

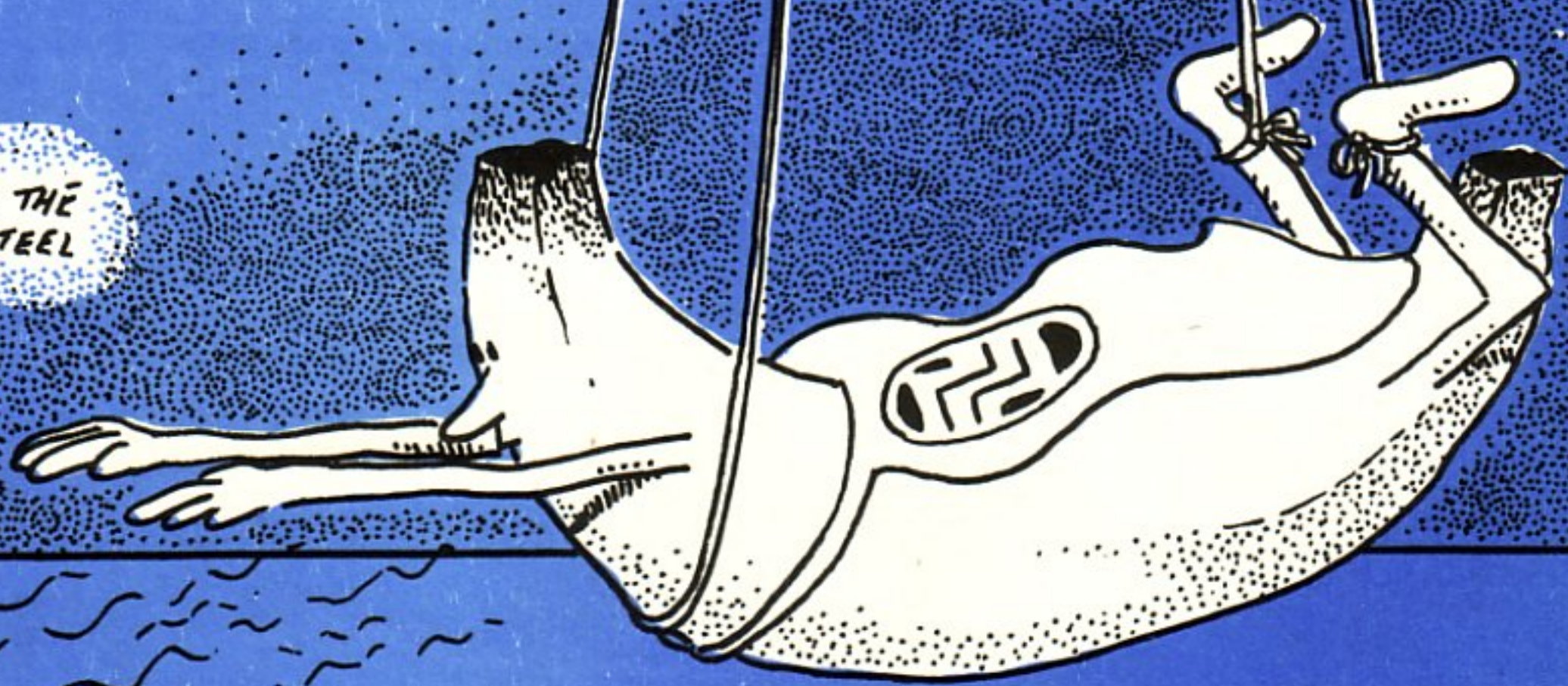
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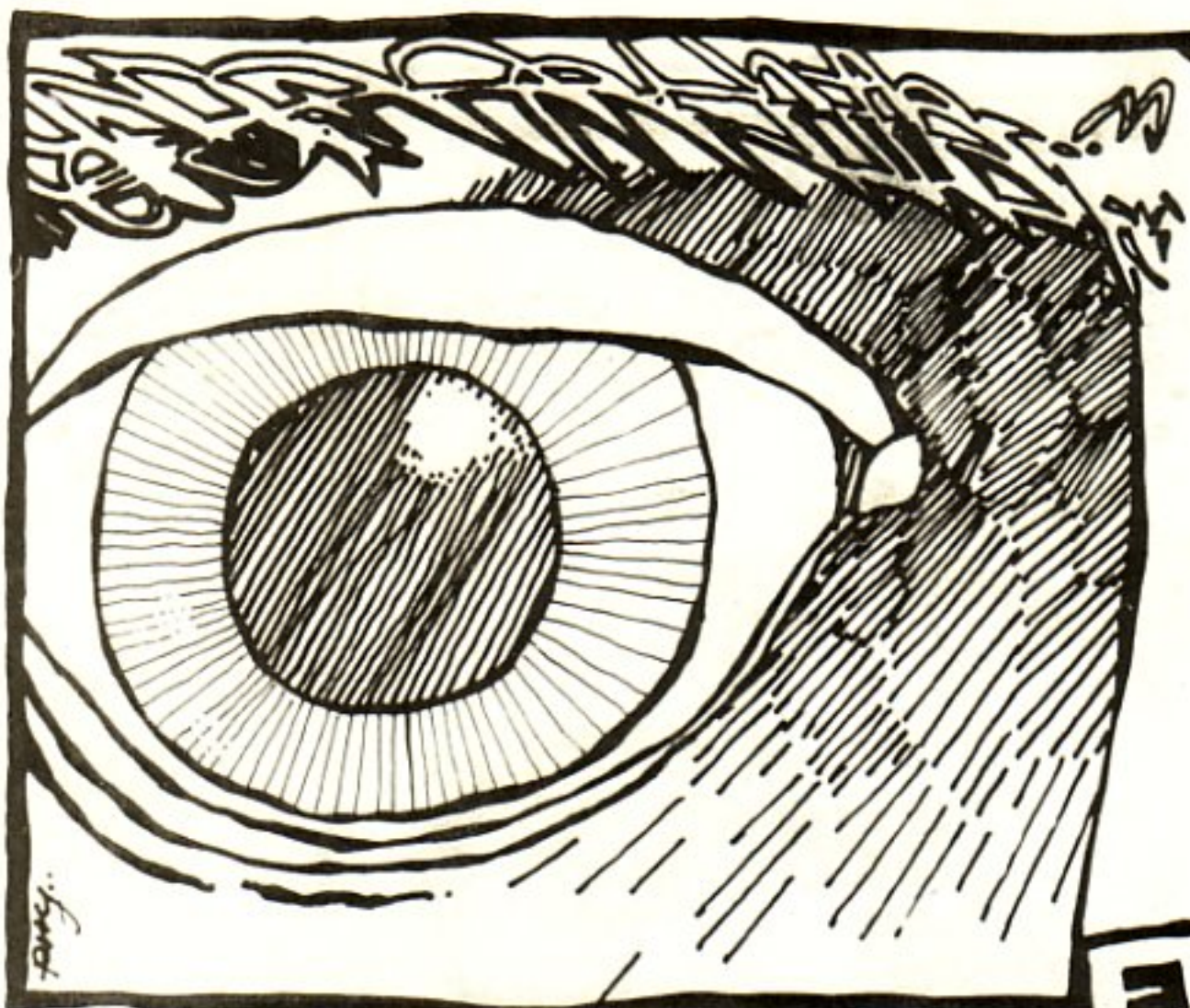
RADIO TIMES

THE MAGAZINE

NOV '78

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EDITORIAL

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OVER HAYDN'S OLD PLACE AS STATION CO-ORDINATOR.. QUITE COMPLICATED REALLY... THERE ARE ALSO
SOME NEW VOLUNTEERS, ELORA TYLANT HELPS FIONA M'KEOD CO-ORDINATE WHILE EVAN KELLY DOES 2-SAM SAT NIGHTS...



