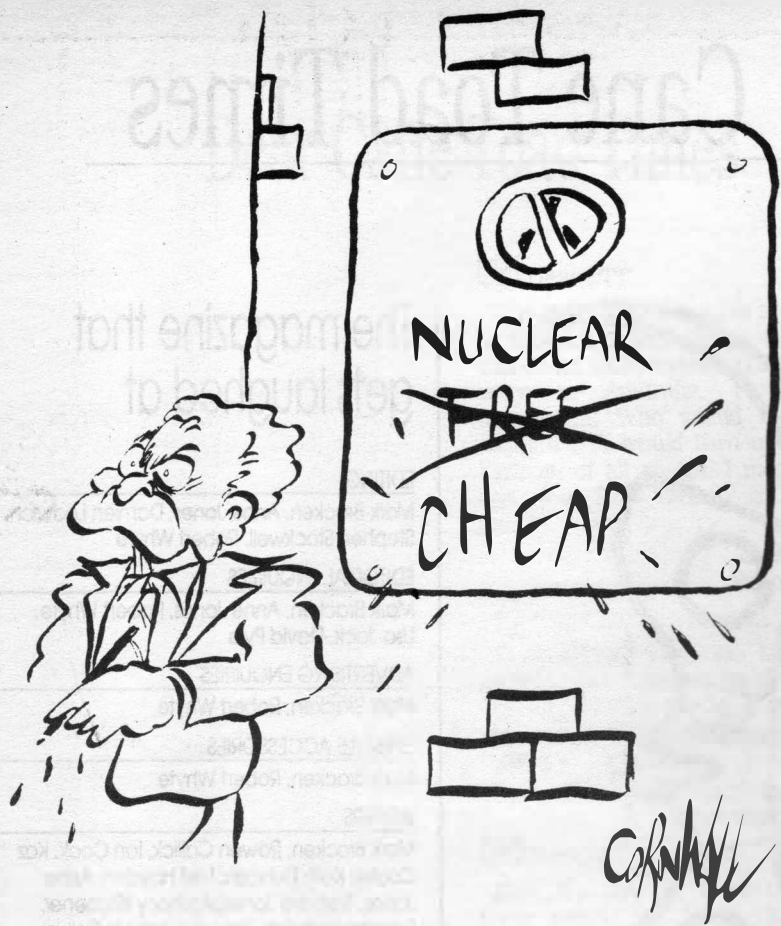
CONTRIBUTIONS

Got the idea what the Cane Toad Times is all about? Great.

If you can write, draw, cartoon, photo, whatever, in Toad WORLD, Toad SPEAK Toad TESTS Toad STRIPS or Toad TALES send us your stuff for our 10th Birthday Issue by 15 February, 1988.

If you're writing, please send it typed, or even better on an Apple Macintosh disk. If you're drawing, please send good copies of your work, suitable for reproduction. If you are sending photos, we prefer large black & whites. If you want to discuss any ideas you have, ring any of the Editorial Enquiries people listed. Send the stuff to Cane Toad Times, PO Box 321, Woolloongabba Q4102 or phone (07) 891 5364.





In this game you put motels on Fleet Street

This magazine may be the only thing you read this month that doesn't come from Rupert Murdoch

Once upon a time... there was a newspaper named The Australian. It was founded in 1824. It championed the cause of the Emancipists, the freed men and women, against the Exclusives, the Old Order.

Today The Australian lives again, the flagship for 23 years of He who is on the verge of The Ultimate Event.

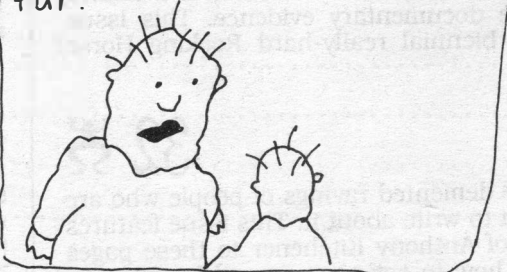
By comparison with this cannibalistic feast, Mr Mike Gore's Dance of the Sugar-Plum Cockroaches at Sanctuaryworld is a mere canape.

Already, 60 per cent of all daily newspaper readership in Australia is in His hands.

In Queensland, the total is higher. Besides the Courier Mail, the Sunday Mail, the Cairns Post, the Townsville Bulletin and the Gold Coast Bulletin, He owns the means and the staff by which the Daily and Sunday Suns are produced, and His Mr Fixit in Australia, Mr Ken Cowley, remains a Sun director. He also owns the Quest group of Brisbane suburban giveaways.

He no longer controls the death-ray boxes. But no matter. None of the Telly stations have lately scored a profit that comes near that of the major metropolitan newspapers. And al-

Before setting fire to a dog first make sure you like the smell of burning fur.



GRAPHIC: BRIAN PETERSON

though Telly continues to notch up high points for entertainment, the research shows its role in educating and in guiding opinions is declining. Overall, newspaper sales are up, viewing is down.

This point is not lost on the Exclusives - the leaders of the People's Party, now sponsored by the Brewer and the Polo Player and the Baggage Carrier.

They hated the old Herald and Weekly Times and Fairfax empires not merely for the patrician Liberal tendencies of their editorials, but for the independent, irreverent questioning that their reporters pursued.

Thus the print medium is being tenderly shepherded, by a judicious combination of new controls such as the cross-media ownership restrictions with a collapse of controls such as normally provided by the Trade Practices Commission, towards the pastures of the One Good Shepherd.

He is about to take control of the companies that manufacture Australia's newsprint, and that supply news from around the country and from overseas.

Inevitably, His style has become the industry standard. As much "networking" as possible, to cut down on staff - moving towards a Global Newspaper akin to Macdonalds' Global Hamburger. Beat up the Third World stuff, but

In Rambo's Fiji, His newspaper, the Times, has quietly found a niche: profitable, passive publishing without the sort of unnecessary readers' letters that upset the Colonel's breakfast.

leave the Western establishments well alone. "Minorities" can cater for themselves. And Management by Fear: always hire a slightly younger, slightly better qualified deputy to keep the top person on a nice neurotic edge. Plenty of opinion pieces and "colour", but investigative journalism discarded as outmoded and too expensive. Total control over all distribution outlets.

As the Perth Greenmailer, like a tired old stripteaser being harassed for the rent, discards garment after garment, property after property, He awaits patiently the day the Greenmailer auctions off the nation's other daily, the Financial Review, and the only quality Sunday, the Times. Like lost sheep they will surely hear His call, and be folded neatly into The Australian Mark 2.

This is all building towards the true Ultimate Event in Bicentenary Year - His acquiring virtual control of the Press, and the control of Telly by entrepreneurs with their fingers in so many other pies they are eager to do deals with the People's Party wardens.

Happy reading, Happy viewing. By Order.

Rowan Simpson

Bingo radiation scare!

The Nuclear Energy Commission today strongly denied reports that a nuclear waste accident near St Barts Catholic Church had affected the nearby community in any way.

A container of waste from the Lucas Heights reactor, on its way to a secret location, parted company with its prime mover and crashed heavily with a sickening thud Wednesday morning.

Acting with suspicious haste, workers from the plant had the spill cleaned up before the first morning service and it wasn't until last night's weekly bingo game in the church that the first reports of unusual behaviour began coming into the news services.

According to eyewitness accounts, Fr. O'Brien, chief caller of the bingo numbers, kicked off the evening with a stirring rendition of "On the Good Ship Venus" and then proceeded to slaughter a live parishoner on the altar, all the while shouting out the numbers 666 over and over. Along with calls of "Fish 69", "Legs open", "vegetables 42 and 55", and "eat them alive", the priest's strange behaviour soon infected the audience who, shouting "bloody good luck to the Devil", soon began to glow in the dark as they ripped off all their clothes and went on to kill every newly born child in the area.

Authorities have explained they were probably the victims of a mass hallucination and scare mongering amongst the press.

Goodbye naughty Joh

The King is dead. How the mighty have fallen, or more correctly, how the guilty have slipped out the back door with nary an apology to the whole generation of Australians, and in particular Queenslanders, brought up on a steady diet of Kingaroyspeak.

The tramp, tramp, tramp of jackboots recedes into the background, at least until the new "responsible" National Party Government has the Fitzgerald Inquiry disbanded.

And that's basically why it happened.

That Four Corners show turned into the Claytons Inquiry turned into the 100% al/vol inquiry.

It wasn't the Springbok tour, the street marches or the pushing and shoving that occurred when Joh went for his honary law degree. It wasn't the SEQEB strike, the drug laws, the Hovarth, Brych, Oscar and Iwasaki affairs, Lindeman Island, Boggo Road or the Millmeran power house controversy, or the gerry-mander that brought Joh down.

What effect they did have was to keep the spotlight off the only real problem the National Party Government had in Queensland, and that's corruption. But by 1987 a lot of National Party stalwarts were beginning to see a lot of dirty laundry hanging out there in public, and they weren't sure whose filthy underwear would be up there next.

Solution?

The tainted Joh regime disappears with Joh's premiership. Off the public burner and into obscurity.

The entertainment industry is not happy about it. If I had a dollar for every comedian I've heard say "don't you worry about that" I'd be police commissioner today.

"Spike Mike" and "Burn Ahern" don't have the same vehemence or direction as "Joh must go, JackBoot Bjelke, and the bible bashing bastard".

The CTT, well known for its print and Tor-soshird campaign against the New Right, will be holding a few New Reich T-Shirts for posterity.

Brisbane public radio station, 4ZZZ-FM will have to change quite a few of its ads. Songs from the Stranglers, Dead Kennedys and a whole host of locals are suddenly out of date.

Still it's a relief to be rid of the old ratbag. That's for sure.

Until next week, or next year at Expo or the bicentennial when we'll see the true colours of the facelifted Queensland Government.

So goodbye naughty old Joh, you may be free but the people of Queensland still have a long way to go.

Jean de la Rue



The Fitzgerald inquiry: Unturned sods and other muck.

Watching the detectives has been a northern pastime for most of Queensland's history. Now the truffle hunt has gone public.

The Tally Room, Queensland State Election, 1983: Joh came out of his hideaway in the QE II Sports Complex and stood before the lights and cameras to claim electoral victory for the National Party in its own right. A minute later, while attention was firmly fixed on centre stage, another figure emerged from Joh's hideaway. It was the Police Commissioner, Terry Lewis, and I have always wondered what he was doing there, cloistered away with the Premier at such a sensitive time... and what his role would have been if things hadn't gone Joh's way that night.

The Fitzgerald Inquiry has certainly put the cleaners through the Licencing Branch and shaken out the upper echelons of Queensland police and politics but the question that remains is how effective the clean up will be in the long term.

Despite what we have heard from the Fitzgerald Inquiry, the tawdry and banal antics of Jack Herbert and Co are not the only corrupt events that have plagued Queensland over the last twenty, thirty, fifty or hundred and sixty years. Even the Fitzgerald Inquiry has not roped down some of the key players in the vice scene.

There has not really been that much damning evidence about ex-Assistant Commissioner (Crime) Tony Murphy but that might just have something to do with the propensity of people planning to testify against Murphy to suicide shortly before they are due to take the stand. The ghost of Shirley Briffman hovers over the Fitzgerald Inquiry.

When Murphy left the Force in 1984 he left behind a cloud of embarrassing questions about the practices of his juniors in the "Bikie Bandits" case. The junior cops were facing a range of charges - afterwards dropped - relating to the provision of heroin in order to get confessions.

TV psychic predicts alien crime!

Marvin Satchelhead, renowned worm farmer and psychic today predicted on his national tv segment of today's news today "Todays Predictions" that aliens would soon outnumber earthlings in prisons worldwide.

"What we're seeing now is just the spray of an alien crime wave that is about to inundate the entire western world" he claimed after examining the stool of a Peruvian Macaw on a Wednesday morning recently.

"I was amazed at the lengths to which these aliens go: The Venusians are expert safe crackers, the Martians are right into robbery with violence and the damned Plutonians put scratches into records with sharp bits of meteorites. Certain inhabitants of Jupiter are well known for their tendency to fart while they're invisible, and the only way you can tell an alien apart from you or us is their ability to spontaneously manifest themselves as handkerchiefs.

Murphy went, but his regime had introduced an entrepreneurial approach to crime fighting. The worth of a Queensland cop was judged by the number of junkies they supplied, the bankrobbers they ran or car rackets they masterminded. That was how you knew what the crims were up to. Maybe these rorts did not go right to the top but they insured that the middle ranks did not miss out on the gravy train.

Another interesting question that remains is who exactly did sell the tapes of Douglas and Isobel Wilson spilling their guts in a Queensland Police Station to their boss, Terry "Mr Asia" Clark. They ended up in a shallow grave after Terry paid a supposed \$250,000 for his own copy of the tapes. Unfortunately Terry died of a heart attack after mowing the lawn in a Pommy prison, shortly before he was due to give evidence about the lucky recipient.

Unlike other states where Drug Squad members had to reveal and register their assets, the Queensland Drug Squad was not subject to any restraint at all and many members achieved a quantum leap in lifestyle after a brief stint on the squad.

Protection was available at a price and still unresolved is the identity of the prominent Brisbane personality mentioned on Four Corners a couple of weeks after their first foray into Queensland corruption. The informant told of a heroin transaction that had taken place in Queen Street outside the per-



sonality's business premises. The reporter was shocked and asked if the informant was sure of this person's identity. The informant replied that he was because "he was on TV every day".

Then there is the question of corruption not immediately linked to the police force: land deals, milk quotas, government contracts, selling knighthoods. Whatever happened to the Bjelke-Petersen Foundation? The Fitzgerald Inquiry could conceivably go for twenty years and still not get to the bottom of all the muck produced by the Queensland body politic, but then again, on a clear day in George Street, you can smile in the knowledge that the most fascist bastards were also the most corrupt bastards and that Queensland might just become a more honest, more humane and fairer place. But don't hold your breath.

Clifford Clawback

Where have all the Big Things gone?

Yes it's true, the big beer can at Jindalee has been transformed into the big Pepsi can. And the big magpie has flown from the roof of the Acacia Ridge chemist and is nowhere to be seen.

We are being dispossessed of our heritage.

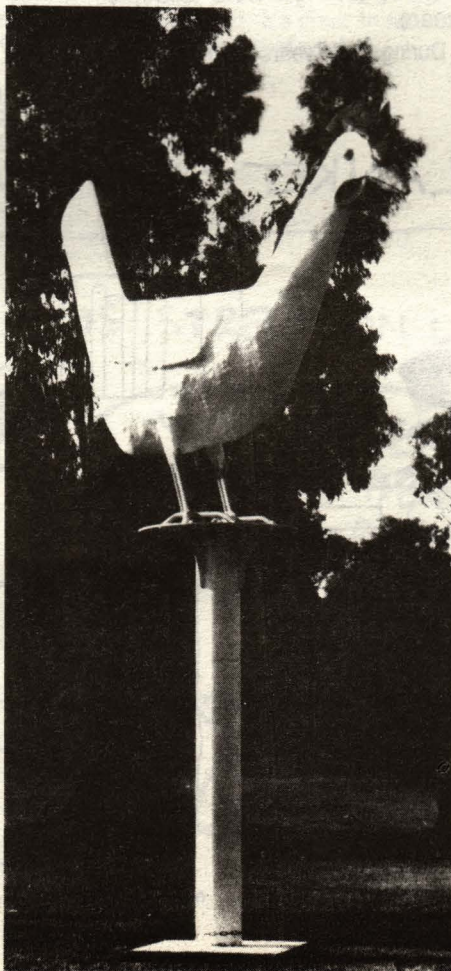
The big pineapple has been burnt to the ground once already. Is there a big disease sweeping the land of Big Things? Does the big sheep need to be careful of the big fly/strike? Will the big cow suffer a mysterious case of mastitis? And while new Big Things are arising all the time, eg the big whale at Yeppoon (actually life size) and the big wine cask at Berri, are they doomed to the same fate as the others?

Will an event similar to the disappearance of the dinosaurs affect modern day Big Things?

You can help us in our quest to save the Big Things and document our dwindling heritage. The official Cane Toad Times Anti-Bicentennial Project is to preserve Australia's Big Things, photographically. We need your help.

Send photos of Big Things to the Cane Toad Times, PO Box 321, Woolloongabba Q4102. Include the photographer's name, the location of the big thing and any vital statistics you can glean. We'd prefer an 8" x 10" black and white studio shot, but any old photo will do. Although we may not print it if it's really hopeless.

Remember Big Things are what makes this country big.



Fresh from the Tamworth Festival, Warwick Vere spotted this magnificent example of our vanishing birthright. The Big Chook is in Moonbi, New South Wales. Warwick reports that Moonbi is full of chooks. "They roam the streets."

Vice is great in the sunshine state

In Queensland sex education is banned in schools, six detectives are dispatched to arrest comedian Rodney Rude for foul language and dawn raids are launched to remove condom-vending machines from university toilets.

So it came as a surprise to some - who don't use its services - to learn about Queensland's flourishing vice trade.

The Fitzgerald Inquiry has provided us with a peep-hole into some of the seamier events and players in the northern branch office of the corruption industry.

STEVE SHARP reports on the public hearings that have broken the ranks of the 'law and order' administration and started to reveal how the 'bad apples' manage to float to the top.

Queensland's old boys network is in good shape. Last month the Fitzgerald Inquiry heard how former Assistant Police Commissioner Tony Murphy received his TAB license in irregular circumstances. The not-so-gentle push came from "Top Level" Ted Lyons who was forced to resign as TAB chairman over his credit-betting spree.

The news was just another link into the ranks of Government, where a nod and a wink are as good as an underhand slap to a good bureaucrat.

The inquiry has had to look beyond its ten-year terms of reference and will need to go back further to even begin writing Queensland's recent criminal history.

Key witnesses granted indemnities from prosecution seem to have been revealing just enough to avoid prosecution by confining their evidence to the post-1980 period.

Web of corruption

Confessional figures at last count show officers Harry Burgess collecting \$35,000 in bribes in six years, Noel Dwyer taking \$30,000 and Graeme Parker claiming his tax-free takings were \$130,000 in six years.

During those years, Parker did a stint as As-

sistant Commissioner responsible for probably the most underworked, over-indulged branches of any police force - Licensing Branch, Queensland Police Force.

The evidence of all three push the view that Licensing Branch officers were systematically corrupted by the guiles of an ex-policeman named Jack Herbert.

During his 15 years in Licencing Branch, Herbert gave regular lectures on his favourite subjects: prostitution, gaming and SP betting.

Herbert maintained his contacts in the force after retiring in 1974. On the evidence of Dwyer and Parker, he distributed the goods to police as a go-between for two major crime syndicates; one based in prostitution, the other in illegal gambling, as well as a collection of SP bookmakers.

So the working girls and gaming patrons, not the owners of these establishments, were prosecuted- and even then often by arrangement.

Raiding parties were sent as far as Cairns and the Gold Coast from Brisbane to find premises empty or closed. These raids according to Burgess were organised by the Licensing Branch inspector who was handing out the bribes.

The current Acting Police Commissioner Ron Redmond had a different story when he gave evidence in the very early stages of the inquiry.

Massage parlours fell under Redmond's portfolio during the boom years in the industry between 1982 and '85. He said getting convictions even against prostitutes was difficult owing to deficiencies in the law.

But another witness since implicated in the bribes network gave a more straightforward account of how branch officers got their 600 convictions a year. Inspector from 1985 to '87, Allen Bulger told how police controlled the crime statistics by keeping the number of parlours and arrests constant from year to year in police annual reports.

Redmond might have been on the end of a lot of bad advice. Yet in 1984-85 he strongly resisted a police investigation into massage parlours, maintaining the policy of keeping them the sole province of the Licensing Branch.

This curious policy effectively insulated police graft from outside detection. Before the inquiry is out, the origins of this policy may yet find their way back to the Premier in 1978.

Early evidence

It is worth recalling the early evidence of senior police in light of the growing body of hearsay evidence that police higher up, including suspended Police Commissioner Terry Lewis, were part of the system of corrupt payments.

Lewis's own account was one of an increasingly overworked force with a shortage of resources, fighting a growing crime rate brought about by anything from the tourist boom to southerners taking drug holidays during the Queensland winters.

He traced the policy of 'containing' prostitution back to the Premier and successive police ministers.

All the top level cops were at one in supporting the policy and citing prostitution as serving a 'useful purpose'.

Assistant Commissioner Don Braithwaite even showed signs of compassion in defence of 'the aged, the handicapped, the shy and the sexually perverted'.

The 'useful purpose' argument took on a more ambiguous tone later in proceedings when Harry Burgess gave evidence that he and other officers had free sex with prostitutes while on duty.

Key figures

Much of the evidence implicating Sir Terence at the top end of the criminal network turns on his alleged cosy relationship with Jack Herbert. Last month at the inquiry, Noel Dwyer said he was informed of his promotion to head of the branch, not by Lewis, but by Herbert - at the time not even a serving police officer.

Numerous conversations with Herbert, led Dwyer and Parker to believe the most senior police, including the Commissioner, were involved.

On receiving his first payment Dwyer said Herbert referred to Lewis as 'the shark' who 'takes the big bite'.

A key part of Parker's evidence suggests that branch inspectors served only as middle managers of graft. He said for 'the system' to operate effectively the inspector, senior sergeant and a few constables would need to be involved.

Parker made daily reports on branch activities to Ron Redmond. He added that more senior police, like Redmond, needed to be involved in or at least condone police protection that would have been obvious to them.

BLANKET SOLUTIONS



Spot the difference? Enlightened attitudes mean the blankets are no longer typhus infected

Parker also gave insights into how 'the system' reproduced itself.

He described how Redmond asked him to nominate a suitable successor when he left the branch in 1985.

Asked by counsel why he nominated Bulger, Parker said: "He was in the system, that's what the department wanted".

But maybe Herbert was just a persuasive liar who liked to drop the big names of Lewis and Transport Minister Don Lane.

This is unlikely if we believe a conversation Parker said he had with the Commissioner.

Parker said he told Lewis it was common knowledge in branch circles that Lewis's and Herbert's wives acted as 'bagladies'.

Lewis is alleged to have replied: 'Herbert must have a big mouth'.

If we accept the logic of this conversation, here was an opportunity for the Commissioner to distance himself from any knowledge of corruption. According to Parker he did not.

Jack Herbert's line about half the payments going 'to the top and higher' is already starting to take shape and takes us back to the early '60s when Parker and Herbert were both in the Licensing Branch.

The National Hotel Royal Commission in 1964 investigated allegations of a prostitution racket at the city hotel. It gave a clean bill of health to Licencing Branch, yet this was during the golden years of police corruption.

That was during the reign of Police Commissioner Frank Bischof who never had to face the music over his state-wide SP bookie racket.

Bischof is said to have been raking in \$400,000 a year. His successor Ray Whitrod stated he knew of no evidence that the network was dismantled.

Unlike the Fitzgerald Inquiry, the National Hotel Inquiry had narrow terms of reference and a lack of independent investigators. It investigated allegations against Bischof, and police officers Glen Hallahan and Tony Murphy.

Hallahan and Murphy along with Terry Lewis formed a 1960s outfit within the force known as 'the Rat Pack'. The Fitzgerald Inquiry has been told Redmond and Herbert were associates of the group.

Whitrod's crackdown

After Whitrod took over as Commissioner in 1970, 'Rat Pack' members came under the scrutiny of the newly-formed Criminal Investigations Unit (CIU).

Corruption seemed to be rife in the Queensland Police force, but Whitrod couldn't seem to control it.

Hallahan and Murphy faced a number of criminal charges of which they were acquitted.

Murphy's acquittal from the charge of perjury himself at the National Hotel Inquiry was helped along by the death of a key witness, Shirley Brifman, a month before the trial.

Bribery charges against Jack Herbert were unsuccessful in the fateful Southport SP bookie case in 1974-75.

Whitrod had banished Lewis to a desk job in Charleville until Joh appointed him to Assistant Commissioner against Whitrod's wishes.

These setbacks broke Whitrod's determination to clean up the force.

When Whitrod resigned, Lewis got Commissioner and Murphy got head of the CIU.

Four years later at the Williams Royal Commission on Drugs the term 'board of directors' was raised in evidence to describe 'Rat Pack' members.

So if a corruptly-run Licensing Branch in the



'80s was 'controlling crime statistics in their area of police work, we might well ask what was happening in drugs, consorting and so on.

More importantly, what role did the National Party Government play as law-maker?

Politicised police force

From the mid-seventies, through government policy, the police force was turned increasingly into a political weapon.

The march ban laws prompted by the drive for uninterrupted uranium exports and the impending 1977 election sent thousands into the streets purely to protest the laws themselves.

The Premier took the constabulary under his wing, appointing himself police minister.

Their job was to enforce the heavy-handed laws and the Government would afford the police a degree of political protection outside the law.

Hence the scene was set in the last days of Whitrod when an inquiry he ordered into the police bashing of a female demonstrator was overruled by Bjelke-Petersen.

Later the Premier sided closely with police against Whitrod following allegations of police misconduct at a raid on the Cedar Bay commune.

These incidents in 1976 and similar ones later set the trend for police agents to enjoy a special relationship with a government bent on enforcing often unenforceable laws.

Until well into the eighties, this served to divide ordinary police officers from the public and allowed entrenched abuses, like the fabrication of confessions, to flourish.

Not long before setting up the Police Complaints Tribunal and introducing draconian 'anti-assembly' laws for the 1982 Commonwealth Games, Police Minister Russ Hinze summed up this special relationship between police and government.

Hinze explained a plan to incite spectators against demonstrators. The statement was made most likely with black protests at the Games firmly in mind:

"I'll get my police officers to get into the ring first and let it be known to the fans that 2000 or 3000 gangsters are walking down the street. I'll say to my police officers and Terry, 'Let's stand aside and watch what happens'."

The Fitzgerald Inquiry also focussed attention on the obvious point that the public has never really had much faith in the Police Complaints Tribunal. And the less obvious one that many police officers have no time for it either.

Four Corners informant Nigel Powell told the inquiry he never took his suspicions to the

tribunal because he didn't see it as an impartial body.

Just as the National Party has always had its cronies in business, it has fostered them in the police force; and cronies are not in the habit of leaving hard evidence of 'sweetheart' deals.

Likely results

Each new revelation draws shady lines into the Government bureaucracy and interstate crime groups.

But we needn't wait for Fitzgerald to turn up with the prize tape recording of the money being handed over in the Premier's office because that won't happen.

Real criminals don't work that way.

As Noel Dwyer said about his own corruption: 'It was more of a wink and a nod than an instruction'.

Fitzgerald's strategy has been to create and build on circumstantial evidence through the skilful use of criminal indemnities and witness protection with the odd threat of legal action for select witnesses who fail to answer questions.

From Fitzgerald's efforts criminal charges can be mounted, but against whom is up to the Government.

The root of the problem is the Government's inability to enact and enforce just laws.

There is nothing to say that any of the inquiry's recommendations will be implemented, or that if they were that change would occur.

More police may face dishonourable retirements, while others bail out with their super payments intact.

Prostitutes will continue to serve their 'useful purpose', while others at the bottom end of 'the system' will continue to go to jail for their personal vices.

Job creation will remain high on the police union agenda. A renewed PR campaign is already being spawned to lift police morale and numbers. The main weapons in the campaign are inflated crime statistics and the impending menace of "Expo terrorism".

Perhaps the inquiry will offer a head on a stake or two for the ritual cleansing of the public's troubled conscience.

It may give birth to a new-improved, brighter, cleaner National Party Government with more emphasis on legitimate revenue-raising and less on kick-backs from foreign crooks.

Whatever happens, it can only improve the chances of reform if the missing Jack Herbert is found.

Mr Commissioner (that's Mr Fitzgerald) will no doubt be hoping Herbert is not at the bottom of Singapore harbour wrapped in eighty pounds of barbed wire.

As Noel Dwyer said about his own corruption: "It was more of a wink and a nod than an instruction."



GRAPHIC: MICHAEL BARNETT

Hear/Say

Mickey Dog

The Expo 88 gang have built up quite a lot of local resentment over their avoidance of home-town talent. Check the "made in" tags on their consultants, music, logo and promotional material for the reasons.

The "Furry mascot suitable for selling to the parents of tiny children" category is a good example. Local designers were allowed to compete with major consultant, Disney Corporation, to come up with a suitable indigenous furred beast. Lots of red faces though when the Disney team's deep understanding of Australian society produced a dingo as their choice.

Can you guess which one of the competing design teams was allowed a second chance? Hence the appalling slouch-hatted blue-beaked lump-tailed platypus soon to teem across the nation.

Maybe Llew Edwards is right. We just don't have the local people trained to produce that kind of work.

Sliding close to the bone or... who's bonking who?

See if you can make some meaningful relationships out of the following list of miscellaneous celebrities, past and present:

Bob Hawke, Marilyn Munro, Sir Johannes Bjelke-Petersen, Prue Acton, Arnold Schwarzenegger, his daughter, Lin Powell, Ita Buttrose, John F Kennedy, Beryl Young, Billy Snedden, his secretary, Sir Robert Menzies, Brigette Neilsen, her secretary, Lady Fairfax, Sir Llew Edwards, Pastor Kliminock, Frank Sinatra, Witney Houston, Sallyanne Atkinson

Beer strike

Workers at Alan Bond's XXXX brewery in Brisbane stopped work in a protracted strike action because of proposed changes to their award. Management had offered the workers four pots (10 ounce glasses) of lite beer every lunch break plus a three per cent increase to their superannuation scheme, in exchange for the traditional ration of four pots of full strength beer for lunch. Some conditions are sacred.

Not making it

Someone ought to give a history lesson to those who designed the advertisements for Alan Bond's Swan beer.

The "They said you'd never make it" series of tv schmalz has featured designer Ken Done, resort operator Keith Williams and a VFL footballer, who overcame the odds to success, apparently with the help of Swan, which they are shown drinking.

Stirring stuff, and seen often enough on Alan Bond's Channel Nine in these non-ratings days.

But someone at the agency who did the clips has got it wrong in the latest one, a composite of cameos from our glorious history. To the tune of "They said you'd never make it" we hear "You stormed Gallipoli" and see an archive clip of our boys heading over the trenches.

