



NOW IN OUR SECOND DECADE

As Triple Zed enters its fourth year it's interesting to note that of the original full time staff, only John Woods remains. This in itself is not necessarily a bad thing. A station such as ours thrives on the introduction of new energy, (and conversely, sucks many people dry of their talent before moving on). Many people who were involved with the station right at the start are now active in other areas of the media. Others still retain close links, assisting as volunteers.

This turnover is however, indicative of the difficulty we have in holding on to talented people. Most recent departure has been Stafford Sanders. On our pay he probably would have been better off staying on the dole (he has two 'dependents').

Like all alternative media ventures Triple Zed is both under capitalised (poor), and overextended (close to exhaustion). So to all our subscribers... thanks for sticking by us. Without you we'd be all the poorer.



Some ex-Triple Zed people have recently been involved in attempts to stimulate public radio in Britain. But it's not all warm beer and skittlet as our (maneless) correspondent reports: "Them's that live in this dreary place aren't about to start fighting for such an 'outrageous' concept as public broadcusting - they're too damo busy fighting for a job and somewhere to live. And those that are active tend to be rounded vowel, guilt ridden liberal eccentrics, loose headed beed and bean people whose concept of a media event was an appallingly publicised demonstration against Thatcher's plan to start building nuclear reactors all over the place. They, (all 100 odd), marched along the Thames Embankment at dusk carrying cantles - just before Xmas on a

Sunday arvo when no media is ground, Not a hint of The

Event hit any papers, TV or radio."

And in case you thought they were almost extinct, there have been sumerous sightings of what was previously thought (wishfully?) to be an endangered species. We refer of course to the perpetually magaphone volumed, alogan oriented, humourless raving revolutionary. Our correspondent reports that there are hundreds of cells of these types all over London, judging by the dismaying choice of unreadable magazines and papers in bookshops. It seems Triple Zed has a long way to go before it reaches the depths of petimess, factionalizing, and pointless bigoty & rivaly that this lot's got to.

Spare a thought for Triple Zed's engineer Laurin McKinnon next time there is a thunder storm. During recent storms Triple Zed's transmitter on Mt. Cootha was knocked out by lightning, the intrepid Laurin had to drive up the mountain and do some reparts. While up there working in the transmitters block house lightning struck again. Laurin said he was shocked by the incident.

Is it a world trend? Triple Zed received a letter from a public radio station in New York. The letter from WBAA-FM is soliciting money and subscriptions, exactly the same sorts of problems as experienced by Triple Zed. Quote "we have cut expenses to the bone. This year we will spend \$100,000 less than we did 4 years ago. Our fixed costs – utilities, rent, taxes, telephones, where services etc. have gone up with double digit inflation. Salaries, however, have been frozen for the last two years, and at a ridiculously low level." At Triple Zed we have have have it libefore.

The Federal Government is planning amendments to the Broadcasting and Television Act in the Autumn session of parliament this year. A number of these amendments will affect public broadcasters like Triple Zed.

(1) Sponsorship announcements. Public stations will be prevented from broadcasting commercials but will be allowed sponsorship announcements consisting of no more than name and address of, and a statement of the class and kind of business carried on by, the person for whose benefit the sponsorship announcement is broadcast.

(2) Public stations will have to pay \$100 per annum licence fees.

(3) It is proposed that the Act will provide for the implementation of the Broadcasting Tribunal Report entitled Self Regulation for Broadcasters? by requiring the Tribunal to publish a code or codes of minimum requirements in the three areas of special concern identified in the decision of the Government, annourced in September 1978, namely children's programs, advertising, and Australian content. It is proposed that other aspects of the licencees.

The Tribunal will be required to have regard to compliance with industry codes (in our case, the code of the Public Broadcasting Association of Australia), and with its own code/s when considering renewal of a licence. This system of codes related to licencing will replace the out of date, program standards system, although the ceasorship provisions of the Act (as101 & 109) will be retained. The five percent radio music quota (s 114(2)) will be repealed in view of the new code system. As well, the prohibitions of the dramatisation of political matter (s 116 (2)) will be repealed. Better look out Malcolm!

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RADIO TIMES: JANUARY & FEBRUARY

PRODUCED BY A VOLUNTEER COLLECTIVE: Gordon Curtis, Alan Ward, Sandra Watkins, Matt Mawson, Greg Wilson and Michael Stokes. . .with a cast of dozens who risked grubby fingers to collate it. TYPESETTING: Marie Blanch for Alert Typesetting. Registered for Transmission by post as a periodical Category 'B'.

THE DEMISE OF THE RECORD IMPORTER

The workings of record shops have always been surrounded in mist, but the import trade has even more loose ends. Rocking Horse Records, now the only importing facility in Brisbane, undergoes it's own fair share of the hassles associated with the overseas product.

To understand the record importer's dilemma the history of the business must be delved into.

Import shops originated in the early 1970's under the direction of record enthusiasts frustrated by the glaring deficiencies of the local manufacturers in the area of "alternate" rock, jazz, blues and folk. Due to a favourable exchange rate (the Australian dollar was worth up to \$1,33 in the U.S.) the industry boomed. and we saw an ever increasing number of shops open. Importers were dealt a heavy blow by Malcolm Fraser's infamous 171/2% devaluation in November 1976. The devaluation was directly responsible for the overnight folding of several larger southern import enterprises. To add insult to injury local record companies commenced a mini war against record importers, who they claim are in breach of the Copyright Act. This had most effect on importers who also heavily stocked local pressings, as the manufacturers would refuse to supply shops that stocked imports. The fact that it was the importers who were responsible for breaking such notables as Jackson Browne and Little Feat in this country didn't matter. Generally the exclusive importers (e.g. Rocking Horse Records) refused to comply with the local manufacturers demands. Now such people as Festival Records Aust. are importing some obscure British releases and selling them at extortionate prices to import shops (if you can't beat 'em, join 'em).

The latest developments in the saga lie closer to home. Recently the proprietor of Rocking Horse Records received threatening letters from Sydney solicitors Allen, Allen and Hemsley acting for publishers April Music (who have the Australian rights to approximately 25% of current available stock). The gist of the intimidation is that April Music do not appreciate Rocking Horse selling records that they have the local rights to. In Sydney at one time or another similar threats have resulted in litigation, and the damages awarded have been instrumental in sending importers to the wall. It's not as if importers are intent to ripoff April, who have rejected attempts to come to terms (Rocking Horse offered to pay royalites). This latest threat means that Rocking Horse will

This latest threat means that Rocking Horse will have to discontinue selling albums that April Music have the rights to. For example April has sole rights to many Epic and C.B.S. records (Columbia in the U.S.), and thus you MAY not see any records by Bob Dylan, Elvis Costello, John Cale, Blue Oyster Cult etc. etc. in the shop in the near future.

To make matters worse, April, as publishers, have control over performers who record covers by April's artists. A "classic" example is Bob Dylan's "All Along The Watchtower" which has been recorded by Jimi Hendrix, and more recently by XTC. As April has the publishing rights to the one song, all three records should not be sold on import.

This latest harassment may be seen as another failure by importers to join forces against companies like April Music that seem intent to send them one and all into bankruptcy. This failure to form an association of importers is mainly due to the cut-throat nature of the trade.