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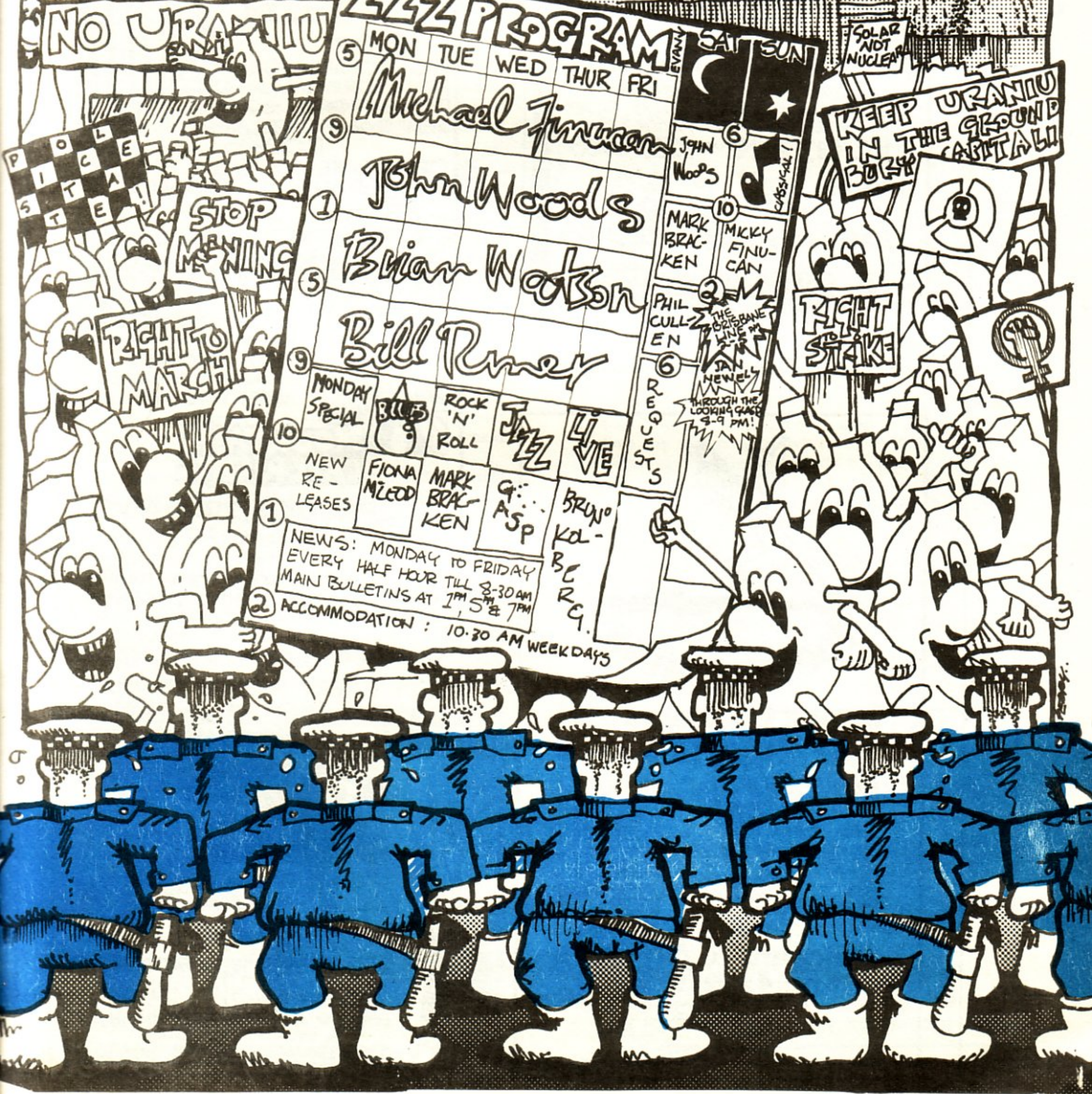
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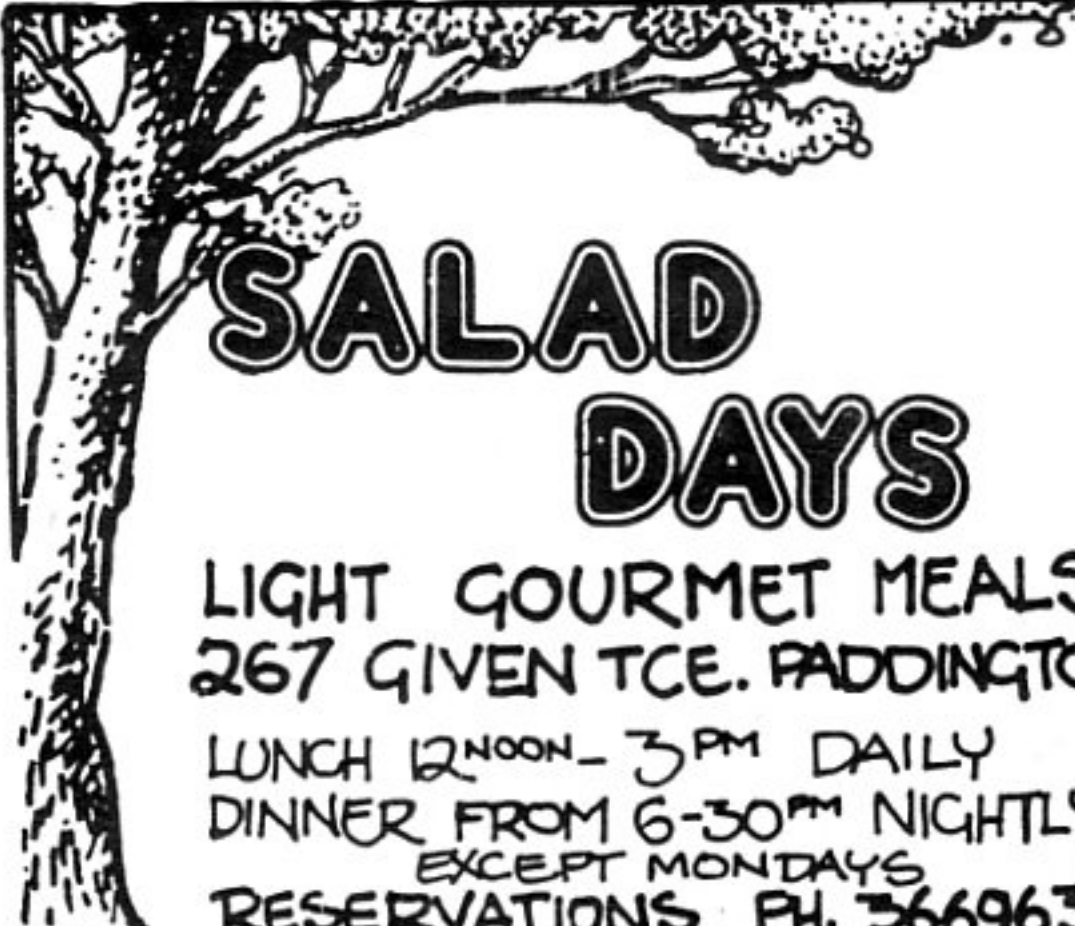
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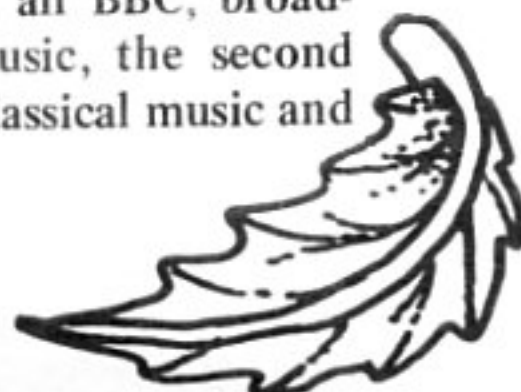
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JIM BEATSON has just spent 3 months in England, much of the time looking at various radio stations there. Here is the first installment of his report.



