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RADIOISIMES

Queensland's most arresting magazine

July/August '88

The Ordinary Students Film Company Presents:
THE ULTIMATE IN COMMERCIAL RADIO TERROR

Triple Zed is the warmest place to hide

A UNIONREVERSAL FILM



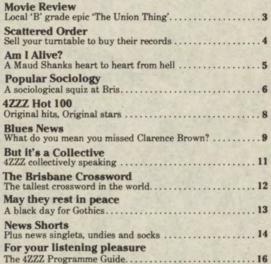
EDITORIAL

Were this editorial to claim that the issue of Radio Times now in your hands was the start of a new era in Radio Times publications you would no doubt scoff. When you read through this issue sit back and think how much it must take to produce something like this for all the Triple Zed subscribers. Your contribution is needed to keep Radio Times regular. With more support Radio Times has the chance to become an important part of the alternative magazine scene in South East Queensland. Let's face it there are not many independent media outlets left in Australia let alone Queensland.

If you enjoy this Radio Times, spread the word, tell your friends about this great new magazine you've just read and help ensure more issues this year and for years to come. If you want to help out with any aspect of the production of Radio Times call 371 5111 and ask for the Radio Times Collective.

Finally, an apology to those of you who expected some deep insight into society in this editorial, and only copped one big advertisement, read the rest of the Radio Times for that.

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MOVIE * REVIEW

The Union Thing

Fans of the "B" grade horror movies will, I think, be simply fascinated by this recent release. "The Union Thing" is not only destined to be a classic but the backroom scenes may also prompt the return of the film noir genre, such a disappointing loss from movie screens. Interest in this movie is not confined just to what is happening on the screen. Production of the film was prolonged by difficulties in getting members of the cast together for filming. Apparently many personality problems had arisen since the last film in which all the main characters appeared, it was actually the "Dawning of Aquarius" in 1975. "The Union Thing" is not however a sequel.

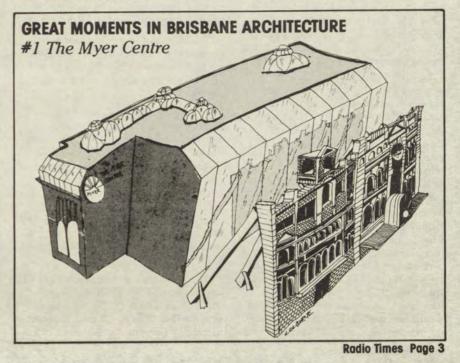
The main plot is surprisingly simple, revolving around a story of deceit, the power of money and, more subtly, political paranoia. A good yarn for the yuppie audience. The complexity of the film lies, I think, in the interwoven subplots, and it is here that the sheer brilliance of the director shines through. Many scenes are reminiscent of classic horror movies. The union meeting scene, I feel, creates the same emotions as the shower scene from "Psycho" when the

Marion character is the victim of a totally unprovoked attack from Norman Bates.

Although, the cinematography is excellent, watching this movie takes some effort as it is a marathon effort of over four hours. My major criticism of this film is the quality of the acting. The director took a large part of his cast from an acting group called Ordinary Students and, while he had a large budget backing him, the film's backers had reputedly put up half a million just to get the movie off the ground, interpersonal relations on and off stage appear to have been constantly strained. Acting is obviously not the intended occupation of the Ordinary Students, their inability to run a simple stage show at the Union Office theatre has been remarked upon by veterans of this and other shows. Throughout the movie, the extras often stole the show, the sit-in scene being just one of many

Except for these problems I only have praise for this masterpiece. The costumes are fascinating and so true to life. The use of colour and costume to distinguish the opposing sides is reminiscent of "West Side Story". The deck shoes and baggy shorts of the Union monster is truly a feat of costuming. Interestingly the old black and white theme is challenged in this film as the white polo shirts of the Union and the black of the Zed supporters seem to beg the question, who are the real villains?

