

RAD Times

NOVEMBER 1977

MUTANTS HAVE MORE FUN!

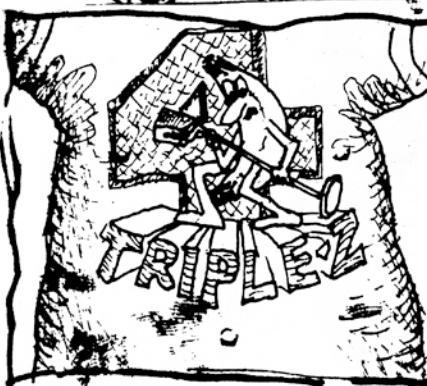


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The beginning of November found RADIO TIMES still without an editor.....with little direction and even less control; the gathering dust on the 'times desk rolls across lingering articles and showers to the floor.....a dismal scene and a true story.....contrary to recent rumours, this issue was not under the watchful eye of the "newly employed editor", but luckily for us all we have been able to resurrect (see article on "Sperm Weals") the pieces and patch them together in yet another valient attempt to bring to you, our subscribers, a new version of your monthly programme guideon time? We have been assured however, by reliable sources, that December's issue is definitely in hand and all efforts are being made to fill your mail boxes before chrissy. Inuff said.... read on....



THESE T-SHIRTS ARENT HERE FOR OUR HEALTH YOU KNOW! THERE THEY'RE FOR YOUR HEALTH: TO KEEP THE WEATHER OFF, AND THE SKIN ON, AND THE RIBS IN ORDER, AND THE VISCERA IN PLACE. SO, IF YOU WANT TO AVOID A NASTY ACCIDENT, SEND \$4.95 IN PAID, UNMARKED BROWN PAPER DOLLAR NOTES TO 4ZZZ AND SLEEP EASY AT NIGHT

The Courier Mail reports:

A new Ford Fairmont sedan with only 36 kilometres "on the clock" sank in the middle of the Brisbane River last night.

The owner, a man about 45, was showing a friend his purchase at Davies' Park, West End, when the car began rolling forward.

They escaped through the windows, swam ashore and saw the car go down.

It was covered by insurance.

RADIO TIMES WAS PUBLISHED ON BEHALF OF 4ZZZ-FM, 105.7 MHZ, PO BOX 509, TOOWONG, QLD, 4066; GENERAL PHONE (07) 371 5111, NEWS ROOM (07) 371 1459, TELEX AA 41092; BY MEDIA FACILITIES PTY LTD, PO BOX 509, TOOWONG, 4066.

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NOVEMBER

MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY SUNDAY

5 A.M. MICHAEL FINUCAN

9 A.M. BRIAN WATSON

1 P.M. JOHN WOODS

5 P.M. BILL (WILLY) RINER

9 P.M. SPECIAL!

9 P.M. DLOOZ

9 P.M. ROCK & ROLL

9 P.M. JAZZ

9 P.M. LIVE MUSIC

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS
10 P.M. REQUESTS

5 P.M. PHILIP MOBLE

10 P.M. PHILIP MOBLE

10 P.M. BRUNO KOLBERG

10 P.M. HELEN HAMBURG

10 P.M. MARK BRACKEN

10 P.M. MASKED ANTHONY CER

10 P.M. MASKED ANTHONY CER

10 P.M. MASKED ANTHONY CER

4-222 F.M.

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MAIN BULLETIN - 5:30, 7 PM

BRISBANE GRAFFITI
6:30 MON - SAT
CURRENT CULTURAL &
POLITICAL EVENTS, DISCUSS



Rock And Roll, Black Music, and Alan Freed

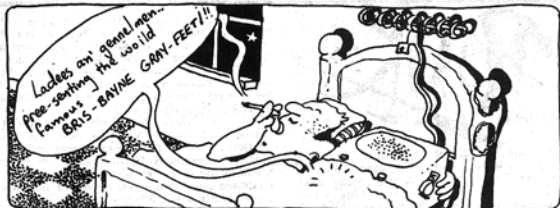
Rock and roll is that ubiquitous music that every second singer or group over the last 20 years has claimed as theirs. We on the Wednesday night 9 - 10pm time slot would like to think we play the true interpretation of rock'n'roll. However, to categorize definitely what is meant by the term is as complicated and varied as the number of people who have played it. In my personal attempt to express it to those who have heard its modern derivatives, I would go back to the man who first gave it a name and promoted it over the airways and in concerts - Alan Freed. Perhaps he is an unlikely customer to be the doyen of popular music, and maybe my choice is a subjective one as I agree with his taste and many of his beliefs, but the only other significant character at the forefront of promoting 50's teenage music was Dick Clark. Dick could best be described as an opportunist and a shrewd businessman. Freed made the running and Clark came later and cleaned up - in more ways than one. Of course, the words 'Rock & Roll' were not new to music - black music, anyway, rhythm and blues, or race music. The term was a sexual one and a proportion of some of the sub-groups which made up R&B had quite suggestive lyrics. This, coupled with white prejudice, kept R&B 'in its place'. However, Alan Freed found the energy, beat, and the uniqueness of R&B too good to be lost on black stations and, to disguise what he was playing, called it Rock & Roll. His first broadcast was in 1952, and the playlist ran the gamut of most pop R&B styles from slow moody ballads to frantic jump and boogie dance numbers. Favourable audience reaction by the young white listeners soon snowballed and, first in Cleveland and then in New York, it became apparent that this was the new music. No attempt by reactionaries was going to stop it. With the exception of Bill Haley, however, white youth took several years to come to terms with the black styling and rhythms with regard to performing it themselves. When they did, in the mid-50's, primarily through Elvis Presley, it threw the music scene wide open - all hell broke loose. Freed and Presley, I feel, were the two most responsible for opening the door which allowed black people to sing black and gain wide acceptance.

