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Radio Times

April '80



IN THIS ISSUE:
AN INTERVIEW WITH
BRITISH RADIO-PERSON
**JOHN
PEEL**
(ouch!)





STATION NEWS

OUT WITH THE OLD . . . The station's last remaining staff member who had been with Triple Zed right from the start — John Woods — has finally succumbed to the need for change (and increased income), and has left us to join the newsroom at Sydney's 2JJ. Meanwhile Marius Webb has taken leave from 2JJ to fill in for Sue Matthews at 3RRR-FM, who is taking leave to study broadcasting overseas.

In an unrelated moved Triple Z has at last acquired a full-time program co-ordinator, **Steve Stockwell**. Steve first came to prominence at 4ZZZ some years ago when, in an unrivaled competition, he won John Woods' 'Hot Hundred' — a competition to name the most popular tracks of all time. Some may have seen Steve on the gate at Joint Efforts. Normally the gentle type, Steve's proportions nevertheless add extra force to the logic of his requests. Steve studied philosophy and law at Qld Uni, and graduated with a B.A. in 1976. In 1977 he was sent to Canberra to acquire the skills that go to make a young bureaucrat. Then followed a tour of South America and Europe. After returning to Oz in 1979 he flirted briefly with good life in South Australia but ultimately it was the call of the wheat harvest outside Toowoomba.

When we found him he was down on his luck on the dole so we recognised a good deal when we saw it and snapped him up. Steve follows in a long line which started we think with Woods and had included such characters as Thompson, Goodall and Finucan.

On the subject of Finucan, it's good to hear him on air again. Michael spent some time exploring the northern tip of this great state, only occasionally venturing south to answer the call of Rockpile etc. Apart from developing a taste for Dugong the lad's

changed little . . . the same loveable loudmouth.

A couple other voices from the past now back on Triple Zed are **Phil Cullen** and **David St. John**. Phil has just returned from a trip to Europe, where he was able to establish a number of contacts that should be valuable to the station. Already Virgin Records in the U.K. are sending out latest releases to the station where they usually get immediate airplay, provided they have not been warped in the mail.

David St. John was the first voice heard over Double Z as he took part in the first test broadcast from the University of Qld. Whilst in Canada David was a volunteer announcer at CKCU-FM in Ottawa, a non-commercial station similar to Triple Z.

Another recent arrival, back from a trip O.S. is 'regular guy' **Bruno Kolberg**. Bruno wasted little time in getting back on air (Thurs. nights) — or in hustling a decent job working as a breakfast producer on the ABC.

From recent arrivals to recent departures . . . **Stafford Sanders** (ex-4ZZZ newsroom) wrote to use from Kempsey . . . says that even though he's only been at 2KP a month he's already cracked the social pages of the *Macleay Argus* (twice).

Stafford says that on his new salary he's now able to feed his daughter but — yes — he's missing the whole Triple Z flair (2KP actually play Kostelanetz there — not just send him up when he snuffs it). Newsgathering there is not what you'd call calculated-to-bring-down-the-Government — mostly local councils, cattle shows and the like. Still there's the odd woodchipping/sand-mining/black-bashing story to get stuck into. The other journalist (in charge) even allows non-sexist terms, etc. Quite a surprise. But he just landed himself in Newcastle Hospital after being based up by local hoons. Maybe we should start calling N.S.W. the "Deep South".

—H.T.



Semper

AFGHANISTAN
What The Russians Are Really
Up To
STREET MARCHES
THE HIGH
RETU

WOTZON

NEW RELEASES

The Emancipation of Barbarella

Seasons in the Sun

MONSTER

Twenty-eight pages of News, Reviews and Cartoons
50 cents at Newsagents

I'M THE KIND OF GUY WHO LIKES B SIDES

An interview with a person you've probably never heard of, much less heard, called John Peel. But read on the inscrutable logic of it all will soon be revealed.

John Peel was 40 last year. In the 1979 New Musical Express Annual Reader's Poll John Peel was voted best DJ, his programme was voted best show, and the "world's most wonderful human being". Why has this aging vegetarian captured the hearts of Britain's young punks? In his own discreet words ("... *frankly, everybody else is so terrible*").

Radio in Britain is large the domain of the BBC. In London, there are 4 different BBC channels available — Radio 1, 2, 3, and 4. Got it. Logical conclusion — wonderful variety; well, actually, no. Radio 1 is the rock station, and for reasons I'll go into later, resorts largely to "play listing" of the current Top 40. Radio 2 is the "beautiful music" station. Radio 3 is classical. And Radio 4 is news and current affairs. It is the most bearable of the BBC channels, but, like the rest, sadly out of touch with musical reality. Besides the BBC channels is Capitol Radio — the only commercial station in London (there is one licence available). Capitol Radio uses a playlist slightly superior to that of Radio 1, but sadly the ads negate the small advantage. The fabled pirates of yesteryear have almost disappeared. The remaining one, "Radio Caroline", returned recently after some months absence. But it's a bit difficult to pick up. There are lots of groups working on local radio stations, new pirates and various radio projects ... but that's another story.

In all the mediocrity is only one glimmer of light — John Peel. He is the only DJ in Britain who is actually interested in what is happening in British Rock. He searches out singles from small labels, records sessions from struggling bands, faithfully follows up listeners tapes and suggestions. But where did it all begin?

"I was one one of the pirate ships. I'd only been in that 6 months and prior to that I'd been working in radio in California. I only got that because I came from near Liverpool and Liverpool was very fashionable then. I came back here and went to one of the pirate ships, Radio London, and said, 'I've been working in California, will you give me a job' and they said yes. They didn't even ask for an audition tape ... they knew they were going to have to close down. (Aside: the pirate ships were legislated against in the late '60s coinciding with the establishment of Radio 1).

"So I went out there. Somebody easy had to do two shifts — one in the morning and one after midnight. I volunteered to do this while the rest of them were upstairs getting pissed and watching blue movies. So I started doing the programming. And gradually didn't run the advertising because I felt no-one was listening. So I dropped that, then I dropped the weather, then I dropped the news and eventually I changed the name of the programme ... started calling it the "Perfumed Garden" ... which has got nothing to do with the book by the same name. It was heard all over Europe as far away as Cyprus. In a way, it was a kind of focal point for all the flower children.

WHAT WAS THE MUSIC LIKE?

"Well, the music of that era, cause I'd just come back from California and I had a whole bunch of records



... the first Country Joe and the Fish EP which was actually a magazine with a record in it ... the first Grateful Dead album, Jefferson Airplane, Captain Beefheart and a collection of weird singles. And of course local stuff like the Incredible String Band, virtually anything on the Elektra catalogue, Doors etc., a lot of old blues stuff.