Word of a sequel is at the moment going around production circles. To top this one the Ordinary Student group will certainly need to get their act together. Recent attempts to get sequels underway have fallen flat. The financial backing has, apparently, dried up. This has left the Ordinary Students to do inhouse productions, such as the recent unsuccessful attempts at "The Women There" and "The K.K.K. Are My Friends". Both received little support from the movie going public and suffered a barrage of critical reviews. Obviously the plot of any sequel is going to need some really imaginative twists to keep the public happy. The Ordinary Students have fallen on the wrong genre to really stay popular. "Alice Through The Looking Glass" seems more appropriate to their style or, if they insist on horror, perhaps "The Titanic" would keep audiences happy. Making more use of the extras from this movie might get the company on a more solid footing, but the directors concern over money has stopped any real advance being made in this direction. Of course the cast might all be replaced by a different group in the not too distant future, and the plot could take on all sorts of diabolical turns. Keep your eyes and ears peeled for word of the next movie in the series. Only critical disapproval is going to stop movie audiences from seeing "The Union Thing II" in the next couple of years. *





SCATTERED ORDER

Scattered Order were formed in Sydney, Australia on December 26, 1979. They first appeared on vinyl through the independent M Squared label. The lineup consisted of the founders of the label including Mitch Jones, who has remained the key figure through their ever changing form.

In June 1984, Scattered Order released their third album "A Dancing Foot ..." (recorded live) on the newly formed Voliton label which brought further interest from the U.K. and Europe, where the band had already established a cult following. With the release of "A Dancing Foot ..." Scattered Order embarked on their first major tour of the east coast of Australia.

In September 1985 their follow-up album was released; "Career Of The Silly Thing", produced by Tim Whitten received good reviews in Australia and overseas, and heralded the band's first release in the U.K. and Europe on the Ink label. "Career" embraced all aspects of a true scattered order from nebulous conflict to heavy funk stack-up. Also on Ink, the 12" remix of

"Escape Via Cessnock" and three earlier tracks was reviewed as "a random mess of rhythm scrapes, instilled with antipodean saltiness. Scintillating stuff" – SOUNDS.

Their second east coast tour with their first settled lineup for some time teamed them with label-mates Severed Heads, and proved an outstanding success.

In August 1986, following the "dangerous and slightly bizarre addition" of a new guitarist, Scattered Order played four sell-out shows in Sydney with The Residents, captivating their biggest audience to date, and eliciting the following review: "As usual their rollicking and slightly rancid interpretation of funk, punk, hard rock and heavy metal were nothing shortof magnificient" – ROBERT MILLER, OTS.

The band was recorded for ABC-TV, and continued live performances through to March 1987, variously described as "like lava being strained through jet engines", "bigger than a

Tolstoy novel", "and emotional cauldron seething with melody and fear."

Their new Volition EP "Selling the Axe to Buy the Wood" contains four very diverse tracks. "Hell Changes Address" and "Vacation of a Lifetime" recorded in March 1986 by Tim

Whitten and Shane Fahey, and "Loose in the House" and "Home Before The Sirens", recorded by Shane Fahey in March 1987, following the departure of R. Scott Holmes.

Scattered Order, now minus long term member Michael Prowse, will resume live work from July, assisted by drummer Greg.

Scattered Order are:

Mitch Jones – vocals, keyboards, guitar D.C. Robertson – bass Drusilla Jones – keyboards Jeff Holmes – guitar, vocals.

Scattered Order promises to be one of the future big bands in the next few years. Whether that means commercial acceptance remains to be seen.

With Maud Shanks
I'm lucky to be in Hell. If I wasn't in

ALIV

I'm lucky to be in Hell. If I wasn't in Hell I might still be in Brisbane. Even worse, I might be a student at the University of Queensland.

Down here, the worst we have to deal with are axe murderers and tax evaders. Up there you have to deal with THE ORDINARY STUDENTS. I don't envy you.

We get all the news down here ... so I've heard about the bunch of chubby yuppies who took it into their heads to transform ZZZ into another FM104. I don't work myself into a nosebleed over many things, but yuppie boys with oversized wristwatches, pastel shirts and a taste for the latest hit from the Beastie Boys make me crazy. I can hardly bear to think of them charging into ZZZ with their slate topped occasional tables and hired potplants. They've obviously been overdosing on bratpack videos.