For the next few years blacks and whites naked arms to forge a common bond in this hectic it race called Rock'n'roll. Looking at the charts the number of black successes belied the social and political atmosphere of the times. Then, around 1960, the Payola scandal struck. The music establishment and purists saw their opportunity - they wanted revenge for what had gone on during the last half decade - and zeroed in on Freed. Dick Clark, who was by this time more influential, received a rap over the knuckles, but Freed was made the scapegoat. After all, wasn't he the one who foisted this mumbo-jumbo St Vitus dance rash on the youth of America? Freed's career was finished. With the echoes of Payola ringing in their ears, the singers and producers slowed down their pace, using diverse rhythm patterns and big orchestration to prove rock'n'roll wasn't simple and amateurish. White attempts at this development were generally uninspiring. However, black performers aided by brilliant producers like Leiber and Stoller and Phil Spector still had the magic. Around this time black performers increasingly used gospel vocal styling in their songs - suddenly we had 'soul'. This style was not new. Some black performers had adopted a 'sanctified' style to some songs in the 50's. Was rock'n'roll now finished?

The British group invasion, the great white hope of the silent majority, dispelled any lingering doubts - but what was this new music? What would Freed have called it? Some of it sounded a bit like Buddy Holly, others like the Shirelles, some of it sounded like a white man aping another white man trying to sing black. It was, however, intrinsically white. Black music, which crawled its way up to be the pioneer of contemporary American music, now, in most cases, found itself on its ear. Freed died a broken man in 1965. Black music was forced to turn inward, man the barriers, and 'get soul', be 'Black is Beautiful', and be at the back of the bus again.

Geoff





The Alternative Alternative - Channel 5

This article is designed to bring to the attention of the discerning FM listener, that most curious (or is it just cheap?) specimen of the alternative-listening-pleasure-seeker. The TRUE closet "TRIPLE Z" fan - that unsung hero: the "Channel 5 Freak".

It was some time ago that I first realized that I had tendencies in this direction....One evening, while being totally and, might I add as usual, incredibly bored by the "viewing highlights", it happened. I passed up the opportunity to watch the now deceased "\$30,000 Treasure Hunt" and "Family Feud", which has now been slotted for afternoon viewing (as well as whatever it is that QTQ 9 has to offer us at 7pm). I had resigned myself to the fact that I was about to endure my second dose of "News" for the night - masochist that I am.

Then, all at once, it happened! There it was: a shining beacon 4ZZZ on TV! What could I do? I was powerless to resist - I was compelled to adjust the fine tuning. To my delight, I found I had perfect reception of Bill Riner introducing a Maria Muldaur track.

I knew I was hooked. I turned the lights out and gazed, as one possessed, at the myriad of ever-changing interference patterns on the screen. THIS WAS EUPHORIA!!!

Something snapped me back to reality. I panicked! I was enjoying myself so much that I thought that it MUST be illegal. If it wasn't, legislation to make it so would surely be rushed through parliament soon. Otherwise, young people may begin to exercise other God-given rights. I turned to the Channel 2 "News". Beads of perspiration had already formed rivulets that streamed from my troubled brow. I silently watched the aftermath of a car accident - relieved that I had not been caught.

My life had suddenly been thrown into turmoil. Dare I chance it again??? Ah, but I had no choice. It was too late. Closet FM was in my blood now. Already, it is a common sight to find me tuned to Channel 5 at 1am, soon after writhing in agony on the floor at the close of transmission. My FM tuner now sits lifeless, covered with dust.

Though this confession may cause me to be the subject of public ridicule, I AM WHAT I AM. I find myself to be a member of what is possibly the world smallest minority group. But then again, maybe not. Could there be more; hundreds, maybe thousands more like me? If there are, then I say to YOU.....

FORGET THOSE EXPENSIVE TUNERS
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ALTERNATIVE

S Jay Wright

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TIPTRUCK

The initial showing of the tropical punk rock band "Sperm Weals" on Thursday Island last Saturday night, 15th October ended with predictable trouble.

Bizarrely clad leader Lazarus tore pieces of mock rotten flesh from his body as the band set up; the "flesh" was in fact blanc mange, which was contained in plastic sacs and a bra worn by the self styled Lazarus, who claims to have recently risen from the dead.