Historians - and most of the people who were there - do not regard the assault at Gallipoli as a great Australian victory. Most of them would agree that we didn't make it.

Mud spattered preview of big business fest

What is Expo '88 really about?
Business.
What is Expo '88 being sold as?
Fun.

There's something seriously wrong here. Something is missing, like a correspondence with reality, for a start. Where does the fantasy end and reality begin?

Well, you won't be going there, or you wouldn't be reading this, so you'll never know, will you. Why should you subject yourself to an experience which will consist of walking around inside a giant ad?

If you want avoid contact with people who think that Neighbours are the people who live next door don't be in Brisbane between April 30 and October 30 1988. Marketing geniuses have been paid a lot of money to convince people that Expo is anything but a huge three dimensional yellow pages, which is really what it is, of course. The whole exercise, historically, has involved countries round the world showing off to each other and getting an easily duped public in places like Vancouver and Brisbane to foot the bill. Would you want to sit down and have a serious conversation with a person that thought this was a good thing? We have prepared an Expo report which previews the site circa mid 1987. And if you take our advice, that's as close as you'll get.

Talking loudly over the sound of senior executives yelling "I quit!", Queensland Government representatives lead tours through the site for the media. The Cane Toad Times is a medium. You bet. We got an invitation. Well, someone else got an invitation, but we went.

The first impression you get of the site is mud. It's really just a series of pre-fabricated industrial buildings, with giant circus tents over the top and a good deal of mud. It rains a lot in Queensland and earth moving equipment tends to have this effect on dirt.

Down on the muddy banks of the Brisbane, the first attraction: the River Stage. The main attraction here will be fireworks, lasers and international acts. None of the international acts are, as yet, confirmed, because apparently no-one wants to play there. But that's not a problem. The fun part's going to be when they set people on fire with lasers and throw them

in the river to put them out. Those Expo people are full of wacky ideas.

Hungry? Over to the left inside the main gate are the disposable food nodes. They're for food you have to dispose of (fast).

Straight ahead is the Warana amphitheatre. A couple of the sails blew off recently in a pre-summer storm, only days after Expo was cursed by the local Murri community. But the amphitheatre's not weatherproof even with the sails on.

The middle section - or the main area where you get lost - contains

- Merchandising areas in lime green that look like 50's beach houses.
- The Queensland pavilion which is bigger than the Australian pavilion.
- Vacant stalls which are being kept for the other states, who didn't want them but now they do, because really they did want to go all the time, they were just being principled. Not any more.
- A monorail - which is only for ninjas. It is 15 - 20 feet above the ground and goes straight through the walls of the Qld Pavilion.
- The NZ pavilion which has giant fibreglass trees with weeny little bonsai tops on them. You have to see them to understand. They might very well burn with a particularly noxious side-effect.
- Polynesian retirement villages.
- A Japanese restaurant appearing to consist of a row of toilets in a lake.
- A piazza for acts including classical ballet and woodchopping.

The U-bolts are impressive, though. They keep the steel cables under tension. You can't help thinking just what it would be like if someone with a hacksaw found the steel cable that held all the others together.

Poing. Floing. Sproing.

On the other hand the sails may work aerodynamically and at a wind speed of 73 knots the entire site should reach escape velocity.

Robert Simpson

Invasion of the Hypermarts

On 7 November 1984, Australia's first Hypermarket, the Pick'n Pay, opened in Aspley, Brisbane. The pre-publicity was all about its size. The message was, "size matters". The photo in the Daily Sun on opening day featured Mary Buzolic, 19, of Ennogergera, shopping by pushbike.

But has it worked? The projected turnover in the first year was \$50 million.

Peter Rice is the store's general manager:

"That figure was met," he said. "We have built on that figure with an increase of about 40%. It's a trend elsewhere, right now, everybody in America is starting to climb into hypers."

Brain death

And they are too. Big W's, Super K's and mega shopping villages have been popping up all over the place. Hyper shopping means hyper profits for the conglomerates, but what about the shopper? There is now mounting evidence that the kind of sensory overload in giant shopping villages satisfies several of the criteria of brain death. You know, when the lights are on in the body, but no-one's at home between the ears. The sort of glazed numbness that overcomes you when faced with the choice of 47 cat foods, all in gleaming trays, with blazing discount markers. You stare at the display, dribbling; and fifteen minutes later wake up, not knowing who you are, how all those goods got into your trolley, and how you're going to get out of here.

Sandy Smith teaches environmental psychology at Queensland Institute of Technology. She thinks the bright lights and musak have gone too far.

"If you see something unusual and brightly coloured, you're attracted to it. If you keep seeing those things, you become habituated, you're no longer attracted. These large shopping centres, where every shop is trying to outglitz the next are turning people off, people are getting habituated. If they got their act together and toned it down a bit, they'd make more sales. It's overkill."

"They maximise the lengths you have to travel in these places, because if you have to travel a long way to get what you want, you're more likely to stop on the way. But if you're in a stressful situation, and you can't fight it, you get the 'one-hour supermarket syndrome' which is the exhaustion phase."

"The trouble with this sort of environmental stress is that you're much less able to deal with other stress when it arises. Then you get a lot of atypical behaviour, those terrible situations of young mothers who are taking it out on their kids. Mum's absolutely stuffed, kid's absolutely stuffed, kid starts to cry, mum just hauls out and whacks child."

Sandy Smith who is trained to be cautious of the manipulative effects of long corridors and bright, desirable goodies, admits it does work. She remembers going into the Aspley Pick'n Pay for a can of paint, and coming out with a trolley load.

Coherence and mystery

Pick'n Pay is an open field, however, compared to Toowong village, which looks like Darth Vader's home-away-from-home in blue mirror-glass, every shop from butcher to designer pyjamas flashing neon. Pathways are a labyrinth of strobing lights.

The lifts are agonisingly slow, tourist-style, looking out onto a central atrium, a void filled with palm trees and fountains. The travellers (escalators without steps) criss-cross the void, but move so slowly that when you're on them you feel like sprinting. When you get off the traveller, you have to traverse half the circuit of one floor to get to the next traveller entrance.

Sandy Smith: "Toowong Village is a perfect example of overkill. The manipulation of the shopper is too overt. It's intentional to manipulate you, but they've overdone it. The two elements that you have to balance are coherence and mystery. In Toowong Village, there's an excess of mystery. You can go half a dozen times and still get lost. That's a frightening feeling."

Who owns the hypers?

While the supermarkets are turning hyper, so is the ownership behind them. Coles Myer accounts for 20 per cent of the entire Australian retail market. The next 99 big companies take a further 25 per cent of the market, leaving the 60,000 other retailers the remainder.

In food retailing, it is even more marked. Coles and Woolworths together sell 62 per cent of the food in Queensland. Combined with Franklins they sell 74 per cent of the food. The Pick'n Pay Hypermarket in Aspley sells between one and two per cent of all the food in the entire state.

So Woolworths, Coles, Franklins and the Hypermarket combine to leave only 25 per cent of the food market for other traders.

A hyper future

Brian Hudson, a planner teaching at QIT said that while there is a trend towards vast fringe business and commercial developments for commercial reasons, planners were generally cautious.

"We don't want to go the way of some cities in the US, where large shopping centres servicing a highly mobile, motorised middle

class, have led to the decline of city centres. Planners are cautious of the development of these centres in order to protect city centres for their cultural heritage" he said.

In the US phone ordering from warehouses has been very successful. In low rent districts on the edges of regional cities in the US, huge warehouses get goods to customers with free delivery at the same price of goods on the normal supermarket shelves through savings in marketing. The warehouses, with few overheads, are heavily computerised, and have a very rapid turnover of goods.

The Globo-phone-mart, then, is just on the horizon. Ultimately, though, instead of taking the goods to the consumer, or providing environments for the consumer to visit, the future may have live-in "Hyper-Estates". It's quite simple really. You wouldn't have to go out to the shops, because your house will be built inside one. All you'll need to do is walk out the front door, show your tattoo bar code (on the forearm, or forehead?) and take the toilet rolls off the shelf in front of you. However, if you want cat food, you may have to travel a bit further. That's in aisle 17. There's always the bus.

Robert Whyte
Anne Jones



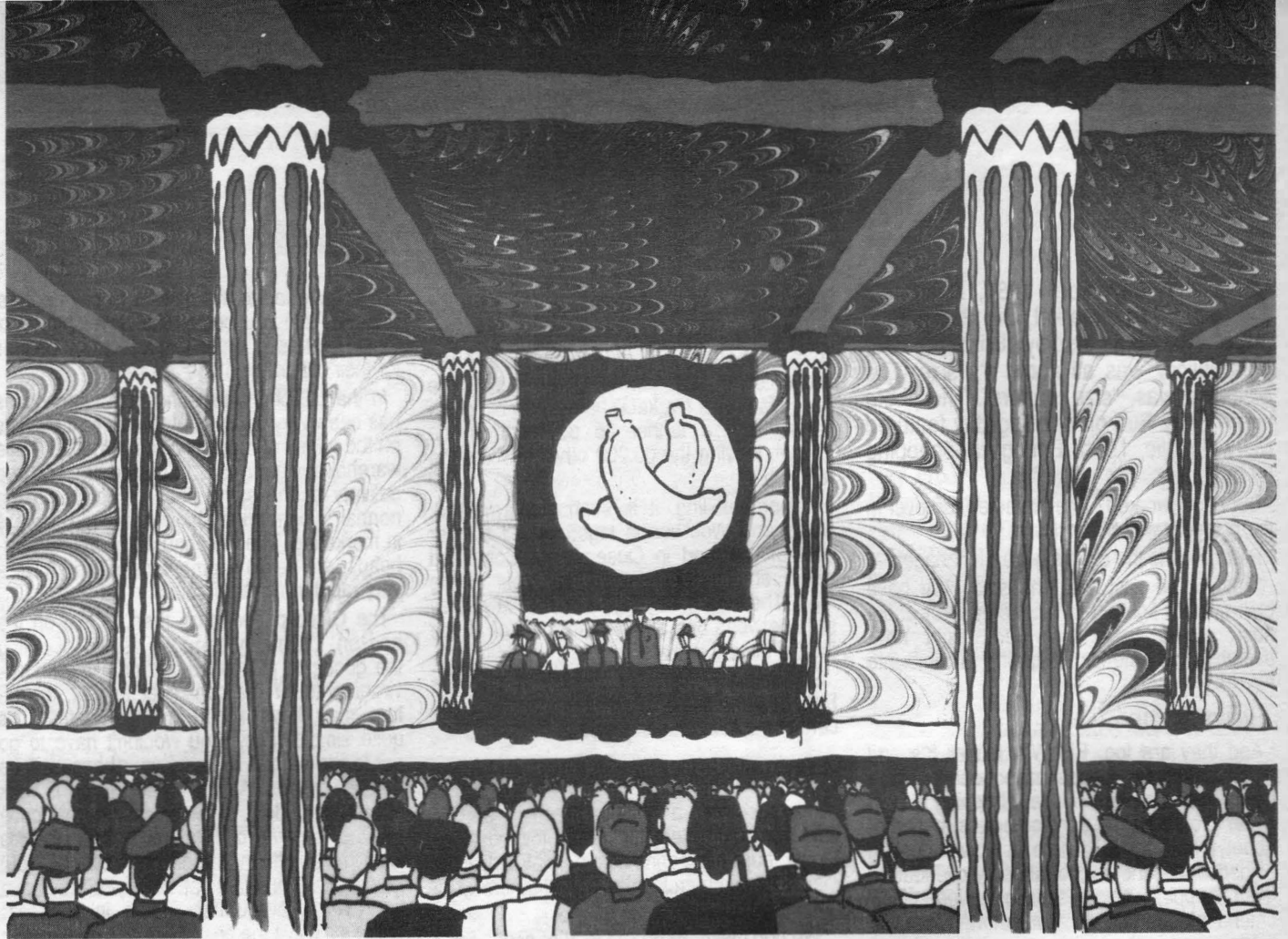
Mormons stole my wife!

A wave of shock and sympathy swept over the small midwestern town of Potatoeville as grieving hog cleaner and town drunk Willy Bustagut rued the day the Mormons came to town.

"I always thought that those Mormon boys were supposed to be real nice guys, so when they cycled up to my house I didn't think another thing about it, at least not until they went around the back, kicked my dog Rusty in

the head and pissed on the rose bushes. Then they cornered ma wife in the kitchen and bundled her into a sack while making salacious references about ma heritage" he said.

It's now been over three months since Willy has seen his wife. Recently elected Mormon spokesperson Elder "el puerco" the animal commented "What we're talking about here is a brand new way of interpreting the writings of John Smith, so fuck off!"



GRAPHIC: DAMIEN LEDWICH

The secret diary of Erwin Rommel

Scooping Der Spiegel and Bunte Osterreich, the Cane Toad Times is proud to announce a world wide exclusive - excerpts from Rommel's Diary. Naturally we've had the diary thoroughly authenticated by the chap next door who once read the Encyclopaedia Britannica. You'll thrill to Rommel's exploits - the desert campaign was long and hard, but good for his sinus. This is Erwin's story.

10 May 1940

Today I finally received orders from Hitler.

We launch our attack on France tomorrow. I am so relieved. The sight of all those Panzers standing idle is driving me mad. The crews spend all their spare time playing gin rummy. I hate cards.

25 May 1940

The campaign is going well. Today we captured the town of Arras. I cannot understand Hitler in his desire to subjugate Western Europe, the claret here is too acidic and the camembert definitely overpriced.

19 June 1940

France has surrendered. (note: have dress uniform picked up from dry cleaners)

6 February 1941

I have been appointed Commander of the German Forces in North Africa. I am very

23 March 1941

We have routed the British and captured

happy. The dry heat should be good for my sinus condition.

over five hundred miles of territory. All this sand is so depressing.

29 July 1941

The British have retreated another 150 miles. How I miss Frau Rommel.

7 August 1941

Stalemate. We are so far from base that my liverwurst is off by the time it arrives.

29 November 1941

The British attack. I counter-attack, they counter-counter-attack. I counter-counter-counter-attack. I have a terrible migraine.

11 June 1942

Hitler called today. That man is a total nag. I wish someone would blow him up.

23 August 1942

A fly just flew into my mouth - ugh. I understand that our objective is the oil fields to the east, but I am so sick of the desert that I wish our scientists would hurry up and invent nuclear fission.

1 September 1942

The British have launched a massive attack. We retreat slowly and destroy all the Seven-Eleven stores in our wake.

20 October 1942

An American army has attacked my rear. (And they have the gall to complain about Pearl Harbour)

3 March 1943

I am forced to abandon my beloved Afrika Corp and leave behind my favourite Volkswagen staff car.

17 May 1943

I have been appointed commander of Defence in Western Europe. Hermann Goering is always ringing me up and asking me to fix him up with a date. The trouble with Hermann is that he is always too busy fixing to make my date.

1 October 1943

Today I ordered the construction of a massive sea wall along the coast of France and played a below par game of golf.

6 June 1944

The Allies have finally launched their invasion. The tourist season is ruined.

13 June 1944

The Allied armies are breaking out from their beach-head. Hitler accused me of being a wimp, I told him to go fuck himself.

21 July 1944

I have been strafed.

11 September 1944

Someone has attempted to kill Hitler and failed. I suspect the publishers of Mein Kampf. They lost a packet on that book and Hitler never returned his large advance.

2 October 1944

A large black limousine has pulled up outside the house. Three men get out, they do not look friendly. I will go downstairs to greet them though I suspect the news they bear will be a bitter pill to swallow.

Brian Peterson

Enough already

Nazis? Forget the old ones; we could maybe start working against the new ones.

Since the failure of the Third Reich not one child in the world has been named Adolf. Pre World War II, it was quite a popular name, especially among Germanic persons.

Now those Nazis were bad dudes and they have sure have a lot to answer for. All those awful war movies for a start. But do their crimes justify the continuing witch hunts? As well as the purging of the name Adolf?

Dragging ageing, toothless, befuddled old men into courts, more than 40 years later, for crimes they can't even remember, seems like a senseless waste of time and money.

Some of the old buggers - Klaus Barbie for one - deserve a stern talking to. But many of the others display several of the symptoms of senility. Probably brought on from 40 years of living in guilt and fear. Isn't that punishment enough?

To continue to persecute people for their political beliefs is reminiscent of the witch hunts that the Americans are so good at, not to mention the medieval Catholic church and, of course, the Nazis.

Trying to get them with their own medicine smacks of the ancient legal principal "Eye for an eye, Tooth for a tooth" and that went out with Sargon of Akad.

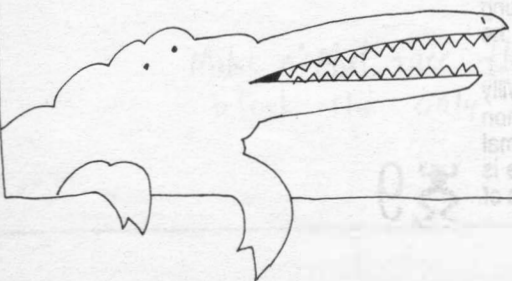
The Jews have grabbed the high moral ground on this one, and they're running with it. But the continuing press given to Nazi War Criminal Witch Hunts and chief hunter Simon Weisenthal only lends the whole cause a bit of fallen hero glamour.

The sicko minds in the Neo-Nazi movement must be fuelled by this kind of stuff.

If they just gave them a break for a year or two they'd probably lose interest.

Damien Simpson

I'm on a special diet. I only eat people with poor environmental awareness.



GRAPHIC: BRIAN PETERSON

The end of an unlucky country

Australia is being carved up by a handful of power hungry billionaires while our government smiles on benevolently. The wholesale sellout can have only one result - a country dominated by desperate gangs and rats. The Prime Minister roams ceaselessly through the ruins.

cy winds seared the continent, the earth cracked, crops failed and the factories lay idle. Humans fought in the streets as food and water became scarce.

Since supplies of ammunition had dried up, and desperate masses attacked each other with bricks and pieces of glass, dwarfed by the black and grey towers of the city business districts, where once the power of the country was thought to lie.

These now stood empty and panes in the great glass castles broke and were not repaired.

No-one thought much about government any longer, although charismatic leaders promising religion, fascism or socialist revolution sometimes held sway over districts for a time.

But in the now largely-empty capital of Canberra one man sat alone in the great cavernous building whose opening had been a high point of the bicentennial years before.

Prime Minister of a country with no government, he remembered when Australia had been called lucky and anyone ambitious or greedy enough had been able to make a fortune.

And this man thought of old times and dreamt of bringing them back, of being adored once again.

Little else had occupied him when he ruled the country and obsessed him now since the revolutionary guards from the National Party had marched into the city and emptied it entirely, declaring there was no room for fat bureaucrats any longer, that this would be Australia, Year Zero.

As the young farmers, armed with pitchforks, molotov cocktails of subsidized diesel and drunk on fermented, unsubsidized Free Agricultural Policy wheat alcohol, swept up the marble staircases, the Prime Minister had found himself thrown onto the floor and trampled.

When he awoke from unconsciousness, he was alone. The Prime Minister knew that when times got tough people tried drastic solutions, as in Germany in the 1930s. But he had never believed it could happen here.

Over the next few months he wandered the empty halls of the building, the only home he knew. He sometimes forgot himself and called for a numbers man or departmental adviser, his voice echoing down the corridors.

Once he chanced upon the dining hall and sat for a time remembering the lavish lunches and dinners he had hosted. As he recalled the defection of his party supporters he thought of his other friends, the business barons, who many times had enjoyed the hospitality here.

Quite a few big deals had their first airing in that room. Tentative feelers had been put to him on the sale of government licences and services, suggestions on tax reform, which MP should get a quiet but firm warning to lay off. Selected business men had roared at each other over avocado seafood and champagne, the best of mates.

It was a meeting of great minds - those who ran the country and those who owned it. At any one session, there could be the men who owned the alcohol, food retailing, the media and most of the national debt.

Who needed the new right when the new left would look after them? The Prime Minister was fond of saying his party represented all Australians and the barons knew it looked after them. And why shouldn't it? They created most of the wealth - well some of the entrepreneurs didn't really create anything, but they made it look good and people admired them.

Ownership of the media meant that many of these people were news makers.

In this country money was good. More money was even better and large sums of money were news, especially if they came with a rags to riches story, flashy parties and socialite wives. In some societies, the display

of wealth was considered vulgar. Not here, mate. You might not talk about it, but you displayed it, and those that didn't have it were failures.

Nobody worried how you got your money. Illegality was hard to prove, immorality hard to define.

Of course with wealth came responsibility. The conspicuous wealthy ploughed back some of their gains to society - they hosted boat races so Australians could feel a sense of pride at beating the yanks, their wives took on causes, the men spoke to business groups on how the country could be even greater if the unions would be more reasonable.

Some did not flaunt their wealth. Foreign companies, some of which had a larger financial operation than the whole Australian economy - sponsored sports matches. But they liked to play down their presence in the country, someone might calculate how much of their profit was returned to the US or Japanese parent and see how much they were ripping off this dot on the corporate map.

The Prime Minister wondered again whether business would help him rebuild the country. He had done a lot for them and, after all, there was no such thing as a free lunch.

Surely they would want to help rebuild the country, they had often praised each other's enterprise in the face of adversities such as the taxation commissioner, National Companies and Securities Commission and a lazy workforce under the spell of unions.

They had spoken of the need to unite the working men and women, "the battlers", to make this country great once again.

Beer, media and airline baron, Wilhelm "Bill" Anschluss had promoted total deregulation of shopping hours as a way to create jobs.

Anschluss, who had an Order of Australia and a monopoly over alcohol distribution in Western Australia, was prepared to employ 1,500 teenagers straightaway if his bottle shops could open 24 hours, he said. Critics had unkindly said he wanted to exploit kids on youth wages and the party had forced the PM to attack the proposal.

The bad publicity in the Eastern States had ruined a deal Anschluss was making to buy out a brewing chain there. It had cost him several million and he had been angry enough to cut off beer supplies leading up to the Western Australian election. The PM recalled the party in WA had blamed him for losing government there because he and Anschluss were known to be such good mates.

Several embarrassing photos of them fishing had appeared in newspapers around the state prior to the election.

Anschluss had owned those newspapers and the party had realised, too late, that it was caught.

As the Prime Minister recalled that defection, others came to mind.

Those that rankled most had been when the media owners turned. After all he had done for them.

Anschluss had been the worst, because his network stretched across the country. Sir Clive Hill, the Queensland National Party tycoon who didn't let anything like politics ruin business, was another supporter, who fell out with the Party when the rainforest issue cut across the interests of his paper and packaging company.

Sir Clive's television stations started exposes on ministers' travel allowances.

The Prime Minister had tried to reason with Sir Clive.

"Take some other forests," he'd pleaded.

"There aren't that many left," snarled Sir Clive.

"Isn't that the point," remonstrated the PM, "Look Clive, we could lose government on this."

"You're already dead wood," said the knight, in a matter of fact tone, as he left the office.



Of course the Party had fought back.

They had plenty of friends overseas after weakening the Foreign Investment Review Board's control of foreign ownership and modifying restrictions on foreign ownership of property.

But foreign business wasn't interested. The Americans said it would be undemocratic to interfere. They were a free enterprise nation who believed the market should decide.

The Europeans were still angry about an accident at a French nuclear power plant which had been using Australian uranium. The Japanese knew there was little difference between governments in Australia and didn't care which was in power.

Now it was all gone, the adulation of the masses, the admiration of his peers in business, and the sound of his own voice.

What he missed most was the power, but he began to wonder what that was worth anyway. Of course there was power in holding government, but it was nothing like owning things. The business barons hadn't had a party to answer to. There had been bad press from time to time, but it was pretty tame stuff compared with facing the socialists in caucus and a timber workers in North Queensland.

Of course, when things had begun to look bad a number of them had fallen with him. The entrepreneurs had been the first to go and some of it had been spectacular. Later those who produced goods that no-one needed in hard times had suffered. Even beer consumption went down - but not enough to really hurt Anschluss and friends - they just sacked a few people, blamed the government and unions and retreated to the country.

The Prime Minister wondered what they were doing now, but he knew, they were waiting it out. The people who owned the country might not yet control it, but their day would come again. He'd thought they needed him, but he had been wrong, he was only in power on their tolerance.

But he'd show them. They would come grovelling on their stomachs, begging to sit at his knee. After all, he was the one with the charisma. He was Mr 70%. Yes. He looked out over the bleak, grey Canberra skies, down onto the streets, deserted but for a few rats nosing around the gutters.

He would get out into the electorate. He'd always been at his best out in the field, charming the women with a grin, kissing babies, just an ordinary Australian on \$150,000 a year. Who needed to possess things when you had the adulation of the people.

His back straightened and that old campaigning fire came back into his eyes as he began to rehearse his victory speech.

"My fellow Australians."

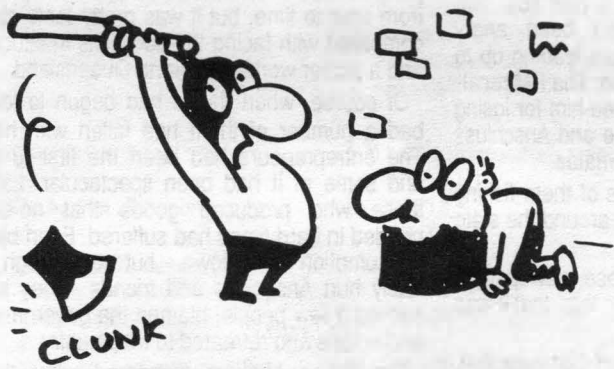
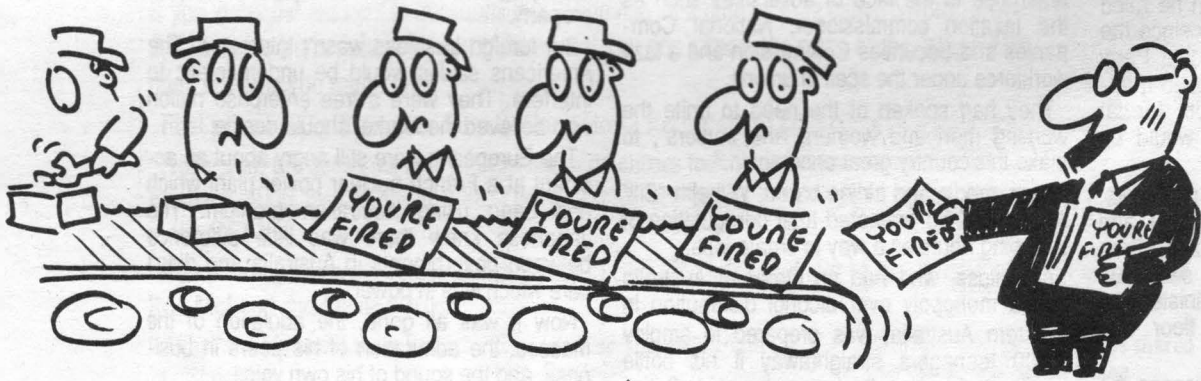
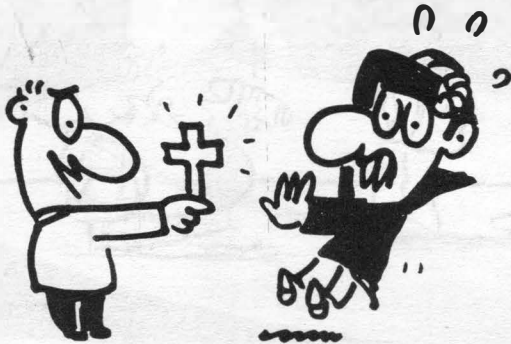
Jane Simpson

"He was Mr 70%. Yes. He looked out over the bleak, grey Canberra skies, down onto the streets, deserted but for a few rats."

THAT WAS THEN THIS IS NOW

DAY 1

DAY 81



Shakes Peere



BEWARE OF THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING



Beware of the Sheep in Wolf's Clothing—

A double inseparable. Fear/Clothing C.T. Issue Malcolm Enright Dec '87.

THE KILLER GREELY STORY

PART 7

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...FOR THOSE WHO MISSED THE BOAT...
KILLER GREELY, MOULDY AND THREE OTHER CONS HAVE BUSTED OUT OF DEATH ROW WITH A HUMAN BATTERING RAM... THE GUARDS ARE CAUGHT OFF - GUARD...NOW READ ON...



THE PRESS HAVE BEEN TIPPED OFF ABOUT THE BREAK-OUT...

WHERE WILL YOU GO, KILLER?

TELL US YOUR PLANS, GREELY!



THE SECONDS TICK BY AND KILLER GREELY IS SURROUNDED BY REPORTERS.

I'LL PROBABLY DO A BANK JOB AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

WHAT DID YOU THINK OF LAST NIGHT'S BIG FIGHT?



MULLIGAN WAS ROBBED!



HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT STANDING HERE, OUTSIDE THE PRISON, TALKING TO US WHILE 50 POLICE CARS ARE SPEEDING TOWARDS US?

?!



MOULDY! WE GOTTA MOVE! WHERE'S THE PROFESSOR?

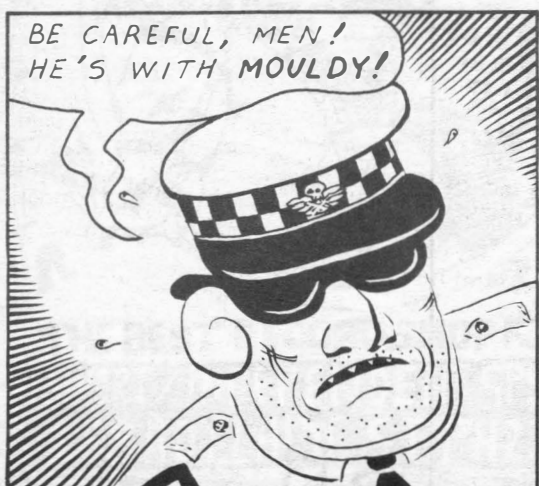
HE LEFT 10 MINUTES AGO!



THE POLICE ARE CLOSING IN! WE GOTTA MOVE!



GIVE YOURSELF UP, GREELY! YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE!



BE CAREFUL, MEN! HE'S WITH MOULDY!