I'm not really up on the details of the saga ... but I gather they're upset that you haven't been doing the vacuuming. I had the same problem, you may remember, with my housemates at Petrie Terrace. My solution was suicide, but I guess there are rather too many ZZZ types for you all to pack it in together. For one thing, there just wouldn't be room for you all down here. But perhaps you could just wipe out all the ordinary students by advertising a continuous showing of WALL STREET, the movie, at the Schonell, and then blasting them with Max Bygraves at a lethal volume!

We had our own "sit-in" down here, presented a list of demands to the authorities and all that. We've got it arranged so that if you did manage to kill them all they would be suspended in purgatory for eternity.

I just want you to know, you have our support. If we can arrange any supernatural intervention, we'd be pleased to do so. Maybe we could send a delegation of undead vacuum cleaners up to scare the shit out of Dirk Moses ... Some of the deceased rock heroes have volunteered to do a benefit ... I mean Ian Curtis, Sid Vicious and Janis Joplin have got a lot of airplay on ZZZ over the years. If it wasn't for ZZZ, truly depressing music would never have gained the popularity it has today.

Generations of black clad nihilists have smoked their camel no-filters and drunk their chateau cardboard to hours of accommodation notices over the years ... Where will they all go? What will they all do?

Don't give in to them. They'll go away if you ignore them. They'll go and work for Daddy's merchant bank, where the vacuuming is done every night and the fire regulations are complied with religiously. Then they'll all die from stress related diseases ... and if any of them ever end up down here we'll give them Hell. That's a promise.

If it gets too much for any of you, and you do decide to flit that mortal coil, there's always room for you at my place. Hell's equivalent to ZZZ (also called ZZZ) is always crying out for volunteers ... Down here the fire regulations are irrelevant, and we never do the vacuuming.



First there was "Popular Mechanics" and "Psychology Today". Then came "Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance". Radio Times reporter, Kim Rosen now inflicts us with ...

"Popular Sociology"

What has been happening in Brisbane for a popular sociologist to report about to those people at Radio Times? This was the question I asked myself as I slide out of bed on a rather chilly May afternoon. Brisbane that great grey monster with a definite phallocentrism in its heart. I quickly put this thought out of my mind, after all I didn't think much of poetry since my Grade 4 teacher threw me out of class for reciting numerous limericks that my uncle had drilled into me from an early age. I still am a bit worried about the good ship Venus. As for the phalfo-centrism, if it wasn't for Freud's sexism I could almost believe him. Look out the window any day and see them thrusting (I apologise most profusely for this unfortunate pun) for the sky. At night it is even worse with that lighthouse monstrosity, reminding everyone of Llew Edwards fears for the size of his genitals. But I digress.

Sociologically speaking, the expo is worrying. The effect it has had on Brisbane is nothing short of insidious. People who would not even consider farting in the direction of a State Government project have all succumbed to the uninspired advertising techniques of the expo authority (two terms which seem to be mutually exclusive). But if I start reminding you all of its existence you'll all just forget about reading this and dash off with your mug shot

season pass to battle it out with drunk yuppies (the only people who can afford to get even slightly tipsy at those bar prices) and gasp in amazement at buildings that are architectually insignificant.

Then of course there is the media. Reading the Courier Mail these days is an example of control of the masses by rhetoric and basically pap. I ask myself, why does each third page have some women of specified age displayed for the innocent reader, is this newsworthy or perhaps more worryingly, entertainment? What sort of image does The Courier Mail think it is creating with half the print devoted to that 'thing' on the south bank. Television is very much the same. Each news programme has the same line up; a male newsreader who is apparently the main reader, a younger woman who is, at least made to appear, subservient. The sports commentator is male the weather person either young and female or older and male. Then of course there is the idle and supposedly off the cuff remarks about the weather or the football match or mothers day or what wonderful dress you are wearing or how great expo was today. The programmes aren't much better and usually make me wish I knew Italian, Russian or Serbian so I could watch S.B.S. all the time. But even S.B.S. has succumbed, to present bicentennial News at the end of each night. If you weren't sick to death of the whole bicentennial and particularly expo in January then you will be by the end of the month. On the whole, being exposed to Brisbane radio, newspapers and television makes you wish you lived in another city.

