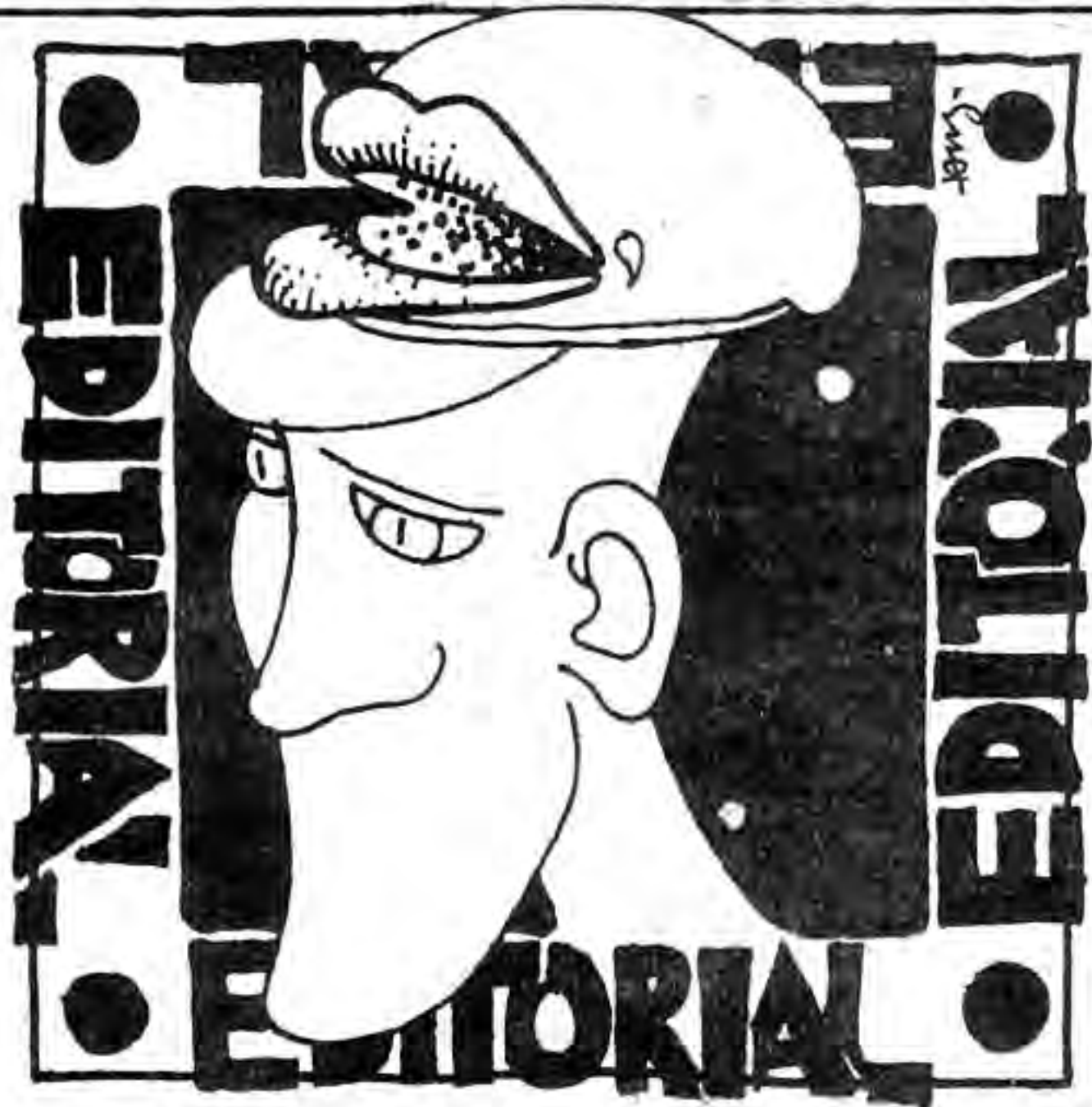


Times

SEPT. '77



(THIS BANANA BUSINESS IS GETTING OUT OF CONTROL)



You've got to hand it to the Federation of Australian (Commercial) Radio Broadcasters (FARB), when it comes to sheer bloody impertinence, there's not many lobby groups to match them.

Since the mid-fifties, the commercials have either opposed or argued for a delay in the introduction of Frequency Modulation (FM) broadcasting. But now, it's reported, FARB has told the Government that any new FM stations should be totally allocated to its members - and that FM be delayed until this is technically possible (National Times, August 8 - 16). By some breathless logic FARB's president, Des Foster, argues that the commercials should be allowed to pioneer FM as they were the ones who provided the AM medium with the technical expertise and made it profitable.

Now it could be argued, by the same logic, that because the commercials have done so much to stifle FM that they be excluded from any new FM licences issued.

The background to the present lobbying is an inter-departmental committee report to the Minister of Posts and Telecommunications, Mr. Robinson, which reportedly recommends that public broadcasters be given a prime place in the development of FM broadcasting.

It should be noted that the commercials made a total pre-tax profit of \$16,250,945 in the 12 months ending June 1976, an increase of 30.7% over the previous year's profit. Public broadcasters therefore view the current campaign by FARB as an attempt to extend their profitable virtual monopoly of the AM band (except for the ABC services), into the FM band. You can't blame FARB for trying, and it's FARB's job to represent its members interests, but surely there comes a point when you can appear just too greedy. As Shirley Strachan said about Australian management when Skyhooks last visited Triple Z, "...they don't reckon they're making enough, they're not content with making heaps."

Haydn Thompson

Oh, and Triple Zed has high fashion T-shirts and stickers.



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REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION BY POST AS A PERIODICAL CATEGORY C.

PROGRAMME GUIDE

NEWS - Mon - Fri
every ½ hr till
8:30 a.m. then
11 a.m. 1 p.m. Main
Bulletins - 5:30, 7.

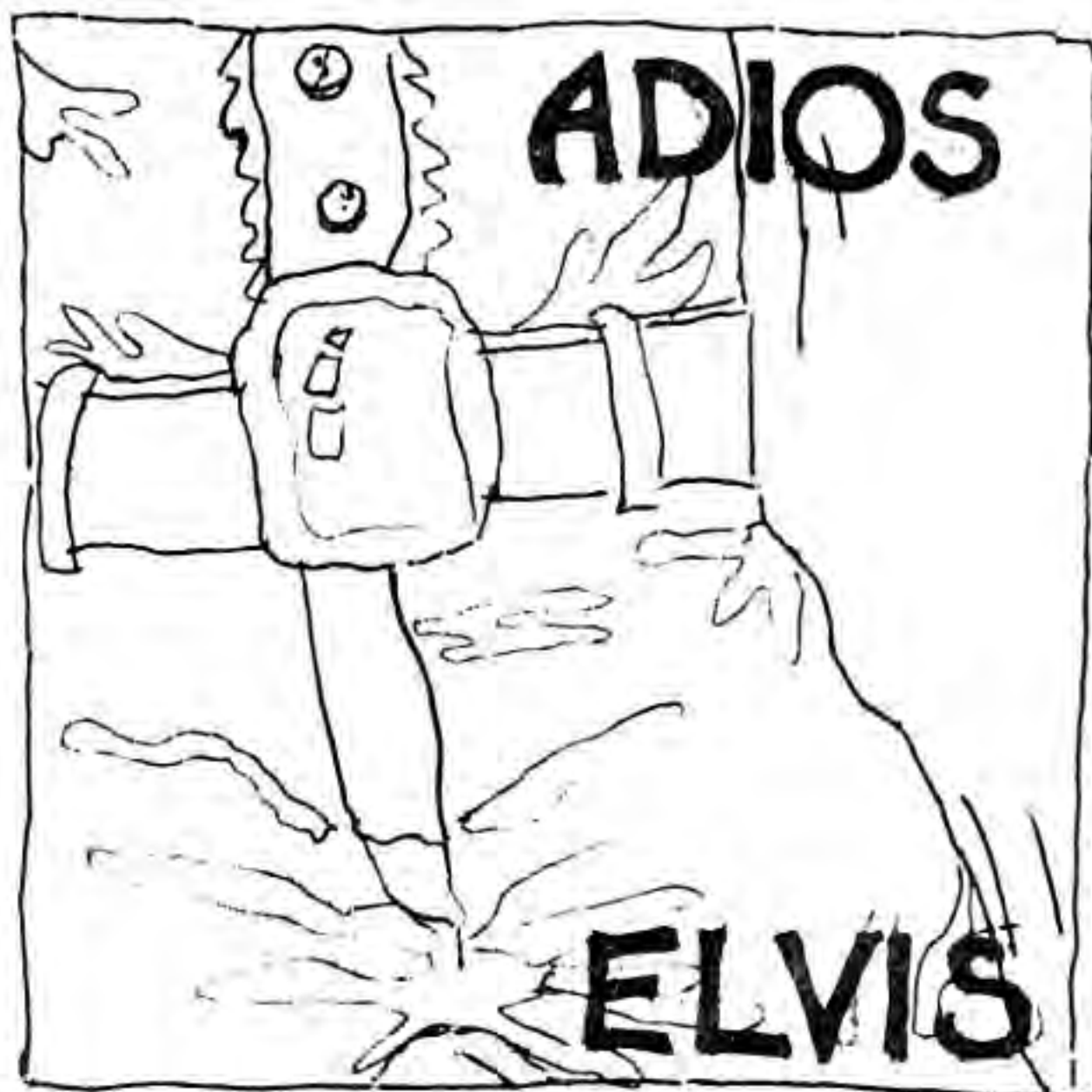
SEPTEMBER

Brisbane Graffiti
6:30 Mon - Sat.
Current cultural
and political
events. Phone us!

4ZZZ. A GREAT ODDITY.



| | | | | | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 5AM MICHAEL FINUCAN | 5AM MICHAEL FINUCAN | 5AM MICHAEL FINUCAN | 5AM MICHAEL FINUCAN | 5AM MICHAEL FINUCAN | 2AM ALLAN MARTIN | 2AM JENNY STOOPES |
| 9AM STUART MATCHETT | 9AM STUART MATCHETT | 9AM STUART MATCHETT | 9AM STUART MATCHETT | 9AM STUART MATCHETT | 6AM ROMAN MASIAREK | 6AM CLASSICAL MUSIC |
| 1PM JOHN WOODS | 1PM JOHN WOODS | 1PM JOHN WOODS | 1PM JOHN WOODS | 1PM JOHN WOODS | 10AM MARK BRACKEN | 10AM BRUNO KOLBERG |
| 5PM WILL RINER | 5PM WILL RINER | 5PM WILL RINER | 5PM WILL RINER | 5PM WILL RINER | 2PM STUART MATCHETT | 2PM THE BRISBANE LINE |
| 9PM MONDAY SPECIAL | 9PM NUTHIN BUT THE BLUES | 9PM ROCK N ROLL | 9PM JAZZ ON RECORD | 9PM LIVE ROCK CONCERT | 5:30 T.T.L.G. | 5PM PHILIP MOSELY |
| 10PM IAN NICHOLSON | 10PM LYNDAL KEARNEY | 10PM HELEN HAMBLING | 10PM MARK BRACKEN | 10PM IAN NICHOLSON | 6:30 REQUESTS | 10PM JULIE GOODALL |
| 1AM MONDAY | 1AM TUESDAY | 1AM WEDNESDAY | 1AM THURSDAY | 1AM FRIDAY | 2AM SATURDAY | 1AM SUNDAY |



Much has been written in the last few weeks about Elvis. If I may, I'd like to add a few personal reflections. I was one of Elvis' biggest fans, but only in the '50's and early '60's. A succession of bad movies and songs in the mid '60's disappointed me so much I almost ached, wishing he would bring back the glorious years of his heyday - 55 - 60. During those years, to me he could do no wrong. His pre-army movies, accepting that he was no shakes as an actor, were great, as in most cases he played what he was - a rock'n'roll singer. His music in those years was the pioneering force for practically every white singer and group around the world. His backing matched him in its brilliance and set a standard which was rarely surpassed.

After his discharge he had a new band which reflected both his and the new decade's style - rather bland. Gone were the side-burns and those baggy suits which had helped so much in his bump-and-grind stage antics; his body movements now became wooden and stilted. His voice was deepening and had lost that nervous excitement; the rasping, the grasping, and the hollering had gone, and I was saddened. His true fans still kept him up there - I wished they would have reacted as I did, to try to force him into his '50's style.

In retrospect, however, I don't think it would have been possible. The styles and dances and fashions had changed, forcing him to adapt - almost leaving him behind until he made a comeback in 1968. Even then his stage show disappointed me somewhat. He had over 130 chart records, yet a great deal of his show was spent singing other people's hits.

Deep down though, I was still a fan. He was the hero of my youth, and echoes of those times still lingered. I got a real charge when songs like "Burning Love" got to the top.

Elvis' favourite kind of music was the old style religious songs, and especially negro spirituals. He usually included a gospel song in his act. I hope his beliefs will carry him through.

Good-bye Elvis, God bless you.

Geoff

It all began in Memphis in nineteen fifty four Three cats named Elvis Presley, Bill Black and Scotty Moore got it all together in a session down at "Sun" Little was the world to know a legend had begun.

An Arthur Crudup ditty was the first one pressed on wax Called "That's Alright Mama" and for the other track they didn't quite know what to do until they struck it lucky and revamped a good ol' Country tune called "Blue Moon of Kentucky"

It really took no time at all for the word to spread around about this strange "Hillbilly Cat" and his rockin' Memphis sound He played "The Grand Ol' Opry" and he sang at County Fairs He learned to handle Nashville Belles and red-neck Southern stares.

Then along came Colonel Parker with his fifty cent cigar and to quote a well worn cliché, he said "Son, you'll be a star." Well the Colonel had some power with the heads of R.C.A. So they paid off poor Sam Phillips and they stole his boy away.

Then Elvis went to Nashville, with his band, to cut some sides And a drummer named Fontana also tagged on for the ride And what came out of Nashville hit the world like shot and shell When he "Took a walk down lonely street to Heartbreak Hotel."

I remember all the knockers how they said he wouldn't last And soon that "Devil's" music would be shadowed by the past But he just kept on a shakin' on every T.V. show with all the little ravers screamin' "ELVIS....GO MANGO."

On looking back I'm pretty sure most people would agree That Elvis hit his high-spot pre United States army Cause when he came back Stateside his impetus had slowed causing him to change his tactics to the "middle of the road".

He made a bunch of movies that really weren't so hot It seemed like Parker's protege had hit a barren spot He loafed a lot in Gracelands, more recluse than a star and whiled away the hours with his "Memphis Mafia".

But what's to say about a man who took the world apart Elvis was an artist and Rockin' was his art And when he gets to heaven how I hope he's got the news That he'll live forever with us when we re-play "Blue Suede Shoes"

Laurie



LEFTWING-RATBAG-RADICAL- PINKO-POOFTER-STUDENT-BED -WETTER ATTACKS CLEAN LIVING CHRITIAN PREMIER WHO'S ONLY DOING HIS JOB!

On 29th July last year, students in Brisbane, like those in most other capital cities in Australia, took to the streets to protest at the inadequacy of their TEAS Living Allowance. However, unlike those in most other places, local demonstrators faced stern police opposition in their march to the city and more than just a couple of heated clashes. One young student remembers that day particularly well. She claims that she received a blow to the head, courtesy of the baton wielded at the time by Traffic Branch head, Inspector Beattie. Television film of the incident shown round the country soon after, seemed to back up her claims. In any case she was treated for concussion after the march, if that's any evidence.