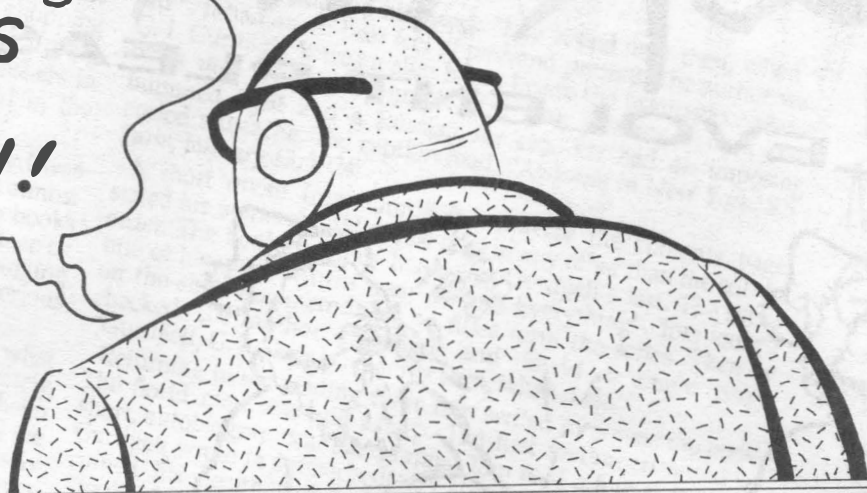
THAT MEANS IF WE CATCH THEM WE'LL HAVE TO FUMIGATE THE VAN...



MEANWHILE, IN NEW YORK, AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF FAMED WRESTLING PROMOTER RON RING...

MULLIGAN HAS JUST DIED, JOE! THIS IS BAD NEWS FOR BAKER!

YES!
AND IT'S
BAD NEWS
FOR
MULLIGAN!



News
to Print"

The New York Times

New York City November 13, 1987

WEATHER: Light blizzards tomorrow followed by mild cyclones

BUILDING DISAPPEARS: POLICE IN SEARCH FOR MYSTERY SUSPECT

NEW YORK - REUTERS
Police have a new lead in last week's mysterious disappearance of the Empire State Building. Witnesses have revealed that a tall man, allegedly extremely inebriated, in a cloak and top-hat was seen outside the building just moments before it disappeared. It was further stated that he gestured hypnotically after being evicted forcibly from the hotel over the road. (Continued P.3)

SHOCK GREELY ESCAPE HORROR

FIVE CONVICTS IN SHOCK JAILBREAK -
POLICE BAFLED - CITY REELS IN PANIC

© 1987 David Tyrer



BRISBANE - AAP
Killer Greely, Australia's most notorious convict, announced at a press conference last night that he was planning a series of bank robberies as panic spread through the city.

Reaction of the public has been widespread panic as hundreds have fled from prestigious Brisbane inner city suburb, Dutton Park, after hearing about the breakout. The largest manhunt ever in Australian history is expected to be mounted within days of the escape.

Police are believed to be embarrassed by the breakout, already reeling under corruption allegations.

The breakout is expected to elevate Killer Greely's ratings on the World's Most Wanted Men list according to the WCF (World Convict Federation). He could go as high as 2 or 3 on the world ratings. The world's top ten are currently -

1. Mumbles
2. The Hulk
3. Brainiac
4. The Viper
5. Brow
6. The Cobra
7. Bluto
8. Killer Greely
9. The Penguin
10. The Professor

MULLIGAN DIES - TITLE GOES TO BRAINBREAKER BAKER

LAS VEGAS - UPI 4ZZZ
Mauler Mulligan, in a coma for six hours following last night's World Heavyweight Wrestling title bout, died early this morning without ever regaining consciousness. His opponent, and current IWF World Champion, Brainbreaker Baker, said this morning that it was getting harder and harder to find challengers for his world crown. His last two opponents also died in the ring, bringing to six the number of deaths in the ring in the last year alone. Commentators believe that this situation is very bad for wrestling and some have even suggested that Brainbreaker Baker's famous hold, the 'Brainbreaker,' should be banned. However this would obviously be opposed by wrestling fans who are full of admiration for his property. Great

death brings to six the number of fatalities in the top ten contenders ratings since 1986. This alarming situation means that the current IWF World top ten Wrestlers in this division stand at -

1. Brainbreaker Baker
2. Rockhead Rutherford
3. Brickwall Brannigan
4. Gelignite Johnstone

(The other six positions are expected to be officially declared vacant on January 1.)

According to commentators, it is expected that Brainbreaker Baker will be the only wrestler left in the IWF top ten Heavyweight Division by mid-1988.

Although Baker's famous hold, the 'Brainbreaker,' has been banned in seven states, the powerful brainbreaker lobby has ensured that all wannabes can use the hold to protect their property. Great

In a dramatic escape bid, Killer Greely, Australia's most wanted man, and four other condemned convicts smashed their way out of Boggo Road Prison's maximum security wing. It is not yet clear where the convicts obtained the battering ram used to crash a huge hole in the granite wall that, according to a prison spokesperson, was half a metre thick.

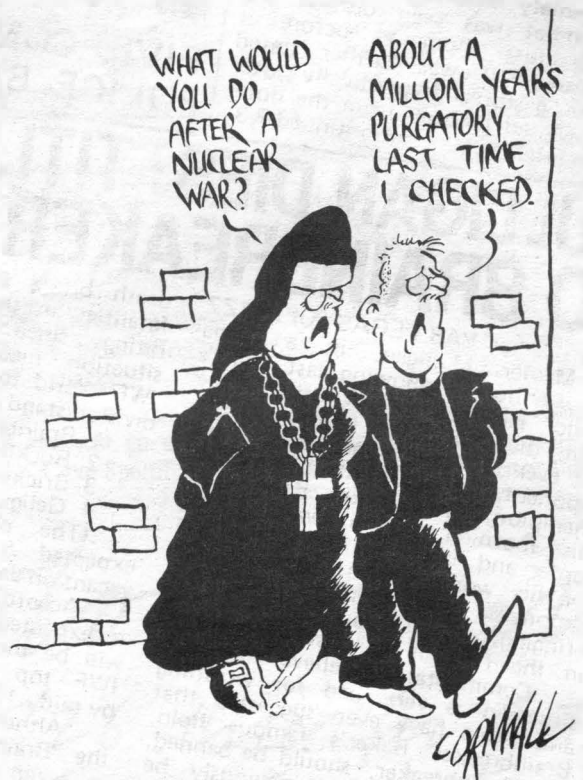
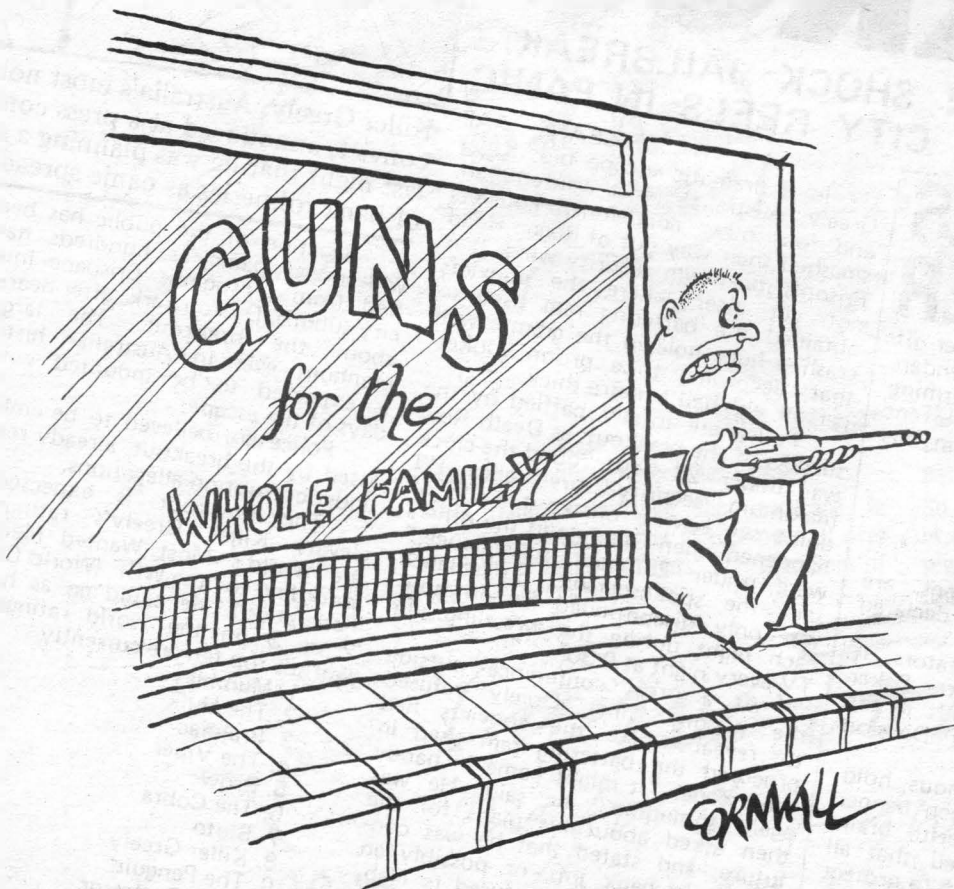
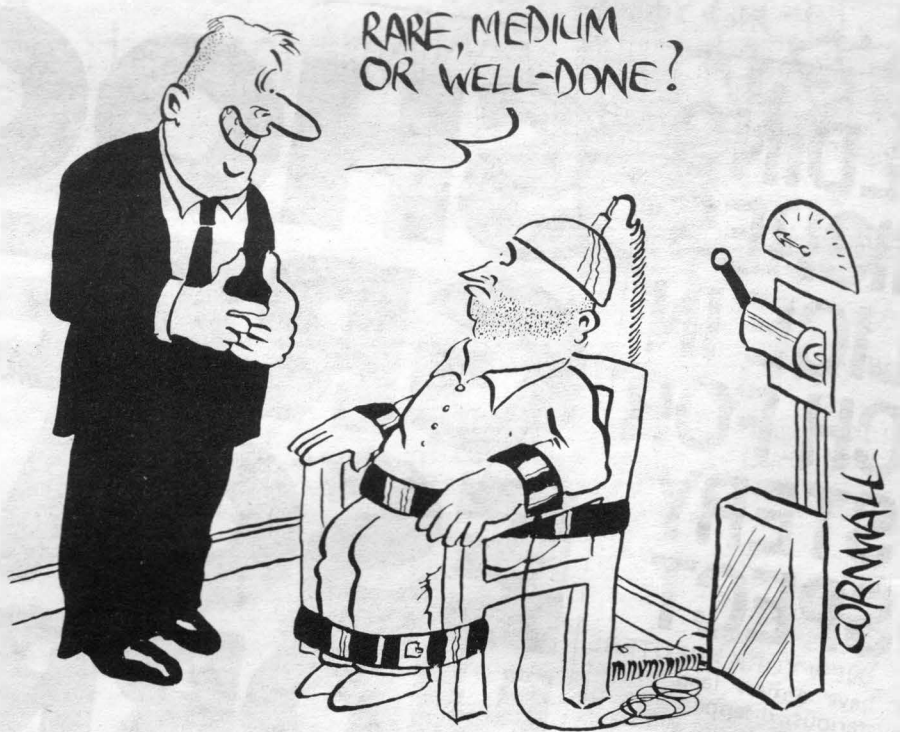
Police are totally baffled by the success of the breakout, as Death Row was under 23 hour round-the-clock maximum security surveillance. "I don't see how a breakout could of happened when Greely and the others were under 23 hour surveillance," said the spokesperson. Surveillance was only discontinued for an hour each night during the wrestling, on TV, every night at 9.30.

At a press conference outside the prison, Killer Greely refused to reveal where the convicts had procured the battering ram used in the escape. "It might come in handy again sometime," he said. He was then asked about his plans for the future, and stated that he was considering a bank job, or possibly an art gallery heist, but refused to elaborate. The other convict, Mouldy,

NTINUED

CORNWALL

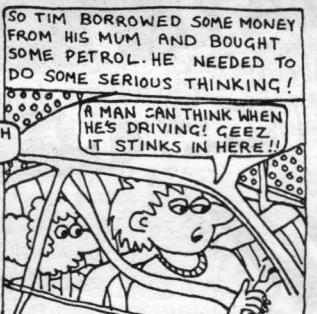
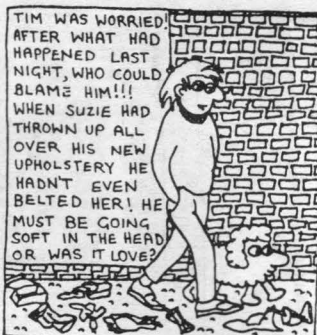
MALEVOLENT PLEASURES

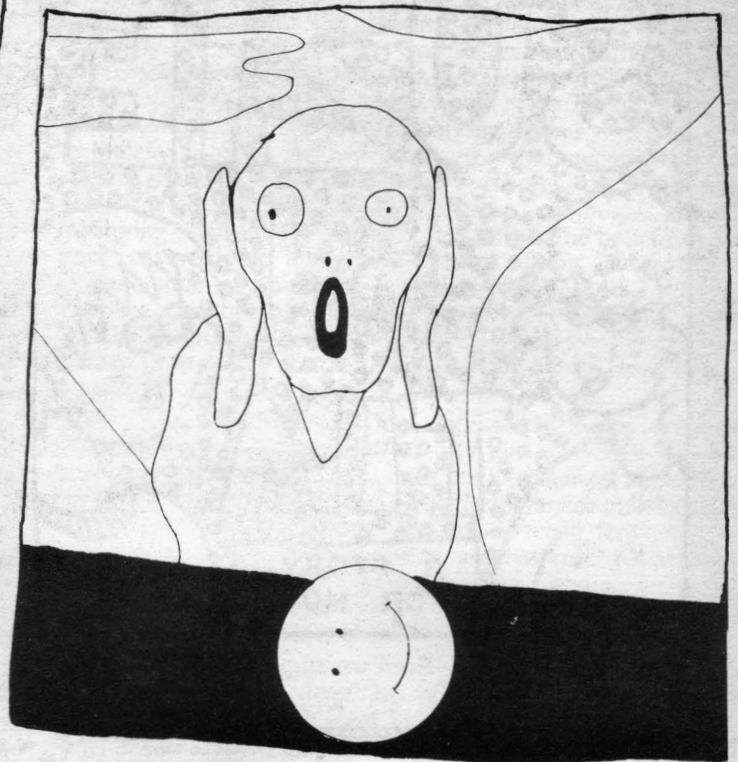
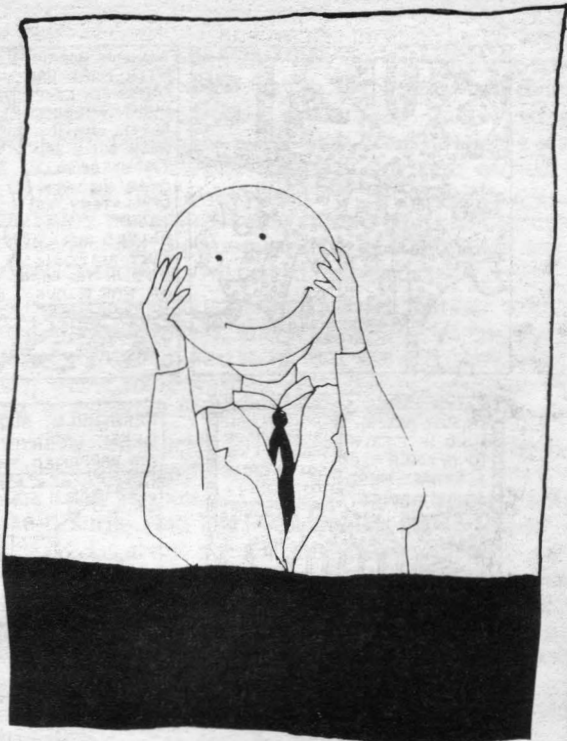
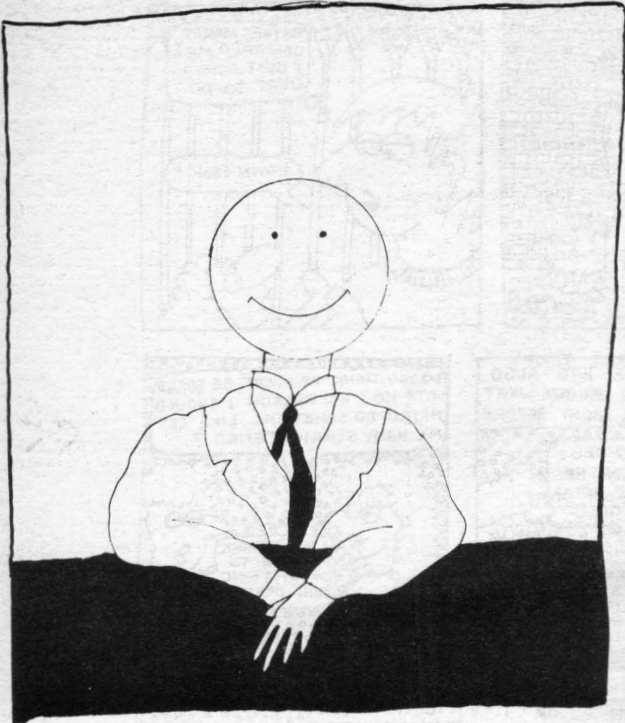


SUZIE and TIM

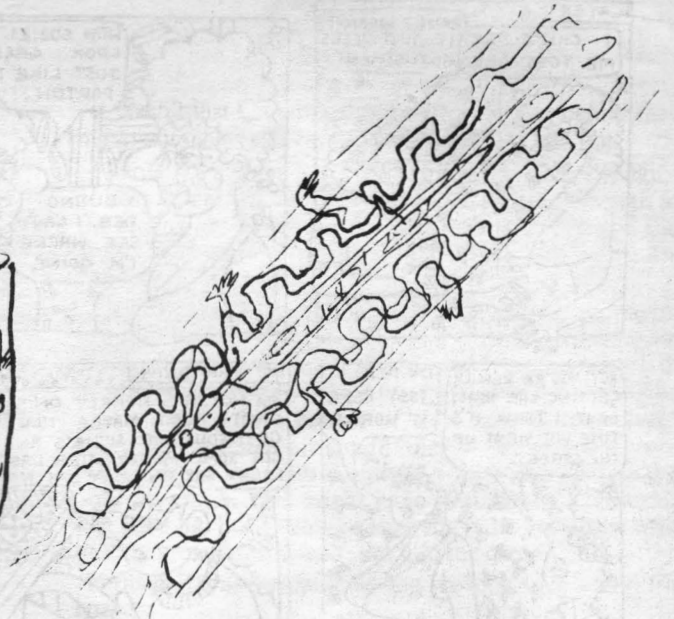
A STORY FOR NOW

WINIFRED BELMONT



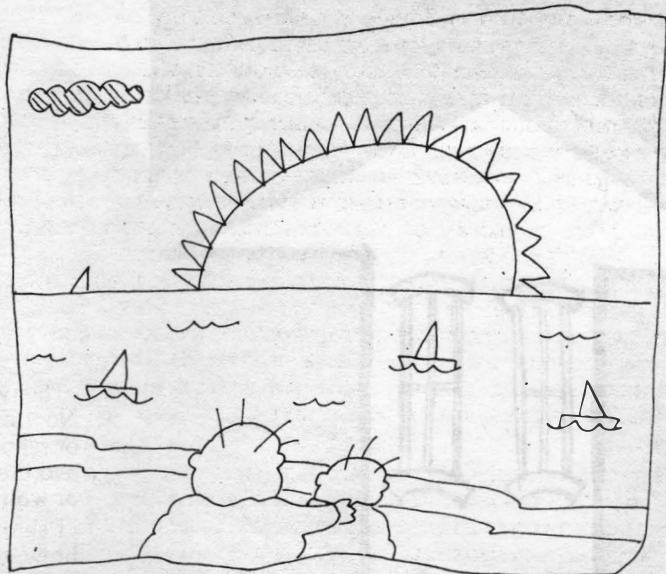


The Man in the Ironic Mask



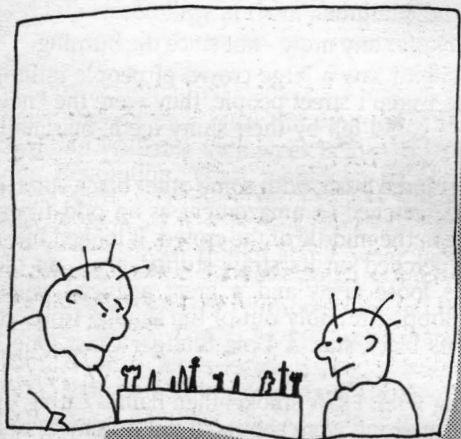
3 NEW VARIETIES
(especially for chihuahuas)



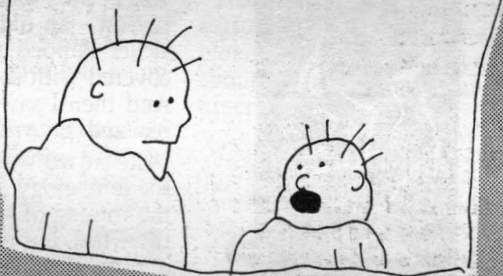


Sure it's spectacular! But it will never replace the ABC test pattern.

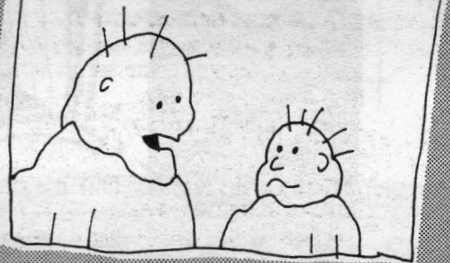
AN ILLUSTRATIVE GUIDE FOR BOYS



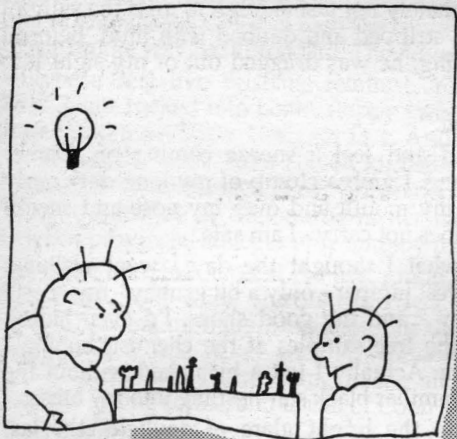
Dad what does self-flagellation mean?



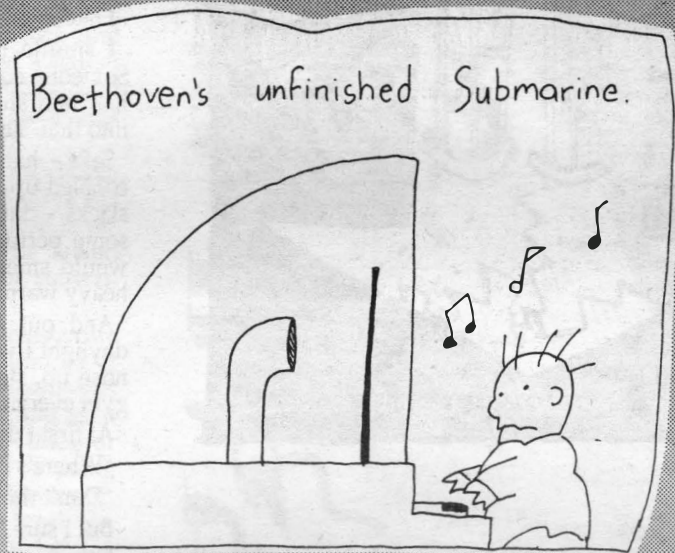
Beats me.



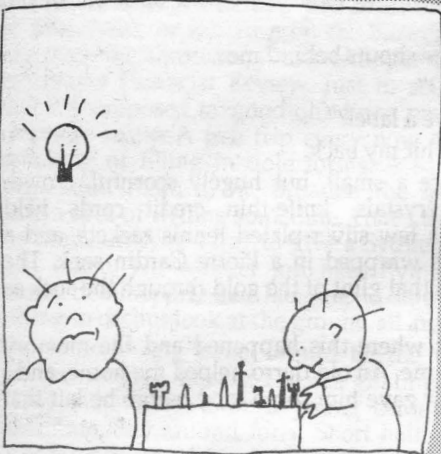
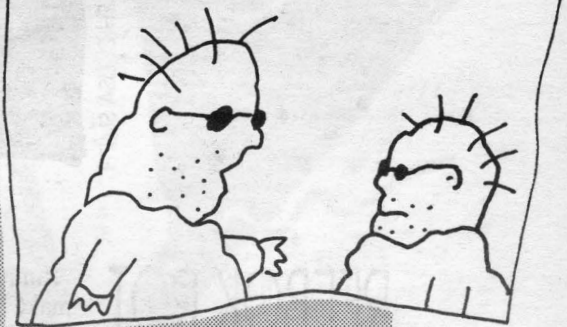
BRIAN PETERSON



Beethoven's unfinished Submarine.



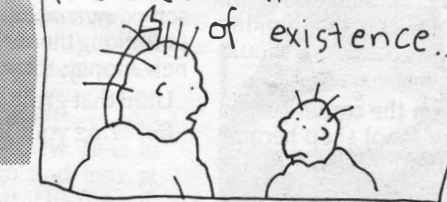
It's no use! Neither of us looks like Don Jonson



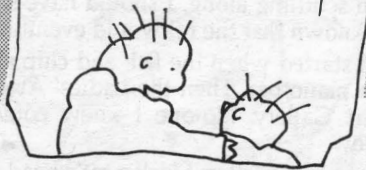
It's no use! I cannot play with a light bulb over my head.



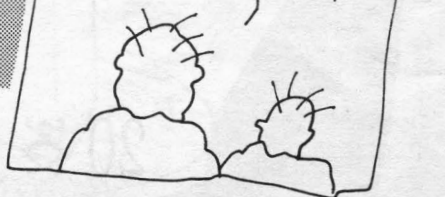
This sign symbolises the eternal nature of existence..

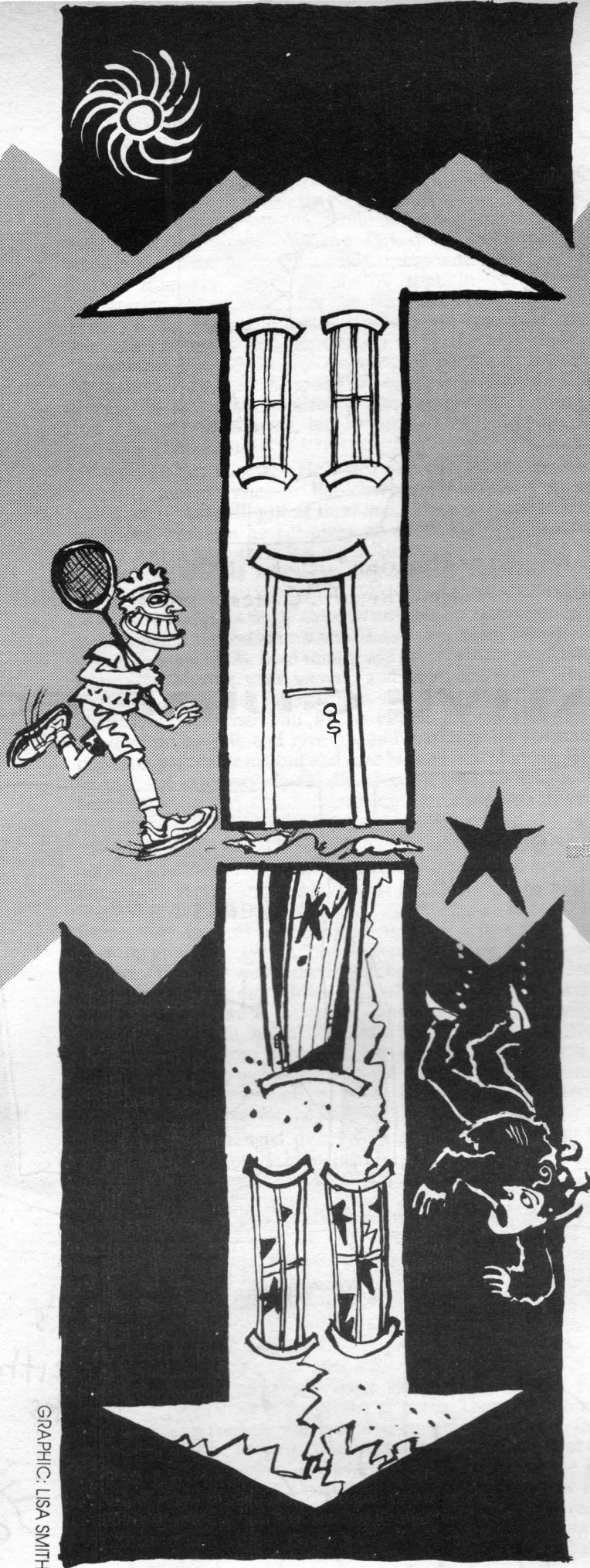


..& this one our own mortality..



... this one I'm still working on.





GRAPHIC: LISA SMITH

REEBOK ROT

Kath Duncan

Running scared, I can only think of my old shoes, hoping they make it to the end of the road. I'm panting, puffing hard, making every breath count, drive me along, fast.

But wait - a quiet moment...

I slow down, stop.

I slink to the side of the street and cautiously look back.

Good, no sign of them.

No noise even, except my own ragged breath; in, out, in, out. Some far-off traffic rumbles.

I've thrown them off my trail.

I clutch my coat around me, thumping my arms against my sides against the cold. I feel cold too- and it isn't just because of the wind beating around my ears. I am scared stiff.

I listen again. The road is still.

Cautiously I step out into the dim shadows under the street-light. If I'm lucky I can get home safely. I cover myself well with my black coat. I set off, cringing with the cold and the fear.

I'm living a virtual prisoner in inner-city Sydney.

I'm not even very safe in my own home, a crumbling terrace in a noisy street on what was the wrong side of Glebe. I'm thinking as I'm scuttling along, I should have seen this coming, I should have known that the rot would eventually get to me too.

