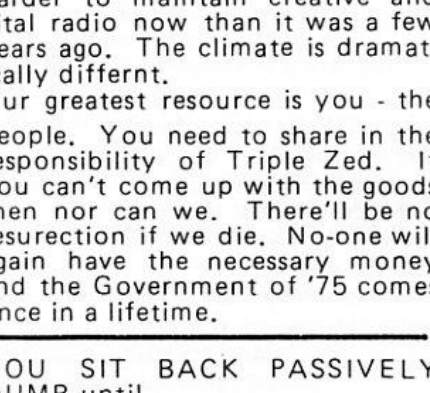


RADIO TIMES

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WE SIT BACK PASSIVELY  
DUMB



america's cup

Triple Zed is an active voice. Its radio with a reality. We try to identify and not isolate, activate not alienate, politicise not sermonise, affirm rather than negate.

Turn on your radio, but don't expect a hip, alternative version of Des and Kay. We don't have the answers but we keep questioning. We try to give access to a diversity of comedy, not one voice but many voices.

People continue to level all of criticism at ZZZ about what we're doing and how we're doing it - however their absence on a participatory level is noted. It's a lot harder to maintain creative and vital radio now than it was a few years ago. The climate is dramatically different.

Our greatest resource is you - the people. You need to share in the responsibility of Triple Zed. If you can't come up with the goods then nor can we. There'll be no resurrection if we die. One comes alive through the use of money and the Government of '76 comes once in a lifetime.

YOU SIT BACK PASSIVELY  
DUMB until

A - You get active.  
B - Your guardian angel taps you on the shoulder and says 'What the fuck are you doing with your life?'

C - You sit in your own apathy.

Don't sit back and take part in the spectacle unfolding before our eyes. Agitate Educate Organise (Broad, Dee and the Collective Effort).

SUBSCRIBE, DONATE AND PARTICIPATE

This has been Jane Prune and Bob Gummy for 'See the World Today'

4ZZZ's licence expired on January 31 this year. Unlike other years, the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal did not call an inquiry into our licence. There are several reasons for this. The major ones being that no public submissions were received contesting the licence renewal and that we really hadn't done anything that warranted a slap on the wrist.

However, more significant is the going on of the private media sector. The rather limited resources of the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal were required to sort out the Bond/Channel Nine and now the Herald and Weekly Times/Murdoch takeover.

Now that our licence has been renewed for a full three year period, we can all breathe a sigh of relief and not worry about bureaucratic ceremony until next time and then give thanks for small miracles like Bond, Murdoch and free enterprise. (We always knew they were good for something.)

However, what remains to be seen is that we should have had a hearing. Hearings, while tedious and traumatic, do provide a forum in which our public accountability can be affirmed. It is a recognition of the Tribunal and its responsibilities we take on as broadcasters.

The fact that we did not have a hearing is a direct outcome of the undersourcing of the Tribunal and indicative of the priority (or lack thereof) that the Federal Government has placed on broadcast and television regulation.

Such phenomenon certainly suits the likes of Murdoch and Bond. The Broadcasting Tribunal is rendered impotent and its activities are reduced to little more than a formality or a rubber stamp than anything to worry about. After all, public broadcasters really have little to worry about in terms of their licences.

We never really do anything wrong and what we do is defensible. It is the capitalist media that have cause to worry, whose activities are on the most part questionable.

4ZZZ's licence was renewed through a series of letters and submissions. While Australia Post did a roaring trade, 4ZZZ's Station Co-ordinator was furiously trying to keep up with the written requests of the Tribunal and the Tribunal was delaying the process and not giving us any information about where we stood.

August 1986 - 4ZZZ received notification that it was to log all programme material for two weeks and that an application for licence renewal was to be completed by mid-September.

December 1986 - The Tribunal advised that it would not hold an inquiry into the licence of 4ZZZ.

The Tribunal forwarded a request for further information about programming, staff levels, accounts and other matters.

Of course I didn't believe him, but I played along. "Wasn't the dog's owner upset?"

'Yes, but I told her to forget about it or I'd have to do the same to her kid.'

Brittan. To him, the monarchy was a useful and clever tool. The Falklands was three months of anxiety and exultation for him. He would eagerly

January 1987 - 4ZZZ is advised that the licence is to be renewed for the full three year period.

February 1987 - 4ZZZ receives the Tribunal's Reason For Decision and our actual licence.

P.S. Thanks to all those who showed their support for Triple Zed by sending letters of support.