Official reaction to the incident in the following days is well documented. After approaches from both Queensland University Vice Chancellor Zelman Cowan and Student Union President Richard Spenser, Police Commissioner Ray Whitrod agreed to a departmental inquiry into the incident. He had the apparent support of the Minister responsible, Max Hodges. The only problem was, he didn't have the support of Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen, nor it seems, a majority of government Ministers, who voted on 3rd August to quash the investigations started by Whitrod. After that meeting, the Premier was quoted as saying, the student who was allegedly bashed should have expected trouble at the demonstration...Mr Bjelke-Petersen said the march had been without a permit and therefore illegal. It's on record, of course, that Hodges soon after was effectively demoted from the Police portfolio to Tourism and that Whitrod followed several months later amidst allegations of political interference in his office. Since then things have returned to their usual equilibrium... the incident receded into folklore and only when Inspector Beattie received a decoration in this year's Queen's Birthday Honours List was it ever recalled to mind. That was until several weeks ago, when Mark Oliver Plunkett, dropped a political bombshell.

Mr. Plunkett is suing the Premier, on a charge of criminal conspiracy, which it's believed is related to Mr. Bjelke-Petersen's handling of the student bashing case. The summons claims that the Premier "conspired with diverse persons unknown to Mark Oliver Plunkett to prevent or defeat the enforcement of the Police Act relating to the investigation of certain complaints made to the Commissioner of Police on or about July 30th, 1976." The summons for Joh to appear in court on September 15th, was served on an unsmiling Premier outside a luncheon at Bald Hills (we don't know how it helped his digestion though). It means that Premier Joh will go into the history books (amongst numerous other achievements, of course) as the first Australian State leader to be charged with an indictable offence.

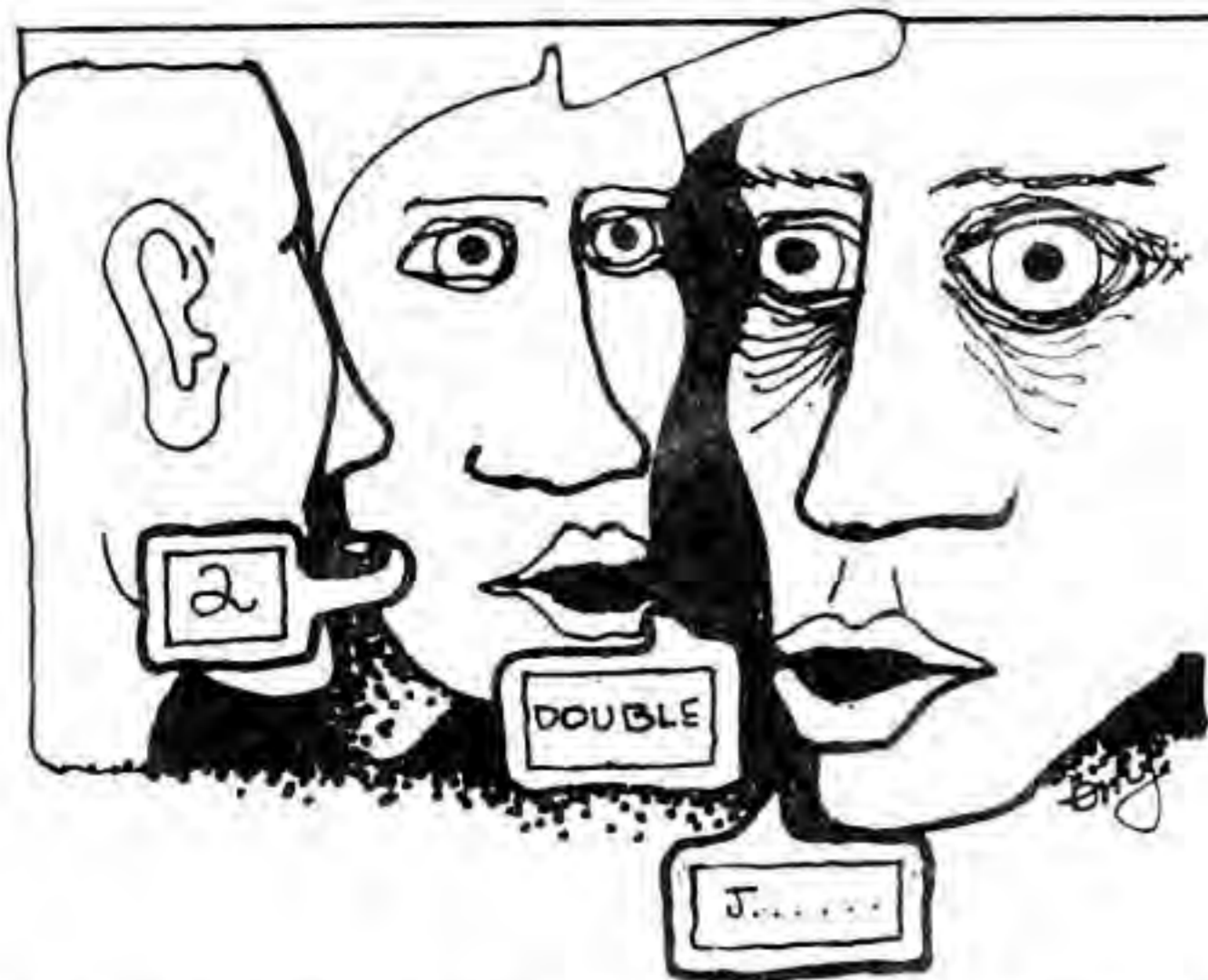
Not long after, it was Joh's turn to hit back. With the blessing of State Speaker Jim Houghton, the Premier launched an all out attack on Plunkett's writ in the house. He branded Plunkett a close associate of both the Labor opposition and the Civil Liberties Council - always enough to get Joh frothing at the mouth - both groups have called continually for reforms in the state police force. According to Joh, the writ was only another attempt by an embittered minority to prevent him from carrying out his responsibilities as Premier. Again in the statement, the Premier's very own brand of logic shone through. The writ's other purpose he claimed was to divert attention from the alleged involvement of opposition leader Gough Whitlam in the so-called loans affair. Observers had trouble making the connection, but Joh had never been so certain in his life.

The very fact that Joh was able to deliver his verbal battering of Plunkett and the writ in parliament is a point that has caused some debate in legal circles ever since. Speaker Jim Houghton, it seems, chose to ignore the advice of Plunkett's solicitors and allow discussion of the matter in the House. According to Mr. Houghton, the writ is only a civil action and parliamentary consideration of it is quite appropriate. On the other hand, the charge does read CRIMINAL conspiracy and the solicitors disagree. Some observers drew a parallel between the government's stonewalling tactics in refusing to answer opposition questions on the Cedar Bay case. There, the matter was always "before the court and not appropriate for discussion".

The spectacle of Governor General Designate Zelman Cowan, former Police Commissioner Ray Whitrod and, of course, Joh, all in court together is sure to create quite a stir across the country. The publicity for Joh, whether he's vindicated or not, might not be what he needs on the eve of probably his last state election.

In the meantime, Plunkett, rather sensibly, is keeping out of harms way. Information from the Premier's Office about the extreme displeasure of everyone concerned, has prompted Plunkett to give Parliament House, where he used to work as a research assistant to Tom Burns, a wide berth until at least September 15.

Barry Weston



The commercial stations are understandably loathe to have their programming structures closely understood by their audience since it revolves around the single point of mass ratings.

However, Australia's fledgling flock of new non-commercial stations have evolved a series of non-simplistic alternatives.

Double Jay has attracted a lot of attention in its 2½ year life, but very little filters through about the rationale for its programming.

We reprint here excerpts from an interview with Marius Webb, one of the founders of 2JJ, taken from the Melbourne Student Newspaper, Farrago.

Similarities to Triple Zed are clear but keep in mind the basic differences in structure and purpose

How much of an alternative is 2JJ to other stations transmitting in Sydney?

The concept of alternatives is a simplistic one. We were alternative when we started. Now we are part of the existing media simply because we exist, in the same way that *Nation Review* is. It's impossible to be continually radical, even when what you set out to do is radical in the first sense. After you have done it for a while, it ceases to be radical simply because you are continuing to do it. We're in the situation of doing similar things to what we've been doing since we began, but of course now we don't appear to be as radical or alternative as we were when we started.

What are your programming principles?

This is the problem of having just me answering the questions because we're a group of people, not just me. I was pretty important I suppose when Double Jay started because I was one of the two people who actually began it, and who thought about what we were doing. But the people who are actually doing much of the work now are of two streams - one committed to the music, one to the information, and perhaps a third stream committed to a bit of entertainment or a bit of madness.

How do the streams of music and information interlock?

Well, it varies. The musical people tend to be numerically superior, and as we have a pretty collective decision-making process, the musical ideas tend to dominate the other ideas, specifically the information ideas. And because we're a music station, and this was a part of the original concept that I had - that to get an audience, we had to be a music station, a music station with an integrity that hadn't existed previously in Australian radio - the music thing has always been important, and of course still is.

From that, of course, it's easy for people from the point of view that the information side is more important, to criticise us for being a sort of rock'n'roll muzak. And if you don't like the music, that's the way you would probably perceive the station because it goes 24 hours a day. You could turn it on, and probably you could listen for 12 hours and hear nothing but music, and you'd think that there was no information. But at certain times of the day, and through a pattern we've established, there is quite a bit of information. Programmes that are about social issues, and information from the simplest community news information, that there's a demonstration on, that there's a thing for people who don't have jobs at Darlinghurst - those sort of things.

Do you try to broadcast a high percentage of Australian music?

Yes and no. This is where we have interesting contradictory arguments within our own group, in that some people think that we should play a higher percentage of Australian music. A local station like 2SM can claim that they play 30% of Australian music which is probably more than we play. But that's because they recycle more than we do. They repeat more Sherbet tracks than we do. But we're committed to an idea of music being not just the simplistic repetitive top 40 material. So it makes it very difficult for us to achieve even 20%. We have to say deliberately that we will play so many Australian tracks even if musically we think that perhaps some of the programming might be a bit boring. There simply isn't the quantity of Australian music.

I could show you the record library we've got - something like 8000 albums from overseas, and we've got something like 800 Australian albums. That's just a reflection of the music industry.

You rely a great deal on collective decision-making. Clearly, then, staff morale is important. What is the staff morale like at Double Jay?

It does vary quite a lot. The staff morale is extraordinarily high in some senses, but in other senses it can go down. But that's because we're a small group who virtually live in each other's pockets. Petty jealousies develop and groups form. Differences of opinion develop about the quality of what other people do.

Are you just broadcasting into a vacuum, or are you very aware of broadcasting to the community?

Yes we're very much aware of it and we spend a lot of time talking about it and trying to work it out. We've just recently had a survey in which we had replies from people in an age range of 17 to 52. Basically the reason they listen to the station is because of the range of music, it's absence of hype and ads.

It's very hard. If you are weighing up the role of any radio station, you have to weigh it up in its own context. You know, I mean our station might sound a little bit ephemeral in contrast to some FM stations in the States. If you go to San Francisco, you're with a city with 60 to 70 radio stations. Some of those radio stations specialise in very limited areas. If you happen to be interested in West-coast country music, you can probably find a radio station which can probably play it 24 hours a day. Even baroque music, you can probably find a station that plays just that.

I think that what we are trying to do now is to keep a balance of the total music scene. We play everything from Chilean folk music which, for your average teenager might be a bit esoteric, but then again, we did an hour of John Paul Young last Saturday.

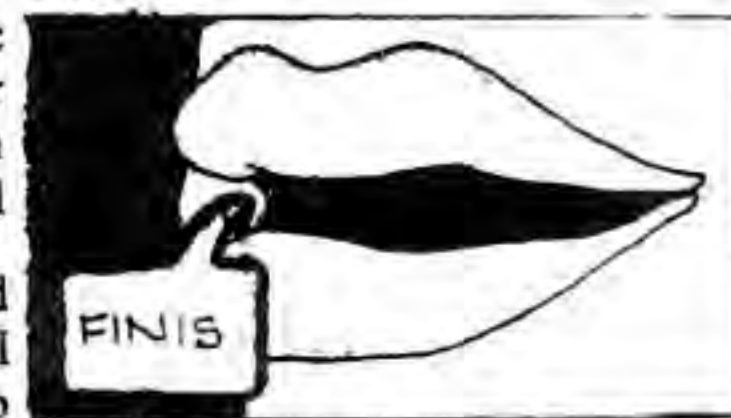
The trouble is that people tend to categorise too much, and I suppose that what we try to do

more than anything else is to be eclectic. I mean we might take a popular stand by saying John Paul Young, ABBA and Sherbet are a load of bullshit, because they're crass commercially, yet we're not that narrow-minded. But if they have something interesting to say, or it sounds good, then we'll play it. I think that it's important to aim for breadth, but you've got to have some understanding of where your breadth is taking you. And I think that this is what we do have. We have a fairly cohesive and broad musical knowledge within the station that does aim at excellence on one hand, but is not averse to a little vulgarity.

What has been 2JJ's effect on other Sydney stations?

Very considerable, but it's extremely difficult to quantify. All I can say is that I notice radio is different to when we went on the air. There's a tremendous amount of broadcasting on commercials and the ABC, that when we started was called slack, but which is now seen as communicating in a more human way. In other words, the people that go on air are not the automations that they once were. They're prepared to make mistakes on air and not worry about it. In the formalised original sense of radio, announcers were not wearing tophats but they may as well have been. There is incredibly more humanity about the way announcers talk to their audiences now. It's terrific!

Another element has loosened up and that is that a fairly great diversity of music is being played on radio stations throughout Australia than was ever played before.



The Showground Telepath

All the News from Fair to Medium



Just like the legendary bad smell I'm in the fleshpots of the city once again. Like a ton of lemmings we arrive each year, and just like the lemmingtons we dash around dropping our shreds of coconut coating off and reveal that under our thin veneer of civilization - long trousers, grey wool jumpers under thin lapelled suit coats and akubra dress hats on head - we are all basically sponge. We soak up the sights, sounds, stinks, colour and movement of the megacosmetropolitan Brisbane and go back to our properties and live on these stored up memories for a year. In fact, we soak up more than just the sights and sounds, eh!, get what I mean? Jeezuz, I feel crook this morning. The piss here has got too much air in it, I reckon.

My old cheeses' run a station out west - way out west, you could virtually spit on Ayres Rock if you had the wind behind you, I reckon. Each year some poor bastards have got to stay home and poke the cows while the lucky ones head for Brisbane. This year seeing as how I'm 19 and the olds are pushin on a bit, they said that me and Gaelene (my baby sister - no fun to be had there!) could chunder down to the Ekka by ourselves and they'd mind the moos. Bugger me stupid! Tell us all about the latest developments in Artificial Insemination, what's the stock quality like?, any good lookin new breeds?, find out about dry feed improvenents!! Stock quality?, up a dead pigs bum with that, I reckon and the only inseminating I check out will be my own, no worries! I've heard about city sheilas. Strike me pink and bloody purple.

Christ! I was almost pissin meself with antie-bloody-pation as Gaelene and I were in fake Royal Mail sacks and left on the station platform for the Bris train (cheap fares? bloody oath! free!).

Almost faster than you can say Jack Thompson, we were in Bris. As we stepped out of

the Central Mail Exchange I was struck, as always, by the noise and movement. Struth Bris is abuzz with busy blokes and bruces, I thought.