It all started when the fish and chip shop on the corner turned into a piano bar. Then the Ladies' Auxiliary Wool shop became an Art Gallery. No-one I knew could afford to look in the window.

I moan to myself as I kick a rat's head along the gutter.

The two pubs in the next street went upmarket, also overnight. Now instead of the barperson automatically crooning, "Middy or schooner, what'll it be, love?", I get presented with a serviette and the polite enquiry, "Care for the special, the mango daiquiri, or would you prefer..."

I slink along, remembering the foul wonderful taste of the tap brew, long slithered off into the past, into old dozing memories.

Wait! What's that - not again! I freeze, listening... no, it's only another family packing their belongings, sneaking off in the night. I stop for a moment to watch them. There's an old man soothing the children into their Holden, a woman dragging an old mattress, and a man tying some shabby belongings on to the roof-racks. They are all wearing their pink stars - marks defining them as earners of less than seventeen thousand a year. I know that by tomorrow there will be no sign that they ever existed. Here in the inner-city, houses are sold even before they're built, before the last tenants are closing the front door, the new owners are parking their Volkswagens outside.

I wipe a tear away and continue.

I don't wear my black star any more - not since the burning.

I was in the park when I saw a large crowd of people milling around. These people weren't street people, they were the "new people" to the area - I could tell by their shiny teeth, hair, nails and shoes.

I hung back a bit, behind a bush, with some other black stars. A great roar went up. I watched in amazement as an odd figure was hoisted on a pole in the middle of the crowd. It looked like a person - an old hat perched on its straw-stuffed head, an old jacket flapped on its loose arms and a great artificial penis, covered with sores, flopped numbly out of the shabby trousers. And then I saw it - its black star. A Dole Bludger Class One, I realized. Like me.

The crowd was going wild. I saw smoke, then flames eating up the lone effigy. All around me were shouts of joy, applause, and the ringing of jewellery on many hands and throats. I got out of there fast, but unfortunately not fast enough to miss the sight of a lover of mine being stripped and daubed with mud. Before I could even say anything, he was dragged out of my sight into the crowd.

I never saw him again.

I snuffle in the cold and feel a sneeze coming on. Damn! Someone could hear me. I grab a clump of my long dark curly hair and stuff it into my mouth and over my nose and sneeze into that. The sound does not carry - I am safe.

Safe - hah! That's what I thought the day I went walking, cobbled up in my newest jumper - only a bit grubby - my "best" slacks - dark corduroy - and my good shoes. I'd even nicked some perfume from the free samples at the chemist, hoping I would smell like them. Actually I felt a bit naked without the heavy warmth of my familiar black star nestling into my breast.

And out I went into the bright glare of daylight, the last daylight I would ever see publicly. I trotted briskly up the road, nose up, stomach in, trying to look like I held up a bar in the gym every day.

At first I didn't hear the shouts behind me.

"Where's her Reeboks?"

"Don't those jeans have a label?"

But I sure felt the rock hit my back.

I turned round to face a small, but hugely scornful, crowd, armed with pointy crystals, knife-thin credit cards held alarmingly above me, a few silver-plated tennis rackets, and a cudgel of gold nuggets wrapped in a Pierre Cardin sock. The last thing I remember is that glint of the gold through the sock as it met with my teeth.

I am now at the spot where this happened and the memory comes flooding back to me. An old derro helped me home, and I have a vague idea that I gave him some food before he left that night.

Night, my time.

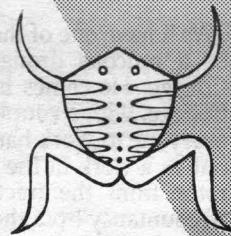
They can't see so well at night and they don't go out much. I used to see my friends at night, but now most of them have gone. I walk the street pretty well alone, scrounging for food and firewood and the pickings have never been better.

At last I'm home. I stumble up the steps, kicking away the hate mail and the broken glass. Home. Soon they'll come here too. This house will change hands overnight, the fixtures ripped out, replaced by chrome, silver, gold, shining brass.

And me? Oh, I'll still be alive somewhere. I'm hard to kill. And someday, someday, when they're sick of the traffic, the noise, the pollution, the decaying old houses with their thick veneer of new money, they'll return to their spiritual homes in the North.

Until that great day, yes, you can still visit old Sydney town.

But bring your Reeboks with you.



Once upon a time I was invited to come along to an interview for a job as semiotics teacher at a provincial Queensland College of Advanced Education. I spent a few microseconds considering how people would come for the show. I wouldn't be the only one, and I had to trump the buggers if I really wanted the job.

No use going casual chic in holed trousers and running-shoes and t-shirt with a name-brand fish-food logo. They'd have one of those coming over from Griffith, no sweat. He'd have a v-necked t-shirt, too, and a crew-cut with a tinted widow's peak. And red sunglasses. He'd be a chain-smoker. Marlboro. And he'd talk scientology at them and get to be first choice. But he'd chicken out, because no one wants to teach in a provincial Queensland College really. He'd just be upping the ante for his next possie - a tenured slot at his Alma Mater. So much for him.

Next, there'd be a quiet old wombat who had swotted up on Raymond Williams for a week before so he could talk about The Long Revolution. What would he be wearing? Tweed jacket, viyella shirt, woolmark tie, Fletcher Jones strides. Fawn. And brogues. Non-smoker, because he's been told he's got two years to live if he even thinks about what he used to get among. Capstan plain. Bull Durham rollies. White Ox. Gauloises. Nope. He'd make a momentary impression, and they'd give him a cup of tea, an iced vo-vo and a Goodnight Charlie.

There'd be a ferret-faced young woman with a permanent worry that something was undone. Sensible shoes, fulsome dress, and a handbag chocka with plane-tickets from Ballarat, handkerchief leaning out, a copy of Jules Laforgue's poems, wallet, cosmetics, last week's washing, brushes, combs, notepad, camera and shopping-list in case she could wangle a stopover in Brissie on the way back. Too bad. They'd be very nice to her.

Maybe a real live Brisbane feminist. Yes, there'd be one of those. Jeans tucked into boots, floppy sweater, mobs of bangles, chains, and a necklace. Designer face. And a smoker. Kent. And a gold watch. Pressie from herself for being good. And a leather satchel from Bianca Piace. A copy of something unreadable from Perth or Adelaide or Melbourne in her hand. She'd go a long way. But provincial colleges only employ men. Too bad.

I'd make up a full hand at the first round of interviews. Okay - basic black, and white shirt, striped red, white and black tie. Okay. Chew fat, mothers. Sunglasses for the journey. Cash in the pocket and a free ticket with Australia's largest little inland carrier feeder-line. I love being in the air. Brandy for starters. Then the airline coffee, and a slab of Coon and two

Jatz. Bugger the food. I haven't been in the air for twenty years without learning what's first every time. Chateau Tanundra, it used to be. Now it's UDL, if you don't watch them. Hennessy's the shot. Neat, or ice. Turn on the blower in the roof and let it play over the throwaway fish wrapper (last week's Times, or yesterday's Financial Review. Just to see if business is doing what it's supposed to: good-oh). I'm a professional interviewee; my trade, really. A free trip every now and then to break the monotony of filling in dole forms. A sort of holiday. Let the imagination roam a bit. Broaden the horizons. Think about doing a spot of writing sometime. That's the ticket. Last month it was Melbourne, so I had to give a Sydney address to get a free flight home. No wonder Joh likes flying. Me too. Feeling of chance; death-sport, like hanging upside-down off a cliff and nothing to do but look at the ground all around.

The interviewing panel would be the usual blend. Faceless wombats in grey, mostly. Glasses glinting. Especially the Head of Department. He'd be a young cannibal on the way to a Directorate. Say around forty. Short hair, steel-rimmed glasses, clipped manners, clipped nails, clipped speech. Like a million others. Should have been a stockbroker, but it didn't add up. Too bad. He'll have to sit out a few more years where he is. Big mistake, going to the provinces. Should have stayed in Brissie. Except for that affair with X. Too bad. They always find out. Good night.

There'd be a Senior Lecturer, in uncomfortable clothes. Suit, only taken out for burials and weddings of colleagues, or Big Days when he has to front the Director. His own funeral. He'd try to put me at my ease, but he'd be the one who needed therapy. With a mousy wife and three sub-school ankle-snappers tucked out of sight, he needs a holiday. But he won't get one. They'll all go, and sit in a boat and whinge when he's rowed them to his favourite fishing spot. Little Carl will want to do widdles, and have to be taken back. Then Mousy will say she's had enough, and leave with little Ursula and Matthew. Ta-ta to peace and quiet. He won't know whether to go and look at another cloned supermarket or piss off in the boat. His funeral. He used to be a rager. Two hundred years ago.

They'd have to dredge up another lecturer. He'll be English, dressed in a blue velvet suit, with a raggy old silk shirt and a raggy woollen tie and face. He'll be the one who publishes alternative fiction or writes articles on people nobody's ever heard of. I've met a few hundred of his family, at other interviews. We'll take a break at lunchtime, and go to the Bistro. Past the student cafeteria, where you get band-aid salad and jockstrap pies, and into the fern-fringed bar area. They'll all be watching. Brandy. Then they'll get in a tizz about what sort of wine to have with their vulcanized veal and the cardboard fish.

"How about that stunning little Hungarian Merlot we had last week?" And the waitress will crawl off and come straight back and tell them it's off. "Er, ar, um. What about the Portuguese Chablis we had that time we had our end-of-term lunch?"

"That's off too"

That's when I go for the house white. Bugger the expense. They're paying.

"A carafe of Hunter white. Anything in a carafe."

That'll give them the signs all right. How would you like a fistful of referents, symbols, and indexes, sport? The English bloke will start rabbiting on about an article he read somewhere about a dead Frenchman or some other museum-piece. His funeral.

UNFORTUNATELY,
YOU GOT IT

Michael Sharkey



We'll have one of the head serangs from Admin there too. He'll be a raucous drongo with an interest in everything in the College. He comes in job-lots: "I can teach any subject in this College, with a couple of days to get up the subject and I expect everyone to work hard and play hard waffle-waffle". He started out as a clerk in the publishing unit at Cairns, after he got the rotor from the tractor company. Picked up a few units in Accountancy from the International Correspondence School, and shifted sideways into publicity. A stint in running the Engineering Department after the Big Fracas of 1974 (there's always a Big Fracas. It means someone got sprung shafting someone's secretary and got dobed in by the next Head of Department. But they needed a cooling-off period, so enter Bat Masterton). He's been the greasy eminence ever since. He'd be the guy to sack three hundred process-workers on Christmas Eve if he was in business, but he couldn't take the pace. No ambition. His funeral.

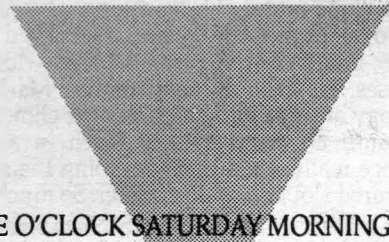
There'll be "an outsider". He'll be a well-upholstered mattress-muncher from Physics or Rat-Worrying (psychology, to the uninitiated), and he'll just sit there and quiver, thinking of some malicious witticism he got away at a Cabernet and Sauterne dinner with a few others last night. He won't say anything, but they wheel him out whenever they need an impartial blanc-mange at the ritual.

I'll take a taxi from the College to the airport. They never offer to give you a lift, because it would look too much like getting your hopes up. So the head serang will say "Thank you, it's been interesting hearing your views", and point his twenty-dollar shirt and forty-dollar fawn strides somewhere else. The well-upholstered muncher will try to button his sky-blue three-hundred dollar suit, and give up, and rearrange his screaming polyester paisley tie instead and ease himself into oblivion. He'd be great fun at a sophisticated dinner-party, but if he fell out of a boat accidentally, it'd be Mole among the Stoats and Weasels. Hopeless.

What about the College itself? Stuck like a council dunny at the edge of the civilised world. Rendered cement exterior. Look for the newest and biggest building: that's the flavour of the month. They love to dress up. Let's see: External Studies? Arts? The incinerator? The real priorities are where the biggest and fattest ones are grouped together. The meat. Accountancy, Engineering, Science. "One day we'll get a Law School". That'll be nice. More bludgers working out fiddles for real-estate parasites. Terrific. Can't wait. There'll be paths and gardens everywhere. Rosemary's easy to control. The roses will be outside the offices where the secretaries hang out. The Director will be listed as head spider in the web, somewhere in there. A vicarious harem. There'll be five acres of car-parks for the students, and a deserted bit of gravel for the staff. Righto. Got it.

Years ago, a deranged dwarf with a fixation against all his enemies - the rest of the humanoid race - thought up a standard model for the Department of Planning which gave him a job under a momentary spell of Equal Opportunity. Imaginative plagiarism did the rest, and you'll see the result in Townsville, Perth, Darwin, Canberra, Melbourne, Launceston and Adelaide. Stuck like a wart on the landscape safely out of sight of the nearest residential area, so that the students have time to think about integrating education in society. Good thinking, Number Four.

This place is the remotest College I've ever been invited to. They'll offer the job to the cutie with the crewcut from Griffith, but he'll take up an offer to be a part-time janitor at a Film Festival while he waits for tenure at home. Then the feminist. She'll say no, because she has to commute every week from Brissie where she keeps a clone, and has to put in a day at the Commission for Explaining Poverty to Victims. I'll get the job. No doubt. I suppose it'll pay the rent. And I'll get a few free flights to give papers interstate. Next year they'll say, "We really think it's dreadful that we're losing you", and I'll be writing an application for an interview before the plane leaves. Probably Suva.



IT'S NINE O'CLOCK SATURDAY MORNING.

There is a banging in my head. No, there isn't. Well, yes there is, but there is also someone banging at the door. I wake up but can't remember waking up. I glide out of bed and down the hallway. Suddenly I realize that this is not a dream. This is my body walking down the hall and I'm in Brisbane. I know I should feel fear but that is too complex an emotion for so early in the morning.

There is no one at the front door. The paranoia subsides but the confusion becomes more intense. More banging. There is someone at the back door. Is it the cops? Where are the drugs? I look around. The lounge room is covered with the debris of last night: ashtrays full of roaches, a spilt bong, plastic bags with fine green residues, a range of legal and illegal pills scattered around the floor, mirrors encrusted with assorted white powders - it's a police dog's heaven.

"Cam, you fuckwits, open up." It's Cookie. Relax. I open the door. "Hi, farrk," he says by way of greeting. "It's Saturday. We're goin' to Mooloolaba."

Slob is here too, with a bottle of rum and a flask of Scotch. "Hi fuckface. Death to all braincells," he says as he begins to rummage through the fridge looking for the Coke.

"Where is Jenny, is SHE coming too?" he inquires of the fridge.

Slob is a fine example of how truly caring friends can keep a violent maniac from murdering everyone in the neighbourhood. It was hard work but we all felt it was a great victory over the mental health system, even though we did have a large number of holes in our kitchen walls where he regularly placed various parts of his anatomy to emphasise a point or register his disagreement. He's wild, he's unpredictable, he's just what we need for the days ahead.

Just then The Beast walks in. Yes, he's got the cocaine. Jenny is coming. Ralph and Alison arrive with the fresh French breadsticks. The Breakfast Ritual commences. Coffee, cigarettes, scotch. The neurones are connecting now. Bacon, eggs, fresh bread. Food is a drug too. Bongs, speed, coke... where did I get these pills? Suddenly, it's ten o'clock.

"Let's hit the road," cries Cookie.

3 in the front, 4 in the back, Vince the Valiant rumbles onto Corro Drive. A quick stop at the servo. Priority one: some Coke to mix with the rum. Priority Two: Gas up the car. Priority Three: Let's get out of here.

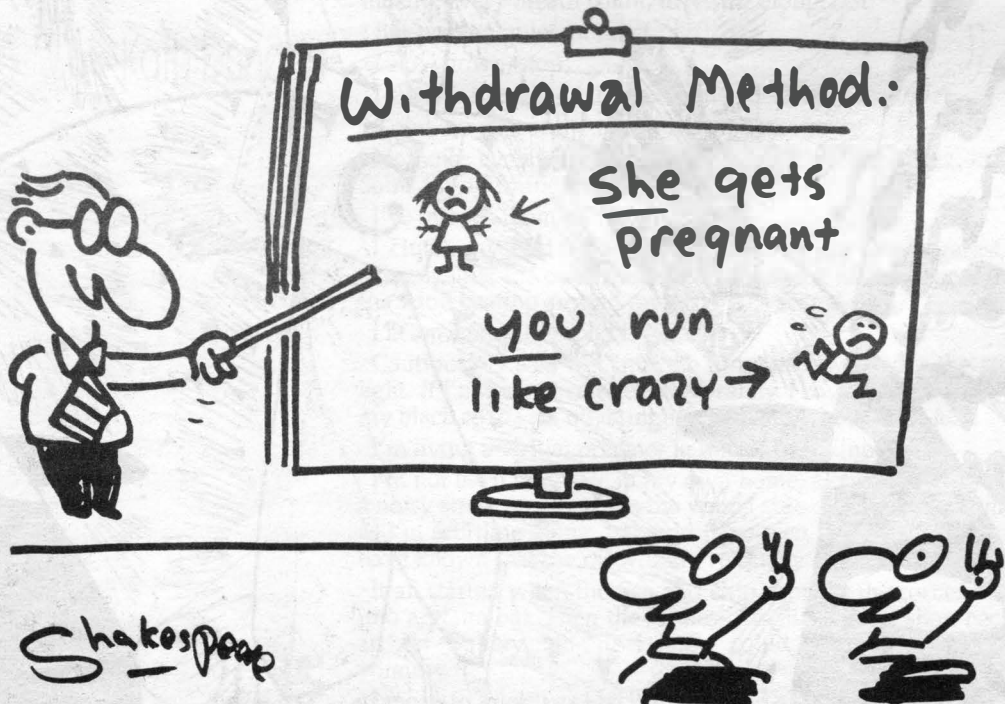
This is the mutant generation cruising down the hi-way, in search of adventure and excitement and nothing at all... celebrating senselessness.

Vince burbles along Highway One, Vince purrs, Vince squeals, Vince roars like lion. Nobody owns Vince the Valiant. People just use him when they need him. You will find him lazing under the jacarandas in Toowong or sitting in a backstreet in Milton, reflecting the red neon XXXX sign in his windscreen, at the end of some other journey but ready now to join ours. Vince is maroon with a white top. Two pieces of masonite in the back where the floor used to be and the most powerful car stereo in the universe. Wired through a graphic equaliser found under a house and into a home made power booster, Vince's stereo could drown out the sound of two Mack trucks either side of you on a 3-lane hi-way. Linton Kwesi Johnson, The Clash and Talking Heads provide the soundtrack for the movie of life that is happening on a screen near you, right now... the front window in fact, but its no movie, it's real.

FIRST STOP

The biggest supermarket in the world. 168 checkouts. It's like something out of Alien. A giant space ship bearing the spawn of an encroaching life-form. We buy some oil from the car-care

YOUNG NATS ON BIRTH CONTROL:





JOHN CAREY

section and steal cigarettes and sunglasses, lollies and lighters. We're like a pack. Black jeans with mould growing on them, grubby T-shirts, baggy old shorts, loud Hawaiian shirts. Steal some donuts, don't pay for the coffee.

On the road again. Fast car, loud music. Death by indulgence. It's 11.30. Alison lifts up the masonite and stares into the blur of the bitumen rushing under her. She puts out a hand as if to touch the road but immediately she slumps back and her mind slips into her own private episode of Doctor Who.

My brain is swimming in a fruit cocktail, all the light is coming in at once, green and purple, oh god, we're in the country. The Beast is hanging out the window spotting for mushrooms. Jenny is rolling up a joint. Cookie is driving, hard nose to the hi-way. Ralph is screaming out snippets from the morning press over the incredibly loud music. Alison is away. Slob produces a second bottle of rum. We're a tight unit on the loose in a powerful car. Our mission is fun but we are ready to die.

There. Whiter spots in the paddock. Stop the car, let's go! Free drugs growing out of cow-shit, just as nature intended. Ralph runs off down the hill and comes trudging back with the biggest mushroom ever recorded. Everyone munches a whole mess of Psillycybin and washes it down with Coca-Cola just the way nature intended. Perhaps the world is not a complete grimey hells-kitchen playground where every arsehole wants to fuck your brain with a meat tenderiser. And half an hour later you remember that there is such a thing as enlightenment.

Someone says "Let's go to Kin Kin" and the next thing you know we are in serious Hippy country and if this is Saturday then that must be the Eumundi Markets. There is plenty of weird stuff here: frozen bananas pulped to an ice-cream like texture, crystals, bongos, bags of cow shit. We stock up. This cow shit could come in handy later in the show.

Back in the car we agree that it wasn't as good as the Strawberry Festival but then there is no way a bunch of dead hippies could match the imagination, vision, flair and full-on weirdness of the Redland Bay Chamber of Commerce when it came to having a good time.

Slob starts to flip out. He is allergic to hippies and blames the Beast for getting him into this situation.

"I'm warning you..." he was hyperventilating and snarling like a dog "...if just one more of those snivelling hippies comes up to me and says an thing about that peace and love bullshit that you think is so important, well you can kiss all that good-bye! GROWL!

Alison woke up. "How long was I out there?" she asks.

"57 years," said the Beast handing her the last mushroom. "You'd better catch up."

"Shit," she said.

We slammed down some more rum and coke, snorted a little more cocaine and smoked a couple of joints as Cookie slides and skids through the mountain range near Kin Kin. If we died right now our bodies would keep for a thousand years, I think, trying to be positive about what appears to be imminent death as a huge truck looms into vision around the corner. Cookie goes wide, takes out a guide post but avoids the precipice. We're still alive.

"Nice driving," Ralph remarks in his academic tone.

"Yoweeeee!" cries Slob, "more of that, more of that," he entreats Cookie.

Ian Curtis howled as Vince pulled into Kin Kin. We stop at the pub and drink a couple of XXXX's. I go for a piss. Before I get there I am surrounded by people that look like wild gypsies. They are wild gypsies. They kidnap me and spirit me away in a horse and cart. We go up a mountain. Almost at the top there is a cave. They carry me inside and up a spiralling passageway. Brilliant light shines at the top where we find a young man

sitting cross-legged on a ledge. I sit with him for seven years, constantly facing the sun in cosmic ecstasy. The smell wakes me up. A woody earthy smell, I am somewhere deep underground. The elves have brought me from the mountaintop. They are very polite. I rest on persian rugs and satin cushions, they offer turkish coffee and hash in a hookah. I close my eyes.

"Where are the others?" I think. I open my eyes and adjust my vision. There they are on the verandah of the pub.

"Where the fuck have you been?" demands Slob.

"Off with the fairies," I say.

"You look sunburnt," says Jenny.

"Let's get out of here," says Cookie.

NEXT STOP THE BEACH

There is no indigenous life in Noosa, they are all aliens. We fit in, no worries. We soak in the warm water and collapse on the beach, oblivious to reality, preoccupied with colour, fantasy. Nature performs it healing miracles, relaxation, even Slob rests. The sun goes down, blood pressures drop. By seven we are calm enough to eat fish and chips. The Fat One howls as the moon rises. Some people take this back to nature stuff to seriously.

By nine we are in Mooloolaba. There is a Jamacian reggae band playing at the pub. The night is still, so we can snort lines of coke and speed off the bonnet of the car. The ripples of excitement and pleasure shoot up the spine and explode into the dark, star-studded sky. Everyone else goes off dancing, understandably caught up the the beat but I sprawl on Vince's white rooftop, facing the rest of the galaxy and use the music as a trampoline.

I think about the hippies and punks who have gone this way before. I wonder where the trail of fear and loathing will end. Boing. Between the carpark and the universe, there is everything. Ecstasy, fulfillment, control. Boing. Why fight for anything else? The hippies, yuppies, punks, beats and pranksters all wanked themselves into oblivion fantasising about turning the head of the corporate beast. We knew it was impossible. Boing. We knew that violence just made things worse, it was enough just to survive in Queensland where it was a privilege not to believe in God. Thud. Hello I'm back to earth now. Those blue flashing lights mean something. Cops. I scoot into the pub before they can become interested in little old me.

Just as I find the gang, some surfie yob shoves his hand into Jenny's crotch. She decks him and plants her boot in the middle of his back. "FUCK OFF! I'M SICK OF YOU FUCKWITS," she cries.

"Nice work, Jenny," I say.

"Get fucked," she says. "Get me a drink."

The bar, oh god, where is the bar? Suddenly I realise I am down behind enemy lines with no air support. We are totally outnumbered by surfie yobs who aren't that impressed about having one of their number laid out by a chick. They're the sort of people who break bricks on their heads and can drink a keg of beer without pissing.

I get a drink too many and hand it to a guy standing nearby. Now he's our friend and he introduces me around. It's cool again and, hey, here are some more friends. Pretty soon we're all flying, one seething, sweating, beer-swilling mess. We were out of our minds, hypnotised, rhythmic. We danced for an hour and emerged glowing. Ralph had a bottle of port and we drifted towards the beach for a refreshing dip and a summit meeting.

The plan came together rapidly over a joint and a few swigs of port. Ralph had sussed out three parties. We would check them out and then find somewhere to crash if we needed to.

"Great plan," Alison remarked.

"It is all in the execution," the Beast said.

COASTING
Clifford Clawback

This is a true story. Only the names, times, dates, places and central facts have been changed to protect the guilty.

His many years of party crashing were a great boon. We knew from the cars outside the first party, that we were dealing with rich arseholes. The Beast led the way in as the point of a flying wedge, we consumed everything in our path and raved at anyone within earshot and there was Slob bringing up the rear with a lot of smart wisecracks and belching. We carried a monstrous bottle of rum away but they got suspicious and followed us. Ralph performed a magnificent rear guard action, kept them talking with the promise of a deal and then leapt through the back window as we picked up speed.

The second party was much more down market, full of plumbers and conservationists, and with our monstrous bottle of rum we fitted right in. In next to no time we were stark naked in the laundry doing some washing and utilising the dryer. We were having a splendid time until Slob began abusing the hippies. Alison moved quickly to steer Slob into the laundry for his turn at the washing machine. He was naked but he was still abusive. Next thing you know, Cookie is in an argument with some meathead surfer who has been looking for an excuse to punch somebody for about a week now. The 're pushing each other backwards and forwards across the kitchen when Slob emerges, still naked, to throw his iron wit around. None of our fellow party-goers can really appreciate his disruptionist ideology and by the time the meathead surfer has laid out Cookie, two of his girlfriends have Slob by the throat and are dragging him down the hallway to throw him off the patio and into the rosebushes.

We withdraw to Vince, the Beast carrying Cookie and Ralph assisting Slob. Jenny and Alison want assurances that they won't get killed at the next party. Anyway, it is a much more mellow affair with plenty of reggae music and pleasant people. Cookie and Slob console themselves by rummaging through the back of Vince until they find the whipped cream dispenser and nitrous bulbs. Pretty soon they are giggling at their own stupidity.

Next thing you know we are huddled on the beach watching the dawn and there are some magnificent sets rolling in. We must go down to the sea again, as naked as the day we were born. Banzai bodysurfing: waiting until we feel the suck of the wave and then we are caught in its power, chewed up and spat out but managing to just stay on the crest and gliding to a halt twenty metres away.

After a few hours of this we cruise downtown and Ralph and Slob leap out at the lights. We find Ralph outside the pie shop with three pies in a bag and one in his mouth and Slob down the back of the Paragon Cafe halfway through a Burger with the Works. After coffee everyone is sparking again so we cruise up to Maleny, listen to the lyre birds, go swimming in mountain streams. Lack of sleep and cocaine psychosis start Alison and then Cookie worrying about bunyips that might just be inhabiting these pools. The Beast arises from the bottom of the pool covered in mud and weeds doing a creditable impersonation of a bunyip. He wanders downstream hoping to interfere with tourists. Alison and Jenny climb trees and refuse to come down until there is more coke. Luckily the Beast returns having devoured a couple of day-trippers and everyone gets wired again.

Then we hit the Mountainview Hotel for OP rums with beer chasers but as if a clear view of fifty clicks of coastline isn't enough, the new management have put Sky channel in the front bar and it is spewing forth a mess of cheap yankee bullshit - cop shows, car chases, gridiron and baseball. Baseball, for crying out loud, whatever happened to cricket, you bastards? All over the world the giant video screens are breeding and screening an inescapable message to everything this side of Mars: Don't even think about it... America is in control.

The sun was setting as we headed back down the highway, everyone reflective, deep in intensive conversation. The contradictions arise. We want to change the world to a fairer, more pleasant place and all week long we battle in various ways to do that, but late Sunday night you are allowed to question why we bother? When the progressive political party is in control and bending over forwards to invite the corporations to control us and when people lap it all up, why do we bother?

"Nuke them from orbit then piss off quick," is Cookie's strategy but Slob has something better: "What we need is a killer disease that attacks the ruling class and leaves everyone else alone - The Fascist Instant Death Syndrome - FIDS - how about that?"

We were back in Brisbane in time for the thrash gig at the Anarchist Cafe and then Jenny and I went home via the sauna in the unit block down the road. We had a big joint in bed and went to sleep smiling.



GRAPHIC: MICHAEL BARNETT

It wasn't last Christmas, but the Christmas before that that we made ourselves sick on fish. I remember it was hot.

I know it's always hot, but that time it was really hot. The sort of heat where walking outside is like wading through soup, and the streets are so bright and the grass is so dry and the cicadas are so loud you can hardly be bothered living. I love it when it's like that.

Anyway, that's the sort of heat it was two Christmases ago. We went up to the airport to pick up a crate of seafood from Cairns. Not from a nice, cool, air-conditioned lounge, instead, the parcel pick-up was a tin shed right on the edge of a steaming tarmac.

There was only a couple of slow fans in that shed; I won't count the portable air-conditioner with the pieces of coloured plastic streaming from it since it was in the office and nowhere near the cargo. This might have contributed to the state of the fish later on, but I can't be sure since the crate was cold when I put my arms around it to take it to the car.

Perhaps it was our fault, seeing we took such a long time to get home.

We stopped at a couple of places to pick things up. At first we went to one of those big shopping complexes. The crate was in the boot - not the coolest place in the world, I grant you, but it didn't worry me at the time because it was parked undercover and near the door so it got the full blast of freezing cold air every time it opened. You could almost see the cold pushing the heat back.