Is pretty bloody awful without much hope for improvement, in the short term at least. Right up until late 60s the Poms had only 3 choices of station, all BBC, broadcasting middle of the road (M.O.R.) music, the second comedy drama news talks and the third classical music and other egghead fodder.



The only 'pop' music available came from the high power transmitters of Radio Luxemburg across the channel, but reception was satisfactory only at night. On mainland Europe most countries suffered a similar range of dismal choices from the Government run broadcasting services. By 1966 however most of these countries were able to receive 4IP styles 'pop-commercial' pirate stations operating from slips moored in the English Channel like Radio Caroline and Radio Veronica. Despite various attempts to prevent the pirates from broadcasting, the pirates popularity was enormous providing much embarrassment to the BBC and the Government.

The Government finally won the day with the Marni Broadcasting Offences Bill (15th August 1967) which prevented Britons from announcing, maintaining equipment or advertising on the pirates. Only Radio Caroline continued which a little over month later met full non-commercial competition from a new all 'pop' station BBC1. The Poms now had 4 choices of BBC national networks—Radio 1—pop, Radio 2—middle of the road, Radio 3—classical and Radio 4—talks and news information, all four broadcast simultaneously in both AM & FM stereo, plus Radio Caroline and Luxembourg only in the AM band.

In the next three years the BBC also opened a dozen or so new local stations each broadcasting to a particular city usually combining a lot of talk back with M.O.R. music and local news. The term local was used to distinguish these stations from the national networks. Hence though a local BBC station Radio London has a potential audience of 15 million (the population of Greater London).

When the local radio station runs out of material (regularly) it rebroadcasts the Radio 2 network. So often you have the ludicrous situation of one programme being transmitted on four frequencies simultaneously (i.e. BBC 2 AM, BBC2 FM and local radio rebroadcasting in both AM & FM). Actually Radio 2 sometimes gets rebroadcast even more times, but more of that later.

In 1970 the Conservative Party came to power, many of whom had openly supported the 'pirates' and promised to introduce commercial 'local' radio.

By 1976 Britain had 20 local commercial stations London being the only city with more than one, Capital Radio a pop station in the style of 4IP and L.B.C. (London Broadcasting Corporation) which broadcasts only talk, mainly talkback, news and sport. Both of these stations and the other local commercial stations broadcast simultaneously in AM & FM stereo. Finally we come to the so called Third Force in British broadcasting. A couple of years ago the Home Office offered experimental licences to housing development corporations to broadcast via cable to housing complexes of around 20-40,000 homes. About six licences have been taken up with only a couple actually on air at time of writing.

Next issues will look at the operations of some British stations.

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It's really like a film. I swear that if they were not knocking on the door here outside I'd think I was at the cinema.

I haven't got the number, not by me. Listen, doesn't anyone know Radio Citta's number?

We are still waiting for some of our friends to come. There are four of us here at the station. What? No. There are four of us, doing our job of counter-information.

Here we are waiting for the police to see what the fuck they are going to do.

(tel) Hello, well at the moment they seem to be quiet. No they are not making such a din. They're quiet, they have stopped trying to kick in the door. They must think it's too strong. Well, give me a record. Let's for chrissake put some music on.

(tel) Alice. The telephone here is going all the time, really all the time. Here's some Beethoven. Yeah, OK. Oh, hell.

(tel) No, Calimero, has gone away.

Christ, what a fucking mess, what a mess. No, listen, the police are here bashing the door. (Piano plays a few notes). Some music in the background. We are waiting for the lawyers.

(the piano fades away)

No. I don't even know if I'm going to sleep tonight. Come on, go and tell them that we are waiting for the lawyers. Come on, the police have begun battering at the door again. They keep shouting to open. Look out, get down. OPEN THE DOOR! The lawyers are coming. Wait five minutes. They're already on the way. (Confused babble) The only comment is...

Christ OPEN UP! stuff like that. (YELLS) They've come in. They've come in. They've got in. We've got uour hands up. Yes we've got our hands up. Yes, they're tearing at the mike. HANDS UP, RIGHT! We have our hands up. They're ripping away the mike. Look, this is a place. . . Have you got the warrant?

SILENCE.

