

RADIO Times

AUGUST '89 ISSUE



The Four Triple Zed Subscriber Magazine

Editorial

Many events in the last few months have highlighted the need for alternative media. And if you're wondering what is "alternative" well here it means that it gives you and the rest of the community a voice that most mainstream media is not interested in. Mainstream Media, owned by big business, will represent big business interests, and not those of murris, workers, women, homosexuals, students and in fact anybody who doesn't have a personal yacht, billion dollar cheque account and a multi-media empire. As much as we should celebrate Alan Bond losing his license, we have to consider this as just a drop in the ocean.

Mainstream media concentrates on issues that encourages ratings. Sex, violence, the royal family and of course quoting politicians' press releases all make juicy news. When the unrest in Beijing was happening, the coverage was great, but what if the rebellion had been against a fascist government. It would not have been as popular. The environment then became the next fad and every Jimmy Olsen and Lois Lane was saying how green they were.

Another fad has been the Fitzgerald Report. Now it seems as though it is all but forgotten and the National Party will be breathing a sigh of relief.

Alternative media has always discussed these important issues and it will continue to do so whether or not it is trendy at the moment. This is one of the reasons why the police have been hassling station workers and the station generally ever since we left the university on the 7th of July.

Our approach makes few friends in high places and only the support of subscribers and volunteers has pulled Triple Zed through bad times in the past. And so, it is only with the continued support of people like you that Triple Zed will battle on into the future.

If you have any belief in democracy and social justice, if you value the environment, if you've ever been hassled by the police - then you ought to be a proud, card carrying member of Four Triple Zed... we won't shut up!

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ZEDNEWZZEDNEWZZEDNEWZ

Triple-Zed has left home... not with a whimper but with a bang! Unfortunately the mainstream media, misled by the extreme right-wing faction of the Student Union, has portrayed Triple Zed's moving out as a violent and irresponsible act of revenge directed at the University for forcing us to leave campus.

This, of course, is not the case. When Triple Zed moved into the basement of the Union Building in 1975 all that existed was the cement floor and some brickwork

which has remained undamaged. The studios, most of the brick walls, the rooms, the air conditioner, the shelves and anything else you may care to think of was built by Triple Zed volunteers (much like yourself) way back in '75. If it wasn't for Triple Zed the basement would still be the rubbish dump it was back then. Any damage that did occur during moving out (and associated festivities) happened to these things, built by Triple Zed, and not to property of the University or the Students Union.

Thanks to everybody who helped Triple Zed move. It was a hectic couple of weeks but everything was moved in time. At present the studios are being built in our new offices located on the ground floor of the Manchester-Unity Building, 621 Coronation Drive (next door to the ugly blue phallus - Toowong Village). Meanwhile Triple Zed continues broadcasting from an ozone-friendly submarine lurking somewhere in the depths of the Brisbane River.... seriously!

FREEDOM OF SPEECH IN THE MALL

The aftermath of the Fitzgerald Inquiry has led to a new wave of political activity in Brisbane. The group 'Citizens Against Corruption' organised a march through the city on Saturday the 15th of June and also a rally in King George Square on Tuesday the 18th of June.

The main controversy surrounding this rally was that it was 'illegal' as no permit had been applied for. The rally, attended by thousands, was very tame and respectable in tone. A number of radicals wanted to propose a march but the organizers were very careful to make sure no such proposal was put to the rally. They were concerned to keep their word that there would be no trouble. When one activist got up and put the proposal to march after the rally ended and people were leaving, one of the organizers started to literally pull the platform from under his feet.

In spite of this a group of over fifty people did march down Albert Street, into the Mall, round the block down Edward Street back to the square and then back to the Mall again. People then spoke in the Mall for some time. There were no arrests.

This was the second time in a

week that activists had spoken in the Mall. The previous Friday was Bastille Day. A roving picket did a tour of various "Corruption Spots" in the City, then picketed Boggo Road in the afternoon. That evening they spoke in the Mall, focusing on French Testing in the Pacific and the Prison System. There were no arrests.

On Friday the 21st of July, the Friday after the rally in the square, people went back to the Mall. The Fitzgerald report mentioned the suppression of street marches and speaking in the Mall as being part of the political process which led to rampant corruption - politicians and police saw themselves as untouchable with all political opposition removed. The people who went into the Mall were determined to take up this issue. Two of them climbed trees (which had their branches removed before the next protest) to avoid arrest as they addressed the crowd. Bryan Law had a copy of the Fitzgerald Report, from which he read key passages while speaking on the issues of free speech and corruption. As well as these two people, three others were arrested.

The following Friday, an even bigger group of people went back to the Mall to speak. This time

there were about twenty arrests, including three people being arrested twice. One person again climbed a tree. Two others were arrested for reading from the bible. The fines so far have ranged from \$25 to \$250, with one person being fined \$450 on three counts. Bryan Law went to Boggo Road for two days for his stint up the tree, and has now gone back for another five days after last Friday. Another person has also gone in for five days.

People intend to continue this campaign. It will undoubtedly be the focus of radical opposition to the National Party as the referendum and the state election approaches. An opinion poll published recently in the Sunday Mail shows the Labour Party ahead of the Lib/Nat vote for the first time. No doubt there will be pressure from both sides not to rock the boat. But for us the issue of free speech is not negotiable. We have not forgotten that it was an ALP City Council under Alderman Harvey that asked Russ Hinze to introduce the Mall Act in the first place.

Tony Kneipp and
Alex Wightman

UNION B L U E S

Now that Victoria has resigned students must examine closely the damage her Union did and see if and how it can be fixed. One thing appears certain, that although the attacks on Triple Zed have hurt both the station and the Union, the events of the past year have shown to many students how important Triple Zed is to all people, including students, when they are hit by the full ugly brunt of the National Party. Some of the things these National Party puppets have done supposedly in the interests of students are:

Attempting to close 4ZZZ. Attempting to install Cameron Spencely as editor in chief of Semper (and thereby effectively removing the elected editors). Cutting funding to Childcare, The Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Committee (while providing busses to the Regatta on Thursday nights for College students - "We don't support minority groups" says Miss Brazil). Closing the environment office. Refusing to accept a petition under section 9.6 of the constitution (because most of the signatures were supposedly fraudulent). Allocating \$50000 of student money in legal fees to work out how to invalidate the petition. An attempt to close Women's Rights and when this failed - a name change and an attempt to put men on the Women's Rights Committee.