#### PROMISE OF PERFORMANCE

In the course of the licence renewal, 4ZZZ re-examined its Promise of Performance. It was seen as a necessary step in redefining the activities of the station so as to encompass and recognise the political and social needs of our listeners.

1. 4ZZZ-FM recognises and will abide by the P.B.A.A. Code of Ethics.

2(a) 4ZZZ-FM acknowledges the role of Public Broadcasting as distinct from the role of commercial broadcasting and government broadcasting. In doing so 4ZZZ-FM will complement, supplement and not seek to compete with programmes provided by the commercial and government sectors.

(b) 4ZZZ-FM will attempt to significantly increase public awareness of the role and potential of public broadcasting.

3. In accordance with 4ZZZ-FM's licence, it will seek to provide programmes of music, news, interviews, reviews, crime and information of relevance to a widespread audience, but of specific relevance to the 13 to 30 age group. In doing so, 4ZZZ-FM recognises that listeners are members of various communities and interest groups within the service area.

4(a) 4ZZZ-FM will provide programmes on cultural, social and political issues in an attempt to facilitate awareness and understanding of these issues so as to enable lateral communication and interaction between 4ZZZ-FM, individuals, communities and listeners.

(b) 4ZZZ-FM will present diverse and thought-provoking viewpoints and shall be sensitive to their presentation and scheduling.

5(a) 4ZZZ-FM will encourage the production and presentation of programme material by Australian citizens.

(b) 4ZZZ-FM will comply with the Australian content provisions determined from time to time by the relevant broadcast authority.

6. 4ZZZ-FM does not support programme material of a sexist, racist, classist, or homophobic nature.

7. 4ZZZ-FM is and will remain publicly accountable through the processes instituted by the relevant broadcasting authorities.

8. 4ZZZ-FM will have station meetings frequently and will encourage audience and community involvement in the decision-making process.

smash the Bolshies.'

He was brought up in a British colonial outpost in East Africa. But he had none of the sentimental attachment to Queen and Empire of the old guard Imperial



GET KADDAFI!

British. To him, the monarchy was a useful and clever tool. The Falklands was three months of anxiety and exultation for him. He would eagerly

scan the day's news, and crow over or explain away the latest developments, pass judgement on the latest tactical gambits. But he secretly admired the 'Argie' generals for their whole-hearted commitment to law, order and free enterprise.

One day their methods might be needed in Australia. For the moment though, he was content to work within the National Party, helping to cleanse it of the old fashioned 'agian socialist element' and bring it up to date. But he generally voted Labor, believing that ALP rule would bring about disillusion with socialism, and open people's eyes to the crying need for a benevolent dictatorship - the dictatorship of the marketplace. He called his

Libertarianism.

I have a theory that philosophy brings the essence of people and of whole societies. Driving in Richard's car would be pretty high on my list of my ten most horrifying experiences. He drove a datsun which had aged beyond its years. Two previous cars had been thrashed to the scrap heap. He had a habit of slowing down from his city cruising speed of about eighty clicks, the corner-turning speed by simply changing into second gear. But he?

The roads became a battlefield as Richard fought for supremacy with like-minded drivers in a frenzy of lane-changing and tactical manoeuvres. The only bright spot for me came when someone brought it up to date. But he generally owned the roads! I laughed, but Richard was speechless with fury. The veins on his forehead stuck out. He went half a mile out of his way - to run him off the road, he said later.

Once when Richard was drunk, he described the end of the world to me. He was like a delirious, feverish speed freak. He spoke of what life would be like when he ruled the world. But his New Libertarian paradise would be spoiled by a few pig-headed communists, whose propaganda would fool the gullible masses and lead to uprisings.

Richard would go into his bunker to plan his counter-attack. 'Finally,' he said softly, rising slowly in a kind of a trance, 'I leave the bank of radar-screens, and point my three finger's worth of cog-nac.' He squeezed the last drops from the wine cask. 'I light a Black Russian Sobranie, my last. I return to the data centre and punch in the code for my pre-programmed last grand gesture. I sink into my leather armchair and sip my cognac. I watch my missiles arching off into space. I half-smile on his lips. Then, with

'The dogs are under control at all times, and are not allowed to apprehend a person unless the handler directs the dog to, or the handler himself is threatened. The dog is trained to release the person being apprehended either on command by the handler, or when the person being apprehended submits. There is a misapprehension that we use vicious dogs. You noticed when the dog was doing that exercise, the tail wagged at all times. It is purely a game.'

Sergeant in charge of Dog Squad at Police Week display in King George Square, May 1984.