I looked up our list of rels and found an aunt and uncle who hadn't been imposed on for a while and we 'dropped in'. The visit managed to turn into a three day stay. The first day I visited me mates at ZZZ and saw a few cobbers, Willy 'Crazy Eyes' Childers (18 months to 2 years for punching parking meters) just a few blokes like that. That night I took a dose of culcha at the Capri Cinema East Brisbane and saw a slow moving foreign flick "Hot Caged Nymphomaniac Schoolgirl Virgin Married Suburban Swedish Stewardess" and "I Was A Teenage African Black Untamed Passion Sew Without Love Crazy Pygmy Torturer With Unspeakable Desires And A Performer Of Inhuman Rites But I Didn't Know It", which was a documentary special and a little too dry and factual for me.

Got up at sparrows fart the next day to get into the show. Christ, these rels had no idea about brekkie, they said it was a continental breakfast. Root me stupid! It was bloody black bloody coffee, bloody orange bloody juice and bloody buttered bloody toast with bloody marma-bloody-lade!! Not a T-bloody-bone within cooe. Fuck me up a gum tree, what a start!

Right, now for the show review. I went dressed as a schoolkid (20c versus \$2 admission). The bloke was suspicious and he asked me my age - I lied to him; he asked me how come I was 6'8" tall - I bent the bars of the booth, grabbed his face and told me to give him a ticket and shut up.

I bought half-a-dozen dagwood dogs soon as I walked in, bloody continental breakfast! To wash it Down I went to the piss area near the Main Pav. This was not a good place to drink cause the cop-shop is within chundering distance, I do not recoment it - still I did get a few coldies under

The Showground Telepath

All the News from Fair to Medium

me belt and I'd brung a doz tinnies in case there was one of those famous shortages in Bris.

I thought that I should be a little dinkum about the Ekka so I headed for the livestock. Stone the crows if there wasn't a mighty little bar on the way there just under the members stand next to the railway - recommended by me to those of yez who like to drink in bars. A couple of ambers tickled me throats fancy and I stopped a few yards along for some dagwood dogs, a waffle and cream, a toffee apple and a bag o' floss. Stripe the tigers, I was glad the oldies weren't there, I'd had to roll a pensioner to get the foldin to buy the grub, and I shouldna et that green dagwood dog coz I wasn't feelin real perky. In true Anzac style I made it to the animal nursery.

Starve the lizards, the podgy white office bloody workers and their pain in the bum sprogs weren't real over-bloody-joyed when I chundered all over the day old coloured chicks! I pissed off real fast!

Following the technicolour yawn my throat was as dry as a nun's nasty and me tongue felt like a dead diggers donger. There is a bonzer little piss suckin area under the Machinery Hill Stadium. The golden stuff cooled my sweatin brow, I'd heartily recom-bloody-mend that little oasis in the desert of squealin brats, whingin youngsters and aggravated parents that the Ekka was beginnin to look like.

On my way over to the farm machinery I polished off a couple more of my tinnies, a great fruit boat, a bucket of Tassie chips, a strawberry ice cream cone, all of them real grouse.

The farm machinery was real boring - shit-house - I had a big splash (I was bustin the bladder by this time) in the cockpit of an expensive Maserati car. Cripes the little sheila, who'd gone to the snakepit herself, wasn't real happy when she come back and saw what'd happened whil she was supposed to be on guard.

At this point the coloured panel vans caught my eye. As I approached them a salesman came up to me. He was wearing the brightest tie and loudest chech suit I'd ever seen I think his shirt was meant as a pattern for an optical illusion. If I'd a looked at him for 20 secs more I'da cried Reith all over his face. I looked away. Bad move. The colour schemes of the fur inside the panel vans was even more disturbing (I reckon one of the bananas in my fruit boat was off too), I had a liquid laugh all over the inside of the van.

After I stopped runnin my guts was real churned. There was no bar in sight so I caused a few more casualties among the tinnies I brung. At this point I was right near the Fish Board stand so I got amongst the fish, a few potato scallops, a few real scallops, and some crustaceans slipped down real easy.

At the police stand I stood in a big crowd in front of the murder exhibit. The dickhead in front of me elbowed me in the guts, so I smacked him in the earhole and chucked my guts all over the people around me at the same time (I reckon one of them prawns was raw)

Well there was a bit of a scene and the razzers charged us batons swinging. I got out without too much structural damage. Because most of the pigs were layin out the crowd and I hadn't got me moneys worth and seen all of the display I decided to nick a plant they were using to brighten up the sordid drug display and give it to the rels as a thankyou pres.

With the nice little pot plant I'd looted in my bag (I'd had to drink a few more tubes to make room for it) I stopped at a small store bought two pies, a chiko roll, 2 blocks of chocolate, an apple and an orange and headed for the chairlift.

Stuff a dead pig up my nose sideways! Those chairs really swayed in the wind. They used to jump something awful as they went over the support pylons, too! Bugged if some little shit comin the other way didn't throw an ANZ piggy bank at me! I got such a start I played the whale all over the Bible Society crowd below (I reckon there was a bloody worm in that apple, though)

As the other end was sideshow alley. Crikey! Colour and movement! I went to a bar under the Franklin Stand - not real impressive - but a drink's a drink. Got stuck into a mob of cheerios and a dagwood dog. Headed for the Alley. Abso-bloody-lutely parro-pissed-as-a-fart blind.

Went down the alley to the Bib Zipper - had a look at it whizzin around and queued up at the box. Got to the ticket seller, looked at the ride again, made the decision - why waste time? I up and went the big spit all over the ticket sellers head. That was what the end result of the ride would have bin - I just cut out the nasty middle bit. I left there and wandered round the alley.

At this point I noticed the police sirens. There was something big on the go. Flahing blue lights and cops laying out people all over the shop and searching their bags. It dawned on me that they were after my bloody trophy, the stinkin shits! All this fuss over a bloody plant! There were cops all over the place, like bull ants over a dead cows carcass. I decided to make myself scarce. I ran through the confusion toward the gate. I'll spare the gory details. I got through all right. I even chundered on the 4IP stand on the way out, for good measure.

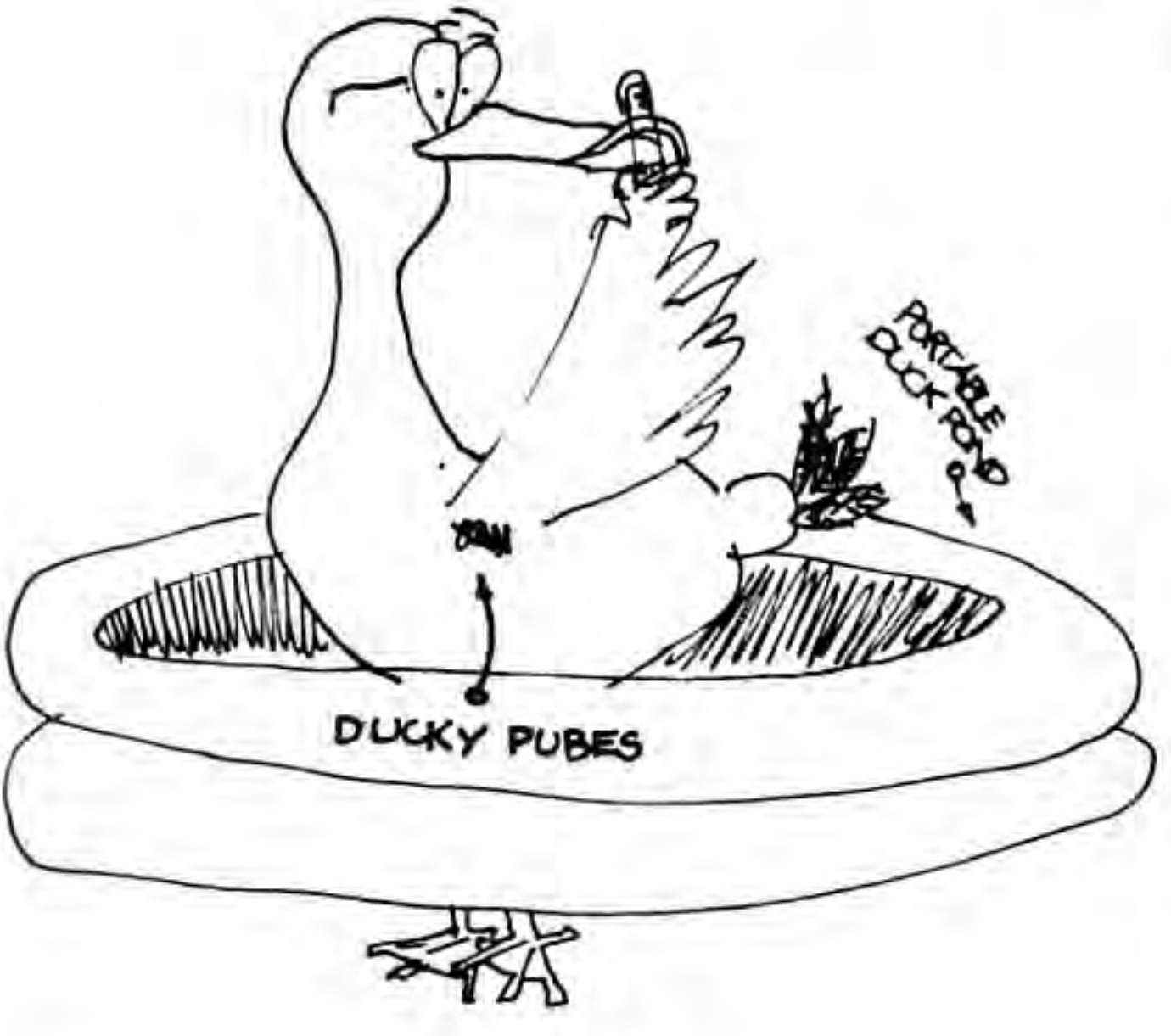
See yez next time I'm in the Big Smoke.

WHOLEMEAL BREADS
AND OTHER GOOD
THINGS BAKED
DAILY OR MADE
TO ORDER.



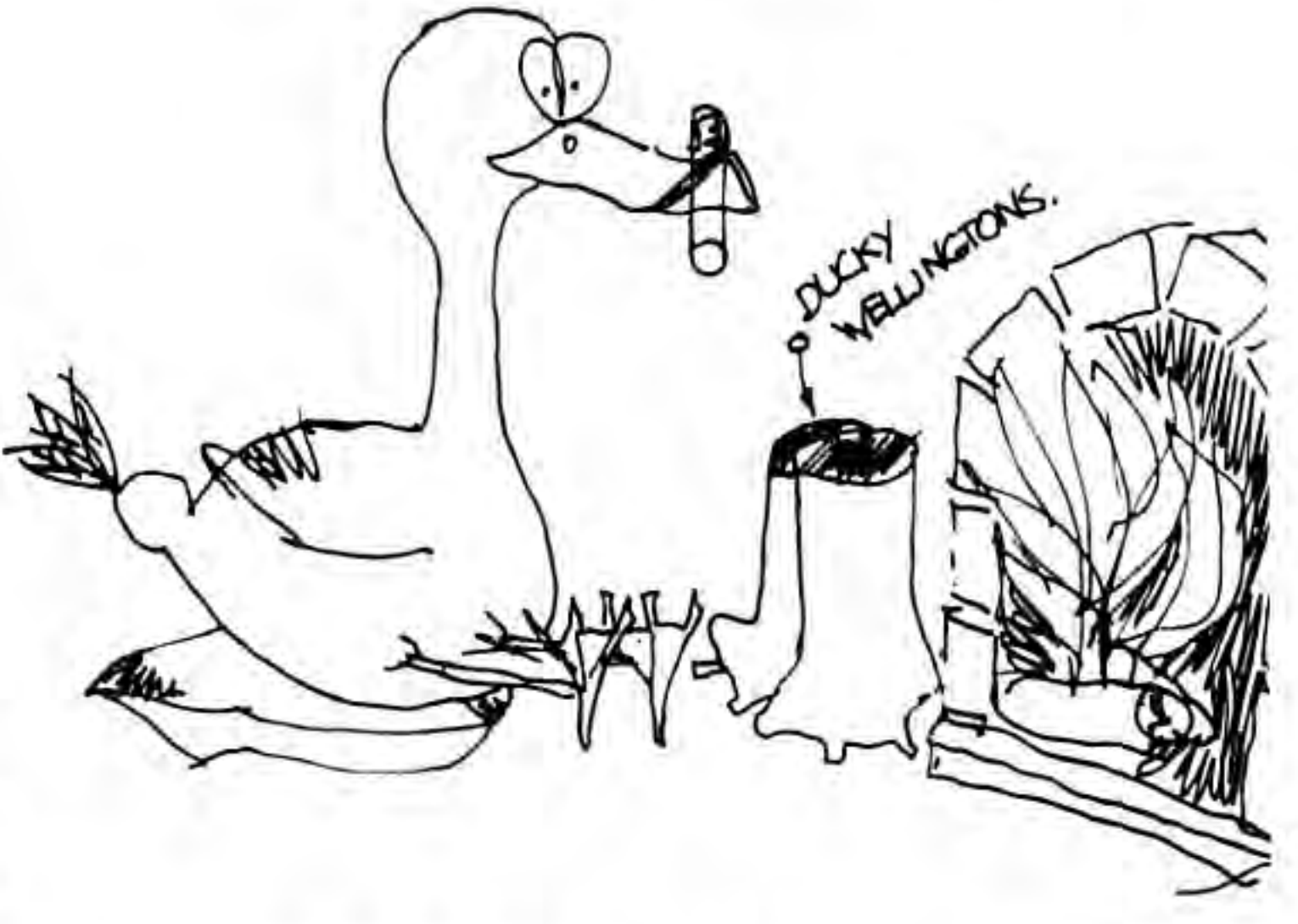
**HARVEST
BAKERY**
137 Waterworks Rd.
Ashgrove

LIFE and TIMES of a BRAVE DUCK. SERIF BEGIN HERE!