Telling students that they will only accept a court decision and then making four students pay costs when the petition was invalidated on a technicality. Calling the police on campus to stop students protesting. Stopping Semper from being printed and having Cameron Spencely censure every issue (supposedly because there were articles which contained de-

famatory statements). Supporting Voluntary Student Unionism despite protest from students and the University Senate.

Miss Brazil said that, sadly, she had not been able to achieve as much as she'd hoped to last semester due to all the protests which had occurred. This is probably a good thing considering the things she has achieved.

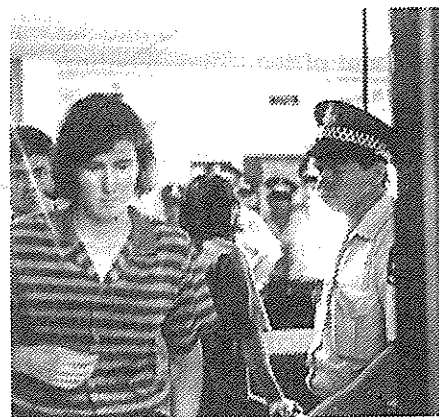
This is why we presented a second, re-worded, legally valid petition to Miss Brazil. A referendum was to be held pursuant to this petition on the week of the 31st of July. However, we feared that it would not be held in a proper manner. The National President of the Young Nationals was appointed electoral officer and the arguments for the 'YES' case were censored and even re-worded.

To the surprise of many students, Victoria and her cronies resigned. Maybe they thought they couldn't use legal technicalities and the persuasive power of their positions to ensure they remain in office. Yet in hindsight the resignations were not that much of a surprise. They would not have won the referendum as the student body would have overwhelmingly voted for their removal as they did in a 'mock' referendum held earlier this year.

Another argument which explains their resignations involves the National Party's aim to crush all Student Unions, and thus any student voice. Appointing Professor Trevor Heath as administrator of the Union allows the State Government to enact legislation making all Student Unions voluntary, without the Union being able to fight back. Also this year's events and the resignations may allow the National Party to justify voluntary student unionism, argu-

ing that students cannot run their own affairs. However the actions of students this year in protesting against the Union show they can run their own affairs, as long as outside bodies, such as the National Party, don't try to pervert the Union and mislead students.

As a student I am appalled at what our Union did this year - they have offended almost every human right that exists. What we have been dealing are a group of adolescents who have very



little understanding of people, how our society works, and justice.

Although an appalling level of apathy usually exists on campus most students didn't support the things that happened. Most were upset when they actually learnt of what the executive had done - but being upset and acting upon your beliefs are two very different things. Now more than ever students need to be challenged. If they don't do something about these sorts of injustices they are helping them to grow. Beating Victoria may be winning the battle, but not the war.

On behalf of those students who realize that 4ZZZ is an important political instrument which continues to fight for the rights of individuals and minority groups, I would like to thank Triple Zed for the service it provided to students over the years. No matter what Victoria says, students have lost out in letting Triple Zed go.

Jane Lye

...and John Lydon spoke to station worker David Lennon...

David: We'll start off talking about your new album 9. I heard Bill Laswell was going to produce the album, but I didn't see his name on the album cover at all. What happened with that?

John: He was originally going to produce it, but he decided that none of us could play and we had no good songs. So I sacked him. Of course he had ten very good songs of his own that we could have done. His ego got in the way. He was absurd enough to say to me that a good career move would be to make a U2 type album, and I can't tolerate that kind of offensiveness.

David: A lot of your earlier albums were either produced or co-produced by yourself. Did you have much input into the production of this album, or was it all left up to Stephen Hague?

John: No, I didn't do any of the production on this. Well I sort of did, but I wasn't sitting in the producer's seat. I prefer it much better when other people are doing that, because it takes the pressure off.

David: Most of Public Image's earlier albums had an avant-garde sound to their production. Even the generic one, even though well produced had a raw...

John: Yer, that was me, the wonderful

voice of inexperience (laugh).

David: Well 9 certainly doesn't have that raw sound. Do you think it is the start of a new sound for P.I.L.

John: I don't think the next album is going to sound anything like this, no. It's just that that kind of production definitely lends itself to these songs?

David: How long have the current members of Public Image been in the band?

John: We've been together now for about three years. It's about the longest I have ever worked with anybody.

David: So we can expect to hear a different live sound this time round.

John: Oh god that last band was hideous. Sorry (laughs). This band is better. I've never really enjoyed myself as much as this current line-up. We intend to stay together for some time.

David: Earlier on in your career you said concerts were boring. Do you take live work a bit more seriously these days?

John: Yer, I've completely changed in that respect. I absolutely adore live gigs now. It's a whole different approach. The people I was with at the time really made it painful. They tend to be very miserable

about everything, and that more or less influenced me.

David: How do you cope with spitting on stage?

John: Well it hasn't happened in years, but I've done a few interviews and they said that they are back at it here. I've got no time for it. If it happens I'll just walk off.

David: Speaking of live work, how the hell did you end up supporting a puss band like INXS on the American tour?

John: (laughs) Well they thought it would be a wonderfully good joke, on their behalf. It turned out that we absolutely killed them. They're not very good are they?

David: They're the worst thing to come out of Australia since Kylie Minogue.

John: Oh no, you've got a new one now called Collette. It's all rubbish.

David: You've always said that you prefer Music with the Human element, as opposed to electronic computerised music. Do you extend those feelings to Acid House and the dance Music that's in nightclubs now?

John: Well that's just disco with a twidly keyboard added. It's all rubbish. There is no content to it, and its pretty damn mindless. It's alright if the sheep want to be herded, but I can't go along with that. It's not my style, so I leave it alone, but when that seems to dominate everything, then I think it's bad.

David: You seem to express a global concern about environmental issues...

John: Well, I think everybody in their right mind should. This is our planet that those bastards are destroying.

David: People like Sting. What do you think about their input...

John: I think those people tend to do it to promote record sales. I keep my activities private. Sorry I don't want to be saluted and applauded for my opinions. I think that those people are doing whatever causes they inflict themselves upon a lot of damage because they become fashionable for a short period and then boring. For instance the Ethiopia thing. Now one gives a tuppence fuck about Ethiopia now.

David: A few years ago I heard you won rights to The Great Rock and Roll Swindle against Malcom McLaren, and you were going to remake the movie. Is that true?

John: Yer, I part own the rights to the movie. I don't ever want it released because I hate it (laugh). If I had my way I'd burn it. I think the others want it released. The whole thing was a mess. I fought that court case on principle. I couldn't let anybody just walk over me that way.