There's a guy lives in the house back of ours who's either a cop or a private security guard, we're not sure which. That I don't mind. It's his dogs I can't stand. Bored, aggressive, living off fear. I've thought of killing them. Stupid really - he's the villain of the piece. But then again, I suppose somewhere there's something that feeds and trains him too. And they're all just doing their job.

But these things don't run through your head when you're minding your own business, watering the back garden, and a bloody great Alsatian sticks its head through the gap in the fence and lets loose with the barking. You tend to think, as I did, that it's right behind you, ready to rip your throat out. So you spin round and turn the hose on it, which of course only makes it madder. That's when you realise it's only the psychological barrier of the fence that keeps those dogs in - if they wanted to, they could ram a hole in the rotting fence with their heads. Or just jump over it.

That phrase 'rip your throat out'. It kind of stuck in my mind when I heard it used by this crazy I knew.

So savage dogs always remind me of Bowser and Richard. Richard was a biochemistry student. Some people called him Fester on account of his acne scars. He smoked Black Russian Sobranies, read Ayn Rand and Milton Friedman and liked to listen to this tape he had of Nazi marching songs - 'Deutschland Uber Alles', 'Horst Wessel', stuff like that. You might not believe it but once I saw him singing along, wistfully gazing at the photos in one of his dozens of books about Hitler's Germany. The room was lit by a single candle, throwing weird shadows on his pork-marked face and hissemi-nakedtorso.

Richard believed the Holocaust was Hitler's worst tactical error. 'He should have stopped after getting rid of the commies,' he told me one day. Then the British could have teamed up with him to

happy to be outraged. But Richard was deeply serious about Bowser. 'Bowser is trained to kill - or die - on order.' Once he had been walking down the street and was bitten by a small fluffy dog, a terrier or something similar. 'It was a horrible little excuse of a dog, yapping away at me.'

'So what did you do?'

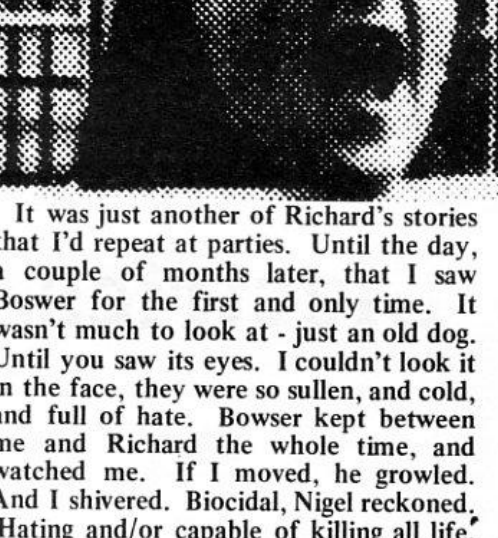
'I had Bowser rip its throat out,' he said as though he'd swatted a fly.

Of course I didn't believe him, but I played along. "Wasn't the dog's owner upset?"

'Yes, but I told her to forget about it or I'd have to do the same to her kid.'

It was just another of Richard's stories that I'd repeat at parties. Until the day, a couple of months later, that I saw Bowser for the first and only time. It wasn't much to look at - just an old dog. Until you saw its eyes. I couldn't look in the face, they were so sullen, and cold, and full of hate. Bowser kept between me and Richard the whole time, and watched me. If I moved, he growled. And I shivered. Biocidal, Nigel reckoned. 'Hating and/or capable of killing all life,' Richard just sat there and drank in my fear like blood. I realised later he'd been waiting for that moment for months. We'd have arguments all the time, and I'd never always get the better of him. It wasn't hard, he was such an easy butt for sarcasm. I guess that was why he created his fanatical four-legged security blanket in the first place.

I never saw Richard do anything physically violent. He wasn't like those skinhead thugs you find in the National Front. He could be cruel and cunning, but he could also be, as he was fond of saying, an amiable sort of chap. In fact, to look at him he could pass for a decent human being. He had a crazy fascination with violence but he shrank from



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using it himself. Besides, he was the visionary behind New Libertarianism, not one of its foot soldiers. But the last time I saw him - three years later - he'd replaced his childish, bizarre fantasies of power with something more brutally realistic.

It was at the Sheraton Hotel, where the National Party was holding its annual conference. He was now a paid organiser for the Party, and a member of the Young Nationals executive. 'I can't understand why an intelligent person like you still believes in these outdated socialist ideas,' he said, shaking his head theatrically. 'The Party needs people like you,' he told me for about the hundredth time. I told him to get stuffed, for about the hundredth time, and he laughed in his supercilious way.