With all this in mind, what exactly warrants the purchase of an import disc? This is a question many people must be asking themselves. Originally there were four valid reasons 1. Specific records were not available locally,

2. The overseas product was better packaged,

3. British and U.S. pressings were of a decidedly higher quality than their Australian counterparts, 4. The overseas release date was often weeks before the local release enabling punters to acquire albums about four days after the U.S. release,

While the first point still stands, the others are not fully applicable any longer. During the heyday of importing, the local industry was forced to upgrade it's product so as to keep pace with the import trade. Today there is minimal difference in album packaging. The vinyl shortage and spiralling costs have lessened the quality attraction of O/S pressings, but even now imported records would seem to generally have a quality advantage over local pressings. This has been disputed by authority Stephen Coleman "... in a lot of cases the local product is better than the import. Imports from the U.S., because they are sealed in shrink plastic tend to warp easily, and frequently. The vinyl quality, because recycled vinyl is used quite a bit in the U.S., has dropped, causing serious pressing faults. "1".

wide meaning that imports arrive after local release. In light of this, it is little wonder that record importers are finding the going tough. It is reasonable forseeable that the future will see the extinction of import shops, and the reason for their existence remain. David Pestorius





CLOUDLAND AND BEYOND

By Brian Hurst

If you have ventured along to a Joint Effort at Cloudland recently, you could be forgiven for thinking that the police had a prior booking for their annual ball.

It now seems that Queensland's infamous police force has decided rock & roll needs closer scrutiny.

High on a hill overlooking the centre of Brisbane, the aging ballroom has emerged as the latest civil liberties battleground.

Of course it hasn't received as much media attention as street marches, but the basic ingredients are the same.

The obvious police presence at Cloudland first emerged after the successful Graham Parker concert. Complaints were made to police and the Licensing Commission about the activities of people in the streets around Cloudland, after the concert.

The complaints formed the basis of the Licensing Commission's decision to refuse liquor permits at future Joint Efforts.

The Members' concert saw police arrive in large numbers to enforce the prohibition Joint Effort. But the real crunch came when the Sunday Sun boldly announced that Jimmy and the Boys would burn an effigy of baby jesus at the Christmas-eve Joint Effort.

Sunday Sun's so-called revelations certainly rattled the church pews that Sunday morning. The shock and horror also spread to Joh Bjelke-Petersen, who of course never misses a chance to react, especially when it involves the "faith".

On the night of Jimmy and the Boys performance, police arrived early and hovered around outside, which did nothing to improve the dry atmosphere of the evening.

Just before Jimmy and the Boys came on stage, burly plainclothes police took up vantage points around the front of the stage, ready to pounce.

Then Ignatius Jones came on stage, appropriately dressed as Santa Claus, and threw assorted gifts to the audience. He then blasted Sunday Sun, the police and Joh Bjelke-Petersen.

Much to the disappointment of police, the act went on without the alleged baby burning. Not to be deterred, senior detectives went backstage and questioned Jones about the story in the Sunday Sun. He denied it, and the police spent the rest of the night mingling with the crowd.

The Split Enz Joint Effort also attracted a strong contingent of police. Police lingered in the carpark, questioning people who stayed too long in their cars, as well as trying to look anonymous in the crowd. (Something they weren't very good at).

The three undercover Licensing Branch detectives who arrived in a disguised police panel van, complete with surf racks, spent the night engaging in a Vietnamstyle search and destroy mission. They would seek out potential busts and then go outside and get a detective to question the person.

There is little doubt that the large police presence at recent Joint Efforts, without prior evidence of potential trouble, is aimed at curtailing the activities of a particular section of the community.

Possible reasons for this suppression can be easily found by examining police attitudes. There is an obvious lack of tolerance and respect for people who adopt social values different from those of the police officers. The police are also heavily orientated towards the enforcement of public order.

The manner of the enforcement of the law is the major inconsistency that affects the less powerful sections of the community.

It is rare to see a person dressed in accepted formal wear arrested for drunkenness or obscene language. In this case the scenario is likely to be a taxi home if drunk or a warning if obscene language is uttered.

One of the ways to possibly minimise police trouble, is to stand your ground when police approach you. With the advent of the Task Force it is especially important to ask for police to properly identify themselves. You should also try to ensure that you are questioned in front of witnesses, particularly in the case of alleged drug offences.

While yet another fight for civil liberties continues in Brisbane, one of the short-term solutions seems to be to become familiar with your limited rights and to use them to your best advantage.

Brisbane has a free Legal Aid Service available to the public at Caxton St., Petrie Terrace.



10% discount to UWU members & 4222 subscribers Shop 21 & 22 Elizabeth Arcade Brisbane City 4000. Phone 221 4880.

RADIO TIMES presents a straight out copy of a publicity release about Jimmy & The Boys who recently played at a Joint Effort. As this is a lengthy article it will be presented in two parts starting with this issue.



"Shakespeare is my hero, I wish I could write songs like he wrote plays", muses Ignatius Jones, protagonist in the theatrical-rock exercise that is Jimmy & The Boys.

Teetering between drama and depravity, rock and repugnance; lunacy and lucidity and exhilaration and excess; Jimmy & The Boys can scarcely be described as just a rock band. As regrettable a cliche as it may seem, Jimmy & The Boys are a multi-dimensional excursion into the periphery realms of all culture music, dance, theatre, mime and drama in *particular*.

Most of the band have dance background. If Ignatius were not fronting a contemporary music ensemble, there is little doubt that he would be a celebrated figure in another avenue of the performing arts. For Ignatius is a remarkably strange being from this very planet, able to perform feats far beyond the abilities of most mortal men, In what can only be described as a fortuitous accident of birth, he has been blessed with an uncanny precision of body movements; double-jointed limbs; an absolute essence of mental/physical inhibitions; a remarkable 'sense of self' and a charisma level rarely seen in Australian music.

There are moments on stage when Ignatius ceases to become of human species; when his bloodied face, bondage mask, obscene leotards, voluminous perspiration and neanderthan gyrations culminate in the creation of a grotesque, indefinable creature both frightening and fascinating. Like footage of Nazi concentration camp atrocities, Ignatius commands attention, no matter how horrifying the spectacle.

Which is not to suggest that such visual voracity is executed unaided. Unlike other theatric-based rock acts (notably The Tubes), Jimmy & The Boys are a vice-tight, pulverising, relentless inusical unit of A1 credibility. Whatever the deep ends or precarious precipices from which Ignatius is in danger of plummeting, the band misses nary a beat – scorching away with a bizarre blend of Zappa and The Andrew Sisters, tempered with a little copybook heavy metal.

To say that Jimmy & The Boys are breaking new ground in Australian music, is to say that water is wet. Certainly, intensive live performances have been forthcoming from a small but notable number of Oz acts since Haley's holocaust in 1955 (Johnny O'Keefe, Daddy Cool, Skyhooks and Ol '55 deserving special mention) but none have dared aspire to the degree of calculated outrage so evident in Jimmy & The Boys' bilsteringlypaced performances. Sado Masochism, transvestitism, cunnilingis, homosexuality, fellatio, verbal abuse, drug abuse, self-mutiliation, simulated rape, suggested child abuse, brutality, arch-anarchism, inebriation and pornography all take starring roles in a spectacular tribute to absolute moral degeneracy. While every other band is boasting an early entry into the 80's, Jimmy & The Boys are previewing the 90's.

At least this is the case onstage. Offstage, the arch prince turns into a rather humble pumpkin. To meet Ignatius during daylight hours is to encounter an exceedingly genial, softly spoken and impressively intelligent young man of 22 years, with a perceptive insight in the time-honoured art of public entertainment – hardly the sort of individual to endanger public safety.

It is, of course, all an expertly delivered 'performance', no more demonic than Sakespeare's hunched, despotic and murderous Richard III.

Ignatius was born October 24, 1957 to Spanish parents in Manila (Phillipines) and thrust immediately into a family of actors and performers. Growing up in Australia from the age of 5, he attended the exclusive St. Ignatius College, Riverview, where, as captain of the debating team, he led his team to a GPS championship. Active in school drama ("I had a lead role in whatever was going on") he moved to classical ballet at 16 and eventually landed a position in a major Australian ballet company. By 17 he was toying round with 'shitty garage bands' of such prophetic title as 'Gomorrah' – trying out as a dancing lead singer.

