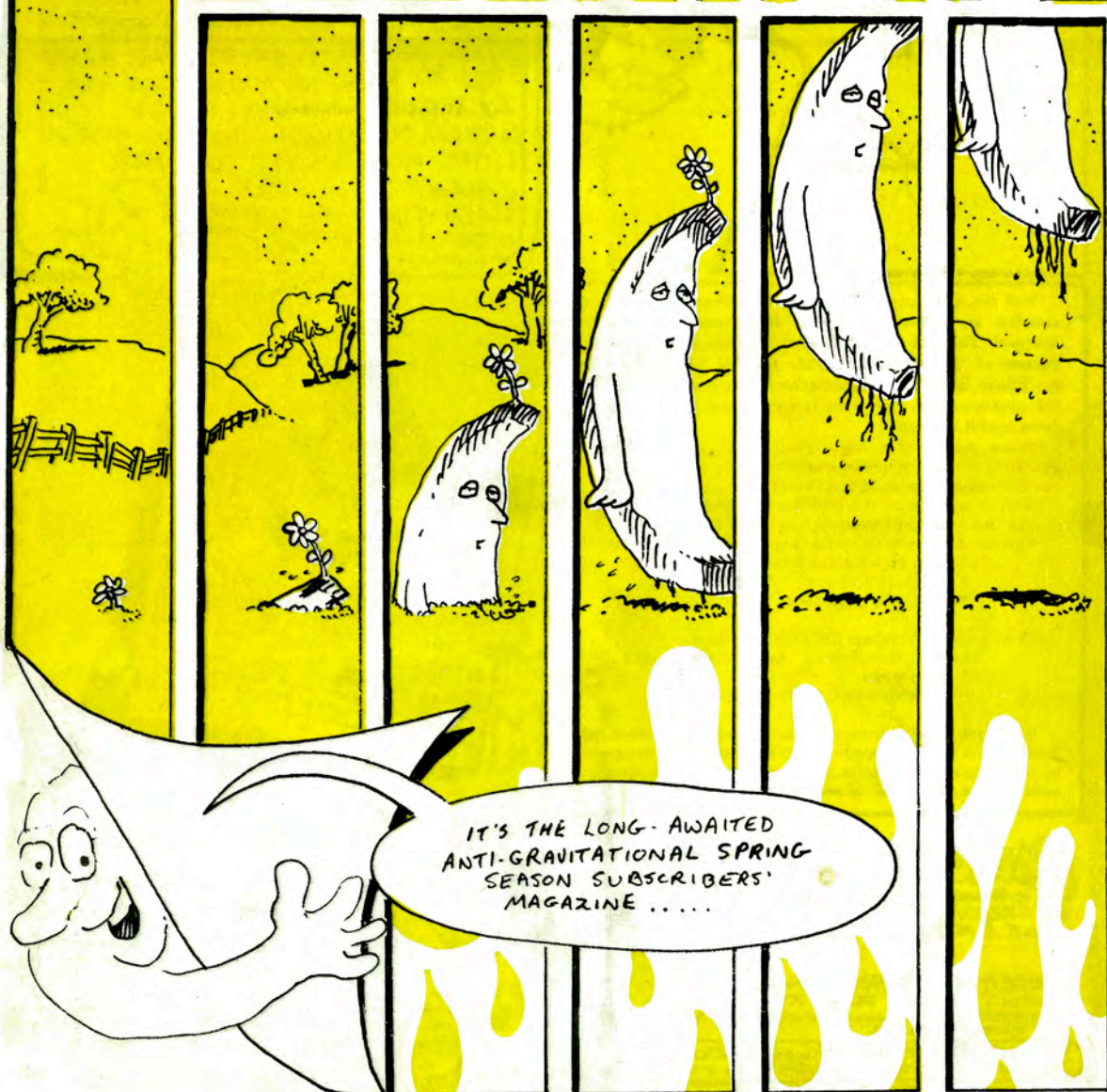


TRADITION TIMES

OCTOBER
1978





Editorial

OCTOBER... WHY IS IT THAT SOMEONE HAS TO WRITE AN EDITORIAL... WHAT CAN BE SAID... THIS RADIO TIMES LOOKS A LITTLE DIFFERENT... ISN'T THERE SOMEONE WITH SOME PHOTOS... EVERYTHING IS ALWAYS HAND DRAWN... THAT'S OK...
 H.L. 41: ? SORRY... SO. WELL... NOT TOO MUCH MORE...
 STILL NO DEFINATE WORD ON THE ACTUAL DATE OF ZZZ GOING TO HIGH POWER... SHOULD BE SOON... THAT'S IT... JUST A LITTLE MORE... LOOKS LIKE WEVE CAUGHT UP A LITTLE... MAYBE RADIO TIMES WILL NEVER BE ON A TIME IF ONLY I COULD THINK OF SOMETHING SOCIALLY SIGNIFICANT TO WRITE...

Well the Tribunal finally pulled their finger out and have awarded the other two public broadcasting licences in Brisbane. The FM licence went to the Music Broadcasting Society of Queensland Ltd while the AM licence went to the Ethnic Broadcasting Association of Queensland Ltd, with the condition that they grant reasonable access to the other unsuccessful applicants.

Those groups that were unsuccessful were a tertiary education consortium, Womens Radio, Family Radio Ltd. and Queensland Community Radio Ltd (4ZAP).

General reaction to the decision was very favourable and should have enhanced the reputation of the Tribunal.

Anyone interested in contacting MBSQ should write to
 Music Broadcasting Society of Qld Ltd,
 P.O. Box 41
 TOOWONG. QLD. 4066.

Those wishing to contact EBAQ should write to
 Ethnic Broadcasting Association of Qld Ltd
 5 Baloo Street
 HOLLAND PARK. QLD. 4121.

Both groups will be encouraging community involvement in all aspects of their operation so if you have skills that could be of assistance, whether in the programming, engineering or more routine matters, get in touch.



RADIO TIMES

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

The Through the Looking Glass Collective has been working really well for a couple of months now, with the influx of a few more women who have concerned with staying with the show, and dare I say it, enjoying it. We've been very happy with the programmes we've put together recently and even happier, of course, with our national award in the Australian Hi Fi FM stereo radio awards, for the Mothers Day programme. That particular programme was broadcast in Adelaide at the end of September on ABC-FM. They featured the major award winners.

Everybody likes to get feedback here at ZZZ and Through The Looking Glass is no exception. If you've liked any of the stuff we've done or hated it, we'd love to know that people even listen, so write to us and tell us.

With exams around now, its put a bit of a strain on us, as a few of the Through the Looking Glass people are hard working students, so now is a good time to volunteer your ideas and services at our meetings Monday at 7.30 pm.

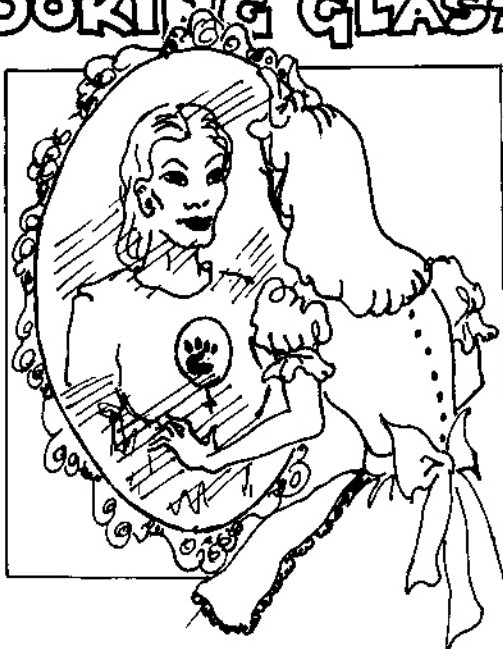
We'd like to be able to tell you what we're doing over the next month or so but each Monday we decide what we do for that show, so at best it's a few days before the program.

For a long time we've been tossing up whether to change our name for high power (high what???) and Julie Goodall—dainty Dimbulah school ma'am—revels in the bizarre and ludicrous. How does "Battle Stations" appeal to you? "Lost Property"?