The band then went on with the number which is apparently the only one in their repertoire, "I'm only getting drunk, baby, cos I can't get no fucking heroin". The audience began to seriously menace the band during the sixth rendition of the song, whose background, claims Gargar Kuor, illegal Papuan immigrant and rapist, the band's rhythm guitarist, is a constant crashing repetition of the chord "Hb demolished 9th". As the audience moved closer Lazarus bombarded them with coconuts, maiming several. The sight of blood and injuries seemed to put the audience in a better frame of mind for the visceral assimilation of TI punk. As the chords began to crash again they rioted, looting and burning a fish processing factory in search of fish bones to pierce their clothing and skin, safety pins being a scarce item on the island at the time, although the island store keepers, seeing the opportunity to cash in on a fad, have now stocked up heavily.

Local civic leaders and police are concerned and determined by public notice that the "Sperm Weals" should not appear again.

Undeterred, Lazarus changed the name of the band and himself to "Billy Tiptruck and the Hitlers", and celebrated with a gratis open air concert featuring a new number "Ar fuck I farted", which features the same chord as their other hit, but louder and with different lyrics. At the concert they sprayed fans with steam hoses, melting flesh off bones.

Latest disclosure is that they are to play at a family night for the local National Party State election candidate, Eric Deeral. Questioned about politics, Lazarus/Billy Tiptruck said, "I think there has been too much shit about punkers being the frustrated generation, straining against the impersonal industrial age. People should be brought to realize that we're just shits, in it for the money and love of music for art's sake, like Liszt and them." He adds that he liked Liszt because it rhymes with pissed and Bach because it rhymes with fuck.



Blues and Boxers?

It is interesting to note that the film "The Greatest" is (or was, depending on the lateness of this issue) showing around town. Being about the rise to fame of one Muhammad Ali, it provides a good example to black Americans, showing that you can make it in this world, even if you are black. And it still holds true that the two most common ways of making it out of the ghetto, to the top, would be through sport or entertainment.

The example of Muhammad Ali has been readily absorbed into the community, but I can't recall it ever having been expressed in song.* It has certainly not been taken into the blues tradition. There was one boxer, however, whose example effected the blues singer so much that he became a symbol in the blues, for a period. This was the extraordinary occurrence, as the blues singer sang primarily about his own experience, rarely mentioning anyone outside this, except for an occasional politician, e.g., Hoover and the New Deal. The boxer's name was Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber.

There were many fine negro achievements in the 30's. In sport, entertainment or science, a few extraordinary people were making it to the top, with the whites, in a white world. But none of these people became part of the blues, because their achievements were not recognised by the person in the street, or because there was little to identify with.



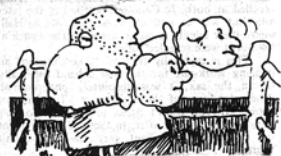
Blues notes continued

Joe Louis was different. From a country beginning, and a city "education", he battled his way to the top, by himself, and his struggle was immediately recognisable.

A year after he turned professional, the negro populace took note of him in his 1935 fight against the Italian Primo Carnera. The Italians were bombing Ethiopia at the time, and the Negro press identified strongly with the Africans. This was more than just a boxing match. Joe Louis won, and the first of numerous blues about him appeared.

After a few more fights Joe Louis faced Max Schmelling, the pride of Nazi Germany. Again this was more than just a boxing match. Joe Louis lost. Perhaps this destroyed his folk hero image. Schmelling was not superhuman, and an invincible folk hero should have won against human odds.

Joe Louis prepared for a comeback. Seven fights and seven victories later he faced the world champion, and won. One jazz number was released. A year later, in 1938, Joe Louis again faced Schmelling, and annihilated him. This time a few blues tracks appeared, but the early mood was not present in these songs. Joe Louis resigned undefeated until 1949 when he retired, but no blues about him appeared after 1939. Why?



The blues singer was probably not as interested in the achievement, as in the struggle to get there. Once Joe Louis was world champion, and once he had defeated Schmelling there was nothing to struggle for, he had made it. Perhaps the person in the street did not like the way Joe Louis was no longer a symbol for the blues, ending a unique period in the blues, when many singers from different regions looked beyond their own experience and contacts to sing about Joe Louis, "the Battlin' man".

(A lot of the information on Joe Louis comes from Paul Oliver's Screening the Blues)

Michael Mayer



Jazz Notes

NIGHT TRAIN

Stuart Clegg is heading overseas for a break for a couple of months, and during his absence, the show will be presented by two members of the John Jude Quartet (a local modern Jazz band). Guitarist, Jack Harrison and bassist, Steve Kimball will be presenting a variety of Jazz styles along with local artists, who will be discussing their musical experiences and expressing their views on the local scene.

The first two shows will not be highlighting any one artist, but rather presenting various specific types of modern Jazz styles.

Selections include: Charles Mingus, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Wes Montgomery, Duke Ellington, Kenny Burrell, Weather Report.

On Week 3, Rick Price (tpt.) discussed his musical interests and comments on popular artists he has met overseas (Rick is currently playing with Mileham Hayes' Jazz Band).

In Week 4, Bob Massey (piano) will feature the artists which he considers to have had the most influence on pianists today, and will critically analyse the plight of the modern Jazz musicians in Brisbane.