David: Well Syd and Nancy seemed to be another one of those junkie-glorifying soapies. Was there any element of truth in it at all?

John: No, none at all. I'm really furious at the director because when he put that piece of shit together he never once spoke to the band's surviving members or the manager or anything. The people he used to form his script were people like Jo Strummer from The Clash. Now what the fuck would he know about us, other than he was outrageously jealous. So the whole thing is just fantasy from start to finish. I've got no time for that. There is nothing glorious about committing suicide the slow way. It's horrible.

David: Well finally, have you got any interesting plans for the future that you think we should know about?

John: (pause) No.

O P E N
7.30 AM-MIDNIGHT
E V E R Y D A Y



PARK ROAD, MILTON

WINTERGARDEN/HILTON, ELIZABETH STREET

HOYT'S REGENT FOYER, QUEEN STREET MALL

MARINA MIRAGE, SEAWORLD DRIVE, GOLD COAST

WEEDS ...

When I was eight my mother told me my father had died of spontaneous combustion. At the time I was helping her pull weeds in the backyard and had to stifle a laugh. I had always thought it was the police who had torched him. I said so. My mother told me that it was shameful to think such a thing.

The police were always highly respected around my neighbourhood. If you wanted something done you only had to grease the right palms and the boys in blue would see you through. Just play the game and the police were the people to rely on. There was a joke about this in our neighbourhood so old that it never came as a surprise as new jokes do. Organised crime goes all the way from godfather down to constable. I never saw a godfather. I doubt they even existed. Whoever ran things was most likely a nice suburban family man - fat, balding and good with kids. My childhood was filled with images of police standing around patting me on the head while they talked to shopkeepers like my father and accepted little bundles with a

smile and a nod. The customers saw this and smiled too.

No-one ever saw the bashings. Of course people did see them, but we were all blind to a lot of the things we saw. If you had a dent in a skull from a cop's truncheon it was almost a mark of shame. You'd broken the rules. The cop's rules. Not the rules that they teach you in school. No-one took them seriously. These were the rules of the street, the pub, the playground and the pinball parlour. And the other parlours.

And they were all as much a part of our neighbourhood as going to church every Sunday. There we learnt more rules to break. And then to the confessional to repent. It was an endless game. Like 'mothers and fathers' or 'cowboys and itchybums' which we'd play in our backyard. Games. At least that's how it looked through my eyes. Adults forget too many of the games and take it too seriously. My dad took it too seriously.

I'm not saying that what he did was wrong. It depends on how you look at it, doesn't it? By your rules maybe he was right. By ours, or at

I'VE LIVED HERE
IN THIS CITY
FOR OVER 40
YEARS!...AND
NEVER ONCE
HAVE I BEEN
BRUTALIZED
BY THE
POLICE!!"



R. COBB

least the cops', he deserved to be torched.

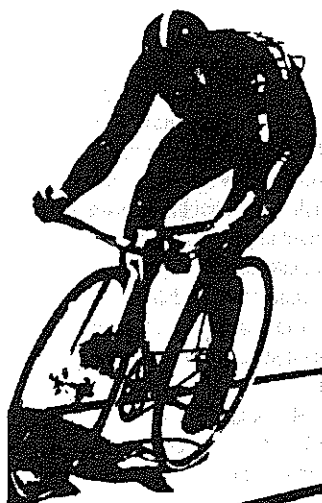
He refused to pay for protection. He tried to get the other shopkeepers to do the same. They treated him like the lepers in the Bible. I'm not saying they threw stones. They just shunned him. Adults are serious. It was at school that they threw stones. I was my father's leper. At nights my mother used to cry to my father to think of the children, that we didn't understand what was going on, and why didn't he leave well enough alone. If he just stopped now they'd forgive and forget.

What my mother didn't realise was that I did understand. And, well, even my dad was wrong. He at least did what he believed in. I admire that. There are so many different games in life that you can choose and play. But my dad didn't do that. He made up his own. In history, people like him have a habit of being torched or crucified.

And now there's an inquiry into police corruption. It's too public for them to torch. Maybe they'll just ignore it. Those kind of rules won't stop their game. Sure, some guys might be knocked off but there's more where they came from. Maybe I'm cynical. But no matter how tidy my mother kept our backyard after dad died, there were always more weeds springing up.

Nik Douglas

UNI CYCLE SHOP



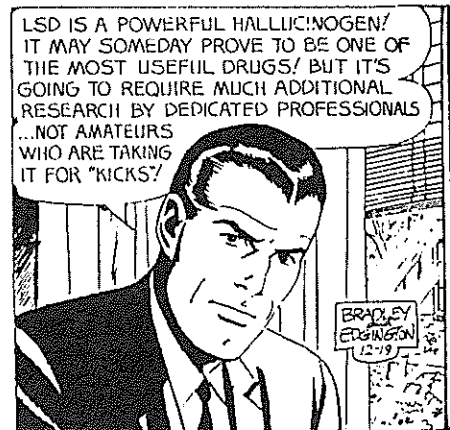
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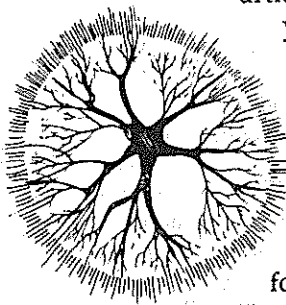
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Pack Yer Bags



Well yes, here it is, finally, at last ... the final draft ... the finished printable product ... the and ... get fucked. And do the editors like it? Well, I guess they do or else it wouldn't be here, and if they don't well, maybe it will still be here, but only the bits they like. Well, fuck you editors, you can take the bits you don't like and go stuff them up your fat asses. Yeah, I bet they cut that bit out, piss

So, that hmmm, it been bet- about the thing. Per- been some keak wanker ... yeah ... was the introduction, probably could have ter, maybe some more actual topic or some- haps there could have scintillating social nar- rative, or some more swear words. Maybe a quote from a famous person. Oh, fuck off, who cares what famous people say anyway. They're all so fucking up themselves. Most famous people are so full of shit you can smell it through their clothes. And what about this, anyway? This is the second paragraph already and I should be heavily into content. Well, I guess I sort of am. I mean, well, what's this supposed to be about? I sort of forget, actually ... ummmm ... oh, yes ... that's it! This article is about tripping ... yes, tripping...



What about tripping? Well I guess I better be brief as I'm running out of room. So this will be a concise and pointed article about tripping. Well, not so much about tripping, more of a series of helpful hints for the prospective tripper. The "How To" of tripping, well, more the "How Definitely Not To" of tripping. This will be a handy guide to the uninformed youth of today

who may unexpectedly find themselves with a fistful of LSD and be wondering what sort of things they should do so as to minimise contact with the police and Royal Brisbane Hospital.