Speaking of Julie, she is sadly missed from the program but in the hols, maybe we could do a Dimbulah Through The Looking Glass? Then again—

How about some suggestions for a new name? Then maybe we'll seriously think about changing it.

Fiona.



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THE FRONT LINE VENUE VIOLENCE

Recent skirmishes involving management thugs v. those attending at the Music Machine, the Marquee, the Rainbow, the Bell—in fact nearly all rock venues—continue to illustrate that until we restructure our environment along lines compatible with our ideals, we will forever eat shit.

The fact that our projected cultural upheaval has failed to consolidate into additional lines of strategic action has resulted in the undermining and subtle upturning of the whole ideology loosely termed "new wave".

At the moment we have no real channels for positive change, and with such recent negative interplay in the very wombs of our future culture—rock venues—it is impossible to pretend any longer that we do.

We have seriously underestimated the problems and overestimated our strengths. Not only does this endanger the further progression of our music and all that is associated with it, but we could lose what we have already achieved.

We must face facts, and the fact that the venues are not our own is instrumental in thwarting our "art" and its potential effect.

Physical violence towards patrons of rock music is only one of the many pernicious hardships we encounter each and every time we enter a rock venue. From the moment we arrive at the gates of what should be our palaces, we are subjected to a constant barrage of psychological violence simply because the proprietors are all too often inimical to the very values we promote.

We saw this article in ZigZag No. 85, were instantly struck by its applicability to Brisbane Venues. No-one at ZZZ would ever claim that the Queens' Hotel is the bees knees venue. Yes, the gap between reality and expectations is always hard to bridge and in the Queens case it is also full of Gorillas in Red T-shirts. While I would be horrified if the "bouncers" at the Queens were inhuman to the level that sparked this article (people who were deemed "troublemakers" in British venues are often frog-marched out the back and beaten to a pulp) the fact of the matter is that at the Queens the atmosphere; "the feel" is not quite as we would wish.

As I see it this can be attributed to a greater or lesser degree to the "bouncers" those wonderful people in Red T-shirts who station themselves at strategic points around the place, flex their muscles, look tough, and treat everyone (yes, everyone—our Programme Co-ordinator, Phill Cullen, was thrown out of the Queens twice because he questioned their orders). These people have two effects on our feelings.

Firstly, they outrage and alienate people that they come into contact with in any way. "In any way" are the important words there—fair enough if the bouncers alienate the turd that wants to pick fights, or those that inflict themselves on people against the other party's wishes, in fact, anyone who is seriously inconveniencing any other patron for no reason. Unfortunately these gorillas in red alienate people they just talk to, and they manage to talk to a lot of patrons which means they have, at one time or another, really pissed off most people in any Queens crowd. Naturally, then, everytime you see a Red Queens T-shirt you are reminded of this past galling encounter and a nasty taste comes into your mouth from the memory, not the most ideal circumstances to have

We cannot flourish in such environs. Until the hostility that pervades our music centres is removed we are simply suffocating, our ideas stillborn.

Because the present structures are engineered to counter the very energy-freeing process that would destroy them, and because we can no longer afford to be bound up in dealing with the essentially petty problems of fighting structural deformities, we face the difficult but vital task of reappraising and then restructuring the entire situation.

What we are calling for is the removal of barriers and thus the release of energies that will make a truly productive culture possible. What might we give birth to were we free to unleash a wholly positive creative energy?

It is harder and harder these days to want to attend the concerts we once found so invigorating. Not only are current atmospheres poisoned due to extortionate prices and the violence discussed here, but it must be said that the music itself is suffering from the lack of true response: action. It is ludicrous to attend events in which contradictions are impassable, and a natural boycott is already ensuing.

We must turn to the immediate task of creating centres according to our needs. The problem seems vast, but so did the problem of replacing the old wave with the new. We DID create alternative, responsible music, and we SHALL create alternative responsible centres.

The ultimate goal is the supplanting of all obsolete models with new models for tomorrow and tomorrow. . .

Robin Banks and Annette Weatherman.

in a place where you are meant to have fun. O.K. why do they shit everybody they speak to? Because they only speak to people to order them to do something, basically. No-one likes to be ordered around especially when they are in leisure time and want to enjoy themselves and more so when they have paid money to be there (fair enough, if someone's paying you for the privilege of being able to order you around, but you don't pay money to be ordered around). This bad situation is worsened by the fact that the Queens "Reds" invariably order you in a most officious, offensive manner to "move along" or something equally inconsequential.

All right so you're standing in the passage to the dunny. Some gargantua in red wanders up, knuckles scraping the carpet, and says "you have to get out of there, mate" adding an unspoken challenge of "you want to make something out of this?" and for good measure he'll twitch a couple of legs of ham that they grafted onto his chest as a bonus with the lobotomy, proving he's more of a MAN than you are. This kind of aggro assault is unnecessary. You're there, "digging the vibes", "hanging loose" or whatever, pissed to the eyeballs (you must be rick hor have smuggled a bottle in) all it needs for most humans (i.e. most ZZZ listeners), is for someone (anyone—a blind, undernourished midget) to have walked up and said "this is the passage that people use to get to the toilets and if there's a sudden outbreak of dysentery or the band plays Disco you might find this a bad place to be". The average human would nod, smile and clear out of the passageway (or fall over, if really pissed). You would know why you shouldn't be there and you have made the decision to leave. Whereas if you're ordered to leave with no reason you feel wronged, and rightly so! (follow me?)

Actually the above approach is reserved for males only—creating friction totally unnecessarily in a situation where you have the upper hand completely is one of the popular crude male-to-male ego blasts. For women the Gorillas tend to go Fig. Condescending and sickeningly paternal they play the old psychological dominance game. They draw themselves up, chest out, gut in, muscles on display they make sure they make the woman acutely aware of the physical discrepancy of size. "Shit, honey, I'm so much bigger and stronger than you are, you aren't even in the running for equality or supremacy—I am dominant in every way" (intelligence quotient isn't one of the vital statistics this statement is based on). At least they give most males the compliment (?) of treating them as a possible threat, but women a threat? Oh No! They're totally under our thumb and we can treat them as non-threats (for a real laugh they treat women as equals—what a joke!). The extension of this thinking is the paternal treatment, and the subtle infringement of personal liberty—just to prove they are your better, they will put their arm around a woman's shoulders or pat her bum. This is a challenge—"yeah so I'm taking liberties with you (your body, more specifically) but it doesn't hurt—you gonna do something about it?" leaving the uncomfortable thought back in the depths of the mind—"Imagine what liberties I could take seeing I'm so much stronger than you." Just like having those bastard Police dogs at the Punk dances—we've got the power, imagine if we exercised it—the most insidious of repression!

At this point you are thinking (perhaps) how can anyone weave such a web of terror-tactics and psychological warfare out of the Queens? However, have you ever stopped to think why those "Bouncers" act like they do and why you react like you do? This entire spontaneous outpouring of genuine misgivings (read: "wankery") is based on my experience of The Queens. These bouncers don't know me (don't go out of my way to publicise who I am) they treat me like they

treat everyone else—they treat me like I'm average or normal (little do they know) so I guess most others have had experiences similar to mine, perhaps you haven't thought about them as I have. At the time the incident occurred you can dismiss them and continue having a good time. From reading the earlier section you may think the Queens is a depressing Fascist H.Q. (if you haven't been there) or you may be thinking "Golly, I've never been terrorised like milk-sop I am, or you are more tolerant than I (i.e. you haven't seen through your "conditioning Maan"). I know a number of people who were as offended as I was by the "reds" behaviour. Basically it all comes back to the point

made in the ZigZag article. The people who staff and run the venues are far removed from those who patronise them. The venues should be designed for the people who use them but they aren't, they are designed for those who run them. The "bouncers" are all relics, mental-attitude-wise, at least. Possibly by the nature of their job they are self-conscious, obsessed, ego-centric macho MEN right into "I'd rather fight than feed (or another "F" word?)". We, on the other hand, are the "new race" (loose classification that—sounds good but covers a multitude of sins). They don't understand us ("us" being anyone who has a good time watching live RnR) not heavily into posturing and false image). If they did understand what we were about then they could manipulate us into doing what they wanted (i.e. the approach of giving us a reason why we should move along and asking us like humans) but they don't want to understand us—they want our money, and they'll tolerate our strange behaviour (dancing etc.) to an extent, but they have decided on certain limits (based on what, I'd like to know) and if we transgress any of their arbitrary boundaries of permissible carryings on they fall back on the ever popular "front line" of the "powers that be"—brute force. All we want is peace and understanding (or at least our money back).