"It was obviously a very small operation. The people who were running it never actually listened. It wasn't until Brian Epstein phoned up and told them what a great idea it was ... this 'Perfumed Garden' ... that they knew anything about it. They listened ... panic stricken telegrams ... I was called up ... but by this time it had gone too far and they couldn't stop it. It was ridiculous, in the last couple of months of the station, my programme was getting 20 times as much mail as all the others put together ... from all over Europe. In Europe they still have a post hippy decaying civilisation, like Holland — when I go over there, people still talk very seriously about the 'Perfumed Garden' and the effect it had on their lives — which is quite nice but of course things have moved on, and they've got bogged down.

"So when they started Radio 1 and they were looking for DJ's, they almost had to give me an audition. Obviously an audition tape of one of my programmes would have been disastrous cause I just talk in my ordinary voice, very unslick and I make a lot of mistakes; but there are people who want to hear it so they gave me a programme. I ended up with a 3 hour programme. Of course the BBC thought it was outlandish that anyone should be on the air for 3 hours! So everyone else was eliminated. It was called 'Top Gear' — pretty tatty title (bet you wish you'd thought of it!) — it was supposed to be looking over the horizons of pop. I think meant we were to go down to the London Palladium and interview Lulu about her forthcoming album. Fortunately we did very little of that.

"When the punk thing started 2½ years ago the effect on me was similar to the effect when I first heard rock 'n' roll. I was knocked out. I thought, this is what I've been waiting for. It wasn't until I heard the first Ramones records (theirs was actually the first punk stuff to actually get on record) and the Saints and the first Damned single, that I realised that I'd been bored

for a couple of years. You don't realise how dull everything's been until something else comes along. All those interminable Led Zeppelin albums were not all that good because they were all pretty much like the one before and that pretty much like the one before that. The ting that bedevilled the music at that time was the idea that if the band broke up into 4 or 5 constituent parts, they would go away and form 5 interesting bands. These were the only people who got recording contracts. The whole thing got more and more watery. Any energy that existed was dissipated.

"I changed the whole of that night's programme when I got the Ramones album, and put on half of it. A couple of days later I got a torrent of abusive letters from outraged Grateful Dead fans, saying you must never play this again, it is disgraceful, a denial of everything that is good and true and beautiful. But I was excited again and rushing out and trying to find records. So really the whole nature of my audience has changed. I can perfectly understand people who say, 'This is pure opportunism'. I'd say it myself, if I didn't know me. And if it was band wagon jumping, I was the first bloke on the band wagon. The average age of the audience has dropped from about 27 to 18. And it's changed from college students to just kids. Frankly, I'd much rather work for them . . . than students . . . third year maths students at Eastbourne University, you know - bullocks to that - they've got huge buildings, they get subsidised beer, subsidised entertainment, subsidised television . . . life is pretty good to them. The Universities and Colleges ten years ago were producing the new radicals, now they're producing the new reactionaries. I went up to Bradford University about a year ago and spoke to

the Union President. I said how admirable it was that he was letting just ordinary kids from Bradford into Union 'Dos', cause they don't normally. He said it was the only way that they could cover costs. He said the average student's idea of a good time on a Saturday night was to put on a suit and tie and go down to the Mecca for a night of ballroom dancing.

"A lot of students resent the New Wave because it is, in a sense, anti-intellectual. There is no requirement to have A-levels or similar academic standards. Whereas previously with people like Genesis and Yes, they thought they were writing lyrics of such beauty and sensitivity that only people at University could understand. Now music is much more brutal and down to earth."

John Peel has quite an effect on the British Music Industry. He receives tapes from bands accompanied by a plaintive letter saying if he plays their song just once they'll get a recording contract. He also directs the public's taste to some extent. His radio show is the only one in Britain where one can hear a large porportion of the music being released. He effects what I buy and the concerts I see. I asked him if he recognised his control over the public.

"Well, I suppose I do really, but I don't like to think about it. If you start to think of yourself in terms of taste or having power in some way - it's something I really don't want. I just like to see myself as a fan . . .

- ANNE JONES



DOES 4ZZZ CATER FOR ONLY THE HEADSET SET? . . .

NO, NOT REALLY..... 4ZZZ FM SUBSCRIBER SUPPORTED STEREO RADIO 102.1MHz

P.O. BOX 509 TOOWONG 4066 BRISBANE QUEENSLAND.....

Radio Announcer Flees State



END OF AN EPOCH

March 21, 1980, spelt the end of another era for 4ZZZ-FM — the station's longest serving full time staff member, John Woods, left for greener pastures.

John was the last of the original eleven full-timers, and allows "new-boy" Haydn Thompson to take over the "longest-serving" position.

John was himself an import, coming to our sunny climes from crusty Adelaide (where he was working in an ice-cream factory no less).

John was interviewed for the position by telephone (Triple-Zed couldn't afford air fares for interviewees), with both parties not sure how much they could give away as to their true attitudes to the meaning of life. We took a punt on the mellow-voiced Mr. Woods, and we weren't disappointed. He arrived resplendent with platform shoes and a grand hangover — another dedicated decadent had joined the embryonic ratbag radio station.

At the time Triple-Z went to air (as 4ZZ-FM) on December 8, 1975, John was the only staff member with any formal radio experience, and was the first voice to go on air on Triple-Z (if you don't count test transmissions).

John was at his best as Triple-Z's breakfast announcer, but the physical requirements of starting work at 5am are severe for the best of them, let alone

amongst the Triple-Zed inner circle who are renowned for late night excess and late morning rising. John is a natural impromptu raconteur/interviewer (some would say you can't shut the bugger up), so his alternate time-slot was the morning show, with its emphasis on varied (and often surprise) guests. As well, John was a regular M.C. at Triple-Zed functions, anchor person for Radiothons (unless wiped out by alcohol or Space Invaders), caterer to station staff, irrepressable optimist, substitute journalist, Brisbane Line regular, stand-in Programme Co-ordinator, friend to all, and above all the best drinking companion a person could hope to find.

The full-time and volunteer staff of 4ZZZ-FM (and undoubtedly its listeners) take this opportunity to thank John for his years of effort and good humour, and wish him well in his fabulously well-paid new position as Journalist/News Presenter at 2JJ in Sydney.