I seem to recall on one occasion in April this year that I returned to ZZZ from the Mayne Hall, after seeing a concert, with the distinct impression that I had seen one of the best displays of rock'n'roll and musical maturity ever from an Australian Band.

That display was JoJo Zep and the Falcons first visit. The 7 months between that and their second visit, on the 23rd of last month, were not wasted. They produced an LP - "Whip It Out", had added Wilbur Wilde (ex-OI'55) on sax, and replaced Wayne Burt (now a solo artist) with Tony Faehse, and had become without doubt, in my mind, one of the most impressive and exciting rock units in the land.

"Whip It Out" is a good album but it is not a patch on their live quality. They are brilliant!

Their impressive quality comes from the Falcons who are so tight, fast, hard rocking, talented, skilled.....and.....just full of every other quality you could want in a rock band; that it is unbelievable. Last time I was astounded by the guitar work of Jefferey Burstin, this time round I was stunned! He is Phenomenal! A minimum of effort to produce tight exciting solo breaks that always seemed too short and left me waiting for the next one.

Tony Faehse played in the traditional British heavy metal style and conformed too much to the (male) rock star image generally, for me to be over-awed - but he did execute some great slide guitar work, and was rock solid in his rhythm work, but then who could help but be rock solid with Gary "The Human Metronome" Young as drummer. With the bare essentials of a drum kit Gary provided an unfaltering rock solid foundation of rhythm for the band. This applies to John Power's bass playing - unshakeable, with the extra attraction of an excellent blues singing ability.

The Falcons were a totally professional, cool group of talented musicians, who have not lost their flare, or feeling for hot poop rock'n'roll. They are not young, exuberant or particularly flashy, they are skilled seasoned musicians who none the less were having a rip-roaring great time playing up there, and you, in the audience, could tell that and it was a terrific feeling - no loss of musicianship or feeling.

The excitement comes thick and fast from Jo Camilieri lead singer and sax player. He has great stage presence, fantastic voice and is a tres bon performer (dancing - he's better than Arthur Murry). It is unfortunate that the poor person was brought up on the macho-god-superstar male and submissive-admiring-sex object-groupie female theory of relations and tends to act according to those bulshit, myth stereo-types and was mildly offensive sometimes; but you can't expect much from a dumb wog of Maltese origins.

I was so impressed with JJZ&F that I saw them twice (I know some who saw them three times). Once at Mayne as a concert band and again at Griffith where they were a hot, sweaty, crowded night club, kick-ass rock'n'roll outfit. They excelled at both. Jo Camilieri revelled in the later role, but was as well showcased at Mayne Hall, where their talents as musicians as well as a rock'n'roll outfit were revealed fully.

This is especially true of "The Cthulhu" an amazing work-out for the whole band especially Jo on the sax, it was absolutely phenomenal. Other standouts of the night were "The King of Fools", if you didn't listen too closely to Jo's story in the middle of it. In fact the whole night was consistently excellent, very few songs didn't impress.

I think that the crowd paid JJZ&F a bigger compliment at the end of the night than I could. I will finish by telling you how the night closed. As the second last song came up there would have been about 10 people dancing in the aisles. On the last song about 20 people were up. JJZ&F came back for an encore and started really rocking with "Little Queenie". The dancers swelled. The second encore "Route 66" and Jo said that if the Falcons were gonna work that hard they didn't want anyone seated and many people responded.

During the third encore and final song of the night, there was not one person that I saw who was not either dancing, jumping up and down and clapping or standing on their chairs screaming.

I have never seen a crowd in Mayne Hall so motivated by the music. Never. It was great. The true test of a band - the crowd. JJZ&F passed with flying colours.

Michael Finucan

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Sunday, 6th November

Sid Page

1. MUSIC BY WOMEN COMPOSERS

TAILLEFERRE String Quartet. Quatuor de Provence. Calliope CAL 1803

RAINIER Cycle for Declamation. Peter Pears (tenor). Argo ZRG 5418.

SUTHERLAND Trio for oboe and two violins. Jiri Tancibudek, Sybil Copeland, John Glickman. Brolga BXM-02 (mono).

BEATH Biddles. Janet Delprett (soprano); Regis Danillon (piano). Private tape.

BACEWICZ Piani Quintet No.1. Warsaw Piano Quintet. Muza SXL 0608.

WEIGL Nature Moods, George Shirley (tenor); Stanley Drucker (clarinet); Kenneth Gordon (violin). CRI SD 326.

MUSGRAVE Clarinet Concerto. Gervase de Peyer; London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Norman Del Mar. Argo ZRG 726.

DIA A chanter m'er de so eu no volria. Studio der fruhen Musik, directed by Thomas Binkley. Telefunken Das Alte Werk SAWT 9567-B.

RAN O, the Chimneys. Gloria Davy (soprano); Shumamit Ran (piano); New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble conducted by A Robert Johnson. Turnabout TV-S 34492.

2. KODALY: THE SPINNING ROOM

Erzebet Komlossy (contralto); Gyorgy (baritone); Jozsef Simandy (tenor); Zsuzsa Barlay (contralto); Eva Andor (soprano); Sandor Palcsó (tenor); Chorus of the Hungarian Radio and Television; Budapest Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Janos Ferencsik. Hungaroton LPX 11504-05.