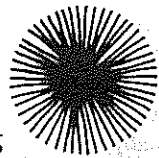
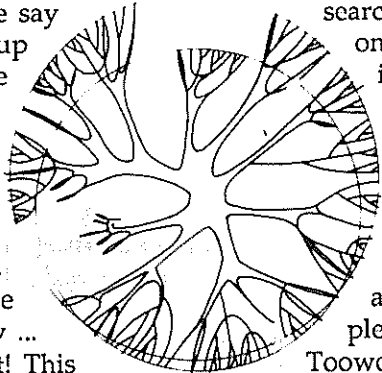
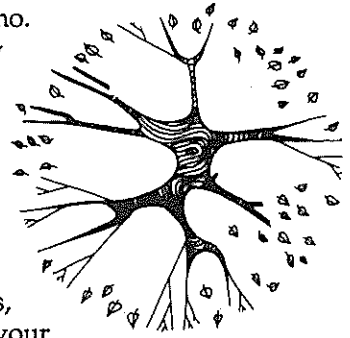
Well, it's like this you see ...

ummmm ... fuck, I dunno.

How the hell would I know anyway? I'm just some drug-fucked throwback with a biro. I mean, your kid sister could do better, honestly, I can't write. I can hardly talk for Christ's sake. Sure, listen to me you dumb bastards, stuff all the LSD into your mouth, swallow, put a large bag of

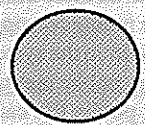
pot in your top pocket and trot off down to the Taringa CIB and ask to speak to somebody about power of search under the Drugs Misuse Act. Yeah, go on ... see if I care ... and when they've finished with the insides of your bowels why not write an article about it. Radio Times will publish just about anything ...

Radio Times is currently looking for con- tributors. If you can write or draw anything, anything at all, then please send it to us c/ PO BOX 509, Toowong 4066. Please help ... please ...



FREE TRIP ON THIS PAGE!

Yes folks, in the marked corner of this ad is a free tab of that wonder drug, LSD. Well, actually there isn't. But we thought it would grab your attention, so we decided to say it anyway. If you like the idea give Triple Zed a call and we'll look into it for the next issue...



STEPHEN SEWELL

One of Australia's leading playwrights talks to Triple Zed about Queensland politics and the need for alternative media.

A few months ago the La Boite theatre held readings from plays by Stephen Sewell, one of Australia's leading playwright. It was supposed to be a low-key event, with free admission, although donations were requested. A discussion time was to be held afterwards. Yet, over a hundred people turned up and it was far from low key.

The actors performed magnificently, breathing life and fire into the very carefully selected scripts. The material was nothing short of brilliant. The first sequence - a conversation between two Soviet Secret Police set in 1920 - was a magnificent piece of dialogue, full of wicked wit and powerful characterisation. The standard did not fall during the entire hour.

Afterwards the playwright Sewell answered questions with quick wit, humour and goodwill. When asked, "What is the significance of Miranda premiering in Brisbane?", he explained he spent 1975-80 in Brisbane and that he feels they were his most important formative years. He said: "I found things in Queensland which I did not know could exist in Australia. People - heroic people - engaged in what seemed essentially to be a losing struggle with a vicious, authoritarian State Government - people with a powerful personal and intellectual commitment to this ideal... I tried to examine my thoughts and feelings and found that what was in me was fury - anger. That this vicious government had broken these people - not totally, not forever - but that it had broken the movement and the ideals. I guess it all came out in this Fitzgerald Inquiry. All these things we had been saying... all these things were true and more. The public corruption - the extent of the rot within the system - the absolute rot of every public institution make it a wonder that public life can continue to go on in this state. How do I feel about Miranda

premiering here? I'm glad! Glad to be back..."

Stephen Sewell's works include "The Father We Loved On the Beach by the Sea" - his first play, which opened at La Boite in 1978 - and "Traitors", which received an appallingly negative reaction when it played at La Boite in 1980. Sewell has been awarded an Awgie for "Welcome to the Bright World" - and for "The Blind Giant is Dancing" he received the NSW Premier's Award in 1985. His plays explore a multiplicity of political themes and ideas, many of which directly oppose the entrenched ideology of this country. "Traitors" - a play about post-Revolution Russia - was itself so controversial that when it was performed



here in Brisbane in 1980, eleven members of the audience rose during the performance, spat upon the cast, and left. Outside, Special Branch took down license numbers....

Sewell spent five years here in Queensland, during the period when Bjelke-Peterson's excesses of government were at their worst. He is a man with fire and vision - a man with strong words and the will to use them...

LB: Are you aware of 4ZZZ's position in this state?

SS: Aware for some time. Triple Zed was going many years ago when I was up there, and a number of my friends started their journalistic careers at Triple Zed.

LB: You profess to some familiarity with the Civil Liberties movement in this state.

Would you mind briefly outlining the extent of your own involvement with that movement, especially in your time here between 1975-1980?

SS: Well really I was only involved as a protestor, not as an organiser. I went to demonstrations, participated in the debates to the extent that thousands of other people participated in them - I was arrested ... for disobeying a police direction.

LB: I was wondering if you agreed with the ideas coming out of your plays?

SS: Absolutely. But which particular ones and when and where, that's a different kind of question. I mean, if you're asking me where do I stand with respect to a government like Bjelke-Peterson's, or the National Party's in Queensland, then I can say absolutely opposed. And it strikes me as one of the most bizarre developments in Queensland history that at the very time the National Party was being washed through the Fitzgerald Inquiry that a National Party supported group can take charge of the Student Union up there.

LB: They might protest the National Party label though - if you ask them, they will point out that quite a few of their number are Liberals.

SS: Yes, well the Liberal party in Queensland has never had much of a real chance of independence from the Nationals... I've never regarded the Queensland Liberals as anything more than opportunists. You know, waiting for their chance to get into the trough along with everyone else...