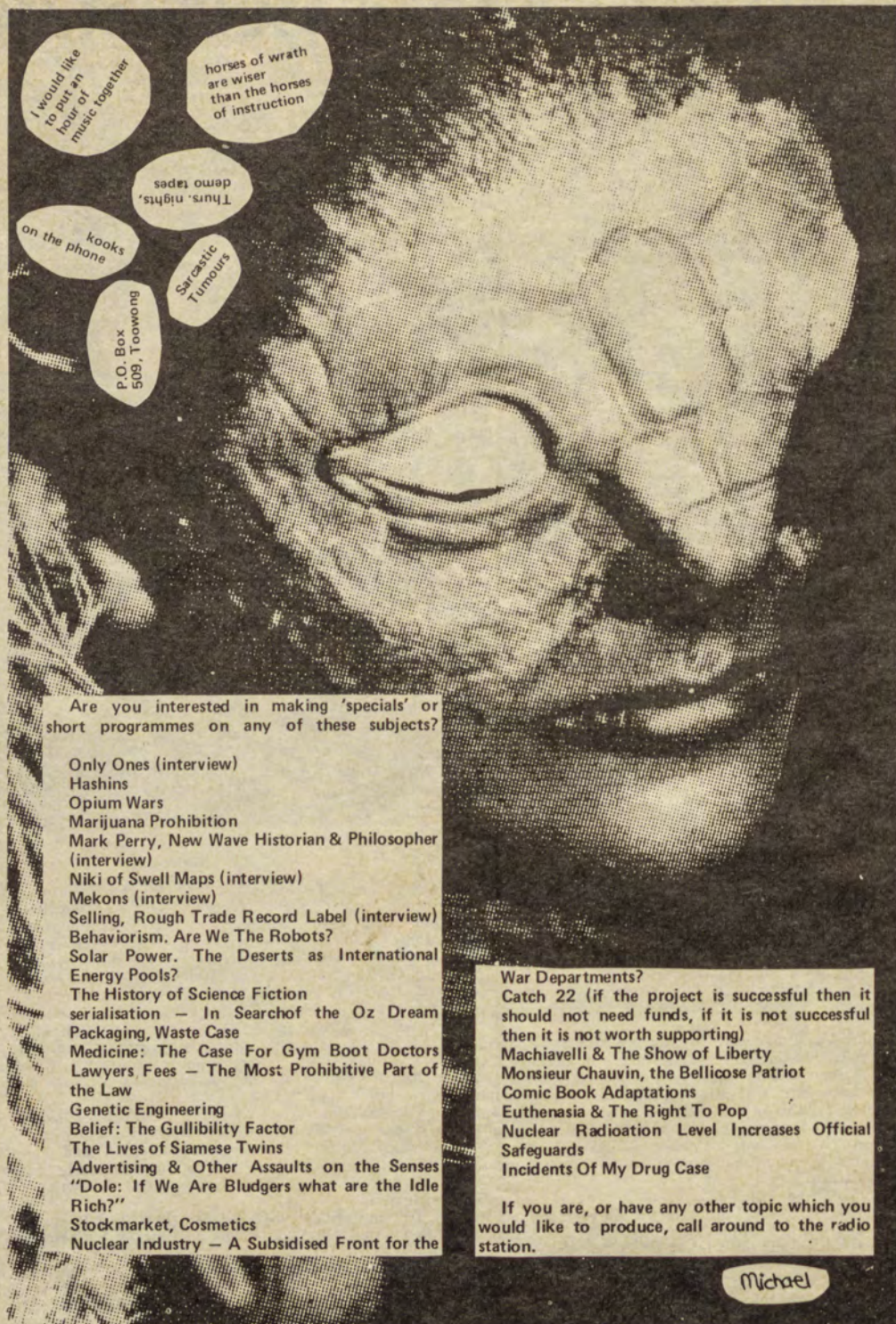
The most fitting tribute I can think of is to suggest that all friends and supporters take up the John Woods' guiding motto:

"If it's worth doing, it's worth overdoing!"

—JOHN STANWELL
Self-appointed Station Biographer

Photograph Matt Mawson

AVAST, YE LANDLUBBERS



I would like
to put an
hour of
music together

horses of wrath
are wiser
than the horses
of instruction

Thurs. nights,
demo tapes

kooks
on the phone

Sarcastic
Tumours

P.O. Box
509, Toowong

Are you interested in making 'specials' or short programmes on any of these subjects?

Only Ones (interview)
Hashins
Opium Wars
Marijuana Prohibition
Mark Perry, New Wave Historian & Philosopher (interview)
Niki of Swell Maps (interview)
Mekons (interview)
Selling, Rough Trade Record Label (interview)
Behaviorism. Are We The Robots?
Solar Power. The Deserts as International Energy Pools?
The History of Science Fiction
serialisation - In Search of the Oz Dream
Packaging, Waste Case
Medicine: The Case For Gym Boot Doctors
Lawyers Fees - The Most Prohibitive Part of the Law
Genetic Engineering
Belief: The Gullibility Factor
The Lives of Siamese Twins
Advertising & Other Assaults on the Senses
"Dole: If We Are Bludgers what are the Idle Rich?"
Stockmarket, Cosmetics
Nuclear Industry - A Subsidised Front for the

War Departments?

Catch 22 (if the project is successful then it should not need funds, if it is not successful then it is not worth supporting)

Machiavelli & The Show of Liberty

Monsieur Chauvin, the Bellicose Patriot

Comic Book Adaptations

Euthenasia & The Right To Pop

Nuclear Radiation Level Increases Official Safeguards

Incidents Of My Drug Case

If you are, or have any other topic which you would like to produce, call around to the radio station.

Michael

DEREK & CLIVE — AD NAUSEUM

The story so far
In the last episode of our intrepid program coordinator, Haydn Thompson reported getting into a fair bit of hot water with the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal following several complaints about Triple Z's playing of extracts from the 'Adults Only' album Derek and Clive Ad Nauseum, by British comedians Peter Cook and Dudley Moore. When we last heard of the matter Haydn was taking up precious Radio Times space with his lengthy, and he thought, masterly, response to the Tribunal's request for an explanation. Now read on.

I thought that following my four page *magnus opus* the matter would be settled but this was not to be. One Friday afternoon I received a call from the *Financial Review's* media correspondent informing me that both Bill Riner and I would be asked, in accordance with section 119 of the *Broadcasting and Television Act 1942*, to show cause why we shouldn't be prohibited from broadcasting or selecting items for broadcast. Actually if I had not decided to ignore a registered letter for me at home the Fin. Rev. would not have scooped things. I had assumed that I had some parking fine or some such thing waiting at the Post Office, so like the recent winner of *Tatts*lotto I ignored it. Sure enough when I picked up the letter the next week the news was confirmed.

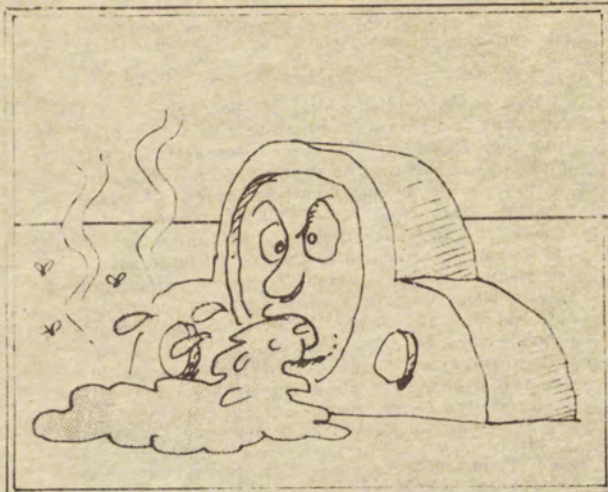
I decided to call on the help of the Public Broadcasting Association of Australia (PBAA). I know the feeling of the Association was that the Tribunal was overreacting, that it was not following its own complaints procedure and that a public station was being singled out for the "big stick". When Sydney announcer John Laws contributed to a major run on one of that state's biggest building societies, all the Tribunal did was have him up and tell over a cup of tea, like, that there was s. 119 and they *might* use it on him if he was a naughty boy again.