"During the long hair era I wore makeup, jewellery and painted fingernails; cause every band I was in was so boring and I wanted to look interesting. I ended up looking so weird that nobody ever dared tell me I couldn't sing – they just looked at me aghast," recalls Ignatius. Meanwhile, an old friend of Ignatius, a debating partner since

Meanwhile, an old friend of Ignatius, a debating partner since age 14, was attending the equally exclusive private school Cranbrook and also pursuing a musical path – though with a definite divergent direction.

Clainfook and also pursuing a nuscal part – though with a definite divergent direction. The delicious Joylene Hairmouth, a product of a 'wealthy family and privileged childhood' had been earnestly learning piano skills since 11 tender years of age. By 17 a music diploma was achieved and Joylene was in hot demand by school jazz outfits. At 19 classical music studies at the Paris Conservatorium beckoned and 'The Continent' was visited. Not too many months later a return was effected, as Joylene decided that practising piano 10 hours a day was not the effervescence her youth was in dire need of. For Joylene it was out of the closet and onto the catwalk.

"I then spent a hideous 6 months playing cocktail melodies to the blue rinse set," she reveals. "A trumpeter, a drummer and me on electric piano, playing Hawaiian Nights in the middle of winter at R.S.L. clubs or wedding receptions at the Brighton Hotel, amidst shades of mauve and green. After a while I began playing esoteric jazz and refused to play the bridal waltz. The old soldiers didn't like it much but they were usually too pissed to chase me." Once the inevitable circuital nature of clubdom began returning Joylene to venues where (previously enraged but drunken) organisers were dangerously sober, there seemed remarkable logic in a decision to depart such employ immediately.

While teaching piano at Rockdale and Maroubra to 'precocious 7 year old Swiss children and deformed adults," Joylene joined a jazz rock unit called Steps and also formed a cabaret (piano and vocal) act with Inez Amaya. While Steps was making 'high quality demo tapes that nobody liked', the cabaret duo was playing the works of Cole Porter, Noel Coward and Billie Holiday to tiny captivated audiences at The Pinball Wiz. 'Jazz players would drop in from The Basement each night to jam, whether we wanted them to or not," rues Joylene with apparent disdain for such fraternalism. 'Thank God Ignatius called.''

Said Ignatius, left last in the post-hippie guise of cosmetic overdose, had been enticed by some Cranbrook 'good old boys' to participate in δ -12 piece jazz-rock-funk-band known as Jimmy & The Boys. He served d'utifully from 1975-76, in what was a decidedly chaotic and directionless outfit; inevitably departing when "some jealous members conspired to kick me out". When half the band followed Ignatius in an inspiring display of solidarity, it folded completely. Not one to utilise the inherent benefits of his upbringing, Ignatius entered the common workforce in a variety of occupations – head waiter at the Manzil Room, barman at the Menzies Hotel, kitchén hand at the Metropole Tavern, Chef at the Lansdowne Hotel and waiter at the Texas Tavern.

(to be continued next issue)



Do you ever wonder what happened to the Nimbin, alternative lifestyle people? Triple Zed's TONY MOCKERIDGE has investigated and it would seem that all is not rosy in the rose garden. This is part one of the story, part two next month.

Please note, names and places have been changed to protect the innocent.

San and David K. have lived in the green valleys of the ranges around Mt. Warning for the past 4 years. They rent a house on a small acreage just off one of the main country roads that lead from Murwillumbah west to the nearer farming towns around the northern NSW coast.

Their situation both in terms of living conditions and approach to living is typical of hundreds of young persons living in the peaceful atmosphere of country environs. Through conversation about what thoughts people had for the coming decade I was able to draw some kind of picture of what the future holds for the city dwellers that fled.

-"Oh shit it's three o'clock. Oh well – let's have a bong." David was speaking to four of his friends from surrounding areas, who nodded in eager agreement. Downstairs three other people including San were soaking up some sunshine and watching the garden come up. This season they'd have quite a deal of vegetable matter to go with the brown rice from the shop – 'down the road'. This pattern goes on basically uninterrupted and for quite a few of the local inhabitants it has become boring. The flower children who left the cities in the first half of the seventies just aren't really sure what to do. (Another bong!)

Unemployment is fairly high in the area and the old constraints about gaining work still exist. (Get your hair cut). Adam P. sees the advance of the real estate sales business as one of the major problems. Everywhere you look you see land being sold but not a great deal of building apart from the luxury hotels along the coastal fringe. According to many of the people living inland a lot of industry has come to a halt. Farms are being sold for subdividing or being worked by the absolute minimum number who can work seven days a week - twelve hours a day. That usually means the owner and maybe one or two others.

Most of the rented houses in th valleys will no doubt soon be sold for various "development projects". This may be seen by some factions as being a boost for the economy but in the eyes of the Mummum-Nimbin set the loss of a tree is a loss of a life.

Adam was an Arts student in the early seventies but he left to come north after reading and studying many of the contemporary writers of the day. People like Leary, Castenada, even perhaps Hunter S. Thompson left an impression that perhaps a laid back life with the growing 'hippie' population mightn't be so bad. After all, it was supposed to be, according to those in the know, the dawning of the new age, Aquarius the Peacemaker. Love, Peace and brown rice far out, far in, far East you name it – it was far. Adam now thinks that the people he knows should have thought how far it was. The change may still come however, all is not lost as he still feels that people at large through a genuine desire to keep a natural feeling to their planet will stop the advance of the cities and suburbs.

San sees the development of the future as being rather more grim. She has enjoyed the life of simple country living and indeed feels that she has learned much. To appreciate the colour in the flowered forests of the mountains is still more of a pleasure than a walk in the suburban smog to one of the city's trendy, not so trendy, not too trendy or not trendy enough, nightspots, rock 'n roll pubs, cabarets a la moderne (you know all your favourite cover versions by K-tel and the Demonstrators) and even the odd disco. Though she doesn't like to think about it, San sees a return to city life as being inevitable. Her house will be sold soon or the rent will rise and the only thing left will be a return to the industrial centres in the continual search for employment. The new age for her has dawned and set.

After dark quite a few more people have gathered at the house to celebrate David's 21st. The oldest traditions die hardest and the ol' 21st will no doubt be around for a long time. Beer 'n bongs chase each other round the house and they're raging.

First off the mark is Adam with a toke 'n a swig followed by Gary, Susan, Charlie the Loon, Elizabeth and a friend of hers from Melbourne, the guy who owns the '68 Falcon, persons unknown and some friend of San's brother's friend (!!). It's all pretty casual; word gets around and people just cruise in (yep, cruisin' in still happens).

"Hey man whatcha doin?"	"Just cruisin"
"Oh yeah - dig it"	"Well I might cruise off"
"O.K. Dig ya later"	"Yeah I'll cruise over to the party."
"Hey where is it?"	"Well you know where (blah) lives – just near there you'll see the cars outside."
"Far out I might cruise over later."	"O.K. Dig you later."

That's how it goes. No invitations, no phone calls – just yer basic bush telegram.

(to be continued next issue)



THE BANANA SHIELD Mismotch of the Century

The sun rose on a steaming sub-tropical Sunday in Brisbane ... for the greatly anticipated and much-hyped inaugural clash for the to-be coveted Banana Shield.

This was the day of the 1st Annual Cricket Match between the Triple Zed staff eleven and the Triple Zed friends' eleven.

Staff eleven captain Stafford Sanders, padding up for the first and last time, won the toss and elected to bat. A motley collection of the unwashed and the unloved of the earth mindlessly sorted themselves into two teams.

The first surprise came when the Freinds eleven placed 20 people in the field. By the time umpire David Barbagallo suddenly switched roles and put in a brief spell of bowling the onlookers were growing used to the day's inspired unortho-doxy.

Over the day play was predictably even on both sides . . . each side producing two batting performances which towered above all else.

For the Staff eleven John Shaw, stroking the ball gloriously, produced an elegant innings in which he played every shot in the book, banishing the ball to all points of the compass. Rob Cameron racked up a quick and lusty 28, reminiscent of the young Rod Marsh as he lofted the ball high to the boundary on three occasions.