Shopping centres are funny that way. Walking into one is like walking into another dimension. The first few steps are always bliss. The air lifts, the weight falls away from your lungs and the slimy feeling on your skin evaporates. This doesn't last long of course, and you begin to believe that some moron must have come in, dying from the heat and turned the temperature down to icy. After about half an hour of this we knew we had to get outside. But don't ever think that would be a relief.

Tom's wife is a municipal librarian and Tom goes to the library when she works the evening shift alone. He goes to keep her company. Mainly, he goes to keep her safe. At the shopping centre, a kilometre away, there was a rape in the carpark during Thursday night shopping. The library itself had two flashers in six months. A youth exposed himself to a young girl in the children's section.

As a child, Tom read a lot of books. His reading standard was very good for his age. If you believed his mother he was almost a prodigy. In fourth grade Tom was reading some of the books from the adult section. He advanced steadily and by fourteen or fifteen he was reading difficult classics. Then, with the changing demands and interests of growing up, he largely forgot serious reading.

On his first visit to the library Tom felt a chasm between what had changed and what had not, yet both were intimately present. His wife was busy when he arrived. They said hello with a quick smile and a wave. Tom slid his briefcase behind the counter and turned away. In ten years he had not looked closely around a suburban library. It looked the same. Tom walked over and sat at a reading table and glanced at the magazines spread on top. He lifted and dropped a few. He looked across the room at his wife working unaware of his gaze, checking out books for a borrower. She seemed far away. Who was she? How did he get a wife? How did the time pass? Tom knew and he did not know.

He stood and began to browse the shelves. There were so many rows. Which one should he pull a book from? Tom had read little but technical books and newspapers for a decade. Impulsively he pulled out three or four books of poetry. He flicked through pages and pages of verse. When he stopped to read it, it was too hard. He had no patience. Tom had lost the feeling that he had enough time. He pushed the books back onto the shelves and looked around. He thought of all those books and the lack of time to read them. Tom began to feel strange and jittery. He wanted to look at every book. He could not stand the books on the edge of his vision. No matter which book he looked at, the rest tugged at his eyes from every direction.

Drawing a hand over his eyes Tom pressed his temples, took a deep breath and walked back to the reading chair. A florid gentleman was sitting opposite. His head was tilted forward and he was breathing deeping and calmly. There was no book in his lap. He was asleep. Two children in the next aisle were chattering in hushed, excited voices. Across the library a middle-aged matron was taking her leave. She was halfway between the counter and the door, talking to Tom's wife in a loud, confident, proprietary voice. Sliding deeper in the chair, Tom stared under his eyebrows at the small of her back. He was still staring, at nothing, well after she was gone.

Glancing sideways he noticed a short set of shelves. The books were about mysticism and the paranormal. This looked more manageable. Tom had a firm opinion about mysticism and the paranormal. Standing, he flipped through the loosely shelved books one by one.

As he read the titles he repeated to himself, "Bullshit... bullshit... bullshit..."

Imagine someone turning a floodlight full onto your face while a hot, heavy blanket is thrown onto you and you'll get some idea of what it's like. And of course if jumping from freezer to furnace is no good for a human it definitely is no good for a fish.

We didn't go straight home after that. We had to pick up some fruit at another place about fifteen minutes drive away.

The car seemed cool enough, but only once we got the speed up. All the air-conditioner consists of is a couple of vents that blow hot air off the engine, so we always had to drive with all the windows open. It's always worth doing that, even if it means hurtling along at ninety with your hair blowing in your mouth just to get some relief.

I'd forgotten the crate by this time anyway, and by the time we got to the fruit market I was too worried about the red-faced Santa walking down the main street to think about it. I'd always thought the poor guy must hate doing that job year after year, until at that moment I saw a bunch of kids calling to him from the back of a station wagon. He came up smiling and fumbling in his sack, and I realized as he put his arm through the front window and tossed some lollies to the kids in the back, that it might be worth wandering round in a heavy red suit with a bag of melted sweets just to have children run up and smile and say thank-you and all that. Then the bastard gave me one.

The seafood got home finally - amazingly still frozen solid. Mudcrab, prawns, Schnapper, Sweetlip, John Dory - all of it was packed into the deep freeze to get harder. All except one bloody great barramundi which turned out to be the culprit. He was left out to thaw.

I can see him now, lying on the sink, long and plump with his bottom lip stuck out like he was in a sulk. He looked quite fresh then, but it was such a hot afternoon.

I was sitting on the doorstep for most of it, with my legs splayed as far apart as I could get them - not the most lady-like position but great for catching the breeze. Of course, high

Then a title stopped his hand: "Life is real only then, when 'I am'". It had an off-beat feel of past and present. The author was G. I. Gurdjieff. It was a slim book. Inside the frontispiece was a black and white photograph of a man wearing a dark coat buttoned tight and a Russian fur cap. He had an imposing curled mustache. The caption read, "Arriving in New York, S.S. Paris, January 13, 1924".

A short quote from Gurdjieff, opposite the contents page, stated his works should not be read in any other than the correct order. The book in Tom's hand was Gurdjieff's last. The series title of his earlier works was "All and Everything". Tom looked on the shelf but there were no titles form the series. Then he checked the author catalogue and found a single entry, "Gurdjieff, G. I. - Life is real only then, when 'I am'".

Returning to the reading chair Tom settled to peruse the book. The florid man was still asleep. The first section consisted of short, autobiographical paragraphs. Tom read a few at random. Gurdjieff wrote in a detached way about events he claimed had ruined his health and hindered his work. He referred to a "foolish" trip made on foot from Jerusalem to Russia during which his body had entertained the local "delicacies" such as Kurdistan Tzinga or scurvy and Armenian dysentery. He wrote without rancour about the anonymous White Russian or Red Russian rifleman who had "plunked" a bullet into him.

Bemused, Tom began to flick through the rest of the book. It seemed to consist of transcripts of speeches Gurdjieff had given to groups of his followers in America. One of his speeches had a lightly mocking sub-heading "delivered by me to a pretty rarefied assemblage". Tom scanned quickly and superficially. Gurdjieff was becoming a charming mystery; a mystery which Tom did not wish to dispel. He knew he did not want to find those earlier works even if they existed. Gurdjieff was taking shape in his imagination. This wry, self-styled mystic had slogged through central Europe on foot and sailed to America, to leave his teachings to an uninterested world. For who has heard of Gurdjieff?

The last page flipped past Tom's finger. He turned to the back cover. Who has heard of Gurdjieff? Here was a list of books by his disciples! "Teachings of Gurdjieff", "Further Teachings of Gurdjieff", "Toward Awakening - An Approach to the Teaching Left by Gurdjieff". Finally, with a piquant mix of mundane appropriateness and spiritual improbability, there was the best title, the piece de resistance, "Who Are You Monsieur Gurdjieff?"

Tom looked up. The clock showed five minutes to eight. The florid man was gone. The library felt empty. Tom's wife was hurrying around banging windows shut and turning out the lights. Two dawdlers waited at the counter to check out their books. Tom looked down, turning the book over and over in his hands. He knew Gurdjieff was just another huckster. His heart filled with the bitter conviction that all of it, the spiritual systems, the literature, philosophy, ethics, aesthetics, the whole wondrous collection sitting along the shelves was simply crystallised evidence of man's self-enclosing maze. He dropped the book. The light overhead went out. Tom stood and headed for the last pool of light.

summer isn't the time to worry about looking presentable. My mother spends most of the time walking round with her arms up like someone has a gun to her back, and I've seen people wandering the streets in their underwear. Not a pretty sight, I know, but at that time of year you're disinclined to let it bother you, and anyway you don't need things like that to turn your stomach when a fish can do it for you.

Now, I'm not normally a very active person so I didn't pay much attention to a few sore joints and muscles, nor did I listen when my sister complained of the same thing, as well as my Dad and Mum. But we sat up and took notice when the cat started wobbling.

When a cat, who eats your leftovers including bits of a delicious, succulent barramundi grilled in butter and served with tartar sauce, tomatoes and a mound of coleslaw starts wobbling, you know it's time to worry.

God know what it was exactly, a mild offness perhaps, or maybe something already in the fish before we dragged him on a shopping spree in the searing heat. Anyway, it didn't really matter since the curse of the barratuesdi ended after a few sleepless nights - when I thought my legs would explode - and a trip to the vet.

Funnily enough, despite all that, I always think of that fish as being amongst the best I've ever tasted. In fact it's come close to being a Christmas tradition to make myself sick on something - just like it's a tradition to lie around in the 40 degree shade and complain about the weather, and how you wished it was winter when you didn't have to take three showers a day or try to get to sleep in an oven and how you hate Christmas.

WHO ARE YOU, MONSIEUR GURDJIEFF?

Rowan Pryor

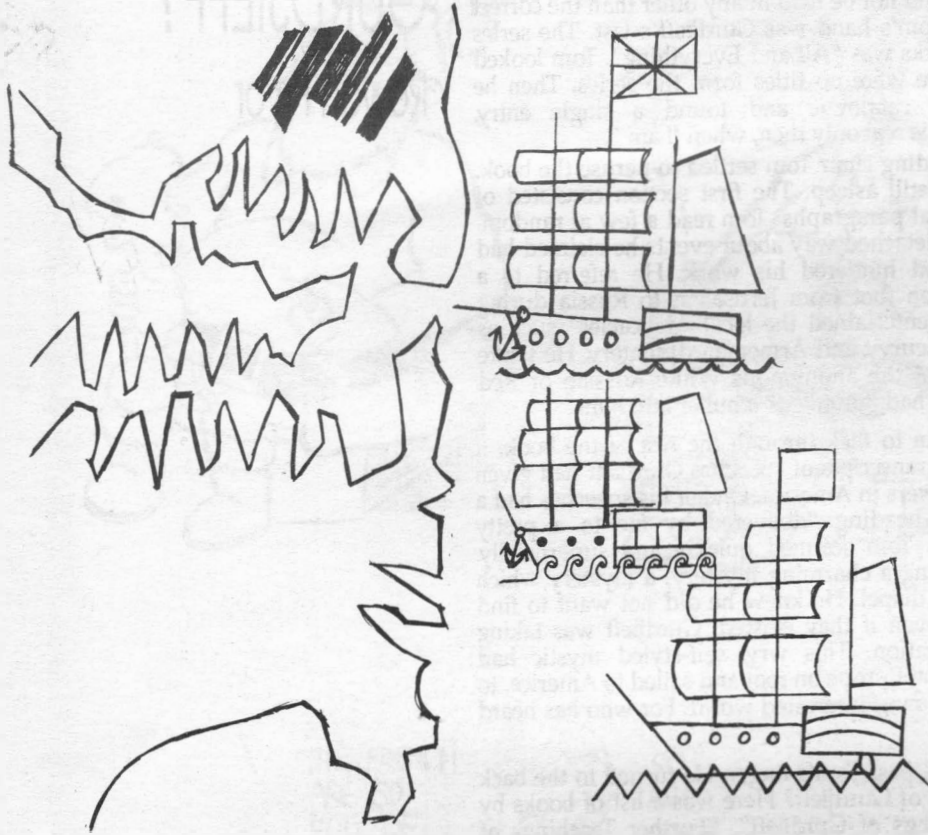
HOLIDAY HOT FISH RITUAL

Barbara Jones



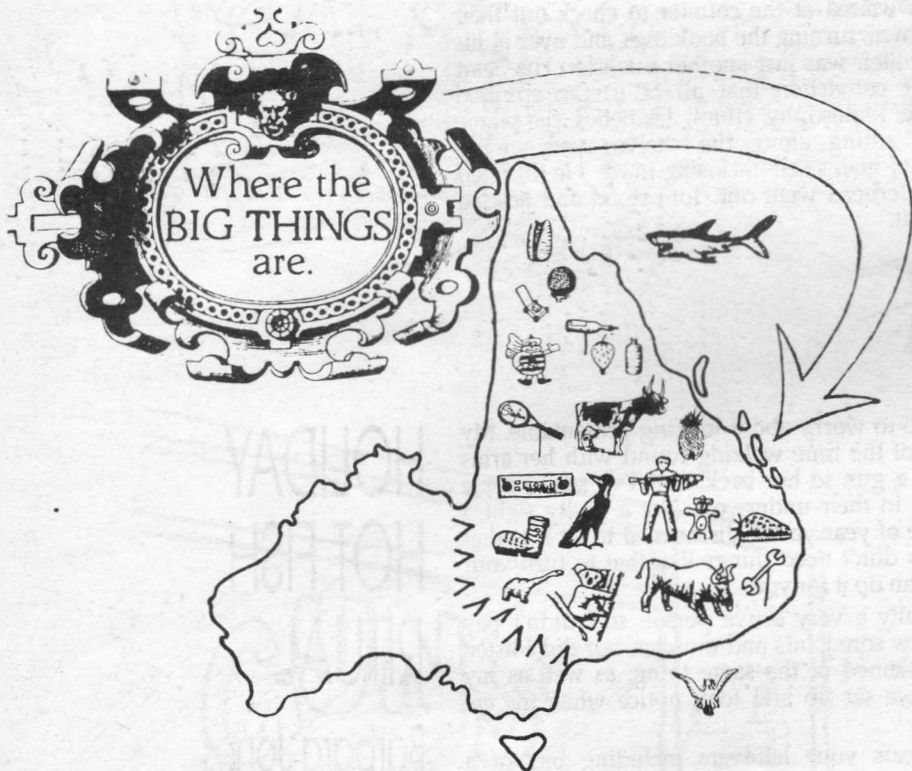
The Cane Toad Times Christmas, Easter, End of Season,
Expo, Bicentennial
Summer Clearance

New Year, Election,
and TorsoShirt Sale



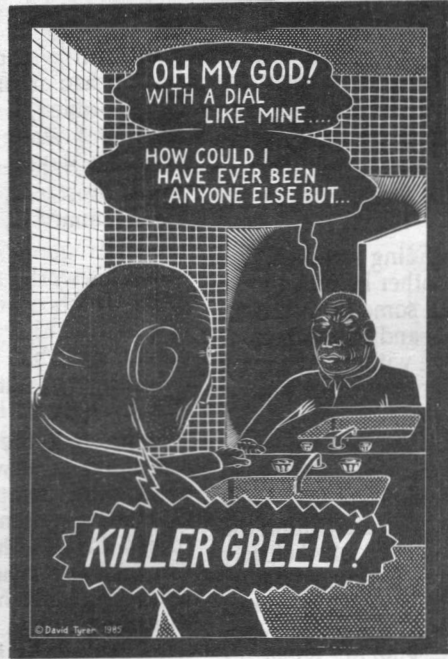
BICENTENNIAL

The mastication of the nation. 200 yrs old and still not getting it right. Australia. What it is. Look at it. The CTT's birthday gift to the nation.



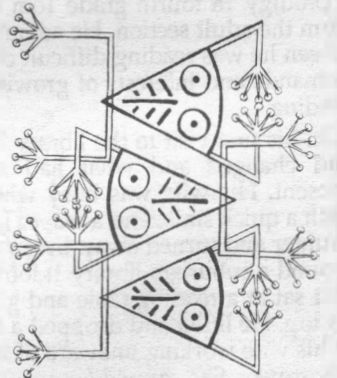
BIG THINGS

Larger than life. Stranger than fiction. Big Things dominate the landscape in Queensland and are set to take over all over this great country of ours. The TorsoShirt of the phenomenon.



KILLER GREELY

An outcast of society and the state system that framed him. A bigger anti-hero than anybody! The Killer Greely Torso Shirt shows that with a dial like that, you could only have been Killer Greely!



CTT LOGO

Exactly the same design that appeared on the ultra-successful Cane Toad Perspiration shirt. This shirt says you're a Toad supporter, and proud of it!

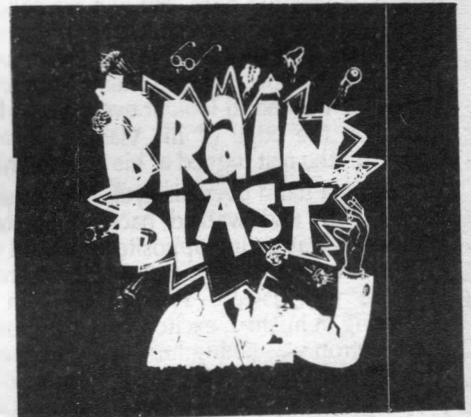
أنا لست أمريكية
I am not American

I AM NOT AMERICAN

Things aren't what they used to be on International Airlines.

No longer can you expect a friendly subservience from foreigners. They're more likely to put a hand grenade in your luggage. Especially if you're an American, or even look like one.

The cheapest life insurance available. Male and female versions available. The most thoughtful gift you can give to a friend about to travel overseas or inter-suburb.



BRAIN BLAST

Sydney is a dirty dirty city. Brain Blast, is a dirty dirty video.

The TorsoShirt of the video of the movie. Remember, the Human Mind is a Powerful Thang!



LE CROQ SPORTIF

This TorsoShirt has been proven in some university tests to be the most effective protection against crocodile attacks.

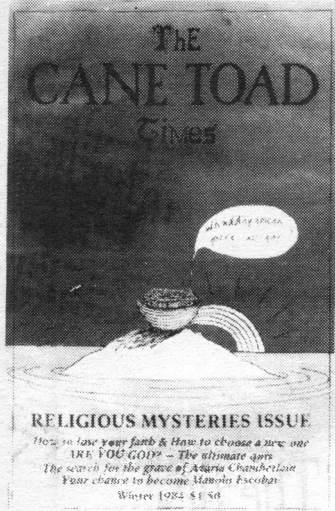
So if you're planning a northern tour this bicentennial or even if you just go past a sewer in your town, Le Croq Sportif is a fashion and living must.



EXPO '88

It's one big party for one big National Party. Only not everyone's invited. Especially you, scumbag. So here's your own personal invitation from the CTT.

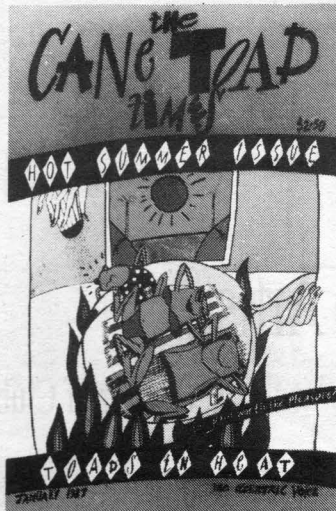
Cane toad torso shirts
one for \$14 two for \$26 three for \$35
(includes postage) 10% discount to CTT subs.



#2 Religious Mysteries



#5 Death and Style



#7 Toad in Heat



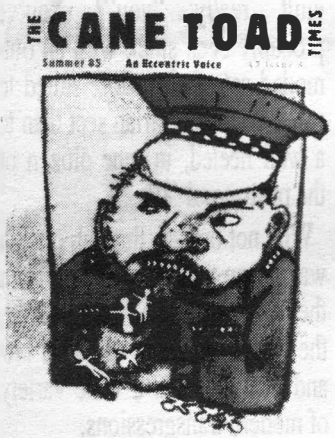
#3 Sex, Leisure and Technology



#6 Science Fiction and the Family



#8 Cars and Romance



#4 Food and Corruption

back issues

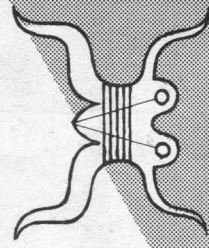
Are you afraid that even as you read this, some bastard is breaking into your house with the express purpose of ripping off all your back issues of the CTT?

Well, it's not the first time that this has happened, and it surely won't be the last. But don't worry! The CTT has an insurance policy that you can get from no other underwriters! It covers theft, destruction, and the horrible charring that occurs after fires, AND they're only \$2.50 each, or all seven for \$12.50.

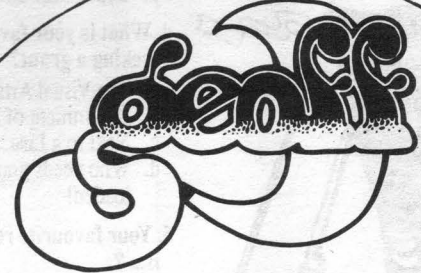
These high quality originals are not just cheap remanufactured issues from the sweaty shops of Brazil. Honest! All 100% Australian made in Gympie and Poetry eliminated, tailored to fit neatly into your existing collection, even if you haven't got one. Be warned - stocks of #2 and #8 are running low. Act now before it's too late.

BACK ISSUES
ACCESSORIES
\$2.50 each

Toad



SELL



Live at the 1988 Adelaide Festival Fringe
21-27 March at the Little Sisters Cabaret
18-21 March at venues to be announced
Check the Fringe Program in the Adelaide
Advertiser on 23 January

"Playing the best
of the worst
of 70s music"

Videos

HOUND OF MUSIC VIDEO

We had a dream. And the dream was to have a video version of the musical comedy of the century ready for your purchase early in 1987.

Now we know that December isn't the first, or even the second month of the year, but now is the summer of our discount tents, and (fanfare) The Hound of Music video is finally available!

Yes! Yes! Yes! 120 minutes and more of all your favourite all time singing and all dancing fools sending up the Sound of Music, Werewolves and Midnight Oil. \$20 mins.

THE QUEENSLAND TAPES

What does go on north of the Banana Curtain? Find out now with this triple play video that includes:

BIG THINGS, all you ever wanted to know about the place of gigantism in Queensland... the theories, the Things, the Sites. Featuring the Big Things Song.

EXPO SCHMEXPO, a cutting expose on an event that promises to be the

financial disaster of the Bicentennial, with Gerry Connolly as the voice over.

4ZZZ-FM The Movie. Panned by critics the world over as the worst movie ever made, 4ZZZ FM the Movie is a gritty and at times personal look at Australia's first subscriber-based FM rock station.

PLUS! Bonus rock clips "Priority One Pigs Bum" and "Pig City". 2 hrs.

BRAIN BLAST

Sydney is a dirty, dirty city, and Brainblast is a dirty, dirty video.

Producer Clifford Clawback, infamous for his previous works "Hits", "Big Things" and "Pig City", now digs below the surface of Australia's biggest city to bring you the seedier side of sex, drugs, big business, the CIA and rock and roll.

Includes incisive acting roles from Steven Herrick, Lisa Jane Stockwell, John Kennedy and the Craven Fops. 75 mins.

CANE TOAD VIDEOS
ONLY \$37 for one,
\$70 for two or an
incredible \$99 for all
three

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PHOTOCOPY THIS FORM, FILL IT OUT AND SEND IT IN NOW



Are you a Video Artist?

or how hip are you to hop onto the dancefloor of Club Semiobabble?

- Where do you study video artistry?
 - The Institute of Modern Access
 - Contemporary Art Institute
 - Swinburne Video Space
 - Modern Artspace Access Institute
- Have you been to Japan?
 - Yes, my dad was there in 1946
 - No, but Shintaro is my hero
 - I am Japanese
 - Japan is everywhere
- What is the State of the Art?
 - Ah, you know, ah whatsit, its made by Sony I think, ah.....
 - A TV program axed by David Hill
 - Fairlight CVI
 - South Australia
- What is your favourite place for seeking a grant?
 - The Visual Arts Bored
 - Department of Social Security
 - Next to a Lisa
 - Who needs grants, daddy is loaded!
- Your favourite reading material is...?
 - Art and Text
 - Third Degree
 - The Melbourne Truth - just for the film reviews
 - I don't read words only images
- You like to wear...?
 - Op shop only
 - Flanelette Shirts
 - Underpants on the outside of your jeans
 - Anything as long as it is black
- Your fave band is...?
 - Yoko Ono
 - New Age Harmony Tapes
 - Cold Chisel (when no one else is around).
 - Whatever NME says is good, but I wish Lester Bangs was still

around, because he really understood the blah, blah, blah, blah, blah.

- When you find that your lover has been watching Rock'n'Roll Wrestling while you've been hunched over the Fairlight, what do you do?
 - Admit a semiotic appreciation for the form, quote Barthes
 - Give them an Atomic Drop
 - End the relationship, move to Melbourne for the weather, buy a duffle coat and write futurist manifestos
 - It doesn't matter, you're already tortured inside.
- There is the chance of Bicentennial Grant, an inner voice tells you...?
 - I can't take it
 - If I don't do it, someone else will
 - Maybe I can make a documentary about white injustice to make up for it
 - Sure, no problems
- Your best audience reaction was...?
 - All three said it was fabulously incomprehensible
 - Lots of deconstructive criticism
 - Audience? What audience? I'm a purist
 - You want to see the video I made of them?

11. You are broke and starving.

What do you do?

- Feel authentic
- feel embarrassed because you finally realize how bogus you are
- Believe you're suffering for the truth
- Video a wedding

Scores

- a = 5 points
b = 10 points
c = 15 points
d = 20 points

Rating

- 200 - 150 You are a big enough bastard to be a video artist. Don't lift a finger unless you they are paying you \$200 an hour.
- 150 - 100 You really need to work on your image - get a few Tech-head magazines and memorize some bullshit
- 100 - 50 Perhaps you would be better off getting into a trade training program
- 50 - 0 You are essentially an honest and hard working person with a clear idea of your own capabilities, basically too nice a person to be even aware of Video Artistes. We're sorry for bringing it up.

The de-regulated 24-hour summer seven deadly sins supermarket

Sure you feel guilty, but is that guilt really "you"? You've probably been stuck with an out-moded set of sins more suited to some ancient agrarian sect than to a well heeled, in tune citizen of the post-moral '80s.

Why not browse through our sin warehouse today and choose from the possibilities. Our range covers the classic breaches of moral law and also includes a wide variety of modern transgressions.

Commit yourself now to seven deadly sins suited to your special needs.

The sins

Abstinence, Acne, Addiction, Advertising, Ageing, Anger, Angst

Anorexia, Anxiety, Avarice, Bad dressing, Cellulite, Changing lanes without indicating, Christianity

Copper enamelling, Dobbing, Entropy, Envy, Failing, Farting, Fooling Around

Gluttony, Golf, Hat driving, Leaving the lid off, Lust, Mediocrity, Naivety.

Optimism, Over Intellectualizing, Paranoia, Performance art, Pissing on the seat, Plaque, Poetry

Premature ejaculation, Procreation, Pride, Reading the Daily Sun, Scientology, Squeezing the toothpaste from the middle, Stress.

Sloth, Transactional Analysis, Vanity, Watching "It's a Knock-out", Wearing underpants straight from the shop without washing them, Wimping, Wiping snot on theatre seats

What are you afraid of?

Whooooo000000... eeeeeeeeee... ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Really scary huh, girls and boys? Yes, now is the time to be afraid, be very afraid, of things that go bump in the night, fly into your mouth or occur because you, or your ex-friends, didn't really know the extent of your Angoraphobia, Magnetosfear, or Rippleosis.

Of course, if you have a bad case of Listophobia, you wouldn't even be looking at this. But even the CTT overcame its Ensfeare to get this issue to print, so if you're a little confused as to what you're really afraid of, run a trepidatious eye over this list and then try to claim it on your health insurance. Good luck! We have nothing to fear but these fears themselves.

Stratosfear Fear of Fender Stratocaster guitars

Ecosfear Fear of hearing your own voice

Thermosfear Fear of picnics

Aerosfear Fear of nothing

Hydrosfear Fear of Tasmanian rednecks

Ozonosfear Fear of aerosols

Magnetosfear Fear of attraction or the worry in being close

Ensfeare Fear of small bits of print

Biosfear Fear of autobiographers

Trophosfear Fear of winning trophies

Bathysfear Fear of deep baths

Lithosfear Fear of lithographs and etchings up at their place

Hemisfear Fear of Valiants

Atmosfear Fear of damp rocks

ListoPhobia Fear of reading lists like this

JingoPhobia Fear of John Singleton

AggroPhobia Fear of puppets

Copanoia Fear of police corruption

NecroPhobia Fear of Necks

NegroPhobia Fear of Bill Cosby

TriskaidekaPhobia Fear of the number 13

Claustrophobia Fear of the S.S.

PyroPhobia Fear of oven-proof cookware

AgoraPhobia Fear of bulls

AngoraPhobia Fear of sweaters

XenoPhobia Fear of flourescent lights

AngloPhobia Fear of fisherperso

HydroPhobia Fear of sudden death on Sydney Harbour

PhagoPhobia Fear of cigarettes

AquaPhobia Fear of the sound of ducks

AstraPhobia Fear of margarine

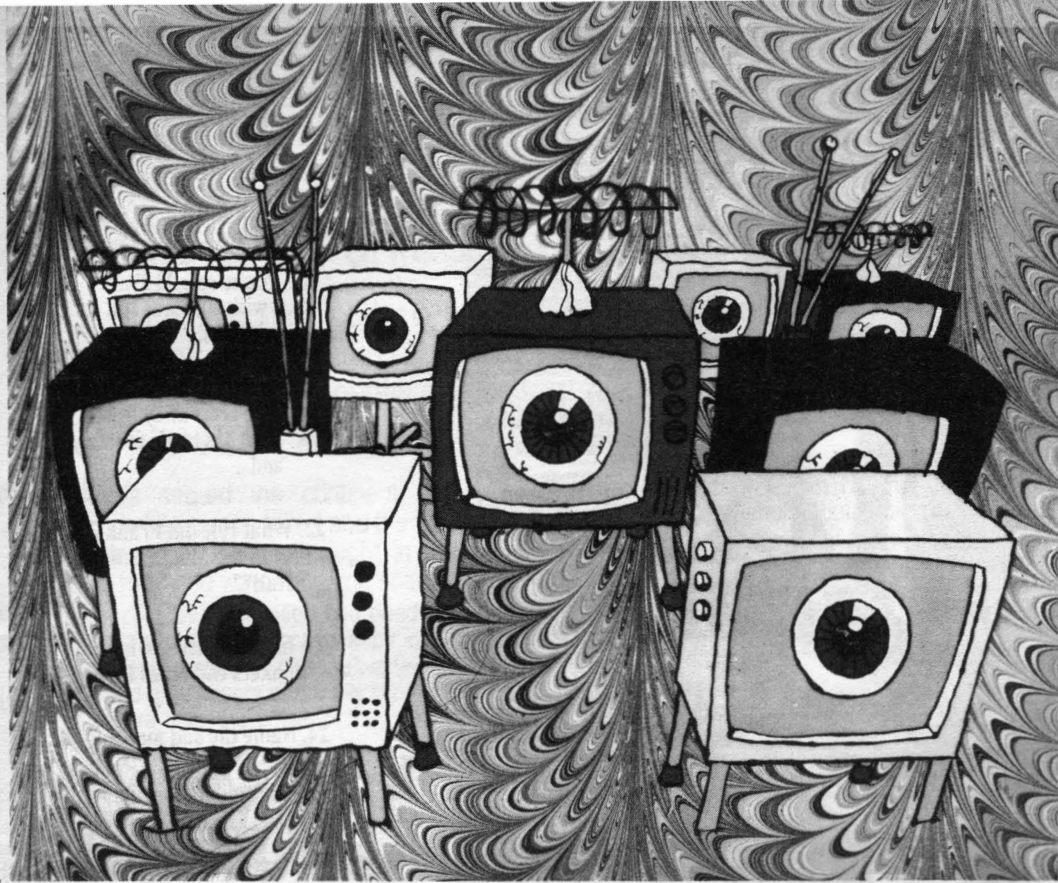
PhotoPhobia Fear of papparazi esp Sean Penn

ArachniPhobia Fear of being caught torturing insects

HomerPhobia Fear of poets

ROCKINGHORSE

THE BEST RECORDSHOP FOR MILES
IMPORT/INDEPENDENT SPECIALIST
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GRAPHIC: DAMIEN LEDWICH

What's New On Video

with Jean E. La Mort

Well, it's the Summer Holiday Silly Season again and no doubt a lot of you will be covered in insect repellent and curled up around the air-conditioner checking out the latest crop of video releases.