Escaping the media and heading into the street isn't much better. In the city you battled with those yuppies again. Yuppies have an incredible ability to reproduce asexually, leave a single one in a public place for half an hour and exact clones of the original one will appear, watching yuppies is like watching amoeba splitting. Of course if there aren't any of them about, there are always those aspiring yuppiehood, the private school student. Watching these groups of school students can be a fascinating experience. There is their need to accumulate in a large group or the way groups of one sex will roam the mall with a single person of the opposite sex engulfed in the middle

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because they are someones boyfriend or girlfriend. The clothes they wear can be equally as informative. The Lacoste and Jags are of course ever present, but the variations that appear, though rare, are the interesting concepts. Sometimes a particular style becomes the in thing at a school and for a fortnight a schoolies' particular school becomes identifiable by their deviation. However this wears off soon enough when all the other schools pick up on it.

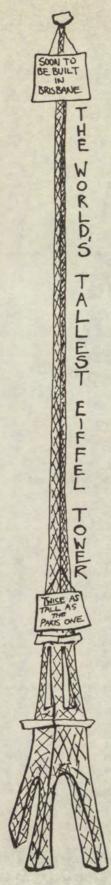
There are plenty of other subcultures in Brisbane to pick on, but I'll confine myself to a select few. The fact that Brisbane does support so many subcultures also means that it supports a number of nightclubs each catering for a particular group. I suspect that one company owns them all and gets rich from all the different people in Brisbane. What Brisbane needs is one huge club with different floors for each subculture, the cover charge and alcohol could all be really cheap and everyone could have a good time with public transport available afterwards.

The symbols of Brisbane are as equally as worrying. Do you think of Brisbane and think "expo" (I hope not) or do you think of a hick town north of Sydney (more likely). Hopefully Triple Zed is one of those symbols. Do you see a Jag shirt and think yuppy. What about a paisley or flannelette shirt? What about a moped? Far from it for me to categorise people, most articles of clothing have some meaning when you put it on, just like the car you drive or the suburb you live in and most people do this categorising unconsciously, you can thank your parents for that.

Whenever you are out or even in, take careful note of the people around you and what they are doing, wearing and saying. Be mindful of all the symbolism you and the people around you are exuding.

The only thing left for me to do, is escape it all and take off to Mt. Glorious and sit in a field with the golden tops for a few days. With the amount Radio Times is paying me for this, that is all I can afford to do. That is not to say I'm doing it for the money, there isn't any. I hope you all become aware, sociologically speaking that is.

Kim Rosen



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The Cult REM 5

The Parameters 6 Screaming

Tribesmen The Pony The Go Betweens

9 10 Kate Bush Look Blue Go

Purple The Stems Ups & Downs 13 14

The Smiths Hotel Breslin

Prime Mover Unguarded Moment The Thing That Only Eats Hippies Pump Up The Volume Experiment 4 Blue Sky Day Bad Gin Bizarre Love Triangle Adultery Know Your Product 77 Sunset Strip Alimony Igloo

Bachelor Kisses Beds Are Burning Spot The Flying Cat Benefit of the Doubt Sailor's Dream

Nemesis When You're Down Panic 36 Wildflower Wholly Holy Defecate On My Face No Sleep Till Brooklyn

Buzzsaw Pop Star

Cattle and Cane

16 Zodiac Mindwrap The Church 17 The Dead Milkmen

20 Kate Bush 21 **Died Pretty** Blue Ruin 22 New Order

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Fella Girlfriend In A 56 Coma We Care A Lot Don't Want To Know

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Too Much Acid Love Will Tear Us Apart

It's The End Of 65 The World Desperate Hours 66 I'm Stranded Holiday In

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What's My Scene

Big Hollow Man

Real Wild Child

Going Underground

Song To The Siren

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Just Like Honey

Is It Strange

Drive She Said

Winter Moving In

Big Mouth Strikes

Temple Of Love

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The Passenger

Spellbound

Drink

Word Up

Collectors Winterland 72 Died Pretty The Cutter

Echo and The Bunnymen Tantalised 74 The Church Ups & Downs Solitary Man Stutter Rap