Sunday, 13th November

Ross Peters
and Les Hooper

BRAHMS Clarinet Quintet in B minor Op.115. Amadeus Quartet, Karl Leister, clarinet. DGG 139354.

BERLIOZ Benvenuto Cellini (complete opera). Gedda, Edda-Pierre, Bastin, Berbie, Soyer, Massard. Chorus of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. BBC Symphony Orchestra. Phillips 6707-019.

Sunday, 20th November

Liddy Firth

To be announced.

Sunday, 27th November

Stephen Baggaley

DVORAK Symphony No.5. Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. Everest 3329.

PROKOFIEFF Violin Concerto No.2 in G minor, Op.63. Pierre Amoyel, violin; Orchestre Philharmonique de Strasbourg conducted by Alain Lombard. Erata STU 70866.

BRUCKNER Te Deum. Anna Tomawo-Sintow, Soprano; Agnes Baltsa, Contralto, Peter Scheier, Tenor; Jose van Damm, Bass; Vienna Singverein; Rudolf Scholz, Organ; Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Herbert von Karajan. DGG 2530 704.



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Letters

Dear ZZZ,

Sorry I haven't as yet been able to make it up that way but numerous things have arisen... stones in my pathway as the king of the delta blues singers once said.

To start with the tenants at pennant hills have proved recalcitrant and it has been necessary to evict the snivelling little pommie migrant real estate dealer and his chip-on-her shoulder crippled wife. It wasn't easy getting that wheel chair down the front steps...what with her hollering and waving her crutches and him jabbering in that cockney lingo about rights and all...still those are the responsibilities we landlords must accept.

Talking about responsibilities...you must be proud to be living in a state run by such a fine upstanding individual as Mr Bjelke-Petersen. It's about time someone stood up to that godless rabble. Sending the police in against all those screaming women and smartarse priests and letting them have their head was the best thing he could have done. Now down here in socialist sydney that milksop Wran let them get away with parading their dirty alien ideology through the streets of our beautiful city without so much as a bloody nose. It's a pity we don't have old Bob Askin in charge of things...he knew what a police force was for...he would have up and ridden over the bastards...honestly when I see all those goddam hippie pukes spreading their stinking filth it makes me so mad I feel like migrating up there and joining the force just so I can have a crack at them... but I don't think I'm tall enough.

Another reason I haven't been up is a little surprise I got today. Well, I was coming back from the beach after sinking a few ales at the Coogee Bay (on account of how there wasn't much tit to be seen on the beach due to the cold wind)...and I took a short cut thru the university. And I had a friend, David with me...So to get past the obese gray man I leans out of the car window and says... "I'm taking my mate to the vet...he's an armenian ...and Dave nods and the obese gray man says ..."Oh the vet...righto mate off you go"...Well (I'm coming to it) when I got home, who should be there but my very own dog Bonny whom I had given up as lost weeks ago...apparently they picked her up at Brighton Lee sands (completely in the opposite direction from our place - she was lost at Marrickville) and she is as pregnant as a hat-full of arseholes, if that is possible...before she pissed off we mated her with a stray called Clyde...and she is just about to drop them...so I'd better stick around to count the litter...tell us if you want a pup...specially bred to bite salesmen and jehovahs witlesses.

So as you can see I've been real busy. The other day I bought a little portable fridge so I can always have a few cold tinnies on hand, even in the car. It works off the cigarette lighter. Think I'll bring the twenty-two up when I come...might be able to bag a few pinkos eh nudge nudge...

Well before I sign off I better tell you about this amusing little incident that happened to my mate Pete, you know Pete, well Pete stops at the local grease pit down in Glebe Pt Rd the other nite to get a bottle of milk and a packet of ciggies and say howdydoo...and he's coming out of the milk bar and he notices this Falcon weaving round the road...imagine the look on his face when the Falcon crashes into the back of Pete's FB...talk about laugh...well, the FB lurches forward into some other poofta's car, jumps the curb, and sets off down the footpath after Pete...well, it ended up in the front of the milkbar he had just come out of...well you should have seen the look on the wog's face, talk about split my sides trev... The irony of the thing was that the Falcon belonged to some joker who used to run Tomato Press further down the road, and at one stage the wog who ran the very same milkbar drove his car through the front of their shop...how's that for a Class No1 coincidence eh, Paul Kammerer should hear about that one, pity he died in 1928.

Well it looks like an election in December and of course there's one up there too isn't there. I always think there's too many elections in this country and I'm glad to see that Malcolm whatisis, the prime minister agrees with me...not that I see eye to eye with him, he's a bit soft on Communism for my liking. When you consider that this country has had elections every three years and elections for the Senate and all, but has only had one change of government since 1950 it all seems a waste of time and money to me. It would be better if they were held every quarter of a century that way we would only have to vote twice in our lives and it would really be an event, nowadays some lousy mail sorter only has to fart and there's an election about who's running the country...I tell you it's all a plot by the consymp and their fellow travellers in the Liberal Party to turn this country over to the reds by stealth. One of these days we'll all wake up and find the Comchinks have been elected in Canberra and we'll all have to speak chink and have our eyebrows lowered in the middle... you mark my words. Well I really dig talking to you mate, cause I know you understand. But I really gotta go and clean my rifles now, Me and the boys are going after kike tomorrow and I wouldn't want to have boulders in me barrel as it were. Will get up and see you in a few days to a week or so depending on how things go with the bitch, meantime keep up the good work and don't blow you cover, lots of luck and hope you aren't "inconvenienced"...by any left leaning lounge lizard.