For the Friends eleven, the treacherous Barbagallo, having changed sides, pounded a booming 27, including 5 fours. Heatherington hit 30 runs in a marathon innings to secure the Friends now inevitable victory.

to secure the Friends now inevitable victory. In bowling, the staff captain Sanders took 2 wickets while the amazing and youthful Watkins bowled 3 overs, 3 maidens and took 1 wicket for 0.

> For the Friends, Kneipp took 2 wickets and figured in at least one more. The wily and deceptive Francis took 2. At days end Staff were all out for 112. Friends won with two wickets in hand and with 4 overs left to bowl.

-JOHN "Silly-Mid-on" WOODS

Photos: Matt Mawson



In last months issue life in the seedy world of Rock 'n Roll is starting to unfold before the band. This month we conclude STAFFORD SANDERS' account of his experiences. Star struck young musos take note.

I USED TO BE IN A ROCK AND ROLL BAND

Part Two

Single released at last — with minimal publicity. Company's "big launching" consists of Devonshire Tea for your mums. Only press so far is three lines in "TV Week" and a brief mention in "Ram" which refers to you as a "slick, commercialised, star-struck bunch of boring, insipid, talentless little newts". No showing for the film clip yet, and as yet no word from the King Shot agency. You decide to scale up your operation: you get a larger P.A. by borrowing massively from banks, building societies, finance companies, crooked moneylenders and mothers-in-law — except for the bass player, wh refuses to contribute: "But where's the MONEY coming from?" countering with "to make money you have to spend money" only draws a repeat of "But where's the MONEY coming from?". Bloody accountant...

You also take on a regular lights operator, and (at last) two roadies: "Smack" and "The Pig" (roadies always have names like that). Within a week, these two are inundated with groupies – but still no luck for the rest of you. Must be the animal magnetism. You're working mainly in the city, usually supporting betterknown bands who charge you a fortune to use their P.A., sound man and lights – so they can make you look and sound terrible (and themselves better by comparison). Jasper also gets you a brilliantlyorganised "tour" – Friday in Cooma and Saturday in Tamworth. You suspect these are his only remaining venues – last time you were in his office he was down to one desk, a phone and a naked light bulb. He's also stopped writing "Boingg" on his cheques – it isn't a joke anymore. ... Bungling manager, now dubbed "Tangles", is getting on everyone's wick. ... wouldn't it be nice to take a.holiday.

September

Single not doing much. Getting airplay in Bourke. Mother has bought three copies (enjoyed Devonshire Tea). Film clip shown for ten seconds on low-rating late night music show. . Little work. Another "tour" — one night at another Central Coast pub. Here you meet the Wombats — a local bikie gang who, as their average age is about 15, don't actually have any motorbikes — most of them arrive on the bus. One insists on jamming with you — despite his youth he is twice your height, so you let him play kazoo on "Running Bear" — actually improves the song quite a bit. Dave is resplendent in red nightshirt, and Smack overhears one bikie saying disgustedly to another: "Yeah, they're not bad I s'pose, but check out the guy in the dress". More mistakes by Tangles; finally there is a big fight: he calls you "boys" once too often and Kev throws a mike stand at him; he loses his temper, flings open the door, and walks straight into the broom cupboard. You show him the real door and he is never seen again. . Meanwhile the P.A. and your guitar amp both need fixing; and Dave has his hair cut really short. The company is talking vaguely of a follow-up single: a cover of "I Go To Rio" or a disco version of "Running Bear". King Shot agency is stand-offish, and Jasper is stroppy hecause you won't pay him commission on jobs he isn't getting for you. . . Serious philosophical differences are emerging in the band: Steely Dan vs. Bee Gees vs. Johnny Rotten; mixed grills vs. muesli vs.

October

Single is doing nothing; company no longer seems interested in a follow-up, and company reps are wearing elaborate disguses to avoid you. You, in turn, are avoiding Telecom officials who are hounding you to pay colossal overdue phone bills – being now self-managed you are spending an average of 28 hours a day on the phone – mostly in vain. Jobs further and further apart – Jasper has pawned his light bulb, and you have to chase him for every cent he owes you; and the King Shot boss is always "on the phone", "in a meeting" or "out of town". On top of all this, there's another bloody line-up change: the bass player finally returns to accountancy, where there's more money and more action.

Another 37 bass amps in the living room – and you choose a new man who plays well but seems a bit vague. You teach him the dreary old repertoire; drop another original and try to write a new one; and think about doing an Elvis Costello song. Practice deteriorating: some members always leave early, the rest don't get out of bed till noon – thus you're all together at once for about seven minutes, twice a week – which you spend discussing how it would be a good idea to drop "Honky Tonk Women"... The P.A. is playing up

badlý...You decide you must get rid of your lights man, and also Smack and The Pig – you simply can't afford them, and are unmoved even by their offer to cast a few groupies your way. Among the band members, only Dave claims to have scored even once – and no-one belives he could possibly have succeeded with the line "If I said you had a beautiful body, would you hold it against me?" – which is the only line he knows. These days he is growing his hair and a beard and is beginning to talk longingly of the laid-back life (and women) on the North Coast.

November

Work non-existent. King Shot boss is now "out of the country and won't be back until (muffled voice in the background) some time next year)". Jasper has disappeared without trace - still owing you a fortune. You consider throwing yourselves back on the hirsute bosom of the Hairy Arms - but can't face the humiliation. You attempt a punk arrangement of "Running Bear"; you consider integrating scenes from Shakespeare in your stage act, or alternatively, spitting on the audience; you discuss changing the name of the band, but can't decide on a new one - there are three irreconcilable demands for "Cosmic Nirvana", "Rock Solid" and "The Sluts"... The single has now been completely forgotten. - even in Bourke -- and the company has signalled its intention of dropping you like a cold spud. You have had to sell your beloved Greeble Modulator.

December

Under severe financial strain, musical differences widening – Johnny Rotten almost coming to blows with



the Bee Gees. More line-up changes threatened: the new bass player has turned out to be a hopeless junkie, the drummer has stopped coming to practice altogether, Dave has sold his stage clothes to buy a surfboard and

a haversack, and Kev is doing a suspicious amount of jamming with other musicians. Finally it's all too much: there is a big meeting, where in a strange mood of quiet relief and without a voice raised in protest, you all decide to call it a day. At your farewell gig (the only gigg for the last six weeks) someone comes up to you and says, "Hey, you guys are a great band. Who are you?"

The Aftermath

The parting of the ways: Key forms a new band; the drummer returns to his old job as a storeman; the bass player disappears into the hallucinogenic sunset; Dave heads up north.

And you?

You're a year older; broke; unemployable; you've broken up with your girlfriend and lost most of your other friends by your total lack of social ife over the last year; your family is saying "I Told You'So", or thinking it very loudly; and you're sick of bands, of rock and roll, and of life. Even muesli has lost its old appeal. All you have left is a copy of the single (representing 2½% of its total sales figure); a P.A. and a truck (which you've been left with the impossible task of trying to sell); and a lot of memories. You reflect that there was no success, no money, no glamour, no drugs (too expensive), no groupies . . . and you never did get to drop "Honky Tonk Women"



Confessions of an Australian Opium Eater

Part Two - The Now

Last month Radio Times ran the first part of this, a most frank and challenging article about Australian drug addiction. This month mystery journalist "The Rocket" presents the final part of a personal view of the tragic problem of drug abuse in contemporary Australia.