Could I say a few things about Triple Zed and what I feel it represents?... Marion Wilkinson started her journalistic career at Triple Zed. Alan Knight. Jim Beetson who is presently a writer with the Guardian in London... Influential journalists and activists began Triple Zed as students - student activists - with the idea that what was needed by the oppositional movement was an independent media voice. Now those people scrounged, saved and organised politically to the point where they had at that stage the very first community radio station. It was before 3CR, it was before any of the other initia-

tives... There's still a kind of a massive problem in this country of the monopolisation of media, but of anywhere, anywhere that needs a kind of independent voice, you would have to say that Queensland needed it. The Fitzgerald Inquiry was started through the activities of a young journalist [Phil Dickie] working for the Courier Mail. And God only knows why the Courier Mail ran with it at that stage, because all that information was known for some time beforehand, but the Courier Mail to my understanding is still essentially the same newspaper as it was ever was, dishing out the same kind of National Party/Liberal line it has always done. Just re-writes of the Ministerial press-releases. What they did with their allegations of the brothel systems in South-East Queensland was really the exception to the rule.

All I'm saying is, in that kind of environment where the whole of the media has coagulated around the reactionary set of principles and values that is emanating from the Premier's office, or the National Party headquarters up there, that it is essential - absolutely essential - that the independent voice of 4ZZZ remain broadcasting. I mean, why on earth do they want to close it down if not to shut the people up? ... During the civil liberties campaign Triple Zed was the only radio station that would broadcast accu-

rate figures about the numbers of people arrested. They were the only radio station that were reporting on the violence of the police. The general view of the remaining media was that it was a circus in which a few kinds of "left-wing rat-bags" were stirring up trouble. Now we all know, now as a result of the Fitzgerald Inquiry exactly who was stirring up the trouble and why - and it was Bjelke-Peterson and his Special Branch police for their own political ends.

LB: Do you feel the theatre has a role to play in this sort of struggle?

SS: I think that any independent forum has to be grabbed and used in the struggle for democracy. In a place like Queensland, that's still reeling from forty years of corrupt rule, it is a struggle for democracy. It's the responsibility of anyone who's a citizen, who cares about those sorts of principles to use whatever they can - whatever media - whatever avenue they can - to insist on their democratic rights.

LB: Does Miranda and its premiere here in Brisbane fit into that framework?

SS: Not directly, in the sense that it's not a polemical piece. I guess the way Miranda might do that would be in the opening up of certain kinds of debate that may have been previously closed. I think - for example - while Alan Edwards was running the Royal Queensland Theatre

Company, you'd never get any play on the main stage that would run contrary to the "All's Great in the Sunshine State" view of things that was coming out of the government. I think that at a social level, a play like Miranda does allow people to express things that perhaps they might have felt inexpressable or unfeeling, in a way, beforehand.

LB: The reaction to the nature of Miranda has been reasonably muted, and it does seem that we are more prepared to accept that kind of thing now. Is that, do you think, a sign of success for the movement?

SS: Well I don't think anyone could be shocked by anything that happens in Queensland who has been watching what's been going on in the Fitzgerald Inquiry. I mean, when you've got police prancing around with prostitutes dressed up as gangsters - what is there left to be shocked by?

LB: Any last comments?

SS: I just feel - along with a lot of other people down here, who are aware of the predicament of 4 Triple Zed - that this is a resource that cannot be lost. It took years to get it into the position where it could broadcast - if it's lost, it'll be decades before it can be replaced.

Launz Burch.

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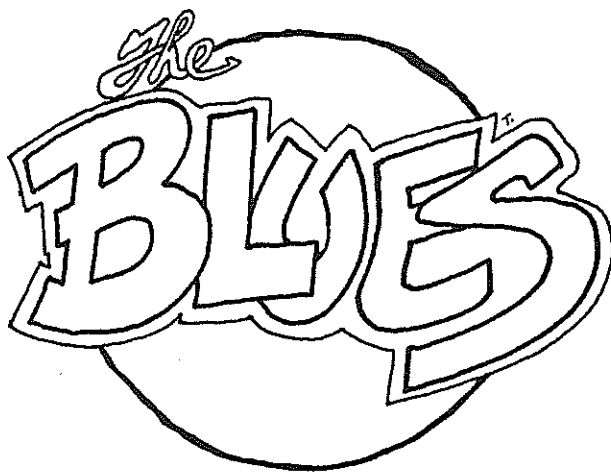
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B. B. King

and



On February the 4th and 5th the King of the Blues came to town. Well almost, we kind of met him halfway. The Stardust Room at Seagulls is a long way from the Mississippi street corners where BB's career began. Unsure of what to expect we had arrived early, but daylight saving meant we were just on time. (Some unfortunates didn't realise and paid \$20 to see the last encore). We had to go through the ritual of gaining Honourary Membership in order to gain entry and then we failed to resist the lure of the pokies and lost 80 cents between us. We also managed to pass the dress restrictions while some would-be blues fans were turned away for wearing sneakers. (These people were probably even more unimpressed than the latecomers.)

The curtain went up not on the blues band we had travelled all this way to see, but on Richard Scholes, mime artist. A strange choice of support act for blues guitarist, Richard's act included an audience participation segment, where unsuspecting blues fans became his mirror, shower, towel, and finally his toilet. Definitely a class act.

The next time the curtain came up it was on a group of the staid looking musicians resplendent in cream tuxedos and white shirts with some of the widest lapels I've seen, and open down to the chest. Appearances can be deceiving (thank God) and once they launched into a series of solos there was no doubting their skill. After this display the man himself came on stage and the serious blues got underway. The talent, enthusiasm and experience on stage was reflected by the audience's reaction to songs which most would never have heard before.

Talent, enthusiasm and experience are attributes BB King is not in short supply of. Born on a Mississippi cotton plantation in 1925, his early yucars were spent receiving \$15 a month as a farm labourer. He taught himself to play guitar, playing mainly gospel and religious music. An

aunt introduced him to some blues recordings, and after that BB walked 8 miles into town and back to see visiting blues artists. His time in the army during WWII exposed him to jazz and bug band music, and soon he began to perform in public. Sometimes he would busk on street corners in as many as four towns on a Saturday night, earning maybe \$25-30.

In 1947, he hitchhiked to Memphis, with his guitar and \$2.50 in his pocket. His first break came when he performed on a local radio programme, leading to regular shows at the 16th Street Grill, and later a ten-minute spot on radio WDIA. He became known as the Beale St Blues Boy, after the local theatre and nightclub

later found out the fight was over a woman named Lucille, and each of his guitars has since borne that name. In 1979 BB became one of the first contemporary American musician to tour Russia. He has won 4 Grammy Awards and recorded more than 50 albums. A tale which adds another dimension to that much abused muso term "paying one's dues".

Which brings us back to the night in question. Up on stage was a 64 year old man (that's old enough to be some of the audience's grandfather) and yet all through the night he had more stage presence and ability to relate to and entertain the audience than most younger performers, which is most performers.