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VENUE VIOLENCE



Reading back over this literary masterwork I see that the Queens Hotel got more attention than it deserves. I started with the Queens because I had intended this to be an explanation of why it was not perfect. However once I got into the theories of the business of rock and its effect on, and attitude toward, the human element of Rock (promoters vs Patrons) I got carried away. So bear in mind that every grievance expressed thus far is not being aimed at the Queens it is aimed at every Rock "Entrepreneur" from the Pubs up to Festival Hall and, to a degree, the Record companies as well.

The Queens got mentioned so often because it is the venue I know best and therefore used it as an example. There are a lot worse venues around Brisbane and much, much worse venues in other cities around Australia and the rest of the world.

Getting to the nitty gritty, then—why is the Queens Hotel not the perfect venue. Basically because the people who run it do not understand the people they serve (see previous acre of writing). Am I tipping a bucket of shit on myself and ZZZ? Do I sound that stupid? No (correct answer—score 10 points) ZZZ understands what we are about because it is run by average human beings who think and feel like most of the young in Brisbane. However the Queens Hotel is a joint venture. We work there in conjunction with the management of the hotel. They are not young, they are business people, not rock n roll fans looking for fun. This is their Profession—their livelihood, their Bread & Butter. Here is where the difference in outlook and attitudes counts. They want a good, stable, well controlled, predictable environment to calculate their profit margins in. They want everything that Rock and Roll should not be—i.e. safe, inoffensive, stable etc. It's the ups and downs, the thrills and spills that give Excitement and that is what it should be about. The management of a pub just don't need it, understandably. So the Queens is always going to be a compromise between their practical constraints and our ideals. I guess the Brisbane audience will have to transcend the barriers of environment to reach peak Good Times.

The danger of compromise is that it can be unequal, one party giving up more than the other. In the Queens case I think what we have gained is worth the compromise, as this is, certainly true these days. There was a nasty time 2-3 months ago when the Management was getting the better end of the deal. This is when the Bouncer Problem was at its worst (with experiences I've mentioned in this article were happening constantly). There were just too many of the Red Shirts—the atmosphere was very heavy. However we talked to the management and explained to them what effect these "Pigs" were having and how they should behave. The manage-

ment appeared to understand and a number of the more offensive "bouncers" were retired to stud and the remainder asked to pretend they were Humans, not animals, to treat those who were transgressing the unwritten law as something more than a heap of shit (and to give them 2 minutes running start). Since then the Queens has improved and I'm quite happy with it. Especially when it allows us to see groups like the Sports at their best. So while we all have criticisms of the Queens bear in mind what we are up against and remember it's better than the way things were. Besides if we let small things placed in our paths by the "No Fun" crowd get us down and ruin our nights we are playing their game.

On the topic of venues, as a parting shot, I should mention the Exchange, the management of which appear to have taken a most mature attitude vis a vis they have made everything as durable and serviceable as possible and interfere in no way that I could see with whatever the people attending do. The nights I've been there people were sitting, standing, dancing or falling over wherever they wished (except behind the bars). The "punks" were throwing cake and drinks at one another. It's pretty close to an unrestricted venue (it's a bit hot and stuffy, though) so I'll be interested to see what creative things the new breed do with this freedom. What were the words in the ZigZag article? "A responsible alternative"??

Michael "Whatever you do, don't ask him to write an article next month" Finucan.

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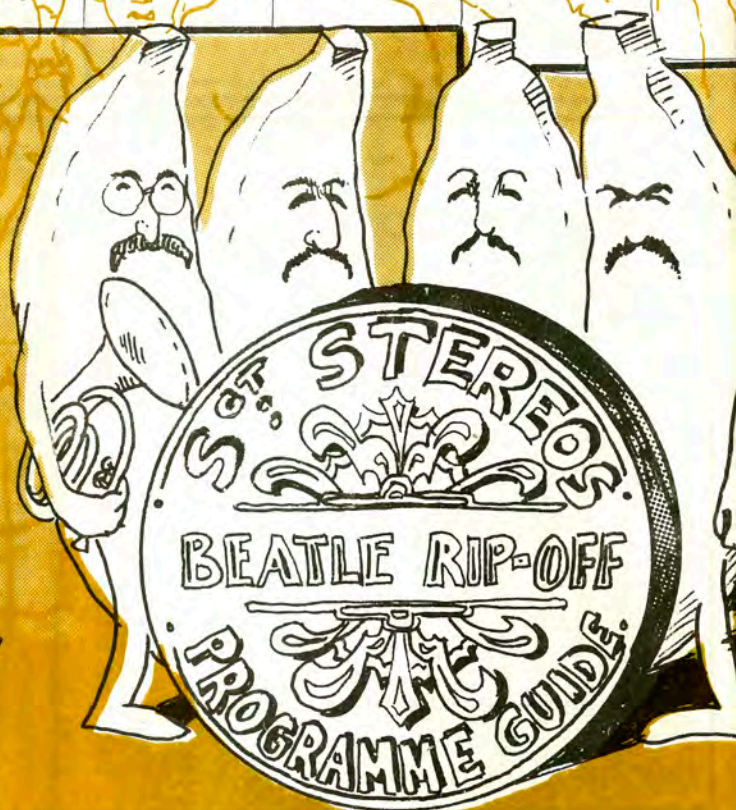
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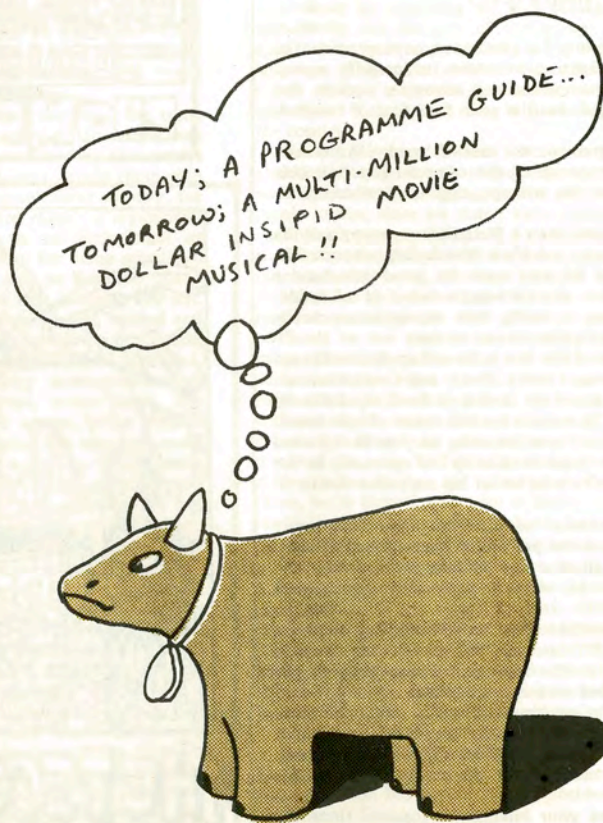
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FM

The publicity handout for this movie screams, "Ever wonder why your kids listen to FM more than they listen to you... The same reason they're going to stand in line to see this movie!"

Could be though, that the promoters are a little optimistic. While it's well known that no-one ever went broke underestimating the tastes of the public there's still hope that on this occasion they've bombed badly.

When the first reports of the film filtered in from the States it sounded interesting. As well the soundtrack album features the music of Boston, Jimmy Buffett, Doobie Brothers, Eagles, Dan Fogelberg, Foreigner, Billy Joel, Lynard Skynard, Randy Meisner, Steve Miller, Outlaws, Tom Petty, Reo Speedwagon, Linda Ronstadt, Boz Scaggs, Bob Seger, Steely Dan, James Taylor, Joe Walsh, Bob Welch.