John

PS I see on Trotskyist Television Twos News how a bunch of screaming pansy clergymen who are probably all card carrying commies are trying to give Mr Petersen a hard time, I hope he deals with them the same way as with those bleeding heart protesters. Those Christians think just because they believe in god that gives them the right to be soft on niggers and commies. Now the great roman premier, Nero who gave ancient Italy such strong effective government knew how to deal with such wimps and wingers...

Dear ZZZ,

I am prompted to write after reading Dr Paul Wilson's comments in the October RADIO TIMES. The time has come to dispel once and for all the rumour that smoking marijuana is not physiologically harmful.

In carefully controlled experiments at the University of Wyoming it has been proved conclusively that cannabis is a dangerously lethal drug.

In these experiments the brains of 40 normal healthy adult laboratory rats were removed and soaked for 24 hours in a 40% formalin solution. Then the brains were boiled for 8 hours in a solution of cannabis extract and nitric acid.

The mixture was cooled, added to 300mls of methanol and run through a blender at high speed for two hours. The emulsion was then dried in an oven at 94 degrees centigrade and the residue was mixed with sodium hydroxide, dry cleaned and steam pressed.

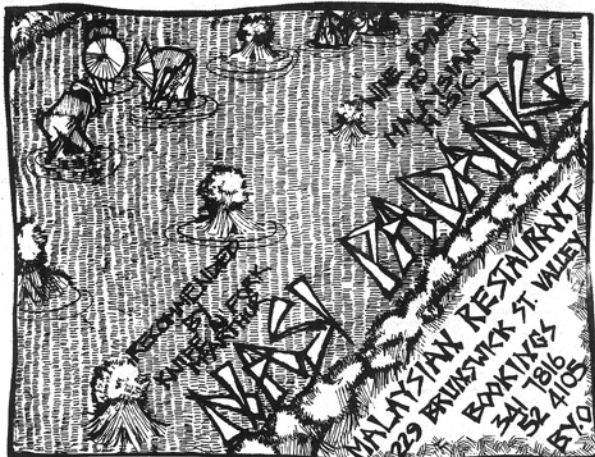
The subsequent microscopic examination revealed considerable cellular destruction, doubtless due to the contact with cannabis extract.

Your listeners might remember this next time they consider using this dangerous drug.

Yours etc



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: ARTICLES: ADVERTISING GRAPHICS: SUGGESTIONS: NEEDED FOR THE NEXT RADIO TIMES 24 MAY 1968





Johspeak

Audiences at picture theatres around town have been giving Joh's National Party election ads a bad time. At sessions of "The Getting of Wisdom" (Albert 3), and "Wizards" (Village Twin), Jack Elam reports audiences spontaneously burst into jeers and cat-calls when Queensland's bent-nosed battler appeared on screen.



WHAT I MEAN IS...ERR...
...THEY'RE CRIMINALS...
...ERR...AND I WON'T...
...ERR...WON'T LET YOU...
STAND FOR IT

"I'd like to deal with one part which appears early in the Minister's second reading speech where he mentions that the government has come to grips with the role of the public broadcasting sector and claims that this is in contrast with the casual, incompetent manner with which the Labour Government had approached it. With all due respect, Humbug Sir (and you know it). The fact is that you've got around a hundred applications now for public broadcasting licences and you've done absolutely nothing about it. In the 23 years of government you were in before we got in, you did absolutely nothing about it, not only in public broadcasting but even in commercial broadcasting there have been no new licences issued in Melbourne or Sydney since about 1935 as I recall. In the few short years we were there we

managed to licence two fine music stations, one in Melbourne and one in Sydney, 12 or 14 tertiary education institutions. Let me be technically correct, we approved the idea, we approved the idea, and indicated that we would give approval. On the basis of the agreement with the Governor General at the dissolution of Parliament you subsequently issued the licences." Dr Cass (former Labor Minister for the Media, speaking in the debate on the Government's amendments to the Broadcasting and Television Act, this month)

Promise of Porn

Mr W (Billy) C Wentworth made perhaps the most original contribution to the debate in parliament on the government's amendments to the Broadcasting and Television Act.

Whilst Opposition speakers attacked claims that the government was coming to grips with the role of the public broadcasting sector, Billy Wentworth grabbed the limelight with his assertion that Australia's radio and television stations were caught up in a pornography race. It was not the fault of TV stations he said, that they had to broadcast obscene programmes, it was "the pressure of competition of pornography".

Actually he raised an interesting point. The Broadcasting Tribunal in its report on self-regulation has laid great stress on stations determining the needs of their audience and incorporating these in their Promise of Performance at licencing hearings. However, it would be a game broadcaster who would promise to provide porn, even if their audience demanded it.