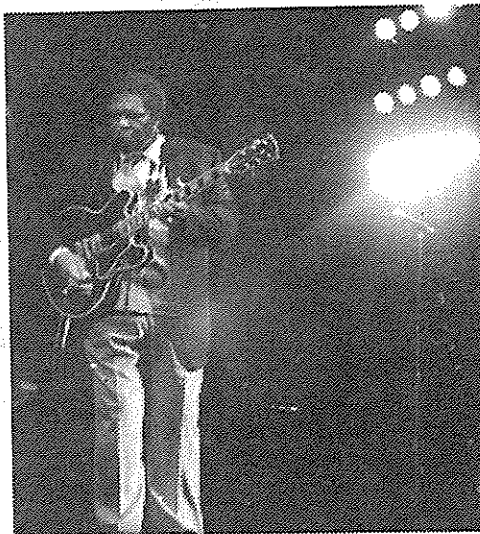
The blues is a style of music which most people haven't had much contact with and regard as fairly staid and irrelevant. This concert definitely disproved that. By the end of the night the bouncers had to give up their efforts to get people to remain seated especially when given the example of trumpeter Professor Boogaloo. Words do not describe this man. (Think "disco hippo").

BB King played a mixture of his own compositions and older blues numbers, including "Stormy Monday", "Into the Night" and "Nobody Loves Me Except My Mother (And She Could Be Jiving Me Too)". He played a mean guitar and dispersed some wise advice to those in and out of love. What more could you ask for?

And how many other blues bands encore with a U2 song?

All in all, a truly memorable show, in a year that has already seen more than its fair share of great concerts, with the promise of more to come. Stay tuned to Zed for details...

**Tony Horner and
Bob Heather**



district, which was shortened to Blues Boy King, and finally BB King. Soon he had his own radio show, and was singing for travelling salespeople, selling tonic that was supposed to be good for tired blood. They said he had an honest face, which got the customers in.

1956 saw BB King play an astonishing 342 one night stands, and some time in the mid-50's, at a gig in Arkansas, two men got into a fight a knocked over a kerosene stove, setting fire to the hall. King raced outdoors to safety, but realising his guitar was still in inside, returned to retrieve it, narrowly escaping death. He

NIGHTCLUBS

and imaginary sex

Night-clubbing is the chic-est, coolest and safest 80's ritual. It has become the new 'theatre' for jaded, anxious youth and the youthful at heart eager to ventilate maddening attitudes or watch others ventilate theirs, but most of all to engage in the spectacular displays of imaginary sex.

Clubs have come to mean more than just places for scoring drinks, drugs and fucks, club-goers voraciously seek out clubs that are seductive, with which they can indentify and from which they can construct a self-image and identity. Besides clubs are shit hot fun.

Euphoria, The Beat, Terminus, Patches, Funkensteins, Morticias, The Move, and more temporal clubs like the various Warehouses, Boats and Ballrooms are some of the stages where cultural and sexual differences collide and get down. They are sites of carnivalesque frenzy, energy and dynamism, where colour and class differences collapse.

Far from spreading a pall over the club phenomena, the spectre of AIDS has transformed dance club phenomena into sites of excessive spectacle, where dance prevails more than ever before. Its similarities with foreplay and actual sex has made it become the hip alternative to the real thing, a type of imaginary or simulated sex appropriate to the AIDS crisis.

Pessimist might say that AIDS has made sex synonymous with death, that their separate meanings have been synthesized. This crisis of meanings will hopefully be a temporal one and if history has any truth, science predictably will negotiate and counter the AIDS problem.

Unfortunately however, we are still in the throes of AIDS crises. AIDS means more and more sex or intravenous drug related deaths to both hetero and homosexual people. Little emphasis is being placed by the mainstream media on the empowered persons with AIDS who are controlling the disease. Whether through diet, vitamins, drugs and/or spiritual/mental power, the consequence of death for many has been delayed and the quality of their time, albeit stressful, enriched.

The AIDS crisis for most youth is at its most real in clubs, especially gay clubs. Large well-stocked condom vending machines, poseters, song-lyrics and virtual disappearance of club sex and heavy groping are all signs of the frenzied solemnity and self-control of the current era.

However, while science and technology anxiously try to resolve the AIDS dilemma club goers have found pockets of safety from the crisis, the

territory of clubs they claim as their own, where public and private practices connect.

Most of these club goers have altered or even completely changed their sexual practices, everything from using condoms, through to strict abstinence. These regulated behaviours might be part of a 'new morality' that is fast

trying to wipe off the legacy of the 'new permissiveness' that was so appropriate to the free and excessive love of 60's and 70's youthculture.

The new permissiveness was a political metaphor for revolution of a TV generation hostile to imposed family and moral values. What AIDS will mean to future morality will definitely make long-term changes to lifestyles and language. Its effect is

already being felt.

The increasing popularity of dancing, since disco, and particularly since the advent of House music, is a sign of the regulation of sex and a preference for the safe, albeit imagined, sexual encounters.



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Sex and dance are strikingly similar, and historically have been represented as similar in all forms of art, literature and other social aspects. Both sex and dance enjoy vigorous aerobic highs, spurts of almost hidden energy and moments of ecstatic pleasure, and often over long periods. The spectacular displays of excessive dancing, dress, drinking, drugging, and 'calling' at clubs and dance parties around the world are a barometer of changing sexual values and a leap forward to a liberated and complete sexual body. It's a transformation away from pure and simple fucking to more imaginative sex. In this way dancing is not unlike the party-line or telephone sex that has become extremely popular in recent months.

For many, sexual 'promiscuity' is still the rage and no amount of imagination will supplement the desire for the real thing. One Brisbane DJ has reported Goths 'doing it' feverishly around the club in discreet locations and in positions that make the Karma Sutra look tame. "Interestingly enough, they're using condoms," he said. "A couple of the cleaning staff have found the rubbery blighters loaded on the mornings after. Yuk."

Dance floor experiences have collapsed some of our most firmly held beliefs about the sexual body. Dance, since the Jackin, trance dancin and wild throes of House has shifted emphases and obsessions away from cocks and cunts as centres of desire and sexual power, to the enitre body and soul as the complete and powerful sexual entity.

Next time you're at a club just gaze

at some of the provocative gestures and gazes given and exchanged on the dancefloor. For sexual metaphors they're pretty hot stuff and almost as good as the real thing.