Morris Minor & The Majors Hoodoo Gurus The Jam

Love and Rockets New Order

Hunters &

Collectors Rita Mitsouko

Kate Bush Sex Pistols

Midnight Oil

Cocteau Twins

Warumpi Band

Age of Chance

Warumpi Band

Faith No More

The Smiths

Husker Du Run DMC

The Cure The Fall

The Smiths

Joy Division

Died Pretty

The Saints

Tribesmen Simple Minds

Hunters and

Dead Kennedys Screaming

REM

Pineapples From The Dawn Of Time

Painters & Dockers

The Crysalids

That's Entertainment The Primitives Stop Killing Me Ramones Somebody Put Something In My

> Danielle Dax 82 Cameo Iggy Pop Modern English The Jam

Siouxsie & The Banshees

Siouxsie & The Banshees This Mortal Coil Prince

Jesus & Mary Chain 90 Thanks For The Fish 91 Stan Ridgeway

Post No Bills 93 Sisters Of Mercy The Smiths

Again When Reason Peter Koppes Forbids

Pretty In Pink 100 Psychedelic Furs

This Charming Man The Smiths Stop The Clock The Chrysalids The Clash London Calling 99

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By the time you read the live blues opportunity of the decade will have come and gone. Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown delighted audiences at two appearances on May 27th and 28th. You will have missed a golden opportunity to see and hear a great blues personality of the post war era – an immensely talented multi-instrumentalist whose heavily amplified Texas guitar became a model for younger players like Albert Collins, Johnny "Guitar" Watson and Johnny Copeland.

CLARENCE 'GATEMOUTH'
BROWN was born in April 18th, 1924
in Vinton, Louisiana. His father worked
as an engineer on the Southern Pacific
Railroad but on weekends played
fiddle, banjo, mandolin and guitar in a
string band. Young Clarence was
exposed to hillbilly, polka, cajun and
zydeco as well as blues and was playing
fiddle by the age of ten.

At 16 'Gate' went on the road as a drummer with W.M. Bimbo and His Brownskin Models (honestly!). The war intervened briefly, but after a few months in the services, Brown was back in Texas developing his distinctive guitar style, featuring speedy single string runs, played without a pick.

According to legend, Gatemouth hitched his way to Houston in 1947 hoping for a break. The great T-Bone Walker was playing his usual set at The Bronze Peacock Club. During a break, Gate picked up T-Bones guitar and soon had the house on fire, much to the maestro's chagrin. The club's owner, Don Robey, later owner of Duke/Peacock records, recognised a great talent and organised a recording session that November.

Gatemouth become the king of Texas blues guitar, combining versatility, style and showmanship with liberal lashings of humour. In the 50's, Browns records sold like hotcakes, but in the 60's the airwaves, juke boxes and clubs were dominated by Rock 'n' Roll and the blues went into hiding. A decade later Gatemouth bounced back with a triumphant appearance at the Montreaux Jazz Festival and since then he's headlined festivals across Europe and the US as well as touring Africa, Japan and the USSR.

The current Australian tour is undoubtedly a milestone for fans of Amercian music. Chicago based performer Lonnie Brooks summed it



BLUES NEWS

up this way: "The Gate can do more with a guitar than a monkey with a peanut".

The following records are all imports but can be obtained through Australian distributors.

CLARENCE GATEMOUTH BROWN - Selected Discography

ACE CHD 161 – The Duke-Peacock Story (earliest recording 1949-51) Rounder 2039 – The Original Peacock Recordings (1952-1959 Classic sides, indispensible)

Red Lightnin 0010 - San Antonio Ballbuster (1949-59 many tracks on Ace/Rounder with better sound)
Alligator 4745 – Pressure Cooker
(1970's sides recorded in France)
Rounder 2028 – Alright Again (1981)

Grammy Winner – great)
Rounder 2034 – One More Mile (more of the same)

Rounder 2054 – Real Life (1986 live recording)

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Mark Doherty





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...But it's a Collective!



There's been a fair bit of criticism levelled at 4ZZZ lately, because it is collectively run. Certain powerbrokers say that the structure is amorphous, uncontrollable and unaccountable, but those who work at Triple Zed have a different story to tell.