'How's Bowser?' Ripped out any thought I had of his socialist ideas.

The laughter froze on his lips. 'Bowser's dead.'

'Did you save any tissue?' A shake of the head mystified. 'To clone him. You know....your army of super-dogs...global power...missiles arching off into the sky, and all that.' He looked pained, and slightly sheepish. He remembered he was late for a seminar. He stepped onto the escalator, earnestly talking to a couple of well-dressed businessmen, and I stood watching them glide out of view. His laughter drifted down from on high.

I'm often reminded of that laugh by the barking of the dogs next door. I don't suppose their owner has trained them quite the same as Richard trained Bowser. But they're certainly not treated like pets. They're trained to protect him, or pet them, or speak to them with affection, they look like guard dogs. But why does an ordinary worker in a modest house in a quiet part of a quiet city need three big guard dogs? I guess he just likes guard dogs.

They're nothing to do. They pace the yard, ready and willing to deal with any threat to their master's life and property. None comes, so they bark at anything that moves.

Like the people in the house next to them, who I can go into their house without facing three sets of slavering jaws, snarling over the fence almost at eye level. The other day I saw their daughter of about five playing in the garden, until the dogs appeared and she ran crying into the house. Her father scolded her. It took a single word from the security guard to call off the hounds, but he just stood on his back landing, watching, till it was almost over. I have no idea why. Riley McCoy.

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## Crossword

The Cryptic Triple Zed Crossword - a test of your caniness and general lateral knowledge - not only will this little construction delight and defy you, it could also win you six records from ZZZ's prize pan.

Every correct answer received will go into a barrel or similar receptacle, one will be drawn and its architect rewarded with THE PRIZE. Keep listening for details on when the prize will be drawn. And in the meantime, happy pencil-chewing!

ACROSS

1. HOH number 68. (6,3,4)  
9. Initially, try for nautical answers. (4)  
10. The vehicle is cute, when it can't see. (3)  
12. These brothers with secret handshakes founded The Reels. (6)  
14. Grab a handi and sleep goodnight. (5)  
15 and 4 down. "Carry On" gang's favourite two monosyllables - there. (2,2)  
16. Stash anything suspicious when these limey Rambos visit. (1,1,1)  
17. Learn how to do this in the ship of fools. (4)  
19. An Elvis mini-album? (1,1)  
20. A Dibble, a Paige, or a mixed-up Andrew Rees? (4,6)  
24. Cut the grass! (3)

DOWN

1. HOH number 82. (8,5)  
2. Steer towards the visual alternative to his boards. (5)  
3. A cultish album makes a tennis score. (4)  
4. See 15 Across.  
5. A song, a smoke, or a figure. (6)  
6. And backwards it spells generic stuff. (1,1,1)  
7. The mixed-up cab shack is the promise of chain letters. (4,4)  
8. The whereabouts of Zanzibar, Nairobi and Mozambique. (7,6)  
11. If you trap the other way you get a bit. (4)

25. Umberto's initial error caused odium. (3)  
26. Keirns. (10)  
27. An acronym for a sob. (1,1)  
29. What they call obscenity in West-erns. (4)  
32. Rugby League or real life? A rather lax answer. (1,1)  
33. A Doctor Who, an Australian ten-or player or a pastrycook? (5)  
34. A mixed-up oil pod spells what viewers wish royals had done. (6)  
36. My French friend cleans dishes. (3)  
37. Frankenstein offside. (4)  
39. Ice for making a McManus disc. (4,2,7)

13. The senile lose their first direction and get 8 Down's waterway. (4)  
18. Wily the Shakes much about nothing - what a fuss! (3)  
20. A policeman with a bullhorn, or George O'Napoleon. (5,3)  
21. In the middle of a sewer one finds a ruminant. (3)  
22. If you got this in the mail, you're it. (3)  
23. Every ego clash starts in the Old World. (1,1,1)  
24. Mersey loses an eye and she's hitched. (3)

27. A ship's bod from the home of the HMs. (4)  
28 and 33 Down. A mixed-up UFO blinked and found Miles at his best. (4,2,4)  
29. What Gano used to be before he embraced the Gospel. (1,3)  
31. OK, a pitiful answer - but that African animal is in there somewhere. (5)  
33. See 28 Down.  
35. Is to publicity what the voice is to the microphone. (3)  
38. This ancient god was really amazing, initially. (2)



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