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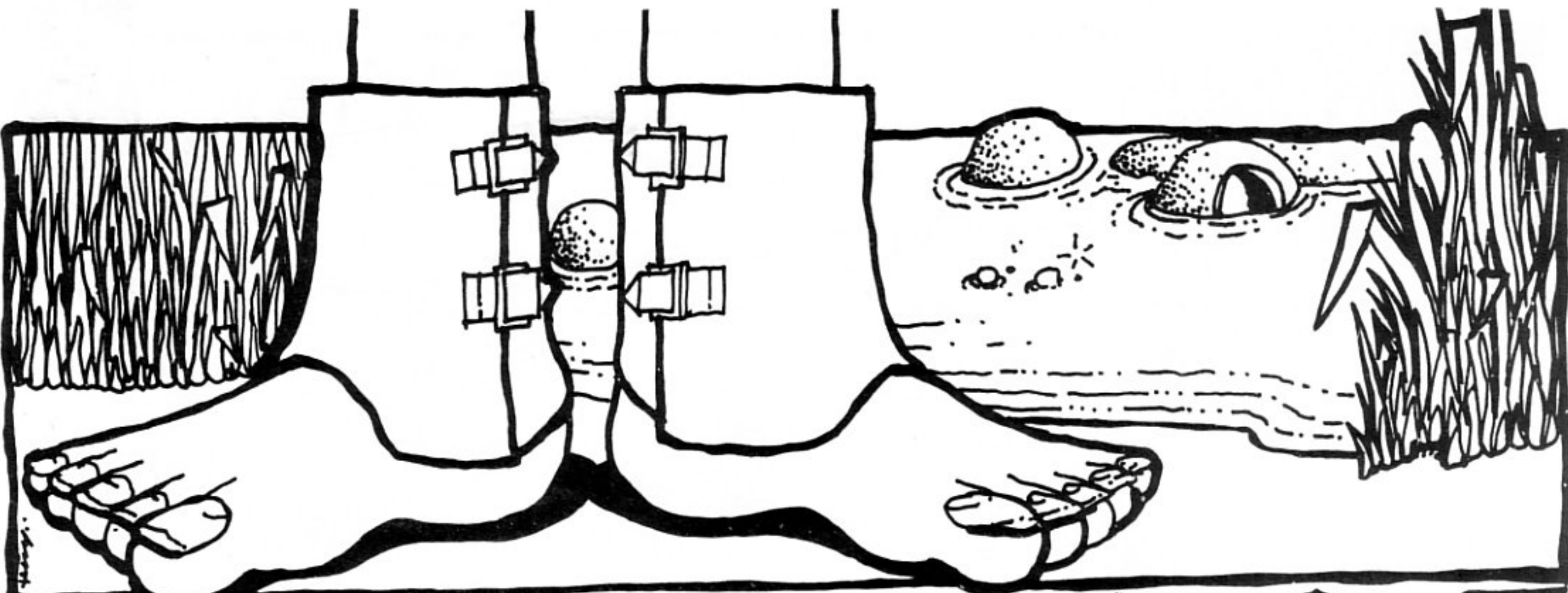
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Those persons with an eye (or two) for the bizarre who read any of Qlds' so-called newspapers may have taken up wearing gaiters of late. (Ed. note: Gaiters are primitive leather devices to be worn over boots to protect lower leg and ankle from being bitten off by vicious creatures [sort of]). Why would anybody in their right mind wear gaiters (apart from Cadets, Cops, and Service personnel who are all forced to). The reason is simple—the bloody salt water Crocodiles! ("croc" to the cogniscenti).

It all started out innocently enough about 5 weeks ago when I read a report that a 7 metre long crocodile had been sighted just off one of Darwins best swimming beaches—Casuarina Beach. Normally one would dismiss such an item instantly, but 7 metres is a hell of a lot of Crocodile and I have walked and, indeed, dabbled my feet in the water of Casuarina Beach. This of course was during my recent Round-Australia trip. Darwin is the most amazing city, your classic nice place to visit but. . .The city is very flat (good for bicycles) and very hot (not so good for bicycles). I was there in Winter and it reached 35 degrees C. on the worst day! "Hot? Struth Bruce you should be here in Summer" The white Tornado has certainly cleaned up the towns' architecture.

Cyclone-proof building requirements really put the damper on inspired house design. The houses are all similar but at least they aren't row on row along straight suburban roads, giving the endless, monotonous, wasteland effect. No! They've put the houses on curved streets to break up that effect (houses are still very similar though). Thinking all the time, Clem! There is also the odd, but not that infrequent, blown down house and wreckage filled yard—A GRIM REMINDER OF. . .(as our commercial counterparts would probably say)—Another thing I remember about Darwin is the solar water heaters. Every-bloody-where. Almost every hosue had those familiar windows in the roof. In fact the Cara-bloody-Vans had solar water heaters angled on *their* roofs. Struth! Actually there were quite a lot of Caravans (big shifting population—smart move!) and seeing how there are all these ex-houses which were reduced to concrete stumps and flooring during "the accident", it's quite common for caravan avec solar heaters to be parked next to the ruins using the floor boards on the stumps as an extra covered annexe. Necessity is the parent of. . .

Darwin is also the city where, when we visited the dump (something we do in every city we visit) we were greeted by the sight of a couple of acres of refuse tip which was solidly packed with carrion birds—birds of prey standing everywhere! [Save for a few strategic spots like where the cars and trucks were and where the tip controller (another scavenger) stood] Literally thousands of hawks, falcons, crows etc. etc. standing everywhere and more were flying above waiting to land (you think Brisbane needs a new International apirport, well Darwin needs a new international Dump!).

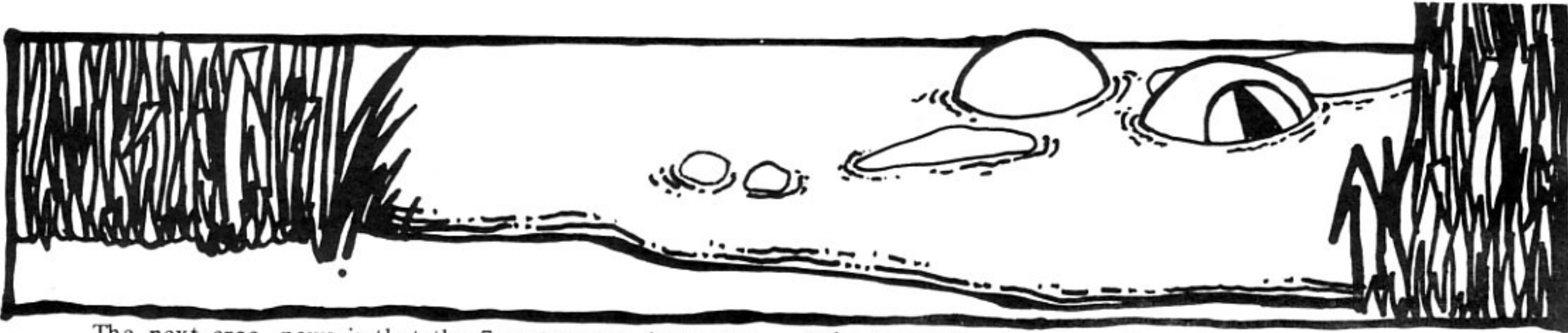
This dump (sorry Refuse Tip, Sanitation Control Centre or Hygeine H.Q.) also featured signs warning you to stay on the beaten track because elsewhere apparently the land was liable to collapse at any time, due to the presence of "underground fires" (!!!). Yes, gentle reader the infamous underground fires (who said Darwin is hell?) and begorrah. . .I mean. . .root a boot if there weren't several holes in the ground from which smoke issued forth!