Of course, you've probably already amazed your friends with your fabulous collection of Cane Toad Videos which you've already purchased from the incredible ToadSell pages, but in your schlock-horror pursuit of visual pleasures there's always room for more, n'est ce pas? So here's a list of the New Seasons vids, rated ★ to ★★★★★.

Dr Ghouls Chamber of Really Icky Stuff ★

Blood on the Toilet Paper ★★★★★

Skipper, Devil dog from Hell You'll never buy dog food again!
★★★★★

Nightmare on George St ★★★★★

Don't Look Around, Or Over That Way Paranoia explored ★★

Night of the Living Carsalespersons Moorooka's Magic Mile Of Murders ★★

Extremely Loud Suits Frightening Sounds Of American Tourists ★

Frankstein's Scarf Cravat Emptor ★

Death in a Small Italian Town quite near a Really Scary Place ★

Sarcoma, Texas Something deadly glows this way ★★

Shadowy Farts The Smells of Excess ★★

Scungy Dags From Out of Town ★

Exorcets 2 The Burning ★★

Spiders from the Back Yard They're out there now ★★

The Hypermarket Strain ★★

The Guy in a White Suit with a Drill ★★

Blood and pain ★★

Root canals ★★★★★

Fear Eats the Underpants ★

Frightened by Tupperware Surburban party goes horribly wrong ★★

Brainblast Sydney is a dirty, dirty city and Brain blast is a genuine dirty, dirty video, see merchandising pages ★★★★★

Curse of The Mummy's Tripe An apres dinner nightmare ★★

Weird Lumps Rated DO ★

Really Friendly Rats The nicest bunch of rodents you'll ever meet ★

Graveyard Shift The most frightening thing in this movie is the announcer ★

Max Croft's Crypt Homypeds from hell ★★★★★

Steam Trains and Naked People Two perversions in one ★★

The Petrovs Russian tragi-comedy AKA Don't Step In the Gulag ★

The North vs The South vs The East vs The West vs The Bits Inbetween A mega mini series ★

Tammy Bakker's Rugby Song Book You won't believe your ears ★★★★★

Dracula! Last Blood 2 An AIDS victim tells ★

Kill Me Seriously Again and Again ★★

Jane Fonda's Workout Tapeworms These'll put stretch marks in your adrenal glands ★★

Suck My Brains Right Out ★★

The Ooze That Doesn't Smell Too Bad It cures warts too ★

A Man, A Woman, A Child And A Really Big Knife Guess what happens ★

It Survives! Really quite well on the money It makes ★★

Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga ★

Ciguartera! Monster Smoking Fish from Japan ★★

White Shoes White Death A twosome of terrible porportions ★★

The Silly Zombies The undead who drank too much ★

Queensland Hat Drivers ★★★★★

Blood Sucking Poets ★★★★★

The Thing in the Fridge It just won't go away ★★★★★

Stuff on my Ripplesoles ★★★★★

Large Bits of Flesh on the Table ★

The Hospital Nobody Ever Disappears From Unbelievable plot ★

Trapped by Morons On Tour with Bon Jovi ★★★★★

The Motel Where Nobody Ever Gets Sliced Up The tariff is murder ★

Chunky Bits In Your Hanky Kiss your lungs goodnight ★★★★★

Minister of Death Beware the parson's nose ★★

Bindi's Revenge Ouch! Ouch! ★★

Eat My Brains With Relish Or a white wine sauce ★★

A Bagfull Of Sick And that's before the movie even starts ★★★★★

Werewolves On Heat The hairy people who hate summer ★★

The Scary Blond-Haired Blue-Eyed Children ★

Ratings: DO (Doctors Only)

Win a Cane Toad Times subscription! All you have to do is send a stamped, self addressed envelope telling us which one of these movies is for real. Apart from Brainblast, that is.

Toad



TESTS



They said you'd never make it...

They were right

Gary Hart

Too much jiggy-jiggy

Cloudland, Bellevue Hotel

Jackhammers in the Night

Space Shuttle

Good ol' American know-how

Ginger Meadows, Beryl Wruck, Kate McQuarrie

Saving the crocs from starvation

Barlow and Chambers

It's t-shirts for my Aunty, honest!

Jane Singleton

Honest! You can have my Aunty t-shirts.

The Queensland Cricket Team

The Sheffield what?

Brisbane Olympics

Almost, but they spelt it Barcelona.

Jim Morrison, Sid Vicious, et al

Sex & Drugs & no Rock'n'Roll no more.

Rasputin The Musical

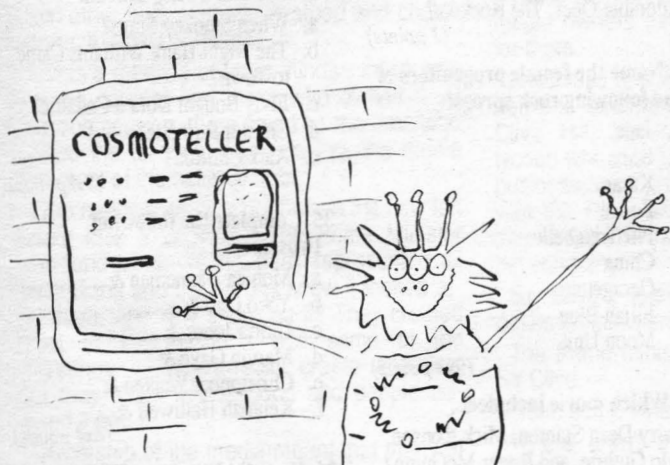
Even \$3million won't help a stiff.

Geoffrey and Leanne Edelsten

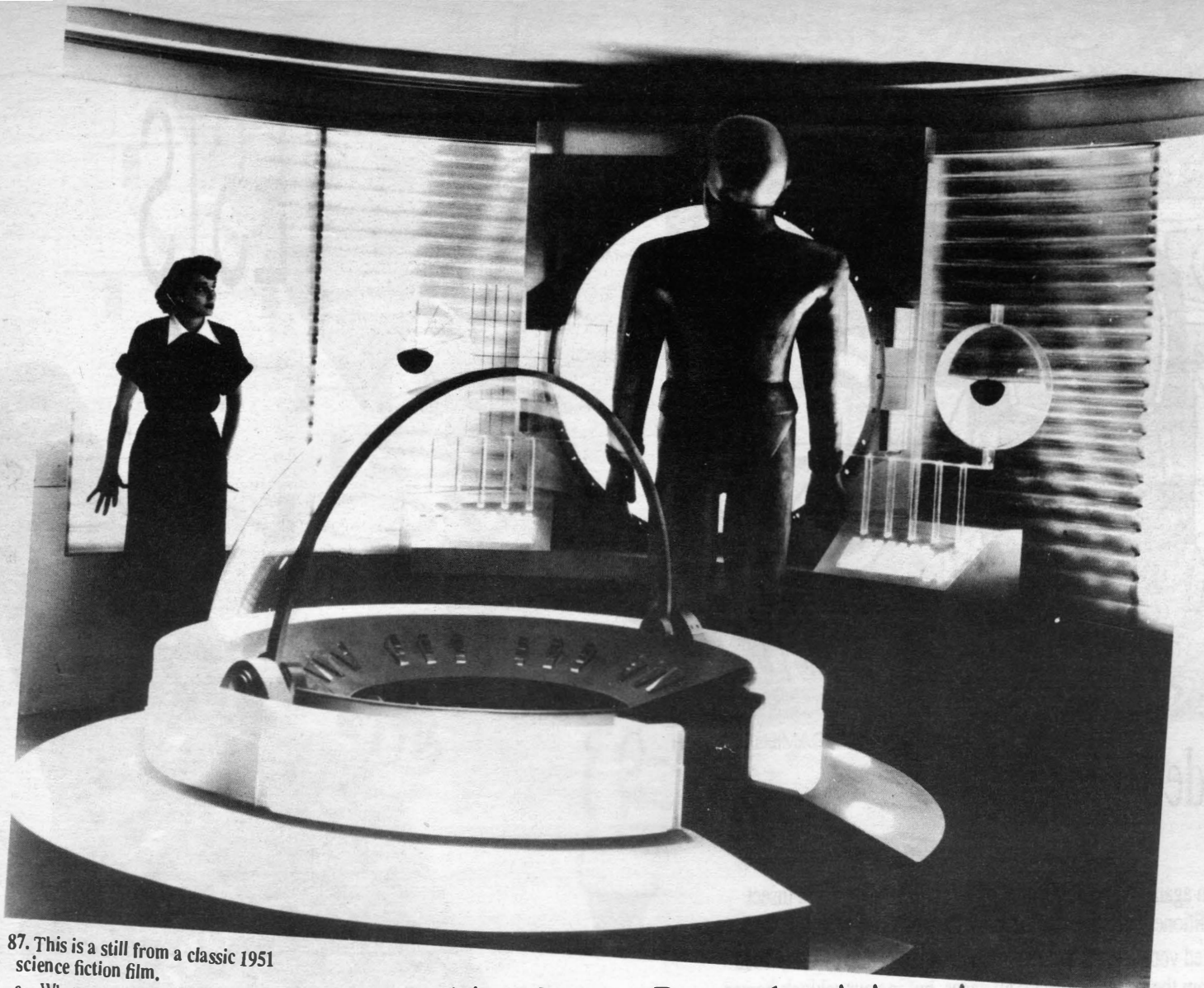
Is there a Doctor in the Court?

Rex Jackson

If only I could buy my way outta here.



In another possible world there are automatic tellers which confiscate your card but you are happy.



87. This is a still from a classic 1951 science fiction film.
 a. What was its name?
 b. Name three of the stars.
 c. What's the name of the robot?
 d. Name the director.
 (1, 2, 3, 4 points)

Rocking Horse Records trivia quiz

If you know the answers to questions like "Who had an album or song called Swordfish Trombones?" then this lucrative trivia quiz is for you. And even if you don't know the name of the cat in "Alien", don't you think it's time you found out?

First prize \$100 gift voucher from Rocking Horse Records. \$20 gift vouchers for the next 4 prize winners.

Answer all the questions that you can and send entries to Rocking Horse Records, 158 Adelaide St Brisbane, 4000, by 1st March 1988. The neatest top scorer will win. Winners and answers will be published in the CTT #10.

Compiled by Warwick Vere with big thanks to Greig Richardson, Peter Mason, Hazel Jerrard, Phil Berry, Rod McLeod and Shane Herbert.

1. What's so big about these bands?

- Shriekback
- Stan Ridgeway
- The Dead Milkmen
- Revolting Cocks
- Laurie Anderson
- Lets Active
- Hall and Oates
- The Band
- That Petrol Emotion
- The Models

(10x3 points)

Something Fishy This Way Comes Dept:

2. Who had an album or a song called...

- Swordfish Trombones?
- Banana Fishbones?
- Trout Mask Replica?
- Fishbone in your face?
- Fish below the Ice?
- The Mudshark?

(5x2 points)

3. Who referred to his own show as "the foulest show Jim Morrison never gave"?

(2 points)

4. In "Raising Arizona"...

- Name the quintuplets
- What bumper sticker is affixed to Glen E Dots car?

(2x2 points)

5. What did they share as a common inspiration? (not drowning)

Robert Wyatt's "Shipbuilding" and Split Enz's "Six Months in a Leaky Boat"

(3 points)

6. Who named their album...

- Frogs Krauts Clogs and Sprouts?
- Smell my Finger?
- Bless It's Pointed Little Head?
- Steve McQueen?

- We Hate You Sth. African Bastards?
- Take The Skinheads Bowling?
- The Revolution Will Not Be Televised?
- Mother Fist and Her Five Daughters?
- On the Seventh Day Petals Fell in Petamula?
- Smack my Crack?
- Ship Arriving Too Late to Save Drowned Witch?

(11x2 points)

7. What do these initials represent?

- W.O.M.A.D.
- T.S.O.P.
- T.S.O.L.
- M.D.C.
- D.A.F.
- T.I.S.M.
- F.A.T.
- P.W.E.I.
- D.R.I.

(9x2 points)

8. Who said "If you don't give me \$5,000,000 I'll be called home"?

(2 points)

Nice Pets Dept:

9. Who wrote and sang about "the Redback on the toilet seat"?

(4 points)

10. What was the name of the crocodile which bit it's 63 year-old owners arm off in North Qld?

(4 points)

11. Name the cat in...

- Alien
- Diva

(2x2 points)

12. What was notable about Clint Eastwood's Bulldog in "Sudden Impact"?

(2 points)

13. What common name was shared by the female victims in the Terminator?

(3 points)

14. What is the answer song to the following hits?

- Ruby don't take your love to town
- He'll have to go
- Papa don't preach
- The Wild Side of Life
- It's My Party

(5x2 points)

16. Who was Max Yasgur?

(3 points)

17. Complete the Bimbos:

Donna Rice, Jessica Hahn and...

(2 points)

18. What guitarist played in all of these bands?

The Hoodoo Gurus, The Johnny's, The Scientists, Love Rodeo, The Adorable Ones, The Rockets?

(3 points)

19. Name the female progenitors of the following rock sprogs:

- Jade
- Karis
- Karac
- Zowie
- Fifi Trixabelle
- China
- Georgette
- Elijah Blue
- Moon Unit

(9x3 points)

20. Which movie included...

Harry Dean Stanton, Mick Ronson, Arlo Guthrie, and Roger McGuinn?

(3 points)

21. Finish these lines:

- If I lay down the bottle...
- A man can be a drunk sometimes...

- You're so cold I'm...
- I wish coke was still cola and a joint was...
- She's acting single so I'm...
- Drop kick me Jesus through...
- Two beers away from...
- Take this bottle from my hand and...

(8x3 points)

22. What role did Frank Zappa Play in the Monkees movie "Head"?

(3 points)

23. In whose head of hair did the Monkees end up as Dandruff?

(3 points)

24. Name the odd man out and why:

Buddy Holly, Stevie Ray Vaughan, Omette Coleman, Elvis Presley, T-Bone Walker and Willie Nelson.

(3 points)

25. The 20th anniversary party in "Come back to the five and dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" was set in which year?

(2 points)

26. ...and what was Cissy's big secret?

(2 points)

27. Which well known musical groups formed out of the following?

- The Brucelanders
- Mr & Mrs Non-Smoking Sign
- Golliwogs
- Kid Gallahad and the Etemals
- Nips and the Nipple Erectors
- The High Numbers
- The Iguanas

(7x2 points)

28. Name two famous figures who, in the words of the songs "never made it to Darwin", and who told their stories?

(2x3 points)

29. What common project featured...

Ryuichi Sakamoto, Ginger Baker, John Lydon and Steve Vai?

(3 points)

30. What movie was made about the exploits of Charles Starkweather and Carol Fugate?

(4 points)

31. Give the address of Hitsville USA- the Home of Motown.

(4 points)

32. Who sang these lines:

- I am on fire and it's the rainy season
- Pick me up on your way down
- Hello goodbye
- Say hello wave goodbye
- I'm so hot for her but she's so cold
- I'm hers she's mine
- You're right, I'm left, she's gone
- I can't stand up for falling down

(8x2 points)

34. Who had a song called...

- When Smokey Sings?
- The Night Hank Williams Came to Town?
- Elvis Bought Dora a Cadillac?
- Chester Burnette?
- Alex Chillton?

(5x2 points)

35. Complete the following twosomes:

- Monica Danneman & ...
- Yoko Ono & ...
- Gloria Jones & ...
- Marvin Gaye & ...
- Christopher Walken & ...
- Kenneth Halliwell & ...

(6x4 points)

36. How did Elliot lure ET into the house?

(3 points)

37. Who was Belinda Carlisle's famous father-in-law?

(2 points)



88. Pictured above is a big star of the early 60s in happier times. Recently she was forcibly removed from a US commercial flight for refusing to extinguish her cigarette.

- What is her name?
- Name four of her hits

(2, 4 points)

38. What have Martin Sheen, Anthony Quinn, and Matt Dillon have in common? (3 points)

39. When Ripley awakes at the beginning of Aliens, how long has she been sleeping around the Cosmos? (4 points)

40. In what movie do the following songs appear?
 a. Blue Moon
 b. Tennessee Waltz
 c. Spring Rain
 d. My Way
 e. Surfin' Bird
 f. Bela Lugosi's Dead
 g. School's Out
 h. Goo Goo Muck
 i. In Dreams
 j. I Put A Spell On You
 k. Buffalo Girls
 l. Sincerely
 m. Pablo Picasso
 n. Memo From Turner
 o. Pretty In Pink (15x2 points)

41. Name The Million Dollar Quartet. (3 points)

42. In What Movies Do The Following Appear in Drag?
 a. Julie Andrews
 b. Tony Curtis
 c. Linda Hunt
 d. Dianna Rigg
 e. Alistair Sim
 f. Roman Polanski
 g. Lassie
 h. Rod Steiger (8x2 points)

43. What do Jim Morrison, Chopin, Balzac and Oscar Wilde have in common, apart from being dead? (4 points)

44. What was Ronald Reagan's first job? (2 points)

45. In David Byrne's True Stories...
 a. What town was the setting?
 b. What was the theme of the town's festival? (2x2 points)

46. What was the name of Dennis Hopper's blow up doll in River's Edge? (3 points)

47. Name the object always found in the tailpipe of Roger Ramjet's jet? (2 points)

48. Who are they really?
 a. L.L. Cool J.
 b. Lulu
 c. Billy Fury
 d. Joe Strummer
 e. Scott Walker
 f. Mantronix
 g. Patsy Cline
 h. Lemmy Motorhead (8x3 points)

49. What city does director John Waters refer to as the Beehive Capital of the World? (2 points)

50. What movie is "now showing" at Elmer Fishpaw's porno movie house in Polyester? (3 points)

51. Whose "Best Of" album was titled...
 a. Louder Than Bombs?
 b. Give me convenience or give me death?
 c. Shaved Fish?
 d. Waiting For Columbus?
 e. Off The Bone?
 f. Sucking in the Seventies? (6x2 points)

52. Which famous movie had the working title "A Boy's Life"? (2 points)

53. Which star on the set of what movie was popularly credited with the line...
 "Melbourne's a great place to make a movie about the end of the world"? (2 points)

54. Match the stars with the Oz movie they performed in:
 The Stars:
 a. Kirk Douglas
 b. Mick Jagger
 c. Jeremy Irons
 d. Matt Dillon
 e. Timothy Bottoms
 f. Robert Mitchum
 g. Stacey Keach
 h. Richard Chamberlain
 i. Liv Ullman
 j. Olivia Hussey
 k. Dennis Hopper
 The Movies:
 The Sundowners, The Last Wave, Ned Kelly, Mad Dog Morgan, High Rollin', Wild Duck, Turkey Shoot, Roadgames, Rebel, Man From Snowy River (11x2 points)

55. Who was/is?
 a. The Storyteller
 b. The Killer
 c. The Human Ashtray
 d. The California Kid
 e. The Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy
 f. No Show Jones
 g. Princess Tynmeat (not the band) (7x2 points)

56. In which movie was Gene Hackman "the best bugger on the west coast"? (2 points)

57. Name the band these women sang with:
 a. Penny Ward
 b. Annalise Morrow
 c. Julie Mostyn
 d. Angrie Pepper (4x2 points)

58. What was ironic about their last song?
 a. Marc Bolan
 b. Gene Vincent
 c. Lynyrd Skynard (3x2 points)

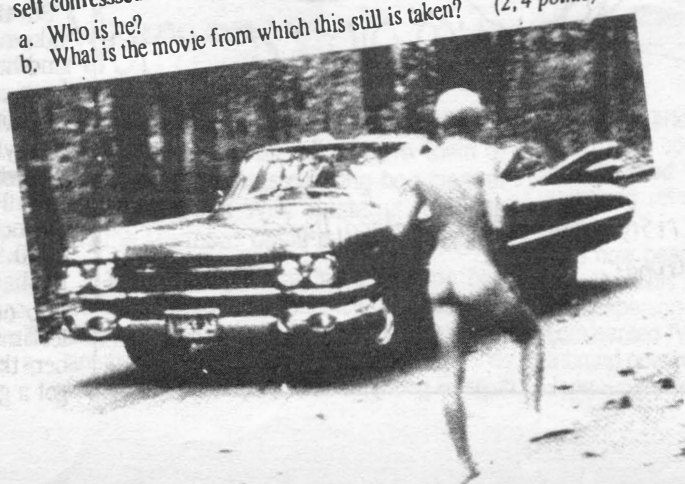
59. Which town or city do the following hail from?
 a. XTC
 b. Depeche Mode
 c. Spencer P Jones
 d. New Order
 e. Alex Chilton
 f. Clint Ruin (6x2 points)

60. The Saints made a guest appearance playing in a club in which famous TV series? (2 points)

61. In "Trilogy of Terror", name the doll monster which pursues Karen Black. (4 points)

62. Where are the Ramones headed on the cover of Subterranean Jungle? (2 points)

90. This scene comes from an early movie by the self confessed "Prince of Puke".
 a. Who is he?
 b. What is the movie from which this still is taken? (2, 4 points)



What's Up? Dept:
 63. Who did these numbers?
 a. Up the Ladder to the Roof
 b. Up on the Roof
 c. Upstairs at Eric's
 d. Up around the bend
 e. Up his nose, Doctor
 f. Button up your Jacket
 g. Up up and away (7x2 points)

64. Name four movies with castration scenes. (4x3 points)

65. What movie do the Gremlins watch? (2 points)

66. In Apocalypse Now, what song is played by the boat crew going down the river? (2 points)

67. "Better luck next time, John W" was an inscription etched into the vinyl of which hit record as the reaction to a failed assassination attempt on Ronald Reagan? (4 points)

68. Me, me, me! Who wanted someone to...
 a. Kiss me deadly?
 b. Kiss me, Kiss me, Kiss me?
 c. Help me somebody?
 d. Rock me gently?
 e. Hold me?
 f. Wake up and make love to me?
 g. Bend me shape me anyway you want to?
 h. Beat my head (against the wall)? (8x2 points)

69. Who had...
 a. A wooden heart?
 b. Rubber Bullets?
 c. Paper Roses?
 d. A Sugar Shack?
 e. A plastic fantastic lover? (5x2 points)

70. In Gilligans Island, what was Mrs Thurston Howell's the Third's maiden name? (4 points)

71. What sort of people wear "platform shoes on their nasty little feet"? (2 points)

72. Name the two news readers of Second City Television. (2x2 points)

73. In the movie "Hitcher" what does C. Thomas Howell discover in his french fries? (2 points)

74. Name the KGB hitwoman with knife capped shoes in "From Russia with Love", and the actor's name as well. (2x2 points)

75. What did they change their name to for their American tour?
 a. Sherbert
 b. Dragon
 c. Mad Max (3x2 points)

76. What was Meatloaf's name in "Roadie"? (3 points)



89. This "Pineapples from the Dawn of Time" cover depicts a scene from a glamour TV series.
 a. Name the series.
 b. Name the character with the surprised look.
 c. Name the episode from which this still comes. (3x3 points)

77. What star was Tony Bellino mistaken for on a visit to the Phillipines? (3 points)

78. How did the following outfits get their name?
 a. Everything but the Girl
 b. Porcelain Bus
 c. Mantronix
 d. Heaven 17
 e. Circle Jerks (5x3 points)

79. Match the couples and explain their togetherness:
 Bonnie Bramlett, Lou Reed, Sid Vicious, David Bowie, Nick Kent, Elvis Costello. (3x2 points)

80. The creative process is not always easy.
 When Leonard Cohen was writing the album "Death of a Ladies Man", and when the Ramones were putting down "End of the Century", producer Phil Spector had to take drastic action to make them come up with the goods. What did he do in each case? (3 points)

Spinal Tap Dept:
 81. The Spinal Tap album "Smell the Glove" had to be changed to...? (2, 4, 1 points)

82. The name of the new piano piece played by Nigel...? (2, 4, 1 points)

83. How far could Spinal Tap turn their amps up...? (2, 4, 1 points)

84. A well known Australian film producer whose credits include "Picnic at Hanging Rock", originally rose to fame on ABC-TV.
 a. What is her name?
 b. Whose TV assistant was she? (2x2 points)

Look at the photo captions for questions 85-90

91. Match them with their Rockin Horses:
 The People
 a. Roy Rogers
 b. Dale Evans
 c. Zorro
 d. The Lone Ranger
 e. Tonto
 f. Tom Mix
 g. Sgt Preston
 h. Smokey Dawson
 i. The Butthole Surfers
 j. Wilbur Post. (10x2 points)



86. The little girl dancing with Elvis grew up to be a big time recording star with many hit records.
 a. Who is she?
 b. Name five of her U.S. Top Ten hits. (2x5 points)

THE BAD dream
 Last night I dreamt
 that Brian Codd
 was hovering
 over my bed
 with an erection...

85. This tribute to one of Australia's forgotten stars appears on the lyric sheet of a recent indie L.P. Whose deadly nightmare was it? (4 points)



The ABC of what was hot in 1987

Simon Stocks

With a finger on the faint pulse of tomorrowland



A Apartments: Here's a move that's been gaining in popularity for some time. No more the humble "flat". We now have a small apartment.

B Balloon Skirts: They're back! They're big!

Betty Blue: The film that led to a rash of "coffee in a bowl with two croissant" breakfasts in many of the up-market coffee-shops of the land.

C Cafe Latte: Served in a duralex glass (just like in Melbourne) and fast raging up the east coast of Australia as a sign of culinary style.

Cellular phones: Fuck car phones for a joke. These go anywhere.

Citroen: You've just gotta have one of those funky new ones - slightly post-moderne and a sure sign of style.

D D.A.T.: It may not be here yet but you're very groovy if you've got one on order. (Not groovy at all if you're a record company executive).

Desktop publishing: It's hot, it's new, it's all around us. You're holding it. Any dork with a PC thinks they can do it. We do.

E Electronic Diaries: Looks like a calculator but it's really a status enhancer.

F Falco: An emotional guy. The Sultan of Groove.

FAX: Get one to go with your cellular phone and to add another line to your business card.

Fitzgerald Inquiry: The hottest free entertainment available in Queensland. You've gotta go once just to say you've been.

G German Sausages: Barbequed Japanese style and eaten alfresco with Greek Salad on Spanish bakelite reproduction crockery with American aluminium cutlery while sipping French wine from Swedish glasses during your lunch hour.

Hand Held Photocopier: (cf. Cellular phone and FAX) Funky, but neat.

I Ikea: Another complete shopping experience where robots simulate 10 decades wear and tear before packing each item into a little box for you.

J Jazz: Vince Jones, James Morrison, Kate Ceberano, Ignatius Jones - it's all too hep!

K Knowing: Knowing what D.A.T. stands for.

L Large Laminated Badges: Worn on your most stylish outfit and always featuring a black & white graphic, usually with a pseudo-Russian design.

M Megastore, Virgin: Richard Branson's coming to Sydney and he's bringing a megastore. It'll be groovy - mark my words.

N New York: Yes! It's still groovy to say you've "just flown in".

O Only: buying cigarettes that reduce your fitness. Stay away from packets that claim to cause lung cancer or those that give you heart disease. It's

very groovy to sift thru until you find the safe ones.

P Peugeot 205 GTI: Not quite as stylish as the Citroen, but right up there in the fashion stakes.

Q How could anything stylish ever start with the letter "Q"?

R Rosati: Cafe extravaganza in Melbourne with not 1, not 2, not 3, but 4 (count 'em) coffee machines complete with old Italian men, white coated waiters and around 400 seats. An exact (sic) replica of the Milano Railway station "Grand Cafe". The style capital of Australia.

Rosati: God! It's such a great place.

S Speaking Japanese: Very groovy if you want a job.

T Tourism: All the rage as the new target for speculators, sleaze bags and no talent bums riding high on a "Crocodile Dundee" induced wave of vacationing Americans and Japanese.

U of "Q", unless of course, it's Ultra.

V Vestas: A very difficult to obtain English match that strikes on any rough surface - very impressive at parties.

W "What's Occurring?": The new rage in funky greetings from London.

Whitewashed floorboards: The ever-so-groovy alternative to polished wood floors.

X XLNT: Goes with the rest of 1987's words: fab, brill and ultra.

Y You: The generation after "Me"

Z Zebra skin: The rug for whitewashed floors. Imitation's are OK for the principled.

Australia Council: the poet's friend

Earlier this year, the CTT applied to the Australia Council for a Literary Arts Board publications grant. Now this wasn't for overseas trips to "writing conferences" in the Bahamas or anywhere. It was to enable the CTT to pay contributors and the people who work on the magazine a pittance

We fitted all the guidelines. We really needed the cash, for you. We satisfied the criteria.