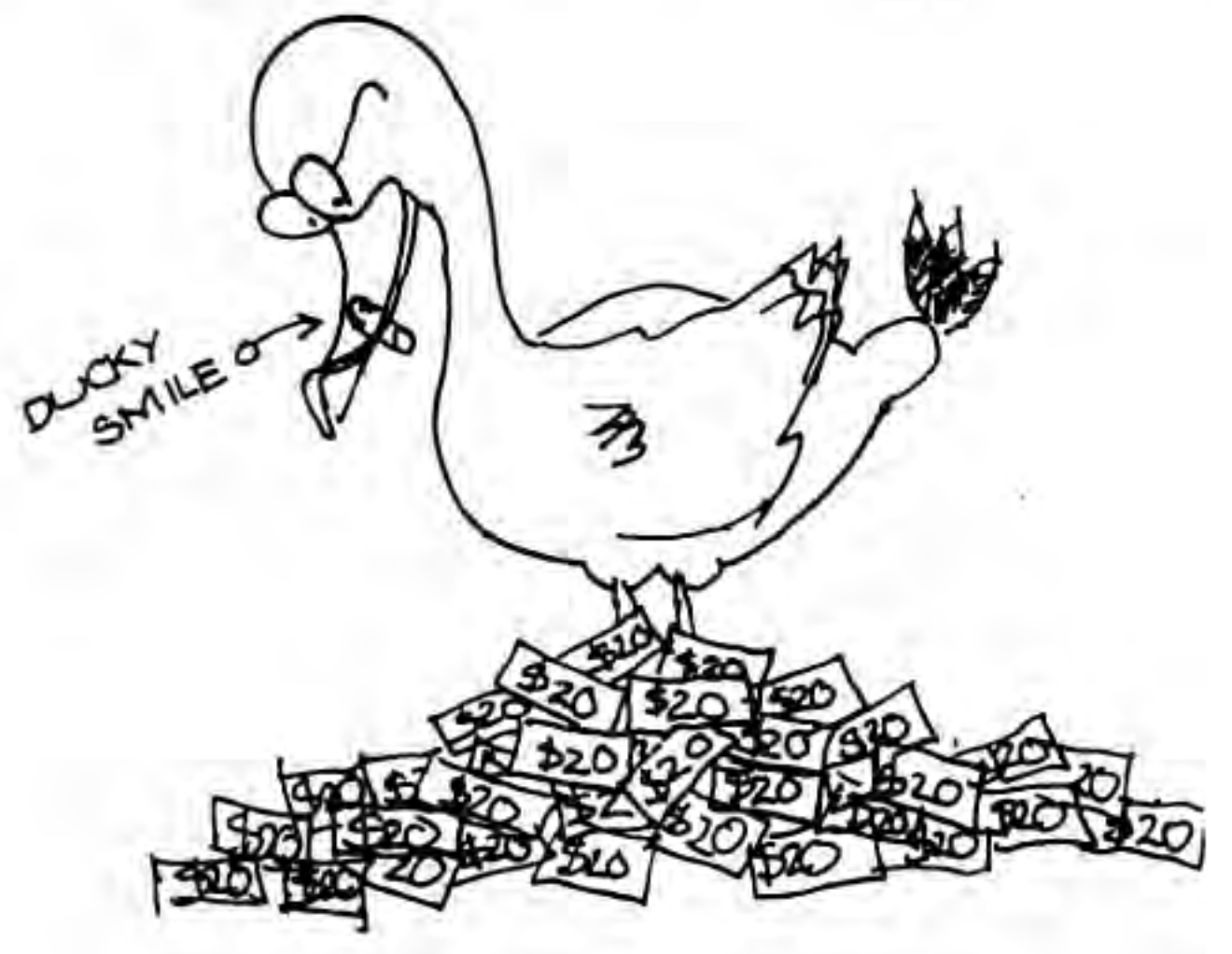


SCENE ONE
 THE SCENE: A portable rubber duck pond.
 THE TIME: Pink Sunday (like Black Friday, ONLY WORSE; it's less easily camouflaged.) Little Michael Rubberduck punks happily in the rain, splish, splosh, finucaning happily to himself.
 In the very act of adjusting his safety pin, used rather individualistically by himself for holding up his trousers, he is startled by a noise.
 "Aaaaareeeeggghh-ek!!", it said.
 "What is that startling-type noise?", young Michael cried from the tree into which he had inadvertently sprung.
 "Do not be frightened little Rubberduck. 'Tis only your mother come to take you home." The masculine voice answered.
 "You need a shave mother," quoth Rubberduck as he bounced into her arms.
 "Yes, but they're so hard to buy, they don't make them any more."
 She smiled tenderly as she dragged him off.

SCENE TWO
 THE TIME: Later that evening.
 THE SCENE: A little thatched duckpond in Inala. Young Michael sat placidly by the fire making sleepy little quacking noises. By his side, his mother was knitting a pair of "wellies".
 "Mother", sighed little Rubberduck whistfully, "what is it like in the big, wide world?"
 "Life can be tough outside the family pond, son. The world is full of men with guns and women with duck recipes, and a young duck must struggle to keep afloat."
 "But mother. How can that be?", exclaimed Michael, being a young trusting duck.
 "Have you not always taught me to have concern for my fellow duck?"
 "There is very little you can do son, after all, we are a poor, churchgoing family, and ducks are not a very influential breed."
 "But I will, Mother. I will become great and powerful - and work to make a place in the world for our kind!!!"



True to his word, little Rubberduck grew into a little, but tough Rubberduck, and one day he came upon a struggling radio station in the obscure township of Johburg. "This", he thought, "is my chance. This is the start! From these humble beginnings I will educate a nation!!!"
 And, yes folks. He has!!
 From a delicate mixture of suave sophistication, and neo-nazi propaganda, he has persuaded hundreds of his fellow beings to give up their vicious duck hunting lifestyles!
 But this is not enough!
 It is still not safe for a young duck to walk the streets at night.
 But you can help - yes folks. Your \$20 can make this world safe for ducks. If not, the radio station will die and decay; and once again the ponds will ring out with the wail of mourning waterbirds, as they sadly contemplate their imminent fate.....DUCK SOUP.



MICHAEL (★) FINUCAN'S

JOHN MARTYN



CONCERT WAIBU GOOD TIME AT MAYNE HALL

Few people see the ashes of total and utter chaos from which the phoenix that is a concert arises. On Sunday, 21st August I was privileged enough to witness this miracle. The concert was the Jansch/Martyn configuration with the local support of Dodsworth and Sullivan.

From bedlam on Sunday afternoon, John 'Organisation' Stanwell created order on Sunday evening (which is a big reduction on the long standing seven day record). Another damper plucked from the hot coals of disgrace.

I was pleased to see the crowds start gathering like blowies round yesterday's prawn-heads, suprising considering Martyn et al have less than superstar status in their ability to draw crowds.

Eventually, only 20 minutes or so late, the concert started with Dodsworth and Sullivan, a compatible duo from Canberra, who proved capable and very pleasant. The material used

ranged from Australian Folk ballads to self composed songs, and while they were not greatly notable or exciting, their medium (that of the quiet acoustic ballad) has never really been prolific at producing magnetic performances. A good solid base for the concert to start, I thought.

After a short interval, the audience returned to not see Burt Jansch; he surfaced shortly after and came on quietly exuding casual cool.

He picked up his guitar and asked the usual first-off questions artists ask the audience at concerts. As is par for the course with Brissie audiences he received no reply, so he sat there for a number of seconds until someone coughed at which point he said, "Ah, there is somebody out there after all". This was my first hint that Bert was not feeling real chirpy.

However one could not fault his guitar work - excellent technical playing. His voice was very

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// What a night. //



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good and well suited to his material. Yet nothing about him inspired me, he had a distinctly down (wet?) stage presence, a good technical performance, obvious introductions, basically an unemotional show of musicianship that came nowhere near winning me. Indeed he was making little attempt to win the audience. His last number, a blues song, was the only song that really impressed me. He put some feeling into that and it was the high point of his set.

John Martyn came on as unheralded as Jansch had, the difference being that there was a huge grin on his face, a distinct energetic spring in his step and he gave a joyous whoop to let everyone know - it was on!

I couldn't help but smile at the huge grin on his face. He was magnificently stoned!

His first song was "Outside In" and he played it using the echoplex and tape loop linked to his acoustic guitar. Well a more impressive start you could not imagine. He was smiling quietly as he kept repeating the first bars and adjusting his equipment until finally he had it all ready. Now the adjusting had impressed me, but when he had finished he just seemed to settle in and really start playing. It is about hear that words fail me.

I only wish you had heard what Martyn could do with a guitar!

Basically he had a number of effects pedals - the echo, a wah-wah, a sustain, a reverb, an adjustable play head tape loop plus the effect that comes with an amp and more. These were used to varying extents, he would build up a most amazing wall of sound. A pulsating rhythm of repeated chords courtesy of the tape loop. A stunning wash of riffing being sustained and held even as the next chords were being produced, sound layer after sound layer. The most impressive build-up I have witnessed; the varying effects coming together to produce live, throbbing musical entity - each effect blending to add to what was already a stupefying sound experience.

And Martyn himself was passionately involved in the creation of this marvell - he strained, struggled, coaxed, wrenched and squeezed effects from his guitar, his feet pumping at the pedals. It was exhausting just to watch him. "Outside In" contains the two contrasting segments, the climactic one just described and then a quiet, introspective section (in which Martyn's voice is an import-

ant an instrument as his guitar); then the build-up and the inexorable peak of another effects section. It was during this that he broke a string on his guitar, he did not let that stop the song, he played through to the end.


This raises the second feature of John Martyn's performance - his handling of the audience. He just said he had to change a string and chatted ever so pleasantly and cheerfully while he did just that you couldn't help feeling easy and happy yourself. He was genuinely funny and he wanted to could damage a target severely with the least amount of effort, he lampooned various things not the least of which was the thanking the audience part of plastic performers acts.

Another point - John was so ripped and bouyed-up that he was not overjoyed at the idea of playing his quiet introspective numbers, hence a depreciating, excuse-like intro like "one from my hippie days". It would have been phenomenal if he could have played material of the energy and excitement of "Outside In" throughout his act and I must say some of the quieter numbers left me less than impressed. The introductions spoken by him were always good though, as long as you could pick up on his accent. The night was worth it for the power and majesty of the two songs he used in which he used his full barrage of effects. "Outside In" and "I'd Rather be the Devil". Both of which, particularly the intro to the latter showed how fully Martyn has explored the potential for varying sound, tone and quality from his guitar.

If those two songs were absolute winners, then comment must be made on the rest of the material. Some of it was not memorable, but Martyn's evergreens came up excellently. "One Day Without You", "May You Never", and "Solid Air" were all superbly rendered - needless to say Martyn's well lubricated voice was fabulous, you could say that JM plays the guitar and voice because the emphasis was not on tonal quality of singing. Martyn's variety of sound, his great stage atmosphere, material and voice made him come out head and shoulders above Jansch and a stand-out attraction.

All in all an excellent evening and ZZZ even made a little profit for our troubles. A big pat on the back to us, I say, and stay listening for the next king hit presentation from your ears best friends 4ZZZ-FM.






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JOHN'S LOST WEEKEND

PART ONE

Somewhere in the inexorable passage of time I seem to have lost my powers of recall that once were. Irreversible brain damage. Be that as it may, a particular day was under way here at home base - a day which saw me in a condition not far removed from the classically described "manic depressive" (this is where the brain damage comes in, I can't for the life of me remember what was getting me down. A common or garden trauma in my personal life no doubt, but I've plumb forgot). As I picked my despondent way through the morning's newspapers which habitually occupy the floor space of our newsroom the 'phone rang. In the uncommon absence of any news staff I answered the news 'phone. It becomes important again at this point to keep in mind my liverish mood.

Lo! On the line was my old comrade, Sean Cassidy (no not that one) from Adelaide, who as a matter of course asked how I was, "shithouse", I sad, quick as a flash. "Never mind", "I've rung to tell you that Roy, Moshe and myself have just purchased a plane ticket for you to come home for your birthday, a reunion of the (small m) mouseketteers, a gift from we three." Possibly it had been the nearness of my 31st that had been getting me down, but what ever the cause, the depression lifted, the sun shone, birds sang and I actually began speaking to my fellow humans at the station.

Plans were laid, tangled webs woven and come Friday I was whisked away from the station at 3.00pm, went home, packed my plastic shopping bag (airline officials can't relate meaningfully to people who travel extra light) and made my way to Eagle Farm for the 5.00pm flight to Sydney. Listening to myself all the while on the radio thanks to the wonders of modern science. A new and unnerving experience.

During the hour stopover at Mascot my time was fairly proportioned among the newsagent (you should see what they stock south of the border), the 'phone and the bar. On my first sortie from the bar to the telephone I observed Bob Hawke, scuttling through the terminal like a rat in a trap, feverishly avoiding the hordes of well meaning travelers seeking the imperial flesh. Once recovered from my awe I dialled 2JJ to speak to Stuart Matchett, during the first of his sojourns with our southern friends. The 'phone was answered by the gilded larynx of Chris Winter. Now I know how ancient Greeks felt in the presence of the Delphic Oracle.

Stuart and I having exchanged pleasantries, I made my way to the boarding lounge and assured myself of a smoker with a window on "The Rocket" as the direct flight from Sydney to Adelaide has become known in an exclusive circle of business men, drug pushers, rock bands and people like myself who by nature move around a lot. Itchy feet. The boredom of the flight was only relieved by the pleasure I extracted from the discomfort of the hideous know-all sitting next to me. He informed me that Brisbane beer is so bad that nobody drinks it, they all drink that Victorian stuff called FOUREX. My better nature told me to let sleeping bores lie but my vicious streak won.

I walked into Adelaide's terminal (not unlike Brisbane's) a monument to cultural retardation. Anachronistic in a city otherwise known for its brave struggle against the tide which would engulf us all. The arrested emotional development of the welcoming committee led them to deliberately overact their joy at my arrival which caused more than a few heads to turn in the otherwise sedate atmosphere. Needless to say my naturally retiring nature suffused with embarrassment. Sean managed to marshal the troops out to the carpark in a disorganised sort of way (he likes to play ring leader). In fact he confided in me over the weekend, in one fleeting instant of clarity, "I have this Christ-like vision of myself." He is in fact among my nearest and dearest, as were they all at the airport. Roy Earl is a flashback to some Saturday matinee, he was insisting that I come up to this mountain hideaway to see his vegetable garden and his guns. Lyn was there, she was once married to Sean but now they have an intelligent friendship. She's possibly the most tolerant person I know. Then there's Pria, the only intelligent Gurunoid I've known. She and Roy co-habit, and my next trip to Adelaide will be for their wedding. Isn't that sweet. Of course, I can't leave out the good Dr. Moshe. He prescribed and administered relief from hint of sub jet lag and some dutch courage as well.

We arrived at the pub - The British - an old stamping ground, and tables loaded with bottles of bubbly and an abundance of glasses were waiting in one of the side rooms. I need hardly say that as soon as word got around the pub that bubbly was flowing somewhat freely the event immediately became public property. As my beloved friends enacted their carefully rehearsed toast of welcome the entire clientele of the hotel came trickling through the door. In a mere matter of minutes I was being warmly welcomed by total strangers as they sculled bubbly straight from the bottle. All of which was kind of fun for a while but the situation eventually became uncontrollable and so we decided to adjourn to Moshe's house.

Somehow the hordes got wind of our move and turned up at Moshe's minutes behind us. You just can't have a private party any more on a Friday night, Not really relishing the sensation of relentless pursuit we adjourned again, this time to a downtown steakhouse. All of us that is except for Moshe. He and we felt ill equipped to kick out the multitude and he felt too distrustful of human nature to leave them in his house and come with us. Callously we went without him, leaving him to play host to a house full of people he didn't know.

The Barbeque Inn, or the BI as it has affectionately become known over a decade or more, specialises in charcoal grills that are flawless, they also stock a wild house claret that has been known to tempt the angels down from the heavens. The qualities of this dry red are akin to hallucinogenic. It was the BI red that was to be my undoing on my first night home.

To our professed dismay but secret delight a group of East European Fascist Emigres were at an adjoining table and it transpired that our loud and drunken observations on the human condition and politics at large invoked their displeasure. An abusive interchange between our respective tables commenced, liberally punctuated by decidedly unattractive speculating as to each others sexual proclivities.

As has happened in the past at the same venue we were confronted with no choice but to leave the premises. We got out first and sprinted to the car. Serious diners must have found our presence unappetising to put it mildly. We drove, in a Kombi to Sean's place, but by the time we got there, they tell me I was immovably asleep. They covered me and there I spent the night.

Next month; THE DAWN...THE FUN REALLY STARTS...THE FUN STOPS...THE LONG HAUL HOME...