Keith Conlon of the PBAA wrote to Tribunal Chairman Bruce Gyngell stressing our position that the complaints procedures *should* be applied. These procedures, which took two painstaking years to develop, have as their essential first step, the directing of the complainant to take up their complaint with the station in question.

The PBAA also stressed that we think the "big stick" is waved far too quickly in our cases. So concerned was the Association that it had contemplated approaching the Ombudsman.

Following this letter I called Gyngell and was told to hold in abeyance the "show cause" direction pending further consideration by the Tribunal. Subsequently they asked to see me and Bill in Sydney. I was a little outgunned on the day. Arrayed against me were Gyngell and Morman, both members of the Tribunal; Connolly, its Secretary; and a couple of staff who took notes all the while.

The atmosphere was cordial, however, with no attempt to rap me over the knuckles. Rather, the Tribunal sought to understand why I felt we should have been able to broadcast material that they felt was "indecent" by general standards. I conceded that many people could find it so, but felt that since we were not catering to a general audience but to a particularly tolerant one, we should be able to (if you like), get away with it. It struck me as strange that the Tribunal, who had recognised in its self-regulation report that there was no longer *one* community standard, but a collection of different standards, was now reverting to outdated notions of acceptability.



Gyngell said that he thought it "pornographic" and that his daughter expressed surprise that dad was allowing such material to be broadcast. I conceded that it may have been wiser to have waited until the autumn session of parliament had dropped reference to the outdated Control Board standards. This concession was seized on. I also pointed out however that I could not guarantee that the incident would not be repeated. I felt confused by what appeared to be a movement away from self-regulation in the area of 'taste'. The Tribunal attempted to argue that when there is a breach of the *Act* then they are forced to take action, but otherwise they would not apply the complaints procedure and rely on the re-licencing hearings the stations Promise of Performance, and the public broadcasting Code of Practice.

The Tribunal agreed that there was a need for more discussion here. It seems at the moment that when the complaint is frivolous they are prepared to follow the complaints procedure, but when the complaint is substantial, (and is say, channelled via a politician), then we revert to the old practices.

The outcome of the meeting was that I was not rapped on the knuckles or admonished. It was suggested that I be careful in future. As well the unresolved issues are to be taken up with the PBAA.

FOOTNOTE: A number of other public stations have also been asked to supply information to the Tribunal in a breach of the complaints procedure. 4MMM-FM in Adelaide have been heaved and given the same line that where there is a breach of the *Act* then they have to step in.

2SER-FM in Sydney have also been asked to supply the lyrics of a song someone apparently found offensive.

To its credit the station has not complied and has told the Tribunal to follow its own complaints procedures.

The joke is that the lyrics come from a Shakespearean sonnet "Where the bee sucks, there suck I".

—HAYDN THOMPSON

CONFESSIONS OF AN AUSTRALIAN OPIUM USER

Part 3 — Past, Present and Future; A Summary, A Cure?

"Men do not become what nature meant them to be, but what society makes them."

R.D. Laing.

Most books on the subject of "drug abuse" claim drug users first hear of, and become interested in drugs from their friends and that this is where flirtation with dope begins. This may be so in some cases, but what never seems to be mentioned is the role the mass (straight) media plays here. Many of the people I've spoken with first became familiar with drugs through the way it was presented to them in the press and on television. The very first time I remember hearing or reading about drugs was when I was an impressionable kid still at school. There was a glossy young people's magazine called "Everybody's" on Australian wide distribution. It carried the "pop music scene" (the word hype was not around then).

One week it carried a big feature article about a top pop star undergoing an L.S.D. experience. (Superstars or Megastars weren't around either). Of course the whole thing was under a doctor's supervision and presumably an "Everybody's" journalist and photographer just happened to be there. The article and its 'psychedelic' art work impressed yours truly, (that's a word I haven't heard for years). At this very time the whole San Francisco flower-power thing was starting to bloom. The papers lapped it up daily, so did the few current affairs shows and "specials" on the Haight-Ashbury scene. It became obligatory in every show from "Project 66" to "Ironside". The mass media whipped up an hysteria seldom seen in peacetime. Many of the programmes besides putting this strange new sub-culture under the microscope carried strong anti-drug themes. But in doing so showed people preparing their injections, putting on the belt to raise their vein, then actually injecting the drug. Thus showing eager youngsters how to shoot-up in one easy TV lesson, while the ratings skyrocketed. I do not for one minute think this is done intentionally, but people who make these programmes must recognise their responsibilities to the young. They see the TV reporter as an establishment figure of authority and so probably disregard most of his warning but take in the opium and hash dens along with the "shooting-up" scenes as quasi-mystical romantic rebellion. Most kids forget it but I'm speaking of the vast disillusioned army of young people this society has made no room for.

I've heard irate parents say, "How could my kid be so dumb to get hooked on heroin". Of course the answer is the kid's probably quite intelligent, most junkies are. They're most the shy, quiet, introspective person who dwell too much on their problems, and spend too much time thinking what the world thinks of them, rather than what they might think of the world. An 'immediate gratification syndrome' as drug usage becomes addiction is set in motion and incentive to learn more constructive responses to frustration and life's anxieties is shelved for narcotic use. Many psychiatrists feel that one important consequence of chronic drug use and dependence in young people is a reduction in the variety and range of skills which should be acquired for dealing with other people and meeting life's various problems. Development of an addict's personality is somewhat blocked due to hard drug taking, thus the addict may remain at a more or less immature stage of emotional development and suffer with this handicap in this respect unless his or her problem is overcome.

What is an "addiction prone" personality? Most studies have turned up nothing common to all addicts except a tendency toward emotional immaturity and an inadequacy to respond to interpersonal problems. Then again maybe the studiers should study themselves.

Now that brings us to the problem of how to kick the habit and get on with a drug free life. However rather than the end this can sometimes be the beginning for a lot of people.