So much for Darwin. I believe the topic at hand before I so rudely interrupted myself was crocodiles. I have personally, myself passed within about 10 feet of a crocodile in the Geiki Gorge Nat. Park (W.A.) but this was the river kind (peanuts, small fry about six feet lont). It is the big ones I'm interested in now. Like most, I started out on the soft stuff—estuary crocs, fresh water crocs but now I'm mainlining on the hard stuff—your asian salt water crocs.

The Asian crocodile, found widely throughout S.E. Asia and in Northern Australia, is indeed the biggest of the 3 types of crocodile—there is the Nile crocodile and the American croc. all are reptiles; the most significant difference between Crocs and other reptiles is that they have developed powerful limbs (their legs and tail) and they *are* powerful—a good crocodile can run at speeds in excess of 30km/hr. Basically they can outrun or outswim virtually all humans. From birth (they are hatched in eggs) the croc grows fast—about a foot a year—for the first 4 or 5 years and then their growth slows down to a matter of inches per year. Before they were killed extensively 20 foot was not an unusual length for an Asian Croc. to reach, if you have a mathematical mind you will realise this means that a 20 foot croc has lived for a hundred years. In fact I believe that 200 years is a possible life expectancy for crocodiles—not bad eh?

However, as mentioned earlier, since the serious slaughterers in the form of Colonising Europeans arrived in our part of the world, not many crocs. live long enough to grow to be 20 foot.

This is where we came in. The 7 metre (23 foot) long croc. in the Northern Territory. So far it has put its jaws around the hull of a small aluminium dinghy and bitten holes through the aluminium, it took another fishing boat by surprise and bit through its outboard motor, sank the fishing boat by surprise and bit through its outboard motor, sank the boat and ate the petrol tank (choice of jokes: (1) that'd give you heartburn, or (2) I hope it doesn't smoke! [It might get cancer or stunt its growth]) so far all people involved have escaped unharmed albeit shaken. Wildlife rangers don't know why it attacks, they think it's territorially provoked or maybe the throb of outboard motors during the crocs mating season (this time of year) are annoying it (maybe it's got a hangover or has organised a protection racket—the fish pay it money to scare off murderous fishing people).



The next croc. news is that the 7 metre croc. has got a friend, latest reports indicate that a trouble causing 5 metre croc is also on the loose in the area (it has attacked one boat, so far).

As if these two weren't enough it's been revealed that there is a crocodile living in Bramble Bay, an offshoot of Moreton Bay. The enemy is right in our backyard. . . I mean. . . pool! Following close on the sighting of the Bramble Bay croc we have a *very mysterious* Boat Tragedy, where, seemingly inexplicably, a boat capsized and four people with life jackets died! This was in Deception Bay—it's an easy swim from Bramble Bay for a croc! Yet Brisbane is too far south for crocs, in theory—it's too cold and they shouldn't be here.

I have come up with a theory that explains all these incidents. The answer lies in where the Northern Territory crocs have been sighted, they appear to live in the Rivers around the Rum Jungle Area. Rum Jungle! The site of Australia's first Uranium mine! No longer used, Rum Jungle is now a crater full of water with giant mullock heaps on one side. All radioactive to a degree! Yes you guessed my answer to the prob.—Mutant Crocs! Who knows what level of radiation these crocs may have been exposed to at some stage. Perhaps as eggs they were laid and hatched under a yellow

cake stockpile when the mine at Rum Jungle was working! My theory (which is mine) is that these mutant crocs never slow down their growth process, that they are faster and much more hardy than your average croc. (Hence the sightings at Casuarina, hundreds of miles from Rum Jungle, and Brisbane with its unfavourable climate). Also I bet they hate humans. These 3 are only the first sightings, who knows how many are in hiding and will only come out of the closet when they are huge and powerful and the time is right.

The Croc in Bramble Bay was only normal sized. Probably it was going to stay in hiding 'till it was 7 metres long, and was so pissed off that it was spotted that it went out, capsized the boat and swam around so that the occupants died of fright thinking they were going to be devoured! Cruel? Yes!

There could be hundreds of crocs in Moreton Bay, hiding, biding their time. There could be thousands in Sydney Harbour! They want to rule the world! The Swine (I mean reptiles)!

The Film & Television rights to this story are available from Michael "Who Me Paranoid?" Finucan. This could be the one to out-gross, out-poor-taste "Jaws" [and it might eat "Jaws II" alive (evil and maniacal laughter a la Vincent Prunes)].

NASI PADANG

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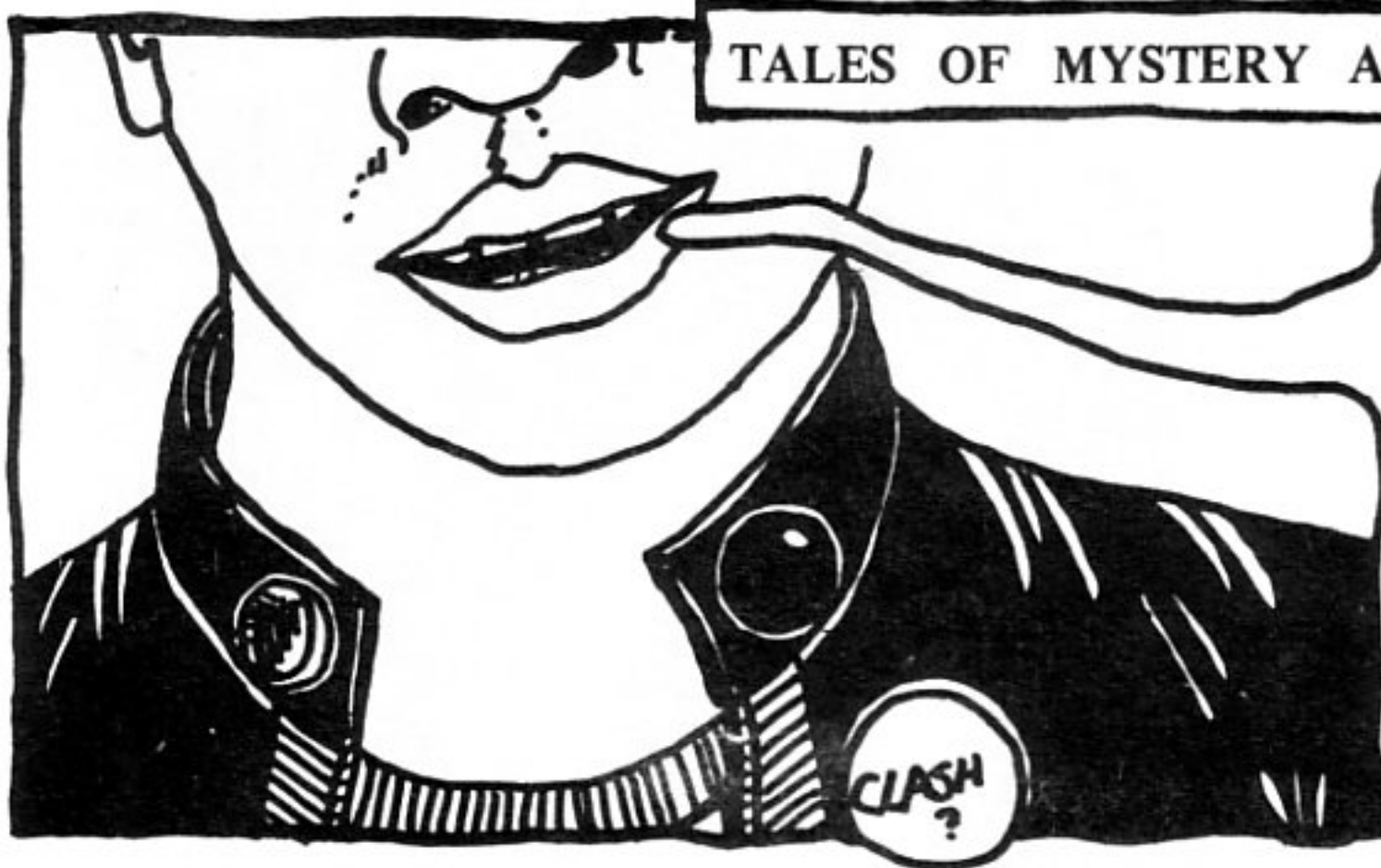
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Now let's get this straight from the start; I'm writing this under duress. Firstly, I don't really think that the good readers of R.T. would be interested in what some uppity little bozo is doing in London. And secondly I have no idea how to string together those few things that seem worthy of writing down. But there are those who believe that if R.T. is to become a meaningful social document then it needs an international flavour (instead, I suppose, of the nasty taste it leaves in your mouth now). And they're threatening me.