John Woods



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Hills

The Blues



Nothin' But the Blues

Sexual Expression in the Blues

The Blues has been accused of being all about sex, and if one looks at the sheer volume of material it is easy to see how such a view arises. Blues is about personal experience, and the Negro was able to sing about his sexual nature in his songs, because the meaning was hidden from white ears, but abundantly clear to black.

Sex references range from simple double entendre, "He's a deep sea diver with a stroke that can't go wrong, he can touch the bottom and his wind holds out so long", to lewd double meaning, depending on the manner in which it is presented. Language surrounding sex, involved the uses of words such as "jelly roll" or "coffee grinding" for intercourse, and "black snake" for penis. The language was incomprehensible to most whites, which allowed the Negro almost full range of expression, without fear of censorship. This sort of Blues is readily available, and you hear it every week. Now for some that you don't.

A whole lot of songs have come out under the title "Shave 'Em Dry", meaning intercourse without much foreplay. Here is one version from 1935 that was never released until recently. The artist is Lucille Bogan.

I got nipples on my titties big as the end of my thumb,
 I got something 'tween my legs'll make a dead man come,
 Oooh daddy, baby won't you shave 'em dry, ooh!
 Won't you grind me baby, grind me til I cry.
 Say I fucked all night and all the night before,
 baby,
 And I feel just like I want to fuck some more,
 Oooh, babe, goddam daddy, grind me honey, shave 'em dry,
 And when you hear me yowl baby, want you to shave 'em dry.

I got nipples on my titties big as the end of my thumb,
 And daddy you can have 'em any time you want and you can make 'em come.
 Oooh daddy, shave 'em dry,
 And I can give you some baby, swear it'll make you cry.

I will turn back my mattress and let you oil my springs,
 I want you to grind me daddy til the bells do ring,
 Oooh daddy, want you to shave 'em dry,
 Oh pray God daddy, shave 'em dry, won't you try?

Now fuckin's one thing that'll take me to heaven,
 I'll be fuckin in the studio til the clock strikes eleven,
 Oooh daddy, daddy, shave 'em dry,
 I would fuck you baby, honey I would make you cry.



Now your nuts hang down like a damn bell clapper
 And your stick stands up like a steeple,
 Your goddam arse-hole's open like a church door,
 And the crabs walks in like the people,
 Oooh baby, won't you shave 'em dry.

A big sow gets fat from eatin corn,
 And the pig gets fat from suckin,
 Reason this whore got like I am,
 Great God I got fat from fuckin,
 Whee.....tell 'em about me! Fuck it.

My back is made of whalebone and my cock is made of brass,
 And my fuckin made for workin men, two dollars round to fit my arse,
 Oooh daddy, shave 'em dry.

As poetry, the imagery, religious, sexual etc. is fascinating and the varying social comment is also interesting. As a record, it's suprising that it was ever released.

Michael Mayer



J A Z Z

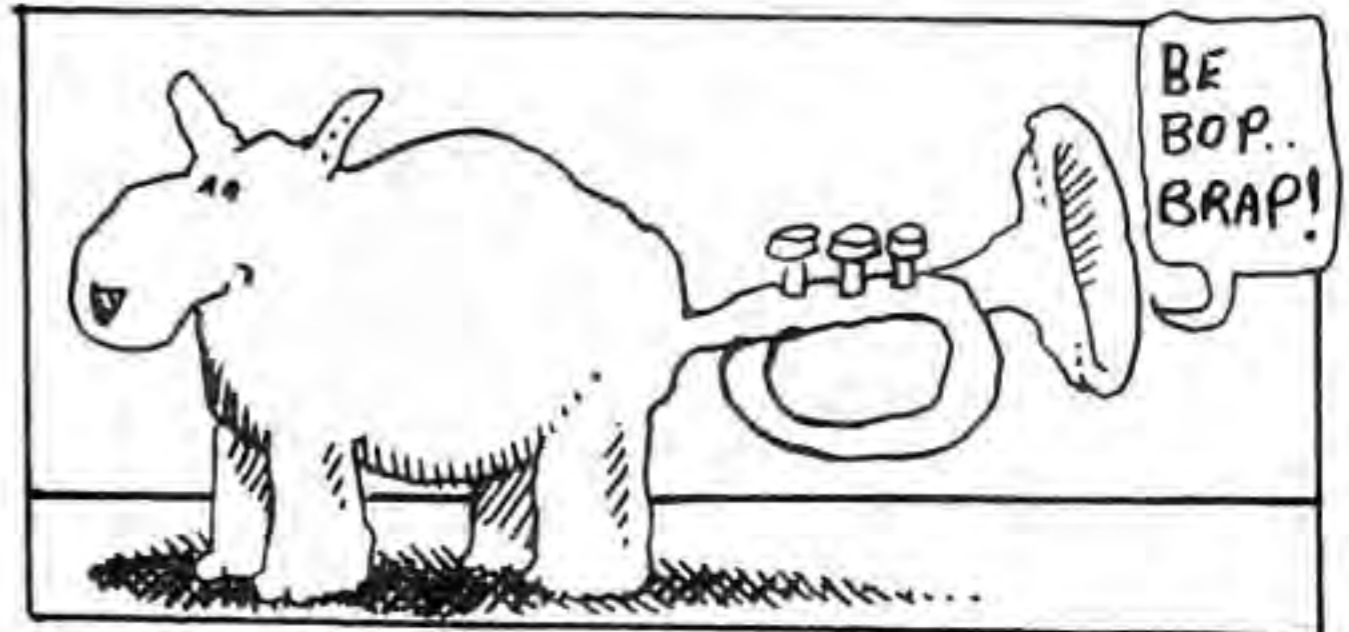
Jazz has undergone three major revolutions in its time. In the mid twenties, the improvised polyphony of the New Orleans ensembles, originally derived from marching bands who used to play at celebrations, particularly funerals, gave way to a context in which individual soloists developed their skills, against the background of a group. The key bands were Louis Armstrong's Hot Five, and his later Hot Seven, the top jazz band of the 1920's.

During the 30's a more orchestral, rather than group, context began to develop through the music of Duke Ellington and Fletcher Henderson. Ellington, in particular, revitalized jazz ensemble playing by the knack of writing and arranging material for the orchestra with particular artists in mind.

As the 30's drew to a close, and the 40's developed, the next major revolution in jazz dawned. This was the transition from the big swing bands of the 30's to small bop groups, characteristically four or five musicians, of the type epitomised by the various combos of Charlie Parker, Dizzie Gillespie, Fats Navarro, etc. The new bop, or be-bop, it was sometimes called, was not initially well received. Not only the jazz public, used to the more show-biz swing bands and style, but also the jazz critics (or at least, many of them) found the music hard to accept. Bop and its derivatives are now the mainstream of jazz.

The 60's saw the next major change, with the emergence of avant-garde or new wave jazz (Yes MF there was a new wave before the Saints etc!) epitomised in the work of Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, Pharoah Saunders, and Albert Ayler. Apart from Coltrane, who developed from a more lyrical ballad style, in his earlier work, to the full-blooded creativity of his last work, in which all beat and metronomic texture were abandoned, the sixties avant-garde were barely understood by the listening public. This would still be true today of contemporary figures such as Anthony Braxton, the members of The Spontaneous Music Ensemble, The Sun Ra Orchestra, and so on.

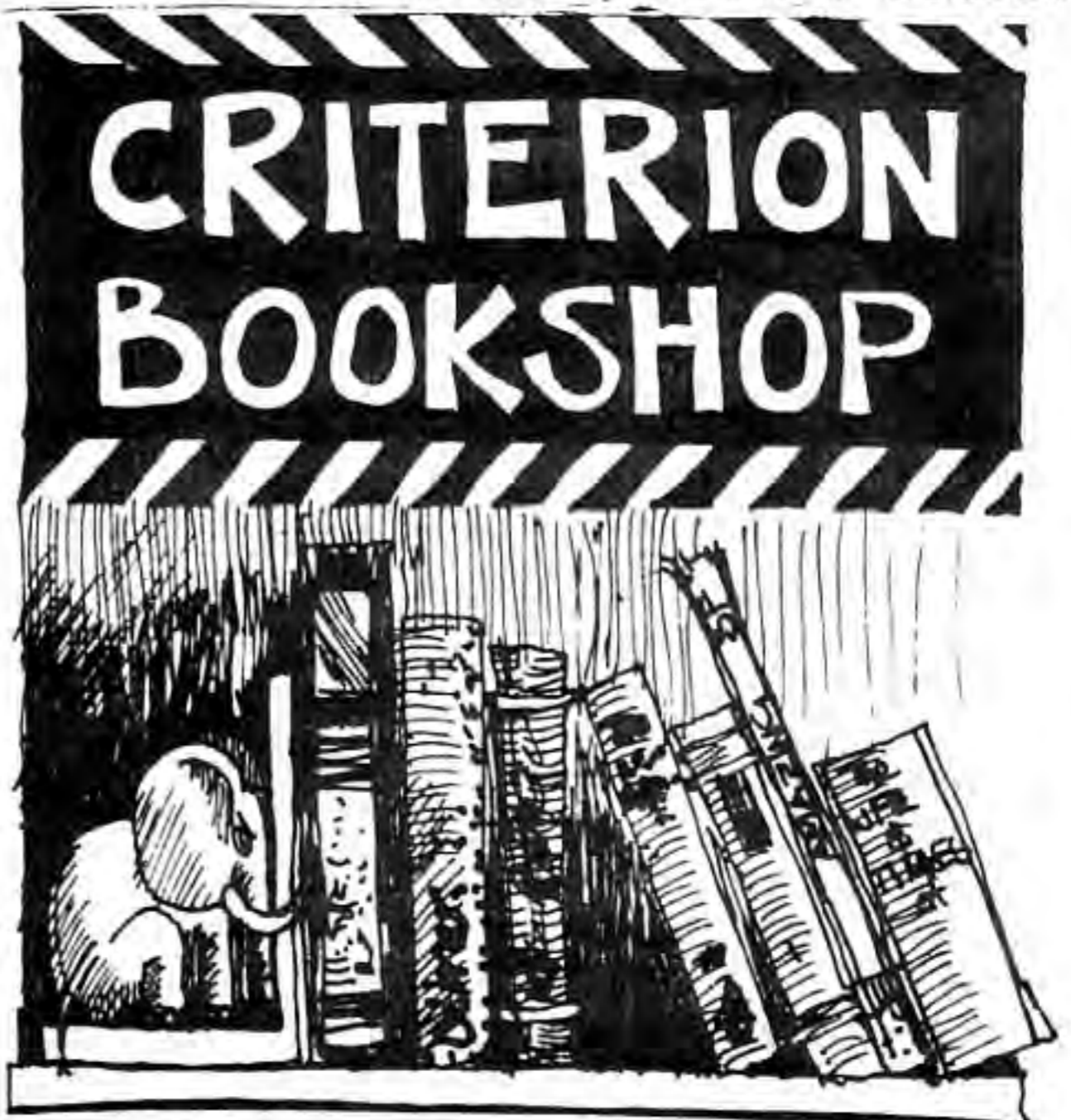
So perhaps it is not surprising to find that the strongest movement in jazz of the seventies, the 'fusion' music (off-spring of Miles Davis 'Bitches Brew' - and Miles himself was originally a bopper) of artists such as Weather Report, Herbie Hancock, or Return To Forever should be music through which the artists have tried for not only artistic but material success. As a recent Newsweek cover-story suggested, there are critics who are not prepared to go along with this - but not because of the music's difficulty, but its ease, its commercial success.



Some critics, it would seem, would still prefer jazz to be the music of an elite, or at least a minority taste. Personally, I am very happy to see it reach a broader audience. But, just to counter any claims to 'populism' I'll be playing some Albert Ayler and Don Cherry over the next month.

Stewart Clegg

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What you see...

"Ya goan the ekka?" From Wynnum to Wavell Heights, from Bulimba to Bardon, from Kenmore to Kalinga resounded the pregnant phrase with the approach of August and the promise of culinary, olfactory, aesthetic and audio-visual delights at that great cultural phenomenon of the Moreton Region, the Brisbane Exhibition. Weetbix and toast were barely digested before the breathless children and breathy adults had begun to gravitate towards the RNA grounds on the morning of August 11. The psychological traumas evident in the teenagers trying to appear as young as possible at the gate and as old as possible elsewhere, and the moral traumas experienced by the ticket sellers on guard against the aforementioned, were wondrous to behold.

I too was swept with the Ekka fever and ventured Herstonwards on the evening of People's Day, that marvellous monument to humanitarianism. The wartime flavour of the train trip from Roma Street served to whet the appetite for excitement of most, I dare say, of the passengers on the happy ride. Once inside the RNA's awesome portals, the stream of youngsters spotting 4IP visors spewing from the Hall of Science, enticed me to its source. Disappointment, indeed disdain, reigned supreme as I sighted this aquarium of a stall in which moved various pale but plastic creatures vending equally insipid sunshades. My quest for true excitement took me next to the fruit and vegetable display, the imagination and variety and awareness of which has not ceased to amaze me to this day. The visit here was educational as it was entertaining; the mysteries of the jackfruit have yet to be unfolded to me, but at least I know what one looks like. A whirlwind tour of the animal nursery followed, where I was greatly edified at the sight of many animals of the bovine persuasion wrapped in swaddling clothes, to wit sugar bags. The pastel petty poultry provided its perennial perk. Whisked, I was, to the Main Pavilion before I could be moved too greatly by the hideously small and hideously hygienic confines of this crusty collection. Ah, the Fine Arts! The thrills of the threadwork could be matched only by the pleasures of the pastries. The person responsible for that entry in the iced cake competition which took the form of a three course meal, with its marzipan salt and pepper shakers, butter curls and prawn cocktail, may go to the grave proud of such a manifestation of creativity and determination.