The theory of collective operation is based on ideals, perfect circumstances, equity and democracy (just to name a few) but the practice still requires a bit of sorting because we don't live in an ideal, fair or just society, and the nasty habits therein have a habit of filtering through our system of operating and screwing it up.

4ZZZ has always operated via a collective and the fact that the station is still operating 13 years on is a credit to the stream of paid and volunteer workers who have participated in the collective process, because it is hard work.

Ideally a collective is organised in such a way that individuals share real power over the choices and consequences that most significantly affect them.

They operate on a system of human worth and equality. They are open and flexible structures. A collective is ultimately the sum total of the individuals who bring it into being. This is perhaps where some problems arise for the uninitiated.

Collectives are subject to human foible at its best and worst. It is my belief that where there is a collection of people there will be conflict, which is not necessarily a bad thing. Conflict arises from difference between groups and individuals such as gender, race, culture, class, etc. This is what I mean about injustice filtering through our

systems of operating. This is the obsolete baggage we carry with us which is harmful and destructive. However, conflict is not the 'enemy' as it can be resolved by compromise, discussion, clarification, consensus, etc. The problem lies in refusing to accept change, refusing to be challenged, refusing to accept the process of synthesising and refusing to relinquish power.

Again, ideally, when we come together as a collective, we come together to "do" something. In the case of Triple Zed we come together to run a radio station from cleaning it, to programming it, to administering it. We don't push bandwagons or seek to gain personal kudos or spit nails at each other.

We establish a unity of purpose which is essentially a creative and constructive process, and should always override any destructive influences or actions. It requires some sacrifice of individual autonomy in order to achieve the benefits of participation and the station's objectives/function. Collectivity in the sense of mutuality and obligation is fundamentally incompatible with private individualism.

Funding a dynamic between personal autonomy and collective commitment is essential to an understanding of the struggles we face. That is, we cannot afford to be our own enemies, nor can we afford to recreate inequitable practices, otherwise the experiment has failed.

There are ground rules for this system to work in our political/cultural climate. Let's face it, collective decisionmaking is a process – it means more than a group of people talking at each other. Working collectively is an attitude; having hope, expectations, ideas and being interested and committed to persevering and going on with the process. It's about sharing, trust and respect, and gathering momentum and strength as a group while you go about it.

So why a collective?

Because it might be the only time in our lives when we are called upon to participate, and it might be the only time in our lives when we might feel like we belong somewhere.

It is a sign of absolute despair to give up on collective organisation when we all know (better than I can explain) the problems which arise in the course of such organisation, and how to overcome those problems.

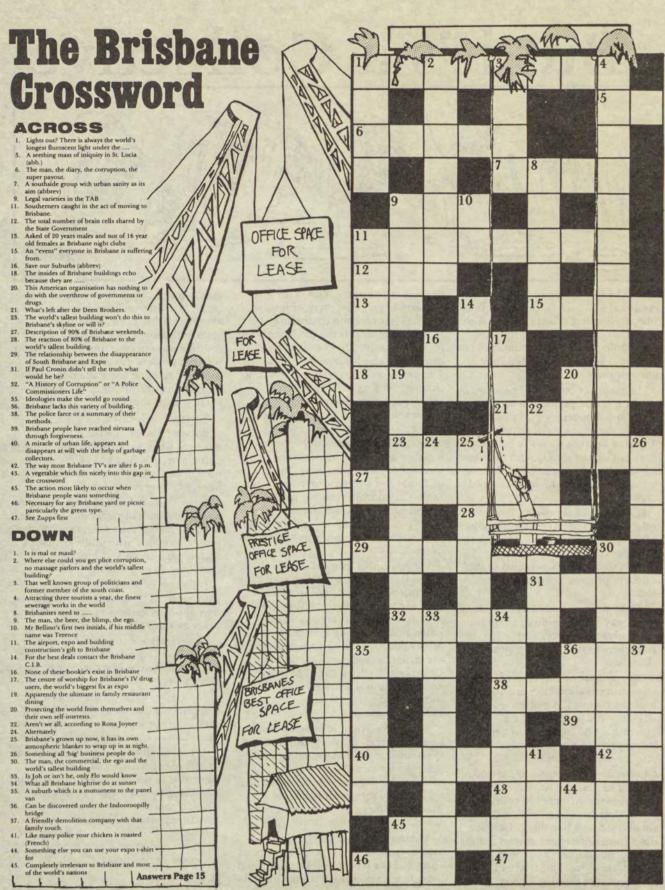
It's a sign of alienation to remove yourself from "the" collective and it's a sign of powerlessness to say that it can never be changed.