Methadone: Methadone was introduced with the best of intentions for therapeutic results in Australia for heroin addiction by Dr. Stella Dalton. At her Westeria House programme it met with mixed results due to different individual addicts in the early 70's. A tireless worker like others in her field, she is now Director of Wayback committee NSW. Unfortunately as the methadone "cure" spread it met with the same problems earlier therapists met, in stopping drug abuse. (See Dec., Jan-Feb. issues "Confessions" Parts 1 and 2, "The Early Days" and "Now"). Indiscriminate prescription by G.P.'s and Government clinics to young drug "users" (sometimes referred to as weekend users) as opposed to hard core addicts made these young people 'methadone addicts'. Methadone is a hard drug of addiction and although G.P.'s and clinics were swamped by these young people looking for a free high, more investigation was sadly lacking into their exact state. Methadone is a synthetic narcotic, a very strong analgesic slightly more potent a painkiller than morphine and is a central-nervous-system depressant. First synthesized only in World War II by the Germans, it is said to have withdrawn members of Hitler's high command from morphine habits. Other sources state it also was used in German hospitals because of a scarcity of morphine due to the war effort.

It's practical use as a heroin cure comes from its cross-tolerance to all opium-chain related drugs i.e. morphine and heroin. This in effect means once methadone is established in one's system heroin/morphine have very little or no effect, one may as well inject water.

The politics of methadone are a little more sinister. Authorities at first claimed methadone (or Physeptone and Dolophine as it's also known) was the passport to suburban bliss. Bull. They never cared for the average junkie (unless it was someone important's kid), the only thing they cared about was the crime statistics being lowered by methadone. No side-effects they said, well the patients and their doctors know otherwise; chronic acute constipation, nausea, mental lethargy and sometimes impotence while on the drug. No one really knows the long term effects yet, physiological or psychological, except that it does not always obliterate the post-abstinent syndrome (the gnawing desire for heroin) as first thought.

In the physical and/psychological sense amphetamine (speed) causes much more damage to one if taken in approximately the same dosage for a similar period than does heroin.

Heroin maintenance has been put forward as an alternative to methadone by some people in the medical profession and by ex-addicts, as used in the English programme. To quote ex-addict and author William Burroughs, "Methadone maintenance has nothing to do with cure. Getting someone off whiskey by giving him rotgut wine is what it amounts to. Methadone is a terrible habit to kick." I agree with Burroughs, many more hard core addicts would come for treatment, given clean syringes regularly would help eliminate serum hepatitis. Also addicts would no longer have to push

dope to others for their daily fix, thus cutting back on O.D.'s (overdoses) where the strength of dope from different dealers is unknown due to cutting the drug. Black market profiteering would also suffer a recession, due to the pure programme heroin. At present most junkies shoot (inject) adulterated white powder cut with god knows what, or they use brown rocks heroin (brown sugar) from the Golden Triangle which is impure and meant for smoking, not injection.

In this country at the present time exists a very powerful lobby that would like to see nothing change, that everything remains as is. With the crime syndicates and corrupt state and federal police getting in on the profits from an inhumane system that's never looked like stopping the heroin trade. If we did change from this medieval law enforcement method to a humane medical approach (such as the successful English cure) it would tend to have the following effects. I quote the author of "Heroin in Australia", David Hirst. "It would ensure that addicts no longer had to seek to other pre-addicts, thus halting the exponential growth in users. It would destroy much of the black market and therefore remove profits from the trade, helping to break the grip of organised crime. It would also release drug police from their endless task of collecting information on users and allow them to concentrate on the black marketeers." And as William Burroughs so aptly put it, "All these pushers, wholesalers and narcotics agents would have to get out and work for a living like everybody else, and they sure don't want to do that." It provides the police with something to do and as junkies are relatively easy to apprehend because they have to take so many chances to get hold of their drugs, the heroic police can make spectacular arrests, lawyers can do a brisk business, judges can make speeches, the big pedlars can make a fortune, sometimes moving 'confiscated' dope for bent narcs, and the tabloids can sell millions of copies telling John Citizen what he wants to hear. He can sit back satisfied as the evil junkie gets his just desserts. Everyone gets something out of it except the junkie. Draconian laws, police forces, mobs of indignant citizens cry mad dog. Junkies are perhaps the weakest minority which ever existed;

forced into poverty, filth, squalor, without even the protection of their own legitimate ghetto. There was never a wandering Jew who wandered farther, without hope than a junkie. Round and round the maze he goes, searching always, sussing out the eternal elusive dope, till the maze turns into a prison cell, or worse.

Royal Commissions, parliamentary inquiries and committee reports do nothing. All they do is retain the status quo. Of course the Federal Narcotics Bureau had to be disbanded it had become an enormous public embarrassment, attempts to cover up malpractice and corruption in the end were fruitless, it had all gone too far. Little will change, certain people will perhaps cool it for a while, then it will be business as usual under a new name.

As for the addict, the junkie one can only hope something comes of the latest research in the area of a cure. Work is being done into Endorphin. Dr. John Hughes in liaison with Margaret Patterson cured Eric Clapton and Keith Richards of their drug habits by using a neuro-electric stimulator they had developed. The stimulator releases the endorphins (the body's own natural opiates) into the patient's system. However at present this treatment is still very expensive, around \$3,000 a treatment. It's estimated this type of cure will take about 5 years to become freely available.

LAAM: Leva-alpha-acetylmethadol-hydrochloride, a central-nervous-system depressant and opiate antagonist, has also been put forward as a methadone alternative but has met with little success so far. It lasts 72 hours to methadone's 24 hours, patients feel no euphoric effect.

In a related field Dr. Goldstein has isolated a substance he calls Pituitary Opioid Peptide. He claims it relieves withdrawal symptoms, has 50 times the pain-killing power of morphine and is non-addictive.

I sincerely hope one of the above treatments comes to a fruitful conclusion, that will eventually be a working programme for the drug addicted. The way things are now is just not good enough for those who need help.

—Keep the faith,
Eddie, alias The Rocket

THE UNSIGNED CONTRACT

"Obviously the next Police Commissioner, whoever he is, will be expected to be a 'Yes Man' to the Premier."
(*Courier Mail* editorial, 17/11/76)

There will be no stamps of approval, no signatures not even a document, but still a very real contract exists between the top echelon of state government and the Queensland police force.

In practice it works like this, the police allow no anti-government street marches (or very rarely so). If they occur, military type action involving large numbers of psyched-up officers deal swiftly and none too gently with the civil libertarians.

In return for this devotion to the government, particularly the Premier, some Labor opposition members believe it has been indicated to both high ranking officers and the police union that any police finding themselves in hot legal water will have the backing of the top level of state government.

Facts speak for themselves. The opposition alleged a woman was raped in the Townsville watchhouse by a policeman, no criminal charges have been laid; again and again Labor members and respected barristers have claimed that verballing i.e. fabrication of evidence is common.