Here in Australia when the current recession started in the early to mid-seventies, one group blamed another claiming the recession with its resulting inflation and unemployment was caused internally, so that govern-ment was sacked. Thinking people at the time knew it was not internal but a phase worldwide capitalism was gong through, and still is. With it came the worst unemployment since the 1930's, which didn't ease with the sacking of the government, it in fact has sky-rocketed and continues to. The worst group in our society to be affected is by far, youth. The very same group drug addiction hits the hardest. The old bohemian areas of Sydney such as Kings Cross and Darlinghurst were the major heroin outlets at street level until a few years ago. Although one can still get heroin there, the massive western suburbs now has various distribution points. It also happens to be one of the largest areas of youth unemployment in Australia. Heroin is in the suburbs and in the veins of young kids with too much time to do nothing, to try and forget the indignity of job rejection time and again, and yes to try and forget the disgrace of being called "dole bludgers" by an insensitive society.

What people like this are going through is very real "psychic disturbance". You don't have to be out of work or experience a social security office to know alienation, you just have to walk down any city street, the bottom line being people, you and I, just don't give a damn. We hear something about the drug problem in between attrocties in Chile or Timor or the 6pm news and are perplexed. Perplexed whether to wash the Tbone down with coffee or tea. Undoubtedly most of us have been affected in some way by the world's momentous changes. Professor Saul Levine of Toronto University's psychiatry department states "there are two things a rapidly changing society does not provide the young, one is a sense of belonging, the other is something to believe in; both he considers vital to stability. World-wide, people are experiencing what sociologist Stephen Klineberg calls "a crisis of meaning". This is why we are seeing the emergence of so many cults, young people searching for stability and guidelines. They know their parents cheat on their income tax and get away with it. They know large corporations are stealing left, right and centre and are not prosecuted. They know of political and police corruption. They live knowing a nuclear war is always lurking around the corner. So if drugs are a cop-out what is religion? The opium of the people, both east and west. Prescribed pills, booze, nicotine, gambling, the stars, tarot cards and the whole occult trip, psycho-therapy and a dozen other things are where people can shed responsibility from themselves.

Trying to describe an addict, a junkie, is like trying to, say paint a single portrait of everyone in Canberra for instance, it's not at all easy. Most information one tends to get on them, whether from articles, books, films or television, gives out a very stereotyped picture of them, scruffy, anti-social, between the ages of seventeen to thirty. Males go into crimes such as pushing dope, breaking and entering and armed robbery; while the females push dope or enter into prostitution. While the above is true in many many cases, I also know of both male and female addicts who hold down steady responsible jobs, some of whom are over thirty, others who have no criminal record at all, some have one for drug possession only. Indeed I doubt whether the man in the street would be able to pick many if any, shorthaired, cleanly and neatly dressed addicts that walk the cities. Yes they are individuals, some very much so. Looking for a common denominator is hard, though I notice many from broken or unstable homes. Then you'll meet one or two who say home life was always pleasant, and one's theory nose-dives a little. One does not know however if instability or friction occurred in their very early years from birth to three years or thereabouts and is lost from their conscious memory. These years are indeed crucial.

In our social world, biological evolution has been superseded by something called cultural evolution, that is, adaptation by cultural means not genetic, in this human world evolution is one of "characteristics acquired" in nature. Is not culture but sets of acquired characteristics, habits and beliefs, ways of tilling the earth, building dwellings, and engaging in economic enterprises? And since the human environment is primarily the cultural environment, is the mental environment, and is self-contained in its view of reality, it continues to accelerate out of hand. Human tyranny,



domination and stupidity is not yet complete; the majority of living humans perceive no other reality than "progress"; "new", and "unlimited", "the big buck" and hang on, here we go.

What I've tried to get across here is simply, all of us on this tiny atom of spinning mud, including the addict (already disadvantaged) must look inward as well as outward, have a probing look at inner space as well as outer space. An addict when seeking help often encounters people in the treatment field far removed, psyche wise, or they may be just getting by life's problems themselves, their careers, marriages, or there may just be a personality gap. Of course there are many fine mentors who relate closely, objectively and kindly to their patients. Ideally, many addicts say, the medico who would be very helpful is one who is himself a reformed addict, not that I suggest the medico go out, get hooked then cured for the exercise.

It is sometimes said that maturity (the ancient oncoming thirties) saw many drug users stop in years gone by. What I'm afraid of is where they could get a place in our economic society, todays addicts more than likely won't due to uncontrolled technology. The unemployed at 15 will be unemployed at 25 and 45, and a hardening society just will not be able to find a place for them. Of course society will pay dearly as crime escalates skyward, due to frustration, probably violent crime. Almost a rebounding karma.

................

It was everything that was true that no one could say well enough – about living, dying, soldiering, or shit, just living on this earth and knowing in the silent areas of your brain that the greater part of it is lonely, uncharted, and that the rest is mostly builshit."

Earl Thompson.

"...and the cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run."

H.D. Thoreau



SPLIT ENZ INTERVIEW

Tony Gilson spoke to Split Enz keyboard player Eddie Rayner after their recent appearance at Cloudland for 4ZZZ-FM.

Q. Is there anything that you'd like to say about your soon-to-be released album?

E.R. Well, it's called "True Colours" which is the title of an old song of ours. It's released on January 28th as is the new single "I Got You".

Q. Who did the artwork for the album cover this time?

E.R. Noel (Crombie) did the cover. It's a very simple cover with a series of "Enz" on it. It'll come in three different colours.

Q. Are you happy with the album?

E.R. Very much so. It's the first album that we've been really happy with, both in terms of sound and song quality. David Tickle (the producer) did a good job at recording the band as we are. There's none of that muffled sound like on "Frenzy".



Q. How do the band feel about the non-success of the last single, "Things"? E.R. Oh, we've killed "Things". We're a bit em-

E.R. Oh, we've killed "Things". We're a bit embarrassed by it in the sense that it's an overt attempt to be commercial. It was our first go at producing ourselves and it was basically a case of "too many cooks spoil the broth". We convinced the record company not to promote it.

Q. What's the band's attitude towards the "Hit Single Syndrome"?

E.R. We really need another hit of a similar size to "I See Red". We hope to lift about two or three hit singles from the new album, which might help us get another overseas deal.

Q. What's the present songwriting situation within Split Enz?

E.R. Basically, it's the same as before. Tim, Neil and myself do most of the writing. Neil's actually writing quite a lot at the moment; some good commercial songs.

Q. What's the band's attitude towards live performances?

E.R. Well, the next tour that we do will be mainly in the concert situation, with a few gigs like Cloudland. But we won't be doing any of those grotty little pubs. Q. What do the band think of the album "The Beginning of the Enz"? (A collection of old tapes recorded before 1975).

E.R. Well, it's no longer valid, but it is interesting in that it shows how the band has changed. I think that the material is good.

Q. Is there a possibility of any live material surfacing in the near future?

E.R. We recently did a 2JJ concert which they recorded on 16 track equipment that could ultimately evolve into a live album. There's also a possibility that we'll be doing the next Nightmoves concert.

Q. "I See Red" has been released in the U.K. hasn't it?

E.R. Yes. It's already been played on the John Peel show and Radio 1, which means that it's been added to their playlists (which is a good sign).

Q. Are there any bands going around at the moment that you've been impressed with?

E.R. I quite like the Reels and I don't mind the Angels. But I don't like the Sports or Jo Jo Zep.

Q. What's the immediate future for Eddie Rayner?

E.R. Well, I hope to record a solo single and possibly an album. I might release "Animal Lover", a number which we've performed live, but haven't included on the new album.

Q. What's the immediate future for Split Enz? E.R. We got back to NZ on January 15th to play a three day festival similar to the one we played on the last tour. We should be back in Australia in time to promote the new album,

RADIOTHON - February 29-March 2

Ah Radiothons, what would public radio be without them?

Considerably poorer. Last year we surprised ourselves by raising around \$13,000 over one weekend. This was well over target and amazingly, more than the amount listeners pledged. Generally what happens is that listeners will pledge more than is actually collected.

As with our first radiothon in 1978 we mostly received donations from supporters without much money themselves. Large business donations were notably absent. This of course was not unexpected and may have been due in part to our less than energetic canvassing in this area.