Now for the bad news. We got shafted. Well and truly. Doesn't it make you mad? Well, we were madder'n hell when we found out who got the money.

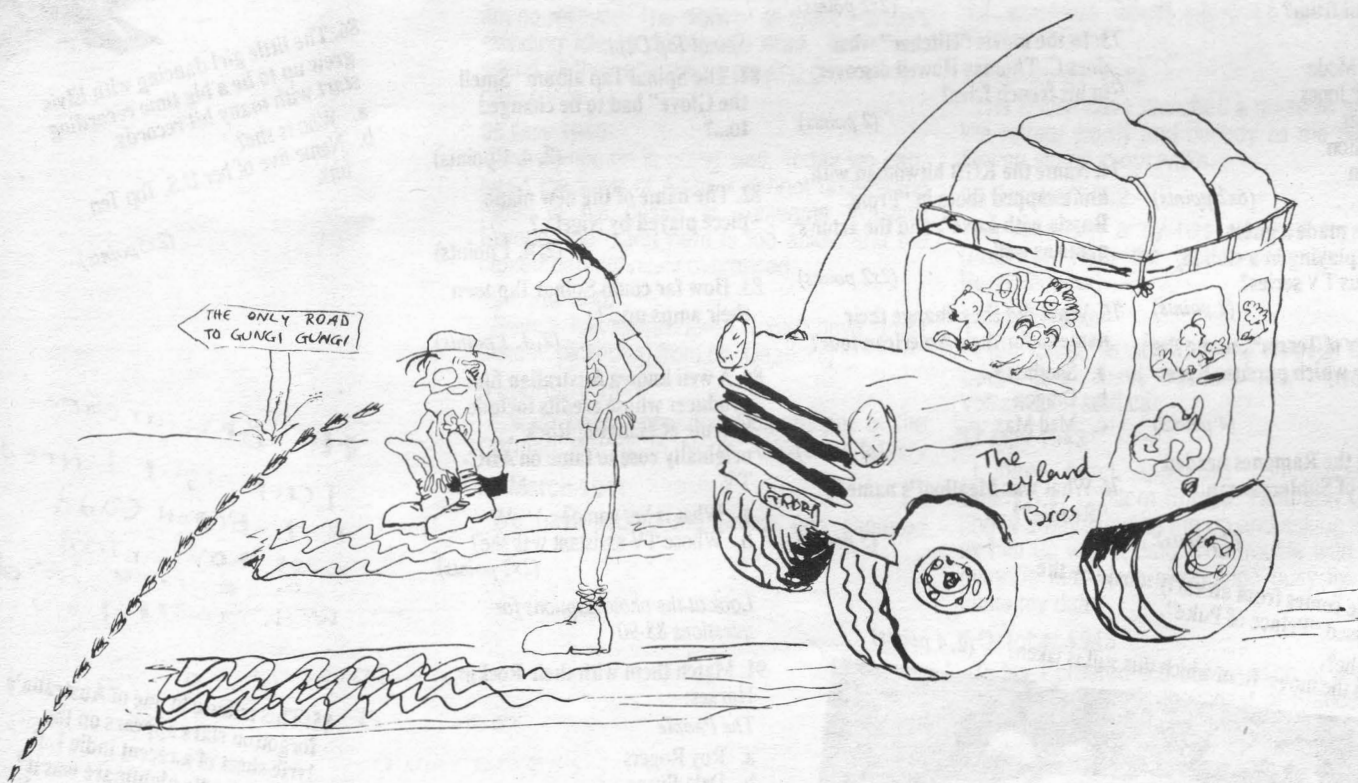
Out of \$262,050 granted, poetry magazines got \$262,050. CTT got \$000,000. Poets \$262,050 - CTT nil.

Where's the justice in that? Where's the humanity?

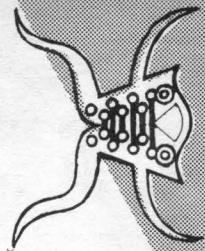
So that's the way it is. The CTT has taken a bold anti-creeping poetism stance and has been cruelly treated. You too have been cruelly treated.

So why not take pen to paper, or fingers to keyboard, and write to any or all of the following - Donald Horne, Thomas Shapcott, Rosemary Wighton at the Australia Council, PO Box 302, North Sydney NSW 2060 - lines like "thanks for the stab in the back" will do.

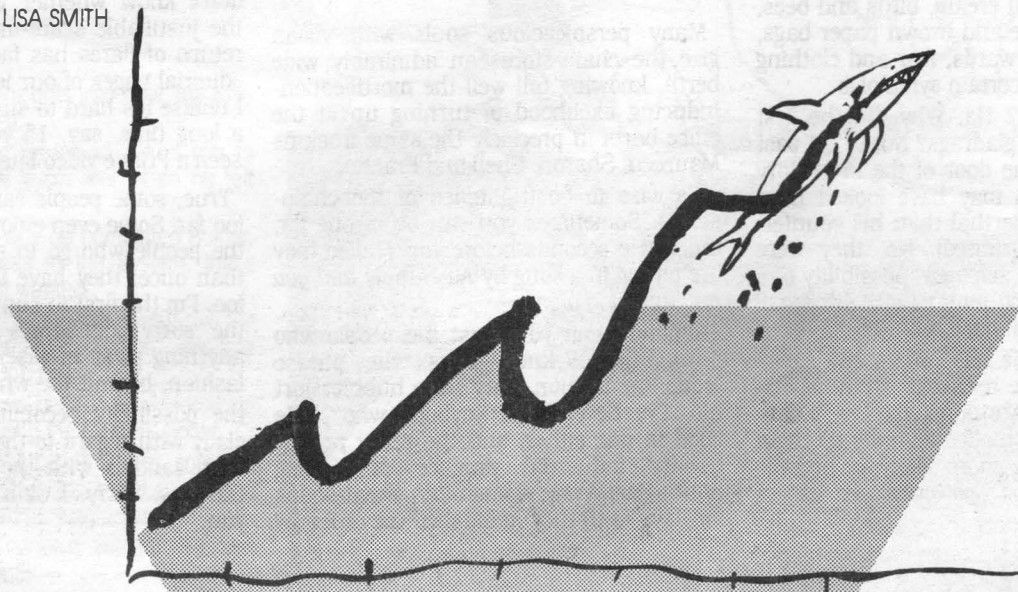
Go on, it won't change things but you'll feel much better afterwards. And remember, the only good poet is one that hasn't got a grant.



Mike n' Mal face their first moral crisis as hairy caterpillars block the only road to Gungui Gungui.



GRAPHIC: LISA SMITH



How to float a second board company

Anthony Kitchener

A Melbourne financial philosopher
and raconteur

There are many ways to make money. Most of them are slow, all are hard. Those that aren't hard or slow are probably illegal.

Do not despair however! Consider for a moment the tried and tested technique that is only slightly hard and slow, and only marginally illegal. It's called floating a second board company. Those of you who were in the right time and place to see a copy of Business Daily might recall the Second Board was established to enable small, high risk companies to "float".

Floating is a very beautiful thing. In exchange for virtually worthless bits of paper called shares, the general public gives you cold hard cash. Interest free. They do this because they believe you have the potential to make them very rich. The whole scheme swings on the time lag between when they definitely make you rich and when you proposed in a document called The Prospectus to increase their net worth.

The fascination of Art is that any two people will almost certainly disagree about the worth of a given work of Art. There are usually only two opinions - that it is a work of unsullied genius or alternatively a pile of dog's vomit. There exists in business a similar concept to Art. It is called Intellectual Property.

You can find your invention by watching Towards 2000 or better still you can watch the law notices and look for cases between Joe Bloggs vs The Large Australian company of Patent Attorneys. Joe is being sued because he is unable to pay his former attorneys their fees due to the crippling costs associated with his invention.

Joe is from Perth. You can step in and offer Joe a pittance to stop him from being thrown into debtors prison. He agrees and you, in exchange, get the rights to the Intellectual Property. You arrive at the attorneys office in your \$1,000 Italian suit and perspex attache case and spin them a glib line with the key words "Venture Capitalist" ringing in their ears. They agree to delay payment until The Float.

Now you need an Underwriter and fortunately a week earlier you'd accepted an invitation to a yuppie cocktail party of ex-law school chums and there, stuffing hors d'oeuvres down your throat like an Ethiopian crocodile you meet the simple son of one of Melbourne's most famous families. He is a junior partner in Daddy's

old firm. Their name is libellously familiar. He arranges an introduction to the firm.

There are three sorts of brokers. The old sort. They have very bad drinking problems. They made a lot of money on Poseidon, their kids have lived in a succession of houses reflecting the alternating forces of the market, and their father's drinking habit. The old sort are very cynical. Keep away from them.

The simple sort. Like your friend at the party. He lives in a flat adjoining his parents large riverside property in Hawthorn. He drives a red 300Z and kind of guffaws at dirty jokes. He is easily impressed by your techno literate spiel.

The third sort. They are impossibly tall, beautifully leggy blonde girls with golden ski tans in the depth of Melbourne's winter. There is one in every large underwriter's office. They are the sole gesture to feminism and really brighten up the office. You are disgusted by this tokenism and make a couple of wickedly amusing remarks in her presence but to no one in particular. You know how to get her. You vow to become obscenely rich.

Your proposition to the firm is championed by The Son and is accepted as a last track second board float. You've got four weeks to write, print, have approved and distribute The Prospectus. It will be completely pre sold to large union superannuation investment funds thanks to contacts within The Firm and The Government.

Yours is a technological wunderkind. An Australian Hi-Tech Company. You shoulder the responsibility well and put in 18 hour days hammering out the fine print in the Prospectus (a very important point influencing what you plan to do later). You have a team of very expensive attorneys, solicitors, and advisors working for you. And God has smiled on you. She is heading the broker's team.

One night you both stay back attending to some disturbing reports coming from the Melbourne Corporate Affairs Office, they won't pass the current draft prospectus. She makes the unilateral decision to float in Perth. You look very relieved. You

know you can float a perpetual motion machine on the Perth Stock Exchange, and their corporate watchdogs are more laid back than the stuffy bourgeois scum bags in Melbourne.

You thank her by offering to buy her a late dinner at Rosatis and she agrees. She opens her heart over the fettucini and reveals a deep sympathy for all beings on the planet and a yearning to become a Sandanista. On the way to her flat in your beaten up Mercedes convertible you exploit the revolutionary vocabulary learnt in your ratbag university days, and then she kisses you good night at the doorstep. The wearing first gear screams in sympathy with your soul as you thrash the beast up the Domain Road Hill.

You fly to Perth. In a daze you make the final arrangements. There are some frightening arguments with the sober, responsible, staunchly-independent consultants giving their expert opinion. They think your variably-kinematic digitally controlled optimized con-rod length internal combustion engine is dog's vomit. You go out and get more expert opinions until one agrees with your considered opinion that it is a work of unsullied genius. On the strength of that expert opinion you revalue the Intellectual Property rights upwards from the pittance you gave Joe to the fabulous sum included in the Prospectus showing the expected return on the invention.

You are really numb from excitement and coke when you stumble out onto the trading floor to hear the bell ring and see your company listed. Six co-directors are all there and their good wives are waving from the gallery, new fur coats glistening in the bright lights.

There is quiet trading for the first few weeks until the PR team swings into action refusing to confirm or deny rumours that a major US auto maker is about to sign a licence agreement. The share price rises even further when the board refuses to deny rumours that a second Japanese maker has joined the bidding.

The share price rockets when a report is leaked before publication that establishes your patents as the most viable technology for auto engines in the early 1990's. Although this report is later widely discredited it is successful in lifting your P/E ratio to 400:1, and at this point you sell your entire holding. You are now obscenely rich.

Remember Son! The secrets of success are a neat desk, clean underpants & utter ruthlessness.



A seam of consciousness

Kaz Cooke

Ever vigilant follower of fashion and the life of a party once

Like peaches and cream, birds and bees, Queensland police and brown paper bags, rugby and spinal wards, fear and clothing have developed a certain symbiosis.

Like peaches and cream, birds and bees, Queensland police and brown paper bags, rugby and spinal wards, fear and clothing have developed a certain symbiosis.

You think I jest? Ha. Why did the first humans first don gladrags? Not to get past the bouncer at the door of the Prehistory Dance Club (who may have looked marginally less neanderthal than his counterparts of today, granted). No, they were fearful of the very pertinent possibility of a passing Pterodactyl making off with small portions of their vitals.

As you know, life has progressed somewhat, if you make a careful study of history, and things are now delicately balanced on a more sophisticated level. Clothing and fear are now more likely to become entwined by the powerful forces of humiliation.

Many perspicacious souls with vision give the chain-stores an admirably wide berth, knowing full well the mortification-inducing likelihood of turning up at the office barbi in precisely the same frock as Maureen, Sharon, Shell and Franko.

It's wise to be frightened of the chain-stores. Sometimes you can be in one for, oh, whole seconds before you realise they are piping in a song by Air Supply and you are humming along.

And how can you trust the people who brought us V-knee jeans, the phrase "complete fashion story", the bubble skirt (no, I've never seen anybody who looks good in one either) and the really revolutionary industrial practice of locking South East Asian women into sweat-shops for days until they've finished the order for

35,000 pastel apricot drop-waisted sundresses? Well you can't, that's all.

We shouldn't relax our guard on these matters, becoming complacent and shuffling our fear to the back of the wardrobe. I don't know whether you've noticed, but the justifiable scare-mongering about the return of flares has faded from the fickle editorial pages of our leading broadsheets. I realise it's hard to sustain naked fear for a long time, say, 15 years, but have you seen a Prince video lately?

True, some people can carry fear a little too far. Some even enjoy it. Look closely at the people who go to see Evil Dead more than once: they have fancy dress parties, too. I'm the first to support counselling for the sorry individuals who never throw anything away in case it comes back into fashion, but all the while truly terrified of the possibility becoming a reality. Especially with regard to those cork-soled platform sandals with the plastic daisies on the toes. Sorry, I didn't mean to frighten you.

F & L: Modern Angst and old fashioned revulsion

Clifford Clawback

The Hunter S. of the toad world

Fear and Loathing is a committed program of:

- 1) taking any, and as many, drugs as you can lay your hands on
- 2) travelling at high speeds over large distances (preferably in a huge, petrol-guzzling, early-model car) and
- 3) carrying your disregard of legal, medical and spiritual authority as far as possible without actually being incarcerated, certified or scourged at the pillar.

The concept of the "Fear and Loathing" is as old as time itself. Clearly a lot of pre-historic tribal life was centred around this sort of activity. Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek and most other gods were into it at any available opportunity - eating weird substances, snorting fire, driving blazing chariots and behaving very strangely indeed. Ulysses was the first recorded human to give it a serious shake but ten years is probably excessive, even by today's stringent standards.

In medieval times the Fear and Loathing was known as a pilgrimage and chronicled in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. To many an aficionado Dante's Divine Comedy remains the epitome of the F&L while Cervantes' Don Quixote is a good example of what not to do. With the onset of the Renaissance it became an activity for the rich and was formalized as The Grand Tour... everyone else could bugger off and eat plague.

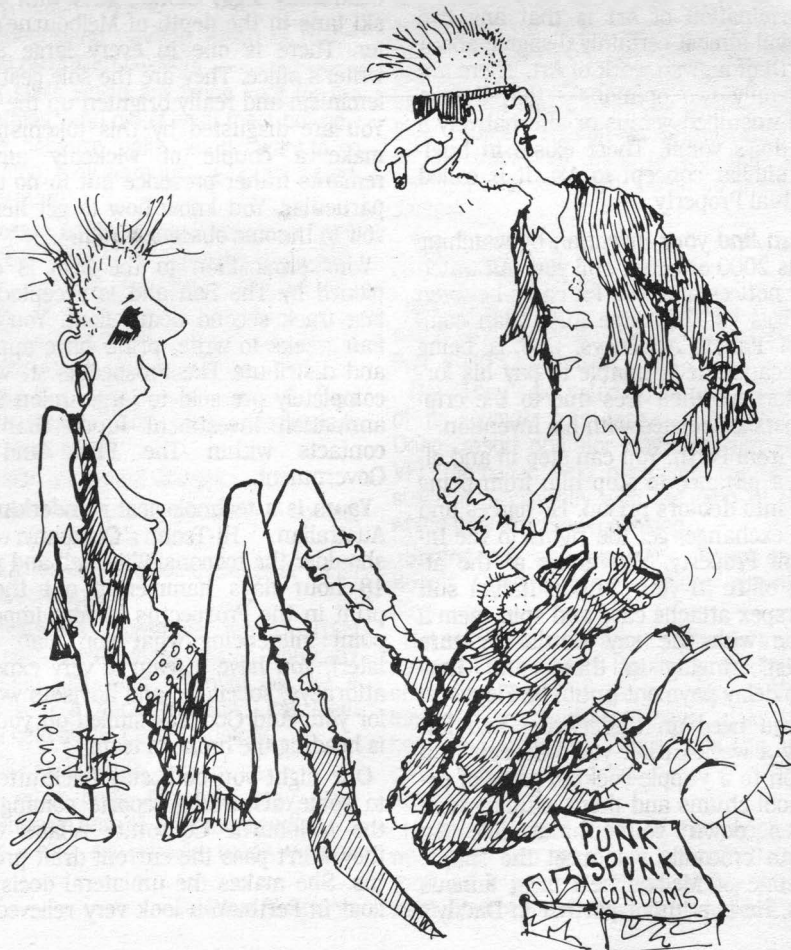
But with the arrival of mass culture, and the automobile, it once again became a popular and populist past time. Jack Kerouac wrote about it in On the Road but he took it all too seriously.

The contemporary manifestation was formulated by Dr Hunter S. Thompson in his seminal work Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas and further developed in his magnum opus Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail. Perhaps his best exposition of the phenomena was in his epitaph for his 300-pound Samoan attorney, The Ban-shee Screams for Buffalo Meat in the Tenth Anniversary issue of Rolling Stone where Thompson explains the philosophy of the Fear and Loathing as a direct and personal reaction to the standard, straight life one was supposed to live in Nixon's America:

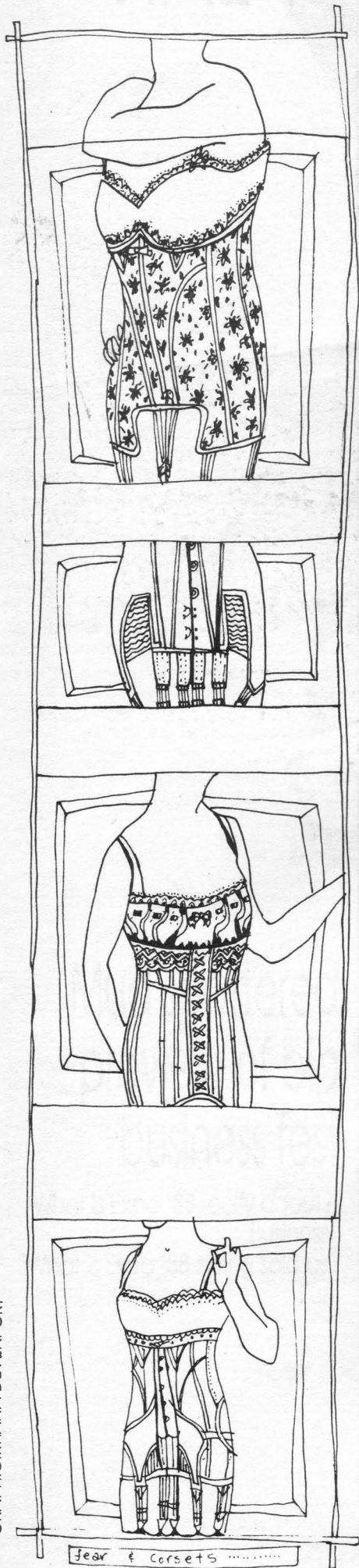
Fear and Loathing takes you, to the limit.

There are no rules but here are a few guidelines:

- 1) eat a good breakfast
- 2) start early
- 3) take it easy at first, you are going to be out there for three days at least and you don't want to peak too soon
- 4) don't sleep
- 5) when faced with cops, keep talking, they could never guess what is going on and will soon get bored with someone who wants to make innocuous conversation
- 6) when faced with threatening hallucinations, talk to them, they might be cops
- 7) when faced with absolute evil, rip its heart out
- 8) remember you represent the best aspirations of humanity



GRAPHIC: NAOMI LEWIS



GRAPHIC: RHANA DEVENPORT

Rambo: Scapegoat of a sick society

Ian Cook

One of nature's gentlemen and not a subscriber to Soldier of Fortune at all

Ya mention the name and the correct line crew come crawling out of the woodwork. "Doyen of yankee imperialism", "paragon of macho aggression." Yeah, yeah, heard it all before.

Just cause ya can use words like doyen and paragon don't mean you know nothin'. An' don't think that all that wankery will make the thing go away. It won't. Rambo and things like it will go on forever. Long after the smart arses have sucked their last old red (wine that is, well maybe).

And people will keep on wearing camouflage outfits and bandanas and some will snuff a few civvies. All in the name of manhood. But the next time some nut in jungle greens slits somebody up a treat, don't point the finger at our Vietnam vet friend with a limited vocabulary and a smaller brain capacity.

Sure, Stallone and the mongrels who make money out of this sort of garbage aren't in the clear and a few well directed brain shots would get rid of some of the symptoms. But the symptoms reappear.

Besides there's a tradition to be upheld. Our superheroes are different now. And people like Rambo, the A-Team and even Hulk Hogan can legitimately claim to be part of that tradition.

O.K. so you want to treat the whole tradition as a bunch of yak vomit; sure, lets flush Superman, Batman, Spiderman, Howard the Duck, Inspector Gadget and all the rest down the toilet. They're all figures of patriarchal oppression (or so we are told and told and told and told, whether we understand what it means or not).

As a reaction it's simple and stupid.

Simple 'cause it means we don't have to do anything (the whole thing is bad and we just have to stand on the edges and yell abuse at the people in the middle).

Stupid 'cause Rambo is actually saying something about us. Yep, you and me.

Well maybe not you. I'm sorry I didn't mean to get you involved in this. You can use words like doyen and paragon after all. And you know what popular culture is. Yeah, you're right, you're much too smart to actually learn anything from watching some crazed American snuffing gooks and Ruskies in the jungles of Hollywood.

So let's ignore it. Then we can all go home, and we can wrap up this drivel. It's just that some people who watch this sort of stuff are going to model themselves on our mad mate and a whole lot of them are gonna be real tempted to ice some mothers. Real tempted.

And when they do the purists will know who to blame: Rambo. But Rambo is just an image on a screen.

The real problem is that people think Rambo is real and want to be like him.

Rambo doesn't say he's real. Rambo doesn't tell people to kill people. Rambo kills images. Nobody dies (unless they're Vic Morrow).

Movies don't kill people, people do. Guns kill people too. An' knives and hammers and lots of other stuff. But, unless a can of film falls on you in just the wrong angle, you couldn't accuse a film of murder.

So when some innocent is snuffed by a maniac who wants a Macburger with real meat ask yourself the question: Why do people think that Rambo is real and want to be like him? (Is that two questions?)

The easy answer, which is as good a place to start as any, is that people think Rambo is real because they want to think that Rambo is real and people want to be like Rambo because they don't want to be like themselves and because Rambo can cope and they can't.

But it's even a little more complicated than that, because Rambo copes in the jungle and can't cope back home.

Yep, whenever he gets back to the U.S. of A, ole brown eyes himself comes a little unstuck. Victimised by a callous bureaucracy, alone and more than a little angry the poor deranged bastard is only really at home in 'Nam.

Maybe, this explains why the isolated and alienated of our society can identify with him better than they can with the more-musclebound and more articulate (the competition is not fierce) Arnold Schwarzenegger. Rambo is like them and they are like Rambo.

In the Rambo movies, he is sort of a loser. Like a lot of the people who want to be like him. And there are a lot of losers out there, 'cause we need losers to get winners. And this world loves a winner. So losers aren't going to disappear and movies are going to be made which turn losers into winners. To keep the troops happy.

This is no chicken and egg scenario. Who came first? Rambo didn't. Don't blame him. Cause if you do the real villain escapes. And the baddies aren't supposed to get away, are they?



Killer cut-out cut-ups on the loose

Anne Jones

Noted newspaper reader and deft hand with the shears

Clipping stories from the newspaper is a hobby many people indulge in, taking it that step further to republishing those clippings is a more rarified indulgence.

Although the practice goes back as long as newspapers, the best known recent example is Louis Nowra's *The Cheated*. A remarkable collection, *The Cheated* is the "best of" Nowra's clippings scrapbooks compiled between 1970 and 1978. It has been collated into a logical order and edited, under chapter headings such as "The Early Years" and "Faith and Ecstasy".

Following faithfully in Louis's footsteps, and taking it even further is *Murdering Monthly*. It's a great concept - no typesetting or editing, just cut articles straight out of the popular press and photocopy them.

Not that *Murdering Monthly* doesn't have strong design values. Clippings are tastefully ordered, although not credited, and presented in a practically arty way. Due to obvious copyright problems the editors remain anonymous.

In fact, the editorial presence in *Murdering Monthly* is fairly minimal. Points are awarded to the more sensational murders, although it's a bit difficult to cotton on to their criteria of assessment. Occasionally the MM editors break silence and comment on a murder or on press coverage.

Murdering Monthly's favourite felon appears to be Ian Brady, of the English Moors Murders, for his ability to rise above the decades of media hysteria, remaining sublimely aloof and unconfessing. MM gleefully points out that Brady

agreed to assist police in recent attempts to find the bodies only because he felt like a day in the country.

The pages contain all the recent favourites: local lads - the Clifton Hill killer and Andrew "Rambo" Norrie, as well as the American politician who shot himself in the mouth on international TV, and all the wierd stuff too.

As with "The Cheated", the reader's emotions sway between horror and fascination.

The perpetrator of MM admits freely to stealing the idea from Nowra and intends to acknowledge the origin of the concept sometime. *Murdering Monthly* is in some ways a homage to Nowra, taking up where he left off.

And it's a great example of how effective a small publication can be, with few overheads and targeted distribution.

The only costs involved in MM are the initial outlay for the newspapers, paper and glue. Printing and binding is handled in a large office's photocopy room.

Distribution is through Brisbane import record shop Rockinghorse, where the limited run sells out. Another local record shop refused to stock MM on the grounds that young kids frequent the shop. Pretty silly considering all the copy comes from newspapers. But censorship's big in Queensland.

With the Australian media neatly carved up between Murdoch, Packer, Fairfax, Murdoch, maybe Holmes à Court and Murdoch, and even the Cane Toad Times looks like establishment, it's great to see a new concept publication that works.

MURDERING MONTHLY

EDITOR: Unknown

ADDRESS: Unknown

CIRCULATION: 100

PUBLISHED: Monthly

AVAILABLE: Rockinghorse Records, 158

Adelaide Street, Brisbane, (07) 229 5360.

MS. STREEP ON LOCATION...



Open letter to Tom Shapcott, Literary Arts Board

RADICAL CHIC



Now listen, Tom,
About this literature game. You seem to be having a bit of trouble with it, so we thought we'd help.

What do you know about literature? Not much, huh. Thought so. OK, here's what it's all about.

First up, it's not poetry.
Poetry is wallowing self indulgence and bad line breaks.

It's also really boring, and written by poets. On the other hand, good writing is talk, and action. Literature is talk, action, and a little bit of landscape.

Pitfalls:

You may have come across a few of these, and even tried a few yourself.

- 1 - Pretending to know what you're talking about: You know... you're in the middle of a perfectly good book and the author interrupts to tell you why the characters are doing what they're doing.
- 2 - The James Joyce style: Think of a word. Think of another word. Keep going. I'll be back in a couple of hours with the cover.
- 3 - Trilogies: Sheer laziness. Just one of those tacky tricks to make you pay three times for the same thing.
- 4 - Modern writing: Gertrude Stein and all writing like all other writing that is more writing than writing.
- 5 - Gratuitous Complexities (and unnecessary flashbacks): Balzac gets a

guernsey here. Twelve viewpoints, four time frames, six generations and more minor characters that you can point the bone at, just to tell you that life's a bitch.

- 6 - Science Fiction: Went through a bad phase when they all started trying to write literature. It was really terrible. What's wrong with the 30 all time great SF plots?
 - 7 - The New Novel: It's French. Write in English.
 - 8 - The Great Australian Novel: Any book involving Sydney feminists in any way, in a writer or character capacity, is to be avoided at all costs.
- Got it? The remainders we'll leave up to you

'bye for now
The Toads

RADICAL SHEEP



The movie 1984 begins with a propaganda movie. Its audience is initially lulled by waves breaking gently on a beach and picturesque workers toiling for their states in contentment. The tempo increases gradually until the audience is manic, shouting "death to Goldstein". The start to the propaganda movie is chillingly like the ads shown on television to promote "The Quiet Achiever", "Buy Australia" and now the "Bicentenary".

Somehow public relations has taken over Australia. The days of ideals or argument deeper than a jingle have gone. Occasionally a public figure, such as Manning Clark, Donald Horne or Leonie Kramer is trotted out so that Australians don't think of themselves as complete dumbos.

The last federal election was intensely boring, even for those whose lives were intimately entwined in the results. The press gallery Rat Pack went off on the election trail with a collective yawn. Even the thought of returning to small-town Canberra in the middle of winter was welcomed.

While Howard tried to win with promises of more money in the average pay cheque through an "improved" tax system, Keating and Hawke were selling what they said

Government by PR

Lisa Meldrum

Who has had a gutful of jingoism

was an economic formula that would improve Australia's future through improving such things as our balance of payments, etc.

Howard's tax policy got solidly slammed right in the beginning and no-one seemed overly concerned with arguing the rights and wrongs or possible alternative to the Hawke-Keating formula. It was not even as though the electorate seemed particularly to support it, but more as if people were happy to accept what was dished up as long as they were not required to think too much about it.

For, after all, the electorate was not being asked to exercise its collective mind but to accept the offerings from the ALP's PR machine. And the basis of PR is, of course, to keep it simple so that even an idiot will "understand" it.