Space prevents me from listing the many times

police have evaded justice in Queensland. To name but a few, i.e. the Gympie Extortion case, the Southport S.P. case (acquitted), the Michael Mijatovic bashing at Valley H.Q., witnessed by a 9 respectable citizens (police acquitted), although the magistrate was satisfied the bashing occurred, the Cedar Bay search and destroy mission ("Yes, I understand that Inspector Gray and Superintendent MacIntyre did attend a meeting of Cabinet") (Ex-Commissioner Whitrod on Brisbane's Channel 0). Four policemen eventually, through media pressure, were charged, (charges dropped). Inspector Gray now stood alone on the dock, (acquitted). Actually 4ZZZ scooped the Cedar Bay raid with an interview with one of the residents who told it like it was, a nightmare. T.V. news viewers were shocked to see Inspector Beattie baton a young woman. When Commissioner Whitrod ordered an investigation it was quashed by Premier Joh. In fact Beattie was promoted to Superintendent. It seems the police enjoy immunity from the law in Queensland. Why does the current commissioner find it necessary to visit parliament house in the very late hours of the night. You must draw your own conclusions but something smells in the Sunshine State, wouldn't you say?

Keep on keeping on, ya hear!
The Rocket

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THE GREAT ROCK 'N ROLL SWINDLE

"The Great Rock 'n Roll Swindle" is the "Citizen Kane" of rock 'n roll pictures. An incredibly sophisticated, stupefyingly multi-layered portrait of the 1970s phenomenon known as The Sex Pistols, unstintingly cynical pic casts a jaundiced eye at the entire pop culture scene and, if nothing else, represents the most imaginative use of a rock group in films since The Beatles debuted in "A Hard Day's Night". A sure bet for a substantial cult following, "Swindle" with its unexpected quality and broad range of commentary, could also stir interest among those who may have never even heard of The Sex Pistols while they were together (and all alive).

Group was the progenitor of the entire punk movement of the latter half of the late decade and perpetrated numerous outrages against almost everyone with whom it came in contact.

Each successive scandal (such as getting booted off both EMI and A&M Records, swearing on tv, being banned by the BBC, and playing their subversive version of "God Save The Queen" on a boat in the Thames during the Silver Jubilee celebration — merely generated that many more front page headlines. Pic, which stars and is narrated after a fashion by Pistol's manager Malcolm McLaren, begins with the basic premise that the campaign of shock tactics was premeditated from the very beginning by the admittedly devious McLaren, and continues from there to wildly illustrate the chaotic history of the short-lived sensation.

A bubbling brew of devices and styles somehow mesh under first-time helmer Julian Temple's wizardly direction to amplify McLaren's thesis on how to create a rock sensation in 10 easy lessons. Among his dicta are: Demonstration To Record Companies the Enormous Potential of A Band That Can't Play; Make It As Hard As Possible For The Press To See It; Insult Your Audiences As Much As Possible, and Cultivate Hatred.

Cash register jingles melodiously as each step is taken, with McLaren walking away with bulging pockets as his creation dissolves.

Evidently made without the blessing of lead singer Johnny Rotten, film presents remainder of the group playing themselves. Docu footage of Rotte and the band playing numerous dates throughout their career, including the U.S. tour, offers opportunity to hear a host of tunes in their entirety, McLaren fills in a number of blanks himself, and some enormously clever animation covers some of the group's more infamous antics, such as its alleged trashing of the A&M London office.


Title tune from Russ Meyer's aborted Pistols feature, "Who Killed Bambi?", is given an hilarious rendition by one Tenpole Tudor, and some scenes of Steve Jones and Paul Cook in rio with a Mr. Martin Bormann and Ronnie Biggs, later one of the perpetrators of the Great Train Robbery who here collaborates on cutting a record, may have been originally planned for Meyer's opus. Filmmakers also managed to capture Sid Vicious delivering his astonishing version of "My Way" at a Paris venue before he succumbed to his self-destructive streak last year.

If all this — and there is truly much, much more — might seem like an impossible hodgepodge, triumph of the film rests in the sharp control of all its effects. Unlike some of the way-out filmmaking of the late 1960's, in which anything went, usually to diminishing returns, Temple's work is tremendously film-wise, refusing to allow anything that doesn't contribute to the overall

scheme. In a conventional sense, "Swindle" goes too far on any number of occasions, but it all adds up in the end.

Technical accomplishment is of a high order. A Barker-Mills' cinematography, like that for the Monty Python films, is strongly expressive on limited means, and editing of R. Bedford, M.D. Maslin and G. Swire makes all the disparate elements of the jigsaw puzzle fit tightly.

From "VARIETY",
March 5



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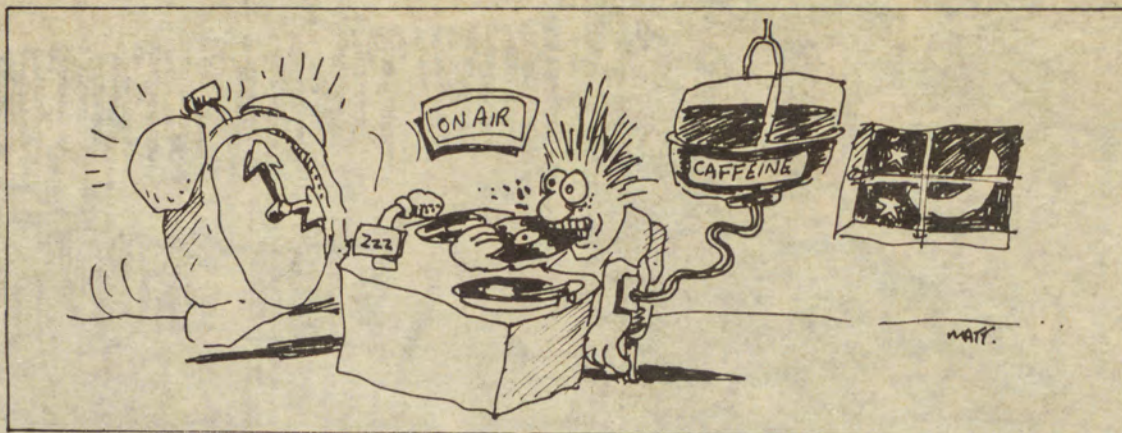
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POLLUTANTS IN THE AURAL STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Or
Nerve Gas at 5am – Recollections of a One-
Time Breakfast Announcer

Eight months is a reasonable period of time to have spent committed to a 3.30 or 4.00am rise on week mornings. Time enough to observe some interesting psychological and metabolic changes in an ordinarily ordinary sort of person. Ever had your mind not know what your mouth is doing? And had this bizarre alienation brought about not by intoxicants or hallucinogens but by fatigue? Yes, there has been on occasion some critically zomboid behaviour at ZZZ, particularly before, say, 7.00am (when the goddam news theme blares Update and Significance into the barely cogniscent humanoids).