Collectives are criticised because people don't understand them, because they are threatened by them or because they can't control them.

Collectives dysfunction because the components that comprise it (you and me) don't participate, or don't play the game fairly or because people abuse it.

It's up to all of us to work towards a model of collectivity that is most amenable to the objectives/functions of 4ZZZ and then it's up to all of us to support that structure. If, in time, this structure proves to be restrictive and inhibitive, then it is time to change the structure and effect a new model of collective organisation.

Linda Carroli



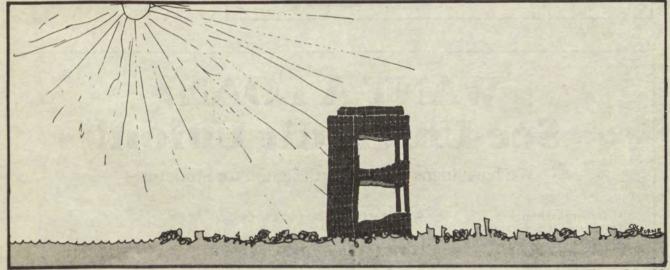
GOTINS AND THE ME

Ah yes, I remember the days when the scum wore dirty black clothes, pointy black boots, long, unwashed, dirty black hair and smudges of pale make-up on their faces. Going to clubs, getting pissed, moving backwards and forwards to the screams of bands like "The Birthday Party" and slowing down to the morbid sounds of bands like "Joy Division". But, all of a sudden something happened. Having black hair and points became a trend. The term "try hard" came into the so called "scene". No one had fun. Everyone just sat around looking morbid and thought that to be a "Gothic" you had to do that. Everyone wore the same awful Cure shirts and

went to the cemetery and thought they were wierd. Just go to Morticias on a Friday night and look at all the 16 years olds. The term, Gothic, started off in the 16th Century for people who wore black to symbolise anarchy and revolt against the monks, who were the government in a sense. Anyway, anyone who calls themselves a "Gothic" is instantly just a stupid trendy who wears black because they think that'll make them "full-on". To end this I'll just say: Death to Gothics of today and hooray for the old scummy party animals who still wear points and are still grotty black haired heroes.

By Graham

GREAT MOMENTS IN BRISBANE ARCHITECTURE #3 Toowong Village



NEWS SHORTS

Nuclear

A Do-It-Yourself guide to making a nuclear bomb is on sale in Britain –and it's child play, say the authors.

Britain's Nuclear Nightmare was criticized for giving terrorists all the information needed to build a weapon which could kill millions.

Authors James Cutler and Rob Edwards say a bomb as big as that dropped on Nagasaki in World War II could be made in a garage in two week.

A newspaper report said the vital ingredient, plutonium, was being moved around Britain by rail "like barrels of oil". The authors say the book is meant to shock the government into tightening security for these deadly shipments.

Parliamentarians have called the book irresponsible and aimed at making money.

 Department of Defence recruiting officers have deeply embarrassed Defence Minister Kim Beazley.

In a RAAF advertisement circulated widely they have unwittingly given away what may be a deeply held secret.

The advertisements show a sectionalised drawing of an American F-111C swing wing aircraft, two squadrons of which operate from Amberley. They give a very detailed description of the aircrafts construction.

One of the details revealed is listed as: "Nuclear weapons and weapons control equipment package."

Nobody in the defence recruiting centre in Canberra – commanded by a Navy Commodore and with a RAAF wing commander in its staff – bothered to check the equipment and construction list in the advertisement before it was issued to newspapers throughout Australia.

The possibility of Australian aircraft carrying nuclear weapons caused a flurry in Canberra.

Mr Beazley was quick to explain it as "just an embarrassing mistake."