We are planning a few surprises for this year and hope to make it stimulating listening as well as financially rewarding. So be warned. Starting Friday February 29 and going all weekend, the third Triple Zed Radiothon/bludge-upon.

DONATIONS OF ITEMS

Any supporters with objects they think could be used as prizes/inducements for the radiothon (you know, trendy phone boxes, two-speed vibrators etc), and who are willing to donate them to a good cause, (that's us stupid), would be most welcome. Call 371 5111, we pick up. Just think of the warm inner glow that only comes when you help out banana radio.





The main way you can support the Station financially is by subscribing for \$20 (or \$10 if you're unemployed, a high school student, or a pensioner). You can keep the place on wheels a little longer. In return for your support, 28 very generous Businesses offer discounts, as a sign of good faith, in exchange for their \$50 Company subs. Whether your taste runs to theatre, restaurants, clothing, music or other "fun stuff", you'll find something on the list that appeals to you. By flashing your card, you encourage these people to continue their generosity, and hopefully, when the word gets around, others will join the ranks of The Aware. Ever noticed the huge differences between subscriber and non-subscriber prices at Joint Efforts? Joint Effort 19 was \$5 and \$3, and as a extra to the bands, we unselfishly (and unwittingly) presented a Police State Pantomine-a Once Only Performance..., the reviews were terrible.

Make good use of your card, and it won't take long to recoup the loss of weight your wallet has incurred. You haven't subscribed yet!!! Rip out the form opposite; use scissors please, ragged toothy edges aren't all that aesthetic. We'll send you your Little Red Card and, from time to time (12 times actually), you'll receive Radio Times — that Masterpiece of Literature no home can do without. Then..., you're away..., you can sleep peacefully in the knowledge that you've done your Good Deed for the year.



Triple Zed has been getting into a little hot water lately -- not the least in the area of programming. We received a telex late last year asking us to comment about the broadcast of a program which featured the foul duo Derek and Clive. Haydn Thompson ripped off the following reply:

Secretary, Australian Broadcasting Tribunal 153 Walker St. North Sydney, N.S.W.



January 1, 1980

Dear Mr. Connolly,

Re: broadcast over 4ZZZ-FM around 9pm, 3 December 1979. Please find enclosed the logging tape of broadcasts for 3 Dec. 1979. This tape includes all the periods specified by you in your 19 Dec. telex.

I am informed that complaints have been made regarding broadcasts on 4ZZZ-FM around the evening of 3 Dec. 1979. Before commenting on the broadcasts however, I have an inquiry. What has become of the new complaints procedure which we have been assured by the Tribunal was now being implemented? Is there now to be an administrative delay pending promulgation of these procedures, or is there some pressing reason why these particular complaints are to be handled in a different manner from others?

You are aware that central to the new procedures was the initial direction of the complainants to the station in question. This has not been done in our case, nor has the Tribunal supplied us with details of these complaints. For our part we would obviously prefer to follow the new procedures and request even at this stage that they might be implemented.

In response to your request for specific details, I am the station's program coordinator and was also the producer of the program broadcast at 9pm on the night mentioned. The announcer on duty from 5pm till 9 that night was Bill Riner. We both live at 38 Wilden Street Paddington, Qld. The program in question was what we call our "Monday Special". It partly featured material by the comedians

Peter Cook and Dudley Moore taken from their album "Derek & Clive Ad Nauseam' and when linked with music lasted about an hour.

As our logging tape will confirm, the program was preceded by five warnings as to its nature including one warning immediately before commencement of broadcast.

No complaints about the program have been received by this station.

The audience feedback that we did receive was unanimously positive. In fact we had the most favourable response to this particular program that we've ever had to any of our 'Monday Special' programs. A significant number of calls however complained that they had not been able to hear the whole hour because of interruptions to their reception caused by power blackouts.

They requested that we rerun the program the following Sunday at noon as is our regular practice with Monday Specials. However, sensitive to the timing of such material, we decided not to run it. This decision was made before

any news of complaints concerning this program reached the station. It is my belief that, far from being offended by the program, our regular listeners welcomed it. This assessment is not just based on a "feel" for our specific audience, but as already stated, it is confirmed by subsequent listener response.

I understand that all complainants to the Tribunal's State Broadcasting Representative in Queensland said that they turned to the FM band on their transistor radios when the power failed in their areas. I also understand that it is thought by the same representative that none who complained would be regular listeners to 4222. As a public broadcaster catering not to a general audience, but to a specific audience, we would hope that our audience could receive the programs it wants, in the style it prefers, not what other people, not themselves belonging to this audience, think it should have.

I believe that this attitude is consistent with the view expressed by the Tribunal in its report, 'Self-regulation for Broadcasters'. Commenting on public broadcasting the Tribunal began with the statement:

> "18.1 The essence of public broadcasting is the fulfillment of a need for alternative programming. . Public broadcasters will generally have differnet overall aims and organisation from broadcasters in other sectors and will generally produce programs which are totally dissimilar in style and content to programs transmitted by commercial and national broadcasters. The Tribunal therefore recognises that public broadcasters are intrinsically different from those in the other sectors of broadcasting and acknowledges that these differences should be reflected in the determination of standards and the mode of regulation. Any regulatory process must take into account the present and potentially greater future diversity of the sector and the relationship of the audience to the broadcasters."; and

> 18.3 The Tribunal also endorses the view that the licencing of a variety of stations, thus providing a greater range of choice, militates against the need for detailed regulatory control of public broadcasters. It naturally follows that all stations licenced in this manner would be expected to serve a defined target audience or area."

As the Public Broadcasting Association of Australia stated in its position paper, 'Standards and Practices for the Regulation of Public Broadcasting' (May 1979),

> "... we stress that no special claim is made for any special leniency in regulation. If there are to be differences, their justification will be dissimilarities in the nature of public broadcasting operations and the audiences they serve, compared with the nature of other broadcasting services and their audiences."

The issue of whether impressionable children were corrupted by the language in the program, does not arise in my opinion, as our listener audience figures show virtually no young kids listen to 4ZZZ-FM, or FM at all for that matter, here in Brisbane, certainly not between 9pm and 10pm.

I made the decision to produce the program and broadcast it at the late timeslot because I detected an interest for the material. It seemed odd to me that public radio in Brisbane should be lagging behind commercial IV in its willingness to take risks and extend the range of material available to listeners. I felt that 4ZZZ was possibly being unnecessarily cautious in some of its programming given the recent precedent of Channel O's broadcast of the program 'Scared Straight'. This program contained language that some viewers could possibly have taken offense to. It was nevertheless screened with warnings at a late timeslot and received with no apparent outcry. If a station catering for a general audience could program such material I thought it was reasonable to expect we should be able to broadcast 'sensitive' material to our specific audience. I believe the subsequent response from listeners shows that it received overwhelming acceptance.

In my opinion the station has acted responsibly at all times in this matter. A glance at the Tribunals '79-'80 Annual Report will confirm that, despite the widespread reputation of Queensland for conservative attitudes in matters of taste, 4ZZZ-FM generated only one letter of complaint to the Tribunal in that time, as against three letters of support. It could be reasonably argued that a station such as ours, located as we are in such a conservative climate, could reasonably be expected to generate some complaints from those in the community not sharing the tastes and attitudes of our special audience. Indeed some people in our community still do not accept that we live in a multicultural and pluralistic society. They therefore have difficulty in accepting the concept of a public broadcaster responding primarily to its chosen audience in matters of taste.

Therefore, while it certainly was not our intention to offend anyone, we were aware that such a possibility could occur. Indeed we foresaw this situation in our licence application, where we stated:

"If the purpose of broadcasting programs to special interest groups is to have real meaning then stations should be able to broadcast even that material which may on occasion offend those members of the community who do not share the standards of the particular group being served." (p 12.7)

Aware that the casual listener might take offence I ensured that adequate warnings were given in advance and that the broadcast be at a time which minimised such a possibility. This action is consistent with the station's Promise of Performance, delivered at the licence hearing in 1978:

"4ZZZ-FM will present diverse and provocative viewpoints and shall be sensitive to their presentation and scheduling."