I started doing the breakfast show in August 1979. My conscientious plan to have a reasonable seven hours sleep each night soon proved impracticable, with station meetings, programming meetings, workshops and concerts occurring 7.30pm (the Good Brekkie Announcer's Bedtime!!). Catching up during the day is tricky – if you leave it too late or have more than a couple of hours, you won't feel like sleeping that night. And there's that 4am rise tomorrow morning, and the day after... I think the worse thing about all this was that sleep became an issue in my life – something that had to be taken into consideration every day, requiring much juggling of events and commitments. Eating habits were similarly stuffed around. I could be seen walking around the house at almost any hour of the day with something in my hand (which was soon put into my mouth). Generally I'd have breakfast soon after nine (when I came off air) and some sort of luncheon in the early afternoon. I sure missed them casual dinners with the household or friends.

Filming is a much less frequent activity for the brekkie announcer (the dreadful electronic buzz at 4am has the deterrent effect of shock treatment!). Actually, I'd say the brekkie show lifestyle is generally rather sterile, since stimuli from conversation or films or plays aren't easily available when the 8 or 9pm curfew applies. The routine is pretty oppressive, in short, and rather lonely – the only other worker at ZZZ at that hour of the morning is the journalist, and chats are confined to the 3 or 4 minutes after s/he reads the news bulletin (before the song ends, and the journalist goes back to the newsroom).

So undoubtedly a change to a 7.00am rise (through my change to a 9.00am start on the radio) will make life easier (but was it meant to be...?) and make waking hours more usable/enjoyable, since they'll be the same as most other people's. Perhaps now those elusive Good Ideas will have a chance to get a little more fully baked!

–“KILLER” (still slayin' 'em!) JOULES GOODALL

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the business of creating one of the best nights of fun in rock 'n roll history, the bacroom gang was sitting around thinking that this would be it. Their dear friends from the Licencing Commission had revoked all licence applications from November 24th on. Graham Parker was to have the rather dubious honour of performing to the last legally licenced Joint Effort.

The official reason given for the revoking of liquor licences was the vast amount of complaints from the occupants of the homes in the immediate area of the ballroom. One person had even complained of fornication on the front lawn. Complaining, the dear old suburbanite should have been glad for a break in their viewing habits. Why settle for Young Talent Time re-runs when you can have a bit of live theatre in your front yard.

Besides the cultural value, think of the number of pub-tales or kitchen conversations you could have.

A few more 'dry' Joint Efforts were held after the legendary J.E. 18 but the numbers of people giving their all to rock raging fast decreased. Let's face it, if you're going to loosen up and boogie a drop of ale doesn't go astray.

At Joint Effort 19, the first of the dry runs, the number of police both uniformed and plainclothed was excessive, to say the least. Inside the ballroom members of Brisbane's task force moved through the crowd making their presence felt, while outside uniformed police, some with tracker dogs, roamed the grounds. That night, around twenty people were arrested for possession of either alcohol or dope. The Christmas Eve Joint Effort with Sports, Jimmy and The Boys and Razar saw an even better performance from the blue tinged ones. This time no less than twelve defectives (oops! detectives) headed for backstage for 'a bit of a chat' with Jimmy and The Boys. Outside more arrests were being made. After this last debacle, it was only a matter of days before Triple-Zed has to face the reality that again the Licencing Commission and the police department really did not want them and the audience that the Joint Efforts attracted. In the whole time that your demented scribe was in the audience of a Cloudland Joint Effort, not one serious outbreak of violence occurred. People came to have a good time and as they left the dome on the hill most were grinnin' from ear to ear.

The final blow came one December evening at Caxton Street Hall. A benefit dance was organised for a couple of persons in need and the whole night promised to be a good one. Local favourites, The Sharks had attracted a large crowd and what's more the dance had been granted a licence. After the final chord had been struck, most of the patrons stepped out into the night and headed for home and parties. Five minutes after The Sharks left the stage, several carloads of police cruised up Caxton Street and pulled up outside the front entrance of the hall. A few police plainclothed and uniformed came up the footpath and for no obvious reason began arresting at random. The charge being bandied about most was 'drunk and disorderly'. Some people since then have wondered whether the blue brigade were being self referential with the charge. Fights between police and punters started faster than the proverbial winking of an eye. Most unfortunate victims of the night stick didn't even know what hit 'em. People were dragged bodily into waiting cars and carried off into the waiting arms of the watchhouse desk sarge. It was a carefully planned operation and if scare tactics had ever been used, they had never been used so well. Brisbane has since become 'fright city'. There wouldn't

be too many halls for hire or vacant venues for the purpose of rock 'n roll performance in or around town right at this moment.

Brisbane right now has become an absolute zero for lovers of R 'N R. You have a choice of Pipp's on Thursdays or the Hotel Brisbane on Wednesday or Saturday nights. Neither of these places is what you'd call a great rock 'n roll pub. Pipp's has the problems of being a rock 'n roll gig one night a week and a cabaret for the rest and The Brisbane lacks room and a view.

The Joint Efforts will continue at the Queensland University but these will be monthly or three-weekly events. If you're looking for anything close to rocking with some breathing space then you will have to travel north to the Surfair or south to the Playroom or the Patch or Jet Club.

As for Brisbane, this is it. The only thing you could say for the future is - what future? Before any new avenues can be explored the whole attitude of both police and Licencing Commission would have to change radically. Just how many enlightened thinkers do you think you could find amongst the ranks of those inglorious institutions. The recent history of the rock-at-the-pubs does not point to any great new oases springing up in the disco desert in the near future.

Before any city venue could open its doors to rock 'n roll it would have to be soundproofed and run so tight that just to gain entrance would be a hassle. There certainly doesn't seem to be many opportunities left. Without mass support from former audiences the battle for live rock may be lost.

Rockies, the Musician's Club venue in Charlotte St. is on the verge of closing due to lack of audience. If you don't like the bands or have no idea of what to expect from some of them, then voice your opinion. If the Hotel Brisbane doesn't have what you want then scream to the world. The future of rock 'n roll, if there is to be one, depends on the people who ultimately support it, the audiences. One phone call to this very radio station would put you in touch with the agency or promoter who runs the gig in question. If you're concerned about police harassment or even security persons, or anything taht gets in the way of rock 'n roll fun, tell it to the press (Radio Times loves to print letters to the editor), or ring your local member.

The game is over, it's up to you folks.

-TONY MOCKERIDGE



A roundup of cultural, political and social events. Mon-Fri at 6.30p.m. Know of any meetings, functions, interesting events? Tell us on 371 5111.

Rock & Roll - What Future?

In last months' Radio Times TONY MOCKERIDGE looked at the demise of Brisburys' once healthy live Rock scene at the hands of the ugly god Disco. NOW READ ON.....

In 1978 Triple-Zed came once again to the rescue. In a desperate attempt to thwart the forces of funk-junk, two experienced confidence tricksters in the guise of Triple-Zed workers convinced the bleary-eyed management of one Queen's Hotel that rock 'n roll was what he needed most in the dear old pub. After raising the owner's cash consciousness by a first night crowd of eight hundred, the Triple-Zed team were quick to act. Within four months of opening, the Queen's was presenting two bands each night, four nights of the week. Audiences were being treated to four local bands and two or three southern acts each week, and there were signs of more rock venues opening their doors. The Exchange Hotel was re-opened as a rock 'n roll pub in July of the same year. Things were definitely on the up. Joint Efforts were still being run regularly. From absolute zero the Brisbane rock scene blossomed into something quite unique.