So you might say that clubs have become the bedrooms for contemporary youth, when once they would have been the launchpad for the bedroom. You could also say that clubs are the 'Freudian couch' of the future, with all manner of subcultures releasing their energies, frustrations, repressions, desires and anxieties on the dance floor in a sort of mass catharsis to the sound of music. Unlike Freud's couch the club is much more social, cheaper it's aerobic hot fun. In fact it's almost as good as a movie for suspending the outside world. Clubs and movies both seem to make the real world more negotiable. They offer a sense of power and the potential for change.

Imaginary or real, sex plays a major role in the economic and social success of clubs. At this time, imaginary sex seems to be reaping enormous profits from the huge dance parties that have been extremely commonplace in recent months. The huge Sydney Mardi Gras had over 25,000 people ecstatically dancing all night. The spectacle of imaginary sex is making a lot of money for someone, but that's okay if it's helping save lives, sanity and improve sexual values.

Paul Andrew



CLUB REPORT

EUPHORIA - Hot shit! (yes, we are biased) heaps of House Acid, Skacid, Deep, Hip House, Tecno, Funk, Womack and Womack. Street cred meets fashion victims and the style crowd. Lots of heat (and its not just the poor air conditioning). Cheap at \$4/3. Sat nights.

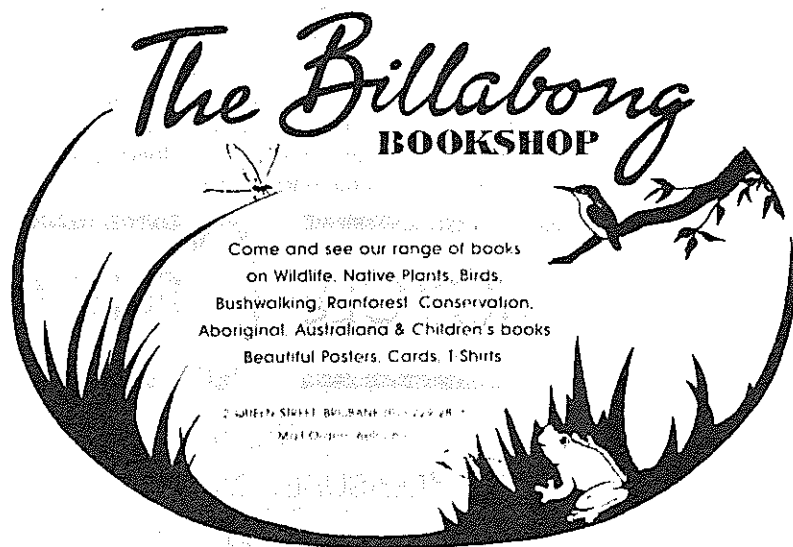
THE BEAT - Hot on Fridays after 2pm and good on Sats after Euphoria. Heaps of new music, best mixing in town. Nice mixed gay crowd, no attitude problems from bar staff. Acid House night on Thurs, but pretty slow. Tues okay after 2pm.

TERMINUS - Okay, still on Tuesday, although Patches is starting to play top stuff. New House style on Tues. The Term is free, big, plus cheap food. Young gay, mixed hairdressers and culture vultures. Forget any other nights unless you are extremely pissed or high and want some nostalgic Village Pimples.

THE MOVE - Not really moving at all. Fairly conservative style. Heaps of 'I Wanna be 500 miles'. Good 'pre' club for serious clubbers. Cnr George and Turbot.


BASEHEAD - Wednesday Nights at 81 Elizabeth Street. Hip Hop and Rap and Funk with local DJs Angus and Fib Katch spinning the discs. Also Graffiti Art, Breakdancers and DJ mixing comp coming soon. \$4/3

SWELL - Thurs Nights Alliance Hotel DJ Jane Grigg plays House, Funk, Hip Hop and 70's Disco \$5.



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An open letter to all subscribers.

I regret writing this letter, but I have no choice. In respect to my management of Four Triple Zed's Nightclub 'Euphoria', categorically deny misappropriating any funds from this venture, and have in my running of the club endeavoured to develop the concept and of course make money to the best of my ability. I make no excuses for my behaviour and have been hurt by the allegations of theft.

Paul Butler.

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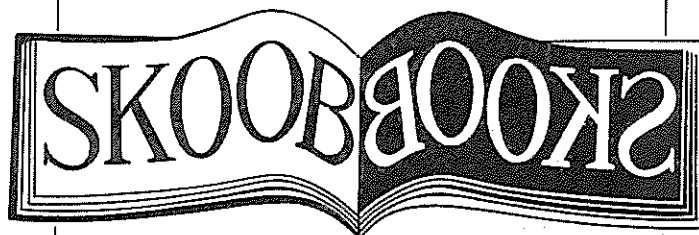
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When I first heard of the Brisbane bust I practically fell on the floor laughing, especially finding out they seized a Champs record. I can't think of a more calculatedly harmless band than the Champs - an instrumental band! The supposedly objectionable song is 'Do the Shag', which is the technical name for a type of carpet.

It sounds terrifyingly familiar, both because of where and why it happened. It reeks of a religious-right blacklist of certain rock artists that has been around America for quite some time, with the help of another organisation that fronts for them called the 'Parents Resource Music Centre', led by a person called Tipper Gore. The other co-founder of the PRMC is Susan Baker, wife of George Bush's Secretary of State, James Baker. So things are going to get worse before they get better.

They're trying to censor the artist's themselves and intimidate them into making whimpier music with watered down lyrics. Even if this particular bust is laughed out of court, everyone in Australia should be on guard for more of this going on from right-wing church groups of a similar evangelical stripe. Some of them have have come right out and said they won't stop until the world is a theocratic state, like Iran, where a cleric decides what you listen to, what you read, who lives and who dies. They want biblical law, which would include execution for witchcraft and heresy. Another part of 'taking Dominion' as they call it, would be seizing property of all non-believers, which seems exactly what this church is trying to do RockinHorse Records.

These groups are trying to be a quiet and as behind-the-scenes as possible because of all the bad press they've got. They use the same tactics on independant radio stations, so watch out. They'll get a group together, maybe four or five people, who'll go down to the store or radio station claiming they speak for the concerned citizens of the entire community and say "These records are on our blacklist, get rid of them or we will bring the police down on you". They'll force a boycott of the store, or pressure the landlord to evict their victim, which is a very common thing in the country. They even co-

erced a printer into burning sixty-five thousand copies of a heavy metal magazine after the printer had already taken the money to print them up.

I hope Rocking Horse doesn't have to go through anything like our case. It is a physical, emotional and of course financial drain. Something the church and the cops are well aware of when they selectively enforce laws like these.