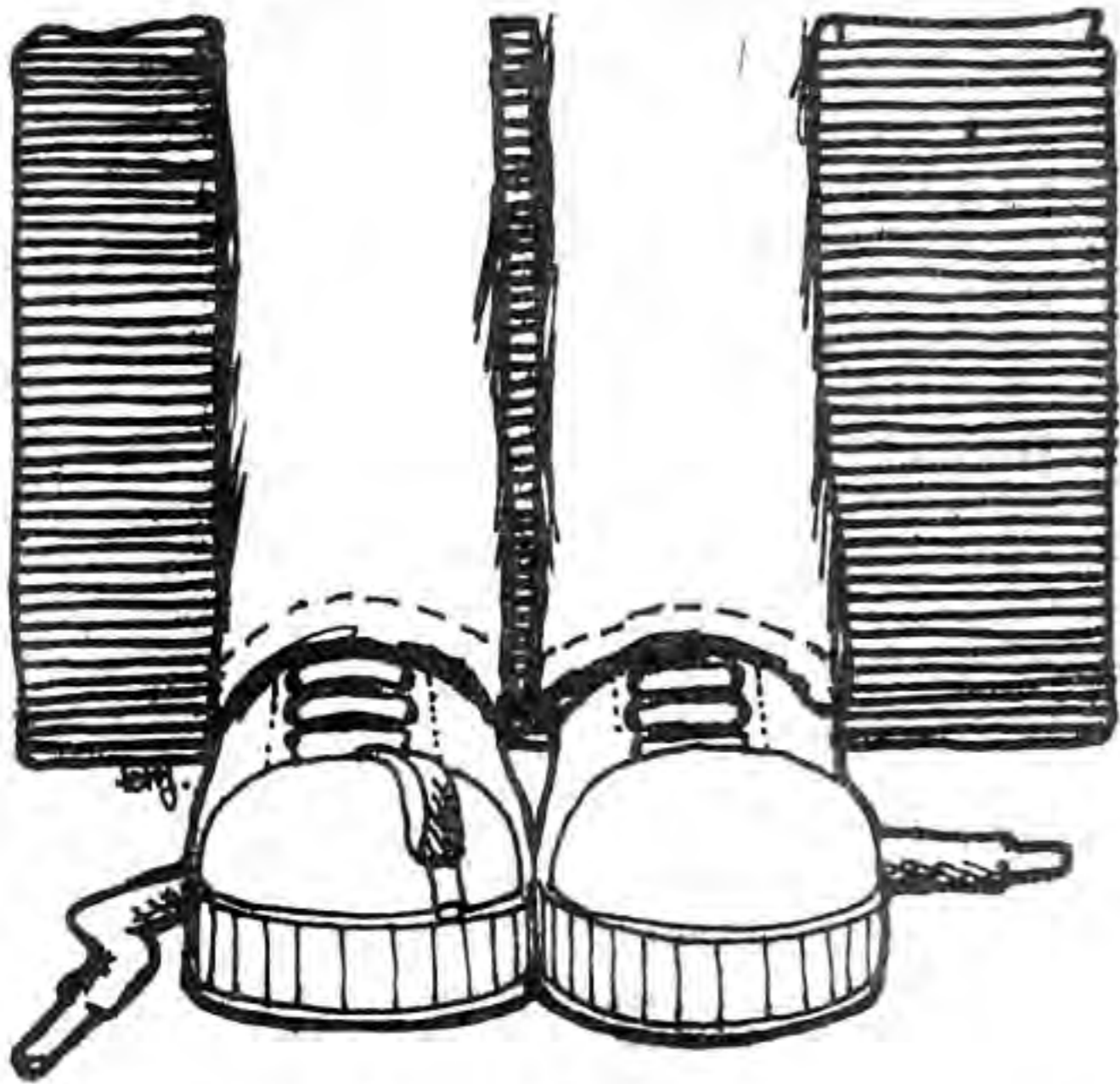
The only sombre note in that evening of orchestrated excitement was provided by the peep at the police stand, where a blood-stained simulated murder victim and a similarly frightening display of anti-drug hysteria reminded one of the burdens of citizenship. However, the wonders of the panel vans complete with psychedelic synthetic fur and appliques of native females restored my sense of the order to be found in nature. I joined the multitude of perceptually exhausted on the platform of the Exhibition station, exhilarated both by my escape to and deliverance from the Brisbane Ekka.

Julie Goodall



★ MAYNE HALL ★
★ SEPT. 21 ★
★ * FOR 4ZZZ ★





ROCK & ROLL

7th September

Tonight we begin the 'G' artists in the encyclopaedia of Rock'n'roll. Featuring, the girls, Lesley Gore, Janie Grant and others as mentioned in last months RADIO TIMES.

14th September

We complete the 'G' list with the guys, many of these are little known names. Some names you may recall include Don Gibson and Billy Grammer. Two C & W artists who tried to adapt to rock'n'roll in the late 50's - early country rock. Also we have Charlie Gracie with his original 'Butterfly'. For comedy relief we may include some of the 'Goons' songs, be prepared for everything.

21st September

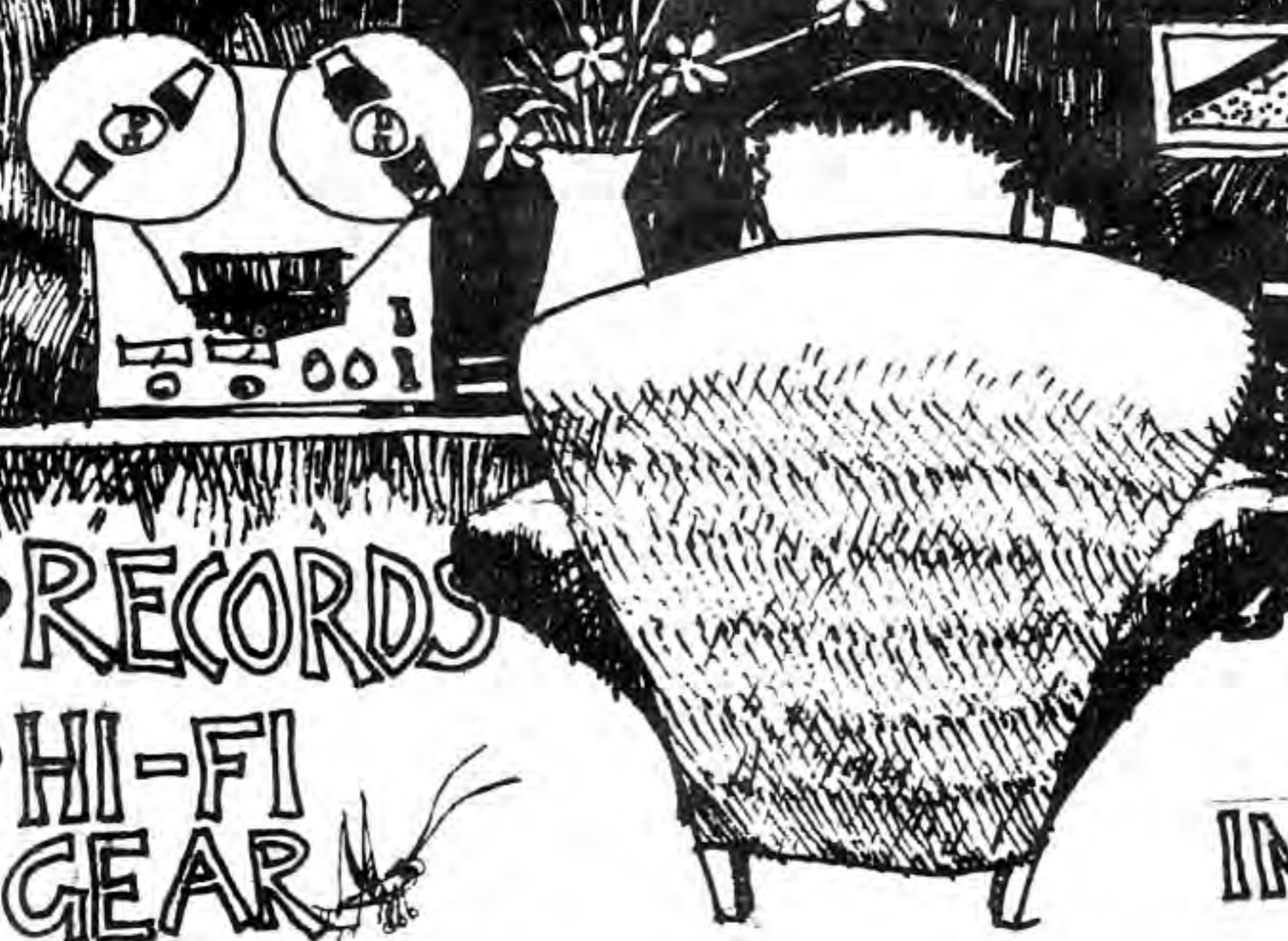

The beginning of 'H' listings with the grand old man of Rock'n'roll Bill Haley. In white rock'n'roll, this is where it all started. He was the King until Elvis swept all before him, showing that Haley didn't quite come up to what the teenager's image of a rock'n'roll star should be. We will play tracks from his earliest 'Essex' cuts, through his heyday at 'Decca' and including some instrumentals of the Comets.

28th September

Tonight is Buddy Holly Night. What hasn't been written about Buddy? His best work shows an advanced well produced form of Rockabilly matched by few others. His career was in a decline at his death but subsequent reassessment made him immortal. We will play tracks from his earliest 'Buddy and Bob. period through his Nashville sessions to his best 'Coral' and 'Brunswick' records.

The ROCKnROLL SHOW can be heard each Wednesday evening 9-10PM, hosted by LAURIE and GEOFF.

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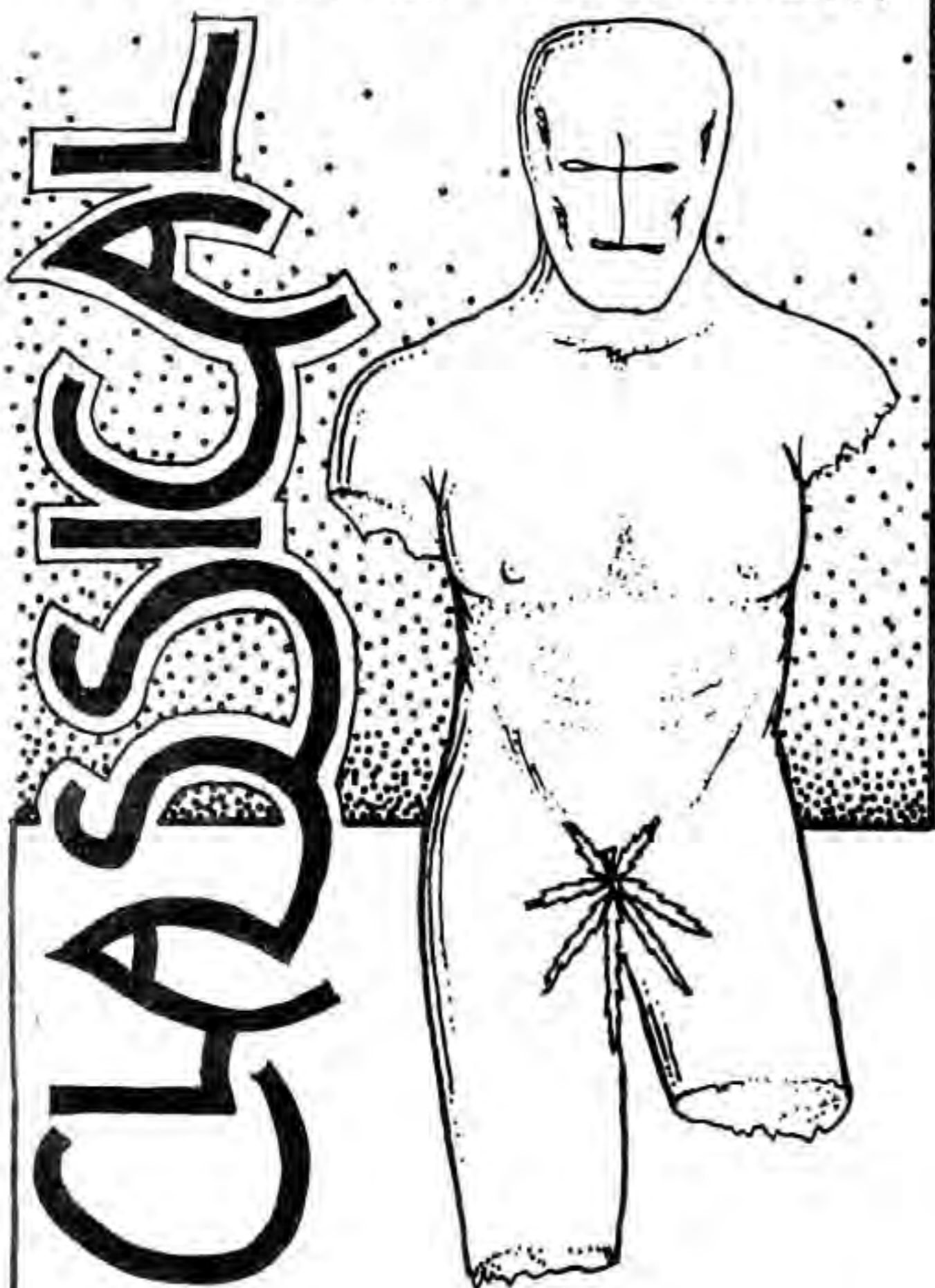
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Classical Notes

4th September Rodney Jacobson
LEFFLOTH Sonate for Viola da gamba and
Cembalo
DAHL Duettino Concertante for Flute and
Percussion
STRAVINSKY Concerto in D for String
Orchestra.
CHOPIN Prelude in C sharp minor
BACH Sonata No.1 in G minor BWV 1001
DEBUSSY Preludes
SCHOENBERG Chamber Symphony Op.9
SCHACHT Concerto in B major for clarinet
and orchestra
MARTIN Concerto for seven wind instruments,
tympani, percussion and string orchestra
STRAUSS Symphonia Domestica
BEETHOVEN Trio in Bb for violin, cello and
piano Op.97

11th September Gary Thorpe
MARTINU Symphony No.5 - Czech Philharmonic
Orchestra conducted by Karel Ancerl. Everest
3329
HOVHANESS Fra Angelico - Royal Philharmonic
Orchestra conducted by Alan Hovhaness. WRC
R03003 (Unicorn)
POULENC Gloria - Rosanna Carteri (soprano),
French National Radio Orchestra and Chorus
conducted by Georges Pretre. EMI ASD 2835
ARNOLD Symphony No.5 and four Cornish
Dances - City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra
conducted by Malcolm Arnold. EMI ASD 2878
BERKELEY Symphony No.3 - London Phil-
harmonic Orchestra conducted by Lennox
Berkeley. Record Society (Lyrita) 02031

RUBBRA Improvisations on Virginal Pieces by
Giles Farnaby - Bournemouth Sinfonietta
conducted by Hans-Hubert Schonzele. RCA RL
25027

SIMPSON Symphony No.3 (dedicated to
Havergal Brian) - London Symphony Orchestra
conducted by Jascha Horenstein. Unicorn Uns 225

BRIAN Psalm 23 for tenor, chorus and orchestra -
Paul Taylor (tenor), Brighton Festival Chorus,
Leicestershire Schools Symphony Orchestra con-
ducted by Laszlo Heltay. CBS 61612

BRIAN English Suite No.5 'Rustic Scenes' -
Leicestershire Schools Symphony Orchestra con-
ducted by Eric Pinkett. CBS 61612

PANUFNIK Heroic Overture - London Symph-
ony Orchestra conducted by Jascha Horenstein.
Unicorn RHS 306

18th September

Wolfgang Kreuzer

SHOSTAKOVICH Symphony No.5 in D major,
Op.47, first and second movement by the Stadium
Symphony Orchestra of New York conducted by
Leopold Stokowski. Top Rank Int. TRC-1031

FASCH Sinfonie En Sch majeur by the
Orchestre de Chambre Jean-Francois Paillard.
Erato Gravure Universelle, Stu 70468B.

SCHUBERT Klavierquintett A-Dur D.667 "For-
ellenquintett" by Jorg Demus (piano) and the
Schubert Quartett. Heliodor 2548 122

LISZT Les Preludes (Symphonic Poem) by the
New Symphony Orchestra of London conducted
by Sir Adrian Boult. RCA RD4-2-7

PACHELBEL Suite (Partia) No.6 En Si Bemol
Majeur and Suite En Sol Majeur pour Cordes et
Continuo by the Orchestre de Chambre Jean-
Francois Paillard. Erato Gravure Universelle,
STU 70468A

MAHLER Symphony No.4 in G major by the
Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. "As I
Walked across the Field" by the Chicago Symph-
ony Orchestra and Yvonne Minton. Symphony
No.1 in D major "Titan" by the London Symph-
ony Orchestra.