PR campaigns are not supposed to enlighten or uplift but to, usually through repetition, convince the targets to accept, albeit unquestioningly, certain ideas.

But even the very foundations on which PR is built seem to be crumbling because

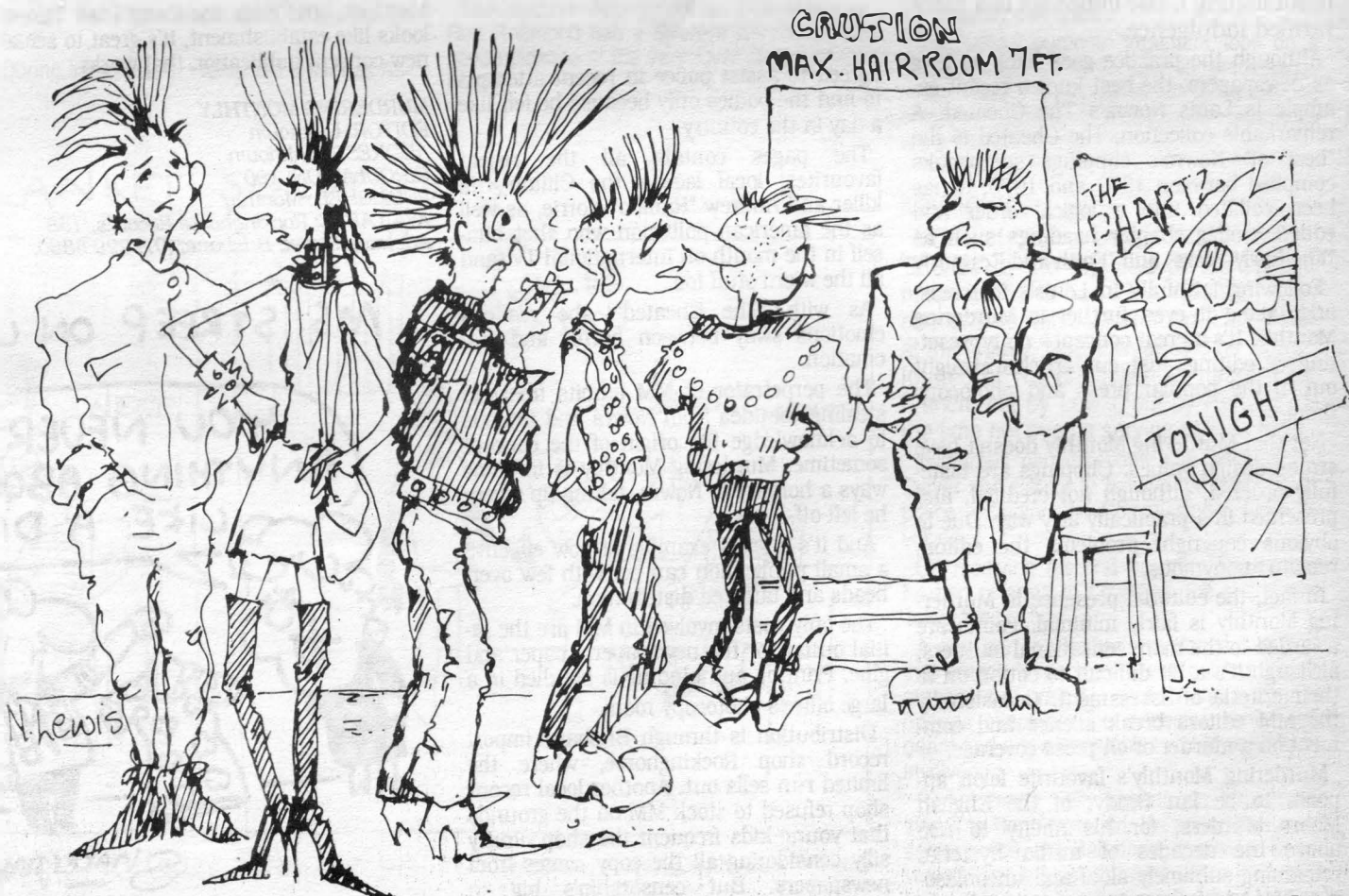
of structural deficiencies. More and more ads in Australian papers are for vacancies in "Public Affairs" areas. It seems as though admitting to "Public Relations" is worse than a public affair. And there are more and more "publicists" springing up around the country.

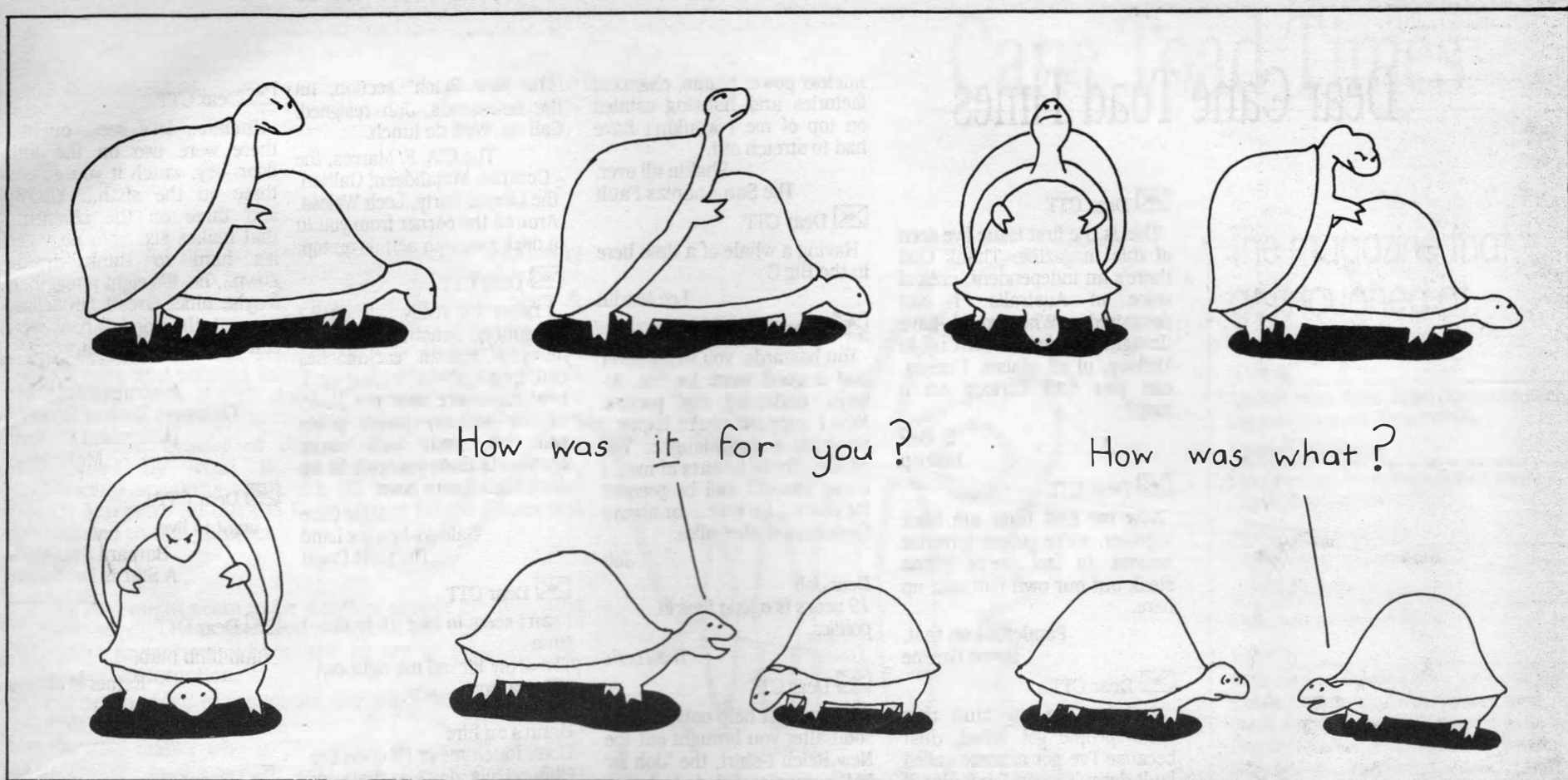
Thankfully, the Australian Trade Commission (Austrade) could not get this year's Australia Export Awards televised even though some segments did appear on TV after the event. AUSTRADE (all in capitals is the way its managing director likes it to appear) is the Government's gee-whiz export-inducement body. At the ritzy Hilton-Regent extravaganza, successful business (to be honest) men - no women were among the finalists for individual achievement in 1987 - are treated as megastars. The rationale being that this will encourage others to export, thus helping Australia's balance of payments. It all sounds pretty good but is based on rarefying to even greater heights the business world and those in it.

PR is being used to manufacture the nation's heroes.

But the nation doesn't seem to be biting. Whether this is because of taste or boredom is not obvious. What is obvious, however, is that the country in its Bicentennial year is desperately seeking something it can get its teeth into.

GRAPHIC: DAMIEN LEDWICH





Dear Mr Rambo Sir

i have seen your movies lots. i love the bits in First Blood II where you verminate the roossian. I just go crazy when people start yellin' "USA USA"

people just don't believe ya when ya tell em that we are in Codes Red... don't they love their kuntry? i do Mr Rambo, onest! i love my kuntry more than anything in the hole world. but my kuntry doesn't seem to love me, Mr. Rambo. nobody really loves me, Sir.

i go to your movies a lot, Mr Rambo. A Real lot. i don't like school. did you like school, Sir? they don't teach ya anythin and they yell at ya and laugh a lot, too, and they think yus stupid. but they don't no nothin at all. They'se the ones that are stupid, not me. it's them. all of them. they'se all as stupid as each other and they'se talk to you behind your back, they betray you and play your stupid games. they'se not worth talkin to, Mr Rambo.

Dear Mr Rambo

they'se like mice. sneaky and week. rats kill mices, Mr Rambo. i kno, I red it. they kill em caws mices are week and stoopid. mices belong in mazers. it's them's whats exprendable. it's them's thats shud dy. them's not heros. they's wudn't dy for their kuntry. not like youse, Mr Rambo. you could eat em all. if yous wanted too, that is. you'd shoot em, and they's cud'nt shoot you.

they's wudn't nose where to look.

they's wo stupid that they's wudn't nose you was there before they's'd all be dead. that'd show em that nobodys to be foolin around with yous. they's wudn't nose where to look Mr Rambo.

i wants to be like yous, Mr Rambo. ise not very big but I got a gun. it's not one like yours, Sir, but I can shoot straight with it. Real straight. ise praktizin all the

time. and i nose the bush real good too. i goes theres all the time. And i shoot things. and it makes me feel good. real good. i bet with people it's a lot different. how does it feel when you got the russy. i bet it's great. theyse are a bad bunch, Mr Rambo and wes gotta squash em. and wees not safe until we gettem all.

ise been watchin, Mr Rambo. i watch people. they's dont nose but I do. all the time. thats why ise not doin so good at schools. i'm watchin. i think that the commies! are here! But evryones els dont seems to have notised. they's werent watchin. not like me. they's dont no nothin. so what if the rooshins get em!! I shud kills all of them. they's wuldnt unnerstand whys. they's wo stoopid. and they's never unnerstandin.

I nose that some people doos thins different like. Tthose who nose stuff I mean but ise was just wonderin. do yous aims for the heads or the harts?

Ian Simpson

Fear and soiled clothing in Haadyai

Tim Low

Our world-travelling fashion, food and fear correspondent

It's 7pm and I'm standing on the platform at Haadyai Station. In four hours the train will come and take me from Thailand. But four hours is forever when you are battling malaria and have this enormous throbbing boil on the leg, so when the young guy comes up and asks if I'd like to smoke some grass I say yes, even though in two and a half months in Thailand I've touched no drugs and this seems like folly.

But I follow folly unswervingly through dark alleys and muddy lanes to the wooden cottage, dimly lit, where I meet his young male friends, who are nice.

We smile and pretend to chat, and a pipe arrives, but suddenly new people appear, the game has changed, these newcomers are heavy thugs, a local gang, and I see fear in the eyes of my friends. I make to leave, but the big man drives me back, hand to my chest, to the inner room, where I am made to sit on the floor with the others. I am being held against my will.

And now, the young Thai on my right is stroking the inside of my thigh, and his

friend on the left has his hand inside my bag, fingers locked around my precious camera. We perform elegant wrestling maneuvres behind my back while in the middle of the room deft hands load an enormous bamboo bong. I secure my camera, and my critch, but now the bong has been lit and is passed straight to me. I can see their cold smiles and the trap is obvious.

Breathe in, ever so lightly, that's what I do, and pass the pipe along. But lo, it passes around the circle in mere seconds, for these guys are generous, they are saving it all for me. I draw in again, and pretend to cough, and they laugh, and the pressure eases a little. I look longingly at the window but it's too high to jump from, even if I wasn't already stoned.

Huh! That's trust for ya. It was time to get difficult. The tussle for this seemingly

irrelevant piece of information lasted a good half hour and my appointment at the post office was beginning to look shaky. Neither official could supple me with a copy of the provision of the Act in question so I told them I'd seek legal advice on that one.

"Look, we've had this problem before and the advice from the lawyers is always to answer the question".

"I'll go through the motions anyway, thanks".

"We can get this information from the real estate agent", said the senior with casual smugness.

"Well, why don't you?"

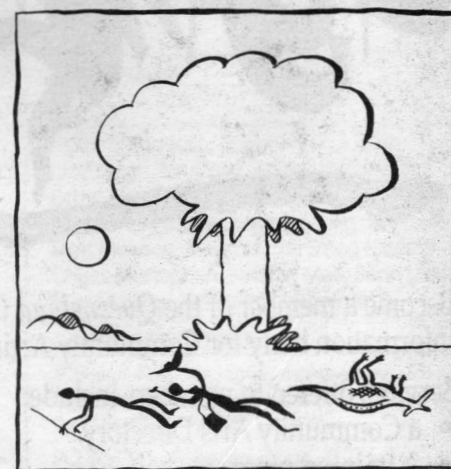
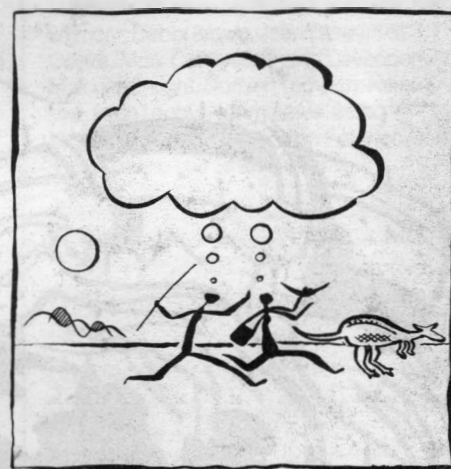
"Because it's easier to get it from you".

Not this time it wasn't.

I hung on until their patience and questions ran out. After exchanging false smiles and leading them to the door the officious one dropped one last question:

"Any of your house-mates on Social Security benefits?"

With the interview over and done with, the belated inquiry seemed so unprofessional I ignored it and waved my visitors goodbye.



MARALINGA DREAMING

Dear Cane Toad Times

Dear CTT

This is the first issue I've seen of this magazine. Thank God there's an independent, critical voice in Australia. I had despaired... Who would have thought CTT would turn up in Yarloop, of all places. I mean, can you find Yarloop on a map?

S. Bell
Yarloop

Dear CTT

Now me and Hoss are back together, we're gonna terrorise heaven. In fact, we're gonna steak out our own bonanza up here.

Ponderosa on that,
Lorne Greene

Dear CTT

Hey! It's not my fault that those people got killed. Just because I've got a name called fault doesn't mean I'm faulty. If you hadn't built so many

nuclear power plants, chemical factories and housing estates on top of me I wouldn't have had to stretch out.

Shakin all over,
The San Andreas Fault

Dear CTT

Having a whale of a time here in the Big C

Lee Marlin

Dear CTT

You bastards, you well I never had a good word for me. Always criticizing my parties. Now I suppose you're happy... So have a good laugh... You people. Those t-shirts of me... I curse you. I'll still be premier for years... for ever... for always Queensland uber alles.

Joh

Dear Joh
19 years is a long time in politics.

The Toads

Dear CTT

We couldn't help noticing that soon after you brought out the New Reich t-shirt, the "Joh for PM" campaign failed. And after your last issue, featuring the

"The New Reich" section, nit the newstands, Joh resigned. Call us. We'll do lunch.

The CIA, F. Marcos, the Contras, Mujahdeen, Galtieri, the Liberal Party, Lech Walesa. Around the corner from you in a dark van with aerials on top.

Dear CTT

I never felt really safe until I Baygonned Sanctuary Cove. So all you human cockroaches can forget about setting up a nest anywhere near my place, or the security insect police will hit you with more chemicals than you can fit up Jack Nicholson's nose.

Mike Gore
Safe-as-houses Land
The Gold Coast

Dear CTT

I can't seem to face up to the tune
The army kicked me right out of Duntroon
Can't cut it
Brain's on hire
Don't touch me or I'll open fire
Clifton Hills, don't go that way
Fafafafafafafa
Better run run run run run
run away
Ohohohohaieaieaieaieaieaie
Je start a course and je can't even finish it
I'm learning un lot, but I can't mort anything
Well I have someone to mort
Mon guns are loaded
Mort someone once, je'll mort 'em again
Clifton Hills, don't go that way
Fafafafafafafa
Better run run run run run
run away
Ohohohohaieaieaieaieaieaie
It's temps I shot just un encore
It all adds on to my score
Honestly, I love the army
Even though they say that I'm balmy, okkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk
Yahyahaayayahayayahayayah
You on the train, and you in the Sigma
You've never had to suffer the stigma
Clifton hills, don't go that way
Fafafafafafafa
Better run run run run run
run away
Ohohohohaieaieaieaieaieaie
bang bang you're dead etc.

Thank you, thank you,
The Clifton Hills Killer

Dear CTT

Hey! I'm bringing the world to you! And I won't drag you into a noxious chemical fire, bring the roof down on your heads, or set a whole lot of giant river rats on you either. Honest!

EXPO 88
An accident just waiting to happen.
Brisbane

Dear CTT

It's the extermination of a nation... No. It's a giant masturbation... No. Let's try... it's a huge waste of taxation... No. We're having a corporate birthday party that'll make lots of money for multinationals... Hmmmm... that's not bad.

A ex-Bicentennial Copy Writer
Sydney

Dear CTT

Hey! We're back! Remember that show we did about Evita Peron? Well now we're doing it without the cats but with the 9.15 express from Gillingham, and on ice! Isn't that fantastic?

Lloyd & Webber Inc.
On the gravy train
Switzerland

Dear CTT

Hmmm... let's see... ouch!... there were two on the fifth floor, hey, watch it you guys... three on the sixth... YEOW! and three on the seventh... that makes six... no, no... gee it's hard to think upside down... no, it's eight altogether. Maybe nine. Great! OK fellas, I've got the record now, you can let go of my ankles.

Australia Post Killer
Guinness Book of Records
(Australian Edition)
Melbourne

Dear CTT

I want to live.

Barbara Stanwyck
A Star is Deadsville
Hollywood

Dear CTT

Blub blub blub.

Esther Williams

Dear CTT

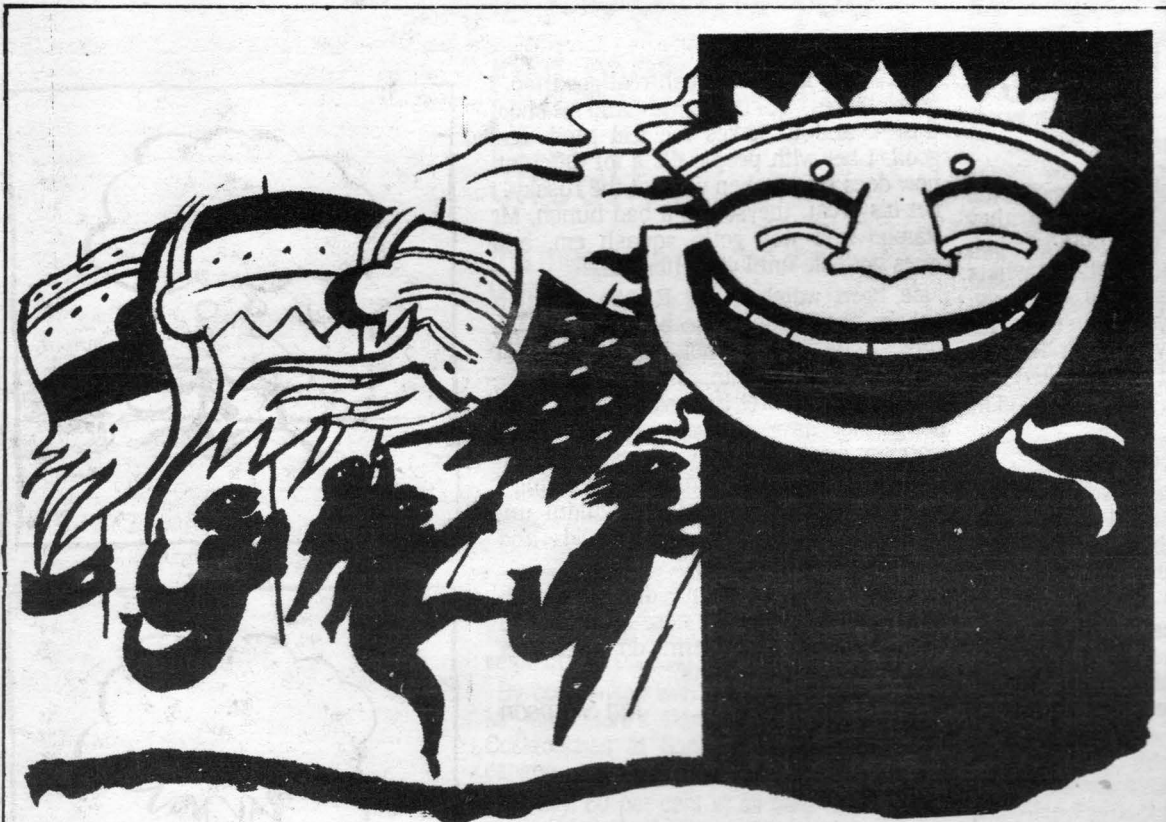
I am hoping you can help me. My troubles began last September during a camping trip to Tasmania. I was alone in the mountains sunbaking beside a pool when a tiny plant bearing a small berry caught my eye. The pulp of this berry felt amazingly slippery, and just sliding it between my fingers made me feel quite aroused. I found myself masturbating using the pulp as a lubricant and the orgasms I had were sublime. The berry pulp contained tiny seeds and some of these stuck to the skin of my member.

After leaving the mountains I hitched around for a week and was eight days in the same pair of damp undies before I finally had a shower at a friend's place in Melbourne. Imagine my surprise at finding that some of the tiny seeds, embedded in my penis, had sprouted, and there were now small plants growing there. I wasn't sure what to do about this but decided to leave the plants in place for my botanist mate Fred to look at - he would be able to come up with some amazing explanation.

I was careful to shower my penis only using tepid water and by the time I got back home the largest of the plants had a big bud. My backyard is very bushy, and it was early in the morning when I arrived home, so I went out the back, stripped off, and promptly fell asleep in the warm sun. I think the plant must have made me want to lie in the sun because when I awoke, around midday, the bud had opened and there was this brilliant yellow flower. Just then a bee swooped down, dived into my flower, and I had the most amazing orgasm I will ever have. Other bees came, until I was worn out by ecstasy. I felt too good to care about the strangeness of what was happening.

But now small berries have sprouted on my dick and I don't know what to do. My girlfriend has left me. You will find some of the berries wrapped in a small plastic bag enclosed with this letter. Please tell me what to do. I am deeply troubled by all this.

Your faithfully
Name withheld by request



Become a member of the *Queensland Community Arts Network* - a support, advisory and information body for Community Artists and communities throughout Queensland

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- a Community Arts Directory
- A training program
- a fantastic quarterly state newsletter
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For more information phone Pauline Peel on (07) 891 5364. Network is located on the third floor of the Brisbane Community Arts Centre, 109 Edward Street, Brisbane.

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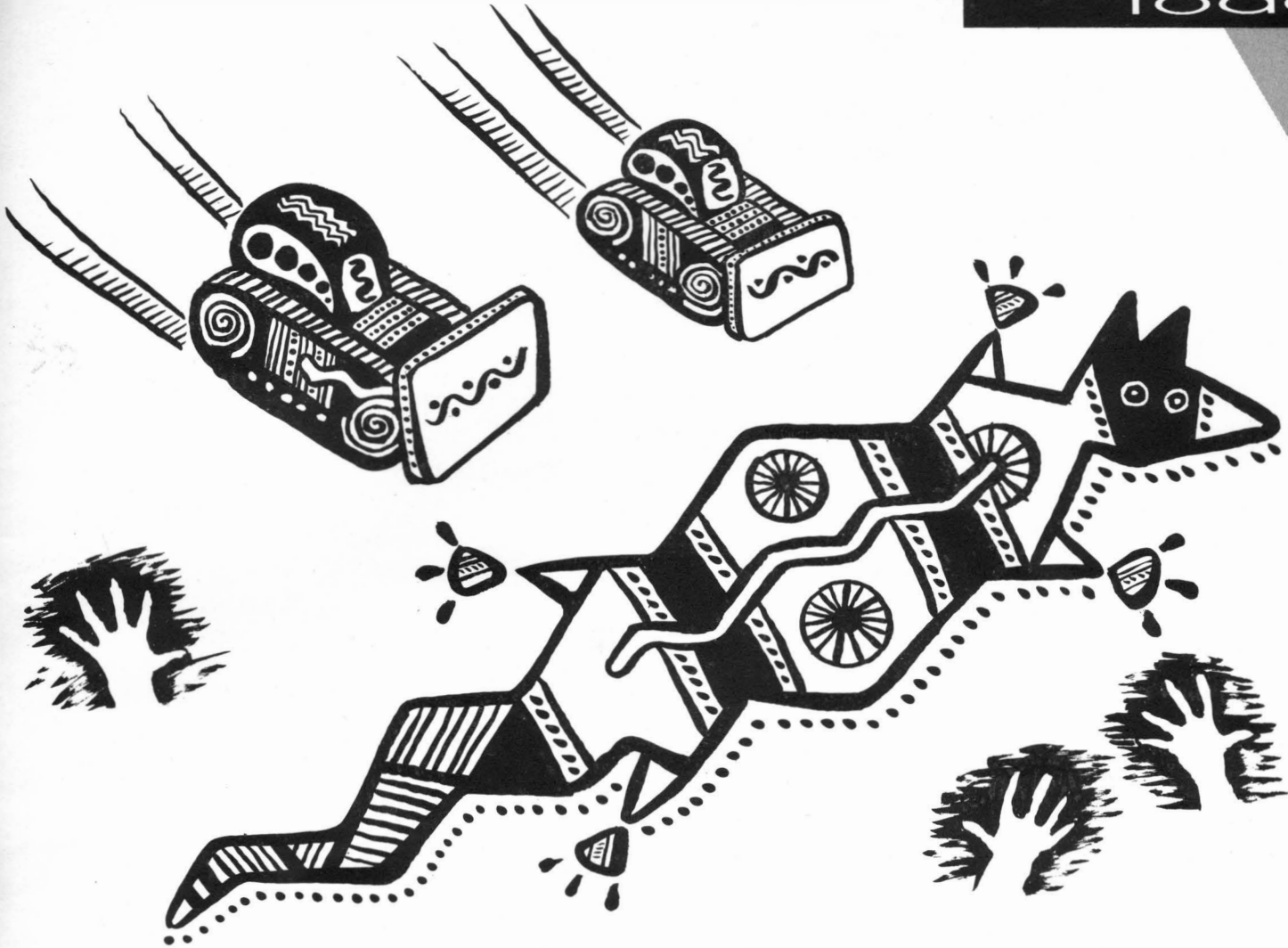
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ART FORM

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Toad

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Once a **Cane Toad Times** reader, always a **Cane Toad Times** reader, and all of you who picked up this copy out of curiosity are wondering where your next **Cane Toad Times** will be coming from. Wonder no longer - we have devised a cost effective - mail the **Cane Toad Times** to your door - subscription incentive scheme, trickily using Australia Post. (They gave us their stamp of approval.) Yes, you can **subscribe**.

Let's face it, the **Cane Toad Times** isn't the most favouritest magazine of media monopolists and people without a sense of humour. And why should it be? Haven't they got enough magazines and newspapers already?

So how does the CTT survive? Answer: by the skin of our cartoons. It's true, isn't it, you'd feel a lot safer with a subscription under your belt. Well, so would we, and if we're going to get a chance to set up a truly independent press in this country we need to get 4,000 subscribers by this time next year.

You may have noticed while Rupert Murdoch and Kerry Packer have been out there owning everything in sight, they don't own the **Cane Toad Times** and yet you can find us four times a year, in your local newsagents. You can't find us in your newsagent? Try looking under Washbasin Monthly. Yes, it's true the CTT doesn't get top display space all that often. And what if you can't even find the newsagent? "It was just down the end of the street, honest."

With 4,000 subscribers in '88, it would take more than a media monopoly to squish us. So if you think independent humour should remain unsquished—subscribe. We need you to survive, to keep banging Australia's funny bone.

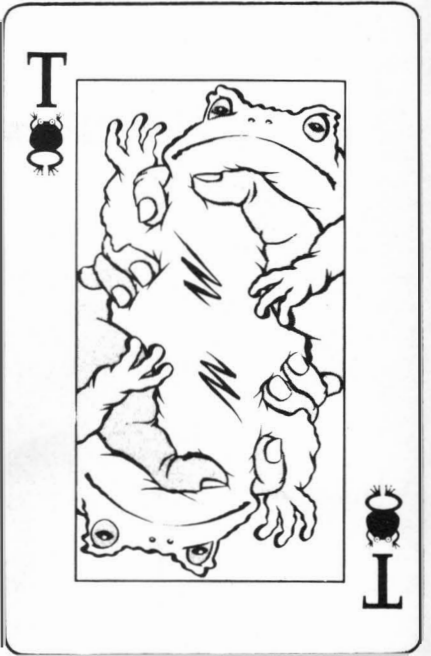
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Cane Toad Times

The Eccentric Voice

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