It took a year and a half to get to trial and cost

Vello

eighty-thousand US dollars to fight. The maximum penalty was a two thousand dollar fine and a year in jail, but we had a point to prove and didn't want any legal precedents allowing it to get worse. So we sat in a courtroom for three weeks as the prosecutor ranted and raved about how evil we were. The jury voted seven to five in favour of acquittal, which in America means a hung jury. The prosecutor tried to drag us through a new trial but thankfully the judge wouldn't allow that.

Speaks

If I was a parent and my kid brought home something that I really objected to, like 'Joh Bjelke-Peterson for sainthood' or something like that, I wouldn't just confiscate the article and throw it away. All that teaches the kid is Mommy and Daddy are a bunch of squares - might as well sneak it in the next time. No, I'd sit down with the kid and say, "OK, you spent your money on this, why? Why do you like it...?" It's a great opportunity for dialogue and education between parent and child, rather than being such a lazy ignorant chicken-hearted parent who expects the police or the church to do your parenting for you.

The other part of getting the initial bullitens on the raid on Four Triple

Zed and AM Records was the pretty horrifying memories brought back by one of the scariest places I have ever been to in my life. I wasn't arrested, but the police state presence was everywhere - you could feel it in the air. I feel safer on the streets of Harlem or Berlin than I did in Brisbane, because I never knew when the cops might take me away and beat me up. They picked our drummer out of a group of guys standing outside Festival Hall drinking beer. He had an unopened can in his hand, but the cops picked him out to take him away. East Bay Ray said, "Hey, wait a minute, why are you taking him away?" Another cop grabbed East Bay Ray and threw him into a squad car saying he'd resisted arrest. The insanity rate to erase Queensland's ugly reputation as the South Africa of Australia. I remember on the show we did for Triple Zed - I ran into these guys who had been arrested for carrying a concealed weapon in a bag of groceries - it was a pineapple...

I believe the "crack epidemic" in America was instigated by Federal Authorities trying to kill off poor people and provoke more paranoia among the general populace. The more paranoid people are of drugs and drug motivated criminals, the more accepting they are of police state tactics. Keep in mind there is substantial

evidence that George Bush himself is involved in the Columbian cocaine cartel. The CIA smuggled heroin out of South East Asia for years and laundered the profits through the Nugan Hand bank in Australia. A lot of

people suspected in the Nugan Hand scandal are the backbone of the Contragate scandal. Now they're been given in the Bush administration to carry on their dirt deals. There were even posters on the streets of San Francisco around election time saying "Crackhead Bush".

Bush himself would probably see me as another blip on the radar screen to be nuked. He scares the living daylights out of me. He's much more dangerous than Reagan. Reagan was senile and stupid - Bush is a well-trained, well-oiled killing machine who has had a hand in the formation of death squads all over the world. He's also been linked to sacking of Gough Whitlam. He's part of the most elite mafia of them all.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS:

1. Keen Operators (latest 12" from Richard H. Kirk)
5. When it comes up, you'll be less sensitive.
9. More gets through, "don't use that spraycan!"
10. Seriously interested in apathy.
11. Charges with the fault, more than lame accusations.
14. The aftermath of Noah.
16. Life without Public Radio.
17. Make fun of Adam.
19. U.S. foreign policy in action?
20. Nice guy in a little boy.
22. Students use it to get Sickness Benefits (abbrev).
24. Electronic Date Processing (init) (easy, hey?!)
26. The Olympics maybe, but not the revolution.
30. On the edge.
31. The forgotten third of the Golden Triangle - almost pathetic.
32. Victoria Brazil is nothing more, nothing less.
34. Some police are in a constant state of emergency.
36. Um, digit?
37. Sharpen your razor, honey, but don't ask why.
38. What 4ZZZ does (to provide that "rent-a-crowd")
41. Fashionable - whatever that is.
42. Something to do with the backyard - Kingston maybe?
43. Over the top? - sounds like you.
44. Sounds like an announcers approach - it's only human.
45. Parking meter nasty - if the weather improves.
47. What a bovver, no sense in annoyance.
50. Have I Verified my immunity - huh?
51. Choice
52. Radio times doesn't have one (it's a

collective)

54. Rearrange Springsteen ("Oh I Cried") Ha!
56. No smoking under this tyrant.
57. It is what it is.
58. Geometrical toke.
59. Eyes after 58.

DOWN:

1. Your way of keeping radio alive - or else - more than one, ta.
2. Just chew on it.
3. Not at odds.
4. O'oh, holy rampage.
5. Another thing

13. The Qld. Govt. - or any really - (promoted poetry)?
14. What ZZZ gives Brizbland, the French give the South Pacific.
15. No one is a little one.
17. Zed holds on - again.
18. Ring your own - but take it down 50 (sounds intense)
21. A constructive chop.
23. All to do with bygone conquerers (Standard stuff).
25. Breaks premises in the afternoon.
27. You probably think the song's about you.
28. Alive and well and living in Qld? (not openly helpful).
29. Social Insecurity.
33. Time lapse between jobs (if you're lucky)
34. What you'd do if Zed died (wouldn't you?)
35. Some go to college to get this way.
37. The U.Q.U. approach to Public Radio.
39. Charged for pressing clothes (without the right!)
40. Um, on the end of your foot.
42. The most inefficient way of finding a job.
45. A community voice - "if it barks, put it down" 4 6 .
- "M.P.s ought not to party at public expense" tut tut, have some compo.
48. You don't need it, you've got something sacred - 102.1
49. A collection of rules and regulations you're allowed to break.
50. It's cool, not hip, not hop.
53. Don't burn it at all (unless you like the effect).
54. Big Deal.
55. Just do it (or not).



men

have that
women suffer from.

6. The Queen of urr and the King of ... (Think about it)
7. A pig that should have been cut - seriously folks.
8. Now R.B.T.
12. One from 31 - a language for some

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7-12 MIDDAY MURRI SHOW

THE UNION SHOW

COMMUNITY NEWS 12-3

ART AND VIBE

LATIN AMERICAN SHOW 2-3

BRISBANE LINE

GAY WAVES 6-9 PM

PRISONERS SHOW 6-9 PM

NON-INDIGENOUS NEWS SHOW 6-7

AOTEROA SHOW 7-9

REQUEST

DEMO SHOW 8-9

IMPORT RELEASES SHOW 9-11 PM

BLUES 9-10

JAZZ 9-10

ROCK ROLL SHOW 6-10

LIVE AIR 2

BLACKBERRY 8-10

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CROSSWORD

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