However as the reviews in the overseas music press arrived it became clear that the movie would not match its initial promise.

New Musical Express (September 2, 1978) published the following review:

FM:

Directed by John A Alonzo (CIC)

FM contains the germ of a good idea, a progressive Los Angeles radio station fighting to retain its integrity against the sore odds of commercialism and advertiser's greed. But germs spread diseases and the film soon falls foul of the ills it attempts to expose.

The plot, the dialogue and the cast of 'wacky' Americans are merely another symptom of the rampant psychobabble junk which constitutes the average American's intelligence quota.

The fabric has less balls than a Walt Disney weepy and the piling on of melodramatic sub-plots (the fading vet jock, the breathy mother symbol DJ who quits for good then returns to fight the good fight, the stereotype 'what it is' spade) finally proves so lacking in reality that any serious point is lost amidst the wailing of audience raspberries.

The real selling angle of the film is the music. But hold on—aside from the title song (Steely Dan), and two in-concert appearances by Linda Ronstadt (awful as usual) and Jimmy Buffett (see Ronstadt), the much heralded cast of star games is an almighty con, their tunes featuring only as background drone. Tom Petty loses much credibility for appearing in the flesh, particularly as we've read about his supposed dislike of the LA coke smoothies.

In John Alonzo's version of America, army lieutenants take finest SE Asian and the policemen don't shoot on sight. The cast divides into goodies and baddies until finally the station boss turns up on his white horse to restore a mythical nirvana.

FM is worse than escapist. Shot on a shoestring—the only set is the inside of QSKY (motto: "We never come down to earth")—the film heralds the imminent cheapening of the movie industry with soiled rock and roll bucks.

Dig this—Irv azoff's management mafia pulls in vinyl appearances from the Eagles, Walsh, the Dan, Scaggs and Petty (probably a few more, too). Don't see this film and give these people your money, they neither need nor deserve it.

If you want to have your intelligence insulted there are cheaper ways than sitting through this excruciating mess.

—Max Bell

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CHILLAGOE WAS NO PICNIC

We left Dimbulah at about 10.30 on Sunday morning. Chillagoe, eh? We knew the road was dirt about 10 miles out of the Bulah. Cool. New shockies on the Cortina only 6 weeks ago.

The Dimbulah landscape is not for agoraphobics. Expansive is the key feature of everything—the hills, sky. City wankers can imagine their whole psyche being purged of metropolitan murk, driving about in country like this. We arrived at the right-hand turn to Petford and the commencement of the dirt. Last graded in Pope John XXIII's time, I'd say. It was a wrestling match with the steering wheel for the 15 miles to Petford: not merely corrugations but huge fucking rocks with which we motorists had to do battle. Not to mention the odd animal of the bovine persuasion mooching onto the road just as we were passing. Typical of the Cook electorate, these cattle, creatures bred for brawn, at the expense of grey matter. At Petford we gleefully noted that we were now a third of the way to Chillagoe. "It had better be worth it", I was beginning to think, but I remembered everyone at Dimmers saying, "Oh, yes, do go out to Chillagoe." Talk about a rural bias—not everyone owns a four wheel drive! A fart and a blink and you're out of Petford. Next township: Almaden.

According to the detail on our own road map, the track was sealed beyond Petford (but according to the scale map it wasn't). We decided it was a ruse, organised by the owners of the Lodge at Chillagoe, to lure innocent people there who only want to see a bit of this fucking sunburnt country, for Christ's sake. Ten miles out of Petford there's a mysterious stretch of bitumen, corresponding to no agricultural or geographical feature. Probably a runway for some misplaced gods in chariots. Well we were only able to listen to "Dead Ringer" on the cassette player before that bitumen ran out. Patience was now in short supply as we shook, rattled and rolled the next 12 miles to Almaden. Luckily we didn't have any piss in the back seat, or else it'd certainly have exploded.

We were getting into some pretty interesting-looking country by this time. Rocky outcrops, rocky fields, and giant ant hills. But Almaden knocked up out. What a bomb site! The ridiculously neat railway siding was merely a space carved out between rocks. Rocks littering the streets, tatty houses and corrugated iron lean-tos. Cattle standing despondently in the shade of rocks taller than a person. We had to laugh at the handicraft of some of the locals, who'd transformed one especially large and evocatively shaped rock into a frog, with merely the aid of some green paint off the Cherry Venture and a twinkle in their eye.

We took a deep breath and prepared ourselves for the remaining fifteen or twenty miles to Chillagoe. I shouldn't be so blasé—we were counting every fucking hundred yards on these roads! The soil was getting redder and the rocks were now black ones—tall and buttress-like. There was a real primeval air about the place: we expected to see castrated mongols herding pig dogs around each bend. (Herberton Railway Station has a mongol attendant, castrated 30 years ago by the townsfolk for indecent exposure or child molestation). I was beginning to wonder if we'd somehow taken a wrong turning, since the road had narrowed and was very twisted. "There'll be a sign..." Silently we blundered on, hoping desperately that the session at the Post Office

Hotel was eleven to one, and that we'd make it! My feeling of foolishness at attempting these roads in a small, light car would only have been multiplied had we turned around now, without even seeing the place. A weather-beaten BP sign enticing travellers to snacks and shade 3 km farther on gave us a life.

Chillagoe, at bloody last!

It was tiny! Not much more than two farts and a blink. At the pub we heard that the free tour of the Royal Arch Caves started at one-thirty, so we only had half an hour for our picnic. We ended up tucking into the warm, sweaty salami and coagulated pate in the car! It was cool and it was nearby! Bigger this driving around looking for a picnic spot—we were hungry!

Royal Arch caves are 4 miles out of Chillagoe, pretty interesting, but for us it was only experiencing in 3 dimensions what we'd seen in the old film version of 'Tom Sawyer' where they'd pursued the Indian. We tried to hurry the two-hour tour along by scurrying through passages and then waiting impatiently for the rest of the group to arrive. They were aged below twelve or over 60, and spoke English as a second language. The caves claimed two cameras and many small pieces of flesh as people knocked elbows and heads on jutting stalactites. You'd think they'd have chipped them away for the tourists.

We left the caves towards four o'clock and headed for the abandoned smelter, where potting crucibles from Battersea were there for the digging, in the rubble. We had to use our picnic knives, since we didn't have a spade or even a tin mug with which to rent the earth. At least we can say we've done it. After posing for photos in a few quaint locations we turned our heads for home, leaving Chillagoe in the late afternoon.

I decided to test our hypothesis regarding taking the rough road at some speed. One ghastly crash over an outcrop (difficult to see even in broad daylight) made me revert to using a lower gear. Ten miles out of Almaden the lights on the dash suddenly went out and the engine stopped. Snapped earth strap. In the falling dark we hunted for a piece of wire with which to make the connection (I had no pliers) and eventually found an old parking ticket from which we removed the wire. We felt every bump from then, of course... A few miles further on I looked in the rear vision mirror: "Gee, we're throwing up a lot of dust!" It wasn't the dust that made it impossible to see behind, but the lid of the boot. The latch had broken. It was while we were ripping up one of the car seat covers with which to tie the lid down (I had no rope) that I noticed that the letters "FOR" had also disappeared off the proud Cortina—vibrated out, no doubt. We limped into Petford at about seven o'clock, where the people at the cash store gave us a clamp for the broken earth strap. We bought some chocolate milk for our ebbling spirits and some matches in case we had to stop on the way back to Dimbulah to tend the boot or the bonnet.