In retrospect, I concede it may have been wiser to run the program on a night when there were no blackouts. However, this is easier to say after the event, and as those who experienced December's blackouts could probably confirm, no-one could predict with any certainty when they would occur.

Yours sincerely,



KILL THE SHAH!

A great new contest open to all the family

Fun! Adventure! Violence! And yet it's so simple. All you have to do, using your skill and judgment, is place a bullet where you think it will do most damage in the ex-Shah of Persia (picture right) currently to be found in the Bahamas. If you think shooting off his left big toe will be fatal, fine. If you

think a bullet through his temple would be more effective, as many experts think, then that's the place. It's up to you.

Once you have shot the Shah, just obtain a death certificate or an obituary from a reputable newspaper. Then place the ten following reasons for your action in order of importance.

I have assassinated the ex-Shah because

- 1. He was a mass murderer
- 2. I have given up hope of ever winning the pools
- I was the only Iranian overseas student at the Nassau College of Further Education and it seemed too good an opportunity to miss
- 4. It was self-defence
- 5. I thought he was Lord Lucan
- 6. I just love the crackly crisp flavour of Ayotollah Khomeini breakfast cereals?
- 7. I have always wanted to go on a holy war
- 8. I had just read The Day of the Jackal and I was corrupted by it
- 9.] cannot stand Lord Chalfont
- A sort of mist came over my eyes and I did not know what I was doing, honest

Then complete the following *in not more than twelve words:* I think Iran is better run by a bigoted old religious crackpot than an enlightened despot because

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

- 1. This contest is not open to relatives or employees of the ex-Shah.
- 2. Partial death or serious injury is not admissible.
- Female entrants must have their face concealed while placing a bullet in the Shah.
- In the event of a tie for first place, preference will go to that contestant who shot the Shah while still alive.
- Other forms of execution such as stoning, beheading or poisoning are admissible, if authorised by the Koran.
- The competition will be judged by a secret revolutionary panel meeting overnight in an unstated venue.
- 7. The Avotollah Khomeini s decision is final.

THOUSANDS OF FREE KORANS TO BE WON!

TRIUMPHAL RECEPTION IN TEHERAN BY 100,000 Religious Maniacsi

SPECIAL OIL BONUS FOR SUCCESSFUL CALIFORNIAN CONTESTANTS!

Plus hundreds of wonderful other prizes!

Write also for details of our other competitions:-

"Kill an ex-side of the sx-Shah"

"Kill a relative of the ex-Shah, up to and including second cousin" "Find the Shah's Swiss bank account number"

Send for an entry form now to Ayoyollah Khomeini Productions (Revenge Division) PO Box 007 Teheran Iran

I am over 13 by Koranic law

📋 I have a current gun licence

Allah is merciful

RadioTimes





TRIPLE ZED'S TOP SIXTEEN AND THREE QUARTERS

Every year about this time Triple Zed does something horribly arbitrary and not particularly "correct line" We ask our announcers to compile a top ten. This year albums and singles received the freatment.

The reason for this New Year debacle is totally mercenary, but I won't go into that. It had to be done and I foolishly volunteered to do it.

As I said the whole procedure is very arbitrary and very presumptuous. When a person/band cuts a record, they are not entering into a competition. Although many rock musicians seem to adopt this attitude in their quest for chart success.

So with no other criteria than music that they liked and played regularly; we asked Triple Zed's Announcers to list their ten favourite albums and ten favourite singles/tracks of 1979.

Sounds simple doesn't it. But for our poor fragile announcers the task seem worthy of Hercules. Eventually I extracted lists from most of the announcers. The results are listed alphabetically.

One of the most intriguing aspects of the top records is the proportion that are British. Around Triple Zed British artistes have been gaining in popularity over the last few years. Ever since the New Wave began bludgeoning our collective consciousness. Some of these bands have been brought to Cloudland for your enjoyment by Triple Zed.

Sixteen announcers contributed their favourites to this survey. Between them they listed 59 albums and 72 singles. In such a diverse selection there are few clear leaders.

In the singles department particularly, bands that brought out 2 or 3 popular singles effectively split their own vote. So special mentions are due to:

Joe Jackson Nick Lowe The Members The Police The Sports

While I'm on the subject of special mentions, there were many albums that didn't quite make it into the Top Ten+ but deserve attention:

Blondie – Eat To The Beat The Clash – Give Em Enough Rope Robert Fripp – Exposure Gang of Four – Entertainment Gruppo Sportivo – Mistakes Lowell George – Thanks I'll eat here Rickie Lee Jones – Rickie Lee Jones Mental as Anything – Get Wet Van Morrison – Into The Music Tom Verlaine – Tom Verlaine

JoJo Zep&The Falcons – Screaming Targets The list could go on and on, despite some opinions to the contary (voiced by other announcers) I think that 1979 was a great year for rock and roll. Let's hope 1980 will be even better.

TRIPLE ZED'S TOP ALBUMS

B52's - B52's (WEA) Kevin Coyne - Millionaires and Teddy Bears (Festival) The Cure - Three Imaginary Boys (Import) Joe Jackson - Look Sharp (Festival) Lene Lovich - Stateless (Féstival) Graham Parker and the Rumour - Squeezing Out Sparks (Polygram) The Police – Regatta De Blanc (Festival) Iggy Pop – New Values (WEA) The Ramones – It's Alive (WEA) Redgum – If you don't fight you lose

(Larrikan Records)

Roxy Music – Manifesto (Polygram) Siouxsie and the Banshees – The Scream (Festival) The Sports – Don't Throw Stones (Festival) Stipp Little Fingers – Inflammable Material (Import) Talking Heads – Fear of Music (WEA) Wire – 154 (Import) XTC – Drums and Wires (Festival)

TRIPLE ZED'S TOP SINGLES

B52's -- 'Rock Lobster' Boomtown Rats -- 'I Don't Like Mondays' Flying Lizards -- 'Money' Lene Lovich -- 'Lucky Number' Mental As Anything -- 'The Nips Are Getting Bigger' The Slits -- 'Typical Girls' Tubeway Army -- 'Are Friends Electric?' UK Squeeze -- 'Cool For Cats' The Undertones -- 'Jimmy Jimmy' XTC -- 'Life Begins At The Top ' XTC -- 'Making Plans for Nigel'



Radio 4222-FM in Brisbane is a co-operatively run public radio station always on the lookout for capable new people, Immediately we need to fill these positions:

PROGRAM CO-ORDINATOR: Responsible for the coordination of on air material. Requires organizational ability and creative feel for 4222's special audience needs. No previous broadcasting experience is necessary but applicants should have an awareness of rock music and social issues.

JOURNALIST: Opportunity for a person with commitment and ability to produce news bulletins and on air reports, (Application should include audition tape).

PROMOTIONS CO-ORDINATOR: Position has the dual purpose of raising funds for the station primarily through live music, and increasing the awareness of 4222 among its likely audience. Experience in running live music functions, booking bands, dealing with managements is a requirement.

Conditions: Long hours, unettractive pay, but unusual degree of job satisfaction for right people,

Write setting out kless, interests, experience, inquiries to:

4ZZZ-FM P.O. BOX 509 TOOWONG, Q. 4066. Telephone: (07) 371 5111

RadioTimes -



PROGRAMMING PRINTOUT

Jeez, it's 1980 already. The New Year sort of paled into insignificance after the biorhythmic (if not creative) highs of ZZZ's birfday, and the other Big Deals drawing on our energies like the Licensing Commission biz and the Jimmy and the Boys scandal. At the time of writing, Johnny "Big Bopper" Woods is still whooping it up in Adelaide, while Ian "Little Digger" Niggleson is slaving away at the console, taxing his motor and comprehensive skills to the limit. Also gone into hibernation for the summer is the Brisbane Line, to make its glorious return some time in January.