We were interested to read the other day that the Radio Times is considered 'pornographic in some quarters. The particular reader that was less than impressed is one T.G. Matthews, legal officer at the University of Queensland. Speaking about us he said,

"I have been able to obtain two copies of Radio Times....unfortunately, the presentation is in a style which I found difficult to convert into the type of factual knowledge I would need, I also noted that each issue contained at least one illustration which was clearly pornographic and apparently bore little or no relation to the news material illustrated."

Well, it's an angle we hadn't thought of til now but then we're nothing if not desperate for subscriptions so...

If you would regularly like to receive this porno mag., why not become a subscriber or a resubscriber, or a re-resubscriber (they actually exist folks!)

Just send \$20 to PO Box 509, Toowong, 4066 and get yours sent out each month. Remember to specify whether or not you require a plain brown wrapper

AFTER AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT
WITH A SHIPMENT OF YELLOWCAKE,
DOCK WORKER PETER BAZOOSIUS
IS FOUND IN THE RADIOACTIVE
RUBBLE AS A LOWER LEFT
LEG WITH AMAZING POWER
SOON TO BECOME...

SUPER FOOT



DEMONSTRATION LAMENT

National Lampoon words cunningly altered
by Bruno Kolberg

Moons ago I hunted
The young hairy thing in the big square
Upon speechless feet I tracked him
Until he chanted sitting down
Then I approached
My intestines were full of glee
BAWNK! (hard I struck)
BAWNK! (heavy I struck)
Between the innocence of his eyes
Between the smelly tangled hair
Yet he crawled away
Unharmd

I returned my feet to my people
With empty handcuffs
I was shamed
Assuredly he was a Commie one
I returned to the noise
KA-BAWNK!! (I struck him with strength)
Yet he lived...

When I hunt him next
I will surely bring a gun.





The lights flickered like erratic strobes and no treetop could be seen; nighttime? It figured, and Joe was lying in the back seat of her boyfriend's car, Joe was tired. They had travelled all day and still had about 500km to go. Geoff complained of "driver's back"; Joe was too tired to talk.

The cassette blurted out an unnerving new wave rat song. Rat's weren't in her diet and new wave certainly not her fluffy duck, which reminded her - she needed another drink. Expending the least amount of energy she bent over, reached far under the frony passenger seat, and dragged out her one pint self bottle of flat, pre-mixed fluffy duck.

"Joe"

"Yeah"

"I thought you were asleep"

"Yeah"

Joe gulped down a healthy slog. She slunk back neatly into her warm cup, accidentally tipping the pint bottle over her face.

"Christ!!!!"

But Joe was far too tired and deliberating minutes flew past until she resigned herself to unpleasant stickiness. Joe fell asleep.

It smelt like morning, a cold morning; one of those rainy childhood mornings with Beaver, Joe's Labrador, warming her blanket heavy feet. But no, it couldn't be - Beaver's tongue was colder. Joe would always wake with Beaver's playful face slurps. It wasn't morning.

Joe opened her eyes: her shrill adolescent scream deafened her in the mirror acoustic prison of Geoff's car - Geoff, where was Geoff?? And who was this??

Joe screamed furiously until her shock died down. She regained her head, closed and opened her eyes, and then thumped hard some appendage of the weird lolly-smelling thing licking her face. Joe thought she was sleeplost, and started crying.

Closing her eyes and pinching herself she re-awakened to a more sober world. Through stagnant tears Joe gazed in horror. Geoff's dismembered head hung knotted via spinal sinews on the rear vision mirror brace - upside down eyes brutally reflecting back a token symbol of brave attempts. Joe screamed

"Shhhh! Do not yell - I am Riga - Riga Reich brothers of - I understand you human not zodiomelder. I understand you human with English when yell. I am Riga, Riga Reich, chumming of and I zodialzelder. I galactanuat...do not yell... I Ri....."

Joe's stomach had stopped. She peered out the car window - it was still dark but a buzzing blue elektrik fuzz lit the area an unearthly green. She didn't understand. Joe screamed.

Bruno Kolberg

We all know that **AUS STUDENT TRAVEL** closed its doors on August 10th, and most of us know that they re-opened on 12th September

But do we all know that-

- **No-one lost any money**
- **No students were stranded overseas**
- **AUS STUDENT TRAVEL is now the safest travel company in the country**
- **AUS STUDENT TRAVEL is still the cheapest**

all information from your union office or from:

 **AUS Student Travel**

Union Building, University of Queensland,
St. Lucia 4067. Phone 370 9486 Telex 41971.

EXTRACT - TECH COMPLAINTS BOOK

This is probably not significant but studio B isn't working properly. Not to put too fine a point on it, it's not working at all. Why not I hear you ask muttering under your breath, well, it's like this:

One dark and stormy night, the captain said to his mate; "Bill, spin us a year", so Bill began "It was a dark and stormy night, and the captain said to his —"

Not getting very far, are we? Let's try a different approach.

Once upon a time — nope don't much like that one either, looks like there's no way to explain this without looking a real nerd, but wait! At last!

The alarm went off at 8.30. I know that because the termites in my head were tapdancing the numbers in Braille. I reached for the radio, fumbled a switch; nothing.