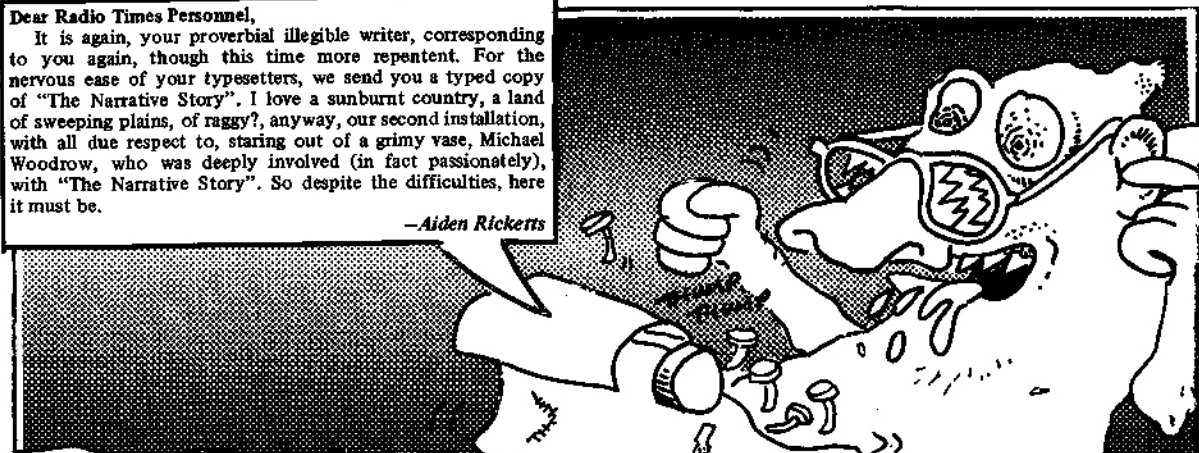
Dimbulah greeted us with a blackout, but it was thankfully not long before we could boil the kettle (metaphorically speaking) and have a hot shower. It was over some fried vegetables and brown rice that we decided to go to Mr. Garnet next time.

Marie and Jugot,
Roadsters.

Dear Radio Times Personnel,

It is again, your proverbial illegible writer, corresponding to you again, though this time more repentant. For the nervous ease of your typesetters, we send you a typed copy of "The Narrative Story". I love a sunburnt country, a land of sweeping plains, of raggy?, anyway, our second installation, with all due respect to, staring out of a grimy vase, Michael Woodrow, who was deeply involved (in fact passionately), with "The Narrative Story". So despite the difficulties, here it must be.

-Aiden Ricketts



THE NARRATIVE STORY OR GEOFFREY WALRUS

By
"A. Ricketts
& M. Woodrow"

CHAPTER 2

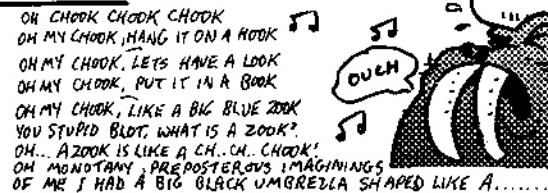
When the battle was won and the fighting and bloodshed had ceased, they all went home and made cups of tea. The meeting of the Womens Guild finished on a grave note, indicating that they had lost their sense of humour, said John and Oscar beginning to have misgivings about it all, said the narrator, strongly but sternly. In the local pub the people were socializing and all were in high spirits, e.g. whiskey vodka etc.

ED plural (YUK)

The people sang heartily and loyally with a tinge of jubilation and pride, but with more than a touch of regret, on intermingled with astonishment and surprise with overtones of dramatis and romance. Over all it was serious though, probably said the Authors John and Oscar, said the narrator conspiring with the music consultant, and dubbing technician, said the captain reviewer.

ED 346870 (get on with it)

ED 6 (liar)



They sang intelligently, ever onwards surring into the whirl pool of ages.

"I think she's dead Sarge!"
"Better shoot her just in case!"
"I'll do it Sarge!"
"No boy, keep the last bullet for Y'self!"
"So hide of you Sarge!"
"Aw it was nothing!"
"No, No, really I appreciate!"
"You deserve it son!"
"No I don't, I truly don't!"
"Don't you?"
"No!"



"Oh, I'm sorry we'll have to do something about this!"
"What-what do you mean Sarge?"
"See that triangle over there?"
"Yes Sarge!"
"Se if you can fit your arms through the loops!"
"Oh, I'm stuck, Sarge. Hey why are you ripping my shirt off me?"
"Right you scoundrel!"
"But that's a cat-o-nine-tails Sarge!"
"Is it?"
"Yes!"
"Couldn't be!"

(We are sorry for that interperion. We will return you to normal reading as soon as the flogging is over.)

At the pub crowd, were the very illustrious Mr. Wylie Vorm, Hoots Mon., me, my brothers Napoleon, Barry Broken-flower (ED-to be dealt with later in the story) who talked about pineapples being savage, John, Larpin schnarpint (an active normonian unextendovist), Barrys pshyscrist, Oscar* the king of Japan, not to mention Mrs. Roundtree: (ED-why not?) (AUTHORS—Oh, I don't know, I just don't like her, that's all. Plus, all of the womens guild gnasles and 43 editors (assorted), 8 proofreaders, 3 publishing agents, 16 sound technicians and a carrot called Hene y Edmund Nagot.

*very convenient

*no, not a film presentation this time either.

Barry took the floor speaking about pineapples (as usual) when Barry took the floor, Henery the book, Hoatsman took a chair, and Larpin took a photo, a jolly nice one too, I must say (ED-that just about takes the cake).

Henery (carrot) asked Wylie for an almond, Wylie handed it too him, helpfully. Oh sonny I dropped it said Henry apologetically. (Ed- cause carrots aint not got no arms!) In walked Proff Brian Scott-Jones, John saw him, G'day he said warmly. Then Oscar* said I love a sunburnt country and left! The Professor was speaking about cereal production using nitrogenous fertilizers on the compative rice fields of the interrelated species of the, oh I give up, said the Professor desperately, absolutely terrible yawned John, blood curdlingly.

?Hey that's me, said John.

No, you shut up, I'm the author he said bewildered* Oscar* came in trudgingly, who's dairy theis they both said as a quartet.

Listen (said John and Oscar) confusdly. We are the ones doing the narration, but we are ourselves.

Wylie, said John, oh shutup Wylie, said Oscar* together. Look Wylie said Oscar* we are writing the story so we can't be narrating ourselves, said Oscar* (Ed this is getting difficult) the editor strolled.

*"Not another bewildered film presentation either

*"Neither is Oscar.

*"You'll never believe this

*"Guess what

We said together. (ED who are you) (Ed thats me) I'm the author said John, Yes but this is the story. I know (ED that's him not me) he said wearily. In walked a large grey cat, Barry picked it up and started poking nails into it. The cat tripped over a logie* that happened to be there.

(ED thanks Barry that go us over our problem he said*)

Oh no it's starting again, Oscar* said to John who was reading a copy of 4ZZZ Radio Times* they said. When people saw what Barry was doing they became horrified. "That's terrible" said the Proff arithmaticallt. That-thats unungh, vile, vomited Napoleon sickly, said the narrator.

(ED now we're over our problem. I'll explain it—John and Oscar*)

Suddenly found themselves in the story that they are writing being narrated however they are bewildered because if they say something the other one of them who is narrating the story they are, writing says, "He said", said the editor clearing things up, said the narrator, lying said the proofreader.

(ED this whole paragraph was my creation (continuing advisor that above quote was my creation (authors and we gave the C.A. a job) (altogether—we've all just one big family act etc.)

*Yes folks

*Obviously a plug

*However this one isn't a film presentation.

END OF

CHAPTER

TWO



Do you get tired of hearing the same old, ancient, aged, dreary, dogged voices on ZZZ? Those olfactory flappers banging on a standard diet of poor taste smear and innuendo, non-specific opinionation and toothpaste.

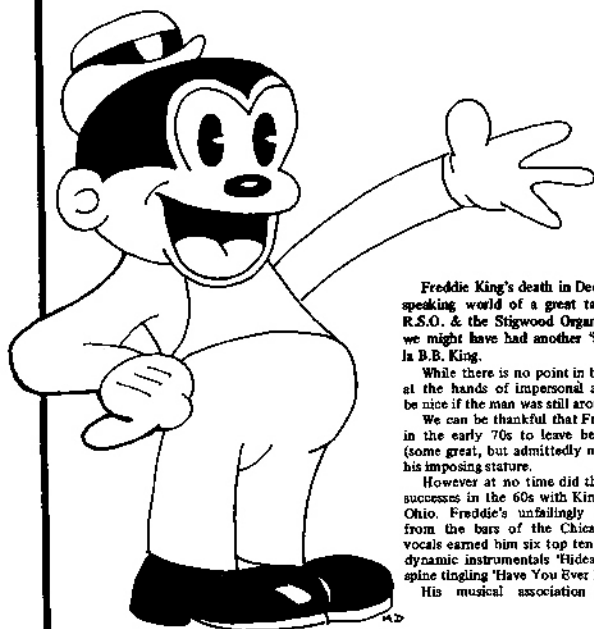
Do you get jack of the apparent re-enforcement of paternalism—the invidious kowtowing to society's predilection for the masculine as active/dominant/aggressive and vocal—and you can count the number of women who take an audible role in ZZZ on one hand—given a pedital affliction in the multiple. The number of males appears on two or three, they win hands down.)