But... The question which preplexes all London; well a bit of it anyway. Does The Clash really exist? Tales of mystery and frustration. Mal warned me, but I foolishly believed that buying tickets and going to see The Clash in concert was a comparatively easy mission to accomplish. Friend coming in from Oz. Tickets to Clash. Nice thought, eh?

N.M.E. declared: The Clash, in concert, September 9. So off I trekked to Harlesden (sort of like Inala only different) to obtain the tickets. Despite almost getting lost in the lovely Harlesden and then odd looks from the ticket seller—geriatric punk?—I managed to successfully complete stage one.

Fine. No. Three days before the concert, the story broke. Concert cancelled—Clash in the States—knew nothing of the concert—management probs. . . But, so as not to distress their supporters the band decided to put on a concert in its place, October 14.

October 14! Over a month later. Bloody. Is it humanly possible to have tickets for 6 weeks without losing them?

By this time I was convinced that The Clash don't exist. It is all an elaborate hoax. Those guys saying they were The Clash, standing outside the tomb-like venue, commiserating with the masses, didn't fool me for a minute. It didn't alleviate our distress. Grown (perhaps I exaggerate) women were known to try and flush each other down the loo!



So now two concerts are planned for October 25 and 26. Will the forces of goodness, and niceness triumph? By the time you read this, it'll be all over bar the shouting. For the shouting see next month's R.T.

I was intending to go on with the story of how I got free tickets for the first concert in the 1978 Stiff Tour. And then missed it because of stupidity and drunkenness. But it's all too depressing.

Why do I stay in this Rock-forsaken hole, you ask? Well, I admit, everything doesn't always go entirely wrong.

The day Stiff records were giving away tickets for The Tour, The Stranglers were playing in Battersea Park. Their first concert here in some time (the Greater London Council has got it in for them too), though a bit expensive for impoverished Antipodeans.

As the show began we whiled away the time at Stiff Records trying to pick out a complete, matching set of "Ian Dury &", "Sex &", "Drugs &", "Rock &", "Roll &", "etc&" badges from the bottom of one of their filing cabinets. Not that we were in the way or being nuisances or anything like that but the Stiff person in attendance produced a couple of Strangler's comps. and told us if we hurried we might catch the concert.

With perfect timing, we strolled into the Park as The Stranglers struck up the first few bars of the opening number. Past the adventurous fans scurrying over herbaceous borders and up trees, past the cluster at the gate, the flash of tickets with "Guest" stamped across. Oh to be a rock journalist.

JONES



Yes. So yesterday evening we went to see The Clash. Armed with the now familiar tickets; eyes bright with excitement and anticipation off we set on the epic voyage. The tube ticket did cost over a quid, and we did have to change trains three times, but all this was trivial in comparison to what would be one of the ultimate rock experiences.

I guess my suspicions should have been aroused when we arrived at Harlesden and there were people morosely slinking away from the venue. But no. Poor suckers tried to buy tickets at the door, I thought.

Wrong again. The buggers had called off the bloody concert. The culprits this time were, not The Clash, but the Greater London Council, who claimed that the venue couldn't accomodate the 2000 ticket-holders.

THE LOOK AND SOUND OF ROCK 'N ROLL

For good or bad, Elvis Presley was that look and was the sound. Rock 'n Roll was around before him, (black R&B and Bill Haley), but from the moment Elvis cut loose on "That's Alright Mama", it was inevitable that the world would be his. The oft-used comment that if Elvis had not existed, he would have needed to have been invented, was so true. Looking like a cross between the three top teen film-stars of the era, Marlon Brando, James Dean, Tony Curtis, he left all others in his shadow. The new teenage generation demanded their own heroes and anti-heroes, wild ones, rebels without causes. Brando's "wind ones" singing Rock 'n Roll was wanted, and Elvis was the "One".

Like many antiheroes who were bad but good, Elvis also conveyed the same paradox—a home lover and a house wrecker, modest but very sexual, smiling but with a curled lip sneer. He died the same way—a multi-millionaire killing himself on junk foods. Even his name aroused comment—it was real, yet to many people seemed strange enough to be unreal.

Elvis' singing however was his ultimate weapon. So much so that it's hard to find one white Rock style singer who didn't derive something from his style. Be it wild excitable rockabilly to his 'hot potato in the mouth', warbling. His singing also echoed the contradiction of his visual impact—hard & rough, yet light and subtle. It sounded sexy without having sexy lyrics. Packaged with flashy clothes and wild bump and grind stage antics, he was totally overwhelming—beyond compare.



The King carried the can for Rock 'n Roll during those crucial consolidating years of the late 50s. His era was 54-58, just a few years, yet if it wasn't for his sheer magical ability during that time, it is quite possible that R&R would have been just a passing fad as many had hoped.