A spokeswoman said that RAAF planes did not carry nuclear weapons and had no such special delivery system.

The spokewoman said that the department was considering changing the advertisement.

Drugs

A Queensland tobacconist copped national media response when he commented that a lot of people were buying roll-your-own paper these days.

"I would estimate we sell five times the amount of papers required to roll the tobacco", quoted the merchant. "In other words, cigarette papers could be a pointer to whom and roughly where people are smoking cannabis, dope, pot, marijuana, call it what you will."

The Brisbane drug squad confided that they too had thought of this, but concluded, "There are many easier ways than that, of tracking down offenders."



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Equal Opportunities

QIT proposes to significantly improve the overal gender balance. The present state of the major standing committees are as follows:

- 60 percent have no female members
- 67 percent have less than 10 percent female members
- 98 percent have less than 40 percent female members
- 2 percent have less than 50 percent male members.

Big Business

Alan Bond has delved beyond Australia in search of profits. After his praise of Chile's Pinochet, his purchase of Chile's telephone network came as no surprise. The take-over means that an Australian and one of Hawke's closest friends, is directly involved in a vital link in the brutal repression of the Chilean people. No doubt his experience of running a telecommunications network could be useful when Hawke sells off Telecom.

Military

Nigel Wookey, a farmer in the English village of Enford watched as a 25 pound British army shell whistled over his head and destroyed the garden of his neighbours. Shrapnel rained down over a radius of 400 yards and the house was damaged in the explosion. The British Ministry of Defence admitted that the shell had come from a "military source" but would not apologise to the distraught villagers or give any other details until after an "official inquiry" takes place.

Women's Image

The "hottest" new model in the world, according to this month's edition of Cleo, is Milla. Her "smouldering eyes, pouting lips and feline figure makes males go weak at the knees", the article says.

Milla's long hair is fashionably dreadlocked and tinted; compliments her pale eyes and accents her reddened lips, Milla is 12 years old.

It's becoming more common for models to be so young as the ideal

female body becomes more and more pre-pubescent.

Elections

South Korean state television reported the result of an election on Monday night, and viewers saw the government candidate win by a large majority. The election was held the next day. The television station later apologised for the "technical error".

· According to the Washington Post, President Reagan's attempts at conciliation with the Soviet Union in Geneva, 1985 included a vow that the U.S. would join the U.S.S.R. in the event that earth was invaded by aliens from outer space.

CROSSWORD ANSWERS

Across 1. Monorail. 5. UQ. 6. Lewis. 7. SURG. 9. Bet. 11. Northing. 12. One. 13. ID. 15. Expo. 16. SOS. 18. Empty. 20. CIA 21. Ruin. 23. Dominate. 27. Boring. 28. Agog. 29. Caused. 31. Liar. 32. Diary. 35. Ism. 36. Old. 38. Force. 39. Ere. 40. Litter. 42. On. 43. Corn. 45. Unattain.

46. Ant. 47. Sign.

46. Ant. 47. sign.

Down 1. Mall. 2. Nowhere. 3. Russ.

4. Luggagepoint. 8. Unite. 9. Bond. 10. TT.

11. Noise. 14. Pot. 16. SP. 17. Syringe.

19. McDonalds. 20. CIA. 22. Ungodly. 24. Or. 25. Miasma. 26. Eat. 30. Paul Cronin. 33. Impotent. 34. Reflects. 35. Inala. 36. Ore. 37. Deen. 41. Roti.



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6AM-10AM BREAKFAST SHOW

8-ISAM, CAMPUS RAP

ACCOMODATION NOTICES.

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7 PM. GO ACCOMODATION NOTICES.

7PM-9PM 10 IMPORT RELEASES

9PM-11PM DEMO SHOW

MAP-MAS BREAKFAST SHOW

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8-ISAM. CAMPUS RAP

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BREAKFAST SHOW

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7PM-9PM GAY WAVES

9PM-10PM



BREAKFAST SHOW

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9PM-10PM V/////-==--LIVE TO AIR



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MURRISHOW

HOUR

PUBLIC RADIO

6PM-10PM REQUEST SHOW EVERY FIRST SAT/MIT FRISONERS & SUFE SHEET