I knew I had to get up, this job would bring at least five big ones, and I needed that much by noon or they'd repossess my hat, and then what'd I use for an office.

As I left the apartment building a good looking frau cruised by and around the corner. I decided this was a clue to the case I was working on, which was shaping up to involve every government department and dirty tricks outfit that had ever heard of community radio. This dame had more curves than a river so I stayed a few paces behind her, letting my wheelchair just coast along. She swayed into a doorway and a moment later came a muffled scream and the sound of something heavy falling. I grabbed for my left wheel flipped the batteries to emergency, and hung a fast left.

Extricating myself deftly from the plasterwork of the wall, I moved down the footpath another two feet and tried again. It takes more than a little obstructionism to stop 'lege' when he's on a case, especially one as hot as this one was fast becoming.

At my treads lay the body of a middleaged man, dressed in engineer's coveralls. In his left hand was the charred interior of a digital clock, mysteriously inscribed; "Dick Smith Electronics". In his right hand he clutched the handle of the sharkskin handbag I'd last seen the frau carrying.

The answers were clear to me now, only one piece was missing from the puzzle. With some help from the jumper leads I'd found on my batteries last night at the Peurto Rican wedding, the stiff managed to spill the rest of the scum.

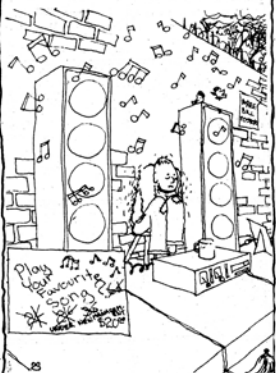
Seems that he'd been vacuuming an On-Air studio and blown a console fuse, that had been quickly and smoothly replaced half an hour later, while resetting the clock, something had slipped and the windings of the transformer had struck the front panel of the console as he collapsed for the last time, certain conclusions and possibilities ran through my mind.

- A) the switchboard breaker - no
- B) console fuse - no
- C) suicide - no

Leaving the stiff for the refuse collectors, and the frau whose handbag was no a clutchbag for tomorrows bacon, I headed off for Charlie Browns. There would be little sleep for anyone THAT night.

P.P.S. Headphone socket in studio don't work no mo.

help a friend..



if you have a friend..
tell it about 4ZZZ.

if you have no friends
ring 4ZZZ-371-5111
and ask about the
\$20.00 friendships

help yourself.



SUBSCRIBER BENEFITS

AS WELL AS BEING A WONDERFUL INDICATOR OF YOUR TRUE WORTH AS A HUMAN BEING, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION CARD ENTITLES YOU TO SUBSTANTIAL DISCOUNTS AT THE FOLLOWING PLACES.

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THOMPSON'S VIDEO
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AFGHANI TRADING POST
 320 IPSWICH ROAD, ANIVERSLY, IMPORTED
 CLOTHES, JEWELLERY-ACCESSORIES, 10% DISCOUNT

CRITERION BOOKSHOP.....
 322 BRUNSWICK STREET, THE VALLEY.
 10% DISCOUNT ON ALL ITEMS.

PETER'S WEST END MUSIC CENTRE.....
 VULTURE STREET, WEST END
 10% DISCOUNT ON ALL ITEMS.

PLANET PRESS AND PLANET PUBLISHING...
 166 BARRY PARADE, THE VALLEY FOR
 10% DISCOUNT ON ALL PRINTING, TYPESETTING
 PLATEMAKING AND ARTWORK.

KARLEMAI ASIAN TRADERS.....
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LILLIES
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 10% DISCOUNT ON ALL ITEMS.

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 588 STANLEY STREET, WOOLLOONGABBA.
 10% DISCOUNT ON ALL MUSICAL EQUIPMENT

MOTHER'S LIGHTWORKS.....
 PHONE 399 6580 AND SPEAK TO PHIL HUDSON
 10% DISCOUNT ON LIGHTSHOWS AND HIRE

LA BOITE THEATRE.....
 HALE STREET, MILTON

EQUIVALENT OF A STUDENT DISCOUNT
 STEREO FM. CENTRE.....
 288 ADELAIDE STREET, THE CITY, HI-FI
 AND FM GEAR. 2 1/2% DISCOUNT ON ALL ITEMS

SCHONELL CINEMA.....
 UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND, SAINT LUCIA.
 EQUIVALENT OF A STUDENT DISCOUNT.

OXLEY HONDA.....
 1114 OXLEY ROAD, OXLEY, 10% DISCOUNT
 ON ALL PARTS, ACCESSORIES + REPAIRS

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 51 SHERWOOD ROAD, TOOMONG. RECORDS
 AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS 10% DISCOUNT
 ON ALL ITEMS.

BUSH HAVEN ART CENTRE.....
 CAR DAYBORO + SALISBURY RD, MT SAMPSON.
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FRENDZ MUSIC.....
 252 EDWARD STREET, CITY, RECORD AND
 CLOTHES SHOP. 10% DISCOUNT ON ALL ITEMS.

.....

NEXT MONTH: CHIFFERELLE BEHIND BARS!!
 or ARE DWAYNESLANDERS DIFFERENT?