Are you sick of announcers who:

- Play too much 'new wave'.
- Play too little 'new wave'.
- Wave too much.
- Play too little.
- Talk too much about music.
- Talk too much.
- Rarely talk.
- Don't have an ounce of social credibility re being able to talk lucidly about, and introduce, material to radio on issues of concern.
- Don't have an ounce.
- Have had an ounce, and sound like it.

Do you picture yourself with a messianic zeal for the perpetration of a scan of rock music, news, information? If, above all, you feel you have something to contribute to a serious (eh! ey hey!) team of people working on ZZZ—him hims problems.

If you don't wish to announce, and that's not the big deal at all, there's heaps more fun to be had than a garrel of bobbins.



Blues

Freddie King's death in December 1976 deprived the blues-speaking world of a great talent. Had his association with R.S.O. & the Stigwood Organisation continued to bear fruit we might have had another 'blues superstar' on our hands a la B.B. King.

While there is no point in bemoaning the vicissitudes of life at the hands of impersonal and uncritical destiny, it would be nice if the man was still around.

We can be thankful that Freddie made sufficient comeback in the early 70s to leave behind a body of recorded blues (some great, but admittedly not all good) commensurate with his imposing stature.

However at no time did this later work measure up to his successes in the 60s with King/Federal records of Cincinnati, Ohio. Freddie's unfailingly inventive guitar style, straight from the bars of the Chicago ghetto, and soaring soulful vocals earned him six top ten R&B hits in 1960-61, including dynamic instrumentals 'Hideaway' and 'San-Ho-Zay' and the spine tingling 'Have You Ever Loved a Woman'.

His musical association with arranger/pianist Sonny

Thompson at Federal was more satisfying than his contractual association with record company owner Sid Nathan. It was Nathan who upset U.S. deejays in the mid 60s, caused a national airplay ban on his product and virtually ruined the careers of many of his artists, Freddie King being one.

Freddie eventually signed with Atlantic in 1968, leaving again in '69 after two albums had been released on Cotillion, one reasonably good effort 'My Feeling for the Blues' and one not so good 'Freddie King is a Blues Master'.

Teaming up with Leon Russell and the Shelter Label was no improvement and few of his efforts during this period compare with Freddie's earlier work. Sympathetic production eventually came about at the hands of Mike Vernon at R.S.O. and 'Burglar' (1974) was a marked improvement.

Just when things were looking good for the 42 year old veteran and graduate of Chicago's West Side, fate's fickle finger finally forestalled Freddie's future Fame. There is some consolation in the knowledge that Freddie's popularity towards the end may have introduced his audience to a wider appreciation of the music he loved and played best.

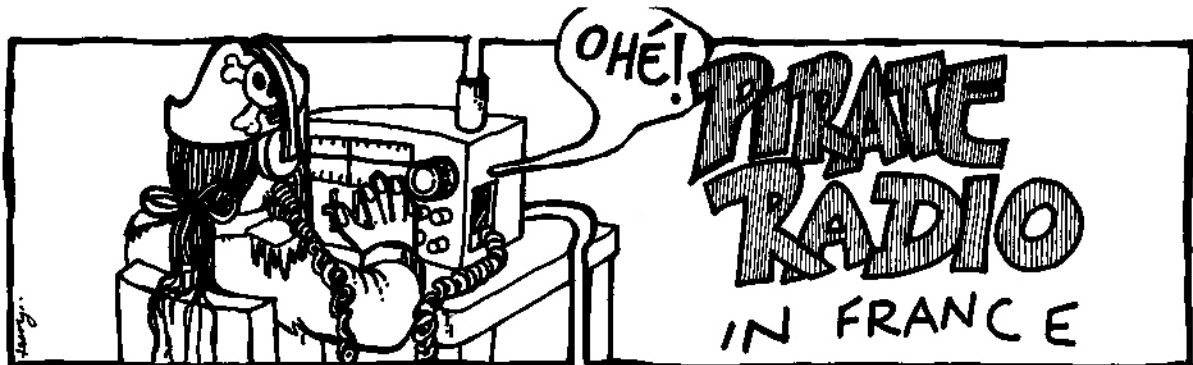
NASI PADANG
MALAYSIAN RESTAURANT
 229 BRUNSWICK ST., VALLEY

WINE AND DINE
 TO
 MALAYSIAN
 MUSIC

B.Y.O.

BOOKINGS
 341 7816
 52 4105

RECOMMENDED BY
 KNIFE 'N' FORK MARTHUR



LIBERATING THE AIRWAVES

All the sound and fury of "pirate radio" swept down on Paris this past weekend at the first international meeting of the free radio movement, ALFREDO 78. Organized by a French-Italian collective, the three-day event brought together an astonishingly wide spectrum of pirate radio teams determined to break through the French government monopoly on the airwaves: 20 groups from the Paris region alone, not to mention all those who made the trip to Paris from the far reaches of France, as well as Italy, Belgium, Spain, England and Germany.

Sporting such titles as *Radio Aventure*, *Radio Citta Futura*, and *Radio Sortie de Secours* and representing such diverse interests as ecology, the women's movement, and the leftist *autonomes*, the groups have adopted as a common primary goal the authorization to broadcast. ALFREDO, the whimsical acronym chosen to represent the conference, is a composite of the French group ALO (Association pour la Liberation des Ondes) and the Italian group FRED (Federazione Radio Emittenti Democratiche).

The French hoped to profit from the Italian example of how to gain legal status. Since the 1975 decision declaring a monopoly of the airwaves constitutionally illegal, non-government stations may now broadcast legally in Italy. In France, the PTT controls the airwaves, and at present only the government-supervised Radio-France is authorized to broadcast. Such stations as Europe 1 and RTL have managed to get around the cumbersome regulations only by broadcasting their programs (prepared in Paris) from abroad—Belgium and Luxembourg.

French pirate radio stations—which took turns broadcasting throughout the three-day conference—have been around

for just about a year now, and can be picked up most often in the late evening hours on the FM radio cycle. This is a new phenomenon for the straight-laced French, who, except for the occasional amateur or crackpot broadcasting now and then to his neighborhood friends, had never before contested the government's possible violation of the basic right of freedom of speech, not to mention the possibilities of mind or behavior control. The newly formed network of pirate stations is planning to use just such arguments in a constitutional challenge of the legality of the state's monopoly. Ignoring the illegality of the situation, the government has so far refrained from calling for police intervention, opting for the milder tactic of airwave interference. However, as the pirate stations become more numerous and interference more difficult, it is feared that arrests will become inevitable, especially after last week's government decree specifying possible violations of the current law.

Meanwhile, back under the ALFREDO banner proclaiming "To each their Megahertz (according to their wavelength)" this first rocky attempt to coordinate the profusion of free radio into a network left many participants with mixed feelings. For a representative of *Radio Onz'Debrouille* (a pun: Radio We-Get-By or Radio-We-Keep-Our-Airwaves-Clear), the only constructive aspects of the conference were the technical and legal committees, where at least some practical information—how to set up a station, where to get broadcast equipment—got circulated. Much of the rest of the time was spent agonizing over such questions as whether or not to go commercial, whether the way you broadcast is as important as the fact of broadcasting, etc.

But in case of occasional static and various technical difficulties, energy was still high as the conference came to an end. So tune in—it looks like pirate radio in France is here to stay.

—Meg Bortin

MOVING ?