—Geoff



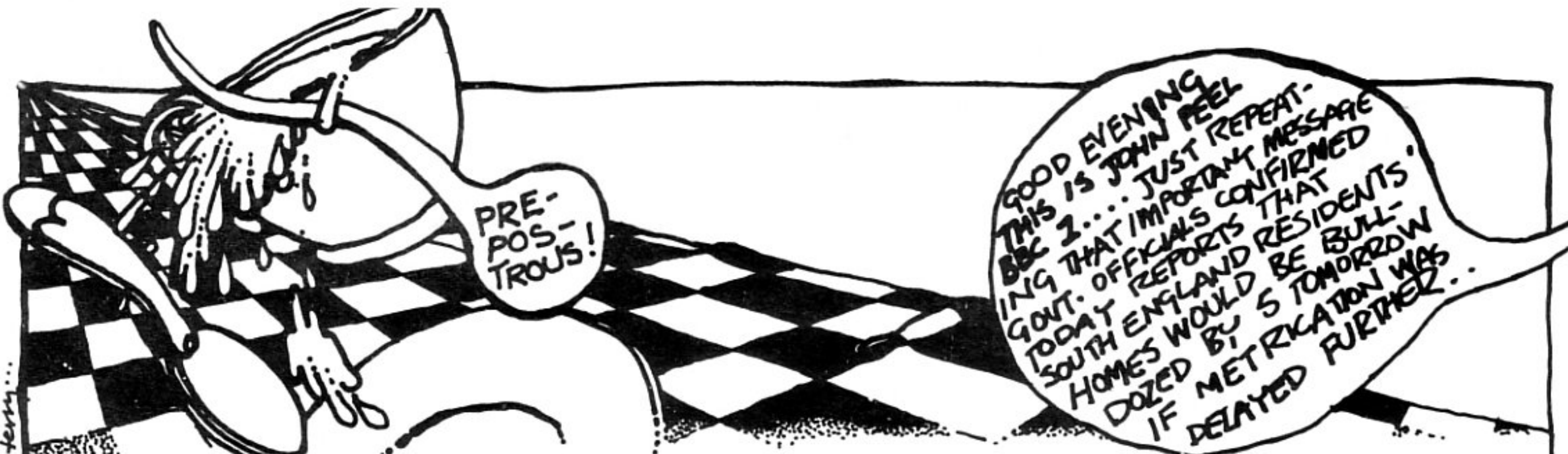
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AN EXTRAORDINARY TAPE RECORDING NOW CIRCULATING IN LEFT-WING CIRCLES IN LONDON COMMEMORATES ONE OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR, YET MOST OBSCURE BROADCASTING "COUPS" FOR SOME TIME

To the uninitiated, the tape—half an hour of rock music, Idi Amin impersonations and pungent, though somewhat juvenile satire, sounds like university students hamming it up, or a very primitive form of pirate radio. And in fact this description contains elements of the truth: the broadcasters were young and amateur, and they were, indeed, radio pirates.

What sets these Bluebeards of the airwaves apart from their various illustrious predecessors, however, is the equipment, they used for broadcasting: the BBC's own transmitters. The tape, in fact, records the first-known occasion on which a BBC programme was "hijacked"—wiped off the air, by a tightly knit group of more or less politically motivated people, using the BBC's own equipment.

And for half an hour, the BBC was powerless to stop the broadcast.

The full story of exactly who and how a BBC programme was hijacked may never be known. Such activities are, after all, quite illegal. But thanks to the current issue of Undercurrents—an underground magazine which specialises in articles about "alternative technology"—and Evening Standard inquiries, a fair part of the story can be pieced together.

It centres on a main BBC transmitting site at Rowridge on the Isle of Wight. Every night the Rowridge transmitter is given over to boosting the signals of Radio One on VHF to the Isle of Wight and Southampton areas and, by further small transmitters, all across the South of England as far as the Scillies.

Some BBC rebroadcasting transmitters receive their signal by landline from the main transmitters, and to take them over would require physical seizure of the control rooms. But Rowridge was different, as the Radio One hijackers knew.

In the case of Rowridge, the Radio One signal was picked up out of the air from the main Radio One transmitter in Kent. And the pirates knew that a stronger signal, of the right frequency and quality, could in effect wipe out the BBC transmission and replace it with a programme of their choice.

The pirates, some of who had university training in electronics, designed a miniature, but very high-quality transmitter, to broadcast on the Radio One frequency. A cassette player was attached, as well as a clock which would activate the transmitter at the correct hour, rather like a time bomb.

The transmitter was hidden within yards of the Isle of Wight transmitting station. The clock was set to go off within 15 seconds of the beginning of the John Peel show, one night earlier this year.

At the appointed hour, Radio One VHF listeners throughout the South of England heard a few bars of John Peel's theme tune, and a few words from Peel himself. Then suddenly Peel was cut off in mid-sentence with a slight clicking noise, and the theme music began again.

The hijack was in progress. There followed a burst of machine-gun fire from a record by The Who, several banned records by groups including Bonza Dog Band, and a spoof advert from the Metrication Board, warning over the strains of Rule Britannia, that listeners would have their homes "mysteriously demolished by bulldozers during the night" if they delayed going metric.

The hijack continued for 35 minutes while BBC engineers frantically attempted to figure out what had happened. Finally, the BBC managed to connect a telephone line carrying Radio One to the Rowridge transmitter, and the pirate signal was cut off.

All confused listeners were offered was an apology by a BBC announcer that they "may have been listening to the wrong programme." The announcer said the BBC was glad that listeners were "now back with us".

Ten days later, a mysterious figure crept into the bushes near Rowridge transmitter, removed a bulky back pack and headed for the next ferry off the Isle of Wight.

The BBC are obviously perturbed about the incident, and a spokesman said the corporation regarded it as a "malfunction". Steps had been taken to make sure it did not happen again.

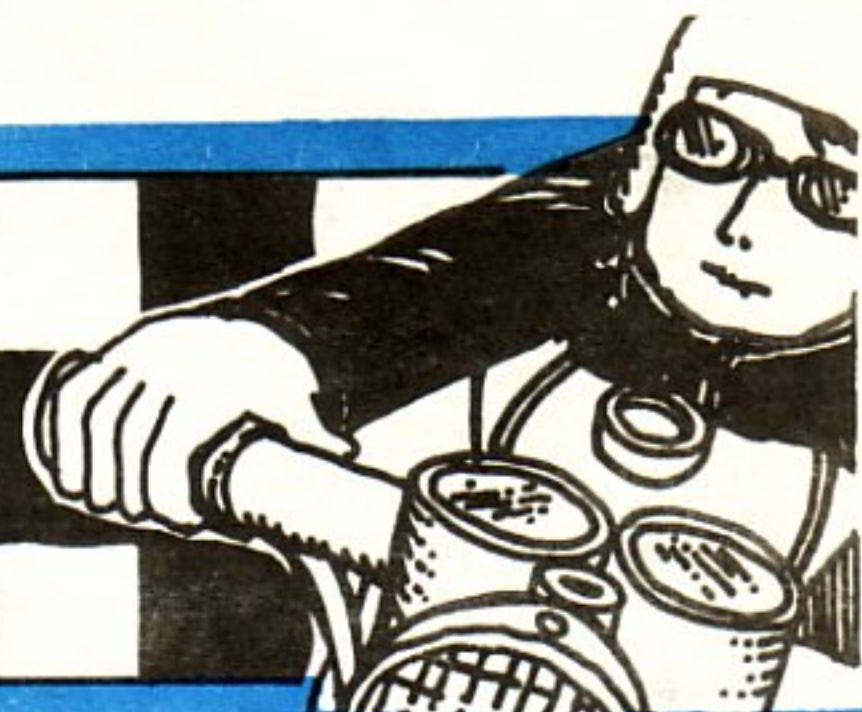
The date of the hijack, incidentally, was April 1 this year April Fool's Day. But the BBC did not regard the "malfunction" as a joke and have kept it quiet every since.