With Christmas over, it's tempting to make post-natal depression jokes . . . seriously though, post-natal depression may well be the subject of some programming on ZZZ in the near future. (Still in embryonic form at the moment???)

On the volunteer announcing limb of the starstation 4ZZZ, Phil "Swell Map" Smith has charged his way, Alien-like, out of the Jazz Show viscers (huh?) and has been doing the odd (that is, occasional) weekend shift of late. Lee Bradshaw once more zeros in on ZZZ in the space-time continuum; Allan "Face-hugger" Martin plans to re-emerge from the primeval sulphurous mists of Sydney, to barf all over the microphone and pollute the airwaves at 102.1MHz. No new additions to the volunteer ranks (you don't smell so good yourself???) but there are a couple of currently unknown musak enthusiasts dabbling in the Radio Medium, who'll probably be doing battle with fatigue and with the turntables early one Saturday or Sunday morning in the not too distant feature. Future. Again, the number of women among the prospective announcers is dis-

appointingly small Well, dear listeners/readers (isn't the media wonnnderful?) stay churned. Any enquiries or sug-gestions or tequila giveaways, phone us here at the station. Until next month, periodically, Joules "Kill the big knobs" Goodall.



A roundup of cultural, political and social events. Mon-Fri at 6.30p.m. Know of any meetings, functions, interesting events? Tell us on 371 5111.

NEWS: Mon-Fri 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 1pm, 5pm, and 7pm.

Additionally on weekday from Monday to Thursday we run shorter interviews and reports in Bill Riner's program between 5pm and 7pm.

Generally we attempt to carry longer interviews either in the morning program on weekdays or on the BRISBANE LINE (Sunday 2-Spm). The Brisbane Line tends to be a weekly roundup of the weeks events incorporating the past weeks program highlights.

SPECIALIST PROGRAMS: These are particularly between 9 and 10pm Monday thru Thursday.

Monday: Monday Special. . . . an extended look at some interesting artist, group or social issue.

Tuesday: Blues music, Wednesday: 50s rock and roll. Thursday: Jazz. Friday: Live music.

REVIEWS: Plays and movies are reviewed at 12,30 and repeated at 6pm.

SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENTS:

Campus Roundup: like it says, a daily list of goings on around the campuses, 8.15am Mon-Fri.

Accommodation: daily list of housing available or sought. 10.30am Mon-Fri.

Trips: Leaving Brisbane and willing to share either costs, driving or merely keep someone else awake. We may be able to put you in touch with others going your way. Similarly if you're looking for someone to travel with you we'll run your notice. Noon Mon-Fri.

Brisbane Graffiti: Mon-Sat. 6.30pm nightly roundup of events of interest around Brisbane. Films, meetings, bands, dates. ,

Musicians Classified: idea is to put musicians in touch with other musicians. Help them flog/buy gear, instruments or simply play together, 7.45pm Thurs, General announcements: These are scattered through-

out the day. You tell us we'll tell the listeners.

How to contact us: Ring 371 5111 preferably in office hours and during the week. We'll get the details and you're away. Even better would be to mail all printed press releases, information etc. to us at P.O. Box 509, Toowong Qld, 4066.

Costs nothing!





BOTTLENECKIN' THE BLUES

Greg Cuffe

The slide guitar style or bottleneck blues playing has been popular, especially amongst rural blues musicians, ever since the blues first appeared about 100 years ago.

The application of a bottleneck, piece of brass pipe or a bone to either the third or fourth finger of the nonstrumining hand slows the guitarist to generate wailing, whining sounds from his guitar. Such sounds were produced to enable the musician to duplicate certain vocal sounds that he wished to accentuate whilst performing the song.

The added impact of a non-amplified guitar following exactly the vocal line of a song proved very popular amongst the negro performers of the twenties and thaties, as can be evidenced by the number of iecorded examples available...

Guitarist Tampa Red from georgia was one of the earliest recorded (1928) guitarist to almost exclusively use the slide guitar style.

It is not known where the style originated, but one thing is for certain — it gained popularity right throughout the South between about 1911 (the earliest reference) and about 1923. It is thought by some blues historians that the style was adopted following the annexation of Hawaii in 1898 or possibly due to influences of Spanish sounds about that time. Nevertheless it is still widely used and during the forties became electrified by the musicians that had migrated to the northern states to find work during the thirties. Muddy Waters is probably the single most successful urban artist to regularly use the style. A great majority of his Chess recordings feature the use of a slide.

Johnny Shines & Robert Lockwood were both arond Mississippi when the legendary Robert Johnson was about, and claim him as a teacher/influence. Both have made extensive recordings using slide guitar, some of which will be featured in the N.B.T.B. specials. Another legendary guitarist, Robert Nighthawk, also recorded some classics of urban blues on Chess, Aristocrat and United labels in the period 1948-1953. He was once listed amongst B.B. King's favourite guitarists in Guitar Player magazine. His tracks are nothing short of masterpieces – doomy vocals & great slide guitar. Like all good bluesmen he went out in style – from drinking poisoned whisky.

From Early Hooker (another guitar master) to the houserocking Hound Dog Taylor, to the mellow country genius of Bukka White, Fred McDowell & Black Ace – all these doyens of the style will be featured at length.

Along with Muddy Waters, perhaps the other popular perpetuator of the urbanised style was the late, great, Elmore James. He influenced a whole tribe of bluesmen and most include at least one of his tyle of song in their repertoire.

Listen for the Bottleneck Special - in two parts this month - on Nothin' But The Blues.

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Artist Slim Harpo Kid Thomas Earl Hooker Otis Spann	Died 31.1.70 1970 21.4.70 24.4.70	Age 45 31 40 40
Frankie Lee Sims	10,5.70	53
Junior Parker	18.11.71	44
Curtis Jones	early 72	68
Rev. Gary Davis	5.5.72	76
Alec Seward	11.5.72	71
Fred McDowell	3.7.72	68
Jimmy Rushing	8.6.72	69
Memphis Minnie	6.8.73	77
Papa Lightfoot	1973	<u> </u>
Arthur Crudup	28.3.74	69
Johnny Young	18.4.74	57-
Lightnin' Slim	27.6.74	59
T-Bone Walker	16.3.75	65
Slim Green	Sept. 75	55
Hound Dog Taylor	17.11.75	59
Howling Wolf	16.1.75	66
Mance Lipscomb	30.1.76	80
Jesse Fuller	early 76	80
Arthur Gunter	16.3.76	50
Jimmy Reed	29.8.76	51
L.C. Robinson	late 76	61
Bukka White	late 76	67
Freddy King	28.12.76	42
Baby Boy Warren	1.7.77	58
Lafayette Thomas	17.5.77	45

Sleepy John Estes	mid 77	45
Big John Wrencher	15,7.77	53
Drifting Slim	late 77	58
Big Chief Ellis	20.12.77	62
Juke Boy Bonner	29.6.78	46

Depressing isn't it? And most of them were still active performers, a couple still at the peak of their recording careers.

It it were possible to produce a corresponding list of notable blues musicians *born* during the 70's no doubt it would be much shorter. The blues is by no means a fossilised music form but its popular creative peak is well past.

New Faces: Instant hits star status & million dollar contracts rarely exist in the blues business. A handful of talented artists achieved prominence in the 70s -Fenton Robinson, Son Seals, Albert Collins, Freddy King, Hound Dog Taylor, but they paid their dues for years before proper recognition came their way, in some cases too late.

We are unlikely to see any blues superstars emerge in the 80s, but here are a few names to watch: Lonnie Brooks, Jimmy Johnson, Billy Branch, Lurrie Bell (all featured on "Living Chicago Blues"). No doubt there are others, unrecorded, tearing up audiences in weekend bars and taverns, just waiting for a break. I hope so. Mark Doherty