RADIO TIMES DOESN'T AUTOMATICALLY TRACK DOWN SUBSCRIBERS YOU KNOW SO IF YOU'RE GUNNA MOVE WHY DON'T YOU LET US KNOW YOUR NEW ADDRESS AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT HOW ABOUT RE-SUBSCRIBING?



SORRY NO EASY TO USE FORM WITH THIS ONE....

SUBSCRIBING

4zzz FM
P.O. Box 509
Toowong 4066

Yes, I'd like to partake in all the benefits of subscription. Here's my \$20 to help you along

Name _____

Address _____

WELL IT BEATS A GOLD WATCH. . .

Triple Z now has its first lifetime subscriber. . . Ross Dannecker. Ross who now works with Telecom has been associated with the station right from its inception. In 1974, while studying for a post-grad degree in Electrical Engineering at the University of Queensland, Ross along with Stuart Matchett and Jim Beatson prepared a written submission on behalf of the University of Queensland Media Committee to the McLean inquiry into FM broadcasting. Ross and Jim supported this with oral submissions. The submission was favourably received and circulated widely.

Ross had attended the first meeting of the Media Committee and subsequently a considerable number of meetings with the Broadcasting Control Board, Telecom and PMG staff. He displayed that our technical knowledge and expertise was excellent. This was clearly of importance because of the influence that the engineering staff of these various governmental agencies enjoy.

Ross constructed the original 1 watt transmitter used in the first test transmission in February 1975 and later when the licence was finally granted Ross played a central role in the construction of our first 500 watt transmitter—a transmitter which we are still using today with some modifications.

More recently Ross modified the antennae for our high power transmitter so as to be able to transmit both FM frequencies allocated to public broadcasters in Brisbane. This was remarkable as the manufacturer claimed it could not be done. The effect of Ross' achievement is to allow both MBS and Triple Z to be able to broadcast from Mt. Coot-tha using the same tower and antenna. It saved the organisations many thousands of dollars.



BEN'S

RESTAURANT

677 ANN ST.
FORTITUDE VALLEY

A LA CARTE
LUNCH & DINNER

GRAND PIANO
COCKTAIL BAR

*Specializing
in Private Functions.*

PHONE 52 4569

Promotions

As promised, since the last issue of Radio Times, many things have happened in the area of 4ZZZ promotions. Triple-Zed has now entered into two 'new' rock 'n' roll venues being the Exchange Hotel and the Mooloolaba Hotel. The Mooloolaba, situated on the Esplanade, Mooloolaba, will be open every Friday and Saturday featuring North Coast, Brisbane and Interstate bands. The Exchange however, will be open Wednesday through to Saturday and is designed to feature both interstate and local punk-new-wave acts, and hopefully will be Brisbane's first consistent and lasting venue of this kind.

These venues, are of course designed to complement our existing ventures in the Queen's and Joint Efforts. The Queen's has recovered from its mid-year slump, and promises to feature almost all of Australia's leading pub rock acts, including The Elks, Matchbox, Cold Chisel, Sidewinder, Argles and Western Flyer. Joint Efforts although held less regularly this year, are still going ahead, with the next Joint Effort being Friday October 27th and features Sydney's Midnite Oil and Wasted Daze, Melbourne's new look Ferrets and Brisbane's Fuller Banks and the Debutures. This will probably be the last Joint Effort for 1978 and promises to be a great show.

All this seems to indicate a steadily improving health in the Brisbane live music scene, which surely was long overdue.

4ZZZ FM PRESENTS

QUEEN'S

ROCK AND ROLL VENUE

WEDNESDAY
AND
SATURDAY
NIGHTS
1ST & 2ND NOVEMBER!

FERRET'S

WITH DAVE WARNER
THE SUBURBS

ATTN: CHRIS CREEK & CHARLIE

EXCHANGE

HOTEL CNR EDWARD & CHARLOTTE CITY
7:30 - 11:30 WED. & SAT. NIGHTS!

Exchange Hotel - Punk-new wave

Wednesday, Friday & Saturday	2 bands	\$2.00
Thursday	Audition Night	\$1.00
Any interested by and contact:		\$1.00
Peter Williamson or D. Darling		371 5111

HELD IN CONJUNCTION WITH 4ZZZ-FM!

Mooloolaba Hotel

HELD IN CONJUNCTION WITH 4ZZZ-FM!

THE MOOLOOLABA HOTEL! 7:30 - 11:30 PM! EVERY FRIDAY & SAT. ON THE ESPLANADE!

MES, OCT, 1978

BRISBANE RADIO STATIONS LICENCE RENEWALS

PUBLIC HEARINGS

The Australian Broadcasting Tribunal announces that, in accordance with the provisions of the Broadcasting and Television Act 1942, it will hold public hearings into applications for the renewal of the licences for the following Brisbane commercial broadcasting stations at the dates and times shown below:

Please Note: These are separate inquiries into the renewal of each radio station licence. All hearings will be conducted at:

Supper Room
Brisbane City Hall
Adelaide Street
Brisbane Qld 4000

4BC

Commonwealth Broadcasting Corporation (Qld) Pty Ltd
68 Queen Street
Brisbane Qld 4000
Commencing: 2.00 pm Monday 4 December 1978

4BH

Broadcasters (Aust) Pty Ltd
43 Adelaide Street
Brisbane Qld 4000
Commencing: 2.00 pm Tuesday 5 December 1978

4BK

Queensland Newspapers Pty Ltd
Campbell Street
Bowen Hills Qld 4006
Commencing: 10.00 am Wednesday 6 December 1978

4IP

South Queensland Broadcasting Corporation Pty Ltd
43 Limestone Street
Ipswich Qld 4305
Commencing: 10.00 am Thursday 7 December 1978

4KQ

Labor Broadcasting Station Pty Ltd
Radio City
Pickers Building
Ross Street
Newstead Qld 4006
Commencing: 10.00 am Friday 8 December 1978

The licences for the above stations expire on 31 January 1979.

Applications for renewal of the licences have been lodged by each of the licensees and are available for public examination at the Tribunal's Sydney office, and at its Brisbane office located at:

339 Coronation Drive
Auchenflower Qld 4066

Interested persons are notified that they may lodge with the Tribunal, not later than 1 November 1978, written submissions relating to the renewal of any of the above licences, indicating whether they wish to support their submission with oral evidence at the Public Hearing.

B. J. Connolly, Secretary

**AUSTRALIAN
BROADCASTING TRIBUNAL**

153 Walker Street, North Sydney NSW 2060.
28 September 1978



BRISBANE RADIO RATINGS

The latest McNair Anderson radio ratings for Brisbane must have caused a few executive ulcers to twinge. The previous leader 4IP dropped from No. 1 overall to No. 3 while 4BK leapt over 4 points into No. 2 placing. Overall placings were:

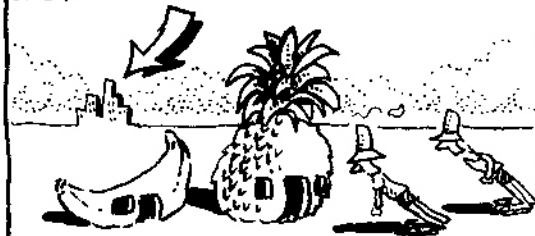
BC	23.3
BK	18.9
IP	18.7
BH	14.4
QR	11.1
KQ	6.1
QG	5.0
ZZZ	1.9

Triple Z's ratings were up 0.3 which probably means very little given the sampling error.



RADIO TIMES SALUTES TEEMING BRISBURG... LEGENDARY CAPITAL OF THE SUNSHINE STUPOR STATE

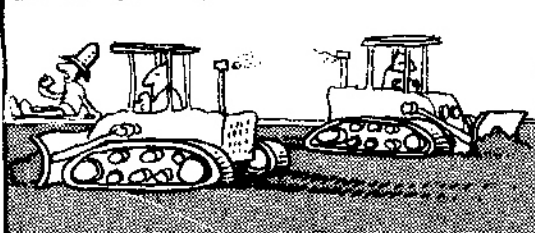
NESTLED BETWEEN VAST PLAINS OF GRAZING HEADS OF PEANUTS, PINEAPPLES, AND THE FURLESS BANANA ON ONE SIDE, AND THE WORLD RENOWN PACIFIC OCEAN ON THE OTHER, WE FIND BRISBURG, CITY OF BUILDINGS AND PEOPLE.