ANON XII century Spanish Medieval Music.
Liturgy of Santiago de Compostela by the New
York Pro Musica - Noah Greeburg, director.
Universal, SUC-476

HOCHRENAISSANCE Virginal music, the Bells
by Fritz Neumeyer, Cembalo. Archiv 37127

AMOROUS Dialogues of the Renaissance by
the Accademia Monteverdiana, Denis Stevens,
director. Nonesuch Records, H-71272A

PACHELBEL Canon 616 in D major by the
Orchestre De Chambre Jean-Francois Paillard.
Erato Gravure Universelle STU 70468A

25th September

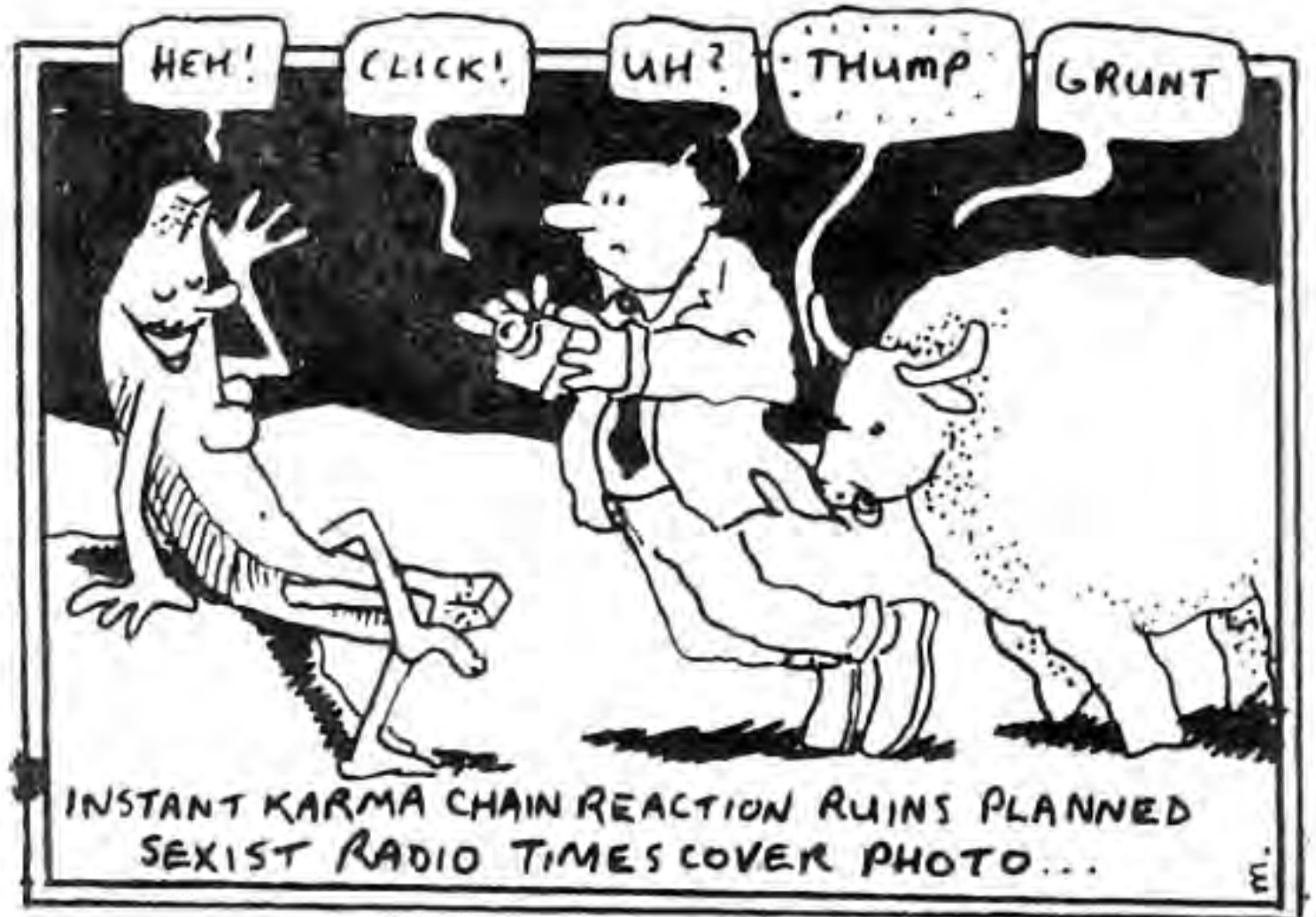
Margaret Ward

TELEMANN Suite in A minor for treble recorder,
strings and continuo. David Munrow (recorder) and
the Academy of St-Martin-in-the-Fields directed
by Nevill Marriner. EMI ASD 3028

BACH Well-Tempered Clavier, Preludes and Fug-
ues An major, G minor, A major, A minor.
Zuzana Ruzickova (Harpsicord). WRC 5-5065

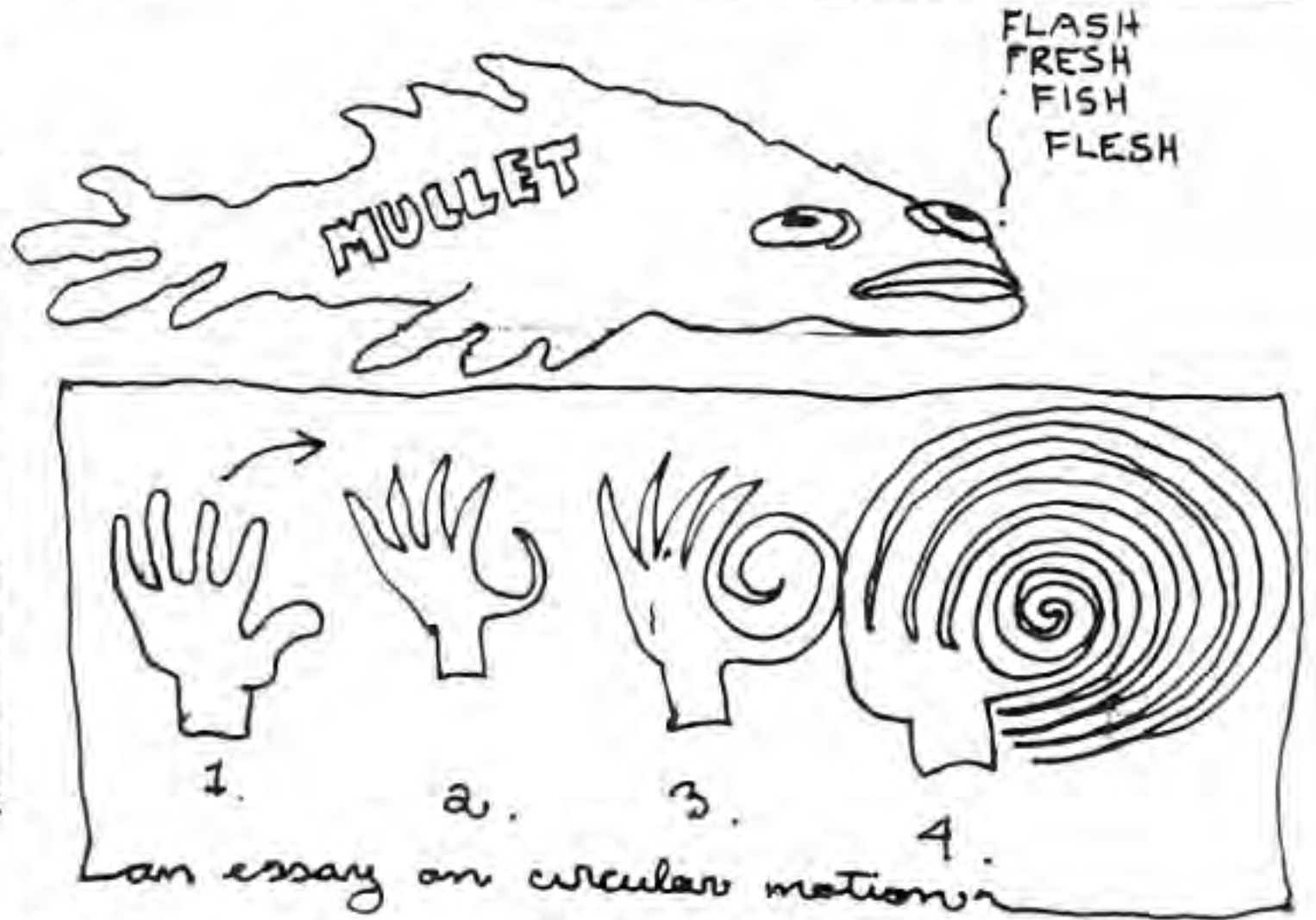
BRITTEN Hymn to St. Cecilia, Op.27. Kings
College Choir, Cambridge conducted by David
Willcocks. WRC R-03440

ALBINONI Adagio in G minor, Sonata in A minor. Michel Debost (flute), Xavier Darasse (organ), Paul Boufil (cello). WRC R-03432
 SCHUBERT Moments Musicaux, D.780. Tessa Birnie (piano). Tessa Birnie TB I
 VAUGHAN WILLIAMS Symphony No.5 in D major. Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Sir John Barbirolli. WRC 5/4187
 VAUGHAN WILLIAMS Song Cycle, On Wenlock Edge. Ian Partridge (tenor) with the Music Group of London. WRC R-03526
 WILLIAMSON Concerto for two pianos and strings. Gwenneth Pryor, Malcolm Williamson (pianos); strings of the English Chamber Orchestra conducted by Yuval Zaliour. WRC R-02779
 BEETHOVEN Sonata in F major, Op.24. Pinchas Zukerman (violin), Daniel Barenboim (piano). WRC R-02563
 RAVEL Gaspard de le Nuit. Monique Haas (piano). WRC 5/4691



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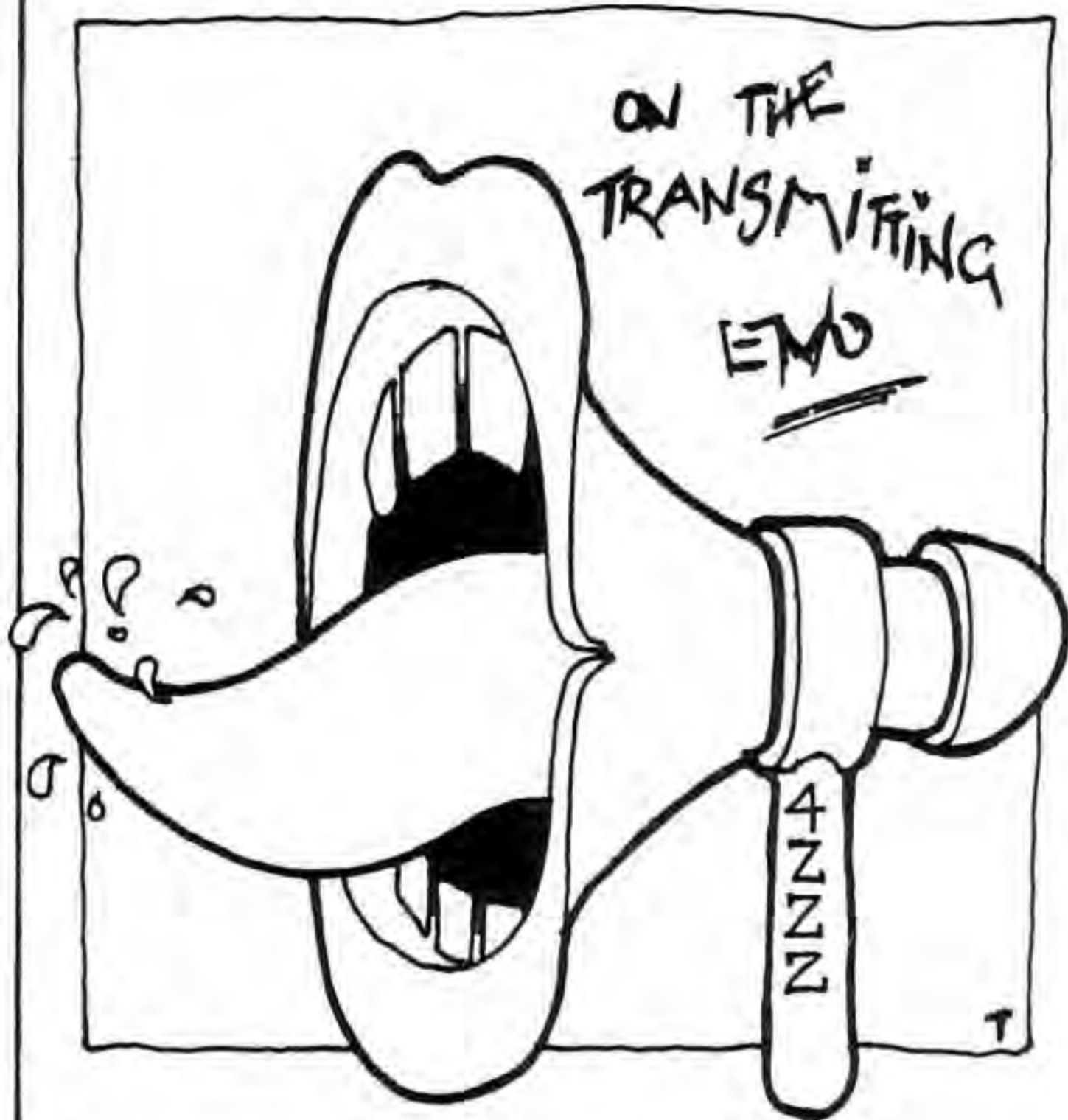
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Test Transmission

This is the continuing story of a small struggling radio station and its attempts to improve its poor signal.

You may remember in the last episode, I foolishly said that Triple Z would be making test transmissions from Mt Coot-tha this month. Well, how was I to know that we'd strike solid rock when digging the guy holes for the transmission tower. We finally overcame that problem with a wonderful chemical called gelnite and with a little added help from a couple of pneumatic drills (want to see my callouses). We had the odd bushfire too (about the only natural disaster that was not included in last month's list of forces our hut is supposed to withstand). But the fire actually saved us clearing much of the site and is no reason for any delay.

No, basically the problem is that when you are dealing with as many bureaucracies as we have to, even with the best will in the world, problems arise. Even if we had got our side of the work carried out in time there would still have been a hold up with the mains supply (SEQEB), and we still would not have had the Telecom lines installed in the hut. These just happen to be rather vital as they carry the signal from our Studios at St. Lucia up to the mast on Mt Coot-tha.

But don't despair, dear listeners, we're working on it and, have no fear, we're as interested as you in improving the transmission coverage, even if it's only for a short time.

Meantime, if anyone has any fund-raising ideas to use on our first-ever Radiothon which will be held the second weekend of the test, then be sure to get in touch with us. Ask for Georgina Guilfoyle.

Haydn Thompson

The site chosen for 4ZZZ's transmitter on Mt. Coot-tha is at what is called "The Summit", the highest point on the Mt. Coot-tha range and approximately 900 feet above mean sea level. Apart from height, this site was chosen to give optimum "line of sight" coverage of Brisbane and availability of mains power and Telecom lines.

Except for the clearing of the site, no work was carried out until a couple of months ago when, on the promise of a test transmission, work went ahead in earnest.

Briefly, what had to be done was to erect a mast to hold the new antennae, build a hut to house the electronics and supply power lines and the programme lines from the studios at St. Lucia. Fencing and further clearing to reduce bush fire danger is to follow later.

A quick survey to position the hut and mast was carried out. In fact, due to the severe slope of the land and abundance of large rocks, there wasn't much choice as to what would go where. Then the real work began, the digging of the holes for the base of the mast and the hut foundations. These holes then required a full truck load of concrete plus rocks to fill them. The hut was then built, using concrete blocks and a corrugated iron roof, the latter being bolted down as protection against the high velocity winds expected there.