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ANN AKEY GOES TO THE DEMONSTRATION



I WAS SITTING IN THE SQUARE...

IT WAS A NICE ENUFF DAY....



THERE WAS A BIT OF A CROWD.. THEY SEEMED TO BE WAITING...



G'DAY

G'DAY

SAW SOME OLD FRIENDS.



SAW A BIT OF BLUE...



G'DAY LES!

SAID G'DAY TO LES...



THE RIGHT TO M..

THINGS GOT BIT NASTY

NICE ONE BERT

I REPEAT... THIS IS AN UNLAWFUL PROCESSION AS NO PERMIT HAS BEEN ISSUED...



YA WANNA OBJECT?

"POLICE BEGAN MAKING ARRESTS"



ONE OF 'EM CRABBED ME FOR HESITATING WITH INTENT

GROPE GROPE

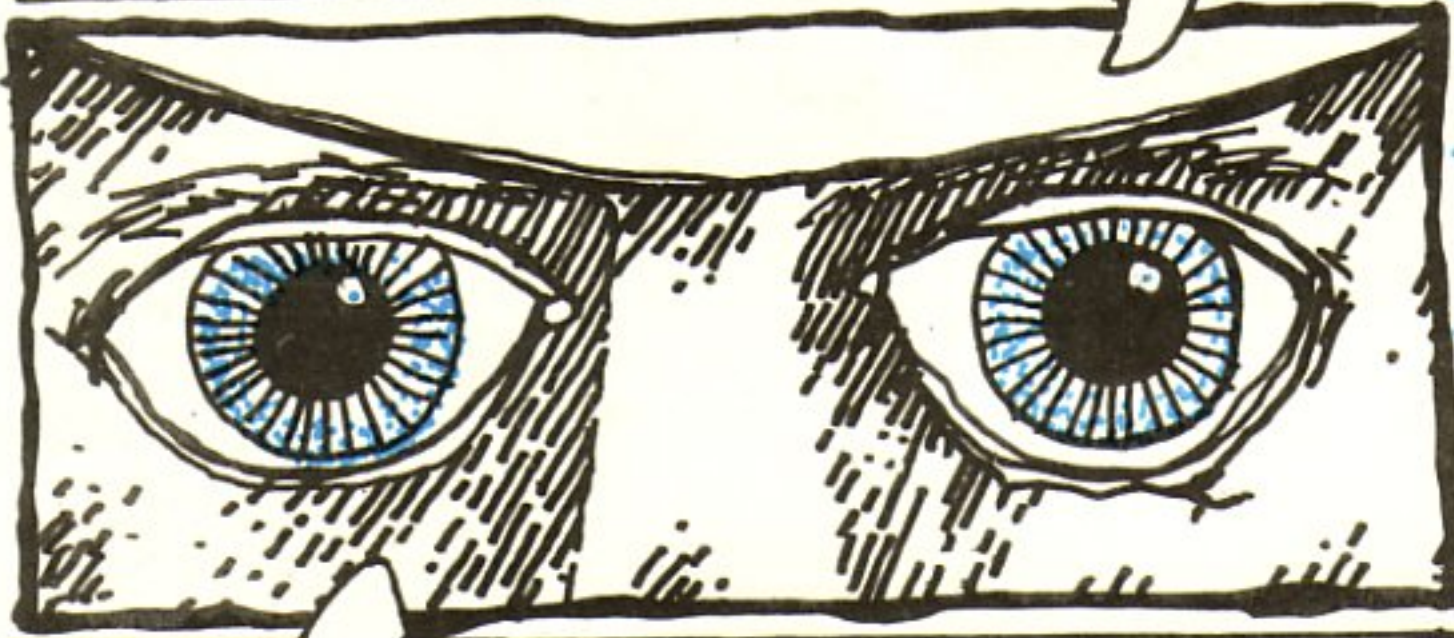


PARROT FASHION

PAGE

GALAH SOCIAL EVENT

WHEN IT COMES TO SUBSCRIPTIONS WE FIND OURSELVES LIKE THE PROVERBIAL ROSE-LLA, IN A JAM. THAT IS WHY DEAR READERS AND BIRD LOVERS, WE WOULD ASK YOU TO HELP US. WHAT WE WOULD LIKE YOU TO DO IS JUST SPEND FIVE MINUTES IN FRONT OF YOUR CAGE EVERY DAY REPEATING THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR BUDGIE, COCKY, PARAKEET, OR PARROT.....



WHEN YOUR LITTLE PET HAS MASTERED THIS.. SIMPLE MESSAGE WE WOULD ASK YOU TO PLACE HIM OR HER... (IT IS HARD TO TELL ISN'T IT).. IN A PROMINENT POSITION AROUND TOWN; A CITY COUNCIL BUS, FOR EXAMPLE, OR A WELL PATRONIZED PUBLIC CONVENIENCE. PASSERSBY WILL THRILL TO YOUR FEATHERED FRIENDS TALE; YOUR WEENY WINGED ONE WILL HAVE A WONDERFUL SOCIAL OUTING; TRIPLE Z'S SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL SKYROCKET, AND I WILL NO LONGER HAVE TO MAKE A GALAH OF MYSELF WRITING THESE TIREDSOME EPISTLES.....

THE MESSAGE..

IF YOU SUBSCRIBE YOU HELP KEEP ZZZ ON AIR AS WELL YOU RECEIVE DISCOUNTS AT THESE PLACES..

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10% DISCOUNT ON ALL MEALS
- BEN'S RESTAURANT, 677 ANN ST FORTITUDE VALLEY
20% DISCOUNT ON ALL MEALS
- CENTENARY FOOL RESTAURANT, GREGORY CRE., SPRING HILL
10% DISCOUNT ON ALL MEALS
- UNIQUE BATIK, 47 SHERWOOD RD. TOONWONG
10% DISCOUNT ON ALL CLOTHING
- MOUNTAIN EXPERIENCE, BARRY PDE, FORTITUDE VALLEY
10% ON ALL EQUIPMENT WITH RADIO TIMES ADVERTISEMENT
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Phoenix