BLESSED BY SUNSHINE AND OTHER ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS, BRISBURG IS REGARDED BY MANY AS THE TOUNEE OF THE WORLD.



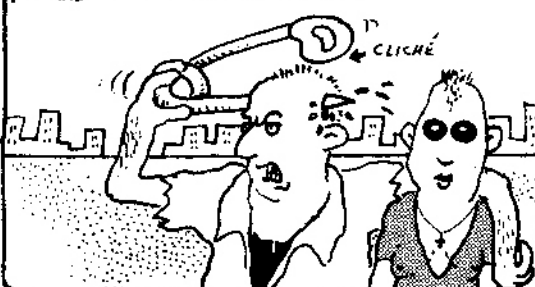
ON BRISBURG'S MAIN STREET, VEHICLES MEANDER FROM RIGHT TO LEFT OR LEFT TO RIGHT. SPECIAL CAMEL LANES WERE INTRODUCED AFTER THE GREAT CAMELCUTTERS STRIKE OF 1958. CITIZENS GO ABOUT THEIR EVERYDAY BUSINESS.



BEHIND THE CLASSICAL FACADE OF CITY HALL, ALDER PEOPLE FEIGN INTEREST IN PREPARATIONS FOR THE FOLLOWING SATURDAYS POLICE PARADE ALONG FRESHLY CARPETED QUEEN STREET.



IN THE SPRAWLING SUBURBS, ORDINARY PEOPLE ENJOY ORDINARY LIVES WHILE THEIR GROWING CHILDREN PREPARE FOR THE EVENINGS ACTIVITIES



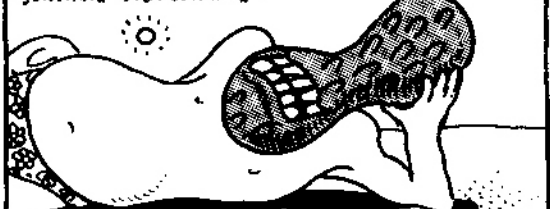
BRISBURG IS THE LAST OUTPOST OF THE 'PUNQUE' MOVEMENT. IMPORTED FROM NEW CALEDONIA, BRISBURGS NEAREST NEIGHBOUR, PUNQUE PROVIDES AN AMUSING DIVERSION FOR BRISBURGS HYPERACTIVE YOUTH, AND INCIDENTALLY KEEPS HALF THE CITY'S IMMENSE POLICE FORCE OFF THE STREETS AT NIGHT.



BRISBURG WELCOMES VISITORS! LOCAL CURRENCY IS ANYTHING SHINY OR SPARKLY, BRIGHT COLOURS PREFERABLY. THERE IS A THRIVING BLACK MARKET IN DENIM JEANS AND JAMES LAST RECORDS.



SO THERE YOU HAVE IT. IF YOU ARE SEEKING AN ALTERNATIVE TO LIFE UNDER THE DECADENT SOCIALIST CANBERRA REGIME, LOOK NO FURTHER THAN THE PEANUT PARADISE OF BRISBURG, CAPITAL OF THE SUNSHINE STUPOR STATE.



THE BACK PAGE

YOU'RE WALKING DOWN THE STREET ONE DAY, MINDING YOUR OWN BUSINESS



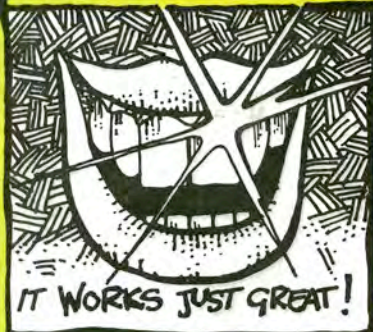
SUDDENLY.. OUT OF A DIMLY LIT SHOP FRONT LEAP THIS BUNCH OF UGLY ECONOMIC REALITIES...

WHAT DO YOU DO? PLAY ALONG WITH THEM?



HAND OVER ALL YOUR MONEY FOR A HANDFUL OF TRINKETS.....

NO WAY! SLOWLY YOU DRAW YOURSELF UP TO FULL HEIGHT... YOU SMILE SLIGHTLY, MAYBE CRACK A HALF HEARTED JOKE, IF YOU WANT TO... THEN.. QUICK AS LIGHTNING.. INTO THE POCKET AND OUT WITH THE ZZZ SUBSCRIBER CARD.....



IT WORKS JUST GREAT!



THEY'LL FALL OVER THEMSELVES TO GIVE YOU ALL THESE KEEN AND NIFTY THINGS!.....



AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO GIVE THEM VERY MUCH MONEY AT ALL.....



HONEST!... TRY IT OUT ON THESE PEOPLE!

THE SOURCE RESTAURANT, SHOP 17/18 ELIZABETH ARCADE
10% DISCOUNT ON ALL MEALS
BEN'S RESTAURANT, 677 ANN ST FORTITUDE VALLEY
50% DISCOUNT ON ALL MEALS
CENTENARY POOL RESTAURANT, PETRIE TCE, SPRING HILL
10% DISCOUNT ON ALL MEALS
UNIQUE BATIK, 47 SHERWOOD RD, TOWONG...
10% DISCOUNT ON ALL CLOTHING
MOUNTAIN EXPERIENCE: BARRY POE, FORTITUDE VALLEY
10% ON ALL EQUIPMENT WITH RADIO TIMES' ADVERTISEMENT
GRIDLEY'S LIGHT & SOUND: 30 QUAY ST, CITY
15% DISCOUNT ON LIGHTS, SOUNDS, HIRE & GRIDLEY'S GOODS
NATIONAL FILM THEATRE OF AUSTRALIA...
EQUAL TO STUDENT DISCOUNT FOR OVER 18s
SOUNDTRACKS: EAST STREET IPSWICH...
DISCOUNT ON ALL ITEMS
CRITERION BOOKSHOP: 332 BRUNSWICK ST, THE VALLEY
10% DISCOUNT ON ALL ITEMS
PETER'S WEST END MUSIC CENTRE: VULTURE STREET
10% DISCOUNT ON ALL ITEMS
PLANT PRESS & PLANET PUBLISHING PTY LTD.
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10% DISCOUNT ON ALL PRINTING, TYPESetting & ARTWORK

KARLIMAI ASIAN TRADERS, ELIZABETH ARCADE
10% DISCOUNT ON ALL ITEMS
ABUTMENT GRAPHICS... PH 521956
10% DISCOUNT ON ALL ARTWORK, PHOTOGRAPHICS & BIERER...
LILLIES: 454 UPPER EDWARD ST, SPRING HILL...
10% DISCOUNT ON ALL SECOND-HAND CLOTHES & ACCESSORIES
SANDALWOOD TREE: PICCADILLY ARCADE, THE CITY...
10% DISCOUNT ON ALL CLOGS, FOOTWEAR, LEATHERGOODS...
MOTHERS LIGHTWORKS: PHONE 3396580 PHIL HUDSON
10% DISCOUNT ON LIGHTS, SOUNDS & HIRE
LA BOTE THEATRE: WALE STREET MILTON...
EQUVALENT OF STUDENT DISCOUNT
SCHONELL CINEMA: UNIVERSITY OF OLD, ST LUZIA...
EQUVALENT OF STUDENT DISCOUNT
ONLEY HONDA: 1114 OXLEY ROAD, OXLEY...
10% DISCOUNT ON ALL PARTS, ACCESSORIES & REPAIRS...
TOWONG MUSIC CENTRE: 51 SHERWOOD ROAD...
10% DISCOUNT ON ALL ITEMS: RECORDS & INSTRUMENTS
BUSH HAVEN ART CENTRE: DAYBORO & SALISBURY RD.
MOUNT CAMPION...
5% DISCOUNT ON COTTAGE & PAINTINGS...
FRIENDZ MUSIC: 252 EDWARD ST, CITY...
10% DISCOUNT ON ALL RECORDS