

'In cleaning out my filing cabinet last week, I came across a song I wrote quickly during an excruciatingly Weaselwordy conference on community housing in April 1978 (sic). At the time I was a Social Planner (I did not organise dances) at the NSW Department of Youth and Community Services. The horror of it is that some of the Weasel Words of the time are barely recognisable as such now because they have since passed into common usage.' Sandy Halley

barefoot on the grass roots

(song, to the tune of Trade Union anthem *Solidarity Forever*
originally, Anglican hymn, *Mine Eyes have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord*)

Segmentalise your pitface,
get your network on the ground.
Plug in your resource-bank,
integrate it all around.
Operationalise logistics,
front-line agencies abound,
but the people still stay poor.

Chorus:
Solidarity forever, solidarity forever, solidarity forever,
For the people keep us fed.

Open up your shopfronts.
Bring your social engineers.
Concretise your auspice packages,
Get locals into gear.
Then mystify your language,
So the people'll never hear
That you aint got a fuckin' clue.

Frame up your submissions
to consolidate your drop.
Mobilise key people to put pollies on the spot.
Then trade-off non vote-catchers for a community garden plot
to be opened by the Mayor.

Set objectives in your program
to keep Trendies off the dole,
The kids are unemployed,
the oldies' homes gone down a hole.
Winter's setting in, but for the pro's it's always Spring,
For the system keeps us strong.

Sandy Halley
Community Housing Conference
April 1978