As more and more southern acts performed from Brisbane stages, the Brisbane musicians a la moderne began to recover from their two year isolation and the sounds of tight-knit, homegrown R 'N R began to emerge. '78 was an exciting year for pub-rock devotees and Triple-Zed was their guru. Everything was happening. If you wanted a night of rock 'roll it wasn't a question of planning, you just checked out the Queen's, or the Exchange, maybe a Joint Effort, the Ahepa Hall - whatever you fancied you could usually come by.

The North and South Coasts soon came under the eagle-eyes of Triple Zed's backroom brigade and they were soon convinced of the joys of playing host to rock enthusiasts. The Surfair Hotel at Coolumb and The Patch at Coolangatta became the oracles of rock on the north and south extremities of Triple Zed's broadcasting limits.

The rage continues into '79 and at this rate most live-music punters and partakers are looking forward to more and more hotels 'n halls becoming venues for that most excellent of entertainments - real live rock 'n roll.

-Thursday, March 15th, 1979.

All the Triple Zed workers are looking forward to a great evening's entertainment with one of the new favourites - Jimmy and The Boys. One of the station's back room stalwarts, suddenly staggers wide-eyed into the foyer and announces to the station staff that the Licencing Commission have closed the Queens. Most laugh, thinking that the poor lad is suffering from an over indulgence in a favourite past-time. After half an hour of frenzied phone calls, the laughs stop. The Queens has indeed been closed as a venue 'until further notice'. The immediate thoughts were that it was a rap over the knuckles for the station for daring to openly support street marches and for the blatant opposition to the State and Federal Governments and their giant bureaucracies. Most people in and around the Triple-Zed collective were sure that the Queens would soon re-open. After weeks of discussions between publican and Commission it became painfully obvious that the Queen's days of national rock fame as an el supremo venue-o were over.

The Exchange has already been closed for some time and again the sounds of silence are heard in the inner city. (Discos and clubs are so far underground or above your head that you'd have to strain to hear them).

At the time of closure the Queen's Hotel stage was being filled by twelve bands per week performing to some two thousand people. Bands of the calibre of Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons, Jimmy and The Boys, Mondo Rock, The Sports were all running around the country telling their friends and families that playin' at De Queens was the highpoint of an Australian tour. Road-crews would not leave town without grabbing a Triple-Zed T-shirt so that they would be the envy of their southern counterparts. Yep, the Queen's in ten short months had become THE place to play.

If you take into account the bar staff, security personnel (affectionately known as the gorillas) plus band members and crews, The Queens was giving direct employment to around one hundred people in any given week. As well as all that, the revenue raked in from door takings was being put towards the funding of the finest radio station in the state. (Good ol' Triple-Zed you nurd). After a frantic search for alternative outlets for the huge number of bands, that had become dependent on the Queens, Triple-Zed locked in to the Hotel Brisbane.

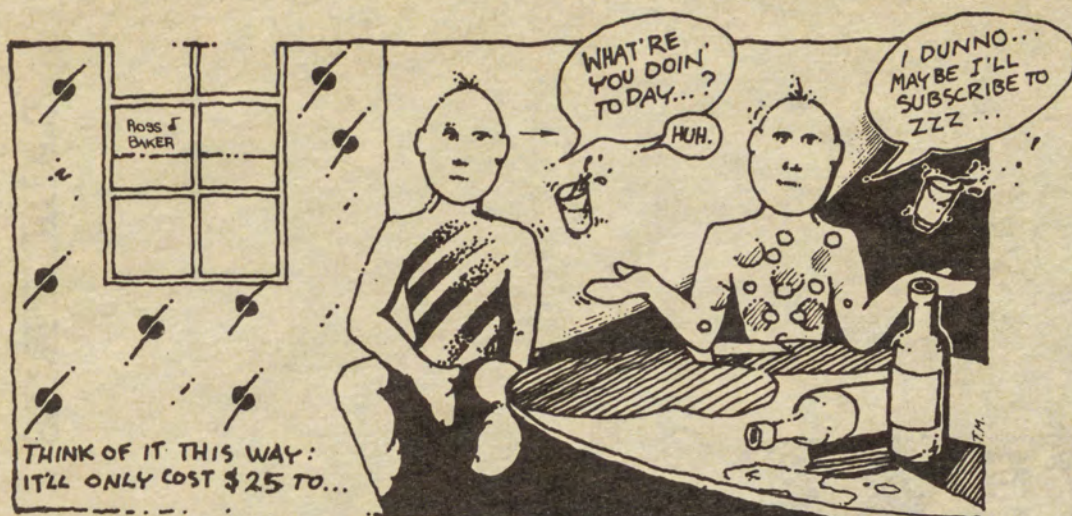
At first the Hotel Brisbane was viewed by most former Queens supporters as a bit of a joke. After the feeling of being part of a crowd in a room made for rock 'n roll, the tiny Hotel Brisbane bar was hardly up to filling the billy. Further searches in the city failed to find anything better. A few publicans hummed and haahed, some said yes but then rang to say that they would like more time, some just said straight out 'not interested'.

The fear of further Licencing Commission intervention into rock 'n roll presented quite a scare to most piss pushers who previous to the closure of the Queens would have been only too keen to 'give it a go'.

All was not lost. In May of 1979 the first Cloudland Joint Effort was staged. Richard Clapton, Western Flyer and Footloose played to an audience of two thousand six hundred raging punters. A day later The Angels descended on Cloudland and gave their surreptitious sermon to an audience of more than three thousand. Loaves and fishes were in their ascendance and the delights of the local amber brew were enjoyed by all.

Rock 'n roll was born again. The first of quite a few internationals, Doctor Feelgood, played Cloudland and announced to the press that tonight was the best of the tour. XTC returned home to the U.K. raving about this fantastic place in Australia that was like a huge ballroom (it is you nurd). Nick Lowe and Co-Rockpillers were impressed. Cloudland was looking like fast becoming one of the best known rock venues in the world. There were Rumours afoot and finally on November 17 1979 Graham Parker and his cronies took the Cloudland stage.

While the audience and bands were getting down to



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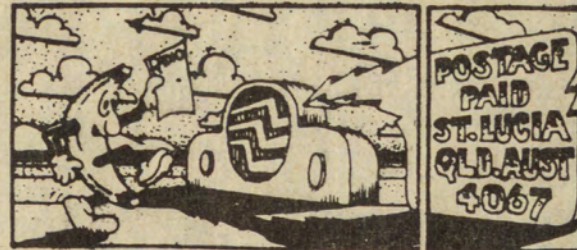
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