Calculations show that wind velocities up to 130mph at the site so the mast, which was 135' high when bought, had to be reduced to 90' to reduce the wind loading.

This reduction in height turned out to be a blessing in disguise as it enabled us to reduce the distance from the mast to the guy anchors back enough so that the slope of the land presented no real problem.

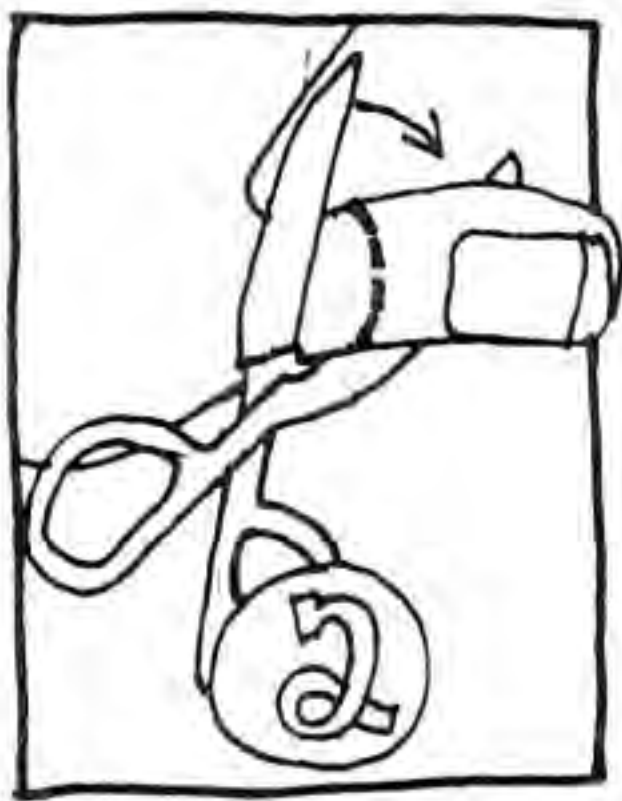
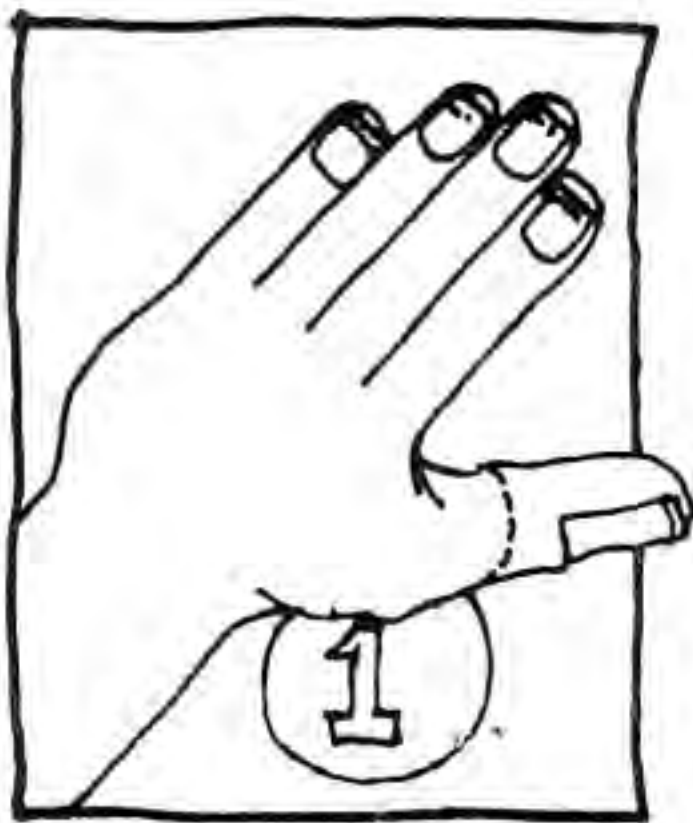
With the hut almost finished, work commenced on digging the holes to hold the guy anchor blocks. As these holes had to be 5' x 5' x 4' deep, it was no mean feat with all the rocks and soft people to dig them out. Anyway, three weeks later, with the help of jack hammers and gelnite, the holes were completed. During the same time the trench for the underground cable, internal hut wiring, painting and repairs to the mast were carried out.

Which brings us to the time of writing this article. With luck, the next few weeks should see the completion of the guy anchor blocks, erection of the mast, installation of the antennae, installation of the equipment in the hut and hopefully to the stage of testing the transmitter.

David Aberdeen

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Triple Zed has received a query from the Broadcasting Tribunal. Following a complaint (rumoured to be from a government member) about playing the song "Give Fraser the Razor". As well as defending our programming freedom, it had to be pointed out that the song was getting airplay in excess of its musical virtues due to its enormous request rate.

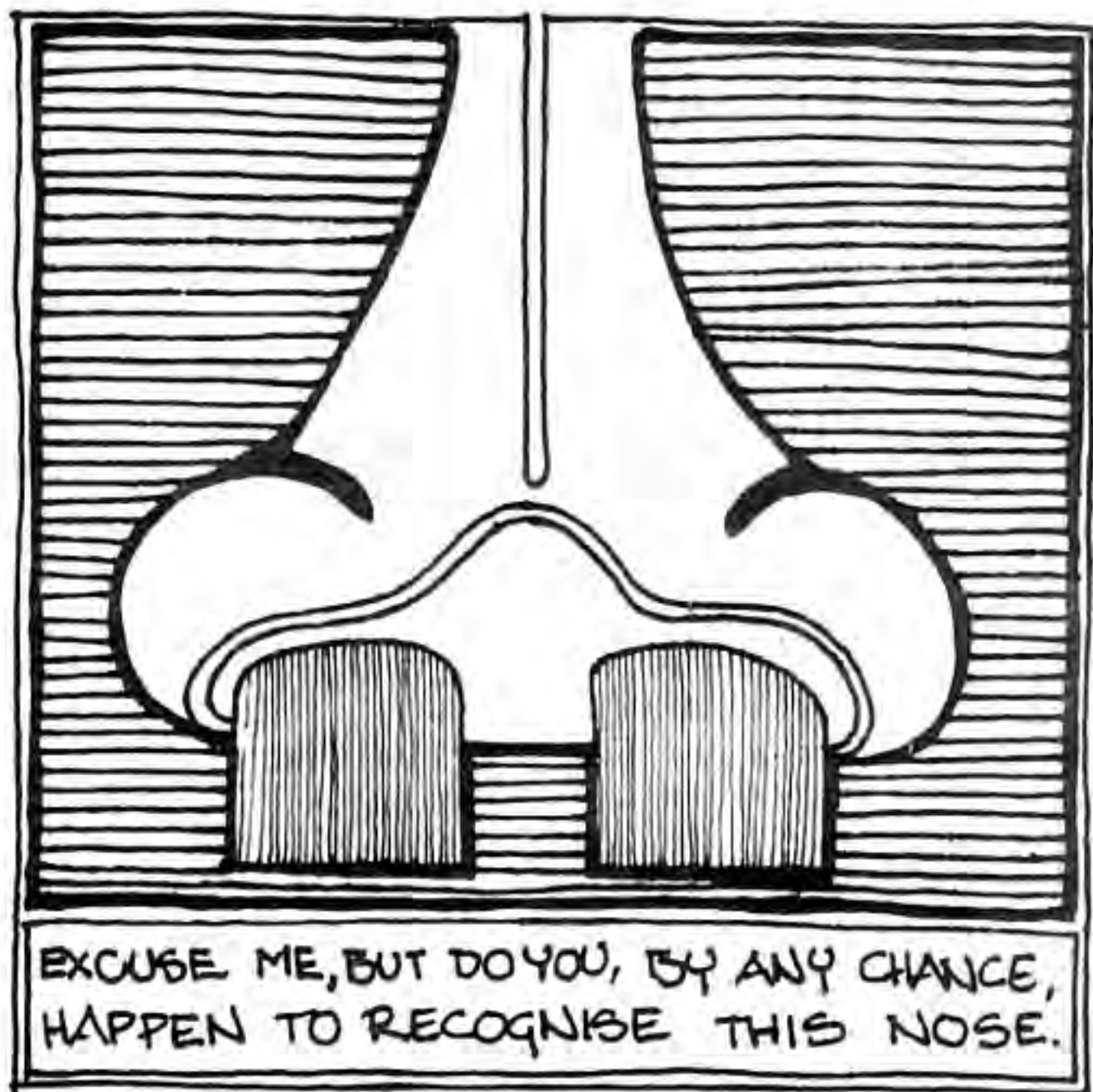
High Pressure Hi-Fi at the Park Royal

The Audio Hi-Fi Sho has been and gone for another year. Triple Z was there again due to the courtesy of Gary Cutler and the Show who have provided us with a free stand at the annual show for three consecutive years. I might point out that the encouragement given to Triple Z by Gary Cutler both in our test transmission stage, and since we have been on air, is a refreshing change in an industry which in general is content to sit back and allow Public Broadcasters to develop FM radio without offering any support, either financial or moral.

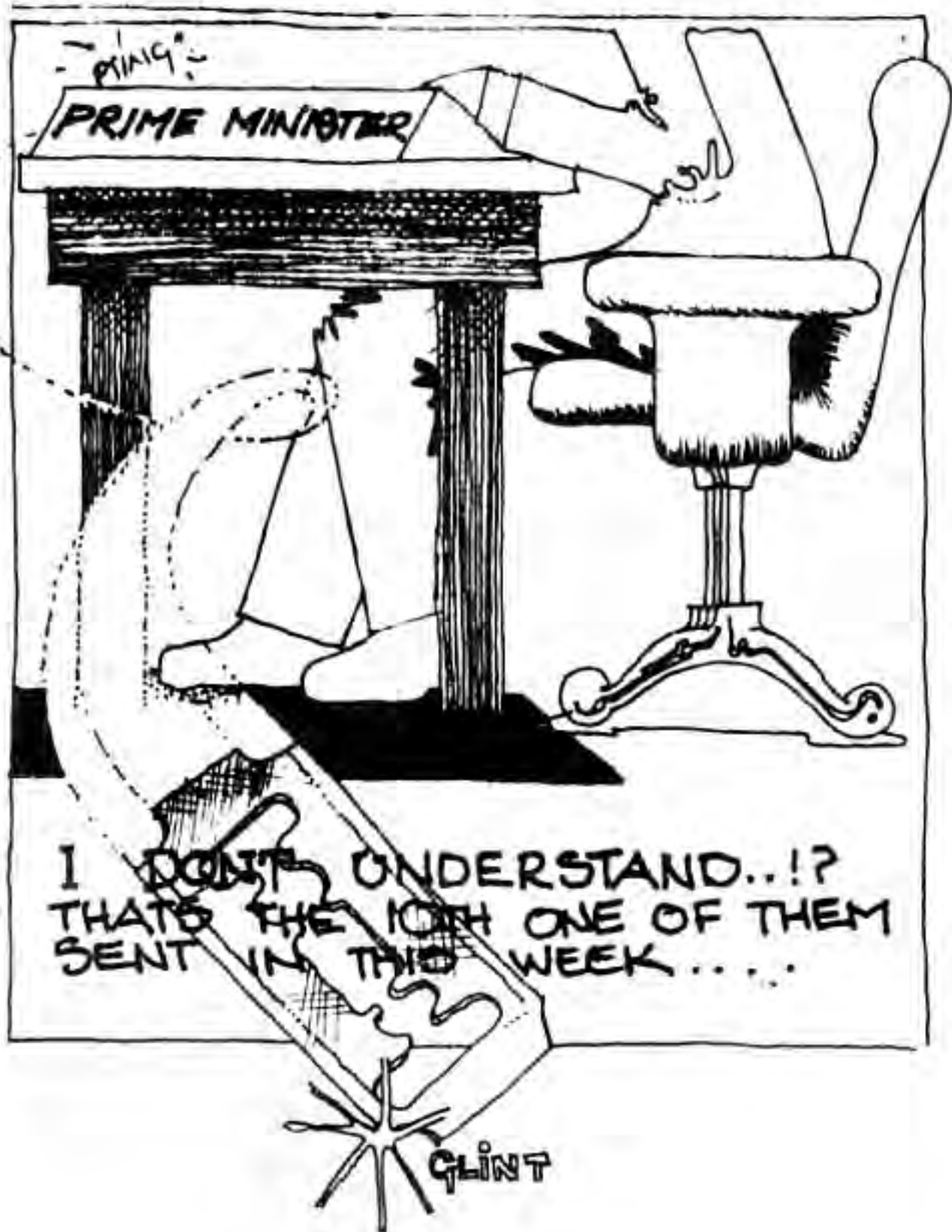
With the edge gone off the colour TV market, the Hi-Fi Show was bigger and brighter this year, with room after room offering a wall of sound and an even more impressive array of statistics as to why the budding audiophiles should part with their money on a particular brand.

Triple Z was content to offer a low key display, and we spent most of our time talking to listeners about the slow move to Mt. Coot-tha. Needless to say we didn't miss the opportunity to flog off T-shirts, stickers and subscriptions.

All in all I found the Show a little overpowering with lots of confusing claims being made in a very hard-sell environment. If you are planning to upgrade your hi-fi system, however, you would have probably have found the show worthwhile.



Apparently Rudolph Nureyev wasn't impressed with the caution displayed by a Brisbane French Restaurant when bookings were being made on his behalf. Overhearing the restaurant query his dining habits (particularly his possible penchant for throwing dinners through windows, as he apparently displayed the previous evening at a Brisbane seafood restaurant). He grabbed the phone, succinctly commented, "Provincial crap" and went to Milano's.



Outspoken folk singer, Marcel Marceau (remember "Sounds of Silence"?), gave a series of concerts in town recently. Lamentably, thanks to ratshit sound equipment, his unique voice was barely audible above audience coughing and mintie-wrapper rustling. His brilliant parody of Norman Gunstonesque facial expressions and hand gestures, however, saved the show. Incidentally, how's the new LP progressing, Marcel?



Triple Zed's second venture into the world of film came last month in the form of a preview of the new film "Bound For Glory", based suprisingly on the autobiography of Woodie Guthrie (and not on the more famous book of the same name, available to enthusiasts by mail order in a plain brown wrapper from certain 'shops' in Sydney). Among the lucky throng of Triple Zed listeners some were (or became) more lucky than others, there was a door (seat?) prize of a stay in Noosa in overwhelmingly lavish accomodation. Only incompetence prevented our attempts at rigging the contest and the prize was actually won by a 'real' person.

Bound For Glory



Bearing in mind the latest rash of hash-bashing, for example, Dr. Hardin Jones who claimed that persons who smoked tobacco and drank alcohol but did not smoke marijuana would not graduate to heroin, and the "Jesus Factor" that claimed an 86% cure rate for hard drug addiction by the use of that 'harmless' substitute, christianity, one starts to wonder. Does the smoking of marijuana lead the atheistic, wayward youth of this country to the feet of god (via hard drugs). If this is so what percentage of those bike riding, white shirted young men that come knocking on your door started life as degenerates. What are the chances of these people having an acid 'flashback' or similar while discussing the gospel with you or your loved ones, and reverting to their bestial ways. We suggest you consider the implications of this BEFORE you open the door when next you hear that cheerful knocking.

PARROT FASHION

PAGE

GALAH SOCIAL EVENT

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

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FROM THE ASHES,